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EMBRACING DEPARTMENTS DEVOTED TO

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
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WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

A NEW YEAR AND VOLUME.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER to-day enters upon a New Year, and presents the initial issue of its Eighth Volume—cordially greeting myriads of long-time friends, and congratulating itself upon obtaining an introduction to thousands of new and valuable acquaintances. We say greeting and congratulating, and have abundant cause: for, thanks to the past and present appreciation of the public—and especially of the generous and progressive portion of the Rural Population of this Union and the British Provinces—the RURAL was never in so prosperous a condition, or entered upon a volume under such eminently favorable and substantially encouraging auspices. It was never so vigorous, useful and PROGRESSIVE—so worthy the confidence and support it is receiving from the people of various classes and sections—nor ever before so largely, widely and substantially appreciated as at the present, to us, most important and interesting period of its existence. Although comparatively successful from the publication of its first number, and eminently so of late years, it never entered upon a campaign so prosperously and triumphantly as it does upon its Eighth. Indeed, with such favorable indications and gratifying realities as our daily experience is now developing, we have abundant reason to feel well satisfied with that much-abused, though often bepraised, chartered institution, yclept THE PUBLIC—and our confidence in Humanity, always unwavering, is constantly augmenting. In truth, to speak in all frankness, we are inclined to feel, aye and do feel, especially well pleased with the People, the RURAL, "and the rest of mankind"—very like wishing everybody, and all their particular friends, a prosperous and "Happy New-Year," as we hereby do most sincerely every genuinely initiated member of our Rural Circle, of whatever age, sex or condition.

In inditing this prefatory article—an incumbent duty which is necessarily performed in haste, amid the temporary perplexities and arduous labors always attending a change of dress and the inauguration of a new volume—we purpose to address but few remarks to former readers, or such as are familiar with the pages of the RURAL. Judging from the manner and spirit in which this journal has heretofore been conducted—and knowing that our Motto, "EXCELSIOR," and Objects, "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT," have ever been kept in view in its management—they will require no assurances as to its course in the future. They know it is independent and fearless in exposing and condemning whatever is deceptive and *humbugeous*—earnestly seeking to promote the best interests of its readers and community. Regardless alike of temporary popularity or pecuniary gain, the RURAL not unfrequently characterizes men and things in very plain and unmistakable language. While zealously advocating and encouraging whatever tends to decided progress and improvement, it is equally the duty as it is the right of the public journalist to discourage every false light, doctrine or practice which may be commended (perchance by interested or ambitious parties) as progressive and praiseworthy—and this duty and right we shall continue to exercise with conservative discrimination.

To the thousands whom we now have the pleasure of addressing for the first time as Subscribers, we may say that we hope to do you good—to enhance your interests, and promote the welfare of your families. For, while endeavoring to give nothing in the Practical and Scientific departments but what is reliable, we shall constantly strive to so conduct and fill the other pages that they shall from week to week Instruct and Entertain, without proving injurious to correct Taste and Morals, or vitiating the Mind or Heart of the most susceptible reader. Indeed, as we have said on a similar occasion, "our object from the commencement of the RURAL NEW-YORKER has not been to furnish either an Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Mechanical, Educational, Literary or News journal,—but rather to *combine* all these, and thus present a paper unequalled in Value, Variety and Usefulness of Contents. Our earnest desire has ever been to make it an honest, independent, reliable and eminently useful RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER—correct in its teachings on Practical Subjects, instructive and entertaining to members of the Family Circle, of high moral tone, and entirely free from deception and quackery even in its advertising department." Such we intend this volume shall be,—for the fulfillment of which we have secured the best assistance and facilities, mental and physical, obtainable.

JANUARY—HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

WITH the present number of the RURAL a new year of labor and duty opens before us. The time is a fitting one to cogitate about and comment upon the varied operations of the farm, and though many of the subjects to be treated, in brief, at the present time, have been frequently laid before our readers, there may be some individuals in our parish who will bear a *great deal of preaching*.—"Two heads and an application," read the recipe for sermon-making, as given by a celebrated divine, but we will reverse the order, and begin with the application. How is it with you? do you need a never-ending reminder on account of sins of omission and commission? Are your fields like unto those so graphically described by SOLOMON:

> I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding;
>
> And, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.
>
> Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction.
>
> Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep:
>
> So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth; and thy want as an armed man.—PROV. xxiv., 30—34.

How do you plead, "guilty or not guilty:" If the former is to be the plea, are there no "extenuating circumstances?" If you have been traveling in the wrong direction, the present is a favorable opportunity to rectify all errors, and by your future course redeem your character as a practical and skillful agriculturist.

Plan for the Future.—The means afforded by the past for accumulating experiences, if they have been judiciously and thoughtfully used, will enable you to contrive for the operations and investments of the future. You can shun losing speculations, and work in a clearer path—avoid disaster, (such as is man's own work,) and labor for profitable returns. Manage to have everything in readiness at the very hour when its assistance is required in the furtherance of your objects.

Keep an account book.—The balance sheet of your accounts during the past year has been drawn—everything is, or ought to be, settled, and the new books are being opened. Those who have never kept, in detail, a record of the income and expenditure of the farm, will find the present just the period to commence an operation of this nature. You ought to know, at the expiration of each year, the amount that has passed through your hands—the receipts, and what has been paid out—what purchased, and what sold, and the exact state of your finances. Any person doing business without a full knowledge of this department, is working in the dark.

Be systematic. Here we have one of the first principles of successful agriculture. Let all your transactions be conducted in a business-like manner. Take note of every operation, whether you buy or sell, receive or disburse, sow or reap, make a promise or a bargain. To do this, it will be necessary to keep a diary, and we would say, do so, if for no other object than as a ready means of comparison.

Be thorough. Never half-do anything yourself, nor permit your men to glide over their labors.—"If it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well," would prove a *golden* maxim to thousands of farmers if they would not only adopt it as a portion of their creed, but exemplify its teachings in their daily life. Away with these *scratchers*—men that go *beneath the surface* are the kind wanted.

Leave your land in good heart. It should be the object of every tiller of the soil to leave his land in good condition after the removal of a crop, and, at the same time, obtain as remunerating returns as possible. This can be done only by husbanding all the sources of fertility upon the farm and adding thereto in every available manner. This is the Alpha and Omega of progressive agriculture. Never boast of a "bank account" if it is obtained at the *expense* of your farm.

Study your profession. It is not alone the energy that wields the spade or holds the plow that insures success. There is a "higher law," the culture of the mind, and it must go hand in hand with the culture of the soil. The relations of science to the farmer's calling are intimate. Good books are aids in the attainment of knowledge, but, never pin your faith to the *ipse dixit* of any individual—think, experiment and judge for yourself.

Stick to the farm. Amid your plans for the future, never, for one moment, harbor the idea of bettering your condition by entering the arena of commercial life. Do not exchange a home of quiet, real enjoyment for the turmoil and illusion of a city residence. Barter not sweet repose for visions of empty wallets, nor let notes due on the morrow assume the prerogatives of the nightmare. Very poor comforters for care and anxiety are these little *realities* in the commercial world.—*Stick to the farm.* What though hard labor be the every-day command, it is noble, healthful and conducive to the full development of the whole man.

FARM-HOUSE ELEVATION.

FARM ARCHITECTURE FOR THE WEST.

THE illustration given above, which we take from ALLEN'S "Rural Architecture," published by C. M. SAXTON & Co., presents a fine example of a Farm House of the higher order. Its dimensions are ample, its style solid and respectable, and its general air satisfactory, and in keeping with what we imagine to be appropriate to the wants of an intelligent practical farmer, who superintends his own acres, and yet reads somewhat, and enjoys the society of intellectual men. For a description of the interior arrangements, we must refer our readers to the book itself.

We think this house, in the main, a good one, especially for our Western friends, who have reached that degree of prosperity which warrants the erection of a residence which may be at once a home, and a monument of fine taste to those whom they will leave behind them. The upper part of the cut represents the front view; the lower, the rear view of the same house, with its surroundings. Almost the only modification we would suggest in this plan, is the omission of the "gingerbread work," which is intended as an ornament to the friezes of the roof. This decoration is not in keeping with the simplicity of pastoral life. It is liable to be warped out of shape by the suns and rains in which a Western climate abounds, and will, therefore, require an amount of repairing which will test the patience of the owner; or, what is more likely, it will fall into dilapidation and decay. Indeed, we think that Farm Architecture for the West requires special study; for some peculiarities in Western climate and Western scenery, must be understood before a proper style of architecture will be adopted. Some of these peculiarities are the following:

1. *The Summers are intensely hot.*—On the level plains of the West, the sun pours a tide of fire for several months, almost without interruption.

2. *The Winters are intensely cold.*—This remark applies to all the territory north of the 41st parallel. These wide, open tracts, give ample "scope and verge" to the winds which sweep from the far off north, and the cold is much more severe than in regions in the same latitude, sheltered by forests and hills.

3. Both in summer and winter, this whole region is liable to gales and tornadoes, which are almost resistless. And even less violent winds often severely test the buildings which inexperienced architects have reared on this battle-ground of storms.

We might mention other peculiarities of the West, which should influence the style of building; but these are sufficient for our present purpose. Besides, we wish to be brief.

We have just said that the West is liable to severe gales. No "cob-house" structure will be permanent, if it stands alone on these open plains. We say, then, that every exposed farm house or barn, should be low rather than high, should rather spread itself over the ground, than lift itself towards the stars. This is, we think, in good taste everywhere in the country; but it is an absolute necessity in a region where hurricanes are born, and where, in their giant gambols, every "high thing is likely to be brought low." Not only should houses, in a windy country, be low; they should also be very firmly and rather heavily built. They should also present as few needless projections on roof and cornice, and even windows and doors, as possible—for all these projections are only so many levers with which the winds may, as it were, wrench and rack the edifice, where they do not absolutely tear it in pieces.

THE THERMOMETER.—CLIMATOLOGY.

Thermometer—Climate—"Army Meteorological Register"—"New York Meteorology, 1826—1850."

THE graduation of the mercurial Thermometer by FAHRENHEIT in 1720, was a great philosophical fact. The relative temperament of places and things could easily be ascertained, within the common ranges of heat. Climate, so far as dependent on the temperature, one of the great elemental causes of change in air and earth and sea, was accessible. The only requisite was the appropriate observation of the thermometer for adequate times and places. The different graduation of REAUMUR, used on the continent, made no special difficulty, as the two scales are so readily convertible.

Still, little progress was made in determining the climates of different places for one hundred years. The influence of proximity to the sea, of latitude, and of elevation above the ocean, on the temperature, was ascertained; but, no systematic and uniform plan of observations was adopted, even in one country or State, for none was held to be necessary. Observers selected their times of taking the temperature as they thought most fit, and they greatly varied of course.

It is obvious, that for the purposes of comparison, the *observations should be made at the same hours of the day* at all the localities. Besides, as the mean temperature is desired, the *hours of observation should be those, let them be two, or three, or more*, which will give this mean. These two things are all-important.

When I began meteorological observations more than forty years ago, the first point had not been extensively adopted, and the second had not been accomplished, so far as could be ascertained. The hours for the mean temperature of the day, could only be determined by hourly observations day and night. In 1816 and 1817 I made these twenty-four hourly observations at the different seasons for many days, that I might have an approximation to the mean temperature of the day. From these observations it was seen that one-third the sum of the temperatures at VII A. M., II P. M. and IX P. M., was near the mean of the twenty-four observations; and that half the sum of the temperatures at X A. M. and X P. M., was hardly a degree below that mean. I pointed out to the Secretary of War, Mr. CALHOUN, this ascertained result; for he was then instituting that series of observations at the Military Posts of the United States, which has led to most important results. He fixed upon those three hours, at which the observations began to be made in 1819, and were continued at the Posts till 1842. Since that time four hours of observation have been taken at all the Military Stations, one of which is at sunrise.

At these hours, VII A. M. and II and IX P. M., extensive observations are made for the Smithsonian Institution. In the Report (Agriculture) of the Patent Office for 1855 are Summaries of Meteorological Observations, made at these hours at sixty stations in twenty-three States. These hours of observation are very widely used in our country.

For the Posts the hours have been selected, which give nearly the mean temperature of the day. The uniformity and regularity in making the observations are complete. We are now able to ascertain far more of our varying climate than had been anticipated, as these Posts extend from Maine to the gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, and from the level of the sea to an elevation of 8,365 feet at Fort Massachusetts in New Mexico, North Lat. 37½°. These Posts are widely scattered over the country. Hence it is, that the "Army Meteorological Register," filling 800 pages quarto, is far the most important work on the Meteorology of our country that has ever issued from the press. It has received the high commendation of the celebrated HUMBOLDT. Though it embraces a period of twelve years preceding 1855, it contains "Consolidated Tables and Summaries" for the observations of thirty-five years, and must present very close approximations to the truth.

The charts, showing the temperature by Iso-thermal Lines, or lines of equal temperature, present to the eye a great amount of Climatological knowledge for the four seasons as well as for the annual mean temperatures. The Charts are maps of the local mean temperature over the country. Great honor is due to the Medical Department of the Army for the work accomplished by it, and to L. BLODGET, Esq., to whom is credited the planning and construction of the Charts and the Climatological arrangements and reasonings. Other important results from the same observations are being prepared.

The "New York Meteorology" is a quarto volume of results of the observations at the Academies and Colleges of the State, made under the direction of the Regents of the University, from 1826 to 1850. These are the most extensive observations on temperature made by any State. The reductions and statements were wrought by Dr. FRANKLIN B. HOUGH, who is well qualified for the work. A few of the sixty-two places have not made the observations long enough for reliance; but more than fifty must be close approximations, worthy of confidence. Two charts show the "Comparative Range of Temperature" at the different stations and for the different years. Had Iso-thermals been drawn on the map of the State for the mean annual temperature of the stations, the relative temperature would have presented a very interesting aspect to the eye of the examiner.

The mean temperature of the State for the whole period is 46.74 degrees, varying but little from the mean temperature of our city; and the annual average of water, from rain and snow, is 34.90 inches.

On the whole, the thermometer is leading to great results in Climatology. It is good to find the application of observations, made for so many years, to the elucidation of interesting relations. How often have observers felt as they made their toilsome records, what will all this labor avail? When will the time come, and who will be the persons, to show that all this labor has been far from in vain? These questions have begun to receive their answer, and more extensive and important results will be the stimulus to, and the reward of, more particular observations. C. D.

BOTH erudition and agriculture ought to be encouraged by government; wit and manufactures will come of themselves.

We have said that the summers at the West are excessively hot. This should lead the builder to exercise peculiar care in several particulars. Overhanging eaves of great strength, and so built that the winds will have the least possible purchase on them, will mitigate this evil. Simple and firm porticoes should shade the principal doors, and blinds should shield every window and exposed door.—Wherever framed houses are built, the interstices between lath and siding should be filled with brick. This will add greatly to the coolness of the house, besides giving it greater firmness. Wherever it can be done, the house should be so constructed that the kitchen will be on the west side of it, and the parlors on the east side. In this way the morning work may be done in the shade of the house; and when the work of the day is done, the ladies will enjoy the parlors much better, for they, too, will be in the shade of the house, as the sun declines towards his setting.

We have said that the winters at the West are excessively cold. We would not be understood to imply that New England winters are especially mild. We mean only that winters at the West are colder than at the East in the same latitude. Many have lost sight of this fact on going West, and have often built fine houses in such a way that the enjoyment of true comfort in them during winter is quite out of the question. To all persons who are building, or are going to build homes at the West, we would recommend, that north of the 40th degree of latitude, they adopt all the devices and expedients for defense against cold which are in use in the coldest regions of the United States. Solid cellar walls which frosts cannot penetrate, brick masonry between the lathing and siding, (already alluded to,) double doors and windows, and the closest workmanship with timber and lumber that will keep their place—all these are more necessary at the West than in the same latitude East.

We will mention one point more which is of special importance at the West. We refer to the planting of shade trees. Important everywhere, both for shelter and ornament, they are an absolute necessity where Tropic heat and Arctic cold hold ultimate sway for several months in the year. We would not recommend that houses on the plains of the West should be entirely embosomed in nests of shade. But we would think it best that a nearer approach should be made to this condition, than in any other region out of the tropics. In summer trees with heavy shadows keep out the sun; in winter they ward off the piercing winds. They thus mitigate each extreme. They are, therefore, peculiarly needful among the comforts of a Western home. Their felt necessity will not diminish their acknowledged beauty.

We have brought together these suggestions for the benefit of our Western readers. But there are some locations at the West to which, we are ready to admit, they do not apply. On the other hand they apply to some portions of the East, as well as to most of the West. Let them be adopted with judgment, and we think they will be useful. We have by no means exhausted the subject, and may resume it hereafter.

EFFECTS OF DRAINING.

Some interesting facts in regard to the effects of draining upon cold, springy land, are contained in a Report of the Bangor Horticultural Society, on experiments made by Mr. Nourse, of Orrington, Me., in reclaiming such a soil. His farm is described as lying on the north-east side of a hill, and naturally wet, and hence unfit for working until late in the season. It was partly drained with stone and partly with tile, at a depth of 3½ and 4 feet, and the subsoil being a stiff clay hard-pan, extremely difficult to dig; the expense was large, varying from 86 cts. to $1 per rod. The tile also, owing to distance of transportation, (from Albany) cost double the usual prices, yet the results were very satisfactory—drainage and subsoiling making the soil, in fact, all that could be desired.

The stone drains were laid in 1852, on a lot designed for a pear orchard, containing 1¾ acres.—"Thirteen drains," says the Report, "15 rods in length, and 20 feet apart, were opened down the hill. The duct or channel was made by placing two flat stones apart on their lower edges, and letting their upper edges fall together; these were wedged in place and filled above with six or eight inches of small cobble and broken stones. Inverted turfs or boughs were then spread upon them, and the earth returned over all. The drains empty into a main drain, which is at right angles with the general course of the former, following a more gentle inclination westward, and laid with flat stones covered and filled in as the others. This main drain discharges the water at the roadside, and it never ceases flowing, even during the coldest winter weather. The land was then plowed across the drains with six oxen and the largest plow obtainable, opening the furrow twelve inches deep, in which followed a subsoil plow drawn by four oxen, cutting twelve inches deeper."

The effects of draining are described as follows:—"Upon this piece of land, the frost comes out some days earlier, is later in the fall, and of less depth in winter, than in contiguous land undrained. The whole is dry enough for spading or plowing as soon as the frost is out in spring, or within two hours after any heavy rain. During the drouth of 1854, there was at all times sufficient dampness apparent on scraping the surface of the ground (with the foot in passing,) and a crop of beans was planted, grown and gathered therefrom, without so much rain as will usually fall in a shower of fifteen minutes' duration, while vegetation on the next field was parching for the lack of moisture."

Undrained land of similar character, was hard and lumpy in dry weather, and cohesive and miry in wet, while this was light, porous, arable and free from water. "The one had been drained, the other drowned."

Sheep for California.—The N. Y. *Tribune* states that the George Law, which sailed for California, on the 27th ult., took out two pairs of French Merino sheep, for Messrs Searle and Wynn, extensive wool growers of that State. They were from the flock of J. D. Patterson, Westfield, Chautauque county, New York, of whom they were purchased at $500 a pair.

The Annual Meeting of the Monroe Co. Ag. Society is to be held in Court House, this city, Jan. 14. The Erie Co. Ag. Society holds its annual meeting on same day, at Whittemore's, near Fair Grounds.

Communications.

SUFFOLK PIGS ARE WEIGHTY.

Eds. Rural:—As the most common complaint about the Suffolk pigs is their want of size by many, I will, with your permission, say a word in their favor in that respect; and I cannot do it better than to give a history of one killed by me this season, his manner of keep, and weight when dressed. He was bred from stock purchased of Col. Sherwood, of Auburn; his sire, Col. S. said, was from the imported sow and boar of the John C. Jackson importation, from Prince Albert's stock. He won the first prize at our County Fair in 1855, as the best boar of any breed—then six months old. The 16th of August, 1856, his live weight was 360 lbs. He was fed from that time on boiled sugar and turnip beets for about two months, gaining 2 lbs. per day. The 1st of Sept., weight 390 lbs., the 1st of October, 450 lbs.; the 22d of October he was weighed in presence of Mr. E. Marks, of Camillus—weight 510 lbs. He was fed on soft corn for three or four weeks, then meal from corn, buckwheat and oats, 6 quarts per day, till slaughtered, Dec. 12; when his live weight was 610 lbs.,—dressed, 525 lbs.,—loose fat, 30 lbs.,—pluck, including tongue, 20 lbs.,—entrails, 15 lbs.,—leaving 20 lbs. for blood and hair. He was not fed the day he was slaughtered, which would account for the lightness of the entrails, they being nearly empty; and the hair, as all know, is a mere trifle in the Suffolk. He would probably have weighed 625 lbs. if he had been full fed at the time.

Considering his keeping, I think the gain of this hog extra, and with the common breeds of the country not attainable, with the same keep. I also think him a remarkable hog, but think the Suffolks capable of weighing at eighteen months old from 300 to 500 lbs., dressed weight, if proper care is exercised in their breeding, and bred from the best only, and such as show strength of constitution, size, &c.; discarding those pigs that are dumpy in their form, as they are not fit for breeders when size is desired. I have a pair now from S. W. Jewett, of Vermont, that I am breeding from, that can be made to dress 1,000 lbs., I think. The boar will attain 500 lbs. easily, showing great strength of constitution, and a superior getter. I have two young sow pigs, combining the blood of both importations, that I think will mature to 400 or 500 lbs. net, at a year and a half old. They are the selections of the litter, and such only should be used for breeding purposes at the present day. Mr. Enoch Marks, of Camillus, has the sire of the hog reported in this notice, and my friend Calvin Shepard, of Brewerton, Onondaga Co., has a pig of his get, from my Jewett sow, that will attain the weight of his sire at eighteen months old, easily. Farmers in Onondaga Co., should patronize those sires, if they wish for fine pigs, easily fattened, and a good size attained at an early age, with a saving of grain over the common breeds of the county. Yours for improvement,

Rome, N. Y., Dec., 1856. Jonathan Talcott.

GUANO WATER vs. GUANO.

Eds. Rural:—A somewhat striking instance of the superiority of liquid manure over solid, which occurred under my observation last season, may not be uninteresting to your readers.

Having occasion to set out some Early York cabbage plants in a very poor piece of ground, I first had it heavily manured from the barn-yard, supposing the quantity ample to produce a fair crop, notwithstanding the previous poverty of the soil. After the plants had been set some three weeks, a careful examination convinced me they were little if any larger than when planted. To stimulate their growth, recourse was had to guano water. Having dissolved about two quarts of guano in a hogshead of water, the plants, with the exception of one row, were moderately wet with the solution every evening for some five or six days, and two or three times at intervals of a week or more afterwards. As the weather was dry, the remaining row received a similar quantity of water,—the whole being treated in other respects alike. In a few days a strong contrast was manifest. The plants watered with guano water grew as if by magic, while those watered only, made almost imperceptible progress. The former continued growing rapidly until maturity, producing heads of remarkable size and solidity. Many of the latter did not head at all, and those that did were small and soft.

As guano watering was attended with considerable trouble, and supposing nearly if not quite equal benefit would be received by mixing a small quantity of guano in the hill before planting, a portion of my late cabbage plants were thus treated—a few being left to be watered with the liquid guano. The latter again made the most rapid growth, while the quantity of guano thus applied was much less than that placed in the hill.

The remarkably stimulating property of guano water was also exhibited on a few turnips growing among the late cabbages. These, partly owing to the dry weather, and partly to the poorness of the ground, made slow growth. A few waterings with guano water, however, soon changed their appearance, and in a few weeks produced roots of remarkable size, contrasting strongly with a small lot of very small turnips that had not partaken of this *aqua vitæ*. Z.

Montgomery Co., Pa., Dec., 1856.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

Friend Moore:—I can say with all my heart, of the first article in the Rural of Dec. 13, over the initials C. D., that "*them's my sentiments.*" I would now like to have Prof. C. D. use the same pen in showing the advantages to be derived by *Agricultural Societies* and the country, by offering *liberal premiums* to the publishers of books, essays and newspapers, with a view to create a rivalry with reference to improved reading for the producing classes. I want to see said article in the Rural, and then I want to have that, and the one already published, put into a tract and sent to all the Agricultural Societies in our State, or perhaps country. You may draw on me for one dollar toward paying the expense.

With kind regard, yours,

Archibald Stone.

Hinmanville, N. Y., Dec. 1856.

MILK DAIRYING—KEEPING COWS.

Friend Moore:—It has seemed strange to me that among all your contributions from farmers in nearly every branch of the business, I have never seen a communication from a dairyman engaged in the sale of milk. In the vicinity of New York, and especially on the lines of the Erie, the Harlem and the New Haven Railroads, this business is large and continually increasing—having become, in some sections, the principal dependence of the farmers. Having been engaged for some little time in the sale of milk in the New York market, I have thought some account of our manner of feeding, prices obtained, &c., might interest some of your numerous readers, and perhaps lead others engaged in the trade to give their experience in the Rural.

We have for some time kept a dairy of from 25 to 30 cows, and find that, at the prices obtained (about 2 cents per quart in summer and 3 to 3½ in winter,) we can from our ordinary native cows, sell an average of $60 per cow by the year. Some cows will, of course, produce $70 worth, while others again will hardly earn $50 in a year. It seems to me that this is more profitable than either butter or cheese-making, although we do not have the skim milk for the pigs, which with some would be quite an object. We are so near the New York market that we can almost always sell our produce profitably, and buy our pork cheaper than we can raise it.

In summer our cows get nothing but pasture, but in winter we find it to *pay best* to keep them comfortable and feed them *well*. We tie all our cattle by the head in stalls a little over 4 feet wide, with a good manger in front, and sufficient space in front of the manger to do the work of feeding, &c., which is much better than crowding between the animals to give them their food. There is sufficient room behind for piling the manure. We have tried various plans for feeding, but are now giving the hay dry, and the feed (whatever it may be) made into a thin slop with water, in light boxes which are not connected with the manger, yet may be taken out and cleaned. We think we do quite as well in this way as by cutting the hay, and the saving in labor in a large dairy is very great.

Buckwheat, ground without taking out the flour, is about the best feed, and it will pay to buy it if it can be had for fifty cents per bushel or less. Heavy wheat feed is also very good. We have never tried corn, which I have seen recommended by some.—Turnips, carrots, &c., are also valuable, although I have not been able to decide how much per bushel they are worth for milk. The proper way is to raise a good supply of vegetables of some kind to mix with the other food, and thus give the cows a change of diet which conduces much to their health and profit.

I hope these few lines will lead to remarks on the same subject from others in the business, and that henceforth the readers of the Rural will be kept *posted* on this as they are on nearly every subject connected with farming. Yours, &c.

Southport, Conn., Dec., 1856. E. J. T.

WINTERING BEES.

Eds. Rural:—There are many valuable and interesting articles in the Rural, and I feel willing to contribute my mite to enhance its interest to others.

I have kept bees for thirty years, and have lost many in wintering without knowing the main cause until lately. That many die for want of food there is no doubt, but more perish for want of *air*. A moisture collects in the hives in cold weather, from the breath of the bees, or some other source, which becomes frozen in extreme cold weather, except in the immediate cluster of the bees, and prevents their moving among the combs for food, and thus they perish when there is a plenty of honey in the hive, and when a sufficient circulation of *air* through the hive would have carried off the vapor and kept kept it dry and healthy.

In the common box hive there should be a 1¼ inch hole near the top, covered with wire cloth for a ventilator, and the hive raised a little from the bench, or a sufficient opening to admit a free circulation of air through the hive, which will carry off the moisture and the bees will not freeze if kept *dry*. The filth, dead bees, &c., should be all *kept* cleaned away from under the hive. The hive should not be raised high enough to admit the mice.

Bees will winter better in a dark room, or the chamber of some out-building, as the extreme changes of the weather do not affect them as much as when out door; but if in a house it will be necessary to cover the opening at the bottom with wire-cloth to prevent the egress of the bees, and be sure to see how they do once every week. You have to see to your pig every day and furnish his food, but your bees provide their own food; all you have to do for them is to see that they have a comfortable place to live, which costs but little. Many have much to say about *luck* with bees, but their welfare depends as much on the right kind of care, as that of any of the creatures that we have upon the farm.

Those who have Phelps' Patent Combination Hive in use, should remove the top boxes as he directs, that the vapor may pass off, or the bees will die, especially if the colony is numerous. If they come up into the case they will return again to their mistress and honey, or you can lay a piece of wire-cloth on the top of the section and keep them in it. Open the ventilators under the bottom several times in a month, and let down the entire bottom once or twice in the course of the winter, and see that all the dead bees and filth are cleaned out. Use a little tobacco smoke from a pipe, or otherwise as you please, before opening, to drive the bees back, lest they come out and are lost. If you put these hives in a building, it will be necessary to run a piece of wire-cloth down between the section and the case to prevent the egress of the bees, but run down a common hand-saw first to make room for the wire. Dont be afraid of a shilling's expense to save a hive of bees, they will richly pay you the ensuing season. I put a swarm into one of Phelps' hives the 19th of June last, and they filled two of the large sections which hold 30 pounds each, and filled three boxes on the top, containing 12 pounds each, which I sold in New York with my other box honey—netting me 30 cents per pound: 36 pounds at 30 cents, $10 80. Now see to your bees and do likewise. Reed Burritt.

Burdett, N. Y., 1857.

Deferred.—Several valuable articles. Though we have small type, the Rural holds only *so much.*

Rural Notes and Items.

Impart Information.—The primary object of this journal is to discuss and impart information upon Practical and Useful subjects—Agriculture, Horticulture, and kindred topics—to gather, arrange, condense and then publish, all the facts, results of observation, experience, &c., which comprise reliable knowledge or important suggestions for those engaged in rural pursuits. This has ever been and will continue to be our first endeavor; and we invite the aid and co-operation of all practical, scientific and experienced men in its furtherance. We want our readers to give as well as to receive useful knowledge—to *write for* as well as *read* the Rural, and thus "teach one another."—Remember that "your light is none the less for lighting your neighbor's torch," and consider whether it is not your duty to impart to others such valuable information as has been acquired in your experience. Don't say you "are not accustomed to writing for the papers"—that you are no penman or grammarian, and so on—for any one who is able to write an intelligible letter, can communicate what he knows for publication. Give us the facts and figures—the results of carefully conducted experiments and intelligent experience—in a plain, brief, straight-forward, but *accurate* manner, and we'll take care of the style and other minor matters—make you presentable, if needs be, and then cause your light to reach and benefit tens of thousands of neighbors (calling the Rural Parish one neighborhood.) The best, most useful articles given in the Agricultural and Horticultural journals are from the practical, working (yet thinking and observing,) men, many of whom are so extremely diffident (thinking it requires great talent and long practice *to tell the plain truth on paper.*) that they make in a private note to the editor, (if indeed their timidity does not constrain them to omit their names altogether,) various apologies for their imperfections in writing, orthography, grammar, &c. Now, we beg to assure these modest gentlemen that they *know a deal more than they pretend*, and are just the people we desire as correspondents—that is to say, we wish to hear from men of sound sense, judgment and experience, without special regard to such non-essentials as they enumerate among the requisites for writing for the press. There are thousands of our readers who never wrote a line for publication, yet can "talk like a book," and know whereof they affirm—men who have carefully investigated and experimented upon certain matters—and yet, instead of imparting by the aid of the thousand-tongued press, the valuable knowledge in their possession, make it a subject of verbal tradition. Now if these persons will do a little *talking on paper*, we will spread it wider in one week (delivering their remarks to an audience of nearly half a million)—than any one individual could in a lifetime in the ordinary verbal method of "single entry." Think of this great labor-saving process, sensible reader,—and may it incite you to action in the manner suggested. Give us your facts and ideas in plain terms; and if you see any false teaching or heresy in the Rural, whether from Editors, Contributors or Correspondents, just "pitch in" and correct the error. Though editors are expected to know everything, there are a few both in and out of the Rural office (especially on the outside!) who are not yet adepts in quite all the arts and sciences.

—We say thus much, frankly and plainly, in opening our new volume, in the hope that scores of our readers will at once "turn over a new leaf," and act upon our suggestions during the year upon which we now enter.

The Annual Meetings of Agricultural Societies—State, County, District and Township—are mostly to be held during the present month, and as the action on such occasions is of considerable importance to members and community, we would urge all interested to attend and participate in the proceedings. It is of the first consequence to secure sensible, discreet, progressive and enterprising men as officers of these associations,—and if such are not selected the fault will be attributable to the fact that members neglected the duty of attending and acting on the question. It is far better to give this matter timely attention, thus placing the control of affairs in proper hands, than to afterwards complain of the faults or omissions of an incompetent board of management. We trust this suggestion will be heeded by our readers in all sections, near and distant, who are or should be members of Agricultural and Horticultural Associations.

—By the way, we shall be happy to receive and publish the lists of Officers, &c., of all the principal Societies, as soon after the holding of their Annual Meetings as convenient.

U. S. Ag. Society.—The Fifth Annual Meeting of this Society is to be held in Washington, D. C., on the 14th inst. Important business will be transacted. The Report of the late Exhibition, and the Journal of the Society for 1856 will be distributed to members present. Awards of Premiums on Field Crops will be made, Officers elected for 1857, and propositions relative to next Annual Exhibition acted upon. Distinguished gentlemen are announced to lecture before the Society—Prof. Henry, Chas. L. Flint and D. J. Browne—and interesting discussions are anticipated. The various Agricultural Societies of the Union are requested to send delegates, and all gentlemen interested in the welfare of American Agriculture are invited to be present.

The N. Y. State Ag. Society will hold its next Annual Meeting in Albany, on the second Wednesday (11th) of February ensuing.

Riches in Store.—Although we elsewhere request readers to write for the Rural, it is not for the reason that we are at present short of "copy." On the contrary, we have an abundance of excellent "matter" in type and on file for publication—including a variety of practical, scientific and literary articles from Special Contributors. In truth, we have refrained from doing our very best this week, so as to leave room for improvement in future numbers!—and beside, we are opposed to purposely making one paper superior to others and using extra copies as specimens. Our aim is to make *every* number of the Rural a model,—and we trust subsequent issues will demonstrate the truth of the assertion.

Take a Step Forward.—Progression is a part of man's being—he cannot be stationary—he must either add to his store of knowledge, or, by the disuse of his mental powers fall into a complete state of inanition. The New Year is with us, and the most appropriate time for making such arrangement as will give to our stock of experiences a few new ideas, is the present. Extravagant notions concerning the operations of the farm are not in our creed, and consequently we do not advise a *headlong* rush after new-fangled productions, but where the exercise of a calm judgment would dictate an outlay in any department of farm economy—try it. Watch narrowly every operation of the farm—see that labor is performed timely and thoroughly—obtain from every accessible source all the practical information possible—read, reflect and analyse, and you will *take not one, but many steps forward.*

The Young Ruralist.

"The Young Ruralist—That's something new. What does it mean?"

Briefly this, attentive reader, that we think the Young Ruralists of this country—the "Young America," or Boy Farmers, if you please—are worthy of more notice and encouragement than they have hitherto received; and that we have concluded to devote from a half to one or two columns a week to items and subjects calculated to interest, instruct and benefit so numerous and important a class of community. We institute this department in order to enlist the attention and promote the temporary and permanent welfare of the boys and young men of the Rural Districts. Our first aim will be to imbue our young friends with *a love of their occupation*—to convince them that Agriculture is the most Healthy and Honorable, as it is the most Natural and Useful pursuit of Man. We shall endeavor to aid them in becoming intelligent, skillful, progressive model farmers, and also look after and insist upon their receiving certain rights—some of which have been lost sight of in the strife about man's and "woman's rights." Among these we enumerate such items as a good education, useful books and papers, occasional holidays, good tools and implements (especially when they are expected to perform as much labor as men,) the privilege of competing at Fairs, &c., &c., &c.

We invite the aid and co-operation of the seniors in this department, and trust that those qualified to instruct, advise and encourage the young will write an occasional article for their especial benefit. And the Boys, too, they must "hoe out their rows," and show us what they can accomplish. Many of them are doing well in obtaining subscribers for the Rural, and we doubt not they will ere long become valuable correspondents. In order to make The Young Ruralist an interesting and instructive department we solicit contributions from both old and young. What say, good friends? Shall your favor and aid be extended?

TO FARMERS' SONS.

In this connection I cannot refrain adding a word of caution to any young men in this audience who dislike the so-called dullness and drudgery of farm-life, and long to enter the arena of what they imagine to be pleasant and profitable city trades and professions. As one who, though not yet old, has traversed both paths, I would earnestly entreat any and every farmer's son who may be looking city-ward to pause and ponder well the life-long consequences of a change from country to city life and habits, and from an out-door to a sedentary employment. Remember that, though few—alas, how *very* few!—business and professional men succeed in acquiring and *retaining* wealth and position, the *many* too often fail of securing even a competency—*while thousands of disappointed, broken-hearted men, who commenced life with high hopes and brilliant prospects, annually die in poverty and obscurity.* Bear in mind, also, that the farm is the natural nursery of Health, Virtue and Contentment, and that it guarantees a competence if not wealth—while the city (with its avocations, associations and temptations,) injures and often destroys the health, corrupts the morals, and not unfrequently leads to bankruptcy in cash, conscience and respectability.

But I need not attempt to portray the superiority of the farmer's occupation as a business for life, or of the God-made country wherein to render happy and prolong that life:—for were not a vast majority of the truly great and useful men of this and all ages, born and reared away from the turmoil of the poisonous town, and in the only respectable birth-place on earth—the pure, invigorating, life-giving and sustaining country?—and do not the wisest, best and most famous men ever desire to spend the evening of their existence in the quietness and serenity of the country, and that, too, after vainly seeking peace and happiness elsewhere? Be assured, therefore, that, as a general rule, every young man who leaves the farm for the counter, desk, physic or law, *forsakes a certainty for an uncertainty*—and as to the extent of that uncertainty, let the idle, starving thousands of our large cities answer.

And yet, if a young man has a decided taste—an unconquerable inclination—for this or that business or profession, it is perhaps best to give it a fair trial—especially as, unless our large towns occasionally receive recruits from the country, they will ere long have no robust, vigorous, enterprising (and I had almost said *respectable*) citizens. But there are other items worthy of consideration.—For example, those who wish to "live long in the land," would do well to look at the statistics on the comparative duration of life among the various occupations. The Census of one of our States—Mass., I believe—gives the average life of Farmers to be 65 years; Merchants, 50; Mechanics, 45. In these days of progress 15 or 20 years is certainly an item of some moment—a most potent argument in favor of rural life and its pursuits. The poet has beautifully and truthfully said—

"Would you be *strong?*—Go follow the plow:
Would you be *thoughtful?*—Study fields and flowers:
Would you be *wise?*—Take on yourself a vow
To go to school in Nature's sunny bowers.
Fly from the city—nothing there can charm;
Seek Wisdom, Strength and Virtue on a farm."

Young men, ponder well before you decide this question of change from country to city—for it is a matter of life-long importance.—*Address of D. D. T. Moore before Livingston Co. Ag. Society.*

Orchard and Garden.

IMPROVEMENT.

To keep pace with the improvement in its appearance, we have made arrangements to enrich and improve the contents of the leading departments of the RURAL. Next to Agriculture, special attention will be given to Horticultural matters, and we are confident of being able to render this department more interesting and valuable than ever before. We shall endeavor to keep our readers advised of all improvements in culture and management—noting all matters of special interest to Fruit Growers, Florists and Gardeners. Indeed, our intention is to give, in two or three columns weekly, the gist of seasonable discussion and intelligence, and thus keep pace with the Horticultural progress of the age. Our present number may not exhibit this, but we have secured such assistance for the future, that progress and improvement will be manifested in this department. Meantime, we cordially invite the co-operation of both professional and amateur cultivators who are disposed to augment its interest and value by contributing the results of their experience and observation for publication.

WINTER GRAFTING.

THE process of Root Grafting is entirely superceding Budding, or stock work, for the apple.—Small seedlings of two or three years' growth, in a loose, pervious soil, are taken up and about three slips cut from each, three or four inches long, and the scion is whip or slip grafted on, and wound with flax or waxed cloth or paper. They are then set in boxes filled with sand and kept in a moderate temperature till spring, when they are set out where they are intended to stand.

There is some discussion going on in the Horticultural papers as to the disadvantages of Root Grafting—averring that they do not heal well—create bad, knotty excrescences at the healing point, which intercept the sap to the detriment of the growth of the tree and its fruit bearing—but we must say that in the hundreds of trees we have set out and brought to maturity, and in all the orchards we have inspected, we have never observed or suspected such an effect.

We once bought a tree of the Green Gage plum which was root grafted, and when taken up found the earth had been deeply drawn up about the body and a set of roots were thrown out above the cicatrice of the graft. The original root was then cut off, and the sprouts that came up around it were of the same kind as the tree. All root grafted trees may be operated upon in the same manner. This process makes an original tree and might be profitably used in new and distant countries, where it is difficult to procure quantities—as the sprouts of the pear, apple and plum, might be multiplied to any extent.

There is no more abstruse principle in vegetable physiology than the result produced by grafting; in the fact that the root that receives the peculiar *pabulum*, or food of the plant, has no control, nor does it exercise the remotest agency in determining the taste, color, species or size of the fruit.—The sweetest and most delicate and melting pear, or apple, are just as fine and perfect on the acrid quince, or crab apple, as on its native stock.

The elimination of the sap in passing through the leaf, exposed to light and the atmospheric gases, absorbing the peculiar properties that give it character, modified, perhaps, by electricity, is probably the source of all the varieties of flavor and color, for we can hardly conceive or admit that the inert, porous, woody fibre of the *root* could exercise any function at all unless it had the chemical affinities, or ability to select some peculiar matters from the earth, to create the endless varieties observed among the various fruits.

The nicest eye, assisted by the most powerful glasses, cannot detect in the leaves, which seem to exert such a powerful agency, the most trifling difference in their form or constitution. Wonderful are the works of Nature.

THE SMALL FRUITS.

UNDER this head we propose to give a series of short practical articles on the *Small Fruits*. Requiring but little ground, and thriving with only ordinary care, they are peculiarly adapted to small lots, and should receive the especial attention of those who reside in villages and the suburbs of cities, and who cultivate fruit more for pleasure than profit. We need not tell these that there is enjoyment in planting, in pruning, in cultivating—in watching the buds and the blossoms, and the full ripened fruit. We know of no fruits that so soon or so well repay the cultivator for the labor bestowed as the STRAWBERRY, RASPBERRY, CURRANT, and the other small fruits.

The farmer, of course, grows fruit as he does wheat and corn, for profit; and the small fruits should not be neglected by those who are within reach of market. Those, however, who cannot make these fruits a profitable market crop, can furnish their tables with the most delicious luxuries that earth yields, with a very small amount of care and labor.

One of the best and the most recently introduced of the small fruits is the *Lawton*, or *New Rochelle* Blackberry, an engraving of which we give our readers. This we know to be good. A correspondent, whose communication we subjoin, calls attention of the readers of the RURAL to a new variety, called *Newman's Thornless Blackberry*. If he has not very much over-estimated its merits, it is certainly a very desirable acquisition to our list of small fruits.

THE BLACKBERRY.—A NEW VARIETY.

CONSIDERABLE attention has been of late years attracted to this species of fruit. The cupidity of growers has been excited by the highly remunerative prices offered by fruit-dealers, these latter being operated upon by the demand. The Blackberry is growing in public favor, mainly on account, I believe, of its medicinal and beneficial effects upon the system. Maturing in mid-summer, when the stomach and bowels are the most liable to be deranged and relaxed, the Blackberry is *the* medicine provided by nature, and surely a dish of

THE LAWTON BLACKBERRY.

this luscious fruit is as agreeable a corrective as can be found in a day's drive among the doctors.

There are but few varieties yet in cultivation, or worthy of it, but the attention of gardeners and cultivators once turned in the right direction, we, the fruit-eating public, have much to hope for from this particular species of the smaller fruits. The principal supply, as yet, is from the common blackberry of the fields, although one variety, the *New Rochelle*, or *Lawton*, has been in cultivation some fifteen years or more. The *Boston High Bush*, another excellent variety, now furnishes a very limited supply in the city markets. Experiment has convinced me that the common high bush cannot be improved by cultivating the roots, but horticultural progress may be made by sowing the seed, and watching for the fruit.

The *New Rochelle* is a showy, large fruit, and under proper cultivation yields a very liberal successional crop. When the roots are well fed and the vines are allowed space to "spread themselves," the cultivator will be gratified, and a moderate purse filled in a season. I will not say that "every man who has a garden," should cultivate the *New Rochelle*, but certainly every one who has a *field* within reach of a city market, will find himself well paid by growing the fruit. The great drawback is the *thorn*, which almost defies near approach to the vines, and is a great impediment in the cultivation of this variety. This leads me to mention a kind almost new to the public, which was found in my neighborhood, and which has been grown several years, mainly with a view to increase the plants. The variety is known at home by the name of *Newman's Thornless Blackberry*, and is as free from thorns as the common blackberry, which it resembles in size and shape of stem, being perfectly round and smooth. The stem of the blackberry, however, is red and green. Both vine and berry of this variety have their peculiar advantage over the *New Rochelle*—the vine is cultivated and handled "without gloves," and the berry does not become brown after picking.

The "thornless" vines require staking, similar to the *Antwerp* raspberry, to sustain the fruit, and the picking extends from four to six weeks, according to the season. I visited Mr. NEWMAN'S plantation last August, and was highly gratified with the appearance of this fruit. Each cane, with its side branches, formed a circle of about two feet, to the height of five or six, literally covered with the berries in all stages of growth. The canes shoot up straight and tall, although the berries possess all the sweetness and flavor of the running blackberry of the fields. Mr. N. informed me that he found two canes of this variety nine years ago, and he has been industriously increasing them since that time. It is certainly a long step in advance of the other kinds of blackberries, and will become a favorite as soon as the fruit is known.

Milton, Ulster Co., N. Y. A. A. BENSEL.

LARGE PEAR.—The Washington Union, of the 5th ult., says, "Gov. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, sends us a pear which we can conscientiously say is without peer in the Old or New World. It is ten inches in length by fifteen inches in circumference, and must have weighed some four pounds when first plucked from the tree. It was raised in the garden of Mr. Palmer, at San Francisco, California, and is certainly not among the least of the marvels of that marvelous region."

FRUIT GROWERS' MEETING AND EXHIBITION.—The Annual Meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, will be held at the Court House, in Rochester, on Wednesday next, Jan. 7th. The proceedings will embrace the Annual Address, reports of Committees, discussions on matters of interest, besides an exhibition of Winter Fruits—the most noteworthy of all which will be duly chronicled in the RURAL.

A "FAST" VINE.—The Syracuse Journal says a citizen of that city "has in his garden a wild black raspberry vine, which has grown the past summer to the enormous length of 160 feet. Ninety-five feet of this growth can still be shown."

Pretty fair for the "Saline city," brother CHESTER. Suppose the vine was one of the trophies of the "American Ag. Exchange Association."

Domestic Economy.

COUNTRY COOKING.

MR. MOORE:—A general reader of the public journals occasionally meets with an article, even under the editorial head, of which it is very difficult to judge what were the motives of the writers in publishing it, unless it was to exhibit their superior wisdom, by portraying in vivid colors *what they think* are blunders in others.

In the Semi-Weekly *Tribune* of Nov. 28, 1856, under the head of "The Art of Living," there is a a most splendid *categorical insult* on the whole of the country community. They are filthy; "they do not wash themselves; they are not clean." "The greasy mob." Is this true? I would advise those clean city gentlemen, when necessity compels them to come into the country, to keep on their rubber overcoats, lest they get soiled by coming in contact with *the greasy mob;* and it would also be very prudent for them to take along a good supply of *asafetida* to prevent the contaminating influence of the diseases, "moral and physical, such filth begets."

"The cooking there is generally as repugnant to taste as it is to health. As a general rule in the country, there is nothing fit to eat." I hope that the city *Gents* who visit us in future will fill their haversacks well, so that they may not famish for want of food, or take some dire pestilence, by being compelled to eat such unhealthy cookery.

Yes, sir, the country maids and matrons are all such silly imbeciles that they cannot learn the art of cooking. (Will the *Tribune* publish a book on cookery?) Although many of them have practised it for forty years, it is to be feared that there is not one of them that knows how to make mush, nor a Johnny-cake, nor even to roast potatoes; and it will be providential if our *ignorance and dirt* does not breed a pestilence that will sweep us from the face of the earth.

But, sir, I will venture to say that there is not a housekeeper in the country that ever had her family sit down to such a meal as the *Tribune* describes them all to be—no, not even on washing days, when it is not expected that there is much time for cooking. That ridiculous caricature is ungenerous and unjust, for the reverse is the *truth*. In the country there is too much aping of the extravagance and folly of the city aristocracy, and the women pay too much attention to the daily routine of cooking. It is a great waste of time, a sacrifice of property, and too often injurious to health.—They vie with each other in contriving to pamper the appetite of the epicurean. Were we in the country now to live on the plain and substantial food that people did here forty years ago, there would not be so many troubled with the dyspepsia, nor would we need so many Water-Cures.

December, 1856. W. GARBUTT.

TO SEASON SAUSAGE MEAT.—To 100 pounds of meat put 50 oz. of salt, 12 oz. of sage, 4 oz. of black pepper, ¼ oz. of cayenne pepper. If you have not cayenne pepper pulverized at hand, steep a half-dozen pods in the water that you put into the meat to prepare for mixing and stuffing; the red pepper not only gives the meat a good flavor but prevents the rising on the stomach. In my family we have made our sausages according to the above recipe more than 30 years.—REED BURRITT, *Burdett, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1856.*

TO CLEAN WALL PAPER.—Soiled wall papers may be made to look as well almost as new in most cases, by the following expedient:—Take about two quarts of wheat bran, tie it in a bundle in coarse flannel, and rub it over the paper. It will cleanse the whole paper of all description of dirt and spots, better than any other means that can be used. Some use bread, but dry bran is better.

ELECTION CAKE.—Take five pounds of flour, two of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, five eggs, five large spoonfuls of yeast, one pint of milk, one pound of raisins, and spice as you please.—MRS. S. S. MOORE, *Brighton, N. Y.*

Mechanic Arts, &c.

LIST OF PATENTS

Issued from the United States Patent Office for the week ending December 9, 1856.

David Baldwin, Godwinville, N. J., machine for feeding paper to printing presses.

Henry M. Bonney, New Bedford, Mass., improvement in sail hanks.

Timothy Brown, Georgetown, N. Y., alloy composition.

Alfred S. Beebe, Fall River, improvement in valve gear for steam engines.

Robert J. Brown, Perry, Pa., improved yielding joint for portable fences.

Wm. S. Blake, Boston, improvement in floats for steam boilers.

Martin Buck, Jas. H. Buck, and F. A. Cushman, Lebanon, N. H., improved machine for pressing hollow brick or building blocks.

James W. Campbell, Brooklyn, improvement in elliptographs.

Job Cornell, Brooklyn, and Barnett McDougall, New York, gas burner.

Wm. B. Coate, Philadelphia, improvement in machines for cutting the stalks of standing corn.

Erastus W. Ellsworth, East Windsor Hill, Conn., improved arrangement of valves, &c., in siphon rams.

Elie Joseph Hainant, of the Kingdom of Belgium, process of mashing grain.

Horace L. Hervey, Quincy, Ill., improvement in pocket lamps.

Thos. Hoge, Waynesburg, Pa., portable prairie fence for stock pen.

F. A. Hoyt, Boston, improvement in water gauges for steam boilers.

M. G. Hubbard, Penn Yan, improvement in teeth for reaping machines.

Wm. Musschl, New York, improvement in potato diggers.

Hudson Osgood, Waterville, Me., improved planing machine.

Silas S. Putnam, Boston, improvement in machines for forging iron.

Wm. G. Phillips, Newport, Del., improved approach-opening gate.

Charles Ratcliff, Cincinnati, improvement in nut machines.

Obadiah Rich, Cambridge, process of preparing tannate of lime. Patented in England Dec. 18, 1854.

Issac S. Roland, West Earl, Pa., improvement in washing machines.

Hamilton E. Smith, Philadelphia, improvement in corn shellers.

Lemuel Smith, Plymouth, Conn., improvement in lathes for irregular forms.

Chas. A. Shaw, Biddeford, Me., improvement in churns.

Wm. Tinker, Kelloggsville, Ohio, improvement in harvesters.

Anson Thompson, Glenn's Falls, improvement in implements for rolling seeds in the earth.

Wm. H. Walton, New York, improvement in cleaning the top flats of carding engines.

John J. Westerfield, New Brunswick, N. J., improved method of cutting curved mouldings.

Henry Wyant, Knox county, Ind., improvement in seed planters.

Chas. Atwood, deceased, late of New York, per his administrators, improvement in machine for sticking pins.

Wm. P. Surgery, Hackney, Great Britain, assignor to Chas. A. Stanley, New York, improvement in cigars. Patented in England, Sept. 25, 1854.

John Taggart and Leonard A. Grover, Roxbury, Mass., assignors to themselves and E. W. Banker, Boston, Mass., improvement in machines for husking corn.

John Underwood, Lowell, improvement in the cylinder and piston of hydraulic and steam engines.

Wm. A. Vertrees, Winchester, Mo., improvement in churns.

Robert Bryson, Schenectady, improvement in machines for husking corn.

Frederick Berry, Harrisburg, improved machine for stamping leather, combined with a rolling machine.

Erastus W. Ellsworth, East Windsor Hill, Conn., improvement in feed water pumps for steam boilers.

R. L. Haws, Worcester, machine for paging books, &c.

Willis H. Johnson, Springfield, Ill., mode of incorporating bituminous liquids with wet earths for cement.

James M. Kern, Morgantown, Va., improvement in seeding machines.

Goodrich Lightfooot, Elgin, Ill., improvement in churns.

C. A. McPhetridge, St. Louis, candle-dipping machines.

Edwin Moore, Avon, improvement in seed planters.

Joseph Nason, New York, improvement in connecting tubes.

John Neville, New York, assignor through himself and Lemuel Curtis, of New York, to the Damascus Steel Manufacturing Company, Croton, New York, improvement in making cast steel.

James Reynolds, New York, mode of making gutta percha cord.

Marshal Turley, Galesburg, Ill., improvement in prairie mows.

Levi Van Heesen, Westville, Conn., trap for catching fish.

George Watt, Richmond, Va., improvement in plows.

Moses D. Wells, Morganstown, Va., improvement in seeding machines.

Samuel Carson, New York, assignor to the American Railway Manufacturing Company, New York, aforesaid, method of charging the receiver of a locomotive with compressed air from fixed stations.

Charles G. Sargent, Lowell, and Abram Keach, Boston, assignors to Abram Keach and Caleb M. Marvel, Lowell, aforesaid, improvement in printing presses.

RE-ISSUES.

Wm. Beach, Philadelphia, improvement in curry combs.

Joseph Toll, Locust Grove, Ohio, improvement in marble sawing machines.

Allen B. Wilson, Waterbury, Conn., improvement in sewing machines.

STEEL BY ELECTRICITY.

THE London Journal gives an account of some interesting experiments designed to test the newly discovered powers of converting iron into steel by a current of electricity passed through the iron when placed in a furnace and embedded in charcoal. The furnace used, on the occasion referred to, was fitted with two distinctly separate and independent compartments or boxes. One was filled with the common Swedish or bar iron, and the other with scrap and bar iron indiscriminately mixed in about equal proportions—the former was intended to be not so highly carbonized as the latter. The battery was placed, and generally so arranged that the electric current should pass either through both, or through only one of these compartments respectively, as required. After the furnace had been brought to the proper temperature, which occupied the usual time, the battery was set in action; the electric current was passed through both boxes simultaneously for 24 hours, when a trial bar was drawn from the box which contained the bar iron required in only the lesser degree to be carbonized. From the various tests to which this bar was subjected, it was found to be sufficiently carbonized, or converted into steel, although it was deemed expedient that the action of the current of electricity should be continued another six hours, for soaking, making the entire period of thirty hours continuously. The current was applied to the remaining box or compartment alone for 72 hours in addition, at the expiration of which time the action of the battery was suspended, and the furnace was allowed gradually to cool. Highly carbonized steel was found to have resulted, which was thus produced through continuous electrical agency. The quantity of iron which for the longest period had been subjected to the electric current was found in the highest degree to possess the respective qualities of hardness and carbonization. These experiments may be regarded as of special importance.

AT the French Exposition there was exhibited a watch which created much interest and admiration. It tells the name and day of the month, the equation of time; is a repeater, striking the minutes as well as the hour; is a thermometer of considerable accuracy, and winds itself up by the action of its own movement. The price of this most ingenious piece of workmanship is 30,000 francs.

THE CAUSES OF FIRES.

AT this season of the year, when new stoves are erected, new grates set, furnaces overhauled and numerous alterations and renewals of warming apparatus are thought of by housekeepers, precautions should be taken to guard, by every attainable means, against involuntary incendiarism. Flues should be carefully examined, stoves should be surrounded by safeguards, gas-jets should be placed beyond the chance of accidentally kindling the tenement, and matches, those very dangerous little conveniences, should be jealously secured in metalic receptacles. Not a match should be permitted to lie upon the mantelpiece or table or candlestick, for thence it might find its way to the floor, and being trodden upon be fired, and, communicating the flame to a lady's or a child's dress, cause the death of the individual. Such a case recently occurred in Paris, where a lady died from the effects of burns thus received. Or mice may pilfer the matches, and carry them to their snug nests of paper, shavings and cotton rags, so performing the office of incendiaries. In fine, the housekeeper should exercise the most thorough vigilance in reference to the prevention of fires, which almost always result from the slightest and most readily preventable accidents. Of carelessness in respect to ashes, enough has been written, one would suppose, but we still see, all over town, ashes from wood fires thrown into boxes and barrels and exposed to the influence of the winds, which may fan the smouldering embers into flame at almost any moment.—*N. Y. Post.*

GLASS AND ITS PHENOMENA.

THE elasticity of glass exceeds that of almost all other bodies. If two glass balls are made to strike each other at a given force, the recoil, by virtue of their elasticity, will be nearly equal to their original impetus. Connected with its brittleness are some very singular facts. Take a hollow sphere, with a hole, and stop the hole with the finger, so as to prevent the external and internal air from communicating, and the sphere will fly to pieces by the mere heat of the hand. Vessels made of glass that have been suddenly cooled, possess the curious property of being able to resist hard blows given to them from without, but will be instantly shivered by a small particle of flint dropped into their cavities. This property seems to depend upon the comparative thickness of the bottom; the thicker the bottom is the more certainty of breakage by the experiment. Some of these vessels, it is stated, have resisted the stroke of a mallet given with sufficient force to drive a nail into wood; and heavy bodies, such as musket balls, pieces of iron, bits of wood, jasper, stone, &c., have been cast into them from a height of two or three feet without any effect, yet a fragment of flint not larger than a pea, dropped from three inches height, has made them fly.

DURATION OF RAILROAD IRON.—The London *Mining Journal* says that the complaints respecting the inferior quality of recently manufactured rails, naturally attributable to the attempts made by companies to reduce the price, have attracted attention both in England and the United States, and have led to some practicable and scientific inquiries. On the first introduction of railroads it was confidently asserted that the rails would last for indefinite periods; but experience soon demonstrated that railway bars were subject to lamination and disintegration from the repeated rolling of heavy loads. Their duration, in some instances, has not exceeded two or three years; and on some of the earliest constructed lines in England the rails have been changed twice, or even three times since their opening. Where the conditions are favorable and the bars themselves perfectly sound, it is believed that the traffic which rails of ordinary quality are capable of bearing will not fall short of the large figure of twenty millions of tons.

TEMPERING STEEL.—In a recent discussion on the manufacture of steel, inquiries were made as to what steel was best for different kinds of manufactures—to which the following answers have been obtained:—Cast steel, if it can be applied; double sheer for hatchets, or any kind of edge tool that cannot be well made of cast steel—the temper to be as follows:—For boring cylinders, turning rolls, or any large cast iron, let it be as hard as water can make it; minding not to heat it more than a cherry red. Tools for turning wrought iron, pale straw color, 430 degrees Fah.; small tools for ditto; shade of darker yellow, 450 degrees; tools for wood, a shade darker, 470; tools for screw taps, &c., still darker straw color, 490; for hatchets, chipping chisels, brown yellow, 500; for small runners, &c., yellow, slightly tinged with purple, 520; for shears, light purple, 530; for swords, springs, &c., dark purple, 550; for fine saws, daggers, &c., dark blue, 570; for hand and pit saws, &c., pale blue, 590—all of Fahrenheit.

GUTTA PERCHA IN SHOE-MAKING.—An improved application of soles to boots and shoes is now effected by means of pressure and gutta percha or other cement. The invention consists in uniting to the in-sole a gutta percha sole, or one of leather and some other material, by means of gutta percha or its equivalent, and by the agency of pressing mechanism, heat being applied to the interior of the last by means of a chamber and pipes, the same not only enabling the gutta percha of the sole to be softened or rendered adhesive while it is being pressed upon the in-sole and upper sole, but smoothing and finishing it.

NEW FORM OF BRICKS.—A form of bricks for drainage, sewerage, culverts and other purposes, has been invented, which, instead of showing a plain surface on each joint, presents a small gaggle or toothing, upon each bed, which butts upon the actual joint, and thus by covering the joint itself, the interstice is met by a resisting force. In circular work, either for shafts or sewers, the joints are radiated upon the same principle. The idea seems to possess no inconsiderable utility, and a positive advantage over the ordinary form.

AN English mechanician has invented a very ingenuously constructed nautical instrument for accurately determining both latitude and longitude, without the assistance of a chronometer and without lunar observations—an observation of the sun, only, being required.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ABSENT, UNFORGOTTEN.

BY KATE CAMERON.

THE Absent, Unforgotten,—
They come at even-tide,
The noble who have wander'd,
The lovely who have died;
With the sunlight on each brow,
And lovelight in each eye,
They come in all the beauty
They wore in days gone by!

It may be that old Ocean
With cold waves rolls between,
Or Death with colder billows
May darkly intervene;
Yet in vain—for Twilight's hour
Still finds them at our side,
The noble who have have wander'd,
The lovely who have died!

We feel their mystic presence,
We hear—or seem to hear—
The music of their voices
In tones of love and cheer,
The long miles that divide us,
'Tis then we half-forget,
And the weary months and years
Since last we fondly met.

We deem not they are absent,
They seem to us so near,
The friends whom we have cherish'd,
Those whom our hearts hold dear.
They come when fall the shadows
At the still even-tide,
The noble who have wander'd,
The lovely who have died!

GOD grant that when the shadows
Close round our Life's brief day,
And every wandering spirit
Hath gone its Homeward way,
We may meet in that Love-land,
Where falls no even-tide,
The noble who have wander'd,
The lovely who have died!

January, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WILL THE YOUTH HEED THEM?

HEED what? Why the counsels and admonitions contained in the following lines—and Oh! that my pen was guided by the infinite mind, while I endeavor to give counsel to the young immortal. What a startling fact that thousands of youth are this hour *forming* HABITS of *thought*, of *feeling*, and of *action*, which will govern their course through life, and probably seal their fate to all eternity—which will almost to a certainty make them happy or miserable as long as they exist. Yes, youthful reader, you whose eye follows along these lines, are now forming habits which will as certainly bring *you* happiness or misery as you are a living being. Stop, then, and *reflect!* That wicked deed which you may commit this day *may*—yes, will probably lead to another, and still another; and ere you are aware of it, a habit as irresistible as the thundering Niagara will be rooted on your being.

Oh! that *first* wrong step! It is of little use to remonstrate with the young *after* they have once commenced a wild, a vicious, or a reckless career; for, like the crushing avalanche, they are precipitated onward with triple force at every step.—Therefore my words are especially directed to the one who has just set sail on life's broad ocean. And methinks I see such an one throw these thoughts away, with scorn at the weakness they manifest. But let me beseech you to ponder well your path, for my words are true as though written in the burning characters of an angel's pen. *Now*, as you unfurl your sails to the breeze, and start upon life's voyage, you can take what course you will; but *after* you have once committed yourself to the direction you will pursue upon life's rushing tide, you will be borne onward with accelerated speed at every pace. See yonder, above the foaming cataract, is a man pushing his little bark into the stream. Now it floats lazily along, and he may go which way he will. The current gently bears him downwards, and although warned by his friends of the danger lurking in those placid, sparkling waters, he smiles at their alarm. With increasing, but *unnoticed* speed, that fearful stream hurries him along, and *now* seeing and hearing the furious lashing of the waters, he seizes his oars; but alas! of what avail is human strength now!—He takes one more look at those who have warned him, and plunges into the awful abyss.

Such, young friend, is a faint picture of the career of many a traveler who started upon life's voyage with as cheering prospects as you can possibly have. And such will almost inevitably be your sad fate, unless when you *launch* you *steer* for a bright and glorious port. Let not the glittering allurements of earth or the deceitful cravings of your own passions, or appetites, make you swerve from the path of virtue.

Peoria, Ill., Dec., 1856. D. B. WALT.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

BY-GONES.

WINTER winds are again beginning to whistle among the empty branches, and to pierce into every unoccupied nook and cranny, and we willingly turn from the tempest without, to the happy home-circle that surrounds the cheerful fireside within.

The very sight of a schoolboy's sled sends a thrill of pleasure to my heart, as I remember with what glee I used to hail the coming of winter in years gone by. The first snow storm! how anxiously were the pearly flakes watched as they noiselessly descended to earth. With what zest was the old sled taken down from its summer residence, and speedily put into action. Dear reader, do you ever call to mind the heartfelt pleasure with which, when school was out, you hastened to the big hill which stood behind, and laboriously toiled up the steep ascent to obtain the merry ride down.

A happy group were we, assembled each snowy morn and night to slide down hill. CLARENCE WOODVILLE, a noble, manly boy of fourteen, who especially claimed sweet CORA ASHTON for his companion in his rides. Methinks I can hear even now her silvery laughter, as he would carefully take his seat beside her on his little red sled, and skillfully guide it with unerring swiftness down the side of the steep old hill. And there was roguish FRANK CARROL and his sister ANNIE; pretty NELLIE STANLEY and thoughtful CHARLIE SOMERS, who used to delight in making monuments and men of snow. But a plain white marble slab, standing at the head of a lowly mound in yonder cemetery, now marks the spot where reposes all that remains of his mortal body. It was not long since that CORA ASHTON took her seat on CLARENCE WOODVILLE'S sled, and promised to ride with him down the hill of life. Many fleeting years have passed away since that childish group were wont to be gathered together, but now they are strangely scattered. Some are in far distant climes, treading foreign shores, and mingling in far different scenes than those which marked their childhood's home. Some have gone to their last resting place—some, their names are written in the Book of Fame, and others, I trust, in the Lamb's Book of Life. WINNIE WILLIAN.

Rochester, N. Y., Jan., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A SKETCH.

THE sun as it sinks behind the western hills, sends back a golden glow, lighting up the pale face of a noble and lovely boy of four summers, who lies upon his sick couch. His eyes were large and lustrous, and the clustering ringlets fell thick around a brow of marble whiteness.

A careworn and anxious mother watches by the bed-side of her only and darling child, nor thinks of her own aching brow and weary body, but as she gazes upon the pallid cheek and hears the short-drawn breath, thinks with sad forbodings of the dark and lonely future. Closely she clasps the little sufferer to her aching heart, and as she fondly kisses his snowy brow, she perceives that death with relentless hand, is fast placing his icy seal upon her only and idolized child. The dying eyes slowly unclose, and those feeble lips faintly articulate "Mother, mother—good night." The face assumes a lovely smile; the spirit has left its prison-house of clay, and, borne on angel wings, it passes the pearly gates which lead to mansions of the blest.

Ah! mother, weep not; thy loved and cherished one hath been transplanted to a fairer clime, where its cherub feet now walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem—and its golden harp shall ever be attuned to the praise of Him who said "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Dry, then, thy tears—thou hast now a gem laid up in heaven—an angel-child waiting to welcome thee home, where sin comes not and parting is never known. So live, that when the waiting seraph shall bid thee home, thou, too, shalt join the white-robed choir, and ever attune thy praise to Him who reigns on high. MARION.

Wilson, Niagara Co., Jan., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FRAGMENTS.

How blind we are! Our eyes perceive but dimly through the "obscuring day-light" the wondrous form of Beauty though she dwelleth everywhere.

We may trace her presence in all *nature;* in the waters, in the forests, in the changeful clouds that float above us, or in the emerald green, or dazzling white, beneath our feet. We may note her in the sunshine and the storm; but her noblest temple is the *human heart.*

Yea, beauty is the child of Love; and Love is GOD, and GOD is *everywhere!* How *deaf* we are!—Our ears acknowledge not the perfect Harmony that reigns and sings in all of nature's realms! And what know we of the *masterpiece*—that wondrous "harp of a thousand strings?"

But when we are freed from this clay prison-house, when we mount upward as on wings,—our eyes will open on the Son in all his Beauty,—we shall joy in all the fullness of the Father's Love, and join the eternal Harmonies of Heaven.

VIANA MEADOWS.

Eagle Harbor, N. Y., Jan., 1857.

THE RETURNING ANSWERS.

HEAR the story of the child which went forth into the mountain ravine. Whilst the child wandered there, he called aloud to break the loneliness, and heard a voice which called to him in the same tone. He called again, and, as he thought, the voice again mocked him. Flushed with anger, he rushed to find the boy who insulted him, but could find none. He then called out to him in anger, and with all abusive epithets—all of which was faithfully returned to him. Choking with rage, the child ran to his mother and complained that a boy in the woods had abused and insulted him with many vile words. But the mother took her child by the hand, and said: "My child, these names were but the echoes of thine own voice. Whatever thou didst call was returned to thee from the hillside. Hadst thou called out pleasant words, pleasant words had returned to thee. Let this be thy lesson through life. The world will be echoes of thine own spirit. Treat thy fellows with unkindness, and they will answer with unkindness; with love, and thou shalt have love. Send forth sunshine from thy spirit, and thou shalt never have a clouded day; carry about a vindictive spirit, and even in the flowers shall lurk curses. Thou shalt receive ever what thou givest, and that alone." Always, said the speaker, is that child in the mountain passes—and every man and every woman is that child.—*Selected.*

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

FLOWERS that bloom to wither fast;
Light, whose beams are soon o'ercast;
Friendship warm, but not to last;—
Such by earth are given.

Seek the flowers that ne'er shall fade;
Find the light no cloud can shade;
Win the friend who ne'er betrayed—
These are found in heaven.

[*Miss H. F. Gould.*

MEMORIES.

THOUGHTS of the dead are always sad, and yet,
Those we have loved we never can forget.
Kind eyes look sweetly through the shadowy gloom,
And mournful voices whisper from the tomb,
While, with low tone and mildly pensive eye,
We speak their names whose doom has been to die.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker,

THE VAGRANT'S DEATH.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

TEARS lay on the old man's withered cheek
He was faded, and wrinkled, and grey,
And his quivering lips refused to speak,
Of the life fast ebbing away;
But Memory came with a spectral form
And stood by his tattered bed,
And back through the dim aisles of the past
His wandering thoughts she led.

Back to the hour when that hoary head
Was pillowed a bright, wee thing,
And nestled close on a mother's breast,
As a bird, neath a sheltering wing,
And back to the hour when the fire went out
In that mother's love-lit eye,
And a frail boy knelt with an ashen brow,
And deemed 'twere a joy to die.

But stars shone out—and a fairer form
Than mother could ever wear,
Shed o'er his dreams the light of her smile,
And the gleam of her golden hair;
Then came an hour of passion and power,
When he knelt by the altar's side,
And clasped in his own a trembling hand,
The hand of his fair young bride.

The Sybil paused at a fearful time,
When he fell by the tempter's snare,
And one by one life's lights paled out
Neath the wine-cup's reddening glare
When his frail wife hushed her moaning babe,
And closing her tear-dimmed eye,
With a loving smile still on her lip
Bowed down her head to die.

Then came long years of suffering and sin,
Treading that downward way,
Till he grew a friendless, worn old man,
Begging from day to day,
And turned at last in a hovel to die,
Without friend or kindred near,
Alone with the bitter thoughts which wrung
From his glazing eyes the tear.

Death came with a cold but pitying hand,
And stilled the heart's wild throb,
Perchance it bore that penitent tear
To the throne of a pardoning GOD,—
Perchance that swept from the angel's book
The stain of the wasted past,
And the erring found, with the early loved,
His Heaven of rest at last.

Independence, N. Y., Jan., 1857.

THE NEW VOYAGE.

"A GALLANT bark is Eighteen Hundred Fifty-Seven" was the exclamation of thousands, as she cast off her moorings at the docks of the Old Year, trimmed her canvas and sped forward upon her voyage. Her "clearance" is for the whole world, and her "bill of lading" embraces something for each and all of the inhabitants thereof. There are months, weeks, days, and *golden* minutes in her cargo, and these are to be put out at interest or squandered as her consignees desire. There is also a "full freight"—some there are whose hearts will be made glad, others will be bowed down with grief, in the reception of their allotted portions.—Young life is there, and there, also, are the sepulchral robes—the cerements for the dead. Joys and sorrows, smiles and tears, doubts, fears, hopes and aspirations high, are entered upon the manifest.

We are at sea, and though six thousand keels, like unto our own, have crossed before us, the deep is trackless, and we must take new "reckonings" and "soundings." Charts pointing out the rocks and shoals upon which many a valuable cargo has been lost are in our possession, and we may shun them if there is naught to disturb the polarity of our compass. Each must stand his "trick" at the helm, and if the muscle be there (stern rectitude) and the man at the lookout (conscience) become not drowsy, and the crew—untiring energy, never-failing purpose, calm reflection, cool and precise calculation,—keep the vessel trim, we will doubtless reach the desired Haven.

RURAL READERS, afloat on the sea of life, we would wish that the winds of Prosperity might be with you as steady as the "Trades," could such things be—but Nature's laws forbid; yet, we can hope for *better* things—a stout ship, a trusty crew, a "clean bill of health," and a successful voyage. We can have these or their opposites—the work is our own, will we perform the requisite labor?

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DIFFICULTIES.

"THE wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them."

IT would require but a moment's reflection, were any incredulous, to satisfy all that in the attainment of an enviable eminence, obstacles have proved no hindrance, but rather motives to encourage unwearied exertion, and awake the mind to greater energy and bolder undertakings.

Does the beacon on science hill lure one to attempt its climbing, the rough impediments, rugged obstacles detain him not. He pushes on, each obstacle surmounted, furnishing tried armor to attack the next, and clear the way for those that follow. Difficulties are requisite to bring to light the hidden might of man's nature, and establish his power to accomplish. The ingenuity, energy and perseverance with which obstacles are met and conquered, by those toiling in the public arena, writes men great on the historic page. Says one, self-knowledge is wisdom, and no man can be truly acquainted with himself till his will to overcome and strength to endure are known. Difficulties, obstacles and trials, are teachers, often harsh and severe, in whose schools these lessons are taught. Endurance, energy and perseverance, are important qualifications of character, insuring a worthy distinction to their possessors, and nowhere so thoroughly learned as in the guidance of these instructors. SWOLLEP.

PUBLIC OPINION is modesty personified. It never speaks first, but waits to behold the success or failure of its votary. If successful, she loads him with honor and applause; if unfortunate, she clothes him with contempt. In fact, she judges only of merit by success or failure.

THE difficulty of refuting very silly and weak arguments reminds one of the well known difficult feat of cutting through a cushion with a sword.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

THERE is no pursuit in life in which rare talents are more essential than the profession of law. He who would be a successful counsellor, must be gifted with generous powers—a strong head, a true heart, a brilliant intellect. In the practice at the bar there must be displayed tact and talent, wit, judgment and learning. To succeed in forensic disputations requires quickness of thought, ease and richness of utterance. To think rapidly, to speak fluently, are the first of attainments. If he would move a jury he must have nerve and spirit. He must abound in illustrations—but such as are both pointed and pleasant. There is perhaps no position in which a speaker may be placed, that requires a greater talent, a greater adaptedness to particular cases in speaking, than at the bar.—Though he must cultivate the art of speaking, yet it should be that of speaking well. The flowers of oratory should not be gaudy exotics, out of season and destitute of root, but they should grow out of the subject and come forth living from the heart and head of the speaker. There must also be imagination, but faithful and true. Pathos must kindle the soul by piteous scenes to sympathy and compassion. Every jest must have the weight of an argument, and every sally of wit be keen and pointed. Sometimes there must be sarcasm and scorn when one fails to agitate and melt. The barbs of satire must be bitter to sting the guilty soul, to bare the mean heart, and to excite shame and terror.

In no other profession is there need of so much deliberation, deep insight, and shrewd policy.—State affairs demands thorough investigation and promptness in action. There is no better field for displaying wealth of mind than in this. Here is demanded genius, and will, and knowledge. The store-house of memory may here send out her richest veins of lore. The acquirements and practice of years here find a fit scope and meet with due reward. The statesman and the barrister need the highest powers of mind. There must be thought, deep and patient; a logic rigid and severe; feeling fervent and strong; fancy to paint; wit to delight; humor to please; eloquence which flows strong and deep, resistless as the mountain torrent and sportive as the ocean wave. These, with a generous heart overflowing with sympathy and kindness for the whole brotherhood of man, deep emotions of pity filling the soul and sending it upward in gratitude to a fatherly GOD, constitute the noblest qualities of the statesman, and make the counsellor an honor to the bar. Thus cultivating and improving his head and heart, he becomes at once the defender of truth and the advocate of the rights of man. A. J. E.

Rochester, Jan., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

I HAVE BEEN DECEIVED.

OFTTIMES, in the toilsome way of life, we are deceived, and he who can say in sincerity "I have not been deceived," has been more fortunate than most of his fellows. Deception lurks in every dark place, seeking an opportunity to immolate its appointed victim. We not unfrequently deceive ourselves, and such deceptions are poignant in the extreme.

"It is men who are deceived—not the devil.
The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat
Oneself. All sin is easy after that."

If you have to say, "I have been deceived," it is far better that you may add, "Not by myself."—Deception is so common that people hardly give it a thought. They seem to think it an "institution" apposite the times; and are content by simply avoiding circumstances without administering a suitable rebuke, or endeavoring to establish a healthy opinion in the public mind upon the subject. Shop keepers cheat their customers by deception; by representing things better than they really are. All classes of Mechanics and Tradesmen are habitually deceiving their patrons. Small deceptions they may be, among the greater portion of them, but great things grow from small ones, and if large deceptions are bad, small ones are proportionately so.

It is impossible to reform all tricksters; but were public opinion sufficiently strong against it, we should not so frequently hear the exclamation, "I have been deceived!" C.

Bark River, Wis., 1857.

THE OLD MAN.—Bow low the head, boy; do reverence to the old man. Once like you, the vicissitudes of life have silvered the hair, and changed the round, merry face to the worn visage before you. Once that heart beat with aspirations coequal to any that you have felt; aspirations crushed by disappointment, as yours are, perhaps, destined to be. Once that form stalked proudly through the gay scenes of pleasure, the *beau-ideal* of grace; now the hand of Time, that withers the flower of yesterday, has warped that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age, he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to a niche in fame; anon imagining life a dream, that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he lived the dream very near through. The time to awake is very near at hand; yet his eye ever kindles at old deeds of daring, and the hand takes a firmer grasp of the staff. Bow low the head, boy, as you would, in your old age, be reverenced.

THE following verse contains a moral which it would be well for all of us to inscribe upon our phylacteries:

There is a thief that walks the world,
In the quick noon-day and starless dark,
Protean-like; now ringed and curled,
Ragged anon, and grim and stark;
And he plies his trade with a ceaseless skill,
Defiantly, warily, working ill.
But I trow the charm
Will keep you from harm,
If scored in your memory over:
Who walks in the street of *By-and-by*, will stop
In the house of *Never*.

LEIGH HUNT says:—"Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish other persons with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child."

THE PRINTING PRESS.

WITHOUT knowledge there can be no sure Progress. Vice and barbarism are the inseparable companions of ignorance. Nor is it too much to say, that, except in rare instances, the highest virtue is attained only through intelligence. And this is natural; for in order to do right, we must first understand what is right. But the people of Greece and Rome, even in the brilliant days of Pericles and Augustus, were unable to arrive at this knowledge. The sublime teachings of Plato and Socrates—calculated in many respects to promote the best interests of the race—were restrained in their influence to the small company of listeners, or to the few who could obtain a copy of the costly manuscript in which they were preserved. Thus the knowledge and virtue, acquired by individuals, failed to be diffused in their own age or secured to posterity.

But now at last, through an agency all unknown to antiquity, knowledge of every kind has become general and permanent. It can no longer be confined to a select circle. It cannot be crushed by tyranny or lost by neglect. It is immortal, as the soul from which it proceeds. This alone renders all relapse into barbarism impossible, while it affords an unquestionable distinction between Ancient and Modern Times. The Press, watchful with more than the hundred eyes of Argus—strong with more than the hundred arms of Briareus—not only guards all the conquests of civilization, but leads the way to future triumphs. Through its untiring energies, the meditations of the closet, or the utterances of the human voice, which would die away within the precincts of a narrow room, are prolonged to the most distant nations and times, with winged words circling the globe. We admire the genius of Demosthenes, of Sophocles, of Plato, and of Phidias; but the printing-press is a higher gift to man than the eloquence, the drama, the philosophy, and the art of Greece.—*Charles Sumner.*

ACTIVITY.

ACTIVITY is one of the everlasting laws of existence. There is no religion without work. Laziness is spiritual death. Who ever acquired anything worth having by lying still and waiting for it to come to him? All things are within reach of man, if he will only go after them; all things mock him who lingers by the way. Who gains money but the man who toils with hand or brain? Who finds knowledge save by the striving of the understanding? Who knows anything of beauty in nature but he who spurns the morning couch and is on the hill-top while his neighbors are asleep; can defy the snow and the rain, and strain up the mountain summit and endure the noonday heats? And through what watching and lonely wrestling with languor and discouragement the artist leads out human loveliness from the rough marble, and coaxes beauty upon the canvas! And does not every good man go up to his virtue as Jesus went; like him resist Satan in the desert, sweat drops of blood in Gethsemane, and bear his cross up Calvary. Activity is the law of life. Let us be up and doing. Time waits for no man; all things go on; go on with all things, or you will fall out of your rank in the procession of existence, and never find your place again unless through toils that will wring your soul with anguish. Listen to the voice of the sea, for it is the voice of God, which evermore says, "*Work while it is called to-day.*"—*Christian Inquirer.*

AMERICAN LIFE.

AMERICAN LIFE is but the agony of a fever. There is no repose for us. We push on in frenzied excitement through the crowd, the noise, the hot glare and dust of the highways, without turning for a moment to refresh ourselves in the quiet and shade of the by-paths of life. We have but one object in our rapid journey, and that is to get the start of our fellow-travelers. Our political equality, offering to all a chance for the prizes of life, and thus encouraging every one to try his speed in the race, is no doubt a spur to the characteristic hurry of Americans. Our institutions, however, are not responsible for the prize we choose to strive for. There is no reason that we know of why a republican should have no other aim in life but to get richer than his neighbor; but there are a thousand good reasons, if we value health and happiness, why we should pursue other and higher objects. When the pursuit of wealth is the great purpose of life in so rapidly a progressive state of material prosperity as exists in our commercial communities, it requires exclusive devotion, and the highest strain of the faculties, to succeed. A fair competence, however, is easily reached; and if we had learned to care for better things, we would not strive for more.

THE DYING AND THE DEAD.—The following lines, written by CHARLES G. EASTMAN, of Vermont, are extremely touching and musical. No one who ever watched a person passing to rest so quietly that you "thought her dying when she slept, and sleeping when she died," can fail to appreciate their beauty and significance:

Softly!
She is lying,
With her lips apart,
Softly!
She is dying,
Of a broken heart.

Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

Gently!
She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last.
Gently!
While you are weeping,
She to Heaven has past!

YOUTH.—In youth we seem to be climbing a hill on whose top eternal sunshine seems to rest. How eagerly we pant to attain the summit! We sigh as we contemplate dreary wastes before us, and look back with wistful eye upon the flowery path we have passed, but may never retrace. Life is a portentous cloud, fraught with thunder, storm and rain; but virtue, like streaming rays of sunshine, will clothe it with light as with a garment, and fringe its shadowy skirts with gold.

The Traveler.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

Europe, Afoot and Alone.—New Series.

LETTER I.—IRELAND.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

Parting from G—— at Glasgow.

IN the morning we took a hasty survey of Dumbarton Castle and town, and then embarked on the Clyde and steamed down to Glasgow. I was astonished at the immense number of steamers, mostly iron, which we saw on the river and moored at the docks in the city. In number they far exceeded the sail vessels. Glasgow is a fine, well-built city, and in regard to population claims to be the second in Great Britain.

Here G—— parted from us, as our tour in Scotland was finished, and by the evening train he returned to Edinburg, to pursue his medical studies. To me it was a most agreeable week's travel, and we had enjoyed many a laugh together, while traveling the muddy roads in a rain storm, or toiling among the mountains, and together had admired some of the grandest and most beautiful scenery in Scotland. We had become intimate; the acquaintance seemed like one of years, instead of days, and when he slung his knapsack on his arm and bid us good bye, I was sorrowful as I thought that we might never cross each other's path again.

Crossing the Channel.

Before dark E—— and myself were traveling in the opposite direction, having embarked on a steamer for Port Rush in Ireland. Upon inquiry at the office, we found the fare four times as much in the first as in the fore-cabin. We bought tickets for the latter, thinking it was but a few hours' trip, and that we might be sea-sick, and would probably wish to stay on deck most of the time. But they were dilatory in starting, and stopped so long and often at the towns along the Clyde, that it was after midnight when we got into the Channel. It was cold enough to be uncomfortable on deck, and we descended into the cabin to get a little rest. This department was fitted up with plain board seats, which were occupied by about thirty Irish people, men and women. We soon gave up all idea of sleeping, and became interested in watching the operations of our fellow passengers. There were half a dozen young fellows who were inclined to make the best of it, and to divert themselves made a great deal of noise, singing songs, laughing, joking, and finally got up a "make believe" fight. However, it was acted with so much reality that many of the women were frightened, two or three overturned, and a great deal of confusion created. Finally, one old man, of a nervous temperament, watching his opportunity, dodged up the ladder, and presently down came the captain, and gruffly demanded "what they were raising such a rumpus about on his ship?" It was all passed off as a joke.

When we got into the Channel, it was so rough that many of the passengers, and especially the women, became sea-sick, and the scenes in the cabin were so disgusting, and the air so foul, that we were driven on deck in spite of the cold. We felt some rather disagreeable sensations, but by pacing the deck, and keeping our thoughts diverted as much as possible from it, we escaped the consummation of sea-sickness. We gazed into the darkness as the hours passed slowly by, and hailed the first dawn of light with lively satisfaction. The boat was very slow, and there seemed to be no energy in either officers or crew. Although the advertised time for reaching Port Rush was sooner than daylight, yet it was eight o'clock on that misty Sabbath morning before we ran along the precipitous Irish coast, and stopped a mile outside the harbor, long enough to allow a few passengers to get into a small boat that came alongside. The boat danced about rather lively on the short rough sea, and we were glad when it reached the shore. Going directly to an inn, we sat down with voracious appetites to a warm breakfast before a comfortable peat fire. The sensations of comfort we experienced are long to be remembered.

Port Rush.

We went to church, but the formal service was too dull to overcome my drowsiness, and I fell into a dreamy sleep, from which I was awakened by the rising and departure of the congregation.—Afterwards we walked through the village, which is situated on the top of a bluff and commands an extensive prospect. The harbor is small, being entirely artificial. There were but few vessels in it, but among them a brig from Baltimore. The scenery along the coast is of a wild character, and there are several rocky islands in sight, around which the waves break with continual foam and roar. The village is straggling, and the white-washed stone houses have a dazzling appearance when seen from a distance. The country around is not very fertile, and taken altogether, the rough character of the people, and its situation, exposed to all the fury of the frequent Atlantic storms, it is not an inviting place to the pleasure seeker. But But within a few miles is one of the Wonders of Nature.

Dunluce Castle.

Monday morning we started for the Giant's Causeway, which is six miles distant, and leisurely followed a turnpike road which runs along the top of the cliffs, stopping frequently to gaze at the sea, which roared and foamed below. A smooth, hard beach finally tempted us to scramble down, and laying off our knapsacks and clothing, we dashed into the surf. It was my first bath in the Atlantic. The rock is a limestone, the precipices are pierced with numerous caves, and we saw some isolated rocks which were worn into natural Gothic arches. An abundance of shell fish cling to the low rocks which the tide overflowed, and several women were engaged in taking them off with knives, and eating them raw for their breakfast. We got into the road again, and in a little while the crumbling towers and battlements of Dunluce Castle rose before us. The ruin is the property of Lord ANTRIM, who keeps a man in constant attendance to show visitors about the place. It is in two parts; the keep, or stronghold, is situated on an isolated rock which rises from the sea perpendicularly two hundred feet. It is connected with the main land only by a narrow arch of masonry. The other portion is surrounded by a wall, and was probably the dwelling of the vassals. We passed into the keep, and looked out of the crumbling windows upon the ocean. The kitchen was built next to the sea, and the waters wearing away the base of the rock whereon it stood, the outer wall fell down at a time when the cook and several servants were in the room, and they all fell over the cliff and were drowned. In one of the towers there is an apartment which is perfectly fresh and clean, as though carefully swept every day. Yet the guide told us it never was cleaned, at least, he added mysteriously, by mortal hands.

There happened to come, at the same time with ourselves, an English party to the castle. They amused themselves by ill-natured remarks and attempted joking on the manner and discourse of the guide, who was an Irishman. He was displeased, and did not give them much information, and indeed they left sooner than ourselves, and without seeing some of the most interesting parts of the ruin. After they had gone, with a subdued tone, he related to us the following legend:

"Every family has a guardian spirit which we call the Banshee, and it watches over their interests and welfare. It occasionally makes its presence known to favored persons, and commonly has an abiding place in some part of the family mansion. Whenever a death or any occurrence of unusual importance is about to take place, it invariably gives warning, by inspiring dreams, appearing in a vision, wailing at midnight, or other means of which spirits avail themselves in their communications to men. This room is the Banshee's.—When the family lived in the castle before it was ruined, it took possession, and has never quit it.—We never sweep or clean the room, yet you see there is not a particle of dust or filth, as there is in the other apartments. We asked him if he had ever seen it. He said not, but heard it wail once in the midnight. It wailed for two or three nights before the death of Lady ANTRIM. However, an old lady whom he once knew had seen it when she was a little girl going to school. The Banshee was sitting on the outside of the tower over the precipice, where no human being could be supported. It was in the form of a lady, and engaged in combing its tresses. She gazed at it in astonishment, and then turned away to call her companions, but when she looked again it had vanished."

The room is certainly kept very clean, and probably without the agency of man. But the true worker of the wonder is the wind. The room is circular—seaward there is a window, and directly opposite the open door. A current of air draws through with considerable force, and eddies around the room, bearing away the dust in its invisible hands. We pleased the man by listening attentively to the story, and he told us confidently that he was a firm believer in it.

Between the isolated rock and the main land there is a basin, which though nearly filled now with dirt and rubbish, yet the guide informed us was once much deeper, and contained seven or eight feet of water. It was then used as a harbor for their ships, and the entrance was through a natural arch, about eighty feet high, leading from the sea directly through the middle of the isolated rock. We descended by a winding and precipitous path into the basin, and entered the arch. The sea yet flows in beyond the center, and the dashing of the waves on the rocks keeps up a constant roar. The guide was very attentive to us when he found we did not ridicule his superstitious notions, and pointed out some peculiar features in the arches, and a window in one of the walls, of which he remarked in true Irish style, "That is the only perfect frame in the castle, and you will observe by the structure of it, that the glass they used in those days was made of horn."

MODE OF PUNISHMENT IN RUSSIA.

CAPITAL punishments are rare in Russia, high-treason being the only crime visited with death.—In its place are the rod and the knout. Sentences to punishment by the former often condemn to such a number of blows that the hide of an elephant could scarcely withstand them: human nature must sink and expire under them. What man can endure four hundred blows of a stick? They would inevitably kill him, which is no part of the condemnation; and, as a proof that this is not desired, the sentence concludes by ordaining that, after the criminal has received his punishment, he shall be sent for life to Siberia.

The officer in command of the troops ordered for the execution of the sentence is responsible for its being literally and completely carried out.—This responsibility he lays, in his turn, upon the shoulders of the regimental surgeon. The delinquent—civilian or soldier, it matters not which—marches down the fatal street of men, with a soldier in front and in rear, whose leveled bayonets prevent his hanging back or unduly hurrying on. Upon his left walks the surgeon, holding the unhappy wretch's hand in his, and anxiously watching the state of the pulse. When its diminished beat gives token of danger, the punishment, on a signal from the medical man, is immediately suspended, the exhausted sufferer is placed on a cart, and taken to the hospital. The horrible, yet more humane practice of the Austrians—to inflict the entire number of blows prescribed by the sentence, even though the latter portion of them fall upon a corpse—is in Russia strictly prohibited. The patient is taken care of in the hospital until recovery, and then again beaten. If this process be often repeated, he usually dies in consequence of his wounds; but in that case, "justice" has not actually *killed* him! Should he ultimately recover, he is sent to Siberia. It seems incredible, but is nevertheless true, that many criminals have thus taken, by instalments, four or five thousand blows, and lived to drag out many years of melancholy existence in Siberian deserts.—*Sears' Russia Illustrated.*

INFALLIBLE RECIPES.—The following are infallible recipes:—For preserving the Complexion—Temperance. For whitening the Hands—Honesty. To remove Stains—Repentance. For improving the Sight—Observation. A beautiful Ring—The Home Circle. For improving the Voice—Civility. The best Companion to the toilet—A Wife. To keep away Moths—Good Society.

EVERY man magnifies the injuries he has received, and lessens those he has inflicted.

Illustrated Biography.—No. 1.

GEORGE CLINTON.

THERE are few more honored names in American History than that of GEORGE CLINTON, the First Governor of the State of New York. Although not the possessor of extraordinary genius or brilliant oratorical power, nor martial skill or ability, he was elevated amid his compeers for the sterling sense that characterized him as a man, his firmness and independence as a statesman, and his incorruptible patriotism, which was often tested, but never found wanting. One of his biographers says of him: "The same relation that WASHINGTON sustained to the Union, he bore to New York,—the one was the Father of his Country and the other the *Pater Patriæ* of his native State."

The CLINTON family is of English origin,—and their ancestor, WILLIAM CLINTON, from whom they trace their descent in a direct line, was one of the most devoted adherents of CHARLES I. He held a commission in the Royal army, and after that unfortunate Monarch lost his life, he was compelled to fly to the Continent to escape the fury of CROMWELL. WILLIAM, after spending a long period in exile, returned to Scotland and married. His personal safety being in constant jeopardy, he moved to the north of Ireland, where he died, leaving an orphan son (JAMES) only two years of age. JAMES reached manhood, married and settled at Longford, Ireland, where his son CHARLES, (the father of the subject of this sketch,) was born. CHARLES, after attaining man's estate, married, and, in the spring of 1729, set sail for America. He purchased a farm in the then wilderness at the foot of the Highlands, at that period a portion of Ulster Co., but which was subsequently annexed to the county of Orange.—Here, on the 26th day of July, 1739, GEORGE CLINTON was born—he being the youngest of the five children which formed the family. Being a youth of keen perception, and early displaying great shrewdness with a corresponding decision and force of character, he was destined by his father for the law.

In the year 1755, soon after the commencement of the second contest with the French and their Indian allies, he left home clandestinely and shipped on board a privateer which sailed from New York, during the voyage of which he encountered many hardships and perils. On his return he accepted a subaltern's commission in his father's regiment, and accompanied the expedition against Fort Frontenac, performing the duties of the soldier with honor. Hostilities terminating, he entered the office of WILLIAM SMITH, the Chief Justice and Historian of the Colony, at that period one of the most eminent legal practitioners of New York. In due time he was admitted to the bar, and his success, both mentally and pecuniarily was very flattering.

In October, 1765, young CLINTON entered the Colonial Legislature, and made the first public declaration of his Republican proclivities, and with his associate, PHILIP SCHUYLER, battled manfully against the loyalist majority of the Assembly. In April, 1775, Mr. CLINTON was elected one of the Delegates to the Second Continental Congress, from New York and took his seat in May. Here he advocated all his warlike measures, and the following year voted for the Declaration of Independence. Internal strife and dissension, occasioned by the loyalists, having broken out at his home, he hastened to assume the command of the militia of Ulster county—having been appointed a General of Brigade—and was not present at the signing of that memorable document.

In accordance with the recommendations of the Continental Congress, measures were taken in New York for the formation of a State Constitution.—In April, 1777, a Convention was held for that purpose, and on the 20th of the same month the task was completed. In the month of June following, Mr. CLINTON was elected, both as Governor and Lieutenant-governor, with great unanimity,—he accepted the former office.

During the year 1777, the National Congress, at the request of the State of New York, decided to select a commander of the military posts in that quarter. This appointment, with the rank of Brigadier General in the Continental service, was conferred upon Governor C., and all its duties were discharged faithfully and with promptitude. In 1780 he was again re-elected Chief Magistrate of New York with the same unanimity that characterized his first selection. His unquestioned patriotism and strenuous efforts in behalf of American Independence so enlisted the people in his favor that no one thought seriously of bringing forward a candidate to oppose him.

On the evacuation of New York by the British on the 25th of November, 1783, side by side with WASHINGTON, GEORGE CLINTON entered the city.—Previous to this event, and in the same year, Mr. C. had been again selected as Governor, and by repeated re-elections he was continued in that high office until 1795. In 1801 Mr. C. was prevailed upon to stand as a candidate for Governor, and was chosen (for the sixth time) by a decided majority. Mr. CLINTON was elected Vice President in 1805, THOMAS JEFFERSON being President, and re-elected in 1809, JAMES MADISON filling the Presidential Chair. During the session of Congress in 1810-11, Mr. C. was called upon by his casting vote to decide the question of renewing the charter of the Bank of the United States. A motion being made to strike out the first section of the bill of renewal, (a section vital to the interest of that institution,) and vote being taken, it was found that there were the same number favorable and opposed to the measure. Mr. C. decided the question by voting in the affirmative, and defeated the application at that session of a re-charter.

When Congress again assembled, GEORGE CLINTON once more appeared in his accustomed seat—well-stricken in years, venerable in appearance, and universally respected for the official dignities and popular favor he had enjoyed. Before that session terminated, his almost life-long service in a public capacity, was ended. He died at Washington on the 20th of April, 1812. Surrounded by

"All that should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience,"—

by friends and kindred, he died at peace with his fellow man and with his GOD. The monument erected to his memory contains an inscription which says, and says truly—"While he lived, his virtue, wisdom and valor were the pride, the ornament and security of his country, and when he died, he left an illustrious example of a well-spent life worthy of all imitation."

NEW YORK STATE COAT OF ARMS.

In this connection we present to the readers of the RURAL the Coat of Arms of the State of New York, to be followed by that of each of the States in the Union. It was ordered by the Legislature of 1809. It consists of a shield, on which is represented the rising sun, with water and a range of hills in the foreground. The Crest is a half-globe on which is perched an eagle with pinions raised for flight. Supporting the shield on the right and left, are Justice and Liberty. In the background, across an expanse of water with its ships and steamers, a city is seen on one hand, and the country on the other. Below is our well chosen motto, denoting that the course of the State should be just what it has been, is, and shall be to the end of time—EXCELSIOR!—"*Still Higher!*"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IN HIS GIG.

IT is now about a century since Benjamin Franklin, Post Master General of the American Colonies, by appointment of the Crown, set out in his old gig to make an official inspection of the principal routes. It was about eighty years since he held the same office under the authority of Congress, when a small folio, (now preserved in the department at Washington,) containing but three quires of paper lasted as an account book for two years. These simple facts bring up before us, more forcibly than an elaborate description, the vast increase in Post Office facilities within a hundred years; for if a Post Master General were to undertake to pass over all the routes existing, it would require six years' incessant railroad travel, at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five miles daily—while if he were to undertake the job in an "old gig," he would require a lifetime for its performance. Instead of a small folio, with its three quires of paper, the Post Office accounts consume, every two years, 3,000 of the largest sized ledgers, keeping no less than 100 clerks constantly employed in recording transactions with 30,000 contractors and other persons.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOME.

BY REV. OLIVER CRANE.

DEAR HOME, there is a charm around
Thine oft remembered spot,
Which from my earliest youth hath bound
Me to thee, as to holy ground,
And will not be forgot.

Long years have oversped since first
I left thine honored dome;
Yet naught that hath upon thee burst
Hath from thy sacredness dispersed
The loveliness of home.

How bitter when thy precincts dear
First faded from my view,
How bitter that unbidden tear
Which told thee I was no more near
The home my boyhood knew.

The many hours I there had spent
Rushed like a memory-spell;
There no discordant jar had rent
Our little band, and thus prevent
Affections rising swell.

Bright did endearance fondly shed
A halo o'er the past;
And all the future overspread
With promised blessings on my head,
And bid them ever last.

There came a change—ere morn of days
Had merged in coming noon,
The bier, the pall, the gloomy bays
Had whispered that our future ways
Must separate, how soon!

All are not here—one whom we loved
Is taken to her *home;*
While yet the blessing seemed approved
There came a message, and removed
A *sister* to the tomb.

Years may advance, and with them all
That home's fond joyance gave;
Friend after friend successive fall
Beneath the sad funereal-pall,
Which shrouds them for the grave.

Yet till life's lamp shall cease to burn,
And all in death repose,
Oft shall my willing foot-steps turn,
And there, where I was wont to learn
Submission, lose my woes.

And when life's evening shall have come,
And home on earth shall fade,
A star, dispersing all its gloom,
Shall ope a new *celestial home*
Where sorrows ne'er invade

January, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SABBATH NIGHT.

How beautifully steal the evening shadows over earth, at the close of this the Holiest Day of all the Seven! The cares, the duties, the perplexities of life have been laid aside for a little, and the heart has grown better amid the sweet influences of the Sabbath. The soul has broken the cords that bound her to earth and soared away to breathe the air of heaven, and thus is strengthened for the temptations and conflicts of the coming week.—The sweet tones of the church bell have won us to the house of GOD, where man has plead for blessings with his Maker; where the songs of praise have burst from lips attuned to melody,—and, as the speaker has pointed us from earth to heaven, something more than his words of burning eloquence have touched our heart, and moistened the eye,—we have felt that GOD was there, and that the place was holy. Thank GOD for the Sabbath, with its softening, subduing influence upon the earth-weary spirit. What would be life were it all one long week of toil and striving without the Sabbath to break the spell of worldliness?

But the evening comes slowly on. The crimson and the purple clouds that make the West so glorious at sunset, are mellowing their tints, while here and there in the vaulted sky, a star looks forth, and listens to earth's vesper hymn. As the twilight gathers over earth, so heavenly thoughts steal to the heart. The holy hush of the Sabbath stillness resting on the outer world lays its finger on the spirit too; and as we think of the morrow's care and duties, we almost wish that life were one Sabbath of holy aspirations and worship without a setting sun or evening shadows. But not on *earth* can this be, yet by-and-by, when the last Sabbath prayer is offered, when our feet have pressed the threshold of the Sanctuary for the last time, *then* shall we be where prayer is turned to praise, and the temple wherein we shall worship will be a city glorious with dazzling gold and gems, and "the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there." By-and-by the last Sabbath on earth will come, and there will follow a morrow of love, and joy, and peace in heaven. F. H.

Brockport, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

GATHER TO SPEND.

IN all his dealings with his chosen people God had regard, not to their interest alone, but was establishing principles by which our lives are to be guided, if we would find favor in his eyes. The Israelite in the wilderness was told to go forth and gather manna for his daily food, and there was no restriction as to the quantity he might bring home. Perhaps it was required of him to gather all he could. But if he attempted to reserve to himself more than enough to last till the the next supply, that which he withheld from his hungry brother less successful in providing for the wants of the day, became corrupt. He had refused to make it a blessing to another, and now it becomes a curse to himself.

So is it now. Perhaps it is my duty to gather gold as GOD may give me opportunity, assuredly I may do it without sin. But wo to me, if, when He gives me opportunity, I fail to use it in relieving the necessities of a brother less successful.—The surplus which should have been devoted to promoting the temporal and spiritual welfare of another, the treasure selfishly hoarded, becomes destructive of my own. SUISSAG.

DROP by drop falls into the clear well-spring of our youth the bitter water of experience, and there is no filterer this side the grave that can restore the old purity.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, JANUARY 3, 1857.

The Rural Progressing.

HERE'S the paper, good friends and numerous—and with it our grateful acknowledgment of the generous kindness and active efforts, on your part, which have enabled us to clothe it in attire so *recherche* and becoming. How do you like its New Year suit? Is it not in good taste?—aye, beautiful exceedingly? And does not the RURAL *talk* well, in addition to being "good looking?" Our printers are in ecstacies with its appearance—and we confess to a slight participation in their enthusiasm—yet we consider another item of far more importanee—its CONTENTS. In both essentials, however, we have resolved to manifest the onward spirit of our Motto, "EXCELSIOR," and primary Objects, "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." By comparing this with any preceding number of the RURAL, the reader can determine whether the resolution has been "adopted."

Our principal type is Minion, and much smaller, or more *compact*, than that heretofore used. It enables us to give from one-fifth to one-fourth more reading than heretofore—thus greatly *enlarging* the paper without increasing its size. And yet the type is so clear and bold, that we think it will prove as legible and acceptable as that used in our previous volume. Though the sheet is of the same size, this number contains nearly or quite *double* the amount of reading contained in any number of our first volume—while there is a still greater difference in the expense of the "matter" published. These and other facts, prove that our talk about progress is no myth, but one of those very stubborn truths which cannot be crushed.

The RURAL, not only enters upon the New Year in good trim, but with far more encouraging prospects than ever before. For the information of its ardent friends and supporters, we will simply state that its receipts during the week ending Saturday last were *over one-third more* than those of the corresponding week of the year preceding—which is all that need be said on that subject. We this week *add* just *twenty thousand* to our former large edition. Whether we shall continue this extra edition is a question which will soon be decided, and affirmatively, too, if the RURAL'S friends all over the land continue their present noble efforts in its behalf. Meantime, we respectfully invite each and all—Agents, Subscribers, casual readers, and even borrowers—to lend the RURAL such measure of encouragement as may be consistent with their views and engagements. A little attention on the part of its present subscribers will largely augment its circulation and usefulness.—How many of our friendly readers will do us, and their neighbors and acquaintances, a favor by acting in accordance with this suggestion?

—See Prospectus and Premium List on next, and Special Notices on last page of this number.

JUST A WORD.—We now and then hear of a man who "don't like the idea" of our "paying such premiums to agents," and who thinks we should give the amount to subscribers, or expend it on the paper. To which we simply answer, that we give subscribers value received for their money, and if they can do better, they will of course invest elsewhere. We remunerate our agents and active friends as a matter of right, in return for their services—and by so doing are enabled to furnish a better paper than we possibly could otherwise.—Subscribers might with equal propriety complain because we pay our printers, paper-makers, &c., better wages and higher prices than other publishers—all items by which readers are benefited, rather than injured! Will these occasional wiseacres please give us a few lessons in the management of a business which it seems we don't understand?

NO COMPETITION.—We beg to assure one and all interested that the RURAL does not profess to compete with the "dollar papers" and other cheap (?) periodicals. The latter are often "made up" of second or third hand reading, (that which has been used in daiyl, semi-weekly, &c.,) whereas every line in the RURAL is written or prepared *expressly for its readers*, and many articles and sketches cost from *ten* to *thirty dollars each*. Those, therefore, who want low-priced reading, without regard to quality, value or appropriateness, will find the reprints of daily and other papers "just the thing"—while such as desire a journal eminently designed to interest, instruct and benefit will please send their invitations in this direction.

THE HIGHLY COMPLIMENTARY notices of the RURAL which have recently appeared in many of our exchanges, are gratefully appreciated, and stimulate us to still greater efforts. The very complimentary and encouraging letters we are receiving, are also gratifying. Though not naturally vain, we *are* a trifle proud of these kind notices and epistles, and shall endeavor to MERIT all the good things said of us by both Press and People.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR," &c.—The RURAL'S new dress was furnished by N. LYMAN, of Buffalo, than whom we know not a more prompt or honorable type founder and printer's furnisher. His establishment is very complete, and well worthy the attention of our friends of the Black Art in this region, the West and Canada—and we can assure all that they will obtain good material and fair treatment.

"THE HAPPY NEW YEAR," written expressly for the RURAL by T. S. ARTHUR, will tend to make you a better man or woman—and, unless you are "made of sterner stuff" than this deponent, you will experience a choking sensation, and your eyes be blinded somewhat, during its perusal.—Though we copyright Mr. ARTHUR'S sketches, our contemporaries are at perfect liberty to copy, provided credit is given.

NOTICES of Books, Magazines, &c., are necessarily deferred. Most of the magazines for January open rich—are attractible and readable.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—The Senate debated without coming to any conclusion, the bill for the settlement of the claims of the officers of the Revolution.

Mr. Butler presented a joint resolution of the South Carolina Legislature, relative to the fortification at Port Royal Harbor.

A resolution was adopted, calling on the Secretary of the Treasury to report whether some means cannot be devised for the preservation of lives of seamen and passengers who may be wrecked on the Jersey coast and Long Island, and also whether relief should not be granted to the families of persons who lose their lives in endeavors to rescue others from shipwreck.

HOUSE.—The House passed the Indian Pension and the West Point Academy bills.

Mr. Letcher, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a substitute for the bill for the remission of the tariff.

The Speaker laid before the House the report of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, showing the progress that had been made in that work during the first year.

Mr. Campbell reported the Post Office, Ocean Mail Steamer and Deficiency Appropriation bills; and Mr. Phelps reported with amendments the Senate bill relative to foreign coinage and also to the coinage of the new cent pieces.

The Coinage bill was postponed for two weeks.

Mr. Rice introduced a bill authorizing the people of Minnesota to form a Constitution and State Government.

Several private bills were passed, and also the Senate bill, providing for the compulsory pre-payment of postage on all transient printed matter.

The Post Office Committee in the House are preparing a bill in accordance with Mr. Hansen's project for carrying the mails in a direct line of steamers between New York and Gluckstandt, via Plymouth, England.

The various standing committees of the House have a large number of bills matured, but no opportunity for reporting them has yet occurred.

N. Y. State Temperance Society.

PURSUANT to the call of the delegates of the N. Y. State Temperance Society, a meeting was held on the 25th ult. at Albany. The Secretary presented the report of the Executive Committee. The report says that the concurrent testimony is that intemperance has been greatly augmented by laying prostrate the Prohibitory law, and that the excitement attendant upon the election has led many back into intemperance, and induced others to take the first step in that vice. The Society's agent, since May last, has delivered 108 lectures, and procured 4,000 subscribers to *The Prohibitionist*. During the year the Society's press has issued nearly 9,000,000 of pages in tracts, and since Jan. 18, 1854, over 58,000,000 pages. The report further states that the records of the police courts and jails show that the Prohibitory law in the prevention of pauperism and crime, effected much good despite the decision of the Court of Appeals.—The commitments in nine counties under the Prohibitory law, show a decrease of two-fifths from those under the license law. Statistics show that for every church in the State there are fourteen shops in which liquor is sold.

The Committee believe that the decision of the Court of Appeals in regard to the Prohibitory law was erroneous, and think a stringent Prohibitory law can be formed which the present Court of Appeals will uphold. The report takes strong ground in favor of Prohibition, and expresses a fear that an effort will be made with political Temperance men to influence the Legislature to pass a license law.

Iowa and Wisconsin.

THE census of Iowa, completed just before the late election, shows the population to have been, in round numbers, *half a million*. The population at different periods has been as follows:—In 1840, 42,924; in 1850, 192,214; in 1855, 503,304. The vote of Iowa at the late election was 89,370. The same proportion of votes to population gives Wisconsin a population of 700,000 at the present time, which would be an increase of about 150,000 in the space of 16 months, and the same rate of increase, which there is every reason to anticipate, will give Wisconsin a population of over 1,000,000 by the next U. S. census in 1860. The four States of Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, with Minnesota, will doubtless by that census number *four and a half millions of people*. In 1830 the vast regions now comprising these States had a population of 192,339 all told. What an illustration of the marvellous growth of the Free West!

The following figures exhibit the agricultural wealth of Iowa—the period is for 1855:—Wheat bushels, 5,500,000; corn, bushels, 6,000,000; potatoes, bushels, 2,000,000; hogs, 400,000.

THE DETECTION OF MURDER—ANOTHER TRIAL.—It will be recollected that some time since an article was published by a celebrated physician in England, which alleged that the last scene viewed by a dying man would remain impressed upon the retina, as does the impression upon a daguerreotype plate. Experiments were made in the case of Mr. Beadle, murdered at Auburn last summer, which were pronounced satisfactory by the physicians. A series of experiments have recently been made by Mr. Pallock, an oculist of Chicago. In each experiment that Dr. P. has made, he has found that an examination of the retina of an eye with a microscope reveals a wonderful as well as a beautiful sight, and that almost in every instance there was a clear, distinct and marked impression.

SHIPWRECKS.—During the past week, wrecks have been numerous in the vicinity of New York, but, we are happy to add, with very little loss of life. The ship New York, having on board about 280 emigrants, is among the number,—passengers were all saved by the aid of life cars. After the vessel struck, the crew broke into the storeroom and supplied themselves with liquor until they became infuriated, and while in this condition, attacked the captain, stabbing him fatally. One of the mutineers, after getting on shore, was frozen to death. The British bark Tasso was also lost. Four sailors and two surfmen—the latter had gone to the safety of those on board the wrecked vessel—were drowned.

Items of News.

THE President has brought into market, 1,500,000 acres of land, lying in the north part of Iowa, which has caused an active demand for land warrants, at an advance of three cents per acre.

GEORGE W. TUTTLE, the inventor of the famous "Baby Jumper," and who had realized a profit of $60,000 by the patent, died in New York on the 6th ult., at the age of 30 years.

DR. ELISHA K. KANE, the Arctic explorer, arrived at St. Thomas on the 2d ult., from England. He would proceed to Havana in a fortnight. His lungs are said to be affected.

THE citizens of Grand Rapids, Mich., have organized a company to build a railroad from that place to Grand Traverse, and subscribed $70,000 toward the object at the first meeting.

A GERMAN with whom Bayard Taylor formed a friendship, has conveyed to him, as a free gift, an estate near the Tharingian forest. It contains a beautiful residence built in 1760 by one of the ministers of Ernest II.

THE Supreme Court of North Carolina has confirmed the decision of Judge Manly, that members of the Universalist Church are incompetent to testify in courts of justice, according to the laws of that State!

A LADY has lately died at Actopan, Mexico, at the wonderful age of one hundred and thirty-nine years. Mexico has had over seventy-five changes in the chief magistracy of the country in this woman's lifetime.

THE New York Herald says there are on the dockets of the criminal courts of that city, *two thousand* indictments, which have been accumulating for years, against various offenders, "*all unprosecuted and unnoticed.*"

OUR government has received a proposition from England, to reduce the postage between the two countries, from twenty-four cents to twelve cents on single letters. Our government has indicated a willingness to accede to this, provided England reduces the transit charge on mails passing through that country to twelve and a half cents per ounce—the price paid for the conveyance of the Canada mails.

A MEDICAL writer in one of the religious journals, earnestly opposes the practice of ministers and professional men traveling abroad to regain lost health, affirming that, in nine cases out of ten, health is injured rather than benefited by such journeys. He asserts that if a parish, instead of furnishing their minister with means of traveling abroad, would furnish him with land for tillage, and the implements for husbandry, it would do more to improve his health than any other expedient or resource.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

THERE were three destructive fires in Philadelphia on the 22d ult., keeping the firemen engaged till morning. John Funston's brush-block factory in the 16th ward, was totally consumed, throwing three hundred hands out of employment. The omnibus stables of Mills, Flynn & Co., were also totally consumed, and 130 horses and 30 omnibuses burned. Loss $40,000. Williams' flouring mill, near the Navy Yard, was also burned; loss $100,000.

THE livery stable of T. Stevens, at Savannah, Ga., was burnt on Tuesday, 23d ult., and 40 horses perished.

Two trains on the Virginia Central Railroad came in collision near Gordonsville on the 26th ult. Both trains smashed. Four or five men killed and several injured.

THE schooner Lenox, which left Kingston, C. W., three weeks since for Toronto, has not been heard of, and all hopes of her safety are abandoned.—With her own crew of seven men, she had five sailors belonging to the schooner Lochiel, who were working their passage to Toronto. All are supposed to be lost.

THE Albany express train which left that city at 4½ P. M. Saturday, 27th ult., met with a serious accident about 80 miles from the city. A broken rail which had been fractured by the frost on the passage of the previous train, was the cause. The engine and tender passed over the spot in safety, but the baggage car and the first passenger car was thrown on its side, and the fourth turned completely upside down. There were about 125 passengers on board. Conductor Hills was considerably injured, as also some nine or ten passengers, viz.:—Mr. S. Gaskitt, Albion, N. Y.; Manly W. Kennedy, Buffalo; Mrs. Thompson, Williamsburg; Mrs. W. Highee, New York; Mr. Geo. Ayrold, New York; and Mary Holmes.

THE steam boiler of Messrs. Rogers & Co., at Ausable Forks rolling mill, exploded on the 26th ult., killing two men and severely wounding six others.

MINERAL WEALTH OF THE SUPERIOR REGION.—The Watertown (Wis.) *Journal* has a letter from Lake Superior, in which the writer gives a very promising account of the mineral wealth abounding there. He believes that the iron ore beds extend into Wisconsin. Along the proposed route to the North-Eastern Railroad, near the Michigan side, a field of iron ore has been discovered, about a mile and a half in length, 100 feet wide, and 100 feet high. The Superior ores, he says, are of better quality than those of Dodge county. They exist in rock form, must be quarried, and furnish the toughest bar iron in the world. Of a single ridge on the Peshakame river, composed of nearly pure specular oxide of iron, which shoots up 113 feet high, he says, that it "contains iron sufficient to supply the world for ages, yet we saw neither its length nor its width, but only an outline of the mass."

THE ELECTORAL VOTE OF WISCONSIN SNOWED IN.—The first Wednesday of December being the day for the assembling of the Electors of the several States of their respective State Capitals, the Electors of Wisconsin started in time, from their homes, to reach Madison, under ordinary conditions of weather and roads on the day. But a snow storm on the Tuesday previous, shut in the Capital, and prevented all ingress. The legal day passing over without any action of the College, of course the functions of the Electors no longer continued, and all they had to do was to return home, private citizens. Consequently Wisconsin had no voice in the election.

A Day in the "Southern Tier."—No. 1.

THE counties in this State bordering on the New York and Erie railroad have long been known as the "Southern Tier," though at one time they called themselves the "sequestered counties." The construction of the Erie canal through the centre of the State, by affording greater facilities for marketing, drew the attention of emigrants from both the Northern and Southern portions, and in these the population increased comparatively slow, tho' each possessed the elements of greater prosperity when once developed.

The opening of lateral canals, from time to time, served to awaken new interests and gradually stir up the dormant energies of the people. It was not, however, until the completion of the N. Y. and E. R. R., and latterly of the canals and railroads of Northern Pennsylvania, and their connection with our system of internal improvements, that the real importance of this region of our State was fully appreciated. In the rapid accumulation of capital and population, it will equal, if not far outrun, the Central part.

We recently had occasion to go into the valley of the Susquehanna, as far as Binghamton. Our route was along the valleys of the Canisteo and Chemung rivers, and the Susquehanna. The first point of interest on the railroad going from Buffalo in that direction, is the bridge over the Genesee river at Portage. This bridge is a curiosity worthy of examination, and the falls of the river in the immediate vicinity, as well as the bold, and varied scenery, will well repay one for the time spent in viewing them. This point is a favorite resort in summer for railroad pic-nic parties from Buffalo and the villages along the line of the road. The hotel, which added much to the comforts of a visit, has been burned down, and there seems to be no prospect of a new one being built at present.

Crossing the dividing ridge which separates the waters of the Genesee from those of the tributaries of the Susquehanna, we came upon the Canisteo, near its sources, and you are only aware of its coming to the dignity of a river, by seeing the lumber and logs piled up along its banks ready to be rafted when the spring floods come on. The lumber, mostly pine, has been nearly exhausted in the vicinity of the streams, and the dense pineries which at the time of the Revolution were one unbroken forest along all the valleys and streams, have gradually faded away, and given place to cultivated farms. Portions of the "flats" are good for wheat, but the most profitable farming over all this region from the lake to the Hudson river is the dairy. The real "*butter zone*" is found upon the head waters of those streams whose drainage flows into the bays at the South, or into the lakes and the St. Lawrence. It is rather an interesting fact that the region where *good* butter can be profitably made is small as compared with the population, or the area of land occupied thereby. Investigations into the climatology of the Continent, have established the important truth that as you recede from the seaboard to the West the average fall of water in rain and snow annually is much less, and hence in the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and those further north or beyond, except in extraordinary seasons, there will not be sufficient moisture to insure that constant and abundant yield of vegetable food to give the cow an adequate flow of milk. This undoubtedly accounts for the fact that, notwithstanding the great increase of population, and the large amount of land brought into cultivation, the price of butter in the butter regions of this State has constantly increased, and will do so for many years to come.

At Corning we first strike the intersecting lines of the Pennsylvania improvements, in the Blossburgh railroad, which brings to this point the valuable coal bearing that name. It is from this place that Rochester is supplied with coal, by means of the railroad running from here through the Conhocton and Genesee valleys to that city. This coal is also sent west to Buffalo, but not to the extent the consumption demands. At this point also the volume of lumber seeking a market has largely increased, and is slowly carried off by the N. Y. and E. R. R., that being the only means, to any extent, which can be commanded for that purpose, and at best it is very inadequate.

At Elmira we again meet the connecting lines of intersecting roads and canals. The Williamsport R. R., and the junction canal, connect the railroad and canal systems of Pennsylvania with those of New York. There has been no public improvements of so much importance to the two States completed for many years, and henceforth the interior of each is open to an easy communication with the other. The richest and best coal regions of that State are placed in close proximity to our canals and railroads, and their product will soon be found scattered far and wide along all our public works. The Chemung canal, and the Elmira and Canandaigua R. R., will carry the coal and iron from this region with great facility from the centre to the western frontier of our State and into the Canadas.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, that the Chemung river does not furnish water sufficient to supply the junction canal and warrant the enlargement of the Chemung canal, but it is most fortunate that no very serious loss will accrue to us, inasmuch as the boats of the enlarged canal can come to Jefferson, at the head of Seneca lake, and to Havana, three miles above, and that there is a railroad from Elmira to Jefferson, which only requires an additional rail to be laid down for some twenty miles to insure the delivery of the coal from the mines directly into the boats of the enlarged canal. The enterprise of making Jefferson a great coal deposit is in able hands and will soon be realized. As the Seneca lake never freezes, it will be of great importance to the central portion of the State as furnishing a steady supply of superior coal, at all seasons of the year, much cheapened by this facility of water transit.

But we have lingered so long on the way, that our "day" has hardly begun, and we must put off for another week, at least, the conclusion of our journey.—P.

SALT IN MICHIGAN.—The Grand Rapids Enquirer contains a report to the Lyceum of Natural History, in relation to the salt springs of that vicinity, in which we are told that the supply of water is very abundant, and that it is equal in quality to that furnished by the Kanawha Springs in Virginia. Dr. De Camp is the author of the report.

News Clippings.

—The scarlet fever is prevailing in Chicago.

—There are about 100 slaves in Oregon Territory.

—The population of Utah is said to be about 77,000.

—The U. S. Consul at Laguayra died on the 1st of Oct.

—There are nearly six million acres of unsold lands in Michigan.

—Upwards of 1,200 miles of railroads are now in operation in Spain.

—There are 150 newspapers published in Virginia, and about 300 in Ohio.

—The New Yorkers are paying $400,000 a year for keeping the streets dirty.

—The Common Council of Boston have fixed the salary of the Mayor at $4,000.

—In 1852 Russia exported to China 1,560,000 squirrel skins in exchange for tea.

—It is a singular fact that duels and suicides are unknown among the Turks.

—The cost of buildings erected in Dubuque, Iowa, since January, 1856, is $1,644,750.

—The New Orleans Delta pronounces the duello the last remnant of true civilization.

—The population within the corporate limits of Cincinnati is stated to be 170,000.

—The population of Indianapolis, Indiana, is 20,000.—Nine years ago it was only 4,000.

—From $10,000 to $15,000 worth of furs are annually produced in Chautauque Co., N. Y.

—An abundant flow of salt water is obtained from Saline Springs, near Grand Rapids, Michigan.

—The thermometer was reported 30 degrees below zero at Woodstock, N. B., on the 26th ult.

—Collector Peaslee, of Boston, has received $6 from an unknown debtor to the U. S. Revenue.

—The papers record another death from the careless handling of Guano, in Montgomery Co., Pa.

—The Missouri, Upper Mississippi and Illinois rivers are gorged with ice, and navigation is suspended.

—The steamer Africa sailed for Liverpool on the 24th ult, with $250,000 in specie and 68 passengers.

—Gov. Conway, of Arkansas, is not yet inaugurated, having been sick since his election in August.

—The 20th ult., at the instance of Gov. Geary, was observed as Thanksgiving day in Kansas Territory.

—The owners of the Bremen line of steamers will not dispatch either of them during the present month.

—Russia is about forty-one times the size of France, and one hundred and thirty-eight times that of England.

—At a recent book sale in New York city a volume of Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard" sold for $62 50.

—Horses with heavy loaded sleighs are crossing the Mississippi on the ice from Rock Island to Davenport.

—The President of the United States has recognized Saul A. Street, as Vice Consul of Brazil for Charleston.

—The laws of Virginia require every man who marries, to give security for the support of his wife and children.

—Seth Hathaway, of Marblehead, sold $376 worth of cabbages this fall, the produce of one-half acre of land!

—The catch of fish upon the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts is reported greater than for twenty years past.

—The 40th annual meeting of the American Colonization Society will be held in Washington on the 20th Jan.

—The Arkansas Legislature have rejected bills providing for calling a Convention to remodel the State Constitution.

—A joint stock company has been formed in Havana for the purpose of extracting an oil from a species of soap stone.

—A New York journal looks upon Nicaragua as useful to be the Botany Bay of American loafers and vagabonds.

—A late investigation in Louisville shows that last year one-third of the families in that city were destitute of the Bible!

—Mrs. Eleanor Hanna died in New York city last week aged 112 years. She was a native of County Monaghan, Ireland.

—The government of New Granada has suspended the effect of the law regarding the tax on mails crossing the Isthmus.

—The citizens of Northampton are taking measures for the erection of a monument to the memory of Dr. Sylvester Graham.

—It is stated in the Texas papers that salt works have been established in that State about fifty or sixty miles above Austin.

—Four or five wild-cat banks, utterly without basis, have been started in Nebraska, by speculators in the neighboring States.

—It is singular that of the 600 delegates to the Southern Convention, only 84 voted on the proposition to re-open the slave trade.

—The State Bank of Indiana will go into operation on the first of January. Most of the branches have already been organized.

—The Church Journal, N. Y., (low church) has sued the Churchman (high church) for libel, and places the damage at $5,000.

—The Somerset (Md.) Union records the death of Geo. J. H. Beauchamp, Esq., from a sore toe, brought on by the rubbing of a boot.

—The Sioux burned a Chippewa Indian to death near Glencoe, Min., on the 23d ult., in revenge for the murder of a Dakota woman.

—One of the light-houses near New York is to be lighted with the Breckinridge coal-oil, by way of testing its merits, at $1,00 per gallon.

—A vast quantity of snow fell in France on the 15th of November, and around Paris the railroad trains were completely blocked up.

—The schooner Flight, of Swampscott, with thirteen hands, caught, a few weeks since, 62,700 pounds of codfish. A good week's work.

—It is stated that Hon. Caleb Cushing intends remaining in Washington after the close of the present administration to practice law.

—A new bank is proposed to be chartered at Philadelphia, with a capital of $5,000,000, and power to increase its stock to $10,000,000.

—It is reported from Washington that the State Department has information of an intended filibustering expedition against Venezuela.

—The London papers mention that a monument is to be erected to the memory of John Wesley, in his native town, Epworth, Lincolnshire.

—There are thirty-six applications for bank charters before the Pennsylvania Legislature. The aggregate capital proposed is $21,000,000.

—Gas is being introduced into the College buildings at Cambridge, and "the midnight oil" will soon be a mere poetical figure of speech.

—To prevent the indictment of illegal sellers of liquor in Philadelphia, the records of the Board of Licensers in that city have been stolen.

—The free suffrage bill has passed both branches of the North Carolina Legislature, but it has yet to be ratified by the people in August next.

—Measures are being perfected for the organization of a city government for Lawrence, K. T., by the people, independent of the present laws.

—In Chicago fuel is scarce, maple, sawed and split, selling at nine dollars the short cord, and the better qualities of coal at ten dollars per ton.

—Great are the mysteries of Ocean Postage. It costs more now to send an ounce of paper to Europe than it does to send a barrel of flour.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Steamer Canada.

THE steamer Canada arrived at Halifax on the 23d ult., with Liverpool dates to Dec. 12th—being 9 days later than advices by the City of Baltimore.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The steamer America, which left Liverpool on the 6th inst., and the arrival of which we have been expecting for a week past encountered a furious storm off Cape Clear which swept her decks and so disabled her that she put back to Liverpool where she arrived on the morning of the 10th.

There has been a succession of severe gales in the British channel, with numerous casualties.

A deputation from Liverpool and London had waited upon Lord Clarendon, to ascertain what is meant by the British demonstration against New Grenada.

Father Mathew died at Cork on the 9th ult.

Richard Cobden has published another letter on the Maritime laws.

FRANCE.—A despatch from Bordeaux announces the arrival at that port of a vessel having on board fifteen persons rescued from the steamer Lyonnais. No other particulars are given.

It is officially announced that the Congress of Paris will meet during the present month.

Many marine disasters are reported in the Mediteranean.

SPAIN.—Advices from Madrid state that the opinion was strongly against the new loan, and the minister of finance would probably resign. Malaga and Saragossa is still politically agitated, though there had been no open outbreak.

PRUSSIA.—The King has presented a resolution of the Germanic Diet on the Neufchatel question to the great powers, inviting them in a collective dissension with a view to her recognised rights. France and Austria have advised Prussia to abstain from military demonstrations during the pendency of this question, promising at the same time to support her views.

ITALY.—The Baltic carried the intelligence that an unsuccessful attempt had been made to assassinate the King of Naples on the 8th inst. The announcements of the affair differ. The first announcement said:—"At noon to-day there was a review, and while the troops was defiling, a soldier of the third battalion of chasseurs rushed from the ranks and struck the King on the left side, knocking him down, when the soldier was seized by Col. Latour." Another despatch says:—"The bayonet of the soldier struck the King on the right side above the waist." A third despatch intimated that he was slightly wounded; and a fourth despatch that the soldier fired his carbine at the King and that the would-be-assassin was killed on the spot.

Count Loventalli, an eminent liberal, had been assassinated.

RUSSIA.—The tenor of the note addressed by Russia, in October, to the Allied powers, has been published, accompanied by a circular demanding the reassembling of the Congress at Paris. It contains an expose of the steps taken by the Russian Cabinet, to insure a fulfillment of the articles 20 and 21 of the treaty, and defends the Russian policy with regard to the Isle of Serpents and Belgrade.

PERSIA.—The capture of Herat is not confirmed. The statement that Persia had demanded permission to occupy the territory of Moganis is confirmed. It was reported at St. Petersburgh that 50,000 Russian troops are ready to march to the frontier of Persia on the first invitation of the Shah.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—The commercial intelligence by this arrival is necessarily disconnected, but is amply sufficient to indicate the current of trade in the Liverpool market.

BREADSTUFFS.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. report the market for breadstuffs generally dull and sales unimportant. Prices were quite nominal and tending downward. Provisions were in limited demand and without any essential variation in prices.

Arrival of the Steamer Europa.

THE Europa arrived at New York on the 27th ult. Her dates from Liverpool are to the 13th, one day later than those of the Canada.

Bullion in the Bank of England had increased £75,000.

The specie in the Bank of France had increased during the month, 55,000,000 francs.

The fall of Herat is confirmed. It surrendered to the Persians on the 26th of October.

The English troops had arrived in the Persian Gulf.

A despatch from Vienna states that France was meditating between the belligerents, and endeavoring to persuade Persia to yield to England.

Prussia has closed all communications with Switzerland, and will make no further propositions.

Bombay dates are to the 17th of November, Calcutta to the 8th. War was proclaimed against Persia at Calcutta on the 1st of Nov., and the last division of the fleet for the Persian Gulf left Bombay on the 13th of November. Five thousand troops are to occupy Harrack and Bushire.

The Arctic exploring bark "Resolute," Com. Hartstein, arrived at Spit Head on the 12th ult.

FLOUR AND GRAIN MARKETS.—Wheat of all kinds was easier to buy, and where sales were made, it was at an average reduction of 2d. per bushel, but prices are regular.—Flour—slow sales, but not lower. Indian corn very dull. We quote flour, good Western, 31s@32s; extra Ohio, 34s@35s. Wheat, red, 8s@8s 9d; white, 9s@9s 3d per 70 lbs.—Indian corn, mixed, 33s; yellow, 33s 6d; white, 34s 6d.

PROVISIONS.—The stock of pork is chiefly of low quality, for which there is no demand. Beef continues quiet at retail, and without change in prices. Lard is scarce—82s @83s has been paid for small lots on the spot.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Steamer Illinois.

THE United States steamship Illinois, arrived at New York on the 28th ult. She brings the California mails of December 5th, 313 passengers, and $1,671,570 in treasurer, on freight.

Rain has fallen pretty generally over the whole country. Not enough, however, has yet come to enable the miner to profit materially by the abundance of water. The immediate effect has been very good to the farmers, and their stock are now having fresh grass feed. The parched condition of the earth soaked in nearly all the moisture it received, and the miners are waiting impatiently for further rains to satisfy their own immediate purposes. In the mountainous districts heavy falls of snow have taken place.

Accounts from the different mining districts represent the prospects of the miners for the coming winter as being excellent. Enormous amounts of labor and money are being expended in the firm faith of adequate returns being received before long.

At the recent election, two women were elected to fill offices in Placer county—one as Justice of the Peace, and the other as Constable. Each received one vote in the precinct, and there was no opposition.

Returns from all the counties of the State, except Plumas and Colusi, show the following results for President:—For Buchanan, 51,925; for Fillmore, 35,113; for Fremont, 20,339. Total vote of the State, 107,377. Buchanan over Fillmore, 16,812; over Fremont, 31,586; Fillmore and Fremont over Buchanan, 3,527.

The Democratic candidates for Congress, Clerk of the Supreme Court, and Superintendent of Public Instructions, were elected by decided pluralities.

The Legislature stands as follows:—Senate—Republicans, 3; Democrats, 18; Americans, 12.—House—Republicans, 12; Democrats, 58; Americans, 10. Democratic majority on joint ballot, 39.

Provincial News.

THE track of the Grand Trunk Railroad is now completed at Toronto, and connects with other roads, so that trains laden at Stratford or Collingwood proceed to Montreal without breaking bulk.

THE Toronto *Globe* lately published a supplement, devoted to a history of the Rise, Progress and Present Position of that city, whose remarkable growth, and recent steady advance, is one of those marks of American enterprise which have astonished the world abroad. The first white people visited Toronto in 1794, and it was then named by Gov. Simcoe, York, after the Duke of York. By this name it continued to be known until 1834, when it was incorporated as a city, under the name of Toronto. In 1807, the town contained 1,058 white residents. In 1821, there were 1,559 inhabitants. In 1856, the enumeration showed a population of 41,760. Its banking interest amounts to $18,000,000. The shipping trading at the port, amounts to 48 steamers, 17 propellers, and 169 schooners, whose aggregate tunnage is 41,196, and value $3,494,000. Besides these are some 40 small craft, engaged in the coasting trade. The estimate of city taxes for 1856 is £28,765, not including repair of walks, crossings, culverts, &c., which will amount to £40,000 in addition. Aggregate valuation of real property £6,055,791, of personal £1,077,225.

THE Buffalo *Courier* says, an official notice has been published in Canada, announcing that all railroad companies whose lines of railway cross the provincial boundary, or terminate at such boundary, shall be allowed to transport goods without being detained at frontier posts for the purpose of being examined at the Custom House, or for the execution of frontier bonds. A compliance with certain regulations, on the part of the railroad companies is required. These regulations are published, the most important of which require that the companies shall provide proper warehouses and offices, and that cars shall be specially set apart for taking the goods through and having them locked up.

Financial Affairs.

MONEY MATTERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—The Directors of the Bank of England at their meeting on the 5th December, reduced the rate of discount to 6½ per cent.—the reduction being applicable alike to discounts and to loans upon securities. They also decided to make advances at the same rate until the payment of of dividends; bills having six months to run—the previous limit was three months. The discount houses likewise reduced their rates for money at call to 5½ per cent. This reduction by the bank increased a good deal of confidence, and there was less demand for money; but towards the close a more active demand had sprung up, without, however, causing any other further changed in rates. The arrivals of specie were limited. Consols closed on the 11th inst., at 93⅞@94 for money, and 95 for account.

NEW YORK MONEY MARKET.—The N. Y. Evening Post of the 27th ult. has the following relative to financial transactions in that city.

The pressure for money is abating. There is less demand, and a better supply. There is, however, more stringency felt among the country banks, both of this State and New England. Currency is being returned very fast for redemption, and the banks find it difficult to keep the usual amount out. Call loans are 7 per cent.; discount of prime grades of six months' endorsed paper, 9 per cent.; secondary grades 10 per cent.; single names 10@12 per cent.

Foreign Exchange in almost a drug, the supply being greatly in excess of the demand. Sterling Bankers' bills 108¾@108½; do. Southern bills 108¾@108; francs 5.20@5.22½.

THOMPSON'S BANK NOTE REPORTER for last week contains the following items in reference to several banks in the Eastern and Western States:

The Exchange Bank of Bangor, Me., is thrown out by the Suffolk Bank. Whether it has failed, or whether it goes on and redeems, we are not yet able to say.

The Bank of Hallowell, Me., is promptly redeemed, and from the known wealth and respectability of the parties interested in it, we have confidence in its continuing to do so.

The Bank of East Tennessee is not bought in any of the northern cities. The last accounts are indicative of a failure.

The drafts of the Gramercy Bank, Ind., have gone to protest. Whether this discredit will lead to its failure, remains to be seen.

The Savings' Bank of Indiana, Connersville, had the folly to issue circulating notes without being registered or secured; thus violating the spirit at least of the free banking law of that State. This has caused the discredit of all the issues of that bank.

There are evident signs of trouble with some of the Illinois banks. The difficulty appears to arise from the fact that small change is *dead* out when redemption is demanded. Holders of their notes are required to present each bill separately, and as all demands not exceeding five dollars can be met with silver coin, the banks legally discharge their obligations in this way.

The more independent banks denounce this practice, and must in self-defence denounce and refuse all currency not promptly and cheerfully redeemed in gold. When a bank treats its creditors illiberally or annoyingly, it is safe to refuse its "promises to pay."

Considerable trouble among institutions of this nature may be expected during the present year. As long as an "incorporation" for the issue of bank paper can commence labor without an adequate basis for the redemption of their notes, or pursue the business, as do many, on fictitious capital, to that extent may we expect to hear of "supensions," "failures" and the "fleecing of the dear people."

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, Jan. 1, 1857.

FLOUR and Grain markets dull, nothing of note transpiring in either commodity. There are external influences for this state of affairs, and, provided we can get on the right "*track*," will pay special attention to the subject in our next.

Provisions remain as last quoted. Pork plenty and going off rapidly. The Holidays have brought in an immense amount of poultry which finds a ready market and good prices. Rates are as quoted, but occasionally a little advance can be obtained.

Wood and Coal both exhibit considerable advance, averaging 50c per ton and cord.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	$18
Flour, bbl	$6,25@7,25	Candles, box	13½@14c
Wheat, Gen	$1,50@1,53	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada	$1,50@1,53	Apples, bushel	75c@$1,25
Corn	50@56c	Do. dried	$1@1,25
Oats	37½c	Potatoes	38@42½c
Barley	$1,00@1,12	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	50c	Slaughter	7c
Beans	$1,00@1,25	Calf	12c
Peas	1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	75c@1,12
MEATS.		Lamb do	25@50c
Pork, Mess	$18,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$6,25@6,75	Clover, bushel	$7,50@8,00
Beef, per cwt	$5,00@6,00	Timothy	$3,50@1,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$4,50@5,00	Wood, hard	$5,00@5,50
Hams, smoked	13@14c	Do. soft	$3,00@1,00
Shoulders	8@9c	Coal, Lehigh	$8,00@8,25
Chickens	8@10c	Do. Scranton	$7,00@7,25
Turkeys	10c	Do. Blossburg	$3,50
Geese	50@62½c	Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	20@22c	Salt, bbl	$1,00
Do. firkin	18@20c	Hay, ton	$9@11
Cheese	8½@9½c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	12½@13c	White fish, bbl	$8@10
Tallow	11@11½c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$5,50
Eggs, dozen	10@20c	Trout, bbl	$9

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—FLOUR—Market for common and medium grades 5@10c lower, with only a limited demand. Sales at $6,20@6,40 for common to choice and super State; $6,50@6,75 for extra do; $6,25@6,50 for common to choice and super Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Ohio; $6,50@7,10 for extra do; market closing dull and drooping. Canadian flour dull and lower; sales at $6,35@7,75.

GRAIN—Wheat market rules in favor of the buyer. Demand limited. Sales at $1,68 white Virginia, $1,57@1,58 red winter Illinois, $1,78 prime white Canadian. Rye steady, sales at 90c.—Barley nominal at $1,10@1,28. Corn dull and lower; sales mixed Western at 68@70c in store delivered. Oats steady at 47@48c for State, and 49@50c for Western.

PROVISIONS—Market for pork firm; demand moderate. Sales at $19,37½@19,50 for old mess; $20 for new mess; and $16,75@17 for prime. Dressed hogs active and selling at 8½c. Lard firm; sales at 12¾@12½c. Butter steady at 16@20c for Ohio, 20@25c for State. Cheese steady at 9@10½c.

ALBANY, Dec 29.—FLOUR—There is a steady business doing in flour for the supply of the home demand at steady prices. Buckwheat flour is selling at $1,94@2 ℔ cwt.

GRAIN—The market is quite languid and quiet. Beyond street lots we have only to notice a sale of State at 41½ measure, at the depot.

HOGS—There were but few dressed hogs offering this morning at the depot, and the market ruled very firm; sales State at $7,75@8.

BUFFALO, Dec. 29.—FLOUR—In flour there is a moderate demand, and the market is dull. Sales this morning at $5,50@5,75 for common Illinois, Michigan and Ohio; $5,87@6 for choice and fancy do, and $6,25@6,50 for extra Ohio, Indiana and Iowa.

GRAIN—Wheat held at $1,40 for white and $1,30 for red winter. Other grains quiet and nominal. Timothy scarce and firm; sales at $3. Clover is held at $6,75@6,87. Dressed hogs are selling at 7@7½c.

FLOUR AND GRAIN TRADE OF OSWEGO.—The total receipts of flour, wheat and corn at Oswego for 1856, have been: Flour 184,143 bls.; wheat, 8,437,927 bushels; corn, 3,543,521 bushels. Total receipts of grain and flour reduced to wheat foot up 13,612,497 bushels, which is an increase of 3,030,106 bushels over last year, and 7,183,729 bushels over 1854.

WHEAT AND FLOUR AT BUFFALO.—The total receipts of flour and grain at Buffalo, for the season of 1856, have been—flour, 1,143,985 barrels; wheat, 8,848,111 bushels, and corn 9,816,790 bushels. The total receipts of grain and flour reduced to wheat, foot up 26,426,153 bushels—an increase over last year of 1,826,237 bushels.

THE export of breadstuffs to Great Britain and Ireland, from the port of New York, since the 1st September to December 27th are as follows:

	1856.	1855.
Flour, bbls	460,138	425,330
Meal "	180	4,161
Wheat, bush	5,982,829	2,717,182
Corn, "	2,107,029	1,124,654
To the Continent:		
Flour, bbls	171,131	372,835
Wheat, bush	1,707,211	1,374,038
Corn, "	76,168	50,846
Rye, "	118,510	630,292

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, DEC. 24.—BEEVES—Receipts 2221. Average prices ¾c higher than last week. Prorest 8½@9c; inferior to medium 8½@10c; first quality 10½@11c; premium 11@14c.

MILCH COWS AND CALVES—Receipts 151. Prices unchanged. Sales common $30@25; good $40@50; extra $70@70.

VEAL CALVES—Receipts 355. Supply increasing and demand more active. Sales at 7½@8½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Receipts 10,098. Extra $10@15. Lambs $2@4,75.

SWINE—Receipts 20,134. Sales at 6¾@6⅞c ℔ lb gross or live weight.

ALBANY, Dec. 29.—Beef Cattle—At market 894. Prices, live weight, extra, $5,50, first quality, $5,00; second and third, $4@4,50.

COWS AND CALVES—Few in market. Prices, $25, 45@50, and extras $60.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1226 in market. Prices range at from $3,25, 4@5; extras $8,75.

SWINE—2000 in market. Fat hogs $6,50; stores $5,25.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 24.—At market 750 Cattle—about 650 Beeves, and 100 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8@8,25; first quality, $7,50@7,75; second quality, $6,25@7,00; third quality, $5,00@6,00; ordinary, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—Sales at $100, 150@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40, 50@65.

YEARLINGS—$15@20. Two Years Old—$23@28. Three Years Old—$28@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1595 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,50, 2, 2,50, 3, 3,75@4, extra and selections, $5, 6@9.

HIDES—7¾@8¼c. ℔ lb. Tallow—8@8½c.

CALF SKINS—12@14c. ℔ lb. Pelts—$1,25@1,50.

SWINE—1100 Western in market. Prices, live weight, 6¾@7c; dressed hogs, 8@9. The market for Pork is active and prices firm.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 25.—At market 1020 Beeves, 325 Stores, 4,200 Sheep and Lambs, and 2,340 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,25; first quality, $7,75@8; second quality, $7,50; third quality, $7.

WORKING OXEN—$110, 125@150.

MILCH COWS—$30, 33, 40@60; common $25.

YEARLINGS—$14@18. Two Years Old—$20@32. Three Years Old—$24@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $5@6; in lots $2, 2,50@3.

HIDES—8¼@8½c. ℔ lb. Calf Skins 14c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1@1,50 each. Tallow—9½c. ℔ lb.; rough 7½c.

SWINE—In lots 7½@8c; fat hogs, still fed, 6½c.; corn fed, 7c.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Beef Cattle—A very slight change, if any, from last week's quotations. Sales of 355 Cattle from $2,75, 3, 3,25@3,50; 30 extra nice Cattle, brought in by Rumble & Reinaman, fatted by Mr. Butler, of Lee Co., Ill., and sold to C. P. Albee, for $3,25 per head. They were decidedly the best lot that has been in this market for one year.

SHEEP—Sales of 696 sheep from $1,75, 2@3 per head.

SWINE—Sales of 611 hogs, from $4,50@4,75.

COWS AND CALVES—A few sales at from $25@34 per head.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 24.—Beef Cattle—Good fat bullocks and cows, choice and extra, 3@3½c. gross, equal to 6¼@6½c. net. Fair at 2¾c. gross, and rough at 2@2½c gross.

HOGS—We quote slop-fed at 4½@4¾c., and choice corn-fed, at 5¼@5½c., for butchers. Sales to packers at 6¼@6½c. nett.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prices range from $1,25@3,50, as to quality, with fair receipts. Lambs $1,25@2,75 per head.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 24.—Beef Cattle are very firm at $2@3,75 per cwt. gross with a supply hardly equal to the demand.

SHEEP range from $1@3 each for common to good.

SWINE—The demand for hogs has been quite active during the week, and prices have steadily advanced. The cold weather interfered somewhat with business towards the close of the week, but the market, notwithstanding, closed very firm at $6,70@6,75 for light hogs. Heavy ones being held at $6,85@7.

The market closed quiet but very firm at $6,75 for hogs averaging 200 to 220 lbs., but those averaging 240 and upwards $6,85 could be obtained.

NEW YORK HORSE MARKET.—According to the New York *Tribune*, the Horse Market in that city is in a stagnant state—Animals are selling at almost half prices rather than pay the expenses of wintering over. The Tribune says:

"We priced several work-horses as follows: A handsome bay horse, 6 years old, 15½ hands high well made, with clean limbs, and round barrel and handsome head, of Northern New York stock, about 11 cwt., $200. A horse of same age and hight, and weight, but coarse in the legs, bright bay color, and undoubtedly good for work, $160. Another bay horse, 6 years old, 16 hands high, Ohio stock, that has been worked as a city cart-horse, $175. Either of these horses would have sold last Spring at $200, and the best quick at $250. In fact, we find prices from 25 to 40 per cent. lower than last Spring, and very few selling at that; and really very few in market—probably all told not over 200.

Farmers having horses to dispose of must necessarily seek a more remunerative market than New York offers at the present time, or wait for better prices.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—The stock of domestic fleece and pulled wools is quite meagre, and the transactions, therefore, owing to the extreme prices demanded, are limited. As we intimated early in the season, the production of wool in the country is entirely inadequate to the wants of our manufactures, and it is with reluctance many in the trade were urged to honestly acknowledge the correctness of our statement, after they discovered they could not stock themselves even at prices 30@50 per cent. above those of last year. The producers of goods have paid exhorbitant rates for wool this season to speculators and dealers, and unless they receive an advance in the price of their manufactured spring fabrics, they are liable to suffer a severe shock detrimental to the manufacturing interest, which would be sure to react on the price of wool next year, and run prices to such a point as to make wool growers indifferent about raising the necessary supplies.

The sales of wool for the week include 95,000 lbs. medium and fine fleeces at from 45@48c., and 25,000 lbs. pulled at 39@40c. for super and 45@46c. for extra country. Choice Saxony fleeces command 60@62½c., six months, for small parcels. There is no stock of foreign here of any moment, and the transactions are, therefore, quite limited. Prices rule very firm.—*N. Y. Post.*

BOSTON, Dec. 26.—The market is very firm for fleece and pulled wool, with a good demand. The sales of the week have been 125,000 lbs., at full prices. The transactions in foreign have been large, and embrace 400 bales Valparaizo and Chillan, 340 bales Cape, and 50 bales, mostly Mediterranean, at full prices.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 23.—Receipts have been more liberal, and from the country we quote grease 23@24c., pulled 31@33c., and washed 33@35c. Sales from store of grease at 20c., of pulled at 32@33c., and of washed at 35@37c.

MARRIAGES.

AT Galesburgh, Mich., on the 18th Dec., by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. CHARLES H. PROSBY, formerly of Spencerport, N. Y., and Miss AVIS H. IMUS, of the former place.

Also, in the Congregational Church at Spencerport, on the same evening, by the Rev J. H. Dill, Mr. J. Q. ADAMS, of Suspension Bridge, and Miss CARRIE A., youngest daughter of Samuel Crosby, Esq., of Spencerport.

DEATHS.

IN Westfield, N. Y., Dec. 19th, JOHN SEATER, Esq., of Nunda, aged 67. Mr. SEATER was on his return from Iowa, when he was seized with the inflammation of the lungs, and died after a few days of patient suffering. His remains were conveyed to Nunda and committed to the grave.

IN Meridon, Dec. 17, 1856, on her 34th birth-day, of Consumption, ADELIA A., wife of JAMES P. RICHARDSON, late of Racine, Wis.—leaving a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn the departure of one who was ever, and deservedly, highly esteemed

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance.* Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World.—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

FOR SALE.—A PAIR OF TWO YEAR OLD BRIGHT RED Steers, well matched, partially broke; live weight 3,000; girth 7 feet 3 inches. Also, a fine 6 year old red cow, mother to one of the steers. CALVIN T. WARD, Le Roy, N. Y.

DISBROW'S IMPORTED PORTABLE HAND HAY AND Cotton Press—Warranted to press bales of Hay to the extent of 300 lbs. Price only $35. Descriptive circulars furnished by mail when requested. Also first quality of *Peruvian Guano* For sale by HENRY F. DIBBLEE, 100 Murray St., N. Y.

A VALUABLE GIFT, FOR ANY SEASON, AND OF PERmanent Value, is **Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.** "A necessity for every educated man."—LYT BROUGHAM. Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass. Sold by all Booksellers in Rochester and elsewhere. Also Webster's School Dictionaries. 365

THE MONROE CO. AG'L. SOCIETY WILL HOLD ITS next Annual Meeting at the Court House, in Rochester, on Wednesday, the 14th of January inst.—when Officers will be chosen for ensuing year, premiums awarded on Field Crops, and other important business require action. A full attendance is desired. D. D. T. MOORE, *Sec'y.*

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

E. M. FIELDING HAS AN ARRANGEMENT OF MAGnifying Glasses that will enlarge the *smallest Daguerreotype* to the size of life on *Canvass*, and as perfect, and he colors them to the life in OIL COLORS. For deceased persons, description as to color of the eye and hair is all that is necessary to procure a true likeness. Studio, Gould's Block, State street, Rochester. 365tf

ERIE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—ANNUAL Meeting at Whittemores, near the Fair Ground, on Wednesday, Jan. 14, 1857, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for election of Officers and such other business as may be necessary. All are desired to attend. H. C. WHITE, Sec'y.
Buffalo, Jan. 1, 1857.

GRAFTS, STOCKS, &C.—I WILL SELL 100,000 GRAFTS well selected, at $7 per thousand. Also, Pear, Quince, Cherry and Mahaleb stocks for sale, a good assortment of one and two year old Apples, *cheap.* Also, 50 bushels Peach pits. Send in your orders *early.* [365wsecow] JAMES M. TAYLOR,
Jan 1, 1857. Commercial Nursery, Syracuse, N. Y.

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JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS IS THE ONLY article that is perfectly harmless to the digestive organs, while in point of nicety it excels the best baking Soda. All the grocers keep it, or can easily get it for you. Put up in pound packages, with the name of JAMES PYLE thereon, without which none is genuine. For sale by G. C. BURLL, Rochester, and grocers generally. Manufacturing Depot, 111 Warren Street, New York. 365w2

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Music, Pamphlets, Periodicals, &c., bound in plain and fancy bindings. Old books re-bound; Blank-books ruled to any pattern, and bound to order. Public and private Libraries repaired at short notice. Packages containing directions for binding, will receive punctual attention. 365w4

SHORT-HORNS, AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS OFFER FOR SALE A FEW BULL and Heifer calves, the get of their prize bulls *Astorie* (241 A. H. B.) and *Lord Vane Tempest* 2nd (649, A. H. B.) together with a number of cows and heifers. We have also for sale, a few choice *Suffolk Pigs* from the Jackson importation, and a few superior *Berkshire Pigs.* Illustrated Catalogue of our stock, and any information concerning them, may be obtained of C. M. SAXTON & CO., 140 Fulton St., N. Y., or of the subscribers.
365tw2 B. & C. S. HAINES, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

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THE SUBSCRIBER HAS FOR YEARS BEEN ENGAGED in the purchase and sale of *Pianos, Harps, Melodeons,* Guitars, Organs, Music, etc., and being a *practical musician*, has given entire satisfaction. He buys *directly from the manufacturers*, and is thereby relieved from heavy rents and other expenses. Every instrument sold by him, receives his *personal attention*, and is *guaranteed* not only as to *quality*, but as being cheaper than it can be procured at any wholesale house in America. A printed list of prices, accompanied by the most unquestionable references, will be sent on application, free of charge, to all parts of the world. Address JAMES M. EDNEY,
365-enw tf 56 John St., New York.

AGRICULTURAL HEAD QUARTERS.—1857.

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The number of works on Agriculture, published by us, is *now greater than that published by any other firm in the World*, and we are continually adding to our list.

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VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE HIS FARM, situated in FRIENDSHIP, four miles from that station, on the New York and Erie R. R. It contains 564 acres, of which 250 are well improved; and the balance well covered with beech, maple, oak and chestnut timber, suitable for fire-wood, staves, &c., for which there is a good market.

The buildings are a well finished two story dwelling, and a tenant house, with cellars, also seven barns nearly new, underpinned with stone, and in good repair. A durable stream of water crosses the farm, and it has good springs of soft water in various places. On the premises are 250 fruit trees, as apples, pears, cherries and plums, mostly grafted, and coming into bearing. The farm is better adapted to dairying than any other within ten miles, and nearly as well situated for market as Orange Co. If desired, a small stock of cows, young cattle, farm utensils, wagons, sleighs, &c., will be sold with the land. The land will be sold for twenty per cent. less than its fair market value, and favorable terms, and time given for two-thirds of the purchase money. HENRY BUXTON.
Cuba, Alleg. Co., N. Y., Jan. 1, 1857. 365

RARE AND VALUABLE SEEDS.

Chinese Sugar Cane,	Beardless Barley,
Buena Vista Beans,	Poland Oats,
Japan Honey-Watermelon,	Japan Pea, warranted Bug proof
Orange Watermelon,	King Philips corn,
Ice Cream or white sugar melon	Hance's 6 weeks do.
Strawberry Melon,	Wyandot Prolific do.
Jewett Melon,	Wild Rice,
Five foot Cucumber,	Sweet Winter Turnip,
Negley's Seedling do.	Chinese Hoosung,
Cylindrical Pumpkin,	4 oz. Apple Tomato,
Sweet Potato Squash,	Mammoth Red do.
Christiana Muskmelon,	Sweet Mountain Pepper.
Citron Nutmeg do.	A splendid assortment of 25
Green Citron do.	varieties flower seeds for $1.

The above Seeds, (sufficient in quantity to plant from 2 to 10 rods of ground,) on the receipt of 25 cents or its equivalent in U. S. or Canada postage stamps for each package, will be forwarded, post-paid, to any address in the United States—the Territories or the Canadas—or a selection of six packages for $1, or fifteen for $2, or the whole list, including the 25 varieties of Flower Seeds for $5. N. B.—Give the name of your P. O., County and State. Address your orders to 365
I. W. BRIGGS, P. M., West Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

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Victor, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1856.

THE RURAL FOR 1857.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LEADING WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

THIS JOURNAL entered upon its EIGHTH YEAR AND VOLUME Jan. 3, 1857, under the most favorable auspices, having previously a circulation *at least ten thousand* **greater** *than that of any other Agricultural or similar journal*—the best evidence of DECIDED SUPERIORITY—and we confidently refer to its past history and progress, and present position. Widely known as the most PROMINENT AND MERITORIOUS JOURNAL OF ITS CLASS, and as ardently devoted to the welfare of the RURAL POPULATION,—their Interests and Pursuits,—it is unequalled as a *Practical and High-Toned*

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Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE WOODMAN'S AXE.

BY E. C. JAMES.

THE WOODMAN'S AXE! What tongue can tell,
Or pen proclaim its mighty power?
The forest sinks beneath its blow,
The old oak trees, on which the snow
Fell many hundred years ago,
Yield to the strokes the woodmen shower.

Great are its works! One moment think
Of changes wrought and still to come:
Where now we see the well cleared land
The forest trees were wont to stand
As venerable, old and grand
As piles of ancient Greece and Rome.

But when the sturdy pioneer
Came in among the forest trees,
Where the dark savage loved to prowl,
And naught was heard but th' wild beasts' howl,
Or the doleful cry of the midnight owl,
They were swept as chaff before the breeze.

Where are they? Look around and see
The prospect spread out to the view,
The mansion proud, the peasant's cot,
Both own the same and common lot,
From forest trees the change was wrought
By the woodman's axe and sturdy crew.

The church that rears its lofty tower
Far in the blue, etherial sky,
Whose spire is touched with golden light
When first the rosy morn grows bright,
And at the dewy fall of night
The axe has helped to beautify.

The regal palaces of kings
With all their bright and grand display,
Where monarchs sit enthroned in state,
And countless numbers on them wait
Subservient to each potentate,
Must to the axe allegiance pay.

The ancient castles of the knights,
Where warriors met long years ago,
Whose walls and turrets, old and gray,
Are strongly marked by Time's decay,
And slowly crumbling fall away,
Have known the axe before the foe.

Where'er we turn we see its works,
Look where we will they meet our gaze!
The ships, that with the swelling breeze
Are gently wafted o'er the seas,
Once stood among the forest trees,
And wove with them their leafy maze.

The stately man of war, whose guns
Spread death and carnage far and wide,
Whose deadly broadsides on the gale
Belch fire, and smoke, and iron hail,
Once answered to the forest's wail
And with the murmuring pine trees sighed.

Upon the sea, upon the land
In all the broad expanse of earth,
No lignoous object great or small,
From peasant's cot to shipmast tall
But each and every one—yea, all,
Without the axe would ne'er had birth.

Ogdensburgh, N. Y., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

THE HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR, PAPA!" The sitting-room door was thrown open, and a sweet little girl came bounding in. Her cheeks were all aglow—smiles played around her cherry lips—her eyes were dancing in sunny light.

"Happy New Year, Papa!" And the next moment she was in her father's lap—her small arms clinging around his neck, and her rosy mouth pressed to his.

"Happy New Year, my sweet one!" responded Mr. EDGAR, as he clasped the child fondly to his heart. "May all your New Years be happy," he added, in a lower voice, and with a prayer in his heart.

Little ELLEN laid her head, in confiding love, against her father's breast, and he bent down his manly cheek until it rested on the soft masses of her golden hair.

To her it was a Happy New Year's morning, and the words that fell from her lips were heart echoes. But it was not so to Mr. EDGAR. The cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, had, like evil weeds, found a rank growth in his spirit; while good seeds of truth, which, in earlier life, had sent forth their fresh green blades that lifted themselves in the bright, invigorating sunshine, gave now but feeble promise for the harvest time.

No, Mr. EDGAR was not happy. There was a pressure on his feelings; an unsatisfied reaching out into the future; a vague consciousness of approaching evil. Very tenderly he loved his little little one; and as she lay nestling against him, he could not help thinking of the time when he was a child, and when the New Years were happy ones. ELLEN loved no place so well as her father's arms. When they were folded tightly around her, she had nothing more to desire; and so she lay very still and silent, while the thoughts of her father wandered away from the loving child on his bosom to his own unsatisfied state of mind.

"For years," he said within himself, "I have been in earnest pursuit of the means of happiness, yet happiness itself seems every year to be still further in the distance. There is something wrong. I cannot be in the true path. My days are busy and restless, my nights burdened with schemes that rarely do more than cheat my glowing fancy. What is the meaning of this?"

And Mr. EDGAR fell into a deep revery, from which he was aroused by the voice of his wife, as she laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"A happy New Year, and many joyful returns!" she said in loving tones, as she pressed her lips to his forehead.

He did not answer. The tenderly spoken good wishes of his wife fell very gratefully, like refreshing dew, upon his heart; but he was distinctly conscious of not being happy.

So far as worldly condition was concerned, Mr. EDGAR had no causes of mental depression. His business was prosperous under a careful management, and every year he saw himself better off by a few thousands of dollars. Always, however, it must be told, the number of thousands fell short of his expectations.

"There is something wrong." Mr. EDGAR's thoughts were all running in one direction. A startling truth seemed suddenly to have been revealed to him, and he felt inclined to look at it in all possible aspects. "Why am I not happy?" That was urging the question home. But the answer was not given.

After breakfast Mr. EDGAR left home and went to his store. As he passed along the street, he saw at a window the face of a most lovely child. Her beauty, that had in it something of heavenly innocence, impressed him so deeply, that he turned to gain a second look, and in doing so, his eyes saw on the door of the dwelling, the name of ABRAM JAMES. There was an instant revulsion of feeling; and for the first time that morning, Mr. EDGAR remembered one of the causes of his uncomfortable state of mind. ABRAM JAMES was an unfortunate debtor who had failed to meet his obligations, among which were two notes of five hundred dollars each, given to Mr. EDGAR. These had been placed by the latter in the hands of his lawyer with directions to sue them out, and obtain, the most that could be realized. Only the day before—the last day of the year—he had learned that there were two judgments that would take precedence of his, and sweep off a large share of the debtor's property. The fact had chafed him considerably, causing him to indulge in harsh language towards his debtor. This language was not just, as he knew, in his heart. But the loss of his money fretted him, and filled him with unkind feelings towards the individual who had occasioned the loss.

No wonder that Mr. EDGAR was unhappy. As he continued on his way, the angry impulse that quickened the blood in his veins, subsided, and through the mist that obscured his mental vision, he saw the bright face of a child—the child of his unfortunate debtor. His own precious one was no lovelier—no purer; nor had her lips uttered on that morning in sweeter tones, the words—"A happy New Year, Papa!"

How the thought chilled him!

With his face bowed and his eyes upon the ground, Mr. EDGAR walked on. He could not sweep aside the image of that child at the window; nor keep back his thoughts from entering the dwelling where her presence might be the only sunbeam that gave light in its gloomy chambers.

"A happy New Year, Papa!" Mr. EDGAR almost started, for the words had so distinct an utterance to his inward ear that they seemed as if spoken in the ambient air. In fancy, he had seen the troubled debtor, over whom hung many suits, his own among the rest, leaving the chamber where he had passed an almost sleepless night, and coming with slow steps and sad face to the family sitting room. There, alone, with his face bowed upon his breast in gloomy reverie, Mr. EDGAR had seen him; and while his heart was enlarging with pity and sympathy, the door opened—light footsteps moved across the room—a child sprung into his arms, and a glad voice exclaimed—

"A happy New Year, Papa!"

When Mr. EDGAR arrived at his store, his feelings towards Mr. JAMES were very different from what they were on the day previous. All anger,—all resentment,—were gone, and kindness had taken their place. What if Mr. JAMES did owe him a thousand dollars?—What if he should lose the whole amount of this indebtedness? Was the condition of the former so much better than his own, that he would care to change places with him?—The very idea caused a shudder to run along his nerves.

"Poor man!" he said to himself, pityingly. "What a terrible thing to be thus involved in debt—thus crippled, thus driven to the wall. It would kill me! Men are very cruel to each other, and I am cruel with the rest. What are a thousand dollars to me, or a thousand dollars to my well-to-do neighbor, compared to the ruin of a helpless fellow man! JAMES asked time; in two years he was sure that he could recover himself and make all good. But, with a heartlessness that causes my cheek to burn as I think of it, I answered—'The first loss is always the best loss. I will get what what I can, and let the balance go.' The look he then gave me, has troubled my conscience ever since. No wonder it is not a happy New Year."

Scarcely had Mr. EDGAR passed the dwelling of his unfortunate creditor, when the latter, who had been walking the floor of his parlor in a troubled state of mind, came to the window and stood by his child, who was dear to him as a child could be to the heart of a father.

"Happy New Year, papa!" It was the third time since morning dawn that he had received this greeting from the same sweet lips—the third time that the twining arms of his little one had been thrown around his neck—the third time that her kisses were given with the heart-warmth of childhood's unselfish love.

Mr. JAMES tried to give back the same glad greeting, but the words seemed to choke him, and failed in the utterance. As the two stood by the window, the wife and mother came up, and leaning against her husband, looked forth, with a sad heart. Oh no! It was not a happy New Year's morning to them. Long before the dawning of another year, they must go forth from their pleasant home; and both their hearts shrunk back in fear from the dark beyond.

"Good morning, dear," said Mr. JAMES, soon afterwards, as with hat and coat and muffler on, he stood ready to go forth to meet the business trials of the day. His voice was depressed, and his countenance sad. Mrs. JAMES did not say "good morning," in turn. But her husband saw the motion of her lips and the tears in her eyes, and he knew what was in her heart.

The business assigned to that day was a painful one for Mr. JAMES. The only creditor who had commenced a suit was Mr. EDGAR, he having declined entering into any arrangement with the other creditors, boldly saying that, in his opinion, "the first loss was always the best loss," and that extensions were, in most cases, equivalent to the abandonment of a claim. He was willing to take what the law would give him. Pursuant to this view, suit had been brought, and the debtor, to anticipate the result, confessed judgment to two of his largest creditors, who honorably bound themselves to see that a pro rata division was made of all his effects.

The business of this New Year's Day, was to draw up as complete a statement as possible of his affairs, and Mr. JAMES went about the work with a heavy heart. He had been engaged in this way for over an hour, when one of his clerks came to the desk where he was writing, and handed him a letter which a lad had just brought in. He broke the seal with a nervous forboding of trouble, for, of late, these letters by the hands of private messengers had been frequent, and rarely of an agreeable character. From the envelope, as he commenced withdrawing the letter, there dropped upon the desk a narrow piece of paper, folded like a bill. He took it up with almost reluctant fingers, and slowly pressed back the ends so as to read its face, and comprehend its import. Twice his eyes went over the brief lines before he was clear as to their meaning. They were as follows:

"Received, January 1, 18—, of ABRAM JAMES, One Thousand Dollars in full of all demands.
HIRAM EDGAR."

Hurriedly, now, did Mr. JAMES unfold the letter that accompanied this receipt. Its language moved him deeply:

"ABRAM JAMES, Esq.,—*Dear Sir.* I was not in a right state of mind when I gave direction to have suit brought against you for the two notes which remain unpaid. I have seen clearer since, and wish to act from a better principle. My own affairs are prosperous. During the year which has just closed, my profits have been better than in any year since I started business. Your affairs, on the contrary, are not prosperous. Heavy losses, instead of fair profits, are the result of a year's tireless efforts, and you find yourself near the bottom of the wheel, while I am sweeping upwards. As I think of this, and of my unfeeling conduct towards you, in your misfortunes, I am mortified as well as pained. There is an element in my character which ought not to be there. I am self-convicted of cruelty. Accept, my dear sir, in the enclosed receipt, the best reparation in my power to make. In giving up this claim, I do not abandon an item that goes to complete the sum of my happiness. Not a single comfort will be abridged. It will not shrink the dimensions of my house, nor withdraw from myself or family any portion of food or raiment. Accept, then, the New Year gift I offer, and believe that I have a purer delight in giving, than you in receiving. My best wishes are with you for the future, and if, in anything, I can aid you in your arrangements with creditors, do not fail to command my services.

Most truly yours, HIRAM EDGAR."

For the space of nearly five minutes, Mr. JAMES sat very still, the letter of Mr. EDGAR open before him. Then he folded it up, with the receipt inside, and placed it in his pocket; then he put away the inventories he had been examining, and tore up several pieces of paper, on which were sundry calculations; and then he put on his warm overcoat and buttoned it to the chin.

"EDWARD," said Mr. JAMES, as he walked down the store, "I shall not return this afternoon. It is New Year's day, and you can close up at 2 o'clock."

It cost Mr. EDGAR a struggle to write that receipt in full. A thousand dollars was a large sum of money to give away by a single stroke of the pen. Love of gain and selfishness, pleaded strongly for the last farthing; but the better reason and better feelings of the man prevailed, and the good deed was done. How light his heart fell—how suddenly the clouds were lifted from his sky, and the strange pressure from his feelings! It was to him a new experience.

On the evening that closed the day—the first evening of the new year—Mr. EDGAR sat with his wife and children in his elegant home, happier by far than he was in the morning, and almost wondering at the change in his state of mind. Little ELLEN was in his arms, and as he looked upon her cherub face, he thought of a face as beautiful, seen by him in the morning, at the window of his unfortunate debtor. The face of an angel it had proved to him, for it prompted the good deed from which had sprung a double blessing. While he sat thus, he heard the door bell ring. In a few moments the waiter handed in a letter. He broke the seal and read:

"MY DEAR SIR:—This morning my dear little AGGY, the light of our home, greeted me with a joyous 'Happy New Year.' I took her in my arms and kissed her, keeping my face close to hers, that she might not see the sadness of mine. Ah, sir! The day broke in gloom. The words of my child found no echo in my heart. I could have wept over her, if the strength of manhood had not risen above the weakness of nature. But all is changed now. A few minutes ago the 'Happy New Year' was flowing to me from the sweet lips of my child, and the words went thrilling in gladness to my heart. May the day close as happily for you and yours, as it is closing for me and mine.

God bless you! ABRAM JAMES."

Mr. EDGAR read this letter twice, and then handed it, without a word, to his wife.

"What is the meaning of this? I do not understand it, HIRAM." Mrs. EDGAR looked wonderingly into her husband's face.

The story, to which she listened eagerly, was briefly told. When he had finished, she arose, and with tears of love and sympathy in her eyes, crossed over to where he was sitting, and drawing her arms around his neck, said:

"My good, my generous husband! I feel very proud of you this night. That was a noble deed; and I thank you for it in the name of our common humanity."

Never had words from the lips of his wife sounded so pleasantly in the ears of Mr. EDGAR. Never had he known so happy a New Year's Day as the one which had just closed; and, though it saw him poorer than he believed himself in the morning, by nearly a thousand dollars, he was richer in feeling—richer in the heart's unwasting possessions—than he had ever been in his life.

WEAR A SMILE.

WHICH will you do—smile and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make every one around you miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face—a kind heart—and speak pleasant words. Wear a smiling countenance—let joy beam in your eyes, and love grow on your forehead. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed—and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through all the day when about your business.

"A smile; who will refuse a smile,
The sorrowing breast to cheer?
And turn to love the heart of guile,
And check the falling tear?

"A pleasant smile for every face,
O, 'tis a blessed thing!
It will the lines of care erase,
And spots of beauty bring."

USE the means and trust to God for the blessing.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorkor.

THE RURAL.

BY ANNIE DUNCAN.

DEAR RURAL I feel
That 'tis wrong to conceal
The delight which your presence imparts,
When Papa brings you in,
On each phiz dawns a grin,
Which reflects from the joy in our hearts.

Only think, Mother, dear,
The RURAL is here,
Shouts one little voice from the corner,
We'll each try a thumb
And find a rich plum
Quite as nice as that one of JACK HORNER.

Good bye to the blues,
Let's hear the good news
Which our friend Mr. MOORE has collected;
Turn the gas light up higher
And draw near the fire,
Let dull care and hard work be neglected.

Mama with her knitting,
Is quietly sitting,
While Papa puts his specs on his nose;
Each sister draws near
The sweet stories to hear,
Never heeding the cold wind that blows.

Dread lessons thrown by,
How eager each eye
As the wrapper is quickly torn off,
And the hours fly so fast
That the evening is past
And Mama with significant cough

Tells each little one
That 'tis time she were gone
To her nest in the room just above,
And though loth to part
Where joy fills each heart,
Good night to the RURAL we love.

Brooklyn, L. I., Jan., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE "RURAL" AND "HOME."

DEAR RURAL:—Thou art an old friend of mine. Yes, week by week I hail thee with emotions such as I feel not at the reception of any other paper. Thou art associated with the thoughts of the home of my parents, for thou wert for years a welcome guest in my Eden-home. It was the perusal of thy pages that created that scene of intense interest when we all sat eagerly watching every word as it fell from the lips of my now sainted father. Even at this moment, methinks I hear him reading and see him vainly striving to check the emotions, caused by those thrilling sketches, and my dear mother slyly casting a glance from us to him, and though she smiled, it was a smile in tears.

How sacredly were those copies preserved! That home has passed away—those parents lie entombed in a far distant church-yard,—but thou art amongst the living; long mayst thou continue to cheer fireside circles, and aid in imparting knowledge to the inmates of the many homes that receive thee so cordially. A glance at thee reminds me of Home; home did I say? What is home? Seek not to know. To fathom the depth of meaning contained in that little word, it is necessary to lose the treasure. Doubt it, ye unbelievers if you will. In days gone by I thought I appreciated home; I enumerated its joys and comforts; I tried to imagine its loss, and vainly flattered myself that I succeeded. Mistaken thought!

I am glad, Dear RURAL, that thou findest so many homes—that so few of thy readers *never learn* the true intent of that little word. We may seek for a home with friends; they bid us welcome, but we feel not that freedom and tranquillity that the breath of home imparts; we meet not with the hundred nameless little courtesies which produce the home feeling. How truthful the words—

"Be it ever so humble,
There is no place like home."

Niagara Falls, Jan., 1857. C. S. S.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

EDS. RURAL:—A satisfied subscriber, and pleased, profited and *profitable* patron of that paragon of papers, the RURAL NEW-YORKER, (a *pet*-it "part and parcel" of a proud old Yankee's patriotic progeny, *by the way*,) prays permission of its erudite, energetic and enterprising Editor to present to the *cute* penetration of its puzzle-picking, rebus-riddling and riddle-resolving readers, the subjoined queer question. She says (and you need not doubt her doing as she declares) that she will send you a satisfactory solution, as soon as she is satisfied you will permit her proposition to be placed in such a prominent position as to be readily read by the ready readers of your *very* readable RURAL:

What two sums subtracted, the one from the other, will produce the same result as when added together? Yours respectfully, E. C.

Walton, Eaton Co., Michigan, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 6 letters.
My 5, 4, 3, 1, 6 is often heard when a tree falls.
My 6, 3, 4, 2 is an animal.
My 5, 3, 4, 2 is a mode of conveyance.
My 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 5, 6 is what you should not do.
My 5, 3, 2 is a kind of mouse-trap.
My 2, 3, 4 is not good to eat.
My 1, 5, 3, 4 is what you get for fighting.
My 6, 3, 2 is sometimes worn.
My 1, 2, 3, 4 is only seen in the night.
My 3, 4, 5 is part of a circle.
My 4, 3, 2 is an animal.
My 3, 4, 5, 6 is what supports a bridge.
My whole is very essential to the appearance of gentlemen's wearing apparel.

Oberlin, Ohio, Jan., 1857. MINNIE.

☞ Answer next week.

CHARADE.

THOUGH I live in a study, I know not a letter;
I feast on the muses, but ne'er am the better.
Can run over English, o'er Latin, o'er Greek,
Yet none of these languages ever could speak.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 364:—Florence Nightingale.

Answer to Problem in No. 364:—Five feet.

Answer to Charade in No. 364:—Charles-ton.

Wit and Humor.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LET'S LAUGH.

LET'S LAUGH, oh let's laugh, tho' perchance now and then
Our bread should fall butter-side down,
Though the morsel be lost, 'twill never pay cost,
One's beauty to mar with a frown.

Let's laugh though our ears should get touched by the frost
In a moment unguarded, or what were still colder,
Should the friend who beguiled when Prosperity smiled,
In adversity turn a "cold shoulder."

Let's laugh, though the gentry some airs should assume,
To which we in vain would aspire;
(And in vulgar prose) should they turn up their nose,
Let's laugh, and turn ours a peg higher.

Should malice assail, or whisper a lie,
To detract from our slim stock of credit,
Though astonished, astounded, confused and confounded,
Let's laugh at the false one who said it.

Let's laugh, oh let's laugh, though the chosen one,
So much dearer than sister or brother,
Should prove false and fickle, and leave in a pickle,
Let's laugh—and "make love" to another.

When we seek our umbrella some blue, rainy day,
Let's laugh although much we deplore it,
When we find with vexation and just indignation,
That some borrower has failed to restore it.

Let's laugh at the thousand and one bitter draughts
That each hour from Life's goblet we're quaffing,
When no longer we meet, with the bitter *some sweet*,
Let's then, and not till then, cease laughing.

Nunda, N. Y., Jan., 1857. M. J. C.

WANTED TO KNOW.—An anxious inquirer writes to know whether the Powder Magazine is published monthly, and is considered a safe magazine for quiet families.

Also, whether mint-juleps will be any cheaper if a branch of the United States Mint is located here in New York.

Also, whether dead letters are ever known to revive after they reach the Dead-Letter Office, and if not, what is the use of sending them there.

Also, whether navigators have to double their capes in all latitudes, or only in cold regions.

Also, whether a school-master can be said to have no scholars when he has two pupils in his eyes.

If "distance *lends* enchantment to the view," and said "view" does not return it within a reasonable time, has "distance" a legal cause of action, and is she entitled to recovery?

CONUNDRUMS.—While "making up" this number, some of our printers "got off" the following conundrums. They have survived the effort, and will probably be able to continue their labors so there will be no interruption in publishing the RURAL:

WHY is this number of the RURAL like the Sun? Because it *shines*, and diffuses its genial influence all over the "Universal Yankee Nation."

WHY is the RURAL like the Electric Telegraph? Because it *goes ahead* of all competition.

WHY is the RURAL like the genial rays of a summer sun? Because it sheds its benign influence over many a family circle.

WHY is the RURAL like Sunday? Because it comes once a week.

WHY are the subscribers of the RURAL for 1857 like the Children of Israel? Because they are as numerous "as the sand which is upon the sea shore."

GETTING THINGS MIXED UP.—Boy with ragged trowsers and rimless chip hat, runs into Dr. Fuller's Drug Store, with a dipper in his hand. "Doctor, mother sent me down to the shoticary pop quicker'n blazes, cos bub's sick as the dickens with the picken chox, and she wants a thimble full of polly gollie in this din tipper, cos we ha'n't bot a gottle, and the kint pup's got the bine witters in't. Got any?"

LAUGHING, the youthful Isabel
Has challenged me to kiss her; well,
By stratagem I soon obtain
What force would labor for in vain.
I boasted. "Don't be proud," said she:
"'Tis nothing wonderful; for see—
Your valor's not so very killing:
You kissed me, true, but I was willing!"

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

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☞ THOSE who are forming large clubs can send on the names and money of such persons as do not wish to wait, and complete their lists afterwards.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
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CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

PROFITABLE FARMING.

In the history of the world the number of those who have followed a profession, or pursued a course of study or labor, actuated by no other motive than a love thereof, is small, very small, and the cases exhibited are isolated. The rewards to be gained thereby—the final *something* to be realized therefrom, have proved the main-spring of action. Remuneration occupies the same relation to individuals that steam does to the engine—it is the propelling power; let either cease its legitimate office and the same result is discernible, the arms of iron and steel and those of bone and muscle cease to move, at least, with that life which augurs a capacity of performance. Farmers, like the "rest of mankind," will plead to a marked fondness for good crops and good prices—one or the other, if not both, are needful to the vitality of his calling—and we purpose to devote a few moments in endeavoring to elucidate the query—What are the essentials of profitable farming?

First, *Labor*. Of this there are two varieties, and *each is an essential*. Head work, or science, is the handmaid of agriculture. By use of the term "science" we do not desire high-sounding technicalities—the *dead* parts, whether they form a portion of our language, study, or experiences, need excision—but rather, a searching for plain truths, an accumulation of practical knowledge, such as have peculiar connection with, and bearing upon our profession. The vocation of the farmer calls up, for mental action and analysis, a more diversified and greater variety of subjects than almost any other,—and, in addition, no class of individuals is dependent upon so many sources from whence must be drawn nourishment and life.

Nature is a co-laborer if rightly importuned.—The elements are agents to the completion of toil if in skillful hands, and their right use will redound a full measure of success.

Your farm is a laboratory, and you, whether you bear the prefix of "Prof." or not, a lecturer on chemistry. Though that little member so often characterized as "troublesome" may, in your possession, be silent as the dead, your acts are trumpet-tongued, and, good or evil, the influence is at work. The soil you till is a subject for consideration. Not a season passes but what alterations, to a greater or less degree, occur in its constituent parts. Frequently the farmer is compelled to change its nature altogether, must render it ready for, and adapted to, specified crops, and if a knowledge of its ingredients and requirements can be obtained, how much better to *progress in the light* than to *grope amid darkness*. Mother Earth is not to the conversant mind the "soulless clod," half so much sometimes, as the humanity that stands above her,—in her bosom is life, health, growth and beauty.

Meteorology and Climatology are beginning to receive the attention their importance demands. There is no *chance* in the workings of these mighty powers, and when we can clothe them in a familiar garb, how easy to regulate our movements in accordance with previously noted changes in temperature or the known laws of climatic influence. The composition of the air and atmosphere under diversified circumstances, their modifications and specific functions, the great labors designed for them by Providence, need the observant eye of every farmer.

Insect life is a field through which the boldest intellect may range. Each of the tiny emanations of the Creative Hand have their important offices to perform. An All-Wise purpose reached its object in their formation. What is the task allotted to their charge? Some are depredators, some benefactors,—and did we but thoroughly understand their nature and habits, might we not guard against the encroachments of the one and promote the interests of the other? By careful and patient examinations, we may be enabled to contend successfully against the ravages of the destroyer—at all events, a hedge may be constructed that will confine its labors, and thus counteract losses that would otherwise ensue.

Mechanical ingenuity is opening a new and vast field for the exercise of the farmer's judgment.—Each and every department of farm labor which has, heretofore, been the object of manipulation or labor exerted with hand or body, is subject to innovation by the products of inventive genius. Motive power, of every description, is being harnessed to the implements of agricultural husbandry, and compelled to perform its meed of toil. This novel assistant is steadily working "into the traces," and the farmer should learn more concerning the principles of mechanics and their application to every-day, practical life. He must acquire this knowledge if he desires to call together all the aids possible, or be exposed to the deceptive tales of interested patentees. Furthermore, he will be obliged to adopt these assistants, or occupy a station amid the non-progressives.

In short, every department of farm economy from which novel or valuable ideas can be obtained, disputed points settled, and satisfactory results arrived at, needs the full exercise of the reflective powers of the tiller of the soil,—and these must be generously used in order to make the *first* step towards profitable farming. The subject will be resumed in future articles.

THE CONSTITUENTS OF MANURE.

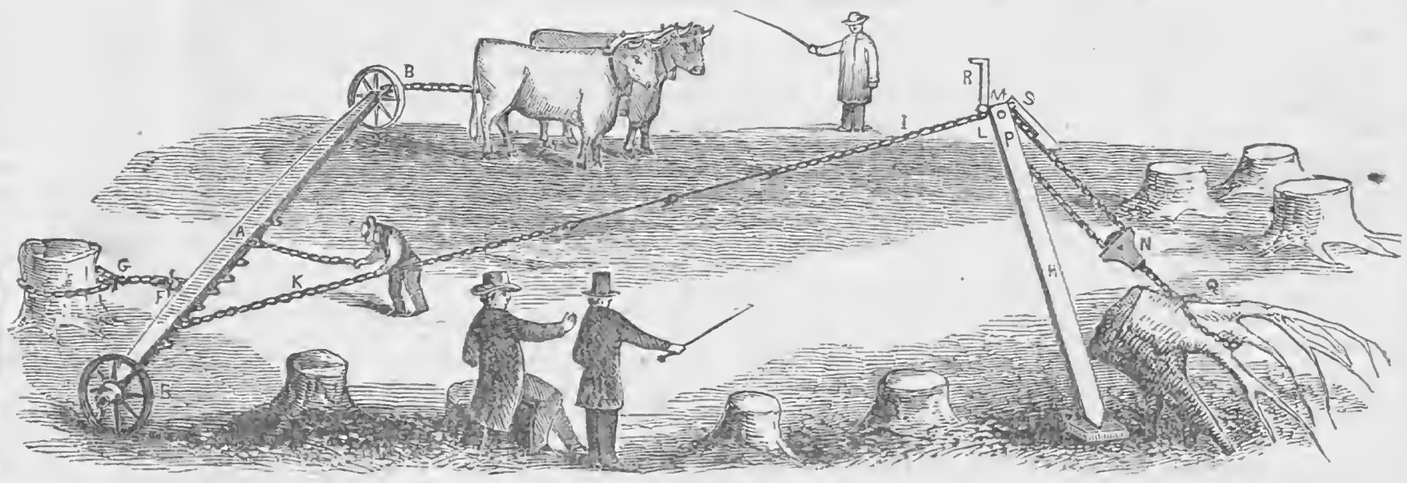
What can chemistry tell us of the constituent parts of manure? It can detect and define every element, and give some shrewd conjectures of their mode of operation,—but an application to the soil and careful note of their effect upon its vegetable products, must aid in determining their nature and value. These are questions not yet authoritatively settled, but the practical results of agricultural experience show us something of what substances may be regarded as the most important constituents of manure. STOCKHARDT classes the most important in the following order:—1, Nitrogen.—2, Vegetable humus. 3, Alkalies. 4, Phosphoric Acid. 5, Lime and Magnesia. 6, Silica. On each of these we shall offer some remarks, drawn in part from his valuable work, the *Chemical Field Lectures*.

1. *Nitrogen* is, beyond question, the most valuable element in all substances employed as manure; for it is that which imparts to it its most active influence upon vegetation—the "forcing power" necessary to the germination and growth of plants. It is especially important in the earliest periods of growth, when they assume the type of their whole later development; for plants that make a vigorous start, have larger and stronger stalks and leaves, and are subsequently able to produce more blossoms and seed. On the contrary, if lacking nitrogenous food in their first development, they remain stunted and weak, and comparatively unproductive. This element is equally essential to the production of the mature plant and its seed. In ripening grain it passes rapidly from the leaves and straw to the seed, and the more nitrogen the latter contains the less will be found in the former.

Before nitrogen is fit food for plants, putrefaction or decay must take place, converting it into ammonia, (nitric acid,) or, to speak more correctly, into ammoniacal or nitric acid salts. In this form it is easily and rapidly absorbed by plants, both roots and leaves taking it by contact. From this circumstance fresh manures operate far more slowly than those which have undergone putrefactive fermentation. In the latter state they contain ammonia (putrid nitrogen) already formed, to which the plant can help itself at once; in the former case, the transformation of azotized substances takes place in the ground, and the plant must wait until it is in progress before it obtains ammonia. If this conversion is protracted by dry weather and deficiency of moisture, or in heavy soils by deficiency of air, it may happen that the manure will produce during the first year no effect; for if the favorable moment—that of most vigorous growth—has once gone by in a plant, the richest nourishment can no longer render it assistance.—The "forcing power" of manures is due to the fact that they contain ammonia ready made.

Many experiments have been tried, both on the farm and in the laboratory, which show conclusively that the "forcing" element in guano and other composts, is putrid nitrogen or ammonia. It is the most valuable constituent of manure—though of no greater importance to the growth of plants than others—yet it is that which is procured at the greatest cost, and one without which many of our best vegetable products cannot be grown successfully.

2. *Carbon, Oxygen* and *Hydrogen*, as contained in substances forming humus or organic matter, and which form the bulk of ordinary stable manure, are another valuable constituent of manure. *Vegetable* fibre, the most generally diffused proximate constituent of the vegetable kingdom, produces all or nearly all of the humus in nature.—Such, for example, are straw, leaves, sawdust, muck, etc. These substances in decaying are converted into carbonic acid and water, which can then be absorbed by plants. But as nutrients, they are of subordinate importance, because plentiful in nature, earth and air containing carbonic acid in large quantities—and supplying them to plants, *provided* they are supplied with azotized materials. The growth of plants re-produces in roots and leaves, more humus than they take away, hence it is only of secondary importance as a constituent of manure. Still it is important; for substances forming humus, or already partially transformed into humus, go very far towards improving the soil, as they are able to make tenacious and cold earth warmer and more friable, and thin and dry soil, on the contrary, more moist and tenacious. Other constituents of manure remain to be spoken of in a future number.



THE ORANGE IMPROVED STUMP MACHINE.

THE STUMP MACHINE of which the accompanying engraving gives us a side view, was patented by the inventor, Mr. W. W. WILLIS, of Orange, Mass., in March, 1855. Since then it has been thoroughly tested, and extensively used; and though we have not witnessed it in operation, the evidence of practical and reliable men, (such as Lt. Gov. BROWN, Prof. NASH, and others,) who know whereof they affirm, convinces us that it is a valuable labor-saving machine—a desideratum sought by many of our correspondents during the past few months. Mr. WILLIS furnishes the following description of his invention, as represented above:

"A, the lever by which the power is obtained, supported at the ends on wheels, B, B. On the back of the lever in a mortice, which extends through it, plays the anchor-loop, through which passes the anchor-chain, G, F, by which the machine is made fast to the stump, or any other permanent object. The anchor-loop forms the turning point, or fulcrum of the lever. On the front of the lever are eight iron links, or purchases, four on each side of the anchor-loop, by which the power obtained by the lever is applied to the chains and rods, K, I, which connect it with the object to be removed. There are two arm-chains, one marked K, and the other held in the workman's hand. These chains, one end of them being hitched into the links on its front side, are by each turn of the lever, hitched further and further upon the main or take-up chain, by which the object to be removed is forced from its former position. H, P, represent the side view of the crotch, or shears, constructed of two light timbers, of equal length, useful in moving large stumps, &c., as it adds not only vastly to the power applied by the lever, but changes its position from a sliding to a lifting motion, whereby the stump, instead of being dragged out of its bed, is lifted up, and its hold on the earth broken instantly. To raise the shears with ease, two pike-poles are used. M, L, N, represent the fixtures, or the portion of the chain which connect the top of the shears with the stump. This may be a single chain for all ordinary purposes, because the *pully and tackle principle* are unnecessary, unless the work be very heavy, demanding prodigious power. Q, of course, represents the stump about to be tumbled from its bed. Where shears are not used, the chain should in all cases be hitched on the opposite side from where the lever is placed, and carried over the top of the stump, for in this case there is a rolling motion, and the power is more effective."

According to the testimony of those who have witnessed its performances, the utility of this machine is not confined to moving stumps, simply—for Prof. NASH says, "it is equally as well adapted to drawing out stones, removing buildings, or almost any other kind of business requiring a high power, as to the pulling of stumps;" and that it "will operate with great rapidity, without unreasonably severe effort on the part of the men and team." The editor of the *New England Farmer*, after describing a very successful trial of the machine, adds:—"The experiment was one of the most astonishing exhibitions of mechanical power we ever witnessed. The machine is exceedingly simple, and not liable to get out of repair."

This machine, or *Improved Stump Extractor*, as the inventor terms it, is manufactured by Mr. WILLIS, who furnishes it to order. The prices vary (according to the size, extent of chain, and weight of iron,) from $150 to $200 for stump machines; rock machine, $125. We presume full particulars as to power, performance, &c., can be obtained on addressing the patentee, W. W. WILLIS, Orange, Mass.

ADDRESS OF EX-GOV. HUNT,

AT LAST FAIR OF THE MONROE CO. AG. SOCIETY.

[THE following abstract of this Address will be read with interest and pleasure by thousands of our readers—and its sentiments appreciated by every progressive Ruralist, wherever located.—ED.]

GOV. HUNT apologized to the Society for his inability to prepare a written Address. After accepting the invitation of the President to appear on this occasion, other engagements had occupied his time; and he was compelled to speak without the study and preparation which he would have desired, and which he considered due to the importance of the subjects he intended to discuss. He then proceeded to address the Society, and presented a clear exposition of the value and dignity of the agricultural pursuit, in its various aspects and relations. In this connection he traced the moral, intellectual and social condition of the human family, through its successive gradations, from the hunter state to the advanced position that has been reached in modern times through a wise appropriation, subdivision and cultivation of the soil, upon principles which secure to man the best gifts of Nature as the reward of his industry. In this review it was demonstrated that Agriculture is the primary source, not only of public wealth and prosperity, but of social progress and civilization—that the cultivation of the earth is the pursuit most favorable to the harmonious development of the intellectual faculties—most congenial to the diffusion and sway of pure moral influences.

The investigation of nature's laws, as unfolded by the physical sciences and illustrated in the daily experience of the husbandman impart vigor and activity to the mind, while the wonderful bounties of the Creator, displayed in all the operations of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, can scarcely fail to warm the heart and inspire exalted sentiments of religious devotion.

In support of the proposition that agricultural communities are the chosen abode of the family and domestic virtues, a comparison was drawn between the engrossing cares, the artificial excitements and intense passion for gain, which affect the social condition of our large cities, and the moderate desires, the calm tranquillity and national contentment which lend an attractive charm to the shades of rural retirement.

GOV. HUNT then proceeded to consider the relations between Agriculture and other departments of human industry. He contended that the various pursuits of labor, instead of being hostile and antagonistic, are in truth harmonious and mutually beneficial. Commerce and Manufactures wait upon Agriculture, as servants and auxiliaries, contributing in a thousand ways to its improvement and productiveness.

The mechanical skill which provides the farmer with more perfect instruments, arms him with new strength and capacity for his daily conflict.—Those who "go down to the sea in ships" invigorate agricultural industry by imparting an extra value to the productions of the soil. They promote the comfort and refinement of the Rural Population by placing within its reach the inventions of art and the diversified fruits of the earth, from every clime. All other interests are subordinate to the agricultural. From its prosperity they derive their vitality and support. Its advancement contributes to their growth and expansion.

He then dwelt at some length upon the superior importance of Agriculture in its relations to the State. As the principal fountain of all wealth, public and private, and the only sure basis of mercantile and manufacturing enterprise, it deserves a prominent place in the regards of the statesman. The subdivision of the soil into moderate parcels, and its careful cultivation by intelligent and independent proprietors, are closely related to the strength and durability of a Republic. All history proves that a virtuous yeomanry, composed of intelligent free-holders, constitute the surest guardians of liberty and the most faithful supporters of law.

An agricultural population thus constituted will cherish the spirit of freedom, and preserve that purity of patriotism which withstands the encroachments of power and the seductive approaches of political corruption. Our country may justly claim to possess a class of farmers, superior to any similar class in other parts of the world, both in point of intelligence and personal independence. While ownership imparts a spirit of independence to our rural population, and our system of education fits them for the exercise of political responsibilities, our republican institutions will rest on a firm and secure foundation. This will always prove the safest reliance for the preservation of free representative government.

GOV. HUNT next discussed briefly the peculiar advantages of country life for an orderly development of the intellectual powers and moral qualities, which, in harmonious combination, create the noblest character attainable by man until his mortal nature shall have "put on immortality."

In conclusion, he congratulated the Society upon its success in having permanently secured the beautiful and commodious grounds upon which the Fair was held, and which are now dedicated to its future uses. It was in all respects fit and proper that the Agricultural Society of such a County as Monroe should become the proprietor of land and buildings, suitable for the Annual Exhibition of its progress in Improvement; convenient for comparing the varied productions of industry, and for displaying the wonderful bounties of Nature manifested in the golden fruits and the specimens of animal strength and beauty which greet the eye on every side. The location and the arrangements, so creditable to the Society, excited his warmest admiration. The farmers of Monroe had presented a noble example to their neighbors, and he expressed the hope that it might be imitated by his own and all the counties in Western New York.

Communications.

FALL AND WINTER PLOWING.

IT seems not a little surprising, that there should be so many farmers, in this age of agricultural intelligence, who will insist so strenuously, on the inexpediency of fall and winter plowing. It would seem, that after a few successful experiments in fall plowing, almost every farmer would be not ready, but *in haste*, to avail himself of the great benefits of plowing deep in the fall and winter. But, we find a great number, who have come, deliberately, to the conclusion, that they do not get as good crops from those fields, which were plowed in the fall, as from those which were plowed only in the spring; and hundreds of farmers will adhere to spring plowing for their corn crops, when the soil turns up in lumps, which the harrow will not pulverize; and they are obliged to plant among lumps—to hoe among lumps—and harvest among lumps of dirt, simply because the soil has not been prepared for the mellowing influence of the rains and frost. It is indeed, true, that there are soils which it would not be advisable to plow in the fall and winter, on account of their disposition to leach.

The grand object to be attained in fall and winter plowing is, *to increase the porosity and friability of soils*, and to break down the obstinate cohesion of the particles, which renders the soil lumpy.—

Generally speaking, all soils that are apt to be lumpy after they are plowed, (it is taken for granted that there is not an excess of moisture,) and that are inclined to bake in the spring and summer—clayey loams, calcareous soils, and thin soils of muck, lying on a subsoil of clayey loam, and gravelly clay, will be greatly ameliorated by being plowed deep, and well pulverized, and exposed to the influence of the rain, and frosts of winter. If a soil has not been thoroughly drained, and there is constantly an excess of surface, or spring water, we may look in vain for any benefit to result from plowing in fall or winter. We will show why.

Frost expands water, and frost expands moist and wet soils. A soil, therefore, which is merely wet to the touch, will expand much more by freezing, than a soil that is thoroughly saturated with water; and the cohesion of every part is thoroughly broken up; and when it thaws, there not being water enough to aid the particles in running together, it remains light and friable—and each successive freezing breaks up this coarseness of particles, and renders the soil light and mellow.

In order to illustrate this subject fairly, let any one take a few quarts of unslaked lime, and wet it just enough to make it slake well; and it will furnish a beautiful example of the effect of rain and frost on a moderately dry soil, that has been plowed late in the fall or winter. Now, take another quantity of lime, and continue to pour on water, much more than is necessary to slake it; and after it is slaked, stir it with a stick, and let it settle. Now, let the water evaporate, and let the lime freeze and thaw, and we are furnished with a very correct idea of the effect which fall and winter plowing has upon soils that are too wet.

Here we are furnished with one very plausible reason, why so many farmers have been disappointed in the effects of fall plowing. They did not dream that their soils were too wet; and when they turned up deep, heavy furrows, which would crumble no more than a huge lump of stiff putty, they congratulated themselves that the frost—faithful and powerful servant—would, by seed-time, render them very porous and friable. Let the water be drained off, and the frost will perform all that we can desire; but, it is the height of folly to think of making a mellow soil, by plowing in the fall or winter, where the water is suffered to stand for weeks in succession. Soils that are too wet for a crop of grain of any kind are often injured more than they are benefited by plowing in fall or winter.

Another very important consideration is, *the manner in which the plowing is performed.* Every good plowman knows that there are three kinds of plowing; viz:—*round plowing, lap plowing, and flat plowing.* It is not my design to speak of the different modes of turning the furrow in this place, but simply to show the different effects of different kinds of plowing in fall and winter. Sward land, in undulating and hilly regions, whatever the soil may be, should not be plowed in late fall or winter, with a *lap furrow.* On level land, it will do better; but, even in such places, the lap furrow is wholly objectionable. By plowing with a lap furrow, where there is a very stiff sod, the soil is laid in a position to carry off, where the land is hilly, all the elements of fertility, which find their way, by leaching, into the numerous subterranean drains formed by lapping one furrow on another; and, when the land is nearly level, should there be heavy rains, and the soil not frozen, much of the fertilizing substances are apt to find their way into the subsoil, especially if the soil is of a leachy nature. It is far better to turn flat than lap furrows in fall and winter; but, flat plowing is decidedly objectionable, because the soil is not sufficiently pulverized. As a general thing, when furrows are turned flat, the cohesiveness of the soil is not half broken up; and, although the furrow may appear to be pulverized, as it turns on the plow, still, after it has come to rest, it lies like an unbroken mass; and the soil will not receive half the benefit which it would, were it plowed with a round furrow.

Simply inverting the soil to the depth of five or six inches, in one almost unbroken mass, as we would turn over a board, thinking that the rains and frost will render it very porous and friable, is a wrong idea. The plow should destroy, entirely, the square form, and unbroken compactness, which we see in flat and lap furrow-slices. By plowing with a lap or a flat furrow-slice, we leave a task for the frost and rain, which they are unable to perform; and then wonder why the result should be so different from what we anticipated! But, if the soil be turned with a plow, which will make a round furrow-slice, the ground is then prepared for the rain and frost to effect the pulverization in the most desirable and perfect manner. By turning the furrow with a plow which rolls a thin sod together, and encircles it completely with well pulverized soil, to the depth of three or four inches, we prepare the ground for the rain and frost to perform their work; and, the shape of the furrow is such, as to preclude the risk of any of the elements of fertility being washed away by drenching rains.

My fall and winter plowing is all done with a No. 9 Michigan Sod Double Plow. For complete and thorough pulverization, I have never met with another variety that will compare with it. The small plow turns a furrow about four inches deep, and the large one following, rolls up about six inches more, of super-soil and subsoil, and covers the small furrow-slice with dirt pulverized as thoroughly as a plow can do it. Between the furrows turned by this plow, there are no open channels as there are between the furrows which lap one over the other. The sod is rolled together; and, instead of being deposited in the *bottom* of the furrow, the furrow is partly filled with pulverized soil by the large plow—and then the furrow-slice of the small plow is turned on, when the large plow covers it a few inches deep with mellow dirt. When stubble ground is plowed and manure turned under, such substances are not turned into the bottom of the furrow, as is the case when a single plow is used; but are left near the surface where the roots of young plants will soon reach the fertilizing matter contained in such substances.

When sod ground is plowed in the fall or winter, we do not expect to plow it again in the following spring; and, therefore, the later in the fall the plowing can be done the better. By plowing very late in the fall, or in the winter, the winter retreat of worms is broken up; and multitudes of them, which would otherwise injure the crops of grain, in the following season, will perish. Even when snow has been three or four inches in depth, if the ground was not frozen, if my plowing is not finished, I always "speed the plow." S. EDWARDS TODD.

Lake Ridge, Tompkins Co., N. Y., 1857.

A BARLEY CROP.

EDS. RURAL:—Here is an item of farm experience the past year—you can decide whether it is worthy of print or not. With no more of preface, I would state that I sowed five acres of barley after corn—the latter well-manured and yielding fifty bushels per acre. It was plowed the 28th and 29th of April, and sown on the 30th, at the rate of two-and-one-half bushels seed per acre. Harvested between the 15th and 18th of July, and marketed August 22d, at $1,25 per bushel. The account stands as follows:

Dr.	3¼ days plowing	$7 00
	½ " harrowing (before sowing)	1 00
	12¾ bushels of seed, 10s.	15 31
	½ day sowing	44
	2 days harrowing	4 00
	2½ " cradling, 12s	3 75
	2¾ " raking and drawing in	5 25
	½ " threshing, machine, hands, etc.	7 00
	1 " marketing	2 00
	Interest on land, cost $50 per acre	17 50
		$63 25
Cr.	110½ bushels barley	$126 88
	Straw equal to half expense threshing	3 50
		130 38
	Profit of the crop	$67 13

This shows that our barley cost us 62½ cents per bushel, and straw aside, paid 100 per cent. profit. Does wheat, or rather *has* wheat often done better than this?

As favorable as the above result appears, the crop cannot be considered one of average quality, taking the soil and preparation into account. A gravelly loam in fine tilth, and rich from the previous application of manure the soil was a favorite one with barley, and should have given a greater product. It was plowed when just in the right state to crumble down fine, and was harrowed well before sowing. The seed was carefully harrowed in across each way, and except when destroyed by field mice, came up finely. These little pests injured it considerably; I think their damage would be estimated within bounds at $10. But the great draw-back was the drouth which prevailed for the last five weeks before it ripened—and in fact the remainder of the season. This seemed to have most effect upon it when heading out—when, above all, the yield depended upon favorable weather. A slight shower kept the crop from being quite a failure—with enough of rain the product would easily have reached forty bushels per acre.

It is true, as the RURAL remarked last spring, in an article upon this grain, that "in harvesting barley, it is important that it be cut *just at the right stage*—if too green, the grain will shrink and prove light; if too ripe, waste will ensue from its shelling so easily." In this case the whole field did not ripen alike—why I am sure I cannot tell—and the greater part was cut so green as to shrink considerably in drying. We were intending to bind it, but found it impossible after the grain had been half a day in the sun, and raked it up with the horse-rake, first into windrows and drawing these off, and then again across the other way. There was some loss from shelling, but more from the shrinkage and light weight—the latter amounting to eight bushels in a hundred.

As to the value of the straw for fodder, I can also confirm your estimate. "If cut at the proper stage and well cured, it is worth more than that of wheat, and is nearly equal to meadow hay of common quality." When suffered to stand until dead ripe the straw is of very little value for cattle, but cut as mine was when much of the grain was yet in a doughy state, they are very fond of it and consume it readily. It is a question, however, whether the increase in the value of the grain will not overbalance that of the straw secured by cutting early and at the expense of the weight and quality of the latter.

In the last Patent Office Report, just received, I see barley spoken of as food for horses, and it is stated that when boiled, it has long been employed in Europe, as a feed after a hard day's work, or when unwell—acting as a gentle aperient, as well as a sudorific, opening the system and softening the skin. In Egypt and the East it is the common food of horses in an uncooked state; the celebrated Arabian coursers eat no other grain. When fed to horses in a half malted state, it is said to be perfectly harmless, however highly heated they may be, irrespective of the quantity they may eat. To prepare it, simply soak it in water from twelve to twenty-four hours, and feed it in the usual way.

I did not intend to spin so long a "yarn," when I began, but let it go and I will tell you about some other crops grown the past year—none paying as large a per cent. as this, however. B.

Royalton, Niagara Co., N. Y., 1857.

P. S. I omitted to state above, that the wheat midge was to be found in considerable quantities in the barley next joining wheat sown in the same lot. Whether it did any material injury I cannot tell—but it was there and the shrunken grains and half-filled heads showed that it *lived* there.—B.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

MR. MOORE:—The time to make arrangements for the Agricultural Fairs the coming season will soon arrive, and when the bustle of the busy days are over it is well to review the past, to enable us to improve in future,—"for the Wise Man looketh back and correcteth the errors of his ways, but the fool persists in his folly."

It is highly gratifying to realize the improvements that have been made in the annual exhibits of industry, ingenuity and skill, which I will call the *producer's jubilee*, for there all can unite in harmonious friendship, undisturbed by party strife or sectarian discord. The influence of these social gatherings, when rightly conducted, cannot be too highly appreciated. There the farmer exhibits the best of his domestic animals, and by comparing them with those of his neighbors, he can realize their value, or detect their defects. There, too, we view the bountiful supply of earth's various productions, *given by the Creator*, but to be molded by the hand of industrious man.

And the mechanic, *the farmer's assistant*, exhibits the results of his industry and skill; his labor-saving machinery has enabled the cultivator to double the productions of the soil. The artist ornaments the scene with his works of taste and beauty, and the florist spreads out Nature's beauties by a brilliant display of flowers; and there, too, the goodness of the Creator is placed before us, by the exhibit of the wonderful variety of delicious fruits. And the ladies, whose influence always bears the sway wherever they unite, honors the exhibition with numerous productions of comfort, elegance and taste—the fruits of their industry and skill. The philanthropist stands and views the busy scene—one great family, united by friendship and love, each are contributing something to add to the comfort and happiness of the whole.

But perfection is not to be expected in frail, erring man's social performance. Constant vigilance to guard against the inroads of ignorance and folly is the duty of the wise and prudent,—for errors, which often mar the social comfort, creep slowly in at first, but let them be fostered, or only tacitly indulged, and they progress with rapid strides. Thus the cultivator sees a weed; it has a *beautiful blossom.* There is but one; it cannot do much harm; he lets it stand, until it increases in strength and vigor, and bids defiance to his power to eradicate it.

And I fear that the horse-trotting and ladies'-riding exhibits at the Agricultural Fairs, if continued, will dwindle down those valuable associations to mere jockey clubs; for fast trotting does not increase the usefulness of the horse. The farmer does not value the extra speed for the plow, nor for taking the products to market; nor does it increase his value as a roadster, for when dispatch is necessary we take the iron horse. The trotter's fleetness is valued purely for jockey purposes.—Could all be drilled to double their present speed, it would not increase their value, for it is only those that are the fleetest, and can outdo all others, that fills the jockey's purse. And it is not realized how much those noble animals are made to suffer by being so often drove at their greatest speed.—The drill on the race ground, (for trotting is racing as well as running,) is but a small portion of the abuse that they receive. They must be drilled for months previous to the exhibit, and during the training horse-trotting and jockey-trading are the principal themes, and too often the business of those who ought to be more usefully employed; and its effects are but a slight remove from the baneful influence of horse-racing.

Nor can I conceive any benefit that will result from the ladies exhibiting their equestrian skill at the Agricultural Fair; nor do I believe that any respectable female (on *mature reflection*) will desire to make a public exhibit on horseback, to be admired or laughed at by the multitude,—*no, not even in hopes of a premium,*—nor will it add to their influence in society for them to be able to compete for the *Honors of the Turf* in a trotting match.

Jan., 1857. W. GARBUTT.

CARELESSNESS AMONG AGRICULTURISTS.

EDS. RURAL:—On a former occasion I hinted that, with your permission, I would at some future time pen a few thoughts on the subject named for the RURAL. In doing so, my remarks shall at least contain one virtue, viz., truth.

I assert, if there is a profession which calls for intelligence and well-directed energy, it is agriculture—and, furthermore, no other vocation will remunerate a person so well for industry, carefulness and strict attention to small matters. How few are there who do not believe these statements to be true; and yet what a sample of neat, orderly farming we exhibit in Illinois! The majority of our agriculturists came from the East, and *were* farmers of which any country might be proud; but from the astonishing and often exaggerated reports which they heard concerning the rich soil and fertile plains of this State, they were induced to think that *here* care and diligence were superfluities in their calling. It is my firm belief that nowhere can such glaring negligence and pernicious carelessness be seen as in our beautiful Prairie State. Inspect our farms and seek for the verification. For example, look at that hog pen *crowded* with filthy quadrupeds of all sizes. And why filthy? *Because* they must walk in filth, eat among filth, and breathe in stench. Exposed to the pelting of the storm and shorn of the power to protect and provide for themselves, can you blame them for being dirty? What inhumanity to say nothing of pecuniary loss! Take a peep into the cow stables. Cow stables! Alas! the only thing to be found is an enclosure made by a rail fence which the cattle can cross and recross at pleasure. In one corner you see a few—they are called calves in this section—anatomical specimens of the bovine species whose days have been few in the land. Scattered over the yard you perceive a number of lean, hungry, hollow-looking cows and steers. No rack, nor trough, nor place to feed but the bare ground! Once or twice daily there is thrown to them some corn stalks to gather up as best they may. The storm may howl, the rain may pour, the snow may drift, the cold may pierce, their only *shelter* is the *fence*, and yet the owner of these cattle is one of the "*big*" agriculturists. If you have finished examining the "cow stables" let us look into the horse barn. We find no difficulty in entering for there is nothing but the roof of a shed, and through it the rain streams. Here stands the wreck of as noble a horse as you could wish to see. He is compelled to stand two feet higher behind than in front, for the manure is seldom removed, and he never lies down, for there is danger that he cannot rise without assistance. He is tied with a halter simply encircling his neck. No manger can be seen, and his trough is somewhat similar to those of the cattle. See him shiver from exposure to all the vicissitudes of an extremely variable climate. His knees have been sprung by his position in the "stable" and by mis-driving. His rough coat and ragged exterior show too plainly the want of a curry comb and brush. His squalid appearance betokens hunger, neglect and misery in the extreme. But we will stop for the present, and will perhaps, resume the subject again.

Peoria, Ill., Dec., 1856. D. B. WALT.

RURAL JOURNALS.—Here's a very sensible and truthful item, segregated from an able article by Mr. HOWARD, in the *Boston Cultivator* of last week:—"To the practical farmer, the most important medium of improvement is the discussion and interchange of ideas through periodicals devoted to his interest. They not only disseminate knowledge, but are indirectly the means of originating it. They produce that agitation which, leading to study and experiment, ultimately develops truth. In this source of improvement all may participate at trifling cost."

Rural Notes and Items.

HORSE-RACING AT FAIRS.—Under the head of "Horse Racing at Cattle Shows," brother HOLMES, of the *Maine Farmer*, gives a pungent dissertation, including some good logic as to the wherefore of the practice. Regretting that we have not space for the entire article, we will endeavor to give its gist. After speaking of the trials of speed of horses, and skill of ladies in riding—and approving the same under prudent management—brother H. refers to the objectionable features of the exhibitions, and says they "were introduced because of the selfish penuriousness of the great bulk of the farming community as it regards Agricultural Societies." And he proceeds to sustain this severe accusation by citing the progress of societies in Maine. The State gives each Co. Society $300 provided the people raise a like sum. Hence societies are organized, and all goes on "swimmingly" for a year or two—good farmers being zealous and active.

"But soon the novelty wears away, and the excitement dies away, and the zeal becomes cool. Farmer A. says, I have worked so long to benefit the society for nothing; and farmer B. says, I ought to have had a premium on my steers, and it was given to Joe Lummux's, which were not half so good, and I'll not have any more to do with them. And farmer C. says, I can't be always paying a tax, when I can go to the show and see all for nothing—and so he polls off. And farmer D. says, what's the use of my spending my time and labor? There's John Goahead, and Jim Publicspirit, and Sam Kindtoall, they'll take care and see that everything is done in season;—and so he holds back. Well, the result is this:—The society begins to faint away; funds run short, and for the want of '*material aid*' it become almost a failure. The trustees and other really public-spirited and *useful* members come together—a handful of them—and '*talk the thing over.*' And the first question, after ascertaining the true position is:—What shall we do for funds? How shall we raise the money necessary to carry on the operations of the society? Yankee ingenuity very soon adopted the plan of levying contributions upon all who wished to see the show, by enclosing the whole with a high fence, and charging an entrance fee at the gate. Nor was this all. Acting upon that weakness of human nature which induces too many of mankind to pay more freely and liberally for witnessing sports than serious matters—for nonsense than manifestations of good common sense, a display of *horsemanship* by ladies, and contests of speed in horses were introduced. And what is the result? More money to the treasury, and more folly in the community."

"This," continues our cotemporary, "is a true statement of facts;" and he proceeds to say that if farmers had discharged their duty to the societies, "there would not have been any resort to the practices now complained of." In our view this logic is to a great extent true, and not alone applicable to the meridian of Maine—for we *know* that the most potent argument used in favor of introducing female equestrianism at the Fair of at least one Society hereabouts, last season, was that it would be the means of replenishing the treasury.

ADVERTISING IN THE "RURAL" RUINOUS.—Mr. E. M. BRADLEY, of East Bloomfield, N. Y., (one of our most progressive farmers, by the way,) avers that advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER is ruinous—for that whereas an advertisement of South Down sheep, given in said paper last fall, at a cost of only $4, brought him numerous letters from all parts of the country, and *netted him full one thousand dollars!* People who can cipher, may readily see how extremely ruinous his investment must have proved. He expresses some surprise also at receiving letters from various sections of the South, West, Canada, &c. Some of the sheep sold by said advertisement were exhibited by the purchaser, (Mr. E. G. COOK, of Jefferson Co.,) at the recent N. Y. State Fair and awarded the *first premium*—proving that the advertiser was not the only person benefited.

—Mr. BRADLEY is only one of the numerous persons who have notified us of the great advantage of advertising in the RURAL. We could have given quite as strong testimony, and plenty of it, long ago,—but, having then as now more occasion to refuse than solicit advertising, we refrained from publishing. And we only mention the above item for the special benefit of occasional applicants who consider our rates exorbitant—because, forsooth, we charge "more than other papers," albeit our circulation is from ten to thirty times that of the journals they specify.

STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—At a recent meeting of the Trustees of this Institution, the grounds for which have been purchased near Ovid, it was resolved that the whole expense of each student in College shall not exceed $150 per year. The Executive Committee were directed to make application to the Legislature for an amendment of the Charter authorizing an increase of the number of Trustees, not, however, to exceed twenty-four. The President was directed to advertise for a plan, or plans of buildings for the College, including ventilation, warming, water, light and working plans, with an estimate of the expenses; the proposer of the plans and specifications that shall be adopted to be paid $250, and the proposer of the second best, $100—the said plans and specifications to belong to the Trustees.

GOOD SHORT-HORNS.—A correspondent writing from Le Loy, N. Y., thus chronicles some of the doings of one of the best stock breeders and farmers in Western New York:—"I noticed our friend CHAS. K. WARD, of this place, was to-day shipping some of his fine stock—among which was a bull calf, 'Red Rover,' labelled to LEE ADDISON, Esq., Vt.; another, 'Governor,' to Mr. S. SMITH, Tyrone, Schuyler Co., N. Y., and to the same person, 'Rose,' a four year old cow. The calves were from his bull 'Kirkleavington, Jr.,' and are splendid animals. Mr. WARD has taken great pains to get into the breeding of superior stock, and is now reaping the reward of his efforts in the high prices which his stock commands."

TONAWANDA VALLEY AG. SOCIETY.—The third Quarterly Meeting of this flourishing Society is to be held at WALDO'S Hotel, in Alexander, Jan. 13th, at 6 P. M. After the transaction of business, the leading topic of discussion will be "Fences and Fencing Material."

"SOME PUMPKINS."—A correspondent writes that Mr. W. E. DOUGLASS, of Porter, Niagara Co., raised the last season, from one seed, six pumpkins which averaged 40 lbs. each in weight—making 240 lbs. from one seed.

POTATOES IN CONNECTICUT.—The Hartford *Times* has the following relative to the present condition, growth during the past season, and varieties of this esculent in Connecticut. It says:—"In spite of the prevalence of the 'rot' in some sections of the State, there are some species of the potato which have been scarcely affected in Connecticut this year. The Mercers, a favorite kind with us, have suffered perhaps the worst from the disease. They are now selling by the quantity at 80 cents. The Dover potato, a late introduction into this State, is fast becoming popular. It is an excellent potato for the table—dry and mealy—and is not subject to the rot. Of a variety, new to us, known as the 'Oregon White,' we have received a sample from Mr. Ralph Risley, of East Hartford; it is a very good potato, and yields well. Mr. R. is also much pleased with the 'English Flukes,' a variety that appears to do differently on different lands, but which yields well in this vicinity. The 'California Potato,' which has been raised to a considerable extent hereabouts, the last season, appears to differ from the Jenny Linds, which it resembles externally, but it is better for the table. Some that we have tried, raised in Bloomfield, were excellent. They yield abundantly, and coming from a native stock, will probably do well in spite of the rot."

GOOD ROADS—THEIR INFLUENCE.—Where roads are not, civilization cannot be; and civilization advances as roads are extended. By these, religion and knowledge are diffused; intercourse of all kinds is promoted; the producer, the manufacturer, and the consumer, are all brought nearer together; commerce is quickened; markets are opened; property, wherever touched by these lines, is changed, as by a magic rod, into new values; and the great current of travel, like the stream of classic fable, or one of the rivers of our own California, hurries in a channel of golden sand. The roads, together with the laws, of ancient Rome, are now better remembered than her victories. The Flaminian and Appian Ways—once trod by returning proconsuls and tributary kings—still remain as beneficent representatives of her departed grandeur. Under God, the road and the schoolmaster are the two chief agents of human improvement. The education begun by the schoolmaster is expanded, liberalized, and completed, by intercourse with the world; and this intercourse finds new opportunities and inducements in every road that is built.—*Charles Sumner.*

The Young Ruralist.

A WORD TO THE YOUTH.

WE have always endeavored to please and instruct you. We have tried to teach you that Agriculture is the noblest employment in which man can engage. We have told you that talent and learning can be as usefully and as honorably employed in Agriculture as in any human pursuit. We have even pointed you to Agriculture as the sure road to true honor, wealth and happiness.—We are pleased to know from the following flattering communication, and others of a similar character, that our labors in this respect have not been in vain:

MR. EDITOR:—I am much pleased with the RURAL, and I will tell you why I am so much pleased with it. I prize it as a great educator of the youth of our land. It is doing the work of a thousand schoolmasters. Our little children, even, who cannot read, have impressions made upon their minds through the eye, in examining its pictures of houses, flowers, &c. Our older children read, or listen while their parents read, and then they talk over these matters, and discuss questions of taste, and talk more sensibly of fruit and flowers and farming than their fathers did twenty years ago. They thus grow up with a taste for Rural Life, and an appreciation of its dignity and importance. Their minds also become stored with a fund of knowledge of incalculable value. I have several times noticed by their earnest manner and conversation that my boys had some little private matter on hand which they considered of great importance. Without seeming to observe them, I have kept my eyes open to discover the cause of the unusual excitement, when I have found they were trying some experiments to which their attention had been directed by reading the RURAL.

Children thus educated, Mr. Editor, will grow up to be intelligent, enterprising men. They will not think farming a stupid drudgery, and long to be away to a city, to engage in some *respectable* business, as clerks, or law-students. You are doing, sir, a great work for the young, and I think many a father among your readers, feels, as sensibly as I do, the importance and value of this work.

Ontario Co., N. Y. M.

We are not insensible of the importance of the RURAL to the youth; and we shall not neglect this interesting class of our readers. Our present arrangements, smaller type, &c., will enable us to give more matter of especial interest to the young. To be of service in directing their thoughts, and giving them just views of the great objects of life, is our aim. Appropriate to the subject we have an extract from *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, which gives the experience of one who has seen as much of commerce and its delusions, as much of merchants and their cares and disappointments, as any man in the country:

"The young man who leaves the farm-field for the merchant's desk or the lawyer's or doctor's office, thinking to dignify or ennoble his toil, makes a sad mistake. He passes, by that step, from independence to vassalage. He barters a natural for an artificial pursuit, and he must be the slave of the caprice of customers and the chicane of trade, either to support himself or to acquire fortune. The more artificial a man's pursuit, the more debasing is it morally and physically. To test it, contrast the merchant's clerk with the plowboy. The former may have the most exterior polish, but the latter, under his rough outside, possesses the truer stamina. He is the freer, franker, happier, and nobler man. Would that young men might judge of the dignity of labor by its usefulness and manliness, rather than by the superficial glosses it wears. Therefore, we never see a man's nobility in his kid gloves and toilet adornments, but in that sinewy arm, whose outline, browned by the sun, betokens a hardy, honest toiler, under whose farmer's or mechanic's vest a kingly heart may beat."

Orchard and Garden.

THE SMALL FRUITS.

NO. 1.—CURRANTS.

SHOULD we describe some new and rare plant that could be procured only at one nursery in a thousand, and then at a high price and of difficult culture and of doubtful utility, we might convince our readers that we are posted upon regard to everything strange and new in the Horticultural world; but we question whether they would be very much benefited by the knowledge of this fact, or with the knowledge that we might thus impart. Our aim is not to *astonish* our readers, but to *benefit* them — not to make ourselves *noted* but *useful*. We therefore choose a humble subject, the CURRANT. Many, we suppose, are ready to say—"We can grow currants well enough: we have always had *currant brush* in our garden, and we think there isn't much to learn about growing a few currants for sauce and jelly." If you grow currants of fine flavor, with bunches from five to six inches in length, and berries one-and-a-half inches in circumference, we think you are doing well.—But, if your currants are sour, small, and almost entirely filled with a hard woody seed, with bunches about an inch in length, as we commonly see them in our markets, and in the gardens around the country, we think you have something to learn even about so small a matter as growing currants.

The Currant is not so insignificant a fruit as some may be disposed to think. It is at least one of the most useful of the small fruits, and the better varieties, when well grown and well ripened, are of excellent flavor. We have long thought that the currant has been sadly neglected by those who have given their attention to the raising of improved varieties of small fruits. We have scores of new varieties of strawberries, and hundreds of gooseberries, yet only a few new varieties of currants, and those only one step in advance of the Red and White Dutch. On this point we are happy to see that most of the recent writers on fruit culture agree with us. Mr. BARRY, in the Horticulturist, said—"When we consider how largely the currant contributes to good living in the way of tarts, jams, jellies, wines, &c.,—and how easily it is cultivated, how little space it requires, how patient it is under all sorts of maltreatment—we surely must confess it is a most valuable fruit, an indispensable fruit, not for the rich man or the poor man, but for every man who has a square rod of ground to till. While we have had new varieties of other fruits in abundance and to spare, our list of currants has remained pretty much the same for a length of time. In cultivation too it has been sadly neglected—it receives no pruning, or pinching, or training, or mulching, such as are lavished on its more favored neighbors." JOHN SAUL, of Washington, recently said in an article on this subject—"Were we to search through the whole catalogue of fruits, we could not find one possessed of so many sterling good qualities as this; and yet how much neglected." After such testimony, who will say that we are giving too much importance to this much neglected and ill-used fruit.

We have one objection to the currant, and that is, that it is too patient under ill-usage. If planted in some out-of-the-way corner, where it is almost smothered with weeds; or in the corner of a fence where it is half eaten up every season by the cattle; or in the middle of some thoroughfare, where it is in the way of every one that passes, and receives some pretty hard rubs, doing service about half the time as a clothes-line; still it produces fruit—not worthy the name of currants, to be sure, but what is eaten and sold as such. Like a good many well-disposed persons, it is sadly imposed upon on account of its amiability of disposition.

The *Currant bush*, as we generally see it, is but an ungainly stump, surrounded with a thicket of suckers, like fig. 1.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Let the pruning knife be judiciously applied. Remove all suckers, and have a clean stem from six to ten inches high and a pretty round head, (like fig. 2,) with the branches kept sufficiently thinned out to admit light and air freely. Then, every year give a good dressing of well-rotted manure, and you will have plants that you will have good reason to be proud of, and fruit that your friends will mistake for grapes.

The shoots of the previous year's growth should be shortened-in every spring, as this will induce the formation of fruit spurs. The black currants, however, bear principally on the wood of the previous year's growth.

We would recommend the training of the currant on walls or fences. The finest fruit we have ever seen was raised in this way. Thus cultivated they occupy no room in the garden, give no shade to injure any other plant, but make beautiful the ugly fences and walls that disfigure even the best kept American gardens. Those who have traveled

Fig. 3.

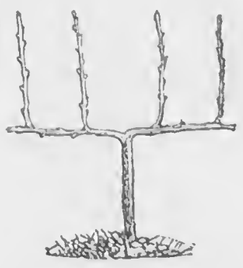


Fig. 5.

in Europe know that there, even in cottage gardens of little or no pretensions, not a foot of unsightly wall or fence is to be seen. All are covered with currants, vines or fruit trees, presenting a barrier of foliage, fruit and flowers delightful to behold.

To train the current in this way is a very easy matter. Take a young plant of such a growth that by pruning it can be made to assume a form like figure 3, and plant within six inches of the fence on which you design to train it.

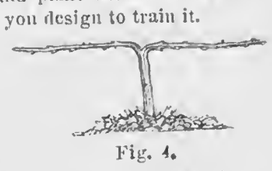


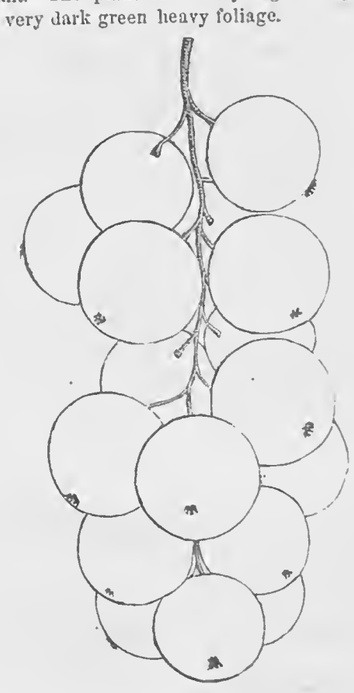
Fig. 4.

Then fasten the branches down into a horizontal position, as in figure 4. Cut off the ends of the shoots about one-third. Each of these horizontal branches will give a number of shoots, from which two must be selected to train in a vertical direction, and one to continue the main horizontal branch, as in figure 5. The shoots trained vertically should be about eight inches from each other. The next spring the shoots of the previous summer's growth should be cut back about one-third of their growth, and so continued each season.

The pruning and training of trees and plants is not simply a mechanical operation. It requires some thought and good judgment to meet and control the disposition of the plant. We only purpose to give a few hints as to the general rule. Now, if you have a young plant, one year from the slip, with one straight shoot eighteen inches in length, about six inches of the top should be cut off, leaving the plant about twelve inches in height. Then all the buds except two at the top should be rubbed off, and at the end of the first season's growth, the plant will be like figure 3. The after treatment should be as described above.

We will describe a few of the best varieties of currants we are acquainted with. There are several new varieties, some of which may prove superior.

THE CHERRY is the largest red Currant. The bunches are short, but the berries are very large. The engraving will give a very good idea of the currant. The plant is a very vigorous grower, with very dark green heavy foliage.



CHERRY CURRANT.

KNIGHT'S EARLY RED is a very good early currant, of about medium size.

THE LONG-BUNCHED RED DUTCH is a large late variety of the *Red Dutch*. The bunches are long, and the berries large, but quite acid.

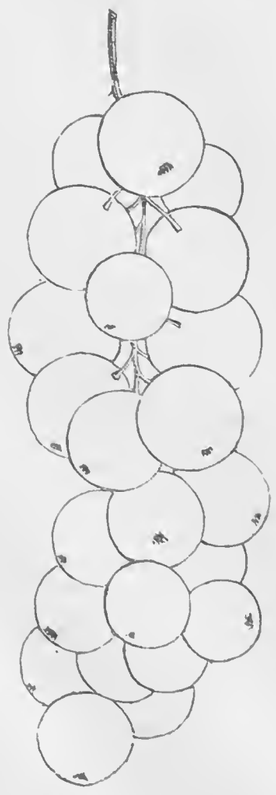
THE RED DUTCH is a good currant, with a fair-sized bunch, and large, rich berries. It is a good bearer and a free grower.

THE VICTORIA is a very late variety. Its bunches are of great length, and its color pale red. Valuable on account of its lateness.

KNIGHT'S SWEET RED is a good sweet currant, with long bunches and large berries.

THE WHITE DUTCH is a high flavored, fine variety. The bunches are of very fair length and the berries large. One of the best of the white currants.

THE WHITE GRAPE is the largest white currant. The bunches are long, and the berries large and pale. The flavor is not considered by some quite equal to the *White Dutch*. The plant is a slow grower. The engraving is a fair representation of this currant, though we have seen both bunches and berries much larger.



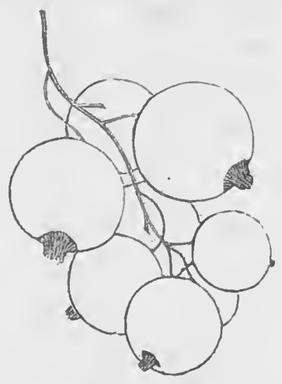
WHITE GRAPE CURRANT.

THE BLACK ENGLISH is the common well known black currant. With good cultivation and plenty of manure, it produces a good crop of fine fruit.

THE BLACK NAPLES is larger and better than the *Black English*, and is the best of the black currants. Bunches rather short, but berries very large.

The roots of the black currant are short and fibrous, and consequently it has a small space in which to gather its food. It is also a great feeder, and therefore requires a liberal supply of manure. One season of liberal treatment will convince the cultivator of this fact.

There are several varieties of *Flowering Currants*, the *Yellow* and *Scarlet* Flowering, which we shall not describe at this time. There are also several *Variegated-Leaved* varieties, more ornamental than useful—and not having much to boast of in the way of ornament.



BLACK NAPLES CURRANT.

The Red Currants are considered the best for cooking, jellies, &c., on account of their acidity and beautiful color. The *White* are preferred for eating in the natural state, as they are of a more beautiful mild flavor. The *Black* are of a peculiar strong flavor not liked by Americans generally. In England they are preferred to all others for jams, jellies and tarts. The *Black Currant Jam* or *Jelly* is there considered an almost infallible remedy for colds, sore throats, &c., and invaluable in cases of fever. The good English housewife would hardly feel safe to pass through a winter without a good store of black currant jelly and jam. The taste for the black currant, like the taste for the tomato, must be acquired—and when once acquired, like the latter it becomes a necessary luxury. Those who make currant wine should try the black currant, as it makes a superior article.

Domestic Economy.

COUNTRY vs. CITY COOKING.

I WAS sorry to see your correspondent, WM. GARBUTT, flare up, in the last RURAL, at a correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune*, who had indulged in some coarse remarks on "country cooking and cleanliness." Methinks if any people can afford to laugh at such gratuitous disparagement, it is the hard-fisted farmers of Western New York and their matchless wives and fair daughters. As well might a man of the country say on his return from the great Babylon, that the best coffee he could get there was a filthy, aromaless compound, colored with boiled milk—just as though cream, or *strippings*, and well cooked Java, were not to be had there. And because he happened to find a few fine short hairs in the sausage served up to him at a N. Y. Restaurant or a Hotel, how foolish it would be for him to attempt to make his country friends believe that in sausage-making at New York the dog and horse were substituted for the coarser-haired porcine animal! Because some of the ladies of the upper ten never visit their kitchen, where BIDDY or JUDY have it all their own way,—feeding the family that *peck*, in a mouth, which has been assigned to a whole lifetime,—is it any reason to suppose that every kitchen is thus left to mercenary mismanagement?

I know a woman or two from the country, now city housekeepers, who aver that tidy kitchen help is one of the poorest supplied wants of town life. One of them took from the intelligence office a jaunty looking lass, who, as soon as she came into her well-ordered kitchen, threw up her hands and exclaimed—"I'll not stop here; that range looks too nice, and this floor so well scrubbed—'twould be the slaving of me to keep 'em so. I'll not stay where I'm not the mistress of my own kitchen, no way." Yet this maid affirmed that she had lived in wealthy families, where mother nor daughter ever entered the kitchen for a moment. But the very fact of her being at the intelligence office and out of a place gave the lie to her assertions.

Methinks the *Tribune* correspondent must have been an untraveled young man, now on his first expedition into the "Rural Districts." When he travels further he will both see and know more, and if he does not become a better, he may be a more knowing man. S. W.

REMARKS.—Our usually accurate friend S. W., is mistaken in ascribing the *Tribune's* article to a *correspondent*. It was given as a prominent editorial, and we presume correctly characterized by Mr. GARBUTT as emanating from the editor. The article was certainly unwarrantable, and highly unjust—charging upon the whole agricultural community, sins of which but few, according to our not very limited experience, are guilty. We were greatly surprised on reading the *Tribune's* bellicose pronunciamento, and had purposed referring to it at some length ere this, but friends GARBUTT and S. W. will, we think, do the subject justice.—ED.

RECIPE TO CURE HAMS.—As soon as the hog is cold enough to be cut up, take the two hams, and cut out the round bone, so as to have the ham not too thick, rub them well with common salt, and leave them in a large pan for three days. When the salt has drawn out all the blood, throw the brine away, and proceed as follows:

Have two hams, of about eighteen pounds each, take one pound of moist sugar, one pound of common salt, two ounces of saltpetre, then put them into a vessel large enough to contain them in the liquor, remembering always to keep the salt over them; after they have been in this state three days, throw over them a bottle of the best vinegar. One month is requisite for the cure of them; during that period, they must be turned often in the brine; when you take them out, drain them well; powder them with some coarse flour, and hang them in a dry place. The same brine can serve again, observing that you must not put so much salt on the next hams that you pickle. This method has been tried and pronounced far better than the Westphalia.—*Homestead.*

Mechanic Arts, &c.

LIST OF PATENTS

Issued from the United States Patent Office for the week ending December 16, 1856.

Mark Allecett, Hancock, N. H., improvement in adjustable cant hook for moving logs, &c.

Emanuel Andrews, Elmira, improved machine for grinding saws.

Solomon Andrews, Perth Amboy, improved case for padlock.

Clark H. Brown, Forest Port, N. Y., improved method of planing and tapering wooden hoops.

William Beach, Philadelphia, improvement in rake pans.

John Butler, Dunmore, Pa., improvement in valve motions for steam engines.

Wm. E. Copeland, Fall River, improved spring bolt.

Jabez Coney, Boston, improvement in pumps.

Chas. Flanders, Charlestown, Mass., improvement in railroad car coupling.

John Edwin Forbes, Hoboken, N. J., improvement in skate runners.

George H. Fox, Boston, and Henry J. Siller, East Cambridge, Mass., improved filtering faucet.

Harvey Gray, Bristol, Conn., improvement in lifting jack.

James E. A. Gibbs, Mill Point, Va., improvement in sewing machines.

John Heller, East Lampeter, Pa., improved portable water-mill.

James G. Hunt, Reading, O., improved portable field fence.

Lewis Jennings, New York, improvement in sewing machines.

Peter H. Jackson, New York, improvement in ship's windlass.

Joseph Kingland, Jr., Franklin, N. J., improvement in machine for grinding paper pulp.

Horatio Keyes, Leominster, Mass., improvement in machines for paring apples.

Samuel Klahr, Reamstown, Pa., improved boring machine.

Wm. Lewis, and Wm. H. Lewis, New York, improvement in photographic baths.

Joseph Thomas McIntyre, Middletown, Del., improvement in railroad gate for cattle-guard.

Robert J. Morrison, Richmond, Va., improvement in harvesting machines.

William Moultrie, New York, for press for printing hat linings.

Patrick Miban, Boston, improved chimney cowls.

Jeremiah W. Molley, Amsterdam, N. Y., improved mowing and reaping machine.

Thomas Nelson, Troy, N. Y., improvement in machinery for weaving shade cord.

Thomas B. Stout, Keyport, improvement in grinding-mill.

John S. Sanson and Wm. P Farrand, Philadelphia, improved machine for making metallic slats for blinds.

Daniel C. Smith, Tecumseh, for improvement in reaping and mowing machines

Thaddeus F. St. John, Le Roy, N. Y., improved machine for wiring blind rods.

William H. Seymour, Brockport, N. Y., improved finger bar for harvesting machines.

Wendell Wright, New York, for mode of securing springs in upholstery.

Richard Shroder, Darlington, Pa., assignor to John S. Russell, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Richard Shroder and Alexander Anderson, of Beaver county, Pa., improvement in apparatus for coal oil.

Chas. Moore, Hartford, Ct., assignor to William G. Sheldon of New York, and Lorenzo B. Chandler and Charles Moore, of Hartford, aforesaid, machine for cutting and folding paper.

Solomon W. Ruggles, Fitchburgh, Mass., assignor to Silas Ruggles, of same place, improvement in wind-mills.

Thomas D. Burrall, Geneva, New York, improvement in reaping and mowing machines.

John C. Fedrick, Washington, D. C., improved apparatus for drying grain in the mass.

ADDITIONAL IMPROVEMENT.

Joseph Smith, Delaware, O., improvement in hubs for carriages. Patented February 19, 1856.

STOVES ECONOMIZING HEAT.

IT is well known that cylindrical stoves give out the most heat, and have the best draft, but there are few who seem to know the reason why. They do not seem to be aware, at least, that there is anything in the principle of their construction which imparts to them such qualities. Stove manufacturers cannot be accused of too much scientific knowledge regarding the best form of stoves, or we would not see so many blunders committed by them in casting so many with square and rectangular furnaces. This is especially the case with cooking ranges and stoves,—their fire boxes are constructed on wrong principles.

The reason why a cylinder stove gives out so much heat, and tends to produce such a good draft, is owing to the sides of its fire box or furnace being concave in form. Heat, like light, may be concentrated by concave mirrors; hence the heat is more concentrated in stoves which have concave than those which have square fire boxes; the rectangular form of a fire box may be more convenient for cooking ranges, but there is no excuse for constructing the furnace of any parlor or other heating stove of square form.

The fire-brick for lining stoves should be fluted. Bricks with plain surfaces are not so durable as the fluted kind, because the latter tends to prevent the adherence of clinker. Some bricks for stoves are actually cast with convex surfaces, as if designed for scattering the rays of heat, thus exhibiting ignorance of the laws of heat.

Bright metal surfaces do not radiate heat so well as dark, dull surfaces, therefore Russia iron in stoves and pipe does not radiate so much heat into a room as common iron. Those surfaces which radiate heat most efficiently also possess the power of absorbing it, and *vice versa*.

As the intensity of heat varies inversely as the square of the distance from the radiating point, it is evident that the nearer the stove is placed to the centre of the room, or space which it is designed to heat, the more uniform will be the temperature of the whole space, and not only so, but a greater amount of heat will be economized.

Stove manufacturers have devoted an immense amount of attention to elaborate the surfaces of cast-iron stoves, and to produce an incalculable amount of complicated forms, but not so much to produce stoves based upon the philosophy of the laws of heat. We hope that more attention, scientifically, will hereafter be devoted to this great and important branch of American manufactures.—*Scientific American.*

PAPER FROM HOPS.—The use of the hop plant in the manufacture of paper is now proposed. Immediately after being cut, the stalk or vine is tied up in bundles, if possible the whole length of the plant, and these bundles are immersed in water pits, similar to those employed in operating on flax and hemp, or in a running stream, and are kept there until a slight fermentation ensues, sufficiently to partially detach the fibre, the pithy and woody portions of the stalk. The separation may be effected by hand, or by passing the stalk between rollers with or without teeth, the woody or pithy matter being picked out or washed out afterwards. After separation, the fibre may be again steamed, and rolled, if required to be very fine, but care is necessary to keep the fibre wet until it is cleaned from gummy and resinous matters, by repeated steaming and washing. The fibre will now be in the condition of half staff, and fit, after further bleaching, for the manufacture of paper, pasteboard, &c.

A PERFECT CALCULATING MACHINE.

"THE attention of the learned world is now engrossed," says the Independence Belge, "by a new invention, which promises to be of universal usefulness. Mr. Thomas, of Colmar, after thirty years of hard study and assiduous labor, has at last solved the problem of calculation by mechanism. His machine, which he has baptised 'Arithmometre,' is applicable to the solution of all arithmetical operations, from the simplest to the most complicated ones. This instrument solves, with infallible correctness, not only the four rules—addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, but also ascertains the powers of quantities, extracts the roots of numbers, resolves triangles, reduces ordinary and decimal fractions, and defines the rules of proportion, &c. Its rapidity of execution is such as to defy the ablest calculators. A multiplication of eight numbers with eight numbers is executed in eighteen seconds; a division of sixteen ciphers through eight ciphers, in twenty-four seconds. The machinery is so simple that, after the expiration of five minutes of instruction, the most ignorant head knows enough at calculation to defy with its help all calculators, in rapidity and correctness. The "Arithmometre" is placed in a small, light box, which can be easily carried in a pocket, and is so constructed that its mechanism can scarcely ever be deranged. It is already in operation in several great commercial houses, the house of Rothschild, and in the mint of France, and it soon will be as common as letter presses."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

THIS cable is three-fourths of an inch in diameter. In the centre are seven small copper wires, twisted upon themselves, and the whole insulated by a thick covering of gutta percha. Eighteen strands of slender iron wire, each strand composed of seven threads loosely twisted upon themselves, constitute the outer covering. The weight of the whole is eighteen cwt. to the mile, and its strength such that it will bear in water over six miles of its own length if suspended vertically. Its specific gravity is such that it is thought there can be no question about its sinking readily to the bottom, being much heavier than the shells brought up by sounding. The objection that the strands of wire forming the outer covering will suffer corrosion or decomposition, is met by the statement, based, it is said, on satisfactory experiments, that in corroding, the material of which the outer covering consists will enter into chemical union with the soft mud in which the cable is imbedded and will thus form a concrete mass of calcarious or silliceous substance, affording its very best protection.

The gutta percha and central copper wire are thought to be indestructible under water. The flexibility of the cable is such as to make it almost as manageable as a small hemp line. Its selection was the result of months of experiment and trial, hundreds of specimens having been made, comprising every variety of form, size and structure before this particular one was agreed upon.—*Selected.*

RESTORING OLD STEEL PENS.—J. PIMONT, of Rouen, France, has obtained a patent for the following method of restoring old steel pens which have been thrown aside as worthless, by long use or bad ink.

The old and injured pens are exposed in a suitable vessel to heat, in a furnace, until their temperature is raised to about a red heat. They are afterwards allowed to cool, and then cleansed from the dirt that may adhere to them. The cleansing process may be performed by shaking them together for some time in a close box containing a little soap and sand.

By this simple process it is stated that metal pens hitherto considered to be perfectly spoiled and useless, may be restored to their original state.

DAYLIGHT REFLECTOR.—The New York Journal of Commerce says that the Metropolitan Bank, of that city, is having Stater and Wyberd's "patent diffusive day-light reflector" affixed to the windows of that fine edifice. They do not seem to damage its appearance. This novel contrivance is about half the size of an ordinary window, made of glass, with its upper surface corrugated, so as to collect and concentrate the rays of light. One edge is hinged on to the building horizontally, about midway between the top and bottom of the window, and the outer edge is ordinarily elevated so as to form an angle of forty-five degrees. It seems to be coming into very general use for lighting dark apartments.

HUGE CLOCK.—The dials of the English Parliament clock are twenty-two feet in diameter, and are the largest in the world with the minute hand. Every half minute the point of the minute hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight and a half days, and strike only seven and a half, so as to indicate by its silence any neglect in winding it up. The mere winding of each of the striking parts will take two hours. The pendulum is fifteen feet long; the wheels are of cast iron, the hour bell is eight feet high and nine feet in diameter, weighing from fourteen to fifteen tons. The weight of the hammer is four cwt.

CARPET SWEEPER.—The Scientific American describes a carpet sweeping machine, exhibited at the fair of the American Institute in New York.—It consists of a small box in which there is a revolving fan, that sucks up all the dust and dirt, and carries it into a small compartment containing water. The woolen fibres and larger particles are deposited in a drawer. The sweeping is done by pushing the box along over the surface of the carpet by handles. The whole apparatus is light and simple, and will outlast a thousand brooms. No dust is created, and the sweeping is most thoroughly done.

PREMIUM OFFERED.—A prize of 10,000 francs is offered by the Duke of Luynes to the photographist who shall discover a means of fixing sun pictures and making them durable. Artists of all nations are invited to compete. The award will be made by a committee of the Photographic Society of France.

THE New England Pin Company, at Winsted, which is prevented from using the patented machine for sticking pins, has got a contrivance for sewing them on to the papers.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MAY I COME?

BY MYRTA MAY.

MAY I come again?—I have wandered long,
From the sunny bowers of joy and song,
Where kindred spirits Love-tones are breathing,
And Friendship her holiest flowers are wreathing.

May I come again?—I wandered away,
Though many sweet voices were bidding me stay—
Yet strong were the ties that were drawing my heart,
And urging me ever, to "rise and depart."

May I come again?—I have wandered far,
Lured by the light of a *fading* star;
The flood of glory which *first* it shed
On my raptured soul has forever fled.

May I come again?—It is dark and lone
When the sunlight of joy from the heart has flown—
When dimly we gaze, through the mist of tears,
On the vanished dreams of departed years.

May I come again?—I am weary now:
Take the Laurel-wreaths from my aching brow—
Like a wounded bird to the sheltering nest,
May I come to thee for a place of rest?

May I come again?—I *cannot* go back,
Again to tread in Life's dusty track:
Faint and weary of care and strife,
May I pause awhile in the march of Life?

Spencerport, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A BABY IN THE HOUSE.

AN interesting and important event is the arrival of a Baby, and an indubitable evidence that the Family is an imperishable institution. Whether the first, second, fifth or tenth child, the new inhabitant of this vale of tears, is a wonder to the whole household, neighbors and kindred—for, though births are frequent in all populous districts, the excitement and curiosity is apparently repeated on each announcement of an addition to the census of humanity. Such has been the case from time "whereof the memory of man (and tongue of woman) runneth not to the contrary," as all history, sacred and profane, abundantly testifies; and such methinks it will continue to be while mortals inhabit this mundane sphere. The rejoicings of the prophets and wise men of old on the occasion of births in their families, are daily repeated or re-enacted throughout all Christendom, and will be so long as the family relations and civilization are maintained. No matter in what zone or circumstances—whether the parents are rich or poor—every child born unto intelligent, thinking, christain men and women, will be hailed as a special blessing vouchsafed by Him who does all aright, and will awaken thoughts and emotions whose natural tendency is to purify and improve the hearts and souls of parents—to make them both wiser and better in all the relations of life.

But I did not take pen in hand to write a sober, prolix disquisition. On the contrary, I intended, and still intend, to relate a little of my own experience—that of an again happy father—some incidents relative to the recent arrival of a baby at *our* house. Premising that the junior in our family (until the recent interesting event transpired,) was a *boy*-sterous specimen of "Young America," of some seven years' growth—and being the only heir, of course a great pet, if not "a spoiled child"—I will proceed to discuss our *new* arrival.

The young stranger visited us a few days before Christmas, and though the present was a little in advance of that joyous Holiday, it was none the less acceptable. The fact that it was a daughter was the first agreeable surprise—alike to mother, father and brother—and the almost-as-soon-discovered fact, (in the eyes of nurse and the rest of womankind thereabouts,) that it was a perfect child and "the very image of its paternal ancestor," (did you ever hear of an heir that did not, in extreme infancy, possess this gratifying characteristic in an eminent degree?) nearly overcame the various members of the household, save and except the chronicler of this veritable history who was prepared for such a development.

There was a sensation in the family and neighborhood, as there always is on such occasions.—Though anticipated, the event seemed remarkable, and the "I wonders," "you don't say so's" "can it be possible," "to think it's a girl, too," were numerous; and what with the many inquiries and congratulations from immediate neighbors and more distant friends, the young stranger's advent caused a notable and novel excitement in and about our long-time quiet domicil.

To one member of the family, however, the arrival was a perfect enigma. When told by the Doctor that he had a Christmas present, little HALPA's eyes glistened, but on being further informed that it was a baby sister, he was altogether incredulous—supposing the promised gift must be some toy, nuts or candy—and when the truth of the assertion was finally verified, his actions and questions were novel and numerous. The thought that he had at last got a *real, live* baby sister—just what the lone boy had so long desired and prayed for—was too much for his equanimity, and he was in a nervous ecstacy of delight for days. Many moons before, he impulsively said to his mother on one occasion, while regretting that he had no brother or sister for a playmate—"Well, ma, if GOD will only be kind to me once, and send me a little sister, I'll never ask him to be kind to me again!" The dear, lonely boy, how we pitied him—and how we pity all children who have neither brother or sister with whom to pass and make merry the innocent days and years of childhood and youth. Trouble and sorrow, loneliness of heart and disappointment, come soon enough to the most favored,—but few realize how great is the misfortune of those who have no suitable playmates and companions in early life!

But let us return to HALPA. The baby was and still is a wonder to him, and though quite a philosopher, he is yet very inquisitive, asking many curious questions. While admiring baby the other day, he suddenly expressed his surprise thus emphatically—"Only to think, ma, that GOD should not only send me a little sister, but such a beautiful, *beautiful* baby!" The modest boy had not particularized in his aspirations—it was only a *live* baby he wanted, and he was greatly surprised and rejoiced that his wish should be more than fulfilled.

When Christmas morning came, HALPA found a well-loaded Christmas Tree, as he had on each return of that Holiday for some years—but all the toys were not for him this time, and he experienced a new pleasure. Although a little disappointed at first to think it was not all *his* tree, (children brought up alone are apt to become somewhat selfish, even in "the best regulated families,") he was soon apparently more happy than on any similar occasion. And on finding a tiny silver cup marked ZILLA—the first intimation he had received as to the name of baby-sister—his joy was extreme.

But, good friends of the RURAL family circles, I am exhausting your patience, and yet have hardly began to tell you about our baby, its good influence, and my personal experience—how it is a prodigy and paragon of beauty and excellence—how it has made us all more happy, and kind one to another, increasing our love of family and home—purifying and enlarging our hearts, and augmenting our regard for the whole human family. Verily, "a babe in a house is a well-spring of joy:" For it is most true that

——"By degrees,
The Human Blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm."

And what parent who has watched the progress of infancy, but will appreciate this emotional outburst of the poet—

"Look! how he laughs and stretches out his arms,
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
To hail his Father: while his little form
Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of pain!
The childless cherubs well might envy thee
The pleasures of a Parent! Bless him!
As yet he hath no words to thank thee, but
His heart will, and thine own too."

There are, however, at this present some temporary personal inconveniences—for nurse now "reigns supreme," and husband and the rest of man and woman kind are her obedient subjects.—Yet the fact that both mother and child are not only "as well as could be expected," but a vast deal better, more than counterbalances all this—while the confidence with which we all anticipate the "good time coming," when both wife and child will, with Heaven's blessing, be able to receive and entertain company, consoles us for the lack of present social converse, and frolics with the little ones, around the ingleside. My banishment from the presence of the dear ones to the upper regions (towards the attic,) is not exceedingly agreeable these long nights, and I have endeavored to occupy the weary moments this evening, (after reading the last RURAL, *Godey*, and the *Knickerbocker*,) in giving some account of *the* baby in *our* house. I don't consider it worth printing, but will ask my daughter's mother in the morning if she thinks I had better send the effort to the editor. If it goes, and finds favor, I hope the many happy fathers and mothers, and sons and daughters, who read the RURAL attentively will not consider my time altogether wasted.

PATER.

December 30, 1856.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker,

"REMEMBER ME."

WE scarcely know of two words in the wide range of our language which bring to mind more of the associations of our early days—more of fond recollections than the simple phrase "remember me." It forms a golden chain of love and memory with which are connected many of the most pleasing events which ever occurred to brighten the hours in life's pathway.

Who does not love to linger around the memories of other days, to visit in imagination, the scenes of our childhood's sunny sports, those loved resorts of pleasure, where scarce a cloud appeared to mar the joyousness of our existence. Yet those days were quickly passed, and we were called to part with friends long enjoyed—friends who had shared the happiest hours of our existence, whose ringing laugh and answering smile seemed almost indispensable to our happiness. And now when the parting words "remember me" are brought to mind, with what vividness do they recall the remembrance of scenes which have long, long been treasured in memory's jeweled casket. Ah, the hallowed reminiscences of the unforgotten past! How oft do they come stealing o'er us, robbing life of half its sorrows. What a multitude of tender recollections cluster around those simple words, words shedding a halo bright, to gild life's stormy way. Perhaps it is the last request of a sainted friend one which should keep us from the many vices which surround us and guide us in the path of virtue and peace—cheer us when the sorrows and ills of life come o'er us. Treasured words that tell more than tongue can speak, a loved friend's last request,—"remember me."

MARION.

Wilson, Niagara Co., N. Y., 1857.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.—Tell me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes where there are no children: "where," as the good Germans have it, "the fly-traps always hang strait on the wall"—tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days, of the tranquil unanxious hearts where children are not; I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fire-side bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children.—*Mary Howitt.*

OBEDIENCE IN CHILDREN.—It is unspeakable what a blessing it is to a child—what a saving of unhappiness and wickedness in after life, to be early taught absolute obedience; there must be no hesitating or asking why, but what a mother says must at once be done. The young twig bends easily, but remember that in after years it becomes hard, and you will break before you can bend it. A little steadiness at first, will save you many years sorrow. While you insist upon obedience, however, you must take care that you do not provoke the child, and tempt it to disobedience by unreasonable and foolish commands. "Provoke not your children to wrath;" and when it is necessary to punish them, see that it never be done violently, and in a passion, but as a duty.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A THOUSAND MILES A MINUTE.

BY A. H. BULLOCK.

"THE motion of the earth around the sun is at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour."—*Comstock.*

Sixty-eight thousand miles an hour!
Why man the douce is in it,
What matchless proof of mighty power
A thousand miles a minute!
This wondrous car keeps rolling on
With all its land and ocean,
The Engineer is never gone
Or varies in his motion.

No "running fast," no "running slow,"
No bursting of the boiler,
Nothing to pay, of all who go
No one e'er gave a dollar.
No upward grade, no downward grade,
No stopping at a station,
Cause for repair has not been made
Since the All-wise creation.

Since Time began, ne'er left the track
Or called for wood or water,
No switching off, no running back,
Collisions cause no slaughter.
Because the track is always clear,
The watchmen never slumber,
No train behind we ever fear,
Obstructions ne'er encumber.

The signal lights we oft descry
But no alarming token,
They glitter in the evening sky,
And dance with joy unbroken.
No application of the brakes,
Reversing of the motion,
No fear of telegraph mistakes,
No sound to mar devotion.

So silently the vast machine
Obeys the laws of Heaven,
The movement is not felt or seen
No jar or tumult given.
"Through tickets" only can we have—
No others to be taken;
Whether we live or fill the grave
The motion will not slacken,

But take us on with lightning speed
Until we reach that Station,
Which stands, say Faith and Hope agreed,
At portals of Salvation.
"Free pass" each traveler awaits—
Observing rules to win it;
Soon we shall reach those pearly gates,
A thousand miles a minute!

North Almond, Jan., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"ONE IDEA-ISM."

THAT we live in a "fast age," is a fact, of which the proof is so palpable as to render a demonstration unnecessary. Among these evidences, by no means a slight one is the consciousness of blessings received, which is manifested by so large a portion of the present generation. It has been lamented in the past, that nations and individuals, when prospered, have lost sight of the peculiar favor they have enjoyed. Yet, such is not now the case. Judging by public speeches and printed eloquence, orators and authors have chosen for their text, "He hath not dealt so with any nation." Whatever is said or written is with special reference to this subject, interspersed, by way of variety, with a certain pharisaical contempt for those who have failed to keep pace with the advance of civilization, and exhortations to the poor unfortunates to make fast their slow sailing craft to the steam tug of progression, lest they drift away and founder on the shoals of oblivion; for it is a fact, no less true than lamentable, that, scattered among the men of to-day, like tares among wheat, are found those who, deprived either by nature or by practice, live and act in a manner worthy only of the darker ages The lives and conduct of such men, labelled "old fogy-ism," and "one idea-ism," are held up as examples to others, and as proper objects for the scorn and contempt of the "fast" individuals of the age, who "pass by on the other side," thanking GOD that *they* "are not as *other* men."

Comparing the past and present, we easily make the deduction that society has advanced; that the people of the present day are more civilized, more enlightened, more free, happier and richer than those of a few centuries ago. As a sequence to this deduction arises the question, to what influence is this advancement attributable, and who are the men that have been instrumental in thus changing the character of society?

The advent of any newly discovered truth, when once recognized as such, gives to the discoverer a certain character and pre-eminence among men; a pre-eminence which is accorded him on account of his having taken a step in some direction in advance of the rest of his race, and which he has taken by virtue of a certain something in his mental constitution, called *genius*; a term well enough understood, yet, like time and space, incapable of being defined. If then we recognize this something called *genius* as the mainspring of improvement, a determination of its character also definitely settles the relative rank and merits of the moderuly named principles, "one idea-ism" and progression.

As we examine the records of art, science, literature and religion, we recognize on every page names long received as the exponents of genius. We behold PALISSEY laboring long years, intent on the idea of restoring a lost art to the world.—We behold FULTON consuming a lifetime in the endeavor to mould an idea into a tangible form. The minds of KEPLER and NEWTON conceived the idea of a principle at work in the Universe which man understood not, and their life enduring labor demonstrated beyond controversy the laws by which it operates. VIRGIL was content if he composed four lines per day, and COWPER often labored a half hour on a single line; while LUTHER, WESLEY and their compeers toiled and endured even to the grave, intent on the one great idea of evangelizing the world. If we search through the long catalogue of reforms and inventions which have so shaken and changed society, we in every instance find men like these, conceiving and executing the work. The admiring world calls them *men of genius*, and enshrines them as benefactors of the race. But they are not men of genius alone They are also of that class which the "fast" man, in his wisdom, contemns as a clog to "progression" and, therefore, easily to be dispensed with; for what is the "one-idea" man, but one who, perceiving a fact or truth, pursues it during life, through all its intricacies until he is able to grasp it in its glorious beauty? The world realizes not the fiery trials through which such an one has passed, but perceiving only the resplendent light in which his struggles have ended, it recognizes a superior power. Hence, when one is beheld, toiling on, unallured by the attractions so powerful with others, he is often regarded with a sneer by the "fast" world as it surges by, only to be astonished that the plodding pedestrian has first reached the end of the journey.

We read in an old fable that a tortoise, being reproached by a hare for his slowness of foot, challenged him to a race. The hare consented, and soon outstripped the tortoise; but becoming weary, paused to rest, and fell asleep. What was his chagrin, on reaching the goal to find the tortoise already arrived. So in life, steady perseverance ever outstrips that haste which wearies itself by rapidity in the outset, only to pause and falter in the end. It is singleness of aim, fixity of purpose, and unremitting industry which obtains the reputation of genius. It is easier to trace a name on the sand, than to engrave it on the granite rock; yet time soon tells which is the more enduring.—A painter, being asked by a brother artist, why he expended so much time and pains on his work, replied, "I paint for eternity." The traveler, as he is hurried along by the locomotive, smiles in pity on those who journey on the common road; yet a flaw in an iron axle or a block of wood on the track may hurl him headlong to destruction. So he, who in life would rival the railcar's swiftness, often finds that speed in which he has gloried, working his failure and ruin, while the man of "one-idea," who is content to follow that thought as a star pursues its path through space,

"Unhasting, yet unresting,"

is he on whom the world is dependent for its real progress, and on whose brow shall be placed the wreath entwined for genius and success.

Lima, N. Y., Jan., 1857. T. D. T.

HOME YEARNINGS.

THE following extract from "Passages of Eastern Travels," will meet with a ready response from every heart that has had its dearest feelings nurtured amid the genial influences of home:

"There is a fireside in a far off land by which could I but warm my cold and weary feet to-night, I would lie down and sleep such a sleep as God giveth his beloved. Sometimes I think I have not slept for months; and I have not, save only that dreamy, restless sleep, that is filled *with visions of dear faces looking on me through impassible bars or out of unapproachable distances.* And at night, as I walked along, the moonlight falling all around me out of that fathomless sky, I felt as if to lie down on the sand would be blessed, and to sleep there glorious, if I could but dream once more of *home.*"

Will not this voice from the Orient find an echo in each heart that ever roamed from the loved ones at home? A response from every one who has adjourned as a stranger in some strange land?—Yes, it will. The sentiment is one kindred to the loveliest feelings of the human heart.

What a beautiful thought is the one we have given in italics. It suggests so many pleasant memories, so many cherished associations that steal over the heart like sweet music, soothing as balm and sweet as the odor of roses.

The traveler stood before a Temple three thousand years old. The ruins were eloquent with the name and fame of the great Sesostris; and yet, standing there in the moonlight, upon the glittering sands of Egypt, and by the side of the swift flowing, wonderful Nile, *even there* with anxious heart, the Howadjii turned his thoughts toward a far off land and a home around which clustered associations so dear, and in which was a shrine so sacred. What mattered it that the faces of the colossal statues looking upon the moonlit scenery around, and upon him—the sight seeker of another continent? *Other* faces "through impassible bars" looked in upon him "out of unapproachable distances," and these with their old time associations, were forgotten. This "thought of a kingly intellect" gave way to a thought more humble but also more potent for good.

But not alone from Egyptian ruins come these yearnings for home. Bayard Taylor tells us of them as he traveled the places of Central Africa; and even he, who has been but a day's journey from "that spot of sweetest sanctities, the spot called *home*," as Dr. Chapin terms it, has experienced the same sensations, although perhaps less intense.

OUR HOUSES.—We always look upon our houses as mere temporary lodgings. We are always hoping to get larger and finer ones, or are forced some way or other to live where we do not choose, and in continual expectation of changing our place of abode. In the present state of society this is in a great measure unavoidable; but let us remember it is an evil, and that so far as it is avoidable, it becomes our duty to check the impulse.—It is surely a subject for serious thought, whether it might not be better for many of us, if, in attaining a certain position in life, we determined, with God's permission, to choose a house in which would we live and die—a home not to be increased by adding stone to stone and field to field, but which being enough for all our wishes at that period, we should be resolved to be satisfied with forever. Consider this, and also, whether we ought not to be more in the habit of seeking honor for our descendants than our ancestors; thinking it better to be nobly remembered than nobly born; and, striving to live that our son's sons, for ages to come, might still lead their children reverentially to the doors out of which we have been carried to the grave, saying "Look, this was his house; this was his chamber." —*Ruskin.*

A PERSIAN PRECEPT.

FORGIVE thy foes;—not that alone;
Their evil deeds with good repay;
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.

So does the fragrant sandal bow,
In meek forgiveness, to its doom;
And o'er the axe, at every blow,
Sheds in abundance rich perfume.

NEVER carry a sword in your tongue to wound the reputation of any man.

THE MORTIMER HOMESTEAD.

[Concluded from page 20, this No.]

It was night at Meadow Brook, and in the parlor at the Homestead a lamp was dimly burning, casting a glimmering light over the old-fashioned, massive furniture, and falling faintly upon the erect form of Mrs. MORTIMER, who held in her hand a sealed letter. It bore the western postmark, and her first impulse was to cast it from her, but a feeling which she could not define, bade her open it and read. Ah, in that letter were tidings which blanched her cheek to an unnatural whiteness, while her very heartstrings quivered with anguish, for it told her that she was childless—that there was nothing left her of her only son, save the curl of soft brown hair on which her tears are falling, and which his own hand had severed for *her.* All the mother's feelings were stirred within her, and as she sat there alone in her great sorrow, memory pictured to her the past, when a little, merry child, his presence had been the only sunlight which for many a weary year had found entrance to her widowed heart. She remembered him, too, as the beautiful boy it had been her pride to call her own, and then with a shudder she thought of the time when in his early manhood he had stood before her, asking of her a mother's love for the timid, trembling creature at his side, and worlds would she have given to recall the bitter words she had spoken. But it could not be. He was gone forever;—far away from her he had died, with the echo of her curse ringing in her ears, for NELLIE had written that the last time he ever spoke, he asked "if she thought his mother's curse would follow him to Heaven."

There was a loud cry of faintness, and when the servant, alarmed at the sound, entered the parlor, she found her mistress lying upon her face, while in her hands she grasped the letter and the silken curl. The proud spirit was broken, and when again she came among us with her mourning garments and fast whitening hair, the haughtiness of her manner was gone, save when they spoke to her of NELLIE, and then something of her olden spirit returned, for she was not yet sufficiently humbled.

* * * * * * * *

From the windows of the Homestead the red flag of the auctioneer is streaming, while up and down the broad staircase and through the dark, gloomy parlors, strangers are passing and repassing, scanning with eager eyes the various articles piled around them, and casting curious glances towards the closed door of the room where the former mistress of the mansion sits weeping in her degradation, as she terms it. The mortgage which for many years had been held by a friend has fallen into other hands, and now the Homestead with every thing pertaining to it must be sold, while for her there is in all the world no spot she can call her home. It is true that one of the villagers whom she was wont to slight, whispered in her presence of the "Poor House" which was meant for such as she, but from this she shrinks as from a living tomb, and as the soft ripple of the Chicopee falls on her ear the mad thought enters her brain that in that rolling river she will find a resting place.

Slowly the hours creep on and at last all around is still. The hoarse voice of the auctioneer is hushed, the people have gone, and in anxious suspense she awaits the issue, wondering why her room, which contains many an article of value, has been undisturbed. There is the sound of footsteps upon the stairs. The village lawyer enters and bowing respectfully places in her hand a paper, which he bids her read; but her eyes are dim with tears, so he tells her it is a Deed to her of the Homestead, which, freed from all incumbrances is now restored to her.

Perfectly bewildered Mrs. MORTIMER starts to her feet exclaiming, "You do but mock my misery. It cannot be. Who has done it?"

Ere he could answer there glided through the open door a slight female form, and when the heavy crape veil, which almost swept the floor, was thrown back, it disclosed to view the face of NELLIE MORTIMER, now ripened into a splendid woman of twenty-five.

"I have done it," she said—"done it for the sake of him whom we both loved and lost."

"*You*, NELLIE, *you!*" said Mrs. MORTIMER; "you, who had scarce a penny to keep you from starvation—how could you do it?"

"Have you heard of FLORENCE VANE?" asked NELLIE.

And her mother replied, "The Writer? Yes, but what of her?"

"She stands before you," was the answer. "By the labor of my brain I have saved you from want in your old age. Unknown to you I have watched over your interests, and when the hour of need arrived, I came and bought for you the Homestead, which I freely give to you, asking no return save the privilege of once calling you my mother, of once having you lay your hand upon my head, while you bless me as your daughter,—then I will leave you forever."

"Never,—never," gasped the half-fainting woman, stretching her arms towards NELLIE, who advanced to meet her. "Never leave me till I die,—my more than daughter,—my precious child."

Another moment and she was kneeling at NELLIE's feet, as FRANK had foretold that she one day should do. And who shall say his spirit was not there to witness the perfect reconciliation of his mother and his wife? A few short years they lived together, and last winter, when the snows were piled upon the ground, they made for the mother a grave by the side of her son, whose remains had been brought from the prairie of Illinois and laid in his own native churchyard in sight of his childhood's home, where his faithful NELLIE lives, loved and honored by all.

The clipped-winged bird sings sweetly now, and men of learning listen to the song, wondering whence comes the power which thrills the world with its touching melody. Ah, they know not of the fire in which the child of genius was purified and strengthened for her work, nor of the aching void, which neither fame nor praise can fill; for, amid the flattery and adulation which comes to NELLIE as a successful writer, there are ever sad memories of the past,—of him who, more than any one else, would have rejoiced to see her what she is, and whose greatest pride would have been that she, the highly gifted, was his wife.

Brockport, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1857.

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE.

One of the great wants of the age is made plain by our educational system. The defects of that system have been growing more and more manifest as we have progressed in population and material prosperity. At this time the weight upon the mental energies of the country is so heavy that the great public mind does not in any degree expand or keep pace with the material improvements around it.

A system, designed for those countries where the few control the many, where caste separates the wealthy and titled from the poor and laboring, and doo s the great producing mass to mental as well as physical servitude, was early engrafted upon the institutions of this country. And though it has been in some degree modified, yet it by no means meets the existing necessity.

How many young men, who have graduated at any of our best colleges, are prepared to enter upon the activ duties of life until they have forgotten nearly all they spent so many years in learning? How ma y are prepared by their previous learning to enter successfully into the workshop of any mechanic? The time spent in disciplining the mind is well, but how much better if the body had also been educated, if hands as well as head had been instructed at the same time. Both body and mind would have been stronger.

In this country, the law of primogeniture being abolished, and public policy being entirely opposed to the perpetuation of estates, it should be the first duty of every parent to educate the child so that it may be fitted for any contingency. The sons and daughters of the millionaire of to-day may be reduced to poverty to-morrow, while the children of the poor man may yet come to occupy the stately mansion of the millionaire. This is exemplified in the history of a generation in cities. Few of the active business men who have accumulated fortunes ever find their business carried on successfully by their children, while the boy who occupied the humble post of porter becomes ultimately the inheritor of the business, and the grandchild of the original possessor may find himself a servant in the business which has been inherited by a stranger, starting as poor and humble as himself.

If the poor man could give his child a thorough practical education, if the rich man had done so, how well both would be provided with the means of successfully overcoming any adverse circumstances of contingencies that might obstruct their way. But in all this great country, holding now a population of twenty-five millions, there is not one single institution adequate to send forth the student educated for the times or for the proper discharge of the duties of an American citizen. For as all must depend more or less upon their own personal exertions for their success in life, they should be educated so that they can fill the lowest station as well as the highest with credit to themselves and profit to the community.

It was to meet this great want, to remedy this great evil, that the People's College was designed. The object of its originators was to found an institution which should not only embrace, so far as the higher branches of literature were concerned, all the advantages of the highest University, but also to place within the reach of the poorest child an education which would amply fit it for taking a favorable position for future success in any walk or business in life. All the leading branches of mechanical industry, as well as the arts and sciences, generally being practically taught, and the student enabled to graduate in any particular branch, well educated both in mind and body. This grand idea is on the point of realization, by the establishment of the College. The preliminary steps have been taken by the trustees, in appointing commissioners to select a location. It is understood they have agreed upon the spot, and their report only requires the approval of the stockholders, to render the location complete. The point chosen is a farm in or near the village of Havana, in Schuyler county. If such be the case, as soon as the location is definitely made, prompt measures will be taken to organize one or more branches in the practical departments, and proceed at once with the business of the Institution. It will be truly the People's College, and the people must come forward with willing hands, and give it such an endowment as no other College has ever had. They can do it, and its endowment must count in millions, to enable it to scatter its blessed light into every part of our country. If every reader of this article will give but ten dollars a year for the next ten years, a fund will be raised that will give free instruction to all who may come within its walls for all time to come. Prepare, then, I entreat you, to give freely and liberally, and when the business of locating is consummated, send forward your offerings. They will be judiciously invested, and in a little time an institution will arise that will form a new era in the system of education.—P.

AN EXAMPLE OF PERSEVERANCE.

The following is a most remarkable and praiseworthy instance of what perseverance and industry, rightly directed, are able to effect. Among the graduating class at the last commencement at Williams' College, was one by the name of Condit, from Jersey. The gentleman is a shoemaker, married, and has a family of four children. Six years ago, becoming sensible of the blessings of an education, he commenced learning the simple branches, such as are taught in our primary schools. One by one as he sat on his shoemaker's bench, he mastered grammar, arithmetic, geography, &c., with some occasional assistance from his fellow-workmen. At this time he determined to obtain a collegiate education. Without means and with a large family depending on him for support, he commenced and learned Latin and Greek, in the evenings, after his day's labor was over, under the direction of a friend; and after the lapse of a year and a half, prepared himself, and entered the Sophomore class at Williams' College.

He brought his bench and his tools and his books with him. The students supplied him with work; the faculty assisted him; and with the fund for indigent students, and some occasional assistance from other sources, he was enabled to go through the College course, and at the same time support his family. He graduated on his birthday, aged 32. He stood high in his class, and received a part at commencement, but declined. At the farewell meeting of the class, in consideration of his perseverance, talents and Christian character, they presented him with an elegant set of silver spoons, tea and table, each handsomely engraved with an appropriate inscription.

Mr. Condit will now enter the theological seminary at New York, and will, no doubt, make a faithful and popular minister.

What young man in this country will ever after such an example as this, despair of obtaining an education?—*Springfield Republican.*

Educate the Whole Man.—Every boy should have his head, his heart, and his hand educated; let this truth never be forgotten.

By the proper education of his head, he will be taught what is good, and what is evil—what is wise and what is foolish—what is right and what is wrong. By the proper education of his heart, he will be taught to love what is good, wise, and right, and to hate what is evil, foolish and wrong; and by the proper education of his hand, he will be enabled to supply his wants, to add to his comforts, and to assist those who are around him.

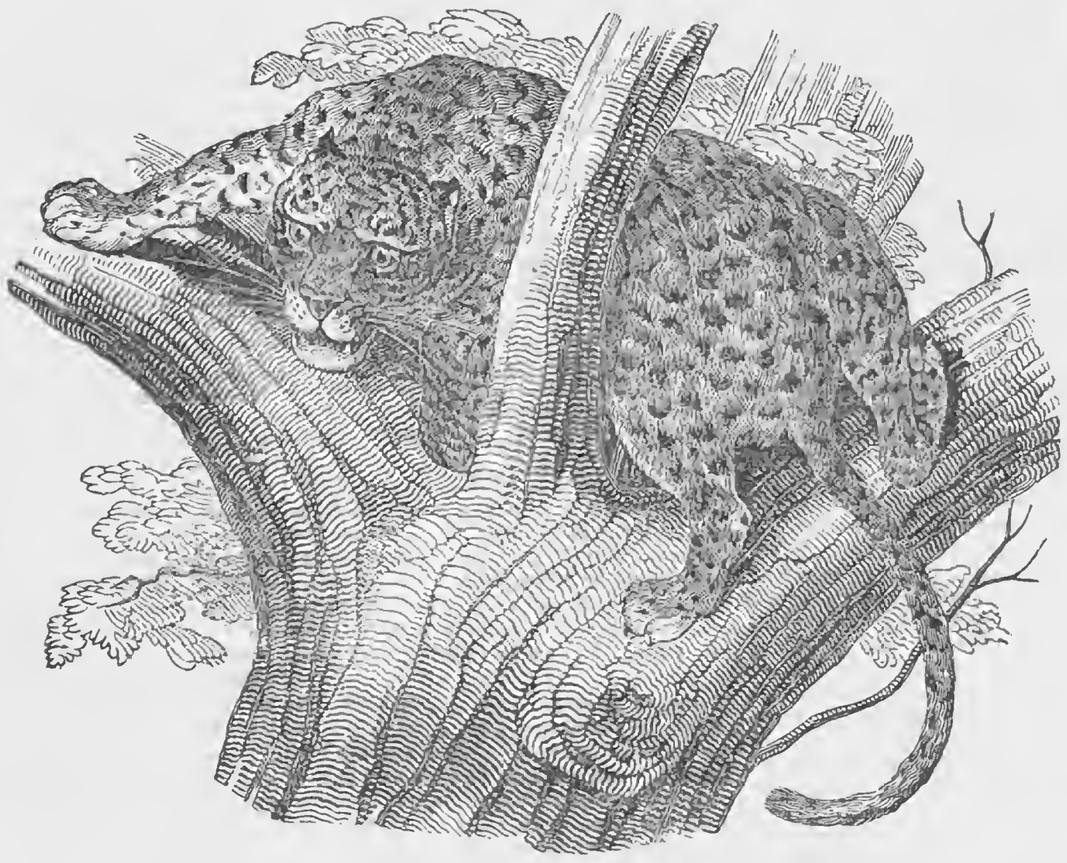
The highest objects of a good education are to reverence and obey God, and to love and serve mankind; everything that helps us in attaining these objects is of great value, and everything that hinders us is comparatively worthless. When wisdom reigns in the head, the hand is ever ready to do good; order and peace smile around, and sin and sorrow are almost unknown.

PERFECTION OF THE MIND.

Mental perfection should be the great aim of life. To this end should all our labors, struggles, and prayers tend. In youth, in manhood, in age, we should seek to render more perfect our powers of mind. We are never too old, and but a few weeks too young for mental improvement. To perfect our minds we must contemplate perfect objects, both in the material and spiritual universe. We must appropriate their perfections to our own mental use—cherish, admire, love them. We must look for beautiful things that images of beauty may throng our minds. We must cultivate amiable feelings, that harmony of soul may enrich the inward temple with the music of its numbers.—We must strive for perfection of action, that in our daily walk the halo of angel-life may surround us. Deformity will not make us more perfect. Vice will not help us in our work. The artist never studies deformity to augment his treasure of beauty. The musician never makes discords and hearkens to them, thereby to cultivate the sense of harmony and beauty in his soul. So in life, we should seek the company of sweet thoughts, lovely objects, amiable feelings, pleasant words, and good offices. These help to perfect our minds. Our thoughts are the chisels which carve the statuary of our souls. They do it well or ill as they are right or wrong. Bad thoughts are enemies worse than all outward ones.—*Selected.*

Education.—By education men become easy to lead, but difficult to drive; easy to govern, but impossible to enslave.

Illustrated Natural History.—No. I.



THE LEOPARD.—(FELIS LEOPARDUS.)

The formidable and sanguinary animal above represented—classed by naturalists among the cat kind—is found nearly throughout the whole of Africa, and in eastern and southern Asia. He usually measures about three feet in length, exclusive of the tail, but sometimes reaches four feet. His appearance indicates his natural disposition. He has a restless eye and a sinister countenance, and all his motions are hasty and abrupt. In rapidity, agility, and precision of motion, he is unrivalled by any other animal; an advantage which he owes to the strength of his muscles, the suppleness of his joints, the extreme pliability of his spine, the greater lateral compression of his body, and the slender proportions of his limbs. His prey, on which he darts from his hiding-place, and even pursues up the trees, consists of antelopes, monkeys, and the smaller quadrupeds. Usually, he shuns man, but when closely pressed, he turns upon the hunter, and hunger will drive him to attack, though by stealth, the human race. Instances of this nature, however, are not frequent.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the elegant and active manner in which the leopards sport among the branches of the trees: at one time they will bound from branch to branch with such rapidity that the eye can scarcely follow them; then, as if tired, they will suddenly stretch themselves along a branch, so as to be hardly distinguishable from the bark, but start up again on the slightest provocation, and again resume their graceful antics.

Even among the cats, he is remarkable for extreme sleekness and excessive agility. He is well distinguished from all the other species, by the vividness of his coloring, and the beauty of his marking. These consist of numerous rows of large rose-like spots, passing along his sides, each formed of the confluence of several smaller black spots into an irregular circle inclosing a fawn colored centre, upon a general ground color of light yellow. On his head, neck and limbs, and the central line of his back, the spots run into one another so completely, as to form full patches of smaller size than the open roses, and without central yellow. The under parts of his body, as is usual in most quadrupeds, become gradually of a lighter hue, the throat, chest, and abdomen being of a pure and delicate white. His tail is equal in length to the entire body, excluding the head; and is marked by a continuation of the open roses of the sides, which become, towards its extremity, separated in such a manner as to surround the upper surface with partial rings of black alternating with white. The whiskers are long and white, and implanted in a series of black lines which traverse his lips.

In captivity, the leopard has been sometimes brought to a considerable degree of tameness. It is not, however, very safe to trust them; for their original nature is now and then unexpectedly displayed.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE "SHIP OF THE DESERT."

In dry, hot climates, camels are used as beasts of burden, by means of which the people maintain an intercourse with their fellow men, as by the wonderful structure of the second stomach of this patient animal he is enabled to endure exposure to the burning sun, days in succession, where no other animal would long survive. The inner surface of the hood as it is sometimes called, or second stomach, is arranged in deep square pits; each of these pockets has a constrictor muscle round its margin, acting independently of all the rest. When the camel, therefore, takes in a sufficient stock of water for a long journey, it is packed away for future use in the following manner:

As each draught swallowed, enters through the door-way from the first stomach, it runs into one of the cells till it becomes sufficiently distended.—The circular marginal muscle then closes up the top, much as the mouth of a sack is drawn together by a cord. A second is now filled in the same way; then a third, fourth, and so on, till the whole are completely supplied and well secured.

When thus packed, no resistance is offered to the food, which can pass along through a central line, as it did before any water was taken in. When the necessities of the system require, one of these bottles opens itself and pours its contents into the common receptacle, where it dilutes the food, and from whence the absorbents conduct it through the body to be exhaled upon the surface as insensible perspiration, and otherwise disposes of it, as the economy of their organization may require. Commonly, only one cell opens itself at a time unless there is a positive necessity for it. The camel, however, has no sort of control over them in regard to this part of the process. Water, thus stored in the stomach of the camel, will keep perfectly sweet, without undergoing any apparent change, an indefinite period of time.

What a beautiful arrangement. How admirably has an all-wise Providence suited everything to its use and station, and left the impress of design upon every portion of his works. Mara.

Chester Hill, 1857.

The fire-fly and the glow-worm are lamp-lighters. The bee is a professor of geometry; for he constructs his cell so scientifically, that the least possible amount of material is formed into the largest spaces with the least waste of room. Not all the mathematicians of Cambridge could improve the construction of his cells. Nor can the best hermetical sealers among us preserve provision so well.

Singing birds are amateur musicians, and excel all others in harmony. Hardly can we decide which of them most excels—the lark, the robin, the throstle, or the nightingale.

"On feathery wing they rove,
And wake with harmony the grove."

The caterpillar is a silk-spinner, far excelling any other in his line of business; indeed, we could not learn an art that would supply any silk worth the name without him. With what wonderful properties and powers has it pleased our heavenly Father to endow the lower creatures!

The mole tunnels like a skillful engineer. The nautilus is a navigator, hoisting or taking in sail as he goes, or casting anchor, at pleasure.

ORIGIN AND SEALS OF THE STATES—NO. II.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Massachusetts, whose State Seal we present this week, was one of the original "Thirteen" that participated in the trying scenes prior to and during the Revolution. She formed her State Government in accordance with the plan agreed upon by Congress in 1777—and instructed her delegates to sign and ratify the act entitled "Articles of confederation and perpetual union between the States."

We need but to glance at the early history of this portion of the Confederation. In 1619 the first landing in the New England States was made at Cape Cod. Here was drawn up the first American Constitution—in its substance a pure Democracy—and received the signature of 41 persons. The entire company, including women and children, numbered 101. The Massachusetts colony was settled in 1628. Of the Revolutionary history of this State it is needless for us to say anything, the leading incidents connected therewith are familiar to every school-boy. We add, however, as appropriate in this connection, the following remarks of Daniel Webster in his celebrated reply to Mr. Hayne, in the U. S. Senate Chamber, Jan. 26, 1830.

"Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its growth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure,—it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever vigor it may retain, over the friends who gather around it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amids't the proudest monuments of its glory, and on the very spot of its origin."

The general design of the Seal is observable from our engraving—the motto is, "By his sword he seeks the calm repose of liberty."

Men take less care of their consciences than their reputation.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY THE REV. OLIVER CRANE.

Mother, I dreamed when sterner age
Were on apace advancing,
And all things else enhancing,
Thy name could then no more engage,
As when in boyhood's longing,
I gazed on others thronging,
And would with them tread manhood's stage.

How oft, when borne in youthful glee
Whence thou badst fain withholden,
When others would embolden
To plunge in scenes I would but flee,
How oft hath thy protection
Then held me from defection
In whispering "thou still lovest me."

Time since hath flown, and deep that name
Hath graven an endearance
No more of vain appearance,
But like the well-fed living flame,
It burns yet brighter, clearer,
And brings thine image nearer
To tell me thou art still the same.

When at that loved ancestral dome
I bade adieu in sorrow,
Fondly I saw a morrow
When I again, as then, might come
And own thy smile, my mother,
Which beams not in another
As in my childhood's hallowed home.

And now while from that honored spot,
Beset by thousand dangers,
I wander forth 'mid strangers
To seek with them life's pending lot,
It is thine own assurance,
That bids me, in endurance
Be up and on, disheartened not.

I go—the conflict is begun—
In manhood's sacred calling
With foemen round appalling
Life's noble conquest must be won;
I go, for though none other,
I know that thou my mother
E'er *prayest* for thine absent son.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IMMORTALITY.

"If it were not for this curse of immortality, who would not sometimes rush from life!"

The curse of immortality! say it not in the green earth so dotted with graves; not in a world where sweetest names are carved on silent marbles. How wildly wasted would be these yearning affections, following the beloved through the valley of shadow into the silent land, if all of life and love were here. How dark with shadows, how heavy with gloom would the night gather over the soul, if on the darkness arose not this hope of immortality, a starry herald of that radiant morrow, when "death shall be swallowed up in victory." What heart could hear the waves of the surgeless river sweeping along the shores of time, saw it not on the further shore, the tops of the mountains brighten in the shadowless sunlight of eternity!

The curse of immortality! say it not to the human heart; so mocked by visions of beauty, so filled with high hopes and upward longings, *never* satisfied here. Tell it not that, thrust from its aim, baffled in its endeavor, watching ever the rainbow arching the morrow but never gilding to-day, that at last it shall sink basely into the dull earth, and be quenched forever in the dust of mortality.

The curse of immortality! Oh listen, Soul! how the dumb earth finds for thee a rebuking voice. Child of immortality, dost murmur at thy destiny? Into my bosom I gather all, and their rest is sweet unto them. From the proud heart upsprings the violet, over the haughty head creeps the grass; ashes with ashes mingle, and one sod covereth all. Yet in mine arms I fold them all in hope. There will come a day when I, their birthplace and sepulchre, shall pass utterly away; when all the myriad worlds shall sink again into the great wave of life that bore them; yet these, my children, what a destiny is theirs! Many were lowly in life, yet as kings they shall reign forever. Oh! immortality—regally dowering the human soul, that else were all uncrowned. Oh! tremble, soul, that ever in weariness or wo, thou didst mockingly call it a *curse.*

A voice from the caverns of silence—the voice of the ancient Night! night the solemn enchantress, the dream-giver, the music-haunted. Crowned with stars, mantled in purple darkness, a queen with the scepter of peace. "In that far beginning, when the voice of the Infinite first broke the silence of eternity, I, Night, brooded alone over the shapeless creation. When over the face of the waters moved the Spirit of God, and light dawned at the word of his power, half my kingdom was taken from me. Yet mightier far than Day, I have reigned through long ages. Weary hearts have prayed me for pity, and then grown still among the daisies. Toiling hands have been lifted imploringly for rest, and then crumbled quietly to clay.—Men call me the *eternal night*, yet, when out of the grave-dust countless generations shall arise to immortality, I shall fade into nothingness with all my stars; for there cometh new heavens, and a new earth, and there shall be *no night* there!" Oh immortality! thou *only* boon worthy the soul's endeavor. Not in vain seems this poor life with such a promise haunting its noon-tide and gilding its night. H. C. E.

Death.—O, death! dark hour to hopeless unbelief! hour to which, in that creed of despair, no hour shall succeed! being's last hour! to whose appalling darkness even the shadows of an avenging retribution were brightness and relief—death!—what art thou to the Christian's assurance? Great hour! answer to life's prayer, great hour that shall break asunder the bond of life's mystery; hour of release from life's burden; hour of re-union with the loved and lost,—what mighty hopes hasten to their fulfilment in thee! What longings, what aspirations, breathed in the still night, beneath the silent stars; what dread emotions of curiosity; what deep meditations of joy; what hallowed impossibilities shadowing forth realities to the soul, all verge to their consummation in thee! O, death! the Christian's death! What art thou, but a gate of life, a portal of heaven, the threshold of eternity!—*Dewey.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ BACK NUMBERS.—In order to supply the supposed demand, we commenced this volume by adding 20,000 copies to our former edition. The prospect now is that this extra edition will be exhausted soon; hence those who wish the volume complete, should not delay in sending in their subscriptions. Back numbers will be furnished to new subscribers (unless otherwise ordered) until our edition is exhausted.

☞ OUR PREMIUM LIST, on next page, is worthy the special attention, and efforts, of Agents, Subscribers and other friends of the RURAL.

☞ For terms, Special Notices, &c., see last page.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, JANUARY 10, 1857.

Decided Progress.—Thanks!

AT no time since its commencement has the RURAL NEW-YORKER so eminently and emphatically demonstrated the truthfulness of its Motto, "*Excelsior*," (*Still Higher*,) and Objects, "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT," as within the past two weeks. This is especially true as regards the increase of its circulation, and consequent augmentation of its usefulness. During the fifteen days ending on Saturday last (the latest period at which we are enabled to make an estimate and comparison, owing to the unexpectedly large receipts,) we received *at least* FIVE THOUSAND MORE *subscribers than in any other equal number of days since the establishment of the* RURAL! In *one week* of this period, we received *over Thirteen Thousand bona fide subscriptions!*—a fact which we could easily demonstrate by figures which, in this case, "won't lie," were not our whole force too busy to give us, at present, a detailed statement.

—Thus much for the information of the thousands of readers who will be glad to hear so favorable a report, and who, we are confident, will rejoice at such a remarkable manifestation of RURAL Progress—for all which our most grateful acknowledgments are eminently due and sincerely tendered to the numerous generous, active and influential agents and subscribers who have so successfully introduced the RURAL to an appreciative and discriminating public.

Inauguration of Gov. King.

THIS ceremony took place in the Assembly Chamber at Albany on the 1st inst. Gov. CLARK, on yielding up the tokens of that office, addressed his successor as follows:

GOVERNOR KING:—The time has arrived when I am to be relieved from the duties and the responsibilities of chief executive officer of the State; and I have to congratulate myself and the people that the important and responsible trusts of the office are to be transferred to one of so much practical ability, intelligence and experience as yourself.

Permit me to remark, that with the honors of the office you will find many cares and perplexities and much labor. While there will be many things pleasant and agreeable, there will be much to annoy and embarrass.

You will also find the duties which the Constitution devolves upon the Governor of our Empire State to be onerous and constant.

You are, however, accustomed to active life, and I doubt not will be able to perform the various duties of the office with credit to yourself, and also to the general satisfaction of the people who have called you to the exalted position.

Be assured, Sir, that during your official term, and through life, you will have my sincere wishes for your success, health and happiness.

Secretary of State HEADLY then administered the Oath of Office, after which Mr. KING responded to the following purport:

GOVERNOR CLARK:—The moment which relieves you from the duties of the Chief Magistrate of this State, invests me with the charge and responsibility of that high station. To be Governor of my native State, and that State New York, is a crowning honor for a life now not short, of which much has been passed in the public service. I accept the trust which the people of this State have thought proper to confide to my hands; and the oath I have just taken, faithfully to administer that trust, I intend to keep in its true intent. I will to the best of my ability endeavor to discharge its duties, so as to advance the interests and maintain the honor and just influence of this State. In such a purpose and policy, I count with confidence on the co-operation and support of my countrymen; and with these, I cannot fail. I return to you, sir, my thanks for the sentiments of regard and confidence you were good enough to express in my behalf. And while I am about to assume the cares and responsibility of official station, I may with truth envy you the repose and satisfaction which awaits you, after the faithful discharge of a great public trust. My best wishes attend you on your return to your distant home, and will be with you always.

The Secretary of State then administered the Oath of Office to Lieut. Governor SELDEN, the audience dispersed, and the new Executive Head of the Empire State entered upon his duties.

A Dreadful Typhoon.

THE North China Herald of September 10th, which came to hand by the last steamer, contains the following account of a terrible typhoon and its appalling consequences.

The captain of a large junk from Bangkok, has communicated the following note on the disasters occasioned by a typhoon he encountered on the 12th of August, on approaching the Chusan Islands from the south:

"We formed one of a fleet of twenty-two junks bound to various ports from Shanghae to Tientsing. On the twelfth day of the moon the wind blew furiously from the northwest, and suddenly chopped round from the south. Seventeen vessels soon foundered, and the remaining five were dismasted. We lost both our double rudders. About one thousand men perished in that storm. In consequence of assistance liberally afforded by a steamer, we were saved from drowning and starving."

THIS NUMBER of the RURAL is, in our judgment, an improvement upon the last, in most respects—highly as that has been complimented by our contemporaries and correspondents.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—The documents recently called for by the Senate are voluminous, and include the heretofore suppressed letters of Gen. Scott and the Secretary of War, relative to the former pay of Lieut. General. The correspondence on both sides is particularly caustic and personal. Much anxiety for its perusal is manifested.

On motion of Mr. Slidell, a resolution was adopted requesting the President, if not incompatible with the public interest, to furnish the Senate with copies of all of our correspondence with the Netherlands, relative to the refusal of the diplomatic agents of the latter to appear before the Courts of Justice of the United States, and give testimony in criminal cases of facts bearing thereon, of which they may be cognizant. This refers to Mr. Dubois, who declined to appear in the Herbert case.

In reply to the inquiry of the Senate relative to the better security of steam vessels against accident by fire, the Secretary of the Navy has transmitted a communication from the bureau of instruction, in which it is said no variation is required in the ordinary construction of vessels of wood for the purpose, but in that part of them where boilers and fire rooms are situated a greater degree of security can be given to this end, it is considered practicable and expedient that boilers for all seagoing steamers, and all having their boilers under the main deck, or using a forced draft, have their furnaces surrounded by the water of the boiler, or what is termed water bottom to the smoke chimney, to extend above the continuous deck next over the boilers, and that all fire room be covered with iron, and that a similar substance be used for the protection of other parts most exposed to combustion.

The petition of the New York State Military Association is in possession of the Committee on Militia. It asks for a revision of the military laws and an annual appropriation of half a million of dollars for arming and equipping the militia of the several States, and that these be of the latest and most approved pattern. The greater part of those now being distributed are worthless.

The Senate has confirmed the following, among other nominations:—John Underwood, Associate Justice of Supreme Court of Nebraska, vice Harnden, resigned; Oscar J. Dickenson, Collector at Dunkirk, N. Y., vice Walon, resigned; J. J. Merritt, Consul at Nassau, New Province, vice Brown, resigned; Francis Clayton, of Va., Consul at Moscow; Charles W. Kimball, N. H., Consul at Port au Prince, vice Parsons, resigned; Thos. Cunningham, Pa., Associate Justice of Supreme Court in Kansas, vice Burrill, resigned.

On motion of Mr. Cass, a resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of War for further information respecting the St. Clair Flats, and asking what amount, if any, of additional appropriation will be required for the salt works.

Mr. Butler, from the Committee on Judiciary, to which was referred the credentials of Wm. Harlan, Senator from Iowa, and the protest of the Senate of the Iowa Legislature, relative to the subject, reported that the committee, after a careful consideration, were unable to agree unanimously, and under instructions from the majority, he submitted a report that Mr. Harlan had not been duly elected to the Senate, accompanied by a resolution declaring the seat vacant. Mr. Toombs gave notice that he should submit a minority report.

The House bill for the settlement of the accounts of officers of the Revolution, their widows and orphans, was considered.

HOUSE.—The House has been occupied exclusively with the consideration of private bills, and passed thirteen of them.

On motion of Mr. Valk, the President was requested to inform the House by what authority he employs a government architect for designing and erecting all public buildings and placing them under the superintendence of military engineers.

Mr. Quitman vainly strove to report a bill increasing the pay of the officers of the army.

The House, by a vote of 70 against 105, refused to suspend the rules as moved for by Mr. Walbridge, to enable him to introduce a resolution making the subject of the Pacific railroad the special order for the 14th of January.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GOVERNOR.—The following military appointments have been made by Gov. KING:—*Adjutant General*—Frederick Townsend, Albany; *Inspector General*—Benjamin F. Bruce, Lenox; *Engineer in Chief*—Lucius Pitkin, New York; *Judge Advocate General*—Clarence A. Seward, N. Y.; *Quarter Master General*—James L. Mitchell, Albany; *Surveyor General*—S. Oakley Vanderpool, Albany; *Pay-Master General*—Robert L. Johnson, Albany; *Aid-de-camp*—Robert Le Roy, New York; *Aid-de-camp*—Hale Kingsley, Albany; *Military Secretary*—Alonzo D. Morgan, Aurora.—The Present Commissary General, J. H. H. Ward, of New York, holds over. The appointment to this office is made by the Governor and Senate, during the session of the Legislature. The Governor has also designated as—*Private Secretary*—Henry J. Seaman, New York; *Messenger*—George W. Blackstock, New York.

THE ROCHESTER WATER-POWER CLAIM.—The Canal Board have, after an elaborate argument from A. B. ELY, Esq., confirmed the report of the Canal Appraisers in this case. The total award of the Appraisers was $25,569 08. This award precludes a large number of the claimants, and greatly reduces the claims of those to whom awards are made.

GOLD FROM CALIFORNIA.—The total amount of gold imported from California during the past year, is $40,319,926—a falling of $1,362,595 compared with 1855. The receipts have been very regular, from one million and a half to two millions by each semi-monthly arrival.

ARRIVAL OF MORMONS.—The ship Columbia arrived at New York on New Years with a precious freight—221 Mormons. They are mostly from Bristol, England. There were twenty-three from Wales, a few from Scotland, and some from London, Yorkshire, and other parts of England.

HUNTINGTON FOUND GUILTY.—The jury in Huntington's—the forger's—case, after several hours consultation, rendered a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to State Prison for four years and ten months.

Items of News.

THERE is in New Haven a lady named Clarissa Williams, 99 years of age, who spins a run of yarn a day, and sews without the aid of glasses.

THE 40 men, composing the Executive, the Council of the Legislature of Utah, have an aggregate of 420 wives. Gov. Young has 68. Kimball has 57.

MRS. SARAH B. SCOTT, the last surviving daughter of Patrick Henry, died on the 10th instant at "Seven Island," in Halifax county, Virginia. She was 77 years old.

A YEAR ago, says an exchange, "A pile of Breckenridge coal as large as a whale, contains more oil than a whale." This statement was ridiculed. It is now proved to be true."

A BRIDGE across the Mississippi River is now being built at St. Paul—to be 1,300 feet in length, and 70 feet in height, to allow steamers, in the highest state of the water, to pass under it. It is intended to be completed by the autumn of the present year.

DURING the past year 227 fires have occurred, where the amount of property destroyed has been estimated at and over $20,000. The aggregate loss is set down at $21,156,000. If the amount of property destroyed by fires, where the loss was under $20,000 were added, the total would probably reach twenty-five or twenty-six millions of dollars. The number of human lives lost by fires during the year is 183.

DURING the past year, 195 persons have lost their lives by railroad accidents, and 629 have been wounded. Of this number 26 were engineers, and 28 firemen. This is a large increase over 1855.—During the same period there have been 29 steamboat accidents on rivers, lakes and bays, killing 358, and wounding 127 persons. An increase on the number killed during the preceding year.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

EIGHT stores on Main street, Patterson, N. J., were burned on the 31st ult., together with their contents. They were occupied for dry goods and fancy articles, by upwards of a dozen tenants.—Several buildings in the vicinity were injured.—Loss, $50,000.

THE Beacon office, at Akron Ohio, was burned on the 29th ult., together with Messrs. Beebe & Elker's bookstore; Wetmore & Co's. Agricultural store; Bowen & Barber's grocery store. Several adjoining buildings were greatly injured.

THE medical department of the University of Louisville, was burnt on the 31st ult. A portion of the apparatus was saved. Loss covered by insurance.

THE grist mill and saw mill of Merry & Gay, at Milan, Ohio, together with Meagher & Skinner's clock factory, were burned on the 30th ult. The former's loss is estimated from 12 to $15,000; the latter at $5,000; no insurance.

THE locomotive of a freight train on the Ohio Road exploded at Cincinnati on the 31st ult., killing the engineer and one brakeman.

THE seven o'clock train from New York on the 31st ult., struck a covered wagon, near Milford Conn., in which were Wm. Kelsey and Gilbert Nettleton, instantly killing Kelsey, and nearly killing Nettleton. Both belonged in Milford.

THE wife of Judge Daniels, of the Supreme Court, was burnt to death in Washington on the 30th inst. She had prepared for her sleeping room and commenced disrobing herself, preparatory to retiring for the night, when, being very near-sighted, she did not percieve a candle that was standing on the hearth, or the flames which communicated to her clothing, until they completely enveloped her. She then ran from the room shrieking for assistance. Before any effectual aid could be rendered she was so shockingly burned that she died after eight hours of suffering. She was the daughter of the late Dr. Harris of Philadelphia, chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery in the Navy.

Provincial Items.

THE Kingston News says that the Mayor of that city, on Christmas day, made each of prisoners confined in jail for petty offences, a present of his freedom.

THE Canadian Parliament will assemble for the dispatch of business on the 25th of February.

THE foundation of a new City Hall building was laid at Cobourg, C. W., on the 30th ult., with Masonic ceremony. The building is to cost £16,000, and will be completed in two years. It is to consist of a central part and two wings, three stories in height. The front and sides will be built of Cleveland freestone. The Hall promises to be one of the most complete in Upper Canada, for the purposes for which it has designed. It is to be called the Victoria Hall.

A FIRE broke out in Halifax on the 1st inst., in the vast building on the corner of Holliss and Prince streets, extending from thence south to the residence of Dr. Allan, crossing Holliss street and burning nearly the whole block between that and Granville street, including St. Matthew's Presbyterian Church. Twenty buildings were consumed and thirteen partially destroyed. Two entire blocks, from Bedford Row to Barrington street, were gutted. The scene is most desolating. The streets are filled with goods and furniture. Several persons were seriously injured, but no lives were lost. The estimated loss is $100,000.

MARINE DISASTERS.—A summary of the losses sustained through marine disasters by the New York underwriters, during the year just closed shows the enormous aggregate of some *twenty-six millions of dollars*. Probably they have never before amounted to so large a sum, and it is said that the pressure on the various companies has been so great that some have had to succumb entirely and retire from the field, while others had to strengthen their position by new subscriptions to their capitals.

CHILDREN FOR THE WEST.—A party of 50 youths, varying from five to fifteen years of age, left New York on the 23d ult., for the West, where homes have been secured for them. They were chiefly gathered by the Childrens' Aid Society, and Five Points House of Industry, and among them were several noble boys, who will be expected to exemplify the beneficence of this care for the homeless youth of the great city.

A Day in the "Southern Tier."—No. 2.

WE parted, kind reader, at Elmira. The scenery in the vicinity of this thriving town is not surpassed in beauty by any in the country. The valley expands in all directions, and the hills come down to the "flats" in graceful and undulating curves, interspersed with field and fruit. The dark green of the pine and hemlock, mingled with the brown of the leafless trees around them, give a peculiar and pleasant feature to the landscape.—The little dells and dingles that seem to run off through the higher and distant hills, break up the monotony, and give an ever changing scene to the view. Well might the Indian linger amid the fair scenes which everywhere surrounded him, when this broad valley and the surrounding hills were covered with the "dark, primeval forest."—The broad rivers of crystal water flowing sluggishly along their gracefully turning channels, as though reluctant to leave these enchanting scenes, the grand old pine forests into whose solemn silence no sound came except the moan of the wind as it vainly sought a passage, must have filled even his untutored mind with awe and love. But the unromantic lumberman has cut away the forests and floated them to the far-off regions, to minister to the wants or luxury of a people before whose swarming population the poor Indian who was the undisputed lord of all these hills and valleys, has already faded into a dim tradition, the theme of old men's tales. The poetry and romance is gathered around the homes of the new people, and the hills echo the shrill whistle of the locomotive instead of the war-cry of wandering savages.

There is a very pretty Seminary here, dignified by the name of "Female College." We hope the illiberal spirit that brought it into existence may be signally rebuked by the prosperity of the institution, though we fear it has not yet obtained the success it deserves. In much of its detail it is a bad imitation of a nobler institution. This may be the fault of its leading founders, who may abound in grace, but sadly lack practical common sense. At no distant day Elmira must become one of the thriftiest manufacturing towns along the line of the railroad, if not in the State, the fuel for its motive power being so abundant and cheap.

On the banks of the Susquehanna we strike Owego, a beautiful town. From this point another avenue to the central part of our State is obtained through the railroad to Ithaca at the head of Cayuga lake. The principal traffic over this road is coal, and it is constantly increasing.

At Binghampton our journey ended. Here again we find an important intersection and union of our improvements with those of Pennsylvania. The famous Scranton coal is deposited here and carried off by the railroad to Syracuse, (ultimately to end with its broad gauge at Oswego,) and the Chenango canal joining the Erie canal at Utica.—Within the last few years a new and rapidly increasing trade has sprung up in this region. By means of the canal the iron ores of Essex and Clinton counties are brought to this point, and carried hence by the Scranton railroad to be smelted with Pennsylvania ores in the furnaces at Scranton. The boats take back coal for their return cargoes. The business has become already a very important one, and must ultimately employ a large amount of labor and capital, and add very sensibly to the business of our canals. If the project of making a slack water navigation along the river to Athens, on the Pennsylvania line, be feasible, and is ever carried out, it will give both this place and Owego an importance they cannot, except through this agency, grasp, by placing within their reach the coal and iron of that State, at a much cheaper rate than they can be otherwise obtained. If practicable, the expense cannot be large, and private enterprise would reap a large reward by its construction.

The great complaint through all this region is the want of water. Streams and springs and wells that were never dry before dried up the past year, and the volume of water in the rivers is sadly reduced. This complaint will ultimately become permanent. The clearing up the forests over so large a surface will necessarily open out to the sun and wind regions which have heretofore retained their moisture through the season, affording thereby a reservoir for both supplying the springs and the atmosphere with water. As our prevailing winds are from the west and south-west, and blow over land and not over water, they lose their moisture long before they reach the Western States, and becoming thus dry winds they impart no benefit in a dry season, but rather aggravate the evil by creating a more rapid evaporation where there was too much already. We apprehend that dry seasons may be looked upon hereafter as the rule, aggravated more and more by the clearing up of the little wood land which now remains. If farmers would, with one accord, plant all their waste plains with yellow locust or other good timber, some alleviation of the evil might be looked for. But unless something of the kind is done, we are as certain of dry seasons as we are that they are to come.

The general appearance of the towns mentioned gives evidence of public spirit, enterprise, intelligence and thrift, in these respects comparing favorably with those of any other portion of the State. Numerous and handsome churches, large school houses, shaded streets, and tasteful dwellings, are unmistakable signs of the moral and material condition of the inhabitants, and prove them an intelligent community. Nor does the appearance of the rural population suffer, either in the condition of their farms or buildings, by a comparison with other and apparently more forward portions of the State. Though to a certain extent it may be called a grain growing region, the farmers early discovered that their true course for success was in dairy husbandry, and the result has abundantly justified the wisdom of their choice. But our day is still unfinished.—P.

IMPORTS OF DRY GOODS.—The total imports of Dry Goods at New York during November, were $403,809 greater than for November last year; $233,099 over the receipts for the same month of 1854; and $330,606 less than for the same period of 1853. The total imports since the 1st of January, 1856, to December 1st, amount to $78,636,091, which is $27,189,883 greater than for the same period of last year, $9,656,513 greater than for the same period of 1854; but only $662,148 greater than for the corresponding period of 1853.

News Clippings.

—A railroad is projected from Keokuk to Kansas.

—The swamp lands of Michigan amount to 5,688,000 acres.

—141,423 immigrants arrived at New York during the past year.

—Returning emigrants from Nicaragua denounce Walker bitterly.

—A church for the deaf and dumb is about to be opened in New York.

—Thomas C. McCarter, of Tennessee, recently deceased weighed 527 pounds.

—The Mississippi river was closed by ice at Burlington, Iowa, December 16th.

—Strong efforts are making for a railroad between Watertown and Sackett's Harbor.

—A bill to compel free negroes to leave the State is before the Alabama Legislature.

—Commodore Dulany, of the United States Navy, died at Washington on the 26th ult.

—The scarlet fever is committing terrible ravages in Boston, and other cities down-east.

—Efforts are making to get up a line of iron steamboats between New York and Boston.

—During the last twenty-five years 6,773 men have been executed in Italy for political offenses.

—A railroad is projected from Davenport to Dubuque, along the west bank of the Mississippi.

—A shad, "the first of the season," was caught at Savannah on the 25th ult., and sold for $30.

—A monument to the Pilgrim Fathers has been agreed upon by the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth.

—For the year ending March, 1856, the tax on dogs in England yielded about one million dollars.

—Under the acts of the last session of Congress, 13,750,000 acres of land were granted to railroads.

—In Mechanic Falls, Me., there has been a continuous revival of religion for the last fifteen months.

—The total amount of specie exported the past year, up to Saturday, the 27th ult., was $36,734,554 16.

—Christmas is a legal holiday in Massachusetts, having been made so by an act of the last Legislature.

—A society has been formed in Dubuque, composed entirely of New Yorkers. It is called the Excelsior.

—The London Times was first printed by steam in 1814, and has kept the country in hot water ever since.

A policeman has been suspended for five days by the Mayor of Brooklyn, for neglecting to pay his debts.

—The increase in the bullion of the Bank of England, by last returns just received, was £206,328 sterling.

—The assessable property in New Orleans amounted to $94,188,195, and includes $5,183,580 worth of slaves.

—A cargo of 319 Asiatics arrived at Havana on the 22d ult., decimated from the number embarked at Amoy.

—Chicago, during the present season, has shipped 21,264,000 bushels of grain, and 140,000 barrels of flour.

—The Massachusetts State Insane Asylum received within its walls last week, two more victims of spiritualism.

—Thomas Norsworthy, the oldest man in Salem, died on the 29th ult., having nearly completed a century of life.

—There are in Chicago 75 public officials, the aggregate of whose salaries is $325,550—an average of $1,900 each.

—A plan has been adopted lately on the Chicago and Galena railroad for lighting the passenger cars with gas.

—Horse-flesh was at a premium in New York on New Years. Three dollars an hour was the price for a coach.

—A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of North Carolina "to encourage and promote matrimony."

—Twenty-two men died during the past year who were each over 100 years old, and the same number of females.

—During the past year thirty revolutionary soldiers have died. The number on the pension list in July last was 514.

—The proprietors of the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, contemplate opening an immense hostelrie at Havana, Cuba.

—A German woman in New Orleans was made the mother of five male children at one birth, a few weeks since.

—It has been estimated that the love letters dropped in the post-office at Lowell, average over fifteen hundred daily.

—The new edifice of the First Presbyterian Church in Dubuque, was laid in ruins by a severe storm a few days ago.

—Hon. Thomas L. Williams, for thirty years Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, died in Memphis last month.

—Snow is ten feet deep in some parts of Wisconsin.—Near Janesville, the trains have been unable to get through the snow.

—It is said that there are about seventeen thousand criminal depredators at large in London, who are known to the police.

—A bill abolishing all usury laws has passed the Iowa Legislature, and the Davenport Gazette thinks, will pass the Senate.

—The New York Common Council have resolved to purchase two steam fire engines for the city, at a cost of $8,500 each.

—The association of the Sons of Connecticut in Boston, have decided to hold a festival at the Revere House on the 14th instant.

—The gas works at Eastport, Me., are in operation, and, for the first time the town was lighted with gas on Monday evening, Dec. 15.

—In view of the novel defence in the Huntington forgery case, the New York Times well asks, "Have we a sane man among us?"

—A deaf and dumb man has been appointed Justice of the Peace, by Governor Gardner, for one of the townships of Massachusetts.

—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post suggests the establishment of an Academy in that city for the education of cooks.

—A verdict of $20,000 damages has been rendered against New York city for infringement of Ransom & Wenman's patented fire engines.

—A seal was caught off Staten Island on the 30th ult., by hook and line. It is rare that one of these animals is taken in this latitude.

—President Pierce's proclamation of the convention between Austria and the United States for the extradition of criminals, has been issued.

—The Hon. Stephen A. Mallory has been re-elected a Senator of the United States from Florida for six years from the 4th of March next.

—George Neil, of Charleston, South Carolina, ran a splinter into his foot recently, and died a few days after, from the effects of the wound.

—In Anderson county, Texas, pork is selling at two cents a pound, and a railroad to the Gulf or to New Orleans would make it worth five cents.

—It has been found that improved drainage in twenty streets in Manchester, England, diminished the annual mortality of the town twenty per cent.

—M. Schwilgue, the inventor of the marvellous astronomical clock, which all visitors to Strasbourg go to see in the cathedral, has just died at the age of 80.

—A negro named Richardson, in Liberia, is making arrangements for shipping to the United States 200 hogsheads of sugar of his own and first grinding.

—The Legislature of South Carolina, at its session just closed, passed "an act to prevent the circulation of printed or engraved paper resembling bank notes."

—The New Orleans Picayune says that a bargain was closed in that city on the 18th ult., for 60,000 gallons of molasses, in plantation, at 60 cents per gallon.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Fulton and Niagara.

THE steamer Fulton from Havre and Southampton, arrived at New York on the 31st ult. The Niagara arrived at Halifax, same date.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Arctic ship Resolute at Cowes had been visited by Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Royal family, the American Consul, the American officers in port, and a large number of distinguished personages. All the American officers that went out in the Resolute had been invited to the Queen's Palace at the Isle of Wight. Capt. Hartstein and the officers and crew of the Resolute are to return home in a British ship.—From want of time they had to decline invitations to dine with the Geographical Society and other public bodies. Three thousand persons visited the Resolute after the Queen left. The Queen sent £100 to be distributed among the crew.

Transports are being taken up in England for re-enforcement to the Indian Expedition against Persia. Eight regiments have ordered to be in readiness.

A great meeting had been held at Birmingham to protest against the continuance of the war income tax. Resolutions were passed that the law, in its present form, is unjust, oppressive, degrading, and not to be tolerated by a free people. The movement is spreading to all parts of the country.

Several mail steamers from Liverpool and Southampton had put back, damaged during recent violent gales, which had been very destructive.

The London Times pronounces President Pierce's Message on the whole conciliatory both in matter and manner.

The marriage of Prince Friedrick of Prussia with the Princess Royal of England, is fixed for the 21st of Nov. next.

The British had taken the islands of Ormuse and Karrack.

FRANCE.—It was still supposed that the Congress of Paris would reassemble before the New Year, but nothing official had been stated. Count Walewski, it is said, proposes that some compensation should be given to Russia for the loss of Belgrade, and Russia proposes to accept a piece of land between the River Tulpuck and one of its tributaries. A Paris dispatch says that Austria is the only power that has not yet named a representative to the Congress, but Baron Hubner will probably represent Austria, and Baron Bruno, Russia.

An editorial in the Moniteur on the Neufchatel affair had attracted considerable attention. It speaks in harsh terms respecting Switzerland.

The Prince of Prussia, now at Paris, is the bearer of an autograph invitation to the Emperor Napoleon to visit Berlin the Spring. It is said that the Emperor has accepted the invitation.

A deputation of Moldo Wallachian Boyards in Paris have presented addresses to the Emperor in favor of a union of the Principalitics.

PRUSSIA.—Prussia is making great preparations to move against Switzerland. Considerably more than two army corps, as at first intended, will be mobilized for immediate service.

The quarrel between Spain and Prussia had gone so far that it was feared the next step would be open hostilities.

SWITZERLAND. — A Paris despatch says that a friendly power (not named) is understood to have suggested that Switzerland should be required to accede to Prussia's demand for the release of the Neufchatel prisoners by a collective note from the powers which signed the protocol of London.—This would enable Switzerland to make an honorable retreat.

PERSIA.—The fall of Herat from Persian sources is confirmed. Accounts show the defense to have been bravely sustained. The city was only given up when all hopes of defending it successfully had disappeared. In England a strong feeling is getting up, inimical to the war with Persia, arising out of this siege.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—The Broker's Circular reports breadstuffs generally depressed. Wheat 2d lower per bushel on the week. Flour, little inquiry and prices weak at a decline of 6d@1s. Corn dull, 6d lower.—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote red wheat 8s@8s 9d; white do 9s@9s 1d; Western Canal flour 30s 6d@31s 6d; Baltimore and Philadelphia 31s@32s 6d; Ohio, 34s@35. Mixed corn 32s 6d; yellow, 2s 9d; white 34s.

News Items from California.

A comet, with a tail ten degrees in length, was seen lately in the vicinity of Sacramento.

A quartz ledge has recently been discovered in Nevada which turned out $400 per ton.

THE Supervisors of Mariposa county have assessed the Fremont claim at $1,000,000. The taxes on it are $17,000.

Rev. Dr. Bushnell, late of Hartford, Ct., has signified his willingness to accept the Presidency of the California College.

The Chinamen of Mariposa county have very generally adopted the American dress, chew tobacco, drink brandy, &c.

There are 690 miles of canal for conveyance of water for mining purposes in El Dorado Co., besides 450 lateral branches, costing $1,529,000.

The San Francisco News Letter has the following items of local news:

In boring the artesian well of the Puget Mill Company, at Teekalet, Washington Territory, by Messrs. Hamlet & Pixley, of this city, at a depth of 130 feet, a vein or bed of bitumen was struck, producing an immense supply of gas, which is increased or lessened by the action of the tides. It now constantly supplies four large burners, and is sufficient to light up the mill, except for one hour, at the time the tide recedes. There appears no prospect of this natural gasometer being exhausted—and as soon as the piping is laid, and a gasometer fixed up for collecting the gas, the regular lighting up of the mill, with the adjacent houses, will be completed.

Oregon now sends to California considerable quantities of butter, bacon, eggs, and smoked meats, which latter are much fresher than those cured in the Atlantic States—they command the highest prices. The supply coming will meet half of the consumption of our State, although very limited in comparison with former years.

The stupendous enterprise of constructing the Columbia and Stanislaus Ditch, 55 miles, with a never-failing supply of water for 500 ton streams, is just completed. The ditch is so wide that a boat with ten persons is easily navigated upon its surface. The ditch is the work of 100 men, who, in cutting a tunnel on the works, came across the jaw-bone of an alligator, imbedded at a depth of 350 feet.

TERRIBLE MORTALITY AT SEA.—When the Tennessee arrived last at this port she was reported to have lost 15 passengers by death from cholera.—From conversation with several of the survivors we learn that 34 instead of 15 died and were cast into the sea from that cause. The cholera symptoms were marked, the attack in each case being terribly severe, and the collapse supervening in only two or three hours. The dead were principally passengers from California—not Walker's men.—*N. Y. Times.*

NEW STATE HOUSE.—The Ohio Legislature at its approaching session will occupy the new State House. This building has cost about $2,000,000. Its foundation was laid July 4th, 1839. Ex-Gov. Morrison delivered the address, and an ode was sung, written by W. D. Gallagher. More than seventeen years have passed, and it will yet require probably more than two years to finish the work, making twenty years for its construction. The public offices will be removed into it this month. The Governor will have a suit of rooms in the north end of the State House, and the Auditor of State, Secretary and Treasurer will be in the south end. The Library, if removed this winter, will be placed temporarily in three large inside rooms, opposite the Governor's. The Library Hall will not be completed before the winter of 1857—and not then unless the Legislature of this winter will be liberal in its behalf.—*Toledo Blade.*

PURCHASE OF U. S. STOCKS.—The Secretary of the Treasury offers to purchase, between the present time and the 3d of March, the sum of $1,500,000 of stock of the loans of the United States, and will pay therefore, in addition to the interest accrued from the last semi-annual dividend of interest thereon, together with one day's additional interest for the money to reach the vendor, the following rates of premium on said stocks: For the stock of 1842, a premium of 10 per cent. For the stock of 1847 and 1848, a premium of 10 per cent. And for the stock of 1850, commonly called Texas Indemnity Stock, a premium of 6 per cent.

Financial Affairs.

MONEY MATTERS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—The money market had become decidedly easier, and the Bank of England had reduced its rates to 6 per cent The bullion in the Bank had increased during the week to the extent of £200,000. Consols for money were shut, on account of the approaching dividend payment; for account, they closed on Saturday afternoon, the 20th, at 94¼@94½.

NEW YORK MONEY MARKET.—The new year opens well in Wall street. The foreign financial news is received with favor. A further increase in bullion by the Bank of England, a decline of half of one per cent. in the rate of discount, a rise in consols, a good demand for our staple, cotton, and more disposition to take hold of American securities in England, has a decidedly strengthening influence on the tone of our money and stock markets. The prospects of the future are bright, and inspire confidence.

The N. Y. Evening Post of the 1st inst., has the following on this subject:

"There is little doubt but that the Banks of England and France will shortly reduce their present high rates, the necessity for which is rapidly passing away. Our cotton and grain will continue in good demand, and there will be little or no gold exported till after the large accumulation of cotton in our ports has been shipped. Buyers and sellers of this staple are now tending to meet on prices that will carry the article forward.—The buyers have raised their views, and we may expect a heavy shipping business, and lower rates of foreign exchange, in a very short time. The bank exhibit to be made to-day, will be the most unfavorable of any yet to come for many months."

NEW COUNTERFEITS.—Five dollar bills on the Ontario Bank, altered from ones—two men carrying a female on the right, goddess of liberty on the left—are in circulation. The Buffalo Republic has been shown a well executed alteration on the Niagara District Bank, by pasting and additions. Five, in red letters, is printed large in the centre, and the one in the distinctive bar on the right is daubed over with ink. It is altered from a one, and is well done, though it can be easily detected by the fact that it has but one bar on the right—the new issue of bills have bars of lath work to represent the number of dollars—one's having one, two's two, and so on.

A new and dangerous counterfeit on the Connecticut Bank of Bridgeport, made its appearance simultaneously in New York and this city during the past week. It was doubtless spread over the State, and its circulators went at the work of distribution at the same time. The bill is dated June 1, 1856. It is described as follows:

The bill has a large portion of a railroad locomotive and train occupying nearly or quite the whole of the upper left hand fourth of the bill, with the figure 3 in the corner below it; a large figure toward the right hand, extending nearly to the bottom of the bill, and a full length lady at the right, holding a shield encircling the figure 3, with the letters "three" above her. Chas. Foote, Cash'r, and P. C. Calhoun, Pres't, with coat of arms of State between the signatures. The last genuine emission of threes is very much like the bill in question, but can easily be distinguished from the counterfeit by the figure three in the right hand upper corner, instead of the word "three," as in the bad bill. In the genuine, "Ct." occurs after "Bridgeport,"—in the counterfeit it is omitted.

ERIE CITY BANK CLOSED.—The Erie City Bank, at Erie, Pa., closed its doors on the 31st ult. The Gazette of that place says: "We have reason to know, that in taking this step the officers only yielded to a constantly increasing outside pressure, after making every possible effort to resist it. We indulge the hope that it may be re-opened in a very short time—at the furthest in the space of thirty or sixty days. Its assets are believed to be abundantly sufficient to meet all liabilities."

THE Knoxville Register of the 25th ult., says that the Bank of East Tennessee, (the mother bank,) at that place, had closed its doors, never again to be opened, it is thought, for purposes of banking.

UPON application of the Bank Commissioners of Maine, Judge Hathaway has granted an injunction upon the Exchange Bank, Bangor.

THE amount of funds held by the Secretary of the Treasury on the 29th of Dec., at all depositories, is reported at $22,011,212 54.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, Jan. 8, 1857.

IN Wheat and Flour there are no changes to note and transactions are limited. Corn has taken a start—58@62½c being the rates—the highest price for old crop. Barley as last quoted and as the Home demand is light—merely for present wants—not much doing.

PROVISIONS—Pork has taken an advance. We quote at $7@7,62½; the general price, however, for first quality is $7,50. We observed 13 hogs ranging from 307 lbs. to 519 lbs. disposed of this morning at the larger figures. From the general appearance of that in market—a goodly quantity—we should judge that heavy pork is mostly all brought in—the greater portion being 250 lbs. and under. Poultry, since the holidays has fallen off in price, see quotations.

HAY remains as last quoted, but it is extremely difficult to obtain the highest price, $15 per ton.

The excellent sleighing has had its effect upon the wood market and a decline of 50@75c per cord is noticed.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	$18
Flour, bbl	$6,25@7,25	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,50@1,53	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Best white Canada	$1,70@1,75	Apples, bushel	75c@$1,25
Corn	56@62½c	Do. dried	$1@1,25
Oats	37½c	Potatoes	38@62½c
Barley	$1,00@1,12	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	50c	Slaughter	7c
Beans	$1,00@1,25	Calf	12c
Peas	1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	75c@1,12
MEATS.		Lamb do	25@62c
Pork, Mess	$18,00	SEEDS.	
Do. cwt	$7,00@7,62½	Clover, bushel	$7,00@8,00
Beef, per cwt	$5,00@6,00	Timothy	$1,50@1,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton (carcass)	$4,50@5,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@5,50
Hams, smoked	13@14c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	8@9c	Coal, Lehigh	$6@8,25
Chickens	7@8c	Do. Scranton	$6@7,25
Turkeys	9@10c	Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	20@22c	Salt, bbl	$1,68
Do. firkin	18@20c	Hay, tun	$9@14
Cheese	8½@9½c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	12½@13c	White fish, bbl	$5@10
Tallow	11@11½c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Eggs, dozen	00@20c	Trout, bbl	$9

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 5.—FLOUR—Without important change—Sales at $6,12½@6,25 for common to choice and super State; $6,25@6,70 for extra do; $6,25@6,50 for common to choice and super Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Ohio; $6,60@7,10 for extra do.—closing steady with a moderate demand for export and home use. Canadian flour heavy; sales at $5,30@7,62 common to choice and extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market dull and tendency downward. Shippers will not operate except at a serious decline. Sales reported of good white Southern at 175@176c; Milwaukee club on private terms. Rye steady at 90@92c. Corn dull and heavy; sales mixed Western at 60½c in store and 69½@70c delivered. Nothing doing in barley and prices nominal at $1@1,28. Oats quiet at 47@50c for State and Western.

PROVISIONS—Market for pork is firm and steady. Sales at $19,37@19,50 for old mess; $20@20,12 for new mess; and $16,87@17 for prime; $19,50 choice prime mess. Dressed hogs active at 8¼@8½c, which is an advance. Lard firm; sales at 12¾@12½c. Butter steady at 16@20c for Ohio, and 20@25c for State. Cheese firm at 9½@10½c.

BUFFALO, JAN. 5.—FLOUR—The market is quiet. Sales at $5,75 for common—$6 for choice—$6,25 for double extra brands.

GRAIN—Market dull. No transactions of importance in any description.

PROVISIONS—Pork in demand, and some sales have been made at $18 for heavy mess. Dressed hogs firm; sales at $7,18 per cwt, and at $7,25.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, DEC. 31.—BEEVES—Average prices ½c higher than last week. Poorest 8½@9c; inferior to medium 10c; first quality 10½c; premium 11c.

MILCH COWS—Sales common $30@35; good $35@45; extra $50@70.

VEAL CALVES—Sales at 8@9c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $10@15. Lambs $2@6. Common sheep $3@5.

SWINE—Sales at 6¾@7½c ℔ lb gross.

CAMBRIDGE, DEC 31.—At market 816 Cattle—about 650 Beeves, and 156 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8@8,25; first quality, $7,50@7,75; second quality, $6,25@7,00; third quality, $5,00@6 00; ordinary, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—Sales at $100, 150@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40, 50@65.

YEARLINGS—$16@21. Two Years Old—$23@28. Three Years Old—$28@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1800 at market. Prices—In lots, $2, 2,37, 3,50@4; extra and selections, $5, 6@9.

HIDES—7¾@8¾c. ℔ lb. Tallow—3@3½c.

CALF SKINS—13@14c ℔ lb. Pelts—$1,25@1,50.

SWINE—600 Western in market. Prices, live weight, 7@7½c; dressed hogs, 8@9. Shoats, wholesale, 8c; retail 9½@10.

BRIGHTON, JAN. 1.—At market 900 Beeves, 175 Stores, 9 pairs Working Oxen, 90 Cows and Calves, 1,800 Sheep and Lambs, and 950 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,50; first quality, $7,75; second quality, $7,25@7,50; third quality, $6,50; ordinary $4,50@5.

WORKING OXEN—$150, 182@185.

MILCH COWS—$30, 33, 40@60; common $35.

YEARLINGS—$16@19. Two Years Old—$23@26. Three Years Old—$28@41.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $5@8; in lots $2, 2,50, 3@3,75.

HIDES—7½@8½c. ℔ lb. Calf Skins 13@14c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,25@1,50 each. Tallow—3½c. ℔ lb.

SWINE—Pigs 6@7c.; fat hogs, 6¾@7c.

NEW YORK LIVE STOCK TRADE.—The *Tribune* publishes its annual tables of the amount of live stock which came to the New York market in 1856 together with its yearly review of that trade. The total receipts are for the year: Bullocks, head 124,505; Veal Calves 43,081; Cows 12,867; Sheep and Lambs 462,839, Swine 345,811.

The average prices in January last of Beeves were 10@11c ℔ lb: in February 10@11½c; in March 9@12c; in April 10@11c; in May 9½@10c; in June 10@10¾c; in July 10@9¾c; in August 8½@10c; in September 8½@9c; in October 8½@9c; in November 8½c; in December 9@9½c; closing at the latter. Total number of animals slaughtered 1,051,655.

The *Tribune* says: "The sum total of this is that the city has paid the country for animals slaughtered in the city in the year 1856 the sum of $17,635,884, and the estimated product is 207,880,180 lbs of meat. This, at an average of 10c ℔ lb to the consumer, makes $20,788,018, and gives 509,534 54-73 lbs ℔ day, which may be set down as something over ½ lb a day for every man, woman and child in and about the city."

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 1.—The market as is usually the case toward the close of the year has been rather quiet, this being the season when producers confine their purchases to their most urgent wants. The transactions during the past week have therefore been quite limited, owing chiefly to the small stock offering, the high prices asked as well as the high rates of interest prevalent for money. The sales include about 75,000 lbs super and extra fleece wools at 50@55c for the former, and 60c for the latter, 6 mos. Pulled is in small supply; sales 15,000@20,000 lbs at 39c for super, and 46c for extra country. Foreign is quiet, being in meagre supply, and prices rule very firm.

COMPARATIVE PRICES IN NEW YORK.

	1855.	1856.
American Saxony Fleeces, ℔ lb	41@47	48@52½
American Full-blood Merino	40@42	50@55
American ½ and ¾ Merino	34@37	46@50
American Native and ¼ do	30@34	37@40
Pulled Wool, extra Country	36@38	46@48
Pulled Wool, super	32@35	40@42
Pulled Wool, No. 1	29@31	35@37
South American, Com. Washed	12@13	13@15
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	14½@16½	16@20
South American, Cordova, Washed	24@26	25@27
Peruvian, Washed	25@35	30@36
Valparaiso, Unwashed	13@14	14@15
East India, Washed	26@28	26@28
African, Washed	18@20	18@20
African, Unwashed	9@18	9@18
Smyrna, Washed	24@27½	24@28
Smyrna, Unwashed	14@17	14@20
Mexican, Unwashed	12@14	15@18

BOSTON, JAN. 3.—The following rates have ruled in the Wool Market during the past week: Prime Saxony fleece, washed, ℔ lb. 55@57c; Full blood Merino 50@55c; ½ blood do. 47@50c; ¼ blood do. 45@47c; Common 40@42c; Superfine 42@47c; Pulled extra 47@55c; Do. No. 1 40@42c; Do. No. 2 25@35c; Smyrna Washed 25@32c.

CHICAGO GRAIN TRADE.—The Exports of Corn by lake from Chicago during the year 1856, have been nearly eleven millions of bushels, as follows:

April	237,969
May	985,367
June	1,194,953
July	1,759,219
August	3,692,015
September	1,492,344
October	665,550
November	736,022
Total, bush	10,758,469

EXPORTS OF WHEAT.—The amount of wheat exported from Chicago by lake during the season of navigation of 1856, was over eight millions of bushels as follows:

April	83,240
May	261,971
June	409,380
July	298,600
August	1,275,267
September	2,043,617
October	1,979,385
November and a few days in December	1,670,175
Total bush	8,021,635

MARRIAGES.

IN Brighton, Jan. 1st, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery, Mr. JOHN Q. ADAMS, of Clinton, Mich., and Miss JULIA A. EDMONDS, of Brighton.

IN Stephentown, Dec. 31st, by the Rev. Austin Dawson, of Lawrence, Mass., Mr. H. D. RULIFSON, of West Henrietta, and Miss L. E. WHITMAN, of the former place.

IN Walworth, on the 5th ult., by Rev. E. F. Maine, Mr. EDWIN POWELL, and Miss CATY M. DENISE, all of Walworth.

Also, on Christmas evening, at the same place and by the same, Mr. GEORGE G. BOWN, of Penfield, and Miss MARY J. FORMAN, of Walworth.

Also, at the same time and place, and by the same, Mr. HENRY HAZEN, and Miss SYBIL R. TREADWELL, both of Fairport.

IN Castile, January 1st, by Rev. E. W. Bliss, Mr. EDWIN R. WELCH, of Perry Centre, N. Y., and Miss PHEBE ALTAFT, of Gainesville.

IN Castile, by the same, Jan. 4th, Mr. ALBERT J. KNIGHT, of Geneseo, and Miss MARY E. WHITMAN, of Castile.

IN Dansville, on the 31st ult., Mr. CHARLES B. LANGWORTHY, of Rochester, and Miss MOLLIE HILL, of the former place.

IN Syracuse, Dec. 31st., by Rev. M. Sidey, Mr. CHARLES M. YOUNG, of Clinton, Iowa, and Miss SARAH E. HERRICK, of the former place.

IN Nunda, N. Y., by Rev. W. Metcalf, Mr GEORGE W. ALVORD and Miss JOSEPHINE L. ROBERTS, both of Mt. Morris.

DEATHS.

IN Otterville, C. W., on the 28th of Nov. last, after a protracted illness, DANIEL H. CORNELL, aged 52 years.

IN this city, on the evening of the 31st ult., of consumption of the bowels, ELIZABETH ANNA, wife of Doctor HENRY H. LANGWORTHY, of this city, and youngest daughter of the late ISAAC WATERS, Esq., of Boston, aged 31 years.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance.* Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or Similar Journal in the World,—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

FARM FOR SALE, OR TO RENT, OF 46 ACRES, WITH wood, well and spring water, fruit, good buildings, cellar, cistern, &c., lying on the old State Road, 2½ miles from R. R. and 1½ east from West Bloomfield, Ontario Co., N. Y. Terms given on Sale. W. BECKWITH.

INFORMATION WANTED, OF ARABELLA CUNNINGHAM, (maiden name, ARABELLA JORDAN,) a native of Ireland. When last heard of, about nine or ten years ago, she was in Buffalo. Any information concerning her, dead or alive, will be thankfully received by her husband, JOHN CUNNINGHAM, and family, residing in the township of Nassagaweya, C. W. 366w4

TO NURSERYMEN AND PLANTERS.
MAGNOLIA ACUMINATA. A LARGE STOCK OF THIS desirable ornamental tree, is now offered at the following low prices:
Two feet ..... $5 per 100, $50 per 1,000
One foot ..... $5 per 100, $40 per 1,000
Strong, healthy plants. ELLWANGER & BARRY,
Jan. 1857. [366tf] Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

INGERSOLL'S PREMIUM PORTABLE HAY PRESS. THIS PRESS COMBINES GREATER POWER AND PORTability, requires less labor, occupies less space, and costs less money, than any other machine for baling hay ever offered to the public. It is equally convenient for pressing cotton, hemp, hops, broom-corn, rags, husks, &c. Samples may be seen at our Warehouse, and circulars with cuts and full descriptions will be furnished upon application by letter or otherwise to
FAIRBANKS & CO., Scale Manufacturers,
365w1 No. 189 Broadway, New York.

TO NURSERYMEN AND DEALERS.
THE UNDERSIGNED OFFER FOR SPRING SALES
120,000 Mazzard Cherry stocks No. 1, fine.
4,000 Standard Cherry trees, 2 years.
3,000 " Pear " 2 "
30,000 Am. Arbor Vitæ, 2 years in Nursery, cheap.
Five bushels Mazzard Cherry Pits.
Orders solicited. MAXWELL, RAMSDEN & CO.
Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y., Jan. 1, 1857. 366w4

TO YOUNG FARMERS.
NOW IS THE TIME FOR STUDY! LONG EVENINGS, Stormy days, leisure hours should be diligently employed in studying your profession.
The following Books contain just the information you need.
NASH'S Progressive Farmer, 50 cents.
NORTON'S Elements of Agriculture, 60 cts.
JOHNSTON'S Ag'l Chemistry and Geology, $1.
ALLEN'S American Farm Book, $1.
Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.
C. M. SAXTON & CO.,
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By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.
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☞ This Splendid Story is now appearing in "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART AND FASHION," which may be had at all Periodical Stores and News Depots in the United States. Terms of Magazine, $2 a year, or four copies one year for $5. Specimen numbers sent free of charge.
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Gainesville, Dec. 29, 1856. 365

THE MONROE CO. AG'L SOCIETY WILL HOLD ITS next Annual Meeting at the Court House, in Rochester, on Wednesday, the 14th of January inst.,—when Officers will be chosen for ensuing year, premiums awarded on Field Crops, and other important business require action. A full attendance is desired. D. D. T. MOORE, Sec'y.

ERIE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—ANNUAL Meeting at Whitemore's, near the Fair Ground, on Wednesday, Jan. 14, 1857, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for election of Officers and such other business as may be necessary. All are desired to attend. H. G. WHITE, Sec'y.
Buffalo, Jan. 1, 1857.

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Cuba, Alleg. Co., N. Y., Jan. 1, 1857. 365

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

PREMIUM LIST.—1857.

LOCAL AGENTS, Subscribers, and other earnest, active and influential friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, and the cause of "Progress and Improvement," who are disposed to lend their kind offices in its behalf—thus enhancing their individual interests while promoting the welfare of community—are respectfully invited to examine the following Programme of Premiums for the RURAL CAMPAIGN of 1857:

"EXCELSIOR" PREMIUMS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, to the person or persons procuring the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, in any one Township, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to April 1, 1857.
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for each of the next five lists.
FIVE DOLLARS for each of the next five lists.

$800 IN STATE PREMIUMS!

As most of our General Premiums have heretofore been won by persons in the State of New York, thus precluding Agents and friends at a distance from successful competition, we have concluded to offer **$800** *in State and Provincial Prizes*, viz: **One Hundred Dollars** for the FOUR LARGEST LISTS from EACH of the States of PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, IOWA, and the Province of CANADA WEST, divided as follows:

FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER from *each* of the above named States and Canada West, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1857.
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.
TEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.

☞ Competitors for the State and

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI."

BY MISS E. C. WOOLSTON.

WHO hath this surety; that a heart
In all the world would mourn,
If he with weary foot had crossed
The threshold of that bourne
No traveler returns;—if the lips
That seem to cherish me,
Toss now the magic of my name
Upon the wasting sea,
Earth hath no mourning;—she hath stored
No sigh, no groan, no tear;
She smiles and smiles, but looks unmoved
Upon a lonely bier.

Full well I know, that wealth can far
Outspread the eagle's wing
Upon the road to hearts; and fame
Such halo round us fling
As makes our coffined greatness wear
More robes than earthly trust;
And every grave of genius seem
The goal of human dust.

I know that reverently falls
The foot, where sculptured word
Proclaims the departed's worth,
And often is it heard,
How broad the acres grew for him,
High, high his coffers piled,
How brightly, o'er his prosp'rous life
The star of fortune smiled.
And they who die, for lofty thoughts
And noble deeds renowned;—
Death only celebrates their birth,
They triumph o'er the ground.
But oh, if loving hearts will make
Bright paths for me to tread,
It matters not how small a world
Repeats this, "She is dead."

Life's Lessons.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

THE MORTIMER HOMESTEAD.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

AWAY to the eastward, on a sunny hill-side which overlooks the placid waters of the Chicopee and the bright green meadow through which it flows, stands the quiet rural village of Meadow Brook,—once my home, and still the spot towards which memory ever points me when from the past I would weave a tale, of either joy or sorrow. And now, as I sit me down to write, my mind wanders back to the old grey walls and massive iron gate of the MORTIMER HOMESTEAD, which stands on the bank of the river, and just at the foot of the long hill which leads from the village to the valley below.

When I was a little child it was a cheerless, sombre old mansion, surrounded by maples and elms, whose huge branches swept against the upper windows, from which the heavy shutters were seldom removed. Even the woodbine and ivy which crept over the damp stone walls seemed to gather a darker hue from the gloom of their surroundings, while the river, which elsewhere murmured cheerily, was said to take a sadder tone as it passed the old homestead, whose terraced garden came down to its very edge. About the building there was seldom heard the sound of laughter or the hum of voices, for these did not accord with the nature of the stately woman who ruled there as its mistress, and to whom the villagers, unconsciously perhaps, paid homage as the last relic of an old aristocratic family, which traced its lineage back to the courtly halls of England. And this in fact was nearly all of which the proud lady had to boast, for the vast possessions of the MORTIMERS had gradually wasted away until there was nothing left save the Homestead, and even that was mortgaged for more than its real worth.

But this in no wise tended to humble Mrs. MORTIMER, who, with poverty knocking at her portals, still managed to present to the world, though in a dilapidated state, the same air of wealth which in her palmiest days she had done. Twice every year she issued cards for a fashionable dinner party, where were displayed the cut-glass and silver which had graced the table of the MORTIMER who, across the water, had sat in the halls of Parliament and bore the title of Sir. Regularly, too, each Saturday she ordered out what was once her "coach and four," but which had now degenerated to a coach and *one*, the carriage having been fixed and re-fixed to suit the number of its horses. If this "coming down" affected the inner life of the lady, it was not perceptible in her outer demeanor,—for, with a step as proud as ever, she gathered up the folds of her well preserved satin, and, sinking among the faded velvet cushions, gave her orders to the driver, who in deferential silence received and obeyed her commands.

Occasionally she was accompanied in her rides by her only child, a young man, who at the time when our story opens was about nineteen years of age. Not often, however, did FRANK favor his mother with his presence, either in his carriage or elsewhere, for upon scarcely one thing did they think alike,—he being purely democratic in his tastes and feelings, while she, with her aristocratic notions, was in a continual fever of excitement lest in some way he should bring disgrace upon the name he bore, and this, in her estimation, he seemed quite likely to do.

A little way down the river, and just across Mrs. MORTIMER's garden, stood the brown cottage of Widow MARSHALL, who supported herself and grand-daughter, a girl sixteen years of age, by plain sewing and by selling flowers to the numerous city people who spent their summers at Meadow Brook. These flowers were under the special care of NELLIE, herself the fairest of them all, and when FRANK, on the first morning after his return from College, espied her in the garden with her straw hat and dark brown curls, both hanging down her back, he became at once interested, and as he knew no rules of etiquette save the promptings of his own kind heart and social nature, he forthwith made her acquaintance, greatly to the horror of his mother, who, when she learned of his whereabouts, ordered the breakfast bell to be rung a full half hour before the time, saying to him in explanation that "she presumed he did not know what he was doing."

"Yes I do know, too," said he; "I was helping NELLIE MARSHALL weed her flowers. She's beautiful, isn't she?"

"Beautiful!" repeated Mrs. MORTIMER, in cold, measured tones," if to be blowsy, vulgar and ignorant is beautiful, then I suppose she is."

"What do you mean?" asked FRANK, sitting down his coffee cup so quickly as to threaten the destruction of the gilded china. "NELLIE is neither vulgar nor ignorant. Why, I learned more of botany from a few moments' conversation with her than I ever learned before in my whole life. I don't believe you know her."

A contemptuous toss of the head, and Mrs. MORTIMER replied, "I know that her grandmother is a *tailoress* and works for the bread which they eat from day to day."

"And isn't that just what I've got to do or starve?" interrupted FRANK, to whom his mother's straitened circumstances were no secret.

"FRANK MORTIMER!" exclaimed the indignant lady, lifting up her thin, jeweled hand. "No more of this:—NELLIE MARSHALL is not a fit associate for one of your station, and it is my command, remember I say *command*, that you go no more near her."

Now if FRANK knew the ten commandments, and it is most likely that he did, for his mother was strict in those matters,—but I say if he knew them, he probably never laid much stress upon the only one with promise, for that very afternoon found him at the brown cottage, reading aloud to NELLIE, while she sewed the long seam in a pair of sheep's grey pants, which her grandmother was making for a neighbor. The next day it was the same, and the next and the next, until at last the lady of the Homestead, ascertaining the cause of her son's long absence from her side, forbade him ever again to see the beautiful NELLIE. But such is human nature that his mother's opposition only increased the ardor of FRANK's attachment, and when six months afterwards old Mrs. MARSHALL died, leaving NELLIE alone in the wide world, he expended all his powers of eloquence in trying to persuade her into a clandestine marriage. "'Twas but a few hours' ride to the West," he said, "and she would be his forever."

But to this NELLIE turned a deaf ear, and for many a weary month she toiled on alone in the brown cottage, which was now her own. At last her extreme beauty attracted the attention of Maj. SOUTHEY, who was endeavoring to repair the ravages of time and dissipation by breathing for a few weeks the pure mountain air of Meadow Brook. Finding that she sustained herself by sewing, he became suddenly impressed with the necessity of having some parts of his wardrobe replenished, and accordingly a huge bundle of linen found its way to the brown cottage, whither the Major himself went almost daily, ostensibly to carry a spool of thread, a row of buttons, or to give some new directions, but in reality to watch the deepening bloom on NELLIE's cheek and the light in her lustrous blue eyes, for the cold man of the world was touched at last, and though there was naught in common between them, though he might well have been her father, he conceived the idea of making her his wife, never doubting but she would gladly link her destiny with his, for she was poor, while he was rich, and he knew no other distinction. How then was he surprised when, with a quiet dignity which left him no hope, she declined his offer, saying, when he reminded her of her own destitution and his extreme affluence, that "wealth was no inducement without love."

But not thus easily could the Major be baffled,—Again and again he sought her presence, while FRANK, to whom she intrusted a knowledge of her trouble, begged of her to fly with him, and thus place herself beyond the reach of Maj. SOUTHEY. And in a moment of weakness NELLIE yielded.

That night the light was missed from the cottage window, and when Mrs. MORTIMER inquired for her missing son, he was nowhere to be found. Thinking it possible that he was staying with some of his friends at the village, she gave herself no further uneasiness, but when the next day came and went and still he did not return,—and when she found that NELLIE, too, was gone, her fears were roused, and in a state bordering almost upon distraction, she awaited the result. She was not destined to wait long, for early in the evening she received the intelligence that her son was in the parlor and wished to see her.

"Show him to my room," she said, while her face grew white as marble, and her eyes, always black and fiery, turned dark as midnight.

And the lady,—shall she come too?" queried the servant.

"Lady? No,—what lady?" demanded Mrs. MORTIMER—but the servant was gone, and the next moment FRANK knelt at her feet, with his arm thrown protectingly about NELLIE, whom he called his wife, asking his mother to receive and love her for his sake.

But the haughty woman spurned the young girl with her foot, and then in bitter tones cursed her only son for wedding a beggar, "a low, worthless thing."

"Hold, mother," exclaimed FRANK, starting up suddenly into all the dignity of manhood. "You shall never speak thus of my wife. She is fully my equal, and something tells me that here, in this very room, you shall one day kneel to her as now she kneels to you."

"Never," muttered the unfeeling woman, while FRANK continued:—"You have given me your curse, and with that as my portion, I shall go forth into the world; there is room for me at the far West, and, mother, when your heart aches for words of love and kindly acts of sympathy, remember that you drove me from you."

He turned to go, but in the doorway paused, while he added, "Mother, I do not wish to leave you in anger, and even now, if you say so, I will stay."

"Leave me at once and forever," was her answer, and he left her,—seeking for himself and bride a home at the West.

From that time forth Mrs. MORTIMER never of her own accord alluded to her son, and when his letters, which at first came regularly, were handed her, she ordered them to be returned unopened. "I have no wish to read what I already know," she would say; "he has my curse, and with that he cannot prosper."

And verily 'tis a dreadful thing,—a parent's curse,—be the provocation what it may, and so FRANK MORTIMER found it. Wholly unused to toil, he was poorly fitted to cope with the trials attendant upon a life in a new country, but whatever he could do, he did, working from the rising of the sun until its setting, that NELLIE might be warmed and fed. But there was a withering blight upon him, for his mother's words rang in his ears, and as one by one his letters came back to him unread, as poverty stared him in the face and troubles thickened around his pathway, hope died out from his heart, his arm lost its strength, his spirits their will to do, and when the first snows of winter fell upon their rude log cabin, and NELLIE, with a forced smile of cheerfulness baked and placed before him the coarse corn cake, the last remaining food they had, he turned away to hide the tears he would not let her see him shed. A few days more and he took his bed, while NELLIE, with a strength of mind of which woman only is capable, toiled on alone, nursing him with unwearied care and doing whatever her hands found to do.

A year or more before her grandmother's death she had at different intervals tried her powers at writing, for which she possessed a talent, and there was now in her portfolio an unfinished story of nearly one hundred pages. It was called good by those who had seen it, and as she one night sat by her fireside pondering in her mind what she could do to keep them from starvation during the long winter, she thought of the story and a new hope was kindled in her bosom;—others had lived by writing and why should not she—she could try at least, and if she failed she would be no worse for it. FRANK, to whom her project was made known, warmly approved the plan, saying, while the hectic bloom deepened on his cheek, "and with the money, NELLIE, you'll take me home."

He was helpless now as a little child, and at the thought of going home he wept aloud. Here was a new incentive for NELLIE, and night after night, while her husband slept, she crouched upon the hearthstone, and by the flickering firelight, for candles she could not afford, wrote on and on, until the stars, which through more than one wide crevice had kept their watch above her, grew pale in the morning light. Bolstered up in bed with NELLIE's shawl wrapped round him, FRANK copied what she wrote, and then, when it was done and sent away, oh, how impatiently they waited for the answer, which was to decide whether FRANK's grave should be among his native hills, where his mother's tears would, perchance, wipe out the harsh words she had spoken, or on the great western prairie, where the howl of the wolf was sometimes heard, and where even NELLIE would not long remain to weep over his last resting place.

* * * * * * * *

In a room, half office, half parlor, in one of the eastern cities, a bald-headed man was seated before a glowing grate, and as the wintry blast swept past his door, he glanced complacently at the heavy damask curtains and still heavier shutters, which so securely shielded him from the storm without. Before him lay a MS. which had been committed to him for examination, for he was ——'s Reader, and decided upon the merits or demerits of both prose and poetry. As the light of the astral lamp falls upon the paper, we recognize the tremulous handwriting of FRANK MORTIMER. Yes, 'tis NELLIE's story he holds in his hand, and as he reads, the coinings of her heart's history, the very depths of his soul are stirred within him. Not often thus is that reader moved, and while he wipes away the moisture which he will not acknowledge is a tear, he says aloud, "Yes, 'tis good,—'tis grand,—but who wrote it? I have forgotten to look."

Turning to the title page he reads the name, then with lips as white as ashes he thrusts the MS. from him as if it had been a viper's touch! NELLIE MORTIMER slighted him once—him, who never before offered love to any woman, and Maj. SOUTHEY is not one to forget! Revenge is sweet and he will have it, even at the cost of truth! The decision is revoked. "You had better not publish it," he says to his employer, and so the story which cost poor NELLIE many a sleepless night is rejected,—is sent back to the cabin on the western prairie where eyes are growing dim with watching and hearts are breaking with hope deferred.

Oh, how long it seemed to them who waited, and NELLIE's courage well nigh failed her, as day after day her husband, grown childish in his utter helplessness, besought her to tell him when it would come,—the money,—(for he thought not of failure,) which was to take him back to Meadow Brook. Often in his delirious sleep he would beg of her to carry him home where he could hear the flow of his loved Chicopee, whose music, he said, was sweeter than the sullen roar of the Illinois, which in the distance went rolling on to meet the father of waters. At last yielding to his importunities, NELLIE went on foot through sleet and rain to the Post Office, a distance of four miles, in quest of the tidings, which, alas, brought her no hope.

* * * * * * * *

There is silence in the prairie cabin, and the low window is darkened, from which so oft through many a wintery night the glimmering light has shone forth, a beacon to the wayworn traveler.—The fire on the hearthstone has gone out, and the rude couch in the corner is empty now, for they have laid the sick man to rest 'neath the wide-spreading branches of the buckeye, where the moan of the river and the sigh of the west wind chant a requiem for the loved and lost. Alas for thee, poor NELLIE, widowed in thy early youth. There is no longer need of thy watchful care lest the storm wind should breathe upon thy loved one, for where he has gone to dwell there is neither heat nor cold, and never again shall he know hunger, want or pain.

* * * * * * * *

[Continued on page 16, this No.]

THE WORLD.—The little I have seen of the world, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hand it came.—*Longfellow.*

Youth's Corner.

TO THE LITTLE FOLKS.—Among the many improvements observable in the RURAL for 1857, our juvenile readers will doubtless notice the enlargement of their "Corner." Our little friends were so numerous that it became a matter of necessity to give them ampler space, and they may consider themselves entitled to a column,—provided always, as the lawyers say, that they have something worthy to say and do therein. The general tenor of this department, for interest and value, is in their keeping—it is for them to make *their* portion of the RURAL enlivening and inspiriting—to spread weekly before "Young America" a "feast of reason and a flow of soul."

Little prattler, you are not too young to contribute your mite, nor you,—though daily expecting and anxiously looking for the "tokens of manhood on your chin"—so large or so old that such occupation will compromise your dignity. Age and youth can work together here and furnish such repast, that those partaking thereof shall receive vivifying and strengthening mental and moral food. We have an abiding faith in the ability of all to perform such duty as will be acceptable and agreeable—will they labor head and heart for the "Corner?"

NOW LIVING.

A CONTEMPORARY says that the boy is now living who will be President of the Republic in 1900.—What his name is, or where he resides, he does not stop to inform us. He may at this moment be gathering pumpkins in Oregon, or peddling popcorn around Troy. Wherever he may be, all unconscious of his high destiny, he feels the divinity that stirs within him, and grasps his book, thirsting for knowledge. His parents, as they answer his endless queries, rejoice at his developing intellect, yet little dream that his will be a great name among men, known wide as the world.

Or perchance the hard hand of poverty, or the cold hand of orphanage, are moulding and training him for the patient effort, that self-reliance and resolute will that fit him for great achievements. He must pass through the school that prepares him for his high career. In his youth, many a trial and wrong must break him to the hardness of life. In his manhood, many hardships must be endured, many obstacles overcome, and rivals outstripped in the race; the voice of envy and detraction despised; hatred and malice defied.

Through such a school and training the President of 1900 will doubtless come, and is now coming. But from what condition in life, from what part of our broad land, no one can predict or know but Providence, who presides over the destinies of all nations.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ANCIENT HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty letters.
My 4, 11, 17, 21, 27, 28, 15, 16 was a king of Ethiopia.
My 3, 20, 9, 19 was the first writer of Fables.
My 21, 12, 18, 27, 2, 29, 30 enacted a law for loaning money.
My 11, 20, 1, 5, 21, 7, 3, 4 was a king of Lydia.
My 27, 11, 22, 17, 18, 4, 24, 20 was the father of Cyrus the Great.
My 19, 26, 30, 21 was the place of Chilo's death.
My 17, 26, 21, 30 was one of the wise men of Greece.
My 11, 14, 13, 4, 16, 21 was Cyrus' daughter.
My 23, 6, 7, 21, 17, 18, 12, 29, 4 married King Artaxerxes' sister.
My 30, 11, 22, 9, 20 was the birthplace of Pythagoras.
My 13, 27, 28, 15, 4 was a king of Persia.
My 11, 7, 26, 20 was a king of Sparta.
My 9, 21, 27, 27, 28, 15, 4 was an Athenian God.
My 1, 11, 27, 26, 25, 29, 30 was an ancient writer.
My 4, 8, 15, 1, 28, 3, 16 was a Prince of Thrace.
My 10, 21, 23, 24 was the height of Alexander's ambition.
My whole is the longest siege recorded in history and by whom conducted.

Bunker Hill, January, 1857. C. E. E.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ENIGMATICAL STORY.

IN 16, 23 upon 1 time 20, 9, 10, 17, 23 lived in a 13, 18, 20, 8, 13, 23 village a 19, 12, 3, 22, old man and 11, 18, 15 wife 8, 11, 23, 14 had a small 16, 13, 8, 20, 1, 9, 10. About 7, 6, 21, 17 miles from the 2, 1, 19, 18, 8, 1, 13—20, 11, 23, 5 lived alone and 7, 10, 13, 20 quite 13, 12, m, 23, 13, 14. But it was a 4, 13, 10, 1, 15, 21, 17, 23 to look 1, 3, 22, w, 1, 17 d to 8, 11, 10 visits of 20, 9, 23, 18, 17 grandson 2, 11, 1 22, 13, 10, 15 who was 1, 8 the 16, 18, 20, 5 in a printing 6, 7, 7, 18, 2, 23. He 6, 7, 20, 23, n, bought them 4, 17, 23, 24, 10, n, 8, 15, bne 24, 21, 13, 8, 22, 14 day he 15, 21, 22, 19, 17, 18, 24, d, 10, d them by a visit and brought 1, 24, a gift of my whole, which is composed of 24 letters.

Brooklyn, N. Y., 1857. ROSALIE.

☞ Answer next week.

CHARADE.

THE mother of evil, the parent of good,
I never could eat, yet make all things my food;
I am grave, I am gay, I am foolish and wise,
Some men I degrade, while I make others rise.
Cause pleasure and sorrow, sweet concord and strife,
All things I create, and destroy them—even life!
I ne'er shall relinquish my station on earth,
While on it are found wisdom, folly and worth.
One hint I'll give further, then bid you adieu,—
All this time I am happy in dwelling with you.

☞ Answer next week.

CHARADE.

MY first is a man; my second is used in war; my total is a town in North Carolina.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 365:—Starch.

Answer to Charade in No. 365:—Mouse.

MODERATION is commonly firm, and firmness is commonly successful.

Wit and Humor.

AN EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.

BEING quite young and somewhat rash,
And furthermore just out of cash,
Good Mr. MOORE, I feel inclined
To ope to you my burdened mind.

Your RURAL, Sir, has for some time
Been tempting me to send a rhyme,
But being of a modest turn,
I feared lest you my verse might spurn.

At last, my quill impatient grown
Had well nigh from my fingers flown,
'Till, in despair, I stayed its flight
By promise sure, this day to write.

Now what it winds to know, is this—
If you would take it quite amiss
Should maiden young, with playful muse,
Send every week some bit of news.

What in return, Sir, would you give?
For maiden young, and muse, *must live*—
On something more than fancy's food
When sinking down in hungry mood.

I'll ne'er aspire to poet's fame
Or seek to win a lofty name,
But if an easy rhyme should chance
From my young quill to skip and dance,

And I should send it, quick as light,
To you all cased in paper white,
What bargain, think you, could we make,
As children say, "to give and take?"

Now, if you do not scorn me quite,
May I not find by Friday night
A letter in the post for me
Directed to Miss D. J. P.?

Brooklyn, L. I., 1857.

DEFINITION OF A HUSBAND.—The English language is a very copious one! If we had not been previously aware of the fact, it would have been made evident to our understanding by reading the following paragraph in a Scotch paper:

"What is a husband?"

Hear a lady's definition:

"He is," said she, "a snarling, crusty, sullen testy, forward, cross, grufly, moody, crabbed, snappish, tart, splenetic, surly, dry, brutish, fierce, morose, waspish, currish, boorish, fretful, peevish, huffish, sulky, touchy, fractious, rugged, blustering, captious, illnatured, rusty, churlish, growling, maundering, uppish, stern, gratish, frumpish, humorsome, envious dog in the manger, who neither eats himself nor lets others eat."

BAD COLDS.—Almost everybody has a hard cold about now, Smith and Jones among the rest. A street-corner dialogue between them, sounded something like this:

Smith—How d'ye do, Jodes?

Jones—Pretty bwell, ody I have a bad code. How are you, Smith?

Smith—I have subthig of a code too, but its getting bwell agil.

Jones—What bedicil did you take?

Smith—I snuffed up laudabub al bwater. Do you take adything?

Jones—Do, I just grid ad bear it.

GOOD PRACTICAL ADVICE.—Be content as long as your mouth is full and body covered: remember the poor: kiss the pretty girls. don't rob your neighbor's hen roost: never pick an editor's pocket, nor entertain an idea that he is going to treat: kick dull care to the deuce: black your own boots: sew on your own buttons, and be sure to take a paper and pay for it.

A COUNTRY lass, returning from the field on being told by her cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew, ejaculated:—"Well it wasn't any feller of that name. 'Twas Zeke Jones that kissed me, and confound his pictur, I told him everybody would find it out."

AN honest Dutchman, on being asked how often he shaved, replied:—"Dree dimes a veek effery tay but Soontay; den I shafe effery tay."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

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ADVERTISING.—Brief and appropriate advertisements will be inserted at 25 cents a line, each insertion, payable in advance.—Our rule is to give no advertisement, unless very brief, more than four consecutive insertions. Patent Medicines, &c., will not be advertised in this paper at any price.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES, &c.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1857, and a yearly copy of either *Harper's, Godey's, Graham's* or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The RURAL and either *Arthur's Magazine*, the *National Magazine*, or any other $2 magazine for $3. The RURAL and either *The Plough, the Loom and the Anvil* (a monthly magazine devoted to the Industrial Arts, Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures,) or *The Horticulturist*, for $3.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires. Hence, a prompt renewal is necessary to secure the regular continuance of the paper.

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☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, without certificate, and each and all who volunteer in the good cause will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ CLUB papers are sent to as many different addresses or post-offices as requested, and we write the names of subscribers on papers if desired—thus saving Agents and Post-Masters from any labor or attention in the premises.

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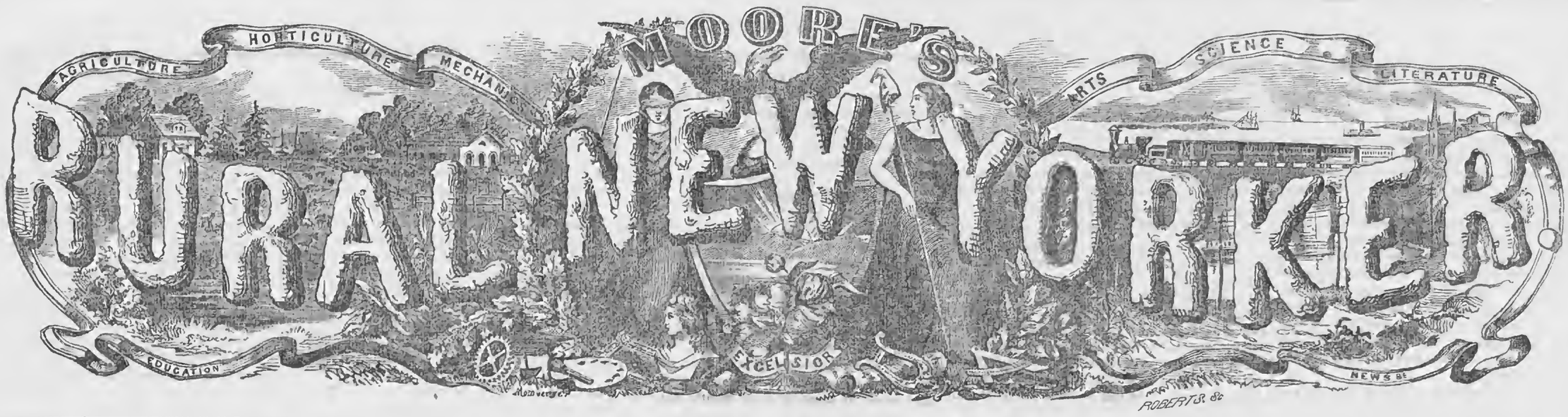

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AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

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T. C. PETERS, LT. M. F. MAURY,
L. B. LANGWORTHY, T. S. ARTHUR,
EDWARD WEBSTER, MRS. M. J. HOLMES.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Mechanical, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N Y.

FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

METEOROLOGY FOR FARMERS.

BY LIEUT. M. F. MAURY.

THIS is an interesting subject to all, and to Farmers one of great practical importance. We intend to treat it at some length, for we are very utilitarian in our notions. We shall aim first to show the advantages which would inure from a properly conducted system of Meteorological Observations, not only to the Army and the Navy—but to hygiene, to the great industrial pursuits of the country, to the public convenience, and to the advancement of science. Having done this we shall develop a very simple and economical plan for conducting these investigations, and thereby afford to the farmers—to whom we especially appeal, because they have the "deepest stake in the hedge"—an opportunity to lend us their countenance and support in getting these investigations under way. We do not ask them for money, but for good words and friendly co-operation.

There are no political divisions in the atmosphere—and to understand its movements and the laws which govern them, we must overleap State lines in search of facts; we must study it as a whole, and observe its phenomena both by sea and land. The influence of Canada upon the weather is felt in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and other States just as much as it is in the Gut of Canso.—The great chain of the American lakes which contains more than one-third of all the fresh water that is found on the surface of our planet, impresses peculiar features upon the climatology of the lake States, and exerts a marked influence upon the meteorology of an extensive region of this country. Many of the storms of the Mississippi Valley feel the Meteorological force of the Gulf Stream, and show signs of its influence far away towards the Rocky Mountains. And could we trace the snow which now covers the fields of many of our readers with its protecting and fructifying mantle, to the place whence the thirsty winds sucked it up as vapor when last it was in the sea,—we should find, perhaps, that it came from regions far away in the Pacific Ocean, where it had been feeding the coralines with lime, which, at a previous period, it had washed away from the monolithic caves of India, the silver mines of Potosi, or the white quarries of Carara marble.

The winds which brought this vapor from the sea, and deposited it as snow before our doors, did it in obedience to laws that are as fixed as those which regulate the seasons and bring about seed time and harvest—and, therefore, to understand the Meteorology of our own country and comprehend the laws which are expressed in its climates we must understand the movements of the great ærial ocean which envelopes the earth, and to do this we must push our researches far away into distant lands and establish our observations on the sea as well as the land.

The sea is already thickly studded with floating observatories—and those who do business upon its great waters, are the unpaid volunteer co-operatives in this system of research which we now propose to extend to the land, and on account of which we appeal to the farmers for help of a like sort. We will explain how the co-operation of seafaring people was obtained, and then it will be easy to show how we propose to obtain that of the agriculturists and landsmen generally.

The Superintendent of the National Observatory, being duly authorized, appealed to the ship masters and owners for co-operation, and invited all under the American flag to send to the Observatory, abstracts of their log books, showing for every day during the voyage, the latitude and longitude of the ship at sea, the direction and force of the winds, the strength and set of the currents, with the temperature of the air and water, and the height of the Barometer.

From these materials, thus obtained, the celebrated "Wind and Current Charts" were constructed. Thus the observations were made gratuitously, and the data furnished by individuals without cost, while the government undertook the expense of colaboration and publication. In acknowledgment of such service, and for encouragement, every Navigator who had contributed observations, was furnished gratuitously with blank forms for records and a copy of the work which the observations contributed by him, had helped to make.

By this simple and economical plan, the ocean, in a little time, was dotted over with floating meteorological stations, from which sea and air were watched day and night, and the phenomena presented by them carefully observed and noted.

Among the immediate results of this undertaking, passages were shortened, the dangers of the sea were lessened, navigation was improved, commerce was benefited, and remote corners of the earth lifted up as it were, and set down nearer to our own doors by many days' sail than they were before. The commercial distance *via.* Cape Horn to California was reduced from a voyage of upwards of six months on the average to one of a little over four months, and by a similar process the golden colony of Australia was placed just one month nearer to the ports of the mother country than it was before; the saving this effected to British commerce alone has been estimated in England to be worth to the merchants and people of that country not less than ten millions of dollars a year. Now mind, gentle, prudent, and cautious farmers, the sea captains and merchants to realize these gains did not have to incur any additional outlay—all the costs to them was in the pens and ink necessary for recording the observations they were requested to make. The instruments used were required for the proper navigation of the ship at any rate. And the necessary instruments for the observations now required to be made on land, are such as every *good* farmer ought to have also at any rate. Thus was commenced the first systematic attempt to study the Meteorology of the sea and to investigate by an extensive co-operation among mariners, the laws which govern the movements of sea and air.

Other maritime nations, foreseeing the benefits arising from this plan, signified a desire to take part in this system of research as co-laborers.—Accordingly, the leading powers of Europe, sent their chief hydrographers, being officers noted for their accomplishments in the walks of science, to meet the Superintendent of the Washington Observatory in conference, and to consult together as to the best plan of a general and uniform system of Meteorological Observatories at sea.

These officers met in Brussels about three years ago, and there devised a plan of physical research for the sea, which, at their recommendation, has been adopted by sea-going people generally. The observations that are made on board English ships are sent to an office, that has been established in London for the purpose, where, at the expense of the crown, they are discussed and published for the benefit of the sea-faring world, as they are in Washington, and also in Holland, Denmark, Russia and other countries.

This beautiful system of research, with its magnificent results which are estimated to be worth millions annually to the people of this country and their factors, is carried on under an annual appropriation by Congress of less than twenty thousand dollars.

Thus we have two-thirds of the surface of our planet already occupied by meteorological stations and we appeal to the farmers and to the lovers of science to help us to occupy the other third. The Brussels conference advised that it should be so extended, and held that the laws which govern the movements of the air can neither be thoroughly studied nor understood until the land should also be included as part of the system.

There are in this country men enough—amateur meteorologists—already engaged in making, each for his own satisfaction, observations that would suffice for extending this system over the United States. All that remains to be done thus to extend it, is to organize these observers into a corps, so that they may co-operate and observe according to the same plan; and that they should be so organized and set to work, it is only necessary that the friends of the measure generally, and the farmers in particular, should so exert their influence, that Congress may give the Superintendent of the National Observatory authority for such extension of his researches, with the means of colaborating the observations to be procured, and of publishing for the benefit of the whole human family the results to be obtained therefrom—for, where is the man, woman or child, that is not concerned in the laws that govern this wonderful machinery, which we call the atmosphere.

We appeal to the farmers especially to use their influence to procure the requisite votes in Congress, because the benefits which agriculturists would secure from the plan, are paramount. The whole business of agriculture is, to a certain extent, an affair of meteorology—of wet and dry, hot and cold, cloud and sunshine,—and the convenience of the public is to be affected, and the business of the people in a great measure regulated and controlled, by the weather we shall have to-morrow. We cannot pretend to specify the results that the spreading out of this system of meteorological research over the land would give.

But it is obvious that our observers must cover the land as well as the sea, and that in order to study the operations of this atmospherical machine, and comprehend its movements, we must treat it as a whole.

HUMBOLDT and DOVE, KRIEL, QUETELET, KUPFFER, JOMARD and LE VERRIER, with a host of other lights of science in Europe, stand ready to co-operate with us in maturing and inaugurating such extension of our marine observations. Indeed, Europe is waiting for America to make the move in this matter. We may be permitted to make an extract bearing on the subject from a letter received by the writer, no longer ago than the beginning of the winter, from M. QUETELET—the Astronomer Royal of Belgium, the preceptor of Prince ALBERT, and one of the most accomplished scientific men of the age. QUETELET has done more for vegetable meteorology, perhaps, than any other man living; and, owing in no small degree to the scientific aid which he has rendered, and the skill which he has done so much to develop, Belgium is, perhaps, in a higher state of cultivation and agricultural improvement, than any country in the world.

This letter is dated 10th Dec., 1856, and says:

"Happily, you are not of a character to hesitate, and you will do very wrong to abandon the enterprise of extending your meteorological system of research from sea to land, to England, to France and to Russia. It is plainly necessary that it should proceed. This grand undertaking is entirely honorable, and your country should not lose the honor of having been the first to suggest it. There is a certain boldness and zeal necessary, which is better suited to a young country than to our old climates—nevertheless, we are not altogether to be disdained, and in many respects we may, by following, gain the palm. But real merit is in every age the same in individuals as in nations. In your proposition, America has found a great idea, which should be altogether her own property, and should not be abandoned, because our continents wish to march in the same route, but should be accomplished in a firm manner by herself.—Our Europe is too contracted, and her governments too jealous of their respective influences, to allow one of the principal nations to take peace of the other. They all will aid voluntarily, when the appeal comes from without, and each can give an equal part without chance that any rival can attain an advantage over the other. Hold, then, firmly to your proposition—endeavour to overcome hesitancy in America, and thus she shall render an immense service to science, and nobly accomplish a career which she commenced. I say nothing, my dear friend, of yourself, because I know well that you regard always the general welfare and not your own. But listen to me; strive to obtain this last conquest. No one shall applaud more sincerely your success than myself, and I am also ready to second you with all the resources which I have. Age advances, difficulties augment, but we have as yet no cause to recede.—Every year lost is a considerable loss. It was necessary to give way to the Russian war, but at present there are no such motives to excuse inaction. It is necessary to make another effort, and fortune will reward us."

We shall continue this subject in our next article. We shall show its importance to the Army and Navy, that the Government and Legislators, may, with a clear conscience, do their part towards the great object we have in view; and then we shall show the plan of observations and satisfy our readers that it is neither elaborate, complex or difficult. On the contrary the observations at the commencement are few and simple, and neither do they require any very great skill or amount of labor to make them. It should be begun in a very simple and plain way, and then, as its usefulness and importance are developed, it may be extended.

PROFITABLE FARMING.

IN our former article on this subject in the RURAL of last week, we glanced briefly at those essentials which were purely of a mental character—requiring the exercise of mind alone for their performance—and now turn to the second portion of our theme, the necessaries dependent upon physical labor and skill.

Paramount among the requisites of profitable farming is *Order.* Unless *system* be the presiding genius of the farm, the laborer toileth but in vain. "A place for everything and everything in its place," must be a law irremediable and irrevocable, and its exercise should be upon all the humanity—young or old, male or female—that are engaged in daily avocations on your soil. The plow has no business standing in the unfinished furrow which formed a portion of the day's toil last fall. The scythe, left swinging in the apple tree when its needed offices were finished, is not occupying the position which the thrifty farmer would give it. We can go to a field, not four miles from this city, and find therein, exposed to the action of rain and snow, a mowing machine which cost, but a short time since, upwards of one hundred dollars. There it has been since the labors for which it was designed were finished, and there it probably will remain until its services are required next season.—The elements are making sad work with it, and if, after being put in operation next summer it should break amid the hurry and bustle of haying, the proprietor thereof will hold himself in special readiness to give a dissertation on the faithlessness of mechanics and the extortion of the patentees of poor machinery. Each and every implement should be in its proper place, and when it is required valuable time will not be squandered in voyages of discovery.

Never keep your accounts in your head. We will give you the credit of possessing a mental development that an ardent professor of phrenology would travel miles to see—but if you attempt to turn it into a day-book, journal and ledger, the weak spots will soon exhibit themselves. What though the sum borrowed, lent or paid out be small—make a written entry of it. If you do not possess energy enough to systematize matters on your own account, let the interests of your family prompt to *business* action and completion. Death comes to all, and who could settle up an estate if there be no record of transactions. The spoiler is abroad, and the widow and the fatherless are too often his victims, exposed by the hap-hazard conduct of those who should have been protectors.

Having adopted the foregoing principles as guides in the performance of labor, the selection and purchase of tools will be found a matter for the exercise of discrimination and judgment.—Every farmer *despises* poor help, and yet very frequently a good man is furnished with an illy proportioned and badly constructed implement with which he is expected to do a large amount of work. The object sought for in the adoption of any variety of machinery is, by its use, to obtain an *aid* to the fulfillment of our designs—not because the exuberance of the animal spirits require that a certain amount of *weight* should be *carried* to retard and contract our operations. The proprietor of one of the "Premium Farms" of New York, in his report to the Committee of Examination, says:—"I have aimed to procure the best implements for my men to work with, the best seeds to propagate from, put in my crops in the best order and in good season, and find I have no reason to complain of a liberal expenditure on my farm in labor, manure, &c., as it pays back a good interest." A *good* implement is *always cheap,* a *poor* one *always dear* though it cost nothing.

In addition to having good tools they should be kept in perfect order. The man who farms profitably will be found, in time of peace preparing for war, and when the period for action arrives, he summons his forces and is in the conflict immediately. His antipodes, when the fields are waiting for the plow, discovers that a point is wanted, and a day is lost in procuring one. The harrow is troubled with an imperfect dental formation—a molar here and an incisor there is necessary to fit it for its task. Thus he moves on, ever lagging and ever complaining, belated in all his designs, labor unperformed, crops unsecured, desires and hopes thwarted, and vexation and loss constantly ensuing. The *principle of promptness* must be engrafted upon our code of procedure in the business of life, and the pursuits of the farmer are as subject to this governing agency as those of any other vocation.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

For article on Chinese Sugar Cane—its culture, manufacture into syrup, &c.,—see next page.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

[SEE ILLUSTRATION ON PRECEDING PAGE.]

AS THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE *(Sorgho Sucre)* is attracting considerable attention, and bids fair to prove worthy of extensive cultivation in various sections of the Union, we give an illustration of this now gramineous plant, together with important information relative to its culture, management, and mode of manufacture into syrup. In giving further testimony in its favor, however, (corroborative of that of Mr. R. PETERS, published in the RURAL of Nov. 15,) we would repeat the remark heretofore made, that "though not yet prepared to strongly commend anything coming whence the China Tree Corn emanated, we are inclined to think this new plant may prove a valuable acquisition."

The following article, or report, is from the pen of Dr. ROBERT BATTEY, a practical chemist and graduate of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, in reply to an inquiry from D. REMOND, Esq., (editor of the Southern Cultivator,) of Augusta, Georgia:

DEAR SIR:—I cheerfully comply with your request for information on the subject of my observations and experiments upon the Chinese Sugar Cane as a syrup-producing plant.

My attention was first called to the subject by the seed which you were kind enough to send me in the spring of 1855. I planted them and raised—say 15 to 20 canes that year—from which I extracted a small quantity of juice for analysis.—This juice, as you are already aware, yielded, during the winter, sugar and syrup, samples of which I sent to you for inspection. Impressed, as I was, with the probable importance of this plant to the agriculturists of the South, I did not deem it prudent to speak hastily of its merits—waiting, rather, until a repetition of these experiments upon a larger scale should fully establish the opinions I had entertained of it.

The present year I have cultivated a few more canes for my experiments, and upon the farm of Richard Peters, Esq., Gordon County, Ga., I have witnessed the growth of the cane by the acre, and the production of the syrup by barrels. I have, in the mean time, read attentively the opinions of Gov. Hammond, of South Carolina, and others in different sections of the Union, who have grown the plant and experimented with it, as also the valuable paper of Vilmorin, of France, who has given this subject much study and investigation. So that calmly viewing all the facts which I have been able to collect, I no longer entertain a doubt that this plant is well worthy of the attention and study of the farmers and planters of the South.

If the opinions I shall express should seem to some too wild and extravagant, I trust they will receive them as the honest and candid sentiments of one who has carefully examined the subject, and be led to investigate and experiment for themselves. Should I thus be enabled to arouse the attention of Southern farmers to the importance of this plant, my object will have been accomplished, and my labor well expended.

The Chinese Sugar Cane seems to adapt itself to all the vicissitudes of our varied climate and soil, with a facility unsurpassed by corn or wheat. In Cherokee, Ga., it flourishes in a high degree of perfection upon soils high and low, rich and comparatively poor, producing heavy crops of stalk, leaf, and seed. The experiments of Mr. Peters (which are already published in many of our agricultural papers) present an example of most successful culture. I found it to grow with me, in all respects, as vigorously as corn, with precisely similar treatment. In Allegany county, Md., a correspondent writes for the May number of the *American Farmer*:—"I think it well adapted even to our mountainous country, and it promises to be more valuable than any other article we can grow for provender. I believe it will produce six or eight tons of dried provender to the acre." The present writer has met many intelligent and enterprising farmers of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, New Jersey, and New York in attendance at the late National Fair at Philadelphia. Many of them had witnessed its growth in their respective States with entire success. One gentleman of New Jersey had grown a half acre of the cane this season. It has been successfully grown in Illinois also, and one gallon of the juice is said to have yielded, by boiling, a quart of syrup of good quality. There is every reason to conclude that the cane may be easily and successfully grown in all parts of our country.

CULTURE.—While the seed remains in the hands of the few, and commands a price too high to permit a waste, it should be planted for one season with good distance, that the seed crop as well as the cane may attain their highest state of development. I would recommend that the rows should be three, or even four feet apart, and a distance of, say two feet, given in the row, dropping one or two seed in a place. Let the ground be well cultivated, as for corn, and the shoots or suckers which spring up from the root be all permitted to grow. A small portion of the crop should be reserved for seed, and permitted to stand until fully matured and dry. It would be well to limit the seed patch to one. By all means *permit no Broom Corn, Dourah Corn*, or other plants of the same family, *to grow near your Cane.* It readily intermixes with these varieties, and effectually ruins your seed for the production of syrup. For the same reason, great care should be observed in procuring reliable seed, as well as in keeping them so.

After the first season, when a full supply of seed shall have been secured, a better paying syrup crop may be grown by closer planting. The space between the rows may well be narrowed down to three feet, and the seed put in, say two or three every six inches. When well up, the stoutest and healthiest plants should alone be allowed to stand. The cane, when very young, presents so much the appearance of grass, that an advantage may perhaps be gained by dropping some other seed with the cane, that the latter may be more readily distinguished. This, of course, should be drawn out with the superfluent cane plants. When of sufficient size, the plants should be suckered down to one cane for each root. In other respects, the successful grower of corn will not be at a loss in the cultivation of this plant. I have found a suitable time for planting to be immediately after the corn crop, although excellent results have been obtained by planting as late as the 15th of May, in Cherokee, Georgia. It will doubtless be desirable to make several successive plantings, that they may mature gradually, and so give more time for harvesting the crop. The land, in my opinion, should be prepared in all respects as for corn.

HARVESTING.—When the stalk shall have attained its full size, and the seed have passed from the dough stage to a harder texture, the cane may be considered sufficiently mature.

Prior to the harvesting, a set of proper rollers and kettles should be provided and well set up, ready for service. The mill made use of by Mr. Peters, and which was gotten up under his direction for this purpose, is, in my opinion, of very unexceptionable quality for a small apparatus, and works admirably. It is of a suitable size for a small crop, and no farmer should undertake to supply its place by wooden rollers for a crop of even two acres. The loss of juice will more than counterbalance the difference in expense. It is worked by two mules. Three kettles, of from 60 to 100 gallons capacity, will be required to keep pace fully with the mill. It is desirable that these should be broad and shallow, that they may present a large evaporating surface, and substantially set in brick for security and convenience. They should not be distant from the press, and, if upon ground lower than the latter, an advantage is gained in running the expressed juice directly into them, and thus saving the labor of transfer.

PRESSING.—The canes, located conveniently at hand, are one by one doubled in the middle and forced between the rollers, which are kept in as close proximity as the strength of the mill and the power of the mules will warrant.

BOILING DOWN.—One of the first things done in commencing operations should be to start the fire under the kettles, that they may be well warmed by the time the juice is ready for them. In regard to the precise degree of concentration to which the syrup should be brought, it is exceedingly difficult to lay down any precise and simple rule which shall meet every case.

Mr. Peters states the yield of his best eighth acre in syrup at 52½ gallons—that of the poorest eighth at 43¾ gallons. Taking the average, we have, as the yield of the entire acre, 407 gallons, assuming the yield of juice to correspond with the average results obtained by experiment, say 50 per cent. of the entire weight, with proper machinery, expressing 70 per cent., we have a yield of 570 *gallons per acre.*

The general introduction of the cane must, for years to come, limit the production of cotton and greatly enhance its price, adding a considerable increase to the value of our exports, and counterbalance, in a measure at least, the shipment of bullion from our shores, to restore the balance of trade. This change in our productions, and the increased remuneration for labor consequent upon it, pre-supposes also an enhanced value of the soil which grows it. It is to be hoped, moreover, that the practical working out of this problem may so engage the attention of our people as to withdraw them for a time from the arena of angry strife and contention, and tend to cement more closely the tie which binds us to our prosperous and happy Union. ROBERT BATTEY.

Rome, Ga., Oct., 1856.

SINCE the preceding article was placed in type we have received several communications on the same subject, the substance of two of which we subjoin:

FRIEND MOORE:—I send you by express a few stalks of the *Sorgho Sucre*, or Chinese Sugar Cane, that you may judge of its merits and notice the same in your valuable paper if you think it will be of any interest to your readers. The seed I received from the Patent Office last spring, and planted a small patch, say 12 by 16 feet, at the usual time of planting corn, in hills 2½ feet distant each way, and thinned out to four stalks. I cut the same about the 1st of October, and carefully weighed the product of one-fourth of a rod, in order to estimate the amount of green fodder. The same weighed 60 lbs., or 38,400 lbs. per acre, and now weighs in a cured state over 30 lbs., or say about 10 tuns. I have this day crushed a few stalks and obtained a small quantity of juice and boiled it away, making about one-quarter the quantity of syrup—the whole process occupying less time than one hour.

From all the information I can get I have no doubt but what this Sugar Cane can be raised where corn will flourish. I think freezing will destroy the *flavor* for syrup or sugar. I shall plant a few acres the coming spring, in order to test it for sugar, and I have no doubt of success—for if I fail for sugar I will get a good crop of *fodder and seed*, which will more than pay all expenses. It is said that this plant bears repeated cuttings, like the Egyptian Millet, surpassing all other plants for soiling purposes.

Yours, &c. D. R. PRINDLE.

Bethany, Gen. Co., N. Y., Jan., 1857.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE should be planted at the earliest period of planting Indian corn, in rows 3½ feet apart and 6 to 8 inches between the plants. This is preferable to planting in hills 6 to 8 plants in a hill. Cultivate same as you would Indian corn with a view of obtaining 100 bushels to the acre, and the product of "Sorgho Sucre" will well repay the cost, if for nothing but green fodder.—Every farmer should prove this new vegetable to own satisfaction, preparatory to a correct knowledge of its habits and real value. Another season the seed will probably be more easily obtained, but those who experiment with a small quantity will be one year in advance of the experimenter of '58, and can go into its culture understandingly with seed of their own raising, and a supply for their neighbors.

We deem it important to state, from our own knowledge, that the genuine seed cannot be distinguished from the "Egyptian corn," or "Millet,"—by some also called "Coffee corn," by others "Chocolate corn"—which has been quite common in this country for forty years. The seed of these two plants are precisely similar in form, size and color. Nor can the plants be distinguished from each other until matured or nearly so. The genuine attains a height of some 2 to 4 feet more.—The seed heads are branched and spread much wider, and the juice of the stalk very much sweeter, but the seed of both looks precisely alike. 'Tis needless to tell the intelligent farmer why these two plants should not be grown near each other, if the seed is wanted for planting. "Broom corn" and "Dourah corn" will also readily mix with this and with each other. I. W. BRIGGS.

West Macedon, N. Y., Jan., 1857.

WINTERING PIGS.

EDS. RURAL:—Though pigs may be wintered most cheaply *in the pork barrel*," yet we must sometimes give them larger liberty, and in that case provide for their *lively* demands for board and lodging. I have seen little in your columns on this subject, hence I think you may give my "*say*" about it, a place among the things your farmer readers write for each other.

As to wintering spring pigs, I never would try the experiment. *They* had better come into the pork barrel, at seven or eight months old, "by a long shot." If the object of raising a hog is to *make pork*, that end should be kept steadily in view—the porker himself should see it, and *eat* for it. As to keeping pigs 18 months to fatten them the last three, it is not a paying business. Feed a decent pig *well*, from weaning until seven or eight months old, and you will get from 200 to 300 lbs. of pork—and you do not usually get more from those ten months older. There can be no question but an animal must consume much more, to produce in 18 months the same quantity of meat which is made by another in half that length of feeding.

But this fitting pigs to "winter in the pork barrel," requires constant attention. They must be well fed and kept growing. Besides supplying good pasture, the slops of the dairy, the windfalls of the orchard, &c., one ought to save over some corn, so as to give them at least one meal of pudding daily. But we have lost sight of our subject, and are *summering* rather than wintering the piggies.

I am wintering some pigs which came in August. They were weaned the 1st of October and shut in a pen with a ground floor (for what could one do with pigs *outside* of a pen) where, until freezing weather, they made large demands for straw and litter to keep themselves above ground. When dust flew everywhere else, they found mud and wallowed in it. I was glad to see cold weather come, for I thought they needed rest from compost making. At present they seem very comfortably situated. Roofed-in and straw-banked, their rail-pen is warm enough, and they thrive on half a bushel of corn ears a day better than on twice that quantity without such attention to their comfort.

If variety of food is conducive to health and appetite, they have been well catered for. Corn, raw and cooked, potatoes ditto, pumpkins, apples, carrots, sugar beets, and turnips, have been among the edibles—the *drinkables* have varied from pure water to butter-milk, dish-water, sour milk and so on, such as a farmer's kitchen supplies them. For bedding they have plenty of straw, even if I have to give it to them once a day—which needs to be done in thawing or rainy weather.

To winter pigs just to my mind, I would have a good warm oak-floored pen, with a yard attached for out-door exercise, and would feed them some green food, such as apples, pumpkins, sugar beets, or potatoes, once a day,—once on swill thickened with Indian meal,—and once on corn in the ear. I would try and keep them growing fairly, and when grass got a good start in spring would turn them to pasture, keeping up the feeding with kitchen swill, thickened with Indian meal, through the summer. They should have the run of the orchard, and early in the fall an increase in the richness of their feed preparatory to their spending the second winter in the pork barrel. To give them, from the first of August until late in November, all they would eat, should be one prime object—a secondary one should be to make them "work for their living" while they would, in the compost heap. I have lost a considerable proportion of the profit of my hogs, by not keeping them employed as I should have done, had I been able to have such a pen and yard as was needed. But one cannot do everything the first year—it is a "work of time" to stock and fit up a farm.

My rambling remarks extend further than I expected,—with the wish to hear from more experienced farmers on wintering pigs, I will close.

Hartland, N. Y., Jan., 1857. B. F.

THE FLUKE POTATO—AGAIN.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Observing in a recent number of the RURAL, that a potato known as the "Fluke" has proved an entire failure in New England; "the crop the first year very light, potatoes small—the second year all rotted in the ground," I thought I would give my experience in its culture. The reverse of the foregoing has been the case here; the potato known as the "Fluke" in this neighborhood, (the seed of which was obtained from Devonshire, England,) is as hardy, and productive, as any potato grown in this section, having never been affected by the rot during the four years it has been raised in this vicinity. It grows with a very strong, upright, healthy top. I know of no potato that has a more healthy appearance. It also yields well. I raised, the first season sixty-five bushels from two bushels seed, without extra care. As to its quality for eating, baked, or boiled, I know of none superior. J. S. CLARK.

Greece, Monroe Co., N. Y., 1857.

A DITCHING PLOW.

EDS. RURAL:—I wish to tell the many ditching farmers through your paper (or those who do not already know it,) that one-half of the labor may be saved from the old way of pick and spade by using a ditching plow to loosen the subsoil. I used one for a short ditch last fall, manufactured by a Mr. STONE of Gorham. I used it with two horses, one on each side of the ditch. It loosened the dirt so that it could be thrown out with a shovel without any further trouble. There seems to be one drawback on it here, (we are a penurious people,) and that is its price, $13, I think. Brother farmers, it pays even at that, if you have much ditching to do. There may be others and better ditching plows; if so, let us all have an equal chance of knowing it.

Seneca, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1856. S. P. W.

[The above smacks of advertising free, but we give it *pro bono publico.*]

THOUGH this number does not contain a great variety, it comprises several articles and reports of unusual value and interest.

Rural Notes and Items.

METEOROLOGY FOR FARMERS.—On preceding page we give the first of a series of papers on this subject, from the pen of Lieut. MAURY, Superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington, who has been justly termed the HUMBOLDT of America. This paper will command attention, not only from the importance of the subject discussed, but on account of the clear, able and comprehensive manner in which it is presented.—And we trust it will receive more than the attention of a careful perusal and temporary consideration—that the matter will enlist such profound interest as shall incite investigation, and action, on the part of many of our readers in various sections of the Union. The subject of Agricultural or Vegetable Meteorology, and Climatology, is a National one, being important to the people of the North and the South, the East and the West. The paltry sum of twenty thousand dollars a year, appropriated by Congress for Meteorological Observations at Sea, is estimated to be worth millions of dollars annually—a fact which demonstrates that investments in this branch of scientific research pay enormous dividends, far better than the stocks of our best banks and railroads. Why not, then, establish Land Observatories in the manner suggested, and which will hereafter be unfolded by Lieut. MAURY? Let the People investigate, and act upon the subject through the agency of their Representatives in Congress—thus organizing a universal joint stock company in the benefits of which all can participate. Though the interests of Agriculture would be most promoted,—and they are the paramount interests of the Nation—all classes would be benefited, were Congress to provide for a system of Land Meteorological Observations. The subject is eminently worthy the consideration and action of our Statesmen and Legislators.

—It is proper to state here (as we intended to do in a note on preceding page,) that though Lt. M.'s paper is copyrighted, our contemporaries are at liberty to copy, provided credit is given. Our only object in copy-righting is to prevent piracy on the part of certain journals of no small pretensions, but which not unfrequently *appropriate* our most valuable articles without recognizing the RURAL NEW-YORKER in the transaction.

ENTOMOLOGY FOR FARMERS.—It affords us great pleasure to announce that Dr. ASA FITCH, (Entomologist of the N. Y. State Ag. Society, Member of the Entomological Society of France, of Pennsylvania, etc.,) will contribute a series of articles to the present volume of this journal on his favorite science. The first article will probably appear in two or three weeks, and be followed by others at intervals of from two to four weeks through the year and volume. A portion at least of the papers will be illustrated with engravings from drawings by the author, thus enhancing their interest and value. Dr. FITCH suggests that if any of the readers of the RURAL meet with an insect whose name and habits they wish to know, and will send him specimens of it, he will endeavor to gratify their curiosity. Such specimens will frequently furnish the best tests for articles—especially when the inquirer writes out everything he has himself seen of the insect and its habits. When warm weather approaches we trust our readers will bear this subject in mind, and act upon the suggestion whenever they find any injurious insect respecting which they desire information. Though Dr. F. may not, in the multiplicity of his arduous and untiring labors and researches, answer their inquiries immediately, the specimens will be carefully preserved, and the desired information ere long imparted. Dr. F.'s address is East Greenwich, Wash Co., N. Y.

The announcement of so able a contributor on a subject of such great interest and importance, must be gratifying to thousands of our readers,—and will also indicate a determination to more than redeem our intimations relative to enhancing the value and usefulness of the current volume of the RURAL.

HORSE EXHIBITIONS AT AG. FAIRS.—The Mass. Board of Agriculture, at a recent session in Boston, discussed at some length, and in all its bearings, the subject of the trial of speed of horses at the exhibitions of Ag. Societies in that State. The matter was finally disposed of by the adoption of the following resolutions, as embodying the opinion of the Board:

Resolved, That the Board of Agriculture recommend to the various Agricultural Societies, to take measures in reference to the exhibition of horses at their cattle shows, as shall divest them of all characteristics of the horse race, and, as far as possible, of all immoral tendencies.

Resolved, That in the opinion of the Board the offering of premiums upon equestrian exhibitions, is a perversion of the funds of the State—such exhibitions being in no sense to be regarded as agricultural products.

Resolved, That we recommend to the several Agricultural Societies not to use their trotting courses for fast horses during the Cattle Shows, except when ordered by the Committee on Horses.

Resolved, That it is not for the interest of the farmer, or breeder of horses, at the various county cattle shows, to countenance or allow in any trial of horses, a faster rate than a mile in four minutes, the trial to be made singly, or in pairs harnessed together; and any horse driven at a faster rate should, in the opinion of this Board, be ruled out in all premiums.

ANALYSIS OF SOILS.—Prof. NESBIT, of the Kennington Ag. and Chemical College, (Eng.,) in reply to a question, said—"The analyzation of soils often reminded him of the man who, having a house to sell, came with a brick in his pocket as a sample of the house. There might be almost fifty kinds of soil in the same field. The question, What was the nature of the soil of any particular farm? was, in fact, a complicated question."

THE WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION OF WESTERN N. Y.—A meeting of the Executive Committee of this Association will be held in Penn Yan, Jan. 23d, 1857, at 12 o'clock, M., for the purpose of selecting a place to hold the next Annual Fair, and to prepare a Premium List therefor.

MAKE LABOR PAY WELL.—This should be the leading object with the farmer and can only be accomplished by carefully husbanding the sources of fertility upon the farm.

KNOWLEDGE OF ENTOMOLOGY.—How much the farmer, and the gardener, needs the knowledge—we mean the knowledge of the nature, habits, and haunts of the insects that infest their crops and fruits? These are some of the reasons why they need this knowledge. Such knowledge will enable him to *prevent* their ravages, by destroying the eggs. It will enable him to *remedy* their ravages by destroying them where they exist. It will enable him to economise time and strength, by doing the needful work exactly at the right time. It will enable him to decide whether he should make any effort at all; for in certain cases, the evils are incurable. It will give him patience and courage; for he will, in many cases, learn that the pests are only temporary, and that a few years will witness their departure. It will suggest to him what *new* remedies may be tried, based on the habits in which it will instruct him. It will show him how great results may flow from a single act—how a whole district may be visited with an insect pest, by a single negligence, or escape that visitation by a single precaution. It will enable him to aid others who need the information he has gathered, but whose opportunities have not permitted them to gain it for themselves.—*Ohio Farmer.*

MILK—MODE OF PRESERVATION.—From the investigations of Struckmann, under the directions of Bodeker, upon the normal changes in cow's milk, it is found that the quantity of fat contained in milk increases (according to the hour it is drawn) from morning till evening, whilst the whole amount of protein substances remains constantly about the same; the quantity of sugar appears to reach a maximum at mid-day. The specific gravity was always nearly the same, and from that no conclusion can be drawn about the constitution of the milk. Herpin has made a favorable report upon Mabru's method of preserving milk. This method consists in putting milk into a metallic vessel, which terminates at the top in a tunnel-shaped leaden tube; above the milk, (in the tunnel-shaped expansion,) is poured a thin layer of oil, to prevent contact with the air, the milk in the vessel is then heated from 167 deg. to 176 deg. Fah., during about an hour, to expel the air, and after cooling, the leaden tube is pressed together air-tight, then cut off above the point of compression, and soldered together.—*Liebig and Kopp's Report on Chemistry.*

AMOUNT OF OIL IN GRAIN &C.—The oily substances of vegetation are principally accumulated in the fruit, and particularly in the seed. In herbaceous plants they are less abundant, although existing in considerable proportion in the straw and stalks of the grain. The proportion of oil in different substances, by the most recent determinations is as follows:—In Indian corn, 9 per cent; oats, 3 3; fine wheat flour, 1 4; bran from the same, 4 65; rice, 1; dry hay, 3 to 4; straw of wheat, 3 2; oat straw, 5 1; olive seed, 54; linseed, 22; white mustard, 36; black mustard, 18; almonds, 46; cocoa nut, 47; walnuts, 60; yolk of eggs, 28 75; cow's milk, 3 13 per cent. They are obtained by mechanical pressure, as linseed oil, by the agency of heat as in the animal fats, by distillation and by solution in other.—*Youman's Chemistry.*

DISEASES OF SWINE.—But few diseases attack swine if properly cared for. They need shelter from wind and storms, and a warm bed; these with proper food will do more than all medical remedies. Ashes, charcoal and sulphur promote the general health if supplied occasionally.

BLEEDING SWINE.—The best place to do this is from an artery just above the knee, on the inside of the fore leg. It may be drawn more copiously from the roof of the mouth. The flow of blood may usually be stopped, by applying cold water with a sponge or cloth.—*Allen.*

The Young Ruralist.

WORDS TO YOUNG FARMERS.

ALL boys and young men who intend to pursue farming as an occupation for life, will find it for their interest to study carefully the sciences intimately connected therewith,—for the time is not distant when he who would be a *man* among men of that profession, must be intimately acquainted with the *science* as well as *practice* of Agricultural operations. Addressing young men on this subject, Prof. NASH cogently and truthfully remarks:

"Science—we do not mean hard names, but truth as developed in nature—claims and should receive your attention. We insist upon it that the farmer should be a scientific man. A little reading, in connection with the extensive observation his employment favors, would make him such. Agriculture itself is the grandest, noblest, and most useful of sciences. The loftiest intellects in the world are this moment engaged upon it, are delving deep for its hidden truths, and will yet bring them out for the benefit of mankind. It is yours to practice it, but study it also. Read your agricultural papers with an earnestness next after that which you read your Bible. One may be a good farmer without being much of a man; or he may be the latter without being the former. We confess to a little ambition;—we should want to be both. If we had a son leaving us for this employment, we would say *don't be an unintelligent farmer.* After counselling him on the higher obligations of a reasonable being, we would say, putting the least important first, make your farm a *model farm*, and yourself a MODEL MAN; and we would say, you cannot do it without reading; and past education, however good, cannot, must not be relied upon."

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE.—BURKE says it is our business to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the utmost vigor and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships, and to incur enmities. To model our principles to our duties and situation. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy than to loiter out our days without blame and without use. He trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.

Orchard and Garden.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

THE Annual Meeting of this Society was held at the Court House, in Rochester, on the 7th instant. The President being absent on account of illness, A. STOW, Esq., of Oswego Co., was called to the Chair.

The following gentlemen were unanimously elected officers for the ensuing year:

President—JOHN J. THOMAS, Union Springs.

Vice-Presidents—ASA ROWE, Sweden; H. P. NORTON, Brockport; E. C. FROST, Catharine.

Secretaries—J. B. EATON, Buffalo; H. E. HOOKER, Rochester.

Treasurer—W. P. TOWNSEND, Lockport.

Executive Committee—P. BARRY, Rochester; T. C. MAXWELL, Geneva; H. E. DICKERSON, Lyons; W. B. SMITH, Syracuse, P. R. FREROFF, Auburn.

Committee on Native Fruits.—P. Barry, Rochester; Thos. Smith, Geneva; S. H. Ainsworth, West Bloomfield; A. Loomis, Byron; E. C. Frost, Catharine, Schuyler Co.

Com. on Foreign Fruits.—Geo. Ellwanger, Rochester; T. C. Maxwell, Geneva; I. C. Hanchett, Syracuse; J. J. Thomas, Union Springs; Edward Frost, Rochester.

Com. on Nomenclature.—B. Hodge, Buffalo; W. P. Townsend, Lockport; J. B. Eaton, Buffalo; Joseph Frost, Rochester; J. J. Thomas, Union Springs.

COUNTY COMMITTEES.

P. BARRY, of Rochester, *General Chairman.*

Monroe.—H. E. Hooker, Rochester; Austin Pinney, Clarkson; Zera Burr, Perinton.

Erie.—John B. Eaton, Col. B. Hodge, W. R. Coppock, Buffalo.

Niagara.—W. P. Townsend, C. L. Hoag, H. L. Burrall, Lockport.

Cattaraugus.—Spencer Scudder, Randolph; Hon. F. S. Martin, Olean; J. C. Devereux, Ellicottville.

Cayuga.—Dr. A. Thompson, Aurora; John Morse, Cayuga; P. R. Frecoff, Auburn.

Genesee.—A. Loomis, Byron; Col. H. U. Soper, Batavia; R. B. Warren, Alabama.

Ontario.—T. C. Maxwell, Geneva; S. H. Ainsworth, Bloomfield; E. S. Smith, Geneva.

Yates.—Charles Lee, H. Olin, Penn Yan; Isaac Hildreth, Big Stream Point.

Tompkins.—James McLallen, Trumansburg; Jas. M. Mattison, Jacksonville; Anson Braman, Ithaca.

Wayne.—T. G. Yeomans, Walworth; John J. Thomas, Union Springs; M. Mackie, Clyde; E. W. Herendeen, Union Springs.

Onondaga.—W. B. Smith, Syracuse; Mr. Hamlin, Otay; E. P. Hopkins, Onondaga.

Chautauque.—Lincoln Fay, E. S. Bartholomew, Portland; A. H. Moss.

Orleans.—S. Burrows, Medina.

Wyoming.—Hugh T. Brooks, Pearl Creek.

Allegany.—Ransom Lloyd, Angelica; Wm. Howe, North Almond; John Atherton, Phillipsville.

Livingston.—M. Colby, Nunda; J. R. Murray Mount Morris; Rev. F. W. D. Ward, Geneseo.

Steuben.—Judge Denniston, William B. Pratt, Prattsburg; R. B. Van Valkenburgh, Bath.

Seneca.—H. C. Silsby, William Langworthy, Seneca Falls; Geo. Dunlap, Ovid.

Chemung.—Harvey Luce, Elmira; George W. Buck, Chemung; Albert Owen, Big Flatts.

Schuyler.—E. C. Frost, Catherine; John Woodard, North Hector; Dr. Nelson Winton, Havana.

Oswego.—S. Worden, Minetto; A. Stone, S. S. Gillett, Hinmanville.

Tioga.—George J. Pumpelly, Owego; John S. Nichols, Spencer.

Cortland.—P. Barber, Homer; Nathan Boughton, Virgil; B. J. Campbell.

A committee having been appointed to propose subjects for discussion, made a report of the following questions, which were discussed in the order reported, except No. 5, which was passed by for want of time.

1. SMALL FRUITS.—Can any of them be grown on an extensive scale, profitably?

2. SHELTER FOR ORCHARDS AND FRUIT GARDENS.—Is it important, and if so, what trees or shrubs are most suitable; and what the best method of planting to accomplish the object?

3. HARDY GRAPES—Can their culture in the open air be made profitable?

4. Is it better to TOP GRAFT old apple trees than to plant new ones?

5. Is it a good practice to RENEW PEACH TREES by heading them down.

6. Can WINTER PEARS be grown profitably?

1. SMALL FRUITS.—Several members of the Convention thought the Currant might be grown extensively, both for sale and for making wine.

Mr. BARRY being called upon to state some of the best varieties, recommended the *Cherry Currant*, the *White Grape* and the *Victoria*, the two latter excellent bearers, the *Cherry Currant*, not quite so good, though very fair, and the *Victoria* valuable on account of its lateness.

Mr. WARREN, of Genesee Co., found the *Cherry Currant* very productive, more so than any other variety.

At this stage of the discussion, Mr. ELLWANGER presented to the Convention several bottles of *White Currant Wine*, made from the *White Grape Currant*. It was tasted by the members, and pronounced excellent. The flavor was fine, but as this wine was made the last summer, it of course needed age to be fairly tested.

Dr. MOSES LONG found the *Black Currant* to make the best wine, as good as *Port wine*, and very much resembling it, and exceedingly valuable for medicinal purposes. The Doctor strongly recommended the growth and use of the *Black Currant*.

Mr. BARRY had been informed that all the *Black Currants* grown in the vicinity of New York, had been bought up by the wine dealers in that city, for the purpose of making Port wine. If this is so, the wine makers must be getting more conscientious, and it will undoubtedly have an effect upon the price of logwood.

The readers of the RURAL will recollect that in the last number we recommended this currant for wine; and as being prized for its medicinal qualities in England. We are glad the Convention took proper notice of this fruit. Before many years it will be better liked and more cultivated.

The RASPBERRY was recommended by Mr. BURTIS and others as worthy of extensive cultivation.

Mr. H. E. HOOKER said the fruit growers in the neighborhood of Cincinnati had cultivated the *Black Raspberry* for market. It would bear shipment without injury. The *Antwerps* and other varieties would spoil in twelve hours after picking.

Col. HODGE, of Buffalo, had found the common *Black Raspberry*, or *Black Cap*, as it is generally called, the most hardy, and take it altogether, the best for general cultivation. The *Antwerps* were tender unless grown among trees, which would afford sufficient protection. Covering the plants in the fall was troublesome and expensive. The *Allen* is a variety much grown around Buffalo, and is a native of Ohio. It is of a reddish black, and a superior fruit.

Mr. BARRY said the growing of the *Antwerps* and other good varieties is profitable near large cities. The *Red Antwerp* is the variety grown so extensively on the Hudson river, for the New York market. His practice was, in the fall, to bend the tops down and throw a spade full of earth over them. The snow soon covers them. The Antwerps are far superior in flavor to the native varieties mentioned—so is the Orange, and other varieties that might be named—they are the Raspberry in perfection. The Red Antwerp is hardy in the gardens about this city, requiring no protection.

Mr. H. E. HOOKER observed that the Black Raspberry would usually sell higher than other varieties, being much sought after for preserving. The foreign varieties ripened very fast, and in a few hours were over-ripe, so that they required to be watched, or a portion of the crop was destroyed. This was not so with the Black. It would keep in good condition several days.

Mr. A. STONE, of Oswego, thought it worthy of notice that the Black Raspberry was not attacked by worms when ripe, like other varieties.

Mr. BARRY considered this a bad sign, as insects were good judges of fruit.

If the people want the Black Raspberry, and are willing to pay more for them than for a better sort, so as to make their growth more profitable, of course fruit growers would do well to raise them. But, when all the pains necessary to grow better kinds is a slight protection in winter, in exposed localities, no one should allow the trouble to frighten them from their culture. This would be *progress* in the wrong direction. The *Black* Raspberry is too woody for our fancy. If we were obliged to eat a certain amount of wood, we should prefer to have it separate from the fruit.

GOOSEBERRIES.—Mr. H. E. HOOKER thought Gooseberries a very profitable crop for market, if they could be grown free from mildew. Had raised some for market, which he sold at 18 cents per quart, and considered it a ridiculously high price.

Mr. GEO. ELLWANGER had found that the *Crown Bob*, *White Smith*, and other strong growing varieties, were not apt to mildew.

Mr. HOOKER on light soils never got a good berry, even with thorough mulching. Had no trouble in growing Gooseberries free from mildew on a heavy soil. Houghton's Seedling had never mildewed with him.

Mr. ELLWANGER had never known Houghton's Seedling to mildew, even on the lightest soil.

Mr. BENJ. HODGE cultivated twenty varieties.—Found that after two or three years the mildew entirely destroyed them. Does better in a heavy soil, but even then mildews. Heavy pruning and a stiff soil is the best preventives. Never recollected seeing mildew on Houghton's Seedling.

Mr. BARRY said the Gooseberry required a cool, moist soil. In Lower Canada, Maine, and in the northern part of this State it succeeded almost as well as in the cool, moist climate of England.

Mr. WARREN, of Gen. Co., had raised the Gooseberry without trouble from mildew, in a light soil, on the north side of a board fence.

2. SHELTER. BENJ. HODGE thought this subject very important. Shelter was essential to the growth of fruit in many localities. Peaches could not be raised at Buffalo—not on account of severe frosts, as many thought, but because of the cold, bleak winds. At the lower end of Grand Island is a tract of land called Peach Haven. It is protected from the west winds by a natural forest. There the peach succeeds well. Would advise the planting of the *Norway Spruce*, it grows quick and will afford good shelter.

Mr. H. E. HOOKER said many fruit growers thought the principal injury to the peach was from the cold north-easterly winds in the spring, just after blossoming.

Mr. L. BURTIS, of Rochester, would prefer the coldest, bleakest hill for a peach orchard, so that the ground would freeze deep, and thus keep the trees back in the spring.

Mr. BENJ. FISH, of Rochester, had found by experience that when the peach crop failed it was in almost every case in consequence of extreme cold in winter.

Dr. ROACH, of Ontario Co., has two peach orchards of about 200 trees each. One is exposed to the west wind, and the other pretty well sheltered. From the exposed orchard he gathered about a peck of peaches last season, and from the other 150 baskets.

Mr. BARRY had no doubt but exposure to the west winds was very injurious. The winter before last the west sides of hemlock trees, standing in the natural forest, were injured by the cold of the winter, as were the west sides of Privet hedges, and other hardy plants, plainly showing the evil effects of continued cold blasts from the west.—Pear plantations that were exposed bore but little. Mr. BARRY agreed with Mr. HODGE that the Norway Spruce should be recommended as a suitable tree to plant for sheltering orchards. For small gardens the *Arbor Vitæ* would be suitable.

Mr. H. N. LANGWORTHY had cultivated the peach for twenty-five years somewhat as a profession.—He found that both the east and west winds destroyed a good deal of fruit. As a general rule the rows of trees on the east and west ends of the orchards bear but little, while those in the other parts of the orchard bear well.

Of the value of *shelter* for the orchard there can be but one opinion. Those who have traveled over the Western prairies, and noticed the effects of the tremendous winds that prevail there on fruit trees, must *feel* the importance of shelter. Were we to plant an orchard on the prairies, we would almost surround it with a belt of Norways.

3. HARDY GRAPES.—H. N. LANGWORTHY would like to have gentlemen talk freely about the best method of cultivating the Grape. The finest grapes, he often observed, were those that were grown on part of vines that had run up among the branches of some neighboring apple, or other tree, where they seemed to fully ripen in the shade.—From this he argued that the sun was not necessary to ripen the grape—it seemed to require warm air.

Mr. HODGE hardly thought the Isabella grape would ripen well in the neighborhood of Rochester, in ordinary seasons.

Mr. BARRY thought with proper culture the Isabella grape could be ripened in Rochester almost every season. He referred to the beautiful, well-ripened Isabellas raised by Mr. McKAY, of Naples, Ontario Co., and called upon Mr. JOHNSON, who resided in the neighborhood of Mr. McKAY, to give the meeting some information as to his mode of culture, profits, &c.

Mr. JOHNSON had been somewhat interested with Mr. McKAY in the culture of the grape. He pruned very close every season, and trained his vines on wire trellises some seven feet high. The lower branches were trained very near the ground. The vines were one rod apart each way, making one hundred and sixty to the acre. He thoroughly manured. The fruit ripened every season perfectly. The soil is gravelly, with a clay sub-soil, and a north-eastern exposure. The product is about $1,200 per acre. Mostly sold at 15 cents per lb.

Mr. FLOWER, of Syracuse, stated that a gentleman near Syracuse had sold $800 worth of grapes from half an acre.

Mr. HODGE was acquainted with Mr. McKAY's Grapes. They are ripe Grapes—a beautiful black. Not one quarter of the people of Buffalo ever saw a ripe Isabella Grape.

Mr. AINSWORTH, of Bloomfield, was acquainted with Mr. McKay's Grapes. He has a favorable situation. He prunes very thoroughly both in the winter and in the summer, and thus the shade is lessened, and the fruit exposed to the light and air. Cultivated the Grape pretty largely himself, and with entire success. Got a fair crop the third year after planting. At present prices the cultivator can depend upon from $500 to $800 per acre profit.

Mr. BARRY thought that this discussion must have convinced all that the Isabella Grape will ripen here every season; and that the raising of hardy Grapes is not only profitable, but exceedingly so.

Some remarks were made by Messrs. JOHNSON and AINSWORTH in regard to their method of pruning the Grape, but as we could not make this subject intelligible to our readers without illustrations, and as it is a matter of much importance, we shall prepare an article on the subject for the RURAL in a week or two.

4. GRAFTING OLD APPLE TREES.—Mr. HODGE said if trees were healthy and vigorous, it would be wise to graft; if old and sickly, it would be much better to cut them down, and plant out young trees. Some years since a gentleman in his neighborhood wished him to send men to graft an old orchard on his place. Mr. H. advised him to cut down his old trees and plant a young orchard. He found some itinerant grafters that did the work. In three years he was so sick of the operation that he cut the whole down, and planted young trees. If the ground is well prepared by thorough deep plowing and manuring, and the trees well cultivated, young trees will bear so early as to astonish those who plant. In 1848, he furnished a gentleman with one hundred apple trees. From these trees in the fall of 1854 was picked 120 barrels of apples. They were mostly Baldwins and Greenings. Two Baldwin trees bore three barrels each.

Mr. BARBER, of Ontario county, had considerable experience in grafting old orchards. He did not graft in the tops of trees, but cut off large limbs six or ten inches in diameter, or more, as the case may be. Then put in good strong scions, of some quick growing varieties, all around the limb, as thick as they can set,—about an inch apart. This must be done very early, before the sap starts. These scions grow and form a lip all around the limb of the tree, and the more feeble of these scions can be cut away. Trees treated in this way had produced three barrels the third year. Had grafted apple trees in this manner that had been broken off, leaving nothing but a stump, and pear trees that had lost the entire head by blight, and never failed to get a good top. If the grafting was done early a lot of shoots would soon appear, and furnish leaves enough to elaborate the sap.

Mr. H. E. HOOKER had pursued a similar method with Pear trees destroyed with blight, and with success. Also, with apple trees in a few cases.—The wood of the large limb became discolored, and showed signs of decay.

BENJ. FISH thought there was no general rule, for grafting old trees. If a tree had been well pruned, and well cared for, it could be grafted with success; but as farmers generally treat their trees, pruning them with an axe, they become diseased, and when a large limb of such a tree is grafted the wood decays, and the tree becomes hollow and worthless.

T. C. MAXWELL said there were a number of old apple trees near Geneva, planted in the olden time, by the Indians. As the story goes, these trees were cut down by Gen. SULLIVAN, on his expedition to drive the Indians from this section of the country. They show signs of having been cut down, as many of them have two trunks. These trees were grafted fifteen years since, and are now profitable trees.

Mr. AINSWORTH could not approve the system pursued by Mr. Barber. The large limbs cut off for grafting would soon decay. The scions, set so thick around the limb or trunk, would form a cup where the water would remain; the wood would rot, and the tree be destroyed. Three barrels of apples from a tree the third year after grafting, he thought a pretty tough story. Always found that after a few years the fruit of a grafted tree depreciated, and the tree itself soon decayed.

Mr. BARRY thought Mr. Barber showed some knowledge of Vegetable Physiology in his remarks. He was opposed, however, to grafting old trees, when in a state of decline, except in special cases—as when a person takes possession of a farm destitute of good fruit, with a few old apple trees growing. In such a case it would be well to graft, so as to have fruit enough for family use as quick as possible.

6. WINTER PEARS.—Mr. R. ROBINSON SCOTT, hoped that when gentlemen made statements in regard to *Pears*; their product, value, &c., they would let it be known whether such statements were *real* or *imaginary*, as an old Horticultural journal charged the members with making false statements at the last meeting. It would be well, therefore, for members who make statements to let it be understood whether they were *real* or *figurative*.

These remarks of Mr. SCOTT caused some amusing conversation, and it was generally understood that Mr. S. referred to strictures on the action of the Society, by Mr. HOVEY, in his Magazine.

Mr. BARRY said that the growing of *Winter Pears* was yet a new business. Winter Pears could be grown as easily as fall Pears—the only difference is the trouble of keeping the winter pears until they ripen. Most of the winter varieties will keep and ripen in barrels in the cellar, as easily as apples. He had been surprised to find how little care and trouble they required. The *Easter Beurre*, *Lawrence* and *Vicar of Winkfield* may be grown and ripened here as easily as Baldwin apples.

At this stage of the meeting, Mr. BARRY presented to the Convention a fine dish of *Easter Beurre Pears*, kept in a barrel in the cellar until taken out to bring to the meeting. They were tasted by members generally; and as a fine one fell to our lot, we were so much absorbed in *discussing* this particular pear on our own account, that we undoubtedly lost many valuable remarks that should have been noted down. When we awoke to a sense of duty, Mr. HODGE was observing that in selecting pears for market culture it was important not only to get pears of good quality, but those that bear large crops. As to making pear culture pay, there could be no question about that. A pear tree in Mr. H.'s vicinity, bore 40 bushels last season, and another belonging to his brother bore 20 bushels, which were sold at $2 per bushel. This was an inferior variety.

Mr. HOOKER found Winter Pears quite variable as to quality. Had no trouble in ripening them—the trouble was to grow them good. If well grown they would ripen well.

Mr. BARRY observed that trees of Winter Pears did not bear fine fruit until they attained some age. The *Glout Morceau* did not bear fine fruit, even on the quince, until eight or ten years old.—Winter pears must be well grown. Imperfect, poor specimens will never ripen.

D. D. T. MOORE asked if any farmers or fruit growers present had grown Winter Pears as a market crop; and if so, he would like to hear their experience. No one present it seemed had much experience in this matter, though several had planted young orchards. Enough, however, has been done by amateurs and others to justify farmers in engaging in the culture of Winter Pears on a small scale.

A small, but very fine exhibition of *Winter Fruit*, was made, by several members of the Society. We annex the names of exhibitors, and the varieties of fruit shown.

A. COVEY, of Penfield, exhibited 20 varies of Apples, and 1 of Grapes, as follows:—Baldwin, Northern Spy, King, Spitzenburgh, Bailey Sweet, Roxbury Russet, Swaar, Tolman Sweet, Black Gilliflower, Pennocks Red Winter, Seek-no-Further, Ribston Pippin, Coopers Market, Red Canada, Hubbardstons Nonsuch, R. I. Greening, Egg Top, Royal Crown, Maiden's Blush, Pecks Pleasant, Isabella Grapes.

R. H. BROWN, of Greece, presented 20 varieties of Apples:—Tolman Sweet, 20 oz. Apple, Seek-no-Further, Northern Spy, R. I. Greening, Lester Sweet, Green Sweet, Bakers Sweet, Red Gilliflower, Winter Swaar, Yellow Bellflower, Ribston Pippin, Holland Pippin, Roxbury Russet, Golden Russet, Pomme Grise, Baldwin, Red Canada, Fameuse, York Pippin

JOHN PARKS, of Yates, exhibited 16 varieties of Apples:—Baldwin, Seek-no-Further, Fall Pippin, Twenty Ounce Apple, Bellflower, Ribston Pippin, Black Gilliflower, Roxbury Russet, Tolman Sweet, Golden Reinette, Cooper, Spitzenburgh, R. I. Greening, Twenty Ounce Pippin, Northern Spy, Holland Pippin, Swaar

J. B. JOHNSON, of Naples, Ont. Co., exhibited 18 varieties of Apples, and 2 of Grapes:—King, Blue Pearmain, Wine, Roxbury Russet, Black Gilliflower, R. I. Greening, Royal Crown, Northern Spy, Twenty Ounce, York Pippin, English Russet, Bailey Sweet, Seek-no-Further, Baldwin, Tolman Sweet, Winter Pearmain, Spitzenburgh, Swaar Catawba Grapes, Isabella Grapes.

J. NELSON, of Brighton, exhibited 3 varieties of Apples, and 1 of Grapes:—Baldwin, Twenty Ounce, Fall Jenetting, Isabella Grapes.

LUTHER BARBER, of East Bloomfield, presented a Seedling yellow apple called the Golden Goss.

T. C. MAXWELL, of Geneva, presented a large red apple, supposed to be a Seedling.

ELLWANGER & BARRY exhibited 23 varieties of Winter Pears:—Pound, Gilliflike, Josephine de Malines, Easter Bergamot, Vicar of Winkfield, Easter Beurre, Princes St. Germain, Doyenne d' Alencon, Tavernier de Bologne, Marquise, Gros Colmar (Van Mons.,) Winter Nelis, Orange d' Hiver, Jean de Witte, Bezi d' Esperin, Inconnue V Mons., Messeure Jean (round,) Bezy Sanpariel, De Louvain, Bergamotte Cadette, Catinka, Leon Le Clerc de Laval, Glout Morceau.

PEAR SEEDS.—AN INQUIRY.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Permit me to ask one question. I have nearly a quart of pear seeds, presented to me by a friend in Ontario Co., N. Y. I value them highly. How shall I plant them, and when? We have no fruit trees in Nebraska. My mouth now waters for a good New York apple. The Missourians bring us over a load occasionally, and they sell readily for $2 per bushel. We expect to import a large quantity of trees the coming year. Judging from the nature and composition of the soil, I think the apple, pear and peach will grow and thrive vigorously. Wild plums are found in any quantity—one variety very fine. We are now having high winds; for the last three days a strong wind from the south has been blowing, which with the dust and smoke from the prairies on fire, has rendered out-door life very unpleasant. On account of the winds, would it not be better for us to plant our trees in the spring?—J. H. KELLOM, *Omaha City, Nebraska*, 1856.

REMARKS.—You would have done well had you planted the pear seed in the fall. As it is too late for fall planting, mix them with sand, and put them in a box for safe keeping. Let the box remain exposed to the thawing and freezing, until your ground is ready for planting in the spring. Then plant thin, in a nicely prepared mellow soil, and cover with about two inches of earth. Keep the bed free from weeds, and the soil mellow.

Spring would be a good time to plant fruit trees, if you can get them in season. If obtained in the fall they might be "heeled in" and protected during winter. We have noticed in our travels over the prairies of the West, that fruit trees with *low heads*, and planted close, succeed best. We have seen fine young apple orchards, bearing well, with the trees only 15 feet apart.

CATERPILLARS ON FRUIT TREES.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following from East Porter, N. Y., in which he gives his method of destroying the caterpillar. As soon as we can find room we intend to give an article or two on the best methods of curtailing the ravages of insects injurious to fruit, in case Dr. FITCH, (who is this week announced as a contributor to the RURAL) does not discuss the subject.

"I had quite a number of fruit trees last season which were attacked very severely by caterpillars, and I got rid of them in the following manner:—I removed all the caterpillars from the trees, with a brush, or whatever was most convenient, killing as many as possible by stepping upon them, and then with a swab put on a band or ring of tar, just below the limbs. I then kept watch of the trees, and in a short time the caterpillars which remained undestroyed upon the ground, began to ascend them, but upon coming to the tar were compelled to stop. They soon collected in large numbers upon the bodies of the trees, when they were easily destroyed."

MEETING OF THE HEDGE GROWERS OF ILLINOIS.—A meeting of the Hedge Growers and the advocates of Hedge Fences is to be held at Jacksonville, Illinois, on January the 26th and 27th. The meeting is called for the purpose of a free interchange of opinions on the subject. This is an important matter to all, and of especial importance to the farmers of the West. Any communications on the subject from those who cannot attend the meeting, may be addressed to Prof. J. B. TURNER, Jacksonville, Ill.

CRANBERRIES.—ELIAS NEEDHAM, Esq., of West Danvers, has a lot of upland, bordering upon the Danvers railroad, containing five-eights of an acre. Upon this, some five or six years since, he set out cranberry plants, and has cultivated them with great care. The past year he picked 97 bushels of excellent cranberries, which he sold for $4 per bushel, and besides these there were some ten bushels of damaged berries. From trees on the same land he picked fourteen barrels of apples, which he sold for $4 per barrel—making the gross income, from five-eights of an acre, *four hundred and forty-four dollars!* Beat this who can!—*Salem Register.*

TRAPPING MICE.—The number of mice may be very materially reduced by trapping them. They are very readily caught. The little wooden traps, with a spring yoke rising over a round hole in the side, can be bought very cheaply. They are retailed for about three cents each, when having but one hole, and for six cents with two holes. Two or three dollars will purchase a hundred of the single hole traps. These baited with a bit of cheese, or cheese rind, and distributed around an orchard, will thin out the mice very rapidly. We have a lot of them about the dwelling, garden, &c., and find them more effectual, and less annoying, (especially of nights,) than cats.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

GARDENING AND AGRICULTURE.—Lord Bacon remarks:—"When ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection."

Mechanic Arts, &c.

LIST OF PATENTS

Issued from the United States Patent Office for the week ending December 23, 1856.

Jonathan Adams, Eatonton, Ga., improvement in plows.

Harry Abbott, Huron, N. Y., improvement in cider mill.

John Armstrong, New Orleans, improvement in steam boilers.

G. H. Babcock, Westerly, R. I., improvement in printing presses.

Wm. W. Bryan, Schaghticoke, improved mode of securing brass in the snath of a grain cradle.

Wm. B. Burnett, Lyons, N. Y., improved portable field fence.

Chauncy O. Crosby, New Haven, Conn., improvement in machinery for folding paper.

Ralph Collier, Baltimore, assignor to Alfred H. Reip and Ralph Collier, same place, improvement in rotary egg beaters.

Theodore Cook, Springfield, Mass., improvement in stoves and furnaces.

Henry Davenport, New York, improvement in machines for cutting india rubber thread.

Platt Evens, Jr., Cincinnati, hand printing press.

Andrew L. Fuller, Clinton, Mass., improvement in looms.

John T. Garlick, New York, improved spring hinge.

C. B. Galentine, Samuel Galentine, and Andrew J. Russell, Nunda, N. Y., improved hoot expander.

Andrew M. Hall, West Falmouth, Me., improvement in mowing machines.

Edward B. Howe, Lowell, improvement in trimming card clothing.

Sandy Harris, Philadelphia, improvement in bedstead fastenings.

Jacob Heckeedorn, Elkton, Md., improvement in plows.

Joseph Kingsland, Jr., Franklin, N. J., improvement in paper pulp engines.

Edward W. Lacy, Oak Park, Va., improvement in hemp brakes.

Jesse Ladd, Holderness, N. H., improved machine for pointing shoe pegs.

Wm. R. Landfear, Manchester, Conn., improvement in sewing machines.

James Letort, Wytheville, Va., improved door fastener.

Wm. Maher, Slack, Ky., improvement in blacksmith's cranes.

Wm. Mason, Warren, Mass., improved device for operating fluid meters by hand.

Wm. H. McNary, Brooklyn, improvement in the manufacture of hosiery.

Lea Pusey, Downingtown, Pa., arrangement of railroad platform scales.

John H. H. Perkins, Utica, improvement in hot air furnace.

Herman Schroeder, Lewis Salewske, and Wm. Schmidt, Bloomington, Ill., improvement in breech loading fire arms.

Seligmann H. Strouse and Joseph Strouse, New York, improvement in shirts.

Levi Skeels, Ostrander, O., improvement in tinner's shears.

Edgar M. Stevens, Boston, improvement in corn shellers.

Sylvester J. Sherman, New York, improvement in truss pads.

Werner Staufen, Prussia, improvement in preparing vegetable fibres for stuffing matrasses and cushions. Patented in England Nov. 2, 1855.

Alfred E. Smith, Bronxville, improved mode of connecting shafts with the axle trees.

John Stowell, Charlestown, improved method of hanging reciprocating gig saws.

Gideon O. Spence, Elmira, improvement in melodeons.

Clark Tompkins, Troy, improvement in knitting machines.

Joseph Welsh, Philadelphia, improvement in lubricating spindle steps.

A. F. Warren, Brooklyn, fountain pen.

Allen B. Wilson, Waterbury, improvement in portable head rests.

Wm. Hannah, Middlefield, N. Y., assignor to L. H. Bowen, and Wm. Hannah aforesaid, improved machine for trimming bolts.

Elnathan Sampson, Vergennes, assignor to the "Vergennes Scale Manufacturing Company" of Vergennes aforesaid, improvement in weighing scales.

Sam'l. Gissinger and John W. Kellberg, Allegheny City, assignor to A. D. Morris, Pittsburg, Pa., improvement in converting reciprocating into rotary motion.

And'w. Grimes, Lancaster, N. Y., assignor to Charles Day, same place, improvement in burning charcoal.

Sylvester H. Gray, Bridgeport, Conn., assignor to himself, and Frances Ives, same place, improvement in machinery for sizing hat bodies.

Benj. G. Dawley, North Providence, assignor to Z. Allen, same place, improvement in looms.

Samuel Comfort, Morrisville, Pa., assignor to Edward S. Renwick, New York, improvement in automatic rakes for harvesters.

Jos. H. Goodell, Bridgeport, improved machine for cutting veneers from the log.

Thos. D. Worrell, Lowell, improved method of adjusting the bits of carpenters' planes.

Elkan Adler, New York, improvement in spring bed bottoms.

Moses S. Beach, Brooklyn, machine for feeding paper to printing presses.

James Bolton, Richmond, Va., improvement in horse fastening.

Jos. Carpenter, Yorktown, N.Y., improvemenint harvesting machines.

N. C. Sherman and J. Mason, Hazle Green, Wis., improvement in seed planters.

A. F. Johnson and F. A. Houghton, Boston, improvement in sewing machines.

Jos. Kingsland, Jr., Franklin, N. J., improvement in the process of grinding paper pulp.

John Case and Isaac Soules, Amsterdam, N. Y., improvement in smoke consuming furnaces.

John J. Squire, Saint Louis, improvement in hay racks.

John Worseley, Providence, improvement in manufacturing callender rolls.

Charles Winship, New Haven, Conn., improvement in refrigerators.

Jerome B. Woodruff, Washington, D. C., improvement in sewing machines.

E. K. Havares, assignor to A. M. Mowe, Lebanon, N. H., and E. K. Havares aforesaid, improvement in machines for sowing seed broadcast.

James A. Bazin, Canton, Miss., improvement in counting machines.

ADDITIONAL IMPROVEMENT.—Abner N. Newton, Richmond, Ind., improvement in breech loading fire arms. Patended June 27, 1854; additional improvement June 17, 1856.

RE-ISSUES.—Henry A. Chapin, Springfield, Mass., improved machine for reaming and taping gas fittings; patented July 1, 1856.

Edward Linder, New York, improved magazine, repeating and needle gun. Patented June 27, 1854. Re-issued on division.

John G. Macnair, Norwich, Conn., improvement in manufacturing carpets. Patented August 7, 1855.

Thos. D. Worrell, Lowell, assignee (through Mifflin Paul) of Thos. Worrell, multiform moulding plane. Patented August 29, 1854.

LARGEST GAS HOLDER IN THE WORLD.—The immense gas holder, located in the first ward, being the largest in the world, is completed, and has been in use for several weeks past. This holder is 160 feet in diameter and 90 feet high, weighing 825,000 pounds, and will contain 1,800,000 cubic feet of gas. The weight of cast iron in the guide frame is about 1,500,000 pounds, and the whole structure, consisting of gas holder, guide frame and tank, cost about $150,000. This holder is intended as a store room for surplus gas, which accumulates on moonlight nights and Sundays, and is then used dark nights. The gas is conducted to the works on Market street, through a pipe three and a quarter miles in length, and twenty inches in diameter. Since it has been in use it has been found to serve an excellent purpose for regulating the pressure in the business parts of the city, where much inconvenience had previously existed for want of such pressure in the early hours of the evening.—*Philadelphia Pennsylvanian.*

IRON MASTS DISCARDED.—The Belgian steamer Belgique, lying in New York, has condemned her iron masts as unsafe and unsuitable, and removed them to substitute wooden ones. It is alleged that the sailors determined not to go to sea in her again unless they were taken out: they caused the ship to labor from top weight, sprung topmasts, carried away lanyards, sprung below deck, and Jack feared they might break short off and fall through the ship.

A SMALL pocket telegraph apparatus has been invented, not larger than a tobacco box, which can be attached to the wire at any point along the line, at the instant, and a message sent as desired.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE DYING CHILD.

DEAR PAPA I am going
Away from earth and thee,
An angel band is waiting,
I hear their minstrelsey;
O! I shall soon be with them,
And join the song of love,
That all the blest are swelling,
In that bright home above.

That land you oft have told me,
Is better far than this;—
That there the righteous ever
Partake of ceaseless bliss;
You tell me that my mother
Is a bright angel there,
That I if good shall see her,
And of that glory share.

You took me once, dear papa,
To where you said she laid,
I would that close beside her,
My little grave be made;
I think her spirit woo's me,
I'm sure I'd rather go,
And dwell up there in heaven
Than linger here below.

Nay do not weep, dear papa,
Those tears—wipe them away,
I know you will be lonely,
Yet ask me not to stay;
You could not always shield me
From every thing that harms,
And Jesus will enfold me,
Safe in his loving arms.

Sherburne, N. Y., Jan. 1857. LINA LEE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

WITHOUT desiring to enter the arena of discussion concerning the "rights of woman," or the remotest wish to describe or circumscribe the peculiar sphere for which she is designed, we purpose to broach a few thoughts on a subject intimately connected with her welfare.

Judging from the various modes in which the female mind is tutored, a *system* for the calling forth of its intellectual capacities *has yet to be formed.* Every variety of effort—every scheme having the appearance of tangibility, is in vogue, and a mass void of form and shape—we had almost added light—is the result. The question naturally arises—What, then, is the true mode of educating this class? We answer, in true Yankee style, by propounding a query ourselves—"What should be the prime objects in Female Education?" To the elucidation of this point we offer the following remarks:

The system of education adapted for females, must be two-fold in its character and tendencies—it should call forth the energies of the soul, and direct them in such manner as will best comport with the physical, mental and moral constitution of woman. To *develop* the faculties and to *direct* them is the Alpha and Omega of mental progression.

The leading feature in female education should be solidity rather than ornament. So much attention is given in some institutions to the adornment of the form, to the care of the body instead of the mind—one, at all skeptical would fain believe that, in the whole course of tuition, the entire school had been strangers to good, hard, energ tic thought. Others recognize the necessity for a *basis* to mental acquirement, but their mode of erecting the structure is faulty—the finishing process is completed precisely where the work should have commenced. The towers and turrets—the cornices and mouldings—beauty of style, fancifulness of finish, and symmetry of externals are all clearly brought to view, but the whole rests upon airy nothingness, there is neither breadth nor depth to the mental edifice. An illustration will probably give our ideas more exactness. A modern lady informs her husband that their daughter has just returned from school; and in recounting her progress and position says—"JULIA converses in French with fluency and ease; performs upon the piano with a degree of precision rarely excelled; has a perfect knowledge of music in all its branches, whether simple melody or the abstruseness and complexity of the opera; embroiders beautifully, etc., and now I think it would be advisable to procure for her an English spelling book!" Many may conceive the opinion that the picture is over-drawn, but we will venture the assertion that one-half of those females who have received a strictly "first-class" (so called) education cannot spell their mother tongue correctly.—We have known those who would pass as shining lights in brilliant society that had but to put their pen to paper to sign their death-warrants.

When females are thoroughly versed in the branches of writing, reading, spelling, arithmetic, composition, &c., it is time enough to add physiology, botany, chemistry, and as many of the "accomplishments" as the mind can *master.* Here, as in the other departments, thoroughness is desirable—superficiality in any portion of he course of mental exercise, daily proves the triteness of the adage, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." The *practical* is the want of the age—we need less of fashion and folly and a larger supply of common sense, less of frivolity and more real study, fewer *fine ladies* and *more women.* If there is a sight on earth around which we would draw the curtain of obscurity, it is that of one gifted with all the graces which nature lavishes upon her daughters, prostituting them at the altar of fashion—famishing the immortal mind with the stale flattery of a hollow-hearted world; living a round of gaiety and dissipation, laying up as her only treasure a miserable old age, fraught with remorse for the past and not a star with cheering ray to gleam athwart the blackness of the future.

Many may think that an educational course of this character for females would be useless—that the sphere occupied by them is too contracted for the full exercise of the acquirements obtainable by such mental discipline. Friends, the circle is circumscribed because of the distance at which you view it. Once approach the centre, and the circumference recedes, it is lost upon the shores of time and lingers amid the confines of eternity.

The education of woman comes then to a question of being. Whatever the mother is, will, in a greater or less degree, exhibit itself in the child.—We may be allowed to lay great stress upon the position of woman as a mother, for on this pivot revolves the destiny of her household, and the proper fulfillment of this station calls for a complete revolution of the *modus operandi* in fomale education. There is too much of silk and satin greatness in its composition. The idea that the fingers were made for wearing golden circlets, or the hand merely for the purpose of testing the elasticity of kid, must be eradicated. From the lips of OMNIPOTENCE the edict has gone forth—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat broad until thou return to the ground," and Nature in her endless labyrinths gives back the response. The physical formation calls for exercise lest it pine and die—the mental organism must be disciplined or it will rust and fail. The *highest accomplishment* of a human being—male or female—is a well-developed and well-balanced mental and moral constitution.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY LITTLE SISTER.

CARRIE'S hood was drawn hastily over her yellow hair, the cloak and mittens donned in a trice, and the little dinner basket, placed upon the arm, for it was full nine o'clock and she would be late at school. Stopping upon the door-step she turned and bade us all "good bye!"—a ceremony never to be omitted. I watched her from the window as she trudged along the snow-white road, and sober reflections rose in my mind to chase away the smile upon my countenance.

I thought of the journey of Life on which the little traveler had just set out—how many thorns must pierce those little feet—how many tears dim the bright eyes—how many blasts from this unfriendly world pierce through the little form if she lived even long as I have lived—how many clouds darken the onward pathway, and how untimely frosts would chill the sanguine spirit—and the dim tears blinded my eyes for I *loved* her!

This is the dark side of the picture—the other is very beautiful. Grief *will* come and I am thankful that the day in which this school of life is kept, is short; that the sun soon sets, and we are dismissed to go home to our Father's house. Happy for us if we have learned our lessons well!

Eagle Harbor, N. Y., 1857. VIANA MEADOWS.

ARE THERE NO FLOWERS IN HEAVEN?

THE golden light of a sweet June morn, was flooding earth with its beauty. The old sitting-room looked brighter than usual, as through its open windows poured the richly swelling bird-notes and floated the sweet perfume of the lilacs. The robins were singing sweetly in the olden elm that shaded the gateway. Earth was very beautiful, but there were sad hearts beating 'neath our roof-tree that day. We chid the sun for shining so brightly—the flowers for blooming so sweetly—and the birds for their careless glee. Yet still they sang, and smiled on. How could they when Charlie was dying! Charlie was our only one. He loved the birds and trees and flowers; he loved earth's brightness and beauty. He was our hope and our joy.

Nine days had he lain tossing with fever, and never for a single hour, during that time, had his mother left his side. He clung to her tenaciously,—and often asked her, as he lay upon her bosom, in intervals of pain, to tell him again of heaven, for she often told him tales of that blissful land when in health.

Charlie was only five years old, and yet he lay on this sweet morning, with his cheeks and lips blanched to lily whiteness—the bright light in his beautiful eyes dimmed, and his golden curls floating o'er his dimpled breast, which was bared that he might breathe more easily—dying! There was grief in his father's heart, as he paced the room with measured tread! There was greater grief in his mother's bosom, as she sat by the bedside, fanning her darling's brow and wetting his parched lips. Brief time had she held her treasure, yet she had well improved it. Her boy knew of heaven. She was yielding back to the Giver her cherished immortal blossom.

The little fellow had lain in a calm slumber for some moments. His mother had stepped to the open window, and plucking a lilac spray of blossoms, had lain it next his cheek upon the pillow.—Charlie woke; and turning his dim eyes slowly, he took the flowers in his hand, looked at them for awhile, then turned his gaze upon his mother, and asked,

"Mama, are there no flowers in heaven?"

His mother smiled sadly, as she replied,

"That she thought there was."

"But don't you *know*, my mother?" he asked, with much earnestness.

"Yes, Charlie, I *know* there are flowers in heaven!"

The child sank back upon his pillow with a sweet smile on his countenance, and "fell asleep."

There was a flower, an immortal flower, henceforth for that mother in heaven.

Flowers in heaven! O yes, brighter and more beautiful than any of earth! Never-fading! Amaranths of purple and gold,—flowers of which the most beautiful of earth are to those above, as man now is, to the man he was created. Poor, fallen flowers are earth's brightest! Rich garlands, meet for angels' brows, bloom above. And we shall twine them there; glorious chaplets without thorns. All that is lovely, all that is pure, all that can please any and every immortal faculty of the soul, will be ours to enjoy in heaven. But brightest and best, we'll meet the angel-friends who have gone before.
—*Morning Star.*

A CHILD'S death was never more sweetly mourned than in these lines, by R. B. SHERIDAN:

IN some rude spot where vulgar herbage grows,
If chance a violet rear its purple head,
The careful gard'ner moves it ere it blows,
To thrive and flourish in a nobler bed.
Such was thy fate, dear child,
Thy opening such!
Pre-eminence in early bloom was shown,
For earth too good, perhaps,
And loved too much—
Heav'n saw and early marked thee for its own!

TO-DAY is the scale-beam between to-morrow and yesterday; it inclines to joy or sorrow, as our minds are swayed by the influence of the past or of the future; and it varies on different sides, from elevation or depression, as our hopes or fears, our painful recollections or soft regrets predominate.

Choice Miscellany.

THE FIRESIDE.

WHEN the snow-flakes softly rattle
On the darkened window-pane,
And the night winds moan and murmur
In a wild and fitful strain—
O, how welcome is the cheerful,
Brightly burning, ruddy light,
Glowing from the evening fireside,
Glowing, sparkling, warm and bright!

How the mellow beams are dancing
On the ceiling, in the hall,
E'en within the heart's dark corners,
With a gentle glance they fall.
And in the clear and pleasant radiance,
As in waves of gold it plays,
Melts the soul that's filled with sadness,
Lights the eye with radiant rays.

Loved ones meet around the fireside,
Through the dreary winter eve,
Whilst the storm without is wildest,
Tales of other days to weave,
Songs that to the heart are dearest,
Breathe upon the hallowed air,
Voices gay in mirth are mingled,
"Household words" are sweetest there.

How the aged and the weary,
Look back to the happy hearth,
By whose merry light they started,
Ere they tasted aught but mirth.
Though the glow has long been faded,
Brighter than of yore it burns,
When the spirit, worn with wandering,
To that cherished vision turns.

Then, when falling snow-flakes rattle
On the darkened window-pane,
Let us gather round the fireside,
Heedless of the night-wind's reign.
And when life's cold winter cometh,
'Mid the darkness and the storm,
We'll again in memory's chamber
Meet around the fireside warm.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"EXCELSIOR."

ASSEMBLED in a representative capacity, the authorities of New York in 1809, decreed that the above caption should thenceforth constitute the *motto* by which her future destiny was to be marked, and her course directed and governed.—They beheld in the twilight haze unmistakable omens of advancing prosperity and greatness. Men were at the helm of State who were endowed with the spirit which brought the whole country safe into the Harbor of Independence. Her population, though numbering but little more than hundreds of thousands where it now does millions, possessed the energy, the perseverence, the progressive qualities and stamina, which entitled the State, in a corporate character, to a soul-enlivening talisman, to be engraven upon the "Coat of Arms," and which would be symbolical of the leading traits of the great mass of the Commonwealth.

Commerce loomed up brightly in the Eastern sky,—hovering around the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere,—bringing from trans-atlantic countries and the far-off Indies the products of wealth and Oriental skill, in exchange for the surplusage, not only of this State, but much of the articles of traffic of the western portions of American civilization.

In agricultural pursuits, no country on the face of the earth, could look into futurity with brighter anticipations of remunerative rewards. From the Atlantic and the eastern confines of the State, to the Niagara river, nature invited the yeomanry to dig and delve in the agricultural mines,—guaranteeing such returns as only can constitute *true* wealth. Being destined to become the highway of the *nations* at the West to tide-water at New York, through which the *golden* stream from the earth, air and water must, in a great measure, flow, no wonder that the coming years seemed big with important results. The wisdom of CLINTON, LIVINGSTON, FULTON and other distinguished statesmen and men of science, was then pointing towards a consummation of one of the most wonderful projects of the age. Lake Erie and the Hudson river,—could those two fountains be brought in connection with each other,—who could estimate the rank New York would hold in the Confederacy of States? War, that demon of human creation, cast a gloom for a time, over the fair prospects of this great internal improvement,—but, with the spirit of enterprise, a few years emblazoned upon her name the appropriate title of "Empire State;" for her darling work was done,—an artificial river connected the great West with the Atlantic.

Her mechanics and artisans, too, were not placed beneath the level of any of their co-workers on the continent. Bright names adorn the pages of American history, and of those who were born, reared and labored for the aggrandizement of the State of New York. Glorious wreathes encircle their heads, and prosperity has marked the onward progress of those to whom their skill and worth were bequeathed.

While her natural, artificial and commercial advantages appeared to point with the certainty of the magnetic needle to a high elevation in the Galaxy of the American Escutcheon, would it be considered invidious to adopt so appropriate a motto? "EXCELSIOR!" Here was a high, ennobling sentiment;—the watch-word to success;—and as it was adopted and reverberated among the hills and vales of this wildely-expanded Sovereignty, the magic sound was re-echoed back to the Capitol by the masses, who, from that time to the present, have gone steadily towards the zenith of prosperity and happiness.

GOD has implanted in the human heart a desire for advancement, for improvement, for elevation in the scale of intellectual being and public worth. Man is placed at the head of the long line of animated creatures, and wears the lofty title of *image* of the Creator. He is blessed with faculties capable of such improvement as fit him to aspire to any position of fame beneath the skies. But no individual is possessed of an intellectual structure which will enable him to monopolize *all* the positions of distinction. One man may be fitted for mechanical pursuits, others for agriculture, commerce, or the learned professions; but each one has some quality, which, if cultivated aright, may bring about results not only beneficial to the individual concerned, but to the country and the world at large.

Without energy, without perseverence, without enterprise, what can be accomplished that will be of utility to one's self or to the human race? A mere drudge, or rather, a mere tool in society, is but little better than an inanimate machine, that moves in accordance with mechanical principles, or a domestic animal at the bidding and *showing* of an overseer. In comparison with the old world, at least, few such persons can be found among the worthy sons of New York; the controlling portion are those who are wending their way towards the goal of success,—ennobling alike themselves and the State of their nativity and adoption. Ever and anon we hear and read of those whose enterprise has added another link to the chain of advancement and reform, and whose continued progress still ascends higher and higher,—nearer and still nearer the summit of the Hill of Science. On their heart is engraven our glorious *motto;* and their actions show that idleness, inactivity and slothfulness are traits of character unknown to that prompter which governs all their works both mental and physical.

Labor, in all departments of honorable industry, is commendable. Who would, for a moment, cast a reflection upon any branch of enterprise? Who would seek to enervate the claims to respectability of those whose skill and perseverance have brought beauty, and value, and honor, and glory out of the crude and unwieldy material? Is it not as honorable to *raise* a crop of wheat as it is to traffic in the same article? Is it not as honorable to *build* a house as to purchase one already erected? The mechanic, the laborer—men of all trades and professions—may look with gratitude and pride, upon the means by which such important results have been accomplished, and which are still elevating the country, the State, the whole world in the scale of improvement.

Nations that have long since ceased to exist, hand down their history full of warning to us to take a different course to perpetuate national and individual prosperity. War, famine, beggary and other evils brought upon many of the ancient governments by the injudicious exercise of the natural faculties,—by stimulating the evil, and allowing the good, qualities to lie dormant,—may, and will be prevented, if heed be given to "EXCELSIOR."—It does not lower the dignity of man; it does not pander to the base passions of the heart of humanity,—but is pure, high, holy, noble, sustaining under all circumstances,—and is just the thing for a great, enlightened, labor-loving, free and zealous people to follow as their guiding-star, in their march on the road to honor, prosperity and independence. L. F. W.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857.

NOISELESS GREATNESS.

NATURE in many ways show us the noiseless greatness of all that is productive of peace and order. The fields of waving growing wheat, and forests studded with swelling oaks make no noise; and the electricity which roars in the thunder peal, is not a tithe so powerful as that which sleeps in the light and holds the drops of a cup of water in their liquid poise. The world's estimate of power gives greater prominence to that which upheaves and causes disorder.

The eruption of a volcano, to almost all minds, symbolizes more strength and grandeur than the silent swing and radiance of a planet. If there could be some splendid confusion produced amid the serenity of the present universal order, if some broad constellation should begin, to-night, to play off a brilliant display of fireworks down the spaces of the heavens, or if some blazing comet should jostle the whole outworks of a system, destroying order, and kindling the infinite azure into flame, how many thousands there are that would look up to the skies, for the first time, with wonder and awe! They do not see anything surprising or subduing in the punctual rise and steady setting of the sun, and its imperial and boundless beauty; and yet the sun has fire enough to fill the whole space between Mercury and Neptune with brilliant pyrotechnics and jubilee displays. But the old sun is not selfish, and has no French ambition for such mean glories, as children gaze at and clap their hands. It noiselessly reserves its fires, keeps them stored in its breast, throws no sheets of flame from its huge cauldron, but shoots still and steadily its clean, white beams of ether, that evoke flowers from the bosom of the globe and paint the far-off satellites of Uranus with silver beauty!

A DIRTY SHILLING.

BISHOP MEADE, in the *Southern Churchman,* gives an account of many of the old families of Virginia. Among these he mentions a man named Watkins, of whom the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, left a manuscript notice. A part of that notice is in these words:—"Without shining abilities, or the advantages of an education, by plain, straight-forward industry, under the guidance of old-fashioned honesty and practical good sense, he accumulated an ample fortune, in which it is firmly believed there was *not one dirty shilling.*"—This is very homely Saxon language, but it is full of pith and point. In Randolph's mind there must have been running some faint reminiscence of the apostle's phrase, "filthy lucre," used more than once in his epistles. Either term has wide application in these days, when the race for riches seems to absorb all hearts, and few men care for the soil upon their shillings, provided only they have enough of them. Yet the wisest of men says that a good name is better than thousands of gold and silver; whereas, a few dirty shillings, a few unjust gains, a few sharp practices, will put a leprous taint upon the accumulations of a lifetime.—It is worth while for any man, before he makes a new addition to his heap, to examine the color of his coin, and keep out the *filthy* lucre, the *dirty* shillings.

DAILY LABOR.—God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men who spend their time as if it were given them, and not lent; as if hours were waste creatures and such as should never be accounted for—as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning. Item—spent upon my pleasures forty years. These men shall find that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing is more precious to God than that which they desire to cast away, time.—*Bishop Hall.*

WISTAWALA;

Or, Three Nights in the Valley of the Genesee.

[Concluded from page 28, this No.]

"Let the Pale Flower stay in the camp herself; she is dear to the heart of the warrior, and he will protect her."

'The warrior will laugh at his squaw. Wistawala will not stay; she will go back to her tribe; if the white man loses his scalp, she will bury him by the Honeoye; if he goes back, she will die with the Senecas."

"The Pale Flower must come again to the camp."

"Will the white man release Monato?"

"If she will come."

"She will; when the stars begin to go out again, she will be here."

"Monato shall be free; but Wistawala must cut his bands;" and he handed her a hunting knife from his belt.

"Where is Monato?" Huntly pointed to the tent close beside him. She took the knife and entered. A moment and two forms glided into the forest.

The morning light had scarcely penetrated the recesses of the forest, when the camp of Sullivan was astir. The escape of the Indian prisoner was considered an act of agility on his own part, until a moccasin imbedded in the soft mud of the lake shore, which exactly fitted the smaller of two footprints that had passed there, showed that another agency had been employed. A council was immediately called, at which it was decided that the army should hasten forward, and attack the large body of Indians, they were confident were but just in advance of them, before they should have time to make use of the information that would so soon reach them. Leaving a detachment, therefore, to guard the sick and the provisions, the main body hastened forward.

NIGHT SECOND.

Night again came down upon the camp of Gen. Sullivan; but now it spread its sable folds over the tired soldiers, as they sunk to rest beside the Conesus, another of the beautiful little lakes of Western New York. Again the commander of the expedition sits surrounded by his officers. One is standing before his General, with the glow of patriotism in his eye, and the energy of a brave spirit in his voice.

"It is a necessary measure, the commander ought to know the position of the foe; with Honyerry for a guide, and a little band of picked men, I do not fear to penetrate into their forests, and learn their disposition and strength."

"Boyd," replied his General, "the offer is generous and noble, but I fear for your safety, and would not willingly expose one of the best of my officers to the savage cruelty of the Indians, and their more savage tory confederate. But the information would be of incalculable service to the army."

"It can hardly be expected that Brant and Butler are among them; if so, it becomes us to be apprised of their presence; as for my own safety, my General should know ere this, that my life would be a ready sacrifice, if offered upon the altar for my country's good."

"Enough, Boyd," said Sullivan; "will Honyerry go with you?"

"Honyorry will go with the brave chief," said the Indian, who had sat unobserved in the back of the room. "He loves the strong hearted warrior; but the moccasins of the Senecas have been around our camp. They will find the small party, and the scalp of the brave will dry in the wigwam of Little Beard."

"Nay, Honyerry, I trow not," said Boyd.

It was settled that a party of eight men should set off immediately. At their earnest entreaty, and without the knowledge of Sullivan, the Rifle Company of Van Campen accompanied them. That night they visited the villages of Williamsburg, Little Beard Town, and Canasaraga, all of which were deserted. Encouraged by this to think the enemy had vacated the region, Boyd dispatched two runners to his General, and stayed awhile at the last mentioned place to rest.

But their progress had been watched. The demoniac tory leaders of the Indians were preparing for their destruction. They new the bravery of the gallant Boyd, and the sagacity of the Oneida, and wisely concerted their plans.

NIGHT THIRD.

It was early twilight, when the party returning to the camp, had reached the place where the paths of the villages met, and deceived by the apparent absence of the enemy, even Honyerry proceeded with less than his usual caution. They had reached a hill almost within sight of the army, when the smothered war whoop of the enemy came ringing in their ears, and the little band of brave men were surrounded by the foe. On every side was a barrier of dark forms. Summoning his men in an instant, Boyd was prepared to undertake the only possible means of escape, he levied his whole force to break through the enemy's ranks. Driven back but not dispirited, again they returned to the same attempt, and again failed. At last, reduced to eight, and almost hopeless, they rushed for the last time against the enemy. Two only escaped. Three were taken prisoners, the rest were left dead upon the ground. One of the prisoners bore the name of private Barker, the others were Huntly and Rolph.

Hurriedly the Indians bore their prisoners back to Little Beard Town, and when deep night fell upon the Valley of the Genesee, their dark forms were seen beside the war fire, stamped with all the ferocity of their natures, when about to glut their vengeance by the torture of a prisoner. Brief time only had been allowed to the wail for their dead, for well they knew that at daylight the army of Gen. Sullivan would be in pursuit of them. First Barker and then Rolph fell each a victim to the horrid cruelty of their savage captors. Huntly was alone, and an old chief advanced,—

"The Indians have lost their braves, cut down by the strong arm of the pale faces. Monato is among the dead, and Wistawala would adopt the pale face brave in the place of her Indian lover.—Will the young brave live with the Senecas? Wistawala is fair; will he be her brave? Will he fill the place of Monato?"

Within an hour Huntly was on his march to overtake the Senecas, who had started for a distant hunting ground, far towards the setting sun. He had gone to be the brave, the chosen brave of Wistawala.

In after years, when the beautiful Valley of the Genesee was dotted here and there with the small clearings and rude homes of the hardy pioneer, Huntly and his half Indian wife, returned and settled near the river; when gradually adopting the improvements, and conforming to the society of their neighbors, as wealth increased and education and refinement succeeded to the rude manners of pioneer life, Huntly and his wife went down to their graves, honored and respected, as the head of a family who have in its several branches, filled many offices of emolument and trust, and been numbered among the best inhabitants of the VALLEY OF THE GENESEE.

The Traveler.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

Europe, Afoot and Alone.—New Series.

LETTER II.—IRELAND.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

The Giant's Causeway.

AGAIN we resumed the road to the Causeway, stopping only at a small village to inquire the way, and then took a path across the fields that brought us to the top of the cliffs. We espied several men in the vicinity, and some of them on eminences, apparently watching for the approach of visitors. While lying on the grass, resting ourselves, and enjoying the glorious view of the ocean, a couple of them came down, and offered their services as guides, and pressed us to purchase some of their specimens and curiosities. They kept boats at the foot of the cliffs, for the purpose of conveying visitors to the different points of interest, and we made a bargain with them to be rowed into some of the caves that extend into the cliff on which we were then sitting.

Descending a steep and zigzag path, to the edge of the water, we entered the boat, which four strong rowers propelled out upon the Atlantic, and then with a gradual curve turned toward the face of the precipice, and rowed into the caves. The largest is six hundred and sixty-six feet long, and the entrance ninety-six high, forming a grand natural Gothic arch. The cave diminishes in size like a horn, as it extends further into the rock, and in fair weather the last two hundred feet is not covered by the water, but may be traversed on foot. The sun was in the west, and the shadows darkened the face of the cliff, and rendered the gloomy entrance vastly more solemn and impressive. The men shouted together to let us hear the reverberations, and the echoes rolled into the dark depths, and were prolonged until we half imagined we heard the answering voice of a monster. The swell coming in struck against the sides with hollow beats, and kept the wary boatmen constantly at work with their long oars, to prevent the boat dashing against the rock. What a place it must be in a storm! The boatmen said they never dared to remain in it when the sea was rough, for the tremendous uproar would frighten them to death. Besides, it was supposed that sometimes the waves rolled to the further end, and dashed to the very roof.

After coming out of the cave, they wanted to row us round a promontory a mile or two distant, where we could get a better view of the Chimneys, which it is said some of the vessels of the Spanish Armada fired at, mistaking them for the towers of a castle, and also of the face of the cliff, which is four hundred feet high, but the boat tumbled about so roughly in the short waves, that I began to feel again the terrible sensations of sea-sickness, and we desired them to land us on the Causeway, for no beauty or grandeur of scenery can be enjoyed, when that unrelenting fiend has power. Accordingly we landed, and one of them took both of our knapsacks on his back and went with us as guide. The Giant's Causeway is what its name portends, simply a causeway of basaltic columns, extending from the foot of the cliffs into the sea, and it is supposed across the Channel, for the same formation of columns appears again at Fingal's Cave. The loftiest part is called the Giant's Loom, and rises only about fifty feet above the water. But the cliffs behind are from three to four hundred feet high. Half way up, is the Giant's Organ, so called from the resemblance that a few columns in the face of the cliff bear to the pipes of an organ. The guide said that it plays once in seven years, on Christmas morning, and then the columns in the Causeway dance three times round. I asked him if he had ever heard it play. He replied that he never rose early enough. You cannot view the Causeway to advantage until walking over it. The surface is very uneven, as there is scarcely two columns of exactly the same height. The majority have five, six, and seven sides, and they fit one another closely. There are, however, some of eight and nine sides. One column is shown, which is called the keystone. It has five sides. There is also a pentagon, all the sides of which are exactly equal, and the guide pointed out a diamond-shaped column, which he asserted to be the only one in the Causeway. There is a chair formed by the outer columns, called the Wishing Chair, and they assert, if a person sit in it, and afterwards takes three drinks from the Giant's Well, a spring of the purest fresh water issuing from the crevice of a rock but a few yards from the sea, any wish they may have formed in the chair will be fulfilled, and if the person is unmarried, will be wedded within a year. Of course we performed both operations. The guide related the following legend with great vivacity:

"In the olden time there lived a giant on the coast, named FIN MACCOWL. There also dwelt one on the Scotch coast, named BENONDEMAN, and hearing of the prowess of FIN he waded across the Channel, on the Causeway, for the purpose of engaging him in single combat. He was twice as large as FIN, and when the latter saw him coming, he was frightened, and set about devising some means of escape. Finally his wife put him in the cradle and covered him with the clothes. When BENONDEMAN came in and inquired for her husband, she told him that he was coursing along the headlands. He asked her what that was in the cradle. She replied it was FIN'S son, asserting that he was only one year old, which if BENONDEMAN did not believe he might feel his teeth. Accordingly he put his fingers in his mouth, when FIN bit off one of them. The Scotch giant shook his hand, remarking he would never doubt a woman's word again, and then went out upon the headlands to find the father. After he had departed FIN rose and followed him, and when they met he was challenged to fight. But the wily Irish giant desired him first to perform some feats of skill he would show him, and stooping drew a mark with his finger on the face of the cliff several feet below the top. When BENONDEMAN in turn stooped over, FIN pushed him off, and he tumbled to the bottom and was killed."

The columns are constantly being carried away, notwithstanding notices threatening the depredators with punishment. But the real thieves are the guides who hang about the place, and the one who accompanied us offered to send a set of six blocks to any place we should direct for fifteen dollars. We asked him how he managed to get them. "Oh," said he very honestly, "we come in the night with our boats." When we declined contracting for a set, he gave us his address, so that we should know "who would send them to us in case we should change our minds." The Causeway is the property of a nobleman.

A Short Walk and Disagreeable Lodgings.

We ascended the cliffs by another steep and zigzag path, and taking the coast road for Belfast, walked six miles further that evening, and stopped at a village the name of which I forget. But I shall not soon forget the rude fare we received. It happened to us, as it had two or three times before, that there was but one public house in the place, and none other within several miles. It stood near the end of the village, and was almost the first building we noticed. At the first glance, I thought it was a barn or something of that sort, for it had an enormous front door. The sign, however, soon convinced us that it had some pretensions to a house for the accommodation of travelers. We tried the door, but it was locked. In the road before it stood the village doctor and clergyman, conversing, and when they saw us attempt the door, they said the landlord was away, but would return in a little while. We laid off our knapsacks and turned to admire the magnificent scene before us. The sun was down, but the heavens were yet filled with his glorious light, which gradually yielded to the darkness, while here and there a bright star shone out rebukingly on the dark power which, for a time, held dominion over the earth. Behind us were the green and various hills, their darker forms visible against the etherial vault. Before us lay the ocean, calm and silent, like a mighty giant in repose, stretching away until it insensibly blended with the darkness along the horizon. Far out we could dimly see the glitter of a few white sails, like spirits brooding over the waters. Several islands extended their huge, dark forms along the surface, and seemed rather like prodigious monsters, risen from the deep. Among them we could distinguish Rathlin Island, which is entirely the property of a clergyman, who exercises in it almost kingly authority, imposing on his subjects laws and penalties. His severest punishment, however, is to transport them to Ireland.

Meanwhile, the landlord returned, and we entered his house. There were several rooms, but I am not sure that some of them were not used as stables. However, we made a virtue of necessity, and sat down on a bench before the peat fire, while he prepared the wherewith to still the cravings of hunger. Our humble meal was conveyed to an upper chamber, which was furnished with a rickety table that threatened to fall beneath the weight of the dishes, a couple of chairs that we were afraid to sit in, and two or three long benches, that reminded me of some I was familiar with in my schoolboy days, which, standing in the front rank of the old-fashioned schoolroom, were commonly occupied by the "little boys," and not unfrequently by the "big ones," when it was deemed expedient to administer slight punishment for their transgressions. After the supper we turned into the narrow bed and endeavored to forget our troubles. But alas! there were others of the living kind in the apartment, who evidently had not received their suppers, and if we could correctly judge by their operations on us, had famished for a long time.

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS.

LET us consider a little of the domestic economy of our forefathers, and see if the fancies in which some writers have indulged about the hospitable plenty and comfort that always reigned in the licenses of the worshipful of the land are warranted by the facts of the case. The roast beef of old England, "the very fame of whose name has grown into our being," was positively unheard of. The only use that beeves were of, was undoubtedly to salt and bait; bread was a great luxury, not in common use even by the nobles; and as to nut-brown ale, what would it have been before the time of Henry VII., when hops were first introduced into this country.

The records of the Percy family, in the time of Henry VII., show the extreme coarseness of the mode of living; and an extract or two from the household book of that famous family will give a better idea of the manner in which the most famous noble of the time lived, than anything else I know of. The permanent household numbered 166 persons, and the average of guests was fifty; and the whole of the washing for these 216 persons was, for one year 40s. (a sum probably equal to £40 in the present day,) most of which was for the chapel linen. From Midsummer to Michælmas was the only time they indulged in fresh meat; and the instructions say, "My lord has on his table, for breakfast, at seven in the morning, a quart of beer and wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, four white ones; and, on flesh days, half a chine of beef or mutton boiled." At dinner, men ranking as knights had a table-cloth, which was washed once a month; and as they had no napkins, and the fingers were extensively used in feeding, this portion at least of their linen must have beed in a delightful condition. Until the thirteenth century, straw was the bed of kings; and before that date the King and his family slept in the same chamber.—The first change was to throw a coverlet over the sleeper—then another was used and the persons undressed, their linen being substituted for blankets.

Beatrice says she would "as lief sleep in the wooden;" which shows, I think, that such a thing was done, even in Shakspeare's time. The use of nothing but coarse dirty woolen next the skin, seldom changed, and the heavy, exciting nature of the highly-salted food on which all lived, of course tended to produce those diseases for which hospitals were founded in London, as in most other cities.—*The Builder.*

THE flying clouds, the evanescent vapor, the arrow just propelled from the string, the wintry grass, the flower whose beauty scarcely blooms ere it is faded, and whose fragrance is scarcely perceptible ere it is gone—are apt similitudes of the life of man.—*Dr. Spring.*

Illustrated Biography.—No. 2.

CÆSAR DUCORNET.

ON the 6th of January, 1806, in one of the humblest houses of the Rue St. Jacques, at Lille, an infant was born so sadly deformed that they tried to hide him from his mother. While the father wept the neighbors looked upon the little stranger with something like fear, and said to themselves, "it would be a happy thing if he should die."—But the infant did not die, and as the mother demanded him with an importunity not to be resisted, he was placed in her arms and received the first maternal kiss from her whose languid eyes failed to show her the sad reality.

Some days afterwards the bootmaker DUCORNET and his young wife stood with gloomy faces beside the cradle of a child born without arms, and whose lower extremities were little else than trunks terminated by feet, having only four toes to each.—"No matter," the mother exclaimed; "I love him," and raising the infant from the cradle, she pressed him tightly against her breast. "And I too," her husband said: "at least the unhappy child shall not go through the world without a father and mother."

Such was the entrance into life of CÆSAR DUCORNET, historical painter, laureate of the academical schools, recipient of the gold medal of the exhibitions at the Louvre, and corresponding member of the Imperial Society of Agriculture, Science, and Art, of Lille.

The early childhood of DUCORNET was not unhappy, for infants do not know themselves. Besides, he had such an agreeable face, such a quick and precocious intelligence of expression, and so much odd dexterity about his movements, that every one regarded him with sympathy, and good hearted people even thought him handsome.—Meanwhile the child grew up, and it became necessary to choose an occupation for him. It had been remarked that when joining in the games of his companions, his misfortune did not exclude him from the sports of his age. He learnt to use his feet for nearly every purpose for which other persons use their hands, and with an equal facility and freedom. He used them to throw the ball to his companions, to hold a pen, to cut figures with a pair of scissors, and in other ways equally marvellous. One day the boy surprised his parents by tracing on a piece of paper a number of ornamental letters admirably executed. An old man, a teacher of writing, who happened to be present, offered to give the boy some lessons gratuitously. Such was the ability he displayed, that in less than a year he was at the head of the writing-master's class. Strange as such ability undoubtedly was, there was something still more strange to follow. The new pupil showed his skill not only in writing, but in drawings and original designs, which were executed with equal ability. The benevolent writing-master showed these productions to M. Watteau, professor of drawing at the academical schools of Lille, who, in his turn, was seized with admiration at the wonderful aptitude shown by this strange artist, and caused him to be admitted into the academy.

At the Academy, CÆSAR DUCORNET carried off all the prizes one after another; and at length received the great medal for modeling from the life. This victory proved a most fortunate occurrence for DUCORNET, as it procured him a protector in the person of M. Demailly, a gentleman of wealth. Soon after DUCORNET had found a protector, the Duke of Angoulême, who was visiting the museum at Lille, saw the young artist engaged in copying a painting by Vandyke. Astonished at the sight of such a strange being, executing a most difficult work of art, the prince conceived a considerable degree of interest in him, presented him with a pension of 1,200 francs, and persuaded him to continue his studies in Paris. Previous to this the people of Lille had subscribed a sum equal to a pension of 300 francs for DUCORNET.

Our artist now started in high spirits for the capital, and to complete his happiness, the benevolent M. Demailly followed him there. He entered the Académie Royale, and was soon afterwards admitted into the studio of a distinguished artist. In 1826, six months after his entrance into the Academy, he obtained the third medal, and in the following year the second. In the year 1828, he appeared among the crowd of competitors for the grand prize at Rome. He here received no prize, because the professors pronounced it physically impossible for him to paint a picture of the required size (4½ by 3¼ feet,) and struck his name off the list. The circumstance, so far from discouraging the young artist, gave him new courage, and his first picture was painted exactly of that size which the professors had declared him unable to compass. This picture is the *Farewell of Hector and Andromache*, now in the Museum of Lille.

In 1829, the Professors of the Académie Royale withdrew their rejection of his name, and DUCORNET executed the proposed subject—*Jacob refusing to deliver the young Benjamin to his brothers.*—The painting was admitted to have merited the second prize, but, strange to say, the ungenerous spirits who were then at the head of the Academy refused to crown a painter without arms.

The next work of his pencil was a painting known as the *Slave Merchants*, which is now in the Museum of Arras. During the first few years which followed the Revolution of 1830, DUCORNET obtained orders from the government for some of those portraits of the king which were distributed by hundreds among the municipal bodies of the country. At this moment, when the young painter was toiling in a way which he must have considered unworthy of him, for the support of his father and himself, the State suppressed his pension of 1,200 francs, and at the same time the town of Lille withdrew from him its modest grant of 300 francs. Misfortunes now appeared to fall thickly on him, but his courage never failed, and he made up for his losses by working twice as hard as before.

Thirty years of constant labor had not sufficed to place DUCORNET in a position of ease. He lived in the midst of privations, but still he struggled courageously on. At length he was seized with a stroke of paralysis, and on the 27th of April, 1856, he expired.

JEFFERSON.

IN the year 1825, J. P. Kennedy visited Monticello. "I was accompanied," says he, "by a friend, and a letter of introduction from Mr. Wirt. I had never seen Mr. Jefferson. It was a hot day in July when we reached the top of the mountain and entered the spacious hall of the mansion. We presented the letter to a lady of the family. Mr. Jefferson had been very ill with a recent attack of his malady, and therefore excused himself from receiving company. There was a large glass door which opened upon the hall, and separated Mr. Jefferson's apartment from it. Whilst we sat in this hall, a tall attenuated figure, slightly stooping forward, and exhibiting a countenance filled with an expression of pain, slowly walked across the space visible through the glass door. It was Mr. Jefferson. He was draped in a costume long out of fashion—small clothes, a waistcoat with flaps, and as it struck us, in the brief view we had, some remnants of embroidery. The silence of the footfall, the venerable figure, the old costume, and the short space in which that image glided past the glass door, made a strange impression upon us. It was all that I ever saw of the sage of Monticello."

A MAN may edify another by his gifts, and yet be unedified himself; he may be profitable to another, and yet unprofitable to himself. The raven was an unclean bird, and not good meat, but God could make her the bearer of good meat to Elijah.

MEN often mistake notoriety for fame, and would rather be remarked for their vices and follies than not to be noticed at all.

Sabbath Musings.

THE SABBATH.

BY MRS. ELLEN KAY BLUNT.

CREATOR! God! Almighty King!
Enthroned in light beyond the sky!
What can the earth for tribute bring
To glorify thy Majesty?
Her treasures are but moth and rust;
Her incense dies—her gold is dust.

We stop the countless pulse of time;
The mighty breath of earth we stay—
We stand in rest before Thy shrine,
We offer Thee thy Sabbath day!
Uncrowned her kings before Thee bow;
In silence Nature hails thee now!

And Thou! as chime and chant arise,
Marking the holy time for Thee,
Thou dost receive it in the skies,
And makest it Eternity!
Oh, hasten, Lord, that Sabbath day
Whose light shall never fade away!

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NOTHING SHALL SEPARATE US FROM CHRIST.

THERE are few truths that furnish a greater number of daily illustrations, than that which declares the indissoluble union between CHRIST and the Christian. How often have we seen the Christian man of business gradually becoming remiss in the performance of Christian duties, and finally giving up all his time and thought to the accumulation of wealth. Suddenly some great calamity overtakes him, and while prostrate in the dust, covered with humility, a low sweet voice whispers in his ear, nothing shall separate us from Christ.

We have heard the fond mother, as she pressed her beloved child to her bosom, exclaim, with all the fondness of a mother's love, how can I live without *thee*, my own sweet child! Our eyes were turned but a moment; but when we looked again, the mother was kneeling at the cold white slab before a new-made grave—while a voice from beneath the sod seemed to say, nothing shall separate us from Christ.

We have seen a young man full of hope, and strong in will, buckle on the armor, and march boldly out upon life's broad battle-field; but ere the sun had once kissed the western hills, he lay stretched upon the green turf beside his armor; and while we gazed upon his prostrate form, we learned the lesson God would teach, nothing shall separate us from Christ. He who lies so low, boasted of his *own* power, and sought his *own* glory. Another, we have seen, rejoicing in the completed strength and grace of manhood, whom no toils could weary, no obstacles overcome, no sorrows depress, no calamities dishearten, no human power restrain in his onward and successful progress.—Suddenly he falters in his rapid journeyings; his feet become weary and way-worn; his strength fails him; the flesh is leaving his bones; his eyes are sunken, and look languidly out from their hollow homes; the heart sends the blood lazily through the thin veins; his form, weak and attenuated, is bent as if in worship of the dust to which his is so fast hastening, and he lies down by the wayside to die. In our presumption we ask, why hath God dealt with him thus? A still, small voice, answers, he gloried in his health and strength, and gave not God the praise, and lo his health and strength have both failed him; for *nothing* shall separate us from Christ.

S. A. E.

Rochester, Jan., 1857.

WHAT WE OWE TO CHRISTIANITY.—The late eminent English Judge, Sir James Allen Park, once said at a public meeting:

"We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and the source from whence they flow; we speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of man's history, and what would his laws have been, what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our very life. There is not a familiar object around you which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian love is on it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy and healthful parts, to the Gospel."

THE PURE SPIRIT.—The springs of everlasting life are within. There are clear streams gushing up from the depths of the soul, and flowing out to enliven the sphere of outward existence. But like the waters of Siloah, they "go softly." You must listen to catch the silvery tones of the little rill as it glides along. You may not witness its silent march; but its course will be seen in the fresh verdure and the opening flowers—its presence will be known by forms of life and beauty that gather around it. It is thus with the pure spirit. You may not hear its "still small voice," or heed its silent aspirations, but it has a moral strength and a holy influence that is felt by all around. The wilderness is made to smile in its presence, and flowers of new life and beauty spring up and flourish forever.

MOTIVES TO HOLINESS.—A man who has been redeemed by the blood of the Son of God should be pure. He who is an heir of life should be holy. He who is attended by celestial beings, and who is soon—he knows not how soon—to be translated to heaven, should be holy. Are the angels my attendants? Then I should walk worthy of their companionship. Am I soon to go and dwell with angels? Then I should be pure. Are these feet soon to tread the court of heaven? Is this tongue soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God? Are these eyes of mine soon to look on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet, and eyes, and lips should be pure and holy; and I should be dead to the world and live for heaven.—*Albert Barnes.*

WE are apt to mistake our vocation in looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and stepping over ordinary ones which lie directly in the road before us. When we read, we fancy we could be martyrs; when we come to the act, we find we cannot bear a provoking word.—*Hannah More.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ BACK NUMBERS.—In order to supply the supposed demand, we commenced this volume by adding 20,000 copies to our former edition. The prospect now is that this extra edition will be exhausted soon; hence those who wish the volume complete, should not delay in sending in their subscriptions. Back numbers will be furnished to new subscribers (unless otherwise ordered) until our edition is exhausted.

☞ OUR PREMIUM LIST, on next page, is worthy the special attention, and efforts, of Agents, Subscribers and other friends of the RURAL.

☞ For terms, Special Notices, &c., see last page.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER
ROCHESTER, JANUARY 17, 1857.

OUR CHRISTMAS PREMIUMS will be announced next week. The rush of subscriptions has been so great thus far that our clerks have found it almost an impossibility to respond to the daily orders with promptness, and could not therefore find time to make a detailed and accurate statement in regard to the competition.

Agents and others forwarding subscriptions, are requested to be very particular in giving names of *persons, post-offices*, &c.—and not to omit *their own autographs*. We have recently received several letters, with very substantial inclosures, without the names of the writers attached. Another thing—please send drafts on New York, Albany, Boston, Buffalo or Rochester, instead of checks or certificates of deposit on local banks. In obtaining drafts, deduct cost of exchange from remittances.

Corruption in Congress.—The Public Lands.

BY reference to our report of "Congressional Proceedings," it will be observed that Mr. KELSEY, of Livingston Co., N. Y., urged by an article in the New York *Times*, has created a great deal of excitement in the House of Representatives by a motion for the appointment of a committee to investigate charges of corruption brought against sundry members of the House. The motion was adopted, and appointments made. If the committee are composed of "good men and true," judging from the reports in circulation, they will be compelled to make an expose of the most scandalous corruption and unmitigated villainy ever perpetrated within the precincts of legislative halls. It is to be hoped that the matter will be thoroughly sifted, and that the guilty may be summarily driven from the positions they have dishonored.

Among those to whom offers have been made is Mr. PAINE, of North Carolina. Upon the motion to appoint the committee of investigation he remarked:—"I scarcely know whether I ought to say anything or not; I know nothing about that editor or his journal; I know nothing about a communication made to it; I know not how the editor obtained the information; I know not whether it is true or false, but I do know that there has been a proposition made in the House by a member of the House, on the subject. [Sensation, and cries of "Who is he?" "Expose him?" "expose him."] I shall not name the gentleman. I shall mention no member by name. It was with feelings of indignation that I heard the proposition. The reason that I did not announce it to the House was, that pending the organization of the body, when a member arose in his place and stated that a fellow-member had made an attempt to tamper with him for his vote for Speaker, the only credit he received was that he was laughed at, and it was charged that he did not accept the proffered bribe because there was no such profitable place to be had. I say, distinctly, there is not a want of truth in the Times' article. A distinct proposition was made to me by a member of this House in regard to the Minnesota Land bill, that $1500 would be given in consideration of a vote for that bill. If the proposed committee shall be raised and I am called on as a witness, I shall give my evidence."

Bills for the grants of lands to Railroads, extension of Patent Claims, *et id omne genus*, are the sources from whence political cormorants draw their vitality. Each year tens of thousands of dollars are expended in Washington for the promotion of individual interests—for the privilege of fleecing the general government or robbing the "dear people," and to all these schemes many of our Hon. Representatives *lend* their aid and *sell* their votes.

It is not our province to point out the remedies for political diseases—but to the advice of Gov. WRIGHT as given at the State Fair at Elmira—"If the great men are exhausted, and you have one with but half sense, send *him* to Congress"—we would add the qualification,—he should not be too much of an *absorbent*, too great a *sponge*. He should know enough to reject the line of action governed by "one hundred cents on a dollar," and represents his constituents faithfully and honestly. Those who send him there can make of him what they please. If the antecedents of the individual nominated to represent you are of the vacillating order, and you desire to have the *least knowledge of his whereabouts*, the only thing to be done is to *keep him at home*—"*you can better spare a better man.*" If sound judgment, instead of party, dictated at the ballot-box, we should hear less of Congressional or Legislative corruption and political defaulters.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK enters upon its new year and volume with an attractive and interesting number. May it, and its worthy conductor, be awarded continuous and increasing prosperity.—By the way, GODEY says the RURAL has *elected him*, by a "mistake of the printer"—for that whereas his advertisement in a late number was erroneous in stating that he furnished both *Godey's* and *Harper's* magazines for $3,50, instead of $4,50.—Our readers will please note the correction, and govern themselves accordingly. Address L. A. GODEY, Phila., Pa.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—The Senate was called to order on the 6th inst. by Lieut. Gov. Selden, and briefly addressed by him.

Hon. John T. Darling, Senator elect from the 32d District, in place of Hon. Roderick White, deceased, received the oath of office from the President.

The Governor's Private Secretary, Hon. Henry I. Seaman, delivered to the Senate the Governor's Message, which was read.

Mr. Kelly offered a resolution of thanks to Hon. H. J. Raymond, for the able, courteous and impartial manner in which he has discharged the duties of his office, while President of the Senate.—Adopted.

Mr. Wadsworth introduced a resolution of regret for the death of Senator White, during the recess. Resolved that the Senate wear the usual badge of mourning for 30 days. Adopted.

Petitions were presented for an Inebriate Asylum; for a prohibitory law; for a law to enable the Common Council of New York to pay the award in the matter of the Central Park, and the borrowed money to build a reservoir.

The Comptroller sent in a report stating the amount of money paid soldiers of 1812, at $150,420 98.

Mr. Brooks introduced a bill to amend the laws relating to the insurance of property in the State by foreign companies; to compel such companies to pay two per cent. to the fire department fund by February first each year, and to compel annual returns on oath. Mr. Brooks introduced a registry bill.

HOUSE.—The members elect assembled on the 6th inst.

The Secretary of State proceeded to administer the oath of office, after which, on motion, the House proceeded to choose a Speaker, Clerk, &c., with the following result:—*Speaker*—D. C. Littlejohn; *Clerk*—Wm. Richardson, of Albany; *Sergeant-at-Arms*—Norman P. Hitchcock, of Chenango; *Door-Keeper*—Nathan Newhafer, Monroe; *First Assistant Door-Keeper*—Patrick Farrall, of Madison; *Second Assistant Door-Keeper*—John Lewis, of Cattaraugus.

Committees were then appointed to wait upon the Senate and Governor, and inform them that the House had organized and were ready to proceed to business. On the return of the committees the annual Message of the Governor was presented.

A large number of bills have been noticed and introduced, but the Legislators have not as yet got fairly at work.

Governors' Messages.—Agricultural Interests.

THE Message of Gov. KING, of New York, was presented to both branches of the State Legislature last week. The document is characterized by the press as able, precise and lucid. Its length precludes our publishing it entire. The following extract, relative to the Ag. College, will be of interest to the rural population of the State:

"I should do injustice to my estimate of the value of agricultural education, and of the College for that purpose endowed under the laws of this State, as well as to my own connection with that institution, if I failed at the earliest moment to invite your attention to its present condition.—The first successful movement in this behalf was by the late John Delafield, of Seneca county, through whose enlightened zeal and perseverance, an act of incorporation was obtained from the Legislature in April, 1853. Encouraged by this success, Mr. Delafield was earnest in securing friends and subscriptions to the enterprise, until suddenly arrested by the hand of death; not, however, before the trustees of the College had manifested their estimate of his services, character and ability by choosing him President of the College. The loan to this College of $40,000, authorized by the last Legislature on condition that a like sum be obtained from other sources, enabled the trustees to secure that private aid, and to proceed at once to the organization of the College.

They have purchased a farm of 670 acres in Seneca county, on a part of which, extending from Seneca lake to the village of Ovid, they design to erect the necessary buildings. They have elected Samuel Cheever, of Saratoga county, President of the College; are taking measures to provide competent instructors; and hope to have the institution sufficiently advanced to receive students before the close of the present year. Among many grants for education most worthily and liberally bestowed by the Legislature on different institutions of this State, this loan is the first specific aid toward the instruction of youth in the science and practice of agriculture, the greatest interest in this great State. I am quite confident, as it was liberally bestowed, so it will be wisely used; and I will not doubt that the plant thus set out, and already springing into hopeful promise, will receive, as it may need, as seasonable nurture at the hands of future Legislatures.

Gov. CHASE, of Ohio, in recounting the progress of his State and the immense accession to the agricultural interests thereof, remarks as follows:

"Little more than half a century ago, the entire area of Ohio, about 25,500,000 acres, was public property. By 1810, when the returns on this subject first began to be complete, 9,953,000 acres had passed into the hands of private owners. This amount had increased by 1820 to 13,319,000; by 1830 to 16,200,000; by 1840 to 19,740,000; by 1850 to 23,981,000; and by 1855 to 25,220,083, almost the entire area of the State. These amounts, however, do not include town and city lots, so that the whole number of acres of public land undisposed of amounted in June last to only 43,553 acres. Of the whole amount twelve millions are reported as improved. In the ratio of improved to unimproved land, Ohio would seem to have reached nearly the same point with New York; but of the unimproved lands of Ohio almost the whole is capable of improvement, which with New York is far from being the case. As agriculture is the great interest of the State, and as the State Board of Agriculture organized in 1846 has proved a useful institution, the Governor recommends an addition to the annual pecuniary grant to that Board and the County Agricultural Societies connected with it."

HEALTH OF DR. KANE.—The Philadelphia *Pennsylvanian* says:—"We deeply regret to learn that Dr. Kane, the indefatigable explorer, whose fame fills the civilized world, is now living quite ill at Havana. His many friends and admirers will deeply regret to learn that his health is in a critical condition, and sincerely hope that he may yet recover and live to enjoy the rich harvest of fame and honor he has so fairly won."

REMEDY FOR SUICIDE.—As a remedy for suicide the *Christian Advocate* proposes the enactment of a law consigning to the schools of anatomy the body of every individual, of whatever rank in life, whom a coroner's jury should declare to have committed suicide.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—Mr. Mason, of Va., was elected President pro tem., by 30 votes to Foote's 11.

The President has transmitted to the Senate, in reply to a resolution of that body, a letter from the Atlantic Ocean Telegraph Company, in which the President is informed that contracts have been made for the manufacture of sub-marine cables to connect the two countries, and that it is expected to be open for business by the 1st of July next, as the work has been prosecuted thus far by American capital, &c., under this Administration.

It is the earnest desire of the directors to secure to the Government of the United States equal privileges with those stipulated for by the British Government. In this desire the Lord's Commissioners of the British Treasury, have acted in the most liberal spirit.

The American Directors cannot doubt that the reservation made by the United States will be deemed of great moment, and therefore ask the President to take such action in the premises as he may deem the interests of this government may require.

The Company will enter into a contract with the Government of the United States on the same terms as with the British Government. Her Majesty's Government engage to furnish two ships to lay the cable, and it is suggested that our recently finished war steamers are the very best to assist in this business.

To avoid failure in laying the cable, the Company requests the President to make such representation to Congress as will secure this end. The President makes no recommendation.

Mr. Weller reported a bill to increase the pay of Army officers, and gave notice that he should call it up another day.

Judge Douglas presented a petition, numerously signed, praying for a State Government in Minnesota. Mr. D. will in a few days report a bill authorizing a State Government, and fixing the boundary as provided for in Mr. Rice's bill.

On motion of Mr. Bell of N. H., a resolution was adopted requesting the President, if in his opinion it is not inconsistent with the public interests, to communicate to the Senate such information as may be on file in the department of State, relative to the interference at the Island of Aves in the Carribean Sea, of the Venezuelean Government with American citizens who are rightfully in occupancy of the said Island as they believe, and were engaged in collecting guano therefrom. The said government having forcibly ejected the said American citizens from their lawful employment, and also to communicate what measures had been taken, if any, by the government of the United States to obtain redress from the government of Venezuela.

HOUSE.—It is the intention of the friends of river and harbor bills now before the House, to incorporate them in one bill, and pass them all at once by a two-third vote.

Mr. Boyd gave notice of an amendment to the tariff, proposing that tea and coffee be added to the list, paying tariff of 20 per cent.

Mr. Kelsey, of N. Y., introduced a subject which caused much excitement. He presented it as a question of privilege, first causing to be read at the Clerk's table an editorial from the "New York Times" of the 6th inst., which charged Members of Congress and lobby agents with gross corruption, mentioning the Minnesota land bill in the connection, and saying that evidence can be produced to carry conviction to every honest heart, and that the criminals should be driven from the high places which they had dishonored. He concluded by offering the following:

Whereas, Certain statements have been published, charging the members of this House with entering into a corrupt combination for the purpose of passing, and of preventing the passing of certain measures now before Congress; therefore,

Resolved, That a committee of five members be appointed by the Speaker, with power to send for persons and papers to investigate said charges, and that the committee report the evidence to be taken, and what action, in their judgment, is necessary on the part of the House, without unnecessary delay.

A committee was appointed to investigate the alleged corruptions. The committee consists of Messrs. Kelsey, Orr, Davis, Ritchie and Warner.

A remonstrance from Kansas, against Whitfield taking his seat, was presented by Mr. Grow, and referred to a Committee on Elections.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

A FIRE broke out in the store 158 River street, Troy, on the 6th inst., which extended to six adjoining stores south to Congress st., also burning four stores on Congress street,—making 10. Loss heavy, not ascertained.

THE building known as Poplar Hall, Brooklyn, owned by Elisha B. Morrell, was burned on the 6th inst. Loss $20,000—insured $15,000.

FILETER'S Foundry, at Port Levi, opposite Quebec, was totally destroyed by fire on the 6th inst. Loss $20,000. Insured $15,000.

THE large factory of Messrs. Herbert, Heath & Co., in Danbury, was burnt on the 7th inst.—Loss $10,000—insured for $4,000.

THE Vermont State Capitol, Montpelier, was burnt on the 6th inst.—nothing remains but the walls. The most serious loss is to the department of Naturalists, the loss being irreparable. The building cost $120,000.

CAPT. MANNING, a retired naval officer, residing in Charleston, Va., fell into the fire and was burnt to death, on the 10th inst.

THE Harlem train from New York for Albany, ran off the track near Chatham Four Corners, on the 9th inst. The accident was occasioned, it is supposed, by displacing a rail by a heavy freight train just passed. The two rear cars were thrown off and detached from the train. There was quite a wreck made of the cars, stove upset, cars took fire, &c. Several persons were seriously injured, but none killed.

THE cold at the West has been intense. In Iowa we hear that seven persons were frozen to death. Mrs. Walton and her son, at Pleasant Valley. Five persons, a man, three women and a child near Monticello.

DR. T. C. GIBNEY, of Scott Co., Ky., lost his life from the effects of the intense cold.

A Day in the "Southern Tier."—No. 3.

THE making of butter is much more practised through this region than manufacturing cheese by the dairy farmer. Considerable cheese is made, and of a good quality, but butter is the leading product. In the making of this indispensable article of diet they are excelled by none and equalled by but few. Thousands of packages of "Orange county" butter are made in Broome, Tioga, Chemung, and Steuben, as well as in the counties both east and north, and the nicest observer is unable to tell the difference, when brought to market, between the butter of those counties and the veritable Orange. In some portions of Oneida and Chenango the "Welsh tubs" have obtained a name of high repute, and these dairies sell in competition with the "Orange county" at an equal rate. These brands always command the highest price and find a ready sale, showing how important it is for every farmer to take the utmost pains with his butter, so that it may have a selling reputation, and his brand be always sought for.—Thus commanding a high price and active demand, he is abundantly repaid for his extra labor. There are very many farmers scattered about the State whose brand upon a butter tub ensures its sale without further examination, and that, too, at prices from ten to twenty per cent. above their neighbors, who have perhaps as good cows, pasturage and dairy conveniences.

The making of butter is a simple process—agitating the milk or cream until the globules which hold the fatty matter are broken, and their contents aggregate and separate from the surrounding fluid, is the scientific formula for obtaining it. It matters little whether the milk be put into great skin bottles and placed upon the back of the hard trotting dromedary, or churned in the neatest of modern churns, by the latest patent dog, sheep, or horse power, for if churned long enough the butter will come.

To make good butter, however, is a very nice operation, and requires both skill and judgment, as well as much patience and care. Good cows, good pasturage, good water, and a plenty of good food at all times, are among the primary requisites. Many profess to believe that cows which are the most profitable for a butter dairy are not so much so for a cheese dairy, and the reverse.—To such an extent is this carried by some farmers, that they make it the business of their whole lives to select those cows which will yield the most butter, finding them usually those that do not, for the bulk of food consumed, yield the most milk. It is not unfrequent for them to own two or three hundred cows before they get a dairy to their mind. Others believe that much depends upon the food of the cow, and that by artificial means, as in the kind and quality of food furnished, the flow of milk may be profitably increased. Those dairymen have been the most successful who have provided an abundant supply of food for that portion of the year when, by reason of our hot, dry summers, the grass fails to yield a full bite. Indian corn, planted for the purpose of soiling, has been found of great value, while others have given through the whole season a slight quantity of oil meal mixed with bran or Indian meal. Experience has shown that food has an important bearing upon both the quantity and quality of the butter.

There are two general methods of procuring the butter from the milk—one by obtaining the cream and churning it, the other by churning all the milk. Both have their advantages, and either will produce good butter. The general practice, both in this country, England and Holland, among the most successful dairymen, would seem to declare in favor of churning all the milk, and that, too, immediately after it has curdled. More butter has been obtained by this process from a given quantity of milk than by any other. The practice of the best dairymen here is to set the milk in common-sized tin pails in cool cellars until it is curdled, and then churn the milk and cream together. Care must be taken not to let the milk stand too long before churning, as by that delay both in milk or cream, much butter is spoiled, for any taint to either by long standing or impure vessels cannot be got out by any subsequent process.

As the day has been a pretty long one, we shall not go into any further detail, though much that we saw and heard, and many thoughts and suggestions, will remain only in our own mind. It may so happen, hereafter, that we can spend more than a single day in this interesting region, and be enabled to visit the farmers in their homes, and then, this day being forgotten, we will try our pen again at a description of what we saw and heard.—P.

MERCANTILE SUCCESS.—It is seldom that a case of such continued prosperity can be chronicled in the history of any mercantile firm as in that of the Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall. About thirty years ago the commercial firm of G. E. & S. S. Howland was formed in the city of New York.—They were engaged principally in the West India trade. Ten years afterwards the partners retired from business wealthy, leaving behind, as special partners, $200,000 for their successors, Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall. A few years further on, and the members of this firm also retired, leaving the same amount, as special partners, to a junior Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall; and recently, these latter have, too, retired, leaving $200,000 for still younger members—same name and style of firm.

PEOPLE'S COLLEGE LOCATED.—The location of this important institution has been finally consummated. The commissioners appointed for the purpose selected the village of Havana; and the stockholders, at a meeting held there on the 8th inst., ratified the choice of the commissioners, and completed the preliminaries. A committee was appointed to procure the necessary plans, &c., for the buildings, and it is the intention of the Trustees to take immediate steps for erecting the buildings to accommodate at least 100 students.—Henceforth the People's College is a fixed fact, and is the beginning of a new era in the education of the people.—P.

SENATOR FROM RHODE ISLAND.—The General Assembly of Rhode Island made choice of Hon. JAMES F. SIMMONS as U. S. Senator, from the 4th of March next, in place of Hon. CHARLES T. JAMES, whose term will then expire. Mr. SIMMONS has served one term in the Senate, from 1841 to 1857. He is a Republican.

News Clippings.

—Deaths in Boston last year, 4,260.

—The Canadian Parliament will meet in Toronto on the 26th of February.

—Maj. Dutton, commander at Ft. Mifflin, died in Philadelphia on the 5th inst.

—The interments in Greenwood Cemetery, since it opened in 1840, number 47,223.

—Dr. Kirk left Boston on the 8th to take charge of the American Chapel in Paris.

—The whole number of lighthouses belonging to the United States is about 500.

—An ice bridge was formed over the St. Lawrence opposite Quebec, on Tuesday night.

—In Scotland it is proposed to fit out steamers instead of ships to engage in the whale trade.

—A company of Kansas emigrants from this State are to rendezvous at Buffalo early in April.

—A project has been started to establish a line of propellers between Montreal and Chicago.

—Over thirty slaves have been hung in Louisiana, in consequence of the insurrection excitement.

—The Toronto Globe says that on the 6th inst the thermometer stood at 7 degrees below zero.

—There are annually manufactured in the United States 2,160,000 shovels, or about 600 dozen per day.

—Seventy-two persons, whose ages exceeded seventy years, died in Providence during the last year.

—More property is destroyed by fire every year in the United States than in all the rest of the world.

—A wealthy citizen of Brooklyn, on Christmas day distributed $25,000 among his nephews and nieces.

—A trader in Hartford distributed to the poor children of the city 1,000 pairs of rubbers on Christmas.

—The mortality of Philadelphia for the past year has been ten thousand two hundred and twenty-two.

—The steamship Europa sailed on the 7th inst., for Liverpool with 42 passengers and $250,700 in specie.

—The mortality of the City of Baltimore for the year 1856 was five thousand six hundred and sixty-eight.

—A steamship of 3,000 tuns, and 325 feet long, is being built in New York, for the trade on the Pacific coast.

—It is estimated that 50,000 persons attended the funeral of Father Mathew, in Cork, on the 12th of December.

—Hog killing is over at Louisville. About 245,000 head have been killed there and in the vicinity this season.

—Hon. J. W. H. Underwood, of Georgia, has been appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Nebraska Ter.

—It is estimated that in India and Ceylon there are one hundred and twenty thousand converts to Christianity.

—The Chicago Journal claims a population of 111,000 for that city, which in 1840 had less than five thousand.

—The new Steam Frigate Niagara, is ready for sea, and there is a talk of taking her to Washington on a trial trip.

—Mr. Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield, preached in the Surrey Music Hall, London, on the 14th Dec., to 8,000 souls.

—There are now one hundred and fifteen counties in the flourishing State of Texas, and territory for as many more.

—Colonel Thomas F. Hunt, Assistant Quartermaster General United States Army, died at New Orleans on the 23d ult.

—A little girl in Waterville, Ct., more than a year ago swallowed a needle, and on New Year's day it came out of her knee.

—The contributions of Essex county, Mass., to the relief of Kansas, during the last three months, have exceeded $7,000.

—The house of a Mr. Kelly, 280 Avenue B New York, was on fire three times, between three and six o'clock on Thursday.

—A Mrs. Pope, in Worcester co., Mass., reached her 102d birthday on the 16th inst. She still retains the full use of her faculties.

—English engineers have commenced the necessary surveys for a railway from the Mediterranean Sea to the River Euphrates.

—It is now well ascertained that some thirty slavers have been fitted out in the port of New York within the last three years.

—The population of New York is dying at about the rate of one in every seventeen minutes, day and night, all the year round.

—Several of the merchants of Schenectady have gone to burning camphene, alleging it to be cheaper than gas, and just as good.

—The monthly statement of the U. S. Treasury shows the amount in the depository at Buffalo, subject to draft, to be $55,404 04.

—30,000 passengers were carried last year by the steamship between Europe and the U. S. including eastern and western passages.

—A mad dog was shot in Fishkill last week, but not till after having bitten severely D. B. Tibbits, foreman in the Standard office.

—Foreign papers state that all the English mechanics are to be dismissed from the Russian service, and Americans to be employed.

—About sixty thousand families in Great Britain own all the land, which is occupied by more than twenty-seven millions of people.

—"It is a fact," says the Bombay Gazette, "that the entire population of Hindostan does not average sixpence a year for clothing."

—Valuable mines of lead, copper, and silver have been discovered and to some extent developed, in the "Cherokee country," in Georgia.

—Two marble statues of great beauty, from the studio of Miss Hosmer in Italy, have just arrived and are on exhibition in Boston.

—Mayor Hall, of Brooklyn, is to be presented with a house and lot by his fellow-citizens on the occasion of his retirement from office.

—During the last eight years, the annual mortality from scarlet fever in New York city has increased from 93 (in 1848) to 1,233 (in 1856.

—Mrs. S. Reed died suddenly in Philadelphia, last week, from the effects of chloroform, which she had applied to her face for neuralgia.

—A point on the Missouri River opposite Sioux City, in Iowa, is proposed as the site of the capital of the new Territory of Dacotah.

—The Toledo, Ohio Times says they are sinking a well in that city which will be 2,500 feet deep. It will be the deepest well in the world.

—There is a law in Kentucky allowing any widow who has a child between six and eighteen years of age, to vote in school district meetings.

—At an auction sale at the fair of St. Paul's Church, Buffalo, a barrel of flour was sold for $73 50, and presented to the rector, Dr. Shelton.

—Music "upon the waters" is quite common, but the Bostonians have music on the *ice*, to which both ladies and gentlemen skate by moonlight.

—The number of persons attached to the working of railways in France, is 32,000. When the whole network is in operation there will be 80,000.

—The ladies of St. Paul's Church, New Haven, made their Rector, Rev. A. N. Littlejohn, a Christmas present of a Life Insurance policy for $5,000.

—The London News states that the large amount of £10,350,479 was paid in that country, in the year 1855, as duty on foreign and British spirits.

—A company of Kansas Settlers is organizing in Michigan, who expect to reach the Territory early in March, under the guidance of Rev. A. St. Clair.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the North American.

THE steamer North American arrived at Portland, on the 8th inst., with Liverpool dates to the 24th ult., inclusive.

Nothing certain is known respecting the meeting of the Paris Conference.

An account contradictory, at Vienna, states that an official notification has been made that France cannot accept the interposition of the Belgrade and Isle of Serpents question.

In the absence of the interpretation by England, Austria and Turkey, Count Buol had sent this unexpected announcement to the Emperor in Italy.

The London Globe, the Government organ, denies that there is any difficulty between France and England. The diplomatic relations are suspended between Switzerland and Prussia, and matters are becoming exceedingly complicated.

No reply had been received to the note addressed by Prussia to the Great Powers on the Neufchatel affairs. In the meantime Prussia persists in forcible measures, and has notified the German Diet that her own troops are sufficient for any emergency, and 35,000 troops will assemble at Berlin by January, to march under Gen. Orial Bongroken, upon Switzerland. The latter power is behaving with great gallantry.

The population is called to arms, and respond with enthusiasm.

Twenty thousand will be armed immediately, of which 10,000 will be under Gen. Bourgoise, and will defend Basle, and the remainder under Gen. Zeiegler will garrison at Chathausen. The van reserve will operate in the field. Unlimited credits for military purposes have been voted.

The Federal Diet is convoked for the 27th of December.

The war with Persia is very unpopular. The London Times and London Press, Derby organs, both denounce it. The English and French presses think it will cause war between England and Russia.

BREADSTUFFS — LIVERPOOL MARKET. — Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. report a steady market for Breadstuffs. For middling qualities of wheat there had been an improved demand at an advance of 2d per bushel. Flour quiet, and prices unchanged. Corn in better request, and quotations 6d per qr. higher. There had been considerable arrivals of breadstuffs, but owing to the prevalence of low tides in the Mersey, ships could not be docked until the following week. White wheat was quoted at 9sa9s9d. Red 8sa9s. Western canal flour 30s6da32s. Baltimore and Philadelphia 31s a32s6d. Ohio 34sa35s. Yellow and mixed corn 33sa33s6d. White 34sa34s6d.

PROVISIONS.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. report beef very dull, and holders pressing on the market. Nothing doing in pork. Lard in retail demand at 82sa83s and tendency downward.

Arrival of the Steamship Asia.

THE Asia, from Liverpool 27th ult., arrived at New York on the 12th inst.

The approaching conference at Paris, the affairs of Russia and Switzerland, and the difficulty between Persia and Britain, continue the main features of interest.

No day is yet fixed for the reassembling of the Paris Congress. As already intimated, the second plenipotentiaries will alone take part in it. Walewski will preside. There is still some preliminary business to get through, but it is anticipated that the day of meeting is not far distant. A preliminary meeting will probably be held in a few days. A statement was made in the London Times that England and France are now agreed on the points of discussion with Russia. No topics are to be introduced but those relating to Belgrade and the Isle of Serpents. Two or three sittings will suffice. All the plenipotentiaries, including the Turkish Minister, have now received their instructions.

As regards the Neufchatel question, Prussia continues her proposition for invasion and Switzerland for defence. But there exists a belief that the other powers will prevent actual hostilities. There was even a rumor that England had agreed to mediate in the matter, but it is doubtful. A large space is devoted by the continental journals to a discussion on the question at issue, but they contain little beyond surmises.

The Bank of France again accepts for discount bills having seventy-five days to run from other parts of Europe.

English papers contain a report of Portsmonth banquet to the officers of the Resolute.

Hugh Miller, the geologist, was found shot dead in his house. Supposed accidental.

It is stated that negotiations are broken off between the British Minister at Constantinople and Feronka Khan, the Persian Envoy, and the latter is proceeding to Paris, having meanwhile requested further instructions from his government.—Britain demands the evacuation of Herat, the payment of expenses, dismissal of the Persian Prime Minister, and the establishment of British consulates in various places. Persia is reported to have assented to return Mr. Murray, English minister, restore Herat, and compensate Heratians, but the other parts are held in abeyance.

The Asia brings 80 passengers and upwards of $100,000.

MARKETS.—Richardson, Spence & Co., report—Liverpool, D c. 26.—There was no market to-day, and the business done has not been large. Wheat, however, rather more firmly held, and an advance in prices generally asked.—Flour is unchanged. Indian Corn, firm inquiry, and 6d. dearer, 33s. 6d.@34s, being the value of yellow mixed; white 34s.@35s.

PORK.—No transactions. Lard very dull—4@5d. lower.

Foreign Items.

THE duty on corn imported into England at 1s. per quarter, in the year ending March last, was £353,066.

The English Parliament has been prorogued until February 3, when it is to meet for the dispatch of business. The annual expense of the House of Parliament was £162,230, of which the printing amounted to £78,954.

The Eastern Steam Navigation Company are inviting tenders for launching their great ship at Millwall.

It is computed that upwards of 100,000 persons have visited Smithfield Cattle Show this year.

From the report of the chaplain of the Surrey County Prison, just published, we gather the melancholy fact that no less than four per cent. of the commitments of females for the past year, have been for attempts to commit suicide—drunkenness appearing to have been the impelling cause.

The official returns of emigration from the United Kingdom for the month of November, gives the following numbers:—To the United States, 7,049, Australian Colonies, 4,610; British North America, 366; other places not enumerated, 502; making a total of 12,526 persons.

At the recent exhibition of poultry at Birmingham, the first and second days' sale produced upwards of £850. One Dorking cock brought £15, and the cup pen of the same class made 30 guineas. The prize pen of the buff Cochins was sold for 120 guineas, and 50 guineas were refused for a prize pen of Spanish; 15 guineas were also refused in two instances for a pen of Aylesbury ducks.

A French correspondent, writing from Jerusalem, and describing how much that city has been improved and modernized since his last visit, made twelve years ago, says that many of the new houses remind him of the houses at New York.—Only think of the holy city being rebuilt after such a model as New York.

The winter in Europe has so far been very cold. Vast quantities of snow have fallen in Austria.—On the first of December the roads east of Vienna were impassable on account of the snow, and in Vienna such vast masses of snow had accumulated in the streets that all locomotion was greatly impeded. In England they had skating in the early part of December.

Provincial Items.

A MELANCHOLY accident happened on the Big Plains, Caradoc, C. W., on Friday last. A son of James Carroll, J. P., of about nineteen years of age, while in the act of yoking up a pair of steers, was hooked in the nose by one of them, the horn passing upwards, causing a fracture of the frontal bone, from which death ensued.

OFFICIAL notice is given in the Canada papers that an application will be made at the coming session of the Canadian Parliament for a charter to construct a bridge across the Niagara river at Fort Erie, or some point below, and for other purposes.

A MAN named William Thompson, a sawyer, met his death, last week, in a most shocking manner, at Messrs. Sudworth's Mills, Sweaburgh, West Oxford, being nearly cut in two by a circular saw.

A COLLISION occurred on the 8th inst., on the Great Western Railway, about three miles west of Hamilton, by which three men were killed and a number of others dangerously wounded. It seems that at Hamilton an agent of the Road telegraphed to the Dundas station, some six miles west, that a freight train was on the road, going westward, and for the passenger train, coming east, to remain at Dundas until the freight should arrive. The message was received, but through a negligence in some quarter, it was not delivered, and the consequence was a collision between the two trains at the sharp curve near the Dundas canal, and on an embankment of some sixty feet or more. The baggage car was thrown directly upon the locomotive of the passenger train, and the wood in the tender of the freight engine thrown forward upon the engineer and fireman of the latter. An Express Messenger and one of the Tank men on that section of the road, were instantly killed, and one of the engineers survived but a few minutes. Several other attaches of the road were seriously injured, but none of the passengers, we are glad to learn, were hurt. That the trains should meet on a high embankment, while under high speed, and not throw any of the cars off, seems remarkable, and a providential escape from general slaughter.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Court of Appeals (3d Kernan's Reports 42) have lately decided an interesting case in relation to domestic animals getting on railroad tracks from highways, and being killed by locomotives.

The case decides in effect that a railroad corporation, which omits to comply with the statute in respect to maintaining fences and cattle guards, is liable to the owner of animals which may stray upon the track from a highway crossing it, and are there injured by the engines of the company, although they were not lawfully in such highway. This decision is directly in the teeth of a decision made by the Supreme Court of the 5th district, in January, 1854, in the case of "Burch agt. the New York Central Railroad."—*Utica Observer.*

FROM MEXICO.—It is stated that President Commonfort, in view of the fact that he is surrounded with difficulties, has sought for means to secure at least some future for Mexico, and has proposed to the United States an alliance which shall strengthen his Government and bring the influence of our own to bear upon the reorganization of that Republic.

Financial Affairs.

MONEY MATTERS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE GOLD CROP.—The remittances of gold from California are now made with great regularity, and are as much relied on as any other crop of the country. The followlug table will show the receipts of every month in the past year:

January, $3,400,311; February, $2,740,632; March, $2,753,108; April, $3,399,161; May, $3,478,085; June, $1,222,590; July, $3,430,657; August, $2,939,033; September, $3,474,806; October, $2,524,563; November, $2,456,727; December, $3,538,057; total, $10,317,930. Last year the remittances per steamers reached $11,582,524, which shows a falling off of a million and a quarter.

NEW YORK MONEY MARKET.—The N. Y. *Evening Post* of the 9th inst says:—"The demand for money is rather greater than less. The Custom receipts yesterday were $267,000, being much larger than in any one day for some time past, and as vessels arrive, the demand for money to pay duties will become large.—Discount rates are steady at 9 to 12 per cent—mostly 10 per cent.—second class paper being taken at the highest rate. Call loans are difficult to obtain at 7 per cent. The practice of borrowing for a day and so on from day to day, is being resorted to, and keeps the market in a stress all the time. In first-class financial circles, however, money is easy at 7 per cent."

	1856.	1855.
Exports of specie from N. Y. & via. Boston	$19,600,383	42,483,209
Receipts from California	40,612,231	39,888,282

This table shows that we exported in 1856 seven million dollars more specie than in 1855, and that we received $779,049 more specie from California in 1856 than in 1855. The table also shows that we exported in 1856, nearly nine million dollars more specie than we received from California; while in 1855, the excess of exports over receipts was $2,600,000. A question arises how has this loss of specie been sustained without any injury to the money market? The only answer is, that it is more than made good by the receipts from emigrants.

The business at the Sub-Treasury on the 8th inst., was as follows:

Receipts	$437,578 12
Payments	489,746 30
Balance this morning	11,167,603 94

NEW COUNTERFEITS.—2s, on the American Bank, Trenton, N. J.—Two wheels of lathe work in the centre of the note—portrait of Fierce on lower right corner—female on lower left corner.

5s, on the Putnam Co. Bank, N. Y.—Vig. woman, ship, bales, &c.—female churning on the right—female leaning on a rock on the left.

3s, on the Rockville Bank, Ct.—Vig. steamboat, locomotive, cars, &c.—female on the right end.

1.25s, on the Weybosset Bank, R. I. altered—Vig. ship and sloop—eagle on lower right corner—locomotive on left end.

10s, on the Exchange Bank, Hartford, Ct. altered—Vig. two females seated on a rock—female on the right and—medallion head and two X Xs on the left.

10s, on the Market Bank, N. Y. City, altered from 2s.—Vig. steamships.

20s, on the Tradesmens' Bank, N. Y. City, altered from 8s—Vig. three sailors—blacksmith on the left—girl's head on the right.

10s, on the Allentown Bank, Pa. altered—Vig. three females, ships, &c.—road scene and 10 on the right—female writing on the left—*Thompson's Reporter.*

BANK FAILURES.—The following items are taken from Hodges' *Reporter:*

BANK OF NEWCASTLE, PA.—This Bank was discredited simultaneously with the Erie City, the failure of which was noticed last week, and is a similar kind of an institution, viz: a Bank of circulation, doing very little local, legitimate business at home, and no security for the bills. The circulation in the Western and Middle States is very large.

GREAMBERCY BANK, Lafayette, Ind., is also under protest, and is said to be intimately connected with the Bank of Newcastle, and Erie City Bank. We believe them all premeditated swindles.

BANK OF HALLOWELL, ME.—This Bank has been guilty of some irregularity, and consequently has had an injunction placed upon it, which we presume is only temporary. We learn that the Bank continues to redeem its notes.

LANCASTER BANK, PA.—The failure of the Lancaster Bank has effected the circulation of the Bank of Newcastle, Warren County Bank, Pa.—rate of discount on these Banks is variable, and not reliable.

THE Indiana State Bank went into operation on New Year's day. It is to have twenty branches, and its entire capital is fixed at six millions. The President of the State Bank is Hugh McCulloch, and its Cashier Jas M. Ray—each of whom are well known to the monetary world.

THE London (C. W.) Free Press states that the notes of the Zimmerman Bank have justly declined in public favor, and can now scarcely be called current, the banks in that city refusing to receive them at cash.

Items of News.

THE disasters to sea going vessels during the last month, include 54 vessels of all classes, the value of which is estimated to be $557,506, and the cargoes are estimated to be worth a million more.

AMONG the statistical facts elucidated by the sugar discussion, is the statement that every man, woman and child in the Union consumes on an average 29 pounds of sugar a year.

THE small pox is prevailing to an alarming extent in Stowe, Vt., and all public gatherings are forbidden, and the schools are stopped; pest houses have been provided, and the Congregational clergyman has gone to one of them to devote his services to the sick.

THE Government is officially advised that Mr. Villiers, brother of Lord Clarendon, has been appointed British Minister to the United States, and that he will shortly arrive in this country—perhaps in the Retribution.

DURING the quarter which closed last Wednesday, the openers of dead letters in the general post office at Washington, found 1,900 which contained money. The aggregate amount is $11,275. Seven-eighths of this money has been restored to its owners.

GOV. FLETCHER, of Vermont, has sent three Commissioners to Kansas to ascertain the condition of the people, with a view to the aid voted by the Legislature.

A NEWSPAPER has been commenced in Egypt, intended for Syrian circulation. It bears the name of Mirat ul-Ahval, or "Mirror of the People," and is issued weekly. The editor is Mr. Churchill an Englishman, assisted by a native well read in Arabic literature.

THE only surviving nephew of the illustrious patriot, Mad Anthony Wayne, is now residing near Philadelphia. He is likewise the only one left of the Dartmoor prisoners, who were captured by the British fleet in 1814, and is now at the advanced age of 75 years.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, Jan. 15, 1857.

NOTHING doing in Wheat and Flour,—prices unchanged.—Oats are 2½c better, selling readily at 40c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Pork has taken a large advance. The ruling price is $7,75@8,00—some prime samples for family packing, have brought $8,25.

SEEDS—There has been a falling off in the prices of both Clover and Timothy and the general tendency of the market is downward.

HAY remains as last quoted, but it is difficult to obtain highest rates.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.			
Flour, bbl	$6,25@7,25	Honey, box	$18
Wheat, Gen	$1,50@1,63	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Best white Canada	$1,50@1,63	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Corn	50@62½c	Apples, bushel	75c@$1,25
Oats	40c	Do. dried	$1@1,25
Barley	$1,06@1,12	Potatoes	38@62½c
Buckwheat	50c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Beans	$1,00@1,25	Slaughter	7c
Peas	1,00@1,25	Calf	12c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	75c@1,12
Pork, Mess	$18,50	Lamb do	38@50c
Do. cwt	$7,75@8,00	SEEDS.	
Beef, per cwt	$5,00@6,00	Clover, bushel	$5,75@7,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75	Timothy	$3,00@3,50
Mutton (carcass)	$4,50@5,00	SUNDRIES.	
Hams, smoked	12@13c	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Shoulders	8@9c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,00@5,25
Turkeys	9@10c	Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Geese	50c	Do. Blossburg	$5,50
HAIRY, &c.		Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
Butter, roll	18@20c	Do. Char	10@12½c
Do. firkin	18@20c	Salt, bbl	$1,58
Cheese	8½@9½c	Hay, ton	$9@14
Lard, tried	12½@13c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Tallow	11@11½c	White fish, bbl	$8@10
Eggs, dozen	20@20c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$4,75@5,00
		Trout, bbl	$9

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 12.—FLOUR—Market advanced 5c ℔ bbl.—Sales at $6,25@6,40 for common to choice and super State; $6,50@6,81 for extra do; $6,25@6,75 for common to choice and super Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Ohio; $6,65@7,10 for extra do; $6,50@7,0 for St. Louis brands; $7,15@8,75 for extra Genesee; market closing buoyant. Sales Canada flour at $6,40@7,62½ for common to super and choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market firm and quiet. Sales red winter and spring mixed Wisconsin and Illinois at $1,50. Rye steady; sales at 88@92c. Barley and barley malt unchanged. Corn market better; sales mixed Western at 70@73c, closing at 72c in store. Oats better; sales at 42@43c for State, and 50@52c for Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market firmer; sales at $19,37@19,50 for old mess; $20,25 for new mess; $16,75 for old prime; $17,25@17,50 for new prime. Dressed hogs in active demand at 8½@8¾c. Butter and cheese in moderate request and unchanged.

BUFFALO, JAN. 12.—FLOUR—The receipts of flour by rail are liberal, both by the Buffalo and Huron Railway, and the Buffalo and Erie Road, but they are mostly destined for immediate re-shipment to the seaboard. The eastward roads are carrying everything offered without delay. The market here is inactive; demand moderate, but prices unchanged. Sales at $6@6,50 for choice to good extra Ohio and Canada.

GRAIN—Wheat is quiet, and held at $1,18@1,20 for spring and club; $1,25 for red winter, and $1,40@1,45 for good to choice white. Corn sells from the elevators at about 65c. Oats quiet. Barley steady; sales Saturday at $1,15.

SEEDS—Fair demand for Timothy, with sales, in lots, at $3.—Clover also sells in small lots at $5,50 for old, and $5,75@6,87 for new.

PROVISIONS—Market for Pork tending upward; sales mess Saturday at $18. New held at $19 for lots to the trade. Dressed hogs are in good demand and firmer; sales are now making at $8 ℔ cwt. Leaf lard is selling at 11½c.

WOOL—There is some more inquiry, and we note sales within a day or two of Canada pulled at 38@40c, and Western fleece at 40@45c

ALBANY, JAN. 12.—FLOUR—The market for flour is heavy, with a moderate business doing at previous rates.

GRAIN—Wheat is in moderate milling request at steady prices. In corn, barley and oats, nothing of moment was done.

HOGS—The demand for dressed hogs is pretty active, and prices are again better. Sales pigs at $8; State hogs at $9,12@9,25, and choice from Palmyra at $9,50, the market closing steady.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN 7.—BEEVES—First quality 10½@11½c; medium 10@10½c; poorest 9½@10c; premium 12@13c.

Of Veals and Milch Cows this week there is nothing particularly worthy of note.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Average ℔ head $4,00½.

SWINE—First quality, corn fed, large size, live weight, 6¾@7c; Second do. corn fed, live weight, 6¾@6½c; first quality, small size, fat and prime, for market butchers, 6½@6¾c.

ALBANY, JAN 12.—Beef Cattle—At market 914. Prices, live weight, extra, $6,00; first quality, $5,25; second and third, $4@4,50.

COWS AND CALVES—None in market.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1780 in market. Prices range at from live weight, $4@6,50.

SWINE—200 in market. Fat hogs $7,00; stores $6,00.

CAMBRIDGE, JAN. 7.—At market 495 Cattle—about —— Beeves, and — Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8@8,25; first quality, $7,50@7,75; second quality, $6,25@7,00; third quality, $5,00@6,00; ordinary, $1,50.

WORKING OXEN—Sales at $110@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40, 50@65.

YEARLINGS—$17@21. Two Years Old—$23@28. Three Years Old—$28@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1570 at market. Prices—In lots, $2,50, 3, 3,50@4; extra and selections, $5,25, 6,25, 7@9.

HIDES—7½@8½c. ℔ lb. Tallow—8@8½c.

CALF SKINS—13@14c ℔ lb. Pelts—$1,25@1,50.

SWINE—Live none in market. Prices—dressed hogs, 9@9½c. Shoats, wholesale, 8c; retail 9½@10.

BRIGHTON, JAN. 8.—At market 750 Beeves, 100 Stores, 1,500 Sheep, 578 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,50@8,75; first quality, $7,50@8,00; second quality, $6,75@7,25; third quality, $5@6,75.

WORKING OXEN—No sales noticed.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 31, 36, 42, 60@70.

SHEEP—Sales $3, 3,25, 3,75, 4,50, 6@8.

SWINE—Shoats to peddle 6½@7½c; at retail 7@9; fat hogs, 7½@7¾c.

CATTLE SALES AT BRIGHTON FOR 1856.—The sales at the Brighton Cattle Market for the year 1856, were $5,791,933, against $5,483,167 in 1855. The number of animals disposed of in the two years compares as follows:

	1856.	1855.
Beef Cattle	59,926	65,050
Stores	11,580	16,935
Sheep	190,120	216,120
Shoats	90,356	71,220
Swine	49,895	

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK WOOL MARKET—STOCK ON HAND.—Messrs. Tellkomp & Kitching, of New York, in their circular of the 1st inst, furnish the following information with reference to wool:

During the early part of the month of December, we had an active demand for native fleece, and large quantities changed hands for consumption at full rates; but since then, or for the past fortnight, the market has been more quiet, and prices have remained unchanged. There has also been a good demand for all desirable kinds of pulled wool, of which the market now offers a little better selection. We give below the stock of native and foreign wool in our market at the close of the last month, as near as we could ascertain it. There is a very moderate stock of native wool, held in Philadelphia, Boston, Providence, Troy, and other cities; and as there is none of importance in the interior to come forward, there will be, no doubt, a short supply before the next clip. Fine foreign wool has been in fair demand, the stock of it has become reduced, and we soon expect to see the market cleared of both Cape and Australian wools. There are not enough of low foreign wools in our market to allow of any large operations. The demand has continued good at full rates. The late arrivals of South American wool were eagerly sought for, and some of the lots sold before being landed. The late London auction sales closed with an advance above the previous sales 1d to 2d ℔ lb.

Stock of Wool, Native—about	1,137,000 lbs.	fleece.
do.	220,000 do	unwashed do.
do.	150,000 do	do low.
do.	491,000 do	pulled.
Stock of Wool, Foreign.—Cape and Australian	225 bales	86,000 lbs.
Saxony Lambs	40 "	9,500 "
African Saxon	236 "	62,000 "
Do Morocco, &c.	732 "	190,000 "
Smyrna	99 "	40,000 "
Syrian and Persian	700 "	207,000 "
Entre Rios	95 "	68,000 "
Cordova	168 "	160,000 "
Peruvian ballots	1,250 "	90,000 "
Sundry	"	86,000 "
Abont		1,004,700 "
Stock of Wool at Philadelphia, about	1,250,000 lbs.	fleece.
Do.	75,000 do.	tubwashed.
Do.	250,000 do.	pulled.

FALLING OFF IN THE HOG CROP.—Large deficiencies are already noticed in the receipts of hogs at the several large markets in the West. The last Cincinnati Price Current shows that the receipts of hogs in that city, up to that date, are 183,373, against 263,782 last year.

The Louisville Journal remarks a very large falling off both in number and weight. It says:—Already more than one-half of the number of hogs which will be killed here have been received. Last year 333,000 head were slaughtered around the Falls, and this year, from present appearances, it will hardly reach 240,000—showing a deficit in numbers of 93,000, and the falling off in weight will increase this deficit at least 20,000.—At other packing points a similar falling off is calculated on. Owing to this the market has been very firm, and prices have gradually advanced.

The Indianapolis Journal and Madison Courier report a very large falling off in both cities. If their estimates be correct, and they give the figures for them, the aggregate deficit in the number of hogs slaughtered this season at and near Louisville, Indianapolis and Madison, will rather exceed than fall below 150,000.

This fact, as it is now certainly established, will have a tendency to confirm prices at the recent advance. But we do not advise farmers to hold off for better prices, for, it must be remembered, there is still a large surplus of last year's stock of hogs and bacon yet in the hands of dealers.

PORK TRADE OF CINCINNATI.—The packing season is about closed at Cincinnati. The number of hogs slaughtered is 328,835 against 355,255 the previous year.

FLOUR, WHEAT AND CORN IN NEW YORK.—The following table, taken from the New York Corn Exchange *Reporter*, shows the comparative stock of flour, wheat and corn in New York city, Jan. 1st, for three seasons:

	1855.	1856.	1857.
Western Canal flour, bbls	120,000	439,600	265,000
Canadian do	20,700	27,300	18,900
Southern do	43,000	130,100	119,500
Wheat, bu	74,000	789,793	531,650
Corn	500,000	645,962	967,500

FLOUR AND GRAIN TRADE OF ROCHESTER.—The amount of flour shipped from this place, on the Erie Canal, during the past season of navigation, was 251,606 barrels, a falling off of 56,507 barrels, compared with the previous year. There were 71,147 bushels wheat sent forward in the same time, a decrease of 24,314 bushels.

The amount of wheat left here from the Erie and Valley Canals, was 1,284,074 bush—less, by 96,293 bush than the previous year. But a large amount failed to arrive before the close.—*Rochester Democrat.*

EXPORTS OF PROVISIONS AT NEW YORK—The exports of provisions from New York during the month of December, were as follows:

	1856.	1855.
Beef	tcs. 589	7,162
Beef	brls. 1,119	1,135
Pork	8,291	7,398
Lard (equal to)	kegs 35,929	5,508

MARRIAGES.

IN Yates, Dec. 31, 1856, by Rev. A. Haskell, Mr. LEVI L. LUM, and Miss REBECCA P., youngest daughter of Eldridge Chapman, all of Yates.

IN Strykersville, Jan. 5th, by Rev. A. S. Kneeland, Mr. MILTON DAVIS and Miss MARY ROBINSON, all of the above place.

ON the 1st inst, at the residence of the bride's father, E. S. WILLIAMS, Jr., of Flint and HATTIE C., daughter of Horace A. Beach, of Wales, Mich.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance.* Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar Journal in the World,—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

WANTED—A SITUATION AS TEACHER, BY A GENtleman, who has had several years experience, in teaching the Languages and Higher Mathematics. Address box 51, Fayetteville, Onondaga Co., N. Y.

ROOT GRAFTS.—L. G. BRAGG & BROTHER OFFER for sale 150,000 Apple Grafts to be forwarded the coming spring. L. G. BRAGG & BROTHER.
367w2 Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS IS THE ONLY article in use—that is strictly harmless to the Digestive Organs, and is preferable in every way, to baking soda. Sold in 1 lb., ½ lb. and ¼ lb. packages by Grocers generally. Manufacturing Depot, 114 Warren St., New York.

FOR SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS—GREAT SPORT FOR THE Boys! Send for the "Exhibition Speaker and Gymnastic Book." Enclose (87) eighty-seven cents in stamps, and you will get it free of postage. Every Teacher and every School Boy, and all young men want it. Address
367w2 D. M. DEWEY, Rochester, N. Y.

SUFFOLK PIGS.

MY SUFFOLK BOAR "PRINCE ALBERT" IS FOR sale—Price $20. He took 2d prize at the State Fair at Watertown—he is a choice animal. I have one sow in pig by him for sale—Price $25. Also, 2 selected sow pigs—Price $10 each. All warranted pure breed. E. G. COOK.
Belleville, Jeff. Co., N. Y., Jan. 6, 1857.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

ON THE RECEIPT OF 25 CENTS, THE SUBSCRIBER will send, by mail, (post-paid,) to any address in the United States, sufficient of the above seed to plant 4 rods of ground, or 5 packages for $1—same rate for a larger quantity. Japan Peas in same quantity, and at same price. Address 367w4
I. W. BRIGGS, West Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y

HAY AND CATTLE SCALES.

EVERY FARMER SHOULD HAVE ONE OF THE DURYEE & FORSYTH Manufacturing Company's celebrated Iron Lever and Steel bearing Scales.

Great Reduction of Prices!!

We are now enabled to place these "Standard Scales" within the reach of every Farmer, those who have heretofore been unable pay $150 for a Scale, will please note the following terms *viz.*:—We will furnish a Scale to weigh 3 Tons, with a platform 7 by 12 feet, for $75; this price includes all the machinery and fixtures carefully boxed and delivered at the Canal or Railroad here—In each box will be found a plan and full instructions by which any Farmer or ordinary carpenter can build the necessary wood work. *Every Scale warranted.* Address
DURYEE & FORSYTH, Manufacturing Co.,
357-1mtf Rochester, N. Y

INFORMATION WANTED, OF ARABELLA CUNNINGHAM, (maiden name, ARABELLA JORDAN,) a native of Ireland. When last heard of, about nine or ten years ago, she was in Buffalo. Any information concerning her, dead or alive, will be thankfully received by her husband, JOHN CUNNINGHAM, and family, residing in the township of Nassagaweya, C. W. 366tf

TO NURSERYMEN AND PLANTERS.

MAGNOLIA ACUMINATA. A LARGE STOCK OF THIS desirable ornamental tree, is now offered at the following low prices:
Two feet ..... $6 per 100, $50 per 1,000
One foot ..... $5 per 100, $40 per 1,000
Strong, healthy plants. ELLWANGER & BARRY,
Jan. 1857. [366tf] Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

INGERSOLL'S PREMIUM PORTABLE HAY PRESS.

THIS PRESS COMBINES GREATER POWER AND PORtability, requires less labor, occupies less space, and costs less money than any other machine for baling hay ever offered to the public. It is equally convenient for pressing cotton, hemp, hops, broom-corn, rags, husks, &c. Samples may be seen at our Warehouse, and circulars with cuts and full descriptions will be furnished upon application by letter or otherwise to
FAIRBANKS & CO., Scale Manufacturers,
365w4 No. 189 Broadway, New York.

DR. H. C. WANZER,

DENTIST, ARTISTIC INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, No. 16 Buffalo St., (Pitkins' Block,) Rochester, N. Y. 353tf

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

PREMIUM LIST.—1857.

LOCAL AGENTS, Subscribers, and other earnest, active and influential friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, and the cause of "Progress and Improvement," who are disposed to lend their kind offices in its behalf—thus enhancing their individual interests while promoting the welfare of community—are respectfully invited to examine the following Programme of Premiums for the RURAL CAMPAIGN of 1857:

"EXCELSIOR" PREMIUMS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, to the person or persons procuring the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, in any one Township, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to April 1, 1857.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.
FIVE DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.

$800 IN STATE PREMIUMS!

As most of our General Premiums have heretofore been won by persons in the State of New York, thus precluding Agents and friends at a distance from successful competition, we have concluded to offer **$800** *in State and Provincial Prizes*, viz: **One Hundred Dollars** for the FOUR LARGEST LISTS from EACH of the States of PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, IOWA, and the Province of CANADA WEST, divided as follows:

FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER from *each* of the above named States and Canada West, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1857.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.
TEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.

☞ Competitors for the State and Provincial Premiums, *can also compete for the large General Prizes!* Comment upon the unprecedented liberality and advantages of this list is unnecessary.

The names and number of subscribers obtained by each competitor, will be published in the RURAL, (or in a circular, and mailed to all interested, as soon after the 1st of April as the result can be ascertained,) and the cash paid to the order of the successful competitor.

☞ To give Post-Masters and other Local Agents a fair, equal chance, travelling agents, post-riders and citizens of Rochester are excluded.

IN order to REWARD EVERY PERSON who may aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, we offer TO ALL (*including competitors for the Large Cash Premiums enumerated above.*) the following liberal

SPECIFIC PREMIUMS.

Six Dollars IN CASH, (*or* $6 in Books, at cash prices, postage pre-paid,) *and* an extra copy of the RURAL to *every person* remitting payment for FIFTY or more Yearly Subscribers, according to our Terms, *previous to the 1st of May, 1857.*

Five Dollars IN CASH, or either a copy of "Lippencott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World," or $6 in Agricultural Books,) to every one remitting for FORTY-FOUR or more subscribers, as above.

Four Dollars IN CASH, (*or* a copy of the "Japan Expedition"—price $5—*or* $5 in other Books,) to every one remitting for THIRTY-EIGHT or more subscribers.

Three Dollars IN CASH, (*or* a copy of Webster's Royal Octavo Dictionary, Unabridged in Words,—*or* $4 in other Books,) *and* an extra copy of the RURAL to every one remitting for THIRTY-TWO or more subscribers.

Three Dollars IN CASH, (*or* the above named Dictionary,) to every one remitting for TWENTY-FIVE subscribers (Agents can retain the cash for Specific Premiums, deducting it from remittance.)

To every one remitting for TWENTY subscribers we will give two extra copies of the RURAL and the 9th and 10th (or any other two) volumes of the Wool Grower and Stock Register—*or* a handsomely bound volume of the RURAL for 1856, (price $3,) *or* either Harper's, Putnam's, Graham's, Godey's or the Knickerbocker Magazine for 1857.

To every one remitting for FIFTEEN subscribers, an extra copy of RURAL and either volume of the W. G. & S. R.—*or* a copy of either the Horticulturist, Arthur's Magazine, or any other $2 periodical.

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NEW EVER-BEARING RASPBERRIES.

WE HAVE NOW

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

I'VE HEARD IT SAID.

BY SEYMOUR G. WILCOX.

I've heard it said by scores or more
Of those whose sun was low,
That if their lives they could live o'er—
Back to their youth could go—
The squandered and the mis-spent hours
Which marked their early way,
Which strewed their paths with faded flowers,
And twilight made of day;
Which brought regret, which brought remorse—
Hampered and dwarfed the mind—
And left them on life's rugged course
Their compeers far behind—
Should be redeemed with thoughtful care,
From worse than loss be saved;
Nor blight nor blank appearing there,
Should in their lives be graved;
But like a well-filled printer's page
Their lives should be, from youth to age.

Rochester, N. Y., Jan., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SLEEP.

Gentle Sleep, thy "downy pinions"
Wave to-night o'er those I love,
In the land of peaceful visions
Let their wandering fancy rove.

Drop thy blessing on all eyelids,
That close o'er burning tears;
Draw a veil until the morning,
O'er all Life's hopes and fears.

Bring a vision of the loved one
To all those who parted be,
Give to wandering ones a picture
Of their dearly lov'd roof-tree.

Father, those who walk the valley,
With white lips and failing breath,
I ask the "sleep" of thy "beloved,"
And an angel's shining wreath.

Charlotte Centre, N. Y., 1857. ELLEN C.

Life's Lessons.

WISTAWALA;

Or, Three Nights in the Valley of the Genesee.

BY MRS. S. WEBSTER LLOYD.

NIGHT FIRST.

It was during the summer of 1779, that Sullivan had been dispatched with a body of troops to scour the luxurious country of the Five Nations, at that season rich with the ungathered Indian harvest. Almost unresistingly, he had advanced into the country of the Senecas, cutting down and destroying their abundant harvests, burning their wigwams, and by every possible means, preparing for them a winter of famine and misery. So far, they had found their villages deserted and their progress unopposed. But for several days past signs of resistance began to appear. Rumors of gathering Indian tribes had reached them, and occasionally a dark face had been seen, as some bold warrior had ventured to approach near, in order to reconnoiter the enemy. It had been the practice of General Sullivan each day to appoint a rendezvous for the night, and then to separate his army into small detachments, the more effectually to carry on the work of destruction. It is with one of these divisions, whose course lay along the rich banks of the Honeoye, (a stream that carries the waters of three of the inland lakes of Western New York to the Genesee,) that my story opens. For some hours they had followed the dark and rapid stream toward its head, and many a blackened field, and the smouldering remains of many a wigwam, told how faithfully they had executed the purpose of their mission. Evening was approaching, when the party halted at a part of the route where for many miles the winding and irregular stream is shut in by high and broken hills, often rising almost perpendicularly from the waters' edge, and then on either side leaving a narrow strip of level land. Even now when the leveling plow of the farmer has passed over the brow, and as far as practicable down the side of each hill, and his cattle have pathed the less rugged places of ascent, one would find that a toilsome and weary path which lay before the little band. Far, at the head of the stream, beside a lake of the same name, was to be the encampment for the night. Into one of these small patches of level land, which were for the most part covered with a golden crop of maize, Lieut. Boyd had led his company, all save two, who had straggled off to look at the Indian burial place on the hill above.

"A fine opportunity these hills would afford for a display of Indian generalship, Huntly," said one of the two, to whom the attention of the reader has been directed.

"Yes, and a small chance of escape for us, should we chance to fall into one of those ambuscades for which the red skins are so famous. For my part, I wish Lieut. Boyd would leave the remaining corn-fields, and hasten on to join the main army. We have destroyed enough already to feed half the Indians this side Cayuga, and now he has delayed our march an hour to cut up the little patch yonder, not enough of it all to feed two papooses a month; for my part, I do not like the idea of a six miles' walk in the night, over hills but just now trodden by the Senecas."

"But just now trodden indeed, if we may judge by that," said the first speaker, and he pointed to an open Indian grave. "I will call back the men to look at him, for 'tis worth running a chance of the gantlet to see the old fellow there, with his weapons and his wampum, and his pot of succotash. I will call them back to take a peep at him—'All alone in his glory.'" And he raised his fingers to his mouth.

"Nay, Rolph, they have prepared him for his journey to the Happy Hunting Ground. Our men would consider his ornaments lawful plunder.—Let us respect the dignity of the old chief, (for chief he was,) and quietly finish the work they have begun."

While the rest of the party were gathering the corn and setting fire to the heaps, Huntly and Rolph were doing the rights of sepulture to a veteran leader of the Romans of the West.

"The work is done now, Huntly, you may read the funeral service. You look as sanctimonious as if you stood by the grave of your grandfather."

"The funeral service has perhaps been read over a less worthy subject, Rolph; despite myself, I cannot but have a partiality for these Indians. My pity, and not my resentment, is called forth towards them; for in my heart I cannot but excuse their hatred of the whites, goaded on as it is by the rapid strides we are making into a territory all theirs, by the right of birth. Step by step they are obliged to retire before us. How long, think you, before the smoke will rise from the settlements and the busy hum of the manufacturer will be heard along yonder stream?"

"Not till these hills have decayed, if this is to be the way of ingress; for nothing but a biped can scale them. But come, the smoke is already rising in the valley, the only smoke that a white man will kindle for one century at least."

The two companions turned to go, and there close before them, stood an Indian girl. Her hair was confined in a wide braid at the neck and hung loosely about her shoulders. Her short dress of blue cloth was fastened at the waist by a belt of wampum and ornamented at the bottom with a double row of brooches. Her bright scarlet leggins and deer-skin moccasins were decorated with the dyed quills of the porcupine, and as she stood there in all the unrestrained and natural grace of her wild beauty, she presented a figure of female elegance and symmetry that many a proud belle might have been glad to claim. The eyes of the young men rested upon her for a moment and then turned towards each other, for she had advanced noiselessly and stood where but a moment before the ground had been unoccupied. Again the fingers of Rolph were raised to his lips as if to give a signal, but the girl observed him and said in their own language: "The white men have finished the work of the Indian girl, they have filled up the grave of a brave chief, they need not fear, Wistawala is alone, the braves of the Senecas are towards the setting sun."

"And where are the women of the tribe, that Wistawala is left with the dead chief?" said Rolph, imitating the manner of the girl.

"They are gathering together for their great journey, but Wistawala would not go till she had sung the death-chant over the grave of her old friend. The white men have been kind to her and she would warn them of their danger. Little Beard is waiting for them. His warriors are many, and they long for the scalps of the great army."

"And Little Beard is toward the setting sun?" inquired Rolph.

"You will find him ere the stars come out again," replied the girl.

A whistle was heard in the valley, and the two companions left her to join the company and resume their march. The eyes of the girl followed them till they were lost amid the dark shadows of the forest, and then she seated herself on the new-made grave and began her low wail for the dead. The deep darkness of a thick forest had settled around her, when the sound of a footfall reached her ear, the soft and almost noiseless footfall of an Indian, and she caught the well-known tread of Monato, an Indian lover whom she had never dared repulse, because he was the favorite of the old chief, above whose grave she sat—her father, for he had adopted her according to the Indian custom, when she was brought a prisoner from the banks of the Monongahela. She ceased her low moan at his approach, and he placed himself beside her.

"Why is Monata away from among the braves?" she said.

"Wistawala was not among the tribe when they came to the town of Little Beard, and Monato learned they had left her with the old chief in the valley."

"Wistawala could have found her tribe alone."

"The white men have been in the valley."

"She fears them not, her mother was a white woman."

"And Wistawala would claim her kindred; she is vain of her pale face and she would seek a lover among the white braves, but they would turn away from her with scorn, their maidens are fairer than Wistawala, they would not love her as Monato loves the Pale Flower." The girl answered not; for a moment they sat in silence and then he resumed, "Monato is on the path of the foe, he is alone, he cannot strike a blow, but he must count them ere he returns, for so he promised Little Beard. Wistawala must stay in the wigwam yonder till he returns."

"She will go with him."

"To find some pale face lover! The Pale Flower shall stay in the valley yonder, Monato knows her love for the white man." The girl acquiesced, they found the hut unmolested, and Monato left her there while he followed the path of the foe.

The deep dark midnight of the Genesee forest surrounded the camp of General Sullivan, rendered still more deep and dark by the red glow of the low fires that served to show the situation of the camp. All was still. The sentinels had grown careless and the fires had gradually lessened in brilliancy, till a low line of red light barely defined the outline of the camp, and extending into the lake upon the margin of which it was so closely situated, that the shadow of more than one tent fell upon the water. In one of these sat the Commander of the expedition with several of his officers.

"The detachments are all in except Boyd's, are they not Van Campen?" said his General.

"All, General, Parish came in an hour after sunset."

"Where did you part company with him Parish?"

"Some ten miles below; Lieutenant Boyd went up the Honeoye, Honyerry told him it was rich with Indian harvests."

"Boyd is a thorough fellow; I hope that may account for his long delay, but I sometimes fear his zeal may lead him into danger."

"No one knows better how to meet it," said one of the party.

"The sentinels have replenished the fires, I should think, by the light upon the Lake," remarked Sullivan, after a moment's silence.

"Sentinels," said a new comer, and Boyd entered the door, "the sentinels are asleep every man upon his post; Honyerry could have scalped them all."

"Boyd," exclaimed his General, "we are right glad to see you; you must have found plenty of work to have kept you so long."

"A patch, here and there, which we were careful to destroy."

"Where is Honyerry?—we wish to consult him as to our future work; Little Beard Town cannot be far from here. When that is destroyed, unless we fall in with the enemy, I shall think of returning."

"Honyerry is lighting the fires of the sleeping sentinels; he will be with us soon."

Honyerry was a friendly Oneida, the guide of the expedition. On his discernment more than anything else, did Sullivan depend. His sagacity would discover signs of the enemy's presence—his well trained eye would find where an Indian's footstep had passed, when his fellows could not read the evidence even if pointed out—and now Honyerry came into the camp under the strong conviction that at no very distant place a body of Indians were collected. Along the Honeoye he had seen that the wigwams had been but recently deserted. Their squaws and their papooses were near, and their warriors would protect them. When Honyerry rolled himself in his blanket and slept quietly, the soldiers grew careless, and relaxed their vigilance; but now that Honyerry warned of danger, all were on the alert. Two hours had passed away in the council, their plans had been nearly matured, when Honyerry whispered to his favorite Boyd, and both left the tent. "I am sure he is there; I saw his canoe shoot into the shore, when the bright flash of the dry limbs blazed up—he thought he was not discovered, and lay still till I had entered the tent, and now he is on the ground on the west side; I heard him as he drew himself close to the side of the tent. I will secure the boat. When you hear the hoot of an owl, pass around the tent, and you will drive him into the light." Honyerry crept towards the place where he had seen the canoe. A few moments sufficed to place him in its bottom, and then Boyd heard the cry of an owl. A step or two in the direction indicated by the Oneida, showed him the quick ears of the guide had not been deceived. A tall figure glided off at his approach, and took the direction of the lake. Boyd followed, but the Indian sprung for the canoe, which shot a few feet away from him, and he fell in the margin of the lake. The grasp of Boyd was upon him and both struggled in the water.—The white man had the advantage, and the Indian seeing the hopelessness of the contest, exerted just strength sufficient to render his opponent confident of being able to master him. They had now nearly reached the boat, when the Indian suddenly gave a spring, the boat was lying a few feet away, having apparently drifted towards them,—one arm was around his foe, with the other hand he grasped the side of the canoe—his body had appeared above its side, when he was clasped around the neck, and soon lay prostrate in the boat's bottom, where Honyerry had during this time been concealed. Ere the officers had dispersed, Monato, (for it was he,) was carried a prisoner to the tent. A weary sentinel was Huntly, as he kept his post that night beside the tent of Honyerry and Boyd, and despite his efforts, more than once his mind had wandered off to the land of dreams, and a form of strange, wild beauty had been before him—such beauty as waking he had never looked upon but once. He strove to keep awake, but he loved to indulge in that state of dreamy consciousness, when, though we have a sort of indefinite idea that we are dreaming, our thoughts have all the luxury of reality. From one of these reveries Huntly was aroused, just as the first faint streak of light appeared across the lake, by a light hand laid upon his shoulder. "Wistawala," he exclaimed, as he sprang to his feet.

"Whist! all sentinels do not sleep soundly; two or three were awake as I crept round the camp."

"What seeks the Indian girl in the camp of her enemy?"

"She seeks the braves who filled up the grave by the Honeoye. She would save them. Monato is around their camp; he will learn their strength, and the ear of Little Beard will listen to his story."

"Monato is a prisoner; he will hardly speak to the ear of Little Beard."

"Where is he?"

"Ha! the maiden knows him; he is her lover.—She would save Monata, but not the white man?"

"She would save him, but she loves him not.—Wistawala has the blood of the white man in her veins, and her heart turns to her mother's kindred. She cannot be the wife of an Indian."

"But she will creep into the camp of the enemy, to cut the cords that bind her Indian lover."

"Wistawala came to save the white man. Monato is a prisoner, and she would save him too.—The Five Nations are about to leave the country of the Lakes. The white man has destroyed their corn and their wigwams, and they must seek far off a place to live. Let the great army go back. When the leaves come out anew, they can come to the country of the Senecas, for it will be desolate."

"Where will Wistawala be then? will she be in the wigwam of Monato, or will she await the approach of the kind she loves?" He spoke sneeringly, and the eye of the Indian girl flashed.

"The white man scorns the effort of the Pale Flower; let him remember when he hears the war-whoop of Little Beard, that she tried to save him." The manner of the Indian girl was earnest, and she spoke as if hurt that her conduct had been misconstrued. Huntly bent his head and spoke in a low tone:

"He does not scorn the efforts of the Pale Flower; he loves her; his heart never beat as it beats at the sound of her voice; he would willingly save those he loves; he hates to spill the blood of her tribe."

"Then he will set free the captive Monato?"

"That he may carry information to Little Beard?"

"Yes; and let Little Beard find the camp empty when he shall come."

"Nay; the Pale Flower asks too much."

"Then Wistawala must tell Little Beard that Monato is a prisoner."

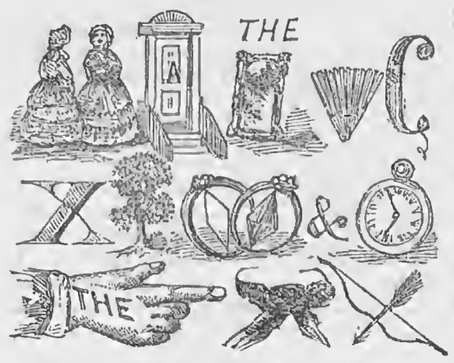
[Continued on page 24, this No.]

LOST TIME.

I threw a bubble to the sea—
A billow caught it hastily;
Another billow quickly came,
Successfully the prize to claim;
From wave to wave unchecked it passed,
Till tossed upon a strand at last.
Thus glide unto the unknown shore
Those golden moments we deplore;
Those moments which, not thrown away,
Might win for us eternal day.

Youth's Corner.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 53 letters.
My 31, 6, 40, 22, 26, 3, 22, 35, 21, 22, 31, 43, 40, 6, 42, 16, 5 was a noted conqueror.
My 1, 22, 30, 46 is what we are all subject to.
My 4, 9, 10, 28 is an interjection.
My 17, 15, 7, 12, 40, 27, 34, 13, 14 looks cheerful in winter.
My 2, 3, 20, 42, 30, 31, 32 is an organ of sense.
My 37, 38, 25, 8, 29 is something we must all pass through.
My 11, 18, 44, 47 is what we should strive to do.
My 33, 49, 24, 23, 41 is an article of kitchen furniture.
My 19, 20, 48, 38 we should observe.
My 21, 52, 36, 45, 50, 51 is a verb.
My 53, 47, 52 is a verb.
My whole is a portion of the 17th chapter of Jeremiah.

West Somerset, N. Y. D. S. D.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

The diameters of two concentric circles being 12 and 8, required the area of the ring contained between their circumferences.

Bennettsburg, Jan., 1857. H. D. D.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A man had an acre of land in the form of a circle. He wishes to raise the surface 2 feet by means of a ditch dug within the circle, to be one rod wide. Required the depth.

Oakland, N. Y., 1857. C. S. Cudebec.

☞ Answer next week.

CHARADE.

My first is found on the ocean wave
In the spring, the pit, and the mine;
My second below earth's surface you have,
Where seldom the sun can shine.
My whole your dinner-table must grace,
And seldom fails to obtain a place.

☞ Answer next week.

THE YOUTH OF THE DAY

Where is now our youth?—where our old age?—where are our boys?—where are our old men?—We have men-boys and boy-men. But where are the veritable boys—the boys with eager hearts, throbbing pulses, buoyant spirits, gay hopes, glowing fancies, unreasoning beliefs, and ready faith—the boys with the young thoughts and young feelings gushing through them like the juices of young life—the boys who hail their stage of existence joyfully, gathering its pleasures, battling its sorrows, and venting its impulses; not striving and straining after an unripe knowledge and a forced maturity? Where are now our veritable grey-beards—the old men who calmly, and fearlessly enter on their stage of life assuming its dignities, claiming its privileges, and fulfilling its functions; separating themselves from the turbid action, the toil and strife of the world, and reposing honorably in the retirement of experience and council; not clinging to the semblance of foregone periods, not envying the energies of youth or the prime of manhood, but keeping alive the memories and feelings of both to ray their declining day with mellow light, the old men who rejoiced to wear their grey hairs as a crown of glory, and stood amid their fellows with their hoary heads, their wise hearts, and their brows engraven with the lines of thought like

"The almond trees full of good days."

Such men may still exist, scattered like old pollards over the leveled face of society; but they are not thy products, not the result of thy materialism, O Age! The youth which opens under thy auspices, and runs by thy creeds, cannot sow the seeds of such a harvest. The youth framed under thy influences and action will have no growth, will not know the natural processes of maturition—"First, the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn, in the ear." Thy youth will be put up and fashioned like a piece of mechanism, set to work like a steam engine, moving ever by the same hard heavy material laws—so much speed from so much power, so much knowledge from so much pleasure.—*Blackwood.*

TRUE COURAGE.

True courage is not moved by breath of words;
While the rash bravery of boiling blood,
Impetuous, knows no settled principle.
A feverish tide, it has its ebbs and flows,
As spirits rise or fall, as wine inflames,
Or circumstances change: but inborn courage,
The generous child of fortitude and faith,
Holds its firm empire in the constant soul;
And like the steadfast pole-star, never once
From the same fixed and faithful point declines.

[*Hannah More.*

Answer to Ancient Historical Enigma in No. 366: The Siege of Asotus by Psammetichus.

Answer to Enigmatical Story in No. 366:—A copy of the Holy Scriptures.

Answer to Poetical Charade in No. 366: Thought.

Answer to Charade in No. 366:—Beau-fort.

Wit and Humor.

Another Definition of a Husband.—In the Rural of last week, we gave the *idea* of *one* lady concerning a husband—we now present the *opinion* of another of the fair sex. Our readers may compare the two, and those who can speak from *experience*, will please inform us *which is right:*

He is the most acceptable, accessible, accommodating, accomplished, accordable, accountable, accurate, acquiescent, active, acute, admirable, adorable, advertant, affable, affectionate, agreeable amenable, amiable, amicable, animated, amusing, attentive, beautiful, benign, blameless, calm, captivating, charitable, charming, cheerful, civil, clever, companionable, conciliating, condescending, confiding, conforming, considerate, consoling, cordial, correct, decorous, delightful, delicate, deferential docile, endearing, entertaining, equal, estimable, exalted, exemplary, excellent, faithful, fond, forbearing, forgiving, frank, good, generous, gentlemanly, high-aimed, high-bred, high-minded, high-souled, honest, honorable, just, loving, magnanimous, manly, merciful, moderate, obliging, patient, peaceable, pleasant, polite, principled, quiet, reasonable, sensible, thoughtful, truthful, unobtrusive, unoffending, unprovoking, unruffled, unselfish, unwilled, of mortals—the "my dear" of all (the ladies) good wives. Oh! *how* I wish I had one!

Instructions to Sportsmen.—Amateurs would do well to cut out the following, and paste them in their hats:

In carrying a gun over the shoulder on full cock be careful to point the muzzle at the gamekeeper's toes, for fear of blowing his brains out.

Gunpowder should be carried in a flask, or if loose in the pocket, should not be mixed with matches.

The practice of drying powder over the fire in a frying pan should be discouraged. Many accidents have resulted from it.

Always shut the eyes before firing.

Never carry a loaded gun at full cock horizontally, when a friend is walking before you, unless you are sure of the thickness of his corduroys.

Kissing at a Certain Age.—A celebrated dandy was one evening in company with a young lady, and observing her kiss her favorite poodle, he advanced, and begged the like favor, remarking that she ought to have as much charity for him as she had shown to the dog. "Sir," said the belle, "I never kissed my dog when he was a puppy." The fellow took the hint, and was off instanter.

Rather Sharp.—A railroad conductor having insulted a lady passenger, she said, indignantly, that the company which owned that road should not see another cent of her money. "How so?" paid the conductor; "how can you manage it?" "Hereafter," replied the lady, "instead of buying a ticket at the office, *I shall pay my fare to you!*"

A Slight Difference.—A Frenchman being troubled with the gout, was asked what difference there was between that and the rheumatism:—"One very great difference," replied Monsieur, "suppose yon take one vice, put ze finger in, yon turn ze screw till you can bear no longer—zat is rheumatism; den s'pose you give him one turn more—zat is ze gout!"

THE KNIGHT AND THE MAIDEN.

"Can'st thou love me gentle stranger?"
Blushing like a rose she stood;
And the knight at once admitted
That he "rather thought he could."

An exchange has discovered that Schottische is a corruption of the words "Scotch itch," and that the famous dance owes its name to the resemblance of its motions to those of a person afflicted with he Scotch plague aforesaid. Awful.
t

"Patrick Maloney, what do you say to the indictment—are you guilty or not guilty?" "Arrah! musha, yer worship, how can I tell till I hear the ividence?"

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Clubbing with the Magazines, &c.—We will send the Rural New-Yorker for 1857, and a yearly copy of either *Harper's, Godey's, Graham's* or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The Rural and either *Arthur's Magazine*, the *National Magazine*, or any other $2 magazine for $3. The Rural and either *The Plough, the Loom and the Anvil* (a monthly magazine devoted to the Industrial Arts, Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures,) or *The Horticulturist*, for $3.

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☞ Any person so disposed can act as local agent for the Rural, without certificate, and each and all who volunteer in the good cause will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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Rural New-Yorker.

PROFITABLE FARMING.

IN our remarks on this subject in the RURAL of last week, we adverted briefly to a portion of the requisites to a successful prosecution of the farmer's calling, dependent upon physical labor and skill, and shall now conclude by referring to the other branches comprised in the same classification.

The work allotted to the day or season must be readily performed—in other words, *labor must be driven by the farmer, not he by it.* The moment that labor gets in advance of the worker, he begins to struggle with disadvantage—a mountain which each day gains size and weight is upon him, and he must needs be an Atlas to carry the load. Each can do much to the alleviation of toil by planning, contriving and apportioning—and when a task is set apart in the order of a certain day or hour it should be completed.

Thoroughness is a special requisite to the successful prosecution of any business of life. "If it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." The ancient adage, "dig deep to find the gold," is as applicable to the farmer's vocation as that of the scholar. This principle applied to the tillage of a field will give the crops grown thereon a greater space in which their roots may forage for sustenance and support—will operate favorably upon an excess of moisture by putting in action a system of filtration, and will protect, to a degree, governed only by the depth of the soil, from the disastrous effects of drouth. Deep tillage may, to many, seem a hackneyed subject, but when men will obey the injunction, "go and sin no more," it will be time enough to stop preaching. The testimony in favor of deep plowing is so abundant and so frequently brought before the agriculturist that it seems strange so few *new farms* are brought to the light of the sun yearly, through the agency of the subsoil plow. In this connection we quote from the late volume of the *Transactions* of the N. Y. State Ag. Society, the following remarks by the owners of "Premium Farms." Mr. WESTFALL, of Lyons, says:—"I plow from seven to nine inches deep; deep plowing loosens the soil, and allows the roots of plants to penetrate it; endures wet weather and drouth better than shallow plowing, and lessens the labor of subsequent culture. Have made no accurate experiments to test the difference between deep and shallow plowing in subsequent crops, but my general observation has been, that a succeeding crop is greatly benefited by deep plowing."—Mr. MCLALLEN, of Trumansburg, N. Y., "plows on heavy clay soil from eight to ten inches and subsoils if possible; on sandy and gravelly soils six inches. Have subsoiled my clay bottoms; have found it greatly improves the crops, particularly grass; they succeed better in the wet, and stand the drouth better by so doing. This process on clay soils gives better crops than shallow plowing." We lay much stress on this subject, for the reason that if a farmer is found thorough here—ten to one *completeness* will be with him the *rule*, not the *exception*.

Reciprocate favors with your soil, *i. e.*, feed it if you would be fed by it. We have heretofore remarked that manure and well-directed labor were the Alpha and Omega of successful farming—without the former, sooner or later, toil becomes useless—without the latter, feeding is in vain. The means for replenishing the drain upon the soil should, as much as possible, be found within the limits of the farm. Everything which can be rendered available as a fertilizer should be carefully husbanded, and protected from damage.

Marketing the products so as to obtain their full value is a matter requiring considerable skill and foresight. Good crops may be obtained, they may be safely housed, but if a lavish hand be exercised in their home consumption, or carelessness exhibited in their disposal, we are still as far from the attainment of profitable farming as though a furrow were not turned. Certain of the productions of the farm must, from their perishable nature, be brought immediately to market. Others can be retained and sold at the will of the producer. Every individual when presenting an article for sale, desires to obtain therefor the highest possible price—and, provided the tendencies of the market are upward, would rather wait for still higher rates. The wheel of trade is constantly in motion—prices are now down, now up—and the absorbing question is, has the scale reached its maximum? This is, at almost all times, a difficult query to elucidate. There are many things that the farmer can study and generally draw correct conclusions therefrom. A dearth, either in a portion of our country, or abroad, in the yield of breadstuffs, will ensure good prices—so also will a war which calls from peaceful pursuits a large body of the yeomanry. Changes, from causes of the preceding nature, affect prices during their prevalence, while those which are created by a spirit of speculation will fluctuate almost daily. It is an axiom that extremes meet—that high rates will be succeeded by those correspondingly low, and that excessive depreciation is as sure to find the flood tide. A careful examination of the markets, and a knowledge of the home and foreign demand will prepare a farmer to dispose of his surplus produce to the best advantage.

Not alone, however, on the obtaining of good prices for the contents of a well filled granary, do the receipts of the farm depend. Those little matters, often termed the "odds and ends," are great helpers. The few pounds of butter, few dozen of eggs, brace of ducks, geese, etc., etc., so frequently bartered for domestic wants, have a *proper* and *peculiar time* at which the best prices can be readily procured. From a mercantile experience, we have observed that at the close of the week, rates of advance would range from ten to fifteen per cent. above those attainable at the beginning. For instance, butter, poultry, hams, &c., would bring one, two, and not unfrequently three cents per pound more on Saturday than on Monday. The reason is obvious. In cities or large villages, merchants depend principally upon local trade, such as is derived from the mechanic or laboring man. As a general rule, individuals in these vocations make the bulk of their purchases on Saturday for the ensuing week's consumption, and the trade *must have a supply to meet the demand.* Business is comparatively slack in the beginning of the week, and if not disposed to pay asked prices, the merchant can wait for a reduction to suit his desires. Rates for all commodities are governed by supply and demand, and if good prices are wished for in the sale of any material, it must be put into the market just at the period when it is most wanted.

To sum up, the best powers of mind must be given to experiment, analysis and research in every department of farm economy, whether intimately or remotely connected therewith, while the energies of the physical system should be bent to the development of its interests. The progressive farmer is he who possesses a *scientific head as well as a practical hand*, and where these are justly proportioned and the common property of the tiller of the soil, upon his domain we may look, with a surety of reward, for *profitable farming.*

PURE-BRED—THOROUGH-BRED, &c.

THESE terms are applied to animals as signifying something in reference to their blood, or the manner in which they have been bred. It should always be the aim to use language which expresses the meaning it is intended to convey. Words must be understood according to common usage, or according to generally accepted definitions.

On this basis, what is the meaning of pure-bred and thorough-bred? WEBSTER, and other lexicographers, define *pure* as "free from mixture." It is in this sense only that the word can be properly applied to animals. A *purely-bred* animal, therefore, must be one whose ancestors were of the same blood—their blood was free from mixture. The term must apply to the blood. Strictly, it has nothing to do with the external characters of the animal. We may speak of a purely-bred Indian or a purely-bred Negro, without regard to size or shape. The simple question is, Has the breeding been wholly in the same line, or confined to the same race?

The term *full-blood* must be synonymous with pure-bred. "*Full*," says WEBSTER, "is prefixed to other words, to express utmost extent or degree." Thus when we speak of an animal as full-blood, we mean that it is purely of some particular blood, race, or variety. If it is full-blood, it has the "*utmost extent or degree*" of the blood alluded to.

WEBSTER defines *thorough*, as "passing through or to the end; hence, complete, perfect;" and *thorough-bred*, as "completely taught or accomplished."

It is not easy to see any reason why the term thorough-bred should be applied to animals. In regard to purity of blood, it cannot, certainly, mean anything more than full-blood, and in its most common use it does not mean so much—that is, it is applied to a variety of animals which are known not to be of pure blood. It was first adopted in England to designate the race-horse, or as he has been called, the "galloper," from other breeds. If it should be asked, *why* is this variety of horse called thorough-bred? it would be difficult to answer the question.

But it has never, even, been definitely settled what constitutes a thorough-bred horse. Some have contended that the animal must be able to trace to Eastern ancestry on both sides. Yet this would not prove him to be of pure origin, because this ancestry may comprise Barb, Turkish, Arabian and Persian blood, which is known to be dissimilar. Aside from the diversity of Eastern blood, however, few horses have such a pedigree as would entitle them to be considered thorough-bred on this ground. Take the best authenticated pedigree of Eclipse, for instance,—as given by WHYTE, in his *History of the British Turf*,—and we find mention of no less than twelve mares whose pedigrees are "unknown." In reference to this fact, the author, ("Stonehenge") of the late work entitled *British Rural Sports*, says—"The same amount of impure blood, or nearly so, will be found in every [race-horse] of his date." [p. 281.]

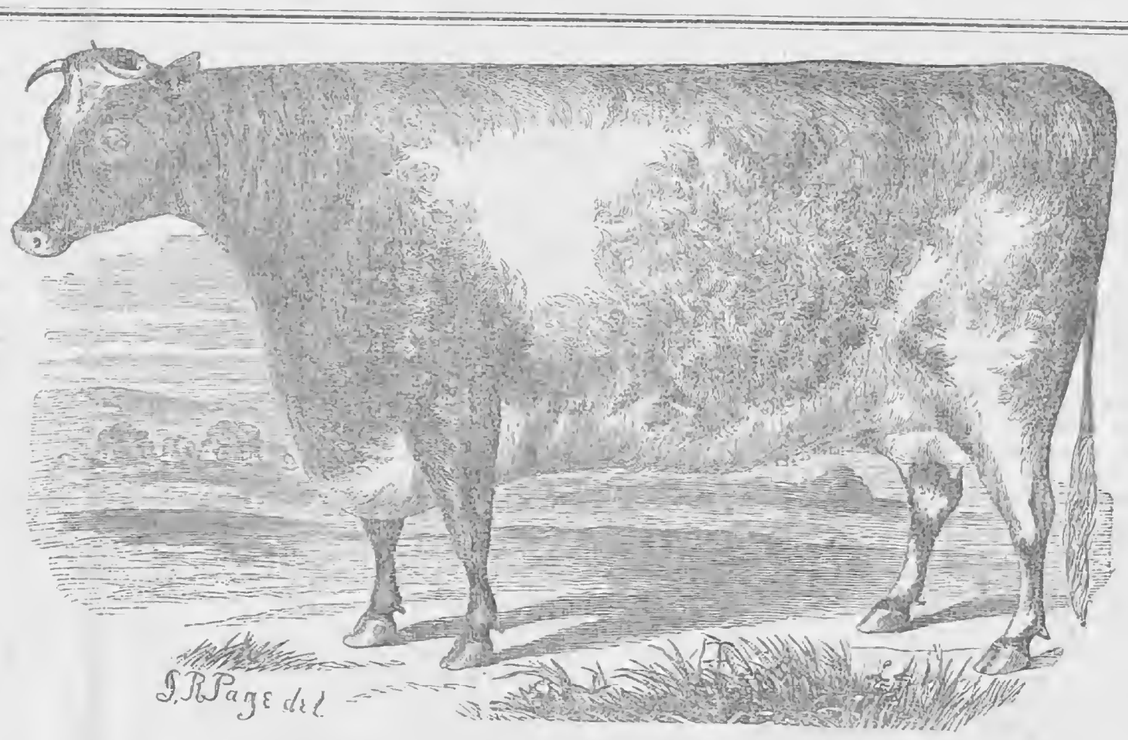
WHYTE says—"The assertion, that for a horse to claim the title of 'thorough,' it is necessary he should be of pure Eastern descent, cannot for a moment be supported; as investigation proves that the first British race-horses were those of British origin. * * * * The admixture of Eastern blood and judicious crossing afterwards, combined to form the thorough-bred horse." Vol. I, p. 113.

Thus, the fountain being impure, all the streams which flow from it must be so. Modern so-called thorough-bred horses might be referred to, whose pedigrees show that they are widely-removed from pure blood. But no one who understands the subject, will contend for purity of blood in this variety of horses. There is, therefore, an impossibility of fixing a standard as to what shall constitute a thorough-bred animal of this kind. If the "*Stud-book*" is taken as authority, it is merely recognizing animals as thorough-bred, which have various degrees of impurity.

The term thorough-bred has been generally restricted in England to the variety of horse already spoken of, though it has latterly been sometimes applied to other animals. In America the term has been used more extensively. It has often been applied to Short-horn cattle which were known to be of mixed blood. And yet, absurd as it may seem, it has been argued that these cattle were purer in blood than others which were admitted to be *full-blood!*

But why use the term thorough-bred in any case? It is impossible to express anything more by it than is expressed by other words which are as easily spoken or written, and occupy no more room on paper. Applied to animals of mixed blood, the term is obviously improper, and with those of pure blood, it is, at least, unnecessary.

AGRICULTURE is the most Healthy and Honorable, as it is the most Natural and Useful pursuit of Man,—the surest road to Happiness if not Wealth.



SHORT-HORN COW "ADELAIDE."

THE English Herd Book, volume XI, describes Adelaide as bred by Hon. ADAM FERGUSSON, Woodhull, Canada West; red roan, and calved April 20th, 1850. She was got by the celebrated prize bull Halton, (11,552—now owned by S. P. CHAPMAN, Esq., of Clockville, Madison County, N. Y.,) out of Lady Elgin by Symmetry (12,170,) Flora by Wellington (13,987,) Victoria by Agricola (1,614,) Beauty by Snowball (2,647,)—by Lawnsleeves (365,)—by Charles (127.) She was bought by Hon. JOHN WENTWORTH, for the "Illinois Breeding Association," at Summit, Cook Co., Ill.

CAN AGRICULTURE PROSPER WITHOUT SHEEP?

THE attempt will be made again during this Session of Congress, to remove the duty from imported wool, and the manufacturers and speculators in wool are combining with the railroad companies and other interests to log-roll the bill through and get it into a law. So little attention has been paid to the subject by farmers generally, that they will probably find themselves again fleeced for the benefit of capital, aggregated in the manufacturing or railroad corporations. The committee of the House of Representatives have reported in favor of so modifying the existing tariff as to let wool, costing less than fifteen cents and over fifty cents per pound, come in duty free. In some such shape it will be forced through. We do not now purpose to follow the committee through their report on the subject and expose the fallacy of their premises, and the erroneous deductions therefrom. Enough is known already of the consciences of wool importers to convince us that the duty might as well be taken off entirely, as to put it in the shape proposed, for there will be no duty paid, and there will be a great deal of fraud and false swearing. The farmers must go in for the reduction of the duty on all woolen manufactures.

We only purpose in this article to show that we cannot dispense with sheep husbandry as one of our most important branches of agriculture, and any attempt to interfere with it by bringing against it the competition of cheaper lands and labor, will be a serious blow to the prosperity of the whole country.

The experience of centuries has proven that no system of farming can be permanently successful unless the animal product of the farm annually is at least equal to the vegetable product. And the greatest success has followed and does now follow that system which makes the value of the animal product exceed the other. This will be found true in regard to the husbandry of our State, and it will be found to be equally true in regard to any other State and community. A high state of agricultural prosperity can be obtained by no other means.

Let us compare the agriculture of Great Britain with that of France, for the purpose of illustrating our position. England proper contains thirty million acres of land, and maintains thereon thirty million of sheep, one to each acre. France has one hundred and six million of acres, and maintains but thirty-five million of sheep. It takes therefore three times as many acres to support a sheep in France as in England. In other words, England in proportion to her acres, supports three times as many sheep as does France.

In France nothing has been done until quite recently, towards improving their breeds of sheep. During the past eighty years they imported the mirror from Spain. Beyond this she has not improved her breeds or developed their size and weight—wool, and not meat has been her primary object.

On the contrary England desirous of making capital as active as possible, has sought during that period to improve her sheep by early maturity and heavier carcass. Meat has been the primary and wool the secondary object with her. The sheep of England average in net weight of meat eighty pounds each, while the sheep of France average but forty pounds each. England slaughters from her flock annually ten million of sheep, obtaining therefrom eight hundred million of pounds of meat—French sheep not being as precocious. France slaughters but eight million which yield three hundred and twenty million of pounds of meat. The result in sheep husbandry is as six to one in favor of England.

But the prosperity of English sheep husbandry has been made the basis of the arguments of the manufacturers and their agents in favor of repealing the duty on foreign wool. The facts do not warrant any such conclusions. Fine-wooled sheep cannot be raised profitably amid a dense population, because the high price of land necessitates a system of farming that will produce the greatest amount of human food in the least time from the smallest area of land. In no respect does the comparison of England hold good in regard to this country, as it concerns the production or protection of wool. The sheep husbandry of England is the foundation of her prosperity, and she could better spare all her cattle than her sheep, for mutton supplies to the mass of her people a wholesome meat at a cheap rate.

But sheep are only one branch of her agricultural prosperity, as may be seen when we compare her cattle with those of France. England supports eight million head of the most improved breeds, all perfect animals, fed and developed so as to yield the greatest amount of butchers' meat at the earliest age. France supports ten millions of unimproved breeds. Great Britain slaughters annually two million of cattle, averaging six hundred pounds. France slaughters annually four million, all of the average weight of two hundred and forty pounds. The annual animal produce of an English farm is equal to both the vegetable and animal produce of a French one of equal area. Taking the three principal kinds of domestic animals—cattle, sheep, and pigs—the English obtain four times more than do the French in meat, milk and wool. This result accounts for the fact, that comparing all its wheat raised with all its acres France averages but two bushels to the acre, while, in England proper, compared with all its acres the yield is four bushels to the acre. The conclusion of all these comparisons of the agriculture is, that while France, as a whole, produces ten dollars to the acre, England proper, produces twenty. In England the animal produce is greater than the vegetable, while in France the animal produce is less than one-half the value of the vegetable.—Thus accounting in a most satisfactory manner for the bad condition of agriculture in that country.

Having compared the agriculture of the two leading nations of Europe, and seen how essential to their prosperity is the cultivation of domestic animals, and how many more England feeds than France, and the prosperous condition of her agriculture produced thereby, we now propose to hold the Merino up to our own people. The view that will be presented, both in our own State and the Union, will not be a pleasant one.

For our statistics we are compelled to rely upon the census of 1850, in both cases. Comparing the number of bushels of wheat in New York to all its acres in use, there was three pecks to the acre. There was five and a half acres to each sheep. The total animal and vegetable product was six dollars to the acre. The total animal product was thirty-five million of dollars, and the value of the vegetable was seventy-five million of dollars.—

There is no wonder under this state of things that we did not average even a bushel of wheat to the acre. We are much behind France, and so far behind England as to show how much we have yet to do before we can place our agriculture upon the profitable basis of hers,—and that all our improvements are but a single step upon the long road before us in developing the real wealth of our State. One of the most important branches now neglected, is sheep husbandry; and we see that England supports five where we do one, but comparing the weight of the carcass of our sheep with hers as shown above, she produces ten times more pounds of mutton to the acre than we do, while at the same time all her other products are equally in advance of ours.

We must begin our improvements where England began hers, in increasing and developing those breeds of sheep that matured at an early age, and gave the largest amount of meat for the butcher. If we sold ten pounds of good mutton where we sell one now, from the same land, there would be a sensible increase in the profits of the farm, because we should also soon find all our other farm products equally increasing in profits.

The comparison, when applied to the whole Union, is not as satisfactory as in this State. Compared with all the acres in use, the product of wheat was one bushel to three acres. The value of the annual animal product was four hundred million of dollars, while the value of the vegetable product was eight hundred million of dollars—and the aggregate value of the vegetable and animal products was only four dollars to the acre. The number of acres to one sheep was thirteen. Or comparing the weight of carcass of our sheep with that of the English sheep, England proper produces to the acre twenty-six times more mutton than is produced upon an acre in the United States. In the older and more densely populated States, sheep must be grown for meat rather than wool, and the removal of the duty upon coarse wool will materially interfere with this branch of farming. While in the newer and more distant States wool will be the object more than meat, and the finer wooled breeds will be grown. We think we have shown enough for the present to satisfy any farmer that sheep cannot well be entirely dispensed with.—P.

Communications.

BEANS AS A FIELD CROP.

Eds. Rural:—Though beans are grown quite extensively in Western New York, and Orleans Co. buyers generally pay better prices than can be had this side Eastern city markets, I have noticed but one or two articles on the crop, in several years' acquaintance with your paper. I have, therefore, a mind to give you an item of my experience in their culture—though a single acre may seem but a small "bean patch" to those who plant from five to twenty. If so, you will no doubt be glad to hear from them. I shall, certainly.

Beans may be planted successfully later in the season than almost any other spring crop. They fill up, therefore, very conveniently, the few days between the spring seeding and planting and hoeing, and having following immediately after. I think, however, that the middle of June is full late—unless an early variety be planted there is danger of injury by the frost. And frosted beans, even if in great part untouched, give much more trouble in harvesting and curing, and do not command as good a price in market.

I planted an acre of medium-sized white beans on the 10th of June. The soil was a gravelly loam—with some indication of clay in parts—and had not been recently manured. The previous crop was potatoes—and *weeds*—it would seem from the uncommon quantity of foul stuff which sprung up after every hoeing. The soil must have been full of the seeds of pigeon-grass and pig-weed, and I cannot say that with all my labor none matured to give another crop. The account of labor, &c., stands as follows:

Dr.—1 days' plowing	$ 2 00	
½ bush. seed at $2	1 00	
2 days' planting	1 50	
5 " cultivating and hoeing	4 25	
4 " pulling and threshing	3 00	
1 " cleaning and marketing	75	
Interest on land at $50 per acre	3 50	$16 00
Cr.—20 bush. beans at $1,37½ per bu	27 50	
½ ton of bean straw	2 50	$30 00
Profit per acre		$14 00

This shows the cost of growing beans, in a single instance, to be 80 cts. per bushel, and leaves a reasonable margin of profit on the operation. I have known crops to be grown with far less labor, but cannot say as to the yield per acre.

The profit of bean culture is influenced in a great degree by perfect or imperfect ripening, and the harvesting of the crop. If wet weather occurs when the beans are fit to pull, or while they are drying in the field, more or less are wasted—and another portion discolored so as to injure their sale. If all do not ripen at once there is loss from the same cause, or from injury by early frosts.—The best mode of curing is to provide stakes six or eight feet high, and stack the beans around them as pulled, forming a stack some two feet across, which will allow green beans to cure, or those wet by rain to dry in a few hours of fair weather.

This I have learned from conversation with experienced bean-growers. In my own case, the beans ripened about the middle of September, and very evenly, and we had the best of weather for their curing and threshing. I never saw a nicer lot of beans in any market. As to the bean straw, I fear I hardly rated it high enough; my sheep eat it with avidity, consuming all but the very coarsest stalks, and thriving well upon the same. I have given them, at the same time, oat straw and chaff; as yet they have had no hay, and those who have wintered them heretofore say they look as well as when fed hay only. With proper sheep racks—mine are rack and feeding trough combined—there is no waste, and it seems only a pleasure to care for my fifty sheep through the winter.

As to the variety of white beans planted, I find some difference in time and manner of ripening. I tried a few rows of a large white bean—a favorite with some; they ripened later and unevenly, a part of the hill being green when the rest was fully ripe. The bulk of my crop ripened very evenly and was harvested before frost came, and I shall plant several acres of the same kind this year. For a field bean, we want one ripening early, so that the land may be manured and sown to winter wheat, if desirable—and I know of no reason why this crop may not answer instead of a summer fallow for wheat.

Hoping my little story may call out those who can tell a larger one, I submit the same to your editorial *dictum*, and close. B.

Royalton, Niagara Co., N. Y., Jan. 13, 1857.

FARMING IN MICHIGAN.

Eds. Rural:—Among a very large portion of agriculturists, if one of their number was guilty of what is called neatness in the management of his farm, he would become subject to much animadversion. If the fences about his house were firm and well painted—suitable steps and hitching posts at the front gate—gates well hung and secured by proper fastenings—it would be with them a matter of marvel how he could afford it. If his chains and plows, harrows, axes, wagons, hoes, &c., were put away in their proper place, when not in use, they would ask with a sneer how he ever found time to do anything else. If his barns and his stables did not constantly exhibit scenes of confusion and disorder, and if the grounds about his house did not resemble his cattle yard, they would imagine that *pride* was leading him to ruin. And if he should appear at church, or elsewhere in public, with his boots blacked and his clothes free from dust, the collar of his coat neatly folded outward instead of inward, their apprehensions would find utterance—"he has turned gentleman instead of being a plain farmer."

It would seem that the portion of agriculturists alluded to would need no other inducement to effect a reformation in this matter, than the example of those who have already labored for improvement, and that, too, in a most thorough manner. It is, however, a gratifying fact that there may be found not a few conspicuous exceptions to our strictures. It would seem that even a casual glance in passing by two farms, one the very model of neatness, the other the pattern of slovenliness and bad taste, would induce every farmer to follow in the footsteps of the one who adopts "Progress and Improvement" as a guide.

In Michigan this reformation is extending itself. Every year furnishes new evidence of this fact. The number of tidy farmers is constantly increasing. This seems to be the spirit of the age. It gives evidence that farmers are beginning to respect their vocation, and that their families are not ashamed of it, and a few years will doubtless give a new aspect to the farming region of our State.

The idea that attention to this subject will consume all the profits of the farm is an error. The actual cost in cash will be trifling, and the most of the labor may be performed at times when there is little or nothing else to do. In early spring a few days should be spent in arranging ornamental trees, setting up fences and removing the broken fragments to the woodyard for fuel. In this way in a few years we may entirely change the character of our homes, and not be a dollar poorer for so doing. Nor is this all. We acquire the habit of seeing how the leisure moments can be used, and how money can be earned. Hence, instead of being impoverished by this attention to appearances, in five years time he who thus labors will actually begin to show signs of thrift and prosperity. The best farmers with whom I am acquainted are patterns of neatness, and this characteristic is visible all over their farms.

I have no desire to recommend farmers to become dandies in their own personal appearance. It would be bad taste for them to dress as may be fit for other classes to do. There is a medium in all these things, and good sense will dictate what that medium is. No person is more averse than myself to extravagant expenditures in the support of nonsense and show, whether in the city or in the country. To be happy is the object of life, and all the world can give towards it is health and competence. Health of body is above all riches, and where is health to be found in so great a degree as in the country. James Clizbe.

Quincy, Mich., Jan., 1857.

ORCHARD GRASS.

Eds. Rural:—An "Inquirer," writing through your paper of Dec. 20th, propounds certain queries relative to Orchard Grass, some of which are not answered in the editorial note. I therefore offer the following appendix.

The seed may be sown early in the fall, after wheat or rye, or in the spring after oats. If the grain be sown broadcast, the grass seed should be sown immediately before the last harrowing; if drilled, immediately after the drill, and followed by a "brush harrow." It is frequently, however, sown early in the spring, on winter wheat, but in this case much of the seed never germinates.—When sown after oats, the latter should not be very thick; indeed, if the main object be to have the ground well set with grass, the oats should be sown *very thinly*, and cut early, in order to give the young grass the benefit of as much air as possible. A small quantity of red clover seed should be sown with the orchard grass. If the seed is good and the land reasonably fertile, in ordinary seasons, a fine growth may be expected during the latter summer and fall months.

When this grass is intended for hay, it should be cut *very early*—immediately after shooting into head; if left until a portion of the seed ripens, the hay is almost worthless. It may be cut with advantage three times in one season. When cut young, and well cured, it makes a large amount of excellent hay for neat stock. If grazed, it should be pastured closely. This grass starts early in the spring, and will furnish good pasture before many other kinds commence growing; and for light soils, as well as shaded grounds, is certainly of great value.

Some farmers knock the chaff from their orchard grass hay, and sell it to the seedsmen at a lower price than *ripe* seed commands, and as the best seed is very light, the dealer, after mixing it with a better article, finds no difficulty in selling it to inexperienced buyers as first class seed. This is the reason the seed so often fails to grow. Z.

Montgomery Co., Pa., Jan., 1857.

HOW TO HEAD THE RATS.

Friend Moore:—In an odd number of the Rural, I find a brief communication from "A Subscriber" inquiring how he could destroy rats. Having had a bit of experience in this business in my boyhood, for the benefit of *that* subscriber and any "whom it may concern," with your permission I will relate the process by which I caught a few. I learned it from a neighbor's boy, who said they had been very successful in destroying rats in that way. A large box-trap was procured and placed in the cellar where the rats held their midnight revels; the spindle was placed in the trap, but the lid was fastened so that it could not spring. A handful of oats or some other grain that they are fond of, was thrown around and under the spindle. They soon found the grain and devoured it, which was replenished as often as necessary. When they had become thoroughly baited, the trap was set so that it would spring easily, and grain thrown in as before, but no bait attached to the spindle, but the end of it was placed so low that in attempting to run under it after the grain, they would cause it to spring. In this way there was a chance for a number to get in before the lid closed upon them. Well, after waiting as I then thought, an unreasonable length of time, one morning, I found my trap closed. Having conveyed it to a small, tight room, I opened it and found seven nice, large rats in it, which, with the help of a small dog and a stick, were soon despatched. It was again set, but some time elapsed before they ventured into it. At length, however, I found it closed again with one on the outside which had been caught by the tail in attempting to escape. On being opened there were ten live ones and one dead in the inside, making twelve at one haul, three or four of them quite large, the others were not more than half or two-thirds grown. This so thinned them off that it was a long time before they became troublesome on the premises. I have of late been trying this method on my own premises, but have succeeded in taking only two at a time.

Respectfully yours,

Weston, Vt., 1857. L. B. Pettengill.

FEEDING BEES.

Eds. Rural:—In your issue of Dec. 20th, you say "a correspondent desires to know what is best to feed a swarm of bees that are short of honey in order to keep them through the winter."

Having had some experience in managing and feeding bees for about thirty years, I would say that I have never found anything better, or more convenient for feeding late swarms during winter in the common box hives, than honey in the comb. Take the hive into a *dry cellar*, (in a damp one the comb will mould,) or into a room in your dwelling—set it bottom end up, and cover it over with a coarse cloth to confine the bees and afford ventilation. To feed the bees remove the cloth gently and place the pieces of comb containing honey in the hive on the combs, and the bees will help themselves as they need it. If you have no honey in combs, the next best article is strained honey, or Southern honey, provided it is not too old; pour it on pieces of empty comb, and put it in the hive in the same manner as before stated. If you have no honey of any kind, a very good substitute can be made of Havana or Orleans sugar, mixed with water in proportions of about one pint of water to 2 or 2¼ lbs. of sugar; mix together and heat to a boiling point and remove the scum; it is then ready for use the same as the strained honey. As often as once in six or eight days the pieces of combs should be taken out of the hive, and the hive set (gently) right end up for ten or twelve hours, to afford the bees an opportunity to work down the *dead ones, particles* of comb, &c., that have accumulated.

I disapprove of the plan of setting the hives of *populous stocks* bottom up during winter, as the dead bees and all the filth from the hive, must of necessity fall down among the combs and remain there until spring, and be very liable to cause them to mould, which will prove the *ruin* of the family.

Elizabeth, N. J., 1857. E. W. Pirlps.

WINTER CARE OF HENS.

Eds. Rural:—Several weeks since, in reading the Rural, I saw an article with this caption, "The Care of Hens.—To make them lay in the Winter." I read it carefully and gave it a trial, for at that time I had 32 hens, but could not get one egg.—The result is that, at present, with the coldest weather we have, I obtain from ten to eighteen eggs each day. As some of my neighbors are anxious to obtain the secret of success, and as there may be others who would be incited to duty if rewarded by good fresh eggs, I give my mode of treatment. 1st. The hens have a comfortable roost. 2d. Plenty of gravel, sand and ashes. The sand and ashes are dry, so that they can wallow therein. In addition they have a box of lime.—3d. Meat boiled, chopped fine, and given every three or four days. 4th. Corn or oats boiled tender. I think that they receive more value from grain thus treated. 5th. All of the crumbs and potato parings of the table. Give these in quantity according the number of hens. My hens, numbering 32, receive 4 quarts every morning, and warm water to drink. Rural reader, try this method—I think it will be found to pay.—C. W. A., *North Camden, Ohio.*

Lice on Farm Stock.—Horses in this vicinity are much troubled with *lice*. Please give us a remedy.—S., *Manchester, Jan.*, 1857.

In answer to which inquiry we republish the following from a correspondent:—"When any stock is infested with lice, whether horses, cattle, sheep, or hogs, I give copperas in their food every other day, for six or eight days—say a teaspoonful to a sheep. If the above directions are followed, I will pledge my word the prescription will kill the vermin inside and out, leaving your cattle with a clean stomach and a healthy skin. The remedy is so simple you may not think it worth trying, but it is no humbug."

Wood for the Year.—During the winter, and while the sleighing is good, a year's supply of wood should be hauled, sawed and split, and piled away snugly for future use. None but a slack and uneconomical farmer will be under the necessity of suspending his ordinary work in summer for the purpose of supplying the house with fuel.

Rural Notes and Items.

United States Agricultural Society.—The Annual Meeting of this Society was held at Washington, on Thursday, the 15th inst. There was a large attendance, among whom we notice the names of many members of Congress, and the President of the United States. The following gentlemen were elected officers for ensuing year:

President—Marshall P. Wilder, Boston, Mass. *Vice Presidents*—One from each State. *Secretary*—Benj. Perley Poore, Massachusetts. *Treasurer*—B. B. French, Massachusetts. *Executive Committee*—Gov. King, New York; Gibson Mallory, Kentucky; Dr. Elwyn, Pennsylvania; D. J. Browne, District of Columbia; Frederick Smith, New Hampshire; Dr. Stevenson, Indiana.

J. P. Guthrie, Secretary of State, presented an invitation for the Society to hold its next exhibition at Louisville, Ky., which was accepted. A resolution was adopted in favor of purchasing Mount Vernon for an Agricultural University.—Resolutions were also adopted approving of the recommendation of the Commissioner of Patents in relation to procuring accurate statistics of the staple productions of the United States, and recommending the Governors of States and Territories to adopt the plan proposed. A committee was appointed to inquire into the origin of the disease known as *hog cholera*. The merits of the Chinese Sugar Cane were discussed, and a motion adopted to purchase sufficient seed to plant one hundred acres. A resolution was adopted recommending Geological Surveys of the States. Messrs. C. B. Calvert, G. W. P. Custis, B. B. French, and D. Jay Browne, were appointed a committee to memorialize Congress in favor of establishing an Agricultural Department, or Bureau, separate from the Patent Office. Agriculture holds now a very humiliating position at Washington. The *Agricultural Report* published by Congress is only an appendage to the Patent Office Report, and the person who makes this report is simply a clerk in the Patent Office, and receives pay as such. Several addresses were made, and a number of reports by committees previously appointed. A vote of thanks was tendered to Lieut. Maury for his invitation to visit the National Observatory, and to the Smithsonian Institute for the use of their rooms. The Society called on President Pierce in a body—and, after a vote of thanks to Mr. President Wilder, adjourned.

Connecticut Ag. Society.—At their Annual Meeting this Society made choice of the following gentlemen as officers for the ensuing year:—*President*—Nath. B. Smith' Woodbury; *Vice Presidents*—Chas. H. Pond, Milford, Norman Porter, Berlin; *Corresponding Secretary*—Henry A. Dyer, Windham County; *Recording Secretary*—Theodore S. Gold, Cornwall; *Treasurer*—Nathaniel A. Bacon, New Haven; *Directors*—H. A. Grant, Enfield; B. H. Andrews, Bridgeport; Elinkim Hough, Bridgeport; D. F. Gulliver, Norwich; Wm. H. Putnam, Brooklyn; T. L. Hart, West Cornwall; Frederick Hall, Middletown; R. B. Chamberlin, Coventry.

Illinois State Ag. Society.—The Annual Meeting of this Society was held at Springfield, on the 7th inst., when the following officers were elected:—*President*—C. W. Webster, Marion county; *Corresponding Secretary*—S. Francis, Sangamon; *Recording Secretary*—Phil. Warren, Morgan; *Treasurer*—John Williams, Sangamon. Nine Vice Presidents were also chosen.

Monroe Co. Agricultural Society.—The Annual Meeting of this progressive Society, held in Rochester, Jan. 14, was well attended and its proceedings characterized with enthusiasm, harmony and unanimity. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President—Willard Hodges, Brighton; *Vice Presidents*—C. Sperry of Gates, J. H. Robinson of Rochester, and H. G. Warner of Brighton; *Secretary*—I. S. Hobbie, Rochester; *Treasurer*—E. S. Hayward, Brighton. Vacancies in the Board of Managers were filled as follows:—Jesse Dewey, of Ogden, in place of F. W. Lay, of Greece, whose term had expired; D. D. T. Moore, in place of I. S. Hobbie; N. N. Treat, of Mendon, in place of A. B. Bucklaud, of Brighton. Messrs. W. Hodges, R. Harmon, and D. D. T. Moore, were appointed delegates to the Annual Meeting of N. Y. State Ag. Society, to be held in Albany, Feb. 11. [For full report of proceedings, see local papers.]

The Steuben Co. Ag. Union held its Annual Meeting and Winter Fair at Bath, Jan. 14. A few fat cattle were exhibited, and there were a number of entries for premiums on grain and root crops, but as a whole the show was meagre, and it was decided to omit the winter exhibition in future.—The Treasurer's report showed total receipts for year to be $1,088 34; balance on hand, $393 73, aside from anticipated appropriation from Legislature. Officers for ensuing year were elected as follows:

President—Lyman Balcom, of Campbell; *Vice Presidents*—William B. Pratt, Prattsburgh; Timothy M. Younglove, Urbana; Daniel Curtis, Campbell; Harvey Bissel, Painted Post; Salmon H. Parmer, Howard; Sephman Flint, Cohocton; *Treasurer*—Reuben Robie, Bath; *Cor. Secretary*—George S. Ellas, Bath; *Rec. Secretary*—Robert M. Lyon, Bath.

The Brookfield Ag. Society (Town Association) held its Annual Meeting Jan. 13, 1857, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—*President*—Heman A. Brown; *Vice Presidents*—Thomas R. Gorton, Luke Hoxie, David L. Fiske, James A. Crandall; *Secretary*—John T. G. Bailey; *Treasurer*—Calvin Whitford; *Directors* (3 years)—Warren D. York, Samuel H. Burdick. The Treasurer's Report showed the finances of the Society to be as follows:

Cash and interest on hand from last year,	$278 50
Receipts at the Annual Fair	570 50
	$849 00
Expenses, including premiums	482 69
Balance in the Treasury	$366 31

Over $80 worth of the above mentioned premiums were various agricultural papers, that leave an impress wherever they go, especially on the farm and the stock. As a Town Society, ours is in a highly flourishing condition, having already done much good, and bids fair to do more.—A. L. S.

The Harvest in Great Britain.—The *Mark Lane Express* has the following remarks:—"As fuller accounts come to hand as to the state of the last harvest, the less is the satisfaction as to the result especially in the north; and we cannot help fearing that the estimates already made of the total yield of the United Kingdom, are beyond the mark. We fear that our necessities for foreign supplies will quite equal the former cereal season, notwithstanding the generally dull appearances now presented. * * * * * The general storage of esculents has been proceeding favorably, and the plants of Sacs, rye, winter beans, clover-seed, look well, but potatoes are rotting fast, and the hay stacks yield less weight than was expected. The first half of December continued wet and unfavorable for outdoor operations, and for threshing (the grain it should be remembered is usually in stacks instead of barns, as with us,) and the farmers on the whole, have had a very hard autumn.—The wheat plant had, through the cold weather, been protected by snow, and at our last advices presented a 'healthy deep green aspect.' The breadth of wheat sown is just about the average, but not as large as in the preceding year. The deliveries of grain have been quite limited on account of the wet weather which has delayed threshing, and the samples delivered are 'in a wretched state.' Prices however, do not advance, and the best judges advise the English and Scotch farmers to get their grain to market as soon as convenient before large arrivals come to hand from abroad.

Illinois Stock Importing Association.—A meeting of the prominent stock growers of Illinois was held at Springfield, 7th inst., which resulted in a permanent organization under above title. The capital stock of the Association was placed at $20,000, in shares of $100 each. Nearly three-fourths of the stock was taken at the meeting. Col. Jas. N. Brown was elected President of the Association, Col. Jno. Williams, Treasurer, and Geo. W. Chatterton, of Springfield, Secretary. An important and laudable movement, and one which must prove eminently conducive to the stock-growing interests of the "Prairie State."

A Good Dairy.—At the winter meeting of the Cortland County Agricultural Society, says W. H. Gardner, of Hornby, N. Y., premiums were awarded to two brothers named Conable for the best cheese dairy, averaging five hundred and ten pounds of butter per cow. The best dairy of butter was from seventeen cows, and averaged two hundred and one and fifteen sixteenths pounds per cow. Mr. Geo. Miller, with a large dairy averaged one hundred and ninety eight pounds per cow.—What county beats Cortland?

Mr. John Taggart, of Roxbury, has invented a potato digger, with which, a span of horses and a boy to tend, some five or six acres of potatoes, he thinks, can be dug in a single day. The machine will not be larger than a common plow.

A correspondent writing to the Patent Commissioner, speaks of the extraordinary richness and delicious flavor of the milk of cows which had been fed on the Chinese sugar plant.

The Young Ruralist.

A BOY'S QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Mr. Editor.—Will you allow a boy to ask you a few questions, which I should like to have answered in the Rural.

Why do so many of the buds of Pears break off from the main stalk, after the bud gets to be about two feet high? I have budded a few young trees, which I raised from the seed, and I should think more than half have been broken off by the wind. (1.)

Why do large dwarf Pear trees which my father got from the east, of the *Bartlett* variety, break off in the same way as my small ones, when other varieties stand well? (2.)

Is the cherry made dwarf by budding on the *common red cherry*, or *pie cherry* as we called it when we lived in the State of New York, or some other variety? (3.) I. M.

Grand Prairie, Ill., January, 1857.

Remarks.—1. The buds if they have a fine growth, are very apt to break off when about the size you mention, especially if exposed to the winds. You should leave a part of the old stock, and then tie (with matting or some soft material that will not injure the bark,) the growing bud to this stock, as seen in the engraving. The stock should be cut away close to the bud in August. If you find it necessary you can put a stake in the ground, to which the bud can be tied.

2. The wood of the *Bartlett* Pear never forms a perfect union with the quince. We have seen scores broken off, as you describe, and on examining them, our only surprise was that they did not break off before.

3. The *Cerasus Mahaleb* is used as stocks for dwarfing the cherry. It is a small tree with very pretty dark green, glossy foliage. The fruit is about the size of a pea, black and bitter. It is a pretty ornamental tree, and might well be planted on lawns, and among ornamental trees any where. The *common red pie cherry* may be used for making dwarf trees of the *Duke* and *Morello* varieties, but the *Hearts* and *Bigarreaus* do not take on them.

The Working Boys.—Right glad are we always to hear from the working boys of our State.

Master Moses S. Bates, of Greene, writes us that he raised last season on one ninth of an acre, 38 bushels of carrots, which is at the rate of 342 bushels per acre,—pretty well.

Master Guy T. Hubbard, of West Waterville, sends us an account of his operations. He raised, the last year, on one and a quarter acres of land, 163 baskets heaping full of good ears, besides a lot of small corn that he made no account of. He likewise raised over one hundred bushels of carrots on a very small piece of land not measured.

Such boys do men's work and are entitled to high praise.—*Rural (Maine) Intelligencer.*

Orchard and Garden.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—D. C., of Jackson, Michigan, will receive attention in our next. We shall answer the questions of W. I. in our third article on *Small Fruits*, which will be given in a week or two. Our friends need make no apologies for asking questions. Send on your inquiries, and if we cannot answer satisfactorily, we will lay the matter before our tens of thousands of readers.

THE SMALL FRUITS.—No. II.

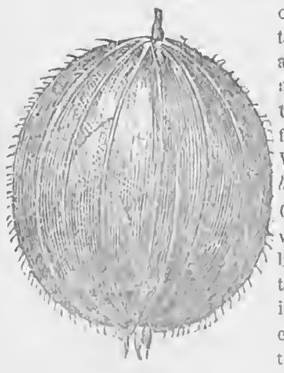
GOOSEBERRIES.

THE *Gooseberry* is peculiarly an English fruit.—There it grows in its highest excellence, and in the greatest profusion. It is the principal fruit in the little gardens of the poor cottagers, and abounds in the more extensive grounds of the wealthy and great. In city or country, wherever a rod of ground is cultivated, there is to be seen the Gooseberry bush. It is sold by the half-penny worth at the "*Green-grocers*" shops, graces the sumptuous tables of the wealthy, and is the principal attraction at many Horticultural Exhibitions. *Gooseberry* shows are held in many parts of the country, *Gooseberry* prizes awarded, and *Gooseberry* books published. The house-wife uses them for puddings, pies and tarts when green, and preserves them in bottles for winter use, and when ripe they furnish a rich desert fruit for about three months. The school-boy takes his dessert among the Gooseberry bushes, and fills his pockets, to eat on the way, or to share with his schoolmates.—Those of our readers who spent their youthful days in England, know much more about the Gooseberries than the "*roast beef*" of old England. *Fifty Dollars* is the prize offered for the best specimen exhibited, at the principal shows. Judging from what we have seen, we almost feel warranted in expressing the opinion that more bushels of Gooseberries are consumed in England than of apples.

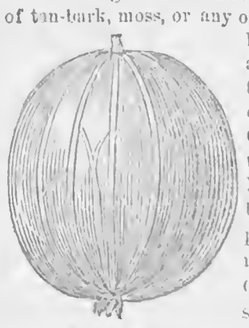
LOUDON says, "Happily this wholesome and useful fruit is to be found in almost every cottage garden in Britain. During the hot summer months when the Gooseberry ripens, there is no other fruit so generally within the reach of all classes of the population. In Lancashire, and some parts of the adjoining counties, almost every cottager who has a garden, cultivates the Gooseberry with a view to prizes!" It will be seen by this that we have not over-stated the value of this fruit in England.—Another fact is worthy of note, and that is, that the best varieties of Gooseberries—those that take the prizes at the shows—are not raised by professional gardeners or nurserymen, but by mechanics, mostly by the weavers of Lancashire, who have made this fruit a special *hobby*, and are extremely skillful in its culture.

This is the character of the Gooseberry in England. Its position is far different in our own country. It is scarcely ever seen on our tables, in our markets, or at our Horticultural exhibitions. Not one in a thousand ever tasted even a fair specimen. And this is not because our people do not plant it, for hundreds of thousands of fine English sorts are imported every year, and sold at our nurseries. Almost every one who plants a collection of small fruit, plants the Gooseberry. The fact is, we are sorry to say, our climate is not favorable to its growth. It is at home in the cool, moist climate of England, but our hot, dry atmosphere causes it to *mildew*. This *mildew* attacks the berries when about half grown, or less, and entirely stops their growth and destroys them. Hundreds of remedies and preventives have been recommended, some of a little value, and others useless, which we shall not annoy our readers with publishing, but shall give all the knowledge we have on the subject.

In the first place, the strong growing varieties, such as the *Whitesmith* and *Crown Bob*, engravings of which we give in this article, are not as liable to mildew as those varieties that make a more feeble growth.—When grown on a *heavy cool soil*, the Gooseberry is not very apt to mildew, but on a sandy soil, the fruit is almost invariable destroyed. We have grown them very successfully on the north side of a tight board fence. A heavy mulching of tan-bark, moss, or any other material that will keep the ground *cool* and *moist*, will do much to prevent the attacks of mildew. In Lower Canada, Maine, and in the Northern part of New York, the Gooseberry grows well. The past summer we were much surprised to see Gooseberries growing in such perfection in Chicago and its vicinity.—We never saw finer fruit, *with the same care*, even in the best counties of England. This is a fact of no small importance to our friends in Chicago.



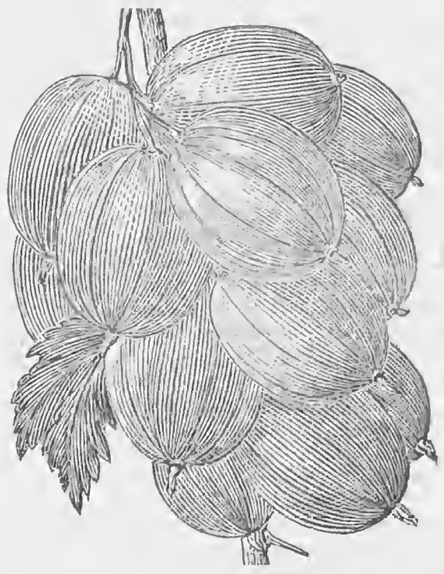
CROWN BOB.



WHITESMITH.

The fruit is less liable to mildew when the plant is in a vigorous condition, hence it will be often noticed that young plants bear a good crop in a year or two, and after this never produce a fair berry. Observing this fact in our ground for a number of years, we formed a theory of the *cause* and *cure* of the mildew. About this time H. N. LANGWORTHY, Esq., made us a present of half-a-dozen fine gooseberry bushes, which we planted in a sandy loam, where they had a good chance to mildew. The first season they bore a good crop. The next spring we pulled up five of the six, and planted them again in the same places. *As we expected*, the five bushes that were taken up bore fine fruit, and the one that was allowed to remain, mildewed. Our theory we now considered pretty well proven, but to make the matter certain, beyond a doubt, we pursued the same course another season, taking up five, and allowing one to remain. This time, *as we did not expect*, the whole six mildewed. Thus, our theory, like a good many other fine ones, was ruined, and we found that in this matter we were no wiser than other people.

HOUGHTON'S SEEDLING, an American variety, a



HOUGHTON'S SEEDLING.

very fair representation of which we give, has never mildewed, so far as we have seen, or been able to learn. It is small, as compared with even medium sized English sorts, as may be readily seen by reference to our engraving, oval, of a reddish brown color, and thin skin. The flesh is tender and sweet. It is a great bearer, the fruit hanging in clusters, as seen in the engraving, and even the smallest and youngest plants produce abundance of fruit. It is well worthy of cultivation. We hope soon to be able to announce an American Seedling, with the same freedom from mildew, and equal in size and flavor to the best English varieties.

As the gooseberry is better able to resist the attacks of mildew when in a vigorous state of growth, thorough culture and manuring is of course necessary, and pruning must not be neglected. The form of the bush should be like that recommended for the currant in our last article, but three or four inches is enough for the stem. Some we know, prefer the bush rather than the tree form, both for the currant and gooseberry, but we think the tree form the best and easiest method. The head should be formed by four or five main branches, placed as near as may be at equal distances. On procuring a young gooseberry bush from the nursery, say two years from the cutting, it will have a stem three or four inches in height, and a few branches at the top. These branches should be each cut back to one bud, and if the soil is rich and well cultivated, each of these buds will throw out a strong shoot. The following spring these shoots should be cut back from one-third to one-half their length. Cut the leading shoots back every spring about one-third of their length, and any lateral branches not needed to fill up open spaces, or any that cross each other, or are in any manner out of place, cut back to about three buds, and they will be thus converted into fruit branches. Keep the head open, for a free circulation of air, and in a good, handsome form, so that every one will admire it for its beauty, and that will be some compensation for the trouble, if the mildew should destroy the fruit.

The gooseberry is propagated both by cuttings and layers.

CULTURE OF THE NATIVE GRAPE.

OUR readers will recollect in the Report we gave of the discussions at the late meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, much was said in relation to the method pursued by Mr. MCKAY and others in cultivating the *Isabella*, and other native grapes. So successful have they been, as to astonish such veteran fruit growers as Col. HODGE, of Buffalo, and others. STEPHEN H. AINSWORTH, Esq., of West Bloomfield, who stated to the Convention the method pursued by himself, in pruning and cultivating the grape, and other interesting facts in regard to the profits realized, promised to send us a more full and detailed account than that presented to the meeting, which promise he has very kindly fulfilled. We give one chapter, illustrated with such engravings as we hope will make it plain to our readers.

Select a location favorable to the sun, the warmer the better. If not already dry, blind ditch it thoroughly 3½ feet deep. Plow and subsoil the land from 16 to 20 inches deep. If the land is very rich, the better; if not it must be made rich with barn-yard manure. The ground is now ready for the roots. They can be set with safety in the fall or very early in the spring. Select good vines, well rooted, of either 1 or 2 years growth from the cuttings, and cut them back to two buds; they are now ready to plant. Lay out the rows north and south, 12 feet apart, and plant the vines 12 feet apart in the rows. Dig the holes no larger than necessary to secure the roots without cramping them, and only deep enough to plant the vine the same depth it was in the nursery. Use no water, press the ground but moderately, and *not* the roots. See that the interstices are all well filled, as well as the hole, with good, rich top soil. If you plant in the fall, cover the whole vine 3 inches deep with soil, and remove it in the spring. Mulch the vines well, and if possible manure the whole ground thoroughly, and work it in with a cultivator or a small plow. If you wish, you can plant two rows of potatoes or beans between the grapes the first year. Be sure to cultivate, or in some way loosen the earth from two to three inches deep, at least twice a month during the summer of each year. When the vine starts, select two of the strongest shoots and rub all the others off, and keep them off through the season, so as to give the whole force of the root to these two branches, and even keep the side shoots or arms of these two main shoots rubbed off three or four feet from the ground. This will give strong and large canes.

You had better put up trellises the first year—but if you cannot do that, then stick a stake six or eight feet long to each root, and train the vines up that. They must be tied to the stake, when about one and a half feet long, or they may break off.—When they grow two feet more, they should be tied again, and so on through the season.

The best trellis is a post and wire one, made as follows:—Take good sawed fence posts of durable timber, about 7½ feet long; dig the holes two feet deep, and in the centre between the vines. This will make the posts 12 feet apart. If the ground is well drained, they will not heave out by the frost, nor be moved by the wind. Then take 2 by 3 or 3 by 4 inch scantling 12 feet long, and nail them on the top of the posts, through the rows. This will prevent the posts from being drawn together by the wires and weight of the grapes. Take No. 8 or 9 wire, and draw the first one straight about one foot from the ground, and fasten it well to each post, either with two nails or a small staple; put on three more wires at equal distances apart, and your trellises are done.

If you make the trellis the first year, then train the vines each way, on the lower wire, as seen in the engraving, (II,) till they come to the post, and then up by that. If not till the second year, tie the vines on the lower wire as above. In November, the first year, cut the shoots you have trained horizontally, off at the post, if they have made a good growth; if not, then cut them back near the main upright stem again, and train them on the lower wire the second year as recommended the first year. The next year train three shoots perpendicularly from each of the horizontal ones; the engraving (fig 1) shows but two of these shoots *a a*. This will make 6 shoots between each post. Keep all the other shoots pinched off through the summer. In November, cut all these perpendicular shoots off at the top of the trellis. If your vines have done well, the canes will be as large as your finger, strong and vigorous, and ready for a crop the following year. The ground should now be plowed, or cultivated, and have a heavy covering of manure, and this should be the course each year, without fail.

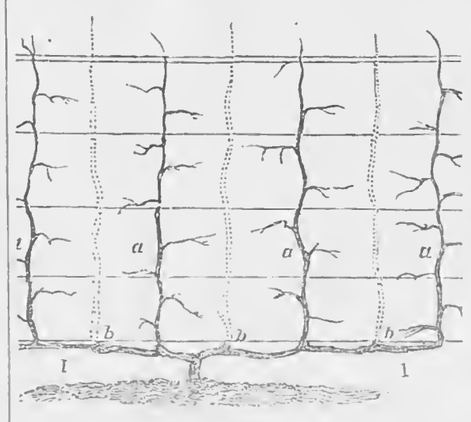


Figure 1.

The third year, after the shoots have made from four to six inches growth, rub off all the new shoots but six from the horizontal vine, leaving one good shoot between each two of the perpendicular shoots as shown by dotted lines marked *b b* in engraving, to train up like those of the previous year, to bear fruit the coming year. The side shoots or arms from the last year's perpendicular vines will now bear fruit. As soon as the fruit is in the blow, cut these arms or side shoots all off two joints beyond the last fruit stem, as seen in figure 2, the branch *a* being already pinched off; the branch *b* being marked with a dotted line *c* at the proper place for pinching. This will throw the sap into the fruit, giving it a rapid growth, and produce larger bunches and berries. In five or six days the buds at the ends of the arms, will throw out new shoots; when these grow six or eight inches long, pinch off the ends. You may have to go over the vines two or three times more for this purpose. They must be thoroughly trimmed, letting no more bunches or leaves remain than are necessary to elaborate the sap, and prepare it for the fruit.—The fruit requires all the light, heat and air we can give it, to bring it forward fast as possible to maturity. A quick hand that understands his business, may trim 200 vines a day, trained in this way. In November, shorten in the vines for winter, and prepare them for next year's crop. To do this, cut off the new vines at the top of the trellis for the coming year's crop, and the old ones that bore this

Figure 2.

year, near the horizontal or main branch at the bottom of the dotted lines *b b* in fig. 2, to throw up new shoots the coming year for fruit the year after. Follow this method, both for summer and fall pruning. Protect the vines in winter by laying them on the ground, and you will be quite certain of a good crop of well ripened fruit each year.

A WRITER in the Working Farmer, states that Mr. Edwin Shaterell, of Rahway, New Jersey, raised from a single seed, twenty Valparaiso Squashes, weighing in the aggregate 2,500 pounds. One weighed 154 pounds. The seed was planted on a heap of pond muck which had lain exposed to the weather about a year. The same writer says Mr. William Marshall, Jr., of Somers, New York, picked last season from a piece of ground measuring 15 by 21 feet, *one hundred and sixty-two quarts* of strawberries, or the rate of 268 bushels 12 quarts per acre.

MICE.—It is during such weather as we are now having in Rochester, that field mice generally girdle fruit trees. Their labors are carried on beneath the snow. See that the snow is well trodden down around every tree, where there is the least danger to be apprehended from mice.

A HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY IN ILLINOIS.

AN "ILLINOIS STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY" was recently organized, during a meeting of the State Ag. Association held at Decatur. The following is the Board of Officers chosen: *President*—Dr. E. S. HULL, of Alton. *Vice Presidents*—R. W. Hunt, Naperville, Second District; F. K. Phœnix, Bloomington, 3d do; L. Shaw, Fremont, 4th do; S. Francis, Springfield, 5th do; Wm. Stewart, Payson, 6th do; Dr. Kile, Paris, 7th do; J. P. Reynolds, Salem, 8th do; A. Bainbridge, Jonesboro', 9th do. *Corresponding Secretary*—O. B. Galusha, Lisbon, Kendall Co. *Rec. Secretary*—J. E. Starr, Alton.—*Assistant Rec. Sec'y*—F. K. Phœnix, Bloomington. *Treasurer*—B. F. Long, Alton.

After the perfection of the organization by adoption of Constitution, election of Officers, &c., committees were appointed to petition for a charter from the Legislature, and for an appropriation to promote the interests of the Society. An exhibition of Fruit, and an interesting discussion, closed the proceedings. The meeting was attended by prominent and progressive Horticulturists residing throughout the State, and the whole proceedings were characterized by the right spirit—showing that the people were aroused to the importance of promoting an interest which appealed alike to the sense of the beautiful, and their pecuniary prosperity.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

LIST OF PATENTS

Issued from the United States Patent Office for the week ending December 30, 1856.

John Broughton, Chicago, improvement in door springs.
James Culbertson, Covington, Ky., improvement in grinding mill.
William Cady, Eaton, O., improved cross-cut sawing machine.
Tristam Campbell and Henry B. Poorman, St. Louis, improvement in bullet molds.
J. Perley Derby, Boston, improvement in bosom studs.
John G. Ernst, Harrisburg, fire hook.
James Fernald, Boston, improved method of attaching filters to supply pipes.
Russell W. Gates, Homer, Mich., improved machine for upsetting tire.
Charles Green, Bethel, O., improved mortising machine.
Andrew B. Gray and Alex. H. Brown, Washington, D. C., improvement in velocimeters for vessels.
Anson Hardy, Dorchester, Mass., improved rotary shears.
C. Jillson, Worcester, manufacture of animal traps.
Henry Loewenbery, New York, improvement in traveling trunks.
J. J. Laubach, Easton, improvement in forming joints for sheet metal.
Evan Morris, Philadelphia, improvement in hats.
Josiah S. Pomroy, Chicago, improved method of adjusting circular saws to any required dish.
L. K. Selden, Haddam, Conn., improvement in folding umbrellas.
James Smith, Cleveland, improved weather strips for doors, windows, &c.
James H. Thompson, Newark, N. J., improved raking attachment for reapers.
Andrew Teal, Aurora, Ill., improvement in metallic cross ties and chairs for railroads as a new manufacture.
James Tuerlingx, New York, improvement in maintaining power for time pieces.
Seth Ward, Princeton, Ind., improvement in riding saddles.
Henry S. Wentworth, Napoleon, Mich., improved self-regulating wind director for wind-mills.
George P. Woodruff, Watertown, Conn., improvement in buckles.
Jas. D. Greene and Edward Ivers, Philadelphia, assignors to Jas. D. Greene, aforesaid, improvement in air heating furnaces.
Daniel S. Beardsley, New Haven, Conn., assignor to John D. Umberfield and Daniel S. Beardsley, same place, improvement in ship's cooking stoves.
Benjamin Clarke, Oriskany Falls, assignor to E. L. Ferguson and C. B. Clark, same place, improvement in extension tables.
Cornell Bradley, Manchester, Va., improvement in valves for steam engines.
A. B. Crossman, Huntington, N. Y., improvement in rudders.
John W. Crannell, Olivert, Mich., improvement in carriages.
Francois Durand, Paris, France, improvement in looms.
Edwin Daniels, Lafayette, Wis., improvement in tanning hides.
Thomas D. Dalton, New York, improvement in anchors.
Henry Eddy, North Bridgewater, Mass., improved mode of constructing stalls for horses.
Robert H. Fletcher, Brooklyn, improvement in operating slide valves of steam engines.
James Jones, Rochester, improvement in instruments for measuring boards.
Benjamin W. Jewett, Gilford, N. H., improvement in artificial legs.
Orwell H. Needham, New York, improvement in milking shields.
Samuel Wetherill, Bethlehem, Pa., improvement in processes for reducing zinc ores.
Nathaniel Whitmore, Somerville, Mass., assignor to G. W. Keene, Lynn, Mass., and N. Whitmore, Somerville, aforesaid, improvement in cop tubes.
Samuel H. Little, St. Louis, improvement in hemp brakes.
G. W. B. Gidney, New York, improvement in pumps.
James P. Cramer, Schuylerville, N. Y., assignor to Hiram Cramer, improvement in cultivator teeth.

THE AMBROTYPE.

A WRITER in the Journal of Commerce gives some interesting facts concerning the art of photography. He states that but a short time ago there were one hundred and fifty daguerreotype rooms in New York, employing on an average five persons; but now, by the introduction of new processes not easily attainable, many of the old operators are irretrievably ruined. He asserts that the finer texture and subdued coloring of the plate glass ambrotype led to the relinquishment of the metallic plate, that the unnatural glare of the latter was avoided, the effect produced being more like that of a fine engraving. Another advantage is that the impression is taken instantaneously, so that the features are not disturbed by fatigue or impatience.

Small ambrotype pictures are taken in some establishments for 25 cents; but they are very indifferent pictures. We do not agree with the above remarks respecting the common pictures taken on glass; although they are now very common, and have superseded the daguerreotype in a great measure; they appear to us to be inferior in almost every respect to the daguerreotype. Photographs taken on paper are more beautiful than those taken on glass, or on metal plates, and we are glad to perceive that our artists are improving in this delightful branch of sun painting.—*Sci. Amer.*

ALUMINIUM CHEAP AS IRON.—In an interview we recently had, says a writer in the London Medical Times, with one of the firm of Rosseau, who have obtained a patent for the process of obtaining aluminium from clay, this gentleman informed us that he had little doubt of being able to obtain the metal at as low a price as iron; thus in a few years we may be carried across the ocean in ships of aluminium, and our bells and musical instruments, all our cooking utensils, and an immense number of articles of daily use and ornament, will, in all probability, be made of this light, beautiful, indestructible product of clay.

AMERICAN IRON MANUFACTURE.

THE United States Gazette (Philadelphia) states that 439,186 tuns of iron were manufactured in Pennsylvania in 1856. This amount is classified as follows:

278,941 tuns were anthracite pig iron; 66,970 hot blast charcoal pig iron; 56,225 cold blast charcoal iron; 24,550 coke pig iron; 12,500 raw bituminous coal pig iron. Of finished iron there were manufactured 227,837 tuns, comprising 121,550 tuns of nails, rods and bars; 82,107 tuns of rails; 21,505 tuns of sheets and plate; 2,675 tuns of hammered bars.

The Gazette says:—"The iron produced in the United States for the same period is estimated at one million of tuns; consequently our State contributes nearly one-half of the domestic supply.—During that period the whole country consumes 1,386,000 tuns, one-third of which was furnished from Pennsylvania. It is conjectured, on the basis of such facts as could be searched out by a gentleman pre-eminently versed in this subject, that the sum total of iron manufactured in all countries fifty years ago, did not exceed 500,000 tuns—a trifle over the present production of this State.

Our manufacture equals that of England in the year 1823, although in England the business had been in progressive operation at that time for more than one hundred and fifty years. The yield in Great Britain for the past year, was, in round numbers, three and a half millions of tuns; the production of Pennsylvania was, therefore, nearly one-seventh of that stupendous and almost incredible amount, a fact gratifying in itself, and full of promises for our future. With the exception of Great Britain, France alone, of all the European countries, produces a larger amount of iron than our own State. It made 650,000 tuns in 1855. Prussia comes next, having made 400,000 tuns in that year; and Russia is still further behind, its production having amounted to no more than 300,000 tuns."

It is certainly very gratifying intelligence respecting the rapid progress of a branch of manufacture upon which all the arts are so dependent. In ten years from the present date, more iron, we believe, will be manufactured annually in our country than in England.

PUMPING ENGINES.

A CONTRACT for the heaviest pumping machines ever made or used in America, will soon be awarded by the parties engaged in pushing forward the Brooklyn Water Works. Twenty millions of gallons of water per day are to be hoisted 170 feet by steam. There are many plans before the Committee of Engineers employed to decide on the subject, some involving new and untried, and in some cases very unpromising devices, while others involve a degree of expense and magnificence too serious to be entertained. The fact is, American engineers, with all their smartness in some lines of business, do not seem to understand pumping water on a large scale. The very large, slow, single-acting engines and pumps in the mines at Cornwall, in Great Britain, are believed to be the most economical in the world; and although there exists in theory room for considerable improvement on these, with shame be it said, we cannot even imitate them. The proportion of water raised to the coal burned varies, of course, with the height to which it is to be raised; but reducing the effect in all cases to that of lifting water only one foot, the Cornish engines, in Cornwall, lift from 75 to 100 millions, and in some cases as high as 125 million pounds of water per pound of coal burned, while the latest and, we think, the best of our American imitations is that at Belleville, which raises the water for Jersey City, and attains a duty of 52 millions. American designers of steam engines and pumps, must rub up their ideas.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SHIP BUILDING AT NEW YORK.—During the past year there were launched at New York 12 steamers, 11 ships, 12 barques, and 20 others, with an aggregate tunnage of 15,620 tuns; while there are on the stocks 6 steamers, 3 ships, 3 barques, and 9 others, whose aggregate tunnage will amount to 17,150 tuns. This result shows an increase in the amount of tunnage launched, of 6,038 tuns over the year 1855; while the tunnage of vessels now on the stocks is 6,145 tuns less than at the same time last year.

Many of the steamships belonging to New York have been very unfortunate during the past year. The Collins' line has lost one, and those belonging to Commodore Vanderbilt have been laid up, and have done nothing for a number of months.—*Scientific American.*

THE NEW CENT.—The editor of the Providence Journal has received a New Year's present in the shape of a new cent, which has just been struck at the mint. He says of it:

"It is a little larger than a dime, and nearly twice as thick. The color might be mistaken for gold. On one side is a flying eagle, with the inscription, 'United States of America, 1856,' around the circle. On the other side is 'one cent,' within a wreath. It is altogether the handsomest coin of so low a denomination that we have ever seen."

HOW TO DETECT PHOTOGRAPHIC BANK BILLS.—The sure method of detecting a photograph is to touch it with a solution composed of 60 grains of cyanide potassium in an ounce of pure water. This solution is a poison. It will remove the photographic impression almost instantaneously, but it will not touch the carbon ink of the bank note plate printer. It can be put up by any apothecary for eighteen pence.

NEW SAILCLOTH.—An officer of rank (a major in the United States Army) has transmitted to Woolwich (Eng.) dockyard some samples of sailcloth composed of fibres of the palm tree from South Africa, interwoven with the ordinary thread canvas. The fibres have been withdrawn, in order to verify the inventor's assertion "that sheets made of the material will resist the teeth of old Boreas in his rudest of tempers."

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—About 600 piano-fortes per week are produced in the United States, of which about 200 are made in the vicinity of Boston. The total manufacture of musical instruments in Massachusetts amounts to $2,295,680 per annum.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ANGEL OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY KATE CAMERON.

THE Angel of the New Year,—
On snowy wing he comes,
And brings a Heav'n-sent blessing
To all our earthly homes:
Within each heart he places
A tablet pure and white,
And on its spotless surface
Our deeds he bids us write.

Not only noble actions
Worthy our Father's smile,
But every sinful purpose,
And every thought of guile;
And every wrong committed
Against our fellow men,
Each one must be recorded
For Conscience holds the pen.

And nightly, when in slumber
We close our weary eyes,
A band of sainted spirits
Float downward from the skies;
They scan with earnest vision
The record of the day,
And read therein our progress
Upon our homeward way.

If bright with Love and Kindness
The hours have glided on,
And every needful duty
Hath cheerfully been done;
They set their holy signet
Upon our peaceful heart,
And with sweet benedictions
They joyfully depart.

But when dark Wrong and Error
Have held us in fierce thrall,
Till stumbling in our blindness
Into their snares we fall;
How mournful is the record—
How sadly is it read—
By those dear heavenly watchers
Who hover 'round our bed.

Oh! Angel of the New Year!
Thy form again we greet,
Again we hail thine advent,
Again thy calm smile meet;
Again receive thy tablet,
And pray for peace anew,
To keep its record spotless
For GOD'S and Angels' view!

Rochester, N. Y., Jan., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WOMAN.

THE RURAL is becoming a welcome visitor to my sanctum. Each return brings some new gem of thought fitted to make us all wiser, and better. And though I am but a plain "farmer's daughter," and have scribbled but little for the press, I venture to pen my thoughts just as they are, knowing I shall find a sympathising friend in the Editor of my favorite RURAL.

We have had a lady lecturing in our village of late upon "Women's Rights." The old subject seems to have revived, and we hear of nothing but the grievous wrongs of that suffering class, women. They cannot go to the Ballot Box or enter the Legislative halls—the horrid *ogre*, man, prescribes taxation without representation, and all must submit. Now, this seems to me supremely ridiculous. How much better would it be to fill well the station already assigned her, than to be continually harping about rights from which every true woman shrinks.

The young ladies of the 19th century, what are they? Puny creatures, no more fitted to meet the stern realities of life than is a hot-house plant to bear the rude blasts of winter. In vain do we seek for women of the MARTHA WASHINGTON stamp, who could bear the trials and privations of former times without shrinking. And this is Education, not Nature. The mere child is offered as a sacrifice to the "fickle goddess," Fashion, and after complying with her demands for a time, either grows up a delicate fairy whom a breath of air will blow away or falls a victim to consumption, and we mourn it as one of the inscrutable ways of Providence. Oh that woman might realize that physical strength is needed in order to act well her part in the drama of life—that she might exert an influence by her native energy of mind.

Intellectually, too, how deplorable is the condition of woman. In these days every facility is offered her;—she may walk side by side with man in every field of Literature and drink deep draughts at "wisdom's fount," and yet how few are fitted by strict mental discipline to become blessings to the world. Nor is this want of power. It is true we look in vain for a female SHAKSPEARE, and yet the "eagle who screams exultingly 'mid Alpine steeps and storms, moves no more warmly the admiration of man than does the beautiful bird who converts the valley in which he moves into sweet harmony"—and such was the sphere of a HEMANS. But taking our sex, as a class, and who can deny that their education is wholly defective? They are taught from the cradle that the chief end of woman is marriage, and all endeavors must tend to this object—after receiving a smattering of all the branches taught in our schools they are pronounced finished; all attention is given to the outer adorning of the body, and none to the inner adorning of the mind. Man, it seems to me, is in a great measure accountable for this, for even those of commanding talent bow to the shrine of senseless beauty, and so long as this prevails among those who consider a good establishment the *ne plus ultra* of earthly wishes, we shall look in vain for other than the silly, sentimental *know nothings* of the present day.

Women's Rights? Let her ask no other right than that of proving herself a creature of common sense, instead of a mere butterfly of fashion. Let her prove to the world that she can tread the field of Science, hand in hand with man, and still be skilled in domestic economy. Let her be but a true woman co-worker with man in fitting herself for the more lasting honors of Heaven.

Cayuga, N. Y., Jan., 1857. AMELIA.

SUCH as hear disobliging discourse, and repeat it again to the persons concerned, are much mistaken if they think to oblige them by such indiscreet confidences.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ONLY A CHAT.

"More flies are caught with a drop of honey than by a hogshead of vinegar."

THINK of this, my friend—you who are a husband, and who, on coming home to dinner, occasionally find it not quite ready, or perhaps badly cooked.—Instead of harshly reproving your poor, patient, toiling wife, would it not be better to speak a kind, cheering word to her?—to hush her apologies with, "Never mind, MARY." Even if dull care rests heavily on your mind, and you feel as if your own chafed spirit needed gentle soothing, yet remember that she too is perplexed with manifold duties, while performing the labor of cook—chamber-maid, nurse and laundress. Think how long it took to get WILLIE, and NELLIE, and KATE all ready for school, and how much time and attention that lump of perpetual motion, baby, FRED, requires—and then see if it is in your heart (for we know you *have* one, though you *do* sometimes speak heedlessly,) to find fault with her.

Do not forget how gentle, kind, and uncomplaining she has ever been, and, although you took her from a home of ease and plenty—from a circle of affectionate friends—yet *she* did not consider it a sacrifice when immediately placed in circumstances where she must practice economy and be deprived of many elegancies to which she had ever been accustomed—and, more than all the rest, with little time for the cultivation and improvement of her intellectual faculties. Here, also, are you not at fault? In the days of your courtship you would reason with her—would proudly try mind against mind—would discuss those topics with her which you *now* seem to consider appreciable by your club-room associates only. You read to her lofty passages of poetry, soaring on Fancy's pinions to realms of the Infinite—you *then* preferred her society to that of any other—why not *now*? Has she degenerated? If so, whose fault is it? To whose directing influence have all her thoughts been subject?

If you would keep your fireside bright and cheerful, and make home the "dearest spot on earth," you must not cast abroad for indifferent fellow-travelers on Life's great thoroughfare your most precious gems of thought, reserving only those which are the most commonplace for the home circle, but give to *all* their proper share.—Let your wife and children receive some of your rich gleanings from society—from your more extensive intercourse with the world at large—and in their increased intelligence and affectionate sympathy you will find that happiness which makes home a "Paradise below."

CARRIE COVINGTON.

BEAUTY.

THE beautiful greets us on every side with a thousand shapes and varied forms, but not every eye perceives and appreciates the beauty of the meanest surroundings, or takes leisure to note them. That gleam of sunshine falling in from the plainly curtained window, is a ray of glory, warming and beautifying, though it gleams upon no velvet carpet or costly furniture. Yon little vase of flowers, broken and discolored though it be, contains earth's loveliest treasures of bloom and fragrance, illumining with joyful light the home of poverty, speaking to the heart in the language of poetic beauty, that all earth's children understand. That speck of heaven's deepest blue, sweet remembrancer of the unclouded summer skies, searching the forests' depths—it is a gleam of beauty, an invoker of lovely scenes and loving memories. Yonder tuft of grass, yon timidly blooming flowers, are messengers of beauty; and the solitary star beaming brightly in the far expanse, the single ray of silvery moonlight, falling upon the lonely chamber, are so many undying images of love and beautiful inspiration. In the cold bracing airs of winter, dwells the energetic power, inspiring bold courageous thought and endeavor; and in the snowy mantle enveloping earth's slumbering treasures, there is a deep and solemn beauty. In the waters that the sunbeams play upon, in merry chasing glee, in the birds imprisoned hymn of joyfulness; in the roses' opening fragrance, in the stirring of the smallest leaf by the gentlest zephyr's whisper—in all dwells beauty; a language fraught with eloquent expression, dear to the grateful heart, appreciating Nature's loving manifestations of loving harmony.

The beauty of home! what heart so callous to life's gentlest influences but feels its holy spirit, its dear familiar loveliness, its charmed regretful memories? And to make home beautiful, in its austereal aspect of inviting grace, with its indwelling charm of blessed serenity and heavenly order, is woman's loveliest mission, and holiest province. To her is the power given of rendering home the abode of peace and loving reunion, beautiful in light and fragrant joy; to be indeed life's ministering angel, shedding the light of pure affections upon the every-day surroundings; illumining with cheerfulness the atmosphere of home, trimming with affectionate solicitude the lone lamp of all kind and gentle feelings; distributing with generous hand the plainer gifts of charity and friendship; weaving around home's portals sweetest garlands of welcoming joy.—Guardian of the sanctity of home, adorning it by the power of love and loving endeavor, into an abode of peace and beauty, fit dwelling for angel visitants, woman's purest lustre beams beside its joy-lit hearth.—*The Nation.*

MIGHT not more be done to cherish and develop the highest intuitions of children, by watching the moments of acute pleasure or pain, of gratitude, awe, or excited moral and religious feeling?—Might we not thus establish on its natural basis an inner life which would help to raise the young above the solicitations of appetite and passion?—No doubt the animal reaches its full development while the moral is still weak; but if the moral intuitions exist, as they undoubtedly do, at a very early age, it is for parents to make them early the controlling power. Nature forbids their occupying the *greater part* of the child's life, but they may be felt as the *purest* and *most real* and *precious portion* of it.

BOOKS.—To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books; they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts.—They always receive thee with the same kindness.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A WINTER NIGHT.

OH LOUD and fierce, the wintry wind
Is venting out its strongest might;
And white and cold the pale-faced moon
Looks down upon the world to-night;
And 'neath the tread of passers-by,
The snowy walks creak fearfully.

Very dark is the scene without,
The frowning sky—the snowy earth—
I draw me up from the frosty pane
To a seat beside the friendly hearth;
And idly write, as my thoughts' wild train
Are keeping pace with the loud refrain.

Old Boreas, the monarch grim,
Holds forth his court to-night, I ween;
For far off in the northern sky
His threat'ning myrmidons are seen;
And ever and anon peal out
The chorus of their battle shout.

I love it well, this wintry night—
There's a bracing sound in the gale—
Telling of great and daring deeds,
And powers that never fail:—
I stronger feel, as I hear the strife,
And braver, to meet the storms of life.

Rochester, Jan. 10, 1857. ROSINA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE."

THE whole secret of the success and enviable eminence to which some men have attained, lies in the fact that they paddled their own canoe.—There is no other alternative for him who would write his name high, than that he, individually and unaided, grapple the helm. It must be a *personal* conflict. The raging deep is before him; he beholds, afar on its confronting strand, the prize of his heart. The ship is at hand; it is for him who, the most resolute and courageously determined, shall guide her unharmed through the breakers and tumult to the desired goal. Herein must he base his hope of reaching it. Does he shrink at the prospect?—then, all is lost; or does he, rather, unwavering, gird him for the task?—'tis done—'tis his.

It appears that the probability of success, or the certainty of achieving an honored eminence in any sphere of action in which an individual may engage—if, indeed, it be of those which are regarded as useful, and in which therefore superiority would be commendable—presents a no less dubious aspect than the foregoing. As, in the one case he mounts the barge, is borne out to sea, is at one time becalmed, at another, perchance, his fragile bark in imminent peril by the fiercely disporting tempest; and, as in every instance his safety rests, in a great measure, with the exertions put forth, and, as a mariner, his skill alone can decide his destiny, whether it shall be that he is wrecked and finds his grave in the ocean, or joyfully rides conqueror to the port:—so, in *real life*, a person enters upon the performance of the duties of his vocation, but not unexceptionably to find it strewn with flowers. Life may well be likened unto a sea, furrowed as it is by its variable nature, and exposed to be ruffled by the ruthless blasts of fickle fortune. But who are prepared for life? who are they that seem superior to reverses? who bravely meet and invariably overcome the stern besetments that all have to encounter? They are those persons accustomed to self-reliance, of which class the great and good of our country afford many eminent examples; individuals taught to look within themselves for what their necessities required; and, having been thus habituated, ever found themselves able to cope with adverse circumstances.

It is happily becoming more generally entertained, that not so much stress may be placed on what of genius or talent a person inherits from nature as upon that he may and should acquire by appropriate and timely application. Man was created, not in the possession of excellence, but endowed with a nature both physically and intellectually so constituted, as to render it highly important and even indispensable that he labor; through this and *this alone*, can he hope for perfection. Then let the aspirant after excellence look well to the control of his own canoe,—let him stand to the helm and permit no one to usurp it, else his ship will be abandoned to destruction among the surges and eddies so thickly interspersing life's sea. Should he trust his bark to another than himself, though he be not a treacherous pilot, still, single-handed, he in all probability would prove inefficient to conduct it through the eddies and whirlpools. Furthermore, since an easy task fosters indolence, he who constitutes another executor of his plans and aims, will be tempted to retreat from the deck—where he must stem adverse blasts and billows, and where his powers would be tried and strengthened—to the cabin, there in plentitude and listless inactivity to imbecilitate his energies.

The necessity of this habit of self-reliance and application, is in proportion to the desirableness of success; for, as true as the mind is the measure of the man, and as application is that which brings it out, strengthens, and in fact creates it, so it is mind itself. If we would prevail, our only option is to assume them as a strong armor and wield them as a chief defence, or laying them aside, we give ourselves up to a miserably mediocrity. CHARLES H. SAVAGE.

Kendall, N. Y., Jan., 1857.

THIS Epitaph is said to be inscribed on the tomb-stone of an idiot boy, in Lancastershire, England; it is beautiful:

IF INNOCENCE can claim a place in heaven,
And LITTLE be required for LITTLE given,
My great Creator has for me in store
A world of bliss—what can the wise have more?

IT is very easy to look down on others, to look down on ourselves is the difficulty. Self-love holds the balance of power in the latter case, and rarely fails to veto the bill. Conscience, it is true, may venture to slip a word sidewise, but that troublesome meddler, among a "fast people," is very easily disposed of and put down.

SOCIETY, like silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colors will deceive us.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A WORD FOR YOUNG MEN.

LIFE is the stage upon which man plays his several parts in the world's great drama; and in starting thereon nothing can be more essential than the formation of correct moral habits. With these man may reach the highest goal of human ambition—without them he is made victim to the evil promptings of a naturally depraved heart.

It is an easy matter to take the downward course. Natural, as well as artificial means, abound to give a timely help. Besides the natural impulses of an evil heart, Art, by her skillful allurements, serves to ensnare a multitude of the unwary. Intemperance is a most successful snare to entice youth into the downward course, and never was there a time when the recital of drunkenness and debauchery has been oftener heard than the present. Scores of the young are gradually led on to brutal excess by the pleasant effects of its *moderate* use, little dreaming that the chains of a cruel tyrant are entwining themselves with their very being, and that they are becoming in reality the slaves of a momentary inclination. But it is not our object to give a lengthy dissertation on the evils of intemperance; still it is a subject which should be one of vital interest to all, for human life cannot present a more sorrowful picture than an immortal being who has voluntarily destroyed that portion of his nature which alone distinguished him from the brute.

Youth is the time when firm principles of morality should be established. Soon it will be too late in life to make resolutions, and moral principle is as necessary for man as the helm is to guide the ship 'mid raging winds over foaming billows.

Now, while the warm current of life courses with electric speed from the full hearts to the willing hands of youth, now is the time to sow either seeds of vice or virtue, and whatever course is resolved upon, whether downwards to the depths of Stygian darkness, or upwards to the society of Angels of infinite intelligence, an impetus will be given that decides our individual destiny, for habits established in youth maintain their rule through life.

Man's energies are subject to his habits. If he is habitually inclined in any direction, in that direction you will find his best efforts concentrated. If while in youth principles of true moral excellence are so firmly established as to enable him to shun the cesspools of vice and immorality which ever present their alluring forms to battle with conscience and good resolutions, if such principles are thus firmly instilled, then his mental and physical powers will be tasked to elevating the human mind above the degrading tendencies of popular vice, rather than add one more to the lengthened list of those who live, die, and dying are forgotten. R. A. ROSE.

Castile, N. Y., Jan., 1857.

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.

THERE is no vice to which the human race is so prone, and none as unsuitable to their nature and condition, as pride: that self-love which springs up so rapidly in our souls, and leads us to view our own qualifications through a magnifying medium which gives existence and reality to the phantoms of imagination. Pride commences with our life, grows with our growth, and it spreads through all our conversation and conduct. She accompanies us through every stage, condition and circumstance of our terrestrial course. She intermingles with almost every action we perform and every pursuit in which we engage. She attends us to the grave, in all the pomp, solemnity, and expense of funeral. She engraves her ostentatious inscriptions upon the stone which covers the mouldering body, and when that copy is incorporated with its original dust, and the words of vanity are no longer legible, she attempts by escutcheons and pedigrees and genealogical legends, to perpetuate the name which wisdom had perhaps consigned to oblivion. This is, more or less, the foible and the deformity—this the deep-rooted vice, of all mankind. Pride appears in the cottage as well as in the palace; she sits on the workman's bench as well as on the monarch's throne—she struts driving a flock of sheep as well as in marching at the head of a victorious army.—*Selected.*

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?

A GENTLEMAN is not merely a person acquainted with certain forms and etiquettes of life, easy and self-possessed in society, able to speak and act, and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something beyond this all; that which lies at the root of all his ease and refinement and tact, is power of pleasing—how he can show respect for others—how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society, he scrupulously ascertains the position and relation of every one with whom he comes in contact, that he may give to each his due honor, his proper position. He studies how he may avoid touching in conversation upon any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings, how he may abstain from any allusion which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never even appears conscious of any personal defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank, of reputation, in the persons in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority for himself—he never ridicules, never sneers, never boasts, never makes a display of his own power, or rank, or advantage—such as is implied in ridicule, or sarcasm, or abuse—as he never indulges in habits or tricks, or inclinations which may be offensive to others.—*Selected.*

TRUST.

BETTER trust and be deceived,
And weep this trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh! this mocking world—too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

[*Fanny Kemble.*

THE best capital for a young man to start with in life, is industry, good sense and courage. It is better than all the friends or cash that was ever raised.

ABOUT CALICO.

THERE is a good deal of good sense in the following eulogy on the "Departing influence of Calico," from the Sacramento *Age*, which deplores almost with an Addisonian grace, the luxuriousness of modern female dress:

"When we look into the thoroughfares, alas we see no calico! Silks and all its half sister fabrics glide along—some dazzling, some queer, some splendid, some fantastic—but none have the sweet, clean, fascinating, elegant appearance of the calico which used to skip by, with pretty skippers in it. There are those who mourn over little things—the drooping violet, the stricken bird, the broken rattle-box, the fading rose, the dying kitten, the rain-spoiled bonnet; but we mourn for exalted, animated, small figured calico! Silks, trailing through the dust, have lost favor in our eyes; fancy dry-goods are as unattractive as tattered awnings, and every costly thing of feminine apparel no longer surpasses the Lindsey home-spun gowns of old. Nations spring from the wilderness, then moulder in decay; cities are built in barren places, expand awhile and waste away; men from obscurity rise to fame and power, then gather disgrace and neglect; the rich grow poor and the poor grow rich; the high sink to ignoble graves, and in the multitudinous variety of things there are mighty movements and mighty changes. We are, therefore, of the opinion that the article of calico has had its day of glory, also, and is not so much in use as it used to be. Where is the man who will not promptly say that the handsomest object he ever beheld was a being clad in a handsome piece of calico? He can't be found. Masculine eyes are the eyes for feminine grace to please. Jewels and toys, and the richness of silks, captivate no man of sense or taste, and add not a charm to nature, but calico heightens, and brightens, and softens, and makes a fellow feel good when he sees it. And besides, it costs a wonderful sight less!"

PRINTERS AND PARADOXES.

A PRINTER, says Oliver, is the most curious being living. He may have a *bank* and *coins*, and not be worth a cent; have *small caps*, and have neither wife nor children. Others may run fast, but he gets along swifter by *setting fast*. He may be making *impressions* without eloquence; may use the *ley* without offending, and be telling the truth; while others cannot *stand* while they *set*, he can *set standing*, and do both at the same time; have to use *furniture*, and yet have no dwelling; may make and put away *pi*, and never see a pie, much less eat it during his whole life; be a human being and a *rat* at the same time; may *press* a great deal and not ask a favor; may handle a *shooting iron*, and know nothing about a cannon, gun or pistol; he may move the *lever* that moves the world, and yet be as far from moving the globe as a hog under a molehill; spread *sheets* without being a housewife; he may *lay his form* on a *bed*, and yet be obliged to sleep on the floor; he may use the *dagger* without shedding blood, and from the earth he may handle *stars*; he may be of a *rolling* disposition, and yet never desire to travel; he may have a *sheep's foot*, and not be deformed; never without a *case*, and yet know nothing of law or physic; he always *correcting* his *errors*, and be growing worse every day; have *em-braces*, without ever having the arms of a lass thrown around him; have his *form locked up*, and at the same time free from jail, watch-house, or any other confinement; his office may have a *hell* in it, and not be a bad place after all; he might be plagued by the *devil*, and be a Christian of the best kind; and what is stranger still, be he honest or dishonest, rich or poor, drunk or sober, industrious or lazy, he always *stands up* to his business.

A STRING OF PEARLS.

IT is with life as with coffee, he who would drink it pure must not drain it to the dregs.

APPLAUSE is the spur of able minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

NEITHER men nor women become what they were intended to be by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties.

PRIDE requires very costly food—its keeper's happiness.

FRIENDSHIP is a silent gentleman that makes no parade; the true heart dances no hornpipe on the tongue.

WE paint our lives in fresco. The soft and facile plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.

HE has a good income who has but few occasions of spending,—not he who has great rents and great vents.

MEN of the noblest disposition always consider themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.

THERE is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong, convulsive emotion of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated; when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. O, speak not harshly of the stricken one—weeping in silence! Break not the solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps. Despise not a woman's tears—they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to sympathy—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loth to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.—*Dr. Johnson.*

THE caliph who destroyed the Alexandrian library has been, perhaps, not unjustly censured by subsequent ages: yet he consumed, doubtless, much that was worthless, and something, it may be, obnoxious. We do not need so general a conflagration; but there is much of our later literature that would be better for the taste of fire.—*Daniel Webster.*

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

If there is any one thing which immediately concerns a young man, it is the formation of his character—for upon it depends his prosperity and success in life. If he has sound moral principles, and industrious habits—is upright in his dealings, courteous, kind, and agreeable in his manners, his character is of more value to him than can be well computed. If, on the contrary, he is immoral, without principle, coarse and vulgar in his social intercourse, he is sure to find a level that will bring to him a life of depravity and wretchedness, constantly intensified by advancing years.

Though some may claim that qualities of mind are impressed by nature, yet it is very evident that they are mostly the result of education and habit. And believing that every young man possessing ordinary understanding is aware of this fact, we have been astonished while witnessing the course of many reared in an enlightened community.—The love of pleasure and the influence of strong excitement will sometimes over-ride the dictates of prudence, and lead the unguarded into momentary deviations from the path of rectitude, which we can easily overlook; but this indiscretion is far different from that course of conduct which resolves low and clownish deportment into a habit, and fastens such manners upon all his actions.—The individual who takes the latter course should acknowledge that such habits will be of most service to him in accomplishing life's great end, or that, in contracting them, he is laboring directly against his own interest. But we would take pleasure in counselling him for a moment, who should be so for misled as to suppose that with his clownish habits, cant phrases and vulgarities, he can sail prosperously and triumphantly through the voyage of life. He has mistaken the structure of society, and has false ideas of human nature and of his own responsibilities. It does not follow that because he can collect around him a company of his kind, and by his vulgar witticisms and clownish actions make sport for them, that he is therefor respected and really esteemed, either by his own associates, or by others who for the time may laugh with them. Much less will such deportment introduce him favorably into the society and favor of the great and good.

It is lamentable that in the face of these facts we behold young men who are passing through a course of liberal education, who seem entirely indifferent as to the character of their social intercourse and their general deportment. That he may occupy a higher position in life, and be prepared for greater usefulness should be the object of a young man's education. But when he shall have passed through his scholastic course, and shall have entered upon the duties of active life, he will find good manners and gentlemanly deportment essential to an introduction into positions at all worthy his aspirations.

How foolish then to acquire the habit of turning serious subjects into ridicule and derision, and of bringing every manly sentiment down to the base level of the vulgar and the depraved. The individual who aspires for something above the loafer, and whose tried virtue and decision of character will not allow him to give countenance to profane and vulgar habits, will find that, altho' he cannot associate with the persons who possess them, they will respect him more than they do the chief of their own club.

Observe the manly expression, the high-toned manner and the noble bearing of that young man in yonder circle; for if you will, you may know the path in which he treads, the object he has in view, and the aspirations of his soul. His character is unimpeachable, and he aims at lofty ends.—You will find that he has some laudable pursuit before him, and that, in his honorable and well-defined course, he has a laudable pride and unyielding perseverance. Again, observe the vulgar expressions and the uncultivated actions of another. Although by nature he may have had a noble form, even manly beauty, yet evil associations and vicious habits speak out plainly through all these which are insufficient to conceal his true character.

Young man, be assured that to succeed well in life, you must cultivate good manners, and that lofty bearing which springs from genuine goodness of heart—and that to cultivate these you must associate with the educated and the refined, and so set your face as a flint, that it may ever be said of you, "he walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scoruful." G. W. H.

Macedon Academy, Jan., 1857.

OUR WINTER SCHOOLS.

Again have our winter schools been organized, and many thousands of children are daily wending their way to the many hundred school houses on hill-side and in valley, in various parts of our good old State. But whether these schools shall be for the good or ill of our youth, will depend very much upon the feeling and efforts of parents and teachers. The mere organization and support of a school do not positively indicate progress and improvement. We wish it were so. But, it is doubtless true, that some school houses will be opened daily and be occupied by teachers and pupils with no good results. In order that a school may produce the good it ought, it is essential that parents and teachers should both know and do their duty. We have not time to specify the various duties of parents, and propose only to offer a few hints to teachers.

1. *Be interested in your work.*

So think, and speak, and act, that your pupils will see that your whole heart is in your work, and that you desire nothing so much as their improvement, morally, intellectually, physically.—Strive constantly and earnestly to inspire them with the right spirit, and lead them to labor diligently for their own advancement.

2. *Be punctual in your arrival at the school room.*

It would seem hardly necessary to speak of this, but it is true that some teachers are quite culpable in regard to their attendance at school. They seem to go reluctantly, and by their late arrival at the scene of their labors, they teach in the most effectual manner that punctuality is of no importance,—and at the same time convey, in no unequivocal manner, the impression that they do not love their work. If you would have your scholars punctual and interested in their school, go early and with a cheerful countenance, which shall indicate that you feel a delight in your work and that the school room is to you a pleasant spot. *"As is the teacher, so will be the school."*

3. *Be diligent in the school room.*

Let your pupils see that while you require them to be industrious, you have no disposition to be idle yourself. Be active in your labors for them, and lead them to feel that you desire nothing so much as their progress in all those things which will tend to make them more useful and happy. Let them see and feel that the school room is the place for work both for yourself and for them.

4. *Have system in your plans and works.*

Many teachers fail of success from the want of system. If you would succeed and keep alive the right feeling, "have a time for everything, and everything in its time." Let every scholar know what he has to do, and when it must be done.—With system and order in your plans you may accomplish much, without them you can hope to do but little.

5. *Be sure that you have order.*

Without good discipline you can do nothing to advantage. "Order is Heaven's first law," and let it be yours. Let your pupils see that you wish them to do right, and that anything short of right action on their part will not be tolerated. But while you insist upon correctness of deportment, and sometimes inflict punishment for deviations, let it ever be with you a "better way" to lead your pupils to do right because it is right. Teach them to "love all that is lovely and of good report," and inspire them with a strong desire to form good habits of thought and action.

6. *Strive to awaken more interest on the part of parents, and if possible, secure their hearty co-operation in all your efforts.*

Those schools will be most successful and accomplish the most favorable results, where teachers and parents work together understandingly and cheerfully. Improve every suitable opportunity for convincing parents that you feel a deep interest in the work intrusted to you, and that you really desire, as well as need, their hearty and constant co-operation. Visit them at their homes and induce them, if possible, to visit you in the school room, that they may witness what is going on there. *As are the parents and teachers, so will be the results of the school room.*

7. *Seek to improve yourself in every way.*

Read educational books and papers; write for your own good and the good of others; visit the schools of others; meet your fellow teachers monthly for mutual improvement; attend every meeting designed for the elevation of your profession, and "strive without ceasing," to make yourself better fitted for the discharge of your important and arduous labors. Labor faithfully and devotedly for the good of your pupils, and you will, in due time, reap a rich and satisfying reward.—C. N., *in Conn. School Journal.*

A College in Kansas.—A meeting has been held at Lawrence, Kansas Territory, to memorialize Congress to grant a tract of land for the establishment of a college in the territory.

The following gentlemen were appointed a committee to memorialize Congress:—Messrs. Arny, Robinson, Branscombe, Hunt, Fowler, and Brown. It was stated that Governor Geary would write a letter to accompany the memorial.

The following gentlemen were nominated and elected trustees of the college:—Messrs. Bacon, of Connecticut; Amos Lawrence, of Boston, and Mr. Arny, of Illinois. In the territory—Gov. Geary, Chas. Robinson, W. Z. Roberts, the Rev. Mr. Nute, and the Rev. Mr. Lum, Messrs. Parrot, of Leavenworth; Goodenow, of Manhattan; Thornton, of Topeka; Pomeroy, of Ossawatomie; and Wakefield, of Bloomington. The Board of Trustees are to fill the two vacancies for the state.

Prompt Obedience to all the rules of the school should be required of the pupil.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS, MADE AT ROCHESTER, STATE OF NEW YORK.

University of Rochester—Annual Abstract—Wm. C. Pratt, Observer.

Mr. Moore:—In your paper of the 17th inst., I observe a communication from the pen of Lieut. M. F. Maury, upon Meteorology, in which he calls upon farmers for their co-operation in the work of collecting Meterological facts. I herewith furnish you for publication, an abstract of observations taken by me during the past year, which will serve to give your readers some idea of the work which observers are expected to perform. Lieut. M. lately stated in a lecture in this city, that one result of the observations taken upon the sea, has been a saving annually to Great Britain alone of at least $10,000,000, (and perhaps an equal amount to this country,) in the expense of conducting commerce. He also stated that he believed an extended system of observations upon land would result in equal benefits to Agriculture. If such are to be the results, the work must certainly be worthy of the co-operation of all who are interested in the progress of Agricultural Science.—Wm. C. Pratt, *Rochester, N. Y., January*, 1857.

Latitude 43°, 8′, 17″. Longitude 77°, 51′. Height of Station above the Sea, five hundred and sixteen feet.

1856.	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Annual Results.
Thermometer. Monthly Mean	17.7	18.3	25.1	47.8	55.8	68.6	74.5	66.5	61.2	49.6	39.7	24.5	45.77, Annual Mean.
Highest Degree	30.5	39	45	82	85	92	96	90	87	76	69.7	42.2	96, highest degree during the year.
Lowest Degree	—6	—5	—3	15.7	39.5	52.7	57.5	51	41.3	31	27.5	3	—6, lowest " " "
Range	36.5	44	48	66.3	45.5	39.3	38.5	39	45.7	45	42.2	39.2	66.3, greatest monthly range. 102, " annual "
Warmest day	3	11	21	27	23	29	17	2	10	5	4	11	17th July, warmest day in the year.
Coldest day	9	13	9	1	1	5	7	25	23	31	29	18	9th Jan., coldest " "
Barometer. Monthly Mean	29.427	29.301	29.371	29.421	29.389	29.372	29.436	29.372	29.448	29.549	29.487	29.475	29.421, annual mean—29.549, highest monthly mean—29.301, lowest do.
Highest Observation	30.057	29.925	29.852	29.757	29.764	29.588	29.669	29.674	29.820	29.925	29.894	30.081	30.084, highest observation barometer.
Lowest Observation	28.933	28.656	28.727	28.970	28.937	29.141	29.151	29.025	29.035	29.115	28.833	28.480	28.480, lowest " "
Range	1.121	1.269	1.125	.787	.827	.447	.509	.649	.785	.810	1.061	1.604	1.604, annual range. 1.604, greatest monthly range. 0.447, lowest do.
Winds. North	2⅔	0⅓	1	2⅔	3⅓	2⅔	3⅓	3	2	3⅓	0⅓	1	25⅔ days north wind during the year.
North-East	2	0⅓	0⅔	3⅓	3⅔	2	1⅔	1	3	0⅓	1	0⅓	19⅓ " north-east " "
East	3	0⅓	1	1	3⅓	0⅔	0⅓	1	0⅓	1	2	1	15 " east " "
South-East	2	0⅓	1	1⅓	2⅔	2⅓	2⅓	1⅓	2	2	2⅓	3⅔	23⅓ " south-east " "
South	1	3	1⅔	5⅓	3⅓	2⅔	1	1⅓	2⅓	3	4⅔	2	31⅓ " south " "
South-West	12⅔	14⅔	10	5⅓	3⅓	8⅓	10⅔	7	10	8	8⅔	7⅔	106⅓ " south-west " "
West	7	6⅔	11	8⅓	5⅓	9⅔	7	7⅔	7	10⅔	9⅓	11	101 " west " "
North-West	0⅔	3	4⅔	2⅔	5⅔	2	4⅔	8⅔	3⅓	2⅓	1⅓	3⅔	42⅔ " north-west " "
Total of each Month	31	29	31	30	31	30	31	31	30	31	30	31	366 Total.
Prevailing Winds	S W	S W	W	W	N W	W	S W	N W	S W	W	W	W	West wind prevailing during the year.
Weather. Fair days	5⅔	6⅓	8⅓	11	16⅓	13⅔	17⅔	13⅓	14⅔	14	4⅓	6⅓	131⅔ fair days.
Cloudy days	25⅓	22⅓	22⅔	19	14⅔	16⅓	13⅓	17⅔	15⅓	17	25⅔	24⅔	231⅓ cloudy days.
Total of each Month	31	29	31	30	31	30	31	31	30	31	30	31	365 Total.
Rain	0	1	0	7	17	15	8	12	15	9	5	1	90 days on which rain fell.
Snow	17	16	20	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	5	16	77 " " snow fell.
Rain and Snow	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	3	11 " " rain and snow fell.
Amount of water each Month	1.940	.771	1.190	2.325	2.480	1.900	1.800	2.700	3.520	.995	1.325	2.680	24.356 inches of water for the year—melted snow included.

Remarks.—We have had 9.557 inches less of water the last year than in 1855. Rain has fallen on 22 less days; snow has fallen on 20 *more* days; and rain and snow on 6 less days than in 1855. The extremes of the thermometer, viz.: 96° above 6° below zero, as recorded in this abstract, are not the *actual* extremes, but only *at the times of observation*:—observations having been taken at 7 A. M., 2 P. M., and 9 P. M., of each day in the year. The average of heat has been 1⅓° less than in 1855. The prevailing wind has been the same as in that year.—W. C. P.

Useful Hints.

ORIGIN AND SEAL OF THE STATES—NO. III.

CONNECTICUT.

The State of Connecticut, the Seal of which we present this week, is the southernmost of the New England States. At its first settlement, it consisted of two colonies, denominated Connecticut,—the Hartford section having the seat of government at Hartford, and the New Haven at New Haven. The colony was settled in 1633 at Windsor, by emigrants from Massachusetts, who penetrated through the wilderness. Hartford was settled by the English in 1635; the Dutch had previously built a fort there, but they did not retain it. The colony at New Haven was settled by the English in 1638. In 1665, by a Charter granted by Charles II., these colonies were united. During the tyranny of Andros an attempt was made to secure the surrender of this instrument, and while the discussion consequent thereon was proceeding, the candles being extinguished, the Charter was taken away and hidden in the hollow of an oak, which has since become famous in history as the *Charter Oak.* (This tree, our readers will remember, was blown down during the past year.) The Charter formed the basis of the government until 1818, when the present Constitution was adopted. In January, 1788, the Constitution of the United States was ratified, in a Convention, by a majority of 88. Connecticut took an active part in the Revolutionary War, and a number of her towns were burned by the British army, among them was New London, which was destroyed by the traitor Arnold.

Though laboring, in many respects, under adverse circumstances, the children of the "Nutmeg State" have much cause for pride of nativity.—Connecticut has a larger productive school fund than any other State in proportion to population. In 1850 the cash value of her farms, farm implements, live stock and slaughtered animals, amounted to $84,288,719. In manufactures, at the same period, there was a capital invested equaling $23,890,348. Her imports were $396,675, exports $506,174. Tunnage in 1853, 132,100.

The translation of the State Motto is—He who brought us hither, still preserves.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

In Australia there is a beetle which has the peculiarly formed legs of the kangaroo, and appears to be half kangaroo (on a small scale) and half part insect. It is a grotesque creature and from its appearance has received the name of "Kangaroo Beetle."

In the same country there is also a bird *(Menura superba)* which has a tail resembling the ancient Greek lyre. The margin of the lyre is formed by two broad feathers on each side, which curve into scrolls at the upper end, while a number of delicate ones represent the wires in the middle. These birds are hunted for their tails, which form an object of curiosity and beauty in museums.

In the zoological kingdom there is a curious variety of shell called "Harpa," from the bars with which it is marked having the resemblance of a harp. There is another shell called the "Bulina," which resembles a rose-bud, and another which resembles a strawberry.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF PEWS.

The annexed interesting history of pews was compiled by the editor of the Eclectic Museum. "In Anglo Saxon and some northern churches of early date, a stone bench was made to project within the the wall running round the whole interior, except the eastern end. In 1016, they are represented as sitting on the ground, or standing. About this time the people introduced low, rude, three-legged stools promiscuously over the whole church.—Wooden seats were introduced soon after the Norman conquest. In 1807, a decree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats, so common that none could call any seat in church his own, except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the one he first seized. As we approach the Reformation, from 1530 to 1540, seats were more appropriate—the entrance being guarded by cross-bars, and the initial engraved on them. Immediately after the Reformation the pew system prevailed; as we learn from a complaint the poor Commons addressed to Henry VII. in 1546, in reference to a decree that a Bible should be in every church, at liberty for all to read, because they feared it might be taken into the 'quire,' or some 'pue.' In 1608 galleries were introduced. As early as 1611 pews were arranged to afford comfort, by being baized or cushioned; while the sides around were so high as to hide those within—(a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers, who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was mentioned.) With the reign of Charles the First the reasons for heightening the sides disappeared, and from the civil war they declined gradually to their present height."

RESPIRATORY SURFACE IN THE LUNGS.

The number of air cells in the human lungs amounts to no less than six hundred millions.—According to Dr. Hales, the diameter of each of these may be reckoned at the one hundredth of an inch; while, according to the more recent researches of Prof. Weber, the diameters vary between the seventieth and the two hundredth of an inch. Now, estimating the internal surface of a single cell as about equal to that of a hollow globule of equal internal diameter, then, by adopting the measurement of Hales, we find that six hundred millions such cells would possess collectively a surface of no less than one hundred and forty-five square yards; but by basing our calculations on the opinions, remember, which the scientific world receives as facts, we arrive at the still more astounding conclusion, that the human lungs possess upwards of one hundred and sixty-six square yards of respiratory surface, every single point of which is in constant and immediate contact with the atmosphere inspired. It will be useful, then, to imprint on the memory that, whether we breathe pure or putrid air, the air inspired is ever in immediate contact with an extent of vital surface ample enough for the erection of two or three large houses.

CONSUMPTION.

A writer in the British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review, who has made upward of 3,000 observations with reference to respiration and pulsation in consumption, draws the following inference, among others:—"That the sitting and standing postures in consumption call for more expenditure of power, and tend to produce more subsequent exhaustion than in health, and the lying posture would save the strength. The effect upon respiration is much less, and especially in the standing posture. Hence the latter practice tends further to exhaust the system by increasing the blood motion, and also the entrance of air into the system. High temperature, with the accompaniment of dry air, also tends to rapid exhaustion by greatly increasing the blood motion and lessening the introduction of air; and, on the contrary, low temperature and moisture increase ærification of the blood and lessen the rapidity of the blood current. Hence, in consumption, a moderately cool and moist air is the most conducive to health, and the hot summer season must necessarily induce exhaustion."

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SOUL'S MISSION.

BY REV. OLIVER CRANE.

Thou born to destiny,
Entrusted with control,
Oh! whence and why thine embassy,
Thou living Soul?

Thine emanating source
Cannot be Nature's womb;
Since when returns this lifeless corse
Low in the tomb,

Thou shalt not there be laid
In death's dominion bound,
And all that is of thee be made
A mouldering mound.

But wherefore hast thou come
Known thus of heavenly birth?
Why on thy mission was thy home
Made here on earth?

Thine impress and thy name
Speak thine a high behest;
Go, then, thine embassage proclaim,
Nor be at rest.

Earth would allure thine ear,
And call life's joys thine all;
Would charm in pleasing dalliance here
Till death enthrall.

Up from thy lethargy,
And make thy mission known;
Thou wast not sent on earth to be
Naught but thine own.

Thou hast another sphere,
Another work, my soul,
Than thus to linger struggling here
For pleasure's goal.

Oh! is there not one grief
Borne by another heart,
For which thou may'st yet bring relief
Ere thou depart?

Is there one soul unblest,
One sinner unforgiven,
Whom thou may'st guide to perfect rest
With God in heaven?

Up, oh, my soul, see all
Bids thee thy work assume,
Ere on thy loitering footsteps fall
Death's sullen gloom.

Then, when thy task is done,
May'st from this world of woe,
With none but deathless laurels won
Triumphant go.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE CHURCH BELLS.

The church bells are ringing, and as the sound comes to my ears, a host of old memories sweep over my heart. What magic there is in a church bell. How it thrills the soul, awakening a sadness amounting, sometimes, almost to woe. Faintly, through the echoes, come thoughts of happy days far back in the past, whose like we shall never know again—thoughts of once dear friends, now parted from us by the cold hand of Death, or by the scarcely less chilling touch of Indifference or Forgetfulness. It is then that, roused by its sadly-pleasant sound, the indefinable longing of our hearts,—that longing unutterable, unspeakable—that ever-haunting yearning for the realization of our ideal of Love, Truth and Happiness,—which is felt by all, and which tinges the thoughts of the happiest with a dreamy, scarce-recognized shade of sadness—it is then that it rises in its might, crushing all other feelings, flooding the whole soul with woe, and creating a distaste for everything pertaining to earth. It is only those who draw their happiness from a higher, purer source, that can return cheerfully to the cares and pursuits of the world, not indulging in vain regrets and gloomy anticipations, but looking forward hopefully to the end and the reward.

"Thoughts of the past we would, but cannot banish;
As if to show the impotence of will,
We loathe the pang, and yet must suffer still,
For who is there can say, he will forget?"

Rochester, N. Y., Jan., 1857. Fanny.

Familiarity with the Bible.—He who is so familiar with the Bible that each chapter, open where he will, teems with household words, may draw thence the themes of many a pleasant and pathetic song. For is not all human nature shadowed forth in those pages? But the soul, to sing well from the Bible, must be imbued with dew and sunshine. The study of the book must have begun in the simplicity of childhood, when it was felt to be divine, and carried on through all those silent intervales in which the soul of manhood is restored, during the din of life to the purity and peace of its early being. He who begins the study of the Bible late in life must indeed devote himself to it night and day, with an humble and contrite heart as well as with an awakened and soaring spirit, ere he can hope to feel what he understands, or to understand what he feels—thoughts and feelings breathing in upon him like spiritual sounds and scents, as if from a region hanging in its mystery between heaven and earth.

Safety in Suffering.—But believe us, remember, there may be true grace where there is no comfort; there may be saving faith without assurance. A man may be in a pardoned state, though in a troubled state. Your sins can never be triumphant, your graces can never decay, your soul can never be lost, your God and you can never be separated. The devil could as soon pluck Christ out of heaven as out of a believer's heart. He sits as fast upon his throne here as there. The devil could not enter into the herd without Christ's leave, and will He let him carry His lambs?—*Remains of Rev. J. M. Mason.*

LIFE.

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh or tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning! [*Mrs. Barbauld.*

They who are the most weary of life, and yet the most unwilling to die, are such who have lived to no purpose, who have rather breathed than lived.—*Clarendon.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ BACK NUMBERS.—In order to supply the supposed demand, we commenced this volume by adding 20,000 copies to our former edition. The prospect now is that this extra edition will be exhausted soon; hence those who wish the volume complete, should not delay in sending in their subscriptions. Back numbers will be furnished to new subscribers (unless otherwise ordered) until our edition is exhausted.

☞ For terms, Special Notices, &c., see last page.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER. EXCELSIOR.

ROCHESTER, JANUARY 24, 1857.

Our Christmas Premiums.

BELOW we give the awards to competitors for our Christmas Premiums. The number of subscribers obtained by each will be given in a circular sent to the several competitors, or published in the RURAL in connection with the award of the Large General and State Premiums in April. As our Christmas Prizes were not as large as usual this year—having reserved our heaviest ordnance for the April Lists—the competition has not been very spirited. The lists are not as large, yet there have been *many more of them* than heretofore—owing to the fact that some of the best fields have this year been canvassed by *several* agents instead of *one*, as has been usual. This fact will tend to equalize the competition for the April Premiums, and, unless we greatly mistake, many of the best prizes will be taken by new competitors. It is proper to state here, that Mr. BRIGGS will not compete for the Large Township Premiums. The following amounts will be promptly paid in cash, or by credit on subscriptions, as preferred:

1st, I. W. BRIGGS, Wayne Co., N. Y., $50.
2d, C. STEKETEE, Kent Co., Mich., $30.
3d, S. E. NORTON, Ontario Co., $20.

For the next five lists, $10 each, as follows:—J. H. Stanley, Genesee Co.; W. L. Tucker, Wayne Co.; E. Bixby, Genesee Co.; J. Van Horn, Seneca Co.; H. E. Smith, Seneca Co.

For each of the next ten lists, $5, as follows:—E. H. Gilbert, Livingston Co.; W. Hutchinson, Erie Co., Pa.; D. Watrous, Wayne Co.; E. A. Tinkham, Livingston Co.; H. T. Kennedy, Onondaga Co.; O. Kimberly, Onondaga Co.; J. L. Clark, Wyoming Co.; R. D. Hickinson, Wayne Co.; E. C. Bliss, Chautauque Co.; D. B. Abell, Orleans Co.

Each of the following named persons is entitled to an extra premium of a Bound Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, for the first hundred lists of twenty subscribers or over:

F. Granger, C. Steketee, A. H. Toll, L. M. Case, N. J. Frost, H. F. Wilcox, T. H. Tooker, H. N. Andrew, R. H. Ely, E. H. Gilbert, Jno. Markell, A. J. Miller, R. F. Howard, S. D. Wheeler, G. W. Robson, J. L. Kingsbury, H. Schoonmaker, J. M. Pettit, H. Dean, E. Macomber, H. Way, H. B. Robinson, W. R. Bentley, G. T. Southworth, T. S. Cushing, Eliza H. Stickland, A. S. Gifford, G. D. Phillips, L. Freeman, C. G. Rexford, H. D. Eastman, J. H. Thomas, A. Campbell, E. J. Byington, A. Smith, W. O. Frost, R. G. Tumbling, B. F. Peck, M. Hutchinson, S. Eaton, D. B. Abell, W. Burgit, E. A. Tinkham, H. E. Smith, S. Adamson, J. Bentley, J. F. Abbott, J. B. Wheeler, T. Evans, J. E. Cook, J. S. M. Wilcox, E. Bixby, E. C. Bliss, O. M. Tyler, H. Halsey, W. Carson, H. T. Kennedy, E. W. True, H. F. Merrell, B. Lyon, R. D. Dickinson, A. Moore, W. Hook, Jr., A. H. Savage, L. F. Kirk, A. F. Houpt, S. N. Holmes, W. Benedict, J. La Du, E. Shaw, N. M. Carpenter, A. Franklin, W. A. Hart, H. D. Benjamin, Dept. P. M. Pavilion, J. Borst, G. Graves, W. M. Boltwood, R. B. Williams, D. Seaver, W. D. Smith, R. Holland, R. Staring, J. Sabin, J. Van Antwerp, R. Fulton, H. Hobart, E. M. Foot, J. A. Wakeman, N. K. Cole, M. Eames, J. Chapman, H. Crandall, L. C. Murdock, P. A. Taylor, D. Watrous, L. Couch, J. H. Mesick, Gaylord & Hallett, H. L. White. [The bound volumes are now ready, and will be forwarded as ordered by persons entitled.]

IN this connection, we invite the special attention of the RURAL's agents and active friends in Pennsylvania, Ohio and other Western States, and Canada West, to the liberal *State and Provincial Premiums* enumerated below—and to note that *all other Premiums* are open to their competition!—Western and Canadian friends, who have heretofore been surpassed by Western New York agents, will please observe that they are substantially remembered this year, and govern themselves accordingly by advancing to the front rank of the RURAL column. *It is not too late* to commence new clubs and compete for these unprecedented Premiums,—and we shall be able to furnish back numbers to all new subscribers for some weeks.

$800 IN STATE PREMIUMS!

As most of our General Premiums have heretofore been won by persons in the State of New York, thus precluding Agents and friends at a distance from successful competition, we have concluded to offer $800 *in State and Provincial Prizes*, viz: **One Hundred Dollars** for the FOUR LARGEST LISTS from EACH of the States of PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, IOWA, and the Province of CANADA WEST, divided as follows:

Fifty Dollars, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER from *each* of the above named States and Canada West, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1857.

Twenty-Five Dollars for the next largest list as above.

Fifteen Dollars for the next largest list.

Ten Dollars for the next largest list.

☞ Competitors for the State and Provincial Premiums, *can also compete for the large General and Specific Prizes*, enumerated on next page. Comment upon the unprecedented liberality and advantages of this list is unnecessary.

COLD WEATHER.—With the exception of the "cold term" of Feb. 5th to 8th, 1855, the one which commenced on Sunday morning last, (18th inst.,) and from which we are now emerging, is the most severe experienced in this locality for many years. The following paragraph from Prof. DEWEY, includes the comparative facts and figures:

Except the severe cold of Feb., 1855, when the mercury fell to 25 degrees below cypher, the cold of last Sabbath, Dec. 18, is the greatest known here in the twenty past years. The thermometer in some of the earlier of these twenty years did not fall even to zero during the winter, and rarely to 5 or 6 degrees below zero. But on the morning just noticed, the temperature fell from 12 to 22 degrees below zero, in different localities in and near the city. My staudard thermometer was at—16° before and after 7; at—14° at 8; —8° at 9¼; —4° at 10¼;—1° at 1 P. M.; +1° at 1½;—1° at 2;—3° at 4½; —5° at 5¼;—3° at 7, and at 4 above at 7 on Monday morning. The papers show a severe cold on every side.—C. D.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—The case of the contested seat in the 3d District, Mr. Barr, contestant, addressed the Senate in support of the petition and urged that the demurrer put in by Mr. Sickles, finally closed, strongly asserted that gross irregularities had actually taken place in the canvass, and attacked the argument and testimony offered by Mr. Sickles. He charged that the police of the 6th ward had assisted in these irregularities.

Mr. Noxon moved preamble and resolutions to the effect that the committee having reported, with the understanding that the case was to be finally adjudicated on demurrer, and it appearing proper that the testimony should be taken therefore,

Resolved, That the Report be referred back with instructions to take the testimony and report finally on the 27th of January.

Mr. Cuyler moved to the preamble, the word "properly," so as to make it read "that the committee had properly reported," &c.

The amendment was accepted.

Mr. Bradford offered as an addition, that the final vote be taken on the 27th of January, at noon.—The amendment was accepted.

Mr. Madden called for ayes and nays on the resolution to admit testimony, being in fact, the decision of this present issue in favor of Mr. Sickles, was then adopted.

Gov. King sent in a communication received by him from the Governor of New Jersey, complaining of violation of agreements between the two States, of the anchorage of infected vessels bound to the port of New York, on waters within the jurisdiction of the State of New Jersey.

ASSEMBLY.—Bills authorizing Syracuse to raise money to pay outstanding debts by tax, was read and passed.

The Attorney General sent in a communication in response to a resolution adopted a few days since, informing the House of the condition of all suits against contractors, all the bonds in the office proceeded against, and the suits, with few exceptions, are noticed for trial.

Mr. Hogeboom's resolution, calling for information from the Attorney General as to the parts of the Maine and old excise laws in force, was called up and adopted.

The Appropriation bill of 1856 was read the third time and passed.

On motion, Mr. Wood's bill amending Buffalo charter, was taken from Erie county delegates and referred to committee on cities and villages.

On motion of Mr. Leavenworth, Cisco Educational Society bill was moved back to the committee of the whole.

Mr. Hogeboom introduced a resolution calling for the Attorney General's opinion as to what portion of the Maine law and old license laws are now in force. Laid over.

ABOUT ADVERTISING IN THE RURAL.—For the information of all interested, our advertising terms are published in every number, and usually in two places—on 7th and 8th pages. Those, therefore, who desire to avail themselves of the great advantages of the RURAL as an advertising medium, are referred to said terms, (from which we cannot deviate,) and requested to decide as to the propriety of the investment—without uselessly expending time and stationery in asking us what we will charge, if we cannot make a deduction from published rates, &c. We usually have more advertisements than we can give in the limited space devoted thereto, and refuse more than we solicit; hence have no occasion, even if we had time and patience, to make estimates and answer inquiries. Every person who is in earnest should figure for himself, and remit accordingly—remembering that all transient advertisements must be accompanied with the money to secure insertion. If more money is received than is necessary, the balance will be promptly returned.

—It is perhaps unnecessary to add that, at its present rates, and with its large and rapidly increasing circulation, the RURAL NEW-YORKER is the cheapest and best advertising medium of its class in the world.

INDIAN FIGHT.—A party of Indians, seventy men, with their women and children, who had encamped at Teekelet, Puget's Sound, Washington Territory, and had committed various depretations upon white settlers, were attacked by a company of twenty-two U. S. soldiers, under Lt. Simms, and routed. The Indians came ashore in the evening, and made an attack on the soldiers, but were driven off. The Indians lost 22 killed and 21 wounded, the soldiers 1 killed and 1 wounded.—Subsequently, the Indians were surrounded, and taken to the English possessions, where they belonged.

CANAL LOAN.—The new Canal Loan of $1,000,000 was taken up at an average of $114 54 per $100. The loan of October last was taken at $113 71. The following were the successful bidders:—P. Perrett, R. P. Seamans, Savings Bank, $350,000, at $115. J. C. Green, for the N. Y. Savings Bank, $350,000 at $114 50. Rufus H. King, of Albany, $280,000 at $114 03. Conkling Brush, of Brooklyn, at $114 20, $5,000 at $114 60 and $5,000 at $115. Warren Newton, of Norwich, $5,000 at $114 25.

HISTORICAL.—January has been quite an important month in American History. The Stamp Act was passed by the British Parliament January 10, 1765. The battle of Princeton was fought January 3, 1777. The battle of Cowpens occurred January 16, 1778. The cessation of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States were agreed upon in January, 1783. The battle of New Orleans was fought January 8, 1815.

SALT.—The whole amount of salt inspected on the Onondaga Springs Reservation, during the year 1856, is 5,968,810 bushels. This falls 120,000 bushels short of 1855. The Superintendent's balance sheet shows:

Cash received, 1856,	$59,946 44
Expenditures, "	50,255 65
Surplus revenue,	$9,690 79

OSWEGO HARBOR COMPANY.—A bill has been introduced in the Assembly for the incorporation of the Oswego Harbor Company, for the purpose of constructing a harbor, by the erection of one or more piers or docks, in Oswego. The capital stock to be $300,000, to be increased to $500,000.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—On motion of Mr. Seward, a copy of the proceedings of yesterday, declaring Mr. Harlan not entitled to a seat, were ordered to be sent to the Governor of Iowa.

The Senate passed the House bill, making appropriations for the support of the Military Academy.

There was a long debate in the Senate on the House bill for the relief of Mary Reesive, proposing to pay her about $180,000, being a balance due from the government to her late husband for services for carrying the mails, with interest from December, 1841. The case has been before Congress for 12 or 15 years, and was favorably reported on by the Committee on Claims. The bill passed by a vote of 28 to 25, after an amendment striking out the allowance for interest.

Mr. Seward, from the committee, reported a bill for the protection of steamboats from damage or destruction by fire. Among other things it provides that all wood work shall be removed a certain distance from the boiler. The state and other rooms to be protected by iron, and flames to be extinguished by steam and other appliances, to be worked by machinery, outside the fire-room.

Sixteen private bills were passed, when the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr. Morgan offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Commerce to report what additional means are necessary to prevent loss of life from shipwreck on the Long Island and New Jersey coast.

Mr. Raymond, editor of the New York Times, was examined to-day before the House Committee, to investigate into the alleged corruption.

Mr. Kelsey, rising to a question of privilege, offered a preamble setting forth that Joseph L. Chester had been duly summoned before the Corruption Investigating Committee, and has neglected to appear, and concluding with a resolution, that the speaker issue a warrant directed to the Sergeat-at-Arms, commanding him to take into custody the body of the said Chester, wherever found, and the same forthwith bring to the bar of the House to answer for contempt of its authority. Passed nearly unanimously.

The House passed the Senate bill relative to foreign coin. It provides that 1-4, 1-8 and 1-16 pieces, shall be received by the federal officers at 20, 10 and 5 cents, but not again paid out. The new cent to consist of 88 parts copper and 8 nickel.

The Superintendent of Public Printing has requested the House Committee on Ways and Means to report an appropriation of nearly $247,000 as a deficiency to print the printing ordered during the first session of the present Congress.

The House tabled the Senate bill allowing fishing bounties to six vessels which had failed to complete their cargoes.

On motion of Mr. Greenwood, a resolution was adopted, calling on the President for a complete list of persons charged with the disbursement of public money, also a list of all those who have failed for more than 12 months to settle their accounts, and the reasons for the neglect.

Items of News.

THE New York Mirror says it is estimated that one of "our rich men" (Wm. B. Astor) has now a "regular income" of $3,000 a day; or about 1,000,000 a year.

RECENTLY a gentleman of New Smyrnia, Florida, arrived at Charleston, S. C., with 20,000 oranges, which he disposed of at $40 per thousand. They were raised from an orchard only four years old.

THE annual statement of railways in the Union, makes the total number of miles of railway 24,132, being an increase of 3,434 over the preceding year.

CLARK MILLS, the sculptor, is on a visit to his friends in Courtland county. He formerly drove a horse about a circle, propelling the machine in a brick yard.

THE House committee of patents have agreed upon a unanimous report against the extension of the Woodworth patent. This buries the case beyond resurrection.

THE Cincinnati Gazette of the 9th inst. says the ice bridge over the Ohio was completed on the 8th—a year within a day of the time of its becoming passable last year.

THE Philadelphians are projecting a new park. Two gentlemen have already given $10,000 each; and various sums, varying from $5,000 to $500, have been pledged to the movement.

THE Indians in the Southern part of California are in a distressed condition, on account of the failure of the acorn crop, and the extreme dryness of the streams, which prevents their obtaining a supply of fish.

IT is said that Dr. Kane's disease is inflammatory rheumatism, contracted on his first Arctic voyage, and from which he suffered greatly all through his second expedition. The disease has now attacked the heart, and threatens his life seriously. His mother and brother have gone to him in Cuba.

DANGEROUS ILLNESS OF HON. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.—We learn by telegraph that Mr. Giddings, while earnestly engaged in discussing a private bill in the House, on the 17th inst., was seen to put his hand to his head and fall into his seat, being seized with atrophy of the heart. The members and spectators were at once thrown into a high state of alarm, the Speaker and numerous Representatives crying out to those who pressed around him to stand back and give him air. Amid the excitement, an adjournment ensued. Mr. Giddings was removed to the lobby, where he was attended by several members who are physicians. It was some minutes before he could be restored to consciousness. He evidently suffered intensely. He was carried to a sofa in the Speaker's room, and several city physicians summoned to attend him, and have every attention bestowed on him. His condition is considered extremely critical.

ELECTION OF U. S. SENATORS.—The Massachusetts Legislature re-elected CHAS. SUMNER. Pennsylvania chose SIMEON CAMERON. The Missouri Legislature elected JOS. S. GREEN, for the short term, and Hon. J. POLK for the long term. Hon. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER has been elected from the State of Michigan—time, six years.

Literary Notices.

MEMOIRS OF WASHINGTON. By Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND. With illustrations. New York: Appleton & Co.

Here is an attractive and readable volume of over 500 pages, eminently adapted to the instruction and entertainment of the young—and numerous as are the biographies of the "Father of his Country," this Memoir will prove useful and acceptable. In noticing this volume, a contemporary says:—"Mrs. Kirkland is widely and most favorably known, both as a graceful contributor to our own literature, and as an accomplished instructress in the literature and history of the mother country. The talent which she so well employs for the literary culture of those who are privileged to attend her classes, is used in this volume to interest a wider circle in him who was the *moral*, as well as the military, hero of the Revolution. Mrs. Kirkland portrays Washington at home, in private and social life, rather than in the camp and the cabinet, and she has produced a picture eminently attractive for youth." Sold by DEWEY.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS A SLAVE, AND FORTY YEARS A FREEMAN; embracing a Correspondence of several years, while President of Wilberforce Colony, London, Canada West. By AUSTIN STEWARD. Rochester, N. Y.: William Alling—1857.

The life of Mr. STEWARD has been an eventful one. He was born in Prince William Co., Va., where the days of his boyhood were passed. His master sold his property in that State, and with a reserved portion of his slaves moved to New York, and settled in the vicinity of Bath, Steuben Co. While at Bath his master hired him out, and as the laws of the State gave freedom to any bondman thus placed, Mr. S. obtained his liberty. In the year 1817 he commenced business in this city—and many of the citizens can testify to his high personal, moral and christian character. Mr. S. remained in Rochester until 1831, and had amassed a competence, when he was induced to become the head of an organization for the purpose of settling in Canada and founding the Wilberforce Colony, but the scheme falling through, in 1837 he returned, having lost everything he possessed, and furthermore, had become involved in difficulties which required years of after labor to settle. The book is plainly written, but as a record of facts and experiences will recommend itself to all. Sold by the author and booksellers.

MILLEDULCIA: A Thousand Pleasant Things. Selected from Notes and Queries. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—1857.

This is a rich and entertaining volume, comprising "a thousand pleasant things" of interest not only to literary men, antiquarians, &c., but to general readers. As regards the origin, history, etc., of numerous phrases, extracts, and debated literary topics, it is lucid and instructive—and therefore a capital work of reference when one is in a dilemma and desires light on obscure and questionable points. The volume is executed in the best style, comprises 416 pages, and should find a place in every respectable library. DEWEY.

THOSE in want of a neat article in the shape of a Diary for 1857, can obtain the same at the publishing house of DARROW & BRO. They have eight varieties, in fifteen different styles of binding.

From Nicaragua.

ADVICES from San Juan Del Sur are to the 27th. No tidings had been received of Walker for some days previous. Scott had quarreled with him and stopped running his boats, and Walker had seized them for his own use—all the steamers on the lake and river.

A letter from Grenada of Dec. 1st states that the church of Gandaloupe was still held by 200 Yankees, who refused to render aid under the summons of Gen. Dalleso. They were to be attacked immediately, after which, the allied army were to proceed to operate with General Nucos against San Juan and Virgin Bay. The loss of the filibusters since the 24th of November had been 300; that of the allies smaller.

Private letters state that the Indians at Omete had risen against Walker and killed 25 of his men. Walker had attempted to take Grenada, but was repulsed.

LATER.—Advices had been received that Walker had arrived within one league of Rivas and was preparing for an attack against 600 men. A few skirmishes had taken place between the advanced guard. Walker's men are said to be badly off, with scarcely anything to eat, and dying from dysentery. A few hundred men at the church of Guadaloupe, Grenada, were destitute of food, and were subsisting on their horses. They nevertheless obstinately refused the quarter offered.

Arrival of the Texas.

THE steamship Texas, from San Juan, Nicaragua, arrived at New Orleans on the 16th inst. The Purser reports that the Costa Ricans, protected by the English fleet, had seized every steamboat on the San Juan river. The steamer San Carlos left Virgin Bay on the 3d January, but was captured by the Costa Ricans soon after she got into the river.

Col. Lockridge, with 250 men, had possession of Punta Arenas, but the Costa Rican force of 1,000 men held every other point on the river. It is confirmed that Gen. Henningsen had beaten the allies at Grenada and joined Walker at Rivas.—Walker's army is represented to have been in good spirits, and never more confident of success, while the allies were fighting among themselves.

The steamer Adger, with the passengers which she took from the Tennessee at Norfolk, arrived at San Juan on the 9th inst., but in consequence of the difficulties on the Transit route she sailed next morning for Aspinwall to forward her passengers by the Panama route.

HAVANA NEWS.—Havana papers of January 7th, contain full details of the recent storm in the gulf. The steamer Iturbide was at anchor off Vera Cruz when wrecked—89 of her crew were lost—17 saved by floating ashore on pieces of the wreck. The brig New Fane, a New York packet, was a total wreck—crew saved. The steamer Calhoun was driven off, but subsequently reached Alvarado.—The steamer Montezuma was wrecked, and nearly all on board perished. The steamer Daniel Webster was driven ashore. Several foreign vessels were wrecked near Vera Cruz.

A party of Mexicans had arrived at Havana, to take possession of the runaway steamer, but her former commander and crew refused to surrender her.

Mark Chauncey, an American sailor and ringleader at the Isle of Pines, it was thought would suffer death for his conspiracy.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS.—New Orleans papers of Tuesday week are received, with advices from the city of Mexico. Matters there are quiet. Gen. Alvarez had declared his intention of supporting the government of Comonfort, as the only one likely to restore peace to Mexico. An engagement had taken place at Orizlba, between the government and a revolutionary force—the latter were defeated with loss of artillery, &c. Advices from Tampa Bay state that Gen. Harney was dispatching troops to various points.

FAILURES.—The N. Y. *Day Book* gives a list of the failures in the various States of the Union during the past year. New York heads the list with 708. Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, Virginia follow, the first with 241, and the last with 147. No other State has a hundred, and but one sums up her number in a single failure.

News Clippings.

—The school fund of Indiana amounts to $4,912,012.

—The number of deaths in Chicago in 1856 was 1,950.

—There are now eighteen Presidents of nations in the world.

—Fifteen negroes have been killed by their owners, in Perry, Georgia.

—It is rumored that Lowell, Mass., can turn out ten miles of beauty.

—The whole area of the State of Ohio is set down at 25,576,960 acres.

—Robert Nichols, ex-United States Senator from La., died on the 7th inst.

—Snow fell at Natchez, Mississippi, recently, to the depth of four inches.

—The criminals in the United States cost nineteen million dollars annually.

—It is said that in Paris, Me., there has not been a death for more than a year.

—There are five hundred and fifty-nine newspapers in the State of New York.

—There are upwards of one hundred thousand Germans in the city of New York.

—The Delaware Indians have sold lands in Kansas to the amount of $1,000,000.

—The thermometer stood ten degrees below zero at Nebraska City on the 5th inst.

—It is stated that there are now in the port of Oswego 101 vessels of various kinds.

—B. B. Mussey, a well-known publisher of Boston, died in that city on the 12th inst.

—Scarlet fever is prevailing in Huron county, Ohio. It is very fatal among the children.

—The Montreal and Bytown Railroad was sold to Mr. Abbott on the 12th inst., for £5,200.

—A French paper, entitled *Le Journal de L'Illinois*, is soon to be published in Kankakee, Ill.

—The Hindoos, in large numbers, are petitioning their government to abolish polygamy by law.

—The Illinois river is navigable 296 miles in high water, and more than 50 steamboats ply upon it.

—Sheriff Jones, of Douglas county, Kansas, has resigned on account of difficulty with Gov. Geary.

—The practice of selling free negroes to pay jail fees, has been abandoned in the District of Columbia.

—About $426,000,000 worth of gold has been found and brought from California since 1849. Who has it all?

—The Fremont grant in California has been assessed at one million dollars—taxes, seventeen thousand dollars.

—The number of blind persons in Japan is said to be enormous. In Jeddo, alone, 30,000 is the computation.

—The value of the imports of coffee is $16,000,000 annually, or one seventh of all the imports of the country.

—A letter from Gov. Geary to a friend in Washington City, D. C., estimates the population of Kansas at 25,000.

—Latest dates from Texas, report that the negroes in Houston county had attempted to revolt, but were quelled.

—Judge Drummond, in Utah, has charged the grand jury to take action at once and decidedly against polygamy.

—The Toronto Globe strongly advocates the prosecution of ship-building as a regular branch of business in Toronto.

—It is estimated that the coal product of Pennsylvania for the year 1856 will be six and a half to seven millions of tuns.

—John Bickel, Postmaster of Jamestown, Lebanon Co., Pa., has held the trust of Postmaster of that town for fifty years.

—In Belleville, Iowa, on the 5th inst., the thermometer stood 21 degrees below zero, being the coldest day of the season.

—The South is hailing the appearance of a "Reply to Dred," in a novel entitled "Tit for Tat," by a lady of New Orleans.

—The Hudson river is now frozen over as far down as Peekskill, and at Albany heavily laden sleighs cross without fear

—The whole number of deaths in the city of Providence, during the year 1856, was 1,065—an increase of 74 over the year 1855.

—The Toronto Leader (ministerial) says that Parliament will meet for the despatch of business on the 26th of February.

—During the past four years the sum of $4,564,840 40 has been paid in liquidation of the public debt of the State of Illinois.

—The indications are that the bill to increase the pay of the Army officers will pass both Houses of Congress at this session.

—One of the London newspapers is astonished to learn that Kentucky, though a slave State, went for Fremont at the late election.

—The Austrian government are about despatching one of their vessels, the "Novara," for a scientific expedition around the globe.

—The "needle gun," a late invention by Mr. C. D. Schubarth, of Connecticut, can be loaded and fired in six seconds, by the watch.

—Hon. Samuel Custis, Judge of the U. S. District Court of Vermont, and for many years U. S. Senator, died at Montpelier last week.

—Alexander Buchanan and Beaver Buchanan, second cousins to the President elect, died very suddenly in Fintonia, Ireland, recently.

—The sale of lands by the Illinois Central Railroad Co. during the first week of December reached $113,700, an average of $15 50 per acre.

—The oldest church in America is said to be in Virginia. It is built of timber imported from England during the reign of Charles the 1st.

—Dr. John King, an old resident of Toronto, and formerly of the Faculty of King's College, died in that city on the 5th inst., aged 53.

—The London *Christian Witness* compiles a statement, from which it appears that the total number of Protestants in the world is 88,250,000.

—Col. Reah Frazer, formerly a distinguished member of the bar in Lancaster county, Pa., died at the Insane Asylum near Harrisburg, last week.

—There were 404 students in the State University of Michigan last year, of which one hundred and fifty-three were in the medical department.

—The boot, shoe and leather trade of the city of Boston, have subscribed the sum of $20,000 to the stock of the New England Emigrant Aid Company.

—Three hundred recruits were sent from Governor's Island on the 6th inst., to re-enforce the command of Gen. Harney, and enable him to close the Florida war.

—During last month, the coinage at the U. S. mint in Philadelphia amounted to $424,535 28, of which $240,529 72 was gold, $172,000 silver, and $2,005 56 copper.

—During the past year Prescott, the historian, has received $20,000 from his literary labors. That is more than Gen. Walker has made with his sword in Nicaragua.

—The Chicago and Alton railroad, and all its fixtures, including $2,000,000 subscriptions, was recently sold at auction for $5,000, Gov. Matteson being the purchaser.

—The Boston Post says that a large-hearted gentleman has contributed $5,000 toward liquidating the debt of the Am. Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

—The Racine (Wisconsin) Advocate states that recently a Danish Baptist Church of twenty members was formed at that place, and one of their number set apart as pastor.

—Mrs. Eleanor Hanna, aged 112, died in New York a few days ago. J. McDonald died at Port Stanley, C. W., on the 23d ult., aged 104. His wife, aged 100, still survives.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the City of Washington.

THE screw steamer City of Washington arrived at New York on the 17th inst. She left Liverpool on the 21st ult.. Her dates are four days later.—Her news is highly important.

Intelligence had unexpectedly been received from China, that on the 24th October, the British fleet under Admiral Seymour, commenced bombarding the city of Canton. The bombardment had continued two days, and it was reported that the city walls had been breached and the Bogue ports taken. Commerce was completely paralyzed, and on the British merchant a considerable advance in Teas, equal to 1½d per lb. had taken place.

The collision at Canton was owing to the seizure of twelve British seamen on board a vessel in the river. The British Consul remonstrated and was insulted and threatened violence. The matter was put in the hands of Admiral Seymour. The government rejecting Seymour's demand for satisfaction, a fire opened on the 27th on the city walls and Governor's palace. The walls were stormed and breached on the 29th, and t e troops penetrated to the palace, but were withdrawn in the evening. British had three killed and twelve wounded. Attemps at negotiations continued. The city was bombarded on the 3d and 4th of November, and on the 26th, 23 war junks were destroyed by a British steamer. Further time was given, but the Chinese remained obstinate. The Bogue forts were captured. The foreign factories were vacated—property to a large amount burnt—commerce paralyzed.

Prussia and Switzerland continue their preparations for war, but the recent intelligence was favorable. The demands of Prussia are diminishing, and it is reported that Napoleon has made a conciliating offer of an arrangement to the federal authority. The Prussian journal says:—The American government offered to loan $20,000,000 in case of need, while Austria struggles to protest against war. The federal Assembly met at Birne on the 27th. The Prince made a warlike speech. The council asked leave to exert all necessary measures for defence, for unlimited credit, and permission to make a loan for 30,000,000 francs. Wirtemberg shows a protest against the passage of Prussian troops across that territory. The first troops passed through Birne on the 22d on their way to Belize. Fifteen thousand were en route to Rheinfelder Siosta, and the same number to Schaffhansen.

It is said that Count Kirdleff, Prussian Ambassador at Paris, has formally agreed to the Bessarabian frontier as proposed by the allies.

The London Observer (government journal,) says arrangements have been made for full diplomatic relations with the United States, and that the Minister will probably arrive at Washington before the 4th of March.

There are rumors in France that 1,800 of the Swiss residents of Paris had demanded passports for home.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS, December 30.—Richardson, Spence & Co. report as follows on breadstuffs:—Fur wheat, holders were demanding an advance which checked business.—White is called 9s3d@10s per bushel; red 8s6d@9s2d. Flour quiet; Western Canal 32s@33s; Ohio 35s@36s. Corn stirring at 35s6d for yellow and mixed, and 35@36 for white.

Messrs. James, McHenry & Co.'s circular says:—Provisions—We have no transactions in bacon sufficiently large to establish the value of new. The nearest quotation is 54s. Shoulders and hams are not in moderate request. Cheese unchanged. Stock small but equal to the demand. Beef—Old, 70s@100s per tce; Pork—Old, 60s@65s per bbl. Shoulders—30s@32s per cwt. Lard has become suddenly dull, and a decline of 4s@5s. It cannot be quoted over 74s, and buyers shy, anticipating a further decline.

Arrival of the America.

THE royal mail steamship America Capt. Byrie, arrived at Halifax on the 19th inst.

The news from China is fully confirmed by the overland mail to England. The Americans were also engaged in hostilities against the Chinese,—the U. S. ship Porstmouth having destroyed a fort in consequence of an insult offered to the American flag.

The Congress of Paris had re-assembled, and was progressing satisfactorily. The Pruze-Swiss difficulty was clearing up, and it was confidently hoped that matters would be adjusted without resort to arms.

Nothing concerning the Persian expedition had reached Bombay, but re-inforcements were to be forwarded immediately. Dost Mahomed was busy with warlike movements. He asks of England the restoration of Peshawur.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Geo. Law.

THE Steamer Geo. Law arrived at New York on the 15th inst. She brings California dates of December 20th, and upwards of $1,500,000 in gold.

The steamer Siera Nevada left San Francisco on the 20th for San Juan, with a large number of recruits for Walker.

The Supreme Court of California has declared the entire State debt unconstitutional, excepting $300,000, and recommends the adoption of the debt by the Legislature and that the question of repudiation be submitted to the people. No transfer of stock has been made since the decision.—The people are opposed to repudiation, and meetings have been called in various parts of the State to give expression to the public opinion. At a meeting held in San Francisco, resolutions were passed pledging the redemption of the debt by the people. The amount is over $3,000,000. The Court also decided that 1 500,000 scrip issued by the old corporation for street assessments, was illegal. The Court had likewise decided a suit brought by a purchaser of city slip property for the recovery of money paid to the city — the sale having been since declared illegal. The decision is, that although the sale was illegal, and therefore the title reverts to the city, yet the purchase money must be recovered from the Land Commissioners who made the illegal sale. The amount is $1,200-000. The Court also decided that the city is not responsible for $375,000 for a lot purchased by county buildings. The Court sustains the seizure of the Fremont Mariposa lot for taxes, and the estate will be sold unless the taxes are paid.

The mining news is favorable. Markets dull.

Oregon dates are to the 11th of December. The Legislature organized on the 1st. L. F. Grover was elected Speaker.

A battle was fought on 21st November, at Puget Sound, between the Northen Indians and U. S. steamer Massachusetts. Twenty-seven Indians were killed and 21 wounded. The remainder surrendered. But one of the steamer's men was killed.

At San Francisco, Jose Z. Lymantour has been arrested for an attempt to defrand the United States of lands in the city, by means of forged papers and perjury.

A revolution in Peru is progressing. Gen. Vivanco, the leader of the movement had been received with enthusiasm at various points. The town of Arica was attacked Nov. 24th by the insurgent steamers Loa and Acnpulco.

EXHIBITING THIEVES.—The New Orleans Chief of Police has adopted the plan of affixing placards upon the breasts and backs of notorious thieves, burglars and pickpockets, on which is printed, in large letters, the nature of the offence for which they have been convicted. They are then marched through the streets, and made a public exhibition.

Financial Affairs.

MONEY MATTERS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PANIC AMONG THE BANKS.—In the first number of the current volume of the RURAL we stated that "trouble might be expected among institutions incorporated for the issue of bank paper" and premonitions of the coming storm are now distinctly perceptible. Under the circumstances we can only advise ruralists to "stand from under" and, by having no connection with these inflated concerns, they will not be involved in their downfall—The repudiation of the "State Debt" by California will doubtless affect a large number of banks throughout the country, as a considerable portion of the securities deposited by them were in bonds of that State.

The following banks have been discredited both in New York city and Chicago:—People's Bank, Carmi; Stock Security Bank, Danville; Rushville Bank, and Prairie State Bank. All these are in Illinois. The Stock Security bank was partially secured by the repudiated bonds. The others are owned by the Gramercy Bank of Ill. Their total circulation is $825,000, and securities $900,000 in the bonds of Missouri, Louisiana, Virginia, California and Tennessee.

Money circulars received in Buffalo on the 16th inst., say that the Gramercy Bank, of Lafayette, Ind., has suspended.

SUPPLY OF GOLD AT SAN FRANCISCO, SILVER FOR CHINA, AND THE MONEY MARKET.—The San Francisco *Bulletin* of Dec. 18th, by the steamer George Law, has the following:

The receipts of dust from the country, during the past fortnight, have been very light. The deposits at the mint, from the 1st to the 15th instant, inclusive, were only 19,553 ounces, and Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co. tell us that the amounts brought down by their messengers, nightly, during the past two weeks, have been smaller than in any similar period for many months past.

The demand for bars by this steamer is very active, and in excess of the supply. We hear that a list of $80,000, of an average of 910 fineness, was sold at par; and for smaller amounts, of 900 fine, ½ per cent. premium has been paid. A large amount of coin will, doubtless, be shipped by the steamer, in consequence of the short supply of bars.

There have been large imports of specie from Mexico during the fortnight, the bulk of which, however, is for shipment to China. We understand that for the future a large proportion of the silver which has heretofore reached China via. England will now be sent by way of San Francisco, as being the most direct and shortest route, and involving the smallest cost of freight. We quote:

Bullion.

Gold bars, under 900, par a ¼ premium.
Gold bars, over 900, par.
Mexican dollars, 12½ premium.
Mexican doubloons, scarce, $16 50@16 80.
Patriot doubloons, scarce, $16@16 50.
Silver bars, 10 premium.
Sovereigns, $7@—.

The demand for money accommodations during the fortnight has been upon the increase, and is probably as active just now as it has been at any former period within the year. There has been a growing pressure to financial matters ever since the miners were forced to give over river mining for the season, whence a decreased product of gold was at once discoverable and we look for no improved state of affairs until there shall more rain fall, accompanied with mild weather, which will melt the snow upon the mountain sides and fill the ditches and small streams.

We cannot note any change in the rates of interest. The range is 1½@2 ℘ cent, according to the nature of security offered. Plenty of money can be obtained at long time at 1½ ℘ cent. upon real estate where the title is beyond suspicion; upon merchandise the range is 2@3 ℘ cent., according to perishability.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.—We find cautious against three new counterfeits, recently put into circulation: First, $5 notes on the Freehold Banking Company, N. J.; vignette—Indians and cars; Indian Princess leaning on a rock on the left; female and anchor on the right—unlike genuine. Also, bills on the Burlington County Bank, altered from 1s; male portrait in upper left corner; boy and rabbits in lower right corner, and eagle in lower centre. The third is a spurious $5 bill, purporting to be of the York County (Penn.) Bank. It is faithfully copied from the genuine, but the engraving, especially in the medallion vignette in the left lower corner, is very badly executed. The paper, too, is of an inferior quality, and it is not likely to deceive any except the careless and unwary. A dangerous counterfeit, in the shape of a five dollar bill, on the Mercantile Bank, Hartford, Conn., has made its appearance. Counterfeit ones on the Commercial Bank of Indiana, are in circulation. No descriptions given of the last two.

THE N. Y. *Tribune* says—"The danger of photographic counterfeits, it appears, is not confined to bank notes. A small check on one of the largest Wall-st. Banks was prepared as a test, and upon presentation, was paid without hesitation by the teller. It was absolutely a perfect fac-simile. The party presenting it, afterward reclaimed the check and returned the money. Banks cannot be too careful of these photograph counterfeits, and should require their dealers to use two-colored checks, one color to be blue, which cannot be photographed."

TEN DOLLAR COUNTERFEITS on the Commercial Bank of Midland District, C. W., have re-appeared. They are marvellously well made, and deceive judges of money, unless great care is exercised.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, Jan. 22, 1857.

GRAIN AND FLOUR.—No change to note in price of Wheat and Flour. Barley is firm at $1,12½. Oats are 2½c better—rating 37½@40c.

PROVISIONS.—The tendency of Pork is still upward—being now quoted at $8@8,50. Hams have fallen off a little, 12@12½c being the rates. Chickens are le better.

HAY, best qualities, are $1 per ton better.

HIDES are advancing—see quotations.

Our market Report this week does not possess its usual variety—the railroads are suffering a blockade, and hence we are without anything definite from Albany or Buffalo.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	$18
Flour, bbl	$7,25@7,25	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,25@1,33	**FRUITS AND NUTS.**	
Best white Canada	$1,50@1,53	Apples, bushel	75c@$1,25
Corn	56c@62½c	Do. dried	$1@1,25
Oats	37½@40c	Potatoes	37½@62½c
Barley	—@1,12½	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Buckwheat	50c	Slaughter	7½@7½c
Beans	$1,00@1,25	Calf	12c
Peas	1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	75c@1,13
MEATS.		Lamb do	25@50c
Pork, Mess	$18,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$8,00@8,50	Clover, bushel	$6,75@7,00
Beef, per cwt	$5,00@6,00	Timothy	$3,00@3,50
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$1,50@5,00	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	12@12½c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	8@9c	Coal, Lehigh	$5@8,25
Chickens	8@9c	Do. Scranton	$6@7,25
Turkeys	9@10c	Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Geese	9c	Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	18@20c	Salt, bbl	$1,38
Do. firkin	18@20c	Hay, ton	$9@15
Cheese	8½@9½c	Wool, ℘ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	12½@13c	White fish, bbl	$5@10
Tallow	11@11½c	Codfish ℘ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Eggs, dozen	19@20c	Trout, bbl	$9

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 19.—FLOUR—Market has advanced 5@10c ℘ bbl. with a fair demand for export and home consumption, and some speculative inquiry. Sales small, however, on account of a severe snow storm which is now prevailing. Sales at $7,20@6,35 for common to choice and super State; $6,70@6,85 for extra do; $7,25@9,05 for common to choice and super Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Onio; $6,75@7,20 for extra Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, &c.; market closing buoyant.—Canada flour quiet.

GRAIN—Wheat market 1@2c better. Transactions limited, owing to the storm. Sales inferior white Southern at $1,68. Rye nominal at 85@92c. Barley quiet at $1,02@1,21. Corn better; sales mixed Western at 71@72c in store, closing firm at latter price. Oats better; sales at 49@50c for State; 51@52c for Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market firmer; sales at $19,87@20 for mess; $20,87@21 for new mess; $17,87@18 for prime. Dressed hogs advanced to 8½@9½c, with a good demand. Lard better; sales at 12½@13c, closing firm. Butter in demand at 17@22c for Ohio; 20@22c for State. Cheese firm at 10@10½c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN 14.—BEEVES—First quality 10½@11c; medium 9½@10c; ordinary 9@9½c; premium 12@12½c.

MILCH COWS—Almost any fair looking cow, with a calf, will sell at from $45@55; extra $70@75.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Average ℘ head $4,57.

VEAL CALVES, if good, are now in demand at 7@7½c and are scarce.

SWINE—First quality, corn fed, large size, live weight, 7@7½c; Second do. corn fed, live weight, 6½@6¾c for first quality, small size, fat and prime, for market butchers, none offered.

CAMBRIDGE, JAN. 14—At market 700 Cattle—about 725 Beeves, and 65 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8@8,50; first quality, $7,50@7,75; second quality, $6,50@7,00; third quality, $6,00@6,25; ordinary, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—None.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40, 50@60.

YEARLINGS—$18@22. Two Years Old—$25@30. Three Years Old—$32@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2500 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,75, 2,25, 4@5; extra and selections, $5,50, 6,00, 8@9.

HIDES—7¾@8¼c. ℘ lb. Tallow—8@8½c.

CALF SKINS—13@14c ℘ lb. Pelts—$1,50@1,75.

SWINE—Live none in market. Prices—dressed hogs, 9@10c. and sales quick. Shoats, wholesale, none.

BRIGHTON, JAN. 15.—At market 1000 Beeves, 75 Stores, 8 pairs Working Oxen, 69 Cows and Calves,, 2,000 Sheep and Lambs, 300 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,50; first quality, $7,75; second quality, $7,75; third quality, $6; ordinary $4,50.

HIDES—7¾@8½c. ℘ lb. Calf Skins 13@14c. ℘ lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75 each. Tallow—8@8½c. ℘ lb.

WORKING OXEN—$165, 172@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$21, 27, 29, 35, 40@45.

YEARLINGS—none. Two Years Old—$25@30. Three Years Old—$31@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $5, 6@9; In lots $1,50, 1,75, 2, 3@4.

SWINE—Shoats to peddle 7c; at retail 7½@8½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

THE New York *Tribune* of the 15th inst. has the following in reference to the condition of the Wool market in that city. It will be seen that this journal has changed its tone in reference to a tariff in this article—from a zealous advocate of "*High Protection*" it now goes the entire "*Free Trade* notion as regards wool. Our own ideas in reference to this measure have been frequently and explicitly given to the readers of the RURAL, but both sides ought to be heard:

The market at present is inactive, the small stock offering and the exorbitant prices asked deter manufacturers from purchasing beyond their most urgent wants. The time has now arrived when the consumption has overtaken the production; in fact, the production of Wool in this country has never been sufficient for the wants of manufacturers, nor is it probable it will be, so long as other agricultural products continue to sell at such high prices as have prevailed within the last few years. So long as wheat commands $1,80 and corn 75 cents ℘ bush., and other farm products similar high rates, it cannot be expected that farmers will devote much of their time to the raising of Wool, which is a less profitable business, owing chiefly to the length of time necessarily required in foddering Sheep during our long, and sometimes severe winters. Therefore, under these and other circumstances, notwithstanding the annual increase of population by immigration, and otherwise the production has not at all within late years, increased, but, on the contrary, decreased. What has been the result? Why, the producers of goods when they cannot obtain sufficient supplies of either domestic or foreign, have often been obliged to lessen the production, substitute Cotton, or stop the works, sometimes altogether, resulting often in serious loss not only to the owners, but to the community at large. In wearibles we do not suffer any serious loss, for our transatlantic friends are ready at all times to supply us with any quantity, yet, what is a nation without manufacturing. It may be rich in all mineral and agricultural productions, but so long as it has to depend on other countries for its supplies of manufactures, it is looked on by many as a colonial settlement, unable to produce the necessaries of life. It is high time that we should become an independent people in this respect, but so long as the Manufacturers continue to be cramped by an impost on wool, which works contrarily against their interest, so long must we remain dependent on England and other European countries for our supplies of goods. We trust that the present Congress of the United States will remove the duty from foreign wools coming here. Unless this is done, the production of goods will be sensibly diminished, and the effect will be seriously felt. The sales of native Fleece and Pulled Wools do not aggregate over 50,000 lbs., in lots, ranging from 50@55c. for super Fleece, and 60@65c. for selected do. Pulled No. 1 commands 50c.; super 42c.; extra country 47½@48c., and choice Saxony 52½@55c.—Foreign is in meager supply, and prices rule very firm; sales of washed Mediterranean and African at full prices.

We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ℘ lb	58@65
American Full-blood Merino	52@55
American ¾ and ½ Merino	44@48
American Native and ¼ do	34@37
Pulled Wool, extra Country	44@48
Pulled Wool, super	37@39
Pulled Wool, No. 1	32@35
California Fine, Unwashed	22@26
Do. Com. Unwashed	12@17
Peruvian, Washed	30@36
Valparaiso, Unwashed	14@15
South American, Cont. Washed	13@15
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	16@20
South American Unwashed	8@12
South American, Cordova, Washed	25@26
East India, Washed	26@28
African, Unwashed	9@18
African, Washed	18@30
Smyrna, Unwashed	14@17
Smyrna, Washed	24@28
Mexican, Unwashed	15@18

BOSTON, JAN. 15.—We have no figures as to amount of sales during past week but give range of prices as follows:

Prime Saxony Fleece, washed, ℘ lb., 55@57; Full Blood Merino, 50@55; Three-quarter do., 47@50; Half do., 45@47; Common, 40@45; Superfine, 42@47; Pulled Extra, 47@55; Do. No. 1, 40@42; Do. No. 2, 35@35; Smyrna Washed, 25@32.

CINCINNATI PORK MARKET—The *Gazette* of the 15th inst., remarks as follows in reference to the quantity of Pork in Cincinnati during the seasons of '54, '55, '56 and '57:

The quantity of Bacon (or box meat) going forward from the West, for shipment to England, is enormously large. The shipments from this place since the commencement of the season, to this date, add up 14,456 boxes, against 5,882 boxes the same time last season, showing an increase of over one hundred and fifty per cent. The receipts of hogs during the week, have been quite light. The packing season may now be considered closed, and with this issue of our paper, we discontinue the publication of the weekly receipts. We expect to be able to give the returns as furnished by each of the packing houses in our next number. The following shows the receipts for the week, the season, and, comparatively, the two previous seasons:

	Past week.	For the season.	Same time last season.	Same time in 1854.
From Kentucky	500	96,061	88,828	64,116
By River and Railroad	4,257	185,182	237,950	184,062
Through Toll Gates	3,600	32,509	19,545	46,180
Slaughtered at Plainville and vicinity	1,000	24,500	20,570	33,050
Totals	9,357	338,252	366,893	327,438

MARRIAGES.

AT Marengo, Jan. 7th, by Rev. W. H. Megie, Mr. THADDEUS O. BANNISTER, M. D., of Waterloo, and Miss HANNAH E. POUND, of the former place.

IN Barrington, Dec. 25th, by Rev. C. Graham, Mr. CHARLES B. LORD and Miss ELLEN CHANDLER, all of the same place.

Also, at the house of the bride's father, on New Year's eve, by the same, Mr. EMMIT SHEPARD, of Jonesville, Saratoga Co., N. Y., and Miss KATE LORD, of Barrington, Yates Co., N. Y.

IN Edinboro' Pa., on Christmas Eve, (24th ult.,) by Rev. N. M. Clute, of N. Y., Mr. HENRY W. CODINGTON, of Ill., and Miss JENNIE A., daughter of Abram Clute, Esq., formerly of Wyoming Co., N. Y.

IN Chicopee, Mass., Jan. 13th, Mr. E. C. CRITTENDEN, of this city, and Miss N. J. BULLEN, of the former place.

AT Chicopee, Mass., on the 15th inst., by Rev. W. Lincoln, CLIFTON C. GIFFORD, of this city, and MARIE J. BULLENS, of the former place.

IN this city, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. J. B. Shaw, Mr. McDOWELL DARROW, of Greece, and Miss AGNES WISEMAN.

DEATHS.

AT Greece, on the 17th inst., Mrs. MARY BROWN, wife of Robert H. Brown, aged 61 years.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World,—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

10,000 PEACH TREES OF SELECTED VARIETIES for Spring Sale, by C. F. WEAVER, of Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y 368w2

TRACY FEMALE INSTITUTE. THE NEXT QUARTER Will commence on Wednesday the 28th inst.
LUCILIA TRACY, Principal.

TO FARMERS—THE POUDRETTE MADE BY THE SUBscribers, is the *cheapest and best manure in the world for corn, &c.* A pamphlet will be sent (free) to any one sending their address to "The Lodi Manufacturing Company," 60 Cortlandt St., New York city. 368w17

PEACH TREES.

WE HAVE ON HAND, FOR SPRING SALES, A LARGE Stock, consisting of a few of the best varieties, which we offer as follows:
Yearling trees 1st size, $70 per 1,000.
Do. do. 2d size, 40 per 1,000.
For general stock of Nursery articles, see advertisements and Catalogues. ELLWANGER & BARRY,
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NOTE.—By a typographical error in the spring edition of our Wholesale Catalogue, Peach Trees were designated as "2 years old," instead of one as intended. E. & B.
January, 20, 1857.

SUMATRA GAME FOWLS.

FOUR PAIRS FOR SALE—BROODS OF MAY FIRST TO June 20th. Price from $2,50 to $5 the pair, according to age and size. Also one English game hen, past one year old, price $2. They are Raven-black, genuine, beautiful, and of best blood. D. ELY, 69 Fitzhugh St., Rochester, N. Y.
January 19, 1857.

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THIS MACHINE IS FAST GAINING FAVOR WITH THE public. One hundred of them have been sold, giving the most unqualified satisfaction. The subscriber has unlimited confidence in its utility and capacity, and warrants it to give satisfaction under any reasonable circumstances. Made of the best materials obtainable and of superior workmanship—it can be driven by any of the ordinary threshing horse powers. It has no cog gearing, and is not liable to get out of repair.
Descriptive circulars furnished gratis to all applicants.
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Jan. 19, 1857. Rochester, N. Y.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS AND CULTIVATOR ALMANAC, for 1857. Embellished with *One Hundred and Forty-two* Engravings, and containg *One Hundred and Forty-four* large duodecimo pages. By John J. Thomas, author of "The American Fruit Culturist," "Farm Implements," etc. Price 25 cents.
The REGISTER will be found to contain more Practical Information, interesting to every Country Resident, than can elsewhere be obtained at Four Times the Cost. Sent, pre-paid, by first mail, by LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Albany, N. Y.
Publishers of the "COUNTRY GENTLEMAN" and "THE CULTIVATOR"—specimen numbers of which are sent gratis to all applicants.
*** The "REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS" has now been published for three years. Nos. 1 and 11, for 1855 and 1856, are for sale at the same price, and are still as valuable as when they first appeared. The three together, sent for 75 cents, contain 450 engravings and 432 pages. 368w3

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CHINESE SUGAR CANE, AND SUGAR-MAKING.
ITS HISTORY, CULTURE AND ADAPTATION TO THE Soil, Climate, and Economy of the United States, with an account of various processes of Manufacturing SUGAR. Drawn from Authentic Sources, by CHARLES F. STANSBURY, A. M., late Commissioner at the Exhibition of the Industry of all nations, at London. Price 25 cents. Published by C. M. SAXTON & CO., 140 Fulton St., New York.
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GENUINE NORTHERN MUSCADINE GRAPE.

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We often grow in our Society, at Lebanon, hundreds of bushels of this grape in a season, six quarts of which will produce (as we make it) one gallon of pure wine. The fruit is worth from 18 to 25 cents per pound on the vine.
We now offer a few thousand large and vigorous roots of this Genuine Northern Muscadine Grape for spring planting. Our experience proves this to be one of the most profitable grapes for the Northern and Western States.
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PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY,
BY FRANCIS HALL & CO., NO. 46 PINE STREET, NEW York. The *New York Spectator* is the oldest newspaper published in the city of New York, and has always sustained its reputation as a judiciously edited
FAMILY NEWSPAPER
of the first class. Great care has always been and will continue to be taken to admit into its columns no matters which the most careful parent would wish to exclude from the knowledge of his home circle. At the same time its readers are kept well informed on all the
TOPICS OF THE DAY,
whether of domestic or foreign origin, and its arrangements in all the departments of newspaper enterprise are of the most efficient character. Its
PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE
from the principal European cities gives the most authentic accounts of all events of interest transpiring abroad, and its well arranged facilities for obtaining early information from every point of our own widely extended continent, are believed to be at least equal to those of any other newspaper in the Union.
THE PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS
are fully reported by competent and experienced correspondents, and brought down to the latest point at each publication, through the medium of the telegraph. Equal attention is paid to the proceedings of our own Legislature; and all the
PUBLIC DOCUMENTS
of general interest, both state and national are printed at large in its columns.
THE CITY DEPARTMENT
of the paper includes reports of all interesting occurrences in the great metropolis of the state, and its adjacent cities, excluding only such portions of the criminal records, as cannot be made public except at the risk of injury to the cause of morality and virtue.
THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT
will continue, as heretofore, to be full and comprehensive, including weekly an accurate wholesale price current and bank note table; daily reports of the produce markets and sales of the stock board, with remarks upon the state of the money market, and all matters pertaining thereto. The record of marine news, domestic and foreign, is more full than that of any other semi-weekly paper published in the city.
While the chief object of the New York Spectator is to furnish a reliable record of current events, it is also intended to be, in a measure, a reflex of the literature of the day. With that view, its
NOTICES OF BOOKS
include early and discriminating reviews of all the most valuable books issued from the press.
To give greater variety to the literary department, new
TALES AND POETRY
of the highest merit are occasionally introduced.
Scientific intelligence is gathered and arranged by a competent hand; new inventions are duly chronicled, the progress of agriculture is noted; mention is made of all matters of interest in the history of manufactures and commerce; and no effort is spared in any department to keep the paper up to the spirit of the times.
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ON THE RECEIPT OF 25 CENTS, THE SUBSCRIBER will send, by mail, (post-paid) to any address in the United States, sufficient of the above seed to plant 4 rods of ground, or 5 packages for $1—same rate for a larger quantity. Japan Peas in same quantity, and at same price. Address 367w4
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INFORMATION WANTED, OF ARABELLA CUNNINGHAM, (maiden name, ARABELLA JORDAN,) a native of Ireland. When last heard of, about nine or ten years ago, she was in Buffalo. Any information concerning her, dead or alive, will be thankfully received by her husband, JOHN CUNNINGHAM, and family, residing in the township of Nassagaweya, C. W. 366w1

INGERSOLL'S PREMIUM PORTABLE HAY PRESS.

THIS PRESS COMBINES GREATER POWER AND PORtability, requires less labor, occupies less space, and costs less money than any other machine for baling hay ever offered to the public. It is equally convenient for pressing cotton, hemp, hops, broom-corn, rags, husks, &c. Samples may be seen at our Warehouse, and circulars with cuts and full descriptions will be furnished upon application by letter or otherwise to
FAIRBANKS & CO., Scale Manufacturers.
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VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE HIS FARM, situated in FRIENDSHIP, four miles from that station, on the New York and Erie R. R. It contains 161 acres, of which 130 are well improved; and the balance well covered with beech, maple, oak and chestnut timber, suitable for fire-wood, staves, &c., for which there is a good market.
The buildings are a well finished two story dwelling, and a tenant house, with cellars, also seven barns nearly new, underpinned with stone, and in good repair. A durable stream of water crosses the farm, and it has good springs of soft water in various places. On the premises are 240 fruit trees, as apples, pears, cherries and plums, mostly grafted, and coming into bearing. The farm is better adapted to dairying than any other within ten miles, and nearly as well situated for market as Orange Co. If desired, a small stock of cows, young cattle, farm utensils, wagons, sleighs, &c., will be sold with the land. The land will be sold for twenty per cent. less than its fair market value, and favorable terms, and time given for two-thirds of the purchase money HENRY BAXTER.
Cuba, Alleg. Co., N. Y., Jan. 1, 1857. 365

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

PREMIUM LIST.—1857.

LOCAL AGENTS, Subscribers, and other earnest, active and influential friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, and the cause of "Progress and Improvement," who are disposed to lend their kind offices in its behalf—thus enhancing their individual interests while promoting the welfare of community—are respectfully invited to examine the following Programme of Premiums for the RURAL CAMPAIGN of 1857:

"EXCELSIOR" PREMIUMS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, to the person or persons procuring the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, in any one Township, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to April 1, 1857.
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
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FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.
FIVE DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.

$

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

BY J. H. M'NAUGHTON.

A LOYAL DOG had I long years ago—
A noble mastiff with a valiant heart—
'Tis nothing strange to thee, but even now
His loss I feel—ay, more than when his grave
Received his corse! The world to me hath taught
A lesson by a sad experience—
Hath taught me how a faithful few to prize;
Hath taught how cold and hollow is the voice
Of poor humanity; hath taught how vain,
How weak, how selfish is the flinty heart
Of grov'ling mortals, who upon my dog—
My faithful friend—would frown in scorn, or spurn
Him from their brutish feet!

I've felt, as on the bed of pain I yearn'd,
And he, poor thing, no friendly aid could find—
I've felt the big round tear upon my cheek,
I've felt the stifled oath spring to my lip,
As that poor beast would to the kennel limp
In wailing agony—and then the laugh
The demon-laugh and jeer of cruelty!
And all because he longed to hear the voice,
And lick the feverish hand, in sympathy,
Of his sick master—all because he dared
To own a warmer, truer heart than they!

But he is gone!—long years ago I laid
Him by yon copse, and o'er his resting place
I piled a little cairn. E'en now the snow
Over his grave is drifting bleak and chill.

Dost ask the manner of his death? I'll tell:
Well pleased to see thee deign a thought for him,—
The feet that spurn'd him from his master's bed
Accused him falsely, and condemn'd.
His absent master heard the brutal shot
That left him friendless in a cold, cold world!

How oft have I, as on the street I've met,
Trotting and lolling, the tired faithful dog—
How oft have I (how simple!) to him turn'd
And ask if he was good as my old dog?
If he was kind, and if the cruel world
E'er spurn'd him when his master was abroad?
And then I'd meet his master in the coach,
And stop him in the dusty street, and ask
—He wond'ring, deeming me "beside myself"—
With earnest gaze, the querys that the dog
Would answer.

Since I laid my faithful dog
Within the copse, no other have I kept.
'Twere better far to roam the world alone,
Than have a friend and see him daily die!

Caledonia, N. Y., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LOVE AND MONEY.

BY MRS. M. A. LATHROP.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG the numerous passengers who poured out of the "Reindeer," a swift sailing boat on the Ohio, was MINNIE WATERS, a genteel, though plainly dressed girl of some eighteen summers. She was tall and dignified in her appearance, with black hair, and a high forehead and a soft, liquid, dark eye, in which her very soul seemed to live. Her trunk was thrown down upon the landing at Shovesend, with that would-be-away style which characterizes boatmen in general; and while the universal scramble for trunks, bandboxes, and baggage was going forward, MINNIE quietly seated herself upon her trunk, and, with her hands lying carelessly upon her lap, looked out from under her neat cottage bonnet, upon the tumult and confusion around her.

Portly and lean men, with two or more ladies attached to them, were eagerly examining hacks and hack-men, and giving hasty orders in regard to baggage, and then were whirled away out of sight, leaving their places to be filled by others, who in their turn were as speedily disposed of.—The passengers were nearly all gone, but still she sat, with feelings better felt than described, of one who, for the first time, leaves her native hills to seek a home and employment among strangers.

One elderly lady, with sharp, black eyes, an aquiline nose, and a thin face, had thrown her spectacles back upon her forehead, and was pioneering her way around among the scattered baggage, throwing down this and hoisting up that, and asking of all whom she met, if they had seen a small black valise marked WILSON. The oft repeated "No," which came with emphasis from more than one whose personal property seemed endangered by her presence, was no damper to her zeal in ferreting out the lost baggage. Her movements had not escaped the observing eye of MINNIE, who, though heartily sympathizing with the old lady, little dreamed that it lay in her power to relieve her trouble.

"Every one for themselves here in grab landing," thought she, "and lest some one should be off with my luggage, I'll sit still and keep it sure." But not long was she allowed the quiet position she seemed to occupy, for the sharp-eyed old lady came to a dead halt in front of her; and pulling down and adjusting with both hands her spectacles across her nose, gave a searching and inquisitive look at the trunk and its occupant.

"Havn't seen anything of my valise with WILSON marked on it, have you?"

"No ma'am; if I had I should have informed you before this," coolly replied MINNIE.

"Yes, suppose you would," said Mrs. WILSON, throwing up her head and looking out from under her spectacles. "But what are you sitting here for? waiting for any body? I'll warrant that valise is under you, now! Come, get up, let's see." And making a dive at her full skirts, and bringing them around, she pulled out, to MINNIE's astonishment, and great embarrassment, the missing baggage.

"There, now!" she exclaimed, holding it up with a triumphant air.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said MINNIE, rising, and shaking her skirts, as if something still might be attached to them, not her own. "I am very sorry that—"

"Sorry," exclaimed Mrs. WILSON, her eyes flashing. "Then why did you sit there like a stump, and never move a peg. I'll warrant you knew where it was all the time. Why wasn't you off like the rest of the folks, eh?"

"For the very best of reasons, ma'am," replied MINNIE, blushing, "because I did not know where to go."

"That's curious," said Mrs. WILSON, a little softened, and, giving her another and a scrutinizing look from over her spectacles, added, "and did you expect to find out by sitting here?"

"Yes, I thought Providence might open some way before me."

"Providence! then you believe in Providence, do you? So did I till I lost my valise, and then I didn't know what I should do. But that's found, and I feel better. Come, go home with me and see what Providence and I will do for you. I like to see people trust to Providence."

MINNIE thanked her, and placing her trunk in the care of a hack-man, she proceeded on foot with Mrs. WILSON. After a few casual remarks in regard to the weather, the pleasantness of the trip, and the length of the walk, the old lady turned suddenly, and asked MINNIE for her history.

"My history," replied MINNIE, "although a sad one, is not, I am sorry to say, unlike that of many others. My parents were both from good families, and commenced the world with as fair prospects of success as any others. For many years my father was in the practice of the law, and being a man of superior talents, and pleasing manners, business and wealth poured in upon us almost without an effort. Political life he had shunned, although repeatedly solicited to accept some office under Government. He preferred, as he often told mother, a seat under his own roof, by her side, with us three children upon his knee, to one in Congress, or even to the Presidential chair. But there came an evil hour when he yielded and consented to run for Congress. Still, as he was a strong temperance man, we had no foreshadowing of the dark cloud that was about to enshroud us. He was elected, and amidst the congratulations and cheers of his party he left for Washington."

"Was he a Whig, or a Loco? interrupted the attentive Mrs. WILSON.

"A Whig."

"That's right. I'm glad Providence threw you in my way. He always generally takes care of people of right principles. But what became of him then?"

"Well, he sustained his party nobly, and when he came home they were just ready, apparently, to fall down and worship him. But mother began to look sad, and was often away by herself, weeping and praying, but as I was only ten years old, I could not divine the cause of her grief, till one night, after a political meeting, father was brought home drunk."

"The brute!" ejaculated Mrs. Wilson.

"No, I do not like for you to call him so, for he was still my father. The next morning he came out pale and sad, and mother, calling us all to him, laid the little new-born KATE in his arms, and besought him by the love he had for his innocent children and suffering wife, to reform and sign the temperance pledge. He was a noble, and proud looking man, but he was completely broken down and crushed before her. I shall never forget that look of utter wretchedness as he gazed into her face. He pressed the baby to his lips, and literally baptized it with the scalding tears of shame and remorse. 'Let this child,' he said, 'be a pledge of my repentance; and I promise you, as long as there is a GOD in heaven never, *never* to drink another drop.' Then falling on his knees, and raising his hands and streaming eyes to heaven, exclaimed, 'so help me, thou all-powerful and ever-present GOD.'"

"By this time we children had our faces hid in mother's lap, and we were crying at the height of our voices. Yes, all wept aloud, from father and mother, down to little KATE. For nearly a week after, father was confined most of the time to the house, and notwithstanding cordials and liquors of various kinds were prescribed and sent in by his political adherents, he invariably dashed them against the chimney back, and their fumes and smoke carried upwards toward heaven his repeated promises and vows. Mother was again happy. But I shall weary your patience."

"Go on," sobbed Mrs. WILSON, wiping her eyes with her red silk handkerchief; what came next?"

"Shame, misery, and death," exclaimed MINNIE, raising her tearless eyes to heaven. "God only knows how much we have suffered in consequence of this horrible liquor traffic. Father was defeated at a subsequent election, and went down with rapidity from the dizzy heights of popular favor to the gutter and the grave. Mother sleeps beside him, and to-day I am the eldest of four orphan children.—The rest are cared for; I am to take care of myself, with no inheritance but the shame of being the daughter of a drunkard."

CHAPTER II.

"Walk in," said Mrs. WILSON, as she opened the gate in front of a neat cottage, and proceeded to a side door. A stout Irish girl answered the bell, and expressed much joy in seeing her mistress, as she called her, back again; but cast sundry side-long glances towards MINNIE, being not quite sure of her personal identity.

"Now hurry up tea," said Mrs. WILSON, as she handed her bonnet and shawl, "and put these away; and here, BRIDGET," (following her to the door,) she said in a half-audible whisper, "put on a clean table-cloth, and the white dishes;" then raising her voice, she added—"Be careful and not mash my bonnet." BRIDGET disappeared, loaded with clothes, and errands; while MINNIE was shown a small, neat chamber, with all the perquisites of comfort, if not of elegance.

"Here make yourself perfectly at home till you can do better, which I hope will not be till you have a home of your own," said Mrs. WILSON, with a smile.

MINNIE thanked her with tears of gratitude, and closing the door after her kind benefactress, she knelt and thanked the Father of the fatherless for the friend He had so unexpectedly raised up for her; then, rising and adjusting her toilet, descended to the parlor she had left.

As she opened the door, a tall and handsome young man, who had evidently scarcely finished a cotillion in honor, as he said, of his aunt's return, came to a stand, and with hat in hand was introduced by Mrs. WILSON as "My wild and rattle-headed nephew, SAMUEL HOLMES." He bowed politely, and with a roguish, good natured smile playing upon his face, and twinkling from his dark hazel eye, took a seat, not a little astonished at the sudden appearance of a lady of whose existence he had no previous knowledge.

"You descend upon us with the suddenness of the Gods, Miss WATERS," he said with one of those half quizzical looks, which ever seemed at home upon his face.

"Yes, and with some special mission, undoubtedly, to you sinners," was her quick reply.

"Good," thought he, "you are of the right grit." Then, gathering up his flittering ideas, he added, "You do not purpose to veto freedom of the feet and tongue, I trust."

"The greatest freedom consistent with conventional proprieties," she replied, with a slight bow and smile.

A retort seemed to be upon his tongue's end, as tea was announced; then, rising, and excusing himself, he left by the way of the kitchen, where he danced a pigeon wing around his aunt, and whispered in her ear, "That's a right smart girl; where did you pick her up?"

"That's best known to myself," she replied with a knowing frisk of her head; "but you vanish if you are going. My tea will all get cold."

After one or two more flourishes, which ended in placing his aunt's spectacles on the back of her head, he made a sudden exit.

MINNIE was both amused and pleased with his good-natured playfulness; and when Mrs. WILSON observed at the table that "SAM is a dreadful wild creature," she was quite inclined to draw her out.

"He is a nephew of yours?" she asked.

"Yes, a kind of nephew," she replied. "His father was an elbow consin of mine, and a right likely man till he got to drinking, and that's enough to ruin a nation. But the Lord for once answered my prayers and took him away before his property was all gone. I'm sure I dont know what SAM 'll ever make. It just spoils a boy to send him to college, and then shut him up in a law office. Do take some more of the cake! Law, you don't eat enough to keep you alive. Getting homesick? You'll soon get acquainted. There's a right pretty girl living close by here, in the next yard; there, you can see the house. JENNY NILES is her name, poor thing; though her father is as rich as Cræsus, he drinks and acts sometimes as if all possessed. Many's the time the family have jumped out of that back window there, at midnight, and left him alone to break furniture and crockery against the heads of the little black imps which he says hop up around the room and make faces at him. Mercy! how I wish they'd all grab him and take him off bodily. I'd give them a lift. You laugh, MINNIE, but I tell you when a man gets to drinking there's no kind of use in living to torment his family. Satan has *got* to have him, and he may just as well take him first as last.

"You say nothing of the liquor venders, Mrs. WILSON; do you not think them answerable to a great extent for the evils arising from their traffic?"

"Land alive! MINNIE WATERS, I tell you what it is, I hav'nt a spec of patience to talk about them," she replied, straightening herself up, and pushing back her spectacles. "The truth is, nobody prays for them to die but me; and I have 'bout given it up. I conclude the Old Nick will keep them here just as long as he can make them useful to himself. Them are my sentiments," she added, wiping her nose.

MINNIE found her new home and friends pleasant, and settled down into a routine of duties, which she lifted from the shoulders of her benefactress; and so faithfully did she discharge them that she soon came to be considered an indispensable part of the household. SAMUEL was a daily visitor, as he had been before MINNIE's advent, and although wild and noisy when others were present, with her alone he was particularly kind and gentlemanly. MINNIE felt, with that quick instinct peculiar to girls, that he loved her, and her heart was fast yielding itself up to his control. JENNY NILES was their constant companion in walks and visits, but she was soon to leave for a distant boarding school, and then (should she say it or only feel it) she should have his company alone and be *happier*. Such was the state of affairs when SAM bounded into the kitchen one morning where his aunt was busy, and in his blunt, off-hand way, exclaimed, "Get up your chicken fixings, aunt; JENNY and I are coming over to-night to introduce HANK MATHEWS, the schoolmaster, to Miss RIVERS."

"To Miss what?" exclaimed Mrs. WILSON, raising her spectacles and looking up with a smile.

"Well! Miss BROOKS then, or Miss LAKE; hang it if I can tell what kind of water she belongs to. I wish 'twas a solid instead of a fluid. Why could not all the pretty girls have been born rich? I wish to gracious *she* had; HANK MATHEWS would then never have an introduction to her from me, till her name was changed to Mrs. SAMUEL HOLMES, Esq."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed his aunt, "what a fool you are making of yourself, SAM. A fortune hunter! I despise them as I do the snakes that bite in the grass. I'd marry the girl I loved, money or no money."

This blunt speech from Mrs. WILSON, served the good purpose of silencing the young man till a few sober, second thoughts passed in review before his better judgment, and he silently acknowledged that in the absence of a loving and congenial spirit, life would be wretched indeed. Then jumping up and dancing to his own music he sung:

"Oh, there is love in the bowl that's filled with gold,
So JENNY's the girl for me, Oh, JENNY's the girl for me."

"Not much to boast of there," exclaimed his aunt, as she closed the door after him.

The parlor and the furniture passed under MINNIE's transforming touch, till Mrs. WILSON declared "that everything was as fresh and beautiful as if it came direct from fairy land."

MINNIE, dressed in a thin, flowing muslin, with a gold chain hanging loosely around her bare neck, seated herself upon a low ottoman, while the heavy folds of the rich damask curtain hall hid her from view. An open book lay upon her lap, yet she leaned listlessly upon her hand, lost in thought. "Isn't she beautiful?" whispered JENNY NILES to Mr. MATHEWS, as they stood unobserved upon the piazza—"SAM, isn't she lovely?"

SAM's heart confessed to this most stoutly, but what his lips would have said, had there been time for an answer, is doubtful. The bell was rung and they were admitted.

[Concluded next week.]

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TRUE COURAGE.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

IT was a clear, frosty night in winter when a group of boys were assembled upon a pond in the neighborhood of the village of L——, for the purpose of skating. For some time the most perfect harmony existed, when a trivial circumstance occurred which gave rise to a violent dispute between two of the number, whose names were WILLIAM GREEN and JOHN ALLEN. The former was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. From his earliest infancy she had endeavored to impress upon his mind the importance of the Golden Rule, of doing unto others as he would that they should do unto him. Being naturally of a passionate temper, his anger was easily aroused, and he often said and did things for which he was afterwards truly sorry. On the contrary, JOHN ALLEN had been brought up to consider it a sign of manliness and courage to fight, and also to deem the boy a coward who, from principles of right within, refused to strike a blow. But to return to our story.

As is usual on such occasions of quarreling, the boys immediately gathered around, and it was proposed that the disputants should settle the question by fighting. At this proposal WILLIAM's anger vanished. What *would his mother say* if she knew how her son was engaged; and as he called to mind the many times she had told him, "that to do right, and refuse to render evil for evil, requires more true courage than to return blow for blow," he summoned up all his resolution, and to the surprise of the rest, extended his hand to JOHN, and asked his forgiveness for speaking so hastily, at the same time stating his reasons for refusing to engage in further quarrels with him. But JOHN scornfully turned away, and joined with the others in deriding him, though a few could not help secretly admiring his conduct. In the meantime WILLIAM slowly unstrapped his skates and walked homewards. On entering their lowly home, his mother at once perceived all was not right, and she gently led him to tell her all, and in a short time wholly succeeded in calming his excited feelings, and as he laid his head on his pillow that night, it was with a feeling of happiness far beyond that of JOHN ALLEN's. Time and space will not permit of my relating how, by his uniform gentleness and good nature—his unselfish, noble acts of kindness,—WILLIAM GREEN finally convinced his mates that his was true courage—how he won their love and respect, and proved to them the distinction between physical and moral courage.

In conclusion, boys, we would refer you to a saying of the wisest man that ever lived:—"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." To be truly great and happy, seek to strengthen your moral courage. Heed not the jeers and laughter of the unprincipled; soar above them all, and place your mark high, and with a steady hand, take a sure aim, and

"If, at first, you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

Rochester, Jan., 1857. WINNIE WILLIAN.

BE KIND TO YOUR SISTERS.

Boys, be kind to your sisters. You may live to be old, and never find such tender, loving friends as these sisters. Think how many things they do for you; how patient they are with you; how they love you in spite of all your ill temper or rudeness; how thoughtful they are for your comfort, and be you thoughtful for theirs. Be ever ready to oblige them, to perform any little office for them that lies in your power. Think what you can do for them, and if they express a wish be ready to gratify it, if possible. You do not know how much happiness you will find in so doing. I never yet knew a happy and respected man who was not in youth kind to his sisters. There is a beautiful song which says,

"Be kind to your sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above."

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 16 letters.
My 5, 15, 3, 9, 6 belongs to the feathered family.
My 1, 6, 7, 13, 8 is a name oft applied to a lazy fellow.
My 9, 2, 8 is a large body of water.
My 10, 2, 8, 4, 14 is an organ of the human system.
My 2, 5, 13 is one of the essentials.
My 6, 11, 5, 10, 14 is a period of time.
My 11, 9 is a neuter verb.
My 4, 15, 2 is an animal.
My 11, 4, 15, 12 is a kind of metal.
My whole is the name of an illustrious General.

Gorham, N. Y., 1857. A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WHAT two numbers are they who are to each other as 9 to 1 and the square root of whose quotient is equal to one-third of the square root of their product.

Oakland, N. Y., 1857. C. L. CUDEBEC.

☞ Answer next week.

CHARADE.

MY first is the title of a ruler; my second is the name of a weight; and my total is a town in Canada.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 367:—The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.

Answer to Geometrical Problem in No. 367:—Radius 6 and 4 square=36 and 16 36—16=20×3.1416=62.8320.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem in No. 367:—5 feet+.

Answer to Charade in No. 367:—Salt-cellar.

Wit and Humor.

A CHEAP SHAVE.

ONE day last week a stout fellow with a beard like a shoe brush, went into the barber shop of Mansfield & Button, Exchange st., Rochester, and took a chair for a shave. One of the young men in attendance waited upon him promptly, gave him a close shave, and put him in first rate order to make a decent appearance in the streets. When the process was complete and the stranger was ready to depart, he made an inspection of his pockets, and finally found a *cent*, which he handed to the boy in payment for the service he had performed. He was politely informed that the price of shaving was a sixpence. The man replied very coolly, "I know it, and that (pointing to the cent) only lacks five cents of it! You ain't agoing to stand for half a dime?"

There was no appeal from this. All the people in the shop, customers included, were convulsed with laughter at the impudence of the fellow; but his gravity was unshaken. He took his hat and departed, calculating, no doubt, that he had driven a good bargain with the barber, and was soon casting about for another chance to save half a dime. This is a true story. The man is a type of his class, who have thousands, and save them by just such *shaving* as this one practiced.—*Union.*

WE present a second sample of the "Mixed up" kind, said to be a true copy of a bill rendered to a gentleman in Boston. It is calculated to establish a new style of compound double entry. If RURAL readers can fathom, Philadelphia lawyers need "brush up," or their laurels will be "gone forever":

"Mr. Patrick Dealy has worked for Samuel Byde four Days setting some trees two Days setting trees two Days turning manure three days worked at Apples And four days worked about the garden And Mr. byde 5 Dollars worth of hay & 2 Dollars in boston one Brl of apples and my cow was in your pastor to two month And Sawed five 1-5 Cords of wood. . $687 cent.

THE New Orleans (La.) Picayune gives the following definition of the word "impossible."—"An obsolete word of four syllables, much used by the ancients, and still popular with many European nations. It has been cut out of the American vocabulary."

A SCHENECTADY editor, describing the effects of a squall on a canal boat, says:—"When the gale was at its highest, the unfortunate craft keeled to the larboard, and the captain and another cask of brandy rolled overboard and were both lost."

A CALIFORNIA swain writes to his sweetheart thus:—"Leven yeres is rether long to kort a gal, but ile hev you yit Cate."

A CHAP who went to California poor, and subsequently became very rich, is now so extravagant that he skates on ice-cream.

A SENTIMENT.—The Ladies: May their virtues exceed even the magnitude of their skirts, while their faults are still smaller than their bonnets.

"JACK, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be." "Well, a—humph,—no, she left that off, and turned ex-pensive."

WHY is the tolling of a bell like the prayer of a hypocrite? Bekaze it is a solemn sound by a thoughtless tongue.

THE young gentleman who went off with an angel in book muslin, has returned with a termagant in hoops.

THE young lady who caught a gentleman's eye, has returned it, because it had a "wee drop" in it.

WHY was Senator Douglas' marriage like a game of chance? Because he drew Cutts for a wife.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N Y.

FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

WHITHER ARE WE TENDING?

[THE quantity of guano imported into the United States may be set down at about 200,000 tons annually: this, at $55 a ton, (which is about the price demanded,) will take out of our country $11,000,000 for imported manures, more than equal to half the average amount of all the grain we export.—*Exchange.*]

SUCH statements as the above, naturally lead the thinking mind to the query—Whither are we tending? The fact is a startling one. *Eleven million dollars expended for one variety of imported manure in a single season,*—and, it must be remembered, the use thereof is almost wholly confined to the Atlantic States. The figures speak well for the *liberality* of American farmers, but each one is a volume of invective against their *waste.* When we consider the comparatively small area of soil to which the bulk of this importation is applied, and that, at no very distant period, the country now using this enriching material was as fertile as any under the sun, and, furthermore, that the same processes which gave to sterility the "Garden of our Country," are still in vogue throughout the length and breadth of the land, the matter assumes an importance which places almost every other question connected with the farming interest in a secondary position.

The charge that the American palate was wonderfully pleased with anything bearing a foreign impress—that the people were aping trans-atlantic customs and manners, and that we would pay a higher price for articles from abroad no better in themselves than home productions—but giving the premium to the European stamp—has been often bro't to our doors, and to a greater or less degree, we have been compelled to plead guilty. This, however, has been the phase of city life, but agriculturists are fast becoming parties to the folly. We use the term *folly*, for the law of *necessity* need not have the remotest connection with such transactions. If the farmers, by this expenditure, are *pouring a stream* of fertility through the land, they are also, by refusing to care for the *sources* of the many *rivulets* on their own possessions, every year permitting *rivers of the waters of life to be lost.*—Not one farmer in ten collects the manure that he might, and not one in fifty gives to this product the care and attention he should. Agriculturists toil with all the energy possessed by them—work is made the equivalent of a profitable crop, and the only means by which such labor can be made to pay—saving everything that will enrich and invigorate the soil—is overlooked, almost altogether. FRANKLIN left a record of a life-long experience—"a penny saved is as good as a penny earned"—we must husband instead of being lavish, must accumulate rather than expend, or American farmers will never obtain a competence, and the final issue will terminate in bankruptcy.

If an improper and wasteful system of agriculture imposes an annual tax of eleven million dollars for the supply of food to impoverished land in only a portion of the Union, to what immensity will this sum grow when the entire country needs supplies commensurate with its extent of surface? Where farming is conducted as it ought to be, the products of the soil may be made to exhibit an annual increase, and that, too, without going abroad to seek for the pabulum on which vegetation is to grow and flourish. But how is this to be accomplished?

First—Every individual in commencing a farming life should know that good culture benefits land, and that its opposite has precisely the contrary effect,—and not only should he be aware of this fact, but his example and influence should be promotive of the right end.

Second—A careful husbanding and generous application of the manures made upon his own farm, must be the rule. The barn should be constructed in such manner as will warrant the fullest saving and preservation of all animal excrements, both solid and liquid. STOCKHARDT estimates that, of the manure of neat cattle, fifty-three per cent. is solid and forty-seven per cent. liquid. Upon this basis, the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture calculates that in his State alone, there is a yearly waste of this material, equal, in cash value, to seven hundred and forty-eight thousand two hundred and thirty dollars, and the loss in the solid portion added thereto, would make a total of *one million twenty-nine thousand four hundred and eighty dollars*—and he adds, *all of this might be saved.* The urine of a cow for one year, it is computed, will furnish 672 pounds of solid extract, and this extract will contain as much nitrogen as 560 pounds of the best guano, and so large a quantity of potash, that, by combustion, at the commercial value of the latter article, it is worth from $20 to $25. But this is only one of the means which might be made tributary to the fertility of the soil. The forest leaves, innumerable muck beds, wash of the streets, hog pen, sheep fold, poultry house, the farmer's vault, ash bin, sink-drainings, waste of manufactories, sawmills, &c., &c., all are waiting but the farmer's calling to yield their treasures.

We may be met by the assertion that it is *profitable* to use guano or any of the manures brought from abroad, which, for the sake of argument, we will admit, but if it pays to bring these fertilizing properties thousands of miles, *it must be a profitable business to protect the same ingredients when made at home.* The importation of these fertilizers may augur well for the enterprise of our farmers, but we would give more for the influence of one, who, purchasing none, made every exertion to increase the size and value of the manure heap on his own land, than for him, who, expending thousands annually for guano, phosphatic or animal manure, at the same time, suffered the production of like materials on his farm to be wasted. The true principle is to make a right application of the means within our use before we go abroad for help—to put our own shoulders to the wheel before we piteously implore JUPITER or any one else to assist us out of the difficulties into which we have, not unwittingly, plunged. In speaking of the value of manures, Prof. NASH uses the following language:—"I will not say that manure is the farmer's *gold*, but *it is that which brings him gold.* About in proportion as the barn-cellar, the yard and the pig-pen, are filled with manures, will the purse be filled with shining metal; and what is more, about in the same proportion will the farmer have the exquisite pleasure of *seeing everything else on his farm shine.*" If farmers will "gather up the fragments so that nothing be lost," and make judicious application of the same, worn out farms will become the exception, all our lands will soon prove fertile, but let inattention or carelessness rule in this department of agricultural economy, and failure will be the inevitable result.

THE CONSTITUENTS OF MANURE.

THE four great elements have been given their place among the constituents of manure; it remains to speak of other distinguishing characteristics, the alkalies, acids, silica, etc.

3. *Alkalies*, including potash and soda, are the third constituent, giving power and value to manure. Of these bodies, the *salts of potash* exert the most favorable and striking influence upon the growth of plants, especially in the formation of their strictly vegetable parts, or straw. In its alkaline character it resembles ammonia, and also in its action, which is strongly forcing. Of the better known manures, the urinous secretions of our domestic animals abound particularly in potash, inasmuch as the alkalies contained in their food are eliminated by the kidneys in their largest proportion.

In general, manures do not contain large quantities of the salts of potash, nor are they largely required by the usual routine of cropping. The soil and most rocks contain this alkali in an insoluble state, which year by year becomes soluble and is taken up by plants. The application of caustic lime to the soil causes an increased production of potash, for lime possesses the power of decomposing the rocks and earths which contain it, and itself usually contains small quantities of this substance. Some plants require more potash than others, (for example, potatoes, tobacco, cabbage, turnips, etc.,) and hence should only be grown in a judicious rotation with other crops, unless special application is made.

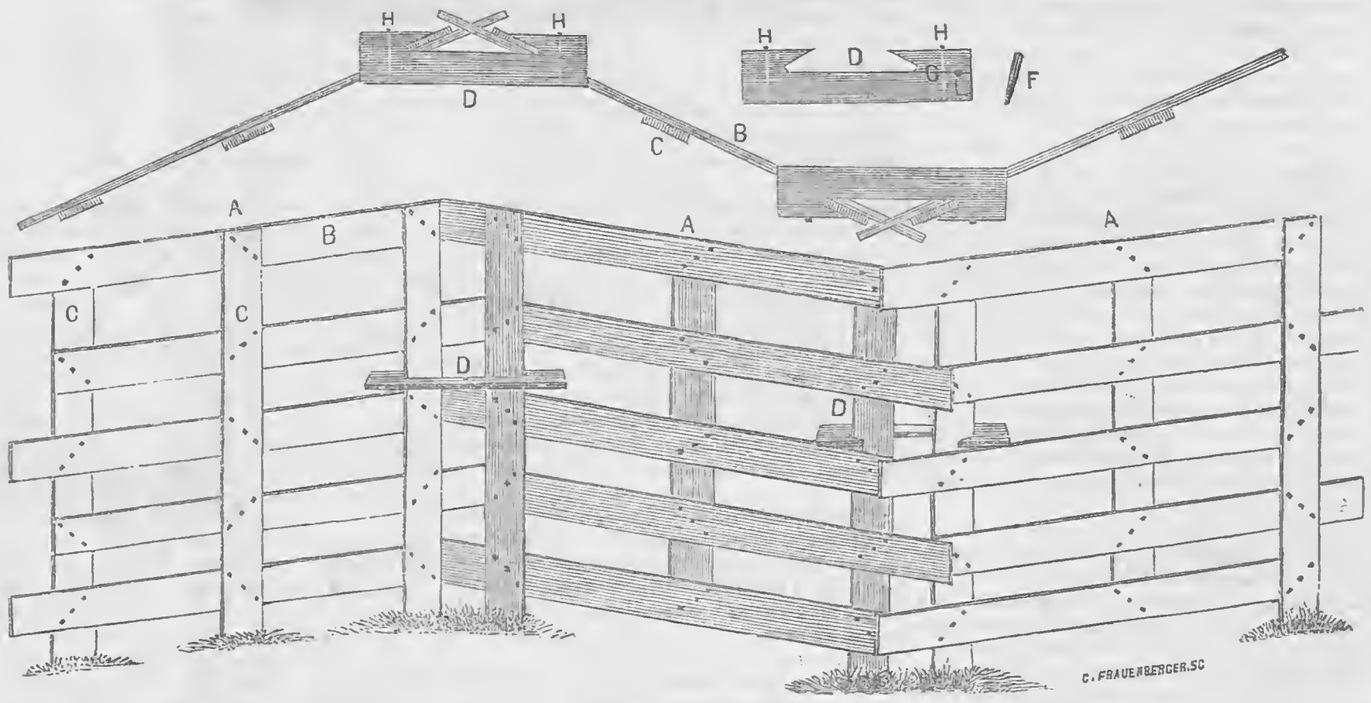
The *salts of soda*, among which are common salt, carbonate of soda, and Glauber salts, influence the growth of plants in a less degree than those of potash, being taken up by them in very inconsiderable quantities from the soil. They are supplied in barn-yard manure, especially when the animals kept are frequently salted, but may sometimes be advantageously applied pure in connection with other active manures.

4. *Phosphoric acid*, essential to the formation of all seeds, is next to nitrogen in importance and value as a constituent of manure, and is found only in scanty quantity in the soil although everywhere present. Plants can bear little seed without their due supply, and the gain in quantity and weight of grain after manuring with bone-dust, must be principally attributed to this ingredient of bones. In its free state, phosphoric acid is soluble in water, but when brought into contact with lime combines with it, forming *phosphate of lime.* In this combination it is the chief element of bones, is found in the solid excrement of horses, cows and sheep, and the same may be discovered in the seeds of plants. Magnesia always occurs in plants in association with lime, and bears the same relation to this acid; and both, when thus combined, bear the familiar name of "phosphoric acid earths." They are insoluble until acted upon by other substances, a rapid decomposition may be brought on by strong acids—sulphuric or muriatic, for instance—while one more gradual takes place in the presence of decaying manure. Phosphate of lime has been found to call forth an exceedingly vigorous growth in the roots of plants, hence it is valuable for root crops, but it produces its full effect only when used in connection with other rich manures.

5. *Lime* and *Magnesia* are both absolutely indispensable to the growth of plants, but they are almost universally distributed over the earth, and accessible to the farmer wherever it supplies limestone, chalk, marl or gypsum, and in these forms are generally applied to the soil. The numerous and diversified benefits which they impart—partly as direct means of nourishment, partly as agents which improve or loosen the ground, or on the other hand, as substances which neutralize acids and hasten decay—would require a separate article to enumerate, and has already received some attention in our columns.

6. *Silica* is found in all plants, and in many in very considerable quantity. Hence we infer that it is an essential constituent of plants, and one which must be supplied; but as it forms the principal mass of our solid earth, and is present in every soil and in all spring and river water, the farmer's care need only be directed to rendering it soluble by deep plowing, good manuring, and the application of lime; which furnish ammonia, potash, lime, etc.—all solvents of silica. A large quantity is supplied by the action of the atmosphere, frost, water, &c., upon the soil, and it is largely present in most animal manures.

Other constituents of manure, *oxide of iron, sulphuric and muriatic acids*, are also generally diffused through Nature. To conclude, the chief attention of the farmer must be turned to the supply of *nitrogen.* Next to this, *phosphoric acid* and the *alkalies* claim the greatest consideration. STOCKHARDT expresses their comparative money value as follows:—nitrogen, 15; in the form of ammonia, 16; phosphoric acid and the alkalies, each 2; vegetable humus .03



BURNETT'S IMPROVED PORTABLE FIELD FENCE.

ONE of the most feasible improvements we have examined in a long time, is the model of an Improved Portable Field Fence, invented and recently patented by Mr. WM. B. BURNETT, of Lyons, Wayne Co., N. Y. It strikes us as being a long-sought desideratum in the fence line—combining such important items as cheapness, convenience and durability. Mr. B. avers that the discussions on Fences and Fencing, in the last volume of the RURAL, set him to thinking and contriving, and finally resulted in the production of this improvement. The accompanying illustration, together with the following description by the patentee, will give the reader a clear idea of the invention:

"I construct a series of trays, (A,) composed of four or more rails, (B,) with two or more uprights, (C,) so put together that they will be compact and flat upon each other for the purpose of hauling or storing away for preservation when not in use.—The rails, (B,) are all of uniform length, and arranged so as to project alternately at either end of the tray—that is to say, the first and third projecting about four or six inches more or less at one end and the second and fourth projecting the same distance at the other end, so that when set up in the manner of a worm fence (the ends of each tray coming in contact,) the short ends of the rails of one tray will abut diagonally against the long ends of the rails of the other, and thus support each other in a vertical position. They are then secured together endwise by a clamp, (D,) which catches the end uprights of the two trays across the inner side of the angle, formed by them, and between the two middle rails. In setting up this fence two trays are set together, forming an acute angle so that the hooked ends of the clamp will pass around the uprights, when the trays are to be straightened out until the clamps bind them firmly together, forming an obtuse angle which may be more or less to give a greater or less degree of strength, as required, and which may be regulated by the length of the clamp used, or the distance the uprights are placed from the ends of the rails. The short end of the rails may also be leveled off so as to cause them to fit solid against the long ends of the rails of the next tray at the angle at which it is desired to arrange the worm. When a number of these trays are thus put together in a zig-zag line they form a very strong fence, binding each other from end to end, and may be set upon the natural surface ground without the necessity of any post-holes, cross-sills or braces from the the ground, and may be set up and taken down with great ease and rapidity."

LARGE vs. SMALL HOGS, HORSES, &c.

A CORRESPONDENT of the RURAL, who is evidently a friend of Swine, and consequently entitled to my "distinguished consideration," has taken up a cudgel (I don't object to the weapon in the *abstract*) in defence of his favorite *Suffolks*, but I am afraid he has hit the hog a glancing stroke when some body else ought to have the entire blow.—This being translated will read thus—Mr. TALCOTT, of Rome, (Western Hemisphere,) gives the live weight of a *Suffolk*, bred from Col. SHERWOOD'S stock at six hundred and ten pounds—the hog was empty when he was weighed and an officer of the New York State Agricultural Society stood by and saw the thing done. That will stand law most probably; but the questions I am going to raise are somewhat *ethical* as well as *avoirdupois.* Was it *right* for friend TALCOTT to admit that a Suffolk ought to weigh 610 lbs.? Has a Suffolk any business to go in that notch? Are there not *constitutional* objections to so much expansion? Giving in to such an "area of freedom" will they not trespass on the domain of other breeds?

When the Bishop of Exeter accused LOCKE of "gross ignorance and perversion of the truth" that philosopher coolly replied, "I suppose I am not to construe his lordships language into a *compliment.*" This *six hundred and ten* Suffolk is evidently intended as a *compliment* to the breed. Mr. TALCOTT brings him forward to silence the "common complaint" about the "size" of Suffolk pigs. To all such "complaints" Mr. TALCOTT should have replied "nonsense, sir, nonsense!"—varying the words a little to make them *polite.*

Men, sane in other respects, often have a passion for *big* animals which they seem unable to restrain or govern in any decent degree! Now it may be laid down as a general, perhaps I might say a universal, rule, that medium or small sized animals and breeds of animals are more muscular, more hardy and enduring, less liable to disease, are easier kept, will secrete more fat and make more flesh with the same food than *large* ones. The strong point of the Suffolks is that they are *small*, and have the peculiar excellencies of small animals. I fear that our breeders, for the sake of obviating objections not well founded, will show too much deference to *size*, overlooking points of radical importance. I am greatly concerned lest some body will come forward with a six hundred and *eleven* Suffolk, and then that all Suffolkdom will be stuffed and strained and turned to bone to beat that! I will agree to reproduce the original renowned "*thistle diggers*" of our new settlements in twenty years, from Prince Albert's best Suffolk stock if any body will make it an object to do so. I repeat it, breeding for profit and breeding for size are two distinct things.

Gentlemen this is the thing you should do—you should weigh your food and weigh your animals, and when you have found one that gives more pounds of savory, solid meat and fat on the same food than your neighbors, send it to all the papers, and be sure and let us know where that kind of hog is to be found.

I once had a pig of the "*dumpy*" sort, a Berkshire cross, that *would* keep fat. When the hogs were called to the trough she was too fat to get there, and seldom or never got anything during the six months before she was killed except *grass*, which she generally eat in a *sitting* posture. I have not "one more of the same sort left." She did not incline to breed. I am sure I never saw the animal that would produce more pork from the same feed; I do not recollect as to its quality, but I expect she was a kind of "Ultraist," starting with a good idea and carrying it to "extremes." The precise form and figure and characteristics that are consonant with vigor of constitution and a perfect organization throughout, demands close study and observation. While I admit that it may not be of the extremely *dumpy* sort, I as strenuously claim that it is not the weightiest one on record. It is due to Mr. TALCOTT'S hog to admit that it must have been a very good one—he gives its live weight 610 lbs.,—dressed 525,—loose fat 30 lbs.,—pluck, including tongue 20 lbs., entrails 15 lbs., (not fed the day he was slaughtered,)—blood and hair 20 lbs. But if we go on breeding for *size* we may not after awhile get as good ones.

Sometimes small size is a positive advantage; there are families that don't want over 300 lbs. of pork, and have not food to make any more. They might take large breeds and kill them young, but who knows that *green* meat is as good as ripe—GOD knows more than man, (I don't wish to be dogmatical—I state this as my *opinion,*) if He meant us to eat calves and pigs doubtless he would stay proceedings and keep them in a youthful condition. Wanted six hundred of pork, a *pair* will make it—all things, with some *crabbed exceptions!* go in "pairs." In our climate early maturity is quite desirable—the small breeds mature younger than the large.

These remarks apply in substance to *horses.*—The small compact horse excels the large one in strength and vigor of constitution and is, in general, to be preferred. For a steady, continuous draft

like deep plowing, or drawing loads through the mud a heavy horse is desirable. Without special effort such a horse moves his load by leaning forward against his collar. He depends on his weight and save his muscles from excessive taxation.—But, nine times out of ten the small or medium horse has a decided advantage over the large one in speed, in freedom from defects, in endurance, in quality of bone and muscle and in being easily kept. In confirmation of the above doctrine it may be observed that the *infallible "people"* are said to prefer *small* men for *high* stations.—H. T. B.

Communications.

"PURE-BRED—THOROUGH-BRED."

EDS. RURAL:—With pleasure, I read your article in the RURAL of the last week, on the use of the phrases "Pure-Bred," and "Thorough-Bred." The writer acknowledges, very justly, the necessity of using descriptive phrases in accordance with the common understanding or common acceptation of the terms. This is right. But then the common understanding of terms and phrases should be correct—should be in accordance with the true, legitimate meaning of such terms, as rightly deduced from their original derivation. What may have been the use of these phrases in England, whether strictly correct and uniform, or otherwise, is not material to us. It is only important to us, that as American breeders, we should agree and harmonize in their meaning and use, and that this use and meaning should not be forced and arbitrary, but in accordance with the correct and common-sense understanding of the terms.

The writer considers the phrase "Thorough-bred" as superfluous, because synonymous with the term full blood. Now I do not so consider it. That these phrases have been often used here interchangeably, I allow; but if the farming community have used them incorrectly, they should be set right. I have had a long experience in breeding stock,—have been familiar with celebrated breeders who flourished at the close of the last century, and during the first quarter of the present, and so far as I have apprehended their use of the term thorough-bred, it has not been intended to embrace the entire idea of full-blood, as explained in the article referred to.

Ordinarily, in this country, we go no further back than to the circumstance of importation, to acquire the character of "full blood." The fact of importation is considered by us as establishing this point. It cannot for a moment be supposed that intelligent, wealthy, enterprising men, and associations composed of such men, should select and import from foreign countries, any other stock than such as is celebrated for purity and excellence of blood, embracing also all such qualities as unite in forming excellence and perfection of character. The fact of importation, therefore, is considered by us as establishing these traits of character.

Our fine horses, fine cattle and fine sheep have been imported from European countries—and a few Arabian horses from the Persian gulf. Such stock, as a matter of course, is considered by American breeders as full blood. The comparative or relative excellence of this blood, however, is measured, more or less, by the strains of the blood that have entered into the physical constitution of the imported animal in the country where it was bred. Thus, Imported Messenger, bred in the line of English Eclipse and the Godolphin Arabian, was more valuable here, than other imported horses that embraced strains of blood less celebrated. And thus, the present value here of the Princess and Duchess blood of Short-horns, is affected and enhanced by the reputation for deep milking in the line of their ancestry for many years past. Such an animal may, therefore, be of greater intrinsic value here, than another imported animal that embraced different and less celebrated strains of blood, and both still, in accordance with the present correct acceptation of the term, be literally full blood of the breed of the Imported Short-horns.

Now what I have considered to be intended by "Thorough-bred," and so far as I have apprehended the meaning of intelligent, scientific breeders, in the use of this phrase, in this country, is this:—Stock, bred as near as may be, to the perfection of pure, full blood,—commenced by full blood on one side, crossed with common or native blood on the other side. In the 4th cross the amount of native blood is 1-16th, and the animal being 15-16ths of pure blood is considered thorough-bred. That is, the native blood is so merged in the pure blood, and is so small in degree, that the animal is assumed to be about equal to one in which no admixture of native blood existed. Hence the phrase "thorough-bred" should not be applied to pure, full blood stock, but should be strickly confined to stock, considered as bred to the perfection of pure blood, by judicious crossing.

Your article has given me the opportunity to criticise the use of the words "pure" and "purely" as used in reference to stock-breeding. The writer considers a "pure-bred" animal to be one whose blood is unmixed, unadulterated. This is correct. He also speaks, (inadvertently as I must suppose,) of a "purely" bred animal as the same thing.—No, I do not, by any means, consider the two phrases thus used, to be synonymous, and of course the use of the word "purely" I deem incorrect. "Pure" and "bad" are adjectives, and relate to the quality and properties of a thing. "Purely" and "badly" are adverbs, and relate to the mode or manner in which the thing is done. "Purely," therefore, in this connection, can have no reference to the character of the blood, any more than "badly" can refer to the character and quality of a good deed, when we say, a good deed has been badly done. D.

HILLING *vs.* LEVEL CULTURE FOR CORN.—Have any of the numerous readers of the RURAL experimented as to these diverse methods of culture for corn? If they have, and will relate the results thereof, they will oblige—A YOUNG FARMER, *Marion Co., Ohio.*

CARE OF COLTS.—Will some of your numerous subscribers inform me, through the columns of your paper, if there is any danger in feeding young colts too many oats the first winter, provided they have a chance to run out and obtain exercise?—A SUBSCRIBER, *Oberlin, Ohio.*

NOTES AND ITEMS—No. 1.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The evening lamp is lighted, my out-door cares are put away with my boots and heavy coat, and I sit down to the luxury of a perusal of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. A farmer myself, I turn first to their special department, and therefrom gather many a lesson of value. There is, in every paper, hints to set one *into profitable trains of thought;* and I have a mind to send you some of the "Notes and Items" suggested; more particularly by farmer correspondents, though I shall not forbear to "say my say" of the editorials, if it so pleases me.

"*Suffolk Pigs are Weighty*"—a fact shown to a certainty by Mr. TALCOTT'S hog. One of the common large breeds, such as I slaughtered last week, would not, probably, with the same feeding and treatment, have weighed as much by 100 pounds or more. Mine did not come up to it within 135 pounds—a difference, as pork sells now, of over $10. At one year old this hog cost me $10; he now brings me $30. The profit, if any, lies in the manure. Mr. T.'s hog is remarkable, even for a Suffolk—few do as well.

"*Milk Dairying*" seems a profitable business, from the statement of your own correspondent.—An experiment made some years since by a Mass. farmer, shows that selling milk pays better than making butter, where the former is practicable, as in the vicinity of cities and on railroads within two or three hours of the same. His plan of keeping cows seems *economical* and *practical*—the directions of some writers on the subject are neither.

"*Wintering Bees,*" is a matter little understood by most bee-keepers. Their bees winter themselves—generally *eating* as well as making their own honey. Let every one who owns a bee-hive, read again Mr. BURRITT'S communication and trust *luck* no longer.

"*To Farmers' Sons,*" is a gospel which needs preaching. My experience in city life has made me love more heartily than ever, the calling of a farmer and a country home. Yet what would cities do without fresh blood from the farm, to fill up the places of those "disappointed, broken hearted men," whose brilliant prospects have faded into darkness under the pressure of extravagant customs of living, and intense application to business? But I need not dwell on the theme.

"*Profitable Farming,*" [Jan. 10, No. 366] should be the aim of every tiller of the soil. To achieve it, you well say, that "*Labor is essential*—of the hand and of the head." The "thinking machine" of the farmer should ever be busy, and busy with the study of his profession, as Nature turns over leaf after leaf before him.

"*Fall and Winter Plowing,*" receives pretty thorough consideration from Mr. TODD. The benefit of the process, as he urges, depends almost entirely on the *manner* in which it is performed, and the condition of the soil as to *drainage.*

"*A Barley Crop*" paid a fair profit at the price for which it sold. This grain is receiving much attention, and I have been asked by those who "make haste to be rich," if it would answer to sow barley after barley. I said, "No, unless a coat of manure be plowed under the fall previous." The barley crop may fill one year in a rotation, but not more, if you would keep up and increase the fertility of the farm. Let it become better and better every year—it will be many years before we arrive at the *ultimatum* of productiveness.

"*Big and Careless Farming*" is well depicted by your Ill. correspondent. It is a *shame* to treat good soil and innocent dumb beasts so outrageously.—I will not trust my feelings to to further remarks on such *farming.*

"*Chinese Sugar Cane*" [Jan. 17, No. 367] appears to be a decided acquisition in the way of *sweetning.* Hurry along the syrup—our buckwheats are waiting for their accustomed sauce. If you have any seed to distribute, remember me with a small parcel. I want to try it.

"*Wintering Pigs*" will call forth a variety of comments. Some people give very good reasons for not slaughtering swine under sixteen or eighteen months old. It requires more care and attention than a great many farmers will give, to get spring pigs fit to "winter in the pork barrel."—They must be kept growing as rapidly as possible, and be of an early maturing breed to reach the neighborhood of 300 pounds at eight months old. For family use give me the pig pork—for marketing, older hogs are to be preferred, as commanding better prices.

"*The Fluke Potato,*" says Mr. CLARK, "grows with a very strong, upright, healthy top." Does he mean a *large* top—if so, mine were very different—the tops were upright and healthy, but *small* and bush-like in appearance. The potatoes are an excellent eating variety.

"*Meteorology for Farmers*" promises to be exceedingly interesting. I am impatient to hear again from Prof. MAURY, and also from Dr. FITCH in his promised series on *Entomology for Farmers.*

—How like you my sheaf of Notes and Items? Shall I glean further in the same rich grain field, or is it only a bundle of straw I bring you?

A CONSTANT READER.

YOUR sheaf of gleanings is all right—mostly wheat. Go on, therefore, as you have begun, giving the result of your experience and observation in confirmation or against what is advanced.—Discussion elicits *truth,* and that's what we desire to elucidate.—ED.

WOOL GROWING IN TEXAS.

EDS. RURAL:—With your permission I will give your readers another year's experience of wool growing in Texas. I am a little fearful, too, that some of the more skeptical will believe it a little tinctured with *humbug,* but it must be remembered, however, that that *insect* is rather a native of the North, and being a very smooth-faced fellow, does not flourish so well in a region where *wool* is so common a commodity. With a hope that your readers will bear in mind the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction," I set out with the statement that *I have succeeded in rearing two crops of lambs from the same ewes in one year.*

But to commence with the year. My flock numbered the first of January, 1856, 375 head of fine-wooled sheep, about one-half being breeding ewes. From these I raised but 150 lambs, having very bad weather during lambing time. The latter part of April I sheared 360 head, yielding 1,625 lbs. of wool—an average the flock round of a fraction over 4½ pounds. This I sold as soon as sheared at 36½ cents per pound, yielding $593. During the summer and fall I sold 52 head of bucks at an average of $9, equaling $468—making a credit in cash of $1,061.

About the first of October my second crop of lambs commenced coming, and ceased the 25th of November, having saved 112. It is proper to state that a few of the ewes lambed early in January last, the bulk of them, however, not until about the middle of March. After deducting loss from the whole number of lambs, there were left 247.—To ascertain the whole amount of profit, we will calculate the lambs at the low estimate of $6, (which is much less than I would take for them,) and the whole would amount to $1,482. This added to the above credits, will make a total credit of $2,543.

The debits are a little more difficult to come at exactly, as I have paid on their account but very little, and gave them neither feed nor salt, but as near as I can calculate $43 would cover the whole, leaving the $2,500 as clear profit. Can any of the wool growers of the North exhibit a better "*spec*" than a few sheep in Texas will make? If so I should be glad to hear from them. Some would suppose that the ewes that lambed this fall will not bring lambs next spring, which may be the case with a few; the greater part, however, will lamb again from the last of April to the first of June. I think by a particular mode of management I can raise two full crops every other year.

A. H. BLACK.

Tarrant, Hopkins Co., Texas, Dec., 1856.

DEGENERATION OF WHEAT.

EDS. RURAL:—There is much discussion among our farmers whether wheat will degenerate or turn to chess. I send you the opinion of some unknown writer for publication. He argues as follows:

"That wheat will degenerate, is a fact undeniable, but that it will produce cheat, (or chess, as it is called by some,) is an entirely different question, which, from my present stock of information, I am forced to answer in the negative. It is a well known fact, that when plants are taken from one kind of soil and transplanted into another kind, their productiveness will become changed; it will be greater or less, according to the congeniality of the soil to which they are transferred. The same cause will sometimes produce a change in the coloring of the blossoms, but the manner of inflorescence will remain the same. Wheat, as well as any other plant, requires for its proper growth a certain chemical combination in the soil, and as one or more of these chemical components becomes exhausted from the soil, the crop will deteriorate both in quantity and in quality. One of the great scientific distinctions between plants, is the manner of inflorescence. If a difference in the manner of inflorescence shows a different kind of plant, then it must be plain that wheat will not turn to cheat, as the same kind of plants always have the same kind of inflorescence, and the inflorescence of wheat is contained in a spike, and the inflorescent form of cheat is a panicle. Another reason for objecting to the opinon that wheat will turn into cheat is, that cheat is sometimes found as plentifully amongst rye as amongst wheat. Now, if cheat is produced from wheat, where does the cheat come from that is found amongst the rye?—I may be told that rye will also turn to cheat. Can it be possible that there are two different plants, either of which will produce a third, entirely different from either in its nature and appearance?—For my part I believe that it is not possible, and would request to be informed what scientific writer, if any one has ever acknowledged the fact, as it is most likely that it would be known by scientific men sooner than by others. I would further ask what produces the cheat that is sometimes found in grass-fields several years after there had been either a stalk of wheat or rye in the field?"

As we are not scientific men, we have forwarded the above with the hope that some of your correspondents would inform us plain farmers as to the truth or falsity of the above doctrine. If the philosophy laid down as above be true, as we believe it is, that it "requires for the *proper* growth certain chemical combinations in the soil, &c.," we wish to inquire if the absence of one or more of the component parts that is usually taken up in the growth of wheat, might not so far deteriorate its growth as to produce what is commonly called chess? An answer would interest many of your readers.

JOHN BOWDISH.

Rural Grove, Wis., Jan. 17, 1857.

STRETCHES IN SHEEP.—INQUIRY.

EDS. RURAL:—Allow me through the RURAL to inquire the cause of and a remedy (if there be any) for what is termed Stretches in sheep. I have lost several with the disease. It seems to attack the best in the flock and as yet none have recovered.—E., *Skaneateles, N. Y.*

REMARKS.—As a partial reply to the above we make the following extract from the Transactions of the New York State Ag. Society. It says:—"This is the popular name of a malady which generally attacks vigorous sheep in high health. It is produced by an obstruction of the intestines, and is caused by one portion of the bowels becoming introduced into another part. The suffering is extreme, and is manifested by spasmodic contortions of the sheep, its lying down, stretching and rolling upon the ground. Death speedily follows, unless relief is promptly afforded. In connection with the use of powerful cathartics, the most successful practice I have known is to raise the animal entirely from the ground by the hind legs, and hold it in that position a few seconds. Let this operation be repeated several times, with short intervals. I have seen sheep, which were suffering the keenest agonies, relieved immediately by this process. The disease is probably induced by the exclusive use of dry fodder, and may be averted by changing to vegetable food." If any of our correspondents or readers are possessed of experience in the treatment of this disease we would be pleased to hear from them.—EDS.

SOUTHERN CROPS.—At the late Alabama State Fair, the first premium on cotton was awarded to Dr. Kennon Jones, for 3,010 pounds from one acre; and the first for corn to Charles A. Peabody, for 95 bushels per acre.

Rural Notes and Items.

KENTUCKY STATE AG. SOCIETY.—The members of this State Agricultural Society, met in Frankfort, Ky., on the 14th inst.—the President in the chair. After the opening of the meeting, the President delivered his Annual Address, in which, among other things, he set forth, in a very forcible manner, the importance of the members of the Society using every effort in their respective districts to insure the election of such members to the next Legislature as are favorable to the continuance and support of the State Agricultural Society, granting such aid as will enable it to compare favorably with the condition of similar Societies in other States. After the payment of the annual fees of the members present, the Corresponding Secretary read his report, which was unanimously adopted. The Society then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, as follows:—*President*—BRUTUS J. CLAY was re-elected unanimously. *Vice Presidents*—For the First District—R. A. Alexander, of Woodford.—For the Second District—Dr. John A. Thomason, of Mercer. For the Third District—H. A. Anderson, of Henderson. *Directors*—For the First District—Laban J. Bradford, Lucius Desha, Hanson Thompson. For the Second District—D. W. Jones, J. R. Hughes, J. A. Moore. For the Third District—John M. Sharpe, Wm. M. Elom, Charles H. Powell. The Board of Directors held an evening session at the Capital Hotel, and elected their officers for the ensuing year. *Corresponding Secretary*—Robert W. Scott, of Frankfort. *Recording Secretary*—T. P. A. Bibb, of Frankfort. *Treasurer*—James W. Tate, of Frankfort.

VERMONT STATE AG. SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society was held at Middlebury on the 8th of January, when it was re-organized and a new Constitution adopted in accordance with an act of incorporation passed by the State Legislature at its late session. The following officers were elected:—*President*—FREDERICK HOLBROOK. *Vice-Presidents*—Edwin Hammond, Middlebury; J. W. Colburne, Springfield; Henry S. Morse, Shelburn; Henry Keys, Newbury. *Cor. Secretary*—D. C. Linsley, Middlebury. *Rec. Secretary*—Charles Cummings, Brattleboro'. *Treasurer*—Edward Seymour, Vergennes. *Directors*—E. B. Chase, Lyndon; H. H. Baxter, Rutland; Jacob Scott, Montpelier; Jno R. Potter, St. Albans; Nathan Cushing, Woodstock; David Hill, Bridport; John Gregory, Northfield; John Jackson, Brandon, and J. W. Vail, Bennington.

RENSSELAER CO. AG. SOCIETY.—The Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the Rens. Co. Ag. Society was held in Troy, on the 20th inst. The Treasurer reported the receipts of the year from all sources to be $2,728 20. The expenditures of the year left, out of this, the handsome balance on hand of $537 96. The following officers were elected for the coming year: *President*—GEORGE VAIL, of Troy. *Vice Presidents*—Henry Warren, of Troy; John J. Viele, do.; Hugh Rankin, do.; Benjamin Starbuck, do.; H. W. Knickerbocker, Lansingburgh. *Treasurer*—Abram Van Tuyl, Troy. *Secretary*—Wm. Hagan, do. *Directors*—John H. Willard, Troy; John S. Collyson, Brunswick; W. Newcomb, Pittstown; S. W. Tallmadge, Schodack; Nicholas Weaver, Lansingburgh; Isaac Miller Schaghticoke; Jacob Minlok, Poestenkill; E. M. Van Alstyne, North Greenbush; Ebenezer Stevens, Grafton; R. J. Knowlson, Sandlake; Gideon Reynolds, Hoosick; Edwin R. Ball, Nassau; B. B. Hewett, Petersburg; Theodore Platt, Stephentown; Daniel A. Rhodes, Berlin; Volkert P. Douw, Clinton; Jonas Whiting, Greenbush.

CLINTON CO. AG. SOCIETY.—This Society met at Plattsburgh on the 14th inst., when the following gentlemen were chosen as officers for 1857:—*President*—J. H. SANBORN, Plattsburgh. *Vice Presidents*—E. A. North, Champlain; Dean Delance, Chazy; Thomas Crook, East Beekmantown; John Ransom, Mooers; Z. C. Platt, Plattsburgh; Miner Martin, do.; Lawton Adcock, Schuyler Falls; Wm. A. Keese, Peru; Richard Heyworth, do.; Wm. Taylor, Ausable; A. D. Barber, Beekmantown.—*Treasurer*—Edwin Benedict, Plattsburgh. *Secretary*—Jno. L. Stetson, do.

COLUMBIA CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the Annual Meeting of this Society held at Chatham 4 Corners, on the 5th day of January, 1857, the following gentlemen were elected officers:—*President*—PETER F. MESICK. *Vice Presidents*—E. W. Bushnell, C. W. Hull, A. Ashley, Jr., P. S. Burger, Daniel S. Curtis. *Secretary*—J. D. Sutherland. *Treasurer*—L. D. Gifford. *Trustees*—J. T. Hogeboom and D. Stewart.

WAYNE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the Annual Meeting of this Society, held in Lyons on the 7th inst., the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—*President*—EBON N. THOMAS, Rose. *Vice President*—Wm. D. Perine, Lyons.—*Secretary*—Geo. W. Crane. *Treasurer*—Wm. H. Sisson. *Director*—(to fill vacancy)—Henry Graham, Rose.

ALBANY COUNTY AG. SOCIETY.—At a meeting of this Society the following named gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—*President*—JOS. HILTON, New Scotland; *Vice President*—C. W. Goddard, Albany; *Secretary*—A. F. Chatfield, Albany; *Treasurer*—Luther Tucker, Albany; *Directors*—Henry Russell, J. M. D. McIntyre, Albany.

CONSTANTIA TOWN AG. SOCIETY.—This Society held its Annual Meeting on the 5th inst. The following gentlemen were chosen officers for the ensuing year:—*President*—JOHN W. LYONS; *Vice Presidents*—Henry W. Rhoda, James Bernhard, Sereno Clark, Jr.; *Treasurer*—Levi Belnap; *Secretary*—Geo. W. Taft; *Directors*—M. Raymore, Stephen Taft, Wm. P. Dickinson.

LIVINGSTON CO. AG. SOCIETY.—This Society will hold its Winter Meeting in Geneseo, on Thursday, the 5th of February, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

THE transactions at the Winter Meetings of the State and County Societies monopolize the space in this department of our paper. Will the Secretaries of such as have not been noticed, please send record of proceedings?

OSWEGO CO. AG. SOCIETY.—We have received a statement of the proceedings of this Society at its Winter Meeting, held at Mexico, on the 31st ult.—The Treasurer reports that the receipts from all sources for the past year was $1,457 57. The entries for 1855 numbered 427, for 1856, 897—increase 470. The receipts for '54, were $353 25; for '55, $575 43; for '56, $1,287 33. Excess of '56 over previous year $711 90. These figures exhibit marked "Progress and Improvement." The officers of the Society for 1857 are as follows:—*President*—Hon. LEONARD AMES, Mexico. *Vice President*—A. W. Severance, New Haven. *Secretary*—D. W. C. Peck, Mexico. *Treasurer*—L. H. Conklin, Mexico. *Directors*—I. N. Meacham, Sandy Creek; Moses A. Wood, Palermo; Hiram Walker, Union Square; J. N. Dewey, Richland; E. Thomas, Volney; Alvin Lawrence, Mexico.

NATURE PROVIDES FOR ALL.—So various are the appetites of animals that there is scarcely a plant which is not chosen by some and left untouched by others. The horse gives up the water hemlock to the goat; the cow gives up the long leaved water hemlock to the sheep; the goat gives up the monk's hood to the horse, &c., for that which some animals grow fat upon, other animals abhor as poison. Hence no plant is absolutely poisonous, but only respectively. Thus the spurge, that is noxious to man, is a most wholesome nourishment to the caterpillar.—That animals may not destroy themselves for want of knowing this law, each of them is guarded by such a delicacy of taste and smell that they can easily distinguish what is pernicious from what is wholesome; and when it happens that different animals live on the same plants, still one kind leaves something for the other, as the mouths of all are not equally adapted to lay hold of the grass, by which means there is food for all. To this may be referred an economical experiment well known to the Dutch, that when eight cows have been in the pasture and can no longer get nourishment, two horses will do very well there for some days, when nothing is left for the horses, four sheep will live upon it.

The Young Ruralist.

FARMERS' BOYS.—THE MAIN STAY.

YES, we farmer's boys are now the main-stay.—Our fathers, enfeebled by age, having got beyond labor, are now resigning the field of action; and upon whom does the important trust devolve? To whom does the aged farmer look to brave the storms of winter and make comfortable his shivering flocks? To whom does he look to take the lead in his harvest field, the heat of which he himself has already too long borne? Would you know? The *eldest son* can tell you! How often do we hear our fathers remark in conversation, "My son is the main-stay here;" and the truth of the homely assertion is verified as we see that son harnessed into the yoke of labor, and

> Bravely leading in the van
> Across the waving fields of grain,

while his father brings the lunch to the field, or a jug of cool water from the spring. Since such are becoming the necessary duties of farmers' boys, let us determine to qualify ourselves for the position, both in physical and mental attainment. Let us act as the sensible young Ruralists of America. While the long winter evenings yet remain, let them not pass without being improved by the perusal of such chemical and agricultural works as will enable us to prosecute such plans as science tells us will bring forth greater results from labor. And while we are thus preparing the mind for action, we should nourish and prepare the muscles also; so that when the day for labor and the heat of summer shall come, we may be ready to "Do with our might what our hands find to do."

Would *you,* fellow Ruralist, live a happy and prosperous life? Then improve the mind by study. Strengthen the muscles by action. Be diligent by never being idle. Be honest by carrying in your pocket no ill-gotten, *filthy lucre.* Get an agricultural education, and *never* forsake the farm.

Ogden, N. Y., Jan., 1857. H. J. S.

FARMERS' BOYS.

WE want farmer's boys to write for this department of the RURAL. The practice will be of great advantage through life. Hundreds of times have we been told when asking farmers to communicate through our journal the teachings of experience—"I can not write for the paper—I never did such a thing in my life." Let the boys learn to talk on paper. One thing must be remembered: the fewer words you use to state a fact the better; and use the words that will express your meaning the clearest. A Boy at *Bridport, Vt.,* sends us the following:

I see by the first number of the present volume, that you have introduced a new department, called *The Young Ruralist,* in which you invite the co-operation of all the farmer boys like myself. Yes, I am a farmer boy, and it becomes me at the present time to contribute my first mite to this department. Never before having written a piece to appear in print, I may fail this time; for who knows but this my first attempt may be doomed to some dark pigeon hole, there to remain and be forgot? However, there is nothing like trying. I can not more than fail. Let me remind those who are discouraged at the first failure, of these words:

> "If at first you don't succeed,
> Try, try again."

The occupation of a farmer tends to expand the mind, and enlarge the understanding. For where is the book from which more can be learned than from the book of nature? Nature is the farmer's study. From nature he is insensibly led to the study of Nature's GOD, the source of all comfort, and to whom we are all indebted for daily support, without whom nothing could exist. Happy is the boy whose home is on a farm, and who possesses all the privileges which a well conducted farm affords him. Yet few of the boys in such circumstances appreciate the advantages which they possess.—There is generally a secret, inward longing for a change of vocation. If this is accepted, (which is more than I venture to hope,) I may some future time relate some of my experience—although but young—in seeking a change in my vocation, which resulted in the determination of my being a farmer.

Bridport, Vt., Jan., 1857. C. W. C.

Orchard and Garden.

THE APPLE WORM.

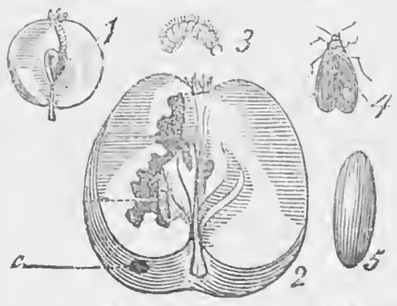
NOTHING valuable is accomplished without labor, and as a general rule the amount of labor required is in proportion to the value to be produced. *Iron*, is made by labor more valuable than *gold*, and gold is obtained only after careful, earnest and laborious search. Of the operations of the farmer and fruit grower, this is particularly true. Watchful care, and intelligent, well-directed labor is the price at which the farmer raises his large crop of grain, and the fruit grower his fine fruit. In resisting the attacks of insects, there is nothing like care and watchfulness. The grower of fruit has a thousand enemies. He must fight every inch of ground. As soon as one enemy is checked or subdued, another makes its appearance. Yet, we never saw an intelligent, persevering, careful cultivator that did not succeed. Eternal vigilance is the price of success; and this price we can afford to pay for fine fruit. A correspondent in Michigan has been examining the doings of one of these enemies, and tells his own story.

FRIEND MOORE:—We have just been overhauling a lot of apples (mostly Roxbury Russets, which you know are among the best of the keepers,) and have had to cast out a large share, (about ⅓) being more or less rotten, all or nearly all of which is the result of the doings of the Apple Worm. And I may say further, that for several years past the injury done by these pests is enormous; in many orchards the value of the winter apples have thereby been depreciated more than half. And it would seem the evil is growing, becoming worse and worse, from year to year. Now sir, while we do not suppose that as a matter of course, you know every thing about every matter or question that may arise, yet we have a right to presume at least, that possibly you may know some things which every one else does not know. And it is to obtain the benefit of such knowledge that I am now writing, and if you can and will furnish it, i. e., prescribe a remedy we will promise not only to be thankful, but to pay both cheerfully and liberally therefor. But don't refer us to the books, as we think we are pretty well posted in these, and moreover think we have by experimenting several years, got a leaf or so ahead of them. And altho' we have made some discoveries which we think of great value, yet a perfect remedy, i. e., one that can be applied in all cases without "costing more than it comes to," we have not yet found. Still, we intend to continue experimenting.

I have often queried whether this difficulty prevails to any extent in Western New York or any other section to anything like the extent it does here, and have made inquiries, but the answers obtained have been so contradictory that no light has been shed on the subject. Hence, I have tho't that perhaps the evil has prevailed either there or in the vicinity of some of your numerous correspondents, and that possibly somebody has made much more progress in the way of discoveries than we have, and will give us the desired information.

Jackson, Mich., Jan. 11, 1857. D. COOK.

If Mr. C. has learned facts by experience that will be valuable to fruit-growers—a better way of checking the ravages of the *Apple Worm* than now generally known—we hope he will give the readers of the RURAL the benefit of his knowledge.—We should like to know if any worms were found in the apples when he examined them this winter. Also, if a portion of these apples had not fallen from the tree, or whether all were picked or shaken from the tree before packing away. We will give all the knowledge we have on the subject.



The *Apple Worm* is produced from the egg of the *Codling Moth*, and this moth is shown of the natural size in the engraving. (4.) It deposits its eggs in the calyt or eye of the young fruit, during June or July, and the grub is hatched in a few days, and eats its way into the fruit, as seen in the engraving, (1,) leaving behind it a brown powder. This grub attains its full growth in a few weeks.—Its natural size is shown in engraving. (3.) Apples thus affected drop sometimes when they are not more than half grown, others remain on the tree until they acquire a premature ripeness. Few of our readers but must have noticed on trees of early apples, some wormy specimens ripe, while the sound apples were far from being fit to eat. Still others, and particularly winter apples, seem to be less affected by the worm, and hang on the tree.

When the apple falls, the grub leaves, eating its way entirely through the apple, as seen in the engraving, coming out at (c,) and selecting itself a place in some crevice in the bark of the tree, spins a thin white cocoon, shown in the engraving (5,) in which to spend the winter, and comes out the following spring, a moth, to commit again its depredations on the fruit, and blast again the hopes of the cultivator. We think many of these worms leave the apples before they fall, particularly those which had taken possession of late varieties.—Some think that a portion of them produce a second generation the same season. We have seen no facts to warrant this belief.

We have no patent remedy for this evil—no bomb-shell that will destroy a thousand at a blow. We have always had to fight them singly.—In early spring search for the cocoons in the rough bark, the roughest of which may be scraped off.—In this way a great many may be destroyed. Also, pick up all wormy apples as soon as they fall, and feed them to hogs or destroy the worms they contain in some other way. COLE says if old cloths are laid in the crotches and around the trees many will crawl into them to form their cocoons, and may be readily destroyed. We never tried this.—We know, however, that if the two first plans are industriously followed, the amount of wormy fruit will be greatly diminished.

TO DESTROY MICE.

MR. EDITOR:—The best way I know of to destroy *Field Mice*, is to take 1 drachm of strychnine, and mix it well with 1½ pounds of lard. Then, spread it thinly on thin slices of bread; cut the bread in small pieces, and drop it in their holes, and other places of retreat, and they will leave with a *spasm*. At all events, I destroyed thousands in this way the last summer and fall. If my experience is of any use to the public, it is at their service.

East Bloomfield, Jan., 1857. L. BARBER.

MICE are becoming very troublesome, and are doing immense injury. Last spring we saw fine young orchards and thousands of nursery trees almost entirely ruined. We have before us a statement from a gentleman in Canada West, that he has preserved his trees from the mice, by a coating of tar and tallow. The departure of snow in the spring will undoubtedly show that many highly prized trees have been girdled. These may be saved, if the portion of bark removed by the mice is not too great, by taking the bark from some large limbs and fitting it nicely around.—Then cover with grafting wax. A bandage of some soft material may be placed around to keep the bark in its place.

Another method, when the bark has been removed for a greater distance up the tree, is to connect the upper and lower portions of the bark by scions, as seen in engraving. These shoots must be made wedge-shaped, and inserted in a cut made by a chisel, about an inch above and below the edges of the gnawed bark.

A STRANGE STORY.

WE have heard and read a great many strange stories, stories that we *could not* deny, and *would not* believe; but we remember nothing that beats the following from a reader and friend of the RURAL. If it was from any one else we *wouldn't* believe it, but we cannot find it in our heart to doubt the statements, or hardly to call in question the opinions of one who has been "a constant reader of the RURAL *for three years*." We almost begin to fear that we shall wake up some morning and find our pears all turned to quinces:

MR. MOORE—I have been a constant reader of your very excellent paper for nearly three years, and have found in it many things useful and entertaining, as well as things strange and uncommon. I like your paper for the reason that you open your columns to the pencilings of the men of the plow, as well as those of science and literature, whereby we may profit by the experience of the humble, as well as of those who occupy elevated positions in society.

I have read some articles in your paper which were rather hard to believe; nevertheless, they may be as really true as this which I now send you for publication. Many of my neighbors can testify to the truth of this statement, and should you deem it worthy a place in some corner of your paper, I should be pleased.

On my farm I have a fruit and vegetable yard, containing about six acres of land, and in it I have almost all the choice varieties of fruit adapted to this climate, and in considerable abundance.

Of pears, I have some forty different varieties,—Some fifteen of them very fine indeed. From one of them, the *Flemish Beauty*, I cut, in March last, some scions, and after carefully labeling, (as I also cut other varieties) put them away for spring use. Two years ago last spring in my yard were set out a number of young pear trees of the common stock, designed to be grafted when it should be proper to work them. I commenced grafting about the 25th of April last, by cutting off the top of one of them which was about one inch in diameter, and in the usual way inserted two scions of the above named *Flemish Beauty* variety, one of which did remarkably well, making about thirty inches growth, besides several side branches. Upon the same stalk, about fifteen inches from where the scion was inserted last April, there came out a branch about two inches long, on which there grew a *Quince*, about one-fourth the size of a fair sized quince, and it is still hanging upon the branch on which it grew; though not more than half its former size, being much dried and shriveled. It may be proper to state that there are a number of quince trees in the immediate vicinity of the pear tree which bore the quince. On either side of the tree, fifteen feet from it, stood quince trees which blossomed and fruited the past season. Now, sir, can you or any of your readers account for this?

Ballston Centre, Jan. 5th, 1857. WILLIAM WARNER.

THE ALLEN RASPBERRY.

D. D. T. MOORE, ESQ.:—In the report of the "Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York" in your paper of the 17th instant, in the Raspberry discussion, I find that Col. HODGE, of Buffalo, thus remarks:—"The *Allen* is a variety much grown about Buffalo, and is a native of Ohio. It is of a reddish black, and a superior fruit."

I think Col. HODGE was wrongly reported. If not, he must have had in his mind some other raspberry than the "*Allen*," if he meant the raspberry which I wrote about in the *Country Gentleman* and *Horticulturist*, and advertised by my gardener, "THOS. DUFF." Let *me* say:—The *Allen* raspberry is not "much" grown in, or "around Buffalo." I knew it in only one or two gardens, and they are from the same source. I never saw it in market—anywhere except from my garden. I never sold but a few plants till last fall. It is *not* "a native of Ohio." It is *not* "a reddish black," but a *full, deep red*. It *is* "a superior fruit."—Whether Col. HODGE ever saw my "fruit" in bearing, I do not know; but I know that there is no raspberry in this neighborhood, *which I have seen*, that is at all like it. I wish to deceive no one.—The bushes stand in my garden, where I shall be happy to show them to any one wishing to see them,—the finest raspberry in growth, hardihood and bearing that I know.

Black Rock, Jan. 19th, 1857. LEWIS F. ALLEN.

THE remarks of Col. HODGE on the *Allen Raspberry* were correctly reported. Mr. H. is not very apt to make random statements, and can doubtless show reason for those made to the Convention of Fruit Growers.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

MR. EDITOR:—I notice in the discussions on Fruit, that some varieties of the Pear require to be *double worked*. Will you please tell me what I am to understand by this? (1.)

Is it better to manure trees in an orchard every season, or to wait three or four years, and then give a thorough dressing? (2.) T. S.

Smyrna, N. Y.

REMARKS.—1. A grafted or budded tree, when again grafted or budded, is said to be *double worked*. Some varieties of the pear will not grow on the Quince root, and therefore if dwarf trees of these varieties are desired, it is necessary to bud the Quince with some variety that succeeds well on it, and then bud into this the variety desired. This is the operation referred to in the discussions you mention.

2. We should prefer to give a small quantity of well rotted manure every fall, and have it well forked in around the roots, particularly the extremities.

MR. EDITOR:—Please inform me through the RURAL the proper time to graft the Spanish Chestnut on the common stock. I have tried for two years past, and have failed by grafting at the time I grafted other trees. A SUBSCRIBER.

REMARKS.—Grafting the Chestnut is a difficult operation here. Our nurserymen seldom succeed. The trees sold in this country are imported from France. If "*A Subscriber*" cuts his scions at once, and keeps them in good condition, and grafts very early,—as soon as the ground begins to thaw,—he may succeed. Use clay instead of grafting wax.

CRANBERRIES.—In the various agricultural papers I see much on the introduction of the cultivation of this fruit, but nothing is said on the trouble likely to be caused by weeds. Is there no difficulty on this score? I have endeavored to introduce the vine both on open land and on turf, but after a year they were choked out in both cases. The vines are so slender, cultivation among them would seem impossible. How then shall they be managed in this old weedy country?—W. B., *Henrietta, N. Y.*, 1857.

Domestic Economy.

PUDDING AND CAKES.

EDS. RURAL:—The readers of your excellent paper will find the following useful in families where economy is practiced.

Let all the odd bits of bread be carefully laid by until washing day, or Saturday, and then make a *Farmer's Economical Pudding*. Take stale bread; rub it fine; grate the crust; pare and chop some apples very fine; have your pudding dish ready; cover the bottom with crums; then a layer of apples, a little butter, spice, or nutmeg, and a little sugar. Fill the dish with alternate layers of bread and apples. Pour half a cup boiling water around the sides of the dish; bake half an hour; turn it upon a plate; send it to the table hot; eat with milk or brandy sauce.

RAILROAD CAKE.—3 eggs, 3 table spoonfulls milk, 1 cup white sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoonfull cream tartar, half teaspoon saleratus.

MY CAKE.—2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, half cup of butter, 2 tablespoonfulls of sour milk, half teaspoon saleratus. A REAL DUTCH GIRL.

Suspension Bridge, Jan., 1857.

CURE FOR FELONS.—As there is much needless suffering from felons I deem it a duty to send a remedy which I know to be perfectly reliable.—Take a portion of the bark of sweet Elder, put it with some sweet cream into a cup and boil a short time; then put in a lump of saltpetre twice as large as a pea; let it slowly dry away to the consistency of a salve, which apply to the felon. The saltpetre is the cure, but the elder bark and sweet cream aid in easing the pain. As felons sometimes make it necessary to amputate a finger or hand, (if left alone,) they should be attended to at once. By putting in enough saltpetre *any felon* can be *cured* in forty-eight hours, and the pain will cease almost immediately. W. J. P.

Henrietta, N. Y., 1857.

TO MAKE CRACKERS.—If you are not weary of being troubled with such recipes I wish that you would publish it for the benefit of those who desire to make their own Crackers. To four quarts of flour, which should be warmed, mix in three teaspoonfulls of cream tartar, one teaspoon of salt, rub in one tea cup of shortening, equal parts of butter and lard. Mix with two teacups of water, 1½ teaspoonfulls of soda thoroughly dissolved therein. This will make the dough as hard as can be rolled, by keeping it warm in the meantime.—A SUBSCRIBER'S DAUGHTER, *Belfast, N. Y.*

CRACKER PIE.—As apples are very scarce in many sections of the country, I think the housewife will find the following recipe for making an apple pie out of crackers, very acceptable. For a common sized baking plate, take four of the square or six of the round crackers, a teacupfull of sugar, and a teaspoonful of tartaric acid; break the crackers into a pint of water, add the sugar and acid and finish as an apple pie.—MRS. E. J. S., *Scipioville, N. Y.*, 1857.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN SOAP.—The wife of an American agriculturist has been experimenting in soaps, and finds that the addition of three-quarters of a pound of borax to a pound of soap melted without boiling, makes a saving of one-half in the cost of soap, and of three-fourths the labor of washing, improving the whiteness of the fabrics; besides the usual caustic effect is thus removed, and the hands are left with a peculiar soft and silky feeling, leaving nothing more to be desired by the most ambitious washerwoman.

REMEDY FOR CURING FROSTED FEET.—A writer in the New York *Journal of Commerce* says a simple and effectual remedy for curing frosted feet, and one that will afford immediate relief, is to heat a brick very hot, and hold the foot over as long as it can be held without burning. Cut an onion in two, dipping it repeatedly in salt, rub it all over the feet. The juice of the onion will be dried into the foot, and effect a cure in a very short time. If this is done a few times, it is almost certain to cure your feet entirely.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

LIST OF PATENTS

Issued from the United States Patent Office for the week ending January 13, 1857.

Ethan Allen, Worcester, improved fire arms.

Wm. Badger, Memphis, improvement in cotton seed planters.

Seneca H. Bennett, Belleville, Pa., improved field fence.

Erastus B. Bigelow, Boston, improvement in looms for weaving pile fabrics double.

Samuel Boyd, New York, improvement in the manufacture of hose.

Robert Brayton, Buffalo, improvement in dies.

James S. Burnham, Yorkville, improvement in pumps.

Wm. Cairns and Jasper Cairns, Jersey City, implement for holding blacking boxes.

Enoch Colvin, Poultney, improvement in knitting machines.

Joseph T. Davenport, Augusta, Ga., arrangement for fixed rails as a substitute for railroad switches.

Horace E. Dimick, St. Louis, improved mode of rifling ordnance.

Joseph Dunkley, Carrollton, Mo., improved automatic regulator for wind wheels.

M. B. Dyott, Philadelphia, Pa., improvement in burning fluid lamps.

Augustus Eliaers, Boston, improvement in stain cases.

Thaddeus Fairbanks, St. Johnsbury, Vt., improvement in platform scales.

Milton Finkle, New York, improvement in sewing machines.

Sanford E. Finch and Theodore Sharp, Greenbush, for improvement in flour bolt, as applied to grinding mill.

Lewis A. Hamblen, Chicago, improvement in locomotive lamps.

Jacob Hockman, Mexico, Ind., improvement in brick machines.

Royal E. House, Binghamton, improved device by which persons approaching may open gates.

A. F. Johnson, Boston, improvement in sewing machines.

Wm. Jones, Speedsville, N. Y., improvement in hay forks.

Rodolphus Kinsley, Springfield, Mass., improvement in presses.

H. Maranville, Clinton, O., improvement in balance for detecting counterfeit coin.

Wm. W. Marsh, Jacksonville, Ill., improvement in oil presses.

Stephen C. Mendenhall, Richmond, Ind., improvement in hand looms.

Robert J. Mordison, Richmond, Va., improvement in the cutting apparatus for harvesting machines.

James F. Orr, Orrville, Ala., improvement in cotton gins.

Wm. Ostrander, New York, improved machines for rolling tapering tubes.

James Parker, Boston, improvement in nipple shields.

Wm. Provines, Columbia, Mo., improvement in excavators.

David F. Randall, Chicopee, improvement in the construction of burning fluid lamps.

J. A. Reynolds, Elmira, improved tubular augur.

Isaac S. Roland, West Earl, Pa., improved method of hanging farm gates.

Joseph Shaw, Richland, Ga., improvement in cotton cultivators.

John Shærer, Reading, Pa., improved hub borer.

Reuben W. Sharp, Montgomery, Ala., improved machine for planing shingles, or tapering pieces.

Alfred E. Smith, Bronxville, improved mode of constructing mail axles and hubs.

Daniel W. Snell and Stephen S. Bartlett, Woonsocket, improvement in looms.

Oded Spencer, Jacksonburg, O., improved bore or support for posts of field fences.

Emerson C. Straune, Taunton, improved machine for sawing hoops.

Augustus Stoner, Mount Joy, Pa., improved mode of tightening felloes in wheels.

Joseph Thompson, Durhamville, N. Y., improvement in seed planters.

John S. Toan, Venice, N. Y., improvement in corn planters.

Alfred Tourks, Boston, improvement in locks of fire arms.

Thomas J. Tobnan, South Scituate, improved method of adjusting the size of the mouth, in planes.

David Watson, Newark, N. J., improvement in reaping and mowing machines.

Caleb C. Walworth, Boston, Mass., improved screw-feeding gear.

Wm. Weild, Manchester, Great Britain, improvement in power loom. Patented in England March 7, 1855.

Carlyle Whipple, Lewiston, Me., improved method of hanging and operating reciprocating saws.

D. H. Whittemore, Chicopee Falls, improvement in machines for paring and slicing apples.

M. J. Whitmore, Potsdam, assignor to Frank G. Johnson, Brooklyn, N. Y., and M. J. Whitmore, aforesaid, improvement in calendar clocks.

John B. Wickersham, New York, improved method of fastening the rails of iron fences in the posts.

O. D. Wilcox, Easton, Pa., improvement in artificial legs.

A. Winter, Pickens, S. C., improved method of hanging, guiding and adjusting "mulay saws."

Wm. Wilber, New Orleans, improvement in oil-pressing machinery. Patented in England June 12, 1836.

Loftis Wood, New York, improvement in stove thimbles, or deck iron.

G. F. S. Wright, Black Oak, S. C., improved method of mounting and guiding circular saws.

John G. Vaughan, Middleborough, Mass., assignor (by immediate transfer) to Isaac M. Singer, New York, improved method of lathing and plastering.

Ira Gill, Walpole, Mass., assignor to Ira Gill, aforesaid, and Elbridge Brown, Malden, Mass., improvement in machines for forming hat bodies.

Daniel Berlew, Delaware, O., improved method of planing sashes.

RE-ISSUES.

Geo. W. Geisendorff, Indianapolis, and Jacob C. Geisendorff, Cincinnati, O., improvement in axle cox rollers.—Patented Feb. 6, 1855.

Whitten E. Kidd, New York, improvement in moulds for pressing bonnet fronts. Patented Nov. 28, 1854.

Wm. H. Walton, New York, improvement in cleaning the top flats of carding engines. Patented Dec. 9, 1856.

MECHANICAL SPINNING.

IT is but a short period—but little more than eighty years—since the introduction of Arkwright's Spinning Machine commenced a competition with hand spinning that has not only almost displaced it, but has increased the business of spinning to an extent that could have hardly entered into the calculation of that ingenious inventor, and which has produced results in industry and trade, and in the moral and social condition of the civilized world, that makes the consideration of the subject an interesting one to all classes of the community. Hand spinning is still performed to a limited extent, for certain special purposes—too limited for especial mention—while machine spinning has increased to such gigantic dimensions that it forms one of, if not the most important department of industrial labor.

It is calculated that there are at present in use throughout the world 40 millions of spindles used for spinning cotton, 8 millions for spinning wool, and 3 millions for spinning linen, severally divided among the countries named below, as follows:

	Cotton.	*Wool.*	*Linen.*
Great Britain	21,000,000	2,470,000	2,000,000
United States	6,000,000	1,400,000	15,000
France	5,500,000	850,000	350,000
Germany and Switzerland	3,500,000	1,640,000	162,000
Russia	1,000,000	510,000	50,000
Belgium	900,000	200,000	150,000
Spain	800,000	18,000	6,000
Italy, Portugal, and the rest of the world	1,300,000	912,000	267,000
Total	40,000,000	8,000,000	3,000,000

The acknowledged superiority of the spinning machinery generally used in this country, enables us to produce a greater amount of material per spindle than any other, which not only tends to lessen the apparently great disproportion of the number of spindles employed here and in Great Britain, but enables us to compete successfully with them in their home markets in the cheaper description of goods manufactured of cotton, while we are enabled to furnish them to most of the other markets in the world, beyond the reach of competition.—*Inventor.*

MANUFACTURE OF BRONZE.

THE manufacture of bronze may be ranked amongst the oldest of the arts. The ancients used a composition of copper, tin, and zinc, adding sometimes a small precentage of silver to improve the appearance and nature of their bronze.

In 1841, M. du Rnolf communicated to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, a method of forming articles in bronze by the electrotype process—using the double alkaline cyanides of copper and tin. He showed the Society the process, which consisted of simply coating any metal by means of the voltaic battery and the cyanides mentioned—similar to the common mode of electrotyping which is now so extensively practiced in this city. The antique bronze color is afterwards given to the figure, by adding to fourteen oz. measures of colorless vinegar two drachms of sal ammoniac, and half a drachm of binoxalate of potash. This solution is to be applied with a hair pencil in a very thin layer, the object having been previously slightly warmed.

There are many different ways of coating common metals with bronze, and goods of this description are coming more and more into general use. We have seen common cast iron so bronzed as to assume a beautiful appearance, and rendering the article impervious to rust in-doors. Spelter forms a good basis, also, to coat upon.

We have seen some fine specimens of American imitation bronze at the office of Jas. G. Gilbert, 46 John street, Y. N., who is extensively engaged in the manufacture of real and imitation bronze. Statuettes, clock cases, candelabras, portable gas fixtures, etc., of very handsome patterns, were shown us at his office; but the most novel of all his curiosities are specimens of insects, toads, plants, etc., which castings are taken direct from nature, he using the animal or plant as the mold, which, of course, renders the production true to life.—*Scientific American.*

IRON FOR GUNS.

GREAT improvements have taken place in the material used for manufacturing fire-arms. One of these improvements consist in forging the barrels from old horse shoe nails. These, from the cold hammering in their manufacture, acquire a great condensation and strength of fibre, possessing also the requisite qualities of purity and ductility in a high degree. The nails, or "stubs," are first cleaned in a revolving drum and then welded into a bloom or mass in an air furnace; afterward taken out and forged with heavy trip-hammers; then rolled into bars and reduced to rods of the proper size by hand-hammering—in which process every flaw can be detected and worked out or the barrel rejected: the frequent welding, rolling and hammering of the iron, increases its strength and tenacity in an astonishing degree. Some years ago, it was discovered that metal used for gun-barrels was still more improved by the admixture of one-fourth of steel with the iron, giving additional solidity and hardness, without impairing its strength. Thus, in the manufacture of wire twist, alternate bars of iron and steel are placed on each other and forged at a welding heat into one body or bar, which is afterward rolled down into rods of three-eighths of an inch in breadth and varying in thickness according to the weight of the barrel which they are intended to make. The flat rod is then twisted into a spiral upon an iron mandril, and welded together at the edges, assisted by many blows of the forging hammer to bring every part into juxtaposition while hot.—*Sel.*

SCIENCE IN FRANCE.

THE prize of thirty thousand francs instituted by the Emperor of the French for the most notable discovery in science, has been awarded to M. Fizeau, for his experiments and demonstrations on the rapidity of the movement of light.

M. Carrere has shown to the Academy that Newton's rings may be reproduced by letting fall on water a drop of a solution of bitumen of Judea, with benzine and naphtha. It is a curious optical experiment, and the more so, as the film may be taken off the surface of the water on a sheet of paper, and kept, when dry, for permanent observation.

The French Government have established a system of meteorological observations for the whole of France, and observations are now sent every day to the central observatory at Paris; five meteorological observatories are also to be started in Algiers, three on the coast and two in the interior, whereby some knowledge will be arrived at, of the atmospheric and other climatic phenomena of that part of Africa.

The spongy metals discovered by M. Chenat are found applicable to purposes for which castings have hitherto been used. The metal is subjected to hydraulic pressure, and any variety of form and surface may be produced, solid and durable, with great economy of time and expense.—*Sel.*

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE COMPASS.—By advices from Melbourne, it appears that Dr. Scoresby has accomplished his voyage, which, it will be remembered, was undertaken with a view to carry out a careful series of experiments on the compass in an iron ship. He sailed in the Royal Charter, an iron vessel, and now finds the views he announced last year at Liverpool confirmed in all essential particulars. Dr. Scoresby says that the only way to keep the compass from being influenced by the magnetism of the vessel, is to elevate it above the reach of that influence, and that compass was so influenced on board the Royal Charter without inconvenience. Should Dr. S.'s return voyage prove equally satisfactory, the principal cause of risk in the navigation of iron ships will be understood and removed.

A RAILROAD TO BE OPERATED BY TELEGRAPH.—The Buffalo Republic understands that arrangements have been fully completed to build a single track railroad from that city to New York. The route is to be air-line to Syracuse, and from thence to Newburgh. The road is to be a single six foot track, to be operated by telegraph, and to be designed principally for the freighting business.—The expense, it is confidently estimated, will not exceed $6,000,000. This announcement is made in apparently good faith.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PREPARE FOR DEATH.

BY KATE CAMERON.

PREPARE for Death—tho' Life's morning hour
Is shedding bright rays on Hope's fair bower:
Tho' the light of Youth beams in thine eye,
And thy cheek is glowing with ardor high.
The sun may be dimm'd in its early course,
The fountain be dried at its gushing source,—
And soon—Ah! too soon—it may be thy doom
To lose in the grave thy beauty and bloom.

Tho' in Manhood's prime, prepare for Death,
Nor waste in this world thy fleeting breath;
Tho' the cares of earth may be manifold,
The strife for Fame—and the toil for Gold,
Tho' Pleasure round thee her meshes weave
Of tinsel threads that shine to deceive:
Oh! heed them not, but press nobly on,
And bear the cross, till the crown is won!

Thou aged Pilgrim, around whose way
The shadows lengthen at close of day;
Whose weary feet must now trembling stand
At the Portal of the Silent Land.
The treasures of earth cannot impart
A single joy to thy time-worn heart,—
Yet, *prepared for Death, thou* art most blest,
The nearest of all to Eternal Rest.

Prepare for Death, and welcome will be
The last hour of Life that sets the free:
And sweet the summons that call thee *Home*,
No longer in this bleak world to roam!
Thy pain and thy sorrow forever o'er—
Thou shalt suffer, and sigh, and sin no more!
But dwell with those who on earth were dear,
With never a parting hour to fear!

Rochester, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

THERE exists in every mind a *love* for that which is beautiful. Although the outward manifestations of beauty are varied, yet the gratification of beholding its unlimited objects, in all their many forms, is of the greatest degree of intensity.

In Nature, unnumbered forms of loveliness salute our wondering gaze, and fill our hearts with unbounded pleasure and unaccountable awe. *Everything* is beautiful, from the myriad worlds that glitter as stars in the dark blue vault of heaven, to the first pale, modest blossom of Spring.—Beauty lingers in the few sad emblematic flowers of Autumn, and even in the rigid mosses of *stern Winter*. Beautiful are the streamlets, flashing in the sun, as they serenely glide onward to the sea, mirroring on their glassy breasts each shrub and floweret that decks their banks, and gracefully bow their heads to kiss the sparkling waves as they dance merrily o'er their pebbly path,—each little ripple singing its own song of gladness and of liberty.

There is beauty in the very grass beneath our footsteps, and the blue curling smoke, the light, the cloud, and the mist wreath, are among the fairest images of Nature. Beautiful is the downy mantle which the Winter wears, spangled o'er with crystal jewelry, which sparkles in the cold, bright sunlight, with a brilliancy such as kings might fain envy for the diamonds in their diadems. Still more beautiful to the mariner is the ocean's breast, with its shelly wealth and white glistening sands, numberless to all save Him who created them.

There is beauty in the deep shaded forests where the sturdy oak and majestic pine rear their lofty heads, and at their feet fresh beds of wild-flowers breathe their sweet perfume, and beautiful the glancing plumage of the bird upon the wing.—There is beauty in the setting sun, beautiful is the mighty monarch of the day, as he slowly and peacefully sinks beyond the horizon, gilding with his reflected rays the airy clouds that deck the closing day, until they appear like unto mountains of fire. How full of beauty are their varied forms,—now that of an ancient castle, strongly fortified by extensive walls, with lofty domes, airy balconies, and large extending windows,—and now gently moving on, until they appear like "fairy isles in a stormless sea."

How beautiful the rosy morn, "the day's full bloom," and the silent, enchanting hour of twilight,—and evening, attended by the pale, silvery Luna and her "thousand times ten thousand" glittering worlds.

"Beautiful crescent afar on high,
Sailing away on the clear blue sky,
Oh! linger awhile, with thy gentle light,
And I'll make *thee* my friend to-night.

Thou moon that smilest on me now,
And all *ye* stars that light the blue above,
Say, have *ye* aught like human misery
Within your far-off brightness? Can *ye tell?*
One after one, shall generations pass,
Till ages yet undreamed of shall have gone,
But *ye* will shine, as brightly beautiful
As now *ye* do,—nor never fade, nor change?"

But the brilliant light of mind excels all else.

"Oh! faint indeed are outward hues,
Compared with man's rich mental light,
Each day his thoughts their rays diffuse,
Yet grow each day *more* bright."

Beautiful beyond all human skill to trace the outbreaking spirit beneath its earth-wrought drapery. To mark the soul-enkindling eye of Genius as it penetrates the mysterious, beautiful and grand, unfolding in the midst of earth the wings of Paradise.

Onward, for the *truths* of *God!*
Onward, for *the right*,
Firmly let the field be trod
In life's coming light;
Heaven's *own* hand will lead us on—
Guard us, till our task is done."

When the varied powers of man are brought out in *full* perfection, and he can go forth upon the burnished wings of electric thought, to scatter blessings abroad, then the rolling years will bring brighter, holier flowers,—he will win the *crown* of *beauty*, and his *mission be accomplished*.

LULU DE LUZAH.

Lakeland Home, Sheldrake, Sen. Co., Jan., 1857.

WOMAN, by the decree of nature, has smiles, like the kind heavens, for all creation; and when clouds intervene, and she is sad, her very tears, like the rain and dew, are equally beneficent. The *Newark Advertiser* utters this pretty sentiment.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"'TIS DARKEST ERE DAY."

OFTEN when the hand of misfortune has darkened our brightest prospects, and swept away our sunlit dreams of future happiness, has some unseen monitor pointed our drooping spirits towards the day-star of Hope, and bid us struggle on; and as we look forward into the misty future, fancy points us to a brighter day's dawning. When the soul is oftimes bowed down with the weight of its own sorrows, the heart is well nigh crushed, and despair is slowly preying as a canker worm upon its vitals, even then some faint glimmering of a sunlit future steals upon it like a rainbow of light. Mark that pale mother bending over the couch of a sick and dying child! The night wind howls mournfully around her shattered dwelling, as if to hymn the requiem of the dying one within. The few remaining embers are fast fading away and she knows not where to obtain more; poverty, want, and death seem to be her inevitable doom. Then, in this her hour of sorrow, and of woe, she lifts her heart to heaven, and prays for a speedy relief, and she prays not in vain. Look for a moment on the dark ages, when Romanism ruled the world, when innocence, and virtue, became its victims, and ignorance and superstition walked abroad in the land; but ere long truth conquered error, and the night of darkness gave place to the light day. In the last great conflict of our Savior with the powers of darkness, when the wrath of GOD seemed overshadowing him, he cried with a loud voice, saying, "My GOD, my GOD! why hast thou forsaken me?" Was not even then the vale about to be opened, which separated him and the Great Eternal, and the hidden mysteries of the unseen to be revealed.

Man is ever wishing, and never satisfied—ever changing, and never fixed—ever hoping, and never realizing—and thus many dark and desolate hours fall to the lot of earth's sons and daughters. And although dark shadows may linger round thy pathway, and dark clouds of gloomy despondency steal over thy spirit in the journey of life, yet still hope on, and hope ever, and be assured that though dark may be the night, bright will be the dawning of the day. CARRIE. M. LEE.

Oberlin, Ohio, Jan., 1857.

"LADIES" IN THE BIBLE.

COL. BENTON says there are no "ladies" in the Bible, but the Colonel is mistaken. In a recent letter to the National Intelligencer, correcting the report of his New England speech in New York city, he makes the following blunder in setting himself right:

"I did not say ladies. That word is not in the Bible, nor is it in any Greek or Roman book; and, if I must give food for a paragraph on '*egotism*' in some newspaper in which the editor may not yet have acquired the right to print the pronoun *ego* before any act of his own, I will add, that phrase is not in the Thirty Years' View, in any part of the author's own writing."

Whereupon the N. Y. Observer quotes the following passages from the Bible, showing the venerable Senator that word *lady* is used four times and *ladies* twice:

Isaiah xlvii.: 5: "Sit thou silent, and get thee into darkness, O daughter of the Chaldeans: for thou shalt no more be called, The lady of kingdoms."

Isaiah xlvii.: 7: "And thou saidst, I shall be a lady for ever: *so* that thou didst not lay these *things* to thy heart, neither didst remember the end of it."

2 John i.: 1: "The elder unto the elect lady and her children, whom I love in the truth; and not I only, but also all they that have known the truth."

2 John i.: 5: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

Judges v.: 29: "Her wise ladies answered her, yea, she returned answer to herself.

Esther i.: 18: "*Likewise* shall the ladies of Persia and Media say this day unto all the king's princes, which have heard of the deed of the queen."

LIVING IN HEARTS.

IT is better to live in hearts than in houses. A change of circumstances or a disobliging landlord may turn one out of a house to which he has formed many attachments. Removed from place to place is with many unavoidable incidents of life. But one cannot be expelled from a true and loving heart save by his own fault; not yet always by that, for affection clings tenaciously to its object in spite of ill-desert; but go where he will, his home remains in hearts which have learned to love him; the roots of affection are not torn out or destroyed by such removals, but they remain fixed deep in the heart, clinging still to the image of that object which they are more eager again to clasp. When one revisits the home of his childhood, or the place of his happy abode in life's spring-time, pleasant as it is to survey each familiar spot, the house, the garden, the trees planted by himself or by kindred now sleeping in the dust, there is in the warm grasp of the hand, in the melting of the eye, in the kind and earnest salutation, in the tender solicitude for the comfort and pleasure of his visit, a delight that no mere local object of nature or art, no beautiful cottage, or shady rill, or quiet grove, can possibly bestow. To be remembered, to be loved, to live in hearts, that is one solace amid earthly changes—this is a joy above all the pleasures of scene and place. We love this spiritual home-feeling—the union of hearts which death cannot destroy; for it augurs, if there be heart-purity as well as heart-affection, an unchanging and imperishable abode in hearts now dear.—*Christian Treasury.*

AMBITION.—The loftiest, the most angel-like ambition is the earnest desire to contribute to the rational happiness and moral improvement of others. If we can do this, if we can smooth the rugged path of one fellow traveler, if we can give one impression, is it not better than the triumphs that fashion, wealth, and power ever attained?

DROP by drop falls into the clear well-spring of our youth the bitter water of experience, and there is no filter this side the grave that can restore the old purity.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DEAD.—A WINTER PIECE.

THE Summer is dead—
Dead with the flowers
That bloomed in her bowers
In sunshiny hours,
Together they fled.

The streams too are dead—
Dead 'neath the snow,
Their music so low,
Of soft gentle flow,
From brooklets hath fled.

O! the hopes that are dead—
Glad hopes of the past,
Long since overcast
By grief's stormy blast,
On swift wings have sped.

Sing of cherished ones dead—
Of dear ones lying low
Beneath the cold snow—
Ah! they left us in woe,
While our stricken hearts bled.

Chant a dirge for the dead—
The flowers and the streams,
Fair hope's brightest beams,
Friends seen but in dreams,
All—all are now dead.

Rochester, Jan., 1857. NETTIE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE IN HISTORY.

BY REV. E. W. REYNOLDS.

THE career of mankind has been likened to a river, flowing from some mountain range in a single channel, then branching into detached streams, gathering a thousand rivulets into its bosom, finally mingling in one broad torrent, and so rolling in majestic volume to the sea. All are obedient to one great principle, or law. One irresistible tendency bears them along, and they gravitate at last into one element. Thus, in the primeval twilight, from some spring in Central Asia, the River of Humanity gushed forth,—diverged into various channels,—sometimes apparently flowed in opposite directions—lashed its waves in hostile collision, and finally swept into the deep and tranquil ocean of Imperial Rome.

In this great movement, *Jewish History* forms the central channel, along whose devious course all the Pagan Empires sweep and flow, and whose Divine Truth is the sovereign current, to which all their tumultuous convulsions are obedient. It is because a Divine Purpose is diffused through the lives of these nations—weaving, with invisible hand, the web of their destinies. It is because a supernatural agency—working under the surface of events—is shaping the world with reference to a pre-ordained consummation, to which the tides of History inevitably set.

Thus, when the Jews had grown unfaithful to their Divine Governor, he allowed them to fall into the hands of the Assyrians; but he made the place of their exile a new nursery of Truth, so that every captive who entered the gates of Nineveh, or Babylon, bore a sacred message under the badge of his servitude. It was the same agency that tempered the Persian sceptre to their desolate condition, brought about their restoration, the rebuilding of their temple, and the revival of their worship.—This inscrutible Sovereign "compelled ALEXANDER of Macedon and his early successors, both in Syria and Egypt, to protect them; brought the Romans to enslave them, yet by this very means to maintain, within certain limits, their national integrity, and above all to save them from the vengeance of the kings of Syria;" preserved part of the race in Palestine, from which the Messiah was to spring, and scattered the others throughout all the lands of the East, as if to prepare his way among all nations.

The state of the world, at the appearance of Christianity, indicated an intelligent preparation for the great event. To say nothing of the world's spiritual hunger which the Gospel came to satisfy, there was, in its *external* circumstances, a demand for such a system as the Christian Church. The Roman arms had broken down all the barriers between nations; the Greek and Latin languages had displaced the local and confused idioms of the various peoples; and a uniform government and civilization had consolidated and tranquilized the world. Thus a *material foundation* was laid for a uniform and universal religion. As a spiritual republic, Christianity was the glorious counterpart of the political edifice, apparently organized for her reception.

When GOD had used the civilization of the Romans to put his religion upon an intellectual and secure basis, he employed the semi-barbarism of the Goths to convey it, in its symbolic germ, over Western Europe. The peculiar forms of the Catholic Church arose, as a temporary shield, to avert from the pure faith the night-storm of Paganism; and, afterwards the world became convulsed in the throes of the Reformation, that his truth might be born again, in its early perfection, in all the hearts of mankind.

He prepared in England, by a process of conquests and revolutions, a race made up of the hardihood of the early Roman, the genius of the Greek, the enterprise of the Phœnician, and the faith of the Hebrew;—a race wrought out of all the sterling qualities of political and religious manhood, from which was to issue, in later times, the imperious intellect of BACON, the tropical fancy of SHAKSPEARE, the martyr-soul and lyric breath of MILTON, the generous and persistent philanthropy of WILBERFORCE and HOWARD, the inductive thought of NEWTON and FRANKLIN, and the towering, impregnable integrity of WASHINGTON.

As the European continent became too crowded for its enlarging activities, and when Freedom had failed to found a dominion there, GOD lodged in the teeming brain of a Genoese sailor, the thrilling secret of a new world in the undiscovered West.—And, while his hazardous enterprise plucked the veil of terror from the sea, GOD quickened among the nations of Europe those ideas of Government and Religion, that necessitated the colonization of America.

YOU may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

If your early childhood home was happy, if your early days were fortunate days of love, nothing can sever your heart from your old remembered home. It would be a glorious pleasure to him to see the treasures of art in the capitals of Europe—but it could not touch those deeper chords that vibrate when he meets his boyhood companions, and in an instant brought back the vision of years long gone by. He might desire to see the sun go down in an Italian sky, or ascend among the rising Alps, but rather would he behold him from his father's dwelling suffuse the West and picture trees and mountains against a golden sky, and feel as he used to feel, when the sun in going, took something of his very soul with him. What would he not endure to stand where Christ stood, to rest where he sat, or remain where he laid down in patient burial.—He would gladly walk through the sleepless night in solemn vigil, until the morning light should streak through the dew-drop on his hair—and yet it could not move him so as to go to the side of the hill where his mother was buried, and sit down there while the past came back again, and childhood and love walked before him in the blessed resurrection of a vision. So hath it been ordained, that our early affections come to us with a savor that not the strongest later feelings can give.

None know these things so well as the emigrant and wanderer, for it seemeth that it was *the body only which goes away from home—the heart never emigrates.* Are there any reflections so solacing as the very rememberings of home—the old farm-house, the broad door-stone, the humble hearth, the meadows where we scared up birds and found early flowers, *the trees that pelted us with chestnuts, when we pelted them with clubs*, the orchard purpled in Spring and redolent in Autumn? All these are in the remembrance of every man, if it has been his lot to be born at all—that is, to be born in the country.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

THE GOLDEN RULE OF LIFE.

ALL the air and exercise in the universe and the most liberal table, are but poorly sufficient to maintain human stamina if we neglect other operatives—namely, the obedience to the laws of abstinence, and those of ordinary gratification. We rise with a headache, and set about puzzling ourselves to know the cause. We recollect that we feasted over-bountifully, or that we staid up very late; at all events, we incline to find out the fault, and then we call ourselves fools for falling into it. Now, this is an occurrence happening almost every day, and these are the points which run away with the best portion of our life before we find out what is good or evil.

Let any single individual review his past life; how instantaneously the blush will cover his cheek when he thinks of the errors he has unknowingly committed, because it never occurred to him that they were errors until the effects followed that betrayed the cause. All our sickness and ailments and a brief life mainly depend upon ourselves.—There are thousands who practice errors day after day, and whose pervading thought is that everything which is agreeable and pleasant cannot be hurtful. The slothful man loves his bed, the toper his drink, because it throws him into exhilarative, exquisite mood—the gourmand makes his stomach his god—and the sensualist thinks his delights imperishable. So we go on, and at last we stumble and break down. We then begin to reflect, the truth stares us in the face how much we are to blame.

FEMALE DELICACY.—Above all other features which adorn the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is far removed from good sense; but the high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike among woman and in the society of men—which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak when required, with seriousness and kindness, of things at which it would be ashamed to smile or blush—that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another—which can give alms without assumption, and which pains not the most susceptible being in creation.

GREAT DEEDS.—The spoken word, the written poem, is said to be an epitome of the man; how much more the done work. Whatsoever of morality and intelligence; what of patience, perseverance, faithfulness, of method, insight, ingenuity, energy; in a word, whatsoever of strength the man had in him will lie written in the work he does.—Great honor to him whose epic is a melodious hexameter Iliad. But still greater honor, if his epic be a mighty empire slowly built together, a mighty series of heroic deeds—a mighty conquest over chaos. There is no mistaking this latter epic. Deeds are greater than words. Deeds have such a life, mute but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruit trees do; they people the vacuity of time, and make it green and worthy.—*Carlyle.*

"'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame,
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happier hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music."

MODESTY.—A simple and modest man lives unknown, until a moment, which he could not have foreseen, reveals his estimable qualities and generous actions. I compare him to the concealed flower springing from an humble stem, which escapes the view, and is discovered only by its perfume. Pride quickly fixes the eye, and he who is always his own eulogist dispenses every other person from the only obligation to praise him.

ESSAY ON MAN.

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, strong, if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good, or never.

LOVE AND MONEY.

[Concluded from page 44, this No.]

For months JUDSON was detained from returning to the law school he had left by the illness of his father. In the mean time he had entered the office where SAMUEL was pursuing his studies.—This threw him often into the company of MINNIE and JENNY—and as they gathered around the social circle on the long evenings of winter, and cracked their nuts and jokes, MINNIE looked upon him as a being almost perfect. He was sufficiently social, without the extreme levity of SAMUEL, and sedate, without the moroseness of MATHEWS. His attentions were necessarily directed to her, as SAMUEL was at this time fully devoted to JENNY, who was soon to become his wife. Her father had died some months before of delirium tremens, and as the estate was found to be in a perplexing and entangled condition, SAMUEL deemed it important that his marriage should be hurried, in order to secure to himself the portion he expected. Preparations were accordingly made to celebrate the nuptials in a style becoming the standing and prospects of JENNY. MINNIE was consulted in all matters of taste, and nothing was done without her sanction. SAMUEL she had given up wholly, and often wondered at the girlish fancy that had entrapped her inexperienced heart. JUDSON and herself were to aid while JENNY and SAM went through the transforming state of becoming one.

The evening arrived, and MINNIE, arrayed like a bride, and looking more like one than the bride elect, was seated in her own parlor an hour before the time, waiting the summons. JUDSON entered, and drawing a chair to her side, seated himself in it, and taking her hand, said, as he looked roguishly into her face,—

"MINNIE, did you know I came out here on purpose to stand up with *you?*"

"Never allude to it," she replied, laying her delicate hand across his mouth. He kissed it, and said—

"On one condition I never will; and that is, if you will allow me to stand where that rascal meant to. In other words, MINNIE, will you accept my heart, hand, and fortune?"

MINNIE's eyes had fallen from his to the fire that flickered in the grate.

"I have no money," she finally said, as the blood mounted to her temples, "and that seems to be an indispensable consideration with gentlemen."

He pressed her hand between his own, as he bent to look into her face, and said—

"MINNIE, I have enough for you and me; will you share it with me? and for your dower bring your *heart*—it's all I want—it's all I ask."

MINNIE raised her dark full eye to his, as she replied—

"You ask what you already possess."

"Then I may call you my own," said he joyfully.

Her only reply was a kiss upon the hand that rested upon her shoulder.

The hour was too short to speak forth all the joy that welled up from their loving hearts, and they must go to see another made happy. How carefully did he wrap the shawl around her sylph-like form, lest the night air should strike too heavily upon her. With what interest did he inquire if her rubbers were on, and if she was sufficiently warm. How tenderly he carried her willing hand in his own, as they extended their walk beyond the house of the bride, and back. No wonder that she was pronounced the most brilliant girl at the wedding, as her whole soul beamed forth from her happy face.

JENNY, too, was happy, and SAMUEL was pronounced so, although some ventured the assertion that "he loved MINNIE the best." Their wedding tour was taken, for who ever married without one, if it were only to mill and back, while JUDSON and MINNIE were but too happy in seeing theirs in the distance.

MATHEWS occasionally sent in a few missives, assuring her she would never be happy without him, or he without her, but they fell harmlessly into the blaze and were forgotten.

The day finally arrived which was to unite them in form, as they already were in heart. 'Twas early on Tuesday morning, after she was arrayed in her riding dress and hat, that she seated herself alone, in her own room, for a few moment's of reflection. A gentle rap on the door, and BRIDGET entered with a letter, which she handed and immediately retired.

MINNIE turned it over and over, looking at the post-mark and wondering who in New York knew her, she opened and read—

MISS WATERS:—I am requested to inform you that one thousand acres of land in Minnesota, formerly owned by your father, and cared for you by your uncle of that place, has now come into market, and I am authorized to offer you twenty-five dollars per acre for the same. Please write immediately and inform me if you accept the sum.

Respectfully, &c., MILLARD FITKINS.

She rubbed her eyes and read again. What did it mean? At length, far down in the depths of her memory, she brought up the recollection of the purchase, and the paying of the taxes. She had never thought of it since, and it appeared like a dream. She carefully placed the letter in her pocket and soon descended to the parlor with the devoted JUDSON, and the two became one.

Few were present, but SAMUEL and JENNY were of the number, and if a sadness rested visibly upon his face, it was attributed to the perplexities of Mr. NILES' estate, which was now considered insolvent. Many were the kind wishes expressed by the friends present for the continued happiness of the newly married.

"Twenty minutes to car time," said JUDSON, as he held his watch before MINNIE's face; "we must be going."

Mrs. WILSON was the last to bid her good bye, and as she held both her hands in hers and said, "My child, I shall have a lonely life without you," MINNIE whispered her good fortune in her ear, and sealed it with a kiss. It was more than Mrs. WILSON's over-burdened heart could bear, and she covered her face with her hands and wept aloud.—Many wondered at the strong attachment which was evinced by this outburst of feeling; but if Mrs. WILSON felt strongly at MINNIE's good fortune, SAMUEL and MATHEWS were not far behind, when they afterwards exclaimed, "Blame take our luck!"

But it was not till they were seated in the cars, and far on their journey, that MINNIE handed the letter to her husband, and with a smile said—

"Here, my dear, is your wedding present."

We will not attempt to describe his surprise, nor the evident pleasure that beamed from his face, lest some might think he was glad of money with his wife—his professions to the contrary notwithstanding. They hastened their course to New York, where, after receiving twenty-five thousand dollars, and enjoying the lions of the city for a few weeks, they returned to gladden the hearts of their friends. SAMUEL had already removed to the far West, where he procured, by dint of close application to business, the necessaries of life, while JUDSON and MINNIE, living to love, and loving to live, are happy in giving to the needy and in protecting the orphan.

The Traveler.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

Europe, Afoot and Alone.—New Series.

LETTER III.—IRELAND.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

Carrick-a-Read.

WE rose in the morning but little refreshed, and walked to the next village, which was four Irish miles distant, before we got our breakfasts. Turning off the main road, we wandered along the cliffs until we came to Carrick-a-Read, which is an isolated rock, connected with the cliffs of the main land by a bridge of ropes. I walked over it. Two hundred feet below, the deep green sea foamed on the rocks. The bridge is narrow, and a single rope runs along one side for a hand railing. It swayed fearfully beneath my footsteps, and in a storm of wind is said to be impassible. Its length is about fifty feet.

Groups of Cabins.

The road which we that day followed, led us through a dreary country. Half of it, perhaps, was composed of bogs and moor, uncultivated and unfenced. On the rest there were blank stone walls and ditches, instead of green hedges, and every now and then, we saw a deserted and roofless cabin. They told a mournful tale. The groups of stone huts where the peasantry lived, looked sad and lonely. They seemed to be going to rack and ruin, as fast as simple stone and turf are capable. They were surrounded by filth, and tall weeds grew beside the walls, and waved on the house tops.—Before the doors, were frequently puddles of mud, in which scrubby swine were lying. In the road parties of ragged and dirty children were playing, as children will under whatever circumstances, and were the only element of cheerfulness we could perceive. Frequently we saw old women, bent and wrinkled, tottering along, and aiding their feeble footsteps with a staff. We missed the flowers and shrubs we had been accustomed to see so profusely cultivated in England, even about the humblest cottages, and we were assailed by more beggars that day than in all our travels before. If we gave them anything, they invariably invoked a blessing. "GOD bless ye," said an old woman on we had bestowed a few pennies. "GOD bless ye, and may ye niver want health, and plenty to eat."

Our curiosity prompted us to enter several of the cabins. One of them, where we asked for and received a drink of water, was about fifteen feet square. The stone walls were thick and bare, and the roof was composed of turf, on which grew grass and weeds. The cabin was occupied by two women, and we saw a child in a cradle. There was no floor but the earth, and against one of the walls a peat fire was smouldering on a kind of hearth, filling the room with smoke, which partly escaped through a hole in the roof, and partly through the open door and window. A couple of goats lay by the fire, and a cat sat near by looking on very contemplatively. In one corner was a rickety frame, with a heap of ragged blankets on it, which they dignified by the name of a bed.—Besides these there were one or two wooden chairs, a cupboard, a bench and some boxes and barrels. The smoke rendered it difficult for us to breathe, and wrapped every thing in a dusky atmosphere, but the occupants did not seem to mind it. They looked dried and withered, and their complexions were darkened. This cabin was a fair type of the others.

Appearance of the Country.

As we advanced, the country became rougher and more barren, and finally we entered a moor, which exceeded in sterility and dreariness, any that we had before crossed. There were no fences or habitations for many miles, and the wind waved the long dark heather on the hills. We saw parties of men and women engaged in cutting the peat from the bogs, and spreading it to dry in the sunshine, and scrubby looking horses, cattle, and sheep were working hard to graze a scanty subsistence. The view was limited, and the ascending road turned continually round the hills. The spirit of silence fell on us both, and for several miles we walked steadily side by side, without speaking a word, until, as we wheeled round the base of a hill, the prospect suddenly opened before us, and we beheld the valley of Glender below, stretching away for miles. An exclamation of surprise and delight broke from our lips at once.

The valley is not, however, very fertile, but the contrast was great with what we had just passed over. We looked down on white cottages and on hedges and trees. The turnpike road is carried across the lowest part of the valley by a many-arched stone bridge. On the opposite side rose a mountain, its sides, for about two-thirds of the way to the top, covered by a network of stone walls, the lines of which converge towards the summit. The remaining third is covered with nothing but brown heather. We descended into the valley, crossed the bridge, and turning to the left, went down to the sea, where we found the pleasant little village of Cushendal. The trees hid it from sight, until we had almost entered it. The last two miles we walked over at a rapid pace, and when passing a stone breaker by the side of the road, I asked him how far it was to the town. He answered, and I remarked without stopping, that we were making for it as fast as possible. "Well, indade, I think ye are, sir," was his reply, as he looked after us somewhat astonished.

Incidents of Travel.

In the morning we got into conversation with several of the people before leaving the village.—America was quite familiar to them, for a majority have relatives there, and indeed we find that among the common people, the Irish generally have a better knowledge of our country than either the English or Scotch. I tried to purchase a cane in the place, but could find none. One of them brought out his Shillala from his house, and presented it to me, and another remarked that I was no Yankee, for I was neither tall nor lean enough; but they thought E—— would pass.

We kept the coast road for a while—it extends, at least from Port Rush to Belfast, and is level as the sea, for it keeps close to the water's edge, and winds, like a snake track, round the bays and promontories. We grew tired of this, and turned into and entered a more fertile region.

The land is highly cultivated, and the numerous trees and hedges give it an appearance of luxuriant verdure. The farm houses, too, were larger, and looked more thrifty, and the laborers' cottages were clean and comfortable. The dwellings are stone and commonly white-washed on the outside, and we could perceive some attempt at ornament in the way of flowers and gardens. The farmers were engaged in haying.

We soon struck the coast road again, and passed by the Marquis of Londonderry's summer residence, which stands on a cliff, overlooking the sea. It is very large, being built of dark brown stone, with towers and battlements. It overlooks extensive and varied scenery, which seemed to sleep in the stillness of noontide. Around were gardens and fountains, precipices and groves, and out on the surface of the motionless ocean, the majestic ships stood erect with all their canvas spread.—When we reached the village of Glender, E—— gave out, and employed a conveyance to take him to Larne, which was ten miles further on. I have seen one horse draw more, perhaps, in Ireland, than anywhere else. Their vehicles are two-wheeled, and drawn by one animal; and I have counted as many as nine persons on them at once, and I believe, on a pinch, two or three more might have found room.

I continued my journey alone, and on the way stopped to converse with a couple of laborers, who were pulling weeds from the wheat with wooden tongs. They told me their wages were two shillings per day, with which they had to feed and clothe themselves and families. Generally, they did not get so much, but this was a favorable season. One of them was quite intelligent, and spoke bitterly of their sufferings, saying they were worn out, and made old before their prime, by constant hard labor and privation. All along the shore men and women were engaged in gathering sea-weed which they dried and sold. There is a kind which they call "*dulce*," that is eaten by the common people, and it was frequently offered to us by beggars. I was somewhat tired when I reached Larne, and welcomed the comfortable quarters which E—— had engaged.

RAILROAD POLITENESS.

BAYARD TAYLOR, in one of his letters from Germany, in speaking of the proportion of agreeable and disagreeable companions one meets, says:

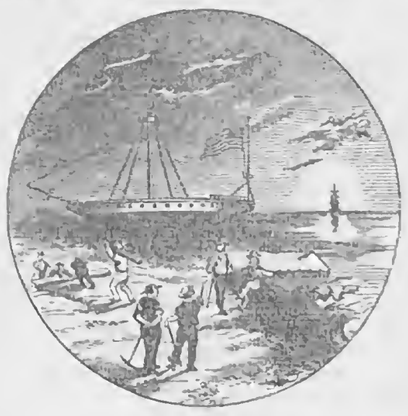
Of the English one meets in Switzerland, one-tenth may prove agreeable acquaintances; of the Americans and French, one-fourth, and of the Germans one-half. The principal topic of conversation was—not the scenery, but the merits of the different hotels. I heard a ruddy Londoner gravely recommend a certain house because the tea-cups had handles to them, and another was delighted with Lucerne because he found a good confectioner's shop there.

Going down the valley of Aar, I saw approaching me a German gentleman and lady, followed a little distance by an English party. I bowed to the former and was repaid by a ready and gracious acknowledgment. I then repeated the process to the English ladies, who deliberately

"Gorgonized me from head to foot,
With stony British stare."

Many American ladies, let me confess, would have done the same thing. I kept statistics of female politeness for some months in the Sixth Avenue cars, and found that not more than one lady in twenty thanked me for giving up my seat to her.

ORIGIN AND SEALS OF THE STATES.—NO. IV.



NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE first settlements in the "Granite State," were at Dover and Portsmouth, in 1623. In 1641 all its settlements by a voluntary act submitted to Massachusetts, but were made a separate province by an act of Charles II., in 1679. A temporary government was established in 1776, to continue during the revolution. On the 21st of June, 1788, the State in Convention adopted the Constitution of the United States.

The Geographical position of New Hampshire, is between latitude 41° 42′ and 45° 11′ N. and 70° 40′ and 72° 30′ W. longitude. The population in 1850 numbered 317,864. The dwellings in the State at same period, were 57,339, and farms 29,229. Manufacturing establishments, 3,301. The agricultural products, at the time referred to, were, wheat, 185,658 bushels; rye, 183,117; Indian corn, 1,573,670; oats, 973,381; barley, 70,256; potatoes, 4,304,919—value of products of the orchard $248,563—of market gardens, $56,810—pounds of butter made, 6,977,056; of cheese, 3,196,563; maple sugar, 1,294,863; molasses, 9,611 gallons, with sundry miscellaneous products. Land improved 2,251,288 acres—cash value $55,245,997. Value implements and machinery, $2,314,125; of live stock, $8,871,901; capital invested in manufactures, $18,242,114.

The educational facilities of the State, are as follows:—The Dartmouth College, to which is attached the New Hampshire Medical School; and four Theological Seminaries scattered throughout the State. There were 107 academies, with 5,321 pupils; 2,381 schools, with 75,643 scholars; 129 libraries, aggregate number of volumes, 86,759.—Annual school moneys paid by the State, $1,450,000.

AT night we cannot tell whether the river is shallow or deep: so neither can we judge of a silent or secret man. To know him we must have light, or else be able to sound him.

Illustrated Natural History.—No. 2.

THE WHITE-FOOTED ANTELOPE.

WE give above an engraving of the Nyl-Ghau or White-Footed Antelope, an interesting animal, native of India. Many of them have been brought to England, from Surat or Bombay, and have become partially domesticated. Our American traveler, BAYARD TAYLOR, when he was in India, saw a good many of these animals, and describes them as follows:

"The male is of a very dark gray color, having short horns; the female of a pale brown, without horns, and rather more than four feet high at the shoulders. The mode in which these animals fight is curious. While still at a distance from each other, they prepare for the attack by falling on their fore knees, and when they come within a few yards they make a spring, and dart against each other. The force with which they spring in this manner is very great. In its wild state, it is said to be exceedingly vicious; but when tamed, it becomes tame and even affectionate. It is a native of the interior parts of India, and in several parts of that country is considered as royal game, to be hunted only by princes. It is called by the natives Nyl-Ghau."

In a state of confinement they often fall into their fighting posture without doing any mischief. They will, notwithstanding, attack mankind unprovoked. A laborer, who was looking over some pales which inclosed several of them, was alarmed by one of them flying at him with the quickness of lightning; but the wood-work which separated him from the animal, was the means of his safety, as it dashed it to pieces and broke off one of his horns close to the root. The death of the animal, which happened soon after, was supposed to be owing to the injury it had received from the blow.

VAGARIES OF AN ELEPHANT.

A LETTER, addressed to a French provincial journal, recounts an amusing elephant story. A menagerie was stopping at a country town, and amongst its animals, included an elephant. One night the elephant was shut up in a barn in a tavern yard. His keeper had forgotten to feed him, and, late at night, the animal grew very hungry. He coolly lifted the latch of the stable door, and made his way into the garden attached to the house. He stripped a vine of its grapes, and ate a large quantity of other fruit, but this only seemed to have sharpened his appetite. Whilst promenading about the garden to aid the process of digestion, suddenly a puff of wind brought to his nostrils the odor of the kitchen. He forthwith opened the door of a long corridor, and the smell of cooking meats presently guided him to the furnace.

There chanced to be no person in the kitchen at the moment, and if there had been, he or she would probably have taken to immediate flight. Elephants have generally been supposed to be frugivorous beasts, but civilized and trained elephants must henceforth be set down in a different category. Prodigy of education! A roast goose, intended for the breakfast of the following morning, was reposing in its sauce. The elephant took off the cover of the dish containing this dainty, and make short work of the goose. Some pastry lying about served the purpose of desert, and when nothing remained to be eaten, the cunning old rascal, who had until this moment conducted all his operations in strict silence, and without awakening a soul, suddenly gave expression to his gaiety and contentment by kicking up a hideous din. Pots, pans, gridirons, and other kitchen utensils were knocked about the place in terrible style.

It is good taste to break the glass after having drunk its contents. The racket presently roused the tavern keeper, who came running down stairs to see what it all meant; but, no sooner had he caught sight of the monster in the kitchen, than he ran away as fast as his heels would carry him, singing out lustily that the devil had broken into the house and was going through a solitary polka in the kitchen. In a few minutes the whole house was alarmed, and the elephant's keeper, suspecting what had happened, went below, and with the aid of a stout stick, soon sent his unwieldly highness, back to his proper quarters. So ended the comedy.

THE HONEY-GUIDE.

IT is not always easy to discover the natural hives of wild bees. There are, however, two or three active little guides, which are of great service to those who are in search of honey. One of these, found in South Africa, is a bird called the honey-guide. It is about the size of a chaffinch, and of a light gray color.

Mr. Cumming, in his "Adventures in South Africa," thus describes the curious habits of this bird:—"Chattering and twittering in a state of great excitement, it perches on a branch beside the traveler, endeavoring by various wiles to attract his attention; and having succeeded in doing so, it flies lightly forward in a wavy course in the direction of the bees' nest, alighting every now and then, and looking back to ascertain if the traveler is following it, all the time keeping up an incessant twitter. When at length it arrives at the hollow tree or deserted white ants' hill, which contains the honey, it for a moment hovers over the nest, pointing to it with its bill, and then takes up its position on a neighboring branch, anxiously awaiting its share of the spoil. When the honey is taken, which is accomplished by first stupefying the bees by burning grass at the entrance of their nest, the honey-bird will often lead to a second and even to a third nest. The person thus following it generally whistles. The wild bees of Southern Africa exactly correspond with our domestic garden bees. They are very generally diffused throughout every part of Africa, bees-wax forming a considerable part of the cargoes of ships trading to the gold and ivory coasts, and the district of Sierra Leone, on the western shores of Africa."

THE NAMES OF ANIMALS.

IN the American Assocation for the Advancement of Science, recently, at Albany, Dr. WEINLAND read an interesting paper on "the names of Animals with reference to Ethnology." Many names of the North American animals are taken from European animals—thus, buffalo, grouse, robin, lizard, chamois. Nations have only new names for their native animals. Thus, lion in all modern languages, is leo—hardly changed. The camel and the tiger derive their names from their native countries, other nations adopting these names with slight modifications. The elephant is so called in all countries. The ass got his name from the old Hebrews. The hare and the deer, which occur both in Europe and Asia, and have two names, one native in each country—the former lepus and the latter corvus. Nations try to reduce all foreign animals to the names of their own, by adding a descriptive designation, as Guinea-pig, camel-leopard, river-horse, &c. The Anglo Saxons who lived on the sea, had names for all sea animals, but the Germans of the interior called them all by some land name with the addition of "sea," thus—sea-horse, sea-mew, sea-dog, sea-lion, sea-tiger, sea-mouse, sea-devil.

Almost all animals were originally named from their qualities. The name of the ass comes from a root, meaning "walk slowly;" the serpent, to "glide quickly;" the rabbit, "to burrow in the ground." Prof. HALDEMAN said reindeer meant "running animal;" fox is from the Greek *phaxos*, "sharp;" serpent from the Latin *serpo*, "to creep;" and tiger from the Persian, "an arrow." Indian tribes call a lion by a name meaning "having a long tail;" a horse by a name meaning "like a deer;" a mole, "having his right hand on the left shoulder;" a squirrel by a name meaning "he can stick fast in a tree." The Indians have also a name for a horse meaning "having only one toe."—Apropos of names, it was remarked that the potato is called in German the "ground-pear."

ANTS are day-laborers, and very industrious in their calling; they always seem in earnest at their work. Catch them asleep in the daytime if you can! They set us an example of industry.

"Ants freely work, without disguise;
Their ways consider, and be wise."

THE wasp is a paper-maker, in his building. His paper is water-proof, and made of materials that no other paper-maker would use. Look at the curious wasps' and hornet's paper dwellings—not patented, are they?

THE beaver is a wood-cutter, a builder, and a very good workman at all these trades. He fells the small trees with his teeth; and after he has built his house, he plasters it skillfully with his tail-trowel.

ENVY.—The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted, and the objects that administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to those who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious.—Youth, beauty, valor, and wisdom are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this; to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him? The position of the envious man is emphatically miserable! He is not only incapable of rejoicing in another man's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RELIGION.

BY CLINTON PARKINSON.

HAIL, holy power, with angel mien,
Come shed thy influence through my soul,
With awful step and air serene,
Come sooth my pangs by thy control.
At thy approach wild passion flies,
And every raging conflict dies;
Each worldly impulse quick retires,
And comes soft hope and mild desires.

Thou calm'st the mind with heavenly art,
Thou bring'st with thee sweet, holy peace,
Thou melt'st each wild despairing heart,
And spotless joys thou still increase.
While avarice, wan and pale-eyed care,
Remorseless guilt and dark despair,—
Envenom'd envy's poisoned dart,
No more corrode the assaulted heart.

Thou wav'st thy soft consoling wing,
And to the soul by conscience wrung,—
By stern compunction's terrors stung,—
Thou breath'st a new, eternal spring.
When thou appear'st, thy accents mild
Soften repentant sorrow's child,
They charm his fears with gentle love,
And turn his views to realms above.

Ryerson's Station, Pa., Jan., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

"I HAVE lost five children," said a lady to a clergyman who was making some inquiries respecting her family. "Not lost, my dear madam," was the reply, "only gone before."

No! bereaved mother, they are "not *lost*"—GOD has but recalled his own—those precious gems were lent but for a season, and now with renewed lustre adorn their SAVIOR'S crown. "*Not lost*"—those tiny buds were culled ere the chilling blasts of care and sorrow had dimmed their beauty,—ere deceit or guile had blighted their young hearts, or cast a shadow on their truthful brows. Before the world's alluring charms had robbed them of their innocency,—before they had strayed from the fold of CHRIST,—the Good Shepherd gathered his lambs to his bosom, and led them to those heavenly pastures where living waters flow.

"*Not lost*, but gone before,"—gone where you hope soon to follow. GOD has laid "up your treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through nor steal." Gone to beckon you onward and upwards to Heaven,—to bid you meet them there at GOD'S right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore. Then say not they are '*lost*'—say rather they are *found*—found in the paradise of GOD among an innumerable company of angels, singing with cherubims and seraphims, "glory to GOD on high"—"Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Sabaoth."

East Homer, N. Y., 1857. MRS. PIDSLEY.

THE THREE GLANCES.

A PIOUS man was once asked, whence it came, that in spite of all the calamities of life, he could still preserve such equanimity. He answered:

"It comes from this, that I take good care of my eyes; for all evil comes into the heart through the senses, but good, also, by the same way."

Upon further questioning how he did this, he said:

"Every morning before I go to my business, and among men, I direct my eyes thoughtfully to three things:—First, I raise them to heaven, and remind myself that my chief business and the aim of my life and endeavor is up there. Secondly, I lower them to the earth, and consider how little room I need, one day, to find me a grave there. Finally, I look upon myself, and think of the multitudes of those whose fortune is worse than mine. In this way I have patience in all my sorrow, and live with the world and men contented in God."—*Auerbacher.*

POVERTY OF SPIRIT.—A man must be emptied of himself, in order that he may be filled with the blessings of the gospel. He must become poor in spirit, in order that he may become rich in faith and a partaker of the kingdom of heaven. Blessed, therefore, is the man who thinks meanly of himself, and highly of his Maker and Redeemer.—Blessed is the man who walks humbly with his God, and is also humble towards his fellow-creatures. Blessed is the man who both feels and manifests this poverty of spirit. This temper may not exalt him in the eye of the world, but it is the temper befitting his condition—it is a temper honorable to God, and truly beneficial to his fellow-creatures. It is the temper which Christ has pronounced to be characteristic of the Christian.—*Thornton.*

THE SOUL.—What is there to survive age? That which age has little thought of, but which is living in us all—the Soul, the Immortal Spirit. Of this all ages are the unfoldings, and it is greater than all. We must not feel, in the contemplation of the vast movements of our own and former times, as if we were ourselves nothing. I repeat it, we are greater than all. We are to survive our age—to comprehend it, and to pronounce its sentence.—As yet, however, we are encompassed with darkness. The issues of our time, how obscure! The future into which it opens, who of us can forsee? To the Father of all ages I commit this future, with humble, yet courageous and unfaltering hope. *Channing.*

WHEN the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick-sighted we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we then remember words, or even looks of unkindness, which may have escaped in our intercourse with them? How careful should such thoughts render us in the fulfilment of those offices of affection which may yet be in our power to perform; for who can tell how soon the moment may arrive when repentance cannot be followed by reparation!—*Bishop Heber.*

HOLINESS, the most lovely thing that exists, is sadly unnoticed and unknown upon earth.

A FEW moments of divine sweetness in secret prayer is an antidote to any sorrow or trouble.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, JANUARY 31, 1857.

The Cold Weather.—Extreme Suffering.

DURING the past week, the inclemency of the weather throughout a large portion of our country has been unprecedented. The storm of wind and snow commenced on Saturday, the 17th inst., and continued, with greater or less fury, until Monday morning. The range of the thermometer on Saturday and Sunday in New York city, we clip from the *Tribune*. It says:—"At 3 P. M. of Saturday the temperature rose to thirty degrees, when it commenced falling gradually, with the wind S. S. W., till after 6 P. M., when it changed to the westward and northward, and at midnight was within ten degrees of zero. At 5 A. M. of Sunday it was at zero, and at 7, 8 and 9, two degrees below zero. At 8 and 9 P. M., it was four degrees above zero, the highest between sunrise and midnight. From 10 o'clock Sunday night to 8 o'clock Monday morning the temperature was stationary at two degrees above zero. The following table shows the temperature of the previous week:

	Highest.	Lowest.	Change.
Monday, Jan. 12	20 deg.	10 deg.	10 deg.
Tuesday, Jan. 13	28 "	12 "	16 "
Wednesday, Jan. 14	30 "	14 "	16 "
Thursday, Jan. 15	25 "	6 "	19 "
Friday, Jan. 16	18 "	6 "	12 "
Saturday, Jan. 17, to 3 P. M.	30 "	13 "	12 "

This is an extraordinary low range for so long a period at once in New York city."

The sufferings of the sailors in the vicinity of New York harbor were intense, and in many instances terminated in death. On Sunday morning the brig Emeline, of Penobscot, Maine, was run ashore near Sandy Hook, and though every exertion that could be made to save her crew and passengers was brought into requisition, the whole perished. They were utterly unable to help themselves.

In Boston it was equally severe. The *Traveller* says:—"One of the heaviest storms we have experienced in this vicinity for twenty years past, visited us on Sunday. During the entire day, the weather was intensely cold, with the wind from North. Towards evening the wind changed to Northeast, and blew with great violence, continuing until Monday. Snow fell very fast from six o'clock Sunday evening until Monday afternoon, giving us about three feet on a level. In the city most of the streets were rendered for a time almost impassable, and early on Monday the city teams were sent about to break paths. The drifts of snow piled up by the gale were truly formidable, reaching as high as six feet, and in some places even higher."

In the vicinity of Boston the shipwrecks were numerous. The bark New Empire struck on the rocks at Cohasset. Three of the crew were saved—one drowned. Of the three saved, one had a leg and another an arm broken. The bark Tedesco went ashore at Swampscott on Sunday night.—Vessel and all hands lost. The schooner Bonnetta, Capt. Howard, was blown out on Sunday, and struck a rock off Marblehead, losing her rudder, and causing the vessel to leak badly. She afterwards got off, drifted across the Bay, and went ashore on Race Point Monday night. One man was drowned in attempting to get ashore. The cook was frozen to death. The ship Orissa, Capt. Sears, from Calcutta Oct. 5, of and for Boston, went ashore during the gale of Sunday night, on Nauset Beach—some 10 or 15 miles north of Chatham—and has bilged. The mate and three of the crew were drowned.

Meteorological Observations as follows:—The thermometer on Saturday, January 17th, stood at 2 P. M. at 32; at 5 P. M. at 29; at 10 P. M. at 16; on Sunday at 3 A. M. at 3 *below* zero; at 4 A. M. at 4½ below; at from 7 to 8 A. M. (lowest) at 8½ below, (by another carefully examined instrument, 8 below;) at 9 A. M. at 7½ below; at 11 A. M. at 2½ below; at noon and 1 P. M. at half a degree *above* zero; at 2 P. M. at 1½ above; at 3 P. M. at 2½; 4 P. M. at 3; at from 6½ to 10 P. M. nearly or quite stationary at 5 above; on Monday morning at sunrise (highest) at 14½; at 10 o'clock at 12. The fall of the thermometer between Saturday at 2 P. M. and 7 A. M. Sunday, was 40½ degrees. On Monday, at sunrise, it was 23 higher than 24 hours before.

At Cambridge Observatory the thermometer on Saturday at 3 P. M. stood at 29; 7 P. M. at 24; Sunday at Sunrise at 14 *below;* 3 P. M. at zero; 9 P. M. at one above; on Monday at sunrise at 5 above. So that the fall there from Saturday to Sunday was 43 degrees. Yesterday morning it was there 5½ degrees lower than in Boston, and this morning 9½. The greatest difference ever observed was 15.

From various portions of the country we hear reports of the same intense cold. A dispatch from Watertown, Jefferson county, on Monday the 18th, says:—"In this village yesterday, all the mercury thermometers congealed at about 37° below. A spirit thermometer registered 40° below." In New Haven the mercury in the thermometer was at 6 deg. below zero on the 18th and 19th; in Albany the mercury indicated 21 deg. below; Quebec, 30 deg. below; Ogdensburgh, 36 deg. below; Chicago, 16 deg. below; Dubuque, 37 deg. below. At Winona, Minnesota Territory, on the 10th inst., the thermometer marked at sunrise 38 deg. below zero, at noon 39 deg., and at sunset 31 deg. below. In Rockford, Ill., the mercury was down to 18 degrees below.

The Cleveland *Herald* of Saturday says:—"Lake Erie is now one vast field of ice, extending as far as the eye can reach. Along the shore the ice is smooth and firm, and troops of skaters sport upon its surface, while further out it is covered with a snowy crust."

The suffering throughout the country, much of which remains to be revealed, has been dreadful. A gentleman who resides in Northern Iowa, was in Rochester last week, and related to the editors of the *Union* something of the dreadful suffering and loss of life from cold which had transpired there. He states that within a circuit of 70 miles about his residence, some 30 persons have perished of cold the present winter. A party of eight hunters were lost in the storm on the prairie, and all perished.

The degree of cold at the South the present season is unprecedented. In all parts of Virginia, the people are busily engaged in harvesting ice. They say that no supply will be needed from the North next summer. The ice in the Mississippi extends further south than it has for many years past. At St. Louis, navigation has been suspended for three weeks on account of the ice. On the 22d ultimo, the thermometer at Minacoby, East Florida, stood at 12 deg. below zero at sunrise, which is the coldest weather ever known there.

At time of writing, Tuesday, 27th, A. M., the weather is mild—thermometer about 40°—and rain falling. The wind for nearly 36 hours has been S. S. W., but has suddenly veered about, and the weathercocks in this vicinity are pointing steadily to the land of cold and storm.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

A FIRE broke out on the 20th inst., in the North College at Amherst, and the whole building was consumed. None of the students were injured. Most of the furniture was saved. The building was brick, and the newest and best constructed of the College. It was insured for $5,000.

A FIRE broke out on the 25th inst., in a large building known as the Manufacturers' Block, situated in North Watertown. The building was occupied by a great number of mechanics. The large bridge leading to North Watertown was also burned. Loss $20,000. No insurance.

WHILE the storm was raging at Philadelphia on the 17th inst., the new and not quite completed Tabernacle M. E. Church took fire, and was entirely consumed. The congregation had occupied it in its unfinished state. Loss about $13,000.

TWENTY-FOUR dwelling houses were burned in Gloucester, N. Y., on the 22d inst. They all belonged to the Gloucester Bleaching and Printing works.

THE machine shop, engine house and four locomotives, belonging to the Concord and Montreal Railroad, were burnt at Lake Village on the 23d inst. Loss $40,000.

THE Maberick Block, Boston, occupied as a hotel and stores, was partially destroyed by fire on the 25th inst. Loss $35,000.

THE boiler at Callighan & Renget's Brass Foundry, Buffalo, exploded on the 23d inst., demolishing the outer building, in which it was situated—killing the engineer's child and dangerously wounding the mother, and also seriously injuring the engineer.

THE British ship Lord Ashburton, from Tourin for St. Johns, N. B., was totally lost on Grand Manan, on the 29th inst. All officers were lost, and only three men out of 29 were saved, and they were badly frozen.

THE ship Manlius, from New Castle for St. Johns, was totally lost on Grand Manan. The crew were rescued after being over a week in a boat and in the woods.

Items of News.

THE highest salary paid a Governor of any State in the Union is paid in California, $10,000; and the lowest is in Vermont, $750. Louisiana pays $6,000, and Virginia $5,000.

THERE were manufactured at Machais, Me., last year, 32,300,000 feet of lumber, and 47,500,000 laths.

ONE hundred and forty-three railroad accidents have occurred the past year, involving the loss of 195 lives, and the wounding of 629 persons.

BY the operation of a general law of the State of Maine, the charters of all the Banks in that State, will expire during 1857, and all have to wind up their affairs, unless re-chartered by the Legislature now in session.

THE U. S. Navy, in November, 1856, consisted of 11 ships of the line, 13 frigates, 19 sloops of war, 3 brigs, 1 schooner, 7 screw steamers of the first class, 1 of the second class, 2 of the third class, 3 side wheel steamers of the first class, 1 of the second class, 5 of the third class, 3 steam tenders, 5 storeships, and 1 permanent receiving vessel.—Total 75 vessels, carrying 2, 243 guns.

DURING the eleven months, ended November 30, 1856, upward of sixty-two thousand pounds of opium were imported into England, of which thirty-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds were entered for home consumption.

PEGU, the province recently acquired in the East Indies by Great Britain, promises to be veay productive. Its exports of rice last season amounted to two-thirds of the average annual exports of Bengal.

THE FLORIDA INDIANS.—A published letter from Captain Carey, late Indian agent, dated Tampa Bay, and written but two days before his death, shows that he had given up all hopes of a peaceful removal of the Seminoles. Other accounts from South Florida show the prevalence of great alarm among the frontier settlers. Several companies of volunteers, in addition to those already in the service of the United States, were being organized for the purpose of affording protection to the inhabitants. Gen. Harney, now in Florida, has declared war against the Seminoles, and fighting will soon commence.

SEVERE BUT JUST PENALTY.—One man, convicted of practicing the garrote, in New York, was sentenced to State Prison for his natural life. Another, whose offence was less aggravated, was condemned to fifteen years imprisonment. The New York papers of Saturday notice three more instances of this kind of highway robbery. This is a new and diabolical scheme. The victim is caught by the throat and choked until insensibility ensues—oftentimes hours supervene between the attack and the return of consciousness.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—The Chair laid before the Senate a communication from the presiding officer of the Delaware Legislature, announcing the election of Mr. Bayard, Senator from that State for six years, and of Mr. Beates to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Clayton.

James S. Green, Senator elect from Missouri, in place of Mr. Atchinson, appeared and was qualified.

The Sub-Marine Telegraph bill passed the Senate by a vote of 29 against 18.

Mr. Fessenden presented the credentials of Amos Nourse, of Maine, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Hamlin. Mr. Nourse then appeared, and was qualified.

The Senate then passed sundry private bills.

HOUSE.—A bill extending the land-laws to the land lying east of the Cascade Mountains was passed.

The House passed the bill introduced from the Select Committee, to enforce the attendance of witnesses, and compel them to testify in the "Corruption Case."

Bills appropriating $30,000 for a penitentiary at Nebraska; establishing three additional land districts in that Territory, and for completing and opening roads in Oregon, Washington and Minnesota Territories were passed.

On motion of Mr. Taylor, a resolution was adopted, instructing the P. O. Committee to inquire and report on the general subject, the transportation of the mails to San Francisco, and whether it is not now expedient to enter into a contract for weekly mails from New York and New Orleans, to San Francisco, via Tehuantepec, whenever the said road shall be completed.

A resolution was offered by Mr. Walker which was adopted, making a similar inquiry relative to making a weekly mail from Mobile to San Francisco.

Mr. Morrell offered a resolution which was adopted, calling on the President to inform the House whether resistance to organize or otherwise has been made, or is to be apprehended against the official authorities of Utah, and to communicate all correspondence relative to the appointment or declaration of officers in that Territory since January, 1852, and what laws thereof are practically administered with implicit justice to all the inhabitants of that Territory.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—Mr. Brooks introduced a resolution requiring information as to the number of pardons granted by the Governors' for the past four years. It was amended to cases of ten years and then tabled.

The bill relative to Courts of Sessions in Kings county, was passed.

ASSEMBLY.—The general tax extension bill was ordered to a third reading, after being amended so as to exclude Brooklyn, Troy, Rochester and Buffalo.

Mr. Pomeroy introduced bills in relation to Supervisors of New York, and organizing the Metropolitan Police of New York.

The Supply bill was lost by a vote of 58 to 39.

The Legislature have been taking a play-day, which accounts for the meagreness of our report.

CRIMINAL ACTION OF PARENTS.—Every week we read of the burning of children, through the carelessness or negligence of their parents. The *Buffalo Republic* relates the particulars of the death, by burning of a little girl four years old, daughter of Mr. J. T. Holt. This child and two others, one of seven years old and the other an infant, were left at home, while their mother went out for a few moments. The fire went out, and the little girl of four attempted to re-kindle it, by lighting shavings at a candle and putting them in the stove. While so engaged, her clothes took fire. The eldest girl removed the infant to another room, then threw upon her sister's clothes a pail of water. This failed to extinguish the flames, and she ran to the neighbors, followed by the unfortunate child, who went but a few steps, when she fell and expired, burned to a crisp.

The following item, from an eastern paper, is an additional horror, belonging in the same category. Two children, respectively named Scott and Crosby, of Milton, Ulster county, were burned to death within the last day or two. What is most singular about these melancholy accidents, is the fact that both were tied in a chair by their parents, and both took fire and perished by being placed too near the fire.

MURDER BY INDIANS IN TEXAS.—The murder of the people of Texas by the fierce Indian tribes which surround them, still continues. Seven citizens were lately surprised by a party of thirty Indians; three of the whites were killed on the ground; two others were wounded, one mortally, the other slightly, and the remaining two made their escape. One of the wounded men succeeded in reaching some rocks and hiding in their clefts. The Indians pursued their course to Sisterdale, in Comal county, where they killed a young man.

KANSAS JUDICIARY.—It is reported from Washington that in secret session, yesterday, the Senate discussed the removal of Judge Lecompte, of Kansas Territory, and the nomination of Judge Harrison in his place. Mr. Toombs opposed the removal, denying the President's power, which, however, has been settled by the Supreme Court, its decision having been that the Territorial judiciary are subject to removal by the President.

FORECLOSING MORTGAGES.—There is a bill before the State Senate which proposes to change the manner of posting notices of mortgage foreclosure in an important respect. In addition to posting the usual notice on the Court House door, it proposes that a copy shall be registered in a book to be kept by the County Clerk for that purpose.

NATIONAL KANSAS COMMITTEE.—The Report of the Secretary of the National Kansas Committee, now in session, states that $90,000 had been subscribed to the fund of the Committee since July last—of this $81,000 have been expended in forwarding emigrants and furnishing supplies to settlers. The number of emigrants forwarded by the Committee is 2,000.

Provincial Items.

THE Toronto correspondent of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says that the recent politico-religious discussions and agitations in Canada have resulted in the formation of a new and powerful party, called the "Reform Alliance," whose political planks are exceedingly popular in Upper Canada. The following is their creed:

The abolition of a separate line between Upper and Lower Canada; and the adoption of population without regard to locality as the basis of Parliamentary representation. The entire separation of church and state, and the abolition of all appropriations of public money for sectarian purposes. National education; common school, grammar school and collegiate. Economy in the public expenditure, and a thorough reform in the departmental system. Uniform legislation for both sections of the Province. Curtailment of the power and patronage of the Executive. A free trade national policy, as far and so rapidly as the maintenance of the public credit will permit. Incorporation of the Hudson's Bay territory as a part of Canada. A registration of qualified voters for Parliamentary elections.

FROM the report of 1856 of the Chief Engineer of the Montreal Fire Department, it appears that the Brigade were called out for fires 124 times during the year. The property destroyed was of the value of £31,861 insured, and £3,060 not insured.

DR. TACHE, Member of the Provincial Parliament, has resigned his seat in the House.

THE Brant Herald says:—"We regret to learn that Messrs. Smith, Brother & Co.'s Foundry and Finishing shops, Bishopgate, township of Burford, were destroyed by fire on the 13th ult., with the exception of the pattern shop, which was partially saved, the premises and their valuable contents were totally destroyed. Loss estimated at £2,000. The reconstruction of the buildings will be speedily commenced."

A MEETING of the committee appointed to select a location for a Baptist College, was held at Paris, C. W., on the 17th ult., and Woodstock was fixed upon; that town having offered three acres of land and $16,000. Liberal offers were made by Fonthill, St. Catharines and Brantford.

A GENTLEMAN of Toronto who has purchased a large tract of land in the township of Delaware, has proposed cutting a canal from a point of the river Thames, a short distance east of Lobo bridge, to another point of the same river, close to the village of Delaware. As a fall of twenty-two feet is thus caused, and also the water now running by way of the river for several miles will be brought into about a mile and a half, a force may be obtained, enough to propel any kind of machinery. Grist mills, a brewery, distillery and other buildings, where water power is required, are expected to be erected immediately after the completion of the canal. If a settlement cannot be made in time with parties holding land on the proposed route, the canal will be commenced early in the spring.

As Mr. Wynn, the mail agent on the Great Western Railroad, was handing a lady into the cars, near Paris, his foot slipped, and as the train was in motion, to save his life, he threw himself on his face between the rails, and the train passed over him. The poor fellow got his back grazed so much as to prevent him proceeding with the mail bags, which is consequently delayed thereby. There is little doubt, however, of his ultimate recovery.

THE Baptist Church in Brantford, C. W., recently took fire, and was consumed. The fire originated from the hot air furnace. The church was new, having been built only a year ago. It was insured for £1,200.

CARELESSNESS OF AN APOTHECARY.—A terrible tragedy occurred in Baltimore on the 21st instant. A druggist filled a prescription ordered by Arnold, a German physician, for a child. The child took the medicine and died immediately. Arnold took the remainder of the medicine to the druggist and told him he had made a fatal mistake. The druggist persisted that the medicine was right, and to show his confidence in his correctness he swallowed a portion himself. He was immediately attacked by horrible convulsions, and died in five minutes. The doctor, who merely tasted the preparation and spit it from his mouth, was also attacked, and was with difficulty saved. The affair occasioned great excitement. The druggist had mixed cyanmuriate of potassium with lemon juice, developing enough prussic acid in the preparation to have killed three hundred people.

FROM HAVANA.—The steamship Isabella, from Havana and Key West, on the 10th inst., arrived at Charleston on the 14th inst. The health of Dr. Kane was improving. A great storm had occurred off Vera Cruz. Numerous vessels were wrecked, including the ship-of-war Gaudaloupeano and steamer Iturbide. Eighty persons on board the latter were lost. The fish monopoly at Cuba had been annulled, and foreign vessels were allowed to sail. The weather was cold and beautiful. Sugars firm but inactive. New molasses was coming in freely.

NEW RAILWAY IN INDIA.—An Oude Railroad Company has been formed under the auspices of well known and highly respectable commercial gentlemen of both England and the East Indies. Three lines are contemplated, extending over four hundred and fifty miles, but it is proposed first to complete one of fifty miles in length, to connect Cawnpore, on the East India railway, with Lucknow, the residence of the Governor General's political agent.

A BRIDGE OVER DETROIT RIVER.—Notice is given in the Canadian papers that application will be made at the coming session of the Provincial Parliament, for a charter to construct a bridge over the Detroit river, at any suitable place between Lake Erie and Lake St. Clair; also for a charter to construct a bridge across the Niagara river, at Fort Erie, or some point below.

PURSUIT OF OFFICE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—The New Jersey Railroads being blocked up by the snow, the Governor elect was obliged to walk twelve miles through it, in order to reach the Capital on the day of his inauguration. When the Legislature met, it consisted of two Senators and three Assemblymen.

News Clippings.

—The harbor of Baltimore is entirely closed with ice.

—The receipts of the patent office last year were $165,000.

—Quite a number of lead mines have been discovered in Missouri.

—Water is selling in St. Paul, Minnesota, at ten cents per barrel.

—The consumers of sugar paid $6,780,000 duties on sugar last year.

—New York has furnished Wisconsin with 200,000 of its inhabitants.

—The thermometer has been down to 32 degrees at Jacksonville, Florida.

—It is reported that the small pox is prevailing to some extent in Cairo, Ill.

—A company of sixty gipsies have their tents pitched in Culpepper Co., Va.

—The St. Paul (Minnesota) Times says that fire-wood is selling in that city for $9 a cord.

—There is an unusual amount of suffering among the poor in Louisville this season.

—Michigan derived $56,286 from interest on surplus funds during the last two years.

—The copper mine near the summit of the Sierra Nevada, proves to be very rich.

—The Indians of California are fast becoming exterminated by disease and famine.

—The value of property lost by fire in Buffalo in 1856, was $339,200. There were forty-seven fires.

—The cash receipts of the American Bible Society since Oct. 1st, are $15,048. Expenditures, $14,983.

—A discovery of quartz has been recently made at Mokelumne Hill which "prospects" $360 per ton.

—The gas has been shut off from the street lamps in New Albany, Ind., owing to the scarcity of coal.

—The sugar crop in the United States has diminished from 460,000,000 lbs. per annum to 120,000,000 lbs.

—Isaac Stanwood died in Dublin, N. H., Dec. 12, at the advanced age of 103 years, 8 months and 15 days.

—It is said that the Klamath (Cal.) county jail consists of a live oak tree with a staple and chain attached.

—The most insidious destroyer of life in this country is consumption; it carries off 100,000 persons annually.

—Moses Carlton, at one time the largest ship owner in New England, died at Wiscasset, Me., on the 5th inst.

—Thirty thousand dollars have been subcribed to the first railroad in Kansas—from Quindora to Lawrence.

—The old New Hampshire Gazette, the oldest paper in the country, has just entered upon its second century.

—The directors of the bank of the State of New York, gave each of their clerks $100 as a New Year's present.

—The ice on the Ohio, opposite Cincinnati, is so solid that teams haul wood over on it from the Kentucky side.

—The population of Montreal increased about 5,000 during last year, while the number of arrests decreased 500.

—The product of the Ohio Valley exceeds by 100 per cent. the entire product of England, Ireland and Scotland.

—On the 4th September the American consular flag was unfurled for the first time in the mystical empire of Japan.

—The population of St. Anthony, Minnesota, as appears by the recent census, is 3,150, and that of Minneapolis 1,555.

—By recent survey the total length of the five great lakes is made 1,534 miles, and their surface 90,000 square miles.

—A bill has been introduced in the Indiana Legislature to increase the salary of the Governor from $1,500 to $2,500.

—The product of the Ohio valley exceeds by one hundred per cent. the entire product of England, Ireland and Scotland.

—The gold mines of Australia yield largely. In Melbourne, in the 10th of Oct., 4,982 ounces were entered for shipment.

—It appears by official returns that the sale of church property in Mexico, up to the 26th of Nov., amounted to $17,277,833.

—Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines has instituted another suit in the U. S. Circuit Court of Louisiana against the city of New Orleans.

—The friends of the President elect will erect a temporary building for the inauguration ball, and the tickets will be ten dollars.

—It is reported from Washington that President and Mrs. Pierce will visit Cuba in March, on account of Mrs. Pierce's feeble health.

—Eighty-eight persons committed suicide in New York city the past year, and precisely the same number the year previous.

—Four hundred and fifty houses have been erected in La Crosse, Wis., during the past year, and the population has nearly doubled.

—The subject of removing the seat of government of Missouri from Jefferson City to St. Louis, is agitated to a limited extent.

—The probability almost amounts to certainty, that a new British expedition is to be sent in search of the remains of Franklin's party.

—The mechanics of Elizabeth City, N. C., have held a meeting to take measures for preventing free negroes contracting for work.

—Philo Seeley, his two sons, and another man, were burned to death recently in a lumber camp near St. George, New Brunswick.

—A bill is before the Arkansas Legislature to compel all free negroes to leave the State, under penalty of immediate sale into slavery for life.

—The retail liquor dealers of Morgantown, Iowa, had a visit from the ladies recently, who emptied all their liquor into the street from them.

—Massachusetts, with all her boasted enterprise and intelligence, has no State Agricultural Society. The organization of one is called for.

—Bellona Arsenal, 14 miles above Richmond, the property of the United States, was sold at auction for $2,650. It cost the government $175,000.

—The earnings of the Great Western Railway for the week ending the 9th of January amounted to $45,598.—Number of passengers 13,140.

—Gen. Wool will soon be recalled from the command of the Pacific division of the army, at his own request. His successor has not been appointed.

—Eight persons, all residents of the country on the line of the stage road from Dubuque to Iowa City, were frozen to death on Sunday night week.

—Chicago is becoming the religious metropolis of the West; there will soon be within and around it not less than five theological seminaries.

—The first issue of paper currency in Cuba was authorized by a special decree of the Captain General on the 24th ult., to take effect on the 3d inst.

—The London correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says that Lord Napier is said to be the new British Minister at Washington.

—Thirty thousand passengers were carried last year by the steamships between Europe and the United States, including eastern and western passages.

—The coldest weather yet reported was at Winona, M. T., on the 10th ult., when the thermometer at sunrise marked 38 degrees below zero, and at sunset 31.

—The Mayor of New York refuses to grant licenses to hackmen who drive broken down horses or shabby vehicles. Thirty or forty hackmen are thus thrown out.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Atlantic and Persia.

THE steamships Atlantic arrived at New York on the 23d, and the Persia on the 24th insts. By these steamers we have news to the 10th inst.

ENGLAND.—Lord Napier is appointed Minister to Washington. He is a practiced diplomatist, having served in Austria, Russia, Persia, Naples and Turkey.

FRANCE.—The Arch-bishop of Paris, while officiating in the Church of St. Stephen, of the Mount Paris, was stabbed to the heart by a discharged priest, named Veryes. The Arch-bishop of Paris was performing religious service in the church, when he was assassinated. The assassin stepped forward, lifted his cape, and plunging a calabar knife to his heart, exclaiming, "down with the goddess," an expression which he afterwards explained, referred to the Immaculate Conception.—The Bishop fell to the pavement and instantly expired. A Sister of Charity, who had observed the movement of the assassin, attempted to throw herself between him and the Archbishop, was wounded in the hand. Veryes was formerly a priest of the diocese of Meaux, and had been suspended for preaching against the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. He was in the insurrection of June and on that occasion received the murdered Prelate in his arms. The general opinion is that he is deranged.

The News states that the Swiss difficulty is virtually settled by the interposition of France supported by England. The Emperor Napoleon undertakes that Prussia shall renounce all claim upon Neufchatel in consideration of the release of the prisoners. France further undertakes to prevent any aggression by Prussia against Switzerland.—Switzerland approves of these conditions and the Federal Assembly is summoned to ratify them.

The Conference of Paris closed on the 6th having signed a protocol which is expected to terminate all the difficulties to the fulfillment of the treaty of Peace. Russia cedes Begrad and Tabak to Moldavia and receives the town of Komrat, on the right bank of the river Yalpak, with a territory of 300 square versts. The Isles of Serpents is decided as belonging to the mouths of the Danube, and goes with them. The new boundaries shall be fixed and Austrian troops and British fleets shall have evacuated Turkish territory by the 30th of March next. Immediately thereafter the Congress shall re-assemble at Paris to ratify these proceedings.

ROME.—A secret conclave was held at Rome on the 15th of December, in which the state of the Roman Church in Mexico and South America was considered.

The Pope complains bitterly of the doing of the new government of Mexico, and declares that all the measures which have been taken against the authority of the Apostolic Chair to be null and void. He also denounced all the Priests who obey the laws of the countries in which they live rather than the instructions forwarded them from Rome.

NAPLES.—A dispatch from Naples states that the Neapolitan frigate Charles the Third, with troops on board for Sicily, blew up on the 5th inst. Many lives were lost. The leaders of the late insurrection were shot at Palermo, Dec. 20th.

The following is from James McHenry & Co.'s Circular:

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 6.—Breadstuffs.—The quotations for wheat are reduced 2d to 3d per 70 lbs. There is not much doing at the decline. Flour is quietly supported. Indian corn rather dearer. Wheat—white and mixed 9s 4d to 10s; red 8s to 9s. Flour—western canal 31s@33s; Ohio 34s@35s; St. Louis 36s@37s. Corn—yellow 34s@34s 6d; mixed 34s@34s 6d; white 35s 6d@36s 6d.

PROVISIONS.—The reduced estimates of the supply of bacon received this week have strengthened the views of holders without increasing business. At auction to-day, which was well attended, 60 boxes McAllaster's long middles were sold at 54s 6d, and about 300 boxes Flanagan, Rice, Lynd and Mitchell, brought 53s 6d. Four hundred boxes cheese was forced off at 40s@48s, a decline of 4s from previous transactions. Beef and pork meet more inquiry. A parcel of the former has been re-shipped to New York. There has been several sales at auction of lard to-day, and 60s was accepted for good fair quality, showing a serious decline.

From Nicaragua.

THE steamer James Adger arrived at New York on the 24th inst. She left Aspinwall on the 11th, and San Juan on the 13th, and brings 180 passengers, mostly from California. She put into Key West for coal, and was detained there by bad weather 32 hours. The Adger reports that the cholera had disappeared on the Isthmus. She left at San Juan six English men-of-war.

Walker is represented as in a better condition than ever, having 1200 able bodied men with him at Rivas, well supplied with amunition and provisions.

Col. Lockbridge and his 300 men were still waiting, at Punto Arenas, the completion of a steamer, to be ready about the 17th inst., with which to go up the river and retake, if possible, San Carlos and Costilo, and re-open the transit route.

The Adger encountered much ice on her homeward passage, between latitude 38 and 39.

Passengers from Nicaragua, on the James Adger, give a gloomy account of Walker's situation. The seizure of the transit route and steamboats by Spencer, is confirmed. Spencer states openly that he acted in behalf of Com. Vanderbilt. No injury was offered to the passengers in the capture of the boats, but they were escorted to Greytown, where a steamer was boarded by an officer from a British man-of-war, who ordered the baggage of the men to be put off immediately.

Spencer kept the American flag flying from his steamer, although he made his captures in the name of Costa Rica.

President Mora, of the Costa Rican Government, has issued a proclamation granting a pardon to Walker's men, and a free passage back to the United States. Many of Walker's men, both officers and privates, were deserting. They all tell hard stories of their sufferings from hunger and sickness. Walker was still at Rivas, with 600 men. Another account says 1200 men.

Spencer states that the Costa Ricans have 1500 troops posted along the route. They are also in force at Seraqui, and have guns posted on both shores.

The report that Gen. Henningson had fought his way out of Grenada and joined Walker, is confirmed, as is also a rumor that Gen. Chilton, with a large body of men, had pronounced for Walker, at Leon.

Walker, it is said, re-took Rivas, without losing a man.

Capt. Sanders, with his Rifles, had advanced to Leon, to occupy that port.

The foregoing is made up from the statements of several returned Nicaraguans, who give very conflicting stories.

Arrival of the Black Warrior.

THE steamer Black Warrior arrived at New York on the 26th inst. She left New Orleans on the 11th, and Havana on the 14th. She encountered a terrific gale on the 18th—lost fore and main masts and all rigging attached. The gale lasted 52 hours, during which the fuel had given out, and the boat drifted southward. When the gale abated, she attempted to reach Norfolk, using her cabin furniture for fuel.

Arrived in Hampton Roads on the 21st inst., but could not reach Norfolk on account of ice. Procured fuel at Old Point Comfort, and proceeded thence on the 24th. Spoke, morning of 21st, inside Cape Henry, steamer Empire City from Havana. Steamer Roanoke, for Norfolk, was frozen in at Old Point Comfort. Barque Anna of Richmond and Partha, both from Rio, are ashore at Old Point, as is also the Bremen barque Anna for Baltimore. The latter is discharging her passengers at Fort Monroe.

FROM KANSAS.—The St. Louis Republicnn publishes an advance copy of Gov. Geary's Message to the Kansas Legislature. With regard to popular sovereignty, Gov. Geary says, in substance, that when the interests of the people require a State government, and the proper steps are taken to establish it, then will be the time, once for all, to decide the grave political questions which underlie all well regulated commonwealths. He advises the Legislature to let slavery alone, and leave it where the Constitution places it; to forego all legislation in reference to it, until the State Constitution is formed; and recommends that the errors and omissions in the statute book be corrected; denounces the test oath act, and recommends its repeal; disapproves the present mode of collecting jurors, and recommends their selection by lot; insists on voting by ballot, and suggests a law requiring a residence of 10 days in a district to prevent illegal voting.

AM. COLONIZATION SOCIETY.—The Board of Directors of the American Colonization Society held their Annual Meeting in New York last week.—This is but a nominal meeting, and the regular meeting is not to take place till travel is resumed. The whole amount of receipts during the year is $81,388 41, and the expenditures $71,394 79. The Society earnestly calls the attention of the Government to the increasing value of trade from the African coast, and hope that some act will soon be passed by Congress to foster, nourish and protect it. The value of the trade with the United States from that port in 1854, was $3,146,522, while that of Great Britain was about eight times that amount, in consequence of the latter power having for years encouraged and protected its commerce there.

SUFFERING AMONG MORMON EMIGRANTS.—A letter to the Baltimore Sun from Salt Lake City, has the following paragraph:

"We have dreadful accounts of the sufferings among the Mormon emigrants by the hand-cart train which is now in the mountains. The train contained 350 souls; one-seventh are already dead, and they are dying at the rate of 15 per day.—There are some 600 more behind, of which we have heard nothing. It is impossible for them to get through this Fall. The Mormons estimated that there are not less than 1,500 of their brethren yet to come in, and the snow is reported to be not less than a foot deep in the mountains."

EMIGRATION STATISTICS.—The Commissioners of Emigration at New York, have made their annual report for 1856. It shown that 141,625 emigrants have been landed at Castle Garden, from 579 vessels arriving from 21 different parts of Europe.—These emigrants possessed no less than $9,642,104, or $68 08 for every man, woman or child, on their arrival. Their destination is given, embracing every State and Territory. Fifty-five thousand and fifty-five remained in this State with cash means amounting to $2,101,656 80. Wisconsin, Pennsylvania and Illinois, seem to be the points next in favor.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOLS OF PHILADELPHIA.—In Philadelphia there are said to be no less than nine medical schools, five of them being *irregular*.—Fifteen hundred students are claimed by the nine collectively, as being in attendance this winter.—Of these the Jefferson College is said to have five hundred; the Old University School four hundred; the Pennsylvania College one hundred and fifty; and the Philadelphia one hundred.

EXPULSION OF INDIANS.—The citizens of Washington county, Minnesota, have lately held a meeting, and passed resolutions demanding the immediate expulsion of the Sioux Indians from that country, and threatening to organize a force for that purpose if the authorities do not act at once.

Financial Affairs.

MONEY MATTERS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE NEW YORK MONEY MARKET—The supply of money has increased considerably during the last week; and the discount rates are relaxing. The quotations are 8@9½ per cent. for the discount of first class sixty to ninety day paper; 9 per cent. for the same class maturing in four to six months; 9 to 10 per cent. for second class, all dates; and 7 per cent. for call loans. The South has drawn some specie this week—about $550,000; the Sub-Treasury $243,215, and the foreign export has been $280,000. On the other hand, the receipts were $1,250,000 from California, and a large sum from the West. These receipts have over-balanced the losses, and the banks show an increase of $561,945 in their specie average. The deposits in bank have increased $1,770,430, and the loans have been increased at $710,167. The loans are rapidly increasing, and are not likely to diminish till August or September next. The prospects of the money market are decidedly favorable to increased ease. The increase of Cotton bills on Europe is great, and is causing the rates of foreign exchange to give way. The shipments of specie are unimportant, and the movment of specie to the South must shortly cease, while that of specie from the West hither will increase, so that the bank accumulation must soon be very considerable. The advices from Europe tend to strengthen the disposition of our money market. Receipts of gold from Australia have been very large. The Bank of England is increasing its specie. The Manchester demand for Cotton is active at advancing prices, which cannot but stimulate and quicken shipments of this, our leading staple. Hence, with all this ease, the superabundant capital of the world seems to be ready to seek investment in our securities.

The importations of foreign merchandise are not heavy for the season.—*N. Y. Independent, 22nd inst.*

THE ZIMMERMAN BANK.—This institution having fallen into bad repute, the following note to the Hamilton *Spectator* from Mr. Z. appears in that paper on the 22d inst:

SIR,—Finding a report has been circulated to the effect that I had parted with my stock in the Zimmerman Bank, I beg leave to avail myself of your columns to state that the said report is entirely without foundation. I hold a large majority of the shares of the capital stock, and it is not my intention to part with any of it. I will not cease to hold the majority of the shares while the institution bears my name or any of its notes are in circulation with my signature. And further, that over and above my liability under the charter, I hold myself liable and responsible for the redemption of the entire circulation of the Zimmerman Bank as long as it continues as such.

Clifton, Jan. 15, 1857. SAMUEL ZIMMERMAN.

Whether the "*promise to pay*" on the part of Mr. ZIMMERMAN, is any better than the same words on the bills of this bank, those who have an opportunity to take them must be the judges, however, they are not received at any banking counter in this city as far as we can learn.

LONDON.—At London, consols closed on Friday the 9th inst. at 93¾@94. In American securities more doing but prices unchanged.

Advices from Constantinople announce that the Turkish Government had definitely arranged with English capitalists, for the loan of twelve million sterling, at 6 per cent.

The Monthly Statement of the Bank of France, shows increased commercial discounts, and heavy decreased bullion.

English money market easier. The bank has raised the charge for loans ½ per cent.

Counterfeit ones on the Unadilla Bank, New York, are in circulation.

Bills of the Bank of East Tennessee are redeemed at Memphis at 50 cents on the dollar.

MACKEREL INSPECTION.—During the year 1856, there were inspected in Massachusetts 214,312 barrels of mackerel, as follows:—89,333 bbls. of No. 1, 76,819 bbls. No. 2, 47,931 bbls. No. 3, and 176 bbls. No. 4. The largest number (68,093 bbls.) was was inspected at Gloucester. The catch of mackerel last year, in the State, was nearly 3,000 barrels more than in 1855, but the expense of provisioning vessels and packing the fish has increased so much that the business has not paid.

UP HILL LEGISLATION.—The St. Louis *Democrat* says the price of board at Jefferson City, Mo., is raised this winter to $30 a week. The pay of the members of the Legislature amounts to only twenty-one dollars.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, Jan. 29, 1857.

THE only change we notice in the Flour and Grain market this week is in the price of Barley which has taken an advance,—caused by the demand for seed.

PORK rules 50c ℔ cwt. better than at time of last report.—Prices for everything else unchanged.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	$18
Flour, bbl	$5.25@7.25	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1.50@1.53	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada	$1.50@1.56	Apples, bushel	75c@$1.25
Corn	56@62½c	Do. dried	$1@1.25
Oats	37½@40c	Potatoes	35@62½c
Barley	1.12½@1.8	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Buckwheat	50c	Slaughter	7½@7¾c
Beans	$1.00@1.25	Calf	12c
Peas	1.00@1.25	Sheep pelts	75c@1.13
MEATS.		Lamb do	25@50c
Pork, Mess	$18.00	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$8.50@9.00	Clover, bushel	$6.75@7.00
Beef, per cwt	$5.00@6.00	Timothy	$3.00@3.50
Spring Lambs each	$1.50@1.75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$4.50@5.00	Wood, hard	$4.50@5.50
Hams, smoked	12@12½c	Do. soft	$3.00@4.00
Shoulders	8@9c	Coal, Lehigh	$8@8.25
Chickens	8@9c	Do. Scranton	$7@7.25
Turkeys	9@10c	Do. Blossburg	$5.50
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$7.25@7.50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	18@20c	Salt, bbl	$1.58
Do. firkin	18@20c	Hay, ton	$9@15
Cheese	8½@9½c	Wool ℔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	12½@13c	White fish, bbl	$8@10
Tallow	11@11½c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$4.75@5.00
Eggs, dozen	00@20c	Trout, bbl	$9

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 26.—FLOUR—Market for flour unchanged, and demand moderate for export and home consumption. Sales were made at $5.85@5.50 for common to choice and super State; $5.00@5.90 for extra do; $5.40@5.60 for common to choice and super Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Ohio; $5.70@7.15 for extra Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, &c.; $5.50@8.75 for extra St. Louis—market closing firm and quiet. Sales made of Canadian at $5.60@7.75 for common to super and choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market unchanged. Sales St. Louis at 160c for red. Rye is scarce and firm; sales trifling at 92@96c. Barley steady at 102@132c. Corn dull and quotations unchanged; sales mixed Western at 72@75c. Oats in request at 50@52c for State, and 52@53c for Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market quiet. Sales at $20 for old mess; $21 for new mess, and $18 for prime. Dressed hogs in active demand at 9¼@9½c. Lard market firmer; sales at 12¾@12⅞c. Butter firm at 16@22c for Ohio; 20@26c for State. Cheese active at 10½@11½c.

BUFFALO, JAN. 26.—FLOUR—There is nothing doing in flour beyond small sales to the local trade; $5@5.25 choice to extra brands.

GRAIN—Nothing new in wheat. Sales white Michigan at $1.41. Corn nominal at 65c. Oats at 47c.

SEEDS—Clover seed dull at $6.75.

HOGS—Dressed hogs firm. Weights 200 and under 8½@8¾c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 21—BEEVES—First quality 11@11½c; medium 10½@10¾c; ordinary 10c; premium 12c.

COWS AND CALVES—Good cows with young calves are in demand at $40@60, and good calves are wanted at 7@7½c. a pound, live weight.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Average ℔ head $5.13.

SWINE—First quality, corn fed, large size, live weight, 7@7½c; Second do. corn fed, live weight, 7@7¼ for first quality, small size, fat and prime, for market butchers, 7½@8; large size still fed, fat 7½@7⅞.

BRIGHTON, JAN. 22.—At market 37 Beeves, 00 Stores, 00 pairs Working Oxen, 25 Cows and Calves,, 55 Sheep and Lambs, 30 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $9.00; first quality, $8.00; second quality, $8.50@7; third quality, $6@6.25; ordinary $4.75@5.00.

HIDES—8½@8¾c. ℔ lb. Calf Skins 13@14c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1.25@1.50 each. Tallow—@8½c. ℔ lb.

WORKING OXEN—$160@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$20, 27, 29, 35, 40@45.

YEARLINGS—17@21. Two Years Old—$24@30. Three Years Old—$31@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $6@9; in lots $1.75@5.00.

SWINE—Shoats to peddle 8c; at retail 8½@9½.

CHICAGO, JAN. 24.—Beef Cattle—Market remains active with firm prices. Sales during the week—466 cattle, from $3.25@3.50 to $4@4.50 for good.

SHEEP—156 at market—Sales at $3@3.25 to 3.50.

MILCH COWS—Sales at $40@40 per head.

SWINE—Demand for live hogs. Sales $5@6.25 to 6.50.

CINCINNATI PORK TRADE.—The *Price Current* furnishes the following statement of the Hog trade for the week, and also for the season:

	Past week.	For the season.	Same time last season.	Same time in 1854-5.
From Kentucky	....	96,061	88,828	61,266
By River and Railroad	3,265	188,447	250,854	188,166
Through Toll Gates	800	32,309	21,637	47,680
Slaughtered at Plainville	1,500	26,000	25,270	33,130
Totals	5,565	343,817	389,391	333,243

The cold weather has assisted in cutting short the packing business, and the season may now be regarded as having closed. Dressed hogs are saleable for shipment to New York at $7,25@7,50 net.

CHICAGO HORSE MARKET.—Chicago, Jan. 24.—Dull market, and very few on sale in the stables. At Sutherland & Gold's, on State street, some 20 head are reported sold the past week, and a lot are yet on hand there for sale. Good workers sell for $125 to $175 each, and the demand is improving.

At Doty's are 31 head for sale, Audrews' report 35 sold the past week, though it is probable several of these were to other dealers, as the country demand is not so large as this would indicate.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 21.—The demand for all kinds of Domestic Fleece and Pulled Wools is limited for the moment, owing chiefly to high rates current, which deter manufacturers from purchasing beyond their most urgent wants; there is no accumulating stocks, however, and holders are not inclined to press sales at present; the transactions do not aggregate over 50,000 lbs., in lots, at prices varying from 50@55c. for super Fleeces, and 60@65c. for extra country. No. 1 Pulled Wool commands 36c; super do., 42c.; extra do., 47½@50c., and choice Saxony, 52½@55c; 100 bales California unwashed Fleeces have been taken at 21@24c. Foreign is in small supply; the receipts are light, and prices are firmly maintained; sales of 50 bales Entre Rios, supposed to be at 21c., 6 months. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ℔ lb	58@65
American Full-blood Merino	52@55
American ½ and ¾ Merino	44@48
American Native and ⅝ do	34@37
Pulled Wool, extra Country	44@48
Pulled Wool, super	37@39
Pulled Wool, No. 1	32@35
California Fine, Unwashed	23@26
Do. Com. Unwashed	12@17
Peruvian, Washed	30@36
Valparaiso, Unwashed	14@15
South American, Com. Washed	13@15
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	16@20
South American Unwashed	8@12
South American, Cordova, Washed	25@26
East India, Washed	26@28
African, Unwashed	9@18
African, Washed	18@30
Smyrna, Unwashed	14@17
Smyrna, Washed	24@28
Mexican, Unwashed	15@18

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World,—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

APPLE SEEDS, GRAPE VINES, AND PEAR SEEDlings, for sale by N. G. KASSON, Howlett Hill, N. Y.

2000 BLACK ASH RAILS FOR SALE ONE MILE south of Oaks Corners, N. Y. J. P. SIMPSON.

LOOK HERE.—A PAIR OF WELL MATCHED, SOUND, six year old, sorrel geldings, for sale by M. D. TIFFANY two miles west of Pike and eight miles from Castile Depot.

THE LAWTON BLACKBERRY. WE ARE PREPARED to furnish plants of the Lawton Blackberry in quantities to suit purchasers. Address WILLIAMS & CHAPMAN, Fayetteville, Onondaga Co., N. Y.

OSIER WILLOWS.

THE SUBSCRIBERS ARE GENERAL AGENTS FOR GEO. J. COLBY, Patentee of the Machine for Peeling Willows, and will sell the best kind of Osiers on the most liberal terms, and give a Circular containing full directions for cultivating, market, &c., *free* to all. Address CARMI OSGOOD, Westford, Vt., or REUBEN OSGOOD, Fremont, Lake Co., Ill.

15,000 ISABELLA GRAPE CUTTINGS.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS ON HAND FIFTEEN THOUsand well-ripened Isabella Grape Cuttings, taken from E. A. McKay's vines of Naples which I will offer for sale at $5 per 1000, or $1.50, when 5,000 to 10,000 are taken. They will be packed in the best manner and delivered at the Railroad without extra charge WILLIAM H. ADAMS.
Naples, Ontario Co., N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—A FARM OF 100 ACRES FOR SALE, situate one mile east of the village of Pittsford. This farm is under first class improvement; good fences, good buildings, water in nearly every lot; located on a good road, in a good neighborhood, convenient to market, and possesses every qualification to make it a desirable investment, and a desirable home.
Terms of payment easy. Enquire of W. H. Gallagher, in Pittsford, or of W. C. ROWLEY,
42 Reynolds' Arcade, Rochester.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

AN ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION, UNDER THE auspices of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in this city at CORINTHIAN HALL, on Tuesday and Wednesday Feb. 10th and 11th. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury, Charles Lenox Remond, Sarah P. Remond, Rev. Samuel J. May, Aaron M. Powell, and Susan B. Anthony, will address the Convention. Morning Sessions 10½ o'clock. Afternoon Sessions 2½ do. Evening Sessions 7½ do. Day Sessions free. Evening Sessions 12½ cents admission.

SUGAR CANE SEED.

EMERY BROTHERS HAVE, AT MUCH EXPENSE AND trouble, obtained a supply of GENUINE SEED of the Chinese Sugar Cane, or "SORGHUM SACCHARATUM," successfully grown, fully matured and sure to vegetate, from Mr. R. PETERS, of Georgia, which they will supply in strong linen packages, with full directions for its culture, for ONE DOLLAR, each containing sufficient quantity for one-fifth of an acre. All orders should be accompanied with TWELVE CENTS, or stamps, if to be sent by mail. Pamphlets, containing a compilation of reliable information, experiments and success of the Plant, since its introduction in this country, furnished gratis (post-paid) upon receipt of a three cent postage stamp.
369w6 EMERY BROTHERS, Proprietors, Albany Ag'l Works, 52 State St., Albany.

OUR ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNALS.

"LIFE ILLUSTRATED" [WEEKLY.]	AT $2 A YEAR.
"THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL,"	AT $1 A YEAR.
"THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL,"	AT $1 A YEAR.

$3.—For THREE DOLLARS, a copy of all three Journals will be sent one year; for TWO DOLLARS, half a year.

Please address FOWLER AND WELLS,
No. 308 Broadway, New York.

"These Journals are among the most valuable periodicals published in this country."—*Albany Journal.* 369w4

CHINESE SUGAR CANE. "SORGHO SUCRE."

PURE SEED. THE SUBSCRIBERS HEREBY INFORM the Farmers Gardeners, and the public generally, that they have just received and now offer for sale, a limited supply of the *Genuine Seed* of the above valuable plant, put up in strong cloth packages, sufficient to plant about one-fifth of an acre, which they will send by mail, post-paid, upon the receipt of one dollar, or a proportionate quantity by express at the purchaser's expense, with full directions for the culture, harvesting, etc.—Order early to secure the seed.

Also, a full assortment of Garden Seeds, new and genuine, Foreign and American growth; Field Seeds and Grains of the most desirable kinds. Flower Seeds in great variety, of which they will, upon the receipt of one dollar, mail, post-paid send twenty varieties. Full catalogues gratis upon application at the Chicago Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store.
369w3 HENRY D. EMERY & CO., No. 204 Lake steet, Chicago, Ill.

THE BEST LAND PLASTER.

I HAVE ANALYZED A SPECIMEN OF "VIENNA PLASTER OR GYPSUM," and also specimens of "CAYUGA" and "ONONDAGA PLASTER," and find them to yield respectively as follows:

VIENNA PLASTER.

Sulphate of Lime	70.92
Carbonate of Lime	4.45
Carbonate of Magnesia	1.50
Alumina	2.46
Silica	1.84
Protoxide of Iron	21
Water	18.33
Loss	29
	100.00

JAMES R. CHILTON, M. D., Chemist.
New York, March 19, 1854.

ONONDAGA PLASTER.

Sulphate of Lime	63.20
Sulphuric of Lime	1.01
Carbonate of Lime	6.20
Carbonate of Magnesia	1.60
Alumina	2.80
Silica	2.46
Water	22.10
Loss	24
	100.00

CAYUGA PLASTER.

Sulphate of Lime	50.40
Sulphuret of Lime	2.00
Carbonate of Lime	18.00
Carbonate of Magnesia	3.80
Alumina	4.00
Silica	4.40
Protoxide of Iron	32
Water	16.50
Loss	48
	100.00

JAMES R. CHILTON, M. D., Chemist.
New York, April 2, 1852.

It appears from the above analyses that the "VIENNA PLASTER" is superior for land to that of the Cayuga or Onondaga, inasmuch as it contains the largest per centage of the "SULPHATE OF LIME," which is the most beneficial property in land Plaster.

This plaster is kept constantly on hand at Geneva, Vienna, Canandaigua, Victor, Fishers and Pittsford.

10,000 PEACH TREES OF SELECTED VARIETIES for Spring Sale, by C. F. WEAVER, of Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y. 368w2

TO FARMERS.—THE POUDRETTE MADE BY THE SUBscribers, is the *cheapest and best manure in the world for corn, etc.* A pamphlet will be sent (free) to any one sending their address to "The Lodi Manufacturing Company," 60 Cortlandt St., New York city. 368w17

PEACH TREES.

WE HAVE ON HAND, FOR SPRING SALES, A LARGE Stock, consisting of a few of the best varieties, which we offer as follows:
Yearling trees 1st size, $70 per 1,000.
Do. do. 2d size, 50 per 1,000.
For general stock of Nursery articles, see advertisements and Catalogues. ELLWANGER & BARRY,
Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.
NOTE.—By a typographical error in the spring edition of our Wholesale Catalogue, Peach Trees were designated as "2 years old," instead of one as intended. E. & B.
January, 20, 1857.

SUMATRA GAME FOWLS.

FOUR PAIRS FOR SALE—BROODS OF MAY FIRST TO June 25th. Price from $2.50 to $5 the pair, according to age and size. Also one English game hen, past one year old, price $2. They are Raven-black, genuine, beautiful, and of best blood. D. ELY, 69 Fitzhugh St., Rochester, N. Y.
January 19, 1857.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS AND CULTIVATOR ALMANAC, for 1857. Embellished with *One Hundred and Forty-two* Engravings, and containing *One Hundred and forty-four* large duodecimo pages. By John J. Thomas, author of "The American Fruit Culturist," "Farm Implements," etc. Price 25 cents.

The REGISTER will be found to contain more Practical Information, interesting to every Country Resident, than can elsewhere be obtained at Four Times the Cost. Sent, pre-paid, by first mail, by LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Albany, N. Y.

Publishers of the "COUNTRY GENTLEMAN" and "THE CULTIVATOR"—specimen numbers of which are sent gratis to all applicants.

*** The "REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS" has now been published for three years, Nos. I. and II., for 1855 and 1856, are for sale at the same price, and are still as valuable as when they first appeared. The three together, sent for 75 cents, contain 450 engravings and 432 pages 368w3

FARMERS, PLANTERS, MECHANICS, READ!

MACHINERY. THE COMBINATION PATENT PORTABLE UPRIGHT STEAM SAW MILL—simple, durable, efficient and cheap. It commands the universal admiration of saw-mill men everywhere, and is being adopted in every part of this country.

MACHINERY. THE COMBINATION PATENT PORTABLE SHINGLE MILL, capable of sawing, planing and jointing at the rate of ten thousand shingles in twelve hours. The shingles produced with this machine are as valuable in the market as the best shaved shingles.

MACHINERY. ROSS'S PATENT PORTABLE GRIST-MILL, which has received over sixty premiums, and is pronounced by the most experienced millers in this country and Europe to be the best mill ever constructed. It is cheaper than any other burr-stone mill.

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MACHINERY. Send for pamphlet, which will give a full illustrated description of all our valuable patent machinery.

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ROOT GRAFTS.—L. G. BRAGG & BROTHER OFFER for sale 150,000 Apple Grafts to be forwarded the coming spring. L. G. BRAGG & BROTHER,
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DR. H. C. WANZER,

DENTIST, ARTISTIC INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, No. 16 Buffalo St., (Pitkins' Block,) Rochester, N. Y. 353tf

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

PREMIUM LIST.—1857.

LOCAL AGENTS, Subscribers, and other earnest, active and influential friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, and the cause of "Progress and Improvement," who are disposed to lend their kind offices in its behalf—thus enhancing their individual interests while promoting the welfare of community—are respectfully invited to examine the following Programme of Premiums for the RURAL CAMPAIGN of 1857:

"EXCELSIOR" PREMIUMS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, to the person or persons procuring the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, in any one Township, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to April 1, 1857.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.
FIVE DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.

$800 IN STATE PREMIUMS!

As most of our General Premiums have heretofore been won by persons in the State of New York, thus precluding Agents and friends at a distance from successful competition, we have concluded to offer $800 in *State* and *Provincial Prizes*, viz: **One Hundred Dollars** for the FOUR LARGEST LISTS from EACH of the States of PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, IOWA, and the Province of CANADA WEST, divided as follows:

FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER from *each* of the above named States and Canada West, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1857.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.
TEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.

☞ Competitors for the State and Provincial Premiums, *can also compete for the large General Prizes!* Comment upon the unprecedented liberality and advantages of this list is unnecessary.

The names and number of subscribers obtained by each competitor, will be published in the RURAL, (or in a circular, and mailed to all interested, as soon after the 1st of April as the result can be ascertained,) and the cash paid to the order of the successful competitor.

☞ To give Post-Masters and other Local Agents a fair, equal chance, traveling agents, post-riders and citizens of Rochester are excluded.

IN order to REWARD EVERY PERSON who may aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, we offer TO ALL (*including competitors for the Large Cash Premiums enumerated above,*) the following liberal

SPECIFIC PREMIUMS.

Six Dollars IN CASH, (or $5 in Books, at cash prices, postage pre-paid,) *and* an extra copy of the RURAL to *every person* remitting payment for FIFTY or more Yearly Subscribers, according to our Terms, *previous to the 1st of May, 1857.*

Five Dollars IN CASH, *or* either a copy of "Lippencott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World," *or* $6 in Agricultural Books,) to every one remitting for FORTY-FOUR or more subscribers, as above.

Four Dollars IN CASH, (or a copy of the "Japan Expedition"—price $5—*or* $5 in other Books,) to every one remitting for THIRTY-EIGHT or more subscribers.

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D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

KIND WORDS AND GOOD DEEDS.

BY MRS. A. O. JEDSON.

[Suggested by Mr. ARTHUR'S beautiful New-Year's story published in the RURAL of January 3.]

They fall like genial showers
Upon the burden'd heart,
And forthwith springeth flowers,
While care and woe depart;
They're like starlight in the darkness,
Or sunshine 'mid the storm,
And there welleth up a fountain
Of feeling, fresh and warm.

O! who that hath bestowed them
Would e'er the step retrace?
Or wish from memory's tablet
The record to efface?
For a joy is his far dearer
Than Pleasure's votaries know,
Or all that wealth and honor
United can bestow.

They are not earth-born truly,
But have their source above,
Their Author, that great Giver,
Whose very name is Love.
Kind words and deeds of mercy,
Exotics rich and rare,
For in this world-wide desert,
These are oases fair.

The gems of earth are fading,
Its pleasures droop and die,
And riches, though abundant,
"Take to them wings and fly;"
But these—O! these are lasting,
Upon bright memory's page,
They'll stand in glowing colors
Through many a future age.

Victor, N. Y., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LOVE AND MONEY.

BY MRS. M. A. LATHROP.

[Concluded from page 36, last No.]

CHAPTER III.

MATHEWS was the counterpart of SAMUEL in appearance, and also in manners, being of middle height, with hair thick and bushy, and as black as Egyptian darkness. His complexion was quite dark enough, while his eyes were small and deep set, and arched by a heavy and stern brow. The lower part of his face was better, and his teeth fine. These he had the good fortune to show whenever he smiled, but his laugh was sardonic, his dress and manners punctilious, and as he tipped back in his chair with his thumb in his armhole, familiarity withdrew, and left only constraint. Mrs. WILSON had said that his education and heart were good, and MINNIE respected him.

SAMUEL'S attentions were, the greater part of the evening, devoted to JENNY; and more than once, when tired of the set and learned speeches of the schoolmaster, did MINNIE cast wishful glances towards the sofa, where JENNY and SAM were in high glee.

The hour finally arrived for the visitors to leave, and while JENNY and SAM were half way home, Mr. MATHEWS still lingered to express his gratitude for his visit, and to request the pleasure of renewing it at no distant day.

As MINNIE entered the sitting room, she drew a long breath, and said, "that's got along with."

"Are you tired?" asked Mrs. WILSON.

"No, not so very tired," said MINNIE, "but I haven't dared to draw a long breath all of the evening. Mr. MATHEWS is so formal I am afraid of him. SAM is worth a dozen of him."

"Well, if it isn't astonishing," said Mrs. WILSON with emphasis, "that you girls should prefer nonsense to worth. If MATHEWS should ever make any honorable proposals to you, you'd better think twice before you say no."

"If I did I should then say no," thought MINNIE, "if I acted freely;" but as she respected Mrs. WILSON'S wishes and judgment, she resolved to act as far as she could upon her advice.

His visits became frequent, though none the less tiresome, and when he asked her to attend with him a concert, she consented, though her heart stoutly maintained that it would be pleasanter at home with the fun-making SAM.

True to the hour, his pedagogical dignity was on hand with highly polished boots, and a standing collar which gave cutting indications of a murderous design upon his ears. But with a well-balanced head he had thus far escaped without bloodshed. He arose as MINNIE entered the room, and made his stereotype bow, then seating himself and making a few dry remarks about the wet weather, he arose and inquired if she were ready. They proceeded to the door, while MINNIE cast a glance back towards the dining room, and had a glimpse of SAMUEL performing sundry silent gymnastics for her notice, while his face and eyes wore a woe-begone look in imitation of her escort.

"Blame him," said SAMUEL, as he settled himself down in a chair and leaned his head upon his hands, "what business had he to come and take her away?"

"Why shouldn't he?" said his aunt. "He probably admires her for her own worth, independent of MONEY, which you consider so indispensable. And now I would like to say a few things to you in regard to your wish to monopolize MINNIE'S company, while you have no intention of marrying her. You are here constantly and pay her marked attentions. Yes! you needn't deny it; your actions tell tales in regard to your feelings, and she can see and feel it too. You are doing her an injustice."

"Well, aunt, you are pretty far-sighted; you must have had some experience in these matters some time," he replied, as he raised his head, and shook back the dark, glossy locks that fell over his high forehead. "But, although I like MINNIE'S company, as you see, yet I have not the remotest idea of ever making her my wife; and I hope she will cherish no such ideas. I do not believe she does, either. If she had property I could then consistently do it; but, although love will do for a dessert, it will not take the place of meat and bread, and they come only with the cash."

"It's a great pity you are not smart enough to earn a living, SAM,—but seeing you are not, you had better marry somebody's money bag."

MINNIE had returned for a pocket handkerchief which she had dropped upon the stairs, and hearing her own name pronounced by SAMUEL, the temptation was irresistible—she paused, and listened, as girls will, sometimes.

Every nerve was strained to its utmost tension, in her eagerness to hear the whole, and there she stood, riveted to the spot, without one thought for the innocent pedagogue—whom she had so unceremoniously left—on the outside of the door. Her heart and new-born hopes were crushed to the earth. "Then all the unspoken professions he has made in looks, manner and voice, are but lying emanations from his deceptive heart," thought she, "and here I, who have ever mocked at love, have trusted to them and been deceived! Fool that I am!—I don't care for you, and that you shall know," she mentally exclaimed.

Recollecting Mr. MATHEWS, who had risen in her estimation in proportion as SAMUEL had sunk, she hurried out.

"Did you find it?" asked the patient MATHEWS. Wholly oblivious of her errand, MINNIE abstractedly replied, "I presume so." And when he took the trembling hand which rested upon his arm, into his own, and said,

"You appear somewhat agitated, Miss WATERS; do away with all embarrassment, madam, and feel that you are with only your equal."

"Go—." She liked to have said *goose!* but checking herself, she remained silent.

"Express yourself freely, Miss WATERS. Nothing will give me greater pleasure than your remarks. Man was made for social life."

"And women, too," she said, thinking only of the happy hours she had spent with SAM.

"I am happy to know," he replied, "that there is so much congeniality of thought and feeling between us. I have hitherto confined my best affections to a gentleman of the name of JUDSON, a most exemplary young man, but I am happy in transferring them to yourself."

"Who is this Mr. JUDSON you speak of?" asked MINNIE.

"He is a native of this place, madam, but is now attending a law school in Albany. I think, however, he will soon return, as his father's health is poor, and he is needed at home."

The concert was past, no part of which MINNIE appreciated; and as MATHEWS was about to bow off his good night to her, at Mrs. WILSON'S door, he said, "Will you allow me to hope that the deep interest I feel in you is reciprocated, Miss WATERS?"

"Undoubtedly," she replied, hardly knowing what she said, and caring less. She pulled away her hand indignantly which he attempted to kiss, and, closing the door in his face, flew up stairs.

SAMUEL had seen the transaction from an open window, and with a heart full of laughter was ready to rally her. But his frequent calls to "come down and tell us about the concert," were by her unheeded; and with a sad tone he said, "You see, aunt, she has jilted me."

"Served you right, too. I'm glad of it," she answered.

Sleep with its downy pinions, visited happier hearts that night than SAM'S or MINNIE'S.

CHAPTER IV.

The long winter came and went, in which MATHEWS often insisted upon MINNIE'S fulfilling what he was pleased to consider her promise, and set the day for their marriage, while Mrs. WILSON seconded his wishes, and suggested to her the impropriety of trifling with the feelings of so good and honorable a man.

"By some strange combination of ideas," said MINNIE, "he considers me engaged to him; but I cannot set a day, for I never loved him, and never can. I should as soon think of throwing myself into the extended arms of a guide-board, for sympathy, as into his."

JENNY returned from school full of life and glee, and SAMUEL had, while with her, that over joyous appearance which often indicates a heart ill at ease, but with MINNIE he was void of levity, and almost of words. He felt that something was wrong, yet he would not stoop to ask an explanation.

One morning as JENNY entered MINNIE'S room, (as she usually did without ceremony,) she found her resting her head upon the table with her face hid in her hands. A half smile illumined her eye as she partially looked up, but she immediately resumed her former position.

"What is the matter now?" asked JENNY, throwing her arm around her neck, and imprinting a kiss between her fingers. "Any heart-grief that's going to kill you, eh?"

"If you were dependent for a *home*, JENNY, and urged to have a man you couldn't tolerate, then you would know just what ails me. The hateful MATHEWS! would *you* have him?"

"MATHEWS!" exclaimed JENNY. "No indeed; he asked me last week, and I said no at once—and if he is plying you with the same questions, I think we had better have an understanding. I don't propose to go 'snuks' with any one in this matter."

MINNIE looked up, and laughing through her tears, exclaimed, "Is it possible! The old bigamist! Here in this drawer is a letter he wrote me the last week Tuesday, urging me to set the day, as he had already written to his friend JUDSON that he would be expected as one of the groomsmen."

"Last Tuesday?" asked JENNY. "'Pon my word it was the very day he presented his dignity before me with the same question—ha, ha, ha,—isn't it rich?"

At this moment Mrs. WILSON entered, and the matter was laid before her and her spectacles, much to her horror and indignation.

"I see I have got you into trouble, MINNIE," she said, "and now trust me to get you out. If there is a soul in the rascal, I'll shame him."

A note was forthwith dispatched to the schoolhouse, requesting him to call at seven o'clock that evening, and HAMAN never entered into the presence of Queen ESTHER with more self-complacency than MATHEWS obeyed the summons. After the usual forms of reception were past, Mrs. WILSON said, very gently—

"I have, as MINNIE'S only guardian, sought this interview with you, Mr. MATHEWS, to make some inquiries in regard to your course of conduct towards her of late."

"Old people have no right to meddle with young folks' affairs," he growled out.

"They have a right, sir, and I shall use it, too," she replied with spirit, "and you are bound, as a christian and a gentleman, to talk candidly and freely with me on the subject. I wish to know why you are urging her to appoint a day for your wedding, while you are, at the same time, offering yourself to another?"

MATHEWS' ire was kindled, and his face, usually dark, grew blacker—his eyes flashed like a couple of small lightning bugs, as he replied—

"I mean, madam, to mind my own business, and should be obliged if you would do the same."

"You insulting rascal," she exclaimed, rising and opening the door, "you leave my house immediately. You deserve a cowhiding, and if I were a man you would get it too—leave!"

MATHEWS, in the coolest manner imaginable, kept his seat, and said—

"I shall not go till I see Miss WATERS."

"She will not see you, and there's no use in speaking of it; so go."

"I shall not go till I do," he replied.

MINNIE, hearing the loud talking, and becoming alarmed, had slipped out and brought back SAMUEL and JENNY, and the three were now listeners at the top of the stairs, in the hall.

Mrs. WILSON found that neither threats nor persuasions would move him, and stepping to the hall, she said—

"MINNIE, MINNIE; will you see this rascal to-night?"

"No, Mrs. WILSON, neither to-night nor any other time," she exclaimed with a trembling voice.

"Yes, you will," bellowed out the infuriated MATHEWS, rushing into the hall and up the stairs. SAMUEL was ready, and with a strong arm caught him as he came, and with one jerk whirled him back rough-and-tumble, from the top to the bottom. Here he gathered himself up, as best he could, and, without a word, left the house.

CHAPTER V.

Scarce two weeks had gone by after the school master had so unexpectedly found his level at Mrs. WILSON'S feet, before he was seen walking past, bolstered up between his standing collar, on his way to Mr. JUDSON'S. JAMES had returned the night before, and met him with a hearty shake of the hand, saying, "Walk in; you look like an old friend. How goes the times with you?"

"First rate."

JUDSON had thrown himself upon the sofa in a half reclining position, with one hand half hid in his pocket, while with the other he supported his head. His cheeks were a little flushed; his eyes were of that peculiar color which is ever ready to contradict whatever you call them, while his hair fell in rich, glossy clusters over his forehead and hand. His manners were of that easy and refined character which usually come only from an intimate acquaintance with good society. How the two, while so unlike, could ever had become intimate, is unaccountable. It was, in fact, a one-sided affair; for while MATHEWS respected and courted, JUDSON only tolerated.

"Then you get on first rate, MATHEWS; but how is it with that terrestrial angel you wrote me about, with red cheeks and auburn hair, whose father formerly lived in a two-story white house, and was a Congressman. Am I soon to stand up with you?"

MATHEWS spit, stuck his thumb in his arm hole, and stammered out, "Why—yes—I don't know.—The fact is I have some doubts about her; she has no money, and I think a lady ought to have as much as her husband—and besides," lowering his voice, "between you and me, Mr. JUDSON, I'm pretty strongly convinced that she admits some gentlemen where *I* am not allowed to come. But supposing you brush up and go up with me and pass your judgment."

"That I'll do; I may want her myself, if you give her up."

That afternoon MINNIE was alone, and knowing that it would devolve upon her to admit visitors, if any should come, had taken unusual pains with her toilet. Her dress was generally becoming, but it now seemed particularly fitted to her style of beauty. She had seated herself in the parlor, and had become absorbed in a book, when the bell rang. She arose and opened the door, but judge of her surprise and horror, as MATHEWS presented himself before her. Her first impulse was to rush into the street; but, observing a stranger with him, she paused, and MATHEWS pronounced the name of "JUDSON." After seating them in the parlor, she entered into a lively and pleasant conversation with JUDSON, but by no word, or look, did she indicate a knowledge of the presence of any other person. MATHEWS was necessarily silent and embarrassed; and while his friend was comfortably rocking in the large arm-chair, he was fidgeting from one side to the other of his perpendicular one, and soon arose and proposed leaving.

With a pleasant and easy bow, JUDSON bade her a good evening, promising to call again soon on his old friend Mrs. WILSON. Then, tipping his hat slightly, again passed through the gate, while MATHEWS, with an audible grunt, followed.

"Well, JUDSON, how did you like her?" he asked a few rods from the door. With a shrewd look, and sarcastic smile, JUDSON replied:

"How did *you?*"

MATHEWS made no reply, when JUDSON asked—

"What is the matter between you?"

"Oh! nothing—only a little jealousy on her part; she thinks I do not pay her sufficient attention if I look towards any other girl."

"Well, well, reconcile your difficulties quick if you wish for my services. You will be a lucky dog if you get a lady as accomplished as that same Miss WATERS."

Frequent attempts were made after this by MATHEWS to effect a reconciliation with MINNIE, but as no admittance was allowed him at Mrs. WILSON'S, and she refused to see him anywhere else, he was obliged to yield up (what he was pleased to term his right) to another, while JUDSON, with SAMUEL, became a frequent visitor.

MINNIE felt that she had lowered herself by receiving the attention of so base a man, and requested Mrs. WILSON to explain to Mr. JUDSON the circumstances as they were, and exonerate her from blame, if possible.

"Land alive, child," exclaimed Mrs. WILSON, "didn't SAM tell him? and didn't he laugh till he bust off his spender buttons? He thinks enough of you," she added with one of her peculiar knowing nods.

[Continued on page 40, this No.]

Youth's Corner.

LITTLE THINGS.

Do something for each other—
Though small the help may be,
There's comfort oft in little things,
Far more than others see!

It takes the sorrow from the eye,
It leaves the world less bare,
If but a friendly hand come nigh
When friendly hands are rare!

Then cheer the heart which toils each hour,
Yet finds it hard to live;
And though but little in our power,
That little let us give.

THE NEW KEY.

"AUNTY," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts, and make them so willing; for you know, aunty, God took my father and my mother, and they want people to be kind to their poor little daughter."

"What is the key?" asked aunty.

"It is only one little word — guess what?" But aunty was no guesser.

"It is *please*," said the child, "aunty, it is please. If I ask one of the great girls in school, 'please show me my parsing lesson?' she says 'Oh yes,' and helps me. If I ask, 'Sarah, please do this for me?' no matter, she'll take her hands out of the suds. If I ask uncle, 'please,' he says, 'yes, puss, if I can;' and if I say 'please, aunty—'"

"What does aunty do?" said aunty herself.

"Oh you look and *smile just like mother*, and that is best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms around her aunty's neck, with a tear in her eye.

Perhaps other children would like to know about this key; and I hope they will use it also, for there is a great power in the small kind courtesies of life.—*Selected.*

"THAT IS A BOY I CAN TRUST."

"I ONCE visited," says a gentleman, "a large public school. At recess, a little fellow came up, and spoke to the master; and as he turned to go down the platform, the master said, 'That is a boy I can trust. He never failed me.' I followed him with my eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. I thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character had that little boy earned. He had already got what would be worth to him more than a fortune. It would be a passport to the best office in the city, and, what is better, to the confidence of the whole community. I wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by elder people. Every boy in the neighborhood is known, opinions are formed of him, and he has a character either favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say, 'I can trust him; he never failed me;' will never want employment.—The fidelity, promptness, and industry, which he has shown at school, are prized everywhere. 'He who is faithful in little, will be faithful in much.'"—*Selected.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 18 letters.
My 5, 12, 13, 6, 14, 7 is a mathematical instrument.
My 13, 9, 5, 6, 9, 15, 12, 6 is an instrument of music.
My 17, 16, 7, 14, 13, 13, 16 is a kind of leather.
My 12, 4, 3, 1, 14, 17, 12, 6, 12, 7 is an instrument to ascertain the purity of air.
My 7, 9, 13, 1, 2, 12 is a city in Wisconsin.
My 13, 7, 9, 10, 12 is a migratory fowl.
My 11, 4, 13, 9, 6 is a foreign coin.
My 14, 7, 7, 12, 7, 18 is an instrument to show the revolutions of the planets.
My 17, 14, 2, 12, 8 is an indispensable article.
My whole should be practiced by those who wish to prosper.

Hartford, Wis., Jan., 1857. E. W. D.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

IF 6 sheep, or 10 lambs, eat 10 bushels of oats in 40 days, how long will the same last 14 sheep and 6 lambs?

Milford, Mich., 1857. D. M. KNOX.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

A PUZZLE.

PLACE the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 in such a position that, added together eight different ways, the product will equal 15.

January, 1857. N. S. NIER.

☞ Answer next week.

PUZZLE.

THREE-FOURTHS of a circle, a circle complete,
An upright where two semi-circles meet;
A rectangle triangle standing on feet,
Two semi-circles and a circle complete.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus in No. 367:—Young ladies adore the looking-glass, fancy extra ornaments and watch the handsome beaux.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 368:—George Washington.

Answer to Charade in No. 368:—Kings-ton.

Answer to Algebraical Problem in No. 368:—27 and 9.

Wit and Humor.

SYNONYMS.

A CONTEMPORARY publishes the following flight of synonyms, of which its says that so far as its knowledge extends, no work on the subject has ever given so full a list of substitute words for *money* as is embodied in it. Aside from the interesting moral which it conveys, it possesses a high degree of etymological excellence, and we commend it to the serious attention of all who have any doubt of the richness of the English language, or any fancy for depositing their money in that "bank entitled—the Pharo Bank:"

Fighting the Tiger.—Somebody who went to fight the tiger, and didn't win, thus describes his encounter with the "anamile." How many Young Americans recognize the picture?

"Went to fight the furious tiger,
Went to fight the beast at faro,
And was cleaned out so completely,
That he lost his every 'mopus;'
Every single spec of 'pewter,'
Every solitary 'shiner,'
Every 'brad' and every 'dollar,'
All the 'dough' in his possession,
All the 'spoons' his labor earned him,
All the bright and lovely 'ready,'
All the 'rowdy,' all the 'stumpy,'
All the 'cash' and all the 'rhino,'
All the 'tin' he did inherit,
All the 'dibs' he could discover.
All the 'browns' his uncle lent him,
All the 'chips' and 'dust' and 'chinkers,'
All the 'dimes' and all the 'horse-nails,'
All the 'brass' and all the 'needful,'
All the 'spondulix,' and 'buttons,'
All the 'rocks' and all the 'mint-drops,'
All the 'lumps' and filthy 'lucre,'
All the 'gelt' and all the 'heavy,'
All the 'sweet pecuniary,'
All the 'hard' and all his 'funds,' too,
All the 'root of every evil,'
All the 'circulating mediums,'
All the 'mammon' he had gathered,
All his MONEY in a word."

MUSIC AND MONEY.—A punster, asked by a musician whether he was not a lover of harmony, replied,—"Yes, but I prefer it rather abridged—that is, dropping the first syllable, for then it becomes—money! and that, you know, is the better half of it. Again, I have no objection to your notes, but I like those of the Bank of England much better; you may make good tunes, but those make infinitely the best of tunes." "How so? That bank notes are good things I allow; but pray what tune can be made out of them?" "The best tune in the world,—a for-tune."

A BIOGRAPHY of Robespierre, published in a late Irish paper, concludes with the following remarkable sentence:—"This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

A COIFFEUR at New Orleans writes on his cards: Mermaids' hair dressed on the shortest notice, and a large assortment of false tails for comets always on view in the show-room.

THERE is a firm in New York, the name of which is Lay, Hatch & Cluck. The clerks are presumed to be all Shanghais.

WHAT is the difference between a confirmed sinner and a beggar? One is a mendicant and the other is a mend-i-won't.

IT has been suggested that the inventor of crinoline did more to *enlarge the sphere of woman* than any reformer of this or earlier ages!

A STRANGE genius, in describing a lake in Minnesota, says it is so clear that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

WHY are kisses like Creation? Because they are made out of nothing, and are pronounced good.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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LYMAN B LANGWORTHY.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

HINTS FOR FEBRUARY.

ALTHOUGH but little can be done by the farmer during the present month in this latitude, that little has its full bearing upon the entire season.—Much of the progress made when the period of activity is upon us will be owing to the incipient preparations taken in hand now.

The *wheat field* will need your strictest scrutiny during portions of both February and March.—When the weather is mild and thawing, see that the surface water is provided with the means of escaping. Proper attention to this will be bushels in the granary after harvest. No more fruitful source of winter-killing is there than standing water. If your system of drainage is what it should be, the late winter and early spring months is the time when it proves the wisdom of a generous outlay in this direction. With well constructed drains and deep tillage there is but little danger of loss from this cause.

Take good care of the workers. The animal locomotive that is to assist you in your labors during the bustle and driving of the summer months needs kindly offices at your hands. Have them in in good condition. To accomplish this, they must be well fed, well groomed and well housed. Nor is this all—there is another point in their treatment to which little attention is given, and the many farmers who violate the laws of nature and the dictates of humanity ought to be *severely dealt* with. During the present winter and at its greatest inclemency, we have seen horses—good ones too, though if a poor animal it was no excuse—standing for hours in our streets without a blanket or any other covering. Driven into town in a hurry, their owners comfortably seat themselves by the side of some stove while the horse,—faithful servant—was fastened at some corner, exposed to the biting winds, left to furnish animal heat as best he might with the thermometer below zero.—We place a very low estimate upon the professed christianity of the individual who will not be more thoughtful—and were we to establish a mission it would be to those in our own land who thus abuse dumb animals.

As horses have comparatively little labor during the winter months, their skin becomes tender and if put to constant work they are soon galled, it would be well for each one possessing them to take means to prevent such an occurrence. This can be done by using whisky and alum. Keep a bottle of this in the stable and bathe frequently the parts liable to become affected—under the hames or the breast collar and on the back. A friend has used horses thus treated for years without any apparent soreness. This mixture will also enable a sore to heal, though the animal be kept in use. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure"—and in no place will the triteness of this saying have so good an opportunity of being tested as in the care of the animal economy.

Neat Cattle require special attention during the present month. Cows about to calve should have good fodder. If you want fat and thrifty calves they need as much care before being brought into the world as after it. If the time is near at hand when any cow in the herd is about to "come in," separate her from the rest and give her good quarters—free from confinement of the neck or head. Where cows are stabled accidents in the process of parturition are frequent, and even when at liberty watchfulness should be exercised on the part of the farmer. We have oftentimes been struck with the policy of those, who, having fodder to sell, permit these animals to become poor and haggard. The only use in keeping cows is for their yield of milk and butter, and they will be remunerating just in proportion as they are well provided with the right kind of food.

Poultry properly cared for will "commence declaring dividends" this month. Warm houses, plenty to eat and drink—grain and water at all times, and meat occasionally—will serve to promote their peculiar labors and assist in paying for their board during the time they have been "living in idleness." We are of the opinion that too light an estimate has been placed by farmers upon this portion of their live stock, especially by those residing in the vicinity of cities. "If they are more trouble than they are worth," as many farmers seem to think, *may it not be attributed to their bringing up?* If no more attention was given to any other portion of farm or domestic economy, would not wildness, wickedness, and unprofitableness be the result? Eggs are now worth twenty cents per dozen at wholesale in our market, and as the season for their more extensive use approaches they invariably advance. During Lent we have frequently seen twenty-five and twenty-eight cents readily given.

The *fences* want looking after. Set them in order as much as possible while you have leisure. If they are of the "worm variety" and you have not rails enough on hand to repair them during the entire season, muster the forces and to the woods immediately. When split, draw and pile away in the barn-yard, or in some convenient spot that you may easily lay hands upon them when wanted.

The *seeds* you intend to use if not already selected should now be chosen. Be particular in your choice—obtain the best of every variety—and improvement both in the quality and quantity of the crops will result. Potatoes, corn, peas, beans, &c., in short, all you wish to plant should receive personal inspection, in order to avoid the unpleasant and disastrous results of the past season. Those who were compelled to plant three times last year will, probably, not need a "hint" on this point, but discrimination should *always* be exercised in procuring the germ of future crops.

MANAGEMENT OF MANURE.

HOW *shall we secure the greatest benefit to the farm from its available resources for manure?* is a question of no small importance to the farmer—one to which he should give careful consideration and practical attention. We purpose to offer some suggestions on the subject, and shall preface them by quoting a few chemical authorities on the characteristics of the staple fertilizers forming our barn-yard manure.

Cow Manure.—"This," says JOHNSTON, "forms by far the largest proportion of the animal manure which, in modern agriculture, is at the disposal of the farmer. It ferments slowly, which arises chiefly from the smaller quantity of nitrogen, or of substances containing nitrogen, present therein; but, in part, also, from an imperfect mastication of the food." In addition to this, STOCKHARDT remarks, "the mass of these excrements do not crumble by lying or desiccation, but becomes saponaceous and compact; for which reason its distribution in the soil, as also its decomposition and liquefaction, is rendered more difficult. The slow but persistent action of this manure is thus explained at once."

Notwithstanding this slowness of action, GAZZERI says, "that by exposure to the air a sensible loss is undergone, amounting in 40 days to one-fifth of the whole solid matter which recent cow-dung contains." Hence it is important to mix it with absorbent litter, and place it in heaps, or at least covered from the wind and rain.

According to BOUSSINGAULT, the excrement, solid and liquid, of cows fed on hay and raw potatoes, in a dry and moist state, contains:

	Dry.	*Moist.*
Carbon	39.8	5.39
Hydrogen	4.7	·64
Oxygen	35.5	4.81
Nitrogen	2.6	.36
Ash (salts and earth)	17.4	2.36
Water	—	86.44
	100.00	100.00

The measure of value as different manures may be placed in the amount of nitrogen they contain, this, in cow dung, according to DANA, is one-half of one per cent. of the whole weight, less or more according to the food and condition of the animal. Fat cattle yield the best manure, particularly if fed on rich food, like oil cake, corn meal, etc.

HORSE MANURE.—From the peculiar character of the digestion of this animal, horse dung is of a warm, active nature—being richer in nitrogen than that of any other farm stock. "The gastric juice of the horse," says BROWNE, "differs from that of most other domestic animals, in containg a larger proportion of bile, which is secreted directly from the liver in the absence of a gall bladder, an appendage that the horse, and other animals of the same natural family do not possess. Hence the admixture of the finely comminuted, strong and hearty food he devours, together with these peculiar animal juices, are the cause of the remarkable active properties of this species of manure."

"In the short period of 24 hours," says JOHNSTON, "horse dung heats and begins to suffer loss by fermentation." DANA says, "by the time horse manure has fermented so as to be converted into a uniform mass of muck, it loses at least nine-tenths of its weight, and nearly two-thirds of its nitrogen has disappeared." It has been well suggested that this is a loss well worth some care in its prevention, and we shall suggest some means toward that end before we conclude.

BOUSSINGAULT'S analysis of the excrements, solid and liquid, of a horse fed on hay and oats shows that it contained 76 1-6 per cent. of moisture and its composition, in a dry and wet state, is as follows:

	Dry.	*Wet.*
Carbon	38.6	9.19
Hydrogen	5.0	1.20
Oxygen	36.4	8.66
Nitrogen	2.7	4.13
Salts and earth	17.3	4.13
Water	—	76.17
	100.00	100.00

The organic matter is nearly double that of cow dung, and the nitrogen in *fresh droppings* nearly fifty per cent. greater. Yet, as usually treated, it is often of the least value of any animal manure made upon the farm.

"The warmth of horse dung," says JOHNSTON, "fits its admirably for bringing other substances into fermentation. With peat (muck) or saw dust, it will form a rich compost, and to soils which contain much inert vegetable matter it can be applied with much advantage."

These two sources furnish the great bulk of our barn-yard manure; hence we will now stop, and, in our next, consider the *winter management* best calculated to prepare them, with as little loss as possible, for application to the soil. This we will endeavor to do as concisely and as practically as possible.

PATENT OFFICE REPORT.--POTATOES.

BY HON. A. E. DICKINSON.

Influence of the Color of the Skin upon Potatoes—White or Yellow vs. Red—Crops from Seed-Balls not less liable to disease—Experiments in Culture, &c., &c.

MR. MOORE:—With your consent I will review through the RURAL NEW-YORKER some of the statements of the late Patent Office Report in reference to Agricultural Experiments in Europe, as well as this country, and will commence with the results of some of these experiments in the cultivation of the potato, by Director-General LENNI of Prussia.

The Report states:—"Among other highly interesting and very remarkable results, may be mentioned the influence of the color of the skin of the tuber in predisposing it to disease. For a long period, without the guidance of comparative experiments, an opinion was prevalent that potatoes which had a colored skin resisted the disease better than those which were yellow or white. The result of the experiments in this respect was as follows:

In 1852, out of 72 white or yellow skinned var., 23 diseased.
In 1853, " 110 " " " " 16 "
In 1854, " 117 " " " " 5 "

Thus, from an average of three years, about one-sixth of the white or yellow skinned varieties were found to be affected.

In 1852, out of 15 red skinned varieties, 1 diseased.
In 1853, " 37 " " " 7 "
In 1854, " 40 " " " 2 "

These figures show that from an average of three years, about one-tenth of the red-skinned varieties became diseased.

That General LENNI has more skill, and is much better qualified to make experiments than myself, I do not entertain a doubt, and had he made as many as I have with his great advantages, I should have hesitated before attempting to give publicity to mine, although having much confidence in them. With fourteen years' experience I do not hesitate to say, that the color of the skin has nothing to do with the disease or is it in any way a preventive.

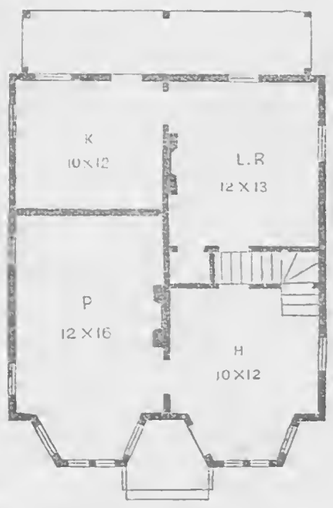
The solidity or the weight of the potato is the only preventive I have discovered, as having any controlling influence on the kind of potatoes for seed. I think I get at the weight with some degree of accuracy, by making as many pails of brine as I have varieties of potatoes, (whether it be 20 or 30 kinds,) each pail being sufficiently strong to bear each kind up. Test by trying several potatoes of the same family in the same pail, to get a fair trial. By placing the heavier potatoes in the weaker brine, some kinds would sink as quick as though it was water, while others would float. Some kinds of potatoes will sink in water nearly as quick as a stone, and these are the ones that will stand the racket best without regard to color. I have been thus particular with my standard of weight, that the scientific scales, or the chemical instruments of the "Trial-field of the Royal State Nursery," may test their accuracy. I have made these experiments on more than one hundred and fifty kinds of potatoes for fourteen years, and it never has varied but in one instance, and that was with the variety called by many the Irish cup. They are known by that name in Ireland. They are a red and quite a heavy potato, above the average, and more liable to disease than any other kind of the same weight I have tried, which includes every sort that I have ever seen.

The round, yellow skinned potato, which is heavier than any other, is the least liable to disease. It is known by the name of "Old Hen and Chickens," from the peculiar way they grow, only one being large in a hill, all of the rest quite small. It is not a good yielder, nor is it a good eating potato. To make a fair test I planted them with all others, row about, and then mixed up equally with twenty-three or four different kinds, and planted them in the manner mentioned, until they nearly run all the rest out, all the others being more or less diseased, whilst scarcely one of these were affected, and none where the land had been worn and not manured. The Red Meshannock, or Kelsey Reds, were the most subject to the disease, and have long since ceased to be cultivated. They were the lightest potatoes of the time.

Again, the Director-General says:—"Varieties recently produced from seed, are not exempt from disease. Soon after the first appearance of the potato disease, it was believed by many that a new generation produced from the seed-ball, would be exempt, at least for a time, from attack. The experiments in this respect proved the reverse to be the case. Out of forty-one varieties cultivated in 1852—originated from seed four years before—sixteen were diseased, while the same year, there were cultivated, in all, ninety-two old and new varieties, and of which twenty-four were attacked. The fact, however, that new varieties mature somewhat later than others, may account for this predisposition to disease."

TWO-STORY FARM HOUSE.

AMONG the many styles selected in the erection of a home, the square two-story house seems to have a large number of admirers,—and, notwithstanding every city and village throughout the country is possessed of edifices of this description, there is frequently a great lack of taste in their surroundings, as well as inappropriateness in choice of locality. The work entitled *Village and Farm Cottages*, by CLEAVELAND & BACKUS BROS., to which we are indebted for the beautiful design above represented, in speaking upon the subject, says:

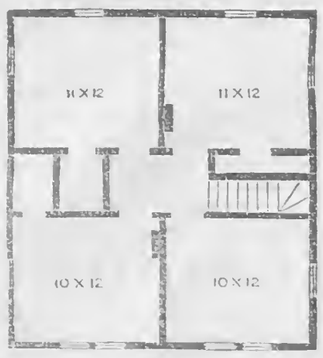


GROUND PLAN.

"The two-story dwelling has important advantages, which make it the best form for a great majority of village houses. The choice between this and a lower style of building should rest on clear grounds. There must be a certain relation between the breadth and the height of a building to give it a satisfactory look of stability. To effect this, the house must cover more ground, and the expense is thus carried beyond the reach of many. We do, indeed, see many high thin houses, and miserable spectacles they are. Sometimes we behold one of respectable proportions, but with a meanly finished exterior,—the resources of the builder not having been sufficient to give him a large house, and a good one too. In such cases, we think it would be well to compromise.

While the low cottage seems modest and retiring, the high, square built house, has a more forward and assured look. When houses, or men, boldly claim our regards, we have a right to expect that they will give proof of their worth. Such structures clearly need a nice finish, and more of ornament, than those of a less ambitious expression."

The exterior appearance of this dwelling is prepossessing. There are two large bay windows on the front, one in the parlor and the other in the hall. The main entrance is at the side of the latter. This is from a porch partly inclosed by these projections, and covered by an overhanging roof. Many would object to the style of window, but oftentimes without proper foundation for their dislike. Hear a few authorities on this point.—Lord BACON said more than two centuries ago: "For inbowed windows, I hold them of good use, * * * for they be pretty retiring places for conference." And RUSKIN thus talks to the good people of Edinburgh:—"You surely must all of you feel and admit the delightfulness of a bay window. I can hardly fancy a room can be perfect without one. Now you have nothing to do but to resolve that every one of your principal rooms shall have a bow window, either large or small." And so, too, HENRY WARD BEECHER, to the countless readers of the Star Papers:—"Our common, small, frequent windows in country dwellings are contemptible. We love rather the generous old English windows, large as the whole side of a room, many-angled, or circular; but of whatever shape, they should be recessed—glorious nooks of light, the very antitheses of those shady coverts which we search out in forests, in hot summer days.—These little chambers of light into which a group may gather, and be both in doors and out of doors at the same time; where in storms, or in winter, we may have full access to the elements without chill, wet, or exposure—these are the glory of a dwelling."



CHAMBER PLAN.

There are four good chambers on the second floor. Of these three have clothes-presses attached. The front windows of this story are double,—two in one. This makes the rooms more valuable, while it gives dignity to the exterior.

The roof is low and has a bold cornice. The back verandah is plain with solid posts and visible framework. There should be a rear building, the roofs joining. In winter, the middle part of the verandah may be inclosed, making an entry to the kitchen and wood-room.

The regular form of this building makes it suitable for a spot where it may be seen from several points. The lot on which it is to stand should be open and smooth, rather above than below the grounds about it. Height of each story, 9 feet. Estimated cost, $1,200.

Now I fully concur with the Director, that a new generation produced from the seed-balls are more liable to disease, but by no means from the same cause. That "they are longer maturing," I do not believe. My experience is the reverse, and my reason is that the old and tried varieties that were most liable to the diseases, were one after another discarded, and only those varieties that were the least liable were continued to be planted. And the same test by weight would purge the new generation from the light and tender ones subject to the rot, which has taken the farmers for the last twenty years to rid themselves of. Again, if Director-General LENNI will but take the trouble to investigate the 173 varieties which he tested on the Trial-Field, he will find those that were the least inclined to rot were of the new generation, that is, were raised from balls since the blight. Though I do not recognize any of the varieties by the Prussian name, yet by the shape I am quite sure I cannot be mistaken. I can discover at a glance that the round potatoes were much less liable than the elongated, and previous to the blight there were but few varieties of rounded raised for market, as the elongated was generally regarded as a better eating potato.

But again to the Director-General's fact, "That the new varieties mature somewhat later than others, may account for this predisposition to disease." My facts are quite the reverse. I think I have had some experience in testing them in every way. By planting the early and late varieties in alternate rows, and in the same drill, set about, and then by leaving part of a field to plant at different times later for six or eight weeks, and not in a single instance did the late varieties or late planted of the same variety, show symptoms of disease first, but on the contrary invariably a few days later. The fact was that the early varieties and early planted, had sets partly or full grown, while the late had none or very small, consequently the general impression and universal expression was that the early planted and early varieties stood the disease best. That farmers generally who make the raising of potatoes a secondary business, should make a mistake, is by no means strange, that the Director-General of one of the first Agricultural Schools in the world, who had a Trial-Field on which to make experiments, should fall into the common error, is strange to me.

I commenced planting this year in April, and finished the 7th of July, and raised more than four thousand bushels that were planted after the 15th of June, and did not find one when digging that was affected. The best yield was from the last planted—they were kept growing through the hot, dry weather by cultivating every week until September, when the nights were longer, and the heavy dews gave a little moisture—being two hundred and seventy bushels to the acre. If there had been sufficient rains to have wet the hills, the last of August or 1st of September, there would have been four hundred bushels to the acre. In 1854 the drouth commenced earlier, and there was sufficient rain to wet the hills in September. Then some of my late planted gave nearly four hundred bushels to the acre, and yet I do not advise Director-General LENNI to plant his potatoes late or of a late variety, as early planted will most likely give him a better crop; most assuredly will if the blight strikes them previous to their maturing, unless he looks after them before sunrise and after sunset while the dew is on, or in the middle of the day when the sun strikes them, which will enable him to see the first approach of the blight, when something must be done, and that speedily, or the top will soon decay, unless a change of weather occurs, which many times secures the crop. The cause that produces the blight on the top is as unlike that which rots the potato, as the cause which rusts wheat is unlike that which spring-kills it, although when one is affected the other ceases to grow. I have seen the top of field after field all killed, and the potatoes all sound. In 1855 nearly all the tops in this region on soft-water land were diseased, while on the hard or lime-water soil there was but little or no blight. I shall, however, continue to plant late for the best of reasons; I have found it profitable. In 1854 I raised and exported more potatoes from 40 acres, than was exported from the entire county of forty square miles, and have no doubt shall do the same in 1856 from fifty acres.

[Concluded next week.]

Communications.

ABOUT WHEAT AND CHESS.

EDS. RURAL:—Your correspondent of Jan. 17th, from "Rural Grove, Wisconsin," asks the opinion of some of your friends in reference to the transmutation of wheat into chess. He quotes, at length, the opinion of some unknown intelligent writer, who rejects the possibility of this change. The ground of this rejection, as stated, seems to be, "that as the manner of inflorescence decides the character of the grain, and as the inflorescence of wheat is contained in a spike, (or ear,) while that of chess is in the form of a panicle, (or small pendant stem,) it is plain that wheat cannot turn to chess." This, I reply, would be true after the chess had developed the blossom. But as the stalks before putting out the ear or panicle are precisely alike, what is to decide the fact that one shall or shall not, or to prevent the fact that one may or may not, put out the panicle and produce chess, and the other the ear and produce wheat? Some natural cause decides this result, but what that cause is, who can tell? He also objects that "chess is found in rye," and asks, "is it possible that two different kinds of grain should produce the same article?" I answer—if not, then chess must have been sown with the rye.

The uniform objection to this theory of transmutation, advanced by scientific men, and by them considered unanswerable, is this:—"That like should produce like." To the correctness of this principle, as a general rule, I fully subscribe. But then I as firmly believe that wheat can produce chess. The fact I think I know. The reasons of the fact I do not know, nor am I bound to know or to explain, any more than I am bound to explain how the inhalation of air into the lungs should sustain animal life.

Like will not produce its like except through the agency and efficiency of means. And the manner of this efficiency, and the extent of the influence of this efficiency in producing uniformity in results, I do not know, nor can I know. Light, heat, moisture and elementary constituents of the soil, all exert an agency in producing the plant, and in perfecting the fruit after the sowing of the seed. If some essential element in this agency is wanting, it would not be strange, but would be a matter of course, that the plant or fruit should be deteriorated, and perhaps materially changed.

Farmers are practical men and have to deal with facts. Facts are stubborn things, and one indisputable fact is worth a thousand theories. I propose to state three facts, and submit to scientific men, to reconcile them with the theory that wheat cannot produce chess.

About thirty years ago I had a field of barley fronting on the road. In order to sow to wheat a lot adjoining in the rear, it was necessary to cross a corner of this field, then a barley stubble. The men in crossing carelessly let their plows, here and there, turn over a short piece of furrow. Afterwards several large green tufts or bunches attracted my notice; and on turning up the furrow I discovered a quantity of barley heads collected and deposited under the furrow by the small squirrel as I supposed, for his winter supply. They had sprouted—the sprouts had risen through the furrow, and produced these green tufts of grain. I decided, as an experiment, to see if they would live through the winter, and if so, whether barley could not become a winter grain. They did live—and produced a good crop—but it was all pure chess.

I once cleared up a large tract of heavy timbered land. It was sown to wheat and seeded down. A large field was used for pasture only, for some 18 years, being level and rather wet, having a stiff clay subsoil. About 8 years since this field was sown to wheat—was well tilled—the seed excellent. It produced luxuriant crop, but it was all chess! I am not sure that one stalk in five hundred was wheat. The entire crop was used to spread over the yards, and for litter in the stalls.

I will state briefly one fact more. A farmer, whose daughter had picked by hand in a neighbor's field heads of wheat of a choice variety, sufficient to make a bushel of seed, and rubbed it out by hand, requested to sow it on a corner of a lot belonging to me, adjoining his grounds. It was uneven, rolling land, with knolls and hollows and basins where the roots of large hemlocks had been thrown up by the wind. In the hollows and basins the water stood during a large portion of the wet seasons of the year. In the heat of summer, and the time of sowing all was dry. The seed, it will be noticed, was entirely pure and clean. On the high and dry grounds the crop of wheat was pure and excellent. On the deepest and lowest part of the hollows the crop was winter-killed. On the edges and margins of the hollows and basins chess prevailed, in a greater or less degree, as you receded from the wetter portions and approached the dry ground.

Now in the two cases here stated, natural causes—excessive moisture, the wetness of the ground, and perhaps in the large field the elementary characteristics of the soil,—seem evidently to have produced these results.

Whether, therefore, the theory that wheat can degenerate into chess be true or false, the practical influence these suggestions ought to exert upon the farmer, is this—never to sow chess, for not being a hybrid, but being deteriorated grain, it will surely and invariably produce its like; and always to sow pure seed wheat, and on warm and dry soil, where it cannot be vitiated and destroyed by the long continuance of excessive surface water.

FARMER D.

"RAZOR-BREEDS" vs. SUFFOLKS.

EDS. RURAL:—Having read a good deal lately in the RURAL, and other papers of the East, about Suffolk pigs and their profits, with frequent thrusts at our "big-eared," "coarse-meated or no meat" porkers of the West, I take up the cause of the latter and will plead the same to the best of my ability. In the RURAL of the 3d inst. Mr. TALCOTT gives a very flattering account of them, generally, and of one killed by him that weighed 525 pounds dressed, he enters into particulars. That was certainly a good pig. Now, with your permission, a word for our "land shark"—a Michigan porker.

One year ago the 31st of last August I found a sow of mine, about ten months old, with nine pigs, all of which were raised in our "MAKEDO" Western manner, until near the setting in of Winter, when five of them sold for from $1 to $1 25 each. The others ran at large until December, when they were put in a comfortable pen and fed the slop from the house,—which was but little, as the family consists of but three persons,—with the milk of a two-year old heifer part of the time, and corn at the rate of two and a half bushels per month.—Nearly the same feed of corn was continued until some time in the ensuing October. After the middle of July, and until September, they had the sour milk of four cows and were kept perhaps one-third of the time in clover, the balance in road or stubble as it might happen. From the middle of October to the 16th of December they were fed soft corn all they would eat, then butchered and averaged 425 lbs. each, dressed. Several of my neighbors have killed hogs of 18 month's age weighing 550 to 575 lbs. I have now a July pig, wintering on from 6 to 8 ears of corn per day, that I believe can be made to weigh more next December than any Suffolk of same age and feed. If any friend of Suffolks thinks not, I will wager him a year's subscription to our favorite RURAL on it—each to feed as he pleases after the first of March; kill the 15th of December; report kind of feed and amount.

MAKEDO, JR.

Cass Co., Mich., Jan. 24th, 1857.

POTATO BUG.—INFORMATION WANTED.

EDS. RURAL:—There is a yellow, striped bug in this country, (about the size of the small yellow wasp) called the *Potato Bug*, which eats potato vines, turnip tops, the leaves of beets, and, in fact, everything which comes in its way of the vegetable kind. Now, as your paper is a medium of information through the entire country, we ask—can you or your correspondents tell us of any method by which we may stop the ravages of this destroyer of vegetable life? The insect is poisonous, and if killed upon the hand or arm will produce a blister, as well as the celebrated Spanish fly.—E. T., *Mecca, Ohio*, 1857.

FARMING IN THE "SOUTHERN TIER."

EDS. RURAL:—This afternoon I have been looking at several articles entitled "Does Farming Pay?"—"Profits of Farming,"—"Profits of Keeping Sheep," &c., and find that farming is profitable, and pays well in the rich counties of Monroe, Ontario, Genesee and some of the deep-soiled prairies of the fertile West. But does farming pay down here in the "Southern Tier," in Allegany? We will see how that is.

My farm is a small one, consisting of 99 acres, situated two miles west of the thriving village of Pike, in what was a few years since included in the "State of Allegany." Said farm is not valued at eighty or a hundred dollars an acre, as in the counties before mentioned, but only about thirty; and contains 35 or 40 acres of unculled wood land, the remainder being divided into pasture, meadow and plow land. On this I pursue a mixed husbandry, raising a little of almost everything, and at the same time, not much of any one thing. I make it a rule that whatever crops I put in, to put them in well, and in this I think lies the secret of success.

I generally keep a schedule of the time, manner and cost of performing most of the labor on the farm, and by reference to it and its results, I frequently derive much assistance. During the year 1855, the last we are able to compute the results of, I sowed and planted as usual, wheat, oats, barley, peas, rye, corn, beans, potatoes, and the various root crops, besides keeping the common kinds of stock, horses, cattle, sheep and swine. Some of the crops did pay well, as the following account will show.

On a field of fall-plowed clover sod, I planted two acres of corn, one of which, being badly cut by the worm, I dragged in to barley, the 12th of June, with the following result:

	Dr.
To plowing in fall	$2 00
Three bushels of seed	3 19
Sowing and harrowing	1 75
Harvesting	2 00
Threshing, at 7 cents per bushel	3 15
Marketing, at 4 cents	1 80
Interest on land, at twice average value	4 20
	$18 09
	Cr.
By 45 bushels at $1 06	47 81
Barley straw	3 00
	$50 81
Deduct cost of raising	18 09
Net profit on one acre	$32 72

Another account with 1½ acres wheat, being the third crop of wheat in five years, on the same piece of ground.

	Dr.
To plowing, Nov. after corn	$2 00
Three bushels seed	6 00
Sowing and harrowing	1 75
Harvesting	2 63
Threshing, at 10 cents per bushel	3 75
Drawing to mill	1 00
Grinding, at 10 cents per bushel	3 75
Drawing flour to market	2 00
Interest, as before	6 30
Cost of raising	$29 18
	Cr.
By 35 sacks flour	$74 38
487 pounds shorts, &c.	4 87
Wheat straw	4 00
	$83 25
	29 18
Profit	$54 07
Profit per acre	36 05

As in cultivating the soil, I think the best way is the cheapest, so in raising stock, I think the best kind the cheapest; hence, I have paid high prices to get a good quality of sheep, as their account will show.

	Dr.
To keeping 82, summer, at 37½ cents	$30 75
Wintering, at 81¼ cents	66 62
	$97 37
	Cr.
By 410 pounds wool, sold	$164 00
30 lambs, at $1 25	37 50
	201 50
	97 37
Whole gain	$104 13
Gain per head	$1 27

It will be seen from these facts, that farming will pay well, even here, but it will appear more clearly when I state that besides what was required for seed and family use, I sold of wheat, barley and wool, the following amount, viz.:

Flour	$290 05
Wool	164 00
Barley	71 06
	$525 11

This may not count the dollars produced in regions that are considered more highly favored by nature and cultivation, but here, aside from oats, beans, potatoes, corn, peas, apples, pork, butter, and keeping for five horses, cattle, &c., it aids quite a little towards taking off the rough edges of debt and supporting a family.

Pike, N. Y., Jan., 1857. MARCUS D. TIFFANY.

LIMA BEANS.

MR. MOORE:—Last spring I received of our friend BIXBY, of Royalton, N. Y., one hundred and twenty Lima beans, which I planted about the 16th of May on one square rod of ground. They came up so well that there was no need of re-planting, which I believe is not usually the case. They were kept free from weeds, and at the proper time I set small poles eight or ten feet high firmly in each of the hills, which were about two and a half feet apart each way. Care was taken to make the vines climb the poles, and when they had reached the top, I tied cords from one stake to another, that the vines should have something to rest on, for they continued to run until some of them reached the length of fifteen feet.

The growth was somewhat injured by the frost but the crop was a good one. We used all we wished for the table for several weeks while they continued green, besides giving specimens to several friends who wished to obtain the seed, and gathered when ripe four or five quarts for seed.—It is impossible to give just the amount, but I think the yield a great one. They were the first of the kind I ever raised, and I consider them a cheap luxury, and a valuable addition to my garden vegetables.—J. SIBLEY, *Forestville, N. Y.*

REMARKS.—Our Rev. friend's success in growing Lima beans was complete. We saw them and helped to dispose of some portion of the product. We thought the ripe beans very early and handsome, so that we suggested a return of the seed supplied—and shall plant our next crop with Limas grown on the Lake slope of Chantauque Co.—J. H. B., *Niagara Co.*

Rural Notes and Items.

THE GREAT STORM—*Meteorological Observations.*—The subjoined note so clearly expresses the object desired, that we give it publicity in preference to making its statement and request editorially.—We trust many of our readers will respond by furnishing Lieut. M. the information sought:

OBSERVATORY, Washington, D. C., Jan. 23, 1857.

ED. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The great snow storm of 1857, commenced here about midnight of the 17th. Where did it begin? Which way and how fast did it travel?—and where did it end? These, with other circumstances connected with it, are interesting points of inquiry; and if those of your readers who keep Meteorological journals, will send me an extract from them for a week commencing Jan. 14th—and if those who do not keep journals will report when the storm began and ended with them, the amount of snow that fell, and the way the wind blew,—I shall have materials enough to go into the investigation.

Will you do me the favor to say that I will be much obliged to any of your readers who will have the kindness to give me such information through the Post-office? M. F. MAURY.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE AG. SOCIETY.—The Penn. State Ag. Society met at Harrisburg, on the 20th ult. The Secretary read his annual report, together with the reports of the Chairman and Treasurer of the Trustees of the Farmers' High School. The latter report showed the receipts of the School Fund to be $16,579 17, and the expenditures for the year $11,535 76, leaving a balance in the Treasury of $5,043 41. The members proceeded to ballot for the several candidates; which resulted in the election of the following Officers for the ensuing year. *President*—DAVID TAGGART. *Vice Presidents*—Geo. W. Woodward; A. T. Newbold; Chas. K. Engle; Joseph Yeager; Thos. P. Knox; A. R. M'Ilvaine; Adrain Cornwell; Geo. M. Keim; John Strohm; John P. Ruthford; Amos E. Kapp; E. W. Sturdevant; Asa Packer; Wm. Jessup; H. N. M'Allister; Jacob S. Haldeman; Wm. Heyser; Elias Baker; John M'Farland; Joshua Wright; John Murdock, Jr.; Wm. Martin; Wm. Maxwell; Wm. Bigler; Jas. Miles. *Additional Members of the Executive Committee.*—Frederick Watts; Jas. Gowen; A. O. Heister; Isaac G. M'Kinley; John C. Fienniken. *Cor. Sec'y.*—A. Boyd Hamilton. *Chemist and Geologist*—Prof. S. S. Haldeman. *Librarian*—Henry Gilbert.

NATIONAL TRIAL OF MACHINERY AND IMPLEMENTS.—The Committee of the United States Agricultural Society, appointed at the Fifth Annual meeting, held at the Smithsonian Institution, in the city of Washington, on the 15th of January, "to designate the time and to make all necessary arrangement for a *national trial in the field of agricultural implements and machinery*," have invited the inventors and manufacturers of all such articles both in the United States and abroad, to participate in a public trial to be made in Louisville, Kentucky, under the auspices of the Society during the fall of 1857.

SENECA COUNTY AG. SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of this Society and the Winter Fair was held at Waterloo on the 15th ult. The receipts for the last year, including the balance in the treasury, were $4,227 80. The expenses $2,791 58, leaving a balance in the treasury the 23d of December, 1856, $1,436 22. The following persons were chosen to fill vacancies in the Board:—*President*—JOS. WRIGHT. *Vice-President*—Abram Rappleye. *Treasurer*—Jno. D. Coe. *Secretary*—Charles Seutell. *Directors*—F. J. Swaby and Hugh Chapman, 1 year; Henry Foster, 2; O. Southwick and I. Johnson, 3 years.

JEFFERSON CO. AG. SOCIETY.—This Society met at Watertown, on the 14th ult., and made choice of the following gentlemen as Officers for 1857.—*President*—JAS. BRODIE, of Ellisburgh. *Vice Presidents*—John C. Cooper, Adams; Clift Eames, Rutland; Hon. Wm. Rouse, Stone Mills. *Secretary*—A. P. Sigourney, Watertown. *Treasurer*—Hon. W. Ives, Watertown. *Directors*—Daniel Green, Ellisburgh; John M. Wilcox, Three Mile Bay; M. B. Hunting, Roberts Corners; Hon. Moses Eames, Rutland; Erastus S. Kolsey, Evans Mills; George Webb, Pamelia. *Board of Auditors*—T. H. Camp, J. A. Sherman, and J. C. Sterling, of Watertown.

MADISON CO. AG. SOCIETY—Annual meeting at Morrisville on the 6th of January, when the following officers were elected:—*President*—JOHN R. CHAPMAN, of Sullivan. *Vice-Presidents*—J. C. Tillotson, of Cazenovia; Gardner Morse, of Eaton; John Potter, of Stockbridge; Stephen Hill, of Fenner; Jonathan Wells, of Nelson; David Malne, of Ruyter; Truman Baker, of Lebanon; Oliver B. Hinckley, of Brookfield. *Secretary*—Hiram D. Cloyes, of Eaton. *Treasurer*—Lorenzo D. Dana, of Eaton. *Directors*—Butler Gilbert, of Hamilton; W. P. Wells, of Cazenovia.

HERKIMER CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the Annual Meeting of the Herkimer Co. Agricultural Society, held at Ilion, on the 6th ult., the following persons were chosen to serve as Officers during this year: *President*—SAMUEL MCKEE. *Vice President*—Jeremiah Corey. *Secretary*—J. D. Ingersoll. *Treasurer*—William J. Lewis.

N. Y. STATE AG. SOCIETY.—Our readers will bear in mind that the Annual Meeting of this Society is to be held in Albany on Wednesday next, Feb. 11. We trust the various districts of the State will be represented, as the occasion will be one of interest to the friends of Improvement.—We hope to be able to attend and note the more important proceedings.

VALUABLE PAIR OF TWINS.—The Short-horn cow Duchess 66th, now owned by Col. L. G. Morris, of Fordham, N. Y., has lately produced two heifer calves, by Duke of Glo'ster. Colonel Morris, in connection with the late N. J. Becar, purchased this cow at the sale of the herd of the late Earl Ducie, at the price of 700 guineas, and Duke of Glo'ster for 600 guineas.

DEFERRED.—We have an unusual number of very valuable articles on file for publication—including able papers from Lieut. MAURY, Dr. FITCH, and other contributors.

IRISH POTATO PEELINGS.—Some time in March last, a negro boy of ours was sent from the kitchen to the pig-pen, to throw in some of the raw peelings of the Irish potato. The boy picked out those peelings containing the eyes, and planted them in a fence corner. When the frost cut ours down, the little *nigger* chuckled at his *tater patch*—frost never touch him. A short time ago, we saw the little fellow staggering under a load of something in a large basket on his head. He approached, showing a set of ivory, and with a knowing look, said:—"Just look here, massa Charles, see what I'se made from dem tater skins! beat your big taters all to smash." We looked in the basket, and to our astonishment saw near a bushel of as fine Irish potatoes as were ever raised in any country; they were of uncommon size and as mealy as a boiled chesnut. "Master!" says little woolly, "ain't you going to put it in the noosepaper, how little nigger make big taters from peelings in the fence corner, and beat he old master wid all his gwanner and gypsum?" We promised to put it in the "noosepaper," and here it is.—"*White folks*" may take a lesson from the little negro's economy. There is many a fence corner that might produce a good crop of Irish potatoes.—*Soil of the South.*

BONES AS MANURE.—When bone-dust, such as is commonly employed as manure, is left for some time in contact with water, and the latter is filtered away, it is found to contain appreciable quantities of the phosphates of lime and magnesia. The same result is obtained when the water is freed from carbonic acid by long boiling. By filtering water for months through the same mass of bone-dust, it was seen constantly to contain these earthy phosphates, and their quantity even appeared to increase in proportion as the organic matter of the bones became putrid in consequence of its long contact with water and air, and the water flowing off became turbid and offensive. This fact seems to have some practical value in agriculture, as it shows that, without any artificial preparation, the earthly phosphates may be extracted from the bones and introduced into the soil in a state of solution, perhaps exactly in the quantity necessary for their appointed functions, and that in the employment of bone dust as manure, all the preparation necessary is perhaps to lay it in heaps during the summer, and keep it constantly moist.—*Prof. Wohler.*

PRODUCT OF CALIFORNIA.—The agricultural product of California in 1856, was 3,465,250 bushels of wheat, 3,730,430 bushels of barley, 961,870 bushels of oats, 165,466 bushels of corn and 721,081 bushels of potatoes. The wheat crop increased 880,282 bushels over the yield of 1855, and the barley crop 1,437,025 bushels. The oat crop has decreased 189,469 bushels.

MICHIGAN AG. COLLEGE.—HON. JOSEPH R. WILLIAMS, formerly of Constantine, Mich., but more recently editor of the *Toledo Blade*, has been appointed President of this Institution.

The Young Ruralist.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FARMERS.—INQUIRY.

EDS. RURAL:—Being a young farmer and proud of the calling, I am going to "stick" to my business regardless of "clerkships" or "agencies," and want more information on the subject—both practical and scientific. From my acquaintance with you through the RURAL, I have *learned* to *depend* on what *you say*. If you can advise me relative to two or three authors, such as are *first practical, next scientific*, I should go into them as a *truth*, and be obliged to you now and hereafter. If its not asking too much, please answer through the RURAL.—S. C. D., *Shelby Basin, Orleans Co., N. Y.*

REMARKS.—We would recommend S. C. D. to master, as far as in his power, the natural sciences, particularly Chemistry and Natural Philosophy.—JOHNSTON'S *Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry* you might study to advantage, and BOUSSINGAULT'S *Rural Economy* contains a mine of reliable information. Still, we would not advise our young friend to adopt, untried, the opinions of any author.—Read, but *think* and *experiment*. Learn *new truths*, and add a new page to the great book of knowledge.

IMPROVE THE EVENINGS.

FEW of the youth in the country, we fear, appreciate or improve the advantages they enjoy—particularly those afforded by the long winter evenings. The youth in our cities, at most trades, have to labor as long, and longer, in the winter than at any other season. The evenings are not their own, but their employers. In the country the winter is a season of leisure. The farmer's son and daughter employ the evenings as best suit their inclination. What an opportunity this affords for mental improvement!—a rare chance to gain that knowledge which shall prepare them for respectability and usefulness in the world. A young man, by the assistance of such books as all can procure, in three or four winters can lay up a stock of knowledge that shall prepare him to act well his part as a farmer and citizen—a knowledge that will give him an influence over less intelligent neighbors, and if rightly used, will advance the best interests of the country, and the good of all.

It is for every young man and every young woman to decide whether this golden opportunity shall be improved—these evenings well spent; or whether they shall be wasted, or worse than wasted, in idleness and frivolity. We would not detract from your pleasures—far from it; the pleasures of knowledge surpass any pleasure afforded by the too common amusement of the young. The fields of science afford solid pleasure—they furnish new sources of delight at every onward movement—they are strewn with flowers at every step. The pleasure of science is, perhaps, the only earthly exception to the words of the poet, that,

"Each pleasure has its poison, too."

We can only hope to arrest the attention of the *youth*, and then bid them go on, furnishing them facilities, as far as possible, to help them search for knowledge—ever holding up the encouragement that *industry* and *perseverance* in a right cause insure success.

Orchard and Garden.

SMALL FRUITS.—NO. III.

THE RASPBERRY.

THE RASPBERRY is in our opinion the most delicious fruit that grows. In beauty, flavor and fragrance, it is unsurpassed. A dish of fine raspberries on the table will fill the room with a delightful fragrance, not exceeded by the choicest bouquet—and then, covered with cream, or even fresh milk—who could desire a more luscious, a more princely dish. The doctors, too, all say they are very healthful—but we don't care a fig for what the doctors say—every one that tastes them *knows* they are good. JOHN J. THOMAS, who is one of those *cool-headed* men who never allow themselves to get excited, no matter how exciting the subject, thus sensibly but composedly writes of the Raspberry:—"It is eminently a wholesome fruit, and sometimes proves a valuable medicine from its expectorant qualities, which the writer proved to advantage in his own case, for whom it was recommended by high medical authority, and it was found not at all repulsive to take, even in quite large doses."

During the raspberry season we enjoy a feast, and look forward to the dessert and the tea-table with the same kind of pleasure that the boy does to Thanksgiving dinner, or to Fourth of July.—Now, our readers must remember that we are not talking about those little mashed-up things we see exposed for sale at the doors of our city stores, scooped up with a spoon, measured in a dirty-looking tin cup, and wrapped up in brown paper, to be taken home and eaten for raspberries. No one would get excited about such fruit—but we mean such raspberries as every good sensible cultivator grows—large and luscious.

The raspberry will do well in any good, rich and deep garden soil, but succeeds best where it is inclined to be moist. In a dry, sandy soil, the more tender sorts will ripen the wood better, but in such a soil thorough mulching is necessary. The best *situation* is in a border on the north side of a fence, or where they are grown extensively on the northern exposure of a side hill, as in this situation the plants are not as much affected by sudden changes in winter, and the fruit is larger if grown in a rather shady situation. They may be grown finely in young orchards—say two rows between each row of trees.

The *Raspberry* may be *planted* from two to three feet apart, and the cane should be cut down to within 12 or 18 inches of the ground, according to the strength of the plant, cutting the weakest canes the shortest; and no fruit should be allowed to grow the first season. The buds should be picked off as soon as they make their appearance, that all the strength of the root may go into the new canes; and these should be carefully tied to a stake, as on their health and vigor depends the crop the next season.

Pruning the raspberry is a very simple operation. The canes are produced one season, bear fruit the next, and then die. We take the accompanying engraving, explaining very clearly the habits of the plant, from *Barry's Fruit Book*. *A* is the old cane that has borne, and must be cut away in the spring. *B* is the young cane produced last season, and that will bear fruit the coming summer. This cane must be shortened at cross line *b* to three or four feet, according to its vigor. If the cane is quite strong, it may be allowed to remain four feet. The fruit buds produce small shoots, *a, a, a*, that bear the fruit. *C* in the engraving is the radical bud that will produce a cane the next season. When plants have remained in one place a few years, a good many canes will be produced from one plant, or stool. In this case it will be necessary to cut out the weakest in the spring, allowing from four to six of the strongest to remain. These must be cut back as before recommended. When all the canes are allowed to remain, as we see in many old raspberry beds, the fruit soon becomes scarce and worthless.

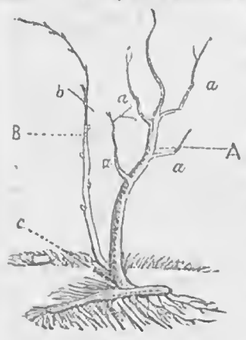


Fig. 1.

The common plan of training is simply to tie the canes together, around a stake, about 18 inches from the ground, as seen in figure 2, so that they may spread at the top. Another plan is to place stakes in the ground, and then attach wire or tarred rope to them, as shown by the horizontal lines in figure 3. The canes are then spread and fastened to the wire or ropes, as shown. Still, another plan is to have two parallel rows of stakes, with wire or rope like figure 3, and about two feet apart. On one of these is trained the bearing canes, and on the other the young canes that will bear next year. In training, the objects to be kept in view are sufficient light and air for the fruit, and convenience in picking.

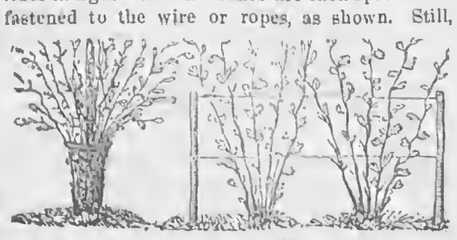
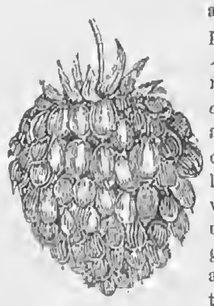


Fig. 2. Fig. 3.

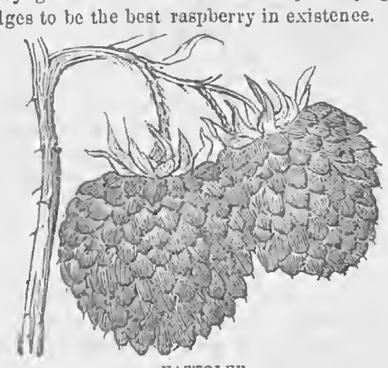
We usually get a crop of raspberries in Rochester without any protection; yet in most localities and even here, it is better in the Autumn to bend the canes down, and cover them slightly with earth. If a small bank of earth is raised near the stool, over which to bend the canes, it prevents their breaking. Covering in this way is very little trouble, and insures a good crop. Every fall or spring a good dressing of manure should be forked in, particularly on light land, or any land not very rich.

The raspberry is a very tender fruit, and soon spoils after becoming ripe. It will not therefore bear shipment any great distance to market.—Those varieties that are firmest are therefore best calculated for market culture. It is for this reason that many grow our common black raspberry for market, and make the growing of this fruit quite profitable.

Two of the best varieties for market culture, on account of firmness and productiveness, are the *Red Antwerp*, a large, dark red, rich berry; and the *Franconia*, somewhat similar in appearance, but later, and of firmer flesh, and full as hardy as any of the fine varieties. For our own use we shall continue to grow the *Yellow Antwerp*; and we have never failed to get good crops, although many call it quite a moderate bearer. Its flavor is excellent.


RED ANTWERP.

The *Fastolff* is one of the very best of the red raspberries. It is soft in texture, and luciously rich, and very vigorous and productive. *Brinckle's Orange* was raised from seed by Dr. BRINCKLE, of Philadelphia, and is of a most beautiful bright orange color, of fine flavor and quite productive. It is decidedly the handsomest light colored raspberry grown. It is considered by many good judges to be the best raspberry in existence.


FASTOLFF.

There are several varieties of raspberries claiming to be *Monthly*, or *Ever-Bearing*. Of these we shall speak at another time.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

EDITOR RURAL:—In your excellent article on the *Currant*, you spoke of some *Flowering Varieties*, and intimate that you might give a description of them at some other time. Will you please name a few of the best, and oblige a

LADY SUBSCRIBER.

REMARKS.—The *Flowering Currants* are very pretty free-growing shrubs. We will name a few of the best.

The Yellow Flowering is a very common shrub, with showy yellow flowers, blossoming early in the spring. It is as hardy as an oak, and as tenacious of life as the common currant. It will bear any kind of soil and any bad treatment, and blossom as though entirely unconcerned about the ill usage it receives.

The Crimson Flowering is somewhat like the preceding in habit, but the blossoms, as the name indicates, are crimson.

DOUBLE CRIMSON CURRANT.

The Double Crimson is a variety of the above, but the blossoms are larger, and the racemes, as shown in the engraving, are four or five inches in length. It has a very beautiful appearance when in blossom. Unfortunately the crimson varieties are not quite hardy here. The slightest protection of straw or leaves will answer, and even this is not always necessary—but always safe. They are natives of California.

Gordon's Flowering is a hybrid between the yellow and red, having beautiful bunches of crimson and yellow flowers.

EDS. RURAL:—I am told that manure from distilleries is injurious to trees. I do not believe it, but having never tried it myself, would like the experience of those who have. If my informant is correct, I should like to know the *why and wherefore*.—H. C. BINGHAM, *Brantford, C. W., Jan.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—The manure from distilleries is principally from hogs, and therefore is a very strong manure. We have known trees to be injured by having fresh hog manure placed around them in large quantities. We have had plants and trees killed also by the too free use of guano. Hog manure should be composted with cow dung, or any refuse vegetable matter. We once knew a small, but fine young orchard, to be destroyed by manure from a slaughter house, consisting of blood, offal, &c., partially decayed. Nothing would grow on the ground for two seasons afterwards. Such rich, concentrated manures must be used carefully.

MR. EDITOR:—I have for some time been designing to ask you whether the *Quince* bears on young or old wood. My attention was again called to the matter, by "*A Strange Story*" in the last RURAL. If you will answer, you will oblige a subscriber.—M. B., *Alden, N. Y., Jan.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—The Quince bears its fruit on small shoots or spurs. These spurs are produced on wood two or more years old. Each spur bears two or more fruit buds, and each of these fruit buds produces a small shoot two or three inches long, on the point of which the fruit is borne.

MR. MOORE:—Can you, or some of your correspondents, give me any information through the RURAL, in reference to the *profitable* management of four or five acres of land in the vicinity of Rochester? Would *Gardening* be a profitable business to a *green hand?* If not, what would be the *most* so?—C. N. E., *East Bloomfield, N. Y.*

REMARKS.—If we wished to make money from four or five acres near Rochester, we would plant it with *Small Fruits* or *Grapes*, or both. A *green* hand could not earn a living at vegetable gardening on so small a piece of ground: it would require skill and experience to do this. The gardeners here depend upon forcing for their profit. It is only the early grown vegetables that pay a remunerating price.

MR. EDITOR:—I have tried to grow "Box" plants on the border of a walk, in my front yard, for the last three years, but without success—the plants *die out*. I have kept the soil around them mellow during the spring and summer, and have frequently worked in, around the roots, rotten leaves, &c., but it seems to have no effect upon them. The soil on which they are planted is a sandy loam.—Can you inform me how to cultivate them successfully?—L., *Rochester, N. Y.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—We cannot tell why your plants "*die out*." Box edging is usually very improperly planted, and makes a very unsightly appearance. In planting Box for a border, a garden line should be drawn on the precise line that you wish the box edging. Then cut out a trench about four inches deep, having one edge of the trench precisely with the garden line. Have a little thoroughly rotted manure handy, and if the soil is not good, a little first rate garden soil. Now break the plants into slips, spread the branches, of these slips, and plant them close up to the line, leaving less than two inches of the tops out of the ground, and so that the branches will touch each other, and form a narrow unbroken line. Fill up the trench with the earth and rotten manure. When all is done cut the tops even, and your box edging will be beautiful, and we think will grow without difficulty.

THE CULTURE OF HARDY GRAPES.

FRIEND MOORE:—The question whether our Hardy Grapes can be ripened and made profitable in Western New York, for general cultivation, is an important one. My opinion, from long and careful observation, and from what facts I have been able to gather, is that they are now, and will continue to be made one of the most profitable crops, the Farmer or Horticulturist can grow.

The following facts will exhibit in a slight degree the profits of the Isabella Grape for general cultivation, both for marketing and for wine. It is true that we have as yet, but few vineyards of any considerable size, in the western portion of New York to found a correct idea upon; but these few have certainly paid a very round profit.

Mr. MCKAY, of Naples, Ontario Co., has, for example, a vineyard of 160 Isabella Grape vines, planted, if I remember rightly, in 1848, and some 120 more that bore very few last year for the first crop. I have not the facts to enable me to make an exact statement of the yearly crop from this 160 vines, since they came into bearing, but report says he sold about $1,000 worth three years ago, $500 to $800 worth two years ago the vines being badly injured by the severe cold weather of the previous winter. The mercury fell to 28° below zero, which killed many of the fruit buds and some of the vines. Last year his vines all produced 6,000 lbs. of grapes, part of which he contracted in Buffalo for 12½ cents per lb., part at London, C. W., at 20 cents per lb. He could have sold all at 20 cents, which sale would have amounted to $1,200, and this mostly from the 160 vines. This variety retailed last fall in Chicago at 60 cents, and of an inferior quality. Had his crop been sold at this price, it would have amounted to $3,600.

Mr. FREDERICK PECK, of East Bloomfield, has about a quarter of an acre, planted 3 years ago to this variety, of yearling vines. It bore its first crop last year. The vines were entirely neglected the first year. Had they been attended to, as they should have been, the result of the first crop would have been far different. Probably doubled; but as it is, they have paid well. The crop was 25 bushels, at 40 lbs. to the bushel, which would give 1,000 lbs., and at 15 cents per lb., the crop would amount to $150. There were 100 vines planted, but not over two thirds of them produced fruit, for want of previous care.

ALVIN WILCOX, of West Bloomfield has two vines, 14 years old, of the Isabella, that have produced large crops of superb fruit for a number of years in succession, varying from 10 to 25 bushels per year of large bunches, and large fruit, well ripened. 160 vines of the same size and fruitfulness, would produce 2,000 bushels, equal to 80,000 lbs., which at 20 cents per lb., would give $16,000. At the Chicago retail price $48,000.—These are remarkable vines, have a very rich soil, favorable position, and are well trimmed and cared for. They will well repay a visit from Rochester or Buffalo. They excel anything I ever saw or conceived of. Could BARNUM have had them to exhibit in the principal cities when loaded with fruit last fall, he would have retrieved his fortune.

I have 40 vines of this variety, 30 of which are three years from planting, nine, four years, and one, six years. They produced last fall from 25 to 30 bushels of very large, handsome fruit and bunches, and ripened well. The hundreds that looked at them, universally expressed their astonishment at the quantity and size of the berries and bunches, particularly those on the vines from from four to six years old. I planted these for my own use, not intending to market any; although I could have sold them all to my neighbors at 12½ cents per lb. They were worth at least $150, as much as the average of 10 acres of wheat last year in our town, and it did not cost five dollars to take care of them through the year.

AMOS DANN, Esq., of West Avon, has a number of vines of the Catawba, that bore a full crop of handsome fruit last year, that ripened well.

Mr. DANN cultivates the grape for wine, for domestic purposes, and has the reputation of making a very excellent article of superior quality.—These facts, show that the cultivation of Hardy Grapes, and particularly the Isabella, has been very profitable in Western New York; and the prospect is now, that it will be more profitable for a great number of years. The demand and price have been constantly increasing for some years past, and the demand certainly must continue to be greater for an indefinite number of years to come. They can be shipped thousand of miles, and even kept well through the winter, thus prolonging their use full one half of the year fresh. For manufacture into wine, they are said to be worth 12½ cents per lb. STEPHEN H. AINSWORTH.

West Bloomfield, N. Y., 1857.

PLANTING FRUIT TREES ON CLAY SOIL.

A REASONABLE degree of attention to the culture of fruit, especially the apple, will be attended by pleasure as well as profit. The apple, the king of American fruits, will grow almost everywhere, and produce abundantly, provided the varieties best adapted to the localities are selected. This country—a clay soil, fit for one vast brick-yard—will grow fruit abundantly if cultivated in the following manner. Set the trees on green-sward—on the top of the ground—cutting off the main root that runs downward, putting rotten chip manure around and on the roots of each tree as you transplant it. Dig a ditch parallel with each row of trees, about six feet from them; throw the dirt from the ditches around and on the roots of the trees, and then dig out the old rotten stumps and place them around the trees; they keep the ground light. Care should be taken in the fall to remove everything from the body of the tree in which mice can live, or they will girdle the tree. Every spring, in the month of May or June, hoe up the grass around the trees in circles of six feet or more diameter each. Never whitewash trees with lime, as it closes the pores and injures more than it does good, but take a pail of weak lye or potash water and an old broom and give every tree a good scrubbing. Some manure from the barn-yard occasionally does the trees good. I have a thrifty, prolific bearing young orchard, from five to fourteen years old. The varieties that succeed best are Rhode Island Greening, Belmont, Seek-no-Further, Wine Apple, Winter Pippin, Black Gillflower, Rambo, Roxbury Russet, Sweet Russet.—Other varieties have more of a tendency to rot. Kind reader of the RURAL don't laugh at this article, as I have now some nice looking apples that would make your mouth water to see them, and surprise you to know that they were raised on so stiff a clay soil that you would have to draw sand and mix with it to make good brick. My advice is, spend a little time and money, if necessary, in rearing and cultivating fruit trees; they will bear fruit after we are dead and gone. No person ever planted a fruit tree without feeling a secret consciousness that he had rendered a service of an important character, either to his own family or those who might come after him. H. W.

North Eaton, Lorain Co., Ohio.

Domestic Economy.

SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.—Wheat makes excellent coffee. It can be had for three cents per pound, while imported coffee is sixteen. Mixed, one-half wheat, the greatest lover of coffee would not discover the difference. We have often used clear wheat in our family, and think it excellent. It is certainly to be preferred to the extracts so commonly used; and is also useful to persons whose health will not allow them to use the other coffee. It should be well dried and roasted, or it will boil thick like starch.—*Selected.*

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Rub a teaspoonful of cream tartar in one pint of flour; dissolve two-thirds teaspoon soda in one cup of sweet milk and one cup of sugar, one egg, and a little salt. A rather quick oven. If set in the oven just as dinner is placed upon the table, it will be ready in time for the dessert. It is very nice. The sauce is, one pint flour starch made in the usual way, one cup of butter, one of sugar; spice and flavor to suit fancy.

TO TAKE RUST OUT OF STEEL.—Cover the steel with sweet oil well rubbed on it; in two days use unslacked lime, finely powdered, to rub until the rust disappears. To take iron stains out of a marble chimney-piece: mix in a bottle an equal quantity of fresh spirit of vitriol and lemon juice; shake this well; wet the spots, and, in a few minutes, rub with soft linen until they disappear.

WATER PROOF COMPOSITION.—One-half pound tallow, 2 ounces of turpentine, 2 ounces beeswax, 2 ounces olive oil, 4 ounces hog's lard. It should be rubbed on new boots or shoes two or three times before using them. By adding a small quantity of lampblack, and increasing the quantity of beeswax, an excellent *black ball* is obtained.

CURE FOR A DRY COUGH.—Take of powdered gum arabic half an ounce, liquorice juice half an ounce. Dissolve the gum first in warm water, squeeze in the juice of a lemon, then add of paragoric two drachms, syrup of squills one drachm. Cork all in a bottle and shake well. Take one teaspoonful when the cough is troublesome.

CHILBLAINS.—To cure chilblains, bathe the parts affected in the liquor in which potatoes have been boiled, at as high a temperature as can be borne. On the first appearance of the ailment, indicated by inflammation and irritation, this bath affords relief.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Mix up a quantity of very strong soap lye with quick lime, to the consistency of milk, and lay it on the marble you wish to clean, where it may remain twenty-four or thirty hours; afterwards wash off, with soap and water, and it will appear as if new.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

LIST OF PATENTS

Issued from the United States Patent Office for the week ending January 20, 1857.

William B. Bishop, Brooklyn, N. Y., improved guides for sewing machines.

John S. Blake, Claremont, N. H., improved mode of making paper.

John H. Bloodgood, New York, N. Y., improvement in forming bats for belting.

E. G. Cushing, Dryden, N. Y., improvement in centre vent water wheel.

Alfred A. Blandy, Baltimore, Md., improvement in artificial teeth.

George Gregg, Lowes Mill, Va., improvement in sawing machines.

Elias Howe, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y., improved sewing machine. Patented in England, July 26, 1848.

E. G. Allen, Boston, Mass., assignor to Henry O. Allen, Boston, aforesaid, improvement in steam pressure gauges.

John Goulding, Worcester, Mass., improved mode of weaving double pile carpets and rugs.

John Bishop Hall, New York, N. Y., improved method of treating photographic pictures.

James E. A. Gibbs, Mill Point, Va., improvement in sewing machines.

George Heberling, Quincy, Ill., improvement in grain separators.

E. T. Henry, Scranton, Pa., improvement in die for making spikes.

M. G. Hubbard, Penn Yan, N. Y., improvement in harvesters.

M. G. Hubbard, Penn Yan, N. Y., improved cutters for harvesters.

Jared O. M. Ingersoll, Ithaca, N. Y., improvement in machine for paring apples.

William Kelly, Eddyville, Ky., improvement in blast furnace.

Pells Mandy, Waddams Grove, Ill., improvement in harvesters.

D. C. McCallum, Oswego, N. Y., improved method of constructing bridges.

James G. Morgan, Brooklyn, N. Y., improvement in hydrants.

B. F. Nave, Roanoke, Ind., improvement in brick machines.

Lodner D. Phillips, Chicago, Ill. improvement in hose coupling.

Emil R. Pichler, Boston, Mass., improvement in reflectors for vaults.

William Robinson, Warsaw, N. Y., assignor to Amenzo W. Beardsley and William Robinson of same place, improved mode of laying tops for carriage machines.

James D. Sarven, Maury county, Tenn., improved machine for bending timber.

Jos. and Jas. Montgomery, Baltimore, Md., improved winnowing machine.

Samuel R. Smith, Florence, Md., improved method of feeding lumber laterally in sawing machines.

John G. Treadwell, Albany, N. Y., improvement in cooking stoves.

John Wright, Plantsville, Conn., assignor to the S. Stow Manufacturing Company of same place, improved machine for bending sheet metal.

R. H. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio, improved roofing current.

RE-ISSUE.

William E. Nichols, East Haddam., Conn., improved method of making cord. Patented Dec. 11, 1849.

ADDITIONAL IMPROVEMENT.

Robert J. Morrison, Richmond, Ind., for harvesting machine.

POCKET PRINTING PRESS.

A YOUNG man from Hartland, Vt., (Mr. Livermore,) has invented a machine for printing, which, without a figure and literally, may be called a pocket printing press; since it may be carried in one's pocket, and operated there. The polished steel case which contains the apparatus, is five inches long, two and a half inches broad, and one and a half inches thick. This contains the type, the ink, the paper, and the machinery. At one end of the case are six keys, on which the fingers of the operator play, as on a piano. The types are composed of the sections of a parallelogram, crossed by two diagonals. This parallelogram is cut so ingeniously as to form all the letters of the alphabet, and in a shape so as to be easily read, in the impression, by any person on presentation.—The size is *double English*, and the fashion *Antique*. The impression is like the page of a book, lines horizontal from left to right. The slip of paper, some yards in length, is on a cylinder, and as fast as printed is received on another cylinder. The ink is contained in a piece of cloth saturated with it, to which the types are applied as often as is necessary. The rapidity of the printing is about equal to that of writing with the pen, as most persons write. One would not believe all this possible, beforehand, but when he is presented with a sentence legibly printed; for example—

"If there's a hole in all your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's among ye takin' notes,
And faith, he'll prent it."

and undeniably printed then and there, he is no longer skeptical.—*Boston Traveller.*

TEMPERING STEEL TOOLS.

GREAT care and experience are required in tempering tools, because they are so liable to crack when plunged into the cold water bath.—When they are heated to the tempering point, which is known by their color—yellow for a hard, and blue for soft temper—their surfaces should be rubbed over with a paste of the prussiate of potash, before plunging them into the water. File makers draw their files, after they are taken from the fire, through the lees of beer or a mixture of salt and the hoofs of animals ground into powder, before they immerse them in the water bath.—Some tool makers dip their tools in strong soapsuds, before plunging them into cold water. Steel rollers are tempered by heating them up to a red heat, then covering their surface with a paste of prussiate of potash, and placing them in the cold water bath. Steel rollers are very difficult to temper. The liability of steel articles to crack in tempering, is owing to the sudden chilling and contracting of the molecules at the surface, while the interior molecules are still expanded and hot. To prevent this evil, the coating of the surface of tools with soap, grease, prussiate of potash, &c., before plunging them into the cold water bath, has been found successful in practice, but the reason why is not very well known.—*Sci. Am.*

POWDER FOR RAZOR STROPS.—Take equal parts of sulphate of iron, (green copperas of commerce,) and common salt; rub them well together, and heat the mixture to redness in a crucible. When the vapors have ceased to rise, let the mass cool, and wash it, to remove the salt, and when diffused in water, collect the brilliant scales, which first subside; these, when spread upon leather, soften the edge of a razor, and cause it to cut smooth.

ON the Peshakame river, in the Lake Superior region, there is a ridge of specular oxyd of iron—nearly pure—113 feet high, 100 feet wide, and extending miles in length.

TIN ores are becoming scarcer, and the price of this metal has been rising steadily during the past year.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

WE ARE ALL GLEANERS.

READER!—thou and I are gleaners,
In the harvest fields of time;
Day by day the grain is reaping,
For a sunnier clime.
Whether in the early morning,
Going forth with busy feet,
Or, as weary laborers, resting
'Mid the noon-day heat;
Let us strive with cheerful spirit,
Each our duties to fulfil,
Till the time of harvest—subject
To the master's will.

Let us garner up sweet memories,
Bound with ties of love;
Pleasant thoughts to cheer the pathway
To our home above,
Trusting that these precious gleanings,
Bound with loving hand,
May in golden sheaves be gathered
To the Spirit land.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LITTIE MOLLIE.

THE cold winds blow bleak and wild! What is that to you? You have a warm mansion and bright fire, and the glowing warmth chases away the white frost as it peeps into the window. What is that to you? You have abundance in the cellar and a table loaded with dainties of every description. There goes a poor, shivering child. Mayhap she is very hungry, and her poor scant clothes all she owns in the wide world. Well, what is that to you? You have satins and velvets and costly furs to keep you warm, and you can ride instead of walking on the snow-covered pavements. But see!—she has no stockings, and her shoes are worn and ragged, and tears are in her eyes. Poor, shivering, half-starved child!—can you not call her in just to stand by the warm grate and gaze upon the bright fire and feel its warmth? Yes, your heart softens. You are rich and proud.—You scorn the poor as you would a worm. But your heart is at last touched.

"Little girl are you cold?" A word of kindness opens the gushing heart. "Oh! Lady," she says, "I am very cold." "Come, then, and warm you." She enters your palace, timid and trembling, and a ray of joy lights up her face as she sees the red coals glowing in the grate. "Oh, Lady, I thank you," she whispers; "I was so very cold." "Have you no stockings to keep you warm, and is that all the shawl you have?" "Oh, ma'm, we are very poor, and FRANKEY is very sick. Mother says he is perishing with the cold and hunger." You ask "Who is FRANKEY?" You begin to feel an interest in the little stranger. "FRANKEY is the baby, ma'm." You tell her you will find something for her and you call BRIDGET. "Prepare a basket of food for this poor child; and fill it full, BRIDGET, and put in a supply of groceries." Then you bring some shoes of your own—she has a foot quite as small and pretty as yours, and it looks very neat in the little gaiter. You find a good warm dress you have thrown away—a tuck in the skirt and it will do. Then there is a warm shawl and hood you do not want. "What is your name, little girl?" "My name is MARY, but mother calls me MOLLIE." "Well, MOLLIE, you may go home and take this basket to your mother." "Oh! thank you, thank you, Lady—little FRANKEY can have a good supper. Oh! it may be he will be well again." "A moment, little girl—I had a FRANKEY once."—You turn away to hide the coming tears. Yes, you had a FRANKEY once, and there is one little room in your mansion you seldom visit. There is a drum and a rocking horse, a shelf of books and a box of toys—caps and hats, long white dresses and little short dresses, and cloaks and hoods and half worn out shoes, and the little curl of soft brown hair you wear next your heart. They were all FRANKEY'S. You go to the little room, and you find a pair of shoes and a warm dress. You kiss them and give them to the little girl for another FRANKEY just as dear to a mothers's heart as your child was to you.

There is rejoicing in a humble home that night, and your heart is far lighter than it has been since you kissed the little pale cheeks and icy lips of the lost FRANKEY for the last time. E. L. D.

Charlotte, Greece, Monroe Co., N. Y.

THE "MAKING UP."

"I WISH I hadn't said it! Dear me! what would I give if I could only recall it," murmured Mrs. Leeds, as she leaned her face down on the arm she had rested on the breakfast table, while the thick tears sobbed up into her blue eyes.

She was a pretty little woman, the wife of a year, though the tears dimmed her face, and the trouble at her heart shut off the roses from her cheeks, that cheerless November morning, with the dull brownish clouds piled low about the sky, and the hoarse wind cracking and crumping through the trees outside.

"To think, too," continued the lady, raising her head once more, and abstractedly lifting the cover of the china tea-pot; "he should have spoken so crossly and sharply to me just because I said I should like that new velvet at Myers'. Well, I don't believe for my part, there ever was such a thing as a woman satisfied with what she has got. I think it was real unkind of him, any way, and nothing in the world could have made me believe before I married Henry Leeds, that he would have used that tone or those words in speaking to me. But I guess I was more to blame than he after all, for I said a good many satirical things. I almost wish my tongue had been cut off before they passed my lips, but, somehow, my temper got the better of me, and he went off without one kind word, or even kissing me!" Here there was another outbreak of tears.

"He won't be home till night, and how can I get through this long dismal, dismal day, knowing all the time that Hal's angry with me; he who has been such a true, generous loving husband? How I wish I could see him just a minute, and forgetting all my pride, wind my arms about his neck, and say, 'Hal, I'm real sorry: won't you forgive me this once?—and I will too.'"

The pretty lady sprang up from the table, a new determination heightening the faint color in her cheeks, and bringing back the sparkle to her blue eyes.

"I'll take the omnibus and go right down to the office, and made up with him; see if I don't."

The young merchant was leaning, with a weary half dejected sort of expression, over his desk, about which were scattered bills, drafts and letters in endless confusion. Something had gone wrong. His clerks knew this when he came into his store that morning, so gloomy and reticent, so thoroughly unlike his usual brisk, energetic, jovial manners that always carried sunshine into the dark warerooms. Even the porter felt something of this, for he stood at a respectful distance from his employer, and didn't indulge in any of his stale jokes.

Suddenly the merchant looked up, and saw his wife making her way through the store, straight to his desk. How pretty she looked that morning, in the little, tasteful velvet hat, with its crimson trimmings about her soft cheeks that were so charmingly becoming, and that half smile dimpling the rosy, small mouth, that he could hardly believe had said such very unkind things to him only two hours before.

Now Harry Leeds was very proud of his wife, and of the evident admiration which her occasional advent at the store always excited. He rose up to meet her, the surprise in his face half chasing the cloud therefrom. She came close to him.

"Harry," whispered the soft, timid, eager voice, "I'm so very sorry I said those cross things to you this morning; I was greatly to blame, and they've made me unhappy ever since, so I've come way down here to make up, and hear you say once more that you love me."

The cloud was all gone. There was a world of fond tenderness that looked down from those dark eyes on the lady.

"Why, bless your little heart, Adeline, you haven't come clear off here for that! I was more to blame than you a great deal, but some business matters were troubling me, and then I'm a touchy fellow, I guess, anyhow."

"No you're not; but I shouldn't have lived through the day, if I had felt all the time that you were displeased with me. But *do* you love me just as well as ever?"

That smile, that glance would have satisfied any wife.

"That wife of mine's a little angel anyhow," murmured Harry Leeds to himself, as he arranged his disordered desk, with a face as changed and bright as the sky outside, for the sun had suddenly plunged through the clouds. "If we have pretty good sales this week, I'll just get her that carpet for a Christmas present, see if I don't."—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

WOMAN AND MARRIAGE.

I HAVE speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen a young and beautiful woman, the pride of gay circles, married, as the world says, well. Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their furniture and their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for them; as the young are sometimes carried away by similar feelings. I love to get, unobserved, into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and her soft eyes meeting me in their pride of life, weave a dream of future happiness, and persuade myself it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now not forbidden tenderness; and how thrillingly the hallowed kiss and beautiful endearments of wedded life will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly come back from the crowded and the empty mirth of the gay to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature who blushes even now in this hesitating course, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come, and when he enters at last, and with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the tide that goes flowing through the heart, and gaze with him on the graceful form as she moves about for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshaded beauty. I go forward years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces resigned into dignity, and loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection.—Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows her the same fervent love and delicate attentions which first won her; and their fair children are grown about them, and they go on full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die.—*Washington Irving.*

THE TRIALS OF LIFE.

LIFE, says Hannah More, is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials is the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers—to endure neglect when we feel we deserve attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks—to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom He has perhaps provided or purposed for the trial of our virtue—these are the best exercises of patience or self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexations in business, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance, in short, with whatever opposes our will, contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.

THE SMILE OF LOVE.—Holy and beautiful indeed is the smile of fathomless and perfect love! Too seldom does it live; too seldom lighten heavy cares and earthly sorrows. Too seldom does it gladden burdened hearts, and give refreshing dews to thirsty souls. Too seldom, indeed, does it have a birth; too often does it soon leave life's pathway, even if fairly born and dearly welcomed there.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SNOW.

BY CASSEL.

MERRILY fall the snow-flakes,
Sporting joyous o'er the lea;
Cheerily round the hill-tops,
Bounding, chasing wild and free,
Drearily to the homeless,
Bringing life and joy to me.

Far o'er the meadow spreading,
Soft and fair a mantle white,
Sportively, coyly treading,
Driving hence the mists of night;
Down came the snow-flakes, falling
From the storm-cloud's gloomy height.

Through the dim, dreary moonlight,
Casting round its ghastly glare,
O'er the bleak plains and hillocks,
Struggled on a child as fair
As the rose, red and radiant,
Blooming in the springtide air.

Joyously, when gay flowers
Opening spring began to bear,
Cheerfully, with her comrades
Sang the May-Queen free from care,
Coronets of snow, not flowers
It behooves her now to wear.

Midst the sleet, and ice, and storm,
Many a weary rood she trod;
Tired at length, chill and worn,
She pressed her bosom to the sod,
Sank down in the snow and praying,
Yielded up herself to God.

The white flakes sparkled brightly,
As a traveler chanced that way,
The shroud of snow lay lightly
On the lifeless Queen of May,
Her soul all pure and peerless,
Here no longer deigned to stay.

South Bainbridge, N. Y., Jan., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

PERHAPS, gentle reader, you are shivering in a chilly northern atmosphere, your sight greeted by snow-clad hills, frozen streams, and brave old forests, groaning beneath a wintry load. If so, I will strive to stir up, a glow of genial warmth, by picturing balmy airs, and verdent fields. Follow me if you please, back to a bright May day in a southern clime, when the earth was decked, in all the budding beauty of the early spring.

The morning dawned auspiciously upon us, and with an agreeable little party, I set out to visit Mount Vernon, the "Mecca of America." The storm of the previous night "had new baptized the earth, with her joyful weeping." The pearly drops, hung sparkling from every shrub, and tree. The clear, fresh air came laden with delicious odors of wild flowers, and song of the merry mocking bird. These scenes, and the associations connected therewith, so beguiled us that ere we were aware, the ten miles intervening between Alexandria and our place of destination were passed, and we suddenly stopped at the porter's lodge, at the entrance of Mount Vernon grounds. We entered the dense old forest, passed over a rough, uneven road, for about half a mile, when we came to an opening and our eager eyes were greeted by a cluster of out-houses. They were built of brick, bearing marks of the mouldering finger of time; and suggesting many a tale of the past. These were inhabited by the servants, one only of whom pretended to have belonged to WASHINGTON. A little beyond these rises a slight hill, above the bosom of the broad Potomac, and throws its shadow over the limpid waters. Its summit is crowned by the ancient mansion—a relic of a bygone age, "one of the grey hairs upon the head of our young country,"—the former home of the immortal WASHINGTON. It is no imitation of regal palace, or princely dome. It is characterized by true simplicity and simple elegance. It is built of wood, and so finished and painted as to give it the appearance of freestone. It is two stories high, and crowned with a cupola.

On entering the old hall our attention was particularly attracted, to the case containing the ponderous "Key of Bastile," a look at which, suggests ideas one does not like to harbor. The spacious dining-room contained nothing of interest, save a mantle-piece, of Italian marble, beautifully executed in bass-relief,—this, together with the "Key of Bastile," were presents from LAFAYETTE to WASHINGTON. The two other small rooms to which we had access, were curiously shaped, and the antiquity of the furniture and pictures, together with the associations, rendered them very interesting. The garden and grounds back of the house, gave evidence of having been orlginally laid out with fine taste, ornamented with choice flowers, shrubs and trees. They now show want of care and cultivation,—weeds, thistles, and straggling briers, are now fast choking them out.—From the front of the house the yard slopes gently to the water's edge. A few hoary-headed old trees, are guarding the house, like faithful sentinels.—From the openings one has a most enchanting view

"Of watery landscape, and of pendant woods,
And distant trees, that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure stream, the flocks are seen,
And floating forests, paint the wave with green."

Passing below the house a few hundred yards we came to the tomb of WASHINGTON. It is a plain brick vault, situated just in the edge of the wild old woods. It is altogether an unpretending structure, partly covered by trailing wild vines, and cedar, and has no enclosure about it. Through the iron grated door of the vault, you see a marble sarcophagus wherein moulder the remains of him, whose heart once beat, with truest patriotism, and loftiest courage. The purest principles of morality nerved it, all christian graces adorned it.—Amid all his honors, he walked in humility, and died in triumphant faith. He to whom under GOD we owe our freedom and our greatness, thus obscurely reposes. Of WASHINGTON I will attempt no encomiums of my own, but, with your permission, will add the eloquent and soul-stirring eulogy pronounced by PHILLIPS, the Irish orator, at a dinner given on Dinas Island.

"It is the custom of your board, and a noble one it is, to deck the cup of the gay, with the garland of the great, and surely, even in the eyes of its deity, his grape is not the less lovely when glowing beneath the foliage of the palm tree, and myrtle. Allow me to add one flower, which, tho' it sprang in America, is no exotic. Virtue planted it, and it is naturalized everywhere. I see you anticipate me, I see you concur with me, that it matters little, what immediate spot may be the birth-place of such a man as WASHINGTON. No place can claim, no country can appropriate him: the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Tho' it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsions in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet when the storm passed, how pure was the climate, that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet, which was revealed to us. In the production of WASHINGTON, it does really seem, as if nature had endeavored to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues, of the ancient world, were but so many studies, preparatory to the patriot of the new.—Individual instances no doubt there were, splendid exemplifications of some single qualification.—CÆSAR was merciful, SCIPIO was continent, and HANNIBAL was patient; but it was reserved for WASHINGTON to blend them all in one, and like the lovely *Chef d' œuvre*, of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and perfection of every master.—As a General, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a Statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage, and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier, and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage. A conqueror, he was unstained with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason, for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command; Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens, or her soldiers, her heroes, or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career and banishes all hesitation.—Who, like WASHINGTON, after having emancipated a hemisphere resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life, to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created.

"How shall we rank thee upon glories page,
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage,
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less than all thou has't forborne to be."

Such is the testimony of one not to be accused of partiality, in his estimation of America. "Happy proud America, the lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy, the temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism." LORETTA.

Meadsville, Halifax Co., Va., 1857.

PUNCTUALITY.

A SINGULAR mischance has occurred to some of our friends. At the instant when He ushered them on existence, God gave them a work to do, and He also gave them a competence of time: so much time, that if they began at the right moment, and wrought with sufficient vigor, their time and their work would end together. But a good many years ago, a strange mischance befell them. A fragment of their allotted time was lost. They cannot tell what became of it; but sure enough it has dropped out of existence: for just like two measuring leadlines laid alongside, the one an inch shorter than the other; their work and their time run parallel, but the work is always ten minutes behind the time. They are not irregular. They are never too soon. Their letters are posted the very minute after the mail is shut; they arrive at the wharf just in time to see the steamboat off; they come in sight of the depot precisely when the train starts. They do not break any engagements, nor neglect any duty; but they systematically go about it too late, and usually too late by about the same fatal interval. How can they retrieve the lost fragment, so essential to character and comfort? Perhaps like this; suppose that on some auspicious morning they contrived to rise a quarter of an hour before their usual time, and were ready for their morning worship fifteen minutes sooner than they have been for the last ten years; or, what will equally answer the end, suppose that for once they omitted their morning meal altogether, and went straight out to the engagements of the day; suppose that they arrive at the class-room, or the work shop, or the place of business, fifteen minutes before their usual time, or that they forced themselves to the appointed rendezvous on the week-day, or to the sanctuary on the Sabbath-day, a quarter of an hour before their instinctive time of going—all would yet be well. This system, carried out, would bring the world and themselves to synchronize; they and the marching hours would come to keep step again, and moving on in harmony, they would escape the jolting, fatigue and awkwardness they used to feel, when old Father Time put the right foot foremost, and they advanced the left; their reputation would be retrieved, and friends, who at present fret, would begin to smile; their fortunes would be made; their satisfaction in their work would be doubled; and their influence over others, and their power for usefulness would be unspeakably augmented.—*Life in Earnest.*

TALENT AND GENIUS.

TALENT convinces—genius but excites;
This tasks the reason—that the soul delights.
Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,
And reconciles the pinion to the earth:
Genius unsettles with desires the mind,
Contented not till earth be left behind;
Talent, the sunshine, on a cultured soil,
Ripens the fruit by slow degrees for toil.
Genius, the sudden Iris of the skies,
On cloud itself reflects its wondrous dyes;
And, to the earth, in tears and glory given,
Clasps in its airy arch the pomp of Heaven!
Talent gives all that vulgar critics need—
From its plain horn book learn the dull to read:
Genius, the Pythian of the beautiful,
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the dull—
From eyes profane a veil the Isis screens,
And fools on fools still ask "What Hamlet means?"

[*Bulwer.*

BY constant temperance, habitual moderate exercise, unaffected modesty, you will avoid the fees of the lawyer, the claws of the sheriff, and the poison of the doctor; and probably add to your present existence at least ten years of active life.

HOW DO YOU DO?

NATIONAL forms of salutation are true indices of national character. The whole history of a race may be found in the dictionary of its language. Words and phrases are the offspring of previously existing objects, thoughts and circumstances, and their paternity is readily traced.

Thus, among all savage and warlike people, the common salutation conveys a wish or a prayer, that the person saluted may enjoy peace, the greatest good of individuals and of nations, and the boon most frequently withheld in that phase of life. Throughout the Bible this is the invariable blessing—shalum! and the wandering Bedouins of the Desert have, to this day, the same form of salutation. Another phrase of theirs, "If God will thou art well," betrays the fatalism of Islam.

"Peace be unto thee," says the fluent and facile Persian; "I make prayers for thy greatness; may thy shadow never be less!" This last form smacks of summer and South. Such a salutation would make a Northman shiver. It shows, too, a great respect for fat—for a dignified, aldermanic rotundity.

The Greeks, a joyful people, full of the vigor of a life of action, expressed their salutation in a single word—"Rejoice."

The commercial and enterprising Genoese of the middle ages, used to say, *Sanetata guedagno*—"Health and gain,"—than which no phrase could be more characteristic.

In a similar spirit, the "swaggering Hollander" salutes you with *Hoe varat's-ge?* "How fare you?"

The easy phlegmatic German says, *Leben sie wohl?*—"Live thou well."

The Frenchman's *Comment vous portez vous?*—"How do you carry yourself?"—reveals the very soul of the French character. *How* is the formulary, and not *what*. And then the *portez vous*, how well it expresses the eager restlessness and vivacious manners of that nation. *Comment ca va-t il?* is of the same tone and character.

John Bull and Brother Jonathan, in a hearty, but business-like tone, greet you with "How do you do?" What could be more characteristic of the great and potential Anglo-Saxon race. To do, of course—of this there is no question—it is the all of life; but "how do you do?" "How are you?" This embraces all—health, wealth, power, knowledge. What more could one say? and here it is all in three words—"How are you?" "How do you do?" Again the answer is, "Well,"—I do well! Reader, "How do you do?"—*Life Illustrated.*

THE WORLD WAS MADE FOR ALL.

IN looking at our age, I am struck immediately with one commanding characteristic; and that is, the tendency of all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to universality. To this I ask your attention. This tendency is directly opposed to the exclusiveness, restriction, narrowness, monopoly, which has prevailed in past ages. Human action is now freer, more unconfined. All goods, advantages, helps are more open to all. The privileged, petted individual, is becoming less, and the human race are becoming more. The multitude is rising from the dust. Once we heard of a few, not of the many; once of the perogatives of a part, now of the rights of all. We are looking, as never before, through the disguised developments of ranks and classes, to the common nature which is below them; and are beginning to learn that every being who partakes of it has noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, a vast destiny to accomplish. The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently but surely. Not that the worth of the human being is at all understood as it should be; the truth is glimmering through the darkness. A faint consciousness of it has seized on the public mind. Even the most abject portions of society are visited by some dreams of a better condition, for which they were designed. The grand doctrine that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of a man; this is slowly taking its place, as the highest social truth. That the world was made for all; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all—these propositions are growing into axioms, and the spirit of them is coming forth in all the departments of life.—*Dr. Channing.*

THE HUMAN FACE.—The Rev. Orville Dewey in one of his lectures on the Problem of Human Destiny, remarks:—"The expression of the face is a beautiful distinction of humanity. We are little aware of the influence which it constantly exerts. If the dumb animal, on whom man exerts his cruelty, if the horse or dog, when suffering by a blow from the violence of man, could turn upon him with a look of indignation or appeal, could any one resist the power of mute expostulation?—How extraordinary, too, the difference of expression in the human face, by which the recognition of personal identity is secured. On this small surface, nine inches by six, are depicted such various traits, that among the millions of inhabitants of the earth, no two have the same lineaments of the face. What dire confusion would ensue if all countenances were alike: if fathers did not know their own children by sight, nor husbands their wives! But now we could pick out our friends from among the multitudes of the universe."

IS VIRTUE HEREDITARY?—Is a love of truth, justice, and goodness transmitted from parents to children? Facts appear to answer these questions in the affirmative. In England, it has been ascertained that out of one hundred criminal children, sixty were born of dishonest parents; thirty of parents who were profligate, but not criminal; and only ten of parents who were honest and industrious. The rule is, virtuous parents raise virtuous children. Not more than one out of every ten criminals has been born of honest, religious parents. The characters of parents and children are nearly as much alike as their features.

LIFE.

If man could see
The perils and diseases that he elbows
Each day he walks a mile, which catch at him,
Which fall behind and grate him as he passes,
Then he would know that Life's a single pilgrim,
Fighting unarmed amongst a thousand soldiers.

The Educator.

OBERLIN COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

THE last Catalogue of this growing and progressive Institution is before us. The practical character and noble spirit of this school are beginning to be appreciated by the people of the West and of the country generally. The number of its students has been steadily increasing from 101 in the year 1834 to 1,216 in the year 1856. We question whether any other Institution in the land can present more satisfactory evidence of having met the demands of the people. It is not among the least of the merits of this school, that it encourages self-reliance in its pupils. By manual labor and teaching, a large number of them nearly support themselves while pursuing their college course. It was at Oberlin that the Ohio Agricultural College commenced its career, which has since been removed to Cleveland. The College is exerting a powerful and healthful influence in giving a thorough and practical education to those who are to mould society at the West for the next fifty years. We wish it success.

The Faculty of the O. C. I., are well calculated to impart such information as will enable the "work of their hands" to compare favorably with that sent out by any other Educational Institution. We append the list as given in the Catalogue:

Rev. CHARLES G. FINNEY, President and Professor of Theology and of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

Rev. JOHN MORGAN, Professor of Biblical Literature.

JAMES DASCOMB, M. D., Professor of Chemistry, Botany and Physiology.

Rev. TIMOTHY B. HUDSON, Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

Rev. JAMES H. FAIRCHILD, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

GEO. N. ALLEN, A. M., Professor of Natural History.

Rev. JAMES MONROE, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres.

CHARLES H. PENFIELD, A. M., Adjunct Professor of Languages.

Rev. HENRY E. PECK, Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Adjunct Professor of Mental Philosophy.

Rev. E. H. FAIRCHILD, Principal of the Preparatory Department.

Rev. CHARLES H. CHURCHILL, Professor of Sacred Music, and Associate Professor of Mathematics.

DANIEL N. BARDWELL, A. M., Tutor.

N. J. MORRISON, A. M., Tutor.

In the Female Department, Mrs. MARIANNE P. DASCOMB is Principal, and Mrs. R. RAYL, Assistant.

We give the summary from the Catalogue for the last year:

Theological Department	27
Collegiate Department, Gentlemen	107
" " Ladies	20
Shorter Course	5
Preparatory Department	538
Young Ladies' Course	229
Ladies' Preparatory	278
Ladies preparing for College	12
	1,216

For the information of our readers, we give the following relative to Terms of Admission, Expenses, etc., etc., as it appears in the Catalogue.

TERMS OF ADMISSION, EXPENSES, ETC.—The conditions of admission to the Theological Department, are, hopeful piety and liberal education at some College, unless the candidate has otherwise qualified himself for pursuing with advantage the prescribed course of study. He is expected to bring a certificate of good standing of some Evangelical Church.

Candidates for admission to either of the other Departments, must bring testimonials of good character, and those coming from other institutions must bring a certificate of honorable dismission. None are admitted to full member ship until they have honorably passed a probation of six months. None will be received under sixteen years of age, unless committed to the special care of some approved resident of the place; nor any under fourteen, except by special arrangement with the Faculty or Principal of the Female Department.

Tuition is not charged in the Theological Department.—In all the other Departments it is $15 per year for young men, and $12 for young ladies.

Board is from $1 25 to $1 50 per week. Room-rent in the College buildings is from $4 to $6 per annum, for young men, and from $3 to $4 for young ladies. Each gentleman's room is furnished with a stove only; each lady's with a stove, table, bedstead and chairs. The charge for Incidental Expenses is $2 for young gentlemen, and $1 for young ladies. Wood is $1 50 per cord.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—The College year is divided into three terms. The first commences on the Fourth Wednesday of August, and ends on the Fourth Wednesday of November. The second commences on the Fourth Wednesday of February, and ends on the Fourth Wednesday of May. The third commences on the Fourth Wednesday of May, and ends on the Fourth Wednesday of August. The Annual Commencement is on the Fourth Wednesday of August.

There is one vacation, commencing on the Fourth Wednesday of November, and ending on the Fourth Wednesday of February. There is also a recess from study during the week of the Fourth of July. During the winter vacation, a select school is taught, under the superintendence of members of the Faculty, which offers advantages equal to the Preparatory Department.

Oberlin is easily accessible from all parts of the country, being situated on the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, one hour's ride from Cleveland, Ohio.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PRIZES IN SCHOOL.

REWARDS are stimulants, and when like other stimulants their benefits can be secured without reaction, their influence is wholesome and salutary. When success is the result of earnest effort, it is worthy of reward, and not otherwise. The teacher who rewards patient and industrious application only, need never fear a spirit of envy and strife. I have tried rewards on many a different score, but consider them unsafe in all cases where success can be attained without untiring application. Hence, in my experience, it has seemed unwise to offer prizes for many of the exercises of school for which they are often given.

"Going up," as it is termed, in spelling, sometimes produces wonderfully exhilarating and apparently very beneficial effects, and yet I think more or less rivalry and strife consequent upon it, are generally sources of serious difficulty to the conscientious teacher. How many young teachers are there, who cannot bear me witness of having been *really vexed* to know what to do with a class who have forgotten their places, some having been absent from school one day, and some two or three, and then perhaps one or two new pupils to add to the same class. In country district schools some classes must contain more than one grade of pupils, else the teacher's time be much more than taken up. Then again it usually happens that some pupils have no time for study save the six school hours, while others have both extra time and assistance. It is hard to make an equality between these two, *with the same disposition*, and without it it is impossible.

We find children restrained from mischief more apt to be studious, and, *vice versa*, when engaged in study less likely to be mischievous. Let us come then to the root of the evil, *disorder*, and bring the right influence to bear, so that children will incline to their studies and not mischief, and the object is attained; you have an orderly school and good recitations. But says the young teacher, how shall this be effected? *This is the great question with all teachers.*

I consider whispering, if not the *entire sum*, certainly the *cause of more disorder* in school than all other things, and as such would aim my efforts towards its complete suppression. I will propose a plan of prizes or *credits*, which in my experience has proved very successful.

A list of the scholars' names is kept, which is called at the close of each half day. The two half days may be reckoned as one, or each half day, as thought best. Each scholar who does not whisper is entitled to one credit, and not otherwise, even though his deportment in other respects is unexceptionable. And let it also be understood that no one shall receive a credit for not whispering, when at the same time guilty of other gross misconduct. I would advise also to give occasionally extra credits, one or more, for unusually good efforts or perfect lessons, as an especial favor. In this the teacher must be a little *monarchial*, or rather patriarchial.

Next let a bundle of tickets be provided, each marked for one or more credits, to be given out as the scholars shall have earned them. As the numbers increase, the tickets should increase in value; and as many varieties and as expensive tickets may be used, as the teacher's fancy may dictate or the state of his purse allow. The smaller denominations will necessarily greatly predominate, especially *ones* and *twos*, and for all under *ten*, bits of plain cap or drawing paper an inch by two inches, with the number in Roman letters, and the teacher's initials, (or other mark which cannot be counterfeited,) will answer. If marked in this way, few lessons on the Roman notation will need be given, as the children will be interested to learn to reckon for themselves. If preferred, the one may be given each day instead of the list, but this is much more trouble, and the list becomes necessary, from the fact that some scholars will be found who will barter their tickets, and the list will be the only means of detection. If the teacher marks his own tickets, his sagacity will detect counterfeits or changes of denomination. In giving the tickets, I generally prefer to keep a daily record, appointing a half hour at the close of the week out of school hours in which to give out the dues for the week, exchanging several of small denomination for their equivalent in larger. Thus changing four I's for one IV, or a V and a II and a III for an X, pleases the little ones very much. The very idea of the teacher being banker to the school, and issuing *bills of credit* according to "value received," that is, *good deportment*, will interest both teacher and pupil. When the credits reach 100 or 200, a book or other present may be given. The teacher's ingenuity will suggest to him many ways in which this plan may be varied to suit different tastes and circumstances.

West Bloomfield, N. Y., Jan., 1857. W. BECKWITH.

MEN OF THE MANDAN TRIBE.

THE Mandans (or See-pohs-kah-nu-mah-kah-kee, "people of the pheasants," as they call themselves,) are, perhaps, one of the most ancient tribes of Indians in our country. Their origin, like that of all other tribes, is involved in obscurity. CATLIN, the celebrated Indian traveler, locates this tribe on the west bank of the Missouri, about 1,800 miles above St. Louis, and 200 below the mouth of the Yellow Stone river. They have two villages only, which are about two miles distant from each other, and number in all 2,000 souls. At a former period they were a very numerous and powerful nation; but by the continual wars which have existed between themselves and their neighbors they have been reduced to their present numbers.

CATLIN thus describes their villages:—"They are beautifully located, and judiciously also, for defence against the assaults of their enemies.—The site of the lower (or principal) town, in particular, is one of the most beautiful and pleasing that can be seen in the world, and even more beautiful than imagination could ever create. In the very midst of an extensive valley (embraced within a thousand graceful swells and parapets or mounds of interminable green, changing to blue, as they vanish in distance) is built the city, or principal town of the Mandans. On an extensive plain (which is covered with a green turf, as well as the hills and dales, as far as the eye can possibly range, without tree or bush to be seen) are to be seen rising from the ground, and towards the heavens, domes—(not "of gold," but) of dirt—and the thousand spears (not "spires") and scalp-poles, &c., &c., of the semi-subterraneous village of the hospitable and gentlemanly Mandans."

The stature of the Mandans is rather below the ordinary size of man, with beautiful symmetry of form and proportion, and wonderful suppleness and elasticity; they are pleasingly erect and graceful, both in their walk and their attitudes; and the hair of the men, which generally spreads over their backs, falling down to the hams, and sometimes to the ground, is divided into plaits or slabs of two inches in width, and filled with a profusion of glue and red earth or vermilion, at intervals of an inch or two, which becoming very hard, remains in and unchanged from year to year.—This mode of dressing the hair is curious, and gives to the Mandans the most singular appearance. The hair of the men is uniformly all laid over from the forehead backwards; carefully kept above and resting on the ear, and thence falling down over the back, in these flattened bunches, and painted red, extending oftentimes quite to the calf of the leg, and sometimes in such profusion as almost to conceal the whole figure from the person walking behind them.

The Mandans in many instances dress very neatly and some of them splendidly. The head-dress is the leading feature in the toilet, and is thus described:—"These are of various sorts, and many of them exceedingly picturesque and handsome; generally made of war-eagles' or ravens' quills and ermine. These are the most costly part of an Indian's dress in all this country, owing to the difficulty of procuring the quills and the fur, the war eagle being the '*rara avis*,' and the ermine the rarest animal that is found in the country. The tail of a war-eagle, provided it is a perfect one, containing some six or eight quills, which are denominated first-rate plumes, and suitable to arrange in a head-dress, will purchase a tolerably good horse."

The civilized world will look upon an Indian in his native costume, and laugh at him for his oddities. At the same time, an Indian looks among the civilized world, no doubt, with equal, if not much greater, astonishment, at our apparently, as well as *really*, ridiculous customs and fashions; but he laughs not, nor ridicules, nor questions,—for his natural good sense and good manners forbid him.—until he is reclining about the fireside of his wigwam companions, when he vents forth his just criticisms upon the learned world, who are a rich and just theme for Indian criticism and Indian gossip. An Indian will not ask a white man the reason why he does not oil his skin with bears' grease, or why he does not paint his body—or why he wears a hat on his head, or why he has buttons on the back part of his coat, where they never can be used—or why he wears whiskers, and a shirt-collar up to his eyes—or why he sleeps with his head towards the fire instead of his feet—why he walks with his toes out instead of turning them in—or why it is that hundreds of white folks will flock and crowd round a table to see an Indian eat—but he will go home to his wigwam fireside, and "make the welkin ring" with jokes and fun upon the ignorance and folly of the knowing world.

Scientific.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

EDS. RURAL:—Presuming that it is not always necessary communications should be connected with agricultural pursuits, I would ask information of your scientific correspondents and numerous readers, in regard to a phenomenon now almost extinct. I have observed for the two past seasons an almost entire absence of the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights; which in previous years so often beautifully illuminated the northern horizon, and one would suppose had become a permanent institution of our country. Last season there were two or three faint efforts made, but they would feebly compare with some of the torch-light processions in the late presidential campaign. This season, so far as I have observed, has been entirely destitute of anything of the kind. Now can you or any of your scientific friends give us any light upon this subject? Have the two years past, remarkable in their character,—the former extremely wet, the latter very dry, and the last winter with its Siberian proclivities, had any influence in extinguishing these Polar lights from our country?—or has their absence had any influence in changing the character of our seasons?

It would appear from the accounts collected in regard to them, that they were not unknown to the ancients—CICERO and PLINY having made allusion to them, so that they must often been witnessed even in the climates of Italy and Greece. From 1621 to 1707, I believe, no English writer gives any account of them. Since that time they have been of quite frequent occurrence and of great brilliancy. It is said their first appearance in this country was in New England, on the night of Dec. 17, 1719.

An unprecedented Aurora Borealis occurred on the evening of January 25, 1837. The glow of light was of a purple hue, and reflected a dark red color on the snow which covered the ground at the time. It was observed by Prof. OLMSTED, of New Haven, to affect the needle in an unusual manner—the fluctuations at times amounting to a whole degree to the westward of its mean position.

We did not sit down to impart, but to gain—

Perrinton, Dec., 1856. KNOWLEDGE.

SOME of the above points have much interest to every intelligent observer of the wonders about us.

The Aurora Borealis, or Northern Light, is evidently a Periodical Phenomenon. The Periods have not been ascertained with certainty. The last prevalence of this Aurora, began in Aug. 1827, and ended in 1848, increasing in number and splendor to about 1838, thus limiting the period to about twenty years. While the cessation was striking, there was a pretty bright Aurora in 1851, 2, and 3; but only very partial Auroras since. When this period began in 1827, the Aurora was seen over wide territory in our country and in Europe, as well as on the Atlantic. Capt. PARRY had observed brilliant Auroras in in Lat. 73° N. in 1824, and also in 1825 as he returned to England. The phenomenon also occurs at north high latitudes, when it does not appear as low as 40° of latitude in America or Europe.

For many years previous to 1827, this phenomenon was relatively rare and not splendid. Being now 72 years of age, I am able to speak from my recollections. The first I saw was about 1798, and was a bright cloud of light across the north with scarcely any streamers or pillars of light. My mother, and the people still older, said the "Lights" had not appeared as in former times, and spoke at once of their appearance before and along the period of the "Old French War," which began in 1756 and ended in 1763. They told me, that the appearance was that of armies contending in the sky while the red fields of light showed the bloody desolations; and that they were objects of terror as portending war and bloodshed. What have since been named the "Merry Dancers," were marchings and counter-marchings of contending foemen. Dr. HOLYOKE of Salem, Mass., has written of one that he saw in 1755, which was splendid, and of others which happened in the following years. It is evident, then, that from 1755 to about 1780, there was a rich period of Auroral displays.—Here then was another period of 20 to 25 years.

The Aurora Borealis is rarely seen in much splendor in our country as low as Lat. 36 N.

In the period of greater display, the number of these Auroras is greatly increased, being in some years above 70; but, at other periods far less a year. From 1827 the Auroras numbered 10, then 30, afterwards 50, and finally 75 in a year.

Turning back in history, the records make certain the appearance of Auroras at particular periods, while at others and long periods they are so few or unattractive as to receive no attention.

The height of the Aurora Borealis has not been ascertained, and is probably variable, and has been estimated from a few to a thousand miles. The later attempts to measure the elevation make the range from 40 to 160 and 250 miles. Prof. OLMSTED places the probable limit between 70 and 160 miles. This would carry the phenomenon beyond our atmosphere.

The Aurora Borealis has been ascribed to various causes. Of these electricity was long maintained, and is still held by some, perhaps many. There are some analogies, which are striking. Prof. OLMSTED attributes it to *cosmical* matter, or matter of some kind which has connection with the earth. Having produced a plausible theory of the Zodiacal Light, by a nebulous body revolving around the sun, and the origin of the *meteoric showers* from it, he suggests that this nebulous matter around the earth is the origin of the phenomena of all three.

This cosmical matter or nebulous body is supposed by Prof. OLMSTED to evolve electricity, and thus accounts for the apparent electrical phenomena. Thus electricity is evolved from the action of some cause upon the nebulous matter.—See "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge."

The Zodiacal Light is seen from the latter part of December, after the end of evening twilight, for four months at the west, or rather in the plane of the ecliptic. It is oblique to the horizon where the sun sets and its vertex further south, and has the form of a triangle whose sides are slightly curved outwards. For the corresponding four months, June to October, it appears in the morning before sunrise in the east inclined towards the horizon as before.

The Vol. of the Japan Expedition advances the cause of Zodiacal Light to be a nebulous ring of matter round the earth and having the earth for its centre. This may make more probable the origin of the Aurora Borealis.

Finally: "Knowledge" will deduce for himself the conclusion that we have no data by which we can trace the changes in the seasons, and in the temperature of the atmosphere to the Aurora Borealis. C. D.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"HAVE PEACE ONE WITH ANOTHER."

BY ELIZABETH B. ENSIGN.

SPEAK not harshly to thy neighbor,
Let not strife and discord reign;
Dwell in peace one with another,
And a blessing thou shalt gain.

Speak not harshly, but in kindness—
Lift the veil that sorrow's thrown,
O'er the life of earth's desponding,
With thy spirit's gentlest tone.

Speak not harshly to thy neighbor,
Much of sorrow all must know;
Many hours of heart-sick anguish,
That will fill the soul with woe.

Speak not harshly nor upbraid him,
For the errors he has done;
But by friendly counsels guide him,—
If thou'lt win the erring one.

Aye, speak gently and forgive him,
Tho' he mocks in angry mood,
And would turn thy good to evil;
For his evil, give him good.

Then, the holy precepts given,
Shall in faith and truth take root,
And the heart tho' dark and barren,
Henceforth yield undying fruit.

North Ridgeway, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

LIFE bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides swiftly down the narrow channels, though the playful murmurings of the little brook, and along its grassy borders, trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, and the flowers and the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands, we are in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing before us; we are excited by short-lived success, depressed and rendered miserable by short-lived disappointment; but our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on—our joys and griefs are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its haven, the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, the land lessens from our eyes, the floods are lifted up around us, we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants—and of our future voyage, there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal. WILLET REYNOLDS.

South Otselic, N. Y., 1857.

THE LAST DAY.—To everything beneath the sun there comes a last day. Let the sanguine then take warning, and the disheartened take courage; for to every joy and to every sorrow, to every hope and every fear, there will come a last day; and man ought so to live by foresight, that while he learns in every state to be content, he shall in each be prepared for another, whatever that may be.—When we see an acorn, we expect that it will produce an oak; when we plant a vine we calculate upon gathering grapes; but when we lay a plan for years to come, we may wish, and we can do no more, except pray that it may be accomplished, for we know not what to-morrow may bring forth.—All that we do know beforehand of anything is, that to everything beneath the sun there come a last day.—*Montgomery.*

THE BETTER LAND.—Our relatives in eternity outnumber our relatives in time. The catalogue of the living we love becomes less, and in anticipation we see the perpetually lengthening train of the departed; and by their flight our affections grow gradually less glued to earth, and more allied to heaven. It is not in vain that the images of our departed children, and near and dear ones, are laid up in memory, as in a picture gallery, from which the ceaseless surge of this world's cares cannot obliterate them. They wait there for the light of the resurrection day, to stand forth holy, beautiful and happy—our fellow-worshipers forever.

SINCERITY.—Urging the cultivation of sincerity, Philip Henry said:—"We must not be hypocrites, nor do anything we do in hypocrisy. Even disciples must beware of this. It is the cry of the world against us, that we are such; but let us approve ourselves to God, and then no matter. We must not have a form of godliness without the power; nor a name to live without being alive indeed. We must not do what we do to be seen of men. We must not draw near to God with our mouths when our hearts are far from him. We must not make clean the outside and be careless of what is within. Suspect this evil; search for it; watch and pray against it."

EFFECTIVE PREACHING.—A relgion without a Saviour is the temple without the Shekinah, and its worshipers will all desert it. Few men in the world have less pretensions as a preacher than myself; my voice, my look, my manner, all of a common kind; yet I thank God there is scarcely a corner in our little church where you might not find a streaming eye and a beating heart. The reason is, that I speak of Christ; and if there is not a charm in the name, there is in the train of fears, and hopes, and joys, which it carries along with it. The people feel, they *must* listen.—*Cunningham.*

DYING PROFITABLY.—To die profitably is a step beyond dying comfortably; I mean, to die so as to do good to those that are about us in dying—to die so as to convince them of sin and convert them from it: which is to die like Samson, when he slew more Philistines at his death than in all his life before. We die profitably when our natural death is a means of spiritual life to any. Now this will not, cannot be, but in the way of believing. He that doubts, droops, desponds, calls in question, and dies so as rather to frighten from than allure to the love of religion and godliness.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ BACK NUMBERS.—In order to supply the supposed demand, we commenced this volume by adding 20,000 copies to our former edition. The prospect now is that this extra edition will be exhausted soon; hence those who wish the volume complete, should not delay in sending in their subscriptions. Back numbers will be furnished to new subscribers (unless otherwise ordered) until our edition is exhausted.

☞ For terms, Special Notices, &c., see last page.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, FEBRUARY 7, 1857.

THERE IS YET TIME AND ROOM!

THANKS *to its ardent, active and influential Friends and Supporters from Maine to Minnesota, and from Canada to California, the* RURAL *has made far greater progress within the past month, than during any corresponding period since its establishment. And yet there is abundant time for all its well-wishers, who would aid its prosperity and benefit community, to prosecute the Campaign to a still more successful issue. There is "ample room and verge enough" on our Subscription Books for all the names with which we may be favored. Those, therefore, who have formed clubs can make additions to any extent,—while there is yet time for such as are disposed to commence and complete new clubs, and secure the liberal premiums offered therefor. All that is necessary to largely increase our list in almost every locality, is a little personal attention on the part of friendly readers. Will not each and all see that their neighbors and acquaintances have an opportunity of subscribing for the* RURAL? *While sparing neither effort nor expense to make the* RURAL *by far the best journal of its class in the world, we frankly ask all who believe it is accomplishing a good work, to promote its circulation in the manner suggested.*

Back numbers of the present volume can still be supplied to new Subscribers, so that subscriptions can commence with the year or any number desired.—Extra numbers, show-bills, &c., cheerfully and promptly forwarded, post-paid, to all disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL. *For Premium List, Publisher's Notices, &c., see next and last pages.*

Change of Opinion.

IT is strange how International courtesy will do away with the prejudices of nations. The United States and her citizens, judging from the tone of the English press, have long been a eyesore to the masses of the "Mother Country," but the Kane Expedition, the return of the Resolute, &c., &c., have had a tendency to open their eyes, and they confess that Brother Jonathan has some good points. The London *Times* contains the following very flattering interrogatory:—"Who would not be the President of the United States—the choice of a nation of freemen, the object of most infinite care, solicitude and respect to 27,000,000 of the most intelligent of the human race, the object at which every man's finger points, the topic on which every man's tongue descants—raised above his fellow men by no accident of birth, by no superiority of wealth, but by the presumed fitness of his personal qualities for one of the most elevated situations that a man may be called upon to fill?"

The New London *Quarterly Review*, in a sketch of the *personnel* of Mr. BUCHANAN, says:—"He has the habit (that historians attribute to Alexander the Great,) of holding his head somewhat inclined to one side, and sometimes partially closing one eye, as if to prove, what was undoubtedly the case during his mission in this country, that he could see a vast deal more with half an eye, than all our Ministers when they opened both theirs to the fullest extent, as they had to do more than once, if all tales be true, during the course of their 'transaction of business' with Mr. Buchanan."

ROCHESTER ATHENÆUM.—At the recent Annual Election of the Rochester Athenæum and Mechanics' Association, the following Board of Officers was chosen for the ensuing year:

President—DANIEL D. T. MOORE. *Vice Presidents*—William A. Reynolds, James T. Griffin.—*Corresponding Secretary*—George H. Humphrey. *Recording Secretary*—William V. K. Lansing.—*Treasurer*—Andrew J. Brackett. *Associate Directors*—Geo. W. Parsons, Oliver L. Terry, Stephen Coleman, Daniel A. Woodbury, Joseph Frost, Hiram Smith, George G. Clarkson, Ira B. Northrop, W. M. Tompkins, Delon M. Dewey, Stephen D. N. Bennott. *Commissioners Permanent Fund*—Roswell Hart, F. Gorton.

At the first meeting of the new Board $500 was appropriated for books to be added to the Library, and other measures are being perfected to augment the prosperity and usefulness of the institution.—An effort is soon to be made to secure a Permanent Fund, and thus place the Association upon a more substantial basis. The present course of Lectures has thus far been very popular and successful, having already afforded a profit of over $500. Much of this success is attributed to the adoption of the system of *Course Tickets*, instead of depending upon the sale of single tickets at each lecture. Among the gentlemen who have lectured before the Association the present season, are Lieut. MAURY, Rev. Messrs. KING, CHAPIN, and NEELY,—B. P. SHILLABER, RALPH WALDO EMERSON and HENRY GILES. The course is to be concluded with lectures from THEODORE PARKER, WENDELL PHILLIPS, Rev. Dr. MAGOON and A. A. WILLETTS.

A VERY strong feeling prevails in London against the exclusive manner in which the Atlantic Telegraph Co. has been got up, and the exclusive machinery with which it is clogged. Another Company is being organized, with the intention of going direct to the shores of the United States, instead of passing through the English Colonial possessions.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—Mr. Brooks' bill to create a Board of Canvassers in New York city, was amended so as to include Brooklyn, and ordered to third reading.

The Senate in Committee of the Whole discussed at great length the principles involved in the bill to tax foreign Insurance Companies on their earned premiums for the benefit of the New York fire department fund, but it was finally reported to the Senate and ordered to a third reading.

ASSEMBLY.—The supply bill passed, after striking out appropriations of $1,600 to cover costs of suits in the case of Davies against Cowles.

The order of unfinished business being reached, the question arose on confirming in the report of the Committee of the Whole on the bill, granting consent of the State to purchase the Brick Church and other property in New York by the United States, and ceding jurisdiction. Mr. Spencer moved that the bill be recommitted with instructions to restore it to the condition in which it came from the Senate. After voting down all other motions the House agreed to the report of the Committee, and the bill was ordered to a third reading.

Mr. Clinton called up his resolution, asking the general government for an additional appropriation for the Post Office and Custom House building in Buffalo. Mr. Adams moved an amendment, asking an appropriation for the improvement of the piers at Buffalo. The amendment was adopted, and then the resolution, as amended, was lost.

Mr. Sherman moved to refer all reports relating to Banks to the Committee on Banks, with the requirement that, as the close of the session, they be deposited with the Bank Superintendent.

Mr. Harpending moved that all members of the Legislature of 1842, who did not secure a copy of the Natural History of the State, have the privilege of purchasing the same on the same terms as their colleagues.

The supply bill of 1856, was received from the Senate with the amendments. A motion to agree with the amendments, adding a proviso to the appropriation for the Cayuga marshes, was adopted. Pending the consideration of the other amendments, a motion to adjourn was carried.

Meteorological Observations.

EDS. RURAL:—Mr. PRATT's "Observations" differ so much from mine, in some respects, that I thought I would send you a few observations made in Benton, Yates county, N. Y.

January—3d, Thermometer 4° above at 6 A. M.; 9th, 8° below at 6 A. M., 10° below at 8 A. M., and 7° below from 7 to 10 P. M.—clear—West wind.

February—6th, Thermometer 10° below at 6 A. M.; 18° above at 6 P. M.—clear day; 10th, 4° below at 7 A. M.; 11th, 30° above at 7 A. M., 37° above at 6 P. M.; 12th, 16° above at 7 A. M., 2° below at 6 P. M.; 13th, 13° below at 6 A. M.—clear and no wind.

March—9, Thermometer 12° below at 6 A. M., and 10° below at 10 P. M.—clear day, with North-West wind; 10th, 10° below at 6 A. M.—West wind—clear in the South—cloudy in the North—sun shone all day; 11th, 10° above at 6 A. M.—West wind—snow drifted very bad—snow squalls at sundown—perfectly clear at 9 P. M.; 29th, 17° above at 6 A. M., and 17° above at 10 P. M.; 30th, 14° above at 6 A. M., and 12° above at 9 P. M.; 31st, 12° above at 6 A. M., and 12° above at 9 P. M.

April—1st, 4° above at sunrise, 30° above at 9 P. M.—saw the first bluebird; 3d, 40° above at sunrise—last night the first night it has not frozen since the 23d of Dec., 1855—saw the first robin; 8th, pigeons in great numbers flew East to-day; 12th, peepers began to sing; 13th, 18° above at sunrise—clear all day, did not thaw in the shade; 21st, ground covered with snow ½ inch deep; 24th, thunder storm—the first thunder this year.

May—4th, hard frost last night—froze ice—clear, with cold North-West wind all day; 25th, froze some last night—some rain—snow and hail to-day; 29th, snowed some; 30th, snowed early in the morning, and a little all day.

June—20th, clear day—90° in the shade at noon; 21, very hot day—92° in the shade and 102° in the sun at 2 P. M.; 22d, hot morning—108° in the sun at 9 A. M.—a smart west wind made it more comfortable—rain and hail dreadful hard just North of us—some rain here; 29th, 96° in the sun at 6 A. M., 86° in the shade, and 110° in the sun at 9 A. M.; 30th, mostly clear—strong west wind—cool at night.

Benton Center, N. Y., 1857. S. H. CHAPMAN.

Deaths in Washington.

HON. JOHN BARNEY, ex-member of Congress, and long known to the political and fashionable circles in Washington, died on the 26th ult.

The Hon. PRESTON S. BROOKS died on the 27th ult. at Brown's Hotel. He had been in bed for a day or two, suffering from the effects of a severe cold. He was telling his friends he had passed the crisis of his illness and felt considerably improved in health, when he was seized with violent croup and died in about ten minutes afterwards. He expired in intense pain.

Mr. B. obtained an unenviable reputation in consequence of his attack on Senator Sumner. Mr. Keith, his colleague, in addressing the House on his decease said:—"Mr. Brooks was born in Edgefield District, S. C., in 1819, and had served in the Legislature of that State and in the Mexican war, and rendered gallant service. He was sent to Congress as the Representative of a proud and gallant constituency, whose history has been illustrated by the virtue, statesmanship and eloquence of Robert Goodloe Hopper, John C. Calhoun and George McDuffie.

Mr. Brooks has left a wife and four children.—Within the sanctuary of that home he would not intrude, but would supplicate heaven to furnish balm to their crushed and bleeding heart."

HURRICANE.—A terrific hurricane devastated the Phillipine Islands on the 27th Oct. All the suburbs of Manilla, and large mooring villages, were reduced to a heap of ruins. The number of houses destroyed in that place alone was about 3,500.—Official returns show that more than 10,000 houses were destroyed within the circuit of about eight leagues around Manilla. Six foreign vessels in the Roads of Manilla were also driven ashore.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—On motion of Mr. Seward, it was resolved that the Secretary of War be requested to direct the topographical engineer to inquire and report whether the public interests will be promoted by surveying the Niagara river or any part of the same.

Mr. Wilson presented the petition of the Committee of the Humane Society of Mass., asking Congress to grant $20,000 for establishing and supporting life boat and mortar stations on the coast of that State. Mr. Wilson said that this Society was the oldest in the country. They have 60 life boats, 5 mortar stations and several buildings for the safety of shipwrecked seamen.

Mr. Trumbull presented the credentials of Hon. James Harlan, elected Senator from Iowa, who was qualified and took his seat.

The official notification of the death of Hon. Preston S. Brooks having been received from the House, a eulogy was pronounced by Mr. Evans, who expressed his regret that this tribute to the memory of the deceased could not be paid by his worthy colleague, Mr. Butler—but the deep affliction which this sad event has occasioned him in the loss of a dear friend and relative, had unfitted him for the performance of that duty. The usual resolutions of sympathy were then adopted.

HOUSE.—On motion of Mr. Quitman, the House, under suspension of the rules, passed the bill increasing the pay of commissioned officers in the army, and military store-keepers, $20 per month, and commutation to 30 cents a ration.

The House passed the bill to enable property to a considerable amount, belonging to an emancipated slave who died intestate, to descend to his slave wife and children, their owners being willing to set them free. The reason for this act is believed that the property under the laws of the District of Columbia vests in the United States without such legislation.

The tariff bill modified, as reported by Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, embraces the following features:—Schedules 5, 10 and 15 per cent. of the act of 1846, with few exceptions, are absorbed in the free list. The 40 per cent. schedule, principally spices, is also, with the exception of a few items, carried to the free list, which reduces the revenue about $6,000,000. The 100 per cent. schedule, spirits, is brought down one-half. Sugar, molasses, lead, salt, wool and hemp, are put at 10 per cent., reducing the revenue about $7,000,000. Iron, cotton, woolen and silk manufactures are retained as now. The 20, 25 and 30 per cent. schedules are not materially changed, but some items in them are carried to the free list. The direct reduction of the revenues annually will be about $13,000,000, which it is supposed will be increased some millions by the effects of the measure in substituting home manufactures for those imported.

The House Committee on the Post Office decided to report in favor of Dr. Rowley's line of steamers between New York and the West Indies and Brazil, touching at Savannah, Ga. Para is the terminus in Brazil. The steamers are to touch at St. Thomas, Barbadoes and Demarara, and each way at Savannah for the receipt and delivery of mails under a penalty of $2,000 for each trip. The committee also ordered a bill to be reported in favor of the line of Bleecker and others, between Panama and Valparaiso, and in favor of the line of C. W. Hanson, between New York and Gluckstadt *via* Rotterdam and North Europe. These are considered important pioneer enterprises.

Mr. Keitt announced the death of Mr. Brooks, saying that his disease was acute inflammation of the throat, and so swift and fatal that even his medical advisers believed him to be in no danger till within the briefest possible moment of the time of his decease. Mr. Keitt then submitted a series of resolutions expressing the deep sensibility with which the House had recived the intelligence of the death of Mr. Brooks, tendering to the family of the deceased the sympathy of the House, and resolving that the members, in token of respect, wear crape on the left arm for 30 days.—These resolutions were subsequently adopted.

The House Committee on Judiciary have resolved that Judge Watrous, of Texas, shall be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors. This is the first impeachment of a Federal Judge for 27 years. The committee will report the first opportunity.

Mr. Grow, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill fixing the boundaries of Minnesota, and authorizing the people thereof to form a Constitution and a State Government. The bill provides for admitting Minnesota into the Union on a footing with the original States according to the Federal Constitution, and for an election to be held on the first Monday of June, for delegates to a Convention to form a State Constitution, and in the event of the people deciding in favor of a State Government, the Marshal shall proceed to take the census of Minnesota with a view of ascertaining the number of representatives she is entitled to under the present census. The same provisions are in this bill as in former ones, of a similar character, relative to public lands for education, &c., to be assented to as obligatory on both Minnesota and the United States. Mr. Grow said the proposed State embraces 70,000 square miles, leaving west of the boundary about 90,000 square miles to be hereafter erected into a government by the Indian name of Dakota. The bill was passed after considerable discussion by a vote of 98 to 74.

Mr. Grow then reported a bill for the relief of the people of Kansas, declaring all purported laws passed by the Legislative Assembly at Shawnee Mission, null and void, for the reasons that the members thereof were elected through violations of the organic act, and usurped power, and enacted cruel and oppressive statutes.

The bill provides for holding a new election, and any person offering his vote must prove by his own oath that he is a bona fide settler, and by the oath of two legal voters that he has been for more than one month preceding the election, and is on the day of election, an actual resident of the Territory, and fifteen days a resident of the election district; and fines from $200 to $2,500, and imprisonment from one to twelve months, to be imposed on illegal voters, disturbance or control of the polls by armed or organized bands, and for wilful reception of illegal votes by those appointed for receiving them.

Mr. H. Marshall offered an amendment, which was agreed to by a vote of 71 against 49.

Items of News.

PUNCH advises the English admiralty to name the next government ship launched *The Hartstein*, or *The Resolute*, or *The Resolute Jonathan*, or *The Jonathan Resolute*.

THE grant by Congress of 46,000 acres of land to the University of Minnesota, will enable that institution when in operation, to do a vast deal for education in the territory. The University will be erected on a site containing 27 acres of choice ground.

TWENTY-FIVE Dakota families, living at Hazlewood, forty miles above Fort Ridgley, on the St. Peter's river, Min. Ter., have renounced their tribal character, donned civil dress, and formed themselves into a sort of Republic, with a written Constitution, President, &c.

THERE are now living in Marblehead, Mass., over fifty of the Dartmoor prisoners,—most of them in comfortable circumstances. Marblehead had 392 of her sons immured within the walls of Dartmoor, which, it is stated, was considerably more than belonged to any town or city in the Union.

IT is stated that there was a train of cars at Amsterdam, about thirty miles west of Albany, on the 27th ult., which had been there nearly a week. They were loaded with hogs, and the poor brutes were so famished that they were devouring one another.

IT has been calculated by a great French political economist, that the amount of gold which has been imported into Europe from California and Australia, reaches now, in round numbers, the sum of $514,000,000—a sum equal to the whole amount of coined gold which existed in Western Europe before the year 1849.

Provincial Items.

ON the 25th ult., about fifty of the soldiers of Quebec, while on their way to church, had their faces frost-bitten; the thermometer was 30 degrees below zero.

THE Montreal Railroad Celebration Committee had a surplus of over £300, after paying all expenses of the great banquet, &c., and it was voted to appropriate the balance to the erection of a fountain in one of the public squares.

A QUARRY of marble, white, mixed with blue and bluish gray, has been opened at Troy, Elgin township, county of Hastings, C. W. From forty to fifty acres have been explored. This quarry is on the Scootomatta river.

THE Elora (C. W.) Backwoodsman states that a few days ago, Mr. Wm. Reddon, of Minto, was frozen to death at his own door. It appears that he attended the election at Harriston on that day, and on returning home found the door locked—Mrs. Reddon having gone over to a neighbor's house, and it is supposed he sat down near the door to await her return. Mrs. R., however, not expecting his to return that evening, remained at her son's house all night, and on proceeding home in the morning, found her husband lying at the door, a corpse.

THE STORM ON THE COAST.—Richmond and Norfolk papers give the details of disasters by the recent storms. At Norfolk snow commenced falling on Saturday evening the 24th ult., and continued till Monday morning, accompanied nearly the whole time by a tremendous blow. Considerable damage was done in the city, and the harbor was frozen over so firmly that people passed in crowds over to Portsmouth. The cold was the most intense ever known in that Region. There had been no communication by the road with Petersburgh, but telegraphic despatches state that nineteen persons had been frozen to death in that city since Saturday. Among them were Dr. Joseph E. Cox and his nephew, and R. E. Taylor. The schooner Times, which left Norfolk on the 17th inst., for New York, went ashore the same night at Lynn Haven Beach. The captain and cook were frozen to death.

THE SNOW GAUGE.—This instrument is of recent invention, and consists of a thin metal cylinder eight inches in diameter and twelve inches deep, graduated on one side to a quarter of an inch. This cylinder will penetrate through the snow, scarcely disturbing it, and the depth in inches is at once seen. By careful manipulation, if the cylinder is turned round, all the inclosed snow may be lifted from the ground, and removed to a wide-mouth bottle to melt, and the quantity measured. The snow-line is that elevation at which atmospheric moisture is changed into snow.—Snow does not usually fall at the time of maximum cold, and after the snow has fallen, the weather generally increases in severity. When the temperature falls to 32 degrees Fahrenheit, water ceases to be liquid and becomes ice.

MEXICAN NEWS.—Advices from Tampico state that on the 14th inst. a battle was fought between Garcia's troops and the government forces—the former claiming the victory. The affair took place at Old Town, which had previously been completely pillaged by the invaders. Garcia is said to be advancing on Tampico, where another battle is expected.

The American Consul had requested the Collector at New Orleans to send a revenue cutter to Tampico for the protection of the American residents, and to prevent the pillage of the town.

QUITE COOL.—The spirit thermometer at Franconia, N. H., on the morning of the 24th indicated 49 deg. below 0 at half-past 5. A mercury thermometer taken from a warm room at eight o'clock A. M., after the sun was up and shining brightly, sunk to 40 deg. below 0 in twenty minutes! The mercury itself was solid! This is the coldest weather ever known in Franconia.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.—The closing exercises of the 25th term of the State Normal School were held on Tuesday 27th ult. Twenty-eight pupils graduated. Those from this vicinity were as follows:—Nancy E. Briggs, Honeoye, Monroe Co.; Edward A. Wheeler, Clarkson, Monroe Co.; William Vandemark, Phelps, Ontario Co.; Henry J. Tanner, Medina, Orleans Co.

SALE OF THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE PROPERTY.—The Columbia College property, N. Y., was sold Wednesday at public auction, preparatory to building elsewhere, for $576,350.

News Clippings.

—There were 95 fires in St. Louis in 1856.

—Railroad meetings are common things in Nebraska.

—The slave excitement still continues in Mississippi.

—Hay is twenty-five dollars per ton in Keokuk, Iowa.

—The expenditures of Maine last year were $1,400,000.

—There are 349 convicts in the Michigan State Prison.

—The next Ohio State Fair is to be held in Cincinnati.

—A British naval depot is to be established at Panama.

—There is a negro oyster vender in New York worth his $100,000.

—Eighty persons committed suicide in New York city last year.

—The expense of public works in England year was £950,576.

—The school fund of Illinois is less than half of that of Wisconsin.

—They have a sail sleigh ferry across the Mississippi at Davenport.

—Lotteries are to be abolished in Delaware after January 1, 1862.

—The State Bank of Missouri held $1,245,284 in specie January 1st.

—Snow was nearly four feet in Dane county, Wis., on the 2d ult.

—The U. S. naval force consists of 75 vessels, containing 2,243 guns.

—There were $3,056 steamboat arrivals at St. Louis, during 1856.

—There was a balance in the Wisconsin Treasury, Dec. 31, of $77,058.

—The number of deaths in Boston for the week ending Jan. 17, was 71.

—Fifty-six inches of snow has fallen in and around Galena this winter.

—Galena has applied for a new city charter. It wants to extend its limits.

—Most parts of Scotland have been visited by a very severe snow storm.

—It is estimated that 60,000 persons pass over the New York ferries daily.

—A coal mine has been discovered about 30 miles from Stockton, California.

—The Red River settlement, 70 miles North of Pembina, has 10,000 inhabitants.

—A horse died in Barre, Mass., at the advanced age of 43 years and 8 months.

—The capital stock of the manufacturing companies in Lowell, is $13,000,000.

—The hog epidemic still continues very fatal in the vicinity of Danville, Ill.

—Barnum was dangerously sick with pleurisy, in London, at last accounts.

—A city missionary acknowledges the receipt of $20 "for the poor, from two sinners."

—The Illinois Ag. Society has resolved to expend $10,000 in premiums this year.

—The Legislature of Iowa refuse to remove to the new capital at Fort Des Moines.

—Eight thousand eight hundred and twenty females are employed in the Lowell mills.

—The papers of Northern Wisconsin are agitating the subject of dividing that State.

—Foreigners in South Carolina cannot vote until two years after they are naturalized.

—Eighteen thousand tickets were issued for the "Capitol" banquet at Columbus, Ohio.

—There is a resolution before the Indiana Legislature for a geological survey of the State.

—Bishop Reynolds, Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, is dead.

—The English sugar duties are to be reduced in April. Last year they produced £5,227,066.

—Bishop Reynolds of the M. E. Church in Canada, died at Belleville on Sunday, the 18th inst.

—The number of banks in Wisconsin on the 1st of January, was 50, with a capital of $3,200,000.

—The State Agricultural School of Michigan will go into operation about the middle of April.

—The cultivation of the Chinese sugar cane has been commenced in many places in California.

—Senor Pelemine, city treasurer of Havana, has absconded, being a defaulter to a large amount.

—There are 400 saw mills in the pineries of Michigan, and 15,000 men engaged in getting out lumber.

—Fifty hives of bees were shipped a few days since to California from Sullivan county, in this State.

—The circumference of the cables for the Ocean Telegraph is exactly equal to that of a half dime.

—The lumber trade between Collingwood and Chicago is expected to be quite extensive next season.

—Four millions of dollars have been spent in the search for the unfortunate navigator, Sir John Franklin.

—The "hog cholera" which has been so destructive at the West, has made its appearance in Massachusetts.

—Hostilities have again commenced with the Indians on the Rio Grande, and several persons have been killed.

—In one day a week or two since, five tuns of eels were shipped to New York from a single town in Massachusetts.

—In Corsicana, Texas, pork is 3½ cents per pound, beef at from 2 to 3 cents, and corn at from 50 to 75 cents per bushel.

—In December, the Minnesota (Lake Superior) mine took out a mass of pure, solid silver weighing *sixty-five* pounds.

—Frogs are becoming a favorite "beverage" with the bon vivants of Boston. The "birds" sell at $2 50 per hundred.

—Girard College, at Philadelphia, now supports and educates regularly three hundred and fifteen boys, all indigent orphans.

—The authorities of New York have appropriated $2,000 for the celebration of the approaching anniversary of Washington.

—A bill is before the Kansas Legislature to compel all free negroes to leave the State, under penalty of being sold into slavery.

—The river St. Lawrence is said to be completely frozen as far down as the parish of St. Michael, about 15 miles below Quebec.

—There are 150 custom houses and other buildings in process of construction by the United States, to cost nearly $10,000,000.

—The whole amount paid for salaries of teachers in the public schools of Boston, for the year ending April 30, 1856, was $224,618.

—Some of the snow banks on the Harlem Railroad, last week, in the neighborhood of Croton Falls, was 16 feet high and a mile long.

—The cost to England for furthering the abolition of slavery last year was £31,750, of which £14,000 was for "bounty on slaves."

—During the year ending the 31st of March last, the expense for stationery in public departments in England amounted to £284,516.

—The English expense of the establishment for the administration of the poor laws, in the year ending the 31st of March last, was $162,451.

—They have an excellent way of disposing of light bread at Montreal. Over one hundred loaves were seized last week and given to the poor.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Arago and Arabia.

THE Arago arrived at New York on the 28th ult., and the Arabia reached Halifax on the 29th.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The East India and China association have addressed a letter to the Earl of Clarendon on China affairs, expressing a hope that if Admiral Seymour fails in his efforts to open Canton to foreigners, that Her Majesty's Government would adopt prompt and effectual steps in the matter, so as to preclude further collisions.—Clarendon replied that the subject shall receive from government the attention which it demands.

Meetings continue throughout the country against the war tax on the income.

Queen Victoria's accouchment was expected to take place in March.

Redpath, who swindled his employers out of nearly a million of dollars, was convicted by the jury after an absence of five minutes. His alledged accomplice was acquitted. Redpath was sentenced to transportation for life.

The returns show that 150 vessels were driven ashore and 80 totally wrecked, with many others damaged, during the late frightful gale on the coasts of the United Kingdom, involving a large loss of life.

A second Sub-Marine Telegraph Company has been organized in London to go direct to the shores of the United States.

FRANCE.—The Corps Legislative opens on the 14th of February.

The Bishop Amiens is appointed Archbishop of Paris.

SWITZERLAND.—The Neufchatel dispute was virtually settled. The Committees of both Houses of the Swiss Confederation adopted the proposition to release the prisoners.

A Telegraph despatch from Berne of the 17th further announces that the National Council adopted the proposition of the Commissioners by 91 against 4.

The Council of State had not voted. No formal engagements were made by Prussia, but it was understood that the King renounces all claim to the sovereignty and revenue of Neufchatel. Two Castles of Neufchatel and Loehle, however, remain the King's private property. Their revenues are to be disbursed to local charities.

TURKEY.—It is rumored that Mr. Layard had obtained concessions for a railroad from Rutschuk to the Gulf Sardis, which the Western Powers favor with a view to military purposes.

Diplomatic Conferences relative to the Danubian principalities continued.

A despatch from the Russian government to its Envoys in regard to Neufchatel affairs, endorses the attitude of Prussia and opposes any restraint being placed on the freedom of action by the King of Prussia.

CHINA.—Details of the Chinese advices to the 24th are received.

The Governor of Canton had continued obstinate, and issued a proclamation, threatening martial law to people venturing to speak of peace.

The Americans had destroyed the Barrier Forts.

The explanation of the engagement of the American forces in the renewed hostilities at Canton, is that the Chinese having offered a price for the heads of English, some American heads were sent in by mistake.

The French Admiral at Macao, has sent orders for all the French vessels belonging to his station to join him immediately.

PORTUGAL.—The Portuguese Courts met Jan. 1st. Dan Pedro in a speech expressed thanks to the governments of England and the United States for the succor afforded the famishing inhabitants of the Cape de Verds.

RUSSIA.—The Russians have met with a disastrous defeat near Bayuk, where they were attacked by 10,000 Circassians, and forced to retreat with the loss of 1,000 men and artillery.

Ibrahim Pascha has beaten the Russians in Circassia. A Russian General was killed.

BREADSTUFFS.—The Brokers' Circular reports breadstuffs generally quiet, and tending downwards. Wheat—in fair consumptive demand, but buyers demand a reduction.—The quotations are 1d@2d lower on the week. Flour inactive, at a decline of 6d per brl. A moderate business doing in corn at 3d@6d better, below those advised by the Persia. Richardson, Spence & Co. quote as follows:—Red wheat 5s @9s 2d; Western Canal flour, 31s 6d@32s; Ohio, 34s 6d@35s; White Corn, 35s@36s; Yellow 34s; mixed, 33s 6d@33s 9d.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Illinois.

THE steamer Illinois arrived at New York on the 28th ult., and brings California dates to the 5th, and Aspinwall to the 19th ult., and $1,170,000 in specie.

The British mail steamer Thames, arrived at Greytown, reports that Walker, with a force of 500 men, was surrounded by his enemies, who had offered terms of capitulation which he would probably accept.

The Nicaragua Company's steamer Anita, foundered off Savanilea, December 23d. Twelve men, including the chief engineer and mate, perished.

Revolutionary movements are in progress at Carthagene and Bogota. The object is to form a federal government and upset the Ospetiro administration.

Two heavy shocks of an earthquake were felt at Panama on the 12th of January.

The Consular Convention between Chili and the U. S., had been signed by the representatives of the respective powers.

The revolution in Peru has become general, Gen. Uvanco having obtained possession of every part of Palero. He has issued a proclamation as Supreme Chief, and suspended the payment of interest on the National debt.

Business was dull at San Francisco. The arrival of gold dust from the interior is increasing, but bars were scarce.

But little was said about the repudiation of the public debt. A bill authorizing the payment of the public debt would undoubtedly be passed, and ratified by the people.

Recent rains had much improved mining prospects.

A good deal of snow had fallen in some parts of the State.

A land suit, involving $400,000 in Los Angelos, has been decided by the Supreme Court in favor of Samuel Carpenter.

The Russian store ship Divina, has arrived at San Francisco.

The Legislature was to assemble on the day the mails closed. No certainty as to who would be U. S. Senator.

The Legislature of Oregon has passed a bill for the vote of the people on the question of forming a State Government.

FROM HAVANA.—The steamer Empire City, from Havana, arrived at New Orleans on the 30th ult. The steamer Grenada, from Aspinwall, has arrived at Havana, with 51 of Walker's recruits, which she took on board at Greytown. She reports that Greytown was in possession of the Costa Ricans, and that Walker had not been heard from for three weeks.

Heavy storms had occurred, and numerous wrecks are reported, among them the ship Caspian, Troffant, of Bath, at Baracoa. The captain was lost. General news unimportant.

Financial Affairs.

MONEY MATTERS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SPANISH AND MEXICAN COINS.—The United States House of Representatives have passed the new coinage bill, and, after it shall have been approved by the President, the Spanish and Mexican quarters, shillings, and sixpences, now in circulation, will be rapidly withdrawn, as the value at which they will only be received by the Federal officers is 20 per cent. below their nominal value, and the trading community will naturally adopt the Government standard.

The war upon the coin has commenced in our city—by stores, in trade, they are taken at full value, at the banks various prices are paid ranging from 20 to 24 cents for the Quarters, 10@11c for Shillings and 5c for Sixpences.

The Philadelphia *Ledger*, in alluding to this bill, says:—"One hundred dollars of Spanish quarters, weighed at a jeweler's, were found to contain 79 ounces and 7 pennyweights, which, at the Mint valuation of $1 29½ ₱ ounce, will be worth $97 20, or about 2¾ ₱ ounce less than the nominal value. Five hundred dollars in old quarters sent to the Mint and coined netted $479, or about 4 ₱ cent. less value. The real value of the Spanish quarter as silver, making allowances for the wear and dirt, is about 95@96c. On the 12½ cent. pieces the depreciation is about from 10 to 12 ₱ cent., and on the 6¼ cent. pieces the depreciation is from 20 to 30 ₱ cent."

According to a statement in the N. Y. *Herald*, $500 of Spanish coins—quarters, shillings and sixpences—yielded, by melting at the Mint, a sum in silver of $479, in other words, that $5 of these coins yielded $4 79, a loss of only 2 1-5 ₱ cent., while the standard at which the government proposes to take them for dues, in the law before Congress, is at 20 per cent. discount. Some $7,000 worth of Spanish coins were shipped from New York to Cuba last week, in which market all the pieces with the pillars visible on them are worth the full figure.

COUNTERFEITS ON THE COMMERCIAL BANK, CANADA.—An officer of this Bank writes to the Buffalo *Express* as follows respecting the counterfeit "ten" which just made its appearance with considerable success:

The Bank in question had two similar $10 notes engraved on one plate, the sole difference between them being, that one was letter A, and the other letter B. These letters are at the bottom of the note, to the right of the number, and as all the counterfeits appear to be letter B, the probability is that there is *no counterfeit letter A*. The forged note is easy of detection by persons accustomed to the appearance of the genuine. Besides the help afforded by the knowledge of their being two notes, lettered A and B, only one of which is counterfeited, the *shading* of the words "*The Commercial Bank*," is a sure mark by which to detect the counterfeit. In the genuine note this shading is so very light that it can scarcely be distinguished by the naked eye, except around the letters of the first word "The." In the counterfeit, on the other hand, the shading of all these letters *is quite dark*, giving the words a heavy appearance that forms a marked contrast with that of the genuine.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—By the Arabia we learn that in the London money market there was more activity—possibly a slightly increased stringency, but without producing any material change in rates. The bullion in the Bank of England had decreased a trifle in the week. Consols 93¾@94 for account.

MISSOURI BANKING LAW.—The new banking law in Missouri authorizes the incorporation of ten new banks with a capital not exceeding $20,000,000, the foundation of which shall be specie.—No bank can be chartered on any other basis.

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* says the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, of Indianapolis, has failed.

COUNTERFEIT GOLD COIN.—The Rochester *American* states that counterfeit gold dollars have been circulating in the city recently. They appear to be moulded rather than stamped. This is not strange, if what the rogue, in custody of the United States officers at Albany, says is true, of the existence of four mints in this city. Gold and silver ought to be abundant. But it is not improbable that the coiners, like the wooden nutmeg men of Connecticut, take their wares abroad to find a market.

LAND WARRANTS.—The following are the figures at which Thompson's Bank Note Reporter quotes Land Warrants:

	Buying.	Selling.
40 acre Warrants per acre at	$1 10	$1 15
80 " " " "	93c	96c
120 " " " "	90c	94c
160 " " " "	92c	96c

An active demand from the West has caused Land Warrants to advance two cents per acre.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, Feb. 5, 1857.

FLOUR and Wheat remain unchanged. We hear of one sale prime white Canada at $1,06. The general rates are as quoted.

PROVISIONS—Pork, mess, has advanced $2 per bbl. Butter is a little better. No change in other matters

SEEDS, both Clover and Timothy, have fallen off in price since our last 25@50c per bushel.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, bbl	$6,25@7,25
Wheat, Gen	$1,50@1,53
Best white Canada	$1,50@1,53
Corn	56@62½c
Oats	37½@40c
Barley	1,06@1,12½
Buckwheat	50c
Beans	$1,00@1,25
Peas	1,00@1,25
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess	$20,00
Do. cwt	$5,00@2,00
Beef, per cwt	$5,00@6,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75
Mutton (carcass)	$4,50@5,00
Hams, smoked	12@12½c
Shoulders	8@9c
Chickens	8@9c
Turkeys	9@10c
Geese	50c
DAIRY, &C.	
Butter, roll	20@22c
Do. firkin	18@20c
Cheese	8½@9½c
Lard, tried	12½@13c
Tallow	11@11½c
Eggs, dozen	20@25c
Honey, box	$18
Candles, box	13½@14½c
FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Apples, bushel	75c@$1,25
Do, dried	$1@1,25
Potatoes	38@62½c
HIDES AND SKINS	
Slaughter	7½@8c
Calf	12c
Sheep pelts	75c@1,13
Lamb do	25@50c
SEEDS.	
Clover, bushel	$5,50@6,75
Timothy	$2,50@3,00
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Coal, Lehigh	$8@8,25
Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
Do. Char	10@12½c
Salt, bbl	$1,88
Hay, tun	$9@14
Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
White fish, bbl	$8@10
Codfish ℔ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Trout, bbl	$9

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 2—FLOUR—Market for flour firmer and more doing. Sales made at $4,90@6,45 for common to choice and super State; $5,50@6,75 for extra do; $6,30@6,50 for common to choice and super Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Ohio; $6,65@7,00 for extra Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, &c; closing firm and quiet. Sales Canadian at $5,35@7,62 common super to extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market more active. Sales at 165@180c inferior to prime white Canadian; 165c common white Western; 173c fair white Southern. Rye quiet at 95@100c. Barley nominally the same. Corn steady; sales mixed Western at 61@61½c at Atlantic dock; white Southern at 79c delivered. Oats firm at 50@52c for State and 53@54c for Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market firmer. Sales at $20,25@20,35 for old mess; $21,50@21,70 for new mess, and $18,75@18,00 for prime. In all the packing yards of New York and Brooklyn there are 14,651 brls. At the same time last month there was 13,045 brls; same time last year 40,660 brls. Dressed hogs selling at 9½@10½c—latter price fresh killed. Lard steady; sales at 13@13½c. Butter in good request at 16@22c for Ohio; 20@26c for State.—Cheese in fair demand at 11@11½c.

BUFFALO, FEB. 2.—FLOUR—Continues in moderate request. Sales at $5,37@5,50 for nice extra Ohio and Southern Illinois.

GRAIN—Wheat dull. Milwaukee club held at $1,18. Corn 64@65c. Oats; sales at 45c.

HOGS—Pork firm; mess at $20. Dressed hogs steady at 8½c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 28—BEEVES—First quality 10½@11c; medium 9@10½c; ordinary 8@8½c; premium 11@12c. Average price ½c lower than last week.

COWS AND CALVES—Good cows with young calves are in demand at $40@54, and good calves are wanted at 7@7½c. a pound, live weight.

VEAL CALVES—Supply decreasing and demand more active. Sales at 6@8c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Sheep $7@10. Lambs $4@7.

SWINE—Sales at 7½@8c ℔ lb gross or live weight.

BRIGHTON, JAN. 29.—At market 1,000 Beeves, 65 Stores 7 pairs Working Oxen, 45 Cows and Calves,, 2,000 Sheep and Lambs, 114 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $9,00; first quality, $8,00@8,50; second quality, $7,75; third quality, $6,75; ordinary $5,00.

HIDES—8¼c. ℔ lb. Calf Skins 13@14c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,25@1,50 each. Tallow—8½c. ℔ lb.

WORKING OXEN—No sales.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 31, 36, 40@45.

YEARLINGS—None. Two Years Old—$25@34. Three Years Old—$28@41.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $6@9; in lots $2, 2,50, 3@4.

SWINE—7@7½c; at retail 8@9.

CAMBRIDGE, JAN. 28—At market 864 Cattle, mostly Beeves and Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,25@8,50; first quality, $7,25@8,00; second quality, $7,00@6,25; third quality, $6,00@6 25; ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 100, 175.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 50@65.

YEARLINGS—None. Two Years Old—$28@30. Three Years Old—$36@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2008 at market. Prices—In lots, $2,37, 4, 4,12@5,25; extra and selections, $6, 8@10.

HIDES—8½@8¾c. ℔ lb. Tallow—8@8½c.

CALF SKINS—13@14c ℔ lb. Pelts—$1,25@1,50.

SWINE—Live none in market. Prices—dressed hogs, 9½@10c. Shoats, wholesale, none.

CINCINNATI PORK TRADE.—The *Price Current* in reference to this branch of business for the season, says:—"Having, during the past week, obtained from each of the packing establishments, all the information of importance to the trade with reference to Pork packing in this city the present season, we, according to our usual custom, proceed to lay the information thus obtained before our readers. The whole number of houses engaged in the business this season was thirty-seven, being five houses less than last season. The whole number packed as reported by each house this season and last, stands as follows:

1855-6	405,396
1856-7	344,512
Deficiency this year	60,884

We obtained the average weight of the hogs packed this season, as compared with last, from twenty-one houses, and the comparison is as follows:

1855-6, average per hog	204 lbs.
1856-7, " "	205½

This shows but a very slight increase; and if we had been able to have obtained the comparison from all the houses, we are inclined to think it would have shown that the average weight for both seasons has been about the same.

The yield of Lard has not been as good as that of last season, by from two to three pounds per hog. The shrinkage, in curing the meat this season, is also above the average per centage.

THE BARLEY TRADE OF ALBANY.—According to the *Statesman*, the following figures of the receipts of Barley at tide water during the following years, show:

	Bushels.
1844	812,512
1845	1,152,297
1846	1,391,968
1847	1,523,020
1848	1,548,197
1849	1,400,194
1850	1,741,867
1851	1,809,417
1852	2,272,367
1853	2,518,941
1854	1,895,208
1855	1,674,457
1856	2,030,000

Within twelve years the receipts have increased nearly 200 per cent., and the business has increased in Albany in greater proportion.

Of the quality said 895,300 is four rowed, 694,500 is two rowed, 127,900 bushels is Canadian, and 592,200 is mixed. The average value of the sales of four rowed may be put at 126½c., of two rowed at 122½c., of Canadian at 127½c., and of mixed at 118c. The aggregate quantity and value of the reported sales may be thus stated:

	Bushels.	Value.
Four rowed	895,300	$1,126,155
Two rowed	694,500	740,364
Canadian	123,800	158,092
Mixed	59,200	73,355
Total	1,682,800	$2,096,966

Making an average of a small fraction under 125c ℔ bushel.

The highest figure paid for four rowed was 132c. in September; for Jefferson county (two rowed) 126c., 128c. and 133c. was paid, and it is the large sales during the season of this description of Barley that brings the average of two rowed Barley up to 122½c. The highest figure paid for Canadian Barley was 132 in Nov.

TOBACCO.—As the culture of this crop is receiving considerable attention in the Northern and Western States, we give the following statistics relative to its consumption in the United States, England, and France:

The price of tobacco in England has advanced very much and continues to advance. Tobacco is, next to salt, probably the article of most universal and extensive consumption. The progress, consumption, and revenue derived from tobacco in Great Britain are shown in the following return:

	Consumption.	Revenue.	Population.
1821	lbs. 15,968,152	£3,122,583	21,282,690
1831	19,323,841	2,964,592	24,410,439
1841	24,902,209	2,580,163	27,019,672
1851	28,922,278	4,485,768	27,452,262
1855	30,333,316	9,250,964	27,500,000

Averaging about one pound per head of the whole population. The consumption of tobacco per head in the United States is said to be three and a half pounds. In France it is stated at one and a half pounds each.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 28.—The N. Y. *Tribune* says: The inquiry for domestic Fleece and Pulled Wools is quite limited owing chiefly to the extreme prices asked: the stock of all kinds is much less than known at this period for many years, and holders therefore anticipate high prices throughout the season, but manufacturers are reluctant to meet the pretensions of holders, as it is well known that the advance in the goods market does not at all assimilate to the cost of the raw material, many of them, therefore, have concluded to lessen the production and others will probably be obliged to follow suit unless a further advance takes place in the manufactured fabrics. The sales of the week do not exceed 20,000 lbs. in small lots at 50@55c. for super fleeces; 60@65c. for extra do., and 70c. for selected; super Pulled commands 42@45c.; extra country 47½@50c., and fine Saxony 52½@55c. Foreign is in meager supply, and Carpet Wools are particularly sought for and wanted; the transactions for the week comprise 190 bales Washed Persian on private terms, but understood to be at full prices. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ℔ lb	58@65
American Full-blood Merino	52@55
American ¾ and ½ Merino	44@48
American Native and ½ do	34@37
Pulled Wool, extra Country	44@48
Pulled Wool, super	37@39
Pulled Wool, No. 1	32@35
California Fine, Unwashed	23@26
Do. Com. Unwashed	12@17
Peruvian, Washed	30@35
Valparaiso, Unwashed	14@15
South American, Com. Washed	13@15
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	16@20
South American Unwashed	8@12
South American, Cordova, Washed	25@26
East India, Washed	26@28
African, Unwashed	9@18
African, Washed	12@30
Smyrna, Unwashed	14@17
Smyrna, Washed	24@28
Mexican, Unwashed	15@18

MARRIAGES.

IN Catharine, Schuylor Co., Dec. 17th, by Rev. H. Lamkin, Mr. DAVID TURNER, Jr., of Veteran, Chemung Co., and Miss MARY G. LYON, of the former place.

IN Fairfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., Jan. 7th, by Rev. George G. Hapgood, Mr. J. D. LAMBERSON, of Salisbury, and Miss MARY L. RAYNOR, of the former place.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar Journal in the World,—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF THE VALLEY OF THE GENESEE. THIS SOCIETY WILL hold its Annual meeting for the election of Officers and transacting other business, at the Court House, at 10 o'clock, A. M., Friday, Feb. 6, 1857. Members of the Society and all others interested in Horticulture are requested to attend.
C. W. SEELYE, Sec'y.

FARMS FOR SALE.
THREE VALUABLE FARMS—ONE OF 180 ACRES—ONE of 75, and one of 50. They are beautifully located in Central New York near the Cayuga Lake, convenient to schools, churches and a good market; under good improvement; well watered, &c. Inquire of Wm. HOWLAND, No. 229 Broadway, N. Y., or of W. B. KING, Trumansburg, Tompkins Co., N. Y.

WHO WANTS A PLEASANT HOME?
NOW IS THE TIME TO OBTAIN A DELIGHTFUL LOcation on the New York Central Railroad, within a few rods of the Depot, and half a mile from the beautiful village of Palmyra. There are 28 acres of choice land, well watered; plenty of fruit of the best quality; good fences; the buildings have all been rebuilt within the year, and are in perfect order. Those wishing a pleasant home with everything right about it for much less than first cost, will apply on the premises.
370w2 ALLEN R. MOORE, Palmyra, N. Y.

FARMERS LAND OFFICE, BUFFALO, N. Y.
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS BETTER FACILITIES THAN any other party in Erie Co., for the disposal of Farms and country property, having at great expense visited most of Erie and parts of adjoining counties. I have a large list of farms and village property for sale in the neighboring counties; also in Western States, as well as the city of Buffalo, and can offer unequalled chances for sale, purchase, or exchange. My list is daily drawing the earnest attention of citizens, emigrants, and others wishing to buy farms.
Any person having property for sale, can have it recorded in my special list with every particular (while owners names are kept in a separate private book.) Terms for recording a farm in my list and advertising it is one dollar. No other charge is made unless a sale is effected.
Blank forms for describing a farm or other property, can be obtained by application to me by mail or otherwise.
JAMES SULLY, No. 4 Hollister Building.
January 27, 1856. Buffalo, N. Y.

ANTI-SLAVERY.
AN ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION, UNDER THE auspices of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in this city at CORINTHIAN HALL, on Tuesday and Wednesday Feb. 10th and 11th. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury, Charles Lenox Remond, Sarah P. Remond, Rev. Samuel J. May, Aaron M. Powell, and Susan B. Anthony, will address the Convention. Morning Sessions 10½ o'clock. Afternoon Sessions 2½ do. Evening Sessions 7½ do. Day Sessions free. Evening Sessions 12½ cents admission.

APPLE SEEDS, GRAPE VINES, AND PEAR SEEDlings, for sale by N. G. KASSON, Howlett Hill, N. Y.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

PREMIUM LIST.—1857.

LOCAL AGENTS, Subscribers, and other earnest, active and influential friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, and the cause of "Progress and Improvement," who are disposed to lend their kind offices in its behalf—thus enhancing their individual interests while promoting the welfare of community—are respectfully invited to examine the following Programme of Premiums for the RURAL CAMPAIGN of 1857:

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Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LONG AGO.

BY MRS. A. E. BURTON.

TIME is a river deep and wide,
With pleasant islands scattered o'er,
And, as we onward gently glide,
We touch, for freight, each sylvan shore.

Through Wisdom's deepest store-vaults seek
Rich golden thoughts, and gems of mind;
Weave lovely robes of graces meek,
And fragrant wreaths of virtue bind.

With fadeless stores our barques fill deep,
Then with our treasures haste away,
To where yon misty curtains keep
Concealed from view our harbored bay.

But, as we count our treasures o'er,
And each in turn with vivid power,
Recalls some pleasant island shore,
Some thought-gem'd mine or love-kept bower,

One sweet enchanted isle appears,
Perhaps, because in youth 'twas viewed,
Ere moaning gales brought bitter tears,
Or souls with care-stains were imbued.

Yet, that sweet isle still brightly gleams,
With all that's lovely imaged there,
With od'rous trees, and sunny bowers,
With fountains cool and balmy air,

Where tuneful songsters wing their way,
And star-bright flowers with beauty glow;
Life's first, bright, sunny summer's day,
Sweet love-blest isle of long ago.

Hastings, Mich., Jan. 22, 1857.

Life's Lessons.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NEIGHBOR GRAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"HAVE you met our new neighbor GRAY, friend TOMPKINS?" inquired one farmer of another.—They were at PETER CRAIG'S blacksmith shop.

"No, and what's more, I don't want to meet him," was abruptly answered.

"Don't want to meet him!"

"No! I've said just what I mean," replied TOMPKINS, ill-naturedly. "I don't wan't to meet him, nor have anything to do with him."

"You'll change your mind, I think," said the blacksmith.

"Will I?" A sneer curled the lip of farmer TOMPKINS.

"Yes, and that before Mr. GRAY is two months in Splinterville," replied PETER CRAIG. "But, pray, tell us what you have against our new neighbor?"

"Oh, nothing very particular, only I don't like him."

"There is one thing to be said in his favor," remarked the blacksmith—"he keeps good stock."

"Humph! No better than is to be found in the neighborhood," said TOMPKINS. "No better, in fact, than I have."

"I'm not so sure of that," returned PETER CRAIG. "I put shoes on his carriage horses yesterday, and, if I'm any judge, their match is not within ten miles of these parts. No, no, friend TOMPKINS—you havn't the horseflesh on your sixty acres that will compare with neighbor Gray's."

"Bah! neighbor GRAY'S! Nobody's got anything, from a patent pitchfork, up to a threshing machine that will compare with neighbor GRAY'S! It makes me downright angry to hear people talk after this fashion. Who's Mr. GRAY, I'd like to know?"

"He's a gentleman," said the blacksmith, a little warmly.

"Gentleman!" TOMPKINS spoke with a bitter sneer, "I hate gentlemen!"

"The gentleman is the only true man," remarked PETER CRAIG.

"Of course,—kid gloves, calf skin, broadcloth and beaver, are everything; and the individual nothing."

"Not so fast, friend TOMPKINS; not so fast. It is the heart that makes the gentleman."

"If that is the case, I don't think there's much chance for your new neighbor. But, gentleman, or no gentleman, I detest this GRAY from the bottom of my heart, and wish he were a thousand miles away from Splinterville!"

AS TOMPKINS closed this sentence, in a pretty loud tone of voice, his ear caught the sound of a footstep, and turning quickly, he saw Mr. GRAY approaching through the blacksmith's shop, having entered by the opposite door from the one near which the little group of men were standing. He was near enough to have heard the closing sentence, and, from the expression of his countenance, it was pretty evident that its meaning was understood.

The moment TOMPKINS saw him, his face crimsoned, and, turning off abruptly, he strode away.—As he did so, he thought he heard the voice of Mr. GRAY calling after him. But, he had not the manliness to stop and meet face to face the individual whose name he had used so freely.

An ill-natured, jealous-minded, unhappy kind of a man was this TOMPKINS. You will find his counterpart in almost every neighborhood. Mr. GRAY, towards whom he cherished such unkind feelings, had bought, some months before, the farm that immediately adjoined his; and, a few weeks previously, taken formal possession. Now, TOMPKINS wanted this farm, and had been, for some time, endeavoring to strike a bargain with its previous owner, when Mr. GRAY, seeing the property advertised for sale, complied with the terms, and became the purchaser. TOMPKINS wished to exchange his farm for the other, and give notes for the difference in price; and, although the owner had two or three times declined his offer, he was still in hope of making the arrangement, when Mr. GRAY dashed all his hopes to the ground.

From that moment, he hated Mr. GRAY in his heart, and wished him all manner of evil. But for all this, TOMPKINS didn't feel very comfortable in mind about the harsh sentence which he was very certain Mr. GRAY had heard. Talk as freely as he would, behind his neighbor's back, he was not quite prepared to denounce him to his face; and for this reason, if for none other—he could show no cause for his animosity. The farm was in market, and his new neighbor had as good a right to purchase as any one else. It was not at all probable that Mr. GRAY knew anything about his previous negotiations; and even if he had, that was no reason why he should not purchase if an offer of the farm were made to him.

Compelled, now, to look at the affair, as if looking upon it with other people's eyes, TOMPKINS was not able to justify himself in the unkind attitude he had taken. Imagination brought him face to face with the incensed Mr. GRAY, who said to him, in a stern demanding voice:

"What is the meaning of this language? What have I done, that you detest me, and wish me a thousand miles away from Splinterville?"

In vain did farmer TOMPKINS seek to frame some reply in his thoughts that would have the appearance of justification. It would not answer to refuse giving any reason for his conduct; for that would place him in the light of a mere traducer of his neighbor without cause. Nor would it do to state the true reason; for that was one which, however valid in his own eyes, could hardly appear so in the eyes of anybody else.

Farmer TOMPKINS was in something of a quandary. He had brought himself into rather a humiliating relation to this new neighbor; and the more he thought about it, the less clearly did he see himself honorably out of his trouble.

But, TOMPKINS was not the man to "humble himself," to use his own words, to any one, by acknowledging that he had done wrong, no matter how sharp were his own convictions on the subject. And, of all men in the world, Mr. GRAY was the last to whom he would make humiliating acknowledgements. He hated and despised him the more now that he felt himself something in his power. And he determined to brave it out. If neighbor GRAY called upon him for explanations, he would insult him to his face!

On the next morning, TOMPKINS had occasion to visit the blacksmith's shop again.

"What did that GRAY have to say about men, yesterday?" he asked of PETER CRAIG, in his most abrupt, ill-natured manner.

"He did'nt mention your name," replied the blacksmith.

The farmer looked surprised.

"He must have heard me."

"I rather think he did," said the blacksmith.

"And did'nt say anything at all?"

"Not about you."

Farmer TOMPKINS was puzzled and disappointed. Much as he hated, and affected to despise Mr. GRAY, he felt nervous about the effect produced upon him by the harsh words he had spoken; and he had hoped to get some clue thereto from the blacksmith.

A few hours later in the day, as he was riding away from home, he saw his new neighbor approaching along the road not far distant. Obeying the first impulse of his mind, he turned his horse's head, and struck off into a narrow lane, that took him nearly a mile out of his way. In consequence, he was too late for an appointment at which some important business was to be done, and lost an expected advantage.

"I wish this GRAY had been in the Dead Sea before he thought of coming to Splinterville,"—was his angry ejaculation, when, on arriving at the appointed place, he found the business closed, and all the benefit he had hoped to gain forever beyond his reach.

Just as farmer TOMPKINS, on returning from this fruitless ride came in sight of home, he saw Mr. GRAY leaving the house. He rubbed his eyes, and looked again. Yes; it was even so. Mr. GRAY was passing through the gate; and now was moving down the road in the direction of his own home. TOMPKINS slackened the speed of his horse so that he might not come too fully in view until Mr. GRAY reached a bend in the road, around which he passed out of sight.

"What did that fellow want?" he asked, sharply, of his wife, on reaching home.

"Of whom are you speaking?" she enquired.

"Why, GRAY; confound him!"

"He merely asked for you," replied the wife.

"Did he say that he would call again?"

"No."

"Humph!" Farmer TOMPKINS was worried. It was plain that Mr. GRAY was not a man to be assailed and traduced without calling his traducer to an account. So far as vituperation was concerned, farmer TOMPKINS found that an easy matter—it came as "natural as eating." But the thought of being called to an account—of being asked for explanations—of being required to give reasons for the strong language he had seen proper to use was very far from being agreeable.

All that afternoon, farmer TOMPKINS was in hourly dread of another call from his new neighbor GRAY. Every sound of approaching feet, or sudden call, or noise of the shutting gate, caused him to start, or look up from his work. He was provoked with himself for all this; but, for his life, could not help it. A little while before sundown he came over from the barn to get something from the house. As he came in at the back door, a young woman, with a blue sun bonnet went out at the front door.

"Who's that?" he asked of his wife.

"Neighbor GRAY'S girl," was replied.

The farmer's heart gave a quicker bound.

"What did she want?"

He knit his brows as he awaited the answer.

"Mrs. GRAY sent over a tumbler of calf's foot jelly for MAGGY."

Now, MAGGY was a dear little two years' old pet, with soft blue eyes, and light brown hair that fell in wavy circles about her neck, and a heart as full of love as that of her father was of ill-will to almost every one but herself. To him she was sunlight and joy. The love that gushed forth for her, seemed all the stronger because it had free course in no other direction. But MAGGY was sick. A fall fever had seized upon her delicate frame, and wasted her almost to a shadow, and now, although the destroyer had departed from their dwelling, the child was as weak as in the days of earliest infancy.

"Mrs. GRAY sent over a tumbler of calf's foot jelly for MAGGY."

What an unexpected answer! Farmer TOMPKINS was altogether unprepared for it.

"How did she know that MAGGY was sick?"

His voice was less imperative.

"Mr. GRAY asked about her when he was here this morning."

"Who? What?"

Farmer TOMPKINS was again taken by surprise.

"Mr. GRAY asked kindly about her; and when I told him that she was better, looked very much pleased."

The farmer turned his face partly away, so that his wife should not see its expression.

"How does MAGGY seem this afternoon?" he asked, a few moments afterwards.

"Better," said the wife.

"I must look at her for a moment; dear little pet!" And TOMPKINS went into the bedroom where she lay. An older sister stood by her side, holding the calf's foot jelly, and feeding her with it.

"How is my little MAGGY?" said the father, as he bent over and kissed her.

"I'm better," she answered smiling—then added, in a pleased way,

"Don't you think Mr. GRAY was very good to send me this nice calf's foot jelly?"

"Yes, dear."

How could he help answering yes?

When farmer TOMPKINS returned to the barn, he felt very strangely. There was a pressure on his feelings, for which he could not clearly account; and no wonder—for the farmer was not much given to the observation of his own mental processes. That little act of kindness towards MAGGY, so altogether unexpected, had thrown his state of mind into sudden confusion. He had felt a dislike for Mrs. GRAY, simply because he hated her husband,—but how could he continue to cherish this feeling for one who had shown kindness towards his little MAGGY? It was next to impossible. And Mr. GRAY had asked after MAGGY! And further still—it was natural to conclude that the kind act of his wife had some sort of dependence upon his direction of her thought towards the sick child.

"I wish I hadn't said anything against him at PETER CRAIG'S." Now that thought marked the beginning of a better state of mind in farmer TOMPKINS. "I don't like him; and will never forgive him as long as I live. But there is no occasion to make an enemy even of a dog. And, of course, he's my sworn enemy from this day forth. I wonder what brought him over here. No, I don't wonder either! Well, let him do his worst; he'll find no backing down in EPHRAIM TOMPKINS."

On the next morning, TOMPKINS went over to the blacksmith's shop to see if PETER CRAIG had finished mending a plow which he had left there some days before. He had said nothing about being in a hurry; and did not really want the plow for a week. But he thought he would step over and see how the work was progressing. As he entered the shop, he saw the plow lying near the forge. But the blacksmith was hammering away upon a wagon tire. Now, although TOMPKINS didn't want the plow for some days, he felt displeased at seeing his work put aside for the work of somebody else, and said, a little tartly—

"I expected to see that plow finished by this time."

"And so it would have been, friend TOMPKINS, but our new neighbor GRAY had the misfortune to break a wagon-tire yesterday afternoon, just in the midst of some hauling that must be finished by to-morrow. So I let your plow lie, as I knew you were not in a hurry, and was sure you would be willing to oblige Mr. GRAY. I will have it all ready for you in the morning."

"To-morrow morning won't do!" said TOMPKINS, angrily. "I want my plow to-day!"

"I'm sorry," said the blacksmith, in a troubled manner. "I didn't think it would make any difference, or I wouldn't have put aside your work for Mr. GRAY or anybody else."

"O yes you would!" retorted TOMPKINS, in a spiteful tone. "Mr. GRAY is everything in Splinterville now—and I'm nobody!"

"Don't say that friend TOMPKINS," said the blacksmith,—"I would do your work as quickly as I would Mr. GRAY'S. If the plow had belonged to him, and you had come with the broken wagon-tire, I would have laid aside the plow to mend the tire."

But farmer TOMPKINS was not disposed to listen to reason. This act of letting his work lie over for a day in order to do that of his neighbor, against whom he had so deep a grudge, made him almost blind with passion, and he was talking in a loud, angry voice, when neighbor GRAY'S form darkened the door of the blacksmith shop. The new neighbor had called over to see how the mending of the wagon-tire progressed. Just as he entered, TOMPKINS used his name in connection with some pretty harsh language. Not seeming to notice this, Mr. GRAY came forward, and offering his hand to Mr. TOMPKINS, said very kindly—

"How is your little daughter this morning? I hope she is very much better?"

"She is better, I thank you," replied TOMPKINS, almost stammering out the words, at the same time that he allowed Mr. GRAY to take his hand and shake it, pretty much as he would shake a stick.

"I hope," continued Mr. GRAY, "that our friend the blacksmith hasn't done anything wrong in laying aside your work to do mine. If so, I pray you to let all the blame fall upon my shoulders.—We were so unfortunate as to break our wagon-tire, and all our work was at a stand-still until it was mended. It was one of those emergencies, in which all neighbors are ready to accommodate each other, even at the cost of a little inconvenience."

Now farmer TOMPKINS hardly expected a greeting like this, and was considerably thrown aback, as the sailors say. The kind inquiry after MAGGY—the remembrance of Mrs. GRAY'S thoughtful attention to the sick child—and, more particularly, the open, frank, friendly manner in which Mr. GRAY spoke, all had the effect to disarm him. He wanted to repel the new neighbor—to speak out "his mind" to him—to let him see something of the antagonism that was in his heart. But the cordial good nature, and kind, gentlemanly bearing of Mr. GRAY, was too much for him, and thawed the ice of his feelings faster than a determined ill-nature could freeze the surface.

"I called over yesterday afternoon," continued Mr. GRAY, "to mention what I had done; and ask if it would put you to any inconvenience. And I intended to speak with you about a matter which I will mention now. It is this:

And he drew farmer TOMPKINS aside, in order that he might talk with him alone:

"I find," he continued, "in having the searches made for the purpose of fixing a true title to the farm just bought, and which adjoins yours, that there has been a clear mistake in running the boundary between your farm and mine—a mistake that includes at least five acres of that fine meadow land to the west of your barn."

"I don't believe a word of it!" exclaimed farmer TOMPKINS, firing up, and looking the picture of angry indignation. "My title deeds call for sixty acres, and sixty acres I mean to hold if I law for it until doomsday!"

"Gently, gently, neighbor TOMPKINS," replied Mr. GRAY. "There need be no trouble about the matter. We don't need any law to settle a business like this. A compromise, where both parties desire to do right, is the easiest thing in the world. You will find me very reasonable."

"It's more than you will find me then, Mr. GRAY, if you attempt to get five acres of my meadow land. I can tell you that, in the beginning."

"I don't want a foot of your land," said Mr. GRAY.

"What then do you want?" demanded the exasperated farmer.

"Simply to do right," was the calm reply. "I find that I am considerably over on your line, and that the amount of land I enclose which really belongs to you, is about five acres."

Farmer TOMPKINS started, looked confused, and flushed to a deeper crimson.

"I requested," continued Mr. GRAY, "my conveyancer to go carefully over the matter again and make his report, which was done yesterday. He says that there is no doubt about the matter. I am over the line considerably. Now, what I wish to say is this: I will buy these five acres at a hundred dollars an acre, if you are inclined to sell; if not, I will have my fence removed to the true line, which a surveyor can determine."

We need hardly say, that TOMPKINS was completely disarmed. If a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, he could not have been more surprised. A moment or two he stood in bewilderment of mind; then reaching out his hand to Mr. GRAY, he said:

"I am rebuked. Have it your own way. Let the fence stand where it is, and keep the land if you choose,—I shall still be as well off as I thought myself an hour ago."

"Right is right, friend TOMPKINS," said Mr. GRAY. "So if you will walk over to my house, we will settle this business at once. I prefer keeping the land and paying for it the price mentioned."

"It is yours at any price," answered Mr. TOMPKINS. After a few moments of silence, he added:

"I was your enemy, Mr. GRAY—your enemy, I now see, without a cause. You have disarmed me in the first encounter. Let us now be friends."

And he reached forth his hand, which was warmly grasped by the new neighbor.

After that, farmer TOMPKINS was a different man. Mr. GRAY proved to him a true friend, for both by example and precept he taught him a better and happier way in the world, and he walked therein with a more cheerful spirit than of old.

Youth's Corner.

CHILDREN, BE PROMPT.

NEVER say, when told to do anything, "In a minute," or "by and by." This leads to a bad habit, which, if not overcome, will prevent all confidence in you as you grow up. You will then put off duties you owe to your neighbor in the same way, and lose his confidence. Many men lose the respect of their neighbors, not so much because they mean to do wrong, as through carelessness.—"By-and-by," and "To-morrow," have ruined thousands, robbed them of their character, and made them anything but blessings in a neighborhood.—Little confidence can be placed in their word, not because they mean to tell falsehoods, but because of their carelessness. No obligation is fulfilled when it should be. And it is sometimes so in their own affairs. They lose days and weeks because business is not attended to when it ought to be.—A tool is lost, because not promptly put back when done with. Fulfill promptly every promise made. Put off not an hour.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 14 letters.

My 9, 11, 12, 4 is a cape on the southern coast of South America.

My 6, 2, 3, 12 is a river in Prussia.

My 2, 3, 12, 4, 3 is a city in the province of Tripoli.

My 8, 6, 12, 12, 1, 5 is a strait north of Australia.

My 9, 7, 2, 5, 6, 4, 5 is a celebrated bay in North America.

My 5, 4, 11, 10 is a range of mountains in the south of Africa.

My 4, 11, 12, 13, 14 is a cape in the north of Europe.

My whole is a celebrated fictitious writer of the present day.

Marengo, N. Y., Jan., 1857. J. G. W.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A and B together own a melon. A owns three-eighths and B five-eighths. C comes along and gives a shilling to share equally; to what part of the shilling is A and B each entitled.

Charles Spring, Decatur, Mich. J. H. W.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 368:—Industry and Economy.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem in No. 369:—One lamb 10-6=6-10 of a sheep, or eats as much as 6-10 of a sheep requires, and 6 lambs would equal 6-10×6-1=36-10 or 3 3-5 sheep÷10 14 sheep=17 3-5. And if 6 eat it in 40 days, the same would last 120 one day, and would therefore last 17 3-5÷120=13.7 days.

Answer to Arithmetical Puzzle in No. 369:

2 9 4
7 5 3
6 1 8

Answer to Poetical Puzzle in No. 369:—TOBACCO.

Wit and Humor.

WITHOUT ANY TAIL.—A very "particular friend" is Amos Smith, and a very decided enemy to all worldly titles, as any body in Philadelphia knows; but as a business correspondent from the South didn't know. And "thereby hangs a tale."

This correspondent had directed his letter to "*Amos Smith, Esq.*" Friend Amos replied punctually, and after dispatching business matters added the following postscript:

"I desire to inform thee that, being a member of the Society of Friends, I am not free to use worldly titles in addressing my friends, and wish them to refrain from using them to me. Thou wilt, therefore, please to omit the word *Esquire* at the end of my name, and direct thy letters to Amos Smith, without any tail."

By the return mail came a reply, directed, in precise accordance with the request of the particular Friend, to

"*Amos Smith, without any Tail*, Philadelphia."

GRAPHIC.—After all, I might have given a very lucid idea of a Russian peasant's house, by repeating a succinct description given me by a certain young Russian, soon after my arrival in St. Petersburg. "A Moujik's house," he said, "is dark, and made of wood; the floor is gray; the walls are gray, and the roof is gray; you can cut the smell of oily fish and cabbage-soup with a hatchet, and at night you can hear the bugs bark."—*F. Sala.*

DEFINITION OF "WILD OATS."—A cereal crop that is generally sown between eighteen and twenty-five; the harvest usually sets in about ten years after, and is commonly found to consist of a broken constitution, two weak legs, a bad cough, and a trunk—filled with small vials and medical prescriptions.

A FASCINATING sight is to see a young lady walking as though a flea was biting her on each hip. She is almost a match for the dandy who steps like an open-winged turkey traveling over a bed of hot ashes.

A LADY made a sensation lately in Broadway, by starting a new fashion in bonnets, having it carried behind her on a velvet cushion, instead of on the back of her head. The effect was extremely light and airy.

THE only class of men in the world who are not in the habit of disparaging their neighbors are the assessors of taxes; for it is well known that they never "underrate" any body in the slightest degree.

A CLERGYMAN, noted for his wit, on being asked what kind of person the wife of Mr. Squirm was, replied, "I will give you her grammatical character. She is a noun-substantive—seen, felt and heard."

WHY is a hungry boy looking at the pudding in a cook-shop window, like a wild horse? Because he would be all the better if he had a bit in his mouth.

FORCE OF REASON.—Some person was once asked why B stood before C? Because, was the answer, a man must B before he can C.

AN eminent painter was asked what he mixed his colors with to produce so extraordinary an effect. "I mix them with brains, sir," was his answer.

AN editor, describing a lecture to the fair sex, exclaims, with enthusiasm, "Three thousand ladies hanging on the lips of one man!"

IF some quacks seem to stand up high, it is simply on account of the numerous flats that surround them.

A WOMAN may laugh too much. It is only a comb that can always afford to show its teeth.

HAPPINESS is like a pig with a greased tail, which every one runs after, but nobody can hold.

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CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES, &C.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1857, and a yearly copy of either *Harper's, Godey's, Graham's* or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The RURAL and either *Arthur's Magazine*, the *National Magazine*, or any other $2 magazine for $3. The RURAL and either *The Plough, the Loom and the Anvil* (a monthly magazine devoted to the Industrial Arts, Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures,) or *The Horticulturist*, for $3.

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☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, without certificate, and each and all who volunteer in the good cause will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ CLUB papers are sent to as many different addresses or post-offices as requested, and we write the names of subscribers on papers if desired—thus saving Agents and Post-Masters from any labor or attention in the premises.

☞ THOSE who are forming large clubs can send on the names and money of such persons as do not wish to wait, and complete their lists afterwards.

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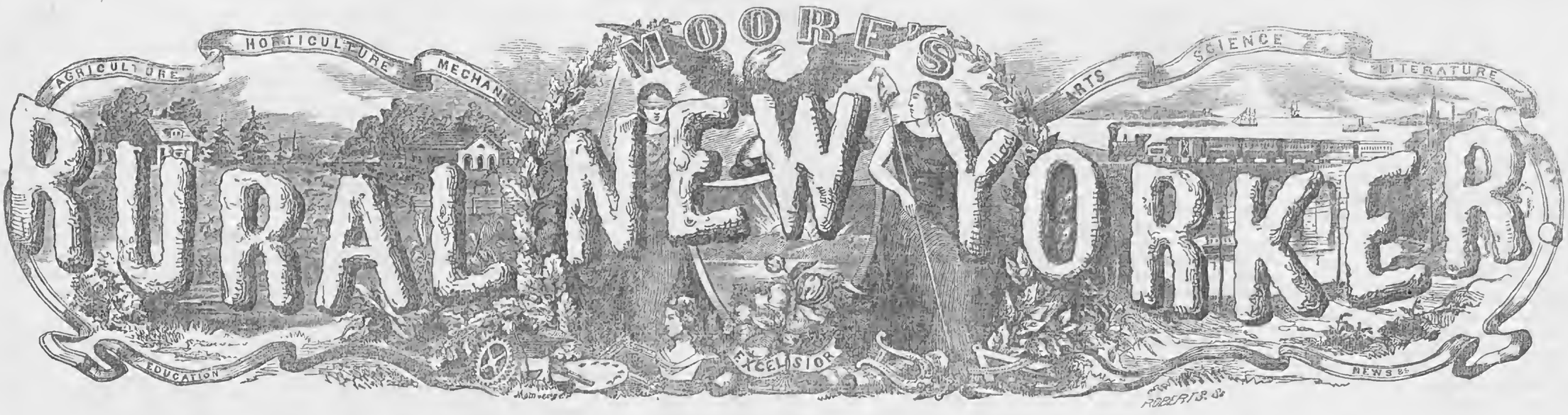

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

VOLUME VIII. NO. 7.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1857. {WHOLE NO. 371.

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WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

ENTOMOLOGY.

BY DR. ASA FITCH.

"WHO CAN ENLIGHTEN US ON THE BUG QUESTION?"

A YEAR ago a storm of unusual severity occurred, which, in the Southern States, covered the earth with snow over an extent seldom known to be thus covered before. And soon after, the following item from the *Alexandria Gazette* went the round of the newspapers:

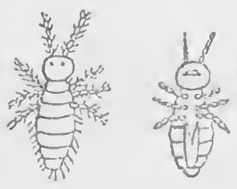
A SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—We were shown yesterday, by a gentleman living near Fairfax C. H., a species of bug that fell at that place during the rain of Saturday night last. The snow for several miles was robbed of its whiteness, and made to resemble a vast field of colored velvet.—What is still more surprising, the intense coldness of the weather cannot kill them. They apparently seem to be stiffened by the raw atmosphere; but if placed near the fire, will relax and exhibit signs of life. They are very black, and but little larger than a grain of coarse powder. Who can enlighten us on "the bug question?"

From this paragraph it appears that after a period of cold weather with the ground covered with snow, a rainy night occurred, and next morning, over a distance of several miles, the snow was found to be enshrouded as it were with a pall of black velvet—this blackness being caused by myriads of minute insects, lying upon the snow in such numbers as to totally hide it from view. And it is given as an undoubted fact that these insects had fallen with the rain. This intelligence, coming to us from a place which is almost under the shadow of the Smithsonian Institute, is rather startling. As though the process of "ordinary generation" (as it is termed in the good old Westminster catechism) did not stock the earth with a sufficient number of these vermin, but we must have the windows of heaven opened, literally raining them down upon us. In view of such a "singular phenomenon" the Alexandria editor may well exclaim, "who can enlighten us on the bug question?"

I have a neighbor, a sensible, vigorous-minded but uneducated man, who strenuously maintains a different theory with regard to the source from whence these insects come—for they are as plenty here in New York as they are in Virginia. Being engaged during the winters in his business of lumbering, he has noticed the fact, times without number, that after a spell of cold weather, when a mild day occurs on which the sun shines out warm and clear, the snow immediately becomes covered with these insects, so extensively and in such numbers that he is firmly persuaded they can originate from but one cause; and his hypothesis is, that the rays of the sun have such a vivifying power, such a life-giving energy, that they actually change the cold particles of the snow into these living insects. I think it very probable that my neighbor first received his ideas on this subject from tradition, and that this same theory may be found in some old author, it is so much in accordance with the crude notions respecting the spontaneous generation of insects which were prevalent a century or two ago, before the microscope had enabled men of science to make those minute examinations which render our knowledge of this and kindred matters so full and accurate at the present day. It will suffice to say that although these creatures are so minute, the eggs which they lay have been discovered, and we must therefore conclude that the insects themselves are not bred from particles of snow, nor do they fall with the rain, but like all the other living things which we meet with in our world, they are simply descended from parents like themselves.

After what has now been stated, some further account of these tiny objects we doubt not will interest the reader.

This insect is commonly called the snow-flea. It has evidently received this name from its resemblance to a flea in size, shape and color, and from its possessing in a slight degree the faculty of leaping, like that insect. This skipping is performed by means of a tail-like organ with which these insects are furnished, which we will describe presently, and which has acquired for the insects of this kind the designation of "spring-tails."—LINNÆUS gave them the scientific name *Podura*, a term meaning leg-tailed. They belong to the Wingless order (APTERA) of insects. The accompanying cut is a representation of the snow flea as it appears when highly magnified, the right hand figure being a view of its under side. I described this insect ten years ago in Dr. EMMONS' Journal of Agriculture and Science, Volume V., page 283, giving it the scientific name *Podura nivicola*, this name meaning snow-inhabiting spring-tail. Prof. AGASSIZ many years ago brought to notice a similar insect, named *Desoria glacialis*, which occurs upon the glaciers of the Alps in such abundance as to blacken them in places; and in the northern countries of Europe another species, *Degeeria nivalis*, derives its name from being found upon the snow. But our American snow-flea is very different from both these species, and pertains to the genus *Podura*, as that genus is restricted by NICOLET. The *Podura aquatica*, however, which occurs in myriads upon the surface of standing water in Europe, is most intimately related to our snow-flea, and may perhaps prove to be the same insect, though in being destitute of scales and in the color of its legs and horns it appears to present differences which may serve to distinguish it.



The following account of the habits of the snow-flea I gave in the journal above cited; and probably many of the readers of this paper whose business has taken them into the woods upon winter days, will at once remember this little insect, on perusing this account of it.

"This is an abundant species in our New York forests, in the winter and fore part of spring. At any time in the winter, whenever mild weather occurs, the surface of the snow, often over whole acres of woodland, may be found sprinkled more or less thickly with these minute fleas, looking, at first sight, as though gunpowder had been there scattered. Hollows and holes in the snow, out of which the insects are unable to throw themselves readily, are often black with the multitudes which have become imprisoned. The fine meal-like powder (or scales) with which their bodies are coated, enables them to float buoyantly upon the surface of water, without becoming wet. When the snow is melting, so as to produce small rivulets coursing along the tracks of the lumberman's sleigh, these snow-fleas are often observed, floating passively in the current, in such numbers as to form continuous strings; whilst the eddies and still pools gather them in such myriads as to wholly hide the element beneath them."

One of the most curious things relating to these insects is their faculty of leaping. The snow-flea may be seen to throw itself suddenly an inch or more, and some kindred insects equally small will skip a much greater distance. This is not done by means of the legs, as in the grasshopper, the flea and most other leaping insects, but by an apparatus peculiar to the species of this group.—They are furnished with a tail-like organ, which is split or forked at its extremity, as shown upon the second one of the figures which we have given above. This organ is not attached to the end of the body, but to the next segment before the last, and is received into a groove in the under side of the body, somewhat like the blade of a pocket-knife shutting into its handle, and opening like it with a strong spring. This tail opening thus and striking forcibly against the surface on which the insect is standing, throws it a short distance, the insect commonly falling upon its back with its tail extended. Even upon the water it is able, when not chilled and torpid from the cold, to skip in the same manner, the surface of the water resisting the stroke of its tail as though it were a solid plane.

Another remarkable fact respecting the snow-flea, is that cold has no power to kill it. Storms frequently come on when these insects are all abroad, whereby multitudes of them are buried beneath the snow, or are congealed in the sleet which crusts its surface. Others, too, are frozen in the solid ice upon pools of water; yet as soon as this ice melts they revive and return to life. And yet, strange to say, if these insects are brought into a stove room, the dryness and warmth of its atmosphere is fatal to them and they immediately perish. The popular dogma which has been blazoned through our country with so much assurance by some of the medical empirics of our day, "Heat is life, cold is death," thus meets with a sorry exposition in this insect.

All the insects of this group inhabit cool, moist situations. Their favorite abode is in moss, but they also occur under the loose bark of trees, in the crevices of rotten wood, under chips and stones, and in cellars. It is rather difficult for us to credit the fact that such multitudes of the snow-flea as we meet with, can find a lurking place under the scaly bark and among the moss growing upon the trunks of trees, where they are ready whenever a mild day occurs, to leave their coverts and scatter themselves abroad, to enjoy their brief term of life in skipping about upon the clean, white surface of the snow. But that this is the source from whence they come we are well assured, having repeatedly, when they were first beginning to appear, noticed the snow immediately around moss-covered trees to be black with the thronging multitudes which were issuing forth, very few having as yet leaped away to any distance. As their eggs are exceedingly minute and are strewed like particles of dust among the moss and under the bark, it is probable that new broods are hatching and coming out upon every warm day during the winter. And in the spring they continue to be met with some time after the snow has disappeared, floating in clusters upon the surface of woodland brooks. Even after the atmosphere has become dry and the weather is so warm that it would suffocate them if they were abroad, countless millions will sometimes be found huddled together in a mass, on removing the loose bark of a decaying stump or log, the coolness and moisture of the spot having invited them to this retreat. When thus clustered together they are of a deep blue color, but when a single individual is examined its color appears to be pure black.

These insects subsist upon the fine particles of decaying vegetable matter which they find in abundance in the situations where they dwell.—Thus they are innocent of doing any injury and are insects of but little importance in an economical aspect. They, however, occasion some inconvenience to the makers of sugar from our maple trees, the buckets and troughs employed to receive the sap being often thronged with snow-fleas, rendering it necessary to skim or strain the fluid before emptying into the kettles for boiling, where due regard is had to the cleanliness and purity of the syrup and sugar.

What an instance have we, in this insect, of the life with which our world is teeming. No spot is a blank. No uninhabited desert can be found.—Even when universal nature appears to be dormant, slumbering in repose, chained down and congealed by the frosts of winter, we see these little creatures coming forth and occupying the bleak waste, the cold surface of the snow—nay, not occupying merely, but thronging and blackening it, so congenial is this dreary situation to them and in such astonishing numbers are they generated. When the winter is beginning to wane, let a person start from the latitude of Virginia and journey north, keeping upon the border of the snow where it is commencing to melt, and let him cross Pennsylvania and New York and Canada, and travel onward through the boundless forests which lie beyond, to the furthest point of the distant north to which the rays of the sun penetrate sufficiently to dissolve the snow, and it is probable that over all this vast stretch of country he may tread upon scores and often upon hundreds and thousands of these insects at every step which he takes. What arithmetic can man invent, that will be able to estimate and tell us what may be the number of even the thousandth part of this immense population, which has been annually renewed upon our continent since the dawn of time. And yet this is only one of a countless host of creatures belonging to this class, with which our world is thronged.—How truly limitless, how infinite must be that creating Power which is able to call into existence such teeming myriads of beings!

In view of such numbers of this insect, spread over such a wide extent of country, the query at once arises in the mind, For what purpose were they created? What office do they fulfil? Of what use are they in the economy of nature? The small amount of decaying vegetable matter which suffices these insects for their subsistence, renders them of no consequence in clearing the world of this effete and miasm-generating substance. Their minute size, moreover, forbids our regarding them as being designed for food for the few birds which stay with us during the winter, since a hundred of them would scarcely furnish a taste for a chickadee; and we know that larger insects are provided for the sustenance of these birds. These larger insects, however, cannot exist without food; and some of them we find to be predaceous in their habits, subsisting upon other insects. We thus come to the conclusion that the snow-flea is chiefly designed for the subsistence of insects of a larger size, which larger insects are indispensable as food for our winter birds. This is a truly interesting though yet unwritten page in the Natural History of our country. How surprising is it, in addition to the species which we have been considering, to meet with several other kinds of these creatures coming out to enjoy their day of life at this inclement period of the year, when all nature is dormant and seemingly dead, and all the rest of the insect race is reposing, chilled and congealed in their frost-locked cells. Some of the readers of the RURAL NEW-YORKER will probably wish to be informed more fully respecting the structure and habits of these singular animals which have the snowy wastes assigned to them for their abode. I will therefore endeavor to resume this subject in a future number.

Salem, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1857.

CHAMPION BLACK HAWK.

AMONG the best representatives of the celebrated Morgan horses, as given in the work on this valuable breed published by C. M. SAXTON & Co., will be found the one above represented—"Champion Black Hawk." In the account of the Ag. Fair at Florence, Kentucky, in October, 1855, published in the Cincinnati *Gazette*, that paper, in speaking of the exhibition of Stallions, says:—"In the ring of stallions for harness, of four years old and upwards, the blue ribbon (highest premium) was tied on a dapple grey, but just then Champion Black Hawk, belonging to Messrs. P. & L. MELENDY, of Hamilton county, Ohio, was brought in, and the multitude immediately shouted, 'take it off, 'take it off.' It was accordingly taken off and put upon Black Hawk, and no judgment of the Committee was more heartily approved by the spectators than this. Champion Black Hawk closely resembles old Green Mountain Morgan in size, build and carriage. He is a small horse, but compactly built, indicates power and endurance, and in horseman phrase is 'big for his size.'"

PEDIGREE.—Champion Black Hawk was foaled in 1849, the property of C. W. FLETCHER, of Orwell, Vt. Sired by Black Hawk, g. sire, Sherman, g. g. sire, Justin Morgan. Dam, by Cock of the Rock, g. dam said to be out of a Bulrush Morgan mare, by a Messenger Horse. Champion Black Hawk is a dark red chestnut, 15½ hands high, and weighs 1,100 lbs., is compact and muscular, with beautiful ear and head. He has taken the first prize at five State, and several County fairs. Spirit, style and action excellent. In the fall of 1855 he trotted two miles in 5 min. 45 sec.

MANAGEMENT OF MANURE.

WHAT *winter management of the manures of the horse-stable and cow-shed is best calculated to prepare them, with as little loss as possible, for application to the soil?* This question is one of much importance to the farmer, yet it is one which, in many cases receives no attention whatever. This should not be so, as has already been shown from the authorities quoted in our former article.

Most farmers keep their horses in stables, and their cattle in yards with sheds attached, through the winter. The writer so winters his farm stock. It is the general practice to keep the manure from the horse stable, mixed with strawy litter, by itself—usually under the eaves of the building—as thrown from the dung-hole or opening left for this purpose. Here it remains undisturbed until removed to the field in the spring. The yards and sheds of the cattle are also their feeding places, and if coarse straw and cornstalks are fed out, as is generally the case they are tolerably well littered—the manure being scattered at random around both shed and yard. In some places there will be a large proportion of straw—around the stack for instance—in others refuse corn-stalks,—while other places, still, will be filled up with a larger proportion of droppings from the stock. Perhaps, on the approach of spring the open yard will be exposed to surplus water from the eaves of the farm buildings, &c.—washing out its richness and and carrying it away where it is not needed, or, it may be, off the farm.

The state of the manure in the spring is often something of the following character. The outer part of the heap from the horse stable will be composed of well-bleached straw and dung—while the centre will be an inert, almost valueless mass of fire-fanged manure. The heat which has been evolved in its decomposition has been sufficient to drive off its most valuable constituents; and the property of fermenting readily and bringing other vegetable substances into a state of fermentation, is now, nearly or quite lost. In the yard there will be a quantity of *long* manure from unrotted straw and corn-stalks, and under the sheds, perhaps, a mixture of these and cattle droppings of far higher value, but still too little decomposed for the most beneficial application to the soil.

The reader will have seen something of a remedy for this state of things. It lies in *mixing and sheltering the manure.* Keep the cattle sheds well littered and remove to them, from time to time, the refuse straw and corn-stalks and the droppings around the yard. Make them the pleasantest part of the farm yard, and the cattle will spend the greater share of their time there, and thus leave less to be done by the farmer. But this mass of litter and cow manure will ferment but slowly, even under favorable circumstances, and, alone, hardly be fit for early use in the spring. To hasten its decomposition, scatter over the sheds every day, as removed from the horse stable, the dung and litter found there. This will prevent waste in the latter, and so temper the former that its decomposition will be forwarded, and the whole mass of litter and mixed manure, with but small loss, be fitted for application to the soil in spring. The stock of fertilizing material will be of nearly uniform character, and of far higher value than if left unmixed, and without the trifling attention which this plan demands.

If—as would be most profitable to the farmer—the cattle are sheltered at all times, and their stables regularly cleaned, it will still be of great benefit to *mix* and *shelter* the manure, but the plan will work better if pigs or other animals are allowed to run over it so as to tramp it hard, and thus prevent too early decomposition. Other considerations connected with the subject ought to be offered—and we shall take occasion hereafter to speak of sheep and hog manure and their best winter management.

PATENT OFFICE REPORT.--POTATOES.

BY HON. A. B. DICKINSON.

Influence of the Color of the Skin upon Potatoes—White or Yellow vs. Red—Crops from Seed-Balls not less liable to disease—Experiments in Culture, &c., &c.

[Concluded from last week.]

THERE is something in cultivating as well as in seed, since the blight made its appearance; previously any sloven could raise them. Nor do I concur with the general impression that a warm, dry and sandy soil is most congenial to their growth, or renders them less liable to the disease. Believing, as I do, that a cool, moist, light soil is the best, as the potato will succeed neither in excessive moisture or in a severe drouth, I will try to show how a delver of the soil can in a great measure avoid both.

A stiff clay soil, with a thick sod, should be plowed the year previous and sowed to some spring crop, and again plowed after the crop is taken off. Then either in the fall or spring, furrow it out three and a half feet—making two furrows, turning both from the centre in that direction of the field that will surely drain at the slowest rate. Then put three horses to a subsoil plow, that has no mold board to raise the cold clay to the surface, each horse walking in a furrow, the plow following the centre horse. To make the drain sure, go twice in the same place; this will not leave the furrow any deeper. For the purpose of covering up the cold clay and having a good soil in which to place the potatoes, use a light butterfly drag, lengthwise, which will replace sufficient of the

surface soil, that the furrow will not be more than one or two inches deep, while the subsoiling is eighteen or twenty. Plant twelve inches apart; one piece with two eyes; first on one side and then on the other of the furrow; then turn two furrows on the potatoes.

The planting being completed, if dry weather roll with a heavy roller which will make the surface nearly level. Keep a keen look-out, and a few days before they come up, with a sharp, light drag give the field a severe hetcheling, so as to destroy every spear of grass and weed. After the potatoes come up, which will be with a strong, vigorous plant in a few days, put a horse and cultivator (or the corn hoe, which is better) at work, and if dry weather, follow up with a common plow, turning the furrow towards the hill; in six or eight days follow with a shovel plow, made on purpose, with wings to raise the earth over the last plowing. If by this time I have sufficient sets, I stop cultivating—if not, I continue until I have, as every time the soil is stirred it makes sets, so long as the tops and runners are kept growing. The foundation of the crop being laid, all that I know left for man to do is to leave the field in the best shape to stand flood or drouth. To do this, put the three horses with the subsoil plow as before between the rows. Cultivate again, pulverizing the subsoil. Then with a large two-horse plow with a high mold-board, put on the finishing touch by turning a furrow to the hill, leaving the space on top fourteen or fifteen inches wide, one or two inches higher on each side than in the centre, so that if any rain falls the potato is sure to get it. If there be too much moisture, the drain first made under every potato carries it off. This mode of cultivation is for dry weather.

If the weather be wet, the planting should be done as before mentioned, and the cultivation entirely different, varying according to the season, as in wet seasons there is always plenty of sets, and therefore the least tillage to keep them clean the better the yield and more sizable the potato.—One plowing and hoeing is sufficient. To keep down the weeds, turn sheep in at evening, and let them run while the dew is on. A fine wool sheep will never touch a top. One of the secrets is to have sets sufficient, and not any more than you want. He who watches his potatoes, and cultivates consistently with the laws of nature, adapted to each and every season, varying to accommodate each and every phase, will never be without potatoes and a fair crop. From sixteen to twenty sets from two eyes, is the number that has yielded most with me, and I have never missed the mark. I learned to accommodate the season, instead of following some long established rule of hoeing once or twice. It may be said by some that the labor bestowed is more than the crop is worth. Bear in mind in the dry season there is no hoeing, and the subsoiling, though indispensable for the potatoes, I get more than three times paid for in the second crop. If the potatoes come off in season, there is no summer fallow in as good condition for wheat; if too late for winter wheat, it is in the very best condition for spring wheat or barley; and if on a soft-water surface soil and lime subsoil, or one that the lime has leached to the subsoil, sufficient will be brought up and mixed by deep plowing crosswise to insure a good crop. The above tillage is for a tenacious clay soil.

A few words for a sandy, gravelly, or porous warm soil. Of the utility of subsoiling, the length of my paper already forbids that I should extend my remarks, as it depends on so many circumstances, that I will only attempt to show how I have succeeded best on these soils. Plant in a furrow as above, in same way except the subsoiling, as near the surface as possible. After the potatoes are dropped, I cover them all over in the furrows two or three inches with straw thoroughly wet with brine; then turn two furrows, covering the straw as well as the potatoes. The salt being of a cold nature as well as moist, and the straw being light, it goes very far to accomplish the object. There should be as much as two or three bushels of salt to the acre. The salt and straw is good and pays well on a stiff clay soil, and does much to prevent the rot. The potatoes should be cut so as to have two eyes on each piece, as planting whole potatoes gives too much seed in one place for drill planting. It will not do to plant small potatoes, as many suppose, even for one crop, and he who picks out and plants small potatoes for five years in succession, will dig a very small crop. The potatoes should be cut six or eight days before planting, if time is deemed of importance, as the potato never grows while the wound is healing. The seed should never be permitted to sprout before planting, which is easily prevented, if not planted until the 10th of July. It has the same injurious effect on potatoes that it has on wheat. The oftener either sprouts, the more feeble and sickly the plants they bring forth. I plant a barrel of new potatoes every year—that is, of the same year's growth—generally the Bermudas, for a portion of my seed the next year, to make sure of some that never fails to be sound, and at a less expense than from two to five dollars per bushel, which the improved seed has cost me for the last ten years. I have planted them as late as the thirteenth of July—they did not come up until the twenty-fourth of August, and were killed by the frost the second of November—that weighed fourteen ounces. I should not import potatoes for seed if the season was sufficiently long to enable me to grow two crops, taking the last for my seed.

I am not a believer in the doctrine that the potato by a change of seed can be improved, however far fetched or dear bought, on a soil in a climate both of which are exactly adapted to its growth, either by nature or made so by cultivation, and I am quite sure that I have improved them both in quantity and quality for the last ten years. My reason is, that unlike almost everything else we cultivate, it does much better in other climates and different soil than in its native land. Found first growing wild in the Tropics on this Continent, where they have never succeeded in cultivating them to any extent below a level of three or four thousand feet above the sea, unknown to the ancients, and as late as 1684 they were cultivated by a very few in the gardens of the nobility of England. They were regarded as such a great delicacy, that it is mentioned in the manuscript account of the household expenses of Queen ANNIE, wife of JAMES I, as costing at the rate of thirty dollars per bushel. So expensive or so scarce was the article, that she only purchased five pounds. It was introduced into Ireland by Sir WALTER RALEIGH, and planted in his garden in 1610, in the vicinity of Youghal. The increase was so great that in 1830, previous to the blight, they constituted more than three-fourths of the entire food of that people, and had really become the staff of life.

Believing, as I do, that potatoes will yield more food to the acre than any other crop, I think them worthy of some attention, and, with proper care, I have no fears of their running out, or at least am not sufficiently alarmed to cultivate the yam, which is about as much of a substitute for the potato, as a string of June suckers would be for a barrel of good, corn-fed pork.

Hornby, 5th January, 1857.

TRANSMUTATION OF VEGETABLES; OR, WHEAT TURNING TO CHESS.

YOUR correspondent, "Farmer D.," calls upon scientific men "to reconcile the facts" given in his article in the RURAL of February 7th, "with the theory that wheat cannot produce chess."

Although not a farmer, nor a "scientific man," I will, nevertheless, with your permission, Mr. Editor, make a few suggestions bearing upon the question at issue, viz., the *transmutation of vegetables* by means of soil, climate, moisture, &c.

Supposing the instances stated by "Farmer D." to have actually occurred, and to have been correctly reported, I would ask if they are *sufficient* to establish so important and anomalous a doctrine as the one which they involve—that wheat, barley and other grains, are capable of deteriorating, or otherwise changing, into a new species of grain, which shall thereafter possess unchangable characters, and which cannot be reclaimed to the original state of wheat or barley by any kind of cultivation to which it may be subjected? Such a conclusion is too important to be accepted without a thorough examination.

Every one of course believes that, as a general rule, "like produces like." Wheat produces wheat, and so of everything else; but "Farmer D." affirms that the rule is subject to exceptions—that these specific distinctions of the vegetable world are subject to external conditions, so that circumstances being changed the rule no longer obtains.

But if the agencies which he enumerates are capable of modifying specific vegetable characteristics, so that wheat and barley may thereby be changed into chess, and oats into rye, as has elsewhere been maintained, the proof of such a modifying influence would undoubtedly be found in the possibility of re-converting chess to wheat again by proper cultivation, which, it is hardly necessary to say, no one has ever witnessed.

A fault, then, may be suspected in the reasoning of your correspondent. We can admit the facts related in his article, without adopting his explanation or theory. We ask for *direct, demonstrative* proof of the *transmutation of species*. Let it be *proved* that the soil contains no foreign seed when chess follows the sowing of wheat, before our assent is required to a hypothesis which is confessedly at variance with the established order of Nature. It cannot be denied that the most careful examination which scientific men have given to the subject, only confirms them in the belief that *no new species*, either animal or vegetable, has ever come into being except by the direct act of a Creator. We do not therefore expect our apples to change, now and then, into pears, our plums into cherries, our ducks into geese, nor our men into monkeys. Yet all this might happen, if the fact of a transmutation of species can be established in a few instances like those under consideration.

The man who sowed good seed in his field, and found tares at the time of harvest, reasoned like a sound philosopher in declaring that they proceeded not from his pure seed wheat, but from some other seed, which in an unknown way had obtained a lodgment in the soil.

Let us then admit "Farmer D.'s" facts, and respect his concluding practical counsels, while we dissent from his theory and explanations. It would be easy to speculate as to the manner in which the seed chess got into his wheat and barley fields; but this is not required. The proof of a transmutation of species devolves on him who makes the assertion; and it is right to demand that the evidence shall be direct, demonstrative, and sufficient—that the *soil* shall be *proved* to have been clear of everything but the seed sown. Nothing short of this could establish the doctrine of the conversion of one kind of grain into another.

E.

BARN-YARD MANURE.—ROTATION.

EDS. RURAL:—There is, just now, much talk about manure, and a little about rotation of crops, (the real foundation of all successful farming,) but none of it quite agrees with my ideas on these important subjects. Some say that horse manure is too hot, and that of cattle too cold. Some argue that both must be rotted, and some that it must be applied green. My mode is to put all together in the barn-yard, by dumping it from a wheel-barrow in different places about the yard, and covering it with straw, letting the cattle tread it and mix through the day. This, I think, cools the horse and warms the cattle manure, and makes all alike. The snow and rain will prevent fermentation, and the straw will absorb the liquid, there will be no drainage from it, scarcely, being thawed out by the time it should be removed in the spring.

My barns and sheds surround the yards, (except on the east side,) all furnished with eave-troughs, so that none but falling water comes into the yard. All of this manure I take out in the spring and apply to green sward for corn, 20 or 25 loads per acre, (corn being a leading crop with me because it returns much back to the soil, by feeding both stalks and corn out on the farm,) plowing it with *deep and strait furrows*, — roll and harrow well, —mark out and plant the large eight-rowed yellow, 3½ by 4 feet, hoe three times—usually get from 50 to 90 bushels per acre, once obtained 103 bushels by this procedure. Follow this crop with spring wheat, oats or barley, and close up the rotation with winter wheat and clover. Sow plaster on the clover, mow or pasture as I have occasion three years, and take up as before.

This rotation and management of manure, I know from my own knowledge, will bring a worn out farm to a high state of cultivation and fertility, short of which no man ought to be satisfied. Some of my more easy neighbors say this is my hobby; perhaps so, but it is a sure-footed nag that has carried me through thus far, entirely safe, and raised me from poverty to comfortable circumstances, never having once stumbled or made a misstep; therefore, I feel that I can trust it, and shall until some one shows me a better way. I would like to see all my brother farmers well mounted (whip in hand) upon this two-forty nag, then there would be no more complaint about "*nubbins*," "short oats" and "penny-royal wheat." J. C. B.

Sheridan, Jan., 1857.

The Veterinarian.

STRETCHES IN SHEEP.

IN answer to the inquiry of a correspondent as to a remedy for this disease we have received, at least, *quite a number* of communications, a few of which we subjoin for the benefit of those engaged in raising this valuable breed of animals:

STRETCHES IN SHEEP.—In reference to this disease and the remedy therefor, I think *prevention* better than *cure*. My observation has been that sheep scarcely ever have it *where pure water is of easy access at all times*, and very seldom when they have a daily feed of turnips or other green food.—Last winter, a flock fed with straw, oats, and turnips without water, were wholly exempt; this winter, the same flock, in the same place, fed with straw and corn, but neither turnips or water, are troubled a good deal with the disease, while in another flock fed with hay and corn close by a stream of water, there has not been a single case of it. Years ago I remember taking care of a flock of Merinos that were led daily a distance of 30 rods to a well. In very inclement weather they would not remain, or, if forced to do so would not drink, and the succeeding morning was very likely to show some of the flock attacked. I never knew a case in the summer or during a winter thaw, and hence conclude that *water*, in some form, is *the* great preventive. I have used various remedies, *stretched* them by the hind legs, given a tablespoonful of *picra*, a quid of tobacco, a dose of melted lard, &c., but more generally have done nothing at all. Though it may not be flattering to the medical skill of the writer, yet I think the *do-nothing* system has been quite as efficacious as any. Usually they get well of themselves, but not always. Some die speedily—others stretch two or three days and then linger out weeks, almost entirely refusing food, the case finally terminating in scours and death.—W. R. F.

EDS. RURAL:—Seeing your comments on Stretches in Sheep and the inquiry of "E.," and, as I have heretofore presented some of my experience to the readers of the RURAL, I will tell you what I do for this disease. Your correspondent says that it is the best that are taken with it. I presume that it is those that are in the best condition for mutton—it generally attacks such sheep. I have had cases of it this winter, but with my treatment they were restored to health. Give a tablespoonful of Epsom salts in a gill of water, "turn it in with a tunnel," and they will soon get over it, in most cases, and go to eating after a short time. If one dose should not effect a cure give another. I have no doubt but that if the hogs attacked with what is called the hog cholera were treated in this way, they would get well as I thus saved a fat hog once.—It would not eat, and to all apperance was about *dead;* it seemed to breathe very hard, but recovered under this treatment.—J. P. YOULEN, *West Rupert, Vt., Feb.*, 1857.

EDS. RURAL:—I find in the RURAL an inquiry for the cause and cure of Stretches in Sheep. The cause is constant use of dry feed, and may be prevented by feeding a few roots two or three times a week, or in case roots cannot be had apples will answer. I feed roots and am not often troubled with the disease, but last winter I had a wether lamb that would not eat them attacked; I gave him three doses of physic, both salts and castor oil, without producing an operation; I then tried a tobacco injection by filling a pipe with tobacco—inserted the stem and drove the smoke in. This had the desired effect, the lamb soon recovered—has done well since.—THOS. B. LORD, *East Bethany, N. Y.*, 1857.

EDS. RURAL:—My remedy for Stretches in Sheep is a tablespoonful of tar put in the mouth, holding it shut until it melts and runs down. It seldom fails of effecting a cure in a few minutes. Lard, castor oil and Epsom salts are frequently used, but their effect is not as quick or sure as tar. My preventive is a constant supply of salt and pure water.—W. D. DICKINSON, *Victor, N. Y.*, 1857.

EDS. RURAL:—I notice in the RURAL, an inquiry in regard to the Stretches in Sheep, and a remedy is requested. I have frequently had sheep troubled with this disease, and have melted a teacupful of lard and poured it down them, whereby a cure was soon effected.—A. FOOT, *Middlebury, Vt.*, 1857

STRETCHES IN SHEEP.—My remedy is very simple, easily tried, and will do no hurt if it does no good. Take a penknife and bleed in the third wrinkle in the mouth. This remedy has *always* cured when others failed.—S. D. H., *Grand Blanc, Mich.*

WINTER FEEDING OF COLTS.—A correspondent asks, "is there any danger of feeding a young colt too many oats the first winter?" I have had some experience in raising horses, and as far as it goes, I should say there is. I would rather have good, clean, sweet hay for my colts to eat the first winter, and no grain, than to let them run to an oat bin. The object is to keep the colt growing and healthy, and if this can be done without any grain, so much the better—at any rate I would not give young colts more than two quarts in a day, one in the morning and one at night, as more would have a tendency to take their appetite from hay, which is the most natural food for them.—S. D. H., *Grand Blanc, Mich.*

A LARGE HOG.—MR. AMOS ALCOTT, of this place, slaughtered on the 9th inst. a hog 21 months old, which, dressed and ready for market, weighed 674 pounds.—M. E. MERCHANT, *Guilford, Chenango Co., N. Y.*

Rural Notes and Items.

NEW YORK STATE AG. SOCIETY.—The Buffalo *Commercial* says a movement is on foot to locate the next fair of the State Agricultural Society in that city. In order to secure it, it is necessary to subscribe liberally towards the payment of the expenses. As it would bring a large concourse of people to the city for the term of three days, the project recommends itself to those who will be benefited by such a crowd. A subscription paper is now in circulation.

CALIFORNIA STATE AG. SOCIETY.—We are indebted to the Editors of the *California Farmer*—which, by the way, is a model paper—for the Official Report of the Third Annual Fair of the Golden State. The Table of Contents exhibits a selection of valuable and interesting matter, comprising Reports of the various Committees; Address of Col. J. B. CROCKETT; Award of Premiums; Prize Essay on the Potatoe; History of the Formation of the Society, &c., &c. We may, hereafter, make some extracts therefrom, that our readers can ascertain what the Agricultural community on the Pacific side of our country are doing.

WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Wool Growers' Association of Western New York, was held in Penn Yan on the 23d ult. A resolution was adopted constituting a committee composed of WM. T. REMER of Penn Yan, THOMAS R. PECK of West Bloomfield, and AARON Y. BAKER of Urbana, to whom was referred the subject as to the time and place of holding the next Annual Fair, reference being had to the amount of funds that may be pledged to sustain the objects of the Association, and report at the next meeting of the Executive Committee. The Association adjourned to meet at same place on the 19th inst.

DELAWARE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting was held at Delhi, Jan. 7, the President, R. B. GIBBS, Esq., in the Chair. There was a handsome exhibition of grain and grass seeds, fruits and dressed meats. The Treasurer's report showed a balance of $380 58 on hand. The President was re-elected, but having declined, the following officers were chosen:—*President*—D. C. THOMAS, Stamford. *Vice-Presidents*—S. F. Miller, Franklin; Daniel Andrews, Stamford; Geo. Wheeler, Deposit; W. B. Dowie, Andes; N. C. Marvine, Walton; Porter Frisbee, Delhi; M. L. Farrington, Delhi; Henry C. Hawley, Hamden; Norman Dart, Harpersfield. *Secretary*—T. B. Meigs, Delhi. *Secretary of Ladies' Department*—A. S. Gibbs. *Treasurer*—Hiram Olmstead, Walton.

WASHINGTON CO. AG. SOCIETY.—This Society held its Annual Meeting on the 13th ult. and made choice of the following officers for 1857:—*President*—Hon. HENRY W. BECKWITH, North Granville, *Vice-Presidents*—L. LOWRY, Greenwich; Harvey Brown, South Hartford; Dr. James Rice, Ft. Ann; Daniel Rice, Easton; T. C. Whiteside, Centre Cambridge. *Recording Secretary*—R. K. Crocker, North White Creek. *Assistant do.*—Wm. L. Mowry, Greenwich. *Corresponding Secretary*—Rev. E. H. Newton, Jackson. *Treasurer*—S. W. Crosby, North White Creek.

ONONDAGA CO. AG. SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of this Society was held at Syracuse on the 20th ult. The following gentlemen were chosen officers for 1857:—*President*—P. H. HINSDELL, Clay. *First Vice-President*—John M. Strong, Onondaga. *Second Vice-President*—Silas Cory, Otisco. *Secretary*—H. D. Didama, Syracuse. *Treasurer*—Charles Pope, Syracuse. *Directors*—For one year, J. G. Kendall, Charles A. Baker; for two years, Morris Beard, H. E. Van Vleet; three years, Thomas Danforth, L. B. Pitcher.

GENESEE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—This Society held its Annual Meeting at Batavia on the 13th ult., when the following officers were elected:—*President*—CHESTER E. ORCUTT. *Vice-Presidents*—Nelson Parker, Leander Douglass. *Secretary*—Thos. Yates. *Treasurer*—Henry Cross. *Managers*—Jason W. Duguid, B. Moulton.

WAYNE CO. EXHIBITIONS.—The Horse Show will take place at Lyons on the 3d, 4th and 5th days of June. Competition open to the State. The Annual Fair will be held on the 16th, 17th and 18th of September—competition open to surrounding counties.

SALE OF CHAMPION BLACK HAWK.—This noted Morgan horse, whose portrait and pedigree are given on our first page,—formerly owned by Messrs. LADD, of Richmond, Ohio, and lately by Messrs. MELRENDY, of Mt. Healthy, near Cincinnati—has recently been sold to Messrs. RICKERT, BRACE & Co., of Green county, Illinois, for the handsome sum of $4,000.

A FINE HEIFER.—Messrs. FROST & SCHILLER, Clinton Market, Main-st., this city, exhibited a fine seven-eighths Durham heifer, four years old, known as the May Flower, bred and fattened by Mr. HENRY TURNER, of Rush. She was a beautiful animal, presenting the marked and peculiar features of the Short-horns. Mr. TURNER is entitled to no small credit for such excellent beef. Live weight 1,900 lbs., and it was estimated by butchers that she would dress from 1,400 to 1,600 lbs.

CORN AND WHEAT IN OHIO.—The Auditor of State reports the grain statistics of Ohio for 1855 in his annual communication to the Legislature.—The number of acres sown with wheat was 1,407,773; bushels gathered, 19,569,320; the average yield, 13.81 bushels. The whole number of acres of corn planted was 2,205,282; bushels gathered, 87,587,434; the average yield, 39.71 bushels.

Pickaway county leads the column in the amount of corn gathered, 3,609,765 bushels, averaging 47.28 bushels to the acre. Gallia is the most fertile county growing the greatest average number of bushels, 67 to the acre. Belmont and Miami raised the most wheat, the latter showing the greatest average to the acre, 22.84 bushels. The average in Cuyahoga was only 12.64 bushels of wheat and 37 of corn to the acre.

APPLICATION OF MANURE.—To get the greatest benefit from manure, it must be *intimately mixed with the soil*. It makes a much greater difference than most farmers suppose, whether the manure is buried in lumps and clods, or whether it is carefully spread and intermixed with the soil, as far as may be by plowing and harrowing. The richest fertilizer is of no use to a plant unless fitted for *plant food*—so intermixed with the soil as to invite the roots, and so porous to moisture as to become soluble, that the roots may take it up. Hundreds of experiments have shown that a small quantity of manure, thoroughly mixed with the soil—so as in fact to become a part of the soil itself—will produce an immediate and astonishing effect.

But this leads us to consider another fact—that barn-yard manure, as usually managed, is not readily mixed with the soil. It is in great part coarse and strawy, or if decomposed, full of clods and lumps. Will farmers consider this and give us their views on the *management of manure?*

The Young Ruralist.

YOUNG CLERKS vs. YOUNG FARMERS

REALLY, Mr. Editor, you must allow me to say a word for the clerks. All clerks are not conceited and foppish. All clerks do not think more of the curl of their hair, or the color of their whiskers, than they do of the cultivation of their heads and hearts. All useful labor is honorable, no matter whether in the store or on the farm. There is no particular merit in having a soft hand or a hard one—neither is there any particular merit in wearing coarse or fine clothes. There is merit in dressing in a manner suitable to our occupation. There is merit in feeling that we are not above our business, but that we are willing to pursue any honorable occupation to gain a living.

All young men are not farmers' sons, and many farmers have more sons than can be profitably employed on the farm—at least it is thought so, though perhaps there is a question here worthy of some discussion. Perhaps our fathers need more light on this subject; and they are already getting wiser in this respect than they used to be.

I also understand that many of the best farmers in our country—acknowledged by all to be such—were men who in their younger days were engaged in commercial or mechanical business. They studied the subject until they became so much interested that they gave up everything else and engaged head and hands, body and soul in farming, and consequently make the best farmers.—They had nothing to unlearn—no old prejudice to conquer. Some of the present clerks, like your humble servant, may yet "*put their hands to the plow*," and show to the world that they are not such conceited fops as some seem to imagine.

CLERK.

FARMING vs. A PROFESSION.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In the last No. of the RURAL, I saw an invitation extended to *farmers' boys* to contribute to the "*Young Ruralist*" department of your paper. Now as I am one of that class, I claim it as my privilege to agitate my pen for the especial benefit of my class. I cannot boast of belonging to the *literati*, otherwise than understanding the art of feeding chickens, driving team, &c.; but being a farmer's boy, I can boast of belonging to the most respectable, honorable, and independent class of society.

I have often heard it remarked that farmers' boys are a clumsy, uncouth, untutored set, fit only to drive team, saw wood, or hoe corn. Now you know, Mr. Editor, as well as I, that it is a *base calumny*. I know a great many that are as fit to have the respect of the community as your soft-*handed*, soft-*headed* clerks; and in *my opinion*, much more so. Many of them are more refined, more cultivated, and can appear better in society.

I have often been urged to seek a living by some other means than "tilling the ground"—to seek a more *honorable* (may be less *honest*) mode by means of a *profession*; but I remain a farmer. I deem it the best, the *easiest*, in short the most *delightful* way of spending one's life. You may hear from me again. I. FRATER.

East Bloomfield, N. Y., 1857.

HOME ON THE FARM.

THE farm preserves the family in its integrity. The home has in that charming word, and that more charming thing, the fireside; around which parents and children gather, and where the bright and cheerful blaze upon the hearth is but a true type of the flame of love that glows in every heart. The parents have been drawn together, not by the sordid motives of wealth, or by the ambitious desire of social display, but for the personal qualities seen in each other. The glory of that fireside to the husband is that the wife is there, and to the wife that he is there, who is head of the woman, and the band in that home circle. Here they gather at morning and evening, and at noon.—Their board is almost always surrounded with the same circle. Here they spend the long winter evenings together, enlivened with the school-books of children, the newspapers and journals, and works of history and science. A constant homogeneous influence goes forth from this circle to the young hearts that are molding there. Parental vigilance guards the young against wicked companions. If the religious influences are right in that home, they will all grow up to be good citizens, to be the pillars of society, wherever their lot may be cast. The sons follow the business of their father as soon as their labors are available. They are with him in the field, and by the way, and at home. They form industrious habits, and are prepared for the responsibilities of life.—REV. W. CLIFT, *in Am. Journal of Education.*

THE whole tendency of farm life is to develop the body healthfully and symmetrically. The child is not pent up in the narrow back-yard of a city dwelling, or turned into the thronged and filthy street, to pursue his sports. His eyes open first upon green fields and fragrant meadows, and his first footfall out of doors is upon the matted grass beneath the shadowy trees of his rural home. He drinks in health from every breeze, and all the scenes around him call forth that playfulness which performs so important an office in our early training.

Orchard and Garden.

THE SALISBURIA, OR GINKGO TREE.

THE MAIDEN-HAIR-LEAVED SALISBURIA.

We introduce to the notice of our readers this week a beautiful ornamental tree, the *Salisburia adiantifolia*, or *Ginkgo Tree*. It is a deciduous tree of the first magnitude, and remarkable for the singularity of its leaves, which seem to unite Coniferæ with Corylaceæ. It was named *Salisburia* in honor of a distinguished botanist, R. A. Salisbury, and *Ginkgo* is the native name in Japan. It is a native of China and Japan, and was first discovered in Japan in 1690, and first imported into Europe about 1730, probably by the Dutch traders with Japan. It was only introduced into England about 100 years since, and Linnæus first published a notice of it in 1771. It was first planted in France in 1780, and in this country in 1784, being imported by Mr. Hamilton, and planted at Woodlands, near Philadelphia. In 1843 the imported tree was 54 feet high, and 3 feet 10 inches in circumference at 2 feet from the ground.

SALISBURIA — A YOUNG TREE FOURTEEN FEET HIGH, AND FLOWERS.

The tree makes a growth of about a foot a year in height, and the oldest trees known continue to grow as vigorously as when young. The form of the tree is shown by the engraving, "rising with a straight, erect trunk, regularly furnished with alternate branches, at first inclined upwards, but as they become older taking a more horizontal direction, so as to form a regular, conical, and somewhat spiry-topped head." The bark is grey, and the leaves irregular and beautiful. They are smooth, shiny, soft, and of a fine yellowish green, and of the same color and texture on both sides.

As shown by the engraving, the leaves are of a peculiar form, being triangular, with long stalks, abrupt at the upper extremity, and cloven or notched, giving the tree when in leaf a most lively and beautiful appearance. The catkins of flowers as shown in the first engraving are of a yellowish color. The fruit is a nut somewhat resembling, it is said, the almond in flavor.

LEAVES AND FRUIT.

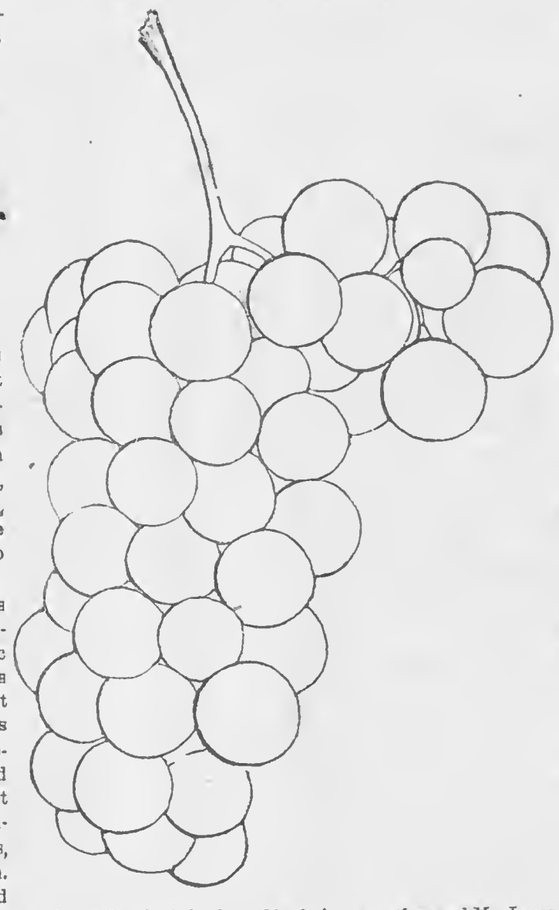
The *London Gardener's Chronicle*, speaking of this tree, says:—"In the scramble after novelties there is a risk that one of the most valuable of the exotic coniferous trees grown in Europe may be forgotten. It would be interesting to know what proportion the sale of the Ginkgo tree bears to such plants as *Taxodium sempervirens*. We suspect that the demand for it is almost nothing, judging from the very few places in which it is ever seen. And yet it is a noble tree, of singular as well as beautiful aspect, as hardy as a poplar, and, when old, of gigantic stature. Facts show that the *Salisburia* deserves to be more generally cultivated than it is. According to Mr. Martins, and others, the wood is dense and strong—not unlike that of the orange tree, and by no means resinous, and when the female trees have a male branch grafted upon them, which is easily done, they produce fruit in abundance, which, if not of value for useful purposes, have, at least, the merit of being ornamental."

The tree is yet scarce both in this country and Europe. To all who are ordering trees from nurseries, we say order a *Salisburia*, and feel gratified if you get even a small plant.

The Dioscorea in Paris.—A correspondent of the *London Gardener's Chronicle*, writing from Paris, says:—"I saw the Dioscorea, or Chinese Potato, after the second year of cultivation, little better than we have it in this country, and they say it is of no use without two years' growth in Paris. If, as experience proves, it is so shy, we may take our leave of it as an article of staple food, and it will only serve to make a dish at the tables of the wealthy portion of society."

THE DELAWARE GRAPE.

In 1853 we saw for the first time the *Delaware Grape*, and was very much pleased with it. At the Pomological Convention held in this city in September last, we saw several specimens on the tables and having a good opportunity to taste it, and converse with those who had cultivated it, we were more than ever impressed in its favor.—The bunch is small, compact, sometimes shouldered. Berries small and round. Skin thin and of a coppery color. Very little pulp. Flavor very sweet, but sprightly and pleasant. It is in all respects an excellent table grape. It is represented as being two weeks earlier than the Isabella—the vine a vigorous grower and great bearer. It is entirely hardy, free from mildew, and ripens its wood better than almost any other variety.



This grape has been considered of foreign origin—but latterly we believe this idea has been given up. It appears that it was taken from New Jersey to Delaware, Ohio, from which place it receives its name. It first attracted the attention of the horticulturists of Delaware, Ohio, by being offered in the streets for sale, by persons who had grown it in the country, and much pains was taken to propagate it and trace out its origin.

To show the estimation in which it is held by the horticulturists of the country, we give the remarks made at the late Pomological Convention on this grape. Mr. Prince was of opinion that this would prove to be the most delicious native grape, except perhaps the Scuppernong of the South. Dr. Grant had grown it for three years, and found it perfectly hardy. Mr. Downing considered it one of the finest native grapes, and said that it was very hardy with him. Dr. Brinckle saw it first in 1850, and thought it finer than any native grape that he knew, but had doubts of its being a native, and Mr. Longworth said it was not. Mr. Ernst stated that Mr. Longworth had been mistaken in regard to this grape, and was now satisfied of its American origin. Mr. Hovey esteemed it as an excellent fruit, and wished it placed upon the list of varieties that promise well. Dr. Grant remarked that it was first discovered in New Jersey, and was introduced into Ohio 25 or 30 years since. It was recommended as promising well.

HARDY GRAPES.

PICKING AND MARKETING.

Mr. Editor:—Having given my views of the best method of cultivating Hardy Grapes, and the profits to be expected from their cultivation, I will now say a few words on the picking and preparing the fruit for market, which is a very important matter to the cultivator, for it will add one-half or double the value of the fruit, by being neatly and properly done. The following is an excellent plan if not the very best.

Be sure to let your grapes remain on the vines until they are fully ripe, when they are black and sweet, and until they separate from the vine easily, when you take the bunch in your hand.—They are now ready to pick. The best thing to pick them in is half barrels. Take new flour or apple barrels, saw them in the centre, bore holes in the sides to let the air circulate freely through, and put in ropes for handles. Pick the grapes and lay them in carefully, and then set your tubs in a building, where the air can circulate freely; a corn barn is a good building for this purpose.—Let them remain in this position from two to three weeks, or until the stems are dry. Then pack them in paper boxes made for the purpose, that will hold from five to six pounds, say 3 or 4 inches deep, 8 wide and 12 long. These boxes are about 8 cents each in New York, with name, residence and kind of grape printed on the cover. Boxes and grapes are sold by the pound, and the box in this way brings as much, or a little more than it costs.

In packing grapes in the boxes, lay a piece of cotton batting on the bottom of the box, and another layer on top of the grapes, before putting on the cover. All the small or green fruit must be picked off the bunches as they are packed in the boxes. Very few unripened grapes will be found, where the vine has been treated as before described. The grapes are now ready for market. Take off the cover two or three days after packing, and you will find the aroma so inviting to your taste that you would willingly pay four times as much per pound, for a box of them, as you would for those grown in the usual way, with small bunches, small fruit, abundance of green berries, without aroma, and sour at that.

To send grapes to a distant market, pack these paper boxes in large wooden boxes. They can be sent in this way to Europe, in good order, and in perfect condition. Stephen H. Ainsworth.

West Bloomfield, N. Y., 1857.

THE ALLEN RASPBERRY.

Mr. Editor:—In your paper of the 31st ult., I notice the communication of L. F. Allen, Esq., in relation to the "Allen Raspberries." A reply from me no doubt is anticipated; and I most cheerfully and frankly respond to the same.

My remarks before the Society I believe were substantially as follows:—"The Allen Raspberry, is a variety much grown about Buffalo; probably a native of Ohio; very hardy; a most vigorous grower; an abundant bearer, fruit *dark red*, and in my opinion a superior sort." Now, in these remarks, I had no design or intention whatever, to say anything disparagingly, or to the prejudice of Mr. Allen. Very far from it; and I am quite positive that no one present believed so for a moment. That I had the best of reasons to believe that I was speaking understandingly on this subject, will appear from the following facts:—Mr. Allen and myself, both of us, procured our plants from the garden of the late Hiram Pratt, of this city, after the decease of the proprietor. When mine came into bearing I found them identical, and to all appearance precisely like another very hardy and productive sort, which I had procured several years before, from Ohio, and which I was informed was a native of that State. Last autumn Mr. A. and myself had some conversation on this subject. This was after the published description of his had appeared in the papers. I informed him that I had the same variety procured from the Pratt garden; and our views in regard to the hardiness and value of the fruit were alike. And although neither of us entered into a minute description of the fruit or the plants, yet I had not the least doubt at the time but they were identical. Perhaps I am mistaken; I cannot say but I am, as I have never examined his when in fruit. If so, the public may be assured that we have at least one more valuable, hardy sort.

Mr. Allen says his "is not a native of Ohio."—I do not *know* as the one I have is a native of that State; yet I believe it to be—at least a native of our country,—for of all the imported varieties that I have ever had in my grounds, I have never found one as hardy. Mr. A. says "he wishes to deceive no one." I am unable to see the force of this remark. No one, I believe, has accused him of deception. If the raspberry originated in Ohio, or Oregon, or anywhere else in our country, I can see no good reason why it should not be esteemed quite as highly, as if it came from Japan, or the Ganges. To conclude, whether the "Ohio" variety is identical with Mr. Allen's, I know not. Of one thing I am quite certain, that all who purchase the "Allen" variety will get the worth of their money.

And now, Mr. Editor, while upon this subject, permit me to *correct* a few errors made by the reporters at the meeting referred to. In the published proceedings of the 17th of January, we read as follows:—"Mr. Hodge thought the Isabella Grape would not ripen well in the vicinity of Rochester." What I said is as follows:—"The Isabella Grape rarely ripens well and becomes perfectly black in the neighborhood of Buffalo in ordinary seasons." Another error, on the subject of grafting. "Mr. Hodge said in 1848 he furnished a gentleman with 100 apple trees,—from these in the fall of 1854, he picked 120 barrels of apples." It should read as follows:—Mr. H. was acquainted with a man who in the spring of 1848 planted out 100 apple trees, and in the autumn of 1855 gathered from them 120 barrels of apples, &c. The person referred to is Mr. Henry Fales, of Peach Haven. One more error. The large crop of Pears on some trees near me—for "last season," read "*in one season*." Last season we had but little fruit; much less than for any year for a quarter of a century. By the way we have had much cold weather this winter. Nine degrees below zero has been the coldest. Peaches all safe so far.

Buffalo, Feb. 2, 1857. Benj. Hodge.

Remarks.—Speakers do not always say just what they intend to say, nor do they always say just what they mean. It is not very important to know who made the mistake, but it is important that the truth should be known,—and perhaps *Reporters* can as well afford to bear the blame as any. It is strange, however, that the reporter for the *Country Gentleman* reports Mr. Hodge as saying that the *Allen Raspberry "is of a reddish black,"* the very same words used by the Rural Reporter.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

Editor Rural.—Will you be kind enough before planting time to name a few, say, half a dozen, of the earliest *Summer Pears?* I design to plant this spring, and look to the Rural for the necessary information.—Cultivator, *Ontario Co.*

Remarks.—Next week we will endeavor to describe half a dozen of the *earliest Pears*.

Mr. Editor.—I have always heard, and read in the horticultural books and papers, that the plum succeeds only on a heavy soil. Now, I have a few plum trees of different varieties that have done finely on a light sandy soil. Is this so generally in the West, or is this an exception to the rule?—N. T., *near Chicago, Ill.*

Remarks.—The plum on the *native* stock, or as it is generally called, the Canada plum, which is the same as the wild plum of the West, succeeds well even on a very light soil. In our travels in the West last summer, we saw plenty of plum trees doing exceedingly well on the sandy oak ridges.

Ashes for Fruit Trees.—Mr. Editor:—I wish to call the attention of all who cultivate fruit to the value of ashes as a manure for fruit trees. I have found it excellent on peaches, apples, and in fact on every tree on which I have tried them; and I have never known any injury to result from their use, even in large quantities.—M., *Kalamazoo, Michigan.*

Remarks.—Our correspondent, we presume, refers to leached ashes. Injury may result from the use of *unleached* ashes in large quantities. We would not advise the use of ashes for cherry trees. We have known cherry trees badly injured and destroyed by the use of ashes.

WINTER SQUASHES AND THEIR ENEMIES.

Having taken the utmost pains in procuring seeds and preparing the ground by well manuring and pulverizing and mixing with the soil, I planted with the intention of raising squashes. In due time they appeared and gave flattering tokens of the future, but soon as the third and fourth leaf appeared the striped bug appeared. Ashes, plaster, and often stirring the ground seemed rather too much for them. After they had had their day the large and voracious brown bug gave them a visit, and such a visit, in open violation of my acts and wishes, daily expressed and demonstrated.—After a long struggle notwithstanding, they increased by the multiplication table—like Walker's soldiers they decreased. Thinking that nature, with what assistance I had rendered, was now upperhanded, my attention was called to other matters for some ten days, when I observed the vines were some of them wilting, and after a close examination I found large grubs working in the vine just above the ground, literally eating them up.—By dint of persevering effort—using ashes, putting refuse tobacco about them—I succeeded in saving a part of them in a crippled state. Some were entirely destroyed, with squashes growing at least half their size. Perhaps some of your readers' experience may have found an effectual remedy.

Syracuse, N. Y., 1856. S. N. Holmes.

Annual Meeting of the Horticultural Society of the Valley of the Genesee.—This Society held its Annual Meeting at the Court House, Rochester, on Friday, the 16th inst. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—*President*—W. A. Reynolds. *Vice Presidents*—Austin Pinney, Zera Burr, H. C. White, Selah Mathews, Geo. Ellwanger, H. N. Langworthy. *Corresponding Secretary*—H. E. Hooker. *Treasurer*—J. H. Watts. *Recording Secretary*—Charles W. Seelye. *Committee on Fruits*—H. P. Norton, Selah Mathews, J. J. Thomas, L. A. Ward, H. E. Hooker, Joseph Frost. *Committee on Flowers.*—J. A. Eastman, Robert Donellan, James M. Whitney, Wm. Goldsmith, Benj. Hill, Joseph Harris.—*Committee on Vegetables*—H. C. White, T. A. Newton, James Buchan, James Vick. *Committee on Botany*—Chester Dewey, J. B. Fuller.

The Prospects of a Peach Crop in the neighborhood of Rochester, we are pleased to know, are better than we anticipated. The thermometer was down to 16° below zero, and yet on examining the fruit buds, as far as we have had an opportunity, we find them uninjured. Several peach growers in the vicinity report to us that their peach buds are killed, but we hope they are mistaken.

M. B. Bateham, of Columbus, writes that the peach buds in that part of Ohio are not injured. It will be seen that Col. Hodge makes a similar report from Buffalo.

Domestic Economy.

"COUNTRY COOKING."

Eds. Rural:—Through the medium of your paper, permit a *rural* subscriber to show a moderate resentment of the unprovoked, unwise and invidious assault of the editors of the New York *Tribune* upon the habits and tastes of the rural population.

If an arrogant but ignorant city fop were to assume the vain and insulting airs of these editors, and designate the *country* people in contradistinction to the inhabitants of the city as "filthy," "destitute of culinary knowledge and taste," "abusing the good gifts of our Creator," and predeclared unworthy to entertain them at our "horrid feasts," we would pass him by with silent contempt. We have often done so, but the editors of the *Tribune*, from their acquirements and position, merit reproof.

The diversity of taste in the human family, is a wise and beneficent provision of Nature. It contents men in every variety of climate, on every quality of soil, and adapts them to every occupation necessary in society—to scavengers and editors of filthy cities—to mechanics of the quiet village, and to hard-fisted farmers, of the God-created country.

It is folly, therefore, in these arrogant editors to condemn the taste of country people, if they are designed to prefer the shade of the green forest tree in summer, to the reflection from towering brick piles, on crowded streets—the odor of growing vegetation and blooming flowers to city sewers, or brown steaks for breakfast to those more rare.

In attempting to change our mode of cooking, perhaps these gentlemen are actuated by the same motive as the fox in the fable, who, when he had lost his own tail, wished to persuade all his race to amputate theirs—and would reduce the hale, portly old farmers everywhere in the country, to their own "lean and hungry" appearance.

We are accused with sending our largest and fattest stock to market, and keeping the smallest and poorest for our own use. They would make us truly generous, and I would inform them that it is not always the largest, nor the fattest, nor the oldest, that makes the best meat. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

If general daily ablution is necessary for the N. Y. *Tribune* editors, as they would intimate (and they are in the best position to judge) I would not wish to associate with them at my "horrid feasts." But there is difference in habits as well as tastes, and the city is so filthy.

I would refer these city gentlemen for instruction to a country bard:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us,
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

Troy, Mad. Co., Ill., Jan., 1857. A Farmer.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

LIST OF PATENTS

Issued from the United States Patent Office for the week ending January 27, 1857.

John Allcroft and Thomas Mighten, New York, improvement in steam and pressure guages.

Wm. Bennett, New York, improvement in radiators for fire place grates and Franklin stoves.

Geo. W. Bishop, Brooklyn, N. Y., improvement in stone grooving machines.

R. P. Bradley, Cuyahoga Falls, O., improvement in the machines for shearing sheep.

Saml. Bradbury, Griggsville, Ill., improvement in machines for trimming hedges.

James S. Brown, Pawtucket, Mass., improvement in speeders.

John Broughton, Chicago Ill., improved sash fastener.

Tenison Chester, Middleburg, O., improvement in inserting buckets in water wheels.

Saml. Cobb, Cincinnati, O., improved corpse preservers.

Geo. Cook and David Cook, New Haven, Conn., improvement in calash carriage tops.

Geo. Crangle, Philadelphia, Pa., improved rotary brick machines.

Michael DeCamp, South Bend, Ind., improved grain separators.

Lewis F. Carrierl, Portland, Me., improved method in hulling rice.

Geo. N. Cummings, Hartford Conn., improvement in soldering spectacles.

Lyman Derby, New York, improved tailor's measures.

James B. Eads, St. Louis, Mo., improved method in blasting rocks under water.

Jeremiah D. Eggleston, Canaan, Ct., improvement in feed boxes of bee hives.

Henry A. Fowler, East Guilford, N. Y., improvement in fastenings for hames.

Richard J. Gating, Indianapolis, improvement in machines for fallowing land.

Heinrich Genhart, Leige, Belgium, improvement in repeating fire arms.

James W. W. Gordon, Catonsville, Md., vaccinating instrument.

James W. W. Gordon, Catonsville, Md., spring lancet.

Robert Grant, Brooklyn, process for making illuminating gas.

Samuel Hall, New York, improvement in cutting sheet metal.

George E. Hayes, Buffalo, mounting of artificial teeth.

James Harrison, Jr., New York, improved machine for making coiled springs.

Moses G. Hubbard, Penn Yan, improvement in harvesters.

Edward G. Hyde, Irvington, acoustic auricle.

Frank G. Johnson, Brooklyn, improved method of constructing fence posts.

John P. Jourds, New York, improvement in raising sunken vessels.

Edward Keith, Bridgewater, Mass., improvement in cotton gins.

Anthony Kuhn, Baltimore, improvement in keyed harps.

Charles T. Liernur, Mobile, improvement in compound rail for railroads.

Matthias Ludburn, Essex, N. Y., life boat.

John M. May, Janesville, Wis., improved self-regulating wind mill.

Joseph B. Okey, Indianapolis, improved lath machine.

M. L. Parry, Galveston, improvement in cotton presses.

David Pollock, Lancaster, Penn., improved ore cleaner.

John F. Reeve, Richmond, Ind., writing pen.

Sam'l S. Ritter, Philadelphia, improvement in hernial trusses.

Daniel W. Shares, Hamdon, Conn., improvement in harrows.

Alfred E. Smith, Bronxville, improvement in axle boxes.

Wm. T. Tillinghast, Dayton, O., composing stick for printers.

Isaac Van Hagen, New York, improvement in oil cases.

Abner Van Horn, New York, improvement in core boxes.

James Noble Ward, United States Army, improved mode of altering flint lock fire arms to percussion.

Geo. Wellman, Lowell, improvement in machinery for stripping the top flats of carding engines.

Elbridge Wheeler, Faltonville, Mass., improvement in machine for forging metal.

F. H. Whitaker, Cincinnati, improvement in nut machines.

Elbridge Wheeler, Marlboro', Mass., improved clamping machine.

Wm. Wilber, New Orleans, improvement in mills for tempering oleagenous seeds. Patented in England June 12, 1856.

Wm. Wilber, New York, improvement in machines for hulling and separating cotton seeds.

Thos. S. Woodworth, Salem, N. J., improvement in supporting masts for the decks of vessels

Erastus D. Wooding, Dixon, Ill., improvement in seeding machines.

A. F. Chatman, New York, assignor to himself and Jacob Pecture, same place, improved door spring.

Sylvester Sawyer, Fitchburg, Mass., assignor to the American Hoop Machine Company, improved machine for planing hoops.

Jos. C. Stiry, New Orleans, assignor to Thos. J. Dobyns, same place, improvement in fountain pens.

Peter L. Weimer, Lebanon, Pa., and Samuel P. Francisco, Reading Pa., assignors to Samuel P. Francisco, improvement in operating the valve of steam hammers.

Welcome Whitaker, Troy, assignor to Henry L. Palmer and Julius H. Skilton, same place, vermin destroyer.

Clarissa A. Hubbard, executrix of Guy H. Hubbard, dec'd, (late of Shelburne Falls, Mass.) improvement in machines for paring and slicing apples.

RE-ISSUE.

Sam'l. R. Wilmot, New York, portable steam sawing machine. Patented August 14, 1855.

THE DAYS BEFORE COAL.

There can be no doubt, for it is an unquestionable fact, that the coal beds of England are the reanatural source of its physical wealth. Without coal, it never would have been a manufacturing country, without it no cotton manufactories would ever have been erected, and no steamships would have floated on its waters. It is simply because it has the largest coal fields in Europe, that it is the greatest manufacturing country in that quarter of the world. But it was very difficult to introduce the use of coal among the old English people.

It was first used in that country about six centuries ago, and at that time Englishmen would not use the *sooty fuel* in their houses. It did not suit the fire places or domestic habits of the people; but it was found well adapted for the blacksmith and lime-burner. Only the layers near the surface and in coal fields adjacent to rivers and seas, were first opened; but when the demand increased, the miners dived more deeply into the bowels of the earth, and boldly worked the coal wherever it was to be found. When the mines became deep the miners were sadly perplexed how to get rid of the water; and it was not till the steam engine came to their aid that they fully mastered this difficulty.

But the prejudices of the users were as difficult to surmount as the perils of the miners. A citizen of London was once tried and executed for burning sea coal in opposition to a stringent law passed in respect to that subject, but even long after such intolerance as this had passed away, coal was *tabooed* in good society. Ladies had a theory that the black abomination spoiled their complexion; and it was for a long time a point of etiquette not to sit in a room warmed by a coal fire, or to eat meat roasted by such means. Prejudice unquestionably had much to do with these objections; but it was not all prejudice, for the almost total absence of proper arrangements for supply of fresh air, and removing smoke and foul air, rendered the burning coal a very dirty and disagreeable companion in a room.

Wood was then the principal fuel used in England, and the forests but scantily supplied the wants of the people. Turf or peat was also employed in some districts as it still is in Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland; but in all England wood is at present unknown as a domestic fuel—coal has entirely superseded it.—*Sci. American.*

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINES

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE BEREAVED MOTHER OF MISS L—— M. B——.

BLESSED are the early dead! How blessed!
No storms assail
Their quiet home, their dreamless rest,
Beyond the pale
Which shuts our world from that of shades,
The dove of peace
Broods over the celestial glades,
And all things cease
Which e'er could interrupt or mar
The angelic harmony. No war,
No woe, no want, nor gaunt Despair,
No fierce desires or passions, there
Disturb the mind or make the breast
The abode of evil or unrest.
Grim Disappointment's leaden pall,
No more o'er cherished hopes shall fall;
No more Ambition point to fame
And cheat the heart to win—a name.
No vain delusion there decoys
The soul to sin and empty joys,
Which to the conscience only bring
Swift-winged Remorse with adder sting.
"There tears are wiped from every eye *
No heart shall mourn, no bosom sigh:
They hunger not nor thirst again,
They know no death, nor grief nor pain,
Who wander by the living streams,
Their light and heat love's fervent beams,
The Lamb their daily food shall give;"
We call them *dead* 'tis *they* who live.

And thou, the youthful and the good,
Who in our midst so lately stood,
Vainly we turn the list'ning ear,
Thy footsteps or thy voice to hear.
Sadly we miss thee, every scene
Tells to our hearts that thou hast been.
Yet loved one, our meek prayer shall be
"Amen!" for "it is well with thee."

* Rev. 7th and 21st Chapters.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

PERMIT me through the medium of your columns to make a few remarks, relative to the much abused and much talked about "*Woman's Rights.*" First let me ask what constitutes these "*Rights,*" and who are the usurpers thereof?

The proper sphere of woman is an Heaven ordained one, and men in civilized, enlightened countries accord to them their peculiar *Rights;* or if they do not, then they deny the end for which they were created and become usurpers. Some women, of the present day, are endeavoring to get for themselves a *name* or *fame* by mingling in party-strife. Could they secure for females the privilege of the *Ballot Box,* I cannot believe any *intelligent, noble-minded* woman, true to her interests, and the welfare of her family, would be willing to descend from the holy and sacred precincts of *Home,* to sacrifice and degrade the finer sensibilities of the soul in associations not congenial to her nature. Would she benefit herself or mankind by so doing? I say *not;* but rather retard or impede the wheels of government by impairing the spring from whence all good motives or actions originate—*the Family Circle.* Who denies the powerful influence a virtuous intelligent woman may exert over her family?

Mothers, to us has been committed a privilege far superior to the depositing of *votes* in the Ballot Box. Protected from the meddler, or the eye of the curious, we have the *unfolding of that "bud of promise,"* the miniature man, the *bending of the twig,* and training of the immortal mind, and shall we so far forget our high calling, as even to *desire* to depart from it? *No, no;* let us not become the usurpers of our own *Rights,* but shun the shoals and quicksands upon which we might wreck our happiness and the well-being of our children. And here allow me to suggest a few hints how we may and can successfully and satisfactorily "train up" the child *mentally* to the stature of an honest intelligent man—"the noblest work of GOD." Let us get to ourselves those sterling virtues which are indisputably "Woman's Rights" and impart them by precept and example, and withal to get much wisdom, read much and think more. We may graduate with all the "Honors of the Institution," but unless we exercise the same it will avail us nothing and we retrograde. I would cast no reflections upon my own *sex,* but so far as my observation extends, it is a lamentable fact that women *read too little,* and what they do read, is evil and fictitious. How many will devote days and weeks, aye, months, adorning the body to the exclusion of the mind, and excuse themselves for lack of time. I *aver* if women would read more and the right kind of literature, we should have far less *gossiping* and redeem our character from that *foul imputation.* The mind needs food as well as the body, and if we do not obtain the good it will seize the pernicious.

I call upon you *young ladies and married ladies* to walk forth into the field of action and reading, select your literature, direct the current of thoughts, discipline the mind, expand the soul, and thereby secure to yourselves those *Heaven-born Rights* which no one can wrest from you.

Lodi, N. Y., Jan., 1857. ALMY.

JOHN RANDOLPH, some years before his death, wrote to a friend as follows:—"I used to be called a Frenchman because I took the French side in politics; and though that was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers and cause me, on my knees, to say, "Our Father who art in Heaven."

COMPANIONS.—What is companionship, where nothing that improves the intellect is communicated, and where the larger heart contracts itself to the model and dimension of the smaller?—*Diogenes.*

OH, my heart, if thou desirest ease in this life, keep thy secrets undisclosed like the modest rose-bud; take warning from the lovely flower, which, by expanding its hitherto hidden beauties, when in full bloom, gives its happiness to the winds.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR LITTLE JAMIE.

HE is a fair-haired, blue-eyed little one—our JAMIE. Not long has he been with us, for as yet his life in months is counted. But the infantile charms and endearing ways of his short baby-hood have so won upon our hearts, that a lifetime would not suffice to efface their memory. Two pearly teeth adorn his rosy mouth, and

"His smile is like the smile that plays
Upon a cherub face—
He is a cherub, though he makes
Our home his dwelling place.

No fear that we shall entertain
And angel unaware—
That heavenly look upon his face,
That glory on his hair.

Reminds us whence the darling came,
And bids us not forget
That He who lent the child to us
Will come to claim him yet."

GOD bless thee, little brother. Tiny voyager, just setting out upon life's troubled, tempestuous ocean, many dangers and trials wilt thou have to encounter in thy life's voyage. But may He who dwells above, guide thy little bark in safety through them all, and finally moor it securely in that haven of eternal rest, where thou shalt forever dwell with that SAVIOR, who, when upon earth took little ones in His arms, blessed them, and said "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Rochester, Jan., 1857. WINNIE WILLIAM.

SAD CHILDREN.

THERE is one thing which strikes me as very affecting in the condition of any child. It is when that condition is necessarily a melancholy one—when the circumstances which hem it around, cast over the surface of that young life an abiding gloom. A melancholy child! What an anomaly among the harmonies of the universe, a something as incongruous as a bird drooping in a cage, or a flower in a sepulchre. The musical laughter muffled and broken; the spontaneous smile transformed to a sad suspicion; and the austerities of mature life, the fearful speculation, and forecast of evil, fixed and frozen on the boy's face! And then the sorrow of a child is so absorbing; for he lives only in the present. In the afflictions which fall upon him, man has the aid of reason and faith; he looks beyond the present issue; he detects the significance of his calamity, and strengthened thus, a brave heart can vanquish any sorrow. But as Richter beautifully says, "The little cradle or bed-canopy of the child is easier darkened than the starry canopy of man." Surely, then, it is a blessed thing to contribute aught that will lighten this gloom, and place the child in natural conditions.—*Humanity in the City.*

A MORAL AND EXAMPLE.

"LISTEN," said I, "listen and attend, and you shall have a moral and example. When the wasp now in the window entered the room, you flew at it with all kinds of violence. I wonder it didn't sting every one of you. Now, in future, let a wasp when it comes in, have its little bout, and make its little noise. Don't stir a muscle—don't move a lip—be quiet as the statue of Venus or Diana, or anybody of that sort, until the wasp seems inclined, as at this moment, to settle. Then do as I do now." Whereupon, dipping the feather end of a pen in the cruet of salad oil, I approached the wasp, and in the softest and tenderest manner possible, just oiled it upon the body—the black and yellow—like a green waistcoat, when down it fell, turned upon its back, and was dead in a minute. "There, girls," said I, "see what kindness and a little oil does. Now, here's my moral and example. When a husband comes home in an ill humor, don't cry out and fly at him, but try a little oil—in fact, treat your husband like a wasp."

THE BEAUTIFUL MYSTERY OF INFANCY.—There is no sentiment more natural to thoughtful minds than that of reverence for childhood. Many sources both of mystery and love meet in the infant life. While we look on the "child as the father of the man," yet cannot tell of what kind of man all the possible varieties of character and fate appear for the moment to be collected into that diminutive consciousness; that which may be the germ of any, is felt as though it were the germ of all; the thread of life, which from our hand that holds it, runs forward into instant darkness, entwines itself there into a thousand filaments, and leads us over every track and scene of human things; here through passages where poverty crawls; there to the fields where glory has its race; here to the midnight lake where meditation floats between two heavens; there to the arid sands where passion pants and dies. Infancy is so naturally suggestive, it is the representative of such various possibilities, that it would be strange did we not regard it with a feeling of wonder.

PRETTY CUSTOM OF THE POLISH GIRLS.—At Warsaw, the annual fete of "floating crowns" was recently celebrated, and it attracted, as usual, a large crowd of spectators of all classes. It consists in the young girls of the city carrying wreaths of roses, decked with ribbons, to the Vistula, casting them into the river, and watching them as they are carried away by the current. The manner in which they are borne along by the waters is supposed to predict the future destiny of those to whom they belong, and accordingly the girls make demonstrations of joy or sorrow. A somewhat similar practice is prevalent among the young girls of India.

A BLACK cloud makes the traveler mend his pace and mind his home; whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that stealeth away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then, some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal my comforts; for I perceive, if I should find too much friendship in my inn, in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my father's house, and my heritage.

Is not every face beautiful in our eyes which habitually turns towards us with affectionate, guileless smiles?

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

THE shoulder to the wheel!
Fellow-mortal faint and low,
Children may set down and weep,
But man must up and do.
In thy mind are idly lying
Powers that all thy foes outnumber,
For a purpose never dying,
Thou canst rouse them from their slumber;
Rouse thee, then, begin to-day,
Man who rules or man who delves—
Upward look, but ever say,
GOD helps those who help themselves!

Then shoulder to the wheel!
For there's work enough to do,
For thy country, for thyself,
For the child that loveth you.
Naught the drooping heart obtaineth;
All the active spirit gaineth!
In his trial strength he reapeth,
Runs the race another creepeth.
Rouse thee, then, begin to-day,
Man who rules or man who delves—
Upward look, but ever say,
GOD helps those who help themselves!

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE beautiful, the beautiful,
It gleameth on my view,
In every golden sunbeam,
That kisseth e'en the dew.

It dwelleth in the human soul,
It flasheth from the eye,
It hideth in the flowret,
It waveth with the rye.

It talketh with the gurgling brook,
It singeth with the bird,
It runneth with the river,
It grazeth with the herd.

The beautiful, the beautiful,
It liveth with our life,
It falleth with the tear-drop,
It dieth with our death.

Doolittle Seminary, Rochester, Feb., 1857. J. M. S.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

TAKING STOCK.

EVENING came and I was alone, and as I am sometimes accustomed to do, I began to meditate. Do you ask what was uppermost in my mind?—That which was lightest of course. Do not the light things rise and the weighty sink down? It often requires an effort to elevate in our minds those things which are most worthy of our thoughts, and from the contemplation of which we derive the most profit.

As it was early in the new year, at a time when old accounts are closed up and new ones are opened, I fell, naturally enough, to thinking of some of those precautions and doings which contribute much to our wordly prosperity. Among others I thought of the practice among our merchants of *taking stock.* At a certain season of the year, or at certain periods in his business, every merchant who would guard himself against failure, who would know just where and how he stands, what he has done and what are his means and prospects of doing, takes down his broadcloths, silks, calicoes, de laines, and other goods, from the shelves, measures them yard by yard, marks on each piece what remains of it, and returns it again to the place whence it was taken. The buttons and the spools of thread, the needles and the pins are all numbered. The scales and the measure are brought into requisition, not to determine the amount of this or that article which this or that customer is to receive, but to ascertain what remains in hand together with its value. This is *taking stock.* The merchant thus learns what is necessary to replenish his store of goods. He brings his reckonings together, finds what he has sold during the year and what have been his profits.

Now, without further elucidation, are not the advantages which he derives from such a course, fully apparent? But I could not help thinking that this practice of taking stock, could be very profitably appropriated and applied in many departments where it is now almost entirely unknown. Is it not applicable to intellectual life? Suppose at certain times—I am not going to say when or how often—we should overhaul our intellectual stores, and, of all that we have accumulated, see what remains in the memory. Let us put ourselves under examination. If we have been blessed with the opportunities of obtaining a good education—what do we know of mathematics—of geometry, trigonometry and surveying? What of astronomy, chemistry and other sciences? What of the languages we have studied? But these belong more particularly to the schools, and we leave them for something more general. Of history have we read little, or, having read much, have we, by neglect, allowed the facts and the lessons which we learned to fade from our minds?

To begin at home, what do we know of the history of our own country? What are the most important periods in its history, and what are the transactions that give to them their importance? What do we know of our great men?—of WASHINGTON what?—when was he born—when did he die? In what did his greatness consist? What are the great facts in his life? Do we know them? or do we simply know that he led our armies during the Revolutionary war, and was our first President? Are we American citizens? How much do we really and actually know about the government of our country? What of its theory, and what of its practical workings?

But I will not multiply examples. Each can do it for himself,—and a few will suffice to show most persons how indefinite and meagre is the knowledge which they possess; while, by thus keeping the various subjects which they have studied before the mind, they will be less likely to lose what they have already gained, and will be continually striking upon new mines of intellectual wealth.—While by rules the most exact we regulate and conduct our pecuniary and commercial affairs, let us not be indifferent or less careful about those things which adorn, ennoble, and strengthen the mind. IMLAC.

"A CHIP FROM THE OLD BLOCK."

THERE is no disputing this fact; it shines in the face of every little child. The coarse, bawling, scolding woman, will have coarse, vicious, bawling, fighting children. She who cries on every occasion, "I'll box your ears—I'll slap your jaws—I'll break your neck," is known as thoroughly through her children, as if her unwomanly manners were openly displayed in the public streets!

These remarks were suggested by the conversation in an omnibus—that noble institution for the student of men and manners—between a friend and a schoolmaster. Our teacher was caustic, mirthful, and sharp. His wit flashed like the polished edge of a diamond, and kept the "buss" in a "roar." The entire community of insiders—and whoever is intimate with these conveyances can form a pretty good idea of our numbers—inclusive of the "one more" so well known to the fraternity, turned their heads, eyes and ears one way, and finally our teacher said:

"I can always tell the mother by the boy. The urchin who draws back with doubled fists, and lunges at his playmate if he looks at him askance, has a very questionable mother. She may feed him and clothe him, cram him with sweetmeats, and coax him with promises, but if she gets mad, she fights. She will pull him by the jacket; she will give him a knock in the back; she will drag him by the hair; she will call him all sorts of wicked names, while passion plays over her red face in lambient flames that curl and writhe out at the corners of her eyes.

And we never see the courteous little fellow with smooth locks and gentle manners—in whom delicacy does not detract from courage or manliness, but we say 'that boy's mother is a true lady.' Her words and her ways are soft, loving and quiet. If she reproves, her language is, 'my son'—not 'you little wretch—you plague of my life—you torment—you scamp!'

She hovers before him as the pillar of light before the wandering Israelites, and her beams are reflected in his face. To him, the word mother is synonymous with every thing pure, sweet, and beautiful. Is he an artist? In after life, the face that with holy radiance shines on his canvas, will be the mother-face. Whoever flits across his path with sunny smiles, and soft low voice, will bring 'mother's' image freshly to his heart. 'She is like my mother,' will be the highest meed of his praise. Not even when the hair turns silver, and the eye grows dim, will the majesty of that life and presence desert him.

But the ruffian mother—alas! that there are such—will form the ruffian character of the man."

We wonder not that there are so many awkward, ungainly men in society—they have all been trained by women who knew not nor cared for the holy nature of their trust. They have been made bitter to the heart's core, and that bitterness will find vent and lodgment somewhere. Strike the infant in anger, and he will, if he cannot reach you, vent his passion by beating the floor, the chair, or any inanimate thing within reach. Strike him repeatedly, and by the time he wears shoes, he will have become a little bully, with hands that double for fight as naturally as if especial pains had been taken to teach him the art of boxing.

OBEDIENCE, DILIGENCE, TRUTH.

IT is said that when the mother of Washington was asked how she had formed the character of her son, she replied that she had early endeavored to teach him three things.—obedience, diligence and truth. No better advice can be given by any parent.

Teach your children to obey. Let it be the first lesson. You can hardly begin too soon. It requires constant care to keep up the habit of obedience, and especially to do it in such a way as not to break down the strength of the child's character.

Teach your children to be diligent. The habit of being always employed is a great safe-guard through life, as well as essential to the culture of almost every virtue. Nothing can be more foolish than an idea which parents have, that it is not respectable to set their children to work. Playing is a good thing, innocent recreation is an employment, and a child may learn to be diligent in that as in other things; but let them learn to be useful. As to truth, it is the one essential thing. Let everything else be sacrificed rather than that.—Without it, what dependence can you place on your child? And be sure to do nothing yourself to give the lie to your own precepts.

Learning is not wisdom: we may master all the lore of antiquity, be conversant with all the writings, the sayings and the actions of the mighty dead—we may fathom science, read the heavens, understand their laws and their revolutions, dive into mysteries of matter, and explain the phenomena of earth and air; yet if we are not able to weigh our own actions and requirements with the action of others in the balance of even-handed, impartial justice, and repine not at the verdict; if we have not yet obtained the perfect knowledge and government of ourselves, and strictly and faithfully maintained the secret spring of minds, the fountain of our opinions and motives of our action, if we have not yet learned that "love is the fulfilling of the law"—*we are not wise*—we are as yet only on the threshold of knowledge.—*The Home.*

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—We are all inclined to pursue too keenly, and to value too highly, what is called success in life, which means a good estate, a distinguished social position, power, influence and consideration. All the elements that mould the growing mind tend to strengthen this passion. Open the common biographies which are written for our children, and what do you find set down in them? This man, when he was a boy, was docile, diligent and frugal, he studied hard, he was never idle, and never naughty, he made friends, he acquired knowledge, he laid up all the money that he earned. And what was the result? He became prosperous, and powerful, and rich; he held high offices and enjoyed great honors, and was esteemed and exalted. If you do likewise, you will be what he was, and gain what he gained. This is but another form of appealing to the love of excelling, rather than the love of excellence,—that inferior motive which, though it may quicken the faculties, dims the beauty of the soul.—*George S. Hilliard.*

A SKETCH OF JOSEPH SMITH.

BY WILLIAM H. PAYNE.

THIRTY years ago, there lived near Palmyra, Wayne county, New York, an obscure individual, whose name has since become familiar to the world. That individual was Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet. A sketch of the person's life is interesting, not because we find anything in his character to admire, but because it presents to our view the origin of Mormonism—one of the most extravagant humbugs that the world has ever witnessed. The idea of a new religion originating in a person possessing less than ordinary abilities, and rapidly increasing in number till both the Old and New World contains multitudes of proselytes, is a subject of much interest. To give the reader an idea of the origin of this singular sect is the object of the present essay.

The family of which Joseph was a member was large, and remarkable neither for intelligence nor industry. His father possessed a visionary mind, and cherished the notion that a prophet would arise out of his family. It is hard to say why he should arrive at this conclusion, yet the means of accomplishing his wishes were evidently in his own power, for it was soon announced to the world that a brother of Joseph was the expected prophet. It is evident that this appointment was not made by Divine authority, else so serious a mistake could not have occurred, for the prophet suddenly died—died of surfeit—of eating too much raw turnip! The hopes of the ambitious father were not to be blasted by this unfortunate occurrence; for it was soon known to the people of Stafford street, where they resided, that Joseph was the successor of his brother.

In order to obtain a clear idea of the prophet's career, it will be necessary to refer to his early years. The boyhood of Joseph was passed on the farm with his father. During the winter months he attended the district school, where he acquired the little knowledge which he possessed. He is remembered by his schoolmates as being idle, and somewhat vicious, and was regarded by all as a very dull scholar. As a young man, his prospects were anything but cheering. He was engaged in no steady employment, and might often have been found lounging around the bar-rooms of Palmyra, in company with persons as worthless and idle as himself. This was the general character of Joseph Smith up to the time of his prophetic career, and no one would have surmised that he was to become the founder of a new religion, or an inglorious martyr at Nauvoo.

Joseph's prophetic powers were first directed to the acquisition of wealth, and money digging soon engaged the attention of the family, and a part of the neighborhood. Night after night these fanatics labored, urged on by visions of untold wealth.—Excavations were made in hillside and valley, but Fortune, the fickle goddess, refused to smile upon them. Their golden visions were fruitless; the prophecy was false.

At this state of affairs a circumstance occurred which retrieved the waning hopes of the prophet, and gave a new direction to his genius. This was the discovery of the Book of Mormon, or Mormon Bible. This event proved to be the origin of Mormonism—the feeble germ which produced the tree of giant proportions, whose branches have extended over a large part of the known world. It was pretended by the prophet that this record was found on a hill, below the surface of the ground, written on plates of gold. This being transcribed by a mysterious process, became the work now known as the Mormon Bible. This is the fabulous account of its origin. Its authentic history is as follows:—It was written by a Vermont clergyman named Spaulding. It was intended merely as a work of fiction, and was entitled "The Manuscript Found." The author died before its circulation, and, after various fortunes it fell into the hands of Joseph Smith, who at once made it necessary to his ambitious schemes.

It is probable that this book owes its origin to that sentiment which prompts us to venerate old manuscripts which contain an account of men and times long since passed away. It professed to be the history of a people which had its origin at the time of the confusion of tongues, and whose prophet's name was Mormon. The style of the book is in imitation of the Holy Bible, but in point of beauty of diction, sublimity of character, and divinity of its Author, it holds no comparison. The only work with which the Mormon Bible can be compared is the Koran. Each is the oracle of a false religion,—the author of each was an impostor.

Well may Mormonism blush at its parentage.—The life of its founder exhibits no feature worthy of imitation, and his character is associated with all that is vicious and immoral. Mormonism itself is but a specious humbug, whose vital principal is polygamy. Such is the man—such the religion of which he was the founder.

A MOMENT.

A MOMENT is a mighty thing,
Beyond the soul's imagining;
For in it, though we trace it not,
How much there crowds of varied lot!
How much of life, life can not see,
Darts onward to eternity!
While vacant hours of beauty roll
Their magic o'er some yielded soul,
Ah! little do the happy guess
The sum of human wretchedness;
Or dream, amid the soft farewell
That time of them is taking,
How frequent mourns the funeral knell,
What noble heart is breaking,
While myriads to their tomb descend
Without a mourner, creed, or friend.
[*Richard Montgomery.*

NATURE'S FASHION.—There is one fashion that never changes. The sparkling eye, the coral lip, the rose leaf blushing on the cheek, the elastic step, are always in fashion. Health—rosy, bouncing, gladsome health—is never out of fashion; what pilgrimages are made, what prayers are uttered for its possession! Failing in the pursuit what treasures are lavished in concealing its loss or counterfeiting its charms!

PLACE AND CHARACTER.—Place signifies nothing; nature and philosophy will thrive everywhere, provided you mind your business. Never run into a hole and shun company. Let the world have the benefit of a good example, and look upon an honest man.—*Antoninus.*

The Traveler.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

Europe, Afoot and Alone.—New Series.

LETTER IV.—IRELAND.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

Disappointments.

THE sun was just setting on the third of July as we walked into Belfast. The day had been uncommonly warm, and the roads were dry and dusty, which made it unpleasant traveling. We were thoroughly fatigued and went directly to our inn, having first ascertained that a train of cars started for Dublin early in the morning, for there was nothing in Belfast we particularly cared to see, and we determed to celebrate the "Fourth" by a trip on the Railroad to the Capital of Ireland.

The Fourth of July.

Morning came; we rose in good season and ordered our breakfast, telling the landlady to be expeditious, for our time was limited. This information did not hasten the operations of that scheming dame, but rather seemed to operate contrarywise, and we could easi y perceive her game was to delay us beyond the time, that she might have the pleasure of furnishing our dinner and a larger bill. However, by dint of close watching and good management we out-generaled her, and after hastily "bolting" the meal, looked at our watches and found we had just ten minutes to travel the half mile to the Station, which we had passed on the previous evening. Taking the knapsacks in our hands, we rattled down stairs, but our exit was not so easily made. The front door was fastened with a multiplicity of bolts, locks and chains, which would have defied the ingenuity of the great American locksmith, HOBBS. E—— rattled the chains, pulled back the bolts and turned the key, but all to no purpose. The door was as fast as ever. The minutes were gliding away.—I stood by fretting and impatient, till an exhortation to "break the confounded thing and get out somehow," reached the ears of the landlady on the top of the stairs, bringing her down to our aid somewhat hastily, and we were quickly free. We bent our steps for the Station, and as we entered the gates, saw a man dressed in the company's uniform. I asked him where the train was for Dublin. He stared till I repeated the question more emphatically, and then broke out "To Dublin is it, to Dublin ye want to go." "Yes, to Dublin, where's the train." "Oh, at the other Station, a mile and a half from here, on the other side of town."

We had time enough then, and were in no hurry about finding the Station, for we could not go till afternoon. While strolling through the streets, we came suddenly in sight of the "stars and stripes" floating above the residence of the American Consul. It seemed like meeting a familiar friend. We stopped beneath the folds and gazed at those proud colors, and talked of the celebrations and rejoicings which that day pervaded our native land.

Dublin.

The tickets for the afternoon train cost one-third more than those would for the one in the morning. We were punctual in taking our seats, and in due time found ourselves in Dublin. The journey was not particularly interesting, for the sky was filled with leaden colored clouds that sent down drizzling showers. At Dublin I expected letters from home, and with rapid steps went directly to the Post-Office. But I was doomed to a more bitter disappointment, than in the morning.

The next day we were busily engaged in seeing the city, traversing its spacious streets, and admiring its many and exceedingly magnificent public buildings. Among these the Bank of Ireland is one of the finest. It was formerly the Parliament house, and is constructed without windows on the outside, but is lighted from above, and by windows that look into the court yard. It covers one acre and a half including the enclosed court yard, and a regiment of soldiers might be paraded on the level roof. In St. Patrick's Cathedral we saw DEAN SWIFT'S monument which is a plain slab of marble. Directly above it is his bust, which is believed to be a correct likeness. Near by is a tablet that SWIFT erected to the memory of MRS. JOHNSON,—better known in his writings by the name of STELLA. On the north side is a black marble slab which he dedicated to the Duke of SCHOMBERG who fell in the battle of the Boyne, and in another place a tablet by which he commemorated the faithfulness of his servant, ALEXANDER MCGEE.—There are numerous other monuments in the Cathedral, but to me these were the most interesting.

The celebrated Four Courts next attracted our attention. It is indeed an immense structure, being quadrangular in form, and measures in front four hundred and forty feet, and in depth one hundred and seventy. It stands close by the river, and in the center pile of buildings are the four courts of judicature. We entered the great hall which is circular in form, and measures sixty-four feet in diameter. The entrances to the courts are from this hall. It is surmounted by a dome, in which are windows, and below the windows are eight statues of Liberty, Wisdom, Law, Justice. Eloquence, Mercy, Prudence and Punishment.—The hall presented a curious and busy scene; there were lawyers of the different courts, dressed in long black gowns and frizzled grey wigs, conversing with their clients, or bantering jokes with each other, and clients standing around, some with anxious countenances, and others light-hearted with success. I asked a pleasant looking old gentleman if strangers were allowed to go into the courts. He replied they were open to every one, and finding us to be Americans, very kindly accompanied us through all the courts, telling the names of the lawyers and judges, and giving a great deal more information than we remembered.

Continuing our walk to the upper part of the city, we entered the Phenix Park which, derives its name from the figure of a Phenix, sculptured on the top of a Corinthian pillar, about forty feet high, and represented as emerging from the flames. The Park contains sixteen hundred acres, being more than four times the size of Hyde Park, in London. The grounds, however, more resemble a large enclosure of common country, being neither so finished and perfect, nor displaying so much skill in landscape gardening. Near the entrance stands a plain massive obelisk of mountain granite, rising from a pedestal to the height of two hundred and five feet. It is erected to commemorate the services of WELLINGTON, and his principal victories are inscribed on its sides. The Park formerly belonged to the Knight Templars. The river Liffey flows by it, and nearly through the center of Dublin, where, upon each side, there is a quay of granite extending two miles and a half.

Crossing the Channel.

After spending two days in Dublin we were ready to depart. Our travels in Ireland, although instructive, had not been extremely pleasant, and we were not sorry when we stepped on board of the steamer, which was to convey us to Holyhead, in Wales. It was a misty, dreary morning, the sky stormy and the sea rough. From the deck I watched the Wicklow mountains, till they blended with the rain, and then turned to survey the scene before me. The decks were drenched by the storm, and the passengers crouched close to the wheel houses where they got partial shelter, for the wind was too strong to permit the use of umbrellas. Below, the scene was worse, if possible, than the one we had witnessed when crossing to Port Rush. The cabin was crowded with women who were all sea sick, besides, it had been recently painted, and the smell was extremely disagreeable. There were many tourists on board, and I believe they were all seasick. One by one they were compelled to yield to the power of the disease. I walked the deck bravely for a while, vainly hoping to escape its dread visitations.

There was one German on board, a large, robust man, who seemed to be exceedingly amused whenever any passenger evinced symptoms of sickness. He would look at me and laugh when any one went to the side of the vessel and vomited. Before we got half way across, I observed a change come over his countenance. His mirth gave way to sadness, which deepened to an expression of anxiety and loathing. I asked him what was the matter. "Oh, mine gootness," said he, pressing his hands on his stomach, "Oh! I feel *so* pad pout here! I *do* feel so *pad* pout here." At the same time shaking his head and forcing out an expression of disgust from between his closed teeth. Presently I saw him leaning over the bulwark.

Holyhead.

We were all glad when the river cliffs of Wales loomed out of the clouds, and we ran into a bay past a rocky promontory and stopped along side of a pier in the harbor of Holyhead. Walking into the town, we entered the King's Arms, which was the first respectable inn we perceived, and sat down before a cheerful fire. There was no one in the room but ourselves, and such a feeling of comfort possessed us, that for several minutes we sat in silence, gazing into the blaze, and musing with as much nonchalance, as if we had been in our own homes. Presently the landlady came in, and we desired her to have a good dinner ready in three-quarters of an hour. Meanwhile the rains ceased, and to rid ourselves of the lingering qualmishness we strolled about. I noticed a large proportion of hotels and houses of public entertainment, and a remarkable stillness in the town. The church is very old, and the yard around it thickly dotted by the horizontal slabs which cover the graves.—They have a queer custom of writing on the tomb stone the kind of occupation which the deceased followed while living. At the inn we remarked a favorable difference in point of cleanliness, from what we had experienced in Ireland. There were some books in the room, and among them a Bible printed in the Welsh language, and dated in the earlier part of the 16th century.

DAMASCUS.

INDEPENDENTLY of its central position, Damascus has attractions in itself superior, perhaps, to any city in the East. We have heard of "rose-red cities half as old as time," but Damascus is at least as old as any received history, and, is, in fact, the *oldest* city we know of which preserves to this day its original importance.—From the time when Abraham left his home "between the rivers," to journey westward to the "Land of Promise," its name has been familiar; its beauty and riches have been proverbial for 4,000 years, and it has been a link never broken, between the patriarchal ages and that of the steam engine and electric telegraph. It has come under the dominion of David, of Seroboam, of Pharaoh Necho, of Nebuchadnezzar, of Alexander, of the Ptolemies, of Pompey, of Cleopatra, of Herod, of the Moslem, of the Crusaders, of Timour the Tartar, of the Sultans of Constantinople, and the Pashas of Egypt, yet it survives and still flourishes. Here is still the "street called Strait," where Ananias came, directed by a vision, to call for "one called Saul of Tarsus." Here is still shown a window—by the way, of Saracenic origin—from which it is said the apostle was let down. Here is the site of St. Paul's conversion, also misplaced, but the improbability of which is even cited as a proof of its genuineness. And here are the tomb of Saladin, the head of John the Baptist, the house of Naaman, and the Mosque of Sultan Selim. So varied are the associations, near and remote, real or apocryphal, of a city which crowns them all by its position and luxuriant verdure, its gardens, its pasture, and its "lucid streams"—its Abana and Pharphar, "better than all the waters of Israel."—*New York Despatch.*

AN OLD HOUSE.—The singular old house in Medford, Mass., in which Governor Braddock, of revolutionary fame, once lived, is still standing.—It was erected in 1643; and from the peculiar feature of loop-holes, fire proof closets, wall 18 inches thick, and out-side door cased with iron, we are led to infer that it was occupied as a fort. It is built of brick, which were imported from England, and is the oldest house that retains its primitive form in New England; and, unless there are some dwellings of the early settlers of Jamestown still standing, it is the oldest relic of the kind in the United States.—*Boston Traveler.*

THE incapacity of men to understand each other, is one of the principle causes of their ill temper towards each other.

Illustrated Biography.—No. 3.

HENRY A. WISE.

WE this week present the readers of the RURAL with a portrait of the present Governor of Virginia, HENRY A. WISE. The name will doubtless be familiar to many, as it was publicly mentioned in connection with the Chief Magistracy previous to the holding of the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati during the past year.

The subject of our sketch was born in Drummond Town, Accomack Co., Virginia, on the third of December, 1806. He was the son of Sarah and John Wise, the latter an eminent lawyer of that day, and at the date mentioned, clerk of the courts of the county; and prior to the year 1800, he had been speaker of the House of Delegates of the Legislature of the State. He was early deprived of his parents. His father died in the seventh and his mother in the eighth year of his age. His first guardian was his maternal grandfather, General Cropper, an efficient and valuable officer in the great struggle for our national independence.—After the death of his mother, Henry was placed under the care of a widowed paternal aunt—a pious lady of strong sense, and fond of books. She taught him to read, and required him to repeat the Lord's Prayer, at her knee, each night and morning. In his tenth year he was sent to Margarette Academy, where he proved a wild and reckless youth, more given to boisterous sports, than to books and mental culture. He was ever ready for excitement, and from his game qualities in a physical set-too, he was christened "*Hard Bargain,*" by which he was known while at the school.

In 1821, upon the death of his grandfather Cropper, Henry chose John Custis, senior, of Deep Creek, to be his guardian. This gentleman had married Henry's father's half-sister, and was an *old Roman* of the pure old-fashioned Virginia stock. He lived with him until September, 1822, when he sent him to Washington College, Pennsylvania. As his character had now become steady, he advanced rapidly in his studies; and after a brilliant collegiate career, he graduated in October, 1825. In 1828, Mr. WISE obtained his law license; and, in the fall of that year, he removed to Nashville, Tennessee, where he continued the practice of his profession for two years. In 1830, with his wife and one child, he returned to Accomack.

While a resident of Tennessee, the political proclivities of Mr. W. were first exhibited. In 1828 he deposited his first vote for JACKSON. After his return to Virginia he devoted himself to his profession, having little to do with political affairs until 1832, when we find him in the arena laboring for the re-election of General J. At this period, the fearful issues of Nullification sprang into being, and RICHARD COKE, then Representative, was the candidate for Congress in what is now known as the "Wise district," and the advocate of these measures. Mr. WISE was brought out as the Union candidate, and chosen by four hundred majority. Again the two met for the votes of the people, but Mr. COKE withdrew, leaving the field entirely to Mr. WISE. In 1842 he was again returned to the House in opposition to HILL CARTER, by the usual majority of about four hundred. In 1843 Mr. WISE was appointed U. S. Minister to Brazil. His labors here were arduous and hazardous. He was brought in collision with *Imperialism*, and defied its frown. The Emperor requested his recall.—The President justified his action—refused to recall—and sent a successor, only at the request of Mr. WISE.

In 1847, he returned to Virginia—occupying himself upon his farm. In 1848 he was one of the Electors of Virginia and advocated the election of LEWIS CASS. He was finally nominated for the highest position in the gift of his native State, and after a canvass, which is probably, without a parallel, was triumphant.

Mr. WISE has his peculiarities, and is deemed by many as an erratic individual, but the only point (undoubtedly a good one in these days of political degeneracy) discernible in his character on which an argument could be well-founded, is his consistency. We have nothing to say, *pro* or *con*, as regards the principles he advocates—he has ever stood by them—and, when vacillation marks the path of the politician, this is worthy of commendation.

ALL are ready to punish a bad action; few to reward a good one.

A PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON.

THE personal appearance of Napoleon in the last days of his power is thus described by Lamartine:

"The Empire had made him old before his time. Gratified ambition, satiated pride, the delights of a palace, a luxurious table, a voluptuous couch, youthful wives, complaisant mistresses, long vigils, sleepless nights, divided between labor and festive pleasures, the habit of constant riding which made him corpulent, all tended to deaden his limbs and enervate his faculties. An early obesity overloaded him with flesh. His cheeks, formerly streaked with muscles, and hollowed by the working of genius, were broad, full and overhanging, like those of Otho in the Roman medals of the empire. An excess of bile mingling with the blood gave a yellow tint to the skin, which, at a distance, looked like a varnish of pale gold on his countenance. His lips still preserved their Grecian outline and steady grace, passing easily from a smile to a menace. His solid, bony chin formed an appropriate base for his features. His nose was but a line, thin and transparent. The paleness of his cheeks gave greater brilliancy to the blue of his eyes; his look was searching, unsteady as a wavering flame—an emblem of inquietude. His forehead seemed to have widened, from the scantiness of his thin black hair, which was falling from the moisture of continual thought.

"It might be said that his head, naturally small, had increased in size to give ample scope between his temples for the machinery and combination of a mind every thought of which was an empire. The map of the world seemed to have been encrusted on the orb of that reflective head. But it was beginning to yield; and he inclined it often on his breast, while crossing his arms like Frederic the Great—an attitude and gesture which he appeared to affect. Unable any longer to seduce his courtiers and his soldiers by the charm of youth, it was evident he wished to fascinate them by the rough, pensive and disdainful character of himself—of his model, in his latter days. He molded himself, as it were, into the statue of Reflection, before his troops, who gave him the nickname of Father Thoughtful; he assumed the pose of Destiny. Something rough, rude and savage in his movements revealed his southern and insular origin. The man of the Mediterranean broke out constantly through the Frenchman. His nature too great and too powerful for the part he had to play, overflowed on all occasions. He bore no resemblance to any of the men around him. Superior and altogether different, he was an offspring of the sun, of the sea, and of the battle-field—out of his element even in his own palace, and a stranger even in his own empire. Such was at this period the profile, the bust, and the external physiognomy of Napoleon."

DECATUR.—The following portrait of Decatur is drawn by "Peter Parley" in his "Recollections," just published:—He was rather below the middle size, but of a remarkable compact, symmetrical form. He was broad-shouldered, full-chested, thin in the flank; his eye was black, piercing, and lit with a spark of fire. His nose was thin, and slightly hooked; his lips were firm, his chin small, but smartly developed. His whole face was long and bony, his complexion swarthy, his hair jet black and twisted in ropy curls down his forehead and over his ears. Altogether he was a remarkable looking man, and riveted the attention of every one who saw him. By the side of the quiet, thoughtful Jones, and the dark, handsome, complacent Biddle—his fellow prisoners—he seemed like a caged eagle, ready to rend into atoms the bars which restrained him.

THE THREE PHYSICIANS.—The celebrated French physician, Dumoulin, on his death-bed, when surrounded by the citizens of Paris, who regretted the loss which the profession would sustain in his death, said:—"My friends, I leave behind me three physicians much greater than myself." Being pressed to name them, each of the doctors supposing himself to be one of the three, he answered, "Water, Exercise, and Diet."

IT is sometimes quite enough for a man to feign ignorance of that which he knows, to gain the reputation of knowing that of which he is ignorant.

Sabbath Musings.

BY MRS. [illegible]

You ask from me, [illegible]
A tribute to you [illegible]
Say, dearest, shall [illegible]
Fame, happiness or wealth?

Fame is but empty honor,
Uncertain, fickle too,—
To-day you think you grasp it,
To-morrow what are you?

Wealth is but sordid [illegible]
The miser's highest [illegible]
Then bid me not, dear [illegible]
To wish you wealth or fame.

But, could my love insure it,
True happiness I'd crave,
A Christian's life, a Christian's death,
And hope beyond the grave.

East Homer, N. Y.

INFLUENCE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

DROP follows drop, and swells
With rain the sweeping river;
Word follows word, and tells
A truth that lives forever.

Flake follows flake, like spirits,
Whose wings the wind disturber;
Thought follows thought, and lights
The realm of mind forever.

Beam follows beam, to cheer,
The cloud a bolt would shiver;
Throb follows throb, and fear
Gives place to joy forever.

The drop, the flake, the beam,
Teach us a lesson ever,—
The word, the thought, the dream,
Impress the soul forever.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"SUFFER little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE long day had passed in anguish, the rounded limbs of the little sufferer had tossed with fever pain, and low moans of agony had fallen upon the aching hearts who had no power to minister to the dying child. The touching question had been asked, "will there be any beds in heaven, ma? I shan't rest well to-night," but now, the tears of suffering are fading from that sweet, young face, a few blessed moments of ease are given, and the white lips murmur slowly the words every one of which seem like balm to the departing soul, "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The veined lids droop over the large blue eyes, the dimpled hands grow cold like marble, and that pure, young spirit has passed into the SAVIOUR'S presence. She *does* rest well now, for she is folded to JESUS' bosom, and there is no sorrow nor pain *there*. There is heavy woe in the young pastor's family now, for the first lamb is gone from his cherished fold on earth to the green pastures above, and quivering, bleeding hearts are looking upon their first-born in her cold, still beauty and striving to say, "even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Fair LINA, they smoothe the golden ringlets, fold the white hands upon her bosom, and there is no throb of pain to break her quiet rest. Through the coming days the spring birds warble forth their sweet melody, the sunshine lingers on the tender grass, but still she slumbers on, and gentle hands lay her in the little coffin, twine pale flowers in her sunny curls, and place above her breast her last words,—"suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,"—words which came home to many hearts on that funeral day with touching significance. It is no wonder that tears fall like rain on that sweet, young face, for the fair head resting on the coffin pillow, and the little form, beautiful as sculptured marble, are too lovely to commit to the grave's keeping. Softly they part the green turf in May, and lay her beneath the flowers, and another *little* grave is made under the sheltering trees of quiet Greenwood. *Above*, in that better land, a sweet voice is added to the infant choir, and the eyes that closed so early on earth's cares and sorrows, have opened on a scene of joy and beauty never to fade from the enraptured vision. Sweet child, there is no pain nor death for thee now, for thou art immortal in the kingdom of heaven. F. H.

Brockport, N. Y., Feb., 1857.

CHRISTIAN UNION.—It is only when we call into play the uninspired mind and its interpretations, human thoughts and human opinions, things fallible and factitious, and when by them, we replace the word in which the Holy Ghost teacheth the truth, that differences and schisms arise. Granting, with respect to the past, all that is contended in favor of human authority, let there only, for the future, be a greater veneration, less consulting of God's Word with a view to support our individual opinions, and more consulting of it simply to learn what the Spirit has communicated to us, and what the Lord would have us to do; and then we will rest satisfied with the Word as we actually find it, and sink our own disputable opinions in the same proportion. Our differences will die away, and Christian men, who esteem each other as such, will meet in the Word, where they are agreed, and which they all venerate, and all will come to be one again, and the Lord alone will be exalted in that day.—*Catholic Spirit of True Religion.*

MANY men pass fifty or sixty years in the world, and when they are just about going out of it they bethink themselves, and step back, as it were, to do something which they had all the while forgot, viz.:—The main business for which they came into the world, to repent of their sins, and reform their lives, and make their peace with God, and in time prepare for eternity.—*Tillotson.*

LONGFELLOW beautifully says, that "Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week."

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

THERE IS YET TIME AND ROOM!

THANKS to our [illegible] al Friends and Supporters [illegible] Canada to California [illegible] within the past [illegible] since its estab[illegible] all its well-wishers, [illegible] benefit community, to prosecute [illegible] successful issue. There is "ample room and [illegible] for our Subscription Books for all the places [illegible] favored. Those, therefore, who have [illegible] ditions to any extent,—while [illegible] for such [illegible] are disposed to commence and [illegible] clubs, and secure the liberal premiums offered [illegible] that is necessary to largely increase our list in almost [illegible] cality, is a little personal attention on the part of friends [illegible] Will not each and all see that their neighbors and acq[illegible] an opportunity of subscribing for the [illegible] neither effort nor expense to make the Rural [illegible] urnal of its class in the world, we frankly [illegible] accomplishing a good work, to promote [illegible] manner suggested.

Back numbers of the present volume can still be supplied to new Subscribers, so that subscriptions can commence with the year or any number desired. Extra numbers, show-bills, &c., cheerfully and promptly forwarded, post-paid, to all disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL. For Premium List, Publisher's Notices, &c., see next and last pages.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ BACK NUMBERS.—In order to supply the supposed demand, we commenced this volume by adding 20,000 copies to our former edition. The prospect now is that this extra edition will be exhausted soon; hence those who wish the volume complete, should not delay in sending in their subscriptions. Back numbers will be furnished to new subscribers (unless otherwise ordered) until our edition is exhausted.

☞ For terms, Special Notices, &c., see last page.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, FEBRUARY 14, 1857.

Weather of the Past Week.—Freshets.

DURING the latter portion of last week, the weather in this section was spring-like and beautiful. The sun shone clear and strong, and, as a consequence, the snow, of which there was a bountiful supply, disappeared rapidly. On Tuesday and Wednesday rain fell in considerable quantity. The effects of this state of the atmosphere were made slightly perceptible by a rise in the river on Friday, which increased, and on Saturday P. M. an immense volume of turbid water was rushing towards Lake Ontario. At this time considerable anxiety was manifested as to the safety of Main street bridge, and the occupants of stores in that vicinity were removing hastily. About 5 A. M., Sunday, the centre of the long row of buildings fell, making one of the most complete wrecks we ever saw. During Sunday night the only remaining pier was carried away, and with it the one or two remaining wooden tenements at the east end of the bridge. The loss cannot be heavy, as the buildings were old and dilapidated. The bridge on Court street—known as the "long bridge"—is also partially destroyed, both of the roadways in the centre having fallen.

Up the river a great deal of country is covered by water, to what extent, or the amount of damage, we have not ascertained. Opposite Geneseo on Saturday evening, a dam of ice had formed in the river, and the Flats were submerged for miles about. The people residing on the Flats were being taken from their houses in boats. A telegraphic dispatch to the Rochester Union states that the Genesee is higher at that point than has been known before in a great many years. The plank road between Geneseo and Piffard has been carried away by the flood, and the roads to Cuylerville and Mt. Morris are covered with water.

At Albany the rush of water was immense, and the loss thereby is estimated at *two million of dollars*. A telegraph dated the 9th says:—All last night the city was a scene of the utmost confusion and excitement. The citizens were engaged all the evening on the docks and in the lower part of the city, in obtaining goods and storing them away in the second stories of stores and buildings where it was thought the flood would not reach; but these calculations proved erroneous. At 10½ o'clock the ice commenced going in the river with tremendous force, threatening the bridge on State street for some time. The water rose so rapidly that all those working on the docks and piers were compelled to make a rapid retreat. The water in the river continued rising until this A. M., when it reached a point three feet higher than ever known before. The entire lower part of the city is flooded as high as Green street. The lower parts of Herkimer street, Hudson, Lydius, Hamilton and Parallel streets, are submerged to the first stories of the buildings in them. The water flowed through Broadway from the Exchange to the Delevan House, flooding the stores and filling the cellars on the west side. The streets between Broadway and the river are navigable by boats.—When the great flood commenced it was 2 A. M., and the water arose 6 inches in five minutes. Persons who had retired to bed thinking themselves safe, were aroused by horsemen, who rode through the water knocking at the doors of the houses, to arouse the sleepers to a sense of their danger, and while this confusion prevailed, the people in the lower parts of the city had barely time to escape with their lives. A large number of cattle, stabled in the distilleries, their bellowing and cries adding excitement to the scene, were drowned. To add to the confusion and excitement, the alarm bells were sounded for fire, and flames were seen bursting from houses in different parts of the city. E. C. Warner & Sons' lime kilns and buildings on South street and Broadway, Gibson & Dalton's planing and plaster mills at the foot of South street, and W. B. Barnett's fire brick store on the pier, were all in flames at the same time, having in each case ignited through the slaking of the lime. The height of the water rendered it impossible for the engines to reach the scene of the fire, but the firemen put off in boats with buckets, and confined the flames to the buildings where they originated. About this time the wind changed, and the weather became piercingly cold. The propeller Western World, lying in front of Barnett's store, caught fire, and was scuttled and sunk to save her cargo. She had 4,000 bushels of corn on board.

At Oswego the ice in the river began to move on Sunday, and rushed down with such force as to tear six schooners from their moorings, sweeping them into the lake. Much damage was done to vessels in the harbor. Several canal boats are also loose in the lake.

The ice in the Schuylkill broke up on Saturday night. There is eleven feet of water on the Fairmount Dam. Most of the wharves at Philadelphia were overflowed, and large quantities of wood and lumber floated off. Several canal boats were carried down stream, and others left on the wharves by the subsiding waters.

In the Susquehannah there is a tremendous flood. The ice gorged four miles below Harrisburgh, and is piled upon the railroad some ten or fifteen feet high.

The Delaware river at Easton, New Jersey, has risen 15 feet, and the town is flooded to the depth of five feet in some parts. A house has been washed away at Lambertsville, and also a portion of the Cleves foundry at Newton. The bridges are all in a precarious condition. The ice in some places is piled up twenty feet.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to secure to actual settlers the alternate sections of public lands reserved, in grants, made to the States for railroad purposes. It provides that actual settlers shall take the reserved sections, being about 11,000,000 acres, at $2 50 per acre, in compliance with the pre-emption act of 1841.

On motion of Mr. Welch, the resolution was adopted requesting the Secretary of War to communicate copies of all correspondence, not heretofore furnished, relative to the proceedings of the Vigilance Committee of 1856.

On motion of Mr. Pierce, a resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of War for all the letters in his possession showing the trial of the camels in the military service.

On motion of Mr. Adams, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill to establish a Department of Law, and prescribe the duties of the Auditors and Comptrollers of the Treasury.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the Indian Appropriation Bill, and passed it with many amendments, among them the following:—Securing to the New York Indians who emigrated to Kansas under the treaty of Buffalo Creek—the quantity of land to which they were entitled, include in their improvements the residue of the tract to constitute a part of the public domain, separating the office of Governor of Territories from that of Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

The anxiously expected correspondence between Gen. Scott and the Secretary of War, in relation to the former's pay, has been sent to the Senate. It is now exclusively in possession of the Committee on Military Affairs, who will make an examination and determine whether they can with propriety be printed—if not it will be filed among the secret archives of the Government.

The Senate agreed to all the House amendments to the bill relative to foreign coins, and coining cents.

On motion of Mr. Wilson, a resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of authorizing the Secretary of the Navy, if he deems necessary, to expend such sums, not exceeding $50,000, for the further exploration of the La Plata and its tributaries.

On motion of Mr. Rusk, a resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of the Treasury to report a statement of the duties remitted on railroad iron—designating the time of remission and on what roads; also, the duties refunded with like designation.

HOUSE.—The House passed bills establishing the Delaware, Osage and Western Land Districts in Kansas; to establish the office of Surveyor General in Minnesota; to procure suitable steam revenue cutters, and appropriating $150,000 for that purpose; for dividing Texas into two judicial districts; the bill legalizing entries under the graduation act of 1854 made prior to its passage, in cases where a settlement was made in good faith; the Atlantic Telegraph Bill; a bill appropriating $50,000 for the completion of the Capitol buildings at Omaha; a bill appropriating $30,000 for roads in Nebraska.

On motion of Mr. Orr, a resolution was passed giving the widow of Preston S. Brooks whatever sum was due him at the time of his death.

The Corruption Committee are on the track of certain railroad bonds which were given out here last winter by a certain gentleman, to carry through Western Railroads.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—On the evening of the 6th inst. the Rev. J. H. TUTTLE, pastor of the Universalist Society of this city, retired to bed with his family as usual, leaving an anthracite coal fire burning in the sitting room, from which a door opened into their sleeping apartments. During the night the damper in the stove pipe closed, shutting off the draft and throwing the whole amount of carbonic acid gas generated by the burning coal into the rooms. The wind blowing quite hard kept the fire glowing. Nothing of their situation was known until morning, when they were attacked with vomiting, and suffered from severe prostration, narrowly escaping with their lives. The rooms were quite open, otherwise the family must have perished.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.—The feature of the week has been the election of a U. S. Senator in place of HAMILTON FISH, for which PRESTON KING was chosen.

The following bills were passed by the Assembly:—Making a further appropriation of $3,000 for the improvement of Grass River; to amend the act incorporating the Auburn Theological Seminary.

THE New England Pin Company of Winsted, Ct., have just started a new machine for sewing pins upon papers. It selects the little indispensables from a pile and stretches them in a continuous row upon narrow strips of paper at the rate of 300 per minute.

INDIANA U. S. SENATORS.—Graham S. Fitch has been "elected" to the vacancy and Jesse D. Bright to the long term, in the United States Senate from Indiana.

Our Winter—Weather—Water—Storms, &c.

THE Autumn closed in pleasantness, after affording us a beautiful season, healthful, adapted to the successful prosecution of agriculture, and all business. The small quantity of rain from the middle of the year and the low state of the streams, wells, and springs, formed the chief external exception to the possession of the most necessary and appropriate means of prosperity. Even with this, the productions of the earth had been abundant, and the earth had poured forth its riches into the wide-spread lap of man.

With December commenced a colder period.—Snow soon made the finest sleighing which has continued for more than two months, though snow-storms have been gentle over this section, and the snow only thrice falling to the depth of four to eight inches. The mean heat of December for 20 years, is 27.9 degrees; but the last December was only 24.1°. The rain and melted snow gave only 2.6 inches; and for the year 1856, only 24.3 inches, the least in any year of the past twenty, and no less than seven inches below the average, 31.4 inches. It is only wonderful that there has not been great suffering for want of water.

Though January began with moderate temperature, the weather soon become cold for the season, and the month has proved the coldest January in twenty years. The mean heat of the month is 25.5 degrees; but for this January was only 15 degrees, or one degree average colder than the same month in 1856. The temperature of this January is therefore far below the average. True, the mercury did not sink to zero in the first half of it, but the weather was uncommonly cold.

On the 16th, the cold was below zero three degrees, and on the 18th commenced that cold week or eight days over our country. On the 18th the cold was −16° or 16° below, and the mean of the day 6.3° below. This was the coldest ever recorded or known here, except on Feb. 6th and 7th, '55, when the cold was −20° to −25° in the city, and the mean was −13.5°. The cold of the 18th was very severe; at Albany, −20°; Woodstock, Vt., −30°; Boston, −6° to −10°; New York, −7°; Watertown, −40°; Quebec, −30°; Chicago, −16°; Dubuque, −27°; Washington, D. C., a little above zero; Baltimore −14°; and Savannah, colder than for years before.

The 22d, 23d and 24th, were severely cold; at Rochester, −8° only, but over many parts of our country colder than on the 18th. On the 24th Boston Harbor was frozen fast for seven miles out; East River was crossed on the ice, as well as the Hudson over to Hoboken and above. At Washington, D. C., −6°, and the streams frozen; Norfolk harbor frozen, and offered a free passing to hundreds over to Portsmouth; so that Friday the 23d, was truly *a new* cold Friday over the country, especially east of the Alleghany range.

On the 18th began that violent storm of wind and snow which extended from Georgia to Canada on the east side of the mountain range just mentioned. This storm began about midnight, or before one A. M., of the 18th, at Washington, D. C.; at New York about three P. M., and at Albany and Boston at nine P. M., a N. E. storm beginning at the south and extending northwards along the coast and into the interior as above. Two feet of snow fell, and it was swept into mountain drifts.—It extended westward scarcely to Utica. In the month there fell 1.924 inches of water.

For the last two months snow has fallen here in smaller or greater quantity almost daily, or on nine-tenths of the days; and cloudy weather has greatly prevailed. On the 31st of January was a severe S. E. storm of snow, hail, and rain, in New York. After 10 A. M., rain fell in torrents and deluged the city. In this section the day, except a slight snow squall or two, was pleasant. This storm was rain at Boston, but in the western part of Massachusetts and Vermont was a furious snow storm, by which the roads were blocked in drifts, but did not extend westward much into the State of New York.

This is the third cold winter in succession. Before 1855, the thermometer here had scarcely sunk to −10°, not often to −6°, and in several winters in the last twenty years, had not fallen to or below zero. But a change has occurred; can any cause of the difference be assigned? Perhaps not; let us see. These cold alternations are not new, but have taken place through all history. The winter of 1780 was an uncommonly severe winter, famous in the history of the country. Boston harbor was frozen as at present; also the habor of New York and Long Island Sound. These were strongly frozen again in 1810, and in 1836. In these years the whole country groaned under the cold. Persons have crossed Long Island Sound on the ice at three different times in my recollection. Thirteen years ago Boston harbor was frozen over.

This recurrence of cold is periodical, though not at regular intervals, showing that its existence is dependent on general but common causes, which operate with different degrees of force at different times. The variations we may not be able fully to account for. They are connected with the changes of temperature, and the currents in the atmosphere produced by them. It is very obvious that by these currents the colder air of the upper spaces is brought down to the surface, and great cold is the result.

About sixty years ago were several warm winters, with but little snow and ice, and some persons raised the question whether the earth had not come nearer to the sun, or the obliquity of the equator increased, by which the sun's heat acted more directly and hence more powerfully on the earth. The colder following winters with abundant snows and storms dissipated all such thoughts.

The clearing of the forests is attended with a partial influence. But, as these cold winters are in the older and larger settled States, and even to the Gulf of Mexico, there must be other and more powerful influence; and these are probably the currents from the colder regions of the atmosphere.

It should be remembered too, that the winter of 1855 was severely cold over the United States; that of 1856 was colder in the Mississippi valley west of lake Erie than east of that lake, and even in New England. So far this winter the greatest severity of the cold has been from the Atlantic coast westward to the summit of the Alleghany range.

The supposition that the earth is passing through "colder stellar spaces," though specious, is wholly untenable. As the earth revolves every twenty-four hours, its whole surface must be exposed to the action of such "spaces;" so that, if the cold is greater on this parallel or in the North Temperate Zone in this country, that parallel or that whole zone must be affected with like loss of temperature. But this is not the fact; the two sides of the Atlantic rarely resemble each other in this respect. A letter from England, dated Loudon, Jan., 20th, 1857, shows us the green fields of the country, and the weather like that of our finest in October, and that only one frost had there occurred for several weeks. The bands of cold, just mentioned, also are inexplicable on that supposition. C. D.

Feb. 4, 1857.

Literary Notices.

LIFE IN ISRAEL; or, Portraitures of Hebrew Character.—By MARIA T. RICHARDS. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.—1857.

THIS work comprises about 390 pages, and, with a former one by the same writer, entitled "Life in Judea," is designed "to unfold some of the prominent eras of Biblical History, and invest with a new interest the reading of the Bible." *Life in Israel* is divided into three parts—The Pilgrimage; Reign of Solomon; and The Captivity—these being subdivided in twenty-four chapters. The national characteristics of the Jews form a theme upon which the author is peculiarly attractive, and it is manifest that a careful study of their history is a valuable help to a right understanding of the Scriptures. The characters employed are of three classes; those of sacred history, of profane history and of imagination. The series is connected by a chain of successive developments, all tending to one idea—the coming of the SAVIOR. The execution of the volume is commendable, while the subject matter and the manner in which it is treated, is interesting and useful. For sale by WM. N. SAGE.

PARLOR DRAMAS,—or, Dramatic Scenes for Home Amusement. By WM. B. FOWLE, author of "The Hundred Dialogues," etc. Boston: Morris Cotton—New York: J. M. Fairchild.

AN attractive volume of over 300 pages, from the pen of one of the most experienced and successful teachers and authors of New England. It contains dialogues entitled Woman's Rights,—Country Cousins,—The Will,—The Fugitive Slave,—The Pedant,—Love at Sight,—William Tell,—The Counterplot,—The Well of St. Keyne,—The Oddity,—The Tables Turned,—The Double Ghost,—The Tea Party,—The Tear,—The Jesuit in America. The dialogues are designed to be used at family parties, or at exhibitions in our higher seminaries, and judging from a cursory examination, we think them admirably adapted to such purposes.

IVORS. By the author of "Amy Herbert," "Cleve Hall," etc. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THOSE familiar with the writings of Miss Sewell, and who admire her productions, will scarcely need more than the above announcement of a new work from her pen to enlist their attention. A friend to whom we submitted "Ivors" for careful perusal, reports favorably thereupon, and that the work is worthy of commendation. For sale by DEWEY.

THE MAGAZINES FOR 1857.

THE January and February issues of most of the popular American Literary Magazines, have been received. Though not all of a sterling and highly commendatory character, many of them possess great merit, and are doing much to improve the literature, and literary taste, of the country. We make brief mention of several of the most prominent, adding names of publishers, terms, &c., for the information of our readers.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY—denominated "A Magazine of Literature, Science and Art"—has attained the very front rank among American literary monthlies, and deserves the distinction. For sterling merit—ability and independence—it has no superior this side of the Atlantic. The two numbers of the new year (Vol. IX.) embrace several able papers. The only blemish upon PUTNAM is its typographical appearance, which will bear improvement. Published by DIX, EDWARDS & Co., New York, at $3 per annum.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE is the giant of its class in popularity and circulation. The numbers of the current year, fully maintain its reputation for variety and interest of contents, and the beauty and spirit of its numerous illustrations. The latter attractive feature is undoubtedly one great cause of the universal popularity of HARPER. Though generally excellent, its contents are not all original—many of its articles being taken from foreign periodicals, without credit, so that the reader is uncertain as to their origin or *nativity*. Yet, notwithstanding this objectionable feature, HARPER'S is the most extensively read magazine in America. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, at $3 a year.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, or New York Monthly Magazine, enters upon its forty-ninth volume with the vigor, elasticity and beauty of youth. Indeed, we have never seen any numbers of this favorite more attractive in typographical appearance than the January and February issues—while the contents are unusually readable, not omitting the rich crumbs from mine host CLARK'S "Table." Published by SAM'L HERSTON, New York—$3.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is, *par excellence*, *the* Ladies' Magazine of America. With Mrs. HALE as principal editor, and the indefatigable GODEY as general manager and master of ceremonies—aided by hosts of talented contributors and artists—this favorite magazine (now in its fifty-fourth volume,) combines all the requisites to maintain its reputation as the standard in its peculiar sphere. Published by L. A. GODEY, Philadelphia—$3.

Conflagrations.

THE cabinet factory of Henry Neil, in Essex-st., New York, was destroyed by fire on the 5th inst. Loss $25,000; partially insured.

A BLOCK of frame buildings on the corner of King and Royal-sts., Alexandria, Va., were destroyed by fire on the 5th inst., together with their contents. Loss heavy—insured.

A FIRE occurred on board the new ship Zingara on the 6th inst., while at her dock in Brooklyn.—She was scuttled and sunk to prevent total destruction. Loss about $10,000. Insured.

FLAMES were discovered issuing from the front of the store on the corner of Ovid and Fall-sts., Seneca Falls, on the 6th inst. The store was occupied by Messrs. Keith & Tyler as a dry goods and clothing store. The building was owned by Thomas Carr, and was insured to the amount of $2,500, which will nearly cover the loss. Messrs. Keith & Tyler were insured for $4,000. Their whole stock was destroyed, but the insurance will probably very nearly indemnify them to the whole amount of their loss.

THE foundry and machine shop of Bowman, Murray & Vanderbilt, at Williamsport, Pa., was entirely destroyed by fire Saturday night, 7th inst. Loss $30,000; insured for $5,100.

The Russian authorities give notice that they will purchase paving stones, brought as ballast, at the rate of 20 silver roubles per 343 cubic feet, and 9 roubles per 49 square feet of flag stones.

No less than thirty companies of military are announced to be present at the Presidential Inauguration, in Washington, from abroad, and a great "jam" is expected at the hall.

News Clippings.

—There are fifty-six banks in New York city.

—It is said the Swiss can muster an army of 230,000.

—There are seventy-eight Wesleyan preachers in France.

—The British army in Hindostan numbers 215,000 men.

—There are 3,397 Odd Fellow's lodges in the United States.

—The salary of the Lord High Chancellor of England is £10,000.

—The receipts into the treasury of New Jersey last year were $181,347.

—An excellent coal deposit has been discovered in Pike county, Indiana.

—The expenditures of the city schools of Detroit last year were $25,354.

—The vitriol throwers are spoiling ladies' dresses again in New York city.

—The number of Jews in the United States exceeds a quarter of a million.

—A newspaper has been commenced in Egypt intended for Syrian circulation.

—A company of 60 gipsies have their tents pitched in Culpepper county, Va.

—The Senate of Missouri refused to pass the resolution to adjourn to St. Louis.

—It is suggested that the Government provide stamped wrappers for newspapers.

—A copy of the original edition of Hamlet was sold in Scotland recently for $600.

—Over one thousand persons are daily relieved by the Cincinnati Relief Society.

—The town of Washington, Vt., has less than 300 voters, and takes 440 newspapers.

—The salaries of the judges of the supreme court of Iowa have been fixed at $2,500.

—There has been a greater fall of snow in Minnesota this winter than any since 1842.

—The whole number of the militia of the United States for 1856 is given as 2,421,163.

—It is proposed in New York to abolish the "days of grace" on commercial paper.

—The first Presbyterian church in this country was organized in Philadelphia, in 1698.

—The subject of constructing railroads and telegraphs is extensively advocated in Chili.

—Three churches in Boston took fire from their fires during the storm on the 24th ult.

—William Holland, a young English weaver in Newburyport, has fallen heir to $12,000.

—The Indians, in California, it is said, are fast becoming exterminated by disease and famine.

—Kentucky farmers are selling out to a considerable extent; bound for Texas and Arkansas.

—Twenty-five casks of porter froze and burst on the Grand Trunk Railway, a few days since.

—The New York Central Railroad pays its first financial officer ten thousand dollars per annum.

—Japan coal is found to be among the very best for generating steam. A good thing for commerce.

—The cost of the Pilgrim Monument at Plymouth, is estimated at $300,000—$50,000 have been subscribed.

—Fifty-seven persons died of delerium tremens in the Charity Hospital, New Orleans, during the past year.

—Thirty thousand dollars have been subscribed to the first railroad in Kansas—from Quindora to Lawrence.

—It is estimated that fifty persons have been frozen to death in Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota this winter.

—Mr. Slough, a member of the Ohio Legislature, has been expelled, for having given a blow to Mr. Cadwell.

—The total coinage of the United States Branch Mint at San Francisco for the year 1856, was $28,624,881 25.

—The old New Hampshire Gazette, the oldest paper in the country, has just entered upon its second century.

—It is estimated that in India and Ceylon there are one hundred and twenty thousand converts to Christianity.

—During a period of five years there has been 122 persons committed to the Boston jail on the charge of murder.

—The London Times says the principal hotel in Chicago is "a grander establishment than any in that metropolis."

—Copper cents being about to disappear from our currency, in a few years this wealthy nation will have "nary red."

—There are between 700 and 800 families who speak the French language in Chicago, says the Democrat of that city.

—A project is on foot to dam the Wabash river at Lafayette, Ind., with a view of establishing manufactories and mills.

—The American Messenger, published by the American Tract Society, commenced the year with a circulation of 200,000.

—It has been decided by a Western Court that a clergyman may marry himself. This is a saving process at all events.

—One hundred and fifty thousand gallons of wine were manufactured in the vicinity of Los Angelos, California, last year.

—All the men who have been elected Governors of New Hampshire since 1838 are alive, and all before that period are dead.

—In the year ending the 31st of March last, the salaries of the English royal household, and tradesmen's bills, were £381,800.

—A subscription is now on foot for the purpose of restoring the monument of "good Izaak Walton" in Winchester Cathedral.

—There are five cases of insanity in the Indiana Asylum—two males and three females—put down to the credit of spiritualism.

—It is stated that the Cunard line has prosecuted its business thus far without the loss of a single life among its passengers.

—The bill before the Arkansas legislature to sell free negroes into slavery, if they did not leave the state, has been defeated.

—Mrs. Reinecker and three children were found frozen to death in their house in Soller's Point, near Baltimore, on the 21d ult.

—Mr. Speaker Banks, in a recent lecture, predicted that the valley of the Mississippi will be the seat of the greatest city in the world.

—The Governor of Georgia has sold to a private company all the muskets owned by that State. They will be shipped to Walker.

—Kah-ge-ga-gah-bouh alias George Copway, Ojibway Chief, sailed in the Tennessee, to join the force of Gen. Walker at Nicaragua.

—The Keokuk (Iowa) Post says that about sixty persons have been frozen to death in Iowa and Minnesota within the past three weeks.

—John G. Saxe, after a severe sickness of nearly a year has recovered his health, and is again employed in his customary avocations.

—The people of Cincinnati have raised $80,000 and invested it in coal at Cleveland, to supply the deficiency of fuel in the former city.

—Every liquor shop in Monroe, Ga., has been closed.—The citizens raised one thousand dollars, bought them out and shut up their doors.

—The number of divorce suits instituted in San Francisco in 1856 was 110; in 39 of which decrees of divorce have already been granted.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Baltic and Africa.

THE Baltic arrived at New York on the 5th, and the Africa on the 6th inst.

The Swiss question is considered settled, as the Neufchatel prisoners have been liberated.

The event of most interest is the trial of Verges, the assassin of the Arch-bishop of Paris. The trial is full of dramatic interest. Verges is condemned.

Lord Napier will probably leave for Washington in about three weeks.

Lord Palmerston has issued a circular to the House of Commons, stating that business of great importance would be laid before the coming session of Parliament, and expressing an earnest hope that all the members will be in their places at the opening.

Private advices from Shanghai to November 10, say there is a prospect that specie payments to that port may prove excessive, owing to the specific shipments to that port, and the scarcity of produce.

The British at Canton were strengthening their position, but showed a disposition to remain on the defensive, until they receive advices from England. Meanwhile reinforcements are understood to be sent for.

The British fleet had taken possession of the ports of Bushire and the Island Karrack in the Persian Gulf. It was also reported that the Russians had occupied Astrican.

Later intelligence from China is to the effect that the government of Canton continued obdurate—that the British had taken and destroyed the French fully fort, and the Chinese had set fire to the factories, and that all the houses were destroyed.

The Oriental and Mercantile Banks had been burned.

It is reported that the shelling of Canton commenced just before the departure of the mails.

The London Morning Herald announces that at a Cabinet Council held on the 21st, the subject of the re-construction of the Cabinet was discussed, and that offers of another coalition were made some weeks ago. Among other changes, it is said that Gladstone will be replaced in the Exchequer.

The merchants of the principal commercial cities of France have appealed to the Emperor in behalf of French citizens, who suffered by the destruction of Greytown, by the American frigate Cyane.

BREADSTUFFS.—Richardson, Spence & Co., report a quiet market and generally dull at a decline of 2d per bu. on wheat and 5d per bbl on Flour. Western Canal Flour is quoted at 31s@ 31s6d, Ohio 34s6d@35s. Mixed Corn 33s@ 33s6d, White 34s6d@35s.

Provisions generally dull and without any material change. Lard 67s@68s.

Items of News.

THE British returns of silver and gold sent to the East, principally to China, in six years, from 1850 to 1856, inclusive, is $176,000,000, of which, $153,585,000 was in silver. Let no one ask, hereafter, what becomes of the silver!

Two youths who had been skating near Lewistown, Pennsylvania, were attacked with violent cramps and inflammation, and one of them died from the effects on Friday of last week. It is conjectured they had become heated, and then laid down upon the ice.

A RECENT survey is said to have demonstrated the feasibility of constructing a canal to connect lake Champlain with the river St. Lawrence, of a capacity sufficient to pass lake vessels of 5,000 bbls. burden.

A VESSEL has arrived at New York from Toulon laden with a quantity of pork in bbls. to be sold for the French Government. It was purchased for the Crimea, but not being used by the army, and not being salable in the Mediterranean, it is sent back to be sold here for what it will bring.

THERE are in Manchester, N. H., four banks, forty-one schools, fourteen churches, seven different newspapers, three savings banks, a city library of some 6,000 volumes, and a population of near 25,000. In 1838, the population within its limits was not far from fifty persons.

GEORGE CARSTENSEN, architect of the Crystal Palace, New York, died at Copenhagen on the 4th of January. He commenced the publication of a Sunday newspaper at C., and died the same day that the first number was issued.

A DIFFICULT MATTER.—A Glasgow publishing house attempted to publish a work that should be a perfect specimen of typographical accuracy.—After having been carefully read by six experienced proof-readers, it was posted up in the hall of the University, and a reward of fifty pounds offered to any one who should detect an error.—Each page remained two weeks in this place; and yet, when the work was issued, several errors were discovered, one of which was in the first line of the first page.

N. Y. STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY.—This Society, which is in session at Albany, had a discussion on the temperance question and passed a resolution stating "that in view of the ravages made upon the morals, health and prosperity of the people of this State, by the use of alcoholic drinks, it is the opinion of the Society, that the moral, sanitary and pecuniary condition of the State would be promoted by the passage of a Prohibitory Liquor Law."

CONVOCATION OF THE PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.—The Governor-General of Canada has issued his Proclamation summoning the Provincial Parliament to meet at Toronto on the 26th of the present month. The most prominent measures which will be urged by the Opposition are representation from both the Upper and Lower Province in the ratio of their population, and anti-sectarian schools. There is some expectation that with these popular issues they will be able to defeat the Ministry.

SEBASTOPOL.—A letter from Sebastopol, says the New York Courier and Enquirer, states that the city is gradually becoming re-peopled. It now contains about 7,000 inhabitants; Kamiesch, 2,000. Three hundred houses partly destroyed during the siege, have been re-built, and eighty new ones constructed.

THE POLYNESIANS.—A letter from Melbourne, Australia, says:—"If any proof were wanted of the necessity for bringing to bear upon the Polynesians all the civilizing influences that are within our reach, I may mention the melancholy intelligence that two missionaries and their wives have recently been murdered."

Provincial Items.

A SERIOUS railroad accident occurred at Berlin on the evening of the 1st inst. About 6 o'clock the up freight train, which was due there on Saturday, ran over two cutters, containing in all five persons, causing the death of Mary Moyer, and severely injuring three others, viz: Esther Moyer, thigh broken; Moses Moyer, skull fractured and not expected to live; and Benjamin Bowman, badly bruised about the head, shoulder-bone broken, and hand badly hurt. The three Moyers were all of the family of Abraham Moyer, farmer, Berlin. The other escaped unhurt by jumping from the cutter.

THE annual returns show a very satisfactory increase in the trade of Toronto. The imports of 1856 were £1,738,000—an augmentation of £337,000 on 1855. It must be observed that the amount reported does not indicate the full extent of the import trade. Large quantities of goods are still entered at Montreal, on account of the greater facilities offered at that port. The statement of imports for the last six years shows that the amount has been trebled during that period. The Custom House returns of exports for the year are accurate, so far as the articles sent to the United States are concerned. There is no official record in regard to those which are sent eastward to Canadian ports. It is now estimated that the whole exports of Toronto are a little over three millions of dollars.

AT a meeting of the Hamilton Board of Trade, on Monday, the 2d inst., it was resolved that a survey should be made at the expense of the Board, with the view of deciding on the practicability of constructing a ship canal from the head of Lake Ontario to the waters of Lake Huron. The spirit of competition to secure the lion's share of the present and future great trade of the West is active. Like the trade of the Indies, it enriches the State that carries and exchanges it.

The Western Rivers.

THE rain has had its effects upon the Western rivers, and, at last accounts, they were rising rapidly with a good prospect of speedy resumption of navigation. Below Cairo all is clear on the Mississippi, and there is no ice between Louisville and Smithland. The ice has give out at Portsmouth, on the Ohio, and the probablities are that it is now free to Pittsburgh. Business will soon be active again in the river cities, and fuel will be abundant to individual and manufacturing wants. The movement of the ice down the Ohio river afforded a scene of thrilling interest and excitement to the people of Cincinnati and Covington. This event occurred this year more than two weeks earlier than last. The Cincinnati *Gazette* gives a description of the occurrence on Saturday, the 7th inst. It says:—"Six steamboats, lying at their wharves, were wrecked, or very much damaged, by the moving ice. The Gipsey, an Arkansas river boat, valued at $12,000, was wrecked. The A. W. Quarrier, valued at $18,000, with 100 tons of groceries on board for various firms, was amidst a gorge of ice, and likely to go down. Minor accidents happened to quite a number of boats. The Gen. Pike was wrecked on the Indiana shore. On Friday afternoon, a dispatch from Louisville stated that the ice was running fast, and several boats were in danger. Attempts to pass over from Covington on the ice, after it had begun to move down stream, afforded much excitement. One lady was with difficulty saved from drowning, while crossing in a skiff."

Fears were entertained, as to the safety of many steamers, at various points, both up and down the river. The J. W. Converse had been sunk at Tany Island, and the boat and cargo — both valuable — are a total loss.

FROM NICARAGUA.—By information received through Gen. Caznean, from a gentleman who arrived at New York on Wednesday morning, via Havana, from California. It appears that when he was at San Juan, on the 21st ultimo, he stopped there for a few hours and had a conversation with Mr. Scott, the Nicaragua Transit Agent, who informed him that a steamer, in first-rate condition, was about to start up the river with between 200 300 men, to take possession of the fort in possession of the allies, about one hundred miles up.—Gen. Caznean's informant also had a conversation with Col. Kinney, at Greytown, and learned from him that he had received word from Walker about six days' previous, that there was great dissatisfaction among the allies, and that the Costa Ricans were deserting largely to Walker.

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.—A despatch from New Orleans dated Feb. 1st, state that papers have been received from Tampico to the 16th Jan., from which it appears that trade was entirely suspended, and every one in expectation of the town being devastated by the Revolutionists, headed by Garza. The latter, indeed, had already commenced their depredations, by attacking the residence of the British Consul, and taking therefrom nearly a quarter of a million dollars that had been sent there for safety by a number of the merchants of Tampico.

The people seemed powerless as regards aid, and appearances indicated that the Revolutionists would have every thing their own way.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF WISCONSIN.—Through the politeness of Hon. M. J. THOMAS, we are placed in possession of the Annual Report of the Geological Survey of the State of Wisconsin, by the late JAMES G. PERCIVAL. It treats of the following subjects:—The conformation of the surface. The character of the soils; their agricultural capabilities and connection with vegetation, particularly forest trees. The metalic ores. Minerals useful in the arts and in agriculture. The effects of primary and igneous rocks upon the lead mines, showing the object of much of his detailed survey under the head of "Surface Arrangement," &c. &c.

A CHINESE OATH.—A number of Chinamen were called as witnesses in a Police Court in New York last week. They testified after the manner prescribed by their religion. Taking a piece of yellow paper, the witness traced upon it certain Chinese characters, and then setting fire to it, kneeled before the flames and repeated the words of the oath while it burned.

BUFFALO CREEK CLEAR.—The Buffalo Express of the 9th inst., says that between nine and ten o'clock Saturday evening, the ice passed out of the Creek with a rush. Several vessels and canal boats were detached from their moorings, but without doing serious damage.

DEATHS.

In Greece, on the 2d inst., MARY ADELAIDE, daughter of CHARLES KINYON, aged 23 years.

In Pique, Miami county, Ohio, on the 28th of January, 1857, Mr. CHESTER GURNSEY, in the 67 year of his age.

Financial Affairs.

MONEY MATTERS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

NEW YORK MONEY MARKET.—The *N. Y. Post* of the 6th, in reference to monetary transactions, says:—"There is less demand for money, and discount rates are easier. Some six months' prime paper has been passed as low as 8½ per cent.; but the range is 8@8½ to 9 per cent. Stock loans are also easier to raise at 7 per cent. The banks are not calling in loans, but are, on the contrary, willing to extend them. The Shoe and Leather Bank is the solitary exception, owing to its having to pay large sums for the city just now. Though the custom receipts are large, there is no difficulty in raising money to pay the duties on the increasing quantity of goods now going into consumption. The exchanges through the Clearing-House today amount to $20,106,516 81, and the balances to 1,084,664 17. There is little doing in foreign exchange. Sterling is firm at 108⅝@108¾, but at any higher rate the market is weak."

SAN FRANCISCO MONEY MARKET.—The total amount of treasure exported from San Francisco during the year 1856 was $50,007,434—of which $39,765,294 went to New York; $8,666,289 to England; $1,375,852 to China. In 1855 the export amounted to $45,182,631. The value of merchandize exported in 1856 was $4,156,265, which is less than in 1855, when the amount was $14,640,000. During 1856 quicksilver to the extent of 15,993 flasks was exported. The Bulletin gives the following table showing the sums paid for freight during 1856:

Freights from New York	$2,173,045
" Boston	914,619
" other Eastern ports	144,867
" foreign ports	963,826
Total freight for 1856	$1,194,387
Total freight for 1855	3,889,765
Excess in '56 over '55	294,622

NEW COUNTERFEITS.—Ten dollar notes on the Bank of Commerce, Boston, altered from two's, have made their appearance The alteration is very skilfully done, and will deceive all except the most expert judges. The figures in the corner, and the word TWO in the margin are taken out by a chemical process, and the word TEN printed in Genuine TENS may be recognized by the vignette of a steamship in the centre, and the portrait of the late Robert G. Shaw in the right hand corner, also a group of female figures in the left hand corner.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—We learn by the Africa, which arrived at New York on the 6th inst., that the London money market was rather easier, but without change. Consols for money closed at 93¾@93⅞. American securities very steady. Illinois Central Railroad securities closed with an advancing tendency.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, Feb. 10, 1857.

THE storm of this morning has put a complete stop to all transactions of a commercial character.—at time of writing the snow fills the atmosphere to such an extent, as to render objects imperceptible at only two or three rods distant.

No change of importance in Grain or Flour, though Corn may be noted as somewhat firmer.

Apples are higher and scarce. The quotations for dried have been, and may now be considered as nominal, for there is not enough in the country to fix prices. Per example—they are neither bought nor sold by the bushel, those having them to dispose of charge by the pound.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	$18
Flour, bbl	$6.25@7.25	Candles, box	13¼@14¼c
Wheat, Gen	$1.40@1.53	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada	$1.50@1.53	Apples, bushel	75c@$1.00
Corn	60@62c	Do. dried	$1.50@1.75
Oats	37½@40c	Potatoes	50@62½c
Barley	1.00@1.12½	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Buckwheat	50c	Slaughter	7½@8c
Beans	$1.00@1.50	Calf	12c
Peas	1.00@1.25	Sheep pelts	75c@1.13
MEATS.		Lamb do	25@50c
Pork, Mess	$20.00	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$8.00@9.00	Clover, bushel	$6.50@6.75
Beef, per cwt	$5.00@6.00	Timothy	$2.00@3.00
Spring Lambs each	$1.50@1.75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$4.50@5.00	Wood, hard	$4.50@5.50
Hams, smoked	12@12½c	Do. soft	$3.00@4.00
Shoulders	8@9c	Coal, Lehigh	$8.00@.25
Chickens	8@9c	Do. Scranton	$7.00@.25
Turkeys	9@10c	Do. Blossburg	$5.00
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$7.25@7.50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	20@22c	Salt, bbl	$1.38
Do. firkin	18@20c	Hay, ton	$9@14
Cheese	8½@9½c	Wool, ℔ lb	50@60c
Lard, tried	12½@13c	White fish, bbl	$6.00
Tallow	11@11½c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$4.75@5.00
Eggs, dozen	20@21c	Trout, bbl	$9

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 7.—FLOUR—The market for flour is without important change. There is a fair export demand for State. Sales made of 8,000 brls. at $6.40@6.50 for com to choice and superfine State; $6.60@6.75 for extra do.; $6.40@6.50 for com. to choice and superfine Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wis., and Ohio; $6.00@7.00 for extra Mich., Ind., Ill., Wis., and market closing quiet. Of the sales 1,000 brls. were super State flour, for export, at $6.40@6.50; head lined and delivered at latter price. Canada flour firm. Sales at $6.60@7.05 com. to super and choice extra.

GRAIN—More export demand for wheat, but buyers and sellers are still too wide apart to do anything. Chicago spring nominal at $1.38@1.40; Milwaukee club $1.40@1.46; red winter western ranges firm at $1.50@1.60; white $1.65@1.78. Rye firmer; sales old inferior Northern at 90c; Jersey at 95c; prime State held at 90@95c. Barley and malt quiet. Corn market firmer, with a brisk export demand for western mixed in store at 70c; holders generally refuse to accept less than 71c; sales 15,000 bushels of mixed western at 71c in store. Oats more active at 49@51c for State, and 53@54c for western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market without activity, and prices unchanged. Sales were made at $20.25@20.62½ for old mess; $21.25 @21.50 for new mess, and $17.75@18.00 for prime. Dressed hogs heavy at 9¼@9½c. Lard firmer; sales 800 brls at 13½@13¾c. part to arrive. Butter in better request at 16@22c for Ohio, and 20@26 for State. Cheese buoyant at 11@12c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB 5—BEEVES—First quality 10½@11c; medium 10@10½c; ordinary 9@9½c; poorest 8@8½c; premium 12@13c; general selling prices 9½@10½c. Average of all sales about 9¾@10c.

MILCH COWS—The markets have been better supplied during the past week, but good Cows sell readily. Common $30@35; good $40@50; extra $60@70.

VEAL CALVES—Demand active and an advance is asked by sellers. Good Veal commanded 7c. and extra Calves 8c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Sales $3@6.50. Extras $7@8, or 10@10½c. per lb., or net dressed weight.

SWINE—Hogs scarce and prices consequently advancing.—Sales, corn fed, lire 7½@7¾c ℔ lb. Dressed 9½@10½c.

CAMBRIDGE, FEB. 4—At market 810 Cattle, mostly Beeves and Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra $8.50; first quality, $8.00; second quality, $7.00@7.50; third quality, $6.00@6.50; ordinary, $5.00.

WORKING OXEN—None.

COWS AND CALVES—$35.00@60.

YEARLINGS—None. Two Years Old—$30@35. Three Years Old—$37@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2310 at market. Prices—In lots, $3.00, 3.37, 4.00@5.00; extra and selections, $6, 7@10.

SWINE—120 at market. Prices—Live weight, 8 cents per lbs. Dressed hogs, 10½c per lb. Sheats, none.

HIDES—7¼@8½c. ℔ lb. Tallow—8@8½c.

CALF SKINS—18@16c ℔ lb. Pelts—$1.25@1.50.

BRIGHTON, FEB. 4.—At market 1,000 Beeves, 75 Stores, 5 pairs Working Oxen, 27 Cows and Calves, 2,000 Sheep and Lambs, 000 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8.75; first quality, $8.00; second quality, $7.50; third quality, $7.00; ordinary $5.50.

WORKING OXEN—$[illegible]@$175.

MILCH COWS—$[illegible].

VEAL CALVES—$[illegible].

YEARLINGS—$17.00@21.00. Two Years Old—$31@34. Three Years Old—$38@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $6@10; in lots $3@5.

SWINE—Wholesale, 8c; at retail 8¼@9¼.

HIDES—7¼@8½c. ℔ lb. Calf Skins 15@16c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1.25@1.50 each. Tallow—7@8½c. ℔ lb.

CINCINNATI PORK TRADE, FEB. 24.—In the fore part of the week Mess Pork was pretty freely offered at $18, with but little disposition to operate; but on Thursday and Friday a good demand arose, and about 2,000 bbls. were taken at this rate, for future delivery, though holders of city packed asked higher prices, or, in other words, were holding their stocks out of the market. In Bulk Meat the sales have been equal to two and a half million pounds, the market closing this afternoon buoyant at 7¾ cents for Shoulders, 8¼@8½c for Sides and 9¼@9⅞ for Hams. The speculative feeling is general and extensive. In Bacon nothing is doing. Lard is firmer and higher, with sales this afternoon at 11¾ cents. Mess Pork has been sold higher than $18, but at the close it would be difficult to obtain it at this rate on the spot.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—There is little or no change to note in the features of the market; the inquiry at present is limited, in consequence of the light stock offering and the extreme prices, while the interruption to navigation, and the consequent non-communication by water with the eastern manufactories, materially adds to the depression. Small sales only of fine fleeces are making at from 50@70 cents, as to quality, and 47½@55 for super and choice Saxony pulled Some 7,000 lbs. California wools have been taken at 23@31 cents. Foreign is scarce, and carpet wools are wanted at full prices. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ℔ lb	53@65
American Full-blood Merino	52@55
American ½ and ¾ Merino	44@48
American Native and ½ do	34@37
Pulled Wool, extra Country	44@48
Pulled Wool, super	37@39
Pulled Wool, No. 1	32@35
California Fine, Unwashed	23@26
Do. Com. Unwashed	12@17
Peruvian, Washed	30@36
Valparaiso, Unwashed	14@15
South American, Com. Washed	13@15
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	16@20
South American Unwashed	8@12
South American, Cordova, Washed	25@26
East India, Washed	23@28
African, Unwashed	9@18
African, Washed	18@20
Smyrna, Unwashed	14@17
Smyrna, Washed	24@28
Mexican, Unwashed	15@18

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Canoga, Seneca Co., N. Y. E. S. WILBER.

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Harland, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1856.

G. WESTINGHOUSE & Co.—Sirs: Your machine has given good satisfaction to all I believe. I have threshed and cleaned 265 bushels of oats in two hours. I believe it is easier work for horses than traveling on the road. Have threshed almost every day since the first day of August. Expenses for breaks 62½ cents. Yours, JOHN N. KNEELAND.

Victor, Ontario Co., N. Y., Jan. 1, 1857.

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ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the [illegible]
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the [illegible]
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next larg[illegible]
THIRTY DOLLARS for the next [illegible]
TWENTY DOLLARS for the next [illegible]
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next [illegible]
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the ne[illegible]
FIVE DOLLARS for EACH of the next [illegible]

$800 IN STATE PREM[illegible]
As most of our General Premiums have be[illegible] by persons in the State of New York, thus pr[illegible] and friends at a distance from successful compe[illegible] concluded to offer $800 *in State and Financial Pr*[illegible] **Hundred Dollars** for the FOUR LARGEST LISTS fr[illegible] the States of PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, MICHIGAN, INDI[illegible] NOIS, WISCONSIN, IOWA, and the Province of CANA[illegible] divided as follows:

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Choice Poetry.

[illegible]
[illegible] told;
[illegible] great,
[illegible] passing gold.
[illegible] fortune leans,
[illegible] happiness secure;
[illegible] little means—
[illegible] art is always poor.

[illegible] greatest still enthrals,
[illegible] hath its high compeers;
[illegible] palace halls,
[illegible] are not exempt from tears.

[illegible] robe and beggar's coat,
[illegible] scythe and sword, the plume and plow
[illegible] the grave of equal note—
[illegible] live but in the eternal "Now!"

[illegible] disappointment tracks the proud,
[illegible] bravest 'neath defeat may fall;
The high, the rich, the courtly crowd
Find there's calamity for all.

'Tis not the house that honor makes—
True honor is a thing divine;
It is the mind precedence takes—
It is the spirit makes the shrine.

So keep thou yet a generous heart,
A steadfast and contented mind:
And not till death consent to part
With that, which friend to friend doth bind.

What's uttered from the life within
Is heard not by the life without;
There's always something to begin
'Twixt life in faith and life in doubt.

But grasp thou Truth—though black appears
The rugged path her steps have trod—
She'll be thy friend in other spheres;
Companion in the world of God.

Life's Lessons.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. Moore, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY CITY COUSINS.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

It was a drizzly, rainy morning, about the middle of November, that I first started on a visit to my Aunt Harding, who lived in Hartford, and who almost every summer spent a few weeks at Meadow Brook, together with her two daughters Theodocia and Seraphina, or Theo. and Phenie, as they preferred to be called. So often had they visited at our house, and so perfectly at home did they make themselves when there, that I thought it hardly more than fair that some of us should occasionally return the compliment.

So when at her last visit Aunt Harding said to me at parting, "Do come and see us, Jenny," I decided in my own mind to do so, and when the November following my father had business in New Haven, I asked permission to accompany him as far as Hartford. At first my mother refused, without, however, giving me any good reason save that it was not best, but when, like any other girl of twelve, I cried and insisted upon knowing "why I couldn't go," she finally replied, "I do not think you'd enjoy it at all, for though your Aunt Harding is pleasant enough here, and though Theo. and Phenie treat you kindly at your own home, it will be very different in the city. They are proud, fashionable people, and will, I dare say, be ashamed of their *country cousin*, if, indeed, they own you as a relative at all."

This was a phase of human nature which I had never yet seen, living as I always had at Meadow Brook, and to my mother's remarks I replied that "I didn't believe a word of it; and I wanted to go any way." Here Grandma came to my aid, saying "I was as good any day as Theo. and Phenie, and mother ought to let me go and see the ways of the world."

After a little further consultation, it was decided that I might accompany father, and never was there a happier child than the one who, on that rainy morning, stood in the Meadow Brook depot, awaiting the arrival of the eastern train, and carefully watching the little hair trunk in which were packed all the better portion of my own clothes, together with numerous selections from the wardrobe of my mother, sisters, and grandmother, the latter of whom lent me her *gold beads*, bidding me not to wear them unless Aunt Harding had company.

It was about three in the afternoon that the omnibus which took us from the cars stopped in front of the three-storied building, which the driver thought was the residence of my Uncle, who had moved since father was there before. To be certain, however, he ran up the steps, and ringing the bell, asked if "Col. Harding lived there?"

"Yes;—who under the sun have you brought here?" was the rather ungracious answer of the fierce looking colored girl who eyed us askance as we descended from the muddy vehicle.

"Some of your country cousins, I reckon," answered the driver in a low tone, as he deposited my trunk on the steps and turned away whistling "Yankee Doodle."

A slight noise at one of the chamber windows made me look up just in time to catch a glimpse of both Theo. and Phenie, who instantly drew back and started, I had no doubt, to welcome me! But in this I was mistaken, for though I cast anxious glances towards the winding stairs, confidently expecting to see them come running down with extended hands and offered kisses, as they were wont to do at Meadow Brook, I saw no signs of them, though the rustle of silk led me to suspect that some one was watching us from over the bannisters, as we entered the parlor, whither the colored woman conducted us. Upon inquiry we learned that my uncle was at the store, that aunt was making calls, while the girl, who was named Drusa, "didn't know whether my cousins were in or not,—she would go and see," and ere I could tell her that they were, she left the room. Soon returning she brought the astounding intelligence that *they were both out*, adding that we "must make ourselves to home till somebody came."

Knowing that the surest way of finding his brother was to go to his place of business, my father left me alone, saying he would soon be back. Neither of us had had any dinner; my head was aching dreadfully, and throwing myself upon the sofa I began to cry, wishing I had not come. In the midst of my paroxysms the street door opened and I knew Aunt Harding had returned, for I heard her ask Drusa, "where that *old thing* came from," meaning my hair trunk. There were a few whispered words, and then Aunt Harding came up to me, saying, as she gave me her hand, "Is it possible, Jenny! When did you come?"

Drying my tears I told her the why and the wherefore, whereupon she continued, rather abstractedly, I fancied,—"Yes,—yes,—your father will be gone a week, and you will stay here until his return;—to-day is Friday,—yes,—yes—"

Here the bell rang, and seizing me by the shoulder, she said, "Let me show you to your room;" at the same time she hurried me from the parlor, bidding Drusa, who was going to the door, to first "put that trunk out of sight."

Up, and up, and up she led me until we reached the attic, where she ushered me into a comfortable, but plainly furnished chamber, saying, by way of apology, that "they had just got the green room fixed for Edward's folks, who were coming the next day from New York. Then, too," she continued, "your father will sleep in the blue room to-night, and if, when he's gone, you are not contented here, you can change, you know, but I guess you'll not wish to. My nieces from Taunton always sleep here and like it, judging from the length of time they stay."

At this moment Drusa appeared, saying my aunt was wanted in the parlor, and bidding me change my dress and comb my hair, she left me alone in that dreary little attic from whose projecting windows I could see nothing save a host of chimneys and the dark spires of one or two churches in the distance. Not a word said she to me concerning the empty state of my *stomach*, though this was always the first question mother put to her and hers when, hungry, dirty and cross, they came upon us like a swarm of locusts, occupying, as a matter of course, the very best rooms in the house, frequently lying in bed until 10 o'clock, and then skimming the cream for coffee from the morning's milk, to say nothing of their keeping old Sorrel constantly on the go, when they were not entertaining company at our expense in the parlor. I had looked upon these things as something which we owed to them, being our guests, and now that the tables were turned, I began to wonder if I, too, were not entitled to some attention, and if it were fair to leave me alone that chilly afternoon without fire or food, the latter being what I most craved and needed.

The making of my toilet occupied my mind for a time, and at last, just as it was growing dark, Drusa came to tell me that tea was ready, and in eager haste I followed her down to the long dining room, where I found my father, uncle and cousins, the latter of whom shook my hand *very gingerly*, and then, without ever saying they were glad to see me, turned aside and commenced talking to a *parrot*, who in a most unearthly, guttural tone, clamored for a cracker, which was finally given to him. The table was handsomely set with damask, china and silver;—*but the supper!* Words would fail me were I to attempt a description of my sensations when I saw the thin slices of bread, and the still thinner slice of butter,—the half dozen withered clingstone peaches swimming in a sea of fermented juice,—the six round hard seed cakes, and the four little crackers! I didn't believe it would begin to "go round," but it did, and so next morning did the *hash*, there being a *spoonful* left for *manners* I dare say, as my aunt laid great stress on such things. But poor *manners* fared hard that time, for as I was quitting the breakfast room I saw Theo., who had daintily picked at her food with the massive silver fork, hastily remove the big spoon from her mouth, and when I involuntarily looked for the *hash*, it was gone! Such a breakfast naturally brought to my mind visions of our own well supplied table, and I began to see why it was necessary for my city relatives to visit the country at least once a year.

After my father had left us, my cousins equipped themselves for a shopping excursion, they said, and as I had been commissioned to make purchases for half the people in Meadow Brook, I proposed accompanying them. Glancing hastily at each other, they made me no answer, but with my wits sharpened, I readily understood that I was not wanted, and with my eyes full of tears, I was leaving the room, when my aunt, whose manner towards me was now somewhat different from that of the previous night, asked what was the matter. A few low spoken words from Phenie explained it, and then, laying her hand on my shoulder, she said, "Never mind, love,—I am going to market pretty soon, and you shall go with me. I presume I am a better judge of the kind of articles you wish to purchase than they are."

So they departed without me, and half an hour after my aunt and myself emerged into the open street, she first inspecting me closely, bending my bonnet a little to the right, then to the left, and finally saying, as she gave it a pull, that "it beat all what taste country milliners had." Next she removed from my collar the gold pin which mother had lent me, and which contained a lock of our dead baby's hair. "This," she said, "looked old-fashioned, and she'd warrant it was not good gold, and if we happened to meet Mrs. Uppish, who was a great judge of such things, she would detect it in a moment." When at last we were fairly in the street she very kindly informed me that "in meeting a gentleman I must be sure and keep the *inside* of the walk, as nothing sooner betrayed ignorance than a departure from this rule."

An angry retort rose to my lips, for though Meadow Brook had but *one* genuine sidewalk, and that was down by the stores, I had from my earliest remembrance known *how* to turn out and *when*, but the hasty words were unspoken, and in silence we continued on our way, my aunt a little in advance, so that a casual observer would have supposed we were nothing to each other. Hitherto I had thought my aunt to be very free with her money, and I was much surprised to hear her quarrel with the market men and women about the price of turkey, oysters, cranberries, and celery, all of which she finally bought for a sixpence less than the sum first asked. The marketing being done, my shopping came next in order, and it struck me as a little singular that all the shops into which we entered looked *dark* and *seedy*, not at all like what I had fancied city stores to be! It is true we passed several fanciful looking establishments, through whose show-windows I caught glimpses of numerous well-dressed ladies, to whom a long row of obsequious clerks were bowing,—and—well, not exactly *fibbing* perhaps, but stretching the truth, just as they did the goods they were selling. But into none of these did she take me, and once when she saw a bold looking woman advancing towards us she whispered to me, "Run on, dear, slowly,—turn down the first right hand street, and then take the left—I want to speak in private with a lady."

As nearly as I could I followed her directions, but of course I lost my way, and after a tramp of two hours or more I sat down upon the steps of a large wooden building and began to cry. I had not sat there long when a young and fashionably dressed man came out and asked "what I was doing there?"

In a few words I explained to him that "I had lost my way and wanted to go to my uncle's, Col. Harding's."

"Col. Harding *your* uncle!" said he, bending upon me a scrutinizing look; "Then his daughters must be your cousins?"

"Yes," said I, "Theo. and Phenie."

Satisfied that I told the truth, he now offered to see me home, and under his escort I proceeded on my way, while he questioned me very politely, but still rather closely as to where I lived, when I came to the city, and how long I was going to stay. When I mentioned Meadow Brook he repeated it after me, adding, "Your uncle's summer residence is there, I believe?"

"What, sir?" said I, looking up quickly, while in explanation he asked, "If it were not at Meadow Brook that my uncle's family usually spent their summers?"

"Yes, sir, at our house. Uncle has no residence there," said I, while he returned seemingly to himself more than to me, "Is it possible? Perhaps Col. Harding owns the farm and rents it to your father;—this would account for it."

All my pride was roused, and with considerable spirit I answered, "No he don't,—father owns the farm himself. It's the old Homestead, and we don't charge Aunt Harding a cent either."

The next moment I regretted a speech, which produced upon my companion a strange effect, making him silent and thoughtful. He had a most winning face and manner, and fearing I had offended him, I at last ventured to apologize, though for what I hardly knew.

Smiling down upon me, he said, "Never mind, little girl;—if what you tell me is true, it will help to open my eyes."

I had never told but one or two lies in my life, and what with the *remorse* and the *whipping* which I endured, I had no desire to try a similar experiment, and so I assured him, whereupon he smiled again, and as we just then came in sight of my Uncle's house, he excused himself from going any further, and bidding me good morning, he left me.

In the parlor I found my cousins, aunt and uncle, the latter of whom was blaming his wife for having left me to find my way in a city, and telling her "she would spoil everything, if she managed that way."

What there was to *spoil* I did not know, and wishing to relieve my uncle of his fears I showed myself in the room, where I was assailed by numerous inquiries as to where I'd been and whom I'd seen, this last question being put by Phenie and Theo., as by far the most important one. Reason as I would, I could not help feeling that I had done wrong in telling a total stranger that my uncle did not pay his board at Meadow Brook, and so thinking I should probably never see the young man again, I resolved to say as little about him as possible. Accordingly, in narrating my adventure, I merely spoke of him as the man who had seen me crying and shown me the way home.

"How did he look? Was he a gentleman?" asked Theo., eagerly, and I replied what I knew would soonest quiet her, and what was in a measure true,—that he looked some like "Jacob Buel," a youth at Meadow Brook, whose attentions to the fastidious Theo. were rather annoying than otherwise.

This satisfied her that 'twas not a *gentleman*, and further than that she did not care. By this time I began to think of *dinner*, for at home we dined at twelve, and it was now nearly one. As if divining my thoughts, Aunt Harding brought from the closet a plate containing a half slice of bread,—a seed cake, a piece of musty apple pie, saying as she handed it to me, "Edward's folks will be here at five, and we are not going to have dinner until then."

With a great effort I forced down the bread, and then pushing the plate away, said "I did not want any more," though at that moment I would have given all I possessed for the privilege of eating the remains of the nice dinner which I knew was that day cooked at Meadow Brook.

The reader will pardon me for saying so much about *eating*. It is not *good taste*, I know, but then, as it happens, I am just now going through a process of *dieting*, greatly against my will, and therefore out of the abundance of the heart my pen writeth.

Edward's *folks*, of whom I have once or twice spoken, consisted of my aunt's only son, wife and baby, the last of whom was about six months old. The wife, who was a New-Yorker, was said to be immensely wealthy, and whenever she visited at my uncles, it of course created considerable excitement, the utmost pains being taken to appear "stylish," while great fears were entertained lest "Sister Mary, who was so highly bred, should be shocked by anything at all democratic."

[Concluded next week.]

How to be Beautiful.—If man or woman either, wish to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble actions and purposes—by having something to do, and something to live for which is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.—*Professor Upham.*

Words.—"Words, words, words!" says Hamlet, despairing; but God preserve us from the destructive power of words. There are words whose sting can remain in the heart through a whole life.

Youth's Corner.

FAMILIAR CHAPTERS ON CHEMISTRY.

INTRODUCTORY.

Believing that there are many subjects connected with Chemistry, which, if brought before the mind of childhood in a simple and plain manner, would not only prove of interest, but, at the same time, have a tendency to call forth a spirit of inquiry and investigation resulting in strengthening and developing the mental organism, we purpose treating occasionally some of the practical portions of this department of science for the special benefit of young Ruralists. To fully accomplish our project, various illustrations will be used, and for these, as well as facts upon which our remarks may be based, we are indebted to Johnston's *Chemistry of Common Life.*

The first division of the series, (comprising three or four chapters,) will be devoted to *The Air we Breathe.* The air is familiar to us all, we regard it with little curiosity, and yet it is exceedingly wonderful, both in itself and its uses. Have you ever thought of its vastness, its power, and of the many duties it performs? Let us consider for a few moments. It rises with its cathedral dome arching towards the heavens. The distance which it occupies is known to be thirty-five miles—there, in this vast space, it floats about like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vision—"a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive and so powerful is it in its fury, that it throws about great ships like playthings, and sweeps peaceful homes or tall trees like snow flakes before it to destruction. In its milder moods, so quiet is it that we will live years before we can believe that it exists—to-day the majority of mankind do not know that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight and pressure are so great, (estimated to be, at a level with the sea, about 15 pounds to the square inch of surface,) that iron will shiver under it like glass; yet it tosses the soap-bubble to and fro, and the wing of the tiniest insect may waft it aside.

A writer in the *London Quarterly Review* beautifully describes the action of the atmosphere and its effects upon some of the heavenly orbs. He says:—"The air ministers lavishly to all our senses. We touch not it, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back color to the pale face of the invalid—its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even the northern blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged climate. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the clustered radiance of the gloaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its 'triumphal arch,' and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers round the heavens. The cold would not shed snow feathers upon the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hail stone, nor fog diversify the face of the sky.—Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreamy, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.

Were there no atmosphere the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening are gathered by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning, the sun would burst, at one bound, from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and bye-and-bye a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of the night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and like man, she goeth forth again to her labor until the evening."

Until the ingenuity of Fulton gave the steam engine to humanity, the winds were mighty mechanics. Operating upon the huge arms of the windmill, they spun the brittle thread and wove the fabric, they turned the stones that converted the produce of the field into suitable food for man, they wafted his rich fleets across the seas, and toiled and delved in a hundred ways for his benefit. At the present time many of these mills are in use throughout Europe, and may be frequently met with in our own country—but the element is too fickle and unstable for Young America, who wants something more definite and with a "go in it"—as for the rest, be assured, "*he'll make it go.*"

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 5, 4, 3 does not mean well.
My 12, 3, 10, 12, 18 is a girl's name.
My 1, 6, 19, 12, 15 covers a part of the earth's surface.
My 7, 17, 15, 16 is a poetical female name.
My 14, 12, 11, 4, 12 is a gay young lady.
My 8, 6, 2, 13 was the first son of man.
My 9, 8, 15, 12 is a favorite game with many.
My whole is the name of an American poet.

Victor, N. Y., 1857. B. H.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first, a vehicle of ponderous size,
That o'er the rails with deafening racket flies;
My next a darling, precious, lovely dear—
Its cherub face we wish forever near.
My whole with cost and care we tightly spread,
Then lightly o'er its flowerets heedless tread.

Marion, N. Y., 1857. E. B. Cray.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

How long will 77 lbs. of flour last 9 boys, if 24 lbs. will last 5 men and 4 boys for 7 days, supposing 11 boys to equal 6 men.

Oakland, Liv. Co., N. Y., 1857. C. L. Cudebec.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Geographical Enigma in No. 370:—E. D. E. N. Southworth.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem in No. 370:—A is entitled to $\frac{4}{9}$ and B to $\frac{5}{9}$.

Wit and Humor.

RHINOLOGY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Motto—"*I nose what I knows!*"

The *Roman* nose betokens manly sense;
The humble *Snub* bespeaks the modest man,
But then 'twill never rise to eminence,
The least aspiring of the nasal clan,
With but a moderate love of fame or pelf;
(I've got, they say, a snubbish nose myself!)

The *Aquiline* proclaims the keenest wit,
But full of guile as any hawk, or hawker,
The *Turn-up* nose (as ancient Horace writ)
Is everywhere a scorner and a mocker;
Some crooked end it secretly proposes;
Don't hang your hat or hopes on turn-up noses!

The *Bottle-nose* is commonly a feature,
One doesn't from parental love inherit;
And hence discloses not so much the nature
Of mind and soul as of some other "spirit;"
It's meaning therefore, is of small avail,
As in a drouthy time the "sign" must fail.

The *Gimlet-nose* betrays an intermeddler;
Whene'er you see a gimlet-nose before you,
It augurs that some new-opinion-peddler,
Or "special agent" now intends to bore you;
The very chap who, when he pricks your joint,
With hideous smile cries—"Dont you see the *point?*"

A WESTERN PROSPECTUS.

The editor of the *Cayuga Chief*, formerly an Eastern man, lately removed to the West, where he has "got loose." Hear him:

Now we straighten up to full five feet ten, lock our arms deliberately over our breast, compress our lips, put a "lurking dragon" in each eye, drop our shaggy brows most terribly, and impressively announce: "*We live at the Fort!*" And we wish it understood, *that* means a good deal. Let no man question the truths involved in that announcement, who is not prepared to follow us to Niagara Falls, or to be caned indefinitely if we catch him—where he can't help himself. We say that our office is—by measurement—the exact center of everywhere! The blue dome culminates over our chimney. We are on the Great Trunk Railway, from sunrise to sundown. All the sunshine, from east to west, passes here. The "Night Trains" all pass here. The "Sun Express" through in ten hours, reaches here precisely at 12 o'clock M., "plenty of time for refreshments." In fine, this is the "Great Central Route," the shortest, safest, and quickest, running over a thousand miles an hour!

Enough said. Fort Atkinson revolves around the *Chief* office, Wisconsin around the Fort, and the world around Wisconsin. Milwaukee is too far from here to ever be much of a place. Wisconsin is in Fort Atkinson, and not, as has been supposed, in Milwaukee. If our statements are questioned, we are prepared to get up indignation meetings, let our bile have free course and be glorified, impugn motives, denounce corruption, defeat the first ticket we can get at, and at one fell blow send everything to smash.

N. B. The *Chief* is the only paper published at this central point, and will be forwarded to all towns in the suburbs, at $1 00 per annum. Address T. W. & Emma Brown, Box 27,000, Wisconsin P. O., State of Fort Atkinson.

"Willie," said a doting parent, at the breakfast-table, to an abridged edition of himself, and who had just entered the grammar class at the high school, "Willie, my dear, will you pass the butter?"

"Thirtainly, Thir—taxthes me to pathe anything. Butter ith a common thubjunctive, neuter gender, agreeth with hot buckwheat caketh, and ith governed by thugar—molatheth underthtood."

A pert lawyer in the South lately insulted the Judge, who fined him $50. He repeated the insult, and the Judge doubled the fine; he tried it again, and he trebled it. Finally, he asked permission to go home. "What for?" asked the Judge. "To buy your honor's paper at ten per cent to pay my fine."

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Advertising.—Brief and appropriate advertisements will be inserted at 25 cents a line, each insertion, payable in advance.—Our rule is to give no advertisement, unless very brief, more than four consecutive insertions. Patent Medicines, &c., will not be advertised in this paper at any price.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Clubbing with the Magazines, &c.—We will send the Rural New-Yorker for 1857, and a yearly copy of either *Harper's, Godey's, Graham's* or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The Rural and either *Arthur's Magazine*, the *National Magazine*, or any other $2 magazine for $3. The Rural and either *The Plough, the Loom and the Anvil* (a monthly magazine devoted to the Industrial Arts, Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures,) or *The Horticulturist*, for $3.

☞ The Rural is published strictly upon the cash system—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires. Hence, a prompt renewal is necessary to secure the regular continuance of the paper.

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☞ Any person so disposed can act as local agent for the Rural, without certificate, and each and all who volunteer in the good cause will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

METEOROLOGY FOR FARMERS.

BY LIEUT. M. F. MAURY.

ARTICLE II.—TELEGRAPHIC METEOROLOGY, &c.

WE promised in our first article to show the value to the Army and Navy of the system of Meteorological Observations that we have undertaken to discuss before the patrons of the RURAL. The importance of them to the Army was officially proclaimed nearly forty years ago, for in 1819, Mr. CALHOUN, being Secretary of War, ordered that a regular Meteorological journal should be kept at every military post in the United States. When that great man left College in New England,—Yale, we think it was,— his health was not robust; for its improvement, exercise on horseback was recommended, and for the purpose of enjoying it, it was decided that he should return to his home in Carolina by that mode of travel.—He wanted to see the country also, and he determined to travel homeward, climbing the spurs and skirting the mountains of the Alleghany range by the way.

On that journey he witnessed the play of Meteorological forces among the mountains. It attracted his attention, and he was struck with the climatological contrasts and differences between the country and the mountains. The importance of making this the subject of patient and systematic investigation impressed itself upon his quick mind, and accordingly, as soon as an opportunity for setting on foot a comprehensive plan of Meteorological research presented itself, he availed himself of it, and a regular system of Army Meteorological Observations was inaugurated. We had this account as to the origin of these celebrated observations from Mr. CALHOUN'S own lips.

The stations at which these observations have been made were not selected with the view to their Meteorological aspects, but they have followed the Army, and have been as various and as shifting as the military posts in a new country usually are.—But notwithstanding this circumstance, a mass of climatological information of great value has been collected, and the Meteorological Register of the U. S. Army is sought after with great eagerness by the Meteorologists of all countries.

From these observations rain and thermal maps for the year and each of its four seasons, have been compiled by Mr. LOUIS BLODGET for the Surgeon General's office, and by that office published in the Army Meteorological Register for 1855. These maps give us a better general idea of the Climatology of the country, at large, than all other publications taken together. As a beginning, and the first step, they are exceedingly valuable, interesting and suggestive.

Thus, Farmers, you observe that the Government has already established a system of Meteorological Observations for the land, and another system for the sea,— why should not the two systems be connected in concert?—and, in making and discussing and publishing these observations, why should not the interests of Agriculture and every industrial pursuit, as well as the public health and convenience, be recognised and consulted also? We do not propose that these two systems shall be carried on by concert of observation, and that authority should be given to extend the system, both by calling in the aid of the magnetic telegraph, and inviting the Farmers and amateur Meteorologists to contribute observations also.

From imperfect observations, BONAPARTE, before he began to organize his "Grand Army," attempted to make himself acquainted with the climatology of Russia. By miscalculating the seasons he suffered defeat and disaster such as before had never been heard of.

It was but the other day that the Allies landed an army in the Crimea without having consulted its climates. Sufferings that made the heart sick to contemplate were the consequence,— so that at last the most renowned generals of Europe have been forced to confess that it is impossible to plan any campaign properly, or to conduct it with efficiency without understanding the climates where the army is to operate.

Marshal VAILLANT, the Minister of War in France, in urging on a recent occasion the establishment, by the State, of a system of Meteorological Observations in Algeria, expressed in very decided terms his opinion of their importance, not only in a Military, but also in an Agricultural point of view. The Academy of Science having been consulted upon the subject, certain members of that renowned body objected to the plan proposed, because it did not contemplate refinement enough in the observations. In replying to such objections, the Marshal is represented to have said with his usual good, hard, practical sense:

"Is it true that in a new country like Algeria, conquered yesterday and pacified to-day, we require observations more precise than those which have been made in Europe; and that unless they reach this precision, they will be useless in reference to the purposes of colonization, the kinds of culture to be introduced, the health of the army and of the natives and other inhabitants? We do not believe it, and in support of our opinion it will be sufficient to mention a few facts.

"This year the cotton crop has been very satisfactory in one of the provinces, very moderate in another, and very bad in a third. These differences, which always have a money value, and which lead either to the prosperity or ruin of the Agricultural colonists—do we not know what produced them in 1855, and what may produce them still? It is neither the mode of culture nor the attention paid to the plant, nor even the nature of the soil;—it is simply the time of the rains in the provinces of Algiers, Oran or Constantine. When the cotton has reached a certain stage of its growth, it must not be drenched with water. If it rain then it is wholly lost. How important then is it to the colonist to know beforehand, without making experiments himself which might lead to his ruin, if in such and such provinces he must sow sooner or later,—and whether his crop shall be exposed to be burned by the winds of the desert, or drowned in the floods of unseasonable rains.—What can direct him in this matter, except a series of observations, even though incomplete, provided they extend over a number of years?'

The Count then states, that "they have recently received a species of cotton which ripens in a comparatively short time; that it must be tried in localities where the rain comes soonest; and that, therefore, it is of the greatest importance to learn from Meteorological Observation where such places are."

Meteorological Observations in our new Territories would be as beneficial to the immigrants that are flocking there, as they would be to the colonists of Algeria,— for our own fellow citizens would then learn, without each one making the experiment for himself, what fruits, plants and vegetables would flourish best in the new country. Each could, therefore, carry with him, in the first instance, those best adapted to its climate and to his own purposes.

The Agricultural World is just now all agog about the Chinese Sugar Cane. Will it grow in this climate? Will it grow in that?—are questions that are constantly pressed whenever the cultivation of this plant is brought on the tapis either among farmers or political economists. Give this, or any plant, to any gardener who understands his profession, and he will make in his green-house for it exactly that climate that is best adapted to its vegetable health and development; and what is our glorious country but a magnificent green-house with many climates? The Planter of the first garden on earth has made it for us and adapted its climates for our use;—why, then, should we not explore them with the lights of science, and find out the climates that he has established in every nook and corner of the magnificent structure?

Most of our readers recollect, no doubt, the terrible storm which swept over the Black Sea about two years ago; it did great damage to the shipping of the Allied forces. We allude to this storm for the purpose of illustrating the importance of a daily system of weather reports by telegraph, both to Armies, Navies and People. Its ravages attracted the attention of the whole of Europe, and after it was over, philosophers undertook to study its march and rate of progress. It was found that the telegraph outran it by several hours in a few leagues, and that it would have been perfectly practicable to give warning of its approach had a proper system of observations been instituted.—Marshal VAILLANT, upon whom it made a deep impression, and who was in a position to realize the suffering and disaster that followed in its track, remarked:

"About a year ago, that dreadful tempest which broke loose upon the Allied fleets in the Black Sea, was announced to us from Austria by the electric telegraph, a long time before it was felt at Paris. It appears, then, that by the aid of the telegraph and barometrical observations, we may be apprised several hours or several days before, of great atmospherical disturbances which happen at the distance of 1,000 or 1,500 leagues. How advantageous, then, would such a warning be to our coasters and fishermen, who are seldom lost excepting when the storm takes them by surprise!"

When we recollect how much less able to withstand the storm are the fleets of coasters, fishing smacks, &c., that are daily plying in and out of every harbor along the coast, and on the lakes; and when, moreover, we call to mind the fact that on the average no less than two American vessels suffer shipwreck daily, we may form some idea of the advantage which telegraphic warnings of these storms from the land would afford to the shipping and commerce and people of the country. Other industrial pursuits, and great interests, Agricultural and public convenience among them, would also participate largely in the benefits that are sure to result from such extension of Meteorological research.

Then there is the great snow storm of last month. It was raging in Washington from 12 to 14 hours before it reached Philadelphia. It commenced in the Carolinas, perhaps in Texas, and went to Halifax. It was several days on its destructive march through the country— vessels of the Navy were damaged by it, and an amount of inconvenience, shipwreck and suffering,— public and private, ashore and afloat, was produced by it that is appalling. What would it not have been worth if every Farmer, Railroad Company, traveler, ship owner, master and sailor, could have had only a few hours warning of the approach of this storm, and such as the magnetic telegraph is capable of giving? Let us put the practical value of such information at one dollar on the average to each full grown man in the country—and the real average would be nearer $50 or $100 —what would be the gross sum that might have been saved by such foreknowledge? Suffice it to say that the expense to which the country has been subjected in consequence of the inconvenience that both Army and Navy have suffered by reason of this storm would have sufficed to pay many times over for the support of a proper system of Telegraphic Meteorology. Ships have been caught in the ice, and paralyzed, when their services were of the greatest importance to the public.

Some have raised objections to any such extension of these observations, pleading the want of rightful power of Congress to do anything for Agriculture in that way. We put these Meteorological investigations under the War power, and argue that, though the proposed system of research will strew the way-side with the flowers of Agriculture, and though the farmer may gather therefrom many rich and luscious fruits, yet that is no reason why they should not be carried on, seeing that the health of Armies and the safety of Navies may be dependent on the results to be obtained.—The two systems are already in operation at the public expense—why not let them be so organized, that they may produce all the good, public and private, of which they may be found capable?

We have not done with this magnificent field of research yet.

THE contents of the barn-yard will not always take care of themselves, and being often exposed to great loss and injury, it is highly important that the farmer should give to them his personal attention. At this season of the year, leaching needs most to be guarded against.

SHORT-HORN BULL CALF "CHICAGO."

THE eleventh volume of COATE'S English Herd Book describes Chicago as roan, born 17th December, 1854. He was sired by the imported prize bull Balco (9,918,) Dam Fancy by Meteor (11,811,) Daisy by President (4,750,) Active by Washington (1,566,) Panzy by Blaize (76,)—by Blythe Comet (85,)—by Prince (521,) by Patriot (486.) Chicago is the property of Hon. JOHN WENTWORTH, and is kept at the farm of the "Illinois Breeding Association," at Summit, Cook Co., Ill. The engraving represents him at eleven months old.

HOW DROUTH BENEFITS THE SOIL.

THAT a season of extreme drouth—so often occurring, and so injurious to our summer crops,—should still prove beneficial to the soil, seems strange, but chemical science shows us that drouths are one of the material causes to restore the constituents of crops, and renovate cultivated soils. Prof. HIGGINS remarks upon this subject to some extent in the Maryland State Transactions; we condense therefrom the main portions of this article.

Mineral matter is taken from the soil by the crops grown upon it, and also carried away by the surface water flowing into streams, and thence carried to the sea. These two causes, always in operation, unless counteracted by other influences, would in time render the earth a barren waste. The diminution which arises from the first cause is in part restored by manures, but not in all cases, and Providence has provided a way of its own to supply lost mineral constituents needed in the growth of plants. At intervals drouths occur to bring up from the deep parts of the earth, food for the use of plants when the rains shall again fall.

The manner in which drouths exercise their beneficial influence is as follows:—During dry weather, a continual evaporation of water takes place from the surface of the earth, which is not supplied by any from the clouds. The evaporation from the surface creates a vacuum, (as far as the water is concerned,) which is at once filled by water rising up from the subsoil—the water from the subsoil is replaced from the next below,—and in this manner the circulation of water in the earth is the reverse of that which takes place in wet weather. This progress to the surface, of the water in the earth, manifests itself strikingly in the drying up of springs and wells, and streams which are supported by springs.

It is not, however, only the water which is brought to the surface of the earth, but also all the water holds in solution. These substances are salts of lime and magnesia, of potash and soda, and indeed whatever the subsoil or top strata of the earth may contain. The water on reaching the surface is evaporated and leaves behind, in the soil, its mineral salts,—the chief of which are lime, magnesia, phosphate of lime, sulphate of lime, carbonate and silicate of potash and soda—and also common salt —all indispensable to the growth of the vegetable products of the farm. Pure rain water, as it falls, will dissolve but a very small portion of some of these substances, but when it sinks into the earth it then becomes strongly imbued with carbonic acid from the decomposition of vegetable matter in the soil, and thus acquires the property of readily dissolving minerals, on which it before could have very little influence.

Several experiments tried by Prof. H. go to show this action of drouth in bringing matters to the surface of the soil. In one case he placed a solution of chloride of barium in the bottom of a glass cylinder, and then filled it with dry soil. After long exposure to the rays of the sun the surface of the soil was tested with sulphuric acid, and gave a copious precipitate of sulphate of baryta. Chloride of lime, sulphate of soda, and carbonate of potash were experimented upon in like manner, and upon the application of proper tests, the surface of the soil showed their presence in large quantities, drawn up by the rising of water from underneath, as in the case of drouth.

The parched earth—every green thing dwarfed in growth or withered by long-continued heat—seems suffering under an afflictive dispensation of Providence—yet we should not murmur; it is a blessing in disguise. The early and the latter rain may produce at once abundant crops, but dry weather is needed to bring to the surface food for future harvests from the depths of the earth, where else it would lie forever unemployed. It is a needed means of keeping up the fertility of the cultivated soil.

SAVING MANURE.

"THE farmer's study is not to avoid labor, but make labor *pay well;* and nothing is better established than that the labor of *saving manure*—of increasing its quantity and improving its quality—is the most profitable that he can perform or employ."—*Prof.* NASH *in Progressive Farmer.*

THE season of winter gives leisure, while the employment of the farmer calls attention to opportunities for saving manure. His time is largely occupied in those manufactories of fertilizing materials—the stables and stock-yards—and if he looks to the continued fertility of his land, he will have well-considered and thoroughly-applied plans for the *feeding* as well as the cropping of the soil. His thoughts will be turned to procuring, as far as possible, the necessary supplies of manure *upon the farm.* Many a home-source now neglected—many a valuable fertilizer now unemployed—many a drain upon the riches of his manure heap now unnoticed, will received consideration and attention—he will see that labor here "is the most profitable that he can perform or employ."

The subject of *saving manure* should be given place and prominence in our Agricultural journals. To turn, as far as possible, every resource to economical account is our secret of success in the business of farming as in every other. It should be, indeed, as one of our best farmers once remarked, "a prominent part of the farm-work, to manufacture as much manure thereon as possible." It should be a subject of careful study, to so apply the manurial resources, and so vary the course of cropping as to give every field its due share—that thus the whole farm may become alike fertile and productive, and alike pay a fair profit to the owner.

That farming, as it is too often practiced, does not pay as it once did, is a conceded fact. But there are very good reasons for this lessening of profit. *Land can be worn out*—and unless constant care is used to restore again what is continually taken from it by cropping, *it will wear out.* And the cultivation of land exhausted by long tillage —its cultivation on the same system which has exhausted it—is truly a hard, unpleasant and unprofitable business—enough to discourage even the most shiftless and un-energetic of those who plod along in its practice. The sooner they quiet either the system or their farms the better off they will find themselves, for such farming, nor any other business conducted on such principles, can never pay either in pleasure or in profit.

Ever provident of resources is our bountiful mother Nature. Even upon such soils as these—worn-out and exhausted as they are—farming may be made profitable. There seems to us no greater triumph of science and skill than to take a sterile, unproductive farm, and by the application of simple means—means, perhaps, abundantly furnished within its own boundaries—to restore it to fertility

and productiveness, such as shall make its cultivation an easy, pleasant and profitable task.

Saving and applying manure combined with thorough cultivation and a judicious rotation of crops, is the true way of producing and keeping up fertility of soil. Shall it not be thought of, studied, and attended to, by those so closely interested in the subject—those whose welfare and position depend so essentially upon the success with which it is accomplished? But we need scarcely ask this question. It is becoming a great practical fact in every progressive farmer's plans and operations.—And it is one of the leading designs of this department of the RURAL to "push on the column"—to furnish in every number some fact or suggestion which shall aid in the good work. Give us your experiments and experience in farming, ye men of progress, and the lessons they teach shall be made available to thousands, and thus help each other on in advancement.

Communications.

"DEGENERATION OF WHEAT."

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Being a constant reader of your paper, I noticed the article on the "Degeneration of Wheat." For one I find myself incontrovertibly convinced that *wheat* and *rye* turn to chess. In the seed time of the year 1816 or '17, I saw over ten acres of beautiful beach and maple land "logged and burned," and nicely prepared as ever any new field was for wheat, and in the latter part of September, sown with prime, clean, "red chaff" variety of wheat, which came up nicely. The land was of various soils, some parts clay, some black muck in swales, and other places loamy land. In November of that year this wheat field looked admirably. The following March and April were unusually wet and cold. Several long cold rains occurred, and soon this wheat field became yellow in spots where the surface water stood, and in those places the wheat nearly all turned to chess, while on the higher, airy land there was first-rate wheat and no chess, and so alternately through the whole field. This crop was put in with the drag or harrow only, as was then the custom on the "Holland Purchase," on beach and maple land universally, as the roots lay so near the surface that plowing there, was "out of the question."

Again, in the August of 1825, we harvested the very nicest crop of fifteen acres of new land wheat *put in* in the same way, and this stubble we burned over soon after harvest, and got it so that it looked like *new land* again. In fact, it looked blacker than when we finished logging it. In about three weeks after burning the stubble we sowed it again to wheat 1¼ bushels of prime White Flint Wheat per acre, and out of the whole field we did not harvest a bushel of wheat, but instead we got twenty-four wagon loads of pure chess, cut green for hay.—This was then, to *my mind*, proof positive that wheat *did* turn to chess.

I also believe to turn cattle on some of the more tender varieties of wheat, in winter in a wet muddy time, and let them crop it bare, will cause it to turn to chess; as I once had a fine field half of which was the early "Hutchinson wheat," the other White Flint. The former was nearly spoiled in this way and very full of chess, while the hardy Flint was clear. I had sowed none but pure seed wheat of each kind, above named.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., 1857. A NIAGARA FARMER.

THE CHESS QUESTION.

EDITORS RURAL.—I always feel nervous when I hear farmers, (and sometimes too, those who pride themselves on being *good* farmers,) express their belief in the doctrine of the transmutation of wheat to chess.

Although now engaged in other pursuits, I spent the first twenty-one years of my life on a farm, and consequently can speak from positive experience. For several years, I instituted careful experiments on the chess question, and induced a few of my neighbors, (I am sorry to say that they *were few*,) to do the same, and, after testing it for years, we came to the conclusion that if we did not *sow chess* there would be *no transmutation*—that with *clean seed our wheat would not turn to chess.* We could always get some chess from our seed wheat after we thought it perfectly clean, by carefully putting it through a good farming mill.

What is needed in this case, as well as in many other cases, apparently anomalous, in agricultural operations, is a series of carefully conducted experiments. There are hundreds of intelligent farmers who never instituted an experiment on the subject, who will tell you that they know that wheat will turn to chess.

Let us have this subject fully and fairly tested. Reader, if you are a farmer, make up your mind that you will *know for yourself*, the truth or falsity of this theory, and at once commence a series of careful experiments and *continue them through a term of years*, until you are fully satisfied on the subject. One or two years of experiment, conducted with ever so much care, will not settle the question. If so great an anomaly exists in nature's operations let us have it fairly demonstrated.

R. B. W.

CORN vs. ROOT CROPS.

MESSRS. EDS.:—"Who can prove to us that the cultivation of root crops is profitable?" was a question proposed in your editorial columns last June, and I thought I would try to do something toward answering it. I am reminded to recall my experience by the communication of W. J. P., in a late RURAL, who seems pretty well posted as to the advantages of root culture *in theory*. They are the "sheet anchor of British husbandry," but in urging them upon the attention of American farmers, it is well to admit that "our climate may not be quite so favorable for this crop as theirs," for upon this depends the whole question at issue.

Had our summer been an English one, my carrots, sugar-beets, and turnips, would have well repaid my labor. But the extreme dry weather set at naught all my calculations, and I find upon figuring up cost and product, that they must be worth seventy-five cents a bushel to my stock, to set me square with the world again. No doubt they will do them a great deal of good, for I shall use them "as a medicine," and we are told wondrous stories of their value in this respect.

This year, at least, and in my case, it would have been much better for me to have put my labor into a cornfield, where it would have reared twice as many bushels of corn—and a large amount of good fodder—and corn *I know how to raise.* Hoeing and sowing, thinning and weeding, weeding and thinning, and then, perhaps, not half the ground occupied, is the order of the day with roots—work enough on one-eighth of an acre to take care of two or three acres of corn—and the crop a mere nothing after all. But I shall try it another year; my stock must have a few roots—*as a medicine.*

"Grow turnips!" was the advice farmer WEBSTER gave one of his neighbors, whose land was nearly run out by cropping without system and without manure. He might as well have said "grow corn," for that, too, requires the land to be well plowed, highly manured, and kept free from weeds. Corn, too, prepares the land in the best manner for other crops, and the product fed out on the farm requires large stock and consequently augments the manure heap, and increases the fertility of the farm.

Niagara Co., 1857. B. F.

NOTES AND ITEMS.—NO. II.

MR. EDITOR:—"Glean on" you say, give us your notions on the agricultural contents of the RURAL. I will do so,—but first let me ask you if you do not find this milder weather "refreshing?" May we not hope that the "cold term" is over, and that the thermometer will keep clear of zero hereafter?

"*Profitable Farming*" [Jan. 24, No. 368] is much the same thing with "Thorough Farming," everywhere. In nothing do we lose more than from lack of *thorough tillage* of the soil. Urge it upon the farmer—re-iterate the fact—that a deep mellow soil will produce the best crops, whatever the season, and is our only hope in a dry one.

Give us, too, all the information attainable on *marketing*. Some farmers have a natural tact for it, others are at the mercy of the interested, not to say dishonest, buyer. A large share of the profit of farming depends upon the skill and foresight with which its products are marketed.

"*Can Agriculture Prosper without Sheep?*" I trow not. Every farmer may profitably keep (if his neighbor's dogs will let him) a certain proportion of sheep to his other stock, as they will eat some plants and grasses refused by cattle and horses, and thus improve our pasture land, while a little extra forage will suffice them—and they *pay well* for all the care required. Twenty-five sheep to a hundred acres, with five or six cows, and a span of horses, is about the right number, when some grain is raised. What say you, and your readers, to this apportionment?

"*Beans as a Field Crop*" should receive more attention generally. I raised beans this year for 75 cents per bushel, and sold them for $1 50—a little better than your correspondent "B." reports. The season was first-rate for the crop.

"*How to Head the Rats*" has been *the* query about our corn-crib this winter. Our dog will hunt them out "right smart," but some old, experienced cornstealers are off in the day time. I'll try PETTENGILL's box-trap, I believe.

"*Winter Care of Hens*" is often no care at all, but "C. W. A." tells an encouraging story of his "biddies." Plenty of good, fresh eggs—even if no more than a dozen a day—will pay, at this time of year, for four quarts of corn and occasional mince meat. Our hens never would "shell out" like that in very cold weather.

"*Whither are we Tending?*" [Jan. 31, No. 369.] Towards an improved state of Agriculture, it is to be hoped. But alas! *Our Neglected Manures* cry loudly against us. Let farmers buy guano, if they will; its use will help to awaken attention to the value of domestic fertilizers. By the way, more than one farmer, who would think it extreme folly to throw a load of straw into the road or a running stream, lets his cattle on their way to water drop manure there, every week, fully equal in value.

"*Large vs. Small Hogs*" is a question worthy discussion. I shall not here "take sides" only to remark that *my* experience in weighty swine warns me not to be so ambitious hereafter. "H. T. B.'s" hog of the "dumpy" breed (a breed readier to "run out" than *in*, by a long shot) reminds me of my pig which remains quiet in his nest while his brothers and sisters are watching and squealing. He is fatter than the rest, so I suppose he finds it better to sleep than to "fill his belly with the east wind" and anxiety.

"*Wool Growing in Texas*" pays an *astonishing* dividend, according to Mr. BLACK's account. The use of the capital invested is worth nothing!—the land which feeds them costs nothing!—they don't even get salt to their provender!—what *would* the profit have been had the lambs all lived and flourished? What is the use of our keeping sheep here when everything must be counted against them?

"*Farmer's Boys*" are "The Main Stay" of the country. And they are wide awake, too, on the farm. I'll warrant you they will furnish plenty of letters for the YOUNG RURALIST corner.

—Thresh that, will you,—the *straw* may go to the paper-mill. I want to to say a word in commendation of your *new type;* it is so neat and legible, it does my old eyes good, for plain or not, I'm A CONSTANT READER.

SUFFOLK vs. "DUMPY" SWINE.

EDS. RURAL:—In your paper of Jan. 31st, your special contributor, H. T. BROOKS, amuses himself a little at my expense in relation to the weight of a Suffolk pig that I gave you an account of a short time since, and which you published for the benefit of your readers. Mr. B. expresses some anxiety in my thus increasing what he is pleased to call size, fearing that the "constitution" is in danger from "so much expansion." I wish to assure Friend BROOKS (for such I consider him to be) that no such calamity was intended while feeding the pig in question, and on more mature reflection I am convinced that it is still safe, notwithstanding the weight of the pig was a little more than the ordinary "dumpy" one will attain.

I am sorry that Mr. B. should think me "insane" in my passion for "big animals;" if such is the fact, I am not aware of it, and shall try to be more reasonable in future. I wish to have Mr. B. re-read the article in question, and he will see he has made some mistake in setting forth the statement in his preamble; also I wish to sell Mr. B. a pair of my *best pigs* this spring, from which I wish him to "re-produce the original renowned thistle-diggers," spoken of in his letter, and I will engage to take a pair of them when the time expires he mentions, (if I am then living) as a curiosity; and to reward him for his enterprise, I will agree to give him $50 for the pair, and perhaps some other persons will also engage them, if he succeeds in the undertaking.

Now, Mr. BROOKS, on reflection, don't you think your "dumpy" little "Berkshire" was a little too "dumpy" for profit; would she not have been of more benefit to you, and community at large, if she had had a little more "expansion," *just a little*, so that she would have been able to reproduce her species, and not been "sitting" eating grass for six months or so, (for her amusement,) so that you might have had "one more of the same sort left." I am not an advocate of a coarse pig; I think there should be good selections made to breed from, even of as good a breed as the Suffolk, and I still think the dumpy ones are not fit to use for such purposes, and in many instances they will not breed, thus showing their inferiority at least in that respect.

I have dressed many a small pig, and like such. I think pigs from 7 to 8 or 9 months old, weighing from 200 to 300 lbs., the most profitable, and such can be had of the Suffolk, at these ages fit to dress if well fed, and many of them at 18 months will dress from 300 to 500 lbs., and be very fat at that. In regard to horses, I shall be right along with Mr. BROOKS, as I have a pair of colts, descendants of "Consternation," which I think highly of, that weigh 1,050 lbs. each—will probably mature to 1,100 lbs. each in good condition at full age—probably a little too light for heavy work, but a disposition and ambition good enough for any contingency whatever. I will just say for the benefit of those concerned, that I have no wish for controversy, neither do I think Mr. BROOKS wishes it, but perhaps he is in somewhat the same fix the fox was in the fable, after he lost his tail in the steel trap—he then advocated the convenience he experienced without that appendage. I think perhaps friend B.'s pigs are a little too small, *just a little*, for profit. J. TALCOTT.

Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., 1857.

FACTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

WINTERING SWINE.—As to *wintering pigs*, I have been amazed at the course of many farmers.—While the animals have the range of their owner's farm, his neighbor's and the public highway during the fall, they make out very well, but winter comes, and they are confined to a scanty allowance—in some cases to mere *hay* alone—and spring finds them 25 per cent. lighter, the little they consumed in the mean time being *simply thrown away.* Such course is both unprofitable and inhuman.—"Keep them thriving all the time regardless of the season," and "make your pork on few legs," are maxims of decided wisdom.

Apropos to friend BROOKS, and the wisdom of feeding *spring* pigs, allow me to say that I dressed a "dumpy" this fall, of the red sandy breed, which weighed 365 lbs. at just ten months, after hanging a cold night. Who wants heavier, and who can beat? Let *Suffolkdom* answer.—W. P. P.

DAIRYING IN ONEIDA COUNTY.—In reading the RURAL of January 24th, I saw a note from W. H. GARDNER, of Thornby, N. Y., relative to what had been done in Cortland Co. in the dairy business, and thought I could say *almost* as much for *Oneida.* We made in the year 1856, to December 27th, from *seven* cows, 1,400 lbs. of butter, 160 lbs. of cheese, and sold $5 worth of milk, besides what we have used in a family of five persons. We do not believe in doing as GREELEY says "the generality of country people do," *i. e., sell* all the *best*, for we use a large quantity of sweet cream in the course of the year.—W. F. SANFORD, *Camden, Oneida Co.*

PLASTER ON CLOVER FOR SEED.—When shall we sow plaster on clover designed for seed? My experience in raising clover seed is limited, but I think I have learned some things which will be of use to me in the future. In the summer of 1855 I mowed a few acres of clover the first week in July, and immediately sowed on plaster at the rate of about 200 lbs. per acre. A space of a few rods square was left unplastered, and it could be readily traced where the plaster was not sown. The clover was less green and not more than three-fourths as heavy. The product was at the rate of five bushels of clean, heavy seed per acre. This was the large kind of clover. Early in the spring of last year I sowed about the same quantity of plaster on another field of clover. The result was a large yield. The first crop was cut with a mowing machine about the close of June. It was much lodged and could not be cut short. When the clover sprang up again, where it was the heaviest and the stubble longest, there the second crop was nearly a failure. The long stubble did not start, and I am of the opinion more seed would have been obtained had it not been plastered. It has not been threshed, but it is very light, though allowance must be made for the drouth, which lessened the clover as well as every other crop. From these results I conclude to sow plaster on clover to be pastured, early in the spring, and on that to be cut for seed—especially on land in good condition—after the first mowing.—I. L. S., *South Onondaga, Feb.*, 1857.

FAIRS FOR SALE OF STOCK, &c.—In relation to Town and County Fairs, much has been said about the arrangement of grounds, buildings, fast horses, ladies riding, &c., and many other things connected with, and appertaining to the interest of these institutions. The subject has been shown up to us at different times, and from different points, and we have been amused and instructed while reading many of them. It has occurred to this deponent, that if some of your many able writers would turn their attention to the subject of holding regular market days, say once a month, where the farmer could drive his stock, that he might have on hand and wish to dispose of,—in short, where buyer and sellers might meet together, and both parties be benefited thereby. Would it not save butchers and drovers much time and expense? We have all the fixtures, buildings, stalls, &c., and it seems to me that they might be used to advantage in some such way. There might be many strong arguments presented in favor of something of the kind, and perhaps, some reasons against it. We would like to hear from farmers, and those interested, on this subject.—J. M. L., *W. Co., N. Y., Feb.*, 1857.

Rural Notes and Items.

N. Y. STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of this Society convened in the Assembly Chamber, Albany, Feb. 11, Mr. President FAXTON in the chair. We subjoin a brief abstract of the most important proceedings.

Mr. B. P. JOHNSON, Secretary, read the reports of the Treasurer and Executive Committee. The Treasurer's report shows the receipts for the year $17,997 99, and the expenditures $18,933 06. The expenditures to be reimbursed are sufficient to leave a balance in the Treasury of $1,140 70. The report of the Executive Committee enlarges on the progress of the Society, and sets forth the benefits which have accrued to Agricultural interests through its extension.

The attendance was large. Buffalo was especially well represented—an effort being made to secure the holding of the next State Fair in that city. A Committee was appointed to nominate officers, and designate place for holding next Annual Fair. They recommended Buffalo as the place of holding the Fair; and presented the following list of officers for the ensuing year:

President—Hon. ALONZO S. UPHAM, of Genesee. *Vice-Presidents*—Jonathan Thorne, Wm. C. McCoun, Herman Wendell, John M. Stevenson, B. E. Bowen, Francis M. Rotch, Willard Hodges, Lewis F. Allen. *Cor. Secretary*—B. P. Johnson. *Rec. Secretary*—Erastus Corning, Jr. *Treasurer*—B. B. Kirkland. *Executive Committee*—G. W. Tiffi, E. G. Dibble, C. S. Walnwright, Soton Hungerford, C. Morrell.

After some discussion, and an unsuccessful motion to substitute Syracuse for Buffalo, the report was agreed to, and the officers named were elected.

Mr. LEWIS F. ALLEN offered a resolution, "animadverting on the practice of County Societies of encouraging trials of the speed of horses, by laying out race courses—and discouraging such practices as foreign to the object of the founders of the County Fairs, demoralizing in their tendencies, and recommending that hereafter no ring be laid out of a larger diameter than 150 feet." This elicited considerable discussion, pro and con, in which Judge OSBORN and Messrs. WILLIAMS, HILTON and PRENTICE of Albany, Hon. T. C. PETERS of Genesee, Gen. S. M. BURROUGHS of Orleans, Hon. A. B. DICKINSON of Steuben, and several other gentlemen, participated. The resolution was finally referred to the Executive Committee.

In the evening an address was delivered by Dr. FITCH on the Insects of this Country. The lecture is said to have been of absorbing interest, embodying a vast amount of practical information, and fully sustaining the reputation of its distinguished author. It will probably be embodied in the next volume of the Transactions of the Society.

DEDICATION OF THE STATE AG'L HALL.—The new Agricultural Hall, at Albany, (an engraving and description of which were given in our last volume,) was formally dedicated on Thursday evening, Feb. 12. The occasion was one of considerable interest. Most of the officers and many members of the State Society were present, while the Legislature was well represented. Col. JOHNSON, Secretary of the State Society, briefly rehearsed its history from its foundation to the present day, congratulating the farmers upon its marked success and future promise. Judge CHEEVER followed, delivering an able address. Messrs. W. H. BOGART, T. C. PETERS, Senator KELLY and Gov. KING also spoke. An Address by T. S. FAXTON, Esq., the retiring President of the Society, mainly rehearsing the history of the Society during the past year, was read by Mr. Secretary JOHNSON.—Hon. A. S. UPHAM, the President elect (of Le Roy,) was then inducted into the Chair, and made a brief but handsome inaugural address,—(all which proceedings, but for certain "ills that flesh is heir to," we should have endeavored to witness.) The Society then adjourned to the room above, and discussed, amply and satisfactorily we presume, a tempting collation.

PALMYRA UNION AG. SOCIETY.—This Society held its Annual Meeting at Palmyra on the 11th inst. The following gentlemen were chosen officers for 1857:—*President*—MARTIN BUTTERFIELD. *Vice-Presidents*—Stephen Hyde, Wm. H. Feller, Russell Stoddard, I. W. Briggs, James D. Ford, Isaac A. Clark. *Cor. Secretary*—Carlton H. Rogers. *Rec. Secretary*—Charles J. Ferrin. *Treasurer*—Joseph C. Lovett. *Directors*—One year—Luther Sanford, Wm. H. Rogers; Two years—Stephen K. Williams, J. C. Pettitt; Three years—Theron G. Yeomans, Daniel Gates.

HARTLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Hartland Agricultural Society held its Annual Meeting on the 26th ult. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—*President*, Zeno Hoag; *Vice-President*, Asa P. Aldrich; *Secretary*, J. C. Deuel; *Treasurer*, Abner Kittredge; *Directors*, O. T. Keith and Curtis Root. We regret that severe illness precluded us from fulfilling an engagement to address this Society at its annual meeting.

WOLCOTT UNION AG. SOCIETY.—The following are the officers of the "Union Agricultural Society of the towns of Wolcott, Huron, Butler and Savannah," Wayne Co., N. Y., for 1857:—*President*—E. N. PLANK, Wolcott. *Vice-Presidents*—George Thompson, Daniel Van Auken, Thomas Armstrong, Jr., Thomas Johnson. *Cor. Secretary*—Samuel Wells, Huron. *Rec. Secretary*—Wm. H. Thacker, Wolcott. *Treasurer*—Zelotus Guild, Wolcott.—*Executive Committee*—Chester Dutton, Wm. D. Sheldon, Royal Matthews, James M. Serviss.

LEBANON AG. SOCIETY.—At the Annual Meeting of the Lebanon Agricultural Society held on the 3d inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—*President*—DANIEL B. SHAFLEY.—*Vice-Presidents*—Henry Seymour, Horace Stowell. *Cor. Secretary*—Lewis Sherill. *Rec. Secretary*—Alfred Seymour. *Treasurer*—Edwin S. Benedict. *Directors*—V. W. Lillibridge, S. B. Benedict,

WHEAT CROP.—The St. Louis *Republican* says that the severity of the winter now drawing to a close, has operated unfavorably on the wheat.—Farmers in Morgan and Sangamon, and other counties in Illinois, report the wheat killed in many fields, in others badly damaged. They do not anticipate half a crop. We hear similar reports from Marion county, Missouri.

ONTARIO CO. SOCIETY.—The Winter Meeting of the Ontario County Agricultural Society was held at Canandaigua the 4th inst. After the distribution of the awards for farm products the following officers were elected:—*President*—WM. JOHNSON, Esq., Seneca. *Vice-Presidents*—C. B. Meek, Canandaigua; Thos. Sprague, East Bloomfield; Robert R. Sanger, Manchester; S. H. Ainsworth, W. Bloomfield; Geo. Dakin, Seneca; W. S. Clark, Victor; H. Metcalf, Gorham; E. Jones, Bristol; L. W. Smith, Farmington; Enoch Ottley, Phelps; Shotwell Powell, South Bristol; E. A. Hebard, Hopewell; W. R. Pitts, Richmond; Abram T. Nelson, Naples; Hiram Colegrove, Canadice. *Treasurer*—Jas. S. Cooley, Canandaigua. *Cor. Sec'y*—Gideon Granger, Canandaigua. *Rec. Secretary*—John W. Holderton, Canandaigua.

The report of the Treasurer exhibits the position of the Society as follows:

Amount paid work on Amphitheatre		$7,063 08
Grading grounds		501 01
Premiums at Fall Exhibition, $1,052 50; do. Winter, 1856, $98 00		1,150 50
Advertising, printing, labor, lumber, mason work, &c		1,665 88
		$10,380 47
ASSETS.		
On hand 6th Feb., 1856	$186 07	
521 life members added during the year	5,210 00	
Donations, $91; rents received, $200	291 00	
702 annual members	702 00	
Receipts at gates, 12½c tickets	1,216 40	
Entries sweepstakes	165 00	
Stone sold on ground	10 00	
		7,780 47
Excess of liabilities		$2,600 00

STOCK FOR NEW YORK.—At the late sale of Mr. B. V. French's stock, Mr. C. N. Bement brought several animals for account of M. Vassar, Esq., of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. We understand they are to be placed on Mr. Vassar's farm, of which Mr. Bement is to have the superintendence. The animals purchased were cows, as follows:—No. 13 of the catalogue—Lady Anne 4th, two years old seven-eighths Devon one-eighth Creampot, $75. No. 27, Lady Anne 2d, five years old, three-fourths Devon one-fourth Creampot, $68 50. No. 29, Washbon, full-blood Devon, eight years old, $60. No. 30, Van Rensselaer, full-blood Devon, eight years old, $60. No. 31, Beauty, full-blood Devon, seven years old, $74. Mr. B. informs us that these animals are duly installed at their new home, and are doing "as well as could be expected." Some of them were bought at very low prices, particularly No. 29.—*Boston Cultivator.*

The Young Ruralist.

FARMERS' BOYS.

MR. MOORE:—I am a boy, yet I have been a reader of the RURAL for more than a year; and, Sir, as you open your columns to all that are interested, I thought I might write something. I live on the height of land between the Susquehannah and Chenango rivers, where the wind in winter, whistles merrily. Nevertheless, the RURAL finds its way once a week in among the snowdrifts, let them be as high as they will. And, Sir, I assure you it is a most welcome visitor at all times. Old Boreas has given us pretty good notice of his existence, but now he has left for unknown regions, and we are having a spell of warm weather.—I am a farmer's boy, and look with especial interest for the farmer's boy's corner, and indorse what C. W. C. says in the RURAL, of Jan. 31st. Boys, if you would be happy, independent, and healthy, stick to the farm. Farming is the business for me. Although a man may not accumulate wealth as fast as in some other way, yet a good farmer is the freest, most independent, man that breathes.—WILLIE WATERS, *Coventryville, Feb. 5*, 1857.

REMARKS.—We do not wonder that intelligent, enterprising boys do not like farming, as farming is often conducted. We do not wonder that many look forward with pleasure to the time when they may leave their father's farms, and make their way to some city where they can commence the battle of life for themselves, with full scope for their energies and their talents. Farming as they have been in the habit of seeing it practiced, is a drudgery, bringing neither pleasure nor profit, nor honor—giving no opportunity for the exercise of the highest faculties of the mind. The farmer pursues the same system, slightly modified by circumstances, as was pursued by his father, and is now practiced by his neighbors. He thinks not, neither does he read. Experience teaches him but few lessons, science none. Is it strange that the boy with an inquiring mind, desires to have nothing to do with a business that thus dwarfs the mind, and stagnates its highest faculties? Is it strange that he considers it a degrading business?

The boy, if he has good sense, whose father is a reading, thinking, intelligent, enterprising farmer, who studies the nature of his soil, produces large crops, keeps fine cattle, and talks intelligently on all these subjects, will not think farming a degrading business. He sees that knowledge and skill, can be as profitably and as honorably employed on the farm as in any other business of life, and engages in it with interest and enthusiasm.

THE BOY IN THE GARDEN.

MR. EDITOR:—I am too young to do much work. I can't plow, or reap, or mow, but I can do a little in the garden. So I dig up the dirt around mother's rose-bushes and peonies and pinks and other flowers, and mother says she has a much nicer garden than she did before I helped her. Then I help her sow lettuce and radishes and parsnips and onions; and when the weeds begin to grow I hoe them up, and when the radishes and other things are grown large enough I go out and pull them for tea. And father says we grow better things than anybody round. Then I watch for the seed, and as it gets ripe I pick it in a teacup until I get enough, and then I tie each kind up in brown paper by itself, and put it in an old shot bag and hang it up in the garret until it is time to plant again. Sometimes I get seed enough to give a good lot away. Mother said I might write this for our paper, the RURAL, as she saw that other boys were writing, and she would copy it better and put it in the Post Office. She has read it, and now says she will only make a few alterations, and send it in just as it is.—N. M., *Onondaga Co., N. Y.*

REMARKS.—That boy has a wise mother; and that mother has a son of whom she will have no reason to be ashamed.

Orchard and Garden.

THE SMALL FRUITS—No. IV.

THE STRAWBERRY.

We need not say a word in praise of the *Strawberry.* "It's praise is in every mouth." Almost every one who has even a "door-yard," can have plenty of Strawberries. A rod or two of ground will furnish enough for a family. It suits, too, our impatient cultivators, for it yields immediate returns—the plantation made one spring giving a full crop the next. No part of the country is too warm or too cold, too rich or too poor, to grow the Strawberry.

We had proceeded thus far, when in walked one of our most thorough cultivators of fruit, and taking from his hat several papers, placed in our hand, to use his own expression, "*a pretty sharp article for the* Rural." On looking at the title, we found it to be "*Strawberry Culture.*" It commenced "*pretty sharp,*" truly, with some severe remarks about the *slovenly* and *shiftless* manner in which the Strawberry is generally cultivated—that editors who would recommend, or even tolerate the heinous method of letting the beds run into a a mass of weeds, and starved and choked plants, and then add insult to injury, by calling it "*field culture*" or "*market culture,*" deserved to be choked to death with a large *Hovey's Seedling*, or *British Queen.* Having consented to publish the article, if allowed to make such slight alterations as we might deem necessary, we take advantage of this permission to draw black lines over all the hard words, and give it to our readers.

THOROUGH CULTURE OF THE STRAWBERRY.

Superficial Culture is not what the Strawberry *likes*, but is most frequently what it *gets.* It must have a good, deep and rich soil, (with plenty of moisture, while in flower and during the time of setting its fruit.) If this is attended to, the results will be adequate to the labor bestowed, and with this in view, I will proceed to detail some of the principal operations connected with its culture.

Preparing the Ground.—This is one of the most essential operations which can be performed, for if the ground is not thoroughly prepared, before the introduction of the plants, after operations will be of but little avail. It should be done in the following manner:—Mark out the size of the piece of ground which you desire to appropriate to this purpose, and open a trench two and a half feet wide, *and about the same in depth*, at one end of the piece of ground selected, and carry this trench clear across from side to side. The soil which is dug from it must be either wheeled or carted to the other extremity. Into the trench which is thus opened, throw a layer of good fermented manure: then commence opening a trench of the same width, parallel with, and joining the first. The first spit dug from this trench may be laid on one side, until the other trench is fitted up, when it should be thrown on top of the one first opened. In the process of filling up this trench, the manure applied should be at the rate of two wagon loads, *at least*, to every square rod, placing alternate layers of earth and manure until the whole is filled up; and so continue each succeeding trench, and when the earth has been thrown out from the last one, that which was carted from the first will be at hand to fill this up also. By the stirring of the soil and the addition of manure, the ground will be raised considerably above the original level, and if the operation is properly performed, a stick may be thrust down to the full depth of the trench with perfect ease, in any part of the bed. The expense of labor for trenching will not exceed fifty cents per square rood, and I have frequently had it done for less. The cost of manure will depend very much on circumstances, and probably not exceed one dollar and a quarter per load.

After the ground is thoroughly prepared, the operation of planting may be commenced. We might mention, however, that if the Strawberry plants are required to be set out in August, the trenching may be performed in spring, and a crop of early potatoes may be planted, which will leave the ground in good condition to receive the plants, but if required for spring planting, the trenching should be performed in the fall, and the soil on top be left very rough, so that the frost acting on it, may leave it in a friable condition when spring arrives.

Planting.—Commence by running a line the whole length of the bed, and eighteen inches from the side. Make a hole with a dibble sufficiently large to receive the roots of the plant, which may now be inserted, and the earth pressed firmly about the roots,—continue the operation by placing the plants eighteen inches apart in the rows, and two and a half feet apart between the rows. Give each plant a sufficient quantity of water to settle the earth about the roots, and the operation is complete.

After Culture.—Those beds which are planted in August should have a good mulching of tan-bark or straw. Many persons use hay or stable litter. This is a bad practice, for the seeds of weeds which remain in it vegetate and entwine their roots about those of the Strawberry plants, so that it is next to impossible to eradicate them, whereas with clean straw or tan-bark, there is no such difficulty. Of course, weeds, being indigenous to the soil, there will always be more or less trouble with them; but this is nothing in comparison to that which is occasioned by their introduction from old litter. Tan-bark is the best material that I am acquainted with, not that I, as some cultivators do, attach any importance to it for its tannic acid, which is said to be a specific food for the Strawberry plant, but solely on account of its cleanliness and quality of retaining the moisture in the ground. In the following June, after planting, the plants will form runners, which should not be allowed to grow, unless it is desired to increase the stock for future planting. By keeping the ground clear of weeds and runners, the plants, or stools, as they are called, in gardening phraseology, will have sufficient room to develop themselves, and become robust and healthy; whereas, by letting the parents and runners all mingle together, the plants become small and weak, the ground impoverished, and the fruit, such that we should feel ashamed to place a dish of them before any of our horticultural friends, and call them Strawberries. While the plants are in flower, and during the time of the swelling of the fruit, they should have a liberal supply of water.

Premising all these operations to have been fully carried out, through the first season of their fruiting, the tan-bark, in October, may be raked off the beds, and a good coat of rotten manure spread over between the rows and dug in. Then apply the mulching as before, and repeat the operations of the first year. The same the next one, and so on to the end of the third year, when the old plants must be all dug under with a good coat of manure, and the planting renewed; or a much better plan is to form new beds in some other place, and the ground which was occupied by the old ones will be found valuable for dwarf pears or root crops.—Strawberries grown in this manner will not only be large in size, but great in quantity and amply repay for all trouble and expenditure incurred in their cultivation. I may add that the Strawberries which were awarded the first premium at the June Exhibition of the Genesee Valley Horticultural Society last season received similar treatment to the above, and by this treatment, on a damp soil, or with a liberal supply of water, the best English varieties, such as the *British Queen* and the *Elton*, may be successfully cultivated. I have raised fine specimens in this manner.

Strawberry Cultivator.

For garden culture there can be no doubt, but the plan recommended is the best, and whoever follows it will produce the Strawberry *in perfection.* We would further recommend that a little of the tan-bark or straw used as a mulching, should be drawn over the plants just before the winter sets in, to be raked off early in the spring. We would not recommend, either, a very heavy mulching of tan—not two inches deep. We have seen Strawberry plantations smothered with three or four inches of tan-bark. The safest time to plant is early in the spring, though transplanting can be done the latter part of July and August, if the season is wet, otherwise care will be necessary in shading and watering, or the plants will die. A much better crop is produced the first summer from beds planted in the spring, than from those planted in the fall.

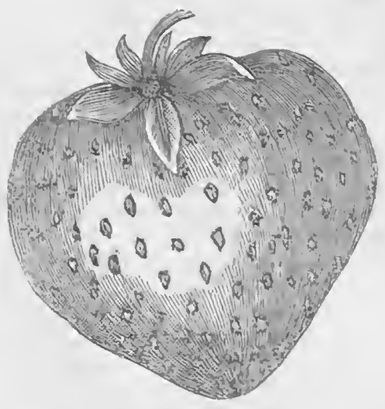
Not having the fear of our correspondent before our eyes, nor feeling any great danger of being choked with Strawberries, in the month of February, we give the plan usually pursued by those who cultivate the Strawberry largely for market, in this section. The ground is prepared by deep plowing, and we would most decidedly recommend sub-soiling, when the sub-soil is stiff. In spring, young plants of the previous year's growth are set in rows, three and a half or four feet apart, and the plants in the rows about eighteen inches apart. The space between the rows is kept clean during most of the summer with the cultivator, and some hand-weeding in the rows will be necessary. As the young plants fill up the spaces between the rows, the cultivator must be narrowed, and towards the end of summer its use is generally abandoned, and the plants nearly, and sometimes entirely cover the ground, especially if the season is wet. If too many plants are formed, some can be destroyed with the hoe. A bed treated in this way will produce a good crop the first season, and generally a tolerable one the second; but the third season it is useless. Only two crops can be taken from a bed treated in this way, and often it will take some care in pulling up weeds and thinning out the plants to produce a good crop the second season. After this the bed is plowed up.

It must be remembered in planting Strawberries, that some varieties are called *Staminate*, and others *Pistillate*,—that is, some varieties produce imperfect flowers, having *pistils*, but being destitute of *stamens*, and these are called *Pistillate* varieties. Those having perfect flowers, are called *Staminate* varieties. We give a figure of each of these flowers. The pistillate varieties, or those having imperfect flowers, if planted alone, will not produce a crop, but if a few of the staminate varieties are planted near them, they become fertilized, and produce a good crop. It is a singular fact, that while our finest varieties of Strawberries, and our most abundant bearers, such as *Hovey's Seedling* and *Burr's New Pine*, have been pistillate varieties, the distinction is unknown in England—all the English varieties having perfect flowers. We would gladly hail such a state of things here. We hope the day is not far distant when we shall have plenty of good varieties with perfect flowers, and abandon entirely the culture of the pistillate varieties. We are making good progress in this direction. With a few more such varieties as the *Genesee* and *Hooker*, we may abandon forever the everlasting talk about "*the sexual character of the Strawberry.*"

STAMINATE. PISTILLATE.

Large Early Scarlet. — A very fine, early, medium sized fruit, of a bright scarlet color. Flesh tender and rich. It bears uniformly and abundantly. Staminate.

Burr's New Pine.—Perhaps the highest flavored Strawberry we have. It is of a beautiful pinkish flesh color, sometimes shading towards orange.—A good bearer. Pistillate.



HOVEY'S SEEDLING.

Hovey's Seedling is the largest American variety, of a fine dark red color when fully ripe. Flesh rather firm, and a fair bearer. Flavor good. Pistillate.

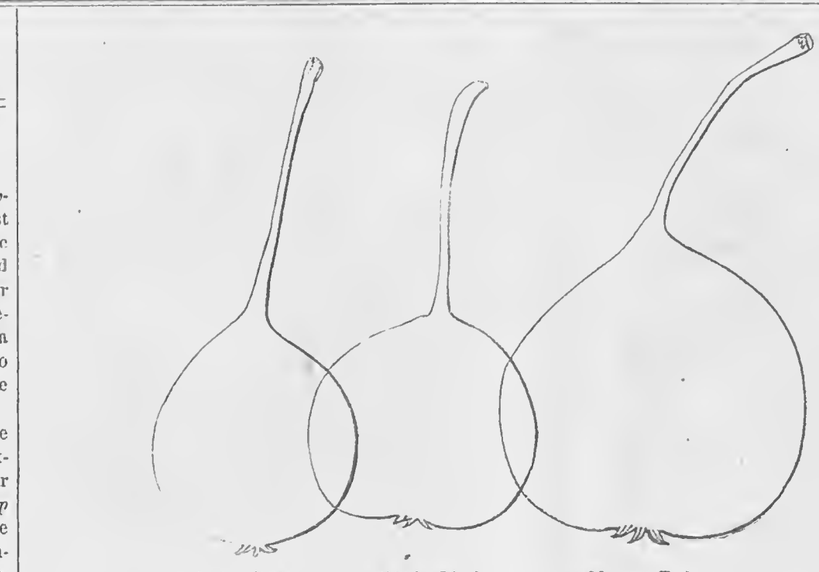
Walker's Seedling is a valuable variety, of a dark red color, good flavor and productive. Staminate.

Genesee bears a large berry of a beautiful crimson color, and of good flavor. It is a vigorous grower and a good bearer. Staminate.

GENESEE.

Hooker. — Size very large, nearly or quite as large as *Hovey's Seedling.* Color deep, dark shining red.—Form, rather long conical, sometimes flattened in large specimens, very rich and high flavored. Many think it unsurpassed by any variety. The plant is a very vigorous grower, hardy, and an abundant bearer. The flowers are perfect. The fruit commences ripening early, among the earliest, but continues to produce for a longer period than most varieties; ripe fruit and blossoms being often found upon the same truss.

As we have referred to the English varieties, we will give descriptions and engravings of the two best English sorts.



Amire Joannet. *Little Musk.* *Muscat Robert.*

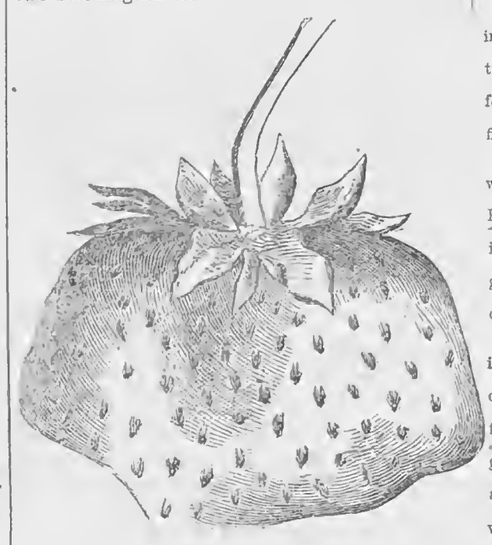
EARLY SUMMER PEARS.

In our last number we promised to name and give descriptions of six of our *Earliest Summer Pears.* We have space only this time for three varieties, with outlines, and next week will give three more. The Pear is one of the richest fruits we cultivate; the foliage, flowers and fruit are alike beautiful. We are pleased at the increasing interest, amounting almost to enthusiasm, now felt in regard to its culture. We can now have pears nine or ten months of the twelve; as the earliest will ripen about the middle of July, and many of the winter sorts, like winter apples, can be kept until the first of May. The earliest varieties are very small, their merit being earliness. Those we shall give next, will be larger.

Amire Joannet.—(*St. John's Early Sugar, &c.*)—*Fruit* small, varying from obovate to pyriform, regular, tapering to the stalk, which is long, straight and stiff, inserted without any cavity. *Calyx* open, large, not sunk. *Skin* greenish yellow at maturity. *Flesh* breaking, juicy, musky and sweet. *Tree* upright, and of vigorous growth.—*Young shoots* olive colored, with minute gray dots. *Leaves* large, roundish, flat, glossy and rich, slightly toothed, and on very long and large petioles. Tree very productive, and succeeds well both on pear and quince stock. It is well worthy of a place in large gardens, not merely on account of its earliness, but because the tree is very beautiful, with its large, glistening foliage, and beautiful, bright, little miniature pears. Ripens here from the middle to the last of July.

Little Musk.—(*Little Muscat, Petit Muscat, Primitive, &c., &c.*)—There is scarcely a day of difference here between the ripening of this and the preceding, and very little difference in the quality. *Fruit* small, about an inch in diameter, regular, turbinate or top-shaped, tapering to the stalk, which is an inch to an inch and a half long. *Calyx* large, open, in a very slight depression.—*Skin* greenish yellow in the shade, streaked and mottled with dull red in the sun, and sprinkled with yellow dots. *Flesh* yellowish, breaking, sweet and juicy, with a pleasant musky flavor. *Tree* is an upright, fine, pyramidal grower, moderately stout. *Young shoots* glossy, of a reddish brown, with gray dots. *Leaves* small, oval, folded. *Petioles* reddish long and slender. Productive—bears in profuse clusters. We have seen upwards of thirty pears, good specimens and all ripe, on a single branch exactly twelve inches long.

Muscat Robert.—(*Gros St. Jean, &c.*)—*Fruit* rather small, very regular, top-shaped, tapering to the base of the stalk, which is about one and a half inches long, and fleshy at the base. *Calyx* open, in a very slight depression. *Skin* greenish yellow, becoming a pale lemon yellow at maturity, and delicately marbled with red on the side next the sun. *Flesh* white, breaking, juicy, very sweet, musky and pleasant. Ripe from 1st to 10th of August. The *tree* is remarkably distinct and very beautiful, erect and vigorous in growth, with yellowish wood, in winter quite golden, looking like the yellow willow.



BRITISH QUEEN.

The British Queen is, in England, the great Strawberry,—far excelling all others. It is the same in France. It is not only a magnificent berry, but bears enormous crops. It has, however, proved a shy bearer, probably from the dryness of our summers, and from improper culture. Robt. McKnight, of Pittsburgh, Pa., we know succeeded well with it, raising berries of monstrous size; and the Fruit Committee of the Pittsburgh Horticultural Society recommended it as being one of the two "best varieties for market purposes." They must, therefore, have considered it a good bearer, as only such would be recommended for market culture. Dr. Hull, of Newburgh, also raised good crops of this variety, by trenching and mulching.

ELTON.

The Elton stands next in favor to the *British Queen* in England. It is later than that variety, and a large, conical, beautiful berry.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

Eds. Rural:—Being desirous of engaging in the cultivation of the Cranberry, will you, or some of your readers, enlighten me in regard to the *kind* usually cultivated? In this vicinity there are three varieties growing wild;—a shrub so small as often to be hidden in the moss in which it grows, bearing a reddish or speckled berry,—a shrub six or eight inches high, bearing a large white berry, and a larger bush, such as is often seen in door-yards, bearing a red berry. Will you also state the manner in which the berry is prepared, or put up for market? Do you consider the cultivation of the Cranberry under favorable circumstances, a paying business?—Wm. Abbey, *Greig, N. Y., Feb.*, 1857.

Remarks.—We wish some of our readers who have *experience* in the cultivation of the cranberry would answer these questions. Much has been written on the subject by those who have had little knowledge. Others have written, who, we fear, were more anxious to sell plants than to give reliable information. Give us "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Ed. Rural:—We have about three acres of land which we wish to seed with clover in part, and the remainder set to grapes, and are advised to sow it with barley, as the crop which will the least interfere with our fall work. I wish to know what kind of barley will be the most profitable, as it will be intended for seed, and also whether in your opinion that would be the best crop to raise.—H. F. McKay, *Naples, N. Y., Feb.* 12, 1857.

Remarks.—The two-rowed (Hess) barley is probably as good a variety as you can sow. Barley will be off the ground as early as any spring crop, and will give you an opportunity to prepare the ground for grapes. A crop of early potatoes would be a good crop to plant under such circumstances.—Ed.

Box Edging.—Mr. Moore:—I have been reading in the Rural remarks on raising box edging, and as my plan is a little different from that recommended, I will give it to your readers. In this latitude the last of May is soon enough to set slips of box. I never use any manure. If the soil is light sand, or peat, wet it well as soon as the slips are planted, and pack it tight with the foot, the tighter the better. Then cover the soil close up to the box, with an inch of fine gravel each side of the edging, three or four inches wide, to keep it damp. Clay soils are good for box, and gravel over any soil is an improvement to the growth of box. No doubt Mr. L. killed his box with rotten leaves and loosening the soil. If he will mix clay with the sandy loam, and after planting cover as above, I think he will tell us in 1858 that his box looks fine.—J. W., *near Geneva, N. Y.*

Deferred.—We are obliged to defer, for want of space, over a column of interesting and seasonable Horticultural matter, prepared for the last and this number. Don't know but it will soon become necessary to *remove* the department of Mechanic Arts, &c., to another part of the paper, or condense it greatly, as we are very desirous of fully and seasonably discussing various important Horticultural topics.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

LIST OF PATENTS

Issued from the United States Patent Office for the week ending February 3, 1857.

Elisha Alexander, New York city, improvement in sewing machines.

Jonathan R. Anderson, Chicago, Ill., improved excavating and dredging machine.

Edward H. Anderson, Milford, Del., improved coupling for railroad cars.

A. M. Beardsley, Constantine, Mich., improvement in filing saws.

Levi Beemer, Libertyville, N. J., improved seed planter.

Jacob Boyers, Grandville, Va., improved coupling for wagons.

J. S. Brown, Washington, D. C., assignor to Joseph Kent, Baltimore, Md., improved lard lamp.

Otis Brigham and Seth E. Brigham, Fitchburg, Mass., improved anvil.

Francis A. Calvert, Lowell, Mass., and Charles G. Sargent, Westford, Mass., improvement in cleaning cotton.

Alexander M. Cochran, New York city, improved window blind.

George W. Gardner, Troy, N. Y., improved shaker bar.

J. C. Gaston, Reading, Ohio, improved machine for sowing grain and fertilizers.

Oliver C. Green, Worcester, Ill., improvement in seed drills.

Jacob Green, Philadelphia, Pa., improvement in puddling furnaces.

George P. Foster, Bristol, R. I., improvement in forging gun-lock springs.

George and David Cook, New Haven, Conn., improved adjustable seats for carriages.

Peter Cook, Tonawanda, N. Y., improvement in cutting veneers.

Homer Compton, Wells' Corner, Pa., improved harness hames.

John W. Crannel, Olivet, Mich., improved smith's forge.

John J. Croy, Caledonia, Mo., improvement in tenoning spokes.

John P. Derby, Cavendish, Vt., improved shirt bosom studs.

Seth C. Ellis, Albany, N. Y., improvement in cutting tenons on blind slats.

Daniel P. Farnham, Milton, Wis., tilting buckets in raising water from wells.

Wm. Fields and Solomon Gerhard, Wilmington, Del., improved hydrant.

George Hall, Morgantown, Va., improvement in sowing seed broadcast.

Washington G. Hagaman, Philadelphia, Pa., improvement in forming felt hat bats.

James Hanson, Wandsworth Road, England. Patented in England March 21, 1852. Improvement in gas generating apparatus.

David Hinman, Berea, O., improvement in dressing and polishing stone.

Wm. Huey, Columbia, Pa., improved shingle machine.

Samuel M. Perkins, Fort Hill., Ill., improvement in corn planters.

Chester P. Marshall, Worcester Co., Mass., improved fan blower.

Otis and Wales Needham, New Haven, Conn., improved boxes for pise-work walls.

James R. Nichols, Haverhill, Mass., improvement in holding and dispensing syrups for soda fountains.

James T. Orr, Oriville, Ala., improved cotton seed planter.

Robert G. Pine, Newark, N. J., improvement in grinding file blanks.

Norman W. Pomeroy, Meriden, Conn., improved cultivator.

Samuel F. Pratt, Roxbury, Mass., improvement in sewing machines.

Warren A. Simonds, Boston, Mass., improved life preserver.

Robert Spencer, New York city, improved ladies' riding saddle.

James Stimpson, Baldwinsville, Mass., improvement in joining boxes, &c.

Ambrose Tower, New York city—patented in England July 23, 1856—improved pump.

Wm. Webster, Morrisiana, N. Y., improvement in hanging window sashes.

Lewis S. Chichester, New York city, assignor to Henry G. Evans, same place, improvement in cotton gins.

Wm. A. Whiting, St. Louis, Mo., improved shingle machine.

Jason S. Wood, Washington township, N. J., improved stump extractor.

Mary A. Cannon, Warren, R. I., Admx. of John Cannon, deceased, late of same place, assignor to the New York and Brooklyn Brass Company, New York city, improved brass kettle machine.

Joshua Gray, Boston, Mass., assignor to himself and John Gault, same place, improvement in sewing machines.

Henry Weissenborn, New York city, improved blast furnace.

Wm. Wood, Hartford, Conn., improved brick machine.

Amos Jacobs, deceased, late of Ithaca, N. Y., improved washing machine.

Azel S. Lyman, New York city, assignor to the Accelerating Fire Arms Company of same place, accelerating fire arms.

J. F. Palmer, Auburn, N. Y., assignor to S. W. Palmer, Detroit, Mich., improved joiner's plane.

Geo. H Reynolds, Medford, Mass., assignor to himself and D. B. Hinckley, Bangor, Me., improved cut-off valves of steam engines.

Wm. S. Butler, Rocky Hill, Conn., assignor to Butler, Snyden & Co., same place, improvement in pistols.

Thomas W. H. Mosely, Covington, Ky., improved bridge.

RE-ISSUE.

Isaac Brown, Baltimore, Md., improved method of driving reciprocating saws.

Moses G. Hubbard, Penn Yan, N. Y., raking attachment for reapers.

SHARPENING EDGE TOOLS.

We translate the following from a German Scientific Journal, for the benefit of our mechanics and agricultural laborers:—"It has long been known that the simplest method of sharpening a razor is to put it for half an hour in water to which has been added one-twentieth of its weight of muriatic or sulphuric acid, then lightly wipe it off, and after a few hours set it on a hone. The acid here supplies the place of a whetstone by corroding the whole surface uniformly, so that nothing further than a smooth polish is necessary. The process never injures good blades, while badly hardened ones are frequently improved by it, although the cause of such improvement remains unexplained. Of late this process has been applied to many other cutting implements. The workman at the beginning of his noon spell, or when he leaves off in the evening, moistens the blades of his tools with water acidified as above, the cost of which is almost nothing. This saves the consumption of time and labor in whetting, which moreover speedily wears on the blades. The mode of sharpening here indicated would be found specially advantageous for sickles and scythes."—*Mark Lane Express.*

Steel from Oxyd of Iron.—At a recent meeting of the Cleveland, (O.) Academy of National Sciences, Colonel Whittlesy presented specimens of steel manufactured directly from pure iron oxyd at the Sharon Iron Works, Mercer county, Pa.—This steel presented a finer fracture than that of blister steel. Col. W. stated that this article could be made at an equally low price with common wrought-iron, or nearly so.

A Machinist of Memphis, Tennessee, has contrived what he calls a marine locomotive, which he is confident can be constructed so as to make thirty miles an hour. The invention consists in using two huge parallel hollow screws in place of the present keel, and revolving them by means of steam power, so that they will cut their way through the water as a common screw cuts into wood.

Inventors have been very active in England during 1856—3,000 patents having been issued to them.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

AT MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

BY GEORGE B. CLARKE.

She has gone, she has gone,
From her "sacred bowers,"
To those of immortal bloom,—
Her treasures are ours,
These sweet drooping flowers
To rear o'er her early tomb!

Where now are our joys,
That were brightest and best?
Fled they not on the seraph's wing?—
Yea, those wings are at rest
In the home of the blest,
Which is gladden'd for ages with spring.

What do I care
For Fame's hollow show,
To be ranked in her minstrel band,—
Where beauty lies low,
Alone will I go,
And commune with the spirit land.

The fairest of earth,
Are but cheerless and cold
To the scenes on hope's radiant shore;
These diamonds and gold,
Cause a sigh when they're told,—
But above we shall sigh "never more."

There's a *gem* on the earth,
That came down from the sky,
It shines in the darkest even,
Oh fail not to buy
Ye who have it so nigh,
It will secure you a mansion in heaven!

Leonardsville, N. Y., Feb., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CONTENTMENT.

The richest store that e'er was given
To man on life's rough sea;
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
Came bubbling on a wave to me.

It told me of a thousand hopes
That lay upon the beach,
Of which the grasping arm of man
Had failed in all his eagerness to reach.

Then it sang to me of the brightest gem
That lay hid among its kind;
But was it not a sweet, *sweet* song?—
'Twas "Contentment of the mind."

Where contentment reigns happiness pervades Honor, fame and glory may fall to the lot of man; but what are these when compared with that sweet effluence of all that serves as enjoyment in this life, or a hope of a long eternity of peace hereafter? It is often remarked—"How happy and contented must Mr. A. be, for he has riches. Splendid mansions that vie with the diamond rise at his wish—servants roam the palace of their lord ready at his bidding—carriages are reined at the door by servants clad in livery; and his every wish that wealth can purchase is granted at his request."—Perchance *you* think he is happy. Happiness he knows not, nor never can know the sweets of that endearing word. Contentment, he knows not of its strong spell. Can gold, with all its dazzling brightness, pacify a conscience on which is written, on its metal surface, with a pen of fire, the groans and tears of a widowed mother's anguish, as she yielded up her last dollar that was to buy bread for her famishing little ones? But youth breathes too much of hope, and nature wears too much of beauty, to portray farther scenes like this. Let us go one short mile from his lordship's possessions and gaze o'er the prospects of Mr. B. A small tract of fertile land, with a neat retired cottage, are his inheritance. Though he is not rich as far as solid gold is concerned, yet he has riches of far greater worth than this. A lovely being, with soft, flowing tresses, that twenty-three summers have gently waved in their joyous expanse, and a prattling cherub boy that makes music far sweeter to his ear than aught of art's productive instruments, are there to welcome him with sunny smiles from his day labor, and a sweet kiss of affection that far exceeds his most sanguine expectations rewards him bountifully for his toil.—Around that cottage taste as well as beauty is displayed. That small, delicate hand that seems to add to their loveliness, trains with classical taste the choice selection of flowers that bedeck his garden, and lend their fragrance to the passing breeze which seems to slacken its pace, to snatch a kiss from the sweet-scented shrubs that blossom in such rich profusion. Methinks that is the magnet towards which the needle of every sensitive and affectionate nature should turn, to comprise earth's truest and most blissful happiness; for the whispering breeze that fans so gently the clambering roses of yon arbor, tells us that is a paradise on earth, that shall serve to cultivate a choice intellect in our mind, and mould us for eternity.

* * * * * * * *

The snows of six winters have fallen on these different scenes, and we will revisit the heroes of our sketch, which will solve the mysterious developments of fate. Strangers fill the vacancies that the removal of friends for different spheres have constituted. The cold grasp of death has laid some in silent graves, while others have taken up their abode in foreign lands till the earth shall own them no more. Follow me to the poor-house in the same town where he has lived in splendor and rioted in luxury, and there you will recognize the once wealthy Mr. A.—but oh! how sadly changed. Fire consumed his idol, and he has sought the destroying bowl to drown his sorrow; but he is only transferring the flame that destroyed his treasure into his own vitals, and kindling a fire that never shall be quenched, and there he is wearing out the last remnant of life in misery and woe.

Please clasp my hand, kind reader, and let's hasten on our way, lest the mantle of evening falls unconsciously o'er us, and we find not the object which we seek; but while I am thus chiding, the vine-covered porch of Mr. B. meets our view, and as we near the spot made sacred by memory, visions of happiness, bright and sunny, float before our eyes, which are but fancy sketches of reality; for as we approach a hearty welcome greets us, and we find ourselves surrounded by the sweet happiness that can fall to the lot of man—contentment. We ask him "From whence arises this true happiness?" He answers readily by comparing his limited means with those of Mr. A., whose only idol was gold—whose only pleasure was centered in the ball-room or theater, while the quiet vicissitudes of home wear a charm of genuine sweetness that could be procured at no social gathering of what is so often called "happiness"—that bud of blushing sweetness that he won to his bachelor home, has bloomed into the perfect woman of twenty-nine. No servants are there to quarrel or be at strife with each other; but that unparalleled mind is the mistress, and those taper figers are her only domestics. Were I to envy any, she would be the source of my envious thoughts, for in that bright smile that beams upon her beautiful features, I read a volume of poetry—a tale of unmolested happiness, which tells not of sparkling diamonds or spotless rubies, but of a home over whose every want she is presiding matron, and whose reign is one of perfect peace and joy.

Forestville, N. Y., Jan., 1857. EMMA J. C.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ANGEL-MOTHER.

BY LINA LEE.

How unlike any other love is that we feel for such a mother. Love for an earthly parent is among our most tender emotions, but not so sacred, not so holy, as that we feel for an angel-mother.—Of her we do not think amid the hurry and bustle of every-day life, but in the hushed twilight, or in the sad hours of existence, when a sense of loneliness comes over us, and we sigh for a true heart on which to lean. Then we wander backward in imagination to the buried past, till we almost feel a soft hand upon our forehead,—a gentle voice that thrilled us as no other can is floating upon our ears—an angel presence is all around us. Alas! that we should start from our revery to find only the dull realities of every-day life, and she gone forever.

Or it may be she gave life for us, her first-born. In vain, then, do we recall the past; no mother's smile, or tone of love, or folding to the heart we have lain beneath, lights up the way. It is only a mental picture we have, but oh! how vivid. How we hushed our breath to listen when quivering lips portrayed the scene around our mother's dying bed. Could we with our present comprehension have been there, in our passionate yearning we feel we should have knelt and besought her not to die until her image was stamped upon our hearts. But we have only a lock of hair, and the robes she has worn, and we steal away to the darkened closet, and unfold them with awe, feeling that a seraph watches us while we weep. We wonder if they whose mothers are long spared to them love as we do, who first learned to love her divested of the earthly, and clothed with the divine. O! how little do we dream any can be so cold-hearted as to think we do not love her because memory is silent, but the painful lesson is learned at last, and we fold the holy emotion closer to our hearts, and wonder if the angel-mother is not grieved that any *can* think we did not love her. We had much rather be loved for her sake than our own,—rather endure privation and scorn than forget her. They who shed sunshine upon our path may be very dear to us; we may give them much of our hearts, but nothing can ever usurp or weaken our love for the angel-mother. God gave it—none can ever take it from us.

We grow older—life's cares and duties engross us—the sacred name is less upon our lips, but more in our hearts. More and more do we feel the loss we cannot measure—the void never filled. We mingle with the busy throng, and tread the dusty highways of life with a seemingly careless air, but the old, restless longing is never quenched, and wearied and scorched with the noontide heat we wander away to our mother's grave. Oh! what would we give, save our hope of heaven, to be folded once to the loving heart so cold and still beneath. And even as we bow in speechless agony, a ministering spirit draws near; we feel the angel-mother looks upon her child, and feels such pity as is only known in Heaven.

And so we pass on our way, feeling her dear presence goes with us, and we grow glad and happy in the sweet belief. What to us is the reasonings of a heartless world, and who shall say that the angel-mothers "gone before" do not minister to those who were left to contend for the prize and the crown? And if the temptations and darkness with which we struggle should be safely passed, if through faith in a Redeemer's merits we are permitted to pass the pearly gates and sit down with the blood-washed throng, oh! shall we not enjoy a blissful re-union with the angel-mother in Heaven.

Sherburne, N. Y., 1857.

THE CHILD'S GIFT.

A young girl with whose mother Gotthold was conversing in a garden, approached him at first with a few leaves, and at last with a flower which she had plucked beside the walk, and, with childlike grace, offered it to him as a present. Well, said he, my little maid, why should I not be satisfied with thy small gifts, bestowed as they are with a simple and child-like desire of giving, even as God must needs be with similar gifts of mine.—Fondly would I often bring to Him great faith, glowing charity, deep devotion, spiritual praise, sincere prayer and perfect child-like obedience.—But, though I search the whole garden of my heart, I can find no such flowers as these, or any worthy of being presented to Him, and He must be content to receive instead, weaknesses, good wishes and intentions, endeavors and commencements. And so He is. He has shown us His fatherly and affectionate heart, by preferring the two mites cast by the poor widow into the treasury, above all the costly gifts of the rich, (Luke xxi. 2, 3,) and by declaring that even a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose its reward. (Matt. x. 42.) O my Father, my soul rejoices and exults that Thou art its God—that it can hope to obtain all things from Thee—and that Thou art gracious enough to accept the poor gifts which, with a child's feeble hand, it ventures to present. I will, however, labor at all times to improve my gift. The best products of my powers and faculties I will bring and make oblation of them, by the hand of Jesus my Mediator; that will secure for them, however poor, acceptance from Thee.—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

She sitteth at home, in the old retreat
The grandsire loved in his day,
And hair-cloth covers the oaken seat,
Of ingrain fine is the carpet neat,
Bedight with colors gay.

And pictures hang from the painted wall,
And garnish the music stool,
And grace the table, the spacious hall—
They came from the hand of the artist, all—
The daughter at boarding school.

The old retreat wears a happier face—
The porch where the song-bird calls
Hath a trumpet-vine, and a rose to grace
The pillar'd way, and the eye may trace
Rich paint where the sunlight falls.

No longer left to the plowshare rude
Is the grassy lawn below;
The noisette climbs where the sunflower stood,
And in the place of the dense old wood
The orchard and vinery grow.

The long-wooled sheep and the short-horned cow,
The hen with the feathery shoe,
The Hong Kong, the Suffolk, the subsoil plow
Are all the pride of the farmer now,
And the farmer's lady too.

She knoweth to trace each honored line
Of the dame in the pasture green;
She seeketh from science the fruit most fine,
And for the guest who cometh to dine
She spreads the table clean.

The farmer's wife hath her hour of toil—
'Tis not in the giddy whirl
Where fashion the purest heart may spoil,
And sober senses of man recoil
From the mind of the city girl!

She holdeth the pen for columns free
From the stain of party strife;
She teacheth the art of cookery,
And sometimes her name on the list you see
Of poets famed in life.

O give me the heart content to dwell
Away from the glare of strife,
Where taste, and beauty, and order tell,
How wealth may lavish her bounty well
On the home of the farmer's wife.

Bauernheim, Feb., 1857. ELIZA M.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ICE KING.

From far-away regions of the North, in grandeur and glory, comes the Ice King. Summer's green leaves change to the golden hues of Autumn, and her soft zephyrs give place to the hoarse blasts of November,—then he comes. Not like the Storm-Spirit, noisy and fierce, but silent and active. We see his first advances in the cold, glistening frost, as it lies upon the grass, and sparkles in the sunlight. Then softly, gently, like some kind mother, he loosens the golden-hued leaves from off their parent stem; and one by one they make their bed upon the ground, which they shaded from the burning rays of the noon-day sun. The flowers sleep in his bosom. One by one, all the bright things of Summer—fit emblems of mortality—return peacefully to the dust from whence they came, their mission fulfilled, their short life done.

The November winds blow, and the earth grows cold. Then the Ice King throws his own warm mantle over it, and we say the snow has come. We look abroad upon an expanse of dazzling whiteness. The long icicles hang from the branches of the trees, and reflect back the rays of the glorious sun; and the windows are adorned with the beautiful, fantastic frost-work. We see, or fancy we see, in the finely wrought lines, strange and fanciful pictures. There are horses and men, armies and cities; the houses are all of Gothic architecture, and countless minarets shoot up, as in a fairy dream. It is all the work of the Ice King.

Nor is this all. The sun warms the earth, and the snow melts. In the silent midnight, the Ice King steals forth, and breathes upon the pools of water; and they become solid ice. Now, if ever, must he be busy. The days grow long and warm; and Nature seeks to free herself from her icy fetters. Slowly, but surely, the Spring advances; until at length the Ice King retires to his everlasting throne, far away in Polar lands.

Like the coming of the Ice King, are our first heart-struggles. Feeble, indeed, are they at first; but they begin a life-long contest. Our first victory over temptation seems as transient as the early frost; but when we see it on the grass, we say—the Ice King cometh. The soft South wind may blow again, and the sun shine as brightly as ever; but he delayeth not long. We know that Summer and Winter, Seed-time and Harvest, never fail us; and we know as surely, that if we struggle bravely on, we shall one day conquer.

We can awake no excitement in this busy world of ours. Like the Ice King, we come and go in silence. We may not be numbered among the great, the wise, and the noble; we take our places on Life's stage as but ciphers. It is only by silent, but never-ceasing exertions, that we can make ourselves known and loved. Our mantle of love must be like the pure snow, falling little by little, yet eventually enfolding all.

The world wears the garb of mourning, when the great depart. We may fade away, unnoticed and unknown. Few, very few, will sorrow for us; and in a few fleeting years, life will look as fair to them as it ever did. In the warm, sunny Summer, no one ever thinks of the cold breath of the Ice King. When his Winter mission is accomplished, he returns quietly to his distant Polar home. So we, when we shall have accomplished our duty on earth, shall go to a better home, prepared for us in the mansions of the blest. Thus is life like the reign of the Ice King.

We look upon the Summer sky, and it is cloudless. Nature is arrayed in her fairest dress. The green leaves nod gracefully to each passing breeze, and flowers spring everywhere beneath our feet. We tread upon a carpet of velvet, and move in a region of voluptuous beauty. But we breathe the air, and it is hot and oppressive. The sun pours his burning rays full upon us, and we become languid and inactive. Existence seems almost a burden; and we are conscious of but one wish,—a wild, undefined longing for a breath of the clear, cold air of the Ice King. What though that soft, mid-summer beauty is wanting in the winter landscape? there is a grandeur and a glory in it of which no other season may boast. Summer, like the world, breaths allurement, and pleasure, and disease. Winter speaks, in clarion tones, of never-faltering resolution, and of victory. Everything looks very fair, in its summer drapery; but to me, earth never seems half so beautiful, as when she quietly rests in the embrace of the Ice King.

Stratford, Conn., 1857. KATE STERLING.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE EYE.

The eye is the window of the soul, thro' which the mind looks forth to view the "*sombre real*" of the world without, from the chambers of the world *within*.

Often is the eye the index to the feelings of the heart. When joy reigns within, with what brilliancy does it sparkle! But when on the eye are seen the tear-drops gather till they over-flow, how evident that the ocean-tide of feeling that swells the heart, is finding its outlet there.

The eye is deeply expressive; there are those on which we love to gaze, for, encircled as they are with a halo of brilliance, a gentle light seems to emanate from their depths, the light from a noble intellect burning within,—the heavenly light as beams from the soul of the pure in heart; like as the stars look forth from the unruffled calm of the deep blue heavens. There are eyes keen and piercing as the eagle's, each an index of a mind with an intellect that can fathom the deeps of Knowledge, and explore the mines of Learning, to gather gems of thought.

There is a potency in the flash of the eye, that a hundred words cannot express; and kindly glances from love-lit eyes speak more sympathy than a thousand smooth words from a deceitful tongue. "The light of the eyes rejoiceth the heart." Merry glances from happy hearts, uniting at the focus of affection's circle, like the meeting of the sunbeams, will chase the night of gloom away.

Let the heart be pure, free from the shades with which sin would veil it, let the mind be enlightened, and the soul be filled with heavenly truth; then will the eye be bright, and shine with a luster that will make glad the hearts of many.

Nunda, N. Y., Feb., 1857. LYRA.

ON WHICH SIDE ARE YOU?

We do not refer to Mason and Dixon's line, or to any sectional or party boundary whatever.—Some of our readers are on one side, and some on the other of these lines. But there is a line of demarcation quite as real as any of these of which we should be glad to believe that all our "'LIFE' subscribers" are on the same side. This line separates those who are *going forward* from those who are *standing still*, or rather retrograding, for no one *can* remain stationary in the world.

Each individual is growing better or worse, rising or falling, exerting a good or a bad influence, helping to elevate and ennoble mankind, or to sink the race in still deeper degradation. We cannot flatter ourselves in our wicked indolence, that "if we do no good, we at least do no harm." Failing to do good is doing harm. There is no standing on the fence—no non-committal. Every man, and every *woman*, too, must vote and act on one side or the other. You cannot even "pair off," as they do in Congress sometimes. *On which side are you?*

One of the most efficient means by which you exert an influence for good or for evil, for progression or retrogression, is the *press*. But you "do not write for the papers," you say, perhaps. That may be true, but nevertheless you exert an influence through them—you subscribe for them—you help to support them—and increase the sphere and power of their action upon the public mind. You are then responsible for the character of that action and influence.

We rejoice in believing that the great majority of newspapers in this country are exerting their influence on the right side. But there are exceptions, and the influence of the press is mighty for *evil*, as well as for *good*. Beware, lest while you throw the weight of your personal influence into the scale of truth and right, you, by supporting an unprincipled press, bear still more heavily on the other side.

You are helping to shape the destinies of the unborn future. The words, the acts, and even the *thoughts* out of which words and acts grow, are the tools with which we work.

There is a right and a wrong, there is truth and error, there are good influences and bad influences, there are those who press toward the Promised Land, and the "good time coming," and those who go back toward the wilderness, and who would fain reverse the wheels of time. On which side are *you?*—*Life Illustrated.*

THOUGHT.

Like the wind through the aisles of a cathedral sweeps the stream of thought through the chambers of the brain. It may linger awhile playing a melancholy music, but it is not thine, thou knowest not whence it cometh. It flashes on like the lightning from heaven, when thou least expects it, and all that is thine own is to recognize its presence. As the flute in the hands of the master renders a wonderful harmony, so it is with men.—The mysterious fabric of the brain with its organization of exquisite fineness, is but a flute or a bugle, and the breath of the master is the living God. Reader what is memory but the shadow of the past? When events have lost the fullness of the present reality, they yet leave an uncertain image in their rear. On some it falls like sunbeams on the mountains summits, lighting them up with glory, on others like the deepest shade of midnight around the mountain's base. The saddest recollections of some men, are but as the shadow of a butterfly on a garden at noontide—they cover an atom of the soul, and that but for a moment: those of others are like the image of the earth cast upon the face of heaven that reaches to eclipse the farthest star.

He that boasts of his ancestors confesses he has no virtue of his own. No other person has lived for our honor; nor ought that to be reputed ours which was long before we had a being; for what advantage can it be to a blind man that his parent had good eyes?

MY COUNTRY COUSINS.

[Concluded from page 68, this No.]

In the afternoon at the expected hour my father came, but so changed that I hardly knew him.—His face, which seemed swollen, was flushed to a bright crimson, while his eyes were unnaturally bright and his voice thick and husky.

"Oh, I am so sick," he exclaimed, as he tottered towards the sofa, almost falling ere he could reach it.

A fever, which settled upon the brain, had seized upon him, and for three weeks we alternated between hope and fear, as he one day seemed better and the next worse. Of course it was wholly impossible for him to transact business of any kind, and so day after day my poor uncle's face grew whiter and thinner, until at last it came,—his failure, sweeping from him everything, and leaving him poor as the veriest beggar who had ever asked him for alms. And there we were,—my father scarcely yet out of danger,—my mother,—my older sister, and myself, with my aunt and cousins, who went into hysterics, crying, fainting and raving, as if the like had never happened before and never would again.

I was a little curious to know who of their summer friends would stand by them in their need, but few of the four hundred invited guests came near. It is true Mrs. Urrish did once ride by in her carriage, leaning out from the window until the house was hidden from view, but we afterwards heard that she was wondering whether it would do for a residence for her youngest brother.—Since the party, Mr. Fulton had kept himself entirely aloof, treating Theo. with such cool reserve that she more than once accused me of having told him something to her disadvantage. But of this I was innocent, and when a few days after the failure I saw him coming through the gate, I felt almost as happy as herself, for I thought he would perhaps explain the matter to her satisfaction.—Very eagerly she ran to meet him, bursting into tears, and asking why he had not been before, rather provokingly adding, "But, of course, I cannot expect the rich to call on me now."

"Stop, Theo.," said he sternly, "your poverty has nothing to do with my late neglect, and were you all I once thought you to be, I would now gladly offer you both my home and my name; but it cannot be, for never could I marry a woman who was not the soul of truth and honor."

"What mean you?" demanded Theo. angrily. "Has my ungrateful cousin—"

"Hush!" said he, "your cousin has not injured you in my estimation purposely, although it was through her instrumentality that my eyes were opened, and I found that I was deceived in more points than one. I might perhaps have forgiven you for trying to pass off your uncle's house at Meadow Brook as your country seat, but when you literally denied your relationship with that young girl, who, for aught I see, is fully your equal, I could not think you a true woman, and since that night the attachment I freely acknowledge I once felt for you has been decreasing, for where I no longer respect, I cannot love. I might never have told you this, Theo.," he said, more gently, "had it not been for your father's misfortune, but fearing you might attribute my coldness to your loss of wealth, I thought proper to be candid with you and tell you the truth. Your friend I will ever be, and if in any way I can assist you, I will cheerfully do so, but all further intercourse between us is forever at an end."

The next moment he was gone, and Theo. lay fainting upon the sofa. Terribly was she atoning for the deception she had long practiced upon the high-minded Fulton, but when I saw how she suffered, I pitied her from my heart, and ventured to whisper in her ear the possibility of retrieving her character in the eyes of the only man she had ever loved. Whether she did or not may possibly furnish us with material for another sketch, but now time hastens, and we must linger no longer over her, unless we pause to say that the world, which, with all its boasted wisdom sometimes fails to see aright, imputed the rupture between Theo. and Henry Fulton to the wrong source, accusing him of mercenary motives, and saying "if her father had not failed, he would not thus easily have given up the beautiful girl." Whenever this was hinted in Theo.'s hearing she denied it, defending her former lover with a warmth which showed that she was yet capable of some good.

At the first alarm of a crash, Edward, who hated scenes, hastened back to New York, taking with him his wife, who would greatly have preferred remaining, for she was not one to desert friends in their misfortunes. But to this he would not listen, and so she went, greatly to the relief of the family, I imagined, for before her they felt obliged to keep up a kind of show which they could ill afford.

About two weeks after Mr. Fulton's visit, my father was able to be moved, and never have I experienced a moment of greater happiness than when, after an absence of seven weeks, I once more saw our home at Meadow Brook. Dear old Homestead! At some other time I may tell how by means of my uncle's failure, it passed into other hands, and how,——but I will not anticipate. The daylight is dying out and the shadows of the coming night are gathering fast around me, so with a tear to the memory of the Meadow Brook home, where now other children play and other voices are heard than those of "auld lang syne," I bid my readers Adieu.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Flowers that bloom to wither fast;
Light whose beams are soon o'ercast;
Friendship, warm, but not to last;—
Such by earth are given.

Seek the flowers that ne'er shall fade;
Find the light no cloud shall shade,
Trust a friend that ne'er betrayed;—
These are found in heaven.

Miss F. Gould.

Decision And Truth.—Whatever you think proper to grant a child, let it be granted at the first word, without entreaty or prayer; and above all without making any conditions. Grant with pleasure, but let your refusal be irrevocable; let no importunity shake your resolution—let the positive "no," when once pronounced, be a wall of brass, which a child, after he has tried his strength against it once, shall never more endeavor to shake.

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SCHOOL LEGISLATION.—COMMISSIONERS.

THE Legislative enactment establishing School Commissioners, is probably the best step towards advancing the interests of the Schools, that has been taken for many years. But still, the law is defective. The election of Commissioners should not have been given to the people. That course would have been less objectionable, were the people free from the shameful influence of wire-pulling for office, that envelopes the whole country.

It seems to me that the Department of Public Instruction, should have been constituted the appointing power—and that the Commissioners should emanate principally from the State Normal School, or at least from that portion of community who know what school-teaching is. None but those who have made school-teaching a business and a study, are qualified for that important office.

There is a great reform needed in the manner of teaching in our public schools. There are hundreds of teachers in the country who have yet to learn the first principles of thorough teaching; having been blindly accustomed to believe, if the pupils can answer the questions, and repeat the rules as laid down in the book, that they know enough about it. The truth is, they may do all this from the aid of memory alone, and at the same time not understand what they have learned. Such teachers have yet to learn, that the mind is not a storehouse, to be filled with detached facts, but that it needs training, to think and to understand whatever is presented for its investigation.

The instruction of teachers in the *science and the art of teaching*, is the business of School Commissioners, which they ought to perform by means of Teacher's Institutes. Institutes ought to be formed in every Assembly District, and if these fail to reach every teacher in said District, let them be formed in every town.

A School Commissioner ought to make all day visits in the schools, and get the people out in the evening, to an instructive lecture. But are they doing a tenth part of what actually belongs to them and what they ought to do? There are a few who are making some spasmodic efforts, but many are making themselves merely ridiculous and the law that created them a nuisance. One, with whose operations I am acquainted, performs his inspections in a very careless manner,—tells the applicant that he has the best learning of any one that he has examined, gives him a long certificate and passes on to the next—goes over with the same ordeal and tells him the same—gives another long certificate which precludes the recipient from the necessity of making any more effort to qualify himself to teach so long as his certificate lasts.—But this is not all, said Commissioner visits the Schools, stays in the first, one and a half hours, makes a long speech, tells the pupils that they have a first rate teacher—could not have done better—he knew they had a good school as soon as he opened the door, and finally winds up by paying them the compliment of being the best school in Town. Goes on to the next, gets there just as it is commencing in the afternoon, stays ten minutes, makes a speech, tells the pupils that they have a first rate school, most excellent teacher, has not time to hear any classes recite, so far to go—gives them the compliment of being the best school in town—says if he gets time, he will call and stay half a day. Off he goes to another school and here we have a repetition of his remarks. Oh! *humbug*, how long must we wait for our Schools to be benefited by Legislation and expenditure.

Empire State, Jan., 1857. AN OBSERVER.

NEW YORK STATE SCHOOLS.

THE following figures are from the Annual School Statistics of this State for 1856, to which we append the remarks of Gov. KING—in his First Annual Message, Jan., 1857—upon our State School policy:

Common School Fund.

The capital of the Common Fund is		$2,491,916 17
Showing an increase during the fiscal year of		34,395 25
The income of the fund for the year is	$159,549 17	
And the amount appropriated for the income of the United States Deposit Fund for com'n schools and school dividends	165,000 00	
		324,549 17

The payments from the fund on account of revenue received, viz.:

Common school dividends	$310,000 00
Miscellaneous	638 98
	$310,638 98

Literature Fund.

The capital of the Literature Fund is		$269,452 12
The income of this fund for the year is	$16,986 56	
And the am't appropriated from the income of the United States Deposit Fund is	28,000 00	
		44,986 56
The payment from the fund for dividends to the academies, &c		42,701 93

United States Deposit Fund.

Capital	$4,014,520 71
Revenue this year	256,549 03
Amount paid from the revenue of the fund	260,401 40

The whole number of children of legal school age in the State, is 1,214,113. The number attending school for any portion of the term during the year, 945,087. The number of teachers employed is, 25,751.

"When it is considered that few children go to school before six, and that between sixteen and twenty-one large proportions cease to attend school and go to active work, this discrepancy between the whole number of children in the State and that of those who attend school is seen to be more apparent than real, and it may be safely concluded that there are very few children in the State who do not spend a portion of their time in school.

"The large number of teachers above reported, may seem to indicate that the whole number is needed and employed at the same time. Unfortunately the truth is not so—but rather the reverse, for the number is thus swelled by the frequency of change—one of the greatest evils in a school system—occasioned by the inadequate compensation to school teachers. Hence, though teaching is resorted to by many as a temporary resource, it is relinquished whenever better prospects of support present themselves, and the necessity is thus produced of new appointments. The number given above truly represents that of the persons who have been employed for a portion of the past year as teachers; the actual number at any one time may be stated at about 13,000.

"This single fact, if duly weighed, should impress upon the legislature, the expediency of securing to the position of teachers more permanency, by providing more adequate compensation.

"Happily, the legislature of 1856, in lieu of the fixed annual sum of $800,000 which, by the law of 1851, was apportioned to the Common School Fund, imposed a tax of three-fourths of a mill upon each dollar of valuation. The valuation of the State having increased, the proceeds of this tax for this year will be proportionably larger, although sufficient returns have not been received to determine the amount precisely. It is estimated that the increase of the Common School Fund, the contribution of $165,000 from the revenue of the United States Deposit Fund, and the avails of the State tax, will amount to nearly $1,400,000.—Such liberal pecuniary contribution to the expense of public education, should secure to educators adequate renumeration; and this is only to be accomplished by a wise administration of the school revenues, so that they shall be productive of the desired results. The same legislature which inaugurated the policy of raising the tax from year to year in proportion to our growing means, sought also to organize a more efficient system for the inspection of schools and teachers. It provides for the election of school commissioners in the several assembly districts, and has thus furnished a body of officers respectable from the extent of their several jurisdictions, and with salaries which, though a scanty compensation for the faithful and intelligent discharge of the duties imposed upon them, are yet sufficient to enable men interested in the work to devote their time and energies to its performance. I am informed that the commissioners are, for the most part, competent and zealous, and that the laborers of such are successful in awakening an increased interest in the common schools among the people, and in elevating the standard of qualification among the teachers.

"The system of town supervision for which this was substituted was expensive to the towns and unfruitful in its results. The inspection of teachers in too many instances was merely nominal, and the financial reports unsatisfactory.

"The new system has not been in operation long enough to afford a practical test of its merits, or to expose its defects, if such there be. It may in future require amendment, but there seems no room to doubt the wisdom of the policy which places the school money in the hands of the supervisors, and holds them responsible for its proper disbursement.

"It is very obvious that the measures of most pressing importance for general education are those which look to an increased demand for, and supply of, highly qualified teachers. The State Normal School does well. It annually sends forth well-trained teachers, whose numbers, however, are small, compared with the districts to be supplied.

"The whole number of pupils during the past year which embraces the third and fourth terms has been 342. Seventy-three of these, twenty-two males and fifty-one females have completed the course prescribed and have received the diploma of the institution and are now, with few exceptions, engaged in teaching within the limits of the State.

"In view of the acknowledged deficiency in the supply of competent teachers and of the annually increasing revenue of the Common School Fund, it will be for you to decide what additional aid shall be given to this branch of the public instruction, whether by multiplying Normal schools or by such other expedients as may be devised for effecting so great a good."

TEACHING THE EYE.

THE great majority of mankind do not and cannot see one fraction of what they might see.—"None are so blind as those that will not see," is as true of physical as moral vision. By neglect and carelessness we have made ourselves unable to discern hundreds of things which are before us to be seen. Thomas Carlyle has summed this up in one pregnant sentence:—"The eye sees what it brings the power to see." How true is this! The sailor on the look-out can see a ship where the landsman sees nothing; the Esquimaux can distinguish a white fox amidst the white snow; the American backwoodsman will fire a rifle ball so as to strike a nut out of the mouth of a squirrel without hurting it; the Indian boys hold their hands up as marks to each other, certain that the unerring arrow will be shot between the spread out fingers; the astronomer can see a star in the sky, when to others the blue expanse is unbroken; the shepherd can distinguish the face of every sheep in his flock; the mosaic worker can detect distinctions of colors where others see none; and multitudes of additional examples might be given of what education does for the eye.—*Selected.*

INFLUENCE.—The *teacher*, whether of science, morals, or religion, is exerting an untold influence. The mind comes under his care in that plastic state that makes it susceptible of being moulded into almost any form, and turned in almost any direction. "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." So the mind takes the direction given by its teachers in youth; and in its maturity, can no more be changed, than can the gnarled trunk of the full-grown oak be straightened. Says one, "You may build temples of marble, and they will perish. You may erect statues of brass, and they will crumble to dust. But he who works upon the human *mind*, implanting noble thoughts and generous impulses, is rearing structures that shall never perish. He is writing upon tablets whose material is indestructible; which age will not efface, but will brighten and brighten to all eternity."—*Mass. Teacher.*

THE OBJECT OF EDUCATION.—The true object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable; life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.—*Sydney Smith.*

FATE must trouble itself about a number of fool ish people; for no sooner does a fool get into trouble of his own making, than he puts it all down to fate!

THREE-POINTED COTTON PLANT.

COTTON, with which our readers are all familiar, is a soft down, contained in the seed vessels, and envelops the seed of the cotton plant. There are almost an endless number of varieties of the cotton plant known to naturalists, some of them forming large shrubs or trees. We give an engraving of one of these varieties. The annual herbaceous kinds, however, are alone cultivated in the United States. The average height of the plant in land of fair quality is about five feet; in very fertile soil it grows much higher, and in poor soils it becomes quite dwarfish. The branches are long and jointed, and bears at each joint a boll or capsule containing the wool and seed. The root is tuberous, penetrating deeply into the subsoil, and is therefore less affected by drouth than most other plants. The blossom is cup-shaped, two or three inches in length, and never very widely expanded; white at first opening, and changing gradually to red. After about two days the flower closes with a twist at the extremity over the germ of the young boll, and soon withers and fades, leaving the boll invested by a double calyx, sufficiently large to enclose it until half grown. But few varieties are now cultivated at the South, experience pointing out the most profitable kinds.

The Sea Island Cotton is superior to all others in length and firmness of fibre, and on that account it is much sought after, and brings a high price in Europe, for the manufacture of laces and the finer muslins.

The Upland Cotton was the first cultivated at the South, and is inferior to the former in the length and fineness of the staple.

The Mexican Cotton is a favorite variety, for its vigorous growth, large boll, and its free extension, affording a facility for gathering, by which three times the quantity above any other cotton can be picked in a given time. The staple is rather coarse, and loss is sustained by its falling out, if it is not speedily gathered.

The Nankin Cotton is the variety that produces the celebrated Nankin cotton goods. It produces cotton of the well known Nankin color, and therefore this cloth is made without dyeing. Its native place is China. It has been cultivated in Georgia, but it does not produce a good crop, and its culture has been pretty much abandoned.

It is said the first shipment of cotton was made from the United States to England in 1784, and consisted of only 2,000 pounds. About 3,000,000 bales of 400 pounds each is now the annual crop.

ORIGIN AND SEALS OF THE STATES.—NO. V.

VERMONT.

THE geographical position of Vermont is between latitude 42° 44′ and 45° 00′ 30″ N., and 73° 20′ W. longitude. The area of the State is 8,000 square miles.

This State presents a very considerable variety of surface. It is traversed from north to south by the Green Mountain range, some summits of which rise to a height of 7,279 feet above the sea. About the centre of the State they divide into two ridges, the principal of which passes in a north-east direction into Canada. The Green Mountains are from ten to fifteen miles wide, much intersected by valleys abounding with springs and brooks, and are mostly covered with evergreens to their summits, from which they have derived their name.—The rivers are inconsiderable, most of those flowing east are merely small tributaries of the Connecticut; those on the west side are larger, and the three principal, viz.: Lamoille, Missisque and Winooski, rise on the east side of the principal mountain range, which they break through and enter lake Champlain. Lake Champlain is on the western border and separates it from the State of New York for a distance of 120 miles. It is navigable for large vessels, and has several good harbors in Vermont. The climate varies according to differences of level and other circumstances. It is healthy, although the winters are severe. The soil is fertile, but more suitable for pasturage than tillage.—Wool is the staple production; sheep, horses and cattle are raised in great numbers; marble, granite and slate, are abundant, and valuable quarries of each are worked; iron ore in several localities throughout the State, and from the sulphuret of iron in Strafford and Shrewsbury, copperas is extensively manufactured. Several mineral springs occur.

There were in this State in 1850, 2,601,409 acres of land improved, and $1,524,113 of unimproved in farms: cash value of farms, $63,367,227, and the value of implements and machinery, $2,739,282.—*Live Stock*—Horses, 61,057; asses and mules, 218; milch cows, 146,128; working oxen, 48,577; other cattle, 154,143; sheep, 1,014,122; swine, 66,296; value of live stock, $12,643,228. At this period there were invested in Manufactures $5,000,377.

Its Educational facilities are as follows:—University of Vermont at Burlington, Middlebury College at Middlebury, Norwich University at Norwich, Castleton Medical College at Castleton, and Vermont Medical College at Woodstock. The whole having in 1850, 464 students. There were also 118 academies, with 6,864 pupils; 2,731 schools, 93,457 scholars; 96 libraries, with an aggregate number of 64,641 vols. Provision for the support and education of the deaf, dumb and blind, to about 2,300 annually. There is a Lunatic Asylum at Brattleboro'.

COPLEY, THE PAINTER.

WATSON, in his "Men and Times of the Revolution," (a beautiful edition of which has just been issued by DANA & Co., of New York,) thus speaks of COPLEY, the American painter and father of Lord LYNDHURST:

Soon after my arrival in England, having won at the insurance office one hundred guineas, on the event of Lord Howe's relieving Gibraltar, and dining the same day with Copley, the distinguished painter, who was a Bostonian by birth, I determined to devote the sum to a splendid portrait of myself. The painting was finished in a most admirable style, except the background, which Copley and myself designed to represent a ship, bearing to America the intelligence of the acknowledgment of independence, with a sun just rising upon the stripes of the union, streaming from her gaff. All was complete save the flag, which Copley did not esteem prudent to hoist under present circumstances, as his gallery is a constant resort of the royal family and the nobility. I dined with the artist on the glorious 5th of December, 1782, after listening with him to the speech of the King, formally receiving and recognizing the United States of America into the rank of nations. Previous to dining, and immediately after our return from the House of Lords, he invited me into his studio, and there, with a bold hand, a master's touch, and I believe an American heart, attached to the ship the stars and stripes. This was, I imagine, the first American flag hoisted in old England.

THE SECRET OF GREAT ACQUISITIONS.—"The chief art of learning," says Locke, "is to attempt but little at a time. The wildest excursions of the mind are made by short flights frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulations of single propositions."

DARK blue eyes are most common in persons of delicate, refined, or effeminate nature; light blue, and much more gray eyes, in the hardy and active. Greenish eyes have generally the same meaning as the gray. Hazel eyes are the more usual indications of a mind masculine, vigorous, and profound.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOPE.

HOPE in the young heart springeth,
As flowers in the infant year;
Hope in the young heart singeth,
As birds when the flowers appear.

Hope in the old heart dieth,
As wither those early flowers;
Hope from the old heart flieth,
As the birds from wintry bowers.

But Spring will revive the flower,
And the birds return to sing;
And Death will renew Hope's power
In the old heart withering.

Attica, N. Y., Feb., 1857. W. R. B.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

'TWAS Sabbath in Eden. The six days' work were finished and the Almighty ceased from His labors. Rest was proclaimed in Paradise, and the first Sabbath dawned in a lovely repose. Soft, fleecy clouds adorned the East, alternately varying in hue from palest gold to deepest crimson, thro' which, at his appointed time, the Sun, proud, newmade "King of day," slowly emerged and majestically wound his way to his throne in the canopy of blue; displaying in a wondrous manner his Creator's skill divine. The tiny floweret, robed in fairest colors, painted by GOD'S all-powerful hand, meekly raised its head, sending forth its balmy fragrance, which was borne upon the wings of the morning wind—sweet incense to a Father's praise. The little songsters at the first dawn of that holy morn, soared high above the lofty hills, pouring aloft their grateful lays, until the listening echoes, entranced, caught up the joyful strain, and filled the earth with melody. The fishes; as they merrily danced in the pebbly brooks, the lowing of the cattle, and the gentle murmurs of the passing breeze, the humming of the insects and the music of the fountains joined in one harmonious song, the burden of which was, "Glory to God in the highest."

Two there were on that morning of sacred rest, that bowed low the knee, and tuned their hearts and voices to hymns of gratitude and love. ADAM and EVE, pure, sinless, holy beings, welcomed in that first Sabbath with thanksgiving. JEHOVAH descended from His glorious throne on high, and trod the flowery paths of the Paradise below, with the guileless ones who inhabited the Garden of Eden. They took sweet counsel together with their GOD, and the white-robed angels ceased to strike their golden harps, and paused amidst their song of love, to gaze upon the holy sight. The silver moon, and the stars that so thickly studded the deep, blue sky, looked down that night upon a scene of wondrous beauty. The last note of praise was sounded, the last anthem chanted, and in the profoundness of that peaceful stillness, the first Sabbath passed away. Many, many Sabbaths have come and gone since then, and have been kept with strictness and religious ceremonies, yet never has, or never, until the dawning of that eternal Sabbath of everlasting rest, will that first Sabbath be equalled in holiness, beauty and repose.

Rochester, Feb., 1857. WINNIE WILLIAN.

AN EARNEST CHURCH—Is one that is in such a state of activity as to be denominated a *thoroughly working* Church. Its members will appear to be animated by one spirit, like the bees of a hive, all busy, each in his own department, and all adding to the common stock. In a community of this description, there will be a place for everybody, and everybody will know and keep his place. Care should of course be taken by the pastor in receiving members to impress upon them the noble idea that a desire and an effort to be useful is a part of religion; and he should also endeavor to ascertain the talents, capabilities, and tastes for usefulness, of all of whom he admits, and then assign to each his proper place and appropriate labor. Over the portals of every church should be this inscription, "Let no one enter here who is not determined to be holy and useful."

THE BIBLE.—It lives in the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness.—The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him out of his Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a man whose spiritual biography is not in the Bible.

CHRISTIAN INDUSTRY is just the outlet of a fervent spirit, a Christ-devoted heart. The industry which is not fervent is not Christian, and on the other hand, the love which does not come forth in action, the fervor which does not lead to diligence will soon die down. He who has an eye to Christ in all he does, and whose spirit is full of that energy, that love to his work and his brethren and his master in heaven, which the Holy Spirit gives, will not soon weary in well-doing.

EVERY man is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the god he worships, after a style purely his own, nor can he get off by hammering marble instead. We are all sculptors and painters and our material is our own flesh, and blood, and bones.—Any nobleness begins to once a refine a man's features; any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.

FAMILY PRAYER.—Happy the domestic circle united by this bond of sympathy and love. Happy those who daily and nightly, according to an expressive, though quaint and homely phrase, thus "*hem* the mornings and evenings of the household, and so prevent them from ravelling out."

THE universal law of divine economy is, that evil shall react upon itself for its own correction.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

THERE IS YET TIME AND ROOM

THANKS to its ardent, active and influential Friends and Supporters from Maine to Minnesota, and from Canada to California, the RURAL has made far greater progress within the past month, than during any corresponding period since its establishment. And yet there is abundant time for all its well-wishers, who would aid its prosperity and benefit community, to prosecute the Campaign to a still more successful issue. There is "ample room and verge enough" on our Subscription Books for all the names with which we may be favored. Those, therefore, who have formed clubs can make additions to any extent,—while there is yet time for such as are disposed to commence and complete new clubs, and secure the liberal premiums offered therefor All that is necessary to largely increase our list in almost every locality, is a little personal attention on the part of friendly readers. Will not each and all see that their neighbors and acquaintances have an opportunity of subscribing for the RURAL? While sparing neither effort nor expense to make the RURAL by far the best journal of its class in the world, we frankly ask all who believe it is accomplishing a good work, to promote its circulation in the manner suggested.

Back numbers of the present volume can still be supplied to new Subscribers, so that subscriptions can commence with the year or any number desired. Extra numbers, show-bills, &c., cheerfully and promptly forwarded, post-paid, to all disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL. For Premium List, Publisher's Notices, &c., see next and last pages.

☞ BACK NUMBERS.—In order to supply the supposed demand, we commenced this volume by adding 20,000 copies to our former edition The prospect now is that this extra edition will be exhausted soon; hence those who wish the volume complete, should not delay in sending in their subscriptions. Back numbers will be furnished to new subscribers (unless otherwise ordered) until our edition is exhausted.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.—About twenty papers of No. 30 vol. 6, 1855, wanted to complete setts. For these in good order we will give twelve cents each in postage stamps or cash. Mail to MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ For terms, Special Notices, &c., see last page.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Jas. Sully—Buy or Sell Farms.
G. W. Thomas—Superior Blood Stallion for Sale.
T. C. Maxwell & Bro.—Fruit Trees, Evergreens, &c.
Pratt, Bronson & Merrell—Fruit Trees for Sale.
Duryee & Forsyth Manuf. Co.—Hay Scales, &c.
H. Collins—Owasco Lake Nurseries.
Calkins & Stiles—Games for Instruction.
Dan'l S. Baker—Large Auction Sale of Stock.
E. D. Hallock—Chinese Sugar Cane.
R. L. Howard—Ketchum's Mower.
T. G. Yeomans—Fruit Trees and Scions.
Jesse Page—Short-horns.
Wm. P. Orme—Chinese Sugar Cane, or Sorgho Suere.
The Best Land Plaster.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, FEBRUARY 21, 1857.

PERSONAL.—For several weeks past the Editor of the RURAL has been suffering from illness—the most severe and prolonged during a thus far somewhat active and laborious life—and, though slowly convalescing, is still unable to attend to many matters requiring personal attention. We congratulate our readers, however, that, though able to contribute but very little to its pages, the RURAL has not suffered in the interim—thanks to our able and efficient Assistants, Contributors and Correspondents, of whom we are justly proud, and now more than ever before. Of the thousands of business letters and communications received of late, we have read but very few, and of course most of those requiring personal responses, or particular examination before publication, must await our return to the office and its active duties. And we fear it will be impossible even then to give proper, if any, attention to various matters—while others will be unseasonable—as every day will bring new duties and labors to be performed. Though very reluctant to obtrude personal matters upon our readers and the public, this explanation is due to numerous friends and correspondents who would else ascribe our silence or non-attention to other than the right cause, and consider as censurable what has been unavoidable.

—It is gratifying to know that, while we have been precluded from adopting intended measures to augment its circulation, the RURAL has progressed rapidly in that direction. We trust its agents and friendly subscribers will continue their efforts in its behalf. Thousands of names may yet be easily added to our list, as the ensuing two months are good ones in which to procure subscriptions.

The Weather, Freshets, &c.

THE weather continues "open." As we write (Tuesday A. M.,) the sun is shining brightly, and the atmosphere is decidedly balmy and spring-like. But the "ides of March"—its high-pressure breezes, boisterous winds, and variations of temperature—are coming on apace, and yet to be endured. May they blow more gently, and prove less chilling, than in former seasons, and the husbandman again experience (what has been rare of late years) an old-fashioned genial Spring!

The recent floods in various parts of the country, have proved very destructive to property, and many lives have been lost. In both Eastern and Western exchanges, the great floods continue a prominent and painful topic. The details, of which we will not attempt even a summary, exhibit great suffering, and in many instances, sad accounts of the destruction of human life, remarkable escapes, &c. The streams were subsiding toward the close of last week, but the recent rains have created fresh apprehensions. A dispatch dated Albany, Feb. 16, says:—"The weather here to-day has been rainy. The river is again rising, and a freshet is anticipated, but there are no apprehensions that it will be as severe as the recent one."

NEWSPAPER COVERLETS.—A Philapelphia paper has the following new wrinkle, from a correspondent:—"Through the medium of your paper, I would state, for the benefit of the public, at this cold season, that they may sleep much more comfortable, and with fewer bed-clothes, by placing one or two thicknesses of paper (common newspapers will answer) between the coverlets of their beds. This may appear ridiculous to some, as it did to me when I first heard of it; but having tried it, I can testify from experience that it is an effective remedy for cold sleeping. If those who minister to the wants of the poor will give it a trial, I believe they will find it a valuable aid in releiving their sufferings."

—A good use, at last, for some of the trashy "*blanket* weeklies"—the *Ledgers, Flags, et id omne genus.* Any such in Philadelphia?

New York Legislature.

In the SENATE Mr. BROOKS introduced a bill exempting Libraries of Clergymen, Authors and Editors, from sale on execution; and Mr. CUYLER introduced a bill taxing Banking Capital of Individual Bankers. The bill for the relief of the University of Rochester, appropriating $25,000 toward the erection of Buildings, $12,000 only to be drawn in one year,—on condition that a like sum be raised by subscription and expended for the same purpose—passed the Senate last week, without opposition. It has yet to pass the Assembly. This is the first grant made by the State to our young University. All the older Colleges and Universities have received liberal aid from the State Treasury, the west contributing a large share, and it is the part of justice as well as of beneficence to now lend a helping hand to this rising institution.

Governor KING sent in a message vetoing the Supply bill of 1856. In the House, Mr. ADAMS introduced a bill to prevent the abusive sale and use of alcoholic liquors. The bill provides for a stringent license law, under heavy bonds.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—The Naval Committee in the Senate have compiled a bill authorizing the construction of an armed steamer of 500 tons, for the protection of American commerce from piratical attacks on the shallow waters of China.

Mr. Wilson offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on the Post Office to inquire into the causes of the repeated failure of the mails between New York and Washington during the present session, and report what legislation, if any, is necessary to remedy the evil.—Much indignation is expressed by members of Congress and others in consequence of thirty-eight failures of the mails between New York and Washington since the commencement of the session.

On motion of Mr. Fish, a resolution was adopted calling on the Postmaster General to inform the Senate whether any, and if so, what additional legislation is required to insure the transmission through the Post Office and delivery to the persons to whom directed, of public documents, franked by members of Congress.

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill providing for a just and fair distribution of the proceeds of the sale of the public lands, among all the States, according to their respective population.

The bill to grant lands to Minnesota for the purpose of constructing mail roads being under consideration, Mr. Biggs, as representative of one of the old States, entered his protest against this method of disposing of the public domain.

Mr. Foote thought it was too late in the day, after the numerous grants of this kind, to raise such objections.

Mr. Stewart explained that the quantity of land granted by the bill for $1,300,000, was much less than some of the States have received. Passed—yeas 32; nays 10. The lands are to be selected in alternate sections.

Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to pay Massachusetts $227,000—being the balance due that State for disbursements during the war of 1812. The bill was referred.

HOUSE.—Among the fifty Senate bills reported by Mr. Washburn, of Ill., in the House, were those for the improvement of Lake Michigan, the Hurl Gate channel, the Hudson and Illinois rivers, and the harbors of Chicago, Erie and Michigan City. The programme is to unite them all in one bill, in favor of which, it is ascertained, is a large majority, but want of time may prevent the consummation of that scheme.

The Tariff bill being up, Mr. Boyce made a speech in favor of free trade.

Mr. Granger spoke in favor of maintaining the present duties of wool and salt.

Mr. Willson spoke against the present bill, which is not protective.

Mr. Smith of Va., opposed a protective policy and argued against taking the duty off of wool.

Mr. Garnett insisted that if any change be made in the tariff, it should be favorable to free trade, and not for protection, as the bill provides.

In the event of the failure of Congress to pass a bill to reduce the revenue, Mr. Campbell of Ohio, will present as a financial measure now under consideration in the Committee of Ways and Means, the depositing of the surplus revenue, two millions of dollars, with the several States, in proportion to the Federal ratio of representation, or about $70,000 for each member—the States to pledge their faith for the safe keeping of the money, and refund if required for the purposes of the general government. It is proposed to pay one half of the surplus on the 1st of July and remainder the 1st of October.

ESCAPE OF PRISONERS.—Seven of the largest boys confined in the House of Refuge, this city, made an attack on the gate-keeper, Saturday afternoon last, knocked him down, and made good their escape. They were all from 16 to 18 years of age, and had been confined for a long time.

—MELVIN J. POWER, confined in the jail in this city under various indictments for forgery, effected his escape on Saturday night last. The Sheriff offers $200 reward for his arrest and delivery.

THE Illinois papers give the particulars of an appaling accident which occurred on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, a few days since, near Joilet, at the crossing of the Du Page River, which resulted in thi loss of three human lives and seven car loads of horses. The heavy rains had swollen the river till it overflowed its banks, covered the bottom and submerged the track on both sides of the bridge. Locomotive, tender, seven cars, one after another, disappeared beneath the surface of the stream, deep enough, by reason of the freshet, to hide from view every vestige of the train!

THE death of two eminent men in Maine, was chronicled last week. One is the venerable Chief Justice Shepley, and the other, Hon. Albion K. Parris, who died suddenly on Thursday, at his residence in Portland, of disease of the heart. He has been United States Senator, Judge of the Supreme Court, was five times elected Governor of Maine, and has filled other offices of honor and trust. He was about 71 years old.

Recent Conflagrations.

ON the morning of the 10th inst., a fire broke out in a five story building, corner of Mercer and Bleeker streets, New York, occupied by Mr. Bosch as a cabinet ware-house—building entirely destroyed and contents. Loss between $60,000 and $80,000. Mr. Bosch and his wife perished in the flames.

A dispatch dated Louisville, Ky., Feb. 10, says:—"Smith's block on Main street, the Galt House, was burned this morning. There were six buildings occupied by Callaghy & Co., Richard Atkinson, Bramin & Rummois, Bartley, Johnson & Co., Armstrong, Allen & Co., Mitchell, Guthrie & Co. Loss $180,000—insured."

In Mobile, 8th inst., the Shippers, Planters, Hunt & Montgomery Cotton Presses were burnt and 10,000 or 15,000 bales of cotton destroyed. Loss $700,000.

On Thursday evening the old machine shop, on Mechanics' street, Auburn, was consumed by fire. It was owned by Dr. R. Steele, who in part occupied it with an oil press. His loss is $6,000. Messsrs. Hussey & Quick, makers of mowing and reaping machines, lost $4,000. H. W. Rodman, patent fence manufacturer. was a sufferer. At about the same hour a fire broke out in the barn of Rev. Mr. Reddy, on Seymour street, which was destroyed. Loss $200. The flames communicated to the dwelling of C. S. Underwood, which burnt, though most of the furniture was saved. Insured $1,000.

On the evening of the 10th inst., a fire broke out in a large frame building in Elyria, Ohio, occupied by J. W. Bullock, hardware merchant; Northrop, Hannan & Co., tin-shop; and C. Clark, flour and feed store. The building was entirely destroyed, and two others adjoining.

Cleveland & Co.'s extensive finishing and packing house, located at 26 and 28 Broad street, New York, was destroyed by fire on Friday morning last. It contained a large quantity of goods of different descriptions, of which they succeeded in saving some $10,000 worth. No. 25 Broad st. was also considerably damaged by fire in the fourth story and roof, and in the lower stories by water. The entire loss is estimated at $80,000.

The Plainville Knitting Factory, at Plainville, Conn., was destroyed by fire on the 13th inst. All its machinery and contents were burned. Loss nearly $30,000; insured $18,000. The company was a joint stock one.

Floods at the West.

A DESPATCH dated Chicago, Feb. 9, states that he greatest flood that has visited that section since 1849 has occurred there. Several bridges had been swept away, or rendered impassable, and trains were consequently interrupted. The Milwaukee railroad bridge, the bridge at Elgin, where the Galena road crosses Fox river, the bridge at Aux Plains, near Chicago, the Burlington railroad bridge across Bureau river, were rendered unserviceable. The Rock Island railroad bridge across the Dupage was started by the ice, and one engine and six cars were precipitated into the river. The engineer, fireman and brakeman were supposed to be drowned. The bridges at Aurora, including the railroad bridge, have been carried away. At La Salle, the Illinois has risen twenty-eight feet.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 9.—The river has risen eighteen feet, and still rising. The Missouri is open to Jefferson City. The Illinois is open all the way up and has risen ten or fifteen feet at Peoria. The upper Mississippi is also rising. Numerous slides have occurred on the railroads. On Saturday night a collision happened on the Pacific railroad near Newport. One passenger car was demolished, a German killed, and several passengers injured.

CHICAGO, Feb. 12.—No trains have run through on the Rock Island road this week. The damage chiefly is in the Bureau Valley, caused by ice from the Mississippi. The Rock Island bridge is uninjured. Large quantities of rafts, logs and lumber below Burlington have been lost. Navigation is open to the Missouri river, and the first boat went up to-day. The damage done at Napierville, Dupage Co., amounts to $30,000. The new Odd Fellows' Hall, at Dubuque, fell in on Saturday in consequence of the accumulation of ice and snow on the top of the building. S. S. Foss and wife, who were in the building, were killed. Loss $40,000.

NEW YORK IDIOT ASYLUM.—The Annual Report of the Managers of the Idiot Asylum was received in the Assembly on the 12th inst. There has been expended on the construction account, $67,801.98; amount approbriated, $70,000; amount loaned expense fund, $2,698.05; indebtedness of building fund, $9,151.02; total extenditure for building at Syracuse, $72,405.26; current expenses of the year, $15,854.95; in treasury, $2,653.10; outstanding debt, $5,203.93; total indebtedness, $14,364.94. In order to carry on the affairs of the institution for the coming year, successfully, the Managers say they will need an appropriation of $18,000. With this sum they can provide board, care and instruction for one hundred indigent pupils, beside a smaller number who can pay a portion of the expenses of their support. The Managers express their satisfaction with the building, and also confidence in the continued and increased usefulness of the Institution.

REMARKABLE SAFE.—In answer to an inquiry from the manufacturer, a Western merchant thus describes the endurance of an apparently remarkable breed of Salamander safes:—"One of our clerks, on Saturday, bought a Shanghai rooster, and, at night, unknown to us, put it for safe-keeping in the safe. That night, our establishment was destroyed by fire, and the safe and its contents were exposed to a tremendous heat for thirty-six hours, at the end of which time it was hoisted out red-hot. As soon as possible it was opened, and, you may judge of our surprise, when we found within it the Shanghae rooster, leaning against the ledger—*frozen to death!*"

A "first rate notice," that, though somewhat frigid. Whether the beautiful and capacious safe recently "got up" for, and placed in the RURAL Counting Room by the "Duryee & Forsyth Manufacturing Co.," of this city, would prove equally un*safe* for poultry, is more than problematical!—However, if it will protect our numerous subscription and other books, in the event of a conflagaration, we will be content, minus the Arctic quality.

Literary Notices.

MEN AND TIMES OF THE REVOLUTION; or, Memoirs of ELKANAH WATSON, including his Journals of Travels in Europe and America, from the year 1777 to 1842, and his Correspondence with Public Men and Reminiscences and Incidents of the Revolution. Edited by his son, WINSLOW C. WATSON. Second edition, with a portrait of the Author, engraved on steel, after the famous portrait by COPLEY, and twenty wood engravings. New York: Dana & Co.—1857.

This is one of the most interesting books we have perused for a long time. The record given in its pages—by an active, prominent man who saw much of life in both this country and Europe, and who kept a private journal from his nineteenth year until he was over eighty—is most interesting and authentic, and an invaluable contribution to the literature of the Revolution. Familiar with the prominent military men, philosophers and statesmen of his times, and a shrewd observer, Mr. WATSON'S observations, correspondence, reflections, &c., as here recorded, comprise a volume of personal and historical reminiscences which should find a place in every library. The volume comprises 557 pages, and its fine execution, and rich external appearance, reflect credit upon the enterprising publishing house from which it is issued.

The Magazines for 1857.

WE continue our notices of American Literary Magazines, &c., from last number.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE has been much improved of late, and especially since the inauguration of CHARLES G. LELAND as Editor. The March number, already received, is an excellent one in contents, illustrations, and typography. The "Editor's Easy Talk" is a rich and racy feature, exhibiting the talent and versatility of the *speaker*, including good taste and tact in imparting and segregating pleasant thoughts and reminiscences, choice anecdotes, etc. Our old favorite is evidently determined to "live o'er again" the days of its palmy prosperity. Published by WATSON & Co., Philadelphia—$3 per annum.

THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE of Literature, Art and Fashion, edited by T. S. ARTHUR and VIRGINIA TOWNSEND, enters upon its new volume under very favorable auspices, and with new features which must enhance its already wide and well-merited popularity. Though much cheaper, we regard this as equal in merit and usefulness, especially for the Home Circle, to many of the three dollar magazines, and can cordially commend it as safe, instructive and entertaining. Published by T. S. ARTHUR & Co., Philadelphia—$2.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE is among the best and most useful of our popular magazines. It is designed to interest and instruct all, both intellectually and morally, and is pure in its tone and elevated in its character. The paper, engravings, &c., are of the very first class. We know of nothing superior to it in these respects. Published by CARLTON & PORTER, New York, and SWORMSTEDT & POE, Cincinnati, Ohio—$2 per annum.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY is a magazine somewhat similar in character to the preceding, "devoted to Literature and Religion," and designed especially for the Ladies. It is beautifully executed; the engravings and letter-press are all that printers and engravers can make them—most finished specimens of the arts. We can safely say it is in all respects the best magazine of its class. Published by CARLTON & PORTER, New York, and SWORMSTEDT & POE, Cincinnati, Ohio—$2.

THE HOME—further entitled "a Fireside Monthly Companion and Guide for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter"—is an exceedingly well conducted Magazine, eminently calculated to improve and entertain those who possess hearts and homes, and do not devote their chief attention to wardrobes and faces. We renew our cordial commendation of this Monthly. Edited by Mrs. H. E. G. ARRY. Published by BEADLE & ADAMS, Buffalo, at $1,50 per annum.

THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Monthly—16 quarto pages—at $1 per annum. Fowler & Wells, N. Y.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL. Same size, price, and publishers as preceding.

These valuable and progressive Journals enter upon the new year with increased vigor, and an evident determination to merit an augmentation of their already large success. Each is the standard authority of its class, and entitled to the cordial encouragement of all who favor the principles so ably discussed in its pages. Both periodicals are ably conducted, and beautifully illustrated and printed.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED, is the euphonious and appropriate title of a beautiful and spirited quarto weekly Literary Journal, issued by the same publishers at $2 a year. It is generally racy and readable, often profound, and always progressive.

Items of News.

THE value of the brown sugar imported into the United States, during 1856, was $22,400,353; white, loaf and refined sugar and molasses, $4,334,668; tea, $6,803,891; coffee, $21,514,196.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has appointed John H. Eaton, Esq., Superintendent of Construction for the new Custom-House and Post-Office authorized to be erected at Chicago, Illinois.

THE town of Westfield, Mass., has voted $500, as permanent fund, to comply with the terms of the bequest of the late Stephen Harrison, for the establishment of an agricultural branch to Westfield Academy.

THE drain of silver to India has been somewhat checked by the British government selling drafts on the local Treasury at Calcutta. One of the previous steamers took out to India $5,000,000, all in silver.

NEAR Factoryville, Pa., on Friday, an accommodation train was thrown down an embankment, killing John Houston, the engineer, the fireman, and brakeman, and dangerously wounding another engineer, named William White. The passengers escaped without injury.

AT London, while a number of the employees in the gas works were engaged in their duties, the gas was allowed to escape in a large volume, and came in contact with a heated stove. The consequence was that six men were severely burnt, two in a shocking manner.

THE newspapers record, as an event to be marked, the first marriage of a Hindoo woman that ever occurred in Calcutta. It took place on the 17th of December. It is said that the parties are of the highest respectability, and this will prove a marked event in the history of Hindostan.

THE Buffalo Republic says a man named Lemuel W. King, from Friendship, Allegany county, committed suicide Friday morning week, at Brown's Hotel, in that city, by taking opium. Mr. King was about 45 years of age, the proprietor of the Railroad House in Friendship, and most respectably connected. He had been dissipating.

HERE is a veritable marriage notice of the olden time, taken from the New York Weekly Museum, Jan. 9th, 1792:—Married, on Monday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Roach, John Buchanan, Esq., to the amiable, adorable, incomparable, inflexible, and nonpareil of her sex, Nancy Lucy Turner, both of this metropolitan city."

News Clippings.

—Queen Victoria is 38 years of age.

—There are 57,112 owners of land in Iowa.

—The flood in the Genesee River is subsiding.

—Shad, from Savannah, are plenty in New York.

—The taxes of Ohio last year amounted to $8,009,813.

—Russia is engaged in building 2,300 miles of railroad.

—There are 31 Episcopal Dioceses in the United States.

—There are in the Pacific Islands 119 Protestant Missionaries.

—Five noblemen are said to own one-fourth of the land in Scotland.

—Female pickpockets are committing depredations in Philadelphia.

—The attempts to raise cotton in Australia are said to be successful.

—The rush of foreign small coins to the mint is said to be very great.

—There were 5,686,891 bushels of wheat harvested in Iowa last year.

—The disease called the Hog Cholera is rapidly increasing at the West.

—The celebrated "Charter Oak" place in Hartford, Ct., is offered for sale.

—There were one hundred and eight steamboats built at Pittsburg last year.

—It is stated that $4,000,000 worth of oysters are sold in New York annually.

—The thermometer was recently 34 degrees below zero at Lawrence, Kansas.

—A new Chinese paper has been started in Sacramento, Cal. Hang Taie is editor.

—Wood is selling in St. Paul at $9 per cord. Pretty well for a new country.

—The average yield of corn to the acre in Ohio last year, was 39.71 bushels.

—Mr. James Caldwell, of Farington, Ohio, shipped 300 tuns of cheese last year.

—There is about twenty-one and a half millions of dollars in the U. S. treasury.

—There are now living in Gardner, Mass., 21 farmers between 80 and 90 years of age.

—There are fewer post-offices in Great Britain and Ireland than in Canada—only 986.

—The British Government is about to establish a penal colony at Van Couvre's Island.

—There were 491 deaths in New York city last week, of which 46 were from scarlet fever.

—Over one thousand persons receive daily relief from the Relief Union in Cincinnati.

—The receipts of the railroads in the United States last year are put down at $110,000,000.

—A ball in New York for a nursery for poor children, on the 15th instant, realized $7,000.

—There are four hundred and fifty-nine harbors on the Atlantic coast of the United States.

—A negro woman in Virginia, who has no ears, can hear distinctly by opening her mouth.

—The American Sunday School Union received nearly $9,000 during the month of December.

—The U. S. camels in Texas have been set to work, and do up the carrying business admirably.

—There is a genuine Arab in Washington, seeking compensation for services in the Tripolitan war.

—The last remaining daughter of Patrick Henry recently expired at her residence in Halifax, Virginia.

—Twenty-five tuns of silver arrived at Cairo on the 22d from New Orleans. It was not consigned to us!

—Rev. Amasa Lord, agent of the A. B. S., thinks there are 30,000 families in Illinois destitute of a Bible.

—Four millions of dollars have been spent in the search for the unfortunate navigator, Sir John Franklin.

—William D. Merrick, formerly Senator from Maryland, died in Washington last week at an advanced age.

—Senator Sumner, it is said, will visit Europe in the spring, and spend several months on the continent.

—At Pittsburg, Pa., the Mayor has ordered the watchmen to resume the ancient practice of crying the hour.

—Rev. Dr. Anderson lectured before the Rochester Athenæum, Thursday evening, on the "Unity of the Race."

—The Illinois Central Railroad Company has contracted for the delivery next season of 66 locomotives and 800 cars.

—The garrote system has been introduced into the Quaker City. The first victim was a merchant from New York.

—A Miss Thornhill died in the Eastern Virginia Lunatic Asylum recently, having been an inmate there for 45 years.

—Snow fell in the city of Mexico December 21, a phenomenon never before witnessed there by the oldest inhabitant.

—Girard College, at Philadelphia, now supports and educates regularly three hundred and fifteen boys, all indigent orphans.

—The highest salary of a Governor of any State in the Union is paid in California—$10,000—and the lowest is in Vermont—$750.

—The best appraisers of the Trinity Church property in N. Y., reckon its actual present value at over six millions of dollars.

—Sir William Boyd, an English gentleman, not unknown to fame, is lecturing at Utica on "The Literature of Great Britain."

—A lot of ground on Broadway, corner of Grand street, New York city, eighty-six by one hundred feet, sold recently for $200,000.

—Hon. Andrew Stevenson of Virginia, once Speaker of the House of Representatives and Minister to England, died on Sunday last.

—The Carlo Terro, a Neapolitan war-steamer, blew up in the harbor of Naples not long since. About seventy persons were killed.

—During the month of January, the total number of vessels lost was 131. The estimated value of ships and cargoes was $3,734,200.

—Col. Nathan Boone, youngest son of the celebrated Daniel Boone, died a few days since at Sprinfield, Mo., in the 76th year of his age.

—It is said that $70,000 of the new counterfeit notes of the Mercantile Bank of Hartford have been taken into Jackson county, Indiana.

—Justice Richmond, of Barnard, Vt., has fined a man $5 and costs for drunkenness, upon testimony that some person smelt his breath.

—Dr. Livingston, the African traveler, is said to be almost black from constant exposure to a hot sun. So it seems climate does affect color.

—A thousand acres of land have been given at Carbondale, Illinois, for the site of the first College in that benighted part of Ill., known as "Egypt."

—A proposition is now before the North Carolina Legislature to tax through passengers and through freight upon the railroads running through that State.

—The Hardware Board of Trade of New York, held their first annual dinner on Thursday evening of last week.—There are five hundred dealers in New York.

—A brutal omnibus driver at Philadelphia, tied a rope round the tongue of his horse, because the animal would not move, and tore off about five inches of it.

—Colonel William H. C. Hosmer has been invited to pronounce an eulogy on the Baron Steuben, before the military of Brooklyn, at the close of this month.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the City of Baltimore.

THE City of Baltimore arrived at New York on the 13th inst.—left Liverpool on the 28th ult. The news is four days later that the previous advices. It is reported that on the British taking Bushire, which they did after twelve hours bombardment, the Persians submitted to the demands of their opponents. The English papers, however, do not credit it.

The Daily News says:—We learn from good authority that a telegraph message from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, was received at the Board of Control to the effect that the Shah has accepted the terms of peace offered by England. Not on account of the fall of Bushire, but on general grounds.

Great doubt is thrown over the recent news of the burning of the factories in Canton, and later intelligence from China anxiously looked for.

Rumors of modifications in the composition of the British Cabinet continued to be promulgated.

Fersk, the Persian Ambassador, had an interview with Napoleon. The reply of the latter was non-commital.

The Emperor of Austria had granted complete amnesty for the Lombard Venetian provinces.

The Conference at Constantinople, respecting the principalities, had ended, and the Austrian troops were to be replaced by Turkish soldiers.

The papers record the death of Judge Barron Alderson.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS, Jan. 27.—Notwithstanding very dull report from Mark Lane yesterday, we had at to-day's market good attendance. Buyers in wheat firm. A fair consumptive business was done, but we cannot alter quotations, which remains as on Friday.

Flour—In the absence of sales, quotations continue nominal.

Indian meal—Mixed western held 33s6d per quarter, in store, without finding buyers. We quote wheat, red, 8@9s; white, 9s3d@10.

Flour—Extra Ohio, 34@35s; Western, 31s@6d.

Pork—No change.

Lard again scarce on the spot, and 6s@9s have been paid for a small quantity. There are still buyers for future delivery at 6@9s.

Arrival of the Europa.

THE steamer Europa arrived at Boston, February, 15th.

The papers contain nothing of interest to add to the Halifax despatches.

A private letter from Hong Kong, dated December 15th, says:

"The United States ship Levant is near the factories; the San Jacinto flag-ship at Wampoa, and the Portsmouth at Hong Kong from Shanghai.—The officers and men had exhibited the greatest gallantry and skill in in their attacks on the barrier forts, and while on guard duty at Canton. None of the officers of the squadron were wounded."

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the George Law.

THE George Law, from Aspinwall, February 3, arrived at New York, on the 13th inst. She brings San Francisco dates, to the 20th ult., and $1,100,000 in specie. She connected with the Golden Gate, which brought down to Panama upwards of a million and a half of dollars.

Messrs. Broderick and Gwin, Senators elect from California, are among the passengers.

The steamer Sierra Nevada arrived at Panama on the 21st, and departed two days after for San Francisco.

The Captain of the Sierra Nevada reports that he saw Gen. Walker at Rivas, on the 17th ultimo, and that the Allies had not taken Virgin Bay as reported by the British steamer at Greytown, nor had they made an attempt upon San Juan del Sur. Gen. Walker had an effective force of 1,200 men, and is strongly fortified at Rivas, where he has a foundry for casting balls. The Nicaragua route is to be taken up. Walker had not heard of the capture of his steamers up to the 17th instant, but suspected something wrong.

The revolution in Peru is progressing. The insurgents were drawing gradually nearer the Capital. An insurgent fleet entered the harbor of Calao on the 31st of December, and had a slight skirmish with the forts and the government steamer, in which several foreign vessels, including an American barque, were injured.

The English steamer Tribune, and a French frigate interfered for the protection of foreigners, when the insurgents hauled off, leaving only the steamer Epurimac anchored in the harbor. A French sympathizer with the insurgents was arrested, having in his possession important papers, and intercepted letters from Gen. Bivanco, to his wife, which are said to implicate the British and American Ministers in the revolution. The revolutionists had taken possession of the Chincus Islands.

The English mail-steamer Bolivia from Panama, was boarded on the 10th of January, off Calao, by the revolutionary steamer Toombs, and an attempt was made to take her mails.

Another unsuccessful attempt at a revolution had been made in Bolivia.

The news from California is not very important. The Governor's Message to the Legislature recommends the passage of an act to legalize the State debt. A bill was introduced for that purpose.

Several shocks of an earthquake had been felt throughout the State. Buildings were shattered in Los Angelos and Santa Barbara.

The Gandura party attacked the Government troops at Sonora, but were repulsed with the loss of 18 men.

A force was being raised at San Francisco for a fillibuster expedition to Sonora.

The State Treasurer had deposited money in the Pacific Express Company for the payment of the State interest in July, but the Attorney General obtained an injunction, restraining the payment.

BREADSTUFFS, LUMBER AND COAL ON THE CANALS.—The State Auditor, in his report on the trade, tolls and tonnage of the canals, makes the following statement:

In flour and wheat comprised in the returns of vegetable food, there has been an increase on tonnage the past year of 112,537 tons, and an increase in tolls of $160,694. In corn and oats there has been an increase during the same period of 38,669 tons, and an increase in tools of $7,691.

Under the head of "Produces of the Forest," there was an increase in tonnage upon shingles, boards and scantling, as compared with 1855, of 32,163 tons, and a decreased tonnage upon timber, staves and wood, of 97,705 tons, and an increase in pot and pearl ashes, of 9,615 tons.

Under the head of "Other Articles," there was an increase in the tonnage of mineral coal for the same period, of 77,568 tons, and an increase in sundries of 16,323 tons.

FROM THE PLAINS.—We have additional advices from the Plains. The mail reached Independence 3rd Jan., after a detention of eight days by terrible storms and intensely cold weather. The outward train was compelled to return. A large party of Kions Indians have gone to attack Bent's Fort, and troops had been sent to protect it. The party sent in search of Dodge, the Indian Agent, had returned unsuccessful. The Indians report him killed.

TREATY WITH THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* gives the leading features of the treaty between the United States and the Sandwich Islands, which is before the Senate. It is understood that by its provisions, lumber, coal, fish, and flour, and other articles of minor importance, the same being the growth or produce of the United States, are to be admitted into all ports of the Sandwich Islands free of duty. The important articles to be received into our ports free of duty, are the growth or produce of the Islands, such as sugar, molasses, and wool, but at present the importation is very small. It is said that some portion of the sugar produced there is of a very superior quality, and so is their coffee. The wool being much coarser, as it is in all tropical climates, cannot compete with our fine qualities in the least, but will rather promote their consumption.

SUFFERING AMONG MORMON EMIGRANTS.—A letter to the Baltimore *Sun* from Salt Lake City says:

"We have dreadful accounts of the sufferings among the Mormon emigrants by the hand-cart train which is now in the mountains. The train contained 350 souls; one-seventh are already dead, and they are dying at the rate of 15 per day.—There are some 600 more behind, of which we have heard nothing. It is impossible for them to get through this Fall. The Mormons estimated that there are not less than 1,500 of their brethren yet to come in, and the snow is reported to be not less than a foot deep in the mountains."

SCIENCE ON A CRUISE.—The N. Y. Sunday Atlas says that twenty students of William's College, under the direction of Professor Chadbourne, the naturalist of that institution, are about sailing from that port in the schooner Dewprop, on the 15th inst, on a scientific cruise in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea.

Financial Affairs.

MONEY MATTERS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

NEW YORK MONEY MARKET.—The money market, says *Thompson's Bank Note Reporter* of the 11th inst., is, upon the whole, more stringent than last week. The demand is greater, and means of accommodation somewhat lessened, consequently, requiring more *shinning* to bring about the desired object. On call, the rates are unchanged—7 per cent. being the ruling figure.—The bill brokers are using first class paper at 9@10 per cent., but every thing that don't come up to that standard is sold at a higher figure

There is some complaint at Boston of want of money, but paper is used, we see, at 9@11 per cent—while at Philadelphia higher rates are asked.

Sterling bills are firm at 8¾@8⅞ per cent. for first class drawers, while some commercial is drawn at 8¾ per cent. Francs quiet at 5,25@5,22½.

SPANISH COIN.—It is proposed by Congress to amend the bill relative to Spanish coin, so as to authorize the payment at the Mint, for two years to come, of the newly coined cents, in exchange for Spanish quarters, shillings and sixpences, at the full nominal rates of these several pieces. The Mint officers say that Spanish coins not clipped or punched are worth actually more than the American! Hence the amendments are to be made. It will be a great reform to get rid of the Spanish coin, but it should be done with the least possible inconvenience and loss to community.

The Washington *Union* gives the following as the average value of the worn Spanish coin at the United States Mint in Philadelphia: Quarters, 23½ cents; eights or levies, 10 9-10 cents; six-tenths or fips, 5¼ cents.

FOREIGN IMPORTATIONS.—But five weeks have passed, and the excess over the same period last year is about seven millions of dollars; and it is but fair to conclude, that had it not been for the extreme unfavorable weather of two or three weeks past, which has kept back arrivals, it would have been much larger—while our exports have been about a million over those of the corresponding time last year. It is to be expected that our importations of foreign fabrics will annually increase with our growth, and without causing any alarm for the future. Our surplus productions find a ready market in Europe, nearly equal to the value of our importations, to which may be added our gold yield from California. Another important item in connection with our trade with England is, our public securities, which are being appreciated by the capitalists there, and eagerly sought after, affording a convenient substitute for gold for settling balances. The imports of dry goods are very large for the week, we think larger than ever before, being $1,155,018, against $825,459 same week last year.

MERCANTILE FAILURES.—Of the 708 failures in this State, only thirty-one are characterized as "swindling," from which it would appear that the others were unavoidable, or at least involved no question of the integrity of the failing parties. This fact is honorable to the character of our mercantile community and widely different from the general supposition as to the nature of our commercial community.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.—5s on the Bank of Salem, N. Y., altered Vig. train of cars; Webster on the right.

5s on the Union Bank, Boston, Mass., altered; Vig. manufacturers; Lafayette on the right; Washington on the left.

5s on the Genesseta Bank, N. Y., raised from 1s; Vig. Indian hunting deer.

5s on the Tiverton Bank, R. I., raised from 1s; Vig. oxen drawing a load of hay.

10s on the Exchange Bank, Providence, R. I.; Vig. Indian on horseback hunting buffaloes.

10s on the Yates Co. Bank, N. Y., altered; Vig. a cherub writing on a rock; female on the right end.

10s on the Commercial Bank, Perth Amboy, N. J., altered; Vig. female seated; 10 each side.

20s on the Shetucket Bank, Ct., raised from 1s; Vig. milkmaid and cows.

20s on the Chattanoga Bank, Tenn., raised from 1s; Vig. portrait of Calhoun.

20s on the Commercial Bank, Providence, R. I., altered from 1s of Commercial Bank, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Vig. horses and goats at a well, &c.—*Thompson's Reporter.*

NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.—The Albany *Journal* says the following is a comparative statement of earnings of the N. Y. Central Railroad during the month of January 1856–57:

1857	$462,262 14
1856	447,103 30
Increase	15,157 84

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, Feb. 19, 1857.

TRANSACTIONS of all kinds are very limited and confined to small parcels to retail trade. The late freshets and present state of the roads are nearly an effectual embargo upon trade of all kinds.

FLOUR AND GRAIN—We hear of no transactions of note, and prices are without change, though flour is firmer.

PROVISIONS—Market rather lightly supplied, and prices firm—vegetables are not prime but command quick sales.

SEEDS—The demand for Clover is limited, with a good supply from the surrounding country. Prices are unsettled, and are liable to change every day according to supply and demand.—Timothy not abundant, but firm.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.			
Flour, bbl	$6,25@7,50	Honey, box	$18
Wheat, Gen	$1,50@1,53	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Best white Canada	$1,50@1,53	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Corn	60@62½c	Apples, bushel	75c@$1,50
Oats	37½@40c	Do. dried	$1,50@2,00
Barley	1,05@1,12½	Potatoes	56@62½c
Buckwheat	50c	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Beans	$1,00@1,50	Slaughter	7½@8c
Peas	1,00@1,25	Calf	12c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	75c@1,13
Pork, Mess	$20,00	Lamb do	00@00c
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	**SEEDS.**	
Beef, per cwt	$5,00@6,00	Clover, bushel	$6,50@6,75
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75	Timothy	$2,50@3,00
Mutton (carcass)	$4,50@5,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Hams, smoked	12@12½c	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Shoulders	8@8½c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Chickens	8@9c	Coal, Lehigh	$8@8,25
Turkeys	9@10c	Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Geese	50c	Do. Blossburg	$5,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
Butter, roll	20@22c	Do. Char	10@12½c
Do. firkin	18@20c	Salt, bbl	$1,88
Cheese	8½@9½c	Hay, ton	$9@14
Lard, tried	12½@13c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Tallow	11@11½c	White fish, bbl	$9@10
Eggs, dozen	20@21c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$4,75@5,00
		Trout, bbl	$9

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 16.—FLOUR—Opened buoyant but closed dull and drooping. Sales at $6,15@6,50 for common to choice super State; $6,60@6,75 for extra do; $6,40@6,55 for super Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Ohio; $6,65@7,00 for extra Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, &c.; $6,10@6,50 for St. Louis; $7,20@8,50 extra Genesee. Canada unchanged; sales at $6,50 for super, and $6,75@7,62 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and prices tend to favor the buyer. Sales Chicago spring at 140c. Rye steady at 90@95c for common to prime. Barley scarce and wanted at 108@132c. Barley malt in brisk demand at 140@145c. Corn unchanged and demand not active; sales mixed Western at 71@73c in store and delivered.—Oats steady at 50@52c for State, and 52@54c for western.

PROVISIONS—Pork firmer. Sales at $17,50@$18 for prime; $20,45@20,50 old mess; $21,50 new mess. Dressed hogs dull at 9¾@9½c. Lard buoyant; sales at 13¾@13¾c. Butter in steady demand at 16@22c for Ohio, and 20@27c for State. Cheese scarce and in demand at 11½@12½c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB 11 — BEEVES—First quality 11½@12c; medium 10@11½c; poorest 9@9½c; preminm 12½@13½c.—Average price 1c higher than last week.

MILCH COWS WITH CALVES—Prices unchanged. Common $30@35; good $40@50; extra $60@70.

VEAL CALVES—Demand active and supply increasing. Sales at 7@8c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extras $7,50@8,75. Lambs $3@6,50.

SWINE—Hogs scarce and prices consequently advancing.—Sales at 7½@7¾c ℔ lb. Dressed 9½@9¾c.

CAMBRIDGE, FEB. 11.—At market 465 Cattle, mostly Beeves and Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,50; first quality, $8,00; second quality, $7,00@7,50; third quality, $6,00@6,50; ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—None.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40@55.

YEARLINGS—None. Two Years Old—$30@35. Three Years Old—$37@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1500 at market. Prices—In lots, $3,00, 3,50, 4,25@5,00; extra and selections, $6, 7,50@10.

SWINE—100 at market. Prices—Live weight, 5½ cents per lbs. Dressed hogs, 10½@11c per lb. Shoats, 8½c; retail 9½@10c

HIDES—7¾@8½c. ℔ lb. Tallow—3@8½c.

CALF SKINS—12@14c ℔ lb. Pelts—$1,25@1,50.

BRIGHTON, FEB. 12.—At market 985 Beeves, 95 Stores, 4 pairs Working Oxen, 29 Cows and Calves, 1,500 Sheep and Lambs, 000 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,50; first quality, $8,00; second quality, $7,00; third quality, $5,25; ordinary $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—None.

COWS AND CALVES—$27, 35@40.

YEARLINGS—None. Two Years Old—$31@35. Three Years Old—$38@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $6@9; in lots $3@5.

SWINE—None.

HIDES—7¼@8½c. ℔ lb. Calf Skins 13@14c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,25@1,50 each. Tallow—8@8½c. ℔ lb.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 11.—The N. Y. *Tribune* says: The market continues quiet for most descriptions of Domestic Fleece and Pulled Wool, owing chiefly to the extreme prices current, which deter manufacturers from purchasing beyond their most urgent wants; the extremely cold weather prevalent, rendering communication with the East almost impossible, also retards business very materially; the sales of Fleece and Pulled Wool do not aggregate over 40,000 lbs. in lots at 55@65c for superfine and extra Fleece, and 47@50c for superfine and choice Pulled. Foreign is in very light stock, and with a fair inquiry prices are very firm; sales of 45 bales Cordova at 30c, and 20,000 lbs. Valparaiso at private terms. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ℔ lb	56@67
American Full-blood Merino	52@57
American ½ and ¾ Merino	45@53
American Native and ⅓ do	42@48
Pulled Wool, extra Country	52@55
Pulled Wool, super	40@43
Pulled Wool, No. 1	33@34
California Fine, Unwashed	25@45
Do. Com. Unwashed	18@23
Peruvian, Washed	32@37
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@29
South American, Com. Washed	15@22
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	17@24
South American Unwashed	11@14
South American, Cordova, Washed	26@29
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	9@18
African, Washed	18@30
Smyrna, Unwashed	14@17
Smyrna, Washed	28@30
Mexican, Unwashed	12@16

BOSTON, FEB. 11.—Fleece and pulled Wool continues very scarce and firm, with sales of 80,000 lbs at full prices. The tendency of the market is still upward, on account of the light stock. In foreign there have been sales of 450 bales Smyrna and other Mediterranean kinds, and 25,000 lbs Peruvian, at full prices:

Prime Saxony Fleece, washed, ℔ lb, 60@65; Full Blood Merino, 55@60; Three-quarter do., 48@52; Half do., 45@48; Common, 37@43; Superfine, 43@47; Pulled Extra, 47@55; Do. No. 1, 37@43; Do. No. 2, 22@35; Smyrna Washed, 22@32.

MARRIAGES.

IN Brighton, Feb. 5th, by Rev. S. W. Streeter, Mr. FRANKLIN LEGGETT, of Henrietta, and Miss SUSAN M. CRITTENDEN, of the former place.

IN Castile, Jan. 28th, by Rev. E. W. Bliss, Mr. JOHN BROWN, of Gainesville, and Miss BETSEY A. NORTON, of the former place.

Also, Feb. 12, by the same, Mr. THOMAS BUCKHOUT and Miss MARGARET A. GRAY, both of Castile.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance.* Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World,—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR BUY A FARM, ADDRESS JAMES SULLY, Buffalo, N. Y. See advertisement in No. 370 of *Rural*, Feb. 7th. 372tf

SHORT HORNS.—I SHALL OFFER AT PUBLIC AUCTION on Thursday, 5th March, the Short Horn cows Dandelion and Rosetta. See A. H. B. for pedigree. 372w3
Sennett, N. Y. JESSE PAGE.

SMALL FARM FOR SALE, CONTAINING FORTY-SIX acres, pleasantly located in Volney, near schools, churches, excellent markets and thoroughfares. Terms easy. For details, address G. W. THOMAS, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y. 372w2

SUPERIOR BLOOD STALLION FOR SALE—ATTESTED pedigree, Magnum Bonum Eclipse; age five years; weight 1,300 lbs. in condition; dark bay, without blemish; well formed, fleet and docile. For particulars, address
372w3 G. W. THOMAS, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.

FRUIT TREES AND SCIONS—I CAN FURNISH AT the Walworth Nursery, Wayne Co., N. Y., a choice lot of Peach trees at $35 per 1,000. Also a nice lot of Baldwin, Greening and Northern Spy scions at $1 50 per 1,000. Also a usual stock of other trees and Quince stocks.
372w1 T. G. YEOMANS.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE!

JUST RECEIVED AT "HALLOCK'S AGRICULTURAL Warehouse and Seed Store," a limited supply of *Chinese Sugar Cane Seed*, which will be sold, in small quantities, to those who may apply soon, by mail or otherwise. Circulars containing information in regard to Culture, will be furnished to purchasers. Address
272 R. D. HALLOCK, 102 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

FRUIT TREES, FRUIT TREES.

WE OFFER FOR THE SPRING SALES
APPLE TREES 5 to 7 feet.
CHERRY " 2 years from bud, very thrifty.
PEACH " 1 " " " over 30 of the best varieties, very cheap.
PEAR TREES, Standard and Dwarf, Grape vines, &c., with a general assortment of the smaller fruits.
Orders solicited, PRATT, BRONSON & MERRELL.
Geneva, Ontario Co., N. Y. 372w4

HAY AND CATTLE SCALES.

GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES IN THESE "STAND-ard Scales" are now within the reach of every Farmer.—For $100 we will furnish a 3 ton scale, platform, 7 by 12 feet. Every scale is *sealed* by the *U. S. Standard* weights, and *warranted.* A full description will be sent to any part of the country, free of postage, upon application.
372-1amtf DURYEE & FORSYTH, Manufacturing Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KETCHUM'S MOWER.

AND MOWER AND REAPER FOR 1857, WITH PLATform for either side or back delivery of the grain. Various improvements have been made, and machines warranted superior to any heretofore built. Any information wanted in regard to them, or persons wishing to interest themselves in their sale, will please address R. L. HOWARD,
372w4 Successor to Howard & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

OWASCO LAKE NURSERIES, AUBURN, N. Y.,

H. COLLINS, PROPRIETOR, INVITES THE ATTENTION of those who intend to plant trees next spring, to his collection of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c.—Among them are Apple trees, large and fine, Peach, Pear, Cherry, Plum, Grape, Currant, Gooseberry, Strawberry, Raspberry and the celebrated LAWTON BLACKBERRY.

In the Ornamental Department will be found a great variety of native and foreign trees, both deciduous and evergreen. Call and see. The Proprietor's residence is two miles from Auburn, on the Owasco Plank Road. [Auburn, Feb. 9, 1857.

FRUIT TREES, EVERGREENS, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBERS OFFER FOR SPRING TRADE AT the lowest prices:
10,000 Peach trees 1 year, stocky and fine.
5,000 Apricot " 1 year. " "
5,000 Horse Chestnut Seedlings.
10,000 Sugar Maple "
5,000 Orange Quince, "
Also, a fine stock of American Arbor Vitæ, 1 to 3 feet.
Norway Spruce, 1 " 3 "
Balsam Fir, 1 " 4 "
372w4 T. C. MAXWELL & BRO.
Genova, Ontario Co., N. Y., Feb. 10, 1857.

GAMES FOR INSTRUCTION!

CALKINS' GAMES AT WORDS, FOR HOME AMUSEment, Teaching, Spelling, Reading, the Meaning and Use of Words, and Composition. These games are played by means of letters, printed on thick pasteboard, and neatly polished. A set comprises 250, including capitals, small letters and punctuation marks. These are put up in a strong box, and accompanied with a book of directions.

"This instructive diversion will be welcomed in many families. It will teach the younger children the use of letters, or the art of word-making, and amuse the older ones by taxing their ingenuity in framing sentences."—*Independent.*

Price $1, on the receipt of which the "Games" will be sent by mail, postage paid. Published by
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372w2 West Bloomfield, Ontario Co., N. Y., Feb. 14, 1857.

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PURE SEED. THE SUBSCRIBER HEREBY INFORMS the Planters, Farmers and Gardeners of the United States, that he has obtained from R. PETERS, Esq., of this city, the control of his crop of Seed of this valuable plant, some of the properties of which may be briefly summed up as follows:

1st. One acre of the stalks, properly cultivated, will yield from 100 to 500 gallons of fine Syrup, equal to the best New Orleans; and from the same roots, a *second crop* of excellent fodder.

2d. Sown broadcast or in close drills, on land deeply plowed or highly manured, it will yield *thirty* to *fifty thousand pounds* of superior fodder to the acre.

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SULPHATE OF LIME	70.92
Carbonate of Lime	4.45
Carbonate of Magnesia	1.50
Alumina	2.46
Silica	1.84
Protoxide of Iron	21
Water	18.33
Loss	29
	100.00

JAMES R. CHILTON, M. D., Chemist.
New York, March 19, 1854.

ONONDAGA PLASTER.

SULPHATE OF LIME	63.20
Sulphuric of Lime	1.01
Carbonate of Lime	6.30
Carbonate of Magnesia	1.60
Alumina	2.80
Silica	2.46
Water	22.10
Loss	24
	100.00

CAYUGA PLASTER.

SULPHATE OF LIME	50.40
Sulphuret of Lime	2.00
Carbonate of Lime	18.00
Carbonate of Magnesia	3.80
Alumina	4.00
Silica	4.40
Protoxide of Iron	32
Water	16.50
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JAMES R. CHILTON, M. D., Chemist.
New York, April 2, 1852.

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Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

HUSHED AND SWEET.

BY W. E. KNOWLES.

THERE'S a melody, more than the tongue can express,
When the murmuring zephyr sings sweetly and low,
And the islands of verdure, of lovellest dress,
Wake the echo again in the valley below.
All the night, while the word sleeps, the nightingale sways
To the murmuring music that rivals her own,
And sends, in the moments of silence, her lays
Through the echoing valley, in answering tone.

In the lull of the hour 'tis a pleasure to hear
Such a mellow succession of agreeable strains,
And dream on through the night till the morning is near,
And the heart is replete with the sound that remains.
With the sound that continues to vibrate, though light
May stream over in floods from the gates of the morn,
And awaken the vale from the slumber of night,
To the routine of pleasure, or sorrow forlorn.

And the sense of the sweetness will hasten the day,
Lessen care and anxiety better than wine;
And leave, when the echoes are dying away,
Such a lingering pleasure that seems most divine.
All around us a halo of happiness springs,
And the moments are freighted with diamonds yet,
And the present, still golden, and hopeful, still brings
A sweet flush of emotions we never forget.

SONG FOR THINKERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

TAKE the Spade of Perseverance,
Dig the field of Progress wide;
Every rotten root of Faction
Carry out and cast aside;
Every stubborn weed of Error,
Every seed that hurts the soil,
Tares, whose very growth is terror—
Dig them out, whate'er the toil!

Give the stream of Education
Broader channel, bolder force;
Hurl the stones of Persecution
Out where'er they block its course;
Seek for strength in self-exertion;
Work, and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gate to fortune;
Make the road to honor straight!

Men are agents for the future!
As they work, so ages win
Either harvest of advancement,
Or the products of their sin!
Follow out true Cultivation,
Widen Education's plan;
From the Majesty of Nature
Teach the Majesty of MAN!

Take the Spade of Perseverance,
Dig the field of Progress wide;
Every bar to true instruction
Carry out and cast aside;
Feed the Plant whose Fruit is Wisdom;
Cleanse from Crime the common Sod;
So that from the Throne of Heaven
It may bear the glance of God.

Life's Lessons.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY CITY COUSINS.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

[Concluded from page 60, last No.]

ON this occasion, as was quite natural, the "country cousin" was in the way, but for reasons best known to themselves, they concealed their vexation at my presence as well as they could. It is true that PHENIE and THEO. drilled me for more than an hour upon the proper way of entering and leaving a room, while I was duly informed that girls of my age must never speak in the parlor unless spoken to, and that when visitors were announced I must always withdraw. Of course I was curious to see a lady who was of so much importance, and when about five o'clock the carriage which had been sent to the depot for them returned, I stole unnoticed into the parlor, and seating myself in a corner, anxiously awaited her entrance. But she went immediately to her room, followed by Cousin EDWARD, whom I had once seen, and whom I remembered as a red-faced young man, with a very loud voice and coarse laugh, the latter of which greeted my ear as he passed the door. There seemed to be quite a consultation in the chamber above, and after a time I heard my aunt say, as she started to come down, "That's the very thing;—she'll like it, I know. JENNY, dear," she continued, as she entered the room, "MARY's nurse, the hateful thing, left her in a mad fit on her way here, and there is nobody to take care of the baby. It is a sweet little thing.—Don't you believe you can keep it quiet while we eat supper?"

Through the open doors there came the savory smell of the turkey and oysters. I was half starved, comparatively speaking, and the "Ye-es, I don't know but I can," which dropped from my lips was not remarkably gracious. But it was unnoticed by my aunt, who replied, "That's a good girl.—Come right up now."

EDWARD was an impulsive, good-natured fellow, and he greeted me kindly, telling his wife, to whom he presented me, that "I was his cousin—right from the woods."

I felt my spirit rising up, but one look at the pale, angelic face and soft blue eyes which turned towards me, disarmed me of all my anger. She was beautiful, beyond what I had ever dreamed, but 'twas the beauty of decay, and spoke to the heart of the grass-grown grave on which the next summer's sun would shine. The turkey and oysters were all forgotten, and when she placed her baby in my arms and asked me, oh so gently, to "handle him carefully," I felt that I could sit there the live-long night, if it would please her. WILLIE, the baby, was a healthy, active child, and in amusing him, I soon forgot all else until the noise below announced that supper, or dinner as they termed it, was over, and then glancing at the curiously-shaped clock on the mantel I saw that it was after seven. "Would they ever come up to relieve me?" and "had they eaten up all the oysters?" were questions which I now began to ask myself, and which ere long were answered, the first by the appearance of DRUSA, who took WILLIE, telling me to go to my supper, and the second by a hasty glance at the table, from which the tureen had disappeared, as indeed had almost everything else.—The oysters were all gone!—"eaten up," my aunt said, "except a saucer full, which were saved for old PATTY, the cook, who would be cross as fury if she didn't get some."

I was terribly disappointed, but tried to console myself with the wing and back of the turkey, neither of which are my favorites. When my supper was over I plead sleepiness and crept off to bed, in spite of my aunt's remark that "I kept the baby so much more quiet than that hateful DRUSA, who she 'most knew had pricked him to make him cry."

Of the next day's events, and Aunt HARDING's successful manœuvre to install me head nurse, thereby keeping me from church, I shall say nothing, but pass on to the Monday following, when, with the severest headache I ever experienced, I lay down on the sofa in Cousin MARY's room, while with her own soft, white hands she bathed my throbbing temples until I fell asleep.—When I awoke she was gone to ride, while at one end of the room were convened my aunt and cousins, discussing a party which they intended giving on Thursday evening. At first I thought to let them know I was awake, but thinking they would not regard my presence, I kept still and unwittingly became the possessor of some of the secrets of party-making, which perhaps will amuse my readers.

"Sometimes I think we had better give it up entirely—your father seems so blue," said my aunt, with a slight shade of anxiety on her face.

"Pshaw!" answered THEO., with a contemptuous toss of her handsome curls; "that's nothing. He always acts just so."

"But," continued my aunt, "I know he is seriously embarrassed. There's that heavy debt at New York got to be paid next week, and he don't know where he'll get the money."

"Why, I thought *Uncle* Jo. was going to let him have it," said PHENIE.

Here I was all attention, while my aunt replied: "And possibly he will, provided there is a good report carried home," (glancing at me,) "but even that will have to be paid sometime. We already owe him four or five thousand."

"Oh, well," returned PHENIE heartlessly; "he'll wait ever so long. We'll coax them up next summer by giving his girls some of our old things,—and—" (here she lowered her voice) "and if necessary, we'll dress her up and let her stay in the parlor Thursday night."

"Horror!" was THEO.'s exclamation. "A country girl of twelve at a fashionable party. What *would* Mrs. UPPISH say? And besides that, I don't want HENRY FULTON to know we have any relatives at Meadow Brook, for somehow he's got the idea that we have a country seat there."

"And pray why shouldn't he have such an idea, when you always talk so largely about 'our summer house,'" interrupted the more truthful PHENIE.

THEO. colored and continued, "I think the end warrants the means. You know old Mr. FULTON is very particular that his son should marry wealthy, and though HENRY don't care a fig for it himself, he still will try to please his father in that respect. Now I'm certain he thinks pa a great deal richer than he is, and its for my interest that he should continue to think so, at least until I get him fast. He has almost proposed once or twice, and I am in hopes this party will decide him. But for conscience' sake don't let JENNY appear. He always talks to those who seem neglected, and she may let out some things we do not wish him to know."

"But your father insists upon it," said my aunt. "He says we have slighted her too much already, and he greatly fears lest she tell your uncle, who will surely resent it and refuse to let me have money in our need. So, which will be the worse for your prospects, allowing her to appear, or failing outright, as we shall have to do, unless we get help."

Of course THEO. preferred the first alternative, stipulating that if I did appear I should be dressed decently, and also be made to understand that I was not to speak a word, especially to Mr. FULTON, and here the conference ended.

All this time I lay like one benumbed, and I hardly think I could have spoken, had I wished, but I did not. I was too much astonished—too indignant to speak. On one point, however, I was determined, which was that if *I* could prevent it, not another penny of my father's hard-earned gains should go for the support of a family so utterly unworthy. The better to effect this, I resolved to appear wholly ignorant of their plans, and to do as they bade me, and when my father came I would see him alone and tell him all. So the next day when THEO., who was not much taller than myself, took me to her room, bidding me try on several dresses, which lay upon the bed, I passively complied, donning one after another, until I came to a handsome white muslin, which she declared "just the thing," asking me if I ever attended a large party.

Actuated by a feeling I could not resist, I replied that "I had been to a big *apple paring* where there were as many as *fifty!* Will there be more than that here?" I asked very demurely.

"Fifty!" she repeated. "We've invited four hundred!"

This I knew as well as she, for I had heard the matter discussed, and I knew, too, that out of the four hundred there was not one (if we except HENRY FULTON) for whom they had the least real regard. Some, whom they pronounced "ugly as sin," were invited because they dressed so elegantly. Others, who were "poor as poverty," (I quote from their own words) were invited because they were *funny* and "made things go off well." Others, too, who were voted "intolerable bores," were invited because they were "well connected, and it wouldn't do to slight them," while two or three families, who were "decidedly not of *our set*," were invited for the same reason that *I* was tolerated, viz., "My uncle had borrowed and still wished to borrow money of them." So they were put upon the list, PHENIE saying, "Of course they wouldn't come," and THEO. affirming that "they'd be the very first ones there!"—and she was right, too.

All this I knew, I say, but I feigned ignorance, expressing my wonder at so great a crowd, and my satisfaction that I was to be permitted to mingle in it. Then followed a host of directions as to the manner in which I was to demean myself, to all of which I promised compliance, and then, for the time between that and Thursday, I was left mostly to myself, my aunt and cousins being busied with their arrangements for the party, the probable expense of which they footed up every night, my poor uncle groaning bitterly, as many a father of foolish and extravagant daughters has done and will do again. In my heart I pitied him, and whenever I looked at his pale, haggard face, I felt my resolution fast giving way. Suppose I kept my own secret and suffered my father to lend him what he wanted, could it do any harm? He would surely manage some way to repay it, and we should not suffer.

Thus I reasoned, while the days flew on until at last Thursday night came, and with a flush of satisfaction, I gazed at myself in the long mirror after my aunt and cousins had done their best to make me presentable. THEO.'s muslin dress, which consisted of little else than a skirt, the waist and sleeves being hardly perceptible, had been fixed for me, my hair had been twisted into long curls by a hot iron, Cousin MARY's gold necklace was around my neck,—they all ridiculing the idea of grandma's necklace which I proposed wearing,—PHENIE's plain gold bracelet was around my arm, a thin gossamer fabric, which Aunt HARDING said was a handkerchief, and which she bade me hold so that the *hole* in it wouldn't show, was in my hand, and, on the whole, I think I looked pretty well—yes, quite well, considering that I never was distinguished for any remarkable share of beauty.

Between eight and nine the guests began to assemble, and by ten they were all there, including Mrs. UPPISH, who was the last arrival, and who, as I supposed, proved to be the lady I had seen in the street. She was very large and, as I thought, quite coarse and awkward, laughing and talking very loud and making a great many speeches, which in any one else would have been termed rough, but which in her—Mrs. UPPISH—were said to be witty and original. But not in her was I particularly interested, for among the crowd I caught a sight of the gentleman, who had seen me home, and who to my astonishment I found was the Mr. FULTON, about whom THEO. had talked so much. I did not wonder that she liked him, and once, when they stood together, I thought I had never seen a finer looking couple, for she was beautiful, while he seemed noble, intellectual and good. They were standing very near to the corner where I sat alone, and I heard a part of their conversation.

Something he said to her concerning the "young Miss whom he found crying in the street," whereupon THEO. turned scarlet and replied quickly:—"Oh, yes, an acquaintance we picked up in Meadow Brook. She is somewhat countrified, but a niceish kind of girl. Didn't you think so?"

Bending his full, dark eyes upon her Mr. FULTON replied:

"Yes, I was quite interested in her, and I thought perhaps she might be a relative. I fancied there was a family resemblance?"

He paused for the answer, which was simply "A—ah," as she rather abruptly turned to address some one else. She did not deny our relationship in words, but she did in manner, and I felt sure that he saw no difference. There was a look of pain on his fine features, and for some time he seemed lost in thought. At last, turning around, he came suddenly upon me, recognizing me at once, and extending his hand.

"So you are at your uncle's yet?" he said, adding, ere I could answer him, "I think you said Col. HARDING was your uncle?"

"Yes, sir; my father's brother," I returned.

The disappointed look deepened on his face, but he continued conversing with me easily and naturally until THEO. spied him out, and immediately joined us.

"I found *your cousin* all alone, and am as you see trying to entertain her," he said, fixing the same searching look upon her which I had before observed.

Farther evasion was useless, and with a deprecating glance at me, THEO. said, "Oh, yes—Cousin JENNY, Mr. FULTON. Come," turning to him, "let us go and hear Miss EVERTS sing;" but the loud, ringing tones which reached us, even above the din of the drawing-room, had no charms for him, and he did not move from the spot, while THEO., as if afraid of again leaving us alone, remained where she was until summoned away by her mother.

Later in the evening Mrs. UPPISH chanced to be near me, together with Mr. FULTON, when the former, catching a sight of me, asked who I was.

"A neice of Col. HARDING from Meadow Brook," answered Mr. FULTON, whereupon the lady returned in a low tone, "Oh, yes, I know. Her father, they say, lends money to the Colonel to help him support all this style:—poor man, I hope he'll get his pay,—but it's doubtful. Mr. UPPISH says the Colonel is liable to fail any day. I wonder at their giving this expensive party," and so saying the *particular friend* of my aunt led the way into the upper room, where she praised everything before the face of her hostess, and then at her back repeated to every fifth one her belief that "they couldn't hold up their heads much longer."

That night long after the guests were gone, I heard the ceaseless tread of my uncle as he paced through the deserted parlors, and when at a late hour next morning we met at the breakfast table, he looked as if years had passed over his head since last I saw him. My resolution was all gone;—if father could help him, I would not prevent it, but in this matter a wise Providence interfered.

[Continued on page 61, this No.]

DANGER OF EARLY EMINENCE.—The danger of early eminence has been extended by some even to the gifts of nature; and an opinion has long been conceived, that quickness of invention, accuracy of judgment, or extent of knowledge, appearing before the usual time, presage a short life. Even those who are less inclined to form general conclusions, from instances which by their own nature must be rare, have yet been inclined to prognosticate no suitable progress from the first sallies of rapid wits; but have observed, that after a short effort, they either loiter, or faint, or suffer themselves to be surpassed by the even and regular perseverance of slower understandings.

BY medicine the life may be prolonged, but death will seize the doctor too.

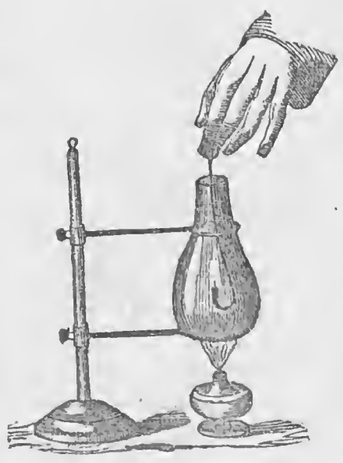
Youth's Corner.

FAMILIAR CHAPTERS ON CHEMISTRY.

OXYGEN.

IN our former chapter on the *Air we Breathe*, we spoke concerning the general uses and effects of the atmosphere, and now turn our attention to its component parts.

Though apparently pure and elementary, the air, is by no means, a simple or pure substance. It is composed of several different kinds of matter, each of which performs a beautiful and useful part in relation to animal and vegetable life. Four substances are known to be necessary to its composition. Two of these, Oxygen and Nitrogen, form nearly its entire bulk; the two others, Carbonic Acid and Watery Vapor, being present only in small quantities. JOHNSTON says:—"These four substances the air everywhere and always contains. They are all necessary to the daily wants of animal and vegetable life; but the two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, form so large a proportion of the whole, that we are accustomed to say of dry air, that it consists of nitrogen and oxygen only, in the ratio of four of the former to one of the latter. More correctly, however, air, when deprived of the watery vapor and carbonic acid which it contains, consists, in 100 gallons, of 79 of nitrogen mixed with 21 of oxygen."



Oxygen, like the atmosphere, is devoid of color, taste or smell. It can be easily prepared by mixing chlorate of potash with a little sand, powdered glass, or oxide of manganese, and heating the mixture in a flask over a spirit lamp, as seen in the engraving. When these melt the gas is given off, and will soon fill the flask. Its presence will be readily shown by introducing a candle, a bit of red-hot charcoal, or of kindled phosphorus, all of which will burn with much greater brilliancy and rapidity thus placed, than in common air. This gas may be properly termed *the great incendiary*—without it, neither light nor heat could be produced from coal, wood or other combustible substance. Did the atmosphere consist entirely of oxygen, bodies once in flames would burn so fast as to be absolutely beyond control. Animal life, too, would soon wear out in an atmosphere composed entirely of this gas. We would breathe it with pleasure—it excites and quickens circulation, but a fever would result, and death ensue, from the excess of excitement. We would live too rapidly—burn away in it like the fast-flaming candle. In its present condition it is one of the absolute necessities to the sustaining of life. Every breath we take into the lungs extracts a portion of it—it is taken up by the blood and becomes food for the system. We can obtain it from no other source, and new supplies are wanted at every moment.—From this fact arises the necessity of ventilation of our houses and public halls.

Prof. YOUMAN, in a learned lecture on this subject, said:—"What is the relation of oxygen to the living body? Every animal is busy drawing in and throwing out air—an increasing tidal ebb and flow. The oxygen of the air passes through the membranes of the lungs, is taken up by the blood, and carried to all parts of the body. It does here what it does everywhere—it burns. Slow combustion goes on in the body, and carbonic acid and water are produced. This combustion is necessary to keep up heat and fever, and the oxygen of the air must have carbon and hydrogen, in the form of food and drink, to feed upon. Cut off a man from everything but air, and the oxygen at every breath will cut away a portion of his own frame. The most combustible parts are first consumed; he grows lighter and more emaciated every hour.—First, the fat disappears, then the muscles are assailed, and lastly, the devouring giant, oxygen, attacks the brain and nerves, delirium ensues and death closes the scene. Men say he has starved to death, but the scientific truth is that he has been burned to cinders."

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

A MAN raised a certain number of bushels of apples and peaches. The whole number of bushels multiplied by the number of bushels of peaches, equals 4,650. The difference multiplied by the number of bushels of apples, equals 125. Required, the number of bushels each.

Oakland, Liv. Co., N. Y., 1857. C. L. CUDEBEC.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PUZZLE.

To the number of fifty just half an inch join,
Betwixt a hundred and fifty a cypher combine,
And half a denial annex to the same,
And you will discover a fine city's name.

Pittsford, Feb., 1857. A. A. H.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 371:—William Cullen Bryant.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem in No. 371:—33 1-5 days nearly.

Answer to Charade in No. 371:—Car-pet.

IF you wish to appear agreeable in society, you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

Wit and Humor.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A TALE OF WOE,

WHICH DESCRIBETH THE UNHAPPINESS OF THOSE DEPRIVED OF THEIR SENSES.

TWO DEACONS old, some years ago,
To meeting went, as I shall show;
The one purblind, the other deaf—
Good Deacon JONES and Deacon JEFF.

Now JONES the deaf, had vainly tried
Doctors and nostrums far and wide,
And when all failed to make him hear,
Lo a nice tin trumpet lent an ear.

The church was dark, and as he sat
On the front seat, beside his hat
His trumpet lay, all shining bright,
While the choir sang with all their might.

Good Deacon JEFF was seated next,
And much desired to find the text,
When, groping round to seek his book,
He on the trumpet cast a look.

Ah! here's a lamp, thought he, just right!
I'll blow a coal and have a light.
Alas! deaf mortals cannot know
What ill betides them here below.

Of breath and patience quite bereft,
Our Deacon soon the trumpet left;
It would not *light*, but full of *heat*,
Again it stood upon the seat.

JEFF sat him down with glowing cheek,
The parson coughed, then rose to speak;
Good JONES looked round as if perplexed—
Now was the time to *hear* the text.

"Lift up thine ear!"—up flew the tin,
When lo! in meeting what a din!
The people looked in wild amaze,
While Deacon JONES with ear *ablaze*,

Screamed and cried fire, and danced about
Not knowing what had caused the rout,
Till Parson WHITE in sore dismay
Begged them to take the man away.

Two friends met after a long absence—one had waxed fat, the other lean.

"Why," said the first, "you look as if you had not had a dinner since I saw you last."

"And you," replied the other, "look as if you had been at dinner ever since."

A MAN, whiskered up to the very eyes, was passing along the street, when a couple of jolly tars on a land cruise observed him. "Shiver my timbers, Jack," said one to the other, "that fellow looks like a rat peeping out of a bunch of oakum."

A CHAP who was caught in the water wheel of a grist mill, with no other damage than a slight ducking, says he means to apply for a pension on the ground that he is a *survivor of the revolution.*

THAT was a noble toast which Mr. Bogert offered at the St. Nicholas dinner:—"One people, one wife, one country, one destiny." Three cheers for that, and a tiger too!

ST. MARTIN is one of the worthies of the Roman Calendar, and a form of prayer commences with the words, "O, mihi, beate Martine," which was corrupted into "My eye and Betty Martin."

MISS TUCKER says it is with old bachelors as with old wool; it is hard to get them started, but when they do flame, they burn prodigiously.

IT is said that the first personage who wore hoops was Lady Saturn, one of the ladies in waiting upon the sun. High authority for fashion, that.

THE latest way to pop the question is to ask the fair lady "If you shall have the pleasure of seeing her at the minister's.

NEW DEFINITIONS.—Transported for life: married happily; imprisonment for life, married miserably.

MR. PUNCH suggests that the new water proof paper should be used for lining milk cans!

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

"ABOUT WHEAT AND CHESS."

THIS subject has not appeared in the RURAL for a good while, till these two or three weeks. To me it seems desirable that it should be excluded for several years at a time, because the discussion avails nothing. Your friends and patrons mean only good by introducing it, and your readers will give them all due credit for that. Why then exclude more "about Wheat and Chess?" Because the same views are ever exhibited on both sides.—Let us first hear the views of both parties.

The one relies upon the growth of chess in a wheat field where it ought not to be, unless it is *changed* wheat. The last clause is a mere begging of the question. For, seeds lie in the earth one year, five, ten, fifty years, and yet vegetate when cultivation of the soil puts them in the proper condition. Where is the proof that the seed of chess have not lain long in the ground?

But, we sow good wheat, and there springs up chess among it. True; but who knows the chess seeds were not already there? We cut down Pine forests, and there grow up Oak, and vice versa.

But, tho wheat grows well on the dry and most favorable ground, and on the low, chess, where the wheat is *winter-killed.* True; low and wet ground is the favorite soil of chess, for there it grows luxuriantly if the seed is there; but if the wheat is killed, whether summer or winter killed, how can it produce chess? Besides, I have seen wheat in lower grounds really killed by the winter, and no chess followed the killing of it; no chess sprung up. I supposed this was because there was no chess seed in these places. Besides, why is the opinion so common among the best farmers, that the purer is the seed wheat, the less chess is found among the crop?

These facts and reasonings are not satisfactory to the one side, nor the replies to the other, however much they ought to be. The debate goes on.

Look at the form of a head of wheat, and then of the chess; see how different. Wheat has a long dense spike, like that of Timothy grass, with little sessile spikelets of *five* flowers; while chess grows, in the manner of Oats, in a loose spreading panicle, the long diverging stems bearing two-ranked spikelets of *ten* flowers. Now these two forms depend upon the forces with which the Creator has endowed the plants, in the one case producing a long close head, and in the other, a diffuse panicle. Now the embryo plant is in the seed, and can be shown there, but it can scarcely be held that the embryo, whose forms will produce wheat, will also produce chess. The embryo must be altered to do this; the *sessile* part must become a *long stem*, and the *five* flowers in the little spikelet must become *ten* in the spikelet of the chess; and the *seed*, which in one case is *wheat*, must be changed into the poor miserable seed of chess.

To illustrate this; take a bean and a pea; swell each a little in water; split each lengthwise carefully, and there lies the embryo in full view; each embryo has root, stem, and leaves; and the leaves in the embryo of the bean have the form of the after leaves on the bean plant, and of the pea, those afterwards found on the pea. Now, for the bean to be changed into the pea, this embryo must be wholly changed, or you will have the leaves of the one on the other and vice versa, the pods, and seeds, &c.; and winter-killing is to make the change, even alter the very constitution of the plant. Who can believe this? Yes, who can believe so much as this.

Besides, you need not wait for the flowering of the plants to find the difference. As soon as the tip of the panicle of the chess or of the wheat head comes out of the sheathing leaf and even before, strip down the leaf carefully, and there you see the forms of the two—are wholly distinct and diverse, the spike and panicle. Indeed, you may detect the difference in this way, long before the flower appears.

Again; why does not chess turn back to wheat or sometimes produce wheat? No one pretends that it does. It is curious such supposed changes should be always for bad, and not for good, or the benefit of man.

The real fact doubtless, is, that plants are constituted to *bring forth fruit whose seed is in itself, after its kind.* It is not probable that this law is ever violated.

But, is there no possible proof of the change? Yes; let a stem of wheat grow with one of chess from the same root, or heads of chess on a wheat head. Either of these would be adequate proof, if no grafting or inoculating is possible in the case.

Of the first, some cases have been presented, but on examination the roots have been found to have no actual connection. Of the second, I have known three apparent instances, in which heads of chess hung by their proper stem from wheat heads as if they grew from the wheat. In these cases the chess stem had become entangled and made fast in the spikelets of wheat, but grew not to the wheat head or wheat stem. Two of these cases were examined and shown up by the editor of the RURAL; and the other I had the pleasure of detecting and clearly exhibiting to the gentlemen who presented it, all of whom were fully satisfied that the chess stem did not grow from or on the wheat.

The existence of a particular embryo in the seed of different plants seems to form a strong objection to the transmutation of wheat into chess, so great is the difference between the two plants in their inflorescence, in the shape of the seed, and in the matter produced in the seed. Add too, the consideration, that we have no knowledge of any reason why the cold of winter, or winter-killing, should or could operate such a transmutation, and all *we know* of plants is opposed to the belief of such operation. It certainly is a change more resembling miracle than any that is known to us.

February, 1857. C. D.

A VISIT TO THE BARON.

THE Col. took me into his sleigh after breakfast and drove about the village. He was one of the original proprietors of the land upon which it had grown up, and had lived there from the commencement. Numerous were the anecdotes of the people connected with its progress, and almost every corner had its peculiar history.

There is nothing better to stir the blood than an hour's ride behind a splendidly going team of horses over a fine snow road. And thus we spent an hour coursing about the streets of Corning, a town I had never before visited. It is much more of a place than I expected to find, and has one of the finest canal harbors in the State. The feeder to the Chemung canal commences on the bank of the river below the town, at which point a dam is erected that raises the water high enough to enter the canal. By this means a large, natural basin is created by the rise of the river for nearly or quite a mile in front of the village. The bank nearest the town is very substantially wharfed up, and furnishes ample means for loading canal boats with the coal or lumber which is brought hither by the river or railroads. Should the project to establish a large rolling mill at this point be carried out upon the scale at present intended, there will be a large addition to its inhabitants and wealth, as well as to its importance. No place in that region combines greater advantages for a large manufacturing town; few equal it.

The Col. and Mrs. B. had arranged the evening before that we should go out to the Baron's to dinner. It was scarcely 9 o'clock, when, placing us in a very snug sleigh, with an amplitude of buffalo robes, the Col. drove out of the village and took the road up the glen. I know, my dear reader, you are wondering who the Baron is—whether there is among us a live member of the aristocracy of England, or any other kingly land where the sovereign gives titles to those who have distinguished themselves fighting for their country, or sometimes, though rarely, who have conferred great good upon their fellow men by discoveries in the arts or sciences, or in the cultivation of the soil. It is well that these things should be done by the sovereign, for thereby others are stimulated to new exertions, and it were still better if these honors were more liberally bestowed upon those who, by their perseverance and energy, open up new sources of wealth by a more thorough and systematic cultivation of the land, peaceful and unobtrusive though the employment be. He who permanently improves the breeds of domestic animals, who subdues an uncongenial soil, and makes a barren waste to "blossom as the rose," who increases the productiveness of the country, or adds to the comforts and enjoyments of the people by the example he sets, is more worthy of a title of nobility than the war-worn veteran or the successful soldier or sailor. Yet in all times past, glorious renown has rarely come to those whose lives have been spent in the peaceful walks of life. The great world seldom takes off its hat to any but those who have come reeking before it in the red blood of the battle field, where

"Thousands fall to deck some single name."

Even in this land of universal sovereigns, those who attain the highest honors and best offices are not often taken from the farm or the workshop, albeit, men as capable and as trusty could be found therein. "Knowledge is power," and herein great injustice is done, both by the farmer and the mechanic, that they do not give to their children a higher and more extensive education than has hitherto been their custom. If we are to have farmers and mechanics for Governors and Presidents, we must give them an education commensurate with the position they are to occupy.

Our Baron is one of Nature's Noblemen, and has well merited the title for services rendered to his fellow men. He has fought many a battle, and so well has he managed that he has always been victorious. His early victories were followed by the extermination of his enemy, though he has not yet been able to entirely destroy their remains. It is true his victories have been bloodless, yet they have only been won by the most patient and persevering labor, which for days and weeks, nay for months and years, has wrung the sweat from his brow. If any man in any land is entitled to a patent of nobility, it is the one who, with no worldly wealth beyond his willing heart and stout hands, marches boldly into the forest and commences clearing it away to make room for rich fields of grain, and for flocks and herds and pleasant abodes for men enjoying the comforts and luxuries of civilization. Such a man is our Baron, and for this, and for the many, the very many things he has done, and is doing, for agricultural progress, I, being one of the sovereigns of this broad land, have given him his patent of nobility.

Perhaps, my dear friend, you would like to know his name. That is my secret. Besides if I were to tell you it I could not well say the things I have said, because I might infringe upon the laws of hospitality and the privacy of the domestic circle. I do not blame you for wanting to know the Baron, for, take him all in all, I do not believe there is his superior among all the farmers of the Union. There are few, very few, who cannot be instructed by him, and who would not be amply repaid for a visit to his farm in the season of active operation.

An English gentleman, who was traveling through the country last season, remarked to an acquaintance that he had seen no good farming in America. His friend advised him to go out of his way and make the Baron a visit. He did so, and so well was he pleased with what he saw and heard, that, after visiting the West, he came back the second time; and he acknowledged that he had learned lessons which he should put in practice when he got home—and that the information thus obtained would be of great service not only to himself but to the whole English farming public.

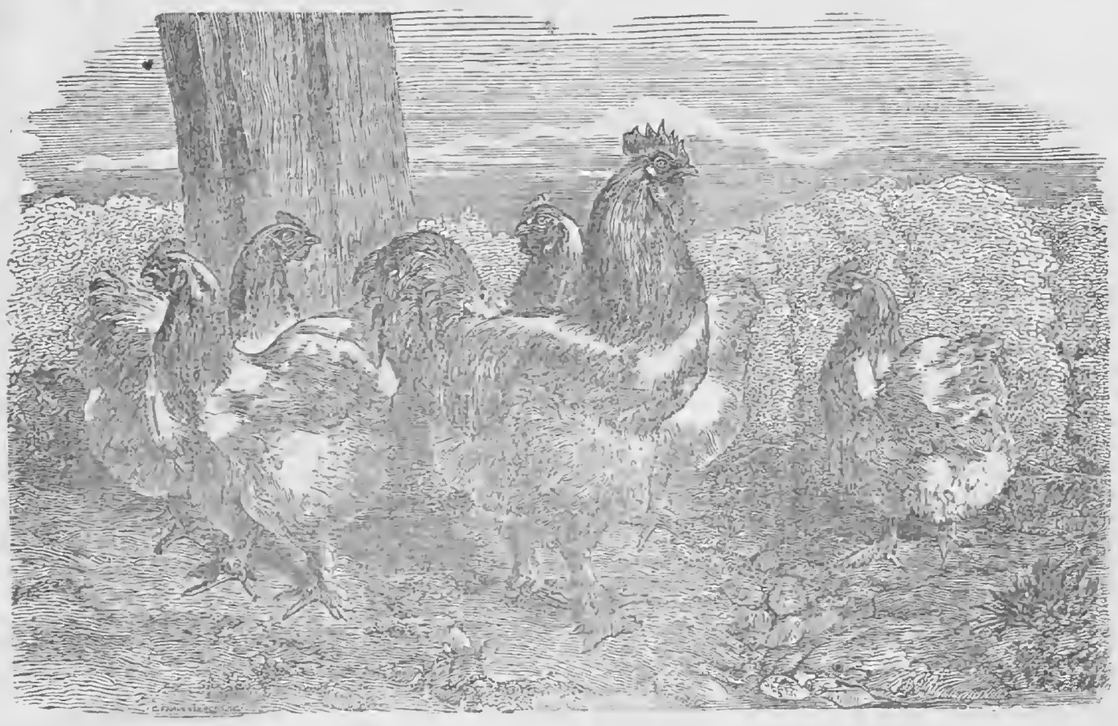
Our road followed for the most part a ravine, and was through or alongside of a forest. As we emerged from it, and came out upon the open, cleared-up fields, the Col. remarked—"Here we come upon his premises; he has hereabouts some four or five thousand acres of land. His home farm consists of nine hundred acres, and that and all the cleared land you see around us was a dense forest thirty years ago when he took possession of a modest little lot that has expanded from a single hundred acres into thousands." Few, except the early pioneers, have any adequate idea of the hard labor which must be performed in clearing up the forest—chopping down the trees, cutting them up, then drawing into heaps and burning, all requiring severe labor. Some of my pleasantest reminiscences are connected with the early settlement of the country; still I am not going to tell how, when a mere child, I was brought into the woods, and lived many years in a log house—how all around was a dense forest, which has long since been cleared away—how large old trees were growing upon the very spot where I am now writing—nor how I steadied the young apple trees in the hole while my father filled it up. Its an old orchard now, though I well remember wondering when holding the little stick if I should ever live to see apples upon it. It seemed a long way off then, but looking back upon it now the time seems short. Nor am I going to take up your time, my patient reader, by telling you what nice frolics the old people used to have in their one-room log houses, and how they used to go out to their visits with ox teams and sleds—and that the first coldness which came among the people in our settlement was when one of the families moved into a frame house. These things are all known to those who first settled this Western New York, and those who have never experienced them cannot know the great enjoyment of such as still occupy the very farms which they assisted in clearing up from the forest. The Baron can talk to you by the hour, and show you the very place where he made his first log heap, planted his first hill of corn, or harvested his first field of wheat. And he will also tell you how he has conquered the very elements, and made his lands produce good crops when all around him failed on account of dry or wet, cold or hot seasons. All weathers are alike to him, so the seasons but come in their regular order.—He makes his crops and they are abundant. While others complain he works, and as he sows and plants, so in due time he harvests and digs. His complaining neighbors get light returns. His are heaped up and running over. Nor is any of his success due to accident. It is the result of a patient experience, the accumulated wisdom of a remarkably acute and observing mind. The phenomena of cultivation, which are but little observed by the great mass of farmers, have been long and minutely investigated by him, and facts of great practical importance thereby established.

Driving into the yard, he gave us a most cordial reception and hearty welcome to his castle, which is only a plain but comfortable two-story house, surrounded with a multitude of out-buildings, giving the group at a little distance the appearance of a small hamlet. There was no attempt at display, but everything was fitted for the place or business appertaining to it. Nothing of the fancy farming was in sight, though I think we did see one of his men as we came up the road digging out the snow in a field to get a watering place for quite a number of cattle and horses.

The fences were all in prime order, and his stone wall is a model for farmers anywhere who have the material for making it. The plan he adopts is to plow a ridge where his fence is to be made, turning up the loose earth with the shovel, and making a ditch on each side, so that when the bank has well settled it will be about three feet from the top to the bottom. On this in due time the wall is laid, and is never affected by the frost, nor is it easily approached by the animals on either side of it.

The leading maxim with the Baron is whatever he does to do it as well as he knows how, to do the very best he can, and this is visible all about him. His opponents in the Legislative Halls, or in the political arena, can bear ample testimony to this peculiar trait, and his friends all know with what heartiness he sets about rendering them assistance when he can be of service to them.

But I have loitered upon the way so long that I have no room to finish my visit. Peradventure, if you like it, reader, we may meet again.—P.



GROUP OF ENGLISH PREMIUM SHANGHAI FOWLS.

Now that the *fowl* excitement is over, and the "*chicken fever*" come to an end, the merits as well as the faults of the whole tribe of Shanghais will begin to be understood. People will learn that though they were not all that speculators claimed them to be, yet with care in breeding and crossing they will do a great deal to improve our common fowls, increasing their size, improving their form, and their laying qualities. We have always thought that with proper crossing a fowl could be raised far superior to the common fowl for the farmer—one that would weigh four or five pounds, dressed, at five months old. To do this, of course, good judgment must be used in selecting to breed from, and the long-legged, no-breasted birds be discarded, whether of native or foreign stock. During the year we shall give some engravings of fowls, as well as designs for Poultry Houses, &c. The engraving we now present to our readers is taken from the *London Farmer's Magazine*, and exhibits a group of Premium Fowls. We have a letter from a correspondent now before us on the subject, from which we make the following extract:

"I wish, while writing on other subjects, to call your attention to Poultry. The fact is, I have, by crossing the best of these Shanghais with the best of our common fowls, succeeded in raising a lot of fowls that I am proud of, and not without reason, I think. They are short legged, full breasted, heavy bodied, and in every way very respectable and genteel birds. I think my common fowls that I bred from had some of the Dorking blood in them. I killed lots of these last fall, 'spring chickens,' that weighed, dressed, nearly five pounds, and some few over. I had one of them for dinner on Christmas day, and all thought they were eating turkey, until some one making a remark about the turkey, I informed them they were eating 'spring chicken.' I find, too, they lay well, especially when young, but when they get two years old and over, they are very poor layers, as the hens become so fat, at this age, as to be hardly able to walk— many being unable to get upon the roost, although it is not a foot high.

"I don't know about the quantity of food they consume, as they run in the barn-yard and pick up a good deal of their living, though I have no reason to think they eat more than common fowls would of the same size. I know, however, that they are by no means as troublesome as the old sort, having very little disposition to get into mischief, fly over fences, or wander away. If you can find room in some corner of your paper, you can say this much for me in behalf of the abused Shanghais, who seem now to have few friends, and those who flattered them in their prosperity, now turn round and give them a kick."

Our correspondent tells a pretty good story about his fowls, but not more than the truth, as we have some reason to know. They are well worthy of praise, but no better than any one may show with the same care. The subject is well worthy of attention.

Communications.

"PURE" AND "THOROUGH" BRED, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—I am much pleased with the remarks and discussion in the RURAL on the subject of "Pure Bred," "Thorough Bred," &c. While we will all agree with you in the first article, that "thorough" strictly construed must mean as much as "pure" when applied to the blood of animals, you must allow us, as readers of your excellent paper, and as producers of both "pure" and "thorough bred" animals, to say a few words for ourselves.

I am a breeder of Short-horns. Your correspondent D., in the RURAL of January 31, assures us that it is understood that the term "thorough bred" is used by "scientific breeders" in this country, as signifying what are termed "grades" by all breeders with whom *I* have any acquaintance. Now, this is the *first time* I ever heard the term so employed. But his experience is larger than mine, and doubtless he is better qualified to judge in the premises. I think it a question that ought to be settled and well settled; and it would be well for others interested in the business of breeding "pure" or "thorough bred" animals to write out their views of the use of this term. I assure you that it is variously used, so far as my knowledge extends. I have found *two* classes of opinions in this country,—1st, Those holding "thorough" as synonymous with *pure;* 2d, Those giving evidence of relationship to imported animals, on both sides, and without mixture with any other blood. The State Society holds the latter, and refuses to grant premiums without the production of such evidence. All others they class as *grades*, no matter how high the blood.

In the *first sense*, used above, there is little significance in the term, the word "*pure*" being better. Not so with the second. Here the word "*thorough*" applies to a *strict adherence* to the line of ancestry, and does not *necessarily* imply "*pure* blood," tho' it is universally conceded, as D. remarks, that "*imported*" is synonymous with "pure blood"—at all events this is as far as the State Society has seen fit to go; and it is so with many breeders, I believe. Crossing with native, or any other breed can only be regarded as *gradations* by which approximation to purity of blood is attained; hence, "*grades*" is a term I have always understood to apply to all crossings. It would seem, however, that there arrives a period when "grades" should be classed among animals of a higher character. Take the 6th generation, for instance, that is the result of crosses with a *pure sire* in every instance; the amount of native or impure blood is very small, (1-64th) and so on until it is like the Homeopathic pill, less than the 1-1000 part of *anything*. I have generally heard animals after the 5th generation called "*full blood*," but not "*thorough* bred." This seems to me to be more in accordance with good taste and more significant. This is what we want—terms which signify what we wish to communicate, without going into detail.

I must beg to dissent from your first article a little. You hold "full blood" to mean the same as "pure blood." The word *pure*, according to all Lexicographers, means *primarily and secondarily* "without mixture;" it has *no other* meaning in *any* of the forms of speech given or used by writers.—Not so with the word "*full*." When used as an *adjective*, as is the case when used to denote the *quality* of blood of animals, it may denote only "abounding with—having a large quantity."—When applied to *quantity*, or used as a noun, it must signify completeness of measure; no more can be added. The word is often used in common language and conversation to denote *less* than the whole, or the *utmost* extent. The term is, therefore, appropriate to express the quality of the blood of animals, of which it can be said *in truth*, the imported or infused blood "abounds, is in large quantity," or prevails.

We have, then, 1st, "Pure blood"—meaning *pure*. 2d, "Thorough bred" in a direct line of ancestry from imported animals, on *both* sides. 3d, "Full blood," animals bred in this country imported and pure sires, crossed with natives till the imported or pure blood "abounds, is in large quantity."

I trust others will speak out and correct my errors and wrong impressions. Knowledge is what we want. I have never before written for the RURAL, but I felt impelled to write the above from motives of interest, and a desire to know the whole truth on the subject. If it meets your approval, Messrs. Eds., you may give it a place, and if I get rapped over the knuckles, it will be some satisfaction to see *how it is done*.

Avon, N. Y., Feb., 1857. J. H. BENNETT.

WHEAT AND CHESS.

MR. MOORE:—In the Niagara river, some four miles above the celebrated Niagara Falls, and near the main shore, lays Cayuga Island. This is the residence of JOHN BURDETT, Esq. His great success in growing the peach and strawberry is well known. His "Crawford peaches," and "Hovey's strawberries," for size and productiveness, have never been surpassed, if equalled, in the vicinity of Buffalo. However, it is not particularly upon this subject that I am now about to write; although I trust at some future time not far distant, some account of this "fruit plantation" may be given to the public. But I am just now about to refer to another matter. Some two or three years ago, in passing through these grounds, I noticed a sort of guide-board sign in large letters:

"THE WHEAT THAT TURNS TO CHESS."

"Well," says I, "what does this mean?" "I will tell you," says Mr. B. "One of my good neighbors—and a good farmer he is, too,—and myself have, for the past two or three years, been talking over that old vexed question, and he most strenuously contends that wheat will turn to chess. I do not believe it. We have often argued the question, and he has cited many instances wherein he says he *knows* wheat has turned to chess. He stated that he once sowed a field of some two acres, and than more than one-fourth of the whole of it turned to chess. He offered to lay a wager that he could prepare a quantity of wheat in such a way, and that he would plant the same in a low spot in my grounds where it would produce chess. I accepted of his proposition, and was anxious to test this matter. So last fall he came over, and brought about a quart of wheat. It was really the most *chessy* looking wheat I ever saw—small, shrunk, shriveled stuff. Indeed it was so small and unsightly that I was not satisfied until I spread it on the table and examined it minutely; but I found no chess. It was all wheat. Well, so you see we sowed it here in this spot. I kept my fish net spread over it all last fall, so that nothing should molest it; and now what the winter has not killed outright, is making a very good growth, and in due time we shall see the result."

In the month of July following I again visited "the wheat that turns to chess." It was just getting ripe; but it was wheat, and nothing but wheat. Not a head of chess—not a kernel even.

The theory of "wheat turning to chess" is almost "as old as the hills." PLINY wrote about it. Some twenty-five years ago it was fully and ably discussed in the columns of the *Genesee Farmer*.—Such men as Judge BUEL, DAVID THOMAS, Gen. HARMON, and many others, took part in this discussion. Finally it was proposed to try experiments like the one here named. A reward or premium of $100 was offered to the person who should demonstrate the fact that wheat would turn to chess. "Experiment patches" were planted. But some how or other the wheat would not turn to chess, any way they could fix it. And so no one ever claimed the premium.

And now, Mr. Editor, as this matter of transmutation is again being discussed in the papers, I would most respectfully propose that the discussion be suspended, and that the "experiment patches" be again tried. No one doubts the fact, that if more or less of a *field* of wheat will turn to chess, the same result may be expected in a small patch of ten or twenty feet square. A quart or two of wheat spread thinly on a table can in a short time be picked over kernel by kernel. As some inducement for persons to try these experiment patches, I hereby offer a premium of $100 to the person who shall demonstrate the fact that wheat turns to chess. The premium here offered to be awarded under the supervision of the New York State Ag. Society, under such rules and regulations as a committee appointed by the Society shall prescribe. And when so awarded, the draft of the proper officer of the Society on me for the $100 shall be duly honored. BENJ. HODGE.

Buffalo, Feb., 1857.

REMARKS.—The above, and the article of Prof. DEWEY on preceding page, must, for the present, close the discussion of this "vexed question." We have come to this conclusion, not only for the reasons stated by Prof. D. and Mr. HODGE, but for the additional one that we have already received so many communications on the subject, that the probability is that we must perforce either occupy the whole or a large portion of this department for weeks or months with a useless discussion, or, by publishing only a few, give offence to others whose opinions and observations may be entitled to equal weight.—ED. RURAL.

MAPLE SUGAR MAKING.

EDS. RURAL:—As the time draws near when the ice and snow of winter must give way to the thaws of spring, those farmers who have maple trees are beginning to make preparations for their annual season of sugar-making.

There are many different methods pursued in the manufacture of this article, each person considering his way much better than any other. The people of this locality enjoy the reputation of making first quality sugar, and there is hardly a farm but has a maple grove on it. I will endeavor to give the "modus operandi" pursued around here. In the first place, the sap-house is built at the foot of a hill, near water if possible. It is best and cheapest in the end, to build a good, solid, substantial frame building, and high enough to have a loft in the upper part to stow buckets in during the summer, fall and winter. The object of building it at the foot of the hill, is to save the labor of rolling the barrels of sap up to the top of the cistern. The cistern should stand on a platform high enough to bring the bottom of the cistern on a level with the top of the pan. On top of the hill should be a large trough, holding about four barrels, and this should be connected with the cistern by a small trough. By managing thus, all the hand labor necessary is to roll the barrels to the large trough.

On cleaning the buckets in the spring depends the quality of the sugar. The first thing to be done is to tighten the hoops. If this is neglected, you will in the course of the spring waste considerable sap, and lose many buckets. After tightening the hoops, the buckets should be put into the pan, which should be full of boiling water, and after standing about five minutes, they should be taken out and washed thoroughly with a cloth, which should be kept in a pail of soapsuds for that purpose. After scalding, if they are going to stand any length of time, care should be taken to place them bottom side up, so that they will keep sweet and clean. Some farmers use elder for spiles, which they should never do. Elder gives the sugar a bad taste, and besides that, after being a year or two in use they crack and waste considerable sap.

But this communication is drawing out much longer than I intended, and I will close by saying that the whole secret of making white maple sugar consists in keeping everything clean and sweet, and in not letting your sap or syrup stand any length of time. As to the cleansing of the syrup and the making of the sugar, I will leave that affair to the ladies, presuming that they can tell much better than I can what to do; and perhaps they might think that I was encroaching on their rights if I said more. A. B.

East Bloomfield, Feb. 13, 1857.

CARE OF COLTS THE FIRST WINTER.—There is danger of feeding too many oats. One quart a day, fed regularly, with a spoonful of ashes or hemlock leaves, or both occasionally, is sufficient with plenty of good hay and water enough, with room for exercise, and a good shelter to run under, when they please. Treated in this way, he will be hardy as an ox, and nimble as a fox. A. T., *Andover, Ohio.*

FEED-BOXES.—The present winter I sawed from a large hollow bass-wood tree, a dozen or so rims, about eighteen or twenty inches high, to feed my stock, and I can assure you they answered the purpose to a charm. They are convenient, portable and will last several years. Buy them, and save your fodder.—W. E. K., *Wilson, N. Y.*

Inquiries and Answers.

GROWING ONIONS.

EDITORS RURAL:—I have long been in the habit of looking in my RURAL, for anything I would learn in regard to agriculture. I want to, the ensuing season, cultivate Onions, and am, I regret to say, a complete novice in that business. Can you, or any of your correspondents, impart some information on the subject, to a poor old man, whose health is poor and who has a numerous family to support? 1st. What land is it best to plant? 2d. Will black muck do? 3d. Which is the safest and most profitable, seed or sets? 4th. Would swamp muck be a good manure for the onion?—J. C. W., *Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—The Potato Onion is very productive, and easily cultivated, and if you have the seed you would do well to plant them. It is not likely, however, you will be able to get sufficient sets to plant very largely of this variety. They should be planted in April, in rows, three inches deep, and the bulbs in the rows about six inches apart, and about eighteen inches between the rows. It will be necessary when hoeing, to earth them up a little. They will not keep as well as seed onions, requiring to be kept in a cool place, and laid out thin on shelves. A very good way is to put them in baskets, and hang them up to the joice of the cellar.

Our summers are not long enough to raise fine large onions from seed; and the plan we would always recommend is to make a hot-bed early in March, and sow the seed pretty thick, in very shallow drills, only a few inches apart. Only a slight heat will be necessary, and in about a couple of weeks, when the young onions are up a few inches, the glass may be left off entirely, except in very rough weather. About the middle of April, or from that to the first of May, the young onions will be fit to plant in the open ground. They should be planted four inches apart in the rows, and the rows only far enough apart to hoe readily. Care must be taken not to plant the young onions too deep—just deep enough to hold them in their place is all that is needed. Then keep the weeds subdued, and the ground mellow, and every one will grow and produce a fine onion in the fall. This plan may be thought troublesome; but we think it altogether the best way, as it not only makes a good crop certain, but is really less trouble than any other plan. The great work of weeding beds of young onions early in the spring, is thus avoided; and it is no more trouble to hoe a field of onions planted in this way than a field of ruta bagas.

By planting the seed in the ground in drills so shallow that they are but just covered, and carefully weeding and thinning out, so that the onions will be about four inches apart, in the rows, and the rows some fourteen inches apart, a tolerable crop may be raised. They will not be as fine, nor the crop as large as by the plan previously recommended. The weeding and thinning, too, is very laborious. If the season is very wet, they may show a disposition to form "scullions," that is grow up with a thick stem, and not head. In such a case, if the tops are bent down with the head of a wooden rake, it will check their growth and tend to make them form bulbs.

Still another plan is, to sow the seed in the open ground, and in July, when the onions are as large as peas, they are taken up, and stored away in a dry airy place, until the next spring. They are then planted out, and by fall will produce a good crop. If the sets are grown too large, in this climate, however, many will go to seed.

The plan first recommended, of growing the young onions in hot-beds, we consider altogether the best. Plenty of good rich manure is required to grow the onion in perfection. Black muck, we think, would be of little avail, unless composted for a season with stable manure, or soaked in the washings of the barn-yard, or the drippings of the stable.

Any good, rich, dry soil, will answer for Onions. We would not plant them in a black muck, unless it was well drained, and had been previously cultivated.

SHELL MARL.

EDS. RURAL:—Allow me through your valuable paper to make the inquiry—Will Shell Marl that underlies swamp muck, which is a lime formation, injure the muck for bedding cattle, horses, &c.?—Late writers on manures state that it is an error to use lime with farm yard manure or any compound rich in ammonia, the tendency of which is to waste the ammonia, being the most valuable part. Most of the swamp muck in this section is underlaid with shell marl and contains quite a per centage of lime. This muck is undoubtedly the cheapest and best bedding that can be used to save the liquid manure of stables if the lime it contains does not injure it by driving off the ammonia. This marl is lime in a mild state, and will it have the same effect as caustic or burnt lime in manure? An answer to the foregoing will oblige many farmers.—J. W. ARMSTRONG, *Hamilton, Jan.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—We have laid the subject of the foregoing before a number of those who have experimented, and the general conclusion is that shell marl, under the muck, will not operate as a caustic on the manure, but will be a benefit. We would be glad to have the experience, in full of those who have used this substance in the manner stated.

FEEDING BEES.—A correspondent of the RURAL desires to know what is best to feed a swarm of Bees, that are short of honey, to keep them through the winter. I have found the following to answer. Secure the bees in a warm place (that is, where they will not be stiffened by the cold,) and place a saucer, or any other dish filled with strained honey, where the bees can have free access to it. If kept warm enough they will often carry it to their combs.—F. B., *Canaga, N. Y.*, 1857.

COARSE PLASTER.—I bought some plaster much of it was as coarse as gray sand; is such plaster as profitable as it would be ground fine? Can some one of our farmers who is posted upon this subject, give us any information upon it?—ALVIN WILCOX, *West Bloomfield, N. Y., Feb.*, 1857.

MILLET.—Millet was much talked of a year or two ago, and recommended for fodder and soiling. Have any of the readers of the RURAL experience in raising it?—T. S., *Orleans Co., N. Y.*

Rural Notes and Items.

THE NEXT ANNUAL FAIR of the N. Y. State Ag. Society is to be held in Buffalo during the second week of October.

MICHIGAN AG. COLLEGE.—We are glad to learn that Hon. JOSEPH R. WILLIAMS has been appointed President and Director of Practical Farming, and Mr. JNO. M. GREGORY, Professor of Political Economy and English Literature in this institution.

WHEAT CROP, SOUTH.—The Washington Star is satisfied that the wheat crop for 70 miles around Washington at least, in all directions, has been much less injured by the late severe weather than was thought two weeks ago. The entire disappearance of the snow has demonstrated this fact, to the great joy of the agricultural community.—Throughout the entire Piedmont region of Virginia, particularly, the impression prevails that the winter has not damaged the crop anywhere, materially.

SALE OF BRAHMIN STOCK.—Eighteen head of cattle, of the "Brahmin" and "Royal Damascus Arabian" breeds, were recently sold at public sale in the city of New Orleans, and brought an aggregate of $3,745. Twelve of them were females ranging from seven months to five years old, and six of them males from seven months to four years old. The twelve females brought $2,070—an average of $275 and some cents each. Ten of the twelve females were of the Brahmin stock, and five of the six males were Brahmins—all the Brahmins being descended from the animals owned by Mr. THOMAS EADES, of Lexington, Ky., and nearly all of them raised by him. The animals were sold by Mr. CHAS. MCHATTON, of Baton Rouge, La.

CORN-HUSKING MACHINE.—A late number of the Scientific American gives a cut of a novel machine for husking corn. After a minute description, the editor says:—"With a machine like the one represented, driven by foot, two men can husk about four hundred bushels of ears in a day—40 bushels is a day's work for one man, therefore two men can husk as much corn with this machine as ten by hand. If driven by horse, water, or steam power, for which it is also adapted, of course it will do a great deal more work." Information respecting this husker may be obtained of GROVER, OSBORN & BANKER, Roxbury, Mass.

THE ORIGIN OF WHEAT.—The origin of the wheat which we now cultivate, is involved in considerable obscurity. Nowhere is it found to exist native. In a paper in the Edinburgh Review, the author of it takes the ground that all our common cereals have been developed, by cultivation, from grains, having, in their natural state, scarcely any resemblance to those now cultivated, and he asserts that the particular plant from which wheat has originated, is a grass growing wild on the shores of the Mediterranean, and known to botanists by the name of *ægilops*. If this is true, it will afford some clue to solve the question, "does wheat ever become chess."

A COW THAT GIVES NO BUTTER.—I have two cows—as I supposed, good ones. They both gave good messes of milk, and from it we made the usual quantity of butter up to the time of feeding hay, which was about the 15th of May last. At that time we could not succeed in making any butter from the milk. Of course, as we had but two cows, the milk was strained into *pans* together, and the *cream* churned as usual, but as mentioned above, we could get no *butter*. Afterwards we kept the milk separate, and found that one cow's milk would make butter, while the other would not, although the cow that we could make no butter from was apparently in good order and healthy, and the cows were kept exactly alike. Will you or some of your numerous correspondents, explain the matter for me? Both cows calved about the first of April last.—DAVID DAYTON, *Catharine, N. Y., Feb.* 14, 1857.

DRYDEN AG. SOCIETY.—The readers of the RURAL are not aware that we have a Town Agricultural Society formed in Dryden. The subject of organizing a Society and holding a Fair, was not brought to the notice of the inhabitants until quite late in the season, and whatever was done had to be done in a hurry. A suitable piece of ground was procured, and rented for ten years, and enclosed with a tight board fence, some six feet high. We held the first Fair in Dryden on the 8th and 9th days of October, and instead of being a Town Fair, it nearly proved to be, in appearance, a State Fair,—so conceded by many who had attended State Fairs. The exhibition of stock at the Fair was a grand sight. We have perhaps some as good stock in this town as any other in the State. JOSEPH MCGRAW, Jr., exhibited a Short-horn bull, one year old last spring, which he recently sold to go to California, for $600. He also killed an imported Leicester hog, which, when dressed, weighed 757 pounds. JOHN P. HART, one of the Directors of our Town Fair, killed two hogs, one of which weighed 816 pounds; the other 738 pounds. You will see by this, that we are not wanting in enterprise and material to make our Town Fairs interesting.

We held our first Annual Meeting for choosing officers for the ensuing year on the 27th ult., at which meeting SMITH ROBERTSON was chosen President, JOHN MINEAR, Vice-President, OTIS E. WOOD, Secretary, and DAVID P. GOODRICE, Treasurer. The days fixed upon for holding our next Fair was the 17th and 18th of September next.—A. F. HOUPT, *Dryden, N. Y., Feb.* 17, 1857.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—A number of farmers in this town and vicinity, have pledged themselves to raise an acre or a half acre of the Chinese Sugar Cane, and to pay each his proportion of the expense of the machinery necessary to grind and boil the products, to the end that the raising of the article in this region may be fully and satisfactorily tested. Dr. Chaffee, Representative at Washington, has pledged the seed necessary to plant eight acres. The object is a worthy one, and it is to be hoped that the trial will be sufficiently thorough and extensive to be the basis of future action.—*Northampton (Mass.) Courier.*

ERIE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—This Society was reorganized under the new law last June, and made arrangements for holding an Annual Fair, by leasing a large and eligible lot of land near Red Jacket Post Office, and in the immediate vicinity of the Mission Church, and near the home and burial place of the renowned Chief and orator Red Jacket. Though late in the season, and laboring under many difficulties, the grounds were prepared roughly, and a Fair held on the 25th and 26th of Sept., which was fairly attended, though a severe storm of wind and dust kept thousands from being present. The report of the Treasurer shows a fair business:

Jan. 22, 1856.	Amount on hand	$469 00
	Interest on same	11 12
Sept. 25 & 26.	Receipts at Fair and voluntary contributions	405 00
	Balance due Treasurer	12 26
	Total	$897 38

CONTRA.

October, 1856.	P'd fencing and preparing grounds	366 51
" "	P'd premiums at Annual Fair	443 00
" "	Extra labor, printing, &c.	87 87
		$897 38

GEO. W. SCOTT, Treasurer.

The Annual Meeting was held at "Whittemore's," near the Fair ground, Jan. 14, 1857, and the following Board of Officers elected for the current year:—*President*—ERASTUS WALLIS, M. D., Willink. *Vice-Presidents*—William Hambleton, East Hamburgh; E. S. Ely, Lancaster. *Treasurer*—George W. Scott, Buffalo. *Secretary*—James M. Payne, East Aurora. *Directors*—A. K. Humphrey, Holland; Aaron Riley, East Aurora; Wm. Hambleton, Myron Stilwell, East Hamburgh; Erastus Wallis, Willink; Jason Sexton, Buffalo. The Society bids fair for future usefulness and success, and its board of officers—efficient working men—need only the active co-operation of the citizens and farmers of Buffalo and the county, to make this the model Society of the State, as it contains within its boundaries the elements of prosperity.—H. C. W.

THE bulk of the manure on a farm should ever be bestowed upon those crops designed for the support of the live stock, by which measure, and the use of the hoe or cultivator, these *fallows*, as they are very properly termed, will be in a most rich, clean and elegant order for the after production of corn or grain of any kind.—*Bost. Cult.*

The Young Ruralist.

A YOUNG HORTICULTURIST.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Will you confer a favor upon a boy that reads your valuable paper, by answering a few questions through the RURAL?

1st. Will trees set in the fall do to graft in the spring following?

2d. Should the seions be taken from trees that bear?

3d. When is the best time to cut the seions?

4th. At what time should the scions be set?

5th. And what is the best method of making the wax?

My age is 12 May last; I set some 30 grafts for curiosity, the first I ever set, and nearly all of them are now alive, one grew 32 inches.—J. G. S., *Norwich, N. Y., Feb.* 16, 1857.

REMARKS.—1st. Yes.

2d. It would be full as well to take the seions from bearing trees. It will, however, make but little difference if you are sure of the kinds.

3d and 4th. You can cut scions any time during winter, and keep them in the cellar covered with earth until time for grafting, which will be as soon as the ground thaws in the spring, and the winter breaks up, before the sap begins to move.

5th. Grafting wax is composed of bees-wax tallow and rosin about equal parts, melted together.

STEADY BOYS.

THERE are some persons in every neighborhood who dislike steady boys. Frivolous and trifling, they think themselves wise, and steady folks foolish. They speak derisively of a steady boy in his hearing—the boy feels the cutting reflection, and gets the impression that it isn't smart to be steady.—But let us see, my young friends. These frivolous persons never become great men. Our Presidents, our Governors and Senators, and all our great men, were steady boys. They were kept at work, or at study, till they learned to love it. They acquired steady habits that guided them in the pathway to knowledge, and supported them in the road to honor and fame. Our richest men were once poor boys. They did not spend their time playing in the streets, or lounging in the shops, trying to appear smart. They were industrious and economical. When a merchant wants a young clerk in his store, he looks for a steady, industrious boy, that always speaks the truth, and tries to do well and quickly whatever he is told to do. Some of the first Presidents and great men of the next century are now boys, steady, diligent, and attentive to their work or study, improving all their time.—Then do not fear, boys, being called steady.

Portage, N. Y., Feb., 1856. HENRIE.

SHADE TREES.

WHAT a pleasant sight to see trees growing by the wayside. As the traveler passes along in spring, his eye is soothed by the tender foliage, and his ear charmed by the notes of the returned warblers resting in their branches. With such a prospect before him, he thanks GOD for spring and trees, and man for planting them. It will soon be time to set out trees for this year. Delay it no longer; do it this spring. Rally out boys, and line the wayside and surround your dwellings with shade trees. If you do no other act that will survive after your "earth-bound ties are severed," this will be remembered and looked upon with feelings of gratitude. Your children will protect them, and the beautiful lines of MORRIS will be recalled, and tell the woodman to

"spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

It was my father's hand
That placed it near his cot;
Then woodman let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not."

Rochester, Feb., 1857. R. S. G.

Orchard and Garden.

SEASONABLE HINTS.

THIS is the best time to prune fruit trees. For standard trees little is necessary beyond thinning out the small branches to admit light and air freely to all parts of the tree, and removing all straggling branches, and those that cross each other. In doing this aim as far as possible to obtain a handsome, well-balanced head. Grapes and stone fruits should be pruned as early as the first of March, and we should prefer to prune grapes even earlier than this.

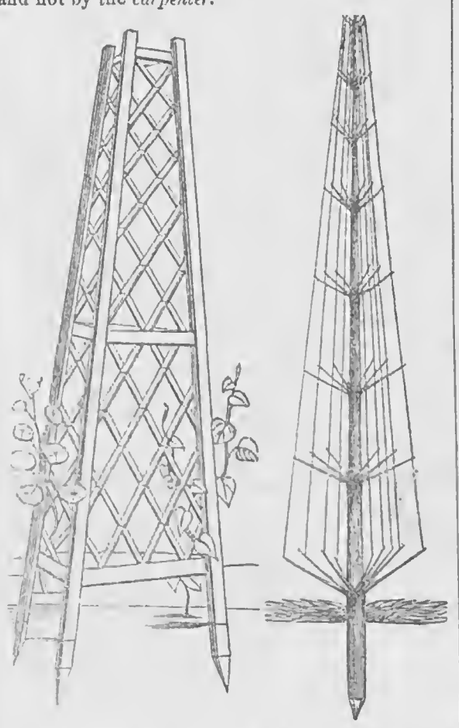
As this is a time of leisure, the trunks of the trees in the orchard should be examined, and any that are mossy should be scraped; and it would be well to give all a good scrubbing with a brush and soft soap. If the ground is thawed, all suckers that appear around the roots of the trees can be removed; and all shoots on the trunks should be carefully cut away.

Dwarf Trees should now receive thorough pruning. It is useless to try to cultivate fruit on dwarf trees without the most thorough pruning and manuring. Certainly one half of last year's growth should be cut away, and this should be done understandingly. There should be design in every cut. We have not space to discuss this matter at present.

Hot-Beds should now be started, if the weather is favorable, if designed for growing Cucumbers or Melons. If intended only to raise plants for the open ground, the middle of March will be time enough.

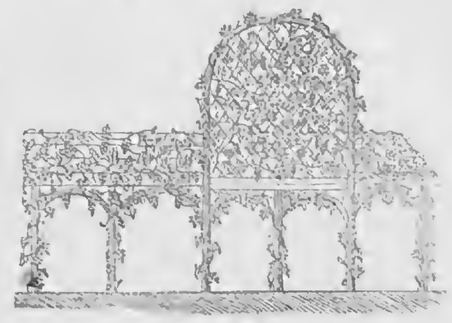
GARDEN ORNAMENTS.

WE often see the effect of the most beautiful climbing shrubs and vines entirely destroyed by ostentatious, ill-contrived supports or trellises.—The more simple these can be made the better. They may be neat and tasteful, of course, but all useless carving and costly carpenter's work is entirely out of place. The plant itself must be the principal feature, and its beauty must be increased by good cultivation and training—by the *gardener*, and not by the *carpenter*.



The engraving shows two plans; one designed more particularly for climbing roses and shrubs—the other, is simply a young pine tree, with the limbs shortened, placed in the ground, to which wire or cord is attached in a very simple manner, and makes a good support for climbing vines, annuals, &c. The engraving shows so plainly the manner of construction, that no particular description will be necessary. Of course, the height, &c., must be regulated by the kind of plants to be supported.

Arbors, Seats and *Covered Walks*, may not only be made beautiful ornaments to the garden, but most convenient shaded resting places, where those who wish to enjoy the beauties of the garden in the heat of the day, may find a cool retreat, and at all times a delightful resting place. Nothing is more useful and beautiful in covering such arbors or walks than our hardy grapes. There is a beauty and poetry about the vine that we all appreciate—all love. There is music in the "vine clad hills,"—it touches a chord in every soul. A vine when covering or forming an arbor, however, must not be neglected, and allowed to run wild, or it becomes a gloomy, damp and forsaken place. The vine must be kept closely pruned, so as to admit light and air, and then the retreat while it is cool, will be light and cheerful. We give an engraving of a vine-covered arbor, such as is often seen in Germany and France.



VINE COVERED ARBOR.

The native Ivy, Honeysuckles, Climbing Roses, the Hop Plant, and many other running vines may be used for this purpose.

We give also, a very pretty *Gothic Rustic Arbor*. This would be very pretty for a garden, where the house was in the Gothic style of architecture, especially if it was so situated that it could be seen from the house. The lower part is of stone, and the superstructure of timber with the bark on.—The roof may be covered with bark. The floor may be covered with pebbles, and considerable taste be displayed in forming gothic patterns of these colored stones. Timbers might be substituted for the stone work, to suit the fancy of the builder.

Other very pretty ornaments in the garden, are *Rustic Flower Stands, Seats*, &c., made from the limbs of trees, unbarked. We give an engraving of a neat flower stand. In these may be planted

GOTHIC ARBOR.

Verbenas, or the *Portulacca*, a beautiful annual that will bear almost any treatment. If placed on the lawn, near the house, the effect is very beautiful.

RUSTIC FLOWER STAND.

The aim should always be to unite beauty, simplicity and utility. Costly vases and fine statuary, solely for ornament, we know, are admissible in highly kept gardens, but we have few in this country where they would be appropriate.

Inquiries and Answers.

INSECTS INJURIOUS TO THE APPLE TREE.

MR. EDITOR:—I am not a farmer, nor the wife of a farmer, but I have an apple tree, and that tree is troubled with worms, and I should like to know what will kill them. I have tried lime-water, soda, soft-soap, sulphur, and tobacco, but without the desired effect. I pick numbers off, and have a small gray bird to help me, but the boys stone the birds and keep them from their work. I have had a mind to tell these boys that if they would let the birds alone they would have more apples to steal.

The eggs of these worms, or the eggs that these worms come from, are very small, and are deposited in great numbers under a thin bark on the small branches. The worms come out with the leaves and eat them until the flowers appear, which they devour as a dessert; then each takes a leaf for a house, and there they remain for a short time, then disappear. I have found insects that I thought came from these worms, but I was not sure. When I put the worms under glass they die. I see this worm on the plum, cherry, and quince trees, but none of their eggs.

I have seen in your columns cures, or rather modes, of killing many kinds of worms and insects, but none that would hit this pest. If you will be so kind as to tell me what will kill them, you will save a tree and destroy a multitude of worms. MRS. *. *. * * * *.

Buffalo, Feb., 1857.

REMARKS.—Enclosed in the above communication we found a piece of apple bark covered with the *Apple Bark-louse*. We give an engraving of a small piece of apple shoot, on which may be seen this insect in the form of minute scales, resembling an oyster or muscle shell, and adhering to the surface of the bark. This engraving was not taken from the specimen sent us by our lady correspondent, but from drawings by Dr. Fitch, as answering our purpose better. This insect is undoubtedly doing more mischief to the apple orchards of the country than any other destructive insect. On the borders of Lake Michigan it is so numerous as to threaten the destruction of whole orchards. In Kenosha, Wisconsin, efforts were made to organize a Society to raise a fund with which to encourage experiments, and reward the person who discovered the best remedy.

We give the following description of the habits of the insect with the remedies, from Dr. FITCH'S *Noxious Insects of New York:*

"The Apple Bark-louse is about one-eighth of an inch long, of an irregular ovoid form, often bent in its middle, and more or less curved at its smaller end, which is pointed, the opposite end being rounded. It is of a brown color, of much the same tint with the bark, its smaller end being paler and yellow. It closely resembles an exceedingly minute oyster-shell pressed against the bark—a similitude so striking as to be readily perceived by every one, and is frequently designated in common conversation under the name of the Oyster-shaped Bark-louse. The shells or scales are situated irregularly, though the most of them are placed lengthwise of the limb or twig, with the smaller end upwards. These scales are the relics of the bodies of the gravid females, covering and protecting their eggs. During the winter and spring these eggs may be found on elevating the scales. The number of eggs under each scale is very variable. Several which I have counted, have shown the following numbers—13, 22, 36, 54, 58, 71, 86, 102. I have uniformly found a greater number of eggs where the scales were upon a thrifty tree.—When a tree becomes overrun, so as to dwindle and not afford a copious supply of nourishment, the number of eggs is reduced.

"In a late number of the Michigan Farmer (vol. 13, p. 82,) A. G. Hanford gives a very favorable account of the effects of tar and linseed oil, beat together and applied warm with a paint brush thoroughly, before the buds begin to expand in the spring. This, when dry, cracks and peels off, bringing off the dead scales with it. Trees which were thus treated grew from two to two and a half feet last summer, which had advanced only a few inches in previous years. The remedy to which Esq. Kimball, of Kenosha, resorts, is probably one of the most efficacious, and as convenient as any; he boils leaf tobacco in strong lye till it is reduced to an impalpable pulp, which it will be in a short time, and mixes with it soft soap, (which has been made cold; not the jelly-like soft soap,) to make the mass about the consistence of thin paint, the object being to obtain a preparation that will not be entirely washed from the tree by the first rains which occur, as lye, tobacco water and most other washes are sure to be. The fibres of the tobacco diffused through this preparation, cause a portion of its strength to remain wherever it is applied longer than any application which is wholly soluble in rain water can do. He first trims the trees well, so that every twig can be reached with the paint brush, and applies this preparation before the buds have much swelled in the spring. Two men, strictly charged to take their time, and be sure that they painted the whole of the bark to the end of every twig, were occupied a fortnight last spring in going over his hundred and fifty young trees. When I saw his trees, the latter part of September, this composition was still plainly to be seen upon the rough bark of their trunks and upon the under sides of their limbs, resembling a whitish mouldiness of the bark. The trees had grown very thriftily, and yielded well, whilst only a single scale could here and there be found upon the twigs of the present year's growth, all the older parts being entirely free from them. Although trees perishing with lice were standing in the adjacent yards and gardens, it seemed these insects preferred starvation at home rather than being poisoned by invading these trees, hence it appears that one thorough application of this preparation is sufficient to destroy all the insects upon the trees, and to protect them from invasion of neighboring trees for a period of two years; for free as the trees were from these insects in September, there can be no call for a renewal of this composition upon them the coming spring."

Our correspondent charges altogether too much to this insect. It does not eat the leaves or the blossom. This must be another insect—a "*caterpillar*" of some kind. If we knew its size, color, and somewhat of its habits, we might be able to tell what it is, and advise some plan to destroy it.

LEACHED ASHES FOR FRUIT TREES.

MR. EDITOR:—I notice in the last RURAL a recommendation of leached ashes for fruit trees. In the fall of 1850 I applied leached ashes to fifty apple trees, that had been set out one year, at the rate of about one bushel to each tree, thrown from the wagon about the tree. The next spring I spread the ashes, cultivated the ground and planted with potatoes. Now for the result. The most of the trees the following season made but a feeble growth, and I noticed towards fall, on the sides of some of them, the bark was shriveled and dead, from two to six inches in height.

The next season many of them died, and were completely rotten where the bark was dead; and they have continued to die from year to year until last fall, when there were nine trees, out of the fifty first set out, left. Those that are left are vigorous bearing trees, and all that died sent up strong shoots from the roots. At the same time I applied ashes to twenty pear trees. The next season they were covered with blotches and cracks, from the ground to the limbs; but they grew finely, and in the course of two or three years the bark became smooth and green again. Now I am satisfied that the ashes killed the trees in consequence of coming in contact with the bark. If you can account for it in any other way please do so. The trees were all of the Roxbury Russet variety.—P. BOWEN, *East Aurora, N. Y.*

REMARKS.—The ashes, no doubt, killed your trees. It will not do to let ashes come in contact with the bark. Ashes should be spread thinly and evenly on the surface. A bushel is a large dressing for a young tree. It is on light, sandy land that the greatest benefit is derived from the use of ashes.

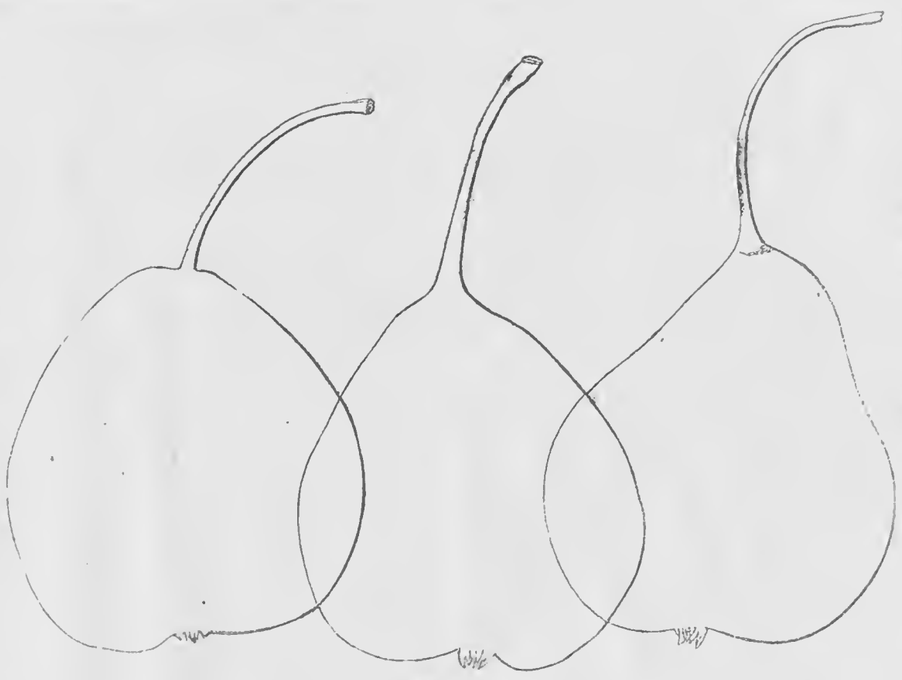
TO DESTROY SQUASH BUGS.—EDS. RURAL:—I noticed an article in your paper of last week, from a subscriber, requesting a remedy for the attacks of bugs on squash vines. As I have been quite successful for two or three years past, in raising very good crops, I will give you my experience.—I have often tried to rid my vines of them in various ways, and have never been as successful in any way, as by going over my patch every morning, for a few days, and killing them with my hands.—They can all be found by turning up the leaves. This will soon clear them out, with less than half the trouble, and not any of the expense with which it is otherwise conducted. The same can be applied to all kinds of vines. Black bugs are easily killed by giving their heads a little snap. This mode of extermination may, by some, be considered absurd, but if they once try it they will change their minds.—S. S. B., *Brighton, Monroe Co., N. Y.*

CHESTNUTS FOR THE PRAIRIES.—I would like to ask of the readers of the RURAL if any one has ever tried growing *Chestnuts* on our prairie land? If it can be done I think it would be more profitable than the locust, as it is a rapid grower, and soon is large enough for fence posts and rails. I know not why it will not grow here, for we have the sandy soil on which it grows in other States. We have almost every variety of timber except pine and chestnut. Oak of all varieties, black walnut, butternut and hickory in abundance.—G. G. DEAN, *Independence, Iowa.*

REMARKS.—We were informed when at the West last Summer, that the Chestnut would not grow on the prairies. We doubt, however, whether it has been fairly tried. We should be very much surprised to find it would not grow on the oak ridges, common in the western country.

SAVING TREES GIRDLED BY MICE.—On the 9th of June last, my neighbor J. J. GREEN, came to me and wished me to doctor some apple trees that had been girdled by the mice in the winter previous. I told him it was too late, but he said he guessed not, for he had kept them moist with old rags. I went, and found when the cloths were removed, a new bark covering all the wound. I asked him what he had put on the rags. He said he took equal parts of garden mould and cow manure, made a mortar, and applied this as soon as the snow left. His trees are now sound, and have grown well the past summer.—N. O. BOSWOTH, *Smithville, N. Y., Feb., 1857.*

ICED TREES.—On the 19th of February we had here a cold rain storm, the ice forming on the trees, to such an extent, as to injure them very seriously. We found the ice on the smallest shoots of peach trees more than an inch in diameter. The stoutest trees bent under this extraordinary weight, the Lombardy Poplars appearing like weeping willows. The trees remained covered with ice forty-eight hours. Fortunately there was no wind or the injury would have been more serious. The weather is now, (February 24th,) mild and spring-like.



Doyenne d' Ete. *Madelaine.* *Skinless.*

EARLY SUMMER PEARS.

WE give this week, according to promise, three more Early Summer Pears. The two first *Doyenne d' Ete* and *Madelaine*, have both been recommended by the American Pomological Society, as worthy of general cultivation.

DOYENNE D' ETE—(*Summer Doyenne.*)—Beautiful, melting, juicy, and delicious. Ripens better on the tree than any other variety we know of, but is richer, if picked a few days before maturity.—The tree is vigorous and handsome, bearing regular and most abundant crops. It ripens here about the middle of July, and is in season about twenty days. It is one of those varieties that succeed particularly well on the quince; but is so prolific, that unless pretty closely pruned every year, it will soon become enfeebled.

MADELAINE—*Citron des Carmes.*—This is one of the best known and most generally cultivated of all our early pears. *Fruit* medium size, quite uniform. *Stalk* varying from one to two inches long, moderately stout. *Calyx* small, closed, in a shallow, somewhat wrinkled basin. *Skin* pale greenish yellow, with a few small reddish dots on the sunny side. *Flesh* white, melting, juicy, sprightly and fine flavored. Ripens here from 1st to 10th of August. *Tree* a vigorous and rapid grower both on pear and quince. *Shoots* long, dark olive.—*Leaves* large, glossy, dark, slightly waved on the edges. Bears young and abundantly. Like the *Doyenne d' Ete*, although possessing great natural vigor, it bears so profusely on the quince that it requires close pruning to sustain its vigor.

SKINLESS—(*Sanspeau.*) *Fruit* medium size, pyriform, largest near the base, but slightly contracted at the eye. *Stalk* long and slender, with a fleshy projection at the base. *Calyx* closed, and set in a shallow, furrowed basis. *Skin* thin, smooth, greenish yellow; cheek brown, with reddish dots.—*Flesh* half melting, sweet, delicate, and finely flavored. Does not last long. *Tree* an upright, free grower, with slender, reddish brown shoots, and flat, glossy, wavy leaves, on long, slender footstalks. Bears regular and abundant crops, and fruit always fair. Ripens here about the 1st of August.

RHUBARB.

MR. MOORE:—Some readers of the RURAL, perhaps, will like to read a line or two on the cultivation of the above plant, and some may give another lesson on the same subject. The seed may be sown in the spring on dry, sandy loam, or any dry, light soil. The following spring the plants may be set out in hills, one plant in a hill, about four feet apart in the row; the rows should be six feet apart. If you would have fine, or *extra fine*, pie-plant, and your soil is wet and grassy, first clear away all grass, and then raise a row or bank by carting fine rich loam from the woods. Mix coarse river sand and fine manure till you have the bank three feet in depth, and high enough to keep it dry. If the soil is wet below, underdrain it. Remember the roots run deep and must not reach water or very wet and poor soil. It delights in a rich, deep, and dry soil, and if you dig a hole and fill it up with manure, or other rich compound, in a clay garden, and then let the grass grow, your fruit will be poor sticks. Plenty of this description can be seen anywhere. Old roots may be dug up in the spring, (but not in the fall,) and divided and set out as above. There are a great many kinds of rhubarb used as fruit in a green state; some very early and some quite late, and those that wish a succession should plant accordingly. A few hills of each will supply one family. A RHUBARB GROWER.

Near Geneva, N. Y., 1857.

PROSPECTS OF FRUIT IN IOWA.—A subscriber writing from Keokuk, Iowa, Feb. 10th, says:—"As yet our fruit trees have received no injury from the cold this winter, and unless the early warm weather should cause the buds to swell prematurely we may expect a fruitful season."

Mechanic Arts, &c.

LIQUID QUARTZ—NEW DISCOVERY.

DR. HARDINGE, of New York, announces a novel and very important discovery in a late number of the *Tribune*—the liquification of quartz rock. The long advertisement which announces the discovery is decidedly eloquent, dealing largely in superlatives, but the truth of its principal assertions is fortified by the statements of reputable scientific and practical men. The Doctor asserts that he can dissolve fifteen tuns of quartz rock in water per day, with one set of apparatus and appendages—that the four thousand gallons of "*Liquid Silicii*" (liquid stone,) thus made in twelve hours, is as clear as spring water—and that the quartz or Silica is largely in excess. Further, that the article is different from any ever before made, the only successful achievement of the kind ever known,—and that the article so cheaply made, and in such immense quantities, is the long-desired *base* to make model ornamental stone upon an extensive scale, after having precipitated every particle of the precious metal from gold-bearing quartz. The editor of the *Tribune* refers to the announcement in this wise:

"Perhaps a more extraordinary advertisement never appeared in any journal than that occupying a large portion of our sixth page this morning, in which Dr. Benjamin Hardinge conspicuously announces his alleged great discovery for the liquification of quartz rock; the extraction of the last particle of gold or other precious metal which that rock may contain; and for the holding of that hitherto solid rock in the form of a liquid in casks and hogsheads ready to be turned back into rock again as it is needed, thus affording a new material for building cheaper than brick, and beautiful as precious stones. Such are some of the features of this surprising announcement, which, as our readers will not fail to notice, is fortified by the certificates of respectable chemists and metallurgists. For our part, we confess that we have perused these statements with emotions of wonder; and we frankly declare our opinion that if the allegations and promises now brought forward shall be fully sustained by the future experience of the world, even the enthusiastic eloquence with which Dr. Hardinge himself now contemplates his discovery will seem pale and feeble beside the universal applause and honor with which humanity will hereafter regard not only the thing itself but its immortal author. On this head, of course, we do not regard ourselves as competent to judge, nor do we presume to express any conclusion either one way or the other. Dr. Hardinge may be mistaken as to the value of his process, or he may not. All that we desire now to say is, that it is published on his own responsibility, and not on ours."

CRYSTALLIZATION.

WE copy the following beautiful extract from an editorial in the Philadelphia *Ledger:*

"Crystallization is found through all nature.—There is not a substance, which, when allowed the free movement of its particles, does not exhibit a tendency to crystallize. Water at a low temperature crystallize into ice. Metals slowly cooled after melting, crystallize. The gases, evanescent as they seem, may be made so artificially cold as to crystallize. Our children eat crystallized sugar under the name of rock-candy, and we ourselves use it in the loaf crystallized in another form.

What is glass but crystal? The sizes of crystals vary infinitely. There are crystals too small to be recognized except under a microscope; and there is one at Milan weighing nearly nine hundred pounds. The White Mountains of New Hampshire are a vast aggregation of crystals. The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky is an enormous museum of crystals. As yet, however, with all our knowledge, we are comparatively ignorant of the laws of crystallization. Under them, we see atom arrange itself by atom in mystic, myriad forms; we discover also, that not only magnetism, but light and heat exercise an influence in crystallization, but there our information substantially stops. The science of crystallization is almost a sealed book. Its mightiest curiosities still lie, like the virgin islands of the Pacific before the days of Cook, awaiting the skill and perseverance of some fortunate explorer."

A SINGLE female house fly produces in one season, 20,080,820.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY AMELIA.

How few there are in this strange world
In whom we may confide,
How few who sail on life's broad stream
But change with every tide.

I've often thought some friend was mine
To love me e'en in weal or woe,
When but an idle word has made
That friend a bitter foe.

I have no confidence to give,
So oft it has been broken—
My heart alone shall bear its burdens,
And bear them all unspoken.

Oh, why may not the heart be true
To those whose love it bears?
Why may not earth in smiles be robed
Instead of bitter tears?

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DUTIES OF PARENTS

IN TRAINING AND EDUCATING CHILDREN.

It is a fact not questioned at this day, that the difference in the intellectual capacities of men depends much on their education and early training; on the manner in which the faculties and capabilities with which they are by nature endowed, are fitted and prepared for the useful occupations of life. The discipline we pass through during childhood and youth makes an impression which years cannot obliterate.

The word *education*, when used in its broadest sense, implies the means by which all the powers of the body and mind, from infancy to old age, are developed,—whether it be the knowledge obtained by studying books, or by the instruction of teachers, or acquired by participating in the more active business of life. The infant comes into the world a mere organization of matter, in which is a soul or spirit capable of becoming a perfect man.—There is a strong sympathy existing between the soul and body, so that whatever materially affects the one exerts a strong influence upon the other. In order to promote the growth of the body, and to secure a healthy action of its various functions, it must be supplied with simple nutriment that is congenial to the delicate fibres of which it is composed. If its wants are not thus supplied it will become peurile, sickly and feeble; or, if it is overabundantly furnished with food of an improper quality, it will become a mass of gross deformity. Precisely the same is the case with the mind which draws its nourishment from the sphere that surrounds it. If true principles and correct habits be presented to the mind of the child in a manner that it can receive and appreciate them, they will make a deep and lasting impression upon it, and will grow stronger and finally gain the ascendency over the hereditary tendencies to evil. It should ever be remembered that children are close observers of the conduct of those who surround them—especially of their parents. Can we not refer back to the time of our earliest recollections, and find many circumstances of our lives that were moulded by some occurrence in the conduct or manners of our parents, which they perhaps regarded as unimportant, that has exerted a powerful influence upon us during our whole lives?

It should never be forgotten by those who are training young children that every action, every motion, every look, and every indulged thought of the mother, makes an abiding impression upon the tender mind of the nursling infant, and does its part in forming the future character of the man. Its education commences with the earliest dawn of its moral ability, and those impressions which are made upon the mind during childhood and youth, before the reasoning powers are brought fully into action in most cases, sink deepest into the intellect, and exert a stronger influence upon the future character, than those received at a later period in life. Notice the fact as often as you have opportunity, and you will find the character and conduct of a child is formed and moulded by that of its mother, unless some intervening circumstance prevents. If the mother is constantly looking sad and desponding, the child will wear a similar countenance. If she indulges discontented and peevish feelings, she will transmit them to her child, and will find them constantly breaking out and manifesting themselves in the conduct of her offspring. On the other hand, if the mother constantly maintains a calm, pleasant and mild temperament, her children will be quiet, contented and happy. If she be cheerful and joyous in her disposition, she will find her infant an agreeable companion to participate in her gratification, and to exhibit in its infantile way evidences of its pleasure and happiness. How responsible, then, is the situation of a mother! With what deep considerations ought she to take upon herself the responsibility of educating a human soul, whose welfare in this world, and even whose eternal destiny, depends in a great degree upon its early education—upon the conduct of its parents and teachers towards it, as well as upon the principles instilled into its mind in riper years. How little does the fond mother think when she grants her favorite boy some improper indulgence, or passes by unnoticed some improper conduct of his that should be reproved or corrected, that she is implanting in his mind the seeds that may, in after life, bear the fruit of sorrow and regret—that may bring upon him years of infamy and disgrace, and cause the scalding tear to burn her own furrowed cheek, and bring her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

The proper time to implant correct principles in the mind, is when you have reproved wrong conduct. The mind like the earth, must be occupied—and if you pull up the weeds and leave the spot vacant they will soon grow again,—but if you plant good seed it will shoot forth and occupy the soil and hold possession. There is one point to be secured above all others—i. e., *obedience*. Implicit and willing obedience on the part of the child is the foundation of all good. Have this permanently laid in childhood, and you can rear a structure, which in after years will be dedicated to virtue and piety. I never knew a child who yielded implicit obedience to the will and wishes of truly religious parents that ever became a vicious man.—I regard it as the fundamental principle of all virtuous and religious education—as the basis of every good and true affection of the soul. Secure this one point and every admonition and every instruction that you give will have its due weight, and exert the influence you desire upon the future character of the man. But without this principle you can perform but an imperfect and uncertain work—you have no assurance that your good intentions are appreciated—that your instructions will ever produce the fruits of virtue—that your child will be an ornament to society and a blessing to yourself, when the lapse of years shall have wrapped the mantle of infirmity around your body and it shall be gathered to the tomb. In fact, you are but rearing a structure upon the sand which the first adverse wind will prostrate in the dust.—In most cases when waywardness and disobedience are leading traits in the character of a child, the influence of religious instruction is but transitory. He may read the Bible, attend Church and Sabbath School, have all the advantages that religious parents can procure for him, yet the influence of all the instructions thus obtained will evaporate from the mind like the early dew before the rays of the morning sun. The fire of impure love will consume them, and leave the mind a prey to every unhallowed lust of its perverse nature. Permit me, therefore, to entreat you earnestly, by the love you have for your offspring, the regard you have for your own peace and happiness, and the affection for the cause of virtue, to be unceasing in your efforts to establish the principles of TRUTH and OBEDIENCE in the minds of your children.—The instructions given to our children are not only for the present moment—not only to regulate their own conduct for the time being, but for a more permanent and durable purpose. Principles of morality and virtue impressed upon the minds of youth, and carefully guarded from the intrusion of evils, increase and multiply as the intellect becomes mature. As a grain of wheat sown in the earth shoots forth a stock that bears hundreds of seeds, and if these again be planted the product will be quarts, from which bushels may be produced—so with good principles sown in the minds of children; every product will increase a hundred fold, and in their descent from generation to generation will banish every vile principle from the affections. It is in this way that the mercy of the LORD is unto the thousandth generation of them that love him and keep his commandments; and that the evils of parents descend upon their children unto the third and fourth generation of them that disregard the precepts of Holy Writ. Hence the vast importance of rightly directing the minds of our children, to have them grow up in the fear and nurture of the LORD, that they may transmit those principles of truth and eternal life to their posterity.

M. S.

TELLING MOTHER.

A CLUSTER of young girls stood about the door of the schoolroom one afternoon, engaged in close conversation, when a little girl joined them, and asked what they were doing.

"I am telling the girls a *secret*, Kate, and we will let you know if you will promise not to tell any one as long as you live," was the reply.

"I won't tell any one but my mother," replied Kate. "I tell her everything, for she is my best friend."

"No, not even your mother—no one in the world."

"Well, then, I can't hear it; for *what I can't tell my mother is not fit for me to know.*" After speaking these words, Kate walked away slowly, and perhaps sadly, yet with a quiet conscience, while her companions went on with their secret conversation.

I am sure if Kate continued to act on that principle, she became a virtuous, useful woman. No child of a pious mother will be likely to take a sinful course, if Kate's reply is taken for a rule of conduct.

As soon as a boy listens to conversation at school, or on the play-ground, which he would fear or blush to repeat to his mother, he is in the way of temptation, and no one can tell where he will stop. Many a man dying in disgrace, in prison, or on the scaffold, has looked back with bitter remorse to the time when first a sinful companion gained his ear, and came between him and a pious mother. Boys and girls, if you would lead a Christian life, and die a Christian death, make Kate's reply your rule:—"*What I cannot tell my mother is not fit for me to know*;" for a pious mother is your *best friend*.—*Selected.*

PARENT AND CHILD.—Considering the relation of the parent to the child, and the means of influence which the former possesses, it is scarcely too much to say that the sin of the child, which might have been avoided by faithful parental instruction and discipline, becomes the sin of the parent.—While the child can be a partaker of the parent's sin only in the consequences, the parent may be a partaker of the sin of the child in its responsibility and its guilt. We are as much responsible for the evil which flows from our neglect, as for that which proceeds from our volition. We may make another our proxy in sin, not only by engaging him in a wrong act, but also by refraining from enlightening and influencing him against it. So we sin in the sins of our uninstructed children, and make all the dark facts of their lives our own.—*Examiner.*

THE following is, we think, one of LONGFELLOW'S happiest fancies. The author of *Evangeline* must have been thinking of the Divine command—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall return to thee."

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found it again in the heart of a friend."

MODESTY is the appendage of sobriety, and it is to chastity, to temperance, and to humility, as the fringes are to a garment.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINES

ADDRESSED to a rill that had its rise in a snow-bank near the author's home, and which, during the recent thaw, ran past the door, ceasing when the snow failed.

Flow on, thou charming brook: let fancy run,
And tend beside thee in thy winding race;
Those laughing dimples sparkling on thy face,
Betoken that thy journey's just begun;
And there is tinkling music on the crest
Of tiny ripples dancing from thy shore;
There fleets of leaves and chips, with fitting store,
Float on, or lie becalmed upon thy breast.

With care I traced for thee a channel meet
For fairy's walk; for long the way will be
That thou hast undertaken to the sea,
To lave with thy pure wave old Ocean's feet;
Thence glide along, sweet stream, ere snow and frost,
Returning, dispossess thee of thy bed,
And seal the fountain's lips, the freshet fed;
Its good, like mine, perhaps, too quickly lost.

I would not bid thee tarry longer here,
Though hard with thy loved prattle to dispense;
It so recalls the time in innocence
I spent, like thee, unconscious of a care.
Go thrill with gladness other hearts than mine,
By bearing to their view some boon of good.
I'll little moralize, though in the mood,
But trust in GOD to shape my course, and thine.

Ah, such was I in life's young happy morn,
Rejoicing in the vernal scenes of youth,
Ere I had learned, as now, the bitter truth,
Life's best estate is wretched and forlorn,
Unsanctified by grace. Hope fled away,
And earthly friends were worthless of my trust;
Affection's idols, crumbling into dust,
Left me, the sport of fortune's cruel play.

Tully, Onondaga Co., N. Y., Feb., 1857. A. B. P.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LUXURY OF THE ROMANS.

BY C. N. BEMENT.

THE Roman writers who flourished during the Republic say little about Natural History. It is more treated of by the writers under the Empire. But the works they have left us, on such subjects, contain few original remarks, and are little else than compilations; a circumstance which must appear very strange, since no nation had ever greater opportunities of observing. In the earliest ages of the Republic, the Roman institutions were in general adverse to every kind of study; the simplicity of manners that prevailed was especially unfavorable to the progress of natural history—a science of luxury, expensive, and could not be carried on without many previous arrangements. Indeed, the relations among the beings that form the subject of Natural History cannot be established without bringing together a great number.—Much assistance is therefore derived from commerce, drawing as it does, toward a central point, the productions of foreign countries. Now, the Romans, during a very long period were not commercial. By the first treaty made by the Carthagenians, they bound themselves not to sail beyond the strait that separates Sicily from Africa. Still later, in the 405th year of Rome, they gave up altogether their trade with Sardinia, and with the coast of Africa. Commerce was checked, not through ignorance, but from the policy of their government, in order to withstand the introduction of luxury. Rome had no silver money till the 472d year from the foundation of the city. At the date of the Macedonian war a senator was degraded from his rank for having ten pounds of silver plate. Gold plate was seen for the first time at the end of this war, in the triumph of PAULUS ÆMILIUS. But luxury was the speedy consequence of victory, and the luxury of individuals was carried to the utmost extravagance. We shall notice it, in so far as regards the luxury of the table, which caused to be imported into Rome from foreign countries a multitude of animals, birds and fishes, of which several had no other recommendation but rarity and being excessively dear.

Quadrupeds.—Fulvius Hirpinus, during the second Punic war, devised the mode of retaining quadrupeds in parks. These parks were named *Sessoraria*, because three sorts of hares were reared in them, the common hare, the original Spanish rabbit, and the variegated or Alpine hare, a species now almost extinct. In like manner, the animals of the forest were bred in these parks, besides the wild sheep and the moufflen. These animals were almost domesticated, and were taught to unite at a signal. One day, when HORTENSIUS was entertaining his friends at dinner in one of his parks, at the sound of a trumpet, stags, goats, and wild boars were seen running up, and gathered round his tent, to the no small dismay of some of the guests. SERVIUS RULLUS was the first who had a whole boar served at his table. The Romans considered the dormouse a great delicacy, a little animal that dwells in the woods, and in the holes of oak trees. They reared them in enclosures, and lodged them in jars of earthern ware, of a particular form, fattening them with worms and chestnuts.

Birds.—Aviaries were invented for confining such birds, destined for the table, as could not be kept within the walls of a poultry yard. It is he, says PLINY, that taught us to imprison animals whose abode is the sky. ALEXANDER had introduced peacocks into Greece, where they were regarded only as objects of curiosity. HORTENSIUS was the first who had one served at a banquet, when he was appointed to the office of Augur.

These birds soon multiplied, and PTOLEMY PHOCION was astonished at the great number of them to be found in Rome. The peacock was a constant dish at all the great entertainments. It was the truffled turkey of those days.

HORTIUS PANSA, who had the ill luck to give a feast where this indispensable article did not appear, was reckoned a niggard, a man without taste, and was ever afterward scorned by delicate feeders. In these aviaries thrushes and pigeons were bred. It seems, too, there was then the same fancies as there are at present. Certain varieties were much sought after. VARRO relates that a couple of pigeons brought 2,000 sesterces, about $95 of our money. SEMPRONIUS LUCIUS first served on his table young storks. Geese were crammed to enlarge their livers; but it was a dish too easily obtained, and soon those who wished to distinguish themselves invented new sorts of meat. They dressed the brains of ostriches, and the tongues of flamingos. Wild geese were sent for from Phrygia; cranes from Melos, and pheasants from Colchis.

Fishes.—As to fish, luxury went even further than in birds and quadrupeds. At one period of the Republic, a man eating a fish would have been thought shamefully dainty. But the severity of manners disappeared on the introduction of riches, and CATO complains, that in his time, a fish sold as dear as an ox. Yet, even then, GALLONIUS was publicly accused in the Senate, and was nearly deprived of his rank, on account of the luxury of his table, having had sturgeons on it.

LUCINIUS was the inventor of fish ponds; and HORTENSIUS followed his example, and even went beyond it. Very soon, it was not enough to have fresh-water fish, for salt water ponds were formed, in which were bred sea trouts, soles, John Dories, and shell-fish of different kinds. LUCULLUS, in order to let in sea water to one of his preserves, had a mountain cut through, and from this extravagance was deservedly called *Xerxes Togatus*.—At his death there were so many fish in his ponds, that CATO of Utica, who was trustee on the succession, having ordered them to be sold, received for them the sum of $160,000, our currency. The sales of the fish ponds of IRRUS yielded the same price. CESAR wishing, on a particular occasion, to give a feast to the Roman people, applied to this IRRUS for some lampreys. IRRUS refused to sell any, but, according to PLINY, agreed to lend him six thousand. VARRO says only two thousand. The object then was, who could be most absurd about lampreys. HORTENSIUS had some of which he was more careful than of his slaves, and not for the purpose of eating them. Those served on his table were bought in the market.

Other fish were equally the object of prodigality of which we can hardly form a conception. The mullet, or roach of Provence, called in Paris the *sun-mullet*, was also sold excessively dear. A mullet weighing four pounds fetched $185; another $310. These fish used even to be brought alive to the dining-room by canals filled with salt water which passed under the table.

Snails and Oysters.—Singular attention was likewise paid to snails, and parks were contrived for them. As they could not be retained by inclosures, the places in which they were kept were surrounded with water. Jars of earthern-ware were set for them to retire into, and they were fattened with mulled wine and flour. PLINY says there were some of the weight of 25 pounds.

The man who first showed the way of making oyster-beds was SERGIUS AURATA. The preserver of the Lucrine lake had for a long time the character of producing the best oysters. Next to them were those of Brundisium. At last refinement was carried further; and the oysters of Brundisium were taken to be parked in the Lucrine lake.

It appears that fruits were less sought after than they have been since; but the luxury in *perfumes* and *dress*, was beyond measure; and the dominion of fashion extended equally to *furniture*, and raised the value of certain kinds of wood to an enormous amount.

Bennington, Vt., Feb., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PEN SCRATCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

NO. I.--UNCLE MINKLER.

A SMALL, one story framed house, situated at the foot of a ledge of rocks in the shade of a tuft of butternut trees, is the residence of Uncle MINKLER. He is uncle to everybody, by common consent, though he has not a relative in the world, so far as we know.

Uncle MINKLER is a Yankee farmer, and his land is valued at six thousand dollars, which snug sum in the old man's eyes is magnified at least to six millions. He is a widower, a snuff-taker, and a drinker of drams. His house is surrounded by a colony of bees, numbering in all perhaps eighty hives. The luscious products of his tiny brown servants, bring a fair price to the old farmer, which he stows away in an iron-bound box kept for that purpose. He takes no bank bill—not he; banks fail; nothing but gold and silver answers his purpose. He never lends his money—borrowers fail, too; and as for interest, that would not begin to pay for the anxiety that would wear his life away if any portion of his dearly loved coin was in the pockets of another.

Uncle MINKLER is not a remarkably tidy house keeper,—in fact he knows nothing of the "Art of Living," as laid down in the columns of the *Tribune*. His fare is mostly boiled potatoes, boiled pork, brown bread and milk, and a little of the more unsaleable products of his hive. He does not wash dishes every day, but wisely waits until all are soiled, and then has a regular "clarin up time," though one would think he had a tendency to hydrophobia, so great is his dislike to water, or the use of water. As for house-cleaning, he scorns it; none but slatterns are ever driven to such extremities, in his opinion. He carries his snuff loose in his pocket, and liberally distributes the titillating powder over his old gray vest and equally gray shirt bosom. We are somewhat puzzled by his uncommon outlay of snuff, he is so parsimonious in other expenditures, but then a box would cost a dime. He takes but one paper and that he reads until he can repeat its contents, including advertisements, without missing a word and, I regret to say, he believes in his paper more devoutly than he does in the oldest and best of books. He intends marrying again when he can find a young, good-looking girl, who will accept a crabbed, shrivelled encumbrance for the sake of the money it can bring. He says girls are such fools now-a-days that they will throw themselves away upon young men not worth a cent in the world, not knowing or caring whether they end their days in a poor house or a palace, but for his part thinks they would do better to take a man of middle age who has a handsome sum laid by for a rainy day.

Uncle MINKLER is not remarkable for personal attractions; indeed, some would call him positively ugly-looking with his small, twinkling eyes, crooked nose, rusty teeth, and complexion the color of tanned leather. But after he has brushed out his wiry locks, put on his old, swallow-tailed blue coat with its double-row of brass buttons, and his low, broad-brimmed hat, he walks off with a jaunty, self-assured air, evidently feeling that he has few, if any superiors in wealth or personal appearance.

Verily, self-esteem is a happy gift, and BURNS must have been insane when he wished for the power of seeing "oursel's as ithers see us," as such a privilege could add but little to our comfort or happiness.

MORE ANON.

THE NOBLE REVENGE.

THE coffin was a plain one—a poor, miserable pine coffin. No flowers on its top, no lining of rose-white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons for the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap with its neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor child, as the city undertaker screwed down the top.

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the hapless, hopeless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box; and as he gazed into that rough face, anguished tears streamed rapidly down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. O! it was pitiful to hear him cry, "Only once; let me see my mother only once!"

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage; his blue eyes distended, his lips sprang apart, a fire glittered through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent, screamed, "When I am a man, I'll *kill* you for that."

"There was a coffin and a heap of earth," between the mother and the poor forsaken child, and a monument stronger than granite built in his boy-heart to the memory of a heartless deed.

The Court House was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the Judge.

There was a silence when he finished, until with lips tightly pressed together, and a look of strange intelligence, blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindling eye, to plead for the erring and the friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was silence.—The splendor of his genius entranced, convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir, I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with icy coldness.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man! I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his poor mother's coffin. *I* was that poor miserable boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No! I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of the man whose brutal deed has rankled in his breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible, and the noble young lawyer felt God's smile in his soul forever after.

HOME.

HOME: it is a little word; it has its own interests, its own laws, its own difficulties and sorrows, its own blessings and joys. It is the sanctuary of the heart, where the affections are cherished in the tenderest relations—where heart is joined to heart, and love triumphs over all selfish calculations. It is the training-school of the tender plants, which in after years are to yield flowers and fruits to parental care. It is the fountain whence come the streams which beautify and enliven social life.

If any man should have a home, it is the man of business. He is the true working-man of the community. The mechanic has his fixed hours, and when these have run their course, he may, ere the day closes, dismiss all anxiety as his labor ends, and seek the home circle. Comparatively little has been the tax on his mind, and not much more on his physical system, as he learns to take all easy. But the man of business is under a constant pressure. His is not a ten-hour system, with an interval of rest; but he is driven onward and onward, early and late, without the calculation of hours. He must be employed. In the earnestness of completion—in the complexity of modern modes of business—in the fluctuations which frequently occur—in the solicitous dependence on the fidelity and integrity of others—he has no leisure moments during the day. With a mind incessantly under exciting engagements, and a body without its appropriate nutriment, he may well pant for home, and hail the moment when he may escape from his toils to seek its quiet, and its affection and confidence.—*Isaac Ferris, D. D.*

ADVERTISING ONE'S BUSINESS.—We have just laid down a copy of the London Times, with the feeling which that journal always awakens in us—astonishment at, and admiration of, the prodigious extent to which Englishmen, in the pursuit of wealth, advertise their business. The vaunted editorial ability of the Times, is, in our opinion, more than matched upon more than one American newspaper. But its Advertising Supplement, and its own solid columns of infinitely varied announcements, are a wonder as unequalled in our journalism, as it is characteristic of the most systematic and successful property-acquirers on the face of the earth. Whatever the English have got to sell they advertise. The solid colums of the London Times are a reflection of the industry of a large part of the British people.—*Albany Journal.*

THEORY OF THE EYES.—Dark-blue eyes are most common in persons of delicate, refined, or effeminate nature; light-blue, and much more, gray eyes, in the hardy and active. Greenish eyes have generally the same meaning as the gray. Hazel eyes are the more usual indications of a mind masculine, vigorous, and profound.—*Quarterly Review.*

GAY DRESS.—Beauty gains, little and homeliness and deformity lose much, by gaudy attire.—Lysander knew this was in part true, and refused the rich garments that the tyrant Dionysius proffered to his daughters, saying, "that they were fit only to make unhappy faces more remarkable."—*Zimmerman.*

The Traveler.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

Europe, Afoot and Alone.—New Series.

LETTER V.—WALES.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

Ride to Bangor.

WE delayed not long at Holyhead, but before dark were speeding on in the rails across the island of Anglesea. The ride of twenty-five miles was dreary and uninteresting. The storm shut in the view. Far as I could observe, the surface was undulating and rather barren. Rocks frequently protruded their gray heads above the ground, and many fields were nearly covered with smooth round stones, about the size of those used for paving. The fences are mostly stone walls, for which there is ample material.

On approaching the Menai Straits, a curve in the road allowed us a sight of the great tubular bridge before we entered it. To the left, spanning the water with its airy lines, we saw the famous suspension bridge. The speed of the train diminished, and passing two guarding lions, supported on massive pedestals, it plunged into partial darkness, and with a noise like prolonged thunder, passed through the long iron tube, and emerged into daylight. I could not perceive the slightest vibration in the bridge; it seemed, indeed, like passing over solid rock. Again we plunged into darkness, and speeding through a long tunnel, the train stopped in a valley between two tunneled hills, and stretching away to the left we saw the city of Bangor.

We walked into the town, and soon found comfortable quarters at the Red Lion, and in a snug little room, before one of those open grates in which the fire burns so pleasantly, we discussed our supper, and the prospect of sight-seeing on the morrow. A violent storm of wind and rain arose during the night, and the water dropping on the tiles, recalled to memory the chamber in the old farm-house, under whose weather-stained but sheltering roof, I have listened so often to the wild music of the tempest, and fallen asleep amidst the irregular pattering of the departing shower. In the morning I saw a woman in the street, leading a donkey which carried panniers; she wore a black fur hat somewhat resembling our modern cylinders.

The Menai Bridges.

Our first move was for the bridges, which are about four miles from Bangor, and coming first to the suspension bridge, we were permitted to cross it by paying a penny. The distance between the main towers is five hundred and fifty-three feet, and more than a hundred feet below flow the green salt waters of the Straits. The carriage ways are not suspended from wire cables, as in most suspension bridges of recent construction, but from chains composed of angular bars of wrought iron. The bars are about ten feet long. Five of them are placed side by side, and the ends linked to others by means of iron bolts, the whole forming a chain 1,714 feet in length. Four of these chains are placed together, and support one side of a carriage way. There are two carriage ways, and between them a path for foot passengers.—From the centre we could view the tubular bridge to great advantage. Eastward are the mountains of Snowdon, and had it been clear the peak of Snowdon would have been visible. Walking a mile along the banks of the straits we came to the Britannia Bridge, and passed through it. At each end are two carved lions, weighing thirty tuns apiece. The date of its completion is graven over the entrance at each end, and just below are the words, "ROBERT STEPHENSON, Engineer." A few figures will convey to the reader the best idea of the magnitude of the work. There are two tubes made of plates of boiler iron riveted together, extending across the Straits, in each of which there is a railway. Each tube is 1,488 feet long. The longest distance without support, is from the towers which stand on both sides at high water mark, to the Britannia tower, built on a rock in the middle of the stream. The distances are equal, and each measures 1,472 feet. It is indeed a mighty work, mightily conceived, and mightily executed. The materials are imperishable, and there is no reason why it should not stand for ages. We waited till a train came from Bangor, and heard it thunder through. At the box of the guard who watches the bridge, we saw a genuine Yankee clock, made in Connecticut. The man said, however, that it was rather irregular, and commonly wanted to go too fast. Upon returning to the town, we walked through a park belonging to the railroad company, which has been laid out by Sir JOSEPH PAXTON.

Penrhyn Castle.

At a book-store we obtained a ticket that gave us permission to visit Penrhyn Castle, which is the property and residence of a private gentleman, E. DOUGLAS PENNANT. We hurried on as the gates closed at four, and coming to a cross road asked a young man the way to the castle. He stared at us stupidly for half a minute, and then exclaimed, "Castle! what castle?" The fellow evidently did not know his own neighborhood. We rushed on at random, but soon came to the porter's lodge, whence a woman hailed us and inspected our tickets. Entering the ground, we walked for a mile along a carriage road which wound among beautiful scenery, and saw before us the massive walls, gates, and towers of the castle. It is built of gray Mona marble, cut into massive blocks, and has stood only about twenty years. It is the most extensive and magnificent private residence I ever saw, and I believe it cost about two millions of dollars. The family being absent, we had permission to inspect the interior. In the hall lofty gothic pillars, adorned with exquisitely sculptured moldings, supported intermingling arches, which were ornamented with fresco and painting. Some of the floors are oak, and some marble mosaic. Valuable paintings and tapestry cover the walls. The marble which looks gray and rough in the exterior walls, is here polished into splendid dark-colored tables and mantel-pieces. There are also some of polished slate. Magnificent mirrors multiply the splendor, and deceive the eye in the extent of the apartment. The chapel for the private worship of the family, is fitted up with seats and pulpit of carved oak, and the richly stained windows admit a subdued light, and the air in the room seemed to be filled with various and intermingling colors. The grounds around the castle are inclosed by a very high wall, seven miles long, and in regard to the wealth of the proprietor, I heard it asserted that from his slate quarries alone, he derives a yearly revenue of five hundred thousand dollars, besides which he possesses other large estates.

Walk to Carnarvon.

On the following morning we started for Carnarvon, which was ten miles distant. The weather was cool and fine. Heavy masses of clouds cast dark shadows on the landscape, and moved gradually across the blue sky. The road led through a valley with rocky hills rising on either side, occasionally bearing a small forest, which sheltered picturesque stone cottages. Most of the valley was in meadow. The mowers were busy in the fields, the ring of the scythe sounded out on the clear morning air, and the breeze bore to us the fragrance of fallen grass and flowers. Carnarvon is one of the oldest towns in Wales, and its celebrated castle, which was begun by EDWARD the 1st, is a most massive and extensive structure, even in its ruins, the outer walls inclosing two and a half acres of ground. We traversed its long corridors, looked over its battlemented walls, climbed to the summit of the Eagle tower, which is the loftiest in the pile, and the only one that yet possesses a perfect staircase, and from the top saw Snowdon on one side, and on the other Carnarvon bay and the island of Anglesea, and then descending, examined the dungeon of the fortress, which is a dark hole sunk thirty or forty feet in the earth, into which prisoners were lowered by ropes.

English Pedestrians.

In the court yard we met a couple of English pedestrians, and in the conversation which ensued, finding we were all bound in one direction, concluded to join company. One of them, a physician, a resident of Oxford, was a perfect specimen of an English tourist. He had started on a trip of only a few days, yet his outfit was complete in every respect, and probably he did not use one-half of what he carried. He wore a loose frock coat and a low-crowned, wide-brimmed hat of a kind I have never seen anywhere but in England. He carried an enormous knapsack on his back, and by his side hung a portfolio with sketching and writing materials, and an umbrella dangled from his belt. In one hand was a serviceable cane, and in the other the infallible guide-book. He generally marched a little in advance, with his eyes bent on the ground, and evidently wished to be undisturbed in his contemplations. His companion was footsore and dispirited, and could hardly be persuaded to leave Carnarvon.

To Llanberris.

Our course was towards Snowdon. The road was level enough, and the country bare and barren. At every step the sterility increased and rocks became more abundant. In the mountains are extensive slate quarries, and frequent blasts reverberated among the peaks. Hundreds of white stone cottages inhabited by the laborers, stand on the slopes and in the valleys. I was quite surprised to find the Welsh language spoken so exclusively among the laborers and common people; indeed, a majority of them cannot understand English. We stopped at a cottage by the wayside, and the woman could barely understand our questions, and when we departed wished us good morning, although it was near sundown.

We met many of the country women who wore black fur hats. Some of them had high tapering crowns and wide brims, and others resembled our common wool hats. The elderly women generally wore underneath their hats, white caps which were tied beneath the chin, and had an abundance of ruffles on the sides. This costume gave them an odd appearance, and when some distance away, at the first glance you would imagine they were a large pair of gray whiskers. After sundown we passed along the first Lake of Llanberris, and stopped for the night at the Dalbadorn inn, at the foot of Snowdon.

BRITTANY.

Of all the provinces of France, Brittany is the richest in religious sentiment. The country where are found the most extensive and magnificent relics of Druidism, now reposes most calmly beneath the shadow of the cross. Christianity seems to have pursued her triumphs into the last strongholds of that gigantic idolatry which once exercised so marvellous an influence over the human mind. Churches raise side by side with Druidical temples, and many of the stupendous ruins are connected by exulting tradition with the victories of Christian faith. One of these old legends, still repeated by the peasantry, declares that the "stories of Carnac" owe their origin to a heathen army, which chased St. Cornelius into the valley because he had renounced paganism. Being close pressed and surrounded on all sides, he had recourse to prayer, whereupon the whole host were petrified in their lines as they stood; and thus the stories of Carnac were formed.

Throughout Brittany, the fields, the causeways, the roads and the mountains, are dotted with churches, chapels, crosses, images, expiatory monuments and consecrated chapels. The sanguinary agents of the revolution had difficult work to accomplish in this sturdy province. The Britons clung to their religion until the guillotine was wearied of its victims. The Republican committees pronounced the penalty of death in vain against the minister who should perform any of the functions of the church. "I will pull down your belfries," exclaimed the famous Jean-Bon-Saint-Andre to the mayor of a village, "in order that you may have no more objects to recall to you the superstitions of past times." "You must leave us the stars, and we can see them further off," was the memorable reply of the enlightened peasant.—*Portfolio.*

THE quantity of water discharged into the sea by all the rivers in the world is estimated at 39 cubic miles in a day; hence it would take above 35,000 years to create a circuit of the whole sea through the clouds and rivers.

THE GREAT SNOW STORM OF JANUARY, 1857.

LIEUT. MAURY'S PRELIMINARY REPORT.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." The truth of this old adage is shown in a very striking manner by the Great Snow Storm of Jan., '57. Though it carried suffering to man and beast wherever it went—and it extended from Georgia to Maine—it has demonstrated what may be done by extending, for the benefit of the whole country, the field of Lieut. MAURY'S Meteorological researches.

We have recently published two articles upon this subject, and a bill is now pending before Congress the object of which is to authorize such extension, as well as the establishment of a daily system of Telegraphic Reports of the Weather. We now spread before our readers Lt. MAURY'S preliminary report of the great storm. It shows clearly enough that, if his plans be adopted, the country, or some part of it at least, would have warning several hours in advance of every storm that marches through the land.

Let each farmer make his own estimate of the value of such warning, even though it occur to him but once a year. About harvest time, for instance, he is told that a storm has commenced in Georgia, and is traveling toward the North at the rate of 25 or 30 miles an hour, for that is about the rate at which this storm traveled. Why, a warning of 12 hours, at such a time, might save a crop.

To establish this system, get it under way, and publish its results, will only require $18,000.—What is $18,000 for an object like this, and to a country, like this, with an overflowing Treasury? Why, the experiment alone, even if it were an experiment, would be worth the investment. But there is no experiment about it,—for the facts presented by Lt. MAURY in the subjoined report, show that the plan is entirely practicable.

No measure of greater value and importance to the Agricultural Interests of the Country has been presented to Congress for a long time, and we earnestly hope that our readers in the East and West, North and South, will take care that their Representatives in the National Legislature—both Senate and House—shall give it proper consideration. As we remarked in a previous number, "though the interests of Agriculture would be most promoted,—and they are the paramount interests of the Nation,—all classes would be benefited, were Congress to provide for a system of Land Meteorological Observations. The subject is eminently worthy the consideration and action of our Statesmen and Legislators." But we are detaining the reader from the preliminary report of Lt. M., and will refrain from further remarks.—[ED. RURAL.

REPORT TO THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

OBSERVATORY, WASHINGTON,
February 5, 1857.

SIR:—Letters in answer to the circular issued on the 23d ultimo, from this office have already been received from the States along the Atlantic seaboard. They contain statistics enough concerning the great snow storm of January, 1857, to justify a preliminary report of its march over this part of the country.

The hour when it commenced and the hour when it ceased to snow constituted very notable features by which the march of this storm could be traced. The precise moment of the commencement, however, was not very well marked; for there was a light fall of snow, which, after an hour or two, increased into a very heavy fall. Hence observers at the same place are sometimes found differing an hour or so in their reports as to the commencement of the snow fall

There has not yet been time to receive full returns from the States south of Virginia. So far, however, as returns have been received, the fall of snow, with a furious north wind, appears to have commenced simultaneously in Virginia and North Caroline. The storm then marched against the wind through Virginia into the New England States. It did not reach as far as Hamilton, Canada, on one hand, but on the other it is known to have extended into Nova Scotia, if not further.

The following tabular statement has been compiled by Lieut. BENNETT from the reports, so far as they have been received. It will serve to show the parts of the country from which further reports are most wanting, and perhaps induce all who keep a meteorological record, to send extracts from it for the week commencing 14th January, 1856:

Beginning of storms.	1857—January.	Wind.	Thermometer.	Depth of snow.	Ending of storm.	Thermometer.
Ellisto Island,	2½ p. m. 18	West.	†34°	½ inch.	5½ p. m. 18	†21°
Augusta, Georgia,	8⅔ a. m. 18	West.	†38	7 inches.	Night. 18	†8
Nor'l College, N. C.,	9 p. m. 17	North East.	†10	18 do.	Night. 18	-6
Raxobel, N. C.,	9 p. m. 17	South.	.....	12 to 15 inches.	9 a. m. 19	†7.5
Providence, Va.,	8½ p. m. 17	North.	†12	.....	Noon. 19	†10
Bowling Green, Va.,	8 p. m. 17	South West.	†32	15 to 18 inches.	2 p. m. 19	†18
Augusta county, Va.,	8 p. m. 17	North East.	†24	12 to 15 do.	19 p. m. 19	†2
Kanawha Salines,	17	W. and N. W.	†5	10 to 12 do.	19	-13
Jassamine co., Ky.,	5 p. m. 17	N. N. W.	.....	.....	11 a. m. 18	
Middleburg, Va.,	7 a. m. 18	North East.	†4	12 inches.	12 m. 19	†6
Leesburg, Va.,	7 a. m. 18	North.	†6	10 to 12 inches.	Evening. 19	†12
Berryville, Va.,	7.45 a. m. 18	North.	†5	8 inches.	8 a. m. 19	†11
Martinsburg, Va.,	9 a. m. 18	North East.	.....	10 do.	Noon. 19	
Perrymansville,	3 p. m. 17	North East.	†4	.....	Night. 18	
Saron Creek, Md.,	7 a. m. 18	North East.	†4	.....	1 p. m. 19	†18
Monrovia, Md.,	7.25 a. m. 18	North West.	.....	18 inches.	12 m. 19	
Hagerstown, Md.,	8 a. m. 18	N. N. W.	-6	8 to 10 inches.	8 a. m. 19	-0
Cochranville, Pa.,	10 a. m. 18	North.	.....	9 inches.	12 m. 19	
Philadelphia,	1 p. m. 18	North East.	†7	24 do.	3 p. m. 19	†16
Bristol, Pa.,	1 p. m. 18	North.	zero	.....	Morning. 19	
Willingboro', N. J.,	1 p. m. 18	North East.	-1	7 to 8 inches.	10½ a. m. 19	-3
Lambertsville,	2½ p. m. 18	North West.	†2	16 inches.	12 m. 19	15.5
Morristown, N. J.,	3½ p. m. 18	N. N. E to N. E.	-2	9 to 12 inches.	5 a. m. 20	†18
Newark, N. J.,	2 p. m. 18	North.	-4	.....	3 p. m. 19	†13
Newark, N. J.,	3 p. m. 18	North.	-2½	13 inches.	3 p. m. 19	†18
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	2 p. m. 18	.....	†7.5	.....	Evening. 19	†14
Babylon, L. I.,	4 p. m. 18	North East.	†1	.....	19	
New York,	Noon. 18	North West.	†1	9 inches.	19	†13
Blackwell's Island,	3 p. m. 18	North.	†3	24 do.	1 p. m. 19	†10
Wheeling, Va.,	No snow.	North East.*				
N. E. Dutchess co.,	Night. 18	N. N W.	-10	24 do.	Night. 19	
New London,	8 p. m. 18	North.	†5	.....	Morning. 20	†11
Smithfield, R. I.,	7 p. m. 18	North East.	.....	24 inches.	Evening. 19	
Harvard College,	5 p. m. 18	N. W. and N. N. E.	-4	17 do.	9 p. m. 19	†8
Boston,	7½ p. m. 18	North.	†2½	18 to 20 inches.	12 m. 19	†13
Salem, Mass.,	8 p. m. 18	North East.	-5	18 inches.	4 p. m. 19	
Salem, Mass.,	Evening. 18	North East.	†5	8 to 9 inches.	Evening. 19	†12
West Roxbury,	5 p. m. 18	N. N. W.	†2	.....	Night. 19	14½
Lyunfield Centre,	Evening. 18	N. W. to N.	zero	4 feet.	3 p. m. 19	†8
North Bridgewater,	Morning. 18	North West.	-1	.....	Daylight. 19	
Worcester, Mass.,	9 p. m. 18	North East.	-1	10 inches.	Evening. 19	†9
Newburyport,	7 p. m. 18	North East.	-2	12 do.	19	†9
Troy, N. Y.,	9 p. m. 18	North.	-7	20 do.	8 p. m. 19	†5
Cooperstown,	0.30 a. m. 19	North East.	-10	.....	Sunset. 19	†1
Rochester, N. Y.,	19	North.	†17	.....	20	†21
Charleston, N. H.,	Daylight. 19	N. N. E.	zero	18 inches.	5 p. m. 19	†12
Portland, Me.,	10 p. m. 18	North.	-3	12 do.	2 p. m. 19	†12
Portland, Me.,	10.30 p. m. 18	N. N. W.	-5	12 do.	Evening. 19	
Gardiner, Me.,	00. 19	North East.	-2	10 do.	9 p. m. 19	-6

* Indications of a snow storm—very cold—and Thermometer at Zero.

From Bertie county, North Carolina, to Washington, the course of the storm was due north, and the time three or four hours. From Washington to New York it was about fourteen hours on the march, with a furious gale "right in its teeth," thence to Boston it flew at railway speed, making the distance in six hours; and thence it arrived at Portland, Maine, at 11 P. M. of the 18th; thus making its march in the "wind's eye" from North Carolina to Maine in about twenty-six hours.

The cold, the wind, and the fall of snow, all of which were marked by violence, appear each to have had its own rate of march.

How far this storm may have been felt out at sea is not yet known, for there has not been time to receive reports from the vessels that are co-operating with us in these investigations. It is known, however, that the storm extended as far as Nova Scotia.

The fury of this storm has been unequalled for many years. Never since the establishment of railroads has there been such an interruption of travel or hinderance to the mails. It illustrates in a very striking manner the necessity—if we wish thoroughly to investigate the laws which govern the movements of the great aerial ocean in which we live—of extending our meteorological researches from the sea to the land. What though this storm may have had its origin on the land, it caused many and dreadful shipwrecks along the shore and made disasters at sea.

The appliances which, in the progress of the age, have been placed within the reach of men of science would, had the power of using them been possessed by these men, have enabled them to give timely warning of the approach of this storm to many whose lives such warning would have saved.

If the system of daily weather reports through the telegrath which you have recommended for the Observatory had been established, New York and our shipping ports might have had from eighteen to twenty-four hours' warning in advance of this storm; the industrial pursuits of the country and the convenience of the public, as well as the shipping interests, might all have had the benefit of such fore-knowledge; for the telegraph, the press, and the mails in a country like this, can outstrip the wind, and spread the news of the coming gale faster than it can fly.

Are you aware that at this season of the year the average number of shipwrecks is about one American vessel for every eight hours, and that the total value of the losses at sea for the month of January is set down at something like four millions of dollars?

How many of these losses would have been spared the country could a few hours' warning have been given of this storm alone, to say nothing of others?

It is quite practicable to give such warning.—The magnetic telegraph offers us the medium, and the "Associated Press," the channel for doing it. By extending to the land, the system of Meteorological research which is carried on at sea, and by establishing a plan for receiving daily by telegraph promptly a series of weather reports from all parts of the country, warning might be given as well to the husbandman as to the mariner of the approach of almost every general storm while yet it was a great way off.

The Government has wisely sought to mitigate the disasters of shipwreck, and money has been humanely appropriated for the purpose; but, notwithstanding these efforts, great suffering has been encountered, as in the case of the ship New York, last December, after the crew and passengers had been rescued from the wreck.

Both the Long Island and Jersey shores are curtained for many miles by a narrow slip of land, which is separated from the main by a sound or strip of water from one to several miles in breadth. There are very few houses on this slip of land, and it sometimes happens that ships are driven ashore, as in the case of the New York, and that the people on the main cannot cross over the sound, by reason of the ice and cold, to the scene of disaster. It has been suggested by Mr. W. F. BROWN, a Senator in the New Jersey Legislature, from Ocean county, that if a few hours' warning of these storms could be given by telegraph, a force in advance of every storm might be collected on this narrow strip of land ready to afford succor at once and as soon as a vessel should find herself ashore.

I propose, with your leave, when all the answers to the call for the statistics of this storm shall have been received, to go into a regular discussion of it, and to illustrate its march and progress by plans and drawings.

Respectfully, &c. M. F. MAURY.

Hon. J. C. DOBBIN,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

THERE are 970 teachers employed in the day schools of Philadelphia, and 219 in the night schools. The number of pupils in the schools is 55,017, with a daily average attendance through the year of 16,317, and 2,850 waiting admission.—Salaries, $303,781; high school expenses, $18,630; normal school expenses, $6,635.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A MORNING PSALM.

BY G. W. BUNGAY.

THE sky-lark seeks the distant blue
Which bends to clasp the waking earth;
Each blossom wears a crown of dew;
The morn rejoices in her birth.

Pure as the dew dissolved in air,
Like incense rising from the sod,
Shall be my morning's praise and prayer,
While faith shall wing my heart to GOD.

The limpid stream which smoothly flows
Like liquid light through meadows green,
Makes richest music as it goes,
And beautifies the enamoured scene.

Frail herbs and flowers that drooped at even,
Look sky-ward now with grateful eyes,
And breathe their sweetest praise to Heaven
For blessings from the earth and skies.

The robin on yon blossomed spray,
From his note-book of fragrant flowers,
Sings hymns of praise, oh GOD, to-day,
For summer sunlight, seed and showers.

Oh grant that idle, sinful words
Stain not to-day these lips of mine,
But let my song be like the birds,
My thoughts like balm of fragrant vine.

SELECTED GEMS.

THEY MUST GO TOGETHER.—That man hath no sense of mercy that wants a sense of duty.

THE WEAVING OF A CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.—Two duties must run through a Christian's life like, the warp through the woof, *blessing* and *trusting*.

UNNECESSARY BURDEN.—If you take your own cares upon yourself, you load yourself with an unnecessary burden. The Mighty One awaits to help you.

HE lives long that lives well; and time misspent is not lived but lost. Besides, God is better than his promise, if he takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold on a better value.—*Fuller.*

RELIGION seems to consist of a great number of *greats*. A *great* God, possessed of *great* excellencies, whence arise *great* obligations; hence the *greatness* of sin; and hence the need a Saviour, and a *great* one.—*Andrew Fuller.*

MIRTH AND CHEERFULNESS.—Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gleam of clouds; and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps a kind of day light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

HUMBLE VIRTUE.—Flowers have bloomed on our prairies, and passed away, from age to age, unseen by man, and multitudes of virtues have been acted out in obscure places, without note or admiration. The sweetness of both has gone up to Heaven.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

BEST THINGS TO GIVE.—The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

THOUGH we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; and then to be a man of business; then to take up an estate; to arrive at honors; then to retire.—*Addison.*

TRUE.—Good men are human suns! They brighten and warm whenever they pass. Fools count them mad till death wrenches open foolish eyes; they are not often sung by poets when they die; but the hearts they heal and their own are their rich reward on earth, and their place is high in heaven.

CHRISTIANS LIKE ORPHA.—They that are professors only, and make a show of religion for sinister ends, are like Orpha: in times of affliction they will kiss their mother and be gone; they will soon take leave of the church of God. But they that are true Christians, are like Ruth, they will cleave to her, stay by her, live and die with her, and never depart from her.—*Ruth* 1, 14.

A TEST.—How can I tell whether I am a real Christian? He who can truly say that he seeks the favor of God above every earthly good; that he delights in his service more than in anything else; that to obey him here, and so enjoy his presence hereafter, is the prevailing desire of his heart; that his chief sorrow is that he loves him no more, and serves him no better. Such a person needs no other evidence that his heart is changed, and his sins forgiven.

THE JOY OF DOING GOOD.

YES there's a joy in doing good
The selfish never know,
A draught so deep, so rich and pure,
It sets the heart aglow;
A draught so exquisitely rare
It thrills the soul with bliss
And lifts it to a heav'nlier world,
Or make a heav'n of this.

LOOK UPWARD.—It is said that the apostles "*looked steadfastly* towards heaven as he went up,"—methinks it is so that we also, as we read or hear this wondrous event, should fix eye and heart upon that heaven which He,—the first-born,—has preoccupied, that we should feel that in Him a portion of *ourselves* has departed thither, a sinless type of humanity, which keeps its place for the rest; and that our heart, in Christ, being already there, all else should struggle with holy impatience, to follow.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—Ten thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years, one-third, at least have disappeared.—At the middle point of the common measure of life, but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the ranks grow thinner, they that remained till now become weary, and lie down, and rise no more. At threescore and ten, a band of some four hundred yet struggle on. At ninety, these have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers, perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again, and the work of death is finished.—*Bishop Burgess.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

THERE IS YET TIME AND ROOM

THANKS to its ardent, active and influential Friends and Supporters from Maine to Minnesota, and from Canada to California, the RURAL has made far greater progress within the past month, than during any corresponding period since its establishment. And yet there is abundant time for all its well-wishers, who would aid its prosperity and benefit community, to prosecute the Campaign to a still more successful issue. There is "ample room and verge enough" on our Subscription Books for all the names with which we may be favored. Those, therefore, who have formed clubs can make additions to any extent,—while there is yet time for such as are disposed to commence and complete new clubs, and secure the liberal premiums offered therefor. All that is necessary to largely increase our list in almost every locality, is a little personal attention on the part of friendly readers. Will not each and all see that their neighbors and acquaintances have an opportunity of subscribing for the RURAL? While sparing neither effort nor expense to make the RURAL by far the best journal of its class in the world, we frankly ask all who believe it is accomplishing a good work, to promote its circulation in the manner suggested.

Back numbers of the present volume can still be supplied to new Subscribers, so that subscriptions can commence with the year or any number desired. Extra numbers, show-bills, &c., cheerfully and promptly forwarded, post-paid, to all disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL. For Premium List, Publisher's Notices, &c., see next and last pages. Feb. 2.

☞ BACK NUMBERS.—In order to supply the supposed demand, we commenced this volume by adding 20,000 copies to our former edition The prospect now is that this extra edition will be exhausted soon; hence those who wish the volume complete, should not delay in sending in their subscriptions. Back numbers will be furnished to new subscribers (unless otherwise ordered) until our edition is exhausted.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.—About twenty papers of No. 30 vol. 6, 1855, wanted to complete sets. For these in good order we will give twelve cents each in postage stamps or cash. Mail to MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ For terms, Special Notices, &c., see last page.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

The New York Spectator—Francis Hall & Co.
For Gentlemen Only—Derby & Jackson.
Important to Farmers—Richard H. Pease.
Every Farmer should Own Them—C. M. Saxton.
Scientiectady Ag'l Works—G. Westinghouse & Co.
Book Agents Wanted—H. Cowperthwait & Co.
Two Small and Choice Farms for Sale—C. & M. Boughton.
Monroe County Savings Institution—Chas. W. Dundas.
Important to Farmers—Brooklyn Fertilizer Manuf'g Co.
Dickey's Improved Patent Corn Planter—John Outram.
King Philip Improved—I. W Briggs.
Farm for Sale—W. W. Gorham.
King Philip Corn—Geo. P. Hooker.
Rare Seeds—I. W. Briggs.
Pine Hill Nursery—G. Zimmerman.
Farm and Patent Lime Kiln for Sale or Rent—H. L. Hall.
Desirable Farm for Sale—Geo. W. Root.
Chinese Sugar Cane Seed—W. T. Goldsmith.
Pure Short-horns for Sale—E. Marks.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
ROCHESTER, FEBRUARY 28, 1857.

Washington News.

RUMOR says that the Investigating Committee in the Corruption Case will recommend the expulsion of at least four members of the House—Messrs. O. B. Matteson, of Oneida; and Gilbert and Edmonds of New York, and Welch, of Connecticut. The evidence against Matteson and Gilbert, it is said, will ensure their expulsion. They are charged with land and book speculations to a heavy amount. The Committee will also recommend that the Times correspondent be expelled from their Hall. Those who profess to know all about this report, say that it will create such a stir in the Halls of Congress, that no further legislation will be done this session.

The French Minister, Mr. Sartiges, has recently represented to this Government that a large amount of property, belonging to French subjects, had been destroyed in the bombardment of Greytown, by Capt. Collins. The French Government require that this Government shall make up the losses. The Secretary of State is now making up his reply. What course will be pursued is not known, but if the demand is acceded to, the English Government will also make a demand.

Mr. Beelem, Secretary of Legation at Chili, arrived at Washington last week with important despatches to our Government.

The bill, increasing the pay of officers in the Army, approved by the President, will increase Lt. Gen. Scott's salary, $1,828—making his yearly compensation $10,620. The bill increases each of Brig. Generals' salaries, $1,100; Colonels, $800; Lt. Col.'s, $660; Maj.'s, $550; Captains, $400; and Lieutenants, $300—making the salaries respectively, $7,500, $3,000, $2,500, $2,200, $1,800 and $1,600. Average increase, $500 to each officer; ditto in all, $525,000. An old law provides that any increase in the pay of the Army shall relatively affect that of the Marine Corps.

The War Department has received intelligence from Gen. Wool, dated Benicia, California, Jan. 3d, says that peace and quiet prevailed throughout the department of the Pacific, and that he has no doubt but that it will continue as long as the Indians are treated with ordinary justice. The disposition of the troops is such as not only to give protection to the white settlements, but to restrain the Indians should they exhibit indications to renew the war, which from the information he has received, he does not in the least apprehend.

AS OUR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION are invariably *in advance*, we cannot consistently comply with requests to send the RURAL on other conditions.—We receive many applications to send the paper, with promise of payment in one, three or six months,—yet, as we *keep no accounts* with subscribers, but adhere strictly to the *cash system* (which we are satisfied, from experience, is the best for all parties,) a departure from the plan adopted would soon involve us in confusion.—People who want the RURAL must therefore forward the subscription price in order to be booked.

—Again: occasionally some good friend of the RURAL "flares up," because we "stop the paper"—saying he is "good for the amount," and sometimes talking as though we intended to insult him by discontinuing. Now, we beg to assure each and all that it is our *invariable rule* to "stop the paper" in all cases at the expiration of the time paid for, without regard to the financial ability of the subscriber—whether rich as DIVES or poor as LAZARUS.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—On motion of Mr. Fish, a resolution was adopted calling on the Post-Master General to inform the Senate whether any, and if so, what additional legislation is required to insure the transmission through the Post-Office and delivery to the persons to whom directed, of public documents, franked by members of Congress.

The Central American treaty was discussed for several hours by the Senate in Executive session. Its further consideration was postponed by five majority, till the 5th of March.

The Senate has ratified the extradition treaty between the United States and the Netherlands.

A bill was passed in addition to an act to more effectually provide for the punishment of certain crimes against the United States, also the bill to amend the act for the better organization of the treasury, safe keeping and disbursement of the public revenue, also the bill confirming the settled States in swamp and overflowed lands therein.

The bill to increase the pay of Army officers was passed. The bill to prevent the counterfeiting of United States coin was passed; also, a bill supplementary to the act of March, 1850, to ascertain and settle land claims in California.

The bill establishing a judicial district in the Gadsden purchase, creating the office of Surveyor General, granting donations to actual settlers, &c., was passed.

An Executive communication was received from the President, covering Lt. P. St. George Cook's account of his fighting the Bois Brule band of Sioux Indians, in which 75 Indians were killed, 44 taken prisoners, and 14 mules captured. Capt. Howe's company of the 4th artillery, Capt. Heth's company infantry, and the 2d dragoons, were engaged in the fight.

HOUSE.—Motion to reconsider the vote by which the sub-marine telegraph bill was referred to Committee on Post-Offices—the question on reconsidering, was carried. Mr. Jones, of Tenn., moved to lay the bill on the table—negatived by 77 to 121. He then moved to refer the bill to the Committee of the Whole. Carried.

The House passed by 20 majority the bill repealing all the laws of Kansas, declaring the Shawnee Mission Legislature spurious, and providing for a new election.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, reported back, from the Committee of Ways and Means, the Senate Sub-Marine Telegraph bill, with the following amendments, viz:—That citizens of the United States shall have the right to the use of the line for all time instead of fifty years—recognizing the equal rights to its use, and of all lines which at any time may connect with its terminus at Newfoundland, and providing that it shall be in the power of Congress after ten years to terminate the contract by a year's notice. An ineffectual effort was made to table the bill, but it was passed as amended, by a vote of 112 to 81.

The Post-Office Appropriation Bill, giving $16,000,000 to the inland service for next year, was passed.

A petition numerously signed by citizens of California, asking the expulsion of Mr. Herbert, has been referred to the Committee on Elections in the House.

Mr. Washburn, of Illinois, reported to the House on the 16th inst., some fifty Senate bills, among which are those for the improvement of Lake Michigan, the Hell-gate channel, the Hudson and Illinois rivers, and the harbors of Providence, Cape Cod, Chicago, Erie and Michigan City. The programme is to unite them all in one bill, in favor of which it is ascertained there is a large majority.

The House has concurred in the Senate's amendment to the coinage bill, (authorizing the payment of the new cent for old Spanish silver at the old rates for two years,) and that bill is now fully through both houses.

A RELIABLE ADVERTISING AGENCY is a "good institution," and ought no more to be discredited because there are bogus and fraudulent agencies, than should a safe bank on account of "wild cats." As many of our readers are aware we have now and again used some very plain language touching the transactions of certain advertising agents, yet we regret to notice. in some of our recent Western exchanges, certain denunciations of good as well as of uncertain agencies—a condemnation of *all* for the sins of *some* (or perhaps the majority.) Now, although our experience has been somewhat limited, (for we pay no attention to the orders of advertising agents who dictate terms, commissions, &c.,) we have found at least one agency to be prompt, fair and honorable. We refer to S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., of New York and Boston,—a firm which we know to be prompt and reliable, and consider every way worthy the confidence of both advertisers and publishers.

—We say thus much in justice to the firm named, because it has been included, unwittingly we presume, in some of the strictures in our exchanges, and not from any other motive—for we have no occasion, as is well known, to solicit advertising from any source whatever. We only desire to accord—"honor to whom honor," &c.

THE WEATHER.—We have now, (February 24th,) most beautiful spring-like weather. A few more such days and the early spring flowers will be in in blossom. Our correspondents, in all parts of the country, are speaking of the remarkable mildness of the weather. A friend in Virginia writes—"The frost is now out of the ground, and the roads are beginning to get settled. We hear the music of the 'toads,' or 'peepers,' every night." Another, in Jackson county, Michigan, says—"A few more days of warm weather, and the ground will be in fit condition for the plow." A Boston Journal says—"Flies, mosquitos and glow-worms are among the animal phenomena observed about Boston, at this early period."

Lieut. MAURY'S preliminary report relative to the great Snow Storm of last month is given on preceding page.

THE NEW ADVERTISEMENTS in this number comprise a variety of timely and useful matters. We bespeak for all a careful perusal, especially as we shall not probably be able to give some of them as many insertions as ordered. Several advertisements, received at a late hour and after our space was occupied, are necessarily deferred.

Items of News.

MR. PEABODY has presented $300,000 to the city of Baltimore for the establishment of an Institution, to embrace a free library, a musical academy and picture gallery. The donation is to be increased hereafter to $500,000.

J. HAWES DAVIS, formerly of New Bedford, who committed suicide in San Francisco, Jan. 14, by taking strychnine, was an officer in the Vigilance Committee; and is said by the San Francisco Sun to be the ninth member of that committee who has committed suicide.

THE Icarian Community at Nauvoo, Illinois, having proved a disastrous experiment, causing dissatisfaction to all concerned, the members, now reduced from the original aggregate of 1,200 persons to some four or five hundred, have petitioned the Illinois Legislature to repeal the act of incorporation.

E. B. PORTER, of Memphis, Tennessee, has donated 10,000 acres of Arkansas land to the Presbyterian College at Danville, Ky. The gift is valued at $50,000. The donor had previously given 10,000 acres of land in the same State to the Methodist Synodical College at La Grange, Tenn.

THE R. I. Republican State Convention, last week nominated Elisha Dyer for Governor, Thos. T. Turner for Lt. Gov., Jno. S. Bartlett for Sec'y of State, Chas. Hart for Treasurer, and Sam'l A. Parker for Attorney General. The Americans nominated the same ticket, except Stephen Mason for Lt. Governor.

THE Typographical Society of Philadelphia are establishing an asylum for superannuated printers and the widows and orphans of deceased printers.

A MAIDEN lady, of the name of Vifquin, has just died at Tournay, and left the whole of her property, amounting to £120,000, to the poor of that town.

A REVOLUTION is in prospect, to which '93 is pale! The authoress of the hooped circle, the Empress Eugenie, has appeared in public without hoops. Paris will follow her example, and New York will speedily copy Paris.

THE Legislature of Michigan adjourned on Monday week. Among the acts passed by that body was one for a banking law, granting aid to Michigan emigrants in Kansas, and organizing an independent Supreme Court. Resolutions in favor of admitting Kansas as a Free State were also adopted.

THE Great Ganges Canal is nearly one-third longer than the Erie, has more than two and a half times its breadth, and is three feet deeper. Another canal has been constructed in the Punjaub, 470 miles in length.

ACCOUNTS from Missouri state that great damage had been done by recent freshets in that State.—The loss to the Iron Mountain Railroad is estimated at $200,000.

IN view of the danger to which American commerce has been exposed for the past two years from pirates infesting the Chinese seas and the East Indian Archipelago, the Boston Board of Trade has petitioned government for armed vessels that could pursue piratical crafts into shallow water.

ACCURATE observations during the recent floods in Illinois are said to have established the fact that the new grade (six feet or so above low water mark) on Lake street, Chicago, is the highest ground in the State. It was the Mount Ararat of Illinois during the late deluge.

THE British Government has invited architects of all nations to furnish designs for a Christian monumental church at Constantinople, to commemorate the triumph of religious toleration in Turkey.

WESTERN ITEMS.—The Governor of Nebraska has vetoed all the bills of the Legislature for chartering new banks.

The Minnesota Legislature has been occupied with plans for a State organization.

The Wisconsin Legislature has passed a bill giving S. M. Booth, the editor of the Milwaukee Free Democrat, the power of replevin, over his press, which was seized by the U. S. Marshal. This is another step in the progress of the Garland slave case.

LAKE ONTARIO STEAMERS.—The Ogdensburgh Sentinel understands that arrangements for running of the American line of steamers of Lake Ontario, for the season of 1856, have already been completed. The steamers New York and Northerner, are to form the American Express Line, and will run the old route, touching at Toronto each way. The Bay State, Ontario, Cataract and Niagara, form the U. S. Mail Line. In addition to the old route, they will cross from Rochester to Toronto, coming down.

BELLADONNA IN SCARLATINA.—Ex-Governor Briggs, in communicating to the Berkshire county Eagle a letter from Dr, Wm. H. Tyler of Adams, in favor of the use of belladonna as protection against scarlet fever, remarks:—"I have distinct recollection of the use of this article in my own family, and was then and am now satisfied that it saved my two sons, then children, from the disease, which my daughter and many of my neighbors' children had severely."

INDIAN TROUBLES RENEWED.—A letter from Loredo, Webb Co., Texas, says that since the withdrawal of the United States troops in that part of Texas, the Camanche Indians have become a terror to the inhabitants. Within a month twelve men had been killed in that vicinity, and a general break up among the stock farmers was taking place.

THE HOG DISEASE.—This disease, which has proved so fatal to hogs at the West this season, has broken out among the Western swine arriving at Philadelphia, and also among the hogs in the distilleries. The disease appears contagious, and large numbers have died.

THE NEW YORK SPECTATOR, advertised on next page, is one of the very best and most reliable journals on our exchange list. Though the oldest newspaper published in New York, it retains the vigor and enterprise of earlier years.

A GOOD PIG.—O. A. J. HOLLISTER, Esq., P. M. at Reynoldsville, N. Y., killed a pig nine months old that weighed four hundred and fifty pounds. Not of the "dumpy sort," probably.

Provincial Items.

OUR Canadian neighbors have been suffering from freshets and their peculiar calamitous incidents. The Hamilton *Spectator* says:—We regret to learn that great destruction has been caused by the sudden rising of the Grand River on Monday night, which rose four or five feet higher than was ever known before. The accounts that have reached us are as yet but very meagre, but enough has been ascertained to convince us that the destruction of property must be immense. For some days the ice had been lodged a short distance above Galt, and on Monday it suddenly gave way, destroying everything in its course, sweeping away bridges, fences, and houses, and completely overflowing the banks in many places. We are informed that scarcely a single bridge is left standing between Berlin and Galt. At the latter place, property to the amount of several thousand dollars has been destroyed. Houses in the lower part of the town were removed bodily, and nearly the whole of the north side of the town submerged.—At Brantford a great deal of damage has also been done. Families had to desert their houses; and we hear that many were compelled to make their exit from the upper windows.

THE Hamilton Banner states that the Home Directors of the Great Western Railroad, have directed that an action be brought to recover from Sir Allan McNab £5,000 which was paid for certain water lots, said not to be worth £500.

THE Dundas (C. W.) Tribune says that the oldest inhabitants of that town never before saw so much soft weather and hard times mixed up together at this season as now prevail there.

THE Hamilton Board of Trade has resolved to pay the expense of a survey of the Ontario and Lake Huron Ship Canal.

THE citizens of Montreal are making strenuous efforts for the passage of the Maine law in that city.

THE imports of Canada last year were $41,977,135.

THE income from the Canadian canals last year was $371,580.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

A FIRE of occurred at Burlington, Iowa, on Saturday week, destroying four stores in the centre of the city. Loss $80,000. The principal losers are Kimball & Co., dry goods—$43,000. Insured $31,000. J. W. White, stoves—$10,000. Insured $8,000. Martin & Co., hardware—$5,000.—Fully insured.

THE Print Works of Garnar & Co., at Wapingers Falls, Dutchess county, were totally destroyed by fire on Tuesday week, together with all the stock and machinery. Loss about $100,000—for which amount the works were insured in New York city.

THE cotton factory of Matthias Gorgas, on the Wissahickon, near Philadelphia, was burnt on the 18th inst. Loss $10,000,—partly insured.

THE Arcy Block, and two adjoining buildings in Frankfort, Me., occupied by various firms, were burned on the 23d inst. Loss about $117,000.

A STARTLING casualty happened on the railroad, about four miles this side of Canandaigua, on Wednesday night. The mail train, which left Albany at 9.30 A. M., on Tuesday, the 17th, and Syracuse at 6.05 P. M., with the engine Daniel Webster, had come on the old road nearly half the distance between Canandaigua and Victor, when the locomotive met with an obstruction upon the track, which threw it off, and down the embankment, which is several feet in height at that point. The Engineer, John SNELL, of this city, attempted to free himself from his machine by jumping, but was struck, as is supposed, and thrown ten or fifteen feet from the track. He was fatally injured internally, and survived but about twenty minutes.—Mr. WILLIAMS, fireman, was badly, though not fatally, injured. On examining the track at the point where the obstruction was encountered, it was found that several T rails had been placed across and lengthwise of the track, and fastened in that position. When the locomotive struck them, one was broken into three pieces; another was thrown upward endwise, and bent double, one end being thrust into the earth. The engine plunged down the bank and ran its nose deeply into the soft mud, remaining upright. The baggage car ran on farther, and went off the track, but did not go down the bank. Fortunately, the concussion did not throw the passenger cars off the track, and no one was injured except those on the engine.

THE locomotive of a freight train on the Worcester Railroad exploded on the 21st instant, at Farmingham, killing the engineer, and badly injuring the firemen. The depot was greatly shattered by the explosion.

THE NEW CENT COINAGE.—The new cent piece, soon to be issued, is composed of copper and nickle, and is about the size of a quarter eagle, as thick as the present cent, and but little darker than German silver. The obverse is a well-executed figure of an eagle in full flight, with the date underneath, and the words United States of America above. The reverse is a fine executed wreath, representing all the principal staples of the country—cotton, corn, tobacco, wheat, grapes, &c., with the words ONE CENT in the centre. It is stated by the officers of the Mint, that at the present price of copper, and for several years past, there has been little or no profit on the issue of copper cents, and in consequence of the low value of this coin, it might be issued at one-half its present weight with a seigniorage profit, and without tempting the counterfeiter, because the profits on their issue would be too small to undergo the risk of detection.

PARDONS.—The Secretary of the State of New York has furnished the Senate with a statement giving the number of pardons, &c., granted by the Governors for ten years past, as follows:—By Gov. Young, 268. By Gov. Fish, 100. By Gov. Hunt, 411. By Gov. Seymour, 465. By Gov. Clark, 580. Restored to citizenship, 409. Total cases of Executive clemency, 2,233.

STRANGERS IN WASHINGTON.—The National Intelligencer says the hotels of that city are even now occupied to their ordinary capacity by strangers from all sections and distances who propose to witness the inauguration ceremonies.

News Clippings.

—John B. Gough is lecturing in Illinois.

—Mad dogs seem to be abundant in Illinois.

—There are 78 Wesleyan preachers in France.

—Scarlet fever is raging in Northern Mississippi.

—The new Ohio six per cent. loan was taken at 109.

—The British army in Hindostan numbers 215,000 men.

—The personal liberty bill has passed the Legislature of Wisconsin.

—There are 30 new bank charters before the Missouri Legislature.

—The wheat crop of Ohio last year amounted to 19,669,320 bushels.

—The attempts to raise cotton in Australia are said to be successful.

—Wild pigeons are very plenty in the woods near Staunton, Virginia.

—The constitutionality of the State Bank of Indiana is to be tested.

—There are 459 harbors on the Atlantic coast of the United States.

—A bear weighing 150 pounds, was killed in Pittsfield, Mass., last week.

—The Morris and Essex railroad, N. J., is to be extended to the Hudson river.

—Mary Howitt, the poetess, has been writing a History of the United States.

—There were 80 deaths in Boston last week, of which 19 were of scarlet fever.

—Thirty thousand dollars have been subscribed to the first railroad in Kansas.

—The surface of the island of Cuba covers a space of about 32,000 square miles.

—The Nova Scotia Legislature has voted a want of confidence in the Government.

—It is said that Gen. Concha is about to resign his office as Governor General of Cuba.

—A bill to compel free negroes to leave the State has passed the Alabama Legislature.

—The "Sons of Malta" in St. Louis have donated another $1,000 in bread to the poor.

—A bill is before the Michigan Legislature to establish an independent Supreme Court.

—Florida papers say that the orange and lemon crop in that State is good this season.

—Robins were seen on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 14th, in Newton, six miles from Boston.

—A white shad, the first of the season, sold at Wilmington, N. C., on Tuesday, at $3.

—A few days ago, 11,300 smuggled cigars, of superior quality, were seized at Portland, Me.

—Hon. Jno. R. Thompson has been re-elected U. S. Senator by the Legislature of New Jersey.

—A large steam frigate is to be built in New York, by contract, for the Russian Government.

—C. M. Denio, of the New Orleans Picayune, a poet of promise, died the last day of January.

—In a duel at Savannah on Monday, Thomas Daniel was killed at the first fire by Daniel Elliot.

—The price of tin has risen steadily the past year. The ores composing it are becoming scarce.

—The Lord Mayor of London has prohibited Tom Thumb's carriage from parading the city.

—Huntington is now employed as a book-keeper for Mr. Woodruff, contractor in Sing Sing Prison.

—The extradition treaty between the United States and the Netherlands has been ratified by the Senate.

—The damage by the freshet to the Illinois and Michigan canal will prevent its opening until the 1st of May.

—Caleb Cushing, on retiring from his office of U. S. Attorney General, will return to Newburyport to live.

—Ticknor & Fields announce a beautiful family edition of the Waverley Novels in forty-eight 16mo. volumes.

—George Parish, of Ogdensburg, St. Lawrence Co., is set down by the Watertown Reformer as worth $6,000,000.

—Hon. Wm. L. Dayton has been nominated by the Governor as Attorney General of the State of New Jersey.

—The first party of New York emigrants for Kansas, will leave Bennett's Hotel, Buffalo, on the 5th of March.

—Dr. Ure, the distinguished author of the Dictionary of Arts, Science, and Mining, died in London on the 2d ult.

—Some towns in Illinois offer as high as $25,000 to secure the location of the projected State Normal School.

—The Hon. Samuel Ingham has been unanimously renominated for Governor of Connecticut by the Democrats.

—One of the patriots of the Revolution, John C. Reinhardt, died in Philadelphia a few days since, at the age of 98 years.

—There are between thirty and forty thousand Jews in California, and they have lately started a paper in San Francisco.

—The income of the Provincial Canals during last year was £95,305, exceeding the income of the year preceding by £14,221.

—Nine out of ten of losses by mail, so far, have been registered letters, and in no instance has one of them been traced up.

—A licence law has passed the Iowa Legislasure which repeals the prohibitory law in all counties where the people so vote.

—A man was attacked by nine weasels, in Roxburyshire, England, lately They clung to his legs until all but one were killed.

—A flock of wild geese passed over Boston, on their way north, Sunday—a symptom of spring, unless the geese were mistaken.

—Col. Ridler, of the Nicaraguan army, who returned on the Texas badly wounded, confirms the report of Walker's recent success.

—No less than ten bridges are already built, projected, or in process across the Mississippi river, at various points above St. Louis.

—The Cincinnati Commercial has fears for the coming peach crop in that vicinity, as the young buds are already bursting forth.

—The average temperature at sunrise at Lancaster, Wisconsin, during the whole month of January was six degrees below zero.

—The damage to steamboats by the recent freshet in the Ohio is estimated at $170,000. About thirty boats were more or less injured.

—A father and son, the former aged 40 years and the latter 13, were arrested in Boston on Saturday week as common drunkards.

—The damage to steamboats by the recent freshet in the Ohio is estimated at $170,000. About thirty boats were more or less injured.

—A young man in Washington was so affected by unexpectedly drawing a lottery prize of $1,500 that he has become hopelessly insane.

—A letter asserts that Yah, the Governor of Canton, has, during the short time he has held office, beheaded no less than 70,000 persons.

—The Rockford Republican says there has been sixty-two consecutive days of sleighing in that city this winter, and plenty of snow left.

—An arrangement is about to be made which will ensure the opening of a channel over the St. Clair Flats in the course of the coming season.

—A couple was married in the cars of the Memphis and Charleston railroad a few weeks since. The bride was a "widow" aged sixteen years.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Asia.

THE steamship Asia arrived at New York on the 22d inst., bringing Liverpool dates to 7th Feb., and nearly $400,000 in specie.

The Queen of England in her speech at the opening of Parliament, says:—"England is negotiating with the U. S. and Honduras, respecting Central America, and she hopes all difficulties will be removed."

A telegraph despatch from Constantinople says Russia demands the occupation of the Persian province of Mussranderau.

The English have re-constructed the forts of Bushire, left troops there and marched upon Mohomosa, which commands both the province of Fars and the road to Shiraz. They are also about to occupy Mahommead and Bender Ali, two towns on the Persian Gulf.

The English and French troops are ordered to evacuate Greece, their demands having been fully complied with.

A commission of the three protecting powers, Russia, England and France, have been appointed to investigate the condition of the Greek finances.

Parliament met the 3d of February. The reply to the Queen's speech was agreed to and presented in the usual form.

The wars with Persia and China, had both been discussed and information called for. The Earl of Grey called for a despatch, written by himself, when in office, prohibiting the English local authorities at Canton from taking active measures without referring to the Home Government, which despatch he had written after conferring with the Duke of Wellington.

An interesting discussion was had on the Hudson's Bay Co., on a motion to appoint a committee to inquire into the state of the possessions over which that country possesses a license to trade.—It was suggested by several speakers that the monopoly should be broken up, and the lands thrown open to colonists. Mr. Lang alluded to the tide of emigration now setting towards Minnesota, and said the only mode of averting a conflict between England and the U. S., which might arise from America overstepping the borders, and squatting on English Territory, would be the annexation of the Hudson Bay Territory with Canada.

The Denmark treaty for the redemption of the Sound Dues is printed. Article 4th binds the States, signing the treaty, to pay Denmark $30,570,000 rix dollars, according to the quotas already agreed upon.

Naples has signed a treaty with the Argentine Republic for the reception of the Neapolitan State prisoners, who are to be pardoned. This treaty, accompanied with an offer of pardon, had been communicated to all the State prisoners.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 6.—Breadstuffs.—The advance claimed at Tuesday's market has not been fully acceded to, altho' continued purchases for France and Spain have induced holders to remain firm, and enabled them to obtain pretty full prices for good samples. Both good white and red American wheats are wanted by millers for mixing with low grades of English. Medium qualities of wheat are in large supply, and do not find ready buyers at their relative value. The trade in flour is restricted to the demand from consumers, who give a preference to good and choice brands at higher prices. Indian corn in better demand, both for Ireland and the Continent.

At to-day's market the attendance is small. Trade dull and prices feebly sustained, with possibly a concession in favor of buyers. Indian corn—mixed, 34s; yellow, 34s6d; white, 35s@36s. Red wheat 8s@9s 2d; white 9s@10s.—Western Canal flour 31s@32s; Philadelphia 32s@33s; Ohio 32s 6d@34s 6d; St. Louis superfine 35s 6d.

The advices per Ericsson and Asia confirm previous intelligence from the United States in reference to the hog crop and at speculations there being entered upon in all articles of provisions, have induced receivers here to be more sanguine as to the future healthfulness of the trade. In this they will be encouraged by the very unexpected high prices paid for old beef and pork at the government sale at Deptford yesterday.

Arrival of the Texas and Tennessee.

THE Texas arrived at New Orleans on the 17th inst., and the Tennessee at New York on the 21st.

The Tennessee, from New York, with recruits and ammunition for Walker's troops had arrived at Greytown, and also Col. Titus, with his recruits from Kansas. Col. Stockbridge had proceeded up the river from Greytown to Cortez Point, at the mouth of the Sora Joiqua, where he attacked and defeated 300 Costa Ricans, with a large loss to the enemy and a trifling one to himself. His steamer's machinery getting out of order he was obliged to put back again to Port Avenas. After repairing he proceeded back again, and it was thought at Port Avenas, that he would in a week be in full possession of the river.

The advices from Walker's position are from Feb. 3, received at Panama, by the Orizaba.—These advices are undoubtedly from Walker's agents, and are to be accredited accordingly. It is stated that the allies, under Codas, had made their appearance in the vicinity of Rivas, but were driven back; also, that on the 28th of January, Gen. Henningson with 400 troops attacked 1,500 Costa Ricans at St. Georges, and after driving them from their position, returned to Rivas. Walker's whole force is rated at 1,300 men of whom 1,100 are fit for duty, and in good health and spirits, and having three months' supply of provisions and ammunition.

The affairs near Rivas and near St. George, between Henningson's command, and the Costa Ricans, as reported by the Tennessee, differs from that brought by the Texas. In the fight near Rivas, Capt. Finney was killed, and the Americans suffered other losses, but it does not appear which party was victorious.

Henningsen's attack on St. George was made with 400 men, the enemy having, as isstated, 1,500 men. After several hours fighting, Henningsen retired, as is stated, with inconsiderable loss, expecting that several of his officers were mortally wounded, including Col. Jaque and Maj. Dusenbury. The Costa Rican loss was supposed to be great. Gen. Bosquet was killed.

At last advices, the Nicaraguans had drawn off from the allies, and were in the vicinity of Grenada, where they were awaiting the arrival of ammunition from Greytown.

At last accounts from Gen. Walker, Feb. 3, he was at San Juan del Sur, with 300 men. He had established his head-quarters at Rivas, and was concentrating all his force there, about 800 men.

LATER.—A letter received by the British Consul at Panama states that Walker, with the remnant of his forces, is hemmed in on all sides by the allied and Costa Rican forces, without clothing and provisions, and demoralized by disease and starvation.

His entire force does not exceed 500 men, and they are fighting with a desperate hope of being able to get out of the country. Eleven hundred men from Guatemala had arrived at Realejo, and were on their march towards Rivas, and 800 Nicaraguans under Don Patrico, of Rivas, were also on their march for the same point. The main body of the allied troops, numbering nearly 2,000, were also on the Isthmus.

At Chantales, on the Eastern shore of the lake, was a force of 1,000 men kept in reserve by, and who could either join Gen. Morn at Fort San Carlos, or cross the lake to the Isthmus, and march upon Rivas, if needed. At the latest accounts the Gangnan river was still in possession of the Costa Ricans, with every prospect of their being able to resent any forces of filibusters which might arrive from the United States.

A RUSSIAN agent is on a visit to this country to examine our most improved diving apparatus, with a view to its employment in re-building Sebastopol, and raising the hulks sunk in the harbor.

—A Concert has been originated in Cincinnati for the relief of the poor, to which the price of admission is one ready-made garment, either new or second hand.

—The Russian authorities give notice that they will purchase paving stones, brought as ballast, at the rate of 20 silver roubles per 343 cubic feet.

—Forty young Vermonters had a party and supper in Bethel, and became so elated that a clergyman was sent for, and four couples were married "right off the reel."

—Farmers, in many parts of the country, are complaining of losing their potatoes, by the very severe frosts of January. Cellars, that kept them well before, froze, and many buried, froze solid in the hills.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

NEW YORK MONEY MARKET, FEB. 19.—The New York *Post* says.—The money market seems a trifle easier. Specie continues to arrive daily from the interior. The Banks, however, report that the offerings made to them for discount of paper is very large, and much more than they can take. A moderate bank contraction is in progress. The discount brokers quote 9@10 per cent. for the best class of paper, and 10@12 for inferior grades according to date. Call loans at 7 per cent. are in quick demand, but with a little more ease in obtaining them. Loans from brokers for carrying stocks are rather easier—from 10 to 15 per cent., mostly 1@1¼ per cent. per month.

The exchanges at the Clearing House to-day amount to $23,572,383 72, and balances to $1,457,237 85.

Foreign exchange is inactive and very heavy. Sterling at 108@108½, and francs 4 22½.

The receipts at the Sub-Treasury to-day were $202,511; payments $177,243 94, and balances $14,562,523 21

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, Feb. 26, 1857.

GRAIN AND FLOUR—No changes of particular note, and transactions limited. Oats have advanced 3@4 cents per bushel—now held at 40@41c—former price by measure, latter by weight. Best grades of Flour have fallen off 25 cents per barrel.

PROVISIONS—Beef, per cwt., has taken a start of 75@100c. during the week. Other matters are about as usual.

DRIED FRUIT—Apples are worth prices quoted, and move off rapidly. Peaches 18@20c, as to quality.

SEEDS—We note an advance in the price of Clover and Timothy, but the state of the market is such that a fall may be anticipated at any time.

HIDES AND SKINS—Slight reduction in price of Hides, equal to ¼@½c per lb. Sheep Pelts are worth $1,50@2,00, as to condition and quality of wool.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	$18
Flour, bbl	$6,25@7,25	Candles, box	13@14c
Wheat, Gen	$1,50@1,63	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada	$1,50@1,63	Apples, bushel	75c@$1,50
Corn	60@62½c	Do. dried	$1,50@2,00
Oats	40@41c	Potatoes	50@62½c
Barley	1,00@1,12½	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Buckwheat	50c	Slaughter	7½@7½c
Beans	$1,12½@1,50	Calf	12c
Peas	1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	1,00@2,00
MEATS.		Lamb do	00@00c
Pork, Mess	$20,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover bushel	$5,50@7,00
Beef, per cwt	$6,50@7,00	Timothy	$2,50@3,50
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$4,50@5,00	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	12@12½c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	8@9c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,25
Chickens	8@9c	Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Turkeys	9@10c	Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	20@22c	Salt, bbl	$1,58
Do. firkin	18@20c	Hay, ton	$9@15
Cheese	8½@9½c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	12½@13c	White fish, bbl	$11
Tallow	10c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$4,75@5,25
Eggs, dozen	20@21c	Trout, bbl	$7

NEW YORK, FEB. 23.—FLOUR—Market dull and lower. Demand chiefly for intermediate wants of the local trade; sales made $5,20@5,40 for com to choice super State; $5,50@5,70 for extra do; $5,20@5,45 for super western; $5,50@7,00 for extra do; $5,31@5,50 for St. Louis, $7,20@7,25 extra Genesee; closing dull and tendency downward. Canadian flour heavy; sales at $5,40 for super, $5,75@7,50 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market dull; sales St. Louis at $1,78 for prime white, and $1,55 for red; nominal quotations are $1,33@1,40 for Chicago Spring. Rye quiet at 90@95c for com to prime. Barley nominal at 115@120c. Corn dull and lower; sales mixed western at 72@73c in store. Oats unchanged.

PROVISIONS—Pork firmer; sales at $21,37½@21,50 for old mess; $21,75@21,80 for new mess; closing firm at $22 for latter; and 21 brls prime sold at $17,50@18. Dressed hogs 9@9½c; nearly all the lots now coming forward are spoiled by the warm weather. Lard dull; sales 250 brls at 11@11½c. Butter in good demand at 17@22c for Ohio, and 19@26c for State. Cheese scarce and in request at 12@13c.

BUFFALO, FEB. 21.—FLOUR—There is some more enquiry, but we notice no change in prices. Sales 700 bbls Canada at $5,50 for common, including 150 bbls double extra at $5 50, and 300 bbls Indiana in lots at $5,06 37.

GRAIN—White wheat nominal at $1 40@1 43. Corn is about 61@65.

Pork firmer—sales mess at $20@21.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 13.—SEEDS—There was a fair demand for clover to-day, with sales of 70 barrels at $7,20; 10 do. at $7,25, and 15 bags ordinary at $7. Of timothy, 100 bush. sold at $4,50 At the close holders were in most cases asking $7,50 for prime clover, and $4,75@4,90 for timothy. For a lot of 500 bush flax seed, suitable for seed, at Centerville, $2 per bush has been offered and refused.

BUFFALO, Feb. 19th.—SEEDS—Clover firm, with a good demand. Sales yesterday 500 bush at $7,25, and this morning 108 bush at $7,37. Timothy steady; sales 100 bu at $3,37.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

CAMBRIDGE, FEB. 18.—At market 570 Cattle, mostly Beeves and 70 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,00; first quality, $8,00; second quality, $7,00@7,50; third quality, $6,50@6,00; ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$160@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40@65.

YEARLINGS—$16@20. Two Years Old—$25, 33@35. Three Years Old—$37@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1600 at market. Prices—In lots, $3,00, 3,50, 4,25@5,00; extra and selections, $5, 7,87@10.

SWINE—140 at market. Prices—Live weight, 8½ cents per lbs. Dressed hogs, 10@11c per lb.

HIDES—7½@8½c. ℔ lb Tallow—8@8½c.

CALF SKINS—13@16c ℔ lb. Pelts—$1,25@1,50.

BRIGHTON, FEB. 19.—At market 600 Beeves, 80 Stores, 7 pairs Working Oxen, 35 Cows and Calves, 1,500 Sheep and Lambs 200 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,50; first quality, $8,00; second quality, $7,75; third quality, $6,50; ordinary $6,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100, 120@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 50@60.

YEARLINGS—$18@ Two Years Old—$25@34. Three Years Old—$28@40

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $6@8; in lots $3@5.

SWINE—At wholesale 8@8½c per lb At retail 9@10c per lb. Fat hogs, still fed, 7½c; corn fed, 7½.

HIDES—7½@8½c. ℔ lb. Calf Skins 13@14c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,25@1,50 each. Tallow—8@8½c. ℔ lb.

ALBANY, FEB 23.—Beef Cattle—At market 350. Prices, live weight, extra, $5,50; first quality, $5,00; second and third, $4@4,50.

COWS AND CALVES—Few in market. Prices range from $35@55.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1000 in market. Prices range at from $3, $4@500. Extras $10.

SWINE—700 in market. Fat hogs $7,00; stores $6,50@7,00.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 20.—An active demand has prevailed for native fleece wool, and the stock is now greatly reduced. We notice sales at an advance of 10c per lb on those obtained at the beginning of the season, prices have now become so high that many of the small manufacturers will be obliged to stop their works—unless we have an immediate change in the tariff—the sales comprise 100,000 lbs super State and Michigan fleeces at 57½c; 20,000 lbs extra Ohio do. at 62½c; 2,000 lbs medium do. at 48c, and some small sales at 40@42c, with little to be had of even the lowest grades at our inside figures: 30,000 lbs mixed Canadian fleeces at 40 cts net., and 80,000 lbs California do at 22c, six months.

Pulled wool is scarce, and in good request. Sales 15,000 lbs super country at full prices. Foreign is in good request, but the meagre stock offering restrict transactions very materially.—Sales of 40 bales Entre Rios on private terms. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ℔ lb	55@57
American Full-blood Merino	32@37
American ¾ and ⅝ Merino	45@53
American Native and ½ do	42@50
Pulled Wool, extra Country	50@55
Pulled Wool, super	44@47
Pulled Wool, No 1	35@40
California Fine, Washed	35@45
Do. Com. Unwashed	18@33
Pernvian, Washed	32@37
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@30
South American, Com. Washed	15@22
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	15@22
South American Unwashed	11@14
South American, Cordova, Washed	20@29
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	11@14
African, Washed	7@24
Smyrna, Unwashed	14@17
Smyrna, Washed	28@29
Mexican, Unwashed	12@18

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 20.—Holders are firm in their views, and the stock is very much reduced, but there is not much doing as yet. Among the transactions are 20,000 lbs fine fleece at 65 cents, and 15,000 lbs ¾ blood do. at 60c; all on time.

DEATHS.

IN Holley, on the 14th inst., at the residence of his son-in-law, James Miller, BISHOP CRAMER, aged 81 years and 4 days.

AT Grand Blanc, Mich., Jan. 28th, Mrs. AMANDA, wife of James King, in the 77th year of her age.

IN Connewango, N. Y., on the 10th of Feb., Miss LOUISA BUSH, aged 17 years, daugater of Mr. NELSON BUSH.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

"EXCELSIOR" PREMIUMS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, to the person or persons procuring the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, in any one Township, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to April 1, 1857.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.
FIVE DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.

$800 IN STATE PREMIUMS!

As most of our General Premiums have heretofore been won by persons in the State of New York, thus precluding Agents and friends at a distance from successful competition, we have concluded to offer $800 *in State and Provincial Prizes*, viz: **One Hundred Dollars** for the FOUR LARGEST LISTS from EACH of the States of PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, IOWA, and the Province of CANADA WEST, divided as follows:

FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER from *each* of the above named States and Canada West, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1857.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.
TEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.

☞ Competitors for the State and Provincial Premiums, *can also compete for the large General Prizes!* Comment upon the unprecedented liberality and advantages of this list is unnecessary

The names and number of subscribers obtained by each competitor, will be published in the RURAL, (or in a circular, and mailed to all interested, as soon after the 1st of April as the result can be ascertained,) and the cash paid to the order of the successful competitor.

☞ To give Post-Masters and other Local Agents a fair, equal chance, traveling agents, post-riders and citizens of Rochester are excluded

[For List of Specific Premiums, &c., see any preceding No. of present volume.]

☞ Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, Prospectuses, &c., furnished free to all who are disposed to compete for Premiums, or who desire to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL Subscription money should be properly inclosed, and carefully addressed and mailed to

D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

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Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar Journal in the World,—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

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Cumillus, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1857 [373w1] E. MARKS.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE SEED,

NEW, PURE AND WELL RIPENED, SENT BY MAIL IN packets at 50 cents and $1 each. All the best varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, by mail, 10 packets for $1.
373w3eow Address W. T. GOLDSMITH, Rochester, N. Y.

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IN THE TOWN OF PHELPS, 2½ MILES NORTH OF Geneva, 62 acres, with neat, convenient dwelling house, and other necessary out buildings, in good repair, soil sandy loam, with clay subsoil. Apply to GEO. W. ROOT, on the premises, or by letter at Geneva, N. Y. 373w2

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FOR SALE OR RENT.—The Farm formerly owned by J. S. Bidwell, one mile from Batavia, Genesee Co., N. Y., on the Buffalo Plank Road, containing about 100 acres, with a Patent Lime Kiln capable of making 50,000 bu. of lime pr year. Terms very easy. HENRY E. HALL,
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THE SUBSCRIBER WILL FURNISH BY MAIL, POSTpaid Beardless Barley, Chinese Sugar Cane, Japan Peas, King Philip Corn, Flat Dutch Cabbage, Cylindrical Pumpkin. Each package sufficient to plant 4 rods of ground, for 25 cents per package, or the whole list in one envelope for $1, or five packages of either. Address I. W. BRIGGS,
373w6 West Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

KING PHILIP CORN.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS ON HAND A SUPPLY OF Seed Corn of this variety. It is the most prolific variety of corn grown in New England. This seed is from a field that took the first premium in the Oxford County Agricultural Society, and also in the Maine State Agricultural Society. The produce was *one hundred and eight bushels to the acre*, manured only in the hill. Address the subscriber at South Paris, Maine.
372w3 GEORGE P. HOOPER.

FOR SALE,

THE FARM AND RESIDENCE OF THE SUBSCRIBER, two miles from the village of Canandaigua, containing 450 acres of land, 320 under cultivation. There are on the premises three houses, three barns, sheds, stables, tool-house, granary, &c., with a good supply of fruit. It will be sold entire, or divided into two farms giving to each a part of the buildings, and about an equal quantity of timbered land.
For particulars address W. W. GORHAM,
273w13 Canandaigua, Ontario Co., N. Y.

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THE SUBSCRIBER HAS THE TRUE AND UNADULterated articles on sale as follows:
100 Bushels King Philip Improved Corn $1 ℔ Peck; $3 ℔ Bush.
300 Do. Pure White Potato Oats 50 cents do $1 50 do.
200 " Mexican Wild Potatoes 62½c. " $2 "
Which will be forwarded by Express or otherwise as directed on receipt of the price and full directions for shipping. Delivered at Macedon Depot, N. Y. C. R. R free of charge. Address I. W. BRIGGS, West Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y. 373w6

DICKEY'S IMPROVED PATENT CORN PLANTER.

I AM NOW MANUFACTURING THIS INVALUABLE MAchine, which plants the corn with no more labor than is usually spent in marking out the ground; (thus saving much cost and trouble,) it is also unsurpassed as a planter of beans, peas, and other seeds planted in drills.

I am also prepared to treat with implement makers and dealers for the right to manufacture.

For sale wholesale and retail. A full description of the machine, with testimonials, will be sent to all applicants.
373w4eow Address JOHN OUTRAM, Elmira, N. Y.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS,

GARDENERS AND PLANTERS THE BROOKLYN FERtilizer MANUFACTURING COMPANY are now ready to offer for sale their *Ammoniated Fluter*, for the present, at the low price of $25 per ton. It is a highly efficient fertilizer, prepared from Night Soil, Blood, and Butchers' Offal, received from the city of Brooklyn, under a contract for ten years. Therefore, consumers can always rely on its strict purity and uniformity, being manufactured under the supervision of a competent Chemist, and it is warranted to contain a large percentage of Phosphates, Ammoniacal and Organic substances, Potash and other valuable ingredients, as may be seen by the Analysis in our Circulars, and is believed to be one of the richest fertilizers ever used.—For orders or further information, apply to the office of the Company, foot of South 11th St., Brooklyn, E. D., or at 82 Water street, New York.

N. B.—Circulars with full particulars and analysis will be sent, by mail, to any one requesting them. 373w13

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Rochester, February 24th, 1857. 273tf

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FOR SALE, ONE-HALF MILE FROM VICTOR VILlage, Ontario Co., N. Y., on the Central Railroad.

No. 1 has 50 acres, extra soil for grain and grass of all kinds; well watered, valuable young orchard of choice fruit, just in bearing. Buildings of first quality, and convenient for all farming purposes. Valuable wood lot on the premises.

No. 2 adjoins above, and contains 50 acres, soil the same.—Good young orchard of choice fruit; well watered; a new house, barn, and all other buildings good and convenient. Good timber lot.

These farms are among the very best in every respect, in this "Eden of America." For terms and other particulars, inquire of or address the subscribers on the premises. If not sold at private sale by March 19th, they will be sold at auction, of which due notice will be given The reason the above farms are for sale, is, the parties are going West.

Victor, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1857. C. & M. BOUGHTON.

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BLAKE'S UNIVERSAL BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. The "New Edition" of this valuable work, which has long been in preparation, is now published. It forms one imperial octavo volume of 1366 pages, and contains an account of the lives of about TEN THOUSAND different individuals, more than TWO THOUSAND of whom were citizens of the UNITED STATES.

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The undersigned having been twenty years engaged in building Horse Powers and Threshing Machines, feel confident, from past experience, and the numerous testimonials we are receiving from all parts of the country, of the superiority of our machines, that we can give satisfaction to all who may favor us with their orders. Our Horse Powers are made substantial, and so geared that it requires the team to travel only about 1¼ miles per hour, thereby making it safe to work either horses or cattle on them. Our Threshers and Thresher and Winnowers are so constructed as to discharge all the grain and dust through the machine, and not into the feeder's face, as is usual with other kinds. The Thresher and Winnower has a revolving wire separator, which does the work more perfectly than can be done in any other way. The Separator (Riddle) has a fork straw shaker, which shakes the grain out of the straw, as it passes from the Thresher.

We warrant these machines to suit the purchaser upon trial, or they can be returned, and the money will be refunded.

G. WESTINGHOUSE & CO.
Schenectady, N. Y., March, 1857. 273-3w1am

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One of the most complete Books upon American Agriculture that has yet been published. Price One Dollar. Sent free of postage Address C. M. SAXTON & CO.,
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FARMERS DON'T LET THE COMING HARVEST PASS without purchasing one of the Excelsior Railway Patent Horse Powers, Threshers and Separators and Fan Mills, if you want to save money and do your work with Economy. The following is a statement of the cost of Threshing with our Horse Power and the common Lever and Sweep Power.

EXCELSIOR POWER.		LEVER AND SWEEP POWER.	
Estimated day of 10 hours.		Estimated day of 10 hours.	
2 Horses 50 cents	$1 00	4 Horses of Farmer 50 cts	$2 00
4 Men 75 cents	3 00	6 men " " 75 "	4 50
Boarding 6 horses and men 37½ cents each	2 25	Boarding 8 horses and men 37½ cents each	6 00
Fanning and cleaning over 175 bushels ½c	87	3½ cts. ℔ bush. for cleaning 250 bushels	8 75
175 Bush. total cost, or 4c and a half toll ℔ bush.	$7 12	250 bush. total cost, or 3½ cents per bushel	21 25

Thus making the increased cost of working the Sweep Power $14 17 per day to thresh 75 bushels more than with the Excelsior Power, or 19 cents each bushel over the quantity threshed with the Excelsior Power; and, further, that of this excess $11 25 are clear cash out, or over 15 cents for every extra bushel threshed more than if done with the Excelsior Power. These considerations, together with the usual waste of grain by large machines; risk of delays from breakage, bad weather, and inconvenience of getting and boarding an army of men and horses, and delays in getting threshing done when wanted or expected, as compared with owning and using the Excelsior Power, &c., would seem conclusive of the greater economy of the adoption of our last named machine.

Local agents wanted where none are established, to whom a liberal commission will be given for selling those machines. All communications promptly answered; by addressing
373w2 RICHARD H. PEASE, Albany, N. Y.

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IF YOU WOULD BE FASHIONABLE AND POLITE, read the following book: **The American Gentleman's Guide to Politeness and Fashion**; Or, Familiar Letters to his Nephews, containing Rules of Etiquette, Directions for the Formation of Character, etc., etc., Illustrated by Sketches Drawn from Life, of the Men and Manners of our Times.

By HENRY LUNETTES.

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of the first class Great care has always been and will continue to be taken to admit into its columns no matters which the most careful parent would wish to exclude from the knowledge of his home circle. At the same time its readers are kept well informed on all the

TOPICS OF THE DAY,

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While the chief object of the New York Spectator is to furnish a reliable record of current events, it is also intended to be, in a measure, a reflex of the literature of the day. With that view, its

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of the highest merit are occasionally introduced.

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The Spectator will be sent to subscribers at the following rates:—

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Payable invariably in advance at the office, or remitted by mail to the office direct To subscribers in Canada there is an additional charge of fifty cents each, to meet the United States postage, which must be pre-paid in New York.

IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR BUY A FARM, ADDRESS JAMES SULLY, Buffalo, N. Y. See advertisement in No. 370 of *Rural*, Feb. 7th. 372tf

SMALL FARM FOR SALE, CONTAINING FORTY-SIX acres, pleasantly located in Volney, near schools, churches, excellent markets and thoroughfares. Terms easy. For details, address G. W. THOMAS,

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

SLIDING ON THE ICE.

BY J. W. ALLEN.

They hasten to the water,
And on the frozen tide,
Each merry son and daughter,
To have a merry slide;
They challenge wind and weather,
For oh, 'tis very nice
For girls and boys together
To slide upon the ice.

They go with arms extended,
Like eaglets on the wing;
With voices shrilly blended,
They make the high arch ring;
Like spectres on the ocean,
They past each other glide;
For all is life and motion
When youngsters take a slide.

One proffered aid refuses—
For wisdom he don't lack—
He his equilibrium loses,
And falls upon his back;
Ha! ha! such peals of laughter,
As go up from them all;
For 'tis fun that they are after,
And they laugh to see him fall.

They hear one londly calling—
A would-be prototype:—
"If lubbers now are falling,
Then are lubbers surely ripe."
But he finds that *he's* a lubber,
Or else a stupid clown;
He begins to wince and blubber,
For he finds that he is *down!*

And thus it goeth ever
In the pleasure round of time;
For sliding ceaseth never,
While life is in its prime:—
But here we'll drop the curtain,
For though 'tis wondrous nice,
'Tis a thing that's all uncertain,
This *sliding on the ice.*

Seneca Falls, N. Y., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MARRYING A GENTLEMAN.

BY JUNIA LUCY.

CHAPTER I.

"Why, Cousin Kate, do you persist in noticing that brown-faced, brawny-handed rustic, Charles Mansfield? You well know that if you treated him as coldly as I do, these everlasting evening calls would soon be discontinued."

"Which I should be very sorry to have done, Mary."

"You really do not mean to say that you enjoy his society, or that you converse with him because you are interested in what he says."

"I really *do*, cousin."

"Then, if you can associate with *him* on terms of equality, I must regard you one degree lower in the scale of being than I had supposed possible for a person in your position and with your attainments."

"I have no right to consider myself *equal* with him, though I should have just cause to be proud, could I do so; for any person, with a just appreciation of character, must see that he is no ordinary person, and that he is far above us in mental attainments, and moral excellence. If intercourse with noble spirits like his, places me in a low grade of being in the world's estimation, then I am content to remain there."

"Bless me! What a condescending little body you have grown since you made his acquaintance; but you will please not to include *me* when speaking of his inferiors. What, think you, would our city friends say to see you, as you have been doing this evening, sit for an hour in earnest conversation, and then play and sing your best pieces, to entertain a rough, penniless farmer?"

"If they had depth of mind sufficient to appreciate true worth, they would do the same; but if, as you intimate, they are so shallow as to place distinction in wealth and personal appearance, then I have done with them, and care as little for their taunts and jeers as for the whispering of the wind."

"Quite a little sermon you have preached, Kate, but you will find it much pleasanter in preaching than in practice when you are in avowed friendship with this *sunburnt saint*, and find yourself excluded from all refined society."

"As to *refined society*, if it consists in fine broadcloth, it is not at all essential to my happiness.—But you must admit, if you reason candidly, that not one of all the gay, fawning *exquisites* in our upper ten circle, possesses one-half of the true refinement of feeling, integrity of purpose, or eloquence of expression that go to make up the sterling character of Charles Mansfield."

"Eloquence in red flannel wrappers is far above my comprehension," said Mary, emphatically.

"And insignificance in purple is as far beneath my notice," said Kate.

"Now, come, Cousin Kate, we are getting quite too warm on the subject," said Mary, recovering herself; "let's have done with this jesting. If I really thought you had been in earnest all this time, I should expect, ere long, to see your little white hand swallowed up in a huge, but well-filled cotton glove, while your little delicate slippers trotted briskly to the parson's, by the side of an enormous pair of cowhide boots."

Mary laughed immoderately at the ridiculous picture she had drawn, but Kate colored deeply and remained silent for some moments.

"Mary," she at length said, "I may as well tell you now, as later, that Charles Mansfield is my betrothed, so if you have any regard for my feelings, you will be a little more sparing of ridicule."

"Impossible!" said Mary; "how could you so disgrace our family, who have done so much for you? But it is not my place to dictate to you?—Suffice it to say, that whenever *I* marry, I shall choose a *gentleman*—one who is worthy of me, and who will be an honor to our family, and thus repay my noble father for the pains he has bestowed in giving *us* an education. Never will I bring sorrow to his home by degrading him in social position."

So saying, she left the room in high indignation. In the hall she was met by her father, who had entered in time to hear her last remark.

"My dear," said he, "what can have happened to raise such a verbal tempest on your usually quiet lips?"

"A *very trifling* affair," said Mary, ironically.—"I was only trying to convince Cousin Kate that a *plebian relative* was not the most desirable thing in the world."

"Plebian relative! What do you mean?"

"Simply, that she has just confided to me the secret that she and Charles Mansfield are *engaged*, totally regardless of our wishes, and of the opinion of the circle in which we move," and Mary passed up the stairs with the air of one much injured.

Mr. Wentworth, Mary's father, was an aristocratic man, of strong passions and prejudices, and he fairly shook with rage as this intelligence was communicated to him, for he not only scorned Charles Mansfield as a day-laborer, but hated him as a political opponent.

Kate felt keenly the words of her cousin, unjust as she knew them to be, for hitherto she had received nothing but kindness from her; and now she sat with her head bowed on her clasped hands, while tears coursed from her eyes, and trickled through her slender, white fingers. When her uncle entered the parlor, she raised her head respectfully, but with a determined air, and awaited his words in silence.

"Kate," said he, as soon as he could command himself; "you heard our conversation in the hall?"

"I did, sir."

"Am I to believe it?"

"It is true."

"Have I ever treated you otherwise than as my own daughter?"

"You have done all for me that a father could do, and I am not without feelings of the deepest gratitude."

"Then why have you taken this step without consulting me?"

"You will excuse me if I do not reply."

"I demand an answer."

"If I *must speak*, uncle, I must speak the *truth*, disrespectful though it may seem. I deliberated well before I acted, and feel that I shall never regret the step I have taken. That you scorned and hated Charles I was aware, but I plainly saw that your mind was actuated by prejudice and false views of society. I knew that he possessed all that could make a *true woman* happy—a noble, manly heart, and a cultivated intellect—and I did not deem it my duty to sacrifice my own candid judgment and happiness to the aristocratic views and unjust principles of others, however near they might be. I knew that you never would consent to our union, therefore I determined to do as I have done, and abide the consequences."

"And abide the consequences you shall. I have not lavished all this expense on you to be treated with insolence. I give you one week to reflect on the course you are pursuing; if then you still persist in marrying him, I warn you never again to let your shadow darken my threshold;" and almost overcome with passion, Mr. Wentworth left the room.

Kate was not surprised at the announcement, for she knew the ungoverned passions of her uncle, and therefore expected it, and was prepared for it; but still she was unhappy and wretched when she thought of her former dependence on him. But this, she knew, need not have been, for she had property sufficient to have maintained her thus far in life, but by the kindness of her uncle it had been deposited in the bank, until she should marry, and he had educated and supported her at his own expense. But still she remained steadfast in her determination, and resolved, if Charles so advised, to leave the house as quickly as possible.

CHAPTER II.

Kate passed a long, sleepless night, and met the family at the breakfast table the next morning pale and dejected. Several times during the day she met her uncle, but he did not seem to notice her, and the other members of the family were cold and silent. At evening she threw a shawl over her shoulders, walked slowly through the orchard, and seated herself on the wall beside the lane, where she knew Charles would pass, on his return from the harvest-field. Soon after she left the house, an elegant carriage, drawn by a span of spirited greys, dashed up the avenue leading to her uncle's, and a fashionably dressed young man alighted and entered. And while Kate sat on the dewy rocks, her brown ringlets nestling closely on the manly shoulder of her affianced, Mary sat in the richly furnished parlor at home wasting sickly sentimentalisms with Harry Morris, the only son of a city millionaire, to the envy of all her less beautiful, fashionable acquaintances. Quickly sped the hours to Charles and Kate, as they sat there, with the full moon smiling on them, while she unburdened her heart of its sorrow, in sharing it with him, listened to his advice; and they exchanged vows of mutual fidelity. At length, feeling the imprudence of longer exposure to the evening air, he accompanied her to her uncle's door, bade her an affectionate "good-night," and departed.

Early the next morning Kate's trunks were packed, and she went below to take a final leave of the family. Her uncle was in the breakfast-room reading the morning papers, and her aunt sat by his side, but neither of them looked up, as she stood in the door in her riding habit. Mary had not yet risen, and so Kate left the home where she had spent so many careless, happy hours, and no one seemed to regret it. Bitter, bitter tears coursed down her cheeks, as the past came rushing to her memory, and she thought of the heartlessness of the friends who were still dear to her, but a brighter hope was before her, and when she was fairly off, with Charles at her side, with his noble, independent spirit to cheer and sustain her, she was calm.

Arriving at the city, they proceeded to the bank, where her little property was deposited, and had it transferred to her uncle. Then Kate, though penniless, felt that a load was removed from her heart, inasmuch as she was no longer pecuniarily indebted to her cruel uncle, but was free and independent. Charles then placed his own purse in her hands, and they separated, he to fulfil the contract with his employer, while she remained in the city with a friend.

A few months after the events just recorded, among the list of emigrants to the West might be seen the names of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mansfield, and the same week accounts appeared in the papers of the round of brilliant parties given for the entertainment of the millionary heir, Harry Morris, and his lovely bride, formerly Miss Wentworth.

Six years rolled rapidly away, and Charles Mansfield, by prudent management, had become the proprietor of a large tract of land, which, being located in one of those peculiarly thriving districts of the West, would, in a few years, render him the possessor of a vast fortune. And these six years had been, to this faithful couple, a season of uninterrupted happiness, for they had cared not for the vain homage of the cold, unsympathizing world, but had found in their own mutual love and trust, an inexhaustible source of comfort, while at their family altar, ascended daily the incense of praise and thanksgiving, to their Heavenly Benefactor, for the blessings they enjoyed.

One evening, Kate sat at the window, awaiting the return of her husband, who had been called away on business, while her darling little one slumbered sweetly in its little cradle-bed, by her side. She had watched the glowing tints of a rich autumnal sunset, as they gradually faded away in the West, and now sat gazing intently upwards, through the gathering twilight where heaven's vestal lamps burned thicker and brighter, like the stars of pure feeling, which irradiated her own chaste soul. Presently her attention was attracted by the swinging together of the garden gate, and looking in that direction, she perceived a dark figure slowly approaching the house. She arose and opened the door, and there, poorly clad, with a tiny infant folded in her arms, and two little girls clinging to her skirts, stood the wreck of what was once the beautiful form of Mary Wentworth, pale and emaciated, but Mary unmistakably. Tears filled Kate's eyes, long unused to weep, as she clasped the thin hand, and kissed the sunken cheek of her early friend, while Mary, overcome with fatigue and emotion, sank into a chair and wept.

Charles soon returned, and was no less surprised than his wife at this unexpected meeting, but both avoided questioning her, as it was evident from her manner and circumstances, that some sudden reverse of fortune had overtaken her, which it would pain her to relate.

Forgetful of the past, and feeling the deepest sympathy for the afflicted woman, they soon left her alone, to compose her disturbed feelings, while Kate went to the kitchen to prepare the evening meal. And now let us review the changes that these six years had wrought in the life of Mary.

CHAPTER III.

The first four years of the married life of Harry Morris and Mary Wentworth, were spent in luxurious ease, unaccompanied by the cares usually attendant upon this relation; for they were wholly dependent on his father, who, knowing the incapacity of his son, whom he had reared in indulgence and idleness, to provide for his family, willingly granted them their support, while the household cares all devolved on the domestics.—During this time, their family had received the addition of two little daughters, but Mary seldom saw them, as they were entrusted to the care of the nurse, while she trifled away her time in giving and attending the fashionable entertainments of the upper circles in the city in which they resided. At the end of this time, Mr. Morris, Harry's father, died, and to the astonishment of the whole city, it was rumored that his estate was insolvent, which the settlement proved only too true. Unknown to Harry, his father had sustained heavy losses, and their extravagant way of living had made rapid inroads on their fast decreasing fortune, till, at the final settlement of the estate, he found himself destitute of the means of subsistence, and with an increasing family dependent on him for support. At first, they were almost overwhelmed with despair, at the bare thought of the poverty which awaited them, for Harry was totally ignorant of every kind of business, and devoid of all capacity to gain a livelihood. But feeling the necessity of action, and too proud to remain among and witness the pity or contempt of their former associates, they gathered together and disposed of whatever effects the law had allowed them, and with what assistance Mary's father could, at the time, render them, they started for the West.—Harry, selfish from indulgence in early life, now became gloomy and morose, which made poor Mary, on whose naturally delicate constitution their voluptuous way of living had not been without its enervating influence, almost sink under the cheerless weight of care that rested on her.

For days and nights they traveled by wind and steam, till late one evening they stopped weary and dispirited, at a hotel in one of the growing cities of the West. Worn out with fatigue, Mary and the children, after partaking of a light supper, retired, but Harry did not then follow. Mary slept soundly till morning, and on rising, found a note, addressed to herself, lying on the table. Opening it she read:

"Mary—I am driven to desperation by the dark prospect before us, and knowing that I am utterly incapable of maintaining our family, I leave you. I advise you to pawn those jewels which you kept, and return to your father, while I go—it matters not where, as I shall never return to you, unless fortune should provide me with the means of living in our former style. Harry."

O, the heart-rending agony of that moment! All other sorrow was lost in that one absorbing thought that he had left her. Gone, too, when she so needed his support, and without one clasp of the hand, or one affectionate pressure of the lips, or even one tender word of love or sympathy in the heartless note he had left behind. She felt the utter selfishness of his character, in leaving her thus, with two little children, and in a weak and helpless condition, to meet, alone, the dark and stormy future, in a selfish and uncharitable world; but her heart inclined to pity rather than blame him, for she knew it was but the natural consequence of his former circumstances. Now she thought of Charles Mansfield, whom but a few years ago, she had so ridiculed, and almost envied her cousin the protection she would have received from his stout, manly spirit, in like circumstances. For hours she sat with her hands clasped over her bosom, more like a marble statue than an animated being, before she awoke to the consciousness that she was without a penny, at an expensive hotel, and among strangers. Then came the conviction that she must seek more humble lodgings, and that hurriedly. So, throwing on her bonnet and shawl, and leaving the children to the care of a servant, she went forth, with her great sorrows pressing her heart down into gloom and darkness, while strangers gazed curiously into her pale, mournful face, nor yet dreamed of half the misery that brooded there. After passing through several by-streets, she called at a neat little cottage, in the suburbs of the city, where she had been directed. The door-bell was answered by the kind, motherly-looking face of a middle-aged lady, who, after hearing her pitiable story, consented to take her in and care for her while she remained in the city; and bustling good-naturedly about, she had Mary's family and baggage conveyed to the door. At night, Mary found herself and children in a neat and comfortable temporary home, where she could ponder more calmly on the great misfortunes that had befallen her.

Another morning dawned, and beside Mary's wan face, snowy as the pillow that it pressed, was nestled a little tiny being, with features like her own, and little velvety hands lying listlessly on its bosom. She opened her eyes languidly, and smiled on her little daughter, then closed them, and long weeks of unconsciousness ensued. When next she opened her eyes to see and remember, her babe was sleeping calmly on the lap of the good, motherly-faced lady, who sat by her side, and who smiled warmly as her eyes met the conscious gaze of the invalid. That smile, how it sweetened the bitter draught that came rushing to Mary's memory.

A few weeks more, and she was so far restored to health as to be able to pursue her journey, but the means she had not, for after pawning all her jewels, and what clothes could be spared from their scanty wardrobe, she had but little more than sufficient to defray the moderate charges of her nurse and physician. She was now at a loss what course to pursue, as the only possible way seemed to be, to proceed at once to the residence of Charles Mansfield, which was only about a hundred miles distant, and there apply for assistance; and this she feared and dreaded to do, knowing that she had no claims on their generosity, and never having heard directly from them, since she had, as she now felt, deeply wronged them. But necessity overcame her compunctions, and she resolved to go and humbly seek their forgiveness; and thus we found her at their door, as recorded in our last chapter.

Charles and Kate readily forgave her, and sympathized deeply with her in her distress.

She was treated with the greatest kindness and attention during the few days she remained with them, and provided with all things necessary to her comfort on her journey.

Mary went from beneath their roof, a chastened and wiser being, and returned to her parents, who were suffering great anxiety on account of her long silence.

She never heard from her husband again, except a vague rumor that he had died at the Indies, leaving there a wife and family.

In after years, when Mary and her three lovely daughters would gather around their grandfather's hearth, she would relate to them her past life, and always end with the injunction, to beware of "marrying a gentleman."

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 3, 4, 6 is a kind of wood.
My 5, 14, 15, 6 is good to eat.
My 7, 16, 8, 11, 6 is a fowl.
My 13, 8, 16, 15 is used in fishing.
My 9, 13, 3, 4, 16, 12, 6, 2, 8, 11 is an animal.
My 16, 18 is a preposition.
My 4, 8, 14, 13 is a man's name.
My 13, 16, 6 is a farming tool.
My 10, 13, 6 is an article.
My 17, 3, 2, 6 is one of the elements.
My 11, 3, 11, 12, 8 is a kind of fish.
My 15, 4, 3, 17, 6 is a cutting utensil.
My 3, 12, 6 now covers the creeks.
My 7, 6, 8, 2, 7, 6 is a person's name.
My 3, 4, 10, 16 is a preposition.
My whole is the name of a great General.

Martinsburgh, Jan., 1857. Marion.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first are seen up in the sky,
From North to South, from East to West;
We gaze in wonder and delight,
For in a beauteous robe they're dressed.
I have beheld them in the night,
When Luna sheds her gentle light.

My next ones are of lively growth;
The lonely sailor on the wave,
Forsaken by a friendly hand,
Has by them found a watery grave.
The busy workman, too, can tell
Where on his "fancy work" they fell.

Now these by a conjunction joined,
Become the emblem of the free;
They have been seen in tyrant's land,
At home, abroad, and on the sea;
They have been made the soldier's bed,
Yet, soldiers oft before them fled.

Marshall, N. Y., 1857. S. F. T.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

Five girls went to market with peaches. They had respectively 18, 30, 42, 54, 66 each, which they sold at the same rates, each receiving forty-two cents.

This problem to the ladies I send,
Not to embitter strife,
For on its solution may depend
My happiness through life.

The one that will declare to me
The rates they sold this fruit,
Shall for aye my favorite be,—
No other one will suit. G. C. P.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Puzzle in No. 372:—LINCOLN.

Answer to Algebraical Problem in No. 372:—30 bu. Peaches, 25 Apples.

Wit and Humor.

GEN. HOUSTON'S ADVICE TO A "BORE."

A New York paper relates an incident of Gen. Houston's recent sojourn in that city in this wise:

Gen. Houston is, as all his acquaintances well know, fond of mirth and fun, and in short is what Doesticks would call a P. B.—perfect brick. The General, however, entertains an intense hatred for that species of human beings called "bores."—One of these gentry, a good-natured but soft-headed chap, a regular button-holder, cornered him the other day at his hotel. He had managed to be introduced to him by a gentleman the day previous.

"General," said the bore, after he had bothered Mr. Houston out of all patience, "I wish you would do me one more favor. A man of your eminence is so competent"—

"Well, what is it?" inquired Mr. Houston, rather curtly.

"Well, you see, Mr. Houston, you are such an eminent man, such a"—

"Never mind that; what do you want to know?"

"Excuse me, but a person of your abilities and distinction must be aware"—

"I am somewhat in haste," interrupted the badgered Senator—"pray come to the point at once."

"Well, then tell me the secret of your success in life—how you rose in position as you have done."

"Ah! but that wouldn't benefit you any. I can tell you how you can rise in the world if you wish."

"That's just it," was the reply—"just what I was trying to get at."

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. *Undertake to approach a sore-headed bull with a red scarf on your neck.* I'll guarantee your upward progress immediately on the completion of the experiment!"

The button-holder collapsed, shoved his hat on his head and walked sorrowfully away, while a cluster of gentlemen near by, who had overheard the conversation, fairly screamed with laughter.

Cutting it Thick.—On one occasion, a German residing in the country came into Buffalo with hams to sell. Among the rest he sold a dozen or two to a German hotel-keeper, who afterwards, demonstrating the acuteness of his countrymen over the Yankee, said:

"You may talk 'pout your Yankee scheeting, but a Dutchman scheeted me much petter as a Yankee never vas. He prings me some hams—dey vas canvass nice so petter as you never see I puy one, two dozen, all so nice; and if you believe, de scheet vas so magnificent dat I eat six, seven, eight of dem hams before I found out dat dey vas made of wood.

Novel Illustration of Science.—During a learned lecture by a German adventurer, he illustrated the glory of mechanics as a science, thus:

De thing that is *made* is more superior dan de *maker*. I show you how in some tings. Suppose I make de round wheel of de coach. Ver well! dat wheel roll round five hundred mile—and I cannot roll one myself! Suppose I am a cooper, what you call and I make de big tub to hold wine.—He holds tuns and gallons, and *I cannot hold more than five* bottle! So you see dat what is made is more superior dan de maker.

In what respect does a candle, burning in Mammoth Cave, differ from a dance at a public house! *Ans.*—One is a taper in a cavern, and the other a caper in a tavern.

How does a pitcher of water differ from a man throwing his wife over a bridge? *Ans.*—One is water in the pitcher, the other is pitch her in the water.

What evidence have we that Cowper was poor? *Ans.*—He "Oh'd for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

Lord Palmerston once, with that off-hand felicity
Which belongs to his lordship in stating a case,
To a new definition of "dirt" gave publicity,
As "nothing but matter left in the wrong place."

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

BARLEY.

1. *Origin Unknown—History—Wide Acclimation.*

BARLEY has been cultivated from remote antiquity, being mentioned as a bread crop both in sacred and profane history, but its original nativity and earliest use is lost in obscurity. It has been grown in Egypt and Judea, and used as food by the inhabitants for more than three thousand years, and it was not until after the Romans adopted the use of wheat bread that they employed barley for other purposes—feeding it to horses and other farm stock, as most Eastern nations do at the present day. Though evidently a native of warm climates, it will grow in very cold ones, and is one of the few grains which can be produced in high latitudes and on elevated ranges of mountains—maturing in favorable seasons as far north as 72°, and in the Himalayas at an elevation of from ten to thirteen thousand feet above the sea. WATSON, in his Survey of Essex Co., in high valleys among the Adirondacs, found luxuriant crops of barley where corn was never planted, the seasons being too short and subject to frequent frosts.

2. *Introduction to the U. S.—Products and Uses.*

In this country, Barley was first sown in 1602, on Martha's Vineyard, by GOSNOLD, who introduced this and other English grains into New England. In 1611, it was raised in Virginia, and the crop was a prominent one in that Colony until superseded by the more profitable cultivation of Tobacco.—In 1626, samples of barley harvested that year, were sent by the Colonists of Manhattan Island to Holland, and in 1629 it was first introduced into Massachusetts. In 1796 it was the chief agricultural product of Rhode Island.

In the United States, according to the Census of 1840, the amount of barley raised the year preceding, was 4,161,500 bushels; by the Census of 1850, 5,167,000, and estimating at the same rate of increase, the barley crop of the United States the past year, would amount to 7,038,000 bushels, worth at least $1 per bushel. Of the amount grown in 1850, more than three and one-half million bushels were grown in New York, and taking the increased attention given to this grain into account, we are warranted in estimating the crop of the whole country for 1856 at nearly ten million of bushels.

This grain has never entered very extensively into our foreign commerce,—among the exports from New York city for 1855, it is not mentioned. The whole product seems to be consumed at home, chiefly for malting and distillation—the amount used for that purpose in the United States, in 1850, was 3,780,000 bushels—some part for feeding stock, and a considerable quantity in the form of hulled or pearl barley. For horses and for fattening pork it possesses high value, and could be profitably raised for these objects—though not at its present market price, which is founded on the demand for malting.

3. *Varieties—Selection of Seed.*

Barley *(Hordeum)* belongs in the natural order GRAMINEÆ, and has many varieties, not differing essentially in character. The most common classification, by the ear, makes three varieties known as the two-rowed *(Hordium distichon)* the four-rowed *(H. tetrastichon)* and the six-rowed *(H. hexastichon)*—the last the most hardy, the first the least so, but the heaviest and handsomest grain.—The four and six-rowed, however, are most popular with the brewers, from their malting more readily. Other sub varieties are numerous, and some of them are prized in their respective localities. A six-rowed winter barley is grown in some sections, but it fails in severe seasons on soils where wheat is liable to heave out or winter-kill. Naked barley, *(H. nudea,)* a variety in which the chaff comes off in threshing like wheat, after thorough trial in England, has nearly gone out of cultivation. The beardless barley *(H. yeocriton)* is little known, having been recently introduced into this section.

In choosing seed barley, select that which is of a lively color, free from blackness at the germ end, and with a thin skin. It is advisable to change for that grown at a distance and on different soil occasionally—as without attention to these cautions, barley often deteriorates, becoming coarser and coarser,—the skin thick and the flour light,—from year to year.

ASHES AS A MANURE.

THE use of ashes as a fertilizer of the soil may be traced back to a very early age. The ancient Jews burned their stubble as a preparation for the following crop, as did also the Romans and Britons. CATO recommends the use of wood ashes as a manure for land,—and a German treatise on husbandry, published in 1570, tells us that, "in Lombardy they like the use of ashes so well, as to esteem it far above any dung,—thinking dung not meet to be used for its unwholesomeness." In modern days, considerable use is made of the different kinds of ashes, yet they hardly take that rank among stimulants and ameliorators of the soil, which is properly their due.

The ashes of wood burned in the open air, consists of a mixture in variable proportions, of carbonates, silicates, sulphates and phosphates of potash, soda, lime and magnesia, with certain other substances present in smaller quantity, yet still important to vegetable growth. From tables of analysis made by Prof. EMMONS, we extract the following:

	Hemlock.	*White Elm.*	*Hickory.*	*Beech.*
Potash	19 23	15.85	20.19	12 13
Soda and chlorine	0 56	8.38	0.18	15.63
Sulphuric acid	3 03	.12	4.63	0.47
Carbonic acid	7.81	29 51	21.40	24 39
Lime	10.11	20.08	27.70	31.56
Magnesia	2.48	4 72	8.60	5 44
Phosphates iron, lime, magnesia,	29.27	16.35	11.45	19 01
Organic matter	1.71	1.45	—	1.86
Silica, soluble and insoluble	5.28	2.00	6 16	1.45
	88.72	98.46	100 33	111.99

This table shows the composition of the ash of the sap-wood, which varies considerably from that of the heart-wood, as well as of the twigs, bark and leaves. Different woods have a very different proportion of mineral constituents, hence their value as manure is variable.

In England, according to JOHNSTON, wood ashes are largely employed in many districts, mixed with bone dust, as a manure for turnips, and often with great success. Fifteen bushels of each are drilled in on an acre, and they have been applied with equal benefit on other root crops, such as potatoes, carrots, &c. They are used with advantage to almost every class of crops, but especially as a dressing for grass, grain and Indian corn—though their immediate effects are most perceptible upon leguminous plants, such as clover, peas, beans, &c. Mossy meadows and pastures may often be renovated by the use of ashes, a fine growth of white clover often springs up after their application.—Upon red clover, their effects will be more certain if previously mixed with one-fourth their weight in gypsum. Indian corn is materially benefited by a top dressing of ashes, applied in the early stages of its growth.

Ashes, like lime, have a tendency to make clayey soils mellow, and to give consistency to those which are light, and rather suit moist than dry soils, though nearly useless on the former unless the land be drained. From four to six bushels per acre may be applied to thin, almost sterile soils, with good effect—larger quantities would be too exhausting, and are allowable only on soils rich in vegetable matter, or in connection with a good dressing of barn-yard manures.

It is confirmed by experience, that the more attraction ashes have for acids, the sooner they lose their virtue—hence the first crop after land is manured with ashes is generally very luxuriant, while the second one almost exhausts their active properties. It is better, therefore, to apply them in moderate quantities, say fifteen or twenty bushels per acre, as a dressing for a single crop of grain. On clayey soils, ashes generally produce the most rapid effect. They should not be applied after lime or marl has stimulated the land to the utmost, nor year after year save in connection with other manures, supplying organic matter to the soil.

The action of ashes, chemists remark, is twofold, and due partly to the soluble and partly to the insoluble constituents. The chloride of sodium, the carbonate and sulphate of potash are soluble, and produce immediate effects on the crop; but the phosphates and silicates, as well as carbonate of lime, require considerable time to dissolve. Hence in those soils which already contain much alkali, the soluble parts of ashes will be of little moment; and the leached remains may be altogether superior; for few soils contain so much phosphoric acid as not to be improved by its addition as manure.

We have not the least doubt that every farmer will find it more profitable to apply the ashes made in his household fires to the different crops grown upon the farm, than to sell them to manufacturers even at one shilling per bushel. They are often parted with at lower prices, but not when their value as a manure is understood and appreciated.

ABOUT THAT HOG.

MY friend TALCOTT takes some exceptions to my strictures upon his hog. If I should happen his way, I may demonstrate a greater *liking* for the animal than he supposes me capable of—it seems but reasonable that objections founded on *great size* should be compromised after the animal *has been reduced to small pieces.* A word or two, however. Mr. TALCOTT says, "I am sorry Mr. B. should think me 'insane' in my passion for big animals."

After remarking that Mr. TALCOTT should have scouted the "complaint" which he intimated people were making about the "size" of Suffolk pigs, I said—"Men, *sane* in other respects, often manifest a passion for big animals, which they seem unable to restrain or govern, in any decent degree." This I did not intend for Mr. TALCOTT. I trust I shall never so far forget the proprieties of controversy, as to charge insanity on any body in particular. Of course it is always "parliamentary" and even moral and religious, to charge the other *party* or *sect*, with being villains, liars, thieves, and very disagreeable—"*thou art the man,*" is quite another thing. Mr. TALCOTT will do me the favor to pass that imputation, such as it is, over to "the rest of mankind."

I noticed Mr. TALCOTT'S communication because I feared, and still do fear, that breeders will get up a rivalry and competition in the matter of *size*, losing sight, in some measure at least, of points of greater importance. Indeed, I am forced to the conclusion that the *greatest dimensions* are incompatible with the symmetry and *compactness* of form that characterize the best animals.

I recollect seeing a mammoth ox at Pavillion—brought from the West, *of course*, for it would take a large country to grow such an animal—his bones and hide would weigh more than any blood animal which our friends CHAPMAN or MARKS have in their herds of Short-horns—it is even possible that he might be taken back to "Egypt" and fattened, but I am ready to submit it to a jury of my countrymen, *would it pay?* Why, MOORE, you will have to keep a *raw-hide* in your office, and borrow the d——l out of the next room to *put it on* the backs of those fellows that will keep sending you the gross weight of their pigs—didn't I tell them there was no merit in being *weighty*? Why don't they find hogs that will manufacture *more flesh and fat out of less meal*, and at the same time not forget to "*breed*," as mine did—let that be their boast. I have not said that the *very smallest* were necessarily the best, but as I have not observed any body bragging in the papers how *small* their pigs were, I infer people are not getting "insane" in that direction. Mr. TALCOTT'S proposal to pay me fifty dollars for getting up a pair of "thistle diggers" out of choice Suffolk stock, is not accepted—no body but a member of Congress would be willing to do mischief for ordinary wages. The *principle*, however, that I asserted is too well established, and too important, to be lost sight of—you may make *snouts*, or any other feature prominent, by constantly selecting breeders that approximate nearest to your adopted standard.

I think it will not be seriously disputed that ☞ *by using corn enough* ☜ you can get the most pounds of pork, so called, from long, tall, loose hogs, that will be a good while in maturing—ask S. B. GURNSEY about the hog he bought of Fox. Now, a premium for the *biggest* hog, is a premium for the *coarsest* one. It is true you may sometimes get very good size and very good animals, as in Mr. TALCOTT'S case; but if you keep on, you will find that great size, like charity, will cover a multitude of sins.—H. T. B.

ARCHITECTURE FOR THE WEST.

IN the first number of the RURAL for the present year, we made some remarks on the peculiarities of the Western climate, as affecting the architecture of that section of our country. We intimated, also, that we might resume the subject. We do so now, for the purpose of stating some further facts about the West, which should never be forgotten in building houses and barns, with their surroundings.

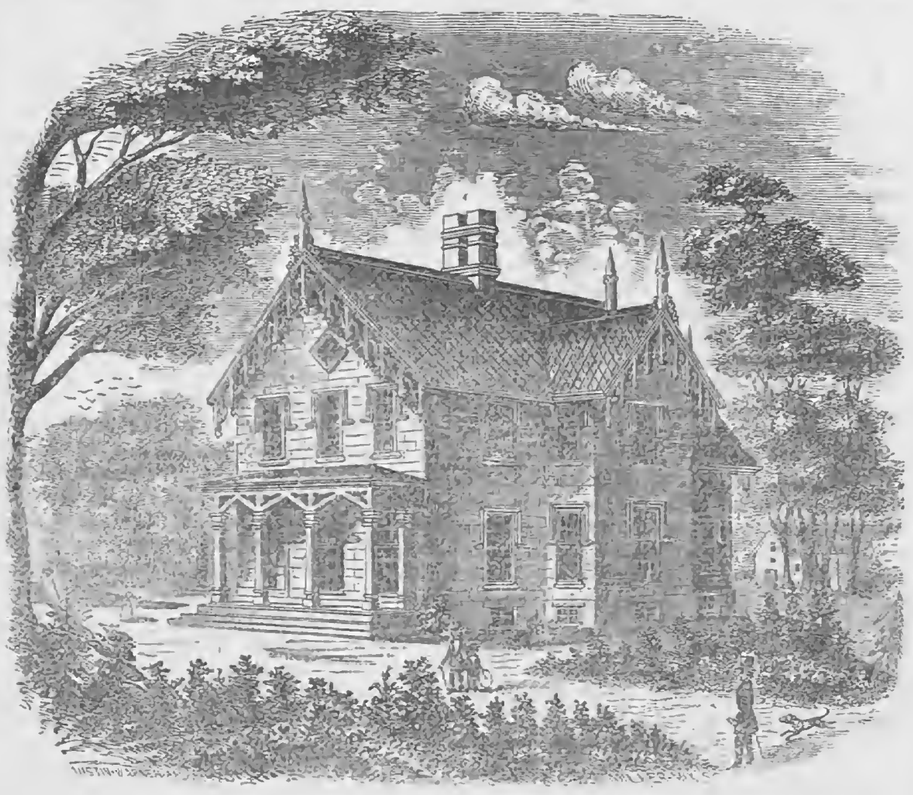
One of these facts is that, except in a few districts, *springs are scarce.* There is not a sufficient supply of running water, which can be relied upon for the whole year. Another is, that when wells are dug, they frequently furnish water that is *not healthy*, and are also liable to go dry during the severe drouths of the summer months. Another,—and the last which we will mention in this connection,—is, that *fuel is very scarce even now*, over a large portion of the West. In a few years it will be far more so. Unless the forest trees are preserved, or new plantations are extensively made, the people, even in the "rural districts," must depend on coal to keep them warm, and to cook their food. Ten years hence fuel will be scarcer and dearer in the wide regions of the West, than in New England.

Our readers will wonder, perhaps, what these facts have to do with architecture. We will proceed straightway to explain:

1st. Because the supply of springs is so limited, and the water in the wells so shallow, and so poor, provision should be made for *cisterns of the best quality and largest size*, to receive the rain from the roofs of houses and barns, almost without exception. Cisterns, at the West, should be thought of and arranged for in the plan of building, as certainly as fire-places. Whether they shall cost little or much, be convenient or inconvenient, will depend on the question whether or not they have entered into the original plan of the building. They are needed, too, almost as much for barns as for houses.

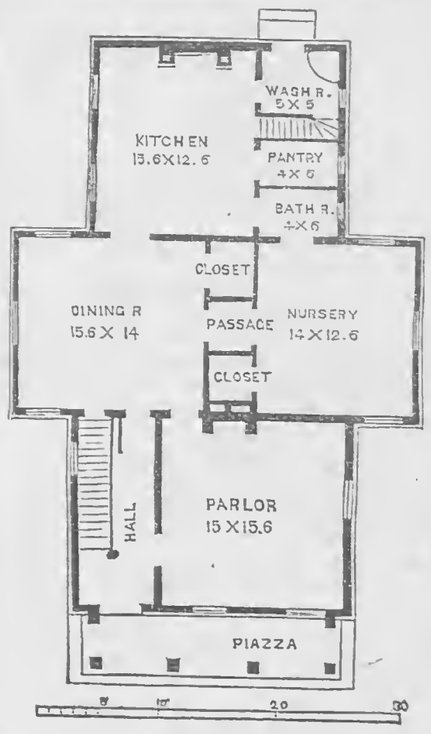
2d. For almost the same reasons, GOOD FILTERS *should form part of the fixtures of nearly every Western home.* By a simple adjustment, a filter may be so constructed that it shall purify the water before it enters the cistern, and a supply of soft, pure, clean water be at hand for all uses during the entire year.

3d. We are tempted to say a word on *Ice Houses* in this connection. But we only mention the topic, for our Western friends to think upon. If



A SYMMETRICAL COTTAGE.

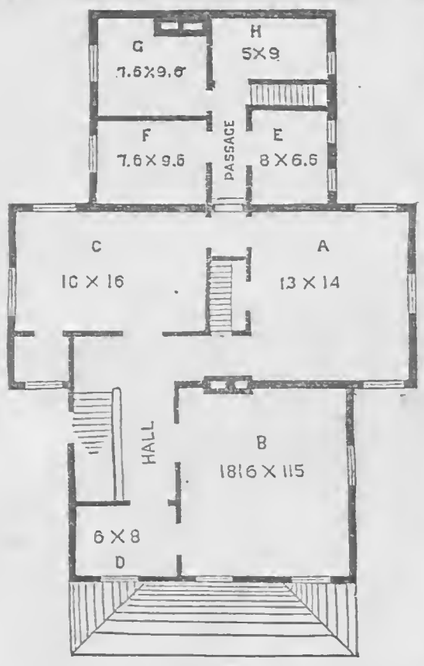
WE give our readers, this week, a design for a *Symmetrical Cottage.* The plans and engravings were furnished for the *Horticulturist* by AUSTIN & WARNER, Architects, of this city. The ground plan is well arranged for convenience; but the architect's estimate of cost, we fear, is too low.



GROUND FLOOR.

Whoever loves symmetry and the simpler kinds of cottage beauty, including good proportion, tasteful form, and chasteness of ornament, we think cannot but like this design, since it unites all these requisites. It is an illustration of a cottage made ornamental at a very trifling expense, and without sacrificing truthfulness to that kind of tasteful simplicity which is the true touchstone of cottage beauty.

This cottage is entered by means of an ample hall, off which is the parlor, 15 ft. by 15 ft. 6 in. The dining and living room is entered from either the hall or parlor, and is 15 ft. 6 in. by 14 ft., having closets, also a closet under stairs. Adjacent to the dining-room is the nursery, 14 ft. by 12 ft. 6 in., having a bathing-room and closet. Off from dining-room is the kitchen, 15 ft. 6 in. by 12 ft. 6 in., having an ample pantry, sink room, &c. The back stairs ascend from the sink room, which is a great convenience, as slops, &c., from the second story can be brought down these stairs without being seen from any of the principal rooms. Entrance to the cellar from the kitchen. In the hall



SECOND FLOOR

is the principal stairs leading to second story which is divided into bedrooms having closets attached; also inclosed stairs to attic, in which there are three large sleeping rooms, with store rooms, &c. The little front room in second story would make a bedroom if required, or a dressing room attached to the large front bedroom.

First story 9 ft. 6 in. high, second story 8 ft. high. The superstructure is framed, sheathed on the outside with 1¼ in. boards about 9 in. wide, put on horizontally, and rebated to imitate block work, and painted three good coats, the last two to be sanded; thus making the building appear like a stone one, with very little expense. To be plastered on the inside two coats (browning and white finish.) The inside finish is to be plain and neat. Architraves in principal story to be 7 in. wide, bevelled bands; those in the second story, 6 in. The building finished complete, will cost about $2,500.

ice is needed *anywhere*, it is where filtered water takes the place of well water, on the table of the farmer.

4th. The scarcety of fuel at the West, should lead the farmer to adopt all the devices for economy in its use, which the best architects can furnish to him. Though a broad fire-place and blazing billets heaped up high, have been deemed for centuries essential to the farmer's household-comfort, yet the West is a region where economy demands that he should forego them. He cannot afford the waste of heat which a huge fire-place necessitates. The style of his house, its walls, furnaces, flues and registers, should all be planned with this necessity in view. A cord of wood, or a ton of coal, will soon cost the Western farmer more in proportion to his ability, than it does the resident of the city. There is, then, the same cogent reason why the farmer should study so to build his house, that his fuel will yield him the greatest warmth.

Communications.

FAST HORSES AT AG'L FAIRS.

It is truly pleasant to see our astute friend, Wm. Garbutt, a veteran in the art rural, come out with such hearty remarks in praise of our Ag'l Fairs, as the certain means of good intelligence to the practical farmer. It is the more especially interesting, as there are so many men of his age and experience, who are so conservative, not to say egotistical, as to become stumbling blocks in the way of agricultural progress. Yet I cannot fully agree with Mr. Garbutt, that "horse trotting and ladies riding at the agricultural fairs, if continued, will dwindle down those valuable exhibitions to mere jockey clubs." It is true that these fears, whether feigned or real, have been reiterated by a portion of the agricultural press; and the fact that the equine race is a more especial favorite with the masses at our fairs, than the bovine, may also be admitted; yet who has any fears that fat beef cattle will go out of fashion, or that working oxen, blood bulls, cows, or swine, will cease to be produced by and a necessity to the farmer, who expects to live by his calling.

We are told that the same complaint against blood and fast horses, is made at the regional Ag'l Fairs in France; but the editor of the *Agriculture Pratique* says, that the complaint there, is invariably from those who have work horses or bovine stock on exhibition; with true French volubility, these men cry out, "away with your fancy horses to the Hippodrome,"—under these discouragements it is no wonder that France has no fast horses except imported ones. But as the editor of the *Agriculture Pratique* makes the same plea for the encouragement of the exhibition of fast horses at the fairs of France, as has been very modestly done by Wm. H. Ladd, President of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, I here copy his remarks from the last *Ohio Cultivator*, which are of great authority, coming as they do from a masterly horse and stock breeder and Ohio farmer.

"We have never been able to see any more impropriety in testing in a *proper manner*, the capacities of one horse for a roadster, than those of another for heavy draught. Indeed we know of no way a committee can judge understandingly of the merits of a horse as a roadster, without witnessing some exhibition of his action, powers of endurance, &c. And so desirable do we consider the improvement of this all-important class of horses, *should a zeal not according to knowledge*, top this feature from our exhibitions, their attractiveness would be marred, and their utility much diminished? The Ohio State Board of Agriculture, appreciating the tendancy of over-driving and racing, have never offered a premium for speed; and have been careful to instruct their committees not to let speed have an undue influence in determining their awards; and they have enforced stringent rules to prohibit racing, betting, jockeying, drivers halloaing at horses, &c. The general sobriety of our agricultural people, and the well known position of the Board in this matter, have had so salutary an influence, that we have seldom had occasion to meet violations of these rules. Indeed, at the late Fair at Cleveland, where they were appended to the daily programme and otherwise made public, and the Marshals and Police were instructed to arrest and eject from the grounds every transgressor; we noticed but one violation during the exhibition—that of a driver halloaing at his horses, who ceased the moment a Marshal rode to him."

Mr. Garbutt says that "the trotter's fleetness is valued purely for jockey purposes," but experience now proves that fleetness is an indispensable requirement in the roadster, and that it alone enhances the price of the horse in the market, sometimes several hundred per cent.; and that instead of "putting money into the jockey's pocket," the most of it goes directly to the farmer. Since the advent of railroads, such has been the growing impatience of slow locomotion, that even the descendants of the pilgrims no longer tolerate the slow, sleek, family horse. At the last National Fair at Boston, there were many spans of family horses on the ground that could trot the mile in from 3 to 3:10. The result is that all such horses now command ready purchasers at enormous prices. The Yankee Vermonters were not slow in anticipating the spirit of the fast age, and Vermont is now coining money from her sales of fast roadsters. Why then should not the Ag. Fairs of the Empire State encourage the exhibition and trial of fast horses at the State and County Fairs. It is at our County Fairs that the merits of horses can be carefully compared, and competition humanely and carefully tried. I confess that I learned more of the merits of a horse as a trotter at our last Seneca Co. Fair than I had ever known before. Some horses, beautiful to look upon when slowly walking or in repose, as soon as they were put to their utmost trotting speed the charm was gone, and I felt a painful sympathy in their high action and overwrought exertion; on the other hand the Tippoo Brothers, horses of only middling appearance, were the most graceful creatures in the world when under motion, coming out at the last round as fresh as when they started, while the other animals were completely exhausted—*prima facie* evidence that their vocation was for draught and the plow, and not for the road.

Of ladies on horse-back at our public fairs, I have but one word to say, and it is, that the opposition to such exhibition of our beautiful animated nature, would carry more weight, and be more respectable, if it did not almost invariably come from those who cannot ride and will not learn, or from their next friend. Although I would not set down ladies *en cheval* as a part of the programme, neither would I forbid a bevy of young ladies from taking a turn on the course, after business hours. Let those who see anything in it akin to indelicacy, remember the old but ever new motto, "*honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

Waterloo, N. Y. S. W.

THE BEST SHEEP FOR PROFIT.

Friend Moore:—Which is the most profitable breed of sheep for the farmer to raise seems still to be a vexed question. A person keeping a small flock and living near a good market or Railroad, would perhaps do best to keep the large English sheep. But that they require no more food to sustain them, than do our small fine wooled sheep, is erroneous. And that they require as much in proportion to their weight, I believe also to be erroneous.

That sheep, or any other animal, similarly constituted, requires food in proportion to size, I have no doubt—for instance, the Leicester and South Down, or the different varieties of the Merino.—But it can hardly be expected that an English sheep, weighing 200 lbs., of nearly perfect form, producing but little wool, and no oil, should require as much to sustain it as would two Merinos, of 100 lbs. weight each, of inferior form, producing more or less oil and near twice the amount of wool.

It requires food to produce oil and wool, as well as flesh and tallow. That the English sheep require less, in consequence of their superior form, I admit. That they would retain their superior form, without full feed, I presume no one will claim. No improvement can be made or maintained, in the form of any animal, without good keeping.—As to the quality of mutton, I have never been able to discover that it was any more palatable than that of the Merino. Much attention has lately been, and is being paid, to improve the form of the Merino, which makes them a fair sheep for mutton, as well as wool; and if well kept may be turned off to advantage for that purpose at two years old.

Three years ago this winter I fed my wethers, that were coming two years old, in addition to their hay and straw, one-half pint of corn each per day, and sold them immediately after shearing for $3 50 per head, averaging about 100 lbs. each. Their fleeces averaged about five pounds of washed wool, sorting near to extra, and worth at that time 60 cents per lb., making the value of sheep and fleece $6 50. My wool, however, was not sold at that price, being late about shearing, the price began to go down before I got mine in market.—The day I finished shearing a buyer called to examine it, and said that he could have paid for it, three days before, 65 cents, but could not, at that time, over 60 or 61 cents. The result was, I held on thinking it would come up again, and did not sell that year. My wether lambs, last year, I sold when about four months old at $2 per head. I do not mention this as anything extraordinary, but consider them as fair paying prices. In selecting sheep for fattening or in fact for any other purpose, except humbugging, very oily sheep should be rejected, as they will not pay the cost of feeding, much of the substance of the feed coming out of the pores of the skin instead of forming flesh, tallow, and wool. I do not contend that Merinos in all cases are more profitable than any other breed, but that where a large flock is kept, for the combined purpose of wool and mutton, they will at least pay well. W. D. Dickinson.

Victor, Ontario Co., Jan., 1857.

"CORN vs. ROOT CROPS."

In the Rural for Feb. 21st, you have an article, with the above title, from "B. F.," Niagara Co., in which he refers to a former communication of mine on this subject, and remarks that I seem well posted on this matter *in theory*.

Now, as B. F. insinuates that I may be ignorant of the *practical* part of this subject, I may just state, for his information, that this same "W. J. P." the last season raised some 2¼ acres of roots, (carrots and ruta bagas,) yielding 2,100 bushels at a cost (accurately ascertained) of from 6 to 7 cents per bushel, instead of 75 cents, as he thinks his cost him—that I sold the product of one acre for $200—and that I am now engaged in converting about 1,500 bushels into beef and fertilizing matter.

As I stated in my former article, it will be almost wholly impossible for a man to raise from 15 to 25 tons of feed on an acre and feed it out, carefully saving and applying the manure made therefrom, without improving rapidly the value of his land. I maintain this can be done better by roots than corn or any other crop, for the reason there is no other course, perhaps, where you can get so great a quantity of feed per acre. This is a course I have pursued, not for a single season, but for a term of years, and shall most assuredly discontinue it the moment it ceases to pay.

No! no! Mr. B. F., please don't so readily condemn this whole system because you happened to fail on first trial, but

"If you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

You are not alone in your ill luck—the writer sowed roots two seasons before he harvested any. In regard to their being affected by the drouth, in my opinion they are no more liable, and possibly not as much, as grain crops, provided the land is plowed 12 inches deep and highly manured, and indeed no land except that in the highest tilth should be put to this crop. W. J. P.

Lakeville, Ct., Feb., 1857.

SUFFOLK SWINE.

Mr. Moore:—Several articles having recently appeared in the Rural on the merits or demerits of the different breeds of swine, I am induced to give your readers the result of an experiment with the Suffolks. I had been pre-disposed to the opinion that the pure bred Suffolks were too small for making pork profitably for marketing purposes. On the 13th day of November, 1855, I purchased three pure-bred Suffolk pigs, six weeks old, having been dropped the 1st day of October. I took them home and fed them slops from the kitchen and what soft corn they would eat, designing to keep them well, so that the cold of winter (so near at hand) would not affect them too much, and continued their feed as above through the winter. In the spring they were turned out to pasture, feeding them the slop from the house, including the milk of two cows, after using what was wanted for a family of five persons, but fed no grain until the 7th of Oct., when we began to husk our corn, and then fed them such as was not suitable for cribbing. Continued to feed in that manner until the 9th of December, when they were slaughtered, being 14 months and 9 days old, giving me a net weight of 915 lbs., the largest one weighing 350 lbs. I sold one and cut up and packed the other two for family use. The two made 180 lbs. of hams and shoulders, and filled a forty gallon cask with clear broadside pork, entirely free from bone, and with less waste than any hogs I ever butchered.

I do not pretend to have obtained great size, neither was I as minute in my experiment as may be desirable, to ascertain the true merits of the different breeds of swine, to wit, weighing the hogs and the food, for the manner in which I fed would not admit of it. But I am fully satisfied that no hogs in this section will give a better return for the amount of feed, or a better per-centage of marketable pork, than the Suffolks, and that their size is sufficient for marketing or family use. The only fault I can find with them (if fault it is,) is, that they make a large amount of heavy broadside pork, with hams and shoulders, leaving rather too small a portion of lean meat to be made into sausages and otherwise used in a family, to suit my taste. Of their profit I am fully convinced.

Sodus, Feb., 1857. J. W. Collins.

Facts and Suggestions.

About that Corn Fodder.—Just whisper to your farmer readers that, in laying their plans for the coming season, they must not forget to try that one-fourth acre of corn fodder, just to see if what "*they*" say about its amazing productiveness is really so. Any time from the 10th of June until the 1st of July, prepare a piece as you would for a crop of corn, only be sure and give it a good strong soil. Mark with corn marker in drills only one way, 3 feet apart, into which spread your fine compost and sow from a basket holding 5 or 6 quarts, carrying the basket in one hand and spreading the corn on the manure in the drills, as evenly as possible, at the rate of 4 bushels per acre, or say 30 or 40 kernels to the foot in the drill. Then take your light corn plow and run it carefully, each side of the drill, throwing the dirt towards the corn, and the seed is covered. Use either the Southern flint or the Ohio gourd seed, either of which is vastly preferable to our variety, as it attains much greater growth. No cultivation is necessary except running between the rows once, when the corn is up 2 feet high, with the cultivator or horse-hoe, as on land not especially weedy no hand-hoeing will be necessary. Use for summer soiling, or for winter use as needed, and be careful to have it fully dry before housing.—Wm. J. Pettee, *Lakeville, Conn., Feb. 20, 1857.*

Another Rat Trap.—In the Rural, of Jan. 24, your correspondent, L. B. Pettengill, gives his mode of catching rats. I will give another which I have tried in cellars with complete success.—Take a barrel that will hold water, cut a head out of stiff paste board, about one-half inch smaller than the barrel—fasten a stick across the centre; then drive a pin firmly into each end of this stick for gudgeons, and place it across the barrel in little notches, so that it will not be misplaced if it rolls over. This head is to be balanced by a long weight on the underside, like sticking a pocket knife into the underside of the stick across the head, so that it will assume a horizontal position, immediately after a rat has slid off into the barrel. Now, put the barrel in a place which the rats frequent, and put some boards each side, with their upper ends a little higher, and within four or five inches of the barrel,—fasten the head so it will not turn, and bait the rats on it, or by hanging the bait over it, till they are accostomed to go there; then unfasten the head and put two pails of water in the barrel, if you have rats about, you will catch them. This mode is not recommended with much confidence in its success, only where they can be baited.—J. F. Lester, *Marengo, Ill., 1857.*

"Dumpy" Pigs—Again.—My attention was attracted by an account of a remarkable "Dumpy," fed, killed and dressed this fall by your correspondent, W. P. P., which at 10 months weighed 365 lbs. It seems these "Dumpies" are considered by some folks as something wonderful in their way, at least one would judge so by the lots of talk about them in the Rural. Probably the owners of them may have a few pure choice specimens for sale, *a la Sorgho Sucre*, and knowing the popularity and extensive circulation of the Rural, wish to advertise by this method. Why, sir, out here in "cold Cattaraugus" we regard "Dumpies" like those of W. P. P. as mere "nubbins." I killed one this fall, just seven months old, of a breed that ain't at all dumpy, and it weighed 355 pounds. You may rest assured, too, that I was able to cut out the hams without in the least spoiling the shoulders. In the words of W. P. P.,—who wants heavier, and who can beat? Let Suffolkdom and W. P. P. answer.—J. Patterson, *Franklinville, Catt. Co., N. Y., 1857.*

Plaster on Summer Fallow.—Information is frequently asked concerning the effects of plaster on different soils and on different crops. I will state my experience with plaster on summer fallow. A year ago last summer, I plastered one-half of a field of 18 acres previous to plowing for wheat, putting on two bushels plaster to the acre. The field was hard clay, somewhat worn—was seeded to oats the year previous. The field was all fitted alike, and sown to wheat at the same time—two bushels to the acre. The part of the field on which plaster was sown I thought the poorest part, yet the wheat was the best, stood the evenest on the ground, and produced from one to three bushels to the acre the most. The whole field was seeded to clover in the spring—that part on which plaster was sown previous to plowing was well seeded—the other part which had no plaster at all, took poorly.—T. S., *East Bloomfield.*

Sheep Breeding in Texas.—I have a little flock of 1,000 or 1,100 head of sheep. I think Texas a fine place for wool-growing. I have not fed five dollars worth to my flock this winter aside from what they gather on the prairies. The prairies, in many places, are now green. One shepherd attends to them, except at lambing time, when it takes two or three.—T. H. Wilie, *Tywackana, Tex.*

Rural Notes and Items.

N. Y. STATE AG. SOCIETY.—WINTER PREMIUMS.

Below we give a correct list of the Premiums awarded at the recent Annual (Winter) Meeting of our State Agricultural Society, the other important proceedings of which have heretofore been chronicled in the Rural:

FARMS, GRASSES, &C.

Farms.—Solomon Walrath, Rensselaer Falls, St. Lawrence Co., plate, value $30.

Grasses, &c.—(For Museum.)—1, Wm. M. Beauchamp, Skaneateles, 154 plants, arranged for Museum, plate, $15; 2, C. Thorston Chase, Chatham, Columbia Co., Autumn leaves, plate, $10.

Seeds and Grain—(Arranged for Museum)—1, Wm. P. Ottley, Phelps, Ontario Co., $15; 2, Volney Burgess, Chatham, Columbia Co., $10.

DAIRY.

Butter.—1, B. S. Carpenter, Elmira, Chemung Co., 3 tubs fall butter, $15; 2, R. T. Carpenter, Southport, Chemung Co., 3 tubs fall butter, $10.

Winter Butter.—1, Mrs. Emily Newcomb, Johnsonville, Rensselaer Co., 1 crock butter, $5; 2, R. S. Carpenter, Elmira, 1 tub butter, $3; 3, R. T. Carpenter, Southport, 1 tub butter, S. S. Medal.

Cheese.—1, E. F. Carter, Le Ray, Jeff. Co., 3 cheese, $15; 2, Moses Eames, Rutland, Jeff. Co., 3 cheese, 10; 3, C. W. Eells, Westmoreland, Oneida Co., 3 cheese, 5; 4 R. Harvey, Lewis Co., exhibited two very fine cheese, and a special premium is recommended.

FIELD CROPS

Winter Wheat.—E. S. Hayward, Brighton, Monroe Co, 2 acres 20 rods, 74½ bushels—special premium, $15.

Rye.—Amos Goulding, Le Ray, Jeff. Co., 3 95-100 acres, 142 bush., $15.

Barley—1, John C. Wright, Copenhagen, Lewis Co., 3 82-100 acres, 2 rowed, 198 38-100, $15; 2, W. P. Ottley, Phelps, Ontario Co., 2 acres, 6 rowed, 99 bush., 10.

Buckwheat.—G. C. Pool, Clinton, Oneida Co., 1 41-100 acres, 49 bushels—41 bush. 7 lb. per acre, $8.

Beans.—Simeon H. Williams, N. Hartford, Oneida Co., 1 acre, 29 bushels, $8.

Peas.—Ira R. Peck, East Bloomfield, Ontario Co., 1 acre, 31 36-100 bush., $8.

Potatoes.—1, Peter Crispell, Jr., Hurley, Ulster county, 1 1-10 acres, 480 bush.—yam potatoes, $3; 2, Rev. C. E. Goodrich, Utica, for a fine exhibition of his seedling potatoes, of great value, $20.

Clover Seed.—Ira R. Peck, East Bloomfield, 4 15-100 acres, 16 28-60 bushels, $5.

Timothy Seed.—E. S. Hayward, Brighton, 1 acre, 9¼ bushels, $5.

Carrots.—1, John Brodie, Rural Hill, Jeff. Co., 1 acre, 1,610 bushels, $8; 2, Elam C. Bliss, Westfield, Chau. Co., ½ acre, 300 bushels, 5.

GRAIN AND SEEDS.

Winter Wheat.—1, Charles W. Eells, Clinton, Oneida Co., 1 barrel, $5; 2, David Coonradt, Brunswick, Rens. county, 1 barrel, 3; 3, Van Vleck Nottingham, Onondaga Co., 1 barrel, Trans.; 4, E. S. Hayward, Brighton, Monroe Co., Soule's Wheat. This was delayed on railroad, but was of extraordinary excellence, and a premium was awarded, $5.

Rye.—1, David Coonradt, Brunswick, Rens. Co., $5; 2, Henry Schoonmaker, Bethlehem, Albany Co., 3; 3, Henry Wier, Johnsonville, Rens., 2.

Barley.—1, Amos Goulding, Le Ray, Jeff., 2 rowed, $5; 2, Norman Gowdy, Lowville, Lewis, 5.

Oats.—1, David Coonradt, Brunswick, $5; 2, Peter Crispell, Jr., Hurley, 2; Van Vleck Nottingham, Trans.

White Corn.—David Coonradt, Brunswick, $3.

Yellow Corn.—1, David Coonradt, Brunswick, $5; 2, Charles W. Eells, Clinton, 3; 3, Henry Wier, Johnsonville, 2; 3, E. S. Hayward, Brighton, detained on railroad, but being very superior—premium, 5.

Peas—Norman Gowdy, Lowville, $5.

Beans.—1, David Coonradt, Brunswick, $5; 2, Henry Wier, Johnsonville, 3.

Timothy Seed—E. S. Hayward, Brighton, $5.

Buckwheat.—Henry Schoonmaker, Bethlehem, $3.

FRUITS.

1, John W. Bailey, Plattsburgh, Clinton, 50 varieties apples, Dip. and $4; 2, Van Vleck Nottingham, Onondaga, 10 varieties, 3; 3, Wm. P. Ottley, Phelps, dish of apples, S. Medal; Elisha Dorr, Albany, pears, Dip. and Medal; R. P. Wiles, Albany, grapes, S. M.; Elisha Door, currant wine, S. S. M.

Horace Greeley's Premiums—*To Boys under 18 years of age.*—The Committee examined three statements on corn and one on carrots, and recommend a premium on corn to Franklin B. Spaulding, East Otto, Cattaraugus Co., and a S. Silver Medal to Milton Ottley—a lad of only 12 years of age, of Phelps, Ont. Co.

On carrots the crop is very small—less than 600 bushels to the acre; they do not deem it entitled to a premium.

The Committee highly approve of this manner of stimulating young men of our day to the careful and particular cultivation of crops; they have no doubt had the offer for these premiums been more extensively known, that a larger number of competitors would have entered for the premiums. W. M. White, *Allegany, Ch'n.*

Abrading—Alluvial.—The crumbling down of banks of earth from the effects of frost, or the alternate action of drouth and moisture, is termed *abrading*. The process is most noticeable on trenched or fall-plowed lands, and is an efficient agent in the amelioration of clayey soils. *Abrasion* is the wearing or rubbing away, by streams and currents, of the earth and rocks composing the banks and bottoms of rivers, and the term is also applied to the substance worn away. The better name for this is *alluvion*, which is applied to land added by the wash of water—the bottom lands and deltas of rivers. Some of the most fertile soils known are *alluvial*, added to from year to year by the overflow of creeks and rivers.—Many lands not now overflowed are of the same character. Extreme fineness and the lighter earths characterize these "made lands"—the larger and heavier particles having sunken near their original locality.

Corn Better Fuel than Coal.—A farmer some 150 miles south of Chicago, having got out of coal, and the state of the roads preventing an immediate supply, the thought suggested itself that he might try the virtue of corn in the ear to supply the place of the coal. It worked so well that subsequently the gentleman purchased a load of coal and tried it by measure in contrast with the corn; and the experiment developed the fact that the corn fuel was the cheapest and best. The corn and the coal were worth the same price per bushel, 30 cents each, and the corn went the furthest and made the cleanest and best fire.

The Death of Wm. Evans, Esq., of Montreal, Secretary of the Lower Canada Board of Agriculture, is announced. Mr. E. was an ardent and influential friend and promoter of Rural Improvement, and his decease will be deeply lamented by the agriculturists of the Canadas. He was for several years editor of the Agricultural journal at Montreal, a position from which he had lately retired. His age was 68.

"A Little Ice in it."—If the community at large could but make an inspection of the letters which daily find their way to the editorial sanctum, there would be less of wonderment and anxiety expressed at our supposed increasing proximity to colder regions and more frigid atmospheres.—The immense number of "axes to grind" by those who would fain make you believe that extreme disinterestedness and overflowing philanthropy alone compels them to labor for their country's good, is remarkable,—and if a love of common humanity is to be found in the composition of the editor, he is expected to put a *little oil on the gudgeons, as well as furnish a great deal of the motive power wanted at the grindstone.* "Egyptian Skinless Barley," "Patent Stump Extractors," "Mammoth Fruits," etc., etc.,—in fact, in all the departments of farm or domestic economy, a thousand hobbys are ridden by these self-sacrificing individuals. We should be extremely happy to assist in spreading the waves of these self-styled "Good Samaritans" before the public, did not the fate of that other person "who went down to Jericho" admonish us to keep in good company. The persons who have recently favored us with *communications*, descriptive and eulogistic of sundry seeds, &c., with the important information that a sample or certain quantity will be sent on receipt of a specified number of postage stamps, are respectfully advised that we cannot consistently make any other than this general acknowledgment of their kind favors.

The Monroe Co. Farmers' Club closed an interesting discussion on "Substitutes for the Wheat Crop" on Thursday week. The general opinion of members, sustained by facts and arguments, was against continuing to rely mainly upon the wheat crop in this region, especially during the prevalence of the midge, (or weevil,) but no resolution expressive of the sense of the Club was adopted. The next meeting of the Club is to be held in the Court House, this city, the last Wednesday (23th) of this month. Subject for discussion—"Potatoes, their Culture, Profit, &c."

"Plowing in February."—Several of our exchanges mention instances in which the continued mild weather of the last two weeks has been taken advantage of by farmers to commence their Spring plowing. Monroe county farmers have not been behind others in this matter. We see by the Rochester *Democrat* that among those who have thus endeavored to forward the work of the busy season, Mr. Floyd Brown, of Henrietta, last week broke up ten acres of green-sward. The soil turned up in excellent condition, and the experiment of *winter plowing* promises to be eminently successful. Mr. E. S. Hayward, of Brighton, also commenced plowing last week.

Cure for the Hog Distemper.—An esteemed correspondent, residing at Bethel, Clermont Co., Ohio, writes that he has discovered a remedy for the malady among hogs, which has proved so destructive in the Miami Valley. His remedy is to put two quarts of flax seed in ten gallons of water, and boil it until the seed is thoroughly cooked, and then give it to the hogs as fast as they can drink it, and repeat the dose for a week or so. Our correspondent found this remedy effectual. It is very simple and well worthy of a trial among farmers.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

To be Thought About.—Can a farmer find any better investment for his money, above what is required for the support and education of his family, than to *expend it upon his farm*, in the improvement of his stock, in planting trees, in draining, enriching, improving and ornamenting the place he has chosen as the scene of his labors and the centre of his comforts?

The Young Ruralist.

BREAKING STEERS.

Mr. Editor:—As I am a constant reader of your valuable paper, and a boy of but thirteen summers, I thought, as you had left a space for such a youngster as I am, I would try and see what I could do towards writing a short piece on breaking steers. My mode of practice as a farmer's son, is to first take calves when they are not more than two or three months old to learn them to lead. After they are thoroughly broke to the halter, next put a yoke on them, although when in the yoke for the first few times it is best to have a halter on the nigh steer, so there will be no danger of their running. Then, after they are thoroughly broke to drive in the yoke together, for the fun of it, as I term such things, I break them to go single. I have a pair of two year olds this spring which are as handy as old oxen. They are broke to go single or double before a load or any way. Last fall they took the premium on yearling steers at the Wyoming County Fair, held at Warsaw on the 6th and 7th of Oct., 1856. When I have the chance to break another pair I shall proceed as above stated. If you think the above worthy of a place in your columns, you are welcome to it, hoping some of your numerous readers may have as good success, and as nice a pair of steers, as myself. H. E. Cornwell.

Wyoming, Feb., 1857.

LEARNING A TRADE.

In No. 7 of the Rural one of the contributors of the Young Ruralist says:—"I have been often urged to seek a living by some other means than tilling the ground." No person of sound reason, I think, can say that there is as independent a way to live as "on the farm," and I know by experience that there is nothing that affords me more pleasure than to work on my father's farm. But, if a man has a small farm and his means are limited, what looks more manly than to see one of the boys, on a bright morning, with his little pack on a stick, with a light step and pleasant smile, making his way to some neighboring town to learn some useful trade, that in future time he may, when more land has been added to the farm, return and put up a small shop and build a large house on the spot "where the old one stood." Then his parents may live happy in their old age, blest with the company of their children, while he, from time to time, adds the necessary buildings to the "Old Farm," which makes it look so convenient, pleasant and happy. I. W. Weeks.

Le Roy, N. Y., Feb., 1857.

Orchard and Garden.

GRAPES AND HUMBUGS.

It seems that one portion of the people are very busily engaged in endeavoring to humbug another portion, and that this other portion are being very successfully and satisfactorily humbugged. Many, who are so fearful of being cheated that they are incessantly on the watch, for fear some one will take advantage of them, seem to be the first to be taken in by a fraud a little out of the ordinary line, though so bold and so bald as to show its character to any one with ordinary discernment.

Many will not take an Agricultural paper, because they think the editor don't know much more about farming or fruit growing than themselves; and because some correspondents make statements that are not to be relied on, giving results of experiments not made with sufficient care. So, for fear of being cheated out of a couple of dollars, they remain in blissful ignorance of what is going on in the world. Pretty soon some one comes along with wonderful seeds, the like of which was never known before; or grape vines that will grow *raisins*, all ready cured, and as large as eggs—the kind that took the premium at the World's Fair at *Washington*, or Kamschatka,—the variety grown so successfully by the man in the moon! The bait takes; the over-careful wise-acre gets bit. He loses his money, and his neighbors laugh.

The greatest of all the humbugs we have heard of in this line, is the one described by our correspondent:

Ed. Rural:—As your excellent paper takes high ground against humbugs, and imparts much useful information to its many readers on fruit, &c., I send you the inclosed handbill, with which two men with a box of grape vines passed through the country last fall, selling vines at $1 a piece, (worthless no doubt.)

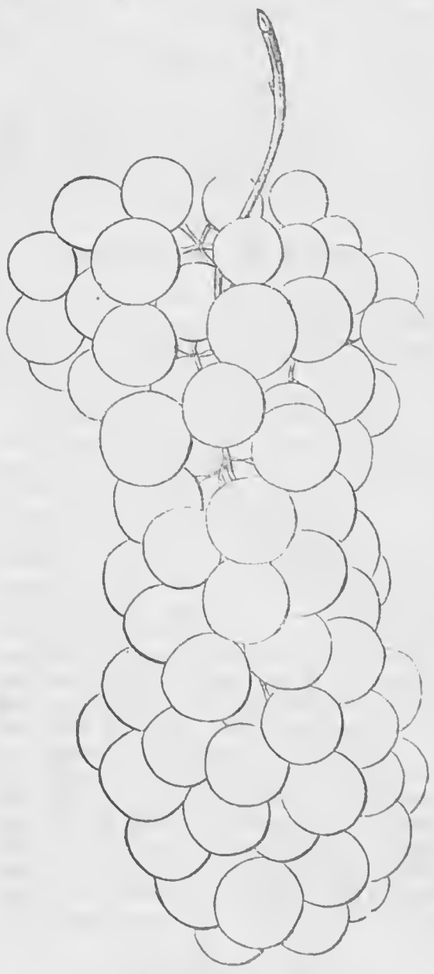
LIST OF GRAPES.

The COME COYE is the largest grape that grows, it is a Tough, Hardy Grape, will grow in any climate, and will grow twenty feet in one season. We have raised them that weighed seven pounds to the cluster. The MEXICAN, is the next in size, and took the premium at the World's Fair in Washington. The MAMMOTH MUSCATINE GRAPE. The RAISIN Grape is a good Grape, and will grow in any climate. Catawissa Blackberry is the largest berry that grows, the berry will grow from one to two inches long, nicer than anything that ever grew, of the berry kind; they are sweet enough for table use; there are two kinds, one is white, the other is black.—These vines are raised by the most skillful nurseryman in Philadelphia, and warranted to grow.

All of these varieties can be had of

THOMAS JONES,
124 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Look at the bill. Seven pound clusters of grapes! World's Fair at Washington! Raisin grapes grown in any climate! Catawissa Blackberries two inches long, &c. The more effectually to excite, and to sell their vines they showed a sealed bottle filled with alcohol, and inclosing grapes of the four kinds they were selling. And mammoth grapes they were—monstrous in size, and said to be grown at Forestville, Chaut. Co. Enough truly to tempt me to buy the vines. They were as large around as the monstrous charter oak, or large Fox grape, but not like the mammoth Foxes, round and depressed at the ends, but more like a large, longish oval plum, with a small suture and indenture on the stem end. I examined them closely by holding the bottle up and turning it over until I was perfectly satisfied that they were nothing more or less than plums; and it caused some effort on my part to keep cool and not give them a blowing up at the time. Yet, strange to tell, they palmed off to one of our most intelligent merchants, right in sight of acres of grape vines, and where, too, all the new and best varieties are extensively cultivated, six vines for $6.—Lincoln Fay, *Portland, Chaut. Co., Feb.*, 1857.



THE CLINTON GRAPE.

Now, it does seem to us that, in the present day a person who takes a good Agricultural paper is in no danger of being deceived by such a bold humbug. Even a reference to the proceedings of the Pomological Society, at its last meeting in this city in September, and published in the Rural, where this subject was discussed by the most intelligent pomologists in the world, and new varieties presented for consideration, would convince every one that these pedlars of the "*Come Coye*" were trying to "*come*" it over the green-horns. It was truly a "*coy*," and seems to have been successful.

The only varieties recommended by the Pomological Society for General Cultivation, are the *Catawba, Diana* and *Isabella*. The *Delaware, Concord* and *Rebecca* are the only varieties recommended as Promising Well. We gave a few weeks since a description and drawing of the *Delaware*, and as soon as we find room we will give a full description and engraving of the *Rebecca*. The *To Kalon* and *Union Village*, new varieties, were well spoken of by those who were acquainted with them, and the *Northern Muscadine* was unanimously condemned, as being foxy and unfit for the table. These facts we have before published in the Rural, so that our readers cannot blame us if they allow themselves to become the dupes of the designing and dishonest.

Now, we do not say that these comprise all the good hardy varieties of grapes in our country; but we do say they are the best known to those who make the study of fruit their business and their pleasure. Those who offer, with high-sounding names, and at high prices, other sorts, you may set down, with a good deal of confidence, as decided humbugs.

There is one variety, the *Clinton*, a hardy sort that will bear almost any amount of cold, which we think will be valuable to some of our readers. We were never so much impressed with its value, as in our Western travels last summer. We saw it growing beautifully on trellises, and covering arbors, making a beautiful appearance and a delightful shade; while those arbors in the same gardens that had been covered with the Isabella and Catawba, were entirely bare—these varieties having been killed by the severe cold the previous winter. It is black, and the borries small, as may be seen by the engraving, and the bunches very compact. It is rather acid when first gathered, but improves very much by keeping. It has been cultivated here for a great number of years, and never fails to produce a crop. It ripens two or three weeks before the Isabella, and is a very great bearer.

A correspondent of the *Wisconsin Farmer*, in Madison, says—"the Clinton here is as hardy as a Black Oak, but the Isabella and Catawba must be taken from the trellis and covered in the fall."

FRUIT.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

The richest of temporal legacies, and the least appreciated, is fruit. *Potatoes* are common on people's tables, and *pork* and *tea*—can any man tell, can any woman, why these articles are to be preferred to choice apples, pears, plums, cherries, raspberries and strawberries? I'll bet my hat against the meanest jacknife in christendom that a committee from Congress may start at the mouth of the St. Johns and go to the Gulf of Mexico, and make an inventory of what people have on their tables, and in nine cases out of ten they shall find that meals are made without what is usually denominated *fruit*. Excepting apples, fruit is omitted in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

We take pride in being good cooks, and compound substances very variously as the printed *recipes* do show, but would we not do as well to take a little cream and put it on some ripe pears, or peaches, or berries? Art and Science have labored together assiduously to produce puddings, cakes and pies, and flavor them to people's taste; but can any Yankee—nay, can any Frenchman season a Bartlett pear? It is due to the inhabitants of the cities to admit that they show some appreciation of fruit; but in the country if a man hires his board, it is equivalent to this—A. B. contracts with C. D. to furnish him bread, meat, potatoes, tea, salt (and butter, when it can be had,) for two dollars per week. Living is with us reduced to an "exact science!" Mathematically it is thus:

Breakfast = bread + potatoes + pork.

I confess I approach domestic matters in the country with fear and trembling, warned by the fate of the *Tribune*. But if I was a candidate for office, even, I would not, to please any political party, deny that I love strawberries and cream!—peaches and cream! It is true fruit don't grow in the winter, but I am told it can be hermetically sealed. There are winter pears; I have never seen or tasted one, but I hear they are eatable, if you can get them—then there is the process of drying.

A prominent feature of Eden was fruit—it was not *forbidden* except in a *particular* case. I am afraid people labor under a mistake in this matter.

I have been led into this train of remark by noticing the proceedings of "The Fruit Growers' Society of Western N. Y.," at its late Annual Meeting. I was desperately determined to attend that meeting, but I did not see the notice till it was too late. I wished to tell the agitators in behalf of Isabellas and Newtown Pippins that I was with them—that I honored them and endorsed them most decidedly. Enclosed is a dollar to pay for membership. Do me the kindness to hand it over to the Treasurer. I'll tell you what I did with apples last winter. I boiled about six bushels of apples every two days and mixed in two bushels of corn meal. On that I fed eight hogs and kept them growing nicely, and also fed five or six cows a pail of the feed every day. *I fed it warm*, and it was about the consistency of mush for table use. The cows gave milk freely during the winter, and were very much improved every way by it. Apples are very valuable for all kinds of stock. I should like to see the animal that wouldn't relish a clean, pleasant flavored apple fed in a proper manner. Apples for stock are better than turnips, and don't cost half as much. Farmers, make it a point to raise apples for your stock, and a variety of choice fruit for table use. Don't forget to countenance and encourage those individuals and associations that are engaged in the improvement of fruit. R. T. R.

A Substitute for Bean Poles.—How many gardens have their appearance spoiled by unsightly bean poles, as the old saying is, "standing seven ways for Sunday." I have a way that looks better, and as for the productiveness, there is half difference in favor of my plan. Set posts twenty feet apart, six feet high, and fasten No. 8 or 10 wire on the top. Plant under the wire in hills two feet apart, leaving two plants in a hill to grow. Stick with willow or any kind of sprouts, pealing the ends to prevent growing. Tie them to the wire and cut off the tops of the vines two or three inches above the wires. The rows should run north and south and be four and a half feet apart. —C. H. R., *Stormville, Dutchess Co., N. Y.*

FINE APPLES FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

It is for my interest, as a fruit dealer, to have nice fruit produced in my own native State. As I perceive that it is the aim of your paper to induce fruit growers to improve the quality as well as the size of fruit, I would like to lay before your readers an account of some apples that I purchased of S. D. Thompson, of Portland, Me., at Philadelphia, in Dec. last. I paid him ten dollars per barrel, and sold them at two dollars profit, per barrel. I weighed four, the gross weight was four pounds and one ounce. Now, if the farmers in this State would raise ten barrels of those, would it not be better than to raise one hundred such as are usually brought here? Mr. Thompson bought those of a farmer from the interior of Pennsylvania, the same day that I purchased of him. He returned with the farmer to get scions to carry to his own State. The apple bore the name of "Trunk Apple." The name of the owner of the trees has been forgotten by me, or I would have given it, so that our fruit-growers might procure scions.—George Forbes, *New York, Feb.*, 1856.

Black Currant Wine.—At the late Convention of Fruit Growers of Western New York, several gentlemen presented facts in relation to the manufacture of *Currant Wine*. These gentlemen were requested to prepare a statement of their practice for publication. In accordance with this request, Dr. Long furnishes the following:

How to Make Black Currant Wine.—Pick and squeeze the currant when fully ripe. To one gallon of juice add six quarts of water, and to each gallon of this mixture add three and a half pounds of brown sugar. Mix well together and strain.—Put into a cask and let it be ventilated till it shall have passed the active or vinous fermentation, when it may be well corked. As it will improve by age it may be well to let it stand undisturbed for years unless wanted for medical purposes.—The same precaution should be taken in regard to its frequent use as to other fermented and intoxicating drinks, lest a morbid appetite be created therefor. Moses Long.

Rochester, Feb. 7, 1857.

Early Lettuce and Tomatoes.—Perhaps it may not have occurred to some of your readers that this open weather affords an opportunity to sow lettuce and tomatoes, and thereby get an advance of the usual time of sowing in the spring. Well, it did so occur to me, and upon the thought I have practiced. Last week, of a pleasant morning, before business hours, I spaded and raked a good sized bed, seeding the inside with tomatoes, and outside with lettuce, thus giving the seed the privilege to grow upon the first approach of spring, in a mellow soil, and producing two crops upon one piece of ground. The lettuce is out of the way by the time the room is wanted by the tomatoes, and I will get returns two or three weeks earlier than by the ordinary mode of out-door culture.—S. N. Holmes, *Syracuse, N. Y.*, 1857.

Death of a Horticulturist.—It becomes our painful duty to make an announcement which will awaken emotions of sincere regret on the part of many of our readers—the decease of James H. Watts, Esq., of this city, for many years Treasurer of the Genesee Valley Horticultural Society, and well known to the Pomologists of the country. Mr. Watts was an intelligent and enthusiastic Horticulturist, and did more than any other one to introduce the celebrated Northern Spy apple. He died on the evening of the 26th ult., aged forty-nine years.

Proceedings of the American Pomological Society.—We are indebted to the President, Marshall P. Wilder, for a copy of the Proceedings of the sixth session of this Society, held in Rochester, Sept. 24, 25 and 25th. It is a very neat pamphlet of 240 pages, and contains several illustrations, of new fruit, fruit houses, &c. In October last, we gave in the Rural an official report of the discussions at this convention. We may, hereafter, give some extracts from the State Reports. We consider this the most valuable document issued by the Society.

Radishes.—If any of your readers, who cannot raise good Radishes, on account of worms, or suitable soil, will strew common wheat bran, one inch thick, on any good soil, and hoe it in, and then plant their seed, they may eat as good Radishes as any body can grow.—W. D. O., *Port Byron.*

Inquiries and Answers.

To Save Vines from Bugs.—Eds. Rural:—As it is about time to begin to plant seeds for vines, it may not be amiss to make a few suggestions in regard to the culture of them.

I would give my experience in regard to the enemies of the vine. On my vines, first appear, as a general thing, the small black bug or fly—the only thing I ever found to *drive them off* is Scotch snuff sprinkled on the vines. I have found that the most effectual preventive against the effects of the striped bug, cut-worm or black fly—and in fact all of these enemies of the vine, (or cabbage,) is as follows:—Make a box about 7 inches deep by 6 inches square on top, and 8 on bottom. This to be placed over the hills as soon as the vines begin to break the ground. I have had my vines cut off when the blow was just breaking into sight. These boxes are the only thing that I know of, that will prove effectual.

If this should prove acceptable to you and your readers, you may hear from me again, if all is well.—Uncle Bill-bad.—*Bradford, Feb.*, 1857.

Remarks.—We have several inquiries on hand, which the above will answer. Putting a box, or rather a frame around the hills of vines is a good plan. This frame may be made of boards, or cloth secured to the ground by four stakes.

Black Knot on Plum Trees.—Eds. Rural:—I have purchased a farm this winter on which are a number of plum trees that are covered more or less with a sort of black knot. As I am not acquainted with the plum tree, I do not know what to do for them. Shall I cut the branches off, or must I cut the trees down, or is there any way that the trees can be cleared of them? Any information how to manage the trees by you, or any of your correspondents, as to the cause and cure, will be thankfully received by a—Young Farmer.—*Lisle, N. Y., Feb.* 10, 1857.

Remarks.—Cut off every limb that is affected, and burn it up. If in doing this you have to destroy the tree, it cannot be helped. If let alone it will surely die. If not too badly diseased you can save your trees in this way.

Mixing of Varieties of Melons.—As your paper constitutes a medium of communication, I wish to make an inquiry or two. If different varieties of the watermelon are planted together, will they mix or become hybrids? If so how may this mixture be prevented? I am aware that different varieties of the cucurbita tribe will produce hybrids if planted near each other, such as the cucumber, &c., but whether this is true of the watermelon alone, I know not. How can such mixture be prevented when want of room and many varieties compel me to adopt close planting?—S. S. B.

Remarks.—If different varieties are planted near each other, they will mix. There is no way to prevent it.

To Make Peach Trees Hardy.—Will some of your numerous readers inform me by what method I can make peach trees the hardiest. Will not blacksmith's cinders and lime, well hoed in round the trees help them? I wish to raise a few hundred if I can keep them from winter-killing.—L. E. P., *Almond, Portage Co., Wisconsin.*

Remarks.—We know of no way to accomplish the object you desire, other than planting the most hardy varieties in a dry, sandy soil, where the wood will become well ripened before winter.

Eds. Rural:—Please to inform me through your valuable paper where I can obtain the Red Dutch, Red Cherry, White Grape and White Dutch Currant Slips, and the price of them per thousand, and whether gravelly soil will be good for the cultivation of the above-named currants, and oblige—A Subscriber.

Remarks.—One year old plants you can get at almost any nursery. We don't know any one who sells slips or cuttings. The White Grape and Cherry Currant can be bought for about $25 per 100, and the Red and White Dutch for about $15 per 100.

Winter Squashes.—I was troubled in raising Winter Squashes, similarly to your Onondaga correspondent. I detected the grub in the vines, by their leaves wilting, took my knife and slit the vines, so as to find and kill the grubs, when the vines recovered and bore a good crop.—W. D. O., *Port Byron.*

Domestic Economy.

CAKES, COOKIES, ETC.

Eds. Rural:—Having tried many of the recipes in your excellent paper, and found them to be *good*, I wish in turn to benefit some one else.

Buckeye Cake.—One pound sugar, 1 cup butter, 4 cups flour, 1 cup sweet milk, 6 eggs, 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in the milk, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar rubbed in the flour. Stir the sugar, butter, and yolks till light; then add the well-beaten whites of the eggs; then the flour and milk; bake quickly.

Clove Cookies.—Three pounds flour, 1 pound butter, 1 pound sugar, 4 eggs. Rub the butter and sugar together; add as much molasses as will mix the flour; 1 teaspoonful of saleratus; cloves to your taste. *Roll thin*, and bake in a quick oven. Keep in a stone jar.

A Rich Custard—*Excellent.*—One quart cream, the yolks of six eggs, 6 oz. of powdered white sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of brandy, 1 oz. blanched almonds pounded to a paste. Mix the cream with the sugar and yolks of the eggs well beaten; scald in a tin pan placed in hot water, stirring occasionally till of the consistence of thick cream; when cool add the other ingredients, and pour into custard cups.

Scotch Cake.—Three-quarters of a———baby's crying—please accept these—more next time. Lucy.

Remarks.—We will guarantee that Lucy is an excellent housewife. Her taste in the culinary department and evident promptness in the care of "*the baby*" are worthy of all commendation. Many thanks for the recipes received.—Eds.

Biscuit.—One pound of flour; two ounces of butter; one egg; wet with milk; bake 20 minutes.

Soft Gingerbread.—Half a pint of molasses; two ounces of butter; two eggs; one teaspoonful of saleratus; half a teacupful of thin cream; half a pound of flour; bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Crullers.—Eight eggs; three-fourths of a pound of sugar; quarter of a pound of butter; a little nutmeg; with sufficient flour to form a stiff batter; roll thin; cut thin; cut them in diamond shape and boil in lard.—*Homestead.*

Indelible Ink Stains.—To remove spots of nitrate of silver, indelible ink, moisten them for a few moments with moist chloride of lime, which forms chloride of silver, and then dissolve the latter by caustic ammonia. It may be sometimes necessary to repeat the operation. Cyanide of potassium may also be employed.

Muffins.—Melt half a teacup of butter in a pint and a half of milk; add a little salt, a gill of yeast and four eggs; stir in flour enough to make a batter rather stiffer than for griddle cakes; if kept in a moderately warm place, it will rise sufficiently in eight or nine hours.

Indian Meal Fried Cakes.—One pint of sour milk, a small teaspoonful of saleratus, a little salt, two and a half coffee cups of fine Indian meal.—Drop from a spoon into hot lard, and let them boil until a nice brown.

Hair, or even straw mattrasses, are more healthy to sleep on than feather beds. Keep your sleeping rooms very clean and well aired, and do not cumber them with unnecessary furniture.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

THE WONDERS OF INDIA RUBBER.

Among the recent applications of India rubber, none are so remarkable as the manufacture of what is called "hard India goods," into which the rubber enters most largely. There is in New York a company called the Beacon Dam Company, which is devoted to the manufacture of this class of goods. By a process that originated with Mr. Chaffee, coal tar is mixed with the rubber, and the compound makes one of the most solid, elastic and elegant articles that can be found in the market. It resembles polished stone, is as black as coal, needs no finish, and has of itself as hard and exquisite a polish as it is possible for any metal to bear. There seems to be no end to the articles into which it can be made. Canes of the most elegant form are made of it, and are as tough as so much steel, while they have all the elasticity of whalebone. Cabinet work, inlaid and mosaic, ornamental to the parlor and the chamber. Spectacle bows and glasses for the eye are made so light as to be no annoyance, while their elastic character causes them to sit firm to the head; opera glasses, castors, sand stalls, ink stands, brushes for the hair, that cannot be harmed by hot water, tape lines, pen holders, pencil cases, cigar cases, government boxes for the army and navy, government buttons, and an endless variety of articles are thus made, and the articles are of a most elegant character; syringes of a novel form and character; machines for oiling cars and engines, on a new principle, indicate that this new use of rubber is to work a complete revolution in the arts and manufactures.

But one of the greatest applications of this new rubber and manufacture, is the new telegraphic wire that is made from it. It needs no poles, as it is laid in the ground. It needs no covering; a trench of a few inches is dug; the rubber telegraph wire is put in and covered up; the wire is inclosed with the rubber; no dampness can affect it; no storm render the wires inoperative; no insect sever; no rust corrode. It would appear fabulous if we should state the miles of this wire that have already been engaged, and the goods cannot be made to meet the demand.

The government of the United States is now the best customer of the Beacon Dam Company. The call for the Navy and Army button is immense; the article is elegant; the naval button has on it the motto, "Don't give up the ship." And so tough are these rubber buttons, that if one is placed on an oak plank and pressure applied, it can be sunk clear into the plank, and will come out unharmed; and the government shaving boxes, which are about three inches in diameter, are so strong that a man weighing 200 pounds can press his whole weight on one of them, and not break them.

AM. AND ENGLISH AG. IMPLEMENTS.

At a dinner recently given at Aylsford, Kent Co., Eng., to celebrate the return of Mr. Betts, the celebrated railroad contractor, from a tour in the United States and Canadas, he stated that our people in America were behind the people in England in agricultural implements, excepting mowing machines, in which we excelled, and one of which he had brought with him, and which, drawn by two horses, had cut eleven acres per day. He stated that America was a magnificent country, one far better for the poor man, but possessing far less comforts and privileges than England for those who possessed capital.

We think Mr. Betts did not travel altogether with his eyes open in our country. There are just as many comforts and conveniences for those who have capital in this country as there are in England; of course, this is not the case in the newly settled parts of our country; this cannot be expected but in the older States and in our cities. And even in our new States, enterprise is so active that in a very few years after any place is settled it attracts most of the refinements and luxuries of life to it. We know that his opinions respecting American agricultural implements are wrong. Our hay forks, axes, cultivators, planters, scythes, rakers, hoes, and even our plows, yes, most of our agricultural implements, are now superior to those made and used in England. A most creditable and marked improvement has been made during the past few years in all our agricultural tools and implements. It is true that there are too many poor implements manufactured so as to be sold cheap, but this is the case in every country; we do not refer to these, but to those of the best quality, which can be obtained of every respectable dealer. We are of opinion, judging from what we have seen ourselves, that American Agricultural Implements, as a whole, are the best in the world.—*Sci. American.*

SPEED OF CIRCULAR SAWS.

A correspondent residing in Ralston, Pa., informs us that in a mill in that place, in which he is interested there are two circular saws; one thirty inches in diameter, for sawing shingles—speed 1,850 revolutions per minute; and the other 34 inches in diameter, for sawing studding. This latter saw was at first geared to run at the rate of 950 revolutions per minute, a speed which was recommended by several hundred machinists.—At this speed it was incapable of performing a fair day's work: it turned out only about one-third the work of the shingle machine. The size of its driving pulley was increased to give it a speed of 1,200 revolutions per minute, and it now cuts with ease three times the quantity of lumber in the same space of time; "there is no loss of time now experienced in backing out the saw to allow it to recover itself." He is opinion that the most economical speed to run large circular saws, is from 12,000 to 14,000 feet per minute at their teeth.—*Scientific American.*

Transatlantic Telegraph Company.—The stock of the company engaged in the mammoth enterprise of uniting Europe by telegraph amounts to seventeen hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It has been subscribed as follows, the shares being $5,000 each:—London capitalists take 101; Liverpool, 86; Glasgow, 37; Manchester 28; other English towns, 10, and the balance, 88 shares, in America. America owns, therefore, $440,000, or a little more than one-fourth of the cable.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HER HEART.

HER heart was a flower,
And hopes on it shone,
Like dew on the blossoms
Ere morning hath flown.
Down deep with the nectar,
The pearly drops lay,
And up on the petals
In love with the day.

And glad in the sunshine,
And fearing the breeze,
They sparkled and trembled
In beauty's unease.
But zephyr coquetting
On pinion so gay,
Was charmed with the flower,
And kissed them away.

And gone was its sparkling,
Its rainbows were fled,
And on it the hot sun
Its hottest beams shed.
But a noble young tree,
In a sweet green arrayed,
On the withering heart
Its cool shadows laid,

And grateful for friendship,
Forgetting its pain,
It grew into freshness
And gladness again,
Till slowly its fragrance
Was wafted above;
To the tree it had yielded
Its beautiful love.

Mexico, N. Y., 1857. EMMA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE RICH LADY AND POOR GIRL.

BY WALTER A. BISHOP.

A SHORT winter day was drawing to a close as a young and poorly clad girl reached the door of a splendid mansion in Bleecker street, New York.—The servant ushered her into a large and elegant apartment, where sat Mrs. B., the mistress of so much wealth and grandeur, in conversation with a friend. The young girl stood a moment, then curtesied and presented to Mrs. B. a small bundle saying—"I hope the work will suit you ma'am."

"The work is well enough," said Mrs. B. examining it carefully; "but why did you not bring it before. It is at least a week past the time, it was promised. Unless you are more punctual and keep your word better, I cannot let you have any more work."

It was growing dark, and the room was not yet lighted, so that the tears that gathered in the girls eyes could not be seen, but her voice was very tremulous as she answered:

"I did not mean to break my word ma'am, but my mother has been much worse, and my little brother in chopping wood, cut his foot, so I had to"—here her voice became inarticulate, and she hastened out of the room.

"That is always the way with these people," said Mrs. B., "a sick mother, or a sick aunt, or a cut foot—any thing for an excuse."

Meanwhile MARY reached the humble dwelling she called home. Whether her feelings were laboring under the wound so thoughtlessly inflicted or her mother's illness distressed her, or her heart sickened at the thought of helpless poverty, or it might have been the contrast between the room she had left, and the one she had just entered, which forced itself upon her, whatever was the cause, contrary to her usual serenity and care to appear as cheerful as possible before her mother, she covered her face with her hands, and leaning upon the rude table before her, burst into a passion of tears. It was but for a moment before a faint voice from the bed called, "MARY!" She started from her posture of grief, and went to her mother's bedside. "Mary, dear, wipe your eyes and sit down by me here, and read the thirty-fourth Psalm. It will do us both good."

MARY reached down from the shelf the well-worn bible, and seated at the foot of her mother's bed, in a subdued voice read aloud. She had just finished reading the verse. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all," when a gentle tap was heard at the door. A little girl, some years younger than MARY, opened it, and a lady entered.

"Is this where MARY MORRIS lives?"

MARY started up from the bed. "That is my name, ma'am."

"Ah, yes, you are the one I just saw at Mrs. B.'s I inquired you out, and have come to see if I could be of any service to you, how is your mother?"

The last tallow candle was dimly burning beside the bed where MARY had been reading. The lady went towards it, and took the hand of the emaciated sufferer.

"Have you any physician?"

"No, ma'am. My poor husband's last sickness cost me so much, that I have now nothing to pay one. I hope I shall get better in a few days, and then all will go on well; but now it is very hard for poor MARY."

"But you have a high fever and should be attended to; my husband is a physician; he will call and prescribe for you, and here are some provisions for the children; and, MARY, just open the door—my servant has brought you a wheelbarrow load of wood ready split; give all your attention to your mother, you shall be provided for."

Their hearts were too full for expression of thanks, but the lady needed them not to convince her that there was no luxury like that of doing good. There were tears shed in that humble room that night, but not of bitterness, and there were thanksgivings that would put to shame the feeble gratitude of thousands that are "increasing in goods that have need of nothing."

Mrs. B. went that night to witness the performance of a popular tragedy, and was so overcome by the distresses of the hero and heroine, as to be unable to attend to anything else for several days.

A SMILE is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without its dew? The tear is rendered by the smile precious above the smile itself.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HONOR TO THE MAIDEN LADIES.

Much as is said in contempt of "old maids," I think I may safely remark that no members of a community make themselves so generally useful, so universally beloved, and often so long and gratefully remembered, by the whole civilized world, as those same old maids. The friend of the old, the confidant of the young, ever ready and willing in the hour of need, the old maid fills a larger sphere, exercises a greater influence, than we are apt to give her credit for. Our best and most self-sacrificing philanthropists have been single women. Without the ties of her married sister circumscribing her sphere of action, her mind conceives the most noble ideas, her vigorous, and often-times almost unaided efforts accomplish the most beneficial results.

Go to our Lunatic Asylums, and while the memory of battles fought and victories won—of every remarkable or interesting event—aye, of even friends and home, has fled forever from the recollections of the poor inmates, the name of Miss DIX strikes an answering chord in almost every heart, awakening the sincerest gratitude of those for whom she has so long and faithfully labored. Who will ever forget the name of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—once unknown, but now, through her self-devotion, "familiar in our mouths as household words?" Believe me, many years from now, when the memory of other, it may be, more *brilliant* achievements shall have passed away, the recollection of her noble and untiring zeal will be still green in the hearts of the children and grandchildren, aye even unto "the third and fourth generation" of the poor soldiers, whose wounds she bound, whose pains she eased, on the far-off shores of the Crimea. Had these women been married—had their minds and time been occupied by family cares and duties, they would in all prob. bility have sat quietly by their fire-sides all their lifetime, and the world would never have been any the better or wiser for them.

Then let the old maid take courage, and although to "her sons and daughters rise not up and call her blessed," still may her life be happily and usefully spent, and her name perhaps enrolled among the benefactors of the human race. FANNIE.

THE DEAD WIFE.

YES, the wife you loved so fondly, cherished so tenderly, is dead. She lies in the shady little room she loved so well; but she heeds not now where they place her. You go in and look on the calm sweet face—marble-like in its repose—no smile beams there on your approach. The warm blood mounts no longer to the soft cheek. You press your lips wildly to hers, that for the first time give back no answering pressure. You take the little pale hand in yours, but the slender fingers clasp around your own no longer. You breath the name that has ever been the dearest to you in the wide world, but she hears your voice no more; she is *dead!* They robe her in a snowy shroud and lay her in the narrow coffin. Oh! can you live while she is prisoned there, you wildly ask. The minister of God says a few solemn words—weeping friends gather round to take a last farewell, and when they turn away, you stand by her, but for the last time. Can it be, you must now part with her forever; that you look for the last time on that dear face—press the last kiss to her cold lips; but no tears come to your relief, and friends draw you away; but you watch as the undertaker folds the muslin over that face, and turns the coffin-lid closely down. You feel as if you would suffocate. He does not heed, but puts the screws in quickly, tightly, and you follow her to the grave that yawns to receive the form clasped so many times to your heart. You see them lower her slowly in, and hear the clods fall with a dull, hollow sound on *her* coffin. Oh! methinks there is no sound on earth that brings such feelings to the heart, as the sound of the earth as it falls covering the forms of those we love. You seek your darkened home, but no white arms are clasped round your neck; no sweet voice bids you welcome; no blue eyes look into yours, speaking the love the lips do not always utter.

Here is where she used to sit close by your side; here the books she read, there her piano stands open with your favorite song spread out; but she will sit by your side, read for you; play for you no more forever. You stand by the window and look out in the garden; the flowers she planted are blossoming as brightly as if her hand had trained them up this very morning, but off beyond the garden you see the quaint church spire rising, and there close by, she slumbers. You turn away and sit down with all this agony at your heart, and Memory takes you back to the long ago, to the first hours of your acquaintance with her, and you feel you loved her then and love her now better than you can love any one on earth. And you are right; she will ever be nearest and dearest. You remember talking with her long ago of death, and of her saying she would wish to go first, for she could never part with you on earth and live, and she has gone first; but can *you* live without *her?* You read the letters she penned to you in absence—you look on a tress of sunny hair severed after death, with a grief at your heart that will not be hushed.

Years pass on, and another may brighten your home, but as you listen to her merry words and joyous laugh, when her dark eyes look in your own, when her hand is warmly clasped in yours, the memory of the early loved and lost will sweep over your heart until you forget the loving one by your side. Sometimes you see a face or form that resembles hers, or hear a voice low and soft as hers used to be, and you find the young heart mouldering in the grave is as dear as ever, though another fills her place by your side, and you thought for a time you had given her up. But no, she often comes to you as you sit by your cheerful fireside; you feel the arms circling round your neck, the soft lips pressed to your brow; see the eyes so mild and loving, looking down through yours into your soul; you hear the low tones telling you again how dear you are, but you start up nervously, and look round on those gathered about you, trying to shake off the illusion as you remember how long she has been sleeping. Ah, the first true love of the heart never will, never can die out. It may be silent for a time, but it will rise up like a ghost to haunt the hours that might otherwise be happy. The heart, thank God, is locked away from all human eyes.—*Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.*

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OF ONE LOVED.

BY W. E. KNOWLES.

I AM counting up the treasures
Which the past has left to me,
Count, and sing the solemn measures
Of a sad, sweet hymn to thee.

Sing the bright remembrances
Of that mutual love of ours,
When the gathered gladnesses
Charmed the rapid flow of hours.

As I read the faded transcripts
Of that love of yours and mine,
Hope, awakened, climbs again,
Like a crushed and bleeding vine.

In the dim, uncertain distance,
Dimmer still with grief and tears,
I am looking, longing, loving
Still the vision that appears.

O, my love, I count the treasures
That the past has left to me,
Count, and sing the solemn measures
Of this sad, sweet hymn to thee.

And my heart is still, and stronger,
In that love of yours and mine,
And a hope again climbs upward,
Like a crushed and bleeding vine.

Life is golden yet with sunshine,
As that hope still climbs above,
Climbs, till angels hear my prayer,
To be taken to my love.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

IT has just occurred to me to wonder why a residence in the country is accounted by ruralists less desirable in Winter than in Summer. The fondness shown for fresh verdure and cool breezes by city people during the hot months, satisfies all parties where the superiority lies in Summer; but whether the flight town-ward on the approach of cold weather, convinces the rural population that the country is no longer habitable, except as a matter of necessity, or whether they are willing to reciprocate the amiability of thinking others circumstances and surroundings preferable to their own, the impression prevails, quite generally, that now the city has the whole advantage. If this idea were founded wholly on the supposed greater intellectual advantages of city life, we might say that the press places town and country on an equality in that respect; for no new thought of any worth is offered by preacher or lecturer to a city audience, but the newspaper strait way catches up and reports the same to its country readers.—And though to the worshiping multitude, it affords a lovely satisfaction to know how their heroes look, to observe the gestures they make, and to note their peculiarities of voice, and though the consciousness that so many other eyes and ears are being delighted, along with his own creates in the mind of the hearer an enthusiasm that enhances the pleasure of the entertainment; yet, considering public lectures as a resource for acquiring instruction, it must be even more profitable to read them than to hear them; from the fact that the necessarily rapid manner in which a subject is presented to the consideration of an audience, precludes the possibility of their bestowing upon it that serious reflection, and calm criticism which an important topic requires, and without which, only a superficial knowledge of it can be gained.

But this notion of the dreariness and monotony of country life in Winter, is probably owing, in great part, to the broad contrast between the deep repose, reigning there at that season, and the bustle and excitement of the town. Many an ardent admirer of pastoral life in Summer, capable of thoroughly enjoying the peculiar emotions raised by the sight of expanding and ripening vegetation, and by the exercise of agricultural power directed to turning the forces of Nature to man's use, finds, when the glory of waving fields, running brooks, singing birds, graceful foliage and beautiful flowers has departed, no compensation in the country for the business activity and social amusements of the city. The gay panorama of the crowded street, possesses greater interest than a landscape made up of leafless trees, frozen streams, bare or snow-covered fields, all enveloped in the general hush and stillness of sleeping Nature. If Winter has not added greatly to the attractions of the city, it has drawn immensely from those of the country.

Winter scenery has not been fortunate in the number or zeal of its eulogists. Dwellers in the country have too generally distrusted their own senses, and depended on city *litterateurs* to point out to them during the few weeks they annually absent themselves from town, such natural beauties as are most worthy of admiration; and, not unfrequently, the first intelligence of the existence of a remarkable feature in their own neighborhood, has been gained from some tourists account in a newspaper. Unhappily for the fame of winter scenery, the vacations of the literary class fall in the summer time; it is not fashionable to seek health and relaxation in the country in the Winter. Besides, the disagreeable circumstance of cold exerts a certain repelling influence; the winter traveler cannot reach and maintain a high pitch of enthusiasm over the finest landscape with the mercury at zero; if he publish a record of his travels, he is more likely to dwell on the discomforts of his journey, than on fine points of scenery and so it happens that we all fall into the habit of looking only for the bleak and desolate in a winter landscape.

But if we cannot *go* out with so much comfort, we may *look* out with scarcely less pleasure in Winter than in Summer. There is no spot between earth and sky, on which a house can stand, where the open, friendly eye may not find, even on the dreariest day, many objects for its gratification. But, taking as the standard of winter beauty a scene made up of ground, trees, shrubs, fences and roofs covered with snow; perhaps tossed by the wind into an infinite variety of fantastic shapes and gleaming in the sunshine; the dark, straight boles of the trees standing up majestically, and the branches shooting proudly and gracefully from the parent stem; the cattle grouped in sleepy satisfaction on the sunny side of the barn; the snow-birds flitting about; the winter-king and chick-a-dee telling by their cheerful, dearly-prized note, that through all the cold weather, they do not lose heart, and the score of other objects adding interest and attraction to the picture, it will be difficult to imagine anything more beautiful.—Even there, on the tree just outside the window, is a gem which, but for Winter, we had never seen. A pair of tiny yellow-birds were often noticed last Summer hopping about there, and curious eyes peered anxiously up into the tree; but the leaves faithfully kept the secret until late autumn, and now, standing fully revealed to the gaze, filled brimful of newly-fallen snow, which it holds with infinite grace, the costliest jewel does not display so rare skill, nor give so great delight as that dainty affair the birds have brought us.

Finally, in Winter or Summer, the dweller in the country cannot afford to despise what are termed simple pleasures. Not here, as in the town, does the chief enjoyment of a season consist in the brief visit of some musical or theatrical celebrity Nature distributes her charms with an even hand throughout the year. And if to the artificial sense they seem tame and spiritless, the natural soul, to which they are all akin, recognizes their worth; and in the singing of birds and their beautiful plumage, in the trees and their draping of white or green, in the flowers and the stars, in the varied tones of the wind, whether they be fierce or gentle, in the musical patter of rain-drops on the roof or against the window, in the aerial dance of snow-flakes, (the most exquisite enjoyment of a rain-storm is experienced through the ear; the highest pleasure of a snow-storm, addresses itself to the eye;) in these and the thousand other phenomena of the natural world, it finds no mean compensation for the Grisis, the Rachels, the Greek Slaves and the picture galleries of the city. A.

So. Livonia, N. Y., Feb., 1857.

PRACTICAL GOOD SENSE.

IT is related that an Athenian, who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man, who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocle on the subject. The philosopher in the spirit of true wisdom, said, "I would bestow my daughter upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man." Marriage for money seldom conduce to social comfort and happiness, and often results in the utter destruction of domestic peace, in criumination, coldness, and estrangement. And yet the love of money is seldom manifest in greater strength than in the formation of those life long alliances where the parties bind themselves to "take each other for better or for worse," and give their mutual pledge to stand by and aid each other amid all the storms and privations and perils of life. Those parents who are chiefly anxious to have their daughters to marry a fortune, who value money more than character, integrity, enterprise and correct habits, will, in most cases, lament their short-sightedness, infatuation and folly. There is happiness in a cottage where virtue, intelligence and kindness dwell. A palace will not yield it in the absence of these. It is not those families where there is the greatest profusion of wealth, who are most envied. In many a splendid mansion there are aching hearts, disappointed hopes, corroding cares and scalding tears. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not depreciating or decrying wealth. It confers and secures many advantages. It gives to its possessor influence, position, and power. "Castaris paribus," as we were taught in our schoolboy days to say, other things being equal, it is desirable, highly beneficial, and eminently comfortable. But it is not worth sacrificing domestic peace to possess it—it is not worth enduring the strife of tongues—it is not worth the life-long reproach, you married me for my money.

THE MORALS OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

IN an able article on this subject, the New York *Journal of Commerce*, after quoting the pertinent remark of BACON that "there is no vice that doth so cover us with shame as to be found false and perfidious," adds the following extremely just and timely reflections:

"We never heard that such men as Lowndes, King, Sherman, Calhoun, Crawford, Everett, and the like-minded, demeaned themselves in this 'perfidious' style. They were dignified, direct, concise, patriotic without boasting, and free without falsifying. They were models of morals, not only in private but in public life. We will not even listen to those whisperings which ascribe much of the random speaking in Congress to *artificial* excitement of the animal spirits. But this we will say, that to our apprehension the ideal of a patriot legislator and true statesman includes such noble elements as few possess, but more might attain to; a clear head, reposing on a pure habit of body, and informed by various knowledge; love of the truth, and hatred of all forms of chicanery; a patriotism above party; a merit of office, rather than the pursuit of office; a comprehensive appreciation of the interests and relations of the *whole* Republic; and last, but not least, an abiding fear of GOD. Such virtues it were more worthy to possess than the highest official position. With them a man stands before his peers a man indeed, proudly eminent. Without them, no station could exalt him into a true man."

— The *Louisville Journal* makes this brief commentary upon the extract, viz:—"Unless sentiments like these shall speedily take root in the popular heart and bear a plentiful crop of genuine statesmen and patriots, the future of our country we fear will be dark and terrible indeed."

BIRDS.—Here is a little gem from STODDARD'S recent volume of poems. There are many besides the poet who have bad luck in catching the thoughts which sing about them:

Birds are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
And I hang my cage there dayly,
But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long;
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of song!

A NOBLE heart, like the sun, shows its brightest countenance in its lowest estate.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TIME—AND HOW WE SPEND IT.

BY THE RAGGED PHILOSOPHER.

How is life spent? Moralists, philosophers and commentators on human life, since time was, have dwelt on the subject with all the force and urgency of reason and persuasion. Our earliest philosopher and economist says, "*Time is the stuff that life is made of,*" and alas! how true. Every tick of the clock, each a pulsation of the brain of time, is an era in human life, a little cycle—a land-mark in the sea of time, marking the stations of the silent march to the sleep that knows no waking. How little do any note the warning voice of the gentle *tick, tack* of the persevering monitor. Yea, how is our time spent? A day, an hour at the close of life is thought so valuable that fortunes would be freely given to prolong a helpless existence for a few short moments, and yet how is this *stuff*—the web and woof of our short being—used by the thinking and philosophic? The doings of an hour, a minute, may be written on the tablets of Eternity for weal or woe to us, and, for aught we know, have its action on the whole human race.

I am, Mr. Editor, a *Septuagenarian*, and have lived the allotted time of man—three score and ten. I have been looking over the docket of memory, and the ways and means by which a large portion of the more than fifty years vouchsafed to me, since the period of adolescense, has been absorbed and swallowed up by acts, that if not among the absolute conditions of life, are many of them conventional and the mere necessities of habitude. During these fifty years, I probably have spent in buttoning and unbuttoning, dressing and undressing, washing and combing, half an hour each day, amounting to more than a year's time. In shaving, always twice a week, and sometimes oftener, fifteen minutes each time, which would use up some six months. In early manhood I acquired the habit of the use of the *filthy weed*, both in chewing and smoking— in the various phases of which at least twenty minutes each day has been exacted, making over eight months. In the first twenty of these years I was in the habit, as were all persons, of using ardent spirits and wine, now happily obsolete as a family necessary. I estimate that I have used 600 pounds of tobacco and drank over 100 gallons of spirits, or one hogshead, and yet never was intoxicated; which must have used up, with its concomitant effects, perhaps another year. At least one year has been used up in the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," exhibited in militia parades and fooleries, as useless an expenditure as attending horse races and shooting matches, to which I cannot plead—ignorammus. In other sights, shows, plays, concerts, and any quantity of dancing, more than another year has probably gone to the tomb of the capulets. In hunting, fishing, and games of chance, sailing and riding, a year or two more have been blotted out of the tablets of usefulness. In small talk, gossipings, political meetings and discussions, and in inquiries and answers to questions about that ubiquitous element, the weather, I set down in gross at least two entire years. Thus much of mostly unwise waste of the precious material of existence, the parings of many lost minutes, I acknowledge with sorrow and contrition.

Here is over eight years, or one-fourth of the average period of human existence, some of the items worse than lost and without any consistent motive to benefit myself or any other person—neither spent in acts of charity or benevolence, in improving the mind, nor in profit in a pecuniary sense for the benefit of self or family.

What a mortifying, harrowing reflection to one whose sands have nearly run—one who is now existing on borrowed time, over and above the three score and ten—that so many precious moments have been squandered, which to have added to my life about to close; I would freely and with eagerness suffer the pain of flaying, yea give all that I possess, and mortgage all future expectations, to recover the lost treasure. Youth, think and reflect on the vast importance of not wasting *Time*—the life-blood of existence—the chain cable of Eternity. But what is the use of a *ragged* and unknown denizen of this uncertain, unstable age, preaching to the busy, active, self-complacent mass of humanity? A senseless monitor to an unheeding world.

HUMAN NOMENCLATURE.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?" Everything. Charles Lamb understood this matter when, speaking of giving children ugly Christian names, he said, "Don't *Nicodemus* a man into nothing." A boy's name has more to do with his happiness and prosperity than we are apt to imagine. A diminutive, ill-sounding cognomen has kept many a poor fellow in the background all his days. And an unlucky nick-name, applied to the wearer by the caprice or malice of his fellows, not unfrequently affects his peace and respectability through life. We once knew a man whose real bona fide name was "Stuffie Sickle." He was called "Stuff Pickle," for short. Well—what of him? Nothing. He was a "nobody," of course, and his whole history "nix."—Reader! if you are young (as we hope you are), and married (as you ought to be), and should have sons and daughters (and may you be blessed with a half-dozen of such sort), remember that much depends on naming them properly. Beware of top-heavy names—such as Byron and Washington and Shakspeare—which only serve to belittle the wearer. Better by half call them all John and Mary, and then *number them*, as they do steamboats in the West. Give them good, plain, manly, spelling-book titles, and then if any man "nick-names" your child, prosecute him for slander.—*Selected.*

CONSCIENTIOUS DISCHARGE OF DUTY.

YET nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not,
Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For by thy side shall dwell at last
The victory, of endurance born.
Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are her's;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among her worshipers.

[*Bryant.*

NEITHER wealth nor birth, but mind only, should be the aristocracy of a free people.

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WEALTH AND KNOWLEDGE.

WEALTH and knowledge are the most powerful means of influence exerted in the affairs of life. Either renders its possessor influential, and enables him to wield a force that will overcome almost every obstacle. But frequently they work conjointly, and often play into each others hands. When they are combined; when great wealth is united with vast intellectual acquirements; when the coin of the mint is found joined with the coin of the mind, then the power exerted is almost irresistable.

The day has already passed, when great homage is paid merely to proud ancestral lineage; when no solid metal and broad domains support the honor of the family name, but pride and poverty alone are the heritage. The character of the age demands something more substantial, and will not be satisfied with this thread-bare apology of greatness. In our own country, the reverence and regard paid in other lands to those descended from a long line of illustrious ancestry, is not known; but instead, the length of purse is idolized and its power deeply felt.

The moralist would teach the solemn mockery of riches, the vanity of learning, the emptiness of fame, and the uncertainty of existence. He would paint the errors of life, its luxuries and vices, its foolish pride, and deceptive pomp, in the most glaring colors, and attribute them all to the possession of wealth, or to the vanity often engendered from vast acquisitions of various learning. Not in the possession or the use of either lies the error, but in the abuse. Not all who are blessed with wealth or who, by long years of toil, have accumulated the riches of the mental world, are thus deserving of censure. From them, good to mankind results. All the pleasures of society, all the enjoyments of life, directly or indirectly flow therefrom. What but wealth, guided by liberal knowledge, sets in operation the great movements of the race, and carries them forward to a triumphal completion? In the smallest, as well as the greatest affairs of life, money is the mover. Knowledge points the way, and money completes the undertaking. The one invents, the other performs the work to make the invention available. No noble enterprise is ever accomplished without the help of both. Their aid is needed in all the appliances of life. Not a house is erected, not an acre of land tilled, not a ship launched, not a bridge built, nor a road constructed, without the agencies of wealth and knowledge.

Let not these be underrated. Let not pinching poverty nor piteous ignorance enviously decry a more desirable position. Acquire wealth and learning, but honorably and nobly. Hasten not, however, to become suddenly rich, for the homely saying of the old American philosopher is, "haste makes waste," yet steadily and honestly accumulate, for in the getting there is much enjoyment. What more adorns the man than a liberally educated mind? The wild savage needs not wealth nor knowledge. He scorns them. But civilization has taken hold of man and lifted him up. Numerous wants have been created, and new sources of delight also. And these relations of humanity, flowing from a generous civilization, require the advantages which wealth and knowledge bring for their full enjoyment. A. J. E.

Rochester, Feb., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

FEW parents realize the necessity of their co-operation with the teacher in securing the progress of the school. No remark is more common than that it is difficult to manage three or four children at home—especially boys. This is doubtless a weak excuse for disorderly and mortifying conduct, yet there is stubborn truth in it too. The parent that can say otherwise, must have an offspring "blunted unto goodness, and feeble for the purposes of virtue," or he must himself be so.

Those traits in the young on which energy and integrity are built, are not so near akin to goodness, nor so feebly rooted, that they may be won to virtue's side by mere coaxing. Nor is the spontaneous growth of evil so easily subdued. This most parents realize, and need no urging to confess. Yet they do not hesitate to devolve on a teacher from thirty to a hundred pupils, and leave him to stagger under his load as best he may; or, worse, stand by to decry his competency at the least token of faltering, weariness or failure.—Now every parent may see, upon the slightest consideration, that all those points of misconduct which make the oversight of children a serious task to him, are indefinitely aggravated by bringing them together in large numbers. Yet the teacher, besides standing in place of the parent for the time to guard the ordinary conduct of the pupil, must secure and maintain a high standard of good order during school session, classify the scholars and recitations with both discrimination and impartiality, give instruction in a half dozen or more different branches, and attend to a variety of other exercises vital to the maintenance of a school. These things he is to do, not for a few days while matters are novel and fresh, but day after day and term after term. And while the teacher has the duties of the parent, and more too, to discharge, the bond of dependence which so effectually binds the child to the parent, is wholly wanting—indeed, not unfrequently, parents furnish an actual refuge from the teacher's wholesome and necessary impositions, by tacit or explicit permission of absence.

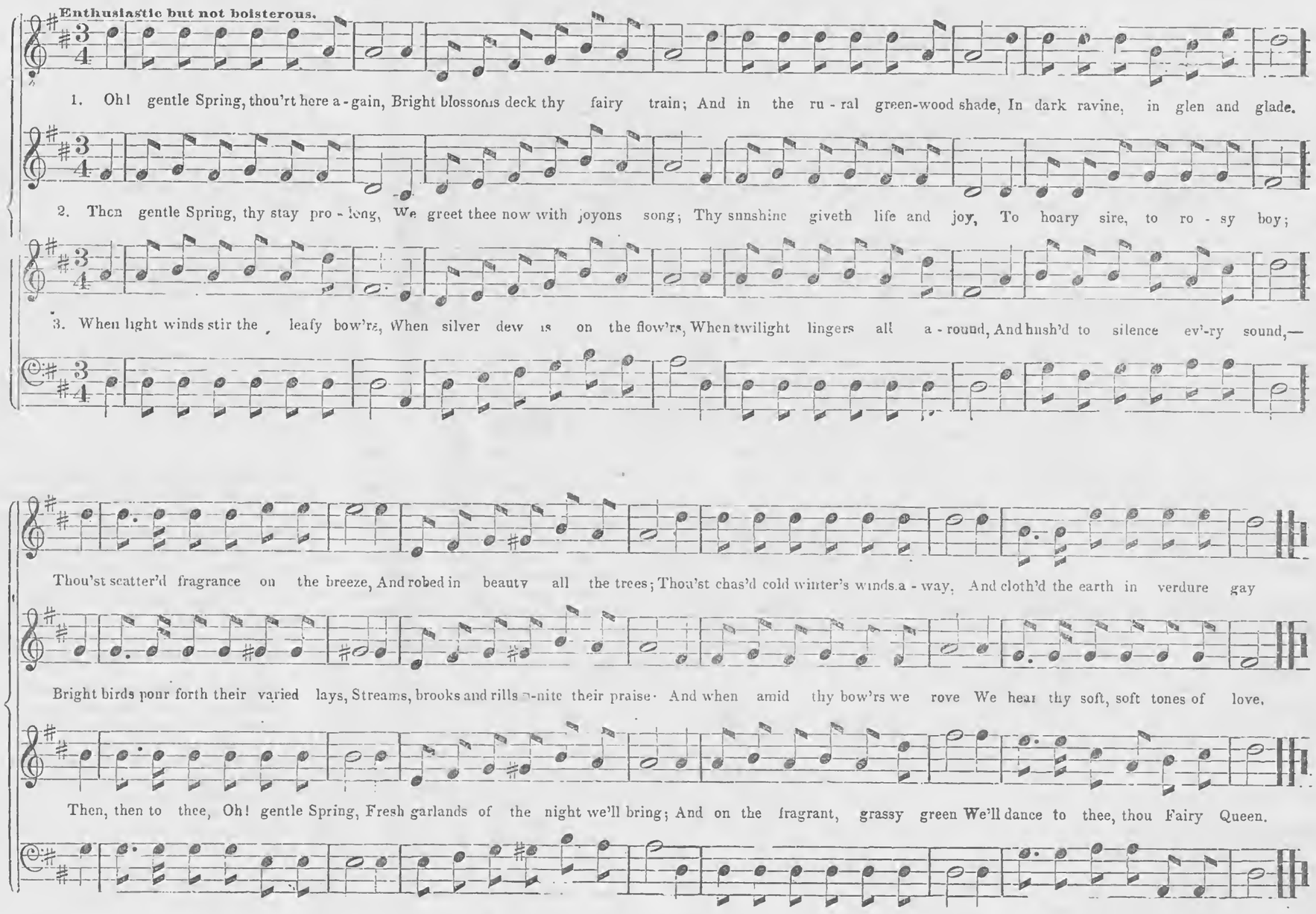
Now it is needless to observe that no teacher can long stand up under such an accumulation of duties, unaided by the parents around him.—Teachers are as human as anybody, and being commonly young persons, might be supposed a little more so. What other persons should not be expected to do, they should not. Temptations and errors are incident to them, as to others.—Sympathy and co-operation will nerve and fortify them, as they do others in responsible places. So too, the lack of them will eventually enervate and dishearten the teacher, as it would the incumbent of any other post involving a like relation.

There is a variety of particulars and modes in which this sympathy and co-operation ought to be actively exerted; these may be the topic of a future communication. H. F.

East Cleveland, Feb. 10, 1857.

OH! GENTLE SPRING.

Poetry by Miss HAZARD.



ORAL TEACHING.

NOT many years ago, it was a practice, nearly universal, in schools, to conduct all recitations in strict accordance with the text of the book; the teacher asking the questions, and the pupil giving the answer as printed in the book. To some extent, the same course is pursued in many schools at the present time, but far less so than formerly. Where it has been adopted, it has been found that scholars often learned words, without gaining any clear or well-defined ideas. The leading educationists directed attention to the error, and lecturers and writers did what they could to bring the old method of teaching into disrepute. They declaimed and wrote against it, and contended strongly and wisely for a change. But in education, as in other concerns, "one extreme is very apt to follow another." In advocating the importance of oral teaching, some went too far, and gave undue prominence to the subject. Some teachers were made to believe and to act as though oral teaching was the only true method, and that text-books were to be almost, if not altogether, discarded.—But the wise and judicious educator will readily see that this would be an error quite as great as the former; that its tendency would be to relieve the pupil from true mental discipline, and weaken his self-reliance.

The true plan consists in a medium course, or in a blending of the two; and those teachers will be the most successful, who unite the two in proper proportions. The objection to the old plan was not so much to the use of the text-book, as to the improper use of it. The book should be used by the pupil, and its contents learned; and the important truths and principles of each lesson should, if possible, be comprehended; and if they are clearly understood, they can be, and should be, clearly expressed. In order that the scholar's knowledge of a lesson may be known, the teacher should freely use the oral method, and ask such questions as will tend to test thoroughly the scholar's understanding. In conducting recitations, he should not confine his attention to the mere questions of the book. He should rather aim to have a fresh and clear understanding of the lesson under consideration, so that he may be able to conduct the recitation without any reference to the words of the book. The skillful teacher, who feels an interest in the subject, will be ready to ask many incidental questions, which will tend both to elicit the scholar's knowledge of the direct subject, and also to awaken new thoughts, and induce him to think and investigate.

Even the simplest questions in Geography, Grammar, &c., may be expanded, and made suggestive of other questions; and the oral teaching should mainly be directed to an expansion of the subject. The first question in Geography is, usually, "What is Geography?" and the answer is, "A description of the earth." And yet how few scholars, who were taught according to the verbatim plan of the text-book, gained any well-defined knowledge of the subject? They could give answers, but they had but little real or available knowledge. But let the teacher ask additional questions, which will tend to awaken thought, and lead the pupil to a thorough understanding of the subject in all its connections, and a new interest will be thrown around it.

If the lesson is in Arithmetic, and some particular rule is under consideration, let the teacher propose questions of his own preparation, designed to elucidate the subject, and to test the scholar's comprehension. For instance, if the subject of Interest is before a class, and sufficient time and attention have been given to the general principles, let the teacher step to the blackboard, and write a note in due form, and request the class to tell what amount will cancel the note at that very time. And so with every lesson—let there be some "off-hand" questions proposed by the teacher, and it will do much to add interest to the lesson, and at the same time awaken thought in the right way, and in the right direction.

In conclusion, we would say to teachers—neither discard nor adopt either method exclusively, but seek rather to combine the two in the most judicious manner; ever aiming to promote the true intellectual and moral growth of your pupils, and so to discipline them that they may come before them. In other words, teach them to examine, to investigate, to think, to understand.—*Conn. School Journal.*

WORKING MEN.

LET us see what they *have done*. Take general literature. Look at Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," one of the greatest authors of prose fiction that ever lived; he began life as a hosier, and was almost wholly self-taught. William Bobbet, the great master of racy Saxon English, was in early life a farmer's boy, and afterwards a common soldier. Isaac Walton, the pleasing biographer and "complete angler," was a linen draper.

Then in science. Thomas Simpson, the distinguished mathematician, wrought for the greater part of his life as a weaver. Captain Cook, one of the most scientific of English sailors, and a very pleasing writer, was wholly self-taught. His father, a poor peasant, learned to read when turned of seventy, in order that he might peruse his son's voyages. Arkwright, subsequently Sir Richard, the inventor of the cotton spinning machine, was a poor man, and commenced life as a barber.—James Brindley, the author of canal navigation in England, the first who tunneled great hills and brought ships across navigable rivers on bridges, was a millwright. Herschell, subsequently Sir William, originally a musician in a Hanoverian regiment, became a skillful optician and a great astronomer. To him Campbell refers in the well-known line,

"Gave to the lyre of heaven another string."

Then for the fine arts. Chantrey was a milk and butter boy, and his first modelings were in softer materials than marble. Sir Thomas Lawrence was a son of an inn-keeper, and wholly self-taught. John Opie was found by Dr. Wallace, working in a saw-pit. William Hogarth, the greatest master of character that ever developed his ideas by means of the pencil, served his apprenticeship to an engraving silversmith, and commenced his apprenticeship by engraving coats of arms and shop bills.

Then in poetry. Gifford, the first editor of the "Quarterly," began life as a poor sailor boy, and afterwards served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker. Bloomfield, the English Burns, wrote his best poem, "The Farmer's Boy," while he, too, worked in a garret as a shoemaker.

"Ben Johnson," says Fuller, in his "English Worthies," "worked for some time as bricklayer and mason. He helped in building the new structure of London Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket."

Shakspeare was a poor man's son; his father could not write his own name, and his cross or mark still exists in the record of Stratford-on-Avon to attest the fact. The poet's own education appears to have been very limited, and tradition describes him as having lived for a time by very humble employments. Then turn we to theology, the highest rank of all. The two Millers, Dr. Isaac Dean of Carlisle, and his brother Joseph, author of the well-known "History of the Church," began life as weavers. Dr. Prideaux, author of the "Connection," and Bishop of Worcester, got his education by entering Oxford as a kitchen boy. John Bunyan, the greatest master of allegory, and author of the second book in the world, was a self-taught tinker.—*London Lectures.*

Sabbath Musings.

THE DEAD CHILD.

BY MRS. JUDSON.

A MOUND is in the grave-yard,
A short and narrow bed;
No grass is growing on it,
And no marble at its head;
Ye may go and weep beside it,
Ye may kneel and kiss the sod,
But ye'll find no balm for sorrow,
In the cool and silent bed.

There is anguish in the household,
It is desolate and lone,
For a fondly cherished little one,
From the parent nest has flown;
A little form is missing,
A heart has ceased to beat,
And the chain of love lies shattered,
At the desolator's feet.

Remove the empty cradle,
His clothing put away,
And all his little play-things
With your choicest treasure, lay;
Strive not to check the rain drops
That fall like summer rain,
For the sun of hope shines through them,
Ye shall see his face again,

O! think where rests your darling,
Not in his cradle-bed;
Not in the distant grave-yard,
With the still and mouldering dead;
But in a heavenly mansion,
Upon his Savior's breast,
With his sister's arms around him,
He takes his sainted rest.

He has put on robes of glory,
For the little robe ye wrought,
And he fingers golden harp strings
For the toys his sister brought;
Oh weep! but with rejoicing —
A heart gem have ye given,
And behold its glorious setting,
In the diadem of heaven.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HEART-CULTURE.

SOME men employ their time in cultivating their farms, some their heads, some in feeding their evil passions, a few in cultivating their hearts.

As the physical heart is the center of life in the body, so the sensibilities seem to give vitality to all the various faculties of the mind. But if one of the ventricles of that organ becomes impaired, the blood gradually ceases to flow, and the body perishes. So if the *spiritual heart* becomes irregular in its action the mind will be chaotic. How often we meet with examples of this character in the common walks of life. Many lose their balance of mind and become human wrecks from a want of *heart-culture.*

But how is this to be remedied? We look in vain to our educational system. That seems to be organized for the express purpose of learning persons to *think*. Is the *head* of more importance than the *heart?* It is true that wealth is the child of the one, but it is equally true that happiness is the offspring of the other. The heart *must* be cultivated. It is indispensable to the happiness of our race. The noblest struggles of humanity have been those in which the feelings of the heart have come off triumphant. JEFFERSON held that the victory of the American Revolution was a victory of the heart. The rights of men are too sacred for human calculation.

Some great men have been the terror of the age in which they lived; and left death and ruin in their pathways, because their hearts were uncultivated. Such were NAPOLEON, CÆSAR, HANNIBAL and ALEXANDER. But when we wish to contemplate *noble* characters, we point to those who had hearts as well as heads. When will the wisdom of PAUL be forgotten, or the tenderness and love of JOHN cease to be venerated? The memory of LUTHER is ever dear, because his heart was tried amidst the threats and superstitions of a darker age. MILTON is loved because misfortune made him a better man. The beauty of a man's character depends very much upon the culture of his heart. This placed WASHINGTON above BACON, and rendered PENN superior to LOCKE.

The man who is destitute of feeling can realize but a small portion of Nature's bounties. True he may look around him, and see the hills, trace their curves, calculate their dimensions, take the dip of a rock, measure the earth's strata, become acquainted with the laws of motion, recognize colors, hear sounds, sail upon the waters, and measure the distance between the planets—and yet how cold and shivering is all this. It lacks those qualities which give joy to life.

Come, Heart, animate this world of ours. Add feelings to thoughts. For what are hills without grandeur and sublimity? What are curves without beauty and symmetry? Why measure the earth and calculate the dimensions of the mountains, if it be not to fill our hearts with love for the GOD of the hills and the valleys, the islands and the continents, the earth and the heavens. It is the heart that loves. It is the heart that is filled with delight when we look upon rich fields, green pastures and woodlands, filled with beautiful flowers and singing birds. Everything that makes us feel joyous and happy belongs to the heart. That man's destiny is most glorious whose heart is most alive to the good, the beautiful and the true. The cultivated heart is—

"The dwelling place of all
The heavenly virtues—Charity and Truth,
Humility, and Holiness, and Love."

It fills us with a charm and seems to bring us in communion with heaven. May we all, as we cultivate the fields, and reap their golden harvests, also *cultivate the heart*, and we shall reap a richer and more glorious harvest for our souls to feed upon in another world. J. B. C.

Wellsboro', Pa., Feb., 1857.

ENVY.—The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of life is inverted, and the objects that administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to those who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious. Youth, beauty, valor and wisdom are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this; to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him? The position of the envious man is emphatically miserable! He is not only incapable of rejoicing in another man's merit of success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage.

HUMILITY ONE SIGN OF GREATNESS.—I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his opinions; but a right understanding of the relation between what he can do and say, and the rest of the world's sayings and doings. All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it; and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them: only they do not think much of themselves on that account. The slightest manifestation of jealousy or self-complacency is enough to make a second-rate character.—*Ruskin.*

IT is only as the bird of Paradise quits us, in taking wing, that we obtain a full view of the beauty of its plumage.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

To Competitors for our April Premiums.

The special attention of agents and others is directed to the fact that the period of competition *for our Large* "Excelsior," *and very liberal* State *and* Provincial Premiums, *expires with the present month—March. As heretofore stated, the subscribers in sections where we have the largest circulation, are generally divided this year among several persons, so that there are fewer large lists (sent in by individuals,) than formerly, thus placing competitors in other localities (where the* RURAL *has less subscribers) upon an equality, and giving them better chances of success. The* State *and* Provincial *Premiums, though extremely liberal, have excited less competition than we anticipated, and there is* yet time to start new clubs and secure the best prizes *in most of the States named—for they will be paid,* however small the lists obtained by competitors. *"A word to the wise," &c.*

☞ *Read Premium List on next page, and then see if it will not pay you, as well as community, to aid in extending the circulation of the* RURAL.

☞ BACK NUMBERS of this volume can still be supplied to new Subscribers, so that subscriptions can commence with the year or any number desired. Extra numbers, show-bills, &c., cheerfully and promptly forwarded, post-paid, to all disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL. For Premium List, &c., see next page.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires. Hence, a prompt renewal is necessary to secure the regular continuance of the paper.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1.50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ In remitting $15, or more, if convenient please send draft on New York, Albany, Buffalo, or Rochester, (less cost of exchange,) or check or certificate of deposit on any Bank in either of said cities,—payable to our order

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, without certificate, and each and all who volunteer in the good cause will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ CLUB papers are sent to as many different addresses or post-offices as requested, and we write the names of subscribers on papers if desired—thus saving Agents and Post-Masters from any labor or attention in the premises.

☞ THOSE who are forming large clubs can send on the names and money of such persons as do not wish to wait, and complete their lists afterwards

☞ IN ordering the RURAL, be sure and specify name of *Post-Office, County,* and *State, Territory* or *Province.*

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Albany Ag'l Works and Seed Store—Emery Brothers.
Take the Best—Samuel Bowles & Co.
The Northern Independent—Rev. William Hosmer
50,000 Acres of Va. Lands in Market—Theo. Davisson & Co.
Toledo Nurseries—A. Fahnestock.
A Farm for Sale—Peter Bennett.
2,000 Will Buy the Old Homestead—Thomas M. Perry.
New York State Ag'l Society—B. P. Johnson.
Three Hundred Thousand Apple Trees—A. Fahnestock.
A Card to all Interested in Education—W. A. W.
The Pennsylvania Farm Journal—Samuel Emlen & Co.
Trees and Plants Cheap—A. Loomis.
Farm for Sale—O. C. Hill.
Chinese Sugar Cane—E. D. Hallock.
New Native Grapes—Wm. Tompkins.
French Artificial Eyes—Dr Knapp.
The Rochester Savings Bank—E. Whalen, Sec'y.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, MARCH 7, 1857.

Death of Dr. Kane.

THE arrivals from Havana bring the sad intelligence of the decease of Dr. ELISHA KENT KANE, which took place on the 16th ult. Though still young, having just entered his thirty-fifth year, he has earned a name and fame for those attributes which make up the true man,—chivalry, courage, fortitude, science and humanity. As long as noble deeds and the outpourings of a self-sacrificing spirit win the admiration and esteem of virtuous minds, so long will the memory of KANE be held dear, and receive the homage of the universal heart.

But few men have met equal vicissitudes and endured equal privations. While yet a lad, surrounded by peril, he penetrated the Indies on foot—astounded the savages of the Phillipines by his daring disposition—in the Sandwich Islands by his intrepidity and coolness in battling with the natives, saving the life of Baron SOE, of Prussia—crossing to Egypt, he explored the mysteries of that mythical river, the Nile—thence to the classic land of Greece, which he traversed with all the enthusiasm of a scholar—next amid the slave baracoons of Africa—now on the arid plains of Mexico exhibiting the lion heart combined with a sympathy almost feminine—then amid the eternal snows of the Polar region—in each and every phase of his eventful life he proved himself *the* man for the emergency. He left an example for the young to follow, and one which the old cannot cease to admire.

"In his private character," says the New York *Tribune*, "Dr. KANE displayed a singularly lovely and attractive union of qualities—in striking contrast with the boldness and resolution which impelled him on his career of adventure. The narrative of his expeditions presents a most beautiful illustration of his personal traits. In this respect they present the charm of unconscious autobiography. His modest simplicity, his refined taste, his tenderness of feeling, are perpetually revealed in connection with as dauntless courage and constancy as ever nerved heroic heart to lofty prowess. Hence the magnetic power which he exerted over the companions of his enterprise, winning their romantic attachment and making himself a center of light and encouragement amid the darkest moments of the forlorn hope in the Arctic seas.—Whatever the scientific results of his perilous voyages, they are of still higher significance in the example they have presented of noble, persistent, disinterested and undismayed manhood."

NEW TREATY WITH MEXICO.—In reference to this matter, a correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, writing from Washington on the 24th ult., says:—"The treaty with Mexico is quite a diplomatic triumph. It will be considered as the crowning honor of the present Administration. I now learn that in addition to Sonora, the treaty embraces a cession to the United States of the greater part, if not the whole of Lower California. Fifteen millions is the purchase money, and three millions of this sum will go to the payment of claims of American citizens on the Government of Mexico."

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—Mr. Cass presented the credentials of Mr. Chandler, and Mr. Hunter those of Mr. Mason, severally elected Senators from Michigan and Virginia for six years from the 4th of March next.

Mr. Foster presented the credentials of James Dixon, as Senator from Connecticut, for six years from the 4th of March next.

Mr. Given presented the credentials of Mr. Broderick, Senator from California for six years from the 4th of March next.

Mr. Pratt presented the credentials of Anthony Kennedy, elected Senator from Maryland for six years from the 4th of March next.

Mr. Adams presented the credentials of Hon. Jeff. Davis, elected U. S. Senator for six years from the 4th of March next.

A reply was received from the Secretary of the Treasury to Mr. Wilson's inquiry touching the Chelsea Hospital lands. The Secretary says the lands have not been sold.

Bills Passed.—The bill to amend the tariff act of 1846, with a view to perfect the home valuation principle; The bill authorizing the people of Minnesota Territory to form a Constitution and State Government, preliminary to their admission into the Union—the Senate, by yeas 31 against nays 24, reconsidered the vote by which the amendment was adopted restricting the right of suffrage to citizens of the U. S., and then struck out the amendment by a vote of 32 against 24, and passed the bill in the precise form as when it came from the House, by yeas 31, nays 22; A bill to expedite the construction of a line or lines of magnetic telegraph from the Atlantic to San Francisco; A bill prohibiting the importation of obscene prints, statues, &c.; The House bill establishing a port of delivery at Augusta, Ga.; The House bill making appropriations for the completion of military roads in Oregon; Also twenty-five private bills, including one permitting Commander Hartstein and others to accept certain tokens of acknowledgment for humane services from the British Government.

HOUSE.—*Bills Passed.*—The House passed the Senate's joint resolution for ascertaining and fixing the relative value of the coins of Great Britain in the United States. It provides that the Secretary of the Treasury shall appoint a suitable person to act with such a functionary as may be appointed by the British Government, and with a view to effecting that object, the agent of the Government is to report as soon as practicable. The House made an amendment by fixing his salary at $5,000 for the full service.

The House passed the bill providing for the refunding of the duties on goods destroyed by fire in New York, and the Senate's joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to cause an inquiry to be made into Mr. Barclay's process for preventing the abrasion or counterfeiting and deterioration of coins of the United States; The bill to supply the deficiency in appropriation, including $280,000 for printing, and nearly $183,000 for books to new members; The bill to pay a company of South Carolina volunteers for services in the war of 1812; The legislative and judicial bill, concurring by two majority in the action of the Committee of the Whole, striking out the appropriation of $20,000 to pay the expenses of the Kansas Legislature. The resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Simonton was then taken up. Mr. Gage moved an amendment, including Mr. Triplett in the expulsion resolution. Agreed to, and the resolution was adopted. Subsequently the House passed, by a vote of 100 to 73, the bill to protect the people against corrupt and secret practices in legislation.

The House had under discussion a resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Gilbert, of New York, for corruption, when Mr. G. sent up a paper, which was read. In it he states that, the committee having refused him a fair hearing, and reported garbled *ex parte* testimony, with a view to convict him, he concluded by saying that from this moment he had resigned his seat as a member, and had notified the Governor of N. Y. of the fact.

HUDSON RIVER OPEN.—The Albany *Journal* of the 27th ult. says:—"Navigation on the river is resumed, and we are now in the free enjoyment of water communication to New York. The steamer Hendrik Hudson, which left New York last evening, reached here about 8 o'clock this morning, her officers deeming it prudent to come along slowly until morning, when they expected to meet with formidable ice from Cattskill to this city. But in this they were mistaken, for, with the exception of a few cakes of winter-formed ice, the boat met with little if any obstruction. We learn from Capt. Peck, who came up in command, that through the Highlands the river is as clear as in mid-summer, but further up the low-lands and meadows present a wretched scene. The westerly winds have driven the ice upon the eastern bank, and for miles the shore is covered with partially demolished houses, timber, &c., imbedded in the ice."

THE CROPS IN SOUTHERN OHIO.—A correspondent of the Evening Post, at Cincinnati, writes Feb. 18th, as follows:—"Our grape-vines and the fruit trees were, in this neighborhood, not injured by the severe cold of the winter just past. Wheat looks well in the fields, and so does all winter grains. The severe repeated drouths have injured many of our meadows, and much meadow and pasture land will be broke up this spring. Maple sugar making has commenced in earnest. The weather is warm, too warm to let the sap rise slowly in the trees, and we fear the sugar season will be a short one. More farmers than usual are engaged making sugar."

THE CAMELS AT WORK.—The San Antonia (Texas) Times says:—"Twenty-two camels have just passed through our city, loaded with about 600 pounds each, returning to their place of rendezvous, which is seventy miles from here. There are dromedaries also with them, and seated on the top of these camels and dromedaries are Arabs and Turks, dressed in the costume of their own country."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN RHODE ISLAND.—The House of Representatives of Rhode Island voted on the 26th ult., by the casting vote of the Speaker, to restore capital punishment for murder.

Affairs in Kansas.

A LETTER from Lecompton, dated Feb. 17, says that Gen. Richardson, of Kansas militia, and member of the Territorial Council, died on the 14th.

Capt. Walker had been arrested and examined before Judge Cato. He was held to bail in the sum of $13,000.

A bill had passed the Legislature giving County Judges jurisdiction in criminal cases, and the people may be tried before these Courts without a jury and without indictment.

Late advises from Kansas state that serious difficulties had arisen between Gov. Geary and Judge Sherrod, growing out of the refusal of the Governor to appoint the latter Sheriff, as desired by the Legislature. Sherrod had avowed his intention to kill the Governor, and meeting him shortly afterward in the street, spit in his face. Geary did not resent this, but his friends got up an indignation meeting, which Sheriff Jones, Sherrod, and others attempted to break up. A conflict ensued, in which Sherrod shot a Mr. Shepherd, one of Geary's friends, four times, killing him, and wounding two others. Mr. Jones, the Governor's Secretary, then shot Sherrod. The ball passed through his head, killing him instantly. Very great excitement existed at Lecompton, and a general fight was anticipated. Gov. Geary's residence was guarded by U. S. troops.

A special despatch to the N. Y. *Tribune*, from Lecompton, Feb. 19, gives the following version of the recent affairs in Kansas:—An affray took place here last night, in which Judge Sherrod was killed and three other men were wounded. A meeting of Geary's friends was held at the Capital, who sustained his course and expressed disapprobation of the recent outrage to him. Sherrod and his friends came armed to break it up. When the resolutions were read, S. declared that any one voting for them was a liar and a coward. The excitement grew intense. Sherrod drew his pistol and fired, wounding a man named Shepherd.—Miscellaneous shooting then began and was continued for some time. Sherrod was shot through the head by a man named Jones, who came from Pennsylvania with the Governor. Shepherd had two bullets in his thigh and a wound on his head. Two others were slightly wounded. The Sherrod men, seeing that they would be overpowered, offered no violence after Sherrod fell. Jones was arrested by a bogus Sheriff, and after the meeting was broken up, Gov. Geary called out the troops to prevent his being lynched. The Governor also organized a company to defend himself, but disbanded at dusk that night. More violence is apprehended, as great excitement still prevails.

The Legislature has passed a territorial election law based on the census, which provides for the Constitutional Convention only those who may be in the territory in April, and whose names shall be registered to vote at the next October election.

LATER advices from Kansas state that a law has passed both branches of the Legislature, declaring resistance to the territorial laws, or authority to be rebellious and make it punishable with death. The bill repealing the test oath, which passed through the council, had been almost unanimously defeated in the House. The council had condemned by resolution the outrage on Gov. Geary, while the House fully justified Sherrod.—Gov. Geary fears assassination.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

ON the 26th ult., the buildings known as the "Red Mills," Poughkeepsie, owned by David B. Lent, Jr., and occupied by John R. Lent as a plaster mill, David B. Lent, Jr., as a turning and bedstead factory, and Geo. Sanford, machinist, were destroyed by fire. The fire was discovered in the bedstead factory, but owing to the poorness of the road, the firemen did not arrive until the front of the building and a pile of lumber were enveloped flames, and, together with the machine shop and contents, were entirely destroyed. The flames spread next to the plaster-mill, and from thence to three dwelling houses on the opposite side, two of which were destroyed past repairing; the other received but little damage. The loss is estimated at $50,000. Insured.

THE Iron steamer Voyageur Velasmer, built for the Egyptian Government, was burnt at E. Boston on the 25th ult.

THE steamers Humboldt and Belport came in collision on the Mississippi river, on the 20th ult. The Humboldt sunk, and twenty of her crew, mostly negroes, were lost. The Belport was uninjured.

IN the Egypt Coal Mine, at Deep River, N. C., five men were killed by an explosion of fire damp, on the 25th ult.

THE Madison (Ind.) *Courier* of the 21st ult., says the steamer New York, on her trip to St. Louis, got aground. The Argonaut, while in the act of pulling her by a hawser that led from the capstan at the stern, the line parted, and all of the crew of the New York who were at work on the capstan at the time were much hurt. There was a heavy strain on the hawser, the end of which, as it parted, struck the men with such fearful force that they were struck senseless to the deck, presenting a most terrible scene. It was thought at first that several of the poor fellows had been killed outright. One had his arm broken; another a leg snapped off below the knee; a third had his fingers cut off as if by a knife; while one man had his back broken, and the ribs of another on one side were all crushed in. The sufferers were stricken down and strewn over the deck, all bleeding and maimed, as suddenly and fatally as if shot by a cannon ball, presenting a shocking spectacle.

WESTERN HOUSE OF REFUGE.—The Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, has appointed the following Managers of Western House of Refuge, in this city:—Frederick F. Backus, Samuel W. D. Moore, Edward Roggen, Elijah F. Smith, Myron H. Clark. Ex-Gov. Clark is in place of John Greig, who declined a re-appointment.

ANOTHER CHICAGO VESSEL FOR EUROPE.—The Chicago Ledger says that a number of vessels will be chartered in the spring to load direct for Europe. The Canadian schooner Andrew Stevens, has already been chartered to take a load of provisions to Glasgow.

Provincial Items.

ON Thursday of last week, the Exchange Hotel, in Upper Town, Ottawa, was destroyed by fire.—Nine horses in the stables at the time were all burned to death.

THE Customs Revenue of Canada for the last fiscal year amounted to $4,363,000, which is an increase of $1,000,000 over the previous year. This increase has taken place under the new tariff, which abolished the 30 per cent. duty, and increased the specific duty on articles of luxury.

THE St. John (N. B.) News, states that there are 24 newspapers published in the Province of New Brunswick. Not so bad for 250,000 inhabitants.—In Upper Canada there is 140 newspapers for about 1,250,000 inhabitants.

WE learn from the Kingston Whig that preparations are being made in Canada for an expedition to go in search of Sir John Franklin. Anticipating that its statement will be discredited, the Whig states positively "that Dr. Rae, the Arctic traveler, aided by the contributions of kind friends, is building in Kingston Dock Yard, an Arctic schooner, to be ready in May to go to Quebec, thence to the Arctic Regions, to make one more search for the remains of Captain Franklin's party, dead or alive. Dr. Rae is to command the schooner, and the party of hardy adventurers to accompany him and man his vessel, are selected and engaged."

THE total value of imports into the port of Hamilton during the past year, was £1,350,006 7s 8d, against £1,225,828 4s 6d in 1855. The exports from the same city in 1856 were estimated as of the value of £545,376 6s 6d, against £454,856 9s 8d the preceding year. The duties collected in 1856 exceeded those of 1855 by £14,514 12s 4d. The exports of wheat and flour headed the list, as, estimating each barrel of flour as five bushels of wheat, there would be equal to 1,732,285 bushels of wheat exported from Hamilton during the past year.

THE Canadian Parliament was formally opened at Toronto on the 26th ult., with a speech from the throne, by the Governor General. There was much parade of military, salutes of cannon and martial music, attending the procession to the Parliament buildings. The Ministers appear to be fully sustained in the Assembly, the opposition having but few members. The former propose new laws for the regulation of prisons—the Repeal of the Lunatic Asylum tax—the codification of the L. Canada laws on civil matters—a Bill for improving the organization and increasing the efficiency of the civil service—the encouragements of arts and manufactures, and a Bill to aid in admitting Indians to the full rights of British subjects.

Items of News.

DR. JEFFRIES WYMAN, of Harvard, and two students of the University, Mr. Green of Worcester and a son of Geo. Bancroft, have sailed for Dutch Guinea, on a scientific exploration of Surinam. They will pay special attention to the natural history of that country, and intend to bring home specimens for the Zoological collection at Cambridge, which department has lately received a large bequest.

DR. URE, the distinguished and venerable author of the "Dictionary of Arts, Science and Mining," died on the 2d ult. in London, at the age of eighty-nine years.

THE Illinois Central Railroad Company have appointed a clergyman as superintendent of track literature, to suppress all magazines, newspapers and books having an immoral tendency.

URGENT solicitations have been sent forward from the leading financial men in Wall street, to Senators at Washington, for the passage of some amendment to the tariff, so as to prevent a financial crisis.

THE Legislature of North Carolina has passed a law regulating the weight of grain, under which wheat must weigh 60 pounds to the bushel, corn 54, rye 56, rice 44, buckwheat 50, barley 30, flaxseed 55, peas 50, corn meal 46.

THE late cold term produced an effect upon Long Island Sound, which was never before witnessed in the 19th century. The ice extended in one unbroken sheet from Montauk to New York, and from the Connecticut shore to Long Island.

ONE of the patriots of the Revolution, John C. Reinhardt, died in Philadelphia a few days since, at the age of ninety-eight years. He was a native of Germany, and came here at nearly the same time with Lafayette.

Washington Items.

THE President has issued a proclamation ordering the sale of the Indian trust lands in Kansas in May and June. Six million five hundred acres are to be sold to the highest bidder, but not at less than the appraised value.

RECENT events in Persia having occupied the attention of the Administration, a formal application has been made to Congress for an appropriation of $12,000 for the pay of an envoy extraordinary to that country, and for nearly $5,000 to his Secretary of Legation and Inspector.

JUDGE LECOMPTE has written a letter to Attorney General Cushing, accusing Gov. Geary of misrepresenting in his case, and denying that peace was endangered in the slightest degree by his official acts. He says the statements that he had refused to release Free State men on bail, are grossly false.

LIVINGSTON COUNTY CATTLE.—The Geneseo Republican mentions the appearance in that village of twelve head of fat cattle, eight of them raised by Hon. Allen Ayrault, and two pair oxen from the West, fattened by that gentleman. Mr. J. A. Hamilton purchased them for the New York market, at an average price of $125 per head.—The oxen weighed 45 and 4600, and the average wieght of the twelve was 2100.

RESIGNATION OF GOV. HAMBLIN.—Hon. Hannibal Hamblin has sent in his resignation as Gov. of Maine. The duties of the office are assumed by the President of the Senate. Mr. Hamblin departs in a day or two to resume his Senatorial duties.

COL. THOMAS H. BENTON is to deliver a lecture before the Rochester Athenæum on Thursday evening next, the 12th inst., in Corinthian Hall.

News Clippings.

— The winter has been very severe in Nebraska.

— The hog cholera is very fatal at Carrollton, Ky.

— The debt of New York city is stated at $14,250,000.

— The population of Superior city is estimated at 1,500.

— The annual exports of Paris, France, exceed $23,000,000.

— The Sultan of Muscat is dead. Twelve sons survive him.

— It is said that nearly all the Chinese are leaving California.

— The Baltimore police, four hundred in number, are to be uniformed.

— The number of children in Wisconsin between 4 and 20, is 213,738.

— The receipts of wheat at New Orleans last year were 1,936,932 bushels.

— A sub marine telegraph between Havana and Key West is talked of.

— A new Post-office has been established at Lone Rock, Richland Co., Wis.

— Congress has granted 46,000 acres of land to the University of Minnesota.

— The number of Jews in the United States exceeds a quarter of a million.

— There are now in Germany 70 Baptist Churches, with about 7,000 members.

— The public schools of Troy, N. Y., are sustained at a cost of $36,000 a year.

— The Texas Flag says there are 600 men at work on the Southern Pacific Railroad.

— A writer in the Prairie Farmer suggests the cultivation of madder in Illinois.

— The breadstuff exports from the United States last year, amounted to $59,000,000.

— The salaries of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Iowa have been fixed at $2,500.

— Eight million pounds of paper are annually manufactured in the town of Lee, Mass.

— It is estimated that there are 35,000 children in New York city not attending school.

— The ice has wholly disappeared from Seneca lake, and navigation will soon be resumed.

— The First Presbyterian Church in this country was organized in Philadelphia in 1698.

— The revenues of the Wabash and Erie Canal, of Indiana have decreased $66,000 in two years.

— It is stated that the trans-Atlantic telegraph will despatch 480 words or signals per hour.

— Mrs. Mary Hill, of Fredericksburg, Va., recently manumitted all her slaves—36 in number.

— The total amount of new tonnage launched last year in the United States was 469,000 tuns.

— The number of gallons of molasses consumed in the United States last year was 30,608,521.

— There was paid for teachers' wages in the public schools of Wisconsin last year, $228,624.

— It is said that the office of Health Physician at Quarantine, N. Y., is worth $100,000 per annum.

— Crawford, the American sculptor, is suffering seriously from a malignant cancer, in Rome, Italy.

— Two and a half million feet of pine lumber were used in making clocks in Connecticut last year.

— A dry goods dealer in New Haven advertises to take Spanish quarters at twenty-six cents each.

— The total coinage of the United States Mint at San Francisco in 1856, amounted to $28,524,881.

— A boy named Sheridan was arrested on Monday week in Albany, for selling dressed cats for rabbits.

— The Cherokee Nation numbers some 20,000, including slaves, and they own large herds of fine cattle.

— The Missouri hemp crop this year is estimated at 90,000 bales. It is selling at $100 to $120 per tun.

— Scarlet fever is prevailing extensively throughout Mississippi—especially in the northern counties.

— The Senate of Mississippi has passed a bill exempting one slave to each family from execution for debt.

— Ex-Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, is spoken of as successor to Preston S. Brooks, in Congress.

— The Legislature of Wisconsin will appropriate $20,000 for the aid and protection of free settlers in Kansas.

— The Postmaster General reports the probable number of dead letters for the past year to be three millions.

— The exports of articles other than specie from California last year, amounted to the value of $4,270,514.

— The Minnesotean suggests the town of St. Peter as the best point for the Capital of the new State of Minnesota.

— During the year 1856 there were fifty-seven deaths by delirium tremens in the charity hospital at New Orleans.

— George D. Prentice, Esq., of the Louisville Journal, has consented to deliver several lectures in the Eastern cities.

— Col. John Preston, of Louisiana, has lately made $360,000 from one year's crop of molasses, at 60 cents per gallon.

— The New Haven Journal states that the late Hon. Asa Bacon, of that city, bequeathed the sum of $10,000 to Yale College.

— Number of deaths in Philadelphia last week, 250; of the whole number, 159 were children, and 26 died of scarlet fever.

— The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal has been opened for navigation, and an active business is said to be going on along the line.

— A bill is before the Louisiana Legislature to furnish each family in the State with a $3 newspaper at the expense of the State.

— The Court of Appeals in New York have decided that Railroad Companies who do not fence their tracks are liable for cattle killed.

— A newspaper called the "Age of Commerce," just started in Houston, is worthy of mention, as being the only daily published in Texas.

— The London Illustrated Times of Jan. 31, contains an excellent engraving of Wheatland, Pa., the residence of the President elect, with a description.

— Professor Bracklesby has been computing the age of the Charter Oak from the rings. The result he arrives at is, that the tree is 945 years of age.

— Seventy vessels owned or insured in the United States, were lost in January; value of vessels, $832,000; value of cargoes ascertained, $1,367,000.

— The Chicago Water Works have fifty-two and a half miles of pipe laid. During the intense cold winter of '55-6, these pipes froze in but two localities.

— The Central Ohio Railroad last year paid over $3,000 for stolen articles; and now seventeen of its employees have been arrested for alleged robbery.

— The Madison (Wis.) Journal of the 26th ult., says that two women were frozen to death in the stage between Muscoda and Prairie du Chien, on the 17th ult.

— When the ice moved out of Boston harbor recently, some fifty persons were upon it, many of them spearing eels, but they all were safely taken off in boats.

— The December receipts of the American Bible Society were $39,860—$8,755 of which were from Illinois. Massachusetts and New York only were ahead of this.

— Rev. J. T. Brown, a Baptist missionary, who has devoted six years to the exploration of Central Africa, is getting out a book of his travels, at Charleston, S. C.

— Forty acres of land, adjoining the town site of Oronoco, Minnesota Co., was sold recently for $4,000 in cash. Less than a year ago it was entered for $1 25 per acre.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Indian.

THE steamer Indian arrived at Portland on the 24th ult, with Liverpool dates of the 11th inst., four days later.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Parliamentary return of income and expenditures for the year ending Sept. 30, shows a total income of upwards of £71,-000,000; expenditures upwards of £88,000,000.

In the House of Lords, referring to an article in the Moniteur, intimating a probable union of the Danubian Principalities, Lord Lyndhurst wished to know if the Divan about to assemble would take into consideration the question of this union, and whether it should be decided by representatives of the Great Powers. Lord Clarendon replied that he had read the article in the Moniteur with surprise, but at present should abstain from expressing any opinion on the subject.

D'Israeli again repeated, in the most positive terms, that a treaty had been made by France, guaranteeing to Austria her immediate possessions. Palmerston denied that such a treaty existed, but admitted that France, during the Prussian war, agreed to assist Austria in the insurrection in Italy.

FRANCE.—The Paris Presse says, unexpected difficulties had arisen with Switzerland, respecting the affairs of Neufchatel.

Relations between Austria and France are improving.

AUSTRIA.—The Emperor of Austria has decided on granting a general amnesty to all political offenders.

Austria officially notifies Russia that the evacuation of the Principalities will be completed by the 24th of March.

PERSIA.—A dispatch from Marseilles of the 10th, states that Gen. Bushlar had been sent by the Persian Government to the seat of war in the Persian Gulf. News of the revolt at Maragat is confirmed. The revolters pillaged the towns. Fifteen English war vessels anchored off Bundar Apatas.

CHINA.—An official letter published in the Paris Moniteur, states that the damage sustained by foreign merchants was not so great as first stated. Of 13 factories at Oy Son Hong, 5 were destroyed. Of 80 factories at Canton, 21 were burned. As soon as the English ships commenced firing, the floating population of vagabonds of Canton rushed into Oy Son Hong, and pillaged and fired the European stores. The incendiaries were soon dispersed by shells from the English ships, when the French seamen soon extinguished the flames. The Chinese towns suffered as severely by the fire from English ships, as from the incendiary robbers. Of 12 factories belonging to Hong Kong merchants, 9 were destroyed at the last attack. A great number of merchants had fled to Canton. The Earl of Clarendon fully approves the acts of Admiral Seymour.

LIVERPOOL MARKET—Breadstuffs.—Richardson, Spence & Co.'s Circular reports wheat inactive and quotations ha dly maintained. Flour inactive—quotations nominal, and 6d@1s lower. Corn quiet. Red wheat 8@9s, white 9s @9s 3d. Western canal flour 30s 6d@31s 6d. Baltimore and Ohio 33s 6d@34s. Mixed corn 33s 3d@34. Yellow corn 34s 6d. White do. 35s@35s 6d.

Provisions.—Beef unchanged. Good new was bringing full rates. Pork dull and unchanged. Lard offered at 70s, with buyers demanding a reduction.

Arrival of the Niagara.

THE steamship Niagara arrived at Halifax on the 28th ult.

It is not intended, says the daily News to send out any troops from England to Persia. This announcement we make with the most entire confidence that it will be found to be correct. We believe that we may add that the force at Bushire will not advance into the interior, and that every effort is being made to bring about a peace.

The Daily News also given prominence to the following paragraph:

"In another column we have stated that no troops are to be sent from England to Persia. We have equally good grounds for believing that no troops are to be sent from England to China."

The Times, after remarking that the satisfactory settlement of the question relating to the Danubian Principalities cannot be endangered by such an imprudent manifesto as appeared a few days since in the Moniteur, expresses the opinion that it will be the duty of England to declare hostility against any tampering with the integrity of the Turkish empire, and to act with firmness in the support of the resolution she has taken against the proposed action of the provinces of the Danube.

The markets by the Niagara report wheat dull and 2d. per bushel lower. Flour drooping and in favor of the buyer. Corn at former rates.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Illinois.

THE Illinois arrived at New York on the 27th ult., with the California mails of the 5th instant. She connected at the Isthmus with the steamer Sonora, which brought down about $1,700,000 in treasure, the bulk of which was transferred to the Illinois.

A Committee of the Legislature reported that $124,000 had been taken from the treasury. The Treasurer accounted for the deficiency by exhibiting a bond by the Pacific Express Company to pay the next July interest on the State debt. The validity of the bond was questioned, as it did not acknowledge the receipt of the money. The Treasurer had been called on to give additional security for money in his keeping, and a proposition to impeach him was before the Legislature.

At a meeting of citizens in Mariposa Co. it was resolved to resist Fremont's claim to the Mariposa track. A bill before the Senate, providing for working mines in grants made before the treaty of Gaudalope Hidalgo will, if passed, enable Mariposa settlers to defeat Fremont's claim.

Iowa Hill, Placer Co., was nearly destroyed by fire. Loss $150,000.

Mexican bandits were devastating the southern counties and murdering the inhabitants. The Sheriff of Los Angelos and three constables, who went to protect the people, were murdered. The Legislature appropriated $5,000 in exterminating the robbers.

The recent earthquake caused the ground to open ten feet wide for many miles in length in the southern part of the State.

The business in San Francisco continued dull and no improvement in prices. The mines yielded largely, except the northern, which were blockaded with snow. The receipts of gold in San Francisco were 20 per cent. greater than the preceding fortnight. Exchange on New York has raised 3%.

Dates from Pugets Sound to the 16th of Jan. says that the Indians had returned and were threatening hostilities.

Dates from Oregon to the 24th of Jan. says:—Columbia river open. Great suffering from cold. Many cattle have died of starvation. The soldiers at Fort Walla Walla were reduced to half rations.

The steamer Columbus arrived at Panama on the 16th with Costa Rica advices to the 5th of Feb.—She had twelve deserters from Walker's army. The Captain of the Columbus reports a vessel of the allied squadron capturing a schooner belonging to Chris. Lilly, whilst conveying supples to Walker. The schooner was taken to La Union, whither Lilly and his partner, Yates, were detained as prisoners of war. The former was to be sent to Gautamala for trial. The port of Trinidad on San Juan river was occupied by 400 Costa Ricans, well armed and provisioned. Rumors were current that 100 native fillibusters, with a small steamer and 18 boats, were about to attack Trinidad. The latest accounts state that on the 29th of Jan. a steamer came up to Trinidad, and two shots were exchanged and the steamer retired. Forces are getting ready to go down the river in search of her. On the 27th and 29th Jan., the Costa Ricans lost sixty.

MR. STOCSKEL and Senor Tassora presented their credentials, and were received by the President as Ministers respectively from Russia and Spain.

MARRIAGES.

IN Nunda, the 18th of Feb., by Rev. W. Metcalf, Mr. E. W. GREIG and Miss MELINDA GEORGE, all of the above place.

DEATHS.

IN Greece, on the 27th ult., CHARLES H., son of Charles B. Kluron, aged 29 years. His illness, though painful, was borne with Christian fortitude and patience, and his friends have the sweet assurance that their loss is his gain.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, March 5, 1857.

FLOUR—No change in the prices of flour—rather less business in this branch of trade than usual.

GRAIN—Grain of all varieties, with the exception of Oats, is as last quoted.

PROVISIONS—The excitement East and West in Pork does not seem to affect our market materially. Motion, by the carcass, has taken a slight advance. Chickens and Turkeys are high up in price. Cheese do. Butter and Eggs have fallen off. Butter, though rated at 16@18c, will bring, for choice lots 20c.

DRIED FRUIT—Apples have taken another start. Peaches at 20c. Plums 16@20 as to quality.

SEEDS—A slight advance has taken place in Clover during the week—$5,75@7,25 being the ruling rates.

MAPLE SUGAR—16@20c. as to quality.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, bbl	$6,25@7,25
Wheat, Gen	$1,50@1,53
Best white Canada	$1,50@1,53
Corn	60@62½c
Oats	35@42c
Barley	1,06@1,12½
Buckwheat	50c
Beans	$1,12@1,25
Peas	1,00@1,25
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess	$20,00
Do. cwt	$5,00@6,00
Beef, per cwt	$6,50@7,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,00
Hams, smoked	12@12½c
Shoulders	8@9c
Chickens	11@12c
Turkeys	@12½c
Geese	60c
DAIRY, &c.	
Butter, roll	16@18c
Do. firkin	16@17c
Cheese	9½@10½c
Lard, tried	12½@13c
Tallow	10½@10½c
Eggs, dozen	16@17c
Honey, box	$13
Candles, box	13½@14½c
FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Apples, bushel	75c@$1,50
Do. dried	$1,75@2,13
Potatoes	40@42½c
HIDES AND SKINS	
Slaughter	7½@8c
Calf	12c
Sheep pelts	1,50@2,00
Lamb do	00@00c
SEEDS.	
Clover bushel	$5,75@7,25
Timothy	$2,50@3,50
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Coal, Lehigh	$[illegible]
Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
Do. Char	14@12½c
Salt, bbl	$1,88
Hay, ton	$16@18
Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
White fish, bbl	$10@10,50
Codfish ℔ quintal	$4,75@5,25
Trout, bbl	$9

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 2.—Flour—Severe snow storm prevailing to-day, stopping all business. Sales at $6,20@6,30 for corn to choice super State, $5,50@6,00 for extra do; $6,20@6,10 for super Western; $5,50@7 for extra do, including extra Ohio at $6,50@9,00; closing quiet. Canadian flour steady; sales made at $6,25@6,35 for super and $6,50@7,50 for extra.

GRAIN—Nothing doing in wheat market. Rye quiet at 90@95c. Barley nominal at 124@140c. Corn is nominal at 71@72c in store for old mixed Western. Oats are in moderate request at 39@40c for State, and 41@43c for Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull. Sales at $17,50@17,75 for prime; $22,50 for old mess; $23,25 for new mess. Dressed hogs in fair request at 8¾@9¼c. Lard heavy; sales at 10@14½c. Butter in brisk demand at 17@23c for Ohio and 20@27 for State. Cheese scarce and wanted at 12½@13c.

BUFFALO, MARCH 2.—Flour—Ohio Extra $5,75@7,50; Do. superfine $5,00@5,50. Michigan extra $5,00@7,25.

GRAIN—Ohio wheat, white $1,41; Do. red $1,25; Mich. white $1,41; Indiana white $1,40; Illinois winter $1,25; Do. spring $1,25. Rye 85c. Corn, yellow or mixed 65c. Barley $1,30.—Oats 47c.

PROVISIONS—Mess pork, No. 1 $23—No. 2 $22; Prime $19.—Mess beef $12,50@13,00; Prime $[illegible]. Hams in pickle $21 ℔ bbl. Hams, smoked, $12@12½c ℔ lb; Shoulders 9½@10c—Dried beef 11c. Mackin'w Trout $4. White fish $9,25. Butter, roll, 20c—firkin 16@18c. Cheese, Hamburgh, 11@12½c. Lard, bbls and kegs 13½@14c. Eggs 20c. Dried apples $2,25.

WOOL—Wool ranges from 30 to 48. Sheep Pelts $1@1,50.

SEEDS—Clover $7,50. Timothy $3,50. White beans $1,75.

ALBANY, MARCH 2.—Flour—In moderate demand. In the street there is but little doing.

GRAIN—Oats 41@42c. Rye 90@91c. Corn 70@75c. A car load of Oats sold at 42c.

SEEDS—In Seed we notice sales Timothy at $3,75 per bushel, and medium Clover at 12c ℔ lb.

HOGS—In dressed hogs we hear sales of Illinois at 9½c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB 25.—BEEVES—First quality 11@11½c; medium 10@10½c; poorest 8½@9½c; premium 12½@14c.—Average price about 10½c.

MILCH COWS—There is very little change. Milkmen are buying moderately at $38@55 ℔ head, as to quality.

VEALS—Fair quality is selling at higher figures, while poor is depressed; we quote at 6@7c, as to quality.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—The receipts are some 2,000 head larger than last week, and the advance then established has been lost, and the market closed with a downward tendency.

CAMBRIDGE, FEB. 25—At market 404 Cattle, 375 Beeves and 119 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,50@8,75; first quality, $8@8,25; second quality, $7,50@7,75; third quality, $6,00@6,75; ordinary, $5,00

WORKING OXEN—$95@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$40, 45, 50@65.

CALVES—$4, 8@10 each.

YEARLINGS—$ @00. Two Years Old—$30@35. Three Years Old—$37@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1320 at market. Prices—In lots, $3,50, 4,00, 5,00@6,00, extra and selections, $7, 8@10

SWINE—150 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8½ cents per lb. Dressed hogs, 8½@10c per lb.

HIDES—8½@8¾c. ℔ lb Tallow—8@8½c.

CALF SKINS—14@14½c ℔ lb. Pelts—$1,75@2,00.

BRIGHTON, FEB. 26.—At market 800 Beeves, 100 Stores, 15 pairs Working Oxen, 75 Cows and Calves, 1,300 Sheep and Lambs 400 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,75, first quality, $8,00; second quality, $7,50; third quality, $6,75, ordinary $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$140, 160@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 30, 45@47.

VEAL CALVES—$7, 6@8 each.

YEARLINGS—$00@00 Two Years Old—$31@36. Three Years Old—$37@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $7@9; in lots $3,75@5.

SWINE—At wholesale 6c per lb At retail 8½@9½c per lb.

HIDES—8½@9½c. ℔ lb. Calf Skins 14@14½c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,75@2,00 each. Tallow—8@8½c. ℔ lb.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Feb 28—Domestic fleece continues in good demand, and the stock is now reduced to a mere cypher; prices, therefore, are very firm, and holders are indifferent sellers unless at extreme rates, knowing right well that the stock is inadequate to the demand, and that manufacturers sooner than have their works entirely stopped, will be forced to pay them almost any price they ask. Sales 35,000 lbs. super fleece at 57@62½c; some small lots of selected command file.

Pulled is also in good demand, and with a light stock, prices rule firmly—sales 50,000 lbs. super city and extra country at 42½@43c for the former, and 50@55c for the latter. Canadian is quite active. We note further sales of super mixed at 40c, and 50,000 lbs. No. 1 at 35c. We quote the range for No 1 and super at 35@42c. Foreign is still in meagre supply and prices tend upward. The recent receipts of Mediterranean were sold previous to arrival—the sales include about 50 bales washed Smyrna at about 30c, 6 mos. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ℔ lb	55@67
American Full-blood Merino	52@57
American ½ and ¾ Merino	45@53
American Native and ¼ do	42@50
Pulled Wool, extra Country	52@55
Pulled Wool, super	44@47
Pulled Wool, No. 1	35@40
California Fine, Washed	35@45
Do. Com. Unwashed	18@33
Peruvian, Washed	32@37
Valparaiso, Unwashed	21@30
South American, Com. Washed	15@22
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	15@22
South American Unwashed	11@14
South American, Cordova, Washed	26@29
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	11@14
African, Washed	7@24
Smyrna, Unwashed	14@17
Smyrna, Washed	28@30
Mexican, Unwashed	12@18

BOSTON, Feb. 25.—Fleece wool has continued in active demand, and prices are firm and well sustained. The sales of the week have been 180,000 lbs at full quoted rates, included in which are 60,000 lbs taken for resale in a Southern market. The transactions in foreign comprise 740 bales Smyrna, Syrian, Cordova, Cape and other kinds at full prices:

Prime Saxony Fleece, washed, ℔ lb, 60@65; Full Blood Merino, 55@60; Three-quarter do., 48@53; Half do., 45@48; Common, 37@43; Superfine, 43@47; Pulled Extra, 47@55; Do. No. 1, 37@43; Do. No. 2, 22@35; Smyrna Washed, 25@32

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

PREMIUM LIST.—1857.

LOCAL AGENTS, Subscribers, and other earnest, active and influential friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, and the cause of "Progress and Improvement," who are disposed to lend their kind offices in its behalf—thus enhancing their individual interests while promoting the welfare of community—are respectfully invited to examine the following Programme of Premiums for the RURAL CAMPAIGN of 1857:

"EXCELSIOR" PREMIUMS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, to the person or persons procuring the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, in any one Township, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to April 1, 1857.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the next largest list as above
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for each of the next five lists.
FIVE DOLLARS for each of the next five lists.

$300 IN STATE PREMIUMS!

As most of our General Premiums have heretofore been won by persons in the State of New York, thus precluding Agents and friends at a distance from successful competition, we have concluded to offer $300 in State and Provincial Prizes, viz: One Hundred Dollars for the FOUR LARGEST LISTS from EACH of the States of PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, IOWA, and the Province of CANADA WEST, divided as follows:

FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER from each of the above named States and Canada West, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1857.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list as above
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.
TEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.

☞ Competitors for the State and Provincial Premiums, can also compete for the large General Prizes! Comment upon the unprecedented liberality and advantages of this list is unnecessary.

The names and number of subscribers obtained by each competitor, will be published in the RURAL (or in a circular, and mailed to all interested, as soon after the 1st of April as the result can be ascertained,) and the cash paid to the order of the successful competitor.

☞ To give Post-Masters and other Local Agents a fair, equal chance, traveling agents, post-riders and citizens of Rochester are excluded.

[For List of Specific Premiums, &c., see 7th page of either one of first eight numbers of present volume]

☞ Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, Prospectuses, &c., furnished free to all who are disposed to compete for Premiums, or who desire to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL. Subscription money should be properly inclosed, and carefully addressed and mailed to

D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH Insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar Journal in the World,—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

NEW NATIVE GRAPES—ONE DOZEN REBECCA'S $3 each; 1 doz. Diana's; 1 doz. Concord's $1 each. Also, 5,000 Isabella's $120 per 1,000. Address WM. TOMPKINS, East Camp Nursery, Germantown, N Y. 374w2

THE ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK HAS BEEN REMOVED to the New Banking House corner of Buffalo and Fitzhugh Streets. E. WHALEN, Sec'y.
Rochester, Feb. 3, 1857 374w2

FRENCH ARTIFICIAL EYES—DR. KNAPP, OCULIST, of 130 Main St., Buffalo, will be at the Eagle Hotel, Rochester, on Friday, March 20th, and on Friday march 27th, (1857,) to insert Artificial Eyes. He has a large assortment adapted to both sexes and different ages. 374w2

FARM FOR SALE.

A VALUABLE, PLEASANT, HEALTHY WHEAT FARM of 203 acres; 200 improved; 60 in Wheat; 70 in grasses.—Stock water for each lot; no waste land; plenty timber, fruit, and ornamental trees. Good buildings, cisterns, and well 24 feet deep, near schools, railroads and markets. Address D. C. HILLS, Kalamazoo, Mich. 371w2

TREES AND PLANTS CHEAP!!

THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING MADE ARRANGEMENTS to change the location of his Nursery, offers for sale, very cheap, a general assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Dahlias, &c., &c., at wholesale and retail.

Descriptive Catalogues furnished on application. All orders or letters of inquiry, will receive prompt attention if addressed to A. LOOMIS, Byron Genesee Co., N. Y.
[37 tw3]

A CARD TO ALL INTERESTED IN EDUCATION.

TWO YOUNG LADIES, GRADUATES, ARE DESIROUS of locating a permanent school, in some healthy and prosperous village, where they will teach all the English branches generally taught in the best Female Seminaries in the State; also, French, German, Drawing, Painting, Vocal and Instrumental Music. For reference and particulars, please address W. A. W., Box 84 Sodus Ridge P. O., Wayne Co., N. Y.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FARM JOURNAL

FOR SALE. A CHANGE IN THE EDITORIAL DEPARTment of the Pennsylvania Farm Journal and Progressive Farmer, induces the Proprietors to offer it for sale on reasonable terms. It is the only journal of the kind in Pennsylvania, and if applied for soon, can be purchased on such terms as will render the investment a very profitable one. Apply to
374w2 SAMUEL EMLEN & CO.,
N. E. cor. 7th and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

9,000 WILL BUY THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

HAVING MADE ARRANGEMENTS, I NOW OFFER for sale a choice farm, situated in the town of Farmington, Ontario Co., N. Y., 1½ miles south of the Friends' Churches, containing 177¾ acres of land. The buildings are extensive and in No. 1 condition. Mr. Sheldon having spared neither time nor money to fit them up to suit his taste and convenience. The premises are finely located and very desirable for any person wishing to purchase an improved farm. A good orchard and fruit of all kinds on the place. Terms easy. Possession given immediately. For further particulars, inquire of
371w2 THOMAS M. PERRY.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND APPLE TREES.

WE HAVE ON HAND AND WILL SELL FOR CASH or approved paper at short date,
300,000 Apples of all the best leading sorts, grafted this winter $8 ℔ 1,000. When $100 worth is taken, price $7 ℔ 1,000.
30,000 Hemlocks in prime order from 9 to 15 inches $25 ℔ 1,000.
2,000 Lawton Blackberries, $10 per 100.
" " 3 " dozen.
10,000 Concord, Rebecca, Diana, Clinton, Northern Muscadine, Isabella and Catawba Grape Vines, at lowest prices.
374w3 A. FAHNESTOCK, President.
Toledo, Feb 9, 1857. Toledo Nurseries.

NEW YORK STATE AG'L SOCIETY.

PREMIUM ON FARMS—1857. GRAIN FARMS, PREMIUM $30 and $20. Dairy and Grazing $30 and $20. Competitors are desired to give notice to the Secretary before 1st July, so that the farms can be visited by a committee appointed for that purpose.

Field Crops—Competitors should obtain the regulations of the Society, so as to have their statements properly prepared. H. Greeley's premium on one acre of Carrots is continued. Regulations will be furnished on application to the Secretary; and also, a list of Premiums for 1857. Agricultural Rooms, Albany, March 2, 1857. [374w3] B. P. JOHNSON, Sec'y.

TOLEDO NURSERIES.

WE OFFER THE FOLLOWING SPLENDID STOCK OF Trees, Shrubbery, &c., in prime order at the prices annexed for *cash or approved paper at short date*. We have not been subjected to the extreme degrees of cold experienced in New York State, and which we are informed has done much injury.

50,000 Standard Apples 5 to 8 feet	$30	per 1,000.
5,000 or upwards	85	" "
or	12	" 100
1,000 Dwarf Apples 1 and 2 years old	20 to 25	℔ 100
5,000 Pears, Dwarf, 1 year old	20	per 100
do do 2 years old	25	" "
Selected	35	" "
3,000 Standard Cherries 5 to 7 feet, fine	18	" "
500 or upwards	16	" "
do do 1 year old	10	" "
1,000 Dwarf Cherries 1 yr old, very fine	20	" "
12,000 Peaches 1 year, vigorous growth	80	" 1,000
do do do do	12	" 100

Plums, Apricots, Nectarines, Currants, Raspberries, Ornamental Trees, Roses, Evergreens, Shrubbery, and Greenhouse and Bedding out plants at lowest rates. 374w3
Toledo, O., Feb. 20, 1857. A. FAHNESTOCK, Pres't.

50,000 ACRES OF VIRGINIA LANDS IN MARKET.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS, OFFER A LARGE number of valuable and well improved farms in Eastern Va., embracing almost every advantage of soil, water, timber, climate, society, healthiness, with the advantages of rapid transit over splendid Railroads to the markets on the seaboard and cities on our navigable rivers, by a travel generally of from two to four hours ride. These lands are lying in different counties on the slopes from the Blue Ridge to tide water, and generally in full view of those lovely Blue Mountains so much admired by all travelers, and which divide the Piedmont region from the Valley of Va. We have also for sale some splendid water powers finely located for trade. A lengthy description of the above property is out of the question in a newspaper advertisement. We will promptly answer all communications addressed to us by those wishing to purchase any of the above named property if they will inform us the extent of the means they wish to invest, the size and kind of farm. We have tracts varying from 240 to 1,000 acres. We have 23,000 acres of timber lands for sale, which will give employment to timber gatters for the next half century.
374w1-1am't THEODORE N. DAVISSON & CO.,
Mitchells Station, Orange & Alexandria R. R., Culpepper Co. Va

PURE SHORT-HORN BULLS FOR SALE BY
Camillus, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1857. [373w4] E. MARKS.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE!

JUST RECEIVED AT "HALLOCK'S AGRICULTURAL Warehouse and Feed Store," a limited supply of *Chinese Sugar Cane Seed*, which will be sold, in small quantities, to those who may apply soon, by mail or otherwise. Circulars containing information in regard to Culture, will be furnished to purchasers. Address
374 K. D. HALLOCK, 102 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

A FARM FOR SALE

IN THE TOWN OF VICTOR, ONTARIO COUNTY, NEW York, known as the "Joseph Bennett" farm, containing 162 acres of choice grain land with an abundance of good buildings in good repair, with a good stream of water running through said farm.

The said farm is in good fence and forty acres of good young young timber.

The said farm is well seeded down and has a good orchard with Grape Vines, Apples, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Cherries and Currants.

The subscriber will sell this farm on moderate terms. One half of the purchase money can remain on bond and mortgage for a term of years. The house on the farm is convenient for two families, with two good cellars.

For further particulars, inquire of the subscriber on the premises PETER BENNETT, Victor, N. Y.

Also 11 acres in the Perrinton Black Ash Swamp for sale, one mile east of Egypt 374w2eow

THE NORTHERN INDEPENDENT.

PRICE $1 A YEAR—IN THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF its existence, The Northern Independent has attained a circulation of over NINE THOUSAND.

REV. WILLIAM HOSMER, Editor.

Rev. D. W. BRISTOL, Rev. H. MATTISON, Rev. J. WATTS, Rev. H. B. CLARKE, Rev. B. T. ROBERTS, Corresponding Editors.

THE INDEPENDENT is a weekly Religious paper, published at Auburn, Cayuga Co., N. Y., by the Central New York Publishing Association. Devoted to the interests of the M. E. Church, and more staunchly Anti-Slavery than any official paper in the Church. This paper is designed especially for the laity, and will enlist their energies more fully than any paper which they cannot own or control.

THE NORTHERN INDEPENDENT is what its name imports—it is northern and independent in the full sense of these terms. It was started to redress a great wrong inflicted by the late General Conference, at Indianapolis, in denying the Annual Conferences of Western and Central New York, their customary and proper voice in the choice of an Editor for the Northern Christian Advocate,—a paper published in their midst, originated by them, and up to last date, provided with Editors selected by the official representatives of the Patronizing District.

All orders for the paper should be addressed to
374w4ow REV. WILLIAM HOSMER, Auburn, N. Y.

TAKE THE BEST.

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They have submitted their machines to more severe trials both public and private, during the past six years, than any other and perhaps than all others together in the country, and invariably have been successful in winning the prizes where allowed to compete. It may not be amiss to quote some few extracts from letters received from persons using them—many hundreds of similar character are on file, but those quoted will show what they may be expected to do under fair average circumstances as to kinds and conditions of grains, &c., &c.

From Aaron Chapman, Crawford Co., Pa., Feb. 22, 1857.

"Messrs. EMERY BROTHERS—Sirs: I received from you in June last, one of your Two Horse Powers and Threshing Machines. It more than meets my most sanguine expectations. I have had all I could do with mine since threshing season commenced. I think I can sell several the coming season, and would like to have you give me authority to do so, and any instructions which may be necessary as to terms, &c. Yours in haste."

From H. J. Mixon, Sussex Co., New Jersey, Jan. 26, 1857.

"Messrs. EMERY BROTHERS—I am very well pleased with your Patent One Horse Power and Threshing Machine. It works to a charm, and far surpasses any thing I have ever seen work. I am satisfied that I can with one horse thresh as much grain as any other kind of machine in this county can do with two horses."

From A. McBryde, of Dennark, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1857.

"Messrs. EMERY BROTHERS—Gentlemen: With your Two Horse Power and Thresher, which I use with two mules, much lighter than the Northern Farm Horse, I averaged the whole season two hundred bushels wheat threshing per day—the wheat was good—the previous harvest was much injured by Rust and as large results could not be attained."

"Messrs. EMERY BROTHERS—In answer to your inquiry, of whom and what kind of Horse Powers and Threshing Machines I purchased, I have to say that I purchased it from an agricultural dealer in Louisville, Ky. The castings have the words 'Emery's Patent' on them. It was a good machine and I threshed eleven thousand bushels wheat, and one thousand bushels of oats and rye, and my toll brought me one thousand dollars, after paying all expenses, all in the season of 1856.—SAMUEL JOHNSON, Bonham, Texas, January 3d, 1856."

"Messrs. EMERY BROTHERS—I'm pleased with the operation of my Power and Thresher purchased from you this season, and have gotten out twenty-seven bushels of wheat per hour. I think I can beat the manufacturers in getting out wheat. My horses are light, weighing but 1,200 lbs. at most. Enclosed please find draft, &c., &c.—WM. T. HANNAFORD, Nansemond County, Virginia, July 7, 1856.

"Messrs. EMERYS—I purchased of an agricultural dealer in Louisville, Ky., June, 1855, one of your patent Horse Power and Threshing Machines, being the third I have purchased of the kind. We commenced threshing July 5th, have been surrounded with several others of different patterns. Have gone through the length and breadth of their circuits and finished jobs after the most noted machines, and come off victorious in every neighborhood. The first machine I sold, with one of the others my youngest son threshed nearly fifty thousand bushels wheat and rye and my oldest son with the other threshed ten thousand bushels, and then sold the machine. We could have sold the one we now have long ago, if we had desired to do so. This was all in the harvest of 1855. C. C. TAYLOR, Pulaski Co., Kentucky, Jan. 7th, 1856.

From Ira S. Brindley, Litchfield Co., Conn., Jan. 1, 1857.

"Messrs. EMERY BROTHERS—Your Two HORSE POWER has far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. The THRESHER and CLEANER COMBINED, which I first received, did not do as well as I desired, although much better than any other in this section of country, but after receiving the New Straw Carrier you sent me, it has proved a most perfect and satisfactory machine in every way equalling the power itself. Had I purchased it earlier in the season and it had operated as well as now, I could have made a clear profit of two hundred dollars over what I shall now this season, although I have had all I could do since I purchased it. My oxen which are light, I find preferable to horses, and the work seems to suit them. They have improved in condition during the whole time, nearly four months, since they have been worked on it.

From Saml B. Hoe, Orange Co., Vermont, Jan. 15, 1857.

"Messrs. EMERY BROTHERS:—I have used several different patterns of Horse Powers and Threshing Machines the past three years, and had much experience in repairing as well as using them. Some with cylinders too heavy, and not properly balanced, requiring a greater portion of the power of the horses to operate them, doing a proportionately less amount of work—many are cumbered by numerous bands, &c., &c. While with the EMERY'S PATENT TWO HORSE POWER and THRESHER and CLEANER COMBINED, which I purchased of you, a different state of things exists—the straw, chaff and grain can, if desired, all be cleaned and saved separate, and all with the force of four hands to attend it, the grain being cleaned fit for market.—Wheat at the rate of twenty bushels, and double the amount of oats per hour. To those farmers desiring a good machine, I would earnestly recommend Emerys' Patent Machines Complete, for simplicity, ease of operation, and superiority over all others, and would further say, that they are not over estimated or recommended by the manufacturers in their published circulars."

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E. F. WILSON,

SURGEON DENTIST, OVER BRECK'S BAN

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

APOSTROPHE TO THE PENOBSCOT.

S. J. WOODMAN.

O, FAIR Penobscot, here I stand
On these old rocks where oft before
I've stood and marked thy flowery strand,
And idle waters, as they pour
Down from the m untains to the sea,
And deemed myself a part of thee.

How oft, when from companions strayed,
I've sought alone this wild retreat,
Thy rippling waters round me played,
And laughed, and bubbled at my feet;
Then youth, and hope, and joy were mine,
And love for me a wreath did 'twine.

But time fleets on, and O, the change
From childhood's happy hour till now!
Ah Fame! this heart thou did'st estrange,
And Care, thy hand is on this brow;
But river, thy reproving tone
Pains fearfully,—leave me alone.

Yes, chiding river hurry on,
The Ocean calls thee from afar,
I hear a moaning,—thou art gone;
Departing as the morning star,—
That like a vision fades away
When softly murmurs waking day.

Art gone! O, foolish, frivolous thought—
'Twas but a wave that broke, and fled;
Some passing phantom fancy wrought,
For here thou'lt flow when I am dead,
Fed by the streams, lakes, brooks and rills,
That gush from everlasting hills.

Yes, still thy waves will roll and break,
To foam and dash against these rocks,
And that low murmur shall partake
Of thee, and mock, as mine it mocks,
The fame of others yet unborn
Who'll live and breathe when I am gone.

Yet, of the future who may know?
These sullen rocks may wear away,
And thy swift waters cease to flow,—
Thy forest wilds a desert lay,
And all the beauties of the earth
May be as things unknown to birth.

O, Fame! O, River! thou dost bring
Perplexing thoughts to fill this brain,
Which come and go on noiseless wing,
Inflicting as they pass a pain
Which none may know but those who feel
A dearth of knowledge round them steal.

Mortals! whate'er the future gives,
The present only can be ours;
Man only knows that here he lives
To pass, or pluck life's proffered flowers,—
Who hunts for fame finds thorns and briers,
And tortures for his wild desires!

Rochester, N. Y., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHICH WAS MOST THE LADY?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"DID you ever see such a queer looking figure?" exclaimed a young lady, speaking loud enough to be heard by the object of her remark. She was riding slowly along in an open carriage, a short distance from the city, accompanied by a relative. The young man, her companion, looked across the road at a woman, whose attire was certainly not in any way very near approach to the fashion of the day. She had on a faded calico dress, short in the waist; stout leather shoes; the remains of what had once been a red merino long shawl; and a dingy old Leghorn bonnet of the style of eighteen hundred and twenty.

As the young man turned to look at the woman, the latter raised her eyes and fixed them steadily upon the young lady who had so rudely directed towards her the attention of her companion. Her face was not old, nor faded, as the dress she wore. It was youthful, but plain almost to homeliness; and the smallness of her eyes, which were close together and placed at the Mongolian angle, gave to her countenance a singular aspect.

"How do you do, aunty?" said the young man, gently drawing on the rein of his horse, so as still further to diminish his speed.

The face of the young girl—for she was quite young—reddened, and she slackened her steps, so as to fall behind the rude, unfeeling couple, who sought to make themselves merry at her expense.

"She's a Gipsy!" said the young lady, laughing. "Gran'mother! How are catnip and hoarhound, snakeroot and tansy selling to-day? What's the state of the herb market?" joined in the young man with increasing rudeness.

"That bonnet's from the ark, ha! ha!"

"And was worn by the wife of SHEM, HAM, or JAPHET. Ha! now I've got it! This is the great, great, great grand-daughter of old NOAH. What a discovery! Where's BARNUM? Here's a chance for another fortune!"

The poor girl made no answer to this cruel and cowardly assault, but turned her face away, and stood still, in order to let the carriage pass on.

"You look like a gentleman and a lady," said a man who was riding by and happened to overhear some of their last remarks; "and no doubt regard yourselves as such. But your conduct is anything but gentlemanly and lady-like; and if I had the pleasure of knowing your friends, I would advise them to keep you in until you had sense and decency enough not to disgrace yourselves and them!"

A fiery spot burned instantly on the young man's face, and fierce anger shot from his eyes.—But the one who had spoken so sharply fixed upon him a look of withering contempt, and riding close up to the carriage, handed him his card, remarking coldly, as he did so,

"I shall be pleased to meet you again, sir.—May I ask you card in return?"

The young man thrust his hand indignantly into his pocket, and fumbled there for some moments, but without finding a card.

"No matter," said he, trying to speak fiercely; "you will hear from me in good time."

"And you from me on the spot, if I should happen to catch you at such mean and cowardly work as you were just now engaged in," said the stranger, not seeking to veil his contempt.

"The vulgar brute? Oh, he's horrid!" ejaculated the young lady, as her rather crest-fallen companion laid the whip upon his horse and dashed ahead. "How he frightened me!"

"Some greasy butcher or two-fisted blacksmith," said the elegant young man with contempt. "But," he added boastfully, "I'll teach him a lesson! I'll give him a taste of cold steel for his insolence.—The man who dares to say that I am not a gentleman, has got to apologize or fight!"

Out into the beautiful country, with feelings a little less buoyant than when they started, rode our gay young couple. As the excitement of passion died away, both began to feel a little uncomfortable in mind, for certain unpleasant convictions intruded themselves, and certain precepts in the code of polite usage grew rather distinct in their memories. They had been thoughtless, to say the least of it.

"But the girl looked so queer!" said the young lady. "I couldn't help laughing to save my life. Where on earth did she come from?"

Not very keen was their enjoyment of the afternoon's ride, although the day was particularly fine, and their way was amid some bits of charming scenery. After going out into the country some five or six miles, the horse's head was turned, and they took they way homeward. Wishing to avoid the monotony of a drive along the same road, the young man struck across the country in order to reach another avenue leading into the city, but missed his way, and got bewildered in a maze of winding country roads. While descending a steep hill, in a very secluded place, a wheel came off, and both were thrown from the carriage. The young man received only a slight bruise, but the girl was more seriously injured. Her head had struck against a stone with so strong a concussion as to render her insensible.

Eagerly glancing around for aid, the young man saw, at no great distance from the road, a poor looking log tenement, from the mud chimney of which curled a thin column of smoke, giving signs of inhabitants. To call aloud was his first impulse, and he raised his voice with the cry of "HELP!"

Scarcely had the sound died away, ere he saw the door of the cabin flung open, and a woman and boy looked eagerly around.

"Help!" he cried again, and the sound of his voice directed their eyes towards him. Even in his distress, alarm and bewilderment, the young man recognized instantly in the woman the person they had so wantonly insulted only an hour or two before. As soon as she saw them, she ran forward hastily, and seeing the white face of the insensible girl, exclaimed, with pity and concern,

"Oh, sir! is she badly hurt!"

There was heart in that voice of peculiar sweetness.

"Poor lady!" she said, tenderly, as she untied the bonnet strings with gentle care, and placed her hand upon the clammy temples.

"Shall I help you to take her over to the house?" she added, drawing an arm beneath the form of the insensible girl.

"Thank you!" There was a tone of respect in the young man's voice. "But I can carry her myself;" and he raised the insensible form in his arms, and, following the young stranger, bore it into her humble dwelling. As he laid her upon a bed, he asked eagerly—

"Is there a doctor near?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl. "If you will come to the door, I will show you the doctor's house; and I think he must be at home, for I saw him go by only a quarter of an hour since. JOHN will take care of your horse while you are away, and I will do my best for the poor lady."

The doctor's house, about a quarter of a mile distant, was pointed out, and the young man hurried off at a rapid speed. He was gone only a few minutes when his insensible companion revived, and, starting up, looked wildly around her.

"Where am I? Where is GEORGE?" she asked eagerly.

"He has gone for the doctor, but will be back very soon," said the young woman, in a kind, soothing voice.

"For the doctor! Who's injured?" She had clasped her hands across her forehead, and now, on removing them, saw on one a wet stain of blood. With a frightened cry she fell back upon the pillow from which she had arisen.

"I don't think you are much hurt," was said in a tone of encouragement, as with a damp cloth the gentle stranger wiped very tenderly her forehead. "The cut is not deep. Have you pain anywhere?"

"No," was faintly answered.

"You can move your arms; so *they* are uninjured. And now, won't you just step on to the floor, and see if you can bear your weight? Let me raise you up. There, put your foot down—now the other—now take a step—now another. There are no bones broken! How glad I am!"

How earnest, how gentle, how pleased she was. There was no acting in her manner. Every tone, expression, and gesture showed that heart was in everything.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she repeated. "It might have been so much worse."

The first glance into the young girl's face was one of identification; and even amid the terror that oppressed her heart, the unwilling visitor felt a sense of painful mortification. There was no mistaking that peculiar countenance. But how different she seemed! Her voice was singularly sweet, her manner gentle and full of kindness, and in her movements and attitude a certain ease that marked her as one not to be classed, even by the over-refined young lady who was so suddenly brought within her power, among the common herd.

All that assiduous care and kind attention could do for the unhappy girl, until the doctor's arrival, was done. After getting back to the bed from which she had been induced to rise in order to see if all her limbs were sound, she grew sick and faint, and remained so until the physician came. He gave it as his opinion that she had received some internal injuries, and that it would not be safe to attempt her removal. The young couple looked at each other with dismay pictured in their countenances.

"I wish it were in my power to make you more comfortable," said the kind-hearted girl, in whose humble abode they were. "What we have is at your service in welcome, and all that it is in my power to do, shall be done for you cheerfully. If father was only at home—but that can't be helped."

The young man gazed upon her in wonder and shame—wonder at the charm that new appeared in her singularly marked countenance, and shame for the disgraceful and cowardly cruelty with which he had a little while before so wantonly assailed her.

The doctor was positive about the matter, and so there was no alternative. After seeing his unhappy relative in as comfortable a condition as possible, the young man, with the doctor's aid, repaired his crippled vehicle by the restoration of a linch-pin, and started for the city to hear intelligence of the sad accident, and bring out the mother of the injured girl.

Alone with the person towards whom she had only a short time before acted in such shameless violation of womanly kindness and lady-like propriety, our "nice young lady" did not feel more comfortable in mind than body. Every look—every word—every tone—every act of the kind-hearted girl was a rebuke. The delicacy of her attentions, and the absence of everything like a desire to remind her of the recent unpleasant incident, marked her as possessing, even if her face and attire were plain, and her position humble, all the elements of a true lady.

Although the doctor, when he left, did not speak very encouragingly, the vigorous system of the young girl began to re-act, and she grew better quite rapidly; so that when her parents arrived with the family physician she was so much improved that it was at once decided to take her to the city.

For an hour before her parents came she lay feigning to be in sleep, yet observing every movement and word of her gentle attendant. It was an hour of shame, self-reproaches, and repentance.—She was not really had at heart; but false estimates of things, trifling associations, and a thoughtless disregard of others, had made her far less a lady in act than she imagined herself to be in quality. Her parents, when they arrived, overwhelmed the young girl with thankfulness; and the father at parting tried to induce her to accept a sum of money. But the offer seemed to disturb her.

"Oh no, sir!" she said, drawing back, while a glow came into her plain face, and made it almost beautiful; "I have only done a simple duty."

"But you are poor," he urged, glancing around. "Take this, and let it make you more comfortable."

"We are contented with what GOD has given to us," she replied, cheerfully. "For what He gives is always the best portion. No sir; I cannot receive money for doing only a common duty."

"Your reward is great," said the father, touched with the noble answer. "May GOD bless you, my good girl! And if you will not receive my money, accept my grateful thanks."

As the daughter parted from the strange young girl, she bent down and kissed her hand; then looking up into her face, with tearful eyes, she whispered for her ears alone—

"I am punished, and you are vindicated—oh, let your heart forgive me!"

"It was GOD whom you offended," was whispered back. "Get his forgiveness, and all will be right. You have mine, and also the prayer of my heart that you may be good and wise, for only such are happy."

The humbled girl grasped her hand tightly, and murmured:—"I shall never forget you—never!"

Nor did she. If the direct offer of her father was declined, indirect benefits reached, through her means, the lonely log cottage, where everything in time put on a new and pleasanter aspect, and the surroundings of the gentle spirit that presides there were more in agreement with her true internal quality. To the thoughtless young couple the incidents of that day were a life-lesson that never passed entirely from their remembrance. They obtained a glance below the surface of things that surprised them, learning that, even in the humblest, there may be hearts in the right places—warm with pure feelings, and inspired by the noblest sentiments of humanity; and that highly as they esteemed themselves on account of their position, there was one, at least, standing below them so far as external advantages were concerned, who was their superior in all the higher qualities that go to make up the real lady and gentleman.

WHAT IS LIFE?—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and light; to pace around in the mill of habits and turn the mill of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper and thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the unconsciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart; the tear which freshens the dry wastes within; the music that brings childhood back; the prayer that calls the future near; the death which startles us with mystery; the hardship which forces us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment which ends in being.—*Chalmers.*

THE man whom I call deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than for himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles and never abandoned while heaven or earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious road, nor take an evil path to gain a real good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constantly while he breathes and break when he dies.

THERE is frequently more truth in the common acceptation of general terms, than in the more precise and rigorous definitions of science. Common sense gives to words their ordinary significations; and common sense is the genius of humanity.—*Guizot.*

THE heart is a cup which is empty till it overflows. We have nothing to enjoy till we have something to impart. He only lives who is not a reservoir, but a fountain.

Youth's Corner.

FAMILIAR CHAPTERS ON CHEMISTRY.

NITROGEN.

NITROGEN is also a kind of air or gas, and, like oxygen is devoid of color, taste, or smell. The properties of this ingredient of the atmosphere are chiefly negative. It will not support combustion or animal life. Place a mouse in a jar containing only nitrogen, and death will ensue almost instantly. It is not poisonous, however, life is destroyed by suffocation.

Throughout nature Nitrogen is widely diffused, particularly in the organic kingdom, for we find it in all plants and animals. It is an essential constituent of the animal frame and therefore enters largely into their food. The following analysis will exhibit its proportion in some of the most common articles of sustenance. The total is computed at 1,000 parts, and the relative quantity is denoted by the figures following each article mentioned. Rice, 81; Potatoes, 84; Turnips, 106; Rye, 106; White bread, 100 to 125; Milk, 237; Peas, 239; Beans, 320; Eggs, (yolk) 305—(white,) 345; Ham, (raw,) 539—(boiled,) 807; Mutton, (raw,) 773—(boiled,) 852; Beef, (raw,) 880—(boiled,) 942.

Fig. 1.

This gas can be obtained by putting a bit of phosphorus into a small cup over water, kindling it, and inverting over it a bottle, dipping with its mouth into the water, as seen in fig. 1. When the phosphorus has ceased to burn, and the bottle has become cool, it may be corked and removed from the water. If a lighted candle be now introduced into the bottle it will be immediately extinguished, showing that nitrogen only remains, fig. 2.—By the combustion of the phosphorus, phosphoric acid is formed, which is absorbed by the water in the jar, and nothing remains but nitrogen.

Fig. 2.

A taper which has been extinguished in a jar of nitrogen, may be relighted in a jar of oxygen, but this must be done so quickly that a spark of fire shall remain on the wick of the candle after it is withdrawn from the nitrogen. This experiment may be varied by using three jars, one of nitrogen, another of oxygen, and a third of common air.—In the first the candle will be put out, in the second relighted, and in the third it will burn as usual.

Nitrogen may be prepared from annual fibre in the following manner:—Wash a piece of beef well, and cut it into small pieces; put these into a retort, and pour some diluted nitric acid upon them. Apply the heat of a lamp, and insert the beak of the retort under a receiver. Nitrogen gas will come over and fill the jar. This is one of the best methods of preparing this gas.

Oxygen is one-ninth part *heavier*, and nitrogen one thirty-sixth part *lighter* than common air.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 33 letters.

My 5, 23, 29, 8, 19 was at the head of the Levitical priesthood.

My 7, 28, 6, 14, 3, 24 was an example of true moral heroism.

My 9, 30, 8, 17, 21 were one of the plagues of Egypt.

My 13, 3, 23, 1, 2 is the wages of sin.

My 12, 21, 20, 4, 18, 30 was a remarkable Jewess who became a Queen.

My 29, 31, 10, 11 was the daughter-in-law of Naomi.

My 17, 33, 19, 10, 16, 15, 18 is a worshiper of false gods.

My 17, 23, 25, 14, 32, 27, 12 is a lake in Palestine.

My 22, 27, 26, 30, 8, 6 is an ancient city in the Holy Land.

My 21, 16, 6 is a reproach to any people.

My whole is one of the Proverbs of Solomon.

Hopewell, N. Y. O. R. T.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

A GENTLEMAN driving a number of cows and sheep to market, was asked the number of each, and also the distance he had driven them, when he made the following reply:—If you divide the number of rods I have driven them by the number of cows, you will have the number of sheep; and if you divide the number of sheep by the number of miles, it will equal one-twentieth the number of cows; and the sum of the cows and sheep is greater by 170 than the number of miles which I have driven them. What was the number of each and the distance driven?

Pultney, Steuben Co., N. Y. J. S. H.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 373:—Prince Gortschakoff.

Answer to Charade in No. 373:—"Stars and Stripes."

Answer to Charade in No. 373:—They sold the peaches for 7 cents for every baker's dozen, or 13, that each had, and 7 cents for each odd peach remaining.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE SUBSCRIBER HAS THE TRUE AND UNADULTERATED articles on sale as follows:

100 Bushels King Philip Improved Corn $1 ℔ Peck; $3 ℔ Bush
300 Do. Pure White Poland Oats 50 cents do. $1 50 do.
200 " Mexican Wild Potatoes 62½c. " $2 "

Which will be forwarded by Express or otherwise as directed on receipt of the price and full directions for shipping. Delivered at Macedon Depot, N. Y. C. R. R. free of charge. Address I. W. BRIGGS, West Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y. 373w6

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS,

GARDENERS AND PLANTERS. THE BROOKLYN FERTILIZER MANUFACTURING COMPANY are now ready to offer for sale their *Ammoniated Jafew*, for the present, at the low price of $25 per ton. It is a highly efficient fertilizer, prepared from Night Soil, Blood, and Butchers' Offal, received from the city of Brooklyn, under a contract for ten years. Therefore, consumers can always rely on its strict purity and uniformity, being manufactured under the supervision of a competent Chemist, and it is warranted to contain a large percentage of Phosphates, Ammoniacal and Organic substances, Potash and other valuable ingredients, as may be seen by the Analysis in our Circulars, and is believed to be one of the richest fertilizers ever used.—For orders or further information, apply to the office of the Company, foot of South 11th St., Brooklyn, E. D., or at 82 Water street, New York.

N. B.—Circulars with full particulars and analysis will be sent, by mail, to any one requesting them. 373w13

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

FARMERS DON'T LET THE COMING HARVEST PASS without purchasing one of the Excelsior Railway Patent Horse Powers, Threshers and Separators and Fan Mills, if you want to save money and do your work with Economy. The following is a statement of the cost of Threshing with our Horse Power and the common Lever and Sweep Power.

EXCELSIOR POWER.	
Estimated day of 10 hours.	
2 Horses 50 cents	$1 00
4 Men 75 cents	3 00
Boarding men and Horses 37½ cents each	2 25
Farming and cleaning over 175 bushels ½c	87
175 Bush. total cost, or 4c and a half mill ℔ bush.	$7 12

LEVER AND SWEEP POWER.	
Estimated day of 10 hours.	
4 Horses of Farmer 50 cts	$2 00
6 men " " 75 "	4 50
Boarding 8 horses and men 37½ cents each	6 00
3½ cts. ℔ bush for cleaning 250 bushels	8 75
250 bush. total cost, or 8½ cents per bushel	21 25

Thus making the increased cost of working the Sweep Power $14 17 per day to thresh 75 bushels more than with the Excelsior Power, or 19 cents each bushel over the quantity threshed with the Excelsior Power; and, further, that of this excess $11 25 are clear cash out, or over 15 cents for every extra bushel threshed more than if done with the Excelsior Power. These considerations, together with the usual waste of grain by large machines; risk of delays from breakage, and weather, and inconvenience of getting and boarding an army of men and horses, and delays in getting threshing done when wanted or expected, as compared with owning and using the Excelsior Power, &c., would seem conclusive of the greater economy of the adoption of our last named machine.

Local agents wanted where none are established, to whom a liberal commission will be given for selling these machines. All communications promptly answered; by addressing

373w2 RICHARD H. PEASE, Albany, N. Y.

HAY AND CATTLE SCALES.

GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES!! THESE "STAND-ARD SCALES" are now within the reach of every Farmer.—For $100 we will furnish a 3 ton scale, platform, 7 by 12 feet. Every scale is *sealed* by the *U. S. Standard* weights, and *warranted*. A full description will be sent to any part of the country, free of postage, upon application.

372-1amtf DURYEE & FORSYTH, Manufacturing Co., Rochester, N. Y.

THE BEST LAND PLASTER.

I HAVE ANALYZED A SPECIMEN OF "VIENNA PLASTER OR GYPSUM," and also specimens of "CAYUGA" and "ONONDAGA PLASTER," and find them to yield respectively as follows:

VIENNA PLASTER.

SULPHATE OF LIME,	70.92
Carbonate of Lime,	4.45
Carbonate of Magnesia,	1.50
Alumina,	2.46
Silica,	1.84
Protoxide of Iron,	21
Water,	18.33
Loss,	29
	100.00

JAMES R. CHILTON, M. D., Chemist.
New York, March 19, 1854.

ONONDAGA PLASTER.

SULPHATE OF LIME,	63.20
Sulphuric of Lime,	1.01
Carbonate of Lime,	6.30
Carbonate of Magnesia,	1.60
Alumina,	2.80
Silica,	2.46
Water,	22.10
Loss,	24
	100.00

CAYUGA PLASTER.

SULPHATE OF LIME,	50.40
Sulphuret of Lime,	2.00
Carbonate of Lime,	18.00
Carbonate of Magnesia,	3.80
Alumina,	4.00
Silica,	4.40
Protoxide of Iron,	32
Water,	16.50
Loss,	48
	100.00

JAMES R. CHILTON, M. D., Chemist.
New York, April 2, 1852.

It appears from the above analyses that the "VIENNA PLASTER" is superior for land to that of the Cayuga or Onondaga, inasmuch as it contains the largest per centage of the "SULPHATE OF LIME," which is the most beneficial property in land Plaster.

This plaster is kept constantly on hand at Geneva, Vienna, Canandaigua, Victor, Fishers and Pittsford.

GRAFTS, STOCKS, &C.—I WILL SELL 100,000 GRAFTS well selected, at $7 per thousand. Also, Pear, Quince, Cherry and Mahaleb stocks for sale, a good assortment of one and two year old Apples, *cheap*. Also, 50 bushels Peach pits. Send in your orders *early*. [365w6cow] JAMES M. TAYLOR,
Jan 1. 1857. Commercial Nursery, Syracuse, N. Y.

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365-cow tf 56 John St., New York.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE HIS FARM, situated in FRIENDSHIP, four miles from that station, on the New York and Erie R. R. It contains 564 acres, of which 250 are well improved; and the balance well covered with beech, maple, oak and chestnut timber, suitable for fire-wood, staves, fencing, &c., for which there is a good market.

The buildings are a well finished two story dwelling, and a tenant house, with cellars, also seven barns nearly new, underpinned with stone, and in good repair. A durable stream of water crosses the farm, and it has good springs of soft water in various places. On the premises are 230 fruit trees, as apples, pears, cherries and plums, mostly grafted, and coming into bearing. The farm is better adapted to dairying than any other within ten miles, and nearly as well situated for market as Orange Co. If desired, a small stock of cows, young cattle, farm utensils, wagons, sleighs, &c., will be sold with the land. The land will be sold for twenty per cent. less than its fair market value, and favorable terms, and time given for two-thirds of the purchase money. HENRY BAXTER.
Cuba, Alleg. Co., N. Y., Jan. 1, 1857. 365cow8

KEDZIE'S RAIN WATER FILTERS,

THESE CELEBRATED FILTERS (MANUFACURED BY J. E. Cheney & Co.,) have been fully tested for many years in almost every State in the Union, and the demand is constantly increasing. There are five sizes, made of oak, iron-bound tubs, with reservoirs inside, from which can be drawn about 100 gallons in twenty-four hours, for all domestic uses.

The most impure Rain, River or Lake water by this means becomes pure, clear as crystal, and without taste or smell. In this condition only is water fit for family purposes, as a means of promoting the general health, and as a preventive of cholera, and other diseases incurred by the use of impure water.

They are portable, durable and cheap, and are not excelled by any other filter known. Address

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LEADING WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N Y.

FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

BARLEY.

4.—Analysis of the Grain and Straw.

ONE thousand pounds of the grain of Barley, if burned, leave 23½ lbs. of *ash*, and the same quantity of the ripe, dry straw, 52, 42-100 lbs. This ash consists of:

	Grain.	Straw
Potash	2.76 lbs.	1.80 lbs.
Soda	2.90 "	.48 "
Lime	1.06 "	5.54 "
Magnesia	1.80 "	.76 "
Alumina	.25 "	1.46 "
Oxide of Iron	a trace	.14 "
Oxide of Manganese	—	.20 "
Silica	11.82 "	38.56 "
Sulphuric acid	.59 "	1.18 "
Phosphoric acid	2.10 "	1.60 "
Chlorine	.19 "	.70 "
	23.49 lbs.	52.42 lbs.

The proportion of the weight of grain to straw, is about five of the first to six of the latter.

The analysis of the grain of barley shows nearly the same substances as that of wheat, but in proportion somewhat different. These proportions are affected by the kind of soil, and also by the manure with which it is treated, but, may be stated as follows:

Water	10.4
Husk	13.5
Gluten	5.7
Albumen	.4
Starch	59.7
Sugar	4.6
Gum	4.5
Oil	.4
Soluble Phosphates, &c	.4
	99.6

From other tables it appears that barley usually contains from 67 to 70 per cent. of starch, from 3 to 6 per cent. of gluten and 0.1 to 0.5 per cent. of vegetable albumen.

5.—Soils and their Adaptation.

The best soil for barley is a warm, rich, and mellow loam. In England, says JOHNSTON, the terms barley-land and wheat-land are the usual designation of light and heavy soils adapted especially to the growth of these several crops. On clay lands the produce of barley is greater, but it is of a coarse quality and does not malt as well—on loams it is plump and full of meal—and on light calcareous soils the crop is light, the grain thin in the skin, of a rich color, and well adapted to malting. A soil that will grow tolerable rye, will produce inferior barley, a heavy soil better suited to wheat, as already remarked, does the same. Mucky soils will occasionally produce good barley, though rather light in weight, but they are far from sure for this crop. It may appear favorably until near heading, and then turn yellow and produce nothing, particularly if dry weather occur. A deep gravelly loam, in the best condition to promote vigorous vegetation—one which will bear drouth and produce a full growth of straw—if fertile and properly moist and favored by a warm season, will produce a large crop of barley. It should not follow wheat or oats, nor should a second crop come immediately after the first, without the application of a liberal dressing of well decomposed manure—and it is the best course to seed to clover, which succeeds well with barley, growing that for two years and then some manured corn or root crop, before re-cropping with barley.

6.—Preparation and Culture.

The preparation of the soil for barley, as already hinted at, should be of a thorough character. A deep mellow tilth is most favorable to productiveness. It is the practice of many of our most successful farmers to sow barley after a hoed crop—when the earth is left light and free from weeds.—Barley suffers much from a foul state of the soil. After a good crop of corn—well-manured and thoroughly cultivated, of course—a good yield generally follows—larger than if the manure had been applied directly to the barley. These corn stubbles are generally plowed in the fall, especially if not of a rapidly drying, or well drained character, and care should always be taken to provide ready surface drainage that no water may stagnate upon the soil. A fall-plowed clover ley properly prepared is generally productive. We should recommend in spring first harrowing lengthwise the furrow, and then working with the gang plow or wheat cultivator before sowing. When green sward is to be sown, the use of the Double or Michigan Plow, would ensure a better prepared seed bed. Some plow as deeply as possible with the common plow, and then cover the seed with the gang plow, harrowing and rolling afterward. It is important to roll after seeding in any case, as a better growth will be insured.

It should ever be borne in mind by those who grow barley, that fine tilth—a deep, well pulverized soil—is very important. Clays will produce fair crops, if well worked with harrow and roller, and the season be favorable. Maturing quickly, it requires good culture and the soil fitted to give it immediate and abundant support.

LEGUMINOUS PLANTS—THE PEA.

VERY little attention has been given by American farmers to the culture of the pea as a field crop, and yet it is one that might prove well worthy of their care. Its demands upon the soil are very light and its peculiar action partakes of the character of an ameliorator. Its effects upon clay soil are beneficial, leaving it in a better condition for a succeeding crop of grain, with one plowing, than could be attained by almost any other method.

A light, loamy soil, one possessed of a fair proportion of clay is thought the most suitable, and though the smaller varieties will frequently do well on sandy lands, hot weather very soon proves detrimental. In England newly plowed sward lands is thought best and is generally selected for this crop. As regards the state of the soil in the scale of fertility, any that may be classed as medium will answer, as the pea draws largely from the atmosphere for its support. If manure is to be applied, lime and marl are recommended. Plaster can be used with excellent effect. If stable manure is used it should be well decomposed and thoroughly incorporated with the soil.

The most common mode of sowing peas is broadcast, but covering the seed proves to be a difficult matter. If a drill is not used, the easiest way is to sow on the furrow without previous harrowing, then harrow lightly and cover with the plow to the depth of about four inches. In Kent, (Eng.,) where immense quantities of peas are raised, they are generally sown in rows from eighteen inches to three feet apart, according to variety, and the ground between the rows kept well cultivated.—In a light soil six inches is the average depth at which the seed is buried, in a clay soil four.

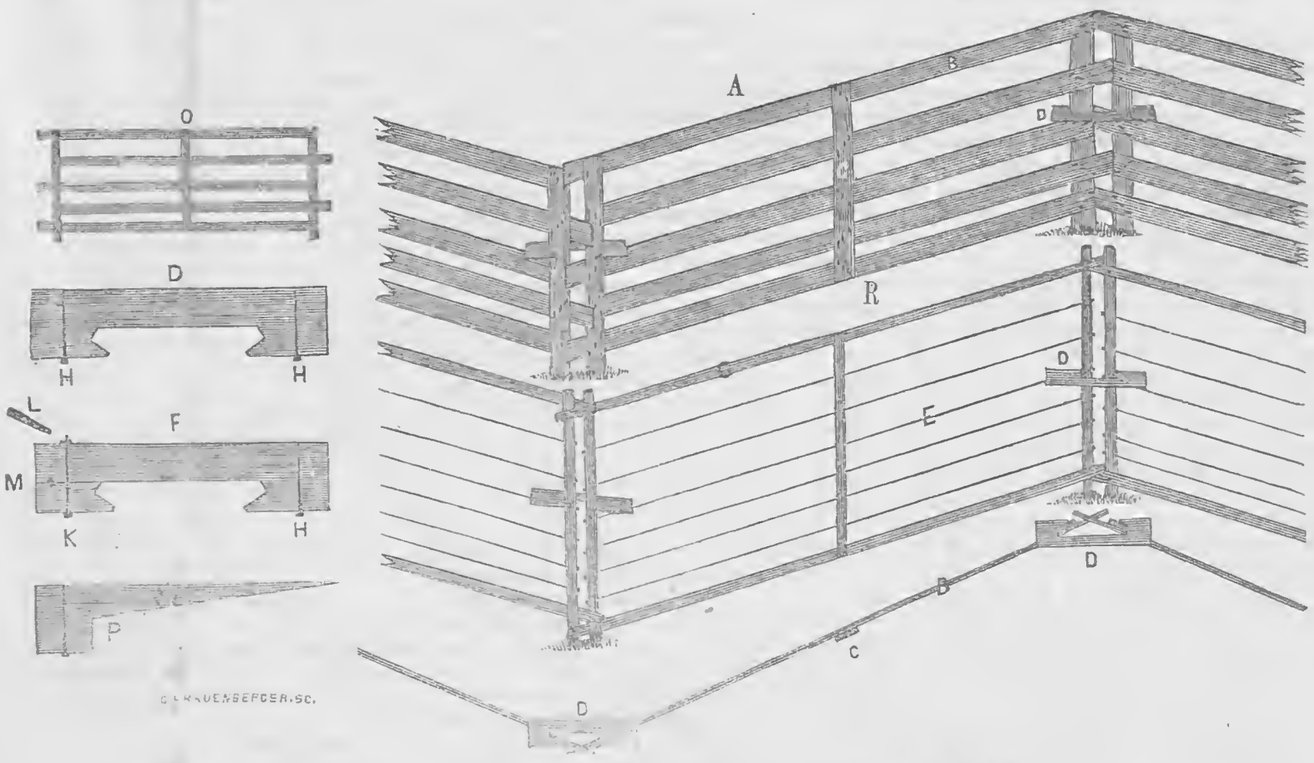
The best crop can always be obtained from those that are sown early, but as these are more liable to attack from the *pea-bug*, the month of June is chosen by many. In an account of some experiments in the culture of the pea, detailed in the Transactions of the N. Y. State Ag. Society, it is stated by one gentleman that for several years he had planted on the tenth of June and that during that period he had never seen a bug in his crop.—He thinks that before the peas are in flower, the season for depositing the egg of the pea-bug has passed. Late sowing, also, has its objections—the hot sun will dwarf the growth unless the soil be mellow so that the roots may receive considerable moisture. Mildew sometimes attacks late sown crops where the soil is not in proper condition.—These latter evils, however, the farmer, by properly performing his work, may avoid almost altogether.

If the bug has taken possession of the pea, an immersion in boiling water for one minute will destroy the insect without being detrimental to the germinating qualities of the seed. Where this is done the peas should be spread out in order to cool as rapidly as possible, and then sown without delay. They can be dried by rolling in ashes or plaster.

The great value of the pea is as an early food for swine intended for killing. For this purpose they are equal to corn, and are ready before it, potatoes, or anything else commonly used. When well saved and properly cured, the straw is but little inferior to hay, and is eaten by horses, cattle and sheep with avidity.

The great pest of this crop, to the ravages of which may be attributed the little attention and care it receives, is a species of beetle. Its mode of propagation is well known, and its habits have received the careful study of entomologists. Early in summer when the peas are in flower or the pods are forming, the female beetle deposits an egg in almost every pea. The larva remains in the pea all winter, feeding on the internal portion until it is diminished about one-half. In the spring it emerges from its lodging house a perfect insect, furnished with a small pair of wings and ready to go forward in its work of destruction.

In securing seed for this or any other crop, we believe farmers should strive to obtain that which is perfect, and though the processes given above for destroying the *bug* do not prevent the growth of the pea, we think it would be well for those who intend to cultivate to procure such as have not been subject to attack. Large quantities are annually imported from Canada for this purpose where the bug has not made much progress as yet.



BURNETT'S IMPROVED PATENT PORTABLE FENCE.

IN an early number of this volume, we gave an illustration and description of an improved Portable Fence, invented by W. B. BURNETT, of Lyons, Wayne Co., N. Y. As the engraving then furnished us, was imperfect, and the description incomplete, we now present above several figures, which, with the following descriptive remarks and references by the inventor, will convey a more clear and definite idea of the improvement:

"In the construction of Portable Fences; it is desirable to dispense with all unnecessary lumber ordinarily used for footing and bracing them, which is fully as cumbersome and weighty as the other part of the Fence, and therefore require double the amount of time and labor necessary to remove it from place to place. It is also a consideration to dispense with all slots and mortices, which weaken the Fence and form lodgments for water, which causes such parts to decay. The production of a Fence that is free from all these objections, and that can be loaded on a wagon or other vehicle in the most compact manner, and in the smallest possible space, for hauling from place to place, and that can be set up or taken down as rapidly as it can be loaded or unloaded, and at the same time be equally as strong and more durable than any other, constitute the object and nature of my invention.

"To enable others to make and use my Portable Fence, I will describe its construction and arrangement by referring to the drawing. I construct a series of trays or panels, composed of three or more rails, with two or more uprights so put together that they will lie compact and flat upon each other, for the purpose of hauling or storing away for preservation when not in use. The rails (B) are all of uniform length and arranged so as to project alternately at either end of the tray; that is to say, the first and third projecting about six inches at one end and the second and fourth projecting the same distance at the other end; so that when set up in the manner of a worm fence, the ends of each tray coming in contact with the short ends of the rails of one tray, will abut diagonally against the long ends of the rails of the other tray, and thus support each other in a vertical position. They are then fastened together endwise by a clamp (D) which catches the end uprights of two trays across the inner side of the angle formed by them, between or in the lower and upper spaces where two hooks are used.

"In setting up this Fence two trays are put together forming an acute angle, so that the hooks will pass around the uprights, when the trays are to be straightened out until the clamp or hook (D) binds them firmly together, forming an obtuse angle. This angle may be more or less, to give a greater or less degree of strength, as required, and may be regulated by the length of the hook used, or the distance the uprights are placed from the ends of the rails. When a number of these trays are then put together in a zig-zag line they form a very strong fence, binding each other from end to end and may be set up on the natural surface of the ground without the necessity of any posts or holes, cross-sills or braces from the ground, and may be set up or taken down with great ease and rapidity.

"The cut (O) represents the form of the panel or tray, when the trays are made out of boards. The end uprights or battens are reversed to form two sets of panels. The boards project the same.

"The hook (D) is made of the same kind of lumber with the fence, from three to six inches wide and two feet long with two large nails (H) driven into the ends to prevent them from splitting off.—This makes a very cheap and strong hook. The hook (F) represents a button hook, for putting on where a gate is desired with a large nail (H) driven into one end; a bolt (K) in the other end about five inches from the hook and sawed off at (M) to allow it to unbutton; the pin (L) is inserted into the button *slanting*, to key the button in place.—When the button hook is used put two common hooks on adjoining panels at the lower and upper spaces. It is also necessary to put on two hooks in exposed places where the stake (P) can be driven down between the hook and fence.

"The Wire Fence (R) is made on the same principle. The rails (G) and uprights are made of 2 by 3 plank and bolted together, and wires (E) placed on as desired. This makes a very strong and durable fence.

"The lower cut represents the ground plan when set up.

"This fence, made of lumber worth $1 per 100 feet, will cost only from 50 to 60 cts. per rod."

THERMOMETER AND ISOTHERMALS.

THE determination of climatic temperature of places by the Thermometer, was spoken of in a previous paper. I come now to one development of this application by *Isothermals*.

These are lines drawn on maps through places which have the same temperature, as, for instance, the average temperature of the four seasons of the year. For the meaning of isothermals is "lines of equal heat." Without the use of the thermometer in ascertaining the temperature of places, isothermals could not be drawn.

Several things go to form the climate of places, as their latitude and position, their elevation above the sea, proximity to the ocean or large and deep bodies of water, supply of rain, currents in the atmosphere, and the like. The thermometer shows the influence of most of these.

To indicate the Climatology of a country in this manner, is in fact to spread it before the eye on a map or picture of easy consideration and self-impression on the mind.

It has long been known that places on our Atlantic coast are much colder above thirty degrees of latitude than on the same parallels in Europe, or that the mean or average heat of the year is much higher on the European shore of the Atlantic than on the northern American. The Pilgrim Fathers, who had come from about the latitude 50° in England, found a much colder climate about Plymouth rock in latitude 42° than they had before known. The thermometer has settled a multitude of similar cases, and been of high importance in Physical Geography.

Stockholm, in Sweden, lies in Lat. 59° 20 N., and has an average or mean annual temperature of 42° 39; but Eastport, Me., in Lat. 42° 44 has mean temperature 42° 44. The line from Stockholm across the Atlantic to Eastport would be the isothermal, curving northward across the ocean. Here are nearly 17 degrees of latitude between the two places. Edinburgh, Scotland, Lat. 60° nearly, has mean temperature of 47° 7, while Salem, Mass., Lat. 42° 31, has annual mean heat of only 48° 7, or only one degree higher temperature for 17½ degrees of latitude. Washington, D. C., Lat. 38° 53, has mean heat of 56° 5, which is very near that of Nantes, in France, in Lat. 47° 13, near the mouth of the Loire, a difference of 11½ degrees in latitude.

Again: the temperature of the west side of the Pacific, in China, is very near that of the same parallels on our Atlantic shore. Thus, at Fort Mc Henry, Md., Lat. 39° 17, the average heat is 55° 6, while at Pekin, China, Lat. 38° 53, the mean temperature is 55° 5.

Again: the heat on the west side of North America, along the Pacific, is much higher than on the east side of the United States, and much nearer that of Europe on the eastern shore of the Atlantic. Thus, the mean temperature of London, Lat. 51½° about, is very near 51°, while that of Fort Steilacoom on Puget's Sound, Lat. 47° about, is 50° 6; and that of Fort Columbus, in the harbor of New York, Lat. 40° 42, is 51° 7. So, the mean heat of Benicia, Cal., Lat. 38° 03, is 56° 3, and this is the same as that of Washington, D. C., while that of Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri, in Kansas, Lat. 39° 21, is 57° 3.

To trace another Isothermal: take the temperature at 50°, at Land's End, Ireland, Lat. 51°, which crosses in a zigzag course across the Atlantic to Fort Adams, R. I., in Lat. 41° 29, a difference of 9½ degrees of latitude.

If we pass to Lat. 35 to 40 S. of the Atlantic, there are two Isothermals, according to the chart of Lieut. MAURY, five degrees distant, and nearly on the same two parallels of latitude across that ocean. But the isothermal, of temperature 60°, passes from Lat. 10° S. on the coast of Africa across the Atlantic to South America at Lat. 22° S. at a point 12° south of that started from.

These few instances are enough to illustrate the importance and beauty of isothermal lines, and their graphic exhibition of temperature in Climatology, both on the ocean and on the land.

This method was proposed by the distinguished author of *Cosmos*, VON HUMBOLDT, as early as 1828, and the value of such graphic delineations of the distribution of caloric then presented is undisputed. The subject has been prosecuted by others, and most extensively by Prof. Dovè at Berlin in his great series of isothermal charts. In our own country these charts, extending over the United States, are first found in the late work published by Government, "The Army Meteorological Register." C. D.

TO IMPROVE FARM-YARD FOWLS.

EVERY one is aware, or should be, of the fact that, generally speaking, the fowls commonly kept by our farmers are but poor specimens of the race—are small in size and usually but indifferent layers. Neither the inferiority in their size, nor their poor egg-laying qualities are, however, to be attributed to the kind of food they receive, for farmer's fowls generally fare pretty well, particularly in threshing time, nor to any want of attention; but to the fact that in very many cases the stock is never changed, or if changed at all, so seldom as

to be productive of no good results. Thousands of miserable, weak-minded people, idiots, and lunatics, attest the evil results of marrying between blood relations. If such be the consequences resulting from "breeding-in-and-in," as it is generally termed, from the human family, will not the same principle apply to fowls? Will not a stock of fowls, let us ask, degenerate from year to year, both in size and other good qualities, if no additions from other varieties or yards are made? Look to the chicken commonly called "dung-hill fowl," a variety more generally had than any other kind in this country, and which, although small and comparatively of little value, were doubtless, at one time, in every respect equal to those for which such enormous and unwarrantable prices have been paid.

The reason of this degeneracy is very easily explained. The idea of improving the breed of fowls rarely visits a farmer's mind; and in the multiplicity of duties resting upon him, he does not think it a matter of sufficient importance to change cocks with his neighbors, or to kill off his old ones and purchase new. This is a great error, as we shall endeavor to show by facts gathered from experience.

We are convinced, from our own experience and observation, that by changing the plan of breeding chickens we can materially improve them in some essential particulars, by procuring the very best cocks that can be found, paying attention to size, form and vigor only—color being a secondary consideration. Then, by selecting the finest formed and largest pullets of the previous season, cross them with selected cocks, provide comfortable quarters for them during the cold weather, and feed them well with *animal* and other good, substantial food, and, our word for it, you wil receive in return a fair supply of eggs. None of the young cocks should be retained; they should either be sent to market or "to pot." The old cocks should be displaced and an entire new supply of young ones procured, of the best size and form that can be purchased. To give them size at once we would advise a cross with the Dorking, or any of the Asiatic tribes, the Brahma or Cochin for instance. Some of the finest fowls we have seen were a cross of Dominique on the Cochin and Brahma. To keep up vigor and stamina, we would recommend an occasional cross, with large sized Game cocks. By pursuing this system every spring, or, at least, every other spring, the progeny would attain a size superior to their progenitors. Their constitution and laying qualities would certainly be much better.

The third year the chickens will not only be greatly improved in size and appearance, but in the quantity of eggs from the same number of hens. This plan pursued, or even that of selecting the largest and most vigorous cocks of the common "dung-hill," we cannot but commend to our farmers generally, as the fowls will be one-half larger, and cost no more food or trouble to keep them, and when sent to market they will command a much better price.

It is hardly necessary to draw the attention of breeders generally, to the fact—how few animals *maintain* their superiority for a series of years in any particular variety. All being of the same blood their offspring are puny, weakly, and highly susceptible to disease. This can only be obviated by procuring the cock birds from another strain or family, and if well selected, there is little fear but there will be ample cause for self-congratulation as to their produce.

If we were asked to give what we consider the points of excellence desirable in fowls, we should say—they should have a small head, beautifully poised upon a taper neck, which sweeps in a gracefully expanding line to the broad shoulders. The breast must be very full, round and prominent, like that of the Durham cow, broad and well developed in the cock; the body square, the legs light-colored and small. They should be of good size, quick of growth, hardy, meaty, and fit for the table at an early age; abundant layers, especially in winter, good mothers, and quiet in their habits and disposition.

The chicken cocks, or cockerels, will be first ready for killing, and they should all be killed during the first season; then the extra or old cocks, and lastly the pullets, which are not required to recruit the stock. The old hens should be killed before they are three, or, at the furthest, in their third year, as after that they are nearly worthless. C. N. BEMENT.

Rochester, March, 1857.

THE POTATO ROT.

WHEN the Potato Rot fell upon us, in 1845, I went to my "patch" and commenced a series of observations and experiments to ascertain the cause of it, and continued them in after years as opportunity offered. In watching the progress of the "disease," I noticed that the *top of the vines appeared to be first affected.* The leaves turned brown, and soon dropped from the stems. Very soon afterwards the stems also died. On examining the withered stems, I found them in the incipient stages of decay. On *chewing* them discovered that the juice contained a very nauseous and disagreeable *acid*, the scent of which was like that of a rotten potato.

On digging the potatoes I noticed that those which lay nearest the surface of the ground were much the most affected by the "rot." Of those deeply imbedded, but few, comparatively, were rotten. Subsequent observations corroborated those first made, and in all cases where my potatoes were rotted I found that the earth, over and about them, was too warm to stand upon more than 10 to 15 minutes at a time during the hottest part of the season. Well knowing that *excessive heat* oftentimes did great damage in "*rusting*" wheat, in smutting corn, &c., &c., I soon came to the conclusion that the potato rot was owing to the same cause,—that the tender leaves and stems of the tops of the vines were *over-heated* just at that critical time of their growth when the juice was being elaborated, and *descending* to swell out the tubers; which, as in the cases of other roots, increase in size with remarkable rapidity in the latter part of the season, and that the heat of the sun, (as is oftentimes the case with *clover* and *buckwheat*,) killed the tops, and *acidified* the juices. The circulation of these juices into the tubers caused a predisposition to decay, and if the extreme heat continued three or more days, an actual decay of the tubers *before* they were taken from the ground took place.

The *predisposition* and actual decay were *in proportion* to the degree and continuation of the heat, and the rapidity of the growth of the tops. Where the potato tops were less exposed to the heat there was less "rot" and less *predisposition* to it, after the tubers were gathered. As a proof of this, (in addition to my own observations,) one of my neighbors planted potatoes late in the season, in his cornfield where there were failures in the corn hills, the same year when the potatoes in this part of the country were most badly rotted, and the produce was sound, and without rot. Another neighbor planted his "patch" on the south side of his field, where the potatoes were *shaded* by an adjoining forest; and his potatoes were nearly free from the "*rot*" before and after digging. In another instance, I witnessed a man digging his potatoes from one of the most "weedy" patches I ever saw. So tall, large and dense were the weeds that, when digging, the man could not be seen at a greater distance than three or four rods. The potatoes appeared to be all sound and good. Excessive heat, I have no doubt, is the *immediate* cause of the "disease." In a future paper I may attempt to show the *remote* causes of that *immediate* cause.

Feb. 20, 1857. 'HEL.

ASHES AS A MANURE.

EDS. RURAL:—Facts in agriculture, though of seeming insignificance, are always interesting and valuable. I do not suppose that I have any of much importance to offer, yet thinking light wanted on the use of ashes as a manure, I would state a few items of my experience.

It is well known that ashes are of much benefit to corn—applied as a hill-dressing about the time of the first hoeing—enabling it to get a better start in the early part of the season, and thus preparing it better to withstand the drouth of midsummer. The past summer we noticed a material difference in the yield of corn fields, dressed and undressed, which could only be attributed to this fact. Some mix plaster with the ashes, others salt and plaster,—we have made use generally of ashes applying about two tablespoonfulls to each hill.—It is a course we would recommend to all corn growers in this section,—but it should be remembered that corn needs manure beside, and we cannot well get too much of it.

For potatoes, ashes form a valuable fertilizer.—The past season, we plowed up a portion of loamy sward ground, some of which had been dressed with ashes in considerable quantity—perhaps at the rate of twenty-five bushels per acre. They had been spread there at different times the season previous, as taken from the kitchen stove, to the manifest improvement of the meadow—but their influence on the potatoes, planted this season, was far more striking. Where no ashes had been applied, the growth of the vines was small and much retarded by the drouth—the soil itself seemed less mellow and friable—while the ashed part gave a luxuriant growth of vines, and the potatoes were more than double in size and quantity than those on the unashed. Plaster, it is well known, is a valuable top-dressing for potato vines—but I find ashes equally good applied in the same manner.

The application of muck and ashes, plowed in for barley, at the rate of a load of the former to a bushel of the latter, twenty to the acre, has been tried, but the composite character of the dressing, prevents my saying in what proportion to each the credit of a better growth is due. Other experiments in field, garden and orchard, have been made, but without particular note of effect and result, which would enable me to speak definitely upon them. I hope those of your farmer readers who can give facts showing the effect of ashes, either beneficial or otherwise, as an application to different crops and soils, will not fail to do so through the RURAL. A YOUNG FARMER.

Niagara, Co., N. Y., 1857.

SELECTION OF SEED CORN.

EDS. RURAL:—On account of the great amount of seed corn that failed to grow the last season, there has been much talk among farmers and considerable discussion in the public journals on the subject. It is the opinion of many, that the cause of the failure was the extreme cold weather of last winter. If so, we may expect a like failure the present year, as the winter has been, at least, equally cold.

It is my opinion, that the cold had something to do with the failure; but I am satisfied that the condition of the corn had much more. I do not think that any amount of freezing will injure corn for seed, if it is *sufficiently dry before cold weather commences.* This opinion is formed, not only upon my own experience and observation, but on the best information I can obtain from others.

In order that corn may be fit to endure the extreme cold of our winters, it should be selected by the middle of October, (certainly before the first of November,) braided, and hung up where the air can circulate freely, so that it may become perfectly dry before cold, freezing weather sets in. I have followed this course for the last seven years, and have never failed to have my corn come in any weather or season, when I have planted seed of my own selection. In the meantime, I have bought seed corn a number of times, for the purpose of changing seed, and have never bought any yet but what some failed to grow.

Many farmers depend on selecting their corn from the crib when they plant, and this will, under very favorable circumstances, answer the purpose, but as a general thing, should not be practiced.—No labor pays better than that bestowed on the selection and care of seed corn, if done in time.

J. F. OVENSHIRE.

Athens, Bradford Co., Pa., Feb. 18th, 1857.

THE PEANUT.—Will you, or some of your numerous correspondents, inform me what is the best soil, mode of cultivation, &c., for the peanut, and oblige a subscriber to the RURAL?—C. S. C., *Hyattsville, Ohio*, 1857.

REMARKS.—The best soil is a loam—one not very heavy, nor yet what would be termed light—and of medium fertility. If the soil be too rich, the tendency of the plant is to the production of vine at the expense of the fruit. What is commonly called fair corn land will produce a good crop.—EDS.

Inquiries and Answers.

BLACK AND YELLOW LOCUST.

EDS. RURAL:—Will you please to inform me through the RURAL, what the difference is between the Black and Yellow Locust, and which is the best kind to raise on these prairies for shade and timber?—N. HAMILTON, *Farmersburg, Iowa.*

THE Yellow Locust is the variety most frequently found west of the Alleghany Mountains. In the scale of value it stands second—the Red variety being considered superior—while the Black, by common consent, we believe, occupies the third position. In addition to the kinds enumerated, there are the Green and White, the latter being considered the least valuable of all. It is estimated that posts of the Red variety, perfectly seasoned before being put in the ground, will last double the time of the White, while the latter has about the same advantage over the Black. BROWNE, in his *Trees of America*, says that in these three kinds "the varieties are supposed to be owing entirely to the soil and situations in which they grow, being caused in a similar manner as the various colors of the flowers of the hydrangea, which depend on the nature of the earth in which they are planted, and even on the color of the water with which they are irrigated." We should be pleased to hear from such of our readers as have experimented with the different varieties of this tree, and can impart information as to the value of each, both for fencing and shade.—EDS.

LARGE VS. SMALL POTATOES FOR SEED.

EDS. RURAL:—It is not time for planting potatoes, but I would like to write a little, or ask a few questions, about seed potatoes, &c. Will some of your correspondents give me their experience on using large or small potatoes for seed. Last spring in planting my potatoes I cut them in small pieces and put two eyes in a hill, with the exception of one row through the field. In this I put a large potato (with probably ten or twelve eyes in each,) in each hill, and when they were dug could see no difference in the light or heavy seeding. They were of the "flesh-colored" variety and good fair size.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Barry, Mich., Feb.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—"Large *vs.* Small Potatoes for Seed" is a question unrivalled in interest by any except perhaps the transmutation of wheat. Each side has ardent and capable advocates, while both sides claim to be *right.* We doubt whether a test sufficiently practical has been made to give a decision that would stand as a finality.—EDS.

COAL ASHES AS A MANURE.

EDS. RURAL:—Please to inform us through your paper if fossil coal ashes are good for any purpose, and if so, for what are they best adapted? By so doing you will oblige—CONSUMERS OF COAL, *Phelps, N. Y.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—Coal ashes possess a certain degree of fertilizing properties, though not enough to guarantee sufficient returns for an expenditure of much money or labor in their collection. According to analysis they contain only from 4 to 8 per cent. available matter. Those possessing ashes of this kind, however, should not allow them to go to waste, but make them an ingredient of the compost heap or scatter them broadcast over the fields. The action of coal ashes upon the soil, we are inclined to believe, is almost purely of a mechanical nature, in rendering it porous and consequently increasing its powers of absorption. In England they are saved, mixed with guano and sulphate of lime, thus giving greater bulk to these concentrated manures and enabling them to be more evenly scattered over the soil when the drill is used as a means of application.—EDS.

LOSS OF CUD.—Can you or any of your correspondents tell what will give to cattle a end after having lost it?—J. C., *York, Feb.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—The cessation of rumination is more a symptom of disease than a disease itself.—Most inflammatory complaints are connected with it, and it often arises from debility. We must first know the cause and then adapt the mode of treatment to the particular requirements of the case.—A dose of physic with a small portion of aromatic medicine, will be necessary if a fever is detected; a tonic and alterative if general debility be indicated. An ounce of carraway and half an ounce of ginger are recommended by YOUATT as the best aromatics that can be employed; as a tonic and alterative, four ounces of epsom salts, two of powdered gentian and half an ounce of ginger should be given. If any of our correspondents have had experience in this matter we should be pleased to hear from them.—EDS.

BEARDED WHEAT GRASS.—We send you a specimen of grain found in our wheat last year. It is unknown to us. Can you tell what it is?—J. CULLINGS, *York, Feb.* 23, 1857.

REMARKS.—The sample sent is "Bearded Wheat Grass," or "Dog Couch Grass" of England. It is said by SINCLAIR to be a grass of considerable value, "because it affords herbage early in spring." According to his details it yields, "at the time of plowing," when grown on "sandy loam, 12,251 pounds to the acre." It would be considered an inferior grass for hay or pasturage in our country.—EDS.

PLASTER ON CLOVER FOR SEED.—When shall we sow plaster on clover designed for seed? My experience in raising clover for seed is simply this: In 1854 I had a piece of clover and sowed on plaster about the middle of May; harvested about the first of August; product was a rather light crop. The spring of 1855 I plastered it again, and kept my sheep on it until the middle of May, then harvested as previously; product as before. In the spring of 1856 I had a piece of clover; did not sow any plaster, and product was better, notwithstanding the dry season. This was the large kind of clover. What little experience I have had in raising clover seed, I never have been able to get a crop of hay and one of seed in one season, as friend "I. L. S." describes; and it is acknowledged by seed-dealers, I believe, that all clover which will produce a crop of hay and then a crop of seed must be the small variety. The large pea vine will not do it. With us I contend there are but two kinds, the large and the small; but when you get into our Eastern cities, a variety will be found coming from Pennsylvania that is still smaller than ours, and is called the medium seed.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Marion, N. Y.*, 1857.

Rural Notes and Items.

SALE OF FINE STOCK.—Mr. S. P. CHAPMAN, Mount Pleasant Farm, Clockville, Madison Co., N. Y., has recently made several sales of fine animals. The first we notice is a fine lot of *Berkshires*, two sows and a boar, to W. W. FRANKLIN and R. G. DUN, of Wahoo, Madison Co., Ohio. These were excellent specimens of the breed, and the sows were in the two lots that won the first and second prizes at the Fair of the N. Y. State Ag. Society in 1855. Mr. C. has sold his celebrated prize bull "Halton" to W. B. ROBERTS, Norristown, Penn.—Halton won the first prize at the show of the N. Y. State Ag'l Society, at Rochester, in 1851, and first prize at the Madison Co. Fair same year—the first prize at the State Show held at Utica, in 1852, and the Diploma at the State Show held at Elmira, in 1855. Mr. C. K. WARD, of Le Roy, Genesee Co., N. Y., has lately purchased of Mr. C. a two-year-old heifer, "Fanny," (in calf to Halton,) and a yearling heifer, "Bright Eyes 5th," (in calf to Duke of Oxford.) Bright Eyes 5th was sired by Halton, out of the imported Bright Eyes 3d, by Early Derby, &c. She was considered by Mr. CHAPMAN as one of his best animals, and we learn a very high price was paid for her.

—In addition to the above, Mr. CHAPMAN has just sent out to JOHN C. GROOM, Circleville, Ohio, a trio of Brahma fowls, (bred from those illustrated in the RURAL some time since, and which were winners of the first prize at the State Poultry Show held at Utica,) and also a pair of Pheasant Colored Chittagongs. [We presume the Pheasant-colored Chittagong is the same fowl known in England, and mentioned in the recent edition of BEMENT'S "American Poulterer's Companion," as the "Partridge-colored Shanghai."] Some two years since Mr. C. *experimented* (and somewhat expensively) with sixteen different kinds of *pure bred fowls*, out of which he has selected the above, as the two best breeds.

SHORT-HORNS FOR CALIFORNIA.—We learn that Messrs. B. & C. S. HAINES, of Elizabeth, N. J., shipped several Short-horns to California by the steamer Illinois, which sailed on the 5th inst. The shipment comprises one 2 year old bull, one bull calf six months old, and two yearling heifers.—They were purchased by GEO. H. HOWARD, Esq., of San Francisco. The animals will be taken to the Isthmus by the Illinois, crossing which they will take the steamer on the Pacific—being from three to four weeks on the voyage. They were all bred by the Messrs. HAINES, but the two year old bull was owned jointly by them and J. MCGRAW, Jr., of Dryden, Tompkins Co., N. Y. This is probably the first shipment of Short-horns to California, and therefore specially worthy of being placed upon record.

AID TO AGRICULTURE IN ILLINOIS.—The Illinois Legislature has authorized the publication of 8,000 copies of the 2d volume of Transactions of the State Agricultural Society, and it is designed that the work shall be published and distributed so that the County Societies can have their copies to serve as premiums at their exhibitions next fall. The Legislature has also made an appropriation to the State Agricultural Society of $3,000 a year for two years. All which is commendable, and evinces that the Legislature of Prairiedom may be truly denominated "the assembled *wisdom* of the State."

THE TANSY, AND ITS VALUE.—M. De Morogues announces that this plant—dried—is excellent sheep food, and that, when fresh, it make capital litter for domestic animals. Its peculiar balsamic odor most effectually drives away fleas. A lapdog sleeping on a bed of fresh tansy, is immediately freed from these vermin. It should be renewed when the leaves are quite dry. This seems a better application of the plant than following the example of our grandmothers and making it into cakes.

GOOD YIELD OF BUCKWHEAT.—At a late meeting of the Board of Managers of the Monroe Co. Ag. Society, Mr. N. N. TREAT, of Mendon, incidentally made a statement which he will please excuse us for placing on record. He last year sowed 1¾ bushels of Buckwheat on an acre of ground, and harvested therefrom *sixty-nine bushels* of the best quality of breakfast cake material.—The seed was sown about the 20th of June, on a deep, rich, mucky soil.

DR. DADD, the Veterinary Surgeon and Author, of Boston, will accept our acknowledgments for a finely engraved Chart (enlarged from BLAINE) representing the Brain of the Horse. It comprises two illustrations—one of the "base of the brain, shewing its nerves," and the other representing "the arteries at the base of the brain." The average weight of the brain of the horse is given as two and a half pounds. Price of the Chart, $2.

BLACK HAWK STILL ERECT.—A late Boston paper states that the celebrated horse Black Hawk has been donated by its owner, DAVID HILL, to the "Boston Veterinary College." It has been prepared and articulated by Dr. DADD, of that city, and will be ready for inspection in the course of a few weeks. Mr. HILL'S donation is one of great value to this infant college, and will interest veterinary students and horsemen in general.

JOURNAL OF U. S. AG. SOCIETY.—We are indebted to Mr. President WILMER for a copy of the Journal of the U. S. Ag. Society for 1856, comprising its transactions for the year, list of officers, life and annual members, &c. It is a neat pamphlet volume of 269 pages, principally occupied with the report of the Fourth National Exhibition of the Society, held at Philadelphia in October last.

WINTERING BEES.—A short time since I read an article in the RURAL, on feeding Bees, by E. W. PHELPS, N. J. I would like to inquire of him through your columns his mode of treatment in wintering a stock of bees. Take as much pains as I will, I lose from thirty to fifty dollars worth of bees each winter. Good healthy swarms die, leaving from 25 lbs. to 75 lbs. of honey in each hive.—If E. W. PHELPS, or any other person, will offer some practical suggestions they will be highly acceptable.—A CONSTANT READER, *Lee, Mass.*

DECREASE OF HORSES IN OHIO.—It appears by the Assessors' returns made to the Ohio State Auditor's Office, that horses are annually decreasing in that State. In 1854 there were 632,598. In 1855 there were 624,746. In 1856 the number is 621,443. Over 11,000 in three years. The N. Y. *Tribune* says:—"A very small portion has been brought to the New York market; probably not as many in the three years as in any one of the preceding years; and the number will be still smaller in proportion to those years in 1857, owing to the high prices of horses in the West. We suppose a portion of the decrease can be accounted for by the largely increased use of mules; but there must be a deeper cause than that, which we think we can explain. A few years ago, when railroads began to be extensively built in Ohio, it was a matter of common observation that it would 'ruin the stage business;' and as a matter of course destroy one of the farmer's most reliable markets for horses, and many determined at once to stop raising colts. Then came transportation of beef cattle by railroad, and a very great increase of price, and consequent conviction that raising and feeding bullocks was more profitable than raising colts and selling horses. The result has been the falling off in numbers noticed above, while at the same time there has been a great increase of prices. The value of the diminished number is set down at $5,000,000 more than the value of the whole before the decrease commenced."

POINTS IN A GOOD HORSE.—In purchasing a good horse, sight, wind, feet and limbs must be the uppermost objects of inquiry; for nine horses out of ten are defective in one of these particulars. First, then, examine his eyes, and do this before he comes out of the stable; see that they are perfectly clear and transparent, and that the pupils or apples of the eye are exactly alike in size and color. Next examine his pipes; if good and sound, on being nipped in the gullet, he will utter a sound like that from a bellows; but if his lungs are touched and he is broken winded, he will give vent to a dry, husky, short cough; look to his limbs also, and in passing your hands down his legs, if you find any unnatural protuberance, or puffiness, or if feeling first one leg then the other, you discover any difference between them, disease, more or less, is present; he may not be lame, but he is not clean upon his legs. If he is broad and full between the eyes, he may be depended on as a horse of good sense, and capable of being trained to almost anything. If you want a gentle horse, get one with more or less white upon him; many suppose that the particolored horses belonging to circuses, shows, &c., are selected for their oddity; but it is on account of their docility and gentleness; in fact, the more kindly you treat horses, the better you will be treated by them in return.—*Spirit of the Times.*

SOWING WHEAT IN WINTER.—The Detroit Tribune of the 28th ult., says Mr. Daniel Wolfe, living near Centerville, St. Josephs Co., commenced sowing spring wheat on Monday the 23d.

The Young Ruralist.

FARM LIFE.

"O FRIENDLY to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life, in rural pleasure passed!
Few know thy value and few taste thy sweets;
Though many boast thy favors, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own!"
[*Cowper.*

EDUCATION is by no means confined to schools. These are but rudimental and auxiliary to that training which is begun in the cradle and finished only at death. The nursery days of our life, and its business pursuits, have an important bearing upon the formation of character. What a man does, as well as what he studies in books, educates him. The scenes amid which his boyhood is passed, out of school, the objects which occupy his thoughts, the problems he daily solves in earning his bread, quite as much shape character as the scenes and problems of the school-room. Agriculture is the largest and most important of all our material interests, the occupation which the largest portion of our countrymen are born. It is a matter of interest to consider the bearing of this pursuit upon the characters of those who are engaged in it.

There are those who consider this menial occupation—degrading to the body by the toil which it imposes, and belittling to the mind by the attention it requires to the minute details of its business. They regard its implements as the badges of servility, and look with disdain upon the plowboy's lot. They deprecate the influence of farm life upon social and mental culture, and look upon the rustic man as a type of boorishness and ignorance. They think it mainly a business for brute muscles, where mind can achieve no conquests, and where skillful labor finds a poor reward. They think the way of the man of genius is inevitably hedged up upon the farm, that there is no heroic work to be performed, no laurels to be won. If he would do deeds worthy of his manhood, gain wealth, gain honor, make himself a name that will live, he must turn to nobler occupations.

If those who are strangers to the farm alone cherished this view, we could abide it in silence. But when farmers themselves admit this impeachment of their calling, and the pestilence of this heresy finds its way to our firesides, and makes our sons and daughters discontented with our rural homes, it is time to speak out. If comparisons must be made, which are invidious, the shadows shall not all fall upon the farmer's lot. It is time that other callings should be stripped of that romance in which they are vailed, and that the sons of the farm should know what they have in prospect when they turn their backs upon the homes of their youth. It is meet that they should better understand the blessings of their lot, its capacities for improvement, and its superiority to all other occupations. We would arrest that feeling of disquiet which keeps so large a part of our rural population perpetually longing for new fields of enterprise. We would have them settled, at least a portion of them, in the old parish, and bend all their energies to the improvement and adornment of their homes.—*Rev. William Clift.*

Orchard and Garden.

NEW NATIVE FRUITS.

THE Committee of the American Pomological Society on *Native Fruits*, have just submitted their first *Intermediate Report* to the President. To the Chairman, W. D. BRINCKLE, M. D., we are indebted for an early copy. As is stated in this Report, a correct estimate of the merits of a new fruit, examined for the first time, is no easy task, and due allowance must be made for the difficulty of ascertaining the precise period when a new fruit has arrived at its full maturity. But, as the chances are greatly in favor of its not being examined at the proper time, its excellence will be more likely to be underrated than the reverse. On this account some varieties may be rejected as worthless that deserve a better fate. We give our readers, in a condensed form, the substance of this Report.

RASPBERRIES.

THE CATAWISSA RASPBERRY is *ever-bearing*. It was examined on the 7th of September last, and at that time was loaded with blossoms, ripe fruit, and unripe berries in all their intermediate stages. It is hardy, having withstood the severe cold of last winter, and of "*very good*" quality. This fruit originated in Catawissa, Pennsylvania.

PEACHES.

THE TITUS PEACH, originated in Philadelphia. It is of "*best*" quality, and large size. Ripe from the middle to last of September.

GRAPES.

THE REBECCA GRAPE is a delicious new variety, that originated in Hudson, N. Y. We shall give a full description of this grape hereafter.

THE WILMINGTON GRAPE is a seedling supposed to have originated in Wilmington, Delaware. It is yellowish green in color, and of a sweet pleasant flavor. Ripe last of September. Quality, "*best*."

THE CANADIAN CHIEF is a variety supposed by some of the Committee to be the *White Sweetwater*. Other members considered it a seedling. It is said to have originated at Hamilton, C. W.

THE ARCHER GRAPE is a Philadelphia Seedling. It is a green grape, of medium size, and the flavor sweet and pleasant. Ripe in November.

APPLES.

THE MEISTER APPLE is a native of Berks county, Pennsylvania. It is small, but the flesh is tender, and the flavor sprightly and pleasant. Quality, "*very good*."

THE CHRISTIANA APPLE originated near Wilmington, Delaware. It is of medium size, the flesh of fine texture and juicy, and the flavor pleasant and sprightly. Ripe in November.

PEARS.

THE RITTER PEAR was received by the Committee from LOUIS RITTER, of Reading, Pennsylvania. This variety resembles the *Seckel*, is of fine texture, melting and buttery, with Seckel flavor. Ripe middle of October. The Committee think this may prove to be the Seckel, though it appears to differ from it in the time of ripening, the length of the stem, and the shape of the tree.

THE DAVIS PEAR is a seedless variety from Delaware county, Pennsylvania. The flesh is buttery, but gritty around the core.

THE FRANKFORD PEAR originated near Frankford, Philadelphia. It is of fine texture and buttery, and exceedingly rich, with a delicious aroma. Ripe in November,—quality, best. The Committee say this new native pear is a decided acquisition, and as soon as its value becomes known to the pomological community, it will be extensively cultivated.

THE WILMINGTON PEAR is a seedling of the *Passe Colmar*, raised by Dr. BRINCKLE, of Philadelphia. The specimens examined were grown on quince. It proved of fine texture, melting and buttery, and of a rich saccharine flavor, with the delicious aroma of the Passe Colmar. Ripe first of October.

THE ONTARIO PEAR is a seedling of the *Canandaigua*, raised by W. T. SMITH, of Geneva. It bears considerable resemblance to the Washington. In color it is of a greenish yellow, the flesh of fine texture and buttery, and the flavor sugary and rich. Quality, "*very good*." Ripe last of Sept.

THE HUNTINGTON PEAR was found growing in the woods near New Rochelle, N. Y., and while small, was taken up by the late JAS. HUNTINGTON, Esq., and planted in front of his residence, at New Rochelle. This tree now produces fruit of excellent quality. It is of a yellowish color, with russet dots, and not unfrequently a red cheek. The flesh is of fine texture and buttery, and the flavor slightly vinous, with a delicate aroma. Quality "*very good*." Ripe middle of September.

THE CHURCH PEAR is also said to be a seedling of New Rochelle, N. Y. The original tree is thought to be nearly a hundred years old, and now bears from fourteen to twenty bushels of fruit annually. It is vigorous and healthy, and the trunk, two feet above the ground is some six feet in circumference. The fruit is of greenish yellow, russeted at the base and crown. The flesh is of fine texture and buttery, and the flavor mild and pleasant. Quality, "*very good*." Commences ripening about the middle of July, and continues in season until the end of September. The Clark Pear, the Bergamot, of Dr. BLOODGOOD, of Flushing, the Autumn Bergamot, and some others, are thought by some to be synonomous, with the Church, of New Rochelle.

THE PARSONAGE PEAR is another seedling of New Rochelle. Flesh, somewhat granular in texture and buttery, and flavor vinous. Quality, "*good*." Ripe last September.

THE SHELDON PEAR, fine specimens of which were sent to the Committee by ALBERT BRESEE, of Hubbardton, Vermont, is of large size, usually 3½ inches long. The flesh is rather coarse in texture, and buttery; the flavor somewhat like the Bartlett, but sweeter. Quality, "*very good*." Ripe about first of October. The tree on which these pears grew is supposed to be the original tree planted about 1818, at Seedbury, Vermont.

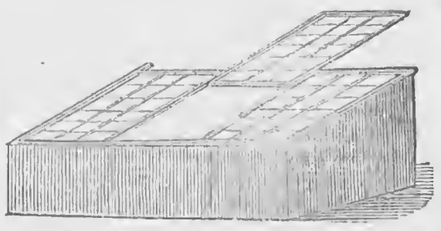
WATERMELONS.

THE CLARENDON SOUTER, RAVENSCROFT, and BRADFORD, the Committee state are unquestionably equal in quality to the celebrated *Mountain Sweet*, which of late has become deteriorated by mixing with other varieties.

ODELL'S LARGE WHITE, though not equal in some respects to the four preceding, will, on account of its size and productiveness, become a profitable and desirable variety for market purposes. The seed of these were obtained from the interior of South Carolina, by one of the members of the Committee.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

WE have been for a few weeks awaiting sufficient space in this department to commence a series of short articles on the *Vegetable Garden*. A number of inquiries, however, warns us to delay no longer. In order to answer these questions, at once, we shall have to pursue a somewhat different course than at first designed. These articles we shall endeavor to make short, plain and practical. We are glad to perceive an increasing interest on this subject. Every thriving farmer should have a good vegetable garden. It will furnish the necessaries for good living—may we not say the luxuries of life—without cost and without price. What a glorious dinner can the farmer's wife serve up, if she has good garden at command. Lettuce, asparagus, green peas, sweet corn, beets, strawberries, raspberries, &c., leave but little for a hungry man to wish for.



MAKING A HOT-BED.—This is the first work in the garden, and in our cold, backward springs, a hot-bed is almost essential to a good garden, for the purpose of starting celery, tomatoes, and other plants. Lettuce, radishes and cucumbers, also, require hot-bed culture to bring them to perfection early. Select a dry, sheltered and warm place for the *hot-bed*. If there is the least danger that water will lay, a good drain must be dug that will effectually carry off the surface-water. If it is not protected from the north and west winds by buildings, a temporary tight fence must be built that will afford such protection. The bed should face the south and south-east. COWPER, the poet, understood this subject, and thus describes the operation of the gardener:

> "Warily, therefore, and with prudent heed,
> He seeks a favored spot: that where he builds
> The agglomerated pile his frame may front
> The sun's meridian disk, and at the back
> Enjoy close shelter, wall, or reeds, or hedge,
> Impervious to the wind."

The frame shown in the engraving may be of any size to suit the wants or fancy of the builder, but 12 feet long by 5 feet wide is a very good size for family use. This frame should be made of 1½ or 2 inch plank, and may be nailed to posts in the corners. The back of the frame should be about two feet high, and the front about fourteen inches. A frame of the size mentioned will require four sashes, three feet wide. These are somewhat similar to window sash, but have no cross-bars, the upper panes of glass over-lapping the lower, so as to shed the rain.

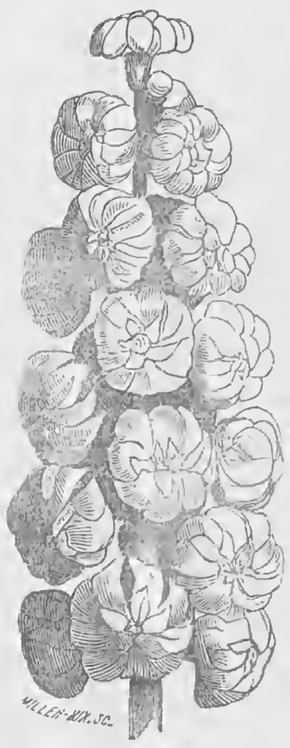
The best material for producing heat is fresh manure from the horse stable. This should be thrown into a pile and allowed to heat, under cover if possible, about a week, when it is ready for use. Now dig a pit about eighteen inches deep, and a foot larger than the frame each way. Fill this pit with the manure you have prepared, and continue to put on the manure evenly until you have it raised up about two feet above the natural surface of the ground, which will give 3½ feet of manure.—Care should be taken to put the manure on evenly, and have it well packed down, by beating it with the back of the fork. Rake down the edges carefully, so that they will present a nice, even appearance. The frame and glass should now be put on, and be kept close for a day or two.—After this it will be necessary to open the sash a little during the middle of the day for a couple of days to allow the steam to escape. About six inches of good, mellow, warm soil, must now be put inside the frame, and all closed up for a day or two, until the earth becomes warm. Examine occasionally, and if the heat appears too great, open the sash a little on the back side. It is now ready for the seed; but as we have laid out already a good week's work, we will resume this subject again in the next number. Those who wish to raise cucumbers, radishes, tomato plants, &c. should have two frames, of half the size described, or a division in the frame, as the cucumbers will require so much heat as to injure other plants.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

As the Spring approaches—the season of singing birds, of buds and blossoms—we shall give especial attention to the most interesting and beautiful department of Horticulture, the *Flower Garden*. At the commencement we would urge the necessity of thoroughness in all the operations—no half-way work, to save trouble, will ever produce satisfactory results. The ground must be thoroughly and deeply pulverized, by digging or plowing, and raking, well drained, so that stagnant water will not lay on or near the surface, and be enriched with well rotted stable manure. This course, simple as it is, is all the preparation needed to make almost any soil suitable for a flower garden. There are, however, some soils so excessively sandy that a little clay would be a great benefit, and others so stiff and clayey that a little sand worked in would be of advantage.

We have abundant materials for beautifying the garden. The ANNUALS blossom the same season that the seed is sown. BIENNIALS blossom the second summer, and then die. PERENNIALS blossom generally the second year after planting, and continue to grow and blossom from the same root, for many years. Part of this class are *Bulbous rooted*, like the Tulip, others *Herbaceous*. Then there are the DECIDUOUS SHRUBS, which are hard wooded, and shed their leaves every autumn, like the Rose, Althea, &c.; and the EVERGREEN TREES and SHRUBS, and the DECIDUOUS TREES. Of all these classes we shall treat in future numbers.—We will only present now two early flowering *Bulbous-rooted Flowers*.

THE HYACINTH.—The Hyacinth is one of the earliest and most beautiful and delightfully fragrant of our spring flowers, and hence it is looked for with great interest by all lovers of flowers.—There are many varieties, and all shades of color, both single and double. The bulbs should be planted in the fall in a good rich, deep, well-drained soil, in rows about nine inches apart, and the rows about one foot apart, and about three inches deep. The bulbs can be obtained from the nurseries and seed stores. They are principally imported from Harlaem, in Holland, a place long celebrated for raising bulbs for importation. In this way a fine bloom will be obtained the next spring.



DOUBLE HYACINTH.

In this connection we give an extract from an article sent us by an English gardener, who urges American amateurs to cultivate flowers, and particularly the Hyacinth, in the highest possible manner, so as to excel professional growers, and secure the prizes awarded by Horticultural Societies, as is done in England.

"Many persons suppose that to be a Florist an intimate knowledge of all the different branches of Horticulture is necessary, but this is a great mistake. Horticulture and Floriculture are two distinct branches. Any one may become a Florist if he but cultivate a few flowers thoroughly. In England the Florists who carry off the prizes at their Floral Exhibitions are principally mechanics, and those of other classes, who, having an innate love of flowers, devote whatever leisure they may have to their cultivation—and why should it not be so here? Horticulturists we feel assured would have no hesitation in assisting beginners with their experience and advice, and your RURAL NEW-YORKER will give all the information needed. The bed for the reception of the Hyacinth bulbs must be prepared in the following manner. Mark out the size of the bed, take out all the soil to the depth of two feet, and wheel it away. Then fill up the bed thus excavated with a compost composed of the following materials, viz.: one quarter turfy loam, one quarter rotten cow manure, one quarter leaf mold, or black soil from the woods, and one quarter lake or beach sand. Plant the bulbs in rows nine inches apart in the rows, leaving the top of the bulb about three inches below the surface, and one foot apart between the rows. The planting should be done in a dry time in November, then give the whole a light covering of leaves, which may be removed early in spring."

PERFECT TULIP.

THE TULIP.—There are many varieties of *Tulips*, and they are very showy and varied in their coloring. The earlier varieties blossom early in May, and by planting later sorts, the tulip bed can be kept gay during the whole of this month. The bulbs should be planted in the fall, about six inches apart in the bed, and covered with about 3½ inches of earth. The treatment required is the same as for Hyacinths. The Tulip and Hyacinth, and in fact all bulbs, delight in a rich sandy soil.

GRAFTING OLD APPLE TREES.

MR. EDITOR:—You will recollect, I presume, that at the last meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, some doubts (either honestly or otherwise,) were expressed as to the truth of my remarks on grafting old apple trees and their productiveness, &c. Now, it is due to myself and my friends, and of vast importance to the people of this and every other land, where the apple is cultivated, that this matter be thoroughly sifted and the truth brought to light; therefore, if you will give me space in your paper, I will try to do justice to the case, though I have had but little experience in writing on any subject. But to the facts, the incontrovertible facts. O. C. CHAPIN, has had some little experience in fruit and fruit trees, and has within a few years planted nearly one hundred acres to young trees, has picked from his old trees over a thousand barrels of smooth nice apples in a single season. He believes in grafting every old tree that will live seven years; says he has three-quarters of an acre of old trees grafted with the Baldwin that produced one hundred and twenty-five barrels the tenth year after being grafted. He had gathered a great deal of fruit from it before, but could not tell how much. Prefers grafting low, so that the fruit may be easily gathered—would rather avoid if possible the cutting off limbs over six inches in thickness, and knows that limbs of that size will heal over; has one ten-inch stalk grafted to the Baldwin which has borne several fine crops of fruit, and bids fair to last many years. He confidently believes that the old grafted trees of East Bloomfield will, for the next twenty-five years, bear more fruit and of better quality than will be gathered from all of the young trees that will be planted here in that time.

AUGUSTUS BOUGHTON paid $30 for grafting a portion of one of his old orchards to the Roxbury Russet. The trees had been most horribly haggled in cutting off large limbs to reduce the shade, so that wheat might grow under them, considering the trees worth little or nothing; but was finally persuaded to graft them. He says that on the third year after grafting nearly all of them bore some fruit, and a number of the largest and best produced from two to three barrels each. On the fourth year the product was seventy barrels of fruit of first quality. He has one orchard grafted to many sorts, but says the Russet has paid best, and the Northern Spy the least. He has one tree of the Canada Red, the body being a mere half shell, and was so when grafted twelve years ago, one half of the tree having been split down to the root and removed, after which the heart-wood of the standing part rotted away. He did not think it would do much, but as the grafters were operating on other trees close by, concluded, by their advice, to lay out three or four shillings on the rusty old shell, to see what it would do. On the fourth year it bore three barrels of choice fruit. It does not bear so well now, but has already given thirteen barrels of good fruit. A large, healthy tree standing close beyond, of the same variety, bore nine barrels on the tenth year and had before produced six barrels at a time. He has not lost a dozen of the old grafted trees, and thinks they will bear well many years. He does more at farming than fruit culture, but believes in grafting every old tree that has life enough to sustain a top seven years.

GUY COLLINS has forty-two trees grafted with the Rhode Island Greening and Roxbury Russet. They have done well, having bore some the third year; don't recollect how much, but on the eighth their product was two hundred barrels of fruit of first quality. One large, strong tree, grafted with the Roxbury Russet, gave at the same time twelve barrels and a half bushel over, besides the poor fruit, which he thinks would fill about two barrels. The barrels used on this occasion were larger than common apple barrels, being made for flour, and would hold nearly three bushels each, so that tree bore, on the eighth year, nearly, if not quite, forty bushels of apples. Would like to see the tree that was grafted when it was young, that has produced more fruit of the same sort at once than this, no matter what its age was when it produced the crop. He wants the tops brought down; don't believe in grafting very large limbs; but would do so rather than climb after the fruit. L. BARBER.

East Bloomfield, N. Y., Feb., 1857.

PUMPKINS, RADISHES, AND CABBAGE.

MR. EDITOR:—In your paper, I have several times seen what I call "Brags," about monster vegetables and animal productions. Now, if you please, allow me to have my "Brag" about Pumpkins, Radishes and Cabbage.

From a single *volunteer* seed which came up in my garden, without extra cultivation, I raised *twenty-seven* good ripe pumpkins, averaging some 16 pounds each; aggregating 428 pounds—besides some five or six small green ones. The length of the vine, and its branches, was about 500 feet.

At another time, I had a winter cabbage which weighed 34 pounds, including the stem and roots. The head, when fitted for boiling, measured 42 inches in circumference, and weighed 21 pounds.

I have also raised Radishes which weighed from nine to fifteen pounds each, including the top—without the top, one weighed 12 pounds. Another was 27 inches in circumference. All were *tender, sound* and *sweet*.—'HEL., *March*, 1857.

REMARKS.—*Tender* Radishes, weighing 12 pounds is pretty tough—the story, if not the radishes.

Inquiries and Answers.

TO SAVE INJURED APPLE TREES.—MR. EDITOR:—Please let me know through the RURAL what I will do to protect my apple trees from being lost, as the bark has been eaten off badly by calves within the last two weeks. The loss of them would be considerable damage, for there is a number of them with bark off. They are young trees ready to bear. If you will give me information through the next RURAL how to save them, you will much oblige a subscriber.—C. MORGAN, *Rockford, Ill.*

REMARKS.—We fear our correspondent is seeking advice most too late. Prevention in this case would have been much better than attempts at cure. Grafting wax, composed of bees-wax, tallow and rosin, melted together, would be good for covering the injured bark. Gum Shellac, dissolved in alcohol, is excellent for this purpose, and the gardener should always have a little prepared for use in case of accident. Fresh cow dung, secured to the tree by a cloth, is used and recommended by many. Pieces of bark may be secured in places where the old bark is entirely removed, as recommended in a previous number for trees injured by mice.

PRUNING YOUNG APPLE TREES.—Last fall I planted a lot of young apple trees, and they are very full of small limbs, or twigs. I want the editor of the RURAL, or some experienced correspondent to tell me whether it is best to prune them this spring, or wait until they have had a year's growth, and prune next spring?—GEORGE KRAFT, *Benton Ridge, Ohio.*

REMARKS.—Prune at once, and take off from one-third to one-half of the wood, according to the condition of the roots when planted. If the roots were much mutilated the pruning should be more severe. Before the weather gets warm give every tree a good mulching of coarse manure.

BEST HARDY RUNNING ROSES.—Will you please tell me in the RURAL which are the two best hardy Running Roses?—LADY READER, *Madison Co.*

REMARKS.—Queen of the Prairies and Baltimore Belle.

TO SAVE TREES FROM MICE.—I save my trees from being injured by mice in the following way. I mix soft cow dung, soap-suds and wood ashes, and with a small broom smear the trees with the mixture.—WM. YATES, *Morris, N. Y.*

Mechanic Arts, &c.

WRITING PAPER—THE BEST COLORS.

THOSE who are in the habit of writing during evening hours, under artificial light, are aware of the fact that the eyes often suffer from looking upon the white paper. A partial remedy for this evil is the use of light blue colored paper, which is manufactured in great abundance. All our artificial light—that of oil, gas, candles, and any common hydro-carbon—has a yellow tinge, which color excites the retina more than any other in the spectrum. As blue and yellow form a green color when combined—the most agreeable to the eye under bright lights—the benefit of light blue paper to write upon during night hours becomes apparent. The yellow rays of the artificial light strike upon the light blue paper, and mingling with the blue, reflect light green rays to the eyes. All paper, therefore, for writing upon under artificial light, should be of a very light blue color.

The writing paper to be employed by those who have inflamed and tender eyes under bright sunlight, instead of being colored blue, as we have seen recommended in some medical works, should be of a light green color, because the sun's rays are pure white, and such paper will reflect light green rays to the eye from the white solar rays falling upon it. Under no condition, however, should those who have strong and healthy eyes use any kind of paper but white. If writing in a room under bright sunlight they can tone the intensity of the rays with a white screen or other shade, and thus admit subdued white light. There are many persons, however, to whom light green paper would be of great benefit, and as very little writing paper of this color is manufactured—white and blue being the common kinds—we would suggest to our paper makers, the manufacture of more light green paper. It should take the place of that dirty yellow colored paper so commonly used in the manufacture of envelopes, &c. Common, thick, but well glazed smooth wrapping paper colored green might be economically employed by many persons. All that is required to produce this kind of paper is to mix some blue coloring agent with a proper yellow coloring agent.

The common extract of indigo sold by dealers in chemicals, and a yellow fustic liquor, will color paper a good light green. These two coloring agents, in proper proportions, may be mixed with the paper pulp in the "engine." To insure the action of the indigo, one ounce of the acetate of lead dissolved in warm water should be added when cold, to one pound of indigo, and the solution allowed to stand two or three hours before it is used.

We have no doubt but the foregoing suggestions, if carried out, will be the means of doing much good to a great number of persons.—*Sci. American.*

THE CABLE FOR THE ADRIATIC.—The strongest cable ever manufactured for a merchant vessel is now lying at one of the railway stations in this town. The makers of the cable are Messrs. Hingley & Sons, of Cradley and Netherton. It is intended for mooring the United States Mail steamship Adriatic in the Sloyne when she arrives, and is considered capable of holding her, large as she is, in the heaviest gale. The length of the cable is forty yards, and its weight per link is fifty pounds. In the process of proving one of the weakest links gave way at 97 tuns pressure, with a force that shook the building. A new link was substituted, and the cable withstood a strain of 105 tuns. Messrs. Hingley & Sons are making the cables for the Great Eastern, each link of which will weigh 70 pounds.—*Liverpool Tel.*

EXPERIMENT WITH BRICKS.—The papers contain an account of some experiments lately made on the comparative sustaining power of perforated bricks, and bricks of the ordinary kind. In each case, a pier of four courses of the bricks to be tested, was built in Roman cement, on the table of a powerful hydraulic press, and allowed at least twenty-four hours thoroughly to set. A light scale board was suspended to the safety valve lever of the press, on which there were placed successive weights, until the pier of bricks on the table of the press was crushed. The first experiment was made with good ordinary brick in a pier of eighteen inches square, built in four courses. This showed symptoms of falling with 110 tuns, and was crushed with 150 tuns. A pier of the same dimensions of perforated bricks began to crack with 270 tuns, and was crushed with 350 tuns.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

NOVEL INVENTION.—A Boston inventor has originated a new smoothing iron, of novel arrangement,—the principal idea of which relates to attaching to a smoothing iron, a vessel or receptacle containing alcohol, or other suitable burning fluid. This receptacle is constructed with a spout, into which the burning fluid is conducted by a wick, and heated by a flame properly applied thereto. This spout has attached to and communicating with it, a small tube, through an orifice in which, the gas or vapor thus generated is forced in a jet and ignited by coming in contact with the flame used for generating the gas, by which arrangement the flame is made to fall or strike against the hollow chamber of the iron, thereby producing the required heat necessary for the successful smoothing operation of the iron.—*Boston Journal.*

INCREASING LIGHT BY REVOLVING MIRRORS.—M. Gadillot, of Paris, proposes, through one of the papers in that city, a novel plan of multiplying light by means of innumerable small mirrors, arranged in a particular manner, in a multitude of frames bound together. This framing is made to rotate. In front of its central point is placed a bright burner, the reflection of which illuminates every mirror, and multiplies the light infinitely.—If between the burner and this system of mirrors a colored glass is interposed, the mirrors reflect the color. Where the light is not colored the reflecting power is said to be so great that a man may read by it at a kilometre's distance—about two-thirds of a mile—with great ease.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FRIENDSHIP.

[A REPLY to AMELIA'S poem entitled "Friendship," which appeared in the RURAL of Feb. 28th.]

If GOD has given wealth to thee,
Of friendship's strongest powers,
May He not give the same to others,
Through time's eternal hours?

Look down into thy lonely heart,
Mark well its strength and weakness,
Then traverse human nature's bounds,
And see if all is bleakness!

I too, neglect and trouble find,
But make this strange avowance,
That for the faults of human kind,
I've learned to make allowance!

Do not the laws of GOD remain,
Through time, unchanging never?
Trust in those laws, and hope,—for yet—
Friends may appear—true—ever!

S. J. W.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

MY first home was among the granite hills, the wild mountains and the lovely vales of New England, and did I trust to the distant yet distinct memories of childhood, I should say it was little short of another Eden. Dear, dear New England; not all the varied scenes of more than sixty years have left a fairer one upon the tablet of memory than that of my childhood's home. But I early bade adieu to that home and found a second, less beautiful and less loved than the one which memory treasures.

With all the thoughtless gayety of childhood, I took my leave of friends and set out, in the company of an emigrant party, to visit a married sister in the then far West—this State. Little did I dream of all the cares and griefs which should weigh down my bounding heart and repress my buoyant spirits ere I might again join that dear home circle.

In my first homesickness I consoled myself with the thought that I should soon return to hear the kindly voices of parents and the merry tones of brothers and sisters whom I missed so sadly. But months and years passed by and I forgot my homesickness. I married, and as time passed on found myself surrounded by a numerous family, looking up to me as "mother," and claiming of me all the care and anxiety incident to that endearing relation. As my family grew up to men and women, releasing me from care; my thoughts turned toward my early home with a longing to greet once more the friends of early years and look again upon the scenes of childhood.

So, one pleasant spring morning, I took leave of home for a brief absence and commenced retracing through cities, villages and cultivated fields the way, which, when first traveled, lay through an almost unbroken forest.

Again I was by the old hearthstone, again amid the haunts of childhood. The old house was there, the rocks and hills and streams were the same, but all else how changed! My parents whom I left in the prime of life now scarce remembered me as their daughter. A few grave, grey-headed men and women greeted me as sister or friend, but I could hardly recognize in them the merry, laughing companions of other days. I visited all the old play places of childhood, but tried in vain to recall the *feelings* of other days, and was fain to learn that the flowers of spring would not bud amid the frosts of autumn.

Among other places which I visited, was a favorite play ground where, with a little friend of my own age, I had spent many a happy hour. Two beautiful oak trees had grown upon the place, which it struck me must have sprung from acorns that we had used to play with. They seemed to have arisen to represent us, who, as children had played so often upon that spot. I had come back to look once more upon those early scenes but where was that loved friend? Was she like me still a wanderer upon the earth, bearing upon her brow the mark of many years, or had she passed away to a world where none ever grow old?

I could not bear to linger long upon a spot so linked to my saddened heart, and I took one long, last look of those time-hallowed scenes, and bade them farewell forever. CLARISSA.

Ontario Co., N. Y., 1857.

PATIENCE.

TAKE a lesson from that furze-bush, Æsop, whispered my better angel.

I was terribly ruffled: some insolent navvies had mimicked my hump, and made mouths at me; and, what was more, a pretty girl passing by at the moment saw them and me, and then laughed too. I only wished her the mumps.

Take a lesson from that old horse on the common, Æsop, again whispered my spiritual director.

Winter and summer, in biting cold and scorching heat, still that furze-bush holds on greenly, and seldom or never without a golden blossom somewhere hung about it. By night and day, in rain and sunshine, that old horse stands munching at the sour marshy pasturage, quite contented at his lot.

Why shouldn't I be at least as much of a philosopher as a beast or a bush? thought I, thinking of the angel.

And there's plenty of need for such philosophy in this old wrongful world of ours, as most men know for themselves; and it is an especial wisdom to keep patient without getting hardened; and a very singular virtue to sport a flower in all seasons, like that old weather-beaten furze-bush; and strange comfort to go munching on contentedly, like that old horse.

THERE IS AN END.—To everything beneath the sun there comes a last day—and of all futurity, this is the only portion of time that can in all cases be infallibly predicated. Let the sanguine then take warning, and the disheartened take courage; for to every joy and to every sorrow, to every hope and to every fear, there will come a last day; and the man ought so to live by foresight, that while he learns in every state to be content, he shall in each be prepared for another, whatever the other may be.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A CHAPTER FOR HUSBANDS.

MR. EDITOR:—I am (I suppose) a fault-finding, fretful sort of body, disposed to make a fuss, and not as submissive and gentle as I ought to be; but somehow or other, I am not satisfied with the state of things in this world, and not quite willing to wait for better times in the world to come, and so I would fain take up a cudgel and pound Mr. SOMEBODY or Mr. EVERYBODY, hoping, amongst them all, to hit the right ones. You see it is the *Mr.'s* I am out with, but I don't mean you — not at all — but it's the *other* gentleman!

We women, all over the country, are getting old so fast — so lean, lank, withered and worn, I am vexed about it and mortified too. What's the meaning of it? Now you men will work hard, and yet look better, I declare, at forty or fifty, than ever; but we insignificant women fade, lose our teeth and bloom, and turn grey, and have to stuff with cotton, wear head dresses, *crinolines*, &c., to make a semblance to a veritable woman. It's too bad, I say, and who's to blame?

You are very kind to us on board the cars, and give up your seat, and give us the best place,—very attentive, and polite, and all that; and you are willing too, to get us nice silk dresses, and splendid hats, with ribbons and feathers, and wait upon us to church, open and shut the gate, carry our books or baskets! O *such* gentlemen — *such* kindness, is really overwhelming! The world can see all your goodness, and of course *you* are not to blame!

But then there is another side to this picture, and one I have seen too often, and see, every day. You who never see beneath the surface, and are too dignified to bother yourselves with trifles,—mere nothings, I want to "speak in meeting," and let the easily humbugged multitude see behind the scenes. To find out what makes more than half the women prematurely old, and cross, perhaps, *is*, they are *overtaxed*. You expect too much of them. You have your houses and affairs so arranged that they are constantly on the alert to bring things around. An ambitious, sensitive woman, is anxious to do all left for her. She wants her house in order, her children cared for, and her husband's meals in season, and clothes kept in readiness.—And beside, wishes time to make or receive calls or visits, and be sociable. But how can all this be accomplished with such miserable help as women have had for years past? And amidst all her endless cares, two-thirds of them, have to contend with numberless difficulties, which their husbands might remove with very little trouble or expense, and that is what I wish to scold about. You polite men, do not keep your wives in wood—not half of you. You live in your great nice houses, and you want fires kept here and there, but you want her to cut it, and bring it in, and put it on to burn!—You let her toil with an old, leaky bucket, or pump, till human patience is exhausted; and through your neglect and procrastination, you allow her to be fretted, worried, taxed, wearied, beyond all reason, day after day, and year after year! Meanwhile the buttons must be kept on, the rents sewed up, the garments made, the victuals cooked, the children pleased, the house clean and tidy — (good gracious, what don't you expect of us!)—your friends entertained, &c., &c.! Morning, noon and evening a woman's cares are never ended. O, the endless minutia of a housekeeper's duties!

Now if you strong and *youthful* men would but do *your* duty, the roses would not leave our cheeks so fast. Take better care of us. Provide conveniences— give us plenty of wood and water handy for us. Be kind, and speak gently to us, and don't grumble if the potatoes are not warm, when we have waited two hours for you, and give us a sweet kiss occasionally, and may be we should stay young and lovely. ULTRA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THIS WORLD OF OURS.

THIS world of ours is beautiful wherever it is seen. From the smallest blade of grass, that expands beneath the genial influence of the summer's sun, to the tall oak, whose lofty head seems bathed in liquid clouds—from the little rill gliding softly along through the meadows, to the mighty ocean, bearing the wealth of ages on its bosom from each, and all, of these comes there not a voice saying, "Oh earth thou art beautiful?"

In olden times when Knights warred bravely for ladies true, and each of those iron-hearted men could bend the bow, or mingle in the dance, also in those glorious days when hall and cottage, perchance, resounded with the exploits of one, who, a disciple of the cross, had taken up his arms and bravely fought beneath the Syrian sky, then was not our earth beautiful? Methinks I hear a sound come up from Rome, once the proud "Mistress of Nations," to remind us of the time when her mountain-bird, proud type of liberty, gaily shone.—Palmyra too, that royal city, remembered but for its splendor and magnificence, yet from its walls long buried in oblivion, comes the echo, "The world in our days was beautiful."

Beauty reigned triumphant in England's palmy times, when that lordly soil was cultivated by honest men of noble souls. There was a period when a little band of valiant ones spread their white sails and sought a home beyond the rolling sea, where they might freely worship God; and as they landed on that rocky shore, what wonder had a halo played around those brows? Ah, yes! this earth was beautiful in all those former times, and even now is so. What though the storms of adversity at times pour down with increasing violence they will pass away, and to those who are guided by the Son of Righteousness will leave a clear sky and a world increasing in beauty, until time shall pass away and they be ushered into the abode of perfect beauty—Heaven.

Cayuga, March, 1857. AMELIA.

THE DIVINE BLESSING.—If there is any time when we need, more than at others, the Divine blessing, it is when we are least thoughtful of our dependence upon it, and least disposed to ask for it.

WHEN two loving hearts are torn asunder, it is a shade better to be the one that is driven away into action, than the bereaved twin that petrifies at home.

VICE stings even in our pleasures; but virtue consoles even in our pains.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE COTTAGE BY THE BROOKSIDE.

BY KATE CAMERON.

It was an humble dwelling, and yet I loved it well,
When childhood's golden sunlight upon my pathway fell,
And gazing thro' the vista of vanished years, it seems
Like some glimpse of Fairy Land, seen long ago, in dreams!

The rippling brook made music there, thro' the long summer day,
And in its sparkling depths, I watched the tiny fish at play,
Or wander'd on its banks where grew the graceful willow trees
Whose boughs cast flick'ring shadows as they wav'd in the light breeze.

Life then wore those rainbow tints, it only once can wear,
Before we learn the meaning of Sorrow, Change and Care!
And tho' I may be *happier* now, I ne'er can feel again
The wild, free, bounding sense of joy, that thrill'd my spirit then.

They tell me, all is alter'd now, around that quiet place,
That I should greet within those walls no dear, familiar face,
Methinks a note of mournfulness must linger in the song
Which the brook is murmuring, as it gently glides along.

I well remember the fair flowers that round the cottage grew,
The sweetest in their perfume—the brightest in their hue:
Alas! the hands that tended them, the eyes that watch'd their bloom,
Have pass'd away from earth, and rest within the silent tomb.

They were the faithful friends, whose hearts were ever true and kind,
Ah! in this world of change, *such friends* we but too seldom find;
And when our Father calls them Home, by His all holy will,
They leave a void within our hearts, that naught on earth can fill!

Rochester, Feb., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SUPERNATURAL INFLUENCES.

THE influence of the supernatural upon all classes in all ages would form an interesting paragraph for the curious reader. The love of the marvellous is an active, we had almost said predominant characteristic of human nature. The most sober, matter-of-fact, careful individual must acknowledge this influence in some degree, for, if denied, the under current, though feeble, will eventually attain some point of visibility. The force of education doubtless has much to do in graduating and harmonizing the full exhibition of its influence, but, we are so constituted, that a desire to raise the inner veil and explore personally the unsolved mysteries and hidden secrets of the future, is hard to repress, and if seeming opportunity presents, we but too eagerly embrace, so submissive are we to the supernal influence.

The Delphic Oracles, Jupiter Ammon, the cards, the magic stone, and mysterious raps, have all in turn been consulted as fate's certain, sacred ministers, and are yet importunated in regard to that which has been and may be, with an earnestness and avidity truly astonishing. If the marvellous border on the ridiculous, it's an argument in its favor with the myriad agog to see, for it were a nice distinction which were the greater incentive, the love of the wonderful or the satiety of mirth. Judging from appearance, "Daring Exploits" and "Perilous Adventures" are volumes most patronized in our libraries, which would evidence a majority partial to the miraculous. In bygone centuries the great consulted the oracles in good faith, bringing costly sacrifices to bribe to propitious answers, and on their revelations depended the undertaking or abandoning of important projects.

Four centuries back in time, a comet was viewed as sign of GOD'S wrath, and the people were ordered to pray "LORD, save us from the Turk, the Devil, and the Comet." But the evidence is not confined to this period. We find it profuse throughout the history of all time, and daily readable in our own. Multitudinous instances could be cited, showing the belief in dreams, signs, presentiments, and all the direct or indirect channels to the influence of the supernatural.

Neither do we conclude that supernatural influence is exclusive to the lower and less cultivated classes. The disclosures of history convince us that the great and distinguished held counsel and admit credence in the wonderful and startling revelations of seers, magic and oracles. The isolation of the temple from the destracting turmoils of busy life, the peculiar incense, and manner of making known the replies of fate, doubtless conspired to give dignity to the scene, and an air of probability and truth to the revelations, which heightened the effect, and established a greater confidence on the part of consulters.

We confess it is rather mortifying to boasted human wisdom to be obliged to acknowledge that this superstition is most conspicuous in the very home of science, elegance and refinement, and evident in the lives of those who nourished the arts with jealous care to a point nearing perfection. The Children of Israel murmured at the delay of Omniscience, and were appeased with a golden image. CROESUS consulted the sacred oracle. Babylon was captured and prophecy fulfilled. LYCURGUS conferred with Delphic priests, and Sparta's austere constitution and severe discipline were given to the world.

We infer that without this desire on the part of the masses to witness the miraculous and pay for it, the few would not institute investigation for that which was really curious, and scientific research would lose material aid. We deduce the conclusion, then, that the great Author of Nature has endowed us with this instinct as conducive to the end designed: that it affords universal evidence of the existence of an unseen world, and strong proof of a future duration of being.

SWOLLEF.

THE JOY OF DOING GOOD.

YES there's joy in doing good,
The selfish never know,
A draught so deep, so rich and pure,
It sets the heart aglow;
A draught so exquisitely rare
It thrills the soul with bliss,
And lifts it to a heav'nlier world,
Or makes a heav'n of this.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE WEATHER.

KIND READER, do you know what everybody has been saying about this weather of ours for a few days past? "This is most *remarkable* weather," says one, and another echoes it back, looking as wise as an owl, while still another and another exclaims, "never knew the like before."

NOW SOLOMON said (and we make no doubt SOLOMON knew) *there is nothing new under the sun.*—Hence we are safe in our conclusion, that just such weather as this, however remarkable, is, after all, not new — and our conclusion is strengthened somewhat by observing that whatever kind of weather we are having at this or that particular time, is always the *most remarkable.*

You call on your neighbor—he produces a twig from a peach tree—buds all dead—no peaches *this* year; says "he never knew such weather! enough to kill *anything.*" Now we venture to say that there is no other individual in the whole community who has so many hard things said about him, as this same weather. If the potato crop happens to be cut off—peaches killed—fruit in general destroyed—a small yield at harvest, the weather, poor fellow, is the cause of it *all.* He brought the warm, soft air too soon, and when he had swelled the buds, turned about and froze them to death.—He failed to send snow enough in winter to cover the wheat fields or else blew it off after it *had* come, and the wheat was winter-killed. He did'nt send rain enough in the summer, the streams dried up, the cattle died, and so did the grain — or else he sent too much and drowned out everything.—In the summer he is too hot, in the winter too cold, and in the spring and autumn too damp and unhealthy. Amid all this, however, you may sometimes hear some praise bestowed like this—what a beautiful day! fine weather for corn, wheat or potatoes, as the case may be,—and then the sun, principal actor in this great drama, puts his ear close down to your mouth, wishing you would speak it again.

Now every member of the community ought to protest against this summary treatment of the weather. There is no one, whether young or old, knave or fool, educated or uneducated, who does not think himself competent to pass judgment on the weather, *instantaneously.* You meet your friend in the street; he has a woeful looking countenance, and the first thing you hear is, "horrid weather! enough to *kill any one!* did you ever *see* such weather in *all your life?*" and perhaps out of sheer sympathy for the poor man, you answer complacently, "No, I don't know as I ever did."

Now it ought to be remembered that when we accuse the weather of killing people and the fruit, and committing numerous other smaller misdemeanors, we are finding fault with Nature, or *rather* with GOD. It is just such weather as GOD, the Supreme ruler of the Universe, has seen fit to give us; and it ill becomes us, pensioners of his bounty, to find fault with his gifts. If the weather is unpleasant and stormy, we are assured by this time, certainly, that we cannot alter it, though we grumble continually. How much wiser, how much more like rational beings as we are, would it be for us, to accept and make the best of whatever kind of weather Providence sends us. However little the fact may be regarded by us, it is nevertheless true, that the weather for each particular day, is just the best weather for that day. Who will remember this? Will you? S. A. E.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb., 1857.

MAXIMS OF WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, from early life, was in the habit of noting from time to time, as circumstances offered, whatever would seem to promise the groundwork for fixed principles, with a view thereby to govern his course through life. We subjoin a few for the benefit of RURAL readers:

Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curses nor revilings.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any one.

In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than procure admiration. Keep to the fashions of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to time and place.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone, than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all causes of passion admit reason to govern.

Be not immodest in urging your friends to discover a secret.

Use not base and frivolous things against grown and learned men; nor very difficult questions and subjects amongst the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.

Speak not of doleful things in the time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things, as death or wounds; and if others mention them change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams to your intimate friends.

Break not a jest where none take pleasure in mirth. Laugh not aloud, nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seems to be some cause.

Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor in earnest. Scoff at none, though they may give you occasion.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous—the first to salute, hear and answer, and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

Detract not from others, but neither be excessive in commending.

Go not thither, where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

Reprehend not the imperfections of others, for that belongs to parents, masters and superiors.

Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language; and that as those of quality do, and not as the vulgar. Sublime matters treat seriously.

Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

IT was Washington Irving, we believe, who observed that when we are willing to appear poor, we have taken from poverty its sharpest sting.

WELSH WEDDINGS.

THE practice of "making a bidding" and sending "bidding letters," of which the following is a specimen, is so general in most parts of Wales, that printers usually keep the form in type, and make alteration in it as occasion requires. The custom is confined to servants and mechanics in towns; but in the country, farmers of the humbler sort make biddings. Of late years tea parties have in Carmarthen been substituted for the bidding; but persons attending pay for what they get, and so incur no obligation; but givers at a bidding are expected and generally do return "all gifts of the above nature whenever called for on a similar occasion." When a bidding is made, it is usual for a large procession to accompany the young couple to church, and thence to the house where the bidding is held. Accompanying is considered an addition to the obligation conferred by the gift. I have seen, I dare say, six hundred persons in a wedding procession, and have been in one or two myself (when a child.) The men walk together and the women together to church; but in returning they walk in pairs, or often in trios, one man between two women. The last time I was at such a wedding I had three strapping wenches attached to my person. In the country they ride, and generally there is a desperate race home to the bidding, where you would be surprised to see a comely lass, with Welsh hat on head and ordinary dress, often take the lead of fifty or a hundred smart fellows over rough roads that would shake your Astley riders out of their seats and propriety.

CARMARTHEN, October 2, 1850.

As we intend to enter the Matrimonial State on Tuesday, the 22nd of October instant, we are encouraged by our Friends to make a Bidding on the occasion the same day, at the New Market House, near the Market Place; when and where the favor of your good and agreeable company is respectfully solicited, and whatever donation you may be pleased to confer on us then, will be thankfully received, warmly acknowledged, and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion, By your most obedient Servants,

HENRY JONES,
(Shoemaker,)
ELIZA DAVIES.

The Young Man, his Father (John Jones, Shoemaker,) his Sister (Mary Jones,) his Grandmother (Nurse Jones,) his Uncle and Aunt (George Jones, Painter, and Mary, his wife,) and his Aunt (Elizabeth Rees,) desire that all gifts due to them be returned to the Young Man on the above day, and will be thankful for all additional favors.

The Young Woman, her Father and Mother (Evan Davies, Pig-drover, and Margaret, his wife,) and her Brother and Sister (John, Hannah, Jane and Annie Davies,) desire that all gifts of the above nature due to them be returned to the Young Woman on the above day, and will be thankful for all additional favors conferred.—*Notes and Queries.*

PHILANTHROPY OF COMMON LIFE.

THERE are those who, with a kind of noble but mistaken aspiration, are asking for a life which shall, in its form and outward course, be more spiritual and divine than that which they are obliged to live. They think that if they could devote themselves entirely to what are called the labors of philanthropy, to visiting the poor and sick, that would be well and worthy—and so it would be. They think that if it could be inscribed on their tombstone that they had visited a million of couches of disease, and carried balm and soothing to them, that would be a glorious record—and so it would be. But let me tell you that the million occasions will come—aye, in the ordinary path of life, in your houses and by your firesides—wherein you may act as nobly as if all your life long you visited beds of sickness and pain.

Yes, I say, the million occasions will come, with each varying hour, in which you may restrain your passions, subdue your heart to gentleness and patience, resign your own interests to another's, speak words of kindness and wisdom, raise the fallen, and cheer the fainting and sick in spirit, and soften and assuage the weariness and bitterness of the mortal lot. These cannot be written on your tombs, for they are not one series of specific actions, like those which are technically denominated philanthropy. But in them, I say, you may discharge offices not less glorious for yourselves than the self-denials of far-famed Sisters of Charity, than the labors of Howard and Oberlin, or than the sufferings of the martyred host of God's elect. They shall not be written on your tombs; but they are written deep in the hearts of men—of friends, of children, of kindred all around you; they are written in the secret book of the great account!—*Orville Dewey.*

SMILES.

NOTHING on earth can smile but a man! Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond-flash compared with an eye-flash and mirth-flash? Flowers cannot smile. This is a charm which even they cannot claim. Birds cannot smile, nor any living thing. It is the prerogative of man.—It is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness, and joy — these three. It is the light in the window of the face, by which the heart signifies to father, husband, or friend, that it is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom and dries up on the stalk.—Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, more bewitching than either. But all smiles are not alike. The cheerfulness of vanity is not like the smile of love. The smile of gratified pride is not like the radiance of goodness and truth. The rains of summer fall alike upon all trees and shrubs. But when the storm passes, and on every leaf hangs a-drip, each gentle puff of wind brings down a pretty shower, and every drop brings with it something of the nature of the leaf or blossom on which it hung; the roadside leaf yields dust; the walnut leaf bitterness; some flowers poison; while the grape blossom, the rose and the sweet briar lend their aroma to the twinkling drops, and send them down perfumed. And so it is with smiles which every heart perfumes according to its nature—selfishness is acrid; pride, bitter; good-will, sweet and fragrant.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

BE thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.

The Traveler.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

Europe, Afoot and Alone.—New Series.

LETTER VI.—WALES.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

Ascent of Snowdon.

THERE are three classes of men to whom the various changes of the weather are matters of grave importance—the farmer, the sailor, and the traveler. A fair or stormy day is of material consequence to them, and by constant and anxious observations they become acute judges, and are commonly able to foresee, at least, a change from "fair to foul, or foul to fair." When I awoke the sunshine was pouring in at the window of my bedroom. I hailed it as a token of favorable weather for making the ascent, and dressing, walked out to make further observation. The morning was fairer than I had ventured to anticipate. A few heavy clouds were sailing in the heavens, and their dark shadows climbed swiftly up the mountain sides to meet them at the summit. The waters of Lake Llanberris lay dark and still along the wooded base of the mountain, as if couched in ambush and ready to swallow the first rays that should gleam into their depths. Upon an eminence, further up the valley, stood the grey ruins of Dalbadern castle, and on each side the mountains lifted their rugged heads, in solemn grandeur, above this picturesque scene. But the monarch, Snowdon, was not visible.

After breakfast we mustered our little party of four, and buckling on our knapsacks, started from Dalbaderu inn, where, for medium accommodations, we were highly charged. Several guides offered us their services, as usual representing the journey as extremely difficult and even dangerous to be performed without their aid. But we refused them all, for we were confident in our ability to follow the pony track, which led right to the summit, even if we should be enveloped in a mist and rain, and we thought our maps and guidebooks sufficient and reliable information. The distance to the summit from the inn is five miles. Turning into the track we walked over a short piece of level ground, and passing through a gate entered a small plantation of fir-trees, and commenced the ascent.

Several children, who were collected at the gate, bowed to us in quite a theatrical manner as we went by, at the same time asking for ha'pennies. One little fellow wearing a frock lisped out the question whether we wanted a guide to Snowdon, and quite confidently offered us his services. We soon got above the plantation of fir-trees, and turned aside to look at the falls of Caunant Mawr, where a mountain torrent pitches down a precipice of sixty feet at two leaps, forming as many basins in which the water is whirled about with great violence. Afterward it rushes down a deep and rocky glen, darkened by the shade of overhanging fir-trees, and finally enters the quiet lake in the valley. The torrent emerges from a small lake at the base of the highest peak, and during our whole journey to the top its noisy babbling resounded in our ears. From the falls to the summit there are neither shrubs nor trees. Loose stones are scattered thickly in the path, and shattered rocks are piled around in masses which have the appearance of mighty waves. The sides of many of the peaks are formed of craggy precipices and bare rock, rising to the height of several hundred feet. As we ascended, the whole of the valley from which we had started came under our view. The lake, the trees, the hotels, the cottages, and the tower of the ruined castle—all were seen at a glance, and formed a picture set in a frame of mountains. Afterwards the path led along a sweeping slope with gentle ascent, and the view was confined to the scenery immediately around us.

We overtook and passed a party with a guide, and when about half the distance was traversed, sat down by a spring of extremely cold water which gushes out of the bare mountain side. I was amused by a remark one of the Englishmen made while quaffing the refreshing beverage. "I declare," said he, "I never knew before what it was to relish water. It is better than beer. I shall go home and astonish my family and friends by telling them so." A little below the spring the acclivity becomes steeper and is called the Rapid Ascent. Across the valley we saw the precipice down which a tourist, the Rev. Mr. STARR, fell and was killed. He was quite familiar with the routes, having made the ascent many times, and refusing guides he started from the village of Beddgelart very early, that he might reach the summit before sunrise. A mist came on, and in the darkness which ensued he got bewildered, and, it is supposed, while trying to avoid a precipice on his right, wandered too far to the left, and fell headlong over the cliffs. His body was not found till several months afterward.

We paused frequently to breathe and admire the extensive view behind us, which at every step was widening. Even here Holyhead was plainly visible, though more than thirty miles distant, and the Menai Straits seemed almost at the base of the mountain. From our elevation we could look down into another valley which till then had been concealed from us, and see the white cottages at a vast depth below, merely dotting the green turf. We overtook a couple of men driving donkeys, and our English friends lightened themselves by placing their knapsacks on the animals. The doctor was a good climber, and being ambitious to reach the summit in a certain time, went ahead of the rest of the party, who were inclined to ascend more leisurely and enjoy the scenery. His companion, however, became very fatigued and exceedingly nervous, and when the zigzag path finally brought us within view of the peak and wound along the edge of a fearful precipice, that yawned more than a thousand feet below, while beyond we looked down on lakes and mountains, he became giddy and faint, and sank down apparently helpless in the rocky path. After resting awhile he recovered, and with our assistance succeeded in safely gaining the summit.

When we started in the morning it was excessively warm at the foot of the mountain, but when we attained a considerable elevation the air became perceptibly colder, and towards the top, when we ceased exercising, the chilling wind was very uncomfortable. As I rose over the summit, heated and dripping with perspiration, I gave one sweeping glance, and then entered the coffee room for the purpose of taking refreshments and becoming cool. There are two or three low buildings on the top of the peak, which is not more than eight yards in diameter. The establishment belongs to the guides, and is called the Snowdon Hotel. Refreshments are furnished at moderate charges, and the fatigue and danger of the trip, especially for ladies, is much diminished by these accommodations. You can witness the sunrise, and remain for hours contemplating the sublime scenery, without being obliged to shiver in the cold, and if you choose can comfortably sleep there. There were several tourists with knapsacks besides ourselves, for the fine weather had brought a rush. Our friend began to feel stronger after resting and taking refreshments. He continued nervous, however, and began to be anxious about his downward journey. I was amused by some of his remarks. He declared he would never be caught in so "terrible, terrible place again," and refused to look at the scenery, saying he had seen sufficient. He questioned the guides about the possibility of their carrying him down; wondered if it would be safer to be lowered by ropes, and finally hinted the probability of his making his permanent abode in Snowdon Hotel. He was finally persuaded to undertake the descent in company with his friend, the doctor, and two or three other pedestrians, and they directly started down the other side of the mountain for Beddgelart.

Our enthusiasm, however, was not cooled quite so easily, and notwithstanding their persuations, we remained, and they set off without us, and we saw them no more. We climbed the pyramid of stones which the surveying parties have erected, and stood on the second highest spot in Great Britain—a spot which commands views of Scotland, Ireland, England, the Isle of Man, and nearly the whole of Wales. I could trace the Menai Straits, which parted the land like a burnished bar of silver, and beyond, the island of Anglesea lay like an unrolled map. Beyond the Channel the Wicklow mountains loomed like a faint cloud along the horizon. The atmosphere was too hazy, however, and the clouds, though broken, hung too low, to permit the most extensive views, but I counted twenty lakes, large and small. Some on mountain tops shone like mirrors, and others, darkened by mountain shadows, more resembled plates of ebony. A dark thunder-cloud rested like an iron crown on the head of Cadier Idris.

When we were satisfied and ready to descend, we found there were at least two different paths beside the one we had ascended, but we chose the one that led to Beddgelart. Soon after leaving the Hotel we crossed a narrow ridge called the Saddle, where, on either hand, we could look down a precipice of more than a thousand feet. The English party were out of sight, but we wondered what the nervous man thought of that spot. It would have been very dangerous, indeed, for him to have undertaken the descent alone, for had he fainted on the Saddle, he might easily have fallen over either side. We overtook a couple of young men with knapsacks, and paused in a place where the precipices stretched around like a vast amphitheater, and shouted to raise an echo. We did not succeed till one of them discharged a pistol, which awakened the echoes, and, solemnly and slowly, cliff after cliff returned the sound.

The path was much steeper than the one we had ascended, and after scrambling down two miles and a half, we got into the valley of the Calwyn. I turned to take my last look of Snowdon, and already the heavy black clouds had wrapped the summit in their gloomy folds. We walked rapidly down the road, and passed several small meadows in which men and women were making hay, and bearing it to the stacks on their shoulders. We entered the village of Beddgelart, and soon found comfortable quarters at the Prince Llewellyn Inn. The heavens foreboded a storm. In the morning we heard the rain beating on the roof, and looking out of the window, saw the mist driving down the mountain sides. It was a rainy day.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF CHINA.

CHINA is the most populous and ancient empire in the world; it is 1,300 miles long, and 1,030 wide. Population from 300,000,000 to 360,000,000. The capital is Pekin, with 1,100,000 inhabitants; next Nankin, 1,000,000, and Canton 1,000,000. China produces tea, 50,000,000 pounds of which are annually exported from Canton, the only place which foreigners are allowed to visit. Silk, cotton, rice, gold, silver, and all the necessaries of life are found in China. The arts and manufactures in many branches are in high perfection, but stationary, as improvements are now prohibited. The government is a despotic monarchy. Revenue $200,000,000; army 800,000 men. The religion is similar to Budhism, the chief god being Foh. The Chinese inculcate the morality of Confucius, their philosopher, who was born 500 years B. C. The great wall and canal of China are among the mightiest works ever achieved by man. The foreign commerce of China amounts to $35,000,000 or $40,000,000 annually, the whole of which is transacted by appointed agents, called "Hong merchants." Foreigners are allowed to live at certain stations, "factories," below Canton. The chief trade is with England. The first American ship reached China in 1784; now the annual average of the United States ships visiting Canton is thirty-two. The revenue derived from foreign commerce by the Emperor varies from $4,000,000 to $6,000,000. According to Mr. Dunn, the opium smuggled into China, to the injury of the people, amounted to $20,000,000 annually, for several years past, much of which was paid in specie, which found its way to London. The Chinese language has nearly 40,000 characters or letters.

To commit a falsehood is like the cut of a sabre; for, though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.—*Sadi.*

THERE is a small chance of truth at the goal, where there is not childlike humility, at the starting-post.—*Coleridge.*

Illustrated Biography--No. 4.

JAMES BUCHANAN,
THIRTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE transactions at the National Capital on the 4th of the present month have become a portion of the history of our country. That day witnessed a change in the administrative head of our government—a change wrought out by the peaceful will of a mighty people through the agency of the ballot-box. FRANKLIN PIERCE retired to private life, and the mantle of the Chief Magistracy of the United States rests upon JAMES BUCHANAN. Naturally, an interest, felt by the entire Nation, centres itself about the new occupant of this prominent position, and we purpose to devote a brief space to a review of the leading incidents of his life, as given in the *United States Magazine:*

"JAMES BUCHANAN was born on the 23d day of April, 1791, near Mercersburg, Franklin county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of an industrious farmer of that county, who had little to leave his children except a good education. JAMES was his eldest son. His collegiate education was received at Dickinson College, where he graduated in 1809. He selected the law as his profession, and studied in the office of JAMES HOPKINS. He soon took a prominent position in the profession, and it was not very long before he was, by common consent, ranked at its head. His political career commenced in the year 1814, when, at the age of twenty-three, he was elected to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in which body he soon became distinguished for his zealous and eloquent advocacy of the war in which we were then engaged with England. After serving two terms he returned to the practice of his profession. In the year 1821, he was elected to Congress by a large majority from the district composed of the counties of Lancaster, Chester and Delaware. He continued in Congress for ten years, having been elected for five consecutive terms, during which he became conspicuous for his eloquence and ability.

Mr. BUCHANAN's service in the House terminated on the 4th of March, 1831. On the 4th of January, 1832, he was appointed, by President JACKSON, Minister to Russia. During the short period he remained in that country, he negotiated an important commercial treaty with the Emperor NICHOLAS, which had baffled diplomatic skill for twenty years.

At the session of the Legislature succeeding his return from Europe, he was elected a Senator in Congress, and presented his credentials in the United States Senate, on the 8th of December, 1834; where he was continued, by the unanimous vote of the Democratic members of the Legislature, until the 4th of March, 1845. In that year he was appointed by President POLK to fill the first place in his cabinet, as Secretary of State.

The peculiar features of his diplomacy at the Court of St. James are of so recent occurrence that they are familiar to the public, and it is therefore not necessary for us to recapitulate them."

On the 2d day of June, 1856, the Democratic Convention met at Cincinnati, and Mr. BUCHANAN was put in nomination for the Presidency, JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, of Kentucky, being the nominee for Vice-President. On the 4th of November the election was held, and of the Electoral vote, Messrs. BUCHANAN and BRECKINRIDGE received 174; J. C. FREMONT 114; MILLARD FILLMORE 8.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN--MARCH 4, 1857.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I appear before you this day to take the solemn oath that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. In entering upon this great office, I most humbly invoke the God of our fathers for wisdom and firmness to execute its high and responsible duties in such a manner as to restore harmony and the ancient friendship among the people of the several States, and to preserve our free institutions throughout many generations. Convinced that I owe my election to the inherent love for the Constitution and the Union, which still animates the American people, let me earnestly ask their powerful support in sustaining all just measures calculated to perpetuate these, the richest political blessings which heaven has ever bestowed upon any nation. Having determined not to become a candidate for re-election, I shall have no motive to influence my conduct in administering the Government, except the desire, ably and faithfully, to serve my country, and to live in the grateful memory of my countrymen.

We have recently passed through a Presidential contest in which the passions of our fellow citizens was excited to the highest degree, by questions of deep and vital importance. But when the people proclaimed their will, the tempest at once subsided, and all was calm. The voice of the majority, speaking in the manner prescribed by the Constitution, was heard, and instant submission followed; our own country could alone have exhibited so grand and striking a spectacle of the capacity of man for self-government. What a happy conception then was it for Congress to apply this simple rule, that the will of the majority shall govern, to the settlement of the question of domestic Slavery in the Territories.

Congress is neither to legislate Slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. As a natural consequence, Congress has also prescribed, that when the Territory of Kansas shall be admitted as a State, it shall be received into the Union with or without Slavery, as their Constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission. A difference of opinion has arisen in regard to the time when the people of a Territory shall decide this question for themselves.—This is happily a matter of but little practical importance, and besides it is a judicial question, which legitimately belongs to the Supreme Court of the United States, before whom it is now pending, and will, it is understood, be speedily and finally settled. To their decision, in common with all good citizens, I shall cheerfully submit, whatever this may be, though it has been my individual opinion that under the Nebraska Kansas act, the appropriate period will be when the number of actual residents in the Territory shall justify the formation of a Constitution, with a view to its admission as a State into the Union. But be this as it may, it is the imperative and indispensable duty of the Government of the United States to secure to every resident inhabitant, the free and independent expression of his opinion, by his vote. This sacred right of each individual must be preserved. This being accomplished, nothing can be fairer than to leave the people of a territory free from all foreign interference, to decide their own destiny for themselves, subject only to the Constitution of the United States.

The whole territorial question being thus settled up on the principle of Popular Sovereignty--a principal as ancient as free government itself—everything of a practical nature has been decided, and no other question remains for adjustment, because all agree that under the Constitution, slavery in the States is beyond the reach of any human power, except that of the respective States themselves, wherein it exists. May we not then hope that the long agitation of this subject is approaching its end, and that the geographical parties to which it has given birth, so much dreaded by the Father of his Country, will speedily become extinct. Most happy will it be for the country when the public mind shall be diverted from this question to others of more pressing and practical importance. Throughout the whole progress of this agitation, which has scarcely known an intermission for more than twenty years, while it has been productive of no positive good to any human being, it has been the source of great evils to the master, to the slave, and to the whole country—it has alienated and estranged the people of the sister States, and has even seriously endangered the very existence of the Union. Nor has the danger yet entirely ceased. Under our system there is a remedy for all mere political evils in the sound sense and sober judgment of the people. Time is a great corrective. The political subjects which but a few years ago, existed and exasperated the public mind, have passed away, and are now nearly forgotten. But this question of domestic slavery is of far greater importance than any mere political question, because, should the agitation continue, it may eventually endanger the personal safety of a large portion of our countrymen where the institution exists.—In that event, no form of government, however admissable in itself—however productive of material benefits—can compensate for the loss of peace and domestic security around the family altar. Let every Union-loving man, therefore, exert his best influence to suppress this agitation, which, since the recent legislation of Congress, is without any legitimate object. It is an evil of the times that men have undertaken to calculate the mere material value of the Union.

Reasoned estimates have been presented of the pecuniary profits and local advantages which would result to different States and sections from its dissolution and of the comparative injuries which such an event would inflict on other States and sections. Even descending to this low and narrow view of the mighty question, all such calculations are at fault. The bare reference to a single consideration will be conclusive on this point.

We at present enjoy a free trade throughout our extensive and expansive country, such as the world never witnessed. This trade is conducted on railroads and canals, on noble rivers and arms of the sea, which bind together the North and the South, the East and the West of our Confederacy. Annihilate this trade, arrest its free progress by the geographical lines of jealous and hostile States, and you destroy the prosperity and onward march of the whole and every part, and involve all in one common ruin. But such considerations, important as they are in themselves, sink into insignificance when we reflect on the terrific evils which would result from disunion to every portion of the Confederacy—to the North, not more than to the South—to the East not more than to the West. These I shall not attempt to portray, because I feel a humble confidence that the kind Providence which inspired our fathers with wisdom to frame the most perfect form of Government and Union ever devised by man, will not suffer it to perish until it shall have been peacefully instrumental, by its example, in the extension of civil and religious liberty, throughout the world.

Next in importance to the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union, is the duty of preserving the Government free from the taint, or even the suspicion of corruption. Public virtue is the vital spirit of Republics, and history proves that when this has decayed, and the love of money has usurped its place, although the forms of free government may remain for a season, the substance has departed forever. Our present financial condition is without a parallel in history. No nation has ever before been embarrassed from too large a surplus in its treasury. This almost necessarily gives birth to extravagant legislation. It produces wild schemes of expenditures, and begets a race of speculators and jobbers, whose ingenuity is exerted in contriving and promoting expedients to obtain the public money. The party, through its official agents, whether rightfully or wrongfully, is suspected, and the character of the Government suffers in the estimation of the people. This is in itself a very great evil. The natural mode of relief from this embarrassment is to appropriate the surplus in the treasury to great national objects, for which a clear warrant can be found in the Constitution. Among these I might mention the extinguishment of the public debt, a reasonable increase of the Navy, which is at present inadequate to the protection of our vast tonnage afloat, now greater than that of any other nation, as well as the defence of our extended sea coast.

It is beyond all question the true principle, that no more revenue ought to be collected from the people than the amount necessary to defray the expenses of a wise, economical and efficient Administration of the Government. To reach this point, it was necessary to resort to a modification of the tariff; and this has been accomplished in such a manner as do to as little injury as may have been practicable to our domestic manufactures, especially those necessary for the defence of the country. Any discrimination against a particular branch, for the purpose of benefiting favored corporations, individuals or interests, would have been unjust to the rest of the community, and inconsistent with that spirit of fairness and equality which ought to govern in the adjustment of a Revenue Tariff.

But the squandering of the public money sinks into comparative insignificance as a temptation to corruption, when compared with the squandering of the public lands. No nation in the tide of time has ever been blessed with so rich and noble an inheritance as we enjoy in the public lands.—In administering this important trust, while it may be wise to grant portions of them for the improvement of the remainder, we should never forget that it is our cardinal policy to reserve these lands as much as may be, for actual settlers, and this at moderate prices. We shall thus, not only best promote the prosperity of the new States by furnishing them a hardy and independent race of honest, industrious citizens, but shall secure homes for our children and our children's children, as well as those exiles from foreign shores who may seek in this country to improve their condition and to enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty. Such emigrants have done much to promote the growth and prosperity of the country.—They have proved faithful, both in peace and in war. After becoming citizens, they are entitled, under the Constitution and Laws, to be placed on perfect equality with native-born citizens; and in this character they should ever be kindly recognized.

The Federal Constitution is a grant from the States to Congress of certain specific powers, and the question whether the grant shall be liberally or strictly construed, has more or less divided political parties from the beginning. Without entering into the argument, I desire to state, at the commencement of my administration, that long experience and observation have convinced me that a strict construction of the powers of the Government, is the only true as well as the only safe theory of the Constitution. Whenever in our past history doubtful powers have been exercised by Congress they have never failed to produce injurious and unhappy consequences. Many such instances might be adduced if this was the proper occasion. Neither is it necessary for the public service to strain the language of the Constitution, because all the great and useful powers required for a successful administration of the Government, both in peace and in war, have been granted either in express terms or by the plainest implication.

Whilst deeply convinced of these truths, I yet consider it clear that under the war-making power Congress may appropriate money toward the construction of a military road, when this is absolutely necessary for the defence of any State or Territory of the Union against foreign invasion. Under the Constitution, Congress has power to declare war, to raise and support armies, to provide and maintain a navy, and to call forth the militia to repel invasion. Thus endowed in an ample manner with the war-making power, the corresponding duty is required that the United States shall protect each of the States against invasion. How is it possible to afford this protection to California and our Pacific possessions, except by means of a military road through the territory of the United States, over which men and munitions of war may be speedily transported from the Atlantic States to meet and repel the invader. In case of a war with a naval force much stronger than our own, we should have no other available access to the Pacific coast, because such a power would instantly close the route across the Isthmus of Central America. It is impossible to conceive, that while the Constitution has expressly required Congress to defend all the States, it should yet deny to them, by any fair construction, the only possible means by which one of these States can be defended. Beside, the Government, ever since its origin, has been in the constant practice of constructing military roads. It might also be wise to consider whether the love for the Union, which now animates our fellow citizens on the Pacific coast, may not be impaired by our neglect or refusal to provide for them, in their remote and isolated condition, the only means by which the power of the States on this side of the Rocky Mountains can reach them in sufficient time to protect them against invasion. I forbear, for the present, from expressing an opinion as to the wisest and most economical mode in which the Government can lend its aid in accomplishing this great and necessary work. I believe that various difficulties in the way, which now appear formidable, will, in a great degree, vanish, as soon as the nearest and best route shall have been satisfactorily ascertained.

It may be right, that on this occasion I should make some brief remarks as to our rights and duties as a member of the great family of Nations. In our intercourse with them, there are some plain principles, approved by our own experience, from which we should never depart. We ought to cultivate peace, commerce, and friendship with all nations; and this not merely as the best means of promoting our own national interest, but in a spirit of Christian benevolence toward our fellow men, wherever their lot may be cast. Our diplomacy should be direct and frank, neither seeking to obtain more, nor accepting less than is our due. We ought to cherish a sacred regard for the independence of all nations, and never attempt to interfere in the domestic concerns of any, unless this shall be imperatively required by the great law of self-preservation. To avoid "entangling alliances," has been a maxim of our policy ever since the days of Washington, and its wisdom no

one will attempt to dispute. In short, we ought to do justice, in a kindly spirit, to all nations, and require justice from them in return. It is our glory, that while other nations have extended their dominions by the sword, we have never acquired any territory except by fair purchase, or, as in the case of Texas, by the voluntary determination of a brave, kindred and independent people to blend their destinies with our own. Even our acquisitions from Mexico, form no exception. Unwilling to take advantage of the fortune of war against a sister Republic, we purchased these possessions under the treaty of peace, for a sum which was considered at the time a fair equivalent. Our past history forbids that we shall, in the future acquire territory, unless this be sanctioned by the laws of justice and honor. Acting on this principle, no nation will have a right to interfere or complain, if, in the progress of events, we shall still further extend our possessions. Hitherto, in all our acquisitions, the people, under the protection of the American flag, have enjoyed civil and religious liberty, as well as equal and just laws, and have been contented, prosperous and happy. Their trade with the rest of the world, has rapidly increased, and thus every commercial nation has shared largely in their successful progress.

I shall now proceed to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution, while humbly invoking the blessing of Divine Providence on this great people.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Washington Items.

THE Supreme Court delivered an opinion affirming the decision of the Supreme Court of New York, in the case of Ogden and Fellows against Susan Blacksmith, executrix of John Blacksmith, deceased. The plaintiff, a native Indian, belonged to and was part of the Seneca tribe, and was formerly ejected from the Tonawanda reservation, known as Pembroke, comprising 12,800 acres. The court held that the treaty for the removal of all the New York Indians west of Missouri, made no provision as to the mode and manner of effecting that object, nor did those treaties separate the Indians from the care of the Government. The grantees derived no right to forcibly eject the Indians. If such was necessary, it must be done by the Government.

THE feature of the past week at Washington was the Inauguration of the new Administration, and the ceremonies connected therewith are represented as very imposing. The Inaugural procession started for the Capitol at noon. It was very long, and presented a magnificent appearance. The military of the District, and the community in general, were fully represented. Messrs. Buchanan and Breckinridge were in an open carriage, surrounded by the Keystone Club, preceded by the military. A lady representing the Goddess of Liberty, mounted on a high platform, was drawn by six horses, following after which came a miniature ship-of-war, made by the mechanics of the Navy Yard, and several clubs and engine companies. Mr. Buchanan reached the Capitol at one o'clock, where a tremendous crowd was waiting his arrival, and proceeded to the eastern portico of the Capitol, where a temporary stand was erected, and in the presence of many thousands, proceeded to read his Inaugural Address. Mr. Buchanan then proceeded to the Senate Chamber, where the oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Taney.

THE following gentlemen comprise the new Cabinet:

Secretary of State—Lewis Cass, of Michigan.
Secretary of the Treasury—Howell Cobb, of Ga.
Secretary of War—John B. Floyd, of Virginia.
Secretary of the Navy—Isaac Toucey, of Conn.
Secretary of the Interior—Jacob Thompson, Miss.
Attorney-General—Judge Black, of Pennsylvania.
Postmaster-General—Aaron V. Brown, of Tenn.

Political News.

THE municipal election in Auburn, on the 3d inst., resulted in the choice of Dr. Lansing Briggs, the Republican candidate, for Mayor, by 350 majority. The Republicans were successful in electing every candidate on their city and ward ticket.

There is a gain of three Republican Supervisors over last year in Wayne county. The Board stands 12 Republicans, and 4 Democrats and Americans.

The towns of Erie Co. elect 9 Republicans, 23 Democrats, 5 Know-Nothings, and one tied.

The Democrats of Oswego elected the Mayor, all of the Aldermen, all of the Supervisors, two Overseers of the Poor, four Constables, the Fire Wardens, and Inspectors of Elections.

Washington Co., so far as heard from, elects all Republicans but one, and he a Know-Nothing.

John Wentworth was elected Mayor of Chicago on the 4th inst. by 1,100 majority. The whole of the Republican ticket was elected by a large majority.

In Ithaca the Republican Mayor, A. Hubbell, is elected. M. M. Jones (Rep.) is elected Justice, and J. McDonough (Rep.) Treasurer.

The American candidate for Mayor was elected in Troy.

In Poughkeepsie a Republican Mayor was chosen by 219 majority.

In this city the Democrats elected the entire city ticket. Rufus Keeler, Mayor, was chosen by a majority of 1,135; Abram Karnes, Treasurer, 436; Butler Bardwell, Police Justice, 800; Delos Wentworth, Justice of the Peace, 1,336.

The Democratic State Convention of Rhode Island was held on the 5th inst. The following ticket was nominated for State officers:—*Governor*—Americus C. Potter. *Secretary of State*—Anderson C. Rhodes. *Attorney General*—Francis J. Dickman. *Treasurer*—Gilbert Chase.

Gov. King has received the resignations of the Hon. Orasmus B. Mattison, of the Twentieth District, and of the Hon. William A. Gilbert, of the Twenty-third District, of their respective seats in the 34th Congress.

The Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention, in session at Harrisburg last week, nominated the Hon. Asa Packer for Governor, on the 25th ballot.

LAKE ERIE.—The Buffalo *Express* says that Lake Erie is apparently full of ice, as far as the eye can extend, and it is predicted that at least one month will transpire before navigation will be open.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

To Competitors for our April Premiums.

The special attention of agents and others is directed to the fact that the period of competition *for our Large* "Excelsior," *and very liberal* State *and* Provincial Premiums, *expires with the present month—March. As heretofore stated, the subscribers in sections where we have the largest circulation, are generally divided this year among several persons, so that there are fewer large lists (sent in by individuals,) than formerly, thus placing competitors in other localities (where the* RURAL *has less subscribers) upon an equality, and giving them better chances of success. The* State *and* Provincial *Premiums, though extremely liberal, have excited less competition than we anticipated, and there is* yet time to start new clubs and secure the best prizes *in most of the States named—for they will be paid,* however small the lists obtained by competitors. *"A word to the wise," &c.*

☞ *Read Premium List on next page, and then see if it will not pay you, as well as community, to aid in extending the circulation of the* RURAL.

☞ BACK NUMBERS of this volume can still be supplied to new Subscribers, so that subscriptions can commence with the year or any number desired. Extra numbers, show-bills, &c., cheerfully and promptly forwarded, post-paid, to all disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL. For Premium List, &c., see next page.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL without certificate, and each and all who volunteer in the good cause will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL be sure and specify name of *Post-Office, County,* and *State, Territory* or *Province.*

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Albany Ag'l Works and Seed Store—Emery Brothers.
Chinese Sugar Cane, and other Rare Seeds—L. W. Briggs.
The Home: A Fireside Monthly—Beadle & Adams.
Seneca Lake Highland Nurseries—E. C. Frost.
A Treatise on Growing Tobacco—W. T. Hamilton.
Valuable Farm for Sale—J. P. Shayton.
Fruit Trees for Sale—Asa Anthony & Son.
Please to Read This—Robert Sears.
The Ladies Annual—J. Challen.

[Several advertisements were received too late for this number.]

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, MARCH 14, 1857.

The Dred Scott Case.

CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY, on the 6th inst., delivered the opinion of the U. S. Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case. The points decided are that Scott is not a citizen, that he was not manumitted by being taken by his master, when a slave, into the new territory, and that the Missouri Compromise was an act unconstitutionally passed by Congress. Seven of the Judges concurred in this opinion, Judges McLean and Curtis dissenting.

Judge McLean delivered his views in the Dred Scott case on the 7th inst., arguing that Slavery is limited to the States where it is established by municipal laws. If Congress deem slaves or free colored persons injurious to a territory, they have the power to prohibit them from becoming settlers therein. The power to acquire territory carries the power to govern it. The master does not carry with him to the territory the laws of the State from which he removes. Hence, the Missouri Compromise was constitutional, and the presumption is in favor of freedom. Dred Scott and his family were free under the decisions of the last 28 years.

Judge Curtis maintained that native-born colored persons can be citizens of States and of the United States; that Dred Scott and his family were free when they returned to Missouri; that the power of Congress to make all the needful rules and regulations respecting the Territories, was not as the majority of the Court expressed, limited to territory belonging to the United States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, but has been applied to 500 acquisitions of land; that Congress has power to exclude slavery from the Territories, having established eight Territorial Governments without recognizing Slavery in any form.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—The following bills have been passed by the Senate:—The Rochester Charter bill; The Watertown Bridge bill; To authorize the town of Lowville, Lewis Co., to borrow money; The town of Schodack, Rensselaer county, Justice of the Peace bill; To enable the city of Schenectady to borrow money to pay its debts; Amending the charter of the village of Tonawanda; To amend an act for incorporating companies formed to navigate lakes and rivers; For the relief of the destitute children of seamen; To amend the charter of the Manhattan Savings Institution; Relative to the Hannibal, Sterling and Wolcott plank-road; To amend the charter of the Mechanics' and Traders' Savings Institution; To continue in force a ferry right across Lake Champlain; To amend the charter of the Buffalo Savings Bank; For the relief of wives and minor children of drunkards; To confirm the location of the People's College; To incorporate the Century Association; To amend the act relative to the New York State Agricultural College.

A resolution introduced in the Senate by Mr. Cuyler, of Wayne Co., for an amendment of the constitution to allow colored men to vote, was carried.

ASSEMBLY.—*Bills Passed.*—To amend the act to re-organize the New York City School Law; To prevent the re-burning of charcoal within the city limits of Brooklyn; To pay for certain services rendered the State by members of the Legislature of 1856, after the expiration of their terms of office; To amend the law of proceedings against the Great Western Railroad Company, a foreign corporation, in courts of law; To amend the charter of the Erie county Savings Bank; To amend the General Manufacturing law; The House concurred in the Senate's amendments to the Rochester city charter bill, and it was passed.

Mr. Hastings called up the joint resolution, prohibiting any canal contractor from leasing the waters of the canal, upon a forfeiture of his contract. It was agreed to.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—Mr. Toombs, from the Committee on Judiciary, to whom was referred a resolution instructing them to inquire into the proper construction of the Congressional Compensation act, reported their opinion, that in all cases where a member is elected after the first day of the regular session, his compensation does not commence till the time of his election, and is to be computed at the rate prescribed by the law until the end of his term. The report was agreed to.

The Senate has agreed to the House amendment to the Minnesota land bill, giving 200,000 acres of land to Alabama for railroad purposes. The bill avoids nearly altogether the range of lands proposed in the bill heretofore repealed by Congress. Minnesota is to have the entire disposal of them. This is the Minnesota bill perfected by the House Committee on Public Lands, and in connection with which subject, corruption was alleged.

The civil appropriation bill was debated and passed. One of the amendments to it appropriates $75,000 for the collection of Agricultural statistics and the distribution of seeds from the Patent Office, and $350 to enable the Commissioner to collect information respecting the consumption of cotton in all the countries of the world. Amendments were adopted granting $1,000,000 for the continuation of the Washington aqueduct, and $500,000 for the construction of a dome on the Capitol.

Mr. Dodge presented the credentials of Mr. Doolittle, and Mr. Cass those of Mr. Bright, the former elected U. S. Senator from Wisconsin, and the latter from Indiana, from the 4th of March inst.

Mr. Yulee presented the credentials of Mr. Mallory, elected Senator from Florida, for six years from the 4th of March inst.

Mr. Fish presented the credentials of Preston King, as Senator from New York, for six years from the 4th of March inst.

Bills Passed.—The Army bill giving to Gen. Scott the arrearages which Secretary Davis refused to allow; House Post Route bill; The Ocean Mail Steamer appropriation bill; The Fortification bill; The bill for the construction of a Penitentiary in Nebraska and one in Kansas, and the Navy Appropriation bill.

The Senate amendments to the fortification bills, pay $180,000 to Fort Tompkins, $120,000 to New Bedford, $50,000 to Portland, Me., $100,000 to Kennebec, and some in the South.

The Senate also passed 40 private bills, and adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, reported from the Committee of Ways and Means the bill to deposit the surplus revenue, reserving $2,000,000 with the States, to be refunded when the public exigencies require it. The bill was passed by a vote of 119 to 79.

The House passed the Senate bill, requiring the regular Appraisers of the Government to deposit their funds for better protection with the Treasurer, or some Assistant Treasurer of the United States. Also to more effectually punish crime on the high seas.

Mr. Campbell, from the Commerce Committee on the Tariff bill, said the bill had been unanimously agreed to in conference, though not a single member was entirely satisfied with it.

After recapitulating the points of the bill, Mr. Campbell said the aggregate reduction would be about $14,000,000. He was satisfied the bill would give relief to the country, and stimulate and strengthen the arms of American industry. The committee had treated iron, sugar, hemp and lead upon principles of equality, reducing all. Report agreed to.

The House concurred in the Senate's amendment to the bill providing for a monthly, semi-monthly, weekly or semi-weekly letter mail from the Mississippi to San Francisco; also the bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to contract for the care of the sick sailors and boatmen where there are no Marine Hospitals, and the Senate bill perfecting the home valuation principle in the tariff act of 1846.

The joint resolution providing medals for Dr. Kane and his companions, was passed.

Various bills and resolutions, principally of a private character, were passed, including those giving usual extra compensation to the employees of the House, and increasing the pay of West Point cadets to $30 per month.

Mr. Aikin offered a resolution of thanks to Speaker Banks. Resolution passed, 119 to 25.

Mr. Banks delivered a brief and eloquent address in return for the honor bestowed upon him, when the House adjourned *sine die.*

Provincial Items.

THE Toronto Globe of the 5th inst. says:—"We yesterday referred to the rapid disappearance of the ice at the mouth of our harbor, and in connection therewith have now to chronicle the first shipping movement. The schooner Pacific cleared out from the Queen's Wharf on Wednesday for Whitby. We also learn that the schooner Athenæum with a cargo of wheat, detained in the Welland canal the past winter, cleared from Port Dalhousie on Wednesday for Oswego."

HAMILTON, C. W., has a population of 25,000 persons. The entire bill of mortality for the year shows 618 deaths. This evinces a healthy climate. The mortality is about two per cent. of the population.

MR. GEORGE BROWN, M. P. P., will, it is said, bring forward a motion on the subject of Representation by Population.

A NEW CANAL.—In the Senate of New York, on the 3d inst., Mr. Wadsworth presented a petition to incorporate the Lake Erie and Michigan Transit Ship Canal Company. It is proposed to cut a canal across the base of the peninsula of Michigan, thus bringing Chicago and Buffalo on a direct line of communication, and saving the tedious and dangerous navigation of Lake Michigan, Huron, St. Clair, and their connecting rivers.

A WEALTHY CLIENT.—By the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, we perceive that the government has brought 1,200 suits during the present century, against defaulters, to recover $6,213,000. In all these cases, the conclusion of the suit has been that the defaulter has not been found, or is dead or insolvent, and the government has had to pay the costs.

Literary Notices.

A JOURNEY THROUGH TEXAS; Or, a Saddle-Trip on the South-Western Frontier: With a Statistical Appendix. By FREDERICK LAW OLMSTEAD. New York: Dix, Edwards & Co.—1857.

WE have taken great pleasure in the perusal of the above work. He who has read "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England," by the same author, is familiar with his style, and will be in readiness to pack saddles as *compagnon du voyage* for a "camping out" on our South-Western Frontier. Mr. OLMSTEAD says his motive for the "journey was the hope of invigorating weakened lungs by the elastic power of a winter's saddle and tent-life." By this mode of travel the opportunities afforded for a thorough insight into the habits, tastes and feelings of the people were of a superior character, while the climate, soil, productions,—in short, all the resources, agricultural and manufacturing, must pass under the observation. Upon these notings we have a work of over five hundred pages—treating, in detail, every subject of importance to the emigrant, or the student of his country's history and capabilities. It is the latest work upon the great State of Texas, and imparts much more general information than any other we have ever perused. For sale by E. DARROW & BRO.

THE SULTAN AND HIS PEOPLE. By C. OSCANYAN, of Constantinople. Illustrated by a Native of Turkey. New York: Derby & Jackson—1857.

IN an attractive volume of 456 pages, we are here presented a vast amount of historical and other interesting information. The work is a very entertaining one, and must prove widely popular. It comprises a very complete history of the Turkish nation—discussing the origin, progress and condition, religious creeds, government, education, domestic and social affairs, polygamy, marriage, personal appearance, costumes, etc., etc., of that singular people.—We purpose giving some extracts from its pages, but meantime commend the volume as one of unusual interest to the historical reader. For sale by DEWEY.

HOW TO WRITE: A POCKET MANUAL OF COMPOSITION AND LETTER WRITING—embracing Hints on Penmanship and the choice of Writing Materials; Practical Rules for Literary Composition in general, and Epistolary and Newspaper Writing and proof-correcting in particular; and Directions for Writing Letters on Business, Relationship, Friendship and Love—Illustrated by numerous examples of genuine epistles, from the pens of the best writers. To which are added Forms for Letters of Introduction, Notes, Cards, etc., and a collection of Poetical Quotations. New York: Fowler & Wells—1857.

IN a neat volume of only 156 pages, we here have a most valuable manual for the million—comprising the gist of practical and useful information on the subjects indicated in its title. The hints, directions and examples given in regard to the mechanical execution, accuracy, brevity, etiquette and proper forms of the various kinds of correspondence, exhibit excellent sense and judgment. The author is entitled to the special acknowledgments of the Press for his admirable and explicit chapter relative to "Orders for Newspapers and Magazines,"—for editors can appreciate the importance of making such knowledge patent to a great portion of mankind. Formal, puerile, Miss-Nancyish books on "Letter Writing" are generally as senseless as the people for whom they are intended, but this work will prove a valuable assistant to a great many impulsive and careless people, beside some whose principal education was obtained during vacation. Sold by DEWEY.

THE GOLDEN LEGACY: A Story of Life's Phases. By a Lady. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—1857.

A GOOD story and well told. Each character stands as the representative of one of those peculiar traits in humanity which we admire or detest. In treating these the writer wields a ready pen, and, when needs be, tips the quill with fire. Though incognito, we do not believe it to be the author's first appearance in the world of literature. For sale by DEWEY.

THE HEROINE OF SOUTARI, and other Poems. By EDWARD H. CAMPBELL, Esq., New York: Dana & Co.

THAT "poetry don't pay" is becoming a proverb, yet the devotees of song persistently continue to climb the heights of Parnassus, giving utterance to "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" through the aid of the "black art." In a handsome volume of 334 pages, the above entitled work comprises a variety of sensible and beautiful poems, and we doubt not it will have many appreciative readers.

THE CHILDREN'S BREAD, in Crumbs, from the Master's Table. New York: Dana & Co.

A CHOICE collection of Scripture texts, "which, by their brevity or simplicity, are best adapted to the comprehension of young children." The volume is a very attractive one in appearance, each page being illustrated with emblematic borders.

The Amended Tariff.

AMONG the acts passed at the close of the last Congress, was that amending the Tariff of 1846. The New York *Tribune* gives the following as its principal features:

1. A large extension of the Free List, placing thereon many articles scarcely produced or rivaled in this country which enter as raw materials into the composition of our manufactures.

2. A reduction of the present rates of duty on iron, cotton and woolen fabrics, hemp, sugar, wool costing over twenty cents per pound, and most other articles now charged thirty, to twenty-five per cent.

3. Wool costing less than twenty cents per pound will henceforth be free.

4. Distilled spirits, liquors, &c., hitherto charged one hundred per cent., are reduced to seventy-five per cent.

5. Wines, cut glass, meats, raisins, snuff, cigars and all forms of manufactured tobacco, all manufactures of mahogany, rosewood, &c., sweetmeats, prunes, &c., are reduced from forty per cent. to thirty, if not to a lower figure.

6. A general reduction of twenty per cent. on all articles not carried to the Free List or reduced either to four or eight per cent.

THE PUBLIC PURSE.—It is said that the appropriations made by the last Congress will amount to between sixty and seventy million dollars.—Among the appropriations made during the last hours of the session were the following:—For the exploration and verification of the surveys for a ship canal at the Isthmus of Darien. For the completion of the exploration of the Panama and Paraguay rivers. Seventy-one thousand dollars for one year's duty pay to dropped officers not restored. Ten thousand dollars for testing useful inventions designed to advance the efficiency of the Navy. One million dollars for five sloops of war with screw propellers.

REVOLT IN AUBURN STATE PRISON.—Two attempts were made on the 7th inst., by two convicts to kill the agent of the Auburn Prison. One assault was made with a knife, and the other with a hammer. By the prompt interference of the keepers no injury was done. Fears of further difficulty are entertained. Twenty-seven convicts, belonging to the hame-shop, where the difficulty occurred, are now confined in their cells.

News Clippings.

— Steamers are plying on Seneca Lake.

— There are 11,000 common schools in Ohio.

— There are 144 colleges in the United States.

— There are 46 theological seminaries in the U. S.

— The British army in Hindostan, numbers 215,000 men.

— Lamartine is back in Paris. His health is fully restored.

— Oats and corn are $1 50 a bushel in the Lake Superior country.

— In England and Wales there are 51,686 children in workhouse.

— Long Island Sound has been closed thirty days by ice this winter.

— The attempt to raise cotton in Australia is said to be successful.

— A submarine cable has been laid down across the Ohio river at Cairo.

— Seals were seen in large numbers in the Vineyard Sound, last week.

— The 18th of January was the coldest day in New York city for fifty years.

— There is about twenty-one and a half million dollars in the U. S. Treasury.

— There is a slave in Memphis who is said to possess an estate worth $50,000.

— The Morris Canal, it is stated, will be open for boating about the first of April.

— There were one hundred and eight steamboats built at Pittsburg last year.

— The exports from New Orleans to Boston, amount to some $3,000,000 a year.

— There are nine feet of water in the channel of the Ohio river, and it is falling.

— It is stated that $4,000,000 worth of oysters are sold in New York annually.

— There were thirty-one millions of bushels of corn raised in Iowa last year.

— Texas has prospectively the largest educational fund of any State in the Union.

— The peach and plum trees were in blossom near Marianna, Fla., on the 16th ult.

— A monument to be erected to Henry Clay, at Lexington, Ky., is to cost $50,000.

— Mollie Jennings died recently in Pittsylvania county, Va., at the age of 107 years.

— There are now living in Gardner, Mass., 21 farmers between 80 and 90 years of age.

— Accounts from Salt Lake state that Brigham Young is fast declining toward the grave.

— A ball in New York for a nursery for poor children, on the 5th instant, realized $7,000.

— There were 322,845 children in attendance upon the public schools in Ohio last year.

— The receipts of the railroads in the United States last year are put down at 110,000,000.

— The Michigan legislature has appropriated $13,500 for the support of the normal school.

— The dealers in earthenware, china and glass, of New York, have formed an association.

— George F. Upton of Salem, Mass., has been appointed U. S. Consul at Rio Grande, Brazil.

— An act repealing the law against betting on elections, has passed the Louisiana Legislature.

— The number of postage stamps sold during the last year, was one hundred and fifty million.

— The number of passengers carried by the railroads of the United States last year, was 74,000,000.

— A squirrel white as snow, has been caught near Darnestown, Va., and has become tame and playful.

— The cotton factory of Capt. Willard, at Madison, Fla., was recently destroyed by fire. Loss $40,000.

— Dr. Hayes, the fellow voyager with Dr. Kane, and surgeon of the expedition, is lecturing in Boston.

— The Canadian Parliament is classified thus:—Ministerial 90; regular opposition 43; independent 23.

— They are making a wine in Alabama called Ulrica, which is much praised, and has no logwood in it.

— Merchants are taxed upon their business in Galena, and $3,567 were received on their licenses last year.

— Grasshoppers have appeared at Middlesex, Mass.; blue birds in Pittsfield, Mass.; robins at Hartford, Conn.

— Ralph Waldo Emerson has been quite ill with the measles since his return from his late lecturing tour.

— Such havoc has been made in Thomasville, Ga., by the small pox, that town is said to be nearly depopulated.

— A passenger who just came down the Missouri river, says the boats up are crowded with emigrants to Kansas.

— The London Star of February 7th has news that the Mississippi river was frozen over as *far up as Pittsburg!*

— A city government for Mound City, near Cairo, Ill., has been organized, and a Mayor and Common Council chosen.

— The Tehuantepec stage road had been cut through to the Pacific, and will probably be open for travel by the first of July.

— Michigan has a new law diminishing the sentences of State Prison convicts one day for every month of good behavior.

— The New Orleans Crescent says that the free negroes of that city are possessed of property to the amount of $4,000,000.

— Hon. A. J. Donaldson, late candidate for Vice President was recently robbed on a steamboat of $4,000 and a gold watch.

— It is estimated that 30,000 persons passed over the New Jersey Railroad in a week, to attend the inauguration at Washington.

— Carnall, inspector of mines in Prussia, estimates the whole amount of gold mined in 1854 at $120,000,000, and of iron $150,000,000.

— A Committee of the Ohio Senate has reported favorably on petitions asking for the extension of the elective franchise to females.

— Gas costs but 88 cents per thousand cubic feet in London and Liverpool; in the United States the average price is $2 50 per thousand.

— In 1657, a man was prosecuted in London for selling coffee, then just introduced, as "a nuisance and prejudice to the neighborhood."

— The Legislature of Iowa, have passed a joint resolution, removing the seat of government of that State from Iowa City to Desmoines.

— The brig William Clark, was seized recently at the mouth of the Mississippi river, on suspicion of being engaged in the slave trade.

— The Court House of Peon county, Ga., was burned a few days ago. All the records of the Supreme Court and documents were consumed.

— Five more convicts have escaped from the Michigan State Prison at Jackson, by cutting through the top cells and the roof of the prison.

— The remains of Mr. Sherrard, who was recently shot at Lecompton, arrived at St. Louis on Monday, and are now on the way to Virginia.

— For the first 22 days after beginning to purchase the old Spanish coin, the Philadelphia mint took in $68,000 worth, chiefly in small sums.

— A steamer attempted to sail from Detroit on the 5th inst., but was prevented by the ice, which was found in large fields six miles from Detroit.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Atlantic and Persia.

THE steamship Atlantic arrived at New York on the 5th, and the Persia on the 6th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The total reduction of taxation proposed in the Chancellor of Exchequer's budget, is £12,000,000 sterling.

The Earl Clarendon appealed to Lord Albemarle, to postpone his motion in regard to the Persian War, on the ground that negotiations at Paris were making satisfactory progress, and might be brought to issue at any moment. The motion was accordingly postponed.

We learn by the Persia, however, that the Persian difficulty which a few days since appeared in a fair way of settlement, has taken an unexpected unfavorably turn. Feronk Khan, Persian envoy suddenly ceased negotiations with the British minister at Paris, and will not come to London.

The London Morning Advertiser asserts that the Government is in possession of a despatch announcing the total destruction of Canton by the British.

The Persia brings a large number of passengers. Among them, Lord Napier, the new British Minister to Washington, and family.

The Earl of Ellesmere died on the 21st ult., at London.

A dreadful colliery explosion took place in Yorkshire. One hundred and fifty persons were killed.

FRANCE.—The Emperor opened the Legislature with a speech from the throne, amid great pomp and enthusiasm. The Emperor referred to the peaceable solution of the recent difficulties among the various European powers; and considering that the best understanding now prevails between all the great powers, thinks the time auspicious to endeavor seriously to regulate and develop the strength and riches of the nation at home. He rejoices over the prosperous condition of the country as evinced by largely increased revenues. He regrets the suffering caused by the deficient crops and recent inundations. He says the expenditures are to be reduced, and the war tax abolished from January next. The annual army contingent is fixed at 100,000 men. He says that an appropriation is made for a transatlantic line of steamers; and after referring to sundry local topics, winds up with a panegyric upon the state of the Empire.

The French Government has instructed its Representatives at London, Vienna, St. Petersburgh, and Berlin, to invite the powers to accredit their resident Ministers at Paris as Plenipotentiaries to settle the Neufchatel question. The Conference will meet early in March, but it is feared will be protracted, and difficult to arrive at an adjustment.

ITALY.—Italian affairs are in the same unsatisfactory condition.

The agent sent by the Government to offer pardons to the political prisoners and exiles in South America, reports that nearly all had refused to accept them.

The British foreign office had printed a mass of official correspondence, relating to Naples.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS, FEB. 21.—The following is from the circular of Richardson, Spence & Co.:—The arrivals of breadstuffs during the week have been light from abroad. At to-day's market there were few buyers from a distance, and a moderate business was done in wheat, without change in prices. Flour unsaleable. At auction, after market, extra Wisconsin sold at 31s6@32s. But the greater proportion of what was offered had to be withdrawn. For a beautiful lot of extra State Mills, 28s was the highest bid, but it was withdrawn for 31s per bbl. Wheat—Red, 8s@8s9d; white has brought 37s per quarter at retail. Flour—Nominal; extra Western, 24s@31s. Indian Corn—Mixed, 34s; yellow, 31s; White, 36s@37s.

PORK.—Slow of sale. Old neglected. For new American 42s6d is asked. Lard—In absence of arrivals has further advanced, 71s6d having been paid on the spot. Some sales to arrive at 70s per cwt.

Arrival of the Quaker City.

THE Quaker City from Havana on the 26th ult., arrived at New York on the 2d inst.

The carnival, which has been very gay this season, concluded on the night of the 24th, with a grand masquerade ball at the Tacon theatre.

The health of Havana is excellent, and the continuation of fine weather has induced a large portion of the visitors from the United States to prolong their stay.

A slaver had safely landed to the Eastward of Havana with a cargo of 400 negroes.

A ship under Dutch colors arrived at Havana on the 20th, loaded with coolies from the East Indies.

Sugars have a tendency to decline, but as yet the prices remain at the last advices. Stock on hand, 85,000 boxes.

The latest Havana letters say that it was again reported that a naval demonstration would be made against Mexico, and that a frigate would soon sail for Vera Cruz.

The Rco del Pueblo, of St. Domingo city, of Jan. 11th, says that the Government of President Baez was taking energetic measures against conspiracies, which are supposed to be maturing. General Santa Anna had been conducted to the Capital, under an arrest of 300 men, and was immediately put in prison.

THE VIRGINIA VOLCANO.—It is said that the statement in reference to a volcano having recently made its appearance in Pendleton county, Va., on the great Back-bone Mountain, is true. The Cumberland Telegraph says:—"It is at a point on the mountain directly between the heads of the dry fork of Cheat and the south branch of the Potomac rivers, at a place known by the name of the 'Sinks,' so called from the depressed condition of the mountain at that point. These 'Sinks' are funnel-shaped, and each one embraces as much as an acre of ground. On the first day of January the reports caused by the bursting forth of the subterranean fire were heard for a distance of twenty or thirty miles. Vast columns of flame and smoke issued from the orifices, and red-hot stones were thrown up in the air several hundred feet above the mouth of the crater. Our informant adds that the people in the vicinity are becoming alarmed at the pertinacity with which the flames are kept up and the red-hot masses of rocks thrown out. A heavy, rumbling noise, like distant thunder, is continually reverberating through the deep cavern of the mountain, which at times seems to tremble from summit to base."

INCOME TAX IN ENGLAND.—A correspondent of the North American Review thus speaks of the Income Tax, a subject of no small complaint in England:—A poor mechanic, who works hard for twelve hours per diem, and earn $500 annually, has to pay out of it for this tax nearly $33 annually; one who has $1,000 per annum pays $67, and one who has $2,500 pays $170, or £34, English, the annual rent of a tolerable house. He has property tax to pay besides, and he has heavy poor rates, sewer rates, lighting and paving rates, improvement rates, police rates, water rates, house rates, custom and other indirect taxes. A collector for one or the other of these rates is perpetually "knocking at the door," but of all, the income tax is the most burthensome and obnoxious. A very decided and determined effort is being made to shake it off, and meetings are being held all over the country against it. It presses most unfairly, the precarious income is taxed equally with that which is secured, those who cannot spare it are made to pay it with those who can, and even imprisonment is resorted to in case of default.

Poisoning at Washington.

THE papers throughout the country, just previous to the inauguration, contained statements relative to the "sudden illness of the President elect, as well as of various other persons," and the whole wore an air of mystery. The case is now laid before the people by the Lancaster *Express*, the home paper of Mr. BUCHANAN. It seems that the National, the largest Hotel in Washington, being overrun with rats, the proprietors undertook a general slaughter by poisoning them with strychnine. They took the poison and then took to the nearest water, which was in the cistern, tanks and wells about the house, where they tumbled in and died of course. The water being concealed and raised by pumps, did not expose the condition of things till by its daily use some hundred or more of the boarders were suddenly taken sick, doctors were called, and a health officer sent for, who were not long in discerning the cause. On removing the covering to the big cistern it presented the most sickening sight ever seen. It was literally packed with the dead bodies of poisoned rats.—Twenty or thirty of the guests were suddenly, and some of them severely, affected from the use of the water impregnated with the poison. Mr. BUCHANAN left suddenly for Wheatland, where he arrived, suffering severely from diarrhœa. Dr. J. GLANCY JONES, of Berks, was more severely affected, and was for some time in a critical condition. Among the others most severely affected was the Hon. JOHN L. DAWSON; and it has been rumored that he has since died. The report, however, needs confirmation.

The editor of the Cleveland (O.) *Plaindealer*, writing from Washington, says:—Mr. LENOX, from our State, was a guest at the house at the time, was taken sick, started for home and died on the way. No other deaths have been heard of, but many of the boarders are still very sick. Mr. BUCHANAN has not yet fully recovered from its effects.

GENESEE VALLEY CANAL EXTENSION.—A largely attended public meeting was held at the Court House, Rochester, on Thursday evening week, at which strong resolutions were adopted in favor of the bill now pending before the Legislature of this State, for the extension of the Genesee Valley Canal from Olean to Mill Grove Pond, with a view of connecting the Canal with the navigable waters of the Alleghany River. The proposed improvement is justly regarded as of great importance to the people of Rochester and Western New York, as well as one which promises to add largely to the canal revenues of the State. The proceedings of the meeting are given at length in the local papers.

IMPORTATION OF IRON.—The following table exhibits the amount of iron imported into the United States during the fiscal year, ending June 30th 1856:

	Tuns	Value.
Bar iron	108,172,45	$5,352,785
Rod	9,691	478,523
Hoops	5,903,40	345,094
Sheet	14,012,23	814,342
Scrap iron	12,338,45	185,112
Pig iron	59,011,95	1,171,085
Railroad iron	155,495,80	6,179,380
	364,675,28	$14,526,221

AN EARTHQUAKE.—The people of the Western Reserve in Ohio and those of Paris, C. W., and vicinity, think they experienced an earthquake one day last week. The ground trembled, the houses shook, and the crockery jingled. The Cleveland *Plaindealer* has seen a private letter from Mr. Jas. Jennings, of Lenox, to his son in that city stating the same facts. The appearance of snow in the fields the next morning gave striking evidence of the commotion. The snow had been tossed about in divers directions, and by a motion which gave it the form of large snow-balls.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, March 12, 1857.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—The London market is reported by the Persia as exhibiting more signs of ease, and its tendency as being favorable. The Bank of England has added to its stock of bullion. The minimum rate of discount by the Bank of England remains at 6 per cent, but outside the rate is rather less. The arrivals of specie from the West Indies have been large and a further supply of gold coin, amounting to $50,000 has been received from Ireland. The exports have been large—£700,000 Sterling—all in silver has been sent to the East Indies in one ship.

NEW YORK MONEY MARKET, March 6.—The money market has improved in ease considerably this week. The demand continues active, but the supply is increasing rapidly. The discount rates have at length given way one per cent. The highest grades of paper are now bought at 8 to 9 per cent. for dates of 60 days to six months; and secondary grades 9 to 10 per cent. Single names 10 per cent. Call loans are 7 per cent. All those banks having large country accounts find their receipts on deposit increasing. The banks are evidently expanding once more, with every prospect of a continuance up to the 1st July. Foreign exchange is also in favor of buyers. Sterling bankers' bills can be bought at 108 to 108¼, mostly 108¼, and Francs at 5.22½.

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

FLOUR—No change to note in best qualities—medium grades have fallen off 25c per barrel.

GRAIN—Most varieties are as last quoted. Barley had advanced, and prime samples readily bring $1,25.

PROVISIONS—The excitement in the Pork market at the West has at length reached us, and as a consequence $2@3 advance is noted per bbl. Hams, Shoulders, Lard, Butter and Cheese have taken an improved tone, as will be seen by referring to table. Eggs are down 1@2c.

SEEDS—No change, but the market exhibits a downward tendency.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.			
Flour, bbl	$6,25@7,25	Honey, box	$18
Wheat, Gen	$1,30@1,33	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Best white Canada	$1,30@1,33	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Corn	60@62½c	Apples, bushel	$1,00@1,25
Oats	35@42c	Do. dried	$1,75@2,13
Barley	1,20@1,25	Potatoes	55@62½c
Buckwheat	50c	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Beans	$1,12@1,25	Slaughter	7½@8c
Peas	1,00@1,25	Calf	12c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	1,50@2,00
Pork, Mess	$22@23,00	Lamb do	00@00c
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	**SEEDS.**	
Beef, per cwt	$5,50@7,00	Clover bushel	$5,75@7,25
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75	Timothy	$2,00@3,50
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Hams, smoked	11½@12½c	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Shoulders	5½@6½c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Chickens	11@12c	Coal, Lehigh	$3,00@25
Turkeys	@12½c	Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Geese	50c	Do. Blossburg	$7,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
Butter, roll	18@20c	Do. Char	11@12½c
Do. firkin	16@17c	Salt, bbl	$1,60@1,75
Cheese	10½@11c	Hay, ton	$9@13
Lard, fried	13@14c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Tallow	10@10½c	White fish, bbl	$10@10,50
Eggs, dozen	14@15c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$4,75@5,25
		Trout, bbl	$9

NEW YORK, MARCH 9.—Flour—The export and home trade demand for flour is limited, and the market for common and medium grades is lower. Sales at $5,25@5,35 for common to good super State; $5,50@6,70 for extra do. $5,25@5,50 for super Western; $5,00@5,95 for extra do, including round-hoop Ohio at $5,65@6,95.

GRAIN—Wheat market firm and quiet. The stock is small and holders are disposed to insist upon full prices. Sales fair white Southern at $1,30. Rye scarce and firmly held at 90@95c. Barley nominal at $1,20@1,45. Corn market dull and drooping. Demand for new Southern is active at full prices; sales small parcels old mixed Western at 72½@73c, in store. The range of new Southern is 70@76c. Oats steady at 48@51c for State, and 51@53c Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market firmer for mess. Sales at $23,50@24,00 for old mess; $23,87@21,00 for new mess; $18,50@18,75 for prime. Dressed hogs are selling at 9¾@10c. Lard firmer; sales at 11¾@14¾c. Butter steady at 17@23c for Ohio and 20@27c for State. Cheese firm at 12@12½c.

BUFFALO, MARCH 9.—Flour—Ohio Extra $6,75@7,50; Do. superfine $5,25@6,50; Michigan extra $5,50@7,00; Do. superfine $5,25@5,25.

GRAIN—Ohio white wheat $1,41; Do. red $1,25; Mich. white $1,41; Indiana white $1,40; Illinois winter $1,25; Do. spring $1,18. Rye 85c. Corn, yellow or mixed, 65c. Barley $1,20. Oats 47c. Flax Seed $1,75.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork, No. 1, $22; No 2, $21; Prime Do. $18. Ham in Pickles $20 per bbl; Do. Smoked 12@12½c ℔ lb. Shoulders 9½@10. Mess beef $12,50@13,00; Prime $8@10. Dried beef 11c. Lard 13½@13½c. Butter, roll, 18@20—Firkin 14@16. Hamburgh cheese 11@12½c. Eggs 15@16c.

SEEDS—Clover $7,75; Timothy $1,62½@2; White beans $1,75.

DRIED APPLES—$2,30 per bushel.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 2—Provisions—The market has been again excited, and prices rule a shade higher. An immense business has been done; the sales made public on Change alone foot up in value $2,000,000. This being the great Provision Market of the West, it is no unusual thing to see sales to a large amount made on Change each day of Provisions delivered at points on the Upper Mississippi river, St. Louis, and in fact all packing points of any note throughout the West.

The transactions in Mess Pork add up 5,000 bbls; in bulk Pork 8,000,000 lbs.; in Lard 5,200 bbls. and tierces, and of Bacon 1,200 bbls. The closing prices are Mess Pork, $20; Bulk do. 8 cents for Shoulders, 9½ for Sides, in bulk, and 8½@9¼ packed; for Bacon, 9 cents for shoulders, 10½ for Sides, 11 for common cannassed Hams, and 12 cents for sugar-cured do; and for Lard 13½ cents for prime in barrels and 14 cents for kegs. The market closed rather quiet for all, and dull for Lard.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 4.—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality 12@12½c; medium 11@11½c; common 10@10½c; poorest 9½@10c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality $55@70; ordinary $35@40; common $30@35; inferior $25@28.

VEAL CALVES—Extra 7@7½c; Other qualities 6@6½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality 8@12; Other qualities $3,50@7,50.

SWINE—First quality 7½c; Other qualities 7½@7¾c.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 4.—At market 430 Cattle, 450 Beeves and 50 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,50@8,75; first quality, $8@8,25; second quality, $7,50@7,75; third quality, $6,00@6,75; ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$90@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$40, 45, 50@65.

CALVES—$5, 8@10 each.

YEARLINGS—$30@00. Two Years Old—$35@37. Three Years Old—$40@45.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1000 at market. Prices—In lots, $3,50, 4,00, 5,00@5,00; extra and selections, $5,50 7, 8@10.

SWINE—No live at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@7¾c per lb. Dressed hogs, 9½@11c per lb. Shoats, wholesale, 9c; retail 9½@10c ℔ lb.

HIDES—8½@9½c. ℔ lb. Tallow—8@8½c.

CALF SKINS—14@14½c ℔ lb. Pelts—$1,75@2,00.

BRIGHTON, MARCH 5.—At market 655 Beeves, 75 Stores, 9 pairs Working Oxen, 36 Cows and Calves, 1,000 Sheep and Lambs, 1,000 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $9,00; first quality, $8,75; second quality, $8,00, third quality, $7,50; ordinary $5,50@6.

WORKING OXEN—None.

COWS AND CALVES—$28, 34, 35@46.

VEAL CALVES—$5, 6@8,50 each.

YEARLINGS—$00@00. Two Years Old—$36@38. Three Years Old—$41@46.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $5@9; in lots $3,50@5.

SWINE—5c. At retail 9@11c per lb.

HIDES—8@8½c. ℔ lb. Calf Skins 11c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,75@2,00 each. Tallow—8@8½c. ℔ lb.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 7.—The demand for all kinds has been less active, pending the passage of the tariff bill, which unexpectedly has been passed by Congress at the close of the waning administration, so as to admit all kinds of wools from foreign countries costing less than 20 cents ℔ lb free into the country. This will not interfere much with the finer grades of wools raised here, while it will help to give a new impulse to the manufacturing cause here. The transactions since our last do not exceed 80,000 lbs. medium and super fleeces at 58@62½c, the latter rate for good Saxony, and 10,000 lbs. Pulled at prices varying from 47½@52½c for super to extra. Foreign is in meagre supply, being less than known for many years, and owing to the extreme prices [illegible] nothing has been done of importance since our last. We quote—

American Saxony Fleeces, ℔ lb	55@57
American Full-blood Merino	52@57
American ½ and ¾ Merino	45@53
American Native and ¼ do	42@50
Pulled Wool, extra Country	52@55
Pulled Wool, super	44@47
Pulled Wool, No. 1	35@40
California Fine, Washed	35@45
Do. Com. Unwashed	18@33
Peruvian, Washed	32@37
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@30
South American, Com. Washed	15@22
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	15@22
South American Unwashed	11@14
South American, Cordova, Washed	26@29
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	11@14
African, Washed	7@24
Smyrna, Unwashed	14@17
Smyrna, Washed	28@30
Mexican, Unwashed	12@18

[*New York Evening Post.*

BOSTON, MARCH 7.—The market is quite firm for fleece, and pulled Wool and stock very small. Sales of 50,000 lbs. at full prices. In foreign sales of 350 bales Mediterranean and other kinds at various prices as to quality:

Prime Saxony Fleece, washed, ℔ lb, 61@65; Full Blood Merino, 55@61; Three-quarter do., 48@53, Half do., 45@48; Common, 37@43; Superfine, 43@47; Pulled Extra, 47@55; Do. No. 1, 37@43; Do. No. 2, 22@35; Smyrna Washed, 28@32.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 7.—There is a fair inquiry from manufacturers, but the stock being very much reduced, and the assortment broken and irregular, the operations of the past week only reach some 50,000 lbs. in lots, at very full rates, including about 15,000 lbs good Western tub at 45@48c. on time.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

PREMIUM LIST.—1857.

LOCAL AGENTS, Subscribers, and other earnest, active and influential friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, and the cause of "Progress and Improvement," who are disposed to lend their kind offices in its behalf—thus enhancing their individual interests while promoting the welfare of community—are respectfully invited to examine the following Programme of Premiums for the RURAL CAMPAIGN OF 1857:

"EXCELSIOR" PREMIUMS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, to the person or persons procuring the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, in any one Township, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to April 1, 1857.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the next largest list as above
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.
FIVE DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.

$800 IN STATE PREMIUMS!

As most of our General Premiums have heretofore been won by persons in the State of New York, thus precluding Agents and friends at a distance from successful competition, we have concluded to offer **$800** *in State and Provincial Prizes*, viz: **One Hundred Dollars** for the FOUR LARGEST LISTS from EACH of the States of PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, IOWA, and the Province of CANADA WEST, divided as follows:

FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER from *each* of the above named States and Canada West, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1857.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.
TEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.

☞ Competitors for the State and Provincial Premiums, *can also compete for the large General Prizes!* Comment upon the unprecedented liberality and advantages of this list is unnecessary.

The names and number of subscribers obtained by each competitor, will be published in the RURAL, (or in a circular, and mailed to all interested), as soon after the 1st of April as the result can be ascertained,) and the cash paid to the order of the successful competitor.

☞ To give Post-Masters and other Local Agents a fair, equal chance, traveling agents, post-riders and citizens of Rochester are excluded.

[For List of Specific Premiums, &c., see 7th page of either one of first eight numbers of present volume.]

☞ Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, Prospectuses, &c., furnished free to all who are disposed to compete for Premiums, or who desire to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL. Subscription money should be properly inclosed, and carefully addressed and mailed to

D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, deservedly bears the reputation of being the best Agricultural weekly newspaper in the world. It is laden with choice miscellany, literature and information; gotten up in handsome style, and profusely illustrated. It is peculiarly intended for the farm-house. If you want a first class farmer's paper, send $2 to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.—*American Citizen.*

MARRIAGES.

AT Angell's Corners, on Wednesday, Feb. 18th, by Rev. Wm. Corning, THOMAS S. POUND, of Marengo, and Miss HARRIET ANGELL, of the former place.

AT Marengo, on Wednesday, Feb. 25th, by Isaac Wiley, Esq., Mr. JONATHAN SHOTWELL, and Miss ELIZABETH FITCH, both of Marengo.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar Journal in the World,—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

FOR 18 CENTS IN STAMPS THE LADIES ANNUAL will be sent three months *post-paid*. *Gem Shell Plate and 32 pages monthly*. The finest DOLLAR MONTHLY in America. 3 copies 1 year $2; 5 copies $4. J. CHALLEN, Phila., Pa.

☞ PLEASE TO READ THIS. ☜

IF YOU WANT EMPLOYMENT, SEND AT ONCE FOR Mr. **SEAR'S Circular to Book Agents.** Our Publications are considered among the most salable. Address (post-paid) ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, No. 181 William St., N. Y.

FRUIT TREES FOR SALE.
2,000 First Class 3 year old Apple.
2,000 Second Class 1 year old Apple
11,000 Peach 1 year old
50,000 Apple Grafts
Rochester, March 3, 1857. ASA ANTHONY & SON.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE,

ONE MILE SOUTH OF REEDS CORNERS IN THE Town of Gorham, Ontario Co., containing 130 acres of good land, on which there is a good new dwelling house, a horse barn, cattle barn, sheep barn, large grain barn, a carriage house, a hog house, two orchards, a good timber lot and good fences. Address J. P. SLAYTON, Reeds Corners.

A TREATISE ON GROWING TOBACCO

IN THE UNITED STATES, ADAPTED CHIEFLY TO THE Middle and Northern States, with the most approved method of managing the crop to fit it for the market. Just published by W. T. HAMILTON, Syracuse, N. Y.

Any person, by enclosing twenty-five cents to the Publisher, will receive a copy of the book by return mail free of charge.

SENECA LAKE HIGHLAND NURSERIES,
Catharine, Schuyler Co., N. Y.

LARGE SIZE FRUIT TREES FOR ORCHARD PLANTing; Dwarf Trees, bearing size; Ornamental Deciduous and Evergreen Trees and Shrubs; Apple Trees grafted the past winter, and Nursery stocks generally, can be supplied at wholesale or retail. Trees delivered at New York, Philadelphia, Dunkirk and Albany, or any intermediate Station free of charge.—Wholesale and retail Catalogues furnished gratis to all who apply by mail. E. D. FROST.

WIFE, MOTHER, SISTER AND DAUGHTER.

THE HOME:—A FIRESIDE MONTHLY COMPANION AND GUIDE for the WIFE, MOTHER, SISTER and DAUGHTER. Its design is to guide and elevate Woman, and aid to fit her for the important duties devolving upon her. It will be conducted with the single aim to elevate social life, by teaching those principles, and inculcating those sentiments which are most intimately connected with home—the sphere of the true Woman.

TERMS:—$1 50 per annum; Ten copies, and one *gratis*, $10. Specimens furnished.

Address BEADLE & ADAMS, Buffalo, N. Y.

EMERY BROTHERS,
ORIGINAL AND SOLE PROPRIETORS OF THE
ALBANY AGRICULTURAL WORKS, AND WARE-HOUSE, SEED STORE AND SALES ROOM, No. 52 State Street, Albany, N. Y., Manufacturers and Dealers in Agricultural machinery—calculated for Horse, Steam or Water Power.

Among the leading articles are Emery's Patent Railroad Horse Powers and Threshing Machines—with Separators, also with Cleaners combined.

EMERY'S PATENT HORSE POWERS

are closely imitated and offered in various markets for sale, and not unfrequently as of the genuine manufacture, which not unfrequently has the intended effect to palm off a much inferior article as the genuine, and by holding out greater inducements to dealers in way of commissions, (which the profits of the genuine article cannot afford,) induce such agent thereby to purchase the inferior and infringing machine for sale to their unsuspecting customers, as well as many other articles in imitation and in violation of the Patent Rights of the Proprietors of these works, for which, suit for damages for said infringements has been commenced in the United States Courts, before whom the case will be tried on its merits as soon as it is possible or practicable, when the proprietors have no doubt of the issue in favor of the Patents, and justice rendered for past infringements.

To distinguish EMERY'S PATENT IMPROVED HORSE POWERS from all others, it is only necessary to examine the following points, all of which are important and give to them their world-wide reputation; *none of which are found in other powers.* All the castings have the words EMERY, or EMERY'S PATENT in raised letters on them.

The small shafts of the endless chain have a double shoulder turned upon them, the outer one for keeping the small wheels apart and on the track and from wearing against the links of the chain. The several gears and pulleys are all confined to their shafts by substantial couplings, with large screws and nuts upon the outside, similar to that upon a wagon axle.

The gears and pulleys can be transposed, and thereby produce several degrees of force and motion required for different purposes; also, for making it a right or left-handed power; all of which is done by the simple process of removing the nuts and changing the gears and pulleys, (with others it is necessary to remove and reverse the shafts themselves, and for cog, to change it from right to left, and reshape the worms of varying their force and motion.)

They are also constructed with a complete circuit of heavy cast iron track, which is not the case with others.

Thus making a difference in the cost of construction at least 10 per cent greater than the best of others. Their Threshers and Separators are still more expensive and perfect in their construction, the differences often producing results from 50 to 100 per cent greater than the best of others of similar construction, even when both kinds are driven by the SAME HORSE POWER.

They are all made right and left handed, and may instantly be so changed. The pulleys for the cylinder are provided with spring ratchets, and while they drive in one direction they move freely upon the shaft in the opposite, thus allowing the HORSE POWER to be stopped instantly and easily without straining the band or gearing, the cylinder being free to run until it loses its momentum.

The Separator crank has a twenty-four-inch cast-iron face pulley over which the main-band passes, giving to it the required motion, the said iron pulley serving as a balance wheel to the crank and producing a smooth and steady action or motion. The cylinders are all first balanced stationarily as with others, but are afterwards subjected and adjusted to a velocity double that required for threshing grain. This last is an important process, often doubling their utility, efficiency and durability. The cylinder heads are solid cast-iron and fitted to heavy cast-steel shafts extending through and through.

The journal boxes are all made in two parts and lined with a composition of tin and antimony, the best known material for the purpose, thus admitting of being adjusted as they may become worn and loose.

The Thresher frames are constructed with a substantial bottom or sill timber extending nearly the length of the machine upon the floor or ground, thus giving them a greater base and firmness than when simply standing upon four legs with narrow base. The concaves are adjustible in every direction.

The cylinders for all their threshers, whether operated by one or two horses, are 26X11 inches, being one fourth more capacity than those of any other maker for one-horse power, and the same as the largest for two horses.

The frames of the Threshers extend fully to the top, instead of the upper works being constructed by simple planks bolted together edgewise.

No exertions will be spared to meet the wishes of those dealing in and using the class of implements they manufacture.—The public may rest assured the reputation heretofore earned for their machinery, &c., shall be fully sustained, by employing none but the best material and workmanship, and by strict attention to business, they hope to merit and enjoy a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed.

Emery's Patent Portable changeable 2 horse power	$116
do One horse power	85
do Thresher and Separator, 14x38 inch Cylinder	40
do Thresher and Cleaner, 14x26 inch Cylinder	125
do Complete set: 2 horse machines and bands	100
do Complete set: 1 horse machines and bands	128
do Complete set: 2 horse machines for Threshing and Cleaning	250
do Fan mill for hand or power five sizes	$21 to 32
do Circular Cross Cut Saw Mill, 24 inch Saw	37
do Drag Cross Cut Saw Mill, five feet Saw	40
do Circular and Drag Saws combined	80
do Slitting Table and 12 inch Saw for above	7
do Clover Mills and Cleaners	$50 to 100
do Cider Mill and Press	$10 to 45
do Corn and Seed Planter for horse or hand	$6 to 14
do Churn machine for horse power, 1 or 2 churns	12
do Power Corn Shellers, two sizes	$45 to 55
do Dog and Sheep Churn Powers	15
Bands and belt extras, wrenches, &c	5

LOCAL AGENTS, in all the principal towns and cities in this and other countries, where none are already established, are solicited, to whom, if well accredited, most liberal terms will be afforded for making this business a safe and profitable investment. All correspondence promptly attended to.

☞ Full Descriptive Illustrated Price Catalogues sent gratis on application. EMERY BROTHERS,
Albany, March 1, 1857. 373w3t4w

NEW NATIVE GRAPES—ONE DOZEN REBECCA'S $3 each; 1 doz. Diana's; 1 doz. Concord's $1 each. Also, 5,000 Isabella's $10 per 1,000. Address WM. TOMPKINS, East Camp Nursery, Germantown, N. Y. 374w2

THE ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK HAS BEEN REmoved to the New Banking House corner of Buffalo and Fitzhugh Streets. E. WHALEN, Sec'y.
Rochester, Feb. 3, 1857. 374w2

FRENCH ARTIFICIAL EYES.—DR. KNAPP, OCULIST, of 140 Main St., Buffalo, will be at the Eagle Hotel, Rochester, on Friday, March 20th, and on Friday march 27th, (1857,) to insert Artificial Eyes. He has a large assortment adapted to both sexes and different ages. 374w2

TO FARMERS.—THE POUDRETTE MADE BY THE SUBscribers, is the *cheapest and best manure in the world for corn*, &c. A pamphlet will be sent (free) to any one sending their address to "The Lodi Manufacturing Company," 60 Cortlandt St., New York city. 368w17

CHINESE SUGAR CANE,
And other Rare and Valuable Seeds.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST RECEIVED A SUPPLY of the genuine Chinese Sugar Cane Seed, from the latest importations, which he is prepared to furnish, in packages, sufficient to plant four rods of ground—single package 25 cents; 5 packages for one dollar; 11 for two dollars; 100 for sixteen dollars, by mail, post-paid, to any address in the United States under 3,000 miles.

Beardless Barley, Japan Peas, Wyandot Prolific Corn, Klog Philip Improved and the Excelsior Sweet Corn, Orange and Ice Cream Watermelon, Buena Vista Beans, and Chinese Asparagus, (an annual plant perfectly hardy and easy of cultivation,) in same quantities and same price. The entire list for $2, or a selection of 5 for $1.

Twenty-five varieties of choice Flower Seeds $1, by mail.

The subscriber has distributed over 15,000 heads of the *Beardless Barley* in the States, Territories and Canadas within the last three months, and has about 10,000 more for distribution which he will be pleased to send (a single head) to any person who will send his address on a pre-paid envelope. Also for gratuitous distribution Poland Oats and Mexican Wild Potatoes, by mail, in packages of 4, 8 and 16 ounces. These will be forwarded to any address on the receipt of the postage, which is 5 cents per ounce under 3,000 miles—20 cents over 3,000 miles or in the Canadas.

Seedsmen, Merchants, and Farmers' Clubs, wishing the genuine Seed of this SUGAR PLANT, in a convenient form for retailing or distribution, will find it the least trouble and expense to procure it from the subscriber. Drafts on Eastern Banks would be preferred for sums of $5 and over, but bills on specie paying banks will be thankfully received—fractions of a dollar in postage stamps.

Give your *address in full*, and plainly. Address
I. W. BRIGGS, West Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

☞ Publishers of newspapers who receive above advertisement *marked*, and give it from one to three insertions, (sending a copy of paper containing same to above address,) will receive, by mail, post-paid, the list of Seeds enumerated in second paragraph—$2 worth.

FARM FOR SALE.

A VALUABLE, PLEASANT, HEALTHY WHEAT FARM of 303 acres; 200 improved; 65 in Wheat; 70 in grasses.—Stock water for each lot; no waste land; plenty timber, fruit, and ornamental trees. Good buildings, cisterns, and well 24 feet deep, near schools, railroads and markets. Address O. C. HILL, Kalamazoo, Mich. 374w2

THE PENNSYLVANIA FARM JOURNAL

FOR SALE. A CHANGE IN THE EDITORIAL DEPARTment of the Pennsylvania Farm Journal and Progressive Farmer, induces the Proprietors to offer it for sale on reasonable terms. It is the only journal of the kind in Pennsylvania, and if applied for soon, can be purchased on such terms as will render the investment a very profitable one. Apply to
374w2 SAMUEL EMLEN & CO.,
N. E. cor. 7th and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

NEW YORK STATE AG'L SOCIETY.

PREMIUM ON FARMS—1857. GRAIN FARMS, PREMIUM $50 and $30. Dairy and Grazing $50 and $30. Competitors are desired to give notice to the Secretary before 1st July, so that the farms can be visited by a committee appointed for that purpose.

Field Crops—Competitors should obtain the regulations of the Society, so as to have their statements properly prepared. H. Greeley's premium on one acre of Carrots is continued. Regulations will be furnished on application to the Secretary; and also, a list of Premiums for 1857. Agricultural Rooms, Albany, March 2, 1857. [374w3] B. P. JOHNSON, Sec'y.

9,000 WILL BUY THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

HAVING MADE ARRANGEMENTS, I NOW OFFER for sale a choice farm, situated in the town of Farmington, Ontario Co., N. Y., 1½ miles south of the Friends' Churches, containing 177¾ acres of land. The

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

COLUMBIA!

"The Home of the Brave, and the Land of the free."

BY GEO. BABCOCK CLARKE.

AWAKE thou, my harp, at the hour nature slumbers,
Thy strains to frail beauty did never belong,
Let thy deep tones respond to the heart's sweeter numbers,
My country beloved, is the pride of my song.
When Liberty stretched her wand o'er the ocean,
Here darkness encircled idolatrous fire,—
The wandering savage, in war's dire commotion,
And tyranny's minions, were doomed to expire;
The clime sought by exiles, was destined to be,
"The home of the brave, and the land of the free!"

Columbia awaked, as a maid in her childhood,
And breathed the bland fragrance of sweet scented morn,
She heard the loud din of rude men in her wild wood,
Nor chided their smiles at "the echoing horn."
Oppression strong gather'd, beyond the dark water,
To lead the fair maiden, a captive in chains,
But they bitterly wept, who inglorious had sought her,
While leaving their kindred entombed on her plains;
Her dowry was large, and acknowledged to be,
"The home of the brave, and the land of the free!"

O'er the brows of my love, hang choice flowers of the mountain,
Thy richly fraught valleys complete thy array,
Thou drink'st at the rill, from earth's, purest fountain,
Thy voice is the sweetest in melody's lay!
I love thee, yet fail to expect the emotion,
That thrills at my heart, overwhelming my tongue,—
The gems * on thy bosom enkindled devotion,
Thy graces arising unnumbered, unsung;
Thy praise is re-echoed in earth's rapturous glee,
"The home of the brave, and the land of the free!"

A virgin thou art, although tyrants caress thee,
Though thy sons be in number as sands on the shore,
And millions on millions will yet rise to bless thee;
When those now existing shall greet thee no more!
The sage, saint and hero, unite in thy praises,—
The youth, to defend thee, all dangers would brave,
Thine aged expire in religious embraces,
Hope's bright star dispelling the gloom of the grave;
The blessings of heaven are lavished on thee,
"The home of the brave, and the land of the free!"

Ye Despots, who pride on conquests extended,
Your infamy lives by the deeds ye have done,—
But *greatness lies shrouded with him* who defended,
Columbia's freedom, the just WASHINGTON!
Oh Liberty! thine is the power to enlighten
The nations, in darkness now groping their way,—
The fires on thy *Press*, shall continue to brighten,
Until thrones, crowns and kingdoms, are lost in decay,
The last ray shall fade on eternity's sea,
"From the home of the brave, and the land of the free!"

* An allusion to the glittering spires of country churches, which direct the mind as well as the eye of the traveler, toward the "portals of bliss."

Life's Lessons.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.
Author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Lena Rivers," etc.

ALL day long the canary bird had sung unheeded in his gilded cage by the door, and the robin had caroled unheard by his nest in the tall maple tree, while the soft summer air and the golden rays of the warm June sun entered unnoticed the open windows of the richly furnished room, where a pale young mother kept her tireless watch by the bedside of her only child, a beautiful boy, three summers old. For many days he had hovered between life and death, while she, his mother, had hung over him with speechless agony, terrible to behold in one so young, so fair as she. He was her all, the only happiness she knew, for poor LINA HASTINGS was an unloving wife, who never yet had felt a thrill of joy at the sound of her husband's voice, and when occasionally his broad hand rested fondly upon her flowing curls, while he whispered in her ear how dear she was to him, his words awoke no answering chord of love.

How came she then his wife?—and the mistress of his princely home? Alas! *wealth* was the god which LINA MOORE worshiped, and when RALPH HASTINGS, with his uncouth form and hundreds of thousands asked her to be his wife, she stifled the better feelings of her nature which prompted her to tell him No, and with a gleam of pride in her dark blue eyes, and a deeper glow upon her cheek, she one day passed from the bright sunshine of heaven into the sombre gloom of the gray old church, whence she came forth LINA HASTINGS, shuddering even as she heard that name, and shrinking involuntarily from the caresses which the newly made husband bestowed upon her. And so the love she withheld from him was given to the child who now lay motionless and white as the costly linen on which his golden curls were streaming.

All day she had watched him, for they told her that if he lived until the sun setting, there was hope, and as the hours wore on and the long shadows, stretching to the eastward, betokened the approach of night, oh, how intense became the anxiety in her bosom. Fainter and softer grew the sunlight on the floor, and whiter grew the face of the sleeping boy. 'Twas the shadow of death, they said, and with a bitter wail of woe, LINA fell upon her knees, and, as if she would compel the God of Heaven to hear her, she shrieked, "Spare my child. Let *him* live, and I will bear whatsoever else of evil thou shalt send upon me. Afflict me in any other way, and I can bear it, but spare to me my child."

In mercy, or in wrath, LINA HASTINGS' prayer was answered. The pulse grew stronger beneath her touch—the breath came faster through the parted lips—a faint moisture was perceptible beneath the yellow curls, and when the sun was set the soft eyes of EDDIE HASTINGS unclosed and turned with a look of recognition upon his mother, who, clasping him in her arms, wept for joy, but returned no word or thought of gratitude towards Him who had been thus merciful to her.

* * * * * * * *

In a small brown cottage in a distant part of the same village, another mother was watching beside her first-born, only son. They had been friends in their girlhood, she and LINA HASTINGS. Together they had conned the same hard tasks—together they had built their playhouse beneath the same old chestnut tree—together, hand in hand, had they wandered over the rocky hills and through the shady woods of New England, and at the same altar had they plighted their marriage vows, the one to the man she loved, the other to the man she tolerated for the sake of his surroundings. From this point their paths diverged, LINA moving in the sphere to which her husband's wealth had raised her, while MABEL PARKMAN one sad morning awoke from her sweet dream of bliss to find herself wedded to a drunkard! Only they who like her have experienced a similar awakening, can know the bitterness of that hour, and yet methinks she was happier even there than the haughty LINA, for her love was no idle passion, and through weal and woe she clung to her husband, living oft on the remembrance of what he had been and the hope of what he might be again, and when her little WILLIE was first laid upon her bosom, and she felt her husband's tears upon her cheek as he promised to reform for her sake and his son's, she would not have exchanged her lot with that of the proudest in the land. That vow, alas, was ere long broken, and then, though she wept bitterly over his fall, she felt that she was not desolate, for there was music in her WILLIE'S voice and sunshine in his presence.

But now he was dying, he was leaving her forever, and as she thought of the long, dark days when she should look for him in vain, she staggered beneath the heavy blow, and in tones as heart-broken as those which had fallen from LINA HASTINGS' lips, she prayed, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me," adding, "Not my will, oh GOD, but thine be done."

"I will do all things well," seemed whispered in her ear, and thus comforted she nerved herself to meet the worst. All the day, she watched by her child, chafing his little hands, smoothing the scanty pillow beneath his head, bathing his burning forehead and forcing down her bitter tears when in his disturbed sleep he would beg of his father to "bring him an orange—a nice yellow orange—he was so dry."

Alas, that father was where the song of the inebriate rose high on the summer air, and he heard not the pleadings of his son. 'Twas a dreary, desolate room where WILLIE PARKMAN lay, and when the sun went down and the night shadows fell, it seemed darker, drearier still. On the rude table by the window a candle dimly burned, but as the hours sped on it flickered awhile in its socket, then for an instant flashed up, illuminating the strangely beautiful face of the sleeping boy, and went out.

An hour later, and WILLIE awoke. Feeling for his mother's hand, he said, "Tell me true, do drunkards go to Heaven?"

"There is for them no promise," was the wretched mother's answer.

"Then I shall never see pa again. Tell him good bye, good bye forever."

The next time he spoke it was to ask his mother to come near to him, that he might see her face once more. She did so, bending low and stifling her own great agony, lest it should add one pang to his dying hour.

"I cannot see you," he whispered, "it is so dark—so dark."

Oh, what would not that mother have given then for one of the lights which gleamed from the windows of the stately mansion where EDDIE HASTINGS was watched by careful attendants. But it could not be, and when at last the silvery moonbeams came struggling through the open window and fell upon the white brow of the little boy, they did not rouse him, for a far more glorious light had dawned upon his immortal vision, even the light of the Everlasting.

* * * * * * * *

In her tasteful boudoir sat LINA HASTINGS, and at her side on a silken lounge lay EDDIE calmly sleeping. The crisis was past—she knew he would live and her cup of happiness was full. Suddenly the morning stillness was broken by the sound of a tolling bell. 'Twas the same which but for God's mercy would at that moment, perhaps, have tolled for her boy, and LINA involuntarily shuddered as she listened to the strokes which at first were far between. Then they came faster, and as LINA counted *five*, she said aloud, "'Twas a child but two years older than EDDIE."

Later in the day it came to her that the bereaved one was her early friend, whom now she seldom met. Once LINA would have flown to MABEL'S side and poured into her ear words of comfort, but her heart had grown hard and selfish, and so she only said, "Poor MABEL, she never was as fortunate as I,"—and her eye glanced proudly around the elegantly furnished room, falling at last upon EDDIE, whom she clasped to her bosom passionately, but without thought of HIM who had decreed that not then should *she* be written childless.

* * * * * * * *

The humble funeral was over. The soft, green turf had been broken and the bright June flowers had fallen beneath the old sexton's spade as he dug the little grave where WILLIE PARKMAN was laid to rest. In the drunkard's home there was again darkness and a silence which would never be broken by the prattle of a childish voice. Sobered, repentant and heart-broken, the wretched father laid his head in the lap of his faithful wife, beseeching of her to pray that the vow that morning breathed by WILLIE'S coffin and renewed by WILLIE'S grave might be kept unbroken. And she did pray, poor MABEL. With her arms around the neck of the weeping man she asked that this, her great bereavement might be sanctified to the salvation of her erring husband.

"I will do all things well" again seem whispered in her ear, and MABEL felt assured that WILLIE had not died in vain. 'Twas hard at first for ROBERT PARKMAN to break the chains which bound him, but the remembrance of WILLIE'S touching message, "Tell pa good bye,—good bye forever," would rush to his mind whenever he essayed to take the poisonous bowl, and thus was he saved, and when the first day of a New Year was ushered in he stood with MABEL at the altar and on his upturned brow received the baptismal waters, while the man of God broke to him the bread of life.—Much that night they missed their child and MABEL'S tears fell like rain upon the soft, chestnut curl she had severed from his head, but as she looked upon her husband, now strong again in his restored manhood, she murmured, "It was for this that WILLIE died and I would not that it should be otherwise."

* * * * * * * *

Fifteen years have passed away since the day when LINA HASTINGS breathed that almost impious prayer, "Send upon me any evil but this," and upon the deep, blue waters of the Pacific a noble vessel lay becalmed. Fiercely the rays of a tropical sun poured down upon her hardy crew, but they heeded it not. With anxious, frightened faces and subdued step they trod the deck, speaking in whispers of some dreaded event. There had been mutiny on board that man-of-war,—a deep-laid plot to murder the commanding officers, and now at the sunsetting the instigators, four in number, were to pay the penalty of their crime.—Three of them were old and hardened in sin, but the fourth, the fiercest spirit of all 'twas said, was young, and beautiful to look upon. In the brown curls of his waving hair there were no threads of silver, and on his brow there were no lines save those of reckless dissipation, while his beardless cheek was round and smooth as that of a girl—Accustomed from his earliest childhood to rule, he could not brook restraint, and when it was put upon him he had rebelled against it, stirring up strife and leading on his comrades, who, used as they were to vice, marvelled that one so young should be so deeply depraved.

The sun was set. Darkness was upon the mighty deep, and the waves moved by the breeze which had sprung up, seemed to chant a mournful dirge for the boy who far below lay sleeping in a dishonored grave, if grave it can be called, where

"The purple mullet and gold fish rove,
Where the sea flower spreads its leaves of blue
Which never are wet with the falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the depths of the glassy brine."

Over the surging billow and away to the northward other robins are singing in the old Maple tree than those which sang there years ago when death seemed brooding o'er the place. Again the summer shadows fell aslant the bright green lawn and the soft breezes laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers kiss the faded brow of LINA HASTINGS, but they bring no gladness to her aching heart, for her thoughts are afar on the deep with the wayward boy who, spurning alike her words of love and censure, has gone from her "to return no more forever," he said, for he left her in bitter anger. For three years the tall grass has grown over the grave of her husband, who to the last was unloved, and now she is alone in her splendid home, watching at the dawn of day and watching at the hour of eve for the return of her son.

Alas, alas, fond mother, MABEL PARKMAN in her hour of trial, never felt a throb of such bitter agony as that which wrung your heart-strings when first you heard the dreadful story of your disgrace. There were days and weeks of wild frenzy, during which she would shriek "Would to Heaven he had died that night when he was young and innocent," and then she grew calm, sinking into a state of imbecility from which naught had power to rouse her.

A year or two more and they made for her a grave by the side of her husband and the hearts which in life were so divided now rest quietly together while on the costly marble above them there is inscribed the name of their son, who sleeps alone and unwept in the far-off Southern Seas.

Brockport, N. Y., 1857.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 3, 12, 6, 14, 3 is a place celebrated for the production of a staple article.
My 2, 3, 4, 15, 8 is a county in New York noted for being the birth-place of two great evils.
My 3, 1, 10, 8, 4, 1, 6, 13, 14 is an island near Africa.
My 4, 6, 10, 8 is a city in Italy.
My 5, 3, 10, 6, 4, 8 is a county in Wisconsin.
My 6, 12, 12, 6, 14, 13, 6, 1 is one of the Western States.
My 7, 6, 8, 4, 14, 3 is the capital of one of the European kingdoms.
My 8, 9, 6, 8 is one of the principal lakes in U. S.
My 9, 11, 3, 4 is a mountain in North Carolina.
My 10, 3, 6, 5, 11 is the principal city in Africa.
My 11, 4, 6, 13, 14 is a river in the United States named after a favorite vegetable.
My 12, 3, 2, 5, 8, 4, 10, 8 is a city in Kansas remarkable for its scenes of riot and bloodshed.
My 13, 10, 8, 3, 4, 6, 10, 3 is a grand division of the earth.
My 14, 6, 12, 8 is a river in Africa.
My 15, 3, 12, 8 is a celebrated college in the U. S.
My whole is a division of Australia.

Newark, N. Y., 1857. J. A.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A AND B start at the same time at opposite points of a circle, and travel around it in the same direction. A takes 5 steps while B does 4, but 5 of B's steps are equal to 6 of A's. How many times around the circle will A have to travel to overtake B, allowing 24 of the longer paces to be equal to 1 sign or 30 degrees.

Decatur, Mich. J. H. WALLACE.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

A AND B own a stack of hay in a conical form. It is 15 feet high, and A owns two-thirds of the stack. It is required to know how many feet he must take from the top of it for his share?

Howlett Hill, N. Y. —. R—.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Scriptural Enigma in No. 374:—The hand of the diligent shall bear rule.—*Prov.* xii: 24.

Answer to Algebraical Problem in No. 374:—120 Sheep, 80 Cows, 30 Miles.

FAMILIAR CHAPTERS ON CHEMISTRY.

CARBONIC ACID.

CARBONIC ACID, or, as it was formerly called, fixed air, is a compound gas, formed both by art and nature, in a variety of processes. Like oxygen and nitrogen, it is void of color; but, unlike them, it possesses a slight odor and a perceptibly sour taste. Burning bodies are extinguished by it—the generation of this gas in large quantities being *the* feature of the fire-annihilator—and animals when placed in it soon cease to breathe, life yielding to its poisonous effects. LOUDON gives a sketch of a remarkable valley in the island of Java—known as the Poison Valley—which is the most remarkable natural example of an atmosphere overcharged with this gas. This valley is about a mile in circumference, and the whole covered with the skeletons of human beings and animals of various kinds. Among the experiments tried, a dog was fastened to the end of a bamboo, eighteen feet long, and sent in; in fourteen seconds he fell on his back, and ceased breathing in eighteen minutes. Another dog walked up to the side of his dead companion and died in seventeen minutes. Fowls were killed by it in a minute and a half.

Fig. 1.

Carbonic acid is one-half heavier than common air, and can therefore be poured from one vessel into another like a liquid, (fig. 1) and will remain sometime at the bottom of the glass without mixing with the atmosphere above it. The accumulation of this gas may be exhibited by introducing two lighted tapers, as seen in fig. 2, the lower one, surrounded by it, will go out, while the upper one, still in contact with common air, will continue to burn.

Fig. 2.

When carbonic acid is poured through lime water, (water poured upon slaked lime, and when settled the clear portion removed,) it makes it

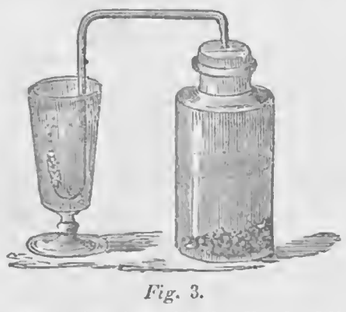


Fig. 3.

milky, (fig. 3,) forming with the dissolved lime an insoluble white powder which, because it contains carbonic acid, is called carbonate of lime, and is the same as chalk.

As water readily takes up this gas, it may be made, by pressure, to absorb a large quantity of it. Thus is prepared soda water, which, in general, consists only of water abundantly impregnated with carbonic acid by pressure and agitation.—Many of our mineral springs are highly impregnated with it.

The connection between carbonic acid gas and vegetation is exceedingly intimate. JOHNSTON says:—"Every green leaf that waves on field or tree, sucks in, during the sunshine, this gas from the air. It is as indispensable to the life of the plant as oxygen is to the life of the animal. Remove carbonic acid from the air and all vegetable growth would cease. It must, therefore, be a necessary constituent of the atmosphere of our earth. In order that growing plants may be able to obtain a sufficiently large and rapid supply of carbonic acid from a gaseous mixture which contains so little, (at ordinary elevations there are about two gallons to every five thousand of air,) they are made to hang out their many waving leaves into the atmosphere. Over the surface of these leaves are sprinkled countless pores or mouths, which are continually employed in separating and drinking in carbonic acid gas. The millions of leaves which a single tree spreads out, and the constant renewal of the moving air in which they are suspended, enables the living plant to draw an abundant supply for all its wants from an atmosphere already adjusted to the constitution of living animals. A common lilac tree, with a million of leaves, has about four hundred thousand millions of pores or mouths at work, sucking in carbonic acid; and on a single oak tree, as many as seven millions of leaves have been counted."

To prepare this gas for experiments, take chalk or marble and deposit it in small fragments in diluted sulphuric or muriatic acid. Vinegar, or almost any other acid, may be used.

TREES AND PLANTS CHEAP!!

THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING MADE ARRANGEMENTS to change the location of his Nursery, offers for sale, very cheap, a general assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Peonias, &c., &c., at wholesale and retail.

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" " 3 " dozen.
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374w3 A. FAHNESTOCK, President,
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IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR BUY A FARM, ADDRESS JAMES SULLY, Buffalo, N. Y. See advertisement in No. 370 of *Rural*, Feb. 7th. 372tf

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Also, a fine stock of American Arbor Vitæ, 1 to 3 feet.
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Rochester, February 24th, 1857. 373tf

AGENTS! AGENTS!!

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Schenectady, N. Y., March, 1857. 273-5w1am

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6th. The seed is excellent for human food, when ground into meal, and fattens domestic animals very speedily. From twenty-five to seventy-five bushels can be raised on an acre.
7th. It is so certain a crop that planters may be sure of succeeding with it as a Sugar plant anywhere south of Maryland and north of Mexico. If planted early in the Southern States, the seed will mature and produce another crop the same season.
☞ The seed, which has been very carefully kept pure, from the original importation, will be offered in cloth packages, each containing enough to plant half an acre in drills, with full direction for the cultivation, which is perfectly simple.
☞ These packages will be forwarded *per mail*, FREE OF POSTAGE, to any address, on receipt of $1 50 for each package. When not sent by mail, we will furnish the packages at $1 each.
☞ Early orders are solicited, as the supply of good and reliable seed is quite limited. Applicants' names will be entered in the order in which they are received, and the seed will be mailed as soon as possible.
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FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

BARLEY.

7. Time of Sowing—Amount of Seed.

BARLEY should be sown as early as the season will allow of adequate preparation. The crop stands about three months on the ground, and it is important that it gets a fair start before the summer drouth comes on. Of late years, we find few successful crops which were sown later than May-day, and one advantage of fall plowing our corn stubbles, is, that it facilitates the early sowing of the barley crop following in rotation.

The amount of seed usually given to an acre, varies from two to three and one-half bushels; poor, early sown, and mellow soils requiring least. If drilled in, also, a less quantity is required: and rolling when the young plants are a few inches in height, if the ground is dry and porous, is said to be serviceable in giving support to the roots, causing the plants to tiller and increasing their vigor. We question the utility of sowing over two and one-half bushels per acre, though some of the best crops reported have received three bushels, and three and one-half. Others, however, equally as good, have been produced from two bushels seeding.

8. Harvesting—Value of the Straw.

In harvesting barley it is important to cut it at the right stage, when neither too green or too ripe. If rather green, the grain shrinks, and is of light weight—if fully ripe it shells easily and the straw is of less value. It is said that when the head begins to assume a reddish cast, and drops down upon the straw, the proper period of harvesting has arrived—and, as after this the grain matures rapidly, it should at once be cared for. It may be mown or cradled, or cut with a reaper—if the straw is long it should be bound, though with proper forks for loading, it may be pitched from the swath without this additional labor. It need not stand long in the field, yet care should be taken that it is properly dry before storing in large mows, as it is more easily injured by heating than any other grain.

Barley straw, well cured, and not over ripe, is readily eaten by all kinds of stock. It is worth more for fodder than wheat straw, and is equal, perhaps, to corn stalks or inferior hay. The chaff is much liked notwithstanding the strong beards with which it is filled.

9. Uses—Stock Feed—Malting, Etc.

The greatest use made of barley, as before remarked, is in the production of fermented and alcoholic liquors, but this grain affords an excellent feed for horses and is equal to corn for fattening cattle and swine. For the latter purpose it should be cooked, or soaked in the grain, or the meal may be wet and allowed to commence fermentation before using. This grain, when boiled, has long been employed in Europe as horse food, especially after a hard day's work or during illness. When fed to horses in a half malted state, it is said to be perfectly harmless, however heated they may be, or whatever quantity they may eat. To prepare it, soak it in water from twelve to twenty four hours in the usual way.

In malting for manufacturing purposes the grain is soaked for several days in large vats filled with water, and then heaped upon floors to sprout, in which process *diastase* is formed, which has the property of converting the starch of the grain into sugar. The grain, when thus sprouted, is placed over a furnace, and hot air passing through it, checks the germination and drives off the moisture. When thoroughly dried it is ready for the use of the brewer, who steeps it in warm water, and in combination with hops and other substances produces ale, porter, beer, etc. For distilling it is first ground or crushed, and submitted to the usual process.

10. Diseases and Insects.

The diseases and insects injurious to barley are not numerous. A kind of smut called the barley brand, sometimes prevails in cold, wet seasons, and is its worst disease. It is a fungus parisite having its seat in the ear, and developing a sort of woody tissue between the layers of the fungus.—The outer covering of the grain remains sound, but the internal structure is blackened and destroyed. In the Eastern States the "maggot" or worm in the straw sometimes injures barley, and the wheat midge has occasionally been found in it, in sections where it prevails.

11. Yield and Profit of the Crop.

The average yield and profit of barley, compares favorably with other grains. It can be grown for fifty cents per bushel, and prices of late have averaged more than double that amount. The product ranges from ten or fifteen to fifty bushels per acre—the average may be put at twenty-five bushels in Western New York.

WILLOWS AND THEIR CULTURE.

IF our swamps can be made profitable by the cultivation of the Willow, or the Cranberry, or any other plant, it is a fact of no small importance.—It will not only add to our wealth, but be conducive to health and happiness. As soon as it is proved, beyond a question, by actual experience, that Willows can be profitably cultivated on our swamp land, thousands will at once set to work to drain their swamps, and many will be surprised to find how easily and cheaply a work was done which they had supposed could only be accomplished at great expense and labor, if at all possible. Many a dismal, pestilential swamp will be changed to a fruitful field,—and many a piece of land, originally drained with a faint hope of making it dry enough for the Willow, will prove to be the most fruitful corn field on the farm. If the discussions on the culture of Willow and the Cranberry, have no other effect, they will be, and indeed have already been, of great advantage, in directing attention to the draining of our swamps.

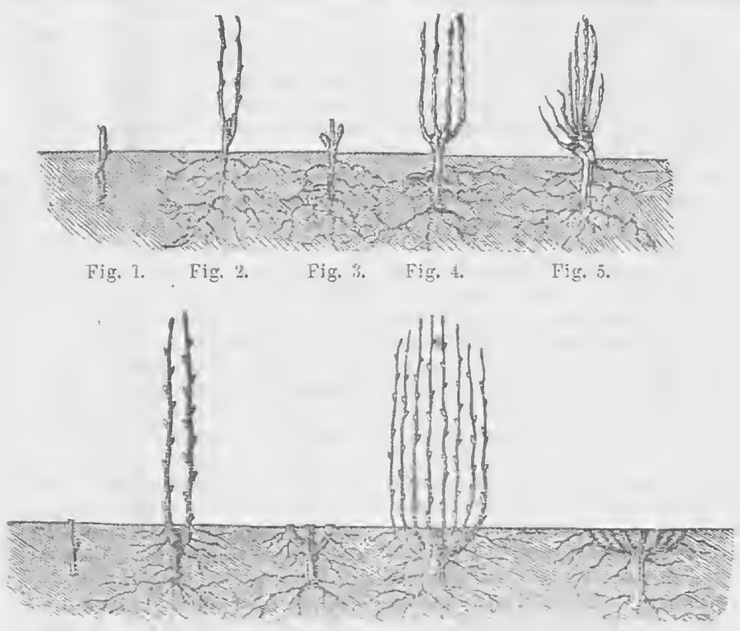
VARIETIES SUITED TO OUR CLIMATE.

THE culture of the Willow was urged many years ago, by the elder Mr. PRINCE, but the subject received but little attention, and the varieties which were recommended as the best English sorts, did not suit our climate. Our dry, hot summers checked or entirely stopped their growth, so that during July and August, they would remain apparently dormant, some varieties starting again with the fall rains, but not making sufficient growth to be of any value. Dr. GRANT and CHAS. DOWNING, of Newburgh, have for several years been importing all the English varieties and conducting a system of reliable experiments, of immense value to the country, and the result is, they have found *four* varieties to succeed admirably here, and tho' others have proved valuable, these four have proved superior to all others. We give Mr. DOWNING's description of these sorts.

1st. FORBES' WILLOW.—*Salix Forbyana.*—Hardy and productive, its rods having almost a leathery toughness; but it does not whiten well, and in consequence its usefulness is greatly abridged.—For work where unpeeled rods are used, it is most excellent.

2d. LONG-LEAVED TRIANDROUS WILLOW.—*S. triandra.*—This whitens beautifully, is very tough and pliable, and grows vigorously with less drainage than any other of good quality. If the soil is very deep, it will grow with equal vigor where the ground is very dry; and in addition it has the excellent habit of early ripening the extremities of its shoots, on which account it is quite hardy in high northern latitudes. With our German basket makers it is a general favorite, particularly for split work. As an ornamental tree it is also deserving of attention.

3d. PURPLE WILLOW.—*S. purpurea.*—This is the representative of a large class, and appears to be far more valuable for osiers in America than in England, where it is represented as giving shoots of from three to five feet in length. I have standing by me a bundle of its shoots, from cuttings planted last spring, that average more than 6 feet; and another bundle, from established plants, of nearly ten feet. They were grown with good but not extraordinary culture, and any good field may easily do as well. It is much more fastidious in its habits than either of the preceding—delights in richness, depth, and moisture, but does not tolerate excess of wetness. When well established, it has but one superior in productiveness, and may easily be made to yield four tons per acre of the most excellent rods, particularly for fine whole work, for which it has no superior. For live fences it is very valuable, and in England is "extensively used for fences for the exclusion of hares and rabbits, as well as cattle, the bark and leaves being so intensely bitter that they will touch neither, while the shoots, being long, tough, and flexible, may be formed into any shape; and a fence of this kind is reckoned little if at all inferior to that made of wire, which, when made close enough to exclude small animals and strong enough to form a barrier against large oxen, is very expensive."



4th. BEVERIDGE WILLOW.—*S. Beveridgei.*—This variety is perfectly adapted to the climate of the United States, and is much more vigorous and productive than any other variety known. Cuttings of the size of a pipe-stem, six inches long, planted last April, made during the season shoots 11 feet long. Its rods are very slender, comparatively, and vary less in size "from butt to tip" than any other with which I am acquainted. "In early spring, before other flowers appear, excepting the *Magnolia conspicua* and *Cydonia Japonica*, this tree is a mass of dazzling bloom, its immense catkins exhibiting all the brightest hues of the rainbow." The remarkable vigor of this Willow, together with its hardiness and beauty, constitute it the best material for live fences that has yet been discovered, where the soil is suited to its growth; for example, on the deep, rich soil of the Western prairies, and on the bottoms where fences are liable to be swept off by freshets. It will thrive in *any* soil that is *deep and rich*, and for a garden enclosure I can not conceive any thing more attractively beautiful than a hedge of this Willow. After the gloom of winter has passed, it affords the first cheerfully inviting scene of spring—its gorgeous flowers, covered with bees, filling the air with the joyous murmuring of the music; and its dense, rich foliage, is the last to yield to the saddening influence of early winter. The cultivation of this Willow for hoops may perhaps be worth attention. It will yield once in two years about 40,000 poles to the acre. One whose judgment is worthy of all confidence, writing from England, says "as an osier it is better than all other varieties," and the experience of the past two years proves it of equal excellence here.

SOIL AND CULTIVATION.

The Willow delights in a moist, mucky soil, but experience has proved that it cannot be grown successfully in stagnant water. It requires depth of soil, richness and moisture—a well drained swamp, therefore, is just the thing, and even if overflowed in the winter and spring, and occasionally in summer during heavy storms it may be used advantageously. Heavy, retentive upland soils when deeply worked are suitable for the Willow. The deep prairies of the West seem prepared by nature for the especial growth of the Willow. Some varieties will bear more water than others, as the *Long-leaved triandrous Willow* will flourish on a soil so soft that plowing is impracticable, and requiring no other care than keeping down the weeds, but on the same soil the *Purple Willow* would scarcely grow.

The ground for the Willow should be well plowed and dragged, and if the soil is not naturally rich a good dressing of manure should be plowed under. There appears to be a good deal of difference of opinion as to the distance at which to plant cuttings. We rather think, however, that about three feet each way will be found right. The cuttings should be from seven to twelve inches in length, according to the stiffness of the soil. If the soil is heavy, seven inches in length will be short enough. After planting, the ground must be kept cultivated, until the Willow gets such a start as to shade the ground, and prevent the growth of weeds.

CUTTING.

On this subject we cannot do better than to give an article written by JOHN SAUL, now of Washington, D. C., who is well acquainted with the willow and its culture in England. It commends itself to every cultivator:

Willow sets, as commonly planted, would have the appearance of fig. 1. It will be perceived that one eye is above the ground, and more frequently there are two. At the end of the first summer's growth, it has the appearance of fig. 2. These, we will suppose, are cut back, as shown at fig. 3. [It is much better not to head them back until the end of the second year, as it materially strengthens the stools. Many good growers occasionally let their old plantations stand two years, to give them greater vigor.] It will be seen that a "snag" is left on the old stem, which will increase at all subsequent cuttings, leaving a short stem of it, perhaps a few inches, between them and the surface of the ground. At the end of the second year, we have a plant like fig. 4; and at the end of the third year, like fig. 5. At this and subsequent ages, many of the "stools" will be getting one-sided, from the breaking off of "snags" by carelessness or accident; and when the stools stand close together, many shoots will be weak and worthless. This is a very bad system of cutting, yet in England it is the general one. A much better system is practiced by a few good growers. When the cutting is planted, it has the appearance of fig. 6—the top bud level with the surface of the ground. It will be found that the shoots given the first summer, as shown at fig. 7, will be much stronger than that shown at fig. 2. The reason is obvious: as soon as the shoots fairly commence growing, roots are emitted at the base of the pushing buds, which, being near the surface, greatly assist their growth. When these are cut back, it must be done close to the surface of the ground, as seen at fig. 8. The next summer the stools will give a luxuriant growth of "rods," as at fig. 9, showing a great contrast to stools of the same age, as at fig. 4. Persons unacquainted with willow-growing must not think this overdrawn, as I can answer for it; the contrast in the Willow beds will be still greater than on paper. Little explanation is necessary on this point. The rods given by a stool like fig. 4 have to draw all their nourishment through the stem, and will, as a consequence, be weak in contrast with those given by a stool like fig. 9. Where the whole stool, to the very top, is in the ground, roots are emitted from every point, and the stools swell accordingly; and when growth commences in spring, shoots will be thrown up all around the stool, from the under side of the headed down branches. These shoots springing out of the soil, as soon as fairly growing, also emit roots in every direction, from the point of junction with the previous year's wood. It will be clearly seen, under circumstances such as these—a stool from which roots ramify in every direction, with the young rods rooting into the soil as well—the rods must, as a consequence, be of superior growth to the other system. From the system of cutting back, the stool spreads to a considerable distance; three feet in diameter will soon be common in a good soil and under good culture. I have seen them much wider. The rods having more distance, and deriving the same nourishment from the parent stool, are not only long, but uniform in size. If cut on the other system, many weak shoots will be given, for want of room, air, nourishment, &c. This system of cutting close to the ground must be adhered to at all subsequent cuttings. It will be plainly seen, that under this mode the stools must be planted at a considerable distance apart,—on no account should they be closer than three feet each way; three and a half feet will be a still better distance; and on favorable soils, with the very strongest Willows, four feet each way will not be too much.

In this article we have answered the inquiries of A. W. R., of Binghamton, N. Y., and several others, who have asked information on this subject. In another article we will give the method of peeling, and preparing for market, the present and prospective demand for the Willow, and such other information as may be needed. We shall also then recommend the Willow for live fences, and give the best method of planting and after culture. For forming a quick and efficient shelter, in exposed situations, and on the prairies, the willow is worthy of especial attention.

Communications.

THE WHEAT MIDGE.

Can there be any Substitute for the Wheat Crop in the Genesee Valley?

EDS. RURAL:—The question for consideration before the "Farmers' Club," at their late meeting in this city, was, "Whether some other crop could be profitably substituted for that of winter wheat in this county?" The partial failure of the wheat crop in the Genesee Valley for the past few years, has become a great calamity and excites universal alarm. This failure has not been owing to the exhaustion of the soil, although the crop of late years, on this account, has not equalled that of former years. But it has been owing to those insects that are the deadly enemies of the wheat plant, and that have increased beyond conception within the past few years.

Now the Farmers' Club has not, as I can learn, recommended any crop as a substitute, or suggested any measures to remedy or mitigate the evil.—When men of experience, men of so much intelligence and practical knowledge, fail to suggest any remedy for this evil, the conclusion seems forced upon us that if we continue to cultivate winter wheat, it will be at the great hazard of losing the crop. I suppose this is the true and only alternative.

There is no crop raised by the farmer of equal value. Corn is an exceedingly valuable crop, but it requires a great amount of labor. It can do nothing, however, towards supplying the place of wheat as food for man. It cannot be marketed till the season after it is raised; nor even then be shipped to foreign markets except it is first kiln-dried—and to consume it in distilleries, it had better be subject to blasting and mildew. It can subserve great and profitable uses, it is true; what these uses are the farmer knows without being told.

Barley is also an exceedingly valuable crop. It can be produced with less labor than any other grain of the same intrinsic value. Like corn it requires as good soil, and as favorable seasons as wheat. For fattening pork, and as feed for other stock, it is little if at all inferior in value to corn. But it cannot produce wheat bread for the table, although in the great failure of wheat in 1837, I made as good bread from bolted barley flour as is ordinarily made from what is termed fine flour or common wheat flour, at this day. Any extent of barley therefore, beyond what is used for fattening pork and feed for stock, will necessarily go to the brewer, and produce a moral pestilence.

Land that is too moist for corn or barley will answer for oats. But this crop cannot avail much as a market grain.

There remains but one crop more, and that is spring wheat. Although considered a little inferior to winter wheat in respect to the quality of flour, this crop is still the only one that would, if successful, at all supply the place of winter wheat.

Will, then, the enemies of winter wheat destroy the spring wheat? I know not that this question can be decided, except by actual experiment.—There are two principal and fatal enemies to the growth and perfection of winter wheat—the "Wheat Midge," and the "Hessian Fly." The midge destroys the crop by eating the kernel—the fly by cutting off the stalk. The midge is a worm, or maggot, hatched in the kernel while in its soft or milky state, from an egg deposited there by a fly. This fly, as stated by the celebrated entomologist, Dr. Fitch, can be seen for about three weeks in June, dancing in the air, over the wheat heads, in immense numbers or swarms. It is during this brief period that the egg is posited in the kernel, when the husk is not too hard to be penetrated by the sting of the fly. To avoid this hazard, therefore, the wheat must be matured so early that the fly cannot, during this period, say from the 10th of June to the 1st July, penetrate the husk, on account of its hardness or dryness—or it must be sown so late that the head is not yet put forth and the kernel formed during this period. Spring wheat can be sown late enough to avoid this hazard, and still have time to mature perfectly. But whether it can be matured early enough to ensure safety, I cannot say. It would be worth while to try both experiments.

No better time for plowing and sowing spring wheat could be asked for than occurred in February, and no better time, where the land has not already been plowed, need be desired than this 4th day of March, on which I write. A better field of spring wheat (the Italian) I never saw than one plowed and sown in the month of January. It was ripe for the sickle as early, if not a few days earlier, than the winter wheat on the same farm.—Bearded spring wheat, it is supposed, would be comparatively safe, it being difficult for the insect to penetrate through the beard or husk into the kernel.

I advise, therefore, to give immediate and late sowing both a fair trial. For immediate sowing

try the bearded wheat. For late sowing try any good variety. While the ground was soft and wet I have turned over old sward that had been mown for eight years, sown immediately spring wheat, and dragged so as not to break the furrows, and had satisfactory results.

Now as to the Hessian fly. I never had spring wheat attacked and injured by this enemy but once. It was on a field where winter wheat and spring wheat were sown side by side. The winter wheat was cut and prostrated by the fly, and the crop nearly destroyed. As there was nothing to separate the two parcels, the fly progressed, and both shared the same fate. As the Hessian fly commences his career in the fall, in the winter-plant, near the root, wheat sown in spring is exempt from this danger. It should not, however, be sown so near to winter wheat on the farm, that the enemy can easily go from one crop to the other.

The importance of this subject is the only apology for troubling the farming community with these suggestions; and if they can avail in any degree to arrest or mitigate this evil, the design and hopes of the writer will be realized.

March 4th, 1857. FARMER D.

CULTURE OF THE SWEET POTATO.

EDS. RURAL:—About eighteen years ago I planted, in the open field, a few hills of whole sweet potatoes, without first starting them in a hot-bed. The soil was a coarse, hard, gravelly loam, neither plowed nor spaded deep. They grew rapidly, but in going down the longest tubers came in contact with the hard gravel and *battered* up; still the potatoes were large and fine. Since then I have cultivated them every year with perfect success, each year more successfully, having more experience, and I have not the least doubt, that with the proper knowledge and attention, an abundant supply of this excellent article, for home consumption, may be raised in this section with as little trouble as the common potato. The sweet potato is now almost indispensable in nearly all our families, especially those fond of good living. The amount of money paid for those raised in and brought from other States, is very large and yearly increasing, and the prices are high. This amount, if employed in cultivating them at home, would, in my opinion, supply double the quantity now used. And when the fact that they can be easily raised is generally known among us, the quantity will increase till we shall have a supply of our own, and at a moderate price, so that none need do without them. There is another valuable consideration connected with their culture. As I have never discovered any disease in them, and never had a crop *fail* by rot or otherwise, as has been the case with the common potato, we may be reasonably sure of a supply of the sweet potato, should the common one fail.

The greatest difficulty in raising them is to procure the plants. As I have never been able to keep the tubers over winter, my manner has been to send to New York or other places in the month of March or early in April, and buy half a peck or more of the seed, (potato.) A peck will produce from 100 to 500 plants. I then prepare my hot-bed. When ready, I slit the potatoes lengthwise, laying the cut side down, in rows six to ten inches apart, covering them about one and a half inches deep, pressing the earth lightly over them, taking care not to let the temperature get too high. Too much heat causes them to rot. When the time for transplanting comes, which is after the danger of frost is past I take them up and cut them into as many small pieces as there are plants, leaving, if I can, a small piece of the potato on each plant, but if there is no piece attached, the plant will grow nearly as well and do as well as any—for there is no plant more sure to grow or harder to kill.

As to the best land for growing them, a loose, sandy loam is preferable, and hard gravel and compact soils should be avoided. If manure is used, it should be old, well pulverized, and thoroughly mixed with the earth. The tubers will run deep into the earth, in some instances 18 to 20 or more inches. As the root, when growing, is very tender, it will overcome no obstruction; the ground therefore should be deeply plowed or spaded and thoroughly mellowed, so as to give them easy passage downwards. It is well to transplant them early, as soon as the danger of frost is over. In doing this I raise hills or ridges, the hills about three feet apart with one plant in a hill, the ridges about two and a half feet apart, with plants one and a half feet apart. If I can transplant in a wet day, the better; if not, I do it an hour or two before sunset, in the same manner as I would cabbage plants, being careful to put a gill or so of water (not cold) into each hole before putting the earth around the root; then fill round the plant with fine earth, pressing it lightly. In this way I lose very few plants. If the season is very dry and the sun hot, I usually cover my plants with burdock or other large leaves, shingles or any small articles, during the next day, by which time all danger is over. But this covering is rarely necessary, as the plants are as sure to grow as any plant I ever put into the ground. Nothing further need be done, except to hoe them as other potatoes, being careful to raise the hills every time in order to give depth for the roots.

It is well to let them grow till the tops are killed by the frost. In digging, the best manner is to draw the earth away from the vines to the surface, and then use a long flat-tined dung fork. Now comes the most important part to be attended to in order to preserve the potato through the winter. They should be thoroughly dried in at least two days' hot sun, and then put into a dry cellar in a bin ten or twelve inches from the cellar bottom.—At the South, when the weather is unfavorable for drying, they are often dried in large ovens or kilns, and then packed in dry cellars in kiln-dried sand or pine boughs thoroughly dried. The pine boughs are undoubtedly the most sure preservative.

Another method of procuring plants is very easy. They may be carried by express in cigar or other small boxes almost any number of hundreds of miles with perfect safety. Take up the potato with the plants and dirt attached and pack them closely in the box, and there is no danger of losing them on the way, if ordinary care is used. Those having friends or acquaintances among the gentlemen at the South or West who raise them abundantly, can easily order them.

Attica, N. Y., 1857. A. S. STEVENS.

KING PHILIP CORN.—LAWN GRASS.

EDS. RURAL:—Permit me through your valuable paper, to inform your large circle of readers of my success in raising the King Philip Corn. I bought of a man in Mexico, Oswego Co., one half bushel in the spring of 1856. I planted it upon a good soil, and was expecting a *remarkable* yield. The seed did not quite hold out to plant the ground intended for it, and I finished with the eight-rowed yellow. Mark the result. The whole piece was well cultivated, and in all respects treated alike. The King Philip grew very *short and small stalks*, with but few ears that were *over* six inches long, and the majority were mere *nubbins*, not over three or four inches in length. The yellow corn grew to *double* the height of the King Philip, the stalks were strong and stood erect, (the King Philip crinkled down badly,) and the yield was at *least double*, per square rod, to that of the King Philip. The only virtue I have discovered in the latter is its coming early to maturity, which would recommend it where the common yellow corn will not ripen. In this county of Onondaga, which is not excelled in its capacity for growing *great crops* of corn of the eight or twelve-rowed yellow, it is no advantage to plant a *small* variety because it matures early. You have my experience, which proved rather expensive, although on a limited scale, and others may profit by it, or experiment with King Philip for themselves.

Will you, or, through your paper, will some of your readers who are wise on the subject, tell me what kind or kinds of grass are best to seed a lawn, of say two or three acres, intended to remain in grass a great number of years, or indefinitely. Some kinds that grow even and fine, producing a fair amount and quality of hay, and not liable to die out, and which would maintain their verdure through the season would be most desirable.

Fayetteville, N. Y., 1857. SAMUEL J. WELLS.

REMARKS.—*Red Top* and *White Dutch Clover* makes a beautiful lawn. *Kentucky Blue Grass* may be used instead of the *Red Top*, as we think it bears our hot dry summers better. We have sown one-half of each with very satisfactory results.—EDS.

PREPARATION OF MANURE.

EDS. RURAL:—The articles upon the management of manure in the RURAL, I have been much interested in, and particularly with the few hints in a late number on its application to the soil. That it should be well pulverized or rotted, and then well mixed with the soil to do the most good I believe to be a correct theory, but the question is, how shall we carry it out in practice to the best advantage, having large stacks of wheat straw, as most of our farmers do, which it is almost impossible to get under the ground the second year in any shape. The farmers here depend mostly on the large stacks of straw for their manure. This is thrown out to our cattle through the winter with a lavish hand, the main object being to get it all trodden under foot. We have found no plan yet in our RURAL for managing this coarse manure to more readily fit it for use, but are left to follow the old mode—let it rot when it will, and plow it in when we can. With your permission, I will suggest one plan for managing this matter, hoping it may be answered through the RURAL by those of more experience than myself. I would propose first to shelter our straw as we best can, then to put it with stalks and hay through the cutting machine (propelled by some cheap power) before feeding it. We would thus be enabled to keep nearly twice the amount of stock. The cost will be but a trifle, while the work would be no more than the old plan of pitching it over all summer to rot it. It will also be better for our cattle than to keep them out through all our winter storms, treading down straw, while the manure would be in better condition for plowing in at any time. H. J.

Stafford, N. Y., 1857.

REMARKS.—Our friend has hit upon a measure frequently urged in the RURAL. One of our "Regular Contributors" has gone still further into the merits of the case, and advocates the grinding of both hay and straw into meal for provender to do away with the labor of covering "long manure."—We have never doubted that results the most beneficial would be the effect of such a plan as proposed—EDS.

GROWING TIMOTHY SEED AT THE WEST.

THIS is destined to become as profitable a business as the farmer on the western prairies can engage in. Attended with little expense until harvesting and marketing, it gives a larger margin for clear profit, than any other product of this favored agricultural region.

The land is usually, for a few years after breaking, cropped with corn or other grain, and then seeded heavily with clean timothy. Some trouble is frequently experienced in obtaining a good stand clear from wild grass. But this is difficult only in very dry seasons, and may be remedied by early seeding, in the spring or the fall before, or by dragging in the seed slightly, after it is sown on a smooth and even surface.

When the seed is fairly ripened, it is cut with a mowing machine, and if the weather is fair the crop is soon secured, affording frequently a fair return in hay beside. It is threshed with a machine, and cleaned by being passed through a fanning-mill, and common meal sieve by hand. The labor of cleaning could be much lessened by a fanning-mill arranged so as to closely sift the seed with long sieves, that it may not be blown over. The seed grown here is of excellent quality, entirely free from the foul stuff so common in meadows at the East.

The product is frequently astonishing—amounting to an average yield,—for fifty acres, of ten to twelve bushels of seed, and usually from one and a half to two tons of hay per acre. Mr. B——, of the town of H——, Ill., cut last summer from four acres about eight tons of hay, from which he threshed twenty-four bushels of excellent seed.—The yield was perhaps materially diminished by cutting when green.

The crop of seed grown by several farmers in Lee Co., Ill., sold for from four to five hundred dollars the last autumn. This is quite an item in the profit of Western Farming, and one which they can easily increase until they command the market. JNO. SANFIELD.

Lee Co., Ill., March, 1856.

SUGAR-MAKING.

EDS. RURAL:—We are now in the busy time of sugar-making—the ice and snow of the past winter having given way to the soft breezes of spring. This is always a busy season. The buckets are taken down from the "loft" of the sugar house, a warm fire built in the arch, and all hands called to "quarters," to engage in the scalding process.—This (as a previous writer says,) should be done thoroughly. When this portion of labor has closed, and the sap tubs have been scattered about the camp, then comes the process of "tapping" the bush. The operator should first procure a good "bit," that he may lose no time, for the first run is considered the best. The tubs should be placed near the trees that they may be handy. After this process has been finished, a fire should be re-built in the arch and the pan washed clean from all impurities, if not, the sugar will be of a dark color and of a bad taste.

The best place for building an arch is on a flat rock, which can generally be found in an up-land sugar bush, for the bottom will be solid and when heated retain its heat. A good substantial arch is one of the greatest conveniences in a camp. The pan should be kept properly filled by a pipe running from the cistern. By this means the sap in the pan will keep constantly boiling. Dry wood should invariably be burned, for by its use is secured a steady fire, and much less wood is consumed. Sap boiled rather fast makes far the best sugar, for the reason that it is new and sweet.—After standing, even for a short time, it has a tendency to sour and becomes dead, in a measure losing its vitality. When the sap is boiled nearly to syrup the wood should be removed from the arch and the remainder of the boiling done by the coals. By this means burned sugar will be scarce.

Clardon, Ohio, March, 1857. SCRIBE.

USES AND CULTURE OF CARROTS.

EDS. RURAL:—On this subject there seems to me no danger of saying too much—it needs urging upon the notice of the farming community. Actual experiment has taught me that no root crop, suited to our climate, is so valuable as this. I have cultivated to some extent, the mangold wurtzel and sugar beets, carrots, ruta bagas, and some half-dozen kinds of turnips,—among these the carrot is 25 per cent. ahead in my estimation. I know than some, and perhaps all the other kinds, may be raised at less cost per bushel, but they fell much below in value. Still the yield is often very large—in one instance, one-tenth of an acre gave a product of one hundred and six bushels.

I have been in the practice of feeding more or less to horses, cows and sheep, and find them of high value for this purpose. For horses, I consider them fully equal to oats, bushel for bushel; that is as a partial feed, substituting one-half or one-third in the place of one-half or one-third the daily feed of grain. By doing so the animal gains faster than if fed on oats and hay alone, and is undoubtedly in a much healthier condition.

In closing, I would offer a few suggestions as to the culture of carrots. They may be grown on any variety of soil if sufficiently manured. I have raised them on clay, loam and gravelly land. The soil should be pulverized to the depth of one foot, at least, and made *very fine* at the surface. I usually sow about the 15th of June, in drills, eighteen or twenty inches apart, cover one inch deep. Be sure and keep the start of the weeds, or they will get the start of your carrots. These things attended to, you may confidently expect an abundant harvest. S. B. F.

Niagara Co., N. Y., 1857.

Facts and Suggestions.

NOTABLE INSTANCE OF "EXPANSION."—Having observed the discussion for some time past in the RURAL relative to "Large vs. Small Hogs," I desire to give a little of my experience in the matter. I confess in the outset that the "dumpy" (as your correspondents are pleased to term it) is the kind for me. I purchased a hog of the "Grass Breed" variety, (by the way, I think it the *best* breed that ever was imported, if it *did* come from "Yankeedom,) for which I paid a "large price," as some thought. But large as the price was, it proved a better investment than $1,000 would have been in "plank-road stock." This hog "expanded" to the tune of twelve the first litter, twelve the next, and sixteen the last, all within one year's time. Can any of "Prince ALBERT'S best" beat this? I pause for a reply.—J. W. G., *Phelps, N. Y.*, 1857.

FALL-PLOWED LANDS—*A Hint.*—There was a great deal of fall-plowing done last autumn—more than I ever knew of before. But many kept their teams going so late that the frost caught them with one most important thing unattended to. That is, little or no provision was made for drainage, and when this thaw came it laid much of the land under water. Now, *don't allow it to stand there* another day, if you can prevent it. The benefit of your labor will be lost, and the land left in a worse condition than before, if the water is not *drained* instead of *dried* off (by evaporation) in the spring.—B., *March* 18, 1857.

EARLY CARE OF LAMBS.—Shepherds having the care of flocks sometimes find it necessary to keep the young lambs along a few days with a *teaspoon*, especially in case of early twins; but a better substitute is a small bottle with an *India Rubber stopple* drawn over the mouth, such as druggists supply for those mothers whose tender infants lack a proper supply of natural aliment. A bottle thus fixed and filled with warm milk, a little diluted, is a great and convenient help. I have saved many lambs by means of it.—W. B. P., *Prattsburgh, N. Y.*, 1857.

WINTER WHEAT.—A few words as to growing winter wheat. In the spring of 1855, I manured a piece of ground at the rate of twenty-five two-horse loads to the acre, the land poor, gravelly loam. Sowed it to peas middle of April. Received at the rate of forty bushels to the acre. Sowed to wheat, Soule's variety, on the 28th of August, and harvested, last season or harvest, as good a crop of wheat as any person can wish for. I would recommend sowing early, the latter part of August, and on dry, tolerably rich land, free of foul stuff.—JOHN D. SPENCER, *Herkimer, N. Y.*, 1857.

Rural Notes and Items.

GET THE BEST IMPLEMENTS.—Now that the Farmer's Spring Campaign is about opening, it behooves all to prepare in season for its active and important labors, by providing themselves with the best Implements, Seeds, &c., obtainable. Those who have a sufficiency of good implements will of course save both time and money by seeing, beforehand, that they are in good order and ready for use when wanted—for it is very poor economy to neglect such matters until the last moment, when a half or whole day's delay in repairing old, or purchasing new tools, would subject the cultivator to both loss and annoyance. In many instances it would be the part of wisdom, we doubt not, to give old, slow and rickety implements and machines *their time*, and substitute new ones combining the latest improvements. Good implements are justly regarded as among the best indications and greatest aids of progressive and profitable husbandry, and they are certainly within the reach and means of most farmers. The cards and announcements of reputable dealers and manufacturers, given from time to time in our advertising department, will advise our readers as to the recent improvements in the more important tools, implements and machinery,—and also in regard to capacity, price, and where and by whom sold or manufactured. Among others the advertisements of Messrs. EMERY BROTHERS, R. H. PEASE, and G. WESTINGHOUSE & Co., in this and late numbers of the RURAL, are worthy of note,—and we presume future issues will contain like interesting announcements from dealers and manfacturers.

DEATH OF RALPH WADE.—Among the prominent and useful men who were suddenly killed by the awful railroad accident at Hamilton, C. W., last week, we observe the name of RALPH WADE, Esq., of Port Hope, favorably known to many of our readers as a successful stock breeder and agriculturist, and as an active and influential friend of Rural Improvement. The decease of Mr. WADE will justly be regarded as a public calamity in Canada, while it will be deeply regretted by his numerous friends and acquaintances in the States. Canada can ill spare such men as EVANS and WADE, but we trust their places may be speedily and worthily filled.

HORSES AND OXEN FOR FARM LABOR.—The Trustees of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, have offered a premium of two hundred and fifty dollars "for the best practical essay on the comparative economy of horses and oxen for farming purposes in Massachusetts;—the offer of said premium to remain open until the first of January, 1858, and the premium not to be awarded for any essay which shall not be considered by the Trustees of sufficient practical value to be worthy of publication in the Transactions of the Society."

PRODUCT OF BUTTER FROM PREMIUM COWS.—The Worcester (Mass.) Agricultural Society awarded its first premium "for the two best cows raised by the competitor, and kept with a stock of not less than four," to JOHN BROOKS, Jr., of Princeton, whose cows were five years old, and three-fourths Ayrshire blood. It appears from Mr. BROOKS' statement that in June last, 9¼ lbs. of butter was made from one of these cows, in a week, and from the other, in the same time, 9¾ lbs. About the same quantity per week was obtained from the same cows in the month of September. Mr. Brooks', seven years old, half Ayrshire, took the first premium in another class. In June, 10¼ lbs. of butter per week was made from her, and the same quantity, within a fraction, in the same length of time in September. No mention is made of any other food than pasture feed.—*Boston Cult.*

PRESERVATION OF MANURES.—Exact practice has clearly settled the following facts, viz:—That manures should never be exposed to the sun and air, as in an open barn yard. That they should be kept under cover, and the head so arranged with a cistern at its lowest end supplied with a pump, that the fluid drainage may be pumped back on the heap twice each week or oftener if required, to prevent fire-fanging. That the fluid manures should be led from the stables through enclosed gutters to the drainage cistern, and when the heap is so dry as not to supply the necessary amount of draining to keep it thoroughly wetted, that water should be added to make up this deficiency.—"That when manure is giving off its odor, the owner has a hole in his pocket."—*Working Farmer.*

CULTIVATION OF CHICORY AND LIQUORICE.—Great quantities of chicory root, ground and prepared for use, are now imported from Europe.—All the Germans in our cities use it in their coffee, and it is said to improve its flavor, while it is at least as healthy, and is much cheaper. It can be cultivated in almost every State, and no doubt would be a profitable crop. Several gentlemen have recently acquainted the Patent Office with their success in cultivating the liquorice plant, which is hardy as far north as Connecticut. It is employed not only for medicinal purposes, but is used in preparing ale and porter.—*Sci. American.*

"ST. LAWRENCE."—This celebrated stallion was purchased last fall in St. Louis, by Mr. LEONARD BUCKLAND of Brighton, near this city, at whose residence he is to be kept the ensuing season.—Breeders of horses, and others interested, are referred to the announcement of Mr. B. in our advertising department.

ARE BOTS INJURIOUS TO HORSES?—Most horsemen insist that they are not; but we have never doubted that they were mistaken. In an essay on the horse, for which the first premium was given by the Kentucky State Agricultural Society, this subject is discussed ably and at length, and the affirmative proved most conclusively.—*Ohio Farmer.*

APPEARANCE INDICATIVE OF CHARACTER.—The appearance of a farm, its buildings, and the live stock belonging to it, indicate with surprising accuracy the character and standing of its owner; if they look well, well; if bad, bad. A judicious traveler won't miss in summing up his opinion once in fifty times.

COUNTY AG. SOCIETIES.—We subjoin lists of Officers, &c., of County Ag. Societies in this State for 1857, not heretofore published in RURAL:

CHAUTAUQUE.—*President*—A. S. Moss, Fredonia. *Sec'y*—Lorenzo Morris, Fredonia. *Treas.*—Geo. Rood, Fredonia.

CHEMUNG.—*President*—Col. John N. Beers, Horse Heads. *Treas.*—Adam L. Staring, Horse Heads. *Rec. Sec'y*—John F. Dean, Horse Heads. *Cor. Sec'y*—L. H. Turner, Horse Heads.

CHENANGO.—*President*—Isaac Foote, jr., Smyrna. *Vice Presidents*—Ira Crane, Bliss Harris, Cyrus Hartwell, Geo. Juliand, D. B. Bullock, H. Packer. *Sec'y and Treas.*—Jonathan Wells, Norwich.

CORTLAND.—*President*—A. L. Chamberlain, Homer. *Sec'y*—S. E. Kingsley, Homer. *Treas.*—Morgan L. Webb, Cortlandville. Receipts, $1,229-97; Expenditures, $711 09.

DUTCHESS—*President*—Daniel B. Haight, Dover Plains. *Treasurer*—Richard T. Cornell, Clinton Corners. *Secretary*—George Sweet, Washington Hollow. Receipts, $1,337 54; Disbursements, $1,-243 80.

FRANKLIN.—*President*—Wm. Andrus, Malone.—*Sec'y*—John K. Seaver, Malone. *Treas.*—R. A. Stephens, Malone. Fair to be held Sept. 23, 24, 25.

MONTGOMERY.—*President*—Andrew J. Yates, Glen. *Sec'y*—R. H. Cushing, Mohawk. *Treas.*—Edward Walter, Palatine.

ORANGE.—*President*—Seeley C. Roe, Chester.—*Cor. Sec'y*—Hamilton Morrison, Montgomery.—*Rec. Sec'y*—John C. McConnell, Goshen. *Treas.*—Wm. M. Sayre, Goshen.

ST. LAWRENCE.—*President*—David C. Judson, Ogdensburgh. *Vice Presidents*—Cyprian Powell, John E. Perkins. *Sec'y*—H. G. Foote, Ogdensburgh. *Treas.*—Ebenezer Miner, Canton. Receipts of Society, for 1856, $2,959 80; disbursements, $2,-578 36. Fair for 1857, at Canton, Sept. 16–18. Annual meeting, in Canton, June 9th, 1857.

ST. LAWRENCE INTERNATIONAL AG. AND MECH. SOCIETY.—*President*—A. S. Morse. *Sec'y*—Chas. Shepard, Ogdensburgh. *Treas.*—G. W. Seymore, Ogdensburgh. Receipts, $5,029; Expenditures, $5 084.

SCHUYLER—*President*—J. M. Jackson, Altay.—*Treas.*—Thos. Evans, Watkins. *Sec'y*—Orlando Hurd, Watkins.

TIOGA.—*President*—Louis P. Legg. *Sec'y*—W. Smyth. *Treas.*—Thos. I. Chatfield. Receipts, $274; Disbursements, $271 62.

WARREN.—(New Society)—*President*—Benjamin C. Butler, Luzerne. *Cor. Sec'y*—Chas. H. Skillman, Luzerne. *Rec. Sec'y*—Andrew J. Cherritree, Luzerne. *Treas.*—Wm. H. Wells, Luzerne.

WYOMING.—*President*—Hugh T. Brooks. *Sec'y*—E. L. Babbitt. *Treas.*—J. A. McElwaine.

AGRICULTURAL SHOWS FOR 1857, State and Provincial, are already designated as follows:—New York, at Buffalo, Oct. 6th—9th; Ohio, at Cincinnati, Sept. 15th—18th; Canada East, at Montreal, September 16th—18th.

The Young Ruralist.

"OUT WEST"—PIONEER LIFE.

EDS. RURAL:—Observing a column of the RURAL devoted to the "Young Ruralist," and being a constant reader for three years, I thought that I would give some of my young friends a short sketch of a Pioneer's life in Wisconsin, and, although I do not profess to be a THURLOW WEED or a BAYARD TAYLOR, will do as well as my writing powers will allow.

It was in the spring of 1849, that we (I being 11 years of age) emigrated from the Southern part of "dear old York State" to the portion of Wisconsin known as Fond Du Lac. You are probably well aware that at that period, this now well cultivated and beautiful country was all a forest and wilderness, the abode of the savage, the roaming ground of the deer, the fierce looking bear, the prowling wolf and such wild denizens of the forest. Having settled upon a tract of land we "rolled" up a log cabin—cleared a small field, and improved it little by little as "time and means" would permit, which was somewhat tardy, I'll assure you. Produce bro't little or nothing, as we had no regular market.—The farmers generally got discouraged and removed back to the East. Those that remained and improved their farms have, the majority of them, become wealthy, enterprising and energetic farmers.

But, lo! the change. Let us pause and look at those beautiful fields of waving grain—those large dwellings and barns, that growing city you see in the distance on yonder prairie. Eight years since it was marked by only a few scattered dwellings, the abode of traders. Look in an opposite direction, don't you see those steamers and other vessels plying daily between two young, but thrifty cities. Hear the shrill "neigh of the Iron horse" on all sides, north, east, south, and west. What has wrought this great change? It was the strong and sinewy arm of the sturdy pioneer. It is he who has leveled the "tall and mighty oaks" and in their stead are cultivated farms—where was once the Indian wigwam now stands the elegant farm house. We now raise large crops of wheat, oats, corn and other produce. Keep large quantities of stock which are disposed of at a handsome price.

A farmer needs, and ought to have, as good an education as the professional man. I also think and believe that an Agricultural College, for the sole purpose of educating us "Young Ruralists" would be beneficial, so that we could better understand every branch of our occupation.

What is more delightful and healthy to rise with birds and sun, and go forth into the field and follow the plow, seeing the rich, fertile soil turn over. I must say, "A farmer's life is the life for me." A BADGER STRIPLING.

Fond Du Lac, Wis., March 4, 1857.

THANKS to our young friends for their numerous favors. We have now on hand *over fifty* communications for "The Young Ruralist," many of them very well written. The limited space of this department, however, will preclude us from inserting many articles which would otherwise appear, but we shall endeavor to publish, or give the substance, of such as are most interesting.

Orchard and Garden.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

In the last number we gave directions for making a hot-bed. We now furnish the necessary information in regard to planting and management. Those who grow vegetables largely will do well to start a small frame early this month, as a seed-bed, and sow lettuce, tomatoes and celery, to be transplanted into other beds about the first of April, when the seed-bed can be sown with radishes. If the weather is very severe cover at nights, and in days when necessary, with straw, over which lay some boards; or cover with mats, old carpets, or anything of the kind that may be convenient.—Give air during sunshine in the early part of the day. Those who raise early vegetables for family use, in a small way, can do without this early bed.

The hot-bed should be ready for planting cucumbers by about the 20th of March, though it may be done until the 1st of April, or even later. Plant a hill under the center of each sash, raising the earth two or three inches higher than the rest of the bed, and putting eight or ten seed in each hill. Plant the front with lettuce from the seed-bed, or sow the seed; and the back with tomatoes and celery. The lettuce in this bed will grow to perfection in a very short time, especially if young plants were used from a seed-bed; and in almost all gardens where lettuce is grown, plenty of young plants are to be found in the spring. But cucumbers require so much more heat than tomatoes or celery, that it is best to transplant these when about six inches high, to another and cooler frame, where they should be set about ten inches apart, and allowed to harden, preparatory to being put out in the open ground. Celery plants should be treated in the same way. It will be best to make a new bed, with only about 18 inches of manure. Give plenty of air every fine day, or they will grow weak, and transplant into the open ground about the 10th of May. Many of the tomato plants will at this time be in blossom, and some protection should be ready, in case of frosty nights.

When the cucumbers are up give air, in the early part of the day, when the sun is shining, and as the plants grow, draw the earth to the stems, and when the second leaf has fairly started, any surplus plants can be transplanted to another bed, or thrown away, leaving only three of the strongest plants in the hill. By the time the vines begin to run the lettuce will be fit to pull, and the tomatoes must be removed, as before recommended. Then throw in three inches of good garden mold, and level off the bed. - The frame will soon be filled with vines, and when this is so, throw earth over the old manure that formed the hot-bed, and rake it nicely, leaving the whole in the form of a graceful mound. Then raise the frame about six inches from the inner surface, by putting blocks under the corners, and let the vines run out under the frame. In about two weeks after this the frame may be taken away entirely, and you will not only have a beautiful green mound, but a fruitful one. The only care required now, is to water, and reap the reward of your labor, by picking the fruit. As soon as fruit begins to set, plenty of water must be supplied. The ground must be kept well moistened, and have an occasional thorough soaking.

Onions are very successfully raised by sowing the seed quite thick in the hot-bed, giving them plenty of air, until about the 10th of April, when the frame can be taken away, and used for some other purpose. They should be transplanted into the open ground about the 10th of May. In this way the trouble of thinning and weeding is avoided, they mature early, are large, and are in every way as easily raised as the potato onion.

Radishes require about the same treatment as onions, except transplanting. Too much heat will draw them all up to tops. The best variety for forcing is the *Early Oval*, a French variety; but as this seed cannot always be obtained, the *Early Scarlet* may be substituted.

Where two frames are started at the same time, as suggested in our last number, which is probably as good a plan for beginners as could be recommended, (they should be in order for the seed by about the 25th of March,) we would advise that nothing be planted in the frame with cucumbers but a little lettuce in the front. In this situation it receives the drippings from the sash, which is of great benefit to lettuce, but would be injurious to most other things. In the other frame we would plant lettuce in the front, tomatoes and celery at the back, and radishes in the center of the bed.—This frame will require plenty of air, especially as the time draws near for transplanting into the open ground. The plants will also require thinning out, and as the radishes and lettuce are drawn for the table, a few of these plants may be set out in the places thus left unoccupied, or seed of annual flowers sown, so as to secure early bloom.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

ANNUALS AND THEIR CULTURE.

Those who commence a flower garden must depend principally upon Annuals for beauty and blossoms the first season. Those who have a hot-bed should start a few plants in it for early flowering, and transplant as soon as danger from frost is past. Those who have not this convenience should select a warm and sheltered position, as on the south side of the fence or out-building, for sowing the seed. The seed of annuals, and all small seed, should be sown in a light, mellow soil, for if the ground is stiff it becomes hard by the beating rain and drying wind, so as to prevent the young plants from making their way through the hard surface. Light mold from the woods, sandy loam, or soil from an old pasture, will ameliorate a naturally stiff soil, and prepare it for the seed.

Sow the seed in shallow drills, about the first of May. Care must be taken not to sow the seed too thick, nor to cover too deeply. For the finer seeds, a little earth sifted over them is all the covering needed. As soon as the young plants make their appearance, lighten the earth around them and destroy all weeds. If the plants are too thick, which they are most likely to be, remove a portion to other beds, which should be prepared for this purpose, and remove them when quite small, as young plants always injure each other by growing crowded. Select a showery day, if possible, for this work, and remove the plants with as little injury to the roots as possible. When the ground is wet plants can generally be taken up with a portion of the earth adhering to the roots, in which case they will receive but little check by the removal. Nothing is now needed but to keep the ground mellow, and all weeds destroyed.

We will name a few of the most desirable of the annuals.

PHLOX DRUMMONDI.

Phlox Drummondi is at least one of the most beautiful annuals. Flowers from the same seed will exhibit almost every shade of color from the brightest rose color to the most delicate pink.—The under sides of the petals are of a pale blush color, with a dark carmine spot at the base. The variety of colors thus displayed in a bed of these flowers, must be seen to be appreciated, and when once seen is not easily forgotten. We know of no floral display more beautiful. If sown about the 1st of May, they will be in bloom in July, and will continue in bloom nearly the whole of the summer.

The Balsam, or Lady's Slipper, as it is sometimes called, is a beautiful and showy flower. Only the double sorts are worthy of cultivation. They require a warm and rich soil, and will grow, under favorable circumstances, two feet high.

Ten Week Stock.—This beautiful annual is of every variety of color, from white to the darkest purple. If transplanted, it should be done as soon as the plants show their third pair of leaves. If transplanted when large they receive a check from which they seldom recover. They grow from one foot to eighteen inches, with an erect branching stem, downy leaves, and long spikes of beautiful flowers.

The Portulacca is a succulent plant that flourishes in the hottest, driest weather, and on the sandiest soil. They are of almost every shade of yellow and red, and white and striped. They have an exceedingly brilliant lustre, dazzling to the eye in the sunlight. When once planted they seldom require replanting, as they grow like weeds, particularly on a sandy soil.

Sweet Mignionette every body loves for its delightful fragrance, and everybody plants.

THE CRANBERRY.

Eds. Rural:—Being a member of your constantly increasing family of constant readers, I have been therewith content, never once aspiring to the position of contributor. Nor do I now set myself up as teacher to any of the many Rural readers, but, for a few years past, having had some experience in the cultivation of the cranberry, raising a number of barrels a year, and noticing in the Rural of Feb. 21st, a call for information in regard to that subject, I send you the following as the result of my observations. If it shall prove of any value to any of my brother farmers who may desire to cultivate the cranberry, either for family use or for marketing, I shall be compensated for this effort.

The kind I cultivate is different from either of those mentioned by your correspondent in that number. It is not a shrub, but a vine, trailing on the ground from three to six feet in length, fastening itself by small roots in a number of places. From the whole length of this vine, small sprigs shoot out at various distances, the berries growing on these sprigs, in clusters from two to six. The shape of the berry is conical; its size, that of a small cherry; its color deep red at the stem, but lighter at the blossom end; its flavor a fine tart. This is the only variety with which I am acquainted, worthy the attention of the cultivator.

The soil on which I cultivate, is peat bog, swamp land, the only soil, I think, on which this variety is ever found in its natural or wild state. I have a swampy piece of land, level, or nearly so, containing about ten acres. Previous to draining, the largest portion of this would be under water during the wet seasons of the year; four or five acres of the central portion would be covered from two to three feet deep. Then cranberries were found only on the outskirts, where the water did not stand too long during spring. By a system of draining, these outskirts have become sufficiently dry for the plow, and from portions of which I have realized ordinary crops of corn and potatoes. But on other portions, yet undisturbed by the plow, the cranberry has disappeared without any other molestation than that of draining. They have, however, taken full possession of the central portion before mentioned, which, being a little lower than the other parts of the swamp, is not so dry, and on which they are doing a thriving business. Again, a friend of mine took a root and transplanted it in a garden of good soil, where it has been well cared for; and although it did not die, as did mine on the thoroughly drained peat bog, yet its berries always drop off before arriving at maturity. My inference from these facts is, that a considerable amount of moisture must always be present in the soil in which they are expected to flourish, the lack of which will generally be an obstacle in the way of their successful cultivation on dry upland, which even when well saturated, does not retain its moisture as peat bog. I shall shut up my drains immediately, and, if possible, slightly overflow the portion in cranberries during the early part of spring; after which, and during the summer, I endeavor to regulate them according to the supplies of rain—in very wet weather having them entirely open—in very dry, entirely closed. I have sown broadcast a mixture of salt and sand, two quarts of the former to a bushel of the latter, and at the rate of 30 bushels to the acre, with beneficial results. The greatest enemy with which my cranberry has to contend for the occupancy of the soil, consists of a kind of brush, springing up from among the roots of the berry, growing in thick bunches from one to two feet high. Upon this I wage an uncompromising though not altogether a successful warfare, the difficulty consisting in eradicating the intruder without injuring or destroying the cranberry. To obviate this difficulty, I intend, in the Spring, to shovel off the surface below the roots of this and other vegetables, and thus expose a new and clean surface in which to transplant the cranberry disencumbered from these pests.

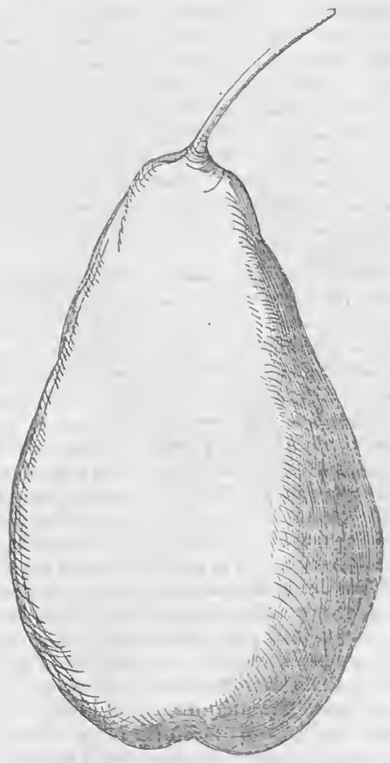
To the question, "Can the cultivation of the cranberry be made profitable?" I answer, on naturally dry land I am doubtful; but on swamps similar to mine, thousands of which are scattered throughout our State, and one of which is, perhaps, owned by your inquiring correspondent, I unhesitatingly say it can. If, however, any are so sanguine as to wish to try the experiment on dry land for themselves, I can furnish such with plants for the purpose. But I would caution against entering upon an extensive experiment, as that would involve too great loss of time, labor, and use of land, in case of failure, which; I predict, would be the result. To keep the berry through the winter, pick before severe frosts, store in boxes or barrels, and place in a dry, cool cellar. Thus stored, they are ready for market. They are worth at date of writing, $4 50 per bushel. I send you a sample of my berry. Please taste for yourself.

Caton, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1857. Noble Hill.

Remarks.—The cranberries (about two quarts) sent us by our correspondent, were the most beautiful that we ever looked upon—large as cherries, clear and fine. We believe there are but two varieties indigenous to the Northern States, *Oxycoccus macrocarpus*, the one described by our correspondent, and the best for cultivation; and *O. palustris*, a small, slender growing plant. They are both trailing shrubs.

THE ONTARIO PEAR.

The Ontario Pear was exhibited at the meeting of the American Pomological Society in Rochester, last fall, by W. T. Smith, of Geneva, N. Y., by whom it was originated. It is a seedling of the Canandaigua, and in its general appearance bears considerable resemblance to the Washington.



Size, 2⅜ inches by 2 and 1-16th. *Form*, long, obovate, inclining to pyriform. *Skin*, greenish yellow, with numerous pale green dots, which become russet on the shaded side, and sometimes carmine on the side exposed to the solar rays.—*Stem*, three-fourths of an inch by one-tenth thick, inserted, by a fleshy termination, in a slight depression. *Calyx*, medium, open, set in a wide, shallow, furrowed basin. *Core*, medium. *Seed*, light brown, long-obovate, three-eighths of an inch long, three-sixteenths wide, and one-eighth thick. *Flesh*, fine texture, buttery. *Flavor*, sugary and rich. *Quality*, "very good." *Maturity*, last of September.

Sowing Barley in an Orchard.—I have about two acres set out to Pear trees, which I had desired to sow with barley. Will barley retard their growth? Had I better plant to corn, or would beans pay? Will you please answer my inquiries through your valuable paper.—A Subscriber.

Remarks.—Barley would injure trees. Corn would be better, and beans or potatoes better than either. Beans would pay. Your pear trees are a *paying crop*, and need manure, cultivation and care, sunshine and air. It is great folly to injure, and perhaps ruin, an orchard of young trees, for a temporary gain.

Inquiries and Answers.

TREATMENT OF THE QUINCE.

Ed. Rural.—I have always noticed that the Quince is usually grown as a *bush*, and surrounded with a great number of young shoots, or suckers. Is this the habit of the tree, or is it caused by neglect? Can it be made to grow with a single stem, like other trees—and if so, is it not the best way?—*B. N., Paw Paw, Michigan.*

Figure 2. Figure 1.

Remarks.—The Quince is, naturally, a small, irregular growing tree, never getting more than about twelve feet high. Neglect is the cause of the appearance you describe, and when thus neglected, it is never productive. A neglected Quince bush is shown in figure 1, and a well pruned tree is shown in figure 2. This engraving we have taken from *Thomas' American Fruit Culturist*. The Quince may be grown very well with three or four stems, or with one clean stem, as may best suit the fancy of the cultivator, but in either case, all the young shoots and suckers should be cut away, and a good dressing of stable manure and black muck be applied to the surface, and dug in as deep as possible without injury to the roots, and the result will be a vigorous healthy tree, and plenty of fruit.

The Rural—Ladies and Flowers.—I thought I would ask you to give me a list of 25 or more, handsome Annual Flowering Plants, and also suggest to you the pleasure it would give a number of your readers here, if you would say a little more in the Rural upon gardening, both *Kitchen* and *Flower*. Several ladies have remarked to me that they wished you would say more about the flowers and their cultivation. Please at the same time give us a list of a dozen or so, handsome and showy plants, for bedding out. Also, tell us how and when to make a hot-bed, and what to sow in it, and when. Many *know* how to make a hot-bed of an indifferent sort, but know not when it should be commenced nor what plants need to be started in it, or those that are as well started out,—H. H., *Oneida Co., N. Y.*, 1857.

Remarks.—Our correspondent will see that we have anticipated his wishes, having commenced in the last number of the Rural a series of articles on the *Vegetable* and *Flower Garden*. We will forget neither the flowers nor the ladies.

(I. S., Peoria, Illinois.)—The Proceedings of the American Pomological Society are supplied to members only. The price of membership is $2 every two years. The Society holds biennial meetings. Subscriptions can be sent to the President, Marshall P. Wilder, Boston; Thos. P. James, Treasurer, Philadelphia, or P. Barry, Secretary, Rochester, N. Y.

(D. Taber.)—It is the curculio that destroys your plums. Pick up the diseased plums as they fall, and destroy them. By placing a sheet under the tree early in the morning, and jarring it, many of the insects will fall on the sheet and can then be destroyed. This will be of service.

(L. F., Eddytown.)—Will answer your inquiries next week. We shall have to devote a column to this subject to make it interesting to yourself, and our readers generally.

Domestic Economy.

CAKES AND PIES.

Eds. Rural:—Having seen many good recipes in your paper, though only a girl of thirteen, I thought I would venture to send you a few which I think your numerous readers will find worth trying.

Fruit Cake.—Take 6 eggs, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 cup butter, 1 pound chopped raisins, 1 teaspoonful saleratus. Spice to your taste.

Soda Cake.—2½ cups sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup sweet milk, a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg, 1 heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar, ½ of a teaspoonful of soda and a little nutmeg.

Carrot Pies.—Take 2 good-sized carrots, clean and grate them; scald a quart of milk and pour on the carrots, and set it to cool. Take 3 eggs and 1 cup of sugar, beat well together and stir into the carrot; season with nutmeg or cinnamon.

Cheap Cake.—1½ cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup buttermilk, 1 egg; flour enough for a stiff batter; 1 teaspoonful of saleratus.

New York, 1857. Susy.

Yankee Short Cakes.—1 pint warm water or sweet milk, a piece of lard a little larger than a hen's egg, a little salt; wet stiff enough to roll as thin as pie crust; cut in square cakes and fry.—Lorinda T. K., *Mogadore, Ohio*, 1857.

To Make Ink.—Please to give, through the Rural, recipes for the manufacture of red and green ink, and oblige—A. D., *La Fayette, N. Y.*, '57.

Remarks.—Take four ounces of the best ground Brazil wood, one pint of diluted acetic acid, half an ounce of alum. Boil slowly in an enamelled vessel for an hour, then add an ounce of gum Arabic. This will make a good article of red ink—as regards the other color, cannot answer.—Eds.

Potato Yeast.—Pare, boil, and mash fine, twelve potatoes; stir into these, one large cup of sugar, and one quart of boiling water; when cool add one quart of cold water, and half a pint or less of yeast; keep it in a warm place about twelve hours when it will be ready for use. Shake it carefully before using. Always reserve a small quantity of old yeast for raising the new. Bread or cakes made with this yeast never need saleratus, and will rise very quickly. Housekeepers should adopt any new method that will dispense with the use of so unwholesome and article as saleratus.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

IRON AND EARTH WALLS FOR BUILDINGS.

The great fault with iron, and that which has prevented the adoption of this material still more rapidly for building purposes, is its too ready transmission of heat, making iron buildings insufferably hot on summer days and intensely cold when the sun leaves them in winter. An exchange describes the new Marine Hospital at New Orleans as being constructed on a plan which bids fair to obviate this difficulty.

"One of our Washington correspondents, in alluding to the contract just executed by the Secretary of the Treasury with Vancluse & Co., for the erection of the new 'pise' iron Marine Hospital at New Orleans, states the following interesting fact in connection with the proposed edifice:—It is believed that this building will combine several essential improvements, necessitated by the peculiarities of the soil and climate of New Orleans. While it will probably be the lightest architectural structure, in proportion to its dimensions, to be found on the delta of the Mississippi or the Gulf of Mexico, it will be equally as substantial, and more comfortable for a domestic habitation than many others with double the thickness of the exterior walls. It will probably be the only completely fire-proof specimen of architecture, so far as the external walls and floors are concerned, ever erected on the continent. These results are attained by constructing the external walls of iron columns and veneering, insulated by non-conductors, with a filling in of common earth or pise from nine to twelve inches deep. By this simple arrangement, the inconveniences and dangers resulting from the great conducting and expansive qualities of iron are completely obviated. The conduction of heat from the surface of the external plates through the columns to the interior of the building is intercepted at all the points of contact by non-conductors, and thus discharging from the plates into the atmosphere instead of penetrating the interior of the building. The fact intended to be demonstrated in the construction of this building is that iron can be combined with a cheap non-conducting material for filling in, so as to make the structure of the walls of a building with greater economy, strength, durability and capacity of resistance of heat, cold and moisture than can be attained by the use of any other material. A cheap non-conducting material for filling in is indispensable to render the iron cheaper than the brick structure, for the iron plates may be attached to the brick walls as well as to the iron columns. It is clear, therefore, that the simple and inexpensive preparation of common clay, water, and straw, to be found everywhere, known to civil engineers as pise, is the only material suitable for the purpose sufficiently cheap to be used with advantage for the filling in of the iron building."

WATER-PROOF TEXTILE FABRICS.

Take one pound of wheat bran, and one ounce of glue, and boil them in three gallons of water in a tin vessel for half an hour. Now lift the vessel from the fire, and set it aside for ten minutes; during this period the bran will fall to the bottom, leaving a clear liquor above, which is to be poured off, and the bran thrown away; one pound of bar soap cut into small pieces is now to be dissolved in it. The liquor may be put on the fire in the tin pan, and stirred until all the soap is dissolved.—In another vessel one pound of alum is dissolved in half a gallon of water; this is added to the soap-bran liquor while it is boiling, and all is well stirred; this forms the water-proofing liquor. It is used while cool. The textile fabric to be rendered water-proof is immersed in it, and pressed between the hands until it is perfectly saturated.—It is now wrung, to squeeze out as much of the free liquor as possible, then shaken or stretched, and hung up to dry in a warm room, or in a dry atmosphere out-doors. When dry, the fabric or cloth so treated will repel rain and moisture, but allow the air or perspiration to pass through it.

The alum, gluten, gelatine and soap unite together, and form an insoluble compound, which coats every fibre of the textile fabric, and when dry repels water like the natural oil in the feathers of a duck. There are various substances which are soluble in water singly, but when combined form insoluble compounds, and *vice versa*. Alum, soap and gelatine are soluble in water singly, but form insoluble compounds when united chemically. Oil is insoluble in water singly, but combined with caustic soda or potash it forms soluble soap. Such are some of the useful curiosities of chemistry.—*Scientific American.*

Safety Friction Matches.—A recent English invention consists of matches made of sulphur and nitre only, without any phosphorus, while the phosphorus is applied to the sand-paper, with which the matches are ignited. To us, this seems only to transfer the danger of ignition from the match to the sand-paper. But if this is kept in a safe place, or if it be carefully fastened on the wall, near the place where the matches are to be used, it may be a valuable improvement. It is a good fashion, in regard both to convenience and safety, always to hang up pieces of sand-paper, ornamentally bound and otherwise made tasteful in appearance, as we do a watch-case, by the side of our beds or bureaus, by the aid of which a match may be ignited without trouble. One will last, if properly secured, for a long while.—*Plow, Loom and Anvil.*

Patent Office.—The receipts of the United States Patent Office for 1856 were $192,588, and the expenditures $199,931, being an excess of expenditures of $7,343 over receipts, caused principally by an act of Congress ordering extra compensation to Examiners. The number of applications for patents during the year was 5,960, and the patents granted 2,502, being 525 more applications and 478 more patents than any previous year.—The Commissioner recommends an increase in the patent fees.

A factory for manufacturing paraffine candles has been commenced at Los Angelos, Cal. The material from which they are made is tar obtained from the natural springs in that place.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AUNT BETTY'S STORY.

BY KITTY CLOVER.

"I DON'T believe you ever had a lover, or you would not talk so business-like to me, Aunt BETTY, as though I could keep myself heart-free, just so long, and then at just such a time, and in just such a manner, fall in love any way,"—and pretty CLARA ROWLAND pouted her red lips quite angrily, after having delivered her long speech.

"Fall in love, just when you please CLARA," said Aunt BETTY, "but I wish you to let Wisdom direct you, for remember when your choice *is* fixed 'tis for a life-time, not for a day. I know you have a very wise head, but then, your fanciful heart might lead you astray."

"Please, Aunt BETTY, don't lecture me any more to-day," exclaimed CLARA, petulantly, "but just tell me, did you ever have a lover?"

"Rather a bold question, truly, CLARA, and one you never asked me before, and perhaps would not now, only you are a little vexed," said Aunt BETTY slowly, never raising her eyes from the pan of apples she was "stringing" to dry; "and beside," she continued, "*old maids* you know are not noted for being accommodating in relating heart-histories, for speaking of youthful days makes them acknowledge themselves old now."

"Pardon me, Aunty, if I acted vexed," (and CLARA blushed, for she knew the accusation was true,) "and I should never have asked you such a question only I don't see how such a good, kind, Aunty ever escaped matrimony; and I know you don't care one bit about being an old maid. Now, Aunty, won't you oblige me? Please do, now," and CLARA clasped her hands coaxingly in Aunt BETTY's lap.

"Yes, CLARA, I will gratify your curiosity this time, but not now; you see I have all these apples to cut," said she, pointing to a huge pan-full at her side, "and then the dinner is to be prepared, and you CLARA, must prove yourself industrious by working on your 'star quilt,' and the old saying is 'fingers are idle when the tongue is at work,'—so we'll finish our work, and at twilight to-night I'll tell you my story, although it will no doubt be more pleasing to you than me," and Aunt BETTY drew a deep sigh, as she proceeded to cut her apples. CLARA took up her patch-work, but could not help thinking, that Aunt BETTY *was* too precise and particular for this "fast" age.

We will leave them to their labors while you and I, dear reader, take a little peep into the "home history" of Aunt BETTY and CLARA. Aunt BETTY ROWLAND was an old maid—not a withered, cross, snuff-taking, old maid, but a particular, advice-giving, youth-protecting, kind-hearted old maid, altogether a different species from those who hate birds, because they come in pairs, and pretty flowers because they look young. She was house-keeper for an only brother who had had the misfortune to lose his wife many years before, but Aunt BETTY protected his household and cherished his daughter, pretty CLARA ROWLAND, almost as fondly and prudently as a mother could have done. How old Aunt BETTY was, nobody pretended to know, for she went to reside with her brother in CLARA's infancy, looking just about as old as she did now, and that was twenty years before our story commences.

CLARA was an only child, and as her mother died in her infancy, she was of course petted and spoiled by her father, (who never married a second time.) and indulged by her aunt, whom she regarded as fondly as she would her mother. CLARA possessed perhaps as amiable a disposition as most young ladies would under the same training, yet she would sometimes lose control of her tongue, as the opening of our story shows. CLARA was not strictly beautiful, yet she had a rosy, happy look, the reward of certain morning rambles which Aunt BETTY insisted on her taking, despite the young lady's inclination. Aunt B. also instructed her in knitting, quilt-making, &c.,—useful branches, surely, but often neglected in the education of modern young ladies.

CLARA had a lover, and a worthy one was JAMES WATSON as ever honored young lady with attention; yet because he was poor, and by his own industry alone was striving to maintain his widowed mother and educate himself, CLARA rather spurned his advances. But not on account of his poverty alone. A young merchant had recently come to the town where Mr. ROWLAND lived, and as he seemed rather attracted by CLARA's appearance, she in turn felt flattered by his addresses, and he had wealth to recommend him; and HENRY SUMNER had also as handsome a face as ever introduced a young man to the graces of a lady. Had CLARA been true to her own heart, she would have turned to JAMES with all a "true woman's" devotion, and thought not of his poverty. But ah! CLARA was proud, and loved station, and as she had been indulged in almost every wish from childhood, she could not endure the thought of uniting her destiny with one whose lot seemed so hard. Aunt BETTY knew all this, and had taken occasion to reprove her niece for her pride, and love of appearance, and it was her remarks which led to the conversation of the morning, in which CLARA made her extraordinary request for Aunt BETTY's history. Accordingly at twilight CLARA was summoned to the kitchen, for that one apartment was under Aunt BETTY's sole control, and it was there she seemed most at home.

The venerable spinster was seated at one of the high, large windows, which looked out into the back porch, knitting in hand, (for Aunt BETTY was never idle,) with her brass-bowed "glasses" on her nose, (for although abundantly able to wear better, she said as spectacles were for use, not ornament, she could see "just as well" through brass as gold frames,) and with her worthy head covered with a black cap and brown ribbons. It was thus arrayed, and thus seated in the gloomy old kitchen, rendered still gloomier by the approaching twilight, that Aunt BETTY proceeded to tell her promised story.

"My youth, CLARA, was passed even more indolently than yours. Nay, do not frown; you labor all it is necessary, and yet you are almost idle compared with those who labor for their bread.—Your grand-father was considered rich, and although it would have been for our own good, yet he never required us (your father and myself,) to labor at all, unless we were disposed to of our own accord, and our mother petted us to an unusual degree. Consequently, I at least, had a great many young "ladyish" ideas of work, not yet wholly extinct in our family I fear. I not only pitied but almost despised those who labored for their own support. I remember once, shortly after my debut as a young lady, of striving to impress your father with some of my notions of *rank*, for in my estimation then, he had no very nice distinction, but would as soon associate, he said, with a ditch-digger as with a prince, if both were equally honest.

"In my childhood I, too, was free from all such false ideas of worth, for all children are true criterions of society,—they will love what is good, without taking money into consideration. And I remember when I was a little child, a bright-eyed farmer's boy, who would come to our door, almost every day, for "little BESSIE," as he called me, and he would bring me presents, from his pet rabbits down to the yellow apples in his father's orchard, or the gay flowers from his mother's garden. And I received the gifts as gladly, and kissed the little giver as kindly, as though he had been a little lord. As I grew older not a day passed but what my lady mother reminded me that my position was such that my associates should be of the first class, and ere long, arrayed in all my native pride, I learned to shun my old playmate, the farmer's boy. It may seem impossible how I, with wrinkled brow, and sallow cheek, could ever have had a lover, and yet at your age, CLARA, I was as fair as yourself, and had as many friends, and need I say that the truest of them all was the farmer's boy, or man, as he now was. But I never spoke of him, and tried not to think of him, save as one far below me in life.

"One bright winter day, when I was alone in my room, a letter was handed me. 'Twas from the farmer-boy, and in it he told me of his intentions to go to a neighboring State to study law, 'and if,' he wrote, 'if I am successful in my profession, can I hope, dear BESSIE, that you will share my heart and home?' And then he wrote briefly, firmly, how his childhood's and manhood's affections were mine. 'True,' he added, 'I have no wealth to offer, but with your love to urge me on to high and noble labor, I *will* succeed.' There was no romance in the letter, or I might have thought of it differently; if he had proposed an elopement, I might have been induced to accept him for the romance of it. But that he should write to me as an equal, and never in any word allude to what my pride styled superiority, seemed to me to be assuming too much. I returned his letter, bidding him seek a companion among his equals. I have repented that freak of pride, as I hope you will never repent. I never saw him again, but when, a few years afterward, I heard of his prosperity and marriage, my heart told me that it was my own false pride that had dashed a full cup of joy from my lips.

"About this time I was engaged to marry an almost stranger, who was reputed rich, and who I wished to marry only to rid myself of bitter memories which were wrinkling my brow in youth. Everything was ready for the gay bridal — many friends were collected to witness the ceremony. My husband elect had left us the day previous to the one appointed for the bridal, in order, he said, to have some of his friends in attendance. Already my father was impatient at his delay, but for myself I cared for nothing, except the publicity to which his absence subjected me. Suddenly a messenger arrived with the intelligence that HENRY SUMNER was wedded an hour previous, to a wealthy widow, almost our nearest neighbor."

"SUMNER, aunty, did you say SUMNER?" broke out CLARA in surprise.

"Yes, CLARA, it was HENRY SUMNER, the father of your own admirer, and the son is as much like his father as any child *can* be like a parent. But to continue my story; my parents were very angry, not only on my account, but SUMNER had received large sums of money from father, of which he had no proof, and of course it was lost. I was really humbled, and all I desired was to escape from the society in which I had previously moved. About this time your beloved mother died, and gladly did I accept my brother's invitation to make his house my home, and take care of his infant daughter. Since then I have tried to make myself useful if not happy, and hence you see, my dear CLARA, that my motive in telling you my story was that you might avoid that rock of pride on which my earthly happiness was wrecked."

"But is SUMNER alive yet, aunt? I am sure he ought to be hanged," and CLARA's eyes flashed indignantly as she spoke.

"He is yet alive, and wealthy, as you might suppose from the appearance of his son, who has left home to try his fortune as his father did, perhaps."

"I'll never speak to him again, that's certain," said CLARA, "but, aunt, you did not tell me what the 'farmer-boy's' name was."

"The farmer-boy lawyer was ruined in a suit with this same SUMNER," continued Aunt BETTY, but his name was honorable wherever it was known. He died a few years ago," (and the tears streamed down Aunt BETTY's withered cheeks,) "but he had many friends to mourn for him.—After his death, his wife and only child, a son, moved to our town, and the son's name is JAMES WATSON."

CLARA blushed as she arose and left the room,—but, dear reader, she did not blush three years afterward, when she sat in that same old kitchen listening to the same story repeated by Aunt BETTY, who told it then to her niece and nephew, Mrs. and Dr. JAMES WATSON.

NIGHT.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor clouds, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths;
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night! [*Shelly.*

MORE evil truths are discovered by the corruption of the heart than by the penetration of the mind.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NOT NOW.

BY C. A. ROLYN.

OH, DEATH, why linger'st in my home?
Why claim'st me now for thine—thy own?
When earth's green leaves and budding flowers
All speak of hope and joy-lit hours,
And flitting birds their sweet notes trilling,
With joy the earth, the sky, is filling,
And fond arms clasp me—me alone—
Why claim'st me now for thine—thy own?
Oh, Angel of the icy brow,
I cannot go—not now—not now.

Not now, when joy seems welling up
From every flower and every cup,
And a mother kneels beside me still—
Stay, Death—thy hand with icy thrill
May not unclasp the chords of life
Ere fond lips breathe "My bride"—"my wife,"
While fond arms clasp me—me alone—
Why claim'st me now for thine—thy own?
Oh, Angel of the icy brow,
I cannot go—not now—not now.

Not now when gentler hands than thine
And a heart whose every throb is mine,
Is waiting for the life-long clasp
To shield me from earth's chilling blast,
How can I turn from him and sleep
In the churchyard lone where the willows weep;
I cannot go with thee—alone—
Why claim'st me now for thine—thy own?
Oh, Angel of the icy brow
I cannot go—oh no—not now.

Pompey Falls, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SELF.

THE all-absorbing topic in the minds of the present generation (if one may be allowed to judge) is *self*. Perhaps two-thirds of human actions have had, either directly or indirectly, their centre and origin in it. It is a principle which widens and widens in some minds until its concentric rings encircle many objects; in others it narrows and narrows down to an insignificant point, visible only to him who has cherished it.—Though the "*ego*" and the "*non ego*" are the first conceptions of which the child is cognizant, yet the former ever precedes the latter, and seems to imbue itself with every thought, word, and deed. Nor is it limited to childhood, but grows with its growth, and strengthens with its strength. Are not *our* people, *our* church, *our* institutions paramount to all others?

The most marked and unpromising feature of the ruling power of self is, that it apparently increases with civilization. As the arts and sciences progress, and intelligence becomes generally diffused, human sympathy grows *less* and personal importance *greater*. If it is the peculiar province of culture to expand all that is beautiful or noble in the heart, and to eradicate evil passions, it would seem, in some measure, to have fallen short of its object. In the progress of societies who rise by their own efforts to eminence, there seems in the struggle to be one element lost. If the results of education are but to foster pride and arrogance, and instead of cementing the bond of brotherhood, to separate it more widely, mankind were better and happier without it. In the earlier stages of society, there existed between its individual members a kindliness of feeling, a social conviviality, common interests, and an acknowledgement of the rights and privileges of each.—But as capital increases, and the means of gratifying desire are multiplied, pride, arrogance, and monopolies step in and swallow up every domestic affection that has dared to venture beyond the prescribed limit of each individual's fireside.—Here *self*, expanding itself upon its *own*, preserves and cherishes them, but nothing more. If it be true that common wants and common sufferings cement, and that common prosperity alienates, is it necessarily so? Must the heart ever grow callous from a superabundance of GOD's bounties, instead of freely bestowing that which it hath freely received? Alas! that the history of the world should verify it.

Affection is not spent by being lavished, but grows fuller and deeper, and lends a portion of its own rich coloring to every object of its care.—Why was to our hearts given the impulse to listen to calls of pity and distress, if we are not to heed them? Why must the heart yearn for sympathy, for kindliness and love, if it is never to be bestowed? Verily, that person is truant to himself who stifles his best affections, turns a deaf ear to every generous emotion, and kneels at the shrine of his own passions and ambition. Every hour tells him that life is a mockery. Though for years he may have striven to smother all that there was God-like within him, and put on a cold and stoical exterior; yet under all must there ever work a warring element—an antagonistic force which brews perpetual discord. It is the soul struggling with its stinted nutrition for life and light. And *it will live!* Humanity *cannot* be dead to every agency; the external *will* yield to the internal at times, and a gleam of sunshine pierce through the darkened soul-chamber in which the mold of years has accumulated. It is fearful to crush back a good thought—to avert the eye from what would move our pity, and ask our charity—to draw snugly around our own fireside when every wail of the blast brings to our ears the cry of the unfed and unsheltered poor. Ah! well may that haggard face, and those little, shivering limbs haunt you as you lay yourself upon a downy pillow to repose. Nature, true to her instincts, will not always go masked, but must, though it be but in dreams, follow the law prescribed her, and turn as the plant to the dew and the sunlight, ever to truth and right.

Selfishness is an excrescence—a warped contortion of the human soul, bred and fostered in disease until it has so become an epidemic as to be considered a part of the original constitution.—War, and famine, and discord has it engendered, until it is looked upon as one of the necessary evils to which flesh is heir. It has become a birthright inheritance, descended from father to son.

"Oh! if there is one *law* above the rest
Written in wisdom; if there is a *word*
That I would write, as with a pen of fire,
On the unsullied temper of a child,
'*Tis human love.*"

Lima, N. Y., 1857. B. A. MCNALL.

"I'LL WAIT TILL IT RUNS BY."

THOUSANDS of years ago a story was told of a stupid traveler who, coming to a river, sat down upon the bank, saying:—"I'll wait till it runs by." Thousands of times since people have laughed at the simpleton, priding themselves on their own greater wisdom. And yet tens of thousands of times have these very people, in reference to the general affairs of life, imitated the lazy ignorance of the fool, and *waited for the river to run by.*

How often do parents, for example, when they witness exhibitions of anger, falsehood or disobedience in their children, shut their eyes willfully to the consequences of letting the evil go uncorrected, and say to themselves, "He will outgrow it?" What is this but waiting for the river to run by? The first lesson which a child learns should be that of self-discipline. No man can succeed in life, or win the esteem of his neighbors, or deserve the approbation of his own conscience, who gives way to petulance, duplicity, or other vices; and it is as much easier to check these natural infirmities in youth, rather than in age, as it is to cross a river near the fountain-head instead of where it widens into an estuary of the sea. The parent who hopes that such vices will cure themselves will *wait in vain for the river to run by.*

A merchant finds his trade declining, a mechanic his business falling off, a lawyer his clients leaving him, a doctor his practice ceasing; but instead of going to work resolutely to discover the cause and rectify the error, he sits down, folds his hands, and says "luck will turn some day." Does such a man deserve to succeed? Have such men ever succeeded? Life is a battle, in which victory is with him who fights the bravest, perseveres the longest and brings the most ability to bear on the campaign. When the British marched on Baltimore, did our fathers lay in their beds and trust to chance to save them? No! they went boldly forth to meet the enemy, and the God of battles rewarded them with success. So in the pursuits of life, he triumphs who deserves it most. Wealth and fame are the prizes of those who struggle hardest for them. The only way is to plunge boldly into the current of adverse fortune, breast its waves, and buffet your course manfully to the other shore. It *will never do to wait till the river runs by.*

In friendship, if some unknown cause has produced an alienation, don't say, as too many do, "he may get pleased again as he can;" but find out the reason, of the alienation, apologize if you are in the wrong, and expostulate amicably if otherwise. If you wait till the river runs by you may wait forever, and find the longer you wait the current runs deeper and deeper. In your own family, never wait till the river runs by, but if a wife's feelings are hurt explain or make reparation at once; for life is too short and happiness too precious to be wasted in obstinacy, sullenness, or misunderstanding, when a few words will remedy all. Never stand on the shore, in cold and suffering, while green and sunshiny fields invite you across, in the idle hope *that the river will run by.*

Nations have been lost forever by imitating the folly of the traveler. They have put off making needful reforms, in hopes that time would correct them of itself. "After me the deluge," said Louis the Fifteenth. But God is just, his laws are inexorable, and nations as well as individuals must obey or perish. Great evils demand action. Europe is even now shrinking from the reformation of her corrupt social life. She wishes to await on events. Better cross the stream at once. Alas! she will find some day that *the river will never run by.*—*Baltimore Sun.*

POPULAR ACCLAMATION.

"ARLINGTON," the well known correspondent of the National Intelligencer, draws a comparison between the worshipers of the rising sun as they existed in former days with their descendants of the same family. He says:

On the inauguration of Mr. Madison, in 1809, the pilgrim departed from his usual habit of being merely a "looker-on in Vienna," and took a somewhat remarkable part in the events of the day.—When the President retired from the Capitol, on rushed the crowd to the worship of the rising sun. The avenue was nearly deserted, while the hum of the multitude faded in the distance: then appeared on horseback, and *entirely alone*, Thomas Jefferson. The old pilgrim pointed out this spectacle to two revolutionary officers, Col. Thomas Parker and Maj. Butler, (who were lookers on) saying, "See, gentlemen, how soon a great man becomes neglected and his services forgotten in America, when he ceases to be the fountain of patronage and power! Whatever may be the revolutionary patriot and statesman's politics now, they were of the right sort in 1776, and led to the independence of his country. 'Honor to whom honor is due.'" The revolutionary veterans now begged to be introduced, and the small party falling into line, the retired Chief Magistrate was escorted on his route, down the avenue, *by a trio of his political opponents.*

EDITING A WEEKLY PAPER.

THE majority of readers seem to think that nothing can be more easy or pleasant, than to edit a paper; but of all the different employments, there is none, we firmly believe, that so taxes the mind, temper and flesh, as that of editing a paper. There is none that requires a nicer tact, a sounder judgment, a more constant application, a quicker wit, or a kinder heart. A curlish temper could never succeed as an editor; nor a narrow-minded man, nor an ignorant one, nor a nasty one, nor an unforgiving one. An editor must of necessity turn himself inside out to the public. He cannot be a hypocrite any more than a husband could be a hypocrite to his wife. He must expose himself in all that he does, as much in selecting the thoughts of others, as in publishing his own, and, therefore the better way for him in the outset is to begin frankly, to save himself from after contradictions and mortifications. Whoever succeeds tolerably well as an editor, is something more than an ordinary man, let his cotemporaries think of him as they will.—*Selected.*

DR. ADAMS says that one reason why the world is not reformed is because every man is bent on reforming others, and never think of his own ways as in need of mending.

GETTING A COMPETENCE.

[Continued from page 100, this No.]

"He is one of the firm of EDWARDS, NEWMAN & Co., and is doing a fair business. He has lately married a young and lovely woman, bought a neat little house and lot, and settled down as cosily as need be." ELLEN noticed a half-audible sigh at the close of his remark, and fancied that it had some reference to his own domestic affairs. "I would call on him with you," he added, "but my engagments are just now very pressing."

Tea over, Mr. and Mrs. BERKELY took their departure. Ellen was glad to be alone with her husband again. She felt that her presence at Mr. JACOB's had been considered by that gentleman's wife as an intrusion, and although she regarded with contempt that lady's haughty independence, she was sensitive almost to a fault, and could illy bear unkind treatment. Perhaps, also, she unconsciously cherished the republican feeling that she was as good as any one, as long as she acted as well, if she was poor.

"When shall we call on CHARLES NEWMAN?" asked WILLIAM of his wife the next morning.

"I don't know," said she; "I don't feel very much animated about making any more city calls."

"I think you will meet with a more agreeable reception by Mrs. NEWMAN than Mrs. JACOBS gave you. I don't think CHARLES NEWMAN could have been so foolish as to marry for property, as I feel sure MARTIN JACOBS has done. He used to say that he meant to marry a well-lined purse, and I imagine he has married little else, and if I am not mistaken, even that will soon slip through his fingers, or rather those of his wife."

"I should take Mr. JACOBS to be a man of more judgment than you seem to intimate, were it not that I can see no reason why a man of good judgment should select for a wife one evidently possessing so few noble, womanly qualities."

"In ordinary things he has good judgment, but a passion for wealth will warp that of any man.—I think, however, his mind is now open to its little value compared with true domestic happiness!"

"He certainly did not seem to despise us for our poverty!"

"I think he rather envied us, ELLEN, from a remark that he carelessly dropped in conversation. But you will go with me to Mr. NEWMAN'S?"

"Perhaps you had better call at his store first, and see what he may have to say."

"Well, I will go immediately, but will not be gone long. Do you enjoy yourself as well as you can in my absence."

WILLIAM went out, and while he was out ELLEN wrote a letter to her sister. Just as she had finished he returned, saying that he had seen CHARLES, and found him all right—that he had politely invited them to dinner, which invitation he had accepted. Business detained him or he would have accompanied us to his house, but he promised to be there to receive us at 12 o'clock."

"I have the pleasure then of meeting your wife," said Mr. NEWMAN to WILLIAM, as he cordially grasped ELLEN's hand, when she was introduced to him by her husband. "And *this* is *my* wife," said he, presenting a sweet and intelligent looking young woman, not more than nineteen, who received them with such an unaffected ease, simplicity and friendliness, that they at once felt at home.

Mrs. NEWMAN entertained ELLEN very agreeably for a short time, and then begged to be excused for a little while. "My wife is her own girl," remarked Mr. NEWMAN to ELLEN, after she had left the room. "She prefers to do her own work, as being at once more pleasant and economical.—It is necessary that she should be in the kitchen just now."

ELLEN looked around her. The furniture of the room was plain, but neat and tastefully arranged. "Well," thought she to herself, "there is at least one lady in Chicago. I will not again be so uncharitable as to judge all city women by one specimen."

Dinner was soon announced—a plain, substantial dinner, that made our emigrants think of old New England again.

"Where did you say you proposed to purchase land?" said Mr. NEWMAN to WILLIAM, after they had returned to the parlor.

WILLIAM informed him.

"Why," said he, "I have occasion to visit that part of the State soon by private conveyance, and I may as well go now as any time, and take you and your goods all right along. It will give me pleasure to assist you, and at the same time enjoy your company. I can be ready by day after to-morrow, and in the meantime you can secure your title, and complete any other necessary arrangements, while you with your wife shall make it your home with us."

"That is certainly true New England hospitality," said WILLIAM, "and such as we did not expect to meet with in our Western pilgrimage. I feel inclined to accept your offer, but I do not like to trouble you."

"Don't speak of trouble to old friends, WILL," he replied, and the kind proposition was accepted.

[Concluded next week.]

PHILANTHROPY. — The wreath of literary fame, the laurel of the warrior, the tribute of praise offered to superior wit, are empty and worthless compared with the pure, bright crown of the philanthropist. There is a time coming when the former shall be of no value in the eyes of their possessors or the world; but the distinctions of superior beneficence belong to an order which shall be acknowledged in Heaven, and shall be worn with unfading brilliancy through eternity.

SORROWS.—Sorrow is the night of the mind.—What would be a day without its night? The day reveals one sun only; the night brings to light the whole of the universe. The analogy is complete. Sorrow is the firmament of thought and the echoo of intelligence.

FLOWING water is at once a picture and a music which causes to flow at the same time from my brain, like a limpid and murmuring rivulet, sweet thoughts, charming reveries, and melancholy remembrances.—*Alphonse Karr.*

THE true preceptions of a child are the objects that surround him; these are the instructors to whom he owes almost all his ideas.

The Educator.

EDUCATION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Twentieth Annual Report of the Mass. Board of Education, has been presented to the Legislature of that State, accompanied by the Report of the Secretary, and abstracts from the various towns and cities of the Commonwealth. Returns have been received from every town but one, and the statistics give the following information concerning the educational system of Massachusetts:

The whole number of public schools in the State is 4,300, an increase of 85 since the last annual report. The number of scholars, of all ages, who attended the summer schools was 198,746; in winter 209,036. The average attendance on the summer school was 151,621; winter school 162,580. The whole number of persons in the State between the ages of five and 15 years, 222,853. The number of children under five years in attendance on the public schools, 14,969, a falling off from the last report of 632. Number in attendance over 15 years, 21,612, a decrease of 265. The whole number of teachers employed in the summer was 4,760; males 381, females 4,379; in the winter, males 1,688, females 3,223. This shows a decrease for the year of 46 male teachers, and an increase of 269 female teachers.

The average length of public schools during the year was seven months and sixteen days. The average wages of male teachers per month, including board, $43 05. Average wages of female teachers per month, including board, $18 52. The amount of money raised by taxes, for the support of public schools, including only the wages of teachers, board, fuel and care of fires, $1,213,953 55, an increase for the year of $76,545 79. The increase of surplus revenue, and of similar funds appropriated only for public schools, $8,943 65.—Amount of voluntary contributions of board, fuel and money, to maintain or prolong public schools, $38,520 07; income of local funds appropriated for schools, $40,044 55; amount received by towns and cities from the State school fund, $46,808 54; paid for superintendence of public schools, $36,370 10. Total amount returned, as expended for public schools alone, $1,344,304 96.

All the towns and cities of the State except one have raised $1 50 or more for each child between five and fifteen. The number of towns which have raised $5 or more for every child between five and fifteen, is 263. The number of incorporated Academies returned is 70, number of students in attendance, 4,708; aggregate paid for tuition, $83,763-66; number of private schools 701, maintained at a cost of $265,610 62; attended by 18,909 students. The amount annually expended in Massachusetts to promote popular education, exclusive of the cost of school books, and of instruction in collegiate, professional and charitable institutions is $2,346,309 96 — a cost of a little more than $12 for every person in the State between the ages of five and fifteen years.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TEACH THE HEART.

THE Speaker, whether in the pulpit or public hall, should deign to often leave the train of close and formal reasoning, and call the mind to those higher realms of thought and feeling, which flood the soul with divine light. Analogies drawn from such a source, open the heart and call into active use its best affections, while abstract reasonings only speak to the intellect and foster heartlessness and pride. Let the *Teacher* as he has charge of the pliant mind, when the impressions made are most tenacious, instruct the *heart*, while he follows his pupil through the mazy folds of science.—While he teaches it should not be work, like the style of an English writer's figure—shaping the mind as the sculptor would a block of marble for a statue, by breaking off and smoothing rough points, but should be like the training of a vine.

The heart and mind should *both* be called into use; for as the mind is directed in its onward course as the vine is to its trellis, which it may grasp with its delicate tendrils, so the heart will throw out its affections and feelings like the leaves of the vine, to gather life from the light and warmth of the world without. R. A. ROSE.

Castile, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PRIZE-GIVING IN SCHOOL.

EDS. RURAL:—Being a school teacher, I am much interested in all I find in the department of your paper, entitled "The Educator." In No. 6 of this year, a correspondent recommends a system of "Prize-giving" as a preventive of whispering. I would inquire by what means it is to be ascertained whether a pupil has whispered or not in the course of the day or half day, as the case may be? If each individual is asked whether he or she has whispered, can the answer be depended on? Is there not great temptation to prevaricate, and is it not indirectly teaching children to deceive? It is my lot to teach a school where a large number are, as I may say, prematurely hardened, whose finer feelings it would be hard to reach, — I would be glad to learn some more feasible method for such a school as this.

I have introduced the "RURAL" in this school in place of a reading book for a portion of the pupils, that is for such as chose to subscribe—we make one copy answer for three or four readers. We have found it very instructive, and I am certain that those who "read in the paper," improve much faster than those who read only in the "Reader."

Newfield, Feb., 1857. P. W.

EDUCATION. — Everything is education; the trains of thought you are indulging in this hour; the society in which you will spend the evening; the conversations, walks, and incidents of to-morrow. And so ought it to be. We may thank the world for its infinite means of impression and excitement which keep our faculties awake and in action, while it is our important office to preside over that action, and guide it to some divine result.—*J. Foster.*

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime.—*Talleyrand.*

TEACHING FOR EFFECT.

WHEN *effect* only, is aimed at, the *true progress* of the pupil is not seen. There is too much *teaching for effect.* Unless the teacher is remarkably honest and decided, he is compelled, to some extent at least, to adopt the popular error of advancing scholars more rapidly than their progress will warrant—in the rage to "get through the book," and to pursue "higher studies." How often, when engaged in an elementary school, have we been obliged to listen to the complaints of parents.—"Why, sir, you have put my boy back in a book that he read in a year ago; and he tells me you have actually set him to cyphering in simple subtraction, when he has been nearly through the arithmetic." Yet, what else can the teacher do, when the child does not understand what he has gone over? It is superficial teaching that leads to *shifts* to get through examination day. Some write out a set of questions, which the scholars are drilled in for examination.

Yet, this is not always safe. Sometimes the trick will leak out. We recollect an amusing anecdote of a class in geography, which the teacher had drilled in his set questions, till they could answer every one *before it was asked;* and he felt confident that they would do themselves and him great credit. His main reliance was on this class. When he commenced their examination, it was with a very confident and triumphant air. As the questions passed along down the class, and were answered with the rapidity of thought, the village minister and the doctor, and parents, began to open their eyes with astonishment at the remarkable proficiency which the boys had made. The teacher did not observe that one of the boys, whose place was at the foot of the class, was absent; and as he passed up to the head again, the question was this: "In what country do you live?" "Guinea!" shouted the boy. "What country?" says the teacher, wishing to give the pupil time to recollect himself. "Guinea!" was again the thundering response; and the boy looked as though he was not to be frowned out of it either. "You mean, no doubt, that you live in the United States of America," quietly suggested the teacher. "No, sir; the boy that lives in the United States of America, is at home. He was sick, to-day, and couldn't come." On one occasion, some small boys were undergoing examination in geography, who could readily point out, on the outline map, and give the names of all the grand divisions, &c. A gentleman present, wishing to test the knowledge of the little fellows, said: "Boys, let me ask you a question. What is Asia, boys? Here was no response. "Is it *land* or *water*—what *is* it?"—The boys continued silent. They were not used to such questions as that. They could point it out on any map—they knew it by its shape—but they seemed to have no more idea of it than though it were an arbitrary character like A or B. Those examinations are seldom satisfactory which are conducted solely by the teacher.

Another error, not uncommon, consists in cramming the minds of the pupils with a great number of facts—*burdening their memories to excess*, without enriching their understanding—merely to make them appear to advantage at an examination.

To avoid these errors, and reap the full benefit of an examination, it should be entirely free from tricks to *show off.* The instance is well known, of a teacher who once visited the school of the late Mr. Page. A friend afterwards asked him how he liked it. "Why, really," was the reply, "I do not see what has rendered him so celebrated. I did not see anything so very wonderful." There should be nothing wonderful—everything should be preceded by thorough study; often reviewed, and impressed on the mind by frequent repetitions; so that no special preparation shall be necessary. Such examinations we hesitate not to commend to our readers.—I. P., *in New York Teacher.*

VISIT YOUR SCHOOLS.

You could not do a better thing. Your boy has the idea that you care scarcely more than a fig's value about his progress there; your girl thinks you are too busy about *more important* matters to worry about her recitations. Grammar is dry as dust to her, geography is tedious, arithmetic is a bore, reading is horrid, writing is her special abomination. If she speaks of either at the table, she is hushed up. You talk of stocks and senatorship, of the war and free trade. The young ones learn to think their studies very small matters in comparison with yours.

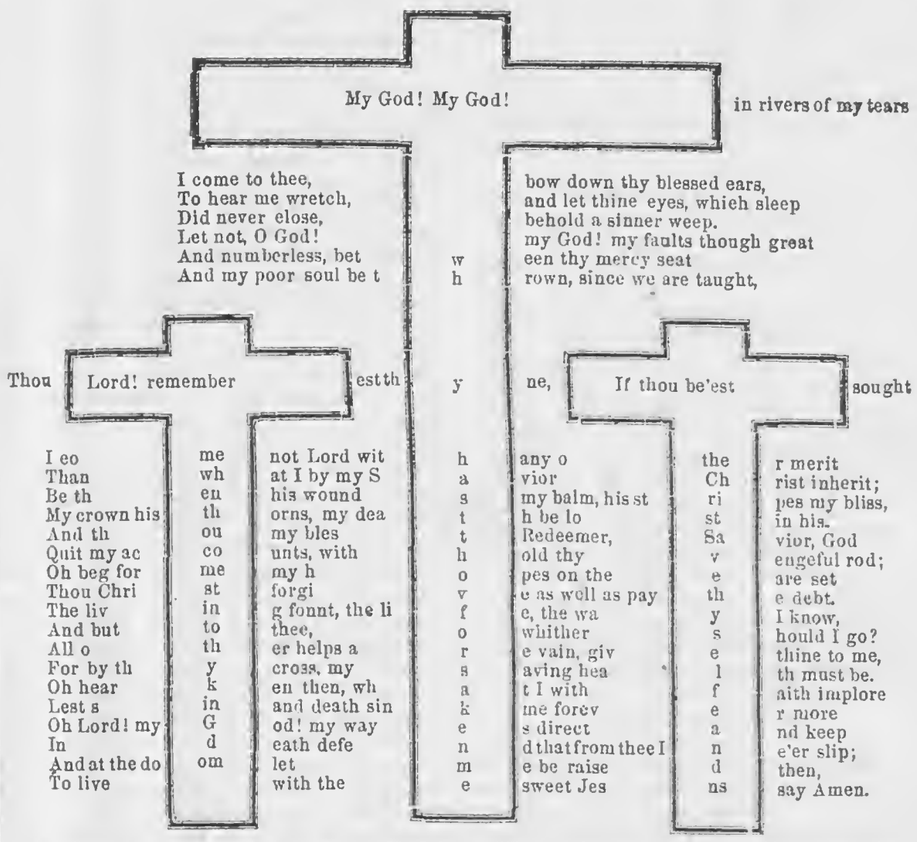
But visit your school to-day. Hear a lesson or two recited. Learn from their teachers what their standing is, in what they oftenest fail, and in what they excel. See who sits next to them in the school-room. See how they compare in personal appearance, whether they look happy and at home. If acquainted with their school habits, you cannot but be interested in them, and then you cannot possibly avoid talking of them. Making these matters subjects of home conversation will certainly stimulate them to better efforts—make better scholars of them. By all means, then visit your schools. Go alone, if no one will go with you. You will always be welcomed by the teacher, unless he is a fit one to be turned off. — *Pittsburg Visitor.*

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES AND COLLEGES. — A document prepared by Rev. Z. Freeman, Corresponding Secretary of the "New York Baptist Union for Ministerial Education," and published in connection with their Annual Report, gives the following view of Theological Seminaries in the United States:

	No. of Institutions.	*Professors.*	*Students.*	*Graduates this year*
Presbyterian	11	33	473	120
Congregational	6	17	211	67
Associate Reformed Church	5	9	96	28
German Reformed Church	1	2	21	—
Dutch Reformed Church	1	3	30	11
Lutheran	4	9	40	12
Episcopalian	4	12	69	33
Methodist Episcopal	2	4	75	17
Unitarian	1	2	25	13
Christian	1	5	61	3
Baptist	10	23	196	44

The whole number of colleges is 144; professors, 919; tutors, 149; students, 18,581—of which 5,581 are professors of religion, and 1,927 have the ministry in view. Whole number of Alumni 67,691.

A CURIOUS PIECE OF ANTIQUITY
ON THE
CRUCIFIXION OF OUR SAVIOR,
AND THE
TWO THIEVES.



EXPLANATION.—The middle Cross represents our Savior's; those on either side, the two thieves. On the top, and down the cross, are our Savior's expressions—"My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" And on the top of the cross is the following Latin inscription:—"*Inri Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judeorum:*" the interpretation is, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." Upon the cross, on the left hand, is the prayer of one of the thieves—"Lord! remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." On the right hand cross is the saying or reproach of the other:—"If thou be'est the Christ save thyself and us." The whole comprised together, makes an excellent piece of poetry, which is to be read across all the columns, and makes as many lines as there are letters in the alphabet. It is perhaps one of the most curious pieces of composition to be found on record.

[THINKING the above, copied from an old work, would prove interesting to many readers of the RURAL, a lady correspondent has kindly furnished it for publication.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POPULAR ERRORS.—No. III.

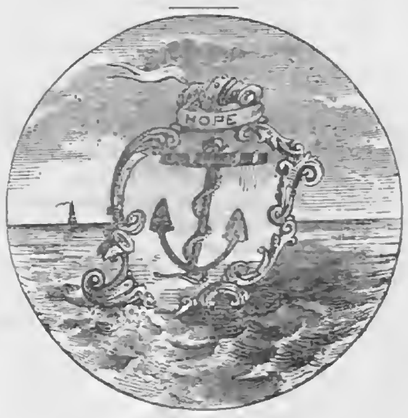
COLD BATHING.

AN opinion has become quite current, that it is healthy to immerse the whole body daily in cold water, and some even go so far in their hydromania as to think that the more water comes in contact with them the better. I am no hydrophobist; I believe water to be one of the greatest remedial agents we have, and that its occasional application to the skin conduces to health. At suitable temperatures, applied to open wounds, local inflammations, and to the whole surface in fevers and chills, its effects are most salutary. I will admit that its outward application is indispensable to perfect health. But I am constrained to think that if our Maker intended that we should be aquatic or amphibious, he would have given us some outward signs like the rudder of the muskrat or the paddle of the goose. It is not true that this constant drenching inside or out is conducive to health. The hydropathic doctors begin to eschew the name "Water Cure" for their hospitals, and are ransacking the languages, ancient and modern, for a name less indicative of drowning.

To a laboring man, the daily plunge bath is a drain upon his vitality, constipating his bowels, checking the insensible perspiration, and frequently producing slight febrile action of the skin. To the indolent, who are too lazy to take sufficient exercise, it may answer some good purpose, for it is equally against nature and more pernicious to health to idle away one's life, than to wash it away. Many, too, even among the strongest advocates of hydropathy, are afraid to be out in a shower; even a small sprinkle creates in them visions of agues, bronchitis and consumption. In my opinion, this shower bath sent from Heaven is about the best water bath one can take, and comes full often enough, and that persons who take sufficient outdoor exercise to insure good health, need never fear it, even should they continue to exercise in it for hours. In such cases, where due care is taken, when the exercise ceases, to keep up the heat of the body by dry clothes or other means, I have never known the first instance of injury. The Water-Cure Doctor takes a method akin to this with his patient, who is too indolent or too feeble to exercise, by applying the pack sheet. No process is better calculated to open the closed pores of the skin and promote a healthy action, and the water from the clouds is about the right temperature for a healthy person, at most seasons of the year, besides being free from those impurities that corrode the skin. But highly valuable as water as a remedy is, its effectual application requires discretion, and I venture to say no medicine is more abused or misapplied.

Having mentioned the inward application of water, I will (contrary to my first intention) say a word of its use as a beverage. It is, I think, admitted by physiologists, that when water is taken into the stomach alone, there is no action upon it by the digestive organs, but that it is merely taken up by the absorbent vessels without change. Most of our water contains lime and other minerals in solution. Is not this lime left to corrode the stomach till food is taken and digested, with the residuum of which it can pass off? I merely ask the question for wiser heads to answer. Do the experiments with ST. MARTIN throw any light on the subject? I have noticed that though limy water taken with meals or during digestion does not produce any perceptible inconvenience—still, taken in large quantities or upon an empty stomach, especially when weary, it produces sickening and other unpleasant sensations, and that the addition of vinegar, with wine, cider or sugar, upon which the stomach can act, prevents any unpleasantness. It may be well to look to this matter during the hot weather. F. B. S.

ORIGIN AND SEALS OF THE STATES.—NO. VI.



RHODE ISLAND.

RHODE ISLAND was first settled in the year 1631, by ROGER WILLIAMS. In the year 1790 it adopted the Constitution of the United States, being the last of the "Original Thirteen" to enter the confederation.

Rhode Island is the smallest State in the Union, being about 49 miles in length and 29 in breadth, containing 1,200 square miles, 130 of which are included in Narragansett Bay. The population in 1850 was 147,545. The climate is healthy — and the islands on the coast, where the sea breezes come in, are much resorted to for purposes of pleasure. The principal rivers are five—Pawtucket, Providence, Pawtuxet, Pawcatuck and Wood—and though these are all small they furnish many fine mill sites and are much used for manufacturing purposes.

Small as is this State, a few figures will show that the manufacturing interests are not neglected. In 1850 there were 158 cotton factories, employing about 11,000 individuals, producing 95,725,612 yards of sheetings and 1,902,980 pounds of yarn, valued at $6,013,000; 45 woolen factories manufacturing 8,612,400 yards of cloth and 46,000 pounds of yarn, valued at $2,381,825; 20 furnaces for the production of articles of cast iron; one, employing 220 persons, manufacturing, annually, about 3,000 tuns of wrought iron; 29 flouring and grist mills; 51 saw mills; 8 tanneries; 20 printing offices, 5 daily, 2 semi-weekly and 12 weekly newspapers. The capital invested in manufactures amounts to $12,923,176; value of manufactured articles $20,000,000. The cash value of the farms of the State at this period was $17,070,802.

In order to exercise the privileges of the elective franchise in Rhode Island, a person must either be possessed of a freehold valued at $134 00, pay a rental of $7 00, or a tax annually of $1 00. The government is similar in form to that of New York—the officers are, however, chosen annually.

The educational facilities of this State are fully equal to any of her sisters in the confederacy.—There is 1 University, 46 Academies and 416 Schools, with 20,130 scholars—96 libraries; aggregate number of volumes, 104,342. The total number of Churches in the State is 228.

BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—Men's feelings are always purest and most glowing at the hour of meeting and farewell; like the glaciers, which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunrise and sunset, but throughout the day gray and cold.

As long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst for military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters.—*Gibbons.*

IT seems certain that either a man must believe that virtue will make him happy, and resolve, therefore, to be virtuous; or think that he may be happy without virtue, and therefore casts off all care but for his present interest.

Sabbath Musings.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

In that home where joy and sorrow,
Where an infant first drew breath,
While an aged sire was drawing
Near unto the gate of death.
His feeble pulse was failing,
And his eyes were growing dim;
He was standing on the threshold
When they brought the babe to him.

While to murmur forth a blessing,
On the little one he tried,
In his trembling arms he raised it,
Pressed it to his lips and died.
An awful darkness resteth
On the path they both begin,
Who thus meet upon the threshold,
Going out and coming in.

Going out into the triumph,
Coming in unto the fight—
Coming in unto the darkness,
Going out into the light,
Although the shadow deepened
In the moment of eclipse,
When he passed through the dread portal
With the blessing on his lips.

And to him who bravely conquers,
As he conquered in the strife,
Life is but the the way of dying—
Death is but the gate of life;
Yet awful darkness resteth,
On the path we all begin,
Where we meet upon the threshold
Going out and coming in.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

PASSING AWAY.

IT is said that earth's brightest visions fade first, and that the young and beautiful are chosen as victims of the unwelcome messenger. But is it ever thus? Are not all things transient? The rose, unfolding its delicate petals to the glorious sunlight, enjoys awhile its radiance, and is not.—The sear and yellow leaves of autumn fall slowly to the earth, but to mingle with the dust from whence they sprang. The son of ambition, regardless of all else, save the one object which he has in view—Fame,—presses onward, and as he listens to the encomiums lavished upon him, his spirit soars aloft; but change and decay are written on all things mortal. The child of earth has attained the height of his glory, and wearied with the conflict to which he has been nerved by unholy ambition, his tired spirit sinks within him, and exclaiming "This is the last of earth," he also passes from the stage of action, but not till his fondest earthly hopes have been realized, and wearied nature asks for recompense.

How dark man's earthly prospects, were it not for that blissful eternity into which he may enter. Childhood, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age, are the four great dramas of life, in which every man is an actor. Scarce has he entered upon one stage ere he passes to another, and at length to the last; then to a far nobler and never-ending scene of action, "the one great drama of eternity." His enjoyment ceases not when he has passed from earth and its pleasures, but ever living, ever moving in that sphere in which he was destined to act, performs the high and holy mission on which he was sent to this dark and desolate earth, and has departed hence only to enter upon a wider sphere of intellectual enjoyment.

Oberlin, O., 1857. CARRIE M. LEE.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.—As the weary traveler in foreign lands, beset with dangers and disappointments, pressing his toilsome way o'er many a burning plain, inhaling the heated atmosphere of a scorching sun by day and pestilential damps by night, enfeebled by disease, delayed by untoward accidents and haunted by dread forebodings of the future, seeks with ardent desire and longs to return to his native land—to his kindred and his home,—so the Christian, "tossed on life's tempestuous billows," harrassed by foes without and foes within—often cast upon the cold charities of a heartless world—desponding amid present calamity, and anon exulting in joyous anticipations of the future—encouraged to press onward by sweet foretastes of heavenly bliss—attracted by dear kindred and friends who have gone before and above all by the blest expectation of beholding his Savior and his GOD—longs to be released from this dark world of sin, that he may depart to his long cherished home, the Canaan of the skies.—J. A. ROOT.

WORKING WITH GOD.—"Work, for it is God that worketh in you." This beautiful union of holy fear, and yet holy courage, of entire dependence upon God, and yet unabated and jealous "diligence to make our calling and election sure," is attainable only, nay, I might say intelligible only to a spiritual mind. Not that there is any inexplicable mystery in their connection; men are continually acting in the affairs of life in the same way. They clear the ground, sow their crops, go through all the toils of husbandry with unremitting diligence, and show they can do no more; they watch for the increase, they think of it, they talk of it with the deepest interest, while yet it is undeniable that they cannot make a single blade of wheat to spring up, or bear produce. The sun must shine upon it; the rain must water it, the earth must nourish it; they can command none of these.—*Bunyan.*

EXCELLENCY OF CHRIST.

HE is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be:
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he!
To dead men life he is, to sick men health;
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth—
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.
[*Giles Fletcher.*

ALAS! little does the world know how many a broken heart is hidden under a cold and stern demeanor of the face; little does it dream of the anguish that is stifled by the rigid lip of pride, or what feelings lie buried, but alive forever in the hearts of those whom it looks at daily, as monuments of hard, unsympathizing selfishness. It is written, "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness;" and that concealment has been ordained by the same wisdom which has given to us the knowledge of the fact.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

To Competitors for our April Premiums.

The special attention of agents and others is directed to the fact that the period of competition *for our Large* "Excelsior," *and very liberal* State *and* Provincial Premiums, *expires with the present month — March. As heretofore stated, the subscribers in sections where we have the largest circulation, are generally divided this year among several persons, so that there are fewer large lists (sent in by individuals,) than formerly, thus placing competitors in other localities (where the* RURAL *has less subscribers) upon an equality, and giving them better chances of success. The* State *and* Provincial *Premiums, though extremely liberal, have excited less competition than we anticipated, and there is* yet time to start new clubs and secure the best prizes *in most of the States named—for they will be paid,* however small the lists obtained by competitors. *"A word to the wise," &c.*

☞ *Read Premium List on next page, and then see if it will not pay you, as well as community, to aid in extending the circulation of the* RURAL.

☞ BACK NUMBERS of this volume can still be supplied to new Subscribers, so that subscriptions can commence with the year or any number desired. Extra numbers, show-bills, &c., cheerfully and promptly forwarded, post-paid, to all disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL. For Premium List, &c., see next page.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, without certificate, and each and all who volunteer in the good cause will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL, be sure and specify name of *Post-Office, County,* and *State, Territory* or *Province.*

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Emery's Corn Planter and Seed Drill—Emery Brothers.
The Best Family Paper—Worthington, Flanders & Co.
The Richest Offer Yet—J. M. Emerson & Co.
The Celebrated Stallion—A. B. Buckland.
East Bloomfield Nursery—L. Barber.
President Buchanan—Derby & Jackson.
Empire Seed Store—C. F. Crosman.
Fruit and Ornamental Trees—W. R. Prince & Co.
Fairfield Seminary—Rev. J. B. Van Petten.
West Bloomfield Nurseries—Stephen H. Ainsworth.
Folley Seminary—John P. Griffin.
Highland Nurseries—Cowles & Warren.
A Fair Chance—Fowler & Wells.
Choice Apple Stocks—A. Frost & Co.
How to do Good and Get Paid for It—Fowler & Wells.
Students Frequently, &c—Fowler & Wells.
Clergymen, Teachers and others—Fowler & Wells.
Purple Chili Potatoes—A. Willard, Jr.
For Sale—Harold M. White.
For Sale—A. P. Hascall.
Seed Oats—I. A. Clark.
Do you Want a Fine Horse—G. W. Thomas.
8000 Stocky Peach Trees—G. F. Weaver.
Sure Pay and no Risk—Fowler & Wells.
Poultry for Sale—D. S. Heffron.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, MARCH 21, 1857.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS AND ADVERTISERS who wish articles or announcements to appear promptly, are advised that our edition is now so large that we are obliged to put the *outside form* of the RURAL to press some eight days in advance of date, and the last form on Tuesday morning. To *secure* insertion, advertisements, &c., should reach us the week preceding publication, though notices received on Monday are inserted in case our space is not occupied.

New Quarter.—Our Spring Campaign.

THE next number of the RURAL will close the first quarter of Volume Eight, and terminate our engagements with an army of friends whose subscriptions then expire. All interested will therefore please consider themselves reminded of our invariable rule to discontinue the paper promptly on the expiration of the time paid for, — and that the only requisite to secure the uninterrupted visits of the RURAL to their respective addresses, and (we trust) happy family circles, is a substantial invitation. This invitation can easily be extended by individual subscribers, or done by proxy — the Post-Master or local agent kindly acting in behalf of both subscriber and publisher in the transaction. If the hundreds of subscribers to whom this notice is addressed will do their neighbors and the writer the favor to solicit subscriptions to be added to their own, a large accession may be made to our list on the commencement of the new quarter in April. Will not our friends think of this, and see what may be done in the manner suggested?

The New Quarter, or Spring Campaign of the RURAL, commencing April 4th, will be a favorable time to form new clubs, make additions to present ones, or begin single subscriptions. Indeed, *Now is the very time* for the thousands of people who have been *thinking* about taking the RURAL, and occasional readers and borrowers especially, to *act* in accordance with the promptings of duty and wisdom, by subscribing for a journal which will benefit both themselves and their families. The paper is better than ever before, (such at least is the universal testimony of Correspondents and the Press,) and we trust it is every way worthy the support and encouragement of the *one hundred thousand families* into whose hands we hope ere long to place it, and whose welfare would, we confidently believe, be thereby promoted. While we do not say the RURAL is the very best paper of its class, it is evident that THE PEOPLE have so decided, and we opine they are the best judges—least prejudiced, and most discriminating. Certain it is that we are determined that it shall far EXCEL, if the expenditure of money, labor and constant attention will accomplish the object—and to furnish the best combined AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL and FAMILY JOURNAL obtainable.

—Agents, Subscribers, and others disposed to second our efforts, are referred to Publisher's Notices at the head of this column and on next page.

"THE HERMITAGE."—Gen. Jackson's residence in Tennessee, together with five hundred acres of land attached, has been purchased by order of the Legislature of Tennessee, and tendered by Gov. Johnson, on behalf of the State, to the General Government. The only condition attached is that a branch of the Military Academy shall be established at that place. The amount paid for the Hermitage, with the land, was $48,000.

SNOW-STORMS AT THE SOUTH.—At Baltimore and Washington on the 14th inst., snow fell to the depth of eight inches. Railroads were incommoded by it, and trains detained for hours.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—A majority of the Senate's Committee on the Judiciary have decided to report a resolution for taking testimony in Indiana, in reference to the contested elections in that State, and with it is a report in favor of Mr. Cameron's right to a seat from Pennsylvania.

The Senate in executive session ratified the commercial treaties with Persia, Venezuela and Chili; also the Dallas-Clarendon treaty in an amended form, by a vote of 31 to 15.

Mr. Seward offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, tendering the thanks of the Senate to Mr. Breckinridge for the dignity and impartiality with which he has discharged the duties of presiding officer.

Five thousand copies of the reports of the army officers, relative to their mission to the war in the Crimea, were ordered to be printed.

After an Executive Session the Senate adjourned *sine die.*

Among the confirmations were the following:—Abner Pratt, of Michigan, Consul at Honolulu.—Wm. E. Venable, of Tennessee, Minister resident at Guatamala. J. Page Hopkins, of Virginia, Consul at Tabasco. Joel H. White, of Connecticut, Consul at Lyons. Francis A. Fountain, of North Carolina, Consul at Aspinwall. Peter Sauzeman, of Louisiana, Consul at Matamoras. F. G. A. Johnson, of Rhode Island, Consul at Beyrook. A. B. Ragen, of Georgia, Paymaster in the Army. Eugene M. Nelson, U. S. Attorney for Minnesota.

Samuel Medary has been appointed Governor of Minnesota, and J. P. Anderson, late delegate from Washington, Governor of that Territory. Mr. A. is to enter upon his duties at the expiration of the commission of Governor Stephens.

Kansas Affairs.

TELEGRAPHIC reports from St. Louis to the 16th inst. state that the emigration to Kansas has commenced for the season, and that it exceeds anything ever known in the country. The Missouri Democrat of the 10th inst. says:—"Yesterday morning the good steamer Alvin Adams reached our wharf from the Ohio river, having on board nearly six hundred deck and cabin passengers, three-fourths of whom were Kansas emigrants from the Northern States. The most of these were transferred during the day to the Missouri river packets Cataract and W. H. Russell, which boats are now well on their way to the territory. We took occasion to pass through the boats upon which these emigrants had engaged passage, and were pleased at the evidences which men, women and children gave of honest purpose, and health and courage to endure the trials of a pioneer life. All were well provided with emigrant plunder, and all cheerful, even though their landing at this port was effected in the midst of a most discomforting storm of snow and cold."

The action of Gov. GEARY in the late troubles, it is thought, will be sustained. The Constitutionalist, (pro-slavery,) in view of the difficulties says: "The independent and straightforward course of Gov. John W. Geary has made him numerous friends all over the territory, and time will increase their number. His manly bearing towards the Legislature made a favorable impression on that body, and the members will disseminate the same among their constituency. The erratic course pursued by a faction at Lecompton, who wish to 'rule or ruin,' is condemned by the best State's right Democrats in the territory, and there is a feeling opposition to Lecompte spreading in every direction. The people will sustain the principal measures of Gov. Geary, and the faction that has made so much noise will expire of its own rashness."

FROM HAVANA.—The steamer Black Warrior has arrived at the Balize from Havana, with later advices from Aspinwall, received at the latter port. The Aspinwall Courier of the 3d inst. says:—Col. Lockridge has forced his way up the river, with small loss, capturing a steamer and a large quantity of arms and ammunition.

Our Minister, Mr. Morse, had been favorably received in Grenada, but the government of that country persists in throwing the blame of the Panama riots upon the Americans.

The frigate Saratoga had sailed for Greytown.

The revolutionists in Peru had been successful.

THE BRITISH KANE TESTIMONIAL.—The gold medal presented by the British government to the officers and men of this expedition is stated to be about the size of a double eagle, and a beautiful specimen of coinage. On one side is a well executed head of the Queen of England, with her title in Latin; on the reverse is the inscription:—"The British Government to the officers and men of the American Arctic Expedition," encircled by an elaborate oak wreath, surmounted by a crown, and the whole surrounded with the words:—"As a token of gratitude for their generous services."

TWO DAYS IN A COFFIN, ALIVE.—Mr. T. R. Butler, a Georgia timber-cutter, went to Savannah, a short time since, to sell timber, and was taken sick and it was thought died. His remains were deposited in a coffin and sent home. On opening the coffin after its arrival, he was discovered to smile. Medical assistance was immediately obtained, and it is said that he is fast recovering. He was in his coffin nearly two days.

FROM SALT LAKE.—A letter from Independence of the 3d inst., says the Salt Lake mail had just arrived, having been three months on the road.—The trip was the coldest and most perilous ever made across the plains. Many Indians on the route were either frozen or starved to death, and others had eaten their own children!

TOBACCO.—The income derived in Great Britain from the consumption of tobacco last year was upwards of £32,192,643, the duty on which was over £5,220,000. This return is exclusive of cigars, which was about £150,000.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The Secretary of the Navy has ordered the Steam Frigate Niagara and Mississippi to be equipped with despatch to assist in laying down the Atlantic Telegraph Cable between New Foundland and Ireland.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

THE Franklin Hosiery Mill, in Franklin, N. H., caught fire on the 13th instant, in the picker room, and was totally consumed. The looms were saved. Loss about $75,000. Insured $45,000.

THE Rule Factory of A. Clifford, at Westport, Mass., was burned on the 13th inst. Loss $12,000. Insurance $7,000.

THE Print Works of D. G. Scott, known as the Waverly Mills, and the Mill of J. English, Patterson, N. J., were burned on the 12th inst., with nearly all their contents. It is supposed that the fire originated from the boiler. The loss is estimated from $60,000 to $70,000. One man was killed by the falling of the walls, and several others were more or less injured.

WE learn from the Delhi (Delaware Co.) *Republican*, that on the 9th inst. the house of Mr. John Nichol, a few miles from that village, was burned to the ground, and, sad to relate, three of his children—two girls, aged 8 and 14 years, and a son of 12—were burned to death. Mr. Nichol and his wife were absent. A son aged 16 made his escape. One of the others got out, but returned to help those in the house and was suffocated. The fire originated from ashes in a wooden vessel on the stoop.

ON the 8th inst. a fire broke out in Havana, Schuyler Co., N. Y., destroying 8 stores and property to the amount of $50,000. Insurance light. Said to be the work of incendiaries.

THE most dreadful railroad accident that ever occurred on this Continent, befel a train on the Great Western (Canada) Road on the 12th inst.—The Hamilton *Spectator* says:—"The train from Toronto, due in this city a quarter to six P. M. yesterday, had come from Toronto as was usual, and was proceeding at a moderate rate of speed to pass the swing-bridge across the Desjardin's canal.—Those residing at a distance may not know that a cutting has been made as an outlet to this canal through the Burlington Heights, and that the railway crosses it by a swing-bridge, 60 feet at least above the level of the canal. At this time, of course, the water below is covered with ice, about two feet thick.

Just before the train reached the bridge, the engine ran off the track, owing, it is supposed, to some defect in the axle. This, however, is a mere surmise, founded only on the observation of some marks on the road for some distance on the other side of the spot where the accident occurred. The immense weight of the engine, cutting through the timber of the bridge, produced the effect naturally to be expected. The whole structure gave way, and, with one frightful crash, the engine, tender, baggage car and two first class passenger cars broke through the severed frame work, and leaped, headlong, into the yawning abyss below. The engine and tender crushed at once through the ice. The baggage car, striking the corner of the tender in the act of falling, was thrown to one side and fell some ten yards from the engine. The first passenger car rushed after, and turning as it descended, fell on its roof, breaking partly through the ice, and was crushed to atoms, while the last car fell endways on the ice, and, strange to say, remained in that position.

The loss of life was of course frightful. There were 90 passengers on the train, and the list of those who have escaped only numbers about 20.—As far as we can yet learn, every one in the first car was killed; those who were not crushed being drowned by the water which nearly filled the car. About thirty were in the last car, of whom ten were taken out dead, and most of the others were fearfully mutilated."

Among the lost were many of the leading business men of Canada—men to whom the Provinces are indebted for much of their progress. Referring to the position and worth of these, the *Spectator* says:—"A national calamity may fairly be said to have befallen us. Men who have ever stood in the foremost rank — capitalists the most shrewd, speculators the most keen, merchants the most far-sighted, clergymen the most earnest—have at one fell swoop been taken from amongst us. The brain wanders, and the pen almost refuses to do its accustomed duty when attempting to describe the heart-rending scenes we have witnessed."

EXCITEMENT AT ST. JOHNS, N. B.—The advices brought by the last English mail to the effect that the English Government had entered into a convention with France to transfer to that power the Newfoundland fisheries, created intense excitement there. A general meeting of all classes was called. On the day of meeting all the stores, shops and places of business were closed. The British flag everywhere, was half mast, union down, and in some places the black flag was hoisted. The result of the meeting was the determination that the wrongs to the people shall not be perpetrated. The Legislature and commercial classes are sending petitions to the Queen, and delegates are to proceed to England to protest against the measure.

ENCROACHMENTS OF THE ATLANTIC.—The New Jersey geological report shows that the Atlantic is steadily and rather rapidly encroaching upon the land on its coast. At Cape Island, the surf has eaten inward full a mile since the Revolution.—Along the bay shore at Cape May, the marsh wears away at the rate of a rod in two years. One of the beaches upon the coast is mentioned as having moved inward one hundred yards in the last twenty years. It is also the opinion of the oldest observers that the tides rise higher upon the Eeastern New Jersey uplands than formerly.

THE GUANO TRADE.—A letter from Capt. Walden, of this city, master of the ship Roebuck, now at Chincha Islands, received by the Europa, says that there are one hundred and thirty first class ships, averaging 1,000 tuns each, now lying about the islands, waiting for cargoes of guano. Probably no other port in the world can boast of so large a fleet of splendid ships.—*Lynn (Mass.) Reporter.*

THE NEW BRITISH MINISTER.—Lord Napier was introduced on the 16th inst., to the President by Gen. Cass, and presented his credentials as Minister of England. His expressions of congratulations and desire to preserve the peace of the two countries were cordially reciprocated by the President.

Items of News.

THE draft of Washington's Farewell Address, in his own hand-writing, has recently been stolen from the State Department at Washington, and all Mr. Marcy's efforts to recover it have been unsuccessful.

PROF. JACOB W. BAILEY, Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, in the U. S. Military Academy, and President of the American Association for the advancement of Science, died at West Point last week.

PROF. HENRY, the distinguished Savan, and head of the Smithsonian Institute, testifies that he knows but *one man* among the scientific men of the United States who is an Infidel.

FROM a single port in Mexico, in 1856, we imported 7,804 tons of mahogany, employing thirty-two vessels. In 1850 one vessel was employed and 232 tons imported.

THE Plymouth Rock says that Derby Pond has been frozen so deep the past winter that the perch, pickerel, &c., have been destroyed, and large numbers have accumulated at the outlet of the pond.

IT appears that the coal extracted from the mines of Pennsylvania the last year has been equal to the sum of forty millions of dollars, which is well up to the yield of the gold mines of California.

THE Moniteur publishes the official return of the beet-root sugar manufactories of France for the season of 1856. During that time the number of establishments at work was 282, being nine more than in the corresponding period of 1855. The quantity of sugar manufactured was 54,979,866 kilogrammes, being 2,609,362 more than the preceding season.

MOSES G. BEACH, of the N. Y. Sun, has invented an apparatus to be attached to Hoe's press, for twining the sheet and printing on the second side before leaving the press. So says the Boston Post.

EX. GOV. WRIGHT sent a communication to the Indiana Senate last week, in which he states that, during his term of office, (seven years,) his actual expenses have exceeded his salary $1,129.

IT is proposed to build a railroad from Cincinnati southward through Kentucky, to the Cumberland gap, to connect with roads to North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia. The Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad will be completed to the river in April.

From Nicaragua.

DETAILS of the operations of Walker's troops in the San Juan river have been received, but the accounts, as usual, are conflicting. It is said the fort Serapiqui surrendered to Col. Lockridge's command, after one day's fighting, and that the fillibusters captured large supplies, Minie rifles, ammunition, artillery, provisions and cooking utensils. They then proceeded up the river and took the station at the mouth of the San Carlos, after which the Rescue gave chase to the steamer Chas. Morgan. The Costa Ricans set fire to their dwelling and two steamers and left. The fillibusters saved one of the latter in a damaged state.

A small party of Costa Ricans remained in the Fort at Castillo on the 18th ult., but were to be attacked next day.

A report had come down to Greytown just before the British steamer left for Aspinwall, that Castillo was taken, and that communication with the lake was open, but nothing was said about the fort at Serapiqui.

A letter in the Aspinwall Courier, from San Juan Feb. 18th, says the first rumor was that Castillo and one or two steamers were taken, but from the last information it seems to be that the Costa Ricans had burned all the houses at Castillo and also the river steamers, which were below the rapids and are in possession of the Fort.

From Walker himself there is no further news.

From New Grenada we learn that our minister had been presented to the acting President.

Congress met on the first. The message from the President regarding the Panama Massacre was moderate in tone, and a peaceful adjustment was looked for, notwithstanding the opposition of the Secretary.

LAST CHANCE FOR CHEAP LANDS IN IOWA.—A friend and occasional correspondent, who recently left Western New York for the El Dorado of the West, desires us to publish the following *pro bono publico:*

EDS RURAL:—President Pierce has brought into market the remainder of the Government lands in Iowa. We are assured on good authority that speculators hold land warrants enough to secure every acre not pre-empted previous to the day of sale on the fourth of May next. At the sale the rush will be so great and the competition so spirited, that the actual settler will hardly be able to secure choice lots. The only sure way is to secure your land by pre-emption, and pay for it before the day of sale.

The lands are situated as follows:

In the Osage District	25	Townships,
" Fort Dodge District	19	"
" Sioux City "	17	"

We are forming a company of actual settlers proposing to locate in the eastern part of Osage District, thus obviating the great disadvantage under which the settler labors, viz., in being surrounded by speculators' lands for years, whose interests he is favoring by enhancing the value of their property with every improvement he makes and every blow he strikes. Let us locate them in townships 99 and 100, in Range 10, in Winneshiek Co., 36 miles from the Mississippi river. These lands are in the neighborhood of growing villages, and can be secured at $1,25 per acre.—Come on then and help to crowd out the speculators. You will find strong and willing hands to aid you.

Any further information will be furnished to any who inclose a stamp to the writer, at Coffin's Grove, Delaware Co., Iowa. W. H. GARDNER,

Agent of the Powhattan Settlement Co.

N. B.—Township Section Maps will be furnished to those who inclose one dollar.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—This great enterprise is now on the high road to success.—The charter required that the first ten miles should be completed by the 16th ult., and that twenty miles should be completed before February, 1858, in order to secure the munificent grants of land and money from the State of Texas. The first ten miles of the road are completed and have been accepted by the Governor of Texas, and the subsequent sections of twenty miles each, making in all fifty miles, are already provided for, and will soon be graded and ready for the iron, of which a portion has already arrived at New Orleans and is in process of transhipment to the work.

News Clippings.

—The Code Napoleon has been adopted in Greece.

—A mad dog was killed at Niagara Falls last week.

—The electric telegraph has been introduced into Java.

—The Baltimore Police, 400 in number, are to be uniformed.

—There are 112,000 square miles in Kansas. In Illinois 52,000.

—Grasshoppers made their appearance in Ware, Mass., two weeks ago.

—A slaver recently landed on the coast of Cuba a cargo of 500 negroes.

—Bishop Crelin, Catholic Bishop of Minnesota, died recently in St. Paul.

—Scarlet fever is producing great fatality throughout Northern Mississippi.

—There are more post-offices in Canada than there are in England and Ireland.

—Eleven divorces were recently granted by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

—The Indians of California are fast becoming exterminated by disease and famine.

—The New Orleans people are just now enjoying that luxury known as green peas.

—The Inauguration Ball at Washington, resulted in a loss to the managers of $3,000.

—There have been collected in Europe 20,000 specimens of insects which prey upon wheat.

—The Legislature of Michigan made an appropriation of $40,000 to the Agricultural School.

—The receipts of the American Colonization Society for the year 1856 amounted to $81,388.

—Peach trees, in the neighborhood of Vicksburg, Miss., were in bloom on the 18th of February.

—The capital of Minnesota has been removed from St. Paul to St. Peter, by act of Legislature.

—Two hundred and fifty soldiers left New York on the 5th of March for Washington Territory.

—It is said that General Tom Thumb received 567 valentines at London on the 14th of February.

—John L. Buckley, President of the New York Corn Exchange, died suddenly on the 13th inst.

—The Legislature of Rhode Island has reduced the salary of the Lieut. Governor from $500 to $200.

—In Eastern Texas most of the farmers had finished planting their corn by the middle of February.

—There are now over six hundred miles of railroad in Tennessee, upon which daily trains are running.

—Sixty-one million feet of lumber were manufactured at Lower Saginaw, Bay City, Michigan, last year.

—A codfish was sold in the Boston market a few days since, weighing 101 pounds—the largest on record.

—The receipts paid into the Cincinnati Treasury, during the past year, amounted to the sum of $992,890 63.

—A new bank law has passed the Legislature of Illinois. The banks are allowed to take ten per cent. interest.

—The Boston Watch Co. in Waltham, is the only establishment in America for the manufacture of watches.

—A slave woman in Bibb Co., Ga., has 119 descendants, 57 of whom are owned by one man and 52 by another.

—The town of Gloucester, Mass., with but nine thousand inhabitants, has appropriated $10,000 to public schools.

—The number of pupils now in Girard College is 302. During the last year 27 were admitted and 37 apprenticed.

—The Chicago Times acknowledges a box of tender and delicious spring lettuce from the Southern part of Illinois.

—Mr. Lake, of Topsfield, Mass., has in his possession a perfectly white rat, the only one known to be in existence.

—Such havoc has been made in Thomasville, Ga., by the small pox, that the town is said to be nearly depopulated.

—A bill to enable married women to hold property in their own right has been rejected by the Delaware Legislature.

—Girard College, Philadelphia, now supports and educates regularly three hundred and fifteen boys, all indigent orphans.

—There is so much ice in the Hudson river that navigation to Albany will probably not be resumed for a week at least.

—Hon. D. F. Disney, formerly member of Congress from Ohio, died at Washington on the 14th instant, of pneumonia.

—There are 152 custom houses and other buildings in process of construction by the United States, to cost nearly $10,000,000.

—The Emperor of Russia, according to the Paris correspondent of the London News, will visit the capital of France in April.

—A fatal distemper among horses is prevailing in New Bedford, Mass. Several valuable animals have been attacked and died.

—John G. Saxe delivers a poem, and Anson Burlingame an oration, at the next commencement festival of Amherst College in August.

—There is now living in Murray Co., Ga., a revolutionary veteran, who has attained the age of 130 years. His name is John Hames.

—There are twenty six orphan asylums in the State of New York, in which nearly 9,000 little ones are fed, clothed and educated.

—Toledo, Ohio, is the great mart of the west for green hides, the payments for which, by the dealers, it is said average $2,000 per day.

—Mrs. Platte, of Laurens Co., Ga., died on the 22d ult., at the advanced age of 116 years. She was a wife at the time of the Revolution.

—Governor Minor of Connecticut, has appointed Friday, the 10th of April, to be observed as a day of "fasting, humiliation and prayer."

—The Orleans (N. Y.) American says that wheat in that county looks finely, and present appearances indicate a large crop next autumn.

—The Supreme Court of the United States decided in a recent steamboat case that "fire" is not included in the "perils of navigation."

—According to the last census, the population of the Danish monarchy, including Holstein and Lauenburg, amounts to 2,620,000 souls.

—The degree of M. D. was conferred upon two hundred and twelve graduates at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, on the 7th inst.

—At the N. Y. University Chapel on the 11th inst., one hundred and twenty young gentlemen received their diplomas as full licensed doctors.

—It is said that a Company has been formed in Massachusetts for entering all the vacant lands in Missouri. It will be a gigantic speculation.

—Dr. Norwood, State Geologist of Illinois, has in press a valuable report of the results of his survey, to be comprised in a volume of 1,000 pages.

—The Californians have organized a company, with a million of dollars capital, to establish a new line of steamers for the Atlantic and Pacific trade.

—The newspaper is a sermon for the thoughtful, a library for the poor, and a blessing to everybody. Lord Brougham calls it the best public instructor.

—Ex-Secretary Robbin left Washington on the 9th inst., for home. His health is so feeble that his friends scarcely anticipate a month longer life for him.

—In a church at Livas, Nicaragua, there is a bust of the leader of the American revolution, of whom the natives speak as the Good Saint, George Washington.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Kangaroo and America.

THE steamer Kangaroo arrived at New York, and the America at Halifax on the 12th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Earl of Derby brought up in Parliament his resolution condemning the Chinese war, supporting it in a speech, in which he asserted that the Chinese outrages, and infringements of the treaty do not justify the hostile operations which taken place.

Mr. D'Israeli's amendment to the English budget was negatived in Parliament by a vote of 286 to 266. The financial budget is, of course, virtually passed.

The London Times contains a leader on the virtual rejection by the American Senate of the Dallas-Clarendon Treaty. The Times deprecates a renewal of negotiations on the Central American question.

The arrangement of the Persian difficulty was proceeding satisfactorily, but the treaty was not yet signed. The proposed convention specified that England shall enjoy equal commercial privileges with the most favored nations, but Persia forbids English vessels on the Caspian Sea, inasmuch as the treaties with Russia forbid it.

Trade and navigation returns for January show a progressive increase.

Mr. Dallas attended the Queen's levee, on the 26th.

An interesting debate in the House of Lords, on Lord Derby's motion on the Chinese War, resulted in division for the motion, 110 against 146.

Mr. Cobden brought forward a motion in the Commons, similar to Derby's, viz:—That this House has heard with concern, of conflicts which have occurred between the British and Chinese in Canton, and without expressing any opinion as to the extent the Chinese may have afforded England cause of complaint, this House considers that the papers laid upon the table fail to establish satisfactory grounds for the violent measures recently resorted to at Canton, and that a select committee be appointed to inquire into our commercial relations with China. The debate lasted two nights and is further adjourned.

Lord Palmerston, in reply to Mr. Layard, said he was authorized by the Russian Minister for foreign affairs, to say there was no such treaty in existence between Persia and Russia as that referred to recently by Mr. Layard, and that negotiations at Paris on the Persian difficulty were not yet ended.

FRANCE.—The Paris Constitutionale explains the secret convention between France and Austria, which lately elicited some discussion in the English Parliament. It says the treaty stipulated the actual concurrence of the Austrian armies in the struggle with Prussia. Austria, however, represented that it could not enter into warlike operations in the East, so long as its Italian possessions should be menaced by political agitation. She demanded that before entering into such operations, the security of her Italian possessions should be secured. France gave her assurance, but as Austria did not grant her arms, the object of the convention never existed, and the treaty is therefore, a dead letter.

Paris letters state that the Consul of State rejected the credit of 50,000,000 francs demanded by the war department.

SPAIN.—It is stated in the Ministerial organ that a number of vessels are to be sent against Mexico, including transports for 10,000 men.

Madrid papers still discuss the outrages inflicted on Spanish citizens in Mexico.

Fears are entertained at Madrid of another insurrection. Large quantities of arms and ammunition had been found hidden in the city, and it was believed that the Democrats and Progressites had conspired together against the Government.

Orders have been sent to the Spanish squadron at Mahon, to join the expedition at Cadiz. Three war steamers and a line-of-battle ship has been detailed for the same destination.

CHINA.—Telegraph dates from Hong Kong, of January 25th, state that the affairs in China are unchanged.

A letter states that a large Chinese fleet had attacked the English squadron, subsequently retiring in good order, under the forts of Canton. Admiral Seymour had burned the greater part of the suburbs of Canton.

The Chinese rebel fleet had formed a junction with the Imperialists at Whampoa.

A Paris despatch says letters from Macoa state that the Emperor had placed in a state of seige the five European ports of the Empire.

The Europeans on board the steamer Thistle had been treacherously murdered by the native passengers, and the steamer dismantled and adandoned.

The Government of Hong Kong had increased the Police force and taken precautionary measures against incendiarism.

The total exports of Tea to England is 40,000,000 against 54,000,000 last year.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.—Breadstuffs—Market for flour continues dull, and in favor of buyers—the same remarks apply equally to wheat.

A limited business was doing in corn, at about previous rates.

Some Liverpool circulars call wheat 2d lower; corn 6d lower; flour depressed, and quotations quite nominal.

The following are the quotations of Richardson, Spence & Co:—White wheat 9s@9s9d—the latter figure in retail for choice qualities; red 8s8@8s9d; Western Canal 29s@31s; Baltimore and Philadelphia 30s@31s; Ohio and Canada 31s@31s6d. Mixed Corn 33s9d; yellow 34s@34s6d; white 35s@36s.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Steamer George Law.

THE George Law arrived at New York on the 16th inst., from Aspinwall, with California dates of Feb. 20th. She brings upwards of a million dollars in specie.

The U. S. ship Independence was lying off Aspinwall.

Among the passengers are Gen. Wool, Col. Casey, and Lieut's Arnold and Bissell.

The steamer Sierra Nevada left San Francisco February 20th, with several hundred recruits for Walker. The news from California is unimportant. Mining news rather favorable. There had been heavy rains in various parts of the State, causing much damage.

The markets are extremely dull. Flour is quoted at $11.

The California Legislature had impeached Dr. Bates, State Treasurer, and B. W. Whitmore, Comptroller, for misappropriation of State funds to the amount of $250,000. Bates resigned, and James English, Ex-Mayor of Sacramento, succeeded him.

Twelve of the band of robbers who recently murdered Sheriff Barton, have been hung by the people at San Diego.

Companies of fillibusters are being organized in the interior for the aid of Walker.

A bill to legalize the State debt has been introduced into the Senate, and will undoubtedly pass.

Two shocks of an earthquake were felt at San Francisco on the evening of the 5th. Much consternation was created, but no damage.

A large body of fillibusters had gone to Sonora to join Gandara.

Advices from Tapaz, on the Mexican coast, state that Gen. Blancart, who had seized all vessels in the harbor, putting them under embargo, was to leave in a few days with 700 men for the Capital.

Advices from Salt Lake are to the 7th of January. Heber Kimble was elected President of the Council.

Oregon dates are to the 12th of February. There was an Indian outbreak near Fort Simcoe. Four white men and a large number of cattle were carried off. There had been great mortality among the cattle in the neighborhood of Dalles.

Advices from Washington Territory state that the Legislature adjourned on the 29th of January, after having censured Gov. Stephens' course in the Indian war and the martial law affair.

Dates are from Australia to Dec. 2. The mines are yielding immensely. The live at Adelaide had destroyed property to the amount of half a million.

The flood at Nevada, Cal., has done damage to the amount of $70,000.

The Indians had made an attack on Pitt River Valley, Shaste Co., murdering all the inhabitants remaining there, burnt their houses, killed all the cattle and horses, &c. The largest part of the inhabitants had previously left the Valley with the intention of returning in the spring.

BURIAL OF DR. KANE.—The funeral obsequies of Dr. Kane were observed in Philadelphia on the 12th inst. The shipping in port had their flags at half mast, and draped in crape, and the stores along the route were closed, while the pavements were thronged with orderly spectators. There was a large and imposing military display. The procession started from the hall at noon, the body being borne by the crew of the Advance. The civic portion of the procession was composed as follows:—Faculty and Students of Colleges; High School; Fire Department; Odd Fellows; the St. George's and St. Andrew's Societies; the Thistle Societies, and the Scotch Legions, in citizen's dress. The civic portion of the procession was forty minutes in passing a given point. The State House, Church and fire bells were tolled during the passage of the procession. The religious services took place at the 2d Presbyterian church.

INTERESTING COMMERCIAL REGULATIONS.—Advices from Puerto Cabello to Feb. 17 state that the new tariff has been published, and will come into operation April 1. Its leading features, as regards the United States, are important. The following is an abstract thereof. There is a reduction of of duty on the importation of flour, butter, cheese, codfish, cotton, white bleached or domestics, hams, herrings, lard, soap, &c. According to the new regulations, shippers are required to make out two invoices of cargoes, signed by the Venezuelan Consul, one of which shall be directed to the port of destination and the other to the consignee, and in failure thereof the vessel and cargo become liable to confiscation.

ILLNESS OF EX-SECRETARY DOBBIN.—The U. S. steamer Water Witch arrived at Norfolk on the 17th inst., from Washington, with Ex-Secretary Dobbin on board. He was so ill that he was unable to sit up, and was compelled to remain on board until the following day, when through the aid of several friends, he was placed in the cars, and left for his home in North Carolina.

PREPARING FOR THE LEVIATHAN OF VESSELS.—The Portland *State of Maine* says that one of the piers of the wharf for the mammoth steamship Great Eastern is nearly completed. It is a substantial, thorough-built structure, with about 30 feet of water at the end.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, March 19, 1857.

OUR market this morning exhibits almost total inactivity, and in the leading articles there is no change to note. Some few alterations in minor matters in the line of provisions, may be noted by reference to the table.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	$18
Flour, bbl	$5,25@7,25	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,50@1,53	FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Best white Canada	$1,50@1,53	Apples, bushel	$1,00@1,50
Corn	60@62½c	Do. dried	$4,75@2,25
Oats	38@12c	Potatoes	50@62½c
Barley	1,20@1,25	HIDES AND SKINS	
Barkwheat	60c	Slaughter	7½@8c
Beans	$1,12@1,25	Calf	12c
Peas	1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	1,50@2,00
MEATS.		Lamb do	00@40c
Pork, Mess	$22@23,00	SEEDS.	
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover bushel	6,75@7,50
Beef per cwt	$6,50@7,00	Timothy	$2,00@3,50
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,00	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	11½@12½c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	8½@8½c	Coal, Lehigh	$3,00@3,25
Chickens	11@12c	Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Turkeys	@12½c	Do. Blossburg	$4,50
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	18@20c	Salt, bbl	$1,69@1,75
Do. firkin	16@17c	Hay, ton	$9@15
Cheese	11@12½c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	13@14c	White fish, bbl	$10@10,50
Tallow	10@10½c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$4,75@5,25
Eggs, dozen	12@13c	Trout, bbl	$9

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 16.—Flour—The demand for flour continues limited, and the market rules very heavy. Sales were made at $5@5,20 for common to choice and super State; $5,30@6,50 for extra do; $5,10@5,35 for super Western; $5,40@5,50 for extra do, including round-hoop Ohio at $5,50@6,75; market closing dull and tendency downward. Canadian flour heavy; sales at $5,20@6,50 for super, and $5,60@7,50 for fancy and extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market quiet, with a limited demand for export. Sales at 130c for very good Chicago Spring; 172@173c for fair white Southern, and 190c for amber Pennsylvania. Rye dull at 90@95c; supply increasing. Barley scarce and firm; sales common Canada at 75c. Corn market a shade firmer, sales mixed Western at 72½@73c, in store, closing firm with no sellers below the latter figures. Oats in moderate demand at 48@50c for State, and 51@52c for Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market lower for mess and a shade better for prime. Sales at $24@24,25 for old and new mess; $19 for prime. Dressed Hogs in fair request at 9½@10c. Butter steady at 17@22c for Ohio, and 20@26c for State. Cheese scarce and in request at 12@13c.

BUFFALO, MARCH 16.—Flour—Ohio Extra $6,75@7,50; Do. superfine $5@5,50; Michigan extra $5,50@7,00; Do. superfine $5,25@5,25.

GRAIN—Ohio white wheat $1,41; Do. red $1,25; Mich. white $1,41; Indiana white $1,40; Illinois winter $1,25; Do spring $1,18. Rye 85c. Corn, yellow or mixed, 64c. Barley $1,20. Oats 47c.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork, No. 1, $22; No 2, $22; Prime Do $19. Mess beef $12,50@13,00; Prime $9@10. Hams, Smoked, 12@12½c ℔ lb. Shoulders 9½@10. Dried beef 11c. Lard 13½@13¾c. Butter, roll, 18@20—Firkin 16@18. Hamburgh cheese 11@12½c. Eggs 13@16c.

SEEDS—Clover firm at $7,75; Timothy $3,50@3,75. Flax $1,75.

SUNDRIES—Dried Apples $2,50. Tallow, beef, 12@12½. Mutton 10@11c. Hides 7½@10c. Sheep Pelts $1@1,50. Wool 36@40.

ALBANY, MARCH 16.—Flour—The market is steady, with a moderate business doing at unchanged prices.

GRAIN—With an improved milling demand for Wheat, the market is more active at slightly reduced prices. Sales inferior Genesee $1,63; prime do $1,69, and Canadian $1,68. Corn and Oats quiet. Barley is in good request at very full prices; sales Cayuga at $1,46, and Jefferson Co. on p. t. We notice a sale of an ordinary lot of white Beans at $1,37½.

FRUIT—Market firm for Dried Apples, with sales at 10½c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 11.—BEEVES—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows.—First quality 12@12½c; medium 10½@11½c; poorest 9½c; premium 13@13½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality $60@70; ordinary $50@55; common $40@45.

VEAL CALVES—Supply decreasing and demand more active. Sales at 7@8c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $8,05@12,50; Lambs $4@7,50.

SWINE—Sales at 7½@7¾c ℔ lb gross or live weight. Dressed 9½@9¾c. Hogs less plenty and prices higher.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 11.—At market 725 Cattle, 660 Beeves and 65 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,75@9; first quality, $8@8,50; second quality, $7,50@7,75; third quality, $6,00@6,75; ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$90@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$40, 45, 50@65.

CALVES—$3, 8@4 each.

YEARLINGS—$00@00. Two Years Old—$35@37. Three Years Old—$40@45.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1167 at market. Prices—In lots, $4,00, 4,50, 5,00@6,00; extra and selections, $8, 8,77, ℔ cwt.

SWINE—300 at market. Prices—Live weight, 5c ℔ lb. Dressed hogs, 9½ per lb. Shoats, wholesale, 9c; retail 9½@10c ℔ lb.

HIDES—5¾@6½c. ℔ lb. Tallow—5@5½c

CALF SKINS—14@14½c ℔ lb. Pelts—$1,75@2,00.

BRIGHTON, MARCH 21.—At market 1100 Beeves, 75 Stores, 8 pairs Working Oxen, 54 Cows and Calves, 1,400 Sheep and Lambs 2,500 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $9,00; first quality, $9,00; second quality, $8,75; third quality, $7,00; ordinary $6,50.

WORKING OXEN—$100@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$22@54.

VEAL CALVES—$3@5 each.

YEARLINGS—$10@00. Two Years Old—$36@38. Three Years Old—$40@45.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $8,50@10; in lots $3@5.

SWINE—7½@8c. At retail 8½@10c per lb.

HIDES—5½@6½c. ℔ lb. Calf Skins 14@14½c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,75@2,00 each. Tallow—8@8½c. ℔ lb.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 11.—The demand for native Fleece and Pulled Wools is fully equal to the supply, but owing to the extreme prices current, and the unsatisfactory state of the goods market, the transactions for the moment are somewhat limited; the sales do not aggregate over 40,000 lbs. super and extra fleeces, at 49@55c for the former, and 49@52½c. for the latter; and 20,000 lbs. super and choice Pulled at 45@52½c. as to quality. Foreign is in an agre supply; most of the low Wools in bond are withdrawn from the market in order to avoid the heavy tax now imposed, which by the recent act of Congress is to be abolished after July 1, on all Wools costing less than 24 cents ℔ lb at the place of growth. This is hailed with general satisfaction by the manufacturing classes here, and we look for a stimulus to this branch of trade, so that in all probability the low wools of South America, which heretofore sought a market chiefly in Europe, will henceforward be largely imported here. The sales since our last are inconsiderable, and prices will no doubt rule high till the new tariff takes effect. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ℔ lb	56@67
American Full-blood Merino	52@57
American ½ and ¼ Merino	45@53
American Native and ¼ do	42@48
Pulled Wool, extra Country	52@55
Pulled Wool, super	40@43
Pulled Wool, No. 1	33@34
California Fine, Washed	24@45
Do. Com. Unwashed	18@33
Peruvian, Washed	32@37
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@29
South American, Com. Washed	15@22
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	17@21
South American Unwashed	11@14
South American, Cordova, Washed	25@29
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	9@18
African, Washed	18@20
Smyrna, Unwashed	14@17
Smyrna, Washed	27@30
Mexican, Unwashed	12@16

MARRIAGES.

In this city, March 16th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. R. Richardson, Mr. ABNER BURBANK and Miss MARIA LOUISE STILLSON.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

PREMIUM LIST.—1857.

LOCAL AGENTS, Subscribers, and other earnest, active and influential friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, and the cause of "Progress and Improvement," who are disposed to lend their kind offices in its behalf—thus enhancing their individual interests while promoting the welfare of community—are respectfully invited to examine the following Programme of Premiums for the RURAL CAMPAIGN of 1857:

"EXCELSIOR" PREMIUMS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, to the person or persons procuring the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, in any one Township, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to April 1, 1857.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.
FIVE DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.

$800 IN STATE PREMIUMS!

As most of our General Premiums have heretofore been won by persons in the State of New York, thus precluding Agents and friends at a distance from successful competition, we have concluded to offer $800 in *State and Provincial Prizes*, viz: One Hundred Dollars for the FOUR LARGEST LISTS from EACH of the States of PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, IOWA, and the Province of CANADA WEST, divided as follows:

FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER from *each* of the above named States and Canada West, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1857.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.
TEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.

☞ Competitors for the State and Provincial Premiums, *can also compete for the more General Prizes!* Comment upon the unprecedented liberality and advantages of this list is unnecessary.

The names and number of subscribers obtained by each competitor, will be published in the RURAL (or in a circular, and mailed to all interested, as soon after the 1st of April as the result can be ascertained,) and the cash paid to the order of the successful competitor.

☞ To give Post-Masters and other Local Agents a fair, equal chance, traveling agents, post-riders and citizens of Rochester are excluded.

[For List of Specific Premiums, &c., see 7th page of either one of first eight numbers of present volume.]

☞ Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, Prospectuses, &c., furnished free to all who are disposed to compete for Premiums, or who desire to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL. Subscription money should be properly inclosed, and carefully addressed and mailed to

D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar Journal in the World,—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

SURE PAY AND NO RISK.—PLEASANT AND PROFITable Employment may be had by enterprising persons by addressing FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

POULTRY FOR SALE. ONE PAIR AYLESBURY Ducks, $5. One trio Rouen Ducks, $10. One trio Grey Dorkings, $10. Address D. S. HEFFRON, Utica, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT A FINE HORSE, OR AN EXCELLENT Farm at a price that will pay? See G. W. THOMAS' advertisement in Rural of Feb. 28. 376w2

8,000 STOCKY PEACH TREES, OF SELECTED VArieties, for Spring sale, by C. F. WEAVER, Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y. 376w2

SEED OATS—Black French, Yellow Siberian and Poland.—POTATOES—Mexican, Mercer, June, &c. CORN—King Philip, Peach Stones, each, $1 per bushel. Also, 2 choice 3 yr old bulls, Devon and Durham. I. A. CLARK, Marion, Wayne Co., N. Y.

FOR SALE.—A valuable house and six acres of first quality of land, beautifully located on Main St., in the village of Le Roy, N. Y. Buildings new, and in good condition; all kinds fruit, &c. Terms easy. Inquire of A. P. RASCALL, or N. A. SUTTON.

FOR SALE AT $35 PER ACRE, A FARM OF 125 ACRES, of which 35, are timber in the town of Camillus, Onondaga Co., six miles from Syracuse, two from Camillus, on Central Railroad—Church, School-house and mills of all kinds near by. Belle Isle P. O. [376w4cow] HAROLD M. WHITE.

STUDENTS FREQUENTLY EMPLOY THEIR MORNings, evenings and vacations in canvassing—*with great profits to themselves*—for our PUBLICATIONS. The most liberal terms with security against the *possibility of loss*. Address
376w4 FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway N. Y.

CHOICE APPLE STOCKS.

100,000 TWO YEAR OLD APPLE STOCKS FOR Sale; they are all selected Plants *of the best quality*. Price $5 50 per 1,000 *cash*; for 10,000 and upwards $5 per 1,000 *cash*. If desired they will be put up carefully and shipped, charging only for the value of the material used in the packing. Apply immediately. A. FROST & CO.,
276w2 Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester N. Y.

HIGHLAND NURSERIES.
COWLES & WARREN, Proprietors, Syracuse, N. Y.
Successors to BARNES, PHELPS & PUTNAM
ALL NEW AND APPROVED VARIETIES OF FRUIT and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Evergreens, Roots, &c., furnished singly by the dozen, or hundred, as may be wanted for Orchards or Gardens. Our high grounds produce very hardy plants that bear transplanting to any soil or climate. Particulars hereafter.

FALLEY SEMINARY, FULTON, OSWEGO Co., N. Y.
JOHN P. GRIFFIN, A. M., PRINCIPAL.
THE SUMMER TERM OF FOURTEEN WEEKS WILL open THURSDAY, March 26, 1857. Tuition from $1 50 to $7 50. Incidentals 50 cents. Board, washing and furnished room per week $2. Prof. HAYDEN, late of Fairfield Seminary, a distinguished German Pianist and Composer, will take charge of the Music Department. Students received at any time. Send for a Circular. 376w3
Fulton, March 9, 1857.

PURPLE CHILI POTATOES.
THE SUBSCRIBER WILL FURNISH THE ABOVE named Potatoes by the barrel or half barrel on board the Cars at $1 per barrel, or $2 per half barrel. All orders filled or money returned. A. WILLARD, Jr.,
Hartford, Washington Co., N. Y.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES,
INCLUDING EVERGREENS THE FINEST COLLECtion in the Union. 1,700 lbs. Chinese Sugar Cane; and, also, parcels of 500 seeds, post paid, for $1 25. *Chinese Imperial Rice White Potato* are eminent above all other esculents, the *only ones for sale of American growth*, at $3 per dozen. $5 for 20, and $30 per 100. Imported Imbers, uncertain varieties, $1 per dozen. Osier Willows 8 finest kinds $2 to $7 per 1,000. Lawton Blackberry $10 per 100; $1 per dozen. Grapes, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Currants and Strawberries at lowest rates. Linnæus and Victoria Rhubarb $1 per 100. Arbor Vitæ, small for hedges, and up to 8 feet high. All the species of Evergreens of small sizes for Nurseries. All the new varieties of Native Grapes—Tree and Shrub Seeds. Vegetable and Flower and Evergreen Tree Seeds. Early Almonds. Yellow and Honey Locust, and Osage Orange Seeds.
Priced Catalogues of every department sent to applicants who enclose stamps. W. R. PRINCE & CO.
Flushing, N. Y., April, 1857.

A FAIR CHANCE.—CLERKS IN COUNTRY STORES, Foremen in Manufacturing Establishments, Postmasters, Hotel-keepers, Steamboat Captains, Railway Conductors, Travelers—both men and women—School Teachers, Students, Farmers, Mechanics, Lawyers, Doctors, Clergymen, All are glad to have our books. AGENTS for every neighborhood supplied on the most liberal terms, and *secured against the possibility of loss*—For further particulars address FOWLER AND WELLS,
376w4 308 Broadway, New York.

WEST BLOOMFIELD NURSERIES.
EXTRA SIZED FRUIT TREES AND GRAPE VINES For Sale.
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20,000 " " from 4 to 7 feet high.
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10,000 Peach Trees, 1 year from the bud, very stocky.
12,000 Cherry Trees, large, 5 to 10 feet high.
4,000 2 yr old Isabella Grape vines, large and well rooted.
2,000 " Catawba " " " "
1,000 " Clinton " " " "
Also shade Trees and smaller Fruits. Orders are solicited.
376w4 STEPHEN H. AINSWORTH.
West Bloomfield, Ontario Co., N. Y., March 16, 1857.

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The experience of 30 years extensively growing and improving on all varieties of Vegetables, Fruits and Seeds adapted to our climate, and selecting for cultivation those kinds only that warrant superior merit, has rendered facilities for meeting the wants of the Planter and Dealer in Seeds not excelled in America.
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The above mentioned Trees and Plants are all I have from which I wish to pack. But I won'd say to those who receive Trees at the Nursery with out packing, that they will get all but the Pear at lower rates. Many large Trees, both Fruit and Ornamental, and 5,000 choice Peach Trees one year from the bud, besides a limited supply of Grapes, Currants, Gooseberries, Raspberries, &c., &c., will be sold very cheap when delivered at the Nursery. Cash orders from abroad made before the 20th of next month, will receive prompt attention.
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ST. LAWRENCE.
THIS WELL KNOWN HORSE, THAT HAS TROTTED his mile at different times in 2,30 and 2,31, will serve a limited number of mares the coming season of 1857, at the farm of the subscriber in Brighton, 2½ miles east of Rochester.
This is the original and celebrated St. Lawrence, and was recently purchased at a high price in St. Louis to secure his valuable stock in Western New York.
He is a dapple bay, with black legs, mane and tail; is fifteen hands and three inches high and weighs about 1,200 pounds.
The span of colts, owned by Geo. J. Whitney of Rochester, that trotted in harness a mile in 38 at the last fair of the Monroe Co. Ag'l Society, and received the first premium, were sired by St. Lawrence.
TERMS.—Forty dollars for the season, cash or approved notes to be arranged at time of service. Mares not proving with foal may be returned the following season free of charge.
My arrangements for keeping mares from a distance are good. Mares will be received at Rochester, and must at all times be at the risk of the owner from accident, escape or otherwise. For terms of keeping or other information, address me at Rochester, New York. LEONARD BUCKLAND.
March 21, 1857.
I certify, that at a sale of horses in St. Louis, Mo., on the 11th day of Nov., 1856, at which I was present, twenty-five sucking colts, (from three to six months old,) sired by the stallion St. Lawrence, (now owned by Leonard Buckland,) were sold at prices ranging from $200 to $120 each, and that mares sold at the same time brought from $150 to $200 extra, on account of being in foal by St. Lawrence. A. G. WHEELER, Rochester, N. Y.
Rochester, March 12, 1857.

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Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

NEVER TOO LATE.

'Tis idle to mourn over perishing gold,
Or to weep for a fond hope betrayed,
For the fair Tree of Knowledge springs up, as of old,
From the dust where our errors are laid.
'Tis folly to think that the world is our foe,
And heap bitter words upon fate,
For one glorious hope lights the world with its glow—
While we live it is *never too late*.

'Tis weak to grow haughty in fortune and power,
Forgetting the nature we bear,
But 'tis weaker to fail in life's stormiest hour,
And fold up our hands in despair.'
What might have been done in time that is past,
May be done e'en to-day, by the great;
If we only will bind opportunity fast,
And think it is *never too late*.

Crowns have fallen away from the foreheads of kings
Who faltered a moment and feared,
While the hopeful and bold from the commonest things
The proudest of monuments reared.
The heroes of life are the men of all time,
Who calmly their trial await,
Who shrink not to delve and who fear not to climb,
And know it is *never too late*.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HASTEN, SWEET SPRING!

Hasten, sweet Spring, oh, hasten once more,
Glad would I welcome thee as in seasons of yore;
Once more would I gather thy fresh blooming flowers,
And range with delight thy green shady bowers.

Hasten, sweet Spring—once more would I feel
Thy calm, healthful breezes across my brow steal;
I sigh for the blessings which thou dost impart—
The beauties of Nature, so dear to my heart.

Long our forests and fields have been shrouded in gloom,
While some that we loved have been laid in the tomb;
Like the flowers that withered by Autumn's rude blight,
They have vanished, have faded, awhile from our sight.

But soon the sweet Spring-time of joy will come,
When the forms that lie slumbering in silence and gloom,
Will arise with new life to greet the glad day,
A Spring-time of joy that will ne'er pass away.

Morland, N. Y., 1857. SARAH.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GETTING A COMPETENCE.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY MRS. M. F. A. CROZIER.

CHAPTER I.

Love and Poverty.—Plans and Purposes.

"ELLEN, I love you, and if I know your heart, you reciprocate my affection; but I have no home, no fortune to offer you. Can you marry a poor man and be happy?"

"I trust our happiness is not to be measured by gold, WILLIAM! I know you are poor; so am I.—You do not ask my hand for the wealth it may be able to grasp; why should I be more selfish? No, I shall never marry for wealth or station, but for a noble husband. There is between us a sympathy of feeling and harmony of principles, which is the basis of all true love; and I feel that my happiness will be consummated only in union with such a kindred spirit; and if I walk the vale of poverty with such an one, it will not be a gloomy vale."

"And yet, ELLEN, property is a desirable consideration! We should need a home?"

"True, and by GOD's blessing, with such hands, heads, hearts and habits as ours, may have one, too! Of myself I would not speak boastingly, though, for one of my age, I have had some experience in "the ways of life," and think I have learned a lesson or two—but I know your temperate and industrious habits, your mental, moral and physical strength, and I believe we may be able at least to gain a livelihood. Let us be the architects of our own fortune, WILLIAM—we shall doubly enjoy it so. The pleasure of accumulating, of growing up to a respectable position in the world will certainly equal the possession."

"Well, my brave girl, we will try; I am sure a man can sink no lower in the depths of poverty, while sharing his portion with a companion like yourself. But how? Have you any idea how we can best increase our means and procure a home? I have a little laid by, one hundred dollars,—all I could save from my earnings, after providing for my mother and sister—but this would go only a little ways towards purchasing and fitting up a home here, and I dislike to become pecuniarily involved."

"No, I would not have you do it. We will go to the West. That one hundred dollars will take us there, and pay for forty acres of government land. That will be a foundation for a home. I can add twenty-five dollars, saved from my last summer's wages, which will purchase a cow and perhaps some other items. I have a sufficiency of clothing for myself, with bedding and other household articles which, by economizing, I have managed to get together, besides a few things left me by my mother. I'll tell you what, WILL, five years hence, we will have as pleasant a home as we can desire! It seems to me I see it now—our little prairie cottage in the sunset land, surrounded by fertile fields! Sweet, sweet home! My fancy has often pictured such a spot, while I have been a wanderer, an orphan, with no home hearth-stone to love."

"Your hope is large, dear ELLEN!—I am glad of that, for we shall have to meet stern trials before your bright dream will be realized."

"I know it, WILLIAM; but trials have strengthened me to meet trials. I feel as though I could labor and endure much, for a little spot of earth, I could call my own."

"A western home then, ELLEN—but about the wedding? It will seriously infringe on our small capital, to procure a wedding outfit. I fear that by the time we should reach our destination, we should find but little left with which to purchase land, build a house, and provide the necessaries of life until we should be able to earn or raise something."

"Really, WILLIAM, I don't think our wedding outfit need be very expensive. Why not be married in clothes which we already have, and save the cost of new ones? We have decent clothing.

"Are you serious ELLEN?"

"Certainly. I can see no reason why, in our circumstances, it would not be best."

"Well, I am willing, but I fear some of our good friends would think it looked a little like penurionsness."

"There is one principle, WILLIAM, which I have adopted; it is this: That I have a perfect right to regulate my own expenses, and keep them within my income, without regard to what other people may say; I never did, and I never will bow the knee to Madam Fashion."

"Nobly said, my love! The more I know of you, the more I feel encouraged to earnest endeavor.—Hand in hand, then, we will toil on, hope on, and strive to look higher than popular opinion for approval. It may be that our poverty will prove a blessing, keeping us from temptation, and energizing our characters."

"I think so; indeed dear WILLIAM, I am not sorry that we are poor. It seems to me that the pleasure of building up a competence, will sufficiently reward us for our early trials!"

"Well, ELLEN, next week, if you are willing, shall consummate our union, and we will make immediate preparations for our journey, that we may become settled on our land sufficiently early to get in Spring crops."

CHAPTER II.

Preparations.—The Bridal.—The Departure.

The only near relatives that ELLEN could claim, were a sister and her family. Some years before, this sister had married a farmer in comfortable circumstances, and settled in her native township. With her, ELLEN had, when out of employment, long made it her home, and it was in her little parlor that the conversation which we have narrated, took place.

After WILLIAM had retired, ELLEN sat and gazed long into the fire. A crisis in her life had nearly arrived, and she was not the one to meet it thoughtlessly. Her meditations were at once joyful and sad; joyful, for she loved WILLIAM BERKELY, and knew that his heart was warm and true, and she felt that her anticipations of a happy home, had a prospect of being realized; sad, for she was to leave dear friends, and all the associations of her childhood. A tear fell upon her hand as she thought of her sister MARY, her husband, and little ones, who had been so kind to her, since her beloved parents had gone to rest. "Dear MARY," thought she, "how will she bear the separation?" She arose, and opening the door of the sitting-room where the rest of the family were assembled, softly called MARY.

Seeing at a glance that her sister was sad, MARY entered the parlor, and twining her arm around her waist, drew her to a lounge, and gently asked, "What is it, ELLEN?"

"I must leave you, dear MARY," she replied, "WILLIAM and I are going West." She was unable to say more, and burst into tears. MARY drew her closer to her side, and the sisters wept together.

MARY had known of the attachment of ELLEN and WILLIAM, and approved it, for she felt that they were worthy of each other, but it had not before occurred to her that it might be best for them to leave their native State. The idea was a painful one to her, and for awhile she gave way without reserve to her sisterly feelings; but after she had taken time for reflection, she manifested her native strength of character by a cheerful acquiescence. When it became known to the family that ELLEN was going away, they gathered around her, one and all, seemingly more desirous than ever to express their affection, and anxious to render assistance in her preparations for departure, and to add something for her comfort during the journey, or to that of her wilderness home. The first night little FRANK cried himself to sleep, exclaiming every now and then, "*Aunt Nelly sant do to Illnoi, Frankey won't let her;*" and for a long time none of the children could speak of it without choking.

One month was a short time in which to complete all the necessary arrangements, and make all the farewell visits, but it was thought best to delay the journey no longer, and no time was lost in entering upon the work. ELLEN commenced repairing her wardrobe, and MARY added some comfortable garments to her store. She knew that WILLIAM was a poor man, and would need all the means he had to procure a comfortable home, and she was aware that every little comfort is duly appreciated in pioneer life. EDWARD, the husband of MARY, was no less ready to lend a helping hand. One day he brought home a stout pair of calf-skin shoes, and throwing them into ELLEN'S lap, said, "There, Sis, the snakes will have hard work to bite through that leather!" Little JULIA begged some yarn of her Ma to knit Aunt ELLEN a pair of stockings, "for," said she, "likely enough they won't have any sheep there!" Little JOHNNY, who for a long time had been laying up his pennies to purchase a new knife, now slyly took them out of his saving's bank and ran down to the store to buy something for Aunty, and finally showed his good judgment by selecting a basket of clothes pins. FRANKEY asked what he should give Aunt NELLY, "O," said he, "*I know, I'll div her my bow and arrow, and then she can shoot the wolves and the Indguns!*" ELLEN could only reply to these demonstrations of love with tears and kisses.

The bridal evening came and WILLIAM and ELLEN, simply attired, and surrounded by a few intimate friends, assumed the sacred relations of husband and wife.

The days that intervened between this important event and their departure, flew swiftly away in a round of pleasure, sadness and duty, and the morning of leave-taking arrived. It was a cold, clear morning in the latter part of March. A light rain had fallen during the night, and the weather had grown colder, so that frozen drops clung to the boughs of the trees and bushes, as the tears to the eyelids of the group that assembled together for the last time around the breakfast table at EDWARD LYONS'. Little FRANK had noticed the resemblance, and remarked, while he sat without tasting the food before him, "*Ma, the trees are all tryin, tause Aunt Nelly's doin off.*" Few words were spoken during breakfast, but silent demonstrations of affection were apparent on every hand.

There are times when strong hearts falter, when half-formed words die on quivering lips. The hour of leaving one's native land is such a time.—He gazes then, perhaps for the last time, on old familiar things, and "old home faces." Things that he never knew he loved before, are found to have entwined themselves around him, and interwoven with the very fibres of his affections. A long succession of golden links binds one to childhood's home. To break the chain, ah! it tries the strength of stout hearts. Chide not, if at such an hour the voice is fettered, and the hand pressure, the lip pressure, and the glistening eye, only "speak the gentle good bye." Call it not weakness that troubles the fountain of tears, but thank GOD that Nature has opened an avenue for pent-up grief.

Breakfast over, brother EDWARDS' large lumber wagon, which was to convey them to the railroad depot, came rumbling up to the door, and the trunks were loaded.

"*Will Aunt Nelly tum bat adain netst weet?*" said little FRANK, as ELLEN took the little fellow in her arms for the last time. "No, FRANKEY," she replied, "Aunt NELLY can't come back any more in a great while." "O, Aunt NELLY, aunt NELLY!" said he, while big round drops started from his eyes, and his bosom heaved 'till it seemed as though his little heart was ready to burst with grief. JOHNNY stole softly to ELLEN'S side and then to Uncle WILLIAM'S and dropped a great rosy apple into each of their pockets, but when they turned to bid him good bye, he was nowhere to be found. Little JULIA and sister MARY were silently but affectionately embraced, and our emigrants mounted the wagon. Brother EDWARD, who was to accompany them as driver, took his seat, and they were off. One by one they left behind them the old red school house on the hill, where ELLEN had acquired the rudiments of her education, and where, in later years, she had gathered around her a little flock of eager scholars; the church where she had so often listened to the teachings of the man of GOD; the grave-yard where slept her honored parents; the old elm trees by the river's side, beneath whose shade WILLIAM and she had so often lingered and conversed; the forest now leafless and gloomy, where in spring she had so often sought the wild violet—upon all these they fondly gazed as they passed. They rode slowly up the hill, which had looked down upon ELLEN ever since she first tripped lightly in the valley below, and from whose summit WILLIAM had first spied the little white cottage, where he found the maiden who had now trusted her happiness to his care.—They turned and looked once more upon the scene. It smiled in the morning sunshine. "Shall we ever find another spot so sweet as this?" thought ELLEN. "O, dear New-England! my heart clings fondly to thee; but farewell! I seek a home 'where the sun sinks to rest;' and she laid her head on WILLIAM'S shoulder and felt that it was not alone that she was forsaking home and friends, that a brave and manly spirit accompanied her, which would be her support if her own strength should fail. Her husband guessed what was passing in her mind, and did not interrupt her meditations.

They arrived at the depot, and unloaded the wagon. EDWARD said, aside, to WILLIAM, "You will find with your boxes at Chicago, a barrel with your address. Say nothing of it to ELLEN 'till you reach your home," and they all passed into the sitting-room to await the arrival of the cars. In due time they came thundering up to the Station, and our travelers took passage. EDWARD saw them comfortably disposed and then bade them good-bye, and they were soon under good speed westward.

CHAPTER III.

At Chicago.—Old and New Acquaintances.

Their journey was prosperous, though tiresome, and both ELLEN and WILLIAM felt glad when they had reached the terminus of their railroad traveling, in Chicago. WILLIAM had written to a friend of his who resided there with reference to his purpose of emigrating to the West, and asking his assistance in the selection of a home. After ascertaining that his goods, and the mysterious barrel, were all safe, he went to the Post-Office, where he found a letter from his friend, inviting them to call at his house, and giving plain directions as to its location. They rang the bell at the door of a fine mansion, and were admitted by an Irish servant girl. They were cordially welcomed by Mr. JACOBS, a pleasant looking man of about thirty, who a few years before had been a classmate of WILLIAM'S. He remarked that Mrs. JACOBS would be in soon, and after some friendly inquiries, informed WILLIAM that he had selected a location which he thought would just suit him. The section of country was new, but quite favorable in comparison with many others as regarded a market, and there was a prospect of its becoming a central position. ELLEN felt, as she observed his kindly interest in their affairs, that they were fortunate in their first introduction to Western families; but as she looked around her and noticed the splendor with which she was surrounded, and then upon her own simple attire, and as the lady of the house had not yet made her appearance, she felt that there might yet be some drawback to a pleasant acquaintance.

At length she came in, a dark, stately woman of thirty-two, with curious grey eyes, pug nose and compressed lips. She wore rich clothing, profusely ornamented. She bowed coldly as her husband introduced his guests, and, without asking ELLEN to remove her bonnet and cloak, seated herself and began critically to survey her from head to foot. The latter felt embarrassed as she noticed the inspection to which her clothing was being subjected, though her quick perception instantly recognized that it was no lady who was making the analysis. She felt relieved when at length WILLIAM suggested departure. Mr. JACOBS warmly urged them to pass the night at his house, but they had lodgings engaged. Then they must, at least, stay to tea, which would soon be on the table. They could not well refuse, though ELLEN would have gladly gone without her supper, rather than remain. Mrs. JACOBS then thought far enough to ask her guest to lay aside her hat.

"Were you aware, WILLIAM, that our old friend CHARLES NEWMAN is a resident of this city?" inquired Mr. JACOBS, at the tea-table.

"No, indeed, is he? Then I must certainly see him."

[Continued on page 96, this No.]

NATURE designed the heart to be always warm, and the hand to be often open.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A CHAT WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS.

BY WINNIE WILLIAN.

"THE RURAL has come," shout a hundred merry voices throughout our goodly land, as each week that inestimable paper makes its welcome appearance within their dwellings. Yes, "the RURAL *has* come," but why should that concern the children? Ah, truly, we forget that good, kind Mr. MOORE has reserved a nice, snug "Corner" for the little readers, into which he tucks enough amusement and instruction, seasoned with good advice to last them day and night, for a whole week, at least. But come, lay aside books, and play, and listen to WINNIE awhile, and we will try to draw a lesson from "Nature's teachings."

Did you ever think, dear children, what you could learn from the snow-flakes? No doubt you can tell of the lots of fun you have taken this winter in playing, sliding, skating and snow-balling, but when warm weather comes and the snow melts away, there will be nothing left of these sports to benefit you in the least degree. True, the memory of them will be pleasant, but that will never help to make you good useful men and women. Did you ever notice the little flakes when they leave their home in the clouds, and commence their journey down to earth? How the rude north wind tosses them about in contrary directions, now up, now down, until at last, the persevering flakes gently sink to rest upon the bosom of the earth. Perseverance is the snow-flake's first lesson. Many of you doubtless, attend school, and you find many trials and perplexities attendant upon your studies, but never give up for trifles,

"And if you should chance to find
Lessons that perplex the mind,
Persevere, persevere!
Never borrow fear."

Let your motto be "try again," and you will most certainly succeed in all your undertakings. Nothing can exceed the new-fallen snow in its unblemished whiteness. It is a beautiful emblem of purity. So children, should your hearts be as pure and innocent as the snow-flake. Let nothing enter through their portals to mar their purity. Banish from thence anger, hatred, envy and all unkind thoughts. Let love and gentleness ever reign there, so shall you be lovely and honored in all your ways. The snow-flake's lessons, I trust, will not be unheeded, and perhaps, ere long, we may again renew our "chat."

Rochester, Feb., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 29 letters.
My 1, 6, 21, 8, 28, 4, 10, 1, 15 is a village in Conn.
My 2, 9, 9, 14, 21, 27, 12, 20 is a village in N. Y.
My 3, 21, 8, 12, 6, 28, 4, 3, 21, 10, 1, 11 is a village in Maine.
My 4, 28, 10, 14, 17, 24, 11, 4, 28, 16 is a village in Wisconsin.
My 5, 10, 11, 28, 10, 2 is a village in Georgia.
My 6, 9, 6, 5, 3, 21, 18, 12, 15 is a village in Md.
My 7, 13, 5, 16, 28, 10, 23 is a village in Texas.
My 8, 9, 2, 11, 21, 10, 15 is a village in N. Carolina.
My 9, 2, 5, 10, 17, 28, 6, 17, 22 is a village in Ky.
My 10, 28, 10, 15, 10, 7, 10 is a village in Virginia.
My 11, 8, 1, 4, 10, 1, 20 is a village in Missouri.
My 12, 10, 28, 7, 16, 3, 21, 24, 28 is a village in Mass.
My 13, 28, 11, 8, 26, 21, 18, 1, 11 is a village in N. J.
My 14, 6, 11, 29, 16, 16, 21, 18, 1, 11 is a village in Indiana.
My 15, 8, 1, 6, 28, 29 is a village in Delaware.
My 16, 7, 10, 11, 10, 5, 26 is a village in Ohio.
My 17, 8, 11, 21, 28, 24, 3, 4, 6, 28 is a village in Ala.
My 18, 21, 21, 8, 28, 17, 28, 28, 29 is a village in Ind.
My 19, 21, 21, 8, 28, 3, 17, 18, 28, 20, 24, 28, 3 is a village in Wisconsin.
My 20, 8, 25, 14, 18, 28, 29 is a village in Tennessee.
My 21, 10, 1, 6, 11, 9, 13 is a village in Penn.
My 22, 28, 2, 29, 6 is a village in California.
My 23, 10, 21, 21, 13, 25, 13, 26 is a village in Mich.
My 24, 6, 3, 21, 17, 10, 20, 17, 10, 28, 9 is a village in New Hampshire.
My 25, 10, 10, 9, 25, 6, 28, 9 is a village in S. C.
My 26, 10, 28, 29, 7, 16, 20, 4, 28, 8 is a village in Illinois.
My 27, 28, 18, 19, 28, 29, 8, 3 is a village in La.
My 28, 10, 7, 29, 6, 12, 6, 26, 28 is a village in Ark.
My 29, 6, 3, 10, 4, 6 is a village in Min. Territory.

My whole is the name of a Post-Office recently discontinued on account of "the office being deemed unnecessary, and the inexpediency of continuing it," the receipts of which in the last quarter of its existence were three hundred eighty-four dollars and eleven cents!

Macedon Centre, N. Y. S. F. B.

EACH of the first four persons, out of the State of New York, who sends in a correct solution of the above enigma, shall be awarded a copy of the *Youth's Casket* for 1857.

Answer to Geographical Enigma in No. 375:—Swan River Colony.

Answer to Algebraical Problem in No. 375:—13.1+ feet.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem in No. 375:—A will have to travel 12¼ times around the circle.

IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR BUY A FARM, ADDRESS JAMES SULLY, Buffalo, N. Y. See advertisement in No. 370 of *Rural*, Feb. 7th. 372tf

KETCHUM'S MOWER.

AND MOWER AND REAPER FOR 1857, WITH PLATform for either side or back delivery of the grain. Various improvements have been made, and machines warranted superior to any heretofore built. Any information wanted in regard to them, or persons wishing to interest themselves in their sale, will please address R. L. HOWARD, 372w1 Successor to Howard & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR SALE,

THE FARM AND RESIDENCE OF THE SUBSCRIBER, two miles from the village of Canandaigua, containing 150 acres of land, 80 under cultivation. There are on the premises three houses, three barns, sheds, stables, tool-house, granary, &c., with a good supply of fruit. It will be sold entire, or divided into two farms giving to each a part of the buildings, and about an equal quantity of timbered land.
For particulars address W. W. GORHAM, 273w13 Canandaigua, Ontario Co., N. Y.

WHO WANTS A CHEAP PIANO?

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS FOR YEARS BEEN ENGAGED in the purchase and sale of *Pianos, Harps, Melodeons*, Guitars, Organs, Music, etc., and being *a practical musician*, has given entire satisfaction. He buys *directly from the manufacturers*, and is thereby relieved from heavy rents and other expenses. Every instrument sold by him, receives his *personal attention*, and is *guaranteed* not only as to *quality*, but as being cheaper than it can be procured at any wholesale house in America. A printed list of prices, accompanied by the most unquestionable references, will be sent on application, free of charge, to all parts of the world. Address JAMES M. EDNEY,
365-eow tf 56 John St., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRAFTS, STOCKS, &C.—I WILL SELL 100,000 GRAFTS well selected, at $7 per thousand. Also, Pear, Quince, Cherry and Mahaleb stocks for sale, a good assortment of ooo and two year old Apples, *cheap*. Also, 50 bushels Peach pits. Send in your orders *early*. [365w8eow] JAMES M. TAYLOR,
Jan. 1, 1857. Commercial Nursery, Syracuse, N. Y.

RARE SEEDS.

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL FURNISH BY MAIL, POSTpaid, Beardless Barley, Chinese Sugar Cane, Japan Peas, King Philip Corn, Flat Dutch Cabbage, Cylindrical Pumpkin: Each package sufficient to plant 4 rods of ground, for 25 cents per package, or the whole list in one envelope for $1, or five packages of either. Address J. W. BRIGGS,
373w6 West Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

TREES AND PLANTS CHEAP!!

THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING MADE ARRANGEMENTS to change the location of his Nursery, offers for sale, very cheap, a general assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Paeonias, &c., &c., at wholesale and retail.
Descriptive Catalogues furnished on application. All orders or letters of inquiry, will receive prompt attention if addressed to [374w3] A. LOOMIS, Byron Genesee Co., N. Y.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND APPLE TREES.

WE HAVE ON HAND AND WILL SELL FOR CASH or approved paper at short date.
300,000 Apples of all the best leading sorts, grafted this winter $8 ₩1,000. When $100 worth is taken, price $7 ₩1,000.
30,000 Hemlocks in prime order from 9 to 15 inches $25 ₩1,000.
2,000 Lawton Blackberries, $20 per 100.
" " 3 " dozen.
10,000 Concord, Rebecca, Diana, Clinton, Northern Muscadine, Isabella and Catawba Grape Vines, at lowest prices.
374w3 A. FAHNESTOCK, President,
Toledo, Feb. 9, 1857. Toledo Nurseries.

KEDZIE'S RAIN WATER FILTERS,

THESE CELEBRATED FILTERS (MANUFACURED BY J. E. Cheney & Co.,) have been fully tested for many years in almost every State in the Union, and the demand is constantly increasing. There are five sizes, made of oak, iron-bound tubs, with reservoirs inside, from which can be drawn about 100 gallons in twenty-four hours, for all domestic uses.
The most impure Rain, River or Lake water by this means becomes pure, clear as crystal, and without taste or smell. In this condition only is water fit for family purposes, as a means of promoting the general health, and as a preventive of cholera, and other diseases incurred by the use of impure water.
They are portable, durable and cheap, and are not excelled by any other filter known. Address
330eowtf J. E. CHENEY & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

A FARM FOR SALE

IN THE TOWN OF VICTOR, ONTARIO COUNTY, NEW York, known as the "Joseph Bennett" farm, containing 162 acres of choice grain land with an abundance of good buildings in good repair, with a good stream of water running through said farm.
The said farm is in good fence and forty acres of good young timber.
The said farm is well seeded down and has a good orchard with Grape Vines, Apples, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Cherries and Currants.
The subscriber will sell this farm on moderate terms. One half of the purchase money can remain on bond and mortgage for a term of years. The house on the farm is convenient for two families, with two good cellars.
For further particulars, inquire of the subscriber on the premises PETER BENNETT, Victor, N. Y.
Also 11 acres in the Perrinton Black Ash Swamp for sale, one mile east of Egypt. 374w2eow

MONROE COUNTY SAVINGS INSTITUTION.

THIS BANK ALLOWS INTEREST AT THE RATE OF SIX per cent. per annum upon all deposits. Office No. 86 Buffalo street, directly opposite the Court House.
CHARLES W. DUNDAS, President.
J. E. PIERPONT, Secretary.
TRUSTEES.

Martin Briggs,	Samuel Miller,
Amon Bronson,	Thomas Hanvey,
Aristarchus Champion,	Nathaniel R. Merrick,
Moses Chapin,	Nehemiah Osburn,
Freeman Clarke,	George W. Parsons,
Louis Chapin,	Edwin Pancost,
Charles W. Dundas,	William N. Sage,
George Ellwangor,	Lewis Selye,
Ebenezer Ely,	Alvah Strong,
William N. Ely,	Levi A. Ward.

Rochester, February 24th, 1857. 373tf

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE HIS FARM, situated in FRIENDSHIP, four miles from that station, on the New York and Erie R. R. It contains 561 acres, of which 250 are well improved; and the balance well covered with beech, maple, oak and chestnut timber, suitable for fire-wood, staves, fencing, &c., for which there is a good market.
The buildings are a well finished two story dwelling, and a tenant house, with cellars, also seven barns nearly new, underpinned with stone, and in good repair. A durable stream of water crosses the farm, and it has good springs of soft water in various places. On the premises are 250 fruit trees, as apples, pears, cherries and plums, mostly grafted, and coming into bearing. The farm is better adapted to dairying than any other within ten miles, and nearly as well situated for market as Orange Co. If desired, a small stock of cows, young cattle, farm utensils, wagons, sleighs, &c., will be sold with the land. The land will be sold for twenty per cent. less than its fair market value, and favorable terms, and time given for two-thirds of the purchase money. HENRY BAXTER.
Cuba, Alleg. Co., N. Y., Jan. 1, 1857. 366eow8

THE NORTHERN INDEPENDENT.

PRICE $1 A YEAR.—IN THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF its existence, The Northern Independent has attained a circulation of over NINE THOUSAND.
REV. WILLIAM HOSMER, Editor.
Rev. D. W. Bristol, Rev. H. Mattison, Rev. J. Watts, Rev. H. R. Clarke, Rev. B. T. Roberts, Corresponding Editors.
THE INDEPENDENT is a weekly Religious paper, published at Auburn, Cayuga Co., N. Y., by the **Central New York Publishing Association.** Devoted to the interests of the M. E. Church, and more staunchly Anti-Slavery than any official paper in the Church. This paper is designed especially for the LAITY, and will enlist their energies more fully than any paper which they cannot own or control.
THE NORTHERN INDEPENDENT is what its name imports—it is northern and independent in the full sense of these terms. It was started to redress a great wrong inflicted by the late General Conference, at Indianapolis, in denying the Annual Conferences of Western and Central New York, their customary and proper voice in the choice of an Editor for the Northern Christian Advocate,—a paper published in their midst, originated by them, and up to last June, provided with Editors selected by the official representatives of the Patronizing District.
All orders for the paper should be addressed to
374w1eow REV. WILLIAM HOSMER, Auburn, N. Y.

THE BEST LAND PLASTER.

I HAVE ANALYZED A SPECIMEN OF "VIENNA PLASTER OR GYPSUM," and also specimens of "CAYUGA" and "ONONDAGA PLASTER," and find them to yield respectively as follows:

VIENNA PLASTER.

Sulphate of Lime	70.92
Carbonate of Lime	4.45
Carbonate of Magnesia	1.50
Alumina	2.46
Silica	1.84
Protoxide of Iron	21
Water	18.33
Loss	29
	100.00

JAMES R. CHILTON, M. D., Chemist.
New York, March 19, 1854.

ONONDAGA PLASTER.

Sulphate of Lime	63.20
Sulphuric of Lime	1.01
Carbonate of Lime	6.30
Carbonate of Magnesia	1.60
Alumina	2.80
Silica	2.46
Water	22.10
Loss	24
	100.00

CAYUGA PLASTER.

Sulphate of Lime	50.10
Sulphuret of Lime	2.00
Carbonate of Lime	18.00
Carbonate of Magnesia	3.80
Alumina	4.00
Silica	4.40
Protoxide of Iron	32
Water	16.50
Loss	48
	100.00

JAMES R. CHILTON, M. D., Chemist.
New York, April 2, 1852.

It appears from the above analyses that the "VIENNA PLASTER" is superior for land to that of the Cayuga or Onondaga, inasmuch as it contains the largest per centage of the "SULPHATE OF LIME," which is the most beneficial property in land Plaster.
This plaster is kept constantly on hand at Geneva, Vienna, Canandaigua, Victor, Fishers and Pittsford.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LEADING WEEKLY
AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Office, Union Buildings, Opposite the Court House.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

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ADVERTISING.—Brief and appropriate advertisements will be inserted at 25 cents a line, each insertion, payable in advance. Our rule is to give no advertisement, unless very brief, more than four consecutive insertions. Patent Medicines, &c., will not be advertised in this paper at any price.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N Y.

FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

AN EVIL, AND ITS REMEDY.

As Spring advances, the weather becoming genial and the earth cultivable, people all over the land engage in planting fruit and ornamental trees, and other useful and beautiful appendages to their homesteads. The love of the beautiful alone induces many, in both town and country, to surround their dwellings with rare trees, shrubs and flowers—yet a still greater number, possessing practical minds, and looking to pecuniary results, plant that from which they may anticipate something more substantial and valuable than the mere gratification of the sight. They are wont, at this season, to plant fruit trees, vines, and seeds of choice plants and vegetables, in the hope of receiving returns which shall not only be pleasant to the eye, but gratify the palate and perchance expand the purse. They thus combine beauty and utility, and, by devoting means and taste to the object, often surround their residences with most attractive and productive fruiteries—not unfrequently occupying what were formerly waste or unsightly places, and causing fine trees, and shrubs and vines, and luscious fruits, to grow, blossom and mature, where nothing of value grew before. A most commendable and exemplary practice, truly, for while enhancing the value and beauty of his own premises—thus promoting his individual interest, and the happiness of his family—every man who plants a fruit garden or orchard becomes a public benefactor, as he not only augments the happiness of others by furnishing that which is pleasing to the eye, but becomes the producer of an article that is healthy and life-sustaining. What wonder, then, that people who are permitted to enjoy the fruits of their labors—who can realize, unmolested, their reasonable anticipations—should become careful and enthusiastic fruit culturists?

But, alas, the honest and industrious planters of fruit trees and vines are not always, nor generally, permitted to enjoy, unmolested, their rights and privileges; on the contrary, the care, labor and taste bestowed are too often entirely useless so far as any pecuniary advantage is concerned. And this brings us to the subject to which we desire to direct the special attention of the Legislators and all right-thinking Citizens of this goodly Commonwealth—*the Stealing of Fruit.*

The purloining of fruit has become so common and extensive in all populous sections of the country, and especially in the suburbs of our villages and cities, as to render it eminently worthy of legislative action. Much of the evil, which is annually becoming of greater magnitude, is the result of the lax public sentiment which has so long prevailed on the subject throughout the country—a sentiment so accommodating that one would suppose the injunction "Thou shalt not steal," was not intended to apply to fruit, however choice or highly prized. Indeed, (in the language heretofore used in this journal,) "so utterly at fault is public sentiment, that many who have depredations committed on their fruit, hesitate to prosecute the offenders, when discovered, fearing that such a proceeding would hardly be sustained by the community. Now we submit that this is all wrong,—that there is no good reason why the fruit thief who prowls about in the night, when honest people are asleep, for the purpose of plundering fruit gardens and orchards, should not be held up to the scorn and contempt of community, and placed in the same category as *the sheep thief, the robber of henroosts, and the burglar.*"

We trust the public will not only frown upon the reprehensible idea that it is not criminal to steal fruit, but that the people will ask their representatives—the law-makers of the State—to take such immediate action in the premises as the great and growing evil justly demands. The criminal practice (for we insist that fruit-stealing is a crime, and should be punishable as such,) not only causes much loss and vexation to growers of fruit, but undoubtedly deters thousands of people in this State (and in others) from attempting its cultivation. In truth, we know many in this city and vicinity, who possess plots of ground admirably adapted to fruit, and would delight in its culture, who are deterred from the attempt solely on this account—people who entertain the well-founded belief that all their care and expense would indeed prove fruitless. The evil not only affects those who possess pecuniary ability, and would engage in fruit culture as a pleasure, but is a positive damage to many persons of limited means, who could, were it removed, derive great advantage from this branch of industry and production. Indeed, all classes are affected to a greater or less extent, and we are surprised that the public does not rise, as one man, in condemnation of a nuisance which is fast becoming too outrageous to be longer endured.

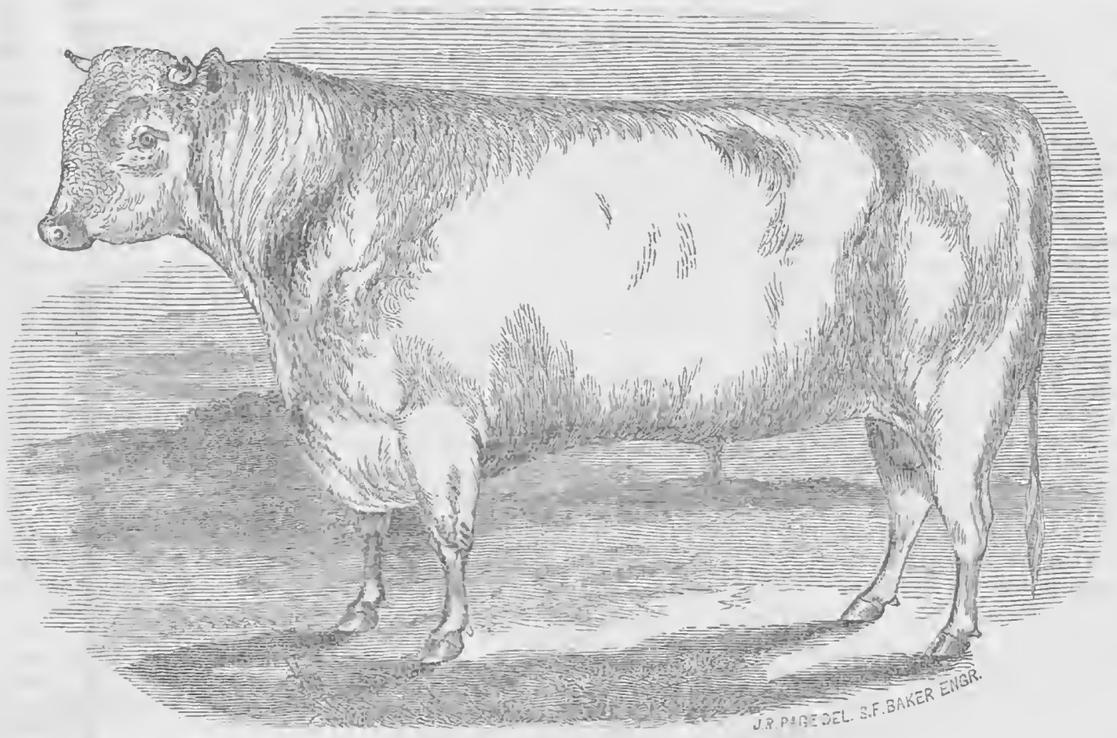
This subject has heretofore been brought before our readers, and we are glad to know that it is being discussed elsewhere, and that stringent laws have been enacted against fruit stealing in some of the States. We notice in a late number of the *N. Y. Evening Post* an excellent article on Trespass and Theft—in which the invasions of "idle boys and worthless young men, who carry rusty guns and lurk in the cultivator's shrubbery, lying in ambush for wrens and robins, (or wander over his grass, his oats, or his turnips, reckless of the vegetable life they are destroying in their pursuit of the cheerful little birds,") are justly characterized as a nuisance. After speaking of these fowling-piece and fishing-rod trespassers, our contemporary offers some truthful remarks on the still greater nuisance of fruit stealing, and pertinently alludes to the proper remedy. We cannot refrain from quoting and fully endorsing the substance of what the *Post* says on this point—as follows:

"The stealing of fruit from gardens, vineyards and orchards in the vicinity of towns and large villages is so frequent—so inevitable, we might say—that it has led in many cases to the abandonment of that kind of cultivation. Those who, tempted by the city demand, devote themselves to fruit growing, are obliged to employ guards to watch their plantations during the season of ripeness. This, of course, not only increases the cost of the crop, but brings the small cultivators—who, if they could hope to gather their harvest, would raise their own fruit—into the market as purchasers.

"What redress do the statutes of this great State afford to the farmer? He can bring an action for trespass, and *may* recover pecuniary damages—damages against ragged boys or men who could not pay for the tatters they stand in, or he may prosecute for theft. It is only petty larceny at the worst, and a country jury cannot be made to consider robbing an orchard a crime, although good peaches were worth two dollars a basket, and Newtown pippins five dollars the barrel. In the protection of fruit, town is as much interested as country. Not only are the prices raised, but experiments upon new varieties, native and foreign, are checked, and limited to a few wealthy people, by the swarm of depredating rascals who infest the thickly settled country neighborhoods.

"There is a remedy for both evils, if the Legislature will apply it. A law making trespass upon cultivated grounds, by persons carrying fire-arms, a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment, after notice to quit from the owner or foreman, would put a stop to the bird-destroying nuisance immediately. And an additional law, similar to one passed not long since in Massachusetts, making the stealing of fruit a felony, would have the same beneficial effects that it has already produced in that conservative State. We earnestly recommend both these measures to the members from the river counties. It would seem that every farmer in the State was directly or indirectly interested in the passage of laws of this nature."

— Yes, Legislators of New York, apply the remedy demanded by your constituents. Make fruit stealing a felony, and let wanton trespassers be severely punished. The Press, also, has a duty to perform in this matter, and we hope every paper in the State and land will aid in correcting and improving public sentiment on the subject.



SHORT-HORN BULL "ECHO OF OXFORD."

"ECHO OF OXFORD" took the first prize in his class at the N. Y. State Fair, in 1856; his dam took the first prize at N. Y. State Fair, in 1853; his sire took the first prize at N. Y. State Fair, and also, at the Fair of the American Institute in 1853; also, at the National Fair in Boston, 1855. At the latter Fair, Echo of Oxford (12821) was one of the five animals which took the first prize for Short-horn herds. His Pedigree is as follows:

ECHO OF OXFORD, (12821—E. H. B.) White, bred by N. J. BECAR, Smithtown, Long Island; owned by E. MARKS, Camillus, N. Y.; calved Jan. 25, 1854; got by imported Romeo, (13619;) dam, Oxford 13, by 3d Duke of York, (10166;) g. dam, Oxford 5, by Duke of Northumberland, (1940;) g. g. dam, Oxford 2, by Short Tail, (2621;) g. g. g. dam, Matchem cow by Matchem (2281;) g. g. g. g. dam, ——— by Young Winyard, (2859.)

LEGUMINOUS PLANTS.—THE BEAN.

FOR a few years, in those portions of the State, where the enemies of the wheat crop have rendered the production of that cereal a labor of risk and oftentimes a loss to the cultivator, much attention has been given to the growth of various grains, roots and plants as substitutes therefor. Among those which have assumed a prominent position, as regards freedom from pernicious and destructive insects, profitable returns for time and labor expended, facility for marketing, yield of provender for farm stock, etc., will be found the bean.

In the culture of the bean the *soil* should be one of a light loamy texture, of at least medium fertility, and needs fine tilth as well as cleanliness at the hands of the cultivator. What is known as a quick, dry soil seems to be the desideratum sought for by most of those engaged in its production. Upon clay or retentive lands the crop is liable to be severely affected by drouths or heavy rains—a superabundance of moisture injuring the pods nearest the ground by rot. In addition to the benefits derived by the crop from a judicious selection of soil, the cultivator will find that land easily kept friable and free from weeds will lighten labor materially. If manure is used it should be well worked in, and it were better if applied some time previously to planting, as decaying matter tends rather to the development of straw than the formation of seed.

The preparations for *planting* as well as the *after-culture* of the bean should be most thorough. The ground needs to be well pulverized, and if retentive of moisture ought to be ridged. Hill and drill planting are both followed—with about equal success as to product—but we are inclined to think that the former mode involves the greatest amount of labor. All danger from frost should be over before planting, as the bean is not hardy.

The common practice, in planting, is rows three feet apart and in hills about one foot distant.—Should the rows be brought nearer together, it would be well to give more space between the hills. The distance given, however, is as close as can be worked to advantage where the cultivator is used—where the hoe is depended upon, 20 or 24 inches will cover the ground better. The last of May or first of June will be found a propitious time for depositing the seed. When planted in the hill 4 to 6 beans is sufficient. In drill planting from 3 to 5 pecks are used. Many farmers plant the bean in rows or hills, alternate with corn, and seem to think that advantages are derivable from such procedure.

As, in the culture of any new branch of the farm economy, a diversity of opinion is apt to exist, and detailed experiments are worth more than all that can be said theoretically, we are induced to note the conclusions of a few of those who have given the subject attention. A Chautauque Co. friend writes:—"I do my work the last week in May. Plow and harrow the ground smooth, mark out in shallow furrows, about two and a half feet apart, with a corn plow, then drop the beans, two or three inches apart, in the furrow. I can plant, with the assistance of a couple hands, four acres per day in this manner. When the young plants are three or four inches high use the cultivator, and weed and hoe them well. When about eight or ten inches high use the common plow, turning the soil against the vines. I sometimes sprinkle my beans with plaster when I hoe them. Average yield twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre. Save the vines to feed the cattle. Have wintered cattle and kept them in good order with little else than bean straw, the cattle consuming the product at the rate of about one and one-third acres per head."

In Orleans Co., where much space is given to its culture, the planting is usually done with machinery manufactured for the purpose. A man and boy will plant twelve acres a day. One bushel is the quantity used for seed. Variety—the "medium white." Average yield, 18 to 20 bushels per acre.

The time of harvesting has arrived when the pods turn yellow, and the beans should be pulled and stacked. If the weather is fine it will prove of benefit to place them in rows for a few days, that partial curing may ensue. Care must be exercised that sharp frosts do not catch them still in the ground. To stack them, drive a stake in the ground, cover the earth with something that will keep the beans from it, and lay the beans about the stake, the roots toward the centre, and cap with some material that will keep off the wet.

Another mode, and a very convenient one, is to cut crotched sticks, about two feet below the crotch, and four and one-half feet above, sharpening the lower end, which should be driven securely into the soil. The crotches should not be abrupt, but taper gradually and be strong. Upon these stack the beans in layers, head and root alternating, then bind across from the tops of the stack. These can be protected from rain by any slight covering, and as the stack is elevated and the straw drooping, it will soon shed moisture should it become wet.

The analysis given below, by Prof. EMMONS, of the "White Kidney Bean," and that of EINHOFF, of the "Field Bean," will exhibit the amount of nutriment they contain:

	Kidney Bean. Emmons.	Field Bean. Einhoff.
Starch	36 74	50.1
Legumen	18.60	
Albumen and Caseine	9 92	11.7
Fibre	15.42	
Sugar and Extract	7.20	8.2
Water	13.25	15.6
Husk		10.0
Loss		4 4
Total	101.13	100.00

The bean is not an exhausting crop, but possessing a large leaf system, derives a considerable portion of its subsistence from the atmosphere.—With clean and careful culture the soil, instead of being impoverished by a crop of this nature, will be left in the best possible condition for subsequent productions.

THE WILLOW AND ITS CULTURE.

PEELING.

WILLOWS may be cut as soon as the leaves fall in the autumn, or any time during the winter. As soon as cut they should be bound up in small bundles, with the lower ends even, when they may be stood up on end, and allowed to remain until spring. As soon as the weather becomes warm in the spring, the bundles must be stood in water an inch or so, and allowed to remain in this position until the buds start, when they will peel easily.—This will be the latter part of May or early in June, depending somewhat on the situation and season. Peeling has always been done by hand, and it is a slow operation, as an expert hand cannot peel one hundred pounds a day. A machine for peeling has lately been invented which is advertised to peel from one to two tuns a day. Two tuns per acre is considered a fair crop. After peeling they are thrown into water, then dried, so that they will not mildew, when they are tied in bundles, and are ready for market.

THE MARKET.

The culture and sale of the willow is a new business in this country. Willow manufacturers have always obtained their supply from Europe, and it will take some time to change this course of trade. It will not be strange therefore, if in some sections of the country, farmers with a small stock on hand find it difficult to dispose of them, even when a similar, or perhaps an inferior article, is selling at an extravagantly high price in the New York market. Indeed, it would not be very strange if manufacturers should import foreign willows, at great cost, to the very town where some enterprising farmer has a better article that he knows not how to dispose of. We have heard of such operations; but these things will soon regulate themselves.

In Europe the willow is universally used for baskets, and in almost every locality where there are German settlers good basket-makers can be found. Farmers who have a small quantity of willows on hand, would do well to make inquiry among their German neighbors, and engage them to work their stock into baskets for use and sale. When in New York a few years since, we undertook to look into the willow trade a little, and were astonished to see such immense stores, and such a brisk trade. The dealers we saw were all foreigners, and exhibited a strange ignorance of the English language, for men doing a large business in New York. We thought at the time that they were not anxious to give us much information. Willows are now worth more than $100 per tun; and a gentleman who has raised an acre for several years informed us last fall that the cost of cutting and peeling a tun by hand, was about $30.

THE WILLOW FOR HEDGES.

The willow is well worthy of attention as a plant for live hedges. Though destitute of thorns, such is its strength and rapidity of growth, that it will make a strong hedge in a comparatively short time. The ground should be well prepared, and it would be well to plow a strip not less than six feet wide, drag, and manure if the soil is poor. Then set the willow cuttings either in a single or double row; if in a single row, six or eight inches apart; if in a double row, fifteen inches apart each way, and so as to "break joints." The cuttings from this hedge will be worth something, certainly enough to pay for the use of the land it occupies, and for keeping it in order. In England, says the *English Flora*, the willow is "extensively used for fences for the exclusion of hares and rabbits, as well as cattle, the bark and leaves being so intensely bitter that they will touch neither, while the shoots being long, tough and flexible, may be formed into any shape; and a fence of this kind is reckoned little, if at all, inferior to that made of wire, which, when made close enough to exclude small animals, and strong enough to form a barrier against large ones, is very expensive."

The ease with which the willow is propagated, and its rapid growth, makes it particularly valuable for *shelter* from the sweeping winds. CHARLES DOWNING says, "a screen of *twenty-five* feet in height may be grown from willow cuttings in *five years*, and at a slightly retarded rate of annual increase until a height of sixty feet is gained; thus almost immediately affording that shelter which is so indispensable that there is no safety without it." The *Purple Willow* is the best variety we are acquainted with, both for hedges and shelter.

Communications.

NOTES AND ITEMS.—No. III.

EDS. RURAL:—February, though a short month, gives us considerable variety in the way of meteorological phenomena, including suitable weather for work on the farm in plowing, draining, and drawing manure, all of which have been going on in this neighborhood. Yet busy as I have been, stormy days and winter evenings have sufficed for the study of your paper, and I send you further comments thereon.

"*A Two Story Farm-House,*" [Feb. 7, No. 370] is a very handsome picture, one, I fear, which has few counterparts on the farm. Yet why should we build houses with so little of architectural elegance—the real elegance, I mean, for there is plenty of pretension on that score? Give us a "bay-window," by all means, it is comfort and coziness in itself. And then, how much better a few large windows than many small ones?

"*About Wheat and Chess,*" there are and ever will be different opinions. For my part, I am no believer in transmutation either of seeds or souls—"like will produce like." I *know* that the more pains I take to sow *pure* wheat, the less chess I find at harvest. It may be that some soils and seasons affect the wheat plant unfavorably, but are favorable to the growth of chess. That chess springs up on new ground where the wheat is killed out, is no more proof that wheat is transmuted into that grain, than that grass is, springing up under the same circumstances.

"*Razor Breeds* vs. *Suffolks,*" makes out a very good case for the former, though we cannot call the feed given either poor or stinted. The true test of breeds would be to give them the same treatment, not in isolated instances alone (for there are generally some pigs in every litter which fatten more readily than others) but in many and repeated trials, under varying circumstances.

"*Farming in the 'Southern Tier,'*" pays well under the management of Mr. TIFFANY. If all farmers would do as he has done, "keep a schedule of the time, manner and cost of performing most of the labor on the farm," they would be prepared to go to work with a better understanding of the results likely to follow. Do it, brother farmers, commencing with the present spring's work. I find it takes but a few minutes each day, and is of much use, directly as well as indirectly.

"*Management of Manure,*" [Feb. 14, No. 371] in this and last number, gives some interesting and valuable information on that important subject—and, what is more to the point, its recommendations can readily be *put into practice.* That is the kind of reading which Agricultural papers should deal in most largely—that it does so, is a prime reason for the high estimation enjoyed by the RURAL.

"*Potatoes*" are discussed at considerable length by your Hon. correspondent. It is interesting to know how he manages, though the great majority of farmers, like myself, cannot go into all that bother to grow an acre or two of the esculent.—Still we can learn something from his story, and perhaps did we follow his practice more closely would be the gainers.

"*Barn-yard Manure*" is well managed by J. C. B., and his rotation of crops is the same practiced by our most successful farmers. I like the spirit he displays, and join with him in the wish that others would mount his "two-forty" hobby and run the race of Progress in Farming. Hope he will continue to favor the RURAL with details of his experience.

"*Hog Cholera*" is spoken of by one of the writers on "Stretches in Sheep," and a remedy offered. I refer to it to give it greater prominence. It is simply a tablespoonful of Epsom salts, dissolved in a gill of water, to be turned down with a tunnel, even when the hog will not eat, breathes hard, and seems about dead. In his case it effected a cure. In one which I knew of it did not, yet had I another sick hog I should try it again.

"*Application of Manure*" heads a corner paragraph, which no farmer should overlook. Too little care is taken to *mix* the fertilizers thoroughly with the soil. They are of little use without—though it is generally a question of *time* only, as crude manures, *properly applied,* yield their virtues only to the soil and its vegetable products.

"*Telegraphic Meteorology*" [Feb. 21, No. 372] opens a magnificent field for scientific operation and research, and one of much importance to the country. Lieut. MAURY's articles will tend largely to awaken general attention to the subject.

"*How Drouth Benefits the Soil*" seems explained very rationally. Give us all the consolation you can in the case, for we have specimens of "How drouth injures the crops," almost every season.

"*Corn* vs. *Root Crops*" hardly had a fair trial, I fear, with B. F., for others in the same county succeeded well with both beets and carrots. I dare say he has learned lessons from the experiment which will materially aid him in future.

"*Suffolks* vs. *'Dumpy' Swine*" is a pretty good rejoinder, and I think I will not "mix in" further in the controversy. Give us another touch, Bro. BROOKS, for "big animals," from elephants to shanghais, need stirring up occasionally.

"*Facts and Suggestions*" from practical men on matters connected with their calling, are always interesting and valuable. Keep open space for such, and I dare say your readers will fill it acceptably. It seems strange to me, however, how so many among my acquaintance, well qualified to write for your columns, seldom or never take up the pen to do so. I must give them another "talking to" the first opportunity.

"*The Boy in the Garden*" will yet be the man on the farm—the man of Progress on the Model Farm. Let him try experiments in garden culture, they will increase his interest in the work, let him study and think for himself, and yet anxiously seek all the information he can get from other sources.—How much "Mother" can do to make a child love home, and to form the mind for future usefulness.

—Glad to hear you are about again, Mr. MOORE. May GOD prosper you, prays

A CONSTANT READER.

THE BEST SHEEP FOR PROFIT.

FRIEND MOORE:—I find an article in a late RURAL, relative to the best breed of sheep for profit, over the signature of W. D. DICKINSON, in which he says:—"In selecting sheep for fattening, or in fact for any other purpose, except humbugging, very oily sheep should be rejected, as they will not pay the cost of feeding, much of the substance of the feed coming out of the pores of the skin, instead of forming flesh, tallow and wool."

Such doctrine looks very reasonable, which perhaps is the only cause of his putting it forth, but it is contrary to my experience and observation.—I have kept Merino Sheep some forty years, and think I have been a close observer, and I have not learned that those of my sheep that were the most oily—were any harder to take on flesh or fat, than those that are lightly gummed. If there is any difference I think those that have been the most oily have been the most hardy, and when I have stall-fed them they have fatted easiest and with the least feed. When I first commenced with the Merinos, I had a small flock of our native sheep.—I put my Merinos with them; they all fared alike, and run together some two years before I disposed of all my natives. The second summer we had a drouth; when my pastures being quite short and dry, the sheep became poor, and it was plain to be seen that the Merinos kept in the best condition, and those that were the most oily and looked the blackest, were the most plump. I took some of my neighbors, who were prejudiced against the Merinos, into my field to see the difference there was, and they acknowledged that the Merinos were in *much* the best condition.

Is it not a given point by all who are acquainted with the Merinos and Saxonies, that the former are much more hardy than the latter, and yet they are altogether the most oily, and not only the heaviest shearers, but give the most wool according to their size; yet I have never understood that it was because they eat the most food, but the nature of the animals. I have fatted and butchered a good many for my own eating, and for market, and I have yet to learn that it costs any more to fat those that are very oily than it does those that are less so. And I cannot see that there is any more humbug about them than those that have less oil, as they will endure the storms of summer and fall before they come to their sheds for winter—much the best, and their wool when cleansed is found to be the best, as it has not as many dead ends to waste away in manufacturing into cloth. Again, I have ever found that those who come to buy sheep in order to improve their flocks, choose those that are the most oily, so that they sell the best, even to the best judges. Certainly there is no humbug in the case, because they are just what they appear to be, and those who purchase them will come again, after proving them, to get more such. Their fleeces, to be sure, are heavy, but if we are faithful in washing them they do very well, and since all foreign wool is to come free, I think we shall not be blamed much, if our fleeces are rather oily.

REED BURRITT.

Burdett, Schuyler Co., N. Y., 1857.

GROWING ONIONS.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been reading the inquiry of your correspondent, concerning the culture of the Onion, and your remarks, in reply, in which you say—"Our summers are not long enough to raise fine, large onions from seed." As the onion is largely cultivated in this vicinity—many farmers raising from 4 to 10 acres or more—and as we find no trouble in raising *good* crops from seed, I have thought I would give you an account of our mode of cultivation, &c., hoping it may be of use to your correspondent. The onion requires very rich ground and thorough culture, or it will not succeed. We prepare our ground by thorough plowing and harrowing, finishing with a hand-rake, so that the surface may be perfectly smooth and free from stones, manure, &c. We are now ready for sowing, which is easily and quickly done by a simple machine which makes the drills and sows two rows at a time as fast as a man can walk. The seeds are afterwards covered slightly by *pushing* a hoe lightly over the drills. The quantity of seed used is from 3 to 4 pounds per acre. The plants will show themselves in from two to three weeks after sowing, and then the real labor of cultivation begins. The weeds *must* be kept down by constant hoeing and *weeding by hand,* and if your correspondent is an old man and has no *boys,* he will repent sowing onions. We hire boys from the emigration office in New York, where we can always find as many as we need, and at a cheap rate. We put in our seed as *early as possible* in the spring, and have no trouble in ripening and curing the crops before the fine weather is over. The average product is with us from 150 to 200 barrels per acre, and the average price obtained about $1 50 per barrel. They are now worth $3 00 per barrel. From this you will see that the crops can be made profitable, although the expense of manure and culture is very great.

E. J. TAYLOR.

Southport, Conn., March, 1857.

REMARKS.—We have no doubt good onions can be raised in the manner described by our correspondent, upon a warm soil, and in favorable situations; indeed, we have raised them in this way scores of times. We hope E. J. T. will try the plan we recommended, and see if it is not a *labor-saving* method, besides insuring a crop in any season, and in almost any situation.

CARROTS AND MANGEL WURTZELS.

EDS. RURAL:—A correspondent in a late number of the RURAL speaks rather discouragingly of root crops, as food for cattle. I have cultivated carrots for the last sixteen years, as food for horses, and find they pay the labor at from 20 to 25 cents per bushel, and at that price they are cheaper than oats for one feed in the day. They are also excellent food for milch cows. An acre of carrots will produce from 400 to 600 bushels, and if attended to in time they will not need so much hoeing and weeding and thinning as your correspondent mentions. I find the best way to cover carrot seed in the drill, is to tread them in with the feet, which leaves a little rise where the seed is sown. As soon as the weeds begin to appear I hoe them, observing not to go too near the drill, and by the time they want another hoeing the carrots will be sufficiently up to be seen, when I go a little nearer with the hoe, thinning them a little; and as soon as they are up sufficiently, I thin them, leaving the plants from two to three inches apart, and they will want little more attention until they are taken up.

I sowed a small quantity of Mangel Wurtzels last spring, on a stiff loam with a clay subsoil. The ground was manured with rotten barn-yard manure, and plowed in; it was made into drills and the seeds planted in the drill about nine inches apart. I measured the land and it contained 16 rods, and I had 62 bushels of fine roots. I took six to our County Fair which weighed 55 lbs., and I consider the leaves that were taken off during the latter part of summer would pay for hoeing. In England and Scotland they do all the labor of green crops with the plow and drill harrow, except thinning, and I do not see why the same process would not answer here.

J. C.

Troy, N. Y., March, 1857.

ILLINOIS vs. NEW YORK.

IT is claimed, even now, in high places, that Illinois, with its wonderful growth and inexhaustible (?) soil will soon outstrip in wealth and population some of her elder and more advantageously situated States. Every calculation is based upon her unlimited resources for the growing of grain—the improbability and almost impossibility of developing all these resources not being taken into the account. Money is doubled by the interest in this State in from two to four years, and some seem to think that such things will always continue. Admitting all that is claimed for Illinois to be true, it may be well to compare her for a moment with New York.

New York pays but seven per cent. interest; Illinois from ten to twenty-four, and higher. New York has given to Illinois many noble citizens, millions in money and can spare more. Illinois can spare none of either. Illinois may increase faster than New York in population for a few years to come, but not so much at the expense of the latter as in time past.

In natural and agricultural advantages Illinois claims precedence. Her pastures and meadows are wider—her corn and wheat fields broader and less exhausted. Illinois has an abundance of coal, so has New York, and furnished to every citizen at vastly reduced rates from those paid by Illinois. Illinois has no iron—New York an abundant supply. Illinois has no salt—she has but little water power; New York has to spare of each. New York has a thousand hills covered with luxuriant forests furnishing fuel for her citizens, her engines, and for manufactories. Illinois looks to neighboring States for all her lumber, and soon must for fuel, fence posts, and even *broom handles* and *whip stalks.* Compare and fix the value of an acre of an acre of Illinois naked prairies, aye exultant! against an acre of forests of New York.

Disparage the rocks of the Empire State as you may, they are an element of wealth which the Illinois farmer has to buy with the product of his soil. The estimated value given to real estate in the two States is vastly disproportionate. A building in Illinois costing $5,000 would cost no more than $2,500 in New York. The present prices, it cannot be denied, are vastly remunerative to the Sucker State. But the day must come when the farmer of New York will come here for his horses and cattle. As prices now are horses would be sold from New York to Illinois at a profit. This, occasioned by a home demand by farm openers and emigrants, must change in the next half score of years, and Illinois, as heretofore, depend upon the East for a market.

The whole subject may be presented in a paragraph. Illinois will have an over supply of wheat, beef, pork, oats, &c. While she will always have to buy lumber, iron, salt, and nearly all manufactured articles, New York will have to supply a small deficiency in their grain and meat markets from other States, while she will have lumber, salt and manufactured articles to dispose of in large quantities.

We venture the prediction that Illinois can never be a really more wealthy State than New York.

J. SANFIELD.

Illinois, 1857.

Facts and Suggestions.

REMEDY FOR LOSS OF CUD.—We have received several responses to the inquiry on this subject in the RURAL of the 14th inst., two of which we subjoin:

EDS. RURAL:—One of the simplest and most effective remedies for "loss of cud in cattle," is to give a slice of salt pork (fat) 3 inches in length by three-fourths of an inch square. It may require three slices, given at intervals of half an hour, but among numerous cases, I have not known a single failure. In giving the pork raw, you want to force it as far down the throat of the animal as possible, so as to compel it to swallow. The philosophy of the cure I am not prepared to give you at present.—R., *Fort Wayne, Ind.*

EDS. RURAL:—In the last RURAL, J. C. wants to know what will give cattle a cud after having lost it. We had a steer two years ago that would while undertaking to ruminate, raise the cud, and, seeming to have a disrelish for it, would spit or throw it out of his mouth. In the morning large quantities of it would be found in the manger, and during the day in the yard wherever he had lain down to rest. He soon grew quite thin, but was cured by giving two or three pieces of salt pork, at two or three different times. The same remedy cured a cow of the garget, and will prevent their having it if given occasionally.—SETH PAINE, *South Granby, N. Y., March,* 1857.

PREPARING CLOVER SEED FOR SOWING.—I would like to ask through your columns if any of your correspondents or subscribers have tried the plan suggested by you last year, of soaking and rolling clover seed previous to sowing? If they have not done so, I would advise them to try it this year—for, by my own experience, I am fully convinced of the great benefits to be derived from it, by giving the plant a stronger growth and thus enabling it to stand the long continued drouths to which our climate is subject. If any will heed by inserting the above, please do so and oblige—E. L. Y., *Burford, C. W., March,* 1857.

Rural Notes and Items.

U. S. AG. SOCIETY.—The Executive Committee of this Society held a meeting in Louisville, Ky., on Thursday last—Mr. President WILDER in the chair. Preliminary arrangements were made for the next Exhibition of the Society, which is to be held in Louisville, commencing Sept. 1st, and continuing five days.

GREAT SALE OF IMPROVED STOCK.—We learn that SAMUEL THORNE, Esq., of Thornedale, Washington Hollow, N. Y., has recently purchased the entire herds of Short-horns belonging to L. G. MORRIS and the estate of N. J. BEGAR. This is probably the largest cattle purchase ever made in this country, and will give Mr. THORNE when added to his former celebrated stock, the best if not the largest herd of Short-horns in the world.

N. Y. AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—A meeting of the Trustees of this Institution was held at the Agricultural Rooms, Albany, on the 18th inst.—Gov. KING was re-elected Chairman of the Board of Trustees for the ensuing year. The following gentlemen were elected additional members of the Board:—Rufus K. Delafield, Esq., New York; E. P. Prentice, Esq., Albany; Maj. M. B. Patrick, Sackett's Harbor; Alexander Thompson, M. D., Aurora, Cayuga county; Arad Joy, Esq., Ovid, Seneca Co.; Hon. Addison Gardner, Rochester; Hon. G. W. Patterson, Westfield, Chautauque Co. The Trustees had before them and examined the several plans submitted for the College buildings, and it is probable that a decision will be made within a short time, and the building commenced at an early day.

A BEQUEST TO AGRICULTURE.—It is stated that ANDRE MICHAUX, of France, who many years ago traveled through this country, devoting considerable attention to the botanical character of our forest trees, and their economical uses (and subsequently published a valuable work on the subject,) has bequeathed to the Mass. Agricultural Society the sum of eight thousand dollars, for the purpose of promoting *Sylvaculture* (culture of forest trees) and Horticulture, and for making experiments in the growth of trees in sandy, rocky and bog soils. The principal portion of the bequest is to be invested for increase in good farm lands; another portion in cheap and productive land, and the remainder is to be appropriated to seeding and planting experimental plantations.

—A liberal bequest for a foreigner, and a suggestive example for some of our millionaires to follow and improve upon. There are many State and other Agricultural Societies which could, with aid of similar bequests, institute experiments which would redound to the benefit of community.

A MURRAIN APPROACHING.—A correspondent of the London *Times* says that an exceedingly fatal epidemic has been for some time ravaging the herds of Central Europe, and has now reached Koningsberg, where one proprietor is said to have lost three hundred head in a night. The writer says:—In 1745, the same or a like epidemic was introduced into England by means of two calves from Holland. In the second year after its introduction, over 40,000 cattle died at Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire, and almost as many more in Cheshire. During the third year remuneration was given by the government, who had ordered the destruction of diseased cattle for no fewer than 80,000 head, while twice as many more, according to the report of one of the Commissioners, died of the malady. In the fourth year it was equally fatal, nor does it appear to have completely disappeared till eight years after. On the Continent every exertion is being made to arrest the progress of the infection, and military detachments are charged to destroy all cattle that become infected in Prussia.

IRISH AND SCOTCH AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.—A return published lately, shows that last year there were under crops in Ireland, the following quantities of land—namely, 529,363 acres of wheat, 2,036,181 of oats, 218,503 acres of barley, bere, rye, beans and peas, 1,103,500 of potatoes, 354,362 of turnips, 99,873 of other green crops, 106,286 of flax, and 1,303,683 acres of meadow and clover. The cereal crops exhibit a decrease between 1855 and 1856 of 48,517 acres, but on wheat alone there is an increase of 83,588 acres. The green crops exhibit an increase of 114,435 acres, and the total net increase in the extent of land under crops is 64,845 acres. The quantity of live stock in Ireland last year, was as follows, viz:—573,266 horses, 3,685,723 cattle, 3,688,143 sheep, and 915,933 pigs. There is an increase under every head except pigs, which have decreased materially. The total value of the live stock in 1856 is estimated at £33,088,701, being an increase of £4,553,902 as compared with 1852. The horses are valued at £8 each, cattle at £6 5s., sheep at £1 2s., and pigs at £1 5s. each.

The report on Scottish agricultural statistics, just out, shows that in 1856 the total area of land under crops was 3,545,191 acres, being an increase of about 15,000 acres over the year 1855. 1,401,232¼ acres were under cereal crops (262,328 wheat,) 149,351 under potatoes, 460,131 under turnips, and 29,795 acres under other green crops; 2,723¼ under flax, and 1,475,775 under grass and hay. The area of Ireland is 20,811,774 statute acres, and that of Scotland nearly the same, or 20,947,462 acres, but the former country has 5,753,671 acres under crops, and the latter only 3,545,191 acres. In Scotland the live stock last year consisted of 179,904 horses, 967,311 cattle, 5,822,478 sheep, and 126,944 pigs, there being an increase of horses and sheep, and a decrease of cattle and pigs. The entire number of occupants of those farms in Scotland which contained the crops and stock above given was only 42,913, whereas in Ireland, the number of occupants and holders from which the statistics are collected, is upwards of 600,000; and the returns include the crops and stock of every occupier and stockholder of Ireland. The number of Scotch occupants whose acreage and stock were omitted from the last returns is said to have been 42,229 in 1854—having then among them 29,008 horses, 129,469 cattle, 149,432 sheep, and 26,399 pigs. It would accordingly appear that the entire number of land and stockholders is 600,000 in Ireland, and 85,148 in Scotland. The importance of destroying weeds in Ireland is again adverted to.

The Young Ruralist.

NOTES FROM YOUNG FARMERS.

WE have before us while writing this, fifty articles, save one, written by the boys for this department of the RURAL. A curious and interesting pile they are, too. Some very pretty specimens of penmanship, others written by little boys who have only just begun to use the pen. They are from all parts of our country, East and West, North and South. Should we give two of these each week, it would take six months to publish the whole. We have, therefore, concluded to condense them, giving the ideas they contain in as few words as possible.

G. A. E., of Erie Co., Pa., had determined to learn a trade, but of late has concluded to be a farmer. Finds time to study—although doing as much work on a farm as any boy of *fifteen*—at nights, noons, wet days, and in the winter. Urges all boys to improve their leisure moments by study, and thus prepare themselves to become intelligent and successful farmers.

E. B. N., Skaneateles, N. Y., is a boy of fourteen, and gives his experience in breaking steers.—When they were a year old, yoked them up for the first time in the stable, and drove them around, and when they had learned to go together a little, let them out into the yard, first putting a rope on the near steer, so that he could hold them better. After driving them about the yard a short time, hitched one end of a pole to the yoke, and let the other end drag on the ground, drove them in this way, after which hitched them to a bob-sleigh and drove them on the road. They are now so that he can yoke them in the yard, hitch them to the sleigh, and draw manure to the field,—which is fine fun when there is no school. Go to school winters, but worked on the farm last summer, as work was driving, and thinks of doing the same this. Began to mow last season, and to rake and bind grain.

PHILOM, of West Bloomfield, N. Y., thought he would write for his own improvement. Is a poor boy, and spent the first seven or eight years of his life in Rochester, and had a happy home. At that time his father became intemperate, destitution followed, and the family were obliged to leave for the country to gain a livelihood. Since that time he has been "a wanderer on the earth," working for board and clothes, or by the month. Is determined to make a sober, honest, intelligent man.

C. A. H., East Washington, N. H., thinks farming is both healthful and pleasant, and that this fact is admitted by all; but to make it popular, it must be shown that by skillful management, it can be made *profitable.* In order to do this, farmers must be *thinking* as well as *working* men—men of sound judgment and general knowledge,—men who handle either the pen or the plow, as the occasion may require. He urges young farmers to beautify their homes, improve their land, their stock, their fruit and their manners.

B. D., of Elkland, Pa., wants more agricultural books and papers circulated to employ usefully the long winter evenings of the farmer's boys—to awaken their ideas to the importance of improving their time, and storing their minds with knowledge relating to their business. The farmers' boys are only taught to work, somewhat like horses, they are not taught the why and the wherefore—the philosophy of the thing. Advises the boys to ask questions and think, and cultivate their reason. Read, and get all that is known on any subject that you undertake to investigate.

PHILIP L. O., Mattituck, L. I., is a small boy, but has a small garden of his own. Last summer planted corn, beans, watermelons and cabbage, but did not raise a very large crop, as one of the horses got in and "played the mischief with it." This spring is to have a larger garden, and intends to plant a larger variety of vegetables, as well as make a flower garden. PHILIP invites us to call and see his garden, and promises us a fine fishing excursion.

A. H., Leedsville, N. Y., finds the RURAL very attractive, and wishes all boys had the privilege of reading it, and then he thinks they would take more interest in what is being done on their fathers' farms. Is quite a boy, yet has observed some things. A farmer in his neighborhood went on a farm, and let all the fences go to ruin instead of fixing them. He plowed his land and cultivated until nothing would grow, and produce a decent crop. Weeds and thistles soon might be seen among the poor crops, and in the corners of the fences. The cattle got in, in consequence of the bad fences, and the large boys had to leave their work, or the small ones be kept out of school to watch the cattle. Then the buildings seemed to grow old very fast, and nothing seemed to be right—nothing pleasant. The large boys that lived on this place didn't like farming, and wanted to go to the city to learn a trade, but their father couldn't spare them. A. H. thinks, truly, it was no wonder they didn't love farming. It must be a very foolish boy who would be pleased with *such* farming. It is worse than the *tooth-ache.*

CHARLES, W. S., Enfield Centre, N. Y., is a physician's son, but lives on a small farm, near a village. Is not large enough to plow or mow, but takes care of the horses, and looks to the cattle.—His father gave him a calf, and he took the entire charge of it, until it became a cow, when he sold her for "quite a sum of money." Plants a garden, and raises such things as he can sell, mostly potatoes. Hoes a row or two every morning before going to school. Next spring intends to start a young nursery of trees; and believes the words of the poet true.

"Why is our food so very sweet?
Because we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants so very few?
Because we nature's calls pursue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Because we act our parts assigned."

W. B., of Lockport, N. Y., considers the occupation of the farmer a beautiful and delightful one. Is a farmer's son, brought up under the old rule to "earn bread by the sweat of the brow," and is improving the long winter evenings to store his mind with useful knowledge.

J. H. P., Coventry, is a merchant's son, but has read the RURAL for two years, and is bound to be a farmer. His father is willing that he should study this profession.

Orchard and Garden.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—No. III.

ANNUALS AND THEIR CULTIVATION.

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers are preachers,—
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From lowliest nook!"

We continue our descriptions of the best annuals, and their proper culture. In the next number we shall conclude the series on *annual Flowers*, and will then describe a few of the best *Bedding Plants* and *Flowering Shrubs*, and continue to give from week to week such information as will be of general interest to the lovers of flowers.

GOLDEN BARTONIA.

The Golden Bartonia is truly a most brilliant flower. We give Dr. Lindley's very accurate description. "It is only beneath the bright sunshine that its splendid flowers unfold. In the early morning the plant is a shabby bush, with pale greenish-grey branches, and weedy leaves; but as the sun exercises his influence, the petals gradually unroll as if in acknowledgment of his power, till every branch is radiant with gold: and so metallic is the lustre of the inside of its petals that one would really think they must be composed of something more solid and enduring than the delicate and perishing tissue of a flower." It was brought from California in 1835. The seed should be sown in a rich moist soil, and in a sheltered situation, as the branches are very brittle, and easily broken by the wind.

The China Aster.—At the first introduction of this flower from China, in 1730, they were single, and there were but two colors, red and white. The Germans have taken great pains to improve this flower, and the fine sorts are generally called German Asters. The French have of late years grown the Aster in great perfection, and on account of its fine form and great size, have called their improved variety, the *Paeony Aster*. The Aster is a beautiful fall flower, and requires a deep, rich soil. They bear transplanting well, and indeed seem to form stronger plants when transplanted than if allowed to remain in the seed bed.

The Candy-Tuft.—This is a beautiful modest flower, of early culture, that grows well in any rich soil, if not too wet. It will not bear transplanting well, and should be sown where it is intended to flower. There are three varieties, the purple, the lilac, and the white, or *Rocket*, which is the finest, often seen with racemes of pure white flowers from six to ten inches in length.

The Malope Grandiflora, or large Flower Malope, is a very showy flower. It grows from three to four feet high, and a bed aborned with its beautiful buds and blossoms, is an object of great interest.

The Sweet Pea is one of the most fragrant, beautiful and popular annuals which enrich our flower garden. There are many varieties, ranging in color, from white to dark purple. They grow four or five feet high, and require a stake for their support.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.—No. III.

We love to see a good *Vegetable Garden*. We dislike to have so many write and talk about *screening* it from the ornamental grounds, as an unsightly object. Our taste in gardening is quite republican. We think a well kept vegetable garden far more beautiful than a slovenly flower garden; and a magnificent field of maze or golden grain far more sightly than a poor kept lawn and half starved shrubbery.

For a successful vegetable garden the soil must be well drained, thoroughly and deeply pulverized by plowing or digging, and made rich with manure. The ground must be kept mellow as the crops are growing, by hoeing, and all weeds promptly destroyed.

Early Peas are among the first things to be sown, and this should be done as soon as the frost is out of the ground. Some writers recommend raising pea plants in boxes in hot-beds, and transplanting them, but we never found this to pay for the trouble. The best way is to select the warmest, dryest soil and the most sheltered position in the garden, and sow in drills, (running east and west if possible,) two inches deep. Two rows, twenty feet long will take about one pint of seed, and will be enough of one variety for the first sowing. As

soon as sown, place a wide board on edge, on the north side of each row, inclined over the rows at a slight angle, and supported at each end with sticks, as seen in the engraving. This will afford a good shelter, and the ground will become quite warm, having the full benefit of the sun, while sheltered from the wind. These boards may be taken away when the plants are two or three inches high, and the earth drawn to the plants. This drawing of the earth to the plants should be repeated several times, as it is a great protection, preventing injury from the wind. When eight or ten inches high they should be staked, and of course the length of the stakes or brush, depends upon the variety sown, some sorts growing only two or three feet high, and others five or six feet. The stakes should be placed on both sides of the rows, slanting inwards so that the tops will meet, and so firmly set in the ground that they will not blow over.

The two best early varieties are the *Prince Albert* and *Early Kent*. The first is the most praised, but we have often tried them together, growing side by side, and prefer the latter. They grow from two to three feet high. Of the later sorts we would recommend the *Blue Marrow*, a fine, large pea of good flavor; the *Sugar Pea*, a very sweet, fine pea, growing five or six feet high; the *British Queen*, a large and luscious pea, growing also some five or six feet high; *Knight's Wrinkled Marrow*, an excellent, fine flavored pea. The two last varieties named, when ripe, are wrinkled, like sweet corn, and is as much better than the common pea, as the sweet is better than our common yellow corn. There are several other varieties of a similar character; and indeed excellent table peas may be obtained at almost any store where garden seeds are sold.

If a pint of each of these varieties are sown at the same time, they will be fit to pick in succession, from the middle of June to the middle of July, or later. A few may be sown every two weeks, which will prolong the season, as desired.

Early Potatoes should be planted at the same time, as peas. The *Early June* can be obtained in almost every neighborhood, and with proper attention every one can have *Green Peas* and *New Potatoes* on his table by the twentieth of June, at least, in ordinary seasons.

Having provided for peas and potatoes, it will be necessary for those *who have not provided for such things in a* hot-bed, to make arrangements for cabbage, tomato and other plants. Select a warm, sunny border, on the south side of a fence, if possible, and after having the ground well prepared, sow *cabbage*, *cauliflower* and *radish* seed.—After the seed is sown give the bed a good sprinkling of coal ashes, if you have them and roll it, or beat it gently with the back of the spade. Then, it would be well to make a light frame around the bed a few inches high, and cover the top with a piece of gauze, which should be nailed to the frame. This will prevent injury to the young plants from insects, and save you a good deal of loss and vexation. Tomatoes, celery, peppers and lettuce, should be planted at the same time, and any other plants that may be desired for transplanting, and in the same way, but will not need the protection of the gauze, as they are not so liable to the attacks of insects.

The best early cabbage is the *Winningstadt*, a very early sugar-loaf shaped variety, tender and solid. Where this cannot be obtained, the *Early York* should be sown. The best *cauliflower* for this country is the *Early Paris*. It will head as readily as a cabbage, and is excellent in every way. The best *radish* is the *Early Oval French*, which is exceedingly tender and fine flavored. When this cannot be obtained, sow the *Scarlet Short Top*.

GRAPE CULTURE.

That the subject of Grape Culture is attracting especial attention, in all parts of the country, we have abundant evidence, in the many inquiries we are daily receiving, and the almost numberles communications that crowd our table. Our limited space will prevent the publication of many of these, but we shall endeavor to answer all inquiries, and give the information so eagerly sought. Many who do not receive specific answers to their questions, will find the knowledge they need, contained in this and other articles we shall give on the subject.

THE ISABELLA GRAPE.

Messrs. Editors:—I have read with care what has been published in the present volume of the Rural on Grape Culture. Now, we don't want any Morus Multicaulis, or Barnum excitement on this subject. The Grape is the most choice fruit that grows, and stands first, as reference to the laws of the Lord will show. It is important at this time, when so many in this section are just commencing to cultivate the Vine, that they have such information as will enable them with proper care and the blessing of Providence, to realize such crops as they expected. Mr. Langworthy stated before the Fruit Growers' Society, that he noticed that part of his vines that had got off of the thicket, on the trellis, and stretched to some neighboring fruit tree, produced the best fruit. Mr. Ainsworth urges the importance of giving the fruit all the benefit possible of light and air, by training and pruning, both autumn and summer. No man need expect a good crop of fine fruit without exercising judgment on this subject, with diligent care.

My vines are large, and the number of years that I have taken care of them enables me to come to the following conclusion—that fruit that makes its entire growth in the sun, and is up the most in the light and air, is fit to gather from one to two weeks earlier than that which grows in the shade; and it is of much better quality. Mr. Ainsworth recommends building trellises north and south.—I would suggest, as an improvement, to build them east and west, then train the vines on the south side and make all the young wood grow on the north side, which gives the fruit the benefit of the sun all day, instead of half a day. When the fruit is nearly full size I think it helps it to ripen to pick the leaves off the young wood as far as the fruit extends, but no farther.

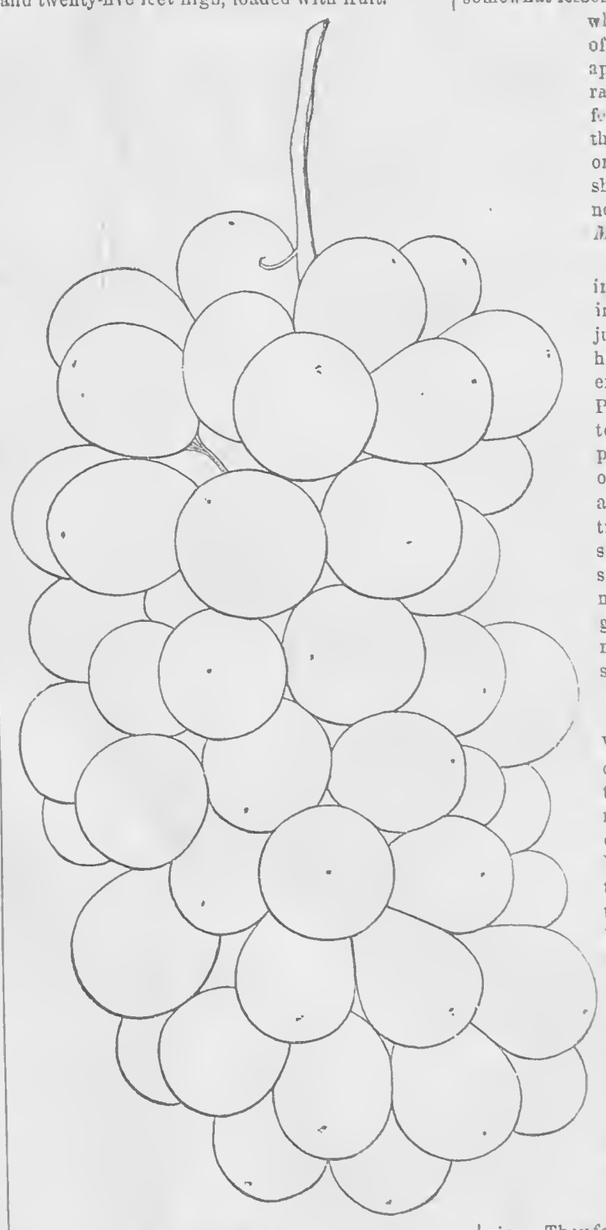
It is my opinion that the Isabella Grape can be profitably grown, and well ripened, in all places where the peach tree flourishes well, and ripens its fruit. The Isabella fruit buds will stand about the same degree of cold that the peach buds will, without injury, but the Grape is much the surest crop, as it is so late in blossoming, and thus escapes late frosts. Mr. Ainsworth's form of pruning is good, and gives to the vines a handsome appearance—but where poultry range it will be necessary to get the vine so high that they cannot reach the fruit. The amount of pruning should be regulated on the following principles: in autumn, as soon as the leaves drop, take off three-fourths of the young wood, but the benefit of this pruning is nearly lost, unless the summer pruning is attended to. It is June before the vines are in blossom, and by that time there is enough young wood growing to exhaust the supply of sap. Just before the first blossoms appear, give the vines a thorough pruning, and that fills them with sap again just in time to set the clusters full of fruit. Any one can tell whether the vines were summer pruned by seeing a dish of the Grapes, for if it was neglected the fruit is thin and scattering on the clusters. I have had clusters where some of the fruit crowded off before fully grown. In conclusion, where the peach does not flourish, plant more hardy and early ripening varieties than the Isabella, and select a southern slope for the vines. In all cases, as much as possible, give the fruit the sunny side, and spread the vines so thin that the sun will shine on the ground through them all summer. Grape vines are great feeders, so keep the ground rich. By care and the blessing of God, I think they will be found profitable, even at greatly reduced prices.

West Bloomfield, Feb. 1857. Alvin Wilcox.

THE REBECCA GRAPE.

According to promise, we give a description and drawing of this new and delicious *White* Grape. We obtain the following facts in relation to its history, &c., from the Report of the Committee on Native fruits, made to the American Pomological Society, at its last session in this city:

The Rebecca originated in the garden of Mr. E. M. Peake, Hudson, New York, about eight years ago. Mr. Peake's garden is in one of the thickly settled streets of the city, and nearly the usual size of a lot, perhaps one hundred by one hundred and fifty feet deep. Between the house and the street, there is a small flower garden. It was here that the original vine grew. Mrs. Peake was about making some alterations in her flower beds, and this vine being in the way, her gardener advised her to dig it up, as it was only an "old wild grape." But disliking to destroy it, she removed it with her own hands, and planted it very carelessly in the garden, back of the house, in a very poor and cold clay soil. Here the vine made slow progress, but continued to increase in size until the third or fourth year, when it produced a few clusters of small white grapes. These appeared to possess so much merit, and were so much better than had been expected, that pains were then taken to feed and nourish it, and prune it into shape, and it soon well repaid all the labor bestowed upon it. It grew vigorously, making shoots ten or fifteen feet long and bore abundant crops of the most delicious grapes, until at the present time it has reached the top of the house, and covers a trellis ten feet wide and twenty-five feet high, loaded with fruit.



CLUSTER OF THE REBECCA GRAPE.

Bunches medium size, about six inches long, very compact, without shoulders; berries medium size, obovate, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter; skin thin, greenish white, becoming of a pale amber color at full maturity, covered with a thin white bloom; flesh very juicy, soft, and melting, and free from pulp; flavor rich, sugary, vinous, and brisk, with a peculiar musky and luscious aroma, distinct from any other grape; seeds small, two to four in each berry; leaves scarcely of medium size, about seven inches long and seven in width, very deeply lobed and coarsely and sharply serrated; upper surface light green, slightly rough; under surface covered with a thin whitish down; nerves prominent; petioles rather slender.

The merits of this grape were discussed at the late meeting of the American Pomological Society, and we give the remarks of different speakers.

Mr. Prince had no doubt that this was a variety of the Chasselas family, and though that no such grape could be perfectly hardy.

Mr. Reid said that it showed no indication of an origin from the Chasselas, except some resemblance in the foliage.

Dr. Grant stated that it had been exposed at Hudson for the past three years, remaining on an open trellis during the winter, and had not suffered in the least, while many other things, which were usually hardy, had been destroyed.

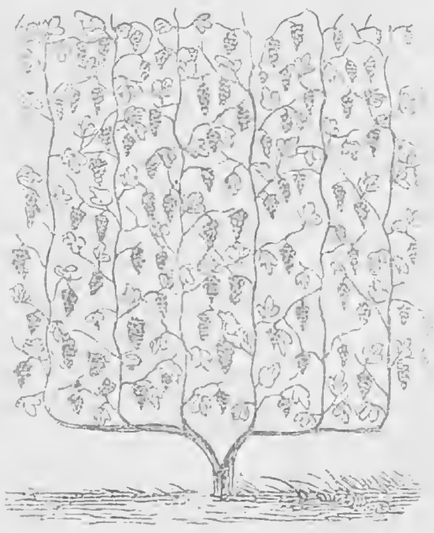
Mr. Downing had seen it for three season past, and considered it perfectly hardy, though not a very strong grower.

Mr. Reid said that it was the only good white native variety within his knowledge, and thought it desirable, if only for that reason.

Mr. Prince knew of another variety in Pennsylvania.

Recommended as *promising well*.

For the excellent figure of this grape we are indebted to C. M. Hovey, Esq., editor of *Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture*, in which journal it was first figured.



We give in this connection a figure of a well-trained vine, in bearing, and in previous numbers have given directions for pruning and training. The success of the vineyard depends almost entirely upon pruning, for though the soil may be rich, and well drained, and well cultivated, and the vines make a healthy and rapid growth, unless *winter pruning* and *summer pinching* is attended to faithfully, the crop will be poor and worthless.

Inquiries and Answers.

Treatment for an Unproductive Orchard.—Permit me to ask through the medium of your valuable paper, a few questions in regard to my business. I have in my care an apple orchard, noted many years for its productiveness, owing in some degree to the fine gravelly soil upon which it stands. But many years and good crops have somewhat lessened the yield of fruit lately. Now, what I want to know is, what kind of manure to use, and the mode of application, so as to give it a first rate dressing? Would it not be well for me not only to apply manure to the large roots, but also to the small ones, as far as they extend? When should it be done, and will it benefit next crop?—J. H. W., *Canoga, N. Y., March*, 1857.

Remarks.—A good thorough dressing of barn-yard manure, well plowed in, as deeply as possible, without injuring the roots, would undoubtedly help your trees. The manure should extend, at least as far as the roots.—Perhaps severe cropping, in addition to the growth of the trees have impoverished the soil. Manure thoroughly, prune so as to admit light and air freely into the heads of the trees, wash their trunks with soft soap, using a stiff brush, and if mossy, scrape them before washing. Plant no crop for a season, but keep the ground well cultivated, and we have no doubt your orchard will be resuscitated.

Spanish Chestnuts, Almonds and Walnuts.—Can you, or any of your correspondents give us any information in regard to the Spanish Chestnut, or English Walnut? Will they do well in the latitude of Rochester? What soil is best, and at what age do they bear nuts? What treatment do they need? Also, is the Almond hardy enough for the same section, and which variety is best where fruit is wanted?—A. W. S., *Greenville, Mich., March*, 1857.

Remarks.—The *Spanish Chestnut* and *English Walnut* both do well here. The Spanish, like the native chestnut, flourishes best in a warm, light soil. The *English Walnut*, or *Madeira nut*, will flourish in any good soil where the hickory would grow; it may be grafted on young hickories. They form large trees, and do not bear, until of considerable age, particularly the *walnut*. The *almond* will do well where the peach flourishes, and requires the same treatment and soil. The *Sweet Hard-shell* is the only variety worth cultivating here. The Soft-shell is too tender.

Breaking of Pear from the Quince Root.—Will Pear trees be likely to break from the Quince root, if they are one inch in diameter at the ground, where grafted?—C. H. R., *Stormville, N. Y.*

Remarks.—Not if they are of varieties that unite freely with the Quince. Some varieties, like the Bartlett, do not form a perfect union with the Quince, and are very liable to break off, no matter what may be the size.

Currant Cuttings.—Those that wish to raise more currants, and have them grow without sprouting at the root, should take the cuttings of last year's growth, and before sticking them into the ground cut off all the lower buds close to the wood, and be careful to take all the small ones clean off, leaving three or four on the top for branches. As the roots strike from the wood and sprouts from the buds, for high trellises only leave one bud on the top; by so doing you can train currants quite high if you wish to do so.—L. W., *near Geneva, N. Y.*

Mechanic Arts, &c.

A NEW STETHOSCOPE.

An Italian correspondent of the Newark *Advertiser*, has the following account of a new instrument, which promises to be useful:

Stethoscopic auscultation established a principle—thanks to M. Laennec—which has at length produced the Dynamoscope, perhaps its greatest service. Other Frenchmen had made some approaches in their efforts to find a mechanical gauge for the animal economy—M. Bonnet, for example, with his age-telling Spirometer, and M. Gnillet with his Pneumatometer—but M. Colloagues appears to have won all the honors of discovery by his little steel ear trumpet, which reports to the practiced ear the organic action and actual condition of the entire body at any given moment—gauges its vital force, its age, health and temperature, indicates the course and event of diseases, &c. The marvelous little instrument, which would seem to leave "clairvoyance" without an apology, is said to be the final result of a series of experiments in auscultation, which led to the discovery that all vital organization gives out an audible sound, a low hum, accompanied by very distinct crepitation or crackling.

These sounds may be discerned, we are told, by an acute ear, but more distinctly with the aid of a steel or cork conductor; and they are said to vary in a measurable manner with the age, temperament, health and seasons, to indicate the difference between the effects of fatigue and disease, apparent and real death, &c. In complete paralysis, epilepsy, and the like, they entirely disappear, though they continue for ten or fifteen minutes after the cessation of pulsation and respiration in death. They are also heard in amputated limbs for some minutes after the operation—as some creatures appear to be alive after losing their heads. The humming *(bourdonnement)* appears in every part of the body to which the instrument may be applied, but the crepitation only at the extremities of the fingers and toes, when one of them is placed in its bowl. I am not aware that any theory has been deduced from these singular results of this new course of physiological inquiry.

THE REFRACTING TELESCOPE.

It is claimed that the great refracting telescope at Cambridge, Mass., is the most perfect instrument of its kind that the art of man has ever produced, having but one rival, viz: that at the imperial central observatory of Russia. The extreme diameter of the object-glass of the Cambridge telescope is fifteen and a half English inches; the effective aperture is 14 and 95-100ths inches; the solar focus is 22 feet and 6 inches; the distance from the outer surface of the object-glass to the point of intersection of the declination and polar axis is 13 feet and 7 inches; and from the same point to the solar focus of the object-glass it is 8 feet and 11 inches.

The centre of motion of the telescope is 12 feet and 9 inches above the floor of the dome. The polar axis of the instrument is of steel; its length, from the end-bearing of its lower pivot to its junction with the bed of the declination-axis, is 3 feet 10 inches, and its bearings are 2 feet 8 inches apart. The friction on the upper bearing of the axis relieved by two friction rollers, 7 inches in diameter, attached to the short arm of a lever, which moves on a steel pin passing through it below the axle. The longer arm of the lever passes through the upright part of the cradle, and supports at a forked extremity a powerful balance-weight, which may be adjusted as desired. The defining capacity of the object-glass is such that powers of from 700 to 1,200 are habitually used in the measurement of double stars, and on rare occasions a power of 2,000 may be used to advantage. With this power the telescope has shown well the discs of Neptune and of the satellites of Jupiter.

IMPROVED LIGHT HOUSES.

In a volume on the industrial arts, from the pen of Mr. Charles Babbage, is a valuable chapter describing a system for distinguishing lights by causing them to show their numbers by rapid eclipses and flashes of light. Any digit may be expressed by an equivalent number of occultations and restorations of the light; thus, one eclipse and one restoration would stand for the number one. The value of the digit, whether belonging to the units, tens or hundreds' place, might be indicated by occultations preceded by shorter or longer intervals of light, as three occultations at intervals of a second would express three units; then a pause of several, say three seconds; then five occultations would express five in the ten's place; then a pause of say three seconds and two occultations would express the hundreds; then a longer pause of say ten seconds would show that the number was complete. Thus the number of a light-house might be repeated more than once in a minute, even where the figures are quite high, and each light-house would continue the repetition of its own number. Such lights can be seen at least as far as others which are not temporarily obscured, and by arranging the numbers of the light-houses along a coast upon such a system that the adjacent lights shall have very different numbers, the figures representing units, tens and hundreds of the number not recurring in the adjacent lights, the distinctions can practically be made very complete.

Value of Iron Filings.—Old scraps and filings of iron have been considered of very little or no value, perhaps not more than five dollars a ton.—But recently ingenious men have discovered modes by which these may all be turned to account.—One plan, devised by Mr. A. Pevey, of Lowell, is this:—A cheap hollow casting is provided, which is filled with these small pieces, and then the whole are placed on the furnace and melted together.—Mr. E. Lyon, of Boston, has another plan of his own contrivance. These small bits are placed in a compact mass near the center of each charge, so that the draft will pass freely through the coal on all sides of it. In this way the tendency to choke and clog the chimney, endangering an explosion or at least injuring the success of the process, is in a great measure, if not entirely, prevented.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

THE HOUSEHOLD BABY.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[GRACE, *alias* Mrs. LIPPENCOTT, has lately had a baby, and she is now able to write some practical rhymes from real experience. They are very pretty, and we give them a place for the eyes of those who cannot versify their thoughts.]

What a joy to human eyes,
When it laughs or when it cries,
What a treasure, what a prize,
Is the household baby!

Be its temper rising, falling,
Is it cooing, crowing, calling,
'Tis the same dear precious darling,
Is the household baby!

If the scenes without be dreary,
If the hearts within grow weary,
Baby wakes, and all is cheery—
What a rush for baby!

Mama's eyes grow bright with joy—
Grandpa laughs, and grandpa's boy
Gladly leaves his last new toy
To play bo-peep with baby!

Sisters from their music run,
Maud has caught "the sweet one,"
Grace bends down in girlish fun
To make a horse for baby!

Up to everything we know,
Hands and feet "upon the go,"
What a funny creature though,
Is the household baby!

Bring the puppy and the cat,
Let him pull, and pinch, and pat,
Puss and pup were made for that,
Made to please the baby!

Bring those China vases, mama,
Get "the mirror and the hammer!"
Anything to make a clamor,
And delight the baby!

Let it clang and clash away,
Let it laugh, and shout, and play,
And be happy while it may,
Dear, mischievous baby!

What a joy to human eyes,
What an angel in disguise,
What a treasure, what a prize,
Is the household baby!

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY LITERARY EXPERIENCE.

ONE pleasant afternoon, as I sat in my cozy room at friend MABEL'S, I heard the pattering of dainty feet upon the stairs, a bound along the hall, then my door opened, and in peeped the golden-head of JESSIE HAZLETON, the pet of MABEL'S household—and a sweet voice queried, "May I come in?—I want to talk with you a little while." "Certainly," said I, laying aside my book. "O, thank you!" and bounding in, she seated her petite self on the stool at my feet; then looking up in my face, she very seriously said, "IDA, I want you to give me your literary experience." My "literary experience!"

Me, who never dreamed of being anything but a simple country girl, asked, and so seriously too, such a question. Oh! I had to laugh, in spite of the serious face before me. "Well! now, I would like to know what you are laughing at?" said JESSIE, seemingly provoked at my merriment.—"Why! at your question to be sure! One might think you thought me a STOWE or a SOUTHWORTH or some other great literary character, to hear it." "Ah!"—quite relieved—"don't flatter yourself—nothing was further from my thoughts!"—(for which piece of impertinence she got her ear pinched.) "I simply meant this: you write for the papers occasionally and of course, must have written your first piece, and that is what I want to know about." "Very well! Now you have defined your position, I will comply with your request.—But, first, please remember there is a *great* difference between literary productions, and such scribblings as mine; and next, why do you want to know?" "Because I have been thinking of writing myself. Not that I care much about it, but I thought perhaps it would!"—(blushing up to the roots of her golden ringlets,)—"please HARRY."

"Oh! foolish woman! What would we not all do, to please HARRY? Well, my friend KATE TRACY—a genius herself—was always coaxing me to write; so, one day—just to get rid of her coaxing, during her summer visit to Dream Dell—I sat me down to write. I wrote various pieces, on various subjects, read them aloud to KATE, and then, much to her chagrin—tore them into fragments.—But I was determined not to give up in that way—so, seating myself again, I wrote an incident in my life, read it aloud to KATE, who, of course, was perfectly delighted—folded, directed it, and sent it a 'kiting,' without the slightest idea of ever seeing it in print.

"Well, we idled away the time until mail-day, and then we posted 'BUCK' off to town for the papers, watching eagerly at the' parlor window for his return. At last the white face of old Jock (our family horse) appeared above the hill, and away we flew to the gate, caught the mail bag, emptied it's contents on the grass in our eagerness, and KATE, with her usual good luck, got *the* paper, tearing it open as we went into the house. Eagerly her eye wandered over it. At last, her face brightened and she exclaimed 'Here it is,' and waving the paper over her head, she cried, 'Three cheers for the young authoress!' Then tossing it to me, she said, 'Miss Modesty you may correct bad printing, while I look over the other things.' Sure enough, there in a corner was my *first* piece. I read it several times, when my eye espied this paragraph just below it—'We wish LUCY—that was my signature—would resume her natural hand and not try to write like a genius.'"

"This poor writing, that KATE and I had tried so hard for the last week to improve; KATE, a graceful penman, writing all the quotations from great books, she could think of for copies,—which I tried to imitate, but all to no purpose, so we gave up in despair. And now to be accused of trying '*to write like a genius*'—Oh! it was too much for my 'centre of gravity,' so, giving the paper a toss, I gave vent to my feelings in a hearty scream of laughter, which brought KATE to my side with 'What's the matter?' I caught up the paper, pointed to the paragraph, which her quick eye soon took in, and then, such peals of laughter as rang through our little parlor, was enough to have brought any other household to the spot immediately, but our's was too used to it, so we were left alone to our fun. Well! that was my first piece; since then I have written whenever the 'spirit moved me,' but always in the same hand, which, I trust, by this time, the editor thinks is perfectly *natural*. And this, JESSIE, is the *great literary experience* of your friend." IDA CAREY.

Dream Dell, Ohio, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A "CALL" AND PLATFORM.

GIRLS, why not get up an Anti-Tobacco Society? You form Temperance Clubs, and publish your intentions not to marry young men who indulge in the "social glass," and are down, *in toto*, on the unfortunate chap who soils his lips with touch of the wine cup. How is it about tobacco? How does he look stuffing in a black, nauseous, poisonous weed, and rolling it as a choice morsel in his teeth, or going about with a roll of it depending from his lips? Does he look *sweet?* How would you like to taste the *nectar* from those lips?—Doubtless he would condescendingly and gracefully, with the air of a man of the world and of fashion, put aside the delicious roll, and give you an opportunity to try.

I'll tell you what it is, girls, *I* won't marry a man who uses tobacco. *I* am not going to have a filthy spittoon standing in the middle of every floor, for myself, my children and friends to stumble over, and which every morning I may have the *exquisite pleasure* of carrying out and cleaning for him; nor have my stoves bespattered with tobacco juice! Do you suppose I would do as Mrs. NEFF and lots of ladies I know of—clean after tobacco spit? I care not how immaculate his broadcloth, or how unincumbered his estates, or how supremely graceful, or self-possessed, &c., &c., the moment I see him hang around a spittoon, as a moth hovers near a candle, I am ready to say "good bye" to him, for neither myself nor servants shall ever be degraded into the task of taking care of his needless, inexcusable, unpardonable filth!

Besides—I will own it—I want a husband I can *kiss* occasionally, and without inhaling the horrid odor of tobacco. I could forgive him for sipping now and then the rich juice of the grape, or even the waters of the distilled grains—he might do that, and still be a gentleman, and have some respect for me, for awhile at least, and if he abused me, it would be when he was partially bereft of reason; but to submit to abuse every day, from a man with his eyes open, and in the possession of his natural senses! *Will I? Will you?* And if he deceives me with his perfumery, and nostrums, into the idea that I am getting a gentleman for a husband, and afterwards I learn that he is a slave to a vile habit, if any circumstances compel me to *to live in the same house*, I can at least despise him, for I will not be the wife of a slave! It is bad enough every where I go—especially in the railroad cars, to be compelled to wipe the pools and quids with my dress, and be squirted on, without ceremony. When I have a house of my own, it shall be too sacred and decent for such abominations!

So now, girls, what do you say? Here's my flag!—how many will enroll under my banner?

ETERNAL ENMITY TO TOBACCO!

Say the word, and I'll draw up a Constitution and pledge, and put my name at the top, at the risk of being an "old maid," and very likely I shall; but when I am *translated*, I'll leave all my property to your anti-tobacco-fund, and if I ever get to be President of the United States, I'll extinguish the nuisance! We, in these days, to all *man*kind.—Hurrah, girls! Let us *work*, as well as pray for the millennium! MISS DIDO.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES.

How many endearing associations cluster around the memory of our early childhood. In life's whole journey it is the brightest spot. No joy so pure, no happiness so unclouded, as that of childhood days. The anxious cares of later years disturb not its tranquility. Innocence and Peace are its guardian angels, and no sorrow exists that a mother's love may not dispel. The hoary-headed sire, whose palsied limbs refuse to carry him much further in his pathway of life, dwells with pleasure upon the memory of his early days—the happiest in a lifetime. Imagination draws for him the scenes of his childhood years. He sees once more the peaceful cot with its ivied walls, where he was wont to dwell. He enters again its vine-clad portals, and a mother's form greets his eyes, and brothers and sisters are there just as they were in days gone by. He thinks he is a child again. His mother's hand is on his head, and he hears the gentle tones of her low, sweet voice, as she was wont, when he was a child, to teach him from the Holy Book, or guide aright his infant prayers. He has read these stories many a time since then, but they never seemed half so beautiful as, when seated by his mother's knee, they fell in gentle accents from her tongue. The noble old elm beneath whose friendly branches he oft had reclined, still stands by the roadside. The murmuring rill before the door—the music of its waters seemed far sweeter than those of any other—keeps on its winding way, as of old. The little garden—scene of many a merry game—the orchard, and the old school-house a few rods down the road, all are there. But stern reality calls him from the pleasing dream, and with a sigh he leaves the contemplation of his early days.

Childhood! fairest oasis in life's great desert; many are thy pleasing remembrances, and never to be forgotten thy hallowed influences.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857. WINNIE WILLIAM.

BEAUTY.

WHAT is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features. No.
These are but flowers,
That have their dated hours
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin.

[*Sir A. Hunt.*

IT is with ideas as with pieces of money, those of the least value generally circulate the most.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TWILIGHT HOURS.

BY MRS. A. E. BURTON.

SWEETEST hours are hours of twilight,
When the slow departing day
Stops to gather in her quiver,
One by one each golden ray;
Drawing soft and close behind her,
Night's own curtainings of gray.

One by one each tiny sparkler,
On the azure robe of night,
Softly smileth down upon us
With its old familiar light;—
Come to keep their silent watching,
Gathering thus in clusters bright.

Then the dreamy shadows gather,
And a holy calm doth close
All above, around, within us,
Welcome calm of sweet repose,
Till a shade almost of sadness,
O'er each softened spirit grows.

Then, oh then, will thoughts unfettered,
Stray in bright entrancing dreams,
Until fancy gilds the distance
With her rosy-tinted beams,
And the past or future hours,
With unworded pleasure teems.

Hastings, Mich., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

EARLY SCENES AND ASSOCIATIONS.

THERE are certain chords of the poet's lyre which, whenever swept, draw an involuntary response from every heart: so there are certain scenes in nature, connected with former associations, which never fail to awaken emotions of the most tender and thrilling character. Such are the scenes of early life. No spot in the wide world is so replete with varied memories. A thousand hallowed associations cling around every valley and little mound, every rock, and tree, and shady grot—all, in short, is fairy ground. The spirit of enchantment reigns there with a talismanic power, and closely binds the homestead to our heart.—With those who live a rural life, it is ever thus.

"There was not around my birth-place
A thicket or a flower,
But childish game or friendly face,
Has given it the power
To haunt me in my after life,
And be with me again,
A sweet and blessed memory
Of mingled joy and pain."

It is so. Our reminiscences of life's green spring are not all sunny. While we delight to recall departed joys, we sigh that they *are* departed. Every step we take among the haunts of juvenile pastimes, reminds us that we are treading upon the sepulchred remains of past delights. A deep solemnity comes over us. We are in the charnel-house of departed years. Imagination teems with superstitious visions, and catches at times the wavering forms of the real. Beautiful in innocence, the shades of a long train of cherished associations rise up before us. Memory comes with her Alladin lamp to light our way along the vaulted avenues of the past. We live our lives over again. Starting from the point of our earliest recollection, we pass along down the aisles of infancy and youth, surveying the vernal spots which thickly skirt our path, and the mountains of anticipated greatness that rose in the dim perspective of the future, until, perchance, the present, standing in stern reality before us, startles the imagination from her bewildering reverie. Oh that we had known, when actually treading those, that we were spending the fairest month in life's brief year! We might have prized it more and spent it better. Perhaps a sigh of regret for wasted hours escapes us.

But if anything is bitter as we drink in the memories and survey in reality the scenes of childhood, it springs from the *changes* which we see on every side, in everything around. The discovery of the alteration, or the disappearance of the most trifling matter, often destroys the buoyancy of our feelings, and for a moment casts a shadow of gloom over the mind. The removal of some large and favorite rock or tree, some consecrated shrubbery, or the changing of the course of a little endeared stream, is instantly perceived on visiting our youthful home after the lapse of years, and gives our thoughts for a season a saddened hue. They were each a nucleus around which clustered a host of sweet remembrances—early and valued associates, dearly prized for the happiness they had yielded. In after years as we were wont to revisit them, we ever found them full of tongues, and pleasant were the tones in which they addressed us. They reminded us of the times so rife with

"—— Lively cheer, of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn."

Such was their power of language; and should we not sigh that they were gone? It is not the fall of man alone that gives us sorrow; we weep at the loss of anything, whether animate or inanimate, that is tenderly loved. Every haunt of youth has a mystic charm about it, and any alteration which tends to destroy this charm, gives us deep regret.

"Changes 'mid scenes that we so much have loved,
Are death-bells to the soul!"

The loss of aught that is knitted to the heart leads us to serious meditation, and to feel how unstable are all things of mortal nature. The departure of friends especially reminds us of our own fragility, and of the certainty that we too must ere long be hid from the gaze of the living and the loved, who may linger for a season behind.—How many cherished forms, once animate with beauty, and vigor, and joy, whose names were early registered in our calendar of life, are seen no more! Their voices may come surging upon the waves of past time, and their images may be "pictured in memory's mellowing glass," but *they* are in the same bed with the

"Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past."

It is saddening, sometimes, to think that we shall meet them no more; but mingled with our sorrows is the anodyne of Hope. If there is one thought that is strengthening to the spirit, as we survey the ravages of decay, it is, that we are not all mortal—that what is truly vital, lives on when our bodily form has lost its beauty and its mould. Friends we have whom, though we see not here, the eye of faith beholds in heaven. We hope to meet them there. Death may be gathering in his harvest around us; we may feel that our own

"Life is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave;"

yet with CHRIST as our hope of salvation, we march on, fearless of the "insatiate archer," feeling assured that he can at the most only emancipate our spirit, and trusting that we shall soon join our early departed friends, amid scenes that know no change, and with them spend an eternal youth.

Attica, N. Y., 1857. WALTER R. BISHOP.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MORAL COURAGE.

COURAGE is of two kinds, physical and moral.—By physical courage is meant that bravery in danger and seeming disregard of self, even when life is endangered, which has characterized so many in all ages of the world.

If we turn to the pages of History, how frequently do we find those whose lives, spent in the battle-field, were one series of daring exploits, ever turning toward the polar star, Fame. Thus was CÆSAR, he who viewed death with calmness if met while engaged in carnage and bloodshed—his was a character fitted to excite our admiration. As a man, he combined many noble qualities—as a warrior, posterity will ever bind laurels about his name.

But far different is moral courage. This daring to do right which has puzzled, even some of the wisest philosophers,—for, as reason is superior to instinct, so is this to mere fortitude in peril. The one pertaining to earth, is low and groveling; the other, rising upward, expands the heart of its possessor, and enables him grasp at heavenly things. It may be right that such characters as ALEXANDER and BONAPARTE should be covered with renown obtained by the sword, and cruelty, and that every sigh heaved by them for other worlds to conquer, should be wafted along by the beezes of the future, as emblematic of great minds; but have not lions and tigers fought as bravely and achieved as glorious a conquest as did ever these? And how does our admiration change to pity, and they sink into insignificance, when compared even with that little band who left friends and home, to seek beyond ocean's vast expanse, new friends, new homes, but more than all, "Freedom to worship GOD." Those were men, guided by principle and duty, men of noble souls, men morally brave.

That moral courage tends to increase happiness, cannot be doubted "Wisdoms ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." The man, however humble, who, in the path of duty dares to do right regardless of what people may say, is far more courageous than he, who, by mere force of arms, made Europe tremble.

We should ever remember that to be great, we must be good, to be happy, greatly good; and in our glance for some polar star to guide us on to the haven of rest, let us seek rather wisdom than ambition, then though our names may never be inscribed upon the records of renown, they may be enrolled upon the armorial ensign of the King of Kings. AMELIA.

Cayuga, March, 1857.

PRACTICAL GOOD SENSE.

IT is related that an Athenian, who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. The philosopher, in a spirit of true wisdom, said, "I would bestow my daughter upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man." Marriages for money seldom conduce to social comfort and happiness, and often result in the utter destruction of domestic peace, in crimination, coldness, and estrangement. And yet the love of money is seldom manifest in greater strength than in the formation of those life-long alliances where the parties bind themselves to "take each other for better or for worse," and give their mutual pledge to stand by and aid each other amid all the storms and privations and perils of life.

Those parents who are chiefly anxious to have their daughters marry a fortune, who value money more than character, integrity, enterprise and correct habits, will, in most cases, lament their short-sightedness, infatuation and folly. There is happiness in a cottage where virtue, intelligence and kindness dwell. A palace will not yield it in the absence of these. It is not those families where there is the greatest profusion of wealth, who are most to be envied. In many a splendid mansion there are aching hearts, disappointed hopes, corroding cares and scalding tears. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not depreciating or decrying wealth. It confers and secures many advantages. It gives to its possessor influence, position and power. "*Castaris paribus*," as we were taught in our school-boy days to say, other things being equal, it is desirable, highly beneficial, and eminently comfortable. But it is not worth sacrificing domestic peace to possess, it is not worth enduring the strife of tongues, it is not worth the lifelong reproach, "you married me for my money."—*Selected.*

"THE Prairie in Spring," by G. W. BUNGAY, contains some exquisite lines:

This is the prairie broad, and wild, and free,
Ocean of emerald hue and moving light,
When the meek grass with its green finger points
To Him who feeds it, and the myriad flowers
Of many hues—grass nestling flowers! strange buds!
Offer, what large rewards of sinless balm!
While showers of insects float in the pure air
On glittering wings, so variously dyed,
They seem the offspring of the gorgeous flowers.
Gay birds, like winged flowers inspired with song,
Pour forth their roundelays from morn to eve:
The robin, bard of birds, whose ardent hymn
Shines out upon its sunlit breast of flame,
Builds here its cabin-nest, and rears its brood.
That jewel of the air, the oriole,
Bright drop of sky and sunshine turned to song,
Hangs its moss-cradle on the lonely tree,
And there God rocks it with his mighty hand,
And watches it with all the stars of heaven.

A GENEROUS man will place the benefits he confers beneath his feet—those he receives, nearest his heart.

WIVES ARE FOR THE FEW.

A GERMAN writer on America—(Kirsten)—calls it a country of old maids. But, how to "preserve and pickle" the vast masses of unemployed affections, seems at present to be the question in our country. So fewer and fewer the men who can afford to marry, (with the still increasing expensiveness of the luxury,) that the amount of warm *hearts on hand* amounts to a "glut of the market." The ladies themselves, however, fortunately, seem to be apprehensive of its growing to an inconvenience. Thus writes one of them, "out West," where they usually are the quickest to speak their mind. She addresses the Editor of the Sandusky Register:

"It is a mournful fact that this world is full of young men who want to marry, and *dare* not.—Deny this, as some will, it is, nevertheless, true, as we can easily show. In this town, for instance, there are some thirty or forty young men, well-to-do in the way of salaries and business, yet who refuse to take the step which they ALL WANT TO TAKE, but do not; and why? The large majority of them have salaries ranging from five hundred to seven hundred dollars per year, and a few have eight hundred and a thousand dollars per year.—Now, the *first* question to be asked by any sane man is, can I properly support a wife if I take one? Then he counts the cost of living as the woman of his preference would wish, and lo! he finds, to his amazement, that his income is vastly too small to support even a modest *modern* establishment; and somewhat saddened by the reflection, he plunges into labor, and courts business with an assiduity that takes away his health eventually, in hope of attaining an income that shall enable him to marry and have a home of his own. And *this* is the secret of all the hard, unending toil of the young men of to-day who are fast approaching thirty years of age—this is the reason of so many disappointed men and waiting women, deny it or hide it as you may.

"But, says some good woman, you do us injustice; for any woman who truly loves a man will adapt herself to his circumstances with the greatest pleasure. But what man of any sensitiveness, or high sense of honor, would take a woman from easy circumstances, and a pleasant and well-furnished home, to adorn his little four rooms and do his house work, as the first principles of economy would demand of him? Few will do it; for though the woman signifies her willingness to take up with such experience, we are all such creatures of circumstance that there would be complainings on her part, eventually, and sickness of over-exertion, and unhappiness from many cares—all of which would render marriage anything else than pleasant. And so the young men very wisely think—preferring a few years more of single loneliness, in order to obtain money enough to support a modest house of between twelve or fifteen hundred dollars a year expense, rather than to place a modernly educated woman into the house of six hundred dollars a year, where she must do her own work.

"Now, what is the remedy? Plainly, that women must fit themselves to be such wives as the young men *must* have. Else the young men must fit themselves to be such husbands as the women want, and spend the very choicest years of their life in the dismal drudgery of a ceaseless toil, breaking down health, happiness, energy, only to give themselves up to marriage when the best of their manhood is gone. The women must choose for themselves which it shall be, for the matter is *solely* in their hands. Let mothers say to their daughters, put on that calico gown, go into the kitchen and prepare dinner, take charge of this household, and fit youself to become a wife and a mother—let the young woman cheerfully consent to such service; and, instead of lavishing all thought, and time, and money, upon the adornment of the body, seek to accustom the hand to proper industry, and to school the mind to proper tastes—*then* there will be no longer complaint that young men 'cannot afford to marry,' and we shall have beautiful, modest houses all around us, and women will have loving husbands, and life shall once more have something of the truthfulness and virtue which it had in the days of our blessed fathers and mothers, when it was woman's ambition to become the head of the house, and the mother of noble children."

ABOUT PERSONAL TITLES.—A New Hampshire paper says:—"The word Honorable is not henceforth to be used in this paper, in articles from the editorial pen, as a title to men. It is run so deeply into the ground, that it had better go entirely into disuse."

— And here's a sensibly suggestive paragraph, on the same topic, from the last *Home Journal:*

"It is time for a change in our *American titles*, and we see a sentence in Gov. GEARY'S message to the Kansas Congress, which, it seems, to us, contains proper substitutes for the present meaningless 'Mr.' and 'Esq.' He says:—'Homesteads should be held sacred. Nothing so much strengthens a government as giving its citizens a solid stake in the country. I am in favor of assuring to every industrious citizen one hundred and sixty acres of land.' Now, why not preface a simply honest individual's name with I. C., ('Industrious Citizen,') or, if he has attained to the ownership of 'one hundred and sixty acres of land,' why not add S. S. C. to his name,) 'Solid Stake in the Country?') John Smith would then have an ambition to qualify:—that is, he would be industrious enough to acquire the one hundred and sixty acres, so that his letters might be addressed 'John Smith, S. S. C.,' instead of 'I. C. John Smith.'"

— A good idea, but wouldn't a less number of acres answer?—especially in this and the Eastern States, where *solid stakes* are expensive?

OPPOSITION.—A man may avoid opposition, and strive to pass around difficulties, in the vain hope of accomplishing the ends of life without experiencing the jostle and clash of strife. But how is it with the flint and the steel? The former can be held in the hand for an age, and the sparks lie as dormant as though the fingers pressed but a lump of clay; but smite the flint with the opposing clicks of steel, and the hand is enveloped in a shower of fire!

LEVITY of manners and conversation, favors almost every vice, and repulses every virtue.

The Traveler.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

Europe, Afoot and Alone.—New Series.

LETTER VII.—WALES.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

Beddgelert.

WE congratulated ourselves on our good fortune in having ascended Snowdon before the storm, and concluded to remain in Beddgelert until it abated. The kind-hearted landlady gave us the use of an upper parlor, where we could comfortably read and write, or from the window over-look the valley and village. The valley is one of the most romantic in Wales. Lofty mountains rise up on all sides and shut it in, their bases fringed with low forests, while here and there, you can perceive a picturesque stone cottage nestling in some sheltered nook upon their sides. The Calwyn here unites with the Glaslyn, which flows through the Vale of Fermadoc to the sea. The Calwyn is a fine specimen of a mountain stream, the water is wonderously clear and its rocky bed is worn into fantastic shapes. Deep pools and rushing rapids alternate. The rocks along the banks are moss-covered, and low oaks, mossy with age, and many of them twined with ivy, spread their branches over the water. The valley is a favorite with literary men, and the scene of SOUTHEY's Madoc, is principally laid in the parish.

The village is one of the oldest in Wales, and its church is said to be the most elevated in Snowdonia. The arched bridge across the Calwyn is very ancient, and the green ivy, mantling the rough stones, adds to its picturesqueness. The buildings are mostly low stone cottages with slate roofs, and extremely thick walls. It is a very characteristic Welsh village. Prince LLEWELLYN lived in it, and over the little bookstore there is a sign informing us that the building is his supposed residence. It stands near the river, and though somewhat larger than the other cottages, was a very humble residence for a prince. Here LLEWELLYN slew his faithful hound. This affecting story is celebrated in prose and verse, but to every reader it may not be familiar.

Prince LLEWELLYN possessed a noble hound named Gelert, which had been presented to him by his father-in-law, the King of England. One day he went into the neighboring forest to hunt, leaving the hound to take care of his cottage, and protect his infant son. When he returned he found the furniture of the room in disorder, the cradle over-turned, his child out of sight, and the dog covered with blood. The thought instantly flashed into his mind that the hound had killed his child, and without stopping to reflect, in his madness he plunged his sword into the breast of Gelert who stood by looking calmly into his face, as if expecting praises and caresses instead of a blow. He then raised the cradle, and to his astonishment and delight, found his son alive and uninjured, lying on the body of a powerful wolf, which when it had entered the cottage for the purpose of devouring his child, the hound had attacked and slain.—But his joy was mingled with sorrow. The noble Gelert lay dying on the floor, and concious that his faithfulness was now known, he crawled to his master, and gazing into his face with looks of joy and forgiveness, expired at his feet. Prince LLEWELLYN buried him. He could do no more, and out in a grassy meadow, under a clump of bushes, that is surrounded by a railing, stand three rough grey stones which mark his tomb. The name of the village is derived from the circumstance and signifies, Gelert's grave.

Welsh Scenery.

In the afternoon the rain slackened a little, coming down only at intervals, so we decided to try the road again, and go to the next village, which was ten miles distant. We crossed the ivy-grown bridge, stopping a moment to look into the clear waters, went by Gelert's grave in the meadow, and entered the pass of Pont Aberglaslyn. The pass is merely wide enough for the river Glaslyn, and the road is cut in the side of the precipice. After passing through it we crossed the river by a stone bridge from which there is a romantic view. On one hand the wild rocky pass, resounding with the rushing, foaming river, and on the other a widening and verdant vale, where the mossy rocks along the banks of the stream are darkly shaded by trees of fir and oak. The road turned away from the vale and river, and led us across the hills, through wild scenery that realized my ideas of Wales. It wound around bogs, and under beetling precipices. Huge rocks loomed out of the mist, all around, green with moss, and the low, gnarled oak trees, darkened many a glen, where the Druids would have performed their bloody and mysterious rites. The noise of mountain torrents sounded in our ears, roaring far down in densely wooded ravines. There were but few cottages on the route, so that our walk was sufficiently lonely. Added to this, the stormy sky, the fog mantling the mountain peaks, driving down the mountain sides, and brushing the tree tops, heightened the wild and desolate character of the scenery, and wrought in me a powerful excitement. It was dark when we descended a hill, the almost perpendicular sides of which were covered with the densest foliage, and stopped at a hotel in the village of Maentwrog.

In the morning it was again raining heavily.—The clouds hung very low, seeming to be around us, and to dissolve in rain. Before noon, however, we were on the road again, although the thick fog rendered the path barely distinguishable. Apparently the country was extremely wild, but the thought tantalized us that we could bring away no impression of it in our minds. We could hear the rushing of the streams, swollen by the rains, and occasionally get a glimpse into some glen yawning far below. The low clouds drove along the landscape making every thing look large and mysterious. There were no fences along the roadside, but now and then we came to a gate, connecting two stone walls. In one place the road was cut in the face of an overhanging precipice, and a silvery bank of fog filled the valley, making it impossible for us to distinguish its depth or extent. We leaned over the stone wall that protected the road, and peered in vain into the floating vapor. The sound of a torrent came up from below, the shouting of men, the barking of dogs, and we fancied the voices of children mixed with the sounds of village life. We passed on and presently the clouds parted, letting in a gleam of sunshine. It was a good omen. In a little while the air became clear, and the clouds rolled high in the heavens, disclosing an unfenced country, of valley and mountain, covered with heather and coarse grass, on which were feeding immense flocks of sheep, attended by shepherds.

The Lone Cottage.

We stopped for dinner at a stone cottage, standing in a lonely valley. There were no trees round about, or cultivated fields. Down the mountain sides ran flashing torrents, leaping from rock to rock, and filling all the valley with their noisy babbling. As we approached the cottage three shepherd dogs came bounding out, and announced our coming by their unanimous barking. The cottage and out-buildings stood close together, and were entirely of stone. Some of the walls were three feet thick. The people were simple and eyed us with considerable curiosity. They could not speak English with the exception of one girl, and she was barely able to comprehend our questions concerning the eatables. They set before us half of a huge cheese, and an enormous loaf of bread with milk and butter. We ate our meal in the same room the family commonly occupied. The fireplace, in the middle of which burned a peat fire, was at least ten feet wide. The floor was stone, and round the sides of the room stood shelves and various articles of furniture, and I noticed an oaken cupboard with the date 1769, marked on it with brass nails. From the ceiling and walls hung innumerable articles of household use, and the two halves of a hog made into bacon. We sat down by the fire, and E—— fell quite asleep on a bench.

Bala.

The day began in storm, but ended with one of the most gorgeous sunsets I ever witnessed. A faint white vapor floated in the atmosphere, which grew red and purple in the horizontal rays. In the west hung a few rough black clouds, belted as with chains of fixed lightning. Before us was the lake of Bala, with the village at its foot, and a fertile, highly cultivated valley, profusely adorned with shade trees and hedges, lay in the lap of the mountains. At the head of the lake, Cader Idris thrust up his blue head among a group of giants. We entered the village, and as it was Saturday evening, made our preparations to remain till Monday. We saw many women in the peculiar Welsh costume, and the men commonly wore tight leggins. A town crier rang his bell in the middle of the street, and addressed the people in Welsh.

Bala is one of the prettiest villages, valleys, and lakes in Wales, yet I believe many tourists pass by it without notice, a gentleman at Maentwrog represented it as a very dull place, and it is commonly slightly mentioned in guide books. But taken with its silvery lake, from which flows the river Dee, the long mountain slopes, dotted with cottages and trees that reach upward from its shores, the valley at the foot, where it seems as if the beauty and luxuriance which are wanting on the mountains that look down upon it is concentrated, and the village with its low stone cottages, and in the larger buildings the frequent overhanging upper stories, invest it with a high degree of interest which, perhaps, was the more charming to us from its being entirely unexpected. I went to the parish church, which stands about a mile from the village on the bank of the lake, and heard a sermon pronounced in Welsh. The church was interesting to me. It is built of rough stone, and has a slate roof. A bell hangs in the open air, over one end. The floor is stone, and upon each side of the aisle, through the middle, are the quaint oaken pews. It is over-shadowed with fir trees, and the green yard, is thickly strewn with the "mossy marbles."

PALESTINE.

IN entering Palestine, Mr. Stanley, in common with all other travelers, was struck with the smallness of a territory which fills so large a space in the history of mankind. Its breadth rarely exceeds fifty miles, while its extreme length, from "Dan to Beersheba," is but one hundred and eighty. From almost every height in Palestine the entire breadth of the territory may be taken in at a view, from the hills of Moab to the sea; and the traveler, even in despite of previous preparation, is startled to find that in one long day he has passed from the capital of Judea to that of Samaria, or that, in eight hours, he has seen "three such spots as Hebron, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem." It brings a strange feeling, too, especially after leaving the uncertain topography of the desert, to arrive suddenly in the midst of places whose still existing names have been familiar to us from infancy, as the scenes of events which we have never thought of without awe:—"to hear the names of Carmel, Maon, Ziph, shouted out by the Bedouin guides, or by the plowman in the fields, who know no more of David's wanderings than those of Ulysses."—This is the charm of travel in a classic land. But nowhere is it felt with half the security which is enjoyed among the unquestioned localities of the lands of the Bible.—*Selected.*

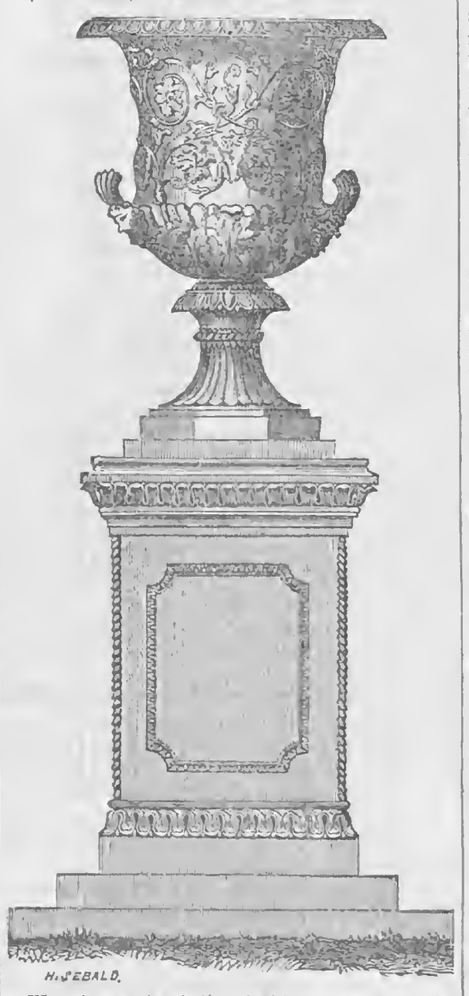
BUYING HUSBANDS.—A modern traveler tells us that the Jewesses in Thessalonica (European Turkey) reverse our accepted laws of Hymen, by purchasing their husbands. The *modus operandi* is thus described:—"Brokers are employed to negotiate marriages. The father of a marriageable girl goes to a broker and inquires what bridegrooms there are in the market. He chooses one, higher or lower in the social scale, according to the dower he can afford his daughter, the price he can pay, and makes an offer of so much dower. The bridegroom, through the broker, demands more; they chaffer and bargain for weeks, perhaps, and a bargain is struck. The parties never see each other till married. The dower is the wife's only security against divorce. The husband can divorce her when he chooses, but he must pay back the dower, that she may be able to buy another husband.—Mrs. D. was telling a Jewish girl that we do not require any dowry in America. 'How then,' said she, in utter astonishment, 'do you do when he wants to divorce you?'"

PATRIOTISM contemplates the good of our country; but philanthrophy the good of all mankind.

MONUMENT TO A. J. DOWNING.

WHEN the sad tidings of the death of ANDREW JACKSON DOWNING were announced, many hearts were stricken, and many countenances saddened. Every lover of rural life and rural taste felt that a friend, a brother, and a leader had fallen. The homes of hundreds, from the foundation stone to the gable point, spoke of the departed—even the trees and flowers of the garden, told a tale of sadness. The furniture in our parlors, the books in our libraries, spoke too plainly to our wounded hearts of the loved and lost. Scarcely a city or village in our country but presented some monument of his skill and taste, something to remind the people how great and irreparable was their loss—cottages whose simple, yet elegant adornings taught how truly TASTE may be independent of wealth; windows tempting the eye from loveliness within, to the glorious prospect without; stately trees that seemed to guard like sentinels the sacred precincts of home, and village churches whose walls and spires spoke of religion to the heart.

It was at once proposed, in all parts of the country, by Horticultural and other Societies, that some suitable monument should be erected, to the memory of Mr. DOWNING, and in 1852, the *American Pomological Society*, appointed a committee to superintend this work. The design adopted by this committee was furnished by CALVERT VAUX, of Newburgh, N. Y., the late partner of Mr. DOWNING, and the work executed by ROBERT LAUNITZ, an eminent sculptor, of New York. The monument was erected in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, and it is worthy of remark, that Mr. DOWNING was engaged in laying out and beautifying these grounds at the time of his death. The Committee made their final report at the Pomological meeting in September last. The funds were supplied by friends of Mr. DOWNING in Philadelphia, Newburgh, Boston, Washington, Louisville, Buffalo and Rochester.



We give a *fac-simile* of this monument, (for which we are indebted to the publishers of the Horticulturist.) The principal design of the monument consists in a large vase resting on a pedestal, the whole executed of the finest Italian marble.—The pattern of the vase is taken from the antique of the chastest school. The vase is four feet in height, and measures three feet diameter on its upper rim. The body is ornamented with rich arabesque; acanthus leaves surround the lower part. The handles rest on heads of satyrs, (the tutelar gods of groves and woods.) The pedestal, resting on a carved base, and being surmounted with a carved cornice, has on each side deep panels, relieved by carved mouldings. Each of the panels contains an inscription, that upon the Northern Front reads as follows:

THIS VASE
Was Erected by his Friends
IN MEMORY OF
ANDREW JACKSON DOWNING,
Who died July 28, 1852, aged 37 years.

He was born, and lived,
And died upon the Hudson River.
His life was devoted to the improvement of the national taste
in rural art,
an office for which his genius and the natural beauty amidst
which he lived had fully endowed him.
His success was as great as his genius, and for the death of few
public men,
was public grief ever more sincere.
When these grounds were proposed, he was at once
called to design them;
but before they were completed he perished in the wreck of the
steamer Henry Clay.
His mind was singularly just, penetrating, and original.
His manners were calm, reserved, and courteous.
His personal memory
belongs to the friends who loved him;
his fame to the country which honors and laments him

Inscription upon the Southern Front:

The taste of an individual,
as well as that of a nation, will be in direct proportion to the
profound sensibility
with which he perceives the beautiful in natural scenery.
Open wide, therefore,
the doors of your libraries and picture galleries,
all ye true republicans!
Build halls where knowledge shall be freely diffused among men,
and not shut up within the narrow walls of
narrower institutions.
Plant spacious parks in your cities,
and unclose their gates as wide as the gates of morning to the
whole people.

[*Downing's Rural Essays.*

Upon the Eastern Front is inscribed:

"'Weep no more,'
For Lycidus your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet, anon, repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidus sunk low, but mounted high
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves."

Upon the Western Front is this inscription:

I climb the hill from end to end,
Of all the landscape underneath
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend.

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,
Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee,
Which not alone had guided me,
But served the seasons that may rise.

And doubtless unto thee is given,
A life that bears immortal fruit,
In such great offices as suit
The full grown energies of Heaven.

And love will last as pure and whole
As when he loved me here in time,
And at the spiritual prime
Re-awaken with the dawning soul.

On the Base of the Pedestal is the following:

THIS MEMORIAL
Was erected under a resolution passed at Philadelphia,
in Sept., 1852, by the
AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY,
of which Mr. DOWNING was one of the
original founders.
MARSHALL P. WILDER, President.

The whole monument with its granite plinth is nine feet four inches in height, and cost $1,600.

GUSTAVUS VASA.

THE father of Gustavus Vasa and many of his friends and kinsman had fallen in a massacre. His mother, and several of the most illustrious ladies, were carried prisoners to Copenhagen, and treated with every indignity. On his own head a high price was set, and he was safe nowhere. He fled into Delecarlia, a wild region of mines and mountains, inhabited by the most daring and independent race of Sweden. He hoped to rouse them to the rescue of their country; but that great bloody deed, and Christian's spies everywhere, had thoroughly unmanned even these hardy men. On his journey, his servant made off with his clothes and effects, and Gustavus pursued him till his horse fell under him—but in vain. Once more disguised as a peasant, he went on through sterile mountains, unpeopled heaths and forests, till he reached Fahlun, with its blazing fires, rolling smoke and sooty copperworks. Here he labored for some time in the mines; but his uneasy mind drove him on again. He engaged as a thresher at a farm; but there the fineness of his linen and his manners did not escape a sharp-eyed maid. The master, informed of this, soon recognized Gustavus as a fellow-student at Upsala, and, filled with terror, entreated him to plunge deeper into the mountains, and leave him and his family in safety. He next betook himself to the castle of a nobleman, who received him most affectionately, making himself most sure of the offered reward. He mounted and rode off to the next military station, and was soon back again with twenty troopers. But the bird was flown, through a hint from the more noble wife, who furnished him with a horse and sledge for his escape. He sought refuge at the door of a monastery founded by his ancestors, but the monks shut the door in his face. His next asylum was with a worthy clergyman; but here the Philistines were upon him again, for the Danish soldiery were hunting everywhere. He was again rescued by the presence of mind of the lady, who, on the entrance of the troopers into the house, where Gustavus was sitting with the other farm men, she gave him a cuff on the ear, and sent him off on pretence of some neglected errand. His host then concealed him under a load of straw, and drove him towards a place of security; but the soldiers met them on the way, examined the load of straw, ran their swords through it in various directions, and at one pass pierced the leg of Gustavus. He bore the wound without stirring, and was saved; but the blood soon running through the cart and leaving a track on the snow, his ingenious host cut a wound in his horse's foot, and when the bloody track was remarked, showed that as the cause. Through such dangers and discouragements Gustavus escaped, finally roused the men of Dalicarlia, expelled the Danes, and was unanimously elected King. He became one of the noblest Kings that ever reigned; completed the Reformation in Sweden, and remains one of the world's great names. —*Westminster Review.*

YEARLY FOOD OF ONE MAN.—From the army and navy diet scales of France and England, which of course are based upon the recognized necessities of large numbers of men in active life, it is inferred that about two and one-fourth pounds avordupois of dry food, per day, are required for each individual; of this about three-fourths are vegetable, and the rest animal. At the close of an entire year, the amount is upwards of 800 pounds. Enumerating under the title of water all the various drinks—coffee, tea, alcohol, wine, &c.—its estimated quantity is about 1,500 pounds per annum. That for the air received by breathing may be taken at 800 pounds. With these figures before us, says the *Medical World*, we are able to see how the case stands. The food, water, and air, which a man receives, amount, in the aggregate to more than 3,000 pounds a year; that is, to about a ton and a half, or more than twenty times his weight. This enormous quantity may well attract our attention to the expenditure of material required for supporting life. A living being is the result and representation of change on a prodigious scale.

HUMBOLDT'S CHAMELEON.—Among the objects in Humboldt's study was a living chameleon, in a box with a glass lid. The animal, which was about six inches long, was lazily dozing on a bed of sand, with a big blue-fly (the unconscious provision for his dinner) perched upon his back. "He has just been sent to me from Smyrna," said Humboldt; "he is very listless and unconcerned in his manner." Just then the chameleon opened one of his long, tubular eyes, and looked up at us. "A peculiarity of this animal," he continued, "is its power of looking in different directions at the same time. He can turn one eye toward heaven, while the other inspects the earth. There are many clergymen who have the same power."—*Bayard Taylor.*

IT was a pertinent and forcible saying of the Emperor Napoleon, that a "handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel, the other a treasure."

To the wicked, the virtues of other men are always objects of terror.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HYMN OF THE DEPENDENT.

BY W. E. KNOWLES.

O, LEARN, my brother, from the past,
And not distrust a Providence,—
That grace that guides us to the last,
Above the things of time and sense.
Our times and lives are in His hand,
Our all is subject to His will;
And this dependence is the band
That binds us closer to Him still.

We spread our empty hands to Him,
And gather in the gifts of bread;
And as we eat our eyes are dim
With tears of joy that we are fed.
And thus are all our wants supplied,
With what the raven blessings bring;
While some small brook is never dried
That flows from the perennial spring.

O GOD! our stay in life and death!
Increase our confidence in Thee;
And though the way is dark, our faith
Is stronger that we cannot see.
And thus assured, we kneel in prayer,
To offer up our heartfelt praise,
That Thine especial love and care
Have blessed and guided all our ways.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

IMMORTALITY.

ASIDE from the light that shines from the page of Revelation, how impenetrable the darkness that rests upon the subject of Man's Immortality. The question of a future existence, has been one of surpassing interest, with all reflecting minds, from the very beginning of the human race. With millions, this interest has been all-absorbing. So intimate is the perceived connection, between the deeds of the present life and their necessary results—which do not and cannot adequately follow in this world,—so evidently does conscious capability point to a sphere of unrestricted exercise, so meaningless, and without purpose, otherwise, is much of the necessity, and contingency that restrains and governs our poor humanity, in this mortal state, that the human mind has generally received it as highly probable, that man shall live again. But, in a matter where so much is involved, mere probability is not enough. A preponderance of evidence, that a life awaits us beyond the grave, does not suffice to calm the deep anxiety, to quiet the earnest, restless seeking for some sure foothold, where our confidence may rest. The assurance that our hearts require, is something more than the likelihood of that great truth, which is all that the sages of antiquity could arrive at. We want to *know* the fact. We seek assurance positive, evidence irrefragible, the certainty that brings satisfaction.

In vain do we search for these, in aught that is in us, or around us. In vain do we question the myriad forms of Nature, and listen to her thousand utterances. Her analogies are incompetent to satisfy. I gaze into the star-lit sky, but my vision cannot penetrate to the far-off blest abode. I call in the deep stillness, I ask the voices of the Night, with fearful, throbbing heart, I cry out to know, if beyond the dark blankness of the tomb, man, indeed, shall live again? But no sound falls on my straining ear—no spirit-voice, with gentle whisper, communicates the glad intelligence,—no shadowy form of the loved and lost, appears to sooth my anxious heart, but there comes instead, the crushing consciousness that never, never shall this Mystery of the Great Unknown, open in any of the avenues of mortal search, never shall the bar be lifted from the closed gate, through which we so earnestly desire to look, until we are called to pass its gloomy portal.

Thus, and with such result, has ever been the seeking of the human mind, unaided by the page of Inspiration. From such deep gloom, and fearful uncertainty, how joyfully do we turn to the assurances, abounding in GOD'S Word. How cheerful is the light that dawns upon the Christian's future; yea, how resplendently through the gateway of the Tomb, there streams for him the sunbeams of Immortal Hope. H. WHITTLESEY.

Flint, Mich., 1857.

THE DIGNITY OF PRAYER.

CONSIDER the dignity of this to be admitted into so near converse with the highest majesty. Were there nothing to follow, no answer at all, prayer pays itself in the excellence of its nature, and the sweetness that the soul finds in it. Poor fallen man, to be admitted into heaven while he is on earth, and there to come and speak his mind freely to the Lord of heaven and earth as his friend, as his father!—to empty all his complaints into his bosom, to refresh his soul in his God, wearied with the follies and miseries of the world. Where there is anything of His love, this is a privilege of the highest sweetness, for they that love, find much delight to discourse together, and count all hours short, and think the day runs too fast, that is so spent. And they that are much in this exercise, the Lord does impart his secrets much to them.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.—The will of the late Hon. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, has been published. The first clause of it is as follows:—"First—I leave to my friends and relatives, as well as to all others who may think my opinion of any value, this testimonial, that the religion taught in the New Testament is the best that has been offered for our adoption, both for this world and for that which is to come, and that Jesus Christ was the true Messiah, and will remain forever the Redeemer and Saviour of fallen man. Let my humble testimony stand in favor of the Christian religion—I am deeply, thoroughly convinced of its truth."

THE SAINTED DEAD.—These are our treasures, changeless and shining treasures. Let us look hopefully. Not lost, but gone before. Lost only like stars of the morning, that have faded into the light of a brighter heaven. Lost to earth, but not to us.

LIFE consists not in mere existence, but in the well-spending of our time.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

To Competitors for our April Premiums.

The special attention of agents and others is directed to the fact that the period of competition *for our Large* "Excelsior," *and very liberal* State *and* Provincial Premiums, *expires with the present month — March. As heretofore stated, the subscribers in sections where we have the largest circulation, are generally divided this year among several persons, so that there are fewer large lists (sent in by individuals,) than formerly, thus placing competitors in other localities (where the* RURAL *has less subscribers) upon an equality, and giving them better chances of success. The* State *and* Provincial *Premiums, though extremely liberal, have excited less competition than we anticipated, and there is* yet time to start new clubs and secure the best prizes *in most of the States named—for they will be paid,* however small the lists obtained by competitors. "*A word to the wise,*" *&c.*

☞ *Read Premium List on next page, and then see if it will not pay you, as well as community, to aid in extending the circulation of the* RURAL.

☞ BACK NUMBERS of this volume can still be supplied to new Subscribers, so that subscriptions can commence with the year or any number desired. Extra numbers, show-bills, &c., cheerfully and promptly forwarded, post-paid, to all disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL. For Premium List, &c., see next page.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, without certificate, and each and all who volunteer in the good cause will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed from one Post Office to another, should be particular in specifying the offices at which they are now received.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL, be sure and specify name of *Post-Office, County,* and *State, Territory* or *Province.*

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Flower Seeds by Mail—B. K. Bliss & Haven.
Books for the Season—C. M. Saxton & Co.
The True Chinese Sugar Cane—I. W. Briggs.
Choice Garden Seeds—E. D. Hallock.
Wait for the Wagon—Charles Dameral.
A Partner Wanted—Jervis D. Adams
Agricultural Books—C. M. Saxton & Co.
Genesee Ag'l Works—C. R. Brinkerhoff.
For Sale in Canandaigua—E. G. Marshall.
Pure Poland Oats—I. W. Briggs.
Cranberry Plants—D. L. Halsey.
2,500 More Men Wanted—Henry Howe.
The New Rochelle Blackberry—S. P. Carpenter.
Valuable Seeds by Mail—R. B. Elder.
Chinese Sugar Cane—C. M. Saxton & Co.
For Sale—W. M. White.
Read Graham's Illustrated Magazine.
Chinese Sugar Cane Seed—J. H. Stanley.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, MARCH 28, 1857.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS AND ADVERTISERS who wish articles or announcements to appear promptly, are advised that our edition is now so large that we are obliged to put the *outside form* of the RURAL to press some eight days in advance of date, and the last form on Tuesday morning. To *secure* insertion, advertisements, &c., should reach us the week preceding publication, though notices received on Monday are inserted in case our space is not occupied.

To Agents and Subscribers.

QUARTER-DAY—"TIME UP"—RENEWALS, &C.

THIS number closes the first quarter of Volume Eight, wherewith expire the subscriptions of many annual and semi-annual subscribers—and also the subscriptions of over five hundred persons who have taken the RURAL for the present quarter on trial. Every regular subscriber whose term expires this week will find "Time up," printed on the marg'n of his or her paper. As we remarked last week, all interested will therefore please consider themselves reminded of our invariable rule to discontinue the paper promptly on the expiration of the time paid for,—and that the only requisite to secure the uninterrupted visits of the RURAL to their respective addresses, and (we trust) happy family circles, is a substantial invitation. This invitation can easily be extended by individual subscribers, or done by proxy—the Post-Master or local agent kindly acting in behalf of both subscriber and publisher in the transaction. If the hundreds of subscribers to whom this notice is addressed will do their neighbors and the writer the favor to solicit subscriptions to be added to their own, a large accession may be made to our list on the commencement of the new quarter in April. Will not our friends think of this, and see what may be done in the manner suggested?

The second or Spring Quarter, commencing next week, will be a favorable time not only to renew expiring subscriptions, but to form new clubs, make additions to present ones, or for single subscribers to commence. We therefore trust that Agents and other cordial and influential friends of the RURAL, will have the kindness to continue their efforts in behalf of its circulation in their respective localities. April is usually a better month than March for obtaining subscribers, and if those herein addressed will give a little attention to the canvass, our list may yet be materially augmented in all sections, and the community correspondingly benefited. Clubs for nine months (April to January) may be made up at the same proportional rate as for a full year, and premiums, &c., will be allowed. See Publisher's Notices at head of this column, and Premium List on next and last pages.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD is a great "institution" in power and efficiency—and possesses withal a large and fertile strip of terra firma. A St. Louis paper, speaking of the Company's land sales, says that for the first two months of this year they were far in excess of what they were for the corresponding period of last year. "In January, 1856, the sales amounted to $174,000; in January, 1857, they reached $350,000. In February 1856, the sales amounted to $75,000; in February, 1857, the aggregate reaches $262,000. We learn that the sales are made principally to parties from the Eastern and Middle States. New York furnishes a larger number than any other State, and not a few purchasers are from Kentucky."

— By the way, we see it announced that D. C. McCALLUM, Esq., formerly of this city, and late Sup't of the N. Y. & Erie Railroad, has been offered the Superintendency of the Illinois Central, and signified his acceptance of the position.

Agricultural Books for School Libraries.

The Committee on Agriculture in the Assembly of this State have unanimously reported a Bill entitled "*An Act to Supply a Library of Agricultural Books to each School District in the State of New York.*" This Bill provides, first, that "the Governor of the State, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the Secretary of the State Agricultural Society, are hereby appointed Commissioners and are authorized, empowered and directed on behalf of the State to contract with Messrs. C. M. SAXTON & Co., Publishers of Agricultural Works in the city of New York, to provide and furnish to each School District in this State a Library of Agricultural Books, to consist of the following works:

1. Watson's Farm Husbandry.
2. Fitch's Entomology for Farmers.
3. Johnson's American Diary.
4. Allen's American Farm Book.
5. Youatt & Martin on Cattle.
6. Youatt & Martin on the Hog.
7. Youatt on Sheep
8. Dadd's American Cattle Doctor.
9. Stewart's Stable Book.
10. Allen's Diseases of Domestic Animals.
11. Browne's American Poultry-Yard.
12. Thompson on the Food of Animals.
13. Browne's Field Book of Manures.
14 and 15. Stephens' Book of the Farm (in two vols.)
16. Thaer's Principles of Agriculture.
17. Boussingault's Rural Economy.
18. Johnston's Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry.
19. Waring's Elements of Agriculture.
20. Nash's Progressive Farmer.
21. Buist's Kitchen Garden.
22. Buist's Flower Garden Directory.
23. Barry's Fruit Garden.
24. Brown's Implements of Agriculture.
25. Mann's Land Drainer.
26. Allen's Rural Architecture.
27—30. Saxton's Rural Hand Books (in four volumes.)

"Provided, nevertheless, that the whole cost of each library of the above named books shall not exceed twenty-five dollars for each school district, exclusive of the cost of distribution, as hereinafter provided. The commissioners appointed by this act, or a majority of them, may, in their discretion, cause to be substituted for any of the works aforesaid, a work on the same subject, provided the same shall be at least of equal merit, and contain at least an equal number of pages with the work displaced, and shall not entail upon the State, or the above named contractors, any extra expense, or cause the State to incur any liabilities for damages on account of such substitution."

The remaining sections of the Bill provide for the fulfilment of the contract, specifying manner, time, &c.,—providing, among other things, "that the books shall be delivered to the Sup't of Public Instruction within two years from the passage of the act, and at least one-half within one year from the date of the contract"—that "the Comptroller shall pay for those delivered, pro rata to the whole amount, either by cash or bonds"—appropriates $30,000 annually for two years from the income ($55,000) of the U. S. Deposit Fund, and set apart for District Library purposes, to the payment of the contractors; and provides "that the Comptroller shall issue bonds at six per cent. for the balance, payable from the same fund, in equal amounts, in one, two, three, four and five years from their date."

Now it is unnecessary to say that we have long favored and urged the importance of placing Agricultural Books, and particularly Elementary and Practical Works in the School District Libraries of the State. Yet, we confess that we are unprepared to advocate the measure proposed, believing that it would be eminently unwise and unjust to force upon the people of the various districts of the State the works named, compelling them to pay a high price for books, some of which at least are of questionable utility, while others are of so little value and interest to the masses that they would rarely be perused. Indeed, we happen to know that several of the works enumerated, which have been placed in school libraries in this section, are allowed to remain almost untouched on their shelves, as it is found that the young, especially, will not read them. This is particularly true in regard to such works as Stephens' Book of the Farm, Johnston's Lectures on Ag'l Chemistry, Boussingault's Rural Economy, (all valuable books for reference, but not adapted to the young,) and other reprints of foreign works.

We have neither time nor space to discuss this subject at present, but shall recur to it at some length in a future number. Meantime, it may be proper to remark that we should cordially favor an unobjectionable plan, if such can, as we believe, be devised, for placing suitable Agricultural Works in school district libraries. Books for such purpose, however, must necessarily be of an elementary character, and rendered attractive, in order to prove extensively useful to those whose benefit is sought to be promoted. When the enterprising and popular publishers named in the Bill, or any other publishing house, shall propose to furnish an Agricultural Library consisting mainly of books embracing the elements and characteristics needed —works which embody, in a condensed and simple form, the elements of Agriculture and kindred branches, and which are moreover imbued with the progressive spirit of the age — we shall be found among the earnest advocates of a liberal appropriation for placing the same on the shelves of our district school libraries.

ANOTHER SEPTUAGENARIAN GONE.— The New York papers announce the death of Hon. LEVI BEARDSLEY, of Oswego, which occurred in the former city, after a brief illness, on Thursday morning of last week. Though of late years withdrawn from public life, Mr. BEARDSLEY was formerly and for a long period a prominent man, and occupied positions of trust and eminence. In the days of "the regency" he was an influential and distinguished politician, and a statesman of no ordinary ability. As a man, Mr. B. possessed those qualities of head and heart which rendered him respected and beloved in private life, and his decease will be widely and sincerely mourned. He was a brother of the Hon. SAMUEL BEARDSLEY, now a distinguished lawyer of New York, but formerly Attorney General, Member of Congress, etc. Deceased was 70 years of age.

TEMPERATURE OF BOSTON.—The Boston Traveller gives a table of the mean temperature of each month in Boston for the last thirty years, and also the quantity of rain. The mean temperature of 1856 was 47.63; for the last thirty years, 42.44:— The fall of rain in 1856, was 52.16 inches; the average per year for thirty years, 42.44. The greatest fall of rain was in 1850, 53.98 inches; the least, in 1846, 29.95—a difference of two feet. The mean temperature of 1828 was 51.79, the warmest for the period; that of 1836, the coldest, was 45.86. The range of the thermometer during that period was 112 degrees. Last year, the extremes at Cambridge were from 97½ to 8½ below zero—range 106.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—Mr. Bradford reported a complete bill to allow the industrial schools to participate in the distribution of the school moneys.

A bill was reported providing a penalty for selling any article of produce or merchandize in casks or packages, stamped with a false tare or short of weight.

The bill to regulate fare on railroads was passed.

ASSEMBLY.—The annual report of the Deaf and Dumb Institution was presented. Receipts during the year, $54,991; disbursements, $56,857; due Treasurer, $1,866.

Number of pupils during the year, 346, being the largest number of deaf pupils ever assembled in one school, not excepting the London Asylum, hitherto the largest in the world.

Bills passed to appropriate money for the cure of insane convicts — for the better recovery of wages of domestics — to provide for the enlargement of Cayuga and Seneca canal.

The bill authorizing the purchase of Saxton & Co.'s agricultural works, to the amount of $300,000, (about $25 for each school library in the State,) for District School Libraries, was debated in Committee of the Whole, and supported by Messrs. Prendergast, B. Owen and J. J. Owen, and opposed by Messrs. Varnum, Lewis and Hogeboom.

A bill was introduced to provide for the fencing of railroad tracks, and imposing a penalty for the killing of cattle.

A bill was introduced to incorporate the *American Emigrant Aid Homestead Company.* The bill incorporates Erastus Corning, James S. Wadsworth and others, with a capital of $2,000,000, and authorizes them to purchase lands to colonize in any State or Territory of the Union.

The Genesee Valley Canal extension bill was reported to the Assembly, unanimously, on the 23d inst., and made the special order for Monday, the 30th.

Kansas.—Gov. Geary's Resignation.

GOV. GEARY has resigned the Governorship of Kansas, and left the Territory for Washington. Before leaving he issued a farewell address to the People of Kansas, which has been published. It is a sketch of his administration, setting forth the previous and present condition of the Territory, and recounting the difficulties and embarrassments that have been thrown in his way. He says the great body of the people are conservative and law-abiding, and they are willing to make sacrifices for peace. The troubles in the territory, he continues, have been occasioned by ambitious schemers with no special interest in the territory's welfare, who never desired peace, and who will not allow it to continue if they can prevent it.

The St. Louis Democrat of the 17th inst., publishes a statement relative to the affairs of Kansas, given by Gov. Geary. From it it appears that the cause of Gov. Geary's resignation was the failure of President Pierce to fulfill the pledges made at the time of his (Geary's) appointment. These pledges were to support him with an army of militia at the expense of the public treasury, if necessary; but instead of receiving this aid, he has paid $12,000 out of his own pocket.

The administration have refused military support, under the most urgent circumstances, while he was thwarted by the judiciary of the Territory in every possible manner. The Governor states that fifty men were under oath from the day he entered the country till he left it, to assassinate him provided his official conduct did not meet their approbation.

He regrets the step he has been obliged to take, but feels confident that had the promised assistance been rendered, he could have administered the affairs of the territory in a manner more acceptable to honest settlers of both sides. In relation to outrages committed by pro-slavery men, he says one-half has not yet been told. He pronounces the murder of Hoffman by Hayes, the most cold-blooded and atrocious affair ever witnessed. His version of the Sherrard affair, is similar to those already reported. He says, however, that the account published in the Republican over the signature of Jones, is a tissue of falsehood. The Governor complains bitterly of the obstruction and mutilation of correspondence. He says the mail bags are constantly opened and all objectionable to or from him extracted. The Governor thinks the establishment of a slavery constitution inevitable.

The Governorship of Kansas.

THE Washington correspondence of the N. Y. Times, of 22d inst., says:—"A new Governor of Kansas, as successor to Geary, will, beyond all doubt, be appointed next week. When the resignation was received, and up to last Tuesday, it was the full determination of Mr. Buchanan to urge his retention of the responsible post he has filled so ably, and, if necessary, to grant him *carte blanche* for the future, in addition to recognizing and endorsing his past action. Since, however, the St. Louis letter has been digested, and it has become apparent that Mr. Geary's desire to be relieved is peremptory. A new line of policy has become indispensable. Governor Geary is to see the President and Secretary of State to-morrow."

The Tribune correspondence, of same date, says:—"Gov. Geary is not unwilling to resume the government of Kansas, if the administration will sustain him therein. But he can do no good there unless Lecompte and all other federal office holders who are in league with the Border Ruffians and savages be promptly removed, and the military commandant instructed to sustain him in putting down all disturbances and spoilers. There is no rational ground for hope that these conditions will be complied with. Clark, Calhoun and Whitfield are here, pressing the President to accept Geary's resignation and appoint a Southern successor. I think no appointment will be announced at present, leaving the government in the hands of Secretary Woodson. Gen. Orville Clark, of New York, is strongly recommended for the post, and his political relations render his selection acceptable to the Southerners. Mr. Harrison, of Ky., is also suggested, but not urged by any important influence."

ARRIVAL OF THE BLACK WARRIOR.—The steamer Black Warrior, which left Havana on the 17th, arrived in New York on the 22d, but brought no news of importance.

Items of News.

JOHN WENTWORTH, lately elected Mayor of Chicago, has donated one-third of the yearly salary of the office to the Firemen's Benevolent Association. The amount is $1,166 66. He also paid $400 for the wife of Seiffert, who was killed in the riot on election day.

THE American Consul at Trieste arrived from Europe a few days ago with a richly enamelled gold chronometer watch, made by order of some Italian Republicans, for a present to Mr. Buchanan. It is inclosed in a gold hunting case, exquisitely enamelled.

A VALUABLE discovery of beautiful granite, supposed to be inexhaustible in quantity, has been made on the banks of the Potomac river, near Occoquan, Va. It is of a gray color, containing quartz to an excess, and bears a pressure of 16,800.

A BUTCHER of Jamestown, Chautauque county, found in the stomach of a beef which he killed, a flat stone 2½ by 1¾ inches in size, and a jack knife of medium proportions, with complete handle and full blade.

DURING the year 1856, five hundred and two buildings were erected in Dubuque. Of these 292 were frame, 178 brick, and 32 stone edifices. The total expenditures for the same was $1,167,145. This is the way western cities progress.

JOHN HAMES, a man 134 years old, is now living in Murray Co., Georgia. He migrated to South Carolina from his home in Virginia over a hundred years ago; was with Gates at Camden, and with Morgan at the Cowpens.

EIGHT of the sixteen officers and men who accompanied Dr. Kane on his last Arctic Expedition, attended his funeral in Philadelphia last week. They had previously met for the purpose of taking such action as might be deemed appropriate in view of the regretted death of their late commander, Dr. E. K. Kane.

GEN. WOOL, who has for two or three years been serving the Government on the Pacific coast, arrived at his home in Troy, N. Y., Monday evening week. He met with a cordial reception from his fellow citizens, who assembled in large numbers at his residence.

THERE are, within a radius of ten miles about the old State House, Boston, 52 Orthodox, 42 Baptist, 27 Episcopal, and 33 Methodist churches. This is an increase of 38 within ten years. The total number of members of these churches is, Orthodox, 10,701; Baptist, 7,914; Episcopal, 3,288; Methodist, 5,616; total, 26,819 — an increase of 5,044 in ten years.

REV. CALVIN COLTON, well known as the writer of the "Junius Tracts"—a series of political papers of great popularity in the campaign of 1840, and also editor of the "Speeches and Correspondence of Henry Clay," died a few days since at Savannah, Ga., whither he had gone in pursuit of health.

A BILL has passed the Senate providing that "in all sales of potatoes, sixty pounds shall be considered one bushel, and in like proportion for a smaller quantity; and one hundred and fifty pounds one barrel. And in all transactions or contracts for the sale of potatoes hereafter made, the delivery thereof shall be by weight, as aforesaid, unless a special contract be made otherwise."

LEGAL TENDER. — The law regulating the payment of debts with coin, provides the following coin to be the legal tender, and we hope our readers will bear it in mind:

1—All gold coins at their respective values, for debts of any amount.

2 — The half dollar, quarter dollar, dime and half-dime, at their respective values for debts of amounts under five dollars.

3—Three cent pieces for debts of amount under thirty cents;—and

4—By the law just passed, we may add one cent pieces for debts of amount under ten cents.

By the law of Congress, passed some four or five years ago, gold was made the legal tender for large amounts. Those who, to get rid of large quantities of cents and small coin, sometimes pay bills with it, to the annoyance of the creditor, will perceive that there is a stoppage put to that antic by law.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

PROTECTION TO EMIGRANTS TO OREGON, &c. — Troops are to cross the Plains this spring for the protection of the overland emigrants bound for California and Oregon. Orders have been issued for the 4th infantry, now stationed in Oregon, to move across the country, constructing the road, for which appropriations have been made. The companies of the 6th infantry now at Forts Kearney and Leavenworth are to follow up the Platte Valley, in the old Oregon trail, and go through the mountains at South Pass. The companies stationed in Kansas are to embark at Fort Leavenworth, and ascend the Missouri in boats to Fort Benton —there to remain until relieved by the 4th infantry, some time in the summer, when they, too, will move across over the route passed over by them on their march from Oregon.

SECRETS OF THE WAR DEPARTMEMT.—The published correspondence between Gen. Scott and the Secretary of War, discloses some remarkable facts in relation to the disbursements from the secret service fund during the Mexican war. The amount disbursed by Gen. Scott, for information furnished him by the Mexicans, was $255,291 45. Some of the items are as follows: — For money paid by Gen. Scott to a "Mexican officer of rank," for information $10,000; to Santa Anna's servant, a deserter, for information, $150; and so on through a long list of payments.

NAVIGATION OF THE HUDSON RESUMED.—The Atlas and Argus of the 18th inst., says the warm weather of the past few days, rapidly rotted the ice which has formed since the inundation, and since Sunday it has been gradually breaking up and moving down the river. Yesterday the Isaac Newton was being freighted, and it was thought she would be able to leave sometime to-day. It was also anticipated that a boat from New York would reach Albany that evening.

LARGE PLATES OF IRON. — Some plates for the Great Eastern recently rolled at the Parkgate Iron Works, England, exceed, particularly in length, anything in their line. One recently described was 27 feet 3 inches long, 3 feet 3 inches wide, and 1 1-4 inches thick. The weight was over 2 tuns.

News Clippings.

— Hon. W. J. Brown, of Indiana, is dead.

— Hon. Levi Beardsley died on Thursday week, aged 70.

— The Bank of Newcastle, Pa., has suspended payment.

— The New Jersey Legislature adjourned last Saturday.

— Flour is selling in Melbourne, Australia, for £22 per ton.

— There are nearly six millions of acres of unsold land in Michigan.

— A woman in Canada has been confined for debt over seven years.

— The lumber trade of Dubuque, Iowa, amounted in 1856 to $20,000,000.

— Clinton, an Iowa town, some 18 months old, has adopted a city charter.

— There is a grove of trees in California averaging from 325 to 375 feet in height.

— Secretary Marcy, it is said, will sail for Europe during the coming summer or fall.

— A contract has been entered into for building a Marine Hospital at Galena, Ill.

— The St. Louis Leader says that Lola Montez is lying dangerously ill in that city.

— Gov. Gardner has appointed Thursday, April 16th, as Fast Day in Massachusetts.

— Ex-Gov. Bigler, of California, is appointed Minister to Chili, *vice* Mr. Starkweather.

— The President and his neice, Miss Lane, gave their first reception on the 17th inst.

— The Delaware and Raritan canal was opened on Saturday week throughout its entire length.

— The number of persons connected with the working of railways in France is at present 32,000.

— The appointment of U. S. Marshal in Kansas has been given to Col. E. S. Dennis, of Clinton Co., Ill.

— Henry S. Magraw, Esq., has been re-elected State Treasurer of Pennsylvania by the Legislature.

— John I. Godfrey, a prominent citizen and for many years a merchant of Albany, died last week.

— A Bible distributor in Kentucky reports that of 30,000 families he visited, one-fourth had no Bible.

— About forty persons from Kansas, including ten Indians, were recently presented to the President.

— The journeymen carpenters of New York have determined to demand $2 per day during the summer.

— It is said there are about fifty applicants at Washington for every office at the disposal of the President.

— One hundred thousand persons, it is estimated, were in Washington City on the day of the inauguration.

— Col. Fremont is busily engaged in New York preparing the reports of his last three expeditions for publication.

— Calvin Randall, of Surrey, N. H., made over 300 lbs. of maple sugar from sap gathered in two days in February.

— Sir J. F. Crampton, late British Minister to the United States, has been appointed British Minister to the King of Hanover.

— The Legislature of Wisconsin and Illinois have both passed the charter for a railroad to run from La Crosse to Galena.

— There are 26 orphan asylums in the State of New York, in which nearly 9,000 little one are fed, clothed and educated.

— The Massachusetts Legislature of 1855 paid out of the public treasury $200 for tobacco, cigars, snuff and camomile flowers.

— Senator Hale, of N. H., and his daughters, are quite sick at Dover. They boarded at the National Hotel when in Washington.

— Gen. Scott's pay, hereafter, will amount to $15,000 a year. He gets also $32,400 arrearages which Secretary Davis refused to grant.

— Congress has appropriated $34,185 for the support of life-saving stations on the coasts of Long Island, New Jersey and Massachusetts.

— David Bruce, the well known printer, stereotyper and type founder of New York, died in that city on Sunday week, in his 80th year.

— Mr. Peter Bayne, author of "Christian Life," has been appointed editor of the Edinburgh Witness, to succeed the lamented Hugh Miller.

— Gas costs but 88 cents per thousand cubic feet in London and Liverpool; and in the United States the average price is $2 50 per thousand.

— The demand for the seed of the China Sugar Cane has increased of late so rapidly that the price has advanced full three hundred per cent.

— The Grand Rapids and Indiana R. R., between Grand Rapids and Newaygo, is to be surveyed immediately, and the work put under contract.

— The Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburgh is preparing the publication of a geographical dictionary of the dominions of the Czar.

— The Boston Medical World states that there are not far from twenty female physicians in that city, several of whom are in excellent business.

— The five California steamships, during 1857, have brought nearly $2,000,000 less than was brought in the same number of arrivals last year.

— Com. Vanderbilt advertises that he will convey passengers to Europe in his steamer Ariel for the low sum of $80 first cabin, and $50 second cabin.

— The corner stone of the Clay Monument, to be erected at Lexington, Ky., will be laid July 4. The Rev. Robert J. Breckenridge will deliver the oration.

— It is calculated that the clergy cost the United States $12,000,000 annually; the criminals $40,000,000; the lawyers $70,000,000, and rum $200,000,000.

— On the train from Columbus to Xenia, Ohio, on Thursday night week, a lady was overtaken by her destiny, and added one to Uncle Sam's census.

— The Buffalo Courier says the first robin of the season made his appearance in that city on the 17th March. The first we saw in Rochester was on the 22d.

— The original Wampum-belt presented by the Indian Chiefs to Wm. Penn, has been presented to the Pa. Horticultural Society by Mr. Granville J. Penn.

— Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, whose sermons have created so much excitement in England, is failing, in consequence of his great exertions. His voice has given way.

— Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet is "solid" in one respect—all men of fortune. Cass is worth two millions; Cobb and Floyd half a million each, Thompson a million.

— The St. Paul Times says that a treaty of amity has been concluded between the Chippeways and Sioux. These tribes have been enemies from time immemorial.

— Washington Irving, with his accustomed liberality to his family connections, has made over the copyright of the "Life of Washington" to one of his nephews.

— An idea of the amount of letter writing in the United States may be inferred from the number of postage stamps sold, which, during the last year, was 150,000,000.

— The Rochester University buildings were illuminated on Friday evening last, in honor of the grant of $25,000 recently made to the institution by the Legislature.

— The Lewisburg (Va.) Era says that along Greenbrier river, from the commencement of the Alderson bottoms, all the land owners are selling out and moving West.

— One house in Louisville, Ky., has cleared no less than $300,000 during the last season in the pork trade—another $200,000—another $150,000, and several $100,000 each.

— Rev. Dr. Kendall, pastor of the First Church and Society at Plymouth, the original church of the Puritans, recently preached his 57th anniversary sermon, at the age of 90.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Alps.

THE Cunard screw steamship Alps, from Liverpool at 5 P. M., on the 4th inst., arrived in Boston, March 20th, en route for New York, this A. M.—Her advices are four days later than those received by the America. She brings no mails.

The Africa arrived out at Liverpool on the 2d inst. The steamer City of Baltimore on the 3d.

Sir J. F. Crampton, late minister to the U. S., has been appointed Minister to Hanover.

The Paris Journal learns by advices from China, dated Dec. 18th, that the Court at Pekin has prohibited all subjects of the Celestial Empire from trading with the English, on penalty of death.

The Paris correspondent of the Morning Post writes that the basis of a treaty between Persia and England, are not yet signed. Hostilities are suspended but there is no regular armstice.

Despatches from Sir John Balling and Admiral Seymour give accounts of the attempt made to retake Teatotum Fort, and of the attack on the British shipping by a vast number of Chinese junks. The attack was well directed, and made at low water, when the large man-of-war could not safely manoeuvre, but it was brilliantly repelled.

Five hundred men were expected at Singapore. The details of the massacre of the Europeans on board the Thistle are also communicated in these despatches.

On Jan. 12th, the whole of the western suburbs of Canton were burnt by British forces. A large fire had also taken place inside the city.

The Mandarins had issued in various districts the most blood thirsty edicts against the English, and have offered large rewards to those who may succeed in assassination or incendiarism in Hong Kong.

The Chinese have been ordered to quit the service of all foreigners and return to their homes, and so powerful is the Mandarin system, that disobedience entails great danger, if not destruction, upon the relatives of the disobedient.

The Spanish Ministry has addressed a note to the representatives of Spain at the European Courts, explaining the quarrel with Mexico.

The expedition to concentrate at Havana will consist of 30 vessels of war, and will have a numerous army on board.

The Spanish Government deplores the necessity of resorting to rash measures towards a nation united to Spain in blood, language and religion, but hopes that the world will understand the obligation it is under to avenge the national dignity.

THE WAR IN CHINA.—On the 30th ult. the postal steamer Thistle, while on her way from Canton, was cut off by a party of Chinese, who had been received on board as passengers for Hong Kong, but proved to be emissaries of the Chinese government, hired to perform the tragedy in which they succeeded. All on board were murdered with the exception of some Chinese passengers, and the vessel was then run ashore and burnt. There were two foreign passengers on board at the time, viz., a Spanish gentleman, Senor Dias, formerly Peruvian Consul General, and an invalid of the 59th Regiment.

Mr. Abrahams, the Engineer of the Thistle, an American, was killed. The Chinese decapitated those they killed, and carried the heads to the authorities at Canton, with a view, doubtless, to obtain a reward for the bloody trophies.

Since this dreadful occurrence another river steamer has been attacked and narrowly escaped capture at the hands of a Mandarin fleet, and communication with Canton is now almost entirely suspended.

LIVERPOOL MARKET, March 9.—Cotton—Sales taken for speculation and export. Market very steady in prices but business very limited.

Messrs. J. McHenry & Co's Circular, March 9, says:—At this day's market there was a fair attendance, but without any important transactions. Flour has a steady tendency downward3—31s 6d for favorite brands Ohio round hoop has been accepted 2s less for Western Canal. Indian corn easier. Wheat—White Canadian, 9s@9s 6d; Red Western 8@8s 6d. Flour—Western Canal, 30@30s; Ohio 31@32s. Indian Corn—yellow 33s 6d@34s; mixed 33s 3d@3d; white 35s@36s.

PROVISIONS.—American advices have given firmness to the sales of bacon, but buyers are shy, and with little doing. In other articles there is nothing new.

Considerable business has been done in lard at 71s 6d, and to day at 72s. Tallow is irregular and dull.

THE N. Y. Tribune of Saturday, sums up the English and Chinese difficulty, as per latest advices, in this wise:

The news by the Alps from China does not seem to add anything very material to the accounts by the Hermann and Kangaroo a week ago. The state of affairs is by no means favorable to the attempt of Sir John Bowring and Admiral Seymour, to bombard the Chinese into more friendly relations, and greater freedom of intercourse than have hitherto prevailed. After burning the west suburb of Canton, and repelling a naval attack in which the Imperialist and rebel fleets appear to have joined forces, the English have found it expedient to abandon Canton and to concentrate at posts lower down the river. Very blood thirsty edicts have been issued against the English, including, it is said, one from the Imperial Court itself, prohibiting all trade with the English, and punishing disobedience with death. The Chinese themselves are said to enter fully into the spirit of these edicts. All the Chinese servants at Hong Kong, have left or are leaving; and even at Singapore, where the Chinese population is large, a very high degree of excitement had been exhibited toward Europeans on the part of the Chinese residents.

Whatever may have been the small success of the Chinese in the Canton River, as against the superior military and naval tactics of the British, they have proved more successful in the British House of Commons, where they have achieved a decided victory; Mr. Cobden's resolution declaring the insufficiency of the grounds upon which the present quarrel was got up with the Chinese having prevailed by a vote of 263 to 247. That resolution provides for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the state of commercial relations with China.

LATER FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

ARRIVAL OF THE TENNESSEE.

THE steamship Tennessee from San Juan via Aspinwall, March 10th, with 250 passengers, arrived at New York on Friday last. She connected with the Sierra Nevada. The latter boat passed the Orizaba, Feb. 23d, 700 miles below San Francisco, all well. The Tennessee left San Juan on the 6th. The Saratoga was lying there, also five English war ships.

Gen. Walker's position was unchanged. He still holds Rivas. The allies remain at St. George. Gen. Walker had attacked the latter place twice without effect. A party of rangers, under Col. Caycerr, had been attacked by the Costa Ricans, and driven into San Juan. Col. C. left again on the 7th, with a party of recruits from San Francisco.

The failure of Col. Lockridge's attempt on Castillo, was owing to the cowardice of Col. Titus, who left the attacking party. Titus subsequently left Lockridge and went over to Rivas. Lockridge's main force is on Carlos Island, a short distance below Castillo, and he had a garrison at Cerapigue.

The Aspinwall Courier says:—While Titus was besieging Castillo, he held parley with the enemy, who agreed to surrender, provided he would permit a messenger to pass his lines to inform Gen. Mora. He agreed to this, but next day was attacked by a large force under Mora, and driven back with great loss. Titus with officers went down the river in the steamer Rescue to Greytown, where the boat was seized by an English officer who offered protection to any one who wished to leave Walker's service. Titus used insulting language to the officer, and was seized and carried on board the English frigate Cossack, but was subsequently released. The allies made two attacks on Rivas, March 4, but were repulsed.

The British steamer Clyde, arrived at Aspinwall on the 9th, from Greytown, with 30 deserters from Walker.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Saratoga, was still at Greytown, and St. Mary at San Juan del Sur.

The sloop-of-war Decater arrived at Panama on the 9th, with dates from Valparaiso of Feb. 15, and Catao, Feb. 26.

Several vessels were loading with guano at Chincas, under contract with Bibanco.

The Bibanco party on shore was making little progress, having been defeated in a counter revolution at Pura.

The frigate Soa was at Paita, out of provisions, and the seamen at Bibanco were planning an attack on Truxillo.

The Tennessee passengers came over the Isthmus at Panama in 2½ hours.

Late and Direct from Kansas.

WE had a visit to-day from H. Miles Moore, Esq., Secretary of the Kansas Central Committee, who left that Territory since Gov. Geary started for Washington. We learn from him that the Convention of Free State men, held at Topeka, on the 10th and 11th inst., to take into consideration what course shall be pursued in regard to the Constitutional Election, provided for by the Bogus Legislature, was numerously attended. After mature deliberation, and a full and careful discussion of the question in all its relations and interest, the Convention unanimously resolved that no Free State men in the Territory will take any part in the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention. Mr. Moore says that if Kansas comes in as a slave State, the people will soon revolutionize it. He says there are not a hundred slaves in Kansas, and at least three-fourths of the voters are Free State men. Emigration to the Territory is very large this spring.—*Roch. American, 23d.*

WITHDRAWAL OF PUBLIC LANDS.—In accordance with the provision of the act approved March 3, 1857, granting lands to various railroads in the Territory of Minnesota, the Commissioner of the General Land Office has withdrawn from sale and location, until further notice, all the lands now in market west, together with a strip, about thirty miles broad, east of the Mississippi river, with the exception of several townships north of the half-bred Sioux Indian tract.—*Washington Union.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

PREMIUM LIST.—1857.

LOCAL AGENTS, Subscribers, and other earnest, active and influential friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, and the cause of "Progress and Improvement," who are disposed to lend their kind offices in its behalf—thus enhancing their individual interests while promoting the welfare of community—are respectfully invited to examine the following Programme of Premiums for the RURAL CAMPAIGN of 1857:

"EXCELSIOR" PREMIUMS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, to the person or persons procuring the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, in any one Township, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to April 1, 1857.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.
FIVE DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.

$800 IN STATE PREMIUMS!

As most of our General Premiums have heretofore been won by persons in the State of New York, thus precluding Agents and friends at a distance from successful competition, we have concluded to offer **$800** in *State* and *Provincial Prizes*, viz: **One Hundred Dollars** for the FOUR LARGEST LISTS from EACH of the States of PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, IOWA, and the Province of CANADA WEST, divided as follows:

FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER from each of the above named States and Canada West, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1857.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.
TEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.

☞ Competitors for the State and Provincial Premiums, can also compete for the large General Prizes.) Comment upon the unprecedented liberality and advantages of this list is unnecessary.

The names and number of subscribers obtained by each competitor, will be published in the RURAL (or in a circular, and mailed to all interested, as soon after the 1st of April as the result can be ascertained,) and the cash paid to the order of the successful competitor.

☞ To give Post-Masters and other Local Agents a fair, equal chance, traveling agents, post-riders and citizens of Rochester are excluded.

[For List of Specific Premiums, &c., see 7th page of either one of first eight numbers of present volume.]

☞ Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, Prospectuses, &c., furnished free to all who are disposed to compete for Premiums, or who desire to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL. Subscription money should be properly inclosed, and carefully addressed and mailed to

D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

IN Weston, Vt., Feb. 18th, by Rev. Moses Adams, Mr. A RUSSELL INGALLS, of Mt. Tabor, and Miss ELVIRA R. POWELL, of Weston.

IN Brighton, on Tuesday morning the 10th inst., at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. John Wicks, Mr SILAS B. KELLY and Miss GERTRUDE E. RILEY, all of the above place.

IN Perry on the 19th inst., by Rev. J. W. Ray, GEORGE J. TURTON, of Omaha, Nebraska Territory, and Miss HATTIE BACHELDER, of the former place.

DEATHS.

At his residence in Hyde Park, Dutchess Co., N. Y., the 27th Feb., Mr. LEVI WOOD, in the 92nd year of his age.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, March 26, 1857.

NEW YORK CITY BANK STATEMENT.—The statement of the New York City Banks, of their average condition for the week ending March 17, shows an increase of $1,351,340 in loans, and a decrease of $529,614 in specie, $33,156 in circulation, and $1,626,955 in deposits. We annex the week's average, as compared with that of the previous week:

Date.	Loans & disc.	Specie.	Circulation.	Deposits.
March 7,	111,899,649	11,767,316	8,469,097	95,858,222
Do. 14,	113,250,989	11,077,732	8,433,511	94,231,267

The total of loans is higher than at any previous date during the current year, while the specie has decreased.

The imports for the past week show an increase over the total for the corresponding week of last year, as will appear from the annexed comparison:

	1856.	1857.
Entered at the port,	$1,638,024	$1,657,500
Thrown on market,	1,802,010	1,971,372
Since Jan. 1st.		
Entered at the port,	$24,888,156	$28,642,821
Thrown on market,	23,698,519	29,198,700

LAND WARRANTS—Land Warrants have now reached the following quotations:

	Buying.	Selling.
160 acre warrants	$0 99	$1 03
120 do do	0 97	0 99
80 do do	1 00	1 02
40 do do	1 10	1 14
60 do do	0 97	0 99

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD—The land sales of the Illinois Central Railroad for the 1st week in March, were $172,000.

The earnings of the road for February were $131,842, against $121,000 in the same time last year.

A VERY DECEPTIVE COUNTERFEIT.—Within two or three days past, a new counterfeit bill, purporting to be issued by the Bank of Commerce, New London, Conn., of the denomination of one dollar, and signed, "Charles Butler, Cashier," and "A. Barnes, President," has made its appearance. It is well calculated to deceive.

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

THE state of the roads render trade with the country difficult, except by Railroad. There is very little animation in any department, and prices are merely nominal, and sales nearly all at retail.

Seeds sell moderately at our quotations and from light stocks

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, bbl	$6,00@7,25
Wheat, Gen.	$0,00@1,50
Best white Canada	$0,00@1,50
Corn	60@62½c
Oats	38@42c
Barley	120@1,25
Buckwheat	56c
Beans	$1,12@1,25
Peas	1,00@1,25
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess	$22@23,00
Do. cwt	$[illegible]
Beef, per cwt	$6,50@7,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,00
Hams, smoked	11½@12½c
Shoulders	6½@6½c
Chickens	11@12c
Turkeys	@12½c
Geese	50c
DAIRY, &c.	
Butter, roll	18@20c
Do. firkin	16@17c
Cheese	11@12½c
Lard, tried	13@14c
Tallow	10@10½c
Eggs, dozen	12@13c
Honey, box	$18
Candles, box	13½@14½c
FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Apples, bushel	$1,00@1,50
Do. dried	$1,75@2,25
Potatoes	50@62½c
HIDES AND SKINS	
Slaughter	7½@8c
Calf	12@12½c
Sheep pelts	1,50@2,00
Lamb do	00@00c
SEEDS.	
Clover bushel	$5,75@7,50
Timothy	$2,00@3,50
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Coal, Lehigh	$8@8,25
Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
Do. Char	10@12½c
Salt, bbl	$1,69@1,75
Hay, ton	$8@15
Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
White fish, bbl	$10@10,50
Codfish ℔ quintal	$4,75@5,25
Trout, bbl	$9

NEW YORK, MARCH 23,—Flour—Market for flour lower, with only a moderate demand for export and home use. Sales at $5,75@5,50 for corn to choice and super State; $6@6,25 for extra do; $5,75@6,10 for super Western; $5,75@6,00 for extra do, including round-hoop Ohio at $6,15@6,10; closing dull and drooping. Canadian flour lower; sales at $6@6,20 for super, and $6,10@7,50 for fancy and extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market heavy and prices tend strongly downward. Sales good white Southern at 167c. and 155c strictly prime red, white Canadian at 170c. Rye in good supply and dull at 85@90c for Northern. Barley is scarce and nominal at 110@125c. Barley malt firmly held at 170c. Corn market dull and lower. Old mixed Western in store is held at 70c, with a few buyers at 67@68c; sales new Southern yellow at 67@70c, closing heavy at 68c for strictly prime shipping lots. Oats are scarce and in demand at 52@55c for State and Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market is buoyant with a fair demand.—Sales, $21 for mess; $19 for prime. Dressed hogs in fair request at 9½@10c. Lard market buoyant; sales at 11½@11½c. Butter firm at 18@22c for Ohio, and 20@26c for State. Cheese wanted; sales at 13@14c.

BUFFALO, MARCH 24.—Flour—Ohio Extra $6,75@7,50; Do. superfine $5@6,50; Michigan extra $5,50@7,00; Do. superfine $5,75@6,25.

GRAIN—Ohio white wheat $1,41; Do. red $1,25; Mich. white $1,41; Indiana white $1,40; Illinois winter $1,25; Do. spring $1,18. Rye 84c. Corn, yellow or mixed, 64c. Barley $1,20. Oats 40@42c.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork, No. 1, $24; No 2 $22; Prime Do $19. Hams in pickle $24 per bbl; Do. Smoked, 12@12½c ℔ lb. Shoulders 9½@10, Mackenaw Trout $4½c; White fish $4½c. Mess beef $12,50@13,00; Prime $8@10. Dried beef 11c. Lard in bbls 17¾c; Kegs 14. Butter, roll, 18@20—Firkin 16@18. Hamburgh cheese 11@12½c. Eggs 14c.

SEEDS—The demand for Clover seed has been very good, owing to a shipping and New York demand, which has raised the price about half a dollar. Clover at $5,00; Timothy $3,50@3,75. Flax $1,75. White beans $1,75.

SUNDRIES—Dried Apples $2,50. Tallow, beef, 12@12½; Mutton 10@11c. Hides 7½@8c. Sheep Pelts $1@1,50. Wool 36@48. Hops 10@11c.

ALBANY, MARCH 23—In flour there is a moderate business doing at steady prices. On 'Change, nothing transpired in Grain, and only a small quantity of Wheat was offered.

ALBANY, MARCH 23.—Beef Cattle—At market 746. Prices, live weight, extra, $5,75; first quality, $5,25; second and third, $4,00@4,75. A few extras have been sold for $5.

COWS AND CALVES—46 in market. Prices range from $35 $40@50. Extras $60.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1500 in market. Prices range at from $3,50, $4,50@6. Extras $18.

SWINE—390 in market. Fat hogs $7,50; stores $7,31.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 18.—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality 11½@12c; ordinary 10½@11c; common 9½@10c; poorest 8½@9c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality $55@70; ordinary $50@55; common $40@45; inferior $28@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra quality 7@7½c; other qualities 6@6½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality $5,50@6,50; other qualities $3,50@5,50.

SWINE—First quality 8c; other qualities 7½@7¾c.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 18.—At market 800 Cattle, 750 Beeves and 140 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,50@8,75; first quality, $8@8,25; second quality, $7,25@7,50; third quality, $6,00@6,25; ordinary, $4,50

WORKING OXEN—$83@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 44, 50@65.

VEAL CALVES—$4,8, 3@10 each.

YEARLINGS—$30@00. Two Years Old—$35@37. Three Years Old—$40@45

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1400 at market. Prices—In lots, $4,00, 4,50, 5,00@5,75; extra and selections, $7,50, $8@10

SWINE—532 at market. Prices—Live weight, 8c ℔ lb Dressed hogs, 10½ per lb. Shoats, wholesale, 7½@8½c; retail 8½@9½c.

HIDES—8½@9½c. ℔ lb. Tallow—6@6½c.

CALF SKINS—14@16c ℔ lb. Pelts—$1,75@2,00.

BRIGHTON, MARCH 19.—At market 1250 Beeves, 100 Stores, 4 pairs Working Oxen, 50 Cows and Calves, 1,400 Sheep and Lambs, 1,950 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $9,00; first quality, $8,75; second quality, $8,00, third quality, $7,50; ordinary $4,50@4,75.

WORKING OXEN—None.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 25@45.

VEAL CALVES—$5@8 each.

YEARLINGS—$00@00 Two Years Old—$36@38. Three Years Old—$40@46.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $7, 8@10; in lots $3,75@5.

SWINE—7½@8c. At retail 8½@9c per lb. Fat hogs 8c.

HIDES—9½c ℔ lb. Calf Skins 14½c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,75@2,00 each. Tallow—6@6½c ℔ lb.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 18—Domestic Fleece and Pulled Wool continue in limited request, owing chiefly to the small stock offering, the high prices asked, and the unsatisfactory state of the Goods market; these causes combine in deterring the manufacturers from purchasing at present beyond their most urgent wants; the transactions include about 50,000@55,000 lbs. superfine and extra Fleece at 55@56c, and 15,000@20,000 lbs. superfine and extra Country Pulled at 45@52½c, as to quality. Foreign is still in meager supply, and prices are very firm; sales 60 bales Smyrna at about 30c, 6 mos. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ℔ lb	56@67
American Full-blood Merino	52@57
American ½ and ¾ Merino	45@53
American Native and ¼ do	42@48
Pulled Wool, extra Country	52@55
Pulled Wool, super	40@43
Pulled Wool, No. 1	33@34
California Fine, Washed	25@45
Do. Com. Unwashed	18@33
Peruvian, Washed	32@37
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@29
South American, Com. Washed	15@22
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	17@24
South American Unwashed	11@14
South American, Cordova, Washed	26@29
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	9@18
African, Washed	18@36
Smyrna, Unwashed	14@17
Smyrna, Washed	28@30
Mexican, Unwashed	12@16

[*N. Y. Tribune.*

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 18.—Wool is firmly held, with a reduced stock to operate in, particularly of the low and medium grades, which are scarce, and the movement has been mostly in pulled, of which we notice several sales at 42@50c. for Merino. Some 30,000 lbs fine fleece have also been sold at 6 @8c, on time, the market closing with a moderate demand from manufacturers.

BOSTON, March 18.—The transactions in fleece and pulled Wool comprise about 100,000 lbs at prices in the range of quoted rates. The stock is very light, but holders have been rather more anxious to realize. The transactions in foreign comprise 300 bales mostly to arrive, and including Mediterranean and other kinds.

Prime Saxony Fleece, washed, ℔ lb, 60@70; Full Blood Merino, 55@60; Three-quarter do., 48@53; Half do., 45@48; Common, 37@43; Superfine, 43@47; Pulled Extra, 47@55; Do. No. 1, 37@42; Do. No. 2, 22@35; Smyrna Washed, 28@32.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance.* Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar Journal in the World,—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE SEED For Sale at 25 cents per oz. by J. H. STANLEY, Le Roy, N. Y.

READ GRAHAM'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE,—The best Monthly for Ladies and Gentlemen.

FOR SALE—Two pure-bred, Short-horn bulls, of the "Duke of Exeter" family. W. M. WHITE.
Whitney's Valley, Allegany Co., N. Y. 377w3

2,500 MORE MEN WANTED AS AGENTS TO CIRculate rapid-selling, valuable Family Works, which attract by their low prices, interesting contents, and superbly colored plates. For circulars, with particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, No. 102 Nassau St., N. Y.; if West, to the same, No. 111 Main St., Cincinnati. 377w13

VALUABLE SEEDS BY MAIL.

TO ANY PERSON SENDING TO MY ADDRESS 15 CENTS, or that amount in "stamps," I will send in return, by mail, (post-paid,) one package of Japan Peas, one of Bueta Vista Beans, and one of Poland Oats. Single package 6 cents.
Address R. B. ELDER, Ayers, Indiana Co, Pa.

THE NEW ROCHELLE BLACKBERRY.

THE SUBSCRIBER, ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST successful cultivators of this fruit, offers for sale well rooted plants of good size at $5 per dozen—$16 per hundred. Nurserymen and planters supplied at low rates by the 1,000
377w2 S. P. CARPENTER, New Rochelle, N. Y.

CRANBERRY PLANTS.

D. L. HALSEY, OF VICTORY, CAYUGA CO., N. Y., WILL furnish Cranberry plants of the following kinds: Upland Bell, Upland Cherry, Favorite, Bell and Large Bugle—all warranted good bearers, at $1 per 100, $5 per 500, or $8 per 1000.

All orders inclosing cash promptly attended to. Plants forwarded by Express to all parts of the United States and Canada, and all letters inclosing a postage stamp promptly answered.

PURE POLAND OATS.

TO FARMERS.—Can you decide on the quality of Seed by reading?

I don't mean it is necessary you should eat the oats, but for 3 cents you can have a *true* sample of the oats advertised by the subscriber, or any other quantity, *by mail*, for the postage,—try me,—try all of us, and decide understandingly.
I. W. BRIGGS, West Macedon, N. Y.

FOR SALE IN CANANDAIGUA.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE THE PREMIses on which he now resides in the village of Canandaigua, N. Y., consisting of about ten acres of land, situated on the rising ground west of Main street, half a mile from the Post-office. There is, on the premises, every variety of fruit in large abundance, peaches, grapes, &c., in great perfection; 90 apple trees grafted into the choicest variety of fruit. The house is of brick, large and convenient, heated with coal furnace. Two large barns, and other necessary out-buildings, all in the most perfect order. Terms easy. Inquire on the premises. 377w2
Canandaigua, March 19 1857. P. G. MARSHALL.

GENESEE AGRICULTURAL WORKS.

C. E. BRINKERHOFF & CO., Batavia, N. Y., MANUFACTURERS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEments.—Brinkerhoff's Celebrated Plows of different sizes,—Brinkerhoff's Patent Self-holding Furrow-Gauge Plow,—a new Patent Iron Revolving Drag,—Brinkerhoff's new Patent Sub-soil Plow, arranged with Common Plow, so as to save an extra team and driver, and a new Patent Self Clearing Clover Colter.

All work done in a superior manner, and the castings of all plows ground and polished. Orders respectfully solicited, and a liberal discount made to dealers. 377w3
Batavia Genesee Co., N. Y., March 23, 1857.

WAIT FOR THE WAGON!

CHAS DAMEREL, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER in Crockery, China and Glass Ware, Lamps, Girandoles, Looking Glasses, Plated Goods, and Britannia Metal Goods of every description, Link street, Lima, N. Y.

CHAS. DAMEREL takes this opportunity of expressing his gratitude for the liberal patronage bestowed on him during a period of nearly ten years as a pedlar. C. D. designs as soon as roads will admit, to make regular trips through the counties of Monroe, Livingston, Ontario, Genesee, Orleans, Wyoming and Niagara as heretofore, with a good assortment of goods, to which he has appended some desirable Dress Goods, Bonnets, Ribbons, &c., &c., &c., and hopes by obliging manners and an honorable business course to merit a portion of public patronage. Hence, he would suggest the propriety of "Waiting for the Wagon."

To those of his customers who are indebted, he would respectfully suggest the necessity of being prepared to pay up. He works for the nimble sixpence.
Lima, N. Y., March 23, 1857. 377w3

C. M. SAXTON & CO.,

AGRICULTURAL BOOK PUBLISHERS, 140 FULTON St., New York, have just added to the number of books published exclusively by them the following valuable works:

Waring's Elements of Agriculture	75
Dadds' Anatomy and Physiology of the Horse plain plates	$2
do do colored do	4
Dadds' Modern Horse Doctor	1
Coles' American Veterinarian	50
Coles' American Fruit Book	50
Schenck's Gardener's Text Book	50
Lenchar's on Hot Houses	1 25
Breck's Book of Flowers	1 00
Bridgeman's Young Gardener's Assistant	1 50
Bridgeman's Kitchen Gardener's Instructor	50
Bridgeman's Fruit Cultivator's Manual	50
Bridgeman's Florist's Guide	50
Stansbury's Chinese Sugar Cane and Sugar Making	25
Hyde's Chinese Sugar Cane	25
The Cotton Planter's Manual	1 00

SENT FREE OF POSTAGE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

A PARTNER WANTED IN A NURSERY.

HAVING A FARM REQUIRING ALL MY TIME AND attention, I am desirous of getting some active, responsible man, having a knowledge of the business, as a partner in my nursery, to whom I would give an unusual good chance. I have a good start, and plenty of land adapted to growing trees, so the nursery can be enlarged to any extent required to meet the demand. I have probable 10,000 trees ready for market this spring, 40,000 3 and 4 years old ready for market this fall and next spring, and an equal number each, one and two year old coming forward, and intend grafting 50,000 apples this spring.

I set last fall about 5000 buds of peaches, pears and cherries on good stocks, and have all the apple, pear, peach and cherry stocks that may be wanted until others can be raised—I will dispose of one-half to the right kind of a partner for what it is worth, and wait for my pay until the stock is sold. I would like a partner to furnish a team and tools to carry on the business, and I would furnish equal value in something else. Any one wishing to engage in the nursery business, had better come and see the nursery grounds and the country. I am sure he could be suited. Address JERVIS D. ADAMS,
377w2 Climax Prairie, Kalamazoo Co., Mich.

THE TRUE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

IN PACKAGES SUFFICIENT TO PLANT FOUR RODS of ground for 25 cents each; 5 packages for $1; 11 for $2, and $10 per hundred for larger quantities. Sent either by Mail or Express free of charge to any address in the United States or Territories under 3,000 miles.

Seedsmen, Merchants and Farmers' Clubs wishing the genuine Seed of this SUGAR PLANT in a convenient form for retailing or distribution, will find it the least trouble and expense to order from the subscriber, who has an ample supply. For $2, the following list of Seeds in 25 cent packages, or a selection of five for one dollar, viz.,

Chinese Hoecake, Japan Peas, Roundless Barley,
King Philip Corn, Excelsior Sweet Corn, Pure Poland Oats
Orange Watermelon, Ice Cream Watermelon, Jewett do
Cylindrical Pumpkin, Buena Vista Beans. Eleven in all.

Also a splendid collection of Flower Seeds, consisting of 30 varieties, in separate papers, all for $1, by mail, post-paid. For all sums of $5 or more, drafts at their cost on Eastern banks would be preferred, but bills on any specie paying banks and postage stamps for change, will be thankfully received.

Give your P. O., County and State in full and plainly.
377tf Address I. W. BRIGGS, West Macedon, N. Y.

CHOICE GARDEN SEEDS.

AT HALLOCK'S AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE AND Seed Store great inducements are offered to gardeners, farmers and others to supply themselves with seeds for spring planting. My assortment of seeds is *fresh and genuine*, selected from the best sources, and put up expressly for a retail trade—*at home*. Sending out no seeds on sale (three-fourths of which come back) and buying on old lots at auction, I have no old worthless seeds to mix in and palm off as fresh, but put up my whole stock fresh and new.

At the store they will be sold as cheap as at any place in the city. Persons at a distance, sending money by mail, will be furnished twenty-five cents worth (paper rental size for one dollar, and any larger amount at same rate, to be selected in whole or in part by themselves—or put up by myself if desired. Every package of twenty-five shall contain one paper of Chinese Sugar Cane Seed. Neighbors, by clubbing, can thus have such seeds as they want, cheap, put up and forwarded by Express.

Also on hand a selected stock of the best Agricultural Implements and Machines. Call and see at No 2 Agricultural Buildings, Buffalo street, Rochester, N. Y.
March 23, 1857. E. D. HALLOCK.

BOOKS FOR THE SEASON.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.—SENT FREE OF POSTAGE on receipt of Price!

Chorlton's Complete Grape Grower's Guide;	
For the Vineyard Cold Grapery and Forcing House	60
Allen on the Grape:	
A well-known and reliable work	$1 00
Reemelin's "Vine dresser's Manual;"	
For out-door Culture and Wine-making	50
Person's "New Process for the Culture of the Vine," paper	25
Elliott's American Fruit Grower's Guide;	
The latest work on Fruits	1 25
Coles' American Fruit Book	50
Eastwood's Cranberry Culture	50
Fardee on the Strawberry	60
Buist's Kitchen Garden	75
Buist's Flower Garden Directory	1 25
Breck's Book of Flowers	1 00
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Catalogues of all our Books sent free to any address.
C. M. SAXTON & CO.,
Agricultural Book Publishers,
140 Fulton street, New York.

FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL.

FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF THOSE WHO LOVE the cultivation of Flowers, but who reside at a distance from where they can be procured, we have selected from our large assortment of *Flower Seeds* the most *showy varieties*, and those of *easy culture*—and put them up in assortments as follows, which will be sent, post-paid, to all parts of the Union at the following prices:

ASSORTMENT No. 1 consists of twenty choice varieties of Annuals	$1 00
ASSORTMENT No 2 consists of twenty choice varieties of Biennials and Perennials	1 00
ASSORTMENT No. 3 consists of ten extra fine varieties of Annuals and Perennials, embracing many of the new and choicest in cultivation	1 00
ASSORTMENT No. 4 consists of five very choice varieties, selected from Prize Flowers of English Pansies, German Carnation and Picotee Pinks, Verbenas, Truffaut's French Asters and Double Hollyhocks, each of which are sold at 25 cents singly	1 00

Persons in ordering will please give the number of the Assortment. Any person remitting Three Dollars will receive the four Assortments, postage free. Remittances can be made in bank bills or postage stamps.

Our descriptive Catalogue of upwards of *Six Hundred* of the finest varieties of English, French and German Flower Seeds, (with many very select varieties of our own growth,) will be sent to all applicants who enclose a stamp to pre pay postage.
377wtcow B. K. BLISS & HAVEN, Springfield, Mass.

"CHINESE SUGAR CANE AND SUGAR MAKING"
Now Ready, and sent Free of Postage for 25 cts. and for 3 cents additional, enough seed to plant two square rods.
C. M. SAXTON & CO.,
Agricultural Book Publishers,
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2,000	Virgalieu Pear Trees, very fine, 5 to 6 feet high.
6,000	Pear Trees from 3½ to 5 feet high.
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Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

"FORGIVE AND FORGET."

BY KATE CAMERON.

This world is far better than many have thought,
And yet every day with some trouble is fraught,
Some petty vexation—scarce worthy a sigh—
Will cause us a heart-pang, we cannot tell why.
And thus, since such trials by all must be met,
We'll take for our motto—"Forgive and Forget."

Has some light-utter'd word, ne'er meant to cause pain,
Like deep-buried shaft in our heart rankling lain?
And by bitter thoughts has the feeling been nursed,
Till *real* seems the wrong which we *fancied* at first?
With an effort the vict'ry may be gained yet,
By heeding our watchword—"Forgive and Forget."

If Love's fragile chain thou would'st unbroken keep,
And ne'er o'er its ruins in solitude weep,
Beware then of trifles, for they may destroy
In one careless moment a life-time of joy.
And over thy heart for a guard thou must set
This talisman faithful—"Forgive and Forget!"

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GETTING A COMPETENCE.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

[Concluded from page 96, last No.]

CHAPTER IV.

Journeying.—Home.—Economizing Labor.

WILLIAM became well assured, from the location of the lot selected for him by MARTIN JACOBS, and his description of its peculiarities, that his money would not be badly invested in its purchase; so he concluded to accept that gentleman's advice, and enter the land at once. With considerable trouble he also succeeded in purchasing a young cow, with a portion of ELLEN'S money which she had insisted should be used for that purpose.

It was on a lovely morning that our emigrants looked back upon the glittering spires of Chicago, as they rode away over a beautiful prairie country, *en route* for their wilderness home. CHARLES NEWMAN and his wife were with them, for the former had been faithful to his promise, and the latter had thought that a long ride in the free country air would invigorate her. These persons had proved themselves "friends in need," and a warm attachment had sprung up between the BERKELY'S and themselves. They were people with genuine old-fashioned hearts, and no less creditable heads.

The sunshine of the morning reflected light into the hearts of the travelers, and their spirits were highly exuberant—and then, that forty acres of wild land! What a magical charm for WILLIAM and ELLEN was the idea that it was all their own, and all paid for! No heavy debt to embarrass them, the interest on which would eat up much of their hard earnings for years! No; UNCLE SAM was paid up in solid gold, and there was no one to dispute the title of WILLIAM BERKELY to a forty-acre Illinois farm. Mr. and Mrs. NEWMAN knew how to rejoice with those who rejoiced, and united their skill with that of ELLEN and WILLIAM, in devising means to render the wilderness a fruitful field, and build up a little Eden-like home. The hours flew pleasantly by, and just as the sun disappeared behind the western horizon, the party stopped before a queer little shanty on the prairie, which a rough sign-board announced as an inn.—It did not look as if it could furnish very comfortable accommodations, but it was the best they could have, as there was no other house within miles.

A rough-looking man came out and greeted them with, "Wall, strangers, I reckon you're bound to stop here to-night! Your horses look as though you'd come a heap o' miles to-day."

The ladies immediately found their way into the shanty, leaving their husbands to assist in taking care of the team and cow. They were good naturedly welcomed by a middle-aged woman, who was engaged in frying pork and preparing corn cake for supper. "Come right along up to the fire," said she, "you look as though you was a'most froze to death." "JOHN, mind your betters!" she continued giving a youngster who was occupying a very comfortable place by the stove, a box on the ears that sent him reeling half way across the room.

After disposing of the ladies' surplus garments, the woman inquired, "How far has yer come to-day?"

"From Chicago," they replied.

"From Chicago? And did yer ever know old JOHN JONES who lived down by the river?"

"No."

"Wall, may be ye've hearn tell of JEEMS WILLIAMS? he was my brother-in-law, used to keep grocery; he knowed most everybody." The ladies happened to be unacquainted with the celebrated JEEMS also, which she thought was "wonderful curis."

Supper was disposed of with a good gusto, notwithstanding its plainness and coarseness, and preparations were made for repose. With the addition of the buffalo skins and blankets from the travelers' conveyance, to the limited supply of bedding on hand, quite comfortable provisions were made for a night's rest, in rude quarters truly, but none the less refreshing.

With the early morning they were again under way, enjoying the fresh breeze that swept over the prairie. Nothing very notable occurred during the day, and night brought them to the vicinity of WILLIAM'S farm. They drove up to a small dwelling, from which swarmed something like a dozen children. The family proved to be regular Yankees, and of that class who can always find room to accommodate a few more, though their house be already full to overflowing.

Settlers in a new country are generally well pleased with the arrival of new neighbors, and ready to lend a helping hand in getting them comfortably located. They are usually poor, and of necessity greatly dependent on each other. They experience kindred emotions of loneliness and often home-sickness, and kindred hopes and enjoyments in gathering around them the comforts of life, and this oneness of feeling begets friendship. Each one's success is an advantage to the community, and is so regarded. Hence, out of the combination of two apparently opposite elements in character, the social and the selfish, there springs a neighborly friendliness little known in old communities.

It was not strange, therefore, that the new comers should be heartily welcomed by the inmates of that wilderness home. Here, through the hospitality of the good pioneer farmer and his family, ELLEN and WILLIAM found a comfortable stopping-place while making the necessary arrangements for settling upon their own land. After their Chicago friends had left them, they began to look around them in order to determine upon some course of action. Their forty acres, partly prairie and partly timbered, lay there in primeval loveliness, but it offered them no shelter from the storm. Their stock of provisions was small. Only a few dollars of their little store was left. Some hearts might have fainted at the prospective glance, but not theirs. They had entered the contest for a *home*. Poverty disputed with them at every step, but they had begun to conquer, and success gave them encouragement. WILLIAM proceeded forthwith to the woods with his axe on his shoulder.—His was a sturdy arm, and the logs for a house were soon cut, and by using the most of his remaining money he was able to procure a little cheap lumber, and then arose, on the little prairie slope, near the front of his lot, a small log cabin. It looked to him a palace. It was the humble nucleus around which gathered his thoughts of domestic bliss. ELLEN was delighted with it. What though it were but fourteen feet square? There was room enough for them. What though only one small window admitted the light of heaven? It would soon be warm weather and they could leave the door open, and perhaps by the next winter they would be able to have another. It was home. She would make it pleasant, and she was sure they would enjoy it. She would plant vines to cover the rough logs, and flowers on the beautiful slope in front. Her heart, as well as that of her husband, was full of hope and happiness.

While WILLIAM had been engaged in providing a house, ELLEN had not been idle. Without the knowledge of the former, she had solicited employment from the good farmer's wife, whose large family rendered assistance desirable, and when they were ready to remove to their new home, besides having paid for their two weeks' board, she had also paid for a bushel of wheat and two bushels of corn. WILLIAM felt more than ever proud of his noble wife, when she pointed to these trophies of her success in battling with poverty. "A woman," said he, "who is not ashamed to labor for her daily bread, will not be left to suffer want; 'GOD helps those who help themselves.'"

It would have been pleasant to look in upon WILLIAM and ELLEN at the close of the memorable day spent in getting settled. A bright fire was burning in the little stove, the front doors of which were open to lighten the room a little and save candles, for they had commenced housekeeping with a resolution to economize. One corner of the room was occupied by a neatly covered straw bed, upon a home-made bedstead, another by a rough cupboard, the shelves of which were nicely papered, and before which ELLEN had drawn a snowy curtain. Their books were arranged on another shelf. They had three or four chairs or stools, made of pieces of plank. Their table was a single board fastened to the side of the house by leather hinges, and at present was neatly set for supper.

"Well, WILLIAM," said ELLEN, "please to light a candle, while I take up the potatoes, and we will have supper. It does seem pleasant to think we are settled at last! I believe we shall enjoy ourselves here quite as well as in more elegant apartments."

WILLIAM lighted the candle and surveyed the room. "Yes, ELLEN," said he, "this *is* pleasant truly; I'm sure I did not think of being able to procure so cheerful a place as this with our small means. It seems to me that a woman of taste can make almost any place pleasant."

"But you know," replied ELLEN, "that were it not for your ingenuity, we should not have had all these conveniences."

"Not so much my ingenuity perhaps; for I believe you have done most of the planning, only my strength. Man and woman seem admirably adapted for companionship in their labors."

"That is true," said ELLEN, "I think neither of us would do very well alone, in making a home comfortable and pleasant."

"But does not this seem like simple fare?" she asked, as they were leisurely partaking of their simple supper of Johnny-cake and milk, and baked potatoes.

"Yes, simple, ELLEN, but sweet and wholesome. I think that greater simplicity in diet than is usual, would greatly conduce to health. We shall, at least, be likely to have an opportunity of testing the principle. But do you think you can be satisfied with such plain food? You have been accustomed to better."

"*I* shall have no trouble, WILLIAM, but I fear I shall scarcely be able to get up a sufficient variety to satisfy *your* palate. However, we shall see. My house-keeping apprenticeship with Sister MARY, was not all lost time. But now, I think there is a barrel which has not yet been opened. You have not told me its contents."

"No, I do not know."

"Don't know," how can that be?

"Well, ELLEN, that is a present from brother. I found it, by his direction, at Chicago. We will open it after supper. I, too, am curious to know its contents."

The mysterious barrel was opened. A whole bushel of dried apples first came out, and then a liberal supply of other dried fruit, with a quantity of rice, sugar and other eatables.

"Well, well," said WILLIAM, "I don't think we shall starve immediately!"

Then there was a lot of candles, soap and other necessaries, and last, but not least, a large quantity of garden, fruit and flower seed. ELLEN could only laugh through tears, for her heart was full of memories.

"No coffee for breakfast, WILLIAM," said ELLEN, next morning, at the table. Will you take a glass of Nature's beverage?"

"Yes, certainly; I think we shall have to dispense with tea and coffee for the present; but this is good enough. Our beautiful spring will enable us to economize a little in this line. But I am afraid you will miss the luxuries to which you have been accustomed. You will hardly feel satisfied with your breakfast."

"O, yes! I only felt sorry for you. I guess our folks would laugh to see our efforts at economizing. But there is one thing; they would not attribute it to miserlyness, for they know it is necessary to our success. But there are some who would be just so uncharitable. If a person attempts to save anything for permanent comforts, by restricting his appetites, and simplifying his diet, he is forthwith denominated stingy. But I care little for the opinions of such people. I claim that each family has a constitutional right to regulate its own internal affairs. If I choose to live on bread and water because I believe it to be more wholesome, or because it will be of permanent advantage to me in any direction, I think no neighbor has a right to interfere."

"Very true, ELLEN, but as you intimate some seem to make it their especial business to overlook their neighbors' affairs, and it would hardly be pleasant to be thought miserly when you are only provident. But we will borrow no trouble about that. We shall not be annoyed at present by many troublesome neighbors. I shall leave the management of our diet entirely to you; I am happy to think I have a prudent wife."

Comfortably settled in their little home, there was no time to be lost in preparing for getting in spring crops. There was fence to be made, and ground to be broken up. The former, WILLIAM was able to accomplish alone, but how was the latter to be done? He had no team, no plow. But this was not a sufficient obstacle to intimidate a stout heart like his. The ground was to be prepared, and five acres of corn were to be planted, and by making arrangements to change works with some of his nearest neighbors who had teams, the ground was made ready in season.

ELLEN petitioned that she might be allowed to take the gardening into her own hands, and morning and evening she might have been seen working away as busily as a honey-bee, laying out beds, and planting seeds. "O, I enjoy it so well!" said she to WILLIAM, one evening after their work was done; "and this out-door work gives me such a healthy appetite. I think I never relished anything so well as I do our plain food."

WILLIAM saw the rosy cheeks of his wife, and felt thankful that she did not despise the labor that would paint there such a bloom. "But," said he, "ELLEN have you not enough else to do? I think I shall be able to attend to the garden; I do not wish you to labor too hard."

"No, I shall not," she replied, "I love gardening, my fingers are not afraid of mother earth. I would much rather attend to it, and save your time for field work." And so she worked away cheerfully, as happy in procuring blessings for her home, as a robin in building its nest.

The season was a favorable one and the late summer and autumn months brought with them an abundance of delicious vegetables to supply immediate necessities at the little cottage table, and a surplus for winter use and for market. It was delightful to them to partake of the products of their own industry, as they came freshly from the garden or the field; and when in the autumn, their stores were all gathered, and a fine piece of wheat was beginning to carpet the late corn ground, ELLEN and WILLIAM felt that they had made a good beginning towards securing a competence.

CHAPTER V.

The Competence Secured.

Five years flew by, but we will not lift the veil from all the scenes of toil and trial, of pleasure and success, through which ELLEN and WILLIAM passed. Where first was reared the humble log-cabin, now stood a pretty little white cottage, embowered in vines. In front were flowers and young shade trees. Near at hand was a thrifty young orchard, and a well-regulated vegetable garden.—At a greater distance large fields of corn were waving, and the summer breeze bore on its wings the perfume of newly-cut hay. The sun was setting, and the young farmer shouldered his scythe and walked leisurely towards his cottage. A sweet little boy bounded from the piazza where he had been watching, and ran down the walk, exclaiming "Papa's tumin, papa's tumin!" and then a noble-looking young woman with a pretty babe on her arm appeared at the door and smilingly welcomed her husband to the evening meal.

"Well, ELLEN," said he, as he seated himself at the table and took up the last number of his agricultural paper, which she had laid by his plate to entertain him for a moment while she was busy," it is not every man who has so pleasant a place to refresh himself after the hard labor of a summer day; nor every man who can find in his home such congenial society. Do you remember the prophecy you made previous to our marriage, of what our home would be in five years?

"I believe I do," she replied, laughingly. Will you give me the credit of proving myself a true prophetess?"

"Yes, ELLEN, and not only that, but of being the instrument by which the prediction has been fulfilled. I thought you enthusiastic then, and little fancied that your hopes would be so soon realized. But my noble wife, by her economy, self-denial and industry, combined with her admirable head work, has proved such an efficient help-mate to her husband, that the result is accomplished, and we can now look around us and say we have enough and to spare."

"Let us not forget to thank our Heavenly Father," said ELLEN. "PAUL may plant, and APOLLOS water, but it is GOD that giveth the increase."

EACH period of life requires especial gifts and graces. Therefore, independently of the progress of character, persons shine particularly in one or another period, according to their natural temperament and endowments. Those who most charm us in youth, do not always dispense the steady fragrance of good deeds in middle life; and our ideal of old age is often best satisfied by those who have passed unnoticed through the more active periods of life.

FINE SIMILE.

The weeping sea, like one
Whose milder temper doth lament the death
Of him whom in his rage he slew, runs up
The shore, embraces him, kisses his cheek,
Goes back again and forces up the sand
To bury him. [*Cyril Tournour.*

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 51 letters.

My 17, 51, 21, 8, 35 was a king in the Savior's time.
My 3, 46, 50, 4, 50 was a leader of the Israelites.
My 23, 2, 50, 49, 11 is one of the books of the Old Testament.
My 50, 33, 9, 5, 44, 12 was noted for early piety.
My 50, 36, 13, 8, 20, 9 is the name of a pool near Jerusalem.
My 3, 18, 19, 17, 10, 37 was one of the Savior's disciples.
My 50, 11, 3, 50, 2, 6 did a great many wonderful works.
My 9, 20, 48, 14 was a very near relation of the Savior.
My 3, 18, 32, 6, 33 was what the Israelites were fed on in the wilderness.
My 50, 2, 28, 2, 9, 8, 32 was a wise man.
My whole is a promise of the Savior.

Rochester, March, 1857. W. A. B.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WHAT two numbers are those which, if the first be multiplied by the square of the second, and added to the second multiplied by the square of the first, shall be equal to 6, and also equal to the square of the first multiplied by the square of the second plus the square of second multiplied by the first?

Victor, N. Y., 1857. B. H——.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PUZZLE.

PLACE a ciper betwixt one hundred and five,
Take two-fifths of a man who was always alive;
To this add a word which our motto should be,
And the name of a town in this county you'll see.

No. Pharsalia, N. Y., 1857. MARION.

☞ Answer next week.

TEARS AND SMILES.

WEEP, as if you thought of laughter!
Smile, as tears were coming after!
Marry your pleasures to your woes;
And think life's green well worth its rose,
[*Mrs. Browning.*

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All the machinery is constructed with an especial view of its being operated by the Power itself, so that no disappointment will occur to purchasers in their failure to operate as represented; as often does in cases where different machines are obtained from different sources, or from manufacturers whose experience has not enabled them to give this subject its due attention, and which is so important to their best success and profit to the purchaser, the want of which is often the cause of failure and disappointment to both purchaser and seller.

The experience of the proprietors has been more extensive and varied in this branch of mechanism than that of any other firm now in the business of manufacturing agricultural machinery. Their success, as to the satisfactory operation of their numerous machines brought before the public, has been unexampled in this country, either in the number of machines or their utility.

They have submitted their machines to more severe trials both public and private, during the past six years, than any other and perhaps than all others together in the country, and invariably have been successful in winning the prizes where allowed to compete. It may not be amiss to quote some few extracts from letters received from persons using them—many hundreds of similar character are on file, but those quoted will show what they may be expected to do under fair average circumstances as to kinds and conditions of grains, &c., &c.

From Aaron Chapman, Crawford Co., Pa., Feb. 22, 1857.

"MESSRS. EMERY BROTHERS—SIRS: I received from you in June last, one of your Two Horse Powers and Threshing Machines. It more than meets my most sanguine expectations. I have had all I could do with mine since threshing season commenced. I think I can sell several the coming season, and would like to have you give me authority to do so, and any instructions which may be necessary as to terms, &c. Yours in haste."

From R. J. Wilson, Sussex Co., New Jersey, Jan. 26, 1857.

"MESSRS. EMERY BROTHERS—I am very well pleased with your Patent One Horse Power and Threshing Machine. It works to a charm, and far surpasses any thing I have ever seen work. I am satisfied I can with one horse thresh as much grain as any other kind of machine in this county can do with two horses."

From A. McBryde, of Denmark, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1857.

"MESSRS. EMERY BROTHERS—Gentlemen: With your Two Horse Power and Thresher, which I use with two mules, much lighter than the Northern Farm Horse, I averaged the whole season two hundred bushels wheat threshing per day—the wheat was good—the previous harvest was much injured by Rust and as large results could not be attained."

"MESSRS. EMERY BROTHERS—In answer to your inquiry, of whom and what kind of Horse Powers and Threshing Machines I purchased, I have to say that I purchased it from an agricultural dealer in Louisville, Ky. The castings have the words 'Emery's Patent' on them. It was a good machine and I threshed eleven thousand bushels wheat, and one thousand bushels of oats and rye, and my toll brought me one thousand dollars, after paying all expenses, all in the season of 1855.—SAMUEL JOHNSON, Bonham, Texas, January 30, 1856."

"MESSRS. EMERY BROTHERS—I'm pleased with the operation of my Power and Thresher purchased from you this season, and have gotten out twenty-seven bushels of wheat per hour. I think I can beat the manufacturers in getting out wheat. My horses are light, weighing but 1,500 lbs. at most. Enclosed please find draft, &c., &c.—WM. T. HANNAFORD, Nansemond County, Virginia, July 7, 1856."

"MESSRS. EMERYS—I purchased of an agricultural dealer in Louisville, Ky., June, 1855, one of your patent Horse Power and Threshing Machines, being the third I have purchased of the kind. We commenced threshing July 5th, have been surrounded with several others of different patterns. Have gone through the length and breadth of their circuits and finished jobs after the most noted machines, and come off victorious in every neighborhood. The first machine I sold. With one of the others my youngest son threshed nearly fifty thousand bushels wheat and rye, and my oldest son with the other threshed ten thousand bushels, and then sold the machine. We could have sold the one we now have long ago, if we had desired to do so. This was all in the harvest of 1855. C. C. TAYLOR, Pulaski Co., Kentucky, Jan. 7th, 1856.

From Ira S. Bradley, Litchfield Co., Conn., Jan. 1, 1857.

"MESSRS. EMERY BROTHERS—YOUR TWO HORSE POWER has far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. The THRESHER and CLEANER COMBINED, which I first received, did not do as well as I desired, although much better than any other in this section of country, but after receiving the New Straw Carrier you sent me, it has proved a most perfect and satisfactory machine in every way equalling the power itself. Had I purchased it earlier in the season and it had operated as well as now, I could have made a clear profit of two hundred dollars over what I shall now this season, although I have had all I could do since I purchased it. My oxen which are light, I find preferable to horses, and too work seems to suit them. They have improved in condition during the whole time, nearly four months, since they have been worked on it.

From Sam'l B. Hoit, Orange Co., Vermont, Jan. 15, 1857.

"MESSRS. EMERY BROTHERS:—I have used several different patterns of Horse Powers and Threshing Machines the past three years, and had much experience in repairing as well as using them. Some with cylinders too heavy, and not properly balanced, requiring a greater portion of the power of the horses to operate them, doing a proportionately less amount of work—many are cumbered by numerous bands, &c., &c. While with the EMERY'S PATENT TWO HORSE POWER and THRESHER and CLEANER COMBINED, which I purchased of you, a different state of things exists—the straw, chaff and grain can, if desired, all be cleaned and saved separate, and all with the force of four hands to attend it, the grain being cleaned fit for market.—Wheat at the rate of twenty bushels, and double the amount of oats per hour. To those farmers desiring a good machine, I would earnestly recommend Emery's Patent Machines Complete, *for simplicity, ease of operation, and superiority* over all others, and would further say, that they are not over estimated or recommended by the manufacturers in their published circulars."

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LEADING WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

SUN-FLOWER CULTURE

As a Preventive of the Ague and Fever.

BY LIEUT. M. F. MAURY.

EVERY experiment that has for its object the solution of any question in the affairs of man is instructive. Whether the experiment be successful or not, it is not the less instructive, for experience is acquired by the failure as well as by the success of experiments. Every tiller of the earth, from ADAM down to the whistling plow-boy that saw his first furrow not longer ago than last autumn, has been given more or less to the making of experiments. A farmer "*tries*" this crop, or that plan, and his experiments are the groundwork of the experience which gives intelligent direction to his husbandry.

None of the great industrial pursuits is more fruitful of experiments than that of Agriculture; and if all the experiments that have been and now are making in this branch of industry had been systematically conducted, and if proper accounts of them had all been collected and published, what a valuable and instructive work should we have had! Take the Chinese Sugar Cane as an example for illustration. How many thousands of farmers intend to make a "*trial*" of it this year?—and among this great number, how many, think you, will give for the benefit of agriculture any account of their experiment and its results? Perhaps a dozen or two. The aggregate experience of all the rest will be lost to the agricultural community—and yet, if collected and embodied together, it would be of incalculable value.

I have been led into this train of remarks in consequence of an experiment that I made last year, with the cultivation of Sun-flowers as a preventive or protection against ague and fever, and if you will publish an account of this experiment, with an explanation of what was sought to be accomplished by it, and the results obtained, perhaps some of your many thousand readers will join and assist in carrying it out, for with such assistance a sanitary question of great importance may be satisfactorily settled one way or the other, in a little while.

The dwelling of the Superintendent is adjoining the Observatory, which is situated on a hill on the left bank of the Potomac, in lat. 38° 39' 53". It is 94 feet above the low water of ebb tide, and about 400 yards from the river. The grounds pertaining to it contain about 17 acres, inclosed by a brick wall on the east, south and west sides, with a picketto fence on the north. The south wall runs along nearly parallel with the river, and so does the west. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, fringed by a single row of sycamores of some twenty years growth, separates the wall from the river. In fact the river, with its marshes at the foot of the hill, encircles the grounds of the Observatory half way round, viz., from S. E. by way of S. to N. W. Thus you perceive we are in a sort of bend in the river. Most of the marshes are just "a'wash" at low water, parts of them are bare when the tide is out, and all of them, in the early summer, are covered with a rank growth of grass and weeds, which begin to decay in August. This is the commencement, too, of the sickly season, and a few minutes' walk about the grounds of the Observatory after sunset, has been found sufficient to bring on upon strangers an attack of ague and fever. The place is so unhealthy that my family are compelled to desert it for four or five months every year. Last year they broke up early in May, and did not return till November.

Now I am not going into a dissertation concerning malaria or miasm, for, be the seeds of the pestilence what they may, those of these intermittents are supposed to be due in a great measure to the marshes of the Potomac. The decay of the vegetable matter upon them infects the air with impurities of some kind, which predispose to chills and fevers—such is the popular belief, at any rate.

This brings me to the history of the sun-flower experiment. A process of reasoning like the following led me to try it:—If it be the decay of the vegetable matter on the marshes that produces the sickness on the hill, then the sickness must be owing to the deleterious effects of some gas, miasm or effluvium, that is set free during the decomposition, and if so, the poisonous matter, or the basis of it, whatever it be, must have been elaborated during the growth of the weeds, and set free in their decay. Now, if this reasoning be good, why might we not, by planting other vegetable matter between us and the marshes, and by bringing it into vigorous growth just about the time that that of the marshes begins to decay, bring fresh forces of the vegetable kingdom again to play upon this poisonous matter, and elaborate it again into vegetable tissue, and so purify the air?

This reasoning appeared plausible enough to justify the trouble and expense of experiment, and I was encouraged to expect more or less success from it, in the circumstance that everybody said, "plant trees between you and the marshes—they will keep off the chills." But as to the trees it so happens that at the very time when the decomposition on the marshes is going on most rapidly, the trees, for the most part, have stopped their growth to prepare for the winter; and though trees might do some good, yet a rank growth of something got up for the occasion might do more. Hops climb high; they are good absorbents, and of a rank growth, but there were objections to hops on account of stakes, poles, &c. I recollected that I had often seen sun-flowers growing about the cabins in the West, and had heard, in explanation, that it was "healthy" to have them. This was so much more in favor of making the experiment with sun-flowers.

An acre of sun flowers will absorb during their growth many thousand gallons of water more than are supplied by the rains. They are great absorbents. They are of easy cultivation, are more rank than hops—they require no poles, and the seed are very valuable. I paid $8 a bushel for them. This plant therefore apparently offered to fulfill all the conditions required to satisfy the problem; for if the supposition that the ague and fever poison be imparted to the atmosphere by the decaying vegetable matter in the marshes, and if this poison were set free during the process of decay, why should not the sun flowers in their rank growth absorb it, and again elaborate it into vegetable matter, and so fix it, at least for a while, and until cold weather? I consulted upon this subject with one of the most useful men this country ever produced—the late A. J. DOWNING, of Newburg—and he thought the idea a good one.

Finally, I resolved to make the experiment at the risk of spoiling the looks of a beautiful lawn. Accordingly, in the fall of 1855, the gardener trenched up to the depth of 2½ feet, a belt about 45 feet broad around the Observatory on the marshy side, and from 150 to 200 yards from the buildings. The conditions of the theory I was about to try, required rich ground, tall sun-flowers and a rank growth. Accordingly, after being well manured from the stable yard, the ground was properly prepared and planted in sun-flowers last spring. They grew finely; the sickly season was expected with more than the usual anxiety. Finally it set in, and there was *shaking* at the President's House and other places as usual, but for the first time since the Observatory was built the watchmen about it, weathered the summer clear of chills and fevers. These men, being most exposed to the night air, suffer most, and heretofore two or three relays of them would be attacked during the season—for as one falls sick another is employed in his place, who, in turn, being attacked, would in like manner give way to a fresh hand.—And last year, attacks of ague and fever were more than usually prevalent in the neighboring parts of the city.

Here is encouragement, not discovery or proof—but it is worth further trial at any rate. Accordingly the gardener is now making ready to try the experiment again this year, but with variations.—The seeds are not to be planted quite as early, as in the first instance; and, in the next place, there are to be two plantings, so that the last crop may be caught by the frost while yet the plants are flowering; and, therefore, in full and vigorous growth during the season of active decay in the marshes.

Suppose the fact should be established that a hedge of sun-flowers between the dwellings of farmers and the ponds or marshes and standing pools, would generally keep ague and fever away. The discovery that such a simple contrivance would constitute an impassable barrier to "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," would surely be an achievement worth recording.

"The destruction that wasteth at noon-day" may form the subject of another communication if you can find room for it. Indeed, other remarks upon the subject in hand are suggesting themselves, but with your leave, I will reserve them for the next number of the RURAL. In the mean time I hope that all who can, but especially those who live in noted ague and fever districts, will prepare to try the sun-flower experiment this summer.

The readers of the RURAL are mostly in the region of westerly winds, and that the results of each experiment should throw light upon the rest, it is desirable to know, approximately at least, in each case, the situation of the dwelling, its distance from and height above the supposed region of miasma, as well as its distance from the hedge of sun-flowers, their height, &c. We know that one of the offices of the vegetable kingdom is to preserve the purity of the atmosphere; and that during their growth, many plants take up from the air and fix for awhile, various noxious vapors. In the southern country it is common to see among the negro quarters sun-flowers growing about the pig-sty; and the negro, if asked why he plants them in such a place, will reply, "He make it healthy, Massa."

The RURAL boasts of the intelligence of its patrons, their cleverness and love of the useful, and why should not those of them who are in a condition to do so, try this experiment, and so let each have the benefit of the experience of all the rest to guide us next year.

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing I have been conversing with Mr. WATT, the gardener, upon the subject. He informs me that many years ago similar experiments were made in France with like success. Accounts of them have been published in the *Cultivator*. With these facts and other circumstances to which I shall allude in my next, still further to inspire faith in the proposed preventive, I hope all of your "ague and fever" readers will be encouraged to try this simple sun-flower experiment. Those who live upon the prairies in the ague and fever districts of Illinois and other Western States would do well to surround their dwellings with the plants, having the thickest part of the hedge on the west side.

MANAGEMENT OF MANURE.

To *secure to the farm the greatest benefit from its available sources of manure*, is an object worthy of careful consideration and unceasing attention on the part of the cultivator of the soil. Some remarks under the above heading, relative to cow and horse manure, have been already offered; we now take up as proposed the winter management of the excrement of sheep and swine. First, let us quote some authorities on their characteristics and value.

Sheep Manure.—"This," says JOHNSTON, "is a rich, dry manure, which ferments more readily than that of the cow, but less so than that of the horse." STUCKHARDT says, "It contains more nitrogen and less water than that of the horse. For this reason it is tolerably easy of decomposition, although possessing a closer and more compact texture than the latter. The food being being more finely masticated, it is also richer in nitrogen than that of the cow, and according to GIRARDIN, contains, in a recent state, of

Water	68.71
Azotized matter	23.16
Saline matter	8.13
	100.00

In comparing this substance with other manures, BOUSSINGAULT considers 36 parts of the excrement of sheep, to be equivalent in fertilizing effects to 100 parts of farm-yard dung. "Those soils," says JOHNSTON, "in which a considerable quantity of vegetable matter is already present, are most benefited by sheep's dung, because of the readiness with which they absorb the volatile matters it so soon begins to give off."

It will be seen from these statements, that sheep manure is at once, of itself, fit for application to the soil. In winter, if shelter is provided for the flock, and this is kept well littered, the manure may remain unmoved without deterioration until applied to the crops in the spring. It is *important that shelter and litter be provided*, otherwise, the urine—of nearly equal value with the solid excrements—will be lost by leaching and evaporation, and the mass remaining, will lose largely from over decomposition. The litter supplied as an absorbent, may be straw, dry muck, saw-dust, or even loam, but these should by all means be *dry*, so as to absorb the surplus liquids. It would be a good plan to cover the surface of the fold or shed, with a layer of muck in the fall; it would absorb the urine, and by proper care, when removing the deposits in the spring, might be incorporated with the more active portion above it, and become fully equal as a fertilizing material.

Sheep manure should be plowed under as soon as spread upon the soil. It is quick to act, and, of course, exhausts itself by action.

Hog Manure.—"Pig's dung," says JOHNSTON, "is colder and less fermentable than that of the cow. It is a cold, saponaceous substance, characterized by an exceedingly unpleasant odor, which it has been thought to impart to plants grown on soil manured with it." According to GIRARDIN'S analysis, 100 parts consists of

Water	75.00
Azotized matter	20.15
Saline matter	4.85
	100.00

BOUSSINGAULT estimates that 63½ parts of the excrement and urine of the pig, are equivalent to 100 parts of farm-yard manure. Its value, however, varies largely according to the character of the food supplied to the animal.

All writers agree with JOHNSTON, "that pig's dung is best employed in a state of mixture with the other manures of the farm yard." Their effect is heightened and its own enhanced by so composting it. "It does not ferment and mellow so well in the earth, when used alone," says BROWNE, "as when mixed with the dung of cattle and horses, and it is so rich and stimulating, that it is difficult to spread it thin enough when applied by itself."

Not decomposing very readily, perhaps hog manure would suffer little less during cold weather, however managed, unless exposed to long washing by rains. But to prepare it for its best application in spring, it should be incorporated with horse and cow manure in the barn yard, or the pens should be supplied with a large amount of muck, leaves, turf, or other vegetable refuse, with which the animals themselves would take care to mix the excrements and urine. A large amount of valuable manure will thus be manufactured, giving largely toward refunding the cost of keeping and feeding store swine. Fattening swine would yield manure of the richest character, and it would be still more important to employ it in a composted state. It would well repay the trouble to remove it to the stock yard as thrown from the pen, instead of allowing it to remain, perhaps under the eaves of the building, or to be scattered over the ground by pigs running at large, as is too often the case.

If hog manure is spread unmixed upon the soil, it should be at once plowed in, for a drying wind would evaporate its most fertilizing value in a single day; on the other hand, a gentle rain occurring at the time, would wash it into the soil. But mixed as above advised, it would lose this volatile character, and its effect be far more permanent, and, on the whole, increased. In conclusion, let us repeat the assertion, "that the labor of *saving manure*—of increasing its quantity and improving its quality—is the most profitable the farmer can perform or employ."

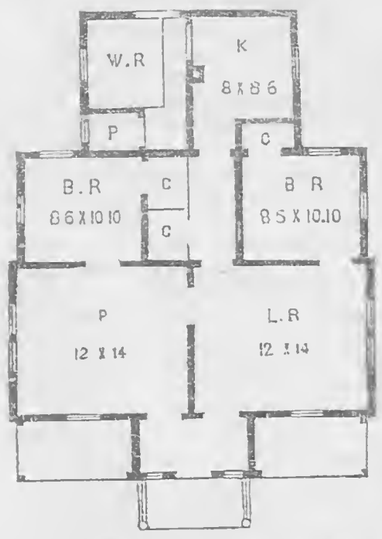
A COTTAGE OF ONE STORY.

RURAL readers have herewith the design of a very pretty one-story cottage. We need not say it is neat and tasteful—all can see this. This cottage must have been recently built, for the honeysuckles and running roses have not yet grown half way up the columns, and the porch is entirely bare. The artist, perhaps, was more anxious to show the manner of construction, than how beautiful the cottage could be made to appear by the graceful drapery of nature. He had, however, an eye for the beautiful, for how much of life and grace, is added to the picture, by the little group of sportive children—these flowers of the family—the rosebuds of the garden. The influence of a tasteful abode upon the minds and manners of children, and even upon the tempers of all the inmates, is a matter well worthy of attention. Who would look for anything but peace and quiet, and the kindliest affection—the joys of home—in such a pretty cottage?

We give this design from *Village and Farm Cottages*, in answer to several inquiries from our friends on the prairies of the west. A cottage of only one story, is of course less influenced by the wind; the rooms are all on a level, and therefore, the "house-work" is more easily done, without the tiresome climbing up stairs, which, in many ill-arranged houses, doubles the labor of the housewife. There is no danger, either that the children will fall down stairs or from the chamber windows. There are some positions, too, in which such a low cottage would look better than one of two stories.

These are the principal advantages of a cottage of one story; but it must be borne in mind that they are not economical, as the same foundation and roof are required as for a two-story house.—The same amount of room is therefore obtained at a less expense in a house of two stories.

In building a house with sleeping rooms on the lower floor, we would advise that it be at least one foot above the natural surface of the ground, and that proper means be taken to well drain and ventilate the cellar, and to carry off all stagnant water from the grounds immediately around the house, as nothing is so injurious as sleeping in a damp and impure atmosphere. The late sickness at the National Hotel, Washington, caused by bad drainage, is another warning on this subject.



The above *plan* shows a very fair sized parlor and living room, two bed rooms, kitchen, wash room and closets. The kitchen, we think too far from the living room, and altogether too small, but it is impossible to get all desirable conveniences in so small a house.

Communications.

HOW TO TAME WILD COWS.

THERE is not to be found a more inexorable master than habit. This fact is daily illustrated by intercourse with our own species. The tobacco chewer, soon learns the habit of filling his mouth with an unrelishable narcotic, and enjoying its nauseating juices as much as he would the choicest meats. The tippler, too, soon forms the habit of drinking his alcoholic portion, as much to satisfy thirst as he would nature's beverage. If, then, habit is strong enough to rule the man, may we not look for something of its power over the brute. Who that witnesses the patience with which the gentle cow submits to the process of milking, but admires her habits. The good and gentle cow chews her cud during the operation. Her habits are fixed, and if gently or kindly treated she will not depart from them. The *wild* cow has a great variety of tricks, most prominent, among which are running, springing, or moving away from the milker. This with her, is as much a habit, as it is with the good cow to be kind and gentle. The good cow may be learned to start and run by using her harshly, and running after her and clubbing her when she starts. The contrary will tend to make the wildest cow gentle and kind, but after bad habits are once learned, it is very difficult to overcome them. Nothing can do it but the most untiring perseverance, care and good treatment.

A wild cow can hardly be cured of the habit of starting or running during milking, by continuing to milk her in a large open yard or by a fence.—If cornered by a fence, she will soon learn the habit of going there, and cannot be milked away from it. This is not desirable, and such a habit should be avoided. We have always found the following plan successful, and would recommend it to all who have wild cows:—Prepare in some convenient place, adjoining the milking yard, a good, well-fenced pen or enclosure, about one rod square. It should be furnished with a pair of bars or gate, so as to be handy. Into this, drive all wild cows, one at a time, and after putting up the bars, milk them. Do not corner them up, but milk them in the middle of this little place, and use them gently and regularly for a few months, and they will forget all runaway habits, so as to be milked anywhere that you may chance to come up to them with the *pail*. This plan is but very little trouble and it will teach the wildest cow the habit of standing during milking, for they cannot get away. It is very seldom the milker need strike or whip an old cow, they cannot understand for what you whip them, and generally for every whipping, you will have to treat them properly for a week longer to cure them of its ill effects. The whip should only be used in driving.

Having said thus much of curing bad habits in old cows, we cannot forbear adding a few words on forming good habits in young ones, and on the principle, that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure;" we would advise all who have young heifers to be learned to milk, to arm themselves with an abundant supply of patience in the commencement. The usual custom of tying young heifers up by the head, or of cornering them, or holding them is only calculated to frighten and alarm them. This should never be done. They should never be treated in any way different from what is desirable to learn them as a habit. We have faith to believe that the wildest and most untractable animals can be made gentle and submissive in a few weeks. Our plan is as follows:—Put the heifer and calf in the little "prison yard," before described—here you are constantly within reach of your animal, and if you are gentle and do not hurry things too fast you will soon have her accustomed to your presence. Do not, if she be very wild, be in any hurry or make any quick movements, but endeavor first to make her gentle. It will take your time, though, but little more and perhaps not as much in the aggregate, as by the old method of hold by the horns. Feed them from your hand, and by rubbing, coaxing and petting, you will soon have them accustomed to your approach. This is one point gained—and soon you will be able to milk anywhere in the little yard you may come up to them. Continue this for several weeks, or until the animal is enough accustomed to being milked, not to be worried or disturbed by the process. It will be well, if you have but one to learn at a time, to keep the animal in the pen for several days.

The advantages of this manner of training, are many over any other which we have seen practiced. If the animal is always to be milked in a stable, it may do to learn them to milk there. But if, as is the common practice, they are to be milked wherever you chance to approach them, the above plan is the best, for when turned in the yard with the cows, they are used to being approached when at liberty, and there will be far fewer exhibitions of anger from the milkers—fewer runaway cows, and fewer milking tools flying through the air. It may be well to add that the same individual should have the whole training of the animal throughout the process. And now, to all teachers of the brute creation, let us adjure you to let *your reason* guide and prevent you from abusing your innocent, untaught charge. Use no violence, save in defending yourself, and prove that you, by superior intelligence, are capable of forming correct habits in the brute. We have frequently heard it said that it is as much as some animals are worth to "*break* them." Pursue the above method—keep the animal always within reach and under your *power*, and you will make no such complaints.

Illinois, Jan., 1857. J. SANFIELD.

A FARM-YARD IN SPRING.

A CERTAIN wise man of olden time once "went by the field of the slothful, and the vineyard of the man void of understanding," and we all know what an instructive record he gave us of the objects he saw there. The other day, I, in like manner, went by the field of my neighbor, and the farm-yard—not of the slothful, but of the man well-to-do in the world, who has money at interest and is considered unusually *cute* at a bargain. He generally sells his produce at a good price, and if anybody can cheat *him* out of ten dollars, he must be a little smarter than common quacks. I will tell you what I saw there on a warm day in the last week of March, in the year of grace 1857.

A Reaper and Mower (MANNY'S patent, with WOOD'S improvement,) was in a conspicuous place against the fence by the road-side, and had been there since last harvest. Had I not known the date (1855) to be correct, I should have thought it a good deal more patriarchal. Plows, harrows, wagons, a grain drill, and other implements, possessed the same advantages for preservation. I looked over into his barn-yard. He wasn't troubled—as some of your correspondents are—to turn his coarse fodder into manure. He had scattered hay around the yard for his stock that morning, but owing to the fact that his straw stack had disappeared a few weeks before—combined with the warm weather—the yard looked about as inviting as an old-fashioned brick-yard, when the clay was about the consistency of soft putty. Some of the hay was eaten, but a good share of it was trodden under foot. The cattle and sheep, tired of such quarters, were roaming abroad through the fields in search of something better—bars and gates being left conveniently open. Some of the cattle were in a wheat field. I shall probably hear of a poor crop there next harvest.

A small brook flowed along close by the barn-yard, to which the stock go to drink. The water looked nearly the color of lye, "strong enough to bear up an egg"—owing to the manure near by.—Twenty rods back the stream is several feet higher than the barn-yard. If the proprietor figured as closely in this matter as in some others, he would endeavor to find out how much he thus loses every year. Yet my neighbor is quite a scientific agriculturist. Whether he is a "constant reader" or not, I cannot say, but he is certainly a subscriber to a very good agricultural paper, not weekly, but monthly—that is frequent enough for him; the RURAL comes too often to suit his ideas. He often waxes eloquent over the improved methods of farming now in vogue, and wonders all do not adopt them. The wise man of old looked on the scene before him and received instruction. I hope I was equally fortunate.

If any of the readers of the RURAL know such a man as is here spoken of, I wish, for the sake of peace and harmony, they would not tell him he is published, for fear the coat would fit more persons than could be accommodated with such a garment.

PUBLICO.

KING PHILIP AND CANADA CORN.

EDS. RURAL:—If those who write for the RURAL, giving their experience in the cultivation of different crops, would state the kind of soil upon which they grew, it would be more satisfactory to many readers, and besides, might be the means of avoiding many mistakes, for undoubtedly the same plants will not do equally well on all kinds of soil.

The past season the writer procured one bushel of the "King Philip Corn," for which he paid $2, and planted it the 23d of May, in a sandy loam, with some gravel intermixed. Said field was a clover sward, and had been pastured one year. Notwithstanding the season was very dry, it yielded over thirty-five bushels to the acre, many of the ears being between nine and ten inches long by actual measurement, and no guess about it. I consider it a valuable variety for my soil, and shall cultivate it as long as it does as well as last season. The forage is very superior, the stalk being thickly set with leaves and suckers. The eight-rowed yellow variety was planted the same day, by the side of said King Philip, and was treated in all respects the same, grew about one foot taller, but did not yield as well side by side. Being ten days later, it suffered from the early frost; would probably have yielded about the same if we had not had so early a frost.

The writer brought into this country fifteen years ago, the Canada variety of corn, which is still grown in the town of Sodus by JERRY MITCHELL, on land that has some hemlock mixed with other timber, which produces from forty to fifty bushels to the acre in favorable seasons. Said corn is as early as the King Philip, and would probably do better than the latter on some soils. The Canada corn is a dark yellow, with now and then a red blaze, eight-rowed, and not as large kernel as the King Philip. The writer considers both of these varieties valuable, having grown both kinds, and seen the Canada matured in less than ninety days, on a warm, gravelly soil. I am confident these two kinds are better calculated for high manuring than the larger varieties. Any one who will take the pains to peruse Dr. SALISBURY'S analysis of several varieties of Indian corn, will perceive that the smaller varieties were much more prolific in the yield of grain than the larger varieties, where high manuring was resorted to.

Newark, N. Y., 1857. A. G. P——.

P. S.—The writer has no seed-corn for sale, and the above letters are his true initials.

IMPROVED BREED OF TURKEYS.

EDS. RURAL:—I have thought it might be interesting to yourself and your numerous readers, to have me say a few words of my manner of breeding, &c., to produce the extraordinary large and beautiful Turkeys which are now attracting such marked attention, from the admirers of fine farm poultry, all over the country.

Some years since I made a selection from different parts of the country, of some of the largest and finest turkeys that could be found, among which were some that were part wild blood; and by a careful and continued system of crossings since, I now have a breed that for size, beauty of plumage, and hardiness, *are not equalled in this or any country*. The color is a near resemblance to that of the wild turkey, very dark and of a rich changeable color—green, gold and brown. The young are very strong, and as easily reared as chickens. My young gobblers, at Christmas, weigh, on an average, from 21 to 25 lbs., alive, and the hens from 14½ to 17 lbs.; and when fully matured gobblers 30 to 34 lbs., and hens 17 to 21 lbs. The enclosed extracts from the N. Y. Tribune, Independent, and Banner of Liberty, will give you an idea of what the press think. Other papers noticed them, two and three years ago, when they were exhibited in New York city.

I have another cross, producing a very handsome bird. Each feather is black and white; they are of equal size and by many liked as well.—Wherever I have exhibited I have taken all the premiums. I don't write to advertise them, for I have none to sell, but hope next fall to be able to supply a few of the numerous orders I now have on hand. Being a subscriber to your valuable paper, I thought I would through it let the farmers of our county know what had been done in improving our native (I say now *National*) bird, the Turkey, and hope they will *all* go and do likewise, or better. I shall own beat when beaten.

H. H. AVERY.

Wampsville, Madison Co., N. Y., March, 1857.

REMARKS.—Like a good many other Ruralists, our correspondent seems to be a progressive, and certainly reports decided progress as regards Turkey in America. His success only shows what may be done by wise forethought and judicious action. The extracts alluded to relate that Mr. AVERY last fall had a magnificent turkey which weighed 34 lbs., which he intended as an inauguration present to President FREMONT. But as there was no President FREMONT, the turkey was sold, at a dollar per pound, to a Democrat, "who took him to Washington for the successful candidate, where his splendid appearance attracted great attention, and saved his neck from the knife, and he now displays his gigantic proportions in the grounds of the presidential mansion."

TROTTING AT AG. FAIRS.—The Hillsborough (N. H.) Agricultural Society has resolved "That it is not for the interest of the farmer or breeder of horses, the mechanic or manufacturer at our county fairs, to countenance or allow in any trial of horses, a faster rate than a mile in four minutes, the trial to be made singly or in pairs harnessed together. Any horse driven at a faster rate shall be ruled out in all premiums."

Facts and Suggestions.

THE POTATO BUG.—E. T., of Mecca, Ohio, wishes information in regard to the striped Potato Bug, which eats potato vines and turnip tops, and—as he might have safely said—cucumber and watermelon vines, which are generally affected, and often entirely ruined, by this reptile in bug shape. A preventive, and, as experience testifies, a sure preventive of the works of this insect, is to sow buckwheat, a handful to a hill, with the seed, and let it grow and remain until the plant has assumed its fourth leaf. This will allow the plant to obtain strength and vigor, and escape the ravages of the insect. If the buckwheat is allowed to remain this length of time, the insect will rarely ever touch the plant afterward.—S. F. TOOLEY, *Marshall, Mich.*, 1857.

Your correspondent, "E. T.," of Mecca, Ohio, appears to have suffered *some* by a visit from the "Potato Bugs." When they have once settled upon a potato-patch or garden, there is an end to all hope of vegetables for that year, unless they are driven off. We have tried dusting the vines with soot, lime, etc., but they will eat the leaves in spite of the *seasoning*—in fact they rather like it. The only way to get rid of them is to take a brush and *drive them off*. Muster every man, woman, and child about the place, armed with green boughs, form a line, and drive them *with the wind*.—P. R. R., *Des Moines Co., Iowa*, 1857.

BREEDING SHEEP.—Much has been written, and more might be written, upon the subject of careful breeding of Sheep. The Silesian, Spanish, French and Saxon have their good properties, but there is no one variety that possesses all the good properties of the different varieties. Can this be obtained? Can we, by crossing the different breeds above, obtain all the good qualities in one, and breed out the inferior qualities.—Will you, Mr. Editor, or some of your numerous readers, give their views and experience on this subject.—WOOL-GROWER, *New Athens, Ohio.*

REMARKS.—This is the aim of all good breeding—to secure the good qualities and "breed out" the bad ones. It is not a work to be accomplished in a day. It will require skill, care and patience. Some of our readers, perhaps, will give us their experience. Experience, after all, is the great teacher.

BEET ROOT SUGAR.—Can you, or any of the thousands of readers of the RURAL, give the manner of cultivation and process of manufacture of sugar from the beet? As the article of sugar now commands such high prices, I thought that a knowledge of culture and manufacture might prove available at this particular time.—L. SHEPARD, *Chelsea, Mich.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—We gave a lengthy article on the subject in the RURAL of Feb. 3, 1855, (Vol. VI, No. 5.) Our present impression is that beet sugar cannot be manufactured profitably in this country.—In France, where its culture and the machinery for manufacturing have been brought almost to perfection, and labor, &c., is very cheap, the manufacture of sugar from the beet is being abandoned.—It is now grown for distillation.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—WILL IT GRAIN?—I see that there are some doubts as to whether *grained sugar* can be made from the syrup of the Chinese Sugar Cane. Can you inform your readers whether such is the fact?—M.

REMARKS.—On this subject there seems to be but little light. It is an important question, and yet is avoided by most writers on the subject. We suppose, however, it would be impossible to make sugar from the common sugar cane with the ordinary facilities possessed by the farmer, so as to show its manufacture profitable. The least error in boiling will cause a great loss. A slight burning will prevent crystallization, and the product is principally molasses. The juice of the sugar cane contains about 18 per cent of sugar. JOHNSTON says that in the West Indies, only six per cent, or one third, is manufactured into crystallized sugar.

GROWING CLOVER SEED IN ILLINOIS.—As some of our RURAL friends speak rather lightly of raising a crop of hay or clover and then a crop of seed in one season, I will state what we do in Illinois. The last week in June and the first week in July last, I cut and stacked seventy large loads of hay from twenty acres of ground. In September I cut over the same piece of ground for seed. I have threshed and hulled it, and had eighty bushels of as nice seed as you ever saw in market.—The hay is worth here $8 per ton, and putting those seventy loads down at 50 tons, which they would easily make, we have this result: Fifty tons of hay, at $8 per ton, $400; 80 bu. seed, at $7 per bush., $560; making in all $960. Now, what do our Eastern friends think of Illinois for raising seed, or a crop of hay and then a crop of seed, on the same piece of ground in one year?—H. H., *Kane Co., Ill., March*, 1857.

PEA NUTS.—Seeing a piece in the last RURAL about raising pea nuts, and wishing to know more about it, as I intend to raise a patch the coming season, I desire to make the following inquiries, to be answered through the RURAL, viz:—In what manner and at what time should the seed be put into the ground, and the average yield per acre?—AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, *Polkville, N. Y.*

REMARKS.—The time for planting would be the time for planting corn, depending, of course, somewhat upon the season. In the South they are sometimes planted in hills, some three or four feet apart each way, with four or five nuts in the hills, and sometimes in drills, the drills four feet apart.

THE NORWAY RAT.—I wish to know, through the columns of the RURAL, the best method of destroying that troublesome little animal called, with us, the *Norway Rat*, which is annoying us in this locality very much. If any of the numerous readers of your truly valuable paper know of any efficacious manner of destroying them, I would be glad to hear from them.—SAMUEL FERGUSON, *Winchester, Guernsey Co., Ohio.*

COARSE PLASTER.—In answer to your correspondent, I will say that I consider course plaster almost worthless, as compared with fine. I would almost as soon sow sand as coarse plaster.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Alexander, Genesee Co., N. Y.*

Rural Notes and Items.

FLOWER SEEDS.—We are indebted to B. K. BLISS & HAVEN, of Springfield, Mass., for a bountiful package of choice Flower Seeds. These gentlemen have adopted a very good plan to supply community with genuine seeds, by mail, for which they are entitled to the thanks of all interested. See their announcement in this paper.

THE SUN-FLOWER is a plant of vastly greater value than most people have heretofore supposed, if, as is more than indicated in the able and very practical and suggestive article of Lieut. MAURY on preceding page, its culture will prevent a disease which prevails extensively in many sections of the Union. The subject, as developed by our contributor, is worthy of special consideration and careful experiment. The date of Lieut. M's article—"Observatory, Washington, D. C.,"—was unintentionally omitted by our printers.

DEDICATION.—We are indebted to the Secretary for a pamphlet copy of the proceedings had at the Dedication of the New York State Agricultural Rooms, at Albany, in February last. It contains a fine engraving of the building, heretofore given in the RURAL, a brief history of the locality from its organization in 1832 to the present time, and an excellent address by the President, Hon. SAMUEL CREEVER. Also, short addresses delivered on the occasion, by W. H. BOGART, Esq., Hon. T. C. PETERS, Hon. WILLIAM KELLY, Governor KING and Hon. H. BALDWIN.

THE ORLEANS COUNTY AG. SOCIETY has recently purchased twelve acres of land, very favorably located in the village of Albion, for Exhibition Grounds. It is proposed to improve the grounds, and erect at least one fine building thereon, during the present season. The Society was re-organized under the new law last October, since which it is making commendable progress under the auspices of an enterprising board of management.

—The purchase and fitting up of Permanent Fair Grounds is becoming the rule among County and Town Ag. Societies, many of the most efficient societies in this and other States (especially in Michigan) having adopted the plan recently.

SUPERIOR MAPLE SUGAR.—The present season has been quite favorable for the production of the delicious extract of the maple. Mr. G. W. PATERSON, of Parma, in this county, has favored us with a very superior sample of fine-grained Maple Sugar. In color and grain it is not distinguishable from a good article of Muscovado sugar, but possesses the rich flavor of the maple. It was grained by adding about one pint of milk to sufficient syrup to make 40 lbs. of sugar, and boiling in the usual manner. We have also received a rich cake of Maple Extract from Mr. BRYANT WHITE, of Barre Centre, N. Y. "Thanks, *sweet* friends!"

AMERICAN HORSES IN FRANCE.—We have heretofore mentioned instances in which horses were purchased in this State for the Parisian market, and now have another item on the same subject. The Paris correspondent of a New York paper of recent date, says:—"The Emperor has now in his stables six very fine American horses. The two horses he drives himself, in his phæton, are American, and, in France, are considered superior trotters. Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, ("Carl Benson,") who has already brought a good many fast trotting horses to France from the United States, has just arrived from New York with eight magnificent trotters. Some of those in the Emperor's stables were brought over by Mr. Bristed."

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—We are often asked our opinion on this subject—whether it is not a humbug—another Morus Multicaulus operation, &c. It is fortunate that this matter can be so easily and so cheaply tested. Did it require an expensive outlay, we should certainly give a caution on the subject. No farmer, however, need mortgage his farm, or run very badly in debt, to purchase a dollar's worth of the seed, and give it a trial. The Sorgho, however cannot be fairly tested, in regard to sweetening qualities, without proper rollers for crushing the stalks and extracting the juice. Farmers in a neighborhood could club together, and purchase necessary machinery at a small cost. We hope the subject will receive careful attention from farmers, who are the very men to practically test its value. That it contains a large per cent. of saccharine matter, any one who has chewed well matured stalks will readily grant.—That many persons in different portions of the United States, and as far north as Massachusetts and even Maine, have made from the juice a good palatable syrup suitable for culinary use, has been abundantly attested. This has all been done on a small scale and at great disadvantage, but it has been done, and in our view may be repeated with benefit to all parties, particularly while sugars command so high a price. The molasses has been pronounced equal to first quality New Orleans and cooks white. We may not now succeed in graining it to a great extent, but very much will be accomplished if it supplies the place of a portion of the molasses yearly consumed. While we would not advocate any headlong, speculative operation in this line, we suggest to farmers the propriety of obtaining seed and planting enough to enable them to fairly test its value for sweetening, and as forage, green and dry, for cattle. In selecting seed much care must be exercised. The seeds of a plant known as coffee or chocolate corn closely resemble those of the "Sorgho." Indeed many have pronounced them identical. Attention was first called to this fact through the RURAL by Mr. J. W. BRIGGS, of West Macedon, whom we esteem one of the most careful and reliable seedsmen, and from whom we received samples of both seeds. Since that time we have received from Hon. T. BARNES, of Newark, N. Y., a box of the coffee corn seed on the stalks, and have compared it with the Sorgho seed raised in Georgia and that imported for Mr. BRIGGS, from VILMORIN, ANDRIEUX & Co., of Paris. There is a difference, but it is slight, and the chocolate seed might be imposed upon any one.

It is our design to recur to this subject again, giving a condensed view of the known facts concerning its cultivation and manufacture, and hope our readers will, each for himself, test its value the coming season.

THE WOOL GROWER AND STOCK REGISTER.—Not long since the *N. Y. Tribune* thus noticed the discontinuance of our monthly:

"This cheap, good, useful agricultural monthly journal, lately published at Rochester, has been discontinued for want of support. It is a question that we cannot solve, how farmers are to learn what great improvements are made and making in their business if they will not read anything but the veriest partisan newspapers and political slang-whang. It is also a question whether *any monthly paper meets the wants of this fast age*, or whether any journal *devoted solely to agricultural subjects*, published only once a month, can get patronage enough to keep its editor from starving his own stomach and his readers heads, except by an enormous expenditure of money for advertising, or by some other extraneous influence. If papers fail for want of support, it may be at least one-half their own fault."

All which is, in the main, eminently sensible and suggestive. The truth is, as the *Tribune* infers, that monthly journals, "devoted solely to agricultural subjects" are not adapted to the wants of the people of this age of progress. Our experience in publishing monthly, semi-monthly and weekly rural journals is conclusive on this point, and hence the discontinuance of the W. G. & S. R. and the concentration of our efforts upon the RURAL. Indeed, we found that the RURAL was almost universally preferred to any agricultural monthly, and hence it was very difficult to retain subscribers to the W. G. & S. R. in places where the former was fairly introduced. For example, there are many post-offices in this region at each of which from 30 to 75 copies of monthly agricultural journals were taken seven years ago, but where they are now scarcely known—the RURAL having been substituted in almost every instance. In truth, we could easily name *scores of places* in Western and Central New York at which monthlies were generally taken a few years ago, but where this journal now has clubs of from *thirty* to over *two hundred* subscribers. These facts prove a revolution in public taste and sentiment which it is impossible to gainsay, and which we at least have no inclination to stem by attempting longer to publish an exclusively agricultural monthly.

—Let us not be understood as saying aught against our monthly contemporaries, for we only state facts, and partly in explanation of our discontinuance of the W. G. & S. R.—a course which has been very generally and widely regretted by its subscribers. The monthly journals have accomplished a vast amount of good, and are still useful auxiliaries in the cause of Rural Improvement, but the days of their greatest usefulness have passed, especially in the older and more populous sections of the States and Territories north of Mason and Dixon's line.

The Young Ruralist.

LETTERS FROM YOUNG READERS.

OUR young friends will see that we continue to give notes from their Letters. The first is from a young lady in *Jackson, Michigan*. Thousands, like her, have been agreeably disappointed in reading the RURAL:

"ALTHOUGH I have seen but four numbers of your much valued "RURAL NEW YORKER," I am *very*, much interested in it. I think I should not ventured to write, had not conscience, that "still small voice," whispered—you owe an apology to the *paper*, or its *editor*. I must tell you of its reception at "our house." I wished father to take another paper, and was much disappointed when, one evening he observed that he had subscribed for the "RURAL." *I quietly made up my mind*, that *I*, for *one*, would not read it—not a single word. Well, by and by came the papers, and catching a glimpse of "a poor innocent cow" and a cluster of blackberries, (which I said were only to be found in imagination, and—the "RURAL,") concluded that the paper was devoted exclusively to agricultural pursuits; and with the impatient exclamation of—"RURAL fiddle-sticks," I threw the paper from me, wishing *for once* that father would do as I wished. But oh! how happily disappointed I am. As I read attentively each article, they cast an influence over me not to be resisted, and I write merely to say to you that I am grateful for its genial influence.—Go on, silent messenger of truth, peace and love—cheer the weary hearts of my fellow-travelers, shed thy light along their gloomy way attended by their blessings, as by mine. I already love some of your writers, surely they must be good and pure, who breathe such sentiments, "MARION," "VIANA," "WINNIE," "CARRIE," all—you have my best,—my kindest wishes."—GENNIE.

Our aim is to unite pleasure and profit, and it is gratifying to know, by scores and hundreds of such letters, that our efforts are appreciated.——The next is from Canoga, N. Y.:

"I think from what I see, and from what I hear old farmers say, that there have been great improvements in farming, as well as in other things, since our fathers were boys—that which once took days to perform, can be done in as many hours, and at a much less expense. This change has been brought about by reading and thinking, and surely such papers as the RURAL, are causing men and boys to read and think. The farmer, who has free communion with nature, I think must love, and long to know more of the Great and Holy One, who in his wisdom, has provided a 'seed time and harvest.'"—C. A. W.

On the value of agricultural papers, there can be no doubt; on the influence of the farmer's occupation in leading his mind from the effect to the Great Cause, there should be none.——The following, from a boy in *Hackensack, New Jersey*, contains some very important thoughts;

"To be in the light of the sun, to hear the merry singing of the birds, to feel the bracing effects of the 'cool north-easter,' and the soothings of the zephyrs, is, methinks, sufficient to off-set any disadvantages incident to the farmer's calling. Then ours is no dishonorable calling; the most conscientious can engage in it. We have few of the temptations to do wrong, and misrepresent, or hide the truth that besets the merchant at every turn. We have the gratification of knowing that we are pursuing an industrious calling, and that we can live at peace with God and man."—H. H.

This last thought of our youthful friend, is an all-important one. We all pray to be "delivered from temptation," and yet how many engage in pursuits that place them under constant temptation. How strongly is the merchant tempted to say a little more than the truth will warrant in praise of his goods, and the trader to "cry down" anything he is purchasing. Stern unbending integrity is sufficient for this trial in many cases—but in many the temptation proves to strong for resistance. Our young friends will please make their letters practical.—Tell what you see and do.

Orchard and Garden.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.—No. IV.

ASPARAGUS.

After the early cabbage and other seed is sown for transplanting, and the lettuce and radishes, and such things started, attention must be given to planting *Asparagus, Rhubarb, &c.*

In planting an asparagus bed, it is the better way, if possible, to procure the plants of a nurseryman. Two-year-old plants can be obtained for about two dollars per hundred, and a crop will be grown two years sooner than if the seed was sown. The best variety is the Purple-Top, which is the purplish looking variety commonly seen in our markets. Some suppose there is a larger variety, resembling this in everything but its size, while others think it is only good cultivation that makes the difference. We have seen that raised from what was called *giant* seed made very *dwarfish* by poor culture. To raise plants, the seed must be sown early in spring, in drills, an inch or so depth, and the rows eighteen apart. The best ground for the seed, is a light, rich, loamy soil.—As soon as the plants are up, the ground must be well worked.

Asparagus may be grown in almost any soil, if well drained, yet the most suitable is a light, deep sandy loam. This should be dug deeply, about two feet, and plenty of manure incorporated with the soil. A piece of ground fifteen feet by twenty, will produce enough for almost any family. This should be divided into three beds, four feet wide, leaving an alley 18 inches wide, between each bed, and making three beds four feet wide and twenty feet long. Two such beds will be ample for a small family. At this stage it would be well to sow on the beds about half an inch of salt and rake it in. The Asparagus is naturally a marine plant, and is very fond of salt. Now draw a line lengthwise along one of the beds, nine inches from the edge, and cut a trench on the outside of the line, six inches deep, and in this trench set the plants, nine or ten inches apart, and so deep that when the trench is covered, the crowns of the plants will be about two inches below the surface of the bed. As the plants are put in, draw a little earth over them, so as to secure them in their places. Having finished one row, cover them and rake off evenly, and proceed to make another furrow one foot from the first, and plant as before.—This plan will give four rows to the bed. The beds will require no care the first summer, but simply to destroy the weeds, and this must be done carefully, so as not to injury the plants. If salt was sown pretty freely before planting the weeds will not be troublesome; if not, salt can be sown over the beds any time during the summer. Enough salt to kill every weed will be only a nice relish to the Asparagus. In November cover the beds with three inches of rotted manure. In the spring this may be lightly dug in with a fork, care being had not to go deep enough to injure the crowns.

The second spring if the cultivator is very anxious for Asparagus, the strongest can be cut, tho' most gardeners recommend leaving them untouched until the third year. We should not hesitate, however, to cut moderately the second season, if we had no other way to get this delicious vegetable.

All the care the beds will require after this, is to cut down the old stalks, pull up the weeds, and cover with manure every fall, which should be forked in in the spring. After the manure is forked in, rake all loose stones, rough manure, &c., into the alleys. Give every season, in the spring, a dressing of salt.

A correspondent inquires how long an Asparagus bed, if properly treated, will keep in good condition. We have seen them fourteen or fifteen years old, producing bountifully. It should be cut close to the ground, before the head becomes loose, and will generally be about six inches high.

THE NORTHERN MUSCADINE GRAPE.

We have before us a communication from the Shakers, complaining of the character given to this grape by the members of the *American Pomological Society.* We all know that the Pomologists of this country are as eager to hunt up and propagate new and promising fruit, as the miser the golden dollar—as indefatigable on the track as a dog on the scent of the deer. It is singular, then, that they should permit a grape, at least equal to any other, to bear fruit for fifteen years, and to be advertised and sold, without even tasting or seeing it. Interest we know will warp the judgment, and may corrupt the taste. We give the communication:

Much Esteemed Friend Moore:—Observing an account in your most valuable paper of March 7th, stating the decision of the Pomological Society of your city on the merits of the Muscadine Grape with others, it is very evident to all of us who have raised the Muscadine in preference to all other kinds for fifteen years past, that the honorable Society, through some mistake, decided on some other variety of grape altogether; for it is self-evident that they had never seen or tasted the fruit of the genuine Muscadine Grape, as raised in the gardens of the New Lebanon Shakers. We all place too much confidence, both in the Editor of the Rural, and the men composing the Pomological Society, to think for a moment that they would meaningly, on any account, so mislead the public mind, and their own judgment also, had they ever seen or tasted the genuine fruit. Will you please have the goodness to give this note an insertion in your paper. J. Lewis. P. Stewarts.

New Lebanon, March 17, 1857.

Honor to whom Honor is Due.—We have received a note from Mrs. McKay, of Naples, claiming that the method of gathering and packing grapes recommended by Mr. Ainsworth in the Rural, is "*peculiarly our own,*" and that the celebrity of McKay's Grapes is very much owing to this method of putting up. Every fall, for several years past, Mrs. McKay has very kindly presented us with a box of grapes, put up as recommended by Mr. Ainsworth. We have no doubt but the plan originated with Mrs. M., nor do we think Mr. Ainsworth designed to claim any credit himself on the score of discovery.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—NO. IV.

With this number we conclude our description of Annuals, having given fifteen of the best varieties, which will probably be as many as most of our readers will desire to cultivate. It is better to cultivate one variety well than a hundred poorly. Many a florist has gained a world-wide reputation by making a *speciality,* or a *hobby* if you please, of a single flower. The thorough and perfect cultivation of the Balsam, or the Aster, or the Ten-week stock,—growing specimens so fine as to surprise yourself, and cause passers-by to stop and admire, and beg a few seed, although they have the same trying to grow in their own shabby gardens—specimens that would be admired in a Horticultural Show in London or Paris, will afford more pleasure than acres of neglected flowers and suffering shrubs.

SALPIGLOSSIS.

The Salpiglossis, of which we give an engraving, bears a very strong resemblance to the Petunia. There are many varieties, differing only in color. They are funnel-shaped, like the Petunia, but not so broad. We once grew a bed of them, in which we counted over a hundred varieties, and they were very much admired by the lovers of flowers. The late James H. Watts, who was a true lover of the beautiful, often called to see them, bringing friends, and declared this bed of the Salpiglossis to be the most beautiful floral exhibition he had ever seen. We generally sow them about the first of May, and early in July they are in full bloom. We find them to flourish best on a light dry soil. This flower is a native of Chili. It was first introduced into Europe in 1824.

The Rocket Larkspur has been a great favorite for more than two centuries. It is of a compact habit of growth, and its flowers are set thickly around a stem, forming a fine spike of bloom It requires a rich soil to grow to perfection, and there are few plants that will better repay good culture. The seed should be sown in drills, where the plants are intended to blossom, as they will not bear transplanting. From their compact habit of growth, they require but little room, and may grow within two or three inches of each other, and produce the best effect when grown in masses.

The Petunia is one of the chief ornaments of the garden. It is a native of South America. The white variety was discovered in 1823, and the purple in 1830. By hybridization, and care in selecting seed from the best plants only, a great number of good sorts have been raised, far surpassing the original in size and beauty. These are propagated by cuttings and disseminated over the country, and make one of our most useful bedding plants. We shall speak of the Petunia again in an article on the subject of Bedding Plants. Those who grow them as annuals should be careful to save seeds from only the best blossoms, and it would be well to remove all the poorer flowers from the bed as fast as they come into bloom and show their character.

NEMOPHILA MACULATA.

The Nemophila Maculata is a pretty little flower, a native of California. The form and size of the flower is shown in the engraving. They grow from the axils singly, on stalks longer than the leaves, and are whitish in their ground color, with each lobe of the corolla tipped with a large, deep violet mark, which gives the flower a peculiar and striking appearance. It blossoms quite freely. There is another variety, *N. insignis*, a little smaller and of a very pretty light blue color, well worthy of cultivation.

Convolvulus. The *Convolvulus Major*, or Morning Glory, is too well known to need a description, as it is one of our most common, as well as the most beautiful and easily cultivated of our climbing annuals. It makes an excellent covering for porches, arbors, or unsightly out-buildings.—The seed should be sown in a shallow drill, and covered lightly, and the plants should be about one inch apart. They love a dry situation, and a rather light, rich soil, but will grow in almost any situation. If sown early in the spring, they will bloom in July.

The *Convolvulus Minor*, or dwarf convolvulus, is a pretty dwarf variety, with three distinct colors, blue, yellow and white, the blue being of every shade, from purple to a delicate azure blue. We have also grown them white and striped.

We are anxious to give information on other matters pertaining to the flower garden, in season for planting, and therefore conclude this series on the Annual, but shall refer to this subject again, as the wants of our readers may seem to demand, or our space permit.

PEABODY'S STRAWBERRY.

For nearly a year past Mr. Peabody of Georgia, has been circulating colored drawings of what he calls "*a new Seedling Hautbois Strawberry,*" a cross "between the Ross' Phœnix and a wild Strawberry of Alabama." Circulars have also been sent over the country without limit, describing the excellencies of this fruit in the most captivating terms. The agricultural journals have nearly all published Mr. Peabody's circulars and puffs without question or comment, save to add a word or two by way of exciting, still farther, public expectation regarding this new and wonderful strawberry.

Now, Mr. Editor, after having read and examined critically Mr. Peabody's drawings and descriptions of this fruit, I have arrived at the conclusion that it is merely a Hautbois Strawberry from seed, such as we have here in all the gardens, and such as can always be bought for one or two dollars per 100. I do not believe that Mr. P. nor any one else has obtained a cross between the two distinct classes of strawberries represented by the Ross' Phœnix and the Hautbois. It was rumored a few years ago that some one had obtained a cross between a *Pine* and an *Alpine* strawberry, and produced thus a large perpetual bearer, but up to this time, it has remained a rumor only as far as I know.

You remember, Mr. Editor, how Mr. Pardee got us all excited over the *Crescent Seedling* from New Orleans, and what an utterly worthless thing it proved to be. This should be a caution. I wish to call especial attention to Mr. Peabody's mode of selling plants. He says:

"I will be prepared to send the plants out whenever the following terms are complied with. Not a plant of this variety has ever left my grounds, nor ever will, until the proposition below is subscribed to. I propose to get one thousand subscriptions at $5 per dozen plants throughout the whole country."

In plain English, Mr. P. resolves upon pocketing $5,000 hard cash before a single individual in this country can have the privilege of testing his strawberry to know whether it be of any value or not! This is quite cool for a gentleman of the sunny South. Why did he not bring it before Horticultural Societies as the Messrs. Hovey, Mr. Walker, Mr. Fay, Mr. Hooker, McAvoy and various other originators of seedling strawberries, so that competent and disinterested judges might examine and report upon the merits of this fruit? My opinion is that this course would have suggested itself at once to every fair man.—and I think that any attempt to foist a new fruit upon the public without having had it first put to a fair test should not be encouraged.

I am not one of those who would oppose any obstacle to the introduction and dissemination of new fruits after their merits have been established beyond a question by proper means, but I think it nothing short of a duty to oppose such a plan of introduction as this of Mr. Peabody's. It looks, to say the least, suspicious. A Fruit Grower.

GROWING PLUMS ON SANDY SOIL.

Mr. Editor:—I read in your valuable paper the inquiry if Plum Trees grow and thrive well on sandy soil. Having had considerable experience in the cultivation of the plum, its habits, and the soil which is the most congenial for its growth and productiveness, I will give you my experience. As the peach crop is becoming more and more uncertain, owing to the severities of our winters, and plums being perfectly hardy, easy to raise, and many of the varieties nearly equal to the peach, either for desert or to eat out of hand, I think it would be well for fruit growers to turn their attention more to the cultivation of this choice fruit.—If properly managed, the plum is a great bearer and commands a high price in market. They sold for four dollars a bushel in Seneca Falls last season. Seven years ago they would scarcely command one dollar. This is owing to the scarcity of fruit, as most of the trees have perished by the disease generally known as the *black knot*, which has discouraged many from cultivating them. This disease is easily prevented, if taken in time. From the first of May until the first of July it will be necessary to examine the trees, when will be perceived on some of the twigs the crescent beginning to form, by swelling to an unusual size. When you see this, you must cut the twig off below the crescent, and if, on examining the limb, you still find a brown or black spot in or near the heart, you must take off another piece until the wood looks natural. Burn what you cut off; you will thereby destroy the maggot, or larvæ, which, if left to mature, will form a white grub that will drop in the ground and lay dormant till spring, when it will appear in the form of a small beetle, and commence its ravages. If you find a crescent on a large limb, that it cut off would injure your tree in appearance, you may save it by cutting the crescent out with a knife, until the limb is free from the infection. Then salve it over with grafting wax, and it will soon heal over.

This disease is beginning to make its appearance on the Morello cherry in Onondaga County. In the south-east part of Cayuga County the trees are mostly dead. They should be treated like the plum.

The plum will grow much faster in light soil than in heavy, but seldom ever bears as well.—Clay soil seems to be the best adapted to their bearing. Those who have sandy soil might grow a few choice varieties by digging a hole six feet square and four feet deep, and filling it with clay soil. Then by throwing their soap-suds around the trees, they will be amply paid for their trouble by a fine crop of plums. I save all the soap-suds and apply it to my plums trees, and I have not failed a crop in twenty years. Peaches will be a light crop along the west bank of Cayuga Lake this season, as there is not more than one bud in forty-five where the germ of the peach is healthy. This is chiefly owing to the extreme cold weather this winter. The thermometer fell January 18th to twenty-two degree below zero. I noticed in your paper of March 7th the inquiries of a young farmer, wishing to know how to save his plum trees from the black knot. Your answer is correct. He must cut the limbs off until the wood is perfect, or they will appear again, or he may graft them with the apricot, which will thrive well.

Canoga, Seneca Co., N. Y., March, 1857. R. S. W.

Inquiries and Answers.

INSECTS INJURIOUS TO THE APPLE TREE.

Mr. Editor:—I verily thought the worms I spoke of, came from the eggs that are under those scales, but if that is not the case, I think the eggs must be deposited in the buds; this is what I thought before I discovered the scales on the branches. I may not give a very accurate discription of this worm, for it is sometime since I saw one, but the reward you offer is enough to induce me to make the trial.

I think they are first seen when the leaves begin to open, they are then so small that you could not tell how they look, except that they are of a dark color, but when seen through a glass they appear like an ugly caterpillar covered with dark hair, but as they increase in size they become lighter colored and appear to lose their hair, but of this I am not sure, as I never examined them with a glass, except when they were small. Their size when full grown, is near that of the apple worm, but rather more plump and soft, being very easily crushed. I think the last they eat is the flower, for after the flowers are gone they are found wrapped in the leaves, with just web enough to hold the leaf together, in this state they remain for a short time, then disappear.

I see from what you say, that this tree and I, have two legions to contend with instead of one; but we shall surely gain the day, if you will be so kind as to tell me what weapons to use.

Buffalo, March, 1857. Mrs. *. *. ****.

We cannot, from the description furnished us give the name of this insect. Its habits are something like the *common apple-tree caterpillar*, whose nests are so often seen in the crotches of apple trees, and as soon as seen should be destroyed.—But this insect does not fold itself in a leaf.

The American Vaporer Moth produces a slender caterpillar with pale yellow hairs and tufts and black pencils, its head and two small protuberances on the hind part of the back, bright coral red. They eat irregular notches in the margin of the leaves, and when numerous, consume the whole leaf, leaving nothing but the mid-vein. These insects form their cocoon on the leaf, which they fasten to the limb by threads of their own spinning.

The Palmer Worm is a pale yellowish green worm, having a dusky or blackish stripe along each side of the back, with a narrowish whitish stripe on its upper side, and a dusky line in the middle, and a shining yellow head, of the color of beeswax. It resides in the leaves which it has partly eaten, drawn together with silken threads, and when jarred, dropping and hanging in the air suspended by a thread. It makes its appearance in the latter part of June. Fitch recommends that the trees infested with them, be jarred, which will cause the worms to hang suspended by a thread. Then smear an old tin pan, (or a broom would answer,) with tar or some other adhesive substance, and swing it around under the tree, thus catching the worms as they hang suspended.

The Apple Shoulder Striped Tortrix, is a rather thick cylindrical light green worm, an inch long with fine white lines and numerous white dots.—It eats irregular notches in the margin, and holes in the middle of the leaves, in June and September, beginning to appear the last of May. This worm selects a thrifty leaf and bends one half of it into a convex form, by attaching a fine silken thread, which it spins from its mouth, first to the outer edge of the leaf, and then to or beyond the middle vein, drawing each successive thread, as it fastens its end. It thus gradually curves the leaf until it forms a hollow cavity of sufficient depth to receive its body under the threads. It then crawls into this cavity and continues to spin its threads, crossing them in every direction, until it has wholly shut itself in beneath the paper, like tissue, which it weaves.

Having thus briefly described the principal insects feeding on the apple leaf, we hope our correspondent will be able to identify the insect she finds so troublesome. If not, catch a few and send us in the spring, and if we are unable to give them a family name, we will send them to Dr. Fitch.

Ashes as a Manure, &c.—Permit me, through the columns of your excellent paper, to ask a few questions. First, are ashes that have lain for 18 or 20 years, where there were asheries, of any importance now in the culture of fruit trees? Also, are coal ashes of any value? In grafting, is it better to graft sweet to sweet, and sour to sour, than to mix them, as regards the durability of the tree.—N. H., *Caton, Steuben Co., N. Y.*

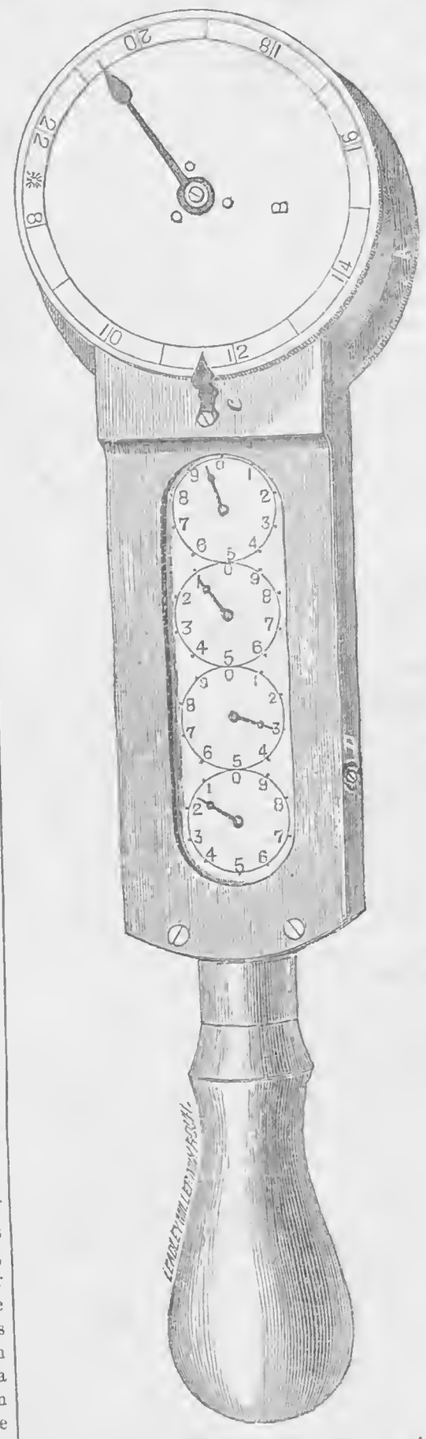
Remarks.—The wood ashes will be excellent, particularly for light land, or for a peach orchard—all the better for having lain twenty years.—Don't put any of them near cherry trees. Coal ashes are of but little benefit. We do not think the durability of the tree would be affected by grafting in the way you suggest. The plan suggested would be impracticable for nurserymen, as it is impossible to tell whether seedlings, such as is grafted, would bear either sweet or sour fruit.

Grafting Wax.—Eds. Rural:—Having had considerable experience in grafting, I thought I would send you my method of making grafting wax, which is as follows:—Take two pounds rosin, one pound beeswax, which break in small pieces and melt in an iron kettle. Stir well, until all is melted, and then take it off and let it partially cool, when add one gill buckwheat flour and stir it in. Then temper the whole with lard, using more or less according to the temperature of the weather; if warm less will answer than if cold.—The amount may be determined by cooling a spoonful in cold water; then work it with the hands by stretching it until it becomes light colored. When the whole is brought to the required temper, turn the compound into cold water, and as soon as cool enough to handle, work as before and make into small rolls. I think the above recipe preferable to to the one given in the Rural of the 28th Feb.—Parley F. Howe, *Paris, Kent Co., Mich.*, 1857.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

JONES' PLANIMETER.

This is an ingenious and valuable instrument for which letters patent have recently been issued to James Jones, Esq., of this city. It is designed to measure lumber, walls, ships tonnage and all plane surfaces, and is a very simple and perfect apparatus.



As shown in the accompanying engraving, A represents the disc or traveling wheel, which, rolled across the board or surface measured, communicates motion to the roller inside of the circular box, which acts upon the hands on the dials adjusted to mark quantities—units, tens, hundreds and thousands, as a gas meter records the consumption of gas. Upon the dial plate, B, are figures to represent the length of the board or surface to be measured, which in using is to be brought under the pointer or regulator, shown at letter C. After being in use for any required time the whole operation is secured by the use of the slide, D, which throwing the whole out of gear, retains the measurement until it has been satisfactorily registered.

The instrument is compact, durable, and efficient, and must at once attract the attention of those engaged in lumbering or any other business where the speedy and correct measurement of superfices is the object desired. Col. James T. Griffin has become jointly interested with Mr. Jones in the proprietorship and manufacture of the Planimeter, thus affording an additional guarantee that the public will be well served. See announcement of the proprietors in our advertising department.

New Instrument for Surveying.—An ingenious instrument has been constructed lately, of great utility in the art of surveying. It comprises two telescopes, attached to the same table at certain distances from each other, one firmly fixed to it, and the other movable over it upon a pivot, on a line at right angles to the line of the former, so that both may be made to bear upon the same point. The latter telescope has an index attached to it, moving over a graduated scale of distances marked upon the table, which thus indicates the distance of the point or angle formed by the meeting of the lines of the two telescopes. Hence the principal on which it is constructed is the familiar one of the right angle triangle, and avoids the necessity of logarithmic or other computations. It is easily made by an ordinary mechanic, though the graduation of the table would require considerable mathematical skill.

The Red Hand of French Railroad Clocks.—Time is telegraphed along the railway line of France to each station, from the Paris observatory. A plan has lately been adopted of having two minute hands on each station clock—one red, one black. The black one shows the railroad time, the red the local time, differing from a minute to half an hour. Thus at Paris, the two hands are identical. A hundred and fifty miles east the red hand is ten minutes in advance of the black one. A hundred and fifty miles west, the red hand is ten minutes behind the black one. By this simple plan, common mistakes and confusion are prevented. As the two hands are fixed on one shaft, it is as easy to regulate both as one. This useful improvement ought to be adopted in this country.

Burr stone has recently been discovered by Sir William Logan, the geologist, in Ottawa District, Canada, which is said to be equal to the French. Very doubtful if the quality will compare.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A SPIRIT WAIL.

BY CARRIE COVINGTON

FAIRY-LIKE, fairy-like over my spirit,
Sleateth remembrance of happier hours—
Tenderly, tenderly, e'en as the fragrance
Of sweet-scented, faded, autumnal flowers.

Beautiful, beautiful, all were my loved ones,
Fairer than casket—the jewels within,—
They were too lovely for earth and its sorrows,
Too frail for its chill blasts,—pure for its sin.

Silently, silently falleth the snow-flakes,
Draping the earth—thus they drooped their heads low,
Lovingly, lovingly, on the kind bosom
Of their beloved SAVIOR—thus did they go.

Gracefully, gracefully down in yon meadow,
Bendeth the willow-boughs over each grave—
Blighted, and withered all, lie the fair flowers,
Which I most cherished, but oh! could not save.

Desolate, desolate now is the hearth-stone,
Drear are the halls, which re-echoed with glee,
Wearily, wearily passeth the lone hours,
Oh! my Redeemer, while waiting for thee.

Bayside, N. Y., February, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

SIGHTS AND SCENES IN EUROPE.

BY MRS. L. W. BROWN.

No. I—Arrival and Notings in France.

AFTER fifteen days' passage from New York, on Sunday, Nov. 18th, we were sailing in the English Channel. No land could be seen, but a visit from a weary, frightened land-bird brought promise that it would soon greet anxious eyes. At evening, a light-house appeared in the distance.—Cannon were fired, and rockets sent out to call a pilot. He soon appeared. His price for taking charge of the ship a mile or two, was one hundred dollars. After some little parley, the captain gave him eighty. It was a pity to pass the Isle of Wight in the night. We could discern the bold shore and craggy rocks beyond, but not the Queen's summer residence. The lights of the inhabitants looked cheerful, dotting the mountain side like the homes of bank swallows. While anchored off this isle, a steamer from Southampton, distant fifteen miles, came and took several of our company. It seemed like breaking up of a family. A French pilot also came up, and for three hundred dollars agreed to see the steamer safe into port by morning. In the morning, we came to a sudden stop within sight of Havre. It was *low tide*, and the heavy-freighted vessel could not enter harbor till afternoon. All the passengers reaching home-land, hastened ashore in small row-boats. At noon, Captain CHRISTY, the New York Agent in Havre, came on board and invited the ladies remaining to land in his sail-boat. The wind was very strong and chill, and those not furnished with extra clothing, suffered from cold; but all seemed glad to reach 'dry land' at almost any peril.

The tide in Havre and in other maritime towns, varies from twenty to thirty feet, as indicated by the solid masonry leading to the wharf, reminding one of the chain of locks in the Erie canal, and which must lessen to a great extent the prosperity of so important a packet station.

On the left as we enter, stands a round massive old castle overlooking the sea. It was built in the time of King CHARLES, and looks as though it would remain firm as its rocky foundations for ages to come. The Custom House is not far from the landing. It is a long, one-story wooden building, in two apartments. Capt. C. kindly led the way. After answering, in monosyllables, a few questions by the stately armed police, we were discharged, leaving our luggage in care of the porters, who convey it from the vessel to the Custom, where the owner can recover it at the stated hours of inspection; or, by paying an additional fee of two francs, (40 cts.,) can send the Commissionaire of the inn with the keys. The landlord is responsible for his honesty.

A few steps from the Custom House, close to the wharf, is Wheeler's Hotel. We were received at the door by a short, fat, English lady, who seemed to be sole proprietor and matron of the house.—Here our agreeable shipboard acquaintance ended, except with Mrs. W. from Connecticut, who had, with two young children, come across the ocean to join her husband on landing, and find their new home in Paris. Mr. W. had been over some months, and prospering in the Rubber Manufactory faster than at home, sent for his family. I could have their pleasant company as far as the capital. The two daughters of a Senator from Virginia went directly to their friends in Paris. Mr. D. and his family from Baltimore, stopped at another place. He was taking his family to Switzerland for the purpose of leaving them, that his young sons might have better advantages for education than in our own country.

At the hotel, we were immediately shown to our rooms, by ascending several pairs of stone stairs with iron railings. The way led around a small open court, and was narrow, dark, and prison-like. The rooms were small, but neat, and very comfortably furnished—floors of brick, in pentagonal form, and smoothly painted red. Rugs before the beds and coal-fire, were the only carpets seen.—Beds and pillows, in all places except in Germany, are generally made of wool, sufficiently hard and heavy. Bedsteads in France and Italy are usually made of iron or brass, and are light and handsome. The curtains around them are neatly arranged in gothic style.

The public table (table d'hote) is always on the first floor, and near the entrance. The price for dinner at Havre, 3 francs; other places from 3 to 6 francs. The hours for dining in France, Italy and Austria are between three and six. Dinner is the chief meal. A cup of "cafè," a roll, and a boiled egg, constitute a good breakfast; a lunch at noon, and a cup of tea in the evening: these are served in your own room. A cartè, or card with prices attached to each article, is furnished each room, and supplied promptly at the ringing of the bell. The dining halls are the most attractive places for travelers. In many, the ceiling is appropriately frescoed, and the walls adorned with fine paintings. The tables are neatly laid, and ornamented with flowers. At each seat were decanters of water and bottles of wine, and *small rolls* of bread laid in *large napkins*. I saw no pitchers anywhere, except brown earthen ones, and those on the heads of 'watering girls' returning from the public fountains. The water was generally good, though many for the love of something stronger, declaimed much against its use. Individual prescriptions are not suited to the wants of the public, but in my experience, being early accustomed to taking meals without drink, and never having used any other beverage than water, in my long journey by sea and land, I did not even taste anything else, while I met with no one traveling who suffered less indisposition or felt less fatigue by constant exercise. In the use of *food*, after an ocean voyage, there is no desire for moderation.

Of the first meal in France, which is a specimen of others in different countries, I can speak favorably, both as to the quality and cooking. Bread and milk in France are very good. They are sold under strict police regulations, the license for sale being forfeited if they are found adulterated. The courses brought forward in regular order were—1st, green pea soup; 2d, fresh fish and boiled potatoes; 3d, stewed pigeon; 4th, fresh pork and salad, dressed profusely with oil; 5th, broiled lamb and fried potatoes; 6th, boiled fowl; 7th, roast beef; 8th, baked fowl; 9th, vegetables—spinage, cauliflower, &c., seasoned with dressing; 10th, cheese and cake, with a dessert consisting of very nice pears and grapes, figs, almonds and boiled chestnuts. These last are much larger than in our country, and are a common article of food among the poor, especially in Italy. Wild game is plenty. The smallest birds are eaten, and their brains considered a delicacy.

At two in the afternoon, I went to the Custom House to await the examination imposed upon foreigners by the rules of that country. I soon found my luggage with a room full of others; and amongst a crowd of all nations and tongues, hastened to give the keys to an old man, who, with his intoxicated wife, took charge of affairs. As I felt anxious, I tried to look willing, to have the search through with. At most, my goods were slightly disturbed, while many had large quantities completely overhauled, which they had the trouble to replace as best they could, and often at the expense of an extra box. Silver spoons were liable to be broken in pieces, unmade clothing taken out, many valuables seized, and only redeemed by the owners at a high tariff. The greatest search seemed to be for cigars and tobacco, upon which are heavy duties.

Havre is situated on a hill, but the best portion of this old maritime town is not seen from the harbor. The port descending to the sea, presents a barren, rugged appearance, terminating in a low, sandy beach, and is covered with dismal-looking old buildings, interspersed with rocks, patches of verdure, and a few isolated shrubs.

The river Seine is seven miles wide at its mouth. On the opposite side is Honfleur, a town of 11,000 inhabitants. The population of Havre is 26,000, composed of people from different parts of the world, though Capt. C. said that his was the only American family residing there. The buildings are very high; the roofs are made of tiles, or reddish burnt clay in half cylinder shape, two feet long, and about the diameter of our largest eave conductors. The edges of these are strongly cemented over flat pieces of the same. In some towns the roofs are of brick, and painted in various colors and devices, and all seem proof against the most destructive elements of nature.

The streets are narrow and filthy, and crowded with all sorts of people, except the genteel and fashionable. The inhabitants are not as tall as Yankees, and the women are equally engaged with the men in the shops and markets. Bonnets are not worn by the laboring women, but however tattered and filthy all other garments, every mother, daughter and baby wears a clean, white, ruffled muslin cap. Their feet are either bare, or in clumsy shoes, and no draggling dresses conceal a well-formed ankle.

From Havre to Paris by river or railway, is nearly 150 miles. The fare, including luggage, was a little more than six of our dollars. First class cars are in separate coaches, accommodating eight persons. They are richly made, and warmed by pipes of hot water under the floor or carpet, which were more of an annoyance than comfort to those from a less milder climate. The police and officers are strict and dignified. Passengers are locked in their carriages, and cannot leave under any circumstances without permission. The second class cars are as good as our best, and are generally taken by the majority of the most respectable citizens and travelers.

The country between Havre and Paris is varied, and in most parts beautiful. For many miles on our way the land was a garden, rich in all kinds of luxuriant vegetables ready for market. No spot was left uncultivated—vineyards, fruit trees and blooming flowers were seen by the wayside.—Fences are almost unknown in Europe. The land is divided into long, narrow patches of grains, vegetables, fallow and pasture, with orchards and vines crowding the same soil. Sheep and cattle fed on the strips of green grass, watched and trained by shepherd boys and girls, and often by dogs alone. Mountains and hills appeared near and distant. The smallest spot of soil that covered their rocks, was carefully planted with vines, which had just yielded their annual harvest.

The four seasons blended in one pleasing view before us. The flowers and gardens, Spring and Summer—the "many colored leaves," Autumn—and the snow-topped mountains, Winter. A few fine residences, adorned with walks and groves looked inviting; the common houses scattered very thinly along the way, were of a very inferior kind, and their inmates poor peasants or beggars. Rouen *(Roo-ong,)* sixty miles from Havre, a good dining place, is the largest town on the route to Paris. It is on the Seine, a fine old Gothic town, the ancient capital of Normandy. Many relics of its former glory are seen. The Cathedral is said to have been built in 260. The statue of JOAN OF ARC stands in the market-place. The depot, a very fine edifice, is built in a chalk mountain, which extends some distance beyond the town.

To be cast down by undeserved censure, or elated by unmerited compliment, is alike proof of weakness.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SLEEP.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

In the black and gloaming night,
Came a spirit still and white,
With a brow of angel light,
Standing by my bed.
"Rest" she softly whispered—"rest,"
And my drooping lids caressed,
And her cool, white fingers pressed
Lightly on my head.

At her touch, a world of care,
Day's dull routine cold and bare,
Quickly vanished in the air;
And there came instead,
Glowing visions of delight,
Shadowy phantoms of the night,
Ever changeful, ever bright,
Thronging round my bed.

From the Future's promised goal,
Years of sweetest bliss upstole,
Joy's full wave swept o'er my soul,
Drowning all life's tears.
Like the sun-light on the stream,
Love's full splendors o'er my dream,
Shed its sweet, bewildering gleam,
Neither doubts nor fears.

Years flew by on unseen wing,
Years they seemed, like those which spring
From revolving worlds, and bring
Only toil and care;
For this spirit's magic power,
Curdles life to one short hour,
Joy's full cup, or love's rich dower,
But a moment share.

Thus the spirit stood, and smiled,
As the long hours she beguiled,
With her visions sweet and mild,
Visions ever new—
Patient, tireless, through the night
Bending o'er me still and white,
Flying as the morning light,
Peeped the curtain through.

Independence, N. Y., March, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PEN SCRATCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

No. II.—Farmer Sunnyside.

"HIS life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man."

FARMER SUNNYSIDE is already in the descending scale of life. He is above the middle height, of noble proportions, with a well developed head, pleasant face, and a clear, honest eye, that wins your confidence and respect before he has spoken, and before you have tested his worth by actual experiment. At the very first glance you have an instinctive feeling that the true gold is in that man's heart, and subsequent trial proves your penetration did not deceive you. He is possessed of ample wealth, the foundation of which he inherited from his father, and which he has trebled by industrious habits and successful investments. He is a thorough farmer, and in passing his fertile acres one can readily understand the character of the man by the condition of the land, fences and buildings. Everything is in the most perfect order; not a bar down, not a gate open, not a rail out of place, but each being the exact counterpart of its neighbor in length and size, and lying in its appropriate place. His stump fences are an ornament to the farm, having been built with an eye to regularity and beauty, as well as for compactness and durability. The gray, gnarled roots are interlaced in such a way as to produce a pleasing effect upon the passer-by, and to prove an effectual barrier to the incursions of four-footed marauders. His house, a large, two-story brick building, is half-buried in flourishing shade trees and sweet-scented flowering shrubs, while the road-side for many rods is beautified by slender thriving maples, planted by the hand of Farmer SUNNYSIDE.

The out-buildings are numerous and in excellent repair, and the agricultural implements are carefully stowed away, each in its own particular place in the commodious tool-house—not left in the field where last used, or by the fence, as is the case in some places. Farmer SUNNYSIDE is a true gentleman. His courteous bow is accorded to the humblest day-laborer, as scrupulously as to his richest fellow citizen. He would no more take advantage of a man in making a bargain than he would steal his property. In truth, he is unable to draw any line of distinction between over-reaching and theft. At heart he is a sincere and consistent Christian. In a word, he is one of those firm, honorable souls, whose counterpart every man would be glad to secure as executor of his will. Upright and conscientious to the last degree, he would no more wrong the widow and the fatherless than he would stain his hands with the blood of crime.

He is well educated in the best sense of the word. He takes the best papers in the country, and pays for them in advance. Every new book of scientific worth, of historical or political value, as well as works of travel, and some of the more meritorious publications of a lighter character, find their way to his well-filled library, and are read with a careful and critical eye. I have seen Farmer SUNNYSIDE in conversation with eminent men—men of the highest standing—and he comported himself with an unaffected dignity that led me to give double honor to our glorious country, which is blessed with such men to till the soil, and to invest the office with the dignity it so richly deserves. When called upon to give his opinion upon any subject, no matter how intricate in its bearings, he invariably replied in a clear, free-spoken, yet modest way, that showed him to be not only a close reader, but a profound thinker.

Farmer SUNNYSIDE has never been in office.—There has been much talk of nominating him for Governor of our State, but I do not know as he would accept the honor. If he did, it could add nothing to the halo of true greatness that already distinguishes his name more highly than any petty office in the gift of man can do. I should rejoice to see his noble hand at the helm of State. Truly, the shameful wire-pulling that is all too common in these degenerate days would receive an effectual check, so far as his influence could be made to extend.

It is not an obscure, unknown man of whom I have written. You know him by report, and by the contributions which his masterly pen frequently furnishes to the best conducted journals of the day. In my next I may, perchance, give a sketch of Mrs. SUNNYSIDE. MORE ANON.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

YOUNG MEN.

No class are addressed, by the voice or pen, with more hope of good, than *young men*,—those who are neither too old to learn, or so firmly fixed in their habits, that they cannot depart from the beaten track, when shown a more excellent way.—There is great hope too, in the fact that young men are strong—upon whose shoulders rests the chief weight of the responsibility, as to whether the present generation, in all important interests, shall progress, or go back—whether society shall continue in the same state in which it has come down from the fathers, or shall change—and if so, for the better, or for the worse.

We would not, by these remarks, deny, or undervalue the responsibility and influence of any other class, young or old, male or female. There is a mutual and reciprocal influence in these matters which cannot be separated. "The hand cannot say of the foot, 'I have no need of thee;' or the eye of the ear, 'I have no need of thee.'" They are members of one body. All act together.—While the young men must exert, for the most part, the immediate, controlling influence, in shaping the institutions and events of society, there are, at the same time, other important and powerful influences, which, in a great degree, shape their own characters, and thus direct essentially their actions. The stand which they take in society, and the influence which they exert will depend very much upon the combined influence upon themselves, of the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters, and all whom they admire and love, as well as of everything in the present or the past, which has contributed to mold their characters.

But whatever they are, and however made so, the mantle of the preceding generation falls upon them. They are to take up their work where their fathers have left it—to maintain, and in their turn, hand down to those who shall come after what was delivered into their hands, together with such improvements, and additions, as they shall be able to make. The stream should increase as it flows, bringing accumulated treasures to each successive generation. Happy will it be for our country if the young men of the nation, the young farmers, the young men in every profession, and department of art, shall appreciate their position, and their high privilege to perpetuate and extend whatever pertains to the welfare of mankind. H.

Hudson, Ohio, 1857.

LOST—A LADY'S CHARMS.

"LOST, between Eighth street and the Jersey City ferry, a valuable set of charms, belonging to a lady, and much valued as a gift," with the usual &c. about a reward to any one who will restore these lost charms. Alas, poor lady! no amount of reward will ever bring them back. Lost charms are lost forever; much valued as they undoubtedly were, they are valueless now. A gift, were they? Yes, true, the gift of nature, if they were charms of a beautiful face or perfect form. If they were charms of a sweet temper and agreeable manners, they were charms of a cultivated mind—charms that may be worn where nature has denied the boon to face and form. Perhaps they were only the charms of dress, charms that are often lost in these days in our uncharming muddy streets. But these are charms that any milliner and dressmaker can restore. The charms were a gift! Ah, that implies that they were purchasable charms, not those that come without money and without price, like the charms of woman's worth, of beauty of body and mind. Charms that money can buy—what are they? Pshaw. Here, as we read a little further on in this singular advertisement of lost charms, the story is told. Nothing but tinsel—so are half the charms that ladies treasure most highly—gilt, brass imitations of nondescript quadrupeds, fish, fowls and creeping things, and things mechanical that could only creep, not go; all dangling to a watch chain, and called "charms." These are the charms that are lost. Let them go, and cultivate a kind that will last forever.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

AWFUL THOUGHTS.—"This had from the very beginning of their acquaintance induced in her that *awe* which is the most delicious feeling a wife can have towards a husband." "Awe!" said I, on hearing the above remark—"awe of a man whose whiskers you have trimmed, whose hair you have cut, whose cravats you have tied, whose shirts you have 'put in the wash,' whose boots and shoes you have kicked into the closet, whose dressing gown you have worn while combing your hair; who has been down in the kitchen with you at eleven o'clock at night, to hunt for a chicken bone; who has hooked your dresses, unlaced your boots, fastened your bracelets, and tied on your bonnet, who has stood before your looking glass, with thumb and finger on his proboscis, scratching his chin; whom you have buttered, and sugared, and toasted, and tea-ed; whom you have seen asleep with his mouth wide open!—Ridiculous!"—*Fanny Fern.*

MEN are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest; the spirit and the senses so easily grow dead to the impressions of the beautiful and perfect, that every one should study, by all methods to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things. For no man can bear to be entirely deprived of such enjoyments: it is because they are not used to taste of what is excellent, that the generality of people delight in silly and insipid things, provided they are new. For this reason, one ought, every day at least, to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, speak a few reasonable words.—*Goethe.*

A PRAYER.

PLANTE, Lorde, in me the tree of godly lyfe;
Hedge me about with the strong fence of faith;
If Thee it please, use eke Thy pruning knife,
Lest that, oh Lorde, as a good gardiner saith,
If suckers draw the sap from roots on hie,
Perhaps in tyme the top of tree may die.
Let, Lorde, this tree be set within Thy garden wall
Of Paradise, where growes no ill sprig at all.

[*Sir Nicholas Breton.*

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

[Concluded from page 116, this No.]

"Well, Maz, this old house is haunted."

Now, that made TRUDIE so happy she was not as afraid of Uncle JAKE as she had been, when he came stumbling through the hall, growling at something that had fallen in his way. He went straight to his chair, sat down in it, got up again and looked at it, (then TRUDIE began to tremble,) sat down in it again, wriggled awhile, then faintly smiling over his spectacles, said:

"I guess the witches have been dancing over my old chair. Umph!"

"TRUDIE has been to work at it, this morning," said Aunt SARAH, remembering she had not seen him smile before in a long time.

"Is that what you call her? Well she's a good one—umph," and then his eyes went rolling with ROB'S around the room.

But the sun did not shine all that day for TRUDIE. Uncle JAKE staid home all the afternoon, and more than one sharp rebuke he gave her, yet he said, besides, many a kindly thing. Aunt SARAH kept at her sewing, but smiled at the child whenever she looked up. But just before time for getting supper, when only her ambition kept up TRUDIE'S weary, aching body, she tried to lift a kettle of hot water from the stove, but her trembling little hand failed her, and down it fell, scalding her hands and arms, Uncle JAKE'S foot a little, and worse than all, a spaniel that ROB set his heart upon. The dog ran fiercely yelping round the room, Uncle JAKE growled tremendously, and TRUDIE, overcome with pain and affright, fell fainting upon the floor.

When she recovered her consciousness she was lying upon a cot in an adjoining room, and Aunt SARAH and Uncle JAKE were bending anxiously over her. The former was tenderly binding up her smarting arms, while the latter, with a large camphor bottle in his hands, stood alternating his emphatic "umph!" with "poor child!" and "sorry thing! sorry thing!" She would have been almost glad it all had happened, just for receiving *his* tenderness, had she not heard ROB fuming in rage in the next room, over his spaniel, and the delay of the supper.

And so TRUDIE was not so happy when she went to her lonely bed, as she had dreamed to be. Oh, how her little body and heart ached. And if the passers through the gloomy street that night looked up to the attic window of the old grey house,—they might have seen something dressed all in white, with a pale face pressed close to the pane, and great dark eyes glistening up to the stars.

Verily, that old grey house, was haunted.

CHAPTER IV.

It was not done in a week, it was not done in a month, the work that child-hero had set about to do. If her hope had not been fresh with morning dew it might have died down in the beginning; and if her faith had been like ours,—God forgive us,—its strength could not have brought down the help of Heaven. It was her first battle; she was very brave, and her armor fit for a soul Achilles.

A twelve month from the March time when some people say they saw a ghost,—you know where,—I wish I could have been asked to tea at the old grey house—Aunt SARAH had been gone to the country for a month or more, and the tidiest, busiest little housewife was left to have things all to her liking. Was there ever a more cozy little room? Just see what fine round mirrors hang upon the wall. Oh, I'm mistaken—they are tin pans. See the curtains looped back with blue ribbon, and the evergreen bough over the new looking glass; and then the floor—we would brush our feet well upon the mat before daring to cross it.—The cloth upon the table is white as snow, and if you look very sharp you will see how nicely somebody has patched and darned it. Then the new white crockery—that is ROB'S present to TRUDIE—how it will surprise his mother when she gets home.

In comes Uncle JAKE and he pulls TRUDIE'S curls when she takes his hat and stick, and then hurries to draw out his big chair, and lay a pair of slippers upon the footstool, before him—laughing all the time, though she hangs her head so low he cannot see.

"Ah, what are these?" and Uncle JAKE takes up the slippers, and, (see how the tears blind him,) stoops and pats the little one upon the head. "You are an angel to me, TRUDIE; GOD bless you, child."

Do you think he is reading, as he sits there with the evening paper before his face?

ROB comes in, good natured, but hungry and glad enough to get his supper. He goes whistling around the room, slyly watching TRUDIE, and when she is not looking, steals up behind her, and gives her a kiss pat upon her cheek, and then to break the scolding he is half afraid will follow, throws a little package towards her. She opens it, and out rolls a thimble.

"Why, ROB! you are good; how came you to?"

"Because you are good, I suppose. Didn't I hear you say last night you had lost yours?"

"Yes, but I've found it again. You must take this back, and save your money."

"No such thing; this is silver. Throw away that old brass one, and keep this to remember me."

And so they laughed and chatted until the tea kettle sang them down. When they gathered around the table, Uncle JAKE, whose eyes were still moist, stopped their noisy mirth, by calmly saying:

"Children, it is many a year since I thanked GOD for anything. My heart is full to-night of gratitude that has been swelling for a long time.—Let us ask a blessing."

* * * * * * * *

Do I need to tell you any more?

Uncle JAKE has gone to his long home. His hands rested on TRUDIE'S head in holy benediction when he died.

ROBERT GRANGER is a thriving business man, steady and honest. He never wears an enormous fob chain, with seal and charms to match, and his linen, though coarse, is as white as somebody's faithful hands can wash it. If you would see TRUDIE, go home to tea with him some night. I'll promise the bread will be the sweetest, and your hostess the fairest and most kind. You will see Aunt SARAH with her caps a little awry, and other negligences in her dress, but she is a tender-hearted woman, and if you talk with her about her son, she will tell you that ROB used to be pretty wild, but she knew if she was patient with him he would come out right in the end.

Don't you wish that everybody's house was haunted? We may be better than ghosts in our own.

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE TEACHER'S LESSON.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"We glean for ourselves, even while we sow for others; and as children are nearer to angels, so are their teachings purer than ours."

The current of mischief on this first day of spring sunshine, had been almost too strong for me to stem in my large schoolroom, and I fear I let but little of its light or warmth into my own heart. I was irritated because some of my best pupils had for once forgotten the long established laws of my dominion, and all unheeding their tasks, were looking eagerly to warm golden beams, streaming in through the western windows, and whispering their longings for a frolic without, to their fellows. How was I to endure this restlessness till the time for dismissal? Many an hour had I remained to assist some ambitious child with his lesson that he might the sooner, in school parlance, "*go up*." But to-day, one for whom I had lingered longest had failed to restrain his rollicking spirit, and missed every recitation. I resolved to make a long talk after school the safety valve for my vexation, and so requested him to remain after his companions were gone out among the birds and buds of the spring-time. He was in truth a noble lad—a very hero in many things, and I had grown proud of the boy. But I was too thoroughly out of patience to find in my heart any feelings of extenuation for his overflow of fun, and resolved to reprimand him severely.

I gathered all the terror of the Sanhedrim into my voice as I said, "I am sorry, John, to be obliged to detain you to-night on the score of disobedience. You know I cannot permit whispering, and I supposed you understood the necessity of such a regulation in a room containing so many lips disposed to be sociable."

"I do," said John meekly.

"Why, then, do you grieve me by this refusal to comply with what you know to be right?"

"You never *asked* me not to whisper."

"I *told* you; indeed I am sure you heard me forbid any communication in study hours."

"I know it ma'am," said John, respectfully; "but you did not *ask* me, and somehow I always want to do what I'm forbidden," and he blushed to acknowledge this lingering portion of "old Adam," as he added, "If you will say it grieved or troubled you, I will try, oh, so hard, to please you."

"John," said I, "will you guard your tongue to-morrow, and *try* to keep from troubling me?"

"I *won't* whisper to-morrow," said he, with unusual emphasis, and a strange twinkle in his eye, which quite puzzled me, and left a doubt in my mind as to the sincerity of the lad. He was remarkable for truthfulness, and yet that ambiguous look had quite unsettled my faith. I bade him good night in a tone which left him no chance to continue a conversation which he seemed inclined to prolong. I resolved to give him a special portion of my watchfulness on the following day.

"What did he mean by 'not *asking* him?'" said I to myself, as I loitered wearily home. "Can it be that he feels a want of confidence on my part," and my thoughts ran back to my own neglected childhood, and memory recalled, almost too vividly, many a heartache over scenes like the one just left. How I had longed to be old, and how slowly passed the days and years of life's spring-time, for I was a *child*, and of course could not suffer mentally till I was "of age." I was not expected to know the meaning of distrust, or despise tyranny, especially as I was an orphan. How few seem to remember their own childish struggles for even a small claim upon the esteem of those who were older, and of course wiser. (Query. In what?)

The next day, with all my vigilance, I found no infringement on my rules, but that peculiar look was on John's face when he caught my sidelong glance, and it irritated me exceedingly. I am not quite sure but that in my heart I almost wished he would do something for which I could reprove him. The day sped quickly—too quickly for all I wished to see accomplished, and when each scholar was called upon to acknowledge any sly delinquencies of which their consciences might accuse them, John had nothing to confess and promptly replied "*Honor*," when his name was called, and bade me good night, as usual. I began to think I had wronged the boy, and felt like craving pardon, for my silent judgment, but of course my teacher-dignity would allow no fallibility.

The next morning he was in mischief, and seemed to court attention, but I would not notice him, and he continued disorderly throughout the day, though not *very* naughty. At night he commenced his confession, when his turn came, "I blotted my book; I whispered; I studied too loud; I put out my foot when a classs passed my seat."

"Stop, John," said I, pettishly. "The school need not be detained to hear your catalogue; it must be related to the only one you seem to wish to trouble," and giving the signal for dismissal, class after class arose and walked out, chanting their good night song, and nodding pleasantly to me as they passed. John's face flushed, and he evidently began to think he was carrying his experiment too far, for the little philosopher's tears gathered in large, round drops and chased each other down his checks, while he sat bolt upright in his seat, scorning to bow his head for a little childish sorrow. Scarcely had the door closed on the last pupil, when he rose, and came eagerly forward and laid his hot forehead upon my hand, which rested upon the table, and sobbed out, "Forgive me."

"John," said I, solemnly, "you have told a falsehood." His head was raised in an instant, and he dashed away the tears, as he said, "I never told my teacher a lie. I couldn't do *that*. I said I would not disobey you *yesterday*, and I didn't.—You did not want to trust me but for one day.—You thought because I was a *boy* I couldn't keep my word. Give me a rule and I'll obey it, but if you *command* me,—don't command me, please. If you think I *could* tell lies, I'm afraid I should, but if you believed I *couldn't*, I'm sure I *wouldn't*. If you'll trust me, and believe me, I'll never do wrong on purpose again."

"John, I do, and will believe you, and trust you too. Do you know this is honorable beyond your years?"

"I don't know ma'am, as I'm too young to be honorable. I think boys can be as truthful as men, and I know *I will be*, if you will forgive me," and his voice lowered and his handsome lips quivered out—and *respect* me too."

I stooped and kissed the brow of the noble boy for a reply, for my feelings were voiceless. A proud smile lit up his face, and he bounded off for his home, leaving the sunlight in the room, and it entered my heart this time, and I found that I had been the taught instead of the teacher, and verily it has not proved an unheeded lesson. John's word remains inviolate, and when I am tempted to distrust my children, I look to that manly face and remember to teach them self-respect, as the first step to future goodness and greatness. We cultivate the intellect and let weeds grow rankly in the heart; we prepare them for the business of life, and call it *usefulness*, but the spiritual is forgotten, until it is said, "Too much learning hath made them mad."

Remember that the harp-strings we play upon are immortal, and vibrate unceasingly, while they echo and re-echo discord or harmony, whichever we *will*, forever and ever.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1857.

A PERFECT CHARACTER.

In a very excellent address delivered before the *Tracy Female Institute*, in this city, by Rev. R. H. Richardson, we find the following striking and truthful passage, urging the formation of a perfect character, as the true aim of the teacher:

"Genuine improvement is no one-sided, partial thing. It aims at the formation of a perfect character, and directs its efforts, therefore, toward everything which goes to make up the character. It lays hold of every elemental principle of our nature, throws around it such influences, gives it such attention and culture as will cause its vigorous growth and expansion, yet proportional with that of every other principle. Perfection can only be found in harmony and just proportion. Reason, conscience, the affections—all our spiritual faculties and powers, and not less our physical faculties and powers, too—enter essentially into the constitution of our humanity—were all intended to be helpers of each other's joy, and, all together, to minister to that excellence and beauty which belong to a well-developed character and a well-regulated life. A single instrument in an orchestra out of time will make discord with all the rest and more than destroy all the sweetness and power of their strains. A single imperfect string upon one instrument makes it worse than useless for all the purposes for which it is designed. A single imperfect feature of character will mar the beauty of the whole; or to change the figure, like one broken wheel of a watch, will disturb or destroy all the motion of the machine. How much more disastrous the result, then, if the discordant instrument be the leading one of the orchestra, or the defective part of the watch be the main-spring, or the balance-wheel which gives motion or equilibrium to all the rest! True improvement and education, then, I repeat it, involve the harmonious training and development of all our capacities and powers, moral, emotional, intellectual and physical.

SCHOOLS PROMOTERS OF PUBLIC WEALTH.

In a mere monetary point of view, the education of the masses must not be neglected. The investments of capital in good school-houses, competent teachers, and whatever other appliances are necessary to produce a generous public culture, pay, in the end, a larger per cent. than rail road stocks or state bonds. A single instance in point will serve to illustrate our premises. The city of Providence, Rhode Island, is a marked illustration of the influence of schools upon the growth of a place.—In 1840 the population was 24,171; in 1855 it had increased to 57,785; more than doubling in fifteen years. Previous to 1840, the common schools of the city, were in a low condition; but at that time a great interest was awakened by a few influential and enlightened citizens on the subject of education, and large and commodious school-houses were erected throughout the city, and first-class teachers employed to conduct them. This attracted people from abroad to settle there, especially mechanics, who could there educate their children free of expense.

Thus Providence has already become eminently a very good educational and manufacturing city. She raises $80,000 annually for her schools. Who, then, can doubt the influence of schools upon the increased value of real property. Let the opponents of free schools look at this matter, in the light of experience, and the opposition to taxation for schools will cease. No man can afford to hold back in the educational movement, and while wealth pays tribute to science and culture, it receives back its own with usury.—*N. Y. Teacher.*

INFLUENCE OF A LITERARY TASTE.

To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bed-time; for the moon and the stars see more evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all composed of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and "stands homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood, his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is a home to the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom and charm you by their wit, who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the middle ages, were exorcised and driven away by bell, book and candle; and you want but two of these agents, the book and the candle.—*George S. Hilliard.*

Illustrated Biography.—No. 5.

ELISHA KENT KANE,
THE AMERICAN ARCTIC DISCOVERER.

Above we present what is said to be a life-like portrait of one of the most remarkable men of this remarkable age—a man, who, ere reaching the meridian of life, rendered himself world-famous by deeds of intrepid and chivalrous heroism, and persistent endurance in behalf of science and humanity, and whose recent demise has caused a profound sensation of sorrow throughout both the New and Old World.

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane was born in Philadelphia on the 3d of February, 1822, and had therefore just entered upon his thirty-fifth year at the time of his decease—Feb. 16, 1857. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, in 1843, first in the collegiate, and subsequently in the medical department; and when he started upon his active career of adventure he was esteemed as a good classical scholar, and a good chemist, mineralogist, astronomer and surgeon. But his frame, even from boyhood, was delicate; and, with a view of strengthening his constitution, he solicited an appointment in the navy as surgeon, obtained it, and was attached to the first American embassy to China. This position gave him opportunity to explore the Phillippine Islands, which he effected mainly on foot. He was the first white man who descended into the crater of Taal, lowered more than a hundred feet by a bamboo rope from the overhanging cliff, and, clambering down some seven hundred more through the scoriæ. He made a topographical sketch of the interior of this great volcano, collected a bottle of sulphuric acid from the very mouth of the crater; and, although he was drawn up almost senseless, he brought with him a sketch of this hideous cavern and the specimens which it afforded. Upon this expedition he was attacked by the Ladrones and savages of the Negrito race, and exposed to other hardships, which proved fatal to his traveling companion, Baron Loe of Prussia.

Before returning home from this remote expedition he had ascended the Himalayas and triangulated Greece on foot; he had visited Ceylon; the Upper Nile, and all the mythologic region of Egypt; traveling the route, and making the acquaintance of the learned Lepsius, who was then prosecuting his archæological researches. He also traversed Greece on foot, and returned to the United States through Europe in 1846.

Soon after his arrival he was again ordered on duty, this time to the western coast of Africa. He now attempted to visit the slave marts of Whydah, but having taken the African fever, he was sent home in a precarious state of health. He recovered, however, and we next find him a volunteer in the Mexican war. His adventures in Mexico proved him to be the possessor of lion-like courage and of a most generous and noble heart; but he fell a victim to one of the fevers of the country, and was very near dying.

When Dr. Kane recovered and returned, he was employed in the Coast Survey Department.—While engaged in this service, the Government by its correspondence with Lady Franklin became committed for an attempt at the rescue of Sir John and his ill-starred companions in Arctic discovery. Nothing could be better addressed to the Doctor's governing sentiments than this adventure. The enterprise of Sir John ran exactly in the current of one of his own enthusiasms—the service of natural science combined with heroic personal effort. He was "bathing in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, on the 12th of May, 1850," when he received his telegraphic order to proceed forthwith to New York, for duty upon the Arctic expedition. In nine days from that date he was beyond the limits of the United States on his dismal voyage to the North Pole. Of this, as well as of the subsequent expedition which he projected, little need here be said, as the public have been already fully informed, both as to their history and the splendid results obtained by his daring investigations.

Dr. Kane was about five feet seven inches in height, and usually weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds. Complexion fair, hair brown, eyes dark gray with a sharp hawk-like look. He was never robust. With such general health as his, most men would call themselves invalids, and live on furlough from all the active duties of life; yet he has won the distinction of being the first civilized man to stand in latitude 82° 30′ and gaze upon the open Polar Sea—to reach the northernmost point of land on the globe—to report the lowest temperature ever endured—the heaviest sledge journeys ever performed—and the wildest life that civilized man has successfully undergone; and to return after all to tell the story of his unequalled and almost miraculous adventures and explorations. Truly, he has accomplished much for his country and his race, and justly acquired, by an experience exceeding the loftiest romance, a fame which is imperishable.

ROSA BONHEUR, THE ANIMAL PAINTER.

This great artist—it is scarcely an exaggeration to say the greatest artist of the naturalist school—has been lately studying in Scotland. No persons acquainted with the ordinary meaning of artistic terms in England, will suppose that when we distinguish Rosa Bonheur by the name of a naturalist artist, we mean to confine her abilities as an artist to the mere representation of natural phenomena. It is true that she labors more earnestly at the representation of a "Bull's Head," than any sign-painter in England, who has passed from infancy to maturity in the exercise of doing nothing else but drawing "bull's heads." It is true that she resolutely refuses to perpetuate on her canvass ideal animals, of which she has no knowledge.—Nevertheless, Rosa Bonheur is one of the greatest representatives of the naturalist school, in the same way that Faraday is one of natural philosophers. Both these persons refuse to know anything of nature but what they have made their own, either by actual outward observation, or by mental thought. It is as the materials of further labor that Rosa Bonheur uses these products of her intense study of nature.

She made a tour in Scotland some months ago, for the sole purpose of studying the animal life in that country. There were receptions organized for her, but she steadily refused them. She, in her grand and wise simplicity, would wonder that this would be mentioned as anything peculiar; but we, who look upon life as it stands, know better, and that she might have added considerably to her value in the estimation of the world, by submitting, with a good grace, to these ovations; but she withstood them all. She made much use of her eyes, but, by necessity, little of her pencil during her tour. Nevertheless, some of the slighter sketches of Scottish scenery, which she took in hurried moments, strike us as hitting off with wonderful power the peculiarities of the northern landscapes. However, her whole heart was in the cattle which she loves. She has a strange power of sympathizing with cattle, and those which she selected were sent up from Scotland to Wexham, near Windsor, and from them, since she has returned, she has been devoted to the earnest study of these animals. We speak from certain knowledge when we say, that every streak of sun-light falling upon the cherished objects to be made available for art, has been jealously watched for.—She has been for more than a month occupied in taking advantage of the daylight for the purpose of making studies of these animals. The result of this has been a collection of studies, which, if we regard the smallness of the time which has been consumed, and the difficulty in posing and grouping the "sitters," must be regarded as one of the most remarkable contributions to art that has ever been seen.

The sketches which we have had the good fortune to see were only offered to our view a few hours before the departure of Mademoiselle Bonheur to Paris, but even in that short time we were enabled to see that we had before us some of the most extraordinary contributions to the artistic explanations of animal life that have ever been made. They are sketches, and only sketches; for the artist, in the extremity of conscientiousness, has limited herself in each sketch to sufficient space to occupy the subject of representation, and no more. She will not have them taken as pictures. They are to be the subjects upon which thought and skill are to raise up grand artistic representations. Nevertheless, in themselves they are perfect. The marvellous finish and extent of manipulation in each is a matter of admiration, not merely to amateurs, but to great artists.—*Paris International.*

Lewenhoek reckoned seventy thousand divisions in the corner (outer coat of the eye) of a butterfly, each one of which, he thought, possessed a crystalline lens. Spiders, etc., are similarly provided for.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OF ONE GONE.

BY W. R. KNOWLES.

We walked in silence from the tomb,
When the last prayer had been said,
And drew around a cheerless hearth,
To name the virtues of the dead.
The warm pulsations of her heart
Are motionless beneath the lid,
As some sweet rivulet is bound
In fetters, when the flowers are hid.

And we can hardly realize
The truth that slowly dawns to mind,
That though we search, the missing lamb
We really can never find.
The grave that always heretofore
Has faithfully retained its trust,
Will still continue so to do,
Till dust has joined its kindred dust.

But often in a reverie,
The light of our complaining fire
Brings back a sainted form to us,
Arrayed in heavenly attire.
And though the ashen lips are sealed,
And silent here amid the strife,
Yet we can talk with her, and feel
Our old affection spring to life.

And many summers since that time
Have mantled all her grave in flowers,
And woke to newer life and glow
The trailing surface of the bowers.
And beautiful as these may be,
The bloom is only for a time;
But the unfolded bud beneath
Blooms in a never-fading clime.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"GONE BEFORE."

We have a dear friend, who, lured by the attractions of other lands and scenes, is about to part from us. In the hope of realizing the anticipations excited by those allurements, he is about to sever the ties which bind him to his native place—and to us. The hour of his departure arrives, and as we press the hand, and the swimming eye looks the "good bye" which the quivering lips refuse to utter, how does the eye kindle, and the heart throb with pleasure as the thought flashes upon us that, in time, we may meet again; that the friend may return to us, or we may go to him. We know we may never meet on the shores of time, yet the possibility is to our full hearts, a "thing of joy." But if the mere hope of an earthly meeting is an alleviator of the pain of parting, how "exceeding great" should be our joy to know that if *we will, we shall meet*, to *know* that although the loved ones may not come to us, we may go to them.

Reader, have you stood by the bedside of the dying parent, brother, sister, wife or child, and as you saw the lamp of life flicker and go out, did you deem the loved one gone forever? Or, as the dying one's eye kindled with rapture, as the hands clasped in an extacy of joy, the feeble tongue shouted "Hozanna," and the sufferer "fell asleep," did you think of them as, "*not dead*" but rather "*gone before?*" You stand and listen, with sinking heart, as the clods of the valley fall with discordant sound, hiding from you—what? Your friend? Nay. The soul, which rendered so beautiful the now cold mass of clay, has thrown aside its earthly integument, and escaped on wings of immortality to a holier home. It has "gone before" on a journey on which *you* must soon set out. A link binding you to earth is broken, and another cord added to those drawing you to heaven. Then look up, and what though the heavens appear dark. If you will but look with the eye of faith, you will there behold

"——Gleams look forth of spirit eyes,
Like stars along the darkening skies,"

while

"Voices you have pined to hear
Come back upon the dreaming ear,"

saying, come hither. Then be not sorrowful, but, "always rejoicing;" for you have not the *hope* only, but the *certainty*, that if you have lived in the fear of God, though the parting here was bitter, your greeting on the "Shining Shore" shall be, not for a *season*, but for *eternity*.

Chili, March, 1857. T. D. Tooker.

THE NATURE OF FAITH.

A parent sets out upon a journey, and takes with him one of his little children, always accustomed to receive benefits from his parental tenderness. The child plainly knows nothing of the destined journey, of the place which he will find, the entertainment which he will receive, the sufferings which he must undergo, or the pleasures which he may enjoy. Yet the child goes willingly and with delight. Why? not because he is ignorant; for ignorance by itself is a source to him of nothing but doubt and fear. Were a stranger to propose to him the same journey, in the same terms, he would decline it at once; and could not be induced to enter upon it without compulsion.—Yet his ignorance, here, would be at least equally great. He is wholly governed by rational considerations. Confidence in his parent, whom he knows by experience to be only a benefactor to him, and in whose affection and tenderness he has always found safety and pleasure, is the sole ground of his cheerful acceptance of the proposed journey, and of all his subsequent conduct. In his parent's company, he feels delighted; in his care, safe.—Separated from him, he is at once alarmed, anxious, and miserable. Nothing can easily restore him to peace, or comfort, or hope, but the return of his parent. In his own obedience and filial affection, and in his father's approbation and tenderness, care and guidance, he finds sufficient enjoyment, and feels satisfied and secure. He looks for no other motive than his father's choice, and his own confidence. The way which the father points out, although perfectly unknown to him; the entertainment which he provides, the places at which he chooses to stop, and measures, universally, which he is pleased to take, are, in the view of the child, all proper, right and good. For his parent's pleasure, and for that only, he inquires; and to this single object are confined all his views and al his affections.—*Dwight.*

To be useful is to be happy; to be loved of God is to be blessed.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

Premiums Extended!—"Try, Try Again!"

It will be seen by reference to lists on next page that we have *extended* the period of Competition for our LARGE GENERAL and STATE PREMIUMS from April to July, and *renewed* our offer of SPECIFIC PREMIUMS. We have concluded to adopt this course, in order that many agents and friends who are still in the field may continue their efforts through the Spring Campaign—a good season for obtaining subscribers; and also that those to whom the RURAL has but recently been introduced may compete for the Specific and State Premiums. The extension will not, we presume, be objected to by any of our agents, and certainly by none who work mainly (as most of them do,) to augment the circulation and usefulness of the RURAL. ☞ None of the persons interested are aware of their present respective positions or chances for the Large and State Premiums, and will not be until the result is announced, so that the competition and awards will be perfectly fair and honorable.

☞ As a new Quarter begins this week, *the present* is a good time to commence new clubs or make additions to those already formed, and we trust agents and friends will continue their efforts in that direction.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed from one Post Office to another, should be particular in specifying the offices at which they are now received.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL, be sure and specify name of *Post-Office, County,* and *State, Territory* or *Province.*

☞ BACK NUMBERS of the present volume can still be supplied but those desiring them should be particular in specifying that they are wanted.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

The Evangelist—Field & Crotchead.
Great Forest Dragon—O. K. Chamberlain.
Albany Tile Works—G. & W. M'Cammon.
The Concord Grape—E. W. Ball.
Lawton Blackberry—William Lawton.
On East Bank of Seneca Lake—J. H. Dey.
Fruit Trees—Spicer & Higgins.
Iron Garden Ornaments—Janes, Beebe & Co.
Farm for Sale—F. A. Smith.
Susquehanna Seminary—Henry Carver.
Jones' Platformeter—Jones & Griffin.
For Sale—A. H. Franklin.
Splendid European Plants—W. C. Strong.
Coupring—G. H. Long.
Brookfield Manuf'g Co.—C. Whitford.
Wanted—Anna E. McDowell.
A Book-Keeper—H. E. White.
Asparagus Plants—James O. Keel.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, APRIL 4, 1857.

To Readers and Correspondents.

READERS who have accompanied us thus far on the Eighth Voyage of the staunch ship RURAL, have probably discovered, ere this, that our weekly freight has comprised a valuable and interesting assortment of Mental Wares, with, we trust, few articles which were either *very* heavy or contraband. The design of the superior and other officers has been to ship only rich and acceptable goods, and if any objectionable commodities have been placed among the freight in either of the many departments, it must be attributed to the fact that the supercargo and some of his aids have been much of the time in quarantine and unable to perform full duty on ship-board. Competent judges, however, (the Press, and many shrewd and well-informed Individuals,) assure us that the RURAL has, during the past three months, far and nobly exceeded its former efforts—and were we not proverbially opposed to "mutual admiration societies" we should be induced to publish various extracts from private letters and public journals as a full substantiation of the assertion. For the same reason we desist from saying, what is in the mouths, pens and papers of so many, that the RURAL has become, more than ever before, *the* standard in its sphere—or that we pay far more for contributions, illustrations, &c., than any other Agricultural or similar journal issued—though we have no doubt whatever in the premises. Yet, inasmuch as others claim such distinction, we modestly, and with due deference to our superiors *in such assertions,* refer all interested to the pages of the RURAL and its subscription list—inviting an examination and comparison with those of its rivals, whether friendly or otherwise. While we do not insist upon even claiming what is *just* to ourselves, we can amply afford to be *generous* to our cotemporaries—and GOD grant we may never utter or print a word which shall injure any sincere laborer in the cause we have espoused! There is "ample room and verge enough" in this goodly land for all, and we greatly deplore the fact that the unexampled success of the RURAL should estrange and render jealous rivals, those whom we esteem and honor for their efficient and continuous labors in furtherance of Rural, Moral and Mental Improvement.

In setting sail upon the Second Quarter, our RURAL Compass points to the same objects and haven as heretofore—and we shall continuously endeavor to render our labors Instructive and Useful to Practical People, and to enhance the sunshine and happiness of the myriad of homes we have the great responsibility of visiting weekly. Subject as we are, however, to like and perhaps greater ills and afflictions than our cotemporaries and readers, we may perchance occasionally veer from the direct course it is our earnest desire to pursue, yet we hope, by constant vigilance, to avoid the numerous dangerous rocks and reefs which beset us in the great Ocean of Journalism.

CORRESPONDENTS have greatly favored us during the past three months, insomuch that we now have *hundreds of communications,* on various subjects, in prose and verse, awaiting the attention it is impossible to bestow immediately. Most of these are for the Literary and Miscellaneous departments, the space devoted to which is limited; and hence many, *though well written,* must necessarily be deferred for a long time if ever published. Indeed, several of the articles given in this number were received months ago, and one of the very best over a year since. We have many valuable articles on hand for the Practical departments, also. The most important and seasonable of these usually have precedence in publication, yet we are often in a quandary as to what articles shall be given and which deferred.

—Thus much explanatory of the reason why so many favors have not yet appeared in print. And it is proper to add that, while we feel grateful for such a general manifestation of assistance, it will be impossible for us to give soon, if ever, many of the excellent articles (especially those of a literary character,) now occupying our pigeon holes and tables. We hope, however, that those who write for the Agricultural and Horticultural departments will continue their favors, while we shall ever be glad to hear from other regular correspondents and contributors.

New York Legislature.

THE discussion of the Trinity Church question, and the subject of licenses, seems to occupy much of the attention of our Legislature. In 1814 a law was passed guaranteeing to Trinity Church government the control of the immense estate which, before the Revolution, was given to it for the benefit of the Episcopal Church in New York. A bill is now under consideration to modify this law of 1814, so as to allow all the members of the Episcopal Church in New York city a voice in the control of this property. Petitions and remonstrances pour in upon the Legislature, and the struggle bids fair to be a fierce one.

SENATE.—*Bills Passed.*—To prevent animals from running at large in the town of Yonkers; To incorporate the International Bridge Company.

ASSEMBLY.—*Bills Passed.*—To incorporate the Metropolitan Medical College, New York; To amend revised statutes relative to the imprisonment of debtors; To regulate fees of County Judges—it allows no fees except as Justices of the Peace and Commissioners of Deeds; Requiring Boards of Supervisors to publish and distribute their proceedings; To authorize the formation of town insurance companies; To authorize the loan of $15,000 to New York Central College; For the preservation of trout in the inland public waters of the State—$25 fine for taking trout with anything but hook and line; For the preservation of deer.

Immigration to Kanzas.

Now that public attention is again directed Kansas-ward, the following correspondence of the St. Louis *Republican* will be read with interest. Under date of "St. Joseph, Mo., March 15," the writer says:

"The emigration to Kansas reminds me of that to California in the days of its greatest allurements. Trains upon trains are pouring in from every quarter, but particularly from the Free States. I had once thought, as I used to write you, that Kansas would be a slave State, but I am now forced to alter my opinion from the overwhelming evidences to the contrary that force themselves upon me every day.

"Our ferry-boats are busily engaged from daylight until dark in carrying over trains, and the proportion of free-soil to pro-slavery emigrants is as fifteen to one. This is not confined alone to our point of crossing, but it is so at every other that I can hear from, and it satisfies me that the political destiny of Kansas is fixed beyond all question, and that another year will fill all of her prolific plains with a thrifty population. Wars and rumors of wars she will know no more, but peace will brood over her beautiful prairies and prosperity will reign throughout her borders. I am a pro-slavery man, and would prefer to see my favorite institution established there; but I am, nevertheless, convinced that the energetic, enterprising Yankee will develop the resources and build up the country sooner than we could do, and that by living in harmony with them as our neighbors, they will do us no injury in our peculiar property."

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.—The Board of Directors of the Illinois Central Railroad, have resolved to increase the capital stock of the Company 50 per cent.; the cost of the road is now represented by a stock of $17,000,000, on which 30 per cent. has been paid in; the plan is to add $8,500,000 of extra stock, on which the same per centage will be called as wanted, making the entire stock $25,500,000, (about the estimated cost on the road,) of which only $7,000,000 will have been called in, the remainder being provided by the sales of the lands given to the road at the outset. The stock has declined under this announcement, but most of the friends of the enterprise think that it is a wise policy.

DEATH OF WILLIAM COLGATE.—The N. Y. *Tribune* has a long obituary of Wm. Colgate, of that city, who died on Wednesday week. Mr. C. was a native of England. He came to this country when a child, and for fifty years had been a successful and honored merchant in New York. His large fortune was acquired in the Starch and Soap business. It was not his wealth alone, but his rare benevolence and noble christian character which endears him to the memory of all who knew him, and which placed him in the front rank of the Baptist Denomination, to which he was attached.

ANOTHER SEARCH FOR FRANKLIN.—The New York Journal of Commerce states that letters received from England convey intelligence that the government having decided against sending out another expedition in search of Sir John Franklin; Lady Franklin has determined to fit out one from her own private means,—devoting the remains of her fortune to a final attempt to discover the lost navigator, or additional traces of the expedition. The qualities of heart and mind which prompt the act command admiration; whatever may be said of the wisdom of the measure.

AMONG the contents of this number, the reader will observe a capital story by JENNY MARSH PARKER, a writer of ability and celebrity, whose first productions appeared in the RURAL, and whom we again cordially welcome to its pages,—an interesting sketch of foreign travel by Mrs. BROWN,—and and an excellent and instructive sketch for teachers and parents by MRS. GILDERSLEEVE.

THE Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says that Hon. Richard W. Thompson, of Indiana, has brought a suit in the Circuit Court of that District against Mr. Guthrie, late Secretary of the Treasury, for preventing the payment of his claim of $40,000 upon an Indian tribe, for whom he was the agent.

Fatal Accidents, Fires, &c.

SIX persons were burned to death at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, on the 1st ult., by a fire which broke out in Foley's Hotel, at 3 o'clock in the morning, while the inmates were asleep.

AN accident occurred on the Pennsylvania Railroad, Friday afternoon, from a defective rail, by which the locomotive, tender, and three passenger cars were precipitated down an embankment fifty feet—the locomotive exploding at the bottom.—There were a hundred passengers in the cars, only one of whom was seriously injured.

THE Prescott (C. W.) Telegraph says that the dwelling house of Mr. Hutcheson, near Mallorytown, some twelve miles above Brockville, took fire on the night of Wednesday week, and, deplorable to state, four children who slept in the chamber were burned. The eldest was a young woman of 17 years. The parents slept on the first floor, and only escaped with their lives. Five remaining children were saved.

AT St. Louis on Friday evening last, a terrific explosion of powder occurred in the gun store of T. J. Aldrich, on Main street, blowing the buildings to atoms, together with the extensive hardware establishment of Kraft & Co. As far as ascertained, four persons have been killed and several seriously wounded. The ruins of the building are now burning.

THE Alcohol Distillery of S. Highby & Co., Baltimore, was burnt on the 26th ult., in consequence of the bursting of a steam boiler. The building was badly shattered. The timbers and brick were thrown a great distance, and injured many persons. Four dead bodies have been taken from the ruins. It is thought that there are others beneath. Loss not known.

ON the 28th ult., as a gravel train, containing a number of laborers, near La Salle, Ill., was passing over an embankment which had been undermined by the recent rains, it gave way and precipitated the train 25 feet below, killing four men and seriously wounding eight others.

THE steamer Sultana was burned to the water's edge on the night of 26th ult, below the town of Hickman, on the Mississippi River. Two persons were killed, and others were seen to jump overboard, and are supposed to be drowned.

A DESTRUCTIVE conflagration occurred at Plymouth, Ia., Sunday, 22d ult. Nearly the whole business portion of the town was destroyed. Loss estimated at $100,000.

A FIRE at Richmond, Va., March 24th, destroyed the large drug establishment of Purcell, Ladd & Co. Loss $30,000, and covered by insurance.

A LARGE fire occurred in the woods near Wilmington, N. C., destroying great quantities of fine timber and turpentine.

MEIR & Co.'s Cotton Factory, was burnt at St. Louis on the morning of the 24th ult. Loss $100,000; insured $64,000.

THE camphene works of Thomas Betts, at Williamsburg, were burnt last Thursday evening, together with a large quantity of rosin, turpentine, &c. Loss $20,000.

THE print works of D. G. Scott, known as the Waverly Mill, and the cotton mill of J. English, at Paterson, N. J., were burned Thursday morning, 26th ult., with nearly all their contents. It is supposed that the fire originated from the boiler. The loss is estimated at from $60,000 to $70,000. One man was killed by the falling of the wall, and several others were more or less injured.

Items of News.

THE people of Hamilton, C. W., are agitating the subject of erecting a monument in commemoration of the accident on the 12th ult., at the Desjardin Canal bridge. An architect of the city has prepared a design.

MR. CAMERON gave notice in the Canadian Parliament, on Thursday evening week, that he should at an early day renew his motion of last session, requesting her Majesty to visit the Province.

THE clipper Surprise arrived at New York on Thursday, in 82 days from Shanghai, China. This beats the three previous arrivals sixteen days, and is the shortest passage on record.

EX-GOV. RAMSEY, in an address at an agricultural fair in Minnesota, says there is yet room in that territory for a million and a half more of farmers. He thinks Minnesota will some day produce more corn and wheat than any other State in the Union.

GEO. W. JOHNSON, one of the largest sugar planters of the Mississippi, below New Orleans, who died recently, left an estate valued at not less than $7,000,000. He has by his will manumitted all his slaves, 1,200 in number.

MR. MACBETH has introduced to the Parliament of Canada a bill to amend the laws relating to the Great Western Railway Co., so as to compel that Company to construct iron girder or tubular bridges over the Desjardins and Welland canals.

THE Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway have ordered all trains to come to a dead stand before crossing any bridge. The law requires a stop before crossing swing bridges, but the Company have extended the order to all other structures.

DAVID WILMOT, the author of the famous "Wilmot Proviso," on the floor of the House of Representatives, has been nominated for Governor by the Republican and American Union Convention of Pennsylvania. William Millward was nominated for Canal Commissioner; James Veech and Joseph L. Lewis for Judges of the Supreme Court. The Convention adopted a series of strong anti-slavery resolves, condemning in strong terms the late decision of the Supreme Court of the United States; asserting the power of Congress over the Territories, and declaring their unwillingness to abridge the rights of any class of citizens.

NEW GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.—Hon. Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, has been appointed Governor of Kansas. It is said, though not officially declared, that "Mr. Walker refused the difficult and thankless trust on any other condition than that of unlimited discretion as to the means to be employed in maintaining order and peace in Kansas, and unhesitating support in the course which he shall see fit to pursue." F. P. Stanton, Ex-M. C. from Tennessee, has been appointed Secretary, and is to leave Washington in a few days with full power to act as Governor until Walker arrives.

Literary Notices.

ARCTIC ADVENTURES BY SEA AND LAND, from the Earliest Dates to the Lost Expedition in search of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. Edited by EPES SARGEANT, with Maps and Illustrations. Boston: Phillips, Sampson and Co.

THIS is a timely volume, as the recent death of Dr. KANE has awakened a fresh interest in the scenes of his heroic adventures, and again turned public attention to the whole subject of Arctic Explorations. It commences with the voyages of the Northmen and their probable discovery of this Continent about the year 1,000, and concludes with the recent recovery of the Resolute—giving authentic accounts of the Arctic regions and their inhabitants, with narratives of the principal explorations which have been attempted by various navigators and discoverers. The whole is comprised in a handsome duodecimo of 480 pages, illustrated with a portrait of Dr KANE, and several spirited engravings and maps. It is altogether a very entertaining and instructive book, and will have numerous readers.—Sold by W. N. SAGE.

INQUIRE WITHIN FOR ANYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW; or, Over Three Thousand Seven Hundred Facts Worth Knowing. Particularly intended as a book for Family Reference on all subjects connected with Domestic Economy, and containing the largest and most valuable collection of useful information that has ever been published. New York: Garrett, Dick & Fitzgerald.

THIS book computes no cud salamagundi, for it discusses or dispatches, with almost dictionary like brevity, every branch of knowledge. The hints, facts, recipes and suggestions are apparently useful and reliable in the main, though such a myriadic compilation cannot be entirely free from nonsense. The work will prove a good investment for any family, however, as it is a valuable repository of useful knowledge, and treats upon subjects of daily interest to the great mass of mankind. Sold by E. DARROW & BROTHER.

SERMONS OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, of London. Second Series. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

IN a handsome volume of some 450 pages, we here have twenty-seven Sermons by one of the most remarkable orthodox divines of the age. The large circulation of the preceding series in this country, will insure a wide sale and perusal of the present, which is highly commended by competent authorities. The work is prefaced by a superior steel-plate portrait of the author, a sight of which at once conveys to the physiognomist a favorable impression as to his fervor, boldness and ability. For sale by HALL & EVANS.

MORALS FOR THE YOUNG; or, Good Principles instilling Wisdom. Illustrated with Engravings and Moral Stories. By EMMA WILLARD. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

AN excellent little book of 200 pages, by that celebrated and good teacher, EMMA WILLARD, of Troy. It is designed, as its title indicates, to *instill* wisdom into young minds, and urges upon all having the education of youth, the importance of training the heart as well as the head. Many useful suggestions are also given in regard to physical education—the learning to *do*. This book should be in every School Library, and as a reading book for schools, is unsurpassed. For sale by E. DARROW & BROTHER.

THE STAR AND THE CLOUD: or, a Daughter's Love. By A. S. ROE, author of "A Long Look Ahead," "I've Been Thinking," "To Love and Be Loved," etc. New York: Derby & Jackson.

IN size and appearance, this is a somewhat formidable romance, but of its merits we ken not—its four hundred and odd pages, albeit handsomely printed, not having sufficient attraction to enlist a perusal while more solid fare and numerous duties demand attention. Sold by DEWEY.

HAND BOOK OF CONSUMPTION. By Dr. W. W. HALL.—New York: Redfield. 1857.

WE have here a work comprising about 275 pages devoted to a description of the causes of and symptoms connected with that dreadful disease, Consumption. The author has marked out, in many respects, a new diagnosis, (which is not surprising in these days when doctors differ,) and though not prepared to adopt everything laid down, still we think that a careful perusal of the book by all classes and conditions of men would be productive of good.

THE *London Quarterly Review* for January has been received. Eight articles are comprised in its table of contents:—History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire; Ferns and their Portraits; Homer and his successors in Epic Poetry; Rats; Salmon Fishing, Breeding and Legislation; Lord Raglan; Life of Sir Charles Napier; Prospects Political and Financial. This publication has been so long before the reading publics as to require no commendation at this time—to those desiring it, however, we will state that a new volume commenced with the present number. Terms, $3 00 per annum. Leonard Scott & Co., New York. D. M. DEWEY, agent for this city.

The New Epidemic—Brain Fever.

THE Oswego Times says the extent of the new epidemic known by the name of "brain fever," and which baffles all the skill of physicians, is truly alarming throughout Madison and Onondaga counties. A gentleman who has lately visited the former county, informs us that in some localities the people are leaving in alarm and dismay. Persons are frequently attacked with the remarkable malady very suddenly, soon become insane, and die in a few hours. We do not know that any have recovered when once attacked by the disease.—Dunne Brown and Richard Thomas, Esqrs., two prominent lawyers of Madison county, have fallen victims to it, and we are told in some of the villages deaths occur daily. As yet there is no rational explanation of the disease. By some it is ascribed to the use of western pork, but it seems to us that the fact of its ravages being confined to two counties, forbids the supposition. If it is caused by eating the western pork, the whole State would suffer more or less, and not particular localities. Onondaga seems to be less affected by the scourge than Madison.

The Buffalo *Medical Journal* is informed through a communication from a leading physician of that city, that the disease which has recently made its appearance in several quarters and been called brain fever, is already known to physicians as "cerebro-spinal meningitis;" a sudden and unmanageable congestion and inflammation of the membranes investing the brain and spinal marrow. The gentleman in question had seen the disease at Elmira, where, at the time of his visit, 20 cases had occurred, of which only four had recovered. Since that time he has received a letter from an Elmira physician, stating that under treatment recently adopted, the disease was less fatal. Fifteen additional cases have occurred, of which eleven have recovered, the other four terminating fatally within one or two hours after the accession of the disease.

EXPENSES OF PREACHING.—The following estimate has been made of the probable amount which it costs the individual members of the different churches in the United States to sustain their respective churches. The estimate is founded upon the last United States census. A Baptist or Methodist, *three dollars and forty cents;* a Presbyterian, *seven dollars,* a Congregationalist, *ten dollars;* a Roman Catholic, *fourteen dollars;* an Episcopalian, *eighteen dollars;* a Reformed Dutch, *twenty-two dollars;* a Unitarian, *twenty-three dollars.*

News Clippings.

— Michael Shoemaker is appointed Collector of Customs at Detroit.

— Most of the popular magazines for April may be had at DEWEY'S.

— Fayette McMullen, of Virginia, has refused the Governorship of Utah.

— Prof. Hitchcock, of Mass., has been appointed State Geologist of Vermont.

— Wm. H Andrews, a popular lawyer of Buffalo, died on Saturday morning last.

— In the vicinity of New Orleans new corn was nearly a foot high, on the 12th ult.

— The price of tickets from New York to Leavenworth, Kansas, is now reduced to $31 25.

— Mr. Thackersy has postponed, for another year, the commencement of his new serial.

— Col. Colt employs between 600 and 800 men in his armory, at a cost of over $1,000 a day.

— Bayard Taylor recently traveled in Lapland, with the thermometer 45 degrees below zero.

— There are one hundred and nineteen Protestant missionaries in the islands of the Pacific.

— The Canadian Parliament adjourns from the 3d to the 14th of April, for the Easter Holidays.

— It is said the free negroes of New Orleans possess property to the amount of $4,000,000.

— The Governor of Vermont has appointed April 10th as a day of fasting and prayer in that state.

— The number of persons connected with the working of railways in France is at present 32,000.

— The new bank to be started in Oswego on the 1st of May is to be called the Lake Ontario Bank.

— A Mexican paper says that an old lady died at Actopan, at the extraordinary age of 130 years.

— The inhabitants of Chelsea, Mass., have voted to accept the charter, making that town a city.

— John Shipley was fined $10 and costs, at Providence, the other day, for kissing Anna A. Gordon.

— A complimentary dinner was given to Ex-Secretary Guthrie, on his recent return to Louisville.

— Mrs. Jenkins, wife of a Universalist clergyman at Port Byron, N. Y., has commenced preaching.

— In the year ended the 31st of March last, the duty on tobacco and snuff to Great Britain was £5,016,690.

— Of the 2,636 marriages in Boston, in 1856, in 397 instances the bride was older than the bridegroom.

— The St. Louis Leader says the Countess of Lansfeldt, Lola Montes, is lying dangerously ill in that city.

— Col. Lane, of Kansas notoriety, is married again to his former wife from whom he had been divorced.

— Five of the seven members of Buchanan's Cabinet have been honored with the position of Governor.

— The five principal banks of Canada have agreed to receive Zimmerman bank notes on deposit as usual.

— Neal Dow is Commissioner from Maine to attend the Agricultural Fair to be held in Paris in June next.

— The Toronto Board of Trade are moving for perfect free trade between Canada and all the lake regions.

— The Petersburg railroad bridge, over the Roanoke river, was destroyed by fire last week. Loss $60,000.

— The Grand Jury at Washington have indicted Colonel Lee for the murder of Mr. Hume. Lee is now in jail.

— Theodore Parker is so ill with typhoid fever, that he is compelled to relinquish his lecturing engagements.

— The Philadelphia chess players have beaten the New Yorkers in a game that has been going on for a year.

— The ladies of Manchester, N. H., 3,120 in number, have presented a petition to suppress the rum traffic.

— Joseph Burns, late of Taunton, Mass., shot a German named Fischerdick, at Milwaukee, on Wednesday week.

— The Utica Observer says:—"We regret to learn that the health of the Hon. Joshua A. Spencer is quite feeble."

— Dr. Wm. Yates, who introduced vaccination into the United States, died at Morris, N. Y., the 7th ult., aged 90.

— Chief Justice Lewis, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, declines the Democratic nomination for re-election.

— The water will be let into the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal "to the Ravenna Summit," by the middle of next week.

— Tennessee, North Georgia and Virginia papers are jubilant over the brilliant prospects of the growing wheat crop.

— DARROW & BROTHER favor us regularly with Harper's Monthly, and Harper's incomparable Story Books for the Young.

— Bunyan's allegory of the Pilgrim's Progress is to be dramatised and produced at a Theatre in New York, in a few days!

— Mr. G. Pierce, of Waterloo, N. Y., was killed last week by the accidental discharge of his gun while on a hunting excursion.

— The trial of Eckel and Mrs. Cunningham on a charge of murder will probably commence on the third Monday of the present month.

— Two children, buried five years since in Allentown Pa., were recently exhumed, and it was found that their bodies were petrified.

— The Boston Atlas and Traveler will shortly be united, under the charge of Samuel Bowles, Esq., of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

— A despatch from Albany states that the Genesee Valley Canal Extension Bill was ordered to a third reading in the Assembly on Monday.

— Thirteen slaves were manumitted a few days ago under the will of A. Phillips, deceased, of Kentucky. The widow presented each with $115.

— The annual election in Connecticut will take place on Monday next, for Governor, and other State officers, and four members of Congress.

— The boot and shoemakers of Toronto announce that leather has recently doubled in cost, and that they must advance prices to correspond.

— At a collection in an Episcopal Church in Brookline, Mass., one individual gave a roll of bills amounting to $12,640, all for Kansas missions.

— No post-master in the country can honestly take over $1,000 a year for his services; $2,000 from commissions and the same from the sale of boxes.

— Samuel Crawford, President of the Terre Haute and Richmond Railroad, fell lifeless while walking across the room at his own home in Terre Haute.

— A bridge to cost $50,000, is to be built over the Missouri at Florence, Nebraska, a few miles above the Omaha, and some eight hundred from the Mississippi.

— In Washington, Illinois, a schoolmaster named Phillips shot and killed Mr. Beals, with whom he quarreled about the treatment of Mr. Beals' children.

— In Florida the orange crop, it is supposed, will be short, on account of the prevalence of unusually cold weather. Most of the young trees are killed.

— There is another Atlantic telegraph company organized in England, which proposes to lay a wire from Flores in Spain, to Cape Cod, 1800 miles—the shortest route.

— In Winchester Centre, Conn., there has not been a death in 18 months. The village is surrounded by 150 smoking coalpits, and, besides, *there is no physician in the place.*

— It is said that the immediate cause of Dr. Kane's death was the bursting of a blood vessel during a fit of vomiting, from sea sickness, on his voyage from St. Thomas to Havana.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Steamer Africa.

THE steamer Africa, from Liverpool, at 9 A. M., the 7th inst., arrived in New York the 24th.

The chief incident by this arrival is the announcement by Lord Palmerston, of the course which the Government intends to pursue in consequence of their recent defeat on the Chinese question. As the state of the public business would not permit an immediate dissolution of Parliament, he proposed to dissolve the House in May, and until then to go on with such measures only as called for immediate action, mainly the financial estimates and a temporary meeting act, leaving the questions of taxation to be dealt with by the new Parliament.

In respect to the policy he would pursue towards China, until the decision of the country should be taken, his administration would continue to defend their rights and improve their relations with China in a firm but peaceful way; and in conjunction with France, and he hoped with America, to secure an extension of commercial advantages.

The signing of the treaty of peace with Persia is officially announced, and a copy has been despatched to Teheron for ratification. Its chief feature consists in granting rights of residence to British Consuls in the cities of Persia.

A despatch received by means of the Russian Telegraph, says, that a treaty of commerce has been ratified at Teheron, by the Shah, between Persia and the United States, granting the same terms, viz: that American Consuls may reside in the chief Persian cities.

Austria seeks to negotiate with Persia a similar treaty.

A letter from St. Petersburgh announces that it was known in that city, by a special courier, that the Governor of Siberia had despatched a column of troops towards Kiakhta, on the frontiers of China. It is added that this recourse has been adopted in agreement in the Court of Pekin.

It is said that in consequence of the last news from China, the French fleet in those seas, under command of Admirals Guerin and Rigault de Genouilly, will be reinforced by three ships of the line.

The French newspapers contain the Emperor of China's edict against the English. They also say that the Chinese have seized the European opium depot.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS—March 6.—Richardson, Spence & Co., report: —Since our last circular, per America, the grain trade has been quite listless. Tuesday we had a very slow market, at a further decline since Tuesday of 2s per bush. on wheat; without leading to transactions of any importance. Flour continues a perfect drug. There is scarcely an inquiry, and sales so limited that quotations are quite nominal. 32s was taken for a parcel of extra Ohio. We quote red wheat at 7s9d@8s0d; white 8s9d@9s6d. The latter rate extreme retail quotations for choice.—Indian corn quiet. Prices 3d to 6d per quarter under those of Tuesday. White corn 35@35s6d.

The stock of wheat and flour is heavy, and sufficient to supply any probable demand for the next three months, without any further importations. It is to be hoped American shippers will bear this in mind, and not resume operations until a prospect of satisfactory returns manifests itself.

The weather hitherto has been all that could be desired by farmers, and the young crops everywhere promise favorably. Should any calamity befall the growing wheat, it must of course materially change the character of the trade. But this is a contingency which ought not to be taken into account.

Arrival of the Isabella.

THE steamship Isabella arrived at Charleston, S. C., on the 28th ult., with Havana and Key West dates to the 25th inst. She had on board two companies of artillery under command of Major Arnold of Fort Wayne, bound for New York.

The duties on maize and corn had been reduced one-third at Havana.

Soldiers were being concentrated for embarkation to Mexico.

The condition of the Island was prosperous, and the weather sultry.

Sugars were in greater demand, and prices higher. Many cane fields had been burned. Coffee was unchanged. Corn lower, and in full supply.

The Grenada had arrived at Havana with 100 deserters from Walker's army, bound to New York.

Arrival of the Arago.

THE Arago, from Havre March 11, arrived at New York on the 27th ult., after a rough passage, with constant westerly gales.

The Arago brings 105 passengers and $140,000 in specie, and 500 tuns of merchandize. Among the passengers are Hon. E. G. Squier and Sig. Leo Alvarado, Charge d'Affaires from Honduras to the United States.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Illinois.

THE steamer Illinois arrived at New York on the 28th inst., with California dates to the 5th inst. She brings nearly $1,200,000. She connected with the Golden Age. The latter boat passed on the 10th, off Cape Corriges, the steamer Sonora, bound up.

The steamer Panama from San Juan, arrived at Panama with 125 deserters from Walker. They were in a most destitute condition. Their passage to the United States was paid by the Costa Rican Co. One hundred left in the Grenada for New Orleans. The remainder came in the Illinois.

The Illinois left Aspinwall on the evening of the 19th.

Costa Rica papers state that 3,000 troops were to be added to the allied forces. Gen. Cavas would march with 1,500 on Rivas, and 1,000 would march against San Juan del Sur. The intention is to surround Walker with 6,000 troops. Nothing later from Walker's position; his case is desperate.

At latest dates from Bogota the proposition from Mr. Morse, our special envoy to Grenada, was under secret consideration. There seemed to be but little chance of an amicable arrangement. The publication, in the *El Tempo*, of an article purporting to be Mr. Morse's proposition, had created great excitement. The natives are anxious for the Government to refuse the propositions.

Some of the deserters from Walker state that his troops had unanimously refused to leave Rivas to fight, but were willing to defend their position there.

California news is unimportant.

Markets were dull at former prices. Flour $16, with some speculative movements.

Mining news is meagre, owing to heavy floods throughout the State.

Ned McGowan, the Vigilance Committee exile, had returned to Sacramento and demanded trial. A resolution to fix his trial at Sacramento, was under debate.

The special election for Senator for San Francisco, has resulted in the success of the Vigilance Committee candidate.

The Supreme Court of California has decided that the Legislature has no authority to appropriate money to pay the interest of the State debt, and that the country will enjoin against bringing taxes for that purpose. The Senate had passed a resolution that State honor required the payment of State debt. A resolution submitting propositions to the people was lost.

—There is a great rush of emigrants to St. Peter, the new Capital of Minnesota. Property commands enormous rates.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, April 2, 1857.

THE market is without animation in all departments, and prices nominal.

FLOUR—Transactions of a retail character at quotations with a slight tendency downward.

GRAIN—We hear of the arrival of several cargoes at the mouth of the river, from other ports, but learn of no change in prices. Barley is in demand for seed at $1,50.

SEEDS—Clover and Timothy are scarce with a moderate demand, and sell slowly at quotations.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES,

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, bbl	$6,00@7,25
Wheat, Gen	$1,00@1,50
Best white Canada	$1,00@1,50
Corn	60@62½c
Oats	38@42c
Barley	1,20@1,25
Buckwheat	56c
Beans	$1,12@1,38
Peas	1,00@1,25
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess	$22@23,00
Do cwt	$3,50@4,00
Beef, per cwt	$6,50@7,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,00
Hams, smoked	11½@12½c
Shoulders	8½@9½c
Chickens	11@12c
Turkeys	@12½c
Geese	50c
DAIRY, &c.	
Butter, roll	18@20c
Do firkin	16@17c
Cheese	11@12½c
Lard, tried	12@11c
Tallow	10@10½c
Eggs, dozen	@15c
Honey, box	$18
Candles, box	13½@14½c
FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Apples, bushel	$1,00@1,50
Do dried	$1,75@2,25
Potatoes	56@62½c
HIDES AND SKINS	
Slaughter	7½@8c
Calf	12@13c
Sheep pelts	1,00@2,00
Lamb do	00@50c
SEEDS.	
Clover bushel	$7,50@8,00
Timothy	$3,50@3,75
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Coal, Lehigh	$8@8,25
Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
Do. Uhar	10@12½c
Salt, bbl	$1,00@1,75
Hay, ton	$9@14
Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
White fish, bbl	$10@10,50
Codfish ℔ quintal	$4,75@5,25
Trout, bbl	$7

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK March 30—Flour—The market is heavy and tends downward. Sales at $5,15@5,75 for core to choice and super State; $5,80@6,05 for extra do; $5,65@5,90 for super Western; $5,65@6,10 for extra do, including round hoop Ohio at $6@6,90, closing dull, and tendency downward. Canadian flour heavy; sales at $5@6,10 for super. and $5,30@7,40 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market is dull and prices tend downward—Sales at 140c for red Mi-souri; 145c for red Kentucky, and about 158c for fair white Canadian. Rye heavy, sales Jersey at 86@96c. Barley nominal at 164@170c. Barley malt firm; sales at 190c. Corn market firm; sales at 65@66c new Southern yellow and mixed Western in store. Old Southern yellow is selling at 70@72c, delivered. Oats are quiet; sales at 52@53c for State, and 53@55c for Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market easy for mess and better for prime. Sales at $19,50 for mess; $19,50 for prime. Lard buoyant; sales at 13¾ @14½c. Butter firm at 18@22c for Ohio, and 20@26c for State. Cheese scarce and wanted at 12@14c.

ALBANY, March 30.—Flour—The demand for flour is fair at steady prices.

GRAIN—A moderate milling inquiry for wheat, with sales Mediterranean at $1,60. Barley is very firm; sales four-rowed Canadian on p. t., supposed to be about $1,62, and Barley Malt on p. t.

Hogs—Sales dressed hogs at the road at 10c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 25.—REEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality 10½@11½c; ordinary 9½@10c; cum non 9@9½c; poorest 8½@9c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality $55@70; ordinary $35@50; common $30@35; inferior $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra quality 7@7½c; other qualities 6@6½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality $5,00@12,00; other qualities $3,50@7,50.

SWINE—First quality 7½@8c.

ALBANY, March 30.—Beef Cattle—At market 500. Prices, live weight, extra, $5,00; first quality, $5,50; second and third, $1,50@5,00.

COWS AND CALVES—8 in market. Prices range from $30 $35@$40. Extra $99.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—800 in market. Prices range at from $1, 50@6. Extra $12.

SWINE—170 in market. Fat hogs $7,38; stores $7,25.

CAMBRIDGE, March 25—At market 563 Cattle, 450 Beeves and 113 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,25@8,75; first quality, $8@8,25; second quality, $7,25@7,50; third quality, $6,00@6,25; ordinary, $4,50@5.

WORKING OXEN—$90@185.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 50@65.

VEAL CALVES—$6 8@10 each.

YEARLINGS—$00@00. Two Years Old—$35@40. Three Years Old—$42 @48.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1279 at market. Prices—In lots, $4,00, 4,50, 5,00, 6,75; extra and selections, $7,50, 8@10.

SWINE—52 at market Prices—Live weight 8c ℔ lb Dressed hogs, 10@11 per lb. Shoats, wholesale, 8@9c; retail 9@10c.

HIDES—5½@6½c. ℔ lb. Tallow—8@8½c.

CALF SKINS—10@15c ℔ lb. Pelts—$1,75@2,00.

BRIGHTON, March 26—At market 900 Beeves, 100 Stores, 9 pairs Working Oxen, 79 Cows and Calves, 1,100 Sheep and Lambs, 4,000 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $9,00, first quality, $8,75; second quality, $7,75, third quality, $6,75; ordinary $4,50@5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$160@187.

COWS AND CALVES—$28, 40@55.

VEAL CALVES—$5, 7@9 each.

YEARLINGS—$00@00. Two Years Old—$37@41. Three Years Old—$41@48.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $7, 8@9; in lots $3,75, 4@5.

SWINE—7½@8½c. At retail 8@10c per lb.

HIDES—8½@9½c. ℔ lb. Calf Skins 16c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,75@2,00 each. Tallow—6@8½c. ℔ lb.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 25.—The inquiry for all kinds of Native Fleece and Pulled Wools, in consequence of the meagre supply offering and the extreme rates current, as well as the unsatisfactory state of the goods market, is limited; the transactions comprise about 70,000 lbs. super and extra qualities, at prices ranging from 45c, up to 60c, as to quality. Foreign has been in improved request, and with a light stock, prices are well sustained; sales of 40 bales washed Smyrna have been made at 30c 6 mos., and 150 bales Mediterranean on private terms. Recent accounts from Great Britain state that the London sales were going off with much spirit, and that prices were fully sustained, some descriptions having been sold at advancing rates. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ℔ lb	56@57
American Full-blood Merino	52@57
American ¾ and ⅝ Merino	45@48
American Native and ¼ do	42@48
Pulled Wool, extra Country	52@55
Pulled Wool, super	40@43
Pulled Wool, No. 1	30@31
California Fine, Washed	21@45
Do. Coat Unwashed	18@33
Peruvian, Washed	32@37
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@29
South American, Corn. Washed	15@22
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	17@24
South American Unwashed	11@14
South American, Cordovin, Washed	26@29
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	9@18
African, Washed	18@36
Smyrna, Unwashed	14@17
Smyrna, Washed	28@30
Mexican, Unwashed	12@16

[N. Y. Tribune.

BOSTON, March 23.—There has been a good demand for domestic fleece and pulled. The sales of the week amount to 150,000 lbs. at quoted rates. In foreign, there have been sales of 186 bales Smyrna and African; 11 bales Mohair; 500 bales Valparaiso, and 55 bales Cape Good Hope at prices within the range of quotations.

Prime Saxony Fleece, washed, ℔ lb, 61@65; Full Blood Merino, 55@60; Three-quarter do., 48@53; Half do., 45@48; Common, 37@43. Superfine, 43@47; Pulled Extra, 47@55; Do. No. 1, 37@43; Do. No. 2, 22@35; Smyrna Washed, 25@32.

SPECIFIC PREMIUMS.

IN order to REWARD EVERY PERSON who may aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, we offer to ALL *(including competitors for the Large Cash Premiums previously published,)* the following liberal SPECIFIC PREMIUMS:

SIX DOLLARS IN CASH, (or $5 in Books, at cash prices, postage pre-paid,) and an extra copy of the RURAL to *every person* remitting payment for FIFTY or more Yearly Subscribers, according to our Terms, *previous to the 1st of May*, 1857.

FIVE DOLLARS IN CASH, for either a copy of "Lippencott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World, or $5 in Agricultural Books,) to every one remitting for FORTY-FOUR or more subscribers, as above.

FOUR DOLLARS IN CASH, (or a copy of the "Japan Expedition"—price $—or $5 in other Books,) to every one remitting for THIRTY-EIGHT or more subscribers.

THREE DOLLARS IN CASH, (or a copy of Webster's Royal Octavo Dictionary, Unabridged in Worlds,—or $4 in other Books,) *and* an extra copy of the RURAL to every one remitting for THIRTY-TWO or more subscribers.

THREE DOLLARS IN CASH, (or the above named Dictionary,) to every one remitting for TWENTY-FIVE subscribers. [Agents can retain the cash for Specific Premiums, deducting it from remittance.]

To every one remitting for TWENTY subscribers we will give two extra copies of the RURAL, and the 9th and 16th (or any other two) volumes of the Wool Grower and Stock Register—or a handsomely bound volume of the RURAL for 1856, (price $3)—or either Harper's, Putnam's, Graham's, Godey's or the Knickerbocker Magazine for 1857

To every one remitting for FIFTEEN subscribers, an extra copy of RURAL and either volume of the W. G. & S. R.—or a copy of either the Horticulturist, Arthur's Magazine, or any other $1 periodical.

To every one remitting for TEN subscribers, an extra copy of the RURAL and either volume of the W. G. & S. R.

To every one remitting for six copies ($10,) an extra copy of the RURAL.

MARRIAGES.

IN Newark, Wayne Co. N. Y., on the 23d ult., by the Rev Mr Shumway, Mr FRANCIS M SANDERSON, of Buffalo, and Miss SARAH E., daughter of Dr. E. B. Parker, of the former place.

DEATHS.

ON the 22d ult., Mrs PHALLAA. BAILE, wife of Hannibal H. Halle, of Caledonia, Liv. Co., N. Y.

AT Peekskill, Westchester Co N. Y., March 5th, after a long and painful illness, that was endured with true Christian fortitude, Mrs. CLARISSA, wife of Amos Fuller, Esq., in the 65th year of her age.

IN Carlton, Orleans Co., N. Y., March 26th, of disease of the heart, AMELIA MARIA, wife of Dennis Bickford, aged 49 years.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar Journal in the World,—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

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Batavia Genesee Co., N. Y., March 23, 1857.

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THE SUMMER TERM OF THIS FLOURISHING INSTItution opens Wednesday, April 15, 1857. Conveyance from R R. at Little Falls and Herkimer, free the first day. Tuition from $4 to $6. Board, including furnished Room and Washing, $1 75 per week. The "Commercial Department," under charge of Prof. SMITH, is highly prosperous—affording all the advantages of Commercial Colleges at half the expense. Price $15, including any branches not designated as extra. The Music Department remains in charge of Prof. GUSTAV HUNTER, a German Professor of rare qualifications, whose successful supervision for the previous years has brought the Department to its present high standing with the public.

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Fairfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., March, 1857.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

PREMIUM LIST.—1857.

LOCAL AGENTS, Subscribers, and other earnest, active and influential friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, and the cause of "Progress and Improvement," who are disposed to lend their kind offices in its behalf—thus enhancing their individual interests while promoting the welfare of community—are respectfully invited to examine the following Programme

Choice Poetry.

WELCOME TO SPRING.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

WELCOME to Spring, with her lap-full of flowers,
Heaven has sent her to gladden the earth;
Beautiful sunshine and soft genial showers,
Bless the sweet life that she brings into birth.

Welcome to Spring! Farewell to old Winter!
Let him go back to his northern home;
Thanks for the health and vigor he brought us,
But brief be our parting, for Spring has come.

Welcome to Spring! sing the birds in the green-wood,
Welcome! oh, welcome, the bees in the flowers:
Welcome! the lambkins that sport on the hill-side,
Welcome! the children that dance in the bowers.

Welcome! are shouting the lads in the corn-fields,
Happy in guiding the furrowing plow:
Welcome! comes up from the hearts of the lasses,
Whose cheeks with the kisses of spring are a-glow.

Welcome! speak softly the sick and the aged,
Who drink the sweet breath of the spring floating in;
Bring flowers and give them, may hap they'll not tarry
To welcome the coming of Spring-time again!

[*The Home.*

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

CHAPTER I.

HOUSES are haunted by else than ghosts, you know. I wonder how many that jogged through that narrow back street,—oh, it is the gloomiest street in town,—that wild March night, long after the old tower had groaned for ten,—were startled, and chilled through with affright, when they passed the grey old house that is always spitefully threatening to shake a shower of broken shutters upon us, to see, away up in the attic window, something all in white, with a pale face pressed close to the pane, and great dark eyes glistening up to the stars? If those that did see it, did not let their staring eyes wink again, before they were panting around the corner with a prayer, or perchance a curse crowding through their teeth, they are of course firm to this day in the belief that to them a spiritual revelation has been made,—while the less favored, who paused in the black shadow of the old house to watch the spectre for awhile, will say,—if their hearts are full of holy omens,—it was a little child, flown from its bed,—GOD granting it one,—to whisper some heavy grief while looking full in Heaven's face.

Come, TRUDIE, go back to your bed again, for the cold is biting you through. There is nothing like your sweet mother's face in that cold, hard night-sky, unless—unless,—and I should think that would make you turn away,—it is like as she was in her coffin. But CHRIST is behind the stars, you say, and your faith seeth her, smiling at you as she resteth in His bosom, and there is no one in this wide world to whom you may tell all this trouble.

And what is this trouble, TRUDIE? Will it seem big to us who have fought with the world till our swords are broken? Here is a deep dent upon our armor that a child-grief made long ago. We thought then it pierced to the heart, but it only bruised it; the old scar gives us a twang even now sometimes. Let us know your trouble, TRUDIE.

CHAPTER II.

When TRUDIE GRANGER'S widowed mother died, and left not a farthing for her poor child, her friends, who thought it a sad pity to make one so young and blooming a pauper at the Alms House, wrote to an aunt of the little one who lived in the great city of New York, telling her of the orphan's distress, and begging her if it were possible to give her a home. Aunt SARAH, whose life was one of poverty and deep trouble, also, wrote back a loving welcome, so laden with tender compassion, that TRUDIE'S heart was almost joyous again when she found herself upon the top of the old stage coach, with her little bundle in hand, starting off for her new home with many an honest "GOD go wid ye, child," ringing in her ears.

Her mother's death had been the only sorrow of her life. She could not remember her father; he went home long before. Poverty had been no grief to her, for her mother's industry had kept her from hunger and want, and her mother's love had uprooted the thorns that would otherwise have torn her young feet. Trial had not made her strong enough to go forth alone, you think, but could not GOD?

When she came in sight of the grey old house, that always looks twice as desolate in the dusk, you know, TRUDIE was not discontented, for she thought the face of her aunt,—she had never seen her,—who had written her that good letter would make all bright inside. And when a neat little woman, with soft blue eyes and a soiled, ragged dress—but TRUDIE did not then see that,—met her at the door, and took her close to her heart at the first embrace, she was happy as a lost dove that finds its home.

But alas, for poor TRUDIE! She had not been in the house many minutes before she felt that all the sunshine that was to fall would radiate from Aunt SARAH'S eyes, and would they keep the snow from drifting on her? There was an old man in the chimney corner,—they called him Uncle JAKE—who never lifted his eyes to greet her, but gave a growl at her entrance about filling up the old rookery with yelling brats, and when in her tremor of excitement she stumbled against his footstool, nearly falling to the floor, she received a rebuke, such as she never heard before. Aunt SARAH kissed her again with a "never mind, TRUDIE," and brought her face to face with her Cousin ROB,—a tall, saucy-looking youth, with a superabundance of fob-chain, seal and charms, and a soiled and rumpled embroidered shirt bosom, and something on his chin and upper lip that reminded TRUDIE, even then, of mouldy cheese. He sat at the table hastily devouring a slice of bread and butter, and when his mother interrupted him with a gentle, "ROB, here's your little Cousin," a gruff voice answered, with a cold, scornful indifference—

"Poor chance for grub she'll have here."

TRUDIE had been very hungry a little while before, but it seemed then she would rather steal off in a dark corner and cry, than to draw up a chair and eat her supper, as her aunt, not seemingly the least embarrassed by ROB'S conduct, kindly told her to do. The tea was cold and insipid, the bread sour and dry, the butter not tempting enough to her fastidious ideas to lead her to take any, and the cheese, why, her neat mother would have thrown it away. The cloth was brown and ragged, the crockery broken, cracked and but half washed, and then there was a half starved kitten that kept leaping upon the table, and when not driven off by harsh treatment from ROB, helped itself from any plate she pleased. TRUDIE could not eat, though urged to by her aunt, frowned at by ROB, and muttered at by Uncle JAKE, but crept back to the fire-place and wept silently and unseen till her little apron was very wet.

As soon as ROB finished his supper he pushed away from the table with a great deal of noise, and throwing his cap up on one side of his head, lighted a cigar, and was about to leave the house when his mother detained him by asking—

"Will you do an errand for me to-night, ROBIN—just around the corner?"

"No," very gruffly, "I've enough to do for myself; I don't intend to be an errand boy now this young un' has come."

"Don't talk so, ROBIN; you will scare the poor child," said Aunt SARAH, languidly, for she heard a sob from the corner. "Don't stay out late to-night; I am afraid here alone."

"Yes, nicely *alone* you are! Ha! ha! pity a thief of some kind wouldn't thin out things a little. If I can find a body snatcher I'll set him on a good track"—and, laughing at his wicked jests, he swaggered into the street.

Before Aunt SARAH had finished her supper, and gathered up the dishes and set them away unwashed, TRUDIE ceased crying, though her heart kept on aching, and sat surveying everything in the room, from the torn picture pasted across the top of the cracked looking-glass to the leaking water-tub in the corner. She saw how soiled and dirty her aunt's clothing was, calculated how long it was since she had combed her hair, or scrubbed the greasy floor. She knew that her mother had been poorer in truth than her Aunt SARAH, but their home never looked like that. Then she fell to thinking what her mother would do in that room to make it pleasant and tidy,—she would wash the curtains and loop them back prettily,—would white-wash the dingy walls,—would wash the dishes and set them up in handsome order, and would mend the old tub. Thus in her dream she had nicely arranged everything about her, even to furbishing up Aunt SARAH, and robbing ROB of his fob-chain, seal and charms, when her aunt, who thought she must be very weary from her ride, asked her if she had not better go to bed,—and TRUDIE, who knew there was but little sleep for her that night, wearily picked up her bundle and followed her aunt through a long, cold hall, up the steepest pair of stairs she ever saw, until they came to a little room where a bed had been made upon the floor for her. Her aunt kissed her good night, told her not to be afraid, for ROB slept in the next room, and then left her.

TRUDIE shuddered from head to foot when the door closed behind her. The wind blew so through the loose window that her candle went out. She sank down on the bed, and hiding her face, moaned only, "I want you, mother! I want you, mother," till the violence of her sorrow drowned her voice. Then she lay there like one dead; were it well if she had been?

Presently she arose and unrobed herself and crept into the bed,—she had said her mother-taught prayers in silence. But she could not sleep; turning her face towards the window she saw the stars twinkling. The sight of them were better than such gloom, and more than that, a tender-hearted old grandma had told her she must not cry for her mother, for she had gone to the Heaven that was in the stars.

It was late that night when TRUDIE, benumbed with cold, went back to her bed. It was much later still, but she was wide awake and trembling, when she heard an unsteady step upon the stairs, which she thought must be ROB'S. He entered the chamber adjoining hers, but his nearness did not break her loneliness.

Now TRUDIE, child that she was, was no dreamer or coward. She had seen over twelve summers, but was far older than her years, and she did not go to sleep that night, in that whirling black chaos, without some very practical thoughts as to what she should do. She loved her Aunt SARAH; she was an affectionate, tender-hearted woman, but TRUDIE saw that she was widely different from her mother, and that difference, she concluded, was what made everything so dreadfully unpleasant.—"My home has got to be here," thought TRUDIE, "for a long time at least, and I wonder if I do just as mother would,—and oh, how patient I will have to be with Uncle JAKE and ROB,—if I can't make things go better. I have read lots of stories in our Sunday School Library, of little girls, younger than me, that did a great deal of good, but I never thought I should have the chance of trying to be like them." And then the little head, planned, and planned,—she wept, and smiled,—was full of hope, then ready to give way at some remembered obstacle, until slumber kissed her eyelids when she knew it not, and in her dreams the old grey house was full of love and peace, Uncle JAKE good natured, ROB a brother to her, and Aunt SARAH the neatest little body in the world.

Are dreamings always in vain? What will come of this?

CHAPTER III.

Well, and what did TRUDIE do the next day?—It was so late when she fell asleep the night before that she did not waken early in the morning as was her wont, and she knew it must be nearly eight o'clock when she stole timidly down stairs, reproaching herself for not being up in time to help get the breakfast. But she found no one in the house stirring, except herself; she did not expect to be the first one up at that hour. "May be Aunt is sick," she thought. "If I knew where she slept I would go and see.

She sat down as if wondering what to do; then her face grew very bright, and jumping up suddenly with the impulse her thought gave her, she went to work to make the fire, and oh, how very still she was about it. And when it was cracking, and snapping, and promising the best it could, she took the broom,—if she had had time and could have found a scrubbing brush, she would have chosen that,—and around that room she went like the busy little fairy she was, setting things in an order they had never known before. Then she washed the dishes her Aunt had left the night before, and drawing out the table as gently as she could, set it even prettily with the old crockery for the morning's meal. Then she took the plate of hard dry bread, and meditated over it a moment and came to the conclusion that they would all like it better toasted, and she was toasting it before the fire, when in came Uncle JAKE.

He did look surprised,—he even half smiled, so that TRUDIE ventured on a "good morning, sir," which was answered by a "Umph!" and "This looks a little like it. But bless me, child, are you toasting that bread? I'd as lief eat leather!"

TRUDIE was really frightened, and she trembled so she could hardly answer.

"I am toasting a little because I thought it was too hard and sour for you."

"So it is, so it is—I'd as lief eat it one way as the other," and, thereupon, he sat down in the chimney corner, muttering to himself something that TRUDIE could not hear plain enough to understand. She could not work so fast as before, nor as well. She let one piece of bread burn, and was very thankful that it passed unobserved by Uncle JAKE.

Just then, ROB came in; oh, how the child wished it had been her aunt. He was pale and haggard, and his matted hair and untidy clothes, did not improve his appearance. TRUDIE did not dare to even to look up at him.

"Well, little what's your name," said he, taking a piece of toast off of the plate with evident pleasure, "you are going to be good for something, I guess. If you do as well as this every morning, I shall have some hope of getting to my work in time. Where's Muz?"

"Who?" asked TRUDIE.

"Why Muz," said ROB, laughing, and helping himself to another piece of toast; "don't know who I mean, hey? Why that little old woman you saw last night."

Isn't she your mother?" modestly asked TRUDIE almost wishing he would not answer her or speak to her again.

"Of course she is; Muz is for short, you know. She won't be up until nine o'clock. I am hungry as a bear, this morning, and thank my stars you ain't quite so lazy as the rest of us." Whereupon, he drew up to the table, and Uncle JAKE followed his example.

"Things look wonderful fixy," said ROB, glancing over the table, "not quite so much like fodder for cows."

TRUDIE was happy to hear him remark the change. She was not a little proud of her first effort, and what gratified her the more, and almost repaid her for the pang she had received, was the many slices of toast, that Uncle JAKE called for.—Yes, and before the meal was finished he growled out a praise for the little housekeeper.

ROB had gone off to his work, muttering that he expected to lose his place for coming so late, and half kindly asking TRUDIE to see that his mother had dinner all ready by one, when Aunt SARAH came yawning down stairs. She was surprised to find a breakfast waiting for her, and the room presenting such an unusual appearance. She praised TRUDIE very highly, and even apologised for her sloth, but excused herself again by saying that if she did get a breakfast early, ROB would never get up to eat it, and then things got behind hand and went wrong all day. Then as she sat languidly over her cup of tea, she gave TRUDIE an insight into many of their troubles, and TRUDIE had wise eyes that could see the real cause thereof.

She was very much troubled about ROB, he was getting so unsteady. He never staid at home evenings, and would remain out so late nights, and get up so late in the morning, that he had lost more than one place that winter. ROB was naturally a good boy, and she thought he would come out right, yet.

Then there was Uncle JAKE, (the old man had hobbled out into the street.) He had got to be so childish and cross, it was the great trial of her life to have him around. He didn't use to be so. He was once a funny, story-telling man. He did nothing but growl now,—was never satisfied with anything she might do for him, and she often thought it was his unpleasantness that drove ROB from home so much. Indeed, everything seemed going to rack and ruin; she might be very unhappy if she chose, but was rather determined to bear with patience all that was sent upon her.

TRUDIE saw through it all, nearly as plain as you do,—and her hopes were something akin to those of an ardent missionary in a new-found field, and when her aunt told her, with delicate frankness, that as she was to share their home, she must bear some of its duties, her eyes grew large and bright, and with the rapturous impulse that ever controlled her, threw her arms about her aunt's neck and kissed her, saying—

"Let me be your housekeeper,—oh do, auntie! Then you can take in a great deal more sewing, for you shall not be troubled with the house work at all. I'll have the breakfast bright and early, and everything so nice."

Aunt SARAH acceeded to the child's proposal very willingly, yet with a powerful secret doubt as to the work being performed, after the novelty of the thing was over; nor were her doubts lessened when she saw her turning the pots and kettles from their dusty den, washing the cupboard and covering the shelves with clean paper, shaking up and arranging the cushions of Uncle JAKE'S chair, and even pulling down the curtains, "for they must be washed," she said. Things were not in order when ROB came home to dinner, but the table was spread temptingly, though humbly, and he stood in the door a moment or more before entering rolling his eyes and fumbling his heavy seal, and at last spoke out very pleasantly.

[Concluded on page 112, this No.]

THEMISTOCLES, the great Athenian general, being asked whether he had rather choose to marry his daughter to an indigent man of no merit, or to a worthless man of estate, replied that he would prefer a man without an estate, to an estate without a man.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 28 letters.

My 22, 26, 12, 11, 15 was the father of one of the Patriarchs.

My 16, 17, 5, 23 was father to David's most bitter enemy.

My 28, 17, 5, 26, 12, 11 was the captain of the host of Jabin.

My 25, 20, 3, 15, 4, 11 was one of the rulers of Israel.

My 24, 10, 12, 11 commanded the people to put away their wives.

My 11, 28, 15, 4, 12 was the grandson of Noah.

My 3, 11, 17, 8, 22 is a holy person.

My 23, 4, 12 is thought to have been the husband of Miriam.

My 1, 11, 17, 12 was judge of Israel and had thirty sons.

My 25, 11, 28, 6, 18 hazarded his life to save that of one of the Apostles.

My 1, 11, 10, 26, 12 is a lake at the foot of the mountains of Gilead.

My 25, 2, 15, 4 was king of Israel and laid a plot for the general massacre of the priests of Baal.

My 18, 20, 11, 23 was the second oldest man.

My 11, 19, 4, 12 uttered one of the most beautiful petitions contained in the sacred writings.

My whole is a prominent character of the New Testament.

The Square, N. Y., 1857. M. G. S.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

REBUS.

A STAR of the first magnitude; a proclamation of the Emperor of Russia; a kind of fish; a bituminous liquid; an excellent motto for all; a geometrical figure. The initials and finales of the above each form the name of an American statesman. M. E. H.

No. Pharsalia, N. Y., 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

THERE is a stick of timber 30 feet long and 18 inches in diameter at the large end and 9 inches in diameter at the small end; how many feet from the large end must it be cut in two so that each piece may contain the same solid contents?

Newark, N. Y., 1857. J. W. C.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Aerostical Enigma in the RURAL of March 21, (No. 376:)—*West Macedon, Wayne County, New York.* The *Youth's Casket* for this year will be forwarded as offered to each of the four persons, residing out of this State, from whom the first correct answers were received, as follows:—MARY J. JOHNSON, New Haven, Conn.; MARY J. PIERCE, Troy, Pa.; A. J. WHEELER, Wyandotte, Ohio; BENJ. N. SMITH, Saline, Mich.—Many correct answers have since been received and submitted to the late P. M. of said post-office who authorizes us to say he will select six others from different States, and award the same premium.

[One of the young misses named above writes: "If I should obtain a "Casket" I think I should crow some, as it was through my influence that father subscribed for the RURAL,—and you must bear in mind I am but twelve years old." Yes, MARY, you are entitled to a celebration, and we wish all the young people who influence their fathers to do so wise a thing as subscribe for the RURAL could be equally fortunate.]

Answer to Biblical Enigma in No. 377:—Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Answer to Algebraical Problem in No. 377:—2 and 1.

Answer to Puzzle in No. 377:—Coventry.

Wit and Humor.

LEGAL TENDER.—A countryman went to a Post Office the other day, and called for a dollar's worth of stamps—offering for them a dollar bill. The clerk wanted change. He went off, and returned with with four Spanish quarters. He was informed that they were only taken at a discount. He went off again, and soon returned with a hundred pennies. Being informed that they were a legal tender in no larger sums than three cents, he very cooly proceeded to purchase a stamp at a time, until the clerk caved, and took all the copper in a lump.

A CELEBRATED lawyer was having his head measured at a fashionable hat store the other day. The man remarked, "Why, how long your head is, Sir?" "Yes," said the lawyer, "*we* lawyers must have long heads." The man went on with his work, and soon exclaimed, "And it is thick as it is long, Sir!"

A BEARDY young gentleman being on a visit the other day, had one of our friend's interesting boys on his knee caressing him, when the child looked up into beardy's face with a perplexed gaze, and asked—"Can't you talk? 'cause I can't see any mout for talk to come out at!"

"DON'T you think tight lacing is bad for the consumption, doctor?" asked a young lady of her physician. "Not at all," said the doctor, "it is just what it feeds on."

MISS *Steed* is very short, and having known Mr. *Curry* only a week, married him, whereupon Brown very irreverently remarked, that "a short *horse* is soon *curried*."

HERE is the last conundrum. "When the seven wise men of Greece met the Sage of Hindostan, what did they do? They eight saw sages; or, they ate sausages."

How can a man who has no wings, be said to be "winged" in an affair of honor? Because in fighting a duel he makes a goose of himself.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Rural New-Yorker.

SUGAR AND SUGAR-MAKING.

THE present high price of this luxury, and the introduction of the new Chinese Sugar Cane *(Sorghum Saccharatum,)* have created a good deal of interest on this subject, and information is eagerly sought. As the attention of northern people has never before been directed to this subject, but little has been generally known in regard to the growth of the sugar cane, or the process of manufacturing sugar. We propose to give a few facts which, we think, will not be devoid of interest.

Sugar is pretty generally diffused throughout the vegetable world; it is found in trees and flowers, and in numerous plants—in leaves, and stems, and roots. There are several kinds of sugar,—the Milk, or *Animal Sugar*, which causes the sweet taste in milk; *Manna Sugar*, extracted from the Manna Ash, which is the manna of our drug stores, and comes from Sicily; *Grape Sugar*, and *Cane Sugar*.

Under the name of GRAPE SUGAR is included the sugar of fruits, of honey, and of starch, as well as the sugar of the grape, which all have seen in the raisin. It is also seen in honey that has been allowed to stand for a long time, as it gradually thickens and consolidates. All the sweet of plants and fruits which contain an acid, is Grape Sugar. It differs from Cane Sugar in being less sweet, containing more water, and being crystallized with difficulty, and is most frequently and more readily procured in the form of syrup. Cane Sugar may be transformed into Grape, by the admixture of acid, but the transformation of Grape into Cane Sugar has not yet been accomplished.

The principal sugar of commerce, is the Cane Sugar, obtained from the perennial sugar cane, *(Saccharum officinarum,)* which flourishes only in a warm climate, and succeeds best where the mean temperature is from 70 to 75°. There are several varieties cultivated in the South, all of which are propagated by cuttings. Pieces of the stem, eighteen or twenty inches long, and having several buds, are laid down horizontally, two or three together, in holes a few inches deep, and covered with light earth. These sets are placed about eighteen inches apart in the rows, and the rows three feet. In some cases, where the soil is moist, the ends of the cuttings are allowed to project a little way out of the ground. In about three weeks the young shoots will appear above ground, and in nine months after planting, the leaves begin to fall, the lower ones first, so that at maturity it only presents a tuft of leaves at the top. The time of ripening depends on climate and other circumstances, and varies from eleven to fifteen months. There is much difference of opinion, too, among planters, as to the best time of cutting.—When considered ripe the canes are cut close to the ground, the leaves and unripe tops, (which contain but little sugar,) taken off, and they are then taken to the sugar mill. The old roots send up new shoots, which require no other care than hoeing, and this system is continued for five or six years, when it is necessary to plant new cuttings.

The ripe canes are passed between heavy iron crushing rollers, squeezing out the juice, which runs into large vessels prepared for its reception. The crushed stalks are used for fuel in boiling down the syrup. The sugar cane in 100 parts contains only 10 parts of woody matter, leaving 90 of sweet syrup, and of these 72 are water, giving 18 per cent. of sugar. It will thus be seen that every hundred pounds of cane should give eighteen pounds of sugar. The manufacture of sugar, however, is such a difficult and delicate operation, that in many cases only six pounds to the hundred is obtained, and seven and a half is considered the average yield. To account for this loss, it was once supposed that a portion of the sugar contained in the cane would not crystallize. This has latterly been disproved, and it has been pretty clearly shown that every drop of molasses drained from the sugar is caused by improper manufacture.

The first loss is occasioned by the fact that of the 90 per cent. of sweet juice which 100 pounds of cane contains, only 50 or 60 per cent. is usually expressed. To extract more than this, would require very powerful machinery, and in addition to this, it is stated that the stalks, when crushed under such powerful machinery, are not so good for fuel. This is an important point, as on most plantations this is the only dependence, and fuel is indispensable. *Imperfect clarification* causes a scum to arise which must be taken off while boiling, and this causes further loss. A little delay causes the sap to sour, and to remedy or prevent this, lime must be used, and this prevents a portion of the sugar from crystallizing, causing it to remain in the syrupy state, and run off as molasses.

DUPREE, PELIGOT, BOUSSINGAULT, and other scientific men have investigated the subject with the view of remedying this loss, and though it has been shown in a few experiments that all the sugar in the cane can be crystallized, and some slight improvements have accordingly been made, yet no practical means of remedying this great loss has ever been discovered.

There are other causes mentioned, such as rank and improper manures, used in growing the cane. We have, however, given enough on this point; enough certainly to show all who are growing the *Sorgho*, for making sugar, that they are engaging in no *boy's play*, but a work that has attracted the attention of the greatest and wisest, requiring the utmost care, and the most unbounded patience.—An experiment tried with a cider mill, or any cheap contrivance for expressing the juice, we fear will not be satisfactory.

SPRING-TIME SUGGESTIONS.

CLEAR the brown path to meet the coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sun burnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plow!
First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done.
Line after line along the burning sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy corneid cleaves;
Up the steep hill-side where the laboring train
Stands the long track that scores the level plain;
Through the moist valley clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging plowshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

WITH what vividness has the poet limned this pen picture. Winter's death and desolation have given place to the life and beauty of Spring. The fragrance of the fresh-turned earth greets the nostrils and balmy airs are breathing around us. February slowly gave way to March, while, day by day, the sun rolled higher in the heavens. The nights, clear, cold and still, spangled the vault with real diamonds, and the dawn, warning with light, unlocked the rivulets flooding the streams and lakes. Anon came the "sugar days"—trees were "tapped" and the smoke was wafted from many a "bush." April—month of showers—is with us and the grass begins to wake up and scent the air with its sweetness. Down in the meadows the cowslip looks skyward, asking for sunshine, and along the warm hillsides the wild flowers blossom. Ere long the lilac will be laden with perfume and the dogwood bow beneath its fleecy load. The "soft south winds" and gentle showers touch the trees, and the buds are swelling with the promise of fruit. Nature will soon hold her carnival—already the notes of preparation are heard. The farmer, however, has no time for sentiment—*be up and doing* is the watchward—stout hearts and willing hands the requirements of the times. Increased activity and labor are ushered in with the joyous exclamation "Spring has come!"

April is a busy month with the farmer. Now he commits the germs of future life to the keeping of mother earth, trusting to the genial influences of heat and descending moisture for the increase.—Those who have "taken note of time" in the proper manner, and "improved the moments as they passed," will find their hands full, while those who, in the words of the song, have been "nid, nid, noddin" the leisure hours away, will most surely test the penalty—"in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." The *starting point* is an important one—unless we are *right* here we cannot expect to be otherwise than *wrong* at the end of our journey. Farming, more than any other occupation, requires that he who pursues it should be, in a great degree, the master of his own time—when the proper period for the performance of a special duty arrives he should be ready to push the task to completion. In order always to accomplish this, the work of *the day needs to be perfected*—"to-morrow" and "to-morrow" have no connection with the labors of the farm. Each day will develop toil sufficient for the hours thereof, and the provident husbandman will enter the field with a determination to consummate if possible the peculiar exigencies of the time.

The weather permitting, spring wheat, rye, oats, peas, barley and carrots may now be sown.—The progressive farmer—he who takes note of the actions of men, and observes the signs of the times, has, in the course of thought and study to which he subjected himself during the winter past, devised plans for experiment, and compared the results of the labor of his neighbors with that of his own, and is ready to adopt what is good and work for light in the dark and doubtful portions of his avocation. The present, therefore, is the time to lay the foundation for the development of these schemes, and it is to be hoped that, from the close and careful observation of thousands of the tillers of the soil, conclusions may be accurately demonstrated on many of the points now occupying "disputed territory." This is the only way in which farming can be made a science—we may pile theory upon theory Atlas high—without the *assistance of clear-headed and strong-handed workers* all will come to naught.

At this season of the year any especial attention devoted to the *Stock Department* will be found to yield paying returns. The working animals should receive much care on being first brought to active labor. Having had a comparatively leisure season the muscular system has become in a degree enfeebled, and they should not be pushed too hard. Chafing and galling from hear, or the friction of portions of the harness, may be avoided if the animals are judiciously used. Should soreness occur, a wash made of alum and whiskey and applied several times daily to the scalded part will enable it to heal. "An ounce of prevention" will be better than the "pound of cure" in this case, and if farmers would bathe the parts liable to become thus injured for several days previous to putting their horses at work in the spring, and occasionally make an application of it during the summer, there would be little loss resulting from unfitness for toil on the part of these valuable colaborers.

Cows about to come in require to be closely watched, and should they demand assistance it ought to be given them at the proper time. As a *general thing*, they do not *need* any help, and on this account, probably, the majority of farmers seem to give them but little thought. Here, however, as everywhere else upon the farm, the personal attention of the owner will oftentimes prove of much value. Parturition being accomplished, we do not believe in the immediate separation of the cow and her calf, as there are many offices performed for each by the other that cannot be so well accomplished by any different mode. YOUATT, in the treatment of cows after calving, recommends "a warm wash, and gruel or water from which the coldness has been removed. Two or three hours afterward it will be prudent to give an aperient drink consisting of a pound of Epsom salts and two drachms of ginger." This is intended to prevent milk fever and garget in the udder. The state of the udder requires watchfulness. If the teats are sore, and the bag generally hard and tender, she should be gently but carefully milked three or four times every day. The natural and the effective preventive of this, however, is to let the calf suck her at least three times a day if it be tied up in the cow-house, or to run with her to the pasture, and take the teat when it pleases. The tendency to inflammation of the udder is much diminished by the calf frequently sucking; or should the cow be feverish, nothing soothes or quiets her so much as the presence of the little one.

Keep the cattle out of the meadows and young orchards, and secure your fences in such manner that you can "sleep o'nights" without fear that the animals will take a "roving commission" during the darkness, bent on the work of destruction. If it is possible, give your grass lands a top-dressing of ashes or plaster as soon as vegetation "fairly gets under weigh"—at the end of the voyage, the surplus this treatment will give to the "stores" will be found a profitable investment.—Those, and those only, who feed their land may expect to be fed by it in return.

There is one idea connected with all the operations of the farm—the one by which the scale of success or reward will be gauged, and it ought to be impressed upon the mind of the worker—to do whatever we undertake in the best manner. The record of ages will show that those who toiled unflinchingly, obtained the victory—those who delved thoroughly, gained the object sought. It is useless to find fault with the weather, or any of the little myriad matters that so often seem to perplex the farmer, so long as his work is unskillfully performed. He who governs all things, has promised seed-time and harvest, and if we faithfully perform the duties allotted us, the increase will undoubtedly be ours.

HAMPSHIRE-DOWN SHEEP.

ABOVE we give a fine portrait of a Hampshire-Down, exhibited at the World's Fair, in Paris. The variety originated in the county of Hampshire, England, which adjoins Sussex, the home of the *Sussex*, or *South-Downs*. It was hoped that this variety of the *Downs* would give a larger and hardier sheep than the Sussex, one more easily fattened, and on less food, without being coarser, or less prized by the butcher. It has been proved by the most careful and exact experiments that the *Hampshire-Downs* produce more wool and mutton, with the same food than the Sussex-Downs; it is much hardier, and is, therefore, a greater favorite with the English farmer. But the English butchers and mutton-eaters, who are so very mutton-wise that they can scent the difference between a leg of South-Down or Cotswold mutton, at two rods distance, soon discovered that this was not *exactly the* mutton, and consequently refused to pay for it so high a price. The large *Cotswold* mutton is sold for three cents per pound less than the Sussex-Down, and the Hampshire, which is considered next to the Sussex, at about one cent less. But, with this difference, it is far the most profitable for the English farmer to raise, as its greater popularity proves. In this country, where *mutton is mutton*, no matter whether it grows on a sheep as large as an ox, or as small as a poodle dog, and regardless of the cost at which it is produced, it must be still more profitable.

The fleece of the Hampshire is coarser and heavier than the Sussex-Down. We believe a few have been brought to this country, but have not been kept pure, having been crossed with the South-Down. Our sheep breeders will find this variety eminently worthy their attention.

CULTURE OF THE ONION.

OUR remarks a few weeks since, in answer to a correspondent on the culture of the Onion, seem to have attracted considerable attention. What we then stated were not mere theoretic ideas, but the teachings of our experience. At the time of writing the article, we did not know that the plan was recommended in any book, or practiced in any country. Since our attention, however, has been called more particularly to the subject, we find by reference to *Loudon's Encyclopedia of Gardening*, p. 853, that this is the plan pursued in Portugal, where onions are raised in greater perfection than in any other part of the world, excepting perhaps Spain, and where they form an important article of food, "one of the common and universal supports of life." England imports from Spain and Portugal every year eight hundred tuns of this vegetable. The method practiced in Portugal is a little different from what we recommended. The seed is sown in the hot-beds in December, and no glass appears to be used, but hoops are placed over the beds, and in severe weather mats are placed over these hoops. In the spring the young onions, when about the size of quills, are transplanted into the fields, nine inches apart each way. We give two of the communications received on this subject:

EDS. RURAL:—Your recent article on Onion Culture, has created quite a sensation through this section of the country. The mode suggested by you, is quite new, and is received with distrust, like all things new. That the plan is entitled to consideration is apparent, from the fact that the article in question is so extensively copied. It has even found its way into the French journals of Lower Canada. The principle objections raised against the plan proposed, is the impracticability of producing plants on an extensive scale. To produce enough to plant an *acre*, would require a *hot-bed* as large as our common gardens, being 105,000 plants, the number which I find necessary for an *acre*, having the rows 15 inches apart and the onions in the rows four inches apart. Would it not be preferable to sow the seed in the autumn early enough to have them well rooted, then transplant in the spring,—thus avoiding the labor and expense of *hot-bed* culture?—J. W. FRANCIS, *Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.*

All we would ask of our friends is to test this matter for themselves. In a hot-bed thirty-six feet long by five wide, we raised enough plants for half an acre, and plenty to spare. The seed should be sown very thick, say in drills about an inch wide, and the onions very thick in the drills, and the drills only one inch apart—just room enough to pass the finger, or a stick, between the rows, and lighten the earth. The plan suggested by our correspondent, of sowing seed in autumn, will not answer, as the weather is generally so hot and dry that the seed will not grow. One of the plans we gave as pursued by gardeners, was to sow the seed the first of May, and in July, when the young onions are a little larger than peas, pull them up and keep them until next spring; then put them out for a summer's growth. This, ROBERT BUIST says, *(Family Kitchen Garden, p. 85,)* is the system pursued around Philadelphia, where hundreds of acres are raised for shipment to the South. We leave it to the good sense of our readers, if it is not more trouble to weed and take care of the young onions the first season in this way, than to raise the plants in a hot-bed, besides waiting a year longer for the returns. It must be remembered that only a slight heat is required, and that about the first of April the sash can be taken off entirely, and used in raising cucumbers, or for any other purpose. Another correspondent, in Iowa, thinks he can prove us mistaken. We are pleased at another proof that our readers are thinking men, not willing to receive any one's statements without proof, or when contradicted by their own experience:

EDS. RURAL:—I should not have troubled you with any remarks, had it not have been to answer an inquiry about growing Onions, and your comments. You say "our summers are not long enough to raise fine large onions from seed." This, sir, I dispute. In September, 1855, I first visited this county, (Chickasaw, Iowa,) from Indiana. I then took home with me onions from the seed 16 and 17 inches in circumference, and exhibited them at the Elkhart County Fair, at Goshen, in October, as the produce of MICHAEL RITTS, of this town. Last year, in April, I took my residence here, and I sowed, I must say carelessly, half a pound of the Red Onion Seed, on land which had potatoes the year previous, and got over sixty-five bushels of *fine large Onions* from half an acre. The cost of the seed was $1 12½ here, and the onions I sold at one dollar per bushel. They were as large as those exhibited at Goshen the year before. Therefore, I have come to the conclusion that you are in error about "raising onions from seed."—This year I intend to sow four pounds on two acres.—The Prairie land, in this county will do it without any extra labor. I sowed the seed in the middle of April.—JOHN DANDEY, *Chickasaw Co., Iowa.*

Our Iowa friend must remember that the article he criticises was written in answer to an inquiry from Oswego county, in this State, and not for the climate or soil of Iowa. We have often seen fruit from that State so large that, although the trees were sent from the nurseries here, we could scarcely recognize the varieties, being double the common size, as grown in this State. It is not to be supposed that the intelligent market gardeners of Philadelphia, (much further south than this,) would take two seasons to grow the onion, if it could be done in common seasons, and under ordinary circumstances, in one. Sixty-five bushels on an half acre, is not one quarter of a crop.

WORKING OXEN.

CONVERSING with a gentleman the other day about *oxen*, he made a remark which may be of essential service to many who are not as well acquainted with the peculiarities of those valuable animals as they would desire to be. "Oxen" (said he) "are frequently ruined for the summer's work or spoiled entirely by over-driving, during the first warm days of spring. Until there is a full bite of grass oxen are not capable of great exertion in hot weather. But after they are turned out into good pasture, if they have not been previously injured, they will perform in a very satisfactory manner. The great danger is when we first begin our spring's work. Then they should be handled with very great caution, even though they do a very small day's labor. Managing in this way, my oxen, in the heat of summer, will plow as much as horses."

Another experienced friend says, "I always took good care of my oxen—was careful not to strain and injure them when young—got up early and fed them and gave them a little time to chew the cud after their breakfast, fed them a few roots in the latter part of winter and some meal during spring, always kept them in good heart, gave them regular exercise during the winter and never failed to make them perform as much as the best horses."

I have no doubt that the modern fashion of using horses and steam for traveling purposes and for marketing our commodities, by making us less dependent upon oxen during winter, has caused them to lose much of the efficiency that characterized the "oxen of all work" that graced our new settlements. We let our oxen stand in the stable or the yard till spring and then expect them to perform wonders with very little care and attention.

Oxen seem to be gaining somewhat in popular favor, but I have generally adopted the opinion that horses would do the greater share of farm-work more economically. On large farms both are useful, but if a man keeps but one it will generally be a horse team.

Breeding for *beef* and breeding for *work* are distinct operations—those who put their faith in oxen must be a little careful of those breeds that are got up with special reference to the best sirloin pieces—Durhams, though sometimes good workers, are are by no means the best. Enthusiasts in the matter of working cattle, might breed in reference to work and so raise the credit of oxen in this respect.

The above hints may be of service, and I may add that oxen should not only have plenty of good feed, but they should have the cool of the day to eat it in. The practice of starting teams to work very early in the morning expecting them to eat when it is hot, will prove a failure. Without adequate nourishment they cannot perform well.

H. T. B.

Communications.

THE CULTURE OF ROOTS.

The farmer's busy days will soon arrive, for the time to sow and plant is close at hand, and it is of great importance that the soil should be put into good condition to receive the seed and give it a vigorous start, and it is equally essential that spring crops should be put in in good season. It is also of great importance for the cultivator to know what crop will be most profitable for him to raise, and not impoverish the soil. Every piece of ground (in ordinary seasons, and with a uniform market) will produce more value of some one production than any other, and the success of the farmer will depend very much on his knowing what that crop must be; yet while each one should raise a variety, the staple production ought to be that which is most profitable, without impoverishing the soil.

The value of Roots for winter feeding and for making manure, is not sufficiently realized by many of the farmers. I consider that the increase of the quantity and quality of the barn-yard manure amply compensates for all the labor and expense of raising them, and the succulent food, for winter feeding, is all profit. Having been repeatedly inquired of about raising roots the past season, I will give my answer through the Rural, yet it will only be a repetition of that which I have frequently written.

The cultivation of Roots, (as a field crop for feeding stock,) like all other farming operations, requires experience,—for the differences of soil, of cultivation, and location, are such that each one must be his own experimenter, and learn himself what to do, and how to do it, if he wishes to be successful. I would recommend to all who have not been successful in their endeavor, or have not tried to raise roots, to commence on a small scale, *and persevere* until they learn the art of raising them, and acquire the knowledge of keeping and feeding them, and I am confident that they will not regret the time and trouble spent in acquiring said knowledge.

The Wurtzel and White Sugar Beet, the large White and Long Antrim Carrots, and Swedish Turnip, are the most profitable varieties to raise on dry soils. The Wurtzel and Sugar Beet are the most valuable for milking animals, but the Carrot is preferable for feeding horses and fattening stock; but I recommend all who commence raising roots, to sow a portion of each variety, and ascertain by experience which is the most profitable for them to cultivate and feed. It frequently answers well to mix the seed, and sow the different varieties in the drill, and when hoeing save the best, but keep them separate when gathering.

All roots require a rich, deep, and well pulverized soil; and a bountiful supply of manure, sufficiently rotted to mix with the soil, is very essential to secure a bountiful crop. The Wurtzel, Sugar Beet and White Carrot will do well on a soil *that is too stiff for corn, providing that it is well manured* and thoroughly pulverized. The Antrim Carrot and Swedish Turnip requires a lighter soil.

I prefer fall plowing for roots and in spring harrow, and cultivate until the ground is well pulverized—the finer the better. Ridge in small ridges, 2½ feet apart, and plant as soon as the ground is sufficiently warm to germinate the seeds. Soak the beet seed (the Wurtzel is a beet) in warm rain water 24 hours—pour off the water, but keep the seed moist until it is put into the ground. Keep the ground loose and clean; commence hoeing as soon as you can see the plants, and repeat it as often as it is necessary. Give them plenty of room to grow; thin out the beets from 8 to 12 inches apart in the drills—carrots from 6 to 8 inches.—The Turnip is a very precarious crop with me. I only sow them where the other roots have missed, for they do with later sowing.

Be liberal with the seed. To have abundance of plants saves time in hoeing, and secures a regular crop. Five or six pounds of the beet seed per acre, two of the carrot, and three of the turnip answers very well. In securing for winter be careful not to make them too warm, for they are apt to heat when in large quantities together. If they get frozen before they are gathered, let them remain in the ground until they thaw out, then the frost does not injure them, but if frozen after they are gathered, it is a damage.

W. G.

Wheatland, N. Y., March, 1857.

THE CULTURE OF THE WILLOW.

Eds. Rural:—In your paper of the 21st ult., I observe an article on "Willows and their Culture." Anything upon this subject is of much interest to me, for I have made the culture of willows my whole study and business for several years, and now have, I think, as nice a plantation as can be found in this country. I have learned much by experience since I commenced their culture, and am anxious that those who undertake their production should understand fully what they must do to insure success, otherwise many will fail to make it profitable. In the article referred to there is much information that is useful and correct; and yet there are some things that require explanation, or they will be likely to mislead. Downing describes *four* varieties as being superior to all others. So they are; and there is *one* of these *four* which is superior to the other *three*.

1st. "*Forbes' Willow.*" This Mr. D. condemns, and very justly, too, for it is entirely worthless.

2d. *S. triandra.* This, as he says, "whitens beautifully, is very tough and pliable, and grows vigorously with less drainage than any other of good quality." But this variety grows so full of branches that it requires much labor to trim and prepare it for peeling, and then it can be peeled only by *hand*, which ruins it entirely for this country; for we cannot afford to peel willows in this manner when wages are so high. Basket makers like this willow, but growers *cannot* afford to produce them.

3d. *Purple Willow—S. purpurea.* This is *the* willow. It is properly called the "Purple Willow," although it is most generally known in the United States as the *S. vimina.is.* It is the only valuable willow for this country, or the *most* valuable. Some other kinds may pay for cultivation, but those who plant on a large scale will do well to plant this variety.

4th. "*Beveridge Willow.*" This is a kind lately introduced, and Mr. Downing is very eloquent in its praise; the cuttings of this variety are very profitable too. I procured a few of them from Dr. Grant, at *twenty dollars* per thousand, and from what they have grown in two years, I am satisfied that there will be but little profit from them except for cuttings, and as I do not offer them for sale, I shall get no return for money invested in them. They are, as Downing says, "very vigorous and productive"—of "catkins" or flowers, and also of *branches* and, as he says, I presume they would be good to *feed bees*, but whether it would *pay* to grow them for that purpose, I am not sure. But I *am* sure that it will never pay to grow them for willows. I would as soon think of making baskets of *apple trees*.

But perhaps enough has been said of *varieties*. My object in speaking of the different kinds is, that those who plant willows may not be "humbugged" into planting a worthless variety, and have to pull them all up again, losing their time and money, as *I* have done. There are plenty of the best kind now grown in different parts of the country; so that any one can procure cuttings of them.

In regard to Mr. John Sauls' manner of planting, it is all very well, *only* it is *impracticable.*—Willows cannot be trimmed as he describes. However, there is nothing very bad about his directions; it is important that they be stuck well into the ground, and then there is no danger of cutting them too close; but I would not advise to set three feet apart each way—it would require a great deal of cultivation to keep the grass and weeds down until they would shade the ground at that distance.

Waterbury, Vt., 1857. Geo. J. Colby.

GYPSUM.—CONSTITUENTS, &c.

Eds. Rural:—In a late number of the Rural a query was made in regard to Gypsum, (or, as it is more commonly called, Plaster,) and with your permission I will state a few facts and give a reply to the query. My authority is "*Stockhart's Agricultural Chemistry.*"

Pure Gypsum contains in 100 lbs.—of lime 32½ lbs.; sulphuric acid, 46½ lbs.; water, 21 lbs. It of course acts through its lime and sulphuric acid.—All plants contain both these, and they must obtain them from the soil, or, if the soil is wanting in them, such land must be unfertile. It may act as a manure when it gives either of its constituents to the growth of vegetation.

It is yet a disputed question how Gypsum acts, beneficially on some soils and not on others; and why, on the same land, it sometimes has scarcely any effect, while at others a decided influence. It is a specific manure for clover, causing an increase frequently of from 25 to 50 per cent. To account for this, it is only necessary to know that clover grows naturally or spontaneously on land underlaid by Gypsum. On peas and Indian corn it often, though not always, produces a marked good effect. It probably acts chiefly and directly by its sulphuric acid, which it supplies to the plants, while its effects indirectly are as a fixer of ammonia arising from the earth; as an absorbent of ammonia in the atmosphere, and by setting it free in the earth that it may be absorbed by plants. It is slowly soluble in water, and that it may be more readily dissolved by the rain and dew, care should be taken that it be as finely ground as possible. The coarser the plaster is, the less quickly is it in a state fit for the use of plants, and the longer it remains inactive. Gypsum of some regions is impure, and shale or other strata deposits which lie next it are frequently ground with it, making it of less value than it otherwise would be.

I. L. S.

South Onondaga, N. Y., March, 1857.

ABOUT SEED CORN.

Friend Moore:—For the last two or three years there has been a great complaint about the failure of corn to come up. The cold winters have had to shoulder the blame, but from my experience the responsibility rests with the farmers themselves, and if so, let us "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." I always select my corn for seed from that which ripens first, gathering it early before the heavy frosts and rains, which many times materially injure the corn, especially in short summers. Leaving a few husks, the ears are braided together and hung up in some dry place until I wish to plant. This is my uniform plan, and my seed has never failed in any one instance, let "cold winter" do her best.

Corn cut up when green and put in large stacks in wet fails, is very apt to heat or mould, and if so the seed selected from it is pretty sure to fail.—Many farmers when they husk their corn, throw it in large hills, allowing it to remain for some days; it heats, and the next spring their corn fails to come up. Corn selected from cribs to plant is very apt to fail from the same cause; of course it *must be* the "*cold winter.*"

No doubt many have got poor "seed corn" this Spring. Now, if you wish to avoid the evils resulting therefrom, just plant a few kernels from the most unlikely ears, in a box of dirt, and set it in a warm place. You will soon ascertain the condition of the seed, and that in time to procure a genuine article if yours is not such. You will save a great deal of patience in planting over, which would make your crop late next fall,—running the risk of having poor seed another year.—Another reason why we wish you to make sure work of it is, corn that is "planted over" prevents tilling the ground until it becomes hard and stiff, and the weeds get almost supreme control, thus securing about half a crop and sometimes less; and then you will turn right about and charge it all to "cold winter" who has no more to do with it than the man in the moon.

Try my plan next fall of saving seed corn, (I mean you that take the papers,) and see if you can't dodge the "cold winters."

W. Doolittle.

Susquehanna, March, 1857.

WAKEFIELD'S HAND CORN-PLANTER.

During the season of 1856 we heard many favorable reports in regard to the operation of this Planter from subscribers who had used it, and from such testimony and an examination of the article itself, we have no hesitation in commending it as a valuable labor-saving improvement. The inventor thus describes its operation, advantages and construction:

"This implement is designed for Planting Corn, Broom-Corn, Beans and similar seeds. It is carried and used (as represented in the above engraving,) as a cane or walking stick—requiring no delay and no additional motion or effort. It is easily adjusted to plant at any desired depth, and to drop any required number of seeds in a hill. The method by which the seed is planted with this Planter is new, and it is believed possesses advantages over every other, not only in facility of use but in hastening germination. The seed is *forced by pressure* obliquely from the surface of the ground to the required depth, thus insuring the immediate absorption of moisture, by bringing it into perfect and hard contact with the soil under and around it, while the earth, falling loosely over, cannot obstruct the coming up and growth of the blade. The Planter is simple in construction—not liable to get out of repair. Weighs about seven pounds."

Mr. M. W. Simmons, of Brockport, N. Y., is general agent for the sale of this implement in the Counties of Monroe, Orleans, Niagara, Wayne, Cayuga, Oswego and Jefferson. See his announcement in our advertising department.

Inquiries and Answers.

Plowing Sward Land.—Barn Cellars.—(1.) Should sward land, broken last August—on which I intend to spread a coat of manure and plant to corn—be plowed again this spring? (2.) Are barn-cellar stables liable to dampness?—Wm. W. Manning, *Weston, Windsor Co., Vt.*, 1857.

Remarks.—(1.) Should say not. The action of the frost will, we think, leave it in a better condition than could be attained by any further operation, except a slight harrowing if it be rough.—The decay of the sod has been minute as yet, and plowing would bring it again to the surface. If the sod turned under was a good heavy one, and the soil in medium condition, would think manuring unnecessary. If manure is applied, it will have to be done in the hill.

(2.) This will be governed by circumstances, such, for instance, as location, drainage, ventilation, &c. When the foundation is sunk in clay, it will be almost impossible to keep it dry by any method.—There are many substances known to builders that will prevent the walls absorbing moisture, and where these are properly constructed, in connection with the various means used for expelling dampness, we think dry stables of this kind may be obtained.—Eds.

Plaster.—Will Plaster deteriorate in value by remaining a length of time, after being ground, exposed to light and air, but protected from the weather?—or, in other words, will plaster that was ground last summer contain all the elements of fertility and be of as much value for agricultural purposes as that ground the present winter for use this spring?—W. B. R., *Elbridge, Onondaga Co., N. Y., March*, 1857.

Remarks.—The peculiar property of Plaster as an auxiliary of vegetation, consists in its power of absorbing and retaining moisture, and this feature it possesses until it is totally dissolved. Plaster, of itself, is inadequate to the production of fertility,—it requires the concurrence of organic manures.

(W. D. O., *Port Byron.*)—Do not know of any person who has thoroughly tested the machine you refer to, (Steven's American Seed-Sower,) nor can we state who has it for sale.

Rural Notes and Items.

Jefferson Co. Ag. Society.—This Society has issued its Premium List for the Show of 1857.—The Fair will be held on the Society's Ground, in Watertown, September 16th and 17th.

Trial of Mowing Machines.—The Farmers' Club of the town of Skaneateles, Onondaga Co., at a late meeting, resolved to have a trial of mowing machines on or about the first of July next, and to this end invite the makers and venders of such articles to be present and compete.

Analysis of Soils.—Professor Nesbit, of the Kennington Agricultural and Chemical College, (England,) in reply to a question, said:—"The analyzation of soils often reminded him of the man who, having a house to sell, came with a brick in his pocket as a sample of the house. There might be almost fifty kinds of soil in the same field. The question, What was the nature of the soil of any particular farm? was, in fact, a complicated one."

Spring Wheat.—A contemporary avers that the liability of Spring Wheat to smut may be prevented in this manner:—Saturate the grain in strong lime-water; then place it on the barn floor, and sift over it fine quick lime, in small quantities; then stir the whole so thoroughly that every kernel shall have a thin coating of lime. In a few days it should be sown. This wholly prevents smut."

—A successful wheat grower, now at our elbow, says he prefers brining the seed, and then liming as above.

Sheep and Horse Show.—The Wool Growers' Association of Western New York is to hold its Third Annual Fair in Penn Yan on the 20th, 21st and 22d of May ensuing. The Association had a fine show at the same place last year, and a still better exhibition is now anticipated. It is announced that there will be an exhibition of Horses, a trotting match, &c., on the last day of the Fair. The address is to be delivered by Hon. A. B. Dickinson, and will of course be able, practical and musical. We have not yet received a copy of the premium list.

A Horse Show will be held on the grounds of the Monroe County Agricultural Society, near this city, on the 27th and 28th of May next. The Society propose to offer very liberal premiums, (nearly $1,000 in all,) and to open competition to the State and Canada. As superior horses abound in this region, a fine display is anticipated.

—A trial of Mowers and Reapers has also been determined upon by the same Society, to be held on or near their Exhibition Grounds, about the 1st of July ensuing. The Premium Lists, Regulations, &c., of these *extra* displays will be announced in due season.

Sales of Blood Stock.—We learn that Messrs. A. & H. Bowen, of Medina, N. Y., have recently sold a fine Hereford bull ("Gallant,") and heifer ("Lady Sotham,") to Mr. C. M. Bowen, of Chelsea, Mich., at highly remunerative prices.——Mr. E. Marks, of Camillus, last week sold his fine two year old Short-horn bull "Duke," (443—bred by S. P. Chapman, out of his premium bull "Halton,") to Mr. E. Smith, of Chelsea, Mich.——Mr. E. H. Lewis, of Shannonville, C. W., last week sold his Morgan horse (which drew the first prize at the Provincial Fair, at Kingston, last fall, as the best single carriage horse,) to a gentleman in Toronto for $800.

Guano in England.—Owing to the high price, neglect, or some other reason, English papers say, "it would appear we are to have scarcely any guano at all for the approaching season." The Mark Lane Express, of February 6th, regards the matter very composedly, and says the farmer must imitate the example of the ancient philosopher, who, when he could not get anything that he wanted, wisely made up his mind to do without it. The editor says he could name one of the best farmers in England who has not used an ounce of guano for years past, and calls it a stimulant that has no half, *if any*, of the lasting effect of farm-yard manure.

The Sweet Potato in Ohio.—The Commissioner of Patents publishes a letter from Mr. Bywick, of Newark, Licking Co., Ohio, on the subject of the cultivation of this potato. Mr. B. states that in the spring of 1847, he bought a peck. From this quantity the first successful attempt was made to cultivate it in Licking county. From this period to 1855 their culture was continued, at which time the *plants* raised were valued at $897 00. Mr. B. gives an estimate of how many bushels of sweet potatoes were grown in Licking county in 1855. The number of plants he states at 414,000, which at one bushel for every one hundred plants would yield about 4,140 bushels; but at the usual rate of estimating the product, or at three bushels for every one hundred plants, the yield would be 12,420 bushels.

Fruit Growing on the Pacific Coast.—When looking over our California and Oregon papers, and noting the reports on vegetables and fruits, the enormous size of which seem almost fabulous, we sometimes feel disposed to think our Pacific editors are given to joking. We have before us the Official Report of the California State Agricultural Society, and the first thing that presents itself to our notice, is the portrait of an enormous pear, we suppose, though it somewhat resembles a small pumpkin, being six inches wide by nine in length. Pears weighing two pounds each, pumpkins 240 pounds, and peaches over a pound, seem as "plenty as blackberries." A friend in Marion Co., Oregon Territory, writes us "the people here are in a perfect excitement on the subject of fruit. We get for our apples from seven to ten dollars a bushel; and all our settlers are planting large orchards. A few apple or pear trees are a small fortune. Owing to the climate of California, I think we shall have to supply them with good apples, for which they are willing to pay a large price."

Maple Sugar.—The Fredonia Censor says probably 1,000,000 pounds have already been made in Chautauque Co., which at the prices likely to rule for some time if not for a year to come, (12½c per pound) will be worth $125,000. The "sap bush" has been no insignificant field of labor this year, and its yield is a matter of some importance.

Eggs Consumed in England.—The annual production of Eggs, according to the statistics of British commerce, is put at 75,000 tuns annually, and the value of these, is estimated at $15,000,000. The importation of eggs for eight years, ending with 1847, ranged from 96,000,000 in 1840 to 77,500 in 1847, and the importations of the succeeding years are given in the following table:

	Number.		Number.
1848	81,012,585	1852	103,281,233
1849	97,745,849	1853	123,450 678
1850	105,689,060	1854	121,996,226
1851	115,526,246	1855	100,095,200

The first six months of 1856, 68,062,600. This was nearly 14,000,000 in excess of the number received in the first six months of 1855, but not so large as in 1854. The imports of eggs in 1854 were, from

	Number.		Number.
Belgium	10,415,517	Spain	5,933,161
France	104,126,918	Channel Islands	794,400
Portugal	419,808	Other parts	226,464

Up to the 8th of August, 1854, eggs were entered by number; but since that they have been entered by cubic feet, internal measurement. In order to reduce the whole to a uniform standard, 200 eggs are estimated to be packed in one cubic foot. The principal importation of eggs is from Belgium. Quantities of Portuguese eggs are occasionally imported into England by the Peninsular Mail steamers. The supplies of eggs sent from Ireland to Liverpool, and thence into the manufacturing districts, are enormous, frequently exceeding 1,000,000 a day. They are packed with straw in crates, boxes, or hampers. The crates contain from 6,000 to 8000 eggs, the boxes about 2,500.—Sometimes large boxes contain 13,000 or more eggs. In 1852, 9,260 tuns of Irish eggs were imported into Liverpool, and it is estimated that that quantity is not more than one-fifth of product of that island.

The Young Ruralist.

NOTES FROM THE BOYS.

Information Wanted.—Will grapes, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, &c., grow from cuttings, like currants, as described in the Rural of March 28th. Describe the most economical way of propagating each of the above-named fruits, whether by cuttings or otherwise. At what distance should pumpkins be planted, and how many vines left in a hill to insure the largest yield?—A Boy, *Belfast, N. Y., March* 28, 1857.

Grapes and gooseberries are grown from cuttings, like currants. Raspberries and blackberries are propagated by dividing the roots. Where a raspberry bush has been growing for several years, a great number of young plants will be seen springing up from the old roots all around. These should be transplanted. When nurserymen wish to propagate any scarce variety rapidly, they cut up the roots, and plant them in the propagating house, and raise a new plant from each cutting of the root. The way to raise the largest yield of pumpkins to the acre would undoubtedly be to appropriate a field to their use, leaving but one or two strong plants in a hill, and the hills some twenty feet apart, and stopping the running of the vine by cutting off the tops as soon as a sufficient number had been found on each vine. The common practice is, however, to plant them with corn, and perhaps this is the most profitable way. As the corn is the main crop, but little pains is taken in most cases with the pumpkins, a few seeds being dropped occasionally. Perhaps some of the boys can tell more about growing pumpkins.

From a number of articles from our young readers, we select the following, and will give others in future numbers:

"Have a Care."—We once recollect hearing a wise man remark that there was no business, properly conducted, that was not remunerative; but we often see persons, seemingly prosperous, leave their business for some other, alleging as a reason for so doing, that their present employment will not *pay*, and thus, year after year, they continue to keep moving from one place to another, and from one business to another, until the little property they once possessed is dwindled down to naught, and the poor, unsuccessful man is reduced to penury and want in a few short years, while his neighbor in the same business prospers. Thus we notice that while one man succeeds in life, another takes the downward course, although the one possessed no more nor better opportunities than the other. The case is illustrated by the farmer who contracts a debt when no occasion calls for it, and in the winter draws wood to market to liquidate this debt, instead of laying in his summer store of fuel; and when the hurrying time of "haying" comes, he is obliged to rise early in the morning to go through the laborious process of cutting firewood for the day, when other matters require his entire attention. Such a man finds he cannot make farming pay in this country, and he packs up, moves West, and goes to work on the old plan again—does everything for the present, and nothing thoroughly. He is placed on a fertile farm, and success could with safety be warranted him, if he would only pursue the proper course; but he prefers to live, as usual, from hand-to-mouth, as the saying is.

We have another illustration in the case of a young man, who believed that success was certain if he "minded his own business;" he followed out this motto, and his efforts were crowned with success, and in a short time he became one of the wealthiest men in the county in which he resided. Thousands of similar cases could be proven, but it would be useless to repeat them so long as it is clearly proved to us that Fortune favors no one—that success depends upon how a business is conducted. All of Franklin's mottoes are worthy the consideration of every one; but here is a proverb that may be said to embody in three small words all that he ever said, if properly observed—"*Have a Care.*"—O. A. Gould, *Watertown, N. Y.*

Henry W. T. R. P., of Lysander, N. Y., is only twelve years old, and always lived in the city until last year, and while feeling much the loss of the Sabbath and day schools of the city, finds great pleasure in reading the Rural and working on the farm. Is to have an acre in the spring for his own cultivation, which he intends to plant with corn and beans.——W. P. S., of Oswego Falls, wants information in regard to the Agricultural School at Ovid—the studies, length of course, &c.

Orchard and Garden.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—NO. V.

THE LAWN.

A MISCELLANEOUS collection of flowers, though beautiful and gorgeous, requires much care, in weeding, and other operations, which we will not now stop to explain. It is difficult too, to keep such flower beds always brilliant. Some varieties bloom, and their beauty is gone, leaving only unsightly plants, or bare ground. It is very desirable, if possible, to keep the grounds in front of the house, and immediately around it at all times neat, tasteful and beautiful. This is best accomplished by forming a lawn, and planting it with flowering shrubs and small trees, not in regular order, but scattered gracefully and naturally over it. The grass can be mown every two or three weeks, and this is about all the care that will be required to keep it in good condition, and the garden bright and pleasant every day during the summer, furnishing a delightful place for the children to gambol of a summer's evening, and a pleasant retreat for yourself or visitors. This is in fact, the parlor of the garden—always in order, always ready to receive company.

In making such a lawn it is necessary that the ground should be dug very deep, or the grass will appear brown and dry during the hot weather.—Loosen the earth two feet deep, and make it rich. Then rake it off nice and smooth, and sow Kentucky Blue grass, or Red Top, at the rate of about three bushels to the acre. After this is done, sow about one pound of White Dutch clover, rake it again, and roll it, if you can buy or borrow a roller. This should be done as early as possible in the spring so as to give the seed the benefit of the spring showers. By about the first of June the grass and clover will be nicely up, giving abundant promise of a carpet of green. As soon as the grass is high enough it should be mown, and kept close, as this will cause it to thicken. Close mowing will destroy all annual weeds, but perennial weeds, such as dock, must be pulled up by the roots. In the fall give it a top dressing of well rotted manure.

We had almost forgotten one important matter, the making of walks. These should be staked out as soon as the ground is plowed or dug, and in some cases it may be convenient to do this before. Then remove the earth to the depth of about eighteen inches; this earth can be used in filling up any hollows. In raking the ground, many stones will be collected, which can be thrown into the walk, and enough will be probably obtained in this way to fill it up within three or four inches of the surface of the lawn; if not, stones or old brick must be obtained from some other source. These stones must be leveled on the top, and would be all the better for being packed in pretty smooth. Then cover with three inches of fine gravel, rake off smooth and roll. This makes a road that is dry at all seasons, and on which weeds will not grow. If weeds or grass should start near the edges, a little salt sprinkled on the surface will destroy them, and prevent the growth of others for a long time. Along the edges of walks it is best to lay down a narrow turf, at the time of making the lawn, as it will preserve the outlines, and prevent the earth from washing upon the gravel. We designed only to give a few practical hints on the formation of the lawn, as introductory to our notice of

BEDDING PLANTS.

To add brilliancy to the quiet beauty of the lawn, it is well to cut out flower beds on the lawn, in various easy and graceful forms. It is generally better to place them near the road, or on the edges of the lawn, for if they are placed in the centre of a small lawn they give it a broken appearance. The forms of these beds may be made to suit the taste, but we give two of the most common in the next column, as a guide. All the care these flower beds require, in addition to weeding, which is very little if well filled with plants, is to trim the edges with a large sharp knife, so as to keep the grass from encroaching upon the bed.

These flower beds should be filled with flowers that will blossom the whole season, and there are many such, now known as Bedding Plants. We will notice a few of the best. Bedding Plants should not be put out until all danger of spring frost is past.

PETUNIAS are almost indispensable, as they blossom abundantly all the summer, with little care, and show a great variety of colors.

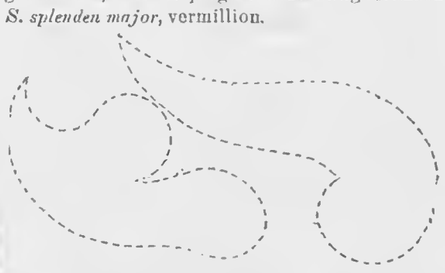
THE PETUNIA.

THE VERBENA is one of the most interesting and beautiful plants for bedding out upon the lawn.—It will commence blossoming about the first of June and continue until killed by frost. They exhibit almost every variety and shade of color, and being a low trailing plant, are easily made to conform to the size and shape of the bed, and will entirely cover the ground, if planted about 18 inches apart.

SCARLET GERANIUMS make a most dazzling and brilliant display. The small growing, or dwarf sorts are best adapted to the lawn.

THE FUCHSIA is very graceful and fine on the lawn, but requires to be planted in a shady place, where it will not be exposed to the noonday sun.

THE SALVIAS are beautiful plants for beds, though growing most too large. *S. patens* is a most gorgeous blue, and *S. pulcens* a dazzling crimson. *S. splenden major*, vermillion.



FORMS OF FLOWER BEDS.

These plants can be purchased at almost any green-house in the spring, at about $2 per dozen, and should be transplanted into the beds on the lawn in this section about the middle of May. They will ensure a brilliant garden all the summer. Those who cannot procure these bedding plants from green-houses, have very good substitutes in some of the annuals. The *Portulacca, Drummond Phlox, Petunia, (from seed,)* and *Ten Week Stocks* are suitable for the lawn.

FRUIT—AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL:—I have been a constant reader for some few years past, of your excellent, and, in most cases, practical paper, but have never until now attempted to furnish an article for publication. I am sincerely gratified to see that not only nurserymen and pomologists, but also gardeners, mechanics, farmers and even your "special correspondent H. T. B.," are waking up from their Rip Van Winkle nap, to the importance, utility and luxury, of not only standard and durable fruits, but of the finer and more choice varieties of smaller fruits, berries, &c. Many of the choicest varieties of apples and peaches have been cultivated pretty extensively, and used without stint, by the Western New York farmer, from its earliest settlement; and for many years, smaller and choice fruits, such as plums, cherries, raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, gooseberries, and even the veritable "Bartlett Pear," have been cultivated, raised, placed upon the "people's table," and eaten with cream, and sugar too. I think no one who has eaten them will deny that they are very refreshing and healthy, especially with the invalid and the ladies, and are esteemed a great luxury by all. But who ever heard of the wood-chopper who puts up his three or four cords per day, or your workman from the Emerald Isle, or his Faderland, or even your own brawny, strong-armed Yankee boy coming to breakfast or dinner with the sweat on their face from swinging the cradle, or scythe, or axe, and a resolute determination in his eye for a "big day's work," find fault with "mistress," because she does not substitute "strawberries and cream" and other delicate fixings for the substantial "mathematical" breakfast = bread + potatoes + pork, without adding the other usual accompaniments. But for the information of your able correspondent H. T. B., Mr. H. GREELY, his dietetic instructor, and some of your city readers, (for you have many,) who might be misled by H. T. B.'s homily on the farmer's table, and shun, not only the table, but the very air, filled with the odor of pork and potatoes in the rural districts, in our diggings, and I believe throughout the State and county, (we'll politely except your correspondent if he wishes,) the farmer's bill of fare is not reduced to *quite* as exact science as is so facetiously represented; and when A. B. engages "board at $2,00 per week," or our workmen engage with us for the season, we think we are not quite so specific in the enumeration of edibles, as your instructive friend H. T. B. would have the world believe, and without traveling a tithe of the distance from "St. Johns to the Gulf of Mexico" may be found upon the farmers' or people's table at their ordinary meals in their course and season, in addition to "potatoes, pork and tea," beef, fresh and corned, roast, broiled and boiled; lamb and veal, the best of the flock—the very fatted calf; turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens, cooked in true French, English and Yankee style, and occasionally the genuine N. E. pork and beans, an occasional refreshment of bivalves, puddings, pies and cake of every variety and material, and the thousand and one et-ceteras found in the modern cookery, and changed with every fresh blast of the dinner-horn. In fact extravagance and variety is the role at the festive board, and "pork, potatoes and bread," the exception.

But after so high a compliment paid to the excellency of fruit by your gifted correspondent as a substitute or accompaniment, (I cannot tell which he intends,) he tells us what he did with his apples last year. He says, "I boiled about six bushels of apples every two days, and mixed in two bushels of corn meal. On that I fed eight hogs and six cows. I fed it warm, and about the consistency of *mush for table use.*" "Oh, what a fall was there my countrymen," for one of the richest table dainties, to be fed to swine to make pork. Most truly I can respond to the sentiment in the first paragraph of your correspondent's article on fruit.—"The richest of temporal legacies, and the least appreciated is fruit." If H. T. B. has really set out in earnest as a reformer of the People's gross habits in eating, I cannot conceive for my life why he fed so great a luxury as apples to hogs unless to make "more of the same sort" for the "People's table." Why he fed them to his cows at all is to me quite incomprehensible; for neither beef, butter, cheese or milk is included in his "exact science" of the hill of fare.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am not a regular correspondent, neither do I claim to be an occasional scribbler, but if you think best to publish this hastily written article, and it corrects a wrong impression in regard to the People's diet, I may appear again in an answer to an article on hoeing corn, that was published in the RURAL about "hoeing time" last year. C. B. C.

Gates, N. Y., March, 1857.

P. S.—Now a word, brother farmers, to you. Whenever our valued friend and special correspondent H. T. B., or any other great reformer, agriculturist or pomologist, comes among you, we most sincerely wish you would evince your gratitude to them, and your appreciation of their eminent services, by uncorking some of your "hermetically sealed" cans of delicious fruits, for their gratification, and thereby wipe out the reproach that lies upon our tables. C. B. C.

CRANBERRIES AND THEIR CULTURE.

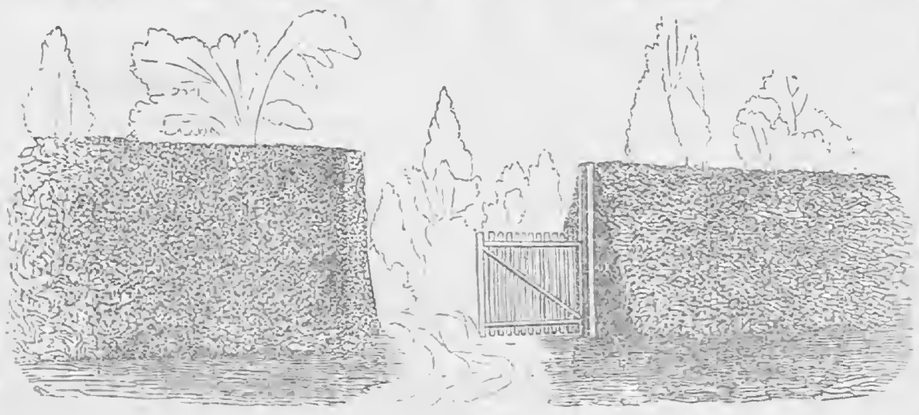
EDS. RURAL:—I noticed in one of the late numbers of the RURAL an inquiry from one of your subscribers in relation to Cranberries and their culture. Let me tell him how they do on prairies where the growth is spontaneous. A Mr. Essig, living about twelve miles east of this, about twelve years since bought a forty acre lot of marsh and barrens. On the marsh at that time, or about that time, one of the neighbors told me that Mr. E. found a patch of cranberry vines about as large as a breakfast table. From this beginning, by setting out sods of the vines cut out with a spade, at intervals of from four to eight feet, he has now about eight acres well set in vines, and at different seasons he has made by the sale of the berries, clear of all expense of picking, barreling, &c., from $1,200 to $1,900. He cleared $1,900 two years ago, but how much last year I do not know. A small stream runs through his marsh by which he can overflow the land at pleasure.

Sods of the vines put out in suitable prairie at intervals of four feet, will cover the ground well in three years, and will yield from $100 to $500 worth of berries per year.

Land that is partially covered with water during the winter and spring, is best adapted for them.—It is all folly, so far as my experience goes, to think of growing the berries on dry ground, that is, ground that is dry at all seasons. To be sure, during the months of September and November, one unacquainted with the prairies would suppose, from appearances then presented, that the vines were growing on dry ground, but let him know the locality the year through and he would find out that during the wet season the land is flooded. If a cranberry marsh is so drained that it becomes permanently dry, the vines will soon disappear.—This, at any rate, is my experience, and I have tried the vines on eight different prairies and in my garden for the last four years. The experiments of sowing the berries broadcast, made for four years, fail entirely.

I have an orchard of 1,000 apple trees, one-half two years old and the balance twelve, and I have lost of my old trees during the last four years over three hundred, from what folks here call winter-killing, but I differ from them, and at some future period will give you the facts in regard to them, and all can then judge for themselves.

Rochester, Fulton Co., Ind. CHARLES BRACKETT.



A WELL-PRUNED OSAGE ORANGE HEDGE.

Inquiries and Answers.

THE OSAGE ORANGE.—Last spring I purchased half a gallon Osage Orange seed, for which I paid $4. I soaked them four weeks, changing the water every day, and planted them 12th May in the garden, in drills 18 inches apart. In about four weeks they came up and grew well, considering the dry weather. They are now about 18 inches high.—Can you, or some of the readers of the RURAL, tell me how to plant them out and manage them to make a good hedge? I wish to know how to take them up, how much of the tops to cut off, if any, how far apart to plant them, and how to manage them after planting, &c., &c.—C. L. HOLLINGSWORTH, *Waterford, Loudon Co., Va.*

REMARKS.—This is an important matter, and we cheerfully give the information needed. As the hedge is designed for protection it is essential that it be thick and strong, so that nothing can look through it, such as is shown in the engraving above. Those who undertake to grow a hedge are generally in too great a hurry, and let it run up, without securing a good bottom. This is wrong. The main point is to secure a good foundation, and the necessary height can afterwards be easily obtained. The first thing is the preparation of the ground. Plow a strip where you design to make the hedge, seven or eight feet wide, and if naturally poor manure it, and drag. Then take up the plants, and cut off the tops to within two or three inches of the roots, and shorten the long tap root to six or eight inches. Then draw a line and plant them in a single row, eight inches apart.—Some prefer to plant a double row, the plants one foot apart in each row, and the rows six inches apart, the plants in one row, standing opposite the vacant spaces in the other. Keep the ground mellow, and all weeds destroyed during the summer, by cultivation. The next spring you will find that the plants have made a growth of two feet at least, which must be cut back to within two or three inches of the old wood. Cultivate the second summer the same as before, and the growth will be quite strong. We have often seen shoots from seven to eight feet long. The third spring cut back so as to leave the young hedge only about one foot in height, and as broad as possible. Do not shorten any of the side shoots, unless a few may have grown so much as to be out of proportion, when they may be cut back so as to make the sides uniform. During the third summer, if the plants make a rapid growth, they may be cut in July. Cut the tops severely, and the sides only to keep them regular, and always prune to form a pyramidal hedge, as shown in the engraving.—Judgment must be exercised in all these operations, but it is well to remember that the natural tendency of the plant is to run up, and severe pruning is necessary to keep it down and secure a thick bottom.

REMOVING EVERGREENS FROM THE WOODS.—Will you, or some of your many readers, inform me, through the medium of the NEW-YORKER, the time of year and the manner of transplanting Pine trees from the woods into the door-yard, so as to have them *live* and do well? Whether they must be taken up with much *swamp dirt* on the roots or not, and whether they must be watered at the time of transplanting?—T. C. PENDILL, *Milo, Mich., March*, 1857.

REMARKS.—It requires great care to remove evergreens from their place of natural growth to the garden. It is difficult to take them up, especially if large, with all the roots, and it is almost impossible to reduce the top to correspond with this loss of root, whithont ruining the tree. They should be taken up with as much earth and as much root as possible. It is a good plan, but laborious, to take them up in the winter, with a large ball of frozen earth attached. As a general thing, we would rather depend upon getting young trees from the nurseries. Watering may be of advantage when first transplanted, but mulching would be better.

TRANSPLANTING EVERGREENS.—Allow me, thro' the columns of your excellent agricultural paper, to ask the time at which evergreens ought to be taken up and set out, and also the best method of management when set out?—J. H., *Canada, New Market, March*, 1857.

REMARKS.—Evergreens may be transplanted with safety any time during the spring. Care must be taken not to allow the roots to become dry when removing, or they will die. This is the reason why so many find it difficult to transplant evergreens. A good mulching of chip manure, or straw, to keep the ground moist and cool, is all the care they require, unless large, when staking will be necessary to prevent their swaying with the wind. We have removed evergreens in the middle of the summer, a short distance, and without injury.

CHESTNUTS ON THE PRAIRIES.—In a late No. of the RURAL is an inquiry about Chestnut trees, and whether they will grow West. Yes, they *do* grow *here* on the open prairie finely, and do not winter-kill. Only observe nature's laws and get them started early, so that the wood will mature before winter. I think they do best on "hazle land."—E. R. S., *Springdale, Cedar Co., Iowa, March*, 1857.

WE are indebted to D. L. HALSEY, of Victory, N. Y., for *Cranberry Plants*, of several varieties.—Also, to the publishers, MOORE, WILSTACH, KEYS & Co., Cincinnati, for a copy of *Hooper's Western Fruit Book*, which we will notice soon.

Domestic Economy.

GRAHAM BREAD, PIES, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—The following recipes, which I think very good, if you deem them worthy of a place in your columns, please insert them for the benefit of those interested:

GRAHAM BREAD.—Two quarts Graham flour, one quart warm water, two-thirds cup of yeast. Stir it up and set in a warm place to rise. When light add one quart warm water, two and a half quarts Graham flour, and one cup of sugar. When thoroughly stirred up, dip into deep tins and let it rise again. Bake one hour.

SOFT CAKE.—One cup butter, one cup buttermilk, or (one-half cup butter, one cup sour cream)—one cup sugar, two eggs, one teaspoon soda.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cup sugar, three eggs, one teaspoon soda, one do. cream-tartar, one and a half cup flour.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon grated, one cup sugar, one cup rich cream, a paste on the bottom and top.

CREAM-TARTAR CAKE.—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup milk, six eggs, one teaspoon soda, two do. cream-tartar, three cups of flour.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup molasses, one cup shortening, one-half tablespoon ginger, one teaspoon soda, roll thin; bake quick.—EMMA, *Spartar, N. Y., March*, 1857.

CAKES AND CRULLERS.

EDS. RURAL:—Having tried many of the recipes given in your valuable paper and found them good, I thought I would send a couple of my own as partial remuneration for benefits received.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, three eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoon of soda, one cup of flour—spice to the taste. The soda is to be stirred in just before putting into the oven.

CRULLERS.—Six eggs, six large spoonfuls of sugar, six tablespoonfuls of melted lard, one tablespoonful of salt, one nutmeg, flour sufficient to form a stiff batter, roll thin, cut in any shape to suit, boil in lard.—E. C. L., *Penfield, Calhoun Co., Michigan*, 1857.

STIRRED CAKE.—Take two eggs, one cup sugar, three-fourths cup butter, half cup cream, two cups flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and a little nutmeg.—A YANKEE GIRL, *Wilson, N. Y.*, 1857.

CORRECTION.—I saw in your paper a recipe for washing. *One ounce* of borax to two pounds of hard or soft soap is quite enough, and will facilitate washing much.—O. PRESTON, *Victor, N. Y.*

DOMESTIC YEAST.—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, with two gallons of water, for one hour.—When milk-warm bottle it and cork close. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of this yeast will make eighteen pounds of bread.—*Homestead.*

Mechanic Arts, &c.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

WILLIS' IMPROVED STUMP MACHINE.
PATENTED MARCH 6, 1855

Farmers, Mechanics, Road Builders Speculators, and all progressive men, your attention is called to this Valuable Patent.

MY Stump Machine has great power. It has no equal. It is simple in its construction, easily worked, and not liable to get out of repair. Its common weight is about 1,500 pounds. It is easily borne from place to place, and it can be loaded in three minutes, and unloaded, set up, and a lusty stump drawn, all within fifteen minutes. Once fastened, it will pull an acre and a half of stumps without changing anchorage. A single yoke of cattle or one strong horse, is sufficient to work it. With such a team, if necessary, a power of from three to five hundred tons, can be made to bear upon a single stump!

One man can work it, though two work it at better advantage. The time required to extract stumps from six inches to four feet in diameter, will vary from ten to ten minutes. With this Machine, standing trees may be taken out, large rocks removed from their beds; and it is the best Machine ever invented, not only for pulling stumps, but for moving buildings, and other heavy bodies. All the iron used, is wrought, of peculiar quality, imported, sustaining 57 tons to the inch!

The price of these Machines varies according to weight and size. I will furnish the Machine at my Manufactory, together with an individual right to work it, for $200. I reside at Orange, Massachusetts, where I manufacture this article, on a large scale, and hold myself ready to furnish it, or sell rights to use it, in any State or Town in the Union, now unsold, on terms most reasonable.

This patent begins to be appreciated; all who wish to bring so good a thing into use, and thereby make a "pile of money," should come to Orange, see the inventor, see the workings of the Machine with their own eyes, and if not perfectly satisfied respecting its merits, all their expenses shall be cheerfully paid. WILLIAM W. WILLIS.

TESTIMONIALS.

EDITORIAL OF LIEUT. GOV. SIMON BROWN, IN THE "NEW ENGLAND FARMER" FOR JULY, 1856.—Among the visits made by us during the present month to the homes of the farmers in various parts of this State and New Hampshire, was one to the town of Orange, Mass., to witness the operation of the eighth wonder of the world, the Patent Stump Puller, owned and operated by Mr. W. W. Willis of that town.

At ten o'clock the hook of a stout chain was placed under the root of a moderately-sized stump, and it was turned out with as much apparent ease as though it had been a mere log with no attachments to the ground. Other stumps of still larger size, and more extensive root were then taken out, and all with certainty, and without the slightest confusion.

Statement in the "Farmer" at Amherst, Mass., for August, 1855, by its Editor, Prof. J. A. Nash:—PATENT STUMP PULLER.—Since reading the statement of Lieut. Gov. Brown, we have visited Orange, examined the machine, and seen its power fully tested. It is all that Mr. Brown has represented: and in two or three particulars, we think, it is somewhat more: 1st, It is equally as well adapted to drawing out stumps, removing buildings, or almost any other business requiring a high power, as to the pulling of stumps! 2d, it will operate with great rapidity without unreasonable severe effort on the part of the men or team; 3d, it has come to its present improved state slowly and by successive trial; did not come from the brain of a theorist, as Venus is said to have leaped from the brain of Jupiter, all beautiful and mature, armed cap-a-pie, ready to love, or to fight, but resulted from the experience of a practical man, one thoroughly schooled in the rough and tumble business of drawing rocks and stumps.

From the Springfield Republican:—THE ORANGE IMPROVED STUMP PULLER.—A trial of this implement took place recently in Belchertown, on the farm of Mr. John Work. Its power was first exhibited in drawing from the soil and rolling far up a side hill, a rock 8½ feet in its longest diameter, and 5½ in its shortest, containing about 120 cubic feet, the weight of which could not be less than 20 tons. It next exhibited its power in overturning nine stumps, large and small, some of them perfect monsters. With it, a yoke of cattle will move anything, lift anything, dislodge anything,—so happily and advantageously is the lever power applied.

From the Northern Sentinel:—A WORD ABOUT STUMPS.—I am glad to see evidence that here and there a farmer is "*pulling stumps.*" I have just seen the exploits of Mr. Willis' Stump Extractor, at Orange, Mass., where he has begun to manufacture the article on a large scale.

Well worked, I am told, it will turn out a lusty stump each ten minutes, hour by hour. This Machine is much needed, even in New England, and still more in the Middle, Western and Southern States. It has made many fields lawn-like and beautiful, in and around Orange, and if brought into requisition, it can do the same from Maine to Georgia.

REFERENCES.—New England Agricultural Journals; Gov. Brown; Prof. Nash; Nourse & Co.; Rural New-Yorker, Rochester; Country Gentleman, Albany; Agricultural Journals in Ohio and Michigan.

PROGRESS OF INVENTION.—It appears that during the four years previous to 1853, the average annual number of applications for patents, at the United States Patent Office, was 2,522, while for the four subsequent years, such average will be about 4,000. The number of patents annually issued during the former period, average 990; during the latter about 1,850. For the current year, the whole number of applications made, the whole number of patents granted, and the amount of revenue received, will, respectively, be at least double what they were in any previous year. The number of applications for patents at the United States office, the last year, was greater than that in any other country, having been 4,435, against 2,958 in Great Britain, and 4,056 in France. For the present year, it is thought that the number of applications will reach 5,000.

NIGHT SPECTACLES.—"Why may not a pair of spectacles be made to see with in the night?" I have often asked myself the same question. It would be very desirable in some situations, to see clearly when quite dark, when acting as pilot, for example, on a river steamboat. The idea is practicable. That which avails an owl to see in the dark will also enable a man to see in the night.—Herschel could see with the aid of an optical instrument which he constructed, the dial on a steeple clock, a mile distant, when it was so dark that he could see but a few feet with the naked eye. The idea will be put in general practice ere long I think.—*Scientific American.*

SOMETHING AS GOOD AS INDIA RUBBER.—A correspondent of the Scientific American sends that paper a specimen of a substance which has the property of India Rubber, but is produced in all of the States of this country south of 39 degrees, and is in solid form. It may easily be reduced to a suitable shape for exportation. The editor says it looks like the real caoutchouc. The discoverer is Joseph E. Ware, and if the article possesses the physical properties of India Rubber, he has made a discovery of inestimable value.

THE MANUFACTURE OF BONNETS.—"What becomes of all the pins?" is a question often asked and seldom answered. Some facts that we learned the other day, led us to ask, "What becomes of all the bonnets?" At a factory in Foxborough, Mass., more than ten thousand a day are made and thrown into the market. For more than twenty miles round about the people are engaged in the work, and they have agents all over the world collecting materials and disposing of their manufactures.—*Exchange.*

AN ingenious and useful invention, in the shape of an inkstand, by which the ink is kept pure and fluid, and all evaporation, mildew, and oxidation avoided, has been recently patented in England.—The ink is so supplied to the pen that the latter can never be over-charged, and thus blotting is completely prevented.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY HAPPIEST HOURS.

'Tis not in gay, and festive halls,
Where mirth lights up each eye;
Where jovial lips, the wine cup press,
And merry hearts beat high;
Where pleasure revels all the day,
Nor pauses for the night,
Oh! there my heart could never rest,
Or find its chief delight.

Oh no! 'tis not among the gay
And thoughtless crowds of earth,
Where dazzling pleasure fills each breast,
And all is joy and mirth.
My heart would ever flutter there,
And long to be away,
Their transient joys I would not share,
Or with them, wish to say.

Nor is it yet in foreign lands,
'Neath sunny southern skies,
Where choicest fruits of earth are found,
And flowers of richest dyes.
Such lands may boast of treasured wealth,
And beauties rich and rare.
Yet Oh! my heart could never find,
Its sweet enjoyment there.

But Oh! 'tis with the friends I love,
Those to my heart so dear,
Whose tender words, and actions prove,
Their friendship is sincere.
To them, with silken cords of love
My heart is strongly bound,
With them, my happiest hours are spent,
My sweetest joys are found.

Victor, N. Y., 1857. MARY CARRIE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BE TRUTHFUL AND CANDID.

WHAT is more beautiful, more lovely, more ennobling than truth, simplicity, candor? What greater ornaments can adorn the face than the constant expression of a soul above base, unworthy deceit and falsehood? But these graces can be counterfeited, and often are, successfully. How, then, shall we know in whom to trust?

Often, at our very hearth, sits the friend, long believed, long trusted, yet whose heart is full of deception, and whose cunning would deceive the very elect. In society we meet with the flattering, fawning, whose words flow as smoothly and gracefully—whose ideas are so expanded, so generous, so excellent, with such a fine appreciation of all grace, beauty, purity—we almost imagine we have met with a being descended from the heavenly realms. Certainly *such a person* can be believed, and must be the real impersonification of goodness. Alas! an insight into the daily life of that exalted refinement too often shows us that human nature is capable of sustaining a variety of phases, and the practiced deceiver has a costume for all occasions.

But why dissemble—why seem what one is not? The moment there is a necessity for a continued course of deception, there is something wrong, which eventually brings its own consequences. Is it so very hard to be frank, honest, truthful, if we mean no wrong to any? Why put on an air of innocence and purity, unless the heart is really all it seems? Surely if truth and purity are such excellent virtues that they are constantly counterfeited, how rich and to be envied must those be who posses in their hearts the real gems, the pure gold, which no contact can alloy or diminish!—Then let us carry an honest face through the world, and a noble soul beneath it; let us wrong no one, speak the truth, and *act* it, and then we can eat our dinner in peace, look every man in the face, and sleep with a clear conscience. ELISE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A STRAY LEAF.

OH, husbands, husbands! how truly indispensable they are! How much of the brightness of life may we not trace to their agency. As I stand, solitary and alone, upon the balcony, gazing upon the thronging crowd below, I see one selecting some choice fruit. How quick my heart tells me it is for the wife, of whom he is fondly thinking, at home. And another—how carefully he carries that small parcel. That, too, is for wife. I don't know that? Likely I don't! See how elastic his step is; and his face, though careworn, lights up with a smile of *real* satisfaction.

In imagination I follow him to his home. It is a wet night, but the lights gleam brightly out through the shrubbery. How cheering! And wife comes out to meet him at the porch, in a fresh muslin, with dewy ringlets; and little arms reach up to clasp his neck, and cherub lips exclaim, "Papa, 'tum home!"

Oh, yes, there are holy shrines in this wicked world of ours, and fragrant flowers cluster round them. And the more we mingle in the busy mart of life, and feel its vanity, the more do we desire and appreciate "Home, sweet home." But more, oh how much more, shall we who are wives appreciate it when he who made it bright is gone—when we listen in vain for the familiar step, the kind word, and find no rest for our aching, bursting hearts. God pity the widow! VIOLA.

Honeoye Falls, N. Y., 1857.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.—The house will be kept in turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's errors, no lenity shown to failings, no meek submission to inquiries, no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood in the grate and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they will burn; and half a dozen, and you will have a blaze. There are other fires subject to the same condition. If one member of the family gets into a passion and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper; pile on the fuel; draw in others of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will enwrap all in its burning heat.

PLENTY of warmth, plenty of substantial food and ripe fruits, plenty of sleep, and plenty of joyous out-door exercise, would save millions of children annually.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE RUINS OF TIME.

I SAW a venerable oak, whose majestic head, towering high, seemed to touch the bright azure of the arched canopy, which hung in unmeasured space over the beautiful world on which I stood. Its wide-spreading branches were covered with thick verdant foliage, and its deep-rooted trunk stood firmly erect, birds twittered joyously among the green leaves, and the waving grass grew in luxuriousness at its foot. Beneath its ample shade I saw a playful child laughingly chase the yellow butterflies, or with a look of happy innocence listen to the warblers of the tree. His fair and open brow betokened the hidden intellect, and the ruddy cheeks and sparkling eyes, showed a picture of health. His flaxen ringlets glistening in the sunbeams, looked as threads of gold, and as I watched the lithe and agile form, methought when manhood's stage he'd reach, how strong and beautiful he'd be. I journeyed on, yet looking back to the tree that would stand for ages, to the little boy, who would enjoy the pleasures of three-score years and ten.

Time with swift pinion sped onward, and I returned again. A *decayed* and *worm-eaten tree* lay before me half covered with the soil. No singing birds rested in its leafless boughs, and the *withered grass* waved above the mound of the *dead child*. I turned away with a tear, and the moaning wind with a low, sad wail, whispered "The ruins of Time."

Hartland, N. Y., 1857. M. C.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANTI-TOBACCO AND SPIRITS ALSO.

IN perusing a late number of the RURAL I observed a "Call" to the young Ladies on the subject of getting up an Anti-Tobacco Society. Now, I think it all well enough, but I do not agree with the writer in one respect—that is, she thinks it no more harm to sip the rich juice of grapes, or even the waters of distilled grains, than to use tobacco. I think differently. It cannot be that she lives in a city, or else she must be blind to the degradation and poverty which is caused by *Intemperance*. She says she wants a man that she can kiss occasionally without inhaling the horrid odor of *tobacco*.—I think I should as lief kiss a man that uses *tobacco* as one that uses intoxicating drinks—but, for my part, I should rather kiss *neither*. She thinks that the abuse she would receive from her husband when partially bereft of his reason could not be compared to that she would receive every day from the effects of *tobacco*. If she thinks so, I think she had better try it for a time; I am afraid it would not be long before he would be bereft of his reason entirely.

Now, I do not wish you to think that I uphold the use of tobacco, for I am as much opposed to it as the lady herself. But I would ask, what are the young men coming to? Go into cities or villages and you will hardly find one who do s not make use of ardent spirits or frequent the halls of dissipation. Are these what they call gentlemen? Yes, these constitute our Gents, but not so in my estimation. Therefore, I think there ought to be something done to eradicate both these evils, for I think there is not much difference. H.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A CHAPTER FOR WIVES.

THE RURAL of the 14th ult. contains an article headed "A Chapter for Husbands," which I *do* think should not be suffered to pass without a rejoinder, as I am satisfied the writer has told only one side of the story, and justice demands both.

Now *Mrs.* ULTRA (for who doubts but what this title properly belongs to you?) I think no one will doubt after perusing your communication, as to the truth of your opening paragraph, or that you really are a much-abused person. Just think of these gentleman-husbands-farmers, for instance. Of course they have nothing to do the livelong day but to stay in the house and demurely wait upon their deary's, keep fires, rock the cradle, pare potatoes, brush up the hearth occasionally, and make themselves generally useful. No out-door work to do, in the hay or harvest field, sweating in a July's sun from morning to night. Oh yes! *they* live easy enough—nothing to make *them* look prematurely old or careworn.

I dare say these *men*, (so polite, publicly,) would be perfectly willing to "change work" occasionally—that is, if the abused wife would just take a turn in the field for a few hours with the plow or scythe (you know that ain't nothing)—that *he* would be willing to do housework just as long, and in this way lighten each other's burdens as commanded. "MR." ULTRA.

Salisbury, Conn., 1857.

THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

THE great secret is to learn to bear with each other's failings; not to be blind to them—that is either an impossibility or a folly; we must see and feel them; if we do neither, they are not evils to us, and there is obviously no need of forbearance; but to throw the mantle of affection round them, concealing them from each other's eyes; to determine not to let them chill the affections; to resolve to cultivate good-tempered forbearance because it is the only way of mitigating the present evil, always with a view to ultimate amendment. Surely it is not the perfection, but the imperfection, of human character that makes the strongest claim in love. All the world must approve, even enemies must admire the good and the estimable in human nature. If husband and wife estimate only that in each which all must be constrained to value, what do they more than others? It is infirmities of character, imperfections of nature, that call for the pitying sympathy, the tender compassion that makes each the comforter, the monitor of the other. Forbearance helps each to attain command over themselves.—Few are the creatures so utterly evil as to abuse a generous confidence; a calm forbearance. Married persons should be pre-eminently friends, and fidelity is the great privilege of friendship. The forbearance here contended for is not weak and wicked indulgence of each other's faults, but such a calm, tender observance of them as excludes all harshness and anger, and takes the best and gentlest methods of pointing them out in the full confidence of affection.— *Whisper to a Bride.*

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY O. H JOHNSTON.

NAY, tell me not that Friendship's chain,
Is lasting in this world of ours;
Have I not felt the spirit's pain
Dissolve in tears, as dew on flowers;
Nay, change is endless, and it brings,
Forgetfulness upon its wings.

There is no heart that like our own,
Will throb the same, from year to year,
But loses much of that loved tone,
And feeling, which was once so dear,
Till coldness comes with icy hand,
And quenches the expiring brand.

There may be joyous throngs to greet
Us sometimes on our pathway here,
But soon they find some voice more sweet,
Whose tones, than ours more fondly cheer;
And leave our pining hearts a prey
To thirst for streams that flit away.

And thus they leave me one by one,
As dead leaves quit a withered bough;
No faithfulness of mine has won
The gem, that crowns the steadfast brow,
We ne'er can have kind constant friends
While any heart, to falsehood bends.

Cortlandville, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

STERNNESS.

BY WM. O. STODDARD.

THERE is a glory on the stern, calm brow,
Where God looks out through the unshrinking face,
Owning his image in the speaking soul.
There may be meekness there, there may be love,—
CHRIST wore both these, when he rebuked the scribes,
And when he spoke the woes from Olivet—
But he who looketh this world in the face
Meeting it eye to eye, must *needs* be stern.
And in our hearts we feel this—even a child
Looks up with trust upon the kind, stern face.

Stern men led on the armies of the LORD;
In the same mould were the old prophets cast;
And the reformers on their broad, firm brows
Bore the same signet of a warrior's soul.

There is a certain agony of strife,
In meeting mighty thoughts, and mighty men,
That *will* compress the lips and knit the brows,
Even though they smile with love, or glow with hope.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RURAL MEMORIES.

"THE heart hath many passages,
Through which pure feelings roam;
But the middle aisle is sacred,
To the thoughts of the old, old home."

THE old home! The home of our childhood. That dear spot, rendered doubly dear by the thousand tender recollections that cluster around it—by the remembrance of the evening hymn and morning prayer—the sacred arm chair, and the time-worn family bible.

Reader, did you ever see skies as blue as those which you remember gazing upon in your childhood? Was there ever a streamlet whose pure waters danced to so gladsome a measure as the one which wound through the meadow lot and on past the maple grove, mirroring in its placid surface as it sped on the branches of the grand old trees and the more ephemeral beauties of the blue-eyed forget-me-nots? Was there ever strawberries so sweet as those which grew in the west meadow? or cream so luscious as that which *Mother* skimmed from the morning's milk? or sugar that tasted half so good as the finely shaved maple which she emptied from the brown sugar bowl?—Laugh if you wid, these country memories, like country cooking, are first cut." And don't you remember how you gambolled with the lambs and played with the calves and hunted hen's eggs way up in the hay loft; and peeped into the robin's nest, and then coaxed little CHARLEY not to tell "JACK TRUANT" where it was, for fear the parent birds should be robbed of their treasures?

You have not forgotten the old brown school house. You remember the first day you seated yourself on the hard bench and cast sly glances at the face of the teacher and answered so low when asked the uniform question—"What is your name?" that you were not understood; and the big boy who lived next door to you and who sat on the back seat had to answer for you. Oh, how that first lesson troubled you. How you wished all the letters were round O's and crooked S's, and how you did want to rob your dinner pail of a part of its contents before recess came; and when at last the magic words "School's dismissed" fell on the ear, how you hastened home to relate your day's adventures, and convert every pane of glass into a miniature black-board, making certain hieroglyphics which *you* fancied resembled those the large boys made at school.

I remember well, friend RURAL, my first day at school. In the village of Honeoye, which is pleasantly situated near a lake of the same name, was I first initiated into the mysteries of A. B. C. And what kind hand think you was the first to guide me in the mazy labyrinths of knowledge? None other than that of your own gifted contributor, Mrs. M. J. H———. Oh, I remember well in what kind accents she addressed me; how patiently she listened to my repetitions of her instructions, and how gently she smoothed my faults. Further than this memory fails, but through the RURAL I have gleaned from the past many diamonds of remembrance to reset once more in the gold of affection. And if the eye of her to whom a world has loved to listen should rest upon this page, she will forgive this stray waif of recollection for the sake of the tender memories that cluster round those early school days.

Oh, rural memories! When wearied with the tread-mill cares of the present, when ideal pleasures vanish 'neath the practical touch of reality, a blessed solace have they who can take up, one by one, the links of remembrance until they form one bright chain of happiness. Then launch thy bark, world weary, on the rippling tide of Memory, and while Faith shall hold the helm and Hope guide thee safely over the quicksands of to-day with Imagination, may'st thou rest at last on the flower-decked shores of hallowed Childhood.

Gorham, N. Y., 1857. E. A. SAVILLE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SPRING THOUGHTS.

THE earth looks desolate—there is no summer glory on the trees or ground, and Winter has taken away his snowy mantle. Everything stands as the destroying frosts and desolating winds left them long ago. Earth looks desolate—but the iris bow of hope spans the cloudlets that drift along the clear blue sky, catching warm sunbeams and enlisting troops of raindrops which shall do valiant service under the banner of Spring by and by.

Yes, the pleasant Spring is coming. She is here in name, but we are looking and waiting for her warm breath, her musical birds, her graceful, bright-eyed, fragrant flowers, that nestle in the moss upon the hillside, or peep forth from the quiet meadows. The brave little violets are already out, looking pinched with the cold, but violets nevertheless, with rich purple and golden petals; and the lilacs are sending forth their flower buds, clothed in vestments of tender green, but unless we look closely, we shall not notice even these faint signs of returning life.

But by and by we shall see the millions of buds that tip the bare, brown trees swelling and expanding into beautiful leaves or tassels of flowers—for many of our sturdy trees send forth their blossoms in the changeful airs of the early spring, ere their prudent leaves venture from their hardy coverings—and robins and bluebirds will vie, one with another, in pouring forth their sweetest songs, instead of contenting themselves with solitary chirps and snatches of song. The blackbirds will hold their noisy consultations as heretofore, and "the voice of the turtle be heard in the land."

And *so* the Spring is coming—loosing fettered streams and prisoned buds—wooing back the homesick birds from their more gorgeous, but not lovelier Southern homes; and calling from their hiding-places the insect tribes, to revel in the sunbeams, and fill the air, even as the earth is filled with life.

It seems wonderful to me always—this waking into beauty, fragrance and fruitfulness, in the sunshine and showers of the millions of tiny, tender germs that sleep in the ground or are safe-folded in the buds of trees, through the long, cold winter. It speaks ever to me of GOD'S infinite wisdom and power, and that "his tender mercies are over all his works," and reminds me of his blessed promise that we shall wake from the deep sleep of death into "newness of life," and if we love and obey our Savior, he will take us to the mansion prepared for his followers, in "the city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and give us drink from "the pure river of the water of life," and "fruit from the trees that border its crystal stream."

East Hampton, Mass., 1857. H. E. C.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MUSIC.

THERE are moments in our lives when we are unfit for its sterner realities. Meditation at such times removes all desire for the more active pursuits of life. A kind of dreamy quiet steals over the mind. We seem lost in our own thoughts, which are apt to center upon frivolities. This is more apparent at the hour of twilight. If left alone, surrounded by slumbering nature, a kind of inertness possesses the mind which is almost a comfort. Then it is that music conveys a soft melody. It murmurs in unison with nature—in harmony with the universe. Then it is that the god of song plays upon the heart-strings. Instrumental music at such times has a peculiar charm. As the tone of the harp varies—as the air changes from the sombre to the gay, our feelings seem to be swayed by its magic influence. We are led captive by its many variations; we seem entranced by its glowing accents, and enraptured by its pleasing harmony.

Music has its throne in the bosom of nature.—As its plaintive notes swell out on the soft air of evening, it seems to awaken a sense of the sublime in nature. As the twilight hour grows dim, and nature seems in a trance, then it is that music is beautiful. The heart is buried in the fulness of its joy. The tender chords of our being reverberate to its accents. It is an antidote for the afflicted, and herein it possesses an absolute merit. We hear its distant echoes in the deep recesses of the forest; and we safely say that it is a part of nature. It adds to nature a kind of spell which alone ceases with itself. The rippling of the little rill is music; the joyous song of birds is the sweetest of melody—even the cold autumnal wind bears with it a kind of mournful music—it is the funereal dirge of summer.

But to sit at eve and listen to the busy hum of closing day has a thrilling charm. All nature seems to render up a hymn in united praise. Music, while it delights, never vitiates. We rise from its enjoyment purer and more holy. SCRIBE.

Chardon, Ohio, 1857.

WOMAN'S POWER.—Lamartine, the gifted poet-statesman of France, pays a sublime tribute to Woman's power, when he says:—"Woman with weaker passions than man is superior to man by the soul. The Gauls attributed to her an additional sense. They were right. Nature has given woman two painful but heavenly gifts which distinguish them above human nature; compassion and enthusiasm. By compassion they devote themselves; by enthusiasm they exalt themselves. What more does heroism require? They have more imagination than man. Enthusiasm springs from the imagination, and self-sacrifice from the heart. Woman are, therefore, more naturally heroic than men. All nations have in their annals some of these miracles of patriotism of which woman is the instrument in the hand of God. When all is desperate in a national cause, we need not yet despair while there remains a spark of resistance in a woman's heart."

ADMIRATION AND ASPIRATION.—It is a good thing to believe; it is a good thing to admire.—By continually looking upwards, our minds will themselves grow upwards, and as a man, by indulging in the habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities we admire.—Here, as in everything else, humility is the surest path to exaltation.—*Arnold.*

THE BETTER—AND WORSE.

"THERE'S no such word."
"There is."
"Want to bet on it?"
Again—
"You can't do it."
"What'll you bet?"

How many such phrases are uttered daily:—What'll you bet? Want to bet on it? Bet you five dollars. Bet you a "bottle o' wine." Bet you a hat. A "bet" is the regular proceeding at horse-races, and in the sweet circles of "the fancy" and "sporting men;" it is a very common practice in politics and business. But that's not all. With a large number of silly or mistaken people a "bet" is a final argument even in ordinary conversation or discussion. They have more money than brains, and so they look to their money to do their reasoning. They think that if they are only ready to "back their opinion," they are pretty sure to be right. We have in mind a wealthy gentleman who used to discuss horticultural questions, and clinch his argument by offering to deposit five hundred or a thousand dollars, if his opponents would do as much, the total stakes to go to the one decided to be right. This was usually unanswerable, if not conclusive; for few writers on gardening have such a "little amount" by them to risk on the name of a pear or the sex of a strawberry.

How idiotic! As if a man's money made any difference about his being right! It does, however, by the betting argument, for that takes it for granted that no man will decline to gamble on his opinion unless he is conscious of being wrong. Or the only alternative is a confession—supposed to be humiliating—of poverty.

Aside from the ridiculous folly of pretending to prove a point by such an appeal to the dollar, there is a broader and more important principle involved. You bet and win. You did not earn the money. It will do you no good. You lose—you feel that the amount is to be taken from you without an equivalent, and you are instinctively irritated by the unfairness of the transaction. In either event you are a gambler; you have so far enrolled yourself in the ranks of perhaps the most pernicious army of scoundrels that was ever let loose on earth. It is a small amount, doubtless, but the principle is involved. Risking money on pure chances is *always* wrong and foolish; it is *always* gambling; *always* contrary to expediency and social truth and the universal law of Right.

Argue if you please. If you don't know enough to argue, hold your tongue. If you are wrong, confess it like a man. But don't bet like a fool!—*Life Illustrated.*

NAPOLEON AND THE LADIES.

THE following anecdote told by Dr. Baird in a recent lecture, will bear repeating:

Shorty after Bonaparte was made First Consul and had installed himself in the Palace of the Tuilleries, he held a grand reception and ball.—But he experienced at that early day of his career no little difficulty in organizing his court and making matters go smoothly.

When the supper was ready, the ladies were summoned first, the gentlemen being under the necessity of waiting until their "betters" were served. Two thousand lades, showily, if not tastefully dressed, rushed forward to the doors of the great dining hall, one of the largest and most splendid dining rooms in Europe. The great folding doors were closed, and the officers of the palace found it impossible to get them open, for the ladies pressed against them, and were engaged in high dispute among themselves as to who of them had the entre or right to go first. One lady said the right was hers, for her husband was a great General; but she soon found that others maintained, on one ground or another, that their claims were greater.

Meanwhile the officers could not get doors open, and in consternation one of them hastened to the First Consul and asked him how they should settle the question of precedence. "O," said Bonaparte, "nothing is easier; tell them that the eldest is to go first!" The officer reported to the ladies the First Consul's decision and instantly they all fell back! This gave the officers an opportunity to get the doors open, when to their astonishment none of the ladies were willing to go first. After standing in that ridiculous position for a moment, they began to laugh heartily at their own folly, and all marched into the dining-hall without further delay.

CRINOLIANA IN RHYME.

BY THE OLD MAN.

"A LADY with a crinoline was walking down the street—her feathers fluttered in the air—her hoops stuck out a feet. She walked the earth as if she felt of it she was no part, and proudly did she step along, for pride was in her heart. She did not see a curly dog which walked close by her side, all save the bushy tail of which her crinoline did hide. His tail the dog with pleasure shook—it fluttered in the wind, and from the lady's crinoline stuck out a foot behind. A crowd the tail soon did espy, as it waved to and fro, and like a rudder seemed to point which way the maid should go. The curly dog right pleased was he such quarters he had got, and walked beside the lady in a kind of doggish trot. Each step the lady now did take, served to increase her train, while those who followed in her wake, roared out with might and main.—Some held their sides they laughed so hard, and many fairly cried, and many even still confess that day they 'like to died.' But still the lady sailed along, in crinoline and pride, unmindful of the crowd behind, or dog close by her side. But soon another dog espied the tail which fluttered free—it so provoked his doggish ire, he could not let it be—but with a deep, ferocious growl, for battle straight he went, and 'neath the lady's crinoline both dogs were quickly pent. The fought, 'tis said, one hour or more—the lady nothing knew—but with her head erect sailed on, and did her way pursue. Some say she never would have known at all about the fight, had not one dog mistook, and gave her 'limb' an awful bite. But since that day I've heard it said, that lady ne'er was seen upon the street, with so much pride—and *such* a crinoline."

ECONOMY, joined to industry and sobriety, is a better outfit for business than a dowry.

The Traveler.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. Moore, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

Europe, Afoot and Alone.--New Series.

LETTER VIII.—WALES.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

Valley of the Dee.

It was a bright and beautiful Monday morning; again we took the road, our route lying down the valley of the Dee. The scenery is extremely beautiful and diversified, consisting of plats and slopes, round hills and mountain peaks, cultivated fields and woodland, villages, churches, farmhouses and cottages. The valley is the best farming country I saw in Wales; but the fields are very small, not averaging probably more than four or five acres, are not laid out with regularity, and it is rare that you see a square one. Luxuriant hedges surround them, and they are so thick that when the valley is viewed from above, the idea is almost irresistible that a network of them has been dropped down. This impression is made stronger from the fact, that the hedges extend only part way up the steep slopes, and the tops of the hills are bare and uncultivated, serving only as pasture for sheep.

Corwen.

We loitered that day, and coming to the village of Corwen in the middle of the afternoon, concluded to remain there till morning. Having a few hours to spare, we procured some rods and fished in the Dee; my luck consisted in getting the line frequently tangled in the trees and high grass along the banks. Corwen is famous as being the scene of many of the exploits of the fiery Owen Glendower. The church in which it is said he used to worship, still remains, and near to it stands a grey pillar much worn by storms, on which is carved what is said to be a representation of his sword. It resembles a cross. High rocks rise behind the village, and before it flows the beautiful Dee.

The following day we walked to Llangallen.—Our route still lay along the enchanting valley of the Dee, and we lingered, for who can tread that lovely vale with rapid footsteps. The breeze bore to us the perfume of flowers and new mown hay, and I fancied it more aromatic than any to which I had been accustomed. The men were in the fields, swinging their straight handled scythes in the dewy grass, and women were spreading it with rakes to dry in the sun. New scenes continually opened before us, and we walked on, viewing a constantly changing landscape, but one in which the views if possible grew more beautiful. We had noticed many prints in the shape of an oblong circle in the road, and could not conjecture how they were formed. Our puzzle was solved, however, when we stopped at a cottage to get some water. The spring happened to be at the foot of half a dozen steps, and before the woman went down to draw the water she slipped off her pattens. They were made of wood, and confined to the feet by a strap over the toes and instep; and were raised about four inches from the ground by a little iron frame which had a circle on the bottom. We met many women dressed in the peculiar Welsh costume, traveling on foot. They walked at an extremely rapid pace, and carried knitting work in their hands, plying their fingers as fast as their feet.

Llangallen.

We entered Llangallen, and leaving our knapsacks at an inn, set out to explore the attractions of this far-famed town and vale. The village itself consists of one main and cross street, a few lanes and straggling cottages. There are quite extensive manufactories of woolen fabrics which are much celebrated for their superior quality, and also large breweries, which, owing to the purity of the river water they use, make famous ale. As in all Welsh villages we have seen, there are plenty of inns; the buildings are mostly constructed of limestone, plastered and white-washed on the outside. Crossing the Dee on a stone bridge which was built in the fourteenth century, we entered the fields and climbed a conical hill, the top of which is more than a thousand feet above the river, to see the ruins of an ancient castle, Dinas Bran.—The ruins are the oldest in Wales, and the history of the fortress is buried in oblivion. It was in ruins in the reign of Elizabeth, and it is supposed was erected by the Britons before the Roman invasion. There are a few broken arches and shattered walls remaining; the stones are small but the cement wonderfully tenacious. On the summit was a picnic party who had rode up on donkeys, and they appeared to enjoy the scenery and their bountiful dinner extremely well. The walls enclose a fine piece of turf, and are profusely marked by the names of aspiring tourists. Among the ruins is a spring of excellent water, which in former times must have supplied the garrison. The chief attraction, however, of the place, is the splendid view it affords of the town and valley. I thought I never beheld a scene so beautiful. There are many landscapes that possess all the characteristics of this, the river, woods, fields, hedges, village, church, ruins, precipices, plains and mountains, but nowhere have I seen them so variously and agreeably combined. On one side the limestone rocks of Eglwyseg form a bold, bare precipice where eagles build and brood, and on the other are the Berwyn mountains. All these are bare, bleak and desolate, but below is the beauty of Eden. Away to the eastward the valley opens into the great plain around Shrewsbury, like a river entering the ocean.

We next proceeded to the ruined Abbey of Valle Crucis, which is situated in a sequestered valley two miles from Llangallen. We took a foot-path across the fields, and on the way passed a cottage which was completely covered with ivy mixed with roses, and before it bloomed a flower garden. Descending a bank we crossed a rustic bridge over a brook which formerly used to supply the monks with fish, and approached the ruins. The valley is shut in by lofty hills, and the ruins are over-shadowed by lordly ash trees. We were admitted into the interior by the front entrance through a modernly built, brightly varnished oak door which is decidedly out of place, and mars the romantic and picturesque effect when the ruin is viewed from that side. The Abbey was built about six hundred years ago; it owned considerable property round about in the period of its greatest prosperity, and to the fortunate monks who possessed it, must have been, indeed, a Happy Valley. There are several tombs within it which are supposed to be those of Abbots. It occupies an uncommonly romantic spot; you see the rocks, trees, turf, and sheep upon the hills around, framed like pictures in the broken windows; the long branches of the ashes droop over the crumbling walls, and seem to mourn their decay; the perpetual murmurings of the silvery brook are heard, and it only lacks the charm of written poetry and romance with which the genius of Scott has invested the Abbey of Melrose.

A walk of a quarter of a mile through the meadows brought us to Elisegs' Pillar, which is supposed to be the oldest inscribed British column in existence. It was erected in the 6th century to commemorate the death of a Welsh chieftain, and consequently is more than twelve centuries old.—The upper part is broken off, and the remaining portion is about seven feet high. It was entire until the time of Cromwell, when some of his ignorant zealots overthrew it, thinking from the cross that it was a work of the Papists. It has been restored to the pedestal, and the mound near by examined, which resulted in finding a human skeleton. The name of the valley is derived from the pillar—Valle Crucis signifying the vale of the cross.

Upon a gentle knoll at the eastern end of the town, stands the cottage of Plas Newydd, which is noted as being the residence of the celebrated and eccentric "Ladies of Llangallen." Before the cottage is a curiously carved oaken palisade, and the front of the building is also ornamented with carved oak. In the rear of the house is a grass plat, bird-cote and fine gardens tastefully laid out, shaded by trees and adorned with shrubbery. A brook flows through the lower part, keeping up a continual murmuring on its pebbly bottom, and a rustic bridge is thrown across leading you to a mossy bank, furnished with seats. A beautiful spring gushes from the bank, and its waters are rivaled in clearness by the crystal glasses that ornament its fountain. The history of these famous women is, indeed, a singular one.

Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby in early life, formed so ardent an attachment for each other that they could not bear the idea of a separation which might be consequent upon the marriage of either, and therefore each resolved to lead a life of celibacy. This attachment was the more singular, perhaps, as Lady Eleanor was the daughter of an Earl, and sixteen years older than her friend. In their youth both were the possessors of beauty and wealth, and consequently received many advantageous offers, which they refused against the remonstances of their relations. They even went so far as to *elope* together, but were overtaken and brought back by their friends. Attempts being made to draw Miss Butler into a marriage, they eloped a second time, and Miss Ponsonby accompanied her companion in the disguise of a boatman, wearing top boots and buckskin breeches. Finally, in 1778, they visited Llangallen, and were charmed with its locality and beautiful scenery. They accordingly purchased and fitted up the estate which was their residence during the remainder of their lives.—They were very eccentric in costume, wearing men's coats, neck-cloths and hats, and also cutting their hair short and powdering it. They lived together more than fifty years, and at the advanced age of ninety years Lady Eleanor died. Her companion survived her only about two years, and was buried by her side in the village church.

"THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING."

No such thing, Mr. Fold-up-your-hands; the world owes you not a single cent! You have done nothing these twenty years but consume the products earned by the sweat of other men's brows.

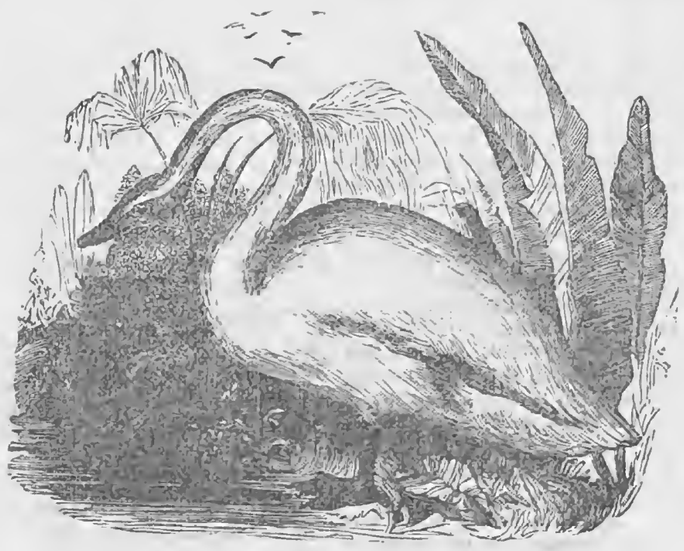
"You have ate and drank and slept; what then?
Why, ate and drank and slept again."

And this is the sum total of your life; and the world "owes you a living!" For what? How came it indebted to you to that amount? What have you done for it? What family in distress have you befriended? What products have you created? What miseries have you alleviated?—What errors have you removed? What arts have you perfected? The world owes you a living? Idle man, never was there a more absurd idea! You have been a tax, a sponge upon the world ever since you came into it. It is your creditor to a vast amount. Your liabilities are immense, your assets are nothing, and you say the world is owing you. Go to! The amount in which you stand indebted to the world is more than you will ever have the power to liquidate. You owe the world the labor of your two strong arms and all the skill in work they might have gained; you owe the world the labor of that brain of yours, the sympathy of that heart, the energies of your being; you owe the world the whole moral and intellectual capabilities of a man! Awake, then, from that dreamy, do-nothing state of slothfulness in which you live, and let us no longer hear the false assertion that the world is owing you until you have done something to satisfy the just demand to which we have referred.—*Exchange Paper.*

When reminded of their want of progress in agriculture and manufactures, the Spaniards relate a legend that Adam, once upon a time, requested leave to revisit this world; leave was granted, and an angel commissioned to conduct him. On wings of love the patriarch hastened to his native earth; but so changed, so strange all seemed to him, that he felt at home nowhere till he got to Portugal.—"Ah, here," exclaimed he, "set me down here; everything here is just as I left it."

How true is the following choice paragraph from the pen of Daniel Webster:—"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with high principles, with the just fear of God, and of their fellow-men, we engrave on those tables something which no time can efface, but which will brighten to all eternity."

Illustrated Natural History.—No. 3.



THE WILD SWAN.

The Swan is the most stately and majestic, and at the same time the most graceful bird that swims. He is the king of aquatic birds—the proudest of them all. How buoyantly he sits, scarcely touching the crystal element, or making a ripple upon its surface. Every motion is an exhibition of grace—every change of position a new revelation of beauty. A few years since we made a journey east in search of pleasure and information, and while many things connected with the trip are forgotten, the appearance of the beautiful swans in the ponds of R. L. Colt, of Patterson, New Jersey, will never be erased from our memory. While the feathers are purely white, the legs and bills are black. The swan shows as much courage as pride, and he who interferes with them at the time they are building their nests, or rearing their young, does so at his peril, as they strike tremendous blows with their wings, sufficient to break the arms of the aggressor. It usually makes a nest of grass and sticks on the bank of the stream or pond it inhabits, or on an island, if possible, and raises it sufficiently high to prevent its being overflowed by any rise of the water, and lays from six to eight eggs. The time of incubation is about six weeks, and the young swans, or cygnets, as they are called, are of a grey color. The parents are very attentive to their young, teaching them to feed, and when they become weary, the mother takes them on her back and swims away with her precious load—a most beautiful sight, truly.

The swan exhibits, in some cases, the same familiarity with its keepers as the goose, feeding out of the hand, &c., but as a general thing is quite shy, showing little attachment, and is much harder to domesticate than even the wild goose. They will not thrive without plenty of water, though a clear pond of half, or even a quarter of an acre, will be sufficient for a pair and their young. When the quantity of water is small, and consequently but little opportunity afforded for feeding, grain should be scattered along the edge of the water, and lettuce, or almost any other leaves from the vegetable garden, if thrown into the water, they will eagerly devour.

The swan is occasionally seen wild in various parts of the country, in large flocks. There are two varieties, the *Trumpeter* and the *Whooper*, this name being given on account of their notes. The former is the largest. A correspondent in *Titusville, Penn.*, as will be seen by the following note, has captured a pair of these wild swans:

"Having captured a pair of beautiful swans, and not knowing how to take proper care of them, I wish to know if some of your numerous subscribers can give any information concerning them, their habits, &c.?" J. M. Bates.

Never having had such good luck, we cannot give our experience in taming the wild swan. It would be best, however, to keep them confined, until, by kind treatment, feeding, &c., they become as much domesticated as possible. Before letting out we would clip one wing; and afterwards they should be watched for a few days. Perhaps some of our readers can give further information.

The Black Swan is a native of Australia, and is similar in its form to the *White Swan*, but it is perfectly black, with the exception of the primaries, and a few of the secondary quill feathers.—The bill is of light red color. They are rather scarce, even in Europe, and we do not now recollect of having seen but one alive in this country, and the owner was endeavoring to find it a mate, but with rather a poor prospect of success.

INSECT LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

In truth, this country seems the favorite home of insect life; insects here are endless in numbers and form. Many are most singular and curious; but the Ants, the Flies, the Centipedes, and the Scorpions are a terrific nuisance. The bite of all these is severe and venomous. There is a *red* Spider, too, whose bite is said to be deadly; but the ants are the most numerous, next to the flies.—They cover the whole surface of the ground, I might almost say of the whole colony—of all colors and sizes, and almost every variety of them sting keenly. Nor is it the ground only on which they swarm; there is not a log lying on the ground, nor a tree standing on the forest, up and down which they are not creeping in myriads. Trains of them are constantly ascending to the topmost twigs of the loftiest gum trees, two hundred and fifty feet high, and other trains descending. They appeared to be a main cause of the prevalent hollowness of the trees, as they pierce to the centre of the youngest ones, and eat out and make their nests in their hearts. They eat the wood of the boughs, so that immense arms fall off, with a sudden snap, just as if they had been cut asunder by an ax. The other day, we cut down a young stringy-bark tree, and split it to make some trestles, and the heart of it was all eaten out, and occupied by ants. These insects, many of them an inch long, fiercely contest the ground with us when we are pitching our tents in any fresh place, and their sting is as severe as that of a wasp.

Birds and Ants.—Numbers of the birds here appear quite insensible to shot. I have seen a parrot fired at half a dozen times, and evidently hit each time, and go off as if there nothing in the world amiss with it. But the life-tenantcy of these birds is nothing compared to that of these insects To the accounts that I have given you of them, I may add that we have watched the actions of the large inch and a half long ants, called bull-dogs, and are satisfied that they sting precisely as wasps do. We laid a quantity of rice which had got wet, to dry in the sun. A cloud of the little black flies settled on it; but very soon advanced a host of bull-dog ants. They pounced on the flies as tigers would on their prey, siezed the flies with their mandibles, and stung them with their tails. Their death was instant, and the ants then marched off with them. If the bull-only killed the black fly, we should regard them as no trifling benefactors; but they are so vicious, and sting us so abominably on all occasions, that we wage ruthless war on them if they enter our tent; but as to killing them by cutting them to pieces, that is hopeless; cut them in two, and the head will immidiately sieze the body, and gripe it fiercely with its nippers, and the tail will sting at the head.—They never trouble themselves to die; and the only way to destroy them is to crush them to powder.

ORIGIN AND SEALS OF THE STATES.—NO. VII.

MAINE.

In geographical position Maine is the most north-easterly State of the Republic, extending from latitude 43° to 47° 24′ N., and between longitude 6° and 10° E. from Washington. The State contains an area of 35,000 square miles. It has been estimated that one-sixth of the surface of Maine consists of water, lakes being almost profusely scattered throughout the State. Some of these are of good size and are celebrated for the picturesque beauties of their scenery. Their shores are adorned with villages, and the intervales along their margins comprise the most fertile and best cultivated soil in her borders. The principal of these are Moosehead, Sebago, Chesuncook and Umbagog. Maine possesses considerable sea-coast and her shores are indented with deep bays, forming many excellent harbors. The Great Eastern (the largest steamship in the world, now building in England, an account and diagrams of which have been given in the Rural,) has her harbor in Portland. The face of the country along the coast is level, but rises on proceeding inland, and, for the most part, the State is hilly—the highest point, Mt. Katahdin, rising to the height of 5,335 feet above the level of the ocean.

The State is divided into 15 counties, and in 1850 the population amounted to 583,169. The number of dwellings at the same period was 95,797—farms 46,760—manufacturing establishments 3,682. Capital invested in farms $54,861,748—in manufactures $14,700,452. The uncleared lands are of great extent and furnish an immense amount of pine and other lumber. Marble and lime are extensively imported. On the coast large quantities of codfish are taken and the rivers abound with salmon.

The Government is vested in a Governor, Senate and House of Representatives, who are chosen annually. The Senate consists of 31 and the House of 151 members. The right of suffrage is possessed by every male citizen of the United States of 21 years of age, (except paupers, persons under guardianship and Indians, not taxed,) who shall have resided in the State for three months previous to an election.

The first permanent settlement in Maine was made about the year 1630, and in 1652 the inhabitants were placed under jurisdiction and formed a part of the Colony—subsequently the State of Massachusetts. It was styled the "District of Maine" until 1820, when it was admitted into the Union. The original Constitution was formed in 1819.

The Seal has for its centre a shield supported by the leading interests of the State—Agriculture and Commerce. Crowning it is a single star underneath which is placed the motto—"*Dirigo*"—I Direct.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ACCEPTED TIME.

Child, amid thy joyous play,
Ere life's morn hath passed a ray,
Seek the God that heareth prayer;
Yield thee to his guardian care.
Youth, in folly's maze beguiled,
Chasing phantoms vain and wild,
Choose, oh choose the better part—
Fix on God, thy restless heart.

Man, in strength and prime of life,
Mingling in the world's fierce strife,
Thrones shall crumble, kingdoms fall,
Make then, God, thine all in all.
Middle-aged, passed life's noon—
Evening shadows cometh soon;
Turn thee, ere thy sun shall set;
God is mercy waiteth yet.

Age, with all thy wealth of years,
See;—the evening star appears,
By its ray in mercy given,
Speed thee to the gate of Heaven.
Human brother, sister, friend,
Heed the message God doth send;
Choose thee, as the moments roll,
Seek the world, or save thy soul.

Middleport, N. Y., 1857. Emma.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A simple, but beautiful poetic version of the Lord's Prayer has been brought out by the Savannah Republican. We publish it below for the benefit of readers, advising such as cannot retain it in memory, to "paste it in the hat:"

Our Father who art in Heaven—
To whom all power on earth is given—
Hallowed be thy glorious name!
Thy kingdom over all proclaim!
Thy righteous will on earth be done,
As 'tis in worlds beyond the sun.
Give us, this day, our daily bread,
And aught beside thou see'st we need,
From all our sins free pardon give—
Such as our foes from us receive,
The Tempter's voice may we not heed,
From evil by thy hand be freed:
For thine's the kingdom, thine the power;
And thine the glory, evermore.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RELIGION.

Say not to the human heart, "Religion is a vain thing; deceive not yourself of its reality." Has it not been tried in the fiery furnace of affliction? Did you ever hear one who had turned from the error of his ways say, Religion is a mockery? No, it is of Divine birth; it springs from the heart purified by the blood of Christ. Religion is not transitory; it shines with the same brightness now that it did in the days of the Disciples. Other pleasures leave, ofttimes, an aching void—the heart whispers, deceit,—I promised myself pleasure, but it is fleeting,—I prize the society of loved ones; they are taken from me,—I walk the gilded halls of fashion, mingle in the gay and giddy throng, thread the festive mazes of the ball room, feast my eyes on the beautiful works of Art, traverse the sunny plains of Italy, or the romantic glades of Switzerland, may view every wonder on this broad earth and store my mind with classic lore; but unless I can look "through Nature up to Nature's God," I will realize no true happiness.

Let the glorious truths of the Gospel shine upon the mind, and what a change; the poor and trifling joys of earth have no hold upon the affections; we seek higher and more exalted objects of enjoyment. Are we mourning loved ones severed by Death's cold hand, the hope of meeting them beyond the grave buoys the spirit up, and we can say, "Thy will be done!" Are we in adversity—do those, who in brighter hours crowded around and made profession of unchanging love, forsake—we feel that we have a friend in the Saviour, one ever ready to sympathize, one who heeds every sigh, hears every prayer, and watches over us in love. In Him we have a friend in whom we may confide, knowing that "He careth for us." Have the rude winds of misfortune never fanned our cheek—are we surrounded by kind friends, and entering with all the zeal of youth upon the stage of life anticipating pleasure,—is our mind fired with ambition, and our chief aim happiness,—then we must seek the religion of Christ, and we will find every joy enhanced, every ambitious aim purified, and there will spring up in our hearts a never-ceasing source of happiness that all the pleasures of this world can never equal. Let us glance at a scene of revelry; there is gorgeous display, hilarity, youth and beauty, joy beaming in every eye, an abundant flow of wit, and everything suited to please an excited votary of pleasure; but could we search the "deep recesses of the heart," we would find beneath a feeling of dissatisfaction, a vague longing for something lasting, which pure and holy Religion alone can satisfy. Rella.

East Avon, N. Y., 1857.

Cure for Religious Depression.—The best way to dispel the fears for our personal safety, is to labor for the salvation of others. Professed Christians often get into a morbid state of mind about their religious prospects. They are afraid they shall not be saved. Perhaps they will not.—If that is their chief anxiety, they do not deserve to be. It is very selfish always to be thinking about their own future happiness, and in their terrible fears they are paying the just penalty of their low ambition. But let them go out of themselves, and try to secure the salvation of others, and all their fears are gone. Then they are doing God's work, and they have no doubt of his love.

True Nobility.—If it be an ennobling fact that one can trace his lineage through a succession of illustrious nobles, how much must be the dignity which rests on one who can claim to be a child, not of the royalty that is doomed to die, but of the King of kings, the everlasting Father, who is throned on the riches and the glory of the universe. It is this conviction that dims the splendor of an earthly crown, and sheds a halo of beauty and of dignity upon the head of the orphan and the hovel of the peasant.

Every lie, great or small, is the brink of a precipice, the depth of which nothing but Omniscience can fathom.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

Premiums Extended!---"Try, Try Again!"

It will be seen by reference to lists in last RURAL that we have *extended* the period of Competition for our LARGE GENERAL and STATE PREMIUMS from April to July, and *renewed* our offer of SPECIFIC PREMIUMS. We have concluded to adopt this course, in order that many agents and friends who are still in the field may continue their efforts through the Spring Campaign—a good season for obtaining subscribers; and also that those to whom the RURAL has but recently been introduced may compete for the Specific and State Premiums. The extension will not, we presume, be objected to by any of our agents, and certainly by none who work mainly (as most of them do,) to augment the circulation and usefulness of the RURAL. ☞ None of the persons interested are aware of their present respective positions or chances for the Large and State Premiums, and will not be until the result is announced, so that the competition and awards will be perfectly *fair* and honorable.

☞ As a new Quarter begins this week, *the present* is a good time to commence new clubs or make additions to those already formed, and we trust agents and friends will continue their efforts in that direction.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed from one Post Office to another, should be particular in specifying the offices at which they are now received.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL, be sure and specify name of *Post-Office, County,* and *State, Territory* or *Province.*

☞ BACK NUMBERS of the present volume can still be supplied, but those desiring them should be particular in specifying that they are wanted.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Fresh Books for Agents—Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co.
Fruit Trees—Adolph Bornemann & Co.
Choice Garden Seeds—E D Hallock.
Wakefield's Hand Corn Planter—M. W. Simmons.
300,000—J Herva Jones & Co.
Chinese Northern Sugar Cane—R. L. Allen
Whip and Glove Store—S. A. Ellis.
Grove Farm for Sale—J. H. Rogers.
Chinese Sugar Cane—W R. Prince & Co.
Oster Willow Cuttings—Geo. J Colby.
Trees for Sale—Benj. Fish & Son.
Housekeepers—James Pyles.
Government Lands—W. B. Barduer.
Northern Chinese Sugar Cane—McIlvain & Young.
Weeks' Patent Cement for Roofing—N. F. Graves.
6,000 Stocky Peach Trees—C. F Weaver.
Durham Bull for Sale—E. Percey.
Pea Vine Clover Seed—E. J. Foster.
Stump Machine—W. W. Willis. (See 3d page.)

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, APRIL 11, 1857.

"Rural" Letters from the People.

AMONG the many encouraging and substantially-lined business epistles received yesterday, (April 6,) two are so emphatic and suggestive that we are constrained to depart from our usual rule and give them, *verbatim et literatim.* The first is from a subscriber in Lowndes Co., Mississippi, and reads in this wise:

MR. MOORE—*Dear Sir:* The "RURAL" has been regularly received up to this time, and as you have so often heard the oft told tale, "I am very much pleased with it," I will not repeat it, but will give you to understand my opinion of it by sending you three dollars for the last year's numbers, (Vol. 7.) I don't know your price for the past volumes, but if this is not enough *send it anyhow*, and you shall have the balance.

I think I shall send you a few subscribers in a week or two. You deserve at least ten thousand in every State in the Union. Every friend you have could send you one, or more, good paying patrons, and really, it is their *duty* to do it. The wonder with me is, how it is profitable for one paper to contain so much that is valuable, without a *sprinkling* of nonsense. But I promise not to praise it, as you are a better judge than I am of such things.

If you think it is unsafe to trust a bound volume in the mail, send the volume unbound. *You must let me have it.*

Yours truly, SCOTT THOMPSON.

As we could not send a bound volume by mail we have forwarded the numbers, and given Mr. T. credit for $1. [We can still supply *bound* volumes of last year's RURAL, but have only a very few unbound copies of that volume, suitable for sending by mail.] We appreciate the good opinion expressed of the RURAL, and cordially concur in the remark that every friend of the same could send us "one or more good paying patrons"—and perhaps thousands of our readers would do so, straightway, were they aware how easy it could be done, and how much benefit would thereby be conferred upon community.

The other letter is from a person who has received the numbers of the RURAL for the first quarter of this year, *on trial,* (as have nearly a thousand other people, in various parts of the country, in accordance with an advertisement, issued some six weeks ago, offering said quarter's numbers, as specimens or on trial, for 25 cents.) It is from Tioga Co., N. Y., and reads thus emphatically:

MR. MOORE—*Dear Sir:* Inclosed is $1 50 (in cash and stamps,) for which I want the "RURAL" for the rest of the year, having taken it the past quarter "on trial." I am more than satisfied with your paper, and you may put my name on your "life list," and when I neglect to remit the amount, you may consider that I am dead, and publish my decease in the "RURAL" accordingly. I think your paper ought to be in the hands of every farmer in the land. I want you to send me Nos. 5 and 11 of the first quarter of the present volume, as I wish to get them bound.

Yours truly, PHILIP R. BENNER.

Many of those who took the first quarter on trial are becoming permanent subscribers, being, as they aver, highly pleased with the RURAL. We are therefore induced to *renew* or *extend* our former proposition, and will send *four copies* of the present quarter, (13 numbers,) or any three month's numbers between Jan. and July, *on trial*, for $1. Those of our readers who wish to introduce the RURAL in their respective localities, or place it in the hands of friends and relatives at a distance, will please note this liberal offer. By obtaining a few trial subscribers (and almost any reader can easily get from four to twenty,) clubs of permanent or annual subscribers may readily be formed on the expiration of the limited subscription. How many of its readers will try the *trial plan* of introducing the RURAL to the thousands of families that would be benefited by its visitations?

MAYOR KEELER and the other recently-elected city officers of Rochester, were duly inaugurated and entered upon their official duties, on Monday.

New York Legislature.

A BILL of importance to Western New York, authorizing the extension of the Genessee Valley Canal passed both houses and has received the signature of the Governor.

The following bills have passed the Assembly:—To appoint commissioners for lands to be taken for Lake Ontario, and Auburn roads and define the time for the completion of them; to incorporate Sing Sing Silver Mining Company; to incorporate the Emigrant Aid and Homestead Co.; to provide for the sale of the Albany and New York Arsenals and for the purchase of the New York Arsenal by the city, and to appropriate the proceeds of said sale; incorporating Manhattan Savings' Institution; amendatory of revised statutes relative to claims against ships or vessels; incorporating Trustees of the Universalist Relief Fund in New York; the Hudson River improvement bill, appropriating $25,000; the bill to reduce several New York city court acts into one act; to regulate collection of fare on the Central R. R.; the bill exempting property of Firemen from taxation to the amount of $500, amended so as not include state or county tax; relative to the Foreclosure of Mortgages by advertisement; for the incorporation of the Atlantic Navigation Company; to amend the Revised Statutes relating to Weights and Measures; to amend the act in relation to the New York State Agricultural College; to confirm sales by the Commissioners for loaning the United States Deposit Fund; to amend the 10th section, 5th title, 1st chapter, 3d part of the Revised Statutes. A number of bills of a private character also passed.

Kansas Matters.

ADVICES from Kansas state that the census takers are doing their work badly, missing whole neighborhoods in some instances, and not taking names of half the actual residents in others.

There was much quarreling in various parts of the territory, between squatters and land associations.

The Deputy Marshals were making numerous arrests of political prisoners, on charges growing out of the troubles of last summer.

Robert J. Walker, in his letter to the President accepting the post of Governor of Kansas, says:

"I understand that you and all your Cabinet cordially concur in the opinion expressed by me, that the actual *bona fide* residents of the territory, by a fair and regular vote, unaffected by fraud or violence, must be permitted, in adopting their State Constitutions, to decide for themselves what shall be their social institutions. This is the great fundamental principle of the act of Congress organizing that territory, affirmed by the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, and is in accordance with the views uniformly entertained and expressed by me throughout my public career.

I contemplate a peaceful settlement of this question by an appeal to the intelligence and patriotism of the whole people of Kansas, who should all participate freely and fully in this decision, and by a majority of whose vote the determination must be made, as the only proper and constitutional method of adjustment. I contemplate no appeal to military power, in the hope that my countrymen of Kansas, from every section, will submit to a decision of this matter by a full and fair vote of a majority of the people."

The President has made the following Kansas appointments:—John L. Whitfield, ex-delegate from Kansas, Register, and David Woodson, ex-Secretary of State, of Kansas, Receiver for the Delaware Land District. Frederick Emery, Register, and James T. Downer, Receiver for the Western Land District. Wm. H. Doak, Register, and Epaphroditus Ransom, of Michigan, Receiver for the Osage Land District. Charles Mix, Chief Clerk of the Indian Office, has been appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs, ad interim, vice Com. Mannypenny, resigned.

Washington News.

OF the three wagon roads provided for by the act of the last Congress, that lying between Fort Defiance, New Mexico, to the Colorado River, near the mouth of the Majova, which river is the Eastern boundary of California at that point, is to be constructed, and the work will be performed by the Secretary of the Interior. This road is about 400 miles in length, and for the construction of which the $50,000 appropriated by Congress is deemed sufficient. It is expected that orders will soon be given, and by midsummer men employed in its construction. The road can be constructed to the Colorado River, and the report of the Superintendent be received in time to be presented to the next Congress. It is said that this route can be traveled as well in winter as in summer.—From statements it appears that by next winter there will be a good wagon road to the State of California.

Dispatches have been received by the State Department from Minister Bowlin and Com. Morse at New Grenada, informing our Government that they had failed to accomplish anything. The N. G. Government contend that they are not responsible for property destroyed by riot and mob at Panama, and the demands of this Government will not be complied with. The mission of our Commissioner and demands of our Minister having failed they will return in the next steamer.

The Administration has definitely refused to appoint a Special Minister to China to join the British and French movement, or change the position taken by Mr. Marcy.

The President has fixed the Bonds of the Receivers of the new Land Districts in Kansas, and the Chippewa District, Wisconsin, at $50,000 in each case. There are three new Districts in Kansas, the sites for which have been established by the President as follows:—Delaware Dist., at Doniphan; Osage Dist., at Fort Scott, and Western at Ogden.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY.—Hon. Peleg G. Babcock, Member of Assembly from the Second Assembly District of Oneida county, died on the 3d inst., at his residence in Bridgewater. His disease was typhoid fever. The usual marks of respect were observed by the House, which adjourned after passage of appropriate resolutions.

Items of News.

IN Boston last year there were 225 deaths by violence—59 of them were from drowning, 9 persons were killed on railroads, 29 were burned, 2 poisoned, and 20 tumbled out of windows, &c.

THE small pox is raging with fearful effect in the towns of Candella and Lampasas, in Mexico, and some 700 have already died with it. It is also said to be raging in Laredo, Texas.

AN extra session of the Minnesota Legislature is to assemble on the 27th inst. to pass the necessary laws to enable the people to form a State Government, preparatory to their admission into the Union, and also to dispose of the Congressional Land Grant in aid of the railroads.

THE Commissioner of Patents has received a letter from Austin county, Texas, in which it is stated that on the 13th ult., a strong north wind prevailed in that region, which caused extraordinary damage to the crops, destroying totally the cotton, corn and garden plants. These crops will have to be replanted.

A WOMAN was saved from drowning at New London, Conn., on the 27th ult., by the buoyant effect of the hoops in her dress. She was in the water, on a dark night, half an hour before being rescued, and her hoops kept her from sinking all that time.

THE Albany Journal has a dispatch from New Orleans announcing the death in that city, on the 31st ult., of Hon. Malbone Watson, of Catskill, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of New York.

THE Buffalo Republic states that a mad dog was killed in that city on the 1st inst. A man, in attempting to kill him, was severely bitten. The dog bit several other brutes before he was killed.

SOME men engaged in cutting down a large willow tree on North St. Paul st., Rochester, on the 3d inst., found a robin's nest with a full complement of eggs, upon which her robinship was sitting. That is a fast bird!

WE learn that Wm. B. Draper, formerly of this city, died at Washington from a stroke of paralysis. Mr. D. was a native of Rochester, and has a mother and brothers still residing here. He was a telegraph operator, and in that capacity accompanied Commodore Perry on the Japan Expedition, and erected a line and operated an instrument on the shores of that distant Empire.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

THE Greenwood Tannery at Tuckhannock, Luzerne Co., Pa., was burnt on the 29th ult., together with a large stock of leather. Loss $40,000; insured $25,000 in New York, where it was owned.

FIVE warehouses in Michigan City, Ind., belonging to Messrs. Blair & Case, and Thomas Francis, and a steam Flouring Mill, owned by Messrs. Blair & Smith, were destroyed by fire on the 30th ult.—Over $5,000 worth of property was consumed in them, and the buildings cost $15,000. There was a policy of $1,000 insurance in favor of Francis.

THERE were four men killed and a number wounded in the accident that happened to a construction train on the Illinois Central railroad, at La Salle, last week. Six others were more or less severely injured. The men were employed in making an embankment on the top of which the track was laid. The rains softened the earth, while there remained a ridge of frost in the centre, and a slide was occasioned. This happened when the engine and tender were upon it, and they were precipitated down the bank 60 feet, the engine turning over three times in its descent.

THE steamboat White Bluff, of Cincinnati, for Arkansas River, was run into by a tow boat and sunk at Cairo on the 27th ult. The second clerk and a woman were drowned.

THE steamer Forest Rose was blown up near Napoleon, Ark., on the 1st, and it is reported that many persons were killed.

Recent Elections.

FULL returns of the election in New Hampshire are received, from which it appears that Haile, the Republican candidate for Governor, is elected by a plurality of 3,339 over Wells, the Democratic candidate, and a majority of 3,130 over all opposition. The Legislature is Republican in both branches, and all the present Republican Congressmen are re-elected.

THE following is the vote at the election in Rhode Island on the 31st ult. For Dyer, Republican Governor, 8,600; Potter, 4,300. There were three candidates for Lieutenant Governor, and no choice. Turner, Republican, will be elected by the Assembly. The Senate stands Republican 26, Democrats 5; no choice 2. House—Republican 61; Democrats 8; no choice 2. Durfee's majority for Congress is nearly 3,500. Branton's 800.

THE town elections in Orange Co., N. Y., have resulted in giving the Democrats 8 Supervisors, Republicans 7, and American 2.

DUTCHESS Co., N. Y., elects 15 Republican and 8 Democratic Supervisors.

OUT of 17 towns of Westchester Co., the Democrats carry 12, the Know Nothings 6, the Straight Whigs 1. Six towns to hear from.

THE JEWISH PASSOVER.—The commemoration of this festival of the Hebrew people will soon take place. Already the members of the Jewish community are beginning to make preparations for the observance (according to the customs of their fathers) of the feast which celebrates the escape of the Israelites when the first-born of the Egyptians perished, and their exodus from Egypt. The Passover commences on the 9th inst., (the first full moon of spring) which is the fifth day of the Jewish month Nisan, of their year 5617, and lasts seven days. During this month they only eat "mazot," or unleavened bread. For this reason some call the festival the "feast of unleavened bread." The "mazot" is manufactured in the large cities in various parts of the country, and sent hence to all other parts of the country where it is needed. It is made of the finest wheat flour and of the purest water, kneaded by a wooden lever, and afterwards rolled out between wooden rollers, and then cut into disks by machinery, without being touched by human hand. It looks and tastes like some kinds of water crackers.

Literary Notices.

MONARCHS RETIRED FROM BUSINESS. By Dr. DORAN, author of "Queens of England," "Knights and their Days," "Habits and Men," "Table Traits," etc. In two volumes. New York: Redfield.

THOSE who are familiar with the writings of the versatile and popular author of these attractively-entitled volumes, will scarcely require more than this simple announcement of a new work from his pen to enlist their attention. The volumes are certainly very readable—comprising sketches, anecdotes, reminiscences, etc., of the retired monarchs of both ancient and modern times. The first portrays the ex-monarchs of Britain, France, Corsica, Holland, the German Empire, Bohemia, Hungary, Bavaria and Poland: and the second, those of Rome, the Eastern Empire, Russia, Sardinia, Scandinavia, Spain, Portugal and Turkey. While pleasantly written, the historical facts and incidents are exceedingly interesting, and render these volumes valuable for the library. Sold by DEWEY.

BRITTANY AND LA VENDEE. Tales and Sketches, with a Notice of the Life and Literary Character of EMILE SOUVESTRE. New York: Dix, Edwards & Co.

AN interesting volume, comprising several moral tales and sketches by one of the best and purest of French authors—the one to whose widow the French Academy voted the testimonial founded by M. LAMBERT for the recognition of the memory of the writer who had been most useful to his country. The sketches are very appropriately prefaced by a Biographical Notice of their author—giving an interesting sketch of his life and labors. We have derived pleasure from a perusal of the volume. Sold by E. DARROW & BROTHER.

THE DRAMA OF EARTH. By JEROME KIDDER. New York: Adolphus Ranney.

SUCH is the title of an externally attractive and neatly printed volume of 360 pages. It is a singular work, but we frankly confess that the author's genius has not so held our attention that we are prepared to offer a further opinion. The dramatis personæ are various—including CHRIST, the Holy and Apostate Angels, ADAM and EVE, NOAH, HEROD and COLUMBUS, with such modern characters as UNCLE TOM, LEGREE, and sundry slaves, flat-boatmen, whiskey-dealers, loafers, *et id omne genus.* The author avers that some portions of the work were suggested by "Milton's Paradise Lost;" but it is not remarkably Miltonian, except some of the characters personated, and he could not have followed very closely in the footsteps of his illustrious model.

VASCONSELOS—A Romance of the New World. By W. GILMORE SIMMS. New York: Redfield.

THIS is another of the series of SIMMS' historical series of romances, now being re-published in uniform and attractive style. Though not successful as a lecturer, Mr. SIMMS has long been a popular author, and his principal works are too well known to require extended notice. Sold by DEWEY.

SERMONS Preached before the University of Cambridge, by RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH, D. D., Dean of Westminster. Redfield: New York. 1857.

A VERY tastefully printed book of 140 pages, containing five sermons—CHRIST, the only Begotten of the Father—CHRIST, the Lamb of God—CHRIST, the Lamb of the World—CHRIST, the True Vine—CHRIST, the Judge of all Men. For sale by D. M. DEWEY.

WORDS OF CHRIST—ALL THE RECORDED SAYINGS OF CHRIST. By HARMON KINGSBURY. New York: Calkins & Stiles. 1857.

A POCKET volume of 200 pages, containing the parables, sermons, and all the sayings, as far as known, of HIM who "spake as never man spake." These sayings are arranged in chronological order, and divided into sections for common reference.

Provincial Items.

PARLIAMENT adjourned from the 3d to the 14th inst., for the Easter holidays.

A BOAT crossing from Kingston to Cape Vincent on the 3d inst., capsized, and ten men were drowned. Names unknown.

IT will be recollected that a few weeks ago the Government of Nova Scotia was defeated on a vote of want of confidence. New elections took place on the 26th ult., when all the members of the old Ministry were returned by large majorities.

THE Toronto Times says that the circulars addressed to Municipal authorities by the Minister of Agriculture, have been answered by many, showing a want of 10,000 male and 4,000 female farm servants, and 5,000 boys and girls, irrespective of many hundred mechanics.

THE system of keeping the public accounts in Canada in dollars and cents, is rapidly gaining favor. A bill has passed the House of Assembly, providing for the adoption of the decimal currency (dollars and cents) for the Provinces, and has reached its second reading in the Upper Chamber.

ANDREW NESBIT, who was telegraph operator at the Dundas station at the time of a collision between a freight and mail train near Hamilton, when four lives were lost, was tried for manslaughter on Monday last. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, recommending him to the mercy of the Court.

THE London (Eng.) News has the following:—"The Parliament of Canada voted last session a sum of £2,000 for procuring a proper exhibition, at the Crystal Palace, of the products, both raw and manufactured, of that country, together with models of almost all the important public works there. A large space has been allocated for this purpose by the directors of the Crystal Palace Company, and in a short time an exhibition exceeding in extent and interest that displayed by Canada at the 'Exposition Universelle' of 1855, will be completed. A sum of about £500 a year will be expended in maintaining and adding to the collection."

MUNIFICENT GIFT TO THE COLONIZATION SOCIETY.—The National Intelligencer publishes a letter to the Secretary of the American Colonization Society, announcing a donation to the Society of $25,000 from David Hunt, of Rodney, Miss., an aged gentleman who has long been a firm friend of the Colonization cause, having for several years given $500 annually, and about a year ago making a gift of $5,000 to the same object. He adopts the wise plan of being the executor of his own benevolence—a policy commended to all who have means which they wish devoted to benevolent purposes.

SNOW IN NATCHEZ.—The Natchez (Miss.) *Courier* says:—"To cap the climax of the cold weather of late, our citizens had presented to them yesterday morning, (March 13,) the singular appearance of a *Natchez snow storm in March!* and that, too, while the peach orchards are in full blossom. For an hour or more snow fell in abundance, but melting as soon as it touched the earth. It was a rare spectacle for our climate.

News Clippings.

— The city of Newburyport has 200 groggeries.

— The Pennsylvania House of Refuge has 366 inmates.

— It costs the city of New York $414,740 per year for gas.

— Bishop Cretin, Catholic Bishop of St. Paul, Minnesota, is dead.

— There is a town in Pennsylvania called "Youngwomanstown."

— The science of Photography is taught at King's College, London.

— The Parliament of Canada is anti-prohibition on the liquor question.

— A new Post-Office has been established at Fair Haven, Carroll Co., Ill.

— A Beethoven Musical Association has been formed at Columbus, Ohio.

— A revival in the Methodist Church is in progress at Hackettstown, N. J.

— Detroit, with a population of over 50,000, has a police force of only ten men.

— The young men of Fall River, Mass., have organized a Christian Association.

— It was of the Washington epidemic that Mr. Lane, the President's nephew, died.

— The Baptists are about removing a collegiate school now at Whitesboro to Utica.

— The measles are very prevalent in Newark, N. J. Two hundred new cases last week.

— A census of the thriving city of Peoria, Ill., just taken shows a population of 17,482.

— There are now living in Gardiner, Mass., 21 farmers between 80 and 90 years old.

— The Legislature of Maine has adopted resolutions of respect to the memory of Dr. Kane.

— Gov. Williams, of Maine has appointed April 23d for the annual Fast day in that State.

— Brevet Major Sterne H. Fowler, Captain 5th Infantry, U. S. A., has resigned his commission.

— The Buffalo papers are discussing the propriety of teaching German in the city schools.

— The Canadians are much exercised at the existence of American lottery agencies in Montreal.

— The Toronto Board of Trake are moving for free trade between Canada and all the lake region.

— The eighth Philadelphia trade sale began on the 31st ult. The invoices are valued at $200,000.

— Indiana papers speak of the extraordinary promise of the growing crop of wheat in that State.

— A cotton factory—the first one in the State of Missouri, has just been erected in St. Louis.

— A National Musical Convention is to be held at the Smithsonian Institution on the 4th of May.

— The Methodist Episcopal denomination have determined to build a College, near Palmyra, Kansas.

— Governor Fletcher has appointed Professor Hitchcock, of Massachusetts, State Geologist of Vermont.

— A woman named Mrs. Hearte has been confined in jail at Hamilton, C. W., for debt, over seven years.

— Five new towns have been founded on the north shore of Lake Superior, in the territory of Minnesota.

— General Shields has been elected President of the Minneapolis and Cedar Valley Railroad Company.

— The cholera has made its appearance at St. Petersburg, and is carrying off its victims very suddenly.

— A colony of 20,000 Belgians (4,000 to 5,000 families) is about to be planted in the State of Puebla, Mexico.

— Phonography has been introduced into the Philadelphia Normal School as a regular branch of education.

— Dudley Observatory has received fresh donations. M. Mall, Belgian Consul, gives $100, and Thomas Suffern, $500.

— In New Orleans, during the last six months, the police arrested 15,262 males and 3,337 females; total, 18,599.

— The imports of the United States for the two quarters of the present fiscal year exceed the exports by $9,000,000.

— It is now said that eating the young and tender shoots of the sugar cane is certain to cure consumptive tendencies.

— The town council of Athens, Ga., have voted that the bodies of suicides shall be given to physicians for dissection.

— The Sandwich Island Christians contributed last year over $10,000 for various charitable and benevolent institutions.

— One hundred and fifty acres of land at Spuyten, Duyvil Creek, New York, were sold on the 27th ult., for $900 per acre.

— The Evening Post says that Mr. Walker's commission as Governor of Kansas, is to take effect on the second Monday in May.

— In Chester, Vt., a week or two since, an infant was frozen to death in its cradle, which it had occupied throughout the night.

— A lawyer of Louisville, Ky., has just been paid $90,000 in Washington, for his services as attorney in a mail contract case.

— Mr. John A Washington has consented again to place the Mt. Vernon Estate in the hands of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

— The citizens of Madison, Wis., have voted nearly unanimously, to issue $50,000 in bonds to aid the State in extending the Capitol.

— The salary of Louis Napoleon is five million dollars a year, and his revenues from the palaces, about one million and a quarter a year.

— The Savannah Republican describes an orange grown in that city, perfectly formed, containing another orange equally perfect within.

— Mrs. Pilate, in Laurens Co., Ga., died on the 22d of February, at the great age of 116 years. She was a wife during the Revolution.

— The disease called "brain fever," is prevailing to an alarming extent among the Onondaga Indians. Two or three deaths occur daily.

— Eaton Co. is the great maple sugar producing district in Mich. It is expected that 250 tuns will be made there this year—worth $50,000.

— The statue of Gen. Warren will be inaugurated in Boston, Mass., on on the 17th of June, the anniversary of the battle in which he fell.

— The receipts of gold from California this year, are $11,500,555, showing a falling off as compared with the last municipal year of $1,824,556.

— It was reported that there were over 10,000 emigrants at Liverpool, on the sailing of the last steamer, waiting passage for the United States.

— The latest information from all parts shows the decrease in the receipts of cotton to be 250,000 bales, as compared with the same time last season.

— Within a radius of ten miles about the old State House in Boston, there are 154 churches of four denominations, having 27,519 members.

— The Empress Eugenie now rides behind a horse that a few months ago was driven on the Charlestown and Summer street (Boston) omnibus line.

— The Robbins' barn, a revolutionary relic, was burned at East Lexington, Mass., last Sunday week. Its ancient beams bore marks of British bullets.

— The Boys' meeting in Baltimore have gathered in 150 street urchins, who are taught by members of the Young Men's Christian Association, and others.

— Lieut. Gov. Comas, of Virginia, has resigned. The Constitution of that State makes no provision for a successor until the next Governor's election.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Constitution.

THE Belgian steamer Constitution arrived at New York on the 2d inst., bringing London dates to the 17th of March.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says:—"The King of Prussia has sent new instructions to the Conference, to the effect that the recognition of his rights of sovereignty in Neufchatel is the expressed condition of his denunciation of that sovereignty."

The Spanish expedition against Mexico assumes a more imposing aspect. Gen. Pezeucla is spoken of for the chief man.

A despatch from Copenhagen says:—"The Sound Dues Treaty was duly signed on the 14th of March."

The overland China mail had arrived in London. It states the advices confirm the telegraphic accounts of wholesale attempts at poisoning by the bakers at Hong Kong. Several hundred were poisoned, but not fatally. The proprietors of the bakery were arrested on their way to Macao, and were to be tried immediately at Hong Kong.

A large number of junks were collected for the purpose of attacking Hong Kong. Some fears were entertained by the English on account of the smallness of the land forces, and an application was made to the Governor General of India, for a regiment, which was refused. The French ships were anchored at the head of the Bay. The American frigate Levant is also in harbor. The San Jacinto had proceeded to Canton to look after some junks that had attempted to intercept the American steamer Lily.

Commissioner Yeh had addressed Commissioner Parker, asking why he had ordered American ships and subjects not to intermeddle in the present trouble. Mr. Parker's reply is not known.

Tea continued to advance at Shanghai, and the market was excited.

A Paris letter says the French Charge left Marseilles on the 12th for China, with instructions to the Admiral of the French fleet in the China Seas, to operate with the English forces, conformable to an arrangement concluded between the two Governments.

Russia is making preparations for a decisive campaign in the Caucasas. She has 100,000 troops along the shore of the Caspian, and had besides, secured the active co-operation of several native chiefs.

Arrival of the Asia.

THE Cunard steamer Asia arrived at New York on the 4th inst. from Liverpool March 21st.

GREAT BRITAIN.—It was announced in Parliament on the 20th ult. that it was the Queen's intention to immediately dissolve Parliament, in order to ascertain in the constitutional manner the sense of the people on public affairs.

The Irish Liberals have adopted their electioneering programme, of which the following are leading points:—1. A tenant right, as recently modified. 2. Disendowment of all religious sects and abolition of the Irish Church, as a State establishment. 3. Free religious equality, involving repeal of all ecclesiastical titles. 4. Enlargement of county franchises. 5. Abolition of property qualification.

Parliament was formally dissolved with a speech from the throne on Saturday, the 21st ult., the Lord Chancellor acting as proxy for the Queen.

FRANCE.—A modification of the French Cabinet is again discussed. It is believed the object is to incorporate the Cabinet with a Department of State and Imperial Household.

A despatch from Paris says the King of Prussia has finally agreed to settle the Neufchatel, renouncing his rights, on condition that the title of Prince of Neufchatel be reserved to the Prussian crown; that he be allowed for four years the revenues of his ancient domains in the Canton, and an amnesty be granted to his partizans there.

The final sittings of the Paris Conference on Turkish affairs, chiefly concerning the Principalities, will be had in June.

SPAIN.—The rumor that Concha will be recalled from Cuba is doubtful.

Full instructions were sent from Cadiz, March 14, to the Governor-General of Havana, respecting the difficulties with Mexico.

DENMARK.—The text of the Sound Dues treaty is published. Denmark engages not to levy any dues whatever on vessels passing the belts or Sound, and also to maintain lights, buoys, &c., at the approach of forts along the coast.

CHINA.—Private letters at Paris state that the baker and three accomplices have been convicted of an attempt to poison the British Charge and family at Hong Kong, and shot.

It is said the greater portion of Canton, both within and without the walls, had been destroyed.

The Paris correspondence of the Daily News asserts positively that negotiations are progressing between France and England, for sending 20,000 French troops to China.

SARDINIA.—The Sardinian deputies have voted five million florins to put the fortifications of Alexandria in an immediate state of defence, in view of the approaching hostilities with Austria.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS, March 20.—Bigland, Athya & Co., report as follows:—Breadstuffs—Our market has shown a continued depression throughout the week. On Tuesday the market was pretty well attended by buyers, and as holders of wheat were disposed to accept any fair bids, a larger business was done than of late—generally at a decline of 2d per bushel. Western Canal flour had more attention at 28s@28s6d; but Ohio was only saleable in retail at 30s. Indian corn was pressingly offered at 32s@32s3d. At to-day's market there was some inquiry for very prime white wheat, which turned this day's prices. All other sorts were 2d per bushel lower, and very difficult to move; making a decline of 4d on the week. Flour was dull, and 6d per barrel cheaper. Indian corn was pressingly offered. Sales of mixed at 31s@31s6d, making a decline of 1s3d per quarter on the week.

Provisions — Only moderate sales of pork are reported, the want of stock curtailing business. Lard quiet, and sales of prime at 72s.

Arrival of the Texas.

THE steamship Texas, from San Juan del Norte and Aspinwall, via Key West, arrived at New York, on the 2d inst. The Texas left San Juan on the 26th ult.

The news from Rivas, Nicaragua, head-quarters of Gen. Walker, is up to the 18th. Gen. Walker and army were in good health, and had plenty of provisions and ammunition.

On the 16th, Gen. Walker with 400 men made an attack on St. George, occupied by about 2,000 of the enemy. After driving the enemy and gaining the plaza, he burned a part of the town most important to the allied army, when he learned that about 1,200 of the enemy under Gen. Chamora had marched by another road to make an attack on Rivas; whereupon Gen. Walker marched for that place and met the enemy in full retreat at the forks of three roads, hotly pursued by Gen. Henningsen and his command, who had driven them out of Rivas, upon their attack, with great slaughter.

[According to the journals in favor of Walker, his successes are very numerous and terribly destructive to his opponents, but the reports bear unmistakable evidence of untruthfulness.

Deserters from Walker's army are arriving in various parts of this country and their stories show that privation and suffering seem to be the lot of most of these adventurers.]

THE Wednesday, 1st ult., train from Albany met with an accident west of Utica. The car containing the Canada mails took fire and was destroyed.

FROM THE WEST.—Santa Fe dates to the 28th ult., have been received. The Indian depredations are on the increase. Several skirmishes had occurred between the Mexicans and the Indians.—Numbers of both parties were killed. It is reported that Judge Hosper, Judge Lucas and two other Americans had been killed by the Indians, near El Paso, and also that James Hubbell, who had gone to Sonora to purchase mules, was killed by the government party.

A letter from Santa Cruz River, dated Feb. 30th, says:—If the people of Sonora had encouragement, they would declare themselves independent, and ask to be admitted to the United States. The country is overrun with Indians who are robbing and murdering the people in every direction.

FROM MEXICO.—The New Orleans papers of the 31st ult., have Mexican advices of the 17th inst.—The country was quiet, with the exception of some revolutionary movements in the Western States.—The serious aspect of the difficulty with Spain had given rise to much apprehension. General confidence was expressed in the management of Comonfort's Government, and especially in the result of Gen. Lopaya's mission.

DEATHS.

IN Wyoming, Wyoming Co., N. Y., on the 10th ult., Mrs. P. CORNWELL, wife of Mr. T. R. CORNWELL, (formerly of Churchville,) in the 25th year of her age.

AT the residence of his son-in-law, Joseph Tunnicliff, in Reading, Schuyler Co., N. Y., on the 11th of March, 1857, Mr. JONATHAN PERRY, a Revolutionary Soldier, in the 86th year of his age. Deceased was a brother-in-law of Gen. NATH'L GREENE, and cousin of Com. OLIVER H. PERRY.

Financial Affairs.

MONEY MATTERS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, March 21.—Money at London in good demand, and rather easier. Consols 90¾@90⅞. American securities quiet and without material change.

NEW YORK MONEY MARKET, April 1.—The supply of money on call to-day was more liberal, the exchange bankers being free lenders, and we heard no complaints in stock circles. Paper is in moderate supply among discount houses at 8@10 per cent for first class names.

LAND WARRANTS.—Land Warrants are active, and rather higher. *Thompson's Bank Note Reporter* quotes as follows:

	Buying	Selling.
160 acre warrants	$1 00	$1 04
120 do do	95	1 00
80 do do	1 00	1 06
60 do do	95	1 00
40 do do	1 10	1 16

THE KANSAS VALLEY BANK—This is the title of a bank bill that has passed both houses of the Kansas Legislature, and been approved by the Governor. The principal bank is located at Leavenworth City, with a capital of $300,000. Five branches are to be located at the following places: Atchison, Doniphan, Lecompton, Fort Scott and Shawnee. Each of the branches is to be an independent bank.

In reference to the above institutions the *Kansas Herald of Freedom* exclaims, "Beware! the whole affair is a gigantic fraud."

COUNTERFEITERS ARRESTED—THE CITY FLOODED WITH COUNTERFEIT BILLS.—The N. Y. *Evening Post* of the 3d inst. says:—Last evening a very large amount of counterfeit bills were put in circulation in various parts of the city. The bills are chiefly counterfeit fives on the Union Bank of New London, Conn., a new issue supposed to have been manufactured by a gang in or near Philadelphia, and brought on by their agent, located somewhere in this city. The bills are well executed, and calculated to deceive the unwary, especially in the evening. A few of the persons employed in passing the counterfeit bills, were taken by the police last evening, and it is known that many more are yet undetected.

ALTERED BILLS.—Ones altered to fives, on the Genesee Valley Bank, are said to be in circulation. The Genesee Republican states that some of these altered bills have been returned to the Bank in that village. The alteration was very cleanly done, and could deceive only those who give little attention to what money they receive. There is also a marked difference between the plates of the ones and fives. The vignette on the one is a milk maid with her pail and cows in the distance, and has "one" in large faint letters in the centre of the bill. The vignette of the genuine fives is a large herd of cattle.

LOOK OUT!—The Prairie State Bank, of Ill, has failed.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, April 9, 1857.

No change in the prices of flour or wheat, though the tendencies of the market are downward.

Provisions generally are firm, though not much advance has been made in the cost of any article.

Hay, owing to the storm which has prevailed for the last thirty-six hours, is higher. But one load in market this morning, inferior quality, sold readily at $16 per ton.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	$18
Flour, bbl	$6 00@7 25	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1 00@1 20	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada	$1 00@1 50	Apples, bushel	$1 00@1 50
Corn	60@62c	Do. dried	$1 75@2 00
Oats	40@41c	Potatoes	40@55c
Barley	1 31@1 38	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Buckwheat	50c	Slaughter	7½@8c
Beans	$1 12@1 38	Calf	12@13c
Peas	1 00@1 25	Sheep pelts	1 50@2 00
MEATS.		Lamb do	00@20c
Pork, Mess	$22@23 00	**SEEDS.**	
Do cwt	$8 00@9 00	Clover bushel	$7 50@8 50
Beef, per cwt	$6 50@7 00	Timothy	$3 75@4 00
Spring Lambs each	$1 25@1 75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5 50@6 50	Wood, hard	$4 00@5 50
Hams, smoked	11½@12½c	Do. soft	$3 00@4 00
Shoulders	9 @9½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5 @5 25
Chickens	11@12c	Do. Scranton	$7 @7 25
Turkeys	@12½c	Do. Blossburg	$5 00
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$7 25@7 50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	20@21c	Salt, bbl	$1 60@1 75
Do. firkin	16@17c	Hay, ton	$16@18
Cheese	10@10½c	Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	13@14c	White fish, bbl	$11@11 50
Tallow	10@10½c	Codfish ⅌ quintal	$4 75@5 25
Eggs, dozen	@15c	Trout, bbl	$9

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6.—Flour—The demand for Western Canal Flour is less active, and under the unfavorable news from Europe by the Asia prices are decidedly lower, but with few sellers at the abatement; the arrivals are quite limited, and the stock is gradually diminishing; sales at $5 75@5 70 for com to good State; $5 80@6 for extra do; $5 6 @5 75 for super Ind., Ill. and Iowa, $5 81@6 25 for extra brands do., $5 10@5 55 for com to good extra Ohio; $5 81@7 50 for good to choice extra do; $5 75@8 25 for St. Louis brands, and $5 62@8 25 for extra Genesee. Canadian flour is easier, and in fair request for the trade; sales at $6@6 10 for super, and $6 2 @7 50 for extra brands. Southern flour is freely offered, and mixed brands are lower; at the decline the inquiry is more active; sales at $5 15@6 10 for mixed to good brands Baltimore, &c., and $5 45@7 75 for favorite, fancy and extra brands. Rye flour is steady, but quiet at $4 40@4 50 for fine and superfine.

GRAIN—Wheat is held higher. The market is decidedly better for prime lots, independent of the unfavorable foreign news. The demand is mainly for milling. Sales fair red Southern at $1 40, and white do at $1 55@1 61, afloat. Rye is held firmly at 89@90c, but is quiet. Oats are dull at 57@58c. for State; 54@55c. for Western, and 45@47c. for Southern. Barley is wanted at $1 42@1 75. Corn is less sought after for export, the advices by the Asia being unfavorable; sales at 80@86c for new South-ern yellow and white, 71@72c for old yellow Jersey, 71@74c for old white Southern, and 68c for Western mixed in store. White Beans are in demand at $1 75@1 81½ ⅌ bush. Canadian Peas firm at $1 07@1 08.

PROVISIONS—Our Pork market opened dull and quite heavy, but at the close a better feeling prevailed, with little offering, and prices of Mess improved. $18 @18 50 for new Mess, and $19 50@19 62 for Prime. Beef is in fair request, and not freely offered; $10 75@11 50 for Country Prime; $12 75@14 for Country Mess; $16@16 50 for repacked Chicago and Cleveland. Bacon is steady but quiet at 11½@12c. Cut meats heavy, 10@11c for Hams; and 8@8½c for Shoulders. Lard is without important change; sales at 12½@13½c. Butter lower and plenty, Ohio at 15@22c; 18@26c for State. Cheese is in moderate request at 13@13½c.

BUFFALO, APRIL 6.—Flour—Ohio Extra $6,75@7,50; Do. superfine $5@6,50; Michigan extra $4,50@5,00; Do. superfine $4,75@5,25.

GRAIN—Ohio white wheat $1,33@1,40; Do. red $1,25; Mich. white $1,38@1,40; Indiana white $1,37@1,38, Illinois winter $1,25; Do. spring $1,18. Rye 90c. Corn, yellow or mixed, 60c. Barley $1,00. Oats 54c.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork, No. 1, $22; No 2, $22; Prime Do. $17,50@18. Hams in pickle $23 per bbl; Do. Smoked, 12c ⅌ lb. Shoulders 10. Mackinaw Trout $6; White fish $10,50. Mess beef $14; Prime $11. Dried beef 12c. Lard in kegs 13½@13¾c; Kegs do. Butter, roll, 17@20—firkin 12@17. Hamburgh cheese 11@12½c. Eggs 19c.

SEEDS—Clover at $8,00; Timothy $3,25@3,75; Flax $1,75. White beans $1,75.

SUNDRIES—Dried Apples $2,50. Peaches 20@26c ⅌ lb. Tallow, beef, 12c@12½; Mutton 10@11c. Hides, green, 7½@10c; dry 18@20c. Sheep Pelts $1@1,50. Wool 36@48. Hops 10@11c.

ALBANY, APRIL 6.—Flour—In flour there is a moderate business doing at steady prices.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet, with but little prime offering. Barley is firmer; sales Canadian East at $1,65. Oats quiet.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 1.—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality 10½@11½c. ordinary 9@10½c; poorest 8½@9c; premium 11@11½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality $50@65; ordinary $40@45; common $25@30.

VEAL CALVES—Sales at 5@7c;

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra quality $8,05@14; Lambs $1@7,50.

SWINE—Sales at 7@7½c. ⅌ lb gross or live weight. Dressed 9½@10c.

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 1.—At market 336 Cattle, 300 Beeves and 36 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,25@8,75, first quality, $8@8,25; second quality, $7,25@7,50; third quality, $6,00@6,25; ordinary, $4,50@5

WORKING OXEN—$90@180.

COWS AND HALVES—$35, 41, 50@65.

VEAL CALVES—$4, 5@10 each

YEARLINGS—$40@60. Two Years Old—$35@38. Three Years Old—$42@48.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1307 at market. Prices—In lots, $4,00, 5,00, 5,50@6,00; extra and selectious, $7,00, 8,50, 10@12.

SWINE—1115 at market. Prices—Live weight, 6@6½c. ⅌ lb—Dressed hogs, 10½@11 per lb. Shoats, wholesale, 8@9c; retail 9@10c

HIDES—8½@9½c. ⅌ lb. Tallow—8@8½c.

CALF SKINS—14@15c ⅌ lb. Pelts—$1,75@2,00.

BRIGHTON, APRIL 2.—At market 750 Beeves, 75 Stores, 9 pairs Working Oxen, 50 Cows and Calves, 1,300 Sheep and Lambs, 3,300 Swine

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $9,00; first quality, $8,75; second quality, $7,75; third quality, $7,00; ordinary $4,75@5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$136@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$20, 27@45.

VEAL CALVES—$6, 7@9 each

YEARLINGS—$30@200 Two Years Old—$36@38. Three Years Old—$43@47.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $7, 8@10; in lots $4, 4,50@5.

SWINE—7½@8½c. At retail 8½@9½c. Fat hogs dull 7¾@8c.

HIDES—8½@9½c. ⅌ lb. Calf Skins 14@15c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—$1,75@2,00 each. Tallow—8@8½c. ⅌ lb.

ALBANY, APRIL 6.—Beef Cattle—At market 580. Prices, live weight, extra, $5,12; first quality, $5,75; second and third, $5,00@5,50.

COWS AND CALVES—20 in market. Prices range from $35 $40@$50. Extras $65.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1140 in market. Prices range at from $4, 5@6. Extras $12.

SWINE—400 in market. Fat hogs $7,50; stores $7,25.

THE CHICAGO CORN MARKET.—The Chicago *Tribune* of Friday, 3d inst. says:—The prices paid here yesterday for delivery in May, June and July, are about 1½c ⅌ bushel higher than corn was worth here in those months last year. Then, however, receipts were large, the canal was in good order and Chicago harbor was teeming with vessels in May, seeking freights which were lower than for ten years previous at that time of year. Now, hogs and pork are extremely high, the canal is broken up by freshets, requiring a month's time yet to repair it, the Illinois river corn has gone out by the Mississippi, seeking a southern market, the quantity in store here is small and but little more expected sooner than the local demand requires. It may be worth as much as is paid

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 1.—The demand keeps pace with the supply, and prices for most kinds, both Foreign and Domestic, are very firmly maintained, and on some grades of Foreign a further advance has been established, but this is owing to the insignificant stock offering rather than to any other cause, for the present rates of goods do not justify the manufacturers in paying the extreme rates demanded, consequently they purchase sparingly at present. The sales for the week embrace about 240,000 lbs, native Fleece and Pulled Wool at prices varying from 42c up to 45c, as to quality, and 350,000 lbs unwashed and washed California at 11@27c, as to quality. Foreign is less animated; owing to the meagre supply and the high prices asked, the transactions have been quite limited. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ⅌ lb	56@67
American Full-blood Merino	53@57
American ½ and ¾ Merino	45@53
American Native and ¼ do	42@48
Pulled Wool, extra Country	62@65
Pulled Wool, super	44@47
Pulled Wool, No. 1	31@37
California Fine, Washed	25@35
Do. Com. Unwashed	18@23
Peruvian, Washed	25@29
Valparaiso, Unwashed	26@29
South American, Com. Washed	16@24
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	17@24
South American Unwashed	12@16
South American, Cordova, Washed	27@30
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	11@15
African, Washed	18@25
Smyrna, Unwashed	14@16
Smyrna, Washed	30@32
Mexican, Unwashed	12@16

[*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, APRIL 1.—The stock of Fleece Wool is very light and the sales, in consequence have been very limited, comprising for the week 50,000 lbs at previous prices. In Foreign sales of 500 bales Mediterranean, Valparaiso and Cape of Good Hope, at full prices as to quality.

Prime Saxony Fleece, washed, ⅌ lb., 60@65; Full Blood Merino, 55@60; Three-quarter do., 48@53; Half do., 45@48; Common, 37@43; Superfine, 45@47; Pulled Extra, 47@55; Do. No. 1, 37@43; Do. No. 2, 22@25; Smyrna Washed, 25@32.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH Insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World,—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

FOR SALE—A two year old Durham bull; red roan; good size, form, and pedigree. E. PERCEY, Honsick, Rens Co N. Y.

6,000 STOCKY PEACH TREES, OF SELECTED VARIETIES, for Spring sale, by C. F. WEAVER, Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y. 379w4

WEST'S' PATENT CEMENT FOR ROOFING.—It makes a better roof than tin at less than half the cost. Send for a Circular. Town, County and State Rights for sale very low by N. F. GRAVES, Syracuse, N. Y. 379w4

NORTHERN CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—Fresh Seed of the above pure and genuine, just received and for sale cheap in quantities to suit purchasers by
McILVAIN & YOUNG, Seedsmen and Florists,
No. 7 John street, New York.

YOU CAN PRE-EMPT GOVERNMENT LANDS IN IOWA. lands can be obtained for $1 25 per acre by pre-emption within short distance of D. and P. R. R. For one dollar I will send a map of Iowa, showing the location of said lands.
W. H. GARDNER, Homer N. Y.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC Saleratus; it is the only article that is strictly safe to take into the stomach—besides it is much nicer, and more economical than Super Carbonate of Soda or common Saleratus. Try it and you shall be the judge. Depot 114 Warren St., N. Y

FOR SALE.

3,000 2 year old Cherry Trees.
2,000 2 " " Pears, Dwarf and Standard.
1,000 Peach Trees
10,000 Apple stocks 2 years old.
BENJAMIN FISH & SON,
West-End Nurseries, Buffalo St, Rochester, N. Y.

OSIER WILLOW CUTTINGS.

THE BEST VARIETY FOR BASKETS; THE PLANT above all others for Hedging, and no crop pays better. Sent to any part of the country on the most liberal terms. Circulars giving the fullest information sent free to all. Address CARMI OSGOOD, Westford, Vt., or REUBEN OSGOOD, Freemont Centre, Lake Co., Ill., general Agents for GEO. J. COLBY, Patentee of the Machine for peeling Willows.

SUGAR CANE. CHINESE NORTHERN SUGAR CANE.—A large supply of Seed of the very *best* and *purest* quality just received, and for sale at the NEW YORK AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE and SEED STORE. It can be had by the quantity, or for $2 Seed enough will be sent by mail, *post paid*, to thoroughly plant an acre, with directions for planting and cultivating accompanying each package.
R. L. ALLEN, 189 Water street, New York.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

1,000 POUNDS, IN QUANTITY AT $1 per lb. cash—Also, 8,000 seeds, post-paid, for $1,25, and less parcels at 50 cents.

Chinese Imperial White Potato, $20 per 100; $5 for 20. *After April 20th 50 per cent. advance*

Lawton's New Rochelle Blackberry, *genuine*, $18 per 100; $3 per dozen; $150 per 1,000. Priced Catalogues of Trees, Plants and Seeds, for applicants.
W. R. PRINCE & CO., Flushing, N. Y.

S. A. ELLIS'

WHIP AND GLOVE STORE, 78 STATE STREET, Rochester, N. Y. Having purchased the Retail trade of what has long been known as Strong's Whip and Glove Store, I intend to make it the most desirable place for the purchase of

WHIPS, GLOVES, CANES AND UMBRELLAS,

in the city. I shall keep a larger and better assortment of these goods than has ever before been kept here.

Ladies will find it to their advantage to call and look at my assortment of Kid Gloves.

GROVE FARM FOR SALE.

THE ABOVE FARM, SITUATED ABOUT ONE MILE from the center of Canandaigua, containing 153 acres choice land, with extensive and superior out buildings and conveniences. House, brick, first class, of the English cottage style, situated in a beautiful Grove of Forest Trees of about 7 acres, and is considered one of the best farms in Ontario county, one mile from Eno and Central R. R. Depot. Inquire on the premises, or of R. A. BUANEL, at the Rochester Chemical Works—or, as to the advantages of the farm, of the Editor of the Rural.
Canandaigua, N. Y., April, 1857. J. H. ROGERS.

PEA VINE CLOVER SEED FOUR FEET HIGH! Ten Dollars a bushel—genuine. E. J. FOSTER, Syracuse, N. Y.

J. HERVA JONES'

300,000! DOUBLE OR SINGLE HAND PLANTING MACHINES. From *Two to Three Hundred Thousand Acres* of Corn have been planted with them since their introduction. More than *Fifty First Class Premiums* have been awarded them, including *Eleven at State Fairs*. First premium awarded by the New York State Agricultural Society, in 1856. Our Annual Circular contains the names of nearly one hundred reliable men in the Eastern and Western States, who pronounce them the very best planting implements in use. Please send for the Circulars.
J. HERVA JONES & CO., Rockton, Winnebago Co., Ill.

WAKEFIELD'S HAND CORN PLANTER.

THIS IMPLEMENT HAS NOW BEEN IN USE THREE years, and has received the highest testimonials from hundreds of farmers; also, numerous favorable notices from prominent Agricultural and Scientific Journals, and Premiums from Agricultural Societies. It is simple, durable, and perfectly reliable. With it a man can plant, in good planting, from five to eight acres in a day, in the most perfect manner. The planter is sold at five dollars, and all things considered, is believed to be the *cheapest* planter in use, that it will PAY to buy it, will be evident, from an examination and trial, which all are solicited to make who are not already acquainted with its merits.

The undersigned, General Agent for the Counties of Monroe, Wayne, Cayuga, Seneca, Oswego, Jefferson, Orleans and Niagara, N. Y., is appointing town Agents to extend and sell this planter, in said counties. It probably can be obtained elsewhere, by Agents of the Patentee.
M. W. SIMMONS, Brockport, N. Y.

FRUIT TREES! FRUIT TREES!

FLORENCE NURSERY.—ADOLPH BORNEMANN & CO. This Establishment is prepared this Spring to offer to the trade and to customers generally, the largest and best assortment, as Apples, Pears, Plums, Cherries, Peaches, Nectarines. Also, ORNAMENTAL TREES AND SHRUBS, Evergreens, and the smaller fruits generally, as Grapes, Raspberries, Blackberries, Currants, Gooseberries, Cranberries, Strawberries, Nuts, Roses, Dahlias, Verbenas, Phlox, Coronation Pinks, Pansies, Daisies, Roots and Plants. Also,

FLOWER, VEGETABLE SEEDS

We invite Nurserymen, Venders, Amateurs, and others, to give us a call and examine our stock, feeling assured it will recommend itself, and we promise they shall be accommodated with the lowest rates, or they can correspond with us on the subject. Our new Catalogue is just out of press, and will be forwarded to every post-paid application, inclosing a one cent stamp to pre-pay the postage.
ADOLPH BORNEMANN & CO.
Florence, Mass., March 17, 1857. 379w6.

CHOICE GARDEN SEEDS.

AT HALLOCK'S AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE AND Seed Store great inducements are offered to gardeners, farmers and others to supply themselves with seeds for spring planting. My assortment of seeds is *fresh and genuine*, selected from the best sources, and put up expressly for a retail trade—*at home*. Sending out no seeds on sale (one-half of which come back) and buying no old lots at auction, I have no old worthless seeds to mix in and palm off as fresh, but put up my whole stock fresh and new.

At the store they will be sold as cheap as at any place in the city. Persons at a distance, sending money by mail, will be furnished *twenty-five varieties papers* usual size for *one dollar*, and any larger amount at same rate, to be selected in whole or in part by themselves—or put up by myself if desired. Every package of twenty-five shall contain one paper of Chinese Sugar Cane Seed. Neighbors, by clubbing, can thus have such seeds as they want, cheap, put up and forwarded by Express.

Also on hand a selected stock of the best Agricultural Implements and Machines. Call and see at No 2 Agricultural Buildings, Buffalo street, Rochester, N. Y.
March 24 1857. E. D. HALLOCK.

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Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SPRING.

BY WALTER R. BISHOP.

HARK! who is this, with tripping feet,
With sunny skies and voice so sweet,
With flowing ringlets in her hair,
Tell me who is this beauteous fair?
I hear the warbling blue-bird's note,
I see the ground bird's russet coat,
I see the red-bird's flashing wing,
I hear the distant robin sing,
Ah this—ah this—is beauteous *Spring*.

Hark! who is this that bounds along,
With blithesome step and joyous song,
That gilds the top of yonder hill,
And flashes on the opening rill?
I hear the squirrel barking loud,
I see the brightening azure cloud,
I hear the forest vocal ring,
I hear rejoicing nature sing,
All hail—all hail—O beauteous Spring.

Hark! who is this all clothed in light,
That scatters blossoms in her flight,
That bids the swelling buds be seen,
And decks the earth in robes of green?
A voice is in the dancing stream,
That glitters in the bright sunbeam,
I hear it as the willows swing,
Swayed by the zephyrs downy wing,
A welcome to returning Spring.

Say who is this all decked with smiles,
Comes she from the Indian isles,
Where swift the sunny streamlets flow,
O'er diamond sands that gleam below?
She comes—she comes o'er land and main,
She breaks old Winter's icy chain,
Then haste ye maidens chaplets bring,
Ah—trip it in the mazy ring,
And welcome bright, returning Spring.

Ah! this is Spring, the bright and gay,
Her reign is welcomed by the lay
Of thousand warblers, from the steep,
Of mountain high and valley deep.
Ah, this is spring she treads the skies,
And brightens the cerulean dyes,
She spreads o'er earth her magic wing,
Then quickly shoots each living thing,
To welcome bright, returning Spring.

Attica, N. Y., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AUNTY JONES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

AUNTY JONES—she was called "Aunty" by half the village, old and young, though she claimed with no individual in Bloomingdale a blood relationship. Aunty JONES was sitting by the window of her neat little cottage home, when a neighbor entered through the white-washed gate, and came, with a quick step along the flower-bordered walk that led up to the door.

"Good afternoon, Aunty," said she, entering without ceremony.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. BLAKE! How are all at home?"

"Well, thank you. How are you to-day?"

"As well as usual, dear, take a chair."

Mrs. BLAKE sat down. She was a young woman with rather a smart air, and free manners. Her eyes were black, and had a good deal of latent fire in them. After a few remarks, she said, with considerable animation—

"There's trouble between Mrs. FRY and Mrs. LINGEN."

"Indeed! I'm sorry for that," said Aunty JONES, a shade of regret passing over her countenance.—"What's the matter?"

"Mrs. FRY is greatly to blame," said Mrs. BLAKE, "and I don't wonder that Mrs. LINGEN is angry. I should be if I were in her place."

"What has happened to interrupt the good understanding that has always existed between them? They've been fast friends for years."

"I know they have," answered Mrs. BLAKE. "But after what Mrs. FRY has done, it is impossible for them to be friends any longer."

"What has she done?" Aunty BLAKE looked seriously troubled.

"I'll tell you," said Mrs. BLAKE, speaking in her animated way, and entering with much feeling into the relation,—"WILLY LINGEN was over at Mrs. FRY's this morning, playing with her children. The little folks had a falling out about something, as children will fall out you know, and from angry words came to blows. Hearing the noise and outcry that followed, Mrs. FRY ran out into the garden, and, in a fit of passion, seized WILLY LINGEN by the hair and boxed his ears like a fury. He, poor child, as it happened, had been sick all last night with the ear-ache, and the side of his face and head were tender as a boil, and badly swollen. He was, in consequence, hurt terribly. Of course, he came home and told his mother, and, of course, she was outraged, as any mother would be. She didn't stop a moment for reflection, but went, in hot haste, over to Mrs. FRY's, and gave her a piece of her mind in about the plainest kind of terms."

"Bad—bad—very bad," said Aunty JONES, shaking her head.

"I've just come from Mrs. LINGEN'S," continued Mrs. BLAKE; "and, I can tell you, she's as sharp as an awl about it—and a little sharper. Poor WILLY shows signs of his hard treatment. Dear little fellow! It made my blood boil when his mother told me of the cruel way in which he had been served. Some of the neighbors blame her for what she said to Mrs. FRY, but I don't. I would have said as much, and, maybe, twice as much more, if I had been in her place. Beat a neighbor's child about the head, and pull its hair, when her own brats, in all probability were most to blame! According to WILLY'S story, he was only defending himself when she came at him like a tiger."

After Mrs. BLAKE had fully informed Aunty JONES as to this new cause of excitement in the village, she bade her a good afternoon, and went on her gossipping round of visits. Not long after her departure, Aunty JONES had another call. It was from a neighbor in the opposite interest—a friend to Mrs. FRY, whose house she had left a little while before. Her version of the affair differed considerably from that given by Mrs. BLAKE, with the exception of the part about Mrs. LINGEN'S indignation visit to the house of Mrs. FRY—which was given with some added incidents and a higher coloring.

"Mrs. FRY did just as I would have done, had I been in her place," said she warmly. "The children were playing together, when Mrs. FRY heard her little KATY scream out suddenly; running into the garden, she saw WILLY LINGEN with her finger in his mouth. He had got angry with her about something, and snapped at her finger like a dog! Mrs. FRY caught hold of him, and ordered him to let go instantly. But the young savage held on, and she did just as I or you would have done, boxed his ears until he was glad to let go; when he ran off home, bellowing like a calf, and told his mother some lie about it."

"Bad—bad—very bad!" Aunty JONES shook her head as before, and looked quite sorrowful about the matter.

"Of course," said the neighbor, "they will be bitter enemies till they die. Quarrels about children are generally of the worst kind."

"I hope not," said Aunty JONES. "We must forgive, if we would be forgiven."

"They'll never forgive each other. How can they?" remarked the neighbor. "If you'd heard the way in which Mrs. LINGEN talked to Mrs. FRY, you'd see that it was impossible. Mrs. LINGEN is not the woman to make apologies; and it would take a book-full to satisfy the lady she was pleased to outrage by all sorts of disgraceful epithets; even going so far as to throw up things that happened long before Mrs. FRY was married."

"I'm very sorry." Aunty JONES had no words to utter but words of regret.

"Do you blame Mrs. FRY for being outraged?" The neighbor tried to get Aunty JONES committed to her side of the question.

"In all quarrels among neighbors, there is usually faults on both sides." This was as far as she would go.

"I can't see what fault there was on the side of Mrs. FRY," was answered with considerable warmth. "Suppose it had been your child instead of Mrs. FRY'S, wouldn't you have boxed the ears of the young savage who was biting her finger to compel him to let go? My word for it, you would, Aunty JONES, you are not a stock or a stone."

But Aunty JONES admitted no imaginary action of her own by way of justification in the case of Mrs. FRY. She had only regrets to utter. Before night, several neighbors called in to talk the matter over with Aunty JONES, each one having a slightly different version of the affair, and each being warmly committed to one side or the other. Mrs. FRICH always knew that WILLY LINGEN was one of the worst children in Bloomingdale, and as for his mother, it was only necessary to look into her face to see that she was a Tartar. For her part, she fully justified Mrs. FRY, and had told her so. Mrs. CAMP had seen Mrs. LINGEN, and examined poor, dear WILLY'S head. None but a savage, in her opinion, could have so cruelly maltreated a child. It was well known that Mrs. FRY was a woman of most ungoverable temper, and beat her own children awfully. Indeed, she had heard it whispered—and she repeated the rumor in a confidential whisper—that she had even struck her husband in a fit of passion.

Aunty JONES was grieved to the heart. To all of this she answered but little, except to suggest that there must be exaggeration on both sides, and that if the exact truth could be brought to the light, it would, in all probability, be found, that both of the exasperated mothers had been excited into a blind passion by falsehood, over-acting, or misrepresentation on the part of the children.—The two neighbors, so suddenly set at variance, were, both of them, her warm friends, and had been on terms of close intimacy with each other for years. Both were, in the main, kind-hearted and right-minded women; and both of them, Aunty JONES believed, would soon be sorry for what they had done, and ashamed of having taken counsel of passion. She was the peace-maker of Bloomingdale; and even in this bad looking case, was soon pondering the question of reconciliation.

On the next morning, Aunty JONES went over early to see Mrs. LINGEN. She had thought it best to give her the benefit of a night's sleep on the matter. She found her strongly exasperated against Mrs. FRY. WILLY'S inflamed ear was shown in triumphant vindication of her right to be angry. Aunty JONES examined the ear, but could not find any very decided marks of inflammation. There was, just within the opening, a little deeper tinge, and on the back of the ear close to the head, a spot of darker hue, that, if she saw right, came from a little cluster of pimples. WILLY had all the appearance of a suffering martyr, as Mrs. LINGEN exhibited him in evidence of the wrong done to her mother's heart, and in justification of her indignant assault upon Mrs. FRY.

"WILLY," said Aunty JONES, as he stood before her, with one of his little hands held in one of hers, and her kind, yet earnest eyes, looking right into his—"WILLY, what was KATY FRY doing to you, when you got her finger in your mouth?"

Mrs. LINGEN gave a start at this question, and WILLY'S face crimsoned. A glance from Aunty JONES, kept the mother silent.

"You didn't bite KATY'S finger hard, I hope, WILLY?"

"No ma'am!" WILLY'S face was redder still as he made this admission.

"What made you bite her finger, WILLY?"—Aunty JONES spoke so very kindly, and yet so earnestly, keeping the child's eyes fixed in hers all the time, that no chance was left for anything but truthful answers.

"Because she was trying to take my apple from me, and wouldn't let go. But I didn't bite it hard, Aunty JONES; and Mrs. FRY had no business to box me on my sore ear as she did." WILLY closed this defence by bursting into tears.

Enough, however, had been elicited to place the whole matter in an entirely new light before his mother's eyes. She told the weeping child to leave the room, and as soon as he had done so, said to her visitor:

"This is all new to me, Aunty JONES. It is the first intimation I have had of any finger-biting in the case."

"I am told," replied Aunty JONES, "that WILLY bit KATY'S finger very badly; and that Mrs. FRY had to box his ears several times, very severely before he would let go. If this is the case—and WILLY admits that he did bite the finger—can you greatly wonder at Mrs. FRY. Reverse the case.—Think how you would act, if you were to find a neighbor's child biting WILLY'S finger, and screaming in pain. Would you stay your hand an instant?"

The countenance of Mrs. LINGEN fell. All indignation died out of her heart. She stood rebuked in the presence of Aunty JONES, like one convicted of a great wrong.

"Would you, Mrs. LINGEN?" Aunty JONES pressed her last query.

"No, not for an instant!" was the firm reply.

A broad smile lit up the fine face of Aunty JONES, as she reached out her hand and said—

"There spoke out the true woman! I knew your heart was in the right place. And I have not lost faith in Mrs. FRY. Neither of you is capable of wantonly hurting a child—neither of wantonly outraging the other. There does not exist the slightest reason why you not should be friends as of old."

"Oh, yes there does," was firmly answered.

"What reason?"

"I don't believe she will ever forgive me for what I said to her, yesterday, in the heat of passion."

"Yes she will. Leave that to me. When she understands how the matter was presented to your mind, she will not wonder that you were provoked; and the slightest apology on your part, will make all right again."

"I can't believe it," said Mrs. LINGEN.

"I am sure of it," replied Aunty JONES, confidently.

And, in less than an hour, she had the two old friends face to face again, bathed in tears of reconciliation.

Blessings on Aunty JONES! She was the peace-maker of Bloomingdale. Neighbors would fall out, and busy-bodies would make wider every breach; but Aunty JONES was always true to her mission—always on hand to throw oil upon the troubled waves of passion. She knew that there was honor, and truth, and right purposes in every heart, as well as selfishness and blind passion; and her hands never rested when she saw the latter obscure the former, until the dimming veil was rent asunder.

Would that every village and neighborhood had its Aunty JONES.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

A PICTURE is a poem without words.

PUBLIC SCHOOL.—The Archimedian lever that moves the world.

HISTORY, says Carlyle, is the essence of innumerable biographies.

WE converse with those we love through flowers; with those we worship through the stars.

RELIGION is an insurance against fire in the next world, for which honesty is the best *policy*.

IN becoming the "lion" of a party, does a man necessarily have to make a beast of himself?

FLOWERS are the alphabet of angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truth.

GRATITUDE is the music of the heart when its chords are swept by the gentle breeze of kindness.

THE Hindoos are promised a thousand years in Paradise for every hair of the head or beard they part with.

THE Prussians have a wise maxim that whatever you would have appear in a nation's life, you must put in its school.

LOVE is of the nature of a burning glass, which kept still in one place, fireth; changed often, it doth nothing.

THE most loveable heart is that which loves most readily; but that which easily loves also easily forgets.

THE common trinkets of literature are continually changing their form, but its diamonds are never out of fashion.

ALL personal antagonisms are infernal. Hence he who cherishes hatred against his fellow-man, shows that he himself is a bad man.

"I DIDN'T wish I was never married," said a man who was slightly shanghaed at home, "but I must confess I envy a bachelor."

THERE is often in the heart some innate image of the beings we are to love that leads to our first sight of them almost an air of recognition.

DR. R., maintained that poverty was a virtue.—"That," retorted Canning, "is literally making a virtue of necessity."

WENDELL PHILLIPS defines a politician as "one who serves God as far as he can without offending the devil." This is epigrammatic and not far from the mark.

WHEN most the world applauds you, most beware:
'Tis often less a blessing than a snare.
Distrust mankind, with your own heart confer,
And dread even there a flatterer.—*Young*.

DEPEND upon it, the most fatal idleness is that of the heart; and the man who feels weary of life may be sure that he does not love his fellow-creatures as he ought.

THE attacks of the slanderer are like the bits of mud dashed on you by a passing cart. If you attempt to rub them off, you leave a stain, let them dry and they are easily effaced.

IT was a fine and true remark that they who will abandon a friend for one error, know but little of the human character, and prove that their hearts are as cold as their judgments are weak.

A VERY beautiful woman having the miniature of her ugly husband suspended on her breast, asked Tom Moore what he thought it like. "I think," said he, "it is like the Saracen's Head on Snowhill."

A WHIMSICAL comparison being made one day between a clock and a woman, Charles Fox gallantly observed that he thought the simile bad: "for," said he, "a clock serves us to point the hours and a woman to forget them."

A GOOD WIFE, according to Plutarch, should be a looking glass to represent her husband's face and passion; if he be pleasant, she should be merry; if he laugh, she should smile; if he look sad, she should participate in his sorrow, and bear a part with him; and so should they continue in mutual love one towards the other.

Youth's Corner.

FAMILIAR CHAPTERS ON CHEMISTRY.

WATERY VAPOR.

IN our remarks thus far upon the chemical constituents of the atmosphere, we have spoken of Oxygen, Nitrogen, Carbonic Acid, and now turn our attention to the last grand element in its composition, Watery Vapor.

This portion of the "*air we breathe*" performs a very important part in the economy of nature.—Without it both vegetable and animal life would soon cease to be, and our beautiful earth become a dreary waste. The living plant consists of water to the amount of nearly three-fourths of its weight, and from the surface of its leaves water is continually rising into the air in the form of invisible vapor. Were the air perfectly dry this process of evaporation would be too rapid—the soil and roots would be unable to supply the demand—and the plant would become flaccid, droop and die. The living animal, likewise, is made up for the most part of water. JOHNSTON states that a man of 154 pounds weight contains 116 pounds of water and only 38 pounds of dry material. From the skin and lungs water is continually evaporating. Deprive the air of this component, and the skin would become parched and shriveled, and thirst oppress the fevered frame. The air breathed out from the lungs is loaded with vapor, and were that which is taken in totally devoid of it, the fluids which fill the tissues would disappear, and the dryness and ghastliness of the mummy ensue. The disastrous effects of such a condition of the atmosphere are observable, in a slight degree, in the Simoons of the desert, that are oftentimes so fatal to travelers upon its arid sands.

In addition to the uses above enumerated, what beautiful purposes, in the beneficence of the Creator, does this moisture subserve. Who among our young readers, when observing the "pearly drops of dew" suspended from leaf, tree and shrub, has thought of the process of preparation and distillation? Who has not noticed, when vegetation has drooped beneath the burning rays of the sun, what a renewal of life takes place amid the darkness of night? When the sun has sunk beneath the horizon, and coolness revisits the earth, and the plant, the grateful dew descends upon the green leaf and the thirty soil—the moisture thickens into mist and settles, scattering tiny pearls over everything, imparting freshness and renewing vigor.

When the surface of the earth upon which the hot sun has all day shone, radiates the heat thus received, the air in contact with it also becomes cool and loses a portion of the watery vapor it previously contained. Many of our young readers have noticed that in a warm and sultry day, when a pitcher is filled with cold water, moisture collects upon the outside, sometimes completely covering the vessel, and have often heard the expression "How the pitcher sweats!" In both cases the reduction of the temperature condenses the moisture and precipitates it.

Different substances radiate their heat with greater or less rapidity, some cooling long before others. Those which cool first attract the dew first, and consequently receive the greater portion of the descending moisture. The grass-plot will be wet while the gravel walk remains dry, the pasture and the leaf will be drinking in life and strength long before the dusty road or naked soil.

From this atmospheric store proceeds also our rain. In the upper regions of the atmosphere currents of cold air are constantly coming from the north, while from the south warm winds blow. When these currents come in contact, and are charged with moisture, they mix and the air has the mean temperature of the two. Air of this temperature is incapable of holding the mean amount of water contained by both and it falls in rain.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 5 letters.
My 4 is a note in music.
My 1 is a consonant.
My 2, 5 is a verb.
My 3, 2, 5 is to obstruct.
My 2 is a note in music.
My 1, 4, 3 is to enrage.
My 2, 4 are vowels.
My 3, 5 are consonants.
My whole is a title of respect.

Homer, N. Y., 1857. P

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WHEN A was married, he was three times as old as his wife, but when they had been married 48 years, he was only one one-half times as old. How old was each when married?

Brant, N. Y., 1857. W. J. CHAPIN.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Rebus in No. 378:—Sumner—Seward.

Answer to Scriptural Enigma in No. 378:—"Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

Answer to Mathematical Problem in No. 378:—The distance from the large end of the stick to the point of division, is 10.5091 feet nearly, or within 4-10 of a foot.

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I AM NOW MANUFACTURING THIS INVALUABLE MAchine, which plants the corn with no more labor than is usually spent in marking out the ground, (thus saving much cost and trouble,) it is also unsurpassed as a planter of beans, peas, and other seeds planted in drills

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For sale wholesale and retail. A full description of the machine, with testimonials, will be sent to all applicants.

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THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE HIS FARM, situated in FRIENDSHIP, four miles from that station, on the New York and Erie R. R. It contains 561 acres, of which 250 are well improved, and the balance well covered with beech, maple, oak and chestnut timber, suitable for fire-wood, staves, fencing, &c., for which there is a good market.

The buildings are a well finished two story dwelling, and a tenant house, with cellars, also seven barns nearly new, underplaned with stone, and in good repair. A durable stream of water crosses the farm, and it has good springs of soft water in various places. On the premises are 250 fruit trees, as apples, pears, cherries and plums, mostly grafted, and coming into bearing. The farm is better adapted to dairying than any other within ten miles, and nearly as well situated for market as Orange Co. If desired, a small stock of cows, young cattle, farm utensils, wagons, sleighs, &c., will be sold with the land. The land will be sold for twenty per cent less than its fair market value, and favorable terms, and time given for two-thirds of the purchase money. HENRY BAXTER.

Cuba, Alleg. Co., N. Y., Jan. 1, 1857. 36teow8

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HOW TO DO GOOD AND "GET PAID FOR IT."—TAKE an Agency for our publications. The terms are such there can be no *possibility of loss*. EVERY FAMILY will be glad to obtain some of them. For particulars address

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FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL.

FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF THOSE WHO LOVE the cultivation of Flowers, but who reside at a distance from where they can be procured, we have selected from our large assortment of *Flower Seeds* the most *showy varieties*, and those of *easy culture*—and put them up in assortments as follows, which will be sent, post-paid, to all parts of the Union at the following prices:

ASSORTMENT No. 1 consists of twenty choice varieties of Annuals, ... $1 00

ASSORTMENT No 2 consists of twenty choice varieties of Biennials and Perennials 1 00

ASSORTMENT No. 3 consists of ten extra fine varieties of Annuals and Perennials, embracing many of the new and choicest in cultivation 1 00

ASSORTMENT No. 4 consists of five very choice varieties, selected from Prize Flowers of English Pansies, German Carnation and Picotee Pinks, Verbenas, Truffaut's French Asters and Double Hollyhocks, each of which are sold at 25 cents singly 1 00

Persons in ordering will please give the number of the Assortment. Any person remitting Three Dollars will receive the four Assortments, postage free. Remittances can be made in bank bills or postage stamps.

Our descriptive Catalogue, of upwards of *Six Hundred* of the finest varieties of English, French and German Flower Seeds, (with many very select varieties of our own growth,) will be sent to all applicants who enclose a stamp to pre pay postage.

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EMERY'S CORN PLANTER AND DRILL SEED,
Manufactured at the Albany Ag'l Works, by
EMERY BROTHERS,

NO. 52 STATE STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.—THIS MAchine is somewhat in the form of a common wheelbarrow. It may be used as such by hand in gardens or patches where it is not practicable to use a horse, while in field planting a horse or mule may be used. It is light, but very strong, and simple in its construction. It opens the furrow, gauges and drops the seed, covers it and rolls it down.

For planting in hills or for drilling, it may be used for every kind or size of seed, from corn, beans, peas, &c., to the smallest garden seeds, and will separate with equal precision, whatever be the kind of seed or style of planting. Hills may be made at any distance apart from three inches to eight feet, and the same range of variations may also be made in drilling. The number of seed may be accurately ganged, as also may be the quantity of seed to the rod or acre, in the drill.

Seeds that will fall by their own weight are dropped by a wood cylinder having adjustible caps to measure or count the seeds as they are taken from the hopper, while light seeds, such as beet, carrot, parsnip, &c., are forced from the hopper by a brush cylinder, which causes them to drop with perfect accuracy and regularity. Any change in the Planter can be made in a few moment's time, and it may be instantly thrown out of gear when required to transport it from place to place.

This machine has been well known for several years, and bears a very excellent reputation. Many thousands of them are in use, and have received the unqualified approbation of all who have used them. We have greatly improved it from year to year, both in strength and workmanship, and now offer it to farmers and gardeners as the best, most useful, and nearest perfect thing of its kind extant.

One of the great advantages of this machine is that the hills are placed *absolutely in a line*, not varying a few inches to the right or left as when dropped by hand. This allows the Cultivator or Horse Hoe to run *close to the hills*,—the Cultivator may be expanded wider without danger of injuring the plants, thus leaving but little work for the hand hoe; even if there were rows two ways it would not be necessary to run the Cultivator both ways—and we would here remark that most agriculturists are satisfied that it is as *unnecessary* as it is *impracticable* to plant with a machine in rows *both ways*. The machine has yet to be invented that will plant *straight rows both ways*, and if the cross-rows are not *straight*, the advantages gained by running the Cultivator between them is not sufficient to compensate for the extra trouble and loss of time required to operate such a machine.

376e3w3t EMERY BROS, 52 State St., Albany, N. Y.

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MANUFACTURE IMPROVED RAILWAY HORSE Powers, Threshers and Separators, Combined Threshers and Winnowers, Clover Hullers, and Sawing Machines.

The undersigned having been twenty years engaged in building Horse Powers and Threshing Machines, feel confident, from past experience, and the numerous testimonials we are receiving from all parts of the country, of the superiority of our machines, that we can give satisfaction to all who may favor us with their orders. Our Horse Powers are made substantial, and so geared that it requires the team to travel only about 1¾ miles per hour, thereby making it suitable to work either horses or cattle on them. Our Threshers and Threshers and Winnowers are so constructed as to discharge all the grain and dust through the machine, and not into the feeder's face, as is usual with other kinds. The Thresher and Winnower has a revolving wire separator, which does the work more perfectly than can be done in any other way. The Separator (Riddle) has a fork straw shaker, which shakes the grain out of the straw, as it passes from the Thresher.

We warrant these machines to suit the purchaser upon trial, or they can be returned, and the money will be refunded.

G. WESTINGHOUSE & CO.

Schenectady, N. Y., March, 1857. 273-5w1am

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THE BEST LAND PLASTER.

I HAVE ANALYZED A SPECIMEN OF "VIENNA PLASTER OR GYPSUM," and also specimens of "CAYUGA" and "ONONDAGA PLASTER," and find them to yield respectively as follows:

VIENNA PLASTER.

Sulphate of Lime	70.92
Carbonate of Lime	4.45
Carbonate of Magnesia	1.50
Alumina	2.46
Silica	1.84
Protoxide of Iron	21
Water	18.33
Loss	29
	100.00

JAMES R. CHILTON, M. D., Chemist.
New York, March 19, 1854.

ONONDAGA PLASTER.

Sulphate of Lime	63.20
Sulphuric of Lime	1.01
Carbonate of Lime	6.30
Carbonate of Magnesia	1.60
Alumina	2.80
Silica	2.46
Water	22.10
Loss	24
	100.00

CAYUGA PLASTER.

Sulphate of Lime	50.40
Sulphuret of Lime	2.00
Carbonate of Lime	18.00
Carbonate of Magnesia	3.80
Alumina	4.00
Silica	4.40
Protoxide of Iron	32
Water	16.50
Loss	48
	100.00

JAMES R. CHILTON, M. D., Chemist.
New York, April 2, 1852.

It appears from the above analyses that the "VIENNA PLASTER" is superior for land to that of the Cayuga or Onondaga, inasmuch as it contains the largest per centage of the "SULPHATE OF LIME," which is the most beneficial property in land Plaster.

This plaster is kept constantly on hand at Geneva, Vienna, Canandaigua, Victor, Fishers and Pittsford.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LEADING WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Office, Union Buildings, Opposite the Court House.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

VOLUME VIII. NO. 16.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1857. {WHOLE NO. 380.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

SUN-FLOWER CULTURE

As a Preventive of the Ague and Fever.

SECOND ARTICLE.

OBSERVATORY, WASHINGTON, March 30, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR:—The time for the Spring attack upon those who had to "battle the watch" with Ague and Fever last fall, is drawing nigh—so also is the time for planting Sun-Flowers, as a barricade to the pestilence. A hedge of sun-flowers about the house, if they would keep the fevers and doctors away, is surely entitled to be considered as a sign of good husbandry, as well as a very profitable crop. For the purpose of satisfying those who are disposed to try the experiment as to the reasons for supposing an Anti-Ague and Fever virtue to reside in sun-flowers, perhaps you will allow me to state, in addition to what has already been said, other facts and circumstances that bear upon the subject.

About three years ago a party of officers, under command of THOS. J. PAGE, in the U. S. Steamer "Water-Witch," was dispatched to South America to explore the Rio de la Plata and its tributaries. The waters of that river flow south, and the country drained by it lies between the parallels of 15° and 36° 30′ South Latitude, which you observe include a region that, between the corresponding parallels of North Latitude, would be liable to yellow fever and intermittents of all sorts. Accordingly, when the officers got up into the country and saw the ponds and marshes there, they thought of ague and fever and began to anticipate "shakes" among the party,—for several of them were from corresponding latitudes in this country, and knew well what to expect from such looking places at home. They observed, however, that many of these ponds were covered with a thick growth of water lilies—and when they came to inquire of those living in the neighborhood of such ponds, they were told that no such thing as ague and fever was known there; where this growth was absent there intermittents were common.

I was relating this circumstance a short time ago to a gentleman from the South, when he told me of the following fact in confirmation:—His slaves were subject to ague and fever. He built a mill-dam, and put the miller and the miller's wife and children—slaves all—to live at the mill. The neighbors said—"You will ruin this family of slaves; they will be of no use to you, for they will be all the time sick with chills and fever." But he observed that his mill-pond was soon made green with water lilies, and the miller and his family are the only slaves on the plantation that regularly escape ague and fever. This was several years ago, and no case has been known to occur at the mill.

Now, here these water plants, with their broad, thick leaves, probably performed the office which is proposed for the sun-flowers. They are both great absorbents, and they appear equally fond of this miasmatic food, which seems to breed intermittents.

It is said that the President intends to abandon the "White House" next summer, on account of the liability of its occupants to chills and fevers, and to take up his residence in some part of the District beyond the influence of the marshes of the Potomac. Indeed, you often hear the opinion and wish expressed by residents that Congress should provide a summer residence for the President in some more healthy spot—within the limits of "the ten miles square"—than that in which his mansion stands.

Can water lilies be cultivated? If so, would it not be well to plant the Potomac marshes with them? They would, I suppose, answer better than sun-flowers to take from the air its ague poison, because they might catch "the ball at the first hop." Over-spreading the marshes they would absorb the miasma as it rises, and so prevent the seeds of disease from being disseminated through the air and over the city.

The prevailing winds here are from the West.—They come across the Potomac; yet the people who live on the other side of the river are also subject to ague and fever, though not so much as we are who live on the East side. Such facts as this, suggest the idea that the pestilence is diffused through the air by permeation, as well as by transportation on the wings of the wind.

Dr. GORDON, of Ohio, is making, at the instance of the American Medical Association, a series of investigations concerning cholera. I had the pleasure of a visit from him last winter,—and he suggested that the position of dwellings with regard to water might, irrespective of the winds, have an influence upon their healthiness. Let us take the situation of the Observatory to illustrate the character of "the destruction that walketh at noon-day." It is so situated with regard to the Potomac—being on a promontory—that the sun is reflected from the water upon it all day from about 10 A. M. 'till near sunset; so that, in the summer time especially, we have the rays of two suns playing upon us with terrific force—one from the sky, the other from the water. Sun-flowers could not counteract the influence of this sun in the water, but a grove of tall trees, near the waters' edge, probably would.

A striking illustration of this fact is offered by the Insane Asylum, three or four miles south of the Observatory and on the same side of the river, but having the water and the marshes to the north of it, and so situated that the reflection from the water is cast from, never towards the buildings. It is on a hill, like the Observatory, and about as high above tide; only it is a little further from the river with a grove of forest trees—virgin growth—between it and the water. A case of ague and fever, I am informed by Dr. NICHOLS the physician in charge, has never been known there. He has known of cases under the hill, but of none on the bluff.

This, it is true, is an isolated case, which establishes nothing. It suggests inquiry—that is all. What is the experience upon this subject among your country readers, who practice medicine in ague and fever districts? The experience of raft and flat-boat men teaches us that exposure to the reflected light and heat from the water is apt to bring on intermittents—and the danger of disease seems to be almost in regular but inverse proportion between the person and the water. It is well known that sailors, when in a row boat at sea, suffer much more from the heat, and burn more, than they do on the deck of their ship. Therefore, I suggest the inquiry among the country physicians as to their experience concerning the bearings of distance and direction from ponds or rivers upon the healthiness of a place. Upon which bank, the East or the West, of the Western rivers do the people suffer most from ague and fever?—and is this malady more prevalent in those houses which have water to the Southward and Westward, and so near that the reflection of the sun falls upon the house, or in those which are similarly situated with regard to water on the north, and from which reflected light cannot be cast upon them? Many of your readers are settling in the Western country and in selecting sites for their dwellings it would not be amiss for them perhaps to bear these conditions in mind.

However, it is useless to draw conclusions, or to speculate from such meager information as we possess upon these subjects. Inquiry, if it answer no other purpose, may serve to show in the first place how ignorant we are, and in the next to prove the want and necessity of a regular and systematic plan of Meteorological investigations throughout the whole country, which shall touch the hygeine as well as the convenience of the public, and the industrial pursuits of the people. It is refreshing to see the manner in which they are disposed to receive in England the proposition to extend Meteorological researches over the land.—Col. JAMES, of the Royal Engineers, who has charge of the Ordnance Survey of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, has just issued a large quarto volume* containing a series of admirably-kept Meteorological Observations at several points in Ireland, for a period of twenty-three years. In the introduction to this splendid work, he thus alludes to the plan of Meteorological co-operation and research which has been advocated with so much earnestness in the columns of the RURAL:

"In 1853 I had the honor, with Admiral BEECHEY, of being one of the representatives of Great Britain at the Maritime Conference at Brussels, which was held for the purpose of establishing an uniform system of Meteorological Observations at sea for all Nations; this Conference was attended by representatives from the principal nations in Europe, and at which the United States of America was so ably represented by Lieutenant MAURY, the National Astronomer at Washington. Since that time war unhappily for a period has prevented any combination amongst the leading Meteorologists for the purpose of extending the system of co-operation to the *Land* which has been adopted for the Sea, and which M. QUETELET, the distinguished President of the Brussels Conference, Lieutenant MAURY, and the most able Meteorologists in all parts of the world, are so desirous of seeing established.

"The period has now arrived when we may hope to see this co-operative system extended over the greater part of the world, when atmospheric phenomena may be traced from their origin and throughout their whole progress to their termination, and the physical laws which govern them be understood and explained, but this information can never be arrived at, except by combination amongst Nations; and knowing as we do, that it is not the want of instruments, or the want of observers that is required, or what is perhaps still more important, it is not a want of larger grants for this special object than are already given by almost every government, but simply a mutual interchange of the results of the observations taken in each country, on an uniform system to be agreed on at a Conference;—knowing this, and that so many distinguished scientific men in all parts of the world have the establishment of such a system so strongly at heart, I trust the next contribution of the Ordnance Survey to the science of Meteorology will be as a part of the contribution of this country, in the great combined system which I advocate."

But in urging such extension of the present system of Meteorological Research upon your readers, I hope you will not forget to ask them to give you, in the fall, the results of their sun-flower experiments. Yours, &c., M. F. MAURY.

* ORDNANCE SURVEY.—METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken during the years 1829 to 1852, at the Ordnance Survey Office, Phœnix Park, Dublin: To which is added a series of similar Observations made at the principal trigonometrical stations, and at other places in Ireland. Edited by Captain CAMERON, R. E., Lieut. Colonel HENRY JAMES, R. E., F. R. S., M. R. I. A., &c., Superintendent of the Ordnance Survey. Published by order of the Honorable Board of Ordnance. Dublin—1856.

ROOT CROPS.—CARROTS.

HAVING received many inquiries relative to the cultivation of carrots—the soil best adapted to their growth—varieties—nutritive properties, etc., we purpose to give a series of articles on the various root crops, their uses, peculiarities, and importance to the American farmer. We may premise, however, that the class of agriculturists who dread a *little extra labor* are entirely out of their element in the culture of any of these products—cleanliness and thoroughness will be found the Alpha and Omega of all the operations connected with their propagation.

It is but a few years since the production of roots as field crops began to receive the attention of our farmers, and within a short period the amount of land devoted to their culture has increased to a remarkable extent. Wheat has been considered the staple product of many portions of our country, but the Weevil having placed it among the *uncertainties*, the risks assumed in its growth, and the losses incurred by its failure during several years, have had a tendency to change the operations of a large number of our agriculturists, and brought to the mind of each the query—What shall we substitute for this cereal? In the vicinity of good markets, or on the line of railroads, stock-raising must prove remunerative, at the prices ruling at present, and which have been given for a considerable period. Numbers have embarked in the business, and as the various roots are essential to the pursuit of this branch of husbandry, many acres have been planted to carrots, turnips, beets, parsnips, &c. For the winter feeding, of even a small number of cattle, their value is but just beginning to be appreciated.—Their beneficial effects upon the health of animals receiving a daily ration is self-evident, while the manure heap—without which no farmer can expect to prosper—both in quality and quantity has been rendered doubly valuable. Every farmer possessed of stock, who takes the commendable pride of having them hearty and fine looking, as well as wishes to practice true agricultural economy, will devote a portion of his soil to the growth of roots. Their culture is said to be the "sheet anchor of English husbandry," and in some of the older States of the Union—where wheat-growing is out of the question—they are destined to occupy an equally important position.

The carrot delights in a deep, rich soil, loamy in character. Large crops have been gathered, however, from those of a clayey texture where the proper preparation has been given. Low lands are preferred by many—the seed requiring considerable moisture for its vegetation—but these, as well as all others, need thorough drainage and deep plowing. The best season for plowing is in the fall—the spring work consisting in rolling the land. When manure is applied it should be well rotted and incorporated with the earth. Getting the land in readiness is the farmer's own work, and it is well to remember that according to the completeness with which the task is performed will be the returns.

The common mode of seeding has been in drills, from 12 to 16 inches apart, and the after culture generally depended upon the hoe. In this manner a greater yield can be obtained per acre than where ridging is followed, but a large increase of labor is demanded. Ridging is performed by turning two furrows together, about two feet apart from top to top; the cultivator can then be freely used, and, compared with the former mode, the toil is light. The use of a drill expedites the work, but, as many soak the seed, it is a troublesome operation. Plaster, poudrette, ashes, or any dry fertilizing material, will assist in overcoming this difficulty. Warm water is used, and the length of time adopted by different cultivators for this operation varies from one to two days. If the weather proves unfavorable for planting when the seed is thus prepared, coat it with any of the materials before mentioned, set it in a cool place, and it will not receive injury for eight or ten days. Should it become sprouted, no damage will ensue. The advantage derived from thus preparing the seed is, the young plants grow more rapidly and get the start of weeds—which may, of all other things, be considered the bane of this crop. In level culture, owing to the slow growth of the carrot and the speedy production of weeds, it is difficult to recognize the young plants, and in hoeing they are liable to destruction—while, if early attention is not given them, the weeds will almost ruin the entire crop. Where this mode is pursued, many drop a few radish seed occasionally in order to designate the rows. Two pounds of seed per acre is the quantity generally used. Should the weather be dry immediately after planting, rolling will be found advantageous—if in drills, a light pressure should be given by treading, and then cover with earth.

Early in the season the farmer should be confident that the seed is of first quality. This can be tested by trying a few in a hot-bed. As soon as possible after all danger from frost is over, is the time usually chosen for sowing, though many do not plant until the latter part of May. The after culture consists in keeping the ground free from weeds and loose. In harvesting, run the plow at the side of the drills, and the roots can then be easily taken up by hand. Let the surface dry, and store in the same manner as potatoes.

As regards varieties, the *Long Orange* is most generally raised. It grows to a great length—sometimes, in favorable soils, being two feet long. The *White Belgian* reaches an enormous size—about as large as the Mangold Wurtzel—with from four to six inches of its upper portion out of the ground. It is coarser than the Orange and not as valuable for stock. The *Long Red*, except in color, resembles the Orange.

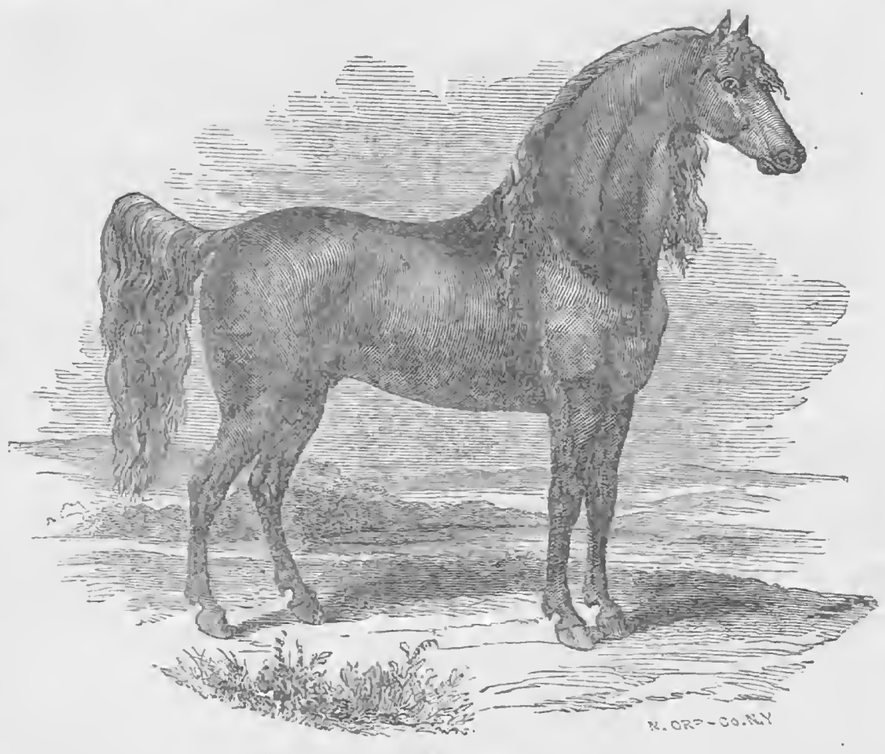
The chemical composition of the common carrot, as given by HERMBSTADT, is as follows:

Water	80.00
Gum	1.75
Starch and fibre	9.00
Albumen	1.01
Oil	0.35
Salts	—
Sugar	7.08
	100.00

The analysis of JOHNSTON differs somewhat from the preceding.

Water	85.00
Husk or woody fibre	3.00
Starch, Gum and Sugar	10.00
Gluten, Albumen, Legumin, &c.	2.00
Fatty matter	0.04
Saline matter	1.00

As regards their fattening properties, the analyses given exhibit but a small supply of the ingredients requisite for such purposes, but the experience of those who have thoroughly tested them as a food for horses, cows, and neat cattle, demonstrates their value, while many consider them superior to any other root for feeding these animals.



GIFFORD MORGAN, JR.

Now that the season has arrived when fine road and carriage horses are in demand, and the merits of the various breeds are being tested and discussed, we present our readers with a portrait and pedigree of another superior Morgan stallion. The portrait is certainly a very expressive one—indicating unusual spirit, action, symmetry and compactness, even for the Morgans, celebrated as they are for comprising more of these essentials, in a small compass, than any other breed of horses in this country.

This spirited illustration is one of the best in LINSLEY'S work on "Morgan Horses," recently published by SAXTON & Co.,—a volume heretofore commended to those of our readers interested in the subject. We annex the Pedigree, &c., of the horse represented, as follows:

GIFFORD MORGAN Jr., was foaled May 23d, 1850, the property of ELIJAH JUDSON, of Woodbury, Conn. Sired by Gifford, g. sire, Woodbury, g. g. sire, Justin Morgan. Dam, Ribbon Back, by Young Black Hawk; g. dam was taken from Vermont to Conn., in 1825, and was said to have been sired by the Justin Morgan. Gifford Morgan, Jr., is a jet black color, a little under 15 hands high, and weighs about 1,100 lbs. Is a free, pleasant traveler, and moves in good, bold style. Is very pleasant in his temper, perfectly tractable, and is a fine horse. He is now owned by Mr. H. B. MUNSON, and is kept at Keokuk, Lee County, Iowa.

TOBACCO AND ITS CULTURE.

THE culture of Tobacco is a subject on which we have said but little. Having no especial liking for the "weed," perhaps we have not given it that attention which its importance as a market crop demands. A number of unanswered inquiries now invite our attention particularly to the subject.—The tobacco grown at the north is most valuable when fit for cigar wrappers, and for this purpose a large broad leaf, with small veins, thin, and of a silky texture, is desirable. The smaller leaves, and those that are torn and discolored are used for other purposes, such as filling the commonest cigars, cutting for smoking, &c., and sell at a much lower price.

Good dry corn land raises the best tobacco. To grow a good crop of a ton to the acre requires very rich land. Well rotted stable, or hog manure should be used in abundance, and the ground be well prepared by plowing and dragging. The broad leaf variety is the best to sow, as it makes the best wrappers. Planters generally sow seed imported from Havana, as it produces a better tobacco than that matured in this country. This seed can be obtained at the principal seed stores, and a tablespoonful will produce plants enough

for two acres, and will require a seed bed eight by twenty feet. The seed should be sown in beds, selecting some warm, sheltered, and dry spot for the purpose, as soon as the frost is well out of the ground. The seed is very fine, and it may be mixed with sand, when it can be sown more evenly. The seed beds will require careful weeding.—From the first to the twentieth of June the plants will be ready to set in the field, which should be done on a damp day if possible. A few should be reserved in the seed-bed to replace those plants that may not grow, or be killed by the grub. In taking up the plants care should be exercised, so as to injure the roots as little as possible. The proper distance for planting is two feet apart in the rows, and the rows three feet. The after culture is similar to that for corn—keeping the the ground light, and the weeds destroyed. The hill, if any, around the plant must be low, or it will interfere with the lower leaves. The tobacco worm sometimes makes its appearance about the time of the second hoeing, eating holes in the leaves, and must be searched for on the under sides of the leaves and destroyed.

As soon as the flower buds appear, the tops must be broken off three leaves below the buds, which will increase the growth of the lower leaves. This topping causes shoots to start out at the base of each leaf, and these shoots must be broken off in about eight days after the topping, or they, too, injure the growth of the leaves, and still further injure them in curing.

The time for cutting the crop is from the fifth of September to the 15th, in about 12 or 15 days after topping. The plant should be cut with a hatchet between the lower leaves and the ground, and be allowed to lay on the ground long enough to wilt the leaves, so that they may be handled without breaking, but not exposed to the noon-day sun, or they will become scorched and worthless. It is necessary, therefore, to cut early in the morning or the evening, and in either case it should be housed before noon. In all the operations care must be taken not to tear or injure the leaves.

Curing the tobacco requires great care. As soon as gathered it must be hung on poles in a tobacco house or shed, the butts being fastened to the poles and the points hanging downwards. The plants are fastened to the poles with twine, about six inches apart, and the poles about one foot apart. It will be necessary to have a circulation of air through the building, but when the wind is high, unless the building is closed, the leaves will be injured. As soon as sufficiently cured, it must be taken down and the leaves stripped from the stalks. It will generally be in this state, about the first of December. If, on a dry day the leaf stalk will break from near the butt, it is sufficiently cured to take down and strip. The tobacco grower, while stripping assorts into different grades, the largest, soundest and best colored leaves being put in the first class, and the narrow, torn and light colored leaves make the second class. Some growers make three grades. There is a good deal of difference in the value, the price ranging from five to twelve cents a pound. After the leaves are assorted, they are made into "hands," by taking a large handful, with the butts even, and binding a leaf around, so as to hold them together. These "hands" are then packed away in a stack, with the butts and the points of the leaves overlapping each other, and in this way the leaves will be kept soft and pliable, and the butts be more thoroughly cured. Tobacco should not be handled when it is dry and harsh, and all handling is better done on a damp day.

The last and most important operation is *sweating*. This operation is thus performed. Boxes are made about two feet four inches by three feet six inches. Into these boxes the "hands" of tobacco are placed in lengthwise of the box, the butts at the end. In this way the box is filled. A heavy "follower" of two inch plank just made to fit the inside of the box is then pressed upon it with a lever or screw. The top or "follower" is then removed, and more tobacco put in and pressed, and so on until the case is full of pressed tobacco, and these cases will generally contain from three to four hundred pounds. After the box is full the "follower" is removed, and the cover nailed on, and the cases packed away in a dry close building, where they must remain during the next summer, until fall, when the tobacco is fit for market.—When packed for sweating the tobacco should be soft and pliable without being wet or sticky. Any that appears the too damp may be packed at the top or sides of the box or dried.

We have answered several inquiries in this brief article—another is received just before going to press, which we answer—Tobacco grows well on interval or muck land, but the leaves are thick, and burn with a black ash, and are disliked. For further facts get pamphlet advertised March 14.

Communications.

GENESEE WHEAT.

Eds. Rural:—By looking over the "Commercial records" of eastern daily papers and "Telegraph reports" in our western papers, the general reader will notice the fact, that "Genesee Extra" no longer takes *full precedence* among eastern buyers and consumers, as the *best* "Family Flour."—Previous to the *wet harvest* of 1855, no flour could supercede "Genesee as regards quality. All naturally inquire the cause. The farmer who takes his "grist" of four, six or ten bushels of wheat, is *sure* to caution the miller to make good white flour—"He is tired of eating dark bread," &c., &c.

The wheat of the last harvest is not of as good quality as Genesee wheat was two and three years ago. Farmers as well as others, will readily admit this as a fact. The reason may be traced to two causes. First, the aggressions of the "weevil" (which prevail east of the "Genesee river and north of the ridge," more than with the farmers in Genesee Co.,) causing a great many berries to assume a stunted or blasted appearance, the flour of the same, being defective, while the hull is thicker and not healthy. Second, and I believe more generally in those localities where the weevil has barely commenced its ravages, the reason is traceable to the *seed used*. I do not wish to "harp" upon that which is irremediably passed, but at the time when the "germination of sprouted wheat" was written about and talked about, a worthy correspondent of Wheatland gave the result of his experiment. All readers of the Rural were pleased with the result at the time, for a very great expense was thereby lifted from the shoulders of Genesee farmers, who supposed it would be necessary to buy foreign wheat for seed. At that time some fellow townsmen of mine, were dealing in Canada wheat, and some fine samples of *white wheat* were sold to various farmers in this section, who reasoned like this, "the more perfect the seed sown, the better would be the quality of the wheat harvested."

This has proved true in all the instances of which I have been made acquainted, and assuming that *their* reasoning was correct, (and does not the result in Western New York show it?) it would have been for better if all farmers had sown perfect seed. A circumstance happened about twelve years since, (I am not positive as to date) which may not be amiss in explanation. The late Josiah Howell, Esq., of Chili, Monroe Co., N. Y., was then doing an extensive business in raising wheat, and while drawing his wheat "to the mill," he made the remark that "he had but a small quantity of wheat, for the number of acres sown." My father asked of him the cause; he replied "that the previous year he had a quantity of sprouted grain, which he was satisfied would germinate, and had sown it pretty generally on his farms." The result was "half a crop," and, as he said, "if he had thrown the seed into Black Creek, he would have had a *better* crop." These remarks may be untimely, but spring is nearly half gone, summer will soon be passed, and seed time will come so soon that all will not be ready for its return.

Batavia, N. Y., 1857. S. B. P.

BARLEY.--QUANTITY OF SEED PER ACRE.

Eds. Rural:—I was much pleased to see in the Rural, your well-timed articles on Barley, the soil adapted to its growth, and its proper cultivation; for according to present indications, barley must be the staple production in our wheat-growing sections. But it is a valuable crop for the cultivator, even when we can grow wheat; for it is the best spring crop to sow wheat after, providing that the ground is rich and clean.

But I differ from you in opinion as to the quantity of seed that it is best to sow per acre. I consider one and a half bushels per acre, *if evenly sown*, better than more. It is my impression that there is generally more injury to the crop by sowing too much than too little seed. It is never profitable to over-tax the soil. But it is useless for farmers to altercate about those facts which cannot be known but by experience, and each cultivator must settle them for himself, and be his own judge as to what it is best for him to do, and how to do it.

Any one who has a field, uniform in soil and condition, which he intends to sow with barley, can try the effect of the different quantities of seed sown per acre. Let him sow one ridge (or land) at the rate of one bushel per acre, another at two bushels, and a third at three bushels—then watch the result very carefully and endeavor to ascertain the exact quantity that each ridge produces, and publish the result in the Rural, and it may stimulate others to try the same experiment.

But I will suggest a plan to all, or any one who will take the trouble to do it, that would be more satisfactory and more likely to settle the question of quantity of seed per acre. After the barley is well up select two pieces in the same field as uniform as you can judge them to be for equal production; mark out exactly a square yard, (or any quantity desired,) in each piece, but be careful that they are exactly of the same dimensions. Then pull out of the one patch every other spear, so as only to leave the half of the quantity to grow in one patch that there is in the other. At harvest, before you cut the surrounding grain, cut those pieces uniform in height from the ground, and weigh each parcel, straw and grain, then thresh it and weigh the grain, and it will give something of an idea how much it is best to sow per acre.

April, 1857. W. G.

SPONTANEOUS PRODUCTION.

In the month of May, 1792, my father, with a couple of men for "help," came to the farm on which I now reside, for the purpose of commencing the improvement, or "clearing" it, preparatory to a settlement with his family the ensuing year. His land was then covered with a *dense* forest, and the nearest "squatter" was, at the least, one mile and a half *West* from his location. East, North and South no one was within fifteen miles. Wishing to raise a few vegetables for use during the summer, he cut and burned the "underbrush," &c., from a small piece of flat land beside a rivulet which ran past the spot which he had selected for the site of his "cabin." In the "virgin" soil he planted various kinds of garden seeds, which soon came up and grew well. But he was very much surprised to see that *white clover* had sprung up in the places where he had burned the brush heaps, *(and in those only,)* almost as soon as the garden seeds which he had planted. He informed me that he was perfectly satisfied no clover seed of any kind had then been brought to that place by human or other agency, and he could not imagine why the plant had sprung up there so soon, unless it was from "*spontaneous production*; a *hypothesis* in which neither my father nor *myself*, were inclined to believe.

My father was a close observer, in no wise credulous, *and not easily mystified*,—always ready to give a sound and good reason for the "faith that was in him;" and noted for being particular to sow and plant *only the purest and best seeds of all kinds*.—But he admitted that he was most completely nonplussed by seeing the white clover springing up, and growing most luxuriantly among the ashes of his first burned brush heaps, as he believed, *without the possibility that the seed* could have been scattered there. Another singular circumstance was that the clover came up *only* on the spots where the brush heaps had been burned—none being found in any other part of the garden.

Upon this statement of facts, I should be pleased to be enlightened by some of those professors who, I discover, hold to the theory, (or rather supposition,) that plant seeds may lay dormant *thousands of years*, and then, suddenly spring into life to the amazement of those who are not sufficiently scientific to solve the mysteries of nature. 'Hiel.

Seneca Co., 1857.

CARE OF YOUNG COLTS.

A "Subscriber" at Oberlin, inquires through the Rural if there is any danger of feeding young colts too many oats the first winter? "A. T." answers, that there is danger of feeding too many, and advises one quart a day with ashes and hemlock leaves occasionally, but gives neither facts or experiments as a basis of his opinion. Now facts are always better than theories, and *my opinion*, based upon actual experience and test is, that there is far more danger of feeding *too few* than too many.

A few years since I raised a colt from a favorite mare, and prizing it very highly, I was anxious to take extra care of it, but my wise neighbors told me I must not feed it grain the first winter, as it would always require grain thereafter to keep in good condition, but "let it pick for itself the first winter, and after that, it will do to take good care of it." This was, and still is, the prevailing opinion, but it is not good sense nor my experience.

During the first winter this colt was kept in the barn, and had access to the manger of his mother and ate oats with her twice a day, and as she was liberally fed, he generally got all he would eat.—He kept in fine condition all winter, and when grass came in the spring he was in good condition to "*pick for himself*"—was as fat as a fattened pig, and continued so ever after, never losing his flesh materially even on ordinary keeping. He was a horse of wonderful endurance and the easiest kept horse I ever knew. Since that time, I have raised, more or less every year, treating them in a similar way, and always with equally good success.

I have a horse now, five years old, which, during his first winter, had all the oats he would eat, besides being treated frequently to a mess of shorts and cut potatoes for a change. He came out in the spring as fat and smooth as an otter, and has continued so to this day, though he has never eaten a quart of grain of any kind since the first winter—during the past winter he has eaten only hay and corn stalks, and yet is in fine condition for market.

Colts are generally weaned in the fall when grass is neither sweet nor plenty, and it must be evident to every one that there is no time in the life of the animal, when it needs such special care and kind nursing, as when it is first put away from its mother and required to "*pick for itself*."

I have several colts now on my farm, of different ages, all reared in the same way which I shall be happy to exhibit as proofs of the correctness of the practice. A. C. Harris.

Toledo, Ohio, 1857.

BEAN CULTURE.

Eds. Rural:—After reading in one of the late numbers of the Rural, the experience of a farming friend on bean growing, I feel inclined to give a short account of a bean crop raised by myself in the summer of 1855. I plowed four acres of newly stocked clover and fitted it in good order, upon which, on the 25th of May, I planted three bushels of medium-sized white beans. I used a drill that planted two rows at a time, at a distance of 2½ feet apart. The soil was of a sandy loam and had never been manured. The account of labor, &c., stands as follows:

Dr.—4 days plowing and dragging	$ 8 00	
3 bush. seed, at $2	6 00	
1 day planting	2 00	
2 days cultivating	3 00	
5 days hoeing	5 00	
6 days pulling	6 00	
3 days drawing	4 00	
5 days threshing	5 00	
Cleaning and marketing	3 50	
Interest on land at $70 per acre	19 60	—$ 62 10
Cr.—94 bush. beans at $2 per bush	188 00	
2¼ tuns of bean straw	9 00	— 197 00
Total profits		$134 90
Profit per acre		33 72

I would by no means have any one infer from this, that I am always as successful, yet I think that there is no crop, that will pay the farmer more bountifully than the bean, if the soil be right and they secure proper attention. From a number of years experience I should say that beans ought to be planted the latter part of May, and that not less than a bushel of seed per acre should be used. I think that if I had planted more seed my crop would have been far more profitable.

In raising this crop the farmer can pay for his labor quicker than in almost any other, and perhaps I reckoned interest on my land for a longer time than should have been done, for instead of being a year growing a crop, you can plow, plant, harvest, and market in the short space of 90 days.

West Gaines, Orleans Co., N. Y., 1857. E. B.

CORN vs. ROOT CROPS.

Eds. Rural:—I am sorry W. J. P., thinks I meant to insinuate anything to his prejudice,—from his using the stereotyped arguments in the favor of growing roots, one might infer little practical experience to speak from—but his second communication, sets us right again. If one has land "in the highest tilth—plowed 12 inches deep and highly manured"—he may, and ought to succeed better than I did. I was speaking of such land and labor as I would give to corn, and comparing the two corps. I mean to "try again," and give extra manuring and preparation, and hope to report "better luck next time."

J. C., of Troy, also refers to my communication, and gives some valuable information on the subject of Carrots and Mangold Wurtzels. I like the white sugar beet very well, and mean to try it again another year. The trouble of late years, is to keep roots through the winter—such "below zeroish" weather crawls through cellar walls and thick bedding of earth. If thawed in the dark and covered pretty well from the air, they do not seem injured materially thereby, but it is more convenient to have food keeping with less trouble. In extreme cold weather, too, they would freeze on the way from the cellar to the stomachs of the stock.

The best use of root crops, as far as I can learn, is for the fall and spring feeding of stock—In extreme cold weather they are said to be of too watery a nature to keep up the requisite vital heat of the animal consuming them largely. It remains, however, a question needing further and careful experiment. E. F.

Niagara Co., April, 1857.

Rural Notes and Items.

The Poultry Yard.—Hens will lay in spring, any way, whatever may be their inclinations in cold winter weather. But they will lay many more and better eggs if well fed,—and the same is true of ducks and geese.

The Calf Pen.—One is too often pained on going into barns at this season, to find a calf or two, shut up in some corner stall and left with very little attention to either comfort or cleanliness.—Do not be sparing of the straw-stack—give litter, and use the shovel often enough, at any rate, to keep the pen dry—for your own comfort as well as that of the animal.

Care of Early Lambs.—A pint of oat-meal scalded in two quarts of water, makes a fine slop for ewes who chance to have early lambs. Good water should be supplied freely, and as much fine hay as they will eat. Lambs a month old, will begin to nibble at good hay pretty earnestly, though, of course, they could not live on such food, alone.

Questionable!—Whether the practice of selling off the hay and grain from a farm, without a return of the manure it would make, comes under the head of *good farming?* To keep up the fertility of the land, these articles should be consumed as far as may be upon it, and the refuse and manure be carefully saved and returned for its enriching. Let us *take thought* of these things.

Wool Growing in the South.—A gentleman who has been engaged in the wool growing business in Tennessee, and who has recently traversed Northern Alabama, informs the Mobile *Tribune* that the raising of sheep in that State would be more profitable than the culture of cotton. Thousands of acres, fit for nothing else but sheep pastures, could be had for 12½ cents per acre.

Maple Sugar.—The N. Y. Tribune estimates that seventy million pounds of maple sugar have been made this year, and estimating it at ten cents per pound, its value is seven million dollars. The labor bestowed on this production, if applied in any other direction, on the farm, the *Tribune* thinks would not result in products equal to three million dollars in value.

An Exhibition of Stallions is announced to take place on the Fair Grounds of the Columbia Co. Ag. Society, under the auspices of the Board of Managers, on the 6th day of May ensuing. The show is designed for the display of the Stallions of Columbia and adjoining counties, "and of such of their stock as the owners may desire—thus affording to the breeders of stock a favorable opportunity of choice and observation, and to all owners of valuable stallions, of the several classes, an opportunity for exhibition." A good idea.

Mass. Ag. Report.—We are indebted to its author (C. L. Flint, Esq.,) for a copy of the "Fourth Annual Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, with Accompanying Documents, for the year 1856." It is a handsome pamphlet volume of about 350 pages. Most of the volume is occupied with an able and practical Treatise on Grasses and Forage Plants, comprising their natural history, comparative value, cultivation, cutting and curing, and the management of grass lands—illustrated with engravings of many of the grasses, and several haying implements and machines. The Treatise is a valuable contribution to our Rural Literature.

Cultivation of the Sun-Flower.—"A Western Reader" writes:—"As many of the readers of the Rural would like to try Lieut. Maury's Sun-Flower experiment, for the sake of the profit as well as health, will you or some of your subscribers give us through the Rural, some information as to its culture as a field crop? What is considered a good yield per acre, where a good market is to be found?"

— Any of our friends who can do so, will please respond. We also have some inquiries as to where, and at what price, Sun-Flower seed can be obtained. We fear there is little or none to be had — at least not one-tenth enough to supply the demand caused by the publication of Lieut. M.'s articles, which, we are glad to notice, are being widely copied and attracting merited attention.

The Rural Impartial.—This journal always has been, is, and will probably continue to be, entirely disconnected from any Ag. Warehouse, Seed Store, Nursery, or other business which would render it for our pecuniary interest to use its pages as a medium of specially commending or continuously advertising the wares of any particular establishment. Our special and sole business is to edit and publish an Agricultural and Family Newspaper—and to *excel* therein, if possible—and albeit we *might* resist temptation, even if connected with a more profitable establishment, we do not believe it would comport with our duty to subscribers and the public to engage in any business which would interfere with our labors or affect our judgment or independence as a journalist. We cannot say, in the language of a contemporary, that "*we have no business whatever*," for we find that the Rural alone is becoming an institution which requires a vast amount of labor and close attention.

These remarks are made, not only for the information of such as occasionally write us under the impression that we may be connected with Implement, Seed or Nursery establishments, but for the *special benefit* of those who wish us to engage in items and branches of business which could be largely extended by noticing and advertising in a journal of such wide and extensive circulation as the Rural. Though we have had many very advantageous offers to embark in such branches of trade, we have ever preferred and still prefer to keep entirely aloof—thus preserving our impartiality, and independence of outside interests or influences. Though more money could be made by accepting this or that proposition to connect ourselves with a business which could be materially augmented through the aid of the Rural, we consider it more important that its pages should remain, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion.

Cultivation of Flax in Ohio.—Mr. Jonah Woodward, of North Jackson, Mahoning county, furnishes the Commissioner of Patents an interesting description of the cultivation of flax in that State. He remarks that three pecks of seed is sown to the acre, which yields from six to twelve bushels of flax-seed, the price of which per bushel is $2 25. From one to two tuns of flax-straw are obtained from each acre, the price of which per tun is $3 50 to $7, according to quality. This straw is manufactured into tow for the rope works and paper mills of the Eastern cities. Mr. W. had received from a California friend some California flax seed, which he believes to be superior to the varieties which he has heretofore cultivated, and which makes more oil to the bushel.

Murrain in Cattle.—A very fatal disease, called murrain, is raging among the cattle in several parts of Europe. What the character of the disease is, we do not at present understand, as the term "murrain" is popularly applied to various maladies. The subject has attracted attention in England, and the Government has been solicited to prohibit the importation of stock from the continent. Prof. Simonds, however, the consulting veterinary surgeon to the Royal Agricultural Society, advises that an exact knowledge of the true pathology of the disease be obtained before deciding to exclude foreign animals from the English markets.

Government Lands.—An intelligent and reliable friend writes to us as follows, from Iowa:—"There are no Government Lands in Iowa subject to private entry with either Land Warrants or money, except by pre-emption settlement. And I think there is none in Wisconsin or Minnesota. Our people have given, in Land Warrants and Railroad grants, land enough to clear the market for years. There are already more than warrants enough in this State to secure all the land coming into market in May. So it will be useless for any individual to send on money to buy land. An individual can secure 160 acres by pre-emption and pay for it with a warrant."

Maine State Fair.—The *Rural Intelligencer* says that about twelve thousand dollars have been subscribed by the citizens as an indemnifying pledge to the Trustees of the Maine State Agricultural Society, if they will appoint the next Annual Fair in Augusta.

Agriculture is the true foundation of wealth; the sea renders her tribute, but the earth presents to skill and industry richer, and infinitely varied contributions;—money is not wealth.

The Young Ruralist.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Young Men be industrious. If you are prodigal of time and do no not know what use to make of it, you will contract bad habits of which it will be no easy matter to rid yourselves. It is well to look forward to the future and mark the evils resulting from an idle life. Think of the time when you will begin to act for yourselves in the more trying scenes in after years. Think what will be your character and reputation then if you waste your days in trifles and follies, but if industry is stamped upon your characters great will be your enjoyment. You will not only be respected and beloved, but you will never lack for employment.

It is with more grief and pain than I can express, when I see the growing disposition in all directions to avoid agricultural pursuits and rush into the over-crowded professions, because a corrupt and debasing fashion has thrown around them the tinsel of imaginary respectability. It is upon agriculture that we mainly depend for our prosperity, and sad will be the day when it falls into disrepute. The cultivators of the earth are the most valuable citizens; they are the most independent, and they are tied to their country and wedded to its liberty and interest by the most lasting bonds. You may hear from me again.—E. Smith, *East Bloomfield, N. Y., March*, 1857.

RURAL LIFE.

Aside from the solid benefits of rural life, so numerous and valuable, there are many joys that light up the countenance and fill the eye with gladness. What is more cheering, and what more healing to the bruised spirit, what more creative of beauty in the inner life, what more creative of calm serenity in the soul, than meadow scenery or a walk by the side of the gentle brook, overhung with flowers, brooks transparent as sunlight, flowers colored by Nature's own matchless hand.—What condition in life can boast of more than a walk in the leafy wood, or

"Where kids and lambkins play,
And fruits and flowers commingled grow."

Rural life was the patriarchal choice. Eve, in her sinless simplicity, dressed the garden, and Abel offered of the firstlings of his flock. Removed from the wild confusion of the crowded street—disengaged from a community, running riot in artificial luxury—preserving one's own individuality from the insatiate maw of a frenzied populace—standing alone, surrounded only with Nature's primitive beauties, who need ask a happier lot?—E. G. R.

GROWING ONIONS.

Eds. Rural:—As I am adventurous, and like to try experiments, and see what things will come to, I have grown onions, and as I see the men are talking in the Rural about growing onions, I thought I would tell you how I do it. As soon as the ground will permit, I plow deep, and manure well, then drag down and furrow out in beds 8 or 10 feet wide. This done, I procure a board as long as the width of the bed, and about 15 inches wide. Place it on the bed and plant the onions (potato onions) 6 inches apart near the edge of the board, and cover smooth. Then turn over the board and proceed as before. This will leave the beds in very nice order. Two years ago I planted one bushel of small potato onions, and they produced 12 bushels of large ones. Boys, try this, it pays well.—S. Wakelee, *Rochester, N. Y., March*, 1857.

Orchard and Garden.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—No. VI.

ORNAMENTAL SHRUBS.

AMONG the Ornamental Shrubs, there are so many beautiful varieties that are perfectly hardy and of the most easy culture, that there is no excuse for a bare lawn, or ill-looking shrubbery.

THE LILACS are universal favorites. The common purple is very fine, the white is good for a variety. The Persian white and purple are good, but not much better than the common.

THE SNOW BALL is about as common as the Lilacs, and too well known to need a description. This plant looks best when trained as a miniature tree.

THE PURPLE, OR VENETIAN SUMACH, is a popular shrub, remarkable for its curious brown, hair-like flowers that covers the plant in July, making it to appear as if surrounded with smoke, and causing it to be sometimes known as the *smoke tree*.

THE FLOWERING CURRANTS we described pretty fully in a previous number of the RURAL. The variety known as *Ribes Gordoni* is the best for general cultivation. The yellow flowering is a well known common shrub.

THE DOUBLE-FLOWERING DWARF ALMOND is a very pretty dwarf shrub, covered in April with small double rose-colored flowers, about the size and somewhat resembling the double daisy. The branches look like wreaths of miniature roses.

THE SYRINGAS.—The common sweet-scented syringa is well known, and is found in almost every collection of shrubs. There is a double-flowering, and a dwarf variety, both fragrant; and one with large white flowers without odor.

THE ALTHEAS are particularly desirable, as they bloom late in autumn when flowers are scarce.—There are several varieties, both single and double, and the flowers have much the appearance of the blossom of the Hollyhock. They are very pretty shrubs, attaining the height of seven or eight feet.

THE PURPLE-LEAVED MAHONIA is one of the finest of evergreen shrubs, particularly for a northern climate. It is a low spreading shrub, with leaves of a purplish color, and an abundance of showy yellow blossoms in the spring.

THE JAPAN QUINCE is a prickly irregular growing bush, covered in April with brilliant scarlet flowers.

THE ROSE-COLORED WIEGELA is one of the most beautiful of our shrubs, bearing fine clusters of rose colored flowers in the spring.

THE UPRIGHT HONEYSUCKLES are tall, erect growing shrubs, attaining the height of eight or ten feet. The plants are covered in the spring with small, delicate flowers.

THE AFRICAN TAMARIX is a very pretty shrub with delicate foliage, somewhat resembling the Juniper, bearing five spikes of delicate rose-colored flowers.

THE BERBERRY.—There are several varieties of the Berberry. The purple-leaved is one of the finest, having yellow flowers and purple fruit.

THE WHITE FRINGE is a very large shrub, with very singular white flowers, looking very much like cut paper.

THE EUONYMUS make very pretty small trees, and are very beautiful, particularly in the autumn, when the seed vessels become a bright red.

SPIRÆA LANCEOLATA.

THE SPIRÆA.—There are many varieties of this genus, and most of them very desirable shrubs.—The *Lanceolata*, an engraving of the blossom of which we give, we consider one of the most desirable. The whole plant is covered in May with innumerable clusters of snow-white flowers, giving the branches the appearance of wreaths, for which purpose the children gather them, to adorn their heads or the school room. The *Douglassi* is a good sort, with spikes of rose-colored flowers in the fall.

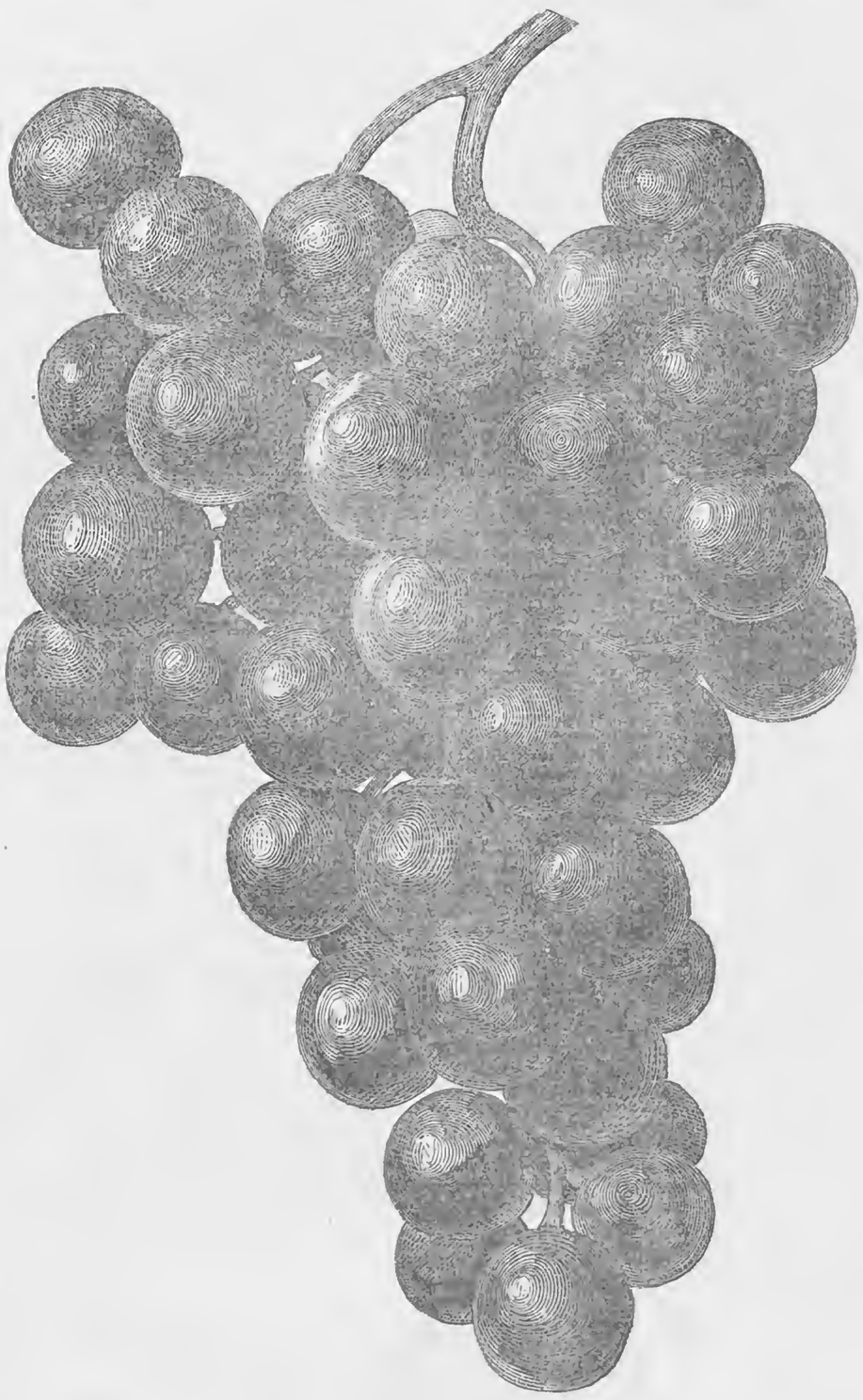
The shrubs we have described are all perfectly hardy in a northern climate, and though we might name many more, we have given enough to beautify the lawn or garden, and as many as most of our readers perhaps will desire to cultivate.

RHUBARB.—How should the Rhubarb be cultivated to avoid the *rough* taste, or is it natural?—It is a fine vegetable were it not for the persimmon taste it leaves *behind*. Please answer the above questions and oblige yours.—T. S., *Lownes, Co., Miss.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—The astringent taste of the Rhubarb is natural, and not disagreeable to most persons.

TO AVOID THE RAVAGES OF BUGS ON VINES.—Having read the communications in your valuable paper on the bug question, I will offer to the readers of the RURAL my experience. On preparing for vines, in my garden, I lay off a square from 9 to 15 feet, and plant for a border around the square the common low beans, then plant my vines in hills three feet apart and drop in a few beans about the hills, and let them grow until the bug time is over, then pull them up. In this way, I never fail in raising good vines.—L. LEWIS, *Coventry, N. Y.*, 1857.

CROWDED OUT.—Several answers to inquiries and other important articles, crowded out of this department, will receive attention next week.



THE CONCORD GRAPE.

THE GRAPE AND ITS CULTURE.

CONCORD GRAPE.

OUR readers will see that we give them this week, a fine engraving of a bunch of the Concord Grape. It is large and very beautiful, and some two weeks earlier than the Isabella. It is not quite equal to the Isabella in flavor, but is very valuable, particularly in sections where that variety will not ripen. It was raised from seed by WM. BULL, of Massachusetts, and is placed upon the list of the American Pomological Society as *promising well*.

AT the introduction of almost every new fruit, there are various opinions in regard to its value: many, on a short acquaintance, giving it a character which further knowledge proves it unworthy of, while others, more cautious, hardly do justice to its real merits. In the above brief remarks, we think we have given the true character of the Concord Grape. At the last meeting of the American Pomological Society, the following are the opinions expressed in regard to it:

Mr. Downing, of Newburgh, had found it a little larger, and ten days earlier than the Isabella, but of not so good quality.

Mr. E. C. Frost, of Catharine, had fruited it for the first time this year, and it had ripened six days before the Isabella.

Mr. Reid, of New Jersey, had also fruited it but once. He considered it very hardy, a free grower, nearly as good as the Isabella, and a week earlier.

Mr. H. E. Hooker, of Rochester, said that it had ripened with him at the same time as the Isabella, and was nearly as good.

PROFITABLE CULTURE OF THE ISABELLA.

THE question was asked in your paper, "*Can the Isabella Grape be profitably cultivated in Western New York?*" The past dry season has fully settled the question in my mind, particularly on our dry, porous, sandy, gravelly ridges along the lake shore. At Cincinnati, the soil of most of their vineyards is trenched two or three feet deep, at an expense of $200 per acre, to insure a continuation of good crops. Here we have only to put our vines into the ground, and they will in a few days strike down many feet into our loose soils. The past season was unusually dry, and the most severe upon trees ever known here, killing many forest trees. I have a five-acre lot that was planted to corn this year and well tilled, yet it was an entire failure from the severe drouth. On one side of the field bounded by a highway, I have a row of chestnut trees planted once in eight feet, with a grape vine five years old at the root of each tree. Now, notwithstanding the drouth ruined my corn, and was so severe as to kill entirely about one-sixth part of my row of chestnut trees, my grapes in this row were first rate, and really worth more than all my field of corn. The row of grapes were not cultivated, as they grew in the corners of a crooked rail fence, and all the labor bestowed on the row of vines was about one day in trimming and tieing to poles running across the corners of the fence.

Last April I planted an acre with Isabella grapes, two year old plants. I estimated in the fall, that the grapes would pay the labor of putting out the first year. I weighed the product of several vines. On two vines the grapes weighed 1¾ lbs. each; several weighed 1¼ lbs.; a great many vines produced one pound of good grapes. So much for the first year after putting out, and a dry soil and season too.

More than twenty years I have been engaged in fruit growing, and although all other fruit crops occasionally fail, yet I have never known, in twenty years, an entire failure of the grape crop. I challenge the county of Chautauque to show as much clear profit from a given piece of land, as can be shown here in Portland for twenty years past from a vineyard of the Isabella Grape. Some of our fruit crops will perhaps be overdone—the grape never can. But few of our people know its value.—LINCOLN FAY, *Portland, Chaut. Co., N. Y.*

NORTHERN MUSCADINE GRAPE.

MR. EDITOR:—For ten years I have been engaged in the culture of the grape and other fruits, and whenever a new grape is sent to a Horticultural Society for their honest and impartial opinion, await the result with impatience, and if they report favorably, I purchase it at once regardless of the cost. This course I have invariably pursued and am happy to state that I never yet have had cause to regret so doing. The article in your paper of April 4th, emanating from the Shakers of New Lebanon in relation to the decision of the American Pomological Society on the merits of the Muscadine grape, is, in my humble opinion, a reflection on the ability of that honorable body, composed as it is of the most distinguished pomologists in America. It is presumptuous, even, to suppose that men who make it their pleasure and business to hunt up and obtain everything in the way of fruit that has any pretensions to merit, should make a "*mistake*" in the identity of this grape; and this grape, as they assert, has been in cultivation for fifteen years. Can it be possible that a grape of so much merit as the Shakers claim this to possess, should fail to be appreciated by our most experienced fruit growers? If I am not greatly mistaken, certain gentlemen who helped give the decision complained of, have been present at other times previous to the one named, when a similar verdict has been given.

For many years I have been a careful reader of the reports of the various Horticultural Societies, and I must confess that I never yet have heard or seen a report where a responsible Society have even recommended it for "especial localities."—The Horticulturist of January 1856, page 52, gives the report of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society in relation to the Muscadine as follows: "The Secretary stated that since the last meeting he had received a box containing clusters of the *Early Northern Muscadine Grape*, with a specimen of wine made of grape, from D. J. Hawkins and P. Stewart, of New Lebanon, N. Y., with a request to submit them to the inspection of the Committee on Fruits, which he did accordingly: and the Chairman reports that, after a careful examination by the taste, &c., (the odor could not be mistaken,) they were clearly of opinion that the plant is a seedling of the worthless Fox Grape of our woods, and not deserving a place in any catalogue as desirable for culture, and no more to be compared to our Isabella or Catawba than a Chicken Grape to the White Muscat of Alexandria, and consider it a duty to stamp with emphatic reprobation any attempt to introduce for cultivation an article so utterly destitute of value as the so-called Northern Muscadine."

At the meeting of the Society in Rochester last fall in relation to this grape, "Mr. Thomas was much surprised at the pertinacity of the Shakers in recommending this grape so highly. It was as he had frequently told them, no other than the common *brown* Fox grape." Now, I am not "surprised" at all about it, for the reason that they have found it profitable to do so. During the winter of 1855 an agent of theirs, or a person assuming to be such, traversed this entire region of country with a drawing of a Mammoth cluster of this grape and excited the wonder and astonishment of many an honest old farmer who had never seen the like before, by telling them of its astonishing productiveness and very great excellence. Thousands of plants were sold at prices ranging from $2 to $3, and the quickest to such men as would not plant an Isabella or Catawba if they could get them for nothing, or in other words such as never plant a tree or read an agricultural paper.

Germantown, N. Y. COLUMBIA CO.

GROWING VINES FROM CUTTINGS.

ABOUT a year since, in a communication upon this subject, I referred to my experience in growing vines from cuttings—and the advantages of shade in their early cultivation. Having had, recently, occasion to dig up some of one year's growth, it is only modest to say that the extent they have rooted is truly astonishing. I deem it proper to state that after one year's growth, in my judgment, they should then be transplanted to a sunny place where it is intended they are to be permanent.—S. N. HOLMES, *Syracuse*.

WHAT FRUIT SHOULD I PLANT?

THIS is a question often asked and often answered. We meet it in our office, in the street, in our travels, in postscripts to letters—everywhere.—It is a question of no small importance; one on which we can freely give our opinion, and yet, often very difficult to answer. It is answered by our Horticultural and Pomological Societies, and the answer is reviewed, corrected and repeated at every session. Still, the question is asked as frequently as ever, and the answer is looked for with the same anxiety. We will present a few facts which may perhaps aid each one in giving this question an answer for himself—confining ourselves in this article to the APPLE alone.

Those who plant a few trees for family use, will require a far different assortment from those who plant largely for market, and even those who cultivate for sale, must be governed a good deal by circumstances—distance from market, &c. For family use it is desirable to prolong the season as much as possible, and to do this, it will be necessary to plant the earliest varieties, like the Early Harvest, and the latest and longest keeping sorts, as the Northern Spy and Roxbury Russet. Tastes differ so much that it is hardly possible to get even two or three intelligent cultivators to agree as to the best six varieties to plant, if want of room or other circumstances should render it impracticable to plant more than this number. We have asked this question of many of our best fruit growers within the past few weeks, and no two of the answers have been exactly alike. We give our readers two of the answers received, one naming the best SIX, the other the best TEN varieties for family use:

Red Astrachan, American Summer Pearmain, Fall Pippin, R. I. Greening, Baldwin, Esopus Spitzenburg.—6.

Early Harvest, Early Joe, Fall Pippin, Autumn Strawberry, Fameuse, R. I. Greening, Northern Spy, Esopus Spitzenburg, Tallman Sweet, Roxbury Russet—10.

Mr. BARRY recommends the following, as TWENTY choice garden varieties:

Summer.—Red Astrachan, Early Strawberry, Early Joe, Keswick Codlin, Summer Rose—5.

Autumn.—Autumn Strawberry, Fall Pippin, Gravenstein, Jersey Sweet, Lyman's Pumpkin Sweet, Pomme Royal—6.

Winter.—Fameuse, Lady Apple, Melon, Northern Spy, Pomme Grise, Red Canada Swaar, Esopus Spitzenburg, Wagener—9.

The farmer in selecting trees for an orchard for family consumption, should consider well the uses to which they are to be appropriated. The proportion of *sweet* and *sour* desired is quite an important matter. Then, some varieties are more suitable as a dessert fruit than for cooking. Another question to be considered is whether it is desirable to raise apples for feeding to stock—if so, hardy trees and abundant bearers should be planted.

Those who plant for market must be governed in selecting trees by their distance from a good market. Fruit growers living within a few miles of a large city, find it very profitable to grow summer and early fall apples pretty largely, as they can get them to market in a few hours. The fruit growers of the interior, however, who must barrel their fruit, should grow only winter sorts, as these can be packed and transported to a great distance in safety. It would be better, too, to grow only a few of the best sorts.

The American Pomological Society, at its last session in Rochester, recommended the following list of apples as *worthy of general* cultivation:

Summer.—Red Astrachan, Summer Rose, Early Harvest, Early Strawberry, American Summer Pearmain, Benoni, High Top Sweeting, Large Yellow Bough, Williams' Favorite, except for light soils.

Autumn.—Fall Pippin, Gravenstein, Hawley, Porter, Primate.

Winter.—Baldwin, Bullock's Pippin, Danvers' Winter Sweet, Fameuse, Hubbardston Nonsuch, Jonathan, Lady Apple, Ladies' Sweet, Melon, Minister, Rambo, Rhode Island Greening, Roxbury Russet, Swaar, Vandevere, White Seek-no further, Wine Apple, (or Hay's Winter,) Winesap.

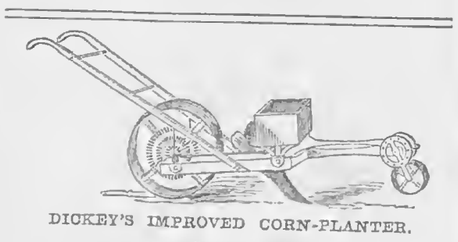
Some varieties of apples that succeed well, and are particular favorites in one locality, are quite inferior in others. Several of our best apples are not prized at the west, and there are other varieties known as Western apples, that seem particularly adapted to Western culture. For an orchard of one hundred trees for general purposes, the Cincinnati Horticultural Society recommends the following list:

For July and August	2 Summer Rose.
" July and August	2 Strawberry.
" September and October	2 Fall Pippin.
" October and November	4 Rambo.
" Nov. and December	5 Golden Russet.
" Nov. and December	5 Newtown Spitzenburg.
" Nov. and December	20 White Bellflower.
" January and February	15 Pryor's Red.
" February to April	40 Baldwin's Janet.
" March	5 Newton Pippin.

The Hon. SAMUEL WALKER, of Massachusetts, a critical judge of fruit, recommended the following list, as being suited to New England, ranked according to merit, as they stand in the list:

Rhode Island Greening, Gravenstein, Baldwin, Early Harvest or Early Strawberry, Red Canada, Porter, Minister Tallman Sweeting, Large Sweet Bough, Roxbury Russet, Danver's Winter Sweet, Pomme Royal, Hubbardston Nonsuch, Fall Pippin, Fameuse, American Summer Pearmain Benoni, Red Astrachan, Fall Harvey, Williams' Favorite, Ladies' Sweet, Jonathan, Peck's Pleasant, Esopus Spitzenburg.

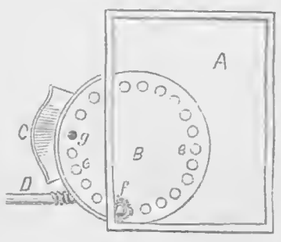
Mechanic Arts, &c.



DICKEY'S IMPROVED CORN-PLANTER.

THE accompanying engravings represent DICKEY'S Improved Corn-Planter, an implement of comparatively recent introduction in this State, though coming into general use in some sections of the West. It is thus described by the manufacturer:

"The advantages of this machine consist in its simplicity of construction, the certainty of its operation, its durability, and great saving of labor—rendering it a desirable implement on all farms where from 10 to 15 acres of corn are grown. And as it is a fact generally conceded that corn planted in drills grows more vigorously, and yields larger crops, it is believed farmers will find it greatly to their advantage to adopt this mode of planting, now that there is a machine offered them so well adapted to their wants. In the second cut, A is the seed box. B, a circular iron plate, revolving on the bottom of the box having holes, *e*, each of which contains one grain of corn. D, the shaft which turns the seed plate;—*f*, a brush which prevents more than the required seed passing out of the box;—*e*, holes in the plate, each containing a grain of seed;—*g*, the place where the seed drops through into the tube, C, which conveys it into the coulter as seen in the general cut of the machine.



The price of this Planter is $13, we believe. It is manufactured by Mr. JOHN OUTRAM, Elmira, N. Y., as advertised in this paper.

RUBBER IN THE UNITED STATES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Scientific American* sends the editor a specimen of rubber, which he states is a common product in all of the States south of latitude 39°. The editor says the sample forwarded looks like the real caoutchouc, and exhibits the same elastic properties, but we do not detect any smell. If it differs from common rubber, it is, for aught we see to the contrary, as likely to be better as worse. We give the article in full, as it is a matter of importance to the industry of the country:

"After a long interval of country life I again open a communication with you, my main object being to present to the American public through the medium of the Scientific American, the cheering intelligence that the question so long propounded, as to whether there was anything to be found in the wide expanse of our national domain that partook of the nature and characteristics of caoutchouc, or India Rubber, may now be safely answered in the affirmative. I have the gratification of being able to state that the article not only exists in our country, but that it is a common product in all of the States south of latitude 39°. I send you a small specimen of the substance, remarking that it is found in this country in a solid form, instead of the fluid or milky condition in which the ordinary rubber is found, consequently being in minute parts, cohesion of those parts can only be effected by the action of heated rollers, such as are used in all India Rubber factories.

The specimen I send you is small and rather ragged, from the cause already stated, the cohesion in this case being effected by the action of a hammer with a heated plate of iron. From a very imperfect and unprofessional analysis, I am led to believe that the physical properties of this article and the substance imported are identical. Without pretending to absolute accuracy in my results, I think the approximation is C. 87.2, H.12.8. The flame resembles the imported article as well as the smell and taste.

'Honor to whom honor' is a motto I sometimes find to fail in the application; lest some other person should set himself forth as the discoverer of this American product, I shall invite the attention of such to the announcement I now make, and if any one has preceded me in the field, let the fact be known during the coming six months, or I shall take to myself the credit, if any be due. As I before stated, the growth of this substance is general, and though unlike the other, it can easily be reduced to a suitable shape for export or domestic use."

POWDER FOR RAZOR STROPS.—Take equal parts of sulphate of iron, (green copperas of commerce,) and common salt; rub them well together, and heat the mixture to redness in a crucible. When the vapors have ceased to rise, let the mass cool, and wash it, to remove the salt, and when diffused in water collect the brilliant scales, which first subside; these, when spread upon leather, sharpen the edge of a razor, and cause it to cut smooth.

AN ink that will stand the test of oxalic acid, and be indelible on cloth, can be made of the following cheap ingredients: To a gallon of soft water, add one pound of logwood, and boil it one hour; then add twenty-five grains of bichromate of potash, and twelve grains of prussiate of potash. Stir a few minutes while over the fire, take it off, and when settled strain it. The ink is exceeding black, and flows freely from the pen.

A CERTAIN and exceedingly simple method for testing silver coin has been discovered. When a doubtful piece of silver coin is received, rub its edge with blue vitriol stone, and then slightly wet it. The effect is immediately seen. If the coin is spurious, it will at once turn black; but if genuine, there is no alteration in its appearance.

THE spring of a watch weighs 0.15 of a grain; a pound of iron makes 50,000. The pound of steel costs 2d., a single spring 2d.; so that 50,000 produces £416.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The green leaves rustle far and near,
The bowers bloom again,
And from the nightingale I hear
The old delicious strain.
O happy he, whose heart may feel
The bliss that springtime can reveal!

Thro' wood and field I'd gladly go,
And with the wild birds sing,
While thus with happiness I know
The whole wild world doth ring;
But why for song and flowret care,
Since thou art wanting everywhere?

O friend beloved! and shall I see
Thy gentle face no more?
Then is the springtime lost to me,
Its joy, its beauty o'er.
For ah! what pleasure can there be?
What is a springtime without thee?

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE GOOD ANGELS

WHO ATTEND THE POOR AND LOWLY OF EARTH.

'Twas a cold, chilly day in winter; the cheerful sun had, for awhile in the morning, deigned to smile upon the snow-covered earth, and the promise of a splendid day was hailed with delight.—But, fair as the promise seemed, 'twas soon to be broken. Dark, stormy clouds were seen, as if in angry strife, gathering their forces from every direction in the visible heavens, and suddenly and most fearlessly, as if conscious of victory, they rushed between earth and the shining sun, and his face was seen no more. Every now and then fitful gusts of wind would come rushing along, hurling the finely powdered snow in the face of the passer by, and then, coward-like, as suddenly hide away around some corner, no one could tell where.

But to *me* it mattered not, for mine it was to enjoy the luxury of a warm and comfortable room, at one side of which was a large window, opening upon the wide and busy street below. I drew my chair and sat down by this window, to amuse and instruct myself as best I could by observations, which, perhaps, might serve to furnish food for wandering thoughts. I had sat thus, dreamily gazing out, I know not how long, when my eyes chanced to fall upon the figure of a child in the distance. Unconsciously, almost, did I watch his slow and unsteady approach.

Alas! poor little pauper,—friends you cannot have; for see, that little, faded, worn-out apron would be but a miserable substitute for the thick, warm coat of that boy who pushed so rudely by you just then. The cold, piercing wind, too, how cruelly it sports with those tattered garments!—See, again—he can scarcely stand. No wonder, so cold, so *hungry*, no doubt. The cold, white snow melts not upon those little coral toes, as he steps aside that that gaily dressed lady may pass. Surely *she* will pity him,—alas, no, for, in answer to his imploring "Kind lady, please," she quickly drew in the folds of her rich wardrobe still closer, as if fearful of some dreadful contamination, and haughtily passes the little sufferer.

Ah, thought I, is conscience asleep? No, but a "tis such a *disgrace* to us, these beggars," must silence the gentle monitor, and the scene is forgotten—but not forever. I could but feel there had been unseen eyes witnessing all this: and so it was. Though perhaps I might have dreamed, I hardly know, I could see naught save that little cold, hungry child, as there he still stood. Awkwardly indeed did he raise his little benumbed hand to brush away a falling tear drop, and then, once more, most wistfully did he cast his tear-dimmed eye down the crowded avenue, and, sighing heavily, turn a corner and slowly and sadly move along the sidewalk.

I thought I could not see him any more, and yet I *could*. 'Twas not altogether a dream. I saw a beautiful angel, with hovering pinions all snowy white, who followed this poor child of neglect.—He seemed entirely unconscious of the angel's presence, who, I could distinctly see, was really a protector. Ever and anon did the kind angel softly whisper something in the ear of the child, and then somehow he would seem to quicken his pace, and once I saw him smile; but a sadder smile I had never seen.

It was nearly dark when that miserable dwelling was reached. I saw him enter, and hurry to a corner of the cheerless apartment where, on a pallet of straw covered with but the thinnest blanket, lay his sick and dying mother. He threw himself down upon the bed by her side and gave vent to his burdened feelings fn a paroxysm of grief. The mother comprehended the meaning of this, and said little to him until this passionate outburst of grief had partially subsided; then, drawing his cheek closer to her own, she fondly kissed her darling boy as she called him, and tried with soothing words to comfort him.

She did not try in vain, for the mind is elastic, especially of the young. He raised his drooping head at length, and turned his tearful eyes upon his mother's for a moment, and then lovingly encircling her neck with his thin arms, kissed her pallid cheek again and again, saying, "No, dear mother, I will not complain, God *will* take care of us; you have often told me so, and now I feel, somehow, that He is near. I think I *do* love Him to-night, mother. I wonder when He will take us up there? He took dear father, and little sister, a good while ago. O, mother, don't you wish He'd come to-night? What are you crying for, dear mother? We would not be cold and hungry there, and you would not be sick, would you? Don't cry any more, I wont," and again those sweet lips were pressed in one long, impassioned kiss.

The mother strove to hide her tears and calm her voice as she spoke. "No, my child, for God is good, and soon, *very* soon, I know He will take us hence to dwell with Him."

After a moment's pause, a bright, happy thought seemed suddenly to cross the mind of the thoughtful boy, and with his beautiful face radiant with an almost Heavenly smile, he exclaimed, "You believe *true*, don't you, that God sends angels to watch and take care of us? Because, you know, there is so many people to be taken care of, that He *couldn't* do so much at once, so He tells His angels to; and don't you know you read something about it the other day in God's book?"

"Yes, my son, it is true," said his mother, feebly smiling, for her pale cheek was growing paler, and and the crimson hue of her lips was fast fading away.

"Mother, I'm very cold," placing his little hand in her's," "and you are too. I wish God would let the angels take us—to—Heaven." A gentle pressure of the hand was all the answer given—a slight movement of the lips for a moment, and all was still, for the angel of death had peacefully borne their pure and happy spirits away to that home above.

I awoke from this sad, tho' not altogether unpleasant reverie, better and nobler in heart and purpose—resolving henceforth to live not for myself alone, but also for the good of others—and let me ever remember, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." ADA.

THE MOTHER'S BIRD.

"Mamma, when will the little birds come again?—Mamma, when will God melt the snow, that the little birds may come again?"

"Precious darling! in all the wide world beside, there is not to be found a lovelier, sweeter bird than thou art!" And the fond mother drew the little prattler to her loving bosom, smoothed with a gentle hand the sunny curls from that baby brow, and gazed with a mother's love into the baby eyes.

Earnestly, with her little head pillowed against its soft resting place, did this bird-like child listen to the soft murmurings of her mother's voice, as she told her of that bright land far beyond the blue sky and the twinkling stars; of the land where no winter comes—where summer always is, and the little birds always sing, of the bright-robed throng there; of the loving Savior, who had taken just such little ones as herself, and said "Of such is my Father's Kingdom;" of the great white throne, and the Father who sitteth thereon, who ever watcheth over his little ones with tenderness and care.

The winter months had not flown, nor earth had been disrobed of her snowy mantle, ere this birdling, wearying of earth, its storms and tempests, winged her way to that bright land of which her mother had so often told her, and joined with rapturous melody, the warbling company that surround the throne of the loving Father. The long, long delay of spring no longer causes her little bosom to heave with sighs; for the brightness of Heaven is eternal sunshine. Neither sighs she for the singing of birds; for none in all that warbling throng trills forth a sweeter note than she.

Fond mother, why sorrowest thou that thy bird has flown? As thou followedst her with uplifted and streaming eyes, didst not thou see her enter the glowing portals of Heaven, guided by a seraphic host? Didst not the melody of that gushing song fall upon thine ear, as she was welcomed to the bosom of the Father? Didst not thou know that gentler arms than thine would embrace her, and a softer bosom pillow her little head?

She is ever thy guardian angel, mother! Thro' the toil and care of each day thou art attended by her; and when thou repairest to thy couch, she hovers around, and calms thee to repose. When thou art glad, so, too, is she; and when thou art sad and sorrowful, she draws near, and fans, with her tiny wing, the fever of thy troubled soul. Thy mission on earth performed, life's battle fought—then will her pure spirit guide thee on high, and with rapturous Hosannas, welcome thee to an eternal resting-place on the bosom of the Father.—*Selected.*

HOME.

Home: it is a little word; it has its own interests, its own laws, its own difficulties and sorrows, its own blessings and joys. It is the sanctuary of the heart, where the affections are cherished in the tenderest relations—where heart is joined to heart, and love triumphs over all selfish calculations.—It is the training-school of the tender plants, which in after years are to yield flowers and fruits to parental care. It is the fountain whence come the streams which beautify and enliven social life.

If any man should have a home, it is the man of business. He is the true working-man of the community. The mechanic has his fixed hours, and when these have run their course, he may, ere the day closes, dismiss all anxiety as his labor ends, and seek the home circle. Comparatively little has been the tax on his mind, and not much more on his physical system, as he learns to take all easy. But the man of business is under a constant pressure. His is not a ten-hour system, with an interval of rest; but he is driven onward and onward, early and late, without the calculation of hours. He must be employed. In the earnestness of completion—in the complexity of modern modes of business—in the fluctuations which frequently occur—in the solicitous dependence on the fidelity and integrity of others—he has no leisure moments during the day. With a mind incessantly under exciting engagements, and a body without its appropriate nutriment, he may well pant for home, and hail the moment when he may escape from his toils to seek its quiet, and its affection and confidence.

The Use of Little Time.—One of the hours, each day wasted on trifles or indolence, saved and daily devoted to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years—to provide the luxury of intelligence to a mind torpid from lack of thought—to brighten up and strengthen faculties perishing with rust—to make life a fruitful field, and death a harvest of glorious deeds.

What a glorious privilege it is to be allowed to put our egotism on the cross, and through the purifying and kindly influence of loving criticism, be washed and sanctified for a long eternity, so that the fire of judgement shall only make manifest the perfection of the work of Christ, in the purity of our characters.

It is with life as with coffee, he who would drink it pure must not drain it to the dregs.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ONLY A RHYME.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

I.

There once did creep a'through that little space,
That grated spot of sunshine on the wall,
A bland south breeze that softly kissed my face,
And to my soul in pleasant sounds did call.
It crept amid my tresses thin and grey,
And toyed them fondly as *he* used to do;
Then, like my baby,—lost dove,—on my heart it lay
Till the long-gone past into the present grew;—
And dreaming there was warmth within my breast,
The burdened years did drive me to a rest.

II.

And when I woke the midnight had gone by,
And still the gloom of the black shadow fell
Across the wold that held my prison cell,
And through the grated spot I saw a cloudless sky.
The air was cold, damp cold upon my cheek,
And 'round myself my wasted arms did cling,—
Clung as if holding a far softer thing,—
"Oh, bland south wind!" I cried, "come once again,
I clasp with fervor wild but this mad pain!
Come! come! and nestle in my lonely breast,
And with soft dreamings cheat me into rest!"

III.

And then a happy thought did make me glad,—
I had a lyre,—to me a precious thing,
Though 'twas without a wreath or golden string,
Yet it could sometimes blissful hours bring,
When in the lonesome darkness I was sad.
I groping found it and did hang it where
The breeze would strike it when it came again
On its angelic wing, and then
I knelt off in the silence full of prayer.

IV.

And what then, think ye? while I waiting bowed
With forehead close upon the pavement cold,
I heard a mighty rushing crossed the wold,
The rage of tempests howling fierce and wild.
And while my prayer with faith was breaking forth,
A wail swept in that broke the lyre strings,
And at my feet the shattered fragments lay,
Shattered, shattered like the heart's best things.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DO WHAT YOU CAN!

Do *what you can.* There is in this simple thought an expressiveness which speaks volumes. Like a serios leading to infinity, we follow it until the mind wearies. Though the contemplation may yield to us no added power, it has a sort of expansive tendency, which furnishes to us, though inadequate, a dim perception of the extent of human achievements.

The success of our Nation, has been usually attributed to the genius of our free institutions, which unshackle both the physical and mental power of her sons, and rewards whatever measure of good she finds in them. Be this as it may, there is in them an element of character, at once commendable and fruitful in results. It is the habit of putting forth effort—of commencing with small means, and looking hopefully forward into the future, trusting to Providence for success—of creating rather than waiting for opportunities—of bending circumstances to them, rather than conforming themselves to circumstances—of laying plans with shrewd sagacity, and moulding the events, yea even the casualties of every day into the furtherance of some object; and thus from commencements the most insignificant and unpromising, attaining the most laudable ends. The germ of this principle, the May Flower brought over from England in 1620. It was nourished in adversity, yet has grown a hardy vigorous plant. It is almost incredible what one fertile mind, possessed of an indomitable will can accomplish.—What glorious monuments have patient thought and toil chiseled out. They are the watchwards to fame, the key to success. The history of our country is full of such, and the glory of her annals owes its lustre to them. As it is said that wealth depends upon the accumulation of the first thousand dollars, and the habits thereby formed, so in knowledge, so in power. An All-wise Creator has so ordered it, that the perfection of our faculties depends upon their use. Precisely in proportion to the draft made upon them, is the return. A thought copied to-day, may generate a dozen to-morrow. Few people are perhaps aware, how much a habit of thought creates a power of thought; and a facility of expression otherwise unattainable. It is possible for us to pass through the world, from the opening of life's drama to its close, and having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, and having reasoning faculties to reflect not. The veriest dullard in school has been known to out-strip genius, while he was flattering himself with the possession of heaven-born gifts.

The energy and will to *do*, seems to be thoroughly imbued in the minds of the youth of all classes. The spirit of this inspiration, caught, perhaps, from our common schools, which dot every corner of our highways, and are said to be our national characteristic, swells in the heart of the lad, and he inwardly repeats the words of Paul, "*I am what I am.*" In his efforts to demonstrate what these words may compass, he virtually creates power. Flattered by the discovery he goes on from thought to thought, until it occurs to him to use this ability for the working out of some high purpose. The object is weighed, the conception grasped, and means to the end decided upon.—This done, the difficulty is more than half compassed. Power, directed to an object tangible and well defined, becomes potent and efficacious; while the same amount distributed upon a variety of objects would be lost.

He who, because he may not with one thrust remove a mountain, or with one gigantic stride step up to eminence, sits down in useless repinings, or wastes his time in frivolous pursuits, is worse than idle, he is criminal. It is a truth to which ages have testified, that unwearied labor must work out every real and permanent good. It is the means bestowed for the accomplishing of ends, and the justness of the remuneration must strike every thinking mind. Whoever then does what he can earnestly and faithfully, may rest assured that it will be no mean acquisition. There is a nobility—there is a grandeur in a soul that can struggle on amid adverse currents, and reach a goal, while others, wafted by favoring gales, still eddy by the shore.

Do what you can! We love that simple home-bred phrase. We love the generous limit that it vouchsafes to undeveloped power—the impetus anew it gives to flagging toil-vexed spirits, scorning coercion; and methinks I hear again the exclamation which came from the followers of Alexander, "We are not thirsty; we are not weary; *lead on.*" B. A. McNall.

Lima, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WITH SPRING COMES A NEW YEAR.

When the first day of January arrives, we say it is "New Year's Day"—the beginning of a new year. We celebrate it with festivities, and gladden it with mirth and pleasure. It comes at a period when nature, in our northern regions, is under the dominions of the Frost King, and is held in his cold and strong embrace. The exhibitions of life, at this period, are mainly to be found in the marts of trade and the avenues of business, and not in the kingdom of nature. The trees are leafless. The birds no longer sing in their branches. The wind no longer waves the tall grass and the headed grain, or sighs among the thick foliage of the trees; it whirls and drifts the feathery snow instead, and whistles among the naked boughs.—The verdure of the fields has vanished, and nature has taken on the general aspect of death.

And this we say is the beginning of a new year. Be it so. But wait awhile. "Who is this beautiful virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot. The snow which covered the fields, and the ice which was in the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them." With the coming of this "beautiful virgin," nature awakens to new life.—Now really commences a new year. The woods and the fields are again enlivened by the music of the birds. A spirit of activity and restlessness seizes upon the whole of animal creation. Those, both wild and tame, that have kept close to avoid the winter storm and the freezing cold, now roam abroad to taste and to enjoy the freshness of spring. The trees bud and blossom, preparatory to clothing themselves with their summer foliage and to hanging themselves with their golden fruit. Man partakes of the life-giving influence which is shed abroad upon all nature. The night of the year is past, his season of rest is at an end, and he goes forth to sow that he may reap, and to enjoy the beauties which are springing up around him.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857 Imlac.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISANTHROPY.

Some persons seem to have lost all confidence in their fellow men, and as their harshness might be thought unwarranted, they are ever seeking something to support this distrust. They magnify the vices of humanity to the utmost, but are strangely incredulous of virtue. Wrapped up in a supreme self-love, they cannot appreciate, or even believe in a noble self-sacrifice, and hence they distort even the most virtuous actions, by ascribing them to wrong and selfish motives, thus making virtue wear the semblance of vice. To them the truest and purest friendship is but hypocrisy, and everything but self and self-love mere pretense.

Men are naturally apt to suspect those who are so well acquainted with all the dark places in the human heart, and to attribute to them those feelings which they so freely impute to others. Nor is this unjust, for goodness is never suspicious of evil. The dark images which are imprinted on the retina of the mind's eye are more generally reflected from within than from without.

It is sad to see persons thus giving up their faith in man, till they cannot believe in goodness and virtue, except as abstract qualities. We cannot help fearing that this icy coldness of the heart is but the sign of the moral death of the man—the death of everything good and true.

Henrietta, N. Y., 1857. W. J. Fowler.

CONFIDENCE IN ONE'S SELF.

When a crisis befalls you, and the emergency requires moral courage and noble manhood to meet it, be equal to the requirements of the moment, and rise superior to the obstacles in your path. The universal testimony of men whose experience exactly coincides with yours, furnishes the consoling reflection that difficulties must be ended by opposition. There is no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart. The magnitude of the danger requires nothing more than a greater effort than ever at your hands. If you prove recreant in the hour of trial, you are the worst of recreants, and deserve no compassion. Be not dismayed or unmanned when you should be bold and daring, unflinching and resolute. The cloud whose threatening murmurs you hear with fear and dread, is pregnant with blessing, and the frown whose sternness now makes you shudder and tremble, will ere long be succeeded by a smile of bewitching sweetness and benignity. Then be strong and manly, oppose equal forces to open difficulties, keep a stiff upper lip, and trust in Providence. Greatness can only be achieved by those who are tried. The condition of that achievement is confidence in one's self.

Who are the Happy?—Lord Byron said:—"The mechanics and workingmen who can maintain their families. Poverty is wretchedness, but even poverty is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of the higher orders."

Another author says:—"I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in a morning to work for his wife and children, or bring them home his wages at night."

"Paid the Debt of Nature."—No, it is not paying a debt; it is rather like bringing a note to a bank to obtain solid gold in exchange for it. In this case you bring this cumbrous body, which is nothing worth, and which you could not wish to retain long; you lay it down, and receive for it, from the eternal treasures, liberty, victory, knowledge, rapture.—*Foster.*

The Scotch have this proverb: "A gude word is as soon said as an ill one."

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The *National Intelligencer* recently had a very excellent article on the progress of human improvement during the past century, and in estimating the changes made the past hundred years, thus sketched the state of Europe a single century from the present date:

In the year 1750 Washington, then in his 25th year, had been busily engaged in planting forts along the frontiers of Virginia, then the haunt of prowling savages. Field-marshal the Marquis of Montcalm was reducing Fort Oswego, ascending the St. Lawrence as far as Ontario, and strengthening Crown Point and Ticonderoga. General Loudon, and Abercrombie, of the British army, were parleying in Albany or elsewhere, debating when they should have been fighting; for, in 1756, England and France, instead of being allies, as at present, were engaged in hostilities of which the theatre embraced both the Old World and the New. George the Second sat on the British throne, and Louis the Fifteenth had been long enough King of France to forfeit the title of "well beloved" with which he had been greeted by his royal subjects soon after his succession to Louis the Magnificent. England was cursed by the spirit of party in her civil affairs, as France by that incipient dissolution of morals which reached its acme in the *Parc-aux-cerfs* and the Court. In England Charles James Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, was the premier of the Cabinet, though closely pressed by his powerful rival, William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, who before the close of the year succeeded in displacing the former.

British pamphleteers without numbers were discussing the expediency of defending the British possessions in America "so far back in the interior parts of North America as the river Ohio, the Great Lake and the Falls of Niagara," and many were found to maintain that territories so remote might better be abandoned to the French as a worthless domain. Politicians were debating the ways and means of prosecuting the war with France, whether by enrolling the national militia or by paying subsidies for foreign troops. In the interior of England men's hearts were failing them for fear of a French invasion, the probabilities and results of which were duly rehearsed in bad prose and worse verse. In the Mediterranean the Island of Minorica was seized by the French, and Admiral Byng, for his imputed errors of an unpopular Ministry, who, without deserving success, or doing aught to command it, had led the country to expect most confidently that victory would everywhere follow the British flag.

In literature, the Connoisseur, by "Mr. Town," continued to delight the Londoners, though its perusal was not unattended with disparaging comments on the part of those who had breakfasted on hot rolls and the Spectator. Instead of Edinburg and the London Quarterlies, the "Monthly Review, or Literary Journal, by several hands," was the principal organ of the English literati, and assumed to be the critical Rhadamanthus who heard the pleas and appointed the fates of English authors. Hume was publishing his history and Hutcheson was expounding his moral philosophy, while the fame of Bishop Warburton was to some an object of perpetual assault and to others of perpetual adulation. In France, Voltaire was writing pamphlets and books at the rate of a pamphlet a day and a book per month, while his associates, the Encyclopediasts, were slowly mustering their forces in the cause of Illuminism. In Sweden, Linnæus was analysing flowers from China and Palestine, the collection of his friend Hosselquist.

In many of the villages and market towns of England the clergy complained that the people, by retaining the old style of chronology, could not be brought to observe the church fasts and feasts; the highways were still beset by footpads; multitudes were looking for the "great comet," whose coming Sir Isaac Newton had assigned to the opening of the year 1757, and tracts were circulated to show from Scripture prophecy the connection between that event and the Second coming of Christ, which latter, by the "Millerites" of a century ago, was deemed close at hand. The experiments in electricity "of the ingenious Mr. Franklin" were about this time first published in England, and "pointed rods" began to be erected by a few in defence against that medium which to-day we have harnessed and made to carry our thoughts from one end of the land to the other.

MISTAKES OF PRINTERS.

Some people are continually wondering at the "carelessness" of editors in allowing so many errors and blunders to appear in their columns and mar the print. Such people know very little of the difficulties—we had almost said impossibilities—of keeping them out. The most careful attention to these matters will not prevent errors creeping in, even when professional proof-readers are engaged expressly for the purpose. And when it is borne in mind that in most papers such an expense is necessarily dispensed with, and the proofs on that account are often hurriedly examined, the fact will no longer appear strange. In connection with this subject the following anecdote is not inappropriate.

A Glasgow publishing house attempted to publish a work that should be a perfect specimen of typographical accuracy. After having been carefully read by six experienced proof-readers, it was posted up in the hall of the University, and a reward of £50 offered to any one who should detect an error. Each page remained two weeks in this place; and yet, when the work was issued, several errors were discovered, one of which was in the *first line of the first page!*

When such was the case in a city long celebrated in Great Britain for publishing the finest and most correct editions of the classics, what is to be expected in a newspaper which must necessarily be hurried through the press *while it is news;* and where the compensation will hardly afford *one* "experienced proof-reader," let alone six. The wonted accuracy of our papers is really astonishing.—*Selected.*

Public opinion cannot do for virtue what it does for vice. It is the essence of virtue to look above opinion. Vice is consistent with, and very often strengthened by entire subservicncy to it.—*Channing.*

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

USES OF SINGING IN SCHOOL.

In his efforts to so conduct his school as to confer the greatest benefit on his pupils, the teacher finds himself hindered by various short-comings on the part of those for whose advancement he is laboring. One of the most annoying of these, is the very general fault of coming late to school.—Among the many expedients proposed to remedy this evil with the perplexities attending it, and to secure the punctual arrival of pupils, the opening of school with singing would seem to be one of the most promising. That it has in certain cases resulted less favorably than was expected, is not, perhaps, to be attributed so much to a lack of attraction in the itself exercise, as in the teacher's failure to conduct it the way most certain to engage the interest of the entire school.

The pleasure universally experienced in listening to music, is, I believe, surpassed by the satisfaction of contributing to its production; for it is everywhere observable that even indifferent singers are better content to lend their voices to the general entertainment, than to play the part of listeners to more accomplished vocalists. This idea has not had its due influence in the management of singing in school. As usually carried on, this exercise which should be so conducted as to secure the participation of all, soon becomes the special office of some half dozen of the older, more matured voices, to the exclusion of the younger and generally far the larger portion of the school.—Very naturally, those who find themselves so readily excused from any active share in the entertainment, gradually lose whatever interest the novelty of the thing may have at first awakened, and finally fall back into the old habit of wandering into the school-room in time to be tacked on as a supplement to the reading class, or, perhaps, contrive to lose that lesson altogether. The invention of the teacher will of course be considerably taxed to take the best advantage of this means of inducing an early attendance of his pupils; but the object is well worth repeated trial and patient experiment.

Again, children grow tired and restless from long sitting and interdiction from talk, and need something enlivening to rouse their spirits and attention. Some well-chosen words of encouragement from the teacher, will generally produce an animating effect; but, lest sameness cause indifference, it is well to have at hand as many resources as possible. A lively song, or spirited piece of sacred music, introduced at a favorable moment, will often produce an immediate and decided change in the feeling of the school, by affording relaxation to the studious, causing the mischievous to forget their mischief, and the depressed, their discouragements, and stimulating the ambition of the indolent. Indeed, the moral power of singing in school, both as a stimulous to effort, and as a means of control, might, in judicious hands, be turned to excellent account, for the experience of every individual susceptible to musical influences, (and who is not?) proves that more high aspirations are excited and more good resolutions formed while listening to music, than under the orator's finest efforts at persuasion.

But the introduction of vocal music as an established part of school exercises, has still other advantages. Early youth is, for various reasons, the most fortunate time to commence the development of the voice in singing; not the least important of which is the fact, that children are comparatively unconscious of the difference in their musical gifts, and therefore, feel more confidence to undertake singing, than after they have grown older and learned their deficiencies. By commencing thus early, a great amount of musical talent may be brought out which is well worthy of cultivation, even though it never attain to high excellence.—Parents and teachers do not discourage a child from learning to write because he gives promise of acquiring scarcely respectable penmanship; so, the possession of an indifferent voice is no excuse for the neglect of all musical training; an inferior singer may often make his poor gift a source of entertainment to himself, if not to others. And if the adoption of the plan of making music an established part of the early training of children might aid in correcting the too prevalent error of valuing a musical education rather as a means of display than as a source of true enjoyment that would not be the least of its benefits. A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1857.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

We have received the "Annual Report of the Superintendent of Schools of the city of New York, for the year ending, January 1st, 1857," and make the following extract, relative to the examinations of scholars, therefrom. Though the course advocated, is designed principally for the "Primary Departments," and has been adopted by the Assistant Superintendent having charge of such portion, Mr. S. W. Seton, there is much that might be made of practical benefit to those more advanced in study. Mr. S. says:

"In examining the classes and visits to schools, I desired that my vocation should not vainly be 'only asking questions of little children;' but so to present the various subjects, and so bending my attention to such methods of questioning, as should be tests, not of their knowledge of books only, but of things and principles—testing their mental and moral development, not the depth of their memory, trusting that such a course would sometimes, if not generally, prove suggestive to the teacher of the necessity of a less mechanical system of instruction than has more generally prevailed and been adopted, and supplanting that roting system by books or otherwise, by one of more intellectual character. It will readily be conceded that a child thus taught and developed in mental and moral powers would show at once its right training by intelligent answers, and a countenance evidencing *delight* in mental occupation. Some such I occasionally find even among the Abecedarians, or rapidly advancing through the routine of the advanced studies on the way to the Grammar School. So trained, they will not fail to do well, when there 'having been fed with bread, they will not be put off with a stone."—They will carry with them a soil already fruitful, and well prepared for further cultivation; so well trained in the rudiments, they will have vigor of mental capacity to cope with the further difficulties of the advanced steps of knowledge, just as the well developed physical powers would enable them to grasp and sustain a greater weight. For want of this right training in the Primary Schools, it is that we find in the Grammar School, Academy and University those so puny in mental powers and so feeble in moral development, in a right direction, as to unfit them for the great business of life, for which, indeed, they might have been well fitted, while blest with moral instruction and right mental training, by oral instruction *only*, without the artificial advantages of books and the higher studies, consequently so little understood. On the contrary, with cheerful and gentle spirits, from moral influences and vigorous mental powers, from a right early training, they will still be found eager in pursuit, and sure of success; and the diligent and devoted teacher, the honored instrument of so good a work, with a right spirit of humility, may adopt the language of Mrs. Barbauld, and say:—'The task is humble, but not mean; for, to lay the first stone of a noble building, and to plant the first idea in the human mind, can be no dishonor to any hand.'"

STUDIES IN SCHOOL.

We do not believe that any quicker progress is made in schools by putting heavy tasks upon the children. Yet from the numerous studies in schools, or some other cause, children are compelled to employ their evenings, or the time in which they should play, in learning their tasks for the next day. Short lessons would admit of a thorough understanding of them, and, if a show of proficiency is desired at the end of a year, a better exhibit would be made on examination day of real attainment than could be possible if the little heads were crammed with over measures of studies, revealing but a smattering of knowledge of any of them. We have been shown geography lessons and arithmetic lessons, given to a child for a next-day exercise, that hours of painful effort at home were required to master, and on being spoken with about it, the little thing said she must do it or be subjected to "checks" for failure. The road to learning is a hard road to travel, at best, but fearfully so when the ones who travel it are compelled to carry such heavy loads. Teachers should be considerate.—*Boston Sat. Eve. Gazette.*

Qualifications of a Good Teacher.—No knowledge, however profound, can constitute a teacher. A teacher must have knowledge, as an orator must have knowledge, as a builder must have materials; but as, in choosing the builder of my house, I do not select the man who has the most materials in his yard, but I proceed to select him by reference to his skill, ingenuity and taste; so also in testing an orator or a teacher, I satisfy myself that they fulfill the comparatively easy condition of possessing sufficient materials of knowledge with which to work; I look then to those high and noble qualities which are the characteristics of their peculiar calling. There were hundreds at Athens who knew more than Demosthenes, many at Rome that knew more than Cicero, but there was but one Demosthenes and one Cicero.—*Lord Ashburton's Address to School-Masters.*

Education in Louisiana.—From the report of the Superintendent of Public Education in Louisiana for the last year, we learn that the number of children in the State between six and ten years of age, reported by the assessors of 1855, was 73,112. Of these, 35,893 were reported as males, and 34,123 as females. The sex was not mentioned in regard to the remaining number (3,906.) The increase from 1853 to 1855 was 10,674. The appropriation of four dollars for each of the children would require $293,288, showing the deficiency in the appropriation to make out that rate of distribution for the year to be $13,288. The number of school children in the city of New Orleans is reported at 21,550, and the appropriation at four dollars for each scholar is therefore $86,500.

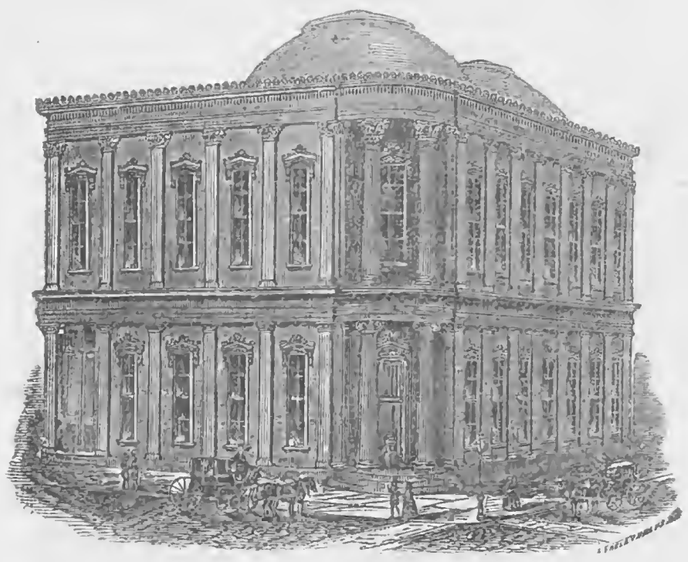
Education in Russia.—According to a report from the minister of public instruction, there exists in the empire of Russia 47 public libraries.—The total number of educational establishments is 3,872, frequented by 194,490 pupils. The number of private schools is 614, having 21,863 pupils.—The number of persons of both sexes employed in education is 2,087. In the four governments and the three territories of Siberia there are three colleges, 71 schools, and two private institutions, frequented by 4,346 pupils.

Men in business who are answerable with their fortunes for the consequences of their opinion, and are therefore accustomed to ascertain pretty accurately the grounds on which they act, before they commit themselves on the event, and are often men of remarkably quick and sound judgement. Artists in like manner must know tolerably well what they are about, before they can bring the result of their observations to the test of ocular demonstration.

We are always, in these days, trying to separate the two (intellect and work.) We want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working; and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas, the workman ought to be often thinking, and the thinker often working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. It is only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity.

Five Words in Season.—About two centuries ago, the Legislature of Scotland enacted that "*a good and sufficient school*" should be introduced and maintained in every parish. To these five words, "a good and sufficient school," introduced into an act of Parliament not longer than a man's thumb, is Scotland indebted at this day for nearly every solid glory she possesses.

The California Official Reports, show that in 1856, there were in the State 316 public schools attended by 26,160 children, and taught by 411 teachers. The number of boys in the schools was 12,455 in the year 1855, and 14,928 in 1856; of girls there were 11,313 in 1855, and 12,435 in 1856.



ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK.

The Model Banking House above represented is one of the most elegant and beautifully finished structures in this city or section of the Union. It is located on the corner of Buffalo and South Fitzhugh streets, the lot being 99 feet in depth by 82½ in width. The walls are Connecticut freestone. There are two stories—the first in the Grecian Ionian style, and the second in the Grecian Corinthian. The structure presents a fine appearance externally, and is really an ornament to the city. The interior of the building, however, is most attractive, being really splendid in finish, furniture and general appearance. Though there are more expensive banking houses in the country, we doubt whether any excel this in the essentials enumerated.

The general business room of the institution is some 40 by 50 feet in size, entered through double doors on the corner. Near the south side, some twenty feet from the wall, is a splendidly finished marble counter, 35 feet in length—which cost $1,000—surmounted by three rosewood desks, with railings surrounding the tops, finished in the most perfect manner. The desks for clerks, &c., are back of the counter, near the south wall; also doors leading to the three vaults. The space in front of the counter is paved with encaustic tiles, and the whole flooring of the room laid upon slabs of Medina stone, supported by columns of masonry resting upon solid rock—thus rendering the whole basement perfectly fire proof.

West of the principal business office, are three elegantly furnished rooms—one each for the Secretary, the Trustees, and the Loan Committee. In this part of the building is a hall, with a staircase leading to the upper rooms in the back part, where, besides a large sleeping room for clerks, are a large water tank, supplied in part from the roof, and in part from another and larger tank in the basement, water closet, &c., the whole finished off with great completeness and in the most substantial manner.

The upper part of the main building is not yet finished. The design is, we understand, to finish it off whenever it may be wanted for such purposes as will be agreeable to the Trustees. There are two domes surmounting the main building, from which, together with windows on two sides, this part is lighted, and it is the intention of the Trustees to finish it off into two large halls. These would make a splendid library and gallery of art, should such be organized. The height of the upper rooms, from the floor to the base of the domes is 24 feet, and the domes rise 12 feet further, making the whole height from the floor to the highest part of the domes 36 feet. (The height of the first story is 25 feet — making the whole height of the building, exclusive of basement, 61 feet.) The entrance to these rooms is not yet finished; it will be on South Fitzhugh street, and the ascent will be by a marble staircase.

The plans of this splendid edifice were furnished by Mr. Henry Searl, a Rochester architect, who superintended all the work. The building committee consisted of Wm. Pitkin, Wm. Brewster and Wm. A. Reynolds, Esqs. The cost of the building will be about $80,000, and the lot was purchased for $20,000 — the whole of which sum is said to have been realized from the surplus earnings of the Bank since its first organization in 1831.

The Architect, Building Committee, and several contractors, &c., interested in constructing and furnishing this elegant and substantial Banking House, are entitled to credit for the ability, taste and skill displayed. Most of the work was performed, and furniture supplied, by Rochester mechanics. Our brief description is necessarily meagre, and does not include details. The building is well worthy an examination by those who admire fine architectural taste, and beauty of completion. It has been occupied since the 1st of March.

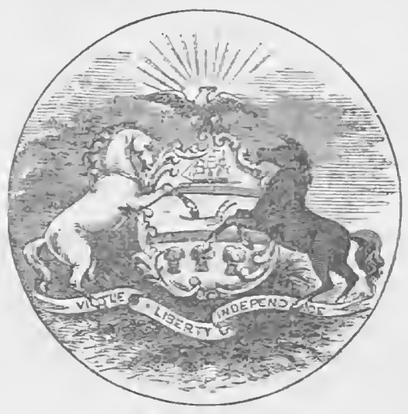
The present Board of Officers of the Bank is constituted as follows:—*President*—E. F. Smith. *Vice Pres't*—Wm. Brewster. *Sec'y*—E. Whalen.—*Treasurer*—Heman Loomis. *Att'y*—Isaac Hills. *Trustees*—Jonathan Child, Wm. Brewster, Wm. Pitkin, George Byington, Wm. A. Reynolds, Wm. H. Cheney, Hamlin Stilwell, E. F. Smith, Isaac Hills, John Haywood, Lansing B. Swan, George Mumford, Rufus Keeler, W. Kidd. Thos. Kempshall.

FACTS ABOUT COLD.

For every mile that we leave the surface of our earth, the temperature falls five degrees. At forty-five miles distance from our globe we are beyond the atmosphere, and enter, strictly speaking into the regions of space, whose temperature is 225 degrees below zero, and here cold reigns in all its power. Some idea of this intense cold may be formed by stating that the greatest cold observed from the Arctic Circle is from 40 to 60 degrees below zero, and here many surprising effects are produced. In the chemical laboratory, the greatest cold that we can produce is about 150 degrees below zero. At this temperature, carbonic gas becomes a solid substance like snow. If touched it produces the same effect on the skin as a hot cinder; it blisters the finger like a burn. Quicksilver or mercury freezes at forty degrees below zero; that is 72 degrees below the temperature at which water freezes. The solid mercury may then be treated as other metals, hammered into sheets, or made into spoons; such spoons would, however, melt in water as warm as ice.

It is pretty certain that every liquid and gas that we are acquainted with would become solid if exposed to the regions of space. The gas we light the streets with would appear like wax oil would be in reality as hard as a rock, pure spirits which we have never yet solidified, would appear like a block of transparent crystal; hydrogen gas would become quite solid and resemble a metal; we should be able to turn butter in a lathe like a piece of ivory; and the fragrant odors of flowers would have to be made hot before they would yield their perfumes. These are a few of the astonishing effects of cold.—*Septimus Piesse.*

ORIGIN AND SEALS OF THE STATES.—NO. VIII.



PENNSYLVANIA.

The "Keystone State" is known geographically as being one of the "Middle" or "Central" States of our confederacy. Its position is between 39° 43′ and 42° north latitude, and between 74° and 80° 40′ west longitude. Its length is 307 miles, width 160, and contains 47,000 square miles. The Alleghany mountains cross the State from the south-west to north-east, and there are also many smaller ranges on each side of the principal ridge running parallel with it. The soil, throughout the State, is generally fertile and much of it is of superior quality. Anthracite coal fields are of immense extent. Iron ore exists in nearly every county, and in the vicinity of Pittsburgh—"the Smoky City"—vast quantities are manufactured. Beds of copper and lead exist, and quarries of marble and superior building stone abound.

At the time of the last census, in 1850, the number of acres of improved farm land in Pennsylvania equalled 8,628,619; unimproved 6,294,728;—the cash value of these farms is placed at $407,876,099; and the value of implements and machinery at $14,722,541. The value of live stock, at same period, was $41,500,053. The principal agricultural productions were wheat, of which 15,367,691 bushels is reported; Corn 19,835,214; Oats 21,538,156; Potatoes 5,980,732. The Dairy supplied 39,878,418 pounds of butter, and 2,505,034 cheese. The value of the products of the Orchard and Garden was $1,412,103. There was 2,326,525 pounds of maple sugar made in that year. The value of home-made manufactures was $749,132; of slaughtered animals $8,219,848.

The manufacturing interest of Penn., is extensive, the capital invested equalling $91,463,210; and the value of the articles manufactured $154,944,698. Of the various manufactories, those of iron take the precedence as to cost and value of material turned out. There were 2,380 flouring and grist mills; 2,936 saw-mills; 254 factories of woolen, and 136 of cotton.

The Educational establishments are numerous. The colleges in 1850 contained 3,286 students. Of Academies there were 524, with 23,751 pupils; schools 9,061, with 413,706 scholars. Libraries numbered 393, with 363,400 volumes. The State has asylums for the blind, deaf, dumb and insane.

The Government is vested in a Governor, Senate, and House of Representatives. The Governor holds his office for three years. The Senate hold office for the same period, and is composed of 33 members. Representatives are chosen annually, and the House consists of 100 members. All judicial officers are chosen by the people. Judges of the Supreme Court are chosen for 15 years; of the Court of Common Pleas 10 years; associate Judges 5 years. The Legislature meets annually at Harrisburgh on the first Tuesday in January.

Pennsylvania was first settled by Swedes and Finns. William Penn obtained a grant of it in 1681. The Constitution of the United States was adopted in December, 1787. The first Constitution of the State was adopted in 1776, the second in 1790; the third and present one in 1838—which latter was amended, by giving the elections of the judiciary to the people, in 1850.

When Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV., his Majesty was astonished to find one Sunday instead of a numerous congregation only him and the priest. "What is the reason of this?" asked the king. "I caused it to be given out, sire," returned Fenelon, "that your Majesty did not attend chapel to-day, that you might know who came to worship God, and who to flatter the king."

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN EVENING HYMN.

BY W. B. KNOWLES.

My heart, O God, is full to-night,
In view of all Thy love and might,
And up through tears of gratitude
I look, and see Thy gifts renewed.
And I can only now express
A sense of my unworthiness,—
Unworthy even of the bread
With which I day by day am fed.

Morning and evening, still the same,
Add to the treasure that I claim,
So that I boast of life and health,
And friends, and happiness, and wealth.
Thus am I the recipient
Of Thy benevolence unspent,
Until my cup is filled, and more
Than filled, from out Thy store.

And yet I fear I do not feel,
Within my heart, that love and zeal
As naturally ought to spring
From such a boundless offering.
Quicken me by Thy spirit, Lord,
To walk according to Thy word;
And still direct my erring feet
On up to glory, I entreat.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FEAR OF DEATH.

Why is it that Death is invested with such awful terrors? We shrink from the contemplation of our final conqueror with a singular indefinable dread. We may say with weakness,—as we know individually we must obey his imperative summons,—there is no reprieve. We must yield our loved ones to his dread rapacity. Is it not weakness that forbids our calmly, nay even pleasantly contemplating Death as a friend coming to release us from life's woes and restless dreams? But it is far otherwise. Old age puts the thought of the inevitable visitor far from him, and trembles at the mere mention of his coming. Proud manhood, looking defiance on the ills of life, pales with fear at the approach of the destroyer. The gay, warm heart of youth chills as his imagination dwells on the dread picture of decay and nothingness. Why is it? It is the dust, the beautiful material part of our being, we love and cling to. With untold anguish we consign our idols to the cold, darksome gloom of the grave. It is so difficult to think of the departed only as tenants of the forbidding receptacle, where we have laid them with many tears and breaking hearts. The dim uncertainty of all beyond the tomb fills us with fear and awe. We are ready to exclaim with the poet,

"When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind,
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind."

No traveller from that mystic land ever returns to solve the spiritual problem for us.

Covington, N. Y., 1857. May Hamilton.

THE BIBLE.

There are four grand arguments for the truth of the Bible. The first is the miracles on record; the second, the prophecies; the third, the goodness of the doctrine; the fourth, the moral character of the penmen. The miracles flow from Divine power; the prophecies, from divine understanding; the excellence of the doctrine, from Divine goodness; the moral character of the penmen, from Divine purity. Thus, Christianity is built upon these four immovable pillars, the power, the understanding, the goodness, the purity of God. The Bible must be one of these things; either an invention of good men, or good angels; of bad men, or bad angels; or a revelation from God. But it could not be the invention of good men, or angels, for they neither would nor could make a book telling lies, at the same time saying, "Thus saith the Lord," when they knew it all to be their own invention. It could not be the invention of wicked men or devils, for they could not make a book which commands all duty, which forbids all sin, and which condemns their souls to all eternity. The conclusion is irresistible — the Bible must be given by Divine inspiration.—*Bishop Simpson.*

LOVE TO CHRIST.

Not only the flowers unfold their petals to receive the light—the heart of man also has a power of expansion. It is love which opens it and expands it, so that the rays of the spiritual sun may penetrate and illume it. The Christian, in the work of self-examination, need not direct his attention to many points; it is included in the daily question—How is it with my love to Christ? That love to him is of great importance, we must conclude, since he, in truth, requires of us an affection for his own person such as no one else ever claimed. O thou must be more than father and mother, than brother and sister, else how couldst thou, the lowliest among the children of men, lay claim to such superabundant love? Since I have believed in thy word, all my desire has been to love thee. I will not cease to love thee, until thou art dearer to me than father, mother, and brother! If they deny thee, if they revile thee; what is so dreadful as to see one's father and mother reviled at our side! but more than when they reproach father and mother, shall thy reproaches, thy wrongs go to my heart.—*Tholuck.*

Noble Sentiments.—Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason, or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the Judge of all.—*John Wesley.*

Simonides being asked of Hiero, what he tho't of God, asked a week's time to consider of it; at the week's end, he asked a fortnight's time; at the fortnight's end, a month. At which Hiero marvelling, Simonides answered, "that the longer he tho't upon the matter the more difficult he found it."

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

Premiums Extended!---"Try, Try Again!"

It will be seen by reference to lists on next page that we have *extended* the period of Competition for our LARGE GENERAL and STATE PREMIUMS from April to July, and *renewed* our offer of SPECIFIC PREMIUMS. We have concluded to adopt this course, in order that many agents and friends who are still in the field may continue their efforts through the Spring Campaign—a good season for obtaining subscribers; and also that those to whom the RURAL has but recently been introduced may compete for the Specific and State Premiums. The extension will not, we presume, be objected to by any of our agents, and certainly by none who work mainly (as most of them do,) to augment the circulation and usefulness of the RURAL. ☞ None of the persons interested are aware of their present respective positions or chances for the Large and State Premiums, and will not be until the result is announced, so that the competition and awards will be perfectly fair and honorable.

☞ As a new Quarter begins this week, *the present* is a good time to commence new clubs or make additions to those already formed, and we trust agents and friends will continue their efforts in that direction.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed from one Post Office to another, should be particular in specifying the offices at which they are now received.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL, be sure and specify name of *Post-Office, County,* and *State, Territory* or *Province.*

☞ BACK NUMBERS of the present volume can still be supplied, but those desiring them should be particular in specifying that they are wanted.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

French, English and Am Goods—J. Z. Newcomb & Co.
Hickey's Improved Patent Corn Planter—John Outram.
Allen's Mowing Machine—R. L. Allen.
Short-horns for Sale—David Brooks.
Young Gifford Morgan—Daniel Ward.
Hoe! for the North-West!!—Scriven & Gallagher.
Wakefield's Hand Corn Planter.
Devon Cattle—Lewis F. Allen.
The Ladies' Annual—J. Choulen.
A Rare Chance—H. C. White.
To Nurserymen, &c—G. W. Eastman.
Seed Corn—H. D. Tooker.
Poultry for Sale—G. H. Crain.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, APRIL 18, 1857.

TRIAL SUBSCRIBERS—HALF PRICE!

Remember that we will send FOUR COPIES *of the* RURAL *for the current quarter, (thirteen numbers,) for* $1—on trial. *Many have already responded to the offer in last number by sending handsome lists of* Trial Subscribers, *while others order the paper sent to friends and neighbors,* as a present. *All who wish to introduce the* RURAL *in their localities, or to friends at a distance, can now do so at just* half price *by sending for four, eight, twelve or more copies.*

Washington Matters.

THE Administration has completed its arrangements relative to China, and Wm. B. Reed, Esq., of Philadelphia, has been tendered the mission.

The land offices in Minnesota have been directed to continue the withdrawal of lands falling on the probable line of the railroad routes established under grants of Congress. Pre-emption claims based on actual settlement and not for speculation, made up to the time when the lines or routes were definitely fixed on any of the lands withdrawn, will be allowed, provided testimony is clear and explicit. The offices of the newly created land districts will be established at Brownsville, Dacotah and Nebraska cities.

Gen. Cass has completed a letter to Lord Napier, copies of which will also be furnished to the French and Russian Ministers, laying down the policy of the Administration on the Chinese difficulties. It contains two points. 1st, Protection of persons and property of our citizens. 2d, Protection of our commerce, by opening new avenues into that country.

The Administration have decided to send an increased force to the Chinese seas.

Orders have been issued by the Navy Department for the steamers Minnesota and Mississippi and the sloop-of-war Germantown, to be immediately prepared for the East Indies. Their officers are not yet designated. The sloop-of-war Cumberland will be the flag ship of the squadron.

The Administration has had under consideration the subject of the Indian difficulties in Florida, and such measures are now in progress as lead to the belief that their removal will be peacefully effected.

The Secretary of State has completed an arrangement with Denmark for the abolition of the Sound Dues. The amount we pay is $380,000, while England pays nearly $6,000,000.

The State Department are constantly receiving letters from our Ministers and Consulates, asking to be relieved.

THE President has appointed Christopher Carson, the "Kit Carson" of Fremont's expedition, Indian Agent for New Mexico.

A letter from Singapore has been received in Washington, stating that owing to the obstruction at Hong Kong and Canton, the disaffection among the Chinese against the English, is rapidly spreading throughout the Celestial Empire. Singapore was for the present quiet, but there were apprehensions of an insurrection among the Chinese portion of the population in consequence of the obnoxious police regulations of the British authorities, who, however, had made preparations to suppress any disorders which might arise. It was ascertained that the Chinese had been plotting secretly against the English.

Kirby Benedict has been appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—The Washington Union says that so far, 64 Democrats and 90 Opposition have been elected to the next Congress. In the States to elect, the delegations in the last Congress stood 47 Democrats, 32 Opposition, which, if no changes were made in the coming elections, would given an Opposition majority of twelve.

New York Legislature.

THE time fixed by law for the adjournment of our Legislature being near at hand, Senators and Representatives are inclined to labor a little for their constituents, and consequently business has assumed a progressive appearance during the past week.

SENATE.—The following bills of a public character have passed the Senate:—In relation to weight marks, and tare on casks and packages; To incorporate the American School of Mines; In regard to the expenses of emigrants—[Appropriates $30,000]; To establish the compensation of Judges of the Court of Appeals and Supreme Court at $3,500; To incorporate the Niagara Canal Navigation Company; To authorize the city of Brooklyn to raise money to pay liabilities; In relation to the publication of legal notices; To develop the resources of Montezuma Salt Springs; To reorganize the Warden's Office for the port of New York; Relative to the office of Auditor of the Canal Department; To amend the Revised Statutes on the assessment and collection of taxes; To authorize the loan of money to the trustees of Onondaga Academy; Authorizing the Comptroller to loan money to the Ovid Academy; To loan money to the Susquehanna Academy at Binghamton; To establish bulk heads and pier lines for the port of New York; To authorize a loan to the trustees of Franklin Academy at Malone; In relation to the enlargement of the Cayuga and Seneca Canal; To provide for the payment of lands for the manufacture of salt and expenses of Onondaga Salt Springs; To appropriate from the general fund to the St. Lawrence University; To amend the charter of New York city; To establish regulations for the port of New York.

ASSEMBLY.—Bills for the following purposes passed the House:—Making appropriations for the canal debt and the maintainage of the canals for the next fiscal year; To authorize the re-payment of $195,000 to the Canal Fund, erroneously paid to the General Fund, and for other purposes; Providing for the enlargement and completion of the canals under the Constitution; To provide means for the enlargement and completion of the canals of this State; To extend the Second Avenue in the city of New York; making it a misdemeanor for any person to "squat," or erect a shanty, or any building, on any vacant lot in any city or incorporated village, and giving power to recover possession.

Recent Elections.

ALL the towns in Connecticut have been heard from, except the town of Franklin. The vote for Governor is, Holley 30,960, Ingham 30,741. To the House the Union have elected 138 Representatives, the Democrats 93. The Senate stands, Union 15, Democrats 9. In the 4th Congressional Districts, the run is so close that the result will probably not be known until the official count.

SCATTERING returns from Wisconsin indicate the election of Whiton, Rep., for Chief Justice by a decided majority.

AT the city election in Cincinnati on the 8th inst., N. W. Thomas was elected Mayor, and Bellamy Storer, Judge of Supreme Court. They were both on the Citizens' Ticket.

THE complete returns of the city election in St. Louis, Mo., on the 6th inst., foot up for Mayor:—Wymer, emancipationist, 4,331; Platt, Dem., 3,080; Lane, American, 1626. Wymer's majority will be about 1,500. The majority of the emancipation ticket is probably elected.

THE Republicans of Geneva elected their charter officers on the 7th inst. The Republican Supervisor had 117 majority.

AT the charter election in Cleveland, O., on the 7th inst., the Democratic ticket was elected.

THE entire American ticket in New Orleans, for District Judges is probably elected. The Democratic nominee for Judge of Supreme Court is undoubtedly elected.

DETROIT, Mich., gives 200 Democratic majority for Judges of the Supreme Court, with two wards to hear from. Returns from the interior of the State are scattering, and indicate that but a very small vote was polled.

THE People's ticket has been elected in Milwaukee, Wis., with the exception of Mayor and Treasurer. Cross, Democrat, for Mayor is elected.—Judge McCarthy, Dem., is elected Judge of the Circuit Court.

LAND SALES.—Three great land sales are now advertised by the U. S. Government. The first will occur at Iowa Point, in Doniphan county, Kansas, beginning on the 5th of May. This sale is for the benefit of the Iowa tribe. Another will occur at Paoli, in Lykins county, Kansas, commencing on the 26th of May, for the confederated bands of Kaskaskias, Peorias, Piankeshaws and Weas. The third will commence at Osawkee, in Kansas, on the 23d of June, for the Delaware tribe. For the benefit of the Iowa tribe 95,000 acres will be sold; for the confederated 214,000; and for the Delaware tribe 345,000, making in all 654,000 acres.

EMIGRATION.—It is stated that there were more emigrants in Liverpool, up to the 20th of March, waiting passage to America, than were ever known in previous years, except in 1854. The price, which had averaged up to that time £3 to £3 10s., was raised to £4 and £4 10s. The fact that there was a scarcity of ships contributed to this rise in the price of passage.

WESTERN WEATHER.—A despatch from Jackson Mo., states that six inches of snow fell there on the 12th inst., and the Missouri river had overflown its banks at Norton, Lexington and other towns. The ice is still solid in Lake Pepin, but the river is open above that point to St. Paul.

A WRECKING VESSEL FOR SEBASTOPOL.—The schooner Silver Key, Capt. Currier, cleared at the Boston Custom House on the 11th inst. for Constantinople and the Black Sea, to aid in the operations of the Boston Submarine Company in raising the sunken fleet at Sebastopol.

THE Legislature of Delaware has followed the example of its neighbors of Penn., and Maryland, and passed a bill prohibiting the banks from issuing bills of a less denomination than five dollars

Conflagrations and Casualties.

BUSHNELL'S ship chandlery warehouse, together with several adjoining buildings at New Albany, Ind., was burnt on the 5th inst. Loss $40,000.—Insurance small.

A LARGE woolen mill and dye house, in North Adams, Mass., was destroyed by fire on the 9th inst. Loss $100,000. Insured $20,000.

THE Court House at Mount Carmel, Ill., was burnt on the 5th inst., together with all the county records.

ON Wednesday of last week a destructive fire occurred at Jacksonport, Ark., the loss resulting from which is estimated at $200,000. Out of the whole business portion of the town, only a drug store and a hotel saved.

ON the 9th inst. the whole of the offices of the Grand Trunk Railroad Company at Point Levi, opposite Quebec, C. E., were destroyed by fire.—Amount of loss unknown.

THE "Genesee Model School," at Lima, was destroyed by fire the 8th inst. The fire was supposed to have been caused by a defective chimney. The buildings were insured for $10,000, which will probably pretty nearly cover the loss.

THE dwelling house of Mr. Grimshaw, near Cape Vincent, says the Oswego *Palladium*, was burned on the 4th inst. Mr. Grimshaw, his wife, and six children, perished in the flames.

AT Oswego, on the 5th inst., the dwelling house of Antoine Plante was destroyed by fire, and three of his children perished in the flame.

Two freight trains collided on the Columbia Railroad, near Oakland, Pa., on the 6th inst., causing the death of the fireman of one of the trains, who was crushed under a heavy truck. One person was thrown over the telegraph wires, but no one except the fireman was seriously injured. The flagman neglected to give the signal, and seeing the accident caused by his carelessness, he immediately fled.

THE Express train going West on the Michigan Southern Railroad, on the 9th inst., was thrown off the track by the breaking of an axle of one of the cars. One woman and one child killed and several persons badly wounded.

ON the 7th inst., the new steam boiler, recently put in the State Sentinal office at Indianapolis, while being tried for the first time, exploded, killing instantly a young man named Homer, and badly injuring five others. The east wall was blown down. The damage to presses, type, &c., was great.

Items of News.

A NEGRO slave at Louisville, Ky., drew a prize of $15,000 in a lottery, from which his master deducted the value of the chattel, and gave him the balance and his freedom.

AN immense mass of pure copper, valued at $150,000, has been recently taken from one of the Lake Superior mines. It is forty-five feet in length, and in the thickest part as much as eight or nine feet in thickness. If it is as pure as it appears to be, it contains, probably, more than 50 tons of metal, and it is certainly worth, as it lies, more $150,000.

A CHICAGO paper states that one of the grain and produce firms in that city handled within the last year in their business, $12,500,000, their checks on a single bank amounting to $8,000,000. Two million two hundred fifty-six thousand bushels of grain passed through their hands.

IT has been ascertained that the population of New York exceeds 600,000, and the church sittings are not equal to 200,000. To meet the deficiency, it would require 600 new churches, to be built at an expense of more than $8,000,000.

A LETTER from the Crimea states that measures have been taken for repairing, in the spring, the towns which suffered from the late war, and especially Kertch, Eupatoria and Sebastopol. The materials for the repairs are to be obtained from Odessa and Nicolaieff. The latter town is now the center of the different branches of the administration of Southern Russia.

IT is reported from Naples that the submarine electro cable which is to unite the two Sicilies, will be submerged by the 1st of May, and that all points of the Island will be by that date in communication with the continent.

IT is said that the water so long lying stagnant in that immense tract of country known as the Everglades of Florida, has recently found an outlet through which it is discharging itself into the Gulf of Mexico. This will leave many millions of acres dry and capable of cultivation. It is said to be exactly the land best adapted to the growth of the sugar cane.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—It will be recollected that a few years ago, Mr. Willis, of South Carolina, visited Cincinnati to manumit his children by a slave mother, and died on the wharf, leaving a will giving all his property to those children, and appointing John Joliffe, Esq., his executor. The will was contested on the ground of alleged insanity of the testator, and in the Barnwell District, S. C., was in October last pronounced valid. It was carried up to the Court of Appeals, and last week a jury of South Carolinians, returned a verdict that the will was valid.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—It is calculated that the profits realized yearly from the African Slave Trade, amount to about $11,000,000, while the capital invested does not, perhaps, exceed $4,000,000; that there is a fleet of forty vessels manned by a total force of nearly a thousand men, and that by means of the fleet some thirty thousand slaves are exported yearly from the Coast of Africa.

FOR KANSAS.—A Colony has been formed in Cayuga Co., consisting of ninety families and embracing men of all vocations, fifty of whom will set out for the West in a few days. On the 15th inst., a company left Buffalo for Kansas, under the Patronage of the State Kansas Association.

DISCHARGED.—In our Court of Sessions the case of Joseph Westfall, of Greece, indicted for perjury, ended in a verdict of acquittal by direction of the Court. We understand it was made to appear that what the defendant swore to was the truth.

Literary Notices.

A SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY; containing a description of the Natural Features of the Land and Water, the Phenomena of the Atmosphere, and the Distribution of Vegetable and Animal Life. To which is added a Treatise on the Physical Geography of the United States. By D. M. WARREN. Philadelphia: Cowperthwait & Co.

The province of a work of this character is to expound those laws operating upon our earth which more directly affect the growth and progress of its inhabitants in civilization, morals and intellectual capacity. It treats of the earth as the abode of man and its adaptation to his necessities and desires—it describes the diversities of its surface—its division of land and water—the atmosphere that surrounds us—and explains the wonderful process by which the water of the ocean is lifted into the air, and thence distributed over the land to form lakes and rivers and give life to vegetation, which in its turn supports and sustains the animal system. In the words of an eminent European writer on the subject which this work embraces—"Physical Geography is the history of Nature in its most attractive form, the exponent of the wonders which the Almighty Creator has scattered so profusely around us."—This study must prove a very attractive one to the youthful mind, and gives just such exercise as is calculated to strengthen and elevate the mental powers. The maps and engravings, which are numerous, are produced with all the skill of the engraver, while the letter press is an ornament to the publishers. Sold by E. DARROW & BRO.

HOOPER'S WESTERN FRUIT BOOK: A compendious collection of Facts, from the notes and experience of Fruit Culturists, arranged for practical use in the Orchard and Garden. By E. J. HOOPER, member of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, &c. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co.

THIS is a neatly printed book of 333 pages, embellished with four *colored* plates—the Yellow Bellflower Apple, the Bartlett Pear, the Roman's Red Cling Peach, and the McAvoy's Superior Strawberry. The frontispiece is a fine group of the principal horticulturists of Cincinnati, among which we recognize several familiar faces, such as N. LONGWORTH, Esq., Dr. WARDER, and A. H. ERNST. The whole book, with the exception of about twenty-five pages at the close, is filled with brief descriptions of fruit. The book must be exceedingly valuable, if these descriptions are made with such care as to render them perfectly reliable. We notice that the *Allen Raspberry* is described as "*a reddish black.*" Our readers will recollect that this is what we reported Mr. HOOPER to say of its color at the last meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, and that Mr. H. thought we reported him incorrectly.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL SKETCHES. By T. BABINGTON MACAULEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

AN interesting volume of MACAULEY'S Miscellaneous Writings—principally composed of brief, condensed and admirably written Biographies. The work contains sketches of nearly a hundred noted personages—including Bunyan, Goldsmith, Samuel Johnson—various celebrated Monarchs, Earls, Dukes, Lords, Princesses, Duchesses, and Archbishops—Rich. Baxter, Wm. Penn, Judge Jeffreys, John Locke, Dryden, Geo. Fox, Dean Swift, and many like famous historical characters. It is a valuable book for the library. Sold by DEWEY.

STORIES OF THE ISLAND WORLD. By CHARLES NORDHOFF, author of "Man-of-War Life," "The Merchant Vessel," "Whaling and Fishing," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

AN excellent work by one who knows whereof he affirms. It is intended for the instruction and entertainment of the young, and the design is well fulfilled, in a series of evening stories related by the author to his brothers and sisters. The subjects are, Madagascar, Java, Iceland, Ceylon, and New Zealand, about each of which, and their habitans, much interesting information is pleasantly imparted. The volume is well executed, and compilses several fine illustrations. Sold by DEWEY.

VIVIA: or the Secret of Power. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, author of the "Lost Heiress," "India," "Missing Bride," "Curse of Clifton," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

AN absorbing romance by a prolific and powerful writer. Though first published in a newspaper, "Vivia" will find many admiring readers in the handsome volume of 540 pages in which it now appears.

CHAPMAN'S AMERICAN DRAWING BOOK.—No. 4 of this valuable serial, devoted to "Sketching from Nature—Painting," is both beautiful and instructive. A juvenile in our household, who has a precocious taste for drawing, is delighted with the work—in whose behalf we bespeak the preceding numbers. Published by REDFIELD, New York, and for sale by DEWEY.

HOW LIEUT. MAURY WAS CRIPPLED.—When Lieut. Maury lectured here last winter, many were the inquiries and surmises as to the cause of his lameness. We find in the Buffalo Commercial the following particulars:—In October, 1837, Lieut. Maury was on his way from the West to New York to join the Home Squadron, then engaged in the Coast Survey. At Somerset, Ohio, the stage in which he was a passenger, capsized, and Lieut. M. received a severe injury of the knee. He lay at Somerset for two months, suffering much. He finally reached Philadelphia, and was then assigned to shore service in the Observatory at Washington, and has since then acquired his brilliant reputation.

THE LATE SNOW STORM.—The cold of the 7th inst., extended over a large portion of our country. At Dunkirk, N. Y., the snow was eighteen deep; at Elmira, N. Y., ten inches. By telegraph we learn that at Augusta, Geo., the frost of Tuesday killed the corn, cotton and wheat crops in this region.—At Nashville, Tenn., snow fell to the depth of three inches. Thermometer at 7 A. M., on the 8th inst., 25° above zero. Much damage is apprehended to the corn, and it is feared that the first crop is entirely destroyed. In Louisville, Ky., the storm prevailed. The tobacco crop in Kentucky and Tennessee is seriously injured.

MEXICAN ITEMS.—New Orleans papers of Friday last contain details of the Mexican news to the 20th. The new Constitution was promulgated on the 1st of March. The Vera Cruz diligence was robbed at Acajete, and after taking $400 from a Holy Father who was one of the passengers, the robbers compelled him to give them absolution.

The El Moniteur says Santa Anna is in constant communication with certain Mexican emissaries.

The rejection of the Forsyth treaty had not transpired at the capital up to the 14th. A rumor that it had been accepted caused great rejoicings.

HAVANA NEWS.—The steamer Black Warrior, from Havana, April 3d, arrived at New Orleans on the 6th inst. The Mexican question continued to be the general topic of conversation, but nothing was officially known regarding the movements of Spain. Two Dutch ships, with 300 coolies on board, had arrived at Havana. There had been copious rains throughout the Island.

Papers from Texas are to the 2d inst. The crops were in tolerable condition, but were suffering for want of rain.

News Clippings.

—Bogus ten cent pieces, well executed, are in circulation.

—The shoe manufacturers of Lynn have formed a Board of Trade.

—There are about 700 clergymen in New York city and Brooklyn.

—A wide-spread disease is reported in the potato crop of Bermuda.

—Through tickets from Chicago to New York are now sold for $20.

—There does not exist any Book Post between the U. S. and England.

—Musquitoes have appeared in Wilmington, N. C., in good condition.

—An omnibus was recently burnt at Philadelphia by a camphene lamp.

—There were 240 arrests made in Albany last month for criminal offences.

—The property of New Orleans by recent valuation is worth $95,744,827.

—Jedediah Grant, the Mormon saint, lately deceased, left seven widows.

—It is estimated there are 25,000 secret or open spiritualists in Boston alone.

—Teas have advanced from two to three cents per pound in the New York market.

—Wm. Denniston, of New York, has contributed $500 to the Dudley Observatory.

—The lighting of Cincinnati with gas cost $25,000 for the year ending March, 1857.

—It is stated that the experiment of making paper from basswood has proved a failure.

—The President has recognized Emil Spangeberg as Consul of Prussia at Milwaukee.

—The new Collector and the new Surveyor of the port of New York are both bachelors.

—A Boston clerk named Perkins footed it from Boston to Lowell, 26 miles, in six hours.

—All the billiard rooms at Louisville, Ky., have been closed in pursuance of a State law.

—The farmers in the American Bottom, in the southern part of Ill., have planted their corn.

—Within the week ending March 21, over 1,000 emigrants landed at Leavenworth, K T.

—Vivus W. Smith, of Syracuse, is re-appointed Superintendent of Onondaga Salt Springs.

—Missouri has pledged her State credit to railways to the enormous amount of $10,250,000.

—Eight thousand eight hundred and twenty girls are employed in the factories at Lowell.

—The Philadelphia County Prison receives within its walls 14,000 or 15,000 inmates yearly.

—A stock company has been formed in Dayton, O., to run a steam wagon on common roads.

—The bank-note circulation of the U. S. at present is estimated to represent about $190,000,000.

—It is estimated that at least 4,000 men will leave New Hampshire the present season for the West.

—Rats are getting so scarce in Paris that the price of kid gloves has gone up to 5 francs per pair.

—In Philadelphia they are just now giving particular attention to the subject of steam fire engines.

—The boot and shoe manufacturers of Philadelphia have voted to increase their prices twenty per cent.

—It is stated that in the city of New York alone there are between 800 and 1,000 lottery policy offices.

—The wife of Horace Mann announces a new work under the title of "Christianity in the Kitchen."

—Hon. Chas. B. Penrose, Senator from Philadelphia, died at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 6th inst. of Pleurisy.

—Hon. Sampson W. Harris, Representative in Congress from Alabama, died in Washington Wednesday week.

—At New Orleans, on the 29th ult., the editors of the Picayune partook of strawberries grown in the open air.

—The St. Paul Times estimates the recent grant of land to Minnesota for railroad purposes to be 7,200,000 acres.

—George Sunley, Mayor of Guelph, died suddenly on Monday of last week. The deceased was highly esteemed.

—The last speech of Louis Napoleon, 1,600 words long, was transmitted to Rouen, sixty miles from Paris, in two hours.

—Thirteen persons were killed and wounded by the explosion of the steamboat Forest Rose, near Napoleon, Arkansas.

—The Louisville Journal says that the fruit in the neighborhood of Danville, Ky., was killed by the frost on the 1st inst.

—The amount of money now in all the depositories subject to the draft of the Secretary of the Treasury is $28,763,000.

—The Ohio Senate has passed a bill to prevent the use of jails for the confinement of fugitive slaves, under a penalty of $500.

—The last 13 public works for irrigation executed in Madras by the Indian government have returned a profit of 134 per cent.

—The post of Keeper of the Poor House in Newton, Mass., was applied for by one hundred persons. The salary is $350 a year.

—A fashionable duchess in Paris recently issued invitations for an evening party, with the words *sans crinoline* written on her cards.

—Two children, buried five years since in Allentown, Pa., were recently exhumed, and it was found that their bodies were petrified.

—The Petersburg (Va.) Express complains thus early of the musquitoes, and states that large swarms have made their appearance there.

—The Governor of Pennsylvania has appointed James M. Armstrong, of Lycoming, Judge of the Supreme Court, in place of Judge Black.

—Lake Jackson, in Florida, is gradually disappearing. Land proprietors on its shores are already gainers to the extent of over 1,000 acres.

—A Springfield, Conn., paper records the death of "Jehu Bricket," a well-known horse in that city, who was said to be full fifty years of age.

—John Hutchinson, of Gaines, one of the oldest and best known settlers of Orleans county, N. Y., died at his residence on Monday week.

—In St. Petersburg there are five successful literary magazines. One of them, the Russian Messenger, has more than 3,000 subscribers.

—It is said that the London Journal, an illustrated weekly, retailed at two cents a copy, has the enormous circulation of 600,000 a week.

—A steamboat is to be put on the Susquehanna river at Harrisburg, where it has been thought hitherto nothing could ride but a raft in a freshet.

—Capt. Horace Chase, an old and esteemed resident of Medina, died on the 8th inst. He built, in 1827, the house in which he lived until his death.

—There are now in Washington twenty gentlemen from Maine, whose average weight is 224½ lbs. The heaviest weighs 225, and the lightest 200 lbs.

—A bevy of the fashionable ladies in Cincinnati appeared on promenade a few days since without hoops, and with robes descending "classically straight."

—It is reported in the Boston papers that a student at Harvard College has been suspended from his college connections because he is a spiritual medium.

—A despatch from Belgrade mentions that the only daughter of Omar Pacha has poisoned herself, in consequence of the ill-treatment of her husband.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Canadian and Niagara.

THE Canadian arrived at Portland on the 7th, and the Niagara at Halifax on the 9th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Previous to the dissolution of Parliament Lord Palmerston, in reply to a question, stated that no direct overture for the return of embassies had been made from Naples, but indirectly it was asked whether sending political prisoners to La Platte would be considered sufficient. The British government, however, would not be satisfied with Naples merely emptying the prisons to fill them again.

England continues in the election foment. Few members as yet returned, but appearances favor Palmerston.

The Board of Trade returns for February, show a large per centum over last year's imports. They show a decrease in cotton and breadstuffs, but an increase in provisions.

The bullion in the Bank had slightly increased.

England has ceded to France, Longwood House and Napoleon's Tomb at St. Helena.

FRANCE.—Letters from Marseilles, of the 18th, say that the American ship Adriatic, being arrested in consequence of a collision with the steamer Lyonais, the Captain demurred to the jurisdiction of the French court, and appealed to the American tribunals. The objection was overruled, and the case will be heard before the tribunal of commerce.

News has been received from Algiers, announcing that one-fifteenth more land had been sown with wheat this year than last, and the growing crops promise an abundant harvest.

There is a progressive rise in prices of colonial produce. Corn and flour markets excessively dull.

Little done in the Paris Conference. On the 24th, the meeting was merely for the purpose of receiving the Prussian propositions. Another meeting on the 25th, to receive propositions. Another meeting on the 26th, to receive propositions of Switzerland, which differ materially from the Prussian, but amicable settlement is confidentially anticipated.

An expedition against the Kabyles, is projected under Marshall Bandon, it is reported.

SPAIN.—The government contemplates the laying of a sub-marine telegraph between Cuba and the United States.

The first division of the fleet to invade Mexico, would sail about the 28th of March for Havana.

The following is an extract from the London Times:—"Cadiz letters state that the forts of Vera Cruz had fired on the boats of the Spanish war steamer Ferolana, whose commander has demanded an explanation. The Mexicans boast that they have assistance from the United States."

GERMANY.—The German Powers decline intervention of other European powers in the quarrel between Denmark and the Confederacy, on the ground that the question is purely federal, in which they as well as Denmark act as members of the Confederation.

Russia and France are said to be favorable to Denmark in the dispute.

AUSTRIA.—The Government, in recalling its representative from Turin, addressed a circular despatch, setting forth its reasons to its agents at European Courts, stating that the Vienna Cabinet was dissatisfied with Count Cabour's reply to its complaints on the Piedmont Presse, and the tolerance with which Sardinia treats, attacks it also, and sees a new offence in the language used by Sardinia on the occasion of the debates relative to the fortification of Alexandria. The despatch adds that Austria has become convinced that Piedmont seeks to head the insurrectionary movement in Italy, which, if successful, would be the destruction of the Austrian domination in Italy. In view of these facts, Austria deems her dignity will not permit her to maintain official relations at Sardinia. Nevertheless, this measure will not be followed with more hostile operations, as Austria is determined to do nothing.

RUSSIA.—Russia having demanded an explanation of the landing of 300 Turks and Poles, under Mehemet Bey, from the British steamer Kangaroo, on the coast of Circassia, the Porte has appointed a Commissioner of Inquiry.

PERSIA. — An armistice for three months is agreed on between the British and Persian forces. An insurrection had occurred in Persian Kurls.

ITALY.—Diplomatic relations are suspended between Austria and Sardinia. The Piedmontese Gazette announces the recall of Count Taar, the Austrian Minister, with the whole of his legation from Turin. The Austrian citizens are transferred to the protection of the Prussian Minister. The recall takes place without a serious diplomatic rupture.

There are reports from Naples of some relaxation in the prison severities, also of unofficial mission of M. Pinenelli to Paris, to conciliate the Western Powers.

JAPAN.—The two British steamers forced Port Menagasoatti, in Japan, because they were refused admission contrary to the treaty. Communications, however, were made to the Emperor, who published an edict, giving orders that these ports should be opened; but the crews of any foreign vessels are forbidden to penetrate the interior.

Advices from Constantinople state that civil war prevails in Persia.

The London Gazette contains a notice from the Board of Trade, that Denmark has engaged to abolish the Sound Dues from the first of April.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.—COTTON.—The Brokers' Circular reports a quiet but generally steady market, although in the lower qualities a slight decline had taken place, and the inferior grades are called ⅛d lower.

BREADSTUFFS.—Richardson, Spence & Co., and others, report breadstuffs generally dull, with small arrivals.—Wheat 2d lower on the week, closing steady, at 7s 3d@9s for red and 8s 3d@9s for white. Flour heavy and dull, at a decline of 1s from the quotations by the Asia. Western canal selling at 27s@27s 6d; Ohio, 28s@30s; Extra Ohio, 31s; Canada, 28s@31s 6d. Corn quiet and dull, at a decline of 61@1s per quarter. Mixed quoted at 30s 6d; yellow, 31s@31s 6d; white 33s.

PROVISIONS.—Richardson, Spence & Co. report a firm market for beef. Quotations were nominal, the article being scarce and wanted. Pork quiet at 90s@92s 6d. Bacon steady at a decline of 6d. Lard heavy at 52s, and buyers to arrive at 70s.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the George Law.

THE steamer George Law arrived at New York on the 13th inst. She brought nearly a million and a quarter in specie, and San Francisco dates to the morning of the 23d of March.

The George Law rescued the crew of the brig Mary C. Hasket, bound for Cienfuegas, wrecked March 26th off Cape Maice.

The George Law left Aspinwall April 4th. The Granada left same day for Havana

The Tennessee arrived at Aspinwall on the same day, with dates from Greytown to April 3. Col. Lockridge went up the river March 26th, with all forces, to attack San Carlos. When last heard from he was at Machanca Rapids, intending to attack Costillo next morning, Sunday the 27th. He had removed everything from San Carlos and Sierra Piqua, previous to leaving. Nothing later from Walker.

There was some excitement on the Isthmus of Panama, growing out of an apprehension of an attack by the natives on the foreigners. The Railroad Company is taking every precaution to protect passengers and property in transit. A bearer of despatches from Bogota took passage in the Geo. Law at Aspinwall, on his way to Washington, with the news that Mr. Morse had been refused all negotiations on the riot question.

A proposition was made in the New Grenadian Senate to send a force to the Isthmus, which met with opposition.

The news from California is meagre. No further action had been had in the Legislature concerning the State debt.

The prisoners in the State Prison were starving. Some had already died. The Legislature appropriated $5,000 for their relief. The Governor of California had vetoed the appropriation bill.

The intelligence of the passage of the Pacific wagon road bill by Congress had given much satisfaction to the people of California.

Henry Bates, the late State Treasurer, whose impeachment we had intelligence of, has been tried and convicted. The amount of his defalcation was $124,000. He has been declared incompetent hereafter to hold any office of public trust or honor in the State. He has also been indicted and is to be proceeded against criminally. Mr. Rowe remains in prison. Comptroller Wheatman has been impeached for malfeasance, but has not yet been tried.

The finances of the State are in much embarrassment and confusion, but the papers express firm confidence that the entire State indebtedness will be met in a reasonable time.

There was a probability of the public school in San Francisco having to be closed for the want of funds. The Board of Education was called together to devise some way of relief. The inhabitants also held public meetings on the subject.—The Alta Californian, in its article on mining intelligence, says that the present is by far the most favorable season for mining pursuits ever known in California. Messrs. Cress & Co., within a mile and a half of El Dorado, took out a piece of gold nearly pure, weighing 283 ounces.

Immigration this Spring.

THE Chicago *Tribune*, in reference to the tide of travel setting westward at the present time, makes the following remarks:—"The pioneers of the spring immigration are coming to the western world in numbers exceeding the largest calculations of the statisticians. Seven car loads came in one of the Central trains last week, and crowds are daily arriving by the southern routes. Regarding the land office of the Illinois Central Company as an index of the tide of population flowing to this State—and a pretty certain index it is—we called in there on Saturday to take an observation. There were between thirty and forty purchasers present, all busy in making selections of homesteads. The majority appeared to be New England farmers. We are told that the sales thus far are nearly double those of last year, when it was considered they had attained the maximum of probability. The transactions of this company equal in amount those of the General Government—in the matter of land sales—in several of the last ten years. Since January 1st, the sales amount to $947,731 89, whereas in 1856 the total sales up to May 1st, were only $786,069 26. We annex a table of sales for the first six months of 1855, with corresponding sales to date the present season:

	1857.	1856.
January	$948,987 85	$175,504 46
February	266,306 44	75,509 09
March to 22d	332,445 60	327,332 54
April	———	207,714 17
May	———	293,368 96
June	———	241,291 99
	$947,731 89	$1,320,712 18

Some of the recent sales are in Southern and Central Illinois. A Vermont colony is about locating in Washington Co., near Richview; another, all farmers and mechanics, from Troy, N. Y., are in treaty for lands in the neighborhood of Vandalia, the former capital of the State.

Speculators in Illinois, resident abroad, are probably surprised at the results obtained by the Central Company, while theirs (the speculators' lands) are unsought. But the reasons are obvious. Every person knows that the lands of the company *are for sale;* that the prices are fixed, and that without any delay, the purchasers secure a perfect title. The non-resident land-holder is only desirous of selling when there are no buyers, and the mere appearance of a purchaser leads him to imagine that some great work is going on to give value to his property, and so he holds on to wait the result. He goes through several periods of uncertainty, and just at the wrong moment, perhaps, sells to some shrewd, clear-headed land agent, and at a price far below what he might have obtained from the actual settler. Under such circumstances it is not at all surprising that the settler should prefer dealing with the Central Company than with the land speculators."

THE CANADIAN LINE OF STEAMSHIPS.—The Inspector General's resolutions granting a subsidy of £50,000 per annum for a weekly line of ocean steamships from Quebec to Liverpool in summer, and Portland and Liverpool in winter, have passed the Assembly without opposition. This is highly gratifying, and we may now look forward with pleasure to the prospect of Canada competing favorably with the steamship lines between New York and Liverpool.—*Bradford (C. W.) Cour.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

PREMIUM LIST.—1857.

LOCAL AGENTS, Subscribers, and other earnest, active and influential friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, and the cause of "Progress and Improvement," who are disposed to lend their kind offices in its behalf—thus enhancing their individual interests while promoting the welfare of community—are respectfully invited to examine the following Programme of Premiums for RURAL CAMPAIGN of 1857

"EXCELSIOR" PREMIUMS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, to the person or persons procuring the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, in any one Township, sent in or remitted according to our terms, previous to July 1, 1857.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists
FIVE DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.

$800 IN STATE PREMIUMS!

As most of our General Premiums have heretofore been won by persons in the State of New York, thus precluding Agents and friends at a distance from successful competition, we have concluded to offer $800 *in State and Provincial Prizes*, viz: **One Hundred Dollars** for the FOUR LARGEST LISTS from EACH of the States of PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, IOWA, and the Province of CANADA WEST, divided as follows:

FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER from EACH of the above named States and Canada West, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of July, 1857.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.
TEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.

☞ Competitors for the State and Provincial Premiums, *can also compete for the large General Prizes!* Comment upon the unprecedented liberality and advantages of this list is unnecessary.

The names and number of subscribers obtained by each competitor, will be published in the RURAL, (or in a circular, and mailed to all interested, as soon after the 1st of April as the result can be ascertained,) and the cash paid to the order of the successful competitor

☞ To give Post-Masters and other Local Agents a fair, equal chance, travelling agents, post-riders and citizens of Rochester are excluded.

☞ Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, Prospectuses, &c., furnished free to all who are disposed to compete for Premiums, or who desire to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL.—Subscription money should be properly inclosed, and carefully addressed and mailed to

D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

PAPER TOWNS IN NEBRASKA.—We would advise all our friends to be beware of paper towns.—There is at all times a perfect town-making mania; everybody seems desirous of being the owner of a town. All persons desirous of securing an interest in Nebraska would do well to examine for themselves, or get a responsible agent to act for them. Never buy from floating speculators, unless you thoroughly examine the title and property, or you may be "fleeced."—*Nebraska Pioneer.*

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.—From Key West it is ascertained that the scientific expedition sent out by Williams College left that place for Bahia Honda in the schooner Dew Drop on the 26th ultimo. They had been highly successful in their researches in natural history.

MARRIAGES.

AT East Gwillinsbury, on Thursday the 12th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. John Foster, Mr RICHARD L. MUNRO, of the Township of Clarke, County of Durham, C. W., youngest son of H. Munro, Esq., M. P. P., and MARILLA S., second daughter of Jason Jerome, of East Gwillinsbury, County of York, C. W

AT New Castle, on Wednesday the 18th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. John Young, Mr CHARLES C JEROME, of the Township of East Gwillinsbury, County of York, C. W., eldest son of Jason Jerome, and JANE, 3d daughter of William W. Rose, M. D., of the village of New Castle, County of Durham, C. W.

On the 6th April, by Rev. James Colman, GEORGE SPERRY Esq., of Rochester, N. Y., and Mrs. EMILY PECK, Homer, Ill

DEATHS.

AT Sheffield, Mass., March 16th, SUSAN W., wife of George M. Shears, and daughter of Calvin Herrick, of Canaan, Columbia Co., N. Y., aged 23 years.

AT Knowlesville, Orleans Co., N. Y., on the 8th inst., MARTHA EMILY, wife of Dr. L. C. Grover, and daughter of the late Henry Towar, in the 45th year of her age.

IN this city, on the morning of the 14th inst., Mrs. MARGARET L., wife of PETER MCEWEN, aged 31 years. Her departure was rendered peaceful and happy, by a firm trust in her Savior.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, April 16, 1857.

FLOUR—No change in price of Flour, and transactions are quite limited.

GRAIN—We note considerable arrivals of Wheat by Lake—from Canadian ports—but there is no alteration in rates. Corn and Oats have fallen off 2c per bushel. Barley rates so high that our brewers are buying only when compelled to do so.—Malsters pay $1,30. For seed there is considerable demand and prime samples bring $1,75.

PROVISIONS—Pork by the bbl has advanced $1@2 and is firm. Shoulders 1@1½c advance. Butter 1c higher. Cheese 2@3c advance.

CLOVER has fallen off 50c during the week and is dull at quotations.

HAY is still up and firm at $17@18.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.			
Flour, bbl	$6,00@7,25	Honey, box	$18
Wheat, Gen	$0,00@1,60	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Best white Canada	$0,00@1,60	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Corn	58@60c	Apples, bushel	$1,00@1,50
Oats	28@42c	Do. dried	$1,75@2,00
Barley	1,50@1,75	Potatoes	56@75c
Buckwheat	60c	HIDES AND SKINS	
Beans	$1,12@1,38	Slaughter	7½@8c
Peas	1,00@1,25	Calf	10 @11c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	1,50@2,00
Pork, Mess	$24,00	Lamb do	00@00c
Do cwt	$8,00@9,00	SEEDS.	
Beef, per cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover bushel	$7,00@7,50
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75	Timothy	$3,75@4,00
Mutton (carcass)	$6,50@6,50	SUNDRIES.	
Hams, smoked	11½@12½c	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Shoulders	8½@ 0c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Chickens	11@12c	Coal, Lehigh	$4,25
Turkeys	6@12½c	Do. Scranton	$4,25
Geese	50c	Do. Blossburg	$4,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Butter, roll	21@22c	Do. Char	10@12½c
Do. firkin	16@17c	Salt, bbl	$1,00@1,75
Cheese	12@13c	Hay, tun	$17@18
Lard, tried	13@14c	Wool, ℔ lb	38@40c
Tallow	10@10½c	White fish, bbl	$11@11,50
Eggs, dozen	@15c	Codfish ℔ qual lb	$4,75@5,00
		Trout, bbl	$

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 11.—Flour—Market is fully 5c easier, with an improved demand both for home use and export. Sales at $5,50@5,65 for super State; $5,80@6,00 for extra do; $5,40@5,50 for super Western; $5,55@5,90 for extra do., including round and flat hoop Ohio at $5,10@6,25, closing buoyant. Canadian flour better; sales at $5 for super, and $6,10@6,50 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat dull, and prices rather easier. Sales common white Illinois at late, and Canada club at 120c, and corn red Southern at 140c. Rye scarce and firmly held; sales Northern at 84@86c delivered. Barley scarce at full prices; Canada at 100c. Barley malt nominal, 185@190c. Corn market a shade firmer, with a fair demand; sales at 70,70½c for old mixed Western in store, closing with no sellers below the inside price. Oats steady at 51@55c for State and Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market dull, and prices lower; sales at $22,50@22,75 for mess and $19,50 for prime. Lard less buoyant; sales 11½@11¾c. Butter 15@20c for Ohio, and 18@27c for State. Cheese in limited request at 12@13c.

BUFFALO, APRIL 14.—Flour—Ohio Extra $6,75@7,50; Do. superfine $5@5,50; Michigan extra $5,50@6,00; Do. superfine $5,75@6,25.

GRAIN—Ohio white wheat $1,33@1,37; Do red $1,20; Mich. white $1,35@1,37; Indiana white $1,30@1,35; Illinois winter $1,15@1,20, Do spring $1,14. Rye 90c. Corn, yellow or mixed, 60c. Barley $1,50. Oats 50c.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork, No. 1, $22,50@23; No 2, $21,50; Prime Do $18. Hams in pickle $22 per bbl; Do. Smoked, 12c ℔—Shoulders 10. Mackinaw Trout $9, White fish $7,50. Mess beef $14, Prime $11. Dried beef 12½c. Lard in bbls 13½@13¾c; Kegs do. Butter, roll, 17@21—Firkin 15@17. Hamburgh cheese 11@12½c. Eggs 16@18c.

SEEDS—Clover at $7,50@8,00; Timothy $3,25@3,75; Flax $1,75. White beans $1,75.

SUNDRIES—Dried Apples $2,50 Peaches 20@21c ℔ lb. Tallow, beef, 12@12½; Mutton 10@11c. Hides, green, 7½@8c; dry 18@20c Sheep Pelts $1@1,20. Wool 36@48. Hops 10@11c.

ALBANY, APRIL 13.—Flour—The market opened quite languid, and up to the close the business continued moderate.—There is no change to note in prices.

GRAIN—Wheat is in moderate request with sales good white at $1,33. No Barley offering, and lots to arrive by Canal are being held very firmly. In Oats we notice a sale of Chicago at 55½c, weight.

SEEDS—Seed is unchanged in value, with moderate sales of both Clover and Timothy.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 8.—The demand for Native Fleece and Pulled Wool is quite limited, and although there is no accumulation of stock, prices have receded 1@2c ℔ lb. on Fleece, and 2@3c ℔ lb on Pulled, from the highest range. The depression in the goods market, and the anxiety on the part of some holders to close out the residue of invoices will account for this slight decline. The stock of Fleece in this market does not exceed 100,000@120,000 lbs and with so meager supply and but little available stock before the new clip comes to market, we cannot perceive why prices should further decline. The producers, however, assert that they cannot go on with safety while the manufactured fabrics sell at unsatisfactory rates, and from the Eastern districts we learn that many have resolved to work out their present stock, and then let their machinery lay idle till the new tariff takes effect and the new clip is available; the sales for the week reach about 750,000 lbs. Fleece at 50@60c, including 35,000 lbs extra at the latter rate, and some 35,000 lbs. superfine and extra Pulled at 52@55c, the latter rate for choice country. Foreign is in light stock, and is held with much firmness; the transactions, therefore, are limited. From London we have accounts up to the 17th ult, advising of the result of the Colonial Wool sales, which have just been brought to a close—The total quantities sold were as follows: 6,572 bales Aus ralia, 12,300 do. Port Philip, 1,372 do. South Australia, 1,454 do. Van Dieman's Land, 520 do. New Zealand, 112 do. Swan River, 18,711 do. Cape of Good Hope, 2,234 do. East India, 5,425 do. Buenos Ayres, Egyptian, &c. At the opening of the sales an allowance of 2½@3d. ℔ lb was obtained, but subsequently prices gave way 1@1½d, in consequence of the great caution exhibited by buyers in purchasing, owing to the unsettled state of political affairs; but the producers took advantage of the decline, and bought with more freedom toward the close. Washed Wool sold the cheapest of any, the advance obtained on last November's sales was about 2½@3d. on Sydney, 1d on Port Philip and all Australia, ½@1d on Cape Wools. English Wools were in good demand, and South Down Ewes, which, in 1855 fell to 9d, is now quick of sale at 20@22d. We quote:

American Saxony Fleece, ℔ lb	56@67
American Full-blood Merino	52@57
American ¾ and ½ Merino	45@53
American Native and ¼ do	42@48
Pulled Wool, extra Country	52@55
Pulled Wool, super	44@47
Pulled Wool, No. 1	36@37
California Fine, Washed	25@35
Do. Coarse Unwashed	18@33
Peruvian, Washed	36@39
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@29
South American, Corn. Washed	16@24
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	17@24
South American Unwashed	12@16
South American, Cordova, Washed	27@30
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	11@15
African, Washed	18@25
Smyrna, Unwashed	14@16
Smyrna, Washed	30@32
Mexican, Unwashed	12@16

[*N. Y Tribune.*

BOSTON, APRIL 8—Fleece Wool remains quite steady, with a small stock. The sales have been moderate at prices in the range of quoted rates. In Foreign Wool the transactions comprise 100@200 bales Smyrna and other kinds, at various prices, as to quality.

Prime Saxony Fleece, washed, ℔ lb, 60@65; Full Blood Merino, 55@60, Three-quarter do., 48@53; Half do., 45@48; Common, 37@43; Superfine, 42@47; Pulled Extra, 47@55; Do. No. 1, 37@43; Do. No. 2, 25@35; Smyrna Washed, 25@32.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 8.—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality 12½@13c; ordinary 11@11½c; common 10@11c; inferior 9½@10c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality $65@70; ordinary $45@60; common $40@45; inferior $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra quality, ℔ lb. 6½@7c. Other qualities, 5@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra quality $8@15. Other qualities, $5,50@7,50.

SWINE—First quality 7@7½c. ℔ lb.

ALBANY, APRIL 13.—Beef Cattle—At market 560. Prices, live weight, extra, $6,50; first quality, $6,00; second and third, $5,00@5,50.

COWS AND CALVES—518 in market. Prices range from $30 $40, $50@$60.

SHEEP—870 in market. Prices range at from $4, 5, 6,@6,63. Extras $8@10.

SWINE—500 in market. Fat hogs $7,25; stores $7,38.

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 8.—At market 388 Cattle, 300 Beeves and 88 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $8,75@9,00, first quality, $8; second quality, $7,50@7,75; third quality, $6,50; ordinary, $5

WORKING OXEN—$90@200.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 50@65.

VEAL CALVES—$4, 5@10 each.

YEARLINGS—$20@25 Two Years Old—$35@30. Three Years Old—$42@48.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1600 at market. Prices—In lots, $4,00, 4,50, 5,00@5,50; extra and selections, $8@10.

SWINE—1400 at market. Prices—Live weight, 8@8½c. ℔ lb.—Dressed hogs, 10½@11 per lb. Shoats, wholesale, 8@9c; retail 9½@10½c

HIDES—7½@9c. ℔ lb. Tallow—8@8½c

CALF SKINS—14@14½c ℔ lb. Pelts—$1,75@2,00.

BRIGHTON, APRIL 9.—At market 750 Beeves, 85 Stores, 16 pairs Working Oxen, 60 Cows and Calves, 1,400 Sheep and Lambs 2,800 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $9,25; first quality, $8,75; second quality, $7,75; third quality, $6,50; ordinary $4,00@5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$150@187.

COWS AND CALVES—$21, 40@70.

VEAL CALVES—$4, 5@7 each

YEARLINGS—$00@00 Two Years Old—$36@39. Three Years Old—$41@48.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $7, 8@10; in lots $2,75, 3, 4@4,50

SWINE—7@9c. At retail 9@10c.

HIDES—8½@9½c. ℔ lb. Calf Skins 14@15c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,75@2,00 each. Tallow—2@8½c. ℔ lb.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance* Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar Journal in the World,—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

POULTRY FOR SALE.—One pair of Sumatra P. Games $5; one trio of Brahmas, $3. G. H. CRAIN, Bouckville, N. Y.

SEED CORN.—King Philip, Michigan Red Blaze, New England Yellow and the celebrated Flour corn Warranted sound. Sent by Express or R. R on receipt of price—$1 per peck. Address D. D TOOKER, Napoleon, Jackson Co., Mich.

EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER IS REQUESTED to send 6d cents in stamps for the Ladies Annual one year, and form a club of 5 subscribers for $3. Try it. *It is the finest dollar Magazine in America.* Gem Steel Plate every month; three months for 25 cents. J. CHALLEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

TO NURSERYMEN, &c.
FOR SALE—TWENTY THOUSAND FRENCH QUINCE Stocks for Dwarfing the Pear—very fine.
Rochester, N. Y., April 8, 1857. G. W. EASTMAN.

A RARE CHANCE.
300 VARIETIES CHOICE IMPORTED FLOWER Seeds just arrived Thirty papers sent by mail, post-paid, for one dollar. Catalogues to applicants.
H. C. WHITE, Box 400 Rochester, N. Y.

WAKEFIELD'S HAND CORN PLANTER,
HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY TESTED BY FARMERS IN every part of the Union, who unite in commending it as a *truly valuable labor-saving implement.* In short, all things considered, it is believed to be the *cheapest* and *best* planter yet introduced. See cut and description in the Rural for April 11th.

HOT FOR THE NORTH-WEST!!
THE REAL ESTATE NEWS LETTER is published at Chicago, and contains in each number, valuable information in regard to Real Estate in the North-West. Subscription $1 per year, in advance. Address SCRIVEN & GALLAGHER, Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

DEVON CATTLE.
TWO OR THREE FIRST QUALITY YOUNG DEVON Bulls for Sale, coming two years old, got by imported Quartley, (281.) out of thorough-bred Cows. I will also sell a few thorough-bred Cows and Heifers, either for cash or approved credit. LEWIS F. ALLEN.
Black Rock, April 15, 1857. 380w3

SHORT-HORNS FOR SALE.
MY ENTIRE HERD OF SHORT-HORNS; 12 HERD BOOK Bulls, Cows and Heifers, five of them imported, seven bred by me equal in blood. Ten high grade Durhams, bred to imported bulls Governor and John O Gaunt. They are a fine lot. I sell to close, on account of ill health. DAVID BROOKS.
Avon, N. Y., April 6, 1857.
N B.—I will show my bull calf "Buchanan," six months old, with any bull calf in this State.

YOUNG GIFFORD MORGAN.
THIS HORSE WAS SIRED BY OLD GIFFORD MORGAN from a full blooded imported English mare. He is a beautiful dapple bay, good size, close jointed, and well built, a fine mover and fast trotter.
I have spared no pains or expense in procuring this fine horse. Young Gifford will be kept the coming season at the stable of the subscriber in Le Roy, N. Y. For terms, &c, see hand bill, or inquire of the subscriber. DANIEL WARD.
Le Roy, April 6, 1857. 3w2eow

DICKEY'S IMPROVED PATENT CORN PLANTER.
I AM NOW MANUFACTURING THIS INVALUABLE Machine, which plants the corn with no more labor than is usually spent in marking out the ground; thus saving much cost and trouble; it is also unsurpassed as a planter of beans, peas, and other seeds planted in drills.
I am also prepared to treat with implement makers and dealers for the right to manufacture.
For sale wholesale and retail. A full description of the machine, with testimonials, will be sent to all applicants
Address JOHN OUTRAM, Elmira, N. Y.

ALLEN'S MOWING MACHINE
WITH LATE IMPROVEMENTS—Warranted not to Clog—of easy draught—superior to any heretofore made. Pamphlets embracing full description, recommendations, &c., sent to all applicants. Local Agents, or persons wishing to sell on commission, will please address R. L. ALLEN, 189 Water St., New York, or JAMES WHITE, at Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y., General Agent for Western N. Y., Penn., Ohio, Michigan, &c.
☞ D. R. BARTON, Rochester, agent for Monroe and Livingston Co's. [380w7eow] [April 15, 1857.

J. Z. NEWCOMB & CO.
FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS; English and American Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c. Are this season exhibiting a stock which, for Extent, Variety and Richness, cannot be excelled in this or any other city. We do not keep, but are constantly selling, Black and Colored Silks, Shawls, rich Dress Goods, Linens, Draperies, Counterpanes, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Flannels, Cottons, Prints, Cloths, &c., at much lower prices than they can be bought for elsewhere.
THE CARPET DEPARTMENT
Is replete with every variety of Ingrain, Three Ply, Tapestry and Brussels Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings, etc., etc., at twenty per cent. below the regular prices. J. Z NEWCOMB & CO.,
40 State and 7 Mill streets, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—A two year old Durham bull; red roan; good size, form, and pedigree. E. PERCEY, Hoosick, Rens. Co. N. Y.

6,000 STOCKY PEACH TREES, OF SELECTED VARIETIES, for Spring sale, by C. F. WEAVER, Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y. 379w2

NORTHERN CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—Fresh Seed of the above pure and genuine, just received and for sale cheap in quantities to suit purchasers by
McILVAIN & YOUNG, Seedsmen and Florists,
No. 7 John street, New York.

HOUSEKEEPERS.
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC Saleratus; it is the only article that is strictly safe to take into the stomach—besides it is much nicer, and more economical than Super Carbonate of Soda or common Saleratus. Try it and you shall be the judge. Depot 114 Warren St., N. Y

SUGAR CANE. CHINESE NORTHERN SUGAR CANE.—A large supply of Seed of the very *best* and *purest* quality just received, and for sale at the NEW YORK AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE and SEED STORE. It can be had by the quantity, or for $2 Seed enough will be sent by mail, *post paid*, to thoroughly plant an acre, with directions for planting and cultivating accompanying each package.
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WHIP AND GLOVE STORE, 78 STATE STREET, Rochester, N. Y. Having purchased the Retail trade of what has long been known as Strong's Whip and Glove Store, I intend to make it the most desirable place for the purchase of
WHIPS, GLOVES, CANES AND UMBRELLAS,
in the city. I shall keep a larger and better assortment of these goods than has ever before been kept here.
Ladies will find it to their advantage to call and look at my assortment of Kid Gloves.

PEA VINE CLOVER SEED FOUR FEET HIGH! Ten Dollars a bushel—genuine. E. J. FOSTER, Syracuse, N. Y.

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THE ABOVE FARM, SITUATED ABOUT ONE MILE from the center of Canandaigua, containing 153 acres choice land, with extensive and superior out buildings and conveniences. House, brick, first class, of the English cottage style, situated in a beautiful Grove of Forest Trees of about 4 acres, and is considered one of the best farms in Ontario county, one mile from Erie and Central R. R Depot. Inquire on the premises, or of R. A. BUNNEL, at the Rochester Chemical Works—or, as to the advantages of the Farm, of the Editor of the Rural.
Canandaigua, N. Y., April, 1857. J. H. ROGERS.

WEST' PATENT CEMENT FOR ROOFING.—It makes a better roof than tin at less than half the cost. Send for a Circular. Town, County and State Rights for sale very low by N. P. GRAVES, Syracuse, N. Y 379w4

300,000! J. HERVA JONES'
DOUBLE OR SINGLE HAND PLANTING MACHINES. From *Two* to *Three Hundred Thousand Acres of Corn* have been planted with them since their introduction. More than *Fifty First Class Premiums* have been awarded them, including *Eleven* at *State fairs.* First premium awarded by the New York State Agricultural Society, in 1856. Our Annual Circular contains the names of nearly one hundred reliable men in the Eastern and Western States, who pronounce them the very best planting implements in use. Please send for the Circulars.
J. HERVA JONES & CO., Rockton, Winnebago Co., Ill.

FRUIT TREES! FRUIT TREES!
FLORENCE NURSERY.—ADOLPH BORNEMANN & CO. This Establishment is prepared this Spring to offer to the trade and to customers generally, the largest and best assortment, as Apples, Pears, Plums, Cherries, Peaches, Nectarines. Also, ORNAMENTAL TREES AND SHRUBS, Evergreens, and the smaller fruits generally, as Grapes, Raspberries, Blackberries, Currants, Gooseberries, Cranberries, Strawberries, Nuts, Roses, Dahlias, Verbenas, Phlox, Coronation Pinks, Pansies, Daisies, Roots and Plants. Also,
FLOWER, VEGETABLE SEEDS.
We invite Nurserymen, Venders, Amateurs, and others, to give us a call and examine our stock, feeling assured it will recommend itself, and we promise they shall be accommodated with the lowest rates, or they can correspond with us on the subject. Our new Catalogue is just out of press, and will be forwarded to every post-paid application, inclosing a one cent stamp to pre-pay the postage.
ADOLPH BORNEMANN & CO.
Florence, Mass., March 17, 1857. 379w6.

ASPARAGUS PLANTS—150,000 two years old for sale.—Address JAMES O. KEEL, Buffalo, N. Y. 378w4

SPLENDID EUROPEAN PLANTS.
A DESCRIPTIVE AND PRICED LIST, INCLUDING many entirely novel varieties, will be sent to any applicant. Also, a full priced Catalogue of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Green-house Plants, &c., will be sent upon receipt of a post stamp. Address W. C. STRONG, Nonantum Hill, Brighton, Mass.
378w4

JONES' PLANIMETER.
THIS INSTRUMENT, PATENTED JAN. 6, 1857, IS ADAPTED to the measurement of Lumber and all other plane surfaces—accurately recording the contents of the article measured—is manufactured by the Proprietors, at Rochester, N. Y, who are prepared to sell Rights for territory, or Instruments.
Address JONES & GRIFFIN, Rochester, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.
THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE A GOOD FARM of about one hundred acres, with good buildings and fences, well watered and a fair share of timber, situated about two miles south of the fine village of Lima, Livingston Co., N. Y., the seat of the well known Methodist Seminary and College.
Any person desiring to purchase, will find it to their advantage to apply immediately by letter or personally to
378w4 F. A. SMITH, Honeoye Fal

Choice Poetry.

FLOWERS.

They spring unnoticed and unknown,
Mid rocky wilds they bloom,
They flourish mid the desert lone,
They deck the silent tomb.
They cheer the peasant's lowly cot,
Adorn the monarch's hall,
They fill each quiet, shady spot—
O, who can tell them all?

Some o'er the murm'ring streamlet fling
Their blossoms bright and fair,
And there, in vernal beauty, spring,
Fann'd by the fragrant air.
Some 'neath the ocean's rolling waves
In silent grandeur grow,
Nor heed the storm which o'er them raves,
But still in beauty blow.

Some, where the eagle builds her nest,
Where man has never trod,
Where even the chamois dare not rest
Upon the crumbling sod—
Yes, there, e'en there, wild flow'rets grow,
In richest dress array'd,
And o'er the clamorous eaglets throw
Their light and graceful shade.

Mid mountains of perpetual snow,
By icy girdles bound,
Some, render'd doubly beauteous, glow,
And deck the frozen ground.
And mid cold winter's angry storm,
The snow-drop rears its head,
And shows its pure, unspotted form
When other flowers have fled.

Some on the breezes of the night
Their grateful odors send;
While others, children of the light,
To day their perfume lend.
Some bloom beneath the torrid zone,
'Neath India's sultry skies;
Mid Iceland's mountains, chill and lone,
The forms of others rise.

The stately fern, the golden broom,
The lily, tall and fair—
All these in rich succession bloom,
And scent the summer air.
In secret dell, by murm'ring rill,
In gardens bright and gay,
Within the valley, on the hill,
Flowers cheer our toilsome way!

Flowers image forth the boundless love
God bears his children all,
Which ever droppeth from above
Upon the great and small:
Each blossom that adorns our path,
So joyful and so fair,
Is but a drop of love divine,
That fell and flourished there!

Chamber's Journal.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE WRECK;
OR, A LESSON FOR PARENTS.

BY MISS CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.
The Storm Gathers.

"William, where have you been since school was dismissed this afternoon?"

It was in no gentle tone that the question was asked. Mr. Farnham was not in a mood for gentleness. Business had been dull that day, and bills, those ever-unwelcome visitors, had come in thick and fast. A gloomy frown had brooded darkly on his brow all day, showing a mind harassed with care and uncertainty. Instead of casting it aside as he left behind him the counting-room and ledger, he had suffered it to remain to darken or dispel the sunlight of his home.

Mrs. Farnham, with a woman's instinct, saw that something was amiss, but she had learned to observe and be silent, for this was not a solitary instance of the kind. She knew that her husband was not well, and hoped a cup of tea would revive his strength and cheerfulness; but tea was now over and he had just drawn his chair to the fire, when the door opened and their eldest child, a boy of twelve years, entered with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes. There is something in a selfish nature which cannot bear the exhibition of happiness in others when it contrasts with their own feelings, and this it was which caused Mr. Farnham to make the remark quoted above.

"On the pond, skating, with Fred Hunt and Charley Green," was Willie's unhesitating reply.

"Have I not told you, more than once, not to skate there again without my express permission? When Theodore Archer was drowned there, I told you that it was unsafe and forbade your going again?"

"I do not remember that you did sir. I know you said that we ought to be very careful how we ventured upon it before it had been well tested."

"I understand. Your memory is conveniently short at times. Now eat your supper and go to bed; perhaps it will improve on reflection."

The boy's under-lip quivered an instant, boy-like, but the firm, determined expression of manhood quickly suppressed the childish emotion, and he left the room without a word.

"I think, my dear," said Mrs. Farnham, gently, "that you *were* mistaken about forbidding Willie to go on the pond. Had I known that it was against your wish, I should not have allowed him to go; but I could see no harm in his doing so, as the pond has been considered safe for several days."

"It is no matter what *you* knew, *he* knew that I had told him to come to me if he wanted to go, and he should have known better than to disobey, even in as slight a particular as asking my permission instead of yours."

Mrs. Farnham sighed, but like a true wife did not argue the point, even while fully convinced that she was right. She had seen the look upon her son's face and when she bent over him in his troubled sleep she kissed a tear from his eyelids with the inward prayer that the unnecessary harshness of the father might not smother every kindly emotion in the bosom of the child.

CHAPTER II.
It Breaks.

"What are you thinking of, my son? You seem to be scrutinizing the fire very closely. Are you thinking that to-morrow you will be off again to school, and mother and sister Susy will have to do without you for three long months more?"

"No, mother. I have thought of that, but it is not what I was thinking of now. I have wanted to tell you for this long time, but dreaded it for fear of making you unhappy. The fact is that if I go back to school, I *must have* an allowance. You know that all I had last term was a dollar, half of which was my own money and the other half was your gift. I am older than a good many of the boys at Wildeville, who have lots of pocket money and their fathers are no richer than mine."

"That may be, my son, but you cannot know how many uses your father has for his money. It already costs a round sum to clothe and educate you, and you know your father's business has not been nearly as prosperous for a year past. So I think you will have to be economical and make it do with what I can let you have."

Willie was silent a few moments and it was evident that a severe struggle was going on in his mind. At length he spoke, but his voice was husky and hesitating.

"I would, mother, if it were not for—for one thing. I have borrowed money of the other boys. I had to, or else appear mean. I knew you would disapprove of it, but it is done and can't be helped. You must not tell father, for I know he will be angry. He is always talking about my extravagance. One thing is certain—I must get out of debt somehow, or I cannot go back."

"And how much do you owe?"

"Five Dollars," said Willie with the air of one who wishes the worst to be known at once—an air which was in strange contrast to his choking voice.

His mother's face grew sad, and for a few moments she did not speak. Then she said:

"I would most gladly extricate you from this difficulty, myself, but it is not in my power. It is very seldom that I have in my possession at once so large a sum as you have named, and not unfrequently I am entirely without. I think, upon the whole, that it will be best for you to ask your father for some spending money, and whatever he gives you should go towards liquidating your debt. In this way you will soon be rid of it, and let this be the last time during your life that you allow yourself to get into debt."

This was good advice, as far as it went, but certainly not judicious, inasmuch as it countenanced her child in concealing his fault from his father. Poor woman! Past experience had taught her that *passion* was too apt to out-weigh *principle* in her husband's acts, and especially where *money* was concerned, he was as unyielding as a rock; therefore it was with some trepidation and misgiving that she awaited the result of her advice.

"Father, can you spare me some pocket-money this term? The other boys have it, and when I share with them so often I feel as if I must return the civility."

"Fudge! It is all folly to put money into the hands of boys before they know how to use it. It only creates temptation and extravagance."

"But father, consider how mean it looks in your son to take no part in anything which is for the pleasure or benefit of the whole, because he alone is without means."

"Who cares for the *looks*! You go to school to get an education to fit you to *earn* money, not to *spend* it. I have always told you that you were full of extravagant habits, and you shall do nothing to strengthen them if I can prevent it. When I was of your age I got my learning at the district school, and I do not doubt that I am a better merchant than half the boarding-school boys of these days will make."

"Then you will not give me any money?" said Willie in a faltering voice.

"No, sir—not a cent."

Willie looked at his mother. She spoke and said, "Mr. Farnham, I think you *ought* to allow Willie something over his traveling expenses.—We cannot know what exigencies may arise to demand ready money, and it is not always practicable to write home for a supply."

Mr. Farnham drew out his pocket-book and fumbled it over for the space of several minutes, during which Willie's heart beat so loud that you might have heard it. Presently he took out half a dollar!

"There!" said he, "since your mother insists on it, take that and mind you, make the most of it."

Willie stood erect and speechless. He looked from the coin in his hand to his father and back again, as if he could not believe his senses. A cloud gathered darkly on his face and an angry light was in his eyes. With a hasty and indignant gesture he flung the coin upon the floor exclaiming,

"Take it! I do not want it! What will that do towards cancelling a debt of ten times the amount? Since money is so dear to you, keep it; I will have no more of it! If I live to see the sun rise you shall no longer be burdened with my presence or my expenses. I will go to the city to-morrow and find employment. I will be independent!"

It is needless to dwell upon Mr. Farnham's anger at this outbreak, or his predictions of ruin and unprofitableness for his son. He was by no means displeased, however, with the prospect of being relieved from the expense of maintaining him; indeed he would have proposed this very change, long before, had not his wife most strenuously objected.

CHAPTER III.
Drifting out to Sea.

Mrs. Farnham and Susy are sitting by their open window enjoying the summer twilight. Mr. Farnham is away from home. They hear the outer door open, a quick step crosses the entry and Willie clasps mother and sister in a fond embrace. They have not seen him for several months, but he has written often to both.

"How handsome you grown brother Will," whispers Susy softly, as with admiring eyes she surveys the tall and slender youth who is dressed in the most fashionable style, even to the blue velvet vest from which an elaborate watch-chain dangles conspicuously. "I am really proud of you. What a nice beau you would make for me if you were only with us."

The brother smiled a faint smile and drew her closer to his side. "You, too, are much improved, Susy. How I should like to have you live in the city. I would take you to the theatre, and in the winter you should have grand sleigh-rides."

Mrs. Farnham as yet had scarcely spoken save the first joyful words of greeting. Her heart was full, and her eyes had not for a moment wandered from the face of her son. It seemed as if the whole soul of a mother beamed from their earnest depths, as she searchingly and anxiously scanned the somewhat careworn face whose paleness and thinness was made still more apparent by the dark curling moustache. With a mother's keenness of perception she noticed that lassitude of manner which betokens late hours and unwholesome living, while the hurried and rather *bravado* expression of voice told of a conscience ill at ease.

When at length the gentle Susy had left them with a "good-night" kiss, Mrs. Farnham gradually drew Willie on to talk of his affairs and prospects. Once or twice her face grew pale, or she shook her head, but no disparaging or suspicious word escaped her lips.

"Your letters have been so unsatisfactory," she said, "with regard to your business that I confess I have felt anxious to see you. One thing has troubled me more than any thing else, and that was your changing places so often; I could not understand it."

A slight flush was on Willie's brow as he replied, "O! that's nothing! All the boys do that as often as they can better themselves. My expenses have been so numerous that I have been obliged to change whenever I have had an opportunity of increasing my salary. Next week I shall make another change, which I think will be the last one for sometime. I have, through the influence of a friend, got a first-rate situation in the —— Bank."

The mother replied with many words of good counsel and encouragement, but not without a drooping heart as she thought of the many faults and temptations which beset his path. It was not until he kissed her pale cheek as he arose to leave her, that he perceived how great a change had taken place in her since he had seen her last.

"Why, mother!" he exclaimed, "how pale you are, and there are dark streaks beneath your eyes. Have you done nothing yet for your cough? You ought to see Dr. Smith. Do be careful of yourself, mother, for my sake, for you and Susy are all the world to me!"

[Concluded next week.]

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Dr. Parr once asked Porson what he thought of evil. "I see no good in it," was the reply.

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

The rose has its thorns, the diamond its specks and the best man his failings.

Schiller used to say, that he found the great happiness of life, after all, to consist in the discharge of some mechanical duty.

An American friend, calls the peculiar three cornered hand writing so prevalent among English ladies—the Angular Saxon Hand.

There is nothing left for the retired Chief Magistrate of this great nation, but to become all the rest of his life time an Ex-Pres. man.

On a recent rainy day, a wag was heard to exclaim—"Well, my umbrella is a regular Catholic!" "How so?" inquired a friend. "Because it always keeps Lent."

Two travelers were robbed in a wood, and tied to trees. One of them in despair exclaimed, "O, I'm undone!" "Are you?" said the other joyfully; "then I wish you would come and undo me!"

It is a question whether being called "the son of a gun" should not rather be taken as a compliment than as a term of abuse, as it is well known that no gun is good for anything unless it *descends in a straight line from a good stock.*

Dr. Cassin, having heard the famous Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them as to request a copy.—"There is no necessity for that," said Fuller, "you have the original."

Coleridge was very luminous in conversation, and invariably commanded listeners; yet the old lady rated his talent very lowly, when she declared she had no patience with a man who would have all the talk to himself.

Men before they die see and comprehend enigmas hidden from them before. The greatest poet, and one of the noblest thinkers of the last age, said on his death-bed:—"Many things obscure to me before, now clear up and become visible."

God has given us four books:—the Book of Grace—the Book of Nature—the Book of the World—and the Book of Providence. Every occurrence is a leaf in one of these book; and it does not become us to be negligent in the use of any of them.

A Frenchman having made a portfolio into an umbrella, an American, in order that he might not be behind in ingenuity, made a snuff-box in the shape of a pistol, and by means of a slight spring fired the snuff up his nose. At least we heard so.

An unloving woman is an impossibility, unless we can imagine a pillar of ice to stand out against a July sun. But all women love, and that passionately. Those who profess they do not, are only seeking to hide a bitter disappointment behind the transparent mask of affectation.

Turner, the painter, was a ready wit. Once at a dinner, where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened, a poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast the health of the painters and glaziers of Great Britain. The toast was drank; and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the British paper-stainers.

Lord Chancellor Clare, on one occasion, while Curran was addressing him in a most important case occupied himself with a favorite spaniel, seated near him. Curran having ceased speaking through indignation or malice prepense, Lord Clare raised his head and asked:—"Why don't you proceed, Mr. Curran?" "I thought your Lordships were in consultation," replied Curran.

Stammering is sometimes the cause of a pun.—Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland, in restraining the duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state. "How horribly cold it was," said the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb in his stuttering way, "but you know he is the Duke of *Cu-cum-ber-land.*"

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 48 letters.

My 8, 38, 18, 35, 32, 16, 45, 22, 45, 18, 26, 46, 10, 8, 29, 4, 22 is a Syriac exclamation used by the Jews, when commencing a sentence of excommunication.

My 13, 28, 38, 25, 24, 37, 41 was the rival city of Babylon.

My 40, 15, 37, 44, 27, 18, 48, 20, 10, 9, 22, 13, 43 is a book of the Bible.

My 34, 46, 6, 47 was a king of Israel.

My 21, 1, 36, 11, 26, 16, 37 is an evergreen that grew luxuriantly upon Mount Lebanon.

My 31, 19, 36, 6, 43 was a city of Phœnicia.

My 23, 18, 24, 42, 17 was a champion of the Israelites against Goliath.

My 39, 1, 17, 37, 5, 10 was the son of Joash.

My 47, 30, 27, 14, 26, 46 is a city of Lycaonia.

My 7, 22, 12, 3, 41, 2, 6, 48, 13, 16, 27, 34 is a divine attribute, denoting the certain accomplishment of all that God has declared.

My 45, 33, 27, 12, 8 is a province of Asia Minor.

My whole is a portion of the 24th chap. of Prov.

Jonesville, Mich., 1857. S. A. M.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 5, 19, 4, 21 is one of the United States.

My 29, 25, 8, 18, 1, 19, 17 is a town in New Jersey.

My 26, 19, 25, 21, 29, 21 is a mountain in S. America.

My 17, 13, 4, 19, 25, 11, 12, 21, 22, 26 is one of the largest cities of the U. S.

My 23, 28, 25, 27 is one of the countries of South America.

My 6, 30, 5, 17, 21 is a large empire in Asia.

My 20, 24, 9, 25, 5, 9 is a city in the south-west of Europe.

My 14, 21, 11, 13, 26 is a part of the British Empire.

My 15, 21, 11, 11, 8 is a town in Austria.

My 10, 24, 18, 5, 11 is a town in Brazil.

My 7, 2, 19, 23, 16, 25 is a river in the Russian Empire.

My whole is one of the proverbs of Solomon.

Vienna, Mich., 1857. L. G. Crawford.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

I know an object, small and queer,
Which all the wise men hold most dear;
Though foolish ones often disdain
Its form, it would not rack their brains,
Nor cause their "standing" low to fall,
If they but knew its merits all.
'Tis never seen up in the sky,
Yet found in every star on high;
It never makes the deep its grave,
Yet rides within the ocean's wave;
And, thousands, with me, will agree,
Its touch is in the raging sea.
In war, 'tis ever in the van;
Yet, in the rear gets if it can.
Of the king's throne, it will not share,
Yet sits in the Presidential chair;
But, with the tyrant, and the knave,
It helps to make the cringing slave.
'Tis seen in Oriental East,
Yet natives seldom on it feast,
But those who do, with one consent,
Pronounce it a great blessing sent.
It loves the handsome man and gay,
Protects the aged man and gray;
Yet, 'tis so proud, none will behold
It with the youthful or the old.
In fact, though near and ever rife,
You never saw it in your life.

Marshall, N. Y., 1857. S. F. T.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A man, dying, divided his property thus between eight children. The next to the oldest boy was to receive one-third as many dollars as the oldest; the third boy one-third as many as the second, and so on down to the youngest child. Now if the number of children be divided by the number which the youngest child's portion must be multiplied by, to equal the next one's portion, the quotient will be equal to the next to the youngest daughter's portion increased by 33⅓ cents. (The four younger were girls, the four elder boys.)—What was the man worth? Lon.

Royalton, N. Y., 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

Correction.—Will you permit me to say through the Rural to your worthy correspondent Mr. C. L. C., that his answer in No. 372 to the Arithmetical Problem in No. 371, is slightly incorrect. The answer is a little *less* than thirty-three (33) days, instead of a little *more*—or it is 32 days, 20 hours, 32 minutes and 13 seconds nearly, or 32 11-12 days nearly. S. W. M.

Morning Sun, Ohio, 1857.

Amid the multiplicity of duties, we are compelled to give Enigmas, &c., in this department, without close scrutiny, and would therefore request our young friends "to be sure they are right" before they make any attempts at locomotion.—Editors have any amount of indiscretion and errors of their own to answer for, and, as we are willing to take the advice *home*, we feel at liberty to request contributors to exercise care and precision.

In this connection we may add that, frequently, *those who scold are not always right.* Our young friend, "M. G. S.," of "The Square," as well as ourselves, have given "good and sufficient cause" to that ardent advocate of "the Corner," "P. G. H.," Albion, Mich., for a castigation and *we get it*, right smartly, in the form of a long letter. Accompanying it is an Enigma, which, on account of its character, we would like to publish,—but there are the very defects about which there is so much complaint—Nos. 2, 20, 33, 40 and 42 *are missing.*—The fact is, we must *all* do better in this respect.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 379:—Madam.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem in No. 379:—A was 48 years old and his wife 16.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For sale at $55 per acre, a farm of 135 acres, of which 35, are timber in the town of Camillus, Onondaga Co., six miles from Syracuse, two from Camillus, on Central Railroad—Church, School-house and mills of all kinds near by Belle Isle P.O. [376w4eow] HAROLD M. WHITE.

Grafts, stocks, &c.—I will sell 100,000 grafts well selected, at $7 per thousand. Also, Pear, Quince, Cherry and Mahaleb stocks for sale, a good assortment of one and two year old Apples, *cheap.* Also, 50 bushels Peach pits. Send in your orders *early.* [365w8eow] JAMES M. TAYLOR, Jan. 1, 1857. Commercial Nursery, Syracuse, N. Y.

WHO WANTS A CHEAP PIANO?

The subscriber has for years been engaged in the purchase and sale of *Pianos, Harps, Melodeons,* Guitars, Organs, Music, etc., and being a *practical musician,* has given entire satisfaction. He buys *directly from the manufacturers,* and is thereby relieved from heavy rents and other expenses. Every instrument sold by him, receives his *personal attention,* and is *guaranteed* not only as to *quality,* but as being cheaper than it can be procured at any wholesale house in America. A printed list of prices, accompanied by the most unquestionable references, will be sent on application, free of charge, to all parts of the world. Address JAMES M. EDNEY,
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The Northern Independent is what its name imports—it is northern and independent in the full sense of these terms. It was started to redress a great wrong inflicted by the late General Conference, at Indianapolis, in denying the Annual Conferences of Western and Central New York, their customary and proper voice in the choice of an Editor for the Northern Christian Advocate,—a paper published in their midst, originated by them, and up to last June, provided with Editors selected by the official representatives of the Patronizing District.

All orders for the paper should be addressed to
374w4oow REV. WILLIAM HOSMER, Auburn, N. Y.

EMERY BROTHERS,

ORIGINAL AND SOLE PROPRIETORS OF THE

ALBANY AG'L WORKS AND SEED STORE,

No. 52 State Street, Albany, N. Y., Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers of and in the most approved Agricultural and Horticultural Machines and Implements extant. Also, dealers in

Grain, Field, Grass and Garden Seeds and Fertilizers.

Their leading business being the manufacture and sale of their justly celebrated Endless Railroad Horse Power, together with a great number of labor-saving machines to be propelled by it for the almost Endless Variety of purposes to which horse power has been or can be applied for the use of the Farm, Plantation, or Machine Shop.

All the machinery is constructed with an especial view of its being operated by the Power itself, so that no disappointment will occur to purchasers in their failure to operate as represented; as often does in cases where different machines are obtained from different sources, or from manufacturers whose experience has not enabled them to give this subject its due attention, and which is so important to their best success and profit to the purchaser, the want of which is often the cause of failure and disappointment to both purchaser and seller.

The experience of the proprietors has been more extensive and varied in this branch of mechanism than that of any other firm now in the business of manufacturing agricultural machinery. Their success, as to the satisfactory operation of their numerous machines brought before the public, has been unexampled in this country, either in the number of machines or their utility.

They have submitted their machines to more severe trials both public and private, during the past six years, than any other and perhaps than all others together in the country, and invariably have been successful in winning the prizes where allowed to compete. It may not be amiss to quote some few extracts from letters received from persons using them—many hundreds of similar character are on file, but those quoted will show what they may be expected to do under fair average circumstances as to kinds and conditions of grains, &c., &c.

From Aaron Chapman, Crawford Co., Pa., Feb. 22, 1857.

"Messrs. Emery Brothers—Sirs: I received from you in June last, one of your Two Horse Powers and Threshing Machines. It more than meets my most sanguine expectations. I have had all I could do with mine since threshing season commenced. I think I can sell several the coming season, and would like to have you give me authority to do so, and any instructions which may be necessary as to terms, &c. Yours in haste."

From R. J. Wilson, Sussex Co., New Jersey, Jan. 26, 1857.

"Messrs. Emery Brothers—I am very well pleased with your Patent One Horse Power and Threshing Machine. It works to a charm, and far surpasses any thing I have ever seen work. I am satisfied that I can with one horse thresh as much grain as any other kind of machine in this county can do with two horses."

From A. McBride, of Denmark, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1857.

"Messrs. Emery Brothers—Gentlemen: With your Two Horse Power and Thresher, which I use with two mules, much lighter than the Northern Farm Horse, I averaged the whole season two hundred bushels wheat threshing per day—the wheat was good—the previous harvest was much injured by Rust and as large results could not be attained."

"Messrs. Emery Brothers—In answer to your inquiry, of whom and what kind of Horse Powers and Threshing Machines I purchased, I have to say that I purchased it from an agricultural dealer in Louisville, Ky. The castings have the words 'Emery's Patent' on them. It was a good machine and I threshed eleven thousand bushels wheat, and one thousand bushels of oats and rye, and my toll brought me one thousand dollars, after paying all expenses, all in the season of 1855.—SAMUEL JOHNSON, Bonham, Texas, January 3d, 1856."

"Messrs. Emery Brothers—I'm pleased with the operation of my Power and Thresher purchased from you this season, and have gotten out twenty-seven bushels of wheat per hour. I think I can beat the manufacturers in getting out wheat. My horses are light, weighing but 1,500 lbs. at most. Enclosed please find draft, &c., &c.—WM. T. HANNAFORD, Nansemond County, Virginia, July 7, 1856.

"Messrs. Emery—I purchased of an agricultural dealer in Louisville, Ky., June, 1855, one of your patent Horse Power and Threshing Machines, being the third I have purchased of the kind. We commenced threshing July 5th, have been surrounded with several others of different patterns. Have gone through the length and breadth of their circuits and finished jobs after the most noted machines, and came off victorious in every neighborhood. The first machine I sold. With one of the others my youngest son thrashed nearly fifty thousand bushels wheat and rye, and my oldest son with the other threshed ten thousand bushels, and then sold the machine. We could have sold the one we now have long ago, if we had desired to do so. This was all in the harvest of 1855. C. C. TAYLOR, Pulaski Co., Kentucky, Jan. 7th, 1856.

From Ira S. Bradley, Litchfield Co., Conn., Jan. 1, 1857.

"Messrs. Emery Brothers—Your Two Horse Power has far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. The Thresher and Cleaner Combined, which I first received, did not do as well as I desired, although much better than any other in this section of country, but after receiving the New-Straw Carrier you sent me, it has proved a most perfect and satisfactory machine in every way equalling the power itself. Had I purchased it earlier in the season and it had operated as well as now, I could have made a clear profit of two hundred dollars over what I shall now this season, although I have had all I could do since I purchased it. My oxen which are light, I find preferable to horses, and the work seems to suit them. They have improved in condition during the whole time, nearly four months, since they have been worked on it.

From Saml B. Hill, Orange Co., Vermont, Jan. 15, 1857.

"Messrs. Emery Brothers:—I have used several different patterns of Horse Powers and Threshing Machines the past three years, and had much experience in repairing as well as using them. Some with cylinders too heavy, and not properly balanced, requiring a greater portion of the power of the horses to operate them, doing a proportionately less amount of work—many are cumbered by numerous hands, &c., &c. While with the Emery's Patent Two Horse Power and Thresher and Cleaner Combined, which I purchased of you, a different state of things exists—the straw, chaff and grain can, if desired, all be cleaned and saved separate, and all with the force of four hands to attend it, the grain being cleaned fit for market.—Wheat at the rate of twenty bushels, and double the amount of oats per hour. To those farmers desiring a good machine, I would earnestly recommend Emerys' Patent Machines Complete, for *simplicity, ease of operation,* and *superiority* over all others, and would further say, that they are not over estimated or recommended by the manufacturers in their published circulars."

For Prices, Description, Warrants and Terms, see Full Descriptive Price Catalogue furnished gratis to all applications upon receipt of a three cent postage stamp to prepay the postage on them. [374e3w3t] EMERY BROTHERS, Albany, N. Y.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LEADING WEEKLY

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

ROOT CROPS.—BEETS.

THE same general rules given for the culture of the carrot in the RURAL of last week, as regards condition and mechanical preparation of the soil, will be found applicable to the production of the Beet, viz., depth and richness, cleanliness and thoroughness of labor. A strong loam will prove the most genial to their full development, but they will do well on any soil possessing the requisites mentioned. Large crops have been taken from tenacious, clayey lands where proper attention has been given to the tillage. On soils of the latter description a heavy dressing of manure should be applied—in fact, be the character of the land what it may, if not in a good state of fertility, those who desire to have a good yield of this root will see that it is made so previous to taking the incipient steps necessary to its production.

The usual mode of planting is in drills about two feet apart, and the plants eight to ten inches distant in the row. By many cultivators the seeds are deposited about four inches apart, and at the first hoeing the plants are thinned out. Two seed are dropped in the dibbled hole, and in thinning, the thriftiest shoot is the one left. Where the ground is not damp germination receives essential assistance by soaking the seed in soft water from twenty-four to forty-eight hours before planting. Much of the trouble that cultivators have had in raising the beet, has doubtless arisen from the fact that both soil and seed were dry, while the attainment of just the right condition in both, would have quieted any fears and dispelled doubts as to the general character of this seed for vitality. The quantity of seed used varies—with different cultivators—from four to six pounds per acre. Depth to plant one inch. Time of sowing as soon as the ground is in readiness.

In the culture of the beet, as well as in other roots, it is a disputed point *whether ridging or level planting is the most advantageous.* In England the former mode is extensively followed, but an excess of moisture, if anything, is what the English farmer has to contend with, and this is overcome in proportion as the seed or young plant is elevated above the surrounding earth. In our country, however, the extreme is in the opposite direction,—drouth is the enemy with which the agriculturist has to battle, and too frequently it blights and destroys all his anticipations. The requirements of what we are to sow should be carefully ascertained, and such selection of soil and manner of culture as will best meet these wants ought, if possible, be given.

Among the many modes of planting beet seed, the following was adopted by one who seldom, if ever, had any trouble in causing them to germinate. A wooden wheel, eighteen inches to two feet in diameter, and two or three inches in width, was constructed and pegs inserted at the distance at which it was thought desirable to deposit the seed. This was furnished with handles, and propelled in the same manner as a wheel-barrow. A boy followed, dropping the seed, which was thinly covered, and a barrow with smooth-faced wheel then passed over. The barrow was laden so as to cause a depression of about two inches, and, as a consequence, the seed received the full benefit of whatever moisture descended. Where hand-seeding is practised this method is a speedy one, and the success that has followed its adoption renders it worthy of trial.

The first labor consequent upon the appearance of the young shoots is weeding, which should be carefully and thoroughly performed. This portion of toil must not be delayed. Every day's procrastination will add three day's work—the weeds that one boy would eradicate when the task should be commenced, will require half a dozen men after a week's dallying. During the performance of this process vacancies will be noticed, and these may be filled by transplanting. Many farmers have imbibed the idea that transplanting "does not pay"—the product thereof is worthless,—but if sufficient care is used in removing, there is little necessity of destroying the tap-root, and if properly placed in the earth they will do well. In the after culture the cultivator should be kept moving as frequently as is necessary to prevent the growth of weeds and preserve a friable condition of the soil.

The White Sugar and the Wurtzel are the varieties most generally cultivated in this country—the former having precedence in the number of acres sown. The yield of the latter, per acre, where successfully grown, is much the greatest. The premium of the Pennsylvania Ag. Society was awarded to a crop of sixteen hundred and thirty-four bushels—or seventy-eight thousand four hundred and forty-eight pounds—being the product of one acre and fourteen rods.

An analysis of the Sugar Beet, as given by BOUSSINGAULT, shows its constituents to be as follows:

Water	87
Sugar	8
Woody tissue	5
	100

The produce of sugar from this beet in France averages 4 6-10 pounds to 100 of the root—while the product per acre ranges from 8 to 15 tuns, the average being estimated at 10 tuns. At this rate the product of sugar per English acre would considerably exceed 1,000 pounds. Compared with the Wurtzel this variety contains the greatest amount of nutrition. DAVY, in his estimate of the nutritive properties of several roots, found in 1,000 parts of English turnip 42; Swede turnip 64; Wurtzel 136; Sugar beet 146.

Speaking of the Wurtzel, a Massachusetts farmer says:—"There is a variety of opinions, but from a number of years' experience, we think them a valuable addition, and highly worth cultivating. Comparing them with hay, in our opinion three tuns of the root are equal to one tun of hay for feeding stock, generally; but for milch cows, we think two tuns of equal value. For feeding store swine, it is the only root which we can cultivate and feed to profit. For this purpose six bushels of raw Mangold-Wurtzel, we consider equal to one bushel of Indian corn."

Harvesting may begin soon after the leaves turn yellow, and before the frosts are severe enough to injure the roots. Care should be exercised that the beet is not broken or injured, as rough treatment will affect their keeping properties. In storing, wait until the surface is dry, and then put away same as other roots. If pitted they do not need as effectual protection as potatoes; should frost reach them it will gradually withdraw in Spring, but they will not keep as well if frost-bitten.

CULTURE OF FLAX.

FLAX has been an important crop from the earliest ages of the world. Among the plagues that came upon the Egyptians for their oppression of the Israelites, we find that "the flax and the barley was smitten." It was also cultivated in Palestine, at the time the spies visited that "goodly land," as RAHAB "hid them with the stalks of flax, which she had laid in order upon the roof."—Russia is at present the greatest flax and hemp producing country in the world. Large quantities of seed are raised in this country for the manufacture of oil, but the straw is only used in a very limited extent for the preparation of fibre.

The best soil for flax is a mellow vegetable loam—not too light and sandy, nor too stiff. We have, however, seen excellent crops of flax grown on very light land by the use of plaster. If the ground is very rich, the fibres grow too coarse, and if the ground is very poor, enough will not be grown to pay for culture. A medium state of fertility, is therefore the best. Flax growers in Ireland never manure for flax, but always for the preceding crop. Nothing is better for flax than an old pasture, well plowed, and the turf rotted.

If the flax is cultivated for seed, it should be sown quite thin—a bushel to an acre, sown broadcast, is sufficient. When the principal object is the growth of fibre, at least two bushels of seed should be sown. When sown thin, the plants branch, and every side shoot, terminates with a bole of seed. When sown thickly, (from two to three bushels to an acre,) the stems grow with a single stem, without side branches, and with a long fine fibre. After sowing, the ground should be lightly harrowed and rolled. The most troublesome part of the cultivation, is the weeding. The young plants are much injured by the growth of weeds, and these can only be destroyed by hand weeding. This in Europe is done by boys, who work barefooted, so as to injure the plants as little as possible. Where the previous crop, (which should be roots,) has been kept clean, no manure being used, weeds will not be very troublesome.

In flax-growing countries, when the fibre is designed for the finest fabrics, such as cambrics, the plants are pulled when in flower, but in this country, even when it is designed to preserve the fibre, it is not pulled until the seed is formed, although not fully ripe. When seed alone is the object, the plants should be allowed to remain in the ground until the earliest seeds are well ripened. It is then gathered, bound into small bundles, and when dry, is placed under cover.

The separation of the fibrous from the other portions of the straw, is a work that does not legitimately belong to the farmer. It is not an agricultural work, and could be better done at factories established for the purpose, where the most improved machinery should be introduced, and the best system adopted. If the farmer could sell his flax straw, as he does his wheat, or even take it to the factory and have it prepared, as he does his grist, there would be some encouragement for growing flax. Immense quantities of flax are imported by England from Russia, and manufactured into linen, which is then sent to the United States. If we cannot compete with England in the manufacture of linen, we should certainly furnish the raw material, as we do for the cotton goods we import so liberally. The center of flax straw consists of cellular tissue, which looks like wood, and around this, is a sheath of long, tough fibres, adhering firmly together, the whole being cemented together, and enveloped by a thin bark and skin. These fibres are the valuable part of the straw, and the great point is to separate them from the other substances the most easily, without injuring the fibre. In Europe, this separation is in some cases effected by machinery, but when separated in this way, the flax is only fit for the coarsest uses, such as canvas, rope, &c. Another plan is to effect this separation by chemical solvents. A *third plan*, and the one generally adopted, is to dissolve the adhesive compound with water, cold, heated, or in the form of steam. The simplest process is *dew-rotting*, in which the straw is spread out on grass and watered, when fermentation takes place in the tissue of the plants, and the object is accomplished. The operation is slow, and injurious to the fibre.—A better method is to place the straw in tanks or ponds until the necessary fermentation takes place, which will be in from ten to fourteen days. Clear, soft, stagnant water is preferred. The other processes of boiling and steaming we will not now describe. From thirty to forty hundred weight of straw, and fifteen bushels of seed, is considered an average crop.

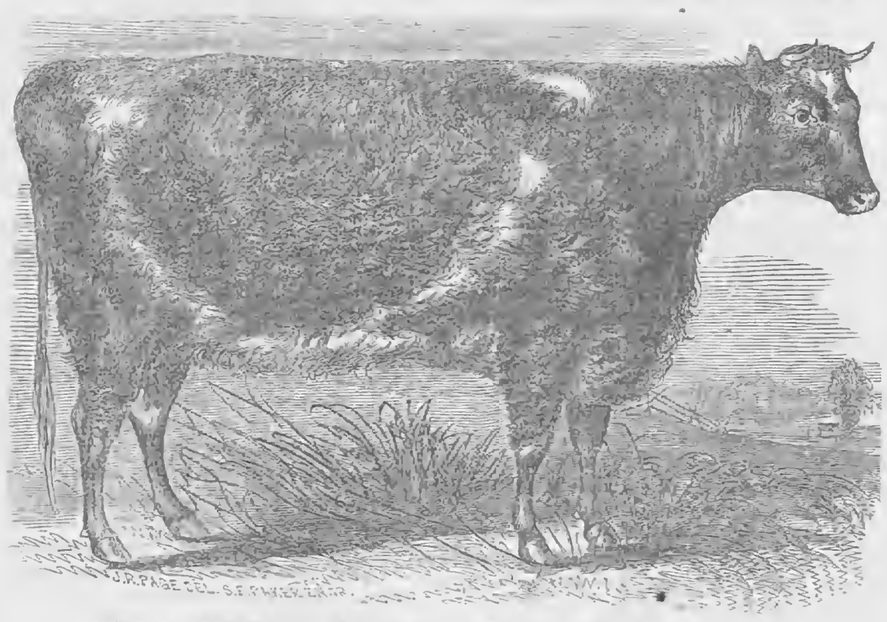
We are pleased to know from the inquiries received, and which we have attempted to answer, that this subject is attracting attention. From any of our readers who have had experience with this crop, we shall be happy to hear.

"DON'T ATTEMPT TOO MUCH."

ATTEMPTING too much, or, "beginning to build without first counting the cost," is the besetting sin of a great many people, and the caution above written, is as often needed by the farmer, as by the members of any other class in community.—For the more we see of farmers and farm management, the stronger is our impression of the great need, upon four-fifths of the farms of the country, of a *concentration of expenditure* in labor and capital. The contrary system of *expansion*, of "covering a great deal of bread with a very little butter," prevails; the farming is "laid on thin," the ground is "run over" carelessly in the MAKEDO way of working (shirking, rather) when, to secure any reasonable profit, it should be farmed well and thoroughly.

Look again, before you pronounce this a harsh statement. Is it good policy to *expand* the labor of putting in a crop over six acres, when at the same cost, a like result may be realized from three or four? That is, put double the labor in preparation and culture, and twice the manure on an acre, and, taking out additional rent and taxes you must pay were you to sow two acres, you will get as profitable a return in the first instance as you would in the last. Besides, the *looks* of the crop! Which would do you the most credit as a farmer? Will you be content with thirty bushels of corn, per acre, at an expense of, perhaps, ten dollars, when, by adding labor and manure to the amount of five dollars more, you may have more than double the quantity of corn? Will you grow inferior stock, with the same care and food, when by a larger outlay at first, you may have the best—those always saleable at good prices—while the unimproved, scrubby animals, scarcely find purchasers at any price? You will not, if you consider the subject carefully and understandingly.

Think over the matter, and "don't attempt too much!" The more land one works on the "spreading-it-thin" system, the poorer he becomes. Call in your "interest money," draw out your "bank deposits," and embrace your whole farm in a thorough course of culture. Drain, manure, cultivate well, keep good stock, suit your labor to your land, but still heed the caution, "Don't attempt too much."



SHORT-HORN HEIFER "BRIGHT EYES V."

PEDIGREE.—Red roan, calved March 28th, 1855; bred by S. P. CHAPMAN Esq., Mount Pleasant Farm, Clockville, Madison Co., N. Y., and now owned by C. K. WARD, Esq., Le Roy, Genesee Co., N. Y. Got by first prize bull Halton (11552); dam [Bright Eyes 3d] (imported by Messrs. VAIL and CHAPMAN in 1853,) by Earl Derby, (10177); g. d. [Bright Eyes 2d,] by Lord George Bentinck (9317); g. g. d. [Bright Eyes,] by Conqueror (6885); g. g. g. d.—by a Son of Pearl (65); g. g. g. g. d.—by Mason's Son of Comet (155); g. g. g. g. g. d.—by Wellington (683.)

"Bright Eyes 5th" is in calf to Mr. CHAPMAN'S first prize bull "Duke of Oxford," bred by Col. MORRIS of Fordham N. Y., sired by the Duchess bull "Duke of Glos'ter" (11382); dam "Oxford 17th," &c. (We shall soon publish the cut and pedigree of "Duke of Oxford.") Mr. WARD has already attained quite a reputation as a breeder of fine stock and the addition of this superior animal to his herd (as well as the other heifers purchased of Mr. CHAPMAN at the same time,) shows most conclusively that he is resolved to rank among the best breeders in Western New York. We certainly wish him success commensurate with his liberality and enterprize.

CLOSE BREEDING.

CLOSE BREEDING is a term applied to the coupling of animals of near affinities of blood. The term "in-and-in" is sometimes used in the same way, but perhaps would be more properly applied to breeding from animals of the *same* blood.

In a late number of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, Mr. C. N. BEMENT, in an article headed, "To Improve Farm-yard Fowls," attributes the inferiority of the common fowls of the country to their having been too closely bred. He says:

"Neither the inferiority in their size, nor their poor egg-laying qualities are, however, to be attributed to the kind of food they receive, for farmer's fowls generally fare pretty well, particularly in threshing time, nor to any want of attention; but to the fact that in very many cases the stock is never changed, or if changed at all, so seldom as to be productive of no good results. Thousands of miserable, weak-minded people, idiots and lunatics, attest the evil results of marrying between blood relations. If such be the consequences resulting from 'breeding-in-and-in,' as it is generally termed, from the human family, will not the same principle apply to fowls? Will not a stock of fowls, let us ask, degenerate from year to year, both in size and other good qualities, if no additions from other varieties or yards are made? * * * It is hardly necessary to draw the attention of breeders generally, to the fact—how few animals *maintain* their superiority for a series of years in any particular variety. All being of the same blood their offspring are puny, weakly, and highly susceptible to disease. This can only be obviated by procuring the cock birds from another strain or family."

This is certainly "going the whole figure" in regard to the bad consequences of close breeding; but whether the positions are well-grounded is another matter. It may be admitted that degeneracy has resulted from breeding from animals of near relationship, but it does not follow that the degeneracy was the result of a natural law. Or even if such a law is admitted, the question would then arise whether it operated with such force that it could not be counteracted. If cases can be given where breeding from affinities has produced no such disastrous consequences as Mr. BEMENT mentions, they show clearly that the assumption of positive degeneracy from that system is erroneous.

The human family is cited as affording the most obvious and indisputable evidence of the degeneracy alluded to. It might be asked, in the outset, What was the *degree* of affinity which produced "the evil results of marrying between blood relations?" It might be asked, also, if the "evil results" have always followed to the same extent, where the relationship of the parties was the same? If the "evil results" are sometimes seen in the offspring of first cousins, are there not many cases of the same affinity where such results do not appear? Most persons of observation can answer the question in the affirmative. A breeder of animals, and a close observer of nature's operations, was asked whether we should not fear that the offspring of cousins would be enfeebled, to which he replied—"No, not if I could make the matches." The point embraced in this answer is a sufficient explanation of the matter. The "evil results" can be avoided if due regard is paid to the qualities of the parents. Numerous cases, both in man and the lower animals might be cited on this point. If the Mosaic Scriptures were to be taken as evidence, it might be shown that the whole human family had been produced on this in-and-in system. But to leave the Israelites out of the question, let us see what light the practice of the Ishmaelites throws on the subject.

In Lieut. BURTON'S late work entitled "A Pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca," he tells us that the Bedonins or wandering Arabs have always practised on the system which among us is so frequently spoken against. Having given the characteristics of these people, he says:

"Such is the Bedouin, *and such he has been for ages.* The national type has been preserved by systematic intermarriage. The wild men do not refuse their daughters to a stranger, but the son-in-law would be forced to settle among them, and this life, which has charms for a while, ends in becoming wearisome. Here no evil results are anticipated from the union of first cousins, *and the experience of ages and of a nation may be trusted.* Every Bedouin has a right to marry his father's brother's daughter before she is given to a stranger: hence 'cousins,' in polite phrase, signifies a 'wife' Our physiologists adduce the Sangre Azul of Spain, and the case of the lower animals, to prove that degeneracy inevitably follows 'breeding-in.' * * * Yet the celebrated Flying Childers and all his race, were remarkably bred-in. There is still, in my humble opinion, much mystery about the subject, to be cleared up only by the studies of physiologists. Either they have theorized from insufficient facts, or civilization and artificial living exercise some peculiar influence, or Arabia is a solitary exception to a general rule. The fact which I have mentioned is potent to every Eastern traveler" (pp. 321-322.)

There is no probability that the Author of Nature has instituted a different physiological law for the Arabians from that which prevails among the human species generally; and as to the lower animals, it would be well to base our conclusions on careful observations, rather than on unsupported theories. The fact in regard to the close breeding of the unrivaled horse Flying Childers, is well known to the readers of equine history, and has been frequently commented on. There are other similar cases in the same species on record, and from experiments which have lately been commenced and are now going on in this country, we shall probably be able in a few years, to add some more interesting facts of this nature.

But will it do to receive Mr. BEMENT'S doctrine of positive and inevitable degeneracy from the same blood in the species of animals he speaks of? MARTIN and other writers on the Domestic Fowl, tell us that what is *par excellence* the Derby Game fowl, has been bred at Knowsley Park (the seat of the Earls of Derby) for more than a hundred years without change from the blood of the original stock. Some specimens of this stock which have lately been introduced into this country, would not favor the idea that they have degenerated in size and other good qualities. An imported cock of this variety weighs upwards of seven pounds, and in all the points of shape and appearance of constitution, strength and energy, is seldom equalled.

In the year 1851, the writer of this article saw, on the farm of ADRIAN CORNELL, Jr., of Bucks county, Pa., a stock of fowls remarkable for their size, good shape, prolific habit, &c., which were stated to have been kept on this farm, unmixed, for

upwards of fifty years! Yet none of the "evil results" which Mr. BEMENT speaks of were here manifest, and there is no reason to believe they would ever appear, so long as the same judgment was observed in their management that has thus far been used.

Then as to other species of poultry, Col. JAQUES, of Somerville, Miss., brought from Canada, in the year 1818, a pair of wild geese. He has bred in a direct line from this pair, without change, down to the present time, and the stock is remarkable for its size. He also imported from Germany, in 1821, one gander and two geese of the Embden or Bremen variety, from which he has bred, without the infusion of blood from any other stock to this time. They are now as large, as healthy, and as prolific as the imported stock. Goslings of seven months old have weighed alive upwards of twenty pounds each.

There is no necessity of extending this article by referring to other kinds of animals, although similar evidence to that already adduced might thus be obtained. Several of the cases cited bear directly on the subject as presented by Mr. BEMENT, and the facts they establish may be summed up as follows:

1. That the union of animals of the same blood does not, necessarily, produce degeneracy in the offspring.

2. That the constitutional tendencies of animals are affected by those of the parent stock, and that hence it is important to select such specimens for propagation as are most free from defects.

3. That in proportion to the judgment used in the breeding and management of animals, will be their standing in the scale of merit or usefulness.

4. That whether the breeder should confine himself to a particular blood, or should resort to other strains, must depend entirely on the circumstances or condition of his animals as compared with others. BAKEWELL.

ABOUT OILING SHEEP.

EDS. RURAL:—In your paper of March 28th, REED BURRITT quotes from my article in No. 10, as follows:—"In selecting sheep for fattening, or in fact, for any other purpose except humbugging, very oily sheep should be rejected as they will not pay the cost of feeding, much of the substance of the food coming out through the pores of the skin instead of forming flesh, tallow and wool." He says:—"Such doctrine looks very reasonable, which perhaps is the only excuse of his putting it forth, but it is contrary to my experience and observation."

I agree with him that this doctrine looks reasonable, as much so as his does unreasonable, but perhaps it was not the only excuse of his putting it forth. He says:—"If there is any difference, I think those that have been the most oily have been the most hardy, and when I have stall-fed them they have fatted easiest and with the least feed." Now, what is there about this oil that makes sheep producing it in large quantities fat so much easier and on less food than others? Is it not produced from the same materials that produce flesh, tallow and wool; and if so, does it not require more food to produce a pound of flesh, tallow or wool from such sheep, (that required to produce the oil being entirely lost,) than from those less oily? He might as well contend that a leaky barrel with a stream of water running into it, would fill in less time, and with less water, than one that was tight. Has he, during his forty years experience, tested the matter by experiments—such as weighing and feeding both kinds separate and in proportion to their weight, or by feeding each the same amount so as to ascertain correctly the cost of feeding each—or is it mere conjecture?

A few years since, in a lot of sheep I was fattening, I had one such sheep, the wool being completely saturated with oil. This sheep would not fat, and was so thin I could not sell it with the rest. The following summer I sheared from it a fleece weighing over ten pounds, which would be considered a heavy one for a small sheep at two years old. This fleece I cleansed and got about 2¾ pounds of wool. I do not mention this as evidence that such sheep require more food to fatten, from the fact that the flock were fed a limited quantity, that some individuals eat much faster than others, and that this one might have been a slow feeder. But it shows that there is an immense waste in such wool, and I think if a person buys such sheep for breeding purposes in consequence of stories told of their heavy fleeces, he gets humbugged.

Again Mr. BURRITT says:—"They will endure the storms of summer and fall much the best, and their wool, when cleansed, is found to be the best, as it has not so many dead ends to waste away in manufacturing into cloth." Now, if Mr. BURRITT, notwithstanding his forty years experience and observation, will examine a flock after having been exposed to a severe storm, he will find that his oily and gummy sheep will be equally as wet as the rest—that it does not prevent the opening of the fleece so as to prevent the free entrance of water—and serves as no protection at all; and if he will examine what he terms the "dead ends," he will find both equally strong. W. D. DICKINSON.

Victor, N. Y., March, 1857.

CULTURE OF ROOT CROPS.

EDS. RURAL:—In an early number of the RURAL there is an article by B. F., giving *his experience* in raising roots, and lest his bad luck should deter others from trying their hand at it, I thought I would give you *my experience* and mode of culture, with the result in figures.

In the spring I selected as good a piece of ground as I had on the farm for the purpose, in size about one-half of an acre. This was first thoroughly manured and plowed *beam deep*, then well harrowed once over. A heavy roller was passed over, and it looked as smooth as a floor and appeared in excellent order. It was again harrowed and the carrot seed sown, in drills, *three feet apart*. Soon the young plants made their appearance, and as soon as the second leaf was out commenced the labor. First, the *cultivator* was run through twice between each row, and then the weeding by hand began. This was rather a tedious job; but it was soon finished and the nice, clean looking rows well paid the trouble. Other matters on the farm claimed my time for two weeks, and the carrots got no more attention during that period. Then the cultivator was again run through as before, and with a little hoeing they again got the go-bye, until about the middle of July, when they were *cultivated again*, and while the ground was fresh I took my drill and sowed ruta-bagas in the *centre, between the rows*. When these plants were up sufficiently large to thin out, it was done, and all weeds removed at the same time. Nothing more was done until harvest time, when they were gathered, and the following was the result:—Two hundred bushels of carrots and fifty-five bushels of ruta-bagas, and the whole cost but seven cents a bushel. The crop was but a small one compared with what it would have been if the season had been wet, but with us it was very dry and cold until quite late in the spring.

With us, where land is plenty, I think it better to sow our root crops *far apart between the rows*, as we have a better chance to work between them with a horse, and when we get the weeds well subdued, then fill up the waste ground with ruta-bagas—although in my case I had half an acre occupied; perhaps I might have had full as many bushels from half the quantity of ground had I sowed them only one foot apart, as many do. Instead of only being able to give my stock roots as a "*medicine*," as B. F. is obliged to, I feed them regularly twice a day, both as "medicine" and meat, and am well satisfied with the effect. This year I intend to sow not less than two acres of roots and if we have a wet spring, think they will do better. But I "*plow deep*" and, even if it is dry, my crop does not suffer so much as if the land was only "*skinned over*." I hope some of your readers will give their experience in raising roots, that we may see if their culture does not, as a general thing, pay.

Wellsboro, Penn., 1857. W. Y.

APPLICATION OF MANURES.

EDS. RURAL:—The "Manure Question," has received considerable attention at your hands, as it deserves; but I have noticed no special mention of the fact that many scientific agriculturists begin to doubt the commonly taught and received opinion, that manure loses largely from evaporation if allowed to dry uncovered, on the surface of the soil. Many good farmers are careful to draw out manure while green, spreading it only so fast as it can be plowed under, on sod ground for corn or root crops, and do not like to remove it from the yards long before this plowing is performed.—Some, however, let manure remain heaped in the yard during the summer, applying it to wheat, and to grass land designed for corn next year, leaving it for the latter, spread over the surface from September until May, unplowed, and of course uncovered. Both parties claim to raise good crops, and to get the full value of the manure applied, though the first I believe, allows that the second crop receives a considerable portion of the fertilizing effects. Now, if it can be shown that surface manuring with rotten manure is as economical on the whole, as the application of green or long manure, an important point will be gained toward the better management of our barn-yard fertilizers.

Dr. VOECKLER, a noted European scientific agriculturist, holds that *no loss* arises from spreading manure on the surface of a field; on the contrary, the fermentation is stopped, and the escape of volatile matters thereby ceases, and if it be let lie until the rain has washed it in, is far more beneficial than burying it at once. He would spread manure on clay soils without fear of loss, even six months before plowing. Other writers, as well as practical farmers, coincide in this view of the subject, and it is one worthy of further test by farmers generally. I know that some of your readers have given considerable attention to this question, and I hope they will favor us with their views and experience upon it.

—It is a query with me whether it is not as well to apply manure green in many instances, in order that the second crop may receive a share of the benefit therefrom—doing better than by direct application? What think you?

A YOUNG FARMER.

Niagara County, N. Y., April, 1857.

REARING AND BREAKING COLTS.

MESSRS. EDS.—Seeing an inquiry in the RURAL about feeding colts grain in the winter, I thought I would give some of my experience in rearing and breaking them.

The first winter, take them from the mare as soon as it is time to put up your other horses—put a halter on them and tie them up in a comfortable stall, putting plenty of good clean straw under them. Be sure and keep it under their feet. Do not be afraid of a little straw, as they need something soft to stand on; clean their stables every day. Let them run out during the day when it is fair weather, as they need exercise. *Lead* them to water, as that will halter-break them. Be kind to them, do not strike or whip them unnecessarily.—Put the bridle on them occasionally.

For feed, give what good hay they will eat up clean, about one quart of oats and ten or a dozen carrots, or some apples, potatoes or other kind of green food, daily. It is a good plan to wet the hay they eat. In fact I think it is well to wet both the hay and grain for the work horses.

Some persons advocate letting colts run out in the yard with the cattle and take their chance, thinking they make hardy, tough horses, but a colt wintered in this way will come out in the spring poor and weak, worth but little more than he was in the fall.

The second winter treat in the same way as the first, with the exception of giving two quarts of oats instead of one. This I consider plenty of grain, better feed more carrots. In the spring put the bitting harness on—do not draw them up too tight at first, as it will worry them. Be sparing of the whip. Put on the lines and drive for a short time—an hour is long enough at first. After this, if you are careful you will have no trouble in breaking your colts. J. T.

Empire State, March, 1857.

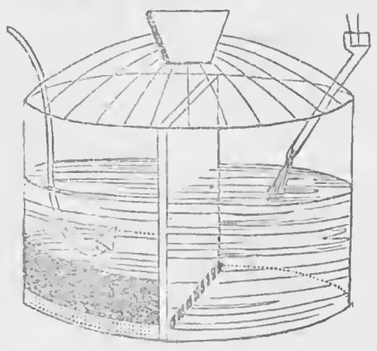
A WORD ON POTATOES.—In May last, while planting potatoes, I had a half dozen that had been kept over two winters, sound and in good order, and I planted them. The result was a good yield about the size of the second year's growth from the potato ball. They are now all sound and free from rot.—L. LEWIS, *Coventry, N. Y., April*, 1857.

Inquiries and Answers.

FILTERING CISTERN.

I NOTICE in your remarks on "Architecture for the West," in (RURAL of March 7th,) a statement, that "by a simple adjustment, a filter may be so constructed that it shall purify the water before it enters the cistern." This is just the object I am seeking to accomplish; for I find that where coal is used for fuel, the rain-water needs purifying, even for washing purposes. My desire is, to obtain the necessary information to enable me to construct a filter in connection with a cister, so that *that* important object may be attained, and my house be furnished with a good supply of pure, soft water, suitable for all purposes. I am decidedly of the opinion that soft water is more conducive to health than hard; and hence my anxiety to obtain it pure. Will you, or some of your contributors, be so kind as to furnish, through the columns of your paper, the requisite instructions, and at least, greatly oblige one reader of the RURAL?—G. B. P., *Cambridge, Henry Co., Ill.*

REMARKS.—To make a filtering cistern, it is necessary to have a permanent division, as seen in the engraving. On one side is a reservoir of



FILTERING CISTERN.

filtered, and on the other side of unfiltered water. The black marks at the bottom of the partition are holes, through which the water passes, and the dark layers on the bottom of the left hand side of engraving, are layers of fine gravel and charcoal, through which the water is filtered. It would be well to make a small box near the surface of the ground, into which the tin pipe of the roof should be conducted, with a hole at the bottom, covered with fine wire work, such as used in straining milk. This would prevent a great deal of dirt washed from the roof from entering the cistern, and which could be cleaned out very easily. Unless this is done, the cistern will require frequent cleaning. We have used a sponge instead of a wire, to cover the hole in the box, but in heavy showers, it does not let the water pass through sufficiently rapid, and the box overflows.

DISTILLERY MANURE.—INFORMATION WANTED.

EDS. RURAL:—Can you, or any of your practical correspondents, state the value of manure from distillery fed cattle or hogs as compared with ordinary barn-yard and hog manure? Also, how many tuns (not loads) can be safely applied per acre—bearing in mind that the manure is saved under cover, and contains the liquid excretions which renders it very heavy as compared with bulk? Also, what will be the effect of plowing under this manure *fresh* for corn, potatoes and vegetables, and what effect will it have on young fruit trees? Also, the best method of composting for future use?

As an apology for asking so many questions, I will say, I have hauled since last fall some 500 tuns of the above named manure, and am still hauling. Opinions are various in the neighborhood as to its utility. Some *know* it to be good. Others suppose it will render the land *sour* the *first year* and prove good the second. Others, again are confident it is good for little or nothing, and that it will spoil any land to which it is applied.—If the latter gentlemen are correct in their opinions, *my land will be most effectually spoiled*, for I only contemplate manuring 10 acres—a portion of which was manured at the rate of about 70 tuns per acre and plowed under last fall.

Erie Co., N. Y., 1857. WM. C. PRESCOTT.

WARBLES.—Will you communicate through the RURAL the remedy for what are termed "Grubs" in the back of cattle? Also, if they be living animals? how came they there? and what do they terminate in?—E. W. HUDSON, *Lima, La Grange Co., Ind.*, 1857.

TOWARD the latter part of summer and in the beginning of autumn, cattle are much annoyed by the stings of an insect commonly known as the Gad-Fly—*Œstrus Bovis* of the naturalists—which at this period is seeking a place to deposit its eggs. The location generally chosen is on the back of the animal near to the spine. The skin is pierced, and in a short time a little tumor is produced which is the residence of the larva. In its early stage the larva is white, but as it approaches maturity it becomes darker, and at length almost black. It preserves this shape until the following June or July, at which time it forces itself out—seeks a hiding place where it stays until it assumes the chrysalis form, which it speedily attains, remains thus for a few weeks, and then comes forth a perfect fly. The modes by which it is destroyed are various,—some pour a corrosive liquid into the hole, others probe it with a red-hot needle, others again crush or force out the larva by a pressure of the finger and thumb. Either mode is effective, and if farmers would wage a war their animals would cease to be tormented.

SPRING RYE.—Will you or some of your numerous correspondents please inform us, through your valuable paper the time for sowing Spring Rye? how much seed per acre? and where it can be obtained? We think ourselves well posted on Winter Rye,—having a fine piece now on the ground which looks well, notwithstanding the unfavorable winter, in relation to which you may hear from us hereafter.—A. T. R., *New Hartford, N. Y.*, 1857.

SPRING RYE should be sown as early as the season will permit. From one and one-half to two bushels of seed is sown, according to the opinion of the cultivator. It can be obtained at almost any seed store. Is for sale in this city—price $1 25 per bushel.

Rural Notes and Items.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS.—We are in the constant receipt of inquiries as to where and of whom certain kinds of grains, seeds, implements, animals, &c., may be procured. During the past week we have received an unusual number of letters of inquiry concerning various articles, most of which are now, or have recently been advertised in the RURAL, (or will be soon, if those having them for sale understand their interest.) We therefore advise those in want of such articles, and indeed all our readers to *read the advertisements* carefully, every week. They will generally be found interesting and often profitable, beside occasionally saving the time and trouble of writing and answering inquiries. Inquiries of the nature alluded to, which are not sufficiently answered in our advertising department, will receive attention by letter or otherwise, whenever we can impart the information desired.

FRUIT STEALING.—In speaking of this subject, a correspondent writes:—"Fruit Stealing is practised to an alarming extent. Farmers do not take the pains to raise fruit that they would, were it not for the disgraceful practices of thievish young men. I am a farmer, and would be glad to cultivate more fruit than I do, but it is impossible to raise even a patch of melons and bring them to maturity, as they are stolen before ripe. I agree with you (and thank you for your article of March 28th,) that fruit stealers should be punished like any other thieves. I would as soon have my wheat stolen as my melons or apples. Indeed, I would rather lose a little of my wheat than my fruit, because wheat is worth only its money value, but by losing my fruit, I am deprived of this luxury for the whole season, as in many places it cannot be procured for money." Our correspondent recommends that all Agricultural Societies, and all farmers, send petitions to the next Legislature on this subject.

TO PREVENT THE DEPREDATIONS OF THE GOPHER.—PHINEAS ALLYN, of Hopkinton, Iowa, where the Gopher is very troublesome, as it is in many parts of the West, working under the ground, and destroying vegetables and seeds, and injuring the roots of fruit trees, gives us the following remedy:—"Plant a castor-oil bean, say on every square rod of ground, and I will warrant the Gopher will not trouble you. I have tried it for the last two years, and have not seen a trace of their works where I have planted the castor-oil bean.—Some of my neighbors here tried the experiment with the same success on grounds where they have been very destructive before; while neighbor's potatoes (not four rods from mine,) were half destroyed by the Gopher, where no castor beans were planted. I think the Gopher does not *like Castor Oil*."

MASSACHUSETTS STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—The Massachusetts Board of Agriculture at its last meeting unanimously decided to hold a State Fair in Boston on the 20th, 22d and 23d days of October. The following list of officers were appointed by the Board to take charge of and make all necessary arrangements for the exhibition:—*President*—MARSHALL P. WILDER, of Dorchester. *Secretary*—Charles L. Flint, of Boston. *Treasurer*—Wm. G. Lewis, of Framingham. *Committee of Arrangements*—Marshall P. Wilder, of Dorchester; Samuel Chandler, of Lexington; John Brooks, of Princeton; George Marston, of Barnstable; Wm. G. Lewis, of Framingham; Moses Newell, of West Newbury; Thomas J. Field, of Northfield.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER—as we intended to have noted long since—has been changed from the folio to our favorite quarto form, (eight pages,) presenting a neat and improved appearance. It is now conducted by CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Esq., an able and spicy writer, (favorably known to many of our readers as an occasional contributor to the RURAL over the *nomme de plume* of CHARLIE CHESTNUT.) We regret to learn that Dr. KENNICOTT, the former esteemed "chief" of the *Farmer* corps, is precluded from active duty by impaired health. The *Farmer* is published weekly at Chicago—$2 per annum.

THE "RED RIVER SPRING WHEAT" was recommended six years ago, by an Iowa correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer*. He now says that when sown on sod or new ground well prepared, very early, it has yielded more wheat than any variety he is acquainted with, except the Canada Club—and on sod ground last year, it beat the Canada Club. If sown when the ground is wet, it is more apt to smut than the Canada wheat, and if sown late or on old land, it is more apt to rust, fall down, and does not fill as well as the Club.

PROLIFIC SHEEP.—J. FORSYTH, of Hannibal, N. Y., writes:—"Last spring I had ten ewes, which produced *nineteen* lambs, and one of the ten had *three*. That, I thought, was doing pretty well.—This spring as yet, only two of my ewes have lambs, one of them two, and the other *four*. The one that had three last spring has four this, and they are all smart. If any of the readers of the RURAL can beat this, you will hear from me again next season."

PLANT TREES AND SHRUBS!—Now is the time for this labor, about which *The Homestead* utters these sensible and advisory sentences:—"But a few days more remain this Spring suitable for planting trees. Who will improve them in this duty? Are your roadsides all lined with shade trees, and is every nook and corner about your premises supplied with its appropriate tree, shrub or vine? Improve the first good day in supplying all vacancies, and, our word for it you will find it labor well spent."

PARSNIPS.—The parsnip is one of the most valuable roots that grows, both for the table and stock. Nothing in the root line is equal to it for fattening pigs. They grow stronger when young than carrots, and are more easily distinguished from the weeds. They may be dug in the fall and placed in the cellar, or be allowed to remain in the ground all winter. In some parts of the world pigs are entirely fattened on parsnips.

NEW WIRE FENCE.—A correspondent gives us an account of a new Wire Fence that he has built, and with which he is much pleased. He describes it as follows:

"This fence is built of posts, wire, and pickets. After the posts are set at proper distances, two wires are fastened about three feet apart, so as when strained to be that distance parallel. Then pass the wires around the picket, one at each end, which should be round or have a notch cut in them for the wire to be wound in, and drawing the wire tightly, proceed to fill in the pickets from six inches to one foot distant apart, until the whole is filled, when the wires may be fastened upon the posts after the usual manner. In this way a fence may be built very economically, and serve a pretty good purpose when done.—W. H. G."

GRASS SEEDING WITH OATS is thus noted, in the *Prairie Farmer*, by F. M. MCCLELLAN, of Iowa:—"I have seeded with oats at different times, with good success every time. The oats were always as heavy as they could stand. The quantity of seed sown per acre was six quarts of Timothy when clean."

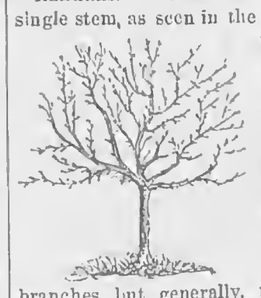
FARMERS' LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.—The Farmers' Club of Skaneateles, have resolved to establish a public Library and Museum, for the benefit of the farmers of that town. Liberal subscriptions have been made for the purpose, and a Librarian appointed. This is a wise movement, worthy of imitation.

The Young Ruralist.

GROWING CURRANTS.

CAN you tell me which is the better way to grow currants—as a bush or tree? As far as I have seen, I think the tree form is better, because the fruit is larger, keeps cleaner, and the *tree* looks better and does not take up so much room as the bush. But then it is well to know which *is* the better way, and as I have a good deal of opposition, I thought I would take this way of finding out.—Any information in regard to this subject will be gladly received by—A SUBSCRIBER'S SON.

REMARKS.—We like to grow currants with a single stem, as seen in the engraving, as they are much prettier, and better in every way.—Some, we know prefer to grow them with two or three main stems, and good currants can be raised in this way, if the plants are confined to these two or three main branches, but generally, those who attempt to treat currant bushes in this way, allow suckers to grow from the roots which injure the plant and the fruit. These suckers are very readily noticed, when the plant is treated as recommended with a single trunk, and almost always removed. The only argument we have ever heard in favor of the two-or-three-branch system, is the facility with which the plant when getting old is renewed, by cutting out the old wood, and allowing the a new head to form from the new shoots. This, however, is of little consequence, as new plants of the currant can be so easily raised. When currant plants get old it is better to dig them up and re-place them with others. The careful cultivator should always have a few young plants on hand.



THE WATERMELON.

A "YOUNG AGRICULTURIST" in Erie Co., Penn., wishes to know all about the culture of Watermelon, &c.

"I wish to make a few inquiries respecting the culture of the watermelon—what time to plant—what kind of soil is best adapted to their nature—and what kind of manure to use? Also, where I can get the seed of the Orange and Strawberry watermelon."

The two varieties of the melon mentioned by our correspondent, were advertised in a late number of the RURAL, by I. W. BRIGGS, of West Macedon, N. Y. The melon likes a warm, sandy soil, and it is not necessary that the soil should be very rich. Indeed, the best melons we ever raised were grown on an almost barren sand hill, with a little manure in the hill. Well rotted barn yard manure is good, and we have sometimes used a little guano water. It is of no use to plant until the weather gets warm, here about the fifteenth of May. If you will make a little box with a light of glass in the top, you can plant earlier, and cover each hill with one of these boxes, and after the plants are up, take the boxes off during the middle of warm days, but be sure and keep them covered during cold days and nights, until the weather becomes quite warm. By this plan, you will get melons quite early. If you think you have not the right kind of soil, you can easily make a good soil in the hills, by removing the earth about eighteen inches deep; and filling up with a mixture of sand, old rotted manure, and common garden mold.

GROWING PUMPKINS.

ALLOW me to say a few words in reply to your correspondent in the Young Ruralist, respecting growing pumpkins. Pumpkins are seldom cultivated alone; the seeds are generally mixed promiscuously with corn when planting, and when the pumpkins are grown and gathered, the best are reserved for culinary use, while the inferior ones are given to the cattle, though, if my young friend is desirous of raising some excellent fruit, for pumpkin pies—a luxury which none but farmers can indulge in—I would advise him to give them plenty of room; say four feet apart, and if the land is in good condition and the plants well cared for, they will be most likely to cover all the space allowed them. When the striped bug attacks them, throw over the vines a little fine, dry soot, though the rain will wash it off, when it will be necessary to repeat the process. A good way to preserve pumpkins is to hang them up in the cellar, by tying a cord around the stem, which should be left on in all cases, where they are to be kept.—O. A. GOULD, *Watertown, N. Y.*

Orchard and Garden.

WHAT FRUIT SHOULD I PLANT?

We continue our remarks on this interesting question, treating in this number of the Pear.—With this fruit we have more difficulty than with the apple, there being a greater variety of opinions more earnestly believed and more zealously defended. Scarcely a good pear in cultivation, but has a host of champions ready to declare it *the best*, and prepared to defend its claims to superiority at a moments warning. Then some boldly declare *Dwarf Pear Trees* a humbug—pretty playthings, but short-lived and useless for fruit—while others, with equal confidence maintain that the culture of the pear on the quince stock has been eminently successful, sufficient to satisfy all reasonable expectations, and to justify the more general adoption of this method of growing the pear.

It is unfortunate that so many who write on Horticulture as well as Agriculture, jump at conclusions, without awaiting the guidance of experience, or even profiting by the teachings of their observation. Mr. Smith purchases a pear tree, and as he don't know much about the different sorts, happens to buy a winter variety. His trees are covered with fruit, and as he has waited some years for this consummation, anxiously anticipates a rich treat. But, sad disappointment, the pears on the trees of his neighbors are all ripe—ripe pears are to be seen in the shops and the streets, but those on his tree are "as hard as stones." Some are picked, bitten and thrown away; others remain on the tree until destroyed by frost; perhaps a few are picked and thrown upon a shelf in a warm room, where they shrivel up and are finally thrown into the yard. Mr. Smith thinks this a worthless variety—a great humbug, or the nurseryman that sold it a great rogue. If Mr. Smith is in the habit of writing for the papers a spicy article may be expected over the signature "S." Perhaps in the report of a meeting of some Horticultural Society, held in February, this pear is noticed as being "delicious." This, Mr. S. considers the greatest humbug of all.

Mr. Brown has heard of Dwarf Pear Trees—how they bear as soon as planted, and when only three or four feet high. Mr. B. thinks it would be a fine thing to have plenty of pears so easy, and gets a few; but his trees only bear half-a-dozen pears each, and perhaps some don't bear at all; others are broken down, for the cattle get into the orchard occasionally. Next year they don't seem to thrive very well, and Mr. Brown concludes that dwarf trees are a humbug. He likes trees that get up out of the way of cattle, and that will bear a barrel or two apiece.

Mr. Jones has read of dwarf pear trees, and purchases a few, plants them in his garden, and feels quite proud of them. He reads all the papers and books on the subject, and becomes quite enthusiastic—prunes and manures his trees, and asks his neighbors to step in and see how fine they are. Mr. Jones never raised any fine pears before; now he can show as good pears as anybody, and makes a respectable exhibition of a few fine well grown varieties at the Horticultural Show, and takes the first premium for the best plate of pears. Mr. Jones wouldn't have a pear in his garden unless it was on the quince root. He has one on pear stock that has been standing for six or seven years that never bore any fruit, and is about to dig it up.

Having made this subject one of experiment and careful investigation, we shall endeavor to give our readers the benefit of what knowledge we possess. The reason why many fail in their attempts to grow pears on the quince root is because they plant varieties that will not succeed on that stock without being *double-worked*, that is, budded or grafted upon a variety worked already upon the quince, and succeeding upon it. Mr. Barry recommends the following list of twenty-five varieties for culture on the quince:

Summer—Bloodgood, Bartlett, Deaborn's Seedling, Rostiezer, Tyson.

Autumn—Buerre Diel, Golden Buerre of Bilboa, Bergamotte Cadette, Belle Lucrative, Buerre d'Amalis, Duchesse de Angouleme, White Doyenne, Grey Doyenne, Henry Fourth, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Napoleon, Seckel, Stevens' Genesee, Swan's Orange.

Winter.—Buerre de Aremberg, Easter Buerre, Glout Morceau, Vicar of Winkfield, Pound, (for cooking.)

The American Pomological Society at its last session recommended the following list as growing well on the quince, and as being also worthy of general cultivation:

Summer.—Rostiezer.

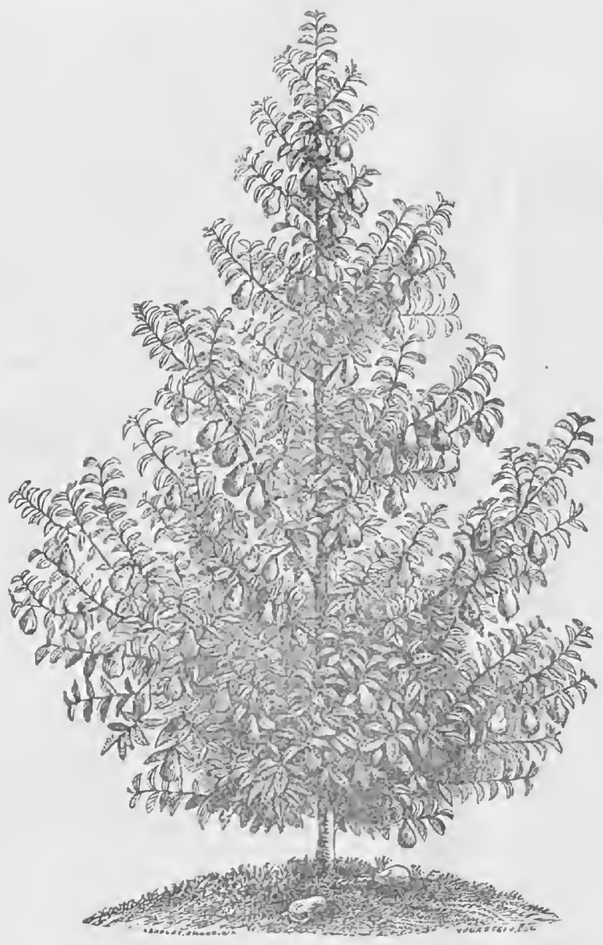
Autumn.—Belle Lucrative, Buerre d'Amalis, Buerre d'Anjou, Buerre Diel, Duchesse d'Angouleme, Figue d'Alencon, Long Green of Cox, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Napoleon, Nouveau Poiteau, St. Michael Archange, Urbaniste, White Doyenne.

Winter—Cattillac, Easter Buerre, Glout Morceau, Buerre Langelier, Soldat Labourer, Uvedales St. Germain, (for baking,) Vicar of Winkfield.

Some dwarf trees have failed because budded on the common orange quince. On this stock the pear makes a feeble, stunted growth, and is short-lived and useless. For some years there was a good deal of confusion on the variety of stock used by the French in dwarfing their trees, and imported into this country by our nurserymen. Many trees have been worked on the common stock and sent out. The varieties known as the Angers and the Orleans Quince, are free growing varieties, and the only kinds that should be used for stocks.

Dwarf trees require proper soil and culture. A good strong, deep soil, with a well drained subsoil is necessary for their perfection. Liberal manuring and close annual pruning is also essential, and the trees should be made to branch near the ground, and assume the pyramidal form. On this subject, we will give another article in a few weeks. When grown on only a moderately fertile soil, without manure and with moderate pruning, we have found most varieties, and the Louise Bonne de Jersey perhaps more than any other variety, so much disposed to bear fruit that but little wood is formed, and in a few years the trees assume a scrubby appearance. This we have found particularly the case on light, sandy soils, and only to be overcome by the most liberal use of manure, and thorough pruning.

To sum up the whole question, we give the following as the only conditions on which dwarf trees can be successfully grown:



A WELL-GROWN DWARF PEAR TREE.

1. Get varieties that succeed on the Quince, and that have been worked on proper stocks.

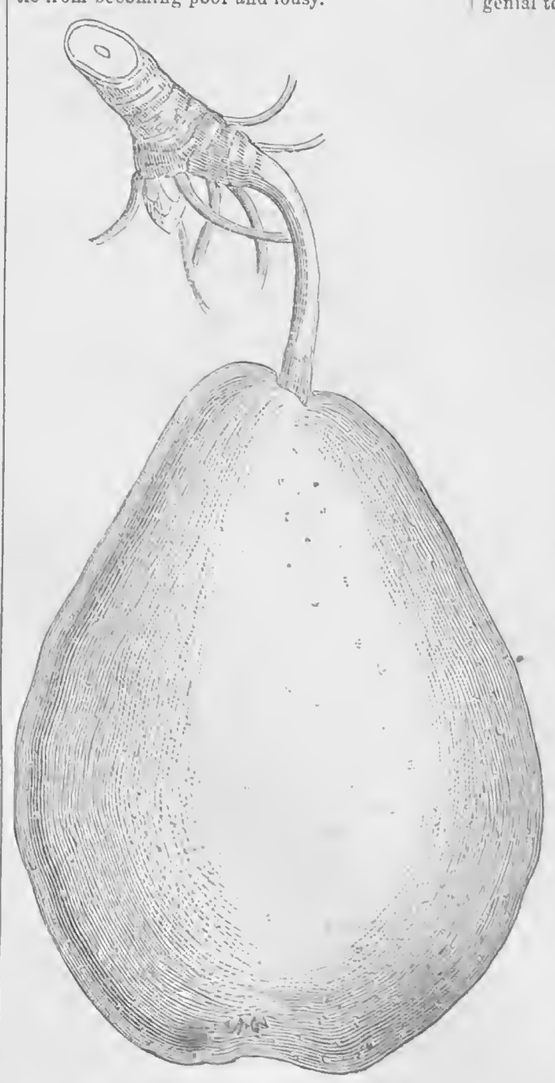
2. Plant them on a good substantial soil, and if the subsoil is a stiff clay, it should be drained.

3. Keep the ground well cultivated, and all weeds and grass destroyed.

4. Give a thorough pruning every spring, and a heavy coat of manure at least every fall, placing it around the tree, and in the spring forking it in.—After forking it in, it would be better to place a new coat on the surface of the ground.

5. Plant the trees so deep that the point where they are grafted will be three inches below the surface. This, though perhaps not a vital matter, is altogether the best method.

Every farmer, and indeed, every one can tell whether he is prepared to conform to these conditions. If not, he should not plant dwarf trees, for it is worse than useless to plant them in a careless manner, and let them die of neglect, as it not only annoys the planter and wastes his money, but gets up a "mad dog" cry against dwarf trees. A few years since a gentleman of our acquaintance who had occasion to visit a certain place, called on us and inquired if there were any farms or gardens in that section worth visiting. We gave him the name of a gentleman prominent in the agricultural world, and not unknown to agricultural literature. Some time after, on inquiring if he had visited this place, we were informed that he passed through the young orchard, but the weeds were about as high as the trees. The owner of this crop of weeds is now writing against dwarf pears, and calling them humbugs. Dwarf pear trees will not prosper with such treatment as most of our orchards get, and therefore we do not advise farmers to plant them; in fact, we advise none to plant dwarfs unless they can conform to the conditions we have mentioned. But we do say that he who has a suitable soil and the right sorts, and complains that his dwarf trees will not grow and bear, proclaims and publishes his own ignorance or negligence as completely as the farmer who should complain that he could not keep his land in good condition, his fences from falling down, or his cattle from becoming poor and lousy.



LOUISE BONNE DE JERSEY PEAR.

It may be asked, then, what advantage in planting dwarf trees over standards to compensate for the extra care? We answer, early fruiting—enough fruit to pay for the tree, trouble, and use of the land twice over before the standard would bear a pear. We will now answer a question received, as to the best six varieties for a village garden in Western New York:

Standards—Bartlett, Seckel. *Dwarfs*—Bloodgood, Louise Bonne de Jersey, White Doyenne, Duchesse de Angouleme.

We are compelled to close this subject, but will resume it again in the next number, and before doing so give an outline of one of the very best varieties of pears grown,—the Louise Bonne de Jersey,—as well as an engraving of a well pruned dwarf Pear Tree. When such beautiful trees and such delicious fruit are grown, as they are here, and in many other places, it will take a good deal of paper and ink to write them down as humbugs.

THE QUINCE.

Eds. Rural:—In a recent number I notice the Quince is under consideration. Touching its nature, its growth and cultivation, I thought I would drop a word or two, relating to my experience with it, (though feeling inadequate to appear in, or as a public instructor.)

The experience that I have had with the quince and its cultivation, is: *First*, the nature of the shrub, and whether it could be brought from its bushy state into a single stem or body of a tree.—This I found could be done and form a nice tree. *Second*, What kind of soil is most adapted to its growth. My land is a gravily loam, first rate, or well adapted to most kinds of Northern fruit. I had some three kinds of the quince, or they appeared so many kinds, and stood in several different places. Some of them appeared to do better than the rest. This increased a desire to follow up the cause and its effect, and I then set out a bush (as we call them) some two rods from my kitchen door and a little on one side of where all the waste water is poured from the kitchen. It grew very fast and is now a fine tree, (like No. 2 in the Rural,) and bears very large fruit, far above the rest of my trees that are cared for all alike. There seems to be in my last setting out something congenial to the growth of the quince. I wish some of the farmers would try the above stated mode of growing the quince, and give the results of their experience.

The currant can be brought to form a tree also, and not sprout out at the bottom. I have some in bearing, and that have not sprouted at the bottom though some three years old. A Farmer.

Shelby, N. Y., 1857.

LIMA BEANS.

I have cultivated the *Lima Bean* here to some extent for the last four years, and find them to succeed well. They have ripened every year. My garden soil is a warm, sandy loam, and the only compost I use for the Lima is a mixture of well rotted stable manure and wood ashes. If the ashes have not parted with any of their alkaline qualities I mix them in the proportion of about one-fourth ashes to three-fourths stable manure, and if leached ashes are used, one-half of the latter. I find these beans very prolific, and as to *flavor*, to my taste, I have met with no other at all to be compared to them—indeed, as I have heard it expressed, "not worthy to be named on the same day with them." When cooked, either in their green or ripe, dry state, they are a delicious and nutritious vegetable, and it often surprises me to find that they are not more generally known and cultivated in Canada.

I plant from the 20th to the end of May, finding it not generally safe to plant earlier, although there may be seasons in which they might escape late spring frosts if planted a week or two sooner. I last season planted some that were three or four years old, and they germinated equally as well as those ripened the previous year. The poles I use are six or seven feet long and I pinch off the tops of the vines when the they reach tops of the poles.

Last year I pinched the ends of all the *lateral shoots*, which were only calculated to produce additional leaves, and whether this assisted in bringing the beans earlier to perfection or not I cannot undertake to decide without further experiments, as I treated *all* I had the same way, whereas if I had only done this to a *portion*, I would have been able compare those thus treated with those not; but certain it was, they were ripe earlier than in any previous season. J. Knowlson.

Cavansville, C. W., 1857.

STRAWBERRY OR HUSK TOMATO.

Eds. Rural:—As you invite your readers to contribute to the Rural any useful information, I thought I would say something about a plant which I have not seen noticed in any of the papers. I allude to the *Strawberry or Husk Tomato*, which I think is worthy of a place in every garden. The first I raised grew from seed from the Patent Office last year, and they were pronounced a very fine fruit by all to whom I gave an opportunity to try them. The plant grows about eight or ten inches high, throwing out long trailing branches, upon which the fruit is borne in abundance. The fruit grows inside of a thin husk, is about the size and shape of a cherry, orange colored, and possesses something of the flavor of the strawberry, and keeps very easily through the winter, fresh as when picked, notwithstanding exposure to frost. They are very fine to eat when ripe, being sweet and pleasant, and are delicious preserved as strawberries or other fruit, and sealed from the air. I have found them of easy culture, only requiring a start in the hot bed, and great bearers. They are also quite ornamental. I enclose some seed that you may have a chance to see for yourself whether my words are true. H. H.

Clark's Mills, March, 1857.

Remarks.—We have tasted this fruit on one or two occasions. It is sweet and rather pleasant, but not high flavored. Indeed, if we remember correctly, we thought it at the time rather insipid, as it was entirely destitute of acid. We will try it again.

Pear Trees in Illinois.—Pear trees do not live long in Southern Illinois. In many places by the time they are good bearers they die. In a large section of this country, directly under the soil, is a hard clay, and as the pear sends its roots into this clay they become decayed, the worms work up the tree, and kill it. By placing a large flat stone under the trees when they are set out, th roots are turned into the soil, and they do not die; but flourish well.—H. L. G., *Mt. Vernon, Ill.*

Peas.—I send you a sample of Peas which I have cultivated for seven years under the name of *Green Marrowfat*. I have never seen a description of this Pea. Can you tell me the true name?—The vines grow from four to five feet in height, and in favorable seasons will blossom till frost comes. Pods contain from three to five peas. The sample which I send was well ripened, but yet they are more than one-half of a pale green color.—They are withal the sweetest and best I have ever cultivated.—J. F. Lester, *Marengo, Ill.*, 1857.

Remarks.—Your peas, we think, are the *Dwarf Blue Imperial*. We will plant those received by the side of this variety, and have no doubt we shall find them identical.

A Powerful Fertilizer.—Will you, or some of your correspondents, inform us through the Rural, whether chamber lye has any fertilizing qualities, and if it is good for trees?—A Subscriber, *Winchester, Mass.*, 1857.

Remarks.—It is a most powerful fertilizer, so much so, as to make its free or careless use dangerous to trees and plants. It is well to compost it with dry muck, or charcoal dust, for a short time, otherwise it must be diluted with water before applying.

Domestic Economy.

CAKES AND GINGERBREAD.

Eds. Rural:—As I have seen a great number of recipes in your paper, and found many of them excellent, I thought perhaps I could send a few that would be of some use to those who read the Rural:

Sponge Cake.—The yolks of 3 eggs, ¾ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, ½ teaspoonful soda, ½ teacup sweet milk.

Silver Cake.—The whites of 8 eggs, ¾ cup butter, 1 cup white sugar, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, ½ teaspoonful soda, ½ teacup sweet milk.

Gold Cake.—The yolk of 8 eggs, ¾ cup of butter, 1 cup of brown sugar, 2 cups of flour, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, ½ teaspoonful of soda, ½ teacup sweet milk.

Soft Cake.—1 teacup sugar, piece of butter the size of an egg, 1 teacup buttermilk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful soda, flour enough to make a good batter.

Soft Gingerbread.—1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful ginger, 4 tablespoonfuls of hot water, a piece of butter the size of an egg; put all in a teacup and fill up with molasses.

Fried Cakes.—1 teacup sugar, 1 egg, 3½ teacups of buttermilk, 2 teaspoonfuls soda, nearly a teacup of shortening, salt to your taste; make quite soft.

Hardscrabble, March, 1857. Emma.

Omelette.—Beat six eggs, add a little minced boiled ham or other meat, or if preferred, a little chopped parsley and onion, with salt, pepper and two ounces of butter. Turn it into a greased frying pan over a slow fire, or over boiling water, and stir till it begins to set. When brown on the under side, it is done; then lay a flat plate over the top, and turn your pan upside down. It should be cooked slightly, and eaten quickly.

Dropped Eggs are probably the most healthful form in which they can be prepared for the table. Break the eggs very carefully into a pan of scalding water, and let the water come gradually to a boil, removing the eggs with a skimmer as soon as the white is set. Serve on a hot platter with a little salt, pepper and butter, or lay the eggs on hot buttered toast. For invalids, use cream instead of butter.

To Clean Kid Gloves.—Wash them in a mixture of equal quantities of ammonia and alcohol. Then rub them dry.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

PRINTING IN AMERICA.

The first printing press in North America was established at the city of Mexico about the year 1600; and the first press "worked" in the American Colonies was "set up" at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1629. Rev. Jesse Glover procured this press by "contributions of friends of learning and religion in Amsterdam and England, but died on his passage to the new world. Stephen Day was the first printer. In honor of his pioneer position, Government gave him a grant of three hundred acres of land.

Pennsylvania was the second colony to encourage printing. William Bradford came to Pennsylvania with William Penn, in 1686, and established a printing press in Philadelphia. In 1692, Mr. Bradford was induced to establish a printing press in New York. He received £40 per annum and the privilege of printing on his own account.—Previous to this time there had been no printing done in the Province of New York. His first issue in New York was a proclamation bearing the date of 1690.

It was nearly a century after a printing press had been set up in New England before one could be tolerated in Virginia.

The Southern colonists had no printing done among them until 1727.

There was a printing press at

New London, in Connecticut, in	1709
Annapolis, in Maryland	1726
Williamsburgh, in Virginia	1729
Charleston, in South Carolina	1730
Newport, in Rhode Island	1732
Woodbridge, in New Jersey	1752
Newbern, in North Carolina	1755
Portsmouth, in New Hampshire	1756
Savannah, in Georgia	1762

The first printing press established in the Northwest Territory was worked by William Maxwell, at Cincinnati, in 1793. The first printing executed west of the Mississippi, was done at St. Louis, in 1808, by Jacob Hinkle.

There had been a printing press in Kentucky in 1786, and there was one in Tennessee in 1793—in Michigan in 1809—in Mississippi in 1810. Louisiana had a press immediately after her possession by the United States.

Printing was done in Canada before the separation of the American Colonies from the mother country. Halifax had a press in 1751, and Quebec boasted of a printing office in 1764.—*Newspaper Record.*

POISONOUS GASES OF COMBUSTION.

Anthracite coal combines with oxygen in combustion, and produces carbonic oxyd and carbonic acid gas. Perfect combustion of anthracite and common charcoal, results in carbonic acid gas; imperfect combustion produces the carbonic oxyd. The peculiar blue lambent flame, which plays upon ignited charcoal and anthracite, is produced by the combustion of carbonic oxyd. This flame is also often witnessed at the top of the smoke-pipe of steamboat chimneys, and playing over the ignited lime in kilns. Carbonic oxyd is too often allowed to escape into apartments, by improper draft in chimneys, or by throttling the pipes of stoves, by the damper. It is pretty generally known that carbonic acid gas is very poisonous, but it is not generally known that carbonic oxyd is more poisonous still. From experiments made by Dumas, the eminent France chemist, he has come to the conclusion, that it is a hundred fold more poisonous than carbonic acid. This gas has a peculiar smell not belonging to carbonic acid. It is that odor which is often felt when entering close apartments, where anthracite coal and coke are used as fuel. Such an odor is a warning that there is a deadly poison in the atmosphere, and measures should at once be taken to obtain a supply of pure air. It is believed that this gas, more than any other, is often times the cause of many fevers during the cold months of the year, when persons are so much confined to warm rooms in cities.—*Scientific American.*

Curious Barometer.—The Mobile Register says:—"On board the Mexican steamer is a barometer of the most simple construction but the greatest accuracy. It consists only of a long strip of cedar, very thin, about two and a half feet in length, about an inch wide, cut with the grain, and set in block or foot. This cedar strip is backed or lined with one of white pine, cut across the grain, and the two are tightly glued together. To bend these when dry is to snap them, but on the approach of bad weather the cedar curls over until the top at times touches the ground. This simple instrument is the invention of a Mexican guitar-maker, and such is its accuracy that it will indicate the coming on of a "norther" full twenty-four hours before any other kind of barometer known on the coast. Had this been the production of Yankee ingenuity it had been patented long ago, and a fortune made by the inventor."

A New Plow.—We were shown by Mr. A. Churchill of Rockford, a model of a new plow—a double plow—intended to enable the plowman to work on one side of the field, turning the furrows all the same way, thus obviating the necessity of "dead furrows." It may be used as a side hill plow. The novelty consists in the revolving beam. It is so arranged that by a spring, under the control of the plowman, the beam of the plow turns around with the team, the standard being its upright axle, while the plow remains stationary in the furrow. If you place the irons of two plows together, the points in opposite directions you have an idea of its shape.—*Prairie Farmer.*

River water contains about twenty-eight grains of solid matter to every cubic foot. Hence such a river as the Rhine carries to the sea every day 145,980 cubic feet of sand or stone.

With a view to collect their webs for silk, four thousand spiders were once obtained, but they soon killed each other. Manufactures and war never thrive together.

Two thousand nine hundred silk-worms produce one pound of silk; but it would require 27,080 spiders, all females, to produce one pound of web.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SPRING CAROL.

BY MYRTA MAY.

THE glorious Spring has come again,
And clothed in beauty field and plain,
O'er every vale and mountain height
Is flung her robe of golden light.
The breath floats by in every breeze
That fans the perfume-laden trees,
Unheeding Earth's tumultuous strife,
All nature's bursting into life!
Rejoice! rejoice children of men,
The glorious Spring has come again!

They have come! they have come! the bright eyed flowers
They are blossoming now in the woodland bowers;
They are laughing beside each glancing stream
As they catch the light of the sun's first beam,
The violet opens its soft blue eye —
With a hue, just borrowed from the sky,—
And wooed to life by the balmy breeze
The "May-flower" opens its starry leaves.
Rejoice! rejoice, children of men
The flowers, the flowers, are springing again!

They have come, they have come, with the breath of Spring,
Again in their forest home to sing,—
Each swift-winged bird with its joyous song,
Telling us "Winter is over and gone."
Oh! from each heart let a *Te Deum* swell,
And blend with the music in forest and dell,
Till o'er the green Earth shall echo the strain,
"Rejoice! for the Spring is coming again!"

Attica Centre, April 14, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN EVENING WITH MEMORY.

"OH, memory! thou only wakener of the dead!
Thou only treasure of the vanished past!
How welcome art thou."

How apt we are, in after years—as we journey through life—to forget, no not forget, but to let pass from our minds events that, while transpiring, are of so much interest to us, it seems then, as if they would ever be present; but as other scenes and other friends gather around us, and new joys and sorrows fill our hearts, we lose sight of the old ones. But they are not lost. One by one as we drop them, memory gathers them up, storing them away in her laboratory for future use; and when weary of all around us, and closing our eyes, try to shut out the world, then it is she returns and brings before us in subdued colors, her panorama of by-gones.

Thus it was memory stole upon me to-night as I sat dreaming; and drawing aside the curtain of the past, took my hand in her's and led me through her picture gallery. Oh! what a host of recollections came thronging to me! What a strange feeling—mixture of joy and pain—thrilled through my whole being, as I gazed upon that promiscuous assemblage of pictures, through the soft, dreamy light of other years! How many dear, familiar faces and scenes, that I had thought long since forgotten, were there before me—some of them filling my heart with joy as I gazed upon them, and bringing me back to some of the happiest moments of my life, and I felt almost willing to linger by them forever. But no, my guide was not satisfied thus. I must look upon all; and she quietly led me away to others, that awoke such sad, painful thoughts!—yet there was a charm about them, that won me to linger by them, even though they made the tears trickle warm and fast. Others there were, that at first seemed strange, but memory would point out first one known feature, then another, until by-and-by I recognized an old familiar scene. Yes, there were pictures from every year of my life; from my happy childhood—rosy morn of life—all light and happiness, excepting now and then an April shower, sorrow soon dispelled with a kind word or loving smile, only making the sunshine more beautiful for its having been!—from then, until now.

As I stand there with them, how many loved companions of "days agone" were with me. Once more I heard their gentle tones and silvery laughter, and *almost* felt the soft pressure of their hands in mine and their warm kisses on my cheek! Oh! what delicious moments! I would not—even though grief was mingled with my pleasure—give them in exchange for many commoner ones!—Memory, kind, faithful friend, who does not love her? No matter if she does cherish some gloomy things we would rather have forgotten; does she not cherish many more beautiful ones? And as Time glides away, bearing us on to Eternity, how many pleasant hours do we spend reviewing them, that we would not have otherwise! Some of those precious hours I have spent to-night, living, as it were, my past life over. And it seems almost a dream, now memory has gone, that I am alone.—But though the forms of my friends are not visible near me, yet I know that they have been with me, hovering around me, and that the fluttering of their spirit-wings was the music that lulled me to dreaming. How much lighter my heart feels for this little visit of memory's! How much more contented! I feel more like acting

"In the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead,"

so that in some future time, looking back, I may have more pleasant pictures to gaze upon. Some time, maybe, I will impart some of these pictures.

Dream Dell, Ohio, 1857. IDA CARRY.

SORROWS.—Jean Paul says:—"Sorrows gather round great souls as storms do around mountains; but, like them, they break the storm and purify the air of the plain beneath them. Every heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung round our neck, yet are they often only like the stones used by the pearl-divers, which enable them to reach their prize and to rise enriched. A small sorrow detracts; and great one makes us collected; as a bell loses its clear tone when slightly cracked, and recovers it when the fissure is enlarged."

OUR HEARTS must be more contracted than our eyes, or we should not murmur at every little cloud, which we can plainly see is but a speck in an universe of light.—*Jean Paul.*

WE forget in the violence of our grief, when the storm is wild about us and beats upon us, that the wave which lifts us the highest brings us nearest to the stars.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

I SAW an infant lying in its mother's arms, moaning with pain, and heard the earnest, heart-felt prayer of that parent, that her darling might be saved. That prayer was answered. The child grew, and in its youth was fair to look upon.—Again disease visited his frame and he was brought to the gates of death. How earnestly he pleaded for life. If the precious boon would be granted, he would ever be thankful for the gift.

"I've just begun to live; I cannot die now, and give up all the anticipated pleasures of life—all the bright dreams of coming bliss that I have so long cherished." Thus he spoke, and once more the messenger left him.

Onward he passed toward manhood; but, ungrateful being that he was, he forgot the blessings conferred upon him by his Maker. He sought pleasure through all the world, and found her not. Having an ample fortune at his command, he traveled from land to land. In foreign climes he visited all that was fair and beautiful in Art, and turned from her to Nature. He stood beneath the sunny skies of Italy and gazed upon her beautiful landscapes, but still he found not pleasure. He did not look "through Nature, up to Nature's God," and did not see the hand of the great Creator in the beauties spread before him. Manhood's age found him still unprepared to die. It was but the prime of life. He had not seen enough of the vain world. Its joys thus far had been too transitory and fleeting. He hoped ere long to find some lasting happiness.

Again his pleadings for life were heeded. Now he gave himself up to dissipation—visited the gaming table, was found among the midnight revelers, and in every place where it was said or imagined pleasure could be found. Still disappointment met him. As a last resort he fled to the wine cup to quiet the pangs of a guilty conscience. His head became white with the frosts of age, and he laid himself down to die, for life to him was now a burden—that life for which he had plead so oft and so earnestly. On his death bed thus he mused:

"Infatuated being that I have been. In infancy my life was spared, and in youth I was not ready to die. I thought, but how mistakenly, that life was a flowery path, with naught but sunshine. I proved that it was not so, but middle age found me—still unprepared. I had not seen enough of the vanity of earth. I had not drank deep enough of the cup of bitterness. Now I've drained it to its very dregs. I must die. Oh! how vainly I have lived, and how miserable is my end! My race is finished and I am going to meet my GOD. What account shall I render? Oh! that I had prepared for death!"

The old man died and was laid in his grave.

Thus it is with man. In youth he has not seen enough of the world. Manhood finds him, as he thinks, just beginning to live. When his threescore years and ten are ended, he laments his past life, and sighs for time to prepare for death.

"It must be sweet in childhood to give back
The spirit to its Maker, ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the ways of sin."

In old age it must be pleasant to look back upon a life spent in doing good, and forward to a happy meeting with the ransomed in Heaven. In manhood 'tis hard to die, and harder still to live.

Man cannot choose a time to leave this world for the Lord's time only, is the time to die.

March, 1857. VIOLA VINCENT.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BE CHEERFUL AND GENTLE.

DON'T allow yourself to bluster, and scold, and fret about in that way. What if you did not find something just where you left it, or can't find in an instant what you are in a hurry for. Learn to expect trifling inconveniences and annoyances every day—for scarcely a day passes without our meeting some trials calculated, if we allow them, to put us out of temper and hinder our business. In large families, each so differently constituted, it is impossible there should be that uniformity of motive and action which would prevent all mistakes. But a generous spirit of toleration, a calm, quiet forbearance, and faithfulness in your duty, whatever it is, will be a rebuke to the negligent, and an example to all.

Remember, kindness begets kindness, and "the soft answer turneth away wrath." Far more good is done by doing right ourselves, and kindly overlooking errors, than by rough rebuke and harsh accusation. A brief time, indeed, are we together here. O, let us not contend and wrangle and pout away the few days allotted us, but speak kindly, and scatter pleasant smiles, and gentle words freely and ungrudgingly to all. Even the poorest of us can do that. Little do we know, often, how keenly a bitter word or reproach cuts the loving heart of a wife, mother, sister, father, husband, brother or child, and may be remembered for long years after. Then let us be careful—govern our tempers, and forget not the answer, "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone."

ELISE.

PICTURES.—A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows—and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls, and nothing on them; for pictures are loop-holes of escape to the human soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful, and perhaps, Idyllic scenes, where the fancy for a moment, may revel, refreshed and delighted. It is winter in your world?—perhaps it is summer in the picture; what a charming momentary change and contrast!—And thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which can be read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.—*New Hampshire Patriot.*

A MAN loves when his judgment approves; a woman's judgment approves when she loves.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TO-NIGHT I DREAM.

I DREAM of beautiful things to-night—
For friends I dearly love
Have woven for me a garland
Of hope, while I must rove.
They have bound in flowery fetters
This heart that coldly roved,
Nor dreamed that earth had aught of bliss
Like that of being loved.

And though they tell me time may chill,
And kill the tender flower,
Before the Great Destroyer comes
I love to bless its power;
Power to beguile the weary heart
To cheer the lonely hour,
When darkly o'er life's mazy path
Despondency may lower.

I'm thinking now of a brother
Far o'er the seas away,
Whose beaming eyes, a noble soul
Kindles with blessed ray;
And of another still, whose heart
Follows him all the day,
And dreams as I dream—yet not as I dream
Of the home that ends his stay.

And I dream, oh! may this dream prove true—
Of a holy spirit-band;
Parents, brothers, sisters, friends,
In the heavenly land.
Gifted each, with voice so sweet
That angels love to hear;
With harps and crowns and robes, that CHRIST'S
Redeemed, are known by there.

East Hampton, Mass., 1857. H. E. C.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DISTINCTION.

IN contemplating the character of those men whose actions have isolated them from the plebian multitude,—whom history hands down to us from former generations surnamed the Great,—the question very naturally arises by what authority are these men thus distinguished, and incites a laudable curiosity to examine the conditions upon which everlasting fame is awarded to a certain few of the human race. In viewing the material of which the superstructure upon which are based their claims to earthly immortality is constructed,—that fame of which all men are ambitious,—we are not a little surprised at the slender title by which their right is held, and are convinced—

"That it's not in the blood of man
To crouch ingloriously to fate,"

and reminded of the emphatic truth that "infamy snatches them from oblivion," and conspicuous writes them on the lasting records of inglorious fame.

TOM THUMB'S very littleness made him great. Crowned heads gazed in pleased curiosity, the hard-fisted yeomanry crowded in gaping wonder, and all united in ascribing a deathless fame to the Lilliputian General. DANIEL LAMBERT'S and Mrs. SCHOOLEY'S claims to distinction were four to six hundred pounds weightier than the General's, yet all this corporeal advantage only writes them side by side on the scroll of fame—each secured only by an overgrown or undergrown body. Thus, "tall oaks from little acorns grow," and by the merest accidents of nature mankind have greatness thrust upon them.

CÆSAR stood on the banks of the Rubicon, the then boundary between Gaul and Rome's southern territories, discussing with his officers the propriety of crossing the stream, when a shepherd came from the neighboring field playing his flute. He laid it down, took one of their trumpets and sounded a charge. "*An omen, the die is cast!*" cried CÆSAR, his irresolution all dispelled, and immediately crossed the stream, attaching an importance to an accident, which, in a common man, would awaken deserved ridicule. And this superstitious faith decided the fate of Rome.

The great XERXES wrote an epistle to Mt. Athos, through which he was about to cut a passage, saying, "Athos, thou proud and aspiring mountain, I advise thee not to be so audacious as to put rocks and stones in the way of my workmen which they cannot cut through." He also caused the sea to be chastised because a storm destroyed his bridge of boats—repeating, "thou troublesome and unhappy element, thus does thy master chastise thee for having affronted him without reason,"—a course of conduct which would insure him a home in the lunatic asylum and a straight-jacket at the present day,—while it seems to awaken incredulity that a mind capable of planning and executing the immense projects which he did, could yield to such childish exhibitions of temper, and yet be perfectly sane. Yet, rational or phrenzied, wherever the language is spoken, the names and deeds of these men will be read and applauded, giving to their memory an immortality as imperishable as time itself. Were we to extend the list from now till the mists of ages obscured the records, we should find them all the same.

A reflective perusal of these traits of the distinguished, naturally incites the query, without the influence of these trifling incidents, would these men have achieved that to make them great, and preserve their names and deeds, instructive lessons of former experience, to be known and read to the latest generations? The line of demarkation separating the meritorious from the culpable is not distinctly enough drawn to convey clearly the lessons of wisdom history designs to teach; but we mention these peculiarities, not as in any manner detracting from worthy acts and deeds of bravery, nor reflecting on the impartial historian whose allegiance to truth would oblige him to relate all this, but as clearly demonstrating that the distinctions which divide human society, are erected on frail foundations, and one peep behind the veil of reverential awe which seems to envelop those to whom we are wont to award greatness and honor, but reveals them human and very like other men. The mist of ages seems to obscure our mental vision, and we look upon the heroes of departed time as fabulous, rather than real characters, and their deeds portrayed as glowing fictions, existing only in the mind of some keenly imaginative writer. The strong language of truth is often received thus, unless the reality be witnessed, we are fain at times to doubt our senses. We are not *en masse* of the eclectic school, selecting good only from the conglomerate mass of good and evil promiscuously thrown before us; erecting altars of virtue over the ruins of vice, compiling rules of right and tables of good from the good and bad incontinently heaped before us in the records of past experience. Too oft in attempting to pass Scylla on the one hand, a yawning Charybdis engulphs us on the other. And yet rather than correct our faults by the errors of others, guide our perceptions to almost prophetic foresight by the teaching of those who have traveled life's devious path, the innate love of notoriety is so strong within us, that losing sight of all else, our energies are nerved to this attainment, and with King FERDINAND we exclaim,

"Let fame, which all hunt after in their lives,
Live registered on our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death."

SWOLLEF.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BEAUTIES OF RURAL LIFE.

"How sweet to breath the gale's perfume
And feast the eye with Nature's bloom,
Along the dewy lawn to rove,
And hear the music of the grove."

THE realm of Nature is peculiarly lovely, and to the beholder always pleasing. The rich and dense foliage of the forests, waving in majesty and beauty, the grass green, and soft like velvet on the meadows and upon the roadside, and the perfumes of flowers and aromatics, everywhere regale the senses, and point upward to the Being that created all. How one loves to roam abroad, especially at early spring-time when the whole range of Nature seems to be struggling for a new career of organic beauty and development, and the whole animal kingdom seems to have an uncontrolled tendency to participate in this renovated life.

What an animated impulse is given to man—it is seen in every lineament of his face—his eye imparts increased brilliancy of expression—all his motions are accelerated, and a cheerful vivacity seems to pervade his whole being. The feathered creation also, fill the air with the melody of their songs and their sweet warblings seem to be directed to the Great Spirit that made and sustains them. If the starry heavens anywhere move the heart with delightful emotions—if a landscape of hill and dale anywhere captivates the eye—if the murmuring rill, and the falling cascade anywhere send a thrilling pathos to the soul, it is in a country home. What is there in the city analogous to this to operate on the social affections? Many occupy princely mansions, but is there anything in these establishments to produce such solid pleasure as the rural home can afford? There smiling Nature can be seen on every hand, and her artless simplicity will always please, for she knows no affectation, her hills, valleys, and grottos are all unstudied—nothing is beautiful without the ground-work of simplicity. Even rural scenery would fail to please, did it not possess this majestic artlessness.

"GOD made the country—*man* made the town"—what wonder then that we should cherish such strong attachment and derive such sacred pleasures from rural life. All things in inanimate creation speak a language to the heart, and oftentimes excite our deepest interest. Even the flowers, shrubs, and trees, awaken to recollection fond memories of the past, that were enshrined within the deep recesses of our hearts, and early scenes and associations are brought vividly to mind by their sacred and hallowed influences. It would seem as though even the brute creation feel a veneration for trees. How very often do they love, in the sultry heat of the day, to shelter themselves beneath their wide-spreading branches, from the scorching sun? We wonder not that trees have been the admiration of men in all periods of the world. What is the richest country without them? What barren spot can they not convert into Paradise? 'Tis true, as the poet has well expressed it, that Trees and Flowers, and Streams, are social and benevolent—and he who oft communeth in their language pure, shall find his Maker there to teach his listening heart.

Who would not wish to enjoy the sweets of country life—to possess the bloom which flushes into the cheeks—the health which comes from its balmy exhalations, and the cheerfulness which glides into the soul from listening to the devotional matins of the lark, and behold the new created scenery of Nature—rather than an existence in the pent up city, where no bland zephyrs bring on their wings health, virtue, and long life?

"Then come with me, for I love to roam
Through the woodlands free in my rural home;
Come—fly from the fashion-bound, slavish train,
And live with me in my wide domain."

Orangeville, Mich., 1857. M. A. C. B.

NATIONAL FLAGS AND SIGNALS.

RED, white, yellow and blue, are found to be the most conspicuous colors. The present French red, white and blue is a good example of conspicuous effect produced by the simplest possible combination of the three colors in the same flag. Our royal standard has a ground work in some parts red and in others blue, with yellow or golden lions, and harps, &c. Our Admiralty flag has a yellow anchor on a red ground. Our Union flag has a blue ground, red rectangular stripes, and white diagonals. Our red and blue admiral's flags are plain. Many of the other English flags have a plain ground color over five-sixths of the surface, but with a cross of stripes in one corner. So it is throughout most of the nations of Europe. The colors on the naval flags are generally red, white or yellow, and blue. Even his Holiness, the Pope, has one flag with a white lamb and a white cross on a red ground, and another with a yellow St. Peter on a red ground. King Bomba, of Naples, has a yellow griffin on a white ground. Venice has an amiable looking yellow lion on a red ground, holding a yellow sword in one paw, and a white book in another. Bremen has a sort of red and white chess-board, with six times nine squares instead of eight times eight;—and so on. Everywhere we find red, white and blue, or red, yellow and blue; and we may be certain that something better than mere freak determines the selection of such colors as signals.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

LAWS descend like an inveterate hereditary disease; they trail from generation to generation, and glide imperceptibly from place to place. Reason becomes nonsense; beneficence a plague. Woe to thee if thou art a grand-son!

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

THAT grand old dreamer, Bunyan, brings Christinia and her pilgrim company into the Land of Beulah, where they were rested in the orchards and vineyards, where the bells did ring and the trumpets sound so melodiously that they could not sleep, and yet they were refreshed as though they did; and where no sense took in what was offensive, and where their bodies were anointed and they prepared to go over the river, for here the shining ones came to greet and carry forward the pilgrims to the Celestial City. The trials of their pilgrimage are past, and they now but wait all their appointed time, till their change come, engaged only in those delightful employments which make their lives joyous; and the angels come and carry them one by one, over the river, which was "in a manner dry for some, while it overflowed its banks for others." Here they wait by the river, tasting of its water, "which to some tasted a little bitterish to the palate, but proved sweeter when it was down."

Waiting in the land of Beulah by the river!—What a delightful thought that we are approaching that land—that we may be near it now. Ready to hail. Despondency, feeble mind, these may all come here, having no more to fear; and in patience passes their souls till the messengers say "I have broken the golden bowl, and loosed the silver cord." Not that the way by which they come is so blocked up that they may not return; but then there is no hindrance to their tarrying in this pleasant land, and there are none who can drag or drive them out, if they will but stay.

Waiting by the river! How pleasant to those who feel that the heat and burden of their day of toil is past, and who now in the calm evening of a well spent life, wait until they are called up to the Celestial City. Here may they sit and triumph, while memory traverses the path they have passed over and recounts the dangers and difficulties of that way. But through all these, the Lord has led them in safety; and they joy in his saving help, and rejoice in his salvation.

Waiting by the river! Here wait the weary whose life has been one long toil and strife with bitter hardship and grinding poverty, looking to be called to their inheritance. Here wait those, in whom disease has checked the current of healthful joys and made their lives a constant agony, and who now wait for a "glorious body," to be revealed from Heaven, in the likeness of the blessed Savior wherein no pain shall ever be. Here wait those, who, whatever heights of worldly ambition they have climbed, have not had their souls in thraldom to sense, but have ever looked, and now look, to admission to higher honors, more thrilling pleasures, more satisfying good, than earth's happiest sons, as worldlings, ever dreamed of; for over the river are treasures that never fail—skies never darkened—ecstacies never wearying—purity never approached by sin—and all the bliss of mortals saved in Heaven and dwelling with Jesus.—Let us then wait patiently by the river, till the Master calls.—*Southern Advocate.*

YOUTH WASTED.

WHEN Coleridge, in his younger days, was offered a share in the well known London Journal, by which he might have made two thousand pounds a year, provided he would devote his time seriously to their interest, he declined, making the reply so often praised for its disinterestedness. "I will not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios, for two thousand times two thousand pounds. In short, beyond three and fifty pounds a year, I consider money a real evil."

The "lazy reading of old folios" led to laziness, the indolent gratification of mind and sense. Degenerating into an opium eater, and a mere purposeless theorizer, Coleridge wasted time, talents, and health; came to depend, in old age, on the charity of others; and died, at last, with every one regretting—even his friends—that he had done nothing worthy of his genius. The world is full of men having Coleridge's faults, without Coleridge's abilities; men, who cannot, or will not, see beyond the present; who are too lazy to work for more than a temporary subsistence; and who squander, in pleasure or idleness, energy and health which ought to lay up a capital for old age. Most persons, who are guilty of this neglect, instead of asserting as they think their independence, only betray how strong a hold indolence or sensual gratification has upon them. Better, far better, had Coleridge worked when he was young, than lived to be what he became, if not a beggar.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"BROTHER JONATHAN."—The origin of this term, as applied to the United States, is as follows:—When Gen. Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the revolutionary war, went to Massachusetts to organize it, he found a great want of ammunition and other means for its defence; and on one occasion, it seemed that no means could be devised for the necessary safety.—Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut; and the general, placing the greatest reliance on his excellency's judgment, remarked, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The general did so;—and the governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army; and thenceforth, when difficulties arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-phrase:—"We must consult Brother Jonathan;" and the name has now become a designation for the whole country, as John Bull has for England.—*Dictionary of Americanisms.*

THE PRESS-DITTI.—We are happy to hear that we are "a handmaid," a "bulwark," and a "streak of lightning"—this discovery of our varied accomplishments being due to the toast-maker of the Burns Festival lately celebrated at Brooklyn, who thus describes our profession:—"*The Press*—The handmaid of science, the bulwark of liberty, the lightning directed by genius to rend the obstructions which impede the progress of man." In an Ode by Mr. Bourne, sung at the Lecture before the Typographical Society, printing is called "A prophet (profit?) with a thousand tongues." And the Lecturer, Dr. Prime, said:—"The continued augmentation of the Printing Interest, is to be one of the important aids in doing away with the moral, social and physical evils of the world."—*Home Journal.*

The Traveler.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

Europe, Afoot and Alone.--New Series.

LETTER IX.—ENGLAND.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

To Warwick.

IN the morning we bade adieu to Llangallen, and marched down the valley towards England. We passed two splendid works of art reaching across the valley, a viaduct for the railway, and aqueduct for the canal. The former has nineteen arches, its height is one hundred and forty-seven feet, and its length fifteen hundred and eight. It is grand and simple, devoid of ornament, and has a fine effect when viewed at a distance through the trees. The canal is very narrow, and the boats resemble huge dug-out canoes, width and depth being equal.—They have no deck except a small one on the bow, and notwithstanding that shape, are called flat-boats.

English Railways.

At the railway station, five miles from Llangallen, we took the cars and rode over a level country, past fields of grain and grass, under bridges, over arches, and through tunnels, into the ancient English town of Shrewsbury. We did not leave the station, however, although we thought of the battle-field, and Shelton oak, and saw the tall church spire rising from the midst of trees. When the train started again, an incident occurred which illustrates the vigilance of the railway people. A couple of men came running up just as the carriages began to move, and one of them opened the doors and got in. His companion was prevented, however, by the guard who appeared somewhat excited as if it was in the highest degree dangerous for a passenger to attempt to get in when the train was in motion, although it was so slow that he walked along side and quietly locked the door. Their railways are certainly very safe, but their arrangements are not so comfortable as ours. The second and third class carriages, in which three-fourths of the people travel, are not much better to ride in than our emigrant or cattle cars, and neither class has the luxury of a fire in the winter. Their fare is also much dearer, the cheapest trains being two cents a mile, and in the first class it is three times as much. Some of their regulations are very strict. You cannot ride without a ticket, and if you happen to lose it you are obliged to pay fare from the place where the train first started. A man commonly goes round before the train starts, and requires each passenger to show his ticket. While the train is in motion the doors are locked. The conductor does not collect the tickets, and frequently you are not required to give them up till you attempt to pass the gates of the station. There is always an abundance of men about the station dressed in the company's uniform, and their vigilance renders it almost impossible for a serious accident to happen. They are generally very obliging, baggage is well cared for, and any information the passenger requires cheerfully given. Walking on the line of railway is also strictly prohibited, and country roads are generally carried either over or under the track, but if otherwise they are provided with gates which are always shut on the approach of a train; at other times they are swung across the railway, serving as a barrier to that. The railways are better constructed than ours, always having two tracks, and their rate of speed is also somewhat greater. On the whole they are much safer than American railways, but the average comfort of our passengers far exceed theirs. Their system of different classes and rates of fare may, perhaps, be necessary and unavoidable in England, but in America it would not be tolerated.

We saw the Wrekin which rears its round back from the level plain, in shape not unlike the back of a whale. It is the highest hill in Shropshire, and "here's health to all our friends round the Wrekin," is a famous toast which has been drank from time immemorial, and is yet honored in the neighborhood on festive occasions. As we approached Birmingham the air became thick with smoke, and on all sides were numerous tall chimneys. We stopped but a few hours in the city. It is like most English manufacturing towns well built, but dirty and smoky, and not at all interesting. But we were very much interested in a basket of strawberries, and sugar and cream, which we purchased. The berries were the largest I ever saw, we being actually obliged to divide them before eating.—We again entered the cars, and sped on to Warwick. We stepped out of the train and walked up a shady lane to the town. Again I was in the midst of the rural scenery of England. The golden light from the setting sun, streamed under the wide-spread branches of the oaks, and cast a dazzling splendor on the green turf beneath. Birds sang, the leaves quivered in the light breeze, and the fragrance of hay-fields filled the atmosphere.

American Authors in England.

We entered a book store to purchase some prints, and found that a large proportion of the books were by American authors, and indeed not only here, but in nearly every book store we have entered, even in the mountain villages in Scotland and Wales, and especially in the libraries of railway stations, we have been gratified to find American works holding a prominent place. The standard works are those of IRVING, COOPER, PRESCOTT and BANCROFT. Many of our most popular novels are re-published in cheap editions, and the American poets are extremely popular. Probably there is no author who writes the English language, so popular in England, at the present time, as LONGFELLOW. His writings are the subject of much criticism in the journals, and are printed in almost every possible form and style. The number of cheap editions is very numerous, and this is a convincing proof of his great popularity. He is read and admired by all classes, and quotations from his poems are frequently made in the pulpit, in journals, and by public speakers.

Warwick Castle.

Warwick is a quaint and very characteristic old English town, and if it was indeed founded, as it claims to have been, in the year of the birth of our Savior, it is certainly one of the most ancient in Britain. It possesses a few old churches, and the remains of former fortifications, but its chief object of interest is the stately castle. We set out in the morning to visit it, but first went to the bridge across the Avon just below, whence there is a view of surpassing beauty. We next traversed a narrow street, by ancient houses with brown and mossy thatched roofs, and overhanging upper stories, and stopped by the margin of the sedgy Avon, just under the castle walls. Here was one of the most perfect pictures I ever beheld. The old mill, situated between the walls and water's edge was singing at its busy labor, and in the door stood the miller with his white smock frock, and by his side upon some meal bags sat his favorite cat.—Two stately swans, with proudly arching necks, floated on the still waters by the brink. On the opposite side the trees dropped their mossy foliage into the clear stream, and backward extended the green, shaded by magnificent elms. A little down the stream stood the gray ruins of a bridge, with ivy growing over the shattered arches.

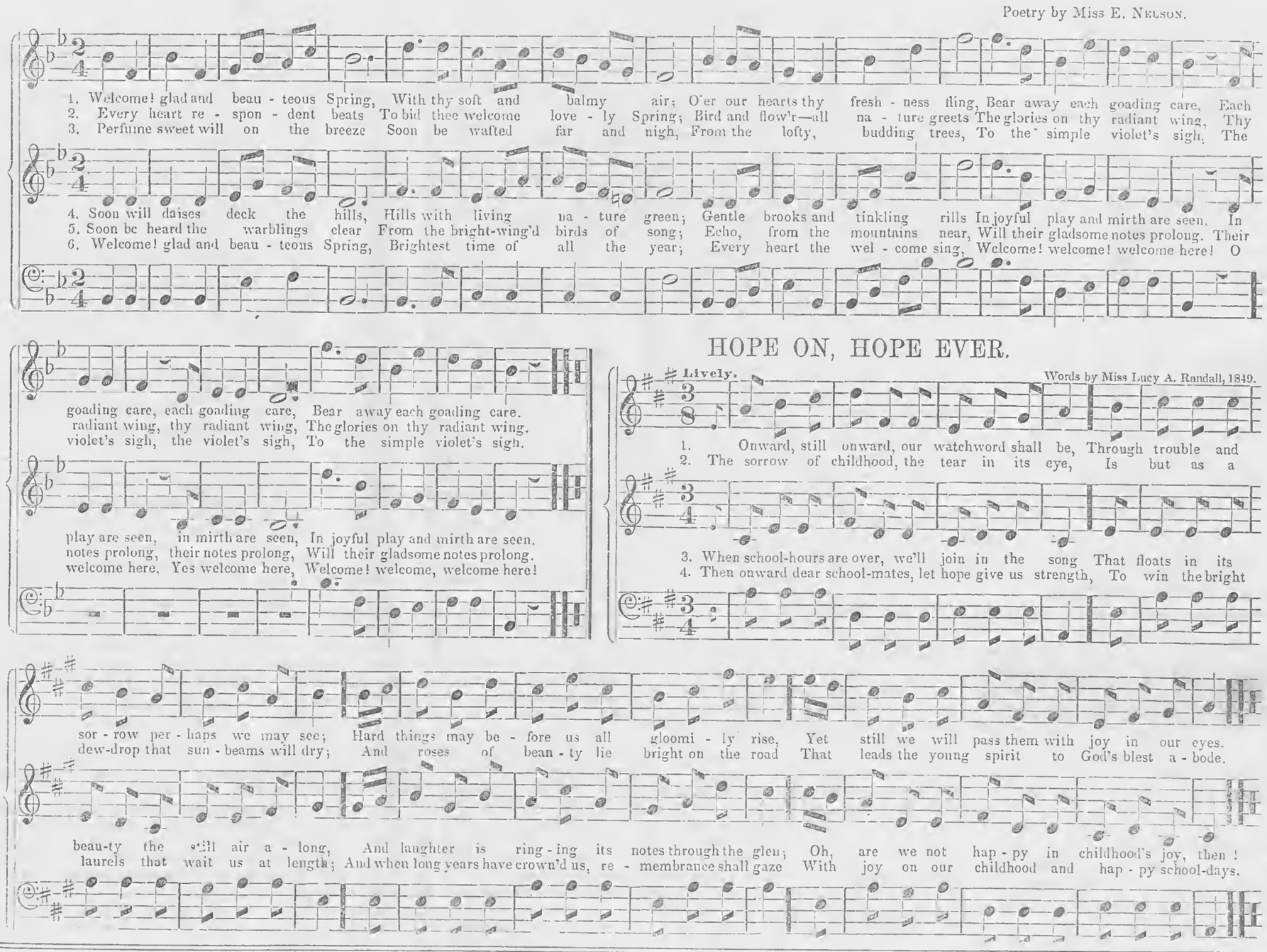
Returning to the main entrance we lifted the heavy knocker, and struck three raps on the oaken gate. Our summons was forthwith answered by the porteress who unbarred the gate, and took us into the lodge, where are kept the relics of GUY. A giant indeed must GUY, Earl of Warwick, have been if effectually he could weild that huge two-handed sword on the battle field. It is double-edged, about five feet long, and weighs twenty pounds.—Here also are his shield, helmet and breast plate, and altogether the armor weighs one hundred and seven pounds. Here is his walking staff and tilting pole, both in keeping with the rest. In the centre of the room stands his famous punch bowl which holds more than a hundred gallons. It is made of bell metal and has the properties of a bell. The porteress struck it and a clear but deafening sound in that small room was returned. A stone coffin which was dug up in the castle yard is also shown with other ancient arms and armor.—We followed a winding road out through the solid rock for more than a hundred yards, adorned with over-hanging shrubs and lichens, and passed through the gate of the castle into the spacious court-yard. There is walk round the out side, but in the center is a level lawn smooth as a lady's cheek, and the brightest green. On the right stands Guy's tower, the loftiest in the pile, and on the left Cæsar's tower. At the further end of the court-yard is the mount and keep now overgrown with trees and shrubs, and to the left of the yard is the habitable part of the castle.

We ascended a flight of stone steps under a gothic porch, and entered the Great Hall. This indeed is a magnificent apartment, being sixty-two feet long, forty wide and thirty-five high. It is wain scoated with oak, and the floor is composed of square slabs of red and white marble which were cut and polished in Venice. There is a wind-dial over the fireplace, the pointer of which is moved by a vane on the top of the building. The walls are hung with curious specimens of ancient arms and armor, and the trophies of the chase.—One pair of antlers is said to have been brought from America, and among the armor is Cromwell's helmet. We next entered the Red Drawing Room, which contains many beautiful and costly paintings and vases. There is also a table, the top of which is a marble slab, inlaid with precious stones. It once belonged to the unfortunate French queen, MARIE ANTOINETTE. We passed through this into the Cedar Drawing Room which is a fine apartment of about forty-seven feet in length and twenty-five in height. The marble chimney piece is of splendid workmanship, and said to be the only one of the kind in England. There is a marble table in this room, inlaid with lava from Mt. Vesuvius, also some tables made of black and white Egyptian marble, dug from unknown quarries. Besides, there are busts, bronzes, valuable paintings, and rare and ancient vases.

The next apartment we entered was the Gilt Drawing Room, which, perhaps, is the most magnificent. It possesses a gorgeous ceiling and an exquisite chimney piece. In the corners of the room stand bronze statues of gladiators, and the walls are covered with paintings and portraits by the best masters. Perhaps the most interesting in the collection is a full length portrait of IGNATIUS LOYOLA, the celebrated founder of the order of Jesuits. It was painted for their College at Antwerp, but conveyed to England after the French Revolution. In this room stands the "Grimani table" which was taken from the palace of an ancient Venetian family of that name, and for whom it was expressly constructed. It is inlaid with precious stones, and is said to be worth fifty thousand dollars. We went through the State apartments, the Chapel and Lady Warwick's Boudoir, all of which are profusely enriched with rare and costly works of art—looked out of the windows upon scenes of marvelous beauty where the Avon ripples underneath its green and shady banks, and the stately cedars of Lebanon wave solemnly to and fro their lofty heads, which bear the weight of more than two centuries—climbed the winding stairs of Guy's tower, and then retracing the devious path, glanced once more at Guy's relics in the lodge, and passing the massive gate, shouldered our knapsack, grasped our staff for a glorious pilgrimage, and turned our steps towards Stratford-on-Avon.

WELCOME TO SPRING.

Poetry by Miss E. NELSON.



HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

Words by Miss Lucy A. Randall, 1849.

MEMPHIS.

MEMPHIS was the second capital of Egypt—sometimes the first—and there the Pharaohs lived at the time of the Exodus; and there, if its monuments had remained, might have been found the traces of the Israelites, which we seek in vain elsewhere. Historically and religiously it ought to be as interesting as Thebes. Yet Thebes still remains quite unrivalled. There was never anything at Memphis like that glorious circle of hills—there is now nothing like those glorious ruins. Still it is a striking place. Imagine a wide green plain, greener than anything else to be seen in Egypt. A vast succession of palm-groves, almost like the Ravenna pine-forest in extent, runs along the river-side, springing in many spots from green turf. Behind these palm-forests—behind the plain—rises the African range; and behind that again, "even as the hills stand round about Jerusalem," so stand the Pyramids round about Memphis. These are to Memphis as the royal tombs to Thebes, that is the sepulchers of the kings of Lower, as those of Upper Egypt. And such as the view now is, such it must have been as far back as history extends. They are not actually as old as the hills, but they are the oldest monuments of Egypt and of the world, and such as we see them in that distant outline, each group rising at successive intervals—Dashur, Sakara, Abou-Sir and Ghizeh—such they seemed to Moses, to Joseph, perhaps to Abraham. They are the sepulchers of the kings, and in the sand-hills at their feet are the sepulchers of the ordinary inhabitants of Memphis.

For miles you walk through layers of bones and skulls and mummy swarthings, extending from the sand, or deep down in the shaft-like mummy-pits; and amongst the mummy-pits are vast galleries filled with mummies of Ibises, in red jars, once filled, but now gradually despoiled. And lastly—only discovered recently—are long galleries hewn in the rock, and opening from time to time—say every fifty yards—into high arched vaults, under each of which reposes the most magnificent black marble sarcophagus that can be conceived—a chamber rather than a coffin—smooth and sculptured within and without; grander by far than even the granite sarcophagi of the Theban kings—how much grander than any human sepulchers anywhere else. And all for the successive corpse of the bull Apis! These galleries formed part of the great temple of Serapis, in which the Apis mummies were deposited; and here they lay, not in royal, but in divine state.—The walls of the entrances are covered with ex-votos. In one porch there is a painting at full length, black and white, of the Bull himself as he was in life.

One other trace remains of the old Memphis.—It had its own great temple, as magnificent as that of Ammon, at Karnac, dedicated to the Egyptian Vulcan, Pthah. Of this not a vestige remains.—Herodotus describes that Sesostris, that is Ramases, built a colossal statue of himself in front of of the great gateway. And there accordingly—as is usually seen by travelers, is the last memorial of that wonderful king, which they bear away in their recollections of Egypt. Deep in the forest palms, before described, in a little pool of water left by the inundations, which year by year always cover the spot, lies a gigantic trunk, its back upward.—The names of Ramases is on the belt. The face lies downward, but is visible in profile and quite perfect, and the very same as at Ipsambul, with the only exception that the features are more feminine and more beautiful, and the peculiar hang of the lip, is not here.—*Stanley's Sinai and Palestine.*

SYRIAN CAMEL DRIVERS.

THE camel drivers are a hardy, robust race, who have seldom throughout their lives any other canopy over their heads night or day, snow or rain, than the heavens. Enveloped in their sheep skin cloaks, and squatted round such fire as the weather will permit of their having, they vociferate rather than talk and sing, and smoke, and are as contented as though they were snugly seated in some baronial hall. They sleep an hour or so profoundly, and wake up as refreshed as though their couch had been eider-down, instead of the damp earth, and as though they had had the finest blankets instead of frost for their coverlet. On the whole, nothing can exceed the hard life which these poor fellows lead. Buffetted and reviled by Turkish officials or European merchants, they toil on the road, screaming to each other, or to their submissive but occasionally truant camels. Now a bale is hanging over a precipice, and must be adjusted; and the cameliers hurry to each other with frantic clamor, their gaunt muscular limbs quivering with excitement. "*C'est un peuple criard,*" says Lamartine; and so in good truth they are. It is by no means an uncommon thing for them to lose their voices for a while after an unusually disastrous accident to a camel, so perseveringly and incessantly had they bawled their injunctions, reproaches and imprecations after the poor beast ere it completed the mischief.—*Neal's Syria, Palestine and Asia Minor.*

THE AURORA BOREALIS.—Prof. Faraday is of the opinion that the aurora may be a luminous representation of electricity flowing from the equator to the poles for the restoration of electric equilibrium. There also seems to be some connection between the magnetic poles and the aurora, it having been observed in Europe that the most elevated point of the aurora is always situated in the magnetic meridian of the place of the observer,—It is likewise inferred that it has some relation with the temperature of the atmospheric strata in which it is produced. The fact that the aurora can be imitated by passing electricity through a vacuum, causing beautiful streams of light, which vary in color and intensity according to the amount of ir present, would seem to imply a common origin.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINES.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

WHY should you make this world your home,
Or deem her flowers so fair?
Beneath the roses thorns are hid,—
Grief lies in ambush there.

Heed not the flatterer's siren voice,
Nor join her giddy throng;
The smiles, the promises are false
With which she lures you on.

But turn to where you banner waves
So gently in the air,
Emblazoned with the cross of CHRIST—
Go join His army there.

Aye! battle for the Crown of Life,
Nor till your latest breath
Resign your sword, if you would be
Victorious even in death.

Then shall the victor's brows be crowned
By GOD'S own kingly hand;
For life and immortality
Await that soldier band.

The Rectory, Truxton, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHRISTIANITY vs. BARBARISM.

THE object of Christianity is to teach the right and carry it into practice, while it condemns the wrong. Many seem to think that because Christianity is not perfect in all its phases, the world experiences no good from it. But we would strive to remove this impression. Christianity has subdued the most morose and unpleasing disposition visited the dark and dismal abode of man, and carried light into its midst.

The Arab of the desert has left his wandering life, and sought instruction from the man of GOD. The wild and fierce sports of the Indian, have passed neglected, and true wisdom is sought for. The superstition of the Oriental countries looked upon as vague and foolish, and the Turk bows not when the cry from the Minaret summons all to prayer. He worships a true and eternal GOD in whose love he is rich.

We all love to turn to a place we call home, and oft at the twilight hour, imagination pictures us as sitting by the side of loved ones, and sharing in their domestic bliss and happiness. But too often we forget to search into the cause. Christianity has its influence here. It enters our dwellings like an angel, and lulls us into a quiet repose with its silvery wings. If this essential attribute was excluded from society, what happiness would we, or could we experience? It is to society what the foundation is to the building. Without it nothing pure or holy would exist. The morals of the people would become polluted as they were before JESUS CHRIST took upon him a body of flesh. And thus Christianity has produced civilization, love and happiness.

A. B. C.

New York, 1857.

A LIFELESS STATE OF HEART.—You said in one of your letters, that you had then little delight in prayer. That is just my grief at present, and I have, what is worse, no desire after God. O! of all my different states of feeling, I shudder most at that, when I seem if I had no need to seek God in prayer; I had far rather long, even to agony, to get a sense of God's presence, than be as I am now, so lifeless; my soul seems completely dried up within me. Were you ever in that state, when you cannot pray at all, because you do not know what to ask for? I like to feel my need of God, for then he is precious.—*Bonar's "Stranger Here."*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed from one Post Office to another, should be particular in specifying the offices at which they are now received.

☞ BACK NUMBERS of the present volume can still be supplied, but those desiring them should be particular in specifying that they are wanted.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar Journal in the World,—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

25 Witnesses, or The Forger Convicted—John S Dye.
Look at this—Valuable Farms for Sale—Wm. B. Ross.
Combined Reaper and Mower—Walter A Wood.
Napoleon Black Hawk—Grove Bradley & Co.
Great Original Works on the Horse—C. M. Saxton & Co.
A Fence! A Fence!!—Myers & Co
Achromatic Microscopes—J. & W. Grunow.
Grape Grower's Guide—C. M. Saxton & Co.
Chinese Sugar Cane Seed—Curtis & Cobb
Northern Muscading Grape—J. Lewis or P. Stewart.
Great Sale of Pure Bred Stock—Thos. Gould.
Wakefield's Hand Corn Planter—M. W. Simmons.
Why not Try it?—L. W. Briggs.
To Lovers of Flowers—C. M. Saxton & Co.
Keizie's Filters—J. E. Cheney & Co.
Rebecca Grape Vines for Sale—Wm. Brockshank.
Strawberry Manual—C. M. Saxton & Co.
Land in Iowa—A. E. Hannon.
Farm for Sale—A. H. Franklin.
Trees at Wholesale and Retail—Benj. Fish & Son.
Music Publishers—J. Sage & Sons.
Fowle's Parlor Dramas—Morris Cotton.
Northern Chinese Sugar Cane—McIlvain & Young.
Conjoring—H. H. Long.
Superior Suffolk Swine—Josiah Stickney
Lithographers and Engravers—J. Sage & Sons.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, APRIL 25, 1857.

TRIAL SUBSCRIBERS—HALF PRICE!

Remember that we will send FOUR COPIES *of the* RURAL *for the current quarter, (thirteen numbers,) for* $1—on trial. *Many have already responded to the offer in last number by sending handsome lists of* Trial Subscribers, *while others order the paper sent to friends and neighbors,* as a present. *All who wish to introduce the* RURAL *in their localities, or to friends at a distance, can now do so at just* half price *by sending for four, eight, twelve or more copies.*

The Weather.—Destructive Snow Storm.

THE snow storm of the season opened for this vicinity on Saturday night last. During Sunday and Monday it continued falling without intermission, melting, however, nearly as fast as it fell.—Monday evening the atmosphere became a little cooler, and the deposits began to accumulate, and at time of writing, (Tuesday morning,) there is as much snow on the ground as at any period during the winter, and but little prospect of a cessation of the storm. Owing to its weight great damage has resulted throughout the city. Hardly an awning, where the cordage was strong enough to hold, but is torn to pieces, and the iron fastenings are bent and warped as though they had been undergoing the test of fire. Shade and fruit trees are broken or totally prostrated in every part of the city—scarcely a single resident but is grieving the loss of both trees and shrubs which have received his attention and been anxiously watched for years. What damage has resulted to orchards throughout the country we cannot as yet ascertain, but if the same ratio of loss is sustained there as here, it must be very heavy. Buffalo, on the West seems to be the limit of the storm in that direction—of the East we cannot say, as the wires are down in half a dozen places within the city limits.

The Suspension Bridge over the Genesee in the northern portion of the city, fell with a tremendous crash this morning at about 3 o'clock. The cause was the accumulation of snow, which careful estimates set at one hundred twenty-five tuns weight.

The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* contains the following despatches:

PITTSBURGH, April 20.—Raining and snowing for ten days past with prospect of continuing ten days more.

CINCINNATI, April 20.—Heavy rain storm here yesterday and last night. Clear, pleasant, and warm this morning. Railroad all right and running regular.

DETROIT, April 20.—Weather clear, mild, and pleasant as May. Railroads all right and running regular. No ice in the river.

CARELESSNESS IN THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE.—The New York *Tribune* of the 18th inst. says:—"We were shown yesterday a package, evidently of money or valuable securities, mailed at Buffalo on Saturday last, by a banking house thereof to its corresponding banking house in this city, plainly directed in a large round hand, which was delivered yesterday from our city post office to a commercial firm, not bankers at all, and whose names bear no resemblance to those so fairly inscribed on the package. Where this package has been since last Saturday, and how it turns up at this late day in the box of a firm who have no shadow of right to it, it behooves our post office managers to explain. The package has evidently not been tampered with in any way."

Wonder how many offices throughout the State furnish daily proof of negligence on the part of postmasters and clerks, and how few of the latter could plead "*not guilty*" to a charge of remissness?

CLOSING THE ASYLUMS IN INDIANA.—Owing to the failure of the last Legislature of Indiana to make the necessary appropriations, the asylums for the deaf and dumb and the blind at Indianapolis have been closed, and the children returned to their respective counties. The Journal says it was a melancholy sight to witness the appearance of the children as they were busy in preparing to depart from scenes so long familiar, and which, probably, they have visited for the last time.

New York Legislature.

BOTH branches of our Legislature adjourned on the 18th inst. During the past week a large amount of labor has been performed and a number of bills completed. The following are those of a public character:

SENATE.—To amend the Revised Statutes relative to proceeding under executions; To prohibit clerks of courts from practising as attorneys or counsel in the courts of which they are officers; To allow the several towns in the State to raise an increased amount of money for road and bridge purposes, and to increase the compensation of highways and other town officers; relative to the arsenals of the State; For encouraging the breed of horses; To provide for guarding more effectually against the spread of pestilential diseases; To amend the Revised Statutes relative to weights and measures; To facilitate the formation of Agricultural and Horticultural Societies; The annual appropriation bill; The License bill; for improving the breed of domestic animals; Defining the powers and duties of Court of Special Sessions, except New York and Albany; The emigrant protection bill, amendatory of the law of 1849; To amend the act relative to banking, and the redemption of notes of country banks; To establish regulations for the port of New York; The tax, appropriation and supply bills.

ASSEMBLY.—Excise bill; The Metropolitan police bill; The bill making appropriations for certain religious and charitable institutions; To incorporate the International Bridge Company; for the relief of the wives and minor children of drunkards; Annual Supply bill; To charter the Western Education Society.

Washington News.

THE Cabinet met on the 10th inst., to consider the questions connected with New Grenada, and orders will be sent by the next Aspinwall steamer for our Naval forces in the West Indies and the Pacific to concentrate in the Isthmus of Panama. Should it be necessary, men will be landed on both sides, and the neutrality of the transit guaranteed to the world. The British and French Ministers have been advised of this determination.

The correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* says:—The Administration have been engaged for two days on Mexican affairs, which have assued a new and serious aspect, in consequence of the imminent danger of the loss of the right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. There is some trouble concerning this. Att'y Gen. Black is engaged in drawing up the history of the Tehuantepec Transit, and the Garay Grant and the Sloo claims to it, and the legal effect of the 8th article of the Gadsden treaty, which warrants our interference for the protection of any contract rights of our citizens in respect to that transit.

There has been a change of programme in reference to Nebraska appointments, for which there were over 100 applicants. They are officially promulgated as follows:—G. H. Nixon, of Tenn., Register of Land office. C. B. Smith, of Minnesota, Receiver of public monies for Nebraska Land District and Andrew Hopkins, of Pa., Register. Edward Deslong, of Ala., Receiver at South Platte District and John M. H. Patrick, of Nebraska, Register. John C. Fink, Receiver, Dacotah District.

A telegraphic despatch from New Orleans, received at Washington, states that a special messenger had arrived there with news of the acceptance of the Tehuantepec road under the Sloo contract. Arrangements for the Northern Oregon road to California are completed.

The P. O. Department has invited proposals until the 1st of June, for carrying the entire letter mail overland from the Mississippi to San Francisco, on four horse coaches, semi-monthly, weekly and semi-weekly. The Interior Department has nearly completed the arrangements for the construction of the wagon road.

WELLAND CANAL AND THE ST. LAWRENCE.—The Oswego *Times* of the 17th inst. says:—We hear nothing from the Welland Canal, but it is supposed it will be open for the free passage of vessels soon. A number of schooners have already taken their clearances at this port for the upper lakes. By advices from Port Maitland, at the mouth of Grand River, received to-day by telegraph, we learn that Lake Erie above that port was clear of ice, and the schooner Algerine, Capt. Clement, intended to sail the first fair wind. The Bay of Quinte is still closed by ice, but a telegraph dispatch says it will probably be open by Saturday. There is considerable floating ice in the St. Lawrence, but no material improvement to its navigation will be experienced till after this week.

WHEAT IN LIVINGSTON COUNTY.—The Livingston *Republican* learns on inquiry of intelligent farmers from most parts of the county, that the wheat on the ground looks far better than it was feared it would from the unfavorableness of the weather last fall, and during the winter. There is, however, a less number of acres to wheat than has before been seen in some years. It is to be hoped that the most sanguine expectations of the farmers, will be realized this year in a bountiful crop.

WE FEED JOHN BULL.—A Parliamentary paper has just been issued, showing the total imports of grain and flour into England, for the past year.—Three-fourths of the supply of foreign flour were obtained from the United States, in addition to three-fifths of the amount of Indian corn, and more than a fourth of the amount of wheat.

HAVANA NEWS.—We have Havana dates to the 30th ult. An attempt had been made to assassinate W. Sydney Smith, British Consul, on account of his exposures of certain slave transactions.—The impression that there would be no war with Mexico was becoming general.

A NOVEL SUNDAY SCHOOL.—In Iowa City, Iowa, a large population having recently sprung up in the vicinity of the railroad depot, a Sunday School, which is attended by about 50 children, is held every Sabbath in a railroad car in that place.

ELECTION IN KANSAS.—Henry J. Adams, Free State candidate, was elected Mayor of Leavenworth, by a majority of 180 votes over all other candidates.

Items of News.

AT the Arch Street Wharf, Philadelphia, lies a Simon Pure Russian clipper, with a Russian skipper, Cossack crew, and thorough-going Cossack rigging and quarter deck arrangements.

THE authorities of Paris are about to place under each lantern at the street corners a clock dial, the hands of which, worked by electrical wire connecting with the principal clock, will tell the hour to the passers by at all hours of the night.

A PROPOSITION has been made in the New York Common Council to tunnel several of the lateral streets, leading from Broadway, in order to relieve the upper ground avenues from the pressure of travel. The Board appeared to entertain the project with favor.

PRIVATE advices received in Boston from Newfoundland represent that all the vessels which have arrived from the spring fishery for seals, up to the 31st of March, have made quite successful voyages, affording every reasonable hope to the islanders that the entire catch will prove much above the usual average.

THE winter in Great Salt Lake up the 24th January had been very severe. The snow had fallen to an unusual depth, and caused much suffering amongst the people, and also caused the death of much stock. The grass ranges have been covered up, a thing never before known.

THE Evening Post commiserates the ladies upon the fact that the war in China will prevent the manufacture and exportation of crape shawls, which are made near Canton. For a few years past 300,000 per annum have been imported. But the war prevailing at Canton will put a stop to the trade.

THE Government have decided to send a force of 1,000 men against the Navajoes in New Mexico.—The special reason for this is, the murder of Henry L. Dodge, U. S. Agent, whose corpse has been recently discovered near the Zuna river, toward the head-waters of the Gila. Mr. Dodge was the son of Hon. Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin.

THE defalcations by the Sadlier tragedy, the British Bank swindle, and the Robson, Redpath, and a host of other frauds of a minor character, in England during 1856, have not been less than three millions sterling, $15,000,000.

THE Chinese Herald confirms the report that the far-famed porcelain tower at Nankin was destroyed in November, during a bloody massacre of some 5,000 or 6,000 Imperial troops by the insurgents, who had gained possession of the city by treason.

AT a collection in aid of Kansas, recently taken up in an Episcopal church in Brookline, Mass., one individual—name not given—put into the box a roll of notes amounting to $12,656.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

THE large hat manufactory and store of Messrs. Strong & Ruggles, with a large quantity of wool and other stock, at Ashland, Greene Co., N. Y., were entirely destroyed a few days since; loss of Messrs. S. & R., $8,000 to $10,000; insured for $5,000.—Several smaller buildings belonging to other parties were consumed, with a loss of $600 to $800, upon which there was no insurance.

IN the burning of the barn of S. P. Clark, in Cayuga Co., N. Y., last week, 47 head of cattle, 11 calves, a quantity of clover seed, threshing machine, &c., were destroyed, valued together at $5,000.

ON the 6th inst., the barn of J. R. Latimer, one mile from Wilmington, Del., was destroyed by fire, with two horses, 17 cows, &c.

A FIRE at Lacrosse, Wis., on the 8th inst., destroyed the flour and planing mill of White, Dyes & Gregory. Loss $30,000; insurance $13,000.

A COLLAR manufactory, in Troy, N. Y., was burned on the 15th instant. Loss $6,000; insured $2 500.

THE freight depot at Caledonia, on the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway, was burned on the 13th inst. Several thousand dollars worth of merchandize and flour was destroyed.

THE fire at Marietta, Ga., on the 16th inst., destroyed the Howard House, College Row, Post Office, and several stores. Loss $90,000. Insured $30,000, partly in Northern offices.

THE flour mill and stock of N. C. Skinner, Norfolk, Va., were destroyed by fire on the 17th inst. Loss $53,000, partly insured.

A LARGE fire occurred at Alton, Ill., on the 16th inst., destroying the planing mill of Morrison & Beal, and the Methodist Church parsonage house, and doing great damage to the Waverly Hotel, Piazza House, and the warehouse of Hollister & Coffee. Loss $50,000.

A DISASTROUS fire occurred on the 13th inst. at South Pittsburg. The planing mill of James Millinger was destroyed, together with two million feet of seasoned lumber. Also three adjoining dwellings. Mr. Millinger's loss is estimated at $80,000, on which there is an insurance of $16,000.

A DESTRUCTIVE fire occurred at Buffalo on the 19th inst. It broke out in the third story work shop of Cutler & De Forest's Furniture Manufactory on Washington street. The flames were confined by the firemen to the establishment named, which was destroyed. Loss $80,000 to $100,000. Insured $40,000.

THE Satinet Factory of the Steam Woolen Co. Co., Utica, was destroyed by fire the 18th instant. Loss $20,000 or $30,000. Insurance $25,000.

ON the 14th inst. a very destructive fire broke out in Baltimore in the business part of the city. Loss $338,000. Insured $234,000. This fire was attended with considerable loss of life. At the latest accounts thirteen bodies had been recovered. There are still quite a number missing.

INDIAN DIFFICULTIES.—By a despatch dated Chicago, 17th inst., we learn that after the destruction of the settlement at Spirit Lake the Sioux Indians made an attack on Springfield, in the Southern part of Missouri, but were repulsed with the loss of about a dozen men. A detachment of 100 good troops pursued the Indians, but being without provisions, were compelled to return.

CANAL NAVIGATION.—The general impression in Albany is that the Canal Board will resolve to open the Canals of the State on the first of May.

Literary Notices.

THE CHILD'S BOOK OF NATURE. Three Parts in One. Part I—Plants; Part II—Animals; Part III—Air, Water, Heat, Light, &c. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M. D. Illustrated by numerous Engravings New York: Harper & Brothers.

A MOST valuable work for the use of Families and Schools, "intended to aid Mothers and Teachers in training children in the observation of Nature." It is a complete repository of rudimental knowledge on the subjects enumerated in the title. Written in a pleasant, familiar and elegant style, it must prove eminently instructive and entertaining to the young. The volume is profusely and beautifully illustrated, rendering it very attractive, and its subjects easily comprehended by those for whom it is intended. This work would have been considered a wonderful and inestimable treasure in the days when juveniles "trudged unwillingly to school" with such elementary fountains of knowledge as WEBSTER'S Spelling Book and MORSE'S Geography—which latter stated that "Albany contained two thousand houses and eight thousand inhabitants, *all standing with their gable ends to the street!*" Truly, the "rising generation" are highly favored—and especially in the publication of such works as the above entitled. For sale by DEWEY.

GRACIE AMBER. By Mrs. C. W. DENISON, Author of "Home Pictures," "What Not," "Carrie Hamilton," &c. "Tho' hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished." New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

MRS. DENISON is so favorably known as a writer of sketches and books of an elevated moral tone, and absorbing interest, that we feel safe in commending this volume before giving it more than a cursory examination. If equal to her former works, it will certainly exert a salutary influence upon the minds of the many readers to whom it will prove acceptable. It forms a handsome volume of 450 pages. Sold by WM. ALLING.

READING WITHOUT TEARS—Or, a Pleasant Mode of Learning to Read. By the Author of "Peep of Day," &c.—Beautifully illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros.

AN admirable book, worthy its title. It is just the work to learn little ones to read, being arranged to secure the progress of the scholar, while the letters and subjects are so fully illustrated as to attract his attention and keep him interested. A juvenile at our elbow is greatly delighted with its pretty pictures and pleasant reading. Sold by DEWEY.

From Nicaragua.

THE steamship Tennessee arrived at New York on the 16th inst. from Aspinwall and San Juan, via Key West.

Col. Lockridge advanced to Costillo on March 28 with 300 men, one the steamers J. N. Scott and the Rescue, and found the enemy were 500 strong, and had fortified Nelson's Hill, 250 yards in rear of the Castle, with strong breastworks, ditches, and several large guns. He retreated without making an attack, and destroyed all the fortifications below Costillo, having abandoned all hope of opening the river. Having disbanded the two battalions of recruits, he subsequently formed a new one of those who were willing to go to Walker, via Panama.

The boiler of the steamer J. N. Scott exploded near Sorapiqui, during the retreat, killing and wounding fifty officers and men. These were immediately sent to Punta Arenas in the Rescue.

The Tennessee brought away all the wounded who were able to be removed.

Col. Lockridge still remained up the river with his force, and was well supplied with provisions.

SANTA FE NEWS.—Advices from Santa Fe to the 18th ult. have been received at St. Louis. The Democratic Convention had nominated for Governor James L. Collins. Mr. Atero, late delegate to Congress, had been re-elected. Considerable excitement had been occasioned in Santa Fe on account of the circumstances growing out of a collision between a Mexican named Glober and a soldier. Glober shot the soldier, and then gave himself up and was taken to jail. A party of troops thereon entered the jail and fired about 40 shots, killing Glober and another prisoner, and wounding two others. Some of the soldiers engaged in the proceeding had been identified and were to be tried for the offence.

UTAH.—The Washington correspondent of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says that Mr. Rencher, formerly a member of the House from North Carolina, has been appointed Governor of the Territory of New Mexico. A Governor of Utah has not yet been found. It is proposed to send to Utah a military force of 2,500 men, officered by men of character, who have families, who will accompany them; also to appoint as judges and executive officers men of moral worth and standing who have families; and thus it is hoped that a society will be formed which will present a good example to the "Saints," and form the nucleus of an enlightened and moral community.

NATIVE AMERICAN CAMELS.—We have some camels in Texas to whom the naturalization laws would not apply—three having been born under the stars and stripes. The Washington Star says they are thriving, and five or six more births are expected. From the reports of the condition of the animals, at present, and through the eleven months that the first importations have been on the continent, we may regard all doubts as to their acclimation dissipated, and that so much of the experiment is a *fixed fact*. The only remaining indeterminate point is the character of the stock that may be produced. For this, time will be required.

ARMY OPERATIONS.—Instructions have been issued from the War Department, ordering General Harney and troops immediately from Florida to Fort Leavenworth. Col. Sumner, with a force of about 1,000 men, has also been ordered against the Iowa and Cheyenne Indians. On the restoration of peace in those quarters, he will proceed with his troops to Utah. It is estimated that early in June there will be at least 3,000 United States troops in Kansas under the command of Maj. Gen. Harney and Persifer F. Smith.

WAR IN LIBERIA.—It is stated on the authority of letters from missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, that a furious war is raging in Liberia, in the vicinity of Cape Palmas, between the colonists and the natives. Thirty-seven American houses and much property are stated to have been destroyed, and twenty eight lives had been lost.—All missionary and business matters were at a stand.

News Clippings.

— Lake Champlain is open, and steamboats running.

— Senator Sumner is in Paris, nearly perfect in health.

— The Connecticut River is now almost entirely clear of ice.

— One of the novelties in New York city is a swimming school.

— The health of Lord Palmerston is reported to be on the decline.

Yellow fever prevails among the shipping at the port of Rio Janeiro.

— A census of Cairo, Illinois, has just been taken. Population 1,756.

— Cucumbers and green peas were abundant at Savannah two weeks since.

— Hon. Caleb Cushing is spoken of as a candidate for the mission to China.

— A revival of religion is in progress in the Rhode Island State Prison.

— The Chinese Empire has a population at present, of 350 or 400 millions.

— There are over two hundred pupils in the Kentucky State Normal School.

— A western court has decided that arrests by telegraphic dispatches are illegal.

— The Quakers have 715 churches in the United States, with 233,000 attendants.

— Six thousand emigrants arrived at New York during three days the past week.

— The real estate sales in New York for the past two weeks, foot up $6,760,638.

— Potatoes of the new crop were on the tables at Charleston, S. C., on the 3d inst.

— Large numbers of young men are leaving Vermont for Minnesota and the West.

— Elihu Burrit is lecturing in Boston on the emancipation of slaves by purchase.

— It is stated that there were over 4,000 Kansas emigrants in St. Louis, on the 2d.

— The statue of Gen. Warren is to be erected on Bunker's Hill, on the 17th of June.

— The Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad is now completed to the Mississippi River.

— Nearly 24,000,000 acres have been granted for railroads in the Western States since 1850.

— On the 15th of May, railway connection is to be perfected to St. Louis via. Cincinnati.

— Hon. Neal Dow sailed last Wednesday for Europe, to advocate the Maine Law in England.

— Land speculators have invaded Southern Illinois, and are buying up all they can get hold of.

— Thirty-six feet of building ground was sold last week in Chicago at the rate of $975 per foot.

— The sum collected for water rent in Philadelphia the current year, will amount to $380,000.

— The last steamer down from San Francisco to Panama, brought only twenty-two recruits to Walker.

— A miniature of Washington, painted upon ivory, supposed by Copley, in 1756, has been discovered.

— Twenty families on the Des Moines river, Iowa, are reported to have been murdered by the Indians.

— In 1856 there were 393 paper mills in England, and the duty in the year ending March, was £1,047,430.

— Of the 2,536 marriages in Boston in 1856, the bride was older than the bridegroom in 397 instances.

— The income of the Marquis of Westminster, it is said, is £400,000 per annum, equal to $5,000 per day.

— Maine has 508 miles of railroad, costing $17,500,000. Last year the gross income was about $1,500,000.

— More maple sugar will be made this season in Vermont than was ever before known to be produced.

The bill providing for glass or transparent ballot-boxes, was lost in the Assembly, having but fifteen votes.

— The loss by fire in the United States last month was $1,783,000, and since the 1st of January $4,823,000.

— Goold Brown, the distinguished grammarian, died at Lynn, Mass., March 31st, in the 66th year of his age.

— The oldest man in America, it is said, is John Hames. He now lives in Murray county, Ga., and is aged 134.

Rev. L. M. Pease, the Five Points Missionary, has retired from his work, in consequence of failing health.

— The U. S. District Attorney of Minnesota has pronounced a bill removing the Capital unconstitutional.

— The St. Lawrence river is open in front of Montreal. The ice is piled forty feet high on the banks of the river.

— A Beet Root Sugar Manufacturing Company has been organized at San Jose, California, with a capital of $50,000.

— A heavy fall of snow on the 14th inst., caused much damage to roofs of houses and the telegraph wires in Utica.

— The Costa Rican General has offered a reward of $10,000 for Walker's head, and $20,000 for the whole of him alive.

— It is understood that Commodore Perry is to have command of the new squadron which is to be sent out to Japan.

— A lady, named Ann Eliza Tyler, died suddenly on Thursday week, in Richmond, Va., from the bite of a spider.

— The stock of the Illinois Central Railroad rates at $137 per share, it being the highest railroad stock in the country.

— The Chippewas and Sioux, who have been for years at war, have buried the hatchet, and smoked the pipe of peace together.

— Pearls are now found in fresh water clams! One worth $1,000, and others of less value, have been found in New Jersey.

— Passengers now reach St. Louis from Leavenworth, Kansas Territory, in 35 hours, via. Missouri river and Pacific railroad.

— It is rumored that Sam Houston will be a candidate for the Governorship of Texas in opposition to the Democratic candidate.

— Thomas E. Clark, Esq., one of the oldest and most respected members of the bar of Oneida county, died in Utica last Tuesday week.

— Judge Goodenow, of the Supreme Court of Maine, says colored persons, having three months' residence, can vote in that State.

— The emigration into Kansas is so great this spring that it is estimated 70,000 people will be added to the population this season.

— The infant Prince of Naples has been baptized, receiving fifty names, amongst which the first were — Gennaro Maria Immaculate.

— Madame Ruttkay Kossuth, sister of the exiled Governor of Hungary, has opened a school for young ladies, in Cornwall, Orange county.

— The Legislature of Massachusetts has passed a law allowing the testimony of Atheists to be received in the Courts of that State.

— The production of the Australian gold mines may now be estimated at £13,000,000 per annum, of which about £11,000,000 is exported.

— General Packer and David Wilmot, rival candidates for Governor of Pennsylvania, are said to be two of the handsomest men in the State.

— A School Ship is fitting out at Baltimore for the purpose of teaching maritime pupils. It is the only institution of the kind in the United States.

— Mr. Jacob Tripler, the oldest fireman in Philadelphia, died on Sunday week. He was 80 years old, and has been for 65 years an active member the U. S. Engine Company.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Arabia.

THE Cunard steamship Arabia arrived at New York on the 16th inst., with Liverpool dates to Saturday the 4th.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The British borough elections are over, and the county elections progressing.—Palmerstonians are sanguine of a large majority in the new House. The opposition admit that there will be a considerable majority, but they say not sufficient for Palmerston. There are a hundred new men in the House and many old ones out.

The revenues show an increase on the quarter.

India affairs are said to be growing more threatening.

The Chinese mails had been received in England, and although peace was considered probable, it is not officially announced.

FRANCE.—Arrests continue at Paris of conspirators against Napoleon.

The sixth meeting of the Neufchatel Conference has been held, and the first protocol agreed upon.

AUSTRIA. — Austria has issued a new circular against Sardinia, and France and England have strongly remonstrated with both Austria and Sardinia to keep the peace.

PRUSSIA.—Prussia announces that she will maintain her policy respecting Danish Duchies, and orders her coasts to be placed in a state of defence.

RUSSIA.—The Russians are concentrating forces at Anapa against the Circassians.

The Turkish mission respecting the Kangaroo filibustering expedition to Circassia, has reported, implicating Febrad Pasha and Ishmael Bey.

The Principalities are now evacuated, and the British fleet had left the Turkish waters.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE. — Richardson, Spence & Co.'s Liverpool Circular says:

Notwithstanding continued dullness in the grain trade at Mark Lane and throughout the country, our market on Tuesday was well attended, and with a better inquiry for wheat. A moderate business was done at the full rates of last Friday for general runs, and 2@3d per bushel over the lowest quotation of that day for inferior kinds. At to-day's market there was a small attendance of buyers, and sales of wheat were very limited at the prices of Tuesday. Flour hardly offered at late rates, without leading to much business. Indian corn 6d per quarter cheaper than on Tuesday; 30s6d for mixed; 31s6d for yellow, and 33s6d for white. We quote wheat: red, 7s6d to 8s1d; white, 8s6d@8s9d. For a few retail lots of choice, 9s was made. Flour — Extra Ohio 29s@30s; western 27s6d@28s per barrel.

PROVISIONS.—Pork quiet at late rates. Lard under large arrivals, a reduction has been submitted to, but it has not been sufficient to lead to sales. The market closes with sellers at 70s6d@71s without buyers in any quantity.

PAWNEE INDIANS.—We are informed that these nuisances have again commenced their petty depredations on the settlers in the vicinity of their village, which is about forty miles from this city. When *will* the government take measures to remove these pests from the vicinity of the whites? They are becoming so troublesome, by their thefts and robberies, that our settlers cannot much longer endure their annoyances in quiet.—*Omaha Nebraskian, April 1st.*

JEWS CHANGING THE SABBATH.—The Baltimore True Union says: —"Lord's day services have of late been held by the Israelites of our city. A call is now made for a decision, as to the permanent continuance of the arrangement. This will prove an important step to the Jews, should the arrangement prove permanent."

THE amount of stocks, cash and bonds and mortgages held by the banking department of this State as a basis of circulating notes is reported by the Senate committee on Banks, at $30,026,910.—The total circulation is $28,318,311.

THE number of packages of dry goods shipped from Liverpool for the United States, this year, was 99,219 against 103,721 last year. The value of the packages this year is said by the Evening Post to be greater.

IT is stated that a number of gentlemen of New York, largely interested in the telegraph business, have a project on foot to connect New York and San Francisco direct by a line of telegraph.

MARRIAGES.

IN Nunda, March 25th, by Rev. W. Metcalf, Mr. EDWARD IRWIN, of Michigan, and Miss ELIZA ANN GRAY, of the former place.

BY the same, April 14th, Mr. JOSEPH C. NEWCOMB and Miss MARY JANE BRADLEY, both of Mt. Morris.

DEATHS.

IN this city, on the 20th inst., of congestion of the brain, GEORGE WHITNEY, infant son of GEORGE and NELLIE FORCE.

IN Marcellus, Onondaga Co., April 15th, of lingering consumption, Mrs. JANE A., wife of Dr. H. G. MCGONEGAL, in the 30th year of her age.

Financial Affairs.

MONEY MATTERS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

NEW YORK MONEY MARKET.—The N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser* says that the leading features of the money market last week were those of continued ease. The banks are well supplied with means and dealing liberally with their customers, while the large dealers in the streets find it difficult to place the capital left with them in paper of the first class, which is still comparatively scarce, and taken readily when offered at eight to nine per cent. Second class is more abundant, and in less request at ten to twelve, and prime single names sell quickly at ten per cent. On call the standard rate remains at seven per cent, but some loans are occasionally made under particular circumstances a little lower.

There was some increase last week in the exports of specie, but an important part of the amount is again in Spanish coin, received here from Europe, on its way to Havana, and we have received a California instalment of about one and a quarter million, in addition to the Treasury drafts. The payments for duties during the week amount to $677,000, and the disbursements of the Assistant Treasurer's office, are $109,506 in excess of the receipts.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—The Bank of England had advanced its rates of discount to 6½ per cent. Consols closed on sailing of the Arabia at 93¼@93¾ for money, and 93¾ for account. Bullion in Bank shows a decrease of £335,000 sterling.

SMALL SILVER.—One of the interesting features of the United States coinage operations of late years is that of the smaller silver coins, which by the recent actions of Congress will hereafter form the principal part of our currency, in lieu of the old Spanish coins. Of the new coins, over twenty-five millions in value have been coined during the four years, 1852—1856; and the product of domestic silver is now over $300,000 annually.—The new coins having a legal value five to ten per cent. above their value as metal, will not be absorbed or lessened hereafter for export or manufacturing purposes.

COUNTERFEITS.—The Toronto *Colonist* says there is in circulation counterfeit ten dollar bills on the Zimmerman Bank, well calculated to deceive the general public. They are altered from ones.

Well executed fens on the Commercial Bank of Canada, have also been detected recently. The last are photographs.

ALTERED BILLS.—People must be on their guard lest they receive an altered $10 of the Broken "Hamilton Bank, Scituate, R. I." They purport to be 10s of the Traders' Bank, Newport, R. I., and as they are well executed, they are likely to deceive. In altering them, the word "Hamilton" is erased, and "Traders" inserted; in place of "Scituate," is "Newport."

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, April 23, 1857.

THE storm has placed an embargo upon all operations in our market for the present. The only changes of note during the past week are in the line of provisions. Potatoes have brought $1@1,12½, the latter price for Blue Mercers alone. Eastern buyers in the market have caused this advance. Butter 22@23c, as to quality.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES,

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	$18
Flour, bbl	$6,00@7,25	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, fine	$0,00@1,50	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Genesee	$0,00@1,50	Apples, bushel	$1,00@1,50
Corn	58@60c	Do. dried	$1,75@2,00
Oats	38@42c	Potatoes	$1@1,12½
Barley	1,50@1,75	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	50c	Slaughter	7½@8c
Beans	$1,12@1,38	Calf	00@14c
Peas	1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	1,50@2,00
MEATS.		Lamb do	00@00c
Pork, Mess	$24,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover, bushel	$7,00@7,50
Beef, per cwt	$6,50@7,00	Timothy	$3,75@4,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	11½@12½c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	9½@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$@8,25
Chickens	11@12c	Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Turkeys	@12½c	Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Geese	80c	Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	22@23c	Salt, bbl	$1,60@1,75
Do. firkin	16@17c	Hay, ton	$17@18
Cheese	12@13c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@10c
Lard, tried	13@14c	White fish, bbl	$11@11,50
Tallow	10@10½c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Eggs, dozen	@15c	Trout, bbl	$9

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

BUFFALO, APRIL 20—Flour—Market without change, with a fair demand. Sales Canadian spring at $5,25; good to choice Ohio at $5,75@6; good extra do at $6,30@6,40.

GRAIN—Not much inquiry for wheat to-day. Illinois spring held at 112c; Milwaukee club 115c; white Michigan at 130@140c. Corn firmer, with a good distilling demand; sales at Tonawanda at 60@65c.

SEEDS—Clover declined and dull. Held at $7@7,25 from store. Timothy firm at $3,50@3,75.

TORONTO, APRIL 18—Flour—The offering prices by buyers have been $5 for superfine; $5,25 for fancy; $5,50@5,75 for extra. Sales have taken place at higher rates, but the terms have not transpired, so that it is impossible to fix quotations with any degree of accuracy. Holders demand 10@20c higher than the above.

GRAIN—Spring wheat 101@107c. Barley 120@132c. Oats 32@36c per bush.

SEEDS—Clover $5@9. Timothy $4@5.

ALBANY, APRIL 20—Beef Cattle—At market 710. Prices, live weight, extra, $6,50; first quality, $6,00; second and third, $5,00@5,50.

COWS AND CALVES—12 in market. Prices range from $35 $45, $50@$55.

SHEEP—900 in market. Prices range at from $4, 5@6,25.—Extras $7,50.

SWINE—350 in market. Fat hogs $6,50; stores $7,38.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 15. — BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality 12½@14c; ordinary 11@11½c; common 10@11c; inferior 9½@10c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality $65@70; ordinary $55@60; common $40@45; inferior $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra quality, ℔ lb. 6½@7c. Other qualities, 5@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra quality $8@15. Other qualities, $1,50@7,50.

SWINE—First quality 7@7½c. ℔ lb.

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 14.—At market 345 Cattle, mostly Beeves and Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, & Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $9@9,50; first quality, $8,50@8,75; second quality, $8,00@8,25; third quality, $7,00@7,50; ordinary, $5.

WORKING OXEN—$100@210.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 55@65.

VEAL CALVES—$4,50, 5, 6@7,50 each.

YEARLINGS—$00@00. Two Years Old—$35@38. Three Years Old—$42@48.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—830 at market. Prices—In lots, $4,00, 5,00@5,50; extra and selections, $7, 8@10.

SWINE—700 at market. Prices—Live weight, 8@8½c. ℔ lb—Dressed hogs, 10½@11 per lb. Shoats, wholesale, 8@9c; retail 9½@10½c.

HIDES—8½@9½c. ℔ lb. Tallow—8@8½c.

CALF SKINS—14@15c ℔ lb. Pelts—$1,75@2,00.

BRIGHTON, APRIL 15.—At market 980 Beeves, 50 Stores, 7 pairs Working Oxen, 54 Cows and Calves, 900 Sheep and Lambs, 2,800 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $9@9,50; first quality, $8,50; 2d quality, $8,25; third quality, $7,50; ordinary $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$165@190.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 40@50

VEAL CALVES—$4, 6@8 each

YEARLINGS—$00@00 Two Years Old—$36@38. Three Years Old—$41@48.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $7, 8@9; in lots $3,75, 4@5.

SWINE—7¼@7¾c. At retail 9@10c.

HIDES—8½@9½c. ℔ lb. Calf Skins 14@15c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,75@2,00 each. Tallow—8@8½c. ℔ lb.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, April 23, 1857.

As the clipping season approaches it may be well to give some attention to the future prospects of the farmer engaged in wool growing. The modifications of the tariff by Congress last winter, making all wool costing less than 20c per lb, free, and all costing over that, and under 50c, subject to a duty of 25 per cent. ad valorem, if faithfully carried out would not materially affect the price of wool this spring. But as false invoices are of very common occurrence, it is most probable that much of the best South American wools, and those which directly compete with our Merino wool, will come in duty free. Of course all the coarser kinds will come under the 20c. cost. The dealers will endeavor to take advantage of the farmers and compel a decline by making use of the tariff to frighten them. In truth, however, the farmers have nothing to fear from any such source of competition. We have no hesitation in saying that the price of wool ought not to be affected by any such cause, but on the contrary the value of wool as regulated by the value of manufactured products is higher than it was last year, and both dealers and manufacturers can afford to pay an advance upon last year's prices. There are causes, however, which will operate to prevent any material advance over last Spring's prices.

The low price and general scarcity of produce to be sold this spring, together with the scarcity of money among the farmers will force a sale of wool early and at about the average of last spring. The range of prices should be about as follows, according to condition: Saxony from 45 to 50c.; Merino 40 to 50c.; Grades of Saxon and Merino 38 to 45c.; Common and coarse grades 35 to 42c. Much higher average prices will be realized during the year, but the grower must judge whether he can afford to hold on and take the risk.

There is no doubt as to the shortness of the crop both at home and abroad. The price of Australian wool which is equal to our Merino wools, at present in the English and Continental markets is such as to make it an object to purchase our better grades and full blood Merinoes at 50 to 55c., by our manufacturers, rather than to import that kind of wool for our own consumption. If the finer South American wools were honestly invoiced the same would be also true in regard to them. Farmers must judge for themselves as to what they will se l for. The data here given will be found sufficiently authentic to guide them safely.—R.

NEW YORK, APRIL 15.—The demand for all kinds, both domestic and foreign, is quite limited, but prices are without further change. There has been a little more inquiry from the producers, but prices are so high that they only purchase, with great caution, enough to supply their present wants. The stock of all kinds is insignificant, and were it not for the depression in the Woolen Goods market, prices would rule much higher than at present. The clipping has already commenced in Ohio and other States, but only, however, a portion of those flocks which are being sent to market and but little of the new clip will reach here before the end of July. Owing to the small supplies almost invariably in this country always at the commencement of the new crop, the producers are frequently obliged to use a good portion immediately after it is shorn off the sheep's back. So long as the manufacturers continue to use fresh material in this way, so long will they be sure to make goods which give no satisfaction in finish; and the result is, when thrown on the market for sale, they must generally be disposed at low rates. Fresh Wool is ill-adapted to make a close, unshrinking fabric, and to this are some of our manufacturers indebted for their ill-success. The sales embrace about 45,000 lbs. Fleece and Pulled Wools at prices varying from 45 to 48c., as to quality. In Foreign we do not hear any sales; the stock is light and prices remain firm. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ℔ lb	55@57
American Full-blood Merino	52@55
American ½ and ¾ Merino	45@52
American Native and ¼ do	42@48
Pulled Wool, extra Country	50@52
Pulled Wool, super	42@45
Pulled Wool, No. 1	33@36
California Fine, Washed	25@27
Do. Com. Unwashed	18@23
Peruvian, Washed	35@38
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@28
South American, Com. Washed	16@24
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	17@24
South American Unwashed	12@16
South American, Cordova, Washed	27@30
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	11@15
African, Washed	18@25
Smyrna, Unwashed	11@16
Smyrna, Washed	30@32
Mexican, Unwashed	12@16

[*N. Y. Tribune.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. SAGE & SONS,
LITHOGRAPHERS AND ENGRAVERS,
209 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO,
OVER SAGE'S MUSIC STORE.

SUPERIOR SUFFOLK SWINE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE FOR SALE PURE SUFFOLK Swine, bred from their best Suffolk Stock. Address
381w8eow JOSIAH STICKNEY, Watertown, Mass
&1smln or ISAAC STICKNEY, Boston, do

NORTHERN CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—Fresh seed, pure and genuine, at $1 per ℔. Two pounds of seed is sufficient to plant one acre. Books (100 pages) giving full directions for cultivation and for the manufacture of Sugar, 25 cents each.
McILVAIN & YOUNG, Seedsmen and Florists,
No. 7 John street, New York.

FOWLE'S PARLOR DRAMAS. For Home Amusement, Soirees, Exhibitions, etc. $1.
FOWLE'S HUNDRED DIALOGUES. For Reading and Exhibition in Schools and Private Circles 9th Thousand, $1.
Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.
MORRIS COTTON, Publisher, Boston, Mass.
J. M FAIRCHILD & CO., New York.

J. SAGE & SONS,
MUSIC PUBLISHERS,
NO. 209 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO.
PIANOS and MELODEONS from the best Factories in the Union, for sale at makers prices.

TREES AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
2,000 Cherry Trees, 2 years from Bud.
1,000 Peach " 1 " " "
2,000 Apple " 4 " " Graft.
2,000 Balsam Fir, Arbor Vitæ and Red Cedar.
2,000 Giant Pie Plant (cheap.)
BENJAMIN FISH & SON,
West End Nurseries, Buffalo st., Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE.

A FARM OF 68 ACRES IN THE TOWN OF CLARKSON, Monroe Co., N. Y., 1½ miles south of the Ridge road or County line; all good tillable land with first class buildings and a variety of Fruit, situated on four corners and handy to market. Said farm to be sold cheap, and payment to suit purchasers. Address A. H. FRANKLIN,
3t1w2 Holley, Orleans Co., N. Y.

LAND IN IOWA.

THE LAND OFFICES IN OSAGE, FORT DODGE, and Sioux City will open May 4th, 1857, when an opportunity will be offered to those wishing land in Northern Iowa to obtain it, either by cash or Warrants A. E. HARMON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Dubuque, Iowa.
REFERENCES—Editor of RURAL. 381w4

CONJURING!

THE WHOLE ART OF CONJURING MADE EASY, with full instructions and directions how to perform nearly 200 of the most astonishing and wonderful feats of Sleight of Hand, Hocus Pocus, Ventriloquism and Legerdemain. Illustrated with 100 Engravings. Price 25 cents. Sent anywhere by mail.
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PARDEE'S MANUAL FOR THE CULTURE OF THE STRAWBERRY will ensure success, and recommend the best varieties for the different soils and locations. Price...50 cents. Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price.
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Agricultural Book-Publishers,
140 Fulton St., New York.

REBECCA GRAPE VINES FOR SALE.

TO BE READY FOR DELIVERY BY THE 15th of May—good, strong plants, in pots—*propagated from the original vine.* Price, $3 each.
Those wishing to obtain this new and valuable Native White Grape, will do well to forward their orders at an early date.
WILLIAM BROCKSBANK, Prospect Hill Nursery,
near Hudson, Columbia Co., N. Y.

KEDZIE'S
LAKE, RAIN AND RIVER WATER FILTERS.

HAVE BEEN IN USE FOR SIXTEEN YEARS, AND IN all parts of the United States and the Canadas, have given the highest satisfaction. They are scientific in their construction, Portable, Durable and Cheap. For Circulars with particulars, address J. E. CHENEY & CO.,
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TO LOVERS OF FLOWERS.

BUIST'S FLOWER-GARDEN DIRECTORY.....$1 25
BRECK'S BOOK OF FLOWERS..... 1 00
Will give you the directions you need for selecting the rarest and best flowers, and for their successful cultivation. These are the best books for amateurs.
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WHY NOT TRY IT?

IF YOU ARE NOT PREPARED TO TEST THE Sugar Properties of the Chinese Sugar Cane, you can't fail of reaping a rich reward in *Fodder*. Inclose $1 to the subscriber and you shall receive, by mail, post-paid, seed enough to plant half an acre, with directions for cultivation. It may be planted from 10th May to 10th June, in same manner as Indian corn.—Same packages, by Express in quantity, for sixty cents. To Dealers, $1 per lb. Also, by mail, 25 and 50 cent packages.
381w1 Address L. W. BRIGGS, West Macedon, N. Y.

WAKEFIELD'S HAND CORN PLANTER,

HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY TESTED BY FARMERS IN every part of the Union, who unite in commending it as a *truly valuable labor-saving implement.* In short, all things considered, it is believed to be the *cheapest* and *best* planter yet introduced. See cut and description in the Rural for April 11th.
☞ To accommodate farmers in towns not occupied by Agents, this planter will be sent free of charge, to any Railroad Station within the counties of Monroe, Wayne, Seneca, Cayuga, Oswego, Jefferson, Orleans and Niagara, on receipt of price—$7, by M. W. SIMMONS, Brockport, N. Y.

GREAT SALE OF PURE BRED STOCK!

WISHING TO BE FROM HOME SEVERAL MONTHS the present and coming year, I shall sell by auction, at my residence near Aurora, Cayuga Co., N. Y., on THURSDAY, June 11th, 1857, (sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M.) my entire Herd of Short-horned Cattle, viz., Three Bulls and Eight Cows and Heifers. Also, Seventeen Suffolk and Two Berkshire Hogs, and Two young Black Hawk Stallions. Catalogues can now be had by applying to me by mail. All my stock have perfect Pedigrees and are equal, if not superior, to any similar lot ever offered for sale.
THOS. GOULD, Aurora, Cayuga Co., N. Y.
M. B. KERR, Auctioneer. 381w4eow

CHINESE SUGAR CANE SEED.

JUST RECEIVED, DIRECT FROM FRANCE, 500 Pounds more of the *genuine* seed of this valuable plant, for sale in quantity or small packets. Price ONE DOLLAR per pound, or 50, 25 and 12 cents per packet. To those who buy to sell again, a discount will be made on these prices.
Our Spring Stock of SEEDS is very full, and of the most approved varieties in cultivation, to which we invite the attention of the public.
New SEED CATALOGUES, and a Pamphlet containing information in reference to the Chinese Sugar Cane, will be furnished on application, or forwarded to them who enclose a postage stamp for each. CURTIS & COBB, Seedsmen and Florists,
318 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

NORTHERN MUSCADINE GRAPE!

THE GENUINE, FROM THE PARENT STOCK, produced only by the Shakers at New Lebanon, after 15 years trial with 30 or 40 varieties, still yields in point of profit as ten to one of any other hardy Grape, including all the late new varieties. Four weeks earlier than the Isabella, equally as prolific, greatly its superior as a Wine or Table Grape, for present use. Producing abundantly in common garden soil. Hardy as the Currant—a yearly bearer in great profusion. Roots best procured by clubs who order ten or twenty roots to one address. Price from one dollar to three dollars. Circulars sent gratis to those wishing to purchase roots. Terms, cash with order. Promptness, our motto. Address J. LEWIS, or P. STEWART,
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Now is the season for planting.
CHORLTON'S COMPLETE GRAPE-GROWER'S GUIDE.....60 cents.
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Are works which should be in the hands of every one who has a vine to plant or prune. The increased produce of a single year will pay for them.
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T. J. MYERS' FENCE IS UNIVERSALLY ADMITTED TO be the cheapest and best fence that can be erected. It is a straight fence, requiring but two-thirds of the lumber of a common board fence. It can be built at two-thirds the cost of any common board fence. It can be set up twice as fast as any board fence. It is a portable fence, can be moved quickly from place to place, and can be housed in winter, if desired. It can be used for ornamental and farm purposes. Each section or panel will stand firmly by itself, and it can be adjusted to old posts when rotted off and made firm as ever. It can be made from one kind of lumber—no posts or post holes—and it is as strong and durable as any fence extant. The right and full description of building, setting up, &c., sent to any person, free of postage, on receipt of ONE DOLLAR. Address, MYERS & CO.,
Dunlop, Yates Co., N. Y.

ACHROMATIC MICROSCOPES.

THE SUBSCRIBERS INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR superior Achromatic Single and Compound Microscopes, that have obtained the commendation of the most eminent scientific men of America, and for which they have received the premiums of the New York Exhibition of 1853, and of the Ct. State Agricultural Society of 1856.
These Microscopes range from forms of the greatest possible simplicity, to those combining the most elaborate of modern improvements.
They call particular attention to their "Small Microscopes for Students," which are provided with objectives sufficient for all ordinary and even for professional investigations, and of a quality never before sold by any foreign or American maker, at prices comparatively so low.
Descriptive Priced Catalogues will be sent free of charge on application. J. & W. GRUNOW,
April 20, 1857.—(381-1ywe) New Haven, Ct.

GREAT ORIGINAL AMERICAN WORKS ON THE HORSE.

DADD'S ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY OF THE HORSE, and Dictionary of Veterinary Science. Splendidly Illustrated. Plain.....$2 00
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Containing practical directions for the TREATMENT of DISEASES and Lameness of Horses. (With Illustrations).....$1 00
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NAPOLEON BLACK HAWK

WILL STAND FOR MARES THE ENSUING SEASON at the Stable of Messrs. E. & L. D. PEAK, one fourth of a mile west of the village of Meridian, in the town of Cato.
He will be three years old the 15th day of May next, and for style and action is perfectly unsurpassed, if not unsurpassable. He was foaled and raised on the banks of Lake Champlain, in the town of Ticonderoga and pronounced there and in Vermont the best colt of his age of the numerous progeny of the World-wide celebrated BLACK HAWK, owned by DAVID HILL, Esq., of Bridport, Vermont.
With reference to Pedigree, it is enough to say that he was sired by Mr. HILL's old Black Hawk, and from a Hamiltonian mare of great strength, as well as action and beauty, which, next to the Black Hawk, is as deservedly popular blood as any in the country.
NAPOLEON is 15½ hands high and weighs over 900 lbs., in good condition, a beautiful bright bay, and of such perfect symmetry that he is believed, by good judges, to be the best colt of his age on this Continent.
TERMS, $15 for a single leap, $25 for the season, and $30 to insure a foal, and it is expressly declared and forms part of the contract, that any mare parted with before leaping time, will be regarded as with foal, and the owner at time of putting held for amount of insurance price of service. Those putting by Leap or Season, will pay at time of putting mares.
GROVE BRADLEY & CO.
Meridian, Cayuga Co., N. Y., April 1, 1857. 381w6

COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER
AND SINGLE MOWER.
Manny's Patent with Wood's Improvement.

IN OFFERING MY MACHINES TO THE FARMERS FOR the Harvest of 1857, it seems hardly necessary to advertise them; but as this medium for an introduction to the public is so generally adopted, I take this method to inform the farmers that a close personal attention to the practical operation of the machine the past harvest has induced me to make several improvements—these, added to its former reputation, give me the utmost confidence in stating that it now stands unrivalled as a Mower, or a Combined Reaper and Mower, and for harvesting Clover Seed, has no competitor. I have a large amount of certificates from farmers who have used my machine besides several Premiums, Diplomas and Medals, awarded by State, County and Town Agricultural Societies, pointing out plainly the points in which it excels all others. Many of these are patented and cannot be embodied in any other machine, and all will admit how essential and indispensable they are to a successful Combined Reaper and Mower.
With each machine will be furnished two scythes, two extra guards, two extra sections, one extra pinion and wrench.
Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day in a workmanlike manner.
Price of Combined Machine delivered here on the Cars $125 00
" " Single Mower, Wood Bar " " " 110 00
" " " " Steel " " " " 115 00
WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor.
Hoosick Falls, April 15, 1857. 381w16

LOOK AT THIS.

Valuable Farms in Culpepper county, Va., for Sale.

WITH A VIEW TO OTHER PURSUITS, AND THE settlement of my Servants next fall in the South, I offer at private sale, until the 20th day of May, "Bel-Pre," my present seat, containing

THIRTEEN HUNDRED ACRES.

Also, my "Milton Mill" farm, containing about Two HUNDRED AND TWENTY ACRES, MILLS, &c., pertaining thereto, together with several smaller places, all of which are in the 'Piedmont Valley" of Virginia, and immediate vicinity of Brandy Station, the Orange and Alexandria Railroad passing directly through the former, within three hundred yards of the dwelling, thus affording a partial view of the premises.
Bel-Pre is so favorably and generally known in Eastern Virginia, that but for the satisfaction of Capitalists in the Cities and abroad, this notice might be sufficient. To such in Baltimore, Richmond, Washington, Alexandria, or elsewhere, disposed to combine profitable farming with the more active pursuits of the City, and secure a most desirable and accessible retreat in mid-summer, I will state a body of three hundred and fifty acres of splendid timber forms a part of the estate; two hundred and fifty are in wheat, upon which was seeded last fall thirty-two bushels of clean Timothy Seed, and this Spring twenty bushels Clover Seed with Plaster; the balance, except one hundred and ten acres, being prepared for Corn, is thoroughly set in Timothy, Clover, Blue Grass and Blue Sward, much of the soil being very old and strong. The meadows, from which the farm takes its name, have been standing for more than one hundred years, and still produce pure Timothy. No farm, from position and capacity in the State, is better suited for an entire Hay or Dairy farm than the former, as 300,000 lbs., Hay might be annually secured and baled for shipment almost at the Station. Combining cropping with grazing in its present condition, it is equal to one thousand barrels Corn, five or six thousand bushels Wheat, fattening one hundred Cattle, besides more than one hundred farm, stock and work teams, a full supply of Hay, &c.

SEVERAL ORCHARDS,

comprising five hundred trees of very select fruit. Improvements, though not elegant, are ample and in good repair. Extensive view of the Mountains—situation most beautiful—neighborhood unsurpassed for all that is desirable, and within a few hours ride on the Cars of either City.
I invite correspondence and inspection from any interested—If not sold privately, further notice will be given in time.
Address WM. B. ROSS,
(Bel-Pre,) Mitchell's Station P. O., Culpepper Co., Va.

25 WITNESSES;
OR,
THE FORGER CONVICTED.
JOHN S. DYE IS THE AUTHOR,

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Greeted him with Rounds of Applause, while he exhibited the manner in which Counterfeiters execute their Frauds, and the Surest and Shortest Means of Detecting them!
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DEVON CATTLE.

TWO OR THREE FIRST QUALITY YOUNG DEVON Bulls for Sale, coming two years old, got by imported Quartley, 1251, out of thorough-bred Cows. I will also sell a few thorough-bred Cows and Heifers, either for cash or approved credit. LEWIS F. ALLEN.
Black Rock, April 15, 1857. 380w3

WEST'S PATENT CEMENT FOR ROOFING.—It makes a better roof than tin at less than half the cost. Send for a Circular. Town, County and State Rights for sale very low by N. F. GRAVES, Syracuse, N. Y. 379w4

ASPARAGUS PLANTS—150,000 two years old for sale.—Address JAMES O. KEEL, Buffalo, N. Y. 378w4

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THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE A GOOD FARM of about one hundred acres, with good buildings and fences, well watered and a fair share of timber, situated about two miles south of the fine village of Lima, Livingston Co., N. Y., the seat of the well known Methodist Seminary and College.
Any person desiring to purchase, will find it to their advantage to apply immediately by letter or personally to
378w4 F. A. SMITH, Honeoye Falls, Monroe Co., N. Y.

GENESEE AGRICULTURAL WORKS.
C. R. BRINKERHOFF & CO., Batavia, N. Y.,

MANUFACTURERS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.—Brinkerhoff's Celebrated Plows of different sizes,—Brinkerhoff's Patent Self-holding Furrow-Gauge Plow,—a new Patent Iron Revolving Drag,—Brinkerhoff's new Patent Self-dell Plow, arranged with Common Plow, so as to save an extra team and driver, and a new Patent Self Clearing Clover Doter.
All work done in a superior manner, and the castings of all plows ground and polished. Orders respectfully solicited, and a liberal discount made to dealers. 377w8
Batavia, Genesee Co., N. Y., March 23, 1857.

FRUIT TREES! FRUIT TREES!

FLORENCE NURSERY.—ADOLPH BORNEMANN & CO. This Establishment is prepared this Spring to offer to the trade and to customers generally, the largest and best assortment, as Apples, Pears, Plums, Cherries, Peaches, Nectarines. Also, ORNAMENTAL TREES AND SHRUBS, Evergreens, and the smaller fruits generally, as Grapes, Raspberries, Blackberries, Currants, Gooseberries, Cranberries, Strawberries, Nuts, Roses, Dahlias, Verbenas, Phlox, Coronation Pinks, Pansies, Daisies, Roots and Plants. Also,
FLOWER, VEGETABLE SEEDS.
We invite Nurserymen, Venders, Amateurs, and others, to give us a call and examine our stock, feeling assured it will recommend itself, and we promise they shall be accommodated with the lowest rates, or they can correspond with us on the subject. Our new Catalogue is just out of press, and will be forwarded to every post-paid application, inclosing a one cent stamp to pre-pay the postage.
ADOLPH BORNEMANN & CO.
Florence, Mass., March 17, 1857. 379w6.

JONES' PLANIMETER.

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Canandaigua, N. Y., April, 1857. J. H. ROGERS.

IRON G

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SKELETON BRIDEGROOM.

A LEGEND OF THE PRAIRIES.

THE bugles of the Northern Wind
Were sounding o'er the prairie,
When ARCHIE left his cot behind,
To wed with blue-eyed MARY.

No star was twinkling on the way;
His toilsome road, and weary,
Through lonely plains and forests lay,
And moorlands wild and dreary.

The snow before him on the gale
Flew like a ghostly shadow,
Enshrouding in its mantle pale
The upland and the meadow;

But still he trod his weary way,
All storm and tempest scorning;
Alack, that on a wedding day
Such night should find a morning.

* * * * * *

Before his fireside's cheerful flame
Old farmer WORTH was sitting,
While at the right his prudent dame
Was busy with her knitting.

And MARY, near the aged pair,
Her blue eyes dim with sorrow,
Was dreaming of the days that were
And hoping for the morrow,

And often toward the window cast
Her sad and anxious glances,
To shudder when the wintry blast
Moaned through the maples' branches.

"'Tis strange he stays," said farmer WORTH
And fell again to thinking,
While the old house-dog upon the hearth
Kept up his drowsy winking.

A tear stole down the maiden's cheek,
The good dame dropped her stocking,
And back and forth with constant creak
Her easy chair kept rocking.

Without, the storm grew wild and high,
The wind still louder howling,
And murky clouds across the sky
Flew southward dark and scowling.

"'Tis storming hard, all is not well,"
The good man said, complaining,
"He should have come ere evening fell,
But now the night is waning."

The weary hours went plodding on,
With silent sorrow freighted,
And darkness fled before the dawn,
But still they watched and waited.

Through many days of dreary gloom
Time passed with solemn paces,
No tidings of the lost bridegroom
Were heard,—they found no traces.

And years sped by; the aged pair
Were in the church-yard sleeping,
And MARY'S brow was marked with care,
Her blue eyes dim with weeping!

When, on a sunny summer morn
There came to mourning MARY,
With horse, and hounds, and bugle-horn,
A huntsman of the prairie.

"Maiden," the hardy trapper said,
"Beside a granite boulder,
From which for many a mile I've sped
A human form doth moulder."

"Come haste with me!" he grasped the rein,
She sat the steed before him,
And over meadow, moor and plain
The gallant hunter bore them.

And there in the long prairie grass
Where summer winds were sighing,
A skeleton in wedding dress,
They found poor ARCHIE lying.

The daisies nodded o'er his bed,
The lilies in the clover,
Their sweetest, purest fragrance shed
Around the ghastly lover.

The maiden's face a hue put on
As white as snow when driven,
She fell beside the skeleton,
And rose to love in Heaven.

And now when Boreas' bugles wail
Along the lonesome prairie,
The farmers tell the mournful tale
Of weeping blue-eyed MARY.

Ogdensburgh, N. Y., 1857. E. C. J.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE WRECK;
OR, A LESSON FOR PARENTS.

BY MISS CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

[Concluded from last week.]

A young man sat in his room in one of the large and fashionable boarding-houses of a great city.—A sealed envelope was in his hand, but his eyes were not upon it. His pale and haggard features bore an expression of intense mental suffering, and at intervals he walked the floor with hasty and unsteady steps. As he was about to break the seal of the letter which he held, his attention was arrested by footsteps at his door. Thrusting the packet into his breast, he arose and, with folded arms, confronted an officer of the police. Without waiting for a word or question to be spoken, he took his hat and followed him as if he had long been awaiting the summons. When next he paused it was within the walls of the city prison—his room a felon's cell—himself a forger! For a moment a sense of his situation overcame him, and he buried his face in his hands. He thought of his mother, his sister, and taking the forgotten letter from his breast, he read with swimming eyes:

"DEAR BROTHER:—Come to us. Mother is failing fast. She can live but a short time, and begs that she may see you once again. Lose no time in hastening to her side. Your own SUSY."

The letter drops from his trembling grasp, he clenches his hands convulsively, a deep groan bursts from his agonized heart, and he falls heavily along the floor. No tears moisten his parched lids; the great grief which is tugging at his heart-strings mounts up and fills his throat to suffocation as if it would fain escape from him, but is too great for exit.

The night comes and goes, and so do other nights, but it is all alike to the tenant of that lonely cell. It is the evening of the tenth day; the cell door grates heavily upon its hinges and WILLIE is face to face with his father. It is not a time for anger or remembrance of injuries, and, forgetful of all else, WILLIE extends his hand with the quick inquiry, "My Mother?"

"Your mother, boy! She is where she will rest—where your baseness and ingratitude have helped to send her—*in her grave!*"

There is no answer; the prisoner only stands with stony eyes, gazing upon vacancy.

"Go, sir," said his father, motioning him to leave the cell. "Go! You are at liberty. For the sake of your family,—for the sake of those on whom you have brought ruin and disgrace—I have compromised with those whom you have so shamefully defrauded, and you are free to go where you will. Let it be far; go to the West, to California, *anywhere* so that I never see your face again."

"God willing, you never shall!" The words were muttered between his clenched teeth, and more to himself than to any one else, for already his father was gone.

Yes, the old man had done that for *pride* which for *love* he never would have done. When the dreadful news reached them, SUSY on her knees, with streaming eyes, besought him to intercede for only brother. The dying mother, with her latest breath, had entreated his forgiveness and kindness for her boy, but all alike in vain. But his own heart had whispered, "What will the *world* say?—It were better to make any sacrifice than that men should point to your grey locks and say among themselves, 'Poor man! His son was a forger.'"

CHAPTER IV.
A Lull.

Sweet SUSY FARNHAM! So every one called her. And she was sweet to look upon as the windflower, and almost as frail. Sorrow had chastened her heart and given to her youthful countenance a look of ineffable meekness. The aged praised her as the best of daughters and housekeepers, and the young sought her companionship and confidence. She was the best of daughters, truly. It was her pleasure and her care that no wish of her father's heart should remain ungratified. No matter how exacting or unreasonable he might be—and he was both—she was still the same self-denying and affectionate attendant. She was cheerful, too, but when alone and free to hold communion with her inmost heart, the sorrow which filled it almost to bursting would then find vent in tears and prayers.

It was a lovely autumn evening, and SUSY, in an unusually melancholy frame of mind, wandered to the little bridge which spanned the narrow and rapid stream, dignified by the title of "the river." Here she had often stood at the sunset and watched with her brother the leaves and pieces of bark as the current bore them rapidly along.

"O! WILLIE!" she exclaimed in touching sadness, "nothing is changed but you and I."

"I know it, sister. GOD knows, you cannot suffer more than I do."

It was WILLIE'S voice, and WILLIE it was who clasped her so suddenly in his arms—but so altered. Even SUSY shrank from his embrace as she saw the wan face and brilliant eyes which bent over her. He drew her hand within his arm, and neither spoke until they stood beside their mother's grave. The clear, cold moon had risen and bathed the sacred spot in a halo of light, even as the good deeds of that gentle mother encircled her memory. Moved by the same impulse, they knelt—the one with bowed head, the other with heart and eyes uplifted in supplication. WILLIE had opened his whole heart to her; all the sad story of his guilt and suffering had been revealed to a sister's sympathy and forgiveness, and it was fully and prayerfully bestowed.

"O! WILLIE dear, since you must leave me, perhaps forever, promise me, by the memory of our sainted mother, that you will reform. Break away from all these grievous faults and temptations which beset you. Think of our mother, of her care and kindness, and the joy it would be to her heart to see you an upright man. Take this with you, WILLIE—it is my little Sunday School Bible. It will remind you of me, as there is much in it which I have marked and written. I want you to read it, for my sake at first, and then I know you will grow to love it for its own sake. And you must write to me very often."

"GOD bless you, SUSY! You always were my good angel, and with the blessing of Providence upon my good resolutions and efforts, I will become all that you could wish. I am going to the far West, where I am unknown and unknowing, there to begin life anew. You must keep up good courage. In a few years I shall be engaged in some good business, and then one of these days you shall come out there to live with me and be my little housekeeper."

And so they parted—SUSY hopeful, almost happy,—WILLIE choking down the grief that would make his eyes overflow, and his voice unsteady, and trying to cheer up the trusting little heart which beat against his own.

CHAPTER V.
The Crash.

The train was just ready to start from the depot of one of the many railroads that traverse the Queen City of the West. Already the second bell had sounded, when the elegant coach belonging to the "Burnet House" was driven rapidly to the depot. A young man descended from the box and opened the door for an elderly gentleman to alight, who immediately entered a car. Scarcely had he done so when he opened a window and looking out called, "Young man, my shawl; it is in your carriage." The young man seized the shawl and sprang upon the platform just as the conductor cried, "All aboard!" He hears, but is not afraid; he has often leaped from the train when in motion. He pauses an instant on the landing—it is but an instant—then he is gone; but where? A wild shriek of mortal agony, a quick rush of the multitude, pale with horror, and the great engine of destruction, with a snort and a bound, rushes on, bearing its living freight unconscious of what they leave behind.

And what is it? There is a great crowd upon the track—something is taken up and borne silently away. As they pass, you catch a glimpse of a ghastly face and matted hair. Kind strangers lay the crushed form in decent state in a room of the Hotel with which he has been so lately connected. "Who was he? Who are his friends?" are the next inquiries. Then a telegraphic message is despatched for orders for the disposal of the remains, and preparations are made for their removal. The next morning a paragraph appears in all the daily papers:

"MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—Yesterday afternoon just as the —— —— train was leaving the —— depot, a young man about twenty years of age was run over while endeavoring to jump from the cars as they were leaving the depot. He was supposed to be intoxicated at the time, as he was known to be dissipated in his habits. He was a stranger in the place, and had been for some time in search of employment, and for a week previous had been engaged as driver at the Burnet House. He probably has friends at the East, and preparations are being made to convey his remains to them. In his pocket was found a little Bible, which bore the name of 'SUSY FARNHAM,' doubtless the gift of some affectionate sister."

O! SUSY!—and was *this* the answer to your hopes, your prayers!

Silence and gloom, the shadows which fall from the wing of Death, brood darkly over the home of the FARNHAMS. SUSY, with tear-stained cheeks and blood-shot eyes, enters softly where her father sits at a table writing. Beside him is a telegraphic dispatch, and looking over his shoulder, she watches the firm though aged hand as it writes—

"Give him christian burial, at as little expense as is possible, and hold me responsible."

That was all. But his hand is arrested. SUSY'S arms are around his neck, her head upon his breast and she sobs out, "O! Father, you do not mean so! You cannot let them lay your only son, my cherished brother, among strangers. Far from all he loved and who loved him,—no! no!—he must rest beside our mother. I could not live if it were not so. Think of the little time at most which you will have to live. What is gold to you? You are surrounded with every comfort, and you cannot take anything from this world when you leave it. All you have will be mine, and it is my wish that you do this, even if it take all."

Who could resist her? Not even the stern and selfish heart of ISRAEL FARNHAM.

"Write, then, what you please; I will have nothing to do with it," was his reluctant reply.

And so WILLIE FARNHAM was laid in his dreamless sleep, near to that mother on whose bosom he had slept the innocent slumber of childhood. It is a pleasant spot; careful hands have trained the loveliest flowers around the simple head-stones of the mother and brother, and here is SUSY'S favorite haunt. The stars beam as brightly, the river murmurs as gently, and the birds sing as sweetly here as if death and sin had never overcome the world.

And the grey-haired, bowed and tottering father—is there no change in him? Ask the men of affluence, in whose hearts *Ledger* has usurped the place of *Love*—Consequence become paramount to Confidence—Bank of more importance than Benevolence—and Dollar dearer than Devotion.—Ask them if they feel no yearnings of nature, no pangs of accusing conscience towards those sons who have gone astray into idleness, extravagance, and dissipation, through the neglect of home influences; or those daughters who have wasted their lives and affections in fashion and folly, or have linked their youth and beauty to the glittering ear of wealth, only to be dragged to sorrow and remorse.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

SOPHISTRY is like a window curtain—it pleases as an ornament, but its use is to keep out the light.

YOUNG LADIES are like arrows—they are all in a quiver till the beaux come, and can't go off without them.

MEN often mistake notoriety for fame and would rather be remarked for their vices and follies than not noted at all.

HURRY AND CUNNING are two apprentices of Despatch and Skill, but neither of them ever learned their master's trade.

POLYGAMY is allowed in New Zealand, but the head wife is the only one who is allowed to commit suicide when her husband dies. The other wives are denied the privilege.

INDUSTRY will make a purse, and frugality will give you strings to it. This purse will cost you nothing. Draw the strings as frugality directs, and you will always find a useful penny at the bottom.

EMERSON says an Englishman of fashion is like one of those souvenirs, bound in gold vellum, enriched with delicate engravings, on thick, hot-pressed paper, fit for the hands of ladies and princes, but with nothing in it worth reading or remembering.

THE Archbishop of Beaumont one day preached before the Court of France, upon the duties of the nobility. "Ah!" said Louis XV. to Richelieu, "the preacher has thrown a few stones into your garden to day." "Yes, sire," was the reply, "and a few have fallen into the royal park of Versailles."

THE old French writer, Montreuil, writing upon the subject of his death, remarks that as persons on going to sleep put out the candle, he is sorry, on his part, that on sinking to his "eternal sleep" he cannot annihilate the universe and extinguish the sun.

THERE is a non-committal originality about this paragraph which is exceedingly useful just now:—"Although we dislike to part with public officers who have proved themselves worthy of their trust, yet when we are sure of having in their stead those who will find a pleasure in consulting the public good in their managements, we are not disposed to complain when changes are made."

GOD has written on the flowers that sweeten the air—on the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the rain drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon its deep chambers—upon every pencilled sheet that sleeps in the cavern of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all His works he has written—"*none liveth for himself.*"

Two young Frenchmen have recently entered into a contract of an original nature. On the death of their respective parents they will both become heirs to a large property. They have agreed that the one who has the misfortune to be deprived of his father first, shall give to the other twenty thousand francs, to be returned without interest when the second father shall have been removed to a better world.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

EARLY IMPROVEMENT.

IT is a fact admitted by all, that youth is the season for improvement. It is indeed true, that we may and do acquire much knowledge, after we arrive at years of maturity, but this knowledge is not so readily obtained at that period, neither is it of so decisive a character, as that which is acquired in youth. Habits formed while young, whether correct or not, generally go with man through life, and so difficult is it to resist the influence of the instructions and knowledge given him then, that it becomes a kind of fixed principle of action, and governs him to the latest moment of existence.

When the man whose youth has been educated in vice, who has been early taught to disregard the teachings of the word of truth, whose mind has been left in ignorance of the principle of his nature, uninstructed in the ways of honor and virtue, we see him, towards the close of his existence, pursuing the same dishonorable, vicious course that marked his early life unreformed by the lapse of time, unawed by the beauty and sublimity of Nature's works. On the other hand, we see the man whose youth has been educated in the principles of truth and virtue, whose mind has been stored with useful knowledge, and who has been early taught the duties and responsibilities of life, we see him following a noble, steady and virtuous course, unshaken by the winds of fortune, unmolested by the ceaseless toil and tumults of the world. How highly important then is it, that we, in youth, form honorable and worthy rules of action, leaving no laudable course untried, no opportunity unimproved no time unemployed.—When youth are thus schooled, then will vice and misery, in all their hideous forms, be driven from earth, and virtue and happiness reign triumphant over the mind of man. HELEN.

Pembroke, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 32 letters.
My 21, 4, 21, 22, 11, 21, 23 was a high priest.
My 20, 1, 5, 10, 13 is a sacred mountain.
My 2, 21, 12, 23, 30, 31, 32, 26 was a Jewish feast.
My 29, 6, 31, 11 was one of the twelve tribes.
My 19, 11, 7, 17, 18, 11, 21, 23 is a sea in Palestine.
My 2, 21, 8, 29 was an apostle.
My 4, 10, 5, 11 was the son of Malchi.
My 1, 5, 2, 21, 20 was the daughter-in-law of Naomi.
My 20, 11, 15, 28, 11, 16, 24, 12 was one of the tribes expelled from Canaan.
My 9, 3, 22, 11, 28, 14, 23 was one of the tribes which warred against Israel.
My 25, 20, 27, 18, 21, 4 was one of the children of Dishon.
My whole is one of the proverbs of Solomon.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1857. GRACE L. E.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

THERE are three numbers, the square root of the second number is equal to one-half of the third number, the square of the third number is equal to nine times the first number, and the first and third number plus 9 is equal to the second number.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857. W. A. B.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Biblical Enigma in No. 380:—If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.

Answer to Geographical Enigma in No. 380:—The wicked flee when no man pursueth.

Answer to Charade in No. 380:—The letter A.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem in No. 380:—$3,280 00.

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Quba, Alleg. Co., N. Y., Jan. 1, 1857. 363eow3

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LEADING WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Office, Union Buildings, Opposite the Court House.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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Rural New-Yorker.

ROOT CROPS.—TURNIPS.

THERE are many varieties of turnips cultivated by our farmers, but general experience has given the preference to two kinds with their sub-varieties—for stock feeding the Ruta-Baga or Swedish turnip—for table use the Flat English. Of the former Laing's Improved is deemed number one by many—others choose Skirving's Purple Top.—For table use an early and a late variety ought to be sown—for the former purpose we would recommend the Early Stubble, for the latter the Green Globe or Norfolk variety. In the choice of varieties, however, each cultivator must exercise his own judgment as to which will give him the greatest return—the most nutriment per acre, and at the least cost—in fact, which for the purposes to which it is to be devoted will pay the best.

The true turnip soil is a deep sand or sandy loam. Clayey or compact soils are not suited to its profitable production, neither are damp, heavy lands.—For the culture of the Swede the best is that from which corn or wheat was taken, though many, on account of the large yield more usually obtained therefrom, prefer sward land, or clover ley. To this latter, before plowing, a heavy dressing of fresh unfermented manure should be applied. Be the land what it may, *without it is in good condition*, the difficulties with which the farmer has to contend will ruin the crop.

Broad-cast sowing and drill-seeding are both followed, but by the former mode the expense of after-culture, in thinning and hoeing, is increased. When sown in drills, about two feet apart is the usual distance, the plants separated six or eight inches in the rows. To prevent such as are intended for maturity from interfering, successive thinnings are requisite—and where the seed has missed, or the young plants have been destroyed by casualty, the vacancies may be filled by transplanting during showery weather. The Swede may be sown any time from the middle of May to the same period in June—early planting has, however, this one advantage, should the first seeding fail, or the fly destroy the young plants, ample time is left for performing the labor again. For early fall feeding, many farmers sow between the rows of corn, as late as the first of August. For this purpose seeding at so late a period will answer—but as there is not time for the roots to reach maturity they are diminutive, and if stored, soon begin to lose whatever of value they had attained.

The period for sowing the English turnip is about one month later than for the Swede. At any time from the middle of June to the first of August this labor can be performed with success. The first sown give the largest returns—the latter are the soundest and consequently are capable of more extended preservation. Immediately before sowing the ground should be plowed and harrowed. If both the atmosphere and earth are damp at time of depositing the seed it will insure its more rapid germination and place the plant sooner beyond the ravages of insect depredators. A top dressing of ashes, lime and plaster will enhance the probabilities for a remunerative yield. When the plants appear and the leaves are partially expanded, the hoe or cultivator should be freely used, keeping the ground well stirred that the roots may have all the room wanted, and for the purpose of exterminating the weeds as fast they present themselves.

As regards the quantity of seed per acre it is *best* to use, there is a variety of opinions, the amount ranging from less than one to more than three pounds. Were there no trouble attending the culture of this crop from defective germination or the attack of insects one pound would doubtless be sufficient, and on these premises the advocates of thick seeding found their arguments in favor of their peculiar notions, contending that a portion must be sown to avoid loss by failure and for the insatiate maw of the depredators.—The other party reason that if attacked by the fly, "root and branch" will be exterminated, no matter how liberal the hand that scatters the seed.—The faults as well as the virtues of American and English seed have formed the basis of another controversy between producers. We opine that the great cause of trouble has been more the carelessness of cultivators than anything else. All plants of this character hybridize while in blossom, and if we desire to grow any particular variety pure, it must be isolated. In England it is customary to select a rod or two of ground in the center of a wheat-field for the purpose of seed raising—great care is exercised by the farmer, and, probably, to this more than anything else, is to be attributed the remarkable success of English grown turnip seed.

The turnip is exposed to numerous insect enemies, among which, the fly or fly-beetle is most to be dreaded. Remedies innumerable have been promulgated, but most of them, just when depended upon, have failed. Observation has shown, however, that a rough or gritty state of the leaf will put a quietus upon their operations, and any substance, such as ashes, that will thus coat the plant, will act as a preventive to their destruction. After an application is made, should rains occur, the process must be repeated. Care in this respect will almost insure the cultivator reward for his labors.

Harvesting should commence in most sections of our country, during clear autumnal weather.—Where frosts are not severe and the ground dry they may winter in the field. We do not advise the latter method, for we believe that every farmer should be the owner of a good root cellar, and we feel confident that such an out-building would be found as profitable as any upon the farm. The labor of harvesting can be expeditiously performed with a root hook, made of two or more iron prongs, and attached to a handle such as is used for a hoe.

If stored in cellars or heaps the process is similar to that given potatoes—but a cooler temperature should be sought as heat soon injures them while they will endure considerable frost.

LESS LAND OR MORE LABOR!

"Is it true that we want less land or more labor?" asks Prof. J. A. NASH of the *New England Farmer*. In a review of our former article on this subject, the Prof. enters into a further discussion of the question, but his remarks occupy too much space for our columns. We will try to give a brief idea of the argument.

It is the nature of land to be productive, whether cultivated or uncultivated, but the value of its products depends upon their uses to man. An acre of wood is very valuable near a large city; it is worth nothing on the Rocky Mountains. It is the province of Agriculture to make land produce the greatest value, in demand, above the cost of production, or the greatest profit. To do this there must be the requisite proportion between capital and labor.

A hundred acres of high-priced land, with one man's work put upon it, is, in great part at least, so much dead capital. Its products will not pay the interest on the investment. Its capabilities are not drawn out—they are unused and profitless. It is the same as though a shoemaker should build a shop one hundred feet long, and then alone occupy a few feet space in one corner. It is as if a merchant should lay out all his capital in building a fine store and filling it with goods, and then refuse to hire clerks to sell them. A due proportion between fixed and floating capital is observed in every business, more carefully than in farming. The "track" is not only laid, but the "rolling stock" is provided and kept in motion.

A thousand acres of wild land might support an Indian hunter and his family. Set a thousand strong men to work on these acres, one man to each, and the whole would shortly be cleared, drained, fenced, and cultivated—the whole would soon be a garden. Instead of feeding one lone family, it would yield food for ten thousand persons. But all this would involve a large outlay. Ten thousand dollars a day is a large sum to pay for labor, and might not prove profitable. There might be other work which would produce a better return for a portion of the labor.

These are the extremes. The golden mean is between them. Hundreds, however, invest the last penny in land, for units who give their land too thorough culture. Thousands of dollars are spent for "more land," where tens are laid out in reclaiming wastes, in underdraining and irrigation.

Never was there better encouragement to increase the productiveness of our farms than now. Never, in this country, did it take less produce to pay a day's wages than at present. But how many farmers have profited by this? How many have lost the high prices by having nothing to sell? And why? Not because their farms could produce nothing, but because they were not worked. The farmer himself has labored as hard as any one ought, perhaps too hard, but what is one man on a hundred acres. He cannot amend soils; cannot half cultivate those good by nature; cannot gather materials for manure nor find money to buy them. If he had cultivated ten acres *well* with his own hand, or if he had *put through* a hundred acres with the help of four men, (five men can do about as well with a hundred acres as one can with ten,) it would have been otherwise. In the first place he might have had a little to sell; and in the latter he could have shown an improved farm, at least. Land well cultivated pays better than land run over. It *is* true that "more labor or less land" is wanted.

But which is it—more labor, or less land? The first, beyond question, if circumstances favor the enterprise. You cannot afford, for a small farm, the variety and excellence of implements that are requisite to a good and profitable production of crops. The best implements—buildings ample and convenient—cheapen the cost of production on large farms, but increase it in small ones. On a few acres crops are grown at a higher cost than on a larger farm—hence they cannot be made as profitable. Still small farming pays as well as other small business. It suits some men better than others, and if one has the desire to farm within himself, let him reduce his acres until he can work them. It will be his best course, without question.

To make farming truly profitable, give us *more labor* and land enough to employ it fully. With talent for the business, a love for it, and the faculty to manage workmen, a big farm, is better than a small one. A large farm well tilled is a mine of wealth to the owner.

DEEP TILLAGE AND DRAINAGE.

No subjects have been discussed of more importance than DEEP TILLAGE and DRAINAGE, and none have been more productive of good. JETHRO TULL, who wrote more than a hundred years ago, declared that if the soil was worked to a proper depth, and well pulverized, nothing more was necessary to secure good crops for an indefinite time. Under these circumstances he thought manure would not be required. This opinion is not true, as every crop takes from the soil a large amount of fertilizing matter, which should be returned in some way: and the larger the crops the more of these elements of fertility are extracted. We have, however, seen lands that were considered exhausted, reclaimed and bear good crops for a number of years, simply by deep tillage. By breaking up and pulverizing the fresh subsoil, the free access of air and moisture is secured, the surface soil gradually mixes with it, and the hungry roots of growing crops permeate it in search of their proper food. The good effects of deep tillage are perhaps more apparent during a drouth than at any other time. The more shallow the culture, the more the crop suffers from drouth, and this is particularly the case where the surface soil is stiff. When the surface of a deeply pulverized soil becomes dry from the effects of sun and wind, the water arises from below by capillary attraction furnishing the plants with a constant and needed supply. We have seen this particularly exhibited in corn—that on shallow ground having the leaves rolled, and evidently suffering from drouth, while that on a deeply pulverized soil, in other respects exactly similar, seemed well supplied with moisture. The effects of deep tillage in garden culture are very striking. A grass lawn, where the ground has only been pulverized a few inches, during the hot months of summer will be dry and brown; if the soil is trenched two feet deep, it will be green every day during the summer. A strawberry bed on a stiff soil, with only a few inches of surface pulverized, will be dried up in a hot, dry time in summer, oftentimes with the blossoms and fruit on the plants, while in a similar soil, deeply pulverized, the plants will grow vigorously, and perfect the fruit.

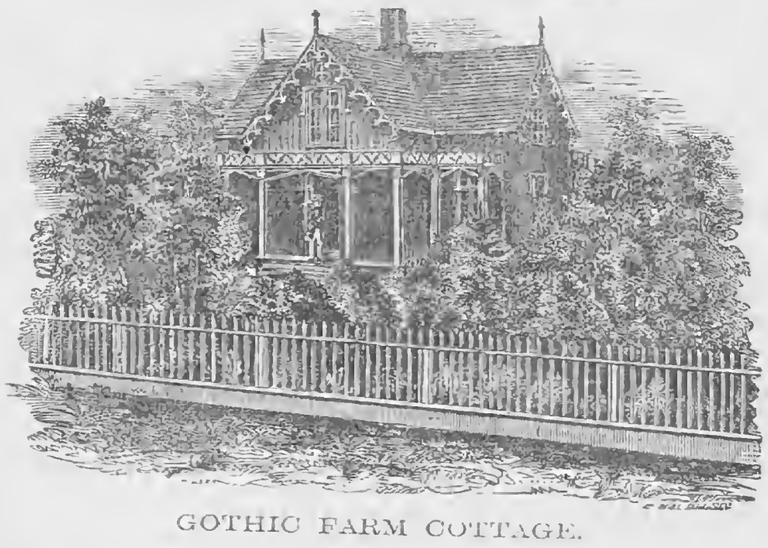
In the Report of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, we notice several experiments, made by careful and reliable men. GEORGE DICKINSON, of Hampshire county, "broke up a meadow and planted it with corn. Eight rows were subsoiled, and otherwise all were treated alike. At harvesting, each eight rows were staked by themselves and measured separately, and the product was as follows:

The east row gave	51 51-56 bushels.
Middle row gave	48 51-56 "
West row, subsoiled, gave	57 38-59 "

This part of the lot has not been considered so good as the remainder, so that, if there is no mistake in measuring the corn, there was a decided benefit resulting from the use of the subsoil plow."

ALBERT MONTAGUE, of the same county, subsoiled for broom corn, and produced from 150 to 200 more pounds of husk to the acre than where the ground was not subsoiled. He also subsoiled a piece of land three years since and planted it with corn. He says "the same quantity of manure was used, and it was managed alike through the season, and the corn crop was no better upon the subsoil than upon the part not subsoiled. I sowed grass seed at the last hoeing. I have mown it for two years past, and each crop of grass has been much the best upon the part subsoiled, being, I think, nearly a ton more to the acre." Several other experiments we have of late seen reported, some of which go to show great benefits resulting from deep tillage, while others have exhibited a somewhat different result.

One reason why satisfactory results are not produced by subsoiling, in some cases, is that the land requires draining, for which deep tillage is not a substitute. Judgment of course, must be used in this, as in all other operations. Where the subsoil is loose and leachy, either from the presence of gravel or sand, subsoiling would be of no benefit, and might in some cases be a positive injury; but where the subsoil is a stiff clay, or hard-pan, deep tillage is of the greatest benefit. Where the hard-pan is thin, the subsoil plow will break it up, and allow the water to pass through, but with a deep subsoil impervious to water, *thorough draining* is necessary. On this subject we will give an article in the next number.



GOTHIC FARM COTTAGE.

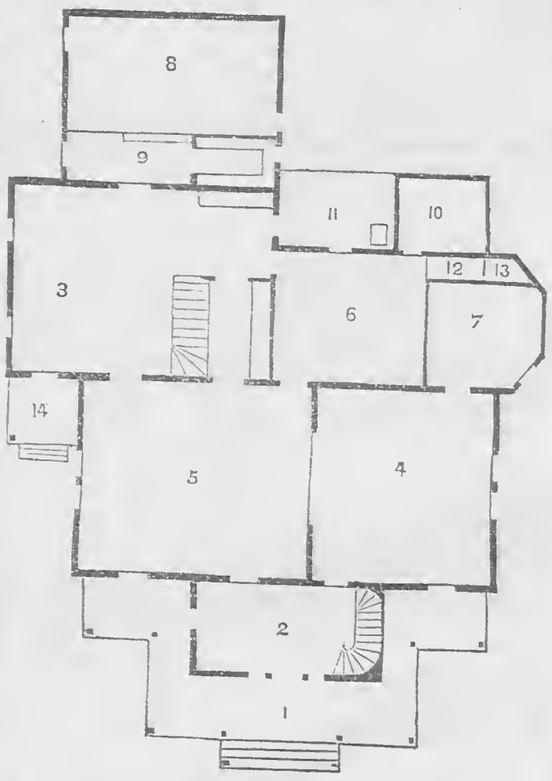
THE Gothic House, of which we give a very good engraving, was built by WM. MORGAN, at Somerset, Niagara Co., for ABRAHAM THAYER. The architect says that in addition to convenient arrangement of the interior, his principal object was to "give the external irregular shape necessary for the pointed gable, without exposing that heavy roof which is so common in the country wherever they are made steep or square on oblong houses.

"A Gothic house differs essentially in all its parts from one in any of the other orders of architecture, and cannot be engrafted on a foundation adapted to them. Its foundation must be laid in the earth, and long, straight sides must be avoided, as very broad ends should be. For instance, a house is required 25 by 32 feet,—that is about the common size,—and a steep roof is wanted, say a half pitch, which would give a roof 12½ feet high; and with the projection of the eaves, would make the rafters about 20 feet long. This would seem to weigh down on the sides of the house so heavy that it would be painful for the eye to rest upon; and yet such houses are being built and called Gothic! The arrangement of the windows, too, is very important, and no pleasing effect can be produced with the common factory sash in such houses. If they are beautiful at all, it is the beauty of outline rather than in detail, of costly work, which of course must be subordinate to the general plan.

"But to my plan. I will describe it, not claiming perfection, of course. The parlor and dining-room may be considered the main part of the house, 16 by 33 feet on the ground, and 16 feet high. The front hall is 9 by 15 feet, and 16 high. The nursery and bed-room are only 9 feet high. The end of the bed-room forms a bay-window, which in external appearance is very pleasing. The kitchen is 11 feet high, (it should have been 10.) You will observe that each room is square, and the parlor and dining-room 33 feet long, yet the longest horizontal part of the roof exposed is 9 feet.

"In the internal arrangement, the dining or living room should be first considered. It is 16 by 17 feet, and is connected with the parlor by sliding doors, making, as before said, a room 16 by 33 feet, as occasion may require. The nursery, kitchen, buttery, and front hall, each opens to this room, as will be seen by reference to the ground plan. The kitchen is very convenient for doing house work; from it we go to the cellar, to the wood-house, into the buttery, nursery, and back chambers; and both kinds of water are obtained at the door—rain water in the sink and well water at the end of the stoop. There is what should never be omitted in a dwelling house—a good bathing-room.

"This house is built in the most substantial manner. The outside is covered with inch boards matched, and the joints battened with three-inch strips 1½ inches in thickness. The glass of the double windows is 8 by 16 inches, two wide in each sash. The cost of the whole building will not vary much from $1,500; but that would depend upon the finish. The only difference in the cost of such a house and a plain one equally well finished, is in the work, the material being about the same. The end I claim to have accomplished is the production of a neat, compact, convenient dwelling."



GROUND PLAN.

EXPLANATION.—1, Veranda. 2, Front Hall. 3, Living Room. 4, Parlor. 5, Kitchen. 6, Nursery. 7, Parlor Bed Room. 8. Wood House. 9, Platform. 10, Bathing Room. 11, Stoop. 12, 13, Press. 14, Veranda.

"SPONTANEOUS PRODUCTION."

MESSRS. EDS.:—In the RURAL of 18th ult. "'Hiel" has an article on "Spontaneous Production," in which he relates some facts in reference to the sudden appearance of white clover in places where his father burned brush heaps, and he seems to intimate that the clover was the result of "spontaneous production," or, in other words, the clover sprang from some other source than from seed.—But such an idea, we think, is erroneous. From observation, and many well attested facts that we have read, we believe there is no doubt "that plant seeds may lie dormant for *thousands of years*, and then suddenly spring into life."

To multiply and replenish the earth was one of the early commands of Infinite Wisdom, but to fulfill that command certain conditions are necessary, in both the animal and vegetable world. The different kinds of plants, when left to themselves, always flourish best in those particular soils, and under those conditions best adapted to their perfect growth and the full development of their varied parts.

More than twenty years ago, a farmer in this town was draining a large swamp, and he hauled to me a cart load of muck, taken from the bottom

of a ditch more than three feet below the surface of the swamp; the muck was mixed with some green manure from the horse stable. The heap was shoveled over once each week for several weeks, by which time it had become quite fine; it was used about currants, gooseberries and other shrubbery in my garden, and a small portion of it was mixed with clear sand for forming a bed for bulbous rooted flowers. I flattered myself that I had got a compost free from weeds or their seeds, but the next spring was greatly surprised when I discovered hundreds of seedling trees of every kind springing up that ever grew in or around the swamp. There was the young ash, elm, birch, poplar, sumach, willow, &c., &c.

The muck was taken from the bottom of a three feet ditch, directly to the cart, and the seeds must have been deposited there centuries ago—and if they had not been disturbed, would have preserved their vitality for centuries to come, and then under favorable conditions would have sprang into life.

Says the late Prof. JOHNSTON:—"See how bountifully nature has provided in the seed for the nourishment of the young plant, how carefully the food is stored up for it, and in how imperishable a form—how safely covered, also, and protected from causes of decay! For hundreds of years the principles of life will lie dormant, and for as many the seed will remain sound and undiminished till the time of awakening comes. Though buried deep in the earth, the seed defies the exertions of cold or rain, for the good it contains is unaffected by cold, and absolutely insoluble in water. But no sooner is the sleeping germ awakened to life, by the access of air and warmth, and duly tempered moisture, than a new agent is summoned to its aid, and by chemical agencies the food is so changed as to be rendered capable of ministering to its early wants. The first movement of the nascent germ and how it moves, by what inherent or impartial force, who shall discover to us.

"How beautiful and provident are all these arrangements!—how plastic the various forms of organic matter in the hands of the All-Intelligent—how nicely adjusted in time and place its diversified changes! What an apparently lavish expenditure of forethought and kind provision, in behalf even of the meanest plant that grows."

Different conditions will result in the production of different plants upon the same soil. Within the past twenty years I have cut the wood and timber from several acres of my wood lot. Sometimes I have burned the brush; on the burned spots the garget plant and the white clover have sprung up as thick as *spatters*—on other portions of the lot, where the fire has been kept from it, the large thistle and the mullein have covered the soil.—Seedling trees have also freely appeared of different kinds from any of the growth removed. But neither the garget, clover, thistle, or mullein were the offspring of a "spontaneous production"—all were the legitimate plants of seeds of their kind. The removal of the primeval forest brought about the right conditions to insure the germination of the long buried seeds. These things are all the results of fixed and exact laws; were it not so, then, indeed, we might occasionally expect to gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles.

April 21, 1857. B.

GOOD AND POOR SEED-CORN.

"One for the black bird, one for the crow,
One for the cut-worm and four to grow."

MANY farmers in planting corn, make allowance for kernels that will not grow, as well as for those which may be destroyed by birds and worms; and many, in making such calculations, sometimes fail entirely, of having one stalk in a hill, in consequence of planting poor seed. Scores, and even hundreds of farmers, who raise corn, never think of saving their seed-corn, until they are about ready to plant it; and then they use the best their crib affords, providing it is near the top, where they can readily reach it. If it has been exposed very much to snow, which has blown into the crib, or to rain, which has found its way through a poor roof, the best is sought.

If seed-corn is selected in the fall, when husking is done, before the ears have been thoroughly saturated with water, and hung up in an airy and dry place, away from rain and snow, if that corn was ripe, it is as safe to calculate on the germination of every kernel, as it is to calculate on the germination of good potatoes; but, on the contrary, if corn was suffered to remain in the stook till late in the fall, even if it were thoroughly matured, it does not get dried out, as well as it should be, and if put into large cribs, it does not always dry out well. If the ears are not husked early, and put in a dry place, the moisture in the cobs and kernels will injure the germ; and, if good corn is exposed too much to the weather, the swelling and shrinking of the kernel will very soon injure the germ, so that none of it will grow. Many farmers make their cribs so tight, that it is almost impossible for the ears to dry out; and the consequence is, the cob is very moist, and the kernels moist; and when there is moisture enough in the kernels to be affected by the frost, the germ of every kernel is as sure to be killed as if it were kiln-dried.

These considerations disclose to us the true reason why so many farmers, in the spring of 1856, suffered such great losses, in consequence of their corn not coming up, even after planting the second and third time. We never remember of hearing such a universal failure in seed-corn. We well recollect of passing a large field that had been planted, and but one solitary stalk could be seen, the only one that ever came up. Wherever we have heard of a failure in the coming up of corn, we have always inquired where the seed was kept since husking. And in every instance, we have been told that it had been kept in a crib, and was not selected at the time of husking.

We are always in the habit of selecting seed-corn when the crop is husked—leaving a few husks on each ear, braiding it in a bunch, and hanging it up in some room in the house, (it is no disparagement to a farmer's chamber, to see a few bunches of golden corn hanging in it,) where mice and rats cannot reach it; and such corn we have always found as sure in coming up as good potatoes, unless planted under very unfavorable circumstances.

In the spring of 1856, we lacked a few quarts of seed, and selected a supply from the best in the crib. The kernels appeared bright, and the cob, when broken, presented no appearance of unusual dampness by its dark and dull color, as is the case with ears that have not been kept in a dry place. Yet, full one-half of it never came up. As the corn in my crib seemed unusually fair, some of my neighbors selected all their seed therefrom, entertaining no doubt about its germinating, even after we had expressed apprehensions that it would not. The result was, as it often is, not more than one-half of it came up. A few hours' labor in saving seed-corn, at the proper time, will often pay a farmer at the rate of many dollars per hour; and those who plant corn from their cribs need not feel disappointed, if half of the hills in the cornfields are missing, on account of poor seed.

S. EDWARDS TODD.

Lake Ridge, Tompkins Co., N. Y., 1857.

BEAN CULTURE.

EDS. RURAL:—In several numbers of the RURAL I have noticed articles upon the Culture of Beans. I have tried the method of planting and curing therein recommended in one of the earlier communications by "B.," and think I have a way cheaper, and attended with less danger of injury from rains, and loss from shelling, &c. For beans I prefer greensward, well and deeply turned over and made fine and mellow with cultivator and harrow. This crop pays for extra care in preparing the soil, that every stone, stick or obstruction of any kind be removed, so that in using the cultivator the young and tender plants may not be destroyed. I sow the beans in rows about two and a half feet apart, at the rate of a bushel to the acre. This takes less time than planting in hills, and can be more readily tended. The ground is marked out with a horse and heavy marker, that the rows may be deep enough to make quick covering; and great care is taken to make them straight. One man drops, another covers. On mellow ground this is quick work. The planting may be done with a wheat drill, or a machine for planting corn, sowing garden seeds, &c. Most of the after cultivation is done with horse and cultivator.

Now for my method of harvesting. In work of all kinds, I find it advantageous to have method. I pull and set them in large handfuls, roots upward, in rows from 8 to 10 feet apart, running diagonally with the rows of the field. This course expedites the pulling, and leaves them in excellent condition to be loaded upon the wagon when hauled to the barn, and besides if they happen to be caught out in a rain storm, a few hours' fair weather dries them. I do not wait for them to cure in the field, but draw them to the barn after they have stood a day or two, or as soon as the leaves are partially dried, and spread them upon the tops of the mows of hay and grain, and upon vacant scaffolds over the threshing floors and stables. I never have any trouble in finding room for my beans even when I consider the barns already full. If there is no water about them, there is no danger of mould, and the vines and pods are eaten as readily by cattle as good hay. Stacking around poles, as recommended in the above named article, is laborious and expensive, and if left to cure in the field there is a necessary loss by shelling, and great danger of serious injury by storms, both to the grain and straw. I was taught that bean pods are of no use except for manure; that sheep alone can be made to eat them, and they only on compulsion, but my cattle eat them as readily as corn-stalks. This crop is generally suffered to remain in the field too long before it is harvested. The proper time is when the pods have mostly changed from green to yellow. The grain will then be plumper and the straw much more valuable than if suffered to stand until completely dry.

Watertown, N. Y., 1857. J. B. S.

CORN COMMENTS.

EDITORS RURAL:—Some time since you published a peck of "Potato Paragraphs" from a correspondent,—I mean to give you, in the same style, a basket of my notions and experience on the different kinds of corn I have planted.

The "eight-rowed yellow," I think the best field corn we have had in this section. It matures pretty promptly, yields first-rate, and the cobs are small and filled out from butt to tip, as a general rule—though, of course, *late* planting and *early* frosts will nip and shorten them. It is "no great trick" to grow 100 bushels of sound ears on an acre, and some extra attention will "elevate the average" to 125 or 150 bushels.

The "White Red Blaze" has done nearly as well on our farm—but *we* have a notion that Indian meal is sweeter the nearer it comes in color to "powdered gold," as *Barlow* sings. So we went back to yellow, trying by the way—

"Dutton," or "Twelve-rowed Yellow," and had we little longer seasons, I think we could grow more bushels of that than any other variety. Some specimens raised this year would delight you, Mr. Editor—such long, big, well-filled ears. I'll send you one.

The "Yellow Red Blaze" is well thought of by some of our neighbors. I have not given it much of a trial. It is an eight-rowed corn, and the meal is yellow.

"Improved King Philip, or Brown Corn," is something like this, but a smaller and earlier variety, and though about the same color, there is no "blaze" mark upon it. This corn ripened with me in about fourteen weeks, and produced very well, considering season and situation. I shall give it further trial, thinking it will mature on low ground—good for corn, only the frost falls there too early for common varieties.

What there is about "Stowell's Evergreen Sweet" to recommend it for garden planting, I have failed to discover, though I have given it several trials. As a forage crop—or making corn fodder—it would be capital, for it grows a great many leaves, and cattle like them, green or dry. For this purpose, a rich, deep soil, like that of our gardens, would be advisable.

I never saw any one who did not like popped corn—but people with poor teeth are troubled to eat it, sometimes. Let them plant the "Rice Pop Corn," and this difficulty will be out of the way. It parches finely, is crisp and sweet, and so tender that it almost seems to melt in the mouth. There are other varieties which seem to possess "more body" that pop first rate, but none so tender as this.

Last spring I got at the RURAL Office a paper of corn labeled "White Flint—from Spain." Our climate suits it well; it flourished exceedingly with me. But if all Spanish corn is such dry, chaffy stuff as this, I do not wonder that they make so little account of it in that country for eating.—The ears are short and thick, the cobs large and completely covered with corn, and the stalk strong and tall.

The "Flour Corn" is a handsome and thrifty growing variety, but I never raised enough for a "grist," and so cannot say whether *the half* that is claimed for it is true or not.

My "Wyandot Corn," being planted in rather a hard spot, "dried up" with the hot weather last summer. I do not mourn the loss, for I believe it worth much less than *one cent* a kernel—the price for which it was sold—and would rather occupy the room with beans and quashes.

—But I'll close my "comments." If such "common-taters don't agree with you," I'll send you a basket of my "Shermans," or "Mercers," next time. JACK BUNSBY.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

WHILE the subject of fast horses and female equestrianism is on the carpet, please to let me take the "floor" a few minutes.

Now, we do abominate of all animal nuisances, *lazy* horses. We think they show unmistakable evidences of bad management in the outset. If colts were properly trained we should hear less complaint about slow horses. The *mass* of farmers—and these are more particularly benefited by Agricultural Fairs—require an animal that is, first, a *good worker;* after that the qualities of speed and beauty may be considered. Now a breed of horses possessing in the highest perfection a combination of these three qualities—strength, speed and beauty—will best serve the wants and tastes of agriculturists. Therefore if we give a prize for fast horses, let us add to it a trial of strength and also include in the items grace and beauty of carriage.

Of the propriety of driving fast horses at Fair and Cattle Shows, we remember an illustration that transpired not a thousand miles from St. Johnsville. A *man* (in his own private and *individual* opinion) with two bricks and a fragment in his hat, drove into the ring a highly mettled single horse. After various feats characteristic of his particular "state of grace," he attempted a "pigeon wing" at full speed. Of course the curricle was upset in an instant, and the horse dashing like mad through the crowd of spectators. So much for horse racing in a crowded field with drunken and reckless drivers.

Now about female equestrianism. If a lady chooses to exhibit herself on horseback for a "levy per head," why, let her slide. We have the honor of knowing several ladies, and very skillful with the reins they are—but owing to their excessive modesty, *(probably,)* neither love nor money would tempt them to show their "agility" in the saddle at an agricultural horse race or any other.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., March, '57. E. G. STORMS.

SUNFLOWER CULTURE.

MESSRS. EDS:—Seeing an inquiry from a Western reader, in a late RURAL, in regard to the Sunflower, its culture and where the seed can be procured, I concluded to give my little experience in its cultivation. A year ago last summer, a few seeds accidentally got mixed with some pumpkin seeds, and when planting corn, sunflower, pumpkins and corn were all mixed together. On hoeing the corn we destroyed most of the sunflowers, leaving, perhaps, a hundred plants in the field, just for the *looks* of the thing. These grew very rapidly, and *looked* splendid in the latter part of the summer as they towered above the corn presenting their gaudy flowers in every direction, but the hill of *corn* in which one grew, was *sapped* of its *support*, stalks small and corn smaller, scarcely got one full sized ear from the whole number of hills that a sunflower grew in. On cutting the corn the sunflowers were left to ripen. In October, I gathered them and had about two and a half bushels of seed,—I think, judging from the rate mine yielded, if planted on good soil, in hills four feet apart each way, *one* plant in a hill, and receive the same culture we give to *corn*, it would yield at *least* 60, perhaps 75 bushels per acre. I know of no market for it except at home. Horses eat it very readily, gives them a *fine sleek coat*, and no doubt, but, that if *ground* with corn, or broom corn seed, would be an excellent feed for fattening cattle. It is said to be a *sure cure* for horses that are stiffened in their fore legs. Hogs, sheep, turkeys and chickens will also eat it. I have seed enough to plant 12 or 15 acres, that I will let the Buckeyes, Hoosiers, Suckers, or Badgers, have to keep the *shakes* off if they wish. A. B. COOKINGHAM.

East Avon, Livingston Co., N. Y., 1857.

WILL our friend A. B. C., send what he has to spare to the RURAL Office for distribution?

BREAKING COLTS.

EDS. RURAL:—Perhaps my method of breaking colts may be interesting to your readers—should you think so; you may give it an insertion in its columns.

A colt should not be handled any more than to halter-break him before he is three years old, then bit him with bridle made for that purpose. After bitting the colt sufficiently, put the harness on and lead him about for a short time, petting and feeding frequently a piece of an apple or anything he is fond of. This should be repeated until he is not afraid of the harness—then take him in the stable, fasten a rope to the whiffletree, pass it over a pully, or anything that will keep it up the desired height, then back him and attach a weight to the rope that he can draw easily by stepping forward. Increase the weight as you repeat the operation; but not so as to strain him.

By pursuing this course you will learn him to pull and hang on (as teamsters term it.) Now hitch him to a small log (one that he can draw easily) with long traces, frequently turning him so that the traces will draw lightly against his legs—stopping and petting him often; then hitch to something heavier, get behind him and drive. By thus working, you will make a strictly true and gentle horse of him; you can then hitch to a buggy or wagon. He should not be driven fast at first. In handling colts in this way, you will have no trouble with them; but will have a well-broke horse, and one that will be safe for a family.

B——tt, N. Y., April, 1857. J. P.

Rural Notes and Items.

NIAGARA CO. AG. SOCIETY.—This Society will hold a Spring Fair, in Lockport, on Saturday, May 2d, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The Show is intended to be a free exhibition of Stock Animals, Seeds and Agricultural Implements.

TRIAL OF REAPERS AND MOWERS.—The Ohio State Board of Agriculture will have a trial of these implements at Hamilton, Butler Co., on the 1st of July. The Premiums are $50 and $30 each for Reaper, Mower, and for these combined.

CHAUTAUQUE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—The Officers of this Society have decided to afford an opportunity for the trial of the comparative merits of Mowing Machines, at Fredonia on the 7th of July next.—Competition is open to all. Those machines made for ordinary sale only will be entered for trial.

HOW TO GET GOOD SEED.—There is a town Agricultural Society in Andover, Mass., which has been of great value, and tended more than anything else to beautify the town. One person belonging to the society plants beets, another carrots, others some other vegetables, for the purpose of supplying the members of the society with fresh and surely-germinating seed.

SHIPMENT OF CATTLE TO CANADA.—English journals received by the last steamer state that a quantity of cattle selected from approved herds in Ayrshire, has been shipped from Liverpool for Canada. Besides the cattle there was a pure bred Clydesdale horse, a selection of fowls and dogs, and some agricultural seeds and implements. The shipment has been made for James Logan, Esq., of Montreal. Mr. Thos. Irving, the purchaser of the stock, sailed in charge of it.

USE OF PLASTER.—Gen. R. HARMON of Wheatland, thinks every crop benefited by plaster, and that upon clover it is indispensable. An application of 100 lbs. of plaster will increase the hay crop one-third. He sows early in spring on grass, and on grain, as soon as it shows green over the ground. Potatoes, he says, should never be planted without rolling the seed in plaster. It is beneficial on all but wet clay soils. Sandy, gravelly, loamy soils never fail to have their crops benefited by plaster.

WOOL IMPORTED INTO ENGLAND.—According to the N. Y. *Tribune*, the imports of wool, partly from her own colonies, into England in 1853, is given as 119,396,440 pounds; in 1854, 106,121,995 pounds; in 1855, 99,300,446 pounds; in the first ten months of 1856, 95,458,521 pounds. The home product of wool in England is estimated at 32,000,000 fleeces annually—averaging four pounds each. This is not all manufactured in the country; France, Belgium and the German States all buy English wool, and to our shame be it spoken, so do we here in this agricultural country of the United States.

ANOTHER SWEETENER.—The Imphy or the African Sugar Cane is commended by a Frenchman now in New York, to be as serviceable as the Chinese Sugar Cane. It produces about 18 per cent. of sugar made by his process. It has the appearance of dry maple in small globular masses. The taste gives a decidedly pleasant flavor. According to his statements, the most hardy varieties of the Imphy have grown perfectly at Paris, but not so well in England. He thinks it will grow perfectly as far north as Canada. He says the seed is valuable for bread, but more so for making starch, as the seed is very rich in the substance. He thinks the Imphy would be a valuable crop grown for seed and forage alone. He has seen it grow seven feet in a little over two months.

MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—The Lansing *Republican*, in speaking of the prospects of this Institution, says:—"The buildings which have been erected by the contractors, consisting of two large brick edifices, one of which is designed for a boarding house, dormitories and kitchen, and the other for Hall, Library and Lecture Rooms, were accepted by the Board of Education from the contractors. The boarding-house is now in process of being furnished for the reception of students, and will be in complete order and condition by the 13th of May next, when the institution will be open. Hon. JOSEPH R. WILLIAMS, who has been invited to fill the President's Chair of the Agricultural College, reached this place on Saturday, the 18th ult., and, as we understand, will, in all probability, accept the position. The selection is peculiarly fortunate. Mr. WILLIAMS is a graduate of Harvard College, of the year 1831. He is a thorough scholar, a fine writer, an eminent statistician, a man of varied scientific attainments, and a practical farmer of skill and success. He combines, (and a rare combination it is,) the qualities necessary to fill the station, not the least valuable among them being those of a prudent and good economist."

SCARCITY OF FODDER—CATTLE STARVING.—Our exchanges in the Western and Southern portions of New York, speaking of the backwardness of the spring, state that in many districts the cattle are dying for lack of food. The Buffalo *Courier* learns from a gentleman from Concord, Erie county, that many cattle are dying from starvation in that town. The hay is entirely consumed, and none can be purchased in the vicinity at any price. Some of the farmers have come into the city for corn to keep their stock alive. In several towns in Cattaraugus county, cows are said to be dying for want of food. The snow still lies upon the ground, the roads are almost impassible, and as hay, straw and grain are exhausted, there is no alternative for the farmers but to suffer their cattle to die. In Wyoming county it is a little better. The Warsaw *Mirror* says, there is a great demand for hay and other fodder, among the farmers in that vicinity. Almost everybody is "out," and the rest fear they will be. The backwardness of the season is severely felt by men in these circumstances, and they are earnestly wishing for warmer weather.—Our farmers will have to "lay in" a larger amount of fodder hereafter, and not depend so much upon early spring. Calculations should be made for foddering stock, at least six months of the twelve.

STATE FAIRS FOR 1857.—The following State Agricultural Societies have designated the time for holding their exhibitions:

New York, at Buffalo,	Oct. 6, 7, 8, 9.
Ohio, at Cincinnati,	Sept. 15, 16, 17, 18.
Canada East, at Montreal,	Sept. 16, 17, 18.
East Tennessee, at Knoxville,	Oct. 20, 21, 22, 23.
Illinois, at Peoria,	Sept. 21, 22, 23, 24.
Iowa, at Muscatine,	Oct. 6, 7, 8, 9.
Kentucky, at Henderson,	Oct. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.
Maryland, at Baltimore,	Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.
Massachusetts, at Boston,	Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24.
New Hampshire, at Concord,	
Pennsylvania,	Sept 29, 30 & Oct. 1, 2.
U. S. Ag. Soc'ty, at Louisville, Ky.,	Sept 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
Vermont, at Montpelier,	Sept. 30 & Oct. 1, 2.
Virginia,	Oct. 28, 29, 30, 31.
West Tennessee, at Jackson,	Oct 27, 28, 29, 30.

SPLENDID PAIR OF FAT CATTLE.—A. L. ELWYN, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa., bought at Elmira, in 1855, of Hon. JAS. S. WADSWORTH'S farmer, a large pair of cattle which were entered as working cattle.—They were a very fine pair of red oxen, and the price paid for them at the time was considered very high. But the result shows that Dr. Elwyn was not deceived in his purchase. The cattle were fed during the past winter, on Indian meal three parts, oats one part, with hay. November 26th, 1856, they weighed 4,587 lbs.; March 7th, '57, weighed on same scales, 5,057 lbs.; having made the extraordinary gain of 470 lbs. The cattle when slaughtered, March 7th, gave 3,020 lbs. of beef, sold at thirteen cents per pound—$392 60. This pair of cattle were raised in Western New York.

LATE SPRING—SCARCITY OF FODDER.—The cold and stormy character of the month of April, appears to have nearly exhausted the supply of winter fodder in many sections. Hay, especially, has been very scarce, and many farmers have thought themselves lucky in having straw, which the more provident have cut and wet, with a sprinkling of provender—of oats, corn and rye, ground together—at the rate of two quarts to a bushel of straw.—This, with roots or slops for milch cows, "keeps them along" very well.

The Young Ruralist.

EXPLANATIONS OF HORTICULTURAL TERMS.

THERE are many terms used in describing fruits and trees not familiar to our young readers. A boy asks the meaning of two words, for which he had searched the dictionary in vain. We therefore give some of the more common terms used in fruit culture; which we have no doubt will be acceptable to all of our young, and perhaps many of our older readers:

Acute, sharp or angular.

Acuminate, drawn out to a point.

Alburnum, the sap-wood, as distinguished from the heart-wood.

Apex, point, the part of a fruit furthest from the foot-stalk.

Base, lower end, or that portion of a fruit, stalk, or part of a plant, nearest the supporting part or root.

Basin, the hollow or depression at the apex or crown of a fruit, surrounding the calyx.

Beurre, a buttery pear.

Calyx, the outer or green leaves of a flower, which, remaining on the apex of a pear or apple, are often denominated the eye.

Canes, long bearing shoots; applied to grapes and raspberries.

Clipping, trimming down to some definite shape.

Colmar-shape, pyriform or pear-shaped, with a rather slender neck and large body.

Conical, tapering regularly towards the apex.

Cockscomb, applied to the form of strawberries when much compressed at the sides, and having some resemblance to a Cock's comb.

Crown, the part of a fruit furthest from the foot-stalk or base.

Dwarfs, trees made diminutive by grafting or budding upon stocks of small growth.

Espalier, a tree trained flat upon a trellis.

En quenouille, training to produce fruitfulness by tying the branches downwards.

Fibrous roots, the smaller, branching, or thread-like roots.

Forcing, the early ripening of fruits by artificial heat under glass.

Head back, to cut off the entire limbs or branches of a tree, or to cut down to an inserted bud.

Lay in by the heels, to bury the roots of trees temporarily in a trench.

Leading shoots, the longest or main shoot of a limb or tree.

Lopping, cutting the branch down to the stem.

Maiden plant, a tree of one year's growth from the bud or graft.

Mulching, covering the ground about a tree with straw or litter to prevent drying.

Oblate, flattened, so that the shortest diameter is between the base and apex, like a flat turnip.

Obtuse, rounded or blunt.

Petals, flower-leaves, usually colored.

Petiole, leaf-stalk.

Pippin, an indefinite term applied to various apples.

Pomology, the science of fruit.

Pyramidal, like a pyramid, usually nearly similar to conical, but longer.

Ringing, the removal of a ring of bark round a branch, to impede the descending sap.

Serrate, notched or cut like saw-teeth.

Shorten-in, to cut off more or less of the outer parts of shoots.

Spongiole, the minute spongy extremity of a fibrous root.

Sport, an unusual departure or variation in a new seedling.

Spur, a short stubby shoot bearing fruit or fruit-buds.

Standard, a fruit tree in open ground, or not trained to a wall or trellis.

Stock, seedling tree, which supports the inserted bud or graft.

Stop, to pinch or cut off the point of a shoot, to prevent its further extension or growth.

Strike, to emit.

Tap-root, the main or central descending root.

Trellis, an upright, flat frame, for training fruit trees and grapes upon its face.

Work, a term applied to the budding or grafting of trees.

Orchard and Garden.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

We have already given such information on the subject of Vegetable Gardening as was needed for the growth of the earlier vegetables. We now resume the subject.

Bush Beans should not be sown in this climate until about the first of May, as a slight frost destroys the young plants. They may be grown in any good rich soil, though one rather light is preferable. Sow in drills about two inches deep, the beans two inches apart in the rows, and the rows one foot apart. Frequent hoeings will be necessary, and the earth should be drawn towards the plants. There are several good varieties, the best of which are *Early Six Weeks, Early Mohawk*, and *Dwarf China*.

The Lima is the king of Beans, both for size and quality. They should be sown in hills, and if three plants grow in a hill it will be enough, tho' it is better to plant half-a-dozen. Cold, wet weather is very apt to rot the seed, and it is often necessary to plant the second time. A warm, dry situation should be selected for this bean. We have heard good gardeners say that they come up better if planted with the eye down, and we think there is some truth in it. The hill should be raised a few inches and the seed planted two inches deep. They require long and strong stakes and it is better to put the stakes in the ground before planting, as they require to be driven in the ground two feet, and should be about eight feet above ground. The Lima bean is a great luxury, either shelled and eaten green, or dry. Every one who has a vegetable garden should have a few *Lima Beans*.

Cauliflower.—This is the most delicious vegetable of the cabbage kind. It has a large white head, surrounded with long pale-green leaves, the white head being only eaten. Buist, in describing it says it resembles a basin full of cheese and curd and rounded off, commonly called cottage cheese. The plants should be raised like early cabbage plants, and transplanted in a similar manner.—They require a rich soil, and where grown in small quantities in a vegetable garden, if they have the benefit of soap-suds, on washing days it will help them amazingly. There are several varieties, many of them, however, do not seem to head well in this country, under ordinary treatment. There is a variety, which we first imported from France called the *Early Paris*, which heads as easily as cabbage.

Carrots are perhaps less used here than in any country in the world. In France they are considered one of the necessaries of the table, and are particularly prized as a material for soup making. It is a very wholesome vegetable, and deserves more notice than it receives. The *Early Short-Horn*, is the earliest and best carrot for the table. It never grows more than six inches long. Next to this, and valuable for a winter supply is the *Altringham*. A deep, rich, sandy soil is best for the carrot.

Celery is a luxury highly prized, and eagerly sought. Market gardeners do not raise one half of what they could dispose of at remunerating prices. Scarcely a city in the Union is half supplied with this vegetable. Fashion, as well as taste, has created a demand for celery that will not be supplied in many years. Celery plants should be raised in a hot-bed, as before described, or may be grown in a very warm border. The plants should be grown thin so that they may become strong and hardy before transplanting into the trench. Most of the plants we see exposed for sale at our seed-stores, and sold by the dozen, are grown so thick, that they are puny and worthless. The plants are all the stronger and better, if transplanted from the seed-bed into a warm border, some three inches apart, and there allowed to harden.

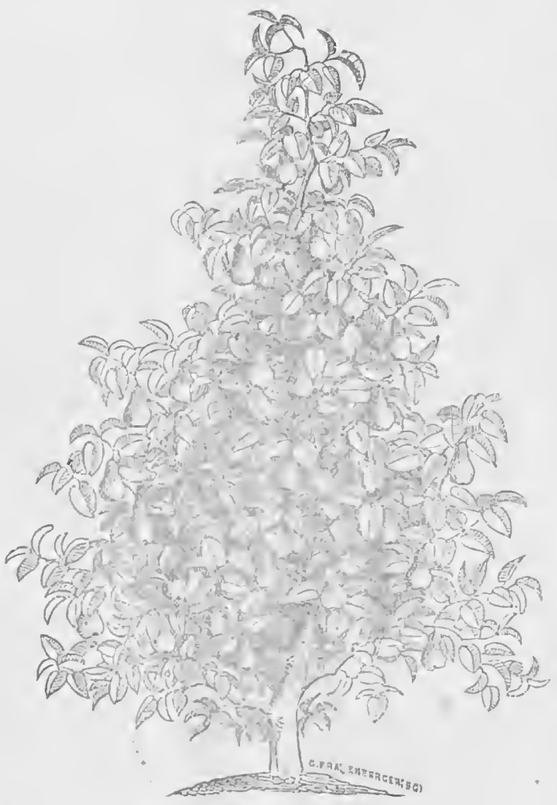
After the plants are ready, dig trenches, a foot wide, and the same in depth, throwing the earth out on each side of the trench, and nicely sloping it off, so that the soil will not fall into the trench. If several trenches are dug they should be three feet apart. Some six inches of thoroughly rotted manure should then be dug into the bottom of the trench. If the subsoil is poor it will be necessary to take out about six inches, and throw in the same quantity of surface soil, to mix with the manure. Then take the plants up carefully, cut off the tops of the leaves, and shorten the roots if they are long and straggling, and plant them in the trenches, four inches apart. Water, and shade from the sun for a few days, until the plants are established. The after culture will simply consist in keeping the soil mellow, and earthing up. The earthing may be done at several times, but it will not be necessary to commence until about the first of September. Hold the leaves tightly together with one hand, while with the other draw the fine earth carefully around the stems. Care must be exercised that no earth gets into the center of the plant, or it will discolor the stalks, and sometimes cause them to rot. As the weather becomes cooler in the fall the earthing must be continued, and kept nearly to the tops of the leaves. The earthing, like all other operations in the garden, should be neatly done. Celery can remain in the ground until winter is expected to set in, when it should be placed in the cellar, in earth or sand, where it will keep good for a long time.

NUTMEG.

This is a hardy annual plant, said to be a native of Egypt. It is sometimes, though rarely cultivated in this country for the seeds which are used in various kinds of cookery, imparting to it much the same flavor as the nutmegs of the shops. It is propagated from seeds which are sown in drills eighteen inches apart, and when the plants are two or three inches high, they should be thinned so as to stand six inches apart in the drills. The best time for sowing the seeds, is about the first of May, but it will do well and ripen its seed if sown as late as the first week in June. The only care the plants require is to be hoed occasionally, and kept clear of weeds until the seed is ripe. When the capsules turn yellow, the stalks should be cut off close to the ground and spread in a dry, airy place for the seed to harden, after which it should be beat out and put away for use.—H. G., *Portage Co., Ohio.*

WHAT FRUIT SHOULD I PLANT?

A correspondent, after examining the engraving we gave in the last number of a Dwarf Pear Tree, asks if dwarf trees always grow as straight-limbed, and of so beautiful and graceful a form. To this query we answer, that with the best care all trees could not be made to assume forms like that shown in the engraving. To obtain such a tree, it is necessary to keep up a very vigorous growth, and it must be properly pruned from the time it is a year old. If a dwarf tree is neglected only one year it is difficult to bring it into a proper form. Many trees that are bought from the nurseries at two years old, from entire neglect, or improper pruning, are unfit for making pyramids. This is as much the fault of planters as nurserymen, as those who buy generally call for tall trees, regardless of other more important points, such as a good trunk and strong lower branches. Nurserymen, therefore, find it unprofitable to give their trees a proper pruning, for while it makes them better in every respect, it detracts from their height and their salableness. A dwarf tree two years old should be something like the engraving, given below, and be planted as deep as where the ground line is shown. This covers all the quince root. After planting, each limb should be pruned, as shown by the cross-lines.



DWARF PEAR TREE.

Some varieties make a crooked growth, and therefore their form will be different from that shown in the engraving in the last number. We give a very correct portrait of a tree growing near this city. Although different from the engraving we gave last week, it is a very beautiful tree.

We have now given all the space we can at present afford on the subject of dwarf trees; in a week or two we will give an article on pruning, when we shall endeavor to make the matter so plain that there will be no excuse among our readers for bad pruning.

DWARF, 2 Y'RS OLD.

The discussions on the subject of dwarfs, and the fine specimens which their early fruiting have enabled growers to exhibit, have attracted general attention to this most delicious fruit, and created a great demand for trees.—Several of our leading nurseries are almost entirely destitute of salable standard pear trees. The demand for pears on their own roots is greatly increasing, and from this we judge that farmers are more generally engaging in their culture, and prefer large trees. We are glad to see this state of things. Let care be used in the selection of varieties, and in a few years good pears will be in our markets, and within the means of those who are not millionaires. The American Pomological Society recommends the following list, on pear stock, as *worthy of general cultivation:*

Summer.—Ananas d'Ete, Bloodgood, Dearborn's Seedling, Doyenne d'Ete, Madeleine, Manning's Elizabeth, Rostiezer, Tyson, Bartlett.

Autumn.—Andrews, Belle Lucrative, Buerre d'Anjou, Buerre Diel, Buerre Bosc, Buerre St. Nicholas, Buffum, Doyenne Boussock, Flemish Beauty, Fulton, Golden Buerre of Bilboa, Howell, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Paradise d'Automne, Seckel, Sheldon, Urbaniste.

Winter—Buerre d'Aremberg, Lawrence, Uvedales St. Germain, (for baking,) Vicar of Winkfield, Winter Nelis.

Mr. Barry recommends the following as *ten hardy*, prolific varieties:

Summer.—Summer Francreal.

Autumn.—Bleeker's Meadow, Buffum, Fulton, Harvard, Oswego Buerre.

Winter.—Lawrence, Prince's St. Germain, Vicar of Winkfield, Pound (for cooking.)

The following are profitable sorts for market culture:

Summer.—Bartlett.

Autumn.—Buerre Diel, Duchesse d'Angouleme, White Doyenne, Grey Doyenne, Flemish Beauty, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Stevens' Genesee.

Winter.—Buerre d'Aremberg, Easter Buerre, Lawrence, Vicar of Winkfield, Pound (for cooking,)

FLOWERS.—WILL THEY PAY.

Mr. Editor:—I volunteer to thank you in behalf of many who, I doubt not, have been gratified and helped by the information which your pen has lately furnished in regard to the culture of flowers. With several of the kinds described by you I had already become acquainted, and having found my experience to accord so well with yours, I shall confidently rely upon your judgment for the rest.

But will it pay? That is the first question to be answered in all our investments and operations.—I should be unwilling to trust the decision to the vote of the land cultivators in general. I think I know what a large majority would say. Nor do I propose to decide the question myself, but to record for your use, if you deem it worthy, the results of my experiments,—which have been sufficient to convince me, that no part of my small farm is more profitable than that devoted to careful and thorough culture of flowers.

My calculations are based upon two considerations, 1st, that a good *home* market is always to be preferred to any other, and 2d, that a dollar's worth of *happiness* is worth as much as a dollar's worth of anything else.

If a man has no wife, or children, nor any love for what is beautiful, and never means to have, I would say at once, plant no flowers. But it is to be presumed that the readers of the Rural are of a different stamp.

Now for the experiments. I have, for a few years past, devoted a small piece of my best ground to the culture of a few Verbenas, Petunias, Dahlias, Pansies, Phloxes, Chrysanthemums, Asters, Fuchsias and Geraniums, not omitting quite a variety of the old stand-by Bubons plants, Perennials and Annuals, such as Crocuses, Tulips, Hyacinths, Peonies, Pinks, Balsams, Poppies, &c.

The profits I cannot state in dollars and cents, but can confidently affirm that no portion of my grounds have yielded so large an income of refreshment to drudgery and toil—of healthful and improving occupation to children—of bright and cheerful looks and feelings in the whole household, as that which has filled dear little hands, day by day for months, with large branches of every colored blooms, and adorned the stands and mantels with bouquets rich in beauty and perfume.—Fellow reader of the Rural, make the experiment this year. Procure from a neighboring green-house or nurseryman, a few of the best plants for bedding out, and the seeds of a few sorts of choice annuals. In the fall you can add, if you choose, a few bulbs. Make the ground deep, and rich, and keep free from weeds, and I feel sure you will find it pay. H.

Hudson, Ohio, 1857.

Inquiries and Answers.

CULTIVATION OF GRAPES.

Eds. Rural:—Having received the following letter from one of your subscribers, allow me to answer it in the Rural, for the benefit of all your readers who may need the information:

S. N. Holmes, Esq.—*Dear Sir*:—I saw in the Rural of 18th ult., an article over your signature on "Growing Vines from Cuttings." I am pleased with your remarks on shading, and have no doubt it will prove an excellent mode of propagation.—I am about planting some three thousand cuttings, and would be much obliged to you for some of your views in regard to length of cutting, at what angle or upright, and how deep to set them? Also if it would be advantageous to place the lower end in a potato; if the rows should be placed east and west, or north and south, when permanently set in the vineyard; and for Isabella, what distances apart in the row? Should the lower end be fresh cut at time of planting, and would watering with soap suds and night soil or mulching with fine litter and leaves be beneficial? Also, how high, and what is best to be used for shading the cuttings, and what time of year is, in your experience, the best for planting out the cuttings and the vine?

A communication from you on the above matter will be very thankfully received.

Bristol, Ont. Co., N. Y. A. Spencer Wolcott.

Reply.—The inquiries contained in your letter of the 23d inst., I will answer with pleasure; and in so doing will first relate my *practical experience*.—My lot is an oblong running east and west—of the earth, clay largely predominates. The south side of my lot, as well as the north side, is enclosed by a tight board fence, some six feet and a half high, and a year since on the south side of my lot and close to the north side of said south fence I spaded the ground thoroughly and deep; then, taking my cuttings of the December previous out from a slight covering of earth, cut them from a foot to eighteen inches in length, and stuck them in that mellow earth a little slanting, leaving four or five inches out of the ground. A few were cuttings of two feet in length, and I stuck both ends in the ground, leaving the middle a bow with two or three buds out; both ways did well. I finished the preparation of the ground by covering it with a light coat of muck, and planted them from four to six inches apart. The result was as stated in my former communication.

My experience is not favorable to putting the lower end of the vine in a potato, as the potato grows and soon becomes a nuisance, and I have not discovered any advantages from it. The present is a good time to put out the cuttings.—The best known varieties for this climate are the Isabella and Catawba, but some others promise well. Watering from a sprinkler with soap suds or luke-warm water at night is excellent—mulching with fine litter and leaves first rate. All strong manures should be used cautiously about vines or trees, and should be well mixed with the soil in moderate quantities contiguous to them.

The mode I have practiced in setting out vines permanently I still prefer. On the north side of my lot, adjoining the fence, I dug a trench four feet wide and four feet deep, and filled it up with a composition of muck manure and earth, besides the carcasses of numerous cats, like Walker's soldiers in Nicaragua, when ceasing to be otherwise useful, have added their mite and principal virtue by enriching the soil. These were placed a short distance from the vine, so as to be well decomposed when reached by the roots; and their virtues will be demonstrated long after they would otherwise be forgotten. I set my vines in the trench twelve feet apart and trained them upon a light arbor three feet from the fence and connected with it.—About the first of December in each year I trim and lay them down on the ground with a stick of wood upon them if necessary, and cover lightly with potato tops or other refuse, and as soon as the hard frosts are over in the spring, I put them upon the trellis again—(the present year I took them up a week since)—and in so doing have annual receipts of *real luxuries* designed for all the *diligent*, which few enjoy. S. N. Holmes.

Syracuse, N. Y., April, 1857.

Egg Plant.—Will you, or some of your correspondents, describe the mode of cultivating the Egg Plant? Also, the usual method of preparing the same for the table? By so doing you will oblige a subscriber.—D. L., *Caledonia, N. Y.*, 1857.

Remarks.—For raising early plants the seed must be sown in a hot-bed, and should not be transplanted until about the middle of May. Those who have no hot-bed should sow the seed in a warm border, about the first of May. Keep the bed free from weeds and the ground light, and about the first of June the plants will be large enough for removal. Transplant on a showery day, two feet apart each way, water if necessary, after transplanting, keep well hoed, and draw the earth towards the plants. A few may be left in the seed bed, where they will grow and do well. They are fit to be eaten when of about the size of a goose egg, and until nearly ripe. The usual way of cooking is to cut into thin slices, and fry them, when they taste something like fried oysters. We believe they are also used in soups and stews, though we have never tasted them prepared in this way.

Lima Beans.—Will you, or some of your correspondents, inform me through the columns of the Rural, if the "Lima Bean" is grown to any extent in the east, by gardeners or others, for *pickling in the pod*, and if not much used in this way, in what state are they generally sold by market gardeners, *green* or *dry, shelled* or in the *pod*, and at what prices? A reply will much oblige—A. B., *Anna, Ill.*, 1857.

Remarks.—Lima Beans are grown by almost all market gardeners. We do not know that they are used for pickling. The kind generally grown for this purpose is the *Snap-Bean*. *Limas* are sold shelled, when green, at from fifteen to twenty cents per quart, and when dry at about $5 per bushel.

Grubs, &c.—Can any of your contributors inform me through the Rural, of some method of preventing grubs and cut worms, from destroying onions, cabbages, and other garden vegetables?—An answer to the above would be thankfully received by J. P., *St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.*, 1857.

Pruning Grape Vines. (J. K., Cavansville.)—The system recommended is, where four or more bunches have formed on a branch, to pick off, when small, all but two, and then cut back the branches to within one eye of the last branch left. Girdling the branch is well enough as an amusement, or experiment, but we think of no practical value.

Large Cabbage.—In the Rural of March 14th I read of 'Hiel's large pumpkins, cabbage and radishes. I can beat him on cabbage. I raised one last year that, with the leaves all on, weighed 36 lbs., and with the leaves stripped off measured 56 inches. I have the cabbage now.—J. Ryder, *Monroe Co., N. Y., March*, 1857.

Domestic Economy.

LOOK TO YOUR PAPER HANGINGS.

A recent number of the London Lancet, a high medical authority, has an article from which we make the following extract, as a timely caution to housekeepers about to paper their rooms. The suggestion has been made that the National Hotel disease at Washington may have arisen from this cause:

Dr. Hinds, of Birmingham, has called attention to a method of accidental arsenical poison, which should be generally known, and from which he was himself the sufferer. He chanced to select, for the adornment of his study, a particularly tinted wall paper, the pattern of which was confined to two shades of green. About two days after it had been applied, he first used the room in the evening, sitting there, and reading by gas light. While thus engaged, he was seized with severe depression, nausea, abdominal pain and prostration. The same chain of symptoms ensued on every subsequent evening when he occupied the room.—This led to an inquiry into the cause. He scraped off a little of the bright coloring matter from his pretty green paper, and, by sublimation, produced abundant crystals of arsenious acid. The paper was colored with arsenite of copper, (Scheele's green.) The use of this pigment to color wall paper has already proved injurious in previous cases. In one, a child sucked some strips of paper thus colored, and narrowly escaped with life. (Ed. Monthly Journal, 1851.) Dr. Hinds remarks, that the presence of the arsenical pigment may be recognized by its brilliant hue, and by a little running of the color at the edges of the pattern, as though it did not take freely on the paper.

See that you buy your paper hangings at the right place, and look to the colors and characteristics above indicated.

Black Ink.—Some one inquired for a recipe for Black Ink, in the Rural, and if you think the following is worth having, from which the ink used by myself is produced at a very trifling cost, you may give it:—Ground logwood, 4 oz; pulverized nut galls, 12 oz; gum arabic, 1 oz; copperas, 4 oz; rain water 4 quarts. Bring to a boiling heat in an iron vessel and allow to cool. When cold, add two tablespoons of loaf sugar. Keep in bottles well corked, and when too thick it will bear diluting to the amount of one-third with soft water.—E. G. P., *Wright's Corners, Niag. Co., N. Y.* 1857.

Soft Soap.—Seventeen pounds of potash to twenty pounds of grease; boil the grease; put in two pails of scalding water, and stir it together; fill up the barrel the next morning with cold water; stir it from time to time. It will be fit for use in three days.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

AN AMERICAN LEG IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

The most pleasing feature of the day was the re-appearance of the veteran Joe Maiden in his old post, after having been absent from it ever since the spring of 1855, during which time the master, Mr. Davenport, has hunted the hounds himself. Owing to the exceeding contraction of the knee, both before and after his left leg amputation in the winter of that year, it was considered quite hopeless for him to think of riding again to hounds, and he had quite given up the idea of doing more for the remainder of his days than acting as kennel huntsman, and coming to the cover side on a pony occasionally. Not sharing, however, in the diplomatic coldness which exists between the Old and New Worlds, he determined, with all his characteristic pluck, as "a forlorn hope," to try "Palmer's Patent American Leg" (which took a gold medal in the 1851 Exhibition,) and accordingly he journeyed off once more to London in November. Thanks to his patience, and the skill of the London licensee (Mr. Edwin Osborne, of Saville Row,) the contracted knee and stump were "got out" considerably, and after a preliminary trial on horseback, at Tattersall's and Rotten-Row, he returned in high spirits, with a new leg, to Staffordshire, where not a few bets have been laid, for these two months past, as to whether he would ever be seen to take a jump with hounds again. The backers of the leg have got quite the best of it, as, judging from the style in which (after practising on a couple of bye days) he rode to his hounds, and took his fences on Monday, he has lost none of his old nerve, and feels more comfortable in the saddle than he has done during those twenty-five years of agony which he underwent after his boiler accident. With the aid of a stick, he is not only able to walk very fairly on it already, considering the knee difficulty and the very short time he has been in active training, but it is impossible for any one not in the secret to tell, when he is mounted, which leg is American and which "native English." We only wish that the two countries they represent would learn in future to fraternise as well.—*Bell's Life.*

MATCHES.

The friction match is now, says *Life Illustrated*, a "necessary of life," yet twenty-five years ago there was not a friction match in existence. Savages, from the earliest periods, procured fire by the friction of one dry stick upon another; but civilized nations, from time out of mind, used flint, steel, and tinder. Some thirty years ago, the sulphur match came into partial use, dipped in a mixture of sugar and chlorate of potash; this was set on fire by plunging it in a small bottle of concentrated sulphuric acid, which accompanied the box of matches. Some other kinds of matches, something similar, preceded these by a few years, and some succeeded them. In 1832, the true friction match, called in Europe "Congreve," first made its appearance. These first were set on fire by drawing them quickly through a piece of folded sand paper that accompanied the matches in the box—which, containing 24 matches, sold at retail for 12½ cents. In 1834 phosphorus began to be used in the manufacture; and soon after saltpetre, instead of chlorate of potash—and now the best matches are made of phosphorus 4 parts, saltpetre 18, fine glue 4, red lead 5, smalt 2. From 1834 friction matches rapidly improved and rapidly cheapened. Thousands of men, and large amounts of capital, are now employed in manufacture, both in Europe and America. In 1850, in France, 20 tuns of phosphorus, 112 tuns of saltpetre, and 1,350 tuns of sulphur were used for matches; and the manufactured matches exceeded 5,000 tuns.

Curious Photographic Process.—Gutta percha photographs are among the novelties which seem to be so continually multiplying in that unique and beautiful art. The negative picture is produced in the ordinary manner upon the collodion film on a sheet of glass, and it is fixed and dried in the ordinary manner; it is then dipped into a solution of gutta percha, and after draining off the excess it is dried by a gentle heat, and a nearly transparent film of gutta percha will be found upon the collodion. If the film is not sufficiently thick, this operation is repeated one or more times until a sufficiently thick film of gutta percha is formed. The whole is next immersed in water, which causes the collodion to separate from the glass, and come away, with the film or sheet of gutta percha firmly adhering to it. These films or sheets are sufficiently transparent, are tough and flexible, may be handled without injury, and be preserved in a book or portfolio.

American Marble for European Markets.—Those feeling an interest in American productions will be pleased to learn that the hills of New England are furnishing an ornamental marble of sufficient merit to attract the attention of European dealers in the article. The Boston *Atlas* learns that the Verde Antique Marble Company, working the quarries of this beautiful ornamental marble, at Roxbury, Vermont, have recently shipped several blocks on order to France, and have within a few days received an order from one of the most prominent dealers in London, for a quantity in the rough block. In both England and France it is said to be superior to the Italian veined marbles now used, and must hereafter, to a large extent, supply their places. This is the first instance where marble has been exported to Europe on the order of a European manufacturer, our marbles having been considered inferior to the Italian article.

Telegraph Wires.—Numerous experiments have been made in England by Mr. Yarley, with gutta-percha covered wires. He states that if a wire could be suspended in an unbounded non-conductor, or atmosphere with no conducting body near it, the transmission of an electric current through it would be instantaneous, no matter what might be the length of the wire; that the approach of any conducting body to the wire, would, by induction, reduce the speed of the transmission. The conduction of telegraph wires is in proportion to their solid section; their induction according to their surface.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SNOW-DROP.

BY CORNELIA A. TERRILL.

WASTE are all the garden borders,
All the flowers are slumbering deep;
Slender, silver blossom tell me,
Who called thee from thy winter's sleep?

Still the snow and ice are lingering,
And the air is chill and cold;
But thy snow white cup is swinging
In the rough wind, bright and bold.

Voiceless seems thy breath to answer—
"He who made me called me forth,
When my day of use is ended,
I shall sleep again in earth."

Egypt, N. Y., 1857.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

WE do not know when we have met with a more beautiful piece of poetry than the following:

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from Islands on the main."

All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together meet at last,
At the portals of the sky.
Each the welcome "COME" awaits,
Conqueror o'er death and sin!
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travelers in.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WEATHER-WISE.

BY WINNIE WILLIAN.

"DEAR ME, how provoking," sighed BELL HARVEY, as she stood at a window of the old farm-house, and watched the large rain-drops as they pattered down, putting an end to all her out-door pleasures that day; for a pic-nic party had been planned to start for Elm-wood Grove that very morning, and BELL was one of the number, and now the untimely rain had prevented their going. "It is too bad, I declare," exclaimed she, turning away from the window and sauntering to the book-case in search of something readable. But nothing but the well-worn volumes of "Pilgrim's Progress," several of HANNAH MOORE'S works, and others of the same cast met her eye; so different from the fashionable novels she was accustomed to feast her mind upon when at home. BELL was spending a few weeks with her grandmother, one of those good old ladies everybody loves, and no one knows how to get along without. "Come here, BELL," said grandmother, "and hold this silk for me while I wind it. I am afraid my dear," continued she, "that you do not possess much of that happy and contented state of mind, which was so beautifully displayed in a remark once made by an humble shepherd concerning the weather our Father sees fit to send us."

BELL made no reply, and the silk being wound, grandmother left her to attend to her household duties. BELL, (to use grandma's words,) was a "spoiled child." Humored in every whim when young, although now arrived at the age of seventeen, she was by no means disposed to give up her own will when she could conveniently help it.—She was very pretty, and with all her faults, her lively, winning manner, made her many friends. She passed a miserable morning. Nothing went right, and of course everything went wrong; and she appeared at the dinner table in no very pleasant mood, as was shown by the cloud which rested upon her usually happy brow.

"Glorious weather this for the crops," said grandfather, as he took his seat; "this rain is just what we needed some time,—it will bring everything forward amazingly," and he rubbed his hands in anticipation of its good effects. "But what is the matter with Pussy?" continued the old farmer, as he noticed his grand-daughter's sober countenance.

"I believe the rain made a mistake and came the wrong day," said grandmother, gravely. BELL bit her lips from sheer vexation, and grandpa, bursting into a hearty laugh and pinching her cheek, merely said:—"If you never have anything more serious than that to trouble you, little daughter, you will pass through life pretty easy."

About the middle of the afternoon the clouds broke away, and the sun shone forth in all his glory, lighting up the glistening drops and shedding a dazzling radiance upon all things, while a gentle breeze was stirring, laden with the perfumes of many flowers, and BELL, as she again stood by the open window, secretly confessed that everything certainly did seem brighter for the shower. Just then Mrs. HARVEY appeared, bonnet and shawl on, and invited her to take a walk. BELL quickly ran for her sun-bonnet, and they were soon on their way.

"Where are you going, grandma," said BELL, whose good humor had returned with the sunshine.

"To visit a sick friend, my dear," was the reply.

Never was a walk so pleasant, and BELL was rather sorry when they arrived at a neat little cottage, which Mrs. HARVEY said was the place of their destination. On entering, they were shown into a pleasant room where, reclining in a large arm-chair, was a feeble-looking woman of about thirty, to whom BELL was introduced as Mrs. WILLIAMS.

"How do you fell to-day, Mrs. WILLIAMS?" inquired her visitor.

"Very comfortable, thank you," was the reply. "The kindness and attention of my friends makes me forget at times my own feelings. I fear I am very often ungrateful for the many blessings of which I am the unworthy recipient. What a refreshing shower this has been, Mrs. HARVEY," continued the invalid, "you do not know how much good it has done me. The air is so soft and cool. Oh, I have so much to be thankful for," added she, clasping her thin hands.

BELL felt rebuked as her grandmother's expressive glance met her eye. She who had health and strength, and everything to add to her happiness, to indulge such a repining spirit, while here was one deprived of life's greatest blessing, so contented and thankful that her very presence seemed a reproof. As they slowly wended their way homeward many thoughts presented themselves to her mind which had rarely before found a resting place there. They arrived home just in time for supper, which over, they adjourned to the old-fashioned parlor, where BELL sat gazing earnestly up into the deep, blue sky, which was so brilliantly resplendent with the "infinite host," until the voice of grandfather announcing prayer-time aroused her from her meditations. As she bent to give her grandmother her usual good-night's kiss, she whispered in her ear:

"I was wrong this morning, dear grandma, I am sorry; do you think it will be pleasant to-morrow?"

"I hope so, that is, if it is right," was grandmother's smiling answer.

As she laid her head on her pillow, BELL felt a consciousness of peaceful right, which she had never fully experienced before,—and thinking over an old saying which she had heard grandmother often repeat—"a bad beginning may make a good ending," she soon fell asleep.

The next morning dawned bright and clear, and an early hour saw a merry group on their way to Elm-wood Grove, where it is to be hoped they spent a pleasant day. But of this it matters not, provided, dear reader, you find hid within my little story the lesson intended by the writer; which is simply this—that whatever weather pleases the Creator, should likewise please His creatures.—They who can bear patiently with weather-storms, will be prepared to meet manfully life-tempests, and *such* are truly *weather-wise*.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MORNING NOTES.

MORNING at the country cottage, and all is well! Yes, a bright Spring morning! And who, that has not seen an almanac, would dream that it was spring? A spring morning with a winter's face. Nature was busy all last night, with delicate fingers preparing a happy surprise for us, in the garb of a glorious morning scene. I had thought to have been rambling in the woods, in search of new shoots and tender vines soon. But this immaculate carpet of snow will shut me yet awhile indoors.

Long have I been gazing on the unwonted beauty of this scene. As if stern winter had been loth to go, and had come back, once more to robe the earth in his winter drapery, and without colors paint a farewell piece. And, seemingly without an effort, he has drawn his pictures well. Yes, everything around is beautiful! And no loud-sounding praise, no vain boasting, comes from Nature. No rude calls to come and see what she has done, but the hushed stillness of the scene steals to the heart with deepened power.

It was but a day since I listened to the rejoicing carol of the early bird. And the trees which but yesterday spread their long and disrobed branches to the spring sky, now proudly look up to the sun, shaking coquettishly their whitened robes, from which a shower of mimic stars are loosed, and fall unmurmuring to the ground. And tiny shrubs are blossoming with crystal buds, or bowed with wreaths of snow. But the small pine, out yonder by the gate, yields with an ill-concealed grace to its white burden, and as the breeze sweeps through the tasseled branches, and shakes off its winter flowers, it springs to its accustomed stature with a sudden bound, as if to say, "I will not tamely bow my proud, ambitious head." And the red bud of the sweet-briar, which has been its companion and pride all the long winter, now in stern defiance peers from out its snowy sheet. And fence, and post, all have their cold icy caps. And even the old well-curb seems invested with a dignity it never wore before, sparkling in the sun-rays with its icy jewels and its crowns of snow.

But even as I gaze, this beauty fades reluctantly away. The envious sun sends his warm rays to kiss the crystals, which, alas! are naught but artificial jewelry, and disappear with a soft sigh. The trees are weeping now,—mourning I'm sure, over the evanescence of their new array, and silently displaying the same rude trunks and leafless boughs we gazed at yesterday. The spotless carpet of the early morning, sadly despoiled of its purity and worn by many a careless foot-print, steal invisibly away. And from the distant, wooded hills, a dim mist rises like a veil. And we, who do not till the soil, and think not of the coming crops, "seed-time and harvest," have gazed upon it with delight. But when, myself enchanted, I this morning sought to call the notice of my worthy friend, the farmer, to the glistening landscape, coolly he replied, "Aye, aye! but this don't make the corn grow!" So do our inclinations gild the mirror through which we see reflections of surrounding scenes.

MISS E. N. CAMPBELL.

Horseheads, Chemung Co., N. Y., 1857.

THE YEARS.—They do not go from us, but we from them, stepping from the old into the new, and always leaving behind us some baggage, no longer serviceable on the march. Look back along the way we have trodden, there they stand, every one in his place, holding fast all that was left in trust with them. Some keep our childhood, some our youth, and all have something of ours which they will give up for neither bribe nor prayer,—the opinions cast away, the hopes that went with us no farther, the cares that have had successors, and the follies outgrown to be reviewed by memory and called up for evidence some day.

LITTLE acts of kindness, gentle words, loving smiles—they strew the path of life with flowers, they make the sunshine brighter and the green earth greener; and He who bade us "love one another," looks with favor upon the gentle and kind-hearted, and He pronounced the meek blessed.

DIVINE PROMISES.—The promises of the Bible shine as freely in at the windows of the poor man's cottage as the rich man's palace. A mountain of gold, heaped as high as heaven, would be no such treasure as one promise of God.

GRATITUDE is the music of the heart when its chords are swept by the gentle breeze of kindness.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A RHYME FOR THE TIME.

PRITHEE, WINTER! why so long
Stay the flow'rets blowing?
Stay the spring-bird's cheerful song,
From the wild-wood flowing?
We would crown fair Spring to-day,
Prithee, Winter! haste away.

See the blue-bird on the wing,
To our vales returning;
Know'st thou not for sunny Spring,
Every heart is yearning?
Come, old Winter, haste away—
Yield our Fairy Queen the sway.

Scarcely does the brooklet dance,
Spring's sweet smiles a-wooing,
Ere, with stern and cruel glance,
Thou art seen pursuing;
And with icy hand so chill,
Thou dost seize the laughing rill.

Speed thee to thy native home,
On thy snowy pinions;
Boreas beckons thee to come
To his wild dominions.
Prithee, Winter! haste away,
We would crown fair Spring to-day.

Middleport, N. Y., April, 1857. EMMA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

"—— BEAUTIFUL!
How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!"
[*Byron.*

SPRING is again with us, and its beauties and harmonies are awakening on every hand. The glad brook, freed from its icy chains, is leaping and dashing merrily along. The fields are everywhere clothing in their rich coats of velvety verdure.—Sunny skies and gentle airs are again exerting their cheering influence. Cold, cold indeed, must his heart be who does not find in these "a voice of gladness" for his spirit, "and a smile and eloquence of beauty." But the beauties of nature are not confined to Springtime. Summer has its fruits and flowers; Autumn the gorgeous hues of its forests and skies; Winter its grand and glorious scenes.

Nor does the earth only have the changing beauties of its seasons. It is beautiful in its varied surface, common to all seasons—in the contrast of towering mountain with lovely valley, of placid lake with roaring cataract, forest with prairie, of land with ocean,—so admirably adapted to the wants of our natures. Man is so constituted that uniformity ever tires, even though it be an uniformity of beauty and harmony. We listen to the first sweet carol of Spring, almost as to an heavenly promise, but were we compelled to hear it uninterrupted, we should soon be weary listeners.—What is more beautiful than a placid lake with its reflected skies and leaf-girt shores? Yet let this be extended to "water, water everywhere," and it would be a dreary waste, upon which it would pain the eye to dwell. This characteristic of our nature has been so carefully and mercifully regarded by Him who has created and who governs all things, that an endless variety is everywhere presented to relieve all uniformity and monotony of sight and sound, not only in the varied surface and changing seasons of the earth, but in every passing day and hour, in every object of sense. The discerning and appreciating man will find this wise legislation for his happiness, to excite his wonder and praise. And well, with the poet, may we also exclaim of this world,

"How glorious in its action and itself!"

Whithersoever we direct our attention throughout nature, nothing seems positively at rest. Particle is continually acting on particle,—planet is ever influencing planet,—everything is increasing or diminishing, advancing or retrograding, beginning or ending its existence.

Sometimes the processes of nature are so grand that we can but gaze and contemplate with silent awe. Thus it is when the Storm-King is raging on the boundless ocean, when the thunder is breaking in crashing peals from cloud to cloud or from sky to earth, and the lightning but for an instant glares to reveal the chaotic confusion of the scene, or when Mother Earth, in her mighty throes, opens wide her mouth and swallows living cities, or from the depths of the sea heaves up with gigantic might a sky-piercing volcano from whose summit pours a cataract of fire.

Again she carries on her work on a scale so minute that the closest inspection will scarcely discover it. The crystal so small that it is hardly visible, presents a formation of perfect regularity and precision.. The tiny floweret that just peeps from the sod is yet found to want nothing of the most delicate finish in all its parts. The millions of animalculæ that everywhere surround us, have each a complete, individual existence, as complete as the larger animals of the land or sea. These are the extremes, but all the intermediate degrees and every form of action, give the same occasion for wonder and admiration. In the growth of a plant, the sprouting of the germ, the shooting of the stalk, the unfolding of the leaf, in the formation of the fruit,—there is something inexpressibly beautiful and wonderful. In the rising vapors and their precipitation in snow, hail and rain,—in the growth of the lordly oak, who draws his nourishment from the soil for centuries and then falls, and is resolved to earth for the nourishment of other trees,—in everything, in all animal and vegetable existences, and in all material processes there is the same unmistakable indications of the GOD of power and wisdom, who directs and controls all action so as to tend to his own glory.—Thus the world is indeed beautiful and glorious, and instead of murmuring continually about lot, our lives should be a hymn of praise to the Creator for his kindness in giving us such a home. A. Z.

A LOCK OF HAIR FROM THE DEAD BABE.—It is not often that we pick up a brighter gem than these three lines of Gerald Massey's, from a poem entitled "The Mother's Idol Broken." They will open many a secret spring of tears, and turn dimmed eyes heavenward:

"This is a curl of our poor 'Splendid's' hair!
A sunny burst of rare and ripe young gold—
A ring of sinless gold that weds two worlds!"

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

HINTS ON CONVERSATION.

NOTICING an article in a Rochester Daily, suggested to the writer of it, by seeing the words Gentlemen's Parlor and *Reading* Room, and Ladies' Parlor and *Dressing* Room traced in bold letters over the doors on either side of the hall of one of the first class hotels, led me to pen the following "Hints on Conversation." The writer very properly asks—why should not ladies have a reading room in which to inform themselves of the current events of the day instead of being obliged to listen to gossiping prattle of "*airy nothings?*"

It is our wish to see the conversation of well-bred women rescued from vapid, common-placed talk,—from uninteresting tattle, from trite and hackneyed communications, from frivolous earnestness, from false sensibility, from a warm interest about things of no moment, and an indifference to topics the most important—and from all the factitious manners of artificial intercourse. We *do* wish to see the time passed in polished and intelligent society considered among the beneficial as well as the pleasant portions of our existence, and not consigned over, as it too frequently is, to premeditated trifling.

It is too well known how much the dread of imputed pedantry keeps off anything that verges towards *learned*, and the terror of imputed enthusiasm staves off anything that approaches to *serious* conversation, so that the two topics which peculiarly distinguish us, as rational and immortal beings, are by a general custom in a good degree banished from the society of rational and immortal creatures.

Ladies commonly bring into company minds already too much relaxed by petty pursuits, rather than overstrained by intense application; the employments in which they are usually engaged, do not so exhaust their spirits as to make them stand in need of that relaxation from company which severe application makes requisite.

It is a disadvantage even to those women who keep the best of company, that it is unhappily almost established into a system, by the other sex, to postpone everything like instructive discourse till the ladies are withdrawn; their retreat serving as a kind of signal for the exercise of intellect.—Strong truths, whenever such happen to be addressed to them, are either diluted with flattery or kept back in part, or softened to their taste; if the ladies express a wish for information on any point, they are put off with a compliment instead of a reason; and are considered as beings who are not expected to see and to judge of things as they really exist.

It is safe to infer that when a correct standard of conversation is established, that begets intellectual food. Hotel managers will cater for the intellectual appetites of ladies as well as of gentlemen. H. H.

Turk Hill, April, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE TEACHINGS OF HISTORY.

HISTORY delights in deeds of strange and exciting interest. Her pages teem with their record, and each one is, in some degree, a living example, or warning to all posterity. None among them possess a more wondrous interest than the story of JOSEPHINE, Empress of France. Once the daughter of an humble West Indian planter, then the wife of a country nobleman, afterwards a widow, and then again a wife, the spouse of BONAPARTE, she was elevated by degrees from the ranks of comparative obscurity, to those of French glory and nobility.

But happiness and grandeur, arising merely from the human affairs of earth, are of short duration; and that of JOSEPHINE soon took flight, leaving her heart an urn wherein lay mouldering her once ambitious hopes and brilliant anticipations. She became divorced, and retired to an humbler position. Another soon was exalted to her abdicated place; and from that hour her peace of heart and mind vanished, as had her brilliant prospects of a high career. But *love*, however, still remained, faintly warming her heart with its saddening sunshine; and though at this bitter time surrounded with ardent friends, she keenly felt her utter desolation of spirit.

But at last the great tower fell—BONAPARTE was compelled to abdicate, and forsake his regal grandeur and influential power, in exchange for a lone isle of the ocean with its dreary monotony of secluded life. 'Twas too much, and the name of JOSEPHINE was soon written "gone before." However, such is life, teaching that the shortness of earthly happiness is a truth *too* obvious to be glossed over, or slighted. This we all know; it is shown in the life of nearly every person, great, or humble; and we shall, indeed, be fool-hardy if it prove not to us a source of benefit, both earthly and spiritual. ROLANTHE.

Owego, N. Y., April, 1857.

HONOR.

THAT little word of five letters—honor—has caused more happiness and unhappiness in the world than any other abstract noun. False notions of it have brought about misery upon misery, while a true observance of its rigid requirements in the end ever benefits him to whom it is a guiding star. Honor signifies good and entire faith to man or woman,—allegiance to the spoken word,—respect for the promising look. They err who speak of honor as a blood-stained god,—it is a peaceful deity, and should sit amongst the Penates of each man's household. Its insignia are not the pistol and the bowie knife, but the sealed lips and the open hand. To speak of a man or a woman as honorable conveys a higher compliment than wealth and beauty can call forth. What though honor lead us for the time into poverty and deprive us of temporizing smiles? Its reward may be late, but it is sure to come, if not here, hereafter. It is one of those possessions which most truly benefit the possessor. There may be honesty without honor, but as Colman truly tells us,

——"Honor's real prop is honesty."

Honesty is blunt and surly, oftimes, but honor is ever dignified. Your gentleman may be honest, but your MAN is honorable.—*Sat. Eve. Gazette.*

KEEP your temper in dispute. The cool hammer fashions the red hot iron.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

THINK of thy childhood! Hast thou ever tasted pleasures sweet as those? Were ever garlands so fair as those entwined by a mother's hands among thy clustering ringlets? When rebellious passion roused the demon in thy nature, naught quelled the tempest like her whispered chiding. When, agonized by burning fever, the fragile form tossed to and fro in convulsive effort for relief, no hand but a mother's could soothe the throbbing brow or prepare the cooling draught which seemed real nectar to the parching lips. Pause, then, young man, in thy career, if the path thou art treading evoke one lingering blush upon thy cheek—one emotion of shame! Bethink thee it is plowing deep furrows in thy mother's heart. But if, after firm investigation, conscience upbraid thee not, walk proudly on in thy manly independence—heaping untold wealth of joy upon that dear one's head, who watches o'er thy pathway all the livelong day. If worldly wealth be thine, how happy wilt thou be to surround her with the luxuries all-powerful gold will command; if poor, redouble thy earnest attention, and this will give greater joy than the wealth of the ladies could purchase. If disease has fastened its deadly grasp upon her, be thine the task to cheer the weary sufferer; let thy voice whisper comfort and support. Thy love shall win her to partial forgetfulness, or nerve her to endurance. Maiden, in thy careless glee, forget not her who loves thee best. The world offers many gay pictures, whose vivid colors will entice thy lively fancy; take heed, then, lest they so absorb thy judgment that selfishness ensue, and, a devotee to pleasure, thou hast scarce time or disposition to return a share of the same gentle offices that made thy earlier years so like a dream. Be warned in time of these seemingly trifling temptations which lure the brightest and best from a mother's side.—When she suffers, be thou, in turn, the nurse; pillow the aching head upon thy bosom; and, while busy memory recalls the time when her arms held thy tender form in close embrace, renew thy resolutions of a better future, and keep them while there yet is time; before the ear is closed to the repentant sobs that burst from the full heart—before the eyelids droop forever o'er the eyes that have met thine so oft in loving pride—prove thou art human. Give back some love for the wealth she has poured on thee.—*Selected.*

CONSCIENCE--A MAXIM OF WASHINGTON.

"LABOR to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, *conscience*," was one of the series of maxims which Washington framed or copied for his own use when a boy. His rigid adherence to principle, his steadfast discharge of duty, his utter abandonment of self, his unreserved devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, attest the vigilance with which he obeyed that maxim. He kept alive that spark.—He made it shine before. He kindled it into a flame that illumined his life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstance so minute, as to absolve him from following its guiding ray. The explanation in his account-book, in regard to his wife's annual visit to the camp during the Revolutionary war, with his passing allusion to the "self-denial" which the exigencies of his country had cost him, furnishes a charming illustration of his habitual exactness. The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West India ports—that name being regarded as an ample guarantee of the quality and quantity of any article to which it was affixed—supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was everywhere understood.

THE ENDURING IS OF SLOW GROWTH.—Archbishop Whately, in his Annotations upon Bacon's Essays, truthfully says:—We hear of volcanic islands thrown up in a few days to a formidable size, and in a few weeks or months, sinking down again or washed away; while other islands, which are the summits of banks covered with weed and drift-sand, continue slowly increasing year after year, century after century. The man that is in a hurry to see the full effect of his own tillage, should cultivate annuals, not forest trees. The clear-headed lover of truth is content to wait for the result of his. If he is wrong in the doctrines he maintains, or the measures he proposes, at least it is not for the sake of immediate popularity. If he is right, it will be found out in time, though, perhaps, not in his time. The preparers of the mummies were (Herodotus says) driven out of the house by the family who had engaged their services, with execrations and stones; but their work remains sound after three thousand years.

NATURE'S SONG IN THE NIGHT.—Night hath its songs. Have you never stood by the sea-side at night, and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories? Or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up the window of your chamber, and listened there? Listened to what? Silence—save now and then a murmuring sound, which seemed sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you not conceive that yon stars, that those eyes of God, looking down on you, were also mouths of song—that every star was singing God's glory, singing, as it shone, its mighty Maker, and his lawful, well-deserved praise? Night hath its songs. We need not much poetry in our spirit to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres as they chant praises which are loud to the heart, though they be silent to the ear—the praises of the mighty God, who bears up the unpillared arch of heaven, and moves the stars in their courses.—*Spurgeon.*

GENIUS.—A cotemporary, in dilating on genius, thus sagely remarks:—The talents granted to as single individual do not benefit himself alone, but are gifts to the world; every one shares them, for every one suffers or benefits by his actions. Genius is a light-house, meant to give light from afar; the man who bears it is but the rock upon which the the light-house is built.

THE spirit of politeness consists in our giving such an attention to our manners and language that those around us are left content with us and with themselves.—*La Bruyere.*

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SCHOOL GOVERNMENT.

SCHOOL GOVERNMENT is not a stereotyped process, but consists in the use of all those means and appliances which are *practicable* to secure good order and discipline in school. Upon this perilous sea the character of many a teacher has been wrecked; but their great mistake has been in trying to adopt a systematic course of government to be used in every case. Such a course may be possible, but reason teaches that it is not practicable, since children are differently constituted, therefore that process which will subserve the development and mental growth of one child is not adapted to the requirements of another; hence those processes should be used, both for the physical structure and in the mental training or governing a child, that the exigency of the case demands. Consequently, the responsibility which rests upon a teacher of youth is measureless, and to be a perfect teacher an individual should so understand the human mind, or what is called human nature, as to be able at a glance to discern the physical and mental differences of children, and to adapt processes of government and development to the wants of each. Now I do not expect that a human being can come fully up to this standard, but I do say it is the duty of every teacher to try to approximate to this point.

Teachers, before entering upon the active duties of their office, should not only learn *what* to teach, and *how* to teach, but they should learn *how to govern children*. But is there one in five hundred that ever thinks of such a thing? Still they are not to blame, since public sentiment, and the law which qualifies them does not demand it. The law requires that a teacher shall be able merely to *instruct* a school, it does not require him to be an *Educator*. Trustees might in a measure obviate this defect in the law. When an individual presents himself to a Trustee as an applicant for the school, the first question usually is, how much do you ask? and if the sum named is more than they are in the habit of giving, a contest follows, and in nine-tenths of the cases, the question turns upon the price. Whereas, the first question should be, what means have you taken to qualify yourself to teach? or have you studied the science of governing children? Let the question be decided upon the merits of such an investigation.

But so long as public sentiment is indifferent in regard to the qualifications of teachers, just so long will the country be cursed with inefficient ones. Now the true principle is this:—Every teacher should be qualified to *educate*. This embraces the development of the whole man. It brings into form and activity the manners, habits, taste and faculties of those committed to his care. Teaching should be a profession. D. W. A.

Sterling, N. Y., 1857.

WHAT IS TRUE EDUCATION!

HUGH MILLAR, the well known geologist, who died lately in Scotland, was a prominent instance of what true education does for a man. We say true education, because though he had never studied in a college, Hugh Millar was educated in the highest sense of the term. In other words, not only was his mind thoroughly disciplined, but whatever he learned at all he completely assimilated, so that it became his own. His career shows what energy, perseverance and industry can do for a man born under the most unfavorable circumstances; for though originally but a poor lad, though only a journeyman stone-mason till after his majority, he rose to be one of the most prominent men of Great Britain—a writer of acknowledged ability, and the leading editor of a principal party in Scotland. In his "Autobiography," published a few years since, he has left a narrative of his boyhood, which is worth almost its weight in gold to young men about beginning in life. Had he written nothing else, he would have left, in that work, an invaluable legacy to his race.

For nowhere, not even in the autobiography of Franklin is the great truth so forcibly illustrated that all men who have become eminent owe their success less to schoolmasters than to themselves. It is self-discipline, after all, that wins the battle. There were thousands of youth, cotemporary with the boy Hugh Millar, enjoying every advantage of education, and many of them possessed of no inconsiderable ability, who never figured in after life, while the poor lad, whose principal teacher was nature, who possessed no books but a Bible, and who consumed some of his best years in hewing stone, rose to become famous in both hemispheres in both letters and science. This distinction he achieved by not omitting to acquire knowledge. It was in quarrying stone in a wild district, for example, that he made the world-renowned geological discovery which upset the brilliant but delusive theories of the famous "Vestiges of Creation," and achieved his own reputation. His fellow workmen enjoyed the same opportunity of winning this great distinction, but they let the fossil fish, which settled the problem, pass unnoticed; and so they died, or will die, unknown stone-masons, laboring at half a dollar a day, while the decease of their companion fills two continents with grief.

Another thing is proved by the career of Hugh Millar. It is that it is better to master a few books than to read carelessly a dozen libraries or more. To be plain, study is valuable, not merely for the facts it gives a man, but for the habit of thinking it imparts. He who voraciously swallows volumes never gives himself time to digest his intellectual food. He becomes, consequently, a mere smatterer. He understands no principles. Learned as he thinks himself, he is without knowledge. He is really worse educated than the man who has read but few books, provided those books were good ones, and have been thoroughly assimilated. Hugh Millar never left a book till he had made it completely his own. What Hugh Millar did every man who would become great in literature has but to do, whether born poor, like Millar, or bred up with every advantage of schools and colleges. Men who wish to be really educated must study for themselves. The hill of knowledge cannot be climbed by deputy. Hence the difference in securing an education between the rich man's son and poor man's is less than is generally supposed. In truth, the self reliance which limited circumstances give to a lad may almost be considered to counterbalance the advantages which fortune bestows. It is a striking fact, in confirmation of this, that most of our great men have been born poor. Young men should think of this.

WHAT BOOKS CAN DO.

"WHAT'S the use of *book-learning?*" said a man to his son, whom he found poring over a new work up stairs. "It's a waste of time to read; I never heard that it made anybody richer." And he snatched the volume from the lad, who, as a consequence, was playing in the street before a half an hour, and acquiring the worst habits of his new associates.

If that father had been less ignorant, he would have known what books could do. He would have been aware that the results of reading, if judiciously applied, assist towards making a man rich, more than anything else. He would have remembered that Franklin, but for a love of study, would have died poor and obscure, instead of achieving a world-wide reputation as a philosopher, a diplomatist, and a patriot. He would have been conscious that the surest way to keep his son from making vile acquaintances, and to inculcate in him refined and even decent tastes, would be to foster his fondness for reading. Who knows but that the snatching the book from that boy was the turning-point in his destiny? From that hour, perhaps, may date a downward career, which is not unlikely to end in disgrace, a prison, or even worse.

Though books do not in themselves make men infallible or virtuous, they tend vastly towards producing these results. The man who has books about him is generally a better man than he who has not. If a question in politics, social science, history, or philosophy arises, he is able to get at the opinions of the wisest, by merely consulting his books; while his illiterate neighbor, at best, can imbibe new ideas only orally, and practically has to take these from very inferior men. Books do not always make their readers' judgment sound, because books are often one-sided, and because readers buy partisan books. But even the worst selected library is better than no library at all. A man with books, is like a workman with tools; and though the tools are bad, they are tools nevertheless. They enable us to furrow up many a field of inquiry, to cut many a harvest of opinion, to thresh out many a granary full of truth, which, if we had no plow or reaping-machine, nor other labor-saving apparatus, we might work at, hopelessly, for years. Books, in a word, bear us, by an express train, to knowledge.

Books introduce us also into the noblest society. While the illiterate are drinking at taverns, or seeking company by lounging in the streets, he, who is fond of books, amuses his leisure by conversing with Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Thucydides, or other great sages of the past. He lives among the best society of all times, and on the most intimate terms; lives with poets, kings, philosophers, statesmen, saints and martyrs. He is at home with Dante, with Cicero, with Pericles, with David, with Abraham, with the good and wise of every generation. Is not this better than boozing even at rich men's tables? We repeat it, there is no society so select as that into which books introduce us. Cultivate in your children a love of books.—*R. I. Schoolmaster.*

HOW WORDS CHANGE THEIR MEANING.

IN Shakespeare's time the word *miscreant* meant simply an unbeliever; Talbot calling Joan of Arc miscreant intimated only that she had fallen from the faith. *Influence* among the earliest English poets meant only that power over mortals which planets were supposed to exercise. *Nephew*, as used by Hooker, Shakespeare and others of the Elizabethan era, denoted grandchildren and other lineal descendants. *Kindly fruits*, as used in the Litany, also simply denote the natural fruits, or those which the earth according to his kind, should bring forth. The word *Girl* was once applied indiscriminately to young persons of either sex.—Until the reign of Charles the First the word *Acre* meant any field of whatever size. *Furlong* denoted the length of a furrow, or a furrow long. Also, the words *yard, peck* and *gallon*, were once of a vague, unsettled use and only at a later date, and in obedience to the later requirements of commerce and social life, were they used to denote measure. The term *meat*, now applicable to flesh only, was once applied to all food. *Baffled* (defeated) was applied in the days of chivalry to a recreant knight, who was, either in person or effigy, hung up by the heals, his escutcheon blotted, his spear broken, and himself or his effigy subjected to all sorts of indignities.—*Notes and Queries.*

KNOWLEDGE.—In addition to the mental *training* which a child receives at school, he should obtain a certain amount of *positive* knowledge. It is desirable that this should embrace:

1. A knowledge of himself; of his body (including the laws of health,) and of his mind. 2. Of the world in which he lives, geographically, geologically and historically. 3. A general acquaintance with its productions and a knowledge of the laws of nature. 4. The elements of mathematical science and accounts. 5. The general laws and principles of language. 6. Duty to God and his neighbor.

It is of course expected that in his accompanying and more important process of *development*, the child will become master of the invaluable art of beautiful and correct *reading*, also of the arts of *penmanship* and *drawing*.—*N. Y. Teacher.*

EDUCATION is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no crime can destroy—no enemy can alienate—no despotism can enslave. At home a friend—abroad an introduction; in solitude, a solace—in society, an ornament. It chastens vice; it guides virtue; it gives at once, grace and government to genius; without it what is man? A splendid slave; a reasoning savage!

WHEN we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good sides or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.—*Swift.*

Illustrated Biography.—No. 6.

LEWIS CASS.

LEWIS CASS was born in Exeter New Hampshire, Oct. 9th. 1782. He was the son of Jonathan Cass, a soldier of the Revolution, who served under Washington; having joined the army the day after the battle of Lexington, and continued in service during the war, and bore a part in the battles of Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, and Germantown. In 1779, he removed with his family to Ohio, and settled in Zanesville, where, after a life of honor and usefulness, he died in August, 1830. His son, who is the subject of this sketch, received the principal part of his early education at the academy of his native town; and after the removal of the family to the West, studied law at Marietta, under the late Gov. Meigs. Young CASS was admitted to the bar in 1802, and pursued the practice of his profession for several years with distinguished success. He was elected a member of the Ohio Legislature in 1806. He was appointed Marshal of the State in 1807, and held the office until the latter part of 1811, when he volunteered to repel Indian aggressions on the frontier.

From the last mentioned year, his military career can be dated. He was at once elected colonel of the third regiment, Ohio Volunteers, and entered the military service of the United States, at the commencement of the war with Great Britain, in 1812. Having by a difficult march reached Detroit, he was early distinguished for energy, activity and courage. He urged the immediate invasion of Canada, and was the author of the proclamation of that event. He was the first to land in arms on the enemy's shore, and with a small detachment of troops fought and won the first battle, that of the Taroutee. At the subsequent capitulation of Detroit, he was absent on important service, and was greatly mortified at the disastrous event, and especially at his command and himself being included in that capitulation, which for a time terminated his activity. Liberated on parol, he repaired to the seat of government to report the causes of the disaster, and the failure of the campaign. He was immediately appointed to a colonelcy in the regular army, and soon after promoted to the rank of brigadier-general—having, in the meantime, been elected major-general of the Ohio Volunteers. On being exchanged and released from parol, he again repaired to the frontier, and joined the army for the recovery of Michigan. Being at that time without a command, he served and distinguished himself as a volunteer aid-de-camp to Gen. Harrison, at the battle of the Thames, which retrieved the previous reverses of the American arms on that frontier. Being appointed, by President Madison, in October, 1813, as Governor of Michigan, yielding to the earnest and pressing solicitations of the citizens of that territory, he accepted the appointment. From 1815 to 1831, when he was called to assume other important duties, he was in constant treaty with the various Indian tribes, having during that period assisted at no less than ten councils with the red men of the wilderness. By these skillful negotiations Gen. CASS has acquired for the United States, and rescued from the wilderness for great and practical purposes of agriculture and internal improvements, many millions of acres of land; and by a kindness of manner, as well as uprightness of negotiation, never aggravated the lot of a single Indian or tribe.

In 1831 Gen. CASS was, by Gen. Jackson, made a member of his Cabinet as Secretary of War. In the latter part of 1836 he was appointed Minister to the Court of France, in which capacity he rendered most eminent and valuable services.

In January, 1845, Gen. CASS was elected by the Legislature of Michigan to the Senate of the United States, which place he resigned on his nomination, in May, 1848, as the candidate of the Democratic party, for the highest office in the gift of the people—the Presidency of the United States. After the election of his opponent as President, Gen. CASS was again re-elected by the Legislature of Michigan for the balance of his term in the Senate; and since that time has still again been re-elected for six years.

Upon the accession of JAMES BUCHANAN to the Chief Magistracy, Mr. CASS was selected by him as Secretary of State, which position he at present retains. Though almost seventy-five years of age, late Washington journals speak of Mr. C.'s sprightliness and vivacity as though youth were returning to him. Almost all of those who entered active life with him have been called hence—he has seen the "three-score and ten," and to-day stands almost alone as the monitor of a generation passed away.

RICHARD CROMWELL.

HE had no faith in his cause, nor confidence in himself, nor reliance on those around him; and his unceremonious ejection from power was a natural consequence where such premises existed. If they who ejected him had paid his father's debts as well as his own, they would have made him a richer, but not a much happier man. They would have added some dignity to his retirement, but, as it was, he had enough for enjoyment,—such enjoyments as he could find in the pursuits he most cared for,—those of a country gentleman and boon companion. These pursuits, however, were not always practicable. From May, 1659, to the middle of 1660, he lived at Hursley, in some fear of creditors, whom even now he could not satisfy, and in some doubt as to what his fortune might be if Charles II. were recalled; he then retired to Paris, where he lived in obscurity, and under the fictitious name of Wallis.

Twice he visited Geneva; and on one of these occasions he was spoken of, to his face, by the Prince de Conti, who received him under his assumed name, as "coxcomb," "rascal," "coward," "base fellow," "fool" and "sot." About twenty years after "Mr. Wallis" first buried himself in obscure lodgings in Paris, a Mr. Richard Clarke settled at Cheshunt. It was by this name that Richard Cromwell, no longer in fear of creditors, chose to be known. He was a hearty church and conventicle-going, hunting, joyous gentleman; loving good wine a little, and fair ladies more. He was choice in the selection of his company, seldom referred to his past greatness, and was never sarcastic, save when he alluded to the addresses of the people of England, who, on his being proclaimed Protector, laid their lives and fortunes at his feet. There was a touch of King Lear in the old man's destiny, after all. His daughters opposed his having life possession of an estate left him by his son, on account of mental debility. Queen Anne was then reigning, and old Mr. Clarke came up to town, appeared personally in court, where his suit was carried on, and was not only courteously treated by the judge, but was requested by him to remain covered during the proceedings. It was at this period that he strolled into the House of Lords.—A stranger present asked the country gentleman if he had ever been in the place before. A small remnant of venial pride prompted the answer, as he pointed to the throne, "Never since I sat in that chair." He won his suit, was reconciled to his daughters, and in 1712, being then in his 86th year, he died at Cheshunt, in the house of Sergeant Pengelly, who was said to be his son, and who became Chief Baron of the Exchequer. His enemies ridiculed him under the names of "Tumble-down-Dick" and "Queen Richard;" but even *they* could not deny that he was an honester man than he for whom Richard was compelled to make room.—*Dr. Doran's "Retired Monarchs."*

MERE RICH MEN.—It were no bad comparison to liken *mere rich* men to camels or mules, for they often pursue their devious way over hills and mountains, laden with Indian purple, with gems, aromas, and generous wines upon their backs, attended, too, by a long line of servants, as safeguards on their way. Soon, however, they come to their evening halting place, and forthwith their precious burdens are taken from their backs, and they, now wearied and stripped of their lading and their retinue of slaves, show nothing but livid marks of stripes. So, also, those who glitter in gold and purple raiment, when the evening of life comes rushing on them, have nought to show but marks and wounds of sin impressed upon them by the evil use of riches. Shakspeare says,

——"If thou art RICH, thou art poor;
For like an ass whose back with ingots bowed,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee."

FORTUNE sometimes is heaped up like the snow, and like snow melts and thaws to nothing.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

THICK brooding darkness heavy lay,
Upon the slumbering earth,
Ungladdened by one golden ray,
Of warm light since its birth,
Save the still radiance streaming wide,
By the far-off "White Throne" supplied.

No bird glanced by on golden wing,
To stir the stagnant air,
No flower its perfume dared to fling,
Upon the blackness there,
No star-light trembled on the stream,
No meteor lent its lurid gleam.

In darkness slept the towering mount,
The valley and the hill,
In darkness wept the crystal fount,
The sea and silvery rill,
Chaos and death—a funeral pall—
Their broad blackness outspread o'er all.

"Let there be light" the voice of GOD
Rang with a clarion sound,
It thundered o'er the barren sod,
And shook the hills around,
The troubled deep with pangs grew rife,
And trembled with the throes of life.

Wave after wave of blackness rolled
In gloomy grandeur back,
And from the Orient streams of gold
Fell brightening on their track,
Then a sweet silvery light up stole,
And bathed the earth from pole to pole.

From out the void and shapeless earth,
Forms of rare beauty sprang,
With joy was hailed this second birth,
And stars together sang,
Light, life and beauty quickly shed,
Strange glory o'er the dark and dead.

Time rolled his rapid car along,
And change was by his side,
And mighty nations grew more strong,
In ignorance and pride,
And sin a darker shadow threw,
Than the black midnight earth first knew.

Again, omnipotent in love,
GOD spake, "let there be light,"
This moral darkness to remove,
The erring guide aright,
And light sprang up, a glorious one,
GOD'S "only, all beloved Son."

From Bethlehem's lowly manger free,
From the Baptismal fount,
From the lone garden by the sea,
From Calvary's bloody mount,
Gleamed out this marvellous light of love,
To lure the wandering heart above.

And still from many a darkened zone,
From many a sin-stained heart,
Where truth's pure light has never shown,
Religion found no part,
Goes up the agonizing cry,
"GOD give us light, our souls will die."

Then send it free, let there be light,
To earth's remotest bound,
For nations sit in darkest night,
Unheard the gospel sound,
But holy light speed on its way,
And haste the glad millennial day.

Independence, N. Y., 1857.

NOT DEAD, BUT GONE BEFORE.

IT is not till a friend is dead that we entirely feel his value and appreciate his worth. The vision is loveliest as it is vanishing away; and we perceive it not, perhaps, till we see the wing, that an angel has been with us.

I feel that the dead have confirmed a blessing upon me, in helping me to think of the world rightly; in giving a hue of sadness to the scenes of this world, while, at the same time, they have clothed it with every glorious and powerful charm of association. This mingled portion of energy and humility, of triumph and tenderness, of glorying and sorrowing, is the very spirit of Christianity. It was the spirit of Jesus, the conqueror and the sufferer. Death was before him; and yet his thoughts were of triumph. Victory was in his views, and yet, what a victory! No laurel crown was upon his head; no flush of pride was upon his brow; but meekness was enthroned there; no exultation flashed from his eye; but tears flowed from it:—"Jesus wept."

Come, then, to us, that spirit, at once of courage and meekness; of fortitude and gentleness; of a life hopeful and happy, but thoughtful of death; of a world bright and beautiful, but passing away! So let us live, and act, and think, and feel; and let us thank the good providence, the good ordination of Heaven, that has made the dead our teachers.

I have seen one die; she was beautiful; and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfill. Angelic loveliness enrobed her; and a grace, as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, shone in every action; invested, as a halo, her whole existence, and made it a light and blessing, charm and a vision of gladness to all around her; but she died! Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness stretched out their hands to save her; but they could not save her; and she died! What! did all that loveliness die? Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones, for such to live in? Forbid it reason, religion! bereaved affection, and undying love! forbid the thought!—*Dr. Dewey.*

FAITH AND WORKS.—Faith without works is dead. It is like an index without a book; like hands without a clock; like sails without a ship; like a tree with nothing but dry and withered branches. Professed disciple of Christ, to prove thy discipleship genuine, thou must surround thyself with widows, whom thou hast comforted—with orphans, whom thou has succored—with the ignorant, whom thou hast instructed—with the wandering, whom thou hast reclaimed—with the hungry, whom thou hast fed—with the naked, whom thou hast clothed—with the sick, whom thou hast visited. *These* are thy trophies!

INFIDEL BOOKS.—I do not care to read books opposing the truths of the Bible; I never want to wade through mire for the sake of washing myself afterward.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar Journal in the World,—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed from one Post Office to another, should be particular in specifying the offices at which they are now received

☞ BACK NUMBERS of the present volume can still be supplied, but those desiring them should be particular in specifying that they are wanted.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL, be sure and specify name of *Post-Office, County*, and *State, Territory* or *Province*.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Harper's Weekly—Harper and Brothers.
De Bow's Review.
Atkins' Automaton Reaper & Mower—H. B Hapgood.
Trial of Reapers & Mowers—Jno. H. Klippart.
The Oriental Horse Charmer—Chas. J. Eldridge.
Trees and Stocks—H. Collins.
To Persons out of Employment—Robert Sears.
Columbian Guano—A. Longett.
Great Inducement:—R. Lawrence.
Nursery for Sale—C. F. Weaver.
Boys' Tailor—W. W. Parsells
Apple Grafts—Benj Fish & Son.
A Rare Chance—H. C. White.
Trotting Stock—C. M. Vinson.
Important to Hardware Dealers—Sargent & Foster.
Blacksmith Wanted—Eliab Yeomans.
Commercial Agents Wanted—A. W. Harrison.
Fowls—D. Ely.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, MAY 2, 1857.

Mormonism.—The Administration.

FROM the tenor of a military order recently published, it is to be inferred that a portion of the United States army is to move to Utah, the "promised land" of the Mormons. Although the Administration proclaims that "its design is to pursue a peaceful policy towards Utah, in order that the laws may be executed and the rights of the inhabitants be protected without recourse to arms;" still, from the antecedents of the person to whom the Governorship has been tendered, it is palpable that the President expects resistance will be offered to the demands of the general government, and is placing the responsibility in the hands of one from whom no "child's play" may be anticipated. Major MCCULLOCH, the individual selected, was one of the Texas Rangers, and in battling for the independence of the Lone Star Republic, achieved a name for dauntless bravery. After the annexation of Texas and the declaration of war against Mexico, he united his forces with the American army, and rendered special service. Those acquainted with the man consider him well fitted for a post where either rough work or hard fighting is to be met. Under these circumstances, the questions arise, to what extent can resistance be offered? What are the means of this people for an encounter should affairs assume a hostile aspect? To these we find an answer in the form of a letter to the *National Intelligencer* by one who seems to be well informed on the subject. He says:

"The entire male population of the State are enrolled in the militia, who are under weekly (some daily) military drill, every one of whom, from the boy of twelve to the man of eighty years, is required to keep on hand one hundred rounds of cartridge, one gun or rifle, one or more pistols, swords, sabres, knives, &c., all he can obtain; and then, in the event of war, the women and children are to fight with whatever weapons they can command. Now, when we consider their location, a thousand miles inland on every side, in the mountain fastnesses of the continent; their numbers, which, according to Chief Justice Drummond, are one hundred thousand in the Territory, and two hundred thousand in surrounding States and Territories; their appliances of war; their secret agents in every nook and corner of the Republic; their emissaries among every Indian tribe on the continent, teaching them 'the mechanic arts and military tactics,' they amount to something more than we have been accustomed to regard them.—Now, in view of these facts herein set forth, and the assumption by Chief Justice Drummond, with every facility for obtaining and transmitting information—allied to a savage Indian horde of three hundred thousand more, who are, in their hands, the 'battle axe of the Lord,' to be wielded against the Gentiles—added to a thousand miles of land travel, prairie and mountain, with natural means at hand to throw every obstacle in the way of an army, by running off their animals, cutting off small parties, poisoning the springs of water, and blockading the canons and mountain passes—I repeat, in view of all these facts, they form an obstacle of no mean character."

The resources of this people seem to be ample, and should hostilities be commenced, it is impossible to estimate the number of lives that will be sacrificed, or the amount of treasure required to prosecute, the aims of government. On the one hand, religious fanaticism and blind zeal; on the other, a determination that the supremacy of the law shall be vindicated, are the impelling powers. The struggle may be long, and, under the peculiar circumstances, desperate, but there cannot be a doubt as to the ultimate result.

THE POISONING AT WASHINGTON.—It is now believed that no less than seven hundred persons have been seriously and dangerously affected by the National Hotel poison, at Washington; and some twenty or thirty deaths have occurred in consequence. There are still several persons very seriously ill in that city, whose recovery is doubtful. Among others the Hon. Robert J. Walker has not yet entirely recovered from his severe attack. Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, has become a thin, lean man, under its ravages. It is now the opinion of many persons that there was a deliberate purpose to poison Mr. Buchanan,—and that the diabolical scoundrel hazarded the lives of thousands in the attempt.

Indian War in Minnesota and Iowa.

FOR some time startling reports concerning depredations by Indians upon the settlements in the vicinity of the south bend of the Minnesota river have been received at the frontier towns. It was stated that the Sioux Indians were burning the settlements on the Blue Earth and Walton Ore, and murdering and massacreing the settlers—and that upwards of six hundred Indians were moving towards Mankato for the purpose of destroying it.—A call was made upon the surrounding country for assistance, and in response thereto Col. Smith, the commandant at Fort Snelling, immediately dispatched three companies of infantry, fully armed and equipped, for the scene of action. In addition forty men left Mankato and a like number St. Peter under the command of Gov. Dodd.

Since the reception of the first intelligence, the particulars of the massacre at Springfield in Blue Earth county have come to hand. The number killed had not been precisely known, but William Wood, George M. Wood, Mr. Church, and Josiah Stewart are among the number. The attack was without provocation, and was unsuspected by the settlers. Mr. Wm. Wood, a trader, and an old settler of Mankato, had been proceeding to have a talk with the Indians on the bank of the river, when he was shot dead and his body burned. After this a general massacre took place, in which all who were not armed suffered more or less. Those who were not armed barely escaped. Two Indians were killed.

The latest information received in respect to this attack places the number of whites killed at fifty-three, and that four women were carried off as captives. Of late frequent threats have been thrown out by the Sioux, among which was one stating that "when the grass should grow, and the green leaves were on the trees, they would then sweep the whites from the Blue Earth settlement."

We copy the following extract relative to the wholesale slaughter in Iowa, from the official report:

"The Indians commenced low down on Little Sioux River near the south-west corner of Buena Vista county, and proceed to break up and destroy all the settlements in that county, Clay, Dickinson and Emmitt counties; then intended coming down the West Branch as far as they dare. Throughout their whole course they have competely demolished every settlement, killed all the cattle. Along that river they approached; and got into the houses through professions of friendship, and with a rush seized the men and arms, taking the people by surprise, attacking in such a way that one family could not help the other; all attacked simultaneously, robbed them of everything, and left them helpless in the midst of cold weather and deep snow. They did not commence to kill the settlers until they had reached Dickinson county.

"At Spirit Lake, it appears that the settlers had prepared to defend themselves as well as they could and from all appearances they fought bravely for their families. The settlers at Spirit Lake numbered over forty souls, not one of whom is left to tell the tale. Finding that the troops from Fort Ridgely had not buried the dead, I detailed 25 men to proceed 12 miles to the Lake and reconnoitre that district, and if no Indians were discovered to inter the dead, as an act of humanity.—They could find no Indians, but found their encampment and a dreadful destruction of property. They found and buried 29 bodies—found the bones of those who were burned in the ruins of a house, which, with the one buried by the troops from Ridgely, make in all 32 dead found at Spirit Lake. I may sum up as follows:—In all, 41 killed; 12 missing, no doubt killed; 4 badly wounded, two I fear mortally; 4 women prisoners, besides several men from Boone River and the counties east of this, who crossed the Des Moines River with a view of going to Dickinson county and the Lakes, have never yet been heard from—supposed to be killed on the way."

Affairs at Washington.

THE following vessels have been ordered to rendezvous at Panama, during the pending of the negotiations with Grenada:—Frigate Independence and sloops-of-war Decatur and John Adams. The two former are already there. The John Adams is on her way from Callao.

The following vessels of the Home Squadron have been ordered to Aspinwall, viz., the steam-frigate Wabash and sloops-of-war Cyane and Saratoga. The Cyane is already there, and the others are on the way. The frigate Roanoke and the sloop-of-war St. Mary will probably soon be added to the squadron.

The Postmaster General has made a temporary contract with C. K. Garrison, for carrying a semi-monthly mail between New Orleans to Vera Cruz.

Contracts for about 1,500 mail routes, principally in New England and New York, were let out on the 25th ult. by the Postmaster General. The contracts are somewhat more expensive than the preceding ones.

The Department of the Interior has completed the organization of the Wagon Roads Corps, viz., Fort Ridgely and South Pass road, W. H. Nobles, of Minnesota, Superintendent; Philo P. Hubble, of Minnesota, Disbursing Agent; Samuel A. Medary, of Ohio, Engineer. Fort Kearney and South Pass, and Honey Lake, East Division, Wm. F. Magraw, of Missouri, Superintendent; Asa Beall, of Maryland, Disbursing Agent; J. W. Lander, of Mass., Engineer. Western Division, John Kirk, of California, Superintendent; Frank Denver, of California, Disbursing Agent; Bishop, of California, Engineer. El Paso and Fort Yuma, Jas. B. Leech, of Texas, Superintendent; Gabriel Jordan, of Alabama, Disbursing Agent; N. H. Hullen, Engineer. McGraw, Nobles and Leech left Washington on the 27th ult. Kirk is en route for California. Operations are to be commenced with the least practicable delay.

The War Department has not completed its organization for the road assigned it.

DEATH OF J. J. MCPHERSON.—The Democrat announces the death of Hon. J. J. McPherson of Le Roy, late a member of the Assembly. He was taken with "brain fever" on Friday morning, and died at 10 o'clock in the evening. He was not considered in any danger until three or four hours before his death. He was aged 50 years.

Frost and Famine in Texas.

J. R. SIMMS writes to the Austin Intelligencer from Round Rock, Williamson county, under date of March 30, to the effect that there are a number of families that have not had a morsel of bread for weeks, and don't know when they will get any as they have spent the last red cent months ago. To use a common phrase of the country, they have staid until they are too poor to leave. He calls upon the Governor and the liberal people of the State for relief.

The editor of the Austin Intelligencer has had an opportunity, since the frost, of seeing a good many of the wheat crops of the upper country.—The frost did no material injury, except to the very forward wheat. The quantity sown is over double that of last year; the stand is excellent, and it needs one more genial rain to insure a yield beyond that of any previous year.

The San Antonio Herald says that, in that region, notwithstanding the dry weather, corn is looking quite well. The chief injury worked by the drouth is, that it prevents farmers from securing their stands where the late severe frost has compelled a re-planting. Corn that is up would not suffer so much.

Letters from San Antonio and Indianola, Texas, dated respectively on the 7th and 8th ult., furnish the following interesting extracts:—"We hoped to have had fine gardens, but this year the frosts have been severe. Only last night (April 6) we had a frost that killed every garden in this part of Texas. We have all to plant over again. We have a wretched prospect before us for the summer. Two frosts—the last two days ago—have cut down the corn, cotton, vegetables and all fruit. For the want of rain the ground is now too dry to plant. Unless it rains in two weeks, there is danger of famine. No grass is up for pasture; the streams are dry that can get so; the cattle are, some of them, starving, and have to be thrown out to save the calves, so that we shall soon be without milk; while butter is already forty cents per pound and rising. It is a lamentable prospect which a merciful Providence can alone avert the realization of."

SINGULAR IDENTIFICATION OF PROPERTY.—A singular case of identification of property recently occurred in one of the Boston Courts. Mrs. Margaret Farrell brought an action against Daniel Coughlan to recover a cow. It was proved that the husband of Mrs. Farrell, before he died, inserted a five cent piece under a certain portion of the cow's hide, so that in case the animal was stolen it could be identified without any trouble. Mr. Farrell died, and the cow was stolen. The place where the silver was inserted was cut open and the money found, and the jury being satisfied that the animal belonged to Mrs. Farrell, returned a verdict restoring the cow to her, and awarding $10 damages.

THE COOLIE TRADE.—A late arrival from Cuba brings information that of 1,322 Coolies, comprising four cargoes, designed for that Island, four hundred and fifty, or more than one-third of the whole number "spoiled" on the passage; and that the total number arrived on the Island since April, 1855, is 10,534—died on the voyage, 1,789. Of all the nefarious trades in which man ever engaged, the Coolie trade is among the most horribly revolting. Its barbarities far surpass the horrors of the "middle passage," and yet those who are most active in its prosecution are citizens of those nations in which we hear the loudest outcries in behalf of humanity and freedom.

SLAVERY TO BE "BOUGHT OUT" IN KENTUCKY.—The Newport (Ky.) News says:—"A proposition is in contemplation to buy the land and negroes owned by slaveholders in Kentucky at their present valuation; and if three-fourths of the slaveholders in the State will agree to sell, the proposed company will advance a sum of money equal to one-half the estimated value of both, and in one year after, pay the whole balance. The slaves will be set free and the land sold at an advanced price, in view of the State becoming free in one year after the first payment to the masters, and the State become settled with real industrious, enterprising free people."

THE NEW CENT.—This new coin will be distributed to the public in about three weeks. A million are already completed, and two million more will be finished before the Mint commences paying them out. Col. Snowden declares that since the establishment of the Mint the large amount of eighteen hundred tuns of copper have been used up in the manufacture of pennies, making 150,000,000 of pieces. The quantity of Spanish coin still in the country is estimated at two and a half millions of dollars.

ILLNESS OF MR. CRAWFORD.—Mr. Crawford, the eminent sculptor, it is now stated, upon the authority of late letters from Paris, is "*hopelessly beyond human aid.*" His physicians had discontinued their visits to him, and all that could be done was to alleviate his sufferings as much as possible, and await the fatal result. The intelligence of the loss of so distinguished a sculptor will be received with sorrow wherever genius is appreciated. He is a native of New York, and was born in 1814.

A MILITARY TELEGRAPH.—From our foreign journals we learn that M. Hipp, of Berlin, Prussia, has invented a very neat and said to be an effective portable telegraph for field operations. It prints like the Morse Telegraph, and weighs only twelve pounds—battery and all.

CALIFORNIA GOLD NOT GOOD ENOUGH.—California gold pieces are not received at par at Toronto banks. The California Mint is not Federal, and the gold coined there is deficient in hardness, being almost entirely without alloy.

DEATH OF A VETERAN EDITOR.—Amos Butler, for more than forty years editor and proprietor of the N. Y. *Mercantile Advertiser*, died at Natchez, Miss., on the 13th inst., at the residence of his son, John T. Butler, Esq.

DRAYAGE IN CHICAGO.—Upwards of four hundred drays have been licensed since the first of April, a pretty good indication of the extent of this class of business in that city.

Items of News.

A MAN named Beirman, foreman of a brewery near Cleveland, was killed by the explosion of a beer cask, in which he burned a hole for a faucet with a hot iron.

THE total number of persons saved from shipwreck by the British Royal National Life-boat Institution, since its first establishment in 1824, has been 10,101.

UPWARDS of three hundred and fifty letters were received at the General Land Office on the 13th ult. This is the second time so large a number has been received by that department in one day.

AMONG the eight hundred acts passed by the N. Y. Legislature at its late session, at least six hundred were enacted during the closing three weeks. On the 13th inst., Gov. King signed 62 acts; on the 14th, 58; on the 15th, 173; on the 16th, 50; and on the 17th, 94. So says the Atlas.

A SON of Mr. B. F. Swett, of Mt. Morris, while feeding a corn-sheller, on the 20th ult., had his hand caught in the machine, and it was so badly torn as to make it necessary to amputate the first and second fingers.

DURING the election at Quebec last week, a serious riot occurred during which several of the police were severely injured—the Chief so severely that he is not expected to recover. The military had to be called out before quiet was restored.

THE Nova Scotia House of Assembly have passed the bill giving the New York, New Foundland and London Telegraph Company, the exclusive privilege of landing the submarine telegraph cable from any part of Europe on any part of the shores of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton.

THE Hon. J. G. Montgomery, Congressman elect for the 13th district, Pennsylvania, died on the 24th ult., from the National Hotel disease, contracted during the Inauguration week, at Washington.

A BILL to charter the International Bridge Company on the part of Canada, has been introduced into the Parliament by Mr. A. Morrison, and awaits its second reading. It is not anticipated that there will be any serious opposition to its passage.

Two large telegraph cables have just been laid across the North River, from the foot of Thirteenth street New York, to the Jersey shore. Each cable contains three conducting wires.

THE delegates present at the Railroad Convention in Buffalo on the 23d and 24th ult., represented the very pretty sum of over *Three Hundred Millions of Dollars.*

THE government has had to pay about $700,000 as damages accruing to mail contractors whose contracts were cancelled by the late Postmaster General Campbell.

THREE dogs in York township, Ohio, recently attacked a little son of Mr. G. W. Stuart, aged five years, and bit him so terribly that he died in thirty-five hours. Several of the muscles were torn from their places, and he was bitten through the neck five times.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

A WORKSHOP in the Maryland Penitentiary, Baltimore, was burnt on the 23d ult. Loss $20,000.—No prisoners escaped. The fire was evidently planned by some of them with that view.

THE University of Northern New York, in Bethany, was destroyed by fire on the 18th ult. The building was owned by John F. Stoddard, Esq.—The amount of the loss has not been ascertained.

ON the 30th ult. a fire occurred in Mr. Lewis' stables, Nos. 36 and 38 West 36th-st., New York.—The flames spread with great rapidity, and the building was entirely destroyed, together with 38 horses, a large number of carriages, wagons, harness, &c., &c.

THE boiler in the steam planing mill of Raymond & Hathaway, Toledo, O., exploded on the 27th ult., seriously injuring five persons, of whom one has died, and two others are not expected to live. The building was nearly demolished.

ON the 27th ult., as the steamer Rainbow was ascending the Ohio, when opposite Slim Island, she came in collision with the steamer Julia Dean, bound for Wabash River. The Julia Dean struck the Rainbow on the starboard side, breaking a hole in her hull, and sinking herself immediately. Five or six persons were drowned—four of them deck hands. The Dean's cargo is a total loss, but is insured. There was no insurance on the boat. The Rainbow received very little damage.

NEW YORK CITY BANKRUPT.—Among the list of failures in the New York *Independent* of last week, we find the following:—"New York City, suspended; assets said to be large; good dividends expected. The City Chamberlain, A. V. Stout, Esq., President of the Shoe and Leather Bank, having advanced already about a million and a half of dollars to 'help us through,' has declined to 'go it blind' any further. He is *right.*"

THE CAMEL.—A gentleman writing to one of the Texas journals in reference to the powers of this breed of animals, says:—While at Indianola I saw one of the camels tried with a couple of 500-pound bales of cotton. He moved off with them with as much ease as a mule would with a sack of corn.—The natives looked astonished. He could have carried another bale, I am satisfied, with perfect ease."

IMMENSE TRAIN.—A train of twenty-eight emigrant cars, drawn by three locomotives, and containing nearly one thousand Mormons on their way to Salt Lake, passed through our city on the 25th ult. They were to go to Chicago, via the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroads.

EMIGRATION.—From the 1st to the 21st of April, there have arrived at New York from Europe 13,523 passengers, as follows:—From Liverpool, 7,798; Bremen, 1,330; Hamburg, 683; London, 574; Havre, 2,024; Antwerp, 979; Glasgow, 145.

DEATH OF AN EMINENT LAWYER.—Joshua A. Spencer, of Utica, died at his residence in that city, on Saturday, at 11 o'clock, A. M. His disease was an abscess of the liver.

News Clippings.

—Shad are plentifully caught in the North River now.

—There were 626 vessels in port in New York, on the 23d ult.

—The State debt of New Jersey is something less than $200,000.

—The new Vermont State House is to cost from $200,000 to $250,000.

—An English paper has an advertisement of 2,000 cats for Australia.

—The Code Napoleon is in course of translation into the Turkish language.

—A *woman* was arrested in London, recently, for actually skinning cats alive!

—Rev. W. W. Howland, missionary at Ceylon, writes that he is coming home.

—L. H. Moss, of Morehouse, La., killed four fine bucks at one shot! A big story.

—In 20 years, Ohio has increased its valuation from $80,000,000 to $860,000,000.

—Gen. Todtleben, the chief defender of Sebastopol, arrived in Paris on the 2d ult.

—Mrs. H. B. Stowe has been received in the kindliest manner at Rome by the Pope.

—A new township has been laid out near Ottawa, Canada, which is called Sebastopol.

—The peach and cherry trees in the vicinity of Cincinnati have been destroyed by the frost.

—The exploring expedition of William's College students have returned from Florida.

—Pantaloons costing $60 a pair are among the Spring fashions announced in New York.

—Thirty-five robust young men left Boston on Monday to settle in Hutchinson, Minnesota.

—There are seven paper mills in North Carolina, turning out 12,000 pounds of paper per day.

—An explosion took place in the Egypt mines, N. C., killing six persons, on the 16th ult.

—It is understood that Miss Nightingale is about to inspect in turn all the large hospitals.

—The Canal Board has adopted a resolution to open the Canals for navigation on the 6th inst.

—Two white men convicted of petty larceny were publicly flogged at Columbia, S. C., lately.

—A cargo of ivory was recently brought to Salem, Mass., from Zanzibar, Africa, worth $90,000.

—The Philadelphia Councils have agreed to fix the tax rate in that city at $2 on the hundred.

—The Cincinnati, Wilmington and Zanesville Railroad, has passed into the hands of a receiver.

—There are no less than fourteen men confined in jail at Louisville, Ky., charged with murder.

—Eleven more black snakes have been taken from that hole in East Hartford, making 102 in all.

—It is said that peaches in Indiana are not killed. The apples are safe, and promise a heavy crop.

—The Dubuque and Pacific Railroad Company have negotiated six millions of bonds in Europe.

—The quantity of drain pipes made in England is said by the builder to average 40 miles a week!

—It is estimated that Vermont will produce sugar enough this season for home consumption.

—The Legislature of Louisiana has authorized the issue of $700,000 of State bonds for the school fund.

—The New Orleans Picayune, learns that the Mexican government has accepted the Tehuantepec road.

—A piece of coal weighing three tuns was last week taken from the Tadey mines at Duquoin, Illinois.

—It is confidently expected that the Galt and Guelph Railway, C. W., will be in operation by July next.

—The government contemplates the establishment of a Submarine Telegraph between Canada and the U. S.

—The London Critic says that Shakspeare's works are less known in France than those of Charles Dickens.

—Eighty thousand dozen of eggs were received in Philadelphia by the Delaware railroad, on the 23d ult.

—A German boy in New York died from eating eggs, which had been boiled in Prussian blue, on Easter day.

—Senator Butler of South Carolina, is broken down in health, and has retired to the homestead at Stanelands.

—The Democratic Convention of Tennessee, have nominated Hon. Isham G. Harris for Governor of that State.

—The Cleveland Plaindealer says the prospect for a bountiful peach crop in the Lake Shore region is excellent.

—Colonel L. D. Baker, Collector of the port of Baltimore, is lying dangerously ill of the Washington epidemic.

—The sum of $150,000 has been subscribed for the permanent endowment of Bacon College, at Harrodsburg, Ky.

—Seven men were stabbed in the various affrays that occurred in New Orleans on the 20th ult. Two men were killed.

—The Cooperstown Freeman's Journal says the yield of maple sugar in that county this season is half a million of pounds.

—The postmaster of Waterville, N. Y., found a letter containing $250 in his office the other day, without any address.

—During the week ending 21st March, 40 ships were reported at Loyds', all of which had foundered at sea, with all hands.

—Mr. E. Meriam, who has been ill of erysipelas, has suffered a relapse, and serious apprehensions are felt as to the result.

—Mrs. Harriet Hodges has been appointed post mistress at Norton, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of her husband.

—The Associated Press of New York, comprising less than a dozen papers, pay $3,000 per week for telegraphic dispatches.

—The imports in the United States for the first two quarters of the present fiscal year exceed the exports by $9,000,000.

—The Southern papers announce the death of Professor Tuomey, at Tuscaloosa, Ala. He was an eminent Geologist and Naturalist.

—Mr. William Watson died in Aquasco district, in Prince George's county, Md., on the 2d inst., aged one hundred and eight years.

—The number of newspapers taken in the town of Hartford, Vt., per week, is 1,170. The vote of the town seldom reaches four hundred.

—There is great sporting down in Virginia. In the vicinity of Wytheville, seven bears have been killed lately; in Augusta county *nine.*

—The place of sale of the Delaware Trust Lands in Kansas, to be sold 23d of June next, has been changed from Lecompton to Asawakie.

—Charles Lever, the celebrated author, has an offer, it is said, of £10,000, to visit the States as a lecturer—style, Thackeray—for six months.

—At the next commencement of Dartmouth College, Geo. W. Curtis, Esq., of New York, will deliver the oration and John G. Saxe, the poem.

—President Urquiza, of the Argentine Republic, has a cattle herd that yields him half a million a year. There are three hundred thousand cattle.

—The aggregate number of steamboats and barges built along the Ohio river since 1849, is 662; there are now plying on the river 900 boats of all kinds.

—A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune says that about ten thousand negros imported from Africa have been landed on the Cuban coast this season.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Edinburg and America.

THE Edinburg from Glasgow arrived at New York on the 23d, and the America at Halifax on the 24th ult.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In regard to the British elections for the new Parliament, the London Globe's latest summary (Wednesday evening, April 8,) is —Liberals, 374; Conservatives, 250.

Sydney Herbert is spoken of at Minister of War in place of Lord Panmure. Evelyn Denison is ministerial candidate for Speaker.

The English Government furnishes three steamships to assist in laying the Atlantic telegraph cable. The cable will be completed in June and laid in July.

FRANCE.—The rumored attempt to assassinate the Emperor is unfounded, but several arrests have been made of persons connected with secret societies.

There is a report in Paris that the Coronation of the Emperor Napoleon is fixed for May 4.

The Journal des Debats attributes the existence of secret societies in France to the absence of free discussion in speaking and in the press.

SPAIN.—Madrid letters say active communication has taken place between Spain, England and France on the subject of the Spanish-Mexican difficulty. The Spanish government hopes to obtain moral support of those powers, and in case the question goes beyond war between Mexico and Spain, their material support also.

DENMARK.—The Cabinet have tendered their resignations. Cause—local politics.

The Danish Diet unanimously approve of the abolition of the Sound Dues, and the treaty concluded with foreign powers.

AUSTRIA.—The diplomatic rupture between Austria and Sardinia is now complete. As Austria will consider it beneath her dignity to recede, and Sardinia will not make the first advance, the rupture will doubtless continue sometime.

An Austrian circular states, respecting Austro-Sardinian rupture, that should the mediation of England and France prove unsuccessful, Austria will seek measures for her own protection. The circular is doubted.

ITALY.—The Austrian ambassador at Naples repeats the statement that Naples is more and more disposed to make advance toward the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the western powers.

RUSSIA.—Letters from St. Petersburgh say, operations for raising the sunken vessels at Sebastopol have commenced. Sixteen have already been recovered.

PERSIA—The Ottoman ambassador at Teheran had required the execution of the treaty of dilimination and restitution of seven towns to Turkey.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Flour and wheat tending downward. Slow sales. Western canal flour, 27s6d@28s, Ohio 29s6d, red wheat 7s9d@8s2d, white 8s0d@8s9d. Corn steady at a decline of 1d, mixed 30s, yellow 31s, 32s@33s. Continental Breadstuffs has a declining tendency.

PROVISIONS.—Beef steady at full prices. Pork quiet—Lard quiet at 70s. London market dull. Flour 26s@27s, white wheat 60s@64, red 55s@60s.

BANKS CLOSING AND FAILING.—For some days reports unfavorable to the character of certain Western Banks have been in circulation—among these the Patchen Bank of Buffalo. THOMPSON'S *Detector* for May, in reference to the closing of these institutions, says:—"The time for redemption of the following banks of this State having expired, they are classed among the closed, and those holding notes must look for redemption to the last owners of the banks:—Champlain Bank, Merchants' and Farmers' Bank of Carmel; New York Bank of Hadley; Northern Canal Bank; New York Traders' Bank; Patchen Bank of Buffalo; Queen City Bank, Buffalo; Bank of South Huntington: Dunkirk Bank; Hartford Bank; Utica Bank; Mechanics' Bank of Watertown; Bank of Bainbridge; Bank of Carthage; Bank of the Empire State; Bank of the People; Bank of the Union."

DOUBTFUL BANKS.—In New York, the American Exchange Bank and the Metropolitan Bank are the great receivers on deposit of uncurrent bills; and no bills which they do not receive are taken for deposit by banks or by wholesale traders in general. The Post has received from the American Exchange Bank, the following list which are at present refused:—Bank of Hallowell, Hallowell, Me.; Exeter Bank, Exeter, N. H.; South Royalton Bank, South Royalton, Vt.; Rhode Island Central Bank, East Greenwich, R. I.; Farmers' Bank, Wickford, R. I.; Mount Vernon Bank, Providence, R. I.; Tiverton Bank, Tiverton, R. I.; Wooster Bank, Danbury, Conn.; Commercial Bank, Perth Amboy, N. J.; State Bank, Sackett's Harbor, N. Y.

FROM KANSAS.—Secretary Stanton has published an address to the people of Kansas, in which he says the Administration of Mr. Buchanan will recognize the authority of the Territorial Legislature, and the validity of the Territorial laws. He palliates the act providing for a Constitutional Convention; he presumes the Convention will submit the vital question regarding the domestic institutions of the new State, to the subsequent vote of the people, and then that Congress will admit the new State into the Union. He also recommends a general amnesty for past enmities and prosecutions. He expects Gov. Walker about the middle of May.

FROM NEW MEXICO.—The Santa Fe mail arrived at Independence on the 21st inst.

The Indian depredations continued in New Mexico, and extensive preparations were being made for a campaign against the Apaches, to commence about the 1st of May. Difficulties with the Utahs were apprehended, but the Kiowas express themselves friendly.

The weather was unusually warm, and the farmers were busy planting. Business was dull.

THE RUSSIAN CATTLE EPIDEMIC.—An order in Council had been issued, prohibiting the importation into England of cattle or of horses, hoofs, hides or skins, from those territories of Russia, Prussia or Mecklenburg, (Schwerin,) which lie on the Gulf of Finland, or between the gulf and the city of Lubec. This precaution has been taken to prevent the introduction into England of the infections disease which is destroying the cattle of the Baltic provinces.

—The Governor General of Canada is about to proceed to England, on private business. The government will be administered in his absence by Gen. Sir Wm. Eyre.

—Henry Newland, Esq., of Utica, has been appointed Principal Keeper in the State Prison at Sing Sing.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, April 28, 1857.

THERE is no change to note in Flour—arrivals are frequent, and for some descriptions the market is easier.

GRAIN—Wheat as last quoted. Corn 15c. advance. Oats 8@10c. do. Barley ranges from $1,50@2,00, the latter for seed.

PROVISIONS—Butter 2c per lb advance taken. Cheese 1@2c. do. Eggs have fallen off 2c. Potatoes range from 75c to $1,25, the former price for Merinoes, the latter for prime Blue Mercers.

HAY ranges from $16 to $25 as to quality. Coarse Mill Feed is worth $40 per ton.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	18
Flour, bbl	$6,00@7,25	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$0,00@1,50	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada	$0,00@1,50	Apples, bushel	$1,00@1,50
Corn	00@75c	Do. dried	$1,75@2,00
Oats	00@50c	Potatoes	75c@$1,25
Barley	1,00@2,00	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	50c	Slaughter	7½@8c
Beans	$1,12@1,38	Calf	00@14c
Peas	1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	1,50@2,00
MEATS.		Lamb do	00@00c
Pork, Mess	$24,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover bushel	$7,00@7,50
Beef, per cwt	$5,50@7,00	Timothy	$3,50@4,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	11½@12½c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	8½@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,00@25
Chickens	11@12c	Do. Scranton	$7,00@25
Turkeys	@12½c	Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
DAIRY, &c		Do. Ehar	10@12½c
Butter, roll	24@25c	Salt, bbl	$1,68@1,75
Do. firkin	16@17c	Hay, ton	$17@25
Cheese	13@14c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	13@14c	White fish, bbl	$11@11,50
Tallow	10@10½c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Eggs, dozen	@13c	Trout, bbl	$9

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 27.—Flour—Market is excited, and prices advanced 10@12½c per barrel. Sales at $5,90@6 for choice super State; $5,10@5,25 for extra do; $5,50@6,10 for super Western; $5,90@6,50 for com to medium extra Mich, Ind, Ill, Wis, and Ohio, closing with a strong upward tendency. Canadian flour firmer; sales at $5,06@6,10 super and $6,20@7,50 extra.

GRAIN—No report of wheat market. Rye scarce and firmly held. Barley firmly held at $1,60 delivered. Barley malt nominally the same. Corn unsettled. At the opening holders were firm at 80 in store old mixed Western; at the close there were free sellers at 77@78c, but buyers refused to pay more than 75@76c. Oats better; sales at 58@59c State; 60@62c Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork unsettled and lower. Sales at $21,75@22 for mess, and $18,00@18,50 for prime. Lard steady; sales at 13½@14c. Butter in request at 15@21c Ohio, and 19@27 State. Cheese less active 12@14c.

ALBANY, APRIL 27.—Flour—Under the more favorable advices from Europe and the increased demand for shipment, our markets has become more active, and sales were made this morning to a fair extent at an advance of 12½@25c per bbl. on the medium and better grades of Western and Canadian.

GRAIN—There is a moderate milling inquiry for Wheat at about previous rates. Sales white Canadian to arrive by Canal on p. 4. Corn is held at a further advance, and holders of Western mixed are asking 80c. Barley is steady but less inquiry is made; for a fair sample $1,60 was asked. Oats steady, with sales State at 56c, measure.

BUFFALO, APRIL 27.—Flour—Ohio Extra $5,25@5,50; Do. superfine $5,75; Michigan extra $5,00@5,50; Do. superfine $5,75@6,25.

GRAIN—Ohio white wheat $1,43@1,45; Do. red $1,20; Mich. white $1,43@1,45; Indiana white $1,30@1,35; Illinois winter $1,20; Do. spring $1,15@1,17. Rye 90c@$1. Corn, yellow or mixed, 90c. Barley $1,75. Oats 62c.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork, No. 1, $22,50; No 2, $21,50; Prime No. $18,00. Hams in pickle $21 per bbl; Do. Smoked, 12c ℔ lb. Shoulders 10. Mackinaw Trout $9; White fish $10,50. Mess beef $14; Prime $10. Dried beef 12½c. Lard in bbls 13½@14c; Kegs do. Butter, roll, 23@25—Firkin 18@20. Hamburgh cheese 11@12c. Eggs 11c.

SEEDS—Clover at $6,50@7,00; Timothy $3,75; Flax $1,75.—White beans $1,75.

SUNDRIES—Dried Apples $2,50 Peaches 23c ℔ lb. Tallow, beef, 11½@12; Mutton 9½@10c. Hides, green, 7½@8c; dry 18@20c. Sheep Pelts $1@1,50. Wool 35@48. Hops 10@11c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

ALBANY, APRIL 27.—Beef Cattle—At market 600. Prices, live weight, extra, $6,50; first quality, $6,00; second and third, $5,00@5,50.

COWS AND CALVES—7 in market. Prices range from $35 $40, $50@$70.

SHEEP—750 in market. Prices range at from $4,50, 5, 6@7.

SWINE—940 in market. Fat hogs $5,50; stores $4,50.

NEW YORK, APRIL 22.—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality 12½@13c; ordinary 11½@12½c; common 10½@11c; inferior 9½@10½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality $60@70; ordinary $50@55; common $40@45; inferior $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra quality, ℔ lb. 6½@7½c. Other qualities, 5@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra quality $10@10,50. Other qualities. $3,50@6,50.

SWINE—First quality 7½@7¾c. Other qualities, 7@7½c.

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 22.—At market 410 Cattle, 370 Beeves and 40 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $10@10,25; first quality, $9,00@9,50; second quality, $8,00@8,50; third quality, $7,00@7,50; ordinary, $6@6,25

WORKING OXEN—$101@220.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 50@55.

VEAL CALVES—$5, 6, 7@9 each.

YEARLINGS—$00@00. Two Years Old—$35@38. Three Years Old—$42@48.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1900 at market. Prices—In lots, $4,00, 4,50@5,00; extra and selections, $6, 7, 8@9,50.

SWINE—500 at market. Prices—Live weight. 8@9c. ℔ lb.—Dressed hogs, 10@11 per lb. Shoats, wholesale, 8@9c; retail 9½@10½c.

HIDES—8½@10c. ℔ lb. Tallow—8@8½c.

CALF SKINS—14@15c ℔ lb. Pelts—$1,75@2,00.

BRIGHTON, APRIL 23—At market 950 Beeves, 80 Stores, 27 pairs Working Oxen, 131 Cows and Calves, 1400 Sheep and Lambs, 4,100 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $10,00; first quality, $9,75; 2d quality, $8,50; third quality, $7,75; ordinary $6@6,50.

WORKING OXEN—$150@200.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 50@68.

VEAL CALVES—$5, 6@8 each

YEARLINGS—$00@00 Two Years Old—$30@38. Three Years Old—$41@48.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $6, 7@9; in lots $3,75, 4@5.

SWINE—7½@9c. At retail 9@10c.

HIDES—8½@10c. ℔ lb. Calf Skins 14@15c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,75@2,00 each. Tallow—8@8½c ℔ lb.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 22.—The demand for native and pulled Wools is quite limited, and, although the stock of all kinds is exceedingly small, it is difficult to effect sales to any extent, unless at a concession in rates: the reason is obvious—prices for goods are extremely low, and the producers cannot obtain a new dollar for an old one, consequently but few are anxious to purchase at present any of the fine grades, unless to supply their immediate and most urgent wants; the production, it is said, is greatly diminished, but the same assertion was made last Fall by the producers yet they flooded the market with trashy goods, without regard to finish or contrast in coloring, and if they suffer by their stupidity, they must bear the burden, and not lay the blame of high prices for Wool on those who raise it. To themselves and speculators may be attributed the high prices current during the last eight months, and not to any other source. Both the manufacturers and dealers now assert they will adopt a new policy, and not go into the interior to buy stock at the commencement of the shearing season; perhaps they will not, but if so, we shall be greatly surprised. The transactions for the week do not exceed 50,000 lbs. medium and super grades of pulled and fleece Wools at prices ranging from 45@50c, as to quality. The low and medium grades of foreign have been in active request, with sales of 30 bales Rio Grande at 24½@25c; 10@120 bales unwashed Persian at 19½c 6 mos, 70,000@80,000 lbs. unwashed Valparaiso and 25,000 lbs. California on private terms. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ℔ lb	55@65
American Full-blood Merino	52@55
American ¾ and ½ Merino	45@52
American Native and ¼ do	42@45
Pulled Wool, extra Country	50@52
Pulled Wool, super	42@45
Pulled Wool, No 1	33@36
California Fine, Washed	25@45
Do. Com. Unwashed	18@33
Peravian, Washed	25@28
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@28
South American, Com. Washed	16@24
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	17@24
South American Unwashed	12@16
South American, Cordova, Washed	27@30
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	11@15
African, Washed	18@25
Smyrna, Unwashed	14@16
Smyrna, Washed	30@32
Mexican, Unwashed	12@16

[N. Y. Tribune.

BOSTON, APRIL 22.—Stock of domestic light, and the sales have been moderate, comprising for the week 20,000 lbs., at previous rates. In foreign, the sales comprise 150 bales South American and Mediterranean at various prices, as to quality.

Prime Saxony Fleece, washed, ℔ lb, 60@65; Full Blood Merino, 55@60; Three-quarter do., 48@53; Half do., 45@48; Common, 37@43; Superfine, 43@47, Pulled Extra, 47@55; Do. No. 1, 37@43; Do. No. 2, 22@35; Smyrna Washed, 25@32.

MARRIAGES.

IN this city, April 20th, by Rev. E. Kempshall, Mr. WILLIAM H. CRENNELL and Miss HARRIET J. GREEN, both of Rochester.

DEATHS.

AT Benton Centre, on the morning of the 23d of April, Mrs. TRYPHENA, wife of Mark Hollister, aged 28 years.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMERCIAL AGENTS WANTED—Able and honest men from New England or New York.
382tf A. W. HARRISON, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOWLS.—A trio of English Fawn-colored Dorkings, and of Buff Cochins, bred directly from imported stock.
April 25, 1857. D. ELY, 65 Fitzhugh St, Rochester, N. Y.

BLACKSMITH WANTED—SHOP TO RENT OR SELL Cheap—Location good. None but good workmen need apply ELIAB YEOMANS.
Walworth, Wayne Co, N. Y.

IMPORTANT TO HARDWARE DEALERS.

WE would call the attention of Hardware Dealers to SARGENT & FOSTER'S Double Cut Gimlet, manufactured from Jessups & Sons best Cast Steel, at Shelburne Falls, Mass. All orders promptly attended to SARGENT & FOSTER.

TROTTING STOCK, BY ETHAN ALLEN, FOR SALE—A Hambletonian mare, in foal to Ethan Allen, (the trotter,) and a yearling Stallion, out of the same mare, by the same horse. Both are superior animals, and are valued accordingly.
382w2 G. M. VINSON, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

BOYS' TAILOR.

BOYS' CLOTHES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION MADE to order in the best manner and in the most fashionable style at very low prices. Particular attention paid to cutting for men or boys W. W. PARSELLS at CLARKSON'S,
382w10 26 and 27 Arcade Gallery, Rochester.

APPLE GRAFTS! APPLE GRAFTS!

50,000 ON SELECTED STOCK.—We offer for Sale 50,000 Apple Grafts, 40 to 50 choice varieties, grafted and put up expressly for our own use. Apply immediately. BENJAMIN FISH & SON,
382tf West End Nurseries, Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

COLUMBIAN GUANO.

PERUVIAN GUANO, Government Brand and Weight. Superphosphatic of Lime. Bone dust.
For sale by A. LONGETT,
382w1 No 34 Cliff St, corner of Fulton, New York.

A RARE CHANCE.

300 VARIETIES CHOICE IMPORTED FLOWER Seeds just arrived. Fairly papers sent by mail, postpaid, for one dollar. Catalogues to applicants. Half acre packages of the "Genuine Chinese Sugar Cane Seed," by mail, postpaid, for $1. H. C. WHITE, Box 400 Rochester, N. Y.

TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

WANTED—In every county in the United States, active, industrious and enterprising men, as Agents, for the sale, by subscription, of valuable and interesting Books; all of them being expressly adapted to the wants of every family and containing nothing of a pernicious or injudicious tendency. Our publications are among the best in the country, and good agents can realize a profit from $2 to $4 per day by engaging in the business. A small capital of only $20 to $50 is required. For further particulars, address ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
382w3 No. 181 William street, New York.

TREES AND STOCKS

AT THE OWASCO LAKE NURSERIES.

3,000	Peach 1 year from bud,	$60 per 1,000
2,000	Apple 5 to 7 feet,	70 " "
500	Cherry 2 yrs 4 to 6 feet,	10 per 100
10,000	Cherry Stocks 1 year, fine,	4 50 per 1,000
5,000	Imported Pear Stocks 1st quality	20 " "
5,000	" " " 2d "	15 " "
10,000	American Arbor Vitæ,	30 " "

The Pear Stocks were imported this spring and came in fine order. Those marked 1st quality are very strong. They are all pruned and ready for planting.

EVERGREENS collected to order

H. COLLINS, Auburn, N. Y.

THE ORIENTAL HORSE CHARMER.

PART I. THE ORIENTAL ART—Introductory Remarks; The True Philosophy; Early Training; Taming a Vicious Horse; Teaching a Horse various Tricks; Breaking Colts; Catching Colts; Kicking; Rolling; Slipping the Halter; Restiveness; Balking; Biting; Running away, &c

PART II. GENERAL MANAGEMENT.—Breeding; The Horse in the Stable; Air; Light; Exercise; Litter; Food; Age told in a new way; Good Points; Sense of Smell; Feet, &c.

PART III. DISEASES AND THEIR CURE.—To mix and give a Ball; Diseases of the Teeth; Inflammation of the Eye; Galls; Heaves; Bots, Fits, and forty other diseases.

No Farmer should be without this Book,
No Livery Stable should be without it.
No Blacksmith should be without it
No Owner of a Horse should be without it.

The whole will be sent to any part of the U. S. (post-paid) for 25 cents. Six copies for $1. Address CHARLES J. ELDRIDGE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TRIAL OF REAPERS AND MOWERS.

THE TRIAL OF REAPERS AND MOWERS, UNDER the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture will take place on

WEDNESDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF JULY,

1857, at HAMILTON, Butler county, Ohio, at which time and place the following Premiums will be awarded:

I. For the best REAPER	$30 00
For the 2d best do	20 00
II. For the best MOWER	50 00
For the 2d best do	30 00
III. For the best REAPER & MOWER, combined	50 00
For the 2d best do do do	30 00

The Machines competing for the Premium of "Reaper and Mower combined," shall both "*Reap*" and "*Mow*," in the presence of the Awarding Committee.

Competition for the Premiums is respectfully invited from Manufacturers and others, in all the States.

The first, or Premium of $30, will be awarded either in money, or gold medal, at the option of the successful competitor.

Good teams and efficient teamsters will be provided by the Board.

Hamilton is a point twenty-five miles north of Cincinnati, on the Great Miami Railroad, and is therefore very accessible.

AWARDING COMMITTEE—Hon. Norton S. Townsend, Avon, O.; John Ferris, Carthage, O.; R. G. Dyer, Hamilton, O.; W. R. Collett, Lebanon, O.; David Nevitt, Lawrenceburgh, Ind.; Jos. Barker, Newport, O. By order of Board,
March, 16, 1857. JNO. H. KLIPPART, Cor. Sec.

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DE BOW'S REVIEW.

TWENTY-THREE SEMI-ANNUAL VOLUMES OF THIS work have appeared. It is published monthly, 128 pages, at Washington City, at $5 per annum, or $2 50 for six months or one volume.

This work is devoted to the maintenance of conservatism as against the various isms of the day, which threaten society at the North, no less than they do society at the South, and in its service some of the ablest writers in the country are engaged.—Though national in many respects, and discussing fully the industry and the wealth of our own and of all foreign nations; this work has more especially devoted itself to an exposition of the South and Southwest, and is almost the only authority upon all matters relating to their institutions and policy.

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DE BOW'S REVIEW has been upon our table for several days. The work is well worthy of attention, not only in the section of country in which it is published but at the North, as it contains a great amount of very valuable information which cannot be found elsewhere. It is properly the complement of Hunt's Magazine, and in connection with that work, forms a complete record of mercantile and commercial facts. We commend it to the notice of our readers, and to the favor of all who are interested in the commerce of the South.—*N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.*

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NAPOLEON BLACK HAWK

WILL STAND FOR MARES THE ENSUING SEASON at the Stable of Messrs. E. & L. D. PEAK, one fourth of a mile west of the village of Meridian, in the town of Cato.

He will be three years old the 16th day of May next, and for style and action is perfectly unsurpassed if not unsurpassable. He was foaled and raised on the banks of Lake Champlain, in the town of Ticonderoga, and pronounced there and in Vermont the best colt of his age of the numerous progeny of the World-wide celebrated BLACK HAWK, owned by DAVID HILL, Esq., of Bridport, Vermont

With reference to Pedigree, it is enough to say that he was sired by Mr. HILL'S old Black Hawk, and from a Hamiltonian mare of great strength, as well as action and beauty, which, next to the Black Hawk, is as deservedly popular blood as any in the country

NAPOLEON is 15½ hands high and weighs over 900 lbs., in good condition; a beautiful bright bay, and of such perfect symmetry that he is believed, by good judges, to be the best colt of his age on this Continent.

TERMS, $15 for a single leap, $25 for the season, and $30 to insure a foal; and it is expressly declared and forms part of the contract, that any mare parted with before foaling time, will be regarded as with foal, and the owner at time of putting held for amount of Insurance price of service. Those putting by Leap or Season, will pay at time of putting mares.
GROVE BRADLEY & CO.
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LOOK AT THIS.

Valuable Farms in Culpepper county, Va., for Sale.

WITH A VIEW TO OTHER PERSONS, AND THE settlement of my Servants next fall in the South, I offer at private sale, until the 20th day of May, "Bel-Pre," my present seat, containing

THIRTEEN HUNDRED ACRES.

Also, my "Milton Mill" farm, containing about Two HUNDRED AND TWENTY ACRES, MILLS, &c., pertaining thereto, together with several smaller places, all of which are in the "Piedmont Valley" of Virginia and immediate vicinity of Brandy Station, the Orange and Alexandria Railroad passing directly through the former, within three hundred yards of the dwelling, thus affording a partial view of the premises.

Bel-Pre is so favorably and generally known in Eastern Virginia, that but for the satisfaction of Capitalists in the Cities and abroad, this notice might be sufficient. To such in Baltimore

Choice Poetry.

THE AE LAMB OF THE FAULD.

In yon rude lanely sheilen,
Near nae ither house nor hauld,
There dwelt a hillside shepherd
Wi' the ae lamb o' his fauld.
A gray haired, rugged carle was he,
Wi' broo fu' stern an' bauld,
Wha said his sweet wee Janet,
Was the ae lamb o' his fauld.

O! blithe aod bonny was the bairn,
A gleesome thing was she,
As wi' her flock she strayed amang
The hills where rises Dee.
Her we'el lo'ed mother de'ed when she
Was scarce six summers auld,
An' left the shepherd lanely
Wi' the ae lamb o' the fauld.

He took her in the summer where
A bothy he had made,
Whene'er she tired he carried her,
An' wrapped her in his plaid;
An' he sang wild Border ballads,
An' fairy tales he tauld,
While restin' on the hillside
With the ae lamb o' his fauld.

In winter she would trim the fire
When daylight wore awa',
An' in the window set the lamp
To guide him through the snaw;
Then, laid aside his drippin' plaid,
Her arms wad him entauld,
When he came back weet an' weary
To the ae lamb o' his fauld.

The mountain blasts were bleak an' chill,
An' she grew thin and weak;
There cam a wild licht to her e'e,
A strange red to her cheek;
And O, sae fast she faded till
A winter's mornin' cauld
Dead on her father's bosom
Lay the ae lamb o' the fauld.

He stood uncovered in the drift,
An' saw the wee grave made,
Nane dared to comfort when awa'
He tearless turned and said,
"There's nae licht in the shelien noo;
My heart will aye be cauld,
I've nocht on earth to care for,
Sin' my ae lamb's i' THE FAULD."

Life's Lessons.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BLESSED CHILDREN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

As Mr. ANDREW FREEMAN came up to the door of his elegant home a little before sundown, one pleasant autumn day, he saw a coarsely dressed child, some seven or eight years old, sitting upon the door step with a basket by her side, containing some chips gathered at a carpenter's shop. Wearied with her heavy load, she had stopped to rest herself.

Something had gone wrong with Mr. FREEMAN, and he did not feel in a pleasant humor. The sight of the child and her basket, both occupying the white marble steps that led up to his handsome dwelling, annoyed him. They looked out of place—were incongruous, and blurred the fair entrance to his home.

"Get away from here!" he said roughly, as he came up to the doorway.

The child started, looked frightened, and taking up her basket, went hurriedly down the street.

"The little vagrants!" ejaculated Mr. FREEMAN, as he swung open the door of his luxurious home. "They shouldn't be permitted to prowl the streets in this way; watching around gates and doorways for a good chance to steal. If I had my will of them, every one should be taken up and sent to a work-house."

If elegance and comfort at home could make a man happy, then was Mr. FREEMAN one of earth's favored ones. But, the heart makes its own paradise. The mere externals of a man's life have far less to do with his happiness than most of us try to believe. On every side, beauty, elegance, taste, and comfort met the eyes of Mr. FREEMAN, but they had no power to dispel the shadows that a troubled contact with men and business had drawn around his spirit.

"Who were you speaking to at the door?" asked his wife, as she met him in the passage.

"A dirty little vagrant!" he replied, "who was hanging about our doorstep, with her greasy basket."

Mrs. FREEMAN did not reply. She had looked from one of the parlor windows a short time before, and noticed a very little girl with a basket of chips too large and heavy for one of her strength, almost dragging instead of carrying it along.—And she had also seen her stop and sit down to rest on their door step. Pity was in her heart for the child who was poorly clad—yet clean. In her plain face was a gentle expression, which she knew was only born of a loving heart. Mrs. FREEMAN sighed as she thought that this was the child just driven off with angry words by her unreflecting husband.

"Where is GRACE?" asked Mr. FREEMAN, on going from the parlors into the sitting room.

"FANNY took her out walking," replied Mrs. FREEMAN. "But she will be home soon. I am looking for their return every moment."

Mr. FREEMAN was disappointed at not seeing his little pet, and this only increased the ill-nature from which he was suffering as a disease. He sat down, in a moody state of mind, and replied only in monosyllables to the various remarks of his wife. He did not speak unkindly to her, for that was something of which he had never been guilty. But, he took no interest in what she said; and she failed entirely in her efforts to throw a sunbeam into his mind.

Presently the bell was heard to ring. Mr. FREEMAN raised his head and listened. A few moments elapsed—then the door was opened, and a voice, musical as a wind-harp to the ears of Mr. FREEMAN came ringing along the passages. It was GRACE, his darling child—the sunbeam in his dwelling.

"Has papa come home?" he heard her ask.

"Yes, love," he called to her, "papa is home.—Come up here, you little runaway!"

How changed, suddenly, were both tone and manner. Up the stairs bounded the fairy-footed child, and was soon in her father's arms, clasping his neck and covering his face with kisses. Away went the evil spirit from the heart of Mr. FREEMAN—away went the shadows from his brow, banished by the presence of his blessed child.

Not very far from the rich man's dwelling stood a humble frame tenament, where a poor day laborer lived with his wife and child. He had been very hard at work from the rising to the going down of the sun, and now released from toil, was slowly wending his way homeward, bearing the spirit of discontent in his heart. Though scarcely numbering as many years as Mr. FREEMAN, he looked older than the wealthy merchant. His skin was coarse and brown from long exposure to the summer's sun and winter's cold—his body stooping from the weight of many burdens—his large hands rough and horny from labor. Occasionally as his eyes glanced up from the pavement, and rested upon the elegant homes that stood proudly along the street, a touch of envy chafed him, and the old thought of a partial distribution of God's blessings came like a spirit of evil into his mind.

In this unhappy mood was JOHN GRANT, when he laid his hand upon the latch, and pushed open the door of his poor abode. How different was this tenament, in all of its surroundings and interior appearances, to the princely dwelling of ANDREW FREEMAN, the wealthy merchant. The low, weather-stained door, from which all paint had been obliterated for years, opened into the one room which was used as a kitchen, work-room, eating and sitting-room. The badly constructed chimney only partially carried off the smoke, and as JOHN GRANT stepped into the room, he encountered an atmosphere loaded with a stifling and blinding vapor.

He neither scolded nor complained; but the sense of oppression was increased. He looked at his weary wife, and the weary wife looked at her weary husband. Both sighed, but neither of them spoke a word; yet both felt that their lot in life was a hard one. JOHN GRANT sat down, heavily, and his wife went on with her preparations for supper.

"Where is MARY?" was asked after a little while.

"She's gone to the store for salt," replied the wife.

The poor laboring man had looked up with a gleam of interest on his countenance. His head bent slowly down again until his chin rested upon his bosom.

"Isn't she staying a great while?" said the father, looking towards his wife, after a few minutes had passed.

"It's time she was here," replied the mother.—"She'll be back in a moment."

"She's a great deal of help to you now, JANE," said GRANT, with an awakening interest in his voice.

"Oh, yes; a great deal," answered his wife.—"You don't know how many steps she saves me. I hardly ever have to run out to the store now.—She buys things there just like a little woman.—And she is learning to sew right neatly. Just look at that!" And the mother brought a dingy old piece of unbleached muslin, on which were several rows of stitches. "MARY did the whole of this. Now, isn't it wonderful! She'll make a smart woman, I can tell you."

"And she's so good," said GRANT, as a broad smile went over his rough face, lighting it up with a human expression that gave it a higher type of manhood.

"Look there," added the wife, pointing to a basket of carpenter's chips. "She brought that from the shop all herself. Why, its a load for a stout boy! Isn't she strong?"

"Too heavy a load for her arm, JANE," replied GRANT. "You mustn't let her bring such a large one again."

"Oh, she didn't mind it," said the mother. "I asked her how she got along, and she told me she carried the basket a short distance at a time, resting on the door steps, and so making her way homewards. I didn't just like one thing," added Mrs. GRANT, in a voice betraying some indignation. "She says that a gentleman who lives in one of the great houses in the next block, drove her off of his steps where she was resting, and frightened her with his angry looks."

"Curse him!" exclaimed JOHN GRANT, a fiery indignation burning instantly in his face.

"Don't—don't JOHN, curse any body!" said his wife in a soothing voice. "He didn't know our little MARY, as we know her, or he never would have driven her away. There are idle, bad, thieving children about, JOHN, and the gentleman no doubt took her for one of them."

"I don't care for that!" replied GRANT, still in an angry tone. "But, if I had been there, I would have knocked him down as I would knock down a dog!"

JOHN GRANT was still brooding over this treatment of his child, when the music of her happy voice, as she came singing to the door, fell pleasantly upon his ears, scattering all clouds and shadows, and filling his heart with sunshine.

"Has father come home?"

These were her words, as she threw open the door, and bounded into the room.

"Yes, pet, father is home," said JOHN GRANT, reaching out his arms towards the child, who was as precious to his heart, as the child of any father in the land—that of ANDREW FREEMAN not excepted.

MARY sprang into those great, strong arms, clasping her own, that were fairy-like in comparison, about her father's neck, and pressing her soft young lips, lovingly, to lips whose kisses were sweet to her. Then she laid herself down in his arms, and looked up, with a happy smile, into his face. MARY was not a handsome child. Her features were plain, and rather coarse, but, in the sight of her father, she was very beautiful. To him, all the sweetness of her child-life, which was full of love for her parents, was expressed in her outward form. The blue of her eyes; the ruby of her lips; the chestnut brown of her hair; the softness of her skin, all had a refinement, a delicacy and a beauty to him as real as any of the higher types of beauty to others. In all her movements, too, he saw a surpassing grace.

Is not love the great beautifier! Is it not the heart's sunshine that makes light in all the chambers of the soul.

Blessed children! To the rich repiner, and the poor murmurer, alike blessings. Heaven-sent messengers of love!—links that bind us to the upper world! Celestial visitants! To the ANDREW FREEMAN'S and JOHN GRANTS' of this unhappy world alike the good angels, who by a single wave of the hand, sweep aside the dark curtains of brooding discontent, and let in the heavenly sunshine. Blessings on them—Blessings forever!

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

A TORN jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

POPULARITY is only, in legal phrase, the "instantaneous seisin" of fame.

As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so change of studies a dull brain.

IT is an extraordinary fact, that those who get to high words, generally use low language.

FRIENDSHIP is a silent gentleman that makes no parade; the true heart dances no hornpipe on the tongue.

THE Mormons make the marriage ring, like the ring of Saturn, fluid, not solid, and keep it in its place by numerous satelites.

IN the months of many men soft words are like roses that soldiers put into the muzzles of their muskets on holiday.

WE often excuse our own want of philanthropy by giving the name of fanaticism to the more ardent zeal of others.

IF we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

DIOGENES being asked of what beast the bite was most dangerous, answered,—"Of wild beasts, that of a slanderer; of tame, that of a flatterer."

IF you borrow my books do not mark them; for I shall not be able to distinguish your marks from my own, and the pages will become like the doors in Bagdad marked by Morgiana's chalk.

AUTHORS, in their prefaces, generally speak in a conciliatory, deprecating tone of the critics, whom they hate and fear; as of old the Greeks spake of the Furies as the Eumenides, the Benign Goddesses.

DON QUIXOTE thought he could have made beautiful bird-cages and tooth-picks if his brain had not been so full of ideas of chivalry. Most people would succeed in small things, if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

DOUBTLESS criticism was originally benignant, pointing out the beauties of a work, rather than its defects. The passions of men have made it malignant, as the bad heart of Procrustes turned the bed, the symbol of repose, into an instrument of torture.

THE Javanese abominate pork to such an extent that if a piece is brought in contact with the body of a Javan, the place must be immediately purified by being seared with a red-hot iron. Fortunately fowls can be bought there at the rate of twenty-five for a dollar.

AFTER a christening at a church in Southwark, while the minister was making out the certificate, he happened to say, "Let me see, this is the thirtieth?"—"Thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed it is only the *eleventh!*" The minister was alluding to the day of the month.

"MY dear sir," said our friend Drumsticks to a young married gentleman who had just been made to feel the joys of paternity, "My dear sir, can you tell me in what your present *status* varies from that of the same individual one year ago?" "Can't say that I can, Drumsticks." "I will tell you. One year ago you were a *sighing lover*—now you are a *loving sire.*"

"MADAM," said a husband to his young wife, in a little altercation, which will sometimes spring up in "the best of families," "when a man and his wife have quarreled, and each considers the other at fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance towards a reconciliation?" "The best natured and wisest of the two," said the wife, putting up her rosy mouth for a kiss, which was given with an unction. She had conquered!

THE laws of Nature are just, but terrible. There is no weak mercy in them. Cause and consequence are unsearchable and inevitable. The elements have no forbearance. The fire burns, the water drowns, the air consumes, the earth buries. And perhaps it would be well for our race if the punishment of crimes against the laws of man were as inevitable as the punishment of crimes against the laws of Nature—were man as unerring in his judgments as Nature.

WHEN Victor Hugo was an aspirant for the honors of the French Academy, and called on M. Roger Collard to ask his vote, the sturdy veteran professed utter ignorance of his name. "I am the author of Notre Dame de Paris, Les Derniers Jours d'un Coudamné, Bug Jargal, Marian, Delorme, etc." "I never heard of any of them," said Collard.—"Will you do me the honor of accepting a copy of my works?" asked Victor Hugo. "I never read new books," was the cutting reply.

AN EGYPTIAN, praying to the sun perceived a phantom directing itself to the capital. "What art thou?" "The plague." "Where goest thou?" "To Cairo." "Wherefore?" "To kill ten thousand men." "Go not." "It is fatality." "Go then, but do not kill one more." "To hear is to obey." After the cessation of the scourge, he again met the phantom. "Whence comest thou?" "From Cairo." "How many hast thou killed?"—"Ten thousand, obeying thy mandate." "Thou liest—thou hast killed twenty thousand." "I killed but ten thousand; fear killed the rest."

CAMPBELL was a great lover of submarine prospects. "Often in my boyhood," says the poet, "when the day has been bright and the sea transparent, I have sat by the hour on a Highland rock, admiring the golden sands, the emerald weeds and the silver shells at the bottom of the bay beneath, till, dreaming about the grottoes of the Nereids, I would not have changed my pleasure for that of a connoisseur poring over a landscape by Claude or Poussin. Enchanting nature! thy bounty is not only in heaven and earth, but in the waters under our feet. How magnificent a medium of vision is the pellucid sea! Is it not like poetry, that embellishes every object that we contemplate?"

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorkor.

LINES.—A PARODY.

THE hills around Naples, how proudly they rise
In the wildness of grandeur to blend with the skies,
With their far azure outlines and tall ancient trees—
The hill around Naples, I love thee for these.

The valleys of Naples that cradle her streams,
Or smile in their greenness like land in our dreams,
All sunny with beauty embosomed in ease,
The valleys of Naples, I love thee for these.

The woods around Naples, still verdant and high,
Though rocked by the tempest of ages gone by,
Romance dims their arches and speaks in the breeze—
The woods around Naples, I love thee for these.

"The vineyards of Naples the landscape adorn,
The fruits and fine flowers in the garden and farm,
Delicious their flavor, in beauty they please,
Such beauties in Naples, I love thee for these."

The streams through our village that roar as they go,
Or seem in their stillness but dreaming to flow,
O, bright gild their sunbeams their march to the seas—
The streams through our village, I love thee for these.

The good homes in Naples, free-fortuned and fair,
O, many a heart's treasure is embosom'd there,
E'en more than thy landscapes or treasures they please—
The good homes in Naples, I love thee for these.

Gon shield thee, dear Naples, the land of my birth,
And thy children that wander afar on the earth.
Thou still art my country where'er I am cast,
Take home to thy bosom my ashes at last.

Naples, N. Y., 1857. S. H. S.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 4 letters.
My 1st is a beverage, highly prized by many.
My 2nd every tailor, owns a pair of.
My 3rd is a girls nick-name.
My 4th is the initial letter of every event.
My whole is not long. P.

Homer, N. Y., 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A FARMER has stock consisting of cows, sheep, and hogs. The sheep are two more in number than the cows. If sixteen be added to the number of sheep, the sum is equivalent to 3¾ times the number of hogs minus four—but if the number of hogs be added to the number of cows, their sum is equivalent to 1 4-5 times the number of sheep minus six. Required the number of each.

Penfield, N. Y., 1857. D. E. R.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.—Required, the area of a regular hexagon whose side is 30.—D. D., *Homer, N. Y.*

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Scriptural Enigma in No. 381:—Open rebuke is better than secret love.

Answer to Algebraical Problem in No. 381:—16. 36. 12.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. SAGE & SONS,
MUSIC PUBLISHERS,
NO. 209 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO.
PIANOS and MELODEONS from the best Factories in the Union, for sale at makers prices.

FOR SALE.
A FARM OF 68 ACRES IN THE TOWN OF CLARKSON, Monroe Co., N. Y., 1½ miles south of the Ridge road or County line; all good tillable land with first class buildings and a variety of good Fruit, situated on four corners and handy to market. Said farm to be sold cheap, and payment to suit purchasers. Address A. H. FRANKLIN,
381w2 Holley, Orleans Co, N. Y.

LAND IN IOWA.
THE LAND OFFICES IN OSAGE, FORT DODGE, and Sioux City will open May 4th, 1857, when an opportunity will be offered to those wishing land in Northern Iowa to obtain it, either by cash or Warrants A. E. HARMON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Dubuque, Iowa.
REFERENCE—Editor of RURAL. 381w4

COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER AND SINGLE MOWER.
Manny's Patent with Wood's Improvement.
IN OFFERING MY MACHINES TO THE FARMERS FOR the Harvest of 1857, it seems hardly necessary to advertise them; but as this medium for an introduction to the public is so generally adopted, I take this method to inform the farmers that a close personal attention to the practical operation of the machine the past harvest has induced me to make several improvements—these, added to its former reputation, give me the utmost confidence in stating that it now stands unrivalled as a Mower, or a Combined Reaper and Mower, and for harvesting Clover Seed, has no competitor. I have a large amount of certificates from farmers who have used my machine besides several Premiums, Diplomas and Medals, awarded by State, County and Town Agricultural Societies, pointing out plainly the points in which it excels all others. Many of these are patented and cannot be embodied in any other machine, and all will admit how essential and indispensable they are to a successful Combined Reaper and Mower.
With each machine will be furnished two scythes, two extra guards, two extra sections, one extra pinion and wrench.
Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day in a workmanlike manner.
Price of Combined Machine delivered here on the Cars $125 00
" " Single Mower, Wood Bar " " " 110 00
" " " " Steel " " " 115 00
WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor.
Hoosick Falls, April 15, 1857. 381w16

25 WITNESSES;
OR,
THE FORGER CONVICTED.
JOHN S. DYE IS THE AUTHOR,
WHO HAS HAD TEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS A Banker and Publisher, and author of
A series of Lectures at the Broadway Tabernacle
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Greeted him with Rounds of Applause, while he exhibited the manner in which Counterfeiters execute their Frauds, and the Surest and Shortest Means of Detecting them!
The Bank Note Engravers all say that he is the Greatest Judge of Paper Money Living.
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Describing every Genuine Bill in Existence, and Exhibiting at a glance every Counterfeit in Circulation!!
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One Dollar a Year. Circulation, over 100,000 Copies Weekly.

Emery's Corn Planter and Seed Drill,
Manufactured at the Albany Ag'l Works, by
EMERY BROTHERS,
NO. 52 STATE STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.—THIS MAchine is somewhat in the form of a common wheelbarrow. It may be used as such by hand in gardens or patches where it is not practicable to use a horse, while in field planting a horse or mule may be used. It is light, but very strong, and simple in its construction. It opens the furrow, gauges and drops the seed, covers it and rolls it down.
For planting in hills or for drilling, it may be used for every kind or size of seed, from corn, beans, peas, &c., to the smallest garden seeds, and will separate with equal precision, whatever be the kind of seed or style of planting. Hills may be made at any distance apart from three inches to eight feet, and the same range of variations may also be made in drilling. The number of seed may be accurately gauged, as also may be the quantity of seed to the rod or acre, in the drill.
Seeds that will fall by their own weight are dropped by a wood cylinder having adjustible cups to measure or count the seeds as they are taken from the hopper, while light seeds, such as beet, carrot, parsnip, &c., are forced from the hopper by a brush cylinder, which causes them to drop with perfect accuracy and regularity. Any change in the Planter can be made in a few moment's time, and it may be instantly thrown out of gear when required to transport it from place to place.
This machine has been well known for several years, and bears a very excellent reputation. Many thousands of them are in use, and have received the unqualified approbation of all who have used them. We have greatly improved it from year to year, both in strength and workmanship, and now offer it to farmers and gardeners as the best, most useful, and nearest perfect thing of its kind extant.
One of the great advantages of this machine is that the hills are placed *absolutely in a line*, not varying a few inches to the right or left as when dropped by hand. This allows the Cultivator or Horse Hoe to run *close to the hills*,—the Cultivator may be expanded wider without danger of injuring the plants, thus leaving but little work for the hand hoe; even if there were rows two ways it would not be necessary to run the Cultivator both ways—and we would here remark that most agriculturists are satisfied that it is as *unnecessary* as it is *impracticable* to plant with a machine in rows *both ways*. The machine has yet to be invented that will plant *straight rows both ways*, and if the cross-rows are not *straight*, the advantages gained by running the Cultivator between them is not sufficient to compensate for the extra trouble and loss of time required to operate such a machine.
376e3w3t EMERY BROS, 52 State St., Albany, N. Y.

FOR SALE AT $55 PER ACRE, A FARM OF 135 ACRES, of which 35, are timber in the town of Camillus, Onondaga Co., six miles from Syracuse, two from Camillus, on Central Railroad—Church, School-house and mills of all kinds near by Belle Isle P.O. [376w4eow] HAROLD M. WHITE.

THE NORTHERN INDEPENDENT.
PRICE $1 A YEAR—IN THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF its existence, The Northern Independent has attained a circulation of over NINE THOUSAND.
REV. WILLIAM HOSMER, Editor.
Rev. D. W. BRISTOL, Rev. O. MATTISON, Rev. J. WATIS, Rev. H. R. CLARKE, Rev. B. T. ROBERTS, Corresponding Editors.
THE INDEPENDENT is a weekly Religious paper, published at Auburn, Cayuga Co., N. Y., by the **Central New York Publishing Association.** Devoted to the interests of the M. E. Church, and more staunchly Anti-Slavery than any official paper in the Church. This paper is designed especially for the LAITY, and will enlist their energies more fully than any paper which they cannot own or control.
THE NORTHERN INDEPENDENT is what its name imports—It is northern and independent in the full sense of these terms. It was started to redress a great wrong inflicted by the late General Conference, at Indianapolis, in denying the Annual Conferences of Western and Central New York, their customary and proper voice in the choice of an Editor for the Northern Christian Advocate,—a paper published in their midst, originated by them, and up to last June, provided with Editors selected by the official representatives of the Patronizing District.
All orders for the paper should be addressed to
374w4eow REV. WILLIAM HOSMER, Auburn, N. Y.

50,000 ACRES OF VIRGINIA LANDS IN MARKET
WE, THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS, OFFER A LARGE number of valuable and well improved farms in Eastern Va., embracing almost every advantage of soil, water, timber, climate, society, healthiness, with the advantages of rapid transit over splendid Railroads to the markets on the seaboard and cities on our navigable rivers, by a travel generally of from two to four hours ride. These lands are lying in different counties on the slopes from the Blue Ridge to tide water, and generally in full view of those lovely Blue Mountains so much admired by all travelers, and which divide the Piedmont region from the Valley of Va. We have also for sale some splendid water powers finely located for trade. A lengthy description of the above property is out of the question in a newspaper advertisement. We will promptly answer all communications addressed to us by those wishing to purchase any of the above named property if they will inform us the extent of the means they wish to invest, the size and kind of farm. We have tracts varying from 250 to 1,000 acres. We have 23,000 acres of timber lands for sale, which will give employment to timber getters for the next half century.
374w4-1aug tf THEODORE N. DAVISSON & CO,
Mitchells Station, Orange & Alexandria R. R., Culpepper Co., Va.

SCHENECTADY AGRICULTURAL WORKS.
MANUFACTURE IMPROVED RAILWAY HORSE Powers, Threshers and Separators, Combined Threshers and Winnowers, Clover Hullers, and Sawing Machines.
The undersigned having been twenty years engaged in building Horse Powers and Threshing Machines, feel confident, from past experience, and the numerous testimonials we are receiving from all parts of the country, of the superiority of our machines, that we can give satisfaction to all who may favor us with their orders. Our Horse Powers are made substantial, and so geared that it requires the team to travel only about 1¾ miles per hour, thereby making it suitable to work either horses or cattle on them. Our Threshers and Threshers and Winnowers are so constructed as to discharge all the grain and dust through the machine, and not into the feeder's face, as is usual with other kinds. The Thresher and Winnower has a revolving wire separator, which does the work more perfectly than can be done in any other way. The Separator (Riddle) has a fork straw shaker, which shakes the grain out of the straw, as it passes from the Thresher.
We warrant these machines to suit the purchaser upon trial, or they can be returned, and the money will be refunded.
G. WESTINGHOUSE & CO.
Schenectady, N. Y., March, 1857. 373-5wlam

HAY AND CATTLE SCALES.
GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES!! THESE "STANDARD SCALES" are now within the reach of every Farmer.—For $100 we will furnish a 3 ton scale, platform, 7 by 12 feet. Every scale is *sealed* by the *U. S. Standard* weights, and *warranted.* A full description will be sent to any part of the country, free of postage, upon application.
372-1mmtf DURYEE & FORSYTH,
Manufacturing Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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365-eow tf 56 John St., New York.

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WITH LATE IMPROVEMENTS—Warranted not to Clog—of easy draught—superior to any heretofore made. Pamphlets embracing full description, recommendations, &c., sent to all applicants. Local Agents, or persons wishing to sell on commission, will please address R. L. ALLEN, 189 Water St., New York, or JAMES WHITE, at Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y., General Agent for Western N. Y., Penn., Ohio, Michigan, &c.
☞ D. R. BARTON, Rochester, agent for Monroe and Livingston Co's. [380w7eow] [April 15, 1857.

YOUNG GIFFORD MORGAN.
THIS HORSE WAS SIRED BY OLD GIFFORD MORGAN from a full blooded imported English mare. He is a beautiful dapple bay, good size, close jointed, and well built, a fine mover and fast trotter.
I have spared no pains or expense in procuring this fine horse. Young Gifford will be kept the coming season at the stable of the subscriber in Le Roy, N. Y. For terms, &c., see hand bill, or inquire of the subscriber. DANIEL WARD.
Le Roy, April 6, 1857. 380w2eow

S. A. ELLIS'
WHIP AND GLOVE STORE, 78 STATE STREET, Rochester, N. Y. Having purchased the Retail trade of what has long been known as Strong's Whip and Glove Store, I intend to make it the most desirable place for the purchase of
WHIPS, GLOVES, CANES AND UMBRELLAS,
in the city. I shall keep a larger and better assortment of these goods than has ever before been kept here.
Ladies will find it to their advantage to call and look at my assortment of Kid Gloves.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LEADING WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

VOLUME VIII. NO. 19.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1857. {WHOLE NO. 383.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
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Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y

FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

ROOT CROPS.—PARSNIPS.

EXCEPT as a product of the garden, the parsnip has received but little attention from the American farmer, while their use has been confined almost wholly to his table. The reason for this neglect is a matter of conjecture—it cannot be on account of any peculiar difficulty in their production, for we believe them to be as easily grown as the carrot—nor because of their inferiority to other roots for the purposes to which crops of this nature are usually designed—those most experienced in their use, for stock-feeding, consider them superior to either the carrot or turnip—nor even on the score of profit, for *they can be made to pay as well, if not better, than any other root.* We can conceive of no other ground upon which to base this seeming objection of our agriculturists to their production, than a lack of knowledge as regards their good qualities, and we hope, that those who have never tested them will now do so—will place them in the balance with similar esculents and judge for themselves as to whether they are wanting.

Like the onion, carrot, and turnip, the parsnip is a biennial; it seeds and dies in two years. It is a British plant, and is found growing wild by the wayside, in calcareous soils. There is but slight difference between the garden parsnip and the wild plant—the former has smooth leaves of a light yellowish green color, and the flavor of the root is milder, while the leaves of the latter are a dark green and hairy.

Of varieties LOUDON gives four, the *Common, Guernsey, Hollow-Crowned* and *Turnip-rooted.*—Two only of these are recommended for culture—the Guernsey for field growth, and the Hollow Crowned for the garden. The Guernsey grows to a large size—in its native country it is often found four feet in length, and in soils adapted to its growth averaging two feet. The Hollow Crowned is of more uniform growth, of a whiter and cleaner tuber, is better flavored than the former, and at the same time possesses equal hardiness. This variety is easily recognized by the leaves rising from a cavity in the top or crown of the root.

The soil most genial to the parsnip is one of a sandy character, light, deep and free from stones. Well decomposed manure is generally applied, but when not attainable recent droppings are used advantageously by burying at considerable depth. In garden culture the ground should be dug at least twenty inches deep.

In selecting the seed, care must be observed to *procure that which is fresh*—its germinating powers are much injured, if not totally ruined, when it is more than one year old. No preparation of the seed is necessary. It takes considerable time for it to sprout, but if it is fresh, the exercise of a little patience on the part of the cultivator only is needful, as no other seed is more sure of germination. The quantity generally used is four pounds per acre. Time for sowing, as soon as the ground is in readiness. Deposit in drills 12 to 16 inches apart and thin out to about 8 inches. The after-culture is similar to that given to carrots—see RURAL of 18th ult. One thing, however, we would impress upon the mind of the producer, viz., the necessity of keeping the land free from weeds.—Success in the production of crops of this class depends very much upon the care thus given.

In the culture of this root, those who do not possess an abundance of room for storing derive considerable advantage from the fact that frost does not injure them. Remove in the fall what are needed for winter use, and store in the cellar. Those thus put away should be covered with earth as exposure to the air or even moderate heat wilts them.

An analysis of the parsnip, by HERMBSTADT, shows its component parts to be as follows:

Water	79.04
Starch and fibre	6.09
Gum	6.01
Sugar	5.05
Albumen	2 01
Salts	?
Loss	—
	100.00

Most animals relish and do well upon this root as a food, while for milch cows and swine it is by many stock-growers considered invaluable. On the Island of Guernsey pigs are fattened almost entirely upon them, and for this purpose they are highly prized. Five or six hundred bushels is about the average production per acre. Of their market value we cannot speak definitely—a friend of ours during the past winter sold his crop in this city at 63 cts. per bushel,—which, at our ratio of yield, would range from $315 00 to $378 00. In this scale of production and price, every farmer must see that their growth is profitable, and though increased attention would doubtless produce a decline in this respect, still there is a wide margin for profit. As compared with turnips they might fall-off one half and render equal returns, and in addition, we are not aware that they are subject to disease or the attacks of insect depredators.

THOUGHTS ON DRAINAGE, &c.

A FEW years since produce was so cheap in many parts of our country, while labor was so scarce and so dear that there seemed but little to encourage farmers to engage in thorough systems of culture demanding much labor. A practice profitable in Europe, with land and produce high, and labor cheap, might, and indeed, generally would be unprofitable here, where an entirely different state of things existed. If, then American farmers have not made as much progress in improved and expensive systems of agriculture as their European brethren, it is not because they are less intelligent or that they lack enterprise, but because they have been very differently circumstanced, as regards the price of labor, land and produce. The farmer, like the merchant and mechanic, labors not for the love of employment, nor to gain an honorable name, as a skillful and scientific farmer, but for PROFIT. It would be unwise, therefore, for him to pursue any system of culture that would not be remunerative—that would not pay well for the labor and capital expended. If the farmer invests a dollar in capital or labor, he should at least receive his own with interest. It must be remembered, however, that in making permanent improvements, like draining, only the interest and an installment of the principal should be expected from each crop.

Of late years produce in all parts of the country has sold at highly remunerating prices, sufficiently so to excite every enterprising farmer to great exertions to increase his salable produce by all judicious means. For this purpose guano has been freely used, the amount and cost of which we gave our readers in an article on the subject in the RURAL of January 31. With wheat at $2 or more per bushel, its increase by the use of guano would probably pay; but when wheat is at $1 per bushel, every additional bushel raised by the use of so expensive a fertilizing material would cost the farmer more than it would bring in the market. To make wheat growing profitable at this price, a manure costing the farmer less than guano must be used. Potatoes of the best varieties are now selling in Rochester at $1 25 per bushel, a rate so high that farmers can afford to use guano, or pursue almost any system of culture that will increase the crop. When potatoes sell at 25 cents per bushel the farmer cannot afford to expend much labor in raising a crop, but at present prices a few days extra labor is of but little account, if thereby the crop can be increased.

DEEP PLOWING and THOROUGH DRAINING are plans pursued for the purpose of increasing the products of the soil. Of the former, which is not a costly operation, we spoke last week. Draining is expensive, and yet it is necessary on much of our land having a heavy wet subsoil, with only a few inches of good surface earth. Much of this subsoil is so cold and so wet that the roots of plants can hardly live, and certainly cannot thrive in it. By draining, the excess of water is carried off, air takes its place, and the soil becomes much warmer, for it is a fact that the warm air that penetrates the soil increases its temperature several degrees. It is also a fact well known that heat cannot be well transmitted downward through a stiff water-soaked subsoil. On this subject, Dr. LINDLEY remarks in the London *Gardener's Chronicle*:—"It is by perfect and skillful drainage that underground climate is improved, and by that alone. Why is land improved by good drainage? Many believe the whole advantage consists in removing water; but water is not in itself an evil; on the contrary, it is the food of plants, and its absence is attended with fatal results. But undrained land is not merely wet, it is water-logged. All the interstices between the particles of earth being filled with water, air is necessarily absent, except that small quantity which is dissolved in the water. In this way, plants are deprived of the most essential part of their food. But when the water is removed, air takes its place and holds in suspension as much water as roots can thrive upon; for it is not water in a fluid state which plants prefer; it is when it is in the state of vapor that they feed upon it best. The reason why drained land gains heat, and water-logged land is always cold, consists in the well-known fact that heat cannot be transmitted downwards through water. Both extremities of plants feed on air, the roots more than the leaves."

It is a fact that we have often seen exemplified, although seemingly contradictory, that a well-drained and deeply-tilled soil is both drier and moister than an undrained shallow soil—drier in wet weather, and moister during a drouth. This fact a few years since we saw beautifully illustrated in one of the counties just east of this. We examined two fields of corn adjoining each other, the one thoroughly drained and subsoiled, the other merely plowed in the ordinary manner, and not drained. The corn in the drained field was about twelve inches high, regular, green and healthy. That on the undrained field was not so high by several inches, weak, yellow and somewhat irregular, evidently suffering from the cold, wet spring. The surface of the drained field was so dry that we could walk on it comfortably, but the undrained soil was soft and muddy so as to make walking quite unpleasant. The philosophy of this is, that deep tillage permits the rains to descend into the subsoil, instead of running off the surface; the drains carrying off all excess. As the surface becomes dry the water arises from below by capillary attraction, just as it rises in a sponge when one end is dipped into water, or in a flower pot of earth when placed in a saucer of water.

MANAGEMENT OF CALVES.

DIFFERENT methods of management are pursued in the rearing and disposal of calves—varying with the object to be attained, and the views of the dairyman or owner of the cow. Fattening for veal, raising the calf for future use; or, if the milk is the great object, disposing of the calf at once require different methods of feeding and care.

In milk dairies, it is sometimes thought best not to raise the calf at all, but to kill, or sell it for what its skin is worth, within the first two or three days of its life. Here, the management is simple, indeed.

Fattening for veal may be done as economically, perhaps, in regard to feed and care, by keeping the calf shut up a small and rather dark stable, and allowing it to suck its dam twice a day as much as it will take. The more quiet it is kept, which confined room and subdued light promotes, the more rapidly it will fatten. Cleanliness and pure air should be attended to, and if the cow gives less milk than the calf will consume, gruel or linseed tea may be used to supply the deficiency. From four to eight weeks is the usual time of feeding—the latter gives veal of a far better quality.

Rearing for stock is managed in different ways. ALLEN in his *Domestic Animals*, says, "the safest and least troublesome manner of raising calves, is at the udder of the dam; and whenever the milk is converted into butter and cheese, we believe this to be most economical. The milk of one good cow is sufficient, with a run of fresh, sweet pasture, to the feeding two calves at the same time, and if we allow the calves to arrive at three or four months of age before weaning, we may safely estimate that one good cow will yield a quantity of milk in one season, fully equivalent to bringing up four calves to a weaning age." We suppose the writer means to recommend this method in *large dairies*, and that by "the udder of the dam," he means that of any new milch cow, for a cow is generally the dam of but *one* calf at a time, and not of two or four.

Another method, and the one we prefer in *small dairies*, or where from one to ten cows are kept, is the following:—When the calf is one or two days old, take it from its dam, and learn it to drink new milk, warm from the cow. This may usually be done by inserting the fingers in the mouth of the calf and placing the nose in the milk, for the first few days, after which time it will generally help itself. Continue the new milk, morning and evening, regularly for five or six weeks, and then commence adding skimmed milk, first warmed, in place of a portion of the new milk, gradually increasing the former until it constitutes the entire food of the calf. At this time two month's age should be reached, and cold milk may soon be given, also sour, after a few weeks. As the animal learns to eat grass the quantity may be diminished, though in butter dairies it is generally kept up until late in the fall, when the calf will wean itself. If desirable to wean earlier it may be done, but with more trouble, and a small feed of oats would be useful to keep up the flesh and spirits of the calf. Care should be taken to feed regularly, and about the same quantity—too much is worse than too little, as it makes the calf ill-shapen and proper ruminating habits are not acquired. Good pasturage should be provided, and water should also be furnished as the calf learns to feed on grass.

Calves are sometimes raised on sour milk entirely, after the first few days. Others let the milk stand 12 hours, then skim and heat blood warm, and add a handful of shorts to each mess. Others, still, give but little milk, mixing mashed, boiled potatoes and fine bran with water added. Flax-seed and hay tea is also employed. The former is prepared by boiling a pint of flax-seed in four to six quarts of water, diluting with hay tea until rather thicker than milk, and feeding it milk warm. Hay tea is made by boiling a pound of good clover hay in six quarts of pure water. As the calf becomes older, meal of any of the different grains may be added, scalded.

Last season we reared four calves in the second described way, and very successfully. They had the run of the orchard, and as the season advanced began to eat apples considerably, and were in fine order for wintering. We found thick, sour milk acceptable and healthy, after two month's age was reached, although the authority before quoted, says milk should never be allowed to become sour, or be fed cold.

PRIZE ESSAY ON

GRASSES AND HERBAGE PLANTS.

BY SANFORD HOWARD.

[As the season is approaching for the growth and development of grasses and forage plants, we commence the publication of a valuable paper describing and illustrating various species and varieties—Mr. HOWARD'S Prize Essay on GRASSES AND HERBAGE PLANTS, given in the last volume of Transactions of N. Y. State Ag. Society. The Essay will be continued in two or three future numbers—the column or two given in each making an interesting article.]

THE grass crop—including under this head the plants used for hay and pasturage—is the most valuable of the crops produced in the United States. It has been estimated that the hay grown in 1855, was 15,000,000 tuns, worth $150,000,000.—The value of the pasturage is considered of equal amount, making an aggregate of $300,000,000 for the grass crop of a single year.* In the Northern States, the crop is entitled to a prominence far in advance of any other. New York leads in its production—the census of 1850, crediting her with 3,728,797 tuns, annually. The importance of the crop is therefore sufficiently evident without an elaborate argument.

AGROSTIS VULGARIS MAJOR.

A knowledge of grasses,—as regards their specific distinctions, the qualities and habits of different species and varieties, their adaptation to different localities and soils, and their relative value for different animals—is therefore a subject which demands the farmer's attention. That it has generally been too much neglected, might be shown by various examples.

The following remarks are not intended as a *treatise*, but are simply designed to furnish a few hints in regard to some of the grasses and other forage plants known in the northern section of the country. Strictly scientific descriptions are not attempted, the leading object being to give suggestions which may be practically useful. It has been deemed important to present reliable statements in regard to species on whose economical value some diversity of opinion has prevailed.

AGROSTIS.—Several species of this genus are met with in this country, but the *Agrostis vulgaris*—Red-top, Herds-grass of Pennsylvania—is the only one in general cultivation. Of this there are two varieties, which may be designated as major and minor.

AGROSTIS VULGARIS MINOR.

The *A. Vulgaris major* is popularly distinguished as Large Red-top, Western Red-top, and in some sections as Rhode Island or Burden-grass. It grows from a foot to upwards of two feet in height; favors rather moist soils, and will grow better than most cultivated species on cold, wet upland. It is frequently sown with Timothy (Herds-grass of New-England,) the two species flowering about the same time. It yields a large bulk of hay—rather light in proportion to bulk—and although of inferior quality as a pasture grass, compared with some species, it is readily eaten by cattle and horses, and produces a pretty large and regular growth through the season. Perennial.

The *A. vulgaris minor* is known in the Eastern States as small Red-top, Fine-top, &c. It appears to correspond to the common Agrostis, or Fine Bent-grass, of English authors. The Plymouth colonists doubtless brought it from England. It is more common in the territory of the Old Colony than in any other part of this country. It is there preferred to the Large Red-top, which is less cultivated. It seldom exceeds one foot in height, and the stalks are very slender, but they often stand thickly on the ground. It yields a less bulk of hay than the larger kind, but it is much heavier in proportion to bulk and of better quality, being highly esteemed for feeding working oxen. Its greatest advantage over the large kind, however, is that on *dry soils* it grows better and lives longer. Hence it is the most common grass in the pastures of this section. The two varieties may be readily distinguished—the *major* having a broader and lighter-green leaf, while the leaf of the *minor* is narrow and dark-green. Perennial.

The *Agrostis stolonifera*—Fiorin—is occasionally seen here. It requires a moist soil. Its habit of spreading rapidly by means of numerous stolons or lateral shoots, and the firm network which it thus forms, would seem to render it a valuable grass for the banks of water-courses, which might thus be protected from washing. Perennial.

*Gov. Wright's address before the New York Agricultural Society, at Elmira.

CULTURE OF THE SWEET POTATO.

EDS. RURAL:—Noticing in a late number of the NEW-YORKER an article on the culture of the sweet potato, and having, of late years, had some experience in the growth and preservation of this interesting and valuable veggtable, I felt inclined to correct some mistakes, as I think, in the article alluded to. The writer admits he has never been able to keep the potato over winter, in which I have had no difficulty since adopting the plan which I will relate after a few words on its growth.

I generally select for seed, potatoes of a medium size, (say about an inch, or an inch and a half in diameter,) and not very long. The hot-bed is prepared as for any other purpose, and the potatoes laid in rows, not cut as our friend proposes, as this will increase the danger of rotting before sprouting. They should be set far enough apart to admit the introduction of the hand between each row, for the purpose of removing the plants, as from time to time they become sufficiently large and well rooted to bear transplanting and the danger of frost has past. The potato should not be removed from the hot-bed in order to separate the

young plants, as this very much retards the production of a second crop of sets, which may be easily secured if care is taken in removing the first; then if frost should have injured the first transplanting, their place can be supplied by fresh plants from the bed, and a second and sometimes a third set of plants may be raised in good season for transplanting. The sets may be planted either in hills or rows, but not quite as thick as common potatoes. A loose sandy soil is best suited to their growth; and they should be well manured in the hill, with compost or well decomposed manure.—The manure should not be mixed through the soil, but covered with sufficient loose earth to receive the young plant, without its being imbedded in manure, as this would cause the young set to suffer more from drouth before it got fairly to growing.

During the season of growth the plants not only need to be well tended, and the soil kept loose about the hill, but care should be taken to loosen the vines from the ground wherever they are found to have become rooted at various places. The potatoes should be dug just before or immediately after the leaves are killed by the frost, and great care should be observed not to bruise or skin them. My experience has convinced me that it is best to put them away as soon as dug.

To keep the potato through the winter needs a warm dry place. To secure this, I placed a crock through the floor of the kitchen chamber nearly over the stove, and around it I built a large tight bin, in which we placed tight boxes or barrels a little raised from the floor, which are to contain the potatoes. The whole bin is tightly covered.—For a time after the potatoes have been packed away, they must be carefully watched and when discovered to be in the sweating stage, they should be uncovered and exposed to the air until dry; then re-covered. This may need doing two or three times. I think they keep just as well without being packed in any dry material as with, provided the air is well excluded by an oil cloth or some such material laid upon the potatoes in the boxes. In this way I have had no difficulty in keeping a plentiful supply of the best potatoes for the table throughout the winter and for seed in the spring. A. C.

Tecumseh, Mich., 1857.

A WELL-STOCKED FARM.

NEIGHBOR SMITH—it certainly can't be personal to call a man SMITH, if we omit the John, Joseph, Ebenezer, or other prefix, which partially serves to distinguish him from the rest of mankind—neighbor SMITH believes in the doctrine of having a farm well-stocked. Unlike many farmers, his practice agrees with his theory. The RURAL and other agricultural papers advocate the same thing.—There is a slight difference, however, in the mode of operation adocated by yon Editors, and that practiced by neighbor SMITH. You recommend the plan for the purpose of keeping the farm *up*, while he, on the contrary, by the same means, keeps his farm *down*.

He commences in the spring, by turning his stock out to pasture before the grass has had time to grow. By this means he gets ahead of his neighbors—in using up his pasturage. In consequence of this early start, he keeps ahead during the season. He raises all the calves he possibly can, as a goodly number of cattle is a prime article of his creed. Some how or other, neighbor SMITH invariably keeps unruly animals. His hay and grain are always damaged a good deal by them. You will not be surprised, therefore, to hear that his hay crop the last season was rather light. Nevertheless, he imagined it would be sufficient to keep his stock through the winter. But about the first of February, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." He found that his fodder was nearly gone; and, as he believes in taking advantage of the market, he forthwith sold a few animals for less than he had been offered two months previous. Not long after, he commenced buying fodder, and has kept at it ever since. His cattle were out to pasture through all the month of April, except four or five days of our late heavy snow. He thinks they half supported themselves during this period, which is quite an item, when hay is as high as the ruling price has been of late. Thinking probably that his farm was not stocked sufficiently, he lately purchased a few more head of cattle at spring prices—paying for them with his note at six months.

Unless there is positively "something new under the sun," by next spring, we shall then see the same scene acted over again—possibly with slight variations, but not enough to alter its general character. PUBLICO.

Western New York, May, 1857.

FARMING IN CONNECTICUT.

EDS. RURAL:—As I obtain much information and true enjoyment in perusing the columns of the RURAL, and being a young farmer and reading much about taking care of manure in winter, and concerning wintering pigs, &c., I thought I would relate how I do these things living down here in Yankeedom, in the land of wooden nutmegs and cucumber seeds, where manure, and pigs, and grain and hay, are worth something—where we must make the most out of everything in order to live, not to say anything about competition with your flourishing State and those West of you.

As to husbanding my manure in winter, I have a cellar under my barn—the droppings of all the stables goes into it, both solid and liquid.—Previous, however, to putting down manure I put a large quantity of good loam and pond muck over the bottom with which to mix it when I take it out, if my pigs do not perform the work for me. My pigs run under the barn and the pen extends outside, where they can get good air and can stay in or out as they choose. Their food is small potatoes boiled with oats and cob-meal, ground together, given in such quantity as they eat up clean. Is it not a good way thus to save my manure, and at the same time afford an excellent shelter for my pigs during the storms of winter? Aside from this, the grunters have a warm, dry nest to sleep in, which is, in my judgment, indispensable in producing good pigs for fattening through the warm season. My horse manure, thus mixed with that of the cattle, and all made fine by the pigs, does not heat, as it otherwise would if not attended to. During the warm season, weeds and refuse vegetables, with green clover, corn stalks and muck, and everything else that can usually be obtained around the farm, is thrown upon the heap, and a large quantity of valuable manure is thus gathered without much expense, and for which Mother Earth will richly compensate the industrious farmer.

If any other subscriber has a better way of doing the things above alluded to, and will report the mode, I will try again, by adopting his method.

West Killingly, Conn., 1857. E. D.

FLAX-GROWING IN IRELAND.

EDS. RURAL:—Reading your remarks on the cultivation of Flax in the number of the RURAL for the 25th ult., I was led to think of the days of my boyhood, when the click of the shuttle and the hum of the spinning-wheel was heard in every house in the rural districts of the North of Ireland, and the cultivation of this valuable article in the United State, has induced me to give your readers a description of the mode of culture practised in one of the greatest flax-growing districts in that country.

The soils that are generally considered most proper for the cultivation of flax, are alluvial formations, and deep, easily pulverized loams,—those which contain a large portion of vegetable matter in their composition are considered the best. It will not, however, answer to be made too rich with manure, as in that case the fiber is coarse. Land of a middling description will answer, but the feature of the greatest importance consists in after-treatment. The usual practice is to sow flax after potatoes or a root crop of some kind, but it is considered best if it were sod land the previous year. I have, however, seen good flax grown after grain crops. When flax is sown after root crops, they do not plow the land; it is well harrowed and picked clean of weeds, as the success of the crop greatly depends on the cleanliness of the ground. After sowing, a very light harrow is used, covering the seeds as evenly as possible, and after harrowing, the weeds that are on the ground are carefully picked off; it is then finished by passing a light roller evenly over it.

In choice of seed there are a variety of opinions, some preferring the Dutch and others the American. The Dutch is generally chosen for stiff loams. The quantity of seed is from 2½ to 3½ bushels per acre, varying according to the land and the judgment of the sower. Their acre is equal to 1¼ and 19 rods of this country measure.—The time of sowing is from the 15th of April to the first week in May, varying according to the soil and situation. The weeding is a very important operation, and should be performed with care and attention—not leaving a weed to be seen. As a quantity of weeds are invariably found to spring up with the crop, notwithstanding the most assiduous care, they ought to be carefully rejected in the process of pulling.

It takes a practised hand to tell the proper time of pulling, as a few days sometimes materially injures the crop, both in quantity and quality.—What is considered the best time is when about two-thirds of the stalk is observed to turn yellow, and to lose the leaves, and the seeds in the uppermost bolls are well formed. By pulling flax green a finer article is obtained, but a less quantity. Some growers save the seed, but it invariably injures the flax. When the crop is ready it is pulled and kept straight, and bound up with bands of rushes in bundles about two feet in circumference, and if green it is set up in stooks of twelve bundles for a few days.

The important process for either making or marring the produce of the flax crop, is that of watering; and in this operation a great number of particulars require to be attended to,—any inattention to, or improper performance of which, may considerably damage the whole crop. First, the water ought to be soft and clear, and if possible, standing. Second, the bundles ought to be put into the water, roots down, and when as much is in as the pit will hold, it must be kept under the water with either stones or sods until it is properly fermented. As it has a great many processes to go through before it is ready for the spinner, such as spreading, drying, lifting, breaking, scutching, &c., &c., I will leave it for the present to ferment, and perhaps will recur to the subject at some other time. J. C.

Troy, N. Y., 1857.

DOGS.—A DISSERTATION.

FROM the gruff Newfoundland or surly Mastiff down to the whining, snivelling Poodle—are they not an ignoble race? Their "virtues" and "faithfulness" have been celebrated in prose and song till the conviction is inwrought with many that they have a "natural right" to a place "whereon to stand"—that they are a thing *indispensable* in this world, to be fostered and cared for. For my part, I wish there was not one of the whole tribe in existence, believing they do far more evil than good. But as their complete extinction is impossible, ought not civilized people—the inhabitants of the State of New York for instance—to protect themselves in some way from the burthen of supporting and the damages accruing from the mighty and ever-increasing army of dogs with which we are cursed? It is really a serious matter. Look at the annual list of deaths by hydrophobia—at the thousands of innocent sheep that are cruelly tortured and sacrificed by canine ferocity—at the damaged wagons, tattered harness, frightened souls, and broken limbs resulting from the insane *bow-wow* of dogs having masters more *doggish* than they, in that year after year they will suffer passers-by to incur peril to life and limb from their stealthy and springing attacks!

And all this for what? What *good* do they?—"Guard the premises," do you say? They make *friends* afraid to call I grant, but rogues, *never;* for when the latter have felonious designs upon your property, a bit of fresh meat, charged with strichnine, will quickly remove the obstacle. But "they sound an alarm." Indeed! And don't they sound *too many*, by keeping up a continuous barking through the night, causing constant fear with the timid that "somebody is around," when the shadow of a tree or other equally harmless object may be all at which the *watchful* whelp is yelping? But grant that occasionally one is a little useful in this way, and another of some service to the shepherd, is the sum total of benefit equal to a tithe of the injury to the public at large, consequent upon the alarming prevalence of the canine species?

It would be a happy thing if every unburied dog subjected its owner to an annual tax of twenty-five dollars. The great mass of useless curs would go by the board at once; and of the better class, we should soon know what proportion of the vicious puppies were estimated by their owners to be worth, for service or as objects of affection, this moderate sum. "Weighed in the even balances" of such a statute, I apprehend not one in a thousand of the scented curs but would be "found wanting." Down with the Dogs! W. B. P.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1857.

"WINTERING PIGS."

MR. EDITOR:—An article under the above heading, in the RURAL of Jan. 17, pleased me. My experience on the subject of fattening pigs instead of old hogs, as we call them, has convinced me that the first offers the best way of making pork. I think pigs well fattened, butchered at nine months old, make cheap and excellent pork. For twenty-five years it has been my practice, for the most time at least, to make pork for my own table from early spring pigs—which gives me the benefit of the warm season for fattening, and saves the long expense of winter feeding, when much of the food consumed, goes merely to support the animal heat.

I have generally made them weigh from 150 to 300 pounds, varying according to breed and keeping, and I once assisted in butchering a half dozen of Leicester pigs, at nine months old, the average weight of which was 322 pounds. Indeed, I am so well convinced of the correctness of the principles set forth by your correspondent, that no man will ever see me with a lot of pigs squealing around all winter, at least while I live in Western New York. No, I would keep one or two good breeders, have the pigs come early and then take good care to keep them growing, until they were fit to "winter in the pork barrel," the best place for all swine designed for family pork making.

Forestville, N. Y., 1857. J. SIBLEY.

Inquiries and Answers.

ABORTION IN SHEEP.—Having frequently noticed inquiries and answers in the RURAL, I thought I would take the liberty of proposing one myself. This winter, about the first of January, I bought a number of sheep, expecting them to have lambs in the spring. I commenced feeding them about an average of a quart of oats a day, with as much hay as I thought they needed. The sheep grew and did well, but the lambs all came dead and before their time. I should like to know whether feeding them oats was the cause. If any of your numerous correspondents will give me, through the columns of your paper, any information on this subject, I shall be highly gratified.—RURAL READER, *Ithaca, Tompkins Co., N. Y.*, 1857.

WILL those of our correspondents who have experience please give the necessary information?

MILLET.—Permit me to inquire through the RURAL where Millet can be obtained, the cost per bushel, the best time for sowing it, and whether it is considered preferable to Indian corn to sow for feeding cattle through dry weather. Will it do well on dry gravelly ground?—F., *Gaines, N. Y.*

REMARKS.—Millet can be obtained at almost any seed store—the price in this city ranges from $1 50 to $2 per bushel. It is sown in this climate in the latter part of May or early in June. Cannot say as to whether it is preferable to corn or not; this question will be settled by the peculiar opinions of the cultivator and feeder. Do not know that a comparative analysis of the two crops has been made. A warm, rich, sandy soil, well pulverized, is most genial to its growth.

UNDERGROUND DRAINS.—Wishing to construct an underground drain through wet, loose, mucky soil, having a soft bottom, and being ignorant of the best method of covering the same, I wish to ascertain, through the columns of the RURAL, the best mode of doing it. I did design to construct it with tile, by first laying down plank or slabs to keep the tile in their place. I have been advised, however, by some experienced farmers to build it with underbrush, packing them in firmly, the brush past the water courses, beginning at the lower end of the ditch, lapping thin like shingling, and then cover with straw or litter before filling with dirt. Will that method work well and be durable? Any information in regard to the above will be thankfully received. Stone is out of the question.—L. S. FORD, *Lansing, Mich.*, 1857.

ORCHARD AND KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS.—Can you or any of your correspondents inform me whether the "Orchard Grass," or the "Kentucky Blue Grass," will grow sufficiently well to be profitable for pasture in a *sugar maple orchard*, or in a grove of *pine, white oak*, and *chestnut*, where most of the other timber has been cut down? Would either of them do better than the common grasses? And which of them would do the best? Information upon this subject will be gratefully received by myself, and some of my neighbors, who receive your paper.—E. A. W., *Little Valley, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—The Orchard Grass would be the best for the purpose you propose. It grows well in the shade, and affords very early and sweet pasturage.

GRUB WORMS.—I would like to ask through the medium of the RURAL if any of its numerous readers can tell—1st, what causes a large white worm, known as the grub worm, to make its appearance so suddenly in some localities, while fields adjoining are not molested by them? 2d. What is the best method of destroying them? 3d. Do they change from the grub state into that of a bug? Some of our neighbors say they change to pinching bugs after they are a year old. I know several fields of corn that were entirely destroyed by these grubs last season, and they are beginning to make their appearance again this season.—J. H., *Decatur, Mich.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—We suppose the grub of the *June Bug* is the one referred to by our correspondent. A few years since they were very destructive to our strawberry beds, almost ruining them. Some one will no doubt give "J. H." the benefit of their experience.

Rural Notes and Items.

WE learn that Mr. S. D. REMINGTON, of Sennett, Cay. Co., N. Y., has sold his stallion, "Young Black Hawk," to Mr. GEORGE STACKER, of Clarksville, for $2,000.

PREPARATORY steps have been taken in New Orleans for the formation of a State Agricultural Society for Louisiana. Large and influential meetings have been held, and everything seems to promise so desirable a consummation.

SALE OF SHORT-HORNS IN WISCONSIN.—It will be seen, by an announcement in this paper, that Mr. SEYMOUR BROOKS, of East Troy, Wis., proposes to sell some fifty head of full-blood Durham cattle, on the 17th of June ensuing. We presume the stock is well worthy the attention of Western farmers and breeders,—and as the RURAL has many readers in the region of the sale, and other sections thereabouts, we make this special reference to the matter for their information.

CATTLE EPIDEMIC IN PRUSSIA.—The Royal Agricultural Societies of England and of Ireland have dispatched an eminent Professor to Prussia, in order to ascertain the nature and extent of the disease prevailing among cattle in that region.—Meanwhile the alarm is such that the graziers, especially the Irish, are sending their stocks to market to get them off their hands without delay, and prices have considerably fallen. The presence of murrain would be a severe blow to Ireland, whose wealth consists largely of live stock.

WYOMING CO. SOCIETY.—We learn that this sterling Ag. Society has purchased ten acres of land in the village of Warsaw, for permanent grounds, and that the same will be enclosed and put in readiness forthwith. A call, requesting members to come forward and pecuniarily interest themselves in the undertaking, is issued by the Secretary, and as farmers are now assured of having a comfortable and convenient place for holding their exhibitions, they should respond with readiness. The cost of the land is $2,500.

HORSE SHOWS.—Several County Ag. Societies announce Exhibitions of Horses, to be held in a few weeks. The Monroe Co. Society's show will take place on their Fair Grounds, near this city, on the 27th and 28th inst. The Premium List is very liberal, and other arrangements will probably correspond. We give the list, regulations, &c., in another column.

The Horse Show of the Wayne Co. Ag. Society is to be held on the Society's Grounds, in Lyons, on the 3d, 4th and 5th of June. Active preparations for the exhibition are in progress, and the list of premiums will soon be issued.

THE CAMEL EXPERIMENT.—A Washington paper has an interesting item relative to the Camels in Texas, based on recent information. The animals are doing well, the experiment of their acclimation having thus far proved successful. Those first imported are now transporting supplies between San Antonio and Camp Verdo. "Three little ones were born in March and are thriving, and five or six more births are expected. From the reports of the condition of the animals, at present, and through the eleven months that the first importation have been on the Continent, we may regard all doubts as to their acclimation dissipated, and that so much of the experiment is a *fixed fact*.—The only remaining indeterminate point is the character of the stock that may be produced. For this, time will be required. The officers in charge are, however, sanguine that it will fully equal that of Asia Minor and Africa, and may, by proper attention, be more highly developed."

—Truly, "the Camels *have come*." How long will it be ere our Texas friends offset our Horse shows with exhibitions of Camels—trials of speed, carrying weight, &c.?

PLOWS IN ENGLAND.—The Secretary of the N. Y. State Ag. Society, B. P. JOHNSON, Esq., in the April issue of the Society's Journal, says:—"When in England, in 1851, we had at the time of trying plows at the Exhibition, a single one horse plow, manufactured by Starbuck, of Troy, which was tried by a English farmer, and attracted the attention of every farmer present; and several of these plows were ordered for England, and were introduced there with great approbation. We see by the last Mark Lane Express, March 3d, that the celebrated implement makers, Ransomes & Sims, of Ipswich, have introduced the 'Pony Plow B. F. 1.,' for one horse, which is being introduced very extensively, and to the admiration of the farmer—made of iron, the price is $10 48; wood beam and handles, $7 50. A gentleman writing to the manufacturers, says:—'This is an implement I have been looking for nearly all my life, owing to its lightness and the peculiar beauty of the turn furrow, which enables a small horse or pony to plow one acre a day, more than six inches deep, and it appeared to be easier work for a pony than when drawing a harrow.' The light plow, in addition to the reaper which the great Exhibition of 1851, contributed to Great Britain from America, has probably done more to diminish the expenses of the farmer of Great Britain, than any other contributions made in that splendid Exhibition of all Nations."

SETTING FENCE POSTS.—As there are many soils where fence posts are thrown out or raised up by frost—a fence in two or three years after being made, looking as though it stood upon stilts—and as this is the season when farmers have the most leisure for making fence, I thought a plan we have adopted, in this neighborhood might be new to some, having never seen it in the RURAL. It is simply to put a strong wooden pin through the post as large as the size of the post will allow, and projecting three or four inches on each side. It of course will require a larger post hole than without the pin, and is more labor to set posts in this way, but the satisfaction of having them stay in their places will pay for all extra labor. If a good stone was put down upon the pin on each side of the post, it would probably be an improvement, but I should want at least a foot of earth above the stone, well pounded down.—L. F. CROWELL, *Seneca Falls, N. Y.*, 1857.

The Young Ruralist.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF SOIL.

SOILS are are usually designated by terms expressive of the predominant material in their composition, thus we hear of *sandy, loamy, gravelly clayey, calcareous* or *chalky* and *alluvial* soils.

A sandy soil is that in which sand is the principal ingredient. Such soil is usually quite defective. It is so porous that it parts almost instantaneously with moisture, and plants in it suffer from drouth. All the soluble parts of manures are also quickly washed out of it, and hence it requires continual additions to produce even a scanty growth.

A clayey soil is that in which clay predominates. It may be considered the opposite of sandy, inasmuch as its defects are, that it retains moisture too long, is too adhesive, in dry weather it becomes as hard as a burnt brick, impervious to dews or light showers, and when thoroughly saturated with wet it is tough, and requires a long time to dry.

A gravelly soil is one made up in greater part of small stones, pebbles, decomposed rock, &c.

A loamy soil is one we hear a great deal about, and may be understood in various ways. It may be considered a mixture of equal parts of sandy, clayey, and vegetable soil. It is neither so light as the sandy, on the one hand, nor so tenacious as clay on the other; and, as a general thing, contains such elements, and is of such a texture, as to render it eligible for all ordinary purposes of cultivation, and especially so for fruit trees. Loamy soils are spoken of as *sandy loams*, when sand forms a large ingredient, say one half of their composition; *gravelly*, when pretty largely mixed with small stones; *calcareous*, when lime is found in them.

Calcareous or chalky soils have a large amount of lime mixed with the other ingredients of which they are composed. All the lands in limestone districts are of this character.

Peaty soil consist chiefly of vegetable mold from decayed marsh plants, in low, wet places.

Alluvial soils are composed of decomposed vegetable substances, the sediment of rivers, and the materials washed down from neighboring hills; the valleys of all our rivers and streams are composed of this, and it is the richest of soils.

AG'L COLLEGE.—*Inquiries.*—Where is the Michigan Agricultural College located? Are the branches taught therein similar to those of institutions of like standing? Can a boy pay a portion of his expenses by labor? Please answer the above queries.—J. S. R., *Andover, Mass.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—Lansing, Mich., is the point of location. Cannot impart any definite information as regards studies or physical labor. The school is not yet in operation—will be, we believe, next month, at which time the Faculty will doubtless have these matters arranged, and our correspondent can then obtain the required light.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

EXHIBITION OF HORSES.

THE MONROE CO. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY will hold an Exhibition of Horses on their Fair Grounds, near Rochester, on the 27th and 28th days of May, 1857. Competition open to the States and Canada.

A liberal List of Premiums, nearly $1,000, is offered, to call out the best Horses; and it is confidently believed, that the Exhibition will surpass any previous one of like character in this part of the country. The Grounds are spacious and pleasant.—The well graded Track, one-half mile in length, will be improved and perfected for trials of style, speed, &c. In addition to the Exhibition of Horses for Premiums, the Grounds will be open to all animals designed for sale or exchange. Persons wishing to sell or match Horses or Colts, Oxen or Steers, are invited to bring them. No charges for admission will be made, except as specified in the Regulations.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

CLASS I.—HORSES FOR ROAD OR CARRIAGE.

No. 1.—Stallions—Best Stallion 4 years and over, $15; 2d, 10; 3d, 5. Three years old, $8; 2d, 5. Two years old, 5

No. 2—Matched Horses and Mares—Best pair matched Horses $50; 2d, 20; 3d, 15. Mares, best pair, $40; 2d, 20.

No. 3—Single Horses—Best Gelding, 4 yrs. and over, $25; 2d, 15. Best single Mare, $10; 2d, 5.

No. 4—Best Gelding, under 4 years, $10. Best Filly, 8.

CLASS II.—HEAVY DRAFT AND WORK HORSES.
Weight at full age, to be 1,200 lbs. or more.

No. 5—Stallions—Best, 4 years and over, $15, 2d, 10. Three years old, $8; 2d, 5. Two years old, $5.

No. 6—Matched Geldings and Mares—Best pair matched Geldings, $25; 2d, 15; 3d, 10. Matched Mares, $20; 2d, 10.

No. 7—Best Gelding, 3 years old, $10. Best Filly, 3 yrs old, 8.

CLASS III.—HORSES FOR GENERAL USE
Weight at full age, to be from 1,000 to 1,200 lbs.

No. 8—Stallions—Best, over 4 years, $15; 2d, 10; 3d, 5. Three years old, $8; 2d, 5. Two years old, $5.

No. 9—Matched Geldings and Mares—Weight from 1,000 to 1,200 lbs.—Best pair matched Geldings, $20; 2d, 15; 3d, 10. Matched Mares, $15; 2d, 10

No. 10—Single Horses—Weight from 1,000 to 1,200 lbs.—Gelding, $15; 2d, 10. Best Mare, $10; 2d, 5.

No. 11—Matched Horses—Each weighing less than 1,000 lbs.—Best pair matched Geldings, $15; 2d, 10; 3d, 5. Matched Mares $12; 2d, 8. Matched Ponies, $10; 2d, 5.

The Judges will distinguish between *small horses* and *ponies*; such as the Canadian, Welsh, and Shetland; as they are entirely distinct and should not compete against each other.

CLASS IV—HORSES FOR STYLE AND SPEED.
On Time.

No. 12—Trotting Stallions. Best, $15; 2d do. $10. Thursday afternoon, May 28th.

No. 13—Trotting in harness, (double,) open to all horses or mares, Thursday afternoon, May 28th. Best $10; 2d do. $20.

No. 14—Trotting in harness, open to all horses or mares, (single,) Thursday afternoon, May 28th. Best, $20; 2d do $10.

No. 15—Trotting in harness, open to all horses or mares over 4 years, that have never trotted for money, Wednesday afternoon, May 27th. Best, $15; 2d do. $10.

No. 16—Trotting in harness, open to all horses or mares under 4 years, that have never trotted for money, Wednesday afternoon, May 27th Best, $10; 2d do. $5

No. 17—Pacing in harness, open to all horses, Wednesday afternoon, May 27th. Best, $10; 2d do, $5.

JUDGES.

No. 1—S. Clark, Albany; A. Gillett, Syracuse; Wm. Hildreth, Ontario Co.

No. 2—Gen S M. Burroughs, Medina, Orleans Co.; J. Wright, Waterloo; Wm. P. Nottingham, Palmyra.

No. 3—M. Whitbeck, Lockport; Wm. Van Cott, Victor; J. Lewis, Geneva.

No. 4—J. G. Peck, West Bloomfield; M. D. Hollister, Rome, T. Hyslop, Honeoye Falls.

No 5—J Butterfield, Utica; J. Bennett, Lyons; N. Bronson, Warsaw, Wyoming Co.

No. 6—J S. Wadsworth, Geneseo; S. Hecox, Buffalo; G. Harris, Albany.

No. 7—J Ashley, Seneca Falls; C. L. Sheppard, Avon; N. Thompson, Penn Yan.

No. 8—Hon. A B. Dickinson, Steuben; Charles Pierson, Clifton, C. W.; G C. Bradley, Watertown, Jeff. Co.

No. 9—Hon. Charles Carrol Hovelaud; Charles D. Miller, Peterboro; John McLean, Batavia.

No. 10—L. Whitbeck, Pittsford; N. Dennison, Mt. Morris; H. Arnold, Conesus Center.

No 11—Truman Lampson, Geneseo; T. F. Spencer, Canandaigua; George Ostrander, Kanona.

REGULATIONS, &c.

Competition for Premiums open to the States and Canada

Horses must be entered in the name of the *real owner*, and should be on the Grounds before 1 o'clock of Wednesday, first day of the Exhibition.

The Judges will be called, and enter upon the discharge of their duties, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on Thursday, the second day.

Premiums will not be awarded to Horses that are not sound, nor to horses of inferior merit, although there be no competition; but the want of competition will not preclude awards to horses of real merit. No horse will be allowed to compete, except for a single premium.

All horses and other animals entering the grounds will be subject to the direction of the officers of the Society. Forage and water will be provided for such horses as compete for premiums.

The Society will take every possible precaution for the safety and comfort of horses on exhibition, but will not be responsible for damage or expense. Premiums not claimed within thirty days after the award will be considered as donated to the Society.

An efficient Police will be in attendance, *and good order and decorum will be maintained.* The General Superintendent will give all necessary directions and information to exhibitors and Judges.

ENTRY FEES.—All persons, whether life or annual members of the Society or otherwise, will be subject to the following fees for entries:

For premiums of $10 or less.....$1
" " " 25 " 2
" " " 40 " 3

Horses in Class IV., competing for premiums of $10 or less, $1 each horse; over $10 and less than $25, $2; over $25 and less than $40, $3.

ADMISSION FEES.—Life members, with their carriage and family, free. All other persons, for each admission, 15 cents; single horse and carriage, 25 cents; two ditto, 40 cents. Persons occupying carriages, each 15 cents.

WILLARD HODGES,
Brighton, (Rochester P. O.) President.

I. S. HOBBIE, Rochester, Secretary.

Orchard and Garden.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—No. VII.

EVERY Flower Garden should contain a few of the best perennials. They are permanent and beautiful ornaments, and when once planted are no more trouble than hardy shrubs. We have only room to name a few, but could not close our series of articles on the Flower Garden without calling attention to this useful and beautiful class of flowers. Many of them are old favorites.

THE PINK.—Belonging to this family we have certainly some of the most beautiful flowers that adorn the garden. The common *Garden Pink* is desirable both for its beauty and its fragrance.—The *Carnation* is the head of the family, both for size and beauty, but unfortunately, does not seem well adapted to our climate. It requires some protection in the winter, and we seldom see a good specimen here. The *Picotee* is hardier, and succeeds better, and though we have few that would come up to the English florists' standard, we have a great variety of very pretty flowers, which can be obtained at almost any nursery or garden where plants are kept for sale. These flowers require a rich soil. Manure from the hen-house is the best stimulant that can be used. The *China Pink* is a biennial, though blossoming the first year; the flowers are much more numerous the second. It is of a dwarf habit, and the flowers are very rich, though without fragrance, and keep in bloom a long time.

SWEET WILLIAM.

The *Sweet William* also belongs to the Pink family. It is an old favorite, and florists have given some attention to it during the last few years, producing many beautiful varieties.

THE SNAP-DRAGON.—*(Antirrhinums.)*—These are very pretty flowers, of all colors, from pure white to crimson.

THE DAISY is a beautiful low, hardy, border flower, very fine for edging flower beds.

THE ACONITE, or Wolfsbane, exhibit almost innumerable varieties.

THE HOLLYHOCK is an old, common and generally neglected and despised flower; and yet there is none more beautiful in the hands of the skillful gardener. How appropriate on the edge of a lawn, to aid the shrubbery in hiding the boundary fence, or on the border of the flower garden, to screen some out-building. A great improvement has of late been made in this flower, and they are now to be seen almost as perfect and beautiful as the rose, and of every shade of color, from pure white to a glossy black. Every one should get a few roots of fine varieties, but where these cannot be obtained, seed may be sown in June or July, and if the plants come up too thick a portion may be transplanted in August. It flowers the second and third year, and then dies, unless the roots are divided. In bloom during July and August.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

SPINACH.—In spring and summer, before Early cabbage are fit for use, there is a great demand for what is commonly known as "*greens*." The term is not very definite, and dock leaves, dandelions, and a variety of other weeds are cooked by the housewife under this name. We always had a great dislike to this kind of wild diet, finding it impossible to forget the poisoning cases occasionally recorded in the papers. THE SPINACH is a too much neglected plant, in which we can feel perfect confidence, and one which with a little care will supply abundance of excellent "*greens*," until early cabbage is fit for use. Though not affording much nourishment, it is of a cooling nature, and in large quantities is rather laxative.

Spinach seed should be sown early in the spring, in drills, and the richer the soil the better. When the plants are up thin them out so that they will stand from one to two inches apart. Keep them well hoed, and if convenient, water with liquid manure. As soon as the plants are large enough for use, with leaves an inch broad, keep thinning out as you may have occasion, so as to leave the plants, for the main crop about nine inches apart. When the outer leaves of these plants are from two to three inches broad, break them off for use without disturbing the heart or the root. Several sowings may be made if necessary.

BEETS are a very good substitute for Spinach.—Sow them thick in a warm, rich soil, and commence pulling and using them when quite small, cooking both leaves and roots.

RUTA BAGA TURNIPS planted out early in the spring throw up young sprouts, which are excellent for greens. They should be broken off when tender, and a fresh supply will be soon produced. The White Turnips may be treated in a similar manner, but the tops are not quite as good to our taste.

SUMMER SAVORY.—A correspondent in Ohio calls attention to this favorite herb, which is "grown for its warm, aromatic leaves, which are often used in salads to correct the coldness of other herbs. The seeds may be sown as early as the season will admit; but if the leaves only are desired, it will do well sown any time in June.—When allowed to produce seed, with good culture, the variety usually cultivated rises about one foot high; but last spring I received a new variety from the Patent Office, which attains nearly twice this height, with much larger leaves and stalks than the common sort."

THE NEW ROCHELLE BLACKBERRY.

I OBSERVE in several of the agricultural papers an advertisement, by WM. LAWTON, stating, in italic, that what he calls the "Lawton Blackberry," is a "*new* and *entirely distinct variety*" from the New Rochelle Blackberry. I observe also, in the published proceedings of the American Pomological Society, at its late Rochester session, the following words:—"Mr. LAWTON said he would state the facts of the case. The fruit did not exist in New Rochelle, nor never did. It was not discovered there, or in the vicinity. The variety which had been sold as New Rochelle was worthless. He had introduced the fruit in question into his garden, gave many of the plants to his friends, and exhibited the fruit before the Farmers' Club of New York, by whom it was named Lawton."

I find on referring to the published proceedings of the New York Farmers' Club, "held at their rooms, No. 251 Broadway, in New York, Aug. 2d, 1853," the following statement:—"A splendid specimen of the Blackberry was presented to the Society by WM. LAWTON, of *New Rochelle*. Many of the berries were from three to four inches in circumference, and a large basket of them were partaken of by members of the Club." The following paper was read by Mr. LAWTON:—"This blackberry—to which I have before called the attention of the Club—has been cultivated in small quantities, for several years, in *New Rochelle*, Westchester county, where I now reside. I have not been able to ascertain who first discovered the plant, and brought it into garden culture. I beg leave to introduce it to the notice of the Club, as the 'New Rochelle Blackberry.'" [The rest of the paper was chiefly occupied with a description of it.] The Club, after feasting on the "few quarts" which were presented, by way of thanks or compliment, named it the *Lawton* Blackberry, although it had been cultivated at New Rochelle by LEWIS A. SEACOR, as early as 1834, and several years before its introduction to the Club, had been procured and extensively cultivated by GEO. SEYMOUR & CO., of Connecticut. It has been largely disseminated by the latter, who have the most extensive plantation of this fruit in the world; and it was their grounds which were visited by CHARLES DOWNING, P. BARRY, and other eminent horticulturists, whose statements did more than all else to bring this variety into notice.

Now, I wish to ask Pomologists, how they can reconcile the statements which have been quoted, made by the same man at different times, that this was first known and cultivated at *New Rochelle*, and by him introduced as the "New Rochelle Blackberry" to the New York Farmers' Club, and then afterwards, when he had a large quantity of the plants to dispose of, asserting before the American Pomological Society, and in repeated advertisements, that "this fruit did not exist at New Rochelle and never did—was not discovered there nor in the vicinity—and that the New Rochelle was worthless." ! ! !

I have no comments to make on such statements—readers will be at no loss to draw their own conclusions—but I ask Pomologists if *they* do right in retaining and using a name, chiefly used because it is repeatedly and strenuously claimed by the modest individual who wishes thus to honor himself, and to bring the nomenclature of so pure a science as Pomology, to the business of assisting the sale of his plants, and of endorsing such veracity as the above? VINDEX.

PLANTING TREES—USE AND BEAUTY.

EDS. RURAL:—As there is much said on the subject of planting trees, I would like, with your permission, to add a few words. I would combine the useful with the beautiful, and on the farm and about the buildings, would plant the apple, peach, pear and apricot; and on the margin of the wood lot and other convenient places, the black walnut, hickory, butternut, chestnut, &c. Instead of a large locust tree in each corner of the front yard of the village lot, I would have in one corner a tree of Greenings, in another a Spitzenberg, in the others two of the best summer and fall apples.—The fruit garden should have a good variety of the small fruits, such as the blackberry, raspberry, strawberry, gooseberry, currants and grapes.—With a little trouble every land owner can have in a few years, all the kinds of fruit belonging to our latitude—a healthful and valuable addition to the comforts of life. Your articles on these subjects should cause increased attention to the matter, and I trust will do so.—J. SIBLEY, *Forestville, Chautauque Co., N. Y.*

REMARKS.—The above contains some very good advice, but we would as soon think of putting the kitchen stove in the parlor as apple trees in the front yard; and so would Mrs. S., we know. Men, as a general thing, are sadly destitute of taste. A Norway Spruce, a Mountain Ash, or a few flowering shrubs, such as we have described in the RURAL, are just the things for the front yard, and will show the owner to be a man of taste as well as sense. If, however, you must have fruit in front of your house, plant a few cherry trees, the crab apple, or some dwarf trees.

THE STRIPED BUG.—We have several plans, recommended by correspondents, as the best means of checking the depredations of this insect. Some of these we have before given. Sowing plaster, when the dew is on the plants is good, but needs repeating every day. An entirely new plan to us, is to insert strips of white paper into split sticks. These sticks are then put around the hills like miniature flags and flag poles. A correspondent avers that these will frighten the bugs away. A pumpkin seed or two dropped in the hill will furnish food for the bugs, and they will sometimes overlook the melons or cucumbers. The best plan of all, is to place a box over the hills, and if a light of glass is placed over it, all the better. It will not only keep the bugs away, but will advance the plants two or three weeks, giving you ripe melons a long time before you could get them by the ordinary practice. Sprinkling the plants with black pepper one of our readers finds a sovereign remedy. Another finds that placing a handfull of slaked lime around each plant, on the surface of the ground, will keep these little pests away.—Among such a multitude of remedies that are reported as sure, there would seem to be but little to fear from striped bugs.

Inquiries and Answers.

SAGE, SAFFRON AND RHUBARB.—Will you please inform me through your columns the manner of raising Sage, Saffron, Rhubarb, and preparing it for market, price, &c., &c., and much oblige a—SUBSCRIBER?—*Cambria, April*, 1857.

REMARKS.—The cultivation of *Sage* is very simple. The seed should be sown in the spring in a warm and sheltered position, and if sown very thin the plants may remain one season in the seed bed, or may be carefully removed to where they are to mature. It is cut for drying just as the blossoms are about to open. Dried sage retails for about 50 cents per pound.

Saffron we think is not cultivated to any extent in this country. It belongs to the Crocus family, and is a very beautiful plant. In Europe, where it is extensively cultivated, the bulbs are planted in May, about three inches apart and four inches deep, and the ground hoed several times. In September the flowers appear, and are gathered every dry day and carried into houses or sheds, where the stamens and pistils are picked out,—this being the only valuable part of the flower. When dried it is fit for market. Saffron retails here for $1 50 per pound.

Rhubarb is cultivated by all market gardeners, and by almost all families who grow their own vegetables. We do not know that it has been grown to any extent for the root. On referring to BUIST'S *Kitchen Gardener*, to see if the author had any experience in growing or preparing the root for market, we find the following on the subject:—"Its cultivation may be pursued to any extent for its root for medicinal purposes. In such a case, the species *Undulatum* and *Palmatum* should be planted two by four feet apart. They should not be robbed of their leaves at any period of their growth. After the roots have been seven years under culture, they are then ready to be lifted.—After being washed thoroughly and deprived of their small fibres, cut the strong roots into pieces about two inches long, and these pieces lengthwise. Thread them on cords and hang them up to dry. These cords should be turned upside down every day for a week, to prevent the juice settling in any one part of the root. They should not be laid on boards to dry, for the board will absorb a portion of the juice, depriving the roots of so much of their strength. We doubt not but it may thus be dried as perfectly in this country as in any of those where it is cultivated for export."

DWARF APPLES AND CHERRIES.—Being much interested in your article on Dwarf Pears, I would like some information about Dwarf Apples and Cherries. Are they as beautiful and valuable as Pears? If they are, I should like to know how to cultivate them, and all other needed information.—S. R., *Erie Co., N. Y.*

DWARF APPLE.

REMARKS.—There is no dwarf tree that we consider so valuable as the Pear. Few who reside in cities and villages on small lots, will think of growing their winter stock of apples. They can be bought good and cheaply of the farmers, but a supply of good pears cannot be bought at any price. We would advise our friends to plant of dwarf apples only a few early varieties, and these as much for their beauty as for their fruit. There is nothing prettier than one of these miniature fruit trees loaded with large apples. We have often seen specimens quite as pretty as the one shown in the engraving.

DWARF CHERRY.

The *Dwarf Cherry*, too, is a very pretty tree, but the Standard Cherry is also very fine, and as beautiful as many of our shade trees. The cherry bears young, naturally,—therefore there is not much gained by dwarfing it, on this point. Like the dwarf apple, it is very fine in a small garden, and will attract as much notice when covered with fruit as any flower or plant. Being so small they can be covered by netting, and the cherries thus saved from the birds, will remain on the trees a long time. We have dwarf cherry trees in Rochester twelve feet in height.

TRANSPLANTING EVERGREENS.—Having seen in a recent number of the RURAL an inquiry in regard to the time at which pine and other evergreen trees should be set, I will give my opinion as far as my experience will allow. I am more acquainted with pines than other evergreens, and have been mostly accustomed to take them from low land or swamps. The time best suited I think, (with others of my acquaintance who are more experienced) is about the first of June. Cut around the tree so as to remove as much earth, bog, or whatever it may be, as will adhere to the roots.—Set about as deep as before. If the soil is in good or common condition, further pains, I think, almost or quite unnecessary. I have never lost any treated in this manner. A neighbor of mine has followed setting pines more or less for many years, realizing much profit therefrom, and always treats them as above, and will set them at no other time.—M. L., *Dutchess Co., N. Y.*, 1857.

CULTIVATION OF CABBAGE.—Being desirous of engaging in the cultivation of the Cabbage quite extensively, with a view to marketing, will you, or some of your readers, enlighten me with regard to the best and surest kind? Also, what application should be made to them to ensure a rapid growth and preserve them from the ravages of bugs, &c., while they are small? Also, where I can obtain a quantity of good, *reliable* seed?—H. S. CLEVELAND, *Cambridge, Henry Co., Ill.*

REMARKS.—The best varieties of early cabbage are the Early York and the Winningstadt, the latter a fine, new variety, with a sugar-loaf shaped head, and solid. The *Flat Dutch* or *Drumhead* is the best winter cabbage, large, spreading and flat on the top. The cabbage requires a rich, deep soil, and it is all the better for being rather heavy and moist. In dry weather the soil should be frequently stirred. Dusting the plants with ashes or plaster will help to keep off insects, but keeping up a vigorous, rapid growth is the best remedy we know of. The seed should be sown in a warm, sheltered spot, and transplanted from the seed-bed into the field, in rows about three feet apart, and the plants two feet apart in the rows, on a moist day. If it is done in dry weather, the plants should be watered every evening until they show no signs of drooping during the day. The seed of the *Early York* and *Drumhead* varieties can be obtained at all the stores where vegetable seeds are sold.

"QUERY ABOUT ORCHARD GRASS."

AN article with the above caption appeared a week or two since in the columns of the RURAL.—I confess that I was somewhat astonished to find, by the silence of the editor upon the subject, that the idea was tolerated, if not encouraged which it set forth, viz., the sowing of grass in an orchard whose recommendation consisted in its nature or the tendency it has to grow rank and thick in the shade as well as the sun. Now we of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Eastern New York, who profess to know something, both practically and theoretically of Orchard culture, can and *do* find a much better place than the orchard, for the *Dactylis glomerata*, or whatever you may choose to call it, (call it anything but "Orchard Grass.") Its very nature of growing in the shade of trees makes it one of the *worst* things that can be raised in the orchard. The orchard should never be converted into a meadow so long as the land is devoted to orcharding. The man who plants an orchard does it for his own benefit, expecting to receive therefrom pecuniary reward.

Fruit culture is pronounced *the* most profitable business of anything pertaining to the farm, and for this reason we think it might receive much more attention than it does. Farmers, however, seem to think that the orchard, in itself, does not pay, so they must plow and sow, reap and mow, just as though there was no orchard to cultivate. This is a grievous mistake and he who thinks he can make it pay better to use one and the same piece of land for both orchard and meadow is simply *mistaken*. *We* consider the following theory correct, and deem the reasons that I will give as almost demonstrative proof that they *are* correct. Set your trees on the double row system, (one rod apart,) and by so doing you have but half the ordinary surface to cultivate, and instead of seventy or seventy-five trees to the acre you get one hundred and sixty. This, after a few years of good cultivation, will shade the ground and protect those fibrous roots which run to the surface for air and nourishment, from the scorching rays of the summer sun, which, in orchards of the old style of planting, destroys or renders barren so many trees. Besides, these trees afford each other a great protection against the heavy winds which racks the tree and destroys so much fruit. Here, then, we have an orchard set *for* an orchard, and it should *never* be seeded down to grass. A heavy sod will choke the roots, draw the nourishment from the soil, which the tree requires, and form an excellent protection *for* the borer, that arch enemy to nearly all fruit trees. This is why so many trees bear but once in two years. The orchard is seeded down to grass, or sown to rye which is no better, and the most of the little nourishment the orchard gets goes to the grain and grass. And the tree, which, in the summer months, requires sustenance to carry on the growth of the tree, perfect the fruit and lay up buds for the coming season, is unjustly left to shift for itself with no resources at its command.

We say, then, that after the third or fourth year the plow ought never to be used. Cultivate with the cultivator, or, what is better still, make what is called a "hog pasture" of your orchard, and they will destroy the imperfect fruit, insects and all, and thus save the trees from their depredations the following year. Potatoes, corn or buckwheat are called good and we believe them to be so, for the first three or four years, and more especially buckwheat, but mind this, an orchard should *never* be seeded down to grass.

A. WEBSTER SHAFFER.

REMARKS.—We have certainly never said a word to encourage the growth of grass or grain in an orchard. More than once, during the present year have we urged that the trees in the orchard should be considered a *paying* crop, and that those who injured them by cropping were effecting a great permanent injury for a small temporary gain. The Orchard Grass, however, is a good grass, succeeding admirably in the shade. Just the thing for a *Sugar Bush*, or for pasturage in a grove. It is disposed to grow into tufts, and should be sown evenly, and kept fed close.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall continue to answer questions as fast as we find room. All experiments should be carefully made and reported, so that they may not mislead.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

THE STEAM WAGON.

AMONG the many recent mechanical inventions, that of Mr. Overton, of Mariposa county, promises to rank among the useful. Many attempts to propel vehicles by steam have been made. Some of them would be effectual if roads were constructed so that there would be no jars on the machinery. But while wagon-roads exist, there will be ruts to wrench the running-gear, whether vehicles are propelled by the power of animals or mechanical means. Some persons have attempted to construct a wagon with the power attached to the wheels, by the simple contrivance of a crank, as in the driving wheels of the railway car. But the immediate connection of the propelling power with the body propelled, tears the machinery to pieces, as each wrench to the wheel communicates itself to the whole machine.

Mr. Overton's machine is intended to overcome such difficulties. It is drawn with a number of legs attached to a crank. The model has six, but more can be applied. It is constructed to run backward as well as forward. The legs adapt themselves to the inequalities of the ground. The manner of using these legs is nearly identical with those of the primitive locomotive. Each of them striking on the ground alternately gives it the power of running up steep declivities. The boiler, in the model, is placed upright; although we learn it is intended to place it horizontally in the working machines. This is the greatest objection to its use in a hilly country. Where long hills are to be descended, the water will run into the front part of the boiler. While, if the boiler were to remain in a perpendicular position, no danger of explosion from such a cause need be apprehended.

The motive power is applicable to plows, harrows, or any other utensil, for whose propulsion oxen or horses are now used. The invention has a good chance of success. Mr. Overton claims the application of the propelling power as his discovery, the principle, he concedes is of an earlier date. He has applied for a patent.—*San Francisco Temperance Mirror.*

BENT SHIP KNEES.

SOME time ago we took occasion to notice the new bark Jane Daggett, belonging to Messrs. Dunham and Dimon, which had been built with knees of bent timber, from the Timber Bending Company at Green Point, and which was then about to depart for Europe. The trial of the knees was regarded with much interest, by Underwriters and others. This vessel has lately returned from a voyage to Glasgow, taking out a heavy cargo of grain, and returning with pig iron. The knees have thus been subjected to a severe test, and with the most satisfactory results—as upon the closest examination, not the least shrinkings or displacement can be discovered.

At Glasgow, the Jane Dagget was visited by quite a number of eminent ship-builders and owners, who were unqualified in their praise of the ship and her peculiar construction. She was also visited by a deputation from London, to inspect the knees, who expressed the same favorable opinion with regard to them, and the belief that they must ultimately supersede natural knees. The latter are already so scarce that to repair an American ship not long since in Liverpool, it was necessary to send to the United States for knees, as none suitable were to be had.

We understand that the inspectors of the Insurance Companies, who have examined the Jane Daggett, are of the opinion that the bent knees are superior to others, they having stood the test of a hard winter voyage with the worst of cargoes, without the least starting or change, and are prepared to recommend them to the attention of the Underwriters and owners of ships, as an improvement calculated to diminish losses. We are informed that the bent timber does not increase the cost of ship-building.—*N. Y. Journal of Com.*

PATENT DUSTER FOR CARS.—The Michigan Central Railroad Company have recently purchased a "Patent Duster," and are now applying it to the Express trains. By this arrangement the entire train, from the floor of the cars down to the track outside of the wheels is enclosed, and all the dust passes out of the rear of the train, and passengers are not only free from the annoyance of the dust, but are secure from the *possibility* of falling between the cars in passing from one to the other, or slipping under the wheels in getting on or off.

ARTIFICIAL WHALEBONE.—There is a company in New York city which manufactures artificial Whalebone out of rattan. It is impregnated with some peculiar composition which penetrates the rattan and changes it to a substance possessing the mechanical properties of whalebone. It is employed principally in the manufacture of umbrellas. The new article is called *Wallosin.*

AN IRON SHIP WITH IRON RIGGING.—On Saturday last, the ship Santiago, Captain Fowler, from Africa, South America, arrived at Baltimore, Md. The Sun says:—"She is an iron clipper ship, of a beautiful model, and, perhaps, some six hundred tuns burthen. The rigging of the fore and main masts is of iron wire woven into ropes."

HART, the sculptor, who has long been industriously at work in France, has completed an invention for taking portrait busts, by the use of which the measurements are accurate and a likeness taken more correctly than by photographic process. A company in England has paid $50,000 for the use of the patent.

IMITATION OLIVE OIL.—A very fine article of oil, closely resembling olive oil, is manufactured in New York, from African pea-nuts, which are imported for the purpose by the cargo, in bulk, and sold at $1 25 per bushel.

THE United States Government has just made a contract with Bowden & Sons, of Troy, N. Y., for 1,500,000 pounds of horse shoes. That amount is worn out annually in the army.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural Ndw-Yorker.

HEART-VOICES.

BY MYRTA MAY.

THE night-dew is falling
O'er valley and lea,
And a soft voice is calling
Sweet sister, to me;
Will you list to its chorus
In the calm hush of even,
While the stars beaming o'er us
Point brightly to Heaven?

Sweet sister then listen,
Though mournful the strain,
Though the tear-drops may glisten
In your blue eyes again.
My own heart is swelling,
'Neath a weight on it cast,
For that weird voice is telling
Of the shadowy *Past*.

Not, *not* of the *gladness*
Of life's early spring,
But a deep wall of sadness,
These memories bring,
Oh! my frail bark is drifting,
Far out on life's sea,
But the *shadows seem lifting*
While I linger with thee!

And yet I am going
From the hearth-stone again,
And the hot tears are flowing
As I list to the strain
Which memory is singing,
Once more to my heart.
Oh! wildly I'm clinging,
Yet still must depart!

The moon-light is creeping
O'er flower and tree,
My sister, you're weeping,
Are those tear-drops for me?
Has my own wild heart's aching
Thrilled *yours* with pain?
Is that sad strain awaking
You would not hear again?

Oh! hushed be thy singing
Thou voice of the Past,
The memories thou'rt bringing
Will dim shadows cast,
And I would not *my* sorrow
Thy young heart should blight,
Though I leave thee *to-morrow*,
We'll be happy *to-night*.

Attica Centre, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A LITTLE CHAT.

DEAR RURAL:—How nicely Old Winter deceived us! What a very pleasant freak came over him during February, tempting me to a stroll in the woods, expecting, at every step, to see the blue eyes of the violets, or the buds of some of the wild flowers peeping up from the leaves. And then, too, I was thinking, that, soon, my daffodills and jonquils would be coming forth and blossoming.—But, alas for the frailty of human hopes! mine were all to be frustrated. Old Winter was merely playing a farce. For, no sooner had we put on our pleasantest face for the reception of Spring, and, just as that gentle maiden—won by his gracious manner to think that he was about to yield his scepter to her—came tripping to his side, than he, very much after the fashion of his sex, resumed his usual roughness, blowing such a sharp blast through his capacious nostrils as sent us all shivering to the fire, warning us to don our wrappings when next we ventured out; and leaving Spring—poor creature!—trembling by his side,—looking at him so reproachfully from out her soft blue eyes filled with tears, that would overflow occasionally; and, no doubt, hearing in the moanings of the winds the plaintive sighs of the little flowers, who too, were won from their nestling places by the warm weather, expecting to be greeted by spring's sunny smile, but instead, were chilled by winter's cold breath. Gruff, old fellow! if he wishes to retain his place in our hearts, he had better resign his seat gracefully and take himself off to his summer abode in the Arctic. Not that I dislike winter. Oh no! It has always been a favorite season of mine, with its beautiful snow storms that I love so well to watch, as the flakes, so spirit-like, come floating down, each one filling its place so quietly. And then, when the lovely carpet is finished, comes the sleighing. Wrapped in cloaks, furs and hoods until *you* form but a small portion of the awkward bundle; then tucked in with the merry load under the warm buffalo, behind a pair of "spirited chargers" with a jolly driver, and away we go,

"Gliding 'mong the hills and dells,
Chiming with the merry bells;
Oh, hurrah! oh, hurrah! oh, hurrah! hurrah."

And as the prancing steeds go dancing along, away go our spirits, in equal ratio, up to the boiling point, bubbling over in merry songs and happy laughter. But we soon meet with a cooler, by way of a toss into a snow-drift, which catastrophe is caused by a jolt the driver could not *possibly* avoid. A scrambling up, a catching for breath, such a getting on of cloaks wrong side up, and hoods inside out, then a general brushing down, and with a promise from the driver that he will look out—which means that he will run over the very next one he comes to—we are once more tucked cozily in the sleigh. It is delightful! And even when I cannot ride myself, I love to listen to

"The tintinabulation that so musically swells,
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, silver bells,"

as the happy loads go flying by.

Another pleasant thing of this season, are the long, cheerful evenings, when, with the curtains drawn, the loved circle gather around the bright fire, where, with books, papers, cheerful conversation, music and (to me no small item!) nuts and apples, the hours go fleeting by, and we are all startled to hear the old time-piece in the corner chime ten, eleven *twelve*. Particularly when a child did I love these evenings. When we children, banishing the older ones to the parlor, took possession of the dining-room, where we had ample room to play "blind-man's-buff" and "puss-in-the-corner" to our heart's content. And when weary of this, in the kitchen cracking nuts, pulling taffy, or teasing old DINAH for a story—who, good old soul, would have to consent in self-defence—but first, making us all promise, as we gathered around her, to be "good boys and girls," a promise, *of course* we always kept. Oh, yes! I have loved all these, and always before have parted from them with regret. But now, I am weary of them, and there has come over me a longing for the genial air of spring, for the blossoming of the trees, the merry voices of the brooks as they go dancing through the fields, the playful breezes that come to us from the south, bearing the fragrance of the beautiful flowers that grow in that clime and reminding us of those we are soon to have, and of everything beautiful that warm weather brings us. Eagerly have we watched the buds for the first signs of their bursting, but as yet, winter holds them tight; and it gives me the "blues" terribly, as I write to see the tiny flakes go flitting by the window. But I'm hoping that May

"—— month of rosy beauty!
Month when pleasure is a duty;"

will bring us better things. IDA CAREY.

Dream Dell, April, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THEY ARE GONE.

As we think of the past, its joys and sorrows, its hopes and its fears,—as the shadowy visions come whispering up from the far-off land of our childhood,—a low murmur of regret wells up from the secret depths of the heart. So softly it speaks that, like the rustling of angels' wings, 'tis scarcely heard, and yet so pensive, so sad, are those accents, "*they are gone*," that the fountains of the heart would fain gush forth in tears.

Those innocent days of childhood—when life's bright roses were profusely scattered o'er the pathway we trod in blissful ignorance of the sharp thorns which lurked among their leaves,—those happy days—when life but just begun, seemed, in childhood's fancy, all sunshine and joy; like the first dawn of a summer day, when not a cloud obscures the glorious light of the sun, or mars the tranquil blue of the sky; and how often as we gazed on the fair scene did we imagine it would never fade. Alas! where now are those innocent days—those fair, bright scenes? They are gone—like the sound of happy voices on the still evening air, fled forever. Yet memory loves to linger at the green oases in life's "desert waste," and drink deeply of the cooling draught.

Where, too, are those friends that clustered round us with warm affections in other days; who rejoiced with us in our happiness and wept with us in our sorrow? In vain we listen for the sweet tones of their voices—in vain we look for their happy smiles in our "merry greetings." They, too, are gone; some of them have left the spot that gave them birth, and now, far from the home of childhood, in other lands their footsteps roam.—Others, perhaps those we most fondly loved, have crossed the threshold of eternity, and entered upon another stage of existence in that unknown, mysterious world, and we have gazed for the last time on all that remains of the once active and beautiful. "Those lips we have kissed are now faded and gone"—those hands we have pressed are now covered with mould. They are gone, and the places that once knew them know them no more; and as we walk the halls where their buoyant feet were wont to tread, we feel like

"Those who tread alone, some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose lamps are dead,
And all but we departed."

Where are the hopes that cheered our hearts in life's young day? the dreams of fame and future greatness? the proud aims and high resolves that spurred us on to deeds of chivalry? Where are they now? They are gone—vanished like the early cloud and the morning dew; perished every fond ambition. Stern reality has cast the beautiful buds of hope back on the heart's shrine to wither.

Where are affection's pearls that we scattered with lavish hand? Alas! they were bestowed on worthless objects, and they have trampled in the dust those gems that might have graced a diadem. They are gone, and the heart weeps for its lost treasures. Happy moments; where are they?—Gone—buried in the oblivion of the past. Golden hours that we have squandered—where are they? Can we not recall them? Ah, no—they must stand accusing blanks in the great book of account. They are gone, and we remember them with a sigh.

Precious words of wisdom, that were like the drops of crystal dew, which the wings of Seraphs scatter, when, on some bright Sabbath their wings quiver most with delight; they were like white-winged seeds of happiness wafted from the islets of the blessed. Where are they? Oh, they have fallen on unheeding ears, and the living waters have returned again to the fountain of Intelligence. They are gone; and the heart grows more sad and regretful as it repeats "they are gone!" and from out the depths of the past echoes the mournful response—"*gone!*" CARRIE C.

Jackson, Co., Mich., 1857.

OUR HOMES.—Genius hath its triumphs, fame its glories, wealth its splendor, success its bright rewards, but the heart only hath its home. Home only! What more needeth the heart? What more can it gain? A true home is more than the world—more than honor, and pride, and fortune—more than all earth can give—the light, the noonday sun may not yield, and yet the tiny flame of one pure beam of love enkindleth, and sympathy makes to burn forever.

Home! how more beautiful thou art! how like an untaught religion! a golden link between the soul and heaven! when the presence of a pure heart makes thee radiant, and the music of its affection floats like the chorals of unseen cherubims around thy tranquil hearth.

A GREAT deal of discomfort arises from over sensitiveness of what other people may say of you or your actions. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators; whereas they are playing to empty benches all the while.

THE spoken word, the written poem, is said to be an epitome of the man; how much more the done work. Deeds are greater than words. Deeds have such a life, mute, but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruits do; they people the vacuity of time, and make it green and worthy.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PASSING AWAY!

PASSING AWAY! Passing away!
All things bright are passing away—
The sweetest flowers droop and die;
And the song birds seek a fairer sky;
Their parting carol seems to say—
Passing away!

Passing away! Passing away!
Youth's glowing dreams are passing away.
Tho' bright as the tinting of golden beams;
The sun shimmers over the rippling streams,
Still crushed hopes and sad hearts say—
Passing away!

Passing away! Passing away!
The friends we love are passing away—
Some youthful and fair as the angels are;
Some aged but dear for their love and care,
Yet they cannot stay, they are called away—
Passing away!

Passing away! Passing away!
All that we cherish are passing away.
Then let us strive for that home above,
Where we cannot be parted from those we love,
And nevermore sing that sorrowing lay—
Passing away!

Le Roy, N. Y., 1857. O. M.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

POVERTY AND GREATNESS.

MUCH has been written about the advantages of poverty in early life. Some with more zeal than judgment would have us think that every person who commences in poverty and gets a mere smattering of education, will therefore shake the world, and as proof of their reasoning—point to a few of our eminent men who commenced alone and penniless, but have reached the very summit of fame.

Certainly, I would say nothing to discourage any youth, however poor and humble. Such characters are worthy of our contemplation. More than one poor boy has been inspired with a noble love of knowledge and a determination to obtain it by reading the early history of some eminent man who rose from ignorance and poverty to wisdom and influence. But let us not mistake the source of their greatness. It is not poverty but *labor*—hard intellectual labor that develops the mind and gives a manly stature to the soul. There is, however, one advantage in poverty. To the person who has courage, and ambition, and resolution, to surmount every obstacle, it presents a better chance to become acquainted with every phase of human life. As he gradually rises from one stage of thought and feeling to another, he can study at each step the characters of the persons with whom he associates. He thus learns the wants of the poor, the sympathies of the honest-hearted, the schemes of men destitute of principle, the emptiness of mere fashionable life, the generosity of the wise and good, and in fact, the real character of men in every grade of society. There should be nothing fanciful or Utopian in his philosophy. He is acquainted with all the characters exhibited in the great drama of life.—His heart goes out in sympathy toward all—the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant have in turn been his companions and friends. Thus far poverty in early life would seem to be essential to greatness. The story, however, is but half told. The disadvantages of poverty in youth, I apprehend, are known only to those who have "paddled their own canoes" up the rough and dangerous stream of life.

Suppose, for instance, that a boy of sixteen has resolved to obtain an education. He has already become acquainted with the branches usually taught in our common schools. He has neither friends nor money. Two hands, and a mind feeling its own weakness, constitute the capital with which he enters the field as a student. He must have food, and clothing, and money to pay his expenses during the six or eight years of his preparatory course. That once completed, he may begin to get something in return for his labor.—Only a limited number, however, are capable of facing all these obstacles. The mass of those who start out faint on the journey—but few have courage and perseverance to surmount every difficulty. These may well talk about the "Hill of Science." To them it is a *hill*, yes, a mountain, steep and forbidding, like that "cone" among the Andes—Chimborazo. But, however steep and rugged may be the ascent, the young man who starts in poverty and reaches the summit, will have the consolation of knowing that he has experienced more of human life than those who have been carried up on "flowery beds of ease." Poverty educates the heart and expands the soul. It subdues those feelings of pride and selfishness and envy which make even great minds appear insignificant. It gives a consciousness of strength and a loftiness of purpose, and this last according to BULWER is the "back bone and marrow of genius." No boy that wants an education should be discouraged on account of an empty pocket. J. B. O.

Wellsboro', Pa., 1857.

GOOD WORDS.—"Nobody knows what is slumbering among the people—what political wisdom—until it is called forth. The very persons who say the best and noblest things do not come forth without they are called forth, because those great and noble things are their utmost feeling, and seem to themselves too simple and what everybody must think. Speak it out good friends, everywhere, those simple things—fixed truths. Freedom feeds on the universal heart and mind, and not on the genius here and there, one remarkable person or great scholar. The American statesman is the good, honest citizen, who does his daily work, and loves his wife and children, and knows that every other man has the same duties and rights as himself."

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Remember that though the realm of death seems an enemy's country to most men, on whose shore they are loathly driven by stress of weather, to the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly, as in some quiet haven of the fortunate isles; it is the golden west into which his sun sinks, and sinking, casts back a glory on the leaden cloud-rack which had darkly beseiged his day.—*Gospel Banner.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"WE'VE BEEN MAYING."

WE'VE been Maying, dear reader, and what do you think we found, saw, and heard? We found no May-dew, we saw no May-poles reared by human hands, we heard no joyous, exultant voices proclaiming their Queen. Yet we enjoyed our excursion much. Exercise in the fresh May air has done as much for us as the once famous May-dew could. It has given us rosy cheeks, (and perhaps "freckles big as buttercups," such as Mrs. SPARROWGRASS gained in the country,) brightened our eyes, and enlivened our spirits wonderfully.

We made May-bushes and poles of the trees hung with flowers and illuminated by the sunlight by Him who made May. There were

"The tawny elm,
The fairest subject of the sylvan realm,"

the tasseled maple, poplar, and birch, and the green-crowned pine and hemlock. We made bouquets instead of garlands. We began them with cone-tipped hemlock boughs, and the willows which now

"Their delicate buds unfold
Into downy feathers bedropped with gold,"

and with "pendants" from the alders and birches. On these we laid the sweetest of spring wild-flowers, the Trailing Arbutus, or Mayflower. Let Mrs. WHITMAN describe it.

"Like a pure hope nursed beneath sorrow's wing
Its timid buds from the cold moss spring,
Their delicate hues like the pink sea-shell,
Or the shaded blush of a hyacinth's bell;
Their breath more sweet than the faint perfume
That breathes from the bridal orange-bloom."

On sunny slopes we gathered the blue-eyed, downy-stemmed liverwort, the wind-flower and the fairy-flax, and curious gray lichens; by the brook-side, the delicate spring-beauty, the starry gold-thread, the white and the blue violet, and the little liliaceous plant that learned men call *Erythionium Americanum*, and common people know by the suggestive names of adder-tongue and dog's-tooth violet. I wish some man "in authority" would give it a pleasanter common name.

And what did we hear? We heard each other's merry laugh and song, the dash of waters, the music that the pine's slender, skillful fingers strike from the viewless winds, and at long intervals, bird-notes. The birds that are with us now love not so well the wildwood as the haunts of men, and sing sweetest near home.

We found, we saw, we heard enough to lade our hearts with pleasant memories to weave with pleasant thoughts in future May-days, if such there be in store for us. H.

East Hampton, Mass., 1857.

For the Rural New-Yorker.

PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE.

THESE are qualities that "make man man."—Without them no person prospers. The child ever remains a child; if not in stature, in stability and firmness. The mind continues weak and imbecile, and purposes, however worthy, remain forever undeveloped. Resolutions are made but to be unexecuted, indeed to die at their birth. The foundation of many a glorious castle is laid, but at the least impediment it is deserted, and another begun in its stead, to terminate as did the first, without an effort to baffle the smallest obstacle. Worthy projects have been formed, promising untold benefits to the originator as well as to the world; but through a want of these invaluable traits, they are smothered ere they leave their source. Many, vastly many are the gems of earth, which, if garnished with patience and perseverance by their possessors, might shine with unequalled splendor, shedding their effulgent rays upon the dark places of earth, and rendering the light still lighter.—There are numerous instances which might be cited to prove how important, how necessary these qualities are in every-day life as well as on extraordinary occasions. The teacher, the parent, the brother and sister must cultivate them or they can never know real happiness. Without them how soon would the family circle be broken. Every intruding difficulty would sever a link from home's golden chain. It is patience and perseverance combined with energy that make the scholar, the statesman—indeed every person who reaches any deserved degree of eminence. In perusing the biographies of all great men and women, it cannot but be observed that these were predominant traits in the characters of their heroes and heroines. Would the names of HERSCHELL, LAWRENCE or HOGARTH have been written where they are had they lacked these qualities? Or would those of others who have acted their part valiantly on the stage of life? Nor would we eulogise the names of great *men* alone, for the title of many a true woman adorns this list of distinguished persons, who have attained a high position in the estimation of an admiring world, through patient and persevering efforts. E. W.

Rochester, Mich., 1857.

A GREAT GIFT.—Sleep is the gift of God; and not a man would close his eyes, did not God put his finger on his eyelids. True, there are some drugs with which men can poison themselves well-nigh to death, and then call it sleep; but the sleep of the healthy body is the gift of God; he bestows it; he rocks the cradle for us every night; draws the curtain of darkness, he bids the sun shut up his burning eyes, and then he comes and says, "Sleep, sleep, my child; I give thee sleep." You have sometimes laid your head upon your pillow, and tried to go to sleep, but you could not do it; but still you see; and there are sounds in your ears, and ten thousand things drive through your brain. Sleep is the best physician that I know of. It has healed more pains than the most eminent physicians on earth. It is the best medicine.—There is nothing like it. And what a mercy it is that it belongs to all. God does not give it merely to the noble or the rich, so they can keep it as a special luxury for themselves; but he bestows it upon all. Yes, if there be any difference, it is in favor of the poor. "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much."

TRUE modesty is a flower whose grateful odor endures for ages. False modesty is a weed as poisonous as stramonium, and as deadly, in its ultimate effects, as the prussic acid, distilled from the green and pretty leaves of peach trees.

BE DETERMINED.

THE earnest man wins a way for himself, and earnestness and truth go together. Never affect to be other than you are—either richer or wiser.—Never be ashamed to say, "I do not know." Men will then believe you when you say, "I do not know." Never be ashamed to say, whether as applied to time or money, "I cannot afford it," "I cannot afford to waste an hour in the idleness to which you invite me—I cannot afford the guinea you ask me to throw away." Once establish yourself and your mode of life as what they really are, and your foot is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step onward, or for the sudden spring over the precipice. From these maxims let me deduce another—learn to say "No" with decision; "Yes" with caution—"No" with decision whenever it resists temptation; "Yes" with caution whenever it implies a promise. A promise once given is a bond inviolable. A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely upon him. I have frequently seen in life a person preferred to a long list of applicants for some important charge which lifts him at once into station or fortune, merely because he has this reputation, that when he says he knows a thing he knows it, and when he says he will do a thing he will do it. Muse, gentlemen, over these maxims; you will find it easy enough to practice them, for when you have added them together the sum total looks very much like—a Scotchman.—*Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

LOVING AND FORGIVING.

MAN has an unfortunate readiness, in the evil hour after receiving an affront, to draw together all the moon-spots on the other person into an outline of shadow, and a night-piece, and to transform a single deed into a whole life; and this only in order that he may thoroughly relish the pleasure of being angry. In love, he has fortunately the opposite faculty of crowding together all the light parts and rays of its object into one focus, by means of the burning glass of imagination, and letting its sun burn without its spots; but he too generally does this only when the beloved, and often censured being is already beyond the skies. In order, however, that we should do this sooner and oftener, we ought to act like Winckelmann, but only in another way. As he, namely, set aside a particular half-hour of each day for the purpose of beholding and meditating on his too happy existence in Rome, so we ought daily or weekly to dedicate and sanctify a solitary hour for the purpose of summing up the virtues of our families our wives, our children, and our friends—and viewing them in this beautiful crowded assemblage of their good qualities. And, indeed, we should do so for this reason, that we may not forgive and love too late, when the beloved beings are already departed hence, and are beyond our reach.—*Richter.*

GROW BEAUTIFUL.

PERSONS may out-grow disease and become healthy, by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitutions. By moderate and daily exercise, men may become active and strong in limb and muscle. But to grow beautiful, how?—Age dims the lustre of the eye, and pales the roses on beauty's cheek; while crow-feet and furrows, and wrinkles, and lost teeth, and grey hairs, and bald head, and tottering limbs, and limping feet, most sadly mar the human form divine. But dim as the eye is, pallid and sunken as may be the face of beauty, and frail and feeble that once strong, erect and manly body, the immortal soul, just fledging its wings for its home in heaven, may look out through these faded windows, as beautiful as the dew-drops of a summer's morning, as melting as the tear that glistens in affection's eye, by growing kindly, by cultivating sympathy with all human kind; by cherishing forbearance toward the foibles and follies of our race, and feeding day by day on that love to God and man which lifts us from the brute, and makes us akin to angels—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

CATO.—If Cicero had too little character, Cato had too much. Public virtue is like gold, if it is to be current, it must be alloyed. Cato left the alloy out, and cared little whether his coin circulated or not; all he knew was, that its purity must never be tampered with, and that whoever would not receive it as he tendered it, must be corrupt or criminal. He was a good orator, but his oratory was in vain; he was always ready with advice, but it was advice incapable of being put in practice; he was esteemed by all, but with an esteem that bore no fruit. Inflexibly and almost savagely austere, he was one of those men whom posterity place in their Valhallas, but whom nations, unless for example's sake, deny admittance to their councils—the most irreproachable of virtuous men, but the most useless.—*Lamartine's History of Cæsar.*

BLUE DEVILS.—In an article in the Journal of Psychological Medicine on Baron Feuchtersleben's Principle of Medical Psychology, showing how the mind is influenced by a mechanical calling, there is this curious sentence:—"Rosch and Esquirol affirm, from observation, that indigo-dyers become melancholy, and those who dye scarlet, choleric. Their observation regarding indigo-dyers affords a strong confirmation of the statement of that arch quack Paracelsus, who declared blue to be injurious." This would seem to suggest that our phrase, "the blue devils," may derive its origin from a scientific fact.—*Chambers' Journal.*

KNOWING WHAT ONE'S ABOUT.—"Half the evil in this world," says Ruskin, in his "Stones of Venice," "comes from people not knowing what they do like—not deliberately settling themselves to find out what they really enjoy. All people enjoy giving away money, for instance; they don't know that—they rather think they like keeping it; and they do keep it, under this false impression, often to their great discomfort. Everybody likes to do good; but not one in a hundred finds this out.—Multitudes think they like to do evil; yet no man ever really enjoyed doing evil since God made the world."

FORBEARANCE is a great virtue.

The Traveler.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

Europe, Afoot and Alone.--New Series.

LETTER X.—ENGLAND.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

The Haunts of Shakspeare.

THE birth-place of SHAKSPEARE, and his tomb, the park in which his youthful exploit of deer stealing was performed, and the scenery amidst which he passed his earliest years, these were the shrines of our poetical pilgrimage. After leaving Warwick, we walked six miles, and came to Charlecote Park, in which stands the ancient family mansion of the LUCYS. It is yet, I believe, in the possession of a gentleman of that name who is descended from the immortal Justice before whom young SHAKSPEARE was arraigned for deer stealing. We crossed a bridge over the Avon, which flows through the Park, and passed through a rustic gate into the grounds. There is a public right of way, at least for pedestrians, which has been held from time immemorial.

It is a fine specimen of the residences of English gentlemen—residences which we have not in America, because they are not the growth of a day. You tread a thick, soft turf, in the shade of trees that are centuries old. We have, it is true, forest trees which boast an equal age, but in symmetry of form, in the length of branches, and in rich masses of foliage, they will bear no comparison with those which have been growing and carefully nurtured for a hundred years. There is something sublime in the life of a tree, which, standing alone and unsheltered, grows up in silence, spreading out its loaded branches, and pushing them up to heaven in defiance of storm and tempest. A troop of deer were reposing in the shade of an elm, and they gazed at us curiously as we entered and sat down on a rustic bench near by. They were of all sizes, from the sleek and delicate fawn to the stately buck with wide branching antlers. If they are a fair specimen of the herds in the day of SHAKSPEARE, it is no wonder he was tempted. Slowly the herd moved away, and mixed with the cattle, sheep and horses which were grazing on the lawn by the side of the Avon. It is supposed but few if any of the trees in the Park were growing in the time of SHAKSPEARE, but the mansion in their midst was built in the reign of ELIZABETH—that, at least, was in existence in the poet's time.

We passed through the Park into the road, and saw a tapering spire rising from the midst of trees about three miles distant. I knew that in the church beneath repose the ashes of the bard.—Upon entering the town we crossed the river by a stone bridge, built in the reign of HENRY VII., and leaving our knapsacks at an inn, went immediately to the birth-place of the poet. The house is the poorest looking building in the row in which it stands; the others are modern, or have been repaired. Only about a third of the poet's house remains in its original condition, the rest having been refronted, but fortunately that part which is untouched contains the room in which he was born. It is a frame of wooden beams filled in with masonry; the beams which are left visible are blackened with age and exposure. The building commonly looks much better in pictures than in reality. It is entirely unprotected by any extraordinary means from wasting by the elements, and should a fire happen to break out in the row, it might be consumed. Surely it is of value sufficient to entitle it to better protection, and it would be well if some of the buildings immediately contiguous were removed, a few trees planted near it, and its original appearance restored as near as possible.

A splendid carriage and pair of horses stood in front of the house. We entered, and surveying the lower room for a moment, ascended a short flight of stairs to the chamber where the poet was born. They are the original stairs, and often has the young SHAKSPEARE galloped over them, and played upon the steps. The size of the apartment we entered is about seven paces by nine; the walls are not more than seven feet high, and from top to bottom, on the windows and ceiling overhead, every place except the floor, is covered with names. There seems to be no let or hindrance in the matter, and some are daubed on the walls in large characters, thereby obliterating a score of others. But what a spectacle; the names of the proud and the great are on the walls of that humble room. What a triumph of genius—compelling the homage and admiration of the world, though its possessor was low in rank, and reared amid such humble fortunes. WALTER SCOTT scratched his name on the window with a diamond. I looked for WASHINGTON IRVING'S, but the attendant said it was entirely obliterated by other names. So, too, is Lord BYRON'S. I was told that IRVING remained a couple of weeks in the village, and obtained leave to sleep in the room for one night.—Perhaps more distinguished visitors have written their names on the chimney than anywhere else. There are the autographs of many celebrated actors, and among them I saw EDMUND KEAN, and GARRICK. EMMERSON is over the great beam across the fireplace, and in another part I saw ALFRED TENNYSON.

We next went to the church where SHAKSPEARE is buried, passing on our way the Town Hall which contains in a niche a statue of the poet, presented by GARRICK. He is represented in the same attitude as in Westminster Abbey, one arm resting on some books, and pointing with his other hand to a scroll. The lines, however, on the scroll are different. They are taken from Midsummer Night's Dream.

"The Poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

From the church-yard gate a walk underneath the intermingling tops of linden, leads to the Gothic porch. Of course we were not permitted to enter alone; but were compelled to have a guide, and the lady who acted in that capacity first drew our attention to the new ceiling which lately has been erected, and pointed out other minute repairs, and then took us to view some effigies and monuments of which I had never heard and cared nothing at all about. Whilst she was going through with her descriptions, I broke away and wandered alone to the chancel. There are several monuments, but my eye sought and quickly rested on that famous bust which has preserved to the world the likeness of SHAKSPEARE. I approached it almost unconsciously, and when I looked down found I was standing on the slab in which are graved those grim words that have preserved inviolate the sacred ashes beneath.

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To dig the dust enclosed heare:
Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

The bust was originally colored to life, but MALONE, who ought to have known better, obtained permission to paint it, and it is now of a dull leaden color. The hair curls on each side of the bare, lofty forehead, and the lips are slightly parted, showing the upper teeth. His hands are resting on a cushion in an attitude of writing, but the pen is gone from the fingers. Beneath are these oddly spelled lines:

"Stay passenger; why goest thou by so fast?
Read if thou canst whom envious death hast plast
Within this monument: Shakspeare with whome
Quicke nature dide; whose name doth deck ys tombe
Far more than cost; sith all yt he hath writt
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt."

His family are interred by his side, and back against the wall, lying upon his tomb is a full length effigy of JOHN COMBE, upon whom SHAKSPEARE is said to have composed a sarcastic epitaph.

After coming out we strolled about the populous church-yard, and gazed into the Avon which murmurs at its feet. I plucked a branch from a yew tree for a memento, and just as the broad, red sun was dipping behind the horizon, we turned our steps towards the hamlet of Shalters, where the young WILLIE found his gentle ANNE HATHAWAY. It is about a mile distant from the village, and the same footpath still leads across the fields and brooks. It was the very hour, too, when he would naturally have bent his course thither, and it was a thrilling thought that he had trod this very path and crossed these brooks, and listened to the rustling of billowy grain on these fields.—We passed through several rustic gates, and by one stood a pair of country lovers. The house looks very ancient,—it is built of timber and brick, and has a thatched roof. A lady invited us to enter. In the hall stands the "Courting Chair," which is large enough for two, and certainly looks very old. There is a rough stone floor and low ceiling, and portions of the oaken wainscot around the walls. The chimney is wide and spacious, and the lady was particular in pointing out the hooks on which they used to hang their bacon to smoke, and a cupboard in one end where it was afterwards stored. She claimed to be a descendant of the HATHAWAYS, although she had lost the name.—The most interesting relic in the house is an oaken bedstead in one of the chambers, which, according to tradition, belonged to ANNE HATHAWAY'S mother. It is an heirloom in the family, and the lady informed us was her property. She said an American gentleman made her a standing offer of two hundred pounds for it; but although in reduced circumstances, she determined to keep it in the family. Her son, a small boy, occupied it—sleeping on the same bedstead that the poet probably did. We purchased a view of the house, and plucking a sprig of lavender from the garden, retrod the path, by moonlight, to the village.

A PHYSICIAN'S IMPULSE.

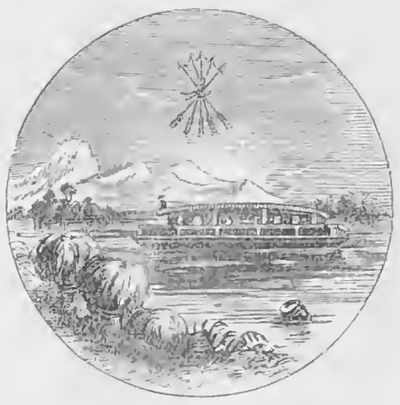
"You are a greater puzzle than ever to me, Thurnall," said Frank. "You are always pretending to care for nothing but your own interest, and yet here you have gone out of your way to incur odium, knowing, you say, that your cause was all but hopeless." "Well, I do it because I like it.—It's a sort of sporting with your true doctor. He blazes away at a disease when he sees one, as he would at a bear or a lion—the very sight of it excites his organ of destructiveness. Don't you understand me? You hate sin, you know. Well, I hate disease. Moral evil is your devil, and physical evil is mine. I hate it, little or big; I hate to see a fellow sick; I hate to see a child rickety and pale; I hate to see specks of dirt in the street; I hate to see a woman's gown torn; I hate to see her stockings down at the heel; I hate to see anything wasted, manure wasted, land wasted, muscle wasted, pluck wasted, brains wasted; I hate neglect, incapacity, idleness, ignorance, and all the disease and misery which spring out of them. There's my devil; and I can't help, for the life of me, going at his throat wherever I meet him."—*Kingsley's Two Years Ago.*

"THE STARS AND STRIPES."—The American flag originated in a resolution of Congress, June 13, 1777, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." The combination is thought to have been derived from the arms of Gen. Washington, which contains three stars in the upper portion, and three bars running across the escutcheon; if this is not correct, the co-incidence is striking. There were several flags used before the striped flag by the Americans.—Formerly, a new stripe was added for each new State admitted to the Union, until the flag became too large; when, by act of Congress, the stripes were reduced to the old thirteen; and now a star is added to the Union at the accession of each new State.—*Notes and Queries.*

"FILIBUSTERS."—The title of filibusters is a mere corruption of the English word freebooters—a German term imported into England during the Low-Country wars of Elizabeth's reign. It has been erroneously traced to the Dutch word *fly-boat;* but the Jesuit traveler Charlevoix asserts that, in fact, this species of craft derived its title from being first used by the filibusters, and not from its swiftness. This, however, is evidently a mistake, as Drayton and Hakluyt use the word; and it seems to be of even earlier standing in the French language. The derivation from the English word freebooter is at once seen when the *s* in filibuster becomes lost in pronunciation.—*C. W. Thornbury.*

Useful Olio.

ORIGIN AND SEALS OF THE STATES.--NO. IX.



OHIO.

THE first permanent settlement made in Ohio the Seal of which is above represented, was at Marietta, in the year 1788. The peculiar transactions comprising its early history were similar to those to which all Western States, at that period receiving the hardy pioneers, were incident.—Many a spot which civilization now blesses could fairly claim the title of "dark and bloody ground." From the lakes to her noble river, they struggled with hardship, disease and death, but possessing an energy that never falters, the foundation was laid for the noble structure now known as the "Buckeye State." The population in 1790 was 3,000; in 1800, 45,365; 1810, 230,760; continually increasing, until at the last census, in 1850, the number was 1,980,408. The dwellings at this period numbered 336,098; farms, 143,887, manufacturing establishments, 10,550.

Agriculture is the main interest of Ohio. In 1850, of wheat 14,487,351 bushels were produced; corn 59,078,695; oats 13,472,742; barley 354,358; rye 425,918; potatoes 5,057,769; tuns of hay 1,433,152; pounds of wool 10,196,371; of flax 446,932.—The annual value of slaughtered animals was 7,439,243. At this period there were yearly made 48,207 gallons of wine. The cash value of the farms was estimated to be $358,758,603; of implements and machinery $12,750,585; of live stock $44,121,741.

In manufactures the capital invested amounted to $28,612,136, and the articles manufactured to $61,915,036.

In the colleges of the State there were 3,621 students. The academies numbered 206, with 5,052 pupils; common schools 11,661, with 484,153.—There were 352 libraries with an aggregate number of volumes amounting to 186,826.

The Governor is elected by the people for two years. The Senators are chosen biennially, and are apportioned according to the number of white male inhabitants over 21 years of age. The number can never be less than one-third, nor more than one-half the number of the Representatives. The Representatives are apportioned among the counties according to the number of inhabitants over 21 years of age, and there never can be more than 72 nor less than 36. The Judges of the Supreme Court and other Courts are elected by the joint-ballot of the Legislature for the term of seven years. The right of suffrage is enjoyed by all white male citizens over 21 years of age, who have resided in the State one year next preceding the election, and who have paid or been assessed with a State or county tax.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

THE Bank of England should be seen on the inside as well as out, and to get into the interior of this remarkable building, to observe the operations of an institution that exerts more moral and political power than any sovereign in Europe, you must have an order from the governor of the bank. The building occupies an irregular area of eight acres of ground—an edifice of no architectural beauty, with not one window toward the street, being lighted altogether from the roof of the enclosed areas.

I was led, on presenting my card of admission, into a private room, where, after a delay of a few moments, a messenger came and conducted me through the mighty and mysterious building. Down we went into a room where the notes of the bank received the day before were now examined, compared with the entries in the books, and stored away. The Bank of England never issues the same note a second time. It receives, in the ordinary course of business about £800,000 or $4,000,000, daily, in notes; these are put up into parcels according to their denominations boxed up with the date of their reception, and are kept ten years, at the expiration of which period they are taken out and ground up in the mill, which I saw running, and made again into paper. If in the course of ten years any dispute in business or law suit arises concerning the payment of any note, the bank can produce the identical bill.

To meet the demand for notes so constantly used up, the bank has its own paper-makers, its own printers, its own engravers, all at work under the same roof, and it even makes the machinery by which the most of its own work is done. A complicated but beautiful operation is a register, extending from the printing office to the banking offices, which marks every sheet of paper that is struck off from the press, so that the printers cannot manufacture a single sheet of bank notes that is not recorded in the bank.

On the same principle of exactness, a shaft is made to pass from one apartment to another, connecting a clock in sixteen different wings of the establishment, and regulating them with such precision that the whole of them are always pointing to the same second of time. In another room was a machine, exceedingly simple, for detecting light gold coins. A row of them was dropped one by on upon a spring scale. If the piece of gold was of the standard weight, the scale rose to a certain height, and the coin slid off upon the side of the box; if less than the standard, it rose a little higher and the coin slid off on the other side. I asked the weigher what was the average number of light coins that came into his hands, and strangely enough, he said it was a question he was not allowed to answer.

The next room I entered was that in which the notes are deposited which are ready for issue.—"We have thirty-two million pounds sterling in this room," the officer remarked to me, "will you take a little of it?" I told him it would be very agreeable, and he handed me a million, (five millions of dollars,) which I received with many thanks for his liberality, but he insisted on my depositing it with him again, as it would be hardly safe to carry so much money in the street. I very much fear that I shall never see the money again. In the vault beneath the door was the director and the cashier counting the bags of gold, which men were pitching down to them, each bag containing a thousand pounds sterling, just from the mint. This world of money seemed to realize the fables of eastern wealth, and gave me new and strong impressions of the magnitude of the business done here, and the extent of the relations of this one institution to the commerce of the world.—*Selected.*

ABOUT THE SPONGE.

THE natural history of the sponge is very obscure. The contradictory assertions of naturalists forbid any degree of precision, even in its classification. Some regard it as a vegetable, others as an animal, others again as a union of both in the polypi. All agree in admitting that two substances are found in the sponge:—one in the interior, consisting of a fibrous cornea, forming a tissue more or less compact, to the centre of which there adheres a marine body; the other, on the exterior, is of a soft, gelatinous consistency, and appears to be the seat of sensibility and life. But little is known as to the origin or duration of the life of sponge. It is conjectured that its growth must be very rapid, as two years suffice to re-people the rock despoiled by the gatherers. The sponge presents on its exterior variable forms, without any degree of regularity, though it bears a close analogy to the stony polypi. The fibrous tissue is the only part that can be studied with attention, but such examination reveals irregularities so numerous, and differences so great, that it is most difficult to assign a generic character to the interior. The fibrous net-work, the fine elastic tissue, are solely the index by which the quality of the sponge may be ascertained, without furnishing data on which to establish whether these properties are natural or accidental.

The sponge is common to all seas; but differences exist as to its quality. The best sponges are those which are brought from the coast of Turkey, and among these the Syrian are the most highly esteemed for toilet use. They are of finer grain, a greater flexibility, and are more porous—they have a greater capacity for absorption. In commerce they are divided into three classes—color, delicacy and elasticity of tissue, together with compactness of material. The white, delicately-grained sponges are reckoned the best; there is a second class, stronger, and a more yellowish tint; and a common class, known as Venice sponge, and only employed for the most ordinary purposes.

Sponge gathering, or, as it is very commonly called, the sponge fishery, commences in June and terminates in August; on the coast of Syria it is sometimes prolonged to Sept. At the beginning of the season the fishermen prepare for work, and either enter on the undertaking on their own account, or in the service of some enterprising speculator. Those who fish on their own account, or in the employment of others, form into parties of five or six, under the command of a reis. The boats employed are small, but admirably adapted for the purpose. The fishermen when they observe a pile of sponge rock, take in sail, cast anchor, and each man in turn plunges into the water.—The diver places his feet on a large stone attached to a cord which he holds in his hands. When he reaches the rock, he tears away the sponge, and places it in a bag before him. Having gathered as much as he possibly can, he re-ascends, and the second diver plunges in and carries on the work. The divers will sometimes descend thirty fathoms (180 feet) in search of the sponge.

When they arrive on shore, the divers dig a hole in the sand and fill it with water. Into this hole the sponge is plunged, and the men tread it with their feet until the whole of the outer gelatinous coating is removed. When it has been thoroughly denuded of this membrane, and presents to the eye nothing but its own natural color, the process is complete.

Beyrout and Tripoli are the chief sponge markets. Tripoli being in the immediate neighborhood of the fishery, is the most productive—and is the centre of the sponge trade. The quantity of sponge sold at this place has rendered it essential to establish a market especially devoted to this object. The middle of September is the busiest time in Tripoli, and a curious mixture of Europeans and Orientals—of French, Italian, English, Druses, Turcomans, Kurds, chaffer with the Greek merchants over the sponge. The scene is not easily forgotten.—*Selected.*

POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.—George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers, declared that he could tame the most furious animal by looking at it steadily. Lord Spence said, "Well, there is a mastiff in the court yard here, which is the terror of the whole neighborhood; will you try your power on him?" Pitt agreed to do so, and the company descended to the court yard. A servant held the mastiff by a chain. Pitt knelt down a short distance from the animal, and stared him sternly in the face.—They all shuddered. At a signal given, the mastiff was let loose, and rushed furiously towards Pitt, then suddenly checked his pace, seemed confounded, and leaping over Pitt's head, ran away and was not seen for many hours after. During one of my visits to Italy, while I was walking a little before my carriage on the road not far from Vienna, I perceived two huge dogs bounding towards me. I recollected what Pitt had done, and trembling from head to foot, I yet had resolution enough to stand quite still and eye them with a fixed look. They gradually relaxed their speed from a gallop to a trot, came up to me, stopped for a moment and went back again.—*Rogers' Table Talk.*

CAPTAIN BEAUFORT saw near Smyrna, in 1841, a cloud of locusts 46 miles long, and 300 yards deep, containing as he calculates, 169 billions.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SWEET STORY OF THE CROSS.

BY W. E. KNOWLES.

O, OF all the sweet stories of passionate love,
That have ever delighted a listening ear,
The sweet story of JESUS, that came from above,
Is the sweetest and dearest we ever shall hear.

It awakens a hope in the bosoms of all
That are longing to see His appearance again;
And the star in the East leads the way to the stall
Where the new-born Redeemer of sinners was lain.

And the theme is the burden of many a song,
As the harps of the angels are tuned to the lays,
And the heavenly host in a chorus prolong
The sweet anthems of glory, and honor, and praise.

And though often repeated, it still is as new
As when first it was told to the ruined and lost;
And will ever be dear to the faithful and true,
As a sacrifice offered at infinite cost

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOME AND HEAVEN.

To the child of earth, whose dearest hopes and brightest dreams of bliss have been chilled by misfortune, how pleasing the influence that springs from the thought of Home. The heart that is forced to battle with the rough storms and tempests incident to our pilgrimage here, too often grows cold and selfish, and passions with all their dark forms are aroused, that under more genial atmosphere might still have slumbered on—but in all this world of ours, there are probably few souls so hardened that will not thrill to the magic of that whispered syllable, and amid distracting cares and perplexities, turn with an instinctive longing to the fireside-circle where are gathered the "dear ones" whose kindly words and smiles dispel the gloomy shadows, and inspire the heart of the "strong man" with new and nobler purposes. And from that sacred spot, the shrine of earth's purest affections, he goes forth stronger to resist temptation, braver to meet the ills of life, and more earnest in his desire to heap up riches, that those loved forms may be shielded from the rude winds of adversity, and that their pathway to the grave may be a thornless one.

The traveler on a foreign shore, striving for deathless laurels, may perchance after years of toil and suffering feel that his visions of glory are realized—but never, even in his proudest moments of triumph does he forget his native land, or the home of his childhood, where a mother's hand first rested upon his head in blessing. Who shall say that words of praise from that mother's lips would not fall upon his ear in sweeter accents than all the homage bestowed by crowds of admiring worshipers? And when Fame has woven her chaplets for his brow until his soul is satiated, he journeys homeward with a sigh of relief, dreaming not of sunny skies, and art's grandest productions; but of the hour when he shall again reach the "dear retreat" from which he has been so long banished.

The Poet, with all the countless themes that filled his imagination, did not fail to breathe in song a tribute to "Home, Sweet Home," and those touching lines seem invested with a deeper tenderness, when we reflect that the gifted author died a wanderer in a strange land, with no "roof-tree" to shelter him, or kind friends to soothe his last hours with acts of love.

The Christian, tossed on the sea of life, struggling with conflicting waves and gales, may surround his earthly habitation with a halo of light brighter than the jewels in a monarch's crown, yet an angel is ever at his side pointing him away from these transitory scenes to his heavenly home, and oft he pauses to listen to the "sweet voice," and to dwell with rapturous vision upon the time when for him those "pearly gates" will unclose, and his bark will be safely moored in the haven of eternal rest. Eternal rest! How soothing the sentiment to the weary and afflicted—not forever must our spiritual nature be confined to this frail tenement so often racked with disease and suffering, but soon, very soon, will it burst its bonds and soar away to bask in the sunshine of infinite perfection. Heaven possesses a mystery beyond the power of our finite conceptions to grasp; but we are assured it is a place of unutterable bliss, of dazzling splendor, of never-ceasing love—that "it has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to lighten it, for the glory of GOD shall lighten it and the LAMB is the light thereof." We know that there "angels strike to angel strains," that redeemed spirits are clothed in robes of white, and are perpetually tuning their harps in praise to Him who has washed them in His own blood, and made them "heirs of that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Is not all this knowledge sufficient to strengthen our feeble faith, and make us long for an entrance into that "Celestial City" where our SAVIOR has prepared a mansion, and a golden crown for all "who by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, and honor, and immortality,—eternal life?" J. E. S.

East Pembroke, N. Y., 1857.

THE DIGNITY OF PRAYER.

CONSIDER the dignity of this, to be admitted into so near converse with the highest majesty.—Were there nothing to follow, no answer at all, prayer pays itself in the excellence of its nature, and the sweetness that the soul finds in it. Poor fallen man, to be admitted into heaven while he is on earth, and there to come and speak his mind freely to the Lord of heaven and earth as his friend, as his father!—to empty all his complaints into his bosom, to refresh his soul in his God, wearied with the follies and miseries of the world. Where there is anything of His love, this is a privilege of the highest sweetness, for they that love, find much delight to discourse together, and count all hours short, and think the day runs too fast, that is so spent. And they that are much in this exercise, the Lord doth impart his secrets much to them.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

DEATH levels the whole human race; for it is only when he has stripped men of everything external that their deformities can be clearly discovered, or their worth correctly ascertained.—*Landor.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed from one Post Office to another, should be particular in specifying the offices at which they are now received

☞ BACK NUMBERS of the present volume can still be supplied, but those desiring them should be particular in specifying that they are wanted.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Sears' Large Type Quarto Bible—Robert Sears.
Young Men's Magazine—Richard C. McCormick, Jr.
Rapid Writing—Longley Brothers.
Durham Cattle at Auction—Seymour Brooks.
Elmira Music School—Miss C. G. Scott.
The Rochester Stone Yard—Wm. Carson.
500 Agents Wanted—Burdick Brothers.
Morgan Horse, General Gifford, Jr.—Eliab Yeomans.
Steam Engine & Circular Saw Mill Manufactory—A. Spalding.
Thorough bred Trotting Stallion—John T. Smith.
Removal—Francis A. Lontrel.
Wanted, Agents—D. H. Mulford.
Westchester Farm School—Olcott & Vail.
Plaster! Plaster!!—E. M. Harmon.
Agents Wanted—Robert Sears.
Orchard Grass—John Rapalje.
Burrall's Combined Mower and Reaper—Thos. D. Burrall.
Deafness and Diseases of the Eye—Dr. Walker.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
ROCHESTER, MAY 9, 1857.

The Weather and the Season.

THE weather continues unpropitious, and in all this region, as well as many distant localities, has prevented even a fair *commencement* of out-door and field operations. Farmers hereabouts have done little or no Spring work, and the prospect is certainly somewhat discouraging. Ere the earth had recovered from the effects of the heavy snow storm, we were visited with a cold, north-east raindeluge, which now (Tuesday noon,) after thirty-six hours duration, seems still progressing. The Genesee River is now higher than at any previous period this year. The water has risen over two feet within the past twenty-four hours and is still *elevating*. We trust this is the last flood of the season, and that there is "a good time coming"—on the principle that "it is always darkest just before day." Our people, and especially Ruralists, are heartily tired of waiting until May for April weather, and until June for a genuine May atmosphere—for in addition to being unpleasant, it is decidedly unprofitable. Fuel and forage are just now important and expensive requisites in both city and country. Indeed, they are of late years coming to be in demand some six or more months in a year, over a large extent of country, and we submit that it is due time that the "Clerks of the Weather"—Prof. DEWEY, Lieut. MAURY, Mr. MERRIAM, and others—give the subject matter of Climatology proper investigation.

—Prof. DEWEY gives, in the *American*, an interesting article on the Weather for the last half of April, from which we extract the following:

"Another cold half month has just closed. About so much caloric must be used up and given off, in the various years. If this is probable, then "a warm time is coming;" for we cannot have received the usual supply by the warmth of February. The last half of April gave the mean heat to be 39.23°, and the same mean for twenty years to be 47.74°, a difference of 8½°. Of the month, the mean was 38.28°, and for 20 years was 44.36°. For April, 1854, the mean was 52.93°, and in 1844, the mean was 37.56°. Hence the mean of April this year is a degree below the mean of the highest and lowest in the 20 years past. The water fallen this month in rain and snow is about 5.6 inches, and is a large supply. Most of it has fallen as snow. On the 16th, about 5 inches of snow, and on the 19th began a severe storm of rain and hail in the A. M., and rain and snow in the P. M., and through the 20th till 10 A. M. of the 21st. At Detroit it was a fine day on the 19th; no snow fell at Buffalo. Indeed, the storm began East of Lake Erie, and extended over our State, New England and Southward through all the Atlantic States.—No such storm, in this month, is recollected since that of 1821 on the 17th of April.

"Suspension Bridge, over the Genesee, fell under the weight of this snow and rain, early on the 21st. The water of this storm was 2.8 inches.—Had all the water remained on the bridge, the pressure on a square foot would have been 14.75 lbs. The bridge, 700 feet long, and 20 broad, would then have had about 100 tuns upon it. As probably one-fourth of the water had run through, the pressure may have been seventy-five tuns.—This was probably more than could be sustained after the severe test of its strength by the rapid crossing of the fire companies, some time since.—On the 24th and 25th, a great snow fell over the Western part of New England and the Eastern part of this State, as in Delaware county the snow was reported four feet deep on the 28th.

"April 5th, snow fell several inches deep in Jackson, Miss. Ice formed at Houston, Texas; and corn and cotton were cut down by frost and cold, and great injury was done to the corn in Kentucky, also. These facts show the severe weather of this month, and the wide extent of the snow storms over our country. The early shrubs, however, are opening their buds, and some leaves have appeared; the soft maple shows the stamens of its flowers, and did so as early as ten days ago; and the Barn Swallow has begun its twitter."

REMARKABLE MIRAGE.—The Oswego Times says that the phenomenon of mirage on Lake Ontario, was witnessed on the 26th ult., to a dregree never before heard of. From the high point near the Fort, Prince Edward's Island, completely across the Lake on the Canadian Shore, could be seen distinctly. The Duck and Gallon Islands were so plainly marked out that the trees and small objects on the shore were plainly seen. Even the ice in the Stony Island passage, leading to Sackett's Harbor was visible.

BUFFALO HARBOR.—Present appearances indicate that navigation will probably not re-open until May 15th, if as soon. It depends entirely on avorable winds. The harbor is still closed with ice.

Washington Matters.

THE War Department has completed the arrangements for the Wagon Road from Fort Defiance to Mojadi River. Edward B. Beale is to be the Superintendent. Twenty-five camels and dromedaries are to be employed—one of the objects being to test their endurance and ability to resist the climate. The party will consist of about 56 men, provided with the necessary implements to mark the road through. They will rendezvous at New Orleans on the 20th inst. All the parties for the different sections of the road are organized.

Robert S. Stephens has been appointed Commissioner to superintend the sale of the Trust Lands of the Confederated bands of the Kaskaskias, Perias, and Pirkatoos Indians on the 4th of June, in Kansas.

Chevalier Hulseman, the Austrian Minister is making arrangements for an absence of 4 months in Europe.

Letters have been received at the State Department, from Mr. Bowlin, our Minister at Grenada, and also from Mr. Corwin, Consul at Panama.—Mr. Bowlin's letter was dated the 30th of March, the day the old Administration retired. The new Administration, he writes, is liberal and just, and he expresses the opinion that an amicable adjustment of pending difficulties may perhaps soon be brought about. Mr. C. reports everything quiet at Panama and Aspinwall.

The sword given to Commander Hartstein, by the British Government, was presented to him on the 29th ult., by Secretary Toucey.

The President has recognized Ernest Angelbrodt, as Consul at St. Louis.

Railroad Riot.

THE employees of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have placed themselves in opposition to the wishes of the Board of Directors, and to such extent has the fever arisen, that so far one life has been lost, and a number wounded. The ground of trouble seems to be the sealing of the cars, and, if the seal should become broken, makes the workmen responsible for whatever the manifest demands. Those who joined in the strike say they had no objections to the cars being sealed, but as many of the cars have no locks, and those which have are poor affairs at the best, they are unwilling to become responsible for the safety of goods that are only secured by a piece of twine, the ends of which are loosely sealed. They also say that they are unwilling to become responsible for the alleged contents of a sealed car, of which they have no knowledge of the correctness, and urge that in case of a seal being broken, the manifest might call for packages that were never in the cars, and for which they would be held responsible. So far as the protection which the seal would give them from any suspicion of dishonesty, they profess to be pleased with it, but require some guaranty of safety from the malicious and willful breaking of the seal by persons along the line of the road.

On the contrary, the Company deny that they have suspected any of the conductors to be concerned in the petty depredations that have been committed on the cars, but that the thieving was done at the station where the cars lay over — and the object of the sealing was to find out where it was done. They deny that any cars are sent out without locks, or with locks not of sufficient strength, or that any car is ever sent out which does not contain every article or package mentioned in the manifest.

On the 1st inst., the strikers prevented the trains leaving different stations, and those that did manage to start were compelled to return. The train from Baltimore, on reaching the Spence property, near Washington Turnpike Bridge, some distance beyond the city limits, a party of near a hundred charged upon the cars, uncoupled them, put down the brakes, and chased the men into the woods, throwing stones and other missiles. Finding it impossible under the circumstances to proceed, Mr. Smith ordered the train back to the city, which was done without any obstacle being thrown in the way. Despatches have been received from Martinsburg, Piedmont and Fetteman, stating that the same excitement prevailed at those places, and that there were no trains allowed to depart.

On the 4th inst., the riot was not fully quelled. The evening freight trains were sent out under a military guard, consisting of three companies, that were ordered out by the Governor. On reaching Jackson's Bridge, they were fired upon by the rioters, the military returning the fire briskly, and killing one of the rioters, and wounding others.—The trains then passed on.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

THE extensive buildings of the Sandusky Machine Company and their contents, were burned on the 30th ult., together with several dwelling houses adjoining. Loss $100,000. Insurance small.

DONDORES' Soap and Candle works, in Market street, Philadelphia, were burned on the 28th ult. Loss $50,000. Insurance $30,000.

ON the 26th ult., a fire was discovered in the wood-shed of the New York and Erie Railroad, at Hornellsville, and before the requisite aid could be obtained, the shed, 500 cords of wood therein and the water-tank, were entirely destroyed.

A FIRE at Apalachicola on the 30th ult., destroyed the Union Warehouse, containing 2,000 bales of cotton, the Post-Office and many stores and dwellings. Loss $200,000.

THE St. Louis Democrat of the 24th ult., states that on the 4th the mills known as "Wilson Mills," on the Menominee river, were destroyed by fire, supposed to be the work of an incendiary. The loss will be about $40,000—though from the derangement of business it will not be less than $150,000. The mills were owned by Messrs. Knapp, Stout & Co. From two hundred and fifty to three hundred men are thrown out of employment by this calamity.

A BLOCK of stores at Oxford, N. C., was burnt a few days ago. Messrs. Hemdon, Mitchell and Lynch were the heaviest losers. Loss $30,000.

CARTER'S Livery Stable, Montgomery, Alabama, was burnt last week, including 30 horses, mostly belonging to Orton's Circus. Loss $30,000.

THE Loder House at Dunkirk was burned on the 1st inst. Loss 30,000. Insured for $12,000.

Items of News.

MRS. CATHARINE DUNN died at Nunda, Livingston county, a few days since, at the advanced age of 103 years. Mrs. D. was a very healthy and strong woman, was never sick, retained her mental faculties unimpaired to the last, and her death was quiet and easy, seeming to be a quiet stopping of the working of the system. She is believed to have been the oldest person in the county.

THE Marion (O.) Republican says that men engaged in getting out gravel for the B. & Ia. R. R. Co., have exhumed 224 Indian skeletons. The ornaments and war implements form quite a museum.

THE New York Liquor Dealers' Association numbers over 5,600 persons, and has a cash fund of $300,000, which it is said, will be expended in testing the constitutionality of the license law recently passed by the Legislature.

NATHANIEL P. BANKS, Sr., father of the Speaker of the National House of Representatives, died at his residence, at Waltham, Mass., on the 23d ult., at the age of 64 years.

SNOW two feet deep was reported by passengers from Granville, Mass., a fortnight since, and drifts from five to six feet deep. On the 23d ult., there was good sleighing in Litchfield county, Conn.

THERE is a great scarcity of food in the newly settled parts of Western Iowa. Teams are sent a long distance to purchase food for the straightened settlers.

A LARGE emigration from Europe is promised this year. Last week there arrived near 7,000 at New York—to this time this year 23,975, against 13,589 last year. Twelve hundred emigrants are now on their way to New York, 700 of whom sailed from London on the 10th, and 500 from Antwerp on the 18th ult.

THERE are twenty-six lines of omnibuses in Philadelphia, employing 350 stages, and 1,936 horses. The annual expenses of these lines is estimated at $20,000, and the capital invested, at $890,000.

A LARGE number of persons left Massachusetts for Minnesota last week. Among others were Caleb Cushing, who has large interests there, and Timothy Davis, Member of Congress. Senator Henry Wilson is also going West this week, and expects to extend his journey to Kansas.

HON. S. A. DOUGLAS has been invited by the Tennessee State Agricultural Bureau to deliver the annual address before the State Fair, which is to assemble in October.

THE new Emigrant and Homestead Company of New York, has already had applications from 2,000 families to emigrate to Virginia, and large subscriptions to the stock are offered from Southern States.

THE scouts in Florida have found Indian traces enough to make it apparent that the Seminoles are divided into very small bands, and that they have nothing to subsist on, but game and wild cabbage.

A MAN named Daily, for attempting to commit suicide in Hendricks county, Ind., has been sentenced to the penitentiary for three years and disfranchised for ten years.

Mr. JESSIE CLEMENT, of Buffalo, is about to remove his residence to Dubuque, Iowa, where he is to take the principal editorial charge of a new daily Republican newspaper, to be called the Dubuque Mercury.

THE skeletons of three of the prisoners of the Jersey Prison ship (probably) were dug up at the Navy Yard while excavating there for the foundation of a new building, a day or two since.

FROM MEXICO.—The New Orleans papers of Wednesday, contain details of the late Mexican news. There were reports that another and more serious outbreak was to come off about Easter Day, but the Mexican papers throw ridicule upon them. General Vona, a Government exile, had offered his services in the case of war with Spain, and they had been accepted. Gen Senloga had received orders to march with 2,000 troops to the vicinity of Vera Cruz. Gen. Montes, the Minister of Foreign Relations had, it is said, accepted the mission to Rome. Senor Fuentes would probably take his place and Lerdade Tejada become Minister of the Treasury.

UNIVERSITY COMMENCEMENT.—The annual Commencement of the University of Rochester takes place in July. The Literary Societies are already making arrangements for the occasion. We learn by the *Democrat* that they have chosen Prof. A. J. Upson, of Hamilton College, for their Orator, and John N. Wilder, Esq., of Albany, for their Poet.—Prof. Upson has acquired a reputation among scholars and literary men, which places him in the front rank as a writer. He appeared here, we think, at the meeting of the State Teachers' Association, a few years since, and make an address remarkable for its vigor and ability.

LAND WARRANTS.—The number of land warrants issued during April, under the Bounty Act of 1855 was 3,000, requiring nearly half a million of acres; altogether more than 200,000 warrants have been issued, to satisfy which twenty-five millions of acres are necessary. Six thousand warrants have been issued under the same acts to persons who rendered military or naval service in the Revolution, or to their widows, requiring a million of acres.

FROM THE MORMONS.—Advices have been received at St. Louis, from Salt Lake to the 25th of February. The Legislature has passed an act for the organization of militia in the territory, and a school has been opened to teach infantry and cavalry tactics. The Deseret News has an article intending to prove that the Federal Government has no power to appoint territorial officer.

OLD BUT SMART.—Rebecca Clapp, of New Braintree, Mass., a maiden lady of 81, walked to Greenwich and back, on the 15th ult. She recently purchased a farm for $53,000, a sum that she had saved from her own earnings.

AN INEBRIATE ASYLUM.—An effort is being made in this State to raise, by subscription, $50,000, for the establishment of an Asylum for the medical and scientific treatment of inebriates.—Of this sum $32,000 has already been subscribed.

Literary Notices.

AMERICA AND EUROPE. By ADAM G. DE GUROWSKI. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THIS work will attract the attention of statesmen and scholars, and prove an acquisition to any library. The author is a Polish nobleman, formerly in great favor with the Russian Government, now in exile. He has been a resident of this country for several years, and is eminently qualified by rare intellectual gifts, study and travel, to produce a noteworthy volume on the subjects discussed.—The work, says a cotemporary, "is noticeable for its wide knowledge and erudition, its penetrating analysis, the intelligence and generosity of its ideas, and its terse eloquence. Its leading aim is to point out, with their causes, the dissimilarities which distinguish the American from the European social and political organism. America, the author thinks, has incarnated the idea of liberty, which, he asserts, is the cohesive and constructive principle of society and government, while Europe has incarnated the idea of authority, which is less cohesive and constructive." For sale by DEWEY.

HUNTER'S PANORAMIC GUIDE FROM NIAGARA FALLS TO QUEBEC. By WM. S. HUNTER, Jr. Boston: Jno. P. Jewett & Co. Cleveland: H. P. B. Jewett—1857.

THIS is an admirable work, and supplies what has long been a desideratum to tourists and others—a Panoramic or Picture Map of the most celebrated points between Niagara and Quebec. The illustrations are numerous and beautiful, and the descriptions brief—thus giving, in a condensed form, much important information. It is a capital work—enabling one to make the tour down the Niagara, through Lake Ontario, and among the "Thousand Islands," and over the rapids of the St. Lawrence, very pleasantly, at his own fireside. We commend this Guide to our readers on both sides of the "line," and especially to tourists. Sold by DEWEY.

HOW TO TALK: A Pocket Manual of Speaking, Conversation and Debating; with directions for acquiring a Grammatical, Easy and Graceful Style. Embracing the Origin of Language; a condensed history of the English Language; a practical exposition of the parts of Speech, and their modifications and arrangement in Sentences; Hints on Pronunciation; the Art of Conversation; Debating; Reading; and Books. With more than Five Hundred Errors in Speaking Corrected. New York: Fowler & Wells.

SUCH is the title of No. 2 of a series of "Hand-Books for Home Improvement," now being issued by the publishers named. The first of the series, "How to Write," we commended as an excellent work, and the present volume is apparently worthy of like praise. It comprises much useful knowledge in a limited space, as the volume contains only 156 pages. Sold by E. DARROW & BRO.

Provincial Items.

THERE was great excitement in the Canadian Legislative Assembly on the 29th ult., in consequence of the abrupt resignation of Mr. Cauchon, Commissioner of Crown Lands. It appears that the Ministry are pushing through a relief bill for the Grand Trunk Railroad, and Mr. Cauchon demanded that before the vote was taken a distinct assurance should be given of aid to the North Shore Railway, in which his immediate constituents are interested. In this he failed, and hence his resignation. There was a sharp passage between Mr. Cauchon and some of his late colleagues.

PEOPLE in the Canadian Parliament have been charged with receiving heavy bribes for pushing through railway charters and contracts. Proofs of bribery in one instance to the amount of $50,000, and in another of $100,000, are said to have been discovered, and will be produced in evidence before the Railway Committee.

THE Provincial Parliament was formally prorouged at Halifax on Thursday. The last act of the Upper House was to pass by a large majority, the bill giving to the New York and London Atlantic Telegraph Company, the exclusive right for fifty years to land sub-marine telegraph cables upon the shores of the Province.

INFORMATION has reached England that upwards of 10,000 Norwegians will proceed from Norway to Quebec during the present summer. A number of these will remain in Canada, but the larger portion will pass on to the North-Western States of America.

ON the 23 ult., the Post-Office, and several stores adjoining, in Stamford, C. W., were destroyed by fire. The losers are A. F. Mickle, $2,400. Drs. Jaques & Waugh, $200. Thomas Stevens, and M. Brunskill, merchants, $5,000, P. R. Jarvis & Co., and Mr. Service, $2,000, A. Haines, druggist, $2,400, James Wood, $2,400. Only $5,000 insurance.

THE out-storehouses of Hugh Moore and Andrew Graham, and stables adjoining, in Dundas, C. W., were destroyed by fire on the 24th ult. Loss $10,000 nearly covered by insurance.

WHILE the St. George's Society of London, C. W., were celebrating their anniversary in the City Hotel, the stable attached took fire and was destroyed, damaging several adjoining structures.—Loss $8,000.

LAKE NAVIGATION.—Dunkirk harbor is open, and on Sunday the 26th ult., two propellers arrived at Cleveland from that port. This will add greatly to the freight business on the New York and Erie Road.

The Buffalo Commercial learns from a gentleman who left Port Colborne, (the entrance of the Welland Canal into lake Erie,) on the 28th ult., that the ice extends from a point six miles above there, directly across the Lake, in one compact body.

The Detroit Advertiser announces the arrival of the propeller Ogdensburg from Ogdensburgh via the Welland Canal.

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.—The Anniversary Meeting of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions was held in New York on the 4th inst. The receipts of the year are reported to be upwards of $205,000. The expenditures are rising of $218,000.

SEIZURE OF A SLAVER.—An English Man-of-War has carried into St. Annis, an American schooner, from Africa, for Cuba, with 387 slaves on board.—One hundred and thirty-seven had died on the passage, and the remainder was in a starving condition.

HAVANA NEWS.—The steamer Quaker City, via Mobile and Havana on the 25th arrived at New York on the 29th ult. The weather continues cool at Havana, but the health of the city was good.—Business has improved. Sugars are held at higher prices. The stock is estimated at 180,000 boxes.

NEW POTATOES.—The Louisville, (Ky.,) papers chuckle over the receipt of a lot of new potatoes from New Orleans, which cost $2 50 per bushel.

News Clippings.

—Kalamazoo, Mich., is to be lighted with gas.

—A large number of Dunes are about to locate in Nebraska.

—A revival of religion is in progress in the Rhode Island State Prison.

—Dr. Blanchett, late M. P. P. for Quebec, died in that city on the 22d ult.

—The hotels at Saratoga are now being refitted, and will open about the first of June.

—Tomatoes have appeared in the Cincinnati market—selling for 25 cents apiece.

—Col. Black, of Pa., has been appointed associate judge of the territory of Nebraska.

—From fifteen to twenty prisoners escaped from the jail at St. Thomas, C. W., last week.

—It is stated that Mr. Walter, of the London Times, is to be created a peer or a baronet.

—The next election for members of Congress will take place in Virginia on the 29th of May.

—The new Mayor of St. Louis takes strong ground in favor of free white labor for St. Louis.

—During the recent great snow storm, snow fell in Delaware Co. to the depth of seven feet.

—The receipts of the American Bible Society for the year ending March 31st were $141,805.

—The fruit crop in New Jersey has been injured, perhaps destroyed, by the late severe frosts.

—The Baptist Church at Salem, Roanoke Co., Va., was blown down by the gale of the 17th inst.

—The U. S. Mint at Philadelphia will begin, on the 25th inst., to pay out cents of the new issue.

—Nearly 24,000,000 acres have been granted for railroads in the Western States since 1850.

—Recent heavy rains in Cuba have injured the sugar crop greatly, and prices have advanced.

—Ex-Secretary Davis has left Washington for his home in Mississippi, accompanied by his family.

—It is estimated that about 26,000 tuns of tobacco are used annually in Great Britain and Ireland.

—John Wymer, Esq., the emancipation Mayor elect of St. Louis, is a native of Charlottesville, Va.

—Mrs. Mary S. Glenn died in Prattsville, Ala., on the 18th ult., from the intemperate use of snuff.

—Buffalo is the highest taxed city in the Union, the ratio being $2 36 on every $100 of valuation.

—Among the exports from New York during the past week, were ten printing presses to Australia.

—A panel of 500 men from 4,000 names has been drawn, out of which to get a jury in the Burdell case.

—Three whales have been killed by Staten Islanders, just out of New York Bay, within three weeks.

—A Quebec paper says the ice bridge at Carouge is broken up, but the river is not yet clear of ice.

—The ship load of Mormons which arrived lately in Boston, had £20,000 in British gold with them.

—The N. Y. Messenger estimates the express business in the whole country at not less than $10,000,000.

—Large quantities of maple sugar have been this year manufactured in the western counties of Canada.

—Importations of Australian sheep are beginning to be made into California, where they bring high prices.

—Frederick Emerson, author of a valuable arithmetic, died in Boston on the 26th of April, aged 68 years.

—Over 2,000 tuns of railroad iron have been shipped from New Orleans for the Southern Pacific railroad.

—Mr. Schell, the new Collector of New York, is going to Europe before he assumes the duties of his office.

—A shawl was lately sold in Philadelphia for $1,425.—In the same city women make shirts for six cents each.

—The oyster business of Princess Bay amounts to $2,000,000 per year, and gives employment to 5,000 men.

—L. H. Crook, of Michigan, has been appointed private secretary to Secretary Cass, at a salary of $1,400 a year.

—Tennessee and Mississippi papers note a great destruction of cattle in those States from the lack of provender.

—The Cunard steamship Arabia sailed on the 29th ult. for Liverpool, with 183 passengers and $1,533,000 in specie.

—The President is reported to have had another attack of National Hotel disease, but was better on Monday week.

—Hon. John Pettit, of Indiana, has received the appointment of Associate Justice for Minnesota, vice Chatfield.

—Since the first of January, 4,146 more emigrants landed at New York than in the corresponding months of 1855.

—It is said that on the Blue Ridge Mountains, in Columbia and Luzerne counties, Pa., the snow is four feet deep.

—The veteran Com. Stewart, now nearly 79 years of age, is in Washington, as a witness before the third court of inquiry.

—E. Merriam has returned to Brooklyn to his family. He is in a feeble condition, but with the prospect of speedy recovery.

—A new bonded warehouse has been established at Colborne, C. W., in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway.

—A vein of pure copper has been discovered near Linden, on the line of Rappahannock and Fauquier counties, Virginia.

—The steamers of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario Steamboat Company commenced their regular trips on the 26th ult.

—The new line proposed by Congress for Minnesota, will make that giant young State 340 miles long and 220 miles wide.

—It is said that Lord Napier approves of the measures taken by our Government relative to the troubles with New Grenada.

—The Trustees of the Dudley Observatory acknowledge a contribution of $500 through James M. Ganson, Esq., Cashier of Buffalo.

—The Lockport Journal says the hog cholera is prevailing at Tonawanda. About 200, kept at the distillery in that place, died last week.

—Destructive swarms of locusts have made their appearance in various parts of Mexico, and done great injury to the growing crops.

—It is stated in the St. Louis papers, that Mr. John Mitchell is about to remove from Tennessee into that city, to practice law there.

—Government has ordered seven ships-of-war to Aspinwall, and three to Panama, to protect American interests on the Isthmus route.

—The Winona Republican estimates the population of Winona at 3,550. Seven hundred and ten votes were polled at the charter election.

—A proposition to extend the term of naturalization to fourteen years, was lost in the Massachusetts Senate, by a vote of 14 ayes to 17 nays.

—The ship Cathedral, belonging to Enoch Train & Co., of Boston, has been lost off Cape Horn, together with her captain and eight of the crew.

—Ex-President Pierce is said to have purchased sixty acres of land in the north part of Concord, upon which he intends to erect a fine mansion.

—The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser says there are strawberries in that city, and radishes, and watercresses, and asparagus, and other good things.

—The brig Portland, with full cargo from Detroit, arrived at Oswego on the 29th ult. This is the first arrival through the Welland Canal this season.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Africa.

THE steamship Africa, from Liverpool on the 18th ult, arrived at New York on the 1st inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The only items of English news by this arrival, are the birth of another Princess, making the ninth Royal infant, and the ceremonies of laying the foundation of the Free Library and Museum, presented to the citizens of Liverpool by Wm. Brown, M. P. There was quite a lull in politics, waiting the re-assembling of Parliament.

FRANCE.—From France the intelligence is that the Emperor promised to visit Algeria, after the visit to Paris, of the Grand Duke Constantine; also, that the French Republicans intend to put up Carnot, Cavaignac and others for the Legislative Chamber.

Reports continue to circulate of conspiracies against the Emperor's life, but they are most extravagant.

SPAIN.—From Madrid we have re-affirmation of the statement that England and France are actively mediating between Spain and Mexico.

Private letters from Madrid of the 10th, state that Lord Howden and Marquis de Turgot, are doing everything in their power to prevent breaking out of hostilities between Spain and Mexico.

Our latest and secret information, it is ascertained, that there is a plan in the U. S. to make a diversion on Cuba in the event of war.

M. Pidal, the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, evinces great anxiety to come to an arrangement, and is moderate in his views, but the difficulty is that Senor Lapragua, the Mexican Envoy, who is now at Paris, will not go to Madrid without the assurance of being received officially and presented to the Queen, as formal representative of a country, charged with having murdered her subjects, without any punishment yet inflicted.

The Paris Times correspondent speaks of strong hopes that the difficulty between Spain and Mexico will be adjusted.

The Spanish Embassador at Paris had an interview with Count Walweski and Lord Cowly and was to see the Mexican Envoy on Friday. If the attempts failed, the Spanish Government would probably address a note to the French and English Cabinets and perhaps to other powers, setting forth the moderation of its demands, and declaring that in the event of hostilities, the Cabinet at Madrid is not to be held responsible.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.—It is reported from Brussels that the four powers being wearied in the delay of the Neufchatel affairs, are about to draw up terms of their own, and call on Prussia and Switzerland to assent at once.

Prussia is mediating between the Western Powers and Naples.

Sardinia has proposed to the Pope to resume negociations with Rome on the terms of a Cardinal's Hat for Arch-Bishop Frangoni and a concordat for Sardinia generally.

Wirtemberg has signed a concordat with Rome.

The claims by Turkey for restitution of Persian territory is to be submitted by Persia to the arbitration of France and England.

The treaty between England and Persia had arrived at Teheran, but five or six weeks will elapse before the ratification.

Le Norde states that the grand Duke Constantine will not visit England.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. report as follows: The tendency of the corn trade is towards recovery, and during the week most of the country markets show an improvement at our market on the 14th ult. Wheat was in good demand at previous quotations. Flour was of slow sale. Indian corn freely offered, ex-warehouse, at 30s, but sold at 29s 6d@30s per qr.—On the 17th there was a good demand. Wheat quotations advanced 2d per 70 lbs on all classes of red and the best white. Flour more salable and 6d dearer in retail. Indian corn more firmly held, and all the mixed offering at 30s, found buyers. Wheat—Red 7s 9d@8s 3d; white 8s 6d@9s per 70 lbs. Flour 28s@29s 6d; superfine and extra Ohio 27s@28s; western Indian corn, mixed, 30s; yellow 30s 6d; white 32s 6d@33s 6d.

Beef—New commands extreme prices. Old is readily sold, if sweet. Pork.—Old has been rather more active.—New in small demand. Lard dull and offered at a reduction of 1s@2s.

Arrival of the Indian.

THE steamer Indian arrived at Quebec on the 4th inst., with Liverpool dates to the 23d of April.

ENGLAND.—There is no political news of a hostile character, but speculation in endless variety was indulged in, as to the Ministerial programme for the new Parliament. Among the immediate home measures probably were the following reforms of the law and Chancery Courts: Continuance of the General Board of Health, the rights of married women, medical reform and revision of the whole system of local taxation.

It had been announced that Evelyn Dennison would be the Ministerial nominee for Speaker.

The London Star classes the new House as follows:—Palmerston 265, Derbyites 227, Reformers 110, Liberal Conservatives 53.

FRANCE.—The French Government has resolved to adopt the English system of transportation of criminals.

The Grand Duke Constantine had arrived at Toulon, and was received with usual honors.

Accounts from the French manufacturing district are most satisfactory. Raw wool and colonial produce were rising. Very little business had been done in the corn market, and considerable decline had taken place in Bordeaux and Toulon.

SPAIN.—Madrid correspondents indicate that the Mexican difficulties present a fair chance of a pacific arrangement.

The Neufchatel question was not over. The Times correspondent states that a protocol had been drawn up, but that the exact terms were kept a secret.

Arrival of the Illinois.

THE Illinois arrived at New York on the 29th ult. She brought upwards of 600 passengers and nearly $1,500,000 in specie.

She left Aspinwall on the evening of the 20th.—She left there the sloop Cyane and the British frigate Tartar, the latter having on board the remainder of Lockridge's men—200 in number—who were to be sent to the United States in sailing vessels.

Lockridge's men, on their arrival at Greytown, were protected by the British gun-boats from the Costa Ricans, who followed them down the river. Lockridge remained at Greytown,

Col. Anderson was awaiting at Aspinwall, the next news from Walker. The 20th of April was the day fixed upon by the Costa Ricans for the finishing attack upon Walker. The Costa Rican papers give a different verson ot the battle on the 5th of March at Rivas. Walker they say at the head of 300 men, was routed with great loss of men, arms and ammunition.

In the battle of the 16th, near San George, 100 fillibusters were killed as stated by the deserters from Walker's camp. The allies lost 22 killed and 60 wounded.

At last accounts in the same papers, General Mora held his position on the north and south sides of Rivas within 400 yards of the Plaza, and was soon to open fire.

The English Admiral, in the Pacific, had seized the Peruvian insurgent war vessels Loa and Tumbes.

Vessels were still loading at the Chincas, under permits from the Insurgent General, Vivanes.

News from California is meagre. The act of the last Legislature for protecting actual settlers is declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

Mining business generally prosperous.

The fire at Sacramento destroyed $50,000 worth of property of the California State Company.

Serious dissensions have arisen among the Mormons at San Bernardino and Salt Lake.

San Francisco market dull. Flour $12 50. Pork, clear $24; prime $20.

Money market easy. No provision has been made for the payment of the State debt. No sales of State stocks.

Oregon dates are to the 26th of March. The steamer Portland was carried over the falls at Oregon city on the 17th, killing Capt. Jameson and a seaman, and entirely destroying the boat.

Fears are entertained of another outbreak in Washington Territory.

Advices from Honolulu of March 12, state that a schooner has arrived there from Nantucket Island, with a cargo of guano. The Island had been taken possession of by Americans.

Costa Rican papers of the 8th of April, contains letters from Gen. Mora, to the Minister of War.—He says Walker is hemmed in in the Plaza at Rivas—the allies being entrenched within 400 yards of his line, and that he was subsisting on mule and dog flesh.

Arrival of the Empire City.

THE steamship Empire City arrived at New Orleans on the 27th ult., from California with dates to the 6th inst.

Business was dull. The Pacific Express Company has failed.

The Empire City brings one hundred of Lockridge's men, and seventy other passengers, among them Generals Wheat and Hornsby, who go to New York in the Illinois. Colonel Lockridge's retreat is confirmed. The Costa Ricans have taken possession of Punta Arenas and the steamer Rescue, with a great amount of ammunition and six pieces of artillery. Colonel Lockridge's men were taken to Aspinwall by British vessels.

The J. L. Stephens brings no further intelligence from Gen. Walker. Private despatches received from Aspinwall state that his position at Rivas was impregnable, and that he was likely to hold out for months.

The Transit Route is open to the Pacific.

Gen. Walker's brother died on the Empire City on the 26th inst.

NEW YORK ITEMS.—The *Evening Post* of the 2nd inst, says there are rumors of an armed resistance by Mayor Wood to the new Legislature enactment, relative to the city. One hundred muskets have been placed in the Station House of the 19th Ward.

Wm. C. Bryant, of the *Evening Post*, and his family, sailed for Havre to-day in the Wm. Tell.

A large detachment of Marines left New York on the 5th inst., under Lt. Broome, to re-inforce the squadron in the Pacific.

MARINE LOSS FOR APRIL.—There were 53 vessels lost last month, of which 11 were ships, 7 barks, 5 brigs, 29 schooners, and a sloop. Total losses, exclusive of damages to vessels not totally lost, $1,646,700. Most of these were American vessels. The total losses for the first four months in 1857 have been:—January, $3,552,700; February, 1,668,600; March, 1,293,500; April, 1,646,700. Tota for four months, $8,161,500.

FROM NEW YORK TO JERUSALEM.—It may not be generally known that Jerusalem is less than thirty days from New York. Such is the speed of modern travel. The most approved route, we believe, is by Liverpool, eleven days from New York. Thence four days to Marseilles; thence eight days to Alexandria; thence two days to Jaffa, and from Jaffa to the Holy City, two days on horseback.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS IN ENGLAND.—The official report of railway casualties in England for the last year states the number to be 281 killed and 394 injured. The calculation is that one passenger in every 16½ millions was killed, the other accidents having occurred to persons either the servants of the companies or neither passengers or servants.

—There are now stopping at Willard's Hotel, Washington, D. C., the Mexican General La Vega, Col. May, who captured him at Palo Alto, and Col. Magruder, to whom May confided La Vega for safe keeping.

MARRIAGES.

AT Mendon, on the 16th ult., by the Rev. S. W. Streeter, Mr EDWARD R. KENNEDY and Miss ANN MORE.

AT Henrietta, on the 22nd ult., by Rev. S. W. Streeter, LUTHER D. DEAN, M. D., of Webster, and Miss LYDIA M. LAKE, of the former place.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, May 5, 1857.

FLOUR, owing to the reduction of freight tariff, on the Railroads and a stiffer market abroad has taken an advance of 25@50c per bbl.

WHEAT has advanced 6@8c, as to quality, during the week.—Corn is worth 80c per bush. Oats 60c.

POTATOES, best varieties, have fallen off 12½c per bushel.

HAY ranges from $17 to $28 as to quality. During the week an occasional load has been sold at the rate of $30 per ton.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	$18,00
Flour, bbl	$5,5 @7,50	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,50@1,58	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Best white C'nada	$1,56@1,60	Apples bushel	$1,00@1,50
Corn	75@80c	Do. dried	$1,75@2,00
Oats	40@60c	Potatoes	75c@$1,12
Barley	$1,75@2,00	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Buckwheat	60c	Slaughter	7½@8c
Beans	$1,12@1,38	Calf	10@11c
Peas	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	$1,50@2,00
MEATS.		Lamb do	00@50c
Pork, Mess	$21,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover bushel	$6,00@7,00
Beef, ⅌ cwt	$5,50@7,00	Timothy	$3,00@4,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	11½@12½c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	9½@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$5@8,25
Chickens	11@12c	Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Turkeys	00@12½c	Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	21@22c	Salt, bbl	$1,60@1,75
Do. firkin	16@17c	Hay, ton	$17@23
Cheese	12@14c	Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	12@14c	White fish, bbl	$11@11,50
Tallow	10@10½c	Codfish ⅌ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Eggs, dozen	00@13c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 4—Flour—Market for flour firm, with a air demand. Sales at $6@6,15 for common to choice and super State; $6,20@6,40 for extra do; $6@6,20 for super Western; $6,35@7,25 for com to medium, extra do; $7,50@9,25 for St. Louis brands, and $7@9 for extra Genesee; market closing firm quiet. Canadian flour steady; sales at $6,20@6,40 for super, and $6,40@7,50 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet, and firmly held above the views of purchasers. Rye better; sales Northern at 92c. Corn market quiet, and very firm for Western mixed in store, and held at $2,85c, with 80@81 bid for small parcels. Oats better; sales at 60@66 for State and Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market unsettled; sales at $23,25@23,50 for mess; $19,10 for prime. Lard easier; sales at 11½c. Butter; sales new State at 22@27c. Cheese quiet at 12@13.

ALBANY, MAY 4—Flour, &c—Very many of the stores on the dock and pier being flooded only a limited business has been in flour; the market, however, is firm. Corn meal is held higher —$1,62@1,75 being the ruling prices.

GRAIN—Wheat is firmly held with a moderate milling demand. Sales prime white Canadian on p. t. Corn has further improved in value, with sales Western mixed, in store, at 81@83c. Barley and Barley malt quiet. Oats firm; sales State at 58c, measure.

BUFFALO, MAY 2.—Flour—Ohio Extra $6,25@6,50; Do superfine $5,75; Michigan extra $6,00@6,50; Do. superfine $5,75@6,25.

GRAIN—Ohio white wheat $1,40@1,41; Do. red $1,20; Mich. white $1,40@1,41; Indiana white $1,30@1,35; Illinois winter $1,20; Do. spring $1,18. Rye 9 c@$1. Corn, yellow or mixed, 85@87c. Barley $1,75. Oats 65c.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork, No. 1, $22,50; No 2, $21,50; Prime Do $18,50. Hams in pickle $21 per bbl; Do. Smoked, 12c ⅌ lb. Shoulders 10. Mackinaw Trout $7. White fish $10,50. Mess beef $14; Prime $10 Dried beef 12½c. Lard in bbls 13½@14c; Kegs do. 14c. Butter, roll, 22@25—Firkin 18@22 Hamburgh cheese 11@13c. Eggs 11c.

SEEDS—Clover at $5,50@7,00; Timothy $1,50@3,75; Flax $1,75. White beans $1,75.

SUNDRIES—Dried Apples $2,50 Peaches 23c ⅌ lb. Tallow, beef, 12@12½; Mutton 9½@10c. Hides, green, 7½@8c.; dry 18@20c. Sheep Pelts $1@1,10. Wool 36@48. Hops 10@11c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 29.—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality 13½@13¾c; ordinary 12½@12½c; common 10@10½c; inferior 9@10½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality $60@65; ordinary $40@45; Inferior $25@30.

VEAL CALVES—Extra quality, ⅌ lb. 7@7½c. Other qualities, 5@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra quality 15@16c. ⅌ lb. Lambs, $1@7,50.

SWINE—First quality 7¼@7½c. Other qualities, 7@7½c.

ALBANY, May 4.—Beef Cattle—At market 824. Prices, live weight, extra, $6,50; first quality, $6,00; second and third, $5,25@5,50.

COWS AND CALVES—30 in market. Prices range from $20 $35, $50@$65.

SHEEP—1276 in market. Prices range at from $4,00, 5, 6@7.

SWINE—415 in market. Fat hogs $6,75@7; stores $6@6,50.

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 29.—At market 444 Cattle, 350 Beeves and 94 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $9,50@10; first quality, $9,00@9,50; second quality, $8,00@8,50; third quality, $6,50@7,00; ordinary, $5@6,00

WORKING OXEN—$100@220.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 50@65.

VEAL CALVES—$5, 6@9 each.

YEARLINGS—$00@00 Two Years Old—$35@38. Three Years Old—$42@48.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3351 at market. Prices—in lots, $2,50, 3,75, 4,00@4,75; extra and selections, $5, 7, 8@10

SWINE—900 at market. Prices—Live weight, 8@9c. ⅌ lb.—Dressed hogs, 10@11 per lb. Shoats, wholesale, 8@9c; retail 9½@10½c

HIDES—8½@9½c. ⅌ lb. Tallow—8@8½c.

CALF SKINS—11@13c ⅌ lb. Pelts—$1,75@2,00.

BRIGHTON, APRIL 30.—At market 750 Beeves, 100 Stores, 21 pairs Working Oxen, 138 Cows and Calves, 2000 Sheep and Lambs 4,000 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef, extra, $10,00; first quality, $9,50; 2d quality, $8,75; third quality, $7,50; ordinary $6@6,50.

WORKING OXEN—$100@170.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 46@52

VEAL CALVES—$5, 6@8 each

YEARLINGS—$00@00 Two Years Old—$36@38. Three Years Old—$42@48

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $6, 7@9; in lots $2,75, 3@4

SWINE—7@8c. At retail 8@10c.

HIDES—8½@9½c. ⅌ lb. Calf Skins 14@15c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—$1,75@2,00 each. Tallow—8@8½c. ⅌ lb.

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Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE SPRINGING OF THE GRASS.

When Southern winds begin to breathe,
And skies a milder blue to wear,
Upspringing from its russet sheath,
The fresh grass lifts its waving hair.

Amid the last year's dying leaves,
The tender gems come peering forth,
As violets on Summer eves
Smile from their lowly beds of earth.

Beneath the primrosy-colored skies,
Freed from the Winter's icy chain,
The soft, gray, spreading landscape lies,
Awakening into life again.

Oft, in the naked woods of Spring,
I take my solitary way,
To listen to the tones which bring
The promise of a better day.

The warble of the blue-bird's song,
The whistle of the wild "red-breast,"
Borne on the gentle breeze along,
Startle the quiet, drowsy rest.

And bright the rays of April's sun,
Twinkling in dingle, dell and stream,
Through the dark, lonely forest run,
Like angels through a solemn dream.

But azure sky and golden ray,
The olden pleasures cannot bring,
Nor starry night, nor sunny day,
Nor all the hopes that breathe of Spring.

There comes the thought of one sweet flower,
When russet fields their green resume,
Whose lightsome footsteps never more
Shall stray beyond the quiet tomb.

Who to the blessed hand that gave,
In youthful beauty, passed again,
And now in silence sleeps, where wave,
The children of the April rain.

Yet, when these olden memories dim
Their shadows o'er my pathway throw,
I, bowing meekly, look to Him,
Who makes the early grass to grow.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., 1857. E. C. J.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

GOD PITY THE POOR!

Pity the poor to-night, as the fierce March wind hurls the snow against the frozen earth; it is chilling the life-blood of many a wretched being. How it lifts against the strong walls! If these walls were weak and old, and were these easements loosely flapping in the wind, and was the fire out, the coal-bin empty, and no bed save a pile of straw with a meagre covering; what wild play there would be here, for this March wind to-night. God pity the poor!

Oh Poverty! to many a favored child of fortune thou art like a tale, which stirs the fancy, but moves not the heart. To others, thou art a grim visage, staring with stony eyes, from every corner and by-path of life—a shadow from which they cannot escape—a crushing reality, bearing down and down, until human effort is paralyzed, and wearied humanity, with over-strained nerves, ceases to struggle with the tightening grip of death. Born to suffer and to toil, trodden down, society cursed, often self-cursed, and seemingly forgotten of heaven, they live and die.

Heaven deals unevenly with man we know, though we know not why, and 'tis not wise to murmur. But how deals man with man, we ask? Why does he who is the fortunate possessor of wealth and happiness, surround himself with walls of pride, on which are written "I am holier than thou," and shut himself up with gates of gold, that nothing but the touch of the same can open? He never feels the flutter of his soft garments in the winds of adversity—never strains his nerves buffeting the waves, where the dark shadows rest; but why not feel for those who are chilled by the one, and toil-worn by the other?—why not open his ears to hear the heavy footfall of the homeless wanderer of the street, though his own foot leaves no echo in the carpeted hall, or flowery walk?

But poverty is degrading!—society has decreed it thus. There is contamination in the touch of a rusty coat, or a soiled hand, though it touch you ever so lightly. The ties of kindred blood are as threads of gossamer; the door shuts out the unfortunate son or daughter of want; the poor parent suffers in obscurity; the voice-familiar friend is passed by in the street, without a look of recognition; and why!—forsooth, I am more fortunate than thou!

Thank God! the poor feel for the poor. Together they have drained the cup of bitterness, and sweet communions are exchanged, words of sympathy and consolation from loving hearts are seldom sought in vain by a fellow sufferer. Amid this evil world's darkness, there gleams this light of human love—love *so* beautiful—want sharing with destitution, to satisfy the gnawings of hunger and cravings of thirst. The cheerless cabin opens wide for the reception of the sorrow-bowed; and off-spring and kinsman find there a welcome share of the pittance possessed.

This reminds me of an incident in the heart of a great city—there, where want the most abject, with its famine-pinched features, stalks like a phantom by the side of beauty and wealth.

It was a dilapidated dwelling; in it was a feeble, smouldering fire, over which four half-clad children were shivering, striving to warm their benumbed fingers. In a corner of the room was a bed, and on it an aged woman with a ghastly face and attenuated form. She was moaning with pain, and over her stood a pale, sorrowful woman, trying to soothe her with gentle words, and such little attentions as she could bestow.

"Mother, I'm hungry!—I'm hungry; I want something to eat!" said little Charlie, taking hold of his mother's dress, and looking up in her face with his sorrowful eyes. The woman heaved a deep sigh, opened the closet, and brought out some soup, which she arranged in cups for the little ones, then sat down in the corner by the fire and leaned her head upon her hands, as they ate greedily the morsel provided.

There came a feeble voice from the bed—"Anna, my child, have faith and be strong! Trust in the Lord and He will provide!"

"Mother," answered the woman, without raising her bowed head, "Mother, I have tried to hope, but I cannot. William is worn out, his energies exhausted, and if he fails to get that miserable pittance for his toil to-day, we must starve, for we have no bread for to-morrow. Were I alone the sufferer, I could suffer and be strong,—but it will kill me to have you lack for bread, and hear the little ones cry for hunger! Poor William, too," she added, with the tears silently falling from between her fingers. There was something in the despair wringing those tears from the woman's heart that was pitiful to look upon.

"Mother," whispered Mary, stealing up softly to her side, and putting her face close to hers, "Mother, isn't there a little more soup—just a little? I'm *so* hungry!"

"More soup?—no, Mary, no; there is but a little left for your father. You would not eat your father's supper?"

"It would taste *so* good," said Mary, choking down a sob.

The woman started as though stung by a viper, and gazed mournfully at them all, as they clustered around her.

"Anna," said the voice from the bed, "behold God heareth the young ravens when they cry for lack of food, and will He not feed these lambs?—Anna, my child, come kneel down by this bed and let us pray."

She knelt down by her aged mother, the little ones kneeling by her side, and the old woman raised herself up in bed, and poured forth her soul in pleading, trust and faith. It was a prayer such as could only be drawn out in an extremity like that. It moved the souls of the listeners like a voice from heaven, and moved heaven; for God heard and answered, even as her pleading voice vibrated on the air.

There was an unseen listener without the door.

John Noble paced his customary round, up and down the street on that biting, wintry night. The star upon his breast glistened in the gas light as he stepped quickly down the thronged avenue, then it paled and went out as he paced slowly and thoughtfully the length of the dark lane, where were huddled together earth's most bitterly cursed sons of toil. Many a night had he passed that low basement and cast a glance within, until he had formed a sort of acquaintanceship with the pale woman, her children, and the aged grandmother. Now, to-night, he heard the wail of poverty and prayer, and God moved his heart to do a deed of charity.

The mother placed the little ones in the tiny bed, and covered them as warmly as she could with the ragged blanket; then she sat down alone with her despairing thoughts, and the night wore on.

Hark! a step!—it is *his* step, the face of the woman brightens, she opens the door just in time to catch a low feeble moan, coming from the dark shadows below them. He hears it too, and listens.

"Help! O God help!" was the feeble call.

"William!" "Anna!" "There is some one dying in the cold."

"Yes, Anna, throw more chips on the fire, and I will go down there. This night is fearfully cold."

A moment, and he was bearing something in his arms, which he laid down carefully before the fire. Anna had thrown on the few remaining chips, the fire flashed up brightly, shedding warmth and light on the bundle before the fire.

It was a little girl—*so* small, though, perhaps of a dozen years, wrapped in a dirty mantle, chilled and almost dying with cold.

"Anna," the man looked in the face of his wife anxiously, "if you had a trifle of something to give her to eat, it would revive her so much sooner!"

"There is nothing but a little soup, that I have kept warm for your supper, William; you might share it with the child, for she looks as though she had fasted longer than we."

"Give it to her then; I can go without my supper. I may as well commence to-night as to-morrow."

"But, William, you must eat, or you cannot work! No," she added, turning away hastily, "I cannot take food from my husband's mouth and give it to a stranger!"

The child was feebly looking from one to the other, and then at the coveted morsel before the fire. The man understood the mute appeal, and placed the spoon to her lips. She swallowed eagerly; the glare of famine lit up her eyes, one hand clutched around his arm, and the other seized the cup and devoured the contents at one draught. A grim smile played over the face of the man, as she lapped the dish; the wife stood looking on, with an eager longing; even the grandmother, yielding to a sharp sense of hunger excited by the smell of the savory broth, had raised up and was gazing as the child devoured the food.—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days," she murmured to herself as the child fell back with a look of satisfaction, and closed her eyes to sleep.

There followed a long pause. Anna looked in her husband's face, but read nothing that relieved her fears.

"You went to Mr. Grimes?"

"Yes."

"Did he refuse to pay you?"

"Yes, he said my failing to perform the work within the contracted time, was a loss to him, and he would not pay me."

"And you told him you had been sick?"

"Yes, but it made no difference."

"And that your rent is due next week?"

"Yes."

"And that we are starving?"

"No," said the man with a flush of pride, "I could not do that."

"But we are!"

"O, Anna!"

"'Tis true; you are starving, mother is starving, I am starving—we are all starving!"

"But I hope to get work to-morrow."

"Haven't you tried?"

"Yes, but I will try again."

"Haven't you been to work these weeks, worked before the fever left your blood, worked early and late, for that greedy monster who will not pay you for your honest toil! 'Tis easier to starve without work, than to work and starve!"

"O, Anna, do not despair! God is merciful!—He will provide,—I'm sure He will, though I don't know how!"

The woman smiled fiercely, grimly—it was a painful smile. "Didn't old Peters die of starvation?—don't hundreds die here in these streets every year? God didn't provide for them!"

"Anna, you are not yourself to-night," said her husband reprovingly.

"I know it—I know I am not. A demon has possessed me ever since I met her in the street to-night."

"Who, Anna?"

"Julia Rivers. We were playmates once, went to the same school, studied from the same book, my father was a baker, and her's, a shop keeper across the way. She married, and I have not seen her since until to-night. All the fashionable world were going to the Opera, she among the crowd.—She did not see me as she swept by, and even one of the many jewels on her hands would have bought my children bread for a whole year! O, William, why is it that she is rich, and beautiful, and admired, never knows a want or care, is daily expending in foolish finery more than would support my family in comfort, and educate my children, and I—I," she said, looking around, "am here starving! Tell me why this is, and I will not murmur any more!"

"I cannot, Anna,—God only knows! Perhaps she is as keenly miserable in her gilded home as we in our cellar."

"But she does not feel this gnawing hunger—she never felt it!"

"O, Anna, you will drive me mad!"

"Then I will say no more. It is unkind I know; forgive me, and my God forgive me too!"

"My children," said the aged woman, "come here; my sight is growing feeble, my hands are getting chill, I would have you near me. Do not fear for the morrow," she continued, with prophetic earnestness; "I have been young, and now am I old, yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread."

John Noble was coming down the street again. This time his step was light, though he bore a heavy burden. He paused under a lamp, and wrote on a scrap of paper, "God heareth the young ravens when they cry for lack of food, and will He not feed these lambs? Come to No. 119 —— st., to-morrow at ten o'clock, and a friend will tell you where you can find suitable employment."—He laid it carefully on the top of the well-filled basket and stepped lightly down the lane.

"What can that be, Anna—was it a rap at the door?—who can be here to-night?" He opened the door with a trembling hand. There was no one there, but a large basket that was leaning against it, fell in, displayed its contents—rolls of bread, meat, potatoes and rice, and a parcel which was labeled, "For sick grandmother, from an unknown friend."

How can I describe the quick revulsion of feeling that followed this timely gift. Could the generous donor have been looking in (perhaps he was,) when the note was found and read and reread, with eyes blinded with grateful tears, he would have felt more than paid for the self-sacrifice, for it was a self-sacrifice, as he had at home a family dependent upon his daily toil; and could he have heard the prayers of thanksgiving which rose from that lowly bed, calling down the blessing of heaven upon him, he would have felt like putting the shoes from off his feet, for that place was holy ground.

"Shall I wake the little ones?" asked the wife; she felt as though they must all know the great joy that had fallen upon them.

"No let them sleep," said the father, "and let the little stranger sleep. We will all breakfast in the morning, for thank God, there is enough for all!"

They ate some bread to satisfy their present need, and closed their eyes with thankful hearts to rest. The next morning was the dawning of a brighter day than had smiled within their hearts for many a month. They eat their breakfasts with emotions that could not be experienced more than once in a lifetime; then William set out with a light heart to meet his friend, and next to God, to thank him for what he had done in their extremity.

The sequel of my story is soon told. John Noble, the day before, chanced to meet an acquaintance from the country who was inquiring for a reliable tenant, and he promised to send him an honest, faithful man as soon as such a one could be found. In less than a week, William, Anna, and Grandmother, who had become so much refreshed by her nourishing diet, as to be able to take the journey, together with the little ones, and adopted stranger, set out for their country home. Perhaps, after a time, we will look in upon them again.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

If you do good forget it; if evil, remember and repent of it.

Anger begins with folly and ends with repentance.

The key of the day and the lock of the night is prayer.

The want of goods is easily repaired, but the poverty of the soul is irreparable.

He who thinks his place below him, will certainly be below his place.

Difficulty of attainment is commonly proportioned to excellency of object.

Everybody complains of his memory, none of his judgment.

The most mischievous liars are those who keep just on the verge of truth.

The most valuable part of every man's education, is that which he receives from himself.

History, says Carlyle, is the essence of innumerable biographies.

The mind has more room in it than most people think if we would but furnish the apartments.

The smallest and slightest impediments are the most annoying, and as little letters most tire the eyes, so do little affairs most disturb us.

"The discourse," says Franklin, "is often much better than the speaker; as sweet and clear waters often come through very dirty earth."

"It is a great misfortune," says La Bruyère, "not to have mind enough to talk well, nor judgment enough to be silent."

Youth's Corner.

THE WOUNDED STAG'S COMPLAINT.

Oh, why does man our race pursue
From early morn till night?
Why roam the mountain forest through,
To chase us in our flight?

Why from his unrelenting hand
Flies the sharp, swift-winged dart?
Why speeds it at his stern command,
To pierce the red deer's heart?

We ne'er have robbed him of his right—
Why, why is man our foe?
Why does it yield him such delight
To see our life-blood flow?

Our mission in the wild-wood here
Has naught of angry strife;
Though oft provoked, the humble deer
E'er seeks a peaceful life.

Why then does man our race pursue
From early morn till night?
Why roam the mountain forest through,
To chase us in our flight?

Have mercy, ye who can so well
This noble grace employ;
T'were better, e'en in this rude dell,
To save than to destroy.

It is not for myself I sigh—
Alas! that sigh were vain;
For, tired and faint, I soon must lie,
And never rise again.

But ere my life quite ebbs away
In death's cold, stern embrace,
For those unharmed and free I pray—
Oh, spare my injured race!

[*Youth's Cabinet.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BOTANICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 8, 5, 12, 11, 4, 5, 12 is a wild flower.
My 10, 9, 10, 9, 15, 10 is a flowering shrub.
My 3, 12, 8 is a garden esculent.
My 8, 14, 4, 12 is a medical plant.
My 13, 6, 14, 16, 7 is a flowering shrub.
My 1, 16, 14, 8, 3 is a medical plant.
My 11, 2, 3, 13, 12 is the name of a tree.
My whole is a magnificent evergreen plant.

Hartford, Wis., 1857. E. W. D.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

CHARADE.

Though my first is a single thing,
Yet many hundreds from it spring;
To men and animals a treat,
For each will freely of it eat.
Now I declare it is a flower
That sweetly scents the verdant bower.
And when Aurora's tints are spread,
Behold my second leaves its bed;
Undaunted by a sense of fear,
Its courage now will soon appear,
For when contesting for a prize
It never yields, but sometimes dies.
My whole I now beg leave to say,
Is always decked in gay array.

Somerset, N. Y., 1857. Emma Ray.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

Suppose a horse was fastened to a post three feet in circumference, by a rope 113 yards long.—How many miles will the horse have to travel in order to wind the rope around the post, provided, he keeps the rope continually straight.

New Baltimore, 1857. J. J. B.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 382:—Time.

Answer to Mathematical Problem in No. 382:—Cows, 18; Sheep, 20; Hogs, 12.

Answer to Problem in No. 382:—2338.2685800.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ATKINS' AUTOMATON:
OR,
Self-Raking Reaper and Mower.
BEST MACHINE IN USE.

1 *(The first) built in* 1852.
40 *Used successfully in* 1853.
300 *In different States in* 1854.
1,200 *Well distributed in* 1855.
2,800 *Throughout the Union* 1856.
5,000 *Building for* 1857.

There are six good reasons for this unparalleled increase and great popularity:—1st. It is strong and reliable, and easily managed. 2d. It saves the hard labor of Raking. 3d. It saves at least another hand in binding. 4th. It saves shattering by the careful handling in raking; besides, the straw being laid straight, it is well secured in the sheaf, and does not drop in the after-handling and the heads are not exposed in the stack, so that the grain saving even exceeds the labor saving. 5th. It is a good Mower, being one of the best convertible machines in use. 6th. It has a knife that does not choke.

Over 80 First Premiums Received in Four Years.

Price of Reaper and Mower $190—$50 cash balance in note due Jan. 1, 1858. Price of Reaper only $165—$40 cash, balance in note due Jan. 1, 1858.

For cash 12 per cent. discount from the above prices.

To secure a Machine, order immediately. Though so little known the past season, and none ready for delivery till 1st May, yet not two-thirds the customers could be supplied. The reputation of the Machine is now widely established, so that 5,000 will not as nearly supply the demand as 2,800 did last year.

☞ Order early, if you would not be disappointed

PAMPHLETS giving IMPARTIALLY the OPINIONS OF FARMERS, together with orders, notes, &c., mailed to applicants, and prepaid

☞ H. B. HAPGOOD, of Rochester, N. Y., is the General Agent for the above Machine in New York, to whom all letters relative to sales, &c., in this State should be addressed. Traveling and Local Agents wanted 382w16

TRIAL OF REAPERS AND MOWERS.

THE TRIAL OF REAPERS AND MOWERS, UNDER the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture will take place on

WEDNESDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF JULY,

1857, at Hamilton, Butler county, Ohio, at which time and place the following Premiums will be awarded:

I. For the best REAPER	$50 00
For the 2d best do	30 00
II. For the best MOWER	50 00
For the 2d best do	30 00
III. For the best REAPER & MOWER, combined	50 00
For the 2d best do do do	30 00

The Machines competing for the Premium of "Reaper and Mower combined," shall both "*Reap*" and "*Mow*," in the presence of the Awarding Committee.

Competition for the Premiums is respectfully invited from Manufacturers and others, in all the States.

The first, or Premium of $50, will be awarded either in money, or gold medal, at the option of the successful competitor.

Good teams and efficient teamsters will be provided by the Board.

Hamilton is a point twenty-five miles north of Cincinnati, on the Great Miami Railroad, and is therefore very accessible.

AWARDING COMMITTEE—Hon. Norton S. Townsend, Avon, O.; John Ferris, Carthage, O.; E. G. Dyer, Hamilton, O.; W. R. Collett, Lebanon, O.; David Nevitt, Lawrenceburgh, Ind.; Jos. Barker, Newport, O. By order of Board,

March, 16, 1857. JNO H. KLIPPART, Cor. Sec.

FRUIT TREES! FRUIT TREES!

FLORENCE NURSERY.—ADOLPH BORNEMANN & CO. This Establishment is prepared this Spring to offer to the trade and to customers generally, the largest and best assortment, as Apples, Pears, Plums, Cherries, Peaches, Nectarines. Also, ORNAMENTAL TREES AND SHRUBS, Evergreens, and the smaller fruits generally, as Grapes, Raspberries, Blackberries, Currants, Gooseberries, Cranberries, Strawberries, Nuts, Roses, Dahlias, Verbenas, Phlox, Coronation Pinks, Pansies, Daisies, Roots and Plants. Also,

FLOWER, VEGETABLE SEEDS.

We invite Nurserymen, Venders, Amateurs, and others, to give us a call and examine our stock, feeling assured it will recommend itself, and we promise they shall be accommodated with the lowest rates, or they can correspond with us on the subject. Our new Catalogue is just out of press, and will be forwarded to every post-paid application, inclosing a one cent stamp to pre-pay the postage.

ADOLPH BORNEMANN & CO.

Florence, Mass., March 17, 1857. 379w6.

ACHROMATIC MICROSCOPES.

THE SUBSCRIBERS INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR superior Achromatic Single and Compound Microscopes, that have obtained the commendation of the most eminent scientific men of America, and for which they have received the premiums of the New York Exhibition of 1853, and of the Ct. State Agricultural Society of 1856.

These Microscopes range from forms of the greatest possible simplicity, to those combining the most elaborate of modern improvements.

They call particular attention to their "Small Microscopes for Students," which are provided with objectives sufficient for all ordinary and even for professional investigations, and of a quality never before sold by any foreign or American maker, at prices comparatively so low.

Descriptive Priced Catalogues will be sent free of charge on application. J. & W. GRUNOW,

April 29, 1857.—(381-1ywe) New Haven, Ct.

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THIS BANK ALLOWS INTEREST AT THE RATE OF SIX per cent per annum upon all deposits. Office No. 36 Buffalo street, directly opposite the Court House.

CHARLES W DUNDAS, President.

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Rochester, February 24th, 1857. 373tf

GREAT SALE OF PURE BRED STOCK!

WISHING TO BE FROM HOME SEVERAL MONTHS the present and coming year, I shall sell by auction, at my residence near Aurora, Cayuga Co., N. Y., on THURSDAY, June 11th, 1857, (sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M.) my entire Herd of SHORT-HORNED CATTLE, viz., Three Bulls and Eight Cows and Heifers. Also, Seventeen Suffolk and Two Berkshire Hogs, and Two young Black Hawk Stallions. Catalogues can now be had by applying to me by mail. All my stock have perfect Pedigrees and are equal, if not superior, to any similar lot ever offered for sale.

THOS. GOULD, Aurora, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

M. B. Kerr, Auctioneer. 381w6cow

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAIL ROAD CO.

OFFER FOR SALE OVER 1,500,000 ACRES SELECTED Farming and Wood Lands in Tracts of Forty acres and upwards, to suit purchasers, on

Long Credits and at Low Rates of Interest.

Pamphlets, containing Maps, description of Lands, and other information valuable to the Western Emigrant, will be sent free of postage by addressing

368tf JOHN CORNING, Gen. Ag't., Buffalo, N. Y., or JOHN WILSON, Land Com'r I. C. R. R., Chic., Ill.

KEDZIE'S

LAKE, RAIN AND RIVER WATER FILTERS,

HAVE BEEN IN USE FOR SIXTEEN YEARS, AND IN all parts of the United States and the Canadas, have given the highest satisfaction. They are scientific in their construction, Portable, Durable and Cheap. For Circulars with particulars, address J. E. CHENEY & CO.,

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KETCHUM'S MOWER,

AND MOWER AND REAPER FOR 1857, WITH PLATform for either side or back delivery of the grain. Various improvements have been made, and machines warranted superior to any heretofore built. Any information wanted in regard to them, or persons wishing to interest themselves in their sale, will please address R. L. HOWARD,

372wtf Successor to Howard & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR BUY A FARM, ADDRESS JAMES SULLY, Buffalo, N. Y. See advertisement in No. 370 of *Rural*, Feb. 7th. 372tf

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LEADING WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Office, Union Buildings, Opposite the Court House.

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Two Dollars a Year—$1 for six months. To Clubs and Agents as follows:—Three Copies one year, for $5; Six Copies (and one to Agent or getter up of Club,) for $10; Ten Copies (and one to Agent,) for $15, and any additional number at the same rate, ($1.50 per copy.) As we are obliged to pre-pay the American postage on papers sent to the British Provinces, our Canadian agents and friends must add 12½ cents per copy to the club rates of the Rural.

*** The postage on the Rural is only 3¾ cents per quarter to any part of this State, (except Monroe county, where it goes free,) and 6¼ cents to any section of the United States—payable quarterly in advance at the office where received.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed from one Post Office to another, should be particular in specifying the offices at which they are now received.

Advertising.—Brief and appropriate advertisements will be inserted at 25 cents a line, each insertion, payable in advance. Our rule is to give no advertisement, unless very brief, more than four consecutive insertions. Patent Medicines, &c., are not advertised in the Rural on any conditions.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

VOLUME VIII. NO. 20.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1857. {WHOLE NO. 384.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS:
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THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Mechanical, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other Journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL in America.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y

FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

TIMELY RURAL TOPICS.

CLIMATOLOGY is annually becoming a subject of greater importance—more and more worthy of special and profound consideration. The variableness of the seasons—the extension of Winter snows and frosts into Spring, and the postponement ("on account of the weather") of the genial and vegetation-rejuvenating sun and atmosphere of old-time Springs until the Almanac announces the advent of Summer—the early arrival of the advance-guard of old Boreas in Fall, and the consequent diminution of both the Alpha and Omega of the season heretofore alloted to our promised seed time and harvest—are certainly timely and appreciable topics over a large extent of country. The people of Western New York, and especially the cultivators of its naturally rich and fertile soil, are largely interested in these changes of seasons and climate, for they involve items of considerable moment, and which materially affect both their physical comfort and pecuniary prosperity.

The variations of our climate, and the prevalence of destructive insects of late years (such as the wheat midge, or weevil,) are necessarily leading to important changes in our crops and systems of tillage and farm husbandry; and they are creating a demand for light and knowledge founded upon intelligent investigation, close study, and careful experiment. We may over-estimate the importance of this subject, but believe it is of great and increasing magnitude to the farmers of this and other regions affected by changes of climate and production—the result of protracted cold, moisture, or drouth, and, in some seasons, each in succession. It is unnecessary to give data to convince the intelligent reader of the vast change or changes which have occurred within the last decade, for the contrast is so great and striking in many respects that comparative facts and figures would prove entirely superfluous. Neither will we here stop to inquire the *causes* of the changes in our seasons and temperature, so observable and material of late years. The important practical question is, whether we are prepared to successfully prosecute the varied operations of Agriculture and Horticulture, with as great certainty and profit as heretofore. The changes mentioned involve a divergence from the beaten track—a different system of culture in some respects, and a resort to different crops, without placing our chief reliance upon a single, and now uncertain, staple product. If long winters, short summers, severe drouths, and destructive insects, are to continue and prevail, it is full time for the cultivators of this and many hitherto highly favored regions of the great and prolific West, to arouse to the necessity of a corresponding change in their systems—to discuss, experiment and adopt such crops and modes of culture as are best adapted to their new circumstances, and which will enable them to maintain a progressive position. For instance, if Wheat will no longer *pay* in Western New York, let it be abandoned and other grains and the grasses be substituted—a mixed husbandry, including increased attention to grazing, dairying, the breeding of improved stock, and fruit growing. The trite adage about having "too many irons in the fire" generally holds good in business and commercial matters, but we are inclined to believe farmers will find it safe to have a good variety of *crops in the ground*—provided always that they can give each and all due attention and culture.

Long, cold winters, and dry summers, are the rule of late years. Large portions of the West, as well as this region, have been seriously affected. Two severe winters in succession have made sad inroads upon the supplies, and greatly exhausted the products of agriculture. The drouths which have prevailed for two or three years past have also materially lessened the production—*especially where deep plowing and drainage were neglected*, as they are, we regret to say, by the great mass of farmers in all sections of the country. Underdraining, deep plowing, and the discriminating use of domestic manures and fertilizers are of vital and increasing importance, while irrigation will prove a profitable investment in many localities. These essentials are mentioned suggestively, however, in passing, and without any idea of entering into details. Each has been discussed in our pages, and will continue to receive attention. The rearing of more stock, and the more extensive culture of root and grass crops, would prove highly advantageous in many localities where they have hitherto received little attention, compared with the cereals. Of course much depends upon location, circumstances, and proximity to (or facility to reach) a profitable market, and these items, as well as soil and climate, will always be considered by the judicious farmer.

We shall be glad to receive and publish the views of experienced cultivators, and men of investigation and science, on the points to which allusion has been made, and others connected with the general subject of Climatology, as we regard their proper elucidation as of great importance to the agricultural community—as matters which demand free discussion in the Agricultural journals.

SPRING WORK ON THE FARM is not only a "timely topic" just now, but one which requires decided *action*—for it demands both mental and physical system and labor to properly accomplish what must necessarily be performed in a limited period. The present and prospective prices indicate that labor and *good culture* will prove highly remunerative. The appearance of the wheat crop, here and in distant localities, is not generally favorable, and hence much depends upon the crops yet to be planted and grown. Head as well as hand work must be brought into requisition, for it is often more difficult to decide *what* and *how* a thing is to be done, than to perform the manual labor. First decide what can be done most advantageously, and then do it in the most thorough manner, for what is worth doing at all is worth doing *well*. *Deep plowing* is a good, permanent investment, and *thorough culture* pays a corresponding dividend. As a general thing the best seeds and implements, good teams, intelligent operators, and a systematic and orderly captain who knows how to *say* and *act* "COME, BOYS," are the essential requisites for properly opening the Spring Campaign and producing profitable results in Autumn.

NIGHT-SOIL.

IT is a well-known fact that manure is valuable in proportion to the value of the food consumed. The manure from the fowl is more valuable than that from the ox, because the fowl feeds on more highly concentrated food, being principally grain and flesh. The food of man, whether from the animal or vegetable kingdom, is generally highly concentrated, containing more nitrogenized matter, and inorganic salts than the food upon which most of our domestic animals subsist. It is, therefore, apparent that human excrements are more valuable for agricultural purposes than those of animals. Of their comparative value, many estimates have been made, and we might give several analyses; none, however, place it lower than double that of the horse, sheep or pig.

It is a fact no less striking than true, that nine-tenths of this valuable fertilizer, worth millions of dollars annually, is lost to the world, while millions of dollars are spent for guano to make up for this waste. We are not surprised that this subject has attracted the attention of the readers of the RURAL, and that we have before us several letters inquiring the best method of preparing this substance for use. The disagreeable odor of night-soil is the reason why its use has not been more general, and confined it almost entirely to those countries where the need of fertilizers is more seriously felt, and their value better appreciated than here. To get rid of this odor, so as to make its use tolerable is the great desideratum.

In England we have seen in one corner of a field a bank of earth thrown up about eighteen inches high, and enclosing a space fifteen or twenty feet square. Into this the night-carts are emptied.—When this enclosure contains about a foot in depth of fresh night-soil, about a couple of inches of dry earth is thrown upon the top. This is generally done about the first of June, and about the middle of July this "*pie*," as it is called, is pretty dry on the surface. It is then turned over with the spade, so that the under part is exposed to the sun and wind. A little more earth is thrown over, and before the fall rains commence, it is dry enough for use, or to be put under cover.

One of the best methods of deodorizing night-soil, without destroying its fertilizing properties, is to mix with it, powdered charcoal, or the refuse animal charcoal of the sugar refineries, which is still better. Burnt clay and dry peaty mold, removes the disagreable smell to some extent.—Sulphate of iron, is an excellent deodorizer fixing the volatile ammonia; and being cheap and readily obtained, is peculiarly valuable for this purpose. Lime is sometimes used, and effectualy removes the odor, but lessens the value of the manure, as it expels the ammonia. Gypsum is often made use of, but with little success, as while doing no injury, it fails as a deodorizer.

In Flanders, where night-soil is more systematically preserved than in any other country, it is generally used in a liquid form. Water is applied until it is of such a consistency that it can be applied to the land with the liquid manure cart. In the same form it is used by the extensive market gardeners in the neighborhood of London, and with surprising effect. This is, by no means, a delightful operation, but all agree that it is highly profitable.

In the neighborhood of the larger cities of Europe, and in New York, night-soil is dried and manufactured into a portable manure which is sold generally under the name of Poudrette. Like all other manufactured manures, poudrette is rather unreliable. Its value varies according to the different modes of preparation, and from the various substances with which it is mixed in the process drying and deodorizing. If it is deodorized with sulphate of iron, or even with the necessary charcoal, it is of course exceedingly valuable, but its bulk and weight can be easily doubled by the addition of muck, or coal ashes, or an extra quantity of charcoal, so that nothing but an analysis or experiments can determinate its value to the agriculturist. Dried night-soil contains from 4 to 5 per cent. of nitrogen, yet the poudrette generally sold in Europe, contains but from 1½ to 2½ per cent. We do not know that a reliable analysis has been made of poudrette manufactured and sold in this country. In China, night-soil is mixed with clay and formed into cakes, which, when dried are sold under the name of taffo. This manure is much esteemed by the Chinese, and is quite an article of commerce.

This is a subject of so much importance that it deserves the attention of every student who is investigating the character of manures and their comparative value; and of every farmer who wishes to increase the value of his manure heap, and thereby the products of his farm.

ROADS:

The Right Materials, Side-Walks, Snow-Paths, &c.

THE natural depravity of the human heart shows itself very conspicuously in the management of *roads*—no reference to "*under-ground*" roads is here intended. Conscience and the salutary restraints of public sentiment will keep a man tolerably straight when he packs his pork and butter for sale, and are even known to have exercised some influence in a horse trade—but when you come to *roads* it would seem as though Pandora's box was open and every plague let loose upon us without stint or measure. A "*pathmaster*" is a sort of *autocrat* for whose "*impeachment*" the constitution forgot to provide, when it looked out for scaly Presidents. One of these functionaries in our vicinity, in broad daylight, and without any provocation that I am aware of, converted a *semi*-decent road into a reservoir of mud and water whose inscrutible and dangerous depths engulphed me one day on my way to church. If highway robbery was in vogue in our vicinity, I should think this a place to catch folks; in justice, I will state, however, that no body demanded my money while I was in there, but I lost an excellent sermon by my friend Woop, which, in the opinion of judicious friends, was worth more than all the cash I had about me—so I was as bad as robbed after all.

This awful chasm, like British taxation and judicial murder in Austrian Hungary, was got up under the plea of promoting the public good! It was pretended that the gutters by the side of the road wanted clearing out,—suppose they did, was there no place on the wide earth where you could put the muck and clay that came out of them except right in the public highway where innocent people have to travel? Everybody is supposed to know what effect a shower will have on these substances, and showers never omit to come in autumn or before.

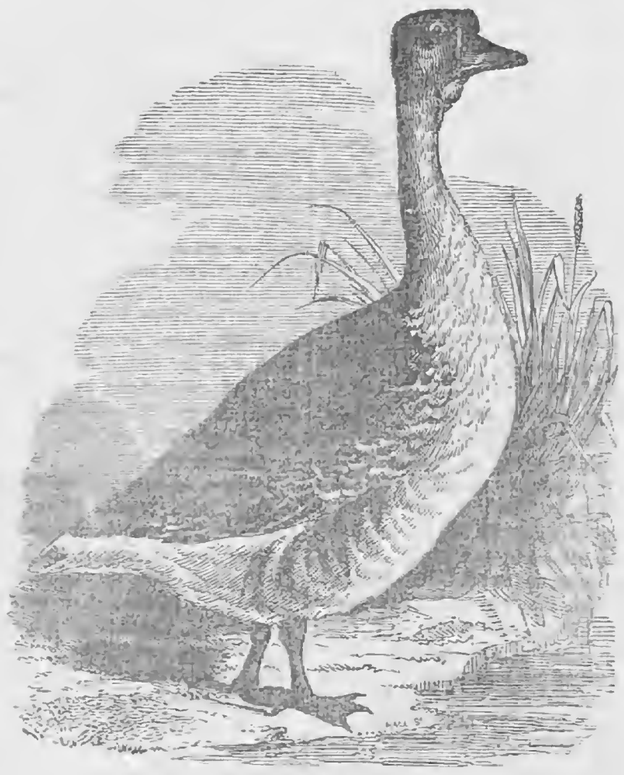
Instances are by no means rare where roads that have been consolidated by long continued use, and improved by repeated applications of gravel, under some new administration are torn up from the bottom or buried completely by the *softest* substances obtainable (the operator himself excepted.) There are places where, to get above water, or for other reasons, it may be best to throw up an embankment with whatever earth is at hand, this should be done on the start, and if the material used is not good, the whole should be covered with good gravel, or with stones and gravel combined. The use of *poor materials* occasions the loss of at least half the work that is bestowed on roads in this country.

Our whole system of road-making needs to be reformed, and it seems probable that if money was raised by taxation and the roads placed under the superintendence of competent men that a great improvement would be effected. I stated on a former occasion that roads should be *level, hard and smooth*, and I mean to keep that idea before the people. Hilly and muddy roads cost the country millions of money in the torture and destruction of beasts of burden, in the loss of time, and in the increased expense of transportation. Our road makers are too *diffusive*; they patch a little here, there, and elsewhere, whereas, they ought to do what they can in the most thorough and complete manner.

One or two points I wish briefly to notice. A little attention to removing rubbish; an occasional plank over a wet place, with some grading, would furnish *foot passengers* with a good foot path. The same process would also lengthen out the *sleighing* from three weeks to three months in many places.

My business called me every week to Batavia for the last five months, and I noticed for four weeks this spring that there was in the roads neither sleighing nor wheeling, but there was deposited by the *side of the road* snow enough to make good sleighing during all this time, (the month of March,) and where there were no obstructions the sleighs had a good time of it—but every now and then a stream of water, a morass, stump, stone, log, ditch or bank of earth turned you into the middle of the road to remind you of earth and earthly things. Now Messrs. Pathmasters let us shake hands and be friends. What I have said against your dignity I frankly and fully retract—it is true though—and now let us turn in and "clear the track" for the sleighs by the side of the fence.

Once more. How much would it cost to pick up and carry off that loose stone in the middle of the road—poor thing it has been battered and bruised there for the last forty years, run over by all vehicles and exposed in all weathers—but it has had its revenge, it has tripped up and spavined the fast horses and made the other side of the invalid's head ache by bringing it in sudden contact with the coach. That fast stone is not faster than the pyramids were before they were piled up.—Make it a point *to remove all surface stones* from the roads. Don't be afraid of working more than your tax—work hard while you do work. H. T. B.



THE AFRICAN GOOSE.

THE AFRICAN GOOSE, of which we give an engraving from *Bement's Poulterer's Companion*, is the largest of which we have any knowledge, and unlike many other large geese, does not seem to be offended at having the fact known, but rather appears proud of the distinction. A full-grown gander in good condition, will weigh from twenty to twenty-five pounds. They are noble in their appearance, and are considered by all poultry fanciers, as genteel, good-looking birds; but they have a swaggering gait and a consequental air that they, like other foolish geese, seem to think quite dignified. They have never been naturalized, and thus become a part and parcel of our great country, but put on a good many foreign airs, such as refusing to associate with common geese, never having learned, that in this land of liberty, a large goose is no better than a small one, particularly on election days. Their voice is deep, coarse and peculiar, as distinct from that of the common goose, as the crow of the shaughai is from that of the common dunghill cock, or the screechings at the opera from the music of the bobolink. Like many other geese, they make a great noise in the world, and no one can come near them, but they get up an almost deafening clatter, endeavoring to make up in noise what they lack in sense. They have, like some other conceited ones of their kind, succeeded in making some tender headed and kind hearted naturalists believe that they are something more than geese, and WILLOUGHBY and BEWICK call them *Swan*-Geese, just as some men are called *Gentlemen*-Farmers. CUVIER went a little further than this, and dropping the goose altogether, called them Swans. But, after all, they are nothing but geese, as is now generally acknowledged, and with a very poor chance of rising in the world, as their wings are so small in proportion to the size of the body, that it is with difficulty they can even get out of the way of unruly dogs.

THE CULTURE OF CORN.

EDS. RURAL:—For some time past I have thought that an article on the subject of growing corn might not be amiss or unprofitable at this season of the year, when farmers, after so long and hard a winter as the one we have just experienced, are naturally casting about them for a crop that will carry them safely through coming winters, without the almost universal cry that we now hear—"Short of fodder." In my rambles in this and the adjoining counties, for the last few years, I have been particularly struck with the many fields of small corn, not yielding more than from 20 to 25 bushels to the acre, and many fields in my own town and neighborhood, within the last two years,—the one a very wet and the other a dry one—would scarcely give 15 bushels of sound corn to the acre. At first I was sadly puzzled to account for such poor crops of this valuable grain. My first thought was to look into the RURAL and other agricultural journals, to see if their editors and correspondents had done their duty in urging upon farmers the importance of this almost indispensable crop, and the best method of preparing the soil for planting and its after culture. I truly thought there was great remissness on the part of conductors of agricultural journals, or there would not be seen in almost all parts of this once fertile and productive "Genesee country" such meagre crops of corn. But to my great surprise, I found in every volume of your faithful journal many able and truly practical articles from your own pen, besides numerous and excellent contributions from your many correspondents, whose directions, if followed, would take the complaint of "small corn" from every farmer's lips, and leave him in the agreeable predicament of one of my good neighbors who cultivates his fields well, and who said he had no "pig corn," and must swap and get some for his pigs of his careless neighbors who had it. And now, Mr. Editor, since you have stolen the march of me, and done the work of which I am very happy to be relived, I will content myself with giving my experience and practice in cultivating this valuable grain, and urge upon my brother farmers more attention than formerly to this crop, especially since the partial failure of wheat among us. That the corn crop is one one of the most valuable and I might say indispensable crops of the farmer for feeding, or one that gives him a stronger assurance and guarantee against want of fodder in the win-

ter, or infallible remedy against "poor stock," or had "breed of pigs," or a more convenient grain to feed, no one who has had a good mow of bright, well cured, green succulent stalks, or a large, well-filled crib of golden ears to resort to during the feeding months of winter and spring, I am sure will deny.

Another important consideration in regard to this crop is, that while wheat and many other crops are extremely liable to many casualties, ravages of their enemies and failures, the corn crop is almost and entirely under the control and direction of the husbandman. Who, since 1816, the cold season, ever heard of a *failure* of this crop, when the farmer did not *fail* of his duty? Corn is a generous and grateful grain, and will pay good manuring, good plowing, good cultivating and hoeing, with its 100 and 200 fold. There is no danger of ingratitude for all the labor and expense bestowed on this excellent grain. As a general rule, the more labor and expense for manure the better this crop will pay. The *Corn Exchange Bank* always pays the highest rate of interest on the farmer's surplus deposits.

But beyond our domestic wants, that is, for market, the great question with every farmer is, "Does it pay?" I answer, no, as many farmers raise it,—I answer, yes, as many others raise it. Still corn is not expected to bear a price in market proportionate to its value with other grain, since the great fertile West produces it so largely.—In more than thirty applications for premiums in Massachusetts, during several years, the average profits per acre were more than $51, and the yield was from 70, the lowest, to 130 bushels to the acre for the highest. Such crops pay as well as "Genesee wheat" or any other field crop. In the long worn, and to us much despised soil of Old Connecticut, the average crop is 40 bushels per acre, while with us it falls far short of that. Why is this so? To begin with my own practice, I make all the manure I can consistent with time and expense. In the winter I draw a large quantity of swamp muck and dump it in the barn-yard and sheds, to be incorporated with the manure of the stack and barn, to absorb the liquid part; feed as much as possible under sheds, and turn all the water from barns and sheds out of the yard. It should be turned into a large cistern for watering stock. Manure should never be leached before using. Draw all my manure, except what I require for my garden, shrubs, trees, &c., on my corn ground, at the rate of about 25 two horse wagon loads to the acre, either in the spring or fall; spread evenly and plow under immediately with a strong team, and plow that will work from 8 to 10 inches deep. I could never discover any difference in the crop between that plowed fall or spring. If the land is dry and inclined to clay, (none but dry land should be planted to corn,) it works easier to plow in the fall, if well cultivated before planting. If the land is open and porous it is better to plow in the spring, as the spring rains carry down a large portion of the best of the manure before being required for the crop. If planted on sod, (clover sod is excellent,) roll down, harrow and cultivate, and then harrow again. Put my land in the finest and best of tilth before planting. Always find my benefit in it, in after culture and much greater growth of crop. Run the rows both ways, from 3½ to 4 feet apart, according to the variety of corn. Cultivate both ways thoroughly as soon as the rows can be followed by the horse, if the weather be favorable. Early cultivating and hoeing saves a vast amount of after labor. Work the ground as often as any grass or weeds appear, until the corn is too large to go between with a horse.

Corn is a gross and greedy feeder, and is seldom surfeited or injured by coarse manure, even in large quantity, if plowed under deep. Corn roots strike deep in mellow soil and are sure to find the manure at any depth that the plow will run. In plowing in manure deep for corn, many of the seeds of grass and weeds are destroyed, and the land better prepared for an after crop than in almost any other manner, which is not among the least of the many advantages of this desirable crop. If your land is springy and wet, underdrain thoroughly—never waste manure and labor on wet land. In the last volume of the RURAL, I recollect reading an article on hoeing, which I have not now before me, from the pen of "H. T. B.," in which, if I recollect right, he discards the use of the hoe in dressing corn, and would substitute in its stead something to beat the "lumps" to pieces. He says an old stump of a hoe answers a good purpose. It is no doubt true that the "universal Yankee nation" is a progressive people, but we must dissent in toto, and protest against such an unnatural innovation on the old and well established method of hoeing. To make the use of such a tool at all tolerable—it can never be useful—pre-supposes the fact that all our corn land is smooth, free from stumps and stones, that no "baulks" will be made in plowing, that grass will not grow between and through inverted sods which require a sharp hoe to exterminate, that it will always be dry in hoeing time, and that we shall never have to wait for dry weather till the weeds and grass get the start of the corn—that farmers do not often select their roughest and most obstinate lots for corn, for the very purpose of subduing them with the cultivator and hoe for subsequent crops, and that our corn land is all "lumpy" and needs "mauling" instead of hoeing. If there is any one tool on the farm more than any other that we deem useless, utterly worthless, it is an "old stump of a hoe." Should it be our fortune to own a "lumpy" farm we would underdrain thoroughly if too wet; if clayey, manure highly with a compost of barn-yard manure, muck, refuse vegetables and vegetable mold, leached ashes, lime, &c.; then, if it still needed "mauling," we would use a crusher or stock with grass, and plant our corn on a more genial soil. Give us a hoe, for all kinds of hoeing, of the best tempered steel, a real Damascus blade, *new*, sharp and bright, and we will gusrantee that we will hoe our row to the satisfaction of our fastidious friend "H. T. B."

Gates, N. Y., 1857. C. B. C.

NUMBER OF CATTLE IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Mr. FLINT, Secretary of the Mass. Board of Agriculture, gives the number of horses 60,321; oxen and steers, 77,511; cows and heifers, 183,010. Aggregate value, $15,423,524; and the annual product of hay, 648,610 tuns, valued at $8,702,917.

RURAL NOTES FROM NEBRASKA.

Agriculture in Nebraska—Agricultural Societies forming—Advantages and Profits of Farming in Nebraska.

IT may be a matter of some little interest to the farming population in the Eastern States to know how we of the "Far West" manage to farm,—the general interest manifested concerning it and the profits and advantages arising from it,—particularly that class of the RURAL's readers who contemplate immigrating towards the setting sun.

The actual population—the bona fide settlers—of new countries or Territories are generally in the proportion of nearly ten to one farmers, and their object in thus removing from the homes of their sires and grandsires is to obtain homes and farms for themselves. Such is the case in Nebraska.—The soil is as rich as the richest upon which the sun shines, and the produce raised from Nebraska soil, during the three seasons it has been my fortune to spend in the Territory, surpasses the carefully cultivated farming produce of the States. With no further attention than simply putting the seed in the ground, and oftimes in the sod, from 60 to 75 bushels of corn, and from 140 to 180 bushels of potatoes, can and have been raised to the acre. It is a common treat for one's optics to see squashes raised upon Nebraska soil weighing from 60 to 90 pounds. Finer and larger yields of melons, tomatoes, beets, turnips, and indeed all the garden vegetables, I never saw in any of our Eastern States than are raised here. For wheat, oats and buckwheat, the soil seems admirably adapted.

"We do not doubt these assertions," the reader may say, "yet where is your market, and what are the inducements for raising large crops?" Our home market alone demands four times the amount of crops raised. The constant influx of emigration which must and will continue for many years, will keep the market in this condition, outside of the fine and steady market afforded by our thriving river towns and cities from the *L'eau qui* court to the Mexican Gulf. There is a market for all the produce which the luxuriant soil of Nebraska can produce. There is another and a remunerative market in the steady and constant emigration in the toilsome journey to the land of the Saints (Utah) and the golden shores of California. There is no danger that too much will or can be raised in Nebraska.

Potatoes are now quite scarce at $2 and 2 50 per bushel. Corn readily brings $1 75 per bushel; beans $5 per bushel; onions $5 per bushel, and everything of the kind in the same ratio. Indeed, I may safely make the assertion that farming in Nebraska is equal to, if it does not exceed, 5 per cent. *per month* on the capital invested. The reader must also be aware that Nebraska farming is accomplished with one-third the labor that it requires in the Eastern States.

A farmer here with limited means, or indeed if he has an abundance, can easily make enough from his crops to pay for and enter his pre-emption right to 160 acres of land in one season, besides keeping a sufficient quantity to bountifully supply his family until "crops come again."

In several counties Agricultural Societies, chartered by the Territorial Legislature, are in operation and in a prosperous condition. The Dodge County Agricultural Society, Cass Co. Society, and Nemaha Co. Society, have each selected their lands—or rather made a claim upon the public domain—for exhibition purposes. There is also a Territorial Board of Agriculture organized, and I predict but a few years will elapse ere the agricultural advantages of this new and beautiful Territory will astonish the old States. That the reader may form some idea of the profits of farming on a small scale here, I will close my somewhat lengthy letter by an extract from an acquaintance's memoranda—a farmer—as follows:

1856	To 60 bushels of potatoes (seed) at $2...$120 00	
	To 10 acres of land plowed at $3 per acre	30 00
	To 7 days' work planting potatoes $2 pr day	14 00
	To 14 " digging same at $2 per day	28 00
		$192 00

These ten acres yielded him 1,500 bushels of fine potatoes, 1,000 of which he has sold for $2 per bushel—$2,000. Beat this. J. W. P.

Fontenelle, Dodge Co., N. T., April 27, 1857.

WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

IT is due to the great wool interest of Western New York, that I should call attention to this society, formed by enterprising wool growers to improve our breed of sheep. Perhaps no class of farm animals has changed so much for the better within the last ten years as sheep, and yet no flock has *reached perfection*, and there are some that haven't started on that route.

I well recollect the time when a man who wanted to purchase sheep, after finding the animal, would put on his spectacles, pull out a lock of wool, hold it up to the light, then take out his pocket book and unroll a piece of paper, containing sundry specimens from different flocks, and when the whole had been "diligently compared and revised," like old-fashioned books, he was prepared to purchase or not to purchase—the only question raised was, is the sheep *fine* enough?—Sheep were sold by sample sent by mail, as tea or silk sometimes is.

Now a man places himself fore and aft and all round; he looks at all sides, above and below, sees to the form, quality and circumstances—and he has learned to do this to a great extent, by comparisons and discussions at the fairs. By means of "shows," good models have been kept before the people. Thus the public mind has been educated, and the qualities of a good sheep known to the mass of mankind. I will not say but the public taste has become *fastidious*, for now a buyer will not look at a sheep the second time, unless the belly and legs are covered! Education and refinement work great changes; once sheep were suffered to go as bare about the ancles, as a French dancing woman, and no body was shocked.

We have found out length and thickness are important considerations when looking at a fleece, and though *six pounds* is *prima facie* evidence that the ewe was badly washed, it is not half so conclusive on that point as it used to be. The Vermont pedlars attend the fairs—spasms and collapse in the region of the pocket is frequently the result; and yet we owe much to Vermont. If we have paid well for ordinary animals, we have got some good ones that are above estimate—wit is cheap even if bought at a good price. Nothing costs a man half so much as the use of an inferior animal. Nobody can afford to keep thin, harsh-wooled sheep. When a whole flock can be transformed by a few judicious crosses, the *loss* is in neglecting to make them.

We evidently need increased production of wool, as the market indicates a neglect of that important branch of husbandry. The Wool Growers' Association, it is hoped, will stimulate attention to this matter; that it has and will contribute to the improvement of our flocks there can be no reasonable doubt. Need anything be added to induce the hearty and generous co-operation of sheep men in this matter?

The next Fair is to be held on the 20th, 21st and 22d of May inst., in Penn Yan, Yates county. The officers of the society will spare no pains to make it an occasion of interest. *Gentlemen*, particularly good-looking ones, will add interest to the show, and yet they will bear with me, while I remark that people in general will be just as glad to see one of their best *sheep*. Coming themselves, then, farmers will not leave their flocks behind them.

H. T. B.

CORN FOR FODDER.

AT this season of the year, when almost every farmers' fodder is quite gone, and consequently they have to turn out their stock before there is sufficient feed, and so keep the feed down all summer, a few remarks, together with my experience in sowing corn for fodder, may not be inappropriate.

Last season I sowed an acre of corn in drills, for this purpose, on the first of June. I furrowed out the ground and sowed in the drills by hand, and then dragged the ground over, which covered the seed well. It was sown four feet apart in the drills—one bushel of seed was used. We hoed and thinned it out twice, and after the middle of July to the latter part of August, we gathered a wagon box full nearly every day, for our cows, which they relished well, and one of them filled a 12 quart pail full twice a day, through the dry season, while fed the corn. After using all we wanted, which was thinned out all over the piece, we had three large two-horse loads of corn stalks, and about 80 bushels of corn, which was mostly soft.

The corn fed green, was well worth the trouble of raising the crop. Dry fodder, through the spring especially, should be accompanied by a supply of roots, which serve as a sort of dessert which stock appreciate, especially milch cows.—The mangold wurtzel is the easiest raised and produces the largest crop per acre, of any root. They can be raised for six cents per bushel. When land is plenty they should be sown three feet apart, in drills, which will leave room to work the cultivator between the rows, and to destroy the weeds and keep the ground loose. In this manner 1,000 bushels per acre can be raised. They should be sown about the middle of the present month.—Horses will not eat them, but they are more conducive to the production of milk than carrots.

M. W. H.

Hanfords' Landing, Monroe Co., N. Y., 1857.

Inquiries and Answers.

GRUB WORMS.—The corn crop, in several places in this section, was very materially injured, the past year, by the ravages of the grub worm. Some fields they completely devastated. They were the most numerous in sod ground, but were not confined to it. Can you inform us of any method of destroying them, or of preventing a renewal of their depredations?—J. WALLACE, *Decatur, Van Buren Co., Mich.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—There are many articles recommended for the destruction of the Wire-Worm—such for instance, as salt, soot, repeated applications of hog manure, &c., &c.,—each of which, for a time, has been stamped with success, but all have at some period failed. We do not know of any specific.—Keeping the land well cultivated will probably prove as effectual as any application that can be made. The experience of our cultivators accords with that of Mr. W., sod ground being most frequented by this pest.

RAISING BEANS.—As I intend to raise quite a patch of beans this season, can you, or some of your subscribers, inform me whether they will do well on low, rich, black soil, and if so, are they any more liable to be destroyed by bugs than on other ground. I know that beans will do as well, if not better, on poor soil, than any other crop. As I have no ground to spare for beans but the rich, black soil above alluded to, any information on the subject will be gladly received by—A YOUNG FARMER, *Vermillion, Erie Co., Ohio*, 1857.

REMARKS.—Our correspondent, in harvesting, will probably find a plentiful production of vines while the quantity of beans will be very small.—This is *the* objection to crops of this nature on soil similar to that described.

TAR-WATER FOR SEED CORN.—Will any of your correspondents tell us whether soaking seed corn in tar water before planting will prevent the birds from pulling it up. Information respecting any other sure preventive will be thankfully received.—D. A., *Waterloo, N. Y.*, 1857.

The *Complete Farmer and Gardener* says that soaking the seed twelve to twenty hours in *hot* water, in which is dissolved a few ounces of crude saltpetre, and then coating with tar, (half a pint dissolved in a quart of water to every eight quarts of seed,) and the corn, after being thoroughly stirred, taken out and rolled in plaster, is a protection which the experience of many years warrants in recommending.

APPLES FOR STOCK.—I should like to inquire of H. T. B., if he thinks that apples are enough better cooked, for cows or other cattle, over those fed raw, to pay the trouble and expense of cooking, provided that the same quantity of meal is fed in each case? I think they will not pay the expense, but have not tried the experiment. I think apples as valuable food for milch cows or calves, as roots; then why so many are allowed to go to waste in a plentiful season is a question I cannot satisfactorily solve. Please say to the readers of the RURAL that they should save all, and feed them to stock and note the result.—J. TALCOTT, *Rome, N. Y.*

Rural Notes and Items.

SUN-FLOWER SEED.—We are indebted to our correspondent, Mr. A. B. COOKINGHAM, of East Avon, for a half bushel of Sun-Flower seed—furnished for *free distribution* among those who wish to try sun-flower culture as a preventive of the ague and fever, in accordance with Lieut. MAURY's suggestion. We shall be happy to forward packages of seed to any of our subscribers who wish to experiment, on receipt of address and a letter stamp to prepay postage. One stamp will pay postage on about three hundred seeds—and those who wish more will please send stamps in proportion. As we wish to accommodate as many applicants as convenient, we propose to send no more than twelve hundred seeds to one individual.

BREED FROM THE BEST.—As this is the season for attention to the breeding and improvement of stock, we offer a suggestive remark or two on the importance of *breeding from the best sires*. The farmer who patronizes scrub stallions, bulls and bucks, when the services of improved animals are obtainable, misses a figure. As a general rule every one should breed from the best, whatever may be the expense in the outset, and will generally find that the extra service fee is a good investment—for it costs little more to raise to any given age a good animal than a bad one, while one may prove ten times as profitable as the other.—The good may cost more at first, but they are generally sure to prove valuable—while the cheap, scrub-sired animals are almost certain to be greatly inferior and dull of sale. In this State, and indeed most sections of the country, good breeding animals are within the reach and means of most farmers, and they have little or no excuse for patronizing inferior and common ones. Don't be "penny wise and pound foolish" in this matter, reader friend, but go in for the improvement of your horses, cattle, sheep and swine, by *breeding from the best*.

THE MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE was to have been dedicated on the 13th inst. It is connected with a farm of 700 acres, three miles east of the Capital of the State—Lansing. The tuition is free, and the students will be required to work three hours a day and be paid for their labor.—There are accommodations for eighty students.—It is the first State Ag. College established on the Continent. Its original endowment was $55,000, the proceeds of Salt Spring Lands, originally donated by the General Government to the Territory of Michigan. The sum of $20,000 per annum for the next two years has been nobly appropriated by the vigorous and progressive Peninsular State to the objects of the institution. The Faculty of the Institution—which will be filled at an early day—consists at present of the following gentlemen:—Hon. JOSEPH R. WILLIAMS, President and Director of the Farm. Robert D. Weeks, Professor of English Literature and Farm Economy. Rev. L. R. Fiske, Professor of Chemistry. J. C. Holmes, Professor of Horticulture. D. P. Mayhew, Professor of Natural Science. C. Tracy, Professor of Mathematics. An examination of students desiring admission was to be had on Monday, the 11th inst. It is said that there were as many applicants as the institution would accommodate.

WHY IS IT?—From various portions of the States and Canada, we learn that fodder is not only short, but that in many places the cattle *are actually dying of starvation*. The cause of this dearth is attributed to the lateness of the season, but we opine that the weather has less to answer for than the farmer. The inclement season set in earlier last fall than usual, and as a consequence, cattle were brought to the yard and stable sooner than has been customary, yet the period was not hastened sufficiently to dispose of the surplus which has, heretofore been marketed. The question arises, why is this so? The extreme prices which have been paid for most of the cereals and for some of the root crops during the few past years, have called the attention of the farmers from their pasture, hay, and oat fields, to something that would prove more profitable and, in many instances, these have been given to the plow and devoted to the culture of wheat or potatoes. A desire for immediate gain has brought hay to $30 per ton, and oats are hardly to be obtained at any point distant from cities. From conversation with those, in this section, who have had the accustomed breadth of land devoted to forage crops, we learn that their supply is not only ample, but they can take the advantage which the present excited state of the market affords.

QUEER AMUSEMENT!—An agricultural editor, who abideth not a thousand leagues from the capital of Buckeyedom, avers that he has been "amused at a *desperate game* now being played by several of our [his] *most respectable* and pretentious contemporaries in offering their papers at half price." He thinks, from the experience of his predecessor in hard canvassing, that what has thus *amused* him will prove ruinous, and philanthropically hopes "these gentlemen will *see the folly of their desperation* before they are *ruined* by the success they are courting, and turn back to a safe and *legitimate* business." Now, albeit we don't suppose the kind-hearted Colonel is firing at us at all, (but aiming at a mark nearer home,) we can't help thinking the impending ruin of his contemporaries a singular subject for *amusement*—unless, indeed, he expects to be benefited thereby. We certainly thought better of the gallant commander of the fast "Fairy Light Guards." Innocent young folk, who don't know better than to "play a desperate game," instead of doing "a safe and legitimate business," are entitled to the kind advice and sympathies of the wise and experienced, and we are surprised that our astute and knightly friend should make them subjects of pleasantry. It seems, however, that his predecessor was somewhat *desperate* and verdant—and we *guess* it isn't many weeks since the Colonel himself rode a horse of similar color to that which he now condemns, for it strikes us very forcibly that he recently advertised certain printed wares at a ruinous discount from the established rates of "a safe and legitimate business." Be consistent, good friend, and don't allow your voice to reverberate ere you emerge from the forest!

—Meantime, instead of furnishing specimens *free*, we prefer to send the numbers of the RURAL for the present quarter, April to July, at half price, *on trial*—as heretofore offered. This offer is limited to the quarter, however, as we do not, *in any instance*, book regular subscribers at less than published rates.

A VALUABLE DOG.—We think that even our canine-hating friend W. B. P.—whose "Dissertation on Dogs" appeared last week—would hardly object to the noble specimen of the Shepherd breed described in the following extract from the "Memoirs of the Philadelphia Ag. Society." The dog-killing *feature* would certainly be unobjectionable to our correspondent. The extract is from a letter written by P. BANDUY, of Delaware, in 1814, in answer to an inquiry relative to his Shepherd dog, "Montague," imported from Spain:

"The dog you inquire after is three times as large as the Shepherd dog described by Buffon, but is endowed with the same good qualities; immense strength, great mildness in his usual deportment, though ferocious towards other dogs. I can say without exaggeration that at least *twenty dogs* have been *killed* by him in my barn-yard or on my farm; but this good quality, like all things in this world, is attended with an evil, for I find that 'Montague' has as many enemies as I have neighbors. My fellow citizens have no objection to their dogs destroying my sheep, but a very great one to see my dog kill their dogs. Here, sir, I want your help, here the welfare of the country requires your eloquence, to prove that it is ungenerous and selfish to prefer the death of a valuable Merino to that of an insignificant whelp or cur.—The natural instinct of this animal is to guard your sheep against wolves and dogs; no other training is required but to keep them constantly with your flock, the moment they are from the litter until they are grown."

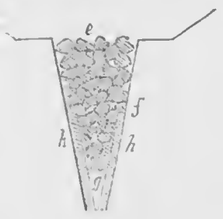
THOROUGH-BRED HORSES.—In answer to an inquiry as to what is a "thorough-bred," the *Homestead* very properly remarks:—"If a thorough-bred horse is one who can trace his pedigree unbroken through a line of English racers back to Arabian blood stock, what right has the owner of a horse that can make no such claim, to *advertise* his horse as a thorough-bred? We say, none; and, moreover, we think that the owners of horses that come in competition with him have a perfect right to demand of him that he shall make public the pedigree, or withdraw the statement. It is very easy to say 'thorough-bred,' but the perfect and correct pedigree is all that *proves* anything."

The Young Ruralist.

STONE DRAINS.

EDITOR OF RURAL:—You have had some articles in the RURAL on the subject of drainage. Now father has plenty of stone on his farm, and we are talking of making stone drains. We have round stones, and some flat, some large and others small. I want to know whether it is best to dig a ditch and throw them in promiscuously, just as we happen to get hold of them, or is it best to sort them and lay them in any particular manner? Please let me know in our next paper the best way to make our drains.—A FARMER BOY, *Crestline, Ohio, May*, 1857.

REMARKS.—Stone, thrown in a ditch promiscuously, and then covered with an inverted turf, or straw, upon which the earth is thrown, will answer pretty well, as crevices enough are left to carry off the water. Where there are plenty of flat stones, a better way is to make a drain something like that shown in the engraving, as by this plan, an open space is left at the bottom, *g*, which by the additional drainage, furnished by the stones above, makes the drainage very efficient. This is a kind of drain common in Scotland, and described by STEPHENS in his *Book of the Farm*. First plow



out a trench as deep as convenient, and then with a spade, dig out the drain as deep as necessary.—The drain is filled by two stones, *h h*, being set up against its side and meeting in the bottom at *g*; and they are kept asunder by a large stone of any shape, as a wedge, but large enough to be prevented by *h h* descending further than to leave a conduit *g* for the water. The remainder of the drain is filled to *e* with small stones. The stones are covered over with turf and earth, like any other drain, or with small stones beaten down firmly.

The stones should not come within eighteen inches of the surface.

A FARMER'S BOY.

MR. EDITOR:—I am a *Boy*—a *farmer's boy*. I glory in the fact. Girls may curl their pretty lips and with an eye turned admiringly to the mirror that reflects a bright, rosy face, with "pearly teeth" and "laughing curls," and all the whole catalogue of girlish charms, say:—"A boy may be a very good thing, but I'd much rather be a girl."—Very good; my remark implies no disparagement of girls, by no means. I like girls. But still I stick to my first idea, for if there be anything dear to my heart, it is the consciousness that I am a free, healthy, *live boy!* Now, the mere fact of being a youthful specimen of the masculine gender, don't constitute a person a real, thorough-bred boy, any more than a human male of mature age is necessarily a MAN, in its true sense. But, Mr. Editor, I don't write to you just to let you know that I am a wide-awake *boy*, but my intention is, primarily, to say that I am much interested in the column devoted to *young* rustics. I want to see it more encouraged. I want to have my compeers use their quills for its benefit, and make it interesting and useful. Cherish a love for the farm and its pursuits, boys, and if you live, your minds will be improved and your hearts strengthened for usefulness, and you will ever feel glad that in the *best Agricultural paper in America* a column has been established entirely devoted to the improvement and advantage of *us boys*. If, in your estimation, Mr. Editor, *I* can do anything to add interest to the column, I will occasionally, in my feeble way, contribute—at all events let the column *grow*

HORACE.

High Hill, May, 1857.

Orchard and Garden.

TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES.

As a people we are so impatient that we are hardly willing to wait until a tree is fairly planted, before we want to partake of its fruit or enjoy its shade. The nurseries and the woods are ransacked for trees of a large size and rapid growth, and they are planted and die, when the process is repeated, and after several trials and failures, and loss of money, and sufficient loss of time to have grown good sized trees, almost from seed, the planter becomes convinced that trees will not grow on his land, that it must be too light or too heavy, or be destitute of some necessary element, and begins to talk wisely of silica and phosphates. We saw in one city, hundreds of large trees that were transplanted last spring, at a cost of not less than five dollars each, and nearly all were dead, or worse than dead, for a tree that lingers along a few years is worse than one that dies at once, as the loss of time is more to be regretted, than the loss of money. We shall, probably, grow wiser as we grow older. As a general rule, the better way is to plant small, vigorous, healthy trees, and take such care of them as will insure their rapid growth.

There are some cases in which it would be wise to transplant large shade trees. A lot is often selected entirely destitute of shrubs and trees, and a fine house built, which stands alone without anything to relieve it, looking disagreeable and uncomfortable, appearing like anything rather than a pleasant rural home — the home of taste as well as wealth. Half a dozen large trees would add very much to the beauty as well as the comfort and value of the place. They would give it a home-look at once, which by planting small trees could only be acquired in a number of years. In such a case, it would be wise and profitable to plant a few large trees. This, however, cannot be done without great labor and expense, and it is only a source of loss and disappointment to do the work in any half-way manner. For the benefit of our readers we give one of the best plans pursued in England for removing trees of large size, and known as *McNab's Method.* Machines of great power are in use in England for removing trees of great size; indeed McINTOSH says "trees of any size may be removed; to do so most successfully is only a question of expense."

In preparing a tree for removal, the first thing is to mark out the ball of earth, which it is thought necessary to remove with it, which must be be regulated by the size of the tree. This ball is then carefully separated from the surrounding soil, with as many of its roots preserved as possible, the stronger being cut off close to the surface of ball, while the more flexible are tied up in bundles, enveloped in soft hay or straw, and covered with a double mat, to keep the whole together. A piece of cord is then placed *loosely* round it, between which and the cord are set upright pieces of thin boarding, from 2 to 3 inches broad, of equal length, and 3 or 4 inches apart all round, like staves, the cord keeping them in their proper places. These boards being adjusted, a strong half-inch rope doubled is put round the upper part of the ball, making it fast in front, but not too tight; the re-

Figure 1.

maining portion of the rope is taken down the front, and is made to surround the ball again near the bottom, after which the ropes are to be tightened up by means of a rack-pin, so that the whole may be kept tightly together. The ball is then to be undermined on one side, as near to the centre as possible, and a piece of strong board, say 8 or 9 inches broad, is to be introduced under it, and the tree drawn gently over to the side under which the board is placed, while the operation of undermining the opposite side is going on; and when a similar board is placed under that side, the tree is to be brought to the perpendicular again, resting on the two boards, which may be called the lifting boards. Two strong ropes are then brought under the lifting boards, as shown in fig. 1. The ends of these ropes are then brought up and secured to the handspikes or bearers, as shown in fig. 2, and, to prevent the ropes from slipping off the lifting boards, notches are cut in them, into which the ropes fit. For plants which two, six or ten men can easily carry, this apparatus is quite sufficient, if the distance be not great to which the tree is to be removed. When ten men are employed, two

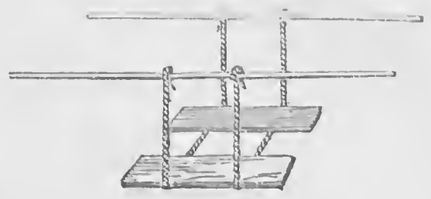


Figure 2.

additional handspikes are placed across the others at the right angles, which will afford lifting power for four men more, six being employed upon the others, in the way in which masons carry large stones upon their hand-barrows. Fig. 3 shows the tree ready for removal. If the tree be too large for six men to carry with perfect ease, it will be better to employ a wheeled machine or truck. An inclined plane is formed in the side of the pit, the machine or truck is pushed down close to the ball and a plank placed under each wheel, to prevent them sinking in the soft earth, and so lessen the resistance in pulling it up again.

The ball is lifted on the machine, or often slid upon it, by sinking the machine lower than the ball, and placing it as far under as possible. The machine must be strongly built, mounted on low broad wheels, and having its top or floor projecting a little over the wheels to prevent the loose earth falling down and impeding the operation of the axles.

One of the most difficult operations in the process of transplanting large tree or shrubs is lifting them from their original position to the machine by which they are to be transported. We have shown by fig. 4, one process whereby a plant of

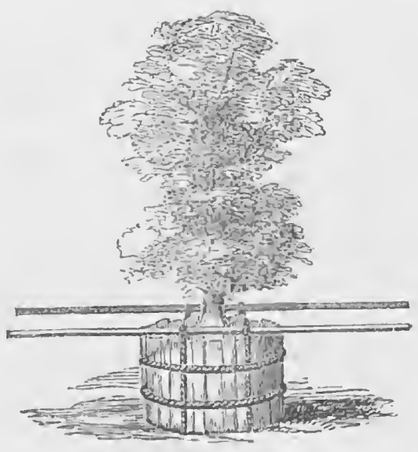


Figure 3.

considerable weight may be so elevated, that the transplanting machine may be set under the ball with great ease, and that without injuring the plant or straining its roots. The ball being prepared as before recommended, two chains are drawn under two flat pieces of iron, previously placed under the ball, from 6 to 12 inches in breadth, and of a thickness equal to the weight they are likely to have to sustain, and also in length corresponding to its diameter. The chains having a strong ring each at one end, through which the other end is made to pass, this, being furnished with a hook, enables the planter to tighten them up as close as possible. These chains are kept in their places by another smaller chain, which is passed round the ball, and taking a turn

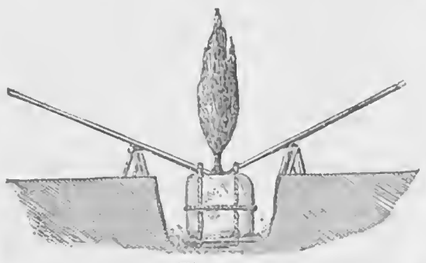


Figure 4.

round each of the upright chains, is fastened by a hook in manner as above. The ends of two strong levers are then introduced under the chain, on the top of the ball, and a fulcrum of stone, wood, or some other resisting material is placed quite level at each side of the bank, as shown in our cut.—The ordinary operation of the lever will elevate the ball, if the fulcrums be high enough, sufficiently to allow a low truck or transplanting machine being pushed under it. Should, however, the machine be mounted too high, two strong wooden trestles can be used. If the tree be high, guide-ropes should be attached to keep it in a perpendicular position. Where the convenience of a tree-transplanting machine is not at hand, the plant may thus be easily set on a hand-barrow, and that, with the plant upon it, may be placed on a common cart, and so removed to its destination. For plants of moderate size, a hand-barrow will be found useful, both for placing it in a cart, and also for taking it from thence to the pit prepared for it.

"THE ORCHARD AND GARDEN."

THUS far the present year we have endeavored to crowd as much information as possible into the space appropriated to this department. The season of planting is at hand, and in some places will be almost over before this number of the RURAL reaches its readers. It is fitting at this time to speak of what we have done, and what we intend to do. On all the subjects treated of we have been plain, practical and thorough, never leaving a matter until it was fully explained and illustrated, so as to be intelligible to those most unacquainted with it. We doubt whether as much information on the Vegetable and Flower Garden, the culture of Small Fruits, the Grape, and other branches of Fruit culture, can be found in two volumes of any Agricultural Journal as in the RURAL for the last few months. So anxious have we been to make every line of practical value, that, with few exceptions, we have laid aside the communications of our readers, unless they gave or sought information. Among these are several very good articles on the *importance* of fruit culture, as we thought it more *important* to give information to those who were needing or seeking it, than to discuss the importance of any particular branch, or even fruit culture generally. Many are fully convinced on this point, but want of information has discouraged them. They look upon it as a kind of mystery, and beyond a few apple trees they dare not venture.

By the course we adopted, of commencing at the beginning, the very alphabet of Horticulture, we have been compelled to repeat things previously given in this and other journals, and familiar to many of our readers. This, however, we know they will not complain of, for we have always observed that those who have the most knowledge are the most willing to have "line upon line, and precept upon precept." Now that the planting season is about over, we shall be able to pay more attention to the favors of our correspondents, and hope to make this department more interesting to the general reader, without sacrificing its character for utility.

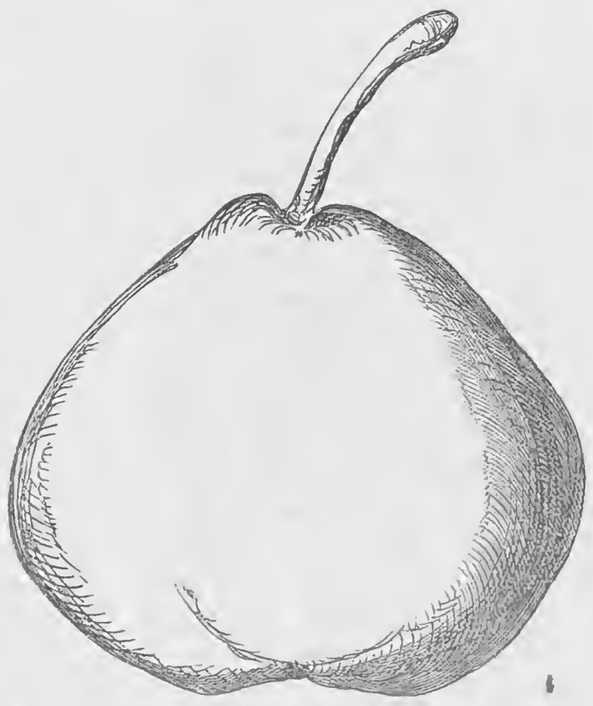
VARNISH FOR RUSTIC GARDEN SEATS.—First wash the woodwork with soap and water, and when dry do it over on a hot sunny day with common boiled linseed oil; leave that to dry for a day or two, and then varnish it once or twice with what is commonly termed "hard varnish." If well done it will last for years, and will prevent any annoyance from insects. Now is the time for varnishing such seats.

SAFFRON AND SAFFLOWER.—In our remarks last week, in answer to a correspondent, we described the true Saffron; but this plant is not cultivated in our country, at least to any extent,—and an entirely different plant, an annual, is generally grown under this name. The plant commonly called *Saffron* here is the *Safflower*, or *Bastard Saffron*, (Carthamus Tinctorius,) and its flowers furnish a valuable dye. It is also used as a medicine.

THE CHURCH PEAR.

THE accompanying drawing and description of the CHURCH PEAR, we take from the Report of the Native Fruit Committee of the American Pomological Society:

The Church Pear is believed to be a seedling raised by an old Huguenot settler at New Rochelle. The original tree stands on the premises of L. P. MILLER, Esq., and is presumed to be nearly a hundred years old. It bears, annually, from fourteen to twenty bushels of fruit, is uncommonly healthy and vigorous, having no decayed limb about it, and spreads its lordly head over three or four square rods. The trunk, two feet above the ground, is six or seven feet in circumference.



Size, medium, 2 and 3-16th inches in length by 2 and 5-16ths in breadth. *Form*, short-turbinate, largest in the middle, and tapering both ways. *Skin*, greenish-yellow, russeted at the base and crown, with occasionally russet markings on other portions of the exterior. *Stem*, long, from 1 to 1¾ inches by 1-7 in thickness, of a cinnamon color, and inserted without depression. *Calyx*, closed, with short segments, set in a moderately wide, plaited basin. *Core*, medium. *Seed*, brown, ovate, with an angle at the obtuse end, one-third of an inch long one-fifth broad, one-eighth thick. *Flesh*, of fine texture, and buttery. *Flavor*, mild, pleasand, and sufficiently saccharine. *Quality*, "very good." *Maturity*, commences ripening about the middle of July, and continues till the end of September.

This Pear has lately been brought into notice, and is very favorably received, being declared "*very good*" by all who have tasted it. It is the opinion of some of our best Pomologists, that a pear identical with this has been grown in Rochester for nearly a quarter of century. The original tree was obtained from PRINCE'S nursery as *Vargouleuse;* on fruiting it proved to be a good pear, but not that variety. It has been propagated to some extent, but has never been identified, or received a name, and has not, therefore, been sent out by our nurserymen.

CARE OF TRANSPLANTED TREES.

THOUSANDS of dollars worth of trees have been planted this spring, and many of these will die for want of proper care in planting. Others may be injured by unnecessary delays, bad packing, &c., before coming into the hands of the planters. Many that do not die outright will linger along more dead than alive, for several years, and never make healthy trees. All newly transplanted trees require to be cut back, so as to keep up the balance between the tops and the roots. In transplanting much of the root is destroyed, and if the top is left unpruned, too great a drain is made upon the remaining roots, and as soon as the weather becomes warm and dry the leaves wither, and finally the bark shrivels and the tree dies.

In the writings of the late A. J. DOWNING, we find the following interesting remarks on the subject:—"If you find some of your transplanted trees flagging, and looking as if they were going to say 'good by' to you, don't imagine you can save them by pouring manure water about their roots. You might as well give a man nearly dead with debility and starvation, as much plum-pudding as he could make a hearty meal of. The best thing you can do is, first to reduce the top a little more (or a good deal more if needful,) for the difficulty most probably is, that we have more top to exhaust than root to supply. Then loosen the soil, and water it if dry, and lastly, *mulch* the ground as far as the roots extend. This you may do by covering it with three or four inches of straw, litter, tan-bark, or something of that sort, to keep the roots moist, so as to coax them into new growth. Watering a transplanted tree every day, and letting the surface dry hard with the sun and wind, is too much like basting a joint of meat before the kitchen fire, to be looked upon as decent treatment for anything living. If your tree is something rare and curious, that you are afraid will die, and would not lose for the world, and yet that won't start out, in spite of all your wishes, syringe the bark once every night after sunset. This will freshen it, and make the dormant buds shoot out."

THE APPLE BORER.

EDS. RURAL:—I wish, through your valuable paper, to call the attention of the fruit growers to the ravages of the apple borer. It was very prevalent in this neighborhood last summer, and notwithstanding the frequent warnings by different Horticultural Journals, there may be some fruit growers that are not aware their trees are suffering from its ravages. A very intelligent farmer called on me last summer, and wished to select some apple trees, saying "mine are all destroyed by the borer, and I did not know it until I read of them in my paper, and I went out and examined the trees and found they were nearly ruined, some of them broken clear off." Most writers recommend destroying them by running a wire into the hole, but I prefer following them with a sharp knife removing and paring the bark and injured wood. I find that they make so many turns around the tree that the wire often misses them, and I do not use it except where the borer enters the woody part of the tree to a good depth. It would be advisable for those that have not examined their trees to make no delay and examine them closely, and when done, draw the earth round the stem to the depth of six or eight inches, which will be a means of preventing the beetle *(Superda bevitata)* from depositing the larva. An acquaintance of mine who has an orchard of some four or five hundred young trees, says he procured a quantity of old roofing tin and took it to the tin-smiths and had it cut into pieces from fifteen to eighteen inches long and of a sufficient breadth to form a cylinder from three to four inches in diameter, and had it rolled in the machine (the cost of which he says did not exceed fifty cents per hundred) and put round his trees the two last winters, and he had not a tree destroyed with *that pest* the field mouse; and if kept on until the latter part of June, I am of opinion this would prevent the beetle from depositing the larva. It is cheaper and easier done than treading the snow round the trees.

Troy, N. Y., April, 1857. J. C.

FRUIT.—The press and horticulturists in Cleveland, Louisville, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and other places in the West, predict a large yield of peaches and other fruit, the ensuing season.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

ISABELLA GRAPES—PRUNING PEAR TREES.—I would like a close description of the Isabella Grape through your valuable paper, as I have one that I am suspicious of. The fruit on my vine is not much larger than the common grape that grows in the woods, and is a little acid. Also, I would like to know if I should cut my dwarf pear trees back so as to cut away any of the old wood to bring them into shape?—SUBSCRIBER. *Otsego, N. Y., May*, 1857.

REMARKS.—The bunches of the *Isabella* are, rather large, though not so large as Catawba, and shouldered; berries large, not quite as large as the drawing we gave of the Concord, even with the best of culture; skin thick, dark purple, and when fully ripe nearly black, covered with a bluish bloom; tender with some pulp, which lessens as it ripens; when completely ripe, juicy, sweet and rich, but slightly musky. —— When pear trees have been neglected, or badly pruned, it is often necessary to cut back some of the old wood to bring them into shape.

PEAS IN AN ORCHARD.—You have favored your readers with your views of the effects of most crops upon the fruit orchard; but I am not aware that you have as to the effects of the pea crop.—LEWIS CRANDALL, *New Baltimore, N. Y.*

REMARKS.—We can only repeat what we have before said, that nothing but low, hoed crops should be permitted to grow in a young orchard. We once knew an orchard where several crops of peas were grown without apparent injury to the trees, but they were not sown within about six feet of the trees, and the ground was well manured every season.

SALSIFY, OR VEGETABLE OYSTER.—Will you, or some of your readers, inform me the best way to prepare Salsify, or Vegetable Oysters for use.—S. W. H., *Hillsboro, Pa.*

REMARKS.—This vegetable is cooked in a number of ways. They are, after cleaning and scraping, cut up into small pieces, and boiled with butter, milk, crackers, &c., making a soup little inferior to oyster soup. Another plan is to boil them until tender, then grate them down and form into balls, which are covered with batter, made of rolled crackers and eggs, and fried brown.

GROWING A SUGAR BUSH.—Permit me to inquire of some of your correspondents how to take care of young maples? I have a young maple grove of 200 trees, and wishing to make a sugar bush of them, I would like to inquire which is the best season of the year to cut the tops off, and how to perform the process? Would it be best or not to cut the tops off when they stand in the field? My trees are from five to ten inches through. When will they do to top, and which is the best method of topping, so that it will not injure the trees.—I would like also to know the best season of the year to cut timber to keep it from powderposting. —A YOUNG FARMER, *North Camden, Ohio.*

TO DESTROY THE EGGS OF THE CATERPILLAR IN ORCHARDS.—My plan for destroying the eggs of the common orchard caterpillar is as follows:—Prepare a long pole, with two or three nails driven into one end of it (resembling a fish-spear,) and break or twist off the cocoons or balls, which contain the embryo caterpillar. These are mostly on the lateral branches of the fruit tree, and within six inches of the end of the twig. An hour spent in waging war against this enemy before they "hatch out," will save a day's time, for they are now defenceless, and can be completely exterminated. I have taken off nearly one hundred nests in three or four hours time, and not a worm is left to tell of their destruction.—ORLIN P. FAY, *Prattsburgh, N. Y.*, 1857.

A CURIOSITY.—While trimming my apple trees a few days ago, I found two large limbs about one foot apart, at the distance of five or six feet from the body, joined by a limb about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and growing handsomely to both. It is just a little smaller at the center than at its junction with each limb, and apparently bore fruit last year. The tree has never been grafted, and I cannot tell what kind of apples it bears, as I have recently come into possession of the land on which it grows.—R. C. NORTON, *Guilford, Chen. Co., N. Y.*

Mechanic Arts, &c.

STRENGTH AND TEMPERATURE.

THE strength of different materials differs very greatly, not only in regard to absolute cohesion, but also in ability to resist different *kinds* of strains. When quite juvenile, we were once thrown upon quite intimate terms with a very distinguished civil engineer, and were much struck with his answer to an inquiry as to what was "the most important point to be attained in preparing for the profession?" The answer was simply "a knowledge of materials." The strength of some materials is affected very greatly by temperature. Copper, for example, grows weaker with every elevation of temperature above the coldest ever yet tried, while iron grows stronger by warming up to a certain point, a change which, by the way, as is much to be regretted, has never been attended to in the long and careful experiments on this material made at the expense of our government a few years since.

Common consent, based on experiments made many years ago, has assumed the maximum strength of most varieties of iron at about 500° Fah., but some recent experiments by Fairbairn—Wm. Fairbairn, Manchester, England,—indicate a point much lower, or somewhere between 200° and 300° Fah. At all events, it is well established that this metal loses much of its strength—probably at least one-third—by intense cold. In almost every material a low temperature adds to its rigidity and liability to break by sudden impact, if it does not detract from its cohesive strength.—*Scientific Am.*

PRINTED PAPER FOR WALLS.

MOST persons when they go into a store to purchase paper for the walls of their houses are never satisfied unless they overhaul a great number of patterns. Their object is to select the *prettiest* style they can find—the best among the lot—and this course, in ordinary business, has a common sense appearance about it. But a rule of conduct, excellent and correct in the pursuit of one object, may be totally wrong in following after in that of another, and this is the case in examining a great number of samples of printed paper at once. Many are so liable to get bewildered when a great variety of patterns are passed before them, that they frequently choose the poorest design of the lot. This is not surprising; indeed, it is in exact accordance with the laws of vision.

It has been conclusively shown by M. Chevreul, the distinguished chemist in Paris, that the eye, in looking at color after color, is gradually undergoing change, so that the character of each color is altered; in short, the color is vitiated. An analogous result is unquestionably produced in the form of the patterns, as well as in their colors and proportions. The best way to select good and agreeable patterns of paper, therefore, is to examine only a few at once.

HYDRO-STEAM ENGINE.

A LARGE silk manufactory is being constructed in Newark to be driven by a water wheel, the water for which is pumped in a continuous circuit by steam. The pressure maintained on the jet of water is very great, and the wheel is a small and exceedingly well finished turbine, the diameter of which is only about one foot. The revolutions are consequently so rapid that instead of multipying the speed in transmitting it to the shafting, as is usually necessary with all machinery of this description, whether impelled by water or steam power, it has in this case actually to be reduced. It is claimed by the inventor, Mr. Wm. Baxter, that the simplicity and economy of the steam pumping machinery employed, is such as to more than balance the waste in transmitting the power through the water wheel, and that consequently the power is produced and given off to the machinery, at a less cost for fuel, and with less wear and tear of the machinery, as well as also more steadily, than in the ordinary steam engines. We shall watch the result, and refer to it again.—*Sci. American.*

THE CALLIOPE IMPROVED.—We find, in the New Orleans *Picayune*, the following item in reference to the Calliope, a description of which we gave the readers of the RURAL a short time since. The *Picayune* says:—"We witnessed on yesterday afternoon, at Lowber's Southern Machinery Depot, 98 Magazine street, the performance of the Calliope, as improved by Mr. A. L. Deney. The improved instrument does not produce those harsh, grating sounds which was so much a source of annoyance to tender ears, the pressure being reduced from 150 to 50 pounds. It is furthermore so arranged that instead of playing only a given number of pieces, like a street organ, it has a keyboard on which, like a piano, the performer can play all and any compositions, Mr. Deney, we learn, has taken out a patent for his improvement."

THE Paris Invention says that there has recently been invented a mode of casting type with the same letter at each end, which it is supposed will be particularly applicable to daily journals printing large numbers. The compositor works exactly in the ordinary manner, but composes a double set of characters, which, placed in appropriate forms, are printed in a double-feeding platen machine, two sheets being thus printed at once, and one composition only being necessary.

THERE is now one Examiner in the Patent Office whose entire attention is give to Harvesters, (Reapers and Mowers,) and another whose whole time is devoted to Sewing Machines, for which no less than two hundred patents have already been issued, while new ones are constantly applied for.

AMERICAN BALANCE DOCKS IN AUSTRIA.—The Austrian Government, convinced of the superiority of our balance and sectional docks, intend to erect such structures for its navy, and J. S. Gilbert, of New York, inventor of the balance dock, is employed at Trieste in building one.

ARCHITECTURE ranks as a connecting link between the useful and the fine arts. As the former it advances the strength, economy and comfortable qualities of buildings; while as the latter it has been beautifully defined as "frozen music."

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE OLD LADY'S VISIONS.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

I AM sitting in the corner with my knitting in my hand,
But my fingers wander slowly 'round about the circling band,
For my mind is roaming backward through the winding path of years,
Far beyond the springs of sorrow, and the rivulets of tears,
To the happy hours of childhood when my heart was light and free,
As the wing of summer birdling, or the blue wave on the sea.

I'm once more a happy scholar wending joyfully to school,
In the burning sand now tracking, and now paddling thro' the pool,
Chasing now the downy thistle, or the butterfly's glad flight,
'Neath the butternut now resting 'mid its green and shadowing light,
Bounding o'er the broad stone door-step, in the silent, shady room,
Where the gentle teacher waiteth for each boy and girl to come.

Tones of well-remembered loved ones on my ear are floating now,
Silken tresses dark and golden, float o'er smiling cheek and brow,
Beaming eyes and happy faces, airy motions do I see,
But the scene is growing fainter, it is vanishing from me;
Childhood, school house have departed, gentle teacher, youthful band,
And I'm sitting in the corner with my knitting in my hand.

But again a vision cometh; I'm a maiden, young and fair,
Bridal garments are about me, orange blossoms deck my hair,
And a manly voice beside me whispers low, and soft, and sweet,
"Wheresoe'er thy footsteps wander I will shield thy tender feet,
From the thorns within thy pathway, I will cherish, love and guide,
Until death the band shall sever nothing shall our paths divide."

I'm a happy *wife* and *mother*,—"golden haired and dewy eyed"
Are the merry, prattling children that come thronging to my side.
Now they climb upon my chair-back, now they sit upon my knee,
Now they twine my hair with blossoms while they shout with joyous glee,
And they flit within the door-way, and they dance about the room,
'Till my eyes are filled with sunshine, and my heart is bright with bloom.

Linger still, ye blessed, loved ones; but, alas! I vainly seek
To uplift a silken ringlet or to kiss a blooming cheek.
Ye are gone my merry birdlings, close within the grave-yard pressed,
With each downy pinion folded, and each drooping heart at rest.
And the *Parent* bird is with you; ah! the tableau's gliding by,
And I'm sitting in the corner with a tear-drop in my eye..

Now a scene of radiant beauty gleams upon my tearful eyes
I behold each dearly loved one, far above me, in the skies.
Friends of youth and childhood's teachers, husband, children—*all* are there,
And a band of seraph voices whispers sweetly, "come up here."
'Tis enough; I soon shall join them, where love's pleasures ne'er depart,
So I sit here in the corner with a *glad hope* in my *heart*.

Carlton, March, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

OUR BREAKFAST TABLE.

THE grey light of early dawn is just streaming o'er the waters which surround our Lakeland Home, as we enter the cheerful breakfast room, where are gathered our numerous family—consisting of happy ones, from the aged grand-parent to the toddling "wee one." A bright coal fire is glowing in the grate,—the long table is spread with dainty damask, which vies in whiteness with the graceful frost-wreaths on the window-frame.—the odor of the savory *home-made* sausage mingles with that of the hot brown cakes, the clear, golden honey looks tempting, the huge coffee urn filled with its fragrant beverage is brought in, and the meal which is to *break the fast* is pronounced ready. Ensconced in their accustomed places, all, even the *darling baby*, reverently bow their heads with folded hands, while the aged grand-sire devoutly thanks the *Divine Giver of all good* for his watchful care through the night, and humbly craves His blessing for another day—that we may be kept from all evil, from every temptation, and finally be gathered to our eternal home.

The breakfast is then commenced in "good earnest," for we are industrious people, and have good appetites for the morning meal—the indications of the weather are *wondered* over—the transactions of yesterday are discussed—the new business speculations invested in are talked over—the good sleighing praised, and grand-pa, the greatest joker of all, must of course have his sport with the boys and girls, (young ladies and gentlemen,) about "last night's sleigh-ride," kisses stolen by the gallant beaux from the warm, rosy lips of pretty girls *as toll*, the merry races run, the quick *tip-over* into cold, deep snow, the timidity of the girls, the noble bravery of the boys—with some funny anecdote of his own youthful days, which calls forth peals of laughter, and makes all cheerful.

Yet a sober shadow rests on the face of the sedate mother of the younger ones, for her mother, the beloved and cherished grand-mama, and stately lady of an ancient day, has but lately left our *home-circle*, and gone to another, brighter home, where there will be no more parting, and none will be obliged to say, "I have *no mother* now." Yet she looks at the smiling faces around her, and silently blesses her Heavenly Father that so many loved ones are spared to gladden her home, and make her path through life more happy. With an effort she banishes the thought of her sad affliction, and with gentle pleasure enters into the arrangements for the day. Many are her duties, and she must be at work "bright and early." While waiting for *hot cakes*, the business of each one is arranged, new duties considered, pleasant sleigh-rides and surprise parties are anticipated for the coming evening before they leave for table—for dinner is too hurried an affair for planning, and generally company to tea, makes the only quiet reunion the *early breakfast hour*. L. D. L.

Lakeland Home, Sheldrake, N. Y., Feb., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MY MOTHER.

WHAT word contains so many hallowed associations as that of Mother? What pleasing recollections crowd upon the mind as we think of a mother from whom we have been long separated; what joy fills the heart as we again hear the heartfelt welcome, and know that her's is no ordinary friendship, but a pure, undying love that ceases not till death. Others may give us a friendly welcome, but is their love devoid of self? Would it stand the test in every misfortune, in every time of need? No! none but mother's ear is deaf to detraction—none but a mother's heart is proof against the many cruel darts that slander hurls against its victims. In sorrow's bitter hour, a mother's ear never tires with the complaints of the worn and distressed heart; in misfortune her sympathizing words fall upon the ear like the gentle dew of Heaven upon the thirsty soil, and whisper peace unto the heart. Her ear is closed against all the attacks of calumny, and we may rest assured that, although every other earthly friend forsake, yet we have in her one who is constantly watching over us with untiring solicitude, whose heart is filled with gladness when we rejoice, and with pity when we weep. Who is there in whom we can place such implicit confidence as a mother? To whom can we look for such judicious advice. Should we then conceal our thoughts from her? Should we ever practice deception towards her? Should we cherish principles which we would blush to have her understand? No! all should treat a mother with perfect truth and candor. Let not the tempter lure you from perfect confidence in her who is of all persons most worthy. But there are those who have been bereft of a mother, households saddened by her loss, a cord in the home-circle severed, orphan's separated by death's cold hand, cast upon the cold world with none to cheer and gladden life's dim pathway; but such can remember her counsel and her example, looking unto Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. It must be a cruel and unfeeling heart that would ever cause a tear to course down a mother's cheek, or add a sorrow to her heart, on account of disobedience or disrespect.

My mother! I would cheer thy way
Thro' all the changing scenes of life,
By acts of kindness, deeds of love,
Nor cause a tear to dim thy eye;
Then, when by death's relentless hand
Thou'rt taken to that better land,
Thy mem'ry shall not bring reproach.

East Avon, N. Y., 1857. RELLA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE DYING WIFE.

IT was a calm, beautiful evening in March. The many myriads of trembling orbs lighted up the blue vault of Heaven. The moon silently yet majestically treads like a powerful bark her trackless path in the deep ocean of blue. The breezes, though cold, were pure and invigorating; the tiny spears of frost brightly gleaming in the moonlight told that winter had not yet taken her impress from the yet chill earth, although spring seemed boldly asserting her right to undisputed sway in the tiny blades of grass just seen peeping from beneath the withered leaves in the little violet which now and then ventured to lift its head to the sunlight, and the Nightingale which gaily sang among the opening buds of the lilac bush at the window. Everything looked neat and cosy around the dwelling; the old house dog dozed lazily at door, while the cat slept quietly on the rug before the brightly blazing fire.

Friends were gathered there that night, yet no sound of revelry greets the ear, no smiling countenance meets the eye, and no pleasant converse is heard, for on the couch lies the idol of that household, slowly yet surely fading away unto death. For many months she had lain there, scarcely feeling pain, yet knowing only too well that her last hour is close at hand; and now the snowy pillow on which she reclines, or white drapery which surrounds the couch, are scarcely more purely white than that fair brow and emaciated hand. One hand is clasped in that of the husband, who has ever possessed her heart's best affections, while the other clasps the form of her little boy, too young to know the meaning of death, and yet so soon to be an orphan. Her breath comes slowly, and feebly; the clustering curls are damp with death's dews; the pale brow is now and then contracted, as a momentary increase of pain convulses the body—yet a smile lights up the countenance. The Angel of Death is there, yet he brings no dread to the heart of his beautiful victim, for she has "laid up her treasure in Heaven," and learned that the Almighty Father is ever just, and "He doeth all things well." She is about to leave those most dear on earth, yet she has entrusted them to the keeping of the Father in Heaven, and feels that it will be well with them, and they may soon join her in a fairer world—a home where there is no more parting—where He dwelleth who hath said, "Fear not, for am I not always with thee?"

LOUISA.

THE EXPECTED MESSENGER.

FOR weary days and nights his coming had been anticipated.

Love had kept its nightly vigils by the cradle-side, and solemn, thoughtful hours they wore.—"Hope against hope" kept the heart from bursting. Only those who have waited anxiously, and waited long, in painful suspense, can appreciate such thrilling moments.

At midnight, when all was silent as the grave, save the quick, short breathing of the little sleeper, a watcher said, "He will come ere the morning looks in at the window." "Oh, that he might tarry long, yea, forever," was the first impulsive outburst of bleeding hearts!

Unwelcome messengers darken every door they enter. But O! how dark when the visitor comes to dash away cups of human joys!

Say, reader, did you ever wait through the still, solemn night for the coming of such a guest?—When the clock struck twelve, was there no startling significance in the announcement, "He will come ere the sun is up!" How much of life, hope and fear, were crowded into those remaining hours!

For a moment we rested upon a pillow. Dreams, full of bright, Heavenly visions, delighted the spirit, as it bore it away to Elysium fields. But the sweet spell was broken by the sound of a voice, "He has come! He has come!" In an instant we were leaning over the cradle and looking into the face of our angel babe. Sure enough (and none but those who have had the bitter experience can know how terrible is the reality) the expected messenger had come. His name was DEATH.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MIZPAH.*

TO E. A. T.

AN ocean's vastness and a boundless prairie,
With mountain billows and with unshorn breast,
Stretch each their weary length 'tween thee and me,
As if all hope of meeting were at rest.
Yet oft that word so full of beauteous meaning,
Is spirit-spoken as I think of thee;
As o'er old fields kind memory goes gleaning,
Sheaving the happy hours 'tween thee and me.

How it spirees upward in the longing soul,
As forth I wandered 'neath the star-lit sky,
Selecting one from out the radiant whole,
On which I fancy thou hast placed thine eye.
Why does the eye grow dim, as there it gazes?
Is it the falling of the evening dew?
Or yet because life's ever varying phases,
Lengthens the space dividing me from you?

There's no soul-battle, but the heart doth turn
Back to the friendship of our early years;
For "Mizpah" liveth with the thoughts that burn
In the soul's chamber, and its secret tears.
Thus gathering strength for my sad, weary spirit,
As thus I feel thy true heart beats for me,
I go forth cheerful, for no higher merit,
Is mine to cherish, than thy love for me.

Yes, ocean's billows and the prairie fields,
May place between us their uncounted miles,
Yet the sweet flowers, the soil of friendship yields,
Will still bloom on with all their sunny smiles.
And, when the lengthening shadows of our life,
Point to its sunset o'er the distant lea,
And each retireth from the battle's strife,
No need of "Mizpah" then, 'tween thee and me.

January, 1857. F.

* Mizpah, Genesis xxxi, 49.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SPRING.

BY HATTIE HUNTINGTON.

AND thou hast come at last, delicious Spring,
With bird and bud, and scent-unfolding flower,
The very streams with joy go carolling,
And the wild warblers of the noon-day hour,
Spring from the leafy coverts on the trees,
To gladden earth with nature's melody,
Winging their flight upon the fragrant breeze,
Like spirits of the season. Infancy,
Boyhood and adolescence all revive,
With thee, thou dearest daughter of the year,
The bee is gathering sweets to fill her hive,
The robin pours his notes so shrilly clear.

Turk-Hill, April, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WILD FLOWERS.

WHAT pleasant thoughts and memories come thronging the chambers of many a soul at the mention of these words. What pictures mellowed by the lapse of Time, made up of sunshine, clear air, blue sky, pleasant fields, quiet meadows, gently flowing streams, solemn old woods, shaded dells musical with leaping waters, mountain paths and mountain tops with their wide-spreading landscapes—and the dear friends who loved to wander with you in search of the little beauties that hide in quiet nooks, or bend over streamlets, or breathe their life away beneath sheltering trees, or flourish in the yielding turf of the swamp or send their buds from the depths of the quiet lake to be rocked by the waves, and perfected in beauty and fragrance by the sunshine, or love best the mountain air.

Such pictures come floating into my soul this morning, upon the fragrant breath of the arbutus, brought to me not long ago, by a darling brother, who, like myself, loves these beautiful creations of GOD, and with whom

"I've wandered far and free
In those sweet hours, childhood's hours,"

until we knew the favorite haunts of Flora's children, and when they waked and when they slept. We knew where the rarest might be found, where the fairest unfolded their buds, and where the tiniest should be sought. So now, in our rides and walks in the sunny summer-time,

"They look upward in every place
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And dear as a smile on an old friend's face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!
They tell us of wanderings by woods and streams;
They tell us of lanes and trees;
But the children of showers and sunny beams
Have lovelier tales than these—
The flowers, bright flowers!"

All flowers were once wild flowers. Go back with me to that time, many, many years ago, and see how the ocean waves dash gloomily upon the shores of the barren earth. There is no living thing to be gladdened by the light or awed by the darkness.—There are mountains and plains, hills and valleys, streams and seas. This was all the light illumined. Could we have been happy in such a world, though angels daily brought us food from heaven, though our dwellings were of silver and gold, and though our streets were paved therewith? Better, far better confess, oh! lover of gold, the lack of these, and the presence of those things He purposes next to create, and which as yet are only *thoughts* in the Infinite Mind. He commanded, "and the earth brought forth grass and herb, yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself after his kind; and GOD saw that it was good." And *so* the grass came "creeping, creeping everywhere," flowers budded and bloomed, and shrubs and trees blossomed and bore fruit for the man *yet to be*,—to beautify his early home, and reveal to him a part of GOD'S wisdom, power and love. H. E. C.

East Hampton, Mass., 1857.

A GOOD SENTIMENT.—I abhor the spirit of ridicule. I despise it, because it is the usual resource of the shallow and base mind; and when wielded by the strongest hand with the purest intentions, an inefficient means of good. The spirit of satire, reversing the spirit of mercy, which is twice blessed, seems to me twice accursed; evil in those who indulge it—evil to those who are the objects of it.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

EQUIVALENT HONORS.—If it is a happiness to be nobly descended, it is no less to have so much merit that nobody inquired whether you are so or not.—*La Bruyere.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

'TIS a charm far sweeter than all things else, the sound of *music;* without which, Nature, now so bright and beautiful, would be so lonely and unnatural!

When the waters of the soul have been deeply moved—when its surface becomes dark and stormy and the boisterous waves of passion rise and threaten to destroy all of good that there is within us; when dark despair and melancholy sink like leaden weights upon our hearts, chilling by their cold, forbidding presence, the high and holy thoughts that are gathered there—what sweet influence creeps like a sunbeam into our hearts and calms the storms of contending passions? It is the all-pervading, the holy sound and sentiment of *music*, twin sister of poetry. Where is the man that boasts of the possession of an immortal soul, that denies its power? His must be a heart insensible to every emotion of grandeur; upon whose hard and stony surface there lingers no trace of beauty, whose soul is absorbed in base and selfish motives.

Come, tired sojourner upon Life's weary path, to the bank of this little rivulet, on a mid-summer's night and listen with me to Nature's ever harmonious voice, now sounding a grand anthem. Here let the soul leave all earthly cares, and the weary body sink into peaceful repose upon this mossy couch. Here let your poetic fancy revel 'mid things of glorious conception, and

"Listen to the trees in many a lazy syllable, repeating
Their old poetic legends to the winds."

Many times, after the toils of a weary day, when the soul, long harrassed by temptations and tried by many trials, would fain cast off the cords that bound it to earth, have I wandered forth to some retired place, and listened to Nature's breathings, 'till golden dreams floated across my brain, and I seemed separated from Heaven but by a veil, and I could almost fancy that I heard among the hills, the dying strains of the hymns chanted by angelic choirs above. And when awakened from the delicious trance, the actualities of life seemed softened by the influence of those sweet visitations, and the heart was strengthened and purified, and we made more contented to stay our allotted time upon the shores of mortality. O, let me thus wander, at the close of day

"When sleep sits heavy upon the laborers' eyes;
The world, and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom, where my DARLINGS lies."

Happy he who can drink thus at Nature's rich fount of harmony! Happy, when its "peace be still" can soothe his troubled breast! Infinitely happy, when with the unnumbered hosts, he can join in songs of everlasting praise to the Great Being who formed so much beauty, in a world whose fields shall ever bloom, whose plains shall glow with a splendor not of earth, in the light of an Eternal day; where new glories shall be unfolded, such as the mind of Man never conceived.

Snow's Store, Windsor Co., Vt. E. T. LAMBERTON.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FINISH AS YOU GO ALONG.

THERE is something encouraging and systematic in the plan of completing as you proceed in all business departments. Rectifications and amendments are often necessary and conducive to general improvement, but to work with a direct view to rehearsal is but to cultivate the indulgence of languid habits, delaying 'till another time what might as well and better be completed at the present. It gives alacrity and ease to the general mode of conduct, whether engaged in mental or physical pursuits, and is also a great economy of time—saving all necessity of repeating former processes which are seldom as pleasing as the first effort. Such a plan, also, confers confidence, a self-independence greatly strengthening the actual ability, an opinion of reliance that is adequate to the performance of any dutiful calling; besides a freedom of mind and purpose are consequent to such a course. It divests one of this multiplicity of care which drags down the mind, retards present energy—directing backwards instead of forward—and producing a retrograde movement against the schemes of future advancement in life. A. D.

McDonough, N. Y., 1857.

DISCIPLINE OF THE MIND.

IT is not by mere study, by mere accumulation of knowledge, that you can hope for eminence.—Mental discipline, the exercise of the faculties of the mind, the quickening of your apprehension, the strengthening of your memory, the forming of a sound, rapid, and discriminating judgment, are of even more importance than the store of learning. Practice the economy of time. Consider time like the faculties of your mind, a precious estate; that every moment of it well applied, is put to exorbitant interest. The zeal of amusement itself, and the successful result of application, depend, in a great measure, upon the economy of time. Estimate also the force of habit. Exercise a constant, and unremitting vigilance of acquirement of habit, in matters that are apparently of indifference—that perhaps are really so, independent of the habits that they engender.

It is by the neglect of such trifles that bad habits are acquired, and that the mind by total negligence and procrastination in matters of small amount but frequent occurrence—matters of which the world takes no notice—becomes accustomed to the same defects in matters of high importance. By motives yet more urgent, by higher and purer aspirations, by the duty of obedience to the will of God, by the awful account you will have to render not merely of moral actions, but of faculties entrusted to you for improvement—by all these high arguments do I conjure you "so to number your days that you may apply your heart unto wisdom," unto that wisdom which, directing your ambition to the noble end of benefiting mankind, and teaching humble reliance on the merits and on the mercy of your Redeemer, may support you in the "time of your health;" and in "the hour of death, and in the day of judgment," may comfort you with the hope of deliverance.—*Sir Robert Peel.*

FLOWING water is at once a picture and a music which causes to flow at the same time from my brain, like a limpid and murmuring rivulet of sweet thoughts, charming reveries, and melancholy remembrances.—*Alphonse Karr.*

"COULDN'T, COS HE SUNG SO!"

LEANING idly over a fence a few days since, we noticed a little four-year old "lord of creation," amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds, which were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched on a bough of an apple tree, which extended within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position apparently unconscious of his close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and, after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself for a good aim. The little arm was drawn backward without alarming the bird, and "bob" was "within an ace" of danger, when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came nature's plea:—"a-link, a-link, a-link, bob-a-link, bob-a-link, a-no-sweet, a-no-sweet! I know it, I know it, a-link, a-link, don't throw it throw it, throw it," &c.—and he didn't! Slowly the little arm fell to its natural position, and the now despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy, with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him and inquired, "Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him, and carried him home."

The poor little fellow looked up doubtingly, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression, half shame and half sorrow, he replied:

"*Couldn't, cos he sung so!*"

Who will say that "music hath no charms to sooth the savage breast," or aver that God hath not made melody to move the purer fountains of our nature, to awaken those sympathies that are kindred to Heaven, the Angels, and to God himself. Let the sweet tones of music break upon the ears of the dull school boy, and he will awake with new life and energy. Pour the notes of melody into the ears of the willful child and you disarm him; the stone will fall from his heart, and he will become obedient and attentive. Let music be the first to break the silence of the school-room in the morning, and the chords of young hearts that are put in motion will continue to vibrate during the day. Happy will be the time, when not only the tones of our school-bells can be heard all over the land, but when the notes of our school-children in the morning, breaking upon the silent atmosphere along the Atlantic coast in the East, shall reverberate along the Gulf of Mexico, and the echo be heard in California.

A PUZZLING GAZETEER.

THERE are seven Edinburghs in North America; one called New, four more that are spelt Edinburg, and one that is spelt Edinboro'. Of Londons there are six, besides eleven New Londons and one London Bridge. There are ten Dublins, only one being a New Dublin. Ten towns are named Paris, thirteen towns Petersburg (without the Saint,) fifteen Viennas, and eighteen Berlins. There are a dozen Romes, to which some Shakspearian aspirants among the pioneers have added a Romeo.—The Romeo is not left unmatched with a Juliet; yet, while there are three places named Ovid, and there is a place found also for Virgil, there is not a single Shakspeare in the land, although fifteen places have adopted the great Milton for their designation. There are eighteen different towns of Athens, and eleven Spartas, but there is only one Thebes. Again, two Hannibals, seven Alexanders, three Anthonys, and a Pompey, exist in different parts of the States, yet no Cæsar, except as a name for slaves! There is not so much as a Julius, although of Augustus, there are seventeen. On the other hand, there are seventy-one Washingtons, sixty-five Franklins, fifty-eight Jeffersons—counties, towns, mountains or rivers, named after the good men of the soil. There are eighteen LaFayettes, fifteen Fayettes without the La, and nine Fayettevilles. After John Adams, the first Vice-President and second President of the National Administration of the United States, twenty-seven places are named—some of these, however, may be in honor of John Quincy Adams, the sixth President. After Jefferson, third President, fifty-eight places are called, as before stated; after Madison, the fourth President, thirty-seven; after Monroe, his successor, thirty-eight; to skip over an interval, and come to our own times, we find nine places called Polk, one called Zachary, and nine called Taylor—but Zachary Taylor is not godfather to all—six Fillmores, four Pierces, three Buchanans, and twelve Fremonts.—*Dicken's Household Words.*

OLD MEN.—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move or breathe, he will be doing something for himself, or his neighbor, or for posterity. Almost to the last hours of his life, Washington was at work. So were Franklin, and Adams, and Young, and Howard, and Newton.—The vigor of their lives was not decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea that we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? Not the old man of energy; not the day laborer in science, art, or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the spring of life to become motionless, on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. There are scores of gray-haired men we should prefer in any important enterprise, to those young gentlemen who tremble at approaching shadows.

THE BEAUTIFUL.—They who are not fond of the beautiful are not fond of the good. But there is a frivolous taste for the beautiful. Delicacy in dress is more beautiful than gaudiness; and you may over-decorate a room with flowers, and make it offensive. Mere love of flowers is no proof of good taste; the taste is seen in the choice, in the quantity. Love of dress is good when chastened and moderated with a delicate discrimination; but it is silly when carried to immoderate excess, to the negligence of the higher decorations of the moral and intellectual nature.

INSULTS are like counterfeit money—we can't hinder them being offered, but are not compelled to take them.

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

VISIT YOUR SCHOOLS.

ALL rational minds are ready to admit that the advancement of Education or the improvement of the minds of the young is one of the noblest objects in which man can engage, and nearly all are ready to assent to the employment of all necessary means for the advancement of Education; but when these means are employed, how few there are ready to use them; or if they do, how few labor with that earnestness and zeal that the importance of the subject demands. Take for example, our Common Schools. There is not one man in a thousand but would assent to maintaining them, to erecting school houses, hiring teachers and purchasing books for the young. Yet if you will look at the subject for a moment candidly, I think you will be willing to admit that there is not one man in twenty, and I think I might safely say in a hundred, that pays as much attention to, and uses his influence in the employment of these means, as he ought.

How has it been, farmers, with your schools the past winter? Have you had good ones? Were the school houses comfortable and attractive, well furnished with books, charts, maps, globes, &c.?—Did you employ a good teacher, one who was well qualified to instruct your children? How many times did you visit the school? Did you make a practice of questioning your children daily to see what progress they were making, or did you rather listen to their complaints about the teacher without once visiting the school to see for yourself if he were capable of conducting it? It seems to me that here is the great error that exists. Parents will employ a man, an entire stranger, one of whose morals and qualifications they know nothing, except he has a certificate from the Town Superintendent or Commissioner, and place their children under his care for months without once visiting the school to see what progress they are making, or in what manner it is conducted. Who is there among you that would employ a man and let him labor on your farms in this way? and are your children of less importance? Who is there if he were going to build a splendid edifice that would employ an entire stranger and let him work for months without examining his work or knowing after what model he was constructing it? Yet there are thousands who employ men to build up the minds of their children, (immortal structures that are to last through all eternity,) and let them labor on for months without looking at their work, or giving them a word of encouragement in their labors. This, however, is not the only error that exists among us. There is not as much attention paid to the comfort and health of scholars in erecting our school houses as there should be, (at least in some parts of the country,) not enough pains taken to attract and interest the young. The minds of the young are very susceptible of attraction, and if our educational institutions are not more pleasant and agreeable than the places we would have our children shun, we may depend upon it the school will be neglected. The mind is so constituted that it must be engaged, and if it is not occupied by something that will improve and elevate it, it will be by something that will demoralize and degrade it. The young will be educated, and if it is not done in the school room and at the fireside under the instruction of parents and competent teachers, it will be amid the haunts of the degraded and vicious. A FARMER'S SON.

Hartland, N. Y., 1857.

EXAMINATIONS AND EXHIBITIONS.

1. EXAMINATIONS. The object of an examination is to ascertain the nature and extent of mental discipline that pupils have acquired. It is not merely and solely to ask them certain questions to be found in the books they have studied, but to test, in every suitable manner, their understanding of the various principles, facts and thoughts that should have been developed by the branches to which attention has been given. It has frequently been the case that, at public examinations, teachers have done all the questioning, and, we are sorry to add, that some teachers have done themselves and their profession an injury by making a special and individual assignment of questions and topics. Some contend that the teachers should ask all the questions; others, that the teacher should be silent, and the examining committee propound the questions. We believe that neither of these is the true course, but that both parties should participate in the exercises. We will suppose a class is called in Arithmetic. The teacher says to the examiners, "This class has progressed as far as Proportion. Some of the members, I think, understand all they have passed over; others, who have been irregular in their attendance, or less studious than they ought to have been, may not be so perfect. In our daily recitations some uniformly do well, while others frequently fail. In questioning them to-day, unless they appear better than they usually do, you will find the same diversity." With remarks of this kind, the examination may be introduced and then questions may be asked by both teacher and committee. It need not annoy the teacher if some questions fail to receive correct answers. This is to be expected. Neither teachers, committees nor pupils should expect to have the exercises of examination day faultless. The true wish and aim should be to exhibit the correct standing of the scholars,—to ascertain what they do *not* understand, as well as what they *do*.

With classes sufficiently advanced, we think it an excellent plan to have a quarterly examination in which answers to the several questions shall be written by the pupils. This course has many advantages which will be obvious to any one. In conducting an oral examination, we would recommend that some subjects or topics should be selected and that pertinent questions be asked without any reference to the phraseology of the questions in the text-book. In other words, let it be the aim of both teachers and committees, to ascertain whether the scholar has *ideas*, or merely *words*.

2. EXHIBITIONS. The object of an exhibition is somewhat different from that of an examination; or, rather, the object is two-fold; first, to interest and train the pupils in certain drill exercises, in themselves important; and secondly, to interest parents and friends, by exhibiting evidence of skill and correct training in particular departments. Such exercises may indicate what can be done with special effort, in a particular direction; they will be beneficial to the pupils, if rightly conducted, and at the same time afford an opportunity for enlisting the interest of parents and citizens.—Rightly managed, examinations and exhibitions are productive of much good, but, too often, the good effects of both are lost by the improper manner in which they are conducted. In the exercises of an exhibition, consisting usually of declamation and composition, special care should be taken to avoid such as are in the slightest degree, of an immoral tendency. We believe that many schools would be greatly benefited by giving a public and well-arranged Exhibition once a year, only let it be distinctly understood that it is an *exhibition* and not an *examination;* that it does not indicate the proficiency of the scholars in their regular studies, but is rather designed to show what they can do, with special effort and training, in particular departments. With this understanding, we welcome school exhibitions as an important means of awakening parental interest, and inciting the ambition of pupils, "well to perform their parts."—*Conn. School Journal.*

A NEW FORMULA.

WE extract the following from the Boston *Advertiser*, thinking that some of our young mathematicians may be interested therein:—A young engineer, just beginning the practice of his profession, asked one of our most accomplished men of science for a *formula*, by which a "*down grade*" upon a railroad might always be described or expressed. The obliging savant at once tore a leaf from his tablets and wrote:—

109 *Norfolk last summer.*

The young man thanked him and left, but was not able to understand the expression, and has sent it to me to develop its functions. This I have done, as below, and the reduction may be useful to some of your readers:

(1.) 109 *Norfolk last summer.*

Substituting the more general expression, we have—

(2.) 109 *sick city.*

Dividing the last element into its factors, we obtain—

(3.) 109 + 6 *ity or* (109 + 6) *ity.*

Performing the multiplication,

(4.) 654 *ity.*

Expressing this in Roman numerals, we have—

(5.) DCLIVity.

Giving the D its true value, and reducing the rest to "lower case," we have—

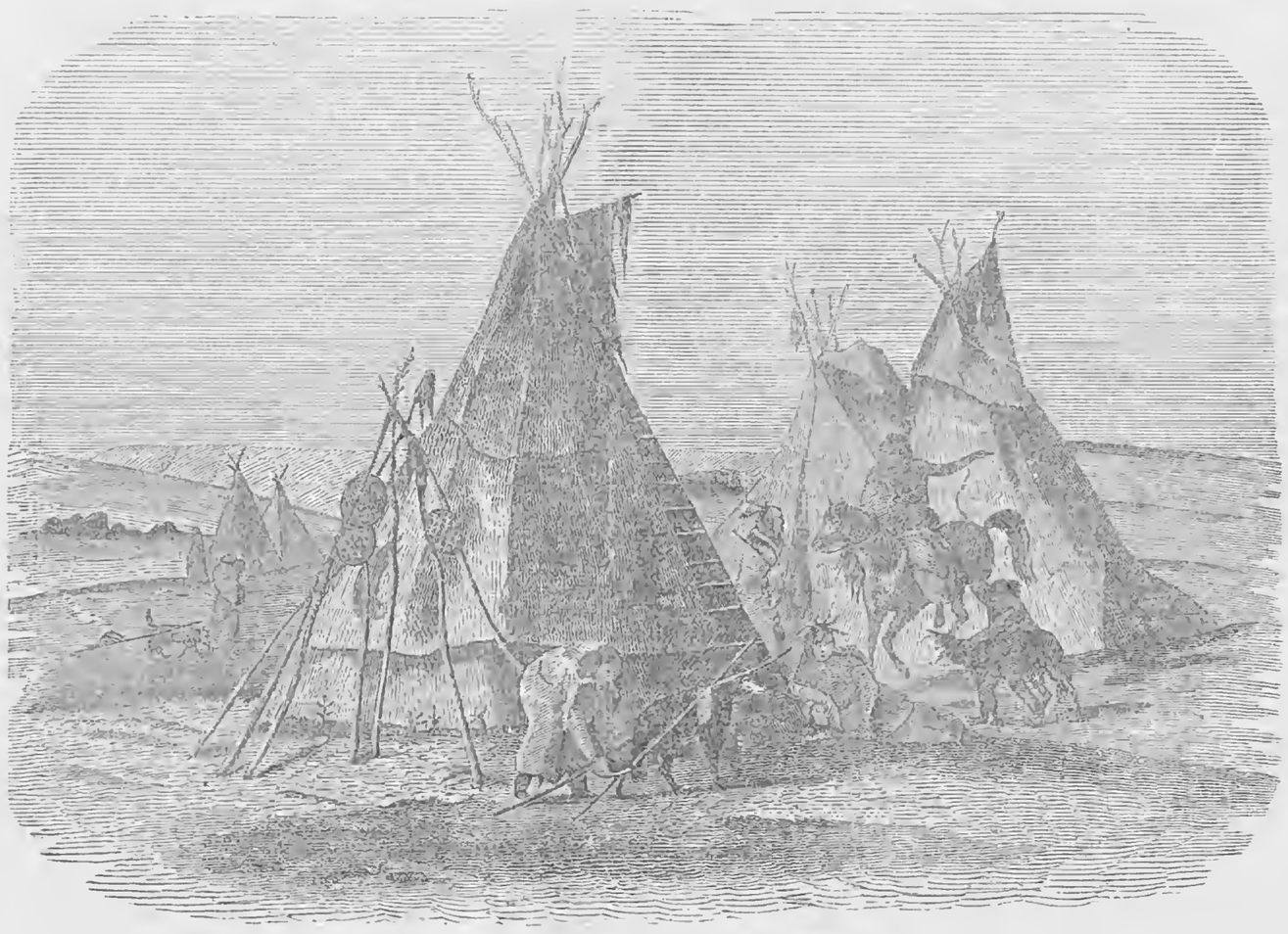
(6.) De-cliv-ity = down grade—

a more popular expression, although not so easily remembered as the elegant one furnished by the distinguished man of science.

THE DIFFERENCE.—A gentleman of influence and property recently remarked, at the annual examination of the High School in Toledo, Ohio, that he "would not live in a community where he could not educate his children, and that he was not willing that his *neighbor's children should have any less advantages than his.*" A noble sentiment.

A certain rich man in another State, recently resisted the payment of a school-tax of a few dollars, and subjected a district to a great annoyance and expense, merely because he was unwilling that a single dollar of his property should be applied to the education of the youth of his neighborhood. Comment is unnecessary.

THE OBJECT OF EDUCATION.—The true object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable; life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.—*Sidney Smith.*



LODGES OF THE SIOUX INDIANS.

THE Dahcota or Sioux tribe of Indians, is one of the most numerous in our country, numbering, according to CATLIN, forty or fifty thousand souls, and able at any time, to muster ten thousand warriors, well mounted and armed. The personal appearance of these people, is very fine and prepossessing, their persons tall and straight, and their movements elastic and graceful. Mr. C. says that one half of the warriors are six feet or more in height. This great family occupy a vast tract of country, extending from the Mississippi to the base of the Rocky Mountains, and are, everywhere, a roving, migratory people. They are composed of forty-two bands, each having a chief who acknowledges a superior or head chief. Their homes, which are represented above, are made of buffalo skins, in the form of tents; the frames of which are poles fifteen or twenty feet in length—the butt ends standing upon the ground, and the small ends meeting at the top—forming a cone which sheds rain and shelters from the wind with perfect success. These lodges, though exceedingly simple, are peculiarly adapted to the wants of a roving people, being readily taken down or erected.

The Scientific Tourist.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCHES IN ITALY.

MR. MOORE:—I offer for the RURAL this extract of letter from our townsman, HENRY A. WARD, who has been in the School of Mines, at Paris, for a time, and seems to have prosecuted the study of Natural History and Geology, with the most flattering success. He was elected a member of the Geological Society of France a year since. He has lately made an extensive tour through Germany, Bavaria, Italy, &c., to extend his knowledge and increase his collection of minerals and fossils, &c., in both of which he has been eminently prospered. You have received letters from many tourists through these countries, but never before given those of a *Scientific* tourist. Mr. WARD had a noble object before him, and he has pursued it with a constant and unwavering purpose highly honorable to him. The extract will delight even those who may call it too scientific. C. D.

AT length I reached Leghorn. In the immediate vicinity are some extensive beds of quaternary (newest) limestone, lying only a little above the present level of the Mediterranean, and concontaining many fossil shells, of which nearly all have their analogues or close resemblances in the sea at the present day, though some inhabit only the tropical ocean. Twelve miles west of Leghorn rise the snow-capped Appenines, at whose base flows the river Arno, on which is Pisa, to my eye the finest city in Italy. Here I spent an hour on the famous "Leaning Tower," and the rest of my New Year's day at the University of Pisa. I visited with, and viewed the collection of Professor MENEGHINI. He is probably the most distinguished geologist in Italy. He has studied in a very complete manner the geology of Tuscany, and has published a large work upon its *sedimentary* and its *eruptive* (volcanic) rocks. The latter are very interesting, both from their number and variety, as well as for the metamorphic action they have had upon the *cretaceous* (chalk) and *jurassic* limestones which they have traversed, producing the so celebrated Italian marbles. Another fact, which Prof. M. has developed very fully in his work and map, (both of which he gave me,) is the relation of age between the eruptive and sedimentary rocks. Thus, for instance, through all Tuscany the Euritic Porphyries reach the Pleiocene series; the Serpentine dykes end with the Meiocene; the Diorite and Ophite with the Eocene; and the Ophiolite ends with the Cretaceous, and so on, a very curious and interesting arrangement. I obtained from the Professor a complete and excellent suit of fifty-four of the principal eruptive, metamorphic, and sedimentary rocks of Tuscany, and also fifty species of Pleiocene fossils, in exchange for a Ceritbium giganteum and some other fossils I had brought with me from the Paris basin. He also gave me an Itineraire and map to serve me in an excursion I made about 45 miles at sea south-west of Leghorn to the island of Elba.

It is well known that Elba has long been famous for its minerals. I staid on the island three days, and crossed it on horseback in several directions, visiting the ancient and inexhaustible mines of iron ore. This mineral occurs in immense dykes with Serpentine, and is as abundant as it is rich.—The fine specular specimens, the Pyrites, &c., are not so abundant as I had inferred, but I succeeded in tying upon my horse two bags of them, which were so heavy that I could not be longer carried by the animal. When I arrived at Porto Ferrajo, the chief town of the Island, I bought another large lot of specimens.

Elba contains some secondary rocks of the Jura formation, which are greatly dislocated, much altered by heat, and contain *very* few fossils. The Plutonic rocks are abundant, however, and one of them, granite, is of two widely separated ages.—The *newest* contains crystals of Tourmaline and was thrown up during the Eocene period; the *oldest* has no Tourmalines, and dates from the Carboniferous group.

Loaded with mineral treasures, which are to find a resting place in your State, I returned from Elba to Leghorn. Thence I went by steamer to Civita Vecchia, and thence by Diligence to Rome. And here I am in the city of the Cæsars, of Brutus and Romulus, the Eternal City as the Popedom calls it. But my object is still the same. And here I sought for Unios (clams) in the Tiber, and visited the beds of Travertine, of which the city is built. I called on Professor PONSI of the University, who explained to me how the "Solfataras" (volcanic vents) in southern Italy, followed (on its eastern side) the range of the Appenines and marked the line of their posture made by their upheaval. I gave the Professor some Paris fossils for some Pleiocene from "Monte Mario," and then after taking a glance at St. Peter's and the Coliseum, I returned to Civita Vecchia and took the steamer to Naples.

I spent two weeks in and about Naples, but lost much of my time from an almost daily fall of rain. I visited the "Temple of Serapis," described so fully by LYELL, several extinct craters which abound in fumaroles or holes smoking with sulphur, vapor, &c., Monte Nuova or New Mount which was thrown up only three centuries ago and is about the size of your Mount Hope, the famous Grotto del Cane, and last, but not least, Vesuvius. This mountain rises above the Bay of Naples in all its grandeur, and pours from its top a constant cloud of smoke and vapor. It was in a state of partial eruption when I was at Naples, though it was not sending forth a stream of lava. It thundered so fearfully when I was upon the summit, and sent upwards such frequent and abundant showers of melted lava, that I shall *never* forget the grandeur of the scene. I sent my guide back to the city, and when he was fairly gone, I descended into the crater, even close up to the little cone (30 feet high) of eruption, pressed coin into the lava red hot as it fell, roasted some eggs at a fumarole, burned my fingers severely, and turned the lower part of my pants completely red by the action of some acid gases which issued from crevices in the lava on which I walked! *This was the grandest day of all my life.* I never, never saw anything, before seeing this volcano, and all the wonders of Vesuvius.

I next called on Professor SCACAI at the University, and saw a fine collection of Vesuvian minerals. He gave me in charge, for Prof. DANA of Yale College, a variety of Fer Ologiste, Iron ore, from the lava of 1855, which occurs in perfect octohedrons, and to which he has given a particular name. He also presented me with his large work which contains the *every-day* work of Vesuvius for the last five years, with the results of many analasyses of Fumeroles and Solfateras, made by himself and Mr. ST. CLAIRE DEVILLE of Paris. I arranged at the University an exchange of Paris fossils for a complete suite of Vesuvian minerals, lavas, tufas, fossiliferous blocks, [thrown out of the crater?] &c. I also made a little exchange with a Naval officer for fifty specimens of shells which he had dredged for in the Bay of Naples, and then, having bought a host of shells, and echinoderms of the fishermen, I took a little steamer to Sicily. The boat passed very close under Stromboli, whose cloud capped cone rises directly out of the sea, and passing through the Straits of Messina we landed first at Reggio in Italy, and then crossed over to Messina. Here I spent three days very pleasantly. I had hoped to visit and ascend Etna but could not afford the time. At Messina I called on Mr. L. BENOIT, who is publishing, at his own expense, a work full of plates on the terrestrial and fluviatile shells of Sicily. He gave me some Pleiocene fossils from Palermo, and some Unios (clams) from Syracuse, of the only species found in Sicily. I purchased some fine sulphur and strontian in the town, and also some handsome argonauts and other shells. Then I packed up the fourteenth box, a large box of specimens, and took the steamer for Marseilles. From Paris I shall write you, if the Lord will.

Cordially and Sincerely, HENRY A. WARD.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SPIRIT CONFLICT.

I AM weary—oh, *so* weary,
Of this ceaseless strife within—
Of the spirit-conflict waging
'Twixt my better-self and sin.

For this heart, so sad and sinful,
Is the field of mortal strife;
Where opposing legions muster,
And the war ends but with life.

Oft, when evening shadows deepen,
As I muse, the tear-drops start:
Sad and weary, faint and fearful,
Hope seems ready to depart.

Yet the love, by GOD implanted,
For His own most holy law,
Sometimes victor, sometimes vanquished,
Strength doth from the conflict draw.

And when wounded, nigh to yielding,
It shall nerve me with fresh might,
To remember, GOD *and Angels*
Are spectators of the fight.

Middleport, N. Y., April, 1857. EMMA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE BIBLE.

THE Bible is a sacred treasure. It is the gift of GOD revealing his will to man. It is the golden key which unlocks the portals of eternity, the unerring way-mark which points from the crumbling shore of time to the boundless continent of a better world. Like the splendor of the sun, it dispels the gloom of darkness; a heavenly messenger, it brings "glad tidings;" a friendly comforter, it whispers "*peace;*" a guardian angel, it protects the defenceless; a perpetual spring of water, it flows to all; a sacred volume of inspired truth, it treats with exactitude upon the past, unfolds human character and the relations we sustain to GOD as accountable beings at the present, and withdraws from us the mysterious veil of futurity.

If we look upon the sacred volume, solely as a literary production, where shall we find its equal? It not only bears us down to the earliest period of creation, but admits us into the sacred counsels of the Deity, where the proposal, "Let us make man," was heard in heaven. Upon its pages we find the histories of nations of which scarce another trace remains, the rise and fall of empires, together with the causes of those great convulsions which from time to time have razed cities to the ground and shaken kingdoms to their foundations. Where else do we find such bold and fearless declarations of truth, such graphic delineations of character, such glowing figures, such elegance and purity of style. How lofty are the sentiments it breathes, how exalted the truths it teaches. Here we find the broad distinction between ourselves and the "brutes that perish," and our alliance with the skies. Nature alone might teach our immortality, but it is the peculiar province of revelation to withdraw the pall that settles o'er the grave, and reveal the dim mysteries of the world to come; it is impossible for any one to become a humble student of the Word of GOD, without receiving incalculable benefit. Its rich treasures amply repay our research; for it contains wisdom that eternity itself can never exhaust—wisdom that will be worth all the universe beside, when *all other treasures* shall be worthless and vain. Why then shall the foolish, ephemeral productions of the day be sought with so much avidity, while this alone is neglected? Why does the student delve among the tombs of antiquity, and converse with heathen sages and poets, while he seeks no instruction from this great receptacle of wisdom? Why does the youth weep and smile by turns, as he pores over some volume of fiction, while he takes no interest in all the melting details contained in the Bible? If we ever hope to see human happiness greatly increased, it is alone to the instrumentality of this book we can look. It is destined to work wonders in the world—to shed its benign influence upon the heart, and thus dissipate the mists that gather over the intellect. The day is hastening when it will give to the idolater a GOD worthy his adoration, and raise the Pagan and Mahometan from the dust, to that station which an immortal and accountable creature should occupy.

How, then, should we love and study our Bible! How revere its mysteries and obey its injunctions! It should be our theme by day and our study by night; our guide through life, and its promises our pillow in death. WALTER R. BISHOP.

Wyoming, N. Y., 1857.

PAUL'S ESTIMATE OF HEAVEN.—In speaking of the eternal world, the rapture of the apostle does not escape him as a sally of the imagination, as a thought awakened by a sudden glance of the object; he does not express himself at random from the sudden impulse of the moment, but in the sober tone of calculation. "I reckon," he says, like a man skilled in the spiritual arithmetic, "I reckon," after a due estimate of their comparative value, "that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

No man was ever so well qualified to make this estimate. Of the sufferings of the present world, he had shared more largely than any man. He had heard the words of God, and seen the vision of the Almighty, and the result of this privileged experience was, that he desired to escape from this valley of tears; that he was impatient to recover the celestial vision, eager to perpetuate the momentary foretaste of the glories of immortality.—*Hannah Moore.*

DISSIMULATION.—Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age; its appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts of learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks us into contempt. The path of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in our power to stop; one artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, we are left entangled in our snare.—*Dr. Blair.*

WHEN we read we fancy we could be martyrs; when we come to act, we find we cannot bear a provoking word.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed from one Post Office to another, should be particular in specifying the offices at which they are now received

☞ BACK NUMBERS of the present volume can still be supplied, but those desiring them should be particular in specifying that they are wanted.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL, be sure and specify name of *Post-Office, County,* and *State, Territory* or *Province.*

List of New Advertisements this Week.

New Book Rooms now Open—D. M. Dewey.
The New York Ledger—Robert Bonner.
Particular Notice to Book Agents—Crown & Emery.
Superb Double Dahlias—B. K. Bliss & Haven.
Rochester Saving's Bank—Edward Whalen.
War of 1812—Alfred G. Mudge.
Self-Raking Reaper & Mower—Seymour, Morgan & Allen.
Wakefield's Hand Corn Planter—M. W. Simmons.
Bread! Bread!!—James Pyle.
Look Here—Box 1115 P. O.
Harvest Gloves and Mitts—S. A. Ellis.
200 Tons Bones Wanted—T. Hollingworth & Son.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, MAY 16, 1857.

An Item about Advertising.

ADVERTISING IN THE RURAL is undoubtedly a profitable investment for those who wish to reach, at once, *tens of thousands* of the best class of people, yet it is not advisable for such as prefer ease to the busy industry attending an increase of business. For example, Mr. WM. B. BURNETT, of Lyons, whose patent Fence was recently described and advertised in the RURAL, avers that said publication has given him so many orders and letters to answer as to cause him to neglect and forget some other things. He says:—"If you had as many letters to answer as I have, you would forget some things too. I have had, in all, 837 letters, of which *seven hundred and ninety-seven* stated that the writers had seen the notice in the RURAL NEW-YORKER. The fence gives satisfaction wherever it is used." People who have any thing valuable to sell should beware of advertising in the RURAL—and especially those who think our rates are too high—unless they are prepared for a rush of customers!

—Seriously, however, though we have no occasion to solicit advertising—and for that reason scarcely ever publish any thing relative to the advantages of advertising in our pages—it is gratifying to know that the RURAL is one of the very best "mediums" in the Union. Indeed, it is *incomparably the best medium* for the cards and announcements of dealers in Ag'l Implements and Machinery, Seeds, Fertilizers, &c., Nurserymen and Florists, Inventors and Manufacturers, Breeders of Improved Stock, those wishing to sell Farms, &c., as many of our advertising friends have voluntarily attested. It is also a superior medium for Publishers and Booksellers, Wholesale Merchants and Dealers, Educational Institutions, &c., and indeed all who desire to advertise widely and *profitably*—for, in addition to its unequalled circulation in the richest "Rural Districts," it is taken by thousands of Business and Professional Men (such as Merchants, Manufacturers, Clergymen, Teachers, &c.,) in villages and cities.

Washington News.

LORD NAPIER has received instructions from his government to inform New Grenada that the abrupt rejection of the American ultimatum meets with the most decided disapprobation of the British government.

On the 9th inst., Alex. H. Evans delivered to the Government, the official despatches with which he was entrusted from Dallas and Mason. The latter represented his general health to be fine, though he is slightly lame from the effects of paralysis; and further, that he is ready to return home whenever the Administration shall intimate to him that it is desirable.

Lord Napier has also received despatches enclosing a copy of the correspondence between Lord Clarendon and Mr. Dallas respecting the rejected treaty, and will communicate it to our Government.

Mr. Dallas, in a letter to Gen. Cass, expresses the opinion, that if the treaty had reached England, prior the election, it would have been ratified.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says Mr. Cass takes the rejection of the Clarendon treaty in high dudgeon, and thinks the action of the English Government wholly indefensible: indeed he drew from Lord Napier almost an admission on this point.

Mr. Wise, Secretary of Legation at Paris, has resigned. Mr. Wilbur, Assistant Secretary, will probably be promoted until Mr. Mason is relieved by a new minister, which will be in a few months.

The official papers just communicated to Government by Lord Napier contain a formal proposition for a new Central American treaty, but the Administration will probably do nothing in the premises until the meeting of the next Congress.

COLD WEATHER FOR MAY.—At Ogdensburgh snow fell to the depth of three or four inches on the 11th inst. The weather for the two days past has been cold and stormy here, and last night we were visited by a very severe frost. To-day, (Tuesday,) although the wind is from the north-east, we have the indications of something a little more comfortable. From Buffalo we learn that the propeller T. W. Bradbury, which started from her dock on Saturday morning, is still blocked in the ice about a mile and a half from the lighthouse.—A light wind from the north. Two vessels in sight over on the south shore. No ice moving down the Niagara this morning.

STORM AT THE SOUTH.—A tremendous storm of wind and rain visited Mobile on the 1st and 2d inst. Two feet of water fell on the level. The city was inundated, and several people were drowned.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

THE large cabinet factory of Jacob Lyeigler, Hester st., New York, burnt on the 7th inst. Loss over $30,000.

A FIRE broke out in Oswego on the 9th inst., in a shanty used for boiling tar, and extended to the Welland House. A bed was lying in an open window, of the 4th story, which received the spark, and was soon in flames, defying all attempts to extinguish it. From this it spread throughout the house. The loss is estimated at $15,000, and the owner was insured but $2,000. Mr. Dorsey, the lessee, had lately taken possession, and lost about $4,000 in furniture. Insured $3,500.

THE buildings at Seguine's Point, Staten Island, recently purchased by the Quarantine Commissioners for business purposes, were burnt to the ground on the 6th inst., by the work of an incendiary. Loss $12,000.

THE drug store of Bennett Beers & Father, Richmond, Va., was burned on the 8th inst. Loss on stock, $28,000. Insured $20,000.

A FIRE broke out at Oswego on the 4th instant, destroying the dwelling and livery stable of Chas. Beers, also the stables of the Ahwaga House, containing nine horses, and some or eight small and comparatively worthless buildings. Loss about $6,000; insurance small.

A TRAIN on the Michigan Southern railroad was thrown off the track near Adrian on the 6th inst., and four men killed.

CANADIAN SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—An exchange states that the British Government transmitted dispatches this week to the Canadian Parliament, signifying Her Majesty's assent to fix the seat of Government in one of the Canadian cities. The Montreal Herald states that the Queen and a majority of the people of England are in favor of conferring the honor on Montreal, with the understanding that its name is to be changed to that of the "City of Victoria."

The Canadian Parliament, only a few weeks since, passed resolutions referring the question of locating the Provincial Capital to the Queen. The answer has been very prompt. Montreal will be more generally acceptable than either Toronto or Quebec; and if the Queen decides upon giving the Mountain City the preference, she will avoid much jealousy, doubtless, by taking the middle ground.

CAPITAL ON LAKE SUPERIOR.—The Boston Traveller says it is estimated that the whole amount expended in the business of exploring and working the copper mines on Lake Superior, up to January 1st, 1857, was about 8,000,000. The present value of the best mining establishments in that region is set down at 5,500,000, and the whole amount of copper produced up to Jan. 1st, is estimated at 8,173,100. Balance in favor of the mines 2,773,100; but if the more unsuccessful establishments be estimated at one-fourth of their cost, and this estimate added, the balance will be more than double.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—Information has been received at the State Department at Washington from St. Paul de Loanda, that the slave trade on that coast is now flourishing. It is said that five vessels have lately left with slaves. The Congo river and its neighborhood have been the headquarters, and American gold is now quite plenty there, having been brought in vessels which clear from New York—some for Cape de Verds, and some for Loanda, but which seldom arrive at those places.

INTENTIONS OF MARRIAGE IN MAINE.—The late Maine Legislature passed an act restoring the old law requiring the publication of intentions of marriage. The effect of the re-imposition of the annoying and useless requirements of the old law will be to force candidates for matrimony, who don't care to do the required penance, to take the "early train" for other jurisdictions, where there are fewer obstacles to getting the "knot tied" with speed and promptitude.

INDIAN HOSTILITIES.—The Kansas City Enterprise of the 2d inst., learns that the Cheyenes were concentrating at the head waters of the Republican Fork, with a determination to resist any attack by troops. They made overtures to the Sioux for assistance, but the latter declined. The Cheyenes had a large supply of arms and ammunition. A terrible battle had been fought at Fremont's Peak, between the Snake and Black Feet Indians, in which 27 of the latter were killed.

A TOWN SACKED.—San Blas, Mexico, on the 4th of March, was suddenly attacked by a band of seventy or eighty banditti from the mountains, who killed twelve of the residents of the place and subsequently sacked it. They took every article of value they could lay their hands upon, such as clothing, jewelry, fancy articles, etc. They plundered every place in the city, without respect to person or party.

SUFFERING IN MICHIGAN.—The Detroit Advertiser of recent date says:—"We learn as we go to press, from a gentleman who has been in Gratiot, Tuscola, and other northern counties, that many of the people are in a famishing condition, and are subsisting on *boiled oats* alone. Is it not best to have a public meeting to devise means to relieve this terrible suffering?"

RENTS IN MINNESOTA.—The St. Paul (Min.) Advertiser says the landlords of that place have this season advanced their rates for stores and dwellings from twenty to thirty per cent. over the prices demanded for the same buildings last year, and think themselves justified in doing so by the increase of business and immigration in prospect.

ARRIVAL OF NICARAGUAN FILLIBUSTERS.—The British Frigate Tartar arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi river on the 5th inst., with nearly 200 of Lockridge's men on board. They are in a very destitute condition, and many of them down with the measles.

SOUTH CAROLINA CONGRESSMAN.—Mr. Boachim has been elected to Congress in the district in South Carolina lately represented by Hon. P. S. Brooks, by 1,000 majority.

Items of News.

ROSWELL CURTISS, of Cayuga county, has lost $150 worth of as fine hogs as he ever raised, within a few weeks. These swine had access to no distillery slops, and the disease must be attributed to some other cause than strychnine.

THE Savannah Republican gives credence to a report that there are, at the present time, one hundred and fifty sail engaged in the African slave trade.

THE N. Y. Journal of Commerce states that the number of sufferers by the recent sickness at the National Hotel, Washington, is computed by one authority at seven hundred, and the deaths at twenty-five or thirty.

ONE of the amendments to the Constitution, just adopted by the people of Massachusetts, will reduce the number of the members of the Legislature from 500 to about 240.

THE State of Maine can now boast of owning a fleet of merchant vessels valued at $50,000,000, and greater than the commercial marine of any European power, Great Britain alone excepted.

THE Boston submarine and wrecking company's brig Monagas, on April 20th, was working on the wreck of the British frigate Severn, on Silver Key Bank. They had been very successful in blasting, and were in hopes, should the weather continue fine, in the course of a fortnight, to leave for Turk's Island with a great portion of the $500,000 said to have been sunk in her.

THE fact that the deaths exceed the number of births in France, and that at present the population is actually diminishing, although emigration has almost ceased, is exciting much discussion as to causes and consequences.

BOSTON sold more barrels of flour last year than Baltimore, which was formerly one of the largest flour markets in the world. Each city sold about a million of barrels, Boston a little more, Baltimore a little less.

TAYLOR, the keeper of the great saloon in Broadway, has bored an artesian well on his premises, rather than pay $1,100 a year for croton. The bill of the St. Nicholas Hotel last year for water amounted to $3,900.

THE Persian Ambassador to France has presented four Arab horses to Louis Napoleon, of the purest blood. They are much larger than any horses hitherto seen, and, what is very singular, they have no manes.

ON April 14th, the corner-stone of a building for a public library and museum was laid in Liverpool by Mr. William Brown, who designs to defray himself the cost of its erection, nearly $150,000.

THE Chicago Times of May 1st reports large transactions in breadstuffs in that city. The day before an order for the purchase of 200,000 bushels of corn was received from a Boston dealer.—The whole of the wheat, flour and corn sold on the 30th ult. would require about $200,000 to purchase.

THE Hartford Times says that on the first day of May the snow was five feet deep in the Northwest part of Norfolk, and travel was much impeded, while in New Marlboro', near the Massachusetts line, the snow was six feet deep.

THE largest printing job ever known in the world is said to be in the office of Little & Co., of Boston, at this time. It consists of Professor Agassiz's great work, "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States of North America," for which voluntary subscriptions are said to have been obtained to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars.

A LOUISVILLE pork packer has made a contract for 2,000 hogs, to be delivered in November, at a place 113 miles from the city, at $4 50 gross and at $6 30 net, in Louisville.

CALIFORNIA has not increased in population the past year, unless from its own internal resources; the arrivals at San Francisco for the last six months were 927 less than the departures. The Golden State waits for the Pacific Railroad.

A COMMITTEE of the Canadian Council have reported in favor of the suspension of labor on the Lord's Day on all Railways, steamers on the Canals, Post-Office, and Public Department.

THE HEART OF MAN.—In reviewing the exchanges daily received at our office, and observing the record of crime which they contain, we are oftentimes ready to embrace the doctrine of "total depravity." How refreshing to the wearied spirit is a paragraph like unto the following—it is indeed a well of water to the thirsty soul:

"During the late severe weather, the birds have had hard trials to obtain food for subsistance. In passing the residence of Hon. William Johnson, Ellicottville, Catt. Co., on Monday and Tuesday mornings last, we saw more than two hundred birds of all species—from the robin to the wren—which had a bountiful table spread before them, in the yard, of millet and other (to them) delicacies of the season. It was really a lamentable yet beautiful sight! They looked like so many young turkeys, ducks and chickens. They partook freely of the hospitality of the mansion, and then would fly from branch to branch in thick shrubbery around, singing and chirping as though, like the organ grinder, to pay for the bountiful repast, which had been served up to them! They have found good quarters, and their numbers seem to be increasing, as though by instinct. They will be cared for."

THE BRAIN FEVER EPIDEMIC.—The Oswego Times says the brain fever has subsided in most localities which have been scourged with it during the past winter, but still prevails with fearful vigor at Canastota, Madison county. Three funerals occurred there Sunday, the 26th ult., from this cause, and several during the week. It is, indeed, a singular disease, and the fact of its shunning the lake shore would seem to indicate that it depends upon certain conditions of the atmosphere favorable to fevers which rarely occur near large bodies of living water.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.—The St. Louis Republican publishes Secretary Stanton's reply to the letter of the citizens of Lawrence. He says he can do nothing which denies the authority or validity of the Territorial laws, respecting the judges of election. He hopes there will be appointed one representative Democrat in favor of a Free State and one Democrat in favor of a Slave State.

Literary Notices.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE ROCKS; or, Geology in its Bearings on the Two Theologies, Natural and Revealed. By HUGH MILLER, author of "The Old Red Sandstone," "Footprints of the Creator," etc., etc. With Memorials of the Death and Character of the Author. "Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field." —JOB. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

IN addition to its intrinsic merit and great value as a contribution to science, this volume possesses rare interest from the fact that it is the final work of its distinguished author, who corrected its last proof sheets only the day before the tragic termination of his existence. The work proper is prefaced with interesting memorials of the character and death of the author—a man of whom Dr. CHALMERS remarked that "since SCOTT's death he was the greatest Scotchman that was left." The work is a collection of twelve lectures, a few of which have heretofore been published and discussed by scientific men and theologians, arranged under the following heads:—The Palæontological History of Plants; the Palæontological History of Animals; the Two Records, Mosaic and Geological; the Mosaic Vision of Creation; Geology in its Bearings on the Two Theologies; the Noachian Deluge; the Discoverable and the Revealed; the Geology of the Anti-Geologists, and the Less Known Fossil Floras of Scotland. In the language of a contemporary, the work presents "with the most admirable clearness and system, the arguments and proofs that 'the vision' of the great Lawgiver of Israel and Historian of the pre-Adamic world, (as recounted in Genesis, Chapters I and II,) is a statement of eternal truth; that the six *days* of creation were six periods of long duration, and that those periods in which new creations took place on the earth are recorded in the rocks and in the organic remains which they entomb. This, the 'testimony of the rocks,' he makes exceedingly plain to every intelligent reader. The author rejects entirely the theory, held by distinguished geologists, and no less distinguished theologians, that after the creation proper, that is, after the six geological periods of the earth's history, the whole was, as it were, *rubbed out*,—that is, chaos was instituted, and then the whole was made over again in six days of four-and-twenty hours each."

The volume is a royal 12 mo.—502 pages—profusely illustrated and finely printed, and altogether possesses the essentials of enduring popularity. We especially commend it to the students of Geology and Theology. Sold by DARROW & BROTHER.

SANDERS' SCHOOL SPEAKER;—A comprehensive Course of Instruction in the Principles of Oratory; with numerous Exercises for Practice in Declamation. By CHARLES W. SANDERS, A. M., author of "A Series of Readers;"—"Speller, Definer and Analyzer;"—"Elocutionary Chart," etc. New York: Ivison & Phinney.

IN this age, when an important part of Education is comprised in learning how to declaim—when Oratory is a requisite to success in many professions, and a great instrument of power and progress—such a complete and thorough work as the above entitled must prove invaluable. It is divided into three parts, and embraces the whole subject of rhetorical delivery; part first treating upon the requisites to Elocution—part second, considering and illustrating Gesture—and part third containing Exercises in Declamation, comprising numerous selections, in prose and verse, from the best authors, and most eminent oratorical statesmen, lecturers, &c. The pieces are generally brief, varying from grave to gay, with examples of impassioned and eloquent expression of such just and noble sentiments as befit true oratory. The whole work seems admirably adapted to its purpose, and we cordially commend it to teachers, parents, and our young friends, as an excellent and complete manual on the subject. The volume is prefaced by a full-length portrait of DANIEL WEBSTER, (in an attitude and with an expression which conveys an instructive lesson in oratory,) comprises 528 pages, and is well printed and substantially bound,—essentials creditable to the enterprising publishers, and which will render the Speaker more serviceable in schools, academies, &c. Sold by WM. ALLING.

GAUT GURLEY; or, The Trappers of Umbagog. A Tale of Border Life. By D. P. THOMPSON, author of "May Martin," "The Green Mountain Boys," etc. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.—Cleveland: Henry P. B. Jewett.

AN exciting story of wild and romantic life. It is written with great spirit, and carries the reader through scenes of unusual atrocity which occurred some forty years ago among the trappers and hunters of Umbagog and other wild lakes on the northern borders of Maine and New Hampshire. Based on historic fact—such as smuggling scenes on the Canadian border in the times of the embargo in 1808 to the war of 1812, and the McLeod treason plot, crushed at Quebec about 1800—the author has produced an unusually exciting historical romance. Sold by DEWEY.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND, and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By AGNES STRICKLAND, author of "The Lives of the Queens of England." Volume VI. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS volume continues the life of MARY STUART from the coronation of her infant son (JAMES VI., of Scotland, subsequently JAMES I., of England,) by the rebellious barons at Stirling Castle—who had forced the unfortunate Queen to sign a deed of abdication—to the time of her imprisonment at Tutbury Castle in England, and her contract of marriage with the Duke of Norfolk. It contains many forgotten facts in English and Scottish history, and will be read with interest. Sold by DEWEY.

THE DAYS OF MY LIFE. An Autobiography. By the author of "Margaret Maitland," "Lilies-leaf," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FULL of interest is this pleasant story of English life. It is excellently well written—a quiet relation of domestic occurrences and incidents which awaken the kindlier emotions, without creating the undue excitement produced by startling scenes. Sold by DEWEY.

DEWEY has all the May Magazines, monthly periodicals, the home and foreign Quarterlies, &c.

DARROW & BR. have Harper for May, and the incomparable Story Books issued by the Harpers.

THE BOOK TRADE OF ROCHESTER has long been an important and extensive business, and one which has fully kept pace with the population and improvement of the city and surrounding country. That it is a favorable point for booksellers and publishers is evident from the incontrovertible fact that Rochester sells far more books, circulates more newspapers, and pays more postage than any other town of equal population in the Union. Provincial as our city may be considered in some respects, it is in advance of most others in the essentials of high civilization—intelligence, morality, and educational facilities. The people of both city and country, comprise an eminently reading, thinking and investigating community, and hence good books and newspapers are largely patronized. Prosperous as is the book trade, we see no good reason why our enterprising dealers may not profitably embark in the *manufacture* of books to a much greater extent than heretofore.

DEWEY'S BOOK AND NEWS ROOMS, in the Arcade Hall, has been a popular establishment for the last decade, and favorably known to the people of Rochester and Western New York. The progressive enterprise of the proprietor has been made patent by the continuous increase of his business, and frequent improvement and enlargement of his quarters, but was never more manifest than at present. The recent enlargement of the establishment—which now presents a plate-glass frontage of seventy feet on the west side of Arcade Hall—and the increase of stock to correspond, renders it altogether one of the most attractive and complete in the country. Without entering into details, we close this hastily written voluntary notice, by referring to Mr. DEWEY'S announcement in this paper, and commending his Model Book and News Rooms to the attention of our readers throughout Western New York.

News Clippings.

—Hay has sold at Hamilton, C. W., for $34 per ton.

—Brick are selling at $13 per thousand in St. Louis.

—Potatoes are as scarce as hay. They sell at $2,50 per bushel in Chicago.

—Baltimore City is arming all of her police officers with Colt's six shooters.

—The salary of the Mayor of New York city is established at $5,000 a year.

—A detachment of dragoons have been sent from Carlisle, Pa., to Kansas.

—In Madison county, Ky., the mules are dying in large numbers from murrain.

—The recent British Parliament was the fourth in the reign of Queen Victoria.

—There are nine prisoners in the Memphis (Tenn.) jail on the charge of murder.

—Lewis D. Partridge has been appointed by the President, Marshal of Vermont.

—There were 222 arrests for criminal offences in Albany during the month of April.

—Eleven divorces were granted by the Common Pleas Court, at St. Louis last week.

—The English law allows a Judge to retire upon half pay after the lapse of fifteen years.

—The deposits at the Philadelphia Mint in April, were $538,690, and the coinage $986,045.

—Madame Otto Goldsmidt (Jenny Lind) gave birth on the 31st ult., at Dresden, to a daughter.

—Mr. McComas, late Governor of Virginia, has started with his family to settle in Nebraska.

—From the 1st of January to the 1st of May, the Coronor of Philadelphia held 196 inquests.

—Washington Irving is now seventy-five years of age, and he is still in a vigorous condition.

—A passenger car with twelve wheels has been introduced upon the N. Y. Central Railroad.

—There have been 1,135 married couples divorced, during the nine years past, in Philadelphia.

—Lake Pepin is reported open. The first boat from St. Paul arrived at Dunleith on the 4th inst.

—Two and a half million feet of pine lumber were used in making clocks in Connecticut last year.

—The propeller Kentucky, arrived at Chicago on the 7th inst., through from New York this season.

—It is stated that there are in New York city not less than one thousand professional rag-pickers.

—Charles Mackay, the well known author and poet, is preparing to pay a visit to the United States.

—Lands one or two miles from Leavenworth, Kansas, are said to be worth from $20 to $40 per acre.

—The expedition in search of the sources of the Nile has just been dissolved by the Viceroy of Egypt.

—During the month of April, 20,949 emigrants landed at Castle Garden, making 35,497 so far this year.

—Judge Alexander, a distinguished citizen of Tennessee, died in Knoxville, in that State, on the 6th inst.

—A local paper is to be started somewhere in Indiana, with the attractive title of "The Butcher Knife."

—Ten thousand dollars have been subscribed to ascertain the cause of the poisoning at the National Hotel.

—Lady Franklin has invested her entire estate in the Arctic search expedition which is now fitting out.

—The mail facilities in Kentucky are to be enlarged this year to the extent of thirty-nine thousand dollars.

—On the hills only twenty miles to the west of Hartford, there are said to be very large snow drifts still.

—A work on Texas, recently published by Mr. Olmsted, estimates that there are in that State 40,000 Germans.

—W. B. Buchanan, Esq., a well known poet and writer, died at Wheeling, Va., on the 6th inst., aged 63 years.

—About 250 bushels of the seed of the Chinese Sugar Cane has been distributed by the Patent Office this season.

—The stock of pork at Louisville, Ky., is stated to be 15,000 barrels. At this time last year it was 41,000 barrels.

—Chevalier Hulsemann, the Austrian Minister, is making arrangements for an absence of four months in Europe.

—The Queen took chloroform on the occasion of the birth of the last princess, and was under its influence three hours.

—A single sugar-maple shade tree in Vernon, O., yielded sap from which 51 pounds of sugar was made the past season.

—Howard Tilden, Esq., has just completed the most beautiful and gorgeously furnished residence in the United States.

—Gerald Massey, the rising poet of England, is the son of a canal boatman, now earning the wages of ten shillings a week.

—It is reported, by way of San Antonio, Texas, that the Mexican General Vidaurri died at Matamoras about the 1st of April.

—At Omaha City, Nebraska, wood is $5 per cord, eggs $1 per dozen, potatoes $2 50 per bushel, and flour $7 per hundred.

—Twenty-five camels are to be employed on the wagon road to the Pacific. It is intended to test their capacity for endurance.

—A German society in Chicago, numbering some 800 members, are about to start for Kansas to form a city and settlement.

—The total number of suicides in Philadelphia for the last two years, is ninety-five—sixty-nine men and twenty-six women.

—The recent decision of a lawsuit makes Caleb Cushing sole proprietor of one of the most promising towns in Minnesota.

—In the course of the last quarter, there were sold by the New York city post-office, postage stamps to the value of $114,500.

—A detachment of three hundred troops left St. Louis on the 3d inst., on the Pacific Railroad, destined for Fort Leavenworth.

—The Savannah (Ga.) Republican intimates that poor beef is 20 cents per pound in that city, and other "feed" in proportion.

—A black jet pearl was discovered in the Notch Brook at Paterson, last week. Pearls are still found at Hokukus, of small size.

—Hon. Samuel Medary, the new Governor of Minnesota, was duly installed into office at the Capitol of the Territory on the 23d ult.

—According to the official figures, there are eight thousand six hundred voters in the city of Washington, the National Capital.

—A child was lately born in one of the Sandwich Islands having four eyes, two on the back and two on the front side of the head.

—The amnesty to be declared by the Emperor of Austria on visiting Hungary, is to be universal, with the single exception of Kossuth.

—James G. Campbell has been appointed Marshal of the Western District of Pennsylvania, vice Frost, whose commission has expired.

—Some thirty-two thousand dollars were paid to the teachers of the public schools of Buffalo on Friday, at Oliver Lee & Co.'s Bank.

—Mr. C. C. Andrews has resigned his position in the office of the Solicitor of the Treasury Department, and goes to Minnesota to practice law.

—The piano forte was invented by J. C. Schroder, of Dresden, in 1717, and the first instrument was made in London in 1776, by a German named Zumble.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Europa.

THE royal mail steamship Europa, Capt. Leech, arrived at Halifax, on the 6th inst. She left Liverpool on Saturday, the 25th ult.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Earl of Elgin, the newly appointed British Plenipotentiary to China, had left for the scene of his labors.

Political interest in England has centered on the meeting of the new Parliament.

A large meeting of merchants and manufacturers of Manchester, has been held for the purpose of forming an association, promoting the growth of cotton all over the world, particularly in British colonies.

FRANCE.—The Council of State commenced the examination of the bill against usurping titles of nobility.

The Moniteur publishes the Convention between France and the Grand Duchy of Baden relative to strengthening the banks of the Rhine.

A commercial treaty is in progress between Persia and Sardinia.

Marshall Sereno left Paris for Madrid to smoothe the way for Mexican Embassadors.

SPAIN.—A treaty settling the frontier between France and Spain will be laid before Cotres at the first meeting at Progressistadt. The members of the Liberal Union are taking measures of precaution to furnish troops for Cuba, to leave at the end of this month.

The Government were apprehending disturbances at Logrono, Burgos, Vittoria, and in all Catalonia, and had taken measures of precaution.

DENMARK.—Nothing further respecting the ministerial crisis excepting the Danish minister at the Germanic Diet has been sent for which shows that the quarrel with Germany enters as an important element into the present complication.

AUSTRIA.—Baron Bache's plan of a commercial organization of the Empire was considered too liberal by the Supreme Council and its modification requested. Baron Bache is discouraged and he threatens to resign.

SWITZERLAND.—The Prussian and Swiss Plenipotentiaries had accepted the propositions of the mediating Powers relative to the Neufchatel question, and had referred them for the approval of their respective Governments.

PRUSSIA.—A proposition to substitute legal instead of police supervision over printing licenses in Prussia, which was carried in the Prussian Chamber on Monday, the 20th ult., by one majority, was rejected the next day, the Government having collected its forces.

PERSIA.—Persian accounts of the recent battle of Bushire had been published, stating that the English advanced until meeting the main body of the Persians; that they then set fire to the British camp equipage and retreated toward Bushire, whence being re-enforced the battle began and lasted four days, both parties retiring in consequence of the torrents of rain which fell during the whole time, rendering the ground unfit for cavalry. The Persians left some guns in the mud, but afterward recovered them. The Persians estimate the British loss at 1,000 and their own at 400.

CHINA.—By telegraph from Trieste, dates from Hong-Kong to the 16th of March, from Calcutta to the 21st of March, and from Bombay to the 2d of April had been received.

The Europeans on board the British steamer Queen, under the Portuguese flag, had been murdered by the Chinese, and the steamer with its valuable cargo carried off. The Government Contractor's storehouse at Hong-Kong had been burnt down by incendiaries and 700 bls. of flour destroyed.

The Chinese in Sarawak, Borneo, had risen on the 17th of Feb., and massacred several Europeans. Sir James Brooke saved his life by swimming across a creek. One of the Borneo Company's steamers subsequently arrived at Sarawak, and with the aid of Sir James at the head of a body of Malays and Dzakes avenged the destruction of the settlement by killing 2,000 Chinese.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Richardson, Spence & Co., quote wheat advanced 2d on the week. Flour steady and generally unchanged in prices. Corn quiet at an advance of 6d. The following are the quotations:—Western canal 28s@29s. Baltimore and Philadelphia 28s@29s. Ohio 30s @31s. Red wheat 7s 10d@8s 4d. White 8s 8d@8s 3d for choice. Mixed corn 32s@32s 6d. Yellow 33s. White 35s @36s

Provisions steady. Lard heavy at 66s.

ENGLISH ROYALTY.—Queen Victoria is the mother of five girls and four boys, all healthy and robust children, and yet she and her husband are less than thirty-eight years old. The immediate royal family of Great Britain, consists as follows:—Alexandrina Victoria, born May 24, 1819, married Feb. 10, 1840, to Francis Albert August Charles Emanuel, born Aug. 26, 1819.

CHILDREN.—1.—Victoria Adelaide Mary Louse, Princess Royal, born Nov. 21, 1840. 2.—Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born Nov. 9, 1841. 3.—Alice Maud Mary, born April 25, 1843. 4.—Alfred Ernst Albert, born Aug. 6, 1844. 5.—Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25, 1846. 6.—Louisa Carolina Alberta, born March 18, 1848. 7.—Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1, 1850. 8—Leopold George Duncan Albert, born April 7, 1853. 6.—Princess ——, born April 14, 1857.

EMIGRATION FROM THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.—The spring fleet has just sailed for Canada from the north-east coast of Scotland, carrying out 1,500 passengers. They are chiefly agricultural laborers, and for the most part young and newly married people. Large sums of money continue to be received from settlers in Upper Canada who had previously gone out, chiefly from Aberdeenshire, and there is every prospect that before many years few agricultural laborers will be left at home.

A GOOD PLAN.—In Andover, Mass., last year, $5 premium were offered to the boy who would destroy the largest number of caterpillar nests. The consequence was, 20,000 nests were destroyed. This year, $15 are offered in similar premiums.—This is a good plan. If towns would generally adopt it, they would be cheaply rid of the pest of caterpillars.

THE COTTON AND SUGAR CROPS.—The New Orleans papers of the 30th state that opinion is divided as to the permanent injury to the sugar crop by the late cold weather. The cotton crop is materially damaged.

NO TAXES.—Lawrenceburg, Ind., is a "favored spot." They go without taxes there. The city government has resolved not to impose taxes this year. Reason why—no use for the money.

—According to a statement in the New York Commercial, Monday week was the nineteenth successive Monday on which rain has fallen.

—The whole number of snow storms in Boston the past fourteen years was 431; depth of snow during the same period, 59 feet 6¾ inches.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, May 12, 1857.

FLOUR—Best brands have advanced 50c per barrel with considerable demand.

GRAIN—Nothing of importance transpiring in Wheat and stock on hand small. Corn has advanced 12@2c within the past week. Oats 2½c advance—selling readily at 62½c by weight. Barley has fallen off—the demand for seed being supplied—and small lots are now purchased by brewers at $1,25 @1,38.

PROVISIONS—Not much change to note to this department of trade. Eggs are 1@2c better. Potatoes are up to $1,25 for best varieties, while inferior grades bring better prices than heretofore.

HAY ranges from $20 to $30 with every prospect of an advance.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	$18,00
Flour, bbl	$5,5 @5,00	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,65@1,68	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Best white Canada,	$1,50@1,60	Apples bushel	$1,00@1,50
Corn	80@$1,00	Do. dried	$1,75@2,00
Oats	50@62c	Potatoes	88c@$1,25
Barley	$1,25@1,38	HIDES AND SKINS	
Buckwheat	50c	Slaughter	6½@7c
Beans	$1,12@1,38	Calf	12@13c
Peas	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	$1,80@1,75
MEATS		Lamb do	00@00c
Pork, Mess	$24,00	SEEDS.	
Do. cwt	$5,00@9,00	Clover bushel	$5,50@7,00
Beef, ⅌ cwt	$5,50@7,00	Timothy	$3,00@4,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	11½@12½c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	9½@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$@$8,25
Chickens	11@12c	Do. Scranton	$@$7,25
Turkeys	00@12½	Do. Bloosburg	$5,50
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	21@22c	Salt, bbl	$1,60@1,75
Do. firkin	16@17c	Hay, ton	$26@30
Cheese	12@14c	Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	00@14c	White fish, bbl	$11@11,50
Tallow	10@10½c	Codfish ⅌ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Eggs, dozen	12@14c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 11.—Market firmer. Demand less active. Sales made at $5,00@6,80 for com to super State; $6,90@7,20 for extra do; $7,70@6,90 for super West; $7@8 for com to medium and extra Mich, Ind, Ill, Wis, and Ohio; market closing quiet and firm. Canadian flour—Sales at $5,50 for super; $7,30@8,00 for extra. Rye flour in demand at $3,00@4.

GRAIN—Wheat market scarcely so buoyant. Large receipts to-day. Sales prime white Canadian at 190c; white Southern at 175c, and on Saturday evening prime white St. Louis at 191c.—Rye is firmer; sales at 95½c. Barley and Malt nominally same. Corn market less active and rather easier; sales at 83½@84c for old mixed Western in store; 80c yellow Southern afloat. Oats in moderate request at 60@66c State and Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market a shade firmer. Sales at $22.37@ 23,00 for mess; $19@19,30 for prime. Lard has slightly advanced; sales at 13¾@14¼c. Butter in moderate request; sales new State at 22@26c. Cheese steady at 12@13c.

BUFFALO, MAY 11.—Flour—The market has improved. Sales this morning at $5,25 for superfine Michigan; $5,50 for do Ohio; $5,87 for do Indiana; $7 for extra do and Ohio, and $7,50 for do Canada.

GRAIN—There has been a better demand for wheat at improved prices. Sales Saturday Wisconsin club at $1,35; a parcel of red Indiana at $1,2, and prime white Illinois at $1,65.—This morning club at $1,31½. Corn—none here offering. A boat load is reported, deliverable from a vessel now nearly here, at 75c. Oats in a retail way at 65c.

PROVISIONS—Sales mess pork at $23; Hams firmer.

ALBANY, MAY 11.—Flour and Meal—The excitement in our market still continues, and some holders of flour have put up prices full 25c ⅌ bbl. since Saturday noon. The stock here is small, and the daily receipts quite moderate. The stock in Canada has become very much reduced, and dealers in this city, from a recent visit, report that it is quite difficult to obtain desirable brands at paying rates. The market opened with a fair home and eastern demand, at $5,50@7 for com to extra State, $7@7,75 for good to fancy Canadian; $8,25@8,75 for extra do; $7@8 for fair to good Ohio; $8@8,75 for extra do, and $8,75@9 for local brand extra Genesee. Corn meal has further improved in value, and is selling at $4,75@5,87

GRAIN—Nothing has transpired in Wheat, with but little offering. Corn is steady, with a moderate business doing. Sales Western mixed, to arrive, on p t., and car lots at 90c. Barley and Barley malt quiet. Oats are very firm and in fair request, with sales Ohio at 62½c, and a small lot of street at 59c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 6—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality, 12@12½c; Ordinary, 11½@12c.; Common, 10½@11c.; Inferior, 10@10½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@70; Ordinary, $30@45; Common, $10@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 5½@6½c.; Other qualities, 3@5c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $10@12; Other qualities, $3,50@7,50.

SWINE—First quality, 7¾@7½c.; Other qualities, 7@7½c.

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 6.—At market 432 Cattle, 350 Beeves, and 102 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,00@9,50; First quality, $8,25 @8,75; second quality, $7,75@8,00; third quality, $5,00@6,75; ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100 to $220.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 50, 60@65.

YEARLINGS—$40@00. Two years old, $35@38. Three years old, $12@18

VEAL CALVES—$3,50, 4, 5@9 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3145 at market. Prices—In lots, $2,50, $3,00, $4,00@5,00 each Extra and selections, $6, 7@8.

HIDES—5½@6½c. ⅌ lb. Tallow 5@5½c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—$1,75@2,25 each. Calf Skins 14@15c. ⅌ lb.

SWINE—550 at market. Prices—Live weight, 8@9c. ⅌ lb.—Dressed hogs, 10@11c Shoats, wholesale, 8@9c.; retail 9½@ 10½c. ⅌ lb.

BRIGHTON, MAY 7.—At market 850 Beef Cattle, 180 Stores, 13 pairs Working Oxen, 150 Cows and Calves, 2,100 Sheep and Lambs, 2,000 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $9,50@9,75; first quality, $9,00; second, $8; third, $7,50; ordinary, $5,75@6,00.

HIDES—8½@9½c. Tallow, 8@8½c.

PELTS—$1,75@2,00. Calf Skins, 14@15c ⅌ lb

VEAL CALVES—$4,50, 4, 5@6 a piece.

WORKING OXEN—$90, 125@182.

COWS AND CALVES—$27, 33, 45@50.

YEARLINGS $00@00. Two years old, $36@38. Three years old, $13@18.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $6, 7@8. In lots $2,78, 3@4.

SWINE—7¼@7½c. Retail, 8½@10c.

ALBANY, MAY 11.—At W. W. WOOLFORD'S Bull's Head Washington Avenue

BEEF CATTLE—830 at market. Prices, live weight, extra, $5,50; first quality, $5,00; second and third, $3@5,50.

COWS AND CALVES—Few in market. Prices range from $30@ $35. Extra $45@75.

SHEEP—900 in market. Prices range from $3,50@4,00. Extra $5. Wool sheep selling dull.

SWINE—620 in market. Prices, fat, $6,50@7,00; Stores, $6,25 @6,75 ⅌ cwt.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 6.—The inquiry for all kinds of Domestic Wools has recently been quite limited, and some holders have made a concession of ¾@5c. ⅌ lb. from the highest range, while others are holding their stock at full previous rates, being confident that the whole crop of old here will be wanted at present prices before the new clip is available; the stock of native fleece here does not exceed 130,000 lbs; toward the close there was more inquiry, and rather a better feeling manifest among holders; the manufacturers, however, are still timid purchasers, on account of the great stagnation in the goods market, and purchase only sufficient to keep their machinery from lying idle, none we believe are running full blast, as there is scarcely a single Eastern manufacturer making any money at present; and many will have a large balance on the wrong side of the ledger ere the close of the year; the sales of Fleece and Pulled Wools, comprise 95,000 lbs. super to choice, mostly fleece, at 42@45c. for super pulled, and 52@60c. for super and extra fleeces, 6 mos. Foreign remains quiet, but prices are firmly sustained, and there is a scarcity of carpet and other low wools; sales 50 bales Cordova at 31c. 6 mos. Other sales have been made from the hands of dealers, but they are hardly a criterion of the market. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

MORE GOLD DISCOVERIES.—Information has been received at San Antonio, Texas, that a large placer of gold has been discovered in the Laguna de Tacos, about 32 leagues to the north and west of Monclova, and about 300 miles from San Antonio. The news has caused great excitement in Monclova and Monterey, from each of which points some 300 men were to leave for the mine on the 30th ult. The Government is about establishing a post of 800 men for the protection of miners while at work.

THE FIRST DISASTER ON LAKE ERIE.—The Canadian bark Empire, of Port Dover, Capt. Mulligan, went ashore on the 4th inst. at Sandusky. She hailed from Toledo, and had a cargo of oak timber. The crew, eleven in number, were drowned. The captain and a few passengers on board were saved.

FAMINE IN TEXAS.—New Orleans papers of the 2d, contain Galveston dates of April 28. There was almost a famine for want of Breadstuffs in the counties above Bastrop, and $2 62 was demanded per bushel for corn.

MARRIAGES.

IN Nunda, April 20th, by Rev. W. Metcalf Mr. GREENLEAF CLARKE, of Portage, and Miss MARY WHEELER of the former place.

Also, May 6th, by the same, Mr. DANIEL MACK and Mrs. GEMIMA FOSTER, both of Nunda

IN Pulaski, Oswego Co., N. Y., on the 22d ult., by Rev. Lawson Muzzy, CHARLES D. BRAGDON, Editor of the *Prairie Farmer*, Chicago, Ill., and Miss LOVINA S. W. FISHER, adopted daughter of A. Fisher, Esq., of the former place.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

PREMIUM LIST.—1857.

LOCAL AGENTS, Subscribers, and other earnest, active and influential friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, and the cause of "Progress and Improvement," who are disposed to lend their kind offices in its behalf—thus enhancing their individual interests while promoting the welfare of community—are respectfully invited to examine the following Programme of Premiums for RURAL CAMPAIGN of 1857.

"EXCELSIOR" PREMIUMS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, to the person or persons procuring the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, in any one Township, sent in or remitted according to our terms, previous to July 1, 1857.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.
FIVE DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.

$800 IN STATE PREMIUMS!

As most of our General Premiums have heretofore been won by persons in the State of New York, thus precluding Agents and friends at a distance from successful competition, we have concluded to offer $800 *in State and Provincial Prizes*, viz: **One Hundred Dollars** for the FOUR LARGEST LISTS from EACH of the States of PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, IOWA, and the Province of CANADA WEST, divided as follows:

FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER from EACH of the above named States and Canada West, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of July, 1857.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next largest list
TEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.

☞ Competitors for the State and Provincial Premiums, *can also compete for the large General Prizes!* Comment upon the unprecedented liberality and advantages of this list is unnecessary.

The names and number of subscribers obtained by each competitor, will be published in the RURAL, (or in a circular, and mailed to all interested, as soon after the 1st of April as the result can be ascertained,) and the cash paid to the order of the successful competitor.

☞ To give Post-Masters and other Local Agents a fair, equal chance, traveling agents, post-riders and citizens of Rochester are excluded.

☞ Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, Prospectuses, &c., furnished free to all who are disposed to compete for Premiums, or who desire to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL.—Subscription money should be properly inclosed, and carefully addressed and mailed in

D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar Journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

HARVEST GLOVES AND MITTS!—I have, and shall keep on hand a supply of the above, of a superior quality. Farmers and Country merchants will find it to their advantage to purchase of me. Sold wholesale and retail at the Whip and Glove Store, 78 State St. S. A. ELLIS, successor to M. Strong.

LOOK HERE!

THE ADVERTISER WANTS TO BUY A FARM OF FROM 20 to 40 acres, within 10 miles of Rochester, well improved, with a good house and as many bearing fruit trees as possible.

Any one having such a place to dispose of, on easy terms, may hear of a purchaser, by addressing Box 1115 P. O. Rochester, or calling at the office of the RURAL

SELF-RAKING REAPER AND MOWER, OR SINGLE REAPER,

Seymour & Morgan's Patent, Improved for the Harvest of 1857.

THIS MACHINE IS MORE SIMPLE, and less liable to get out of repair, than any other Self-Raker—is easier for the Team than any hand raker which cuts as wide—cuts as clean and rakes off better than any other machine, either hand or self-raker. The size of the handle may be regulated by the driver with perfect ease—the knife cannot be clogged—and for quality of material and workmanship, it is not surpassed by any machine in the market. For further particulars, apply soon, to one of our agents, or to ourselves,

SEYMOUR, MORGAN & ALLEN.

Brockport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 384w6

WAR OF 1812.

NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.

THE UNDERSIGNED IS NOW PREPARED to prosecute all claims of the New York State Militia arising under the Acts of 1818, 1819, and April 15, 1857, passed by the Legislature of this State providing for the payment of the contingent expenses incurred by the Militia, and also pay for their clothing, equipments, &c., lost, worn out or destroyed in the service in the War of 1812. As the time for prosecuting these claims is limited, parties interested should make application at an early day. The large experience of the undersigned in procuring Bounty Lands and Pensions, will enable him greatly to facilitate the prosecution of all claims entrusted to his management. The highest market price always paid for Land Warrants.—Office, 35 and 37 West Gallery, Reynolds' Arcade. Address, by letter or otherwise, ALFRED G. MUDGE, Rochester, N. Y.

Dewey's New Book Rooms NOW OPEN.

LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS!

THE GREAT ARCADE

News Rooms and Book Depot!!

I DESIRE TO EXPRESS MY GRATITUDE TO THE Citizens of Rochester and Western New York, for the very liberal and generous patronage bestowed upon me during the past eleven years, and to solicit a continuance of those substantial favors which have enabled me from time to time to enlarge my Store and Stock, in order to meet the constantly increasing demand for Books in the various departments of Literature.—Encouraged by the past, and animated with a spirit of progress, I have determined that Rochester shall possess in my store all the advantages of one of the best MISCELLANEOUS BOOK STORES in the United States. My Spring Purchases comprise the most complete Stock of

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,

in nearly every branch of Literature, ever offered in Western New York, embracing a large variety of Books never before offered in the market; such as

ANCIENT AND MODERN ENGLISH BOOKS.

All new English publications received as soon as imported.—Read the following list:
Bohn's Classical, Scientific and other Libraries;
English Illustrated Books, elegant costly works;
Rutledge's cheap Editions of English Books;
Welles' Scientific Hand Books
French Books, cheap editions, regularly received;
Old rare editions of English Books;
Elegant Wedding Gifts, books bound for private presents;
All Standard American History, Biography, &c.
All Standard American Books
Publications of Episcopal Sunday School Union;
Publications of the Evangelical Knowledge Society;
Metaphysical and Theological Books;
Belles Letters, Poetry, and Works on the Fine Arts;
Architectural and Mechanical Books;
Agricultural and Horticultural "
Catholic Prayer Books, Bibles, &c.
Juvenile Books, English and American, great variety;
Cheap publications, all the old and new Books;
Popular Novels, soon as issued from the Press.

ALL THE STANDARD POPULAR NOVELS!

OLD AND NEW, BOUND AND IN PAPER.

English and American Periodical Literature;
Guide Books, Maps, and Traveler's Hand Books;
General Atlasses and Gazeteers of the World;
Encyclopedias, Dictionaries and Concordances;
Commentaries on the Scriptures, great variety;
Bibles; Family Pocket Books; Prayer Books;
Devotional and Religious Books, &c
Blank Books, Memorandum Books, Diaries, &c.

LEATHER GOODS.

Pocket Books, Port Monnaies, Bankers' Cases;
Collection Books, R. R. Conductors' Books;
Reticules; Cabas, Traveling Bags, Traveling Cases;
Writing Cases, Writing Desks, superb qualities.

WORKS OF ART.

Parlor Ornaments—such as choice Italian, English, and French Engravings, after old Masters;
American and French Lithographs and Engravings;
Oil Paintings, Pastel Paintings, Fictile Ivory;
Parian Marble and Bronze Ornaments, &c.

THE NEWS ROOM DEPARTMENT,

Embraces everything in the way of Popular Newspapers, Magazines, and cheap Publications. You can always rely upon finding anything wanted. My stock is thorough and complete, embracing a large variety not kept by any other house in Western New York

MY NEW ENLARGED STORE

IS NOW OPEN. Citizens, and strangers from the surrounding country and abroad who may visit Rochester, are invited to call and examine my stock. D. M. DEWEY, Arcade Hall.

Rochester, May 4, 1857.

The New York Ledger,

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER,

Has now attained

THE EXTRAORDINARY CIRCULATION

OF OVER

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES!

Which is larger than the united circulations of any

TEN WEEKLY PAPERS IN NEW YORK,

ANY

TEN IN BOSTON,

OR ANY

TEN IN PHILADELPHIA.

The LEDGER is devoted to

POLITE LITERATURE,
ORIGINAL TALES,
SKETCHES, POETRY,
WIT AND HUMOR,
DOMESTIC STORIES,
THRILLING ADVENTURES,
CURRENT NEWS,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

It is beautifully illustrated every week, from original designs by the best artists. Each number contains five or six beautiful and spirited engravings. The great secret of the LEDGER'S success is, that it employs the best writers in the country, the proprietor sparing no expense, not only to secure but to MONOPOLIZE talent of the first order.

The following distinguished writers are constantly employed on the LEDGER:

FANNY FERN,
GEO. D. PRENTICE,
MRS. SIGOURNEY,
MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
ALICE CAREY,
MISS GIBSON,
COL. WALTER P. DUNLAP,
EMERSON BENNETT,
SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,
DR. S. P. BRONSON,
WM. HENRY ERSKINE,

and a host of other well-known writers.

All the Tales that Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH writes hereafter will be published only in the NEW YORK LEDGER. She has withdrawn from all other papers. FANNY FERN writes only for the NEW YORK LEDGER; SYLVANUS COBB, Jr., writes only for the NEW YORK LEDGER; EMERSON BENNETT writes only for THE NEW YORK LEDGER. The LEDGER is published every Saturday, and mailed to subscribers at two dollars per annum; or two copies for three dollars. Address ROBERT BONNER, Publisher, No. 44 Ann street, New York.

200 TUNS OF BONES WANTED, for which the subscribers will pay $12 per ton, delivered at Utica. All information given by addressing

384w3 T. HOLLINGSWORTH & SON, Utica, N. Y.

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ROCHESTER SAVINGS' BANK.

NEW BUILDING,

Corner of Buffalo and Fitzhugh Streets.

THIS BANK PAYS SIX PER CENT INTEREST ON ALL Deposits, instead of five as heretofore allowed.

Open from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., and on Saturday evening.

May 1st, 1857. EDWARD WHALEN, Secretary.

Trustees.

Jonathan Child,	Isaac Hills,	J. Haywood,
E. P. Smith,	Wm. Brewster,	Wm. Pitkin,
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CROWN & EMERY,

Publishers and Wholesale Booksellers,

43 CORNHILL, BOSTON, MASS.

PARTICULAR NOTICE TO BOOK AGENTS, COLPORTEURS, and all Traveling Book Dealers, or those who wish to enter into the business, whether Male or Female.

YOU CAN BUY BOOKS OF US,

Including Historical, Biographical, Religious and Miscellaneous, on better paper, better printed, and better and more splendidly bound, and which will sell faster, and on which you can make more money, than of any other House in the country; and as a particular inducement to you, we will pay freight on all packages or boxes, as far as New York city or Albany. For Catalogue, terms, &c., address CROWN & EMERY,

384ws 43 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

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SUPERB DOUBLE DAHLIAS.

OUR STOCK OF THIS GORGEOUS FLOWER has recently been much improved by the addition of above FIFTY of the finest ENGLISH, FRENCH and GERMAN Prize Varieties of the past year, nearly all of which are now offered for the first time in this country. Strong plants are now ready for delivery at the ollowing prices:

NEW VARIETIES, offered for the first time this year, $1 each—$10 per dozen.

LEADING VARIETIES OF 1855, 50 cents each—$5 per dozen.

BEST OLD VARIETIES of previous years, all reliable sorts, fine form and free bloomers, $3 per dozen.

GOOD OLD VARIETIES, $1 50 to $2 per dozen.

Plants packed with care to bear transportation to all parts of the country. Catalogues forwarded to all applicants who enclose a cent stamp to prepay postage.

384w4 B. K. BLISS & HAVEN, Springfield, Mass.

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WAKEFIELD'S HAND CORN PLANTER,

IS WARRANTED TO PLANT FROM FOUR TO EIGHT acres of Corn in a day, in the most desirable manner, if used as directed; and is as well adapted to planting beans. It is sold by town Agents, and sent free of charge, in counties of Monroe, Wayne, Seneca, Cayuga, Tompkins, Oswego, Jefferson, Orleans and Niagara, on receipt of the price—$5, by

M. W. SIMMONS, Brockport, N. Y.

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BREAD! BREAD!! BREAD!!!

EVERY HOUSEKEEPER who delights in LIGHT AND NUTRITIOUS BREAD, should go to her grocer and get a package of JAMES PYLES' DIETETIC SALERATUS. Its superiority over all other articles for making Biscuit, Cake, and Pastry of all kinds, cannot fail to bring it into general use. For sale at all the Groceries. Manufacturing Depot 313 Washington street, New York. 384w4

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S. A. ELLIS'

WHIP AND GLOVE STORE, 78 STATE STREET, Rochester, N. Y. Having purchased the Retail trade of what has long been known as Strong's Whip and Glove Store, I intend to make it the most desirable place for the purchase of

WHIPS, GLOVES, CANES AND UMBRELLAS,

in the city. I shall keep a larger and better assortment of these goods than has ever before been kept here.

Ladies will find it to their advantage to call and look at my assortment of Kid Gloves.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH will hereafter write only for the NEW YORK LEDGER. See advertisement at the top of this column. Now is a good time to subscribe, as a new and powerfully-written Tale by Mrs. Southworth will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER.

TRIAL OF REAPERS AND MOWERS.

THE TRIAL OF REAPERS AND MOWERS, UNDER the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture will take place on

WEDNESDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF JULY,

1857, at HAMILTON, Butler county, Ohio, at which time and place the following Premiums will be awarded:

I. For the best REAPER	$50 00
For the 2d best do	30 00
II. For the best MOWER	50 00
For the 2d best do	30 00
III. For the best REAPER & MOWER, combined	50 00
For the 2d best do do do	30 00

The Machines competing for the Premium of "Reaper and Mower combined," shall both "*Reap*" and "*Mow*," in the presence of the Awarding Committee.

Competition for the Premiums is respectfully invited from Manufacturers and others, in all the States.

The first, or Premium of $50, will be awarded either in money, or gold medal, at the option of the successful competitor.

Good teams and efficient teamsters will be provided by the Board.

Hamilton is a point twenty-five miles north of Cincinnati, on the Great Miami Railroad, and is therefore very accessible.

AWARDING COMMITTEE—Hon. Norton S. Townsend, Avon, O.; John Ferris, Carthage, O.; E. G. Dyer, Hamilton, O.; W. R. Collet, Lebanon, O.; David Nevitt, Lawrenceburgh, Ind.; Jos. Barker, Newport, O. By order of Board,

March, 16, 1857. JNO. H. KLIPPART, Cor. Sec.

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ATKINS' AUTOMATON:

OR,

Self-Raking Reaper and Mower.

BEST MACHINE IN USE.

1 (*The first*) *built in* 1852.
40 *Used successfully in* 1853
300 *In different States in* 1854.
1,200 *Well distributed in* 1855.
2,800 *Throughout the Union* 1856.
5,000 *Building for* 1857.

THERE ARE SIX GOOD REASONS FOR THIS UNPARALLELED increase and great popularity:—1st. It is strong and reliable and easily managed 2d It saves the hard labor of Raking. 3d. It saves at least another hand in binding. 4th It saves shattering by the careful handling in raking; besides, the straw being laid straight, it is well secured in the sheaf, and does not drop in the after-handling and the heads are not exposed in the stack, so that the GRAIN saving even exceeds the LABOR saving 5th It is a good Mower, being one of the best convertible machines in use. 6th. It has a knife that does not choke.

Over 80 First Premiums Received in Four Years.

Price of Reaper and Mower $190—$50 cash balance in note due Jan. 1, 1858. Price of Reaper only $165—$40 cash, balance in note due Jan. 1, 1858.

For cash 12 per cent. discount from the above prices.

To secure a Machine, order immediately. Though so little known the past season, and none ready for delivery till 1st May, yet out two-thirds the customers could be supplied The reputation of the Machine is now widely established, so that 5,000 will not as nearly supply the demand as 2,000 did last year.

☞ Order early, if you would not be disappointed

PAMPHLETS giving IMPARTIALLY the OPINIONS OF FARMERS, together with orders, notes, &c, mailed to applicants, and prepaid

☞ H. B. HAPGOOD, of Rochester, N. Y., is the General Agent for the above Machine in New York, to whom all letters relative to sales, &c., in this State should be addressed. Traveling and Local Agents wanted 382w16

ACHROMATIC MICROSCOPES.

THE SUBSCRIBERS INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR superior Achromatic Single and Compound Microscopes, that have obtained the commendation of the most eminent scientific men of America, and for which they have received the premiums of the New York Exhibition of 1853, and of the Ct. State Agricultural Society of 1856.

These Microscopes range from forms of the greatest possible simplicity, in those combining the most elaborate of modern improvements.

They call particular attention to their "Small Microscopes for Students," which are provided with objectives sufficient for all ordinary and even for professional investigations, and of a quality never before sold by any foreign or American maker, at prices comparatively so low.

Descriptive Priced Catalogues will be sent free of charge on application. J. & W. GRUNOW,

April 20, 1857.—(381-1ywc) New Haven, Ct.

COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER AND SINGLE MOWER.

Manny's Patent with Wood's Improvement.

IN OFFERING MY MACHINES TO THE FARMERS FOR the Harvest of 1857, it seems hardly necessary to advertise them; but as this medium for an introduction to the public is so generally adopted, I take this method to inform the farmers that a close personal attention to the practical operation of the machine the past harvest has induced me to make several improvements—these, added to its former reputation, give me the utmost confidence in stating that it now stands unrivalled as a Mower, or a Combined Reaper and Mower, and for harvesting Clover Seed, has no competitor. I have a large amount of certificates from farmers who have used my machine besides several Premiums, Diplomas and Medals, awarded by State, County and Town Agricultural Societies, pointing out plainly the points in which it excels all others. Many of these are patented and cannot be embodied in any other machine, and all will admit how essential and indispensable they are to a successful Combined Reaper and Mower.

With each machine will be furnished two scythes, two extra guards, two extra sections, one extra pinion and wrench.

Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LOVED ONES.

BY CLARA P. YAWGER.

They are going—they are going—
From among us, day by day—
Constantly, as waters flowing
From the gushing fount away.
From the fondly cherished number
Noiselessly, away they glide;
Now we meet them but in slumber,
And awake to know—they died.

Solemn, as the rolling river—
Silent, as the setting sun—
From our hearts, and homes forever
They are passing—one by one.
With their silken locks unfaded—
White hands folded on their breast—
Loving eyes so meekly shaded—
They are laying down to rest.

All in vain our bosom's yearning—
Prayers and tears, alike are vain—
For they go whence no returning,
Never come they back again.
They are sleeping—they are sleeping—
Where the weeping dews are shed,
And the holy stars are keeping
Lonely vigil o'er their bed.

Through the stilly twilight stealing
Oft we seek the hallowed spot,
And upon the cold sod kneeling
Call them—but they answer not.
Far beyond chill Jordan's swelling—
Far beyond the spangled sky—
In their glorious spirit dwelling
Do they ever hear our sigh?

When a few more days are blended
With the countless ages past,
And a few more summers ended
That are flitting by so fast,
We, our weary eyelids closing,
Never more to wake or weep,
'Neath the tangled grass reposing,
Shall with them, *forgotten*, sleep.

Spring Port, N. Y., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

MARY MOORE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

ALL my life long I had known Mary Moore. All my life long, too, I had known I loved her.

Our mothers were old playmates, and first cousins. My first recollection is of a young gentleman in a turkey-red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. That young gentleman was I, myself—Harry Church; that blue-eyed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I saw myself at the little red school house, drawing my painted sled up to the door, and arranging my overcoat upon it, that Mary might ride home. Many a black eye have I gained on such occasions; for other boys liked her beside me, and she, I am afraid, was something of a flirt, even in her pinafores. How daintily she came tripping down the steps when I called her name! how sweetly her blue eyes looked up to me from the envious folds of her winter hood! how gaily her merry laugh rang out when, by dint of superhuman exertions, I kept her sled before the rest, and let her stand upon the steps exultingly to see them all go by! That fairy laugh! No one but Mary could ever let her heart lie so upon her lips! I followed that laugh up from my days of childhood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth—I followed it through the heated noon of manhood, and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb my knee and call me "Father," I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that, grey hairs and all, I am following its music still. When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came upon me. I was sent away to a western school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years! This, to me, was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me.

But hearts are tough things after all.

I left college in all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward and embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments—never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a sad puppy, I know; but as youth and good looks have fled, I trust I may be believed when I say that self-conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me at this time, and, accepting it, I gave up all ideas of a profession, and prepared to go to the Indies. In my hurried visit home, of two days, I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school in Massachusetts, and was not expected home till the next fall. I gave one sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate, and then called myself "a man again."

"In a year," I thought, as the stage whirled away from our door, "in a year, or three years at the very most, I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be—why, then, perhaps I may marry her."

I stroked my budding moustache with great complacency, while I settled the future of a young lady I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not stoop, with grateful tears, to pick up the handkerchief whenever I chose to throw it at her feet.

But now I know that had Mary met me then, she would have despised me. She was as far above me as the heavens are above the earth. Perhaps in the scented and affected student she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, save a regret that I should make such an unlimited donkey of myself—I know her better now.

India was my salvation, not merely because of the plentiful share of gold I laid up, but because my earnest labor counteracted the evil in my nature, and made me a better man. And when at the end of three years I prepared to return, I wrote nothing to the dear ones I was about to meet of the reformation which I knew had taken place.

"They loved me as I was," I murmured to myself, "and they shall find for themselves if I am better worth the loving as I am."

I packed up many a token, from that land of romance and gold, for the friends I was to meet. The gift for Mary Moore was one I selected with a beating heart. A ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside; that was all, and yet the little toy thrilled me strangely, as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger.

To the eyes of others it was but a small, plain circlet, suggesting thoughts perhaps by its daintiness, of the dainty white hand that was to wear it. But to me—oh, to me—how much was embodied there! A loving smile on a beautiful face—low words of welcome—a happy home, and a sweet face smiling there—a group of merry children to climb my knee—all these delights were hidden within that little ring of gold!

CHAPTER II.

A tall, bearded, sun-bronzed man, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter, showed me that company were assembled there. I hoped my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no stranger's eyes were looking curiously on.

But no—a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long-absent one when he asked for admittance. Some such bitter thought was passing through my mind, as I heard the sounds from the parlor and saw the half-suppressed smile upon the servant's face.

I hesitated a moment before I made myself known, or asked after the family. And while I stood silent, a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peered out a small golden head—a tiny, delicate form followed, and a sweet, childish face and blue eyes were lifted up to mine; so like—so like to one that had brightened my boyhood, that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What may your name be, little one?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the door.

She lifted up her hand as if to shade her eyes, (I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time,) and answered, in a sweet, bird-like voice,

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked, quickly.

"Mary Moore Chester," lisped the child.

My heart sunk down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood! Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried in vain, to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won the woman away from me! This was his child—his child and Mary's! And I must go in there, and meet her once again, and then go away forever, and die, if God would let me!

I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow. And hiding my face in my hands I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lip as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor door, and called my sister out, to find out who it could be that conducted so strangely.

I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice saying,

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?"

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her a moment and then stilling the tumult of my heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms, and said,

"Lizzie, don't you know me?"

"Harry! Oh, my brother Harry!" she cried, and threw herself upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all.

There was a rush and a cry of joy; and then my father and mother sprang towards me, and welcomed me home with heart-felt tears! Oh, strange, and passing sweet, is such a greeting to the way-worn wanderer! And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasping my father's hand, while Lizzie still clung beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost, and though another had secured life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in this dear sanctuary of home.

There was four other inmates of the room, who had arisen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by, stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, where she had hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtain that fell to the door.

When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home, my boy," he said with the loud cheerful tones I remembered so well. "You have changed so I should never have known you—but no matter for that—your heart is in the right place, I know."

"How can you say he is changed?" said my mother, gently. "To be sure he looks older and graver, and more like a man than when he went away—but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is that heavy beard that changes him. He is my boy still."

"Aye, mother," I answered sadly, "I am your boy still."

God help me! At that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in my infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked in his full handsome face.

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh yes—thank you for the compliment," he answered with a hearty laugh. "My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."

"His wife! could I hear that name and keep silence still?" "And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the infant in his arms and kissing her crimson cheek.

"I tell you, Harry, there is not another one like her in the United States. Don't you think she looks very much as her mother used to?"

"Very much," I faltered.

"Hallo!" cried Frank, with a suddenness that made me start violently. "I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife; I believe you and she used to be playmates in your young days—eh, Harry?" and he slapped me on the back. "For the sake of old times, and because you were not here at the wedding, I will give you leave to kiss her once—but mind, old fellow, you are never to repeat the ceremony. Come—here she is, and for once I will see how you will manage those ferocious moustaches of yours, in the operation."

He pushed Lizzie laughing and blushing, towards me! A gleam of light and hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought:

"*Not* Mary!"

It must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room. But nothing was said—even Frank, in general so obtuse, was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and hurried to the silent figure looking out of the window.

"Mary—Mary Moore," I said in a low eager voice. "Have you alone no welcome to give to the wanderer?"

She turned and laid her hand in mine, and murmured hurriedly—

"I am glad to see you here, Harry."

Simple words—and yet how blest they made me! I would not have yielded up that moment for an Emperor's crown! For there was the happy home group and the dear home fireside, and there sweet Mary Moore! The eyes I had dreamed of by day and by night were falling before the ardent gaze of mine—and the sweet face I had so longed and prayed to see, was there before me—more beautiful, more womanly, and more loving than before! I never knew the meaning of happiness till that moment came!

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then, is fast turning gray. I am growing to be an old man and can look back to a long and happy, a well spent life. And yet sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon me in my white hairs. An old man! Can this be so? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of my early days. To me she can never grow old, nor change. The heart that held her in infancy and sheltered her piously in the flush and beauty of womanhood can never cast her out 'till life shall cease to warm it. Nor even then for love still lives in heaven.—*Selected.*

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

ONE of the arts that tend most to the improvement of human intellect is that of language.

CORRECTION does much, but encouragement does more—encouragement after censure is as sunshine after a shower.

AN unstable man, who does not know which way to take or how to act, is as one who "fears ghosts at the front door, and thieves at the back."

AMBITION, when lawless, is a curse; when guided by wisdom, a blessing to its possessor and a benefactor of the race.

TIME is the most precious and yet the most brittle jewel we have. It is what every man bids largely for when he wants it, but squanders away when he gets it.

PHILOSOPHERS say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. This may account for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches.

A NOUN of multitude is a word by which any number of substantives may be combined in a singular form, as "The Board of Aldermen a den of thieves.

WHEN strangers visiting Wordsworth's house wished to see his study, the servant said:—"The library where my master keeps his books, is in that room, but his study is in the fields."

BOYS that are philosophers at six years of age, are generally blockheads at twenty-one. By forcing children, you get so much into their heads that they become cracked in order to hold it.

IN conversation, humor is more than wit, easiness more than knowledge. Few desire to learn or to think they need it; all desire to be pleased, or if not, to be easy.

A ROGUE asked charity on pretense of being dumb. A lady having asked him, with equal simplicity and humanity, how long he had been dumb, he was thrown off his guard, and answered, "From birth." "Poor fellow!" said the lady, and gave him a dollar.

"How many genders are there?" asked the schoolmaster. "Three, Sir," promptly replied little blue eyes, "masculine, feminine, and neuter." "Give me an example of each," said the master. "Why, you are masculine, because you are a man: and I am feminine, because I am a girl,"—"Very well—proceed." "I don't know," said the little girl, "but I reckon Mr. Jenkins is neuter, as he's an old bachelor."

WHEN Dr. Franklin was in Paris, his daughter Mrs. Bache, wrote to him for a supply of feathers and thread lace. The doctor declined in the following characteristic note:—"If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care *not to mend the holes*, they will come in time to lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every turkey's tail."

AN AFFECTING ANECDOTE is told of Miss Bronte, the author of "Jane Eyre." When her celebrity had risen to fame, publishers were ready to give her the largest sums for a novel, but she refused the money, and could not be tempted to write.—When rebuked for her silence, she averred that she had gone as far as her experience could carry her, and that before she wrote again she must have more life to draw upon. This was said in the spirit of truth and of genius. The sordid mind, with its petty readiness, its mechanic talent, could not so have thought or spoken; it would have clutched the money and grasped the pen, put the cash in purse, and then, like the barrel organist, who had porketed his alms, fall to work in grinding out its machine music.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ARITHMETICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 34 letters.
My 18, 3, 20, 31 is a fraction.
My 10, 26, 28, 9, 33 is a rule by which most problems can be solved.
My 8, 9, 4 is a weight, also a trap.
My 13, 7, 30, 14 is a measure, also a name.
My 28, 22, 29 is a measure, also a corrector.
My 25, 28, 9, 32 is an allowance in weighing.
My 1, 12, 16, 9 is a liquid measure.
My 2, 15, 34, 17 is a measure, also a part of the (human) body.
My 5, 16, 25, 27, 13, 9, 6, 4 is a valuable rule for "monind" men.
My 11, 19, 20, 23 is the answer to the above question.
My 24, 13, 33, 15 expresses the contents of a surface.
My 21, 12, 23, 10, 9, 33, 8 is a number.
My whole is a very common "puzzle" problem.

Allen, N. Y., 1857. C. L. CUDEBEC.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ENIGMA.

I AM a curious being.

I was one of the atoms of matters in the Antemundane ages. I was seen in the creation of the Universe, and formed a part of EVE, but not of ADAM; and still I am a part of both men and women. I was not with NOAH in the Ark; yet formed a part of many creatures. I was never to be found in company with ABRAHAM; yet I was intimate with MOSES. I was never to be seen with ISAAC nor JACOB; but was always with the Israelites, though never in the camp. I was always seen in the battle-field; though never in war. I was never foremost in marching; yet was seen in the rear. I never was in Ramah; but dwelt in Jericho. Never was in company with SOLOMON, nor intimate with DAVID, his father; but was in the Temple. I never was in the city of DAVID; yet was often seen in Jerusalem. I was in the Judgment Hall; tho' not present at the crucifixion. I did not exist in the Apostolic age; though seen in every age of the world. I was often seen in the city of Rome; yet was never in the capital. I was not in Patmos when JOHN wrote the revelation; although seen in the revelation, and my name often occurs in the Bible. In fact I am a curious being! I always have had, and always shall have, a positive existence in the Universe. I shall be seen in the Judgment day; exist in the millenium, and shall always be seen in the long ages of eternity.

Bryan, Ohio, 1857. G. F. ROCKWELL.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

My first in rhyme is always found,
And with my second names a sound;
My first and third, reversed, may stand,
Before the name of any man;
My second with my third imply,
That I now live beneath the sky;
My whole in perfect operation,
Defeats the laws of gravitation.

East Pharsalia, N. Y., 1857. B. B.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Botanical Enigma in No. 383:—Japonica Camellia.

Answer to Charade in No. 383:—Pea-cock.

Answer to Problem in No. 383:—22 miles 15.44 furlongs.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEAFNESS AND DISEASES OF THE EYE, Scientifically and successfully treated by Dr. WALKER, 82 State Street, Rochester, N. Y. 383w6

ORCHARD GRASS.—A supply of this best of all grasses, and also of Blue Grass at the Genesee Seed Store, 61 Buffalo St., Rochester. JOHN RAPALJE, Agent.

BURRALL'S COMBINED MOWER and REAPER. DECIDEDLY THE BEST IN MARKET. Warranted to be thoroughly built, and to work well. THOS. D. BURRALL, Geneva, Ontario Co., N. Y.

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PLASTER! PLASTER!! I WILL SELL NICE, fine ground PLASTER, at my mill, at $2.75 per ton. Sold mill is situated 11 miles west of Rochester, 2½ miles south-west of Hatford's Inn, and 2½ from Churchville. Riga, N. Y., April 27, 1857. [383w3] E. M. HARMON.

WANTED AGENTS—To sell STEEL PLATE ENGRAVING, including the beautifully Illustrated engraving of the "LORD'S PRAYER and TEN COMMANDMENTS." An active person, with a small capital, can make $30 to $60 per month. For particulars address D. H. MULFORD, 383w3 No. 167 Broadway, New-York.

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SPALDING'S Steam Engine and Circular Saw-Mill Manufactory. IMPROVED ENGINES AND BOILERS—Circular Saw-Mills, with cast steel mandrels and strong iron head-blocks, lever-set—one sawyer cutting 1,000 feet, inch pine, per hour. Sash and muley Saw-mills, with rotary feed.—Shingle Saw-mills, self-setting and self-stopping. Heading mills, siding mills, for making feather edged siding. Shingle cutting machines. Straw-cutters. Stave-jointers, operated by the foot, jointing with great rapidity. Bedstead and Chair making machinery. Chucks and hollow augers. Broom handle lathes. Wood lathes. Broom machinery. Picket fence machinery. Bran Dusters. Grain Separators. Horizontal Smut machines, and other machinery for Mills of all kinds made on short notice. Contracts taken for building mills. Circulars with cuts and other information given, by addressing L. A. SPALDING, Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y. 383w3

THE ROCHESTER STONE YARD, IS WELL STOCKED AT ALL TIMES WITH THE BEST quality of LOCKPORT AND MEDINA SAND STONE, such as Flagging, Platform, Curb, Paving and Cross-walk; Caps and Sills, Water Tables, Door Sills, of any size required, Steps, Coping, Well and Cistern Covers, Building Stone, &c., which will be furnished at the lowest prices on short notice, and laid in the best manner if desired. We will also deliver Stone in any quantity to any place on the Lakes, Canals or Railroads. Thankful for the patronage heretofore bestowed upon us by our customers and friends, we shall endeavor to merit a continuance. Office and Yard in Rochester, corner of Finlough St. and Erie Canal, just south of Court House. In Buffalo, on the Canal opposite the Courtier House and Erie street Depot. Orders addressed to either of the undersigned, or left at our quarries at Lockport or Medina, will be attended to punctually. THOMAS RATHBUN, Buffalo, WM. W. WHITMORE, Lockport, } Proprietors. WM. CARSON, Agent for Rochester and vicinity.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS

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THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Mechanical, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other Journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL in America.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

CLIMATOLOGY.

CLIMATES OF THE THREE TERRITORIES.

BY LIEUT. MAURY.

IF the accounts which daily reach us through the press, be true—and in the main they no doubt are—there is an exodus from the old States into the three embryonic States, Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska, such as the great West, with all its marvels and its wonders, never before witnessed.—Many of the readers of the RURAL intend to make their homes and seek their fortunes on the green bosoms of this attractive young trio. A knowledge of the climate under which the new-comer is about to settle, is certainly very desirable. To the emigrant the soil and climate of the new country are every thing. The soil may be good, but how is the climate, and what are the fruits and vegetables that will thrive best there? Let us inquire.

The observations that are available for a discussion of these climates, are not very abundant; but, for the remarks I propose to make upon the climatology of these three Territories, I shall rely mainly upon the observations recorded in the "Army Meteorological Register" for twelve years, from 1843 to 1854 inclusive, and BLODGET'S maps published therewith.

Let us take Minnesota as the first in order. It lies between the parallels of 43° 30′ and 49°.00′ North, and according to estimate, the State of Minnesota will contain an area of not less than 80,000 square miles, equal to 51,000,000 acres. The census of 1850 shows that the quantity of land owned in the United States, by individuals, is at the average between 12 and 13 acres to the individual; at this rate Minnesota has land enough for 4,000,000 of freemen, at the present national land-loving average. With the pro-rata population of New York, she offers homes to more than five millions of people.

The average annual precipitation in this territory is—exclusive of dew—about 26 inches for the whole territoy, of which 10 fall in Summer and 2 in Winter. Of course then the Winter snows cannot be very heavy, which fact those concerned in Railways there will be happy to realize. The total fall of snow during the winter months, does not average over 8 inches a month. In Minnesota, therefore, the Winter may be called the dry, and the Summer the wet season, which is exactly the opposite of what takes place on the Pacific. There, as in Oregon, the winter precipitation ranges up to 30 inches, while in the summer the total depth of rain that falls is only two or three inches.

The summer rains of Minnesota occur for the most part at night, accompanied by magnificent displays of electrical phenomena. These purify the air, and in the morning the new settler goes forth to his labors under a climate the most elastic and delightful that it has probably ever been his fortune to experience on the polar side of the trade wind regions. The purity of the air, and the salubrity of the climate, make it a most delightful summer residence for Southern and Eastern invalids. It will prove, at least in summer, a sanatarium for consumptive patients.

Minnesota—for she may be spoken of already as a State, as she is only passing through the formalities to this dignity—may with propriety be called *the Lake* State. There is in this territory a greater number of these lovely sheets of laughing waters, than in all the country besides. They give variety and beauty to the landscape; they soften the air, and lend all their thousand charms and attractions to make this goodly land a lovely place of residence. We see that, with these beautiful sheets of water, nature has done for the upper Mississippi what ELLETT proposes should be done by Government for the Ohio, and what Napoleon III is doing for the rivers of France.

Every one of these thousands of lakes is a reservoir for the rains in the wet season, which it reserves to fill up the river in the dry,—at least that is one of their offices, for they have many.—The consequence is that, though more water falls from the sky upon Minnesota in Summer, than you in New York receive in Winter or Spring, yet the Mississippi there is never flooded. The difference between extreme high and low water at St. Paul, is not more than six or eight feet—while farther down, as at Memphis, the difference is many times as great. The difference on the Ohio, I think, is upwards of thirty feet.

Minnesota is far from the sea, but it is a better watered country than either Kansas or Nebraska. Indeed it may be considered the best watered State in the Union, and it doubtless owes its abundance of summer rains measurably to this lake system.

According to Lieut. MARR's observations at Memphis, and the calculations of a writer in "Harper's Weekly," it is estimated that about one-seventh of the water which falls in the Mississippi Valley from the sky, runs off to the sea; the rest is taken up again by evaporation to make clouds or rain for this or some other land. But what the river gives back to the sea is what the valley drained by it received from the sea; the rest is merely the same water lifted up and rained down again and again.

Minnesota probably sends less of her rains to the sea than one-seventh. Instead of allowing the rain-water to run off, these lakes collect it, and spread it out in silver sheets for the breeze to play upon, and for the sunbeam to dance upon, while his heated rays suck up cloudy screens and summer showers from the cooling ripples. In the valley of the Amazon it rains regularly every afternoon between 2 and 3 o'clock. But the summer rains of Minnesota do not commence generally until after night-fall. After sunset in summer the temperature falls rapidly in Minnesota, so as to make a blanket comfortable while sleeping—and to this decrease of temperature perhaps may be attributed the night rains.

The Winter temperature of Minnesota is more severe than that of any State in the Union—at least thermometrically speaking it is, according to the "Army Meteorological Register." Eastern Nebraska is colder still, but Western Nebraska is much warmer. Indeed the temperature of its Piedmont region, though lying much farther North is not more severe than an Ohio winter.

This is a suggestive feature in the climate of the West,—and one which is destined to have untold bearings upon the industrial pursuits of its future inhabitants. It is a striking fact that traveling up the Missouri from Council Bluffs, and ascending the Yellow Stone, in Winter, you come to a warmer and warmer country, though you may have changed your latitude some six or eight degrees. The coldest part of the country not mountainous—but really the coldest according to latitude—is west of the Mississippi, between the meridians of 95° and 100°. By going either to the East or West of these lines, you get into milder winter climates until you reach the Alleghanies on this side, or the Rocky Mountains on the other.

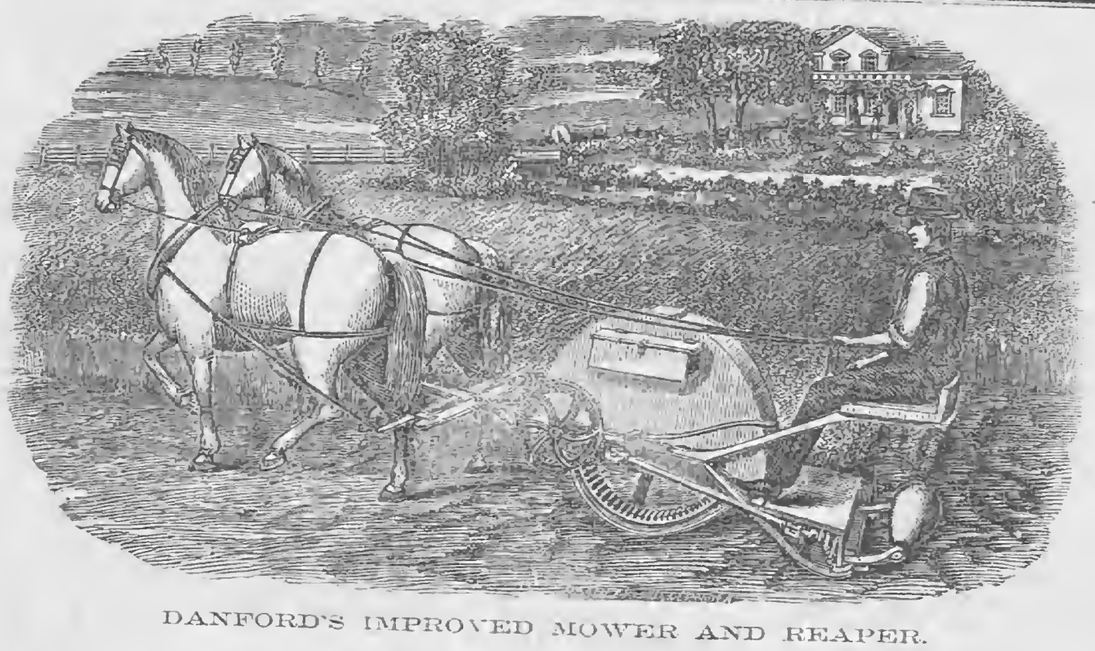
The cold of inland climates seems not to be as bitter as the cold of marine, and therefore damper winters. This fact strikes, with delightful surprise, the new comer in Minnesota, who is never aware of the extreme winter cold there unless he consults the thermometer. The winter clothing of those who are accustomed to the intense, but dry cold of inland climates, is much less thick and heavy than those who live in damper climates are in the habit of wearing.

ERMAN, the Siberian traveler, found at Takutsk, on the Lena, in 62° N., a degree of cold exceeding any which Artic explorers tell us of, or have suffered from. He found the thermometer there as low as—72°. In that part of Asia the ground, excepting about three feet in summer, according to him, is perpetually frozen to the depth of 630 feet! Yet Takutsk is a fine grazing country; besides grass, wheat, potatoes and turnips are grown there—the best farms producing 40 bushels of wheat to the acre.

"In Europe," says this traveler, "it may possibly be thought strange, that here these extremes of cold are never spoken of as a grievance; but, after residing a little in Siberia, one ceases to be surprised at this. A man clothed in Ostyak furs, may sleep at night in an open sledge when the mercury freezes in the thermometer; and wrapped up in his pelisse he can lie, without inconvenience, on the snow, under a thin tent, when the temperature of the air is—32°. After this, it may easily be believed that, even with the air at—60°., nothing more is necessary for comfort, than what every one here possesses, namely, good fur garments for use in the open air, and plenty of firewood for the house." Contrast this with the more marine like climate of Fort York, on Hudson's Bay, 5° farther to the South; and though the thermometer stands not so low, yet animal life there feels the cold much more keenly.

Minnesota and the Red River Country are as continental in their characteristics of climate as any part of Siberian Russia. Regularly in Siberia there occurs about the first weeks of January, a cold spell in which the thermometer is *from 92° to 104° below the freezing point.* All who have ever spent a winter in Minnesota are ceaseless in their praises of the climatic element, which prevents one from feeling the cold of that country as biting as the thermometer would indicate. The excessive dryness of the climate and the electrical state of the atmosphere, doubtless serve to protect it against the extreme winter cold of inland countries.

The climates of Kansas and Nebraska will be considered in our next article.



DANFORD'S IMPROVED MOWER AND REAPER.

MOWERS and REAPERS are becoming, with all progressive farmers, nearly indispensable as approved labor-saving implements. The number already before the public is somewhat extensive, though no claim is made that they are not susceptible of modification and improvement.

We give herewith an illustration and brief description of "DANFORD'S Improved Patent Double-Sickle Mower and Reaper," which, though comparatively little known in Western New York, has been quite extensively and satisfactorily used in the Western States, where it originated and has heretofore been manufactured. Of its mode of operation and construction the manufacturers say:

"The cutting apparatus is different from that of any other machine, having two sickles instead of one, worked in opposite directions by means of a double crank, thus securing the direct cut and action of perfect shears. This secures to the machine a double advantage in cutting, and to this peculiarity we are indebted for the remarkably light draught and slow motion necessary to cut grass or grain in any condition. The frame and gearing, and, in fact, all the working parts of this machine, are made of iron and steel in the most substantial manner. It works with a loose tongue, and can be easily turned and backed to suit convenience. It has no side draught, and cannot be clogged in any condition of grass or grain."

These machines for New York are manufactured by R. C. MUNSON & Co., East Bloomfield, N. Y., whose general agent for the sale thereof is G. W. BARTON, Hemlock Lake, N. Y. For further information, reference may be had to their advertisement, which will be found in the appropriate department of this paper.

BONE MANURE.

PERHAPS no one thing has done as much for the improvement of British Agriculture as the use of bones for manure. Its beneficial effects are seen in the improved appearance of many parts of the country, and land that was once noted for its sterility is now known and celebrated for its productiveness. Writing of this subject, an English author remarks, "the worthless rabbit-warren, the desolate wastes, the pathless heath, and the gorse lands of Lincolnshire are now *example* lands of English agriculture." Another says:—"Amongst the many improvements in agriculture which modern practice has adopted, there is none of higher importance than the introduction of bones as a field manure. It is quite possible that many who looked with admiration on the achievements of industry in every branch, and have marked with satisfaction the immense increase in the production of human food which has taken place within the last fifty years—an increase that has been trebled in the space of time that population has doubled, and who have noted the augmented value of property, the improved condition of the laborer, and the extended field for enterprise, skill and capital which the occupation of the farmer now affords, will overlook the fact that the use of *bone manure* has been one chief mean by which all this has been accomplished. But the fact is so,—the adoption of bones as a farm fertilizer has opened sources of production that have been the means of providing, to a mighty extent, food, labor and wealth for the community."

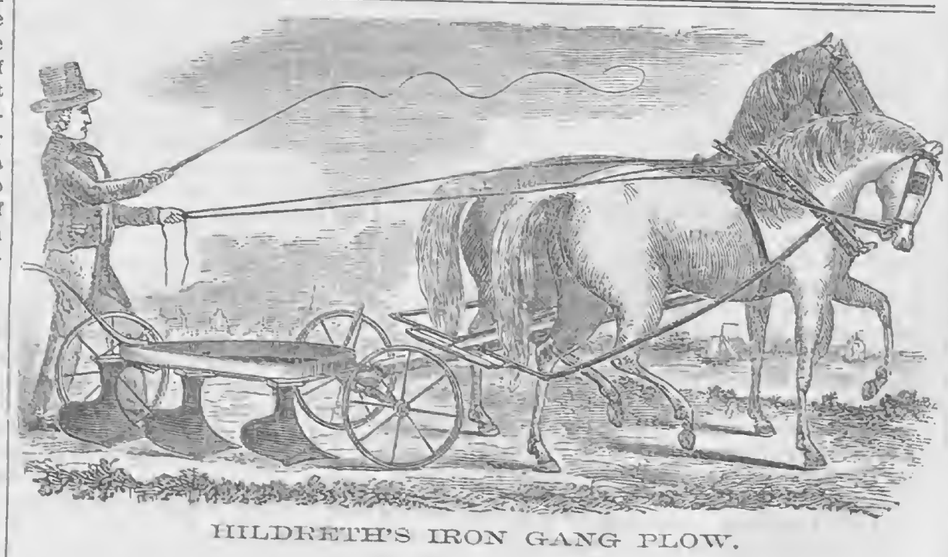
If the use of bones for manure has done so much for English agriculture, it will be certainly interesting, and may be profitable for us to inquire now this has been done, and whether we are deriving as much benefit as we should from this fertilizer.

Bones are used in England principally as a manure for the turnip, and its effects upon this crop are very striking. We might give a column of tables showing the very satisfactory results of experiments, but this will not be necessary, as most of these show that 100 pounds of powdered bones give an increase of about 1,000 pounds of roots. With such evidence as we have given of the opinions of English agriculturists as to the value of bone manure, further proof will not be necessary. A more important question is the manner of preparation.

Bones are prepared for use by simply breaking with an axe or sledge, breaking, and grinding, and burning. This is a slow and difficult business for the farmer, and to obviate this a machine was invented in England for breaking up the bones by horse-power, which traveled as wanted from farm to farm, breaking bones at a certain price per bushel, as is done by threshing machines. Of late years mills have been erected with powerful machinery for crushing bones, and the manufacturer buys bones in the rough state, the farmer purchasing them, prepared, and of different sizes, from dust to half inch pieces. The finer the bones are pulverized the more speedy their effects, as when large they dissolve but slowly, and the first crop has only a partial benefit. In this case the good effects of the manure are seen for several years.

The most approved method of using bones of late years, has been to dissolve them, after crushing, in diluted sulphuric acid. This changes the phosphate of lime of the bones into a *super-phosphate*, which is soluble, and the crop derives immediate benefit from its use. Two parts of water and one of sulphuric acid are used. The bones are placed in a heap, and the water and acid applied, when the whole is stirred so that all may be affected by the acid.

It is true, that our climate is not well adapted to turnip culture, as generally at the time for planting we have hot, dry weather, that is unfavorable to the germination of the seed; and the fly is exceedingly troublesome, often destroying the whole of several sowings almost as soon as the plants appear. In this country, too, the clover crop is a most invaluable aid in improving poor, light soils, and in this respect takes, to some extent, the place of the English turnip crop. With clover seed and plaster the farmer has the means of resuscitating cheaply and effectually the most unpromising soil. Bone manure, therefore, will not prove as valuable to American farmers as to their English brethren; yet it is well worthy our attention. The *Ruta Baga* can be grown in our climate very successfully, and planted any time between the first and fifteenth of June, seldom fails of producing a highly remunerating crop, especially if manured with bone dust. We hope many of our readers will try it this season, if only on a small scale.



HILDRETH'S IRON GANG PLOW.

THIS implement is becoming favorably known, not only in Western New York, where it originated, but in other and distant sections of the country. It has been awarded the first premium at several State Fairs, and is very highly recommended by practical farmers who have given it a thorough trial. A Gang was operated last week on the farms of Judges GARDNER and BUEL, near this city, and gave such satisfaction that it was purchased by those gentlemen. The work was well done, as we can testify from personal examination. It is principally used for preparing ground for seed after it is broken up, for which purpose it possesses superior advantages, and for plowing stubble ground for seeding. The manufacturers thus speak of its construction, capacity, &c.:

"The Gang is composed entirely of iron, except the pole, and is easily adjusted to carry the plows any desired depth in the ground, from two to six inches. It has been in use for the past two years, and wherever introduced is acknowledged to be the best implement for the purpose designed, and will perform *more work* with *less power* than any similar one in use. It can be guided, backed, or turned with as much ease as a common buggy, the wheels carrying the plows clear from the ground when desired,—and by means of the wheels the plows are readily gauged to cut any desired depth. This plow is designed for all kinds of cross-plowing or summer fallow; also for plowing corn, oat and barley stubble, and fitting land for seed generally,—and is the best implement in use for cover-

ing all kinds of seed sown broadcast. Wherever introduced it is rapidly superseding other Gangs and Cultivators, and needs only a trial to show its superiority."

Those of our readers desiring further information relative to this implement can obtain circulars with full description, references, &c., on application to HILDRETH & CHARLES, Lockport, N. Y.

BROOM CORN.—CULTURE, &c.

As many farmers in Western New York have from necessity discontinued growing wheat, they desire a knowledge of other crops promising remuneration and which are within their means.—Large portions of the Mohawk flats, and other rich alluvial soils, have been for years devoted to the cultivation of Broom Corn, with good profit, and there are unquestionably many acres over the other portions of the State that might be thus profitably employed.

Though rich alluvial soils are best adapted to the growth of broom corn, it thrives well on such soils as are considered good for Indian corn, especially a rich loamy land not liable to late or early frosts. A very common practice, yielding good results, is to plant on green sward turned up late in the fall, that the action of the frost may kill the worms and assist in making it loose and friable. Clay lands have been found unprofitable for this, as they are, to a considerable extent, for Indian corn. Manuring and thorough culture are the great auxiliaries of broom corn. Horse and sheep manure are the best, though any other reliable fertilizer may be used to advantage, if it does not cost too much.

There are different kinds cultivated in different localities. The smaller sort, grown along the Hudson river, is ordinarily the best crop, being some days earlier than the other varieties. It usually yields from 700 to 800 pounds of brush to the acre. The New Jersey, or large kind, usually yields 1,000 pounds to the acre, and not unfrequently more. The stalks and seeds are larger, and the brush makes a heavier, coarser broom,—not as desirable in many respects as those made of the finer brush of the small corn.

Broom corn is planted in rows about three feet apart, so that a horse can pass through with a cultivator. The hills in the rows are from 18 to 24 inches apart, though on many farms the custom prevails of sowing nearly in continuous rows or drills, by means of EMERY'S Albany Drill Barrow, which is well adapted to the work, saving much time and labor. The quantity of seed varies from one to three pecks per acre, according to the method of planting and the views of the grower. A small quantity of seed induces larger plants and more coarse brush, while the hills that have eight or ten stalks grow finer and produce a more valuable brush.

Broom corn, like other crops of this character, requires thorough cultivation. It should be hoed three times,—the last time as late as it is safe to work among it, which is often after it is three feet high.

The crop is usually harvested at the commencement of frosty weather, by breaking down the stalks 2 to 2½ feet from the top, and allowing them to hang a few days until the brush becomes straight and compact, when it is cut off, leaving the stalks 8 to 12 inches in length, which are then put up in convenient sized bales—making an important article of commerce, always marketable, and bringing good prices. Thousands of tuns are grown in Ohio and shipped eastward to New York and New England, and there is no good reason why, at this present juncture, farmers in New York cannot find the cultivation of broom corn profitable.

MANGOLD WURTZEL.

EDS. RURAL:—In a former number I gave you my experience in the cultivation of Carrots and Mangold Wurtzel in this country, and as it has been favorably dealt with, and also commended by B. F., of Niagara Co., let me, through your paper, give your readers a short sketch of the mode practiced in raising root crops "ayaut" the Atlantic. I admit that there are many inconveniences in our cold winters that they have not in England, but on the other hand, we have many advantages, and some of our inconveniences may, with a little expense and foresight, be removed. One great inconvenience is removed in our modern built barns, or I might more properly say model barns, which have a root cellar under the grain department, and a cellar for manure under the animal department, with a stairway inside from the root cellar to the place allotted for the animals.

In Great Britain root culture is carried on extensively, and I hope ere long to see it carried to a good extent in this country; our prices for beef, mutton and pork will warrant the exertions of the farmer to at least a fair trial. The portion of land allotted for root crops is generally that on which oats, wheat, barley, or some such grain, has been grown. It is usually plowed deep in the fall, and as early as possible in the spring it is harrowed, and as soon as dry cross-plowed, and again well harrowed and the weeds carefully picked off. It is then made into drills eight inches deep with the plow, passing up and down in the same furrow; the drills are from twenty-four to thirty inches from center to center. When there is but one team they generally open the drills half of the day and the other half they cart on the manure, (which must be well rotted,) throwing it in forkfulls in the drills, where it is spread evenly as fast as thrown down. The next morning the manure is covered with a double mold-board plow, (if they have one,) by running it down the center of the ridge, turning the earth on the manure; if they have not got the two plows they run the common plow up and down. Before they commence sowing the seed they pass a roller lengthwise of the drill to flatten the top; if the seeds are sown by hand a drill is made in the center of the ridge with the corner of a hoe, or an implement made for the purpose called a "scoffet," and if Mangold Wurtzel is the crop, the seed placed in the drill from nine to twelve inches apart, putting two capsules or seed-vessels in each place. The drill is covered by passing the foot sideways over it, or with a rake. Before the weeds come up they harrow between the drills with a drill harrow, pulverizing the ground and destroying the vegetation of weeds. Our cultivator will answer this purpose better. As soon as the plants appear sufficiently to be easily seen, they hoe between each, and as soon as the plants get strong they thin them, taking a moist day; if there is any deficiency they fill it up with those pulled out. The after-culture consists in plowing between them two or three times during the summer, harrowing each time after plowing.

Carrots, turnips and parsnips are treated in the same manner, with the exception of the seed, which is sown thicker. Some cultivators, instead of opening drills for the Mangold Wurtzel, have a marker, with short teeth, nine to twelve inches apart, and deposit the seeds in the holes. The Mangold is esteemed better than either turnips or potatoes for producing milk and butter, and also for beef. They are also good food for store pigs. I wish my friend "B. F." would try the real Mangold Wurtzel. He will find it to grow much larger than the White Beet. J. C.

Troy, N. Y., 1857.

GRUB WORMS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the RURAL of the 9th inst., J. H., of Decatur, Mich., makes some inquiries about the above named *bug*. Having suffered much loss in some particular seasons within the past twenty years, by their ravages in my mowing fields, I have been led to study, somewhere, the history of this "pest of the farm." In the summer of 1854 they were very abundant on my own, and other farms in this vicinity. The grass on some of my mowing fields all died out, caused by these grubs cutting off the entire roots of the grass as though done by the sharp coulter of a plow; the turf could be turned up like a carpet. In the month of September I raked up a number of cart-loads of the dead and dry turf and threw it into my hog yard. The raking off the turf left thousands of the worms exposed, and being near the barn, my fowls soon found them and had fine picking.

The next spring, heavily manured about one and a half acre of the turf-eaten land, and planted with corn. Soon after the first hoeing, I noticed one or more of the plants, in almost every hill, was wilting, and searching for the cause discovered from one to four of the worms in most of the hills, feeding upon the roots. I commenced digging them out, but soon found the "remedy as bad as the disease," for I injured the roots of those plants untouched by the grubs, so that they wilted badly, and I gave up the *hunt*. The result was a very light crop of corn, and I have come to the conclusion, for the future, to give up to the sole use and benefit of the worms, all such land, rent free, as long as they wish to occupy it, which is three years. The first season the grubs are small, and do not much injure the crops; the second year they cut the grass roots entire; the third they are still ravenous till past midsummer, when they obtain their growth, descend deep into the earth; change to the crysalis, and the following May and June, emerge from the ground the perfect winged insect. The grub is a white worm, with a brownish head, and when fully grown, is nearly as thick as the little finger. This comparison is rather indefinite, I admit.

The parent of the grub is called the May-bug or Beetle-bug. It is of a chestnut brown color. Its average length is rather less than an inch. The beetle in its perfect state feeds on the leaves of trees. Soon as evening approaches they begin to fly about, moving irregularly, darting hither and thither with an uncertain aim, and hitting against objects in their way with a force that often causes them to fall to the ground. Their seeming blindness and stupidity have become proverbial in the expressions "blind as a beetle," and "beetle-headed." They frequently enter houses in the night, attracted, as well as dazzled and bewildered by the light. In some seasons they are very annoying and troublesome in the evening from the middle of May till late into June. The beetles deposit their eggs during this period, and then die. The young grubs hatch the next spring, and commence their ravages as above described. Some soils seem particularly adapted to this kind of worm.—Others, to the brown cut-worm, and still others to the wire-worm.

To lessen their numbers, it has been proposed to build fires in the fields, at dark, in seasons and sections of the country where they abound. The light of the fire would doubtless attract them in great numbers, and from their heedlessness, they would rush in and be burned. Such a practice might somewhat lessen their numbers, but there might be danger from fires spreading. The better way is, to encourage the increase—and not the destruction—of skunks, weasels, hats, foxes, crows, night-hawks and fowls. All these animals, and birds, have wisely been appointed to check the ravages of these insects.

In plowing a greensward, last week, I occasionally turned up the full grown beetle, the crysalis—the full sized grub, and the juvenile grub of less than half an inch in length. LEVI BARTLETT.

Warner, N. H., May 14, 1857.

SUN-FLOWER CULTURE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In a late number of your RURAL is a request for the experience of those who have cultivated sun-flowers. Having planted a small quantity for several years past, I would recommend, as the result of my experience, to plant in drills 3½ feet apart, two or three seeds in each hill, the hills being 15 to 18 inches apart. Use the cultivator often enough to keep the ground clear of weeds until the plants are one foot high; remove the weaker ones, leaving one in each hill.—At the height of 2½ or 3 feet pass between the rows with a plow that will turn against the canes to "dash down" the weeds, (covering them of course) and at the same time supporting the stalks that otherwise would fall with the weighty flower-head to the earth.

The yield of seed will be in ratio to strength of soil. I have cultivated them solely for my hens to eat in the fall, as they ripen sooner than corn. If the "birds" have free access to them they will need but little grain to prepare them for voting a "supply bill" of eggs during winter. I seldom gather more than I want for seed, as the winter does not injure them. I think in this climate the seed should be left upon the stalks until late in December.—WM. BULLARD, *Charlotte, Monroe Co., N. Y., May*, 1857.

TIMELY HINTS ON CORN PLANTING.

EDS. RURAL:—There's time enough to plant corn yet. The spring has been so exceedingly wet and cold that farmers are very much belated with their spring's work; therefore I think they need a little encouragement from some source to induce them to plant the usual quantity this season, especially in Western New York.

Actual experience and close observation has induced me to believe that from the 15th of May to the 1st of June is early enough to plant corn anywhere in this locality. Premature planting is often the sole cause of the rotting of the seed, and lays the foundation for many unjust charges against worms. Corn put into the cold, wet earth the 1st of May is about as sure to rot as if it were put there for that purpose; it is an easy way to account for the missing hills and the yellow, feeble looking blades. I planted last season a field of ten or twelve acres with corn, about the 10th or 12th of May. About two acres of the corn did not come up, and the 3d day of June I planted it over. The result was that this was one-fourth better corn than grew in any other part of the field.

Now then, I would say to those farmers who are so much behind with their spring's work that they have almost given up planting, that if they can get ready by the 10th of June, *plant*. We have several kinds of corn that will produce well and will get ripe if planted any time between the 1st and 15th of June. Those kinds are to be had, and are raised in all parts of the State—such as the small eight-rowed, Jackson hen-track, and King Philip. All of these kinds have been planted in June, and ripened and produced good crops. So, farmers, don't be discouraged, but plant corn, if it is late. Campbelltown, N. Y., May, 1857. C. C.

TURNIP TASTE IN MILK AND BUTTER.—REMEDY.

EDS. RURAL:—Many are deterred from feeding turnips to their cows in winter, by the unpleasant taste they are liable to impart to the milk and butter. This disagreeable taste may be entirely overcome by dissolving a small quantity of saltpetre in the milk—say half a teaspoonful to a large bucket full, more or less, according to the intensity of odour. My plan is to throw a small quantity into the buckets before milking, and if the milk appear very strong, to add a little more on straining. If not used to excess, the most fastidious palate cannot detect the saltpetre in either milk or butter. This little fact I learned from a plain unlettered farmer, and although it may not be now to your intelligent readers, it was so to me.

Being so successful in regard to the turnip, I thought I would try my hand at the garlic—one of my pasture fields having some of this plant growing in it,—and the result realized all my wishes.—It however took more to neutralize the garlic than the turnip taste.—*Z., Montgomery Co., Pa.*, 1857.

Inquiries and Answers.

SALTING CATTLE.

EDS. RURAL:—Should cows or any other cattle have salt given them oftener than once a week?—Should they have all they will eat? Does the quantity of salt given to cows have any effect upon the quantity or quality of butter made from them? —WM. A. MORGAN, *Saegertown, Pa., April*, 1857.

REMARKS.—That cattle have a natural appetite for saline matter is evident from the distance traveled by the deer, buffalo and other wild animals to visit their "licks," or places where salt or brackish water may be licked up. Salt is supposed to be essential, mixed with the food of man or animals, as an aid to digestion. Of the quantity necessary, animals themselves are unquestionably the best judges. If given at intervals of one or two weeks, as is too often the case, so much is eaten as to act as a cathartic, which, with the water needed to quench the unusual thirst, produces scouring. When obtainable, rock salt in large blocks is preferable; but where this is not to be had, common salt may be placed in a box (after being wetted then dried, thus making it hard) at convenient points under cover, and cattle, horses and sheep will help themselves without danger of "taking too much." We are not aware that the quantity given has any influence on the butter made from milk of cows, though it may increase the quantity of milk temporarily, by inducing the use of large quantities of water.

BLOODY MURRAIN.—Please inform your readers whether there is any preventive or cure for the bloody murrain in cattle, and oblige—A SUBSCRIBER, *Conesus, N. Y.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—In a treatise on the Diseases of Cattle by YOUATT, we find the following remarks on this subject:—"The early stage of murrain is one of fever, and the treatment should correspond with this—bleeding. Physic should be cautiously yet not timorously resorted to. Small doses of purgative medicine, with more of the aromatic than we generally add, will be serviceable, effecting the present purpose, and not hastening or increasing the debility which generally is at hand; but if the bowels be sufficiently open, or diarrhœa should threaten, and yet symptoms of fever should be apparent, no purgative must be given, but the sedatives should be mingled with some vegetable tonic. The peculiar fetid diarrhœa must be met with astringents, mingled also with vegetable tonics. In combating the pustular and sloughing gangrenous stage, the chloride of lime will be the best external application; while a little of it administered with the other medicines inwardly may possibly lessen the tendency to general decomposition. The external application of it should not be confined to the ulcerated parts alone, but it should be plentifully sprinkled over and about the beast; and the infected animal should be immediately removed from the sound ones. For a drink take sweet spirit of nitre, half an ounce; laudanum, half an ounce; chloride of lime, in powder, two ounces; prepared chalk, an ounce. Rub them well together, and give them with a pint of warm gruel. This may be repeated every six hours, until the purging is considerably abated; but should not be continued until it has quite stopped."

VALUE OF THE GRASS CROP.—Mr. CHARLES L. FLINT, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, in his last Report, says the annual value of the grass crop of the United States, for grazing and mowing, is not less than $300,000,000.

Rural Notes and Items.

DEVON HERD BOOK.—The American Editor, Mr. SANFORD HOWARD, of Boston, is now engaged in preparing the third volume of this work, which he hopes to have ready for delivery in July ensuing.

THE HORSE EXHIBITIONS of the Monroe and Wayne County Ag'l Societies—one to be held in this city next week, and the other in Lyons the week following—bid fair to prove attractive, and will probably be largely attended. The Premium List, &c., of the Wayne Co. Show, is given in full on our seventh page; also a notice relative to the Monroe exhibition.

IMPROVED STOCK AT PUBLIC SALE.—The attention of breeders and progressive farmers is directed to the advertisement of JAMES GOWEN, Esq., President of the Penn. State Ag. Society, who offers a choice herd of Short-horns at public sale on the 10th of next month. Also, to that of the sale of THOS. GOULD, Esq., of Aurora, N. Y., who proposes to sell his herd of Short-horns, a number of Suffolk and Berkshire hogs, and two young Black Hawk stallions, on the 11th of June.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—A gentleman who has given attention to the subject, says that, "the idea of planting one seed every six inches will not do, nor can any crop be well cultivated by field hands in rows narrower than three and a half feet. Plant six, and better ten seeds in a place, to insure a stand. The fact is, it does not 'tiller.' In very rich land, it 'suckers' like Indian corn, and to no more advantage." Those who propose to try the *Sorghum* this season will do well to heed these suggestions. It is thought the amount of seed per acre should be about the same as that of broom corn.

CURIOUS DISEASE AMONG CATTLE.—A very singular disease, of a contagious nature, called the "black hoof," is stated to be prevalent in the neighborhood of London, C. W. The Herald says the disease first appears in the legs causing a swelling, then an immediate and total rot of the hoof and legs; and notwithstanding the fearfulness of the disease, by its being of a contagious nature, little or no care seems to be taken to prevent its spreading to cattle unaffected. Some farmers have lost from seven to ten head.

SEED OF THE DOUBLE SUN-FLOWER.—Accompanying a sack of this seed, we have this explanatory note from friend J. H. STANLEY, of Le Roy, N. Y.:—"These seeds are sent by one of your lady patrons, Mrs. E. J. ELY. They are not the common sun-flower; therefore keep them separate. They flower full to the centre, and are a perfect beauty."

—In behalf of the scores of "heaven's last best gift" (to whom we propose sending the seeds on receipt of address, &c.,) we tender acknowledgments to Mrs. ELY. If the Double Sun-Fower is not *useful* in preventing ague and fever, it is certainly very *ornamental*—as full and perfect as the dahlia, if not as beautiful.

SALES OF SHORT-HORNS.—We learn that Mr. C. K. WARD, of Le Roy, has recently made several sales and purchases of Short-horns, some of which we note. Mr. W. lately sold to Mr. J. B. PHELPS, of the same town, his Kentucky bred cow, "Lady Roan." Also, his heifer calf "Beauty." More recently Mr. WARD sold to ALEX. MCPHERSON, Esq., of Le Roy, a young bull, "2d Governor," and a heifer calf, "Blossom." These two animals were sired by Mr. W.'s bull "Kirkleavington, Jr.," (612, A. H. B.,) and sold at highly remunerative prices.

Since selling the stock mentioned above, Mr. WARD has purchased of Hon. J. S. WADSWORTH, Geneseo, the two year old heifer "Hopeful," sired by "Usurper," and out of "Hopeless" by "Horatio" (10,335,)—both sire and dam were imported by the Livingston Co. Stock Company. He has also purchased of Mr. DAVID BROOKS, of Liv. Co., the heifer calf "Governess," by imported "Governor" 12,957,) dam "Camilla" by "Daybreak" (11,338) —both sire and dam bred by Mr. J. S. TANQUERAY, London, England, and imported in 1853.

BARLEY AFTER BUCKWHEAT.—"We wish to inquire through your columns whether buckwheat will so come up as to injure barley, the ground having been plowed late last fall. As but little time intervenes between this and barley sowing, an early reply will oblige some of the farmers in Riga."

—In reply to the above inquiry, would say that we do not think the buckwheat will so come up as to injure the barley,—but, if we are correctly informed by those who have tried the former after the latter crop, the rotation or *succession* is not advisable. A farmer at our elbow as we write, (Mr. N. FARNUM, of Lockport,) says he last year had ten acres of barley after buckwheat, and the crop was a failure. The ground was well plowed in the fall, and the seed well put in, on good soil—yet, as old farmers prophesied, his barley crop was *non est*, not producing ten bushels to the acre when he expected twenty. Other and no better ground, adjoining, produced twenty bushels and upwards. Can any of our correspondents give us any light on this subject—the why and wherefore?

MAPLE SUGAR MAKING.—A statement has been going the rounds of the papers, that Mr. CALVIN RANDALL made *three hundred* pounds of maple sugar, from the sap which ran from *four hundred* trees, during two days of February. I made from the sap which ran from *seventy-eight* trees, during two days (and one night) in the same month, *fifty-seven* pounds of sugar, and *seven gallons* of thick molasses, which would make *nine pounds* of sugar to the gallon: which would be equal to 120 pounds of sugar. I did not know that it was worth telling, until I saw Mr. RANDALL'S statement.—F. D. PERKINS, *Rome, N. Y.* 1857.

MAPLE SUGAR CROP OF 1857.—The Albany Argus estimates the maple sugar crop of this State at 20,000,000 lbs., the value of which, at 22½c. a lb., a low estimate, is $2,500,000. The same paper estimates the whole crop of the Union at 68,500,000 lbs., valued at $8,562,500—making the quantity and value very nearly equal to one-half the cane product of last year,—and contributing, in a very important degree, to relieve the last year's deficiency.

FARMING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—According to the Manchester (N. H.) *Democrat* a change is taking place in the Rural industry of that State. It says: "The tendency of things seems to be to make New Hampshire more exclusively a grazing State. The immense number of young men who have sought the more fertile fields of the West, or some other avocation at home, leaves a scarcity of productive labor. We presume a less number of acres will be appropriated to tillage than formerly; yet the products will not be essentially diminished: while a much larger breadth will be appropriated to grazing. Many of our hill farms have been assigned bodily to that purpose; and portions of nearly all farms are gradually and properly taking the same direction." Horses and cattle are very scarce, and command high prices in the Granite State.

PROLIFIC COW.—A correspondent of the Montreal Gazette says:—"On the 26th of last month, Mr. THOS. MORRISON, of Lachute, was favored with three calves from one cow, all of which are well and healthy. I saw the three sucking at one time. The cow is now eight years old; when two years old she had three calves; since then she has had, at two different times, four calves; twice she had three, once two, and once only one; making in all *twenty calves in six years*."

HORSES WITHOUT MANES.—It is said that the Persian Ambassador who was recently at Paris, presented to Napoleon, on the part of the Shah, his master, four Arab horses of the purest blood, which have the peculiarity of being without manes. They are said, however, to possess forms of exquisite beauty, and to be larger in size than any Arabians previously seen in Europe.

REMEDY FOR HEAVES.—A writer in the *Agriculturist* states that he thoroughly cured a fine young mare, afflicted with the heaves, by feeding her on corn-stalks, and that the disease never returned. He quotes Judge BUEL'S opinion as to corn-stalks being a remedy, that distinguished agriculturist having had a horse afflicted with that disorder, which disappeared after being so fed.

The Young Ruralist.

TREATMENT OF FARMERS' BOYS.

MR. EDITOR:—As I am a farmer's son, though older than many who write for the *Young Ruralist*, I think, with your permission, I may claim the privilege of talking with those farmer's sons who are heads of families. I wish to say a word in behalf of the boys, for I think boys are sometimes over-tasked, even when the father or ward conscientiously thinks that he is doing the best he can for his children. Let us take a review of the past—go back to the days of boyhood, and look at the events of our life. Reader, do you recollect the time when you was first put on the back of a horse to guide him to plow out corn or potatoes? Do you recollect how your father or older brother fretted when your little hands could not guide the horse where he ought to go; and day after day, you had to ride the horse, and when there was a day that your father did not want you, you was hired to a neighbor to ride horse for him? Do you think you had an easy time of it? Now reader, if you are one of those who has a boy to ride horse in cultivating corn, try and see if you cannot learn your horse to go without a rider. It would be much easier for horse and boy too. I have seen horses broke so that they would go well in a corn field with lines. It was hard work for me when I was a boy to set on a horse, one of those hot days in June, and I don't see any necessity for it. I think boys might better be in school.

Do you recollect that old clumsy hoe that was furnished for you to use, weighing about three pounds, with a handle in it big enough for a handspike; and how you teased your father to buy you a new one like his, and those the rest of the men used; and how your father said that it was "good enough for such a boy; if you had a new one you would break it?"

And do you recollect when you got to the end of the row that they said, "come, JOE, you are the youngest, run to the spring and get us a jug of cool water, while we rest a minute;" while, perhaps, you was the most tired one in the company? And again, when the work was over in the field, your father said, "come, JIM, go fetch the cows and milk them; then take the horses and turn them in the pasture?" Now you had all this to do while your father and older brother, or hired men was sitting in some cool place, talking over the news of the day, or smoking their pipes. It was after dark before you had your chores done, and when you got to bed, you felt so tired that you could hardly move; and when you awoke in the morning, the sun was shining full in your face, and your father called out, "come, come, JIM, you lazy lubber, get up, you ought to have been up two hours ago."

Then you remember that old scythe, hung on that crooked stick cut in some neighboring laurel patch, and what work you made in using it; sometimes cutting off the tops of the grass, and again running it half the length in the ground. What peals of laughter it brought from the men, and instead of taking hold to show you, they called you a numbskull, and said you would never learn to do anything.

There are many other awakward and clumsy tools which boys and men are sometimes set to work with, that I shall not undertake to enumerate here; but boys are many times made careless and destructive by giving them tools to use that are not suited to them or their work. They will take an opportunity, when there is no one looking at them, to break their tools, so as to get more suitable ones, their fathers thinking they did not know how to use them, or that by some awkward move, they had broken their tools, will take pains to get still heavier and stronger ones, while those of one-third the weight, and made of suitable material, would answer the same purpose, and would be such as the boys would be proud to take care of. Now boys are not fools; they want to be shown how to work, and to be furnished with suitable tools to do their work. They are not governed by instinct, but reason, and should not be expected to know as much as a man of forty, before they are twelve years old. J. MCLEAN.

Colon, St. Jo. Co., Mich.

Orchard and Garden.

EVERGREEN TREES.

Of the beauty of Evergreen Trees we need not speak, as few of our readers we think will be slow to acknowledge their claims in this respect. They are beautiful in spring, when the color of their foliage contrasts so finely with the delicate shade of the young leaves of deciduous trees; they are indispensable in the winter, and give us a *winter garden*, when without them not a green leaf could be seen to relieve the tediousness of our long winters. Evergreens are invaluable for the shelter they afford to other and more tender trees, as well as to buildings. If there is a country in the world where evergreens should be prized more than in any other, it is here, where we are exposed to the bitter blasts from the north-west, often injuring our trees and destroying our fruit. We have recommended a list of shrubs and flowers suitable for the lawn. We now describe a few of the best Evergreen Trees, and in a future number will give some of the smaller deciduous trees suitable for the lawn.

AMERICAN ARBOR VITÆ.

The American Arbor Vitæ is a small tree of a graceful pyramidal form, as will be seen by the engraving. The foliage is of a yellowish green color, thus contrasting finely with the Spruces and Firs. They are admirable for a screen, either for shelter, or to hide some unsightly object. It is also the best plant we have for an evergreen hedge, as it bears shearing well, and is not injured by growing thick.

The Chinese Arbor Vitæ grows more thick than the American, and by many is considered much more beautiful. It becomes quite brown in the winter.

The Norway Spruce, all things considered, is the best and most popular evergreen we have. Unlike the Balsam Fir, which becomes ill-looking as it grows old, the Norway does not exhibit half its beauty until it attains a height of from fifteen to twenty feet. It then begins to exhibit its finer characteristics,—its rich, thick foliage and drooping branches. Few objects are at once so grand and graceful as a fine Norway.—It flourishes in almost any soil, from light sand and gravel to deep moist loam or clay. As a tree for shelter we know of nothing equal to it, as it is of very rapid growth, and forms an almost perfect barrier to the wind. Every one should plant the Norway liberally, particularly in exposed situations.

The Black Spruce is a fine native tree. When unobstructed by other trees and in a favorable situation for its growth, it forms a perfect cone, from the ground to the top, of strikingly regular and symmetrical proportions. It is well to plant a few, but where many are seen on a lawn, they give a very stiff and unpleasant appearance to the whole scene.

The White Spruce is very similar to the black, but both the bark and the leaves are of a lighter color. Its growth is more slender and tapering. It is generally found growing wild in swamps and wet land.

The Balsam Fir is a common hardy tree. Emerson describes it truly as follows:—"It is hardy, easily transplanted, and grows rapidly and with great vigor, of a regular pyramidal shape, and rich, deep-green foliage. The large cones with which the upper branches are often loaded, give it additional beauty. Its defects are its stiffness, and the raggedness which it assumes in old age, which comes on early, as it is a short-lived tree."

The Red Cedar may be introduced with very good effect among other evergreen trees.

The European and the American Larch are not really evergreen, but as they belong to the same natural division, and in summer very much resemble them, they are generally found growing with evergreens. The European is much the finest for ornament. It is of very rapid growth, beautiful shape, and the delicate leaves are of a very lively green. Early in the spring they attract universal attention by their strikingly lively color. These, like the evergreens, should never be shorn of their lower branches.

We might name many more varieties, such as the *Japan Cedar of Lebanon*, the *Yews*, &c., but we propose at this time to speak only of those varieties that are perfectly hardy, and easily obtained by most of our readers. At some future time we will give a list of the more rare varieties.

Effect of a Black Surface on Vegetable and Fruit Tree Borders.—It is well known that black color absorbs heat. This fact induced some cultivators to paint the fences black on which peach trees or grape vines are trained. This led to further experiments, and the *London Gardener's Chronicle* is now advising that the surface of vegetable and fruit borders be covered with charcoal, to ascertain if the effect will not be beneficial.—There seems to be only one objection to this, that is, that charcoal is a non-conductor. A very thin coating only should be given, just enough to blacken the surface. In raising early radishes, we have always used a slight surface dressing of coal ashes or soot, and with very beneficial results.

THE GREAT FRUIT QUESTION.

There is nothing like a blissful experience, and when the *reality* lags, there is nothing like a lively imagination to smooth our deficiencies. Verily it *is* bliss to feast continuously for forty years on peaches and cream—in imagination even. But can modern patriotism, with all its adaptation to circumstances, get up such an illusion with the mass of the people, taking the different temperaments together, nervous, bilious, lymphatic, with all their crosses and grades? That is the question! C. B. C., of Gates, N. Y., succeeds admirably. The sugared delicacy glides luxuriously over his palate, and he marvels that all the denizens of Western New York don't smack their lips and enjoy it—in fact he thinks they do. Hear what he says:—"Many of the choicest varieties of apples and peaches have been cultivated pretty extensively, and used without stint by the Western New York farmer from its earliest settlement."

My former article was written under the belief that for the last few years peaches, except about Rochester and the "Ridge Road," were almost an obsolete idea. Being about a good deal I thought I had some right to know. C. B. C. says they have been "used without stint," &c. Two doctors disagreeing in this way, there was nothing left but a council; so I consulted Mr. Duncan Cameron, an extensive dealer in wool and wheat, and well known through Wyoming and several adjoining counties. Said he, "not one family in twenty, and perhaps not one in thirty, have grown an average of two bushels per annum of peaches through this region of country for the last ten years." Mr. Charles Kendall, of Genesee Co., and Mr. J. S. Walker, of Wyoming, well informed and well known citizens, confirmed the same statement; Mr. Wm. Dwight, of Livingston, and Mr. Guthrie, acquiesced.

C. B. C. asserts the *extensive cultivation* of "the *choicest varieties of apples!*" Everybody, well informed, knows that a majority of our bearing orchards are made up of seedling trees, a few of which have been grafted with such *common* sorts as itinerant grafters happened to have with them—(I admit some *exceptions;* I state the *rule.*) Now, if these trees, without systematic and scientific pruning, without manure or cultivation, bruised and battered by animals, and left to the tender mercies of the whole tribe of worms, ants and caterpillars, will produce the "choicest varieties of apples," then they are "extensively cultivated."—But C. B. C. will pardon me if I appeal to the consciousness of the people for matters of *fact*, and to such gentlemen as Messrs. Thomas, Frost and Barry in matters of *opinion*. My own experience in getting up choice fruit after this Democratic Republican model, is ample enough, but my modesty withholds it.

Leaving amplification for a future article, I will say that the "choicest varieties" would include the *earliest*, and a *regular succession* of sweet and sour, high flavored and pleasant to the taste, till apples come again, not omitting a full supply of the most *productive* kinds for market and for general use.—Pardon the digression—I am glad the "Orchard and Garden" has its place in the Rural, but it smacks of fogyism in somebody to furnish a list of only "*six*" or "*ten*" choice varieties for family use. [See Rural of April 18th, 1857.*] A family might spin out a miserable existence, possibly, on *six* sorts, but could they *live* in any desirable acceptation of that term.

It is doubtful whether the diversities of taste and use and the proper succession can be provided for in "*twenty*" varieties; stewing, baking, drying, making pies, and above all the dessert, require peculiar and distinguishing qualities. Having got a "specific" for each *case*, I would stop right there, and not multiply "sorts" when the quality wanted was secured in proper shape. In addition to a supply for family use, which should have principal reference to *quality*, there should be an abundance of apples for stock, of good bearing kinds, such as the Bailey or Patterson Sweet, the Baldwin, &c. There is no domestic animal which may not be fed, particularly in the winter, with apples with great profit, and they are destined in my opinion to supersede the use of roots as being much cheaper and quite as palatable and wholesome. The *title* of cattle to fruit is "clear and unquestionable," and they are pomologists enough to know the difference between a crab-apple and a Talman Sweet.

Of the "smaller fruits" named by C. B. C., it is useless to bandy words. If he means that they exist, and have found their way sometimes on to some people's tables, nobody will understand me as intending to deny it; but if he means to assert their common use by common people, he is utterly at variance with fact. I know that our farmers set out plums and cherries, ("sprouts" were cheaply obtained,) and as long as they would bear in spite of opposition—in the very face of difficulties,—so long we had blue plums, sprinkled with green gages, and sour cherries seasoned with worms; but when the "black knot," and the "curculio," the grass and the weeds advanced upon our fruit trees, we surrendered them without a struggle.—"*Sons of '76,*" *indeed!*

Not wishing to make random statements, I asked Mr. H. A. Olmsted, of Wyoming Co., formerly of Genesee Co., how many families since the "earliest settlement" of this county have *cultivated* strawberries, raspberries, and Bartlett pears. "Not one in a hundred, until within two or three years," he replied. Mr. Olmsted is a well known citizen and well informed—in fact it is notorious that the cultivation and use of these fruits is altogether exceptional. Not one meal in a thousand has been made with either of them, and probably not one in five thousand, and yet C. B. C. feels called upon to affirm that they are raised, placed on the people's table, and eaten with cream and sugar too. I should not dispute upon this subject were it not that I am determined to "keep up agitation" on this fruit question.

As C. B. C. says he is new at the business of writing, I will suggest for his improvement that my article deprecating the small consumption of fruit had reference *to the whole people and the whole country*, from the "St. Johns to the Gulf of Mexico." He makes denial of the correctness of my statements, and attempts to sustain himself by the affirmation which I have noticed above, concerning the "farmers" of Western New York, which, even if it had been true, would go but a short ways in disparagement of my general position. Western New York is a small place, and bad off as it is, is altogether in advance of our country at large. A writer's anxiety to contradict somebody should not induce him to intimate that I had proposed to "*substitute* strawberries and cream" in the place of the substantial fare of the country, as diet for working-men. All that I claimed was, that these fruits should be cultivated and brought into general use. *I do not say that the substantials should be left out. I do say emphatically that the men who do "big day's works" are entitled to these fruits if anybody is*, and I will guarantee that they will not reject them. If it is affirmed that peaches, &c., can't be grown because the seasons are bad, I reply they grow in certain positions, and we must see if we can't induce them to grow more generally.

H. T. B.

* "H. T. B." must have an exceedingly sharp vision to discover anything like "*fogyism*" in the fact that we published the opinion of a very intelligent fruit grower, as to which he considered "the best six varieties [of apples] to plant, *if want of room or other circumstances* should render it *impracticable* to plant more than this number."—We, probably, have thousands of readers living on lots less than a quarter of an acre each; and we would like to know how many apple trees, with Peaches, Strawberries, &c., (about which our friends talk so earnestly,) could be grown on such a lot. The Rural's circulation is not confined to farmers, nor to any region, (such as Western New York,) and hence its teachings and opinions must necessarily be more or less adapted to the wants and circumstances of different localities and classes.

BLACK KNOT ON PLUM TREES.

For the following information, the value of which I hereby guarantee, I do not claim any merit, as the *originator* thereof. As long ago as 1824, the late Dr. Reynolds, of Florida, N. Y., the father of that well known counsellor, Marcus T. Reynolds, of Albany, in a little work written by him, "The New York Gardener," published the same—as far at least as relates to the Sinner of the "Black Knobs,"—and I am not sure that even he was the first discoverer. Since then, having followed his directions, without ever losing a tree, while all my neighbors lost *all* theirs, planting after planting,—I claim some confidence for the remedy proposed. But, though I have freely given what I have so freely received, it has "done no good, but *wicy warcy;*" scarcely one of all to whom I have *told* the method, having *tried* that to preserve the trees, which he "would give *any money* to be enabled to save." But I propose to "try again"—this time through the press; and if *that* fails, perhaps I will travel through the country—*selling* my recipes for $5 a piece. Those who *buy* it, will be apt to use it; and *I* shall be paid for my trouble.

I think it strange that Dr. Fitch, in his late "Report," says nothing of this insect—*one* of the most destructive—and, to naturalists, one of the best known, of the *pestiferous* "varmints" of the United States. Equally strange does it seem to me, after the really wide dissemination of the information I offer to reiterate, to see in respectable prints many skeptical, contradictory and stubborn discussions, respecting the cause and cure for the "black knobs"—as though they were still a "confound mystery," and we were yet "at sea" as to any reliable knowledge of the matter. But "*a nos moutons*"—to proceed to our subject.

Passing by scientific, or entomological disquisitions, and talking plainly to the point, the "black nubs," so long so destructive to the plum tree of the East, and so rapidly extending their ravages Westwardly, are occasionally *one* species of the genus *Curculis*, an insect, which, though winged, is not fond of flying, and usually mounts the trees by climbing, commencing early in the season. On the limbs, or wherever the tree is not protected by thick bark, this insect pauses occasionally; and at each pause, inserts a sharp sting through the bark, deposits an egg, (some hundreds for each insect,) in each such wound. The sting is poisonous to the tree, as may be seen by examining the wood near the stings. From each of such stings oozes a gum, which, soon turning black and hard, forms the "nub" aforesaid.

The egg thus deposited, soon hatches to a worm, which, eating its way back, drops to the ground, where it burrows for a while, then, becoming a new *parent* insect, returns up the tree to renew, with the augmented efficiency of hundreds to one, the ravages of its mother. Thus, in a year or two, sometimes in one, the previously healthy, beautiful and profitable plum orchard becomes a dead, black, unsightly nuisance; and its owner folds his arms, "satisfied that *we* can no more raise plums," and gives up his trees to the inevitable "black nub," without an effort.

Remedy.—Dr. R.'s *was*, and mine *is*, this:—Once or twice a week, *from* cold weather *to* cold weather, walk through your plum orchard—scan carefully each limb on each tree—and if you detect a knot, off with the limb, and—don't throw it down, to help the worm along, but with malice in your heart, march to the fire with it, as straight as the mischievous sow towards the weak fence, and "make a deposit" in the roaring flame. Follow this up, through your orchard—do it "again and again," till the leaves are all off; and don't give it up then, if you find any left, hitherto concealed. "Better late than never."

"But what if more than half the limbs are already infected; or the body of the tree is badly implicated? or if the main branches are so infected that I cannot remove the evil without ruining the tree, whose fruit I highly prize?" "Cut it down! cut it down! Why cumbereth it the ground?" for it will henceforth do nothing else—save that it *will* destroy all your other plum trees, both new and old. Clear all your ground of all such, and of all fallen limbs—begin anew, and "do better next time." It will pay better than pitching quoits.—Don't fear being forestalled. Depend upon it, nine out of ten of those who read this very article, will go to sleep over it, and never think of it again; or, at best, but half try—and that is no better; and you can still have the market principally to yourself, and sell your plums for your own prices.

Note.—Keep budding and re-planting young plum trees, as in the case of the peach tree.

Sharon, N. Y. S. Palmer

To Prevent Currants Sprouting.—In the Rural of April 25th, over the signature of A Farmer, reads as follows:—"The Currant can be brought to form a tree also, and not sprout at the bottom," but does not inform us how to prevent their sprouting. Will you or some of your able contributors impart the desired information, and oblige—A Subscriber.—*Three Rivers, Mich.*, 1857.

Remarks.—When planting cuttings, remove all the buds from that part which will be below the ground. Do the same with young plants. If any sucker should come up after this precaution, don't cut or break it off at the surface of the ground, but remove the earth, so that you can cut it clean back to the stem.

PLANT MORE FRUIT.

Ed. Rural:—I wish, with your permission, to say a few things on the subject of tree planting—to all mankind in general, and the whole Universal Yankee Nation in particular. With a few honorable exceptions, there is but little attention paid to the production of good fruit in this region of country. Why is this so?—when, for a very small outlay of capital, every man who owns a rood of ground, may be surrounded with an abundance of delicious fruit. It is simply thoughtlessness and nothing else. There is no man, woman or child, who cannot appreciate a dish of strawberries, or peaches and cream, or a basket of nice pears or rich fall or winter apples; and still, seven-tenths of the land owners of the country are too regardless of their best interests to put forth the necessary exertions to supply themselves with these cheap luxuries. The object I have in view, in penning this brief epistle, is to try to induce those who have not moved in this matter, to make a move *now*. If you have not planted an orchard—do it. Order the number of trees you think you will want, from some reliable Nurseryman, and while you are about it, see that you get the best varieties, and such as will ripen in regular succession, from early summer until the next spring—dig holes six feet in diameter, and eighteen inches deep—fill with muck from the woods, decayed leaves, &c., plant your trees, tie each tree carefully to a stake firmly set, throw around each tree a liberal quantity of straw or litter of any kind, to keep the ground moist and protect the roots from the heat of the summer sun. See that the ground is kept free from weeds—in good cultivation—and your trees properly pruned, and before you are aware of it, you will have a bountiful supply of choice fruit.

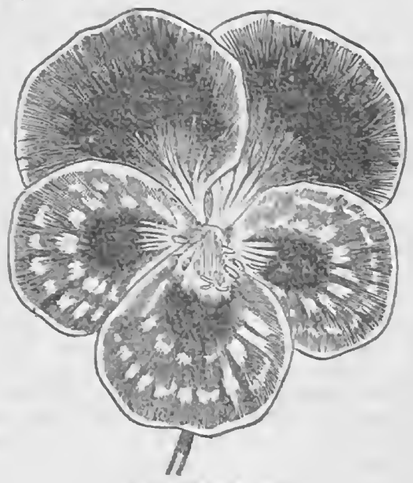
If you have but a single half acre of ground—stick a dozen apple trees into the corners, and out of the way places find room for a few peach and pear trees of choice varieties, and of the small fruits, such as currants, gooseberries, raspberries, grapes and strawberries; you will be surprised at the large quantities you can grow on a small piece of ground, if properly attended to. If you can do no better, cultivate the common blackberry, which is getting quite scarce in its wild state, in this vicinity at least. The thimble-berry or black raspberry is cultivated to some extent in this region, and pays well—it is believed by many to be worthy of more attention than it has as yet received.

Finally, let me reiterate the recommendation to every one who feels that he is delinquent in this matter—to plant trees—delay no longer; you know what a certain poet says about procrastination.—If you feel no particular interest in this planting matter on your own account, plant for posterity; plant, if you can do no better, by the road side for the benefit of boys and birds—and by so doing you shall be considered pulic benefactors, and thousands, after you have passed away, shall remember you with gratitude. So may it be.

Wellsburg, Erie Co., Pa. S. J. G.

BEDDING PELARGONIUMS.

Numerous attempts have been made for many years, to grow and bloom satisfactorily in the beds of the flower garden what is usually called "the section of *Show Pelargoniums;*" but almost universal disappointment has resulted. For in a rich soil the plants produce a vast excess of foliage and few flowers; and in a poorer soil, the plants being proportionately weakly, produce slender shoots, and but a few small flowers. During the last two years the plan of plunging the plants in pots, by digging a hole in the bed where the plant was to stand, but nearly double the depth of the pot, and only so wide as to *fit* the size of it; the plant, in its pot, is then inserted in such a manner that the rim of the pot is level with the *surface* of the bed, thus leaving a vacuity of several inches in depth below the bottom of the pot. Attention to watering is required, the same as if in the greenhouse, and the plants bloom more freely than if turned out of the pots; but the method is attended with much care, and they do not continue blooming long, and must be replaced by a succession from another source. What was wanted was a number of Show Pelargoniums (viz., such as are seen at our metroplitan exhibitions,) that, being planted in the open ground, would bloom profusely during the entire summer. We have long had the Pelargonium Diadematum and Sidonia, both dwarfish growers and free bloomers, in beds, but not of approved shape.



AUGUSTE MIELLEZ.

The gardener of Mr. James Odier, in France, has for a few years been endeavoring, by impregnating these kinds by patterns from the best formed and most striking varieties of the *Show Class*, and has succeeded in an admirable manner. Already twenty most beautiful kinds have been sent out, many of which have a very strikingly distinct spot, or blotch, in the centre of each of the five petals. They are of dwarfish habit, profuse bloomers, and of superb form. The one we here give a representation of, its size and marking, is named *P. Auguste Miellez;* it is remarkably handsome. The upper petals have a large clouded blotch of nearly black crimson, with a broad belt of carmine, and a light margin. Each of the three lower petals have a very distinct dark spot, edged with orange; and the white ground of the rest is beautifully *chequered* with orange-red and white edging, while the centre is tinged with violet. Every flower garden ought to have beds of these superb varieties; they may now be procured in our own country.—*Gardeners' Almanack, (London.)*

Mechanic Arts, &c.

NEW PROCESS OF TANNING.

We have received from Edwin Daniels of Elkhorn, Wis., a sample of calfskin "upper leather," tanned by a process for which a patent was issued to him on the 6th of January last. It is well tanned, firm, yet soft and elastic. No bark was used in preparing it, and the inventor informs us that the outlay of buildings and fixtures is just about one-tenth that of tanning with bark, only one vat being required for every ten used in the common process.

Catechu (old *terra japonica*) contains more tannin than any other substance employed in the manufacture of leather; hitherto, however, it has not been used for making the best qualities of leather, because it rendered the skins tanned by it brittle, and liable to crack. This defect has been overcome by Mr. Daniels, who employs it as the principal agent in his process, combined with the sulphate of aluminum, the nitrate of potash, and acid, by which the skins and hides are "plumped" in a high degree, and the tannin made to combine with the gelatine in proper proportions to form soft and firm leather, susceptable of a fine finish, free from brittleness, and not liable to crack.

Catechu comes to us from India in the form of a concentrated crystalized extract; it has simply to be dissolved in warm water, and is then ready for use. Considerable machinery and apparatus, such as bark, mills, etc., required for bark tanning, are unnecessary for this process. Persons interested in the manufacture of leather will be furnished with samples by addressing Mr. D.—*Scientific American.*

PERPETUAL MOTION.

The original perpetual motions man—the *bona fide* inventor—E. P. Willis, of New Haven, Ct.,—has arrived in this city, and put up four of his remarkable machines in the American Museum, where they are now on exhibition as puzzlers to curious, cute and cunning in such matters. One is a magic clock; the other an electric wheel, and the fourth four revolving brass balls on a glass pedestal. They move apparently as if they possessed the power of motion in themselves. We are no believers in perpetual motion, for such a thing is impossible; but for rare, skillful specimens of mechanism, Mr. Willis has shown himself to be an original genius, and his machines are well worthy of examination on this account.—*Scientific American.*

Kentucky Mechanics Institute Fair.—The fifth annual exhibition of the above Institute will be held in Louisville, commencing on the 18th of August next. Mechanics, manufacturers, and artists from all parts of the Union are invited to exhibit their inventions and manufactures. The past exhibitions of this Institution have been very successful, and were managed with great ability and honorable discrimination, and the next will no doubt be equally excellent. The exhibition committee consists of Geo. Ainslie, W. H. Dulaney and Wm. Kaye, who will make every exertion to aid conbributors to display their articles to advantage. Those intending to exhibit at this fair are requested to communicate with the Actuary, D. McPherson, Louisville.

Reaping Machines Challenged.—Baron Ward has given notice to the Imperial Agricultural Society of Vienna that he challenges all Reaping Machines—European and American—to compete with his, (an improvement on Hussey's, patented in October last in Austria,) for one thousand florins, in cutting seven acres, next harvest. The trial is to take place in the Austrian dominions, and those who accept the challenge have the choice of cutting either wheat, barley, oats or clover, the prize to be awarded to the one which does the work in the shortest time, and in the best manner. This challenge has been published in the London Times. The agents of American reaping machines in Europe, we suppose, will take care of it.—*Scientific American.*

Domestic Economy.

CAKE RECIPES.

Eds. Rural:—If you deem the following recipes worthy of a place in your valuable paper, please insert them for the benefit of those interested in domestic economy:

Thanksgiving Cake.—Eight cups of flour, 4 cups of sugar, 2 cups of butter, 1 cup of molasses, 1 cup of raisins, 9 eggs, 1 pound of currants, 1 teaspoonful of saleratus. Spice to your taste.

Harrison Cake.—One cup of sugar, 1 cup of molasses, 1 cup of milk, two-thirds of a cup of lard, 1 cup of raisins, 1 egg, 1 teaspoonful saleratus. Spice with nutmeg and pimento.

Raisin Cake.—One cup of sugar, 1 cup of molasses, 1 cup of raisins, 2 eggs, a piece of butter as large as an egg, 1 teaspoonful saleratus, a little spice.

Pork Cake.—Two and a half cups of molasses, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of chopped fat pork, 1 teaspoonful of saleratus; spice, raisins and currants; flour enough to mix as hard as cream of tartar bread.

French Cake.—Four and a half tumblers of flour, 3 tumblers of sugar, one-half tumbler of butter, 1 tumbler of milk, 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar, 1 teaspoonful of soda. Spice, citron and raisins added if desired.

Haverhill, Mass., 1857. A Farmer's Daughter.

To "Head" and Expel Rats.—A writer in the Boston Cultivator recommends potash for this purpose. The rats troubled him very much. They appeared in great numbers and were very troublesome, so that he felt justified in resorting to extreme measures to effect their expulsion. He pounded up potash and strewed it around their holes, and rubbed some under the boards, and on the sides where they came through. The next night he heard a squealing among them, which he supposed was from the caustic nature of the potash that got among their hair or on their bare feet. They disappeared, and for a long time he was exempt from any further annoyance.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR BABY-BOY.

I DREAMED that in the heavenly land,
Where all is love and joy,
I saw him whom our hearts have mourned—
Our darling baby-boy.
There were no traces left of pain
Or death, upon his brow,
But beautiful and blest he seemed—
As such I see him now.

Now, when my soul is yearning
To clasp him to my breast,
I think how pure and fair he looked—
And *thank* God for his *rest*.
He ne'er shall know earth's sin or care,
Never shall suffer pain,
Never shall weep the loved one's death—
For *him* to *die* was *gain*.

East Hampton, Mass. H. E. C.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FARMERS' WIVES.

THEIR POSITION, QUALIFICATIONS AND DUTIES.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

WE would inquire whether, in the endeavor to elevate rural life, and particularly farm life, there is not danger that one element of success or of failure, will be overlooked or underated, viz., the influence of Farmers' Wives? Belonging, as these individuals do, to the more independent class of rural society, their position, from that very indepence, is commanding, and their influence extensive. When, therefore, the standard of excellence among the farmers' wives of a community is low, we may expect to see a correspondingly low standard among the remaining female portion of the neighborhood,—and from their influence in the home circle, a like low-mindedness and corruption of taste and moral sentiment, throughout community.

The women of country neighborhoods have commonly been the telegraphic media of communication between different families, the business of the men confining them so closely much of the year as to forbid that freedom of neighborly intercourse which is enjoyed by their wives and daughters. This can properly be regarded as reprehensible, only so far as it conflicts with home or other duties, and is made the medium of small talk and scandal. Human beings, not less in country than in town life, require gratification for the social of their natures, and that, too, usually beyond what can be enjoyed at their own fire-side; it is not, then, unnatural that one woman should seek the society of another, and where nothing more elevating is encouraged, it is not unnatural that what might be rendered a source of great improvement, and noble enjoyment, a blessing to community at large, should be scarcely more than a tissue of common-place observations, mingled with detraction and a culpable inquisitiveness.

It is easy to see, in part, what would be the effect, if, when the ladies met for their customary visits, they should converse, not of the queer flowers on JANE MEIG'S new spring bonnet, SARAH JONES' spruce young beau of last Sunday evening, Mrs. ASHBURY'S proud city visitors, the quarrels of neighbor SCROGGS' family, and the like; but of *Domestic Economy, the proper training of children, the physical law as relating to the human system, the influence of various habits upon health and morals, the elevation and duties of woman, Floriculture, Horticulture*, and even *Agriculture* for it is not undesirable that farmers' wives should understand something of that science. True, this would call for study, observation, and reflection, and this is precisely what would greatly tend to the ennobling of the womanly element of society, and through that every other, inasmuch as nobility is both contagious and hereditary; this, with the requisite degree of perseverance and energy, is precisely what is wanting to make of our little, homely dwelling-places very paradises of comfort and refinement.

The farmer's wife usually has at command more of the elements which contribute towards the perfection of the internal arrangements, and the surroundings of home, than most other women of rural life, but not always. How shall she be enabled to appropriate what she has, be it more or less, so as to produce the happiest effect, the greatest amount of enjoyment, both for her own family and for the neighborhood?

What qualifications will best fit her for fulfilling her duties as a farmer's wife?

In the first place, she must possess *good common sense*. No farmer's wife will prove a very efficient "help-meet" for her husband, who lacks this qualification. Want of judgment will lead her into egregious follies and mistakes. While her husband is, perhaps, laboring early and late to procure the means for the payment of honest debts, or it is necessary to use the most rigid economy to "make both ends meet," and to establish a permanent foundation for future prosperity and success, she will, perhaps, go to the store and incur a heavy bill for superfluities, with no thought as to how it is to be met, thus deeply embarrassing her husband, and discouraging his efforts to overcome existing obstacles; or she may insist upon his appropriating the means laid by for improvements, to her own personal advantage for the time being, and he, being disposed to gratify all her caprices, will himself incur, for her sake, the risk of losing public credit; or, when it is difficult for him to keep up the supply of plain daily bread, she may, by extravagance or carelessness in her arrangements, double his expenses for the table. This leads us to speak of *economy*. The old saying is commonly very true,

"A man may spare, and yet be bare
If his wife be naught, if his wife be naught;
A man may spend, and have money to lend,
If his wife be aught, if his wife be aught."

There are few, if any, farmers in sufficiently affluent circumstances, to render economy in the household arrangements a non-essential; even if there were, it would still be wrong, by careless management, to allow of waste, and useless expenditure, for there are always those whose necessities now illy cared for, might be abundantly supplied from the overflowings of the wealthy. We are all stewards upon the earth and to whom much is given, of them will much be required.

We counsel no miserliness in providing for the comforts and delights of home. Let there be always enough; when it can be afforded, let much attention be bestowed upon those things which have a tendency towards refinement.

A careful, industrious woman, will be able to accomplish much in this direction, even with small means. With the odd half-dimes, and leisure moments which others would waste, she will be able to gather around her family, many sources of enjoyment and instruction. The amount wasted in the kitchens of some families, would supply them with newspapers, periodicals and library reading enough to enlighten their understandings to a very high degree, and if that enlightenment had its legitimate influence, to render them in a corresponding degree happy. The amount wasted in fashionable apparel by some ladies, would be sufficient to surround their families with very many sources of delight and refinement, which they now imagine they cannot afford. When the mind shall come to be regarded with the degree of attention, with which the body now is, and the elevation of the whole being becomes as great an object of desire, as is now the keeping up of fashionable appearances, we may look for a great advance in the culture of the beautiful. The moral influence of plasant surroundings is inestimable.—Make home beautiful, and you have done much towards securing your children from vice. The farmer's wife should be able to appreciate lovely things, and disposed to make home so.

One of the simplest and cheapest elements of domestic beauty is *neatness*. Devoid of this, the most extravagantly furnished apartments will be unpleasant. With it, the humble cottage may smile welcome to the weary husband and brother. One would much prefer to sit down to a simple meal, neatly served, than to the most costly viands prepared and presented in a slovenly manner. A greasy table-cloth, half-washed china, and unscoured knives, are not particularly tempting to the appetite. A pine floor as dark with mud and grease-spots as though it were made of black ash, corners of the room filled up with the accumulations of years, a stove that has no acquaintance with a stove-cloth, chairs, tables, and book-cases covered with a thick layer of dust, offer no great inducements to a husband of taste to spend a leisure hour at the home fire-side.

But neatness, though unquestionably an indispensable one, is not the only cheap way of rendering a home inviting. What a change may be made in the appearance of a room otherwise dark and cheerless, by the mere introduction of a vase of flowers! If you please, the vase may be only a common earthern pitcher, and the flowers simple wild one from some neighboring field, or forest; the effect will still be delightful. Let there be drawings, paintings and statuary in your dwelling, if you can afford them, but do not neglect the flowers; those God-given treasures which spring up so abundantly on every hand, but which are none the less beautiful, because abundant. Cultivate them around you dwelling; let Spring, Summer and Autumn bring you a choice succession of these little blessings, not only for your own hearts to gather cheerfulness from, but to gladden the hearts of your neighbor and the wafaring man.—Should you feel inclined to reply, "I have no time for these things; my moments are nearly all occupied in more necessary duties;" we would then say, learn to *economize time*. One woman, no quicker in movement than another, will, by her management, be able to accomplish much more.—She will "kill two birds with one stone." She will not take fifty steps where but twenty-five are necessary; when she repairs to her chambers to do her chamber work, she will not forget her dust-pan and brush, and when she has finished sweeping, have to make a journey down stairs on purpose for those articles. Much may be done, in the arrangement of a house, to save a woman's time; but all do not have the privilege of planning their own dwellings, or of occupying those judiciously planned.

Much, very much, may also be gained by a habit of *order*. "A time for everything and everything in its time," and "a place for everything, and everything in its place," so far as possile, will save much confusion, and many leisure moments to the house-wife. She who has certain days of the week for certain kinds of work, will not often be hastily doing her washing on Friday, her ironing which should have been done Tuesday, on Saturday, and leaving the Saturday's mending undone, allowing the stockings to be worn another week undarned, and the children's aprons to be torn from top to bottom, from a small rent, which, if done at the proper time, would have required only a few stitches. She who knows early in the morning what is to be accomplished during the day, and at that time arranges her plans accordingly, will not often be annoyed after eleven o'clock with the perplexing query "What shall we have for dinner?" She who knows just at what hour the potatoes should be boiling in order to be on the table at twelve o'clock, and is sure to have them boiling at that time, will be likely to hear no complaints from her husband that she is behind time, and no peremptory demand that supper shall be ready at five o'clock; while she who is in the habit of having her meals on the table at no particular hours, but allows any little circumstance to delay breakfast or dinner for an hour; whose pantry and kitchen have no particular arrangement, will be likely to have a weary, vexing time preparing a meal for a large family, and very probably have often to meet frowning faces around the board. So everywhere. No farmer's wife can fulfill her high calling, without orderly habits. If the house is disorderly, the farm will be likely to be so too. The husband's efforts to have things around him nice and comfortable, will be liable to be discouraged by the confusion at his dwelling, and the community annoyed by the spectacle of a carelessly managed farm. It is not always certain that when you see fine fields growing up to weeds, fences broken down, gates hanging by one hinge, barn doors battered to pieces, and cattle only half protected from the cold winter, that you will find a filthy dwelling, and a slovenly house-wife; and sometimes it may occur that such a state of things in the house, will be brought about by mismanagement or slothfulness on the part of the husband; but such is a wife's influence, that it is possible, that disorderly habits on her part, may produce the like in her husband.

But in order to keep each of the little springs and wheels of the complicated machinery of domestic life moving in its proper place, and at the proper time, a great deal of *energy* and *perseverance* are required. Spasmodic exertions will never accomplish the most perfect results. There must be in the family,

"A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together."

There is another subject to which we would refer, in speaking of the duties of farmers' wives.—Enjoying as they do, the privilege of selecting from the great store-house of Nature a large variety of food, it is very desirable that they have the requisite knowledge to enable them to prepare for their families, wholesome viands; not poisoning the best blood of the land with an unhealthful diet. Let farmers' wives, study and obey the laws of health. In the country, where Heaven's breezes are the purest, where the waters fall from the skies unmingled with the smoke of the town, and fountains gush from the earth, sparkling with life, where the fields are broad and beautiful, let smiling Hygea take up her abode, and bless the sons and daughters of the toiling farmer, and his intelligent and cultivated wife.

Granville, Kent Co., Mich., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THAT "CALL" AND PLATFORM.

MISS DIDO:—About that "Anti-Tobacco Society"—*one of the girls* is not quite "ready to enroll under the banner" without a "perfect understanding," and a few modifying clauses. Are we to infer that you include all forms of tobacco?—for you make no mention of the no less house-profaning use of cigars. All would prefer husbands of an *elevated* nature, but who of us would render the term so literally as to desire to find him in the *clouds*—of tobacco smoke? I fancy no one *can* disguise the "vile practice by perfumery and nostrums." But *should* they, *I* am not prepared to pledge *myself* that "I would at least *despise* a husband"—because I would not unite my destiny with one whose *mind* would not merit any *respect*, even were he "a slave to tobacco."

Neither can I subscribe to your preference for the fatal cup." If it were unpleasant to have your "children stumble over a filthy spittoon," how infinitely more so a "stumbling block" in the person of a drunken father! Would you prefer that blighting curse for their inheritance, rather than the less injurious *bodily* evil, not to speak of the utter *mental* and *spiritual* ruin intemperance involves? Tobacco, I admit, is a very objectionable habit, and I should fear would be followed by greater ones, in a man who had not sufficient self-denial to abandon it, rather than subject his family to such a nuisance.

Then, while we are free, I am ready for the resolve—if men are "joined to their idol, to let them alone." Wonder if such an edict would prove an inducement to wife-seekers to throw off the fetters made of "weeds?" With this explanation, I am ready to enlist under the banner—"*Eternal enmity to tobacco!*" In efforts to hasten "the millennium."

Yours, MISS ZALMON.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

A WRITER in the last number of the North British Review observes:—"Instead of educating every girl as though she were born to be an independent, self-supporting member of society, we educate her to become a mere dependant, a hanger-on, or, as the law delicately phrases it, a chattel. In some respects, indeed, we err more barbarously than those nations among whom a plurality of wives is permitted, and who regard women purely as so much live stock; for among such people women are, at all events, provided with shelter, with food and clothing—they are "cared" for as cattle are. There is a completeness in such a system.

"But among ourselves we treat women as cattle without providing for them as cattle. We take the worst part of barbarism and the worst part of civilization, and work them into a heterogeneous whole. We bring up our women to be dependent, and then leave them without any one to depend on. There is no one, there is nothing for them to lean upon, and they fall to the ground. Now, what every woman, no less than every man, should have to depend upon, is an ability, after some fashion or other, to turn labor into money. She may or may not be compelled to exercise it, but every one ought to possess it. If she belong to the richer classes, she may have to exercise it; if to the poorer, she assuredly will."

DISCIPLINE IN CHILDHOOD.—Young people who have been habitually gratified in all their desires will infallibly take it more amiss when the feelings or happiness of others require that they should be thwarted, than those who have been practically trained to the habit of subduing and restraining them; and consequently will, in general, sacrifice the happiness of others to their own selfish indulgence. To what else is the selfishness of princes' and other great people to be attributed? It is in vain to think of cultivating principles of generosity and beneficence by mere exhortation and reasoning.

Nothing but the practical habit of overcoming our selfishness, and of familiarly encountering privations and discomfort on account of others, will ever enable us to do it when required. And, therefore, I am firmly persuaded that indulgence infalliby produces selfishness and hardness of heart, and that nothing but a pretty severe discipline and control can lay the foundation of a magnanimous character.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

TEMPER.—Too many have no idea of the subjection of their temper to the influence of religion, and yet what is changed if the temper is not? If a man is passionate, malicious, resentful, sullen, moody, or morose, after his conversion as before it, what is he converted from or to?

IT was one of Coleridge's truthful sayings, that the fairest flower he saw climbing round a poor man's window, was not so beautiful in his eyes as the Bible which he saw lying within.

THE true perceptions of a child are the objects that surround him; these are the instructors to whom he owes almost all his ideas.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SONNET TO SPRING.

Most welcome art thou in thy coming, Spring,
Thou child of seasons, with thy laughing eyes
Of heaven's most glorious blue. The crimson lies
Upon thy dewy lip at morn; and twilight flings
The shades of silken lashes on thy cheek.
A wanton child art thou, sporting 'mong flowers
Amid the sunshine and amid the showers,
At morn and even ever gay and sweet.
I love thee, Spring! thy presence moves to gladness,
I love thy dancing in the leafy bowers,
I love thy music in the midnight storm,
I love thy breathing in the morning hours—
Thine is a heart of love and voice of song,
My way-worn soul beguiling of its sadness.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A SPRING EPISTLE.

FRIEND RURAL:—Shall I send thee a weather chronicle? It has been rainy, rainy, rainy! for three, four, five consecutive days; and I have just been up into the observatory to calculate the destruction to life and property, if another deluge is to be our portion. All day, the clouds have been sending unceasingly their baptismal drops, upon the earth. And now I gaze upon the distant hills, still pointing to the sky their unclothed trees, save here and there an evergreen, whose tassels still retain their verdancy—and through whose branches the breeze seems to wake a requiem, that its sister trees are so dilatory in putting on their new array. And the dark green hemlocks wave their slender fingers, in perfect consternation, that not even the ruffles of light green leaves are yet visible.

But the earth is hourly growing greener, and the young grain and grass seem almost to grow perceptibly while we are gazing. And the pure odor of "fresh-growing things," is welcome to the heart. The little birds have not dared attempt to outwarble the rain, and with folded wings lie meekly in their new-made nests.

Rain, rain!—so incessantly it falls, I must content myself with merely gazing out upon the fields, whose changing hue seems deepening with every falling drop. But listen to the music! O, how sweet in its strange irregularity, and its want of fashionable time-notes! Now pattering against the window-panes with sudden force, waking a symphony, heedless of "bars" or "double bars"—now occasional "dotted notes," and now a prolonged "rest." Now list to the treble it plays upon the parti-colored pebbles in its bed beneath the eaves. And hear the deep bass-notes, as with collected strength it glides adown the roof into its tin channel, and is borne down to its cistern-grave to mingle with those that have gone before. I love to listen to this untaught song of many parts.

I cannot go out between the falling drops, and so, looking forward to a pleasant morrow, I have brought my portfolio down to write by the cheerful fire. And alternately listening to the music without—to the rich piano-notes which my young friend E. calls forth, and occasionally replying to a question of the matronly hostess,—I am content. And little "BELL," the most bewitching of all little gypsies, steals to my side, and attempts to relieve me of my pen, with which I trace what, to her, seems like strange hieroglyphics. Defeated in this, she seeks to examine into the contents of my portfolio, and rid it of superfluous papers. Not being indulged in this, she leaves me with the least perceptible scowl of infant displeasure,—and a look of not-defeated-yet,—and in a moment returns, bearing triumphantly in each hand, an old paper traced over with an impatient pen, and wishes to "compare notes." With a smile I pause to watch the little sprite. And in the dreamy depths of the azure eyes, the light shades come and go, mirthful and free, like shadows of June leaves, passing with sunshine and clouds. Little sunny, untrained curls shade the infant brow—while the rich bloom on cheek and pouting lip is sadly provoking of kisses. I could easily persuade myself the little elf had just flown down from fairy-land; and often find myself looking for her wings, fearful she may fly to her own fairy home again. I ask how much she loves me? "Two dollars," she replies. Alas! that she, whose little heart as yet knows not the blight of one care-frost, should thus early ape the ways of the cold and calculating, and reckon love by dollars and cents. But "so goes the world."

The night shades are falling, and the rain has ceased—and, hopeful for sunshine to-morrow, I close. More anon. E. N. C.

Big Flats, Chemung Co., N. Y., May 8, 1857.

RISING IN THE WORLD.

You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to gain our livelihood by the sweat of the brow. What reason have we, then, to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be, as now and then one will be endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, those extraordinary powers of mind may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and, if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or to them. Nor does it hence follow that the descendants of laborers are always to be laborers. The path upwards is steep and long, to be sure. Industry, care, skill, excellence in the present parent, lay the foundation of a rise, under more favorable circumstances, for the children.—The children of these take another rise; and, by and by, the descendants of the present laborer become gentlemen. This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world.—Society may aid in making the laborers virtuous and happy, by bringing children up to labor with steadiness, with care, and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible; to do them all in the best manner; to set them an example in industry, sobriety, cleanliness and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they never shall be liable to fall into the contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labor, and thus to remove from them, the temptation to get at the goods of others by violent and fraudulent means, and to keep far from their minds all the inducements to hypocrisy and deceit.—*Cobbett.*

GIVE HIM A TRADE.

IF Education is the great buckler and shield of human liberty, well developed Industry is equally the buckler and shield of individual independence. As an unfailing resource through life, give your son, equal with a good education, a good, honest trade. Better any trade than none, though there is ample field for the adoption of every inclination in this respect. Learned professions, and speculative employments may fail a man, but an honest handicraft trade, seldom or never—if its possessor chooses to exercise it. Let him feel, too, that honest labor-crafts are honorable and noble. The men of trades—the real creators of whatever is most essential to the necessities and welfare of mankind—cannot be dispensed with; they above all others, in whatever repute they may be held by their more fastidious fellows, must work at the oar of human progress or all is lost. But few brown handed trade-workers think of this, or appreciate the real position and power they compass.

Give your son a trade, no matter what fortune he may have or may seem likely to inherit. Give him a trade and an education—at anyrate a trade. With this he can always battle with temporal want, can always be independent—and better is independence with a moderate education, than all the learning of the colleges and wretched temporal dependence. But in this free land there can be ordinarily no difficulty in securing both the education and trade, for every youth, thereby fitting each and all to enter the ranks of manhood defiant of those obstacles which intimidate so many tradeless, professionless young men. Such are the peculiarities of fortune, that no mere outward possession can be counted so absolutely secure or protective to man. Hoarded thousands may be swept away in a day, and their once possessors left with neither the means of independence or of livelihood.

He was a wise Scandinavian King, who decreed that his sons must learn useful trades or be cut off from their expected princely fortunes. They demurred, but obeyed the decree. The eldest, as the easiest trade to learn applied himself to basket making. In time he reigned in his father's stead. In time, also, revolution came upon, and overthrew him, and he fled disguised, wandering and companionless save his wife and children, his sole resource for livelihood a recurrence to his humble, but honest and useful trade.

The sons of the rich as well as the poor, should be strengthened by this possession. If never used beyond the learning, no harm is done—while possibly it may be of incalculable good. It is a weapon of assault of defense, which once fairly seized, can never be taken from a man's grasp.—Think of it, parents; examine your boy's "bumps," or rather study the "bent of their minds," and tastes,—and as one of the best and most lasting services you can do them, apply them to the learning of honest trades.—*Selected.*

OVER-WORKING CHILDREN.

AN exchange says that Dr. Robinson is the author of the accompanying remarks, on over taxing the youthful brain:

"The minds of children ought to be little, if at all, taxed till the brain's development is nearly completed, or until the age of six or seven years. And will those years be wasted; or will the future man be more likely to be deficient in mental power than one who is differently treated? Those years will not be wasted. The great book of nature is opened to the infant's and the child's prying investigation; and from nature's page may be learned more useful information than is contained in all the children's books that have ever been published. But even supposing those years to have been absolutely lost, which is anything but the case, will the child be eventually a loser thereby? We contend, with our author, that he will not.—Task the mind during the earlier years, and you only expose the child to a greater risk of a disordered brain—not only, it may be, lay the foundation for a morbid excitability of brain, that may one day end in insanity—but you debilitate its bodily powers, and by so doing, to all intents and purposes, the mind will be a loser in its powers and capabilities."

"I NEVER FORGIVE."

IN the course of a voyage to America, Mr. Wesley heard General Oglethorpe, with whom he sailed, making a great noise in the cabin, upon which he stepped in to know the cause. The General immediately addressed him, saying, "Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me. I have met with a provocation too great for a man to bear. You know the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine, as it agrees with me best of any; I therefore provided myself with several dozens of it; and this villain" (his servant, who was present, almost dead with fear) "has drank up the whole of it. But I will be revenged on him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the man-of-war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so, for I never forgive." "Then, Sir," said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him, "I hope you never sin." The General, confounded at the reproof, threw his keys to the servant, and bade him do better in future. Here, then, is the point:—If we would never forgive, we must never sin. The very proneness to sin which we find in ourselves should be a most powerful incentive to the cultivation of a spirit of forgiveness.

APPEARANCES.—A coat that has marks of use upon it is a recommendation to people of sense; and a hat with too smooth a nap and too high a lustre is a derogatory circumstance. The best coats in Broadway are on the backs of penniless, broken-down merchants, clerks with pitiful salaries, and men that don't pay up. The heaviest gold chains dangle from the fobs of gamblers and gentlemen of very limited means; costly ornaments on ladies indicate to eyes that are well open, a silly lover, or a husband cramped for funds. And when a pretty woman goes by in a suit of plain and neat apparel, it is a sign that she has fair expectations and a husband that can show a balance in his favor.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

TEMPTATIONS are a file which rubs off much of the rust of self-confidence.—*Fenelon.*

The Scientific Tourist.

RESULTS OF MR. WARD'S TOUR.

In our last paper we gave a very interesting letter from our young townsman, H. A. Ward, addressed to Prof. Dewey, detailing a part of his geological tour in Europe. The summary of the results and advantages is presented in the following additional letter. His adherence to the one great scientific purpose, is admirable, and will give him favor with the intelligent and decided.—Though not designed for the press, this summary gives even more pith to his correspondence, while it shows the great collection of admirable fossils for the illustration. Such a collection must be an invaluable acquisition for the illustration of Geology in any College, or in any Museum. Mr. Ward is evidently destined to make a prominent and enduring mark, and must ere long be widely appreciated by scientific men and scholars.—[Ed. Rural.

Paris, France, March 21, 1857.

As I am now at home in this city, I am looking over the results of my tour, surrounded by the collections gathered in my course. I gave you only a brief outline of my doings, but enough probably to satisfy you that I have closely adhered to the original object, the visiting of the most interesting geological localities, and the acquisition of knowledge and of those objects of Natural History, which would the better fit me for the duties in which I hope to employ my life. To visit the cities and view their sights—to study their architecture, paintings, statuary and fine arts—I could not afford the time or money. But the tour, it was hoped, would afford a practical application of the knowledge of the principles I had been studying under such favorable circumstances in this city. In this my success has far exceeded all that I had dared to hope. To you, as my friend, permit me to offer some evidence of the progress.

Not only have I directly seen many things of great interest in Geology, of which only arid descriptions had come to me, but I have also become acquainted with a large number of things entirely new to me. I find myself possessed of a more correct and definite idea of the true principles of the science to which I anticipate the devotion of myself, and of the importance of extensive preparation in various knowledge and science for the most successful prosecution and diffusion of my favorite objects.

The collateral advantages of the tour are varied and great. I have obtained a distinct and connected, though of necessity a partial, acquaintance with the geology of a considerable part of Europe, and have become conversant with much of the geological investigation which is being made at the present time on the Continent. I have received from the various geologists visited in the tour near a hundred publications, each containing from ten to three hundred pages of scientific matter of great interest. They are mostly written in German or Italian, both of which are read with far greater facility from the months spent among the native speakers.

Besides, my collections have been large, and of the most interesting character,—fourteen boxes of good size. Though I have collected many fine and valuable minerals, these have not been my chief object, but rocks and fossils and living shells, all of great value. Professor Sismondae, of Turin, Piedmont, has lately sent me a box of 300 Pleiocene species, all excellent and labelled. I have the fossils of the different divisions of the Tertiary series, finely represented, viz., a large collection of Eocene fossils from the Paris Basin; another large collection of the Miocene from Bordeaux and from Vienna; and another fine collection of the Pleiocene from Peidmont, Tuscany, the Papal States, and Sicily. Finally, I have a considerable collection of Quatternary fossils collected from the recent elevated banks of the Red Sea, on our tour in Egypt in 1855-6.

Exchanges, arranged on the tour, are bringing more valuable objects. I am now sending off a box of Paris fossils to the University of Naples in exchange for a complete suite of Vesuvian minerals. The fossils of 100 species carried with me from Paris, with the huge Cerithium giganteum, of which I took 20 specimens, obtained for me at the Universities the fossils I needed, so eagerly did the Professors desire and so highly prize them. My two rooms are crowded with the precious treasures acquired, absolutely filled with fossiliferous boxes. Gladly would I spread them out before you, and enjoy again before your eyes and with you, the scenes of interest they must ever recall.

I am anticipating equally valuable results from a contemplated visit to England and Scotland, in which the same purpose is all-controlling in my mind.

PHYSICIANS AT ANTIOCH.

A doctor is thought nothing of here unless he resorts to violent remedies. I was told a curious anecdote of a soi-distant doctor, who acquired a great reputation in Beilan. He was much given to administering emetics, and, having a very delicate patient, resorted as usual to this method of cure, leaving in the hands of the patient's brother three strong doses of emetic, which he directed should be administered at intervals of three hours. The brother, finding that the first powder had no immediate effect, gave the unfortunate invalid the remaining two within five minutes. The result was violent sickness, succeeded by spasms and cramp, which in a few hours terminated fatally.—Next day, the doctor was astounded to learn, on inquiring, that his patient was dead; and evinced his concern in his face. "Never mind," said the brother, "it was so fated; but, Marshalla! you are a great doctor; the medicine you gave never ceased operating till the moment of my brother's death. It was fine medicine, and if it couldn't cure him, nothing earthly could."—*Neal's Syria, Palestine and Asia Minor.*

Superstition—Enthusiasm.—Superstition, the creature of guilt and fear, is as evil almost as ancient at the human family. But enthusiasm, the child of hope, hardly appeared on earth until after the time when life and immortality had been brought to light by Christianity.—*Isaac Taylor.*

PERSIAN. TURK.

RELIGIOUS SECTS IN TURKEY.

"The Sultan and his People,"—a valuable and entertaining work from the pen of Mr. Oscanyan, a native Turk, recently issued by Derby & Jackson, New York,—contains some interesting descriptions and illustrations of the religious ceremonies and superstitions of the Mohammedans. Through the courtesy of the publishers, we shall be enabled to furnish two or three illustrated articles on prominent subjects discussed in the work, and commence by giving the substance of a chapter on

SECTARIANISM AMONG THE TURKS.

Besides the Koran, there are other sacred and traditional books called the *Sonnah*, the productions of Abubekir, Omer, and Osman, the successors of the Prophet. The ancient caliphs of Egypt and Babylon have also added their own. These books have numerous commentaries upon them, which constitute the principal part of the Mohammedan literature, and have been the source of much dissension. Sectarianism, therefore, prevails among the Mussulmans as in every part of the world. We will only mention those sects with whom the traveler in the East is apt to come in contact. The principal schism which divides the Mohammedan nation is that of the Súnnees and the Sheyees. The Sùnnees are the orthodox party and believe in the traditions attributed to the Prophet and his successors, and are strict in all their observances. Whereas the Sheyees reject all traditions and are strict legitimists, adhering to Aali, who married the Prophet's daughter, as the rightful successor, and rendering their homage to his descendants.

The Turks are all Sùnnees, and the Persians Sheyees, the one is more fanatical, the other more superstitious, and as the difference between them is small, so is their mutual hatred proportionably intense.

The Sùnees repudiate Aali, the infallible director of the Sheyees, who, in their turn, decapitate the representatives of the Prophet, Abubekir, Omer, and Osman in effigy. For they erect these persons in sugar at their festivals, and when merry over their wines, cut the respected friends of Mohammed into pieces and actually drink them in solution.

The Turks elevate the sacred color, green, to their heads and turbans with the greatest respect, but in contradistinction, the Persians choose this hue for their shoes, trowsers, and every other disrespectful use their ingenuity can devise. When the one shaves, the other does not, and scorns the thorough abluttions of his rival. Indeed, no matter how or what, so it be *vice versa.*

Apart from the foregoing, the very meaning of the word Islam, or resignation to the service and commands of God, has been a source of much dissertation and dissension, and has produced a variety of sects, of which the Hanefees, Mevlevees, Rifayees, and Abdals, are the most noted in Turkey. The Hanefees are the contemplative philosophers, Oriental spiritualists or transcendentalists; and to this class the Sultan and the principal part of the people belong. The Mevlevees are the dancing or whirling dervishes, and they may therefore be considered as the Oriental Shakers. Their object is practical resignation to God, which state of mind they think they attain by whirling round and round until their senses are lost in the dizzy motion.

They conform to the general tenets and observances, but their form of worship is peculiar.

circular railing, constitutes the scene of their ritual, or ceremonies. A gallery occupies three sides of the building, in which is the latticed apartment of the Sultan, and the place for the Turkish ladies. In every mosque, and here also, there is a niche opposite the entrance, called the *Mihrab*, which indicates the direction of Mecca. The walls are adorned with entablatures, ornamented with verses from the Koran, and with ciphers of Sultans, and mottos in memory of other benevolent individuals who have endowed the Tekke.

The Sheikh, or leader of the community, sits in front of the *Mirhab*, on an Angora goat-skin, or a carpet, attended by two of his disciples.

An attenuated old man, with a visage furrowed and wit ered by time, bronzed by many successive suns, his long and grizzly beard witnessing to the ravages of age, while his prominent eyes, sparkling like lightning amid the surrounding darkness, are the only symbols of animation or life, in his worn-out frame. The dervishes, as they enter, make a low obeisance with folded hands to this patron saint, with an air of mystic veneration, and take their stand with their faces toward Mecca. The old sheikh arises, and presiding over the assembly, commences the services.

ABDAL, OR STOIC.

Their peculiar head-gear, called *sikke*, of thick brown felt, in the shape of a sugar loaf, and long and flowing robes of varied hues, make them seem like fantastic representations of some other sphere, particularly when they commence the slow and measured prostrations of Mussulman worship.

Prayers being over, each dervish doffs his mantle, and appears in a long white fustanella, trailing the polished floor, and of innumerable folds, with a tightly fitting vest of the same pure color. They now defile two by two before the sheikh, who, extending his hand towards them, seems to diffuse a sort of magnetism, which irradiates every countenance. As they stand immovable, the wild and thrilling music slowly pervades every sense, until suddenly one of the number extends his arms, and begins to revolve noiselessly, with slow and measured step. The folds of his ample skirt now gradually open like the wings of a bird, and with the swiftness of his motion, expand, until the dervish only appears like the centre of a whirlwind. The rest are all alike in motion, arms extended, eyes half closed as in a dream, the head inclined on one side, they move round and round to the measured time of the music, as if floating in ecstasy.

The calm and unimpassioned chief, with slow and stealthy step, wanders among their evolutions. Suddenly they cease and march around the circle. The music increases its measure, and the dervishes again commence their giddy motions; old and young seem to be in a visionary rhapsody. Perhaps transported in the bewildering whirl to the regions of the blest, they languish with rapture in the arms of the houris of Paradise; or lose their earthly senses amid the glories which surround the throne of Allah; till suddenly they stand transfixed, their outspread and snowy drapery folding around them like the marble investment of

TEKKE.

Their religious edifices are called *Tekkes*, which are open every Tuesday and Friday, and are frequently visited by the Sultan and Europeans in general.

A large square space, which is surrounded by a

an antique statue. They are all prostrated,—and apparently completely exhausted by their ecstasies, and immovable, until the sheikh recalls them to the realities of time by his holy benediction, when they slowly rise again, compass the building, and enveloping themselves with their cast-off mantles, silently disappear.

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The *Abdals* include the various classes of the stoics, who generally pretend to a total renunciation of all worldly comforts. Sometimes clothed in the coarsest garments, and again half naked, and even with lacerated bodies, they wander through the Mohammedon dominions, a miserable set of frantic, idle, and conceited beggars. They may, in fact, be considered the "communists" of the East, who despising honest pursuits, live upon the community at large.

They commit the worst extravagances under the pretence of heavenly raptures, and are even supposed to be divinely inspired. Idiots and fools are esteemed by the Mohammedans as the favorites of Heaven; their spirits are supposed to have deserted their earthly tenements, and to be holding converse with angels, while their bodies still wander about the earth.

It would be wearisome to go into further details; for infinite is the diversity of the orthodox theologies of the Mohammedans, with the 235 articles of the creed, on which all the doctors of divinity differ; hopeless must be the task of the student to surmount the commentaries of the 280 canonical authors, not to mention the innumerable heretical tenets of other sects, which must be studied to be controverted.

Verily we would suggest the recipe of a certain *Molla*, who must have given up in dire despair, "Whenever you meet with an infidel, abuse him with all your might, and no one will doubt you are a staunch believer."

As long as war and its exciting scenes occupied the restless minds of the Arabs, there was no time for religious or party intrigue. The simple "La Illah-Illallah," satisfied the momentary breathings of their souls heavenward. The turmoil of their life, the glitter of their arms and dreadful carnage of all infidels, sufficed to ease their fancy, and satisfy the thirst for excitement.

It was as they wiped their blood-stained scimitars, and during the reaction which comparative peace and luxury created, that their minds, free from more substantial food and activity, sought greater refinement of spirituality. In the absence of the real, the speculative began to grow, until Imams and Ulema found that they could turn the tide of human affairs to their own advantage, by exciting polemical and theological controversies.

A comparative study of the niceties of Mussulman doctrine, and hair-breadth distinctions with those of more refined and enlightened creeds, while it displays many and striking similarities, only illustrates, with startling vividness, the time worn maxim, that "there is nothing new under the sun."

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT FISH.

For known and unknown purposes, in the tiny mountain brooks and in the wide ocean, fishes are seen in unceasing motion, darting in all directions, traveling now single, and now in shoals. Their regular journeys are mostly undertaken for the purpose of spawning; the delicate mackerel moves southward when its time comes, and the beautiful sardine of the Mediterranean goes, in spring westward, and returns in autumn to the east. The sturgeon of Northern Europe is seen singly to ascend the great rivers of the Continent, and the omul, or migratory salmon of the Polar seas, travels, we know not how, through the river and lake, up into the Baikal, and there swims, in whimsical alterations, but always in immense crowds, first on the southern and then on the northern bank. The travels of the salmon are probably best known, because the fish was a favorite already in the days of Pliny; and yet strange enough, it is found in every sea, in the Arctic, near the Equator, and off New Holland, only not in the Mediterranean. They press in large, triangular masses up all the great northern rivers of Europe, Asia and America. They enter Bohemia by sea, sailing up the river Elbe; they approach Switzerland in the green water of the Rhine, and even the foot of the Cordileras by a journey of 3,000 miles up the Amazon! Their crowds are not unfrequently so dense that they actually stem for awhile the current of the mighty rivers; still, these bands are formed with great regularity. The strongest and largest females lead, followed by others of the same sex, traveling two and two at regular intervals; after them come the male in like order.—With a noise like the distant roaring of a storm, they rush up the stream, now sporting in easy, graceful motion, and now darting ahead with lightning speed that the eye cannot follow. Do they come to some rock or wall that impedes their way, they leap with incredible force, and repeat the effort until they have overcome their difficulty; it is even said that, at the foot of cataracts, they will take their tail in their mouth and then suddenly letting go, like an elastic spring, rise twelve or fifteen feet in the air. Thus they travel on, undismayed and untired, until they have found a suitable place for depositing their eggs, and with the same marvellous instinct return, year after year to the distant ocean.—*Selected.*

There are six or seven generations of gnats in a summer, and each lay 250 eggs.

Sabbath Musings.

THE SABBATH.

[The following sonnet was pronounced by Sidney Smith to be one of the most beautiful in our language.]

With silent awe, I hail the sacred morn
Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still,
With soothing calm on every breeze is born;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
And echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill,
Hail! light serene; hail! sacred Sabbath morn;
The rooks float silent by, in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow luster shows;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in sweet repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;
So smiled the day when the first morn arose.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

TEARS.

Never did sweeter words break upon human ears or sink into human hearts, than those which John heard, amid the vision of the Apocalypse, when a great voice out of heaven exclaimed:—"God will wipe away all tears from their eyes." Isaiah, too, had sung the same sweet song, long years before, and many a tearful mourner had been comforted with the assurance that bye-and-bye "God would wipe away tears from off all faces."

And can it be, says the sorrowful heart, that in heaven there will be no tear-stained cheek, no tearful eye, no voiceful sorrow to break up the foundations of the soul and send its sad messengers wandering down the cheek? Yes! it is even so, sad heart; for if there is no promise God ever made, so ineffably sweet, there is none He will more abundantly fulfill. And what are the tears that shall be wiped away when the light and glory of heaven shall stream in through the open window of the purified soul? This morning, when the sun looked smilingly over the eastern hills, his light surprised the widow at her morning prayer, and heard her bless God for her *only son*, who knelt reverently beside her; but to-night, before the same golden sunshine had faded from out the western sky, she was childless and alone; and as she watched by her dead, and wept as if she would pour out her very soul in tears, her voiceless prayer, gone before on the viewless wings of the spirit, is answered, in the low, sweet voice that whispers, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," and lo! heaven is in her face. Those are bitter tears—whose bitterness few may know—which a father and mother are shedding over a wayward and profligate son. Such were the tears David shed when he exclaimed, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom; would God I had died for thee; O Absalom, my son, my son."—That son, too, is weeping, while the calm, still hours are breathing about him, and his thoughts are busy with the past. Before the words, "I will arise and go to my father" have died away from his lips, kind arms are about his neck and the hot tears are upon his face,—God did not wait for them to get to heaven before he wiped away their tears.

Tears there are even more sorrowful than those of the widowed and bereaved: they are the tears she weeps, who looks upon the bloodshot eye, the bloated face and swaggering gait of him, to whom, in the guileless simplicity of her girlhood's hours, she gave up the keeping of her young and hopeful heart. Once he came home to her with a sweet kiss of welcome; now he reels home from the midst of his drunken companions only to abuse her; and when she looks upon him, and remembers how good and noble her young hopes had made him—when she thinks what he *might* have been—what he *might be even now*, but for the dram-shop,—the tears come so thick and fast, that they can scarcely find an outlet through the aching eye-lids—God hasten to wipe away such tears!

But there are tears more bitter than all,—so bitter, that to human view, God can never wipe them away—the tears of one who is weeping for the loss of innocence she can never recover on earth. O where shall there be found mercy so unbounded as to wipe away these tears! If thou has "sought for repentence carefully with tears," He who never said seek ye my face in vain, will wipe away thy tears when thou shalt pass through the gate into the city; *for there's no weeping there.*

Could all the tears shed in this city alone, be collected to-night; the tears of the hungry poor, crying for bread; of the wretched, shivering upon their damp bed of straw; of the widow for her dead husband;

"Of the widower, when he sees
A late lost form, whom sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms and feels
Her place is empty;"

Of parents weeping for their dead of to-day and years ago; of children for their parents; of friend for friend: what a conception would it give us of human woe! And these tears were all wrung out from hearts like yours and mine, kind reader! and if our tears are not flowing to-night, mention but the name—the dear name of one who left our fireside, when the autumn winds sighed through the leafless trees, and our eyes are full; we can write no more.

You can scarce enter a household but you find an empty seat at the table, that shall never be filled; some precious relic of the dear departed; and as the mother opens the drawer where, for a long time they have been hidden, how the heart swells and the eyes fill!

"There is no flock, however watched and tended
But some dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside howsoe'er defended
But has one vacant chair."

To the Christian, whose inheritance may have been tears and tears continually, what a charm must this thought give to heaven,—*there's no weeping there.*

Take courage, then, tearful traveler in this vale of tears; if God have touched thee and sent out the tears from thy soul-depths surely, when the night has passed, thy joy, full as the joy of angels, shall come in the morning of that day of unending gladness, and thou shalt know how blessed it is to have the tears wiped away from off thy face.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857. S. A. E.

No cloud can overshadow the Christian, but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed from one Post Office to another, should be particular in specifying the offices at which they are now received.

☞ BACK NUMBERS of the present volume can still be supplied, but those desiring them should be particular in specifying that they are wanted.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Republication of Marryatt's Novels—Derby & Jackson.
Dunford's Improved Mower & Reaper—R. C. Munson & Co.
Grasses and Forage Plants—G. P. Putnam & Co
Round Hill Hydropathic Water-Cure—H. Halsted.
To Carpenters—H. C. Coen.
Free Labor Warehouse—Geo. W. Taylor.
Public Sale of Durham Cattle—James Gowen
Morris' Perfect Chain Pump—J. B. Brown.
Young Gifford Morgan—Daniel Ward.
Die-Sinker and Medalist—George H. Lovett.
Atkins' Self-Raking Reaper and Mower—Hiram Ward.
Marrowfat Peas—Briggs & Brother.
SPECIAL NOTICES
Wayne County Horse Show.—List of Premiums, &c.
Monroe County Horse Exhibition.—Final Announcement.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, MAY 23, 1857.

About Land Speculation.

IN a late Boston paper we read that "the farmers of an interior county in New York had on deposit in a certain bank, in the spring of 1856, the sum of $455,000. Week before last its deposit account footed up only $25,000, the balance having been withdrawn for investment at the West; and now the farmers are borrowing money."

How true this assertion may be we cannot aver, yet we are inclined to the belief that the "hard times" of which many farmers are complaining is more or less attributable to a similar cause—to the investment of their surplus means in land and other speculations, rather than in the improvement of their farms. Unfavorable seasons and destructive insects are, we fear, charged with more losses and damages than they have caused. Better management—more investments at *home*, and less abroad—would probably soon change what some farmers invariably term their *ill luck* to profitable production and former prosperity.

—Speaking of land speculation and speculators, we will quote another item on the subject—giving a Western view. The Chicago *Journal*, in a leading article, deplores the financial and moral effects of land speculation in the following emphatic language:

"We are cursed as a people with speculations and speculators, who consume our substance, not unfrequently in 'riotous living,' without adding anything to the stock of real wealth. They swarm in the West like the 'locusts of Egypt,' eating up the fruits of its virgin soil, until, in this land, exuberant with the means of abundance for its teeming multitudes, almost starvation prices stare the poor in the face. * * * * Nor is the financial view of the subject the only, or, indeed, the most important aspect of the case. Its moral effects are to be deplored. It excites a restless spirit in the people, an unceasing desire for change—creates a disrelish for the moderate gains of ordinary business—encourages habits of extravagance—fosters a reckless spirit of adventure—winks at the acts of trickery in driving a good bargain—and counteracts the refined and humanizing effects of home. Settled habits, moderate gains, and permanent homes are most conducive to good morals, and to the thorough development of the mental and physical resources of the country."

The writer predicts a crash as the result of this state of things, and thinks the sooner it comes the better it will be for all parties concerned, and for the country at large. We trust the farmers of Western and Central New York, and indeed of all regions, will "look before they leap" into the arena of speculation. Investments in underdraining, deep culture, labor-saving implements, improved stock, and various permanent farm improvements, will yield more certain if not larger returns.

First Half of May—Weather.

THE record shows another cold half month. For the mean of this period, in 20 years, is 53:2°, and for this half of May 47:6°. In 1841 this part of May was 45°, the coldest in 20 years, and the hottest was 57:3°, in 1744. Still the prospect is not very favorable, as both March and April have been below the average heat. Vegetation, however, is full of energy, and having rested longer than usual, plants and trees work with great power for this temperature. The grass starts rapidly, leaves shoot forth, blossoms are preparing in the swelling buds, and the wheat fields are said to give fair promise.

The water in rain and snow was great in April, and has been abundant in May so far. In this fortnight of May the water measured 2:7 inches. On the 5th there fell 1:6 inches.

The rise of wheat and flour is the agricultural fact of this half month—a very uncomfortable fact to the poorer, and not over delightful to the richer lovers of fine bread. The reason of the advance is not so plausible as the fact is certain.

Of the 15 days, rain or snow fell on nine, and on the 15th a deep, heavy fog, from the clouds from the Lake, setting down upon the earth. The ground must be filled with water.

The Comet is still very kind in its operations, and shows no bad properties. C. D.

May 16, 1857.

THE "OLDEST INHABITANT."—There is an older citizen that Peter Nassau, of Pomfret, Vt., in Wisconsin. He is called "Old Crele," and was born in Montreal 130 years ago. His memory is distinct for a period of 117 years. He was married at New Orleans a century ago, and now resides with one of his grandchildren, who is upwards of sixty years old. He is still hale and hearty, and does not appear to be over 70. So says the Madison (Wis.) Argus.

The Religious Anniversaries.

THE Anniversaries of most of the religious and benevolent organizations were held in New York city this year, as usual, commencing last week.—A New York paper gives the following table, showing the receipts and expenditures during the past year of the Societies named:

	Total Rec.	Total Exp.
American Tract Society	$420,585 39	$418,929 53
Presbyterian Board Foreign Missions	205,768 00	218,520 17
American Board of Foreign Missions	307,318 00	323,000 40
Am. Baptist Home Missionary Society	44,507 00	46,135 23
American Anti-Slavery Society	28,162 60	33,970 12
New York State Colonization Society	36,913 40	35,695 95
American and Foreign Christian Union	76,296 93	72,422 65
New York Bible Society	21,755 14	21,755 14
American and Foreign Bible Society	45,000 00	50,000 00
Female Magdalen Society	3,334 73	3,310 73
Female Guardian Society	30,353 93	45,839 93
N. Y. Sunday School Union	15,538 21	15,573 90
American Abolition Society	6,614 51	5,985 39
Seamen's Friend Society	27,520 95	23,481 76
Totals,	$1,278,328 88	1,310,049 99

The New York Sunday School Union celebrated its anniversary Tuesday week. It embraces 200 schools. About 7,000 children assembled in the Academy of Music, where hymns were sung and addresses delivered. Similar exercises took place in seven other churches, where thousands of happy, joyous children congregated.

At the anniversary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, speeches were made by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Rev. Mr. Pressley and others, and the annual report read.

The Anti-Slavery Society held its anniversary in the Assembly Rooms, on Broadway. Wm. Lloyd Garrison presided, and a large number of sympathizers were present. Addresses were made by Garrison, Philips, Lucy Stone, Robert Parvis, (a mulatto,) and others.

An immense crowd of persons attended the anniversary meeting of the American Tract Society on Wednesday, in expectation of a great fight over the slavery question, but they were doomed to disappointment, as it was unanimously resolved to have nothing to do with the political aspect of the question. The report asserts that while the political aspects of slavery are clearly beyond the Society's province, those several duties which grow out of the existence of slavery, as well as moral evils and vices which slavery is known to promote do fall within the province of the Society, and ought to be discussed. The report was adopted unanimously.

The American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, held their Annual Meeting on the 15th. The report shows the mission at Canton has sustained, by being driven from the ground, and the destruction of books, a loss of $14,000. The receipts for the nine months of the fiscal year are $240,669, an increase of $29,485, compared with the same period last year. Several addresses were made by missionaries, showing the good results achieved by the labors of the Society.

The thirty-third anniversary of the American Sunday School Union was held Tuesday evening week, in Philadelphia. Interesting addresses were delivered by Rev. W. T. Brantley, D. D., Rev. Jno. Jenkins and others. The ceremonies were interspersed with the singing of hymns. It appears from the annual report that missionaries have been sent into 26 different States and Territories, who have established over 1,800 new schools, having about 80,000 children and 13,000 teachers. They have visited and supplied with books 3,000 Sunday schools, containing over 100,000 children. During the last six years more than 12,000 new Sunday schools, containing 78,000 teachers and 500,000 children, have been organized. The publishing department has distributed during the year books, &c., to the amount of $177,563. The receipts in the missionary department have amounted to $84,097 67. This department is entirely distinct from the publishing department. The Society now publish a complete library for Sunday schools, containing 841 volumes; also, the Sunday School Journal and Youth's Penny Gazette.

The anniversary of the American Baptist Society was held in Boston on Wednesday week. Rev. Mr. Linnard, of Pennsylvania, presided. The report of the Treasurer of the Society estimates the receipts of the past year at $48,150, and the expenses at $48,000. The prospects of the Society are represented as hopeful.

The fourth anniversary of the Pennsylvania branch of the American Tract Society was held in Philadelphia. It appears that 153 colporters have been employed during the year, and they have visited 140,612 families. The receipts during the year by colporters were $27,943 74; in store, $16,127 76; donations, $15,145 90. The circulation of books and tracts was equal to 213,959 volumes; 9,885,780 pages have been gratuitously distributed among shipping, criminal and humane institutions, missionaries, &c.

Biography and Portraits of Learned Men.

IT is proposed to publish at Vienna a folio containing large sized engravings of the most distinguished men in the various departments of natural science, accompanied with letter-press biographical sketches of each.

A Scientific Board has been appointed to select the most prominent men worthy of this tribute, to the number of one hundred, without regard to nationality. The name of Humboldt, as would naturally be expected, stands at the head of the list.—From the United States there have been selected as follows:

Lieut. Maury, of the Washington Observatory, the philosopher of winds and tides; Professor J. D. Dana, of Yale College, author of "A System of Mineralogy," and also of several Reports of the Wilkes Exploring Expedition; and Professor L. Agassiz, of Cambridge, whose name and works are familiar to all.

We learn that these gentlemen have already been requested to furnish their portraits for the use of the Austrian Commission.

The work is intended to be got up in the highest style of art, and will be, undoubtedly, a splendid addition to the literature of the day, a handsome compliment to men of science, and an honor to Austrian enterprise.—*N. Y. Jour. of Commerce.*

CHIEF JUSTICE OAKLEY, of the Superior Court, New York, died on the 11th inst., aged 73. Judge O. was an able and upright jurist, and universally esteemed. JOHN TURNER, formerly publisher of the New York *Gazette*, died on the same day, at the advanced age of 85 years.

Items of News.

THE water in Lake Ontario is at the same height now that it was at this time last year, and is one foot higher than in 1855. It is still one foot three inches below the average of high water.

IT appears on investigation that the State of Iowa is larger to the extent of 5,166 square miles, or 3,306,240 square acres, (more than the size of Connecticut,) than has been heretofore computed.

IN the eastern division of Tennessee the scarcity of food for man and beast, it is said, is absolutely distressing at present, and promising to become worse. The farmers have no corn or rough feed, the hogs have perished from starvation, and the cattle are dying rapidly.

PEACE-MAKING is the order of the day again in Europe. The Asia brings news of the restoration of friendly relations between Neufchatel and Prussia, Spain and Mexico, and Rome and Spain.

A COURSE of doctrinal sermons on the text—"What shall I do to be saved?" is to be given in Boston, at the Rev. Mr. Winkley's church, in Pitt street, on successive Sabbath evenings, by the following gentlemen:—Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, (Baptist,) Rev. Mr. Richards, (Congregationalist,) Rev. Dr. Gannett, (Unitarian,) Rev. Dr. Vinton, (Episcopalian,) and Rev. Dr. Miner, (Universalist.)

MR. BANCROFT is said to have realized $50,000 by his "History of the United States." Mr. Prescott, the celebrated historian, derives a large revenue from his literary efforts. The recent work of Dr. Kane on "The Artic Regions" has likewise been signally successful. These facts show that American genius is appreciated. We are emphatically a reading people, and constantly becoming more so.

A YOUNG lady shot herself near Pontiac, Mich., having run away from her wealthy parents in Canada, because they were trying to compel her to marry an old man whom she hated. The ball entered near the pit of the stomach, and she was in a very critical condition.

UNDER the head of "Spiritualism and Seduction," the Chicago papers publish an account of a spiritual medium of the female sex foully murdered by another medium, her paramour, in attempting to destroy evidence of their mutual guilt.

THE Knoxville, Tenn., papers say that provender is so scarce that the inhabitants are obliged to cut down trees for the cattle to eat the buds. The greatest want exists among the poorer classes. The Circuit Court at Jacksonborough was obliged to adjourn without sitting. Feed for the horses of the Judge and lawyers was unprocurable.

THE Southern Baptist Association have accepted a proposition made by the South Carolina churches, to endow a Theological Seminary with $100,000, if located at Greenville, in that State, and the other Southern States raise an equal sum.

OFFICIAL dispatches recently received warrant the belief that Brigham Young has fled from Utah, as it is known he was in treaty with the Indians for safe conduct through their country.

As the trout fishing season is "about these days" it may be well to remind the fishermen that a law passed by the Legislature last winter prohibits the taking of trout in any of the inland public waters of the State with net, seine, wire, basket, spear, trap, or any other device whatsoever, except the good orthodox old method of Izaak Walton, viz., a hook and line. Penalty $25.

BUFFALO harbor is open. A dispatch dated there on Saturday says:—The steamer Western World arrived here last night from Detroit. The steamer Plymouth Rock is advertised to leave here at 3 o'clock this afternoon for Detroit, although there is a good deal of ice in the lake yet.

THE Niagara Falls Gazette says the preliminary surveys for the railroad from St. Catharines to Rochester, *via* Lewiston, were commenced on Monday week. The friends of the proposed road feel confident that it will be built without much delay.

IT appears, by letters from the City of Mexico of the 1st inst., that Col. Crabbe's California filibusters in Sonora had been attacked by Mexican troops, defeated and captured. The prisoners, 60 in number, including Col. Crabbe, were all to be shot by the Mexican force.

THE Boston Traveller says it is estimated that the whole amount expended in the business of exploring and working the copper mines on Lake Superior, up to Jan. 1st, 1857, was about $8,000,000. The present value of the best mining establishments in that region is set down at $5,500,000, and the whole amount of copper produced up to Jan. 1st, is estimated at $8,175,100. Balance in favor of the mines $2,673,100; but if the more unsuccessful establishments be estimated at one-quarter of their cost, and this estimate added, the balance will be more than doubled.

Recent Conflagrations, &c.

A FIRE at Chillicothe, Ohio, on Tuesday morning, destroyed property to the amount of $25,000.

THE American House at Rutland, Vt, together with two stores adjoining, were destroyed by fire on Friday evening.

FOUR stores on Marine Block were destroyed by fire on the morning of the 15th. They were occupied by the American Transportation Company; Curtis, Mann & Co.; Holt & Ensign, and F. Rand. Loss mostly covered by insurance.

THE auction store of Thomas & Souls, and the bookstore of E. H. Britler & Co., Philadelphia, both in one building, were damaged to the amount of $10,000 and $15,000 respectively, by fire and water, on the 15th.

THE tannery in Owego, N. Y., owned by Messrs. Howe & Lincoln, at Newark Valley, was burned to the ground on the 16th. From two to three thousand sides of leather were in the lofts, none of which were saved. The green stock in the yards was all saved. The total loss is estimated at $40,000. The stock was mostly owned by parties in New York and Boston.

A VERY destructive fire occurred in Montezuma, N. Y., on the 14th. The *Auburn American* says:—The store-houses of Giles Ross, Canal Collector, and that of Henry & Titus, together with the Collector's Office, were destroyed, and when our informant left, a number of buildings were on fire, but would probably be saved. The loss is heavy and the insurance light.

Literary Notices.

FIRST LESSONS IN BOTANY AND VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY, illustrated by over 300 Wood Engravings, from Original Drawings, by ISAAC SPRAGUE. To which is added a Copious Glossary, or Dictionary of Botanical Terms. By ASA GRAY FISHER, Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. New York: Ivison & Phinney, and G. P. Putnam & Co.—1857.

THIS work, as its title indicates, is intended to aid the youthful mind in the attainment of botanical knowledge, the most generally interesting of the natural sciences. The lessons it contains are plain and simple, and the subjects treated, are carried far enough to make the book a complete Grammar of Botany and Vegetable Physiology, and a good introduction to works more complex in character. The lessons are thirty-four, and comprise all subjects from the growth of the plant from the seed, to the modes of collection for an Herbarium. The many illustrations, in which the work abounds, will present to the eye the course of vegetation, and materially assist the mind in grasping the truths which it is the province of such books to convey. Sold by WM. ALLING.

LIFE PICTURES FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE-BOOK. By ROBERT TURNBULL. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

THIS is a very readable book. It contains the sum of the Rev. Author's reasonings, and moral persuasions with several very interesting persons who needed such an instructor to direct their thoughts to their obligations to GOD, their heavenly Father, and to JESUS CHRIST as the "Way and the Truth and the Life"—the Savior of the penitent. FRANK WILSON, a skeptic in religion, is the subject, and has a history of the deepest interest. The details fill 100 pages, but they amply reward the reader.—The power of truth, and the interesting position of a noble mind returning to the fold of the Good Shepherd, are finely developed. How similar wanderers, probably, perish in their sins because no one is able to show them to themselves and unfold their responsibility and guilt. The "Lost" is the next case. Though not so deeply interesting as the preceding, it contains remarkable specimens of the perversion of reasoning and of satisfaction in deductions from principles by which no mind should be bound, and by whose meshes a soul should never suffer itself to be holden.—Read, and understand, and enjoy. O.

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Washington Irving. Vol. IV. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

THE fourth volume of this elaborate and elegant historical biography, brings the career of WASHINGTON down to the close of his military life, and closes with his inauguration. The author intimates, however, that if life and health are spared, he will give another volume, devoted to the presidential life of his illustrious subject. The present volume is illustrated with a portrait of MRS. WASHINGTON, two maps, (one delineating operations on the Hudson, and the other, the Siege of Yorktown,) and a profile likeness of WASHINGTON, taken in 1783. For sale by HALL & EVANS, Waverly Book-store.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN KANSAS, or, Squatter Life and Border Warfare. By T. H. Gladstone, Esq. With an Introduction by Fred Law Olmsted. Authorized edition. New York: Miller & Co., (late Dix, Edwards & Co.)

MR. GLADSTONE'S work consists of a series of letters originally written for the London Times. The volume gives a graphic account of the condition of affairs in the turbulent Territory of Kansas, by an educated, well-informed and apparently impartial foreigner. The value of the work is greatly enhanced by Mr. OLMSTED'S introduction. Sold by DEWEY.

MARRYATT'S WORKS.—As announced in our advertising department, DERBY & JACKSON, of New York, have commenced the re-publication of Captain MARRYATT'S Nautical Novels, in a neat, uniform edition. The first two volumes—PETER SIMPLE and JACOB FAITHFUL—have been received. They are issued in a style creditable to the enterprising house from which they emanate. Sold by DEWEY.

THE YOUNG MEN'S MAGAZINE.—The initial (May) number of this Magazine, recently announced in our advertising department, has been received. We like its tone and contents exceedingly, and sincerely trust it may achieve as we believe it will fully merit, eminent success. The Editor says that it will be his untiring aim "to make the work a complete repertory of whatever is useful and noteworthy in the movements of Young Men in every honorable sphere, and relation of life, and steadily exert upon the public a healthful and moral influence, improving the character no less than pleasing the taste." This design is prominently manifested in the pages of the first number. Considerable attention is devoted to the transactions of Young Men's Societies and Associations, both religious and secular—an admirable feature of the Magazine. Mr. MCCORMICK is a gentleman of decided ability, and with the aid of several of the best writers in the country, will make his Magazine worthy the support of the large and progressive class to whom we warmly commend the enterprise—the Young Men of America. Published by RICH. C. MCCORMICK, Jr., New York, at $1 50 per annum.

FILIBUSTERING DON'T PAY.—That Filibustering in the United States is not a good investment upon the capital paid in, and the passion and sentiment expended, is proved by the fact that while Americans have never yet undertaken a national war that has failed, they have never undertaken a marauding expedition that has succeeded. The Albany Journal gives the following as proof:

"McKenzie's 'Patriot War' in Canada failed, and its victims were transported or shot. Lopez's foray in Cuba failed, and he perished by the garrote. The Sonora expedition failed, and the bones of its deluded members are bleaching on the Plains. The Nicaragua expedition has failed at last, also.—Walker is cooped up and starving, while his men are begging their way back home, through New York and New Orleans."

WEALTH IN BOSTON.—The Boston tax for 1857, just published, shows about 5,874 names taxed over $6,000. The greatest portion of these are taxed on several times $6,000. No religious society in Boston has a large amount of property except the Old South, which pays a tax on $287,000. There are pastors that pay, severally, taxes on property amounting to $24,000, $23,000, $41,000, $46,000 and $66,000. Of those who have retired from the University, one is taxed for $44,000, another for $213,000, and another for $238,000. So that the Boston clergy, as a whole, are pretty well to do for successors of the fishermen of Galilee, and are hardly representatives of the financial condition of the ministers generally in this country.

A PRESENT FOR THE PRESIDENT.—The N. Y. Tribune says there is now on exhibition in that city, a chair, (intended for the President of the U. S.,) made entirely from the horns of two buck deer, shot in Humboldt Bay, Humboldt county, California, 220 miles above San Francisco. The deer from which the horns were cut were the size of middle-sized ponies. The box in which it is inclosed is itself a curiosity, the sides being one single piece of about five feet square each, from the enormous red-wood tree of California. It is in charge of the donor, who is a genuine hunter, and who shot the deer himself. He is about six feet high, face covered with hair, and wears buckskin hunting coat, &c.; no thread.

News Clippings.

—A new synagogue in New Orleans is to cost $75,000.

—Gen. Walker lost two brothers by the Nicaraguan war.

—The Earl of Elgin has left England of his mission to China.

—Pearls continue to be found at the Notch, near Paterson, N. J.

—The Ohio papers promise fine grain and fruit crops in that State, this year.

—Rev. Mr. Milburn, the blind preacher, sailed from New York 9th inst., for Europe.

—About twelve thousand people of color, left the U. S. for Africa during the last year.

—One dollar of the Liberty Bank, Providence, R. I., altered to tens, are in circulation.

—Delaware, Florida, Arkansas, and, we believe Mississippi, are yet without a daily paper.

—Lewis Brown, of Lockport, committed suicide on Sunday morning, by cutting his throat.

—There are twenty-three and a quarter millions of dollars in the Treasury subject to draft.

—The people of Augusta, Me, have raised about $12,000 to secure the next State Fair in that city.

—Strawberries and green peas have appeared in considerable quantities in the California market.

—Madame Otto Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) gave birth, on the 31st ult., at Dresden, to a daughter.

—Miss M. C. Calhoun, a daughter of Hon. John C. Calhoun, died in South Carolina, on the 2d inst.

—Mary Swain, died recently at Longacoming, Camden county, New Jersey, at the age of 103 years.

—A shawl was lately sold in Philadelphia, for $1,425.—Women make shirts there for six cents each.

—The library of the British Museum contains 450,000 volumes, placed on shelves which occupy 15 miles of space.

—A Washington letter says the President has entirely recovered from the National Hotel epidemic.

—A new daily paper has just been started in Galveston, Texas,—the first daily ever printed in the State.

—Ex-Senator Petit, of Indiana, declines a U. S. Judgeship in Minnesota, tendered him by the President.

—The Bostonians have subscribed $500 for "a monster gun," to be presented to the Sardinian Government.

—About six thousand ounces of gold dust are sent to San Francisco weekly from the town of Shasta, Cal.

—Queen Victoria's birthday, May 25th, is to be observed as a public holiday by our Canadian neighbors.

—Mr. Buchanan is to have a summer residence at "Soldier's Home," some four miles from Washington.

—Chas. Harris, employed at a circular saw mill in Walsingham, C. W., was completely sawed in two, recently.

—The wreck of the Genesee Suspension Bridge was sold on Saturday week, for $1,850. The bridge cost $27,000.

—A term of the U. S. Court for the Northern District of New York commenced in this city, on Tuesday.

—There were fifty-two suicides in Philadelphia during 1856, of which thirty-five were men and seventeen women.

—District Attorney Wier, has entered a nolle prosequi in the case of Gov. Robinson indicted for treason, in Kansas.

—The Democratic State Convention of Tenn., passed a resolution inviting Ex-President Pierce to visit that State.

—The town of Delhi, Ingham county, Mich., returns an aggregate of *twenty-two tuns*, or 44,000 pounds of maple sugar.

—In France the cities are absorbing the country population and growing relatively, while the rural population is at a stand.

—The Manchester Guardian, mentions the case of a grandmother at 29 years of age. She was married when she was 14.

—Gov. Marcy has left Washington, and the New York Express states that he is going to take up his residence in New York city.

—The Judges of the Superior Court in New York, have selected Judge Duer as Chief Justice, in place of Judge Oakley, deceased.

—Dr. Gaulin, Roman Catholic Bishop of Kingston, died at St. Philomene, near Montreal, on the 8th inst, in the 70th year of his age.

—Another Planet, the forty-third of the system between Mars and Jupiter, has been discovered at the Radcliffe University, Oxford.

—The Buffalo, Corning and New York Railroad, was sold on Thursday week, at Corning. The first bond holders were the purchasers.

—Great distress is said to prevail in parts of Russell and adjoining counties in Kentucky, owing to the scarcity and high price of provisions.

—The Corning Journal and the Franklin Visitor, two enterprising county papers, are both to be conducted on the cash plan hereafter.

—A lady in Owen Co., Iowa, has become deranged from dwelling with morbid apprehensions upon the predicted collision with the comet.

—Mrs. Bloomer, of costume celebrity, is now living at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and still advocating the rights of her sex to dress as they please.

—Udolphe Pouclet, Belgian Consul for Illinois, and two others, names unknown, were drowned on the 11th inst., ten miles south of Chicago.

—Twelve lottery ticket depots in Boston, were visited by the police on Tuesday week, in six of which tickets were found, and the parties arrested.

—Henry Morse, of Brampton, C. W., tasted of oil of bitter almonds, supposing it to be liquor good to drink, and the result was speedy death.

—The Cleveland line of steamers, we are informed, will commence their trips on June 8th. They are the Queen of the West and the Crescent City.

—Syracuse papers state that the small pox is at present prevailing among the Onondaga Indians to a considerable extent, though not very severe.

—It is reported that the "Squatter Sovereign" at Atchison, Kansas, a Pro Slavery and Democratic paper, has been sold out to the Free State party.

—The successor in Congress of Preston S. Brooks, is Mr. L. Bonham, who was a Soldier in the Mexican war, and is now serving as State's Attorney.

—Five children of Samuel Cannon, of Cescumpee, Prince Edward's Island, were burned to death, recently, during the absence of their parents.

—Commissioners of Excise under the new License Law have been appointed in most counties of this State, and its practical operation will soon be tested.

—Rev. B. Hutchins, of Albion, Ill., has lost seven out of nine children within a few weeks. The disease was scarlet fever, in a very malignant form.

—A horse owned by Dr. F. Dorsey, of Hagerstown, Md, died last week in the 45th year of his age. The Doctor had rode him in his practice for 37 years.

—The Vicksburg Whig says that $96,000 were subscribed in that city on Tuesday, towards purchasing a plantation for Ex-President Pierce, to cost $100,000.

—The people of St. Paul, Minnesota, offer a bonus of *thirty thousand dollars* to any one who will build a first-class hotel in that flourishing young city.

—The land sales of the Illinois Central Railroad this year are nearly double those of the same period last year. The sales are mostly to actual settlers.

—The Legislature of Ohio, has made an important change in the election law—requiring thirty days residence in the county, and 20 days in the township or ward to constitute a legal voter.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Asia.

THE steamship Asia arrived at New York on the 15th inst. She left on the 2d. Passed the Tuscarora, from Philadelphia, putting back, having been in collision with the ship Andrew Foster, of New York. Captain saved. The Australian packet Oneida, supposed to be lost, is safe, having put back to St. George's Sound. Steamship Ariel, hence for Havre, arrived at Southampton April 30.

The Asia brings 70 passengers and upwards of $200,000 in specie.

The Duchess of Gloucester, the last surviving daughter of George the Third, died April 30.

John Evelyn Denison was elected Speaker of the House of Commons. There was no opposing candidate. The Coolies aboard the Peruvian ship Carmen, for Calaic, revolted, set fire to the vessel, and all, 200 in number, perished. Those on board the British ship Gulnare revolted also and set fire to the ship. The flames were extinguished, but 26 Coolies were killed and wounded before order was restored.

From Shanghai it is stated that a band of rebels had burned Hohon, in a province of Kiangse, and 15 chests of tea were destroyed. The Mandarin Governor of Whampoa had sentenced three Chinese merchants to death for having carried on commercial relations with the English contrary to his commands.

The exports for March show an increase of over £1,000,000 sterling, compared with the same month last year. Lady Franklin has purchased an American clipper for the search of her lost husband, and given the command to Capt. McClintock.

A communication from Mr. Dallas to Lord Clarendon announces the presentation, by the American Government, of a silver medal and a sum of money of from £10 to £30 to the Newgate boatmen who rescued the crew of the ship Northern Bell.

The Grand Duke Constantine had been received with royal honors in every part of France which he had visited. He was last at Paris.

The federal council of Switzerland, by a unanimous vote, has agreed to accept the proposition of the four powers for the settlement of the Neufchatel question.

The King of Prussia is to get his 1,000,000 francs, for the Swiss will not recognize his title as Prince of Neufchatel. His Majesty resists, and says his enemy shall never compel him to lay down the sceptre.

Dispatches from the French Ambassador at Madrid announce that the Spanish Government accepts the principle of arrangement with Mexico. The Queen of Spain's speech will announce the re-establishment of friendly relations with Rome.—An express hopes that Mexico will apologize, pay and indemnity, and guarantee the interests of Spaniards in future.

Reports again circulate that the King of Denmark will be forced to abdicate.

The London money market was unchanged.—The bullion in the Bank of England had decreased £50,000. Consols closed on Saturday at 92⅜@⅞ for money, 92⅞@⅞ for currency.

Arrival of the Anglo Saxon.

THE Canadian screw steamer Anglo-Saxon arrived at Quebec on the 18th inst., from Liverpool the 6th, with four days later advices than by the Asia, at New York.

The Liverpool Cotton Market had assumed a firmer tone, and prices were fully sustained. The Breadstuff Market continued to harden, and prices had slightly advanced. Provisions were selling at about former rates. London Money Market easier.

The screw steamship City of Manchester from New York, arrived at Liverpool on the morning of the 6th inst. The U. S. mail steamship Washington arrived at Southampton on the 3d. The Royal mail steamer Niagara from Boston, via Halifax, arrived at Southampton on the 4th.

It was rumored that a discovery had been made of a great conspiracy, to explode on the 10th of May, throughout Spain. General Santiago, Medinue and Garrigo had been appointed to command the Spanish army in the war with Mexico, and had embarked for Cuba.

The text of the project for the settlement of the Neufchatel difficulty has been published. Its substance is already known. The Pontifical Government has further reduced the duty on textile fabrics. The Danish Ministerial difficulty still continues. The prohibition is removed on the export of gold from Russia. Baron Gros is to proceed to China as the French Plenipotentiary.

The speech from the throne is looked forward to with much interest. It is said that if there is not in in a very distinct pledge of a reform bill, Mr. Roebuck will move an amendment to it. It will probably be carried.

The Russian treaty with Japan is published. By it, the Japanese ports of Suimoda, Hokada and Nangasaka are opened.

Advices from Constantinople are to April 24, but they contain no news of interest.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—The Broker's Circular states that the Liverpool Cotton Market is unchanged.

Liverpool Breadstuff Market steady at slightly higher prices for all descriptions. Wheat was 2d per bushel better. For flour holders were demanding an advance of 1s. Corn quiet at about 6d higher.

The following are the quotations:

Red wheat, 8s@9s; White, 9s9d@10. Western Canal flour, 29s@30s; Phil. and Baltimore, 30s@31s; Ohio, 32s@32s6d. Mixed corn, 34s9d@35s; yellow, 35s6d; white, 37s6d. Provision market general quiet. Lard heavy at 66s.

London money market unchanged. Consols for money 93¼@¾.

American Securities.—The London Times reports sales of Illinois 6s at 87; do 7s 90¾. Great Western Railway, Canada, 24½@¼; Grand Trunk, 66½@67.

BABY ITEMS.—"That blessed baby" of Queen Victoria's, saddles an additional £70,000 of taxes on the English people. We rather doubt that the rejoicings of the tax-payers at the advent of this ninth royal "responsibility," are very hearty.

—Advices from Madrid assure us that the Court Physicians have "indicated the probability," that their Queen is in an interesting situation.

—The fact that Rev. Antolnette Brown Blackwell's pulpit has been vacated and her church closed, has been already announced. The reason now turns up in the advent of "a little lambkin," who requires all her attention, and for whom she is willing to relinquish her "flock" henceforth and forever.

—And Jenny Lind is added to the "glorious army of mothers!" On the 31st of March, at Dresden, she presented her husband, Otto Goldschmidt, with a little daughter.

SUGAR MANUFACTURE IN NEW ENGLAND.—It is said that Mr. Joseph Hurd, of Malden, Mass., recently deceased, left a will in which he gives the sum of $5,000 to that Commonwealth, the income to be expended for prizes to promote and encourage the manufacturing and refining of sugar in that State. A similar amount was left to the States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Mr. Hurd leaves an estate variously estimated at from $40,000 to $70,000. It is the intention of his heirs to contest the will on the ground of incompetency.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

WAYNE COUNTY HORSE SHOW.

THE ANNUAL HORSE EXHIBITION of the Wayne County Agricultural Society will be held on their Grounds, at LYONS, on the 3d, 4th and 5th of June, 1857. **$700** offered in Premiums! *Competition open to the World!*

The Society's Grounds are spacious and pleasant, and contain a WELL GRADED TRACK for the Exhibition of Trotting Horses!

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

CLASS I.—HORSES FOR ROAD.

No. 1.—Stallions—Best Stallion 4 years and over, Dip. $20; 2d, 10; 3d, 5. Three years old, $10; 2d, 5.

No. 2—Matched Geldings and Mares—Best pair matched Geldings Dip. $15; 2d, 10; 3d, 5. Mares, best pair, Dip. $12; 2d, 8; 3d, 5.

No. 3—Single Geldings and Mares—Best Single Gelding, 4 yrs. and over, Dip. $10; 2d, 8; 3d, 5. Best single Mare, Dip. $8; 2d, 6; 3d, 4.

No. 4—Best Geldings and Fillies—Best Gelding, under 2 years, $8; 2d, 5. Best Filly, $8; 2d, 5.

CLASS II.—HORSES OF ALL WORK

No. 5—Stallions—Best, 4 years and over, Dip. $15; 2d, 10; 3d, 5. Three years old, $8; 2d, 5. Two years old, $6; 2d, 4. One year old, $5; 2d, 3.

No. 6—Colts of all Work—Best Gelding, 3 years old, $6; 2d, 4 Two years old, $5; 2d, 5. Best Filley 3 years old, $6; 2d, 4.—Two years old, $5; 2d, 3. One year old, $3; 2d, 3.

CLASS III.—DRAFT HORSES.

No. 7—Stallions—Best, over 4 years, Dip. $12; 2d, 8; 3d, 4—years old, $6; 2d, 4. Two years old, $5; 2d, 3. One year old, $3; 2d, 2.

No. 8—Matched Geldings and Mares—Best pair matched Geldings, Dip. $10; 2d, 8; 3d, 5. Matched Mares, $8; 2d, 6; 3d, 4.

No 9—Colts—Best Gelding 3 years old, $6; 2d, 4. Two years old, $5; 2d, 3. Best Filley 3 years old, $6; 2d, 4. Two years old, $5; 2d, 3. One year old, $3; 2d, 2.

For the purpose of deciding the merits of Horses, the following premiums are offered that they may test their speed and action:

CLASS IV—HORSES FOR STYLE AND SPEED.

No. 10—Colts Trotting in Harness, Three years old and under, that never Trotted for Money—Best, $10; 2d, 5. First Day, Wednesday afternoon.

No 11—Open to all Pacers in Harness, that never paced for Money—Best, $10; 2d, 5. Afternoon, First Day.

No. 12—Trotting in Harness by Stallions Four years old and under—Best, $10; 2d, 5 Afternoon, First Day.

No 13—Open to Horses in Harness, Four years old and under, that never Trotted for Money—Best, $15; 2d, 10. Second Day, Thursday afternoon.

No. 14—Open to all Stallions in Harness that can Trot a full mile in four minutes—Best, $15; 2d, 10. Second Day, Thursday afternoon.

No. 15—Open to Matched Teams that can Trot a full mile in four minutes—Best, $10; 2d, 5. 3d Day, Thursday afternoon.

No. 16—Open to all Horses in Harness, of any age, that never trotted for Money—Best, $20; 2d, 10. Second Day, Thursday afternoon

No. 17—Open to all Pacing Horses in Harness—Best, $15; 2d, 10. Third Day, Friday afternoon.

No. 18—Open to all Matched Teams that can Trot a mile in 3.20—Best, $25; 2d, 20. Third Day, Friday afternoon.

No. 19—Open to all Stallions that can trot a mile in 3 minutes in Harness—Best, $30; 2d, 20. Third Day, Friday afternoon.

No. 20—Open to all Horses in Harness—Best $25; 2d, 15.—Third Day, Friday afternoon.

These trials of speed will be held under the immediate management of the Board of Managers, who will make the awards.

JUDGES.

No. 1—Amos Gillet, Syracuse; Wm. P. Nottingham, Palmyra; H. L. Hodge, Bloomfield.

No. 2—Chas. D Miller, Peterboro; Wm. P. Randall, Cortland; John N. Smith, Nassau.

No. 3—I. S. Lewis, Geneva; Jonas White, Auburn; Daniel Gates, Palmyra.

No. 4—Lewis Carpenter, Auburn; James D. Ford, Newark; Elson T. Wright, Syracuse.

No. 5—James Davis, Syracuse; Lionel Sherwood, Newark; John Butterfield, Utica.

No. 6—James M Wilson, Wolcott; Joel W. Bacon, Waterloo; J. I Parsons, Auburn.

No. 7—Wm. Johnson, Seneca; Joel Soverhill, Newark; Nathan Morgan, Victor.

No. 8—Squire M. Brown, Elbridge; D. W. C. Van Slyck, Lyons; Garey V. Sacket, Seneca Falls.

No. 9—J. Van Buren, Phelps; J. B. Burnett, Syracuse; Dan'l Jenison, Galen.

ADMISSION FEES.—Life members with their Families, with carriages, to the grounds and to terrace stand free.

Family tickets, One Dollar, admitting bona fide members of his family, with carriage, to the Fair Ground during the exhibition. All others 12½ cents each admission. To terrace stand 12½ cents.

ENTRANCE FEES.—Life members and persons holding Family tickets, and all others who compete for premiums of $10 or less, $1; $20 and over $10, $2; $30 and over $20, $3.

The extensive Sales of Horses at the Exhibition in June, 1856, is a sure guaranty of the exhibition of the finest Horses in the State. Dealers from the Eastern cities are expected to the present. From the encouragement already given, it is confidently expected that this exhibition, in point of numbers and excellence, will excel all previous Exhibitions of this character, ever held in the State.

☞ A GRAND SOCIAL PARTY will be held in *Floral Hall*, on the evening of June 4. Tickets, $1.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY FOR 1857.—*President*—EBON N. THOMAS, Rose. *Vice-President*—WILLIAM D. PERRINE, Lyons. *Secretary*—GEORGE W. CRAMER, Lyons. *Treasurer*—WILLIAM H. SISSON, Lyons. D. W. C. VAN SLYCK, Ex-President and Consulting Member. *Directors*—H. GRAHAM, Rose; A. G. PERCY, Arcadia; J. M. SERVIS, Savannah; J. W. COLLINS, Sodus; A. HALE, Lyons; S. RYDE, Palmyra.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

MONROE COUNTY HORSE SHOW.

The Monroe County Agricultural Society will hold their first Annual Exhibition of Horses on the Society's Fair Grounds, near Rochester, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, **May 27th and 28th, 1857.**

The Premium List is very liberal, (nearly $1,000,) and it is confidently believed that the Show will be one of the largest and most attractive ever held in this section of the Union. All admirers of fine Horses, and persons wishing to sell or purchase, will of course attend this display of superior specimens of various breeds and classes of the noblest of all animals.

Railroad from the City to the Show Grounds.—For the accommodation of the public, the Genesee Valley Railroad Company will run trains between Rochester and the Fair Grounds, on the days of the Exhibition, as follows:

FOR THE GROUNDS.	FROM THE GROUNDS.
8.40 A. M., 1.20 P. M.	10.00 A. M., 1.50 P. M.,
11.00 A. M., 3.00 P. M.,	11.20 A. M., 3.30 P. M.,
12.15 P. M., 5.15 P. M.,	12.40 P. M., 6.30 P. M.,

Tickets to the Show Grounds and return, *only Twenty-five cents.* Tickets can be obtained at the N. Y. and E. Railroad Office, No. 4 Waverly Block, at the Express Office, No. 7 Exchange street, and at the Depot of the Genesee Valley Railroad Tickets must be procured before entering the cars.

I. S. HOUGH, *Secy.* W. HODGES, *Pres't.*

A PATENT taken out in any foreign country and afterwards secured in the United States, expires with the foreign patent. This is according to our patent law.

SPECIFIC PREMIUMS.

IN order to REWARD EVERY PERSON who may aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, we offer TO ALL (*including competitors for the Large Cash Premiums previously published,*) the following liberal SPECIFIC PREMIUMS:

SIX DOLLARS IN CASH, (*or $6 in Books, at cash prices, postage pre-paid,*) *and* an extra copy of the RURAL *to every person* remitting payment for FIFTY or more Yearly Subscribers, according to our Terms, *previous to the 1st of July, 1857.*

FIVE DOLLARS IN CASH, (*or* either a copy of "Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World, *or* $6 in Agricultural Books,) to every one remitting for FORTY-FOUR or more subscribers, as above.

FOUR DOLLARS IN CASH, (or a copy of the "Japan Expedition"—price $5—or $5 in other Books,) to every one remitting for THIRTY-EIGHT or more subscribers.

THREE DOLLARS IN CASH, (or a copy of Webster's Royal Octavo Dictionary, Unabridged in Words,—or $4 in other Books,) *and* an extra copy of the RURAL to every one remitting for THIRTY-TWO or more subscribers.

THREE DOLLARS IN CASH, (or the above named Dictionary,) to every one remitting for TWENTY-FIVE subscribers. [Agents can retain the cash for Specific Premiums, deducting it from remittances.]

To every one remitting for TWENTY subscribers we will give two extra copies of the RURAL, and the 9th and 10th (or any other two) volumes of the Wool Grower and Stock Register—or a handsomely bound volume of the RURAL for 1856, (price $3,)—or either Harper's, Putnam's, Graham's, Godey's or the Knickerbocker Magazine for 1857.

To every one remitting for FIFTEEN subscribers, an extra copy of RURAL and either volume of the W. G. & S. R.—*or* a copy of either the Horticulturist, Arthur's Magazine, or any other $2 periodical.

To every one remitting for TEN subscribers, an extra copy of the RURAL and either volume of the W. G. & S. R.

To every one remitting for six copies ($10,) on extra copy of the RURAL.

MARRIAGES.

IN Ogden, on the 14th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Wm. A. Fox, CHARLES AYER, of Lewiston, and CAROLINE M., daughter of M. P. Parker, of the former place.

BY Rev. Mr. Manley, April 15th, Mr. HENRY L CARVER, of St. Paul, Minnesota, and Miss MARYETTA ASHLEY, of Richmond, Ont. Co., N. Y.

IN Sherkson, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. B. T. Roberts, Mr. JOHN WINDUST and Miss MATILDA BABCOCK, both of the above place.

IN Mile Center, Yates Co., N Y., May 13th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. P. S. Gaylord, Mr. DAVID D. McNAIR, of Scottsburgh, Livingston Co., N. Y., and SUSIE B., daughter of Dr. John Hatmaker, of the former place.

DEATHS.

AT his residence, in the Township of West Oxford, C. W., April 12th, Mr. LUTHER HASKINS, in the 84th year of his age Deceased was an old pioneer, being one of the earliest settlers in the wilds of Canada. He lived a true Reformer, and died expressing unwavering confidence in the Savior.

IN Manheim, on the 5th inst., Mr STEPHEN BOWEN, aged 65 years.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, May 19, 1857.

THE continued rains, and cold weather for the season, puts everybody in bad humor, and commercial transactions are similarly affected.

FLOUR—Extra and choice brands are a little more firm, showing an advance of 25 cents.

GRAIN—Transactions light and retarded by the bad state of the Canals, preventing receipts or shipments. Wheat shows an advance, best Genesee selling at $1,65@1,75, at which prices choice lots of Canada are taken. Corn and Oats no change.—Barley nominal. Buckwheat is inquired after for seed, very little if any in market, and price unsettled—will probably command 75 cents to $1.

PROVISIONS—No material change, except a slight advance in Hams and Shoulders and a corresponding falling off in Butter and Eggs. The trade in Potatoes is brisk, and choice white Mexicons, Pink Eyes and Neshannocks are sold readily at $1,25 by the thousand bushels.

HAY still commands $25 to $30 and $34, according to quality, with an upward tendency.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, bbl	$6,75@8,25
Wheat, Gen	$1,65@1,75
Best white Canada	$1,65@1,75
Corn	58c@$1,00
Oats	56@62c
Barley	$1,25@1,38
Buckwheat	75c@$1
Beans	$1,50@2,00
Peas	$1,00@1,25
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess	$24,00
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00
Beef, ⅌ cwt	$5,50@7,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50
Hams, smoked	12@13c
Shoulders	10@11c
Chickens	11@12c
Turkeys	00@12½
Geese	50c
DAIRY, &c.	
Butter, roll	18@20c
Do. firkin	16@17c
Cheese	12@14c
Lard, tried	00@14c
Tallow	10@10½c
Eggs, dozen	12@14c
Honey, box	16
Candles, box	13½@14½c
FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Apples bushel	$1,50@1,75
Do. dried	$2,00@2,25
Potatoes	88c@$1,25
HIDES AND SKINS	
Slaughtec	6½@7c
Calf	12@13c
Sheep pelts	$1,50@1,75
Lamb do	00@00c
SEEDS.	
Clover bushel	$6,50@7,00
Timothy	$3,00@4,00
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Coal, Lehigh	$8@8,25
Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
Do. Char	10@12½c
Salt, bbl	$1,60@1,75
Hay, tun	$25@34
Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
White fish, bbl	$11@11,50
Codfish ⅌ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 18—Floor—The market is more active, and prices are without important change. Sales were made at $8,40@8,50 for com to good super State; $8,65@8,80 for extra do; $8,40@8,50 for super West, $8,75@8,50 for com to medium extra Mich. Ind, Ill. and Ohio, closing quiet. Canadian flour steady; sales at $8,40@8,60 super; $8,95@8,50 for com to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market a shade firmer. Sales at 120@165c for red Southern; 175@185c for white Southern and St Louis; 145c Canadian spring Rye is scarce and wanted; sales fair Canadian at 102c. Barley steady; sales at 144@151½c. Corn market unsettled; sales mixed Western at 88c in store. Oats 53@61c State and Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market is firmer and prices better. Sales at $23,50@23,75 for mess; $19,50@19,00 for prime. Lard market is steady; sales at 11@11½c. Butter dull at 19@21c for new State and Ohio. Cheese dull at 11@12c.

ALBANY, MAY 18.—Flour and Meal—The receipts of flour are quite limited and with a steady demand the market is firm. Sales at $-@0 for fancy to extra brands of State, Ohio and Canadian. Corn Meal is held firmly at $4,75@4,87, with only a moderate business doing.

GRAIN—In wheat nothing has transpired, and on 'Change but little was offered Corn is rather firmer with a moderate supply offering. We notice further sales on Saturday of Round Yellow at 88c, and this morning do. at 90c. In other grains we could learn of nothing doing.

BUFFALO, MAY 19.—Flour—Ohio Extra $7,00@8,00; Do. superfine $6,75@7,25; Michigan extra $7,00@7,50; Do. superfine $6,75@7,00.

GRAIN—Ohio white wheat $1,60; Do. red $1,40; Michigan white $1,65; Indiana white $1,60; Illinois winter $1,60; Do. spring $1,25@1,37; Corn, yellow or mixed, 75@80c. Barley $1,75. Oats 65 cents.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork No. 1, $22,50; Do. No. 2, $22,00; Prime Do $20,00. Hams in pickle $21,00 per bbl.; Do. Smoked 12½@13c. ⅌ lb; Do. Shoulders 9@10c., Mackinaw Trout $9 ⅌ bbl.; White fish $10,00; Mess beef $12,50; Prime do. $8; Dried do. 12½@12c. Lard in bbls, 13½@14c.; Kegs do. Butter, roll, 18@20c—Firkin 16@12c Hamburgh cheese 12½@13c. Eggs 13@14c.

SEEDS—Clover at $6,00@7,00; Timothy $3,75@3,87½; Flax $1,75. White beans $2,25.

Sundries—Dried Apples $2,02½@2,75. Do. Peaches 18@21c. ⅌ lb. Tallow, beef, 11½c. Do. Mutton, 10@11c. Hides, green, 7½@c; Do. dry, 13@17c. Sheep pelts 50c@$1,25. Wool 40@50c. Hops 11@12c.

ALBANY, MAY 18.—At W. W. WOOLFORD'S Bull's Head Washington Avenue

BEEF CATTLE—670 at market. Prices, live weight, extra, $7,00; first quality, $6,50; second and third, $5,50@6.

COWS AND CALVES—Ten in market. Prices range from $30@35,40@55.

SHEEP—290 in market Prices range for shorn at $3,50@5,50

SWINE—583 in market. Prices range from $6@7.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 13.—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality, 12@12½c; Ordinary, 11½@12c.; Common, 11@11½c.; Inferior, 10@10½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@70; Ordinary, $40@55; Common, $30@35; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6@6½c.; Other qualities, 3@5½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $10@12; Other qualities, $3,50@8,50.

SWINE—First quality, 7½@7½c.; Other qualities, 7@7½c.

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 12.—At market 168 Cattle, 140 Beeves, & 28 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,50; First quality, $8,00; second quality, $7,75; third quality, $7,00; ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100 to $220.

COWS AND CALVES—$45, 40, 50, 60@65.

YEARLINGS—$16@00. Two years old, $35@38. Three years old, $42@48.

VEAL CALVES—$3,50, 4, 5@9 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—750 at market. Prices—In lots, $3, 3,50, $4,00@5,00 each Extra and selections, $5,50@9.

HIDES—8½@9½c. ⅌ lb Tallow 8@8½c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—$1,75@2,00 each. Calf Skins 14@15c. ⅌ lb.

SWINE—1650 at market. Prices—Live weight, 8@8½c. ⅌ lb.—Dressed hogs, 10@11c Shoats, wholesale, 8@9c.; retail 9½@10½c ⅌ lb.

BRIGHTON, MAY 14—At market 650 Beef Cattle, 50 Stores, 14 pairs Working Oxen, 97 Cows and Calves, 800 Sheep and Lambs, 4,500 Swine

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $10@10,50; first quality, $9,50; second, $8,75; third, $7,50; ordinary, $5,75@6,00.

HIDES—8½@9½c. Tallow, 8@8½c.

PELTS—$1,75@2,25. Calf Skins, 14@15c ⅌ lb

VEAL CALVES—$3,50, 4@5 a piece.

WORKING OXEN—$115, 150@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$34, 27, 35, 56@65.

YEARLINGS $30@00. Two years old, $36@38. Three years old, $43@48.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $6,50, 7@8. In lots $2,75, 3@4

SWINE—7@8½c. Retail, 7½@10c. Of the above 100 were fat hogs, which sold for 6¾@7½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY, 13.—The demand for nearly all kinds of Domestic is quite limited, but the stock is light and prices are without essential change; the inquiry is chiefly for super and fine qualities of Fleece, of which we notice sales of some 45,000 lbs in lots, at 52c. for the former and 58@60c. for the latter, all 6 months; also, 7,000@10,000 lbs. Inferior at 45c. Pulled is rather quiet, with a fair supply of the lower grades offering; the finer qualities are in light stock, and are firm, sales of 10,000 lbs in lots, at 42@45c as to quality Foreign arrives more freely, but there is yet no accumulation of stock, and holders are indifferent sellers till the new tariff takes effect. The producers are timid purchasers at present and are holding back, anticipating a decline in prices from present rates.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, MAY 13.—There is very little change in fleece or pulled wool. The stock is quite small, with sales of 80,000 lbs, at prices indicating very little change. The sales of foreign comprise 175 bales Cape and Mediterranean at various prices, as to quality

Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, ⅌ lb., 62@65c.; Full Blood Merino, 55@60c.; Three-quarters do, 48@52c; Half do., 46@49c.; Common, 38@43c.; Superfine, 44@50c.; Pulled extra, 48@55c.; Do. No. 1, 38@45c.; Smyrna Washed, 27@32c.

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Choice Poetry.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

BY NICHOLAS BRETON.—BORN 1515.

[THERE are several versions of this exquisite little pastoral song; but we follow that of PERCY, contained in his "Reliques," preferring it to any other which we have seen. It was sung to Queen ELIZABETH as she opened her casement in the morning at Elvetham, in Hampshire, by "three excellent musitians, disguised in auncient attire."]

In the merrie month of Maye,
In a morne by break of daye,
With a troope of damsels playing
Forthe—I went—forsooth a Maying.

When anon by a wood side,
Where as Maye was in his pride,
I espied all alone,
Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, god wot;
He wold love and she wold not,
She sayde, never man was trewe;
He sayes, none was false to you.

He sayde, hee had lovde her longe;
She sayes, love should have no wronge,
Corydon wold kiss her then;
She sayes, maydes must kiese no men.

Tyll they doe for good and all—
When she made the shepperde call
All the heavens to wytness truth,
Never loved a truer youthe.

Then with manie a prettie othe,
Yea and nay, and fathe and troothe;
Such as silly shepperdes use,
When they will not love abuse.

Love, that had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweete concluded;
And Phillida, with garlands gaye,
Was made the lady of the Maye.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WATCHING LOVERS.

BY MRS. S. WEBSTER LLOYD.

DURING the summer of 1854 my husband had gone from our home in Connecticut to the little town of W., situated on the Ohio river in Kentucky. Finding his business was likely to detain him through the summer and fall he had written for me to rejoin him, which I immediately did.—We were boarding in the nice, quiet family of Mr. LEE, whose wife and grown up daughter were very agreeable companions. I had been some two months in the place and had become tolerably well acquainted, especially among the young people of the village, and understood pretty well the likings of the beaux and the partialities of the maidens. I knew that the junior partner of the Drug Store and the clerk in the shop of old Deacon DRAKE were both suiters for the hand of pretty HANNAH LEE, my landlady's daughter—that JOHN HARDIS, the blacksmith, was affianced to MARY VAUGHTERS—that the widow MCCARTY was setting her cap at the old bach who owned the farm across Clear Run; and I knew, too, for a certainty that the widow's handsome daughter was much more likely to become its mistress provided the black whiskers and blacker eyes of FRANK WINTERS did not outweigh the broad acres of the old bach in her estimation.

But I did not know what to make of HANNAH WHALEY, who flirted with everybody in general and nobody in particular, and who never seemed so well pleased as when she could impress somebody else's beau into her service and keep him for hours together away from his lady love. HANNAH was the neice of Mr. NATHAN WHALEY, a morose, crabbed old widower, who lived a little above the village, and whose negroes tilled hundreds of acres of the rich bottom lands of the Ohio. Mr. WHALEY had been married in his younger days, but his wife lived only about a year, (some said he worried her out of the world by his fretfulness,) and he had never married since. I didn't know by what chance HANNAH became an inmate of his family, but she had lived there since a little child. Aunt SUKEY, the old black house-keeper, had cared for her in her childhood and in her later years she had cared for herself. Her uncle loved her better than any one beside himself, and had given her every advantage of education that W. afforded.—He also kept her pockets well filled with spending money and very seldom refused any request she might make. I cannot say that HANNAH possessed any great degree of affection for her uncle, or felt a very deep sense of gratitude for what he had done for her. She was afraid to offend him, and usually submitted to and restrictions he might impose upon her—which restrictions, as far as I ever learned, were that she was never to enter the house or in any way hold communication with an individual member of the family of Squire LEWIS, the magistrate of the town.

Mr. WHALEY and Squire LEWIS were the very counterpart of each other in personal appearance, and the very antipodes in disposition, politics and religion. In all local questions under dispute they invariably headed belligerent parties. Never on any occasion were they ever known to coincide in opinion where there was a possible chance to differ. They had been rivals from their boyhood.—Each had inherited and lived upon the farm that had been his father's, and the village of W. had been built about equally from the two, so that the dwelling of each stood near its terminus,—one at the upper and the other at the lower end of the second street running parallel with the river, which was here nearly as strait as if its course had been run out by the transit of the engineer. Squire LEWIS had a large family, of whom BRAXTON was the eldest representative. BRAXTON was a generous, warm-hearted, wild young man and had been several years in California. I heard nothing of his being HANNAH WHALEY'S lover, though I thought, considering the enmity of the old people, it would naturally be so. I found out my mistake, however, after a little.

There was one other whose secret I had never fathomed—MYRTA HEDGES. Her mother's cottage closely adjoined Mr. LEE'S house. The window where MYRTA sat all day at her sewing was exactly opposite the side window of my room, and within easy conversing distance. In the long evenings I sat and listened to the chit-chat of the young people who came often to the widow's cottage.—MYRTA seemed a general favorite, though no one regarded her with particular attention. I could not discover MYRTA had a lover, unless indeed the pale, sedate young man who came so often to spend an hour or two with herself and mother might be one. MYRTA appeared to like the society of the young people, but she evidently enjoyed that of her mother and the quiet gentleman better; indeed she seldom left home unless HANNAH WHALEY came and carried both her and the said gent. away. I might have thought he certainly was a sweet-heart of MYRTA'S but that she seemed in nowise annoyed when madcap HANNAH appropriated him. I had watched her until I had got tired of speculating upon her. Day after day she sat demurely at her sewing with the same quiet light in her blue eyes, and the same cheerful tone to her sweet voice.

One day when HARRIET LEE was sitting with me, I saw the young man enter the widow's door and hand a letter to MYRTA. As he turned away I noticed that he seemed vexed about something. "Who is that young man?" said I. "Why that is Mr. RUSSEL of the Shoe Store just across the way," replied HARRIET. "Is he MYRTA HEDGES' lover?" HARRIET laughed so loud that MYRTA looked up from her work at us. "I have just been asked if Mr. RUSSEL was your lover," said HARRIET. "And what did you answer?" said MYRTA, smiling, though I could see she blushed, too. "Oh, I hain't said yet, but I shall tell all about you." MYRTA laughed and resumed her work, never opening the letter which lay upon the window. "Why," continued HARRIET, "BRAC. LEWIS is MYRTA'S lover." "Ah, he that is in California?" "Yes, but he is expected home next fall; he has been gone six years." "And MYRTA has waited patiently all this time?" I inquired. "Yes," said HARRIET, "though they had one quarrel and did not correspond for a year." "Well, what makes Mr. RUSSEL visit there so frequently?" I persisted, for I could not direct myself of the idea that his motive was not unconnected with MYRTA.

"I must tell you the whole story," said HARRIET. "You see Mr. RUSSEL had come to W. for his health or something—he had no business that any one knew, but he was stopping here at the time Mr. HEDGES died. People felt great sympathy for the family when it was found there was nothing left for them. GEORGE HEDGES was a wild, reckless young man, and his mother and MYRTA could have no dependance upon him. Mr. RUSSEL took great interest in them. Some thought he was in love with MYRTA, but I expect this was not so.—He befriended the family very much, however. Somhow he acquired a great influence over GEORGE. He bought the house and shop, and finally proposed to go into company with GEORGE and continue the business. They both boarded with Mrs. HEDGES and all lived as nicely as need be. MYRTA earned more with her needle than she needed, and everything was going on well when the California fever broke out. A company was formed in the vicinity. The more adventurous spirits joined the party. Uncommon good fortune attended them, and the news of their success operated like wild-fire on the community. The day-laborer left his employment, the mechanic forsook his shop, the clerk came from behind the counter—gentlemen's sons, who had never done a day's work in all their lives, joined the volunteers.—Farms were sold at a depreciation, homes were mortgaged, business relations were dissolved; all trade was in California stores, mules, horses and wagons. BRAXTON LEWIS and GEORGE HEDGES ran wild with excitement; even the sober-minded Mr. RUSSEL lost his equanimity and joined the adventurers.

"Fifty men from the town and neighborhood of W. started on their wearisome march across the plains. The usual diversity of fortune attended them. Some returned in two years, glad to escape with so small a loss of valuable time. Some met with tolerable success and returned, even-handed, to resume their old business on their old footing. Among these was Mr. RUSSEL. One out of the whole fifty brought back a fortune. Six are turning to dust in the land where they sought gold.—GEORGE HEDGES was the first that died, leaving with Mr. RUSSEL a few hundred dollars to be conveyed to his mother and MYRTA. A few have given up the relations of home, and becoming habituated to the wild, irregular life of the gold digger, never expect to return. Four or five, prouder or more ambitious than the others, have struggled on for six years, but all are expected to return this fall. BRAXTON LEWIS is among them, but no one knows whether he has been successful or not. He has toiled manfully, and will meet a warm reception from his father's family, and from MYRTA, too, if I mistake not."

"But about the quarrel?" I inquired when HARRIET stopped.

"Why, MYRTA wrote something that displeased BRAC., and under the excitement of passion, he returned a rude answer. Her next letter contained a request that the engagement might be broken. BRAC. was too proud not to grant the request, and for a year their correspondence ceased. In the meantime Mr. RUSSEL had returned, had rented the shoe store where he and GEORGE HEDGES formerly traded, and has continued ever since to do a small business. He is almost daily at the widow HEDGES, and people think the money he pretended to bring from GEORGE came out of his own pocket, for no one knows that GEORGE had earned a cent. Some even say that RUSSEL'S money procured him comforts that the poor fellow had not the means to procure for himself."

"All for the love of MYRTA," said I.

"By no means," persisted HARRIET; "he has never spoken of love to MYRTA—she told me so herself. He is more like a brother than a lover, I assure you."

"Well, how did young LEWIS and MYRTA happen to make up?"

"It was more than a year after their estrangement that one day, when I was up at Mr. WHALY'S, HANNAH'S uncle came in with a letter in his hand which he tossed towards HANNAH, saying, very angrily, 'Here's a letter from that scape-grace BRAXTON LEWIS; see that I never have occasion to take another from the office after he gets your answer to this.' HANNAH generally cared little for her uncle's scolding, but now she seemed near fainting. After awhile she turned away from us and broke the seal. There were a few lines addressed to HANNAH and a sealed letter to MYRTA. 'Why, Uncle NATHAN,' said HANNAH, 'BRAC. has only written to MYRTA under cover to me; you know they have had a quarrel, and now I suppose he wants to make friends; you can have no objection to that.' 'Yes I can have objection to that, or anything else that induces BRAXTON LEWIS to write to my neice. If he wants to make up with his old sweetheart let him direct his letter to her; will you remember?' said the old man, not a whit better natured. 'Indeed I will, uncle, but I suppose I may take this down to MYRTA?' replied HANNAH."

"Mr. WHALY growled a consent, and we started. I could scarcely keep up with her, she seemed in such haste. Sometimes I think it was her mischief that made the difficulty between MYRTA and BRAC., she was so delighted at the reconciliation. Beside, she has not seemed the same girl since.—Before she was scarcely ever at Mrs. HEDGE'S—now she is there always. She and MYRTA are the closest friends. I suppose MYRTA will be married directly after BRAXTON returns, and everybody will rejoice at it, I am sure."

HARRIET'S mother called her at this time, and I turned to look at MYRTA. The letter was still lying unopened in the window, and I was sure I saw a tear steal from her eye and drop upon her work. Presently HANNAH came in, seized the letter, sat down upon the floor beside MYRTA, and broke the seal. I listened, but could scarcely tell if she was reading aloud.

I was strongly interested in MYRTA'S love affair, and half my unoccupied time was spent at the window that looked in upon her sitting room. I often wondered in my heart if BRAXTON LEWIS would be satified with the position Mr. RUSSEL held in the widow's family. Others might call it a brotherly affection, but I believed a warmer feeling possessed the sedate Mr. RUSSEL. I could see in a thousand ways his love for the pretty, sensible MYRTA. And MYRTA—why did she seem so uneasy if it chanced that Mr. RUSSEL postponed his accustomed visit? Why was her face so often at the window until she caught a glimpse of him crossing the street, and then was never seen there again until another twilight came on.

[Concluded next week.]

MARY ANN'S WEDDING.

AS RELATED BY MRS. JONES.

"WE are all preparing," said Mrs. Jones, "to go to the wedding. I was going, father was going, the gals were going, and we were going to take the baby; but come to dress the baby, could not find the baby's shirt. I'd laid a clean one out of one of the drawers on purpose. I know'd jist where I had put it; but come to look for it 'twas gone."

"For mercy's sake," says I, "gals," says I, "has any on ye seen that baby's shirt?"

"Of course, none of 'em had seen it; and I looked, and looked, and looked again, but 'twant nowhere to be found. It's the strangest thing in all nature," said I, "here I had the shirt in my hand not more'n ten minutes ago, and now it's gone, and nobody can tell where. I never seed the beat.—"Gals," said I, "do look around, can't ye?" But fretting wouldn't find it; so I gave it up, and I went to the bureau, and fished up another shirt, and put it onto the baby, and at last we were ready for a start.

Father harnessed up a double team—we drove the old white mare then, and the gals and all was having a good time, going to see Mary Ann married, but somehow I couldn't git over that shirt! 'Twant the shirt so much; but to have anything spirited away from under my face and eyes so, 'twas provokin'!

"What ye thinking about, mother?" say Sophrony; "what makes you look so sober?" says she.

"I'm pestered to death, thinking about that ere shirt. One of you must have took it, I am sartin," says I.

"Now, ma," says Sophrony, "you needn't say that,"—and as I'd laid onto her a good many times, she was beginning to get vexed, and so we had it, back and forth, and all about that baby's shirt, till we got to the wedding.

Seeing company kinder put it out of mind, and I was getting good natured again, though I could not help saying to myself every few minutes, "what could have become of that shirt?" till at last they stood up to be married, and I forgot all about it.

Mary Ann was a real modest creature, and was mor'n half frightened to death when she came into the room with Stephen, and the minister told them to jine hands. She first gave her left hand to Stephen. "Your other hand," says the minister; and poor Steve, he was so bashful, too, he did'nt know what he was about; he thought 'twas his mistake, and that the minister meant him, so he gave Mary Ann his left hand. That wouldn't do, any way, a left-handed marriage all around; but by this time they didn't know what they were about, and Mary Ann joined her right hand to his left, then her left with his right, then both their hands again, until I was all of a fidget, and tho't they would never get fixed.

Mary Ann looked as red as a turkey, and to make matters worse, she began to cough, to turn it off, I suppose, and called for a glass of water. The minister had just been drinking, and the tumbler stood right there, and I was so nervous, and in such a hurry to see it all over with, I ketched up the tumbler and run with it to her, for I thought to goodness she was going to faint. She undertook to drink—I don't know how it happened, but the tumbler slipped, and gracious me, if between us we didn't spill the water all over the collar and dress.

I was dreadfully flustered, I for thought it looked as though it was my fault and the first thing I did was to put with my handkerchief and give it to Mary Ann; it was nicely done up, and she took it. The folks had held in pretty well up to this time, but then such a giggle and laugh as there was.—I didn't know what had given them such a start, till I looked and seen that *I'd give Mary Ann that baby's shirt!*"

Here Mrs. Jones, who is a very fleshy woman, undulated and shook like a mighty jelly, with her mirth, and it was some time before she could proceed with her narrative.

"Why," said she, with tears of laughter running down her cheeks, "I'd tucked it into my dress for a 'kerchief. That came from being absent minded and in a fidgit."

"And Mary Ann and Stephen—were they married after all?"

"Dear me, yes," said Mrs. Jones, "and it turned out to be the gayest wedding that I ever attended."

"And the baby's shirt, Mrs. Jones?"

"La me," said Mrs. Jones, "how young folks do ask questions. Everybody agreed I ought to make Mary Ann a present on't."

"Well, Mrs. Jones?"

"Well," said Mrs. Jones, "'twant long 'fore she had a use for it." And that's the end of the story.

Youth's Corner.

CHARADE.

[THE following is one of PRARD'S charades, and has puzzled some of the wisest heads. Can any of our readers give us a solution of it?]

I graced Don Pedro's revelry,
All dressed in fire and feather,
When loveliness and chivalry
Were met to feast together.
He flung the slave who moved the lid
A purse of maravedis;
And this that gallant Spaniard did
For me and for the ladies.

He vowed a vow, that noble knight,
Before he went to table,
To make his only sport the fight,
His only couch the stable,
Till he had dragged, as he was bid,
Five score of Turks to Cadiz;
And this that gallant Spaniard did
For me and for the ladies.

To ride through mountains, where my *First*
A banquet would be reckoned;
Through deserts, where to quench their thirst
Men vainly turn my *Second*;—
To leave the gates of fair Madrid,
And dare the gates of Hades;
And this that gallant Spaniard did
For me and for the ladies.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 48 letters.
My 3, 18, 9, 37, 34 half the people of Israel followed.
My 14, d, 41, 36, 31 is one of the cities the Lord overthrew.
My 46, 2, 10, 41, 23, 30 is a mountain in the land of the Hivites.
My 9, 17, 6, 20, 45 is a river in the land of Zebulon.
My 3, 27, 7, 44, 41 was one of the outer cities of Judea.
My j, 39, 24, 48, 32, 41 had 70 brothers.
My 33, 26, 19, 11, 35, 25 was an idol of the Benjaminites.
My 13, 42, 47, 7 made himself a General.
My 41, 29, c, 14, 16 consecrated his own son for a Priest.
My 8, 38, 25, 43, 2, 14, 41 was a son of David.
My 36, 9, 12, 27, 19 was a cousin of Saul.
My 22, 41, 10 was that inquisitive gentleman, Saul's uncle.
My 14, 41, 15, 38, 37 was the son of a Jezreelitish woman.
My 4, 34, 40, 17 Solomon says is a good thing.
My 41, 5, c, 32, 47 was the author of the popular phrase "Tell it not in Gath."
My 22, 1, 32, 2 is a city freqnently mentioned in the Bible.
My whole is a prophecy. ALFRED SULLY.
Buffalo, N. Y., 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-three letters.
My 23, 3, 9, 2, 5, 6, 12 is a man's name.
My 9, 16, 6, 12 is an animal.
My 18, 7, 11, 12, 22 is a bird.
My 14, 7, 16, 18, 19, 21, 9, 8 is a woman's name.
My 10, 8, 9, 5, 2, 12 is a fish.
My 20, 11, 7, 10, 12, 22, 20 is a vegetable.
My 20, 16, 8, 12, 6 is a musical instrument.
My 14, 9, 8, 12, 22 is a mechanical instrument.
My 11, 15, 5 is a part of the human body.
My 18, 7, 11, 13, 21, 22 is a farming implement.
My 18, 7, 2, 18, 6, 13, 16, 21, 22 is a reptile.
My 9, 22, 8, 4 is a metal.
My 18, 3, 7, 12 is a kind of grain.
My 13, 16, 22 is a cubic body.
My 1, 7, 19, 17 is a snare or trap.
My whole is what everybody should possess.
Newark, N. Y., 1857. I. F. H.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Two persons, A. and B., traded in company, buying goods to the amount of $2,000, in the purchase of which A paid more than B, and B. paid ——I'm sure I don't know how much. They then sold the goods for ready money, gaining thereby four hundred per cent. on the first cost. They divided the gain between them in proportion to the money that each paid in buying the goods. A says to B, my part of the gain is really a handsome sum of money. I wish I had as many sums as your part contains dollars; I should then have $15,360,000. Pray tell me each man's share of the stock in purchasing the goods? R.
Howlet Hill, Onondaga Co., N. Y., 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Arithmetical Enigma in No. 384:—What is one-third and half of a third of ten.

Answer to Enigma in 384:—The Letter E.

Answer to Poetical Enigma in 384:—The Hydraulic Ram.

ONE evening, after a weary march through the desert, Mahommed, camping with his followers overheard one of them saying, "I will unloose my camel and commit it to God," on which he took him up and said, "Friend, *tie* thy camel and commit it to God."

JAMSHID was the first person who wore rings on his fingers, and these he wore only on his left hand. When asked why he did not ornament the right hand, which is the superior, he answered, "Sufficient for the right is the ornament of *being right*."

JUSTICE consists in doing men no injury; decency, in giving them no offense; politeness, in making all our acts agreeable; philanthropy, in doing good in an agreeable, decent, and just manner.

HANNAH MORE said to Horace Walpole:—"If I wanted to punish an enemy it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating some body."

THERE is much virtue which is like the juice of the grape, which has to be squeezed before you get it; not like the generous drop of the honey-comb, distilling willingly and freely.

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Elmira, N. Y., May, 1857. 383mt6wo

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Riga, N. Y., April 27, 1857. [383w3] E. M. HARMON.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS

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Rural New-Yorker.

ENTOMOLOGY.

BY DR. ASA FITCH.

MODE OF PRESERVING INSECTS FOR STUDY.

THE mild days of Spring have returned to us again, and, quickened by their genial influence, seeds are germinating and buds are swelling and opening, soon to mantle the face of nature with a profusion of leaves and flowers. And with these gay favorites will come their enemies, the insects, in their accustomed numbers, and every leaflet and petal is destined to become the abode of one or another of these traitors, blighting and destroying the vegetation which gives them shelter and sustenance.

It is currently remarked that this class of creatures appears to be more numerous and is doing a much greater amount of injury in our land of late years than at any previous period. This remark, we think, is true. It is probably the fact that the insects which originally existed in this country, when the lands came to be extensively cleared and put under cultivation, were unable immediately to accommodate themselves to the change, and were for a time much reduced in numbers, and occasioned but little trouble. Now, however, having become accustomed to the altered circumstances of the country, finding they can sustain themselves in our orchards, our grain fields and gardens, they are taking up their abodes in these situations and are again thriving and multiplying, everywhere causing to our culturists vexations, disappointments and severe losses.

And, in addition to the native insects which properly belong to us, commerce is every year bringing to our shores one and another of the species of foreign lands. Many of these, finding the situation here congenial to them, become established, and increase, often without let or hindrance from those parasitic destroyers which nature has provided in their native clime to check and restrain their excessive multiplication. Thus the Hessian Fly, the Wheat Midge and the Apple Bark Louse,—insects which we have received from Europe,—have been and are running a career in this country unparalleled by anything ever known of them upon the other side of the Atlantic.

This, moreover, is unquestionably the most interesting field in the whole domain of nature.—The singular habits and remarkable instincts of some of these creatures render their history more wonderful than any fairy tale which the romancer has ever conceived. Others are so curiously shaped, so beautifully colored, so brilliantly gilded, that persons who are the most stolid and heedless, pause to inspect and admire them; and in museums of Natural History, the case containing insects is that before which most visitors tarry the longest and scrutinize most attentively.

Thus, as objects of mere curiosity, as well as from the economical importance which numbers of them possess, our attention is attracted to them. And there are many persons who have been extremely desirous of gathering and becoming acquainted with the insects of their own vicinity.—But unfortunately, notwithstanding the deep interest and great importance which it possesses, this is a branch of our Natural History which has been but little investigated. These creatures are so minute their species are so very numerous and in many instances so difficult to distinguish from each other, and the names of those which have been examined and described are scattered through such a multitude of publications, foreign and domestic, many of which are inaccessible, that our men of science have been disheartened from exploring a field so difficult and embarrassing. And it thus happens that we as yet have not even names by which to designate a considerable proportion of the insects of our country. The manner also of collecting and preserving them, though quite simple and easy, is known to but very few. Letters are frequently addressed to me soliciting instructions upon these topics. Under these circumstances I have thought I could not do the readers of the RURAL NEW-YORKER a more acceptable service than by presenting them in this and the succeeding article with full information upon the manner of preserving insects, and devoting a subsequent one to the modes of hunting and gathering them. Possessed of this information I doubt not there are several persons in different sections of our country who will enter upon this pursuit, and we shall thus be in the way of having this neglected but important class of objects collected and investigated.

Every intelligent reader will be aware that it is only by knowing their economy and habits that we shall be able to devise suitable measures for protecting ourselves from the depredations of those insects which are injurious. The combined labors of a host of observers is needed to obtain this knowledge, and to render our acquaintance with this branch of science so full and exact as the wants of the present enlightened day require.—Some of the species are very local, occurring only in particular districts. Others are transitory, appearing suddenly in great numbers over a particular section of country, and again disappearing as suddenly. Thus it may happen, the coming summer, that an insect will somewhere show itself under circumstances more favorable for learning its true character and habits than will occur again in many years. And it is only by noticing and recording the history and economy of one species after another, as they present themselves to view, that we shall be able to arrive at a full knowledge of this department of nature's works. We trust, therefore, that the readers of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, being informed of the manner of preserving and transmitting specimens, will freely avail themselves of the opportunity now presented them, for learning through its columns the name and nature of any unknown insect which they meet with, which is on any account interesting or remarkable. By communicating to us such observations upon the situation in which the insect is found, and its habits, as they will be able to make, with specimens which will enable us to ascertain its name and the marks by which it is distinguished, we shall be furnished with topics for a series of articles which can scarcely fail of being interesting and instructive to the patrons of this paper and of permanent value to science.

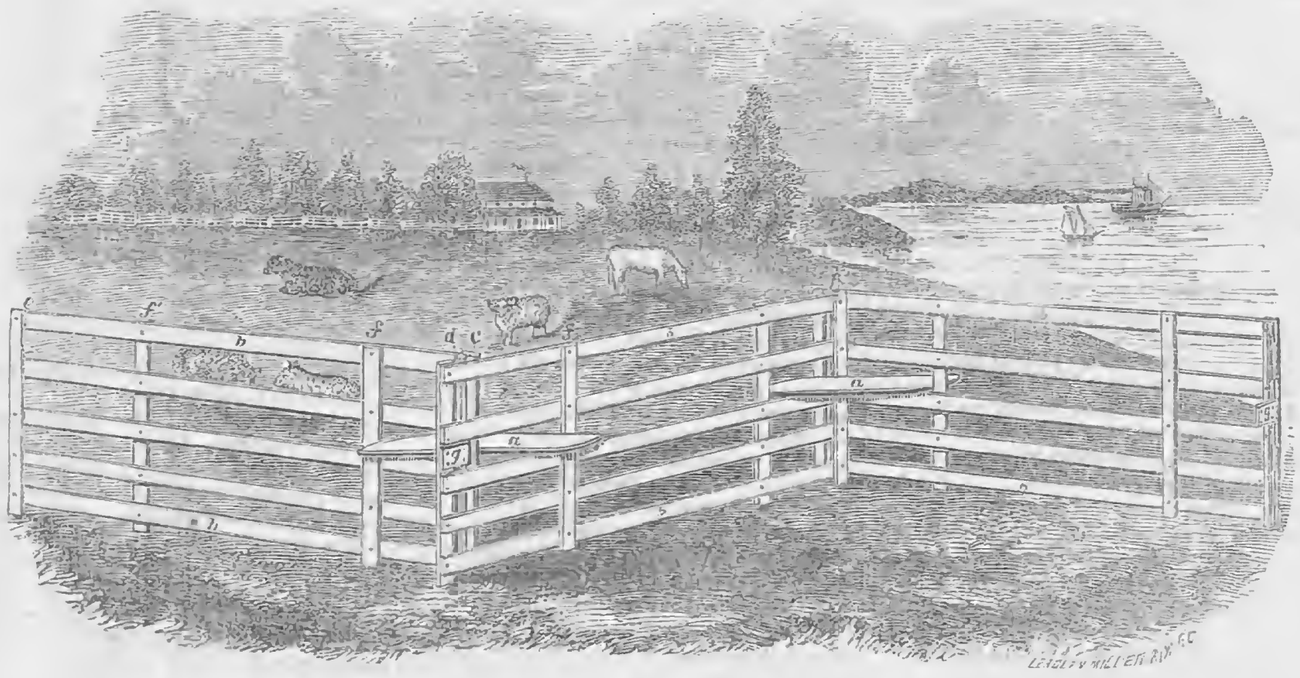
It is only in their perfect state, (which state may be known by the wings being developed, in all those species which require wings,) that the names of insects can be determined, whilst it is in their worm, that is their *larva* or growing state, that many of them do the most injury. An unknown worm must therefore be watched until it has completed it changes, before its name can be ascertained. And it is only specimens in this perfect state that are commonly preserved in cabinets.

Many insects vary more or less in their size, colors and marks, and the two sexes are sometimes so unlike, (as in the instance of the common Peach-root borer,) that no one would suspect them to be the same species. Hence, to describe an insect accurately, several specimens of it are always desirable for inspection.

Small insects can most readily be transmitted by mail. They may be placed, alive or dead, in a goose quill or the quill of some smaller bird, and enclosed in a letter or newspaper. The end of the quill should be closed with a wooden plug or stopper, to prevent its being pressed together and its contents crushed in the mail bags, and a small slip of newspaper or other soft paper should be rolled around it and twisted at the ends to render its safe conveyance more secure. Many insects are sent me in this manner, and they generally come to hand quite perfect.

Another simple mode by which all beetles, *i. e.*, insects which are mostly of a firm, hard consistence, their external covering being shell-like or crustaceous and generally shining and of a black or dark brown color, may be preserved any length of time, is, dropping them as they are captured, into a vial of common spirits or a mixture of equal quantities of alcohol and water, and keeping the vial well corked, that the strength of the spirits may not evaporate. A large mouthed vial or a bottle may thus be filled with specimens, and these can at any time subsequently, be taken out, dried, and prepared with ease for being placed in a cabinet. This is also the most convenient manner of preserving any worm or caterpillar, of which the collector wishes to keep a specimen in its larva state. But the delicate wings of flies and bees, the grass-green and other bright colors of grasshoppers and plant bugs, and all the beauty of butterflies and moths is much injured or totally spoiled by being immersed in spirits. All such insects, therefore, must be prepared for the cabinet when they are first captured.

[This subject will be continued in the next, and perhaps two or three numbers of the RURAL.]



GARLICK'S PATENT PORTABLE FIELD FENCE.

FENCES will be an important and somewhat expensive auxiliary of American farm husbandry, and intimately connected with the interest of every tiller of the soil, so long as our present system of inclosures and divisions of farms and lots continues. Many experiments have been instituted to render farm fences less expensive, such as the use of wire, the growing of hedges and the use of various substitutes for the material in common use. Wire fences are now among the things "that were;" hedges can only be grown after a lapse of some years, and the application of labor and care, with a prospect, from present experience, that in the hands of very many they will prove nearly if not quite a failure. Over a large extent of country stone fences are out of the question for want of material, and where built the frosts of our severe winters render relaying necessary so often as to detract very much from their cheapness and utility.

This state of things has rendered the public mind more than usually active on the subject of cheap fences, and resulted in furnishing quite a number of different methods for their construction.—Descriptions of several of these have heretofore been published in this paper, and to the list another improvement is now added in the fence illustrated above, which is thus described by the inventor:

"The patentee claims to have invented and constructed, after numerous trials and experiments, a fence without posts set in the ground, at a cost for material of only forty to fifty cents per rod, and which, for durability, simplicity and cheapness is believed to defy all competition. It is made in sections or panels in such a manner that it can be set upon the surface of the ground, and as well where the ground is rough and uneven, as where it is level. It is so constructed that there is no strain on the nails, and the boards are so bound and held by means of keys and battens that it is impossible for them to be torn off. Such is the perfect method of fastening the corners that it can be strained to the ground in so substantial a manner as to obviate the danger of its being blown down by the wind, as has heretofore been the case with portable fences. It can be readily opened at any panel, rendering gates unnecessary. It can easily be set up in circles or squares, forming excellent stock-pens, as well as temporary inclosures for sheep, &c., and as it is taken down and put up with little difficulty, must meet a very general want, and come into general use."

Samples of this fence, put up in good shape, (several rods of it in a straight line, and also a circle,) were exhibited at the Fair of the Wool Growers' Association, last week, and attracted considerable attention and commendation.

A patent was granted for this fence to ISAAC D. GARLICK, of Lyons, Wayne Co., N. Y., on the 5th of May, 1857, and Messrs. GARLICK & WILDER, of the same place, are the proprietors. Particulars, and all necessary information, can be obtained by addressing either the patentee or proprietors.

BUCKWHEAT.

1. *Its Origin and History.*

BUCKWHEAT, or literally *beech*-wheat—so called from its seed resembling in shape the mast of the beech—is conceded by all writers to be a native of Central and Northern Asia, though the time of its introduction into Europe is differently stated. Some say it was brought by the Moors into Spain in the eighth century, others that it came with the Crusaders in their return from the Holy War in the twelfth; and, be that as it may, it is certain that has been cultivated in England only about two hundred and fifty years. Its triangular grain, arrow-shaped leaves, and fragrant, purplish white fowers are too well known to require more particular description.

2. *Introduction and Product in the U. S.*

It was first cultivated in the United States by the Dutch on the Hudson and the Swedes on the Delaware. It is mentioned among the grain products of the former, as early as 1626; and KALM, the Swedish naturalist, who visited this country in 1748, speaks of it as found growing in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York. These States still produce a large share of the product of the country—in 1856, two-thirds, or some 6,000,000 of bushels. Its cultivation, however, is rapidly extending through all the Northern and North Western States, and the national product for 1856, may be estimated at 15,000,000 of bushels, a large share of which is consumed by the producers and their immediate neighbors.

3. *Varieties of Buckwheat.*

Buckwheat belongs to the PERSICARIA tribe—that commonly cultivated is botanically known as the *Polygonum fagopyrum*. Among its varieties are the blue or "Canadian buckwheat," very popular some ten years since in Eastern New York and Pennsylvania, and the "Scotch Grey," now generally grown as far as we are acquainted. A variety called Indian buckwheat (*P. tartaricum*) is grown to some extent in New England, for fattening swine, not producing flour palatable as human food. The kernel is harsh, coarse and nearly ovate, and the product often large, yielding on rich, new soil one hundred bushels per acre. But half a bushels per acre of seed is required, and it may be sown from May until August, though early sowing is most advisable. The flour, ground without bolting, is nearly the color of sulphur.

4. *Analysis of the Grain and Straw.*

In its classification as a plant, says Prof. SALISBURY, Buckwheat belongs to a family far removed from the cereals; but in the composition and properties of its seed, it approximates to them closely.—One thousand pounds of the grain contain the following constituents, organic and inorganic:

Starch,	415.50
Albumen,	65.50
Coagulable albumen,	98 70
Casein,	7 80
Gluten,	26.00
Sugar and extract,	60 10
Oil and fatty matter,	4 70
Dextrine and gum,	16.00
Fibre,	140.90
Water,	128 80
Amount of organic bodies and water,	964 lbs
Silicic acid,	0 72
Sulphuric acid,	0.57
Phosphoric acid and Peroxide of iron,	18.19
Lime,	1.11
Magnesia,	5.67
Potash,	7.76
Soda,	0 86
Chlorine,	0.12
Organic acids,	1.01
Amount of inorganic bodies,	.36
Total,	1000. lbs

The green stalks of buckwheat, as analyzed by CROME, exhibit the following result:

Water,	82.5
Starch,	4.7
Woody fibre,	10.0
Albumen,	0.2
Extractive matter and gum,	2 6
Total,	100 lbs

Buckwheat straw, well cured, is readily eaten by most domestic animals, and contains, as above shown, considerable nutritive matter.

5. *Soils and Culture.*

Almost any soil will produce buckwheat, but it seems best suited with light, warm lands of moderate fertility. It is as well adapted as any grain to low, moist lands, which dry off late in the spring, and suffer from drouth during the heats of summer, when early sown, grain requires most moisture. It germinates quickly, and soon throws out sufficient roots and leaves to secure a supply of water, both from the soil and atmosphere. The cultivation usually is simply to plow the land, after green sward, early in the spring, then harrow or gang at the time of sowing. This grain is often sown on ground infested with weeds, which it is desired to subdue; in that case more thorough preparation should be given, that the entire surface may be entirely covered. In all cases it is best to have the ground in fine tilth, and generally to roll after harrowing in the seed. Though buckwheat will grow without manure, it feels the application as quick as any other plant, and a corresponding increase in growth is produced.—Plaster and ashes exert an immediate influence and benefit.

6. *Time of Sowing.—Amount of Seed.*

The time of sowing is usually between the 20th of June and the 4th of July, though it may be sown earlier—as soon as danger from late frosts is to be feared no longer. Early sown buckwheat is liable to be blasted by the heat of July and August—late sown is equally exposed during the drouth often occurring in September, and in addition to this early frosts may cut it off, ere it begins to ripen. The cultivator must suit his own convenience in this matter—remembering that some lands are sooner affected by drouth and frosts than others. The amount of seed most generally sown, is one bushel per acre, but it is better to employ less than more, especially on the better soils, the great fault in sowing this grain is that too much seed is given.

INDIAN CORN.—ITS CULTURE.

I AM always glad to see attention given to this most valuable and indispensable grain. While the rich bottoms and the vast prairies of the west are pre-eminently adapted to corn, there is, fortunately, scarce any section where it is not a profitable crop. Nutritious and cheap in the highest degree, it has a wider sphere of usefulness than any other article of food or provender, grass perhaps excepted. Corn is now planted, or ought to be, but much depends upon after culture. I have tried different methods, but am decidedly in favor of the plan which I recommended, I believe, a year or two ago. As soon as you can see the rows, cultivate both ways, and with your fingers, stir the ground in the hill, and brush off the dirt that may have been thrown upon the corn. Continue to cultivate with a good sharp cultivator, so that the agitation of the ground shall *prevent the growth of weeds*, while it puts the soil in the right condition to retain moisture and give expansion to the roots and the stock. Take some instrument (I recommended a pronged hoe or potato digger, or an "old hoe,") and thoroughly mellow the soil—that is, stir it up about the corn where the cultivator

fails to do so. There is a vast amount of time lost in idle ceremonies about hills of corn—such as scraping away the earth and putting it back again, making little *Pyramids*, (sometimes called "hilling,") accompanied with as many manipulations as a mesmerizer would use upon the most obstinate subject.

What I mean to advocate, in short, is this:—First,—A thorough and complete pulverization of soil. (I take it for granted that the ground has been plowed deep and thoroughly, and the grass, if any, buried out of sight.) Second,—Good sense, and the spirit of the age, requires us to accomplish this, as far as possible, by "machinery"—a cultivator drawn by a horse. Third,—The earth is to be stirred often enough to *prevent* the growth of grass and weeds. Fourth,—Some other instrument than the common hoe should be devised for "hoeing" corn. A *strong* pronged hoe (like a rake with five or six teeth, one or two inches apart,) would be the best thing, in my opinion.

This idea I want to put in *italics*, and I want everybody, "whom it may concern," to remember it— ☞ *Stir the ground often, and stir it deep, to give roots opportunity to extend, to destroy weeds, and to acquire moisture and fertilizing elements from the atmosphere which is thus enabled to permeate the soil.* The old fogy operation of "cutting and covering" wants a "Damascus blade," but I want to cultivate my ground with something a little more like a pick-axe, a crow-bar, or an "old hoe;"—when an old hoe is strong and shortened an inch or two on the edge, but pretty wide, you can turn it on one side and pummel away to pretty good advantage; you will strike harder and deeper for you dont care very much whether you break it or not.

If a man wants to subdue a piece of land, he may put on it what he thinks best—but if he don't want to get cheated out of a crop of corn he had better select deep, rich, dry soil, plow it well, harrow fine—it should not be lumpy or very stony land—and then *agitate, agitate, agitate!* In this way I got, summer before last, 800 bushels ears of sound corn off from four acres of land.

Several of these suggestions I have made before, but all that one of my friends can recollect of them, is the "old hoe," and even that he don't treat with the decorum which so venerable an instrument would seem entitled to. H. T. B.

P. S. When you go into a corn field, don't forget that your business there is to *stir the ground and loosen it as deep as you can without injury to the roots.* Put that on a board and stick it up in the field where the boys can see it. B.

ROADS AND ROAD-MAKING.

FRIEND RURAL:—Your special contributor, H. T. B. has taken upon himself to correct the error of our ways, for which I consider him entitled to our everlasting gratitude. I wish he was pathmaker in my district, provided always that he practices as he preaches. I have traveled much in Western New York, and have noticed particularly the general (not universal) bad management of the roads, and I have often wondered that there was not more said on the subject in the agricultural papers. It is my opinion that one dollar, well laid out, would be worth more than eight days' work as they are generally performed on our roads. There are, however, some exceptions—where the work is well done, and the roads yearly improved. I think it would be a great improvement if our highway tax were collected in money, and competent persons, (say four in a town,) elected or appointed for three or four years, with a salary, to take care of the roads. The fact is, that the making and repairing of roads to advantage requires more science than most persons are aware of.

Now, what is the process by which our roads are generally repaired? Why, to plow up the sods at the sides, and scrape them into the middle.—And what is the effect? Just the effect that putting yeast into dough has—make it light and spongy. You may laugh, but the effect is precisely the same—only the sods are less plastic than the dough, and as a consequence the road is some less spongy than bread, but the fermentation and evolving of carbonic acid gas when yeast is applied to the dough is the same as when sods are turned up and their vitality destroyed. Every farmer knows that plowing up the sod makes the land very light and spongy. This will always be the case, unless the sods are buried so deep that the air cannot reach them. The best and most permanent roads are made with a gravel surface, with a clay or loam subsoil, and so long as they are kept smooth and sufficiently rounded to keep the water from running in them, they need very little other repairs. Occasional hollows will come, which should be immediately filled up.—All roads will, however, in time become flat and the ditches more or less filled up. The process of repairing, then, should depend much on the material of the road, and the material at command.—If the bed of the road be clay, clear out the ditches, but throw the sods towards the fences, then draw on gravel, if practicable, especially if it has been graveled before, but at all events do not break up the bed or put on sods. If the subsoil and surface soil is gravel or coarse loam, commence just outside of the ruts and plow, turning the furrows toward the center, and let men enough follow with hoes to pull each furrow into the center before another is plowed. Continue this course till the roads and ditches are the right shape. Perhaps it will be necessary to plow twice; if so, commence the second time further from the center, but on no account take the outside and put it in the middle—that is just the way your wife does when she kneads her dough to make it light.

There are many other suggestions I might make, and reasons I might give, but concluding I have said enough to set some to thinking who are not apt to think, I will, for the present, dismiss the subject. One word more, though, while I think of it. This drawing up the earth with a hoe may look like small business to many, and it may be best, if the road is much dishing, to use a scraper, but, as a general rule, you will do it much better, nicer and cheaper by hand. There is, however, a better plan than the above if you will but try it. Take a common shovel and tie a rope or strap around the handle close to the blade, and let one pull upon the rope while another holds the handle. You may think this looks boyish, but try it. I have filled up ditches this way, and am satisfied that two men will do more thus than three in any other with hoes and shovels, and do it easier. Any one can see that a common shovel or spade is generally used at a great disadvantage, the power being applied to the short end of the lever. H.

Gorham, N. Y., May, 1857.

LETTER FROM A CANADA FARMER.

MURRAIN IN CATTLE.—SHEEP ROT.

EDS. RURAL:—Having been a constant reader of your highly interesting paper ever since I saw it first, some two years ago, I have been surprised that among your numerous correspondents on various subjects, so few of them are residents of Canada. Why not?—for many of your RURAL NEW-YORKERS are in circulation on the Canada side of the St. Lawrence. Should Canadians be willing to remain silent, thinking that you New-Yorkers are so far in advance of us that it is our duty to learn in silence? Be that as it may, I hope you will pardon me for offering a little of my experience on the preservation of health in cattle and sheep.

Shortly after I commenced farming in 1822, my cattle began to die with murrain. When all my cows died I purchased others, which died in the same way, generally the first year, until I lost sixteen cows, one yoke of oxen, and several young cattle. During that time every effort to cure was in vain. At length I had a valuable cow taken sick; blood passed copiously. I remarked to a bystander that he might have the cow for what the skin was worth. "No," said he, "do as I tell you and you will cure your cow"—which was as follows:—"Take one pound of poke root; slice it thin in two quarts of water, boil down a little more than half, so that when the root is taken out by carefully squeezing out the juice all will go in a junk bottle. Pour down the beast while blood warm; repeat the dose once a day. Two or three such doses is sufficient to cure. Since curing the first, I seldom ever failed. Care should be taken that the dose be in proportion to the size of the animal—for an ox more, a cow less, &c. A portion larger than above described, is almost sure to poison, which will be shown by slabber from the mouth, when lard should be administered.

When I commenced business I was poor. My flock of sheep was five ewes and one wether.—Soon one of the ewes died, but so great was the increase that in three years I had thirty-five. My flock was fat enough for market, but suddenly my luck turned, for in one month ten died of rot. I then poured on a board about a pint of tar, covering it with about two or three ounces of sulphur, and on that about a quart of salt, to be licked up by thirty sheep. This dose I gave three mornings. Since then I never lose any sheep with distemper, always giving a dose or two every spring.

Marshville, C. W., April 30, 1857. L. MISENER.

REMARKS.—The RURAL has a large number of subscribers in Canada, many of whom *ought* to be numbered among its correspondents. We shall be glad to hear from our trans-Ontario (Erie and St. Lawrence) friends, and trust they will heed Mr. MISENER's hint, and follow his example.

HOGS IN THE ROAD.

MR. MOORE:—I was much pleased with "H. T. B.'s" article on Roads, &c., in a late RURAL; but I fear his suggestions about side walks for the accommodation of "foot passengers," will prove impracticable in some districts, on account of the rooting propensities of the droves of hogs that are allowed to run in the streets. Some farmers are in the habit of making a hog pasture of the road, turning out early in the spring large numbers of all ages, sexes and conditions, with the intention, I should suppose, by the way they go at it, to "root hog or die." When the country was new, and a great deal of land lying open in common, this practice was not so intolerable, but in the older portions of our country, where the land is all enclosed, it has become a nuisance that all good citizens should frown upon.

In some places it is impossible to set out a tree in the road and have it keep its place unless it is fenced, being either rooted out by the roots, or thrown out of position by hogs rubbing against it. Not long since I drew the attention of a *fellow*, (I will not call him a man) to a deep hole his hogs had rooted nearly in front of my street gate, and told him it would be better to ring them, if pasture was his object in letting them run in the road. He said he thought I ought to ring them for him if I did not want them to root up the street. That is what might be called "adding insult to injury." I would have wrung *his nose* for him, quickly, if it would have wrung common sense and decency into his worse than heathen mind.

Many of the persons who are guilty of the execrable practice in question are very much interested in the education of the heathen in far and distant lands, which is all very well, and I rejoice at it; but it appears to me that a good, faithful missionary would find ample scope for his labors in trying to enlighten their dark and benighted consciences. I hope "H. T. B." will give them a lecture in his inimitable style that will cause them to repent and reform, and that speedily. L. F. C.

Seneca Falls, N. Y., May 20, 1857.

UNDERGROUND DRAINS.

EDS. RURAL:—I wish to make a few remarks in answer to L. S. FORD's questions on underground drains. I have had considerable experience in draining, and find that brush drains, in wet, mucky land, soon choke up and become worthless. I would advise a good sized tile drain, laid on boards or thick slabs; and it would be better to place the ends and middle on brick or pieces of wood to keep them from sinking. There ought to be straight stakes placed lengthwise at each side of the tile, to keep them in their places, and eight or ten inches of brush well packed down on top of the tile—the whole being covered with sods or straw to keep the earth from going through.

If the land is very soft and wet it would be better to leave the drains open for a year or two, spreading what is taken out of them over the field. I have seen excellent drains made in stiff soils, with straight sticks placed lengthwise to the depth of 8 or 10 inches, and covered with brush. Such drains are made wedge-shaped. J. C.

Troy, N. Y., 1857.

HINTS ON CORN CULTURE, ETC.

IN your paper of the 16th inst., you have an article on "Corn Culture" from C. B. C., which contained many good suggestions, though there might be something which might not perhaps meet with universal assent. In the first place, I consider that usually our corn raising costs us too much hand labor. There is no reason to question the fact that on soils tolerably friable and free from stone corn planters can be used, and in this way a great saving made. I have used a hand machine the past two seasons with good success, (I shan't tell you *what* one for I am not just now engaged in the process of sharpening a certain useful implement,) and with which a man can *easily* plant five acres per day, doing it evenly and in every respect in a workmanlike manner.

And as regards the cultivating, I consider that usually we bestow too much hand labor upon this, and not enough by horse power. A man can ill afford to hire his corn hoed two or three times where his help costs him in the neighborhood of a dollar a day, and a man hoes not to exceed a half acre per day. Better keep the cultivator, or what is much better, a *good* horse-hoe, in operation, and dispense as far as possible with hand labor. The past season I was enabled by the use of a good machine (recently patented in our State) to almost wholly dispense with the hand hoe, and my whole field averaged over fifty bushels per acre.

I repeat, that at present prices of labor, the farmer who neglects the use of labor-saving implements in his business is subjecting himself to needless expense in his vocation. Do not hastily adopt *every* new invention that is brought forward for your patronage—for that there are useless ones our own experience goes to testify—but at the same time be ready to adopt the *really* useful.

Salisbury, Conn., May 25, 1857. W. J. P.

LAMENESS FROM CONTRACTED HEELS.

ABOUT six months since I adopted a plan for the cure of this complaint, which has been so successful in three cases that I am disposed to communicate it. My opinion is, that nine-tenths of the foundered horses are made so by the shoer.—For a number of years my horses were shod by one man, who fitted his shoes very carefully—opened the heels handsomely, by trimming the frog and the heel of the hoof, and thinned the sole nicely, taking off all appearance of bars—making the shoe nearly straight from the ball of the foot to the heel. First, one horse became lame in one foot, then in the other; soon another one began to be lame, and in spite of all our experiments, the third one was beginning to show the effects of this shoeing, when I changed the practice. Now the two latter are perfectly sound, and the first one, that had become so bad that it was painful to drive her even upon a walk, is so much improved that she feels and acts like a different animal. Now for the plan.

Pare the foot pretty close; thin the sole in front of the bars, but cut no more off the bars than that the shoe may not press upon them; fit the shoe to the shape of the foot, making it come fairly under the heel of the hoof and as wide as you can have it and get the nails in. Do not open the heels—at any rate *cut nothing from the frog*, whether ragged or not; if you choose you may take a very little from the heel of the hoof where it comes in contact with the frog, but the practice is questionable. I think the bars and the frog are intended to keep the heels apart; therefore, save all the strength you can in the former and do not disqualify the latter from accomplishing its object by cutting it away so that it cannot come in contact with the heels. Now cultivate the growth of the frog by applying daily either soap and tar boiled together, or soft soap, or urine, which I think best of all. Take up the foot, clean it out carefully, and make your application to the sole of the foot, the frog and the heel. Standing in mud of blue clay for a few hours every day is excellent.

Niagara Co., N. Y., 1857. X. Y. Z.

TO KEEP CORN FROM CROWS:—In the RURAL of May 16, D. A., wishes to know how to prevent birds pulling up corn. We have used for three years, coal, or gas tar, with first rate success, in the following manner:—Pour hot water on the corn sufficient to warm it so that the tar will spread easily. We then fill an old keg, or kettle, about one-third full, and turn on a small quantity of tar, and stir the corn till well coated. Put in dry ashes, or plaster, and stir so as to coat with that, and you are ready for planting. The tar smells disagreeable, and will black your hands some, but never mind; in our opinion it is *the* thing, to prevent the birds troubling the corn. We have had very few hills pulled since we have used it, while our neighbors have sometimes had one-quarter or more, "come up missing."—E. M. COVELL, *Morgan, Ashtabula Co., O.*

UNDERDRAINING MUCK SWAMPS.—Having noticed an inquiry in regard to underdraining muck swamps in a late RURAL, and having had considerable experience in such operations, I feel disposed to give our friend L. S. F. the benefit thereof. First I dig my drains, in the shallowest place, three feet deep if possible. Then I put down boards, oak or hemlock, and lay my tile on them. It is a general rule with some to put on straw before filling in the earth, but I consider it of no particular benefit, having tried both ways and find that it is labor thrown away. After filling the drain, I have no more trouble with it, attending to the place of discharge and keeping it clear.—W. F. ST. JOHN, *Lima, N. Y.*, 1857.

HORSES UGLY TO CATCH.—When I put my horse to pasture, last spring, I found him very bad to catch—I tried salt, oats, sugar, &c., but all to no purpose. One, alone, could not catch him. Tho' this difficulty might help to cultivate the principle of patience, it does so quite unpleasantly, and I resolved to try some plan less troublesome, so I purchased a pair of trace-chains at a hardware store, had them welded into one, and the hooks taken off at a blacksmith's, and then fastened one end around the horse's neck, using a padlock for a toggle, letting the other drag upon the ground. The result was, I had no more trouble to catch my horse, nor did he get out of the pasture—the chain answering the purpose of a fetter also.—J. SIBLEY, *Forestville, N. Y.*

Rural Notes and Items.

THE WEATHER is at last warm, balmy and *seasonable*, and farmers are not only appreciating it mentally, but performing long delayed and important labors with great alacrity. Indeed, the weather has been extremely fine for several days, and so warm withal (the Thermometer verging towards the nineties,) that vegetation has progressed rapidly. Notwithstanding the cold, backward spring—or rather the omission of spring weather, and this sudden change from Winter to Summer—we may yet hope for a good and prolific season. Such at least are the present indications. Fruit is all safe. Peaches and pears are blossoming very profusely hereabouts, and thus far promise abundant crops.

THE TRIAL OF REAPERS, MOWERS, &c., by the U. S. Ag. Society, is to take place in Syracuse, N. Y., in July ensuing. A pamphlet just received from Mr. President WILDER announces that the Society will secure the presence of the most competent Judges; "and, having also engaged as Superintendent, Mr. J. E. HOLMES of Newark, Ohio, a practical mechanic, experienced in conducting Implement Trials, and versed in the science of Mechanics, we are enabled to afford every possible facility for bringing out the qualities of each machine or implement under examination." The precise time of the trial is not yet designated, but will vary from July 6th to 13th, depending upon maturity of the crops. Three premiums are offered in as many classes—for Reapers, for Mowers, and for Reaper and Mower Combined—as follows:—First, a Grand Gold Medal and Diploma; second, Large Silver Medal; third, Large Bronze Medal. For other implements and small tools, silver and bronze medals are offered. Notice of intention to exhibit machines, &c., should be given to the Secretary of the Committee on Implements, H. S. OLCOTT, Mt. Vernon, Westchester, Co., N. Y., or to the Superintendent, J. E. HOLMES, Newark, Ohio, on or before the 15th of June.

—Judges will be appointed and announced in a few days, and we presume the proper officers will also give, in a condensed circular or advertisement, all necessary information relative to the Trial—such as Premiums, Regulations, Programme, &c.

ANOTHER "NATIONAL" AG. SOCIETY.—Under the heading of "Great Agricultural Show at Elmira," it is announced through the N. Y. *Herald* (not heretofore considered an organ of *agriculturists*,) that "a new agricultural association, of which SILAS M. BURROUGHS is President, CHARLES MORRELL, Secretary and General Superintendent, and JOHN ARNOT, Jr., Treasurer, has been formed in this State under the title of the 'Young Mens' National Agricultural and Mechanics' Society.' This Society will give its first Exhibition at Elmira, commencing on September 1st, and continuing until September 5th. The exhibition will include choice stock, trials of speed of celebrated horses, including Flora Temple, Lancet, Brown Dick, Rossiter, the Tib Hinman mare, and others. There will also be trials of fire engines and fire companies from all parts of the country, under the direction of Chief Engineer HOWARD, of New York city.—Thirteen thousand dollars will be offered in premiums, of which three thousand will be given to the firemen. It is intended to make this display the most attractive show of the kind ever given in the country."

PALMYRA UNION AG. SOCIETY.—The Secretary of this progressive Society, Mr. C. H. ROGERS, has favored us with a pamphlet containing the "Constitution, Officers and Regulations for 1857; Address by the Rev. G. D. GILLESPIE; Report of the Secretary; List of Premiums for the Exhibition of Horses to be held at Palmyra, June 16th and 17th, 1857, and for the Annual Exhibition to be held on the 14th, 15th and 16th of October, 1857." The Report shows that the Society commenced auspiciously and is in a prosperous condition. The premiums for the exhibitions announced are liberal and varied, and we presume the Society will continue to achieve success.

A TRIAL OF HARVEST MACHINERY is to be had in the latter part of June, near Chestertown, Md., under the auspices of the Maryland State Ag. Society. Liberal premiums are offered, the first being $100 for the best Reaper and Mower Combined, with Self-Raker; and the second, $75 for the best Reaper, with Self-Raking attachment. The other premiums are—best Mower $50; best Reaper $50; best Automaton Rake $30; best implement for gleaning wheat fields and raking hay $20; and best implement for gleaning wheat $15.

SCRATCHES IN HORSES.—This disease will sometimes yield to the simple remedy of washing with warm suds, and greasing with fried pork fat; but more inveterate cases require harsher medicines. A case recently under notice, resisted every application, until, observing a prescription of copperas dissolved in good rum, a solution of copperas in vinegar was tried, and with immediate good effect. It is said that this will *kill* the worst scratches, and a few applications of lard will heal the sore. Keep their feet and legs clean and dry, as far as possible and horses will seldom be afflicted with scratches.

PURGING IN CALVES.—A tablespoonful each, of pulverized white chalk and of ginger, put into the milk fed the calf, will cure this disease. Stir the milk well while the calf drinks, to keep the chalk from settling to the bottom of the pail or trough. If, however, the calf is comfortably kept and fed regularly, and without violent changes in its food, there will seldom be occasion for doctoring of any kind.

CORRECTION.—In the last number of the RURAL is a notice of some sales and purchases of Short-horns made by me. Allow me to correct the pedigree of "Camilla," the dam of my heifer "Governess." She was sired by "Fusilier," (11,499,) and not by "Daybreak" (11,338) as stated. "Daybreak" is the sire of her father. "Fusilier" (11,499) is a son of Mr. S. THORNE'S "Grand Duke" (10284) for which he paid in England 1,000 guineas ($5,000.)—C. K. WARD, *Le Roy, May* 22, 1857.

MR. E. SMITH, who recently purchased "Duke" (443) of Mr. MARES, resides in Clinton, Mich., instead of Chelsea, as stated in our former notice.

FAIR OF THE WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Wool Growers' Association of Western New York, was held at Penn Yan last week, (20th, 21st and 22d inst.,) as previously announced. The unfavorable weather before and on the first day, undoubtedly prevented many from attending, and induced not a few who intended to exhibit to leave their sheep at home. The exhibition, however, though not large, was very superior in the quality of the stock shown. The universal testimony of competent judges with whom we conversed was that they never before saw so uniformly good a collection of sheep, and that there was not a poor animal on the grounds. The show of fine-wooled sheep was especially noteworthy, and we regret that lack of space prevents us from giving more than a general notice, when every lot was worthy of particular mention. The principal exhibitors of Merinos—taking them in the order seen and noted in our memorandum book on ground—were as follows: J. B. HARWOOD of Rupert, Vt., and J. T. STICKNEY and G. CUTTING of Shoreham, Vt., represented the wool growers of the Green Mountain State by presenting superior specimens. J. C. TAFT and E. F. LEACH of West Bloomfield, exhibited some fine animals, and the only ones we noticed from Ontario county. Yates was well represented by J. RAPALEE of Barrington, MILES G. RAPALEE of Milo, and P. GARDNER of Potter. Steuben did still better, however—A. Y. BAKER and C. D. CHAMPLIN of Pleasant Valley, and DANIEL GRAY, C. N. ACKERMAN, JULIUS STICKNEY and O. F. MARSHALL of Wheeler, making a fine display. In addition to the above, were several lots of good sheep, in pens which were not labeled, and we did not ascertain names of exhibitors.

The Leicesters were the only mutton sheep exhibited. Mr. GEO. MILLER, a noted breeder of Markham, C. W., made a good show in this class—exhibiting three bucks and five ewes, all superior and giving evidence of good breeding. D. S. PECK of Benton, Yates Co., exhibited a fine buck and two pens of ewes, which attracted attention.

The attendance at the Show, though not large, was very good, and comprised many of the most enterprising farmers and wool growers of Western New York—among whom we had the pleasure of meeting Hon. A. B. DICKINSON and WM. B. PRATT, Esq., of Steuben, JOHN JOHNSTON, Esq., of Seneca, Messrs. BRADLEY, DICKINSON, and others of Ontario, Major BROOKS of Wyoming (one of the many "good looking" gentlemen who did *not* heed the advice of H. T. B., in a late RURAL relative to taking sheep to the show!) HECTOR HITCHCOCK, Esq., of Livingston, and many other influential friends of improvement, in addition to officers of the Association, exhibitors, &c. As we were only present on the second day, we did not hear the address by Hon. A. B. DICKINSON, attend the election of officers, or witness the Sheep Shearing. However, by the politeness of Judge DENNISTON, the President, we have been favored with a list of the awards of Premiums, and officers elected for ensuing year, which we subjoin:

PREMIUMS AWARDED.

FINE WOOLED SHEEP.—Best fine wooled buck of any age, J. B. Harwood, Vermont, $50; 2d, O. F. Marshall, Steuben Co, $10; 3d, G. Cutting, Vermont, $30; 4th, P. Gardner, Yates, $20. Best 5 ewes of any age, A. Y. Baker, Steuben, $40; 2d, G. Cutting, Vermont, $30; 3d, Julius Stickney, Vermont, $20; 4th, D. T. Gibbs, Vermont, $10. Best buck 3 years old and upwards, O. Shepard, Steuben, $20; 2d, Daniel Gray, Steuben, $15; 3d, Chas. D Champlin, Steuben, $10. Best buck 2 years old, Julius Stickney, Vermont, $20; 2d, W. T. Remer, Yates, $15; 3d, Joshua Rapalee, Yates, $10 Best buck one year old, G. Cutting, Vermont, $20; 2d, A. Y. Baker, Steuben, $15; 3d, J. Stickney, Vermont, $10.—Best 5 ewes 2 years old, O. Shepard, Steuben, $20; 2d, G. Cutting, Vermont, $15; 3d, D. T. Gibbs, Vermont, $10.—Best 5 ewes one year old, J. C. Taft, Ontario, $20; 2d, C D. Champlin, Steuben, $15; 3d, C. N. Ackerson, Steuben $10. Best 5 fine wooled ewes, with lambs, O. Shepard Steuben, $20.

LONG WOOLED SHEEP.—Best buck of any age, George Miller, Canada West, $20; 2d, do. do., $15; 3d, D. S. Peck, Yates, $10. Best 5 ewes of any age, George Miller, Canada West, $20; 2d, D. S. Peck, Yates, $15; 3d, J. H. Lapham, Yates, $10. Best buck of any age, first premium, George Miller, Markham, Canada West.

The Sheep Shearing, on the last day of the Exhibition, resulted as follows:

Julius Stickney,	2	year old	buck—	Fleece	11 lbs.;	carcass	82 lbs.
J. C. Taft,	1	"	ewe	"	13	"	86
" "	1	"	"	"	12	"	88
" "	1	"	"	"	11½	"	69½
" "	1	"	"	"	13	"	77½
" "	3	"	buck	"	18	"	118
" "	1	"	"	"	11½	"	90
Julius Stickney,	1	"	ewe	"	9	"	43½
" "	1	"	"	"	10	"	61
J. B. Harwood,	3	"	buck	"	22	"	133½
Julius Stickney,	1	"	"	"	10	"	60
A. Y. Baker,	3	"	"	"	13¼	"	91½
Wm. T. Remer,	2	"	"	"	12½	"	96½
G. Cutting,	1	"	"	"	13½	"	77
O. Shepard,	1	"	"	"	9	"	61

BOARD OF OFFICERS ELECTED.

President—Hon. A. B. DICKINSON, Steuben county.—*Vice Presidents*—Silas Hillman, of Livingston Co.; W. Stewart Judd, Yates; H. A. Pendergast, Chautauque; A. Y. Baker, Steuben; Elisha M. Bradley, Ontario; Charles H. Walker, Wyoming; D. D. T. Moore, Monroe; Charles Morrell, Tompkins; William Wilson, Allegany; E. E. Brown, Cayuga; L. F. Allen, Erie; Chester Hammond, Genesee; Hiram McCollum, Niagara; Walter A. Newhead, Wayne; Reed Burritt, Schuyler; John Johnston, Seneca. *Corresponding Secretaries*—C. D. Champlin, Steuben; Wm. D. Dickinson, E. F. Leach, Thos. R. Peck, Ontario; Wm. D. Purring, Wayne; G. Granger, Ontario. *Recording Secretary*—H. T. Brooks, Pearl Creek, Wyoming Co. *Treasurer*—William T. Remer, Yates Co.

NEW WEIGHTS FOR GRAIN.—The late New York Legislature passed an act revising the system of weights for grain. The following is an official copy of the Act passed April 15, 1857:

§ 1. Section thirty-six of title two of chapter nineteen of part first of the Revised Statutes, as amended by chapter three hundred and seventy-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and thirty-six is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

§ 15. Whenever wheat, rye, Indian corn, buckwheat, barley, oats, beans, peas, clover seed, timothy seed, flax seed, or potatoes, shall be sold by the bushel, and no special agreement shall be made by the parties as to the mode of measuring, the bushel shall consist of sixty-two pounds of beans, sixty pounds of wheat, peas, clover seed or potatoes, fifty-eight pounds of Indian corn, fifty-six pounds of rye, fifty-five pounds of flax seed, forty-eight pounds of buckwheat or barley, forty-four pounds of timothy seed, and thirty-two pounds of oats.

§ 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

SENECA CO. HORSE SHOW.—For Premium List, Regulations, &c., of this exhibition—which is to take place at Waterloo, on the 17th, 18th and 19th of June—see special notice on our seventh page. From the location, and known enterprise of the Committee, a fine display of superior animals may be anticipated.

Orchard and Garden.

TREES FOR STREET AND LAWN.

THE planting of ornamental as well as fruit trees calls for the exercise of judgment and good taste. Elms or Maples would be decidedly out of place on a small lawn, as when they had attained one-half their natural size, the whole space would be monopolized by one or two of these giants of the forest. It would be equally foolish to plant the Mountain Ash or Laburnum, or any similar tree on the street or avenue, as it would never attain size sufficient to afford the needed shade, nor are they at all calculated for such an exposed situation.—A tree for the street should be of a large size and symmetrical growth, with large and abundant foliage. It should be of rapid growth, perfectly hardy, and able to endure all such hardships as paved streets, and knocks and scratches, without complaining. We name a few of the best trees for street planting.

The Sugar Maple is one of the very best street trees. It possesses all desirable qualities for such a position, a beautiful, bright, straight trunk, fine head, and full rich foliage. The only objection to it is its slow growth.

The Red Maple and the *Silver Maple*, are both good trees, and grow very rapidly. The foliage is thin, as compared with the Sugar Maple, but their rapid growth makes them desirable and popular.

The *Norway Maple* resembles very much our Sugar Maple, and when young is a more beautiful tree. It grows slow.

The *Horse Chestnut* possesses nearly all the desirable qualities for a street tree. It is clean and healthy, with fine foliage and flowers, and a beautiful round head. It cannot be considered a rapid grower, but is easily transpanted at almost any age, and is in all respects very desirable.

The *American Weeping Elm* is one of the most graceful of American trees. With proper room for its development we know of nothing that equals it for a street tree. It is not suitable for narrow streets and avenues, on account of its spreading and drooping habit.

The *Scotch Elm* is the finest of European Elms. It makes a crooked growth, and therefore, like the American Elm is not suitable for narrow streets.

The *American Linden*, or Basswood, is one of our best street trees. It is easily grown and transplanted, grows freely, and makes a very ornamental street tree.

The *American White Ash* is a noble erect, graceful tree, with beautiful foliage. It grows quite rapidly, and bears transplanting well, even when of large size.

The *Tulip Tree*, which is our common Whitewood, and the *Cucumber Tree* are unsurpassed by any deciduous trees for stateliness of form, glorious green foliage, and beautiful flowers. They are all that we can ask or hope for. Unfortunately, both are very difficult to transplant, especially when of a size large enough for street planting.—For a large lawn or private avenue where they can be transplanted when small, nothing can be more desirable.

The trees for the lawn should be of small size, as our lawns in this country are generally of very limited extent, of beautiful form, and exhibiting as much variety in form, foliage, &c., as possible. They should be perfectly clean, free from insects, and also free from any offensive smell. No tree should be planted that throws up suckers to disfigure the lawn. All will recollect what an excitement was raised against the Ailanthus, because it offended in these respects. The style of the architecture of the house, too, should be considered when planting. A house in the Gothic style, with perpendicular points and lines, requires round-headed trees to relieve it, to smooth its harshness, as well as exhibit it beauties. Any one can imagine how sharp and uncomfortable a Gothic house would look, surrounded with pointed trees, like the Balsam Fir and the Lombardy Poplar. A house in the Italian style with horizontal lines requires pointed trees to relieve it, and afford an agreeable contrast. We often see such houses surrounded with graceful round-headed trees, all appearing very tame and stupid. A few Norway spruces and other pointed trees would change the whole character of the place, and give it a boldness and strength, so that the most casual observer would *feel* the improvement, without, perhaps, being able to account for it.

SUMMER CARE OF TREES.

AT this time young trees will be making a vigorous start, and the cultivator should watch their growth, as they will now show the character they are about to assume. Young branches that are not needed can be pinched off or cut out, and any that seem disposed to make a rampant growth, at the expense of other shoots may be stopped in their progress by pinching off the points. In forming the branches for the frame-work of a tree, an equality of growth should be maintained, and any small twiggy branches that are not needed, should be taken off. The whole strength of the tree will be thus used where it would benefit, and not wasted by growing useless branches to be cut away the next spring.

As the weather becomes warm and dry, if you have not already mulched your young trees, it will be necessary to do it, without further delay, or very likely many will droop, become much injured, and perhaps die outright. If you see signs of flagging in any of your trees, loosen the soil around such, and give them a thorough watering, root and branch. Then cover the surface around the tree with a good coating of coarse manure, and prune quite close, and you will probably save the trees. At all events you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done your duty.

A lady told us last season that she could not make her *Running Roses* climb, as they formed nothing but tall bushes. There are hundreds and thousands of climbing roses in the same situation. The remedy is to cut away all but three or four of the strongest shoots, and permit none but these to grow the first season. Give the plant plenty of manure—liquid manure—manure of almost any kind or description. By this means you can cause your climbing roses to grow to almost any extent desired. We have grown the *Queen of the Prairies* twenty-five feet in one season.

THE DIELYTRA SPECTABALIS.

THE Dielytra Spectabalis is one of the greatest acquisitions that has been to our hardy border plants for many years. It is only some twelve years since this plant was sent from China to England by Mr. FORTUNE, the collector of the London Horticultural Society, and now we find it in all parts of our country where we happen to travel.—Last summer we saw it beautifully blossoming in the gardens on the broad prairies of Illinois, and last week we saw many very fine specimens in the gardens at Hoboken, and other places around New York. It is truly a plant for the people, easily propagated, requiring no extra care or culture, and making the garden brilliant by its very graceful blossoms.

Our engraving shows one raceme of the natural size, and when it is remembered that a large plant will have from twelve to twenty or more flower stalks, each of them with half a dozen or more racemes, from which hang suspended so gracefully the rosy flowers, the beauty of this plant when in perfection, may be imagined, but could hardly be described. To see is to admire them. Mr. BARRY says, "What adds immensely to its value is its entire adaptation to either house or garden culture, and that it requires only the simplest treatment, out doors or in, to ensure perfect success. It is a plant for the million. In the garden it is as easily grown as a common Pæony, requiring no more than a good, deep, rich soil—the richer the better. It is also one of the easiest of plants to multiply—just as easy as a Dahlia. We propagate it exactly in the same way, viz., by cuttings of the young shoots taken off in the spring, and placed on a gentle bottom heat. Plants struck thus, and bedded out as are Verbenas, Petunias, &c., will bloom finely a long time toward the latter part of the season; and by these succeding the plants that are allowed to remain in the ground, it may be had in blossom nearly all summer. It can also be very easily increased by taking up the plants and dividing the roots in spring, before it commences to grow. We feel confident that it will make an excellent window or parlor plant. A large plant put into a pot or box in October, and kept dry the early part of winter in a cool room, where the temperature will be about 48°, or just above freezing, and then brought into a temperate heat about the middle of February or first of March, will in a short time be a beautiful object. We remember seeing in an English journal an account of a plant that measured upwards of thirty feet in circumference and five feet high, with upwards of two hundred perfect spikes of blossoms at once. The shoots are succulent, almost transparent, and attain the height of two or three feet. The leaves are somewhat like those of the Pæony in form, and the flowers are produced on the young shoots in bending racemes, each having from ten to twenty flowers. These are a brilliant rose color, and in form resemble somewhat a small fancy work-bag. The corolla consists of four petals; the two large ones, forming the most showy part of the flower, are compressed and turned backwards at the point, and the two small ones, which project below the others, adhere to each other, and cover the stamens. These latter are whitish. On close examination, the flowers are no less curious and wonderful than they are beautiful.

Mr. Fortune described it as one of the most popular plants in China, cultivated with a passionate fondness by the Chinese mandarins among their rarest and most beautiful plants, and that figures of it in bloom embellish some of their finest china-ware. The Chinese name is '*Hong-pak-Montan-wha*,' or flower of the Montan red and white.—They give it this name on account of the foliage resembling that of the Montan Pæony, and the flowers being red and white. It belongs to the natural order Fumariaceæ—Fumeworts of Lindley's '*Vegetable Kingdom*,' and, as a French writer truly says, is the queen of them all. It has been variously called *Dicentra*, *Dielytra* and *Diclytra*. In England and in this country it is now almost universally written *Dielytra*."

MUSCADINE GRAPE DEFENDED.

MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND MOORE:—We have this day observed in the RURAL of April 18, a lengthy article on the demerits of the Muscadine Grape, signed "Columbia Co." Is it not rather singular that a man who has so much knowledge, and feels so much for the public welfare and safety, against Shaker imposition in selling worthless Grape roots, said by them to be genuine, when they are nothing but a worthless Fox Grape, should be ashamed to write or sign his real name to the document? As for us, we shall make no statements about any person, kind of grape, or society of people, but what we are willing to meet in our own proper names, as our reputation has not yet become very noted (by those best acquainted with our Society,) for selling basswood cucumber seed, wooden nutmegs, Batatas, Shanghais, Sorghum Saccharatum, (Brown Broom Corn Seed,) or any other of the late puffed blow-bubbles, that on trial soon vanish like the multicaulis, as we find full employ to deal in truthful realities instead of fiction. And so far as practicable we have pursued the course in respect to this said Muscadine Grape of letting every person who has eyes and a mouth furnished with tasters of his own, (not borrowed from abroad,) see and taste the wine and fruit, and then make their own decision, whether the Grape is worth the money asked for it, or whether they will have it at all.

Our rule is to buy and prove all these new kinds of fruit for ourselves; then we feel confidence in saying that which we do know, and have proved in our own latitude—further than this we venture not. We bought a yearling Concord Grape of HOVEY, Boston, when first advertised; paid five dollars; have fruited it two seasons along side of the genuine Muscadine; have had committees sent 60 miles to see the two varieties of Grape growing together, and taste their fruit. The Concord has in every instance been rejected and the Muscadine applauded by the strongest evidence of their superiority—by making their sudden transit from the vine into the mouth and tastes, and thence down to the dark chamber of the stomach. We have either been humbugged on the Concord, or it stands no chance in point of flavor or productiveness with the genuine Muscadine. We have again sent this spring to E. W. BULL himself for a genuine Concord, and shall again prove it. We have also the Hudson or Rebecca Grape; have eaten the fruit two years, in its season. With us, it does not yet compare with the genuine Muscadine; hope it will on further trial. Have just got the much-talked-of Child's Seedling—giving five dollars for a root that you can put in a tea cup, and hope it will prove true to its drawing and puff—and several other new kinds, just out. When proven sufficient we shall be able to say what we know of them in our latitude.

All we have said of the genuine Muscadine in our latitude is perfectly true; and many of our good Pittsfield neighbors, who have eaten the fruit for several years, think we have by no means overrated its superiority over any other hardy kinds of grape raised, or attempted to be raised in our section. Our motto is Truth against Error, without any contention, and no backing off the track till we see some evidence of our mistake, but as yet none hath appeared to our view. We have spent much time and money in distributing this remarkable, delicious, early and delicate grape, for all who go by their own tasters to judge for themselves, and intend still to do it more extensively next fall. In this we more than fulfil the Golden Rule, by doing better by others than we expect them to do by us, so far as letting us taste the fruit before we purchase.

Now, much esteemed friend, please give the foregoing an insertion in the columns of your most invaluable paper, not as an advertisement, (for at present we have no more roots to sell,) but as a rejoinder to the communication signed "Columbia Co.," as he is an old personal friend of ours.

Yours, respectfully, J. LEWIS, P. STEWART.

New Lebanon, N. Y., May 20, 1857.

PROSPECTS FOR FRUIT.—At the time of writing (May 25th,) the prospects for fruit are good—never better. Peaches, cherries and plums are in full bloom, and apples will blossom in a few days. Unless we have late frosts fruit will be abundant in Western New York the present season.

TO DESTROY CATERPILLAR'S NESTS IN APPLE TREES.—For the benefit of the readers of the RURAL, I will give you my method of destroying the nests of the caterpillar in my orchard. I have just examined my trees and annihilated every nest, and my boys like the fun. I take a lump of lime, and slack it in a pail, making a paste about as thick as is used by masons in plastering. I then tie some rags to the end of a pole for a swab, and dipping this into the lime-paste, commence the work of tearing to pieces and bringing down the nests with the swab. They stick to the lime, and, are generally, very easily brought down, but I am not very particular about this, if they are only torn to pieces and covered with lime, as this effectually destroys the insects, not one escaping. I find this a very speedy and *certain* remedy.—MARTIN ROBERTS, *Henrietta, N. Y.*

REMARKS.—We think well of this plan, and we hope those who have not yet searched their orchards for the caterpillar will do so at once. An hour at this work will prevent vexation and loss.

THE RURAL—CELERY, &c.

I FEEL much gratified, and profited by your excellent articles on the kitchen garden, flower garden, and small fruits. I think them worth *many times* your subscription price, and hope you may long be prospered in publishing so valuable, and practical a journal, and that it may become more, and more widely circulated throughout our glorious country, *as it well deserves to be.* Long life to the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

Will you please to communicate through your paper, to myself and many of your readers, the proper method of preparing *Celery* for the table? Also how to cultivate, and prepare for the table—*Broccoli?* Can *Mushrooms* be cultivated, and how?—A FARMER'S WIFE, *Kalamazoo Co., Mich.*, 1857.

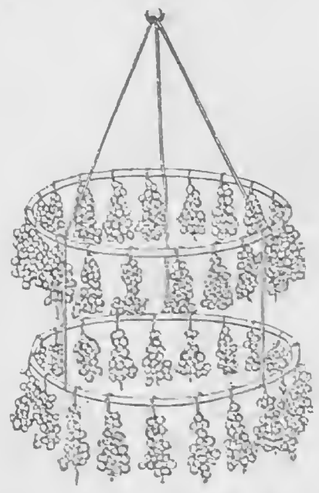
REMARKS.—As the preparation of Celery and Broccoli for the table, belongs more properly to the ladies than the gardener, we hope some of our lady readers will give us a few suggestions on this subject. If celery is properly grown there is very little difficulty in cleaning it. After this it should be arranged in celery glasses in such a way as to be ornamental. A portion of the green leaf should be preserved, and the glass filled with water.—Broccoli is boiled like cabbage. Care is necessary that the head is not broken. It is generally served up with "drawn butter." *Mushrooms* are produced from seed, which are so small as to be invisible to the naked eye. These seeds are scattered over the hay and grass eaten by animals, and pass through them uninjured in their vegetating properties.—When the manure heap is in the proper condition these seeds grow, and exhibit a white fibrous substance, like broken threads, running through the whole mass. This is called "*spawn.*"—When this is shown in the manure, select a dry situation, and make a bed by laying down lightly about six inches of manure (horse manure is best,) as dry as possible, and covering it with about two inches of sandy mold, after the manure has been exposed to the air for a few days so as to become dry, and prevent fermentation. It would be well to dry it under cover, when convenient. Then give another six inches of manure and two inches of earth, as before, on top of the other layer.—Round the bed a little so that the water will run off, and the work is done. We have generally obtained all the mushrooms we wanted for family use from our Asparagus bed. An Asparagus bed that is made with horse manure, and receives a heavy dressing every spring, will yield a good many mushroons.

The Young Ruralist.

GRAPES AND WINE.

EDS. RURAL:—I am a "farmer's boy;" I rejoice in the fact. Certainly I never found more enjoyment and comfort, than I do in my present occupation. I am also a constant reader of the RURAL, and I deem it a privilege,—after your special regard for the Young Ruralist,—to ask through the columns of your valuable paper, some information respecting the culture of the grape. I wish to engage in the "wine business," and would desire to be informed as to the soil, management, &c., it requires. Can you, or any of your subscribers, give me information as to the above? Please let me know in our next paper, some experience as to this matter.—EDDY R., *Penfield, N. Y.*

REMARKS.—Almost any soil if drained will do for the vines; but if poor it must be very liberally manured, and few soils are naturally rich enough, for growing a good crop of grapes. In the "*Garden and Orchard*" department of the RURAL the present year you will find all the information you need about grape culture. In Cincinnati, where the Catawba is principally grown for wine, the system of pruning and training is different, and very similar to that practiced in the wine-growing districts of Europe. In a future number we will explain this method, as well as the process of making wine. —— While we are on this subject we may as well answer an inquiry whether grapes will keep fresh, and the best methods of preserving them With proper care grapes may be kept near through the winter. The bunches to be



saved should be examined, and all unripe and bruised berries removed. Then lay them carefully in layers in a box or basket, placing a piece of cotton between each layer. We have saved them very well by merely putting paper between each layer. Another plan is to suspend them on hoops, as shown in the engraving above. There are few fruits more easily kept or more delicious than grapes. It is no bad thing, boys, to have a plate of fine bunches passed around of a winter's evening, as we hope many of you have good reason to know.

AN INQUIRY.—I should like to ask another question if you have no objection. A few years ago, there was a good deal said about grafting, or budding fruit upon forest trees. Do you know whether it ever amounted to anything or not? An answer would much oblige—C. M. H. H., *Le Roy, N. Y.*

REMARKS.—This is one of those humbugs that occasionally seem to float to the surface, cause an excitement, and sink again. We hope our young friends will study the principles of vegetable physiology, so that they will not be deceived by any such unreasonable stories.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

SAFETY FRICTION MATCHES.

A RECENT English invention consists of matches made of sulphur and nitre only, without any phosphorus, while the phosphorus is applied to the sand paper, with which the matches are ignited. In order to render the matches water-proof, the following composition is used:—"Six grains of colophorium are boiled in four grains of spirits of turpentine, and allowed to cool. In a retort, are separately heated to about one hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit, eight ounces of water, twelve grains of red-lead, zinc-white, or some other like color, and one grain of phosphorus—the whole is well stirred, and when removed from the fire the stirring is continued until it is cool; the water is then separated, and the residuum is mixed with the resinous mass,—this mixture being sufficient for five hundred matches. The wooden splints for matches are manufactured with great rapidity, by means of a machine or apparatus having a perforated metallic plate, with a steel face, strengthened by a bell-metal back; the size of the perforations depends on that of the desired splints, and are as close together as possible, that there may be a very small blank space between them, otherwise the plate would afford too great resistance to the passage of the wood. By this construction the whole area of the block of wood may be compressed laterally into the countersunk openings, and forced through the holes, which are slightly countersunk to favor the entrance and separation of the wooden fibres.

MANUFACTURE OF GOLD COIN.

IN alloying and casting gold into "standard ingots," at the Mint, an alloy is used which consists of silver and copper, and is in the proportion of one-tenth of the entire mass, namely:—In a given weight of 1000 ounces of gold and alloy, 900 are pure gold, and 100 alloy—of which alloy, one-tenth part is silver, and nine-tenths copper. These standard ingots are then assayed, to determine their correctness; and are next subjected to the annealing process, that, is, tempering them by heat, so as to harden them. The ingots, thus annealed, are rolled out, and cut into different sizes, according to the denomination of the coin wanted. These pieces, called "planchets," are first cleaned, and then put into the hands of the adjusters, who weigh each piece separately. Those which are too heavy are filed down to the proper weight; and such as are too light, being rejected, have to be re-melted. The pieces thus adjusted, are passed to the coining-room to be "milled," which consists in forming the rims. The pieces having been milled, are put into a tube connected with the press, the movements of which, regulated by steam power, force the pieces into the proper position for receiving the impressions on both the upper and lower sides, as well as the indentations on the rims, all being done by one blow of the press.

PRESERVATION OF WOOD.

ONE of the most ingenious processes for the chemical preservation of wood is that of impregnating wood throughout with oil of tar and other bituminous matters containing creosote, and pyrolignite of iron, which holds more creosote in solution than any other watery menstruum. The wood is put into a close iron tank, like a high pressure steam boiler, which is then closed and filled with the tar oil or pyrolignite; the air is then exhausted by air pumps, and afterward more oil or pyrolignite is poured in by hydrostatic pumps, until a pressure equal to from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds to the inch is obtained.—This pressure is kept up by the frequent working of the pumps during six or seven hours, whereby the wood becomes thoroughly saturated with the tar oil, or the pyrolignite of iron, and will be found to weigh from ten to twelve pounds per cube foot heavier than before. The effect produced is that of perfectly coagulating the albumen in the sap, thus preventing its putrefaction. And the atmospheric action on wood thus prepared renders it tougher and infinitely stronger.

APPLICATION OF ELECTRICITY TO THE MOVEMENTS OF MACHINERY.—The following important piece of information is from Paris:—"On the invitation and under the auspices of the Emperor of the French, Mr. Thomas Allan, of London, has come over here to exhibit to a scientific commission, appointed by the Emperor, an electro-magnetic engine of Mr. Allan's invention which solves, I am assured, the difficult problem of the application of electricity to the movements of machinery. Mr. Allan has received every encouragement from his Majesty, and every facility from the Government officials. His engines are now at work at the engine manufactory of M. Cail, whither scientific men, anxious to test this new motive power, are flocking to witness these experiments. Napoleon I. was greatly interested in this scientific problem, and the present Emperor is not less so, and is, I hear, about to order a practical application, as an experiment, to a locomotive engine."

POTATO-DIGGING BY MACHINERY.—Every one who has dug potatoes, and felt the back-breaking, head-aching trials which accompany the tedious process, will feel a bound of pleasure on learning that Yankee ingenuity promises to supersede by machinery the afflictive labor of gathering this important harvest. A gentleman of Roxbury, Mass., has patented a simple contrivance for the purpose, which an agricultural house in Utica, N. Y., is about to carry into practical use. It is a plow-shaped machine, with a double set of revolving metal fingers, which take up the favorite fruit, winnow them from the earth, and depositing them in baskets hung on each side, or in a couple of rows upon the earth. With a pair of horses, a man, it is calculated, can dig from six to ten acres per day. We shall watch with curiosity the results of a trial of this very useful invention. It will work a very important revolution in potato raising.—*Boston Traveler.*

M. PIMONT, of Rouen, France, has patented a simple method of restoring old steel pens, simply by raising them to a red heat, and afterwards cleansing them with soap and sand.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SPRING.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

Out in the greenwood bowers,
Painting the beautiful flowers,
With delicate, fairy fingers;
Out where the zephyr whispers
Softly as evening vespers,
Spring with her warm breath lingers.

Out where the wild birds are singing,
Out where the forests are ringing
With the new joy that's awaking;
Out where the green buds are peeping,
Out where the waters are leaping,
Young Spring is her toilet making.

Out where the lambkins are playing,
Out where the children are Maying,
Thoughtless of future sadness;
Out in the beautiful moon-light,
Out in the glorious sun-light,
Wakens she life and gladness.

Out where the dew-drops are glist'ning,
Out where the maidens are list'ning
To her melodious voices;
Out where the insects are humming,
Out where the partridge is drumming,
Spring in her bridal rejoices.

Out where the wild-deer is bounding,
Out where the bugle is sounding,
Making the mountains ring;
Out where the owl is hiding,
Out where the serpent is gliding,
She's spurning, the beautiful Spring.

Out where the plowman is plowing,
Out where the sower is sowing
Seeds in the genial soil,
There with her sweet beguiling,
There with her joyous smiling,
She's blessing the sons of toil.

Blessings upon *thee*, maiden,
Who cometh so heavily laden
With gifts from our Father above!
Bear back to the courts Elysian
Our thanks for thy beautiful mission,
Thanks for our Father's love.

Grandville, Mich., 1857.

A MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"First our flowers die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears,—and when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too."

I WAS very young, scarcely beyond the verge of infancy, the last and most helpless of the three little girls who were gathered around my poor mother's death-bed. When I look on the chain of my varied existence—that woof of gold and iron woven so strangely together—the remembrance of that young being who perished so early and so gently from the bosom of her family, forms the first sad link which ever gives forth a thrill of funeral music when my heart turns to it—music which becomes more deep-toned and solemn as that chain is strengthened by thought, and bound together by the events of successive years. The first human being that I can remember was my mother, moving languidly about her home, with the paleness of disease sitting upon her beautiful features, and a deep crimson spot burning with painful brightness on either cheek. I remember that her steps became unsteady, and her voice fainter and more gentle day by day, till at last she sank to her bed, and we were called upon to witness her spirit go forth to the presence of Jehovah. They took me to her couch, and told me to look upon my mother before she died. Their words had no meaning to me then, but the whisper in which they were spoken thrilled painfully through my infant heart, and I felt that something very terrible was about to happen.—Pale, troubled faces were around that death-pillow—stern men, with sad, heavy eyes—women overwhelmed with tears and sympathy—and children, that huddled together, shuddering and weeping, they knew not wherefore.

Filled with wonder and awe, I crept to my mother, and burying my brow in the mass of rich brown hair that floated over her pillow, heavy with the damp of death, but still lustrous in spite of disease, I trembled and sobbed without knowing why, save that all around me was full of grief and lamentation. She murmured and placed her hand upon my head. My little heart swelled, but I lay motionless and filled with awe. Her lips moved, and a voice, tremulous and very low, came faintly over them. These words, broken and sweet as they were, left the first dear impression that ever remained on my memory—"Lead her not into temptation, but deliver her from evil." This was my mother's last prayer! In that imperfect sentence her gentle voice went out forever. Young as I was, that prayer had entered my heart with a solemn strength.

I raised my head from its resting-place, and gazed awe-stricken upon the face of my mother.—Oh, how an hour had changed it. The crimson flush was quenched on her cheeks, a moisture lay upon her forehead, and the gray mysterious shadows of death were stealing over her thin features, yet her lips still moved, and her deep blue eyes were bent on me, surcharged with spiritual brightness, as if they would have left one of their vivid unearthly rays as the seal of the death-bed covenant. Slowly as sunbeams pale at nightfall from the leaves of a flower, went out the starlight fire of her eyes; a mist came over them, softly as the dew might fall upon that flower, and she was dead! Even then I knew not the meaning of the solemn change I had witnessed; but when they bore me forth from my mother's death-bed, my heart was filled with fear and misgiving.

All were overwhelmed with the weight of their own sorrow, and I was premitted to wander around my solitary home unchecked and forgotten. I stood wondering by as they shrouded my mother, and smoothed the long hair over her pale forehead. Silently I watched them spread the winding-sheet, and fold those small pale hands over her bosom; but when they closed the blinds and went forth, my little heart swelled with a sense of unkindness in shutting out the sunshine, and the sweet summer air which had so often called a smile to her pale lips, when it came to her bed fragrant from the rose thickets, and the white clover field which lay beneath the windows they had so cruelly darkened. The gloom of the death-chamber made me very sorrowful, but I went to the bed, turned down the linen, and laid my hand caressingly on the pale face which lay so white and motionless in the dim light. It was cold as ice. I drew back affrighted, and stealing from the room, sat down alone, wondering and full of dread.

They buried her beneath a lofty tree on the high bank of a river. A waterfall raises its anthem near, and the sunset flings his last golden shadows among the long grass that shelters her.—I remember it all—the grave with the newly-broken sod—the coffin placed on its brink—the clergyman with his black surplice sweeping the earth, and the concourse of neighbors gathered around that grave, each lifting his hat reverently as the solemn hymn swelled on the air, answered by the lofty anthems surging up from the waterfall, and the breeze rustling through the dense boughs of that gloomy tree. Then came the grating of the coffin as it was lowered into its narrow bed, the dull, hollow sound of the falling earth, and those most solemn words of "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes." With mournful distinctness were all these things impressed on my young mind; but my mother's last prayer is written more forcibly than all in characters that deepen with maturity. It has lingered about my heart, a blessing and a safeguard, pervading it with a music that cannot die. Many times when the heedlessness of youth would have led me into error, has that sweet voice, now hushed forever, intermingled with my thoughts, and like the rosy links of a fairy chain, drawn me from my purpose.

Oft when my brow has been wreathed with flowers for the festival, when my cheek has been flushed, and my eyes have sparkled with anticipated pleasure, have I caught the reflection of those eyes in the mirror, and thought of the look which rested upon me when my mother died—that broken supplication to Heaven has come back to my memory; the clustering roses have been torn from my head; sad and gentle memories have drank the unnatural glow from my cheeks, and my thoughts have been carried back to my lost parent, and from her up to the heaven she inhabits. The festival, with all of its attractions, has been lost in gentle reflections, and I have been "delivered from temptation." Again, when the sparkling wine cup has almost bathed my lips, amid merriment and smiles and music, has the last sad prayer of my mother seemed to be mingled with its ruby contents, and I have put away the goblet that "I might not be led into temptation." When my hand has rested in that of the dishonorable, and trembled at the touch of him who says in his heart there is no God, as that voice seemed to flow from his luring accents. I have listened to it and fled as from the serpent of my native forests.

Again and again, when the throbbings of ambition have almost filled my soul, and the praises of my fellow-men have become a precious incense, the still voice of my mother's prayer has trembled over each heart-string, and kindled it to a more healthy music. In infancy, youth, and womanhood, that prayer has been to me a holy remembrance—a sweet thought full of melody, not the less beautiful that there is sadness in it.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE SPIRIT OF WINTER.

LONG ago came the chilling frosts and checked the life-current in the last lovely flowers, and gave the forests their iris hues of glory. Later came the Winter Spirit sweeping these rustling autumn garments from the trees, and covering every trace of grass and flowerets with its robe of ice and snow. It walked upon the mountains and drew down the clouds upon their crests. It looked out upon the earth, and wherever its glance rested the streams stopped their coursing, the lakes hid beneath their icy coverings, and hushed were the myriad glad voices of nature. The chill Spirit turned its eyes up to the sky; the fleecy clouds gathered in dark, heavy masses and swept athwart the portentous heavens. But ah! when it had set its frost seal on nature it sped not back to its covert abode, but crossed the very threshhold of Poverty, and sat within. How sadly the inmates of that dwelling strove to smile back to its freezing glances. Poor ones, there was enough to endure without this. The fingers that before were weary with toil, now stiffened with cold. The food that was dearly earned before, could no longer be bought, for there was no money to buy. Starvation came.

Many days we saw the rivulets bound, and the branches drooping with their burthen of snow.—Many nights we heard the fierce winds soaring around us. But caught we there the pleading cry for food? stood we beside the suffering, dying ones with kindly hands ministering to them? Or, if we could not be near them, did we pity them? did we weep for them? If so the Good Angel hath written it; God hath told it to the weary and they have blessed us for our sympathy. If it is not thus, and never has been given to them a thought of ours, is it well? Is it well that a soul should have suffered without the blessing of our pity? O, no! and many of us could do more, we could ourselves enter the lowly dwellings or send kind messengers before whose gentle smiles the Winter Spirit would pass away, and only sit without.

There are *two* chill, wintry Spirits—one has just passed from earth, the other still lingers over *souls*. Long ago—even on the first mornings after creation, came autumn shadows; young flowers of truth withered; mournfully died out the melodies of tuneful hearts, and lowering clouds hung above. Still darker grew the skies, drearer the blasts, and sin cast its icy fetters upon the soul of man. Yea, it even entered in and shut out good.

But as in autumn, or in winter, often comes a glorious day with glowing sunset—so came a time to fallen mortals, and a Holy One walked the earth with men. Suffering ones were healed, peace was given to the weary. The day of his pilgrimage was beautiful, and the glory of its sunset lingers yet. But we know there have been wild storms since that time of beauty. Guilt has been with us and polluted the sacred altars of the heart, consecrated by the impress of the Divine Image. It has draped all things in darkness till the sinful think there is no light. It has frozen up life's gushing fountains, and hushed the words of mercy. Now *souls are starving*. Is this well? O, no! Spirit put on thy mantle of faith—go laden with kind thoughts and spotless deeds—give to the needy—closely fold thy robe of love about them, that they may not perish. For as passes the Winter Spirit from the earth at the coming of gladsome sunshine, so will pass the Winter Spirit from the heart where entereth the Angel of Truth.

Staat's Grove, Ill., 1857. E. E.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEORGIE.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

CAROLLING with every bright bird,
Which a moment hovered nigh,
Blooming with the opening flowers,
Glancing with the butterfly,
In its wandering path of beauty,
Through the long bright summer days,
Little GEORGIE lived in sunshine,
Happy with his harmless plays.

But a sudden chill crept o'er him,
Winter's breath, at Summer's noon,
Stilling all life's gushing waters,
Frozen at their fount so soon;
Hushed the tireless song of gladness,
Hushed the foot fall on the floor,
And his laugh of ringing music
Fell upon the ear no more.

In the church-yard on the hill-side,
Where his kindred dust was laid,
There the sod is freshly parted,
And a little grave is made;
With his small hands folded softly,
With the death-damps on his brow,
'Mid the violets and the roses,
Sweetly sleeps our GEORGIE now.

Sleeps he there? Ah! no! but waking,
For the first, to glorious life,
Freed from mortal sin and sorrow,
Freed from earthly care and strife,
Where no cloud the sunlight dimmeth,
Far above the flowery sod,
Soars and sings his sinless spirit,
In the Paradise of GOD.

Independence, N. Y., May, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE MAN OF THOUGHT.

THE mission of the Man of Thought is truly a mighty one, for he teaches the lesson of Progression. Such is the arrangement of things that immobility is impossible,—that is, the world must either progress or retrograde. But primeval principles war continually with retrogression and impel to progress; hence we come to regard the life of the Man of Thought as a part of Nature itself,—for what is life but a continued effort to attain a position beyond that which he momentarily occupies? It is a continued evolution and utterance of newly discovered Truths,—of Original Ideas,—not original in *essence*, but in combination. It is a continued climbing of the "topless pinnacle of Thought."

Man, it is said, is the creature of circumstances; but, however true it may be of the *many*, the *few*, the Men of Thought, are exceptions. Though their life should be one continued struggle with an adverse destiny, they will, ÆNEAS like, crush every opposing obstacle back into nothingness, and like him, finally hail with joy the shores of their Latium. Indeed, those circumstances with which contention is declared useless, may be requisite to the development of their power. As the flint evolves the spark only by collision with the steel, so it may be that the adversities of the Man of Thought may be requisite to the success of his mission. We know not how far we are indebted to the mendicity of HOMER for the *Iliad*; to BURNS' obscurity for the genius of his writings; or to the misfortunes of Lord BACON for the *Novum Organum*. Wherever adversity arrays its mightiest forces, there we behold the Genius of Thought illuminating the intellectual and moral world with its brightest scintillations. In the Man of Thought then, he in whose life and actions are seen,

"The baby figures of the giant mass
Of things to come at large,"

we discover a power which is alone invincible, which is alone the mightiest of the mighty.—He is mighty, because Thought, which is the essence and spirit of all Heroisms,—even of such Heroisms as those of MAHOMET, LUTHER, NAPOLEON and of WASHINGTON,—is with him an etherial, all-pervading principle, overcoming his sensual, and acting in unison with his spiritual nature. Other Heroisms have failed their devotees, because this great principle was counterpoised by others less worthy, and are now numbered with the relics of barbarous ages. But while history tells only of mutations among these, on every wayside pillar are inscribed the victories and triumphs of Thought.

The influence of the Man of Thought is of a kind that "fadeth not away," for it is the foundation of government. Laws and principles are of none effect in government, except as they are preceded by the influence of Knowledge and Truth on the mind. Bring the mind in contact with correct ideas, with Truths, and it has a law; not one changeable and mutable, but as unchanging as Eternity. Thus it ever has been and ever will be. The life of the man who thinks and gives utterance to his thought, ends not with his physical existence, but goeth on, increasing and yet expanding in power and influence through unmeasured time. He in whom lives and acts the power to

"Read creation, read its mighty laws,
The plan and execution to collate"—

he it is who in the past, the present and the future sways the sceptre of sovereignty over the generations of earth; he, only, is the mightiest of the mighty. T. D. TOOKER.

Adrian, Mich., 1857.

THE LAW OF THE FINGER-RING.—If a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if he is engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and on the fourth, if he never intends to get married. When a lady is not engaged, she wears a diamond ring on her first finger; if engaged, on the second; if married, on the third; and on the fourth if she intends to be a maid. When a gentleman presents a ian, a flower, or trinkets to a lady with the left hand, this, on his part, is an overture of regard; should she receive with the left hand, it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem; but if with the right hand, it is a refusal of the offer. Thus by a few simple tokens, explained by rule, the passion of love is expressed.

UNBOUNDED modesty is nothing more than unavowed vanity; the too humble obeisance is some times a disguised impertinence.

WHAT PEOPLE LIVE LONGEST.

THERE appears to be a wide difference of opinion between some of our contemporaries in regard to this subject. We copy some of their remarks:

The Americans are the longest lived people, notwithstanding all the humbug about the great age to which the English live, their superior stamina, &c. And the longest lived of Americans are to be found here, in this very New England, although such a mess of stuff is said about the Yankees working themselves to death, being half starved, and depriving themselves of the enjoyments of life, thus tending to abbreviate it; and despite the arguments which are based upon the changeabilities of the climate, the east wind, and all that.—These are but windy arguments. Statistics tell a different story.—*Boston Daily Ledger.*

Americans are not the longest lived people, and we much mistake if we are destined to be a long lived nation, even! The Irish, of whom the writer of this article claims to be a descendant, are the longest lived; but we don't know whether to attribute it to their climate or the simple diet to which their general poverty confines them.—*Charleston (S. C.) Mercury.*

You should have confined yourself, Mr. Mercury, before you delivered that sapient opinion. Humboldt has placed it beyond a doubt that the mountaineers of Peru can contest the palm with death longer than anybody else.—*N. O. Picayune.*

That's a lie. Humboldt says no such thing anywhere.—*New York Evangelist.*

Keep cool, gentlemen, or none of you will be long lived. We believe the greatest age of man to be contained by the Hindostanees, and refer the curious in such matters to Buffon's interesting account of the people.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Our American friends are having a dispute as to what people present the most numerous instances of advanced age in man. Cold regions we believe to be the most favorable to the prolongation of life, but we have nothing to disprove that the Dutch live longer than any other race—too long for their own good, perhaps.—*London Times.*

The London Times has been having a fling at the Dutch, referring to the great age to which some of the Mynheers attain, though nothing is mentioned about old Rip Van Winkle. The Times is famous for wholesale slurs upon nations, though just now it has not a word to say against its dear neighbor, France. If we were asked who lived the "longest" of all people, we should say the Patagonians, for numbers of them stand full eight feet high.—*Boston Post.*

The Boston Post thinks the Patagonians live the longest of all mankind. That may be; but it is certain the inhabitants of the Himmaleh Mountains live the highest.—*Boston Herold.*

That may be, too, neighbor; but a still surer thing is, whether the Yankees live the longest or not, they are destined to live the broadest, for eventually their institutions will spread throughout the earth.—*Parlor Casket.*

CHINESE MARRIAGE LAWS.

THE Celestial regulations concerning marriage are very strict. It is forbidden to marry during "the period set for mourning" the death of a father or mother. It is forbidden to marry a person bearing the same name, or one guilty of crime, or a musician, or an actor, or a widow whose former husband has distinguished himself. The inevitable bamboo is the punishment for transgressions of these laws. Parties safely married, who cannot agree together, may separate. Divorces are also granted for the following causes:—sterility, immorality, contempt of the husband's father or mother, propensity to slander or theft, a jealous temper, or habitual ill health. A man is allowed to have but one wife by law, and the law punishes him with eighty blows of the bamboo for every additional wife he brings home. The secondary wives—of whom there are a great plenty—have no rights whatever. The children of the legitimate wife wear no mourning for them at their death.—But if they should omit the mourning dress upon the demise of their own mother, the inevitable bamboo would be administered. The Chinaman takes care to use all the liberty left him by the innumerable laws. His legitimate wife he dare not put away except for causes specified above. His additional wives the law does not recognize, and he therefore treats them as he pleases.

HAPPINESS OF WORKING MEN.—The situation or social position of the poor—and by that word we mean the laboring population—is by no means so deficient in the means of happiness and comfort as many are led to believe. "The mechanics," says Lord Byron, "and working classes who can maintain their families, are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness; but it is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of the higher orders." A popular author says, "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his health and faculties, going forth in a morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night."—*Law Magazine.*

TRUE GREATNESS.—It is by what we ourselves have done, and not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is thought that has aroused the intellect from its slumbers, which has "given lustre to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed the soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that we hold communion with Shakspeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce.—*Dr. Wayland.*

GENIUS AND THE DOMESTIC TIES.—Moore laid it down as a rule that genius and domestic happiness were incompatible with, and excluded, each other. One day, when he asked in Wadsworth's presence, if such was not necessarily the case, the grave Poet of the Lakes, replied,—"Men do not make their homes unhappy because they have genius, but because they have not enough genius; a mind and sentiments of a higher order would render them capable of seeing and feeling all the beauty of domestic ties."

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.--ATHLETIC EXERCISES.

WE are glad to see the youths of Harvard beginning again their rowing matches. The smooth surface of the silver winding river Charles is now frequently dotted with their long, light clippers, crawling over the water with their six oars, like so many six-legged caterpillars. Hardly any out-of-door exercise is more attractive and beneficial to men than this. The fresh exhilaration of the free air and pleasant scenes through which the rowers on a river glide, are worth a cart-load of health "Panacess." It would be well if the youth of our city took more advantage of our water facilities for pleasant exercise. The 4th of July regattas have turned the attention of some to it, and if it could be much increased, the river Charles might become a fountain of life, giving vigor to our worn, hard-thinking brains.

In England, the Thames is dotted with the "four oars," and "six oars" and the "pair of oars," as on fine evenings they skim the stream, cheered by the smile of beauty and hurrahs of the interested spectators.

But rowing is only one of the means of physical education at the disposal of Bostonians. Our glorious park of forty acres—that undulating "Common," those towering trees, through whose tracery you catch frequent beams from that western horizon which "opes to the sunset a gateway of gold"—this broad surface invites the early morning game of ball, or the twilight game of ball, or the twilight game of cricket. Football used to be, when *we* were boys together, a grand stimulant to all the powers of masculine development; and if blackened shins and bruised heads sometimes broke the harmony of the sport, 'twas but a moment, and the glorious game rolled on.

Mr. Webster once said of an eminent Bostonian, who is still living, that "It was a prodigious pity he had no single taste, whose gratification would take him out of his hot-air library into the open air." Webster's own massive mental ware could never have been manufactured except by a sound mind in a sound body, "mens sana in corpore sano." There has been some discussion lately about his using tobacco. He used it, but only for a very short season. But what he did use permanently, as is well known, was out-of-door exercise in every form. Even horseback riding, which was not peculiarly favorable to his habit of body, was nevertheless quite a favorite exercise with him, even till an advanced period of life. Another of our Massachusetts great men, John Quincy Adams, used to take very long walks before breakfast, when he was in Congress, and in the dead of winter would have the ice of the Potomac cut to enjoy his daily river bath.

Frederick the Great, used to declare that "nature evidently intended mankind for postillions," because she had made exercise so indispensable to the race, but her only mistake was, that she had not arranged to have men born on horseback.

It was doubtless one very great cause of the intellectual and martial supremacy of the classic republics, that they were composed of physically vigorous citizens. Everybody was athletic; everybody wrestled, or ran, or boxed. The Olympic stadium, and the Campus Martius fed the life-springs of their respective States. There was no beauty which was not well developed and vigorous. It was as much a part of the daily routine for the youth to put their muscles into mimic battle, as it is with us to put our teeth in play at dinner.

We, as a people, are said to be degenerating in physique. There is still, however, much difference in bodily proportions and development in favor of Bostonians, as against New Yorkers.—We trust the difference may be increased, and that the Atheus of America may be Athenian in the rugged and healthy statue of its children, no less than in the careful culture of their minds.—*Boston Traveller.*

MORAL COURAGE.

SIDNEY SMITH, in his work on Moral Philosophy, speaks in this wise of what man loses for want of a little moral courage, or independence of mind:—"A great deal of talent is lost in the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making the first effort, and who, if they could be induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as you can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating takes, and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterwards; but at present a man waits and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends that he has no more time to follow their advice."

THE UNIVERSE.—Suppose the earth to be a ball of one foot in diameter. On that scale of proportion the sun would be one hundred feet in diameter, and moon three inches. The sun would be two miles from us, the moon thirty feet—Jupiter ten miles from the sun, and Herschel forty. The highest mountains on the face of the earth would be one-eighteenth of an inch in height. Man would be an imperceptible atom.

EMULATION.—The principle of emulation is carried much too far in modern education. Many men are absolutely killed by it at the universities, and many more injure their constitutions irreparably. The habit to be encouraged is that of placid diligence. What is thus healthily acquired is retained, whereas the cramming system hurts the digestion.—*Southey's Letters.*

BEAUTY.—The standards of beauty in woman vary with those of taste. Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; and Aristotle affirmed that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world.

The Traveler.

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Europe, Afoot and Alone.--New Series.

LETTER XI.—ENGLAND.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

I WALKED on over the plain and approached the wonderful ruins of Stonehenge. They consist of enormous blocks of stone, which, when the work was perfect, formed two circles. The columns stood a few feet apart, and were connected at the top by cross beams of stone. Some are now fallen and broken, but many stand firm as when first placed in their position. It is supposed to be the work of the ancient Britons, and it was probably one of their temples. But what most excites astonishment is the great magnitude of the stones, and the distance from which they must have been brought; for that kind of stone is not found anywhere on the plain, nor within the distance of many miles. Some of those that are standing I judged to be about thirty feet long, eight feet wide, and four feet thick. A few shepherds were loitering among them, watching their flocks which were grazing around. Within sight are several large mounds, also of unknown origin. The sky was overcast with thick clouds, and occasionally a dash of rain came down upon me while I walked to Salisbury. When within three miles of the town, I ascended a hill, and as I gained the top saw the spire of its famous cathedral. It is over four hundred feet high. The cathedral is one of the finest in England. It stands in the center of a green, and the turf grows close to the base of the walls. It is grey and venerable in appearance, but seems perfect and no part is in a ruinous condition. There are no repairs being made, and consequently the effect of the edifice is not marred, as in many cathedrals, by scaffolding.

I entered the town and hastened to the Post Office, where I found my first letters from home, and also one from E——, who was in London. My pedestrian wanderings in England were finished. The next morning I entered the cars, and before night was again in the midst of the noise and confusion, and the endless throng of human life that fills the streets of the great metropolis. It was the 25th of July. Not quite two months before I had set out alone with my knapsack and staff in the opposite direction from which I now entered London.

I called on a gentleman to whom I had letters of introduction, and he kindly spent some time with me in looking about the city. We took our way down the Strand and Whitehall, past the Horse Guards, to the Houses of Parliament. Near what used to be the palace of Whitehall stands a statue of James the Second, which was erected in the reign of that monarch. He points mournfully with one hand to a spot but a few paces distant, where it is said his father was beheaded. We waited awhile at one of the entrances for the House of Lords to adjourn, when we had the privilege of looking with republican eyes upon some of the live nobility of England, and afterwards under the escort of policemen, we went through the building. When the doors are open the Speaker of the House of Commons can see the throne in the House of Lords at the other end of the edifice. The seats for the members are not exceedingly comfortable, being nothing more than cushioned benches. The adverse parties occupy separate sides of the house, but the members have no particular seats. If one, however, expecting to speak, wishes to retain a favorable place, he leaves his card in it, and it is reserved for him. On our way out we passed through Westminster Hall, which is the largest room in Europe where the roof is unsupported by pillars. It is said that ten thousand persons have feasted in it at once.

Right across the street from the Houses of Parliament stands Westminster Abbey. "Come," said I to my companion, "let us go into the Abbey. I must stand once more, before I leave, by the tombs of your great men." "I have never been in it," he remarked. "You have never been in it," I replied in astonishment; "pray, how long have you lived in London?" "Forty years, but I knew that it was within my reach any time, so I have deferred visiting it till now." "Well, come with me," I answered, "and I will show you Westminster Abbey."

I observed some of the shops had signs which represented them as supplying the Queen with articles in their line of business, and I was amused at the pains the proprietors took to inform the public that they were trunk-makers, haberdashers, or grocers to Her Majesty. I had noticed the same in Edinburg, Dublin, and other large cities, and thought the Queen very gracious and condescending to divide her patronage so extensively among her subjects. However, my friend explained it by saying, if a tradesman, at any time, furnished the smallest article to any of the royal household or servants, or for the use of the government, he would put up the notice.

In closing this series of letters, it may not be inappropriate to give a little practical information which, perhaps, will assist those in forming their plans who desire to undertake a similar journey. There is no country in Europe more profitable or interesting for a young American farmer to travel in than England; for while he is not obliged to speak a foreign language, he there beholds the customs of a foreign nation, and has the opportunity of examining the most perfect methods of culture which have yet been practiced. Though much can be learned at home, by reading, thinking and close observation, yet I believe if one is desirous to attain the highest proficiency in the science and practice of farming, he will be well repaid, aside from the pleasure of travel, for spending a couple of months in the best agricultural districts of England. Such a trip is not so costly as one might imagine, especially if the tourist is desirous to retrench his expenses to a moderate sum, and knows how to practice economy. If he be a young farmer he is probably accustomed to labor, and is not afraid of a little sunshine or rain, nor discontented if sometimes obliged to partake of coarse fare; and if he has spirit enough to shoulder his knapsack, and with a cheerful heart, and observing eye, walk through the country, he will find, when his journey is completed, that while his expenses have been comparatively small, he has gained far more knowledge and experience than he could have otherwise acquired.

In the country, in England, one can comfortably travel upon one dollar per day, and in the cities the expense of living need not be greater. English hotels are very dear, and though the coffee-houses commonly furnish lodgings at a cheap rate, yet they are not always the most comfortable, nor the company that frequent them the most respectable. My plan in London was to hire a room at a private lodging house, of which there are plenty in the neighborhood of Sommerset House, and but a few steps from the Strand. It is a central part of the city, in regard to the places which a stranger desires to visit, and not far from the public conveyances of boats on the river, and stages in the streets. The houses are very large and comfortable, and the streets clean and quiet; you can hire furnished rooms at various prices, from a single one for a dollar and a half per week to a suite of apartments which will cost guineas.

If, however, the pedestrian should extend his rambles into the mountain districts of Wales and Scotland, he will find his expenses somewhat increased; for he is then frequently obliged to stop at hotels which are built for the accommodation of tourists, and being kept open only during the summer months, their charges are rather high.—But if his object be merely the study of English farming in England, he will not find it necessary to cross the Cheviot Hills, or go over the border into Wales. The best farming is in the counties of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, where the land is systematically drained, the farms large, the farmers wealthy, and sparing no capital or labor to enrich their land and add to its productiveness. I have already spoken of the valley of the Avon, and Kent, Sussex, and the southern counties should not be skipped. It might diminish the tourist's expenses, and would certainly facilitate him in acquiring knowledge, to take letters of introduction to some of the most prominent farmers.

Unless the traveler be of a peculiar temperament, he will feel somewhat lonely while journeying afoot and alone, and it is certainly far more pleasant, and I think quite as profitable, to have agreeable companions. It gives a keener enjoyment to express your thoughts and feelings to a friend while gazing upon beautiful and sublime scenery; and when the way is long and tiresome, or you are walking in darkness and storm, it is cheering to converse with a trusty fellow traveler. I am sure I shall never forget, and I think E—— will not, some of the discussions with which we enlivened portions of our journey through the fogs of Wales. Besides, if they desire to do so, two or three together can travel cheaper than a single person. One of the heaviest items of expense is the cost of the voyage. If you are not particular about the time, the pleasantest and cheapest way to go is in a sailing packet to London or Liverpool. The price of a first class cabin passage from New York is seventy five dollars. If a person is alone, and unaccustomed to sea voyaging, he will avoid much discomfort by going in the first cabin, but two or three can go in the second cabin, if they manage well, with about as much real comfort and a great deal cheaper. In a good ship the state rooms of the second cabin are as large, well lighted and ventilated, as those of the first. You are charged about eighteen dollars for an empty berth, and a certain allowance of provisions. There are generally four berths in a state room. A party can secure a state room exclusively to themselves, furnish their own bedding and provisions, and in this way make the passage for about thirty-five dollars apiece. All kinds of provisions and luxuries are for sale at the stores on the wharves at not exorbitant prices. You should take a variety, and a great many dainties, for when a person is sea-sick he requires something new at every meal. I relished nothing better than fruit, and especially apples. For a small gratuity the cook will undertake to prepare your meals. If possible, you should make your bargain with the captain, and then you will not be disappointed at the moment of sailing; but if you fail in that do not place too much reliance upon the representations of the agent. Your knowledge of human nature will be at fault with them, for they are the only class of men I ever met that have perfected the art of telling falsehoods with the exact semblance to truth.

In regard to equipment, the best rule is to take very little baggage. It is folly for the traveler who is going to Europe to provide an extensive wardrobe, for clothing can be purchased much cheaper there, besides it is better to conform to the fashions of the people among which he travels. One good suit of clothes is sufficient for the pedestrian; he will find his knapsack heavy enough when he has put into it what linen and other small articles he is obliged to carry. Upon the ocean, however, one should be provided with a warm overcoat; he will scarcely find it uncomfortable at any season, and in the spring and autumn it is quite necessary. Although I crossed in the pleasant month of May, and our course was southward of the Banks, yet I was obliged to wear one every day. Frequently ships bound to Liverpool are driven by storms so far northward that they find it more convenient to enter the Channel round the north of Ireland; then the weather is much colder. The pedestrian should be particularly careful about his shoes, for a celebrated traveler has observed, they are his "sole dependence." They should be neither tight nor heavy, but the bottoms firm and thick, and the upper leather as light as may be compatible with durability. Sewed ones are the best, as they are more pliable and bend more evenly; they should be high enough to lace around the ankle. He will soon learn to take good care of his feet, and it is quite probable he will have the pleasure of spending a few days in some town, waiting for an abatement of their soreness, or also take the other alternative of a ride on the railroad. A knapsack can be procured in any of the large cities in Great Britain, but I believe it is somewhat difficult to find one ready made in most of our American cities. In America the knapsack and staff are not so frequently used as in Europe.

WITH most men, experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which only illumine the path it has traversed.—*Coleridge.*

Useful Hints.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHEMICAL STRUCTURE OF TREES.

"WHAT a convenient thing the weather is
For paucity of thought!"

So says Mrs. SIGOURNEY, and, dear reader, I fully believe it; for Mr. QUIMBY has just made me a call, and proved it to a logical nicety,—beginning with "How very cold the weather is," just as if, for all the world it is not known to everybody's senses; such a common (?) thing it is to have wintry weather in May.

But my friend made a short call, and I settle myself back in the old rocking-chair, and cast my eyes about "in quest of food for thought." And here I have it in yonder huge and ample fire-place,

"That wreathes its old fantastic *flames* so high."

"Inspiration" must be there "hid,"—yes, chemical inspiration! A complicated system of effects, that log combines within itself. Ignorance will explain the superstitious veneration with which the ancients were wont to regard such a scene as this "blazing hearth" affords.

Our thoughts revert to a time in the "dim past," when a little seed lying in the mother earth was the store-house of the rudiments of the great tree, from whose body this log was taken. Here the substance was formed by the absorption of oxygen, and the giving off of carbonic acid, which scientific men call *diastase*. This substance, which is a kind of ferment, made for the purpose, converted the starch (the substance in which the embryo lay imbedded,) into sugar, and thus the starch, before insoluble, was now carried in a soluble form into the embryo, and by its expansion forming the root and stem, the plant was shaped. Here, in the young life of the tree, "a change came o'er the spirit of its dream,"—the mineral elements of the earth and air now assumed the office of supplying it with the necessaries of existence. Its first leaves being formed, it was "no longer dependent for nourishment upon ready-made nutriment, furnished by the seed, but began to exert a formative power from elements in the earth and air,—the true vegetable function."

"But what are these elements, and how were they made to conduce to the growth of the tree?" The question is a natural one, and its answer covers the ground of an exceedingly interesting theme for study and contemplation. The roots absorbed water from the earth, holding in solution numerous mineral and gaseous substances, the principal of which being carbonic acid. This was carried upward as sap, and the leaves being peculiarly constructed for the purpose, much of the water was evaporated through them, leaving the remaining substances more concentrated. The leaves, also, absorbed carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and as heat is a great deoxidizer, the rays of the sun did their effectual work in decomposing the amount thus collected by the roots and leaves, throwing the oxygen back into the atmosphere,—the carbon remaining to its legitimate purpose. Carbon is the element to which all living structures owe their solid properties. Besides the carbonic acid, the roots and leaves also absorb water and ammonia, producing with a small proportion of mineral matters brought up by the sap, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen. Thus, we see, though our common sense would teach us the lesson before, that the healthy growth of vegetation is influenced, almost wholly, by the "rain and the sunshine."

But the embers in the grate are uttering, in their turn, their last sad moan. Very soon their cold ashes only will remain to testify that they once had an existence. The elements of the blazing log, which, but a few moments since, were sending up a merry song, in concert, to some fiery god, have gone to answer another, perhaps, and a new and nobler purpose, in the ever-ceaseless round between the two great departments of Organic Nature. S. T. B.

So. Adams, Mass., May 16, 1857.

TEA CULTURE.

THE culture of the tea plant is extremely simple. Provided it be protected from the wind, it will grow in stony and barren ground. Small holes having been made in the ground at a distance of three feet apart, a few seeds are dropped into each hole. The plant does not appear above ground in less than two or three months; but no sooner has it done so than it begins to shoot up with great rapidity. If all the seeds germinate the weakest are pulled up. The plant usually grows from two to three feet high, and never higher than five feet, with a bushy top. At three years old the leaves are cut, each tree usually yielding about three ounces of tea. Black tea and green both obtained from the same tree.

There are varieties of the tea plant, but they are exhibited in the color of the leaves. The black tea is produced from the old leaves of the plant, and the green from the young. Tea was first introduced from China to Russia in the year 1653. Forty years later the Russian Government entered into a direct treaty with China to promote and regulate the commerce of this article. This treaty was renewed by Peter the Great, and he permitted a service of caravans to be regularly established by the Siberians between Makarieff and the Chinese frontier. Teas are distinguished by the names of the proprietors, and sometimes, also, the manufactories—about two hundred families are present existing who enjoy the preference among merchants. Tea is drunk among all the nomadic tribes of Central Asia, who infuse it in milk, adding a little maize or millet, and thus eat it rather than drink it.

NATURE AND POWER OF COMETS.—Although comets occupy an immense space in the heavens, surpassing millions of leagues, yet, on account of the absence of atmosphere in those regions permitting fluids to be indefinitely rarefied, the matter of these bodies is reduced to the most feeble proportions. Sir John Herschel says that the tail of a large comet, as far as any idea can be formed of it, is composed of a few pounds of matter, and, perhaps, only of a few ounces. And M. Babinet, well known in both hemispheres as one of the greatest authorities of the age in physical astronomy, has gone so far in respect to this subject as to say that the earth, in coming into collision with a comet, would be no more affected in its stability than would a railway train coming in contact with a fly.

ORIGIN AND SEALS OF THE STATES.—NO. X.

MICHIGAN.

THE State of Michigan belongs to the North-Western portion of our Republic and was admitted into the Union in 1836. The first settlements were made by the French in 1647, at Sault St. Marie, and subsequently at Mackinac. In 1763 by a treaty between Great Britain and France, it was ceded to the English, and resigned by the latter to the United States in 1789. In 1805 the State was erected by Government into a distinct Territory—in 1835 the first constitution was drafted—the present one was adopted in 1850.

The State consists of two peninsulas, and contains 56,243 square miles. The population in 1810 was 4,528; in 1850, 397,654. The value of the farms at date of last census was estimated at $51,872,446. The capital invested in manufactures at same time, amounted to $5,764,645, and of articles manufactured $10,407,285. In 1854 there were four railroads with 601 miles in operation.

The importance of being possessed of the facilities for acquiring an education seems to have been appreciated, as accommodations are furnished for *about one-third of the entire population.* In 1850, the students in college numbered 308; in academies, 1,619; in schools, 110,455. In addition there is a State Normal School. Michigan, also takes the proud position of being first to put in operation an Agricultural School—may her sister States follow the example so nobly given!

The governor is elected by a plurality of votes and the lieutenant-governor in the same manner. The senators are 32 in number, representatives 72, both elected for two years. Judges of the Supreme Court hold office for six years; of inferior courts for four years. The Legislature meets biennially at Lansing.

Her motto "*Si quæris peninsulam amœnam, circumspice,*" liberally translated reads—If thou seekest a beautiful peninsula, behold it here.

AMBITION often puts men upon doing the meanest offices, so climbing is performed in the same posture as creeping.—*Swift.*

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 50 letters.
My 1, 27, 14, 8, 48, 45 was one of the Prophets.
My 2, 21, 12, 9, 4, 25 is a Minister of the Gospel.
My 3, 48, 34, 6, 27 is a county in New York.
My 4, 30, 28, 20, 14, 23 was one of DAVID'S mighty men.
My 5, 17, 27, 24, 42, 12 is a large city in the United States.
My 6, 31, 11 was a High Priest.
My 7, 32, 27, 10, 26, 25 was a founder of Church.
My 8, 27, 36, 18, 39, 27, 45, 37, 44, 28 was one of SAUL'S sons.
My 9, 42, 15, 13, 43, 19, 47, 10, 40, 7 is a celebrated poet.
My 10, 22, 48, 36 was JACOB'S wife.
My 11, 16, 20, 40 was a Prophet of JUDAH.
My 12, 33, 41, 29, 18 was one of AARON'S sons.
My 13, 46, 49, 35, 21, 47, 46 a worshipper of false gods.
My 14, 38, 48, 35, 22 is a precious stone.
My 15, 4, 7, 30, 17, 49, 50, 17, 23 is a village in Connecticut.
My whole is a part of the 1st chapter of Isaiah.

☞ Answer next week.

Girard, Erie Co., Pa., 1857. LIZZIE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of three letters.
My first, is an article, which very few are so unfortunate as not to possess.
My second is a liquid extensively used by printers.
My third will be the end of time.
My whole is a passion which should be seldom if ever indulged. C. V. A.

Mt. Morris, N. Y., 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

I HAVE a certain number of Horses and Oxen. If the square of the number of horses, be added to the number of oxen the amount will be equal to four times the number of oxen, plus ten. But if the number of horses be added to the square of the number of oxen, the amount will be equal to 25 times the number of horses, plus one. Required the number of horses and oxen.

Sheldon, N. Y., 1857. BOREALIS.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A and B engage to mow a circular field containing 10 acres, for $7 50. A mows eight times around the field, cutting a swath eight feet three inches wide; then B finished it. What part of the money are each to have? L. D.

Pavilion, N. Y., 1857.

Answer to Biblical Enigma in No. 385.—Yet will I bring an heir unto thee, O inhabitant of Mareshah.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 385.—Good morals and principles.

Answer to Arithmetical Enigma in No. 385:—A. had $1,200; B. had $800.

Sabbath Musings.

THE TRUTH DOTH NEVER DIE.

THOUGH kingdoms, states, and empires fall,
And dynasties decay;
Though cities crumble into dust,
And nations die away;
Though gorgeous towers and palaces
In heaps of ruin lie,
Which once were proudest of the proud,
The Truth doth never die!

We'll mourn not o'er the silent past—
Its glories are not fled,
Although its men of high renown
Be numbered with the dead,
We'll grieve not o'er what earth hath lost;
It cannot claim a sigh,
For the wrong alone hath perished—
The Truth doth never die!

All of the past is living still—
All that is good and true;
The rest hath perished, and it did
Deserve to perish too.
The world rolls ever round and round,
And time rolls ever by;
And the wrong is ever rooted up,
But the Truth doth never die!

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE INNER TEMPLE.

WHAT a strange, mysterious thing is the human heart, that Inner Temple whose untold mysteries may not be revealed to the careless observer;—an overflowing spring of happiness or misery, the fount of good or evil. We love to linger long in the contemplation of a good man's life, and mark how every upspringing motive of right emanates from a pure and noble heart, free from those galling fetters which confine the soul of the reprobate, and from that littleness of mind which is so prominent a characteristic of those whose hearts are contaminated with evil. What matters it to the person who is truly good and pure in heart, and whose inner being is perfectly spotless, if the gloomy clouds of adversity obscure the sun of his prosperity ere it has reached its noon-day, and the most bitter cup of sorrow be his portion?—still true to the nature within him the Inner Temple of *his* heart remains as unchangeable in its steadfast principles, as though not a wave of trouble or misfortune had assailed his frail bark on the ocean of life. But we would turn from this pleasant picture—to that of a corrupt heart—with pity rather than with scorn.

GOD has implanted in the mind of every man a love for that which is noble and good, and altho', thro' his own means or those of another, this sanctum sanctorum has been desecrated and many foul stains mar its purity, still if it were given MORTAL mind to scan the deepest recesses of this inner temple of man's existence methinks much might be found of that true principle which GOD had implanted in his soul, worthy of our admiration—which now fails to be seen by finite minds, so great is the gloom of moral darkness which pervades his whole being.

If, then, every being of GOD'S creation is so constituted that he may preserve a pure and holy heart, how necessary that we guard well this Inner Temple as the foundation of all virtue—that it remain untarnished as it were a living temple where the Holy One himself may delight to dwell, and, having scanned its most intricate recesses, may say, "It is well." Blessed thought, that, aside from man's carnal nature, there is a Jewel which, if well guarded, may not fade or decay, but which, throughout eternal ages, may enjoy all that "Our Father" has promised to those faithful to their trust. Then let no despairing souls tire of ceaseless endeavor in the cause of Truth and Right, for, although discarded by the world, might not the consciousness that from each stern and weary conflict they returned purer in heart, more fixed in purpose, still stimulate them to greater exertion, till at length, from enervate beings, they rise to that most desirable station "Perfect men" in the sight of GOD?

Oberlin, May, 1857. CARRIE M. LEE.

BE CONTENT.

FREEMAN HUNT, in his "Worth and Wealth," thus beautifully and truthfully depicts the charms of a contented spirit—of such an one as it is written, "a contented mind is a continual feast:"

"The health, and strength, and freshness, and sweet sleep of youth, are yours. Young Love, by day and night encircles you. Hearts unsoiled by the deep sin of covetousness, beat fondly with your own. None—ghoul-like—listen for the death-tick in your chamber. Your shoes have value in men's eyes, only when you tread in them. The smiles, no wealth can purchase, greet you, living; and tears that rarely drop on rosewood coffins, will fall from pitying eyes upon you, dying. Be wise in being content with competency. You have, to eat, to drink, to wear, enough? then have you all the rich man hath. What though he fares more sumptuously? He shortens life—increases pains and aches—impairs his health thereby.—What if his raiments be more costly? God loves him none the more, and man's respect in such regard comes ever mingled with his envy.

Nature is yours in all her glory; her ever-varying and forever beautiful face smiles peace upon you. Her hills and valleys, fields and flowers, and rocks, and streams, and holy places, know no desecration in the step of poverty; but welcome ever to wealth of beauty—rich and poor alike.

Be content! The robin chirps as gayly as the gorgeous bird of Paradise. Less gaudy is his plumage, less splendid his surroundings. Yet no joy that cheers the eastern beauty, but comes upon his barren hills to bless the nest that robin builds. His flight's as strong, his note as gay; and in his humble home the light of happiness shines all as bright, because no cloud of envy dims it. Let us, then, labor and be strong, in the best use of that we have; wasting no golden hours in idle wishes for things that burden those who own them, and could not bless us if we had them, as the gifts already bestowed by a Wisdom that never errs.—Being content, the poorest man is rich; while he who counts his millions, hath little joy if he be otherwise."

Do I not kill my enemies by making them my friends?—*Emperor Sigismund.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed from one Post Office to another, should be particular in specifying the offices at which they are now received.

☞ BACK NUMBERS of the present volume can still be supplied, but those desiring them should be particular in specifying that they are wanted.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Every Man his own Architect—Saxton & Co.
Established in 1826—C. A. Burr & Co.
Plaster Mill and Farm for Sale—G. W. Torrence.
Round Hill Motorpathic Water-Cure—H Halsted.
To Farmers—Cheap Publication Office.
Minnesota Land for Sale—D. S. Fracker.
Operative Lithographers & Engravers—Bogardus & Lewis.
Berkshire Pigs for Sale—Wm. J Pettee.
A Large New Magic Lantern—C. H D.
For Sale—J. Dorr.
The Island Princess—New York Ledger.
SPECIAL NOTICES
Seneca County Horse Fair—List of Premiums, &c.
Combined Reapers and Mowers—Ketchum's.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, MAY 30, 1857.

Correspondence of the Rural.

Agricultural prospects in New York — Albany — Sale of "helps to read" — Massachusetts and her Railroads — Anti-Tobacco Associations — Marble Quarries — Connecticut — Scenery on the Housatonic — Litchfield Co.—Weather, &c., &c.

FROM the hasty glances obtainable while speeding across the country at the rate of thirty miles per hour, we thought the present prospects of the farmers in New York, anything but encouraging. A backward season, the growing wheat thin, the pastures hardly capable of sustaining sheep and a scarcity of fodder in the barn, is surely enough to make those who till the soil desponding. From Rochester to Albany, the cattle, on almost every farm, are turned out to take care of themselves, and unless favorable weather sets in, those who own these domestic animals, may claim for them an ancestry *ancient*, if *not honorable*, and a pedigree from the lean kine of PHAROAH would rate fully at par, for no one could be found audacious enough to cast a shadow of doubt thereon. A number of farms, however—would that the number were much increased—would convey to the observant eye, an important practical lesson. On these, there were still cribs of the golden corn, and the cattle—which were yarded—looked as though well-cared for. The *why* we cannot explain, but we could mark out the boundaries of such men's soil, though we knew nothing concerning the number of acres by them possessed. The precision, neatness, and general condition together with an air of completeness worn by such a farm, furnished for its possessor a patent equal—at least in the mind of the traveler—to the clearest title deed ever recorded. They stand silent, but impressive monitors, and their instructions, if heeded, would drive the word *scarcity* from the vocabulary of the agriculturist.

Albany, our seat of Government—that last word is a mistake, we beg the reader's pardon—begins to appear brisk and the docks, *since the flood*, look neat and business like. While crossing the ferry, we were much amused by the remarks of an individual who had spectacles for sale. The peculiar advantages to be derived by wearing *his* "specs," were placed in a very attractive light before the minds of his auditory, while a philosophical dissertation on "optics"—which latter by the way, was composed principally of "convex" and "concave"—was given with the air of a sage. Price of admission,—a pair of the "specs" aforesaid, included—was fourteen shillings, but our friend disposed of one pair at a *slight reduction*—the "pressure" in financial affairs and the desire to "introduce his superior article," compelled him to accept *fifty cents*. Those wanting "helps to read," should visit the capitol and invest. We don't want to meddle with politics, nor interfere with "State rights," but those of the citizens of Massachusetts whom the late added clause to the constitution would disfranchise, cannot do better than go to Albany and purchase—every vote is surely worth four shillings.

About two hours after leaving Albany, a change of cars gave to us the first knowledge of our arrival in Massachusetts. Numerous cards forbidding the use of tobacco—the order was tantamount to that effect—and also compelling the Universal Yankee Nation to keep their feet in proper position, i, e., on the floor, were conspicuously posted in the cars, and the order was enforced by the conductor. These cars were models of neatness, the floors looking as though fresh from the hands of a tidy housewife, and when, after a ride of about 100 miles, we changed conveyance, they had preserved their cleanliness intact. Truly we were in "the land of steady habits."

West Stockridge, Mass., is noted for its marble quarries—from the "Old Quarry," in this vicinity, was taken that for the City Hall, New York. At intervals, the entire distance through Massachusetts to Cornwall, Conn., marble may be seen cropping out, and along the railroads it lies in immense quantities awaiting shipment.

After striking the Housatonic river, the marked feature of the country is its ruggedness and wildness—hills and stones do most abound. We have thought that could a change be made transferring the farmers of Western New York to this region, and place those of Connecticut in the position of the former, it would be advantageous to both parties. The first when returned to the homestead would devote more labor to this land, while the latter could have a season of comparative ease.—Crops here are the result of *work, good hard work*, and it is faithfully given. In the town of Warren, Litchfield Co.,—a town in which many a New York farmer if presented with a piece of land would neglect the offer with scorn—sixty-five bushels of corn was the average of a number of the farms.—The corn ground of one of the RURAL subscribers averaged seventy bushels per acre, while, portions of the crop would reach one hundred. These are not given as extraordinary yields compared with what *might* be done in the fertile West, but New Yorkers must remember, that the climate is considered anything but genial in the New England States. Said an elderly gentleman to me in conversation on that remarkable topic—the weather—"Why, Sir, in many parts of our State, *we do not consider the snow fit to use till it is two years old.*"—The fields too, are cleared of stone only by immense labor—walls or fences, often *ten feet in thickness* at the base, being built to use them up. The labor, however, is given—farmers seem to have surmounted all obstacles—and if good farms, good cattle, and pleasant homes are any indication of thrift, those of this portion of the "Nutmeg State" have certainly achieved success.—E.

Washington Matters.

THE Indian Bureau has received despatches from Brigham Young, giving an account of his transactions as Superintendent of Indian affairs in Utah, dated March, in which he says:—"Since my last report, we have had a time of peace, and apparently of great contentment generally, and more especially among the Indians." This is the only allusion he makes to the social affairs of Territory.

The number of applicants for appointments, particularly for consulates, continues to increase. The President has declared to his friends that the business greatly embarrasses him, particularly as he cannot gratify one in ten of the applicants.—No doubt the appointments will be made gradually, he having the entire summer before him for that purpose.

The Marshal for the District of Columbia has given notice to Mr. Blanchard, one of the printers of the National Era, and to David A. Hall, of his intention to sell their property to pay the bail forfeited by Gen. Chaplin, who was charged with the abduction of slaves from this District.

Recently, the question has arisen before the P. M. General whether a deputy Post Master can be compelled to appear in Court with a valuable, or other letter, that rests in his office addressed to another party. The Attorney General's office decided that he cannot legally do so.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Sun states that the Cabinet are unanimous in the determination to oppose the partition of Nicaragua, and that the Government will, as the last resort, send out a special agent to treat with Walker, if he still occupies a position in the country, rather than allow the Anglo-Costa-Rican usurpation of the Transit route to be consummated. The same correspondent also asserts that Lord Napier has been informed of this Government's resolution, and that he states England will acquiesce rather than disturb the existing amicable relations with the United States.

MEXICAN ITEMS.—The N. O. papers of Friday and Saturday of last week are at hand. They contain Vera Cruz dates to the 9th, and Mexico to the 5th inst. There was no positive information of the execution of Gen. Crabb and party. Orders had been issued to bring the prisoners to Mexico, and it was believed to be the intention to clear them if possible.

Letters say that 500 more fillibusters have entered Arizuma, and were encamped in the region of Tueston. In a battle with Gen. Crabb, the loss of the Mexicans was heavy.

Another conspiracy to revolutionize the country was discovered on the 29th of April. The plan was to seize the person of President Comonfort, and then attack the city.

Capt. Naynrd, a protege of Comonfort's was to plunge a dagger into his patron's breast, and his death was to be the signal for the attack. The ring-leaders in this conspiracy had all been arrested, and it was rumored that they would be beheaded.

Others had also been arrested, and said to be concerned in the affair.

It was reported that Ex-Minister Anillor was also implicated.

Two British and two French ships of war were in port at Vera Cruz.

LATEST NEWS FROM KANSAS.—The Kansas correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat says:—A force of Dragoons and artillery has left Fort Kearney for an attack upon the Cheyenne Indians, who, it is said, were concentrated at Republic, Kansas, and Blue River. A serious difficulty has occurred between Gov. Chas. Robinson, and G. W. Brown, editor of the Herald of Freedom, at Lawrence. Robinson charges Brown with an attempt to sell out the Free State party to Gov. Shannon, and Brown has written a letter, in which he applies strong epithets to Robinson. Gen. Harney and staff have arrived at Fort Leavenworth. Gen. John Calhoun, the Surveyor General of the Territory, has also arrived from St. Louis. The arrivals at the hotel average fifty per day.

FROM HAVANA.—The steamship Black Warrior arrived at New York on the 2d inst., with Havana dates to the 15th. The Royal Spanish steamer is hourly looked for, with orders for the immediate commencement of hostilities against Mexico. The sugar crop is expected to fall short 20 per cent. as compared with last year's yield. Prices still tended upward, while freights continued dull. The Black Warrior encountered heavy gales during the voyage.

IMMIGRATION.—During the months ending May 1st, 11,214 emigrants left Bremen for the United States in 47 vessels, while during the same period last year, only 6,984 passengers in 33 vessels sailed from there, thus showing an increase of 4,230 over the number who emigrated last year.

COURT OF APPEALS.—The next term of this Court for New York, will commence June 16th.—In order to have a cause placed upon the calendar, the notice of argument should be received by the Clerk by the 8th.

Items of News.

THE Voyage de la Mer, the iron steamer built at East Boston for the Pasha of Egypt, and recently launched, is the largest iron vessel ever constructed in the United States.

THE furniture of the National Hotel, Washington city, valued at $100,000, is to be sold at auction. This is the result of the "poisoning" excitement.

THERE are four hundred and sixty applicants for consular, and two hundred and fifty-five for diplomatic appointments. Out of the latter, it is said, there are but twelve that can be successful.

JOHN M. B. PETRICAN, a member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives from Lycoming, died at Harrisburg on the 15th inst., of disease contracted at the National Hotel, Washington.

A HORSE owned by Dr. F. Dorsey, of Hagerstown, Md., died last week in the 45th year of his age.—The doctor had rode him in his practice for the last 37 years.

A LARGE number of houses have been shipped from Cincinnati into the Western Territories this spring. They are of the cottage style, and though transported in pieces, can be put up ready for occupancy in forty minutes.

IN his charge to the Grand Jury, at Lecompton, Kansas, Judge Cato enumerated polygamy, gambling and betting on elections, as offences against the public morals, which are stepping stones to other and worse crimes.

THE recent census of St. Louis shows a population in nine wards (the first not being completed) of 110,429. Of this number 1,255 are free colored persons, and 1,457 slaves.

MISS MARY MURRAY, an elderly lady, donated in 1853 a plot of ground, corner of Fourth Avenue and Thirty-Fourth Street, for a Presbyterian church, which is to cost not less than $300,000, and be completed by the 1st of April, 1862. The trustees appointed by her to carry out the design, have taken the preliminary steps in the matter.

THE London Free Press learns by private despatches that the Welland Canal is jammed full of vessels, seeking to get either way, and that quite a number are aground, blocking up the passage.

ONE dealer in St. Louis advertises 500 barrels of maple sugar for sale. It is surmised that muscavado cannot rise very rapidly when maple sugar is so plenty.

THE Mayor of St. Louis recommends iron pavements for the streets, which are now Macadamized with soft limestone, and are very disagreeable in dusty weather.

MONEY HOARDED.—According to the Treasury estimates, there are in this country about $250,000,000 in gold, of which little more than a fifth is in the banks—leaving little short of $200,000,000 to be found elsewhere. The Treasury hoards very commonly from twenty to twenty-five millions—leaving probably $175,000,000 to be sought among the people. Allowing $50,000,000—a liberal estimate—to be in actual use, there remains $125,000,000, which is hoarded by the people, in imitation of the Government, and to an extent six times exceeding the Treasury hoards.—*Miners' Journal.*

WHEAT AND FRUIT IN MARYLAND.—The Baltimore *American* of the 17th inst., says:—"We have now received recent reports of the grain and fruit crops from nearly every portion of the State of Maryland, and are happy to remark that, in spite of many previous unfavorable circumstances and much alarm, there is a prospect of a good crop of both. Our Southern exchanges say, that the wheat promises more than an average crop, though in some districts it will doubtless be short in proportion to the amount sown. The fruit, too, except in the more Southern States is said to promise abundance."

REAL ESTATE IN SAN FRANCISCO.—As an example in the fall of prices in San Francisco, a correspondent, writing under date of the 18th of last month, says:—"A certain hotel in this city, once leased at $72,000 a year, is now let at $7,200, or 10 per cent. of the first sum; think to what disasters a man might be easily led, predicating his movements upon the first named income! Not far from where I write there is a building under lease at $30 per month that once paid $400 a month. But these instances are so common—the ruin and wreck in real estate long since ceased to attract notice."

SENECA LAKE FROZEN IN MAY.—The Dundee *Record* makes the following curious statement:—Seneca Lake was frozen over last week, with the thermometer hardly down to freezing point. This is the third year that the same phenomena has occurred in May. It is well attested by the oldest inhabitants that the lake was never frozen over until the winter of 1856. Formerly the coldest weather had no power to congeal its crystal waters, now some unknown cause freezs its surface in May.

SALE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA CANALS.—The Governor having signed the bill for the sale of the main line of public improvements, it is advertised to be sold at public auction, in the Merchants' Exchange, Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, the 25th of June. The lowest price for which it may be purchased, is $7,500,000. It is generally supposed that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company would become the purchasers. They, however, under the law, will have to pay $9,000,000.

THE GOLD PRODUCTION.—The steadiness of the product of gold in California and Australia for several years past is very remarkable. That of Australia has been quite uniform at say sixty to sixty-five millions of dollars, and California has ranged from fifty to fifty-five millions. On the whole, the indications seem to warrant the belief that the maximum of production has been nearly, if not fully, reached in both countries.

UTAH.—It is now said that Major McCullock declines the Governorship of Utah. The office has been tendered to a Western man, it is said, but the name is not given. Gen. Harney, who has been so severe a master for the Indians, is to be sent out in command of an efficient military force, for the enforcement of law, and the protection of those who do not belong to the Mormon sect.

Literary Notices.

STATISTICAL REPORT on the Sickness and Mortality of the Army of the United States.

THIS Report embraces a period of sixteen years, from January, 1839 to Jan., 1855. It was prepared by Assistant Surgeon, R. H. COOLIDGE, M. D., under direction of Surgeon General LAWSON, and is published in due form of law, by the Secretary of War. It is a quarto volume of 700 pages, and possesses great particular and general interest.

For many years the Surgeons at the numerous Military Posts, have been required "to keep a diary of the weather, and to note everything of importance relating to the medical topography of the station, the climate, diseases prevalent in the vicinity," and the like. A body of important matter has thus been transmitted quarterly to the Medical Bureau at Washington, and is now given to the world.

In this system of observations, two objects were contemplated by the War Department—first, to be "primarily subservient to the advancement of medical science, and secondarily, to that of meteorology." The two objects are at once distinct and valuable. Mr. CALHOUN, when Secretary of War, showed a wise as well as wide extension of thought in his plan of organizing the medical department of the Army. Two publications within the past year have been issued from the press,—the "Army Meteorological Register," being designed to accomplish the second object, and having nobly affected it; and the "Sickness and Mortality of the Army," has accomplished the first.

The military stations, are divided in this work, into three great divisions: 1, *Northern*, north of the 40th degree of latitude and east of the Rocky Mountains. 2, *Middle*, between the 40th and 35th degree of latitude, and 3, *Southern*, between the 35th and 30th degree of latitude. There are besides the climatological sub-divisions of Florida, Texas, New Mexico, California, &c, and there are judicious sub-sections of these three great divisions, forming very distinct climatological sections. It would be interesting to give facts and conclusions throughout from the work, but the limits of the paper will not permit. The medical man and the civilian will find abundant interest in the perusal of the work. C. D.

MANUAL OF THE BOTANY OF THE NORTHERN UNITED STATES. Revised edition; including Virginia, Kentucky, and all east of the Mississippi. Arranged according to the Natural System. The Genera of Ferns is illustrated with six plates. By ASA GRAY, Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. New York: Ivison & Phinney, and G. P. Putnam & Co.—1857.

This work is intended to follow "*First Lessons in Botany*," by the same author,—a review of which was given in the RURAL of the 23d,—and is especially adapted to schools and colleges. The student is supposed to have acquired a general acquaintance with the rudiments of Structural Botany, the Manual being designed as a compendious Flora for those portions of the country which it professes to cover. The author has had the assistance of various persons, both of Europe and America, who have attained distinction as botanists, and has produced a work eminently worthy of the attention of those seeking knowledge in this interesting department of natural science. For sale by WM. ALLING.

Affairs in New York.

PATRICK LYNCH, editor of the Irish American, died on the 23d inst., aged 45.

A PORTION of the wall of the old Brick Church in Beekman street, fell on the 23d inst., burying two men. One was rather seriously injured. The other, Uriah Ritchie, of Boston, owner of the lots, was but slightly injured.

EUGENE GRELET, one of the French fugitives, charged with swindling the Northern Railroad of France, died in prison on the 21st inst. The coroner's jury, called to investigate the facts connected with his death, in their verdict pronounced the building unsuitable for a county prison, and call upon the authorities to take some action in the matter.

THE war between the New York Police Commissioners, old and new boards, has grown to a very ridiculous farce. Each board continues to act, making appointments and removals, trying disobedient subordinates, &c., and when an officer is tried and dismissed by one the other takes him up as a fit subject for promotion. The old board has the advantage thus far as all the station houses are under its control, and nearly all of the police recognize its authority. The new board intend to move soon for the possession of the station houses, when a grand fight is expected. Matsell, the chief, has been removed by the new board, and Capt. Carpenter of the Fifth Ward appointed in his place.

Thirteen out of the twenty-two Police Captains in the city have recognized the authority of the new Commissioners. The new deputy, Mr. Carpenter, called on the old chief, Matsell, and demanded the papers and documents connected with his office. Matsell refused to surrender them.

Dist. Att'y Hall has issued a card stating that he has reliable information to the effect that in consequence of the present disorganized state of the police, attempts of an organized nature are about to be made to commit burglaries in the city, and he calls upon the citizens to strengthen the private watch and take other precautions.

Two of the New York Excise Commissioners, (the third having resigned) met and organized for the transactions of business on the 20th inst.—There was *not a single application for license*, and it is quite probable that the Board will have but little business to transact, since it has been resolved by the Liquor Dealers' Association that no member of the Association will be permitted to ask for a signature to a petition for a license, or even to present such a petition, or pay any regard whatever to the Board or the law, under the penalty of expulsion from the Association, and of a forfeiture of all claims to the protection of the same. The Association, it is said, now numbers nearly one thousand members, and has upwards of $100,000 ready cash in its treasury, all of which is to be expended, if necessary, in protecting its members from prosecution and punishment under the excise law, at least until the question as to the constitutionality of the statute is finally settled by the Court of Appeals.

VEGETABLES FROM BERMUDA.—The Bermuda Islands are becoming an important source of supply for early vegetables for the New York market.—The Hamilton *Bermudian*, of the 6th inst., shows that the exports this spring amounted to 450 bbls. onions, 3,898 bbls. potatoes, and 3,059 boxes tomatoes. Six vessels cleared for New York during the period mentioned, taking in the aggregate, 2,259 bbls. potatoes, 2,309 boxes of tomatoes and 450 bbls, onions. These productions ripened several weeks earlier than usual. Onions were exported the 20th of April. The potato has yielded bountifully, and almost wholly *free* from disease.—One planter's crop yielded at the rate of twenty-four barrels for every barrel planted.

News Clippings.

— The Ohio river is now in good navigable condition.

— Marshal Marmont's widow died in France recently.

— The Emperor Napoleon has entered his 50th year.

— The troops in garrison at Oswego have been ordered to Mackinac.

— The small pox has prevailed recently to a great extent in Cincinnati.

— Kidnapping children for circus training has been detected in St. Louis.

— A State Asylum for insane criminals is about to be built near Auburn.

— Green peas and new potatoes have arrived in New York from Charleston.

— A young man recently lost $47,000 by gambling at roulette in New Orleans.

— The latest intelligence is that Senator Butler, of S. C., is rapidly recovering.

— The White Sulphur Springs in Virginia have been purchased for $600,000.

— There are about twenty towns or cities in Wisconsin which rejoice in a Mayor.

— Senator Sumner declined a public dinner tendered him by the Americans in Paris.

— In New York they have two city governments.—Rogues reap the advantage.

— Foreign fruit is expected to be cheaper this season, there being no duty upon it.

— The Toronto Globe announces that it will hereafter be conducted on the cash plan.

— The annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club will take place on the 4th of June.

— A lot of fine strawberries, received in Baltimore last week, sold for one dollar per quart.

— The Philadelphians are talking of bridging the Schuylkill river at Chestnut street.

— Col. John A. Washington, proprietor of Mt. Vernon, is lying dangerously ill at that place.

— The London Morning Post predicts that the submarine telegraphic cable will prove a failure.

— Paper hangings, by a recently invented process, are printed in oil instead of water colors.

— Fifteen bales of hemp, from near Leavenworth, Kansas, were recently received at St. Louis.

— About 250 bushels of the Chinese Sugar Cane has been distributed by the Patent Office this season.

— It is estimated that Vermont has produced sugar enough this season for home consumption.

— A South Carolina editor acknowledges the receipt of a basket of "Hovey's Seedling" strawberries.

— There are fourteen divorce cases on the calendar of the Common Pleas Court of Lorain Co., Ohio.

— Gen. Scott will be present at the inauguration of the Warren Statue on Bunker Hill on the 17th June.

— Miss M. C. Calhoun, a daughter of the late Hon. John C. Calhoun, died in South Carolina on the 2d inst.

— Over two millions of trees were planted last year in Ireland, which were registered with the magistrate.

— About 700 bills have passed the present Pennsylvania Legislature. Here are laws enough for a generation.

— Women enjoy their "rights" very extensively in France; they are hostlers, barbers and plow-women.

— The Utica papers mourn the death of Thos. A. Hubbard, of that city, a distinguished member of the bar.

— The Post Master at Council Bluffs is a Mormon, and his household is presided over by three gentle dames.

— The Bank of the Credit Mobilier has been established at Havana, with a capital of twelve millions of dollars.

— The Germans of Buffalo are endeavoring to raise funds to erect a monument to the memory of Steuben.

— A cock-fight came off for $5,000 on the 5th inst., near Macon, Georgia against South Carolina. The former won

— Real estate is rising with great rapidity in St. Louis. Last week a building lot was sold at the rate of $1,000 per foot.

— Gov. Wise's oldest son is studying divinity, it is stated, and will be ordained in the Episcopal church next year.

— A pile of gold and silver coin, worth about $6,000, was plowed up in a field in Currituck county, N. C., a few days since.

— Private letters state that the crops in Alabama have had to be planted three times. The corn was killed by the frost.

— Bayard Taylor was surprised as well as delighted to hear Yankee Doodle played at his stopping place in Lapland.

— The Boston Council has appropriated $2,000 to pay for music on the Common, semi-weekly, through the warm season.

— The receipts of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church South last year amounted to $188,630.

— The people of Iowa are to vote in August on the question of allowing colored men to vote on the same terms as other men.

— The Governor of Pennsylvania has signed bills increasing the banking capital of that State to the extent of $3,420,000.

— The hog cholera has appeared in New Jersey, and hundreds have died in Eaton, New Hope, Lambertville, and other places.

— Thirty-two thousand pounds of very handsome Polar whalebone have been sold in New Bedford, at 90 cents per pound, cash.

— The principal hotels in New York have resolved to increase their charge for board and lodging from $2 50 to $3 per day.

— The Trustees of Dudley Observatory acknowledge a contribution from Alexander Duncan, Esq, of Providence, R. I., of $1,000.

— Corn is selling in Sioux City, Iowa, at $3 a bushel.—Through the middle portion of the State hay is in demand at $20 per ton.

— The Morgantown (Va.) Star, of last Thursday, states that there has been a frost in that vicinity every morning during the week.

— Hon. Ward Hunt, of Utica, has been appointed manager of the State Lunatic Asylum, in place of Hon. J. A Spencer, deceased.

— The jury in the case of Rev. Geo. D. Herart, of Bath, charged with assault, &c., upon a female, were unable to agree upon a verdict.

— The Milwaukee Sentinel of the 22d says the accounts of the growing crops are excellent from all parts of the State of Wisconsin.

— A large military force has been ordered for Utah, to take their position on the Government reserve, forty miles south of Salt Lake City.

— An old lady, in Chicago, died the other day of self-starvation, which she had persisted in by the advice, she said, of the "spirits."

— The people of St. Paul, Minnesota, offer a bonus of $30,000 to any one who will build a first class hotel in that flourishing young city.

— Alexander Moore, late of Camden, N. J., has left by his will the munificent sum of $50,000 to a benevolent institution in Philadelphia.

— According to the last reports there were in London 143,000 vagrants admitted in one year into the casual wards of the work houses.

— There were afloat for Buffalo on the 14th inst., mainly from the upper lakes, 300,000 bushels of wheat; 166,000 do. corn, and 29,000 bbls flour.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Arabia and Niagara.

THE steamship Arabia arrived from Havre and Southampton at New York on the 18th inst., with 193 passengers and $185,000 in specie. The Niagara arrived on the 19th inst.

Letters from Smyrna state that a ship belonging to Tripoli, with 45 slaves on board, had been seized at Tichesme, on the demand of the British Consul, Gen. T. Municipal. The Consul at Smyrna had ordered the slaves to be set at liberty.

The Greek Bishops have received an Imperial order to carry out the returns of the administration of the church worship decreed in 1856.

Lord Elgin embarked at Marseilles on the 1st inst., on the steamer Carodoc, of Malta, on his way to China.

A Bristol paper asserts that Milford Haven has been selected as the English port for the Great Eastern steamship.

The Australian Ministry has been defeated and resigned. A new Ministry has been formed.

Trade was rather glutted in consequence of the large arrivals from England.

Sir John Ramsden has been appointed British Under-Secretary of War.

The Russian squadron, commanded by Admiral Behrens, is expected at Algiers towards the middle of May.

The Toulounaise announces that the French Government elections are positively fixed for the 21st of June.

The Paris Council of State adjourned on the 3d inst., the consideration of the trans-Atlantic Packet question for six months.

The Spanish Cortes were opened the 1st of May, Marshall Narvaez, President of the Council, reading the Royal Address.

Martinez De Larosa has been elected President of the Congress.

The Greek Chambers assembled at the Eastern holidays, and voted the budget of the Interim, without discussion.

It is affirmed that the Russian Railway subscription in London has proved almost a total failure.

The political news by the Niagara is of considerable importance, embracing as it does the delivery to Parliament of the Queen's Speech. The ceremony was performed by the Lord Chancellor, the Queen's state of health forbidding her reading the speech in person. The speech expresses confidence in the continuance of peace, and trusts that the Neufchatel affair will be satisfactorily adjusted. Says the negotiations in regard to Central America with the Government of Honduras are not yet closed. Advises Parliament of the mission of Lord Elgin to China, stating that he will be supported by an adequate military and naval force, should such assistance become necessary. States that a treaty of peace has been concluded with Persia, and that the treaty will be laid before Parliament so soon as the ratifications are exchanged. Says Her Majesty will submit measures necessary for the fulfilling of the Sound Dues Treaty. Says the estimates for the present year have been proposed; expresses gratitude at the well-being and contentment of her people, and concludes by committing to the wisdom and care of Parliament the great interests of the Empire.

Provincial Items.

IT is expected that Parliament will break up about the first of June.

POTATOES are now exported from Canada. A cargo arrived at Oswego, from Coburg, on Saturday. A short time since, there was a large exportation from this side to Canada, and the trade was very profitable.

THE railway exposures have caused a general feeling of anger and disgust throughout Canada. Even the Ministerial papers are loud in their denunciations of the iniquities revealed.

THE Hamilton Banner says the decision of the Imperial Government respecting the future capital of Canada is not expected for a couple of months to come. In the meantime, the Governor General is to visit Downing street, and consult with her Majesty's Minister.

THE Canadian Budget for the current year, amounts to £1,520,687—being an increase of over £200,000, as compared with last year.

WE learn from the Toronto papers of the 18th inst., that the Car Factory of Messrs. Southerland & McLean, of that city, was totally consumed by fire on Saturday evening. Loss between £50,000 and £60,000.

THE Ottawa Citizen says:—"The stock of white pine manufactured on the Ottawa this season, together with what was laid over from last year, will amount to about 17,300,000 feet; that on the St. Lawrence to about 2,500,000; and on the St. Maurice 600,000, in all about 20,400,000 feet. We understand there is not more than 2,000,000 feet of red pine ready to go to market the coming season."

THE following table will show the shipments of wheat and flour, and the amount in store at the following ports, up to the 23d inst., since the opening of navigation:

	Flour.	In Store.	Wheat.	In Store.
Hamilton	29,309	5,424	12,196	934
Wellington Square	32,000	——	29,000	33,000
Port Hope	6,477	——	80,415	——
Oshawa	8,520	684	11,145	10,088
Newcastle	2,542	11,490	12,534	61,592
Oakville	65	1,699	2,000	31,879
Coburg	7,400	2,250	9,630	——

A RECENT report of the Commissioners of Public Works, develops a remarkable change in the course of Western Canada trade. Previous to 1850, the largest part of Western Canada trade was done through Montreal and the St. Lawrence, and the trade with the United States was very insignificant, but with the cessation of protection to Canadian products in British markets, and the repeal of differential duties in favor of the St. Lawrence, a trade began to spring up between the two countries, which has been greatly extended by the operation of the United States Bonding Act, which came into effect in 1850, and the Reciprocity Treaty it 1855. The effect of these two measures has been to divert the trade of Canada West from the St. Lawrence to the New York Canals and Railways.

HAY FROM CHARLESTON—A rather singular feature the St. Louis trade appeared last Friday.—One hundred and thirty bales of hay, which were shipped from Charleston, S. C., to St. Louis, were sold in the latter city at a very fair profit. This produce was forwarded by the Charleston and Memphis Railroad, which has just been completed. Think of hay being brought from the Atlantic right into the heart of the great agricultural region of the West. No one single fact could show in more startling characters the scarcity which is even existing in the fertile fields of the West.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

COMBINED REAPERS AND MOWERS.

KETCHUM'S THE BEST.

MY experience with reapers and mowers for a few years past has been considerable, and, like very many others, has been paid for pretty dearly, so that it may not be without use.

I commenced with KETCHUM'S Mower the first year of its public existence. I had watched this machine from its earliest infancy with great care and anxiety, for I felt that, if successful, it was to work a greater revolution in farming than any implement since the iron plow and horse rake. The world can never know how much time has been spent, or how much money sunk, before this most valuable implement was brought to its present state of perfection. To me, who saw it in its first rude form, there has been a striking illustration of what can be accomplished by patience and perseverance.

I purchased one of the first year's make. It worked well then, considering how short a time had been given for improvements. It was a great gain over the scythe in the hands of raw Irishmen or Germans. The next year it was exchanged for an improved machine, for the first year's use suggested many alterations, and the improvements were made readily and rapidly as its defects were discovered by working. The second machine I used till it was worn out. I then tried a reaper manufactured in Monroe county. This I found a total failure—not worth enough to pay for the use of the ground it now occupies in my back yard, where it is rotting down. For the next two years I went back to first principles, and depended upon the scythe and cradle, willing to wait till the various machines which were being brought out should be more completely perfected. Still I found that in mowing even the old machine would have been a great gain over the help I was compelled to employ.

During these two years I gave all the different machines a careful examination, with the view of purchasing, ultimately, one that would combine the most good points as a mower and reaper, being fully satisfied that one machine could be made to operate in both capacities. I found plenty of harvesters that did very well, but all of them more or less defective as mowers, and mowing with me, as with most farmers in this State, is of more importance than reaping. I became entirely satisfied that the principle of KETCHUM'S Mower was superior to all the others, and that none could be useful or successful without adopting the great feature of his—so placing the cutter-bar as to leave a clear space between it and the driving wheel.

In the interval since I threw up the old machine, great improvements had been made, both as a mower and by converting it into a harvester. I purchased one of the latest improved machines last spring and used it as a mower over a large surface, comprising almost every variety of ground and grass, and almost side by side with some of the best of the other machines. No pains were spared to give the machine as thorough and severe a test as could ever be brought to bear upon it again. The same was done after converting it into a reaper, and as such it was used in the same field and drawn by the same teams where one of the most popular and really one of the best of its rivals was used. No machine has ever had a more thorough or severer trial, for I was determined to bring out its defects. At the end of the season I became fully satisfied that, as a mower, in ease of draft, effective work, strength and durability, KETCHUM'S latest improved has no equal, and as a harvester it is equally unrivalled.—And as a combined machine it is, beyond all paradventure, superior to any that has yet been brought out.

This is strong language, but there is not a single popular machine which is not, to a greater or less extent, an imitator of KETCHUM'S, and such being the fact, I prefer the original to the imitation.

It is true that many of the rivals are superior to some of the earlier of KETCHUM'S machines, but it is also true that they do not compare favorably with the later ones. Very many farmers, therefore, are induced to purchase an inferior machine because it works better than one of KETCHUM'S old and less perfected machines. They should remember, however, that during all this time, all that the most untiring energy, backed by unlimited capital, and a perseverance on the part of the proprietor that knows no rest, as well as the active co-operation of one of the most naturally inventive minds of the age, has been in constant operation to make this the most perfect machine of its kind in the world,—and the ultimate verdict of the people will be that the object has been fully accomplished.

If my experience, therefore, can be of any avail to others, and my advice worthy of confidence, I have no hesitation in recommending KETCHUM'S latest improved Combined Reaper and Mower as superior to any other that is now in use. T. C. PETERS.

Darien, May 11, 1857.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

HORSE FAIR IN SENECA COUNTY.

PREMIUM LIST AND REGULATIONS for the great **Horse Fair**, on the Maple Grove Track and Fair Grounds, at *Waterloo, June* 17, 18 and 19, 1857.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

BREEDING MARES AND COLTS—Best Breeding Mare, $10; 2d, 5. Sucking Colt, $5; 2d, 3.

ONE YEAR OLDS—Best 1 year old Horse Colt, $7; 2d, 5; 3d, 3. Mare Colt, $7; 2d, 5; 3d, 3.

TWO YEAR OLDS.—Best 2 year old Horse Colt, $10; 2d, 7; 3d, 5. Mare Colt, $10; 2d, 7; 3d, 5.

THREE YEAR OLDS—Best 3 year old Horse Colt, $15; 2d, 10; 3d, 5. Mare Colt, $15; 2d, 10; 3d, 5. Best pair of 3 year olds in Harness, $10.

TROTTING.—Best pair of Trotting Horses, $25; 2d, 15.

STALLIONS—Best 3 year old Stallions, $10; 2d, 5. Four year old, $15; 2d, 10. Stallion, of any age, $20; 2d, 10.

SINGLE—Best Single Horse, of any age, $15; 2d, 10. Single Mare, $15; 2d, 10.

MATCHED.—Best pair of Matched Horses, $20; 2d, 10. Pair of Matched Mares, $20; 2d, 10.

DRAFT.—Best Draft Stallion, $10; Mare, $10; Team, $10, 2d, 5. Pair of Mules, $10; 2d, 5.

SPEED.—Racking, in Harness, best 2 in 3, $20. Trot, in Harness, best 3 in 5, for Horses that have never trotted for money, $25. Trot, in Harness, best 3 in 5, $75. Do. do., $150.

REGULATIONS.

This Fair open to Horses from the States and Canada.

Horses for exhibition must be entered before 1 o'clock of the first day.

Judges will enter on the discharge of their duties at 2 o'clock of the first day.

First day—Trotting in Harness, best 3 in 5, for purse of $75, at 4 o'clock.

Second day—Continuation and conclusion of examinations; Matched Trotting; Trotting for green Horses and Racking.

Third day—Grand Trot in Harness, best 3 in 5, (open to all except the winning horse of first day,) for purse of $150, and declaration of Premiums.

Premiums not claimed by 1st of July will be forfeited.

Entry fee for Horses competing for Premiums, will be one dollar each. Entry fee for Purses 10 per cent of amount of purse.

No Premium will be awarded to an unsound horse, or a horse of inferior merit.

The general direction of the Exhibition, and the decision in all matters of dispute, will be confided to HENRY WAGER, Esq., Westernville, Oneida Co., N. Y.

The proper award and prompt payment of Premiums, are guaranteed by the Committee of Arrangements.

JOSEPH WRIGHT, Chairman.

FROM RIO JANEIRO. — Intelligence from Rio Janeiro to the 4th ult. has been received. The yellow fever is declining in the harbor, but about 20 persons died each day in the city from the disease. The Brazilian Government adheres to the proposition of the United States, to abolish privateering and to exempt all private property from seizure by ships of war. It is officially announced that the Brazilian Government is ready to accept this as a new national jurisprudence.

INDIAN HOSTILITIES.—At Charleston, advices from Tampa Bay, of May 9th, confirm the rumored attack by Indians upon the soldiers at Palm Grove. Two soldiers were killed. The Indians had approached another encampment, making hostile demonstrations, but retreated without doing any mischief. The soldiers started out in pursuit.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, May 26, 1857.

FOR a few days we have been blessed with what may be termed "good growing weather," and farmers seem to be making the most thereof—our streets being almost deserted by the agricultural community.

FLOUR has advanced 25c per barrel on favorite brands, though transactions are neither numerous or heavy and mostly on eastern account.

GRAIN—Genesee wheat sustains an advance of 5c per bushel. Corn, Oats and Barley remain as last quoted. Buckwheat has fallen off 12½c per bushel. Millet, for seeding, is worth $1@1,50

PROVISIONS—Beef, by the cwt., has advanced. We quote at $7,50@8,50, though many of our butchers have paid at rates fully equal to $9,50 for that in their stalls. Butter down to 16 cents. Eggs 1c better per dozen. No change in best qualities of potatoes, but lower grades are up a little.

HAY has sold during the week at $15, and occasional loads of superior at something better—but the market is thought to be drooping.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	16
Flour, bbl	$5,75@6,50	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,75@1,80	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Best white Canada	$1,65@1,75	Apples bushel	$1,50@1,75
Corn	88c@$1,00	Do. dried	$2,00@2,25
Oats	56@62c	Potatoes	$1@$1,25
Barley	$1,25@1,38	HIDES AND SKINS	
Buckwheat	83@88c	Slaughter	6½@7c
Beans	$1,75@2,00	Calf	12@13c
Peas	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	$1,50@1,75
MEATS.		Lamb do	00@00c
Pork, Mess	$24,00	SEEDS.	
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover bushel	$6,50@7,00
Beef, Plate cwt	$7,50@8,50	Timothy	$3,00@4,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Ham, smoked	12@13c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	10@11c	Coal, Lehigh	$8@8,25
Chickens	11@12c	Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Turkeys	00@12½	Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	00@16c	Salt, bbl	$1,00@1,63
Do. firkin	16@17c	Hay, ton	$25@35
Cheese	12@14c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	00@14c	White fish, bbl	$12@12,50
Tallow	10@10½c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$4,75@5,25
Eggs, dozen	14@15c	Trout, bbl	$8,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 25.—Flour—There is a better eastern and local trade demand, and prices of com to medium 5@10c better. Sales at $5,70@6,60 for com to choice super State; $5,70@6,80 for extra do; $5,50@6,70 for super Western; $5,70@7,50 for com to good and extra Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Ohio; $7,75@9,75 do Genesee; $7,00@10 do St Louis, closing buoyant. Canadian flour is firm; sales at $7,00@8,00 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market is a shade firmer, with some little export demand. Sales at 175@175c for com white Canadian; 155c Canada club; 160c for red winter Illinois; 176c handsome red Missouri. Included in the sales corn white Canadian for export at 173c. Rye scarce and had advanced to 106c. Barley and barley malt nominally the same. Corn market opened buoyant and closed quiet; sales at 93@95c new Southern yellow; 90c mixed do; 92@94c in store and afloat for mixed Western; at the close at 92c in store. Oats firm and in moderate demand at 65@70c State and Western.

PROVISIONS.—Pork market firmer; sales at $23,75 for mess; $19,25 for prime. Lard buoyant; sales at 11¼@11½c. Butter dull at 19@22c for Ohio, and 20@24c for State. Cheese dull at 11@12c.

ALBANY, MAY 25—Flour and Meal—There is less activity in flour, but the market is firm. The demand is confined to the medium and better descriptions, for which very full prices are obtained. Sales at $7@8 for medium and $8@9 for fancy to extra Ohio, Canadian and Genesee. Corn Meal is firm and in steady request at $1,81@1,94.

GRAIN—Wheat is quiet, but cargoes to arrive are firmly held at full previous prices. Corn is being brought up the river and re-sold in this market, the store supplies of the winter having become exhausted; sales Western mixed 9c. Barley quiet.—Oats firm.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 20.—BREVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality, 13½@14¼c; Ordinary, 12½@13c.; Common, 11½@12c.; Inferior, 10½@11c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $65@75; Ordinary, $55@60; Common, $40@50; Inferior, $25@35.

YEAL CALVES—Extra, 6@7¼c.; Other qualities, 3@5½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $10,50@13; Other qualities, $3,50@8,50.

SWINE—First quality, 6½c.; Other qualities, 6, 6¼@7½c.

ALBANY, MAY 25.—At W. W. WOOLFORD'S Bull's Head Washington Avenue

BEEF CATTLE—760 at market. Prices, live weight, extra, $7,75; first quality, $7,25; second and third, $5@6,50.

COWS AND CALVES—7 in market. Prices range from $35@45,50@65.

SHEEP—740 in market. Prices range at $5@7

SWINE—400 in market. Prices range from $6,25@6,75.

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 20.—At market 355 Cattle, 225 Beeves, & 100 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,20@9,75; First quality, $8,75@9,00; second quality, $8,00; third quality, $7,50; ordinary, $5,50.

WORKING OXEN—$100 to $250.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 50@75.

YEARLINGS—$00@00. Two years old, $38@42 Three years old, $45@50

VEAL CALVES—$4, 5, 7@10 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1130 at market. Prices—In lots, $3, 3,50, $4,00@5,00 each. Extra and selections, $6, 7,50, 8@10.

HIDES—8½@9½c. ℔ lb. Tallow 8@8½c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—25c@$2,00 each. Calf Skins 14@15c. ℔ lb.

SWINE—1200 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8½c. ℔ lb. Dressed hogs, 9½@10½c. Shoats, wholesale, 8@9c.; retail 9½@10½c. ℔ lb.

BRIGHTON, MAY 21.—At market 750 Beef Cattle, 100 Stores, 12 pairs Working Oxen, 79 Cows and Calves, 1000 Sheep and Lambs, 3,000 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $10@10,50; first quality, $9,50; second, $8,75; third, $7,50; ordinary, $5,75.

HIDES—8½@9½c. Tallow, 8@8½c.

PELTS—25c@$2,00. Calf Skins, 14@15c ℔ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$4, 5@7 a piece.

WORKING OXEN—$140, 162,@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 28, 37, 40@50.

YEARLINGS $00@00. Two years old, $38@43. Three years old, $45@50.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $6, 8@9. In lots $2,50, 3@4.

SWINE—7@8c. Retail, 8@10c. Fat hogs 7c.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A LARGE, NEW MAGIC LANTERN and 100 fine Scientific and Miscellaneous paintings for sale cheap. Cost $187. Address C. H. D., Box 122, Sodus, Wayne Co., N. Y.

FOR SALE—A grade Durham Cow good for milk or beef; 4 years old; in calf by a ¾ pedigree Durham Bull. J. DORR, Scottsville, N. Y.

BOGARDUS & LEWIS,
OPERATIVE LITHOGRAPHERS & ENGRAVERS,
260 MAIN ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.
J. D. BOGARDUS.] [386we] [JOSEPH LEWIS.

MINNESOTA LAND FOR SALE.
240 ACRES OF CHOICE LAND, in lots to suit purchasers, adjoining town of Taylor's Falls, (50 miles above St. Paul on St Croix river,) for sale low, on easy payments.
Also 300 acres in Guthrie and Adair counties, Iowa Address, with postage stamp. D. S. FRACKER, Brockport, N. Y.
386w2

TO FARMERS.
THE COMPLETE WEATHEROMETER is the title of a book calculated greatly to aid the Farmer in foretelling the state of the weather, from indications in plants, trees, birds, man, clouds, heavenly bodies, and philosophical instruments, with instructions for making and using various instruments on a cheap plan. Sent by mail, pre-paid, to any part of the U. S. for 30 cents Address "CHEAP PUBLICATION SOCIETY," Cincinnati, Ohio.

ROUND HILL
MOTORPATHIC WATER-CURE AND HOTEL,
NORTHAMPTON, Mass. H. HALSTED, M. D., Proprietor and principal Physician. It is well known that Dr. Halsted makes the diseases incident to WOMAN a specialty. The establishment combines the advantages of being a cure for the treatment of chronic diseases of either sex, and a resort for the seekers of pleasure. Circulars sent *gratis*: "Motion—Life," a pamphlet upon the treatment, sent on receipt of six postage stamps. 386w5

PLASTER MILL AND FARM FOR SALE.
THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS AT PRIVATE SALE, as superior Plaster Mill, in good order, with an excellent water power,—together with thirty acres of superior farming land, comprising 12 acres of meadow, 6 of wood land, and 12 of upland, six of which contains Plaster in inexhaustible quantities. This valuable property is situated one mile from the village of Victor, Ontario Co., N. Y. The house and out-buildings are of superior arrangement. A constant stream of fresh spring water runs in the house and through the barn-yard. A choice selection of fruit—the best varieties of apples, peaches, &c. The quality of the Plaster is not excelled in the State. For further particulars apply by letter, or on the premises to
Victor, N. Y., May, 1857. [386w2] G. W. TORRENCE.

ESTABLISHED IN 1826.
C. A. BURR & CO.,
IMPORTERS, MANUFACTURERS AND Dealers in
Watches, Jewelry and Diamonds, Plain and Fancy Silver Ware, Fine Table Cutlery, Silver Plated Goods, and a great Variety of Fancy Articles
Our assortment of the above Goods is the largest to be found, and the prices the most reasonable. We invite the attention of those who wish to examine or purchase.
C. A. BURR, JNO. T. FOX, CHAS H. WEBB. } No. 2 State St., Rochester, N. Y. 386tf

BERKSHIRE PIGS FOR SALE—Descended from the imported stock of Col. MORRIS—warranted pure bred. Lakeville, Conn., May 25, 1857. [386w3] WM. J. PETTEE.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN ARCHITECT.
The way
To Build a Country House
is to get
RICH'S AMERICAN ARCHITECT.
Price $5.
Published by C. M. SAXTON & CO., No. 140 Fulton St, New York.
RURAL ARCHITECTURE. By L. F. Allen. Embracing Out Buildings as well as Cottages and Farm Houses. Price $1 25. At SAXTON'S, No. 140 Fulton St.
LAY OUT YOUR GROUNDS by DOWNING'S LANDSCAPE GARDENING. Price $3 50. Published by C. M. SAXTON & CO., No. 140 Fulton St., N. Y.
POULTRY—LOOK OUT FOR YOUR CHICKENS; and the best way to do that is told plainly in
THE AMERICAN POULTRY YARD.
Price $1.
Published by SAXTON & CO., 140 Fulton St., N. Y.
PUT UP GOOD GREEN-HOUSES THIS SUMMER, And get ready for Winter.
LEUCHAR'S HOW TO BUILD.
Gives full directions. Price $1 25. To be found at SAXTON & CO.'S, No. 140 Fulton St., New York.
☞ Sent free of postage on receipt of price.

BUCKWHEAT PEAS.—100 bushels, nice, for sale at 85 State St., Rochester, N. Y. BRIGGS & BROTHER.

ATKINS' SELF-RAKING REAPER AND MOWER.
The subscriber has two of the above named machines which he will sell or exchange for Horses. HIRAM WOOD, Livery Office next to National Hotel, North Fitzhugh, St. Rochester, May 13, 1857. 385tf

GEORGE H. LOVETT,
DIE-SINKER AND MEDALIST,
84 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.
GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS prepared in the first style of the Art, for Agricultural Societies, Institutions, Associations, Colleges, Schools, &c., &c. 385w13

200 TUNS OF BONES WANTED, for which the subscribers will pay $12 per ton, delivered at Utica. All information given by addressing
384w3 T. HOLLINGWORTH & SON, Utica, N. Y.

YOUNG GIFFORD MORGAN.
THIS FINE HORSE may be found at all times at the stable of the subscriber, one-half mile south of Le Roy village—For color and beauty cannot be easily beaten by any other horse, Black Hawks not excepted. Terms $10 to insure a foal. Mares brought from a distance to remain for a few weeks will be well taken care of on reasonable terms.
Le Roy, N. Y., May, 1857. DANIEL WARD.

MORRIS' PERFECT CHAIN PUMP.
THIS PUMP, JUST PATENTED, IS ENTIRELY SUCCESSFUL. It works without friction, never freezes, and does not lose a drop of water. The water flows the instant the crank is turned. This improvement can be attached to the common chain pump, and then it is a perfect machine, with which a small child can raise water from any depth. Attachments, Pumps, and Rights for Sale. Full description by addressing
J. B. BROWN, Proprietor, 627 Market St., Phila., Pa.

FREE LABOR WAREHOUSE.
Dry Goods and Groceries Strictly Free Labor.
THE UNDERSIGNED INVITES ATTENTION to his Establishment. The Cotton manufactured in his Mill, is wholly free labor. A large stock of Staple fabrics in variety is maintained. Refined and Muscovado Sugars, Steam Syrup and W. I. Molasses, Coffees, Rice, &c., on hand. Price lists and samples sent by mail. GEO. W. TAYLOR, corner of 5th and Cherry Sts., Phila., Pa.

PUBLIC SALE OF
IMPROVED SHORT-HORNS (DURHAM CATTLE.)
JAMES GOWEN, will sell at Public Sale, on Wednesday the 10th of June next, at Mount Airy, Philadelphia, a choice Herd of SHORT-HORNS, consisting of Cows, young Bulls, Heifers and Calves, bred expressly with the view of establishing the fine Milking and early Feeding properties of the "Durham Breed." Catalogues, with Pedigrees, will be furnished in due time. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock. 385w3

TO CARPENTERS.
THE PRACTICAL STAIR BUILDER—A simple and accurate method of obtaining the face-mold and its application shown in perspective as the work progresses. Plans one-fourth full size, with lines laid down in a plain and simple manner, capable of being understood by any practical workman. The advantages claimed by this system are these: having less lines than any work yet published, wreathe cut square through the plank, and joints made at once, and at right angles to the surface of the plank, by which there is a saving of material and labor of at least fifty per cent. By mail free. Single copy, $2—three copies, $5. Address H. C. COEN, Architect and Builder, Wheeling, Va. 385w2

GRASSES AND FORAGE PLANTS.
A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON GRASSES AND FORAGE Plants, comprising
THEIR NATURAL HISTORY, COMPARATIVE NUTRITIVE VALUE, METHODS OF CULTIVATING, CUTTING AND CURING, AND THE MANAGEMENT OF GRASS LANDS.
By CHARLES L. FLINT,
Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.
1 vol. 8vo. $1 25.
*** This book is one of the most practical and valuable treatises on the subject of Grasses and Forage Plants ever published, and is illustrated with numerous engravings of the different species and varieties. On receipt of price the book will be sent by mail free of postage. C. P. PUTNAM & CO., 385w2 No. 321 Broadway, N. Y. (up stairs.)

HARVEST GLOVES AND MITTS!—I have, and shall keep on hand a supply of the above, of a superior quality. Farmers and Country merchants will find it to their advantage to purchase of me. Sold wholesale and retail at the Whip and Glove Store, 78 State St. S. A. ELLIS, successor to M. Strong.

BREAD! BREAD!! BREAD!!!
EVERY HOUSEKEEPER who delights in LIGHT AND NUTRITIOUS BREAD, should go to her grocer and get a package of JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS. Its superiority over all other articles for making Biscuit, Cake, and Pastry of all kinds, cannot fail to bring it into general use. For sale at all the Groceries. Manufacturing Depot 313 Washington street, New York. 384w4

ROCHESTER SAVINGS' BANK.
NEW BUILDING,
Corner of Buffalo and Fitzhugh Streets.
THIS BANK PAYS SIX PER CENT INTEREST ON ALL Deposits, instead of five as heretofore allowed.
Open from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., and on Saturday evening.
May 1st, 1857. EDWARD WHALEN, Secretary.
Trustees.

Jonathan Child,	Isaac Hills,	J. Haywood,
E. F. Smith,	Wm. Brewster,	Wm. Pitkin,
W. H. Cheney,	G. H. Mumford,	G. Byington,
H. Stillwell,	L. B. Swan,	Rufus Keeler,
T. Kempshall,	W. A. Reynolds,	Wm. Kidd

SELF-RAKING REAPER AND MOWER, OR SINGLE REAPER,
Seymour & Morgan's Patent, Improved for the Harvest of 1857.
THIS MACHINE IS MORE SIMPLE, and less liable to get out of repair, than any other Self-Raker—is easier for the Team than any hand raker which cuts as wide—cuts as clean and takes off better than any other machine, either hand or self-raker. The size of the bundle may be regulated by the driver with perfect ease—the knife cannot be clogged—and for quality of material and workmanship, it is not surpassed by any machine in the market. For further particulars, apply soon, to one of our agents, or to ourselves SEYMOUR, MORGAN & ALLEN.
Brockport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 284w6

LARGE SALE
OF DURHAM CATTLE AT AUCTION.
THE SUBSCRIBER WILL SELL AT PUBLIC SALE, ON Wednesday, June 17th, at the Farm known as the "Troy Lake Farm," town of East Troy, Walworth Co., Wis, FIFTY HEAD OF FULL-BLOOD DURHAMS—Cows, Heifers, Calves and Bulls. A rare chance is offered those wishing to improve their stock in this vicinity, as well as those more remote, as the place of sale is easy of access from all points, being near Eagle Station, Milwaukie and Mississippi R. R., and three miles north of East Troy.
In offering this Herd to the public, I wish to state that I have selected and reared the whole of them with an eye single to the greatest improvement in the qualities of form, color, size, milking and fattening properties. My original stock was the best I could select in Livingston Co., N. Y. I have made acquisitions from time to time, from the same locality; also from different select herds in Ohio and Kentucky. A number of the young stock are from Bulls imported by the Liv. Co. Stock Association.
The stock can be seen at the farm previous to day of sale.—Pedigrees and descriptions will be given for each animal when offered. I invite the attendance of breeders of Durhams and all others interested in the improvement of stock. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. Terms liberal and made known on the day of sale. SEYMOUR BROOKS, Proprietor.
East Troy, Wis., May, 1857. 383w2my9-30

PLASTER! PLASTER!!
I WILL SELL NICE, fine ground PLASTER, at my mill, at $2 75 per ton. Said mill is situated 11 miles west of Rochester, 2½ miles south-west of Hatford's Inn, and 2½ from Churchville.
Riga, N. Y., April 27, 1857. [383w3] E. M. HARMON.

WAR OF 1812.
NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.
THE UNDERSIGNED IS NOW PREPARED to prosecute all claims of the New York State Militia arising under the Acts of 1818, 1819, and April 15, 1857, passed by the Legislature of this State providing for the payment of the contingent expenses incurred by the Militia, and also pay for their clothing, equipments, &c., lost, worn out or destroyed in the service in the War of 1812. As the time for prosecuting these claims is limited, parties interested should make application at an early day. The large experience of the undersigned in procuring Bounty Lands and Pensions, will enable him greatly to facilitate the prosecution of all claims entrusted to his management. The highest market price always paid for Land Warrants.—Office, 35 and 37 West Gallery, Reynolds' Arcade. Address, by letter or otherwise, ALFRED G. MUDGE, Rochester, N. Y

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SUPERB DOUBLE DAHLIAS.
OUR STOCK OF THIS GORGEOUS FLOWER has recently been much improved by the addition of above FIFTY of the finest ENGLISH, FRENCH and GERMAN Prize Varieties of the past year, nearly all of which are now offered for the first time in this country. Strong plants are now ready for delivery at the following prices:
NEW VARIETIES, offered for the first time this year, $1 each—$10 per dozen.
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Plants packed with care to bear transportation to all parts of the country. Catalogues forwarded to all applicants who enclose a cent stamp to prepay postage.
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TRIAL OF REAPERS AND MOWERS.
THE TRIAL OF REAPERS AND MOWERS, UNDER the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture will take place on
WEDNESDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF JULY,
1857, at HAMILTON, Butler county, Ohio, at which time and place the following Premiums will be awarded:

I. For the best REAPER	$50 00
For the 2d best do	30 00
II. For the best MOWER	50 00
For the 2d best do	30 00
III. For the best REAPER & MOWER, combined	50 00
For the 2d best do do do	30 00

The Machines competing for the Premium of "Reaper and Mower combined," shall both "*Reap*" and "*Mow*," in the presence of the Awarding Committee.
Competition for the Premiums is respectfully invited from Manufacturers and others, in all the States.
The first, or Premium of $50, will be awarded either in money, or gold medal, at the option of the successful competitor.
Good teams and efficient teamsters will be provided by the Board.
Hamilton is a point twenty-five miles north of Cincinnati, on the Great Miami Railroad, and is therefore very accessible.
AWARDING COMMITTEE—Hon. Norton S. Townsend, Avon, O.; John Ferris, Carthage, O.; E. G. Dyer, Hamilton, O.; W. R. Collett, Lebanon, O.; David Novitt, Lawrenceburgh, Ind.; Jos. Barker, Newport, O. By order of Board,
March, 16, 1857. JNO. H. KLIPPART, Cor. Sec.

MORGAN HORSE, GENERAL GIFFORD, Jr.
THIS BEAUTIFUL HORSE is coming three years old. Color, chestnut. Is 15½ hands; weighs over 1,000 pounds. Is thought by good judges to be in no way inferior, and in many respects superior, to his splendid sire, General Gifford.
GENERAL GIFFORD, Jr., will stand at the Stable of the subscriber ¾ of a mile south of Walworth Corners. Terms, to ensure, $12. Inquiries promptly answered.
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300 *In different States in* 1854.
1,200 *Well distributed in* 1855.
2,800 *Throughout the Union* 1856.
5,000 *Building for*

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINES.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness."—Proverbs 31—26.

I, for one, do not despise,
Beauty sparkling in the eyes;
If upon the cheek it glows,
Vieing with the blushing rose;
I would not a cynic be—
There it hath a charm for me.

If to crown the pleasing fair
She is blest with shining hair,
Ruby lips and dimpled chin,
Faultless form and snowy skin;
How can I such beauty see
And deny its charms for me?

Though the chiseled statue might
Fill me with a mute delight,
While I saw its marble grace,
Polished brow and classic face—
Still my heart would not agree
That its charms should last with me.

Animate the finished form,
Let the heart beat kind and warm;
There let Kindness write her law,
And from Wisdom's Fountain draw
Ways of peace—and then I'm free,
I own her charms would last with me.

Every speech in wisdom formed;
Every act by kindness warmed;
These are beauties of the mind,
Shining most with woman kind;
May they ever dwell with thee
Is a wish you have from me.

Then though wasting Time may prey
On each beauty of thy clay,
Bright within thy soul may glow,
Until Life shall cease to flow,
Wisdom still and kindness be
Gems of beauty worn by thee.

Anonymous.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WATCHING LOVERS.

BY MRS. S. WEBSTER LLOYD.

[Concluded from last No.]

There was always a picture of quiet domestic happiness at the Widow Hedges, after candle-light. Sometimes Mr. Russel would read aloud while Myrta and her mother sat at work. Sometimes he would join with Myrta in singing. The windows were scarcely ever closed, and it was a real treat to listen to the music of their voices.—Mrs. Hedges often joined in some old song or familiar hymn. Hannah was often with them, adding her rich soprano. Occasionally the scene was varied; always when a letter came from California a restraint fell upon the little company. Sometimes for days Myrta would watch in vain for the appearance of Mr. Russel; then he would come again, and gradually the shyness and constraint would wear away until things went on as usual.

By-and-by there began to be evident preparations for a wedding. Myrta worked no longer on vests and pants. Articles of female apparel were embroidered. A few patterns of silk were seen—then a plainer material, evidently a traveling dress—finally delicate muslins and thin gossamer laces, white ribbons, gloves, &c., &c., had their turn. Hannah Whaly was always there now, and her taste seemed to direct everything. Mr. Russel came as usual, but there was no more readings or singings, except when Hannah studied the fashion plate or warbled snatches of song over her work. Mr. Russel's pale face wore an uneasy, troubled expression. September had come and Lewis was expected. I watched the window constantly for fear I might not see the first meeting of Myrta and her lover.

One day Russel brought another letter. I saw him hand it through the open window, and turn away without speaking. Poor fellow, I pitied him from the bottom of my heart, for I read in the agony of his countenance the tokens of a hopeless love as plainly as I ever read it on a human face. The next day I stood oftener at my front window, watching Russel, than at the side one watching Myrta and her friend. He surely was packing up the contents of his little shop. Ah, I saw it all now. He had hoped against hope that something might intervene to prevent the marriage of Myrta and Lewis; and now he had given up that it must be. He was feverish and hurried in his movements, doing and undoing his work—standing at his counter awhile, then at his desk, then leaning his head upon his hands in evident despair, then rousing himself and going to work again. Finally he locked his shop and went to his boarding house. It was dusk when I saw him standing opposite, with a carpet-bag in his hand and an overcoat upon his arm. He walked a few steps towards the river, then paused irresolutely, and then turned and hastily entered Mrs. Hedges' gate. I was quickly at the side window, in time to see Myrta sink into a chair and rest her head upon the window-seat. Russel entered without knocking and stood beside her. She did not raise her head.—"Myrta," I heard him say, "I am about to leave W. It cannot be but you know why." Harriet Lee came in and I partly dropped my curtain and turned away. I heard no more of their conversation, but through the deep twilight, and until candles were lighted, Russel kept his place at her side. The shrill whistle of the steamboat sounded through the air. The noise of her paddle wheels came near. The bell for landing rung out its five strokes. The signal for departure was given and again she was under way, but still Myrta and Russel sat beside the window.

In the morning Russel was again in the shop, unpacking the packed-up boxes of the day before. The hopeless expression of his face was gone. He went more than once to the widow's that day, and once I know I saw him kiss the brow of Myrta as she sat in the accustomed place at the window.

It was well I had no domestic duties to demand my attention, else I fear they would have been sadly neglected during the next fortnight. There was again hurry and bustle at the widow's. Early in the morning and late at night, Myrta and Hannah sat at work. Again there was seen the material for traveling dresses. More silks came upon the tapis, more muslins, more gossamer laces and white ribbons. Then these things seemed to have been got through with, and cook books came into requisition. Baskets of fruit, eggs and butter came from the abundant stores of Mr. Nathan Whaly. Aunt Susy bustled back and forth in all the glory of the head cook. Quiet Mrs. Hedges had a care of everything. There was a show of confectionary stored away in closets.

One evening I saw a stranger enter. It was Braxton Lewis. Hannah very considerately disappeared from the room. I saw him meet Myrta, grasp her hand and kiss her cheek. Ah, I had expected a warmer demonstration than this. In the morning invitations were issued for the wedding. All the young people were bidden. It was to be that very night,—short notice, some said, but all were ready at the appointed hour. I had scarcely caught a glimpse of the girls all day, but I had seen a gentleman there, a stranger. Who could it be,—not Lewis, for he was at his father's and everywhere, shaking hands with old friends, receiving congratulations and answering questions. Aunt Susy, with one or two supernumerary cooks, occupied the kitchen among turkeys and chickens, ham, tongues and shoat.

Towards night, girls came to lay the table in the sitting room; very nicely it looked, and prettily decorated with flowers. They lingered around the table arranging and re-arranging, until Mrs. Hedges drove them off to dress. At last all was ready. The guests had arrived. The clergyman was in attendance. Harriet had opened the shutter and raised the window towards my room, and the lace curtain scarcely interrupted my view of the company—at least after I had mounted on a stool, so as to be above the heads of a dozen darkies, who clustered round the window. Two couple entered the parlor and stood before the minister. I could scarcely believe my eyes.—Myrta Hedges leaned upon the arm of Mr. Russel, and beside Braxton Lewis, stood Hannah Whaly. The company seemed dumb with surprise. I glanced round. Squire Lewis' countenance alone, expressed no surprise. The minister was performing a double ceremony. At first I could not distinguish the words, for black Sam Whaly left the window and went muttering out of the yard. The latter part I heard distinctly, "In accordance with the Written Word of God, and by the authority of the documents which I hold in my hand, I pronounce each couple Man and Wife."

The minister had not taken his seat, when the door opened, and Nathan Whaly, almost bursting with rage, stood before the bridal party.—"Let me present my daughter-in-law to you," said Squire Lewis, advancing to him.

Whaly made no answer, but stepping in front of the clergyman, said, menacingly, "The utmost rigors of the law shall be visited upon you, Sir, for this illegal marriage."

"All necessary paper are in my possession, Mr. Whaly," replied the minister, with calm dignity.

"By whose authority were they falsely obtained?" demanded Whaly.

"By the authority of Hannah Whaly's father, who never delegated to you his control over his child." The last speaker was the stranger I had seen during the day.

"You have resumed your fatherly control at a fitting time, after leaving your child to be reared by the charity of her uncle," sneered Nathan.

"Who has all these years been in the possession of the inheritance rightfully belonging to that child's father?" said the stranger. "But this is no place for recrimination; you have reared my child, well for which I thank you, and forgive the treachery that caused me to think her dead."

Mr. Lewis and the clergyman interrupted the conversation of the brothers. Nothing more passed between them, and Nathan Whaly soon left the house.

"Did you ever hear anything so good," said Harriet Lee, when she came home. "All the time that everybody though Brac. was writing to Myrta, he was only sending letters to Hannah; even that first package was to tell Myrta all about his finding his love only a childish fancy, as Myrta had before discovered hers to be."

"But why did not Myrta tell Mr. Russel this?"

"Why, Myrta did not suspect Mr. Russel loved her, and she was in constant fear he would see her own deep love for him. The day he came to say good bye it was all explained. They had made all preparation for Hannah's wedding, and as they had got word that Lewis would be detained two weeks longer, Mr. Russel persuaded Myrta to be married at the same time."

"Well, how came Hannah's father to desert his child?" I inquired.

"When Hannah was about three year old, her mother's health failed, and Mr. Whaly leaving her to the care of her grandparents, who were then living, went with his wife to the island of Cuba.—There he buried her, and near the same time heard from his brother Nathan, that his father, mother and child had died of an epidemic. He had no wish to return home when every tie he had on earth was severed, for little affection had ever existed between the brothers. He had wandered nearly over the whole earth, and Braxton Lewis discovered him, by the merest accident, in California. He is rich—too rich to need a cent of his father's property, and the best of all is, Mr. Russel is rich too. He made a fortune in two years, while Brac. has toiled six, and is poor now.—Hannah says she is glad of it, for her father has enough, and he is coming back to Kentucky. He and Squire Lewis are talking about an estate near Carrollton."

In the morning everybody was on the lookout for the bridal party. About nine o'clock they walked to the wharf. All seemed joyful, but there was a deep happiness resting upon the calm face of Mr. Russel that surpassed all the rest.

The hair is a beautiful ornament of woman, but it has always been a disputed point which color best becomes it. We account red hair as by no means the most preferable; but in the time of Elizabeth it found ardent admirers and was in fashion. Mary of Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore red fronts. Cleopatra was red-haired; and the Venetian ladies to this day counterfeit yellow hair.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

[*From the New York Ledger.*]

LINES.

As distant lands beyond the sea,
When friends go thence, draw nigh,
So Heaven, when friends have thither gone,
Draws nearer from the sky.

And as those lands the dearer grow,
When friends are long away,
So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead,
Grows dearer day by day.

Heaven is not far from those who see
With the pure spirit's sight,
But near, and in the very hearts
Of those who see aright.

January, 1857. C. D. Stuart.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," &c.

CHAPTER I.

AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

It was the first of May, the marriage day of the Viscount Montressor of Montressor Castle, Dorsetshire, and Estelle, only daughter and heiress of Sir Parke Morelle, Hyde Hall, Devonshire.

A glorious morning! the cloudless, blue sky smiled down upon the green hills and dewy dales and deep woods of Devon; and the park around the Hall was all alive and musical with the joyous songs of birds and the merry laughter of young men and maidens, gathering to celebrate their May-day festival, and to do honor to the marriage of their landlord's daughter.

The elm-shaded, winding avenue that led from the highway to the house, was arched at each terminus by a mammoth wreath of flowers, and many were the carriages that passed under them, on their way to assist at the wedding; and these contained only the bridesmaids, and the nearest friends and relatives of the family, whose relationship or position gave them the right to attend the bride to church—for a still more numerous party had been invited to meet her at the altar. The villagers and tenants grouped about under the shade of the great old trees, or wandering over the greensward on either side the avenue, watched these equipages as they rolled on, commenting as usual on such occasions.

"Oh—dear me! the weddingers won't pass till nearly twelve! and here we are to wait two mortal hours!" said a young girl to the game-keeper.

"Hush! my darling; look, here comes his Lordship's carriage itself, just as sure as you're the prettiest lass in the country."

It was Lord Montressor's carriage.

Early that morning a note from his affianced bride had been put in his hands summoning him to a private conference with her at the Hall, before they should proceed to the church. Surprised and filled with vague uneasiness, his Lordship lost no time in obeying the behest.

Within the most secluded of her suite of richly furnished apartments at the old Hall, half buried in the depths of a cushioned chair, reclined the bride expectant, in bridal array.

She was alone, her attendants having, by her own desire withdrawn.

Estelle Morelle—or "La bel'e Estelle," "Beautiful Stella," "The Midnight Star"—as, for her resplendent dark beauty she was poetically named—was at this time twenty-five years of age, and more lovely than a poet's or an artist's ideal. Her form was of medium height, and very slender, though well rounded with a graceful head, over which fell rich masses of jet-black, silken ringlets, shading a face of pure, pale olive complexion, with large, mournful dark eyes, habitually veiled by the long, drooping lashes, and delicate, though full curved lips ever patiently closed as in silent resignation. The prevailing expression of her dark, brilliant countenance was a profound melancholy.

The announcement of Miss Morelle's approaching marriage with the Viscount Montressor had created a profound sensation in the fashionable and aristocratic circles. A peerless beauty, the only child and heiress of the oldest, wealthiest and haughtiest baronet in the West of England, her hand had been as much the object of aspiration to the youthful and ardent, as her hand and fortune had been the end of desire to the mercenary and ambitious.

At the early age of seven years Estelle had been placed at one of the first-class female institutions of learning at Paris—then, as now, considered among the very best of their kind in the world, and there had been left to remain until her sixteenth year, when the sudden and calamitous breaking up of the institution, and her own severe illness, had occasioned her recall. *That illness had been attended with marked changes in the constitution and temperament of the young girl.*

Estelle, previously the most careless, light-hearted and capricious of children, left her chamber of convalescence a subdued, thoughtful, melancholy woman! The laughing lips of childhood closed in patient sadness; the sparkling eyes sheathed their beams under long, shadowy lashes, now seldom lifted; the silvery, elastic voice sank into deep and thrilling tones; the free, glad motions were measured and controlled.

She never entered another school, but completed her education under the best masters at home. To dissipate what was considered a transient melancholy, her parents travelled with her over Europe, pausing at each capital and chief town, to show her all that was interesting and instructive. But though their daughter repaid their attentions with the sweetest gratitude and obeyed them with the gentlest docility, she showed no interest in the passing scenes. And though everywhere her extreme beauty and sweetness of disposition, not less than her fortune and position drew around her many friends and admirers, Estelle remained alone in her isolated thoughts and feelings. Every most distinguished physician in Europe had been consulted upon her case, and the result of their wisdom was a decision that this melancholy was not the effect of ill health, still less of secret sorrow, but that it was a constitutional phase that would probably pass away with maturing years.

They returned to England, presented their daughter at court, and introduced her into all the gaieties of fashionable life. But with no happy effect upon the spirits of Estelle, who remained profoundly unmoved amid the *eclat* that greeted her *debut*. Her picturesque beauty was the theme of all tongues—her mournful glance was fascinating—her deep tones thrilling—her touch magnetic; all felt her power, yet none could move all others remained unimpressed. She, who sought no conquests for that very reason, perhaps, made many. A peer and two commoners, in succession laid their fortunes at her feet, and were in turn kindly and firmly rejected.

So passed her first season in London, at the close of which her parents took her down to their seat in Devonshire. Here, in her thoughtful, quiet, unostentatious manner, she engaged in works of benevolence among the villagers and the tenantry. And her father, hoping much from this employment, gave her full liberty of action and smiled to see that she seemed less pensive than before.

At the beginning of the parliamentary term, the family went up to London.

And it was here in her second season in town that Estelle formed the acquaintance of Lord Montressor, a young nobleman but lately acceded to his titles and estates, but a ready known as a man of the most high-toned moral and intellectual excellence, as a righteous as well as a rising statesman, and as one, who, in the event of a change of ministry would be likely to fill a high official position in His Majesty's cabinet. Aside from the glare of rank and wealth and power, Charles Montressor was a glorious specimen of the Creator's workmanship. Above the average standard of height among his countrymen, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with a noble head, and a face full of wisdom and goodness, his appearance truly indicated the warm benevolence, clear intelligence, and pure spirit of the man. His presence soon inspired Estelle with a faith that she had not been able to feel in any other that approached her. He drew nearer to her than any other had been permitted to come; he crossed the magic circle of her isolation, and conversed with her as no other had been allowed to do. The world looked and said that the beautiful Stella had at last met her master and was conquered.

At this stage of affairs, the parliamentary term being over, Sir Parke Morelle and his family left London for Hyde Hall.

Lord Montressor asked and received permission to follow them, and in less than a month availed himself of the privilege to do so. Thus it was in the home of her ancestors, after having obtained the cordial sanction of her parents, and believing himself sure of the affections of their daughter, Lord Montressor offered his heart and hand to the lovely Estelle, and was to his profound astonishment instantly and firmly rejected! In thus rejecting his suit she wept low and bitterly, praying his forgiveness, that the happiness she had experienced and exhibited in his society should have betrayed him into making this declaration, and beseeching him never to renew his suit; but to leave and to get her. There was something in the tone of her refusal which confirmed and deepened his previous conviction that—even in rejecting him—she loved him! But with his high-toned sentiments he would not in the least degree presume upon that knowledge. Taking her hand with deferential tenderness, he said—

"Stella! a man never but once in his whole existence, loves a woman as I love you! I will not inquire the cause of the rejection, which too have certainly a right to make without assigning any reason for the act. And after having received this repulse, I may not in honor distress you by a renewal of my suit. But this, in parting, I must say to you—that, though I go hence, I shall not go out of the reach of your friends: I shall never address another woman; so if ever in the course of future weeks, or months, or years, however long, you may think proper to review the decision of this evening, Stella, I implore you to let me know! Write but one word, 'Come,' and I will return to lay an unchanged heart at your feet!"

Estelle was weeping too bitterly to reply.

"Stella! will you promise to do this?"

"Lord Montressor, best and dearest friend, do not seek to bind yourself to one who can give you nothing in return! Try to think of the melancholy girl that you have prized and loved—only as a shadow that fell for a moment across the sunshine of your path,—and then passed away forever!—and so forget her!"

"Stella! I have pledged my honor never to renew this suit, unless you reverse in my favor the sentence you have pronounced upon it; but, inspired by the deep and deathless love I bear you, and hoping 'against hope,' I feel impelled to implore before leaving you, that, in the event of a favorable change of sentiment or purpose towards me, you will not hesitate to give me leave to return. Stella, will you promise me so much as that?"

"Noblest friend that I have in the world! how gladly would I promise, but I must not, Montressor. Were I to do so, you would feel bound to wait the changes of my mood, and so, for a most undeserving love, might miss, in some nobler woman's affections, the happiness in store for you!"

"Stella, will you raise your sweet, mournful eyes to mine, one moment, that you may read my soul while I speak?"

Estelle lifted her dark eyes to meet the clear, pure, blue eyes bent with so much love and candor upon hers, and read the deep, unchanging truth of the constancy of his soul, as he said—

"Stella, in the presence of the heart-searching God who sees and hears me, I assure you that I shall never love another woman as I love you, and, therefore, of course, can never wed another; so that whether you give me this or that of hopes or not, I am equally and forever bound! *Now* will you promise, Stella? Remember, it is only to let me know in case of a change in your sentiments."

For an instant the light of an unutterable love and joy broke on her beautiful, dark face, and her smiling lips parted to speak—when—as if a sudden memory and warning had gripped her very heart—she uttered a low, sharp cry, turned paler than before, and then said—

"No! no! my Lord! Stella cannot even give you that!—She is poorer than the poorest, to give to you! She can only pray that you may forget her and be happy."

He looked profoundly disappointed and troubled. But soon mastering his despondency he said hopefully—

"Well, dearest Stella, altho' you reject me without apparent reason, and refuse to give me the slightest promise or the most distant hope, yet *I repeat*—should you in the long future, change your purpose and write to me one word—'Come,' I will hasten to lay at your feet an unchanged heart! Good bye! God be with you!" and raising her hand, he bowed over it, pressed it to his lips, turned and left the room.

Some moments after, Lady Morelle, who came to seek and congratulate her daughter upon what she imagined to be the only possible result of the interview—found Estelle lying in a swoon upon the floor! It was followed by a long and terrible illness, terminating in a tediously protracted convalescence—The town season was at hand before Estelle was able to re-enter society.

They went up to London, and once more the "star of beauty" arose upon its world. And though the cloud upon her life settled darker and heavier, day by day, she was more followed, flattered and courted than before.

Thus three years had passed away, when one morning, while the family, then occupying their town house in Berkely Square, were seated at a late breakfast, and Sir Parke was engaged in *reading aloud from the London Times, an account of the sinking of the French Ship—Le Duc D'Anjou—wrecked off the coast of Algiers—Estelle uttered a low cry and sunk fainting from her seat.*

This attack was not as the other had been, followed by illness; on the contrary, from that day, the cloud seemed lifted from her head, and even those who had most admired her face in its shadow, were enchanted to see how brilliant was her beauty in its sunshine! Her health and spirits daily improved, yet in the midst of all this flowing tide of new life, Estelle astonished her friends by suddenly, in the height of the London season, returning to her father's country seat, where she remained in strict seclusion from the world for eighteen months.

At the end of this period, Lord Montressor, who had never left England, or lost trace of his beloved Stella, and who was now staying at his castle in Dorsetshire, was one day seated at breakfast when the morning mail was brought him. Among a score of letters the first that attracted his attention was a dainty white envelope superscribed in a delicate hand-writing. He took that up first and opened it—it contained but one word—"Come!"

The light of an ineffable joy broke over his face! Oh! he had waited patiently, hope'ully, years, for that word, and at last he received it! Thanks to heaven in the first instance! and then pushing all the other letters unopened aside, he sprang up, rang for his valet, and ordered his valise packed and horses put to the carriage.

In twenty more minutes he had reached the railway station just as the cars were about to start, and in three hours he was at Hyde Hall and standing in the presence of Estelle!—she looking so beautiful and happy!

With the old chivalric enthusiasm of devotion, he dropped at once, upon his knee, and raised her hand to his, saying—

"For four years I have hoped and waited for one word from you, and at last, beloved, you have written—'Come,' and I am at your feet, as I said, with an unchanged heart!"

"But I," she said, deeply blushing, while she held both hands to raise him, "I, my Lord, have not an unchanged heart! for longer than four years I have loved you more than woman's tongue may tell—and never more, than at the hour in which we bade farewell, as I thought, forever!"

"I know it, beloved! I knew it *then*! knew it *always*! I never doubted it! Could I be deceived in the dear heart of the woman I loved! No! and that was the secret of my patience!" he replied, taking his seat on the sofa by her side.

"And yet you never inquired and do not even now inquire, why, without explanation and without hope, I sent you from my presence, and why now, without apparent reason, I summon you back!" she said, as a shade of the old sadness fell upon her beautiful face.

"Your motives, dearest, were, and are your own. Not until your spirit moves you to do so, shall you give them to me! I have full confidence in you, beautiful Stella!"

"*Confidence! Oh my God*," she exclaimed in a low, deep thrilling voice.

"Why, what is the matter dearest?"

She looked up suddenly, a smile of worshiping love, breaking like sunlight over her dark face, and said—

"Nothing. Nothing, my lord! but that all your thoughts and feelings are so elevated beyond your poor Estelle's! And yet she would almost choose it so! for could she be an angel, she would wish you to be something far higher—a god!"

"Sweet enthusiast! moderate your aspirations, or the world and its people will disappoint you! Be not an idolater; worship only God, my Stella."

Such was their meeting!

Yet, occasionally, throughout the interview, a sudden shadow like the recurrence of a painful thought, would fall upon her bright face and then pass as it came.

They were engaged, and within a few days the marriage was announced to take place on the first of May.

But it was observed by the nearest friends of the bride, that from the day of her betrothal, her spirits had been marked by the strangest fluctuations. Sometimes with her beautiful dark face illumined with a deep, still, almost religious joy, she moved about, as it were, on "winged feet," or sat brooding in a happy trance. At other times, she fell into drop gloom and anxiety, as inexplicable as it was alarming to her friends who greatly feared her relapse into the deep melancholy that had so long overshadowed her, and that they had grown to dread as a serious constitutional malady. But they hoped everything from her approaching marriage with the man she loved. Lord Montressor observed with the deepest interest the uncertain moods of his betrothed, but with the high-toned sentiments that distinguished him refrained from inquiring, and awaited her voluntary revelations.

At last the first of May, the marriage day, upon which I have presented the parties to the reader, arrived, and all the *haut ton*, as I said, were gathered at the Hall or at the Church to do honor to the solemnities.

And the expectant bride, in her bridal robe and veil, waited within her boudoir the arrival of the bridegroom, whom she had summoned to a private interview before they should proceed to the church. She had not long to wait. He who quickly responded to her slightest inclination, immediately obeyed her call.

Yet when she heard his firm elastic step approaching,

"Now God have mercy on me!" she prayed, and covered her face with her hands.

He entered, unannounced, and saying,

"My betrothed Stella! I am here, you perceive, by your command!"

She dropped her hands, and revealing a face pale with misery, spoke in a thrilling, deep, impassioned tone—

"You are here by my *supplication*, my lord! I have no right to command!"

"We will waive that! What is your will, my dearest Stella?"

"My *pardon*, my lord—is first, for your forgiveness."

"*Forgiveness?*—my Stella."

"Ay! my dear lord! you see before you a penitent and a supplicant, who may soon be something far more wretched!"

"My Stella! what mean you?"

"Come to the window, Lord Montressor!" she said, rising and preceding him. "Look out," she continued, pushing aside the rose-colored hangings, and revealing a view of the park below, alive with the restless multitude. "What are all these people waiting for, my lord?"

"What are they waiting for, my Stella?—for that for which I also wait, with how much more impatience!" he answered, while a deep flush of love and joy, for an instant, supplanted the anxiety on his face.

"They wait to see a bride pass, where a bride may never go!" she said, in a solemn voice.

"Stella! great Heaven! what say you?" he exclaimed, gazing on her with profound astonishment.

"That the bride they expect is noworthy to stand before God's holy altar beside Lord Montressor."

"Unworthy, Stella! You!"

"*Most unworthy*, my lord!" she said, dropping her arms, and dropping her head in an attitude of the deepest misery. "I should have made this confession long ago, Lord Montressor; but I have deceived you—I have deceived you!"

"In what respect, Stella? My God! It cannot be! No, it cannot be! that while betrothed to me, you do not love me!"

"*Not love you! Oh! my dear lord!*" she murmured, in a voice of thrilling tenderness that carried conviction of her truth to his deepest heart.

"What mean you, then, dearest one? if indeed you return my deep love."

"Oh! I do, I do, Montressor; whatever happens, wherever you go, take that assurance with you! I love you, my lord! shall ever love you, even though even after what I shall have told you, you repulse and hate me, and go to our friends and say,—'That woman whom I was about to wed, is but a whited sepulchre, whom I have proved, and whom I now reject'—and so leave me to the scorn of men, still I say—ever shall say—I love you, Lord Montressor! I love you, and the consciousness of being unworthy of your love is the bitterest element in my punishment," she said, in a voice of such profound misery, that Lord Montressor could scarcely continue to believe her agitation unfounded or exaggerated.

He dropped upon a seat, and sitting still and white as a carved image of stone, gazed upon her, waiting her further communications.

The above is all of this beautiful and highly interesting story that will be published in our columns. We give this as a sample. The continuation of it can be found only in the New York Ledger, the great family weekly paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which can be found at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the New York Ledger of May 30, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy at any news office, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy on receipt of five cents. Fanny Fern writes only for the New York Ledger; Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., writes only for it; Emerson Bennett writes only for it; and nearly all the eminent writers in the country, such as Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth and Alice Carey, contribute regularly to its columns.—Mrs. Southworth will write for no other paper hereafter. Geo. D. Prentice, Esq., of the Louisville Journal, prepares the Wit and Humor Department in the Ledger. It is mailed to subscribers at $2 a year, or two copies for $3. Address Robert Bonner, publisher, 44 Ann st., New York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone.

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Elmira, N. Y., May, 1857. 383m6wc

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Rural New-Yorker.

ENTOMOLOGY.

BY DR. ASA FITCH.

MODE OF PRESERVING INSECTS FOR STUDY.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK'S RURAL.)

IT is currently supposed that insects are very perishable and that much care is required for their preservation. I know not how this very erroneous idea has become so widely prevalent in our country, unless it be from the ill success of the proprietors of public museums in our cities, who, ignorant upon this subject, have commonly had the collections of insects which they have sometimes acquired, totally destroyed—precisely as a farmer would lose his field of grain, were he so witless as to place a flimsy enclosure around it and never expel the cattle which break over this barrier. The entomologist has no more trouble or difficulty in saving his insects than the farmer his field of grain. In scarcely any department of Natural History are specimens prepared and preserved with so much facility as in this. The labor is slight compared with that to which the botanist is subjected in pressing and drying his plants. No skinning and stuffing is here required as in the case of larger animals. No aromatic or other antiseptic preservative even, is it necessary to apply to prevent decay. *Insects are preserved by merely passing a pin through them and fixing the pins to the bottom of a tight box or drawer* having no crack or crevice by which moths or other vermin can find their way into it, *and keeping them in a dry room*, so that mould or mildew will not invade them. This is all the labor, and these are all the precautions required in this business. Thus treated they may be preserved permanently. I have specimens from Mr. WESTWOOD, which were formerly in Mr. DONOVAN'S cabinet, and were therefore captured probably before the commencement of the present century; yet their parts are as perfect and their colors as bright in most instances as they were a year after they were first taken. The identical specimens from which LINÆUS and others of the old masters in this science drew their descriptions, are still preserved, and in so perfect a condition that they are every year appealed to, to settle doubts that arise, as to which one of two or more closely related species these authors had before them, and is therefore entitled to the name which they gave.

Since it is so easy to preserve this class of objects we hope no person who reads these lines will fail to save any insect which he may happen to meet with, which is on any account interesting or remarkable. To do so, he has only to fix a piece of cork or other soft wood in the bottom of a tin box, pass a pin through the insect, and place it therein; and though the box should not be opened again in twenty years, the specimen will be found as perfect as when it was first inclosed. An insect will live several days or even weeks with a pin passed through it, which shows that it suffers no acute pain from this seemingly cruel treatment.—And a butterfly or moth will be liable to mar the beauty of its wings by fluttering them after it is pinned. But if a drop or two of chloroform or ether, which may be obtained of any apothecary or physician, be dropped into the box, the vapor instantly paralyzes and soon kills it.

Pins are made expressly for this use, of various lengths and different degrees of fineness, those which are an inch and a half long being now almost universally preferred. But there is at present no shop in this country where entomological pins are on sale, and many of our collectors are therefore obliged to use the best common pins of different sizes which they can obtain. These are much preferable to needles, which soon rust and break asunder. The pin is to be passed perpendicularly downwards through the specimen, so that when standing upright the insect is held upon it in its natural horizontal position. All beetles are pinned through the anterior part of the right wing-cover. All other insects are pierced in the middle of the body directly between the insertion of the wings.

Some diversity prevails as to the height at which the insect is placed upon the pin. Many English collectors run the point of the pin but a short distance through the specimen, so that the insect appears to be standing in a natural position upon the surface into which the pin is inserted.—But if any vermin finds its way into the box, it travels around among such specimens and destroys them with the greatest facility; and it is also most difficult to brush and clean the dust and particles of dirt from boxes having the specimens thus pinned, without mutilating them. Amateurs, on the other hand, crowd the specimen almost or quite up to the head of the pin; for what reason I know not, unless it is that the insect may be more and the pin less in view. If this be the object, such gentlemen should use headless pins, and place the insect at very summit, like "little robin red-breast perched upon a pole." Specimens pinned in this manner can only be handled with forceps, grasping the pin beneath. Much valuable time is consequently wasted in taking them up for examination and replacing them. With men of science convenience is the paramount consideration, in this matter, as both their precepts and their practice show. Specimens which have been gathered by such men, being designed for frequent study, and not like those of the amateur for mere show, may commonly be recognized, by being placed upon entomological pins at about two-thirds of the distance from the point to the head, so that either end of the pin can readily be held in the fingers, and every part of the specimen be thus examined with the greatest facility, and the least risk of being touched and broken. And for the same reasons, when we are obliged to use the short common pins, the middle of the pin will be the best situation for the specimen.

Insects which are to small to allow of their being pinned are glued with a solution of colorless gum arabic upon small square or oblong slips of thin card or Bristol board, through which a pin is passed. And instead of using the most slender sizes of pins, which, from repeated handling, become badly bent and their points doubled into a hook, or broken asunder from being often straightened, many now prefer gumming much larger insects to card than was formerly practised, as they can thus be supported upon a coarser and stiffer pin. Insects over a quarter of an inch in length are put up in this manner by some of the first entomologists of our day.

As the under side of the specimen is hid when placed upon card, it is sometimes better to cement small insects, by their right side, directly to the pin, with balsam of Fir (the turpentine from blisters upon the bark of the *Abies balsamea*,) which, from the trials I have made, appears to hold them securely and permanently. Mites and other minute soft insects which shrivel to a shapeless mass on drying, are best preserved under a drop of the same balsam upon a slip of colorless mica—their legs and other members being extended with the point of a needle and the aid of a magnifying glass.

If a leg, wing or any other part gets broken from a valuable specimen, it should forthwith be replaced. Much the best adhesive preparation I have ever used for holding the parts of a mutilated specimen together, or for attaching labels to glass bottles, or any other use where gum Arabic fails to hold, was lately communicated to me by Dr. FISHER of Sing Sing. It is made of one part of dried beef's gall and two parts of gum Arabic, dissolved in water to about the thickness of honey.

A few words remain to be said respecting the repository in which specimens are kept. Entomological boxes are made similar to a backgammon board. The size of those in common use is the same with that of a large octavo volume, namely, ten and a half inches long, seven and a half wide and two and a half deep. Double boxes for having specimens affixed to the top as well as the bottom are made an inch deeper. Such boxes may be arranged with the books on the shelf of a library, their contents being as interesting and instructive as those of any volume there, and superior to any engraved figures of insects in that every part of each object is there present in the perfect form which nature has given it. Every farmer and gardener should be furnished with such a box, in which to place and preserve anything interesting or curious which presents itself to his notice, pertaining to this branch of nature's works. A book binder will make the neatest boxes, of thick stiff pasteboard, with the edges shutting within each other, covering them with cloth, and, if desired, lettering them to resemble a bound volume—the bottom, inside, being lined with cork, such as the principal dealers in the city of New York cut out, an eighth of an inch thick, and keep on hand in small packages for this use—this lining and the whole inside of the box being covered with white paper. Such boxes may be obtained ready made, in London or Paris, for less than fifty cents each, which is a smaller sum than the cork for this lining will cost in this country. For common use, however, boxes of any size desired, may be made of thin boards, care being taken to have them perfectly tight.—And as cork is so expensive and difficult to obtain, the bottom and top of the box may be made of the softest white pine or basswood, and closely creased with the point of a knife drawn lengthwise of the grain. The pins will stand very well with their points inserted in such creases. A person who designs to collect insects extensively, will find it more economical to have for storing a portion of them, a small cupboard with doors closing tightly in front, or a chest, filled with sliding shelves placed about two inches apart, made of soft wood and creased as above spoken of.

The present communication has extended to such a length that I am constrained to defer to a succeeding article a notice of some further precautions for guarding specimens from the attacks of vermin and the manner of disinfecting them when thus attacked, and in which the modes of hunting and capturing insects will also be given.

East Greenwich, N. Y., May 19, 1857.

BUCKWHEAT.*

7. Buckwheat to Destroy Weeds.

BUCKWHEAT is a cleansing crop to the soil, and is often sown mainly for the purpose of clearing the land of weeds, and fitting for the higher cereal grains. Its roots penetrate deep into the soil, which tends to its pulverization, and the umbrageous character of its growth, spreading over the surface, almost forbids any other plant, however strong its foothold, from growing beneath its branches. Hence it is invaluable on every kind of land, but more particularly on heavy, moist soils, most likely to be infested with weeds and bushes, and less easily worked for other cleansing crops.

Even Canada thistles, those pests of the farm, cannot contend successfully with successive crops of this grain. Plow thoroughly as soon as the soil is sufficiently warm for rapid vegetation, sow on buckwheat, and it will start at once, and soon get above the sprouting thistles and keep above them through the season. Thus shaded, they can scarcely grow, and the same course followed a second season will almost entirely eradicate them. Some farmers sow buckwheat one year, following with oats, and seed to clover, with excellent effect in purifying the soil. It is generally found that corn cannot be grown successfully after buckwheat,—why we know not.

8. Buckwheat as a Manure.

Growing where clover will not flourish, and in so short a time,) first to plow under in six or eight weeks,) this plant is often employed as a renovator of exhausted soils. The copious foliage, and easy decomposition of the stalk, together with its depth and extent of roots, and the source whence it derives the greater portion of its supplies, render a buckwheat crop peculiarly favorable for this system. Three crops may be plowed under in a single season, and a single crop equals in effect a dressing of manure applied at considerably greater cost.

9. Harvesting and Threshing.

Though the blossoms continually forming will produce grain as late as the season will allow, that first ripened is heaviest and most valuable. It should be cut, perhaps, as soon as the lower leaves begin to die, and with the cradle, if possible. If a frost should occur and any portion of the grain be ripe, it is best to harvest at once. After cutting, the swaths are raked into small bunches, and set upright with the heads twisted together—leaving each bundle to stand alone, the butts spread and resting upon the ground. Rain injures it but little if thus treated, and it may stand several weeks or until thoroughly cured.

Buckwheat shells very easily, and much waste often occurs before the crop is secured. Care in handling and the use of tight bottom-boards for the wagon or sled upon which it is drawn to the barn, will prevent this loss to a considerable extent. In case some other grain which would be injured by the mixture, is to follow this crop, some means must be used to extirpate it from the soil. Swine will consume much of that lying on the surface, and lightly harrowing will cause the remnant to vegetate, and the first frost will destroy the young plants.

Threshing buckwheat upon the bare ground in the open field, is little practised at present. It is well, however, that it be threshed as soon as drawn in, or if this may not be, it should remain in the barn until freezing weather, and it will thresh more easily.

10. "Buckwheat Pancakes."

The great end of buckwheat culture in this country is to furnish material for pancakes, which probably form a part of the winter breakfast of a large share of the native population of the northern portion of the Union. They have become with many, one of the established "institutions" of the country, and the "area" of their influence is rapidly extending.

11. Use as Stock Feed, etc.

By itself, this grain is not generally valued very highly for feeding stock, unless it be for poultry. Mixed with oats and ground, it furnishes a cheap and good food for horses, especially if not required to labor hard. Some dairymen recommend it as an excellent material for slopping milch cows.—Mixed with other grain, it is excellent for fattening hogs, and even the bran is found to contain a large per centage of nutritive matter. One bushel of buckwheat is valued as equal to two bushels of oats for cows or swine.

12. Yield and Profit of the Crop.

In repeated statements of the usual average product, we find twenty bushels per acre the lowest, and thirty the highest estimate. The culture is not expensive, the time occupied only about ten weeks, and any surplus is readily marketable at fair prices. Probably the culture of buckwheat pays as fair a profit as that of any crop on the farm, though it would not be likely long to do so, were a much greater breadth of land devoted to its production.

* Concluded from our last number, page 173.

FANCY POULTRY HOUSE.—ELEVATION.

FANCY POULTRY HOUSE.

WE don't know that fowls will prosper any better in a fancy house, such as is shown in the engraving, than in a common one, if it is so constructed as to be light and warm, and convenient for airing and cleaning. We doubt whether the most intelligent inhabitants of the poultry yard can appreciate the beautiful, either in design or execution. Those who build such a house do so for their own enjoyment, and as an ornament to their grounds, and in this respect nothing could be finer or more appropriate, than the *Fancy Poultry House*, which we give from *Bement's Poulterer's Companion*. The author says, "it is designed for a poultry-house and yard for breeding fowls, ducks, and pigeons. It is intended to stand in the centre of a piece of grass-land or park, and if on a slight knoll or mound so much the better. If the soil is inclined to clay, it should be excavated all around the building at least two feet deep, and first a layer of stones about one and a half feet deep, then covered with coarse gravel and sand. This is desirable—for we consider it almost essential to success—stagnant moisture or wet in the soil being more inducive to diseases than any other circumstance.

A southern aspect is the best, and if sheltered from the north and north west, by plantations of evergreens, it will not only be a protection from the cold winds of winter, but a resort from the rays of the sun in summer.

The houses and yards must be constructed to suit the views and purposes of the proprietor. The yards should be fenced with pickets at least six and a half feet high—wire would be more ornamental, but rather expensive. Not less than one-fourth of an acre should be allowed for fifty fowls.

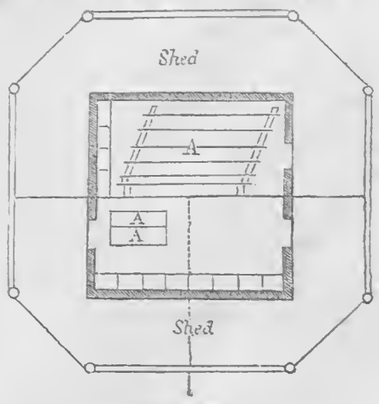
The walls of the poultry-house should be of brick, nine inches thick, and hollow; they should be at least twelve feet high, so that the roof can project some four feet, forming a shed for protecting the fowls from the storm. The front of the shed may be formed of lath or any other kind of wood, in a rustic manner, forming a trellis on which vines might be trained, which would add much to its appearance; or it may be inclosed with glass, and grapes grown on the rafters; or nests may be placed in these sheds for sitting hens.

We may observe here, that whichever plan is adopted, the cheapest and warmest materials of which to construct the house are a wood frame and a weather-boarding, either of clap-boards or ceiled up and down with narrow battens. It should be ceiled with hemlock boards, tongued and grooved, and laid cross-wise, and filled in between the timbers with spent tan, or any other dry substance, well rammed or packed in. Or the spaces between the posts may be filled in with brick and a thin coat of plaster. In either case, whether of brick or wood, it should be whitewashed with lime.

The roof should also be ceiled with boards and filled in with tan, which would render it cooler in summer and warmer in winter, and it would have many advantages, especially as affording easy access to the lime-brush, an operation that should never be neglected four or five times in the year. Those who have insisted on the cleansing process, know well how amply the trouble is paid by the increased comfort and consequent health of their stock. It is also certain death to vermin.

For the floor, we regard bricks as the worst of all materials; they retain moisture, whether atmospheric or arising from indifferent drainage; and thus the temperature is kept low when warmth is most essential, and disease too often follows, especially cramps in the feet and legs. Let the floor be of whatever materials, it should be kept covered with fine sand or gravel, and removed often.

The interior may be finished to accommdate the kind of stock intended to be kept. If for the large Asiatic fowls, the perches should be low, or the floor of their roosting-room may be covered with straw; in which case it should be cleansed or the straw changed daily. In the following ground plan A, A are roosting-houses, laying-nests, etc.



GROUND PLAN.

It is not essential to success that the nests should be upon the ground, though for the Asiatic fowls we should recommend it, in conformity with the general observation, that hens when left to themselves usually do so. But whether on the ground or raised somewhat above it, it should be clean and somewhat secluded.

The cupola is intended for a pigeon-house. The holes by which they enter should not be too large or too numerous, and should have a shelf at the entrance. The upper tier should have a roof or weather-boarding over them to keep out the wet. An objection to a wooden pigeon-house is, that they are too cold in winter and too hot in summer; but this may be in a great measure prevented by making the wood double, with a space of two or three inches between, which will form a non-conductor of heat.

The interior must have cells for nests; and these may be made by putting in partitions ten inches apart and one foot long. Across the front of each nest there should be a board two inches wide, sliding up and down in a groove to prevent the young ones from falling out, as they are liable to; by having this board movable, the nests may be cleaned out occasionally. Care should be taken to guard against rats."

Communications.

PLASTER ON CORN AND WHEAT.

Eds. Rural:—On my farm, which is situated about four miles south of the most southern bend of Lake Erie, I have used plaster annually for about 20 years, and have observed one peculiarity in its operation as a fertilizer, of which I have not seen any account in print. That peculiarity is, that it is very efficient when applied to Indian Corn, if the land was previously a sward, invariably so—but of no perceptible effect if the land has been previously under the plow until the vegetable fibre in the soil is entirely decomposed.

About 20 years ago I bought two barrels of plaster for experiment. My brother, who cultivated an adjoining farm, did likewise. I had a field of corn planted on land that had been several years in succession under the plow; my brother had a corn field adjoining which was planted on sward—the soil in both was a sandy loam. We plastered some rows, and omitted others, marking them by stakes. In addition I tried rolling the seed in plaster; sowed some broadcast; and plastered some in the hill. The result was, my brother's corn was greatly benefited by plaster, mine not perceptibly affected, except that plastered in the hill came up slowly. The next year the experiments were repeated with the same result. Unable to account for those results—yet not discouraged by them, I concluded that plaster was inoperative on corn on my land. A relative of mine some miles distant, who was also experimenting with plaster on gravelly soil, told me in conversation on the subject, that he had discovered the secret of the contradictory results of our trials. He had used plaster on a plot of ground one-half of which had been plowed until its vegetable fibre was gone, while the other half was green sward, recently turned over—with marked effect on the sward, but none whatever on the other portion. Acting on this suggestion, the first time I planted corn on previous sward, I applied plaster, with an astonishing result; and I have continued the practice ever since, invariably with success.

Through a succession of many years I have raised wheat on summer fallow, and have derived great benefit from plaster sowed thereon—sowing clover seed in the spring, and following it immediately with plaster. For some years I left strips without plaster—on those strips the wheat was always inferior in color, in size of straw, and in berry; the clover still more inferior than the wheat. My average yield of wheat per acre, for a period of seven years, as exhibited by an accurate account kept, was 26 bushels per acre, the wheat weighed, the land *measured, not guessed at.*

Since the visitation of the midge, I have adopted the rotation of corn, oats, wheat and clover—putting the plaster on the corn in the hill, while small, and again on the clover in the spring after the wheat is harvested. This course gives me a thinner growth of wheat, and shorter straw, consequently it ripens a few days earlier than if it grew on summer fallow and was plastered. But I must now be content, even rejoicing, if I obtain 15 or 20 bushels of good wheat per acre, instead of 26 as formerly. P. H.

Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, May, 1857.

SUNFLOWER CULTURE.

Eds. Rural:—A western reader wishes information with respect to sunflower culture. I have had but little experience in it, yet such as it is I will give, hoping it may be of benefit to some one.—My experiments, if they may be called so, were commenced under the impression that the plant was vigorous, and would thrive better on a poor soil than almost any other crop. I accordingly selected two rather poor fields, one containing an acre and a half, the other four acres. The small field was a sandy, rather springy soil. The previous crop was corn and pigeon, or barn grass.—I drained the field as well as surface draining can be accomplished, laying it in narrow beds, with very deep ditches, harrowed well, marked both ways and planted. And here, in planting, I *failed by covering too deep.* The plants were so long in making their appearance that the pigeon grass formed a complete turf before I could distinguish them. I then, with a hoe, cut the grass away from hills in order to see them, to cultivate with a horse. A storm delayed further proceedings until "hope deferred" made my "heart sick," and I abandoned them; although I did hoe a small corner which promised well.

The large field was a loamy and heavy clay soil, alternately. The previous crop had been corn on the west half, and corn fodder on the east. Upon this field, as on the first, barn grass seed appeared to be the principal ingredient of the soil in spite of years of perseverance. The field was well plowed the latter part of May, rolled twice to crush the lumps, harrowed three times. Nearly one-half of the west portion of the field was lightly furrowed, and the seed scattered in them, full three times to thick for a stand, and harrowed lengthwise, the furrows leaving the ground in fine appearance. The remainder of the field was sown thinly broadcast and harrowed in, except a ditch bank which I planted in a row. Perhaps it would be well to say that I turned under two lands of broadcast sown Dent corn, with a heavy furrow the fall previous, the grain being glazed when put under. The corn was six or seven feet high and very thick.

Now for the result. That planted in drills could not be seen when up, on account of the growth of grass which formed a turf. That which grew upon the mass of green corn turned under the fall previous, produced more seed than all the rest of the field, being in excellent tilth and free from grass and weeds. The row planted on the bank of the dead-furrow was hoed twice and the sunflowers appeared like lords among serfs. Do not urge me to give the product; I would not like to do that. My father planted one acre. He did not have one-third of a stand; yield, fifteen bushels. We sold our seed at an oil mill at one dollar per bushel.—The proprietor thereof is not willing to pay more than four or five shillings this year, his experiments in manufacturing oil not being satisfactory on account of imperfect machinery for the purpose.

My observations lead me to these conclusions with respect to culture. Plant early; frost will not hurt it in spring. Plant on *good* ground in *drills* four feet apart and one foot in the drill.—Plant thick and thin out. Give it as much after-culture as you would corn. After the seed is fully ripe and the moisture dried out of the heads, clip them off with a sharp knife, and thresh immediately. I believe with proper culture it will yield 80 or 90 bushels per acre. The stalks and roots are no more in the way of a succeeding crop than those of corn. I have no experience in feeding it.

Geneva, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, 1857. J. Brett.

WOODCHUCK!

Eds. Rural:—Among the thousand and one inquiries, &c., in the Rural during the last few years about the various animals and insects, good and bad, with which the farmer has to deal, I do not recollect that anything has appeared touching this peculiar species of farm stock. With the first springing of grass they emerge from their burrowing places and begin their depredations upon the young clover, at the same time selecting suitable places for digging "quarters" for the little chucks that seem to come along during the season *ad infinitum.* They dig in the night, and very often choose a smooth, elevated knoll as their place of operations, throwing out a pile of earth that destroys a spot of grain or grass and looks unsightly at a distance. As the grain or meadow advances they trail and trample a good deal down, making bad mowing and reaping, not to speak of the grass actually consumed by them, which is no contemptible item where there are one to three foraging on every acre. In such case they are really a nuisance, and the question is raised as to how to get rid of them.

A dog will sometimes catch them; but that seems to be harboring and keeping the greater evil to destroy the less. As between the dog and woodchuck, *let the latter live.* Yet one well trained dog will take a good many. In boyhood days a playmate had a tip-top cur for the business, by the aid of which he used to drive a lively trade at preparing material for whip-lashes. The roguish chap on one occasion clandestinely put a batch of raw-hides into his mother's massive soap depository, which gave the whole pulpy deposit the odor woodchuck—whereat the good dame was exceeding wroth. A witty neighbor proposes to *extract the holes,* thus leaving the animal shelterless and defenceless; but I have not seen the machine with which he operates. Filling a barrel with water and pouring the same suddenly in, is sport for boys, but slow and toilsome, and not always sure. A steel trap will sometimes catch, but generally Mr. Chuck prefers to dig around and leave the trap to be eaten by rust. They are a good mark for the sportsman, and my trusty rifle, during a single season, held by a man of keen eye and steady nerve, laid 27 *to land* at 26 shots. Others occasionally fell at the less steady and certain aim of the writer. Perhaps forty of them paid the debt of nature that summer upon a farm of quite moderate dimensions; and yet the following year, they seemed to be as plentiful as ever. What is to be done? We pray you, Rural readers, is there any *wholesale* way of slaughter?—or must powder and patience have their *im*-perfect work?

Prattsburgh, N. Y., May, 1857. W. B. P.

"MORE STOCK."

Mr. Moore:—In a recent leader, headed "Timely Rural Topics," you make some valuable suggestions; on one of which I propose to offer a few remarks. You say "The *rearing of more stock,* and the more extensive culture of root and grass crops, would prove highly advantageous in many localities where they have hitherto received little attention, compared with the cereals." This has long been my opinion, and I have of late years doubled my stock of sheep, cattle and swine; though working less land, a smaller number of horses answer my purpose. Some things suggested by experience may be told in few words.

"More stock" requires more pasture as well as more hay and grain. Hence it needs nice calculation to balance the one to the other three, especially when a dry summer follows a wet one, and pastures which the first year would carry six cows and fifty sheep, will barely yield half the number a scanty living the second; and meadows produce in a like proportion. There is an essential difference, too, in in the profit of feeding swine for pork, when corn is plenty and low, and when scarce and high, as at present. A difference of ten cents in the pound on wool, is often a difference of profit or no profit in sheep, particularly when one finds his farm overstocked with them. A month's extension of winter weather and the season of foddering, turns the scales heavily against "more stock," while the cereals may not be injured in productiveness by the lateness of the season.

But "more stock" are in demand and sell well. If one finds too many on hand there is a market for them—a better market than for grain when we all gave the most of our farms to its production. Dairy products are high—mutton and wool bear a good price, and swine sell readily either fattened or in store hogs. If we could *keep up the proper proportion,* "mixed husbandry" would be *the thing* for us. A good stock with pasture enough, meadow enough, roots enough, a corn crop to feed out, and a home product of all the necessaries of home consumption, as far as possible, is my ideal of a productive farm, even in Western New York—carried on, however, upon the thorough farming system—everything of the best, as far as possible. ***

"PLASTER ON CLOVER FOR SEED."

Messrs. Eds:—An article appeared in a late Rural, under the above caption, in answer to which I must say, *that plaster must have time; must be dissolved.* A failure on this point is the great error of farmers in its use. It is generally safe, and sure to do good if as much time is given plaster as is given seed. To illustrate what I mean, a person in this county wanted, five years ago, only a bushel of plaster for a large farm. The only way in which he had found benefit was in wetting his clover seed some six hours, mixing plaster with it and sowing all together. He put it on corn the first or second hoeing, potatoes the same, wheat in the spring, when other work was out of the way, and so on through the catalogue of his experiments and failures. I then asked, "Now, sir, did you ever in any other case than the one where you did find benefit, give plaster the same time you gave your seed?" After a few minutes' reflection he said "No, and I see where the trouble is. I thought I knew all about using plaster, but am satisfied I did not." He now needs 25 to 50 bushels for his farm, and says it pays better than any other investment.

Three men one spring told me of their success, the year previous, in raising clover seed. They sowed plaster *early* in the spring. One 12 bushels on 12 acres, one 6 on 6 acres, and one 6 on 8 acres. The first plastered only half of his field. The hay crop was as good, where he plastered, as where he did not, (he did not say it was better) but, after the hay crop the whole field was allowed to lay for seed. Where he had plastered, seed grew, but there was nothing on the other part of the field.—He sold his seed for $300. The next man told how many tons of hay, which I don't remember, but sold his clover seed for $150. The third and last sold his seed for $158. S. Hopkins.

Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y., 1857.

FENCING—ANOTHER PLAN.

Eds. Rural:—In your paper of last week I saw a plan to set fence posts, and will give you mine, which I am confident is far superior. Our land here is a clay loam, and heaves badly with frost. In 1850 I procured my fencing material as follows: posts 5 by 6 inches at the bottom, 2 by 5 at the top, 6 feet long, and a quantity of 4 by 4 scantling. I then cut a shoulder 2 inches deep 4½ inches from the bottom of the post, and sawed in from the end, taking out 2 inches. Then sawed a dovetail on one side of the tenon left—cut up my 4 by 4 two feet long—laid the dovetailed tenon on the post in the centre of the 4 by 4 and scribed it out; then sawed in the 4 by 4 two inches deep and split it out. Drive in the dovetail and you have a T complete that cannot be pulled out. Set the cross-piece across the fence, and wind may blow and frost may heave, yet your fence will be firm, as I well know from seven years experience. My neighbors laughed at me for my pains, but their fences are gone while mine stands firm.

"The cost" says one, "is too much." I will tell you what it is—200 feet of scantling will bottom 75 posts, cost $1 20, and a smart man will put them on in 1½ days ($2 25 more;) but the farmer can do it himself rainy days, in his barn. The holes can be dug 2 feet by 8 inches, and 2 feet deep, as quick as 8 inches square, unless the ground will admit a post auger. And further let me say that posts seasoned one year before setting will last twice as long as those set green. Yours, D. Sigler.

Linesville, Pa., May 16, 1857.

SOUR MILK FOR FEEDING PIGS.

Eds. Rural:—Sour milk is thought of considerable value for feeding pigs, especially when it is thick and is mixed with meal, but it is not generally known that the meal is best uncooked, and that sour milk is better than new for young as well as old swine. A brother farmer says he once tried a long time to fatten a pig on sour milk and *cooked* meal, but without the least success—he changed for raw meal, mixed with cold sour milk, and in a few days the pig began to grow, and in two months reached the weight of nearly 300 lbs. He also brought two pigs by a like course of feeding, at the age of seven and one-half months, to the weight 660 lbs. The quantity of sour milk used was that of two cows after supplying a family of six, with five bushels of small potatoes, and twenty-eight bushels of corn meal.

In feeding pigs at any time, and particularly in fattening them, it is important to give no more than they will consume cleanly, and if any is left in the trough to sweep or wash it out. Though pigs are ready enough to place their feet in the trough, and are far from particular about the filth they put their noses into, they will eat more and thrive better, to have good attention paid to their comfort and cleanliness. A. H. J.

New York, May 25, 1857.

Salt, Ashes, and Plaster for Corn.—There has been considerable said in regard to the utility of the above mentioned manures, and I do not wish to enter into controversy with any one, but as the time has arrived for farmers to commence action, I would urge the necessity of experimenting with the different fertilizers. Every farmer is aware that in different localities and in different seasons the same fertilizers give different results, therefore what is beneficial to one kind of soil seems not to be adapted to another. From this cause arises, in part, the differences of opinion concerning these manures. I do not think that because some person asserts that he has received marked benefit from the use of salt, ashes, and plaster on corn that this is a sufficient guarantee for every one to use them in every locality without noting the result.—But each should test it and convince himself by actual experiment, whether it is adapted to his soil or not. Ashes and plaster mixed in equal proportions I consider to be a good top-dressing for corn—as regards salt (if it is mixed with them at all) I would say that, as far as my experience has proved, I would proportion it after the Old Dutchman's recipe for the best "Hog Feed," which was corn meal and saw dust, *the less saw dust the better.*—D. E. H., *Avoca, N. Y.*, 1857.

Feeding Sheep Oats.—A writer in a late number of your paper states that his sheep lost their lambs in consequence, as he supposes, of their having been fed oats through the winter, and he wishes to know the experience of others. A fact has just come to my knowledge tending to confirm this idea of the injurious effects of oats. A neighbor of mine fed his sheep corn till about six weeks previous to their having lambs, when he commenced feeding oats. He has (whether as a result of this course I cannot say) lost nearly half his lambs and they are uniformly weak and puny.—Another neighbor who has sheep, purchased last fall from the same flock, and fed corn the entire winter, being treated in all other respects like those first referred to, has saved every lamb. If oats do produce injurious effects upon sheep designed for raising lambs it is highly important that it should be as widely known as possible, and it is to be hoped that any of your readers who can, will communicate to you any facts with regard to it.—L., *Farm of the Willows, May* 20, 1857.

Rural Notes and Items.

An Extensive Farmer.—We not unfrequently read, and occasionally publish, accounts of farming on an extensive scale in the West, where many individual cultivators grow hundreds of acres of wheat and corn annually. In this State and New England, however, most farms are comparatively small, few individuals cultivating more than three to five hundred acres, albeit many farmers are annexing "all the land that joins them," as rapidly as possible. Yet we know of several instances of somewhat extensive, and at the same time profitable farming, in Western New York,—one of the most prominent of which we will specify in this connection, by briefly alluding to the operations of a genuine *Rural New-Yorker.* Hon. A. B. Dickinson, of Hornby, Steuben county, is becoming somewhat celebrated as a thorough and profitable cultivator—and we more than suspect his premises are the same described by one of our contributors in the Rural of Feb. 28th last, under the heading of "A Visit to the Baron." Mr. D. has *thirty-five hundred acres of cultivable land,* all of which is, we believe, under his personal superintendence. To give some idea of the extent of his farming operations, we will take the liberty of stating two or three facts derived during a conversation with Mr. D. at the recent Sheep Show. He has recently sold 500 tuns of hay, and has some 200 tuns more on sale. Of his last year's crop of potatoes he has sold 3,000 bushels, and has some 3,500 bushels on hand. He is selling common potatoes at $1, and Bermudas (grown from last year's seed,) at $1 25 per bushel. Mr. D. proposes to plant 1,500 bushels of potatoes—on 100 acres of land—the present season. His mode of cultivating this crop was described in a late number of the Rural. Among other farm products which he has "over" and for sale in these times of scarcity, is 1,000 bushels of Buckwheat. There are other items worthy of note, but we will not attempt to particularize as to extent of crops or modes of culture, in this connection—our present object being merely to cite a prominent instance of extensive and profitable farming in Western New York.

The American Herd Book: Containing Pedigrees of Short-horn Cattle. With Introductory Notes by Lewis F. Allen. Volume III Buffalo: Steam Press of E. R. Jewett & Co.

The reception of this work has given us an agreeable surprise, as we did not anticipate its publication at so early a date. It comprises 718 pages, is illustrated with portraits of a large number of fine animals—mostly drawn by J. R. Page, and engraved in the best style—and altogether makes a very creditable appearance. It embraces several hundred pedigrees, but few of which are repetitions from the previous volume, "and they from the fact of important deficiencies in their previous pedigrees, or a change of owners who wanted a new record under their own names." The author says that "a wide array of breeders and owners are here represented, spreading throughout twenty-seven States, and the two Canadas. Few Short-horn herds of any consequence are omitted,—thus proving, conclusively, the value placed by our breeders on a properly authenticated genealogy of their stock." Those wishing to procure this invaluable record, are referred to Mr. Allen's circular in our advertising department.

Drain Tile Wanted.—"Is there a manufactory of *Drain Tile* at or near Rochester, or any other place west of Albany that you know? I think there is one a few miles east of Rochester; if so, they should advertise. Please give the address if you know it, or their prices and sizes of tile if you know them. You will much oblige a constant reader of your paper if you can reply in your next Rural, or I would prefer an immediate brief answer by mail."

Thus writes a subscriber in Niagara county.—Having replied by letter—hardly daring to do so in print, lest we should incommode the establishment by causing too great a rush of customers!—we publish the inquiry simply to request those who can impart the information to advise us as to the Drain Tile Factories of Western and Central New York—their location, proprietors, &c. We don't propose to publish the list—for the modesty of people who so carefully hide their lights or pipes from the public ought to be respected—but only to use the knowledge thus obtained in an oral or written manner in answer to inquiries.

The Agricultural College.—A late number of the Ovid Bee announces that the President of the N. Y. Ag. College, Judge Chreever, recently arrived there, and commenced the work of bringing the institution into actual existence. "He has placed the Saw Mill and Grist Mill on the place in working order; has examined the neighborhood and found clay suitable for the college edifice upon the college farm—is collecting implements, teams and seed for putting in spring crops; has a farmer and his family upon the farm prepared to work and board the necessary laborers for carrying it on. The titles to the farm are, with a slight exception, completed, and the subscriptions and subscription notes transferred to the grantors of the land, in payment."

"Spirit of the Agricultural Press."—Such is the title of a handsomely printed quarto weekly, hailing from the Prairie State. The initial number, bearing date May 21, makes a fine appearance, typographically, while its contents indicate good judgment, though there is some room for improvement in arrangement. The editors aver that their highest ambition will be to equal the Rural New-Yorker when their facilities are perfected—a compliment to us, and evidence of laudable ambition. If there is need of and room for two Agricultural weeklies in the Prairie State—a field heretofore occupied exclusively by the *Prairie Farmer*—the *Press* will be likely to prove a valuable auxiliary. Edited and published by L. G. Chase and Albert Gore, West Urbana, Ill., at $2 per annum.

Livingston County Ag. Society.—At a recent meeting of this Society, it was resolved to hold the Annual Fair on the 24th and 25th of September. The Annual Plowing Match will be held on the 18th inst. Provided suitable ground can be obtained, the Society deem it expedient to have a Mowing Match early in July.

THE MONROE CO. EXHIBITION OF HORSES.

The Monroe Co. Ag. Society had a fine exhibition of Horses on the 27th and 28th ult., the display embracing many of the best animals of the most popular breeds. The unfavorable weather, however—there being considerable rain on each day—precluded many who designed to exhibit from being present, and also undoubtedly deterred thousands of citizens and strangers from attending the exhibition. In most cases the show was excellent, and, considering the unfavorable weather and other circumstances, the display was creditable to the Society and the County. The exhibition comprised many superior animals, in addition to those noticed in the award of premiums, and we regret that want of space precludes us from making special mention of the most noteworthy. The energetic President, Mr. Hodges, and Mr. Superintendent Woodruff, discharged their arduous duties in a satisfactory manner. We subjoin a list of the premiums awarded:

Class I.—Horses for Road or Carriage

Stallions—4 years old and over—Best, Leonard Buckland, Brighton, "Old St. Lawrence," $15; 2d, Richard P. Hubbard, Chili, 10; 3d, Frederick Piester, Perinton, 5.—[The Committee would most cheerfully recommend the Black Hawk Morgan exhibited by R. P. Hubbard, of Chili, (and to whom they have awarded the 2d premium,) and in their opinion pronounce him one of the best stallions they have ever seen.]

Matched Geldings—Best, Daniel Warner, Gates, $50; 2d, A. V. Dickinson, Victor, 25; 3d, D. T. Walbridge, Rochester, 15.

Matched Mares—Best, George S. Riley, Rochester, $40; 2d, M. C. Morioll, do., 20.

Single Geldings—Best, I. Ashley, Rochester, $25; 2d, D. T. Walbridge, do., 15.

Single Mares—Best, M. H. Whitbeck, Pittsford, $10; 2d, D. L. Billinger, Eagle, Wyoming Co., 5.

Geldings—Under 4 yrs—Best, J. B. Hutchins, Chili, $10.

Fillies—Under 4 yrs—Best, J. B. Van Ness, Perinton, $8.

Class II.—Draft and Work Horses.

Stallions—4 years old and over—Best, Wm. Fall, Greece, "Norman," $15; 2d, H. Olmsted, do., 10.

Matched Geldings—Best, Wm. Failing, Rochester, $25; 2d, Aaron Green, Brighton, 15; 3d, Wright Kendall, Bethany, Genesee Co., 10.

Best Filly—P. C. Caswell, Mendon, $8.

Class III.—Horses for General Use.

Stallions—Best, A. G. Foster, Barre, Orleans Co., 15; 2d, A. H. Van Ness, Perinton, 10; 3d, J. K. Ballentine, Chili, 5.

Stallions—3 years old—Best, Wm. Fall, Greece, St. Lawrence colt, $8; 2d, Daniel Leek, Irondequoit, 5.

Stallions—2 years old—Best, R. Harris, Ogden, $5.

Single Geldings—Best, James Johnston, Rochester, $15; 2d, P. Bennett, Victor, 10.

Single Mares—Best, Chas. A. Jackson, Livonia, $10; 2d, Frederick Eaton, Brighton, 5.—[A large grey horse entered by Mr. W. T. Cuyler, of Cuylerville, would have received the first premium in this number, but his weight exceeded the limits (1,200 lbs.) assigned. A large black horse offered by A. C. Hobbie, of Irondequoit, would have received the second premium, but was excluded for the same reason.]

Matched Geldings—Best, E. H. Shaw, Perinton, $20; 2d, Thomas Wilcox, Pittsford, 15; 3d, E. H. Boughton, Brighton, 10.

Trotting in Harness—(Double)—Best, Col. H. S. Fairchild, Rochester, $40—no competition.

Horses or Mares—Over 4 years, that have never trotted for money—(Single)—Best, E. G. Smith, Brighton, black horse—time 3.06, $15; 2d, A. H. Mallory, Lyons, bay mare—time 3.09½, 10.

Horses or Mares—Under 4 years—Best, Thos. Kernan, Greece, St. Lawrence colt—time 3.12, $10.

Trotting in Harness—(Single)—open to all horses or mares—Best, S. D. Walbridge, Rochester—time 3.09½, $20. 2d, George Carpenter, Clarkson—time 3.13, 10.

Trotting Stallions—Best, L. Sharp, Lockport—time 3.24½, $15; 2d, M. L. King, Parma, 10.

An Agricultural Fair in Africa.—At its last session the Legislature of Liberia provided for a National Fair, to be held at Monrovia in Dec. next. The premiums offered vary from $1 to $25—the highest for the best ten pounds of Liberian cotton, best 100 lbs. of sugar, best yoke of oxen, best cloth, leather, chairs, coffee, &c. The Fair is to continue a week, and the competition confined to Liberian products. The act appropriates $500 for the exhibition—and another $3,000 for exploring purposes, and opening roads into the interior. These judicious measures will have a tendency to stimulate and improve the cultivation of the soil, and bring out the skill and secure the industrial progress of the African race in Liberia.

The Young Ruralist.

WHY BOYS LEAVE THE FARM.

Mr. Editor:—In your issue of the 18th of April, is an article from E. Smith, of East Bloomfield.—I approve of the sentiment, but Mr. Smith does not go back to the cause of young men leaving the farm, for the crowded professions. Perhaps, if we learn the cause, we shall be able to apply the remedy. Does not the cause lay at our *doors.* Our young men are ambitious, and I am glad of it.—Young men are striving for distinction. Farmers' sons read in the Newspapers, that such and such a man is in Congress or in the Legislature, or is Governor or something else, and he inquires who they are. One is a lawyer, another a military man, the other is a doctor or a minister or a merchant. He inquires, and finds there is no farmer in the list. No President that went from the Plow to the White House. Washington and Harrison only gained their places from their military renown.—And so it is with nearly all the minor offices.—It is said the farmer is not qualified for those stations, tell it not in Gath. If this be the case, let us prepare our sons for all stations of honor, profit or trust, and then let us see to it, that the farmers go the Legislature and to Congress, and make our laws. Why not, we pay the taxes.

But, perhaps it will be said the farmer has something to do besides attending to politics. Grant it, yet we believe he is in duty bound to look to the welfare of the country, and is better prepared to govern, than many that do govern us. Do you suppose this great nation would have been destitute of an *Agricultural College* up to this day, if we had had a reasonable show of farmers in Congress? No, Sir, not a bit of it. Now, let us attend to this matter, and, by so doing, we shall keep our sons out of the *crowded* professions.—Old Fogy.

A Young Farmer.—I am bound to be a farmer. I have read several articles in your paper, written by boys, and I thought I would tell you what I have done. I am in my tenth year. I have attended school, and taken care of a horse and cow all winter. For three months I have milked, and have kept an account of the butter made. My father has given me a piece of ground, and I intend to plant corn and squashes, and I may at some future time, tell you of my success.—G. B. C.

Orchard and Garden.

WORK FOR JUNE.

BEFORE this number of the RURAL reaches its readers, almost all the seed will be sown in the VEGETABLE GARDEN. The principal labor will now be the care of the growing crop, and the eradication of weeds. Radishes, Peas, Spinach, and Dwarf Beans for a succession may still be sown, and Cucumbers and Melons often do better, if planted in the open ground in this section, about the tenth of June than at any other time.—Tomato and Early Cabbage plants should now be ready to plant out, and Cauliflower and Late Cabbage in a week or two after.

In the FLOWER GARDEN Annuals may still be sown, and bedding plants, such as Petunias, Verbenas, &c., should be transplanted by about the tenth of this month, or as soon as all danger of frost is past. Grass will now be making its most rapid growth, and should be kept closely cut, and the weeds removed from all gravel walks. A dressing of salt will kill them.

THE TASTEFUL FARMER.

IT is quite commonly asserted that farmers have no taste, as a general thing. This remark we often hear, and we often read it in the letters we receive. It is not only made by those who do not belong to the standard class, and who may be supposed to be somewhat prejudiced against them, but it is often made by farmers themselves. We were led to make these remarks by a letter just received, and from which we give only a brief extract:

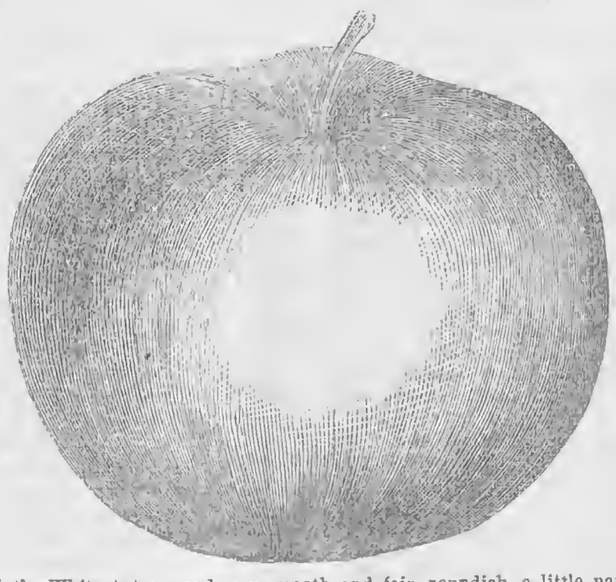
"I have been much pleased in reading your articles on the lawn, flower garden, &c., but don't you think all this will be Greek to nine-tenths of your readers? I do not mean that they cannot understand, but they will not. What do farmers care generally about beautiful flowers, and shady trees, and green lawns. A hill of potatoes, or a good "porker" in the pen, or a few gold dollars in the hand, possess far more beauty to the mass of farmers than any tree, or shrub, or flower you can describe."

There are many farmers doubtless such as our correspondent had in his mind when writing the above, but it is folly to reproach a class for the sins of a few of its members. We have seen nothing to cause us to think that farmers have less taste than an equal number of any other calling.—Generally they have not the means nor the disposition to make a very great show, and therefore they are considered by many careless observers as lacking in taste. It is not every owner of a beautiful mansion and well kept grounds, with conservatories, and all the other accompaniments that wealth and taste can supply to make a place desirable, that possesses sufficient taste to appreciate and enjoy the beauties with which he is surrounded. Many such places are kept up for ostentatious display. The passer-by of course considers the owner a man of the greatest liberality and the most exquisite taste—a model of refinement. Not long since we visited a truly magnificent place, the lawn was well kept, the trees and shrubs of the choicest varieties, and the conservatories were filled with the rarest plants. As the enthusiastic gardener pointed out to us his finest things, and seemed to feast upon the commendation we bestowed upon his favorite plants, and the order in which they were kept, we made a remark about his very pleasant situation, when he replied somewhat as follows:—"I have anything I ask for—everything that is new and rare; but what is the use of it? I call Mr. —— in to see a fine plant in bloom, perhaps he hasn't time to come until it is gone, or if he does come don't notice it any more than he would a potato blossom. He thinks more of a pet horse than of all the plants on the place." Thus the good gardener with whom the love of flowers was an absorbing passion, mourned over the neglect of his favorites. His love for them was like that of the parent for the child, and he seemed to feel as keenly any indifference; while his eyes glowed, and a smile played over his countenance at any expressions of praise, any word or look that showed that their beauty was appreciated. A costly establishment, therefore, is no evidence that its owner is a man of taste, yet good judgment is shown in thus keeping up appearances, by employing the good taste of others. It shows an appreciation of what a man of wealth and leisure should be.

The farmer has not the wealth to make a display, and generally, no disposition, so that the appearance of the house and grounds tells pretty truly the character of the farmer and his family. If we see slovenly cultivation, poor fences and barns, and starved cattle, we all say at once—a *poor, shiftless farmer*. If we see good crops of grain, fair cattle, good fences and tolerable apple orchards, without an ornamental tree or shrub to be seen, we say at once, this is a careful, tight fisted farmer, that takes good care of things, and probably has gold in the chest, or deposits in the bank, but he is lacking in good taste and refinement—a little love of the beautiful would make him a better and a happier man. Then we pass over the road to see if we cannot find some flower at the front door, planted by a wife's or a daughter's hand, and if we discover none, we say the family are as destitute of good taste as the father. And then we feel a little indignant at him for *crushing out* and destroying the finer feelings of his family—for it is a favorite theory of ours that women and children always love the beautiful. If we see a narrow border of bright flowers by the door, with the ground plowed and planted to within an inch of the little beauties, we say—a fine wife, a woman of good taste; but the husband is selfish and exacting, rather regardless of the feelings, and apt to encroach upon the rights and privileges of his family. We once knew such a man as this, who not only begrudged his wife the little strip of ground for her flowers, but to show his contempt for such childish trifles, in plowing, drove his team over them. Afterwards when he thought no one was observing we saw him trying to fix up the daffodils and hyacinths which he had so wilfully broken down. The flowers had brought him on his knees, and we rejoiced to see it. There is some good in most of men if they would only give it a chance.

When we see in the front yard a nice collection of flowers, provided with proper space, and the ground in good condition, but no other evidences of an appreciation of the beautiful on the farm, we say the farmer is kind and considerate, willing to gratify his wife and family—a man that we can esteem. But, when we see on the farm a well kept orchard, a good vegetable garden, with plenty of the small fruits, such as raspberries and currants, a nice grass plot in front of the house, with a few ornamental trees, and a good collection of flowers, we say here lives the tasteful farmer—here is a happy home, where husband, wife and children are one—all loving the beautiful and the true. To diffuse taste, to increase the number of these pleasant abodes—to cause many a wilderness to blossom as the rose, is one great object for which we labor.

THE RED ASTRACHAN APPLE.



A CORRESPONDENT requests us to call the attention of our readers to this apple, which he considers the best early apple in cultivation. The form and size of the Red Astrachan is shown in the engraving. It is of a fine crimson color, and is certainly the most beautiful early apple we have. It is quite acid, and therefore is not liked by some, yet we know of nothing in the way of an apple more refreshing on a warm August day than this sprightly flavored fruit. The tree is vigorous, shoots stout, and the foliage broad and dark. It succeeds well both in the north and west. Nothing can be prettier than a dwarf tree of this variety. It is thus described by Mr. DOWNING:—"A fruit of extraordinary beauty, first imported into England with the White Astrachan, from Sweden, in 1816. It bears abundantly, and its singular richness of color is heightened by an exquisite bloom on the surface of the fruit, like that of a plum. It is one of the handsomest dessert fruits, and its quality is good, but if not taken from the tree as soon as ripe, it is liable to become mealy. Ripens from the last of July to the middle of August.

Fruit pretty large, rather above the middle size, and very smooth and fair, roundish, a little narrowed towards the eye. Skin almost entirely covered with deep crimson, with sometimes a little greenish yellow in the shade, and occasionally a little russet near the stalk, and covered with a pale white bloom. Stalk rather short and deeply inserted. Calyx let in a slight basin, which is sometimes a little irregular. Flesh quite white, crisp, moderately juicy, with an agreeable rich acid flavor."

THE GREAT FRUIT QUESTION.

IN a former communication, without speaking evil of "pork, potatoes and bread," I complimented fruit—I affirmed that strawberries and cream were good. Of course, I meant that the cream should be sweet and the strawberries fresh. I haven't been exactly disputed on that, or rather I should say, the preposition hasn't been unqualifiedly denied, which affords me great encouragement, and is a ground of much thankfulness on my part. It is true, wood-choppers and that sort of people have been specifically exempted from this diet, but I live in hopes that if we get the berries started, they will go through the whole population. I stated that a bargain for "board" was a bargain for "pork, potatoes and bread," and so understood. I will admit that other things appear on our tables, but they are all of "grace"—they are out side of the bond. "Will you be helped to some of this melon, Mr. BASSWOOD?" "Shall I pass you the peaches and cream?" is said with the air of a patron, and a certain consciousness of doing something handsome—you accept them as you accept anything else that you haven't *paid* for, you smerk and are "very much obliged." Now my doctrine is that apples, *choice* apples, pears, plums, raspberries, strawberries, &c., &c., should form a part of our daily food—not all at once, but in proper order—just as certainly as "pork, potatoes and bread"—a man should feel just as much disgraced to be caught without *fruit* as he would to be caught without *flour*. Is it so now? Haven't I heard twenty persons say the last winter—"I don't know what I shall do for pork, it is so scarce and high," without one single allusion to the exhausted stock of Newtown Pippins, Vicar of Winkfields, dried peaches and hermetically sealed strawberries. Does any man suppose that pork is the only good thing which these people lack? No, but pork is an *essential* and *pears* are not, as public opinion now stands—but public opinion must be switched into propriety.

Does a dissatisfied boarder say that "you spread your cloth without 'Antwerps'"—he would be laughed at—no, but you rung him to dinner when you "had no meat."

If C. B. C. and I can't settle the question, "What constitutes a meal of victuals," of course it will have to be referred to Justice TANEY and the Supreme Court. I stated my views in a previous article with mathematical precision—Bread + potatoes + pork, and I added an explanatory paragraph, that butter was expected when it could be had, and I might have added that tea and coffee came in with greater frequency than I could wish. Now, if the constitution and the laws do require fruit as a part of the meal, and if "immemorial usage" backs up that interpretation, then I will cease to be a revolutionist, I will take back what I have said, and leave this matter of diet alone.

But haven't I kept house? Haven't I got out of things every now and then, and couldn't I tell by the tone and manner of the cook, what was essential and what was non-essential, what was *actual*, and what was *incidental*. Show me the man whose knees don't smite together, and who don't make off as fast as his tremulous supports can carry him, when SALLY appears, and in a tone and manner that settles the whole thing without argument and without appeal, announces that "*the flour is all gone*." Would we imitate a whipped spaniel so perfectly if the same person should volunteer the information that "the Bartletts were gone a month ago, the last Seckel was eat up at dinner, and not a Flemish Beauty, a Beurre d' Anjou, or a Louis Bonne de Jersey remained for supper? We should laugh, simply.

Don't our country folks generally apologise for the absence of potatoes when they set you down to dinner without them, expressing no regret for the lack of Isabellas, Concords, and Catawbas?

Our ingenious women, GOD bless them, learn to make the most of everything. They will get up an imposing meal out of almost nothing—a pig will give ham, boiled and fried, tender loin, broad side, head-cheese and even *sausages* (when dogs are dear)—an immense show of meats—nothing but pork! A pail of flour, in the hands of a skillful cook, will take almost as many shapes as a Congressman canvassing for a re-election.

Our meals, I admit, are very often pretentious, varied, delectable, exquisite, but I shrewdly suspect that if Prof. DEWEY, or my friend Prof. WEED, of Middlebury Academy, should subject them to chemical analysis, they would reduce them very nearly to my mathematical formula—bread + pork + potatoes. I know that *appearances* are against me—Gentlemen, I tell you plainly I am *done* with appearances, I call for scientific investigation.—But I will not undertake to say who will display most science and skill, the women in putting the dishes together, or those learned chemists in taking them apart. Circumstantial evidence has much weight in courts of law—you were helped at table to quince and citron—how could that be when you find nothing growing in the garden but pig weed and potatoes? I don't say these women can work miracles, but they will come as near to it as BRIGHAM YOUNG, or any of his apostles—counterfeits are so common that potatoes, not unlikely, are "preserved" and pass under various names.—But can that fellow, with a cigar in his mouth, that gentleman talking politics, that dignitary with his boots on the bar-room table, reconcile it with his conscience, (if he keeps one) to torture the *extras* out of the women, when they would grow better in their natural state if he would put them to growing. What a world of shrewd financeering it would save, if our wives had a full assortment of excellent fruit to go to—the thought is overwhelming. H. T. E.

CALIFORNIA HORT. SOCIETY.

EDS. RURAL:—I believe you are already aware of the existence of an embryo Society, for the promotion of Horticulture, in this State. The organization was entered into on the 10th of October last, and more thoroughly consolidated and perfected at the First Annual Meeting held in San Francisco on the 8th and 9th of April, the proceedings of which, together with a copy of our fundamental laws, are herewith forwarded. Few readers of the RURAL (and their name is legion) are destitute of interest in California—*none* I trust want interest in horticulture. Nearly every nation of the civilized world has one or more representatives in our Society. Our field is vast, and its resources unfathomed. Should success attend our efforts, we shall, in a few years, have made contributions to the cultural (excuse the coining) world far surpassing those from our mines.

Our first monthly exhibition of fruits and flowers will take place at San Francisco on the 13th inst., some account of which I will in due time endeavor to forward to you. We want, and hope ere long to have, a Magazine or Journal devoted to the interests of Horticulture on this coast.

We are isolated from those great sources of standard information, good libraries, with which you of the older States are favored, and are therefore desirous of furnishing ourselves as rapidly as possible with every available addition to our incipient library, which is already promising well. Anything you can do for this object will greatly advance our prosperity. A file of the RURAL would be invaluable, and any good standard work or report, or "proceedings" pertaining to the culture of the soil, will be highly appreciated. Any article forwarded to the address of the Secretary, per mail or express, will be duly acknowledged.

Hoping that our new Society may enlist your sympathies and share the influence of the RURAL, I am your obedient servant—O. C. WHEELER, *Sec. Cal. Hort. Society, Sacramento, May*, 1857.

REMARKS.—We hail with peculiar pleasure the above official evidence of another organization designed to promote improvement in Horticulture. Though its field of operations is distant, it comes within the limits of our RURAL parish, and we congratulate our Pacific readers, and the friends of Horticulture generally, upon the accession of so promising an auxiliary. The RURAL has been booked to the address of the new Society, and other appropriate documents will probably soon be forthgoing in the same direction. And we would suggest to our contemporaries, and authors and publishers of works on Horticulture and Rural Affairs, that copies of their publications, forwarded to the infant Society, would not only aid in promoting the cause, but perhaps prove beneficial to themselves. Though our Pacific friends are now struggling against difficulties, we trust they will soon be furnished with such means of pursuing a scientific and productive course of development as shall result in vastly enriching the world.

CULTURE OF THE DAHLIA.

EDS. RURAL:—I am desirous of ascertaining the best mode of culture for Dahlias, and also what kind of soil they require. Any information on the subject will be thankfully received by an old subscriber.—MRS. W. H. C., *Brantford, C. W.*

REMARKS.—These who live near cities generally get their Dahlia plants in pots from the greenhouses; but farmers' wives and daughters in most places must depend upon the tubers for their plants. The general way, as most of our readers know, is to plant the dry tubers about the first of June.—The objection to this is that a great many shoots start from the crown, which must be cut away, or the plant is nothing but a mass of weak and straggling branches. The better way is to moisten the tubers, and place them in a basket in a warm room. Here they may be kept, being occasionally sprinkled, until the eyes have started. Then cut the tubers into as many pieces as there are strong shoots from the eyes, and plant in the ground, covering with from four to six inches of earth.—Planting may be done any time during the latter part of May, and all of June.

The Dahlia will grow well in almost any good garden soil. If the ground is poor, well rotted manure should be used. Before planting, a neat and strong stake should be driven into the ground for each plant, to which it must be tied to prevent injury by the wind. Any very weak and straggling shoots may be cut off as the plant develops itself. Before planting, have the ground deeply and thoroughly pulverized.

ROOTS FORMING FROM CUTTINGS.—We are all aware that a branch cut from several kinds of trees and shrubs, if properly set out, will take root and grow. Now I wish to inquire if it has ever been *satisfactorily* ascertained that the branch of *any* tree will *not* grow. A very intelligent old gentleman, with whom I was conversing upon the subject a few days since, was of the opinion that a branch of any living tree or shrub, if properly planted would send forth roots, and grow. As proof of his position he cited an instance of the growth of several young hickory trees near together in a cultivated field of his. Being a little curious to know from what they originated, he dug down eight or ten inches, when he came to an ox goad, the end of which was all slivered up by use. This had, after being used awhile, been dropped in the furrow and plowed under, and then sent forth its sheets. Now if *this* grew after *such usage*, won't the branch of any tree or shrub grow if rightly planted? Can any one tell.—A. H., *Avon*, 1857.

SWEET POTATO PLANTS.—Can you give any information through the columns of your journal as to where Sweet Potato plants can be had—the usual time of transplanting, and whether they will grow on our common garden soil? And oblige a Reader of the RURAL.—*Etbridge, May* 18, 1857.

REMARKS.—Sweet Potatoes succeed best on a warm sandy soil. Plants are sold at the Seed Stores in Rochester, and in most other cities, at about $1 per hundred. They may be planted from the first to the twentieth of June. Our seedsmen generally have the potatoes for sale early in the spring, and the plants by about the first of June. In Cincinnati and other Western cities we have noticed an abundance of these plants for sale.

Domestic Economy.

CAKES, PUDDINGS AND PIES.

EDS. RURAL:—As domestic recipes seem to be the rule, and as I can mix up a good batch of bread occasionally, as well as play on the piano, I send you some of mine for your readers:

WHITE CAKE.—1 lb. loaf sugar, 1 lb. flour, 10 oz. butter, whites of 10 eggs beaten to a froth, ½ teaspoonful cream tartar, 1 do. of soda.

GOLD CAKE.—1½ cups sugar, ½ cup butter, the yolks of 7 eggs, 1 cup sour cream, ½ teaspoonful saleratus: spice to your taste.

NICE CAKE.—2 cups sifted sugar, 1 cup butter, 5 eggs, 4½ cups of flour, 1 teaspoonful saleratus.

CUSTARD PUDDING.—Milk and eggs the same as for any custard, add a little flour. To be eaten with sauce.

COMPOSITION CAKE.—1 lb. loaf sugar, 1 do. flour, 7 eggs, ½ pint sour cream, 1 lb. butter, 1 teaspoonful saleratus, raisins to liking.

WATER CURE JUMBLES.—2 cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 2 cups sweet milk, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar, 1 soda.

CREAM CAKE.—2 cups sugar, 1 do. butter, 1 do. sour cream, 5 eggs, 4 cups flour, 1 teaspoonful saleratus.

LEMON PIE.—Grate 1 lemon, 1 teacup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon of flour, 1 egg.

Dryden, N. Y., 1857. FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

VEGETABLE OYSTER SOUP.—In answer to an inquiry in the RURAL, I will give my method of cooking the Vegetable Oyster. Take a suitable piece of beef or veal for a soup, put to it six quarts of water; boil it until the meat is sufficiently cooked; scrape and cut in slices enough vegetable oysters to fill a quart bowl; take out the meat and add the oysters with a piece of codfish skin, (a large piece, well washed,) let it boil until the oysters are tender; just before serving, add one quart of new milk, when it boils up over, it is done—season with pepper and salt only.—S.

BUCKWHEAT CAKE.—One cup sour cream, ½ cup butter, 1½ cups sour milk, 1 cup of molasses, 1 egg, 2 teaspoonfuls saleratus. Thicken with the flour to a batter somewhat thicker than for "griddle cakes." Bake in a quick oven and eaten when warm. This will be found an excellent article for common use, and much cheaper than those made of wheat flour.—S. A., *Rose, N. Y.*, 1857.

HOW TO COOK RHUBARB AND ASPARAGUS.—It is a common error in cooking rhubarb to peel it.—This should never be done, as the skin contains the aroma of the plant and is not at all fibrous, but cooks as readily and becomes pulpy. We have derived this information from a French cook of note, experience and skill. The same cook tells us that asparagus should be cut into pieces about three-quarters of an inch long, before cooking.—It should be boiled with a nice piece of salt pork, and served up in the same manner as peas.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

THE FLICKERING OF GAS LIGHT.

ONE of the most useful inventions positively wanted by the gas-light-using community, is some method of positively preventing the gas jets from flickering. Gas regulators have been invented to graduate the quantity passing through the tubes under varying pressures of the gas, but none that we have seen provides for a steady flow to the burners. Those who read and write much by gas light, soon injure their eyes. Many persons have spoken to us on this subject, and their testimony is uniform in reference to the evil effects of flickering gas light. The vibrations of the gas light produce similar vibrations in the retina of the eye, and thereby unduly excite it. According to the computations of Dr. Young, there are as many as 535,000,000 of undulations in yellow light—the ray which prevails in gas jets—produced in a single second. It is very evident, therefore, that the disturbed vibrations by flickering gas lights, must effect the eye injuriously. It has been found that a person can study and write a great deal longer, and with greater ease, by the light of a sperm candle or an oil lamp than with gas; but this would not be the case were gas lights remedied of the flickering. Here is a field for invention.—We are positive that a remedy can be provided for this evil, and it will be one of no small importance and benefit.—*Scientific American.*

TELEGRAPHIC FEAT.

THE Toronto *Globe* understands that "for the last few nights, after the close of the regular business of the line, the Montreal Telegraph Company, in conjunction with the American Telegraph Companies through the States of Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, have been working direct from Chicago to Quebec, via Buffalo, Toronto and Montreal, a distance by the telegraphic route of some 1,300 or 1,400 miles. The object of this lengthy communication is to establish the correct longitude, by solar observations, of the different places. Lieut. Ashe, of Quebec, conducted the observations at Chicago. The operators there, say that the lines worked beautifully on fine nights, and the signals went through as instantaneously as though the distance was 14 instead of 1,400 miles. The longest stretch of the great submarine cable between England and America, will be about 1,900 miles; so that if the difficulties of laying down the cable can be successfully overcome, there appears to be, as far as human reason can foresee, no difficulty as to the working of it. The opinion of the operators in Toronto, who watched the signals from Chicago to Quebec, was, that if the distance had been twice as great, the electric fluid would have bounded over it as quickly—i. e. literally in less than no time, as the signals leaving Quebec at 10½ P. M., would reach Chicago about 9½ P. M.—Chicago time being about one hour slower than Quebec."

SCENES AT THE MINT.—THE NEW CENT.—The new cent is so attractive that everybody is besieging the Mint with sums varying from a quarter dollar to fifty dollars, to effect an exchange for the pretty offering of 1857. So great was the jam, that yesterday morning it was found necessary to call in the aid of the police to enforce the good old barber shop rule—"First come, first served." The Director of the Mint, now finds himself unable to keep up the supply—as there are other cities besides Philadelphia to be accommodated—and will, therefore, suspend the further issue for a few days. There are a large quantity already in the hands of our citizens, and they will soon become circulated ubiquitously. The demand for the coin in small quantities yesterday was so lively, that the news-boys dropped their regular avocation and "got up a corner," in selling the new cents to the curious, at the rate of three for sixpence. Go ahead juveniles, these newsboys.—*Philadelphia North American, 27th ult.*

GAS MADE FROM WATER.—All attempts to manufacture gas from water alone, had heretofore been a complete failure; Payne's gas turpentine and water gas, water and platina gas, and many such like, have all proved impracticable, or inferior to the coal and wood gas now in use. A French chemist, Mr. Gillard, has at last discovered and put into actual use, the gas made from water, not in the laboratory or at an exhibition, but in illuminating a whole town; the ancient city Narbonne, France, glories in a light, the elements of which are drawn from its antique and beautiful canal, the flame looking like the electrical light, dazzling but not tiresome, as white as can be, without vacillation or smell; all burners being similar to so many planets.—*Courier des Etats Unis.*

USEFUL NAUTICAL INVENTION.—The recent invention of a life-preserving state-room door, for steamboats, is attracting considerable attention among those interested. The construction or arrangement of this door is in this wise: A sheet of India rubber is stretched upon each panel of the state room doors, and fastened at the edges. In the centre of each sheet is a mouth-piece, similar to those by which ordinary life preservers are inflated, and the doors thrown overboard. Around the edges of the doors are rope loops, to which the needy persons may cling, and thus be sustained. Each door is said to be capable of holding four or five persons with ease, under the circumstances when they would be brought into use

INCREASE OF ENGLISH FACTORIES.—During the past year, according to the report of Inspectors of Factories, there has been a considerable increase in the number of such establishments.—Altogether there are 2,310 cotton, 1,505 woolen, 525 worsted, 417 flax, and 470 silk factories in the three kingdoms. The cotton factories had increased $1.42 per cent., silk factories not less than 66 per cent., 33,503,580 spindles were in operation, and 379,205 power looms, for all the factories. In 1836, there were only 114,801 power looms running; thus in twenty years they have tripled in number. There are employed in these factories 46,071 children above ten years of age and under thirteen, 470,647 women, and 175,400 men; total, 682,517 persons.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A PEEP AT HOME.

BY ANNA M. PELTON.

"Be it ever so lowly, there's no place like Home."

"Put the kettle on the stove, Kate,
Heat the water for the tea,
Let us have all things in order,
Order should our motto be."
Thus the mother said, and smiling,
Rocked the baby to and fro,
Pressed a kiss upon its forehead,
Stroked the little locks of tow.

Katie put the kettle over,
Swept the nicely painted floor,
Made the chairs look *so* inviting,
Hung the broom behind the door.
Drew the table to the centre,
Whitest linen on it spread,
With her own, her little fingers,
Neatly sliced the snowy bread.

Father comes, all white with snow-flakes,
Cheeks as red as damask rose,
Rubs his hands so brisk together,
Says he b'lieves he's almost froze.
Soon as warm he takes the baby,
Rubs his whiskers on its cheek,
Gives his hair to little fingers,
Pockets gives to little feet.

Says "there never was a baby
Half so pretty, half so smart,"
Wife unequalled, Katie loving,
O, what sunshine to the heart!
Reader, will you not believe me?
'Tis a truth and you must know,
Angels stoop, and love to linger
'Round that hallowed home below.

La Grange, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SIGHTS AND SCENES IN EUROPE.

BY MRS. L. W. BROWN.

No. II.—From Paris to Florence.

We left Paris, Nov. 21st, in the first Express for Lyons, which is 216 miles S. E. from the capital.—It was very agreeable to meet a fine company of English people in the cars, going to spend the winter in Nice—a little town on the Mediterranean, much resorted to by invalids on account of its mild, equable climate. The day was fair, and we had a fine view of the scenery as we passed along. Thirty miles from Paris is Fontainbleau. This noted town of 8,000 inhabitants is three miles from the station, and entirely concealed by dense forests. While so near, one could not help wishing to get a view of its Royal Palace, where, as history records, many distinguished personages were born, died, banished, imprisoned, or married, from the days of Louis VII. to the present Emperor. Here Napoleon took leave of the last of the Old Guard before going to Elba. His bedroom, it is said, remains nearly as he left it.

There are over fifty way stations between Paris and Lyons. We stopped only at few of them, arriving at Lyons about seven in the evening. The towns along the way look as if they indeed belonged to past generations. The natural scenery is more cheerful and attractive. The roads are fine; a canal extends some distance parallel with the Railroad. Mountains rose high in the distance, mostly on our right, while between were green fields, vineyards, and groves of various fruit trees—the only trees that are numerous in any part of that country.

Lyons presented a fine appearance as we approached it by a clear moonlight. It is situated at the junction of the rivers Rhone and Saone.—The Rhone is crossed by eight bridges, the Saone by nine. The population of Lyons is 275,000. It is the chief manufacturing town of France. The sound of mills and water-works is heard in every part of the city. Its manufactures are silks, woolens, shawls, crape, silver lace, &c. There are 7,000 establishments for silk, and 28,000 looms in operation. The largest library in France is also found here, containing 100,000 volumes. Scientific and benevolent institutions are numerous. The streets are narrow; the houses are made of solid stone seven or eight stories high. In a clear day the Alps and Mont Blanc can be plainly seen by ascending a high hill that partly surrounds the city.

As we descended the Rhone, the scenery was more delightful. Large olive orchards were seen, their spreading branches bending with fruit, which the peasants were gathering. The trees and fruit in the distance much resemble our dark plums, though the leaves look like our willows. The trunks of the trees are split asunder near the roots to prevent the snow from lodging.

The principle stopping place between Lyons and Marseilles is Avignon, the center of the cultivation of Madder in the south of France. For some distance before we reached the city, on either side there was paraded a line of peasants from the hills and valleys in eager expectation of some great event. At Avignon the various orders of military were out in grand procession; banners and tapestry floated from the principal buildings; the bells tolled, and cannon were fired, while the streets were crowded with people to pay honor to the King of Sardinia as he passed on his way to visit Queen Victoria. He went so swiftly by that only a glimpse could be had of the glittering tinsel that adorned his royal dress and carriage; but it was a *king*, and the people paid due reverence at the sound of his approach.

Avignon is on the right, extending from the valley over the craggy hills. The buildings appear as old and shattered as the rock around them. The old palace of the Popes stands on an eminence, an extensive mass of ruins, or used only as barracks. The house where Petrarch lived is still shown, but the tomb of his Laura whom he first met in this city, is now destroyed.

It was toward evening when we came in sight of the Mediterranean. The warm sunshine of the day suddenly disappeared, and a violent rain, with a hurricane, succeeded. The green sea before us seemed furious and forbidding,—far less inviting its treacherous surface, than the broad ocean. At "Hotel Bristol" we ascertained that no French mail steamers sailed for Leghorn under several days. This delay afforded an opportunity to learn something of the oldest city and seaport of France.

Marseilles was founded by the Phœnecians 600 years before Christ. Its population is now 185,000. It is composed of the old and new towns; the new is extending itself over the hills on the east. The buildings are modern and elegant. This part of the city presents a fine appearance from the harbor. Many streets in the city, and on every side leading into it, are lined with trees. The markets are extensive; vegetables, and all kinds of fruit are luxuriant and delicious. The flower markets are the most attractive. Scores of women were seated in the public squares, making and selling bouquets from a great variety of delicate and beautiful fresh flowers. Simple white and black wreathes are used for the dead. Such a display of flowers on the 25th of November makes one quite forget approaching winter.

Sunday seemed more like a national fair than a day of religious worship. An hour perhaps is scrupulously devoted by each person to the observance of the established forms of religion; the rest of the day is spent in the street, in various amusements, or in trade. In returning from the English Church we had to pass through crowds of armed solders and noisy pleasure seekers, who were thronging the brilliant shops. Ladies and children were arrayed in gay summer dress, enjoying the warm sunshine upon their bare heads; beggars at every corner held out their lean hands for a penny; while music and sounds of mirth greeted the ear in every street.

My passport, different from my expectations, was not once called for till I reached Marseilles. Here, before going to Italy, the visa of the Papal or Austrian Consular is strictly demanded. This is attended to by the hotel commissionairi at a fee of three francs. On embarking, our passports are required by a Police on board, and not returned till signed officially at the place of landing. This makes it a tedious matter to land in a foreign city, but there is no help for it, except by writing beforehand to some reliable friend to whom the Custom may grant a permit to come on board and invite the favored person ashore.

Nov. 26, we left Marseilles for Leghorn. The *little* French steamer was crowded with passengers. The berths were all taken days previous to leaving, and some of us, not knowing the demand in season, were obliged to take rest in the open air as best we could. It was a mild afternoon as we sailed out of the great port from which, for more than two thousand years, vessels have been sent to the most noted places on the globe. Before sunset we had a severe gale, and all night the storm raged with more fury than at any time while we were on the Atlantic. In the morning all was calm again; the sun rose bright and warm, and it was fine sailing along the bold shore, in sight of snow-topped mountains and clustering towns at their base. We reached the bay and town of Genoa, just before dark. This native city of Columbus is built in the side of a mountain which circles around the bay some distance. The clear moon was almost directly overhead; the sea was glassy and still, and pleasure parties in gondolas came around our vessel, cheering us by strains of soft music with lute and voice.

The next day at noon we were in the crowded part of Leghorn, (Italian, *Livorne*,) a most uncomfortable place to land, as passengers and lading are always conveyed in small boats, besides waiting many hours for papers of permit. The cars leave Leghorn for Florence several times a day.—It is a fine ride of four hours through a rich and finely cultivated part of northern Italy.

Life's Duties.—It must, undoubtedly, be the design of our gracious God, that all this toil for the supply of our physical necessities—this incessant occupation amid the things that perish—shall be no obstruction, but rather a help, to our spiritual life. The weight of a clock seems a heavy drag on the delicate movements of its machinery; but, so far from arresting or impeding those movements, it is indispensable to their steadiness, balance, accuracy. There must be some analogous action of what seems the clog and drag-weight of worldly work on the finer movements of man's spiritual being. The planets in the heavens have a twofold motion—in their orbits and on their axis; the one motion not interfering, but carried on simultaneously, and in perfect harmony with the other: so must it be that man's twofold activities round the heavenly and the earthly centre disturb not, nor jar with each other. He who, diligently discharges the duties of the earthly, may not less sedulously—nay, at the same moment—fulfill those of the heavenly sphere; at once "diligent in business," and "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."—*Caird.*

A Beautiful Idea.—Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring, so small that a single ox, in a summer's day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill—a rivulet—a river—an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.

A good conscience is better than two witnesses; it will consume your grief as the sun dissolves ice. It is a spring when you are thirsty—a staff when you are weary—a screen when the sun burns—and a pillow in death.

"Life is short; and that portion of it which one human being devotes to injuring, punishing and destroying another, we are inclined to think will pay but a poor dividend on the final settlement of differences."

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

The trials of life are like the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

'TIS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED.

When gathers o'er earth's bosom,
The shadows of the night,
And from out the veil of Heaven,
The stars shine clear and bright;
Amid the solemn stillness
That reigns at close of day,
'Tis sweet to be remembered
By those who kneel to pray.

When absent from the circle
Where friends are wont to meet,
To spend the passing hour
In social converse sweet;
In other lands, in other climes,
Where'er our footsteps roam,
'Tis sweet to be remembered
By those we love at home.

When from out the clayey tenement,
The freed soul takes its flight,
Beyond the bounds of time
To yonder realms of light;
If in life's last conflict
The living should deplore—
How sweet to be remembered
When the heart throbs no more.

When oft our wayward feet
From paths of duty stray,
And tempted oft, we leave
The "straight and narrow way;"
When, with sin o'erladen
We kneel to be forgiven,
'Tis sweet to be remembered
By our Father in Heaven.

Linda.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE WORLD.

The world we live in, is an ever curious theme for study and observation. Its interests daily increasing, its problem growing daily more intricate. An ever changing, inconsistant world, and strange that we, a part and parcel of its very self, should yet be so ignorant of its mysteries. Strange too, that while we add to its myseries, unconscious we are an enigma to others. It is an intricate study, requiring our close and careful attention. The veteran of four-score, as heavily leaning on his staff he slowly descends life's declivity, is but a student in the primary department with the little embryo sentient who asks for the moon, and mourns that his request is not complied with.—Geographically, Civilly or Morally this is a curious, unstable, vain, proud world.

Contemplate the threatening clouds so darkly painted by our statesmen artists, even now casting their ominous shadows on our political horizon. Consider the terrible auguries of the pompous ministers of science. Calmly if you can—with prejudice if you will—contemplate the result and then say—what? That man is idiotic—that mind is unreliable—that man's boasted wisdom is but pompous pretence—or that change is the ever repeated entry in the day book of human existence.

The signs that so truthfully augured the tempest of last season, are no certain indication of the same result in the present. The air that erst was laden with desolation and pestilence may now waft only breezes of health and vigor from the same point of compass. Aye, man's prophetic wisdom is but a feeble reliance, and former signs are no certain criterion to judge of like results in the present.

With eager interest, we turn the book of human experience, and find that in times past, eminence was acquired in the superiority of warlike attainments, then, abstruse science, occult arts, and mystic symbols in turn gave way to philosophic argument and scholastic lore.

"And now is seen the passion for utility, when all things
are accounted by the price,
And the wisdom of the wise is busied in hatching golden
eggs."

We tread this life in cycles, returning again to the point of starting. Dust from dust—infancy—dotage—dust to dust again, and the decree is satisfied. How long before the world will turn again to the orgies of the Pantheon, or the competition of sword and lance, for honor and distinction.—Inflated with vanity, with mock reverence, we are thankful that our existence is appointed in an age of progression, enlightenment and knowledge, boasting that mind maketh man divinity—

"Can make matter, and yet this would-be God
Thinketh to make mind and form original idea."

Some One.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

"A PUZZLING GAZETEER;"

OR, DICKENS BEHIND THE TIMES.

In the Rural of the 16th ult., you have, from *Dickens' Household Words*, a list of names and numbers of certain "towns in North America."—This, I presume, includes the British Provinces. I do not know from what source he obtained his statistics, but they are full of error, and in scarcely a single instance can be relied upon. Thus, he sets it down that there are 71 towns by the name of Washington. From official sources we learn that in 1850 there were 137 towns of that name in the U. States. How many have been *born* since I have have not the means of knowing. However, they probably come along faster than Queen Victoria's children, so that by this time the number is somewhat larger. Of these 137 towns of Washington, 39 were in Indiana, 44 in Ohio, and 19 in Pennsylvania. Of Franklins, it is put down at 65; there are 85 towns of that name in Uncle Sam's inclosure, and 58 Jeffersons; there were in 1850, 74 towns named after the author of the Declaration of Independence. For Madison, it is put down at 37—ten below the mark, there being 47. Monroe, Dickens puts at 38—seven years ago there was 59. We do not know why Dickens skipped over the "Old Roman." Perhaps some reminiscences connected with the 8th of January, 1815, may have influenced him; but be that as it may, as long ago as 1849 there were 113 towns bearing the name of Jackson, 39 of them in Indiana and 38 in Ohio; 22 Bentons; 11 named Cass, probably in honor of the present Secretary of State. There were 32 towns named in honor of "Harry of the West," besides a dozen or so of Claytons and Clayvilles; 34 Clintons; 57 for Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe; 57 for Perry; 41 Springfields; 103 towns by the name of Union; 23 of them in Indiana, and 29 in Ohio. It is a mystery how a letter can ever go correctly per mail, where there are such litters of towns by the same name in the same State,—28 Van Burens; 53 towns by the name of Wayne—probably all named in honor of "Mad Anthony." The list might be greatly extended; but it is long enough to show that Republics are not ungrateful, at least, in holding up to memory the names of their "statesmen and Heroes," and also to prove that some of the writers "over the waters" are not particularly well posted up in American statistics, as well as other of our affairs.

Levi Bartlett.

Warner, N. H., May, 1857

"ONE AND TWENTY."

With youth no period is looked forward to with so much impatience, as the hour which shall end our minority—with manhood, none is looked back to with so much regret. Freedom appears to a young man as the brightest star in the firmament of his existence, and is never lost sight of until the goal for which he has been so long traveling, is reached. When the mind and the spirit are young, the season of manhood is reflected with a brightness from the future, which nothing can dim but its own cold reality. The busy world is stretched out before our boyhood like the exhibition of mechanical automata—we behold the merchant accumulating wealth, the scholar planting his foot upon the summit of the temple of fame, the warrior twining his brow with the laurel wreath, and we yearn to struggle with them for supremacy. In the distance we see nothing but the most prominent part of the picture, which is success—the anguish of disappointment and defeat is hidden from our view; we see not the pale cheek of neglected merit, or the broken spirit of unfortunate genius, or the sufferings of worth. But we gaze not long, for the season of youth passes away like a moon's beam from the still water, or like a dew-drop from a rose in June, or an hour in the circle of friendship. Youth passes away, and we find ourselves in the midst of that great theatre upon which we have so long gazed with interest—the paternal bonds which in binding have upheld us, are broken, and we step into the crowd with no guide but our conscience to carry us through the intricate windings of the path of human life. The beauties of the perspective have vanished—the merchant's wealth has furrowed his cheek, the acquirements of the scholar were purchased at the price of his health; and the garland of the conqueror is fastened upon his brow with a thorn, the rankling of which shall give him no rest on this side of the grave. Disappointment changes the ardor of our first setting out, and misfortunes follow closely in our path to finish the work and close our career. How often amid the cares and troubles of manhood do we look back to the sunny spot on our memory, the season of our youth; and how often does a wish recall its escape from the bosom of those who once prayed it away. From this feeling I do not believe that living man was ever exempt. It is twined around the very soul; it is incorporated in our very nature, and will cling to us, even when reason itself has passed away. And although the period when parental enthralment is broken, and when the law acknowledges the intellect to be full grown, may at the time be considered one of rejoicing, yet after-life will hang around it the emblems of sorrow, while it is hallowed as the last bright hour of happy youth.—*Selected.*

A STRING OF PEARLS.

One *to-day* is worth two *to-morrows.*

He that hath no money needeth no purse.

Few things are impossible to industry and skill.

The best mode of revenge, is not to imitate the injury.

Without friends, the world would be but a wilderness.

Laziness travels so slow that poverty soon overtakes her.

If there be no faith in our words, of what use are they?

Past events are as clear as a mirror; the future as obscure as varnish.

Brave actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornament of it.

The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.

Most men employ their first years so as to make their last miserable.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship.

The weakest spot in any man is where he thinks himself the wisest.

Among the base, merits begets envy; among the noble, emulation.

Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.

Woman—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of old age.

A man had better have all the afflictions of all the afflicted, than be given up to a repining grumbling heart.

Keep your store of smiles and your kindest thoughts for home, give to the world only those which are to spare.

Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than with a blockhead.

The comfort of a Christian lieth not in his outfulness, but in Christ's.

Decency is a matter of latitude. In Turkey a man with tight pants on is considered so great a vulgarian that he is not tolerated in respectable society. To spit in the presence of an Arab is to make the acquaintance of a cheese knife. In Russia that man is considered low who refuses a warm breakfast of fried candles. In this country vulgar people are such as keep good hours and live within their income.

Love akin in Castle and in Cottage.—The game of love is the same, whether the lovers be clad in velvet or in holdden grey. Beneath the gilded ceiling of a palace, or the lofty rafters of a cabin, there are the same hopes and fears, the same jealousies, and distrusts, and despondings; the wiles and stratagems are all alike; for, after all, the stake is human happiness, whether he who risks it be a peer or a peasant.

CLERKS.

The song of the Clerk is yet unsung. We hear a sad murmur—work! work! work! rising feebly from counters and shelves and heavy spring stock, from high desks in dark places, where a ray of sunlight never enters. It blends with the sharp cry of trade, with the ceaseless strokes of hammers, with the clatter of knives and forks in underground holes, where confused messes are devoured against time, in the restless days of "busy season." It stands out on the pages of ponderous ledgers—and sometimes it becomes painfully startling in police reports, when we read that "a young clerk was charged with embezzling the funds of his employer."

The motto which is held up to young Americans in every nursery and schoolroom is:—"Be rich, or be nothing!" They see it in the superficial character of our institutions—in paved streets, brown stone houses, silks and gems, vases and mirrors.—Country boys see the glitter from afar. Dull to them become the songs of birds, and the wheat, nodding to the light breeze, and all the simple delights of nature. With a mother's kiss, and a father's choking "God bless you," the boy starts for his Arcadia with a light heart. He hears the customary twaddle of merchants that industry and perseverance will be rewarded. He learns that poetry is weakness—that he must cease to adore the beautiful till he can pay for it. He bows down to the golden God, and lays his young nerve and his young spirit at his feet. Years go by—the mother's whispered prayer is forgotten—the music is dead—he is a child of simplicity no more. The fond dream of his youth has been dispelled; he begins to feel that perseverance is sometimes useless. He becomes one of two classes we know.—He delivers himself up to brandy and water, his cheeks lose all tokens of their former freshness, and his eyes are bleared; he frequents the lowest haunts of his low companions, he figures in police reports, and one day we miss him entirely. Or his spirit is crushed, and he becomes resigned to his destiny, clerk for life. His shoulders are stooped. He wears one suit a long while. You see him on bright Sundays walking with his wife and children. He is known at the great house as the "Old Clerk." The younger scions affect fuhniness with him, and have a standing joke that he is going "into the firm." But he becomes infirm sooner than even they expect. A dry cough is heard from his high stool. His princely employers wonder why he is always sick, and begin to hint at somebody else.—They are just in time—they have sucked the last drop of his life-blood—he dies, and his seat is vacant. His little ones become charity's children, and his wife, forever singing the same old ditty, work! work! work! soon follows him.—*Philadelphia North American.*

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man as lord of an animated world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from the window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children.—These are the feelings of the owners of the soil.—Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life-springs of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.—*Everett.*

EVERY WORD TRUE.

A lady, formerly of New England, but now residing in Iowa, writes as follows concerning the alleged wrongs of "down-trodden woman," and although a few may not concede the justice of her strictures, we imagine there will be *but* few who will not heartily endorse the caption we have seen fit to place at the head of this article:

"Believe me that we (women) are not so much slaves to the tyranny of husbands, dinners, children and servants, as to ourselves and false social customs. We are afraid of each other. We don't live in reference to comfort or to our own means, but to what people say of us or think of us, and to overtop this one or the other. I have seen and known women fitted to adorn any society in this country, or any other, that did their own work, took care of their own children, kept bright hearthstones and had happy husbands, and found time to keep up with the current literature, write memorandums and copy poetry. It is not necessary but artificial labor that makes our women drudges. Eternal house-cleaning, beginning in March and lasting till May—again in September and lasting till Thanksgiving. It is a pride of appearance, of being thought good livers and crack housekeepers—for, let women say what they will, they are as jealous of this as poets (or politicians) of each other."

An apt use of initials, in the expression of an idea, appears in the following couplet, written on the alleged intended marriage of the old Duke of Wellington with Angelina Burdett Coutts, the rich heiress:

The duke must in his second childhood be,
Since in his doting age he turns to A B C.

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PARENTS, VISIT YOUR SCHOOLS.

If you would see the money which you expend for educational purposes bearing fruit in the healthful, mental, moral, and physical development of your children; if you would have the salutary influence of the home education fostered and promoted, rather than neutralized and counteracted by the school education; then, we say, *parents, visit your school.*

It is not our present purpose to give our reasons for this advice, but only to express our conviction, after eight years' labor in the training of the young, that in no way can you reap such ample dividends from the money invested in education, as by *visiting your school.*

Can you not spend the time? One day each term is all that is required of any one, if all parents do their duty in this matter. Farmers, leave your laborers in the field without your supervision for a day, and look after those whom you have employed to cultivate the precious soil of your children's minds. Merchants, trust your merchandize to your clerks for one day, and go and learn to what keeping you have committed your greatest earthly treasures. Mothers, can you trust a stranger with the morals, minds, and health of your sons and daughters, and not know whether he is fitted for and faithful to the trust?

Think of it, all who have children in school, is it not reasonable? is it not your duty to your children, to the State, to Him who made your fathers and mothers? C. H. D.

Sodus, N. Y., 1857.

DESPOTISM IN SCHOOLS.

It has been urged that the discipline on shipboard is too strict and the power too absolute; that courts in their judgment are too apt to encourage this despotism by sustaining officers in their power, or by infliction of mere nominal punishment for what seem serious offences against humanity. But on the ocean, within the limits of a ship, with the disproportion of twenty or thirty men against one with no back door to retreat from, it seems almost right that absolute power should be placed in the hands of the officers. There is no such excuse, however, for placing so much power in the hands of school-masters, and if the power is thus placed, care should be taken that the men to whom the power is given, should be men of judgment and principle — of unswerving firmness in the discharge of their duties—and disposed to administer their little government according to the strictest dictates of justice. But a knowledge of the doings in many of our schools would reveal cases of gross injustice to parties, that never now are known beyond the consciousness of wrong that the injured parties feel, which is fostered and brooded over. Children are very sensitive—there is much human nature in children—and they have a very keen sense of injustice.—Hence an act of partiality is clearly seen and appreciated by them, and a charge of impropriety or of insubordination applied to one scholar when it belongs to another, is attended by heart aches, in silence, for right dares not make complaint against power.

In the exercise of the power possessed, more care should be had lest an idea of injustice find its way to the mind of a child. A teacher, as well as any man, is liable to mistakes, and his judgment is subject to error as well as that of the tiniest in his kingdom. He should be very careful that temper forms no part in his decision, and he should weigh evidence where there is doubt in a more exact manner than where the interests of men are involved in our justice courts, for in the courts there are appeals until just decisions are arrived at. In the schools the *ipse dixit* of a subordinate teacher may consign an innocent boy to punishment, from which he has no appeal, and the word of a rash teacher put down the timid testimony of dreading children, that would tell against himself.

The rule of infallibility of judgment on the part of teachers has too long been believed. The claim that the king could do no wrong was never more positively put forth than that the school master can do no wrong has been understood, and many acts of injustice have been done, that perhaps have been repented of, but no acknowledgment of wrong has scarcely ever come from the immaculate lips. Our own experience — running over a distance of some thirty years—recalls many such. True, after the wrong has been done, with the back and the heart still aching with the infliction, there is but little individual satisfaction in having a man say he was wrong in inflicting punishment—a man who has been cudgelled instead of another within an inch of his life is not pleased to hear that he is innocent of the offence for which he has been thrashed—but it sets the matter right in the eyes of the world, and it is pleasant to find a man candid enough to admit he has been in error.

The right of the scholar is as positive as that of the teacher, and while the former is called to pay due regard for discipline, the latter is bound to make the discipline such as will best tend to the good order and decorum of the school, without resort to tyranny which no young American, who has a due sense of his rights, can submit to without choking. A school should, in the grand respect of disciplinary law, be a sort of republic — the teachers deriving their power from the consent of the governed. Not, perhaps, fully, but in a degree recognizing this great principle, and with a proper regard for his scholar as a thinking being, a teacher would live a happier life and get along far easier than when, as Sir Oracle, he mounts the tripod and no small dog in his company dare bark when he opens his mouth.—*Saturday Eve. Gazette.*

Education in Ohio.—From the last annual report of the Ohio State Commissioner of common schools, we learn that the total number of school-houses in the State is 8,148, the number of new ones built last year being 627. Number of teachers employed, 17,813, of whom 9,449 are males, and 8,364 females. Number of white and colored youth in the State, 826,680; number enrolled for the schools, 561,315; number in average daily attendance, 322,643.

TRUE PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION.

There seems a strange difficulty in comprehending the true aims of school discipline and instruction. It can have but two purposes—to train and inform the man. Of these, the former is incomparably the most important and lasting in its results, yet the latter receives almost exclusive attention. Indeed, it is declared that training is secondary, a mere incidental to the acquisition of positive knowledge, and hence the constant and almost uncontrollable tendency to gorge pupils with definitions, rules, principles, facts, theories, etc., just as if a ready, accurate, practical use of them would follow as a matter of course. Children, by hundreds, leave our schools, annually, furnished with complete sets of rules and principles, but, who know no more of their use than a savage does of the sextant. All that such children learn of any practical value, is learned after they leave school. It is a common remark among even educated men, that they have been compelled to study anew every branch they had previously studied at school, in order to possess themselves of its uses. To those who cease to be students when they leave the school, what seemed most familiar is soon lost. For instance, scarcely anything of geography is retained after the book is laid aside—in many cases not the definition of the most common terms. The pupils of our High Schools, after the lapse of only a few months, are generally unable to obtain fifty per cent. of correct answers on lists of questions not more difficult than those upon which eighty per cent. was obtained when they were first admitted. It is, to say the least, extremely questionable whether it is policy to invest such large amounts as are annually expended in the schools, in stocks that depreciate so rapidly.—A. J. Rickoff, *in Report of Cincinnati Schools.*

UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU READ.

In reading never permit yourselves to pass over words, with the meaning of which you are unacquainted, in works you are perusing. Go at once to the fountain head—to a dictionary for unintelligible words, to an encyclopædia for general information, to a classical authority for mythological and other similar facts. You will not read as *fast*, by adopting this plan, but you will soon realize that you are, nevertheless, advancing much more rapidly, in the truest sense. When you have not works of reference at command adopt the practice of making brief memoranda, as you go along, of such points as require elucidation, and avail yourself of the earliest opportunity of seeking a solution of your doubts. And do not, I beg of you, think this to laborious. The best minds have been trained by such a course. Depend upon it, *genius* is no equivalent for the advantage ultimately derived from patient perseverance in such a course. I remember well, that to the latest year of his life, my old friend, De Witt Clinton, one of the noblest specimens of the race it has been my fortune to know, would spring up like a boy, despite his stiff knee, when any doubt arose in conversation, upon literary or scientific subjects, and hasten to select a book containing the desired information, from a little cabinet adjoining his usual reception room. His was a genuine *love of learning*, for its own sake; and the turmoil and toil of political life never extinguished his early passion, nor deprived him of a taste for its indulgence.—*R. I. Schoolmaster.*

The Public Schools of Maine.—According to the report of Mr. John P. Craig, late Superintendent of the Common Schools of Maine, the number of pupils between four and twenty-one years of age, who attended the common schools of that State during the year 1856, was 241,097. The average wages of male teachers, per month, exclusive of board, was $27 30, and of female teachers $21 96. The whole number of public schools was 4,855, and the whole number of school houses 3,682. The number of school houses which are well constructed, commodious and in good repair, is 1,784; not in good repair, 2,013. The value of all the school houses is $895,987. Number of new school houses built the past year, 127, valued at $129,248. The amount of money raised by tax in 1855 for the support of schools in 1855-6, was $386,438, which was an excess over the amount required by law of $39,237. There was received from the State for the same purpose, $66,616, and the sum of $17,736 raised from local funds. The whole amount expended for school purposes during the year was $640,188. These figures all show a large and encouraging increase over the statistics of 1855.

Purpose and Indecision.—The same circumstances which produce some men's best, produce other men's worst. One by unwavering firmness, and adherence to right, goes from poverty and despair up and up to the heights of mortal endurance and mortal triumph; and, though the world may not see his victory, he feels it deep in his own heart—a treasure which no hand can deprive him of. Another goes from the same condition downward, through lack of strength and reverence for himself, till he reaches the depth of human degradation and defeat—a bitter lot which no man can do more than mitigate to this suffering soul.—There is a danger to both these wayfarers—to one, that the victory he has won so hardly, shall seem in certain dark hours paltry and even despicable; to the other, that the good he has turned from shall seem so great and exalted as to be unattainable. There is also a lesson to both, coming from the deep voice of the surrounding world. Right is eternal. It is the incorruptible inheritance of all true work. Be the one and do the other, and whatever thy present condition, it shall ultimately be thine.

Earnestness.—The grand secret of all worldly success, which some men call will, I would rather call earnestness. If I were asked, from my experience of life, to say what attribute most impressed the minds of others, or most commanded fortune, I should say, "earnestness." The earnest man wins for himself, and earnestness and truth go together.—*Bulwer.*

The Prussians have a wise maxim, that whatever you would have appear in a nation's life, you must put in its schools.—*Home Journal.*

KEATIB, OR TURKISH SCRIBE.

EDUCATION AMONG THE TURKS.*

Mohammed, who is the oracle on all subjects, having declared, that "the ink of the learned and the blood of the martyr are equal in the sight of God," education is not so entirely neglected by his followers, as is generally supposed. It may, in one sense, be considered general; for every parent is obliged to send his children, both male and female, to the schools which are attached to the mosques, and supported by them. At Constantinople there are no less than 396 mektebs, or primary free schools, attended by 22,700 children, both boys and girls. There are six other schools, for more advanced studies, attended by 870 pupils.

The initiatory services to the Elif Bé, literature of the young Moslems, are very imposing. The candidate, blooming with the roses of six short summers, is decked in his best, and in the best of the neighbors' too; for there is great borrowing of jewelry and rich embroideries, when the parents cannot afford to buy. The young tyro mounts a steed which vies with him in the splendor of its caparison, and with his badge of honor, a beautiful and glittering satchel slung over his shoulder, parades the streets. The children of the school about to be honored by his attendance, are the escort; and the good old *hodja*, or school-master, leads the train, and the tune, as they wend their way, singing and chanting; the boys and girls vociferating in full chorus, Ameen! Ameen!

When the children of the Sultan are about to begin their literary pursuits, the procession and rejoicings are, of course, in proportion to the excelling importance of the royal progeny over all inferior buds of humanity. The public are thus duly notified, though the instruction of the young Sultans is by private masters.

The system of instruction in the Turkish schools is eminently primitive, and the branches taught are very elementary. They use neither quill nor desk, the peculiarity of the Turkish characters requiring the stiffness of the reed; and the importance attached to calligraphy is so great, that the paper is held on the palm of the hand, in order to give the flexibility requisite for the formation of the letters. The lessons of the children consist of spelling and writing; and the higher studies in committing the Koran to memory. In order to understand this sacred book, they are obliged to learn the grammar, in which proficiency is seldom made. Hence very few, even of the officials, especially of the *ancien regime*, can read or write correctly, all their correspondence being performed by keatibs, or scribes. The general deficiency of education creates a great demand for men of this profession, whose services are needed for all sorts of letter-writing, for petitions, obligatory notes, contracts, etc. These persons are to be found in the court-yards of the mosques, in shops and kahvés near the Porte, and in many other places. (See engraving.)

To those who knew not how to affix their own names to any document, a seal not only became a convenient substitute, but the universal style of signature. All the grandees have their mëohardar, or seal-bearer, and the Sadrazam officiates in this capacity to the sultan.

The common punishment at schools is the world renowned bastinado, or falaka. The apparatus consist of a cylindrical piece of wood, about five feet long, and one inch in diameter, Near the centre of this rod, there is a loop of rope, sufficiently wide to hold both the feet of the truant.—The rod being turned the rope winds upon it, and thus secures the feet, which are placed therein. The person is then thrown upon his back, by the raising of the feet, upon the soles of which the blows are applied with a cudgel by the school-master. (See illustration.) It is a rather painful operation, as some can tell from sad experience, who, like other boys that are never naughty, had to go through with it in their younger days.

The Turkish, original Tartar, is at present composed of three different languages, viz: Arabic, Persian, and Tartar, owing to the different people with whom the Turcomans came in contact. The Koran being their fundamental study, the Arabic has become the basis of the language, as the Latin is of the European dialects. It is written from right to left, like all other Oriental languages, with the exception of the Armenian.

The Turkish has no capitals or Roman letters, but consists of italics—or in other words, the written and printed characters have the same form, nor have they any punctuation. Their calligraphy may be divided into five different styles.

The *Rika*, or ordinary hand-writing, the same being used for printing.

Sulus, or enlarged writing, is used for inscriptions, title-pages, or the headings of chapters.

Divany, or the court script, which is an ornamental style of writing, and only used at the Porte for firmans, or edicts.

Taalik, or the Persian letters, is used in the judiciary courts, and for poetry.

Siyakat, or Turkish hieroglyphics, is only used for treasury bonds.

The Turkish language is, in itself, most copious and expressive, euphonious in sound, and capable of the greatest variety of expression, and is well adapted to the composition of poetry. Although the Osmanlis formerly possessed but little mathematical, philosophical, or scientific learning, the Muses have never denied their inspiration to them. Foreign literature has been much in vogue in latter times, and many translations have been made into Turkish. The languages of Europe are also cultivated to some extent, and many are now to be found at the Porte, who speak the French and English quite fluently.

The present Sultan has done much to elevate the system of public instruction in his dominions.—He has ordained a council to superintend all educational affairs, and also has commenced the erection of a magnificent public university, opposite the mosque of St. Sophia.

There exists already, the school of the mosque of Ahmed, that of Suleiman, and one founded by the late Validé Sultan, for the education of the young candidates for public offices. There are, also, the medical, normal, and naval schools, and last of all, the agricultural school at San Stefano, the direction of which was, once upon a time, given to the celebrated *Turkey Jim*, of South Carolina.

The Sultan himself is present at the examinations of these various colleges, with his retinue of Ulema, Ministers, and Pashas; his majesty even propounds questions to the pupils, encouraging them by his gracious condescension of manner.

There are as many as 80,000 books in the public libraries, written or printed in the different Oriental dialects, Arabic, Persian, and Turkish. These works treat of history, science, and theology, also belles-lettres, and good breeding, on which last subject, the Osmanlis are extremely punctilious.—The young men, and even children, are exceedingly simple and unpretending, but at the same time, intelligent and polite in their demeanor.—They maintain a remarkable gravity of deportment, and in the absence of their fathers, exercise the prerogatives of hospitality, with all the dignity of the patriarchs themselves.

There are now twenty-one different newspapers and periodicals in the country, viz., two Turkish, eight Armenian, three Greek, five French, two Italian, and one Jewish.

BASTINADO, OR FALAKA.

* From an interesting work recently published by Derby & Jackson, New York, entitled "The Sultan and His People." By C. Oscanyan, of Constantinople. Illustrated by a Native of Turkey.

Little acts of kindness, gentle words, loving smiles — they strew the path of life with flowers, they make the sunshine brighter and the green earth greener; and He who bade us "love one another," looks with favor upon the gentle and kind-hearted, and He pronounced the meek blessed.

Sabbath Musings.

SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.

O, sing to me of Heaven
When I am called to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high.

When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness—
Let Heaven begin below.

Then to my ravished ears
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in Heaven.

Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and icy hands,
Upon my lifeless breast.

Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love;
And sing of Heaven, delightful Heaven,
My glorious Home above.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR ELLA SLEEPS.

Gently, brother! for our Ella sleepeth. The fever-rose no longer blooms upon the dimpled cheek; but the *lily*, white, calm and beautiful, reposes 'neath those clustering ringlets. See how the little hands are folded upon the quiet breast.—How calm, how deep, how holy are her slumbers. The *very air* around seems sacred. It is as if angels, unseen, were hovering o'er our loved one, and wooing her to their bright home in Heaven. And is it strange *if angels* love her? Nay—*we* can but love her, sinful and unworthy as we are of such a treasure. Well may *they*, who know no sin, love one so lovely, one so like themselves. Aye, stoop and press those icy lips and marble brow. Sever one sunny ringlet from its fellows—take the *last, long look*, and *press the last fond kiss*—then lay her gently 'neath the parted sod, and strew sweet blossoms of the early spring upon the tiny mound.—Precious bud—plucked by the heavenly Gardener to blossom in his own celestial bowers. We weep—*such grief hath need of tears:* and Jesus wept.

Yet would we meekly kiss the uplifted rod,
And, weeping, say, Thy will be done, O, God!

Middleport, N. Y., 1857. Emma.

ETERNITY.

"Eternity *has no grey hairs!*" The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulcher of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.

Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever-present, unborn, undecaying, and undying — the endless chain, compassing the life of God — the golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe.

Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors, they are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces, they are but as the gilded sepulchers; its possessions, they are toys of changing fortune; its pleasure, they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne.

In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its day will know no darkening—eternal splendors forbid the approach of night. Its fountains will never fail — they are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glory will never wane, for there is the ever-present God.—Its harmonies will never cease; exhaustless love supplies the song.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

Not only the flowers unfold their petals to receive the light—the heart of man also has a power of expansion. It is love which opens it and expands it, so that the rays of the spiritual sun may penetrate and illume it. The Christian, in the work of self-examination, need not direct his attention to many points; it is included in the daily question—How is it with my love to Christ? That love to him is of great importance, we must confess, since he, in truth, requires of us an affection for his own person, such as no one else ever claimed. O thou must be more than father and mother, than brother and sister, else how couldst thou, the lowliest among the children of men, lay claim to such superabundant love? Since I have believed in thy word, all my desire has been to love thee. I will not cease to love thee, until thou art dearer to me than father, mother, and brother! If they deny thee, if they revile thee—what is so dreadful as to see one's father and mother reviled at our side!—but more than when they reproach father and mother, shall thy reproaches, thy wrongs go to my heart.—*Tholuck.*

A thousand hopes, a thousand fears,
A thousand prayers, a thousand tears.
A thousand acts of good untold,
Outweigh five thousand pounds of gold;
A thousand hopes in heaven gain
An interest that ne'er brings pain;
A thousand tears—oh! these will spring
And safety o'er thy treasures fling;
A thousand prayers for good below
A mine of wealth and peace bestow;
A thousand tears from pity's eyes
Are jewels bright, set in the skies;
A thousand acts of kindness done,
A kingdom great by these are won.

"Let Your Light Shine."—When first we are brought to know Christ, this "light" is kindled—kindled by being brought in contact with Him who is "*the Light* of the world." Having been thus kindled it, must shine. *The new life is the shining.* The new feeling, the new desires, the new tempers, the new words, the new walk and conversation—these are the beams of light which should stream out from us upon a dark world.—*Bonar.*

When young or old, think it is neither too soon or too late to turn over the leaves of your past life, consider what you would do if what you have done were to be done again.

The ordinances of God are the means of salvation; but the God of ordinances is the author of salvation.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed from one Post Office to another, should be particular in specifying the offices at which they are now received.

☞ BACK NUMBERS of the present volume can still be supplied, but those desiring them should be particular in specifying that they are wanted.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar Journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, JUNE 6, 1857.

Progress.—To Agents and Others.

As the edition of most of our late numbers is nearly exhausted, we this week add *one thousand copies* to our regular issue, in order to supply new subscribers from the first of June. We can, however, still furnish a few complete files from January,—but when back numbers are wanted they should be *specially ordered*. Agents and other friends of the RURAL will please note, and govern themselves accordingly—bearing in mind, also, that additions to former clubs, and the formation of new ones, are still in order, and that single subscriptions are always acceptable. Though we have had a larger increase during the past two months than we anticipated, all our books are not yet full, nor have we quite reached our mark for 1857. As agents and friends have all of this month in which to compete for premiums, we trust they will give "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether" for the mutual benefit of themselves, the RURAL and community.

☞ Agents and others having extra or spare copies of the RURAL of April 4th and 11th, 1857 will confer a special favor by forwarding to the office of publication.

Defeat and Return of "Gen." Walker.

FOR a considerable period of time the arrivals from California have been invested with a peculiar interest on account of the fillibustering transactions of one WALKER in Nicaragua. The glory thereof is now dimmed—in fact, lost in darkness—owing to the arrival, at New Orleans, of this redoubtable hero, he being compelled to surrender on the 1st of the past month.

It is now nearly two years, says the *N. Y. Tribune*, that Walker sailed from San Francisco with some sixty men, engaged to serve as soldiers in the civil war then pending in Nicaragua. He arrived at Realejo in June, 1855, where he was joined by about 150 men in the service of the party to which he had hired himself out. After some unsuccessful operations he was driven to take refuge at San Juan del Sur, where he was joined by some additional recruits from California. By this time the Transit Company seems to have made up its mind to engage in the war, and by the help of their steamers, Walker and the natives with whom he acted succeeded in surprising Granada, which led, in the then exhausted state of the country, to the submission of the opposite faction, and the acknowledgment of the party with which Walker acted as the legitimate and undisputed Government. Under this new arrangement, completed about the end of October, 1855, Walker, who was recognized as Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the new Government, was at once raised to a position of great influence and importance.

Walker was in a hurry to enrich himself, and not waiting for the slow progress of the sales of confiscated estates, and not content with what could be got in the way of contributions levied upon the wealthier natives and the foreign merchants resident in Nicaragua, under pretense of certain sums of money due by the Transit Company to the Nicaraguan Government, he pounced at once upon all the lake and river boats of his old confederates, the Transit Company. This *coup* against the Transit Company was followed up by another against the native party in whose service Walker had originally entered the country—the native President being unceremoniously displaced, and Walker proclaiming himself President.

From the time of this occurrence, which took place on the 12th of July last, the whole career of Walker, who was already involved in a war with Costa Rica, and the other Central American States, has been nothing but one series of robberies, murders, disasters and miseries, in the course of which some five thousand recruits, forwarded to him by his dupes and co-operators in the United States, were reduced to the miserable band of some two hundred desperadoes, with whom, thanks to the refuge afforded him by an American ship-of-war—he has been enabled to escape out of the country. He began with the possession of all Nicaragua, the Transit route, and every military post in the country, and the whole government organization being in his hands, but in spite of the men and money profusely supplied to him from the United States, in the course of six or seven months he lost everything. First he abandoned Leon, then he is driven from Managua, then from Massaya, then from Granada, which city, before leaving it, he first plundered, and then set to work deliberately to destroy. Soon the river and lake steamers and all the military posts of San Juan fell into the hands of Costa Ricans. Disease and desertion rapidly thinned his ranks; supplies from abroad wholly ceased.

When Walker surrendered, he had what he calculated as four days' provisions, viz.: two bulls, two horses and three mules. The fact that only 80 of Walker's men remained sick at Rivas at the capitulation shows that, at least, 100 must have died within a few days from neglect and starvation, as the number, when Walker commenced to eat dogs and mule meat, amounted to 170. When Gen. Canas entered the hospital he was perfectly horror-struck with the destitution and misery of the sufferers. He immediately ordered ventilation, clean linen, medicines, and even luxuries to the patients. The number of men who surrendered with arms in their hands was 240.

As a proof that fillibustering is not holiday work, it is but necessary to show that the loss sustained by Walker, in proportion to the number engaged, averages more than double the number lost in the battles of Mexico by Taylor or Scott, and that Walker's men engaged against an average of double the disparity of force which the United States armies had to struggle against in Mexico. Those of our readers who will take the trouble to figure out the matter, will discover that the loss was, for instance, at Rivas, 11th April, 24 per cent.; at Granada, 37 per cent.; at St. George, in the first battle, 23 per cent.; in the last, 18 per cent. Whereas, the first day's battle in Monterey, in Mexico, gives under 9 per cent. They will further discern the average fighting in Nicaragua has been, all through, rather more bloody than the memorable contest of Landy's Lane.

A sufficient warning, we think, to those Young Americans whose martial spirit over-rides common sense, and one we hope that will prove effectual in keeping them at home hereafter. It is evident that any such investments are unprofitable—in vulgar parlance, fillibustering "don't pay."

Washington Matters.

THE Secretary of War and Gen. Scott have been actively engaged for some days, and have about completed the arrangements to send a large military force to Utah, under command of Gen. Harney. Orders have just been issued to the necessary staff officers to have the following troops in readiness as soon as possible:—2d Regiment Dragoons; 5th and 10th Regiment of Infantry; and Capt. Phelps' Battery of Light Artillery, making upwards of 2,000 troops.

Mr. Reid, on the 29th ult., received his instructions as Minister to China. His appointment has been officially announced.

Gov. Broom, of Florida, has requested that a regiment of regular troops be substituted by mounted volunteers to be raised in that State, for the purpose of vigorously prosecuting hostilities against the Indians during the summer. The War Department has acceded to the proposition, and will cause to be mustered into the service of the U. S. not more than ten companies of such volunteers.

The net amount in the Treasury subject to draft is over 23,000,000, of which there is at New York $11,000,000; New Orleans $3,000,000; Philadelphia $2,000,000; and at San Francisco $1,500,000.

The Government has no official account of the Ohio fugitive slave case. The Secretary of the Interior has replied to the U. S. Marshal's telegraphic message as follows:—"Consult the District Attorney and execute the law. The President desires you to do your duty and he will do his."

Major McCulloch has again been tendered the Governorship of Utah.

A telegraph dated June 1st says:—Our municipal election is in progress. There has been fighting at the polls and some bloodshed. By Executive authority of the Mayor the marines were ordered out to preserve order throughout the city and prevent improper interference with voters at the polls. There is a great deal of excitement in the city.

The State Department has information that the crops at the Cape de Verd Islands, though not abundant, are sufficient to supply the wants of the inhabitants this year. Also that in the islands and in the archipelago, more than 20,000 persons had fallen victims to the cholera.

Weather—Last Half of May.

WHILE the cold has prevailed for two-and-a-half months, it is good to find that the heat begins to predominate. Of the last half of May, the mean is 59.3°, or about two degrees above the mean of the same period for twenty years, though the mean of the month, 53.6°, is 2½ degrees below that of May for the same time. A great change in vegetation has occurred in the last half of the month. This has been aided, too, by the abundance of rain, which has so fully saturated the earth, being for May 3.718 inches, and for the two months, 9.387 inches, or nearly a third of a year's supply in some instances; in this year so far 16.8 inches.

In the middle of May few blossoms had appeared; but in the last fortnight, cherry, plum and peach, have thrown out and thrown off their blossoms; the pear blossoms are rapidly falling, and the apple is in full flower. The white lilac showed its blossoms four days since, and the purple is clothed now with rich flowers. Grass has shot up with unwonted rapidity; the foliage is full and rich on all the early trees and shrubs; the wheat fields are filled with life. All nature is clothed in her lovely and gayest dress. The blossoms of the smaller plants cover the fields.

The promise of fruit is most abundant. Over the country, east, west and south, this is the general statement in the papers. The farmers are rather late in planting; some have sowed a week later than occurs except rarely. A great deal of labor on the farm has been done in the last ten days. The indications of the grain crop over the country are good; a fine harvest is anticipated.—Still, speculation continues to hold the price of wheat high, having been, for the best, of late, $1 85 a bushel. C. D.

Rochester, June 1, 1857.

DEATH OF TWO U. S. SENATORS.—Andrew P. Butler, U. S. Senator, from South Carolina, died on the 28th ult. This event had been for some time expected—his disease being an incurable dropsy. Mr. Butler was appointed to the Senate in 1847, by Gov. Johnson, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. George McDuffie, and has remained there ever since—having Mr. Calhoun for his colleague until 1851.

The Hon. James Bell, U. S. Senator, from New Hampshire, died at his home in the town of Guilford, N. H. He had been suffering under a severe illness for some time, and serious apprehensions were felt in regard to his fate.

Items of News.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Christian Enquirer*, writing from Vienna, says that Jenny Lind will settle down permanently in six months, either in England or the United States.

ABOUT three hundred artizans are now employed at the government factory at Harper's Ferry, in the manufacture of the rifle musket and the rifle.

A TAXIDERMIST in Lynn, Mass., has received the skin of the celebrated trotting mare, Lady Suffolk, and it will shortly be set up in a life-like manner.

THE United States steamer Arctic has been appointed to take a party to the Isthmus of Darien for a survey of the Atrato and Truando Ship Canal route.

A SWISS colony advertises for 25,000 acres of land in Missouri, upon which they propose to settle, with $100,000 capital. They will go largely into the grape culture.

THE annual supply of gold from the California mines is estimated at $50,000,000, while the mines of Australia contribute sixty millions annually to the increasing wealth of the world, and those of Russia twelve millions.

CORN is scarce at Norfolk, Va. The shipments from that port in all directions the first quarter barely exceeded 250,000 bushels, against inlly 1,250,000 same time last year.

THE war department has ordered from Paris 150,000 rations of concentrated food. It is for making soup, and has been adopted by the English, French, and Sardinian armies.

THE Iron Horse now pursues his way without stop or important deviation from a direct line from Bangor, Maine, to Jefferson City, Missouri, a distance of a little over seventeen hundred miles—half as far as to London—in three days!

AN Indiana paper claims that in spite of its reputation for "fever-and-ague," the Hoosier State is the most healthy one in the Union. The per centage of death is but 1 to each 77 inhabitants. There is one county in Illinois (Perry) where the deaths average but 1 to 99.

THE Executive Committee of the Kentucky Horticultural Society, has made a report relative to the prospects of the fruit crop. They state that the crop generally will exceed the average, but that the yield of peaches will be light.

THE Boston *Advertiser* learns from a well informed source, that the crop of currants in the Ionian Islands the present year, promises a very abundant yield, and leads to hope that the vine blight, or other causes, which have so long baffled the efforts of the husbandman, have ceased.

DRED SCOTT is a slave no more, having been emancipated with all his family by a gentleman of St. Louis, to whom they had been conveyed by Mr. CHAFFEE, of Massachusetts.

A MOVEMENT has been initiated in Great Britain and Ireland having for its object the obtaining of a pardon for all the Irish political exiles—including Meagher, Mitchell and McManus—from Queen Victoria. Men of all shades of politics have signed a paper pledging themselves to press the matter on Lord Palmerston and Parliament.

THE dinner table at the railroad festival in Memphis was nearly three-quarters of a mile long, and had on it 8,000 plates and dishes, 2,500 lbs. beef and mutton, 75 hams, 60 pigs, 125 turkeys, 400 chickens, 180 beef tongues, 10 barrels of potatoes, 18 baskets salad, 12 barrels ice water, 500 lbs. cake, besides raisins, almonds, oranges, etc. Some 15,000 or 20,000 persons partook of the dinner.

A BIG OX is now on exhibition at Springfield, Mass. The Republican says it is about the size of one of Sands, Nathan & Co.'s biggest elephants, and moves placidly about much as one of the elephats would do. It is said to be the largest framed ox in the world, and weighs, though far from fat, 4,200 pounds, measures six feet seven inches in height, at the shoulder, girth ten feet, and is thirteen feet in length from stem to stern. Well fatted it would weigh in the neighborhood of 5,000 pounds.

ENHANCEMENT IN PRICES OF PRODUCE.—The following table will give an idea of the enhancement in the retail values of the most common articles of consumption in New York since 1840:

	1840 Cents.	1857. Cents.
Meat, (fresh,) per lb	7 @ 12½	16@ 25
Meat, (salt,) do.	6½@ 10	12@ 18
Potatoes, per bbl.	1 25 @2 00	3 77@ 7 00
Flour, do.	5 00 @	9 00@11 00
Butter, per lb	12½@ 18¾	25@ 32
Cheese, do.	8 @ 10	12@ 20
Fish, do.	4 @ 6¼	8@ 14
Poultry, do.	10 @ 12½	18@ 25
Sugar, do., (family use,)	6¼@ 10	12@ 18
Apples, per bbl.	1 50 @2 00	5 00@ 7 00

SALE OF A RAILROAD.—The Canandaigua and Niagara Falls Railroad was sold last week by auction, at Canandaigua, to two individuals—one representing a portion of the English bond-holders, the other a portion of the New York bond-holders. The price paid was $500,000, without the rolling stock which belongs to the N. Y. & Erie Co. The road cost, we believe, about $4,000,000, and has been sold at twelve and a half per cent. on its cost.

FROM SANTA FE.—The Santa Fe mail arrived at St. Louis on the 27th ult., but the the news is not of an important nature. The Indian depredations in March were unusually extensive. Judge Baird is announced as a candidate for Congress in opposition to the present delegate, M. Otero. Col. Bonneville had started an expedition against the Apaches of the Gila.

NEW YORK SUGAR MARKET—LARGE ARRIVALS.—By a table published in the *Herald*, it appears that forty-five vessels landed the large quantity of fourteen thousand two hundred and ninety-one hogsheads of sugar, and two thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine hogsheads of molasses at the port of New York during the three days which ended on Sunday the 24th ult.

A WELCH COLONY.—The steamer Circassian, last week, brought to Portland, Maine, a company of about two hundred persons from Wales, bound to the State of Tennessee, where they have purchased lands and intend to locate themselves.—They are accompanied by their pastor, who is the chief of the party.

Conflagrations, &c.

A DESTRUCTIVE fire occurred in Newark, N. J., on the 28th ult., and three of the large four story factories of the Newark India Rubber Co., used for vulcanizing the shoes, were destroyed. It originated from the heaters, and totally destroyed the buildings, and a large stock. The loss is about $15,000. Partially insured. Jacob Allen, foreman of Engine Co. No. 4, and one of the firm of J. & F. Allen, Fire Engine manufacturers, were instantly killed by a falling wall, and James B. Thorn, 4th Assistant Engineer, seriously injured.

WE learn from the Ogdensburgh Sentinel that extensive fires are raging in the woods of Franklin and Clinton counties. Several barns have been burned and buildings threatened. A conductor of the night train from Rouse's Point on the 25th ult., stated that the fires contiguous to the road had so far consumed the ties, &c., in the "Chateaugay Woods," that it was necessary to stop the train and lay rails to enable the cars to pass. Later intelligence has been received relative to the fires in Clinton and Franklin counties. A letter from Brasher Falls thus speaks of its ravages:—"The wind and fire has wrought ruin in this region. At a settlement called the "Lost Nation," some six or eight miles from here, the dwelling of a Mr. Wait was burned, and his daughter, aged some twelve years, was so much injured by the fire that she died. The barn of a Mr. Hurly, near this, was burned, and Mrs. Hurly considerably injured by the fire. For a few hours this village was in peril. The Brasher Iron Works are in utter ruins. The foundry, furnace, machine shop, coal houses, saw mill, store, boarding house, barns, sheds, taverns, school house, post office and several dwellings, with the contents, were all consumed. The bridge over the river was also burned. But about five or six houses are left."

ON the 25th ult. a fire broke out in Addison, Steuben Co., which soon spread and destroyed from fifteen to twenty buildings, extending on both sides of the street from the south side of the bridge to the vicinity of the American Hotel. The origin of the fire is unknown. Loss $30,000. Partially insured.

THE Nashville Iron Manufacturing Co.'s works were destroyed by fire on the 27th ult. Loss $100,000. Partly insured. One hundred and twenty men are thrown out of employment in consequence of this fire.

A FIRE has been raging in the woods near Denisville, Cape May Co., N. J., since the 25th ult., doing great damage. The people are endeavoring to extinguish it.

THE Central Railroad Company's buildings at Oneida, including the station, sheds, and an immense quantity of wood were destroyed by fire on the 27th ult. The Utica Herald states that several thousand cords of wood were destroyed.

Conflict of State and Federal Authority.

ON Tuesday, the 26th ult., an attempt was made by Deputy Marshall Churchill, of Cincinnati, to arrest a fugitive slave near Mechanicsburg, Champaign Co., Ohio, when the slave was rescued by the people and started en route for Canada. Warrants were issued for the arrest of four of the rescuing party, and they were taken in charge by the Deputy and eleven assistants. While these things were in progress, a writ of habeas corpus was issued by a Judge in Champaign Co., and the Sheriff attempted to serve it; but before he could do so the officers had conducted the prisoners beyond the bounds of the county. A second warrant was then procured in Clarke Co. The Sheriff in this instance pursued and came up with the party; but they refused to obey the writ. The Sheriff not having force to compel obedience, they proceeded on their journey to this city. A third writ was then obtained in Greene Co., and the Sheriff of that county, with his posse, served it upon the United States officers on the 27th.

The United States officers resented the act of the county officers in seizing their horses' reins. A warm altercation ensued. The Sheriff and his men were assisted by an excited crowd of two or three hundred persons. Rifles and pistols were displayed. The Marshall and his men drew their weapons, and several shots were fired. Mr. Churchill discharged his revolver at the crowd, but no one was injured.

The conflict was sharp and stubborn, but superior numbers prevailed, and the Deputy Marshal, with all his posse, were made prisoners, and they were sent to Springfield for trial.

FOR EUROPE.—The United States mail steamship Arago, Capt. D. Lines, for Havre and Southampton, sailed from New York on the 30th ult.—She took out $1,053,000 in specie, and 307 passengers, which is the largest amount ever taken out by this line from the port of New York. Among the passengers were H. J. Raymond, of the Daily Times, Baron von Gerolt, Prussian Minister, Sr. de Chacon, Spanish Vice Consul, and Grelet, the absconding Clerk of the Northern Railroad of France, who is sent back under the Extradition Treaty.

HORSES FOR ENGLAND.—There are now in stables connected with the Fashion Course, two very fine yearlings under the care of Mr. Brown, agent for R. Ten Broeck, Esq., which, upon the arrival of three or four others belonging to Mr. T. B., will be conveyed to England to join the American stable there. One of those at the Fashion Course is a very handsome ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Imp. Trustee, out of Picayune's dam; the other is a br. f. by Financier, out of Sarah Washington by Zingaree.

LOSS OF GOVERNMENT MONEY.—The Charleston Courier learns by an arrival at that port from Indian River, Florida, that about the 12th ult., Maj. Dashiel, Paymaster in the army, in attempting to land from a schooner, came near drowning, and lost overboard $23,000, intended for the payment of the troops in Florida.

INCREASE OF THE WAGES OF LABOR.—The New York *Herald* says that the mechanics and workingmen of all classes in that city are preparing for a general movement to increase the daily wages of labor, and that meetings for the promotion of that object will shortly be held.

News Clippings.

— The new cent is now in circulation.

— A new synagogue in New Orleans is to cost $75,000.

— Brooklyn has now attained a population of 210,000.

— Gen. Walker lost two brothers by the Nicaraguan war.

— The cost of the trans-Atlantic telegraph cable will be $1,004,160.

— A Natural History Association has been organized in Milwaukee.

— Barnum is lecturing in England in favor of the Maine Liquor Law.

— Lake Champlain is now higher than it has been in ten years before.

— Snow fell for an hour or two at Burlington, Vt., on the 24th ult.

— The Massachusetts Legislature adjourned sine die on the 30th ult.

— Thirty thousand slaves were sold and removed out of Virginia last year.

— Hon. Thomas Cunningham has resigned the Associate Judgship of Kansas.

— The Ohio papers promise fine grain and fruit crops in that State this year.

— Tomatoes are selling in New York at thirty-seven and a half cents per dozen.

— On the 28th ult., the Presbyterian Church at Corning was destroyed by fire.

— Lots which sold for $30 last winter in Lawrence, Kansas, now sell for $300.

— Rev. Mr. Milburn, the blind preacher, sailed from New York lately for Europe.

— There are one hundred thousand German inhabitants in the city of New York.

— Farmers in Orleans county experience considerable difficulty in securing help.

— Harper's Weekly boasts that it has fifty-four subscribers in the Sandwich Islands.

— The assessments in Boston are 90 cents on the $100; in New York about two dollars.

— One dollar bills of the Liberty Bank, Providence, R. I., altered to tens, are in circulation.

— Delaware, Florida, Arkansas, and, we believe, Mississippi, are yet without a daily paper.

— The oyster trade of Baltimore gives employment to 200 vessels and nearly 9,000 persons.

— The Duchess of Gloucester, the last surviving daughter of George Third, died April 30th.

— Green peas are selling in Norfolk, Va., at $4 per bushel, and strawberries at 20 cents per quart.

— About twelve thousand people of color left the United States for Africa during the last year.

— The citizens of Davenport, by 500 majority, have voted to loan $200,000 for city improvements.

— Foreign papers affirm that a society for assassinating the Emperor has been formed in Paris.

— Fifteen bales of hemp, from Leavenworth, Kansas Territory, have been received at St. Louis.

— It is said that in Westchester Centre, Ct., there has not been a death in one and a half years.

— In Litchfield county, Ct., ice formed on the 24th ult. to the thickness of a sixteenth of an inch.

— One of the street railroads of New York have in use some cars with an upper "hurricane" deck.

— A "Scrag-Head Right whale" has been caught off the south side of Nantucket, and towed ashore.

— A cotton factory is to be started in New Orleans, and $30,000 has been subscribed towards the object.

— A new daily paper has been started in Galveston, Texas. It is the first daily printed in the State.

— The Post-master at Council Bluffs is a Mormon, and his household presided over by three gentle dames.

— Potatoes have been selling lately at Quincy, Ill., for $2 50 per bushel, and butter thirty cents per pound.

— There have been since April first, eleven vessels totally wrecked upon the lakes and *twenty-seven* lives lost.

— It was rumored at Havana that Santa Anna is expected there on his way to Mexico, under Spanish protection.

— At an Old Folk's Concert in East Wilton, N. H., Mr. Caleb Putnam, about eighty years of age, led the choir.

— Shad is said to be very abundant on the Cape Cod coast. About 4,000 were taken by one company a few days since.

— The Rev. John A. Collins, a distinguished clergyman of the M. E. Church, died in Baltimore last week, aged 57.

— Sir Benjamin Brodie, the leading surgeon of England, enjoys the comfortable professional income of $35,000 a year.

— Sixty persons who ate ice cream at a fair in Spencer, Mass., one evening last week, were poisoned, though not fatally.

— In Albemarle Co., Va., one hundred and fifty indictments have been found against one man for illegal sales of liquor.

— John Buck, in Batavia, recently swallowed oxalic acid, instead of salts, and was immediately killed by the poison.

— The diplomatic appointments have been agreed upon, including Murphy for the Hague, and Wright, of Indiana, for Berlin.

— The Manchester Guardian mentions the case of a grandmother at 29 years of age. She was married when she was 14.

— The tax-payers of Oswego have voted almost unanimously in favor of a tax to provide for the deepening of their harbor.

— Philadelphia has established a Fire Department Detective Police, whose duty it is to ferret out the cause of conflagrations.

— More than $23,000 in Spanish coin was deposited at the Mint in Philadelphia on the 28th ult., in exchange for the new cent.

— Hon. Ward Hunt, of Utica, has been appointed Manager of the State Lunatic Asylum, in place of the Hon. J. A. Spencer, deceased.

— Buildings in Chicago, it is said, now rent for about 50 per cent. on the cost of erection. Such a state of things cannot exist long.

— Put an American baby, six months old, on his feet, and he will immediately say, "Mr. Chairman," and call the next cradle to order.

— Destructive swarms of locusts have made their appearance in various parts of Mexico, and done great harm to the growing crops.

— A private in the 4th artillery, named Dunn, while in swimming at Cape Sable, Fla., on the 15th ult., was seized and eaten by a shark.

— A farmer of Stark county states in the Prairie Farmer that he has saved his bees from the cold, the past two winters, by burying them.

— Another coal mine has been discovered in Jackson county, Michigan, only 30 rods from the track of the Michigan Central Railroad.

— More than ten times as many Bibles have been printed since the year 1800, as had ever been issued in the whole world previous to that time.

— President Hitchcock, the newly appointed Vermont State Geologist, has commenced the survey of the State, with a corps of able assistants.

— The last Mexican news includes the alarming item that, on the 20th of April, a woman at the capital gave birth at once to *seven children*.

— The importations of foreign fruit trees and seed this spring are estimated to have been at least fifty per cent. in excess of those of any former year.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Arabia.

THE steamship Arabia arrived at New York on the 28th ultimo.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the British Parliament there had been little of interest. The discussion on the Opium traffic took place in the House of Lords.

In the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston gave notice that he would bring in a bill to remodel Parliamentary oaths, to omit the words "on the true faith of a Christian," and thereby admit Jews into Parliament. Leave was given to bring in the bill.

The Morning Post authoritatively contradicts the rumor of the intended resignation of Lord Panmure, Minister of War.

Lord Elgin proceeded without delay from Alexandria to Suez, where he found a steamer waiting to convey him to Singapore, where he would wait the arrival of the French Commissioners.

FRANCE.—The French Court is amusing itself in hunting exploits at Fontainbleu.

The Grand Duke Constantine was quite at home in the Imperial family.

Rumors gain ground of an intended marriage between Prince Napoleon and the Prince of Hohenzollern.

In the Neufchatel affairs, a despatch has been received at Berlin, by the French Government, notifying the tenor of the King of Prussia's reply to Napoleon's Autograph letter. This reply is of so favorable a character as to give assurance of an early settlement of the remaining points at issue.

DENMARK.—It is reported that Denmark is about to yield in the question of the Holstein Constitution, mainly in accordance with the good offices and recommendations of the French Government.

SPAIN.—Intelligence is that Espartero had resigned his seat in the Senate.

The arrival of the Mexican Embassador at Madrid was expected on the 13th.

The Army against Mexico had not left Cadiz, but all the troops and Generals were on board awaiting final orders.

SWEDEN.—The Swedish Diet has given assent to a bill for the construction of new railways, and to a loan of 14,000,000 rix dollars for that purpose. 13,000,000 of the loan will be brought out of the London and Paris markets.

RUSSIA.—News from Siberia speaks of the arrival of two American Consuls who have made their way up the river Amoor to Irkutsh.

A son has been born to the Emperor of Russia.

A Russian expedition is to be despatched to China with a special envoy.

COMMERCIAL.—Wheat had been rather less active in the Liverpool market, and quotations variously called from unchanged to 2d lower. Flour, after an advance of 6d to 1s per bbl, had receded, and closed dull at barely last week's quotations. Indian corn closed quiet but steady. Red wheat, 8s3d@9s2d per 70 lbs.; white 8s10@9s6d.—Western Canal flour 29s@30s; Balt. and Phil, 29s6d@30s 6d; extra Ohio, 31s@32s. Mixed corn 44s6d to 45s; yellow 35s6d; white 27s to 28s. The weather had been cold and dry, but a thunder storm on the 15th had brought a change for the better.

Arrival of the Canadian.

THE Canadian Steamship Co's. screw steamer Canadian from Liverpool, the 20th of May, has arrived at River du Loupe en route for this port and Montreal. Her advices are four days later than those by the Arabia at New York.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The British news is unimportant. No movements of interest in Parliament.

The Manchester market was dull but without change in prices. The Birmingham markets were steady with good American demand, and woolen manufactures were slightly better. The Irish linen market was heavy.

FRANCE.—Paris letters report the discount market easy with a better supply of money in the Bourse. Considerable specie was due at Paris from Russia. It was rumored that the Bank of France had made a new contract for a supply of gold.

The silk market remained in a state of suspense but nothing unfavorable had transpired. From Naples the accounts were good, and from Lombardy uncertain.

SWITZERLAND.—The Neufchatel difficulty had been finally settled. All the parties agree upon the terms.

SPAIN.—It is reported from Madrid that at an interview between the Mexican Ambassador and the Spanish Minister the basis of an arrangement of the Mexican difficulty was made. The Spanish squadron remained at Cadiz.

DENMARK.—The new Danish Ministry had apparently arranged the Holstein difficulty.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.—Orne has asked the great powers to occupy the Principalities with a military force, but the powers refused permission.

There had been an engagement at Damascus between the Turks and the Revilked Arabs.

PERSIA.—The British Treaty of Peace with Persia was ratified at Horan on the 14th of April.

CHINA AND INDIA.—Details of the previously telegraphed news from China and India are published. They are entirely confirmatory of the previous accounts, and contain nothing new of importance. No further operations have yet taken place at Canton.

BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—Wheat closed firm at prices showing no change since the previous Friday. Flour was quiet, but there had been no change in rates. Corn was steady and 6d per quarter higher.

Liverpool Provision Market dull, and the various articles were slow of sales, but prices were unaltered. Lard was quiet at 60 per cwt.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Empire City and Illinois.

THE Empire City arrived at New Orleans on the 27th ult., and the Illinois at New York on the 28th.

Gen. Walker, the Nicaraguan Fillibuster arrived at New Orleans in the Empire City. The General surrendered because Captain Davis signified his intention of seizing the schooner Granada, which held his (Walker's) reserve. General W. was kept a close prisoner by the United States Commodore at Panama, notwithstanding the terms of capitulation which allowed him and his officers their liberty, and gave them the privilege of retaining their side arms.

The Illinois brought 800 passengers and $1,700,000 in specie. She left Aspinwall on the evening of the 19th.

Gen. Henningsen and Col. Titus are passengers.

Rivas was evacuated May 1st by Gen. Walker, he having capitulated to the Costa Ricans. The remnant of his army was sent down in the steamer Panama. The Costa Ricans received the news of Walker's surrender with great rejoicing.

Advices from Panama, Valparaiso, are to April 16th, and Calao the 26th. Gen. Bibanco with two steamers and 55 men attacked Calao at midnight of the 20th of April. A brisk fight ensued, resulting in Bibanco's total defeat. A large part of his force were taken prisoners. The custom house at Calao was closed, and all business suspended.

The California news is unimportant. The Legislature adjourned on the 30th ult., having passed 280 bills. The mining news was favorable. The supply of water was more abundant this spring than usual. Grain and fruits are suffering from drought. Ragtown, in Carson Valley, had been destroyed by fire.

OREGON.—The Indians in the Umpqua country threaten hostilities. The crop prospects are bright.

Texas Items.

THE Galveston Daily Herald says that some of the Texan journals are seriously agitating the expediency of partitioning off Texas, and making four or five States of it, instead of one large, wholesome and prosperous as it now is. "We do not particularly love the idea; yet, if we could be made to believe that the South would be benefited by the division of our State," continues the Herald, "we would be pleased to aid the scheme; but at the present time, when parties North have already sufficient strength to crush us politically, it seems to us that the time is inauspicious and the policy questionable, and might, in the course of events, leads to wrangling amongst ourselves."

On the 19th ult., by a vote of 930 to 11, the citizens of Galveston decided to build a bridge connecting the "Sea-girt Island City," with the mainland.

The Victoria Advocate says that the corn and cotton crops in that county, although rather backward, look well. There is a good stand, and with a good season, there will be fine crops. Vegetation is not suffering for want of rain, and some farmers say that they are more afraid of too much than too little.

Heavy rains have fallen in the vicinity of Liberty. The Gazette says that they were much needed. Previous to it cotton was doing poorly, but it is now thought it will "come out." Around the town, and in the county, there is plenty of corn waist-high, and in some fields it is tasseling. All appear to be satisfied with their corn crops.

The Victoria Advocate says:—"Mr. James Foster, of Indianola, who has been shipping cattle to New Orleans for a few years, has paid to the stock raisers residing within a convenient distance from Matagorda Bay for their cattle over $50,000."

The Goliad Express says the wild currants cover the bushes. They have withstood all the frosts and offer a speculation to the preparers of fruits.

Provincial Items.

THE Montreal Witness states that crowds of French Canadian young men are leaving that city and Lower Canada this season for California, Minnesota and other points of the Great West. As many as one hundred and fifty have gone in a single company.

THE Berlin Chronicle says, that in Waterloo the crops appear to look well and have sprung up quickly under every streak of sunshine. There appears to be little winter-killed wheat, and the crop, so far promises to be an average one.

THE Niagara Falls Gazette says the preliminary surveys for the railroad from St. Catharines to Rochester, *via* Lewiston, were commenced on Monday week. The friends of the proposed road feel confident that it will be built without much delay.

BY files of St. John, N. B., papers to the 14th ult., we learn that the elections in New Brunswick had terminated, and the Opposition organs claim to have returned 25 members to the Government's 15.

ON the 29th ult., the steamer Inkerman of Kingston, blew up with a fearful explosion, at the time she was backing out from Upton & Brown's wharf, Toronto. Her entire crew have been either killed or dreadfully wounded and scalded. The Captain, Mr. McBroome, Peter McLaughlin, and another of the crew are the only parties who do not appear to have been seriously injured. She had no passengers. Her crew numbered about 22 men, and as yet but 10 persons, including two females, have been rescued, two of whom are dead.

THE KANSAS APPORTIONMENT.—The Lecompton correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, says:—"The apportionment will disfranchise one-half of Kansas. Only twenty ont of forty counties will be represented in the Convention, and some counties, where no census was taken are allowed a representation on the list of voters on the old election books. Other counties have written to the acting Governor, Stanton, asking for election precincts. He answered that he could do nothing, there being no law to supply the omission. A card has been published, signed by sixty-two prominent persons, urging the State Legislature to re-assemble on the 9th of June, to complete the State organization."

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED MORMON.—Orson Pratt, the Mormon elder, was killed on the 5th inst., near Van Buren, Ark., by a man named Hector McLean, whose wife Pratt had seduced. Cannot Brigham Young be enticed to "follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor?"

MARRIAGES.

IN Clarkson, on the 12th inst., by Rev. B. T. Roberts, Mr. JOHN WINDUST and Miss MATILDA BABCOCK, both of the above place.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, June 2, 1857.

FLOUR is still tending upwards—all grades have advanced during the week 25c. per barrel

GRAIN—Wheat is rising in value, 10c. being the advance taken. Transactions are light, holders asking $2. Barley has fallen off materially—small parcels only are offered, and these are taken by maltsters at quoted rates.

PROVISIONS—Nothing of importance is transpiring in this department of trade

HAY is declining rapidly in price, $10 being the minimum of falling off—$18@30 are the rates, and the market will hardly sustain the maximum quotation.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	16c
Flour, bbl	$7,00@8,75	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,85@1,90	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Best white Canada	$1,85@1,90	Apples bushel	$1,50@1,75
Corn	91c@$1,00	Do. dried	$2,00@2,25
Oats	38@32c	Potatoes	$1@$1,25
Barley	$1,00@1,12½	HIDES AND SKINS	
Buckwheat	85@88c	Slaughter	6½@7c
Beans	$1,75@2,00	Calf	12@12c
Peas	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	$1,50@1,75
MEATS.		Lamb do	00@00c
Pork, Mess	$24,00	SEEDS.	
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover bushel	$6,50@7,00
Beef, ⅌ cwt	$7,50@8,50	Timothy	$3,00@4,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	12@13c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	10@11c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,25
Chickens	11@12c	Do. Scranton	$7,75
Turkeys	00@12½c	Do. Bloosburg	$5,50
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	00@16c	Salt, bbl	$2,00@1,13
Do. firkin	13@15c	Hay, ton	$18@20
Cheese	11@11c	Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	00@11c	White fish, bbl	$12@12,50
Tallow	10@10½c	Codfish ⅌ quintal	$4,75@5,25
Eggs, dozen	14@15c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 1—Flour—Transactions small and prices without change. Sales $6,75@6,85 com to choice super State; $7@7,15 for extra do; $6,85@6,95 super Western; $7@7,75 for com to medium and extra Mich, Ind, Ill, Wis and Ohio; $8@10 for extra Genesee; $8@10,50 for do St. Louis. Canadian flour steady; sales at $6,75@8,00 for super and $7,20@8,75 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market for com and medium lower. Prime scarce and firmly held. Sales at 147c Chicago spring; 151@152 Milwaukee club; 156c handsome red Western; 160@162c fair to prime white Canada. Rye scarce and in request at 128@130c. Barley nominal at 145@175c. Barley mal. firmer; sales at 185c. Corn market dull. Prices drooping; sales at 100c for old mixed Western in store, closing with no buyers at this figure. Oats lower at 62@63c for State and Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market drooping. Sales at $22,87@22,50 for mess; $19,50@19,00 for prime. Lard steady; sales at 11½@11¾c, and small lots at 11¾c. Butter dull at 17@23c for Ohio, and 17@23c for State. Cheese dull at 7@11c.

ALBANY, June 1.—Flour and Meal—There is but little flour as yet arriving by canal, and the stock here is much reduced.—Nothing as yet has reached here from Rochester, and it may be a week before the shipments from that place will arrive. Our market this morning opened with a moderate demand for the home trade and river demand, at the closing rates of Saturday. But little is doing for the East. Corn Meal is in moderate request at steady prices; sales at $@2,12½ ⅌ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There is a good milling demand for wheat on the spot and near at hand, but the firmness of holders restricts business. We have only to note a sale of Illinois at $1,61½. Corn is quiet, but Western mixed is firmly held at $1,06 ⅌ 56 lbs. The receipts by canal are moderate. Barley and Barley Malt are quiet. Oats are more active and rather easier; sales State at 65 measure, inferior street on p. t., and an equal amount of State and Ohio in one lot, at 65c, measure.

FEED—A small lot of Middlings changed hands at $1,75 per 100 lbs.

BUFFALO, June 1.—Flour—Saturday after our report, sales of choice super Wisconsin at $7,25, and extra do at $7,36¾.—This morning, unchanged, with sales at $7,12 for super Wisconsin; $7,37½@7,62½ for extra do; $7,30 for do Michigan, and $7,50@8,00 for extra Iowa.

GRAIN—Wheat unchanged. Sales Saturday afternoon, spring at $1,31, and Milwaukee club at $1,35. This morning, only a milling demand; sales Chicago spring at $1,30; Milwaukee club at $1,35; very choice do at $1,37½, and mixed Canada at $1,42. Corn dull; sales Saturday after our report at 82c. To-day no sales. Demand moderate. Oats held at 70c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 27.—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality, 12½@@13c; Ordinary, 11½@12c.; Common, 10½@11c.; Inferior, 10@10½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $65@75; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6½@7½c.; Other qualities, 4@5½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $10,50@12; Other qualities, $3,50@8,50.

SWINE—First quality, 6½@6⅞c.; Other qualities, 4@6c.

CAMBRIDGE, May 27.—At market 446 Cattle, 350 Beeves, & 90 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,75@10,25; First quality, $8,75@9,00; second quality, $7,50; third quality, $7,00; ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$93 to $200.

COWS AND CALVES—$40, 50, 60@67.

YEARLINGS—$30@00. Two years old, $38@42. Three years old, $45@50

VEAL CALVES—$5, 6,50, 8@10 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—660 at market. Prices—In lots, $4, 4,50, 5,00 each. Extra and selections, $6, 7,50@9.

HIDES—8½@8¾c. ⅌ lb. Tallow 8@8½c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—25c@$2,00 each. Calf Skins 14@15c. ⅌ lb.

SWINE—1660 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8½c. ⅌ lb. Dressed hogs, 9½@10½c. Shoats, wholesale, 8@9c.; retail 9@10½c. ⅌ lb.

BRIGHTON, May 28.—At market 800 Beef Cattle, 75 Stores, 8 pairs Working Oxen, 93 Cows and Calves, 700 Sheep and Lambs, 2,500 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $10; first quality, $9,50; second, $9,75; third, $7,00; ordinary, $5,50.

HIDES—8½@8½c. Tallow. 8@8½c.

PELTS—25c@$2,00. Calf Skins, 14@15c ⅌ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$4, 5 off a piece.

WORKING OXEN—No sales.

COWS AND CALVES—$21, 26, 36, 40@50.

YEARLINGS $00@00. Two years old, $39@43. Three years old, $48@50.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $5, 6@7. In lots $2,75, 3@4.

SWINE—6@7½c. Retail, 8@4½c. Spring pigs 13@14c.

ALBANY, June 1.—At W. W. WOOLFORD'S Boll's Head Washington Avenue

BEEF CATTLE—650 at market. Prices, live weight, extra, $7,00; first quality, $6,50; second and third, $5,50@6.

COWS AND CALVES—Few in market. Prices range from $35@45, 50@55.

SHEEP—690 in market. Prices range at from $4, 4,50@6,50; extra $9.

SWINE—740 in market. Prices fat $6,50. Stores $5@5,50.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 27.—The market for all kinds lacks activity, and to effect sales holders would have to submit to a slight decline. The stock of native fleece, however, is so light that holders are indifferent sellers, unless at full rates, knowing that all of last year's crop here will be wanted in small lots before the new clip is available. Pulled, especially the lower grades, are dull of sale, and prices favor the buyer, but the finer descriptions are held nearly up to former rates; the sales of the week do not exceed 70,000 lbs. of all kinds. Foreign, like Domestic, continues very quiet, pending the reduction of duties.—The advices from London are not favorable; at the colonial Wool sales during the first three days Sidney Wool declined 1½@2d. per lb.; Port Philip, 1d@2d; Adelaide and Van Dieman's Land, 1½d@2d.; Cape, ½d@1d., and Australia in grease, ½d@1½d. 7,265 bales sold at the above decline; the entire offering will embrace 59,494 bales.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, May 27.—Fleece and pulled Wool have been in fair demand. Some new washed, and several lots of new Wool in the grease, have been received from Vermont and New Hampshire. The sales of the week have been 80,000 lbs., at our quoted rates for the different kinds. In foreign there have been sales of 300 bales Crimea and other Mediterrean at previous prices.

Prime Saxony Fleece, washed, ⅌ lb., 62@65c.; Full Blood Merino, 55@58c.; Three-quarters do., 48@53c.; Half do., 45@49c.; Common, 38@43c.; Superfine, 44@50c.; Pulled extra, 48@55c.; Do. No. 1, 38@43c.; Smyrna Washed, 27@32c.; Smyrna Unwashed, 15@22c.; Mexican, 17@19c.; Buenos Ayres, 32@50c.; Barbary Washed 28@35c.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BLACK HAWK DAN

WAS RAISED IN Vt., sired by old Black Hawk, dam a cross of Gifford Morgan and the Hambletonian. He is a jet black and strongly resembles his sire, in color, form, and action. He took the first premium at the Rutland Co., Fair in 1855, and made his mile on trot in harness when four years old. He was five years old last spring, and will stand this season at the stable of the subscriber in Jamestown, N. Y. Terms, $5 down and $20 more if the mare proves to be with foal.
Jamestown, N. Y., May 13, 1857. R. P. PENTON.

IRON GARDEN ORNAMENTS.

OVER THIRTY DIFFERENT STYLES AND SIZES OF **Vases**, from $2 to $100 each.
Fountains, suitable for Public Parks, Private Grounds and Conservatories. Several new patterns this spring.
Summer Houses, Settees, Vine and Balcony Trainers, Statuary—Deer, Eagles, Dogs, Lions, Lambs, &c.
Iron Horse Mangers, Hay Racks and Stable Partitions; Feed Troughs for Swine and Poultry.
Iron Bedsteads for Hospitals, Seminaries, and private houses. JANES, BEEBE & CO.,
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AMERICAN HERD-BOOK—VOL. III. MR. ALLEN'S CIRCULAR.

THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE AMERICAN HERD-BOOK is now ready for delivery. The price of the book is Five Dollars. If sent to you by mail, I must pre-pay the postage, which will be fifty cents in addition to the five dollars, *for each copy*. If sent by Express, you will pay the Express charges at the office, on receiving the book. Bank notes, current at your place of residence, or Bank drafts payable at any *Eastern* city, can be remitted to me by mail, at my risk, and fractions of dollars in postage stamps. Do not *register* your letters, but let some one see you inclose the money, and mail the letter, properly directed.

Where several parties live in the same vicinity, they can club together, and have the books sent by *Express*, somewhat cheaper than by single books.

The edition printed is but one thousand copies—upward of five hundred of which are already subscribed for; and if you wish additional copies of this, or the other volumes, there is now an opportunity to secure them, as no *new* edition of this or the previous volumes will be printed.

The book will be forwarded to you with as little delay as possible, and in the same order of time as I receive the remittance for them

Write me the Post-Office address, County and State, distinctly, or the Express office where you wish the books sent. I have some copies of the 1st and 2d volumes on hand, which you can order at the following prices:

Vol. 1, and postage pre-paid, $3 25
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LEWIS F. ALLEN, Black Rock, N. Y.

LARGE SALE OF DURHAM CATTLE AT AUCTION.

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL SELL AT PUBLIC SALE, ON Wednesday, June 17th, at the Farm known as the "Troy Lake Farm," town of East Troy, Walworth Co., Wis., FIFTY HEAD OF FULL-BLOOD DURHAMS—Cows, Heifers, Calves and Bulls. A rare chance is offered those wishing to improve their stock in this vicinity, as well as those more remote, as the place of sale is easy of access from all points, being near Eagle Station, Milwaukie and Mississippi R. R., and three miles north of East Troy.

In offering this Herd to the public, I wish to state that I have selected and reared the whole of them with an eye single to the greatest improvement in the qualities of form, color, size, milking and fattening properties. My original stock was the best I could select in Livingston Co., N. Y. I have made acquisitions from time to time, from the same locality; also from different select herds in Ohio and Kentucky. A number of the young stock are from Bulls imported by the Liv. Co. Stock Association.

The stock can be seen at the farm previous to day of sale.—Pedigrees and descriptions will be given for each animal when offered. I invite the attendance of breeders of Durhams and all others interested in the improvement of stock. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. Terms liberal and made known on the day of sale. SEYMOUR BROOKS, Proprietor.
East Troy, Wis., May, 1857.

BERKSHIRE PIGS FOR SALE—Descended from the imported stock of Col. Moxan—warranted pure bred.
Lakeville, Conn., May 25, 1857. [386w3] WM. J. PETTEE.

BOGARDUS & LEWIS, OPERATIVE LITHOGRAPHERS & ENGRAVERS,

230 MAIN ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.
J. D. BOGARDUS.] [386wc] [JOSEPH LEWIS.

MINNESOTA LAND FOR SALE.

240 ACRES OF CHOICE LAND, in lots to suit purchasers, adjoining town of Taylor's Falls, (30 miles above St. Paul on St Croix river,) for sale low, on easy payments.
Also 300 acres in Guthrie and Adair counties, Iowa. Address, with postage stamp, D. S. FRACKER,
386wf Brockport, N. Y.

DEAFNESS AND DISEASES OF THE EYE, Scientifically and successfully treated by Dr. WALKER, 82 State Street, Rochester, N. Y. 383w6

ROUND HILL MOTOPATHIC WATER-CURE AND HOTEL,

NORTHAMPTON, Mass. H. HALSTED, M. D., Proprietor and principal Physician. It is well known that Dr. Halsted makes the diseases incident to WOMAN a specialty. The establishment combines the advantages of being a cure for the treatment of chronic diseases of either sex, and a resort for the seekers of pleasure. Circulars sent *gratis*: "Motion—Life," a pamphlet upon the treatment, sent on receipt of six postage stamps. 386w8

PLASTER MILL AND FARM FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS AT PRIVATE SALE, as superior Plaster Mill, in good order, with an excellent water power,—together with thirty acres of superior farming land, comprising 12 acres of meadow, 6 of wood land, and 12 of upland, six of which contains Plaster in inexhaustible quantities. This valuable property is situated one mile from the village of Victor, Ontario Co., N. Y. The house and out-buildings are of superior arrangement. A constant stream of fresh spring water runs in the house and through the barn-yard. A choice selection of fruit—the best varieties of apples, pearhes, &c. The quality of the Plaster is not excelled in the State. For further particulars apply by letter, or on the premises to
Victor, N. Y., May, 1857. [386w3] G. W. TORRENCE

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Our assortment of the above Goods is the largest to be found, and the prices the most reasonable. We invite the attention of those who wish to examine or purchase.
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386tf

ATKINS' SELF-RAKING REAPER AND MOWER. The subscriber has two of the above named machines which he will sell or exchange for Horses. HIRAM WOOD,
Livery Office next to National Hotel, North Fitzhugh, St.
Rochester, May 13, 1857. 385tf

GEORGE H. LOVETT, DIE-SINKER AND MEDALIST,

84 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.
GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS prepared in the first style of the Art, for Agricultural Societies, Institutions, Associations, Colleges, Schools, &c., &c. 385w13

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THIS PUMP, JUST PATENTED, IS ENTIRELY SUCCESSFUL. It works without friction, never freezes, and does not lose a drop of water. The water flows the instant the crank is turned. This improvement can be attached to the common chain pump, and then it is a perfect machine, with which a small child can raise water from any depth. Attachments, Pumps, and Rights for Sale. Full description by address-ing
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THE UNDERSIGNED INVITES ATTENTION to his Establishment. The Cotton manufactured in his Mill, is wholly free labor. A large stock of staple fabrics in variety is maintained. Refined and Muscovado Sugars, Steam Syrup and W. I. Molasses, Coffees, Rice, &c., on hand. Price lists and samples sent by mail. GEO. W. TAYLOR,
corner of 5th and Cherry Sts., Phila., Pa.

PUBLIC SALE OF IMPROVED SHORT-HORNS (DURHAM CATTLE.)

JAMES GOWEN, will sell at Public Sale, on Wednesday the 10th of June next, at Mount Airy, Philadelphia, a choice Herd of SHORT-HORNS, consisting of Cows, young Bulls, Heifers and Calves, bred expressly with the view of establishing the fine Milking and easy Feeding properties of the "Durham Breed." Catalogues, with Pedigrees, will be furnished in due time. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock. 385w3

HARVEST GLOVES AND MITTS!—I have, and shall keep on hand a supply of the above, of a superior quality. Farmers and Country merchants will find it to their advantage to purchase of me. Sold wholesale and retail at the Whip and Glove Store, 75 State St. S. A. ELLIS, successor to M. Strong.

BREAD! BREAD!! BREAD!!!

EVERY HOUSEKEEPER who delights in LIGHT AND NUTRITIOUS BREAD, should go to her grocer and get a package of JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC SALÆRATUS. Its superiority over all other articles for making Biscuit, Cake, and Pastry of all kinds, cannot fail to bring it into general use. For sale at all the Groceries. Manufacturing Depot 318 Washington street, New York. 384w4

ROCHESTER SAVINGS' BANK. NEW BUILDING,

Corner of Buffalo and Fitzhugh Streets.
THIS BANK PAYS SIX PER CENT INTEREST ON ALL Deposits, instead of five as heretofore allowed.
Open from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., and on Saturday evening.
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THIS MACHINE IS MORE SIMPLE, and less liable to get out of repair, than any other Self-Raker—is easier for the Team than any hand rake which cuts as wide—cuts as clean and rakes off better than any other machine, either hand or self-raker. The size of the handle may be regulated by the driver with perfect ease—the knife cannot be clogged—and for quality of material and workmanship, it is not surpassed by any machine in the market. For further particulars, apply soon, to one of our agents, or to ourselves.
SEYMOUR, MORGAN & ALLEN.
Brockport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 384w6

WAR OF 1812. NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.

THE UNDERSIGNED IS NOW PREPARED to prosecute all claims of the New York State Militia arising under the Acts of 1848, 1852, and April 15, 1857, passed by the Legislature of this State providing for the payment of the contingent expenses incurred by the Militia, and also pay for their clothing, equipments, &c., lost, worn out or destroyed in the service in the War of 1812. As the time for prosecuting these claims is limited, parties interested should make application at an early day. The large experience of the undersigned in procuring Bounty Lands and Pensions, will enable him greatly to facilitate the prosecution of all claims entrusted to his management. The highest market price always paid for Land Warrants.—Office, 36 and 37 West Gallery, Reynolds' Arcade. Address, by letter or otherwise, ALFRED G. MUDGE, Rochester, N. Y

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SUPERB DOUBLE DAHLIAS.

OUR STOCK OF THIS GORGEOUS FLOWER has recently been much improved by the addition of above FIFTY of the finest ENGLISH, FRENCH and GERMAN Prize Varieties of the past year, nearly all of which are now offered for the first time in this country. Strong plants are now ready for delivery at the following prices:
NEW VARIETIES, offered for the first time this year, $1 each—$10 per dozen.
LEADING VARIETIES OF 1855, 50 cents each—$5 per dozen.
BEST OLD VARIETIES of previous years, all reliable sorts, fine form and free bloomers, $3 per dozen.
GOOD OLD VARIETIES, $1 50 to $2 per dozen.
Plants packed with care to bear transportation to all parts of the country. Catalogues forwarded to all applicants who enclose a cent stamp to prepay postage.
384w4 B. K. BLISS & HAVEN, Springfield, Mass.

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THIS BANK ALLOWS INTEREST AT THE RATE OF SIX per cent per annum upon all deposits. Office No 36 Buffalo street, directly opposite the Court House
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Rochester, February 24th, 1857 373tf

THE ROCHESTER STONE YARD,

IS WELL STOCKED AT ALL TIMES WITH THE BEST quality of LOCKPORT AND MEDINA SAND STONE, such as Flagging, Platform, Curb, Paving and Cross-walk; Caps and Sills Water Tables, Door Sills, of any size required, Steps, Coping, Well and Cistern Covers, Building Stone, &c., which will be furnished at the lowest prices on short notice, and laid in the best manner if desired. We will also deliver Stone in any quantity to any place on the Lakes, Canals or Railroads. Thankful for the patronage heretofore bestowed upon us by our customers and friends, we shall endeavor to merit a continuance.
Office and Yard in Rochester, corner of Fitzhugh St. and Erie Canal, just south of Court House. In Buffalo, on the Canal opposite the Courier House and Erie Street Depot.
Orders addressed to either of the undersigned, or left at our quarries at Lockport or Medina, will be attended to punctually.
THOMAS RYTHBUN, Buffalo, } Proprietors.
WM. W. WHITMORE, Lockport, }
WM. CARSON, Agent for Rochester and vicinity.

IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR BUY A FARM, ADDRESS JAMES SULLY, Buffalo, N. Y. See advertisement in No. 370 of *Rural*, feb. 7th. 372tf

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

PREMIUM LIST.—1857.

LOCAL AGENTS, Subscribers, and other earnest, active and influential friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, and the cause of "Progress and Improvement," who are disposed to lend their kind offices in its behalf—thus enhancing their individual interests while promoting the welfare of community—are respectfully invited to examine the following Programme of Premiums for RURAL CAMPAIGN of 1857

"EXCELSIOR" PREMIUMS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, to the person or persons procuring the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, in any one Township, sent in or remitted according to our terms, previous to July 1, 1857.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.
FIVE DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.

$800 IN STATE PREMIUMS!

As most of our General Premiums have heretofore been won by persons in the State of New York, thus precluding Agents and friends at a distance from successful competition, we have concluded to offer **$800** in *State* and *Provincial Prizes*, viz: **One Hundred Dollars** for the FOUR LARGEST LISTS from EACH of the States of PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, IOWA, and the Province of CANADA WEST, divided as follows:

FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER from EACH of the above named States and Canada West, sent in or remitted according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of July, 1857.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.
TEN DOLLARS for the next largest list.

☞ Competitors for the State and Provincial Premiums, *can also compete for the large General Prizes!* Comment upon the unprecedented liberality and advantages of this list is unnecessary.

The names and number of subscribers obtained by each competitor, will be published in the RURAL, (or in a circular, and mailed to all interested, as soon after the 1st of April as the result can be ascertained,) and the cash paid to the order of the successful competitor.

☞ To give Post-Masters and other Local Agents a fair, equal chance, traveling agents, post-riders and citizens of Rochester are excluded.

☞ Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, Prospectuses, &c., furnished free to all who are disposed to compete for Premiums, or who desire to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL.—Subscription money should be properly inclosed, and carefully addressed and mailed to
D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

SPECIFIC PREMIUMS.

IN order to REWARD EVERY PERSON who may aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, we offer TO ALL (*including competitors for the Large Cash Premiums previously published,*) the following liberal SPECIFIC P

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

GEORGIE OF THE MOUNTAIN GLEN.

BY E. C. JAMES.

THE rain was sobbing dreardly
Upon the autumn leaves,
O'er Heaven sadly, wearily,
Night drew her dismal wreaths.
And, from the gates of evening light,
The wind swept down the halls of night,
Waving her sable sashes,
While a mournful voice in every gust,
Seemed moaning "dust shall fall to dust,"
"Ashes return to ashes."

When, like an angel seemingly,
Unstained with earthly clay,
A pale fair maiden dreamingly
Upon her death-bed lay.
Slowly the "silver cord" was loosed,
And solemnly life's volume closed,
The chains of love were riven,
And GEORGIE of the mountain glen,
'Mid bands of seraph angels, then
In glory rose to heaven.

Again the rain falls drearily,
The autumn leaves are red,
The lamps of life gleam wearily,
Along the path I tread.
Yet often the voice of the Past, sublime
As the breaking waves on the sea of Time
Recalls that vanished sorrow,
Still, I hear in its tones an angel's breath,
That tells of a dawn to the night of death,
Of a beautiful to-morrow.

Ogdensburgh, N. Y., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

For the Rural New-Yorker.

IT IS MORNING WITH THE CHILD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A MOTHER sat, in tears, by the bed-side of her youngest born, and best beloved. Six days had passed since the hand of fever was laid upon him, and, ever since, the life-fountains had been drying up under the fervent heat. Many times daily had she entered into her closet and bowed herself before the Father of Mercies, praying that the Destroyer might pass by her dwelling. But prayers and tears availed not. Steadily the disease kept on its fatal course, and now scarcely a hope remained. Friends gathered around, offering words of consolation, but they were only as idle murmurs in her ears.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.—Blessed be the name of the Lord," said the good pastor, who, only a year before, had taken the sweet boy in his arms, and, in the presence of angels, touched his pure forehead with the waters of baptism.

But the mother made no sign. She could not accept this affliction as a blessing—she could not offer up thanks. Her very life was bound up in the life of her child, and the thought of separation was so terrible that no place for consolation was left in her grieving spirit.

"It is appointed unto man once to die," added the minister, still seeking to penetrate the mother's heart, and pour in oil and wine; "we must all pass by this way—must all enter this valley—must all go down into the dark river. How much better then, to die in the morning of life, ere fierce sunbeams have drank the fragrant dews, or the green leaves have withered on the sapless branches."

Still the mother made no sign.

"You will have a treasure in heaven; and where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

But all availed not. The tears fell like rain.

Sadly, at length, the minister turned away, and left the weeping mother with her friends; for her ears were closed to all words of consolation he could offer.

An hour later, and the mother still bent over the frail body of her little one. There was no hope in her heart, for she saw upon his wan face the signet mark of the death-angel. One only friend remained with her; and, until now, this friend had offered no words of comfort. The grieving mother was bending over the pillow upon which the sick child lay, and gazing down upon the countenance she was soon to see no more, when she felt a hand laid gently upon her own, and with a touch that sent a new impulse throbbing through the heart.

"It is very dark here, sometimes," said the friend, very softly, very tenderly, and with a meaning in her voice beyond that contained in the words she had uttered.

The mother answered only by a returning pressure of the hand.

"Even the light of this world is darkness when compared with the light of heaven. Here the best and most highly favored do little more than grope their way. There every one walks in noon-day clearness."

She had gained the mother's ear. Her words had gone inward to the regions of thought.

"I have passed through these deep waters, my friend," she continued, "and have heard their terrible roaring. I have held my dying babe in my arms, and clung to it with an agony of grief that seemed as if it would snap my very heart-strings. But after the keenness of the affliction was over, I had this consolation, and it has remained ever since. When the night with *me* was at the darkest, it was morning with *my child*. Yes, it was then that the morning broke on him which was never to go down in night. Blessed morning of celestial glory! Oh, how often, and often since, when I have walked in darkness, have I thanked God, with a true heart, fervently, that it was morning with my child!"

The mother's tears ceased to fall, and she turned her wet eyes upon her friend, and looked into her face earnestly.

"There is one question," said the friend, after a pause, "that every mother should ask herself. It is this—'How do I love my child—selfishly or unselfishly?' If unselfishly, then whatever is best for the child, will give to her heart the deepest pleasure. I had a dream on the very night my precious one was taken away from me. I believe that it was imaged to my fancy while sleeping, by a loving angel sent to comfort me in my great affliction. There had always been something very fearful to me in the idea of dying here, and awakening to consciousness in a new and strangely different existence; and the thought followed my child.—That dream was to me a revelation, and as such I accepted it thankfully. I saw, in my sleep, two scenes—the one contrasting with the other, as we sometimes see them in pictures. One scene represented the saddest of my life-experiences. I saw myself sitting in darkness and in tears, as you sit now, my friend and sister, bending over my precious babe, clinging to it as the miser clings to his gold—aye, and with an intenser passion. But only a veil dropped down between that scene and another, which quickly chained my vision, and caused my heart, heavy with grief, to throb with a new-born pleasure. An angel, in form like a chaste young virgin, was clasping to her bosom a babe, in all the ecstacy of a new-born joy. No mother, when she feels upon her breast the first pressure of her first babe, ever felt more delight than I saw pictured in the face of the angel as she held *my* babe to her loving heart. Yes, *my* babe, just born into heaven, and given into her care by the Divine Father of us all.

"For a time I could not withdraw my eyes from the face of the angel. Never had I gazed upon a countenance so full of love; so radiant with celestial beauty. And the babe nestled on her bosom as lovingly as it had ever nestled on mine. From this scene, after gazing upon it until tears ran down my cheeks—tears of gratitude that it was so well with my babe, I turned to look at the darker one—at the sorrowing earthly mother and the suffering child! Poor babe! Wasted with sickness and writhing in mortal pain. How yearningly and pityingly my heart went towards it, and I prayed for its deliverance. Even as the words went up from my heart, the darker scene faded until it became no longer visible; but the brighter one remained. When I awoke, and grief for my great loss revived in my heart, I recalled the precious dream and took comfort. What if I did walk in darkness? It was morning—eternal morning with my child!"

As the mother listened, to her mind was also pictured the two scenes. Her tears had ceased to flow, and her countenance showed a visible interest. A little while she sat musing, and then, as she turned her eyes full of tenderness upon her sick boy, said—

"Oh! it is hard, very hard, to give him up!—How can I do it! How can I resign him, even to the care of an angel?"

The friend said no more. Her words had found a way into the heart of the sorrowing one, and she left them to do their own work.

A little later and the hour of deepest darkness came—the hour of separation. Over the mother's spirit a pall of deepest gloom was spread. The words of her friend had faded from her memory. She saw not the beautiful beyond, but gazed only upon a dark, gloomy abyss, into which her precious one was about falling, while she stood helpless by. Oh, what would she not then have given for light upon the future!—for an unsealed vision. Willingly would she have died, that she might go with her child along the unknown way, and shield him from its terrors. Over him she bent, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, caring for nothing but her boy; while darker and closer the shadows gathered around her. It was night—dark, cold, moonless night, with the grieving mother.

For more than an hour the child had lain in a deep stupor, but it was evident that life was gradually ebbing away, and that the last agony would soon be over. For herself, the mother had almost ceased to grieve,—every thought and every feeling were centered in her child, about passing alone through the gate of death—alone to meet the realities of the unseen world.

Suddenly a light fell upon the wan, suffering face—a smile played around the white lips—the eyes, long closed, and heavy with pain and fever, flew open, and glancing upwards with a glad expression, the child said—

"Good morning, mamma!"

"Good morning, love!" answered the startled mother, scarcely thinking of the words she uttered.

"Good morning!" repeated the child, still gazing upwards, with a new and heavenly beauty in its countenance. "Oh! it is morning now!"

Fixed was that glad look for several moments—then the fringing lids drooped slowly, until they lay softly upon the pure white cheeks. The parted lips closed; but the smile remained. The hands, lifted for a moment in glad surprise, fell over the placid breast, and all was still, and holy, and beautiful.

"Yes, it is morning now," whispered the friend in the mother's ear, as she sat like one entranced gazing upon the pulseless form before her, which, as if touched by an enchanter's wand, had suddenly changed from an image of suffering into one of tranquil beauty.

And it *was* morning with the child—a heavenly morning,—and morning, also, with the mother, for a new light had dawned upon her, and a new faith in the hereafter. The dark valley was suddenly bridged with light, and she saw her precious one by angel guides led safely over.

"GOD careth for these jewels," said the friend, a few hours afterwards. "They are precious in his sight—not one of them is lost. His love is tenderer even than a mother's love. We may trust them in his hands with unfaltering confidence.—Yes—yes—grieving mother! it is indeed morning with your babe."

LIFE'S IRRITABILITIES.—What's the use of it?—Don't worry yourself to death of what other people may say of you, as long as you know that it is not true. Take care of the truth; that's your business. All falsehoods go to the bosom of their father, the devil, and their framers soon follow.—So much as to falsehoods of you. As to falsehoods to you, and as to every tale the most remotely prejudicial to another, treat it and the narrator with the utmost possible indifference, until you hear the story of the other party; this only is just, and wise, and kind.

LIES are hilltless swords which cut the hand that wields them.

CROSSING THE FORD.

I BEGAN life by running away from home.—Boileau, we are told, was driven into his career by the hand of fate and the peck of a turkey. Attilla started in life with no other cause and capital than an old sword, which he was adroit enough to palm off for the divine weapon of Mars, and Robespierre owed his political career to wetting his stockings, and there heard "the words which burn," which fired his soul, and determined his course in life.—My running away from home arose from a minor mortification carrying a pretty girl over a brook.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at 14 years of age, and we both regarded, with a little more than friendship, pretty Helen Graham, "our eldest girl" at school. We romped and danced together, and this lasted for such length of time, that it is with a feeling of bewilderment that I look back on the mystery of two lovers continuing friends. But time came, as come it must, when jealousy lit her spark in my boyish bosom, and blew it into a consuming flame.

Well I do remember how and when the "green eyed" perpetrated this incendiary deed. It was on a cold October evening, when Helen, Donald, and myself, were returning with our parents from a visit to a neighboring hamlet. As we approached a ford where the water ran somewhat higher than ankle deep, we prepared to carry Helen across as we were accustomed to do, with hands interwoven "chair fashion," thus we took our pretty passenger through the brook. Just as we were in the middle of the water—which was cold enough at the time to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves—a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was I knew not, for we had carried Helen fifty times across the brook ere now, without emotion, but this evening I thought, or fancied, that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her pretty arm around his neck, while she steadied herself on my side by holding the cuff of my jacket.

No flame can burn so quickly or with so little fuel as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank, I was wishing Donald at the bottom "of the sea." Being naturally impetuous, I burst out with:—"You need na hand sae gengerly, Helen, as if ye feared a fa'. I can aye carry ye lighter than Donald wad the half o' ye!"

Surprised at the vehemence of my tone, our queen interposed with an admission that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sparing my powers. But Donald's ire was kindled, and he utterly denied that I was at all qualified to compete with himself in any feat of carriage. On such topics boys are naturally emulous, and by the time we had reached the opposite bank, it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly bearing Helen again across the ford in our arms.

Helen was to determine who had carried her most easily, and I settled it with myself privately in advance, that the one who obtained the preference would really be the person who stood the highest in her affections. The reflection stimulated me to resolve to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day, that I could have carried Donald and Helen on either arm, like feathers. But I anticipate.

We suffered all the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned to the ford. I lifted Helen with the utmost ease, and carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had also inspired a warmer love, and it was with feelings unknown before, that I embraced her beautiful form and I felt the pressure of her cheeks against mine. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly, for a minute. But then—alas! in the very deepest part of the ford—I trod on a treacherous bit of wood, which rested! I suppose on a smooth stone. Over I rolled, bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise until fairly soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Donald, or the more accusing silence of Helen. Both believed I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival illustrated his superior ability, bearing her in his arms for a long distance on our homeward path. As we approached the house, Helen, feeling drier and better humored, attempted to conciliate me. But I preserved a moody silence—I was mortified beyond redress.

That night I picked up a few things and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the negation it had received, and prompted me to a course which fortunately led me to better results than usually attend such irregularities. I went to Edinburgh, where I found a maternal uncle, a kind hearted childless man, who gladly gave me a place in his home, and employed me in his business. Wealth flowed upon him. I became his partner—went abroad—resided for years on the continent, and finally returned to Scotland, rich, educated—in short everything but married.

One evening while at a ball in Glasgow I was struck by a lady of quite unpretending appearance; but whose remarkable beauty and high-toned expression indicated a mind of more than ordinary power. I was introduced, but the Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ear, and I could not catch hers. It was Helen something, and there was something in the face that seemed familiar—something suggestive of mixed pleasure and pain.

But we became well acquainted that evening. I learned without difficulty her history. She was from the country, had been well educated, her parents had lost their property, and she was now governess in a family of the city.

I was fascinated with her conversation, and was continually reminded by her grace and refinement of manner, that she was capable of moving with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune seemed to have allotted her. I am naturally neither talkative nor prone to confidence; but there was that in this young lady that inspired both, and I conversed with her as I had never conversed with any. Her questions of the various countries with which I was familiar, indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature and an incredible store of information.

We progressed in intimacy and as our conversation turned on the causes which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that I owed my own travels to falling with a pretty girl in a ford.

I had scarcely spoken the words ere the blood mounted to her face, and was succeeded by quite as remarkable paleness. I attributed this to the heat of the room—laughed—and at her request, proceeded to give the details of my ford adventure with Helen Graham—which I did, painting in glowing colors the beauty and amiability of my love.

Her mirth during the recital became almost irrepressible. At its conclusion she remarked:

"Mr. Roberts, is it possible that you have forgotten me?"

I gazed an instant—remembered—and was dumbfounded. The lady with whom I had become so intimate, was Helen Graham herself!

I hate, and so do you reader, to needlessly prolong a story. We were soon married—Helen and I made our bridal tour to the "old place." As we approached it in our carriage, I greeted a stout fellow working in the field who seemed to be a better sort of a laborer, or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some trifling particulars relating to the neighborhood.

He answered promptly enough, and I was about to give him a sixpence, when Helen stayed my hand, and cried in the old style:—"Hey, Donald mon, dinna ye ken ye'r auld fren's?"

The man looked up in astonishment. It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was heightened by its style; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could induce him to enter our carriage, and answer our numerous queries as to old friends.

Different men "start in life" in different ways. I believe, however, that mine is the only instance on record of a gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.—*Appleton's "Gems of Art."*

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A CHAT WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS.

DEAR READERS:—I have just been thinking how many children there are in this vast Republic who eagerly scan the "Youth's Corner" every week, solve the same problems and study out the same enigmas. And yet how widely scattered! Some, perhaps, live in the prairies of the West; some in our own Northern country; others in the "Sunny South," and still others in the goodly East. And these children a few years hence will rise up to fill the stations now occupied by their elders. Our boys of the present time will then be supplying the places of our lawyers, statesmen, senators, and even the President himself, when they shall have retired from the stage of action. Our girls also will be occupied in performing woman's no less noble and glorious mission.

But young persons are not often disposed to trouble themselves much about the future. They only live for the present. They do not consider that youth is the most important part of their existence—that it is the glorious spring-time of life. If you would reap a plentiful harvest in the autumn of your declining years, sow well in your spring-time. And be careful *what* you sow. The habits you contract in youth will follow you through life. They will grow with your growth, and strengthen with your strength. How important it is for the youth of any country to realize that

"Life is real!—Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;"

that there is a great work for them all to do, "a deep and earnest life-work, solemn, real and useful." Youth is the time to begin it. An American poet has breathed into a beautiful poem, the spirit with which all the young should be invested. The following extract will be appropriate:

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.
Trust no fortune, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead!"

I sometimes think how happy it is for those who are brought up amid the rural scenes of country life, who can wander forth in the fresh, pure air uncontaminated by the vice that overshadows the city. I do not mean to say that evil does not exist in the country, but I have an undefinable idea of the peace and innocence that pervades the farmer's dominion. But oh, how many snares beset the path of the youthful and inexperienced in city life. How often have I been pained by seeing boys who deem it manly to smoke, and fight, and take their Maker's name in vain. And how many young girls, too, who pride themselves wholly upon their dress, and neglect to cultivate their minds, who lose that modesty and simplicity always so lovely in the female character, while they seek glittering baubles and jewels with which to adorn their persons, forget to search after the "pearl of great price," and the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." But I ween even now, little readers, you are weary of my prosy talk, and gladly turn to a more interesting column. Well, never mind, wait until you are as old as I am, and you will find there is more truth than poetry in it.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857. WINNIE WILLIAM.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 4, 6, 11 is a river in the United States.
My 5, 8, 13, 2 is a cape in British America.
My 10, 4, 3, 14 is a volcano in Sicily.
My 7, 10, 3, 8 is a river in Asia.
My 9, 2, 1, 13, 6 is the capital of one of the Arabian States.
My 9, 10, 12, 3, 14, 9 is a river in India.
My whole is a division of North America.

North East, Pa., 1857. M. D. P.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 386:—If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land.

Answer to Enigma in No. 386:—Ire.

Answer to Algebraical Problem in No. 386:—7 horses, 13 oxen.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem in No. 386:—A. has $2 42; B. $5 08,=$7 50.

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Elmira, N. Y., May, 1857. 383m6wc

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Rural New-Yorker.

FODDER FOR STOCK.

THAT each and every department of labor connected with Farm Husbandry requires the exercise of judgment and skill, none will deny; that the portion of agricultural economy confined to the stable and stock yard needs the special attention and care of the farmer, all who have suffered by the late scarcity of fodder will concede. Never in our country was there so general a dearth of those products usually depended upon for the sustenance of farm stock; never so much loss to the farmer, and suffering and death among our domestic animals, as during the past spring. The causes of so disastrous a state of affairs present subjects of much interest; nor are they, we think, shrouded in darkness, but palpable, and full of good, substantial teachings for those most directly affected by a depleted condition of the granary and hay-mow.

Among the various reasons for so deplorable a matter—in fact almost the only one assigned—is the inclemency of the weather. Cold set in several weeks earlier than is usual, while the spring was at least a month later. More fodder was doubtless necessary to keep stock over during the past winter than has been needed for several years—but we opine that there are sufficient grounds for an argument against such a position—that the sins charged to that ubiquitous personage, the Weather may be traced to other quarters, and that, should a suit be instituted in favor of Domestic Farm Animals *vs.* The Farmers, many of the latter would be compelled to plead guilty, or a verdict to that effect would be brought in when the defendants were tried by their peers. It is no doubt true that the unfavorableness of the season had much to do in producing the exigency, but could not sufficient provision have been made to avert so wide-spread a calamity had the agriculturist used all the resources in his power—would not a judicious system of culture and a thoughtful and careful mode of expenditure put far off the "evil day?"

Another cause, and probably the most cogent one, is the fact that in those portions of the country where the greatest want prevailed, less land was in pasture and meadow than at any period in the past ten years. The exorbitant prices obtainable for most of the cereals and certain of the root crops have imparted to the farmer a portion of that excitability heretofore supposed to be exclusively a *habitue* of the city, and the spirit of speculation has invaded the hitherto quiet rural home. Present reward has been labored for—make haste to get rich has been the guiding principle. He who, two years since, was possessed of a few tons of spare hay, thought that, as he intended wintering the same amount of stock, he could feed a little closer; that a certain piece of meadow land would yield larger returns if put to some other purpose, and last fall there was taken therefrom "a glorious crop of potatoes." One hundred dollars or upwards per acre was a brilliant prospect, and in too many instances, we fear, it dazzled but to betray. The foreground was gorgeous; the filling up of the picture was never looked at, much less a thought given to it. The light was there, what need had we of darkness? We did not call to mind the immutable laws of the Great Designer—that the work must be finished, though contrary to our desires—that shade was necessary to completion.

Still another cause is the utter want of care for the growth of forage plants exhibited by a large proportion the agricultural community. The subject of grasses has, we think, received less attention and study from the farmer himself than any other crop by him produced. As a proof of this statement, we aver that the thoughts of the tiller of the soil, as committed to paper and published in any of the Journals devoted to his interest, will be in the ratio of fifty upon any other subject to one on herbage. Let a farmer make an inquiry relative to this product, calling for the experience of those engaged in its culture, and, ten chances to one, the desire for knowledge will go begging. Start an idea upon anything else you please, and treat it in the least degree *outre*, and in a week's time you will find a vast number ready to class you among the false prophets. For instance, breathe but a word upon the "Chess Question," and our advice is "stand from under," if the idea of premature burial is at all repulsive, for communications will like "Alps piled on Alps" arise before your startled vision. Owing to this lack of interest, or seeming want of knowledge of the requirements and characteristics of this crop, many farmers are not able to avail themselves of the advantages to be derived from the culture of the best varieties. There is a wide difference in the comparative value of different kinds of grasses, and even among those of the same species, soil, climate, mode of cutting and curing, &c., &c., more or less affect their value for general purposes. The farmer should bear in mind that this is one of the most important crops upon his lands, give it such treatment as will best promote its full development, and study closely its nature, and capacities, as well as endeavor to ascertain the right mode of managing such a crop from the period of production to that of consumption.

FEEDING MILCH COWS.

AMONG the subjects discussed by the Mass. Legislative Ag'l Society, has been the "Feeding of Cows, with reference to the production of Milk"—an important subject everywhere, and one which Mass. farmers are generally well qualified to remark upon. Some of the most important facts and statements, we condense from the *N. E. Farmer*, for our readers:—

J. W. PROCTOR, of Danvers, remarked that unquestionably the dairy is one of the most important objects of New England farming, hence the query whether there is any special mode of feeding cows that will make dairies more profitable, was one of high interest. As a general thing, the better cows are fed, the better will be their products. I formerly had some experience in butter dairying, and the best product we used to get was from one to one and a half pounds per day during the season of milking, say from June to December; and the best feed for the cows was the natural grasses of the pastures, with plenty of pure water. When these failed by reason of drouth, or any other cause, recourse was had to the corn-field—and the stalks were cut and greedily devoured by them. Some said corn-fodder would not produce milk, but we found it good for that purpose.

Col. NEWHALL, of West Newbury, thought some kinds of grasses were better than corn for producing milk, and that corn should be permitted considerable growth before it is fed. Cows for the dairy would do better not to be milked more than nine months in the year. He had had cows that gave milk three years in succession, and had calves annually. Much judgment should be exercised in the selection of cows according to the purpose for which they were wanted. Those that give most milk are generally not best for butter. He found it took a gallon of milk to make a pound of cheese, and two gallons for a pound of butter. The value of milk for cheese is diminished by taking off the cream, but not in proportion to the amount of butter produced. Indian meal he thought good feed for producing milk. Oil meal was not desirable as a constant food—fed freely it will sometimes destroy cows.

Mr. FORBES, from Maine, was trying an experiment to ascertain the comparative value of lowland grass and clover, for producing milk, and found the latter much the best for the purpose.—He had never made as much milk with any kind of feed, as a mixture of oats and potatoes, the milk was also of good quality.

Mr. WETHERELL, said a gentleman in Warren, who furnished milk for the Boston market, realizes about $50 per year from each cow. His feed is principally grass, his farm being natural pasture land, never plowed, but sometimes plastered.

Mr. DICKINSON, of Heath, said the people of his county, (Franklin) who made butter for the Boston market, expected a cow to pay for herself in one year. Plaster does not help pastures in that county.

Mr. BUCKMINSTER, of the *Ploughman*, had found it important in feeding milk cows to feed them systematically, and to satisfy them. Feed regular, at proper intervals, not keep the animal eating all the time. They require a variety, also, in order to keep healthy and give *good* milk.

Mr. SHELDON, of Wilmington, said the best possible food for milch cows, is good grass and plenty of it. At this time of the year, (April) he cut his hay and mixed with the fine feed, water sweetened with molasses, so as to to give each cow half a pint of molasses in a day, which will add four ounces of butter daily. He liked corn for fodder, and sweet corn better than any other kind. He would advise a variety of food for cows, and was never troubled with any bad taste in butter when the cows were fed partly on turnips.

CONCERNING CHESS.

KEEP COOL: "does wheat turn to chess," is'nt the subject I am on—that's too deep for common understandings—but suppose you had some chess, what would you do with it? Put it into some old barrels, throw it out into the manure, pour it into the road, grind it. I ground some, or rather my friend, the miller ground some for me; it was old and dusty, and nearly cost him his life, and quite exhausted his patience.

Visiting Mr. BOYD, one of our best farmers, I saw him feed his hogs on boiled barley, as I tho't at first, but on examination I found it to be boiled chess. The diminutive grain in hot water expands as much as a hoy does when he first puts on broadcloth; pressed between the fingers it appears mucilaginous and highly respectable. I told Mr. BOYD that I thought he must have improved the article, and that I should want to exchange some *seed* with him, but upon boiling my chess I found it (I don't wish to brag,) about as good as his. I don't know how it is with the *long* kind, but my *dumpys* will grow and keep tolerably fat on it.—The more wheat there is in it the better feed it makes, I suppose—but even pure chess boiled will keep hogs alive and something more. No good farmer will willingly suffer unground or unboiled chess to go upon his land. He will separate it with the greatest possible care from his chaff and not poke it out of doors; but gather it up and grind or boil it. I think it should be boiled even if it is ground, and I doubt whether it is best to grind it at all;—the millers will be perfectly satisfied with that arrangement. I may add that my horses and cows eat it boiled.

The chess crop is much more valuable than I had supposed. I doubted whether even a hog would live on pure chess; I am now satisfied that he will. If I rightly understood a hint which friend RICE gave me once, the millers will consent to have *all the chess* taken out of the wheat before it is taken to market! I suppose the millers screen out a great deal of chess and cockle which they throw into the stream, a dead loss, except what the fish want—supposed to be very little.

I have heard of no complaints about the failure of the chess crop—it stands our "*seasons*" (the wickedest things we have) admirably. It is eminently adapted to our modes of culture—our semi-barbarous agriculture! *Wheat*, with characteristic modesty, refuses to dispute possession of the soil and retires. Chess, like the Goths and Vandals of old, is aggressive and expansive. I have heard of men who raise more chess than wheat.—Its reputation is poor—the "price current" ignores it—but it has its merits and we should make the most of it, especially in times of scarcity and high prices.

I beg pardon—I did'nt mean to—I can't help it; the question *will* come up "*does* wheat turn to chess?" My neighbor *had* proof that it does; it grew on the same head with the wheat—the wise men saw it and admitted it. Prying into the case, the chess was found curiously interwoven with the wheat, but *distinct*. Thus another prop has fallen from the transmutation theory, unless the failure to unite was a mere *freak of nature*, which seems highly probable as such a union is evidently needed.

H. T. B.

ESSAY ON GRASSES AND HERBAGE PLANTS.

BY SANFORD HOWARD.

[Continued from the Rural of May 9, page 149.]

POA.—The most common of this family is the *Poa pratensis*—Spire-grass, June-grass, Kentucky Blue-grass. It abounds from Canada to Virginia and Kentucky, and probably in more southern sections, though this is the extent of the writer's observation in that direction.* It is a hardy grass, springing up in many places without being purposely sown. From this circumstance it is frequently called a *natural* grass, and the "natural pastures," sometimes spoken of in New York and other States are in a great degree set to this species. But it is not, probably, indigenous to this country. Dr. Darlington regards it as a "naturalized foreigner." It is one of our most valuable grasses, though varying considerably in productiveness in different localities. On tolerably moist and rich land it makes excellent pasturage. It forms the famous "Blue-grass pastures" of Kentucky. The same species occupies the celebrated grazing grounds of Pennsylvania, the Vermont shore of Lake Champlain, and other sections noted for good pastures. It starts early in spring and grows late in autumn. In severe drouth its growth is more checked, perhaps, than that of some other species. It throws up but little weight of seed-stalks, its chief value being in its leaves, which in favorable situations grow during the season, and form a thick dense mass. It is the species relied on for winter pasturage at the South-West. It is but little injured by frost, and a large growth of it may be left on the ground in the fall to be fed off

POA PRATENSIS.

as required. The upper part will get a little whitened, but the main portion will keep bright and fresh. Even as far north as Vermont, this grass, after lying under the snow all winter, is readily eaten by animals in spring, and they thrive on it. Thus a quantity of old grass often enables farmers to turn their stock to pasture sometime before the new grass grows. The species under consideration is highly nutritive, as is proved by the gain of all kinds of stock which feed on it.—Dairymen are aware of its superiority for butter-making, and of the superior quality of the butter made from it. On dry, sandy soil, it is not particularly valuable. It makes, in such situations, but a light growth, while the tough sward formed by its roots "binds out" other grasses. Perennial.

The *Poa compressa*—Wire grass—is extensively produced, though it is less common than the preceding species. It is even more hardy than the *pratensis*, and grows where no other grass can grow, as on rocks which have only a slight covering of earth, on steep banks, on gravelly knolls, and under trees. It does not produce a great bulk but is, perhaps, the most nutritive grass known.—All grazing animals eat it with avidity, and sheep are known to fatten faster on it than on any other herbage. Its stems keep green after the seed has ripened, even keep green through winter, and are cropped to the ground whenever animals can get at them. Dr. Darlington says, "cows which feed on it yield the richest milk and finest butter." It shrinks less in drying than any other species, and makes, in proportion to its bulk, the heaviest, and at the same time the best hay, though the yield per acre would not be large. Probably it would

POA COMPRESSA.

not be profitable for hay generally, but for pasture it is valuable, especially from its adaptation to particular situations, as before mentioned. It is sometimes regarded as a pest in grain growing districts, on account of the difficulty of destroying it, the roots retaining life under much exposure and with but little moisture. It is easily known by its flat stem and dark-green color. Dr. Darlington suggests that the name "green-grass," which in some neighborhoods is applied to the *Poa pratensis* more properly belongs to the species under consideration—*Poa compressa*—this being much greener in color than the other.

The *Poa serotina*—Fowl Meadow-grass, Swamp Wire-grass, False Red-Top—is indigenous to America. Being a species on which there has been some discussion, the following description of it is copied from a paper by J. A. Lapham, in the Transactions of the Wisconsin State Ag. Society:

"Culm terete slender, bearing narrowly linear leaves, shorter than the internodes, and a long-peduncled, ample panicle; branches mostly in fives, rough, naked at the base, compound above, bearing numerous short pedicelled, two to four flowered spikelets; glumes lanceolate, sharp pointed; flowers oblong-lanceolate, acutish, obscurely nerved, hairy only next the base; ligules conspicuous. Perennial; flowers in June and July.—Culms two to three feet high. Wet meadows, &c. Wisconsin, Illinois, Ohio, and about Lake Superior. Native also of Europe."

This species, under the name of Fowl meadow-grass, has been known in some parts of New England for many years.* It is mentioned in "Essays on Field Husbandry," published in 1747. The author, Rev. Dr. Jared Eliot, of Killingworth, Connecticut, calls it by the name just given, but observes that it is "sometimes called Duck-grass, and sometimes Swamp Wire-grass." He says it was supposed to have been "brought into a poor piece of meadow in Dedham, Massachusetts, by

POA SEROTINA.

ducks and other water fowl, and therefore called by such an odd name." Of course it is a *swamp* grass, and not suited to arable land. It will live but a short time on soils adapted to grain crops.—Neither will it grow on *very* wet land; its proper place is a tolerably well drained bog, or deep and moist alluvion. For such situations it is very valuable, producing a large quantity of good hay.—The stalk is long and slender, and like that of its congener, the *Poa compressa*, keeps green after the seed has ripened and fallen. It does not become hard and straw-like by long standing, but is always soft and pliable. It is called perennial in Mr. Lapham's description. Its tenacity of life, however, is not great. Farmers who desire to keep up its growth, say it should be allowed to shed its seed occasionally, in order that new plants may be produced.

* It probably prevails more extensively than has generally been supposed. Prof. Gray, of Cambridge, states that he has seen it on the upper waters of the Mohawk, and in Western New York.

* The writer of this paper, while on a visit to Illinois and Iowa, in the Autumn of 1856, noticed that wherever the natural grasses of the prairies had died out, one of the first species to take their place was the *Poa pratensis*.—This was particularly observed in some of the older settlements along the Mississippi river. It did not, however, appear as flourishing as it does in some other sections, perhaps from a deficiency of moisture in the soil.

POTATOES—THEIR CULTURE, ETC.

AN eminent physician once remarked to me—"Give us plenty of good potatoes and we will never starve." The potato is, indeed, a noble and generous root—a great dietetic blessing; and, like our Indian corn, the boast as well as the native of America. This valuable and almost indispensable plant, is said to have been originally wild, unpleasant to the taste, and poisonous; wholly unused by the Aborigines; and to have been brought to its present state of perfection by cultivation.—There was much prejudice manifested against it

on its first introduction, and even as late as the first of the present century, the cultivation was very limited. It is within the recollection of the writer, when half an acre of potatoes were considered quite a large crop for a farmer.

It is a matter of history, that Sir WALTER RALEIGH, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, introduced the potato into Ireland. After trying it in his garden, (from the seed-balls we conclude,) and observing no ocular demonstration of good promise, he ordered his gardener to extirpate it as "a useless weed." On doing this, he found unexpectedly, at the roots, a bushel or more of fine potatoes. After this, it was cultivated as an esculent root in Ireland about one hundred years, when it was, with some improvement, returned to this country, and introduced as a curiosity upon the table of the Governor of Massachusetts.

There is, probably, no kind of food that has a more just and healthful proportion of bulk and nutriment. Its proportion of soluble and nutritious matter, is said to be 25 per cent.; whereas that of the beet is 14, of barley 83, of wheat 85, and of peas 93. This fact renders it easy of digestion, and unlikely to over-charge the system, and produce dyspepsia; a matter by no means unworthy of sober reflection. There is another good quality in the potato; it does not too highly excite the human appetite, which is a grand affair in the province of temperance and health. Even the best table varieties are not liable to be eaten to excess. The potato, like milk, contains a just proportion of aqueous substance, combined with the nutriment—it is for man and beast, both food and drink.

The potato is very easily grown and cooked; of course, a very cheap article of food. It does not exhaust the soil like most other vegetables, especially oats and turnips, and leaves it in a good state for some other crop. It will grow upon almost any kind of soil, provided it be not too wet and clayey; but light, dry and friable loams or sands of tolerable consistence, are the most appropriate. Reclaimed bogs and peat land, when well drained, produce large crops, and some of the best qualities are grown on alluvial soil.

Culture. With regard to cultivation, there exists much prejudice and misconception. There is hardly any crop about the management of which a greater diversity of opinions exists than this—whether we regard soil, seed or mode of planting and culture. The following is the method which we usually adopt. Let sward ground be generally used; and if convenient break the sod in the fall; if not, as early in the spring as possible. After the sod becomes well rotted, spread on from 25 to 30 wagon loads of well decomposed manure, to the acre; plow deep and pulverize the soil just before planting; we then run furrows two and a half feet apart, very lightly; place the sets in the furrow from ten to twelve inches asunder, and cover with a hoe, that the ground may be left level; cover lightly, and just as deep as will cause the plants to come up, and *no more*. As soon as the leaf appears above ground, we run a light harrow, upside down, crosswise of the drills to destroy the weeds which generally appear about the same time. In harrowing, we are careful not to turn too short, or some of the plants will be pulled up. If, however, some of the plants are pulled up, we consider the loss nothing, when compared with the advantages of killing the weeds, loosening the soil, etc. As soon as four leaves appear, we always go through them with the cultivator, and stir the earth with a hoe, cutting the weeds between every stalk. When six inches high, we go over them again the same way, leaving the ground nearly level. If we earth up at all, we make the ridges broad and a little dishing to the plant, to turn the water where it is most needed. It has been very justly observed, that on all very dry sands, the lands should be laid flat, and the plants should be hoed by hand, as the only means of preserving the ground sufficiently moist to promote the growth of the crop; but in every situation where there is no danger of the land being too dry, and on all thin soils, one bout through with the cultivator has the advantage of every other method.

The thorough intermixture of the manure with the soil, cannot be too highly recommended for potato culture. The advantage of covering the sets in a dry soil, with manure, is somewhat doubtful. Coarse, unfermented dung, would do more harm than good on dry sandy land, in a dry season; good compost on sandy land, might help to keep the soil moist, besides furnishing the plants with appropriate food in a proper condition for direct assimilation. If, then, manure must be used, let it be thoroughly decomposed.

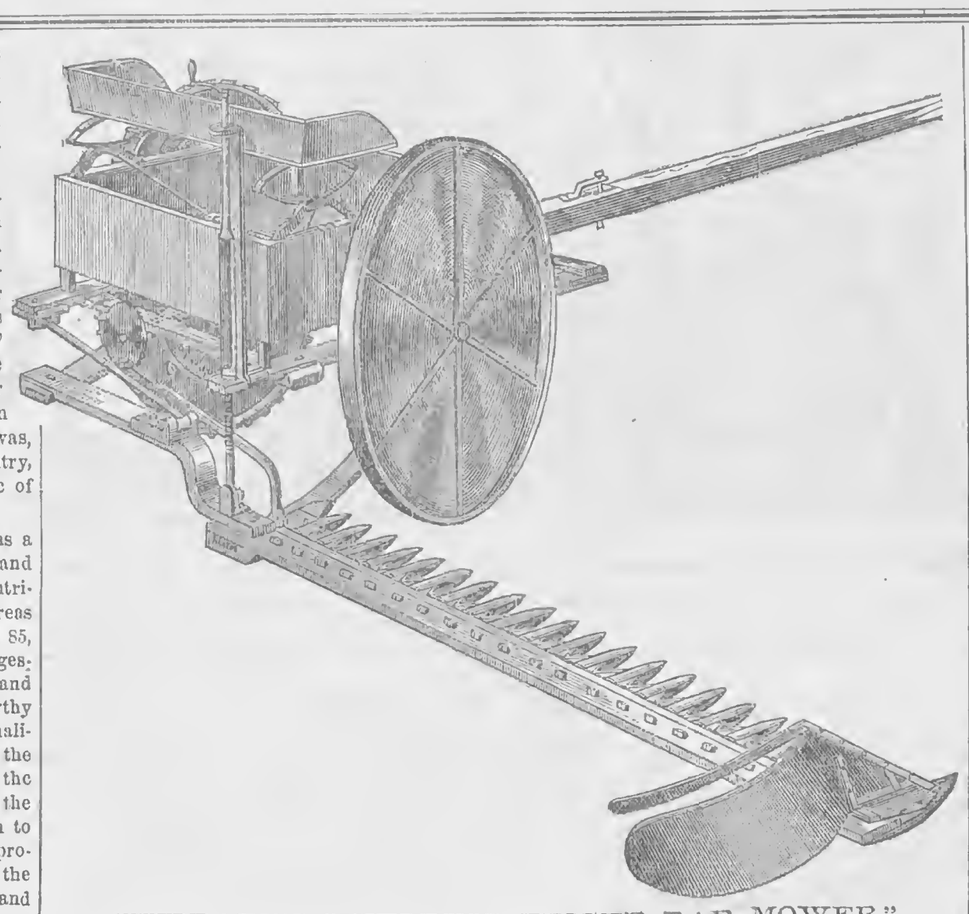
In this latitude, the potato is better, both as to product and flavor, when grown on a moist and cool soil than when grown on one warm and dry—better on a loose and friable, than on a hard, compact soil. They do better on a grass ley than on stubble—and better on short muck, than on long, unfermented manure. Drills or rows should be adapted to the growth of the tops, and the condition of the soil—the small-growing tops nearer, and those having larger tops, further apart—so that the sun may not be excluded from the intervals; and where the soil is stiff, or the sod tough, hills are considered preferable to drills. If the ground is well prepared, and the seed well covered, they are not benefited by heavy earthing; plowing among them, or earthing them, after they come in bloom, *is prejudicial.*

Seed. It is a mooted point, we believe, among practical farmers, whether large or small potatoes are better for planting. The simple theory respecting the matter, we have never seen advanced by any writer upon the subject. The error in the reasoning lies, we think, in the assumption that the potato, itself, is the seed. But the tuber is not the seed, it is simply a root propagated—not by reproduction, but by continuation, and the only advantage which we can conceive the large has over the small potato, is the nutriment its greater bulk would supply to the germ. If this reason is satisfactory, we hope small potatoes may hereafter be regarded as of some value, and, at least, be preserved for planting in times of great scarcity.

As to the manner of seeding, we plant from twelve to fifteen bushels to the acre, cutting the large ones to save seed. After trying repeatedly the planting of large and small, cut and uncut, we could never discover any difference in the results. But among numberless experiments which have been made with a view to compare the produce of plantations of different sizes of cuttings, those of entire potatoes were generally stated to be superior. It has been found that the crop was in some measure proportionate to the weights of the sets; and that it was more profitable to plant small potatoes than small cuttings. Others, however, found that the difference in produce per acre, between large and small, cut or uncut potatoes for sets, was quite immaterial; but that the saving in the quantity planted, was so much in favor of the cut ones as to require only fifteen bushels, while whole potatoes consumed one-third more bushels per acre.

It has been ascertained by repeated trials, that every variety of the potato, when propagated during a series of years, either by cuttings of the tuber or by the whole tubers, is likely to degenerate; in some, the quality remaining good, after the produce in quantity has become defective, while with others, it disappears with the vigor of the plant. C. N. BEMENT.

Springside, Po'keepsie, May, 1857.



HUBBARD'S "YIELDING FINGER BAR MOWER."

THE above cut gives a fair representation of a new Mowing Machine, invented and patented by M. G. HUBBARD, Esq., of Penn Yan, N. Y.,—a legal gentleman who has successfully devoted considerable attention to the mechanic arts, and invented several improvements in Agricultural machinery. The machine was on exhibition at the recent Sheep Show, and attracted considerable attention from its novelty and supposed advantages. It combines some new features and apparent improvements which promise well. The yielding finger bar is a good idea; and the machine is so constructed that the driver can readily adjust the height of the cutting apparatus—another good feature. It certainly has a good look, yet we are unprepared to express a decided opinion as to its merits, not having seen it in operation. We trust it will be tested at the Trials of Mowers in this city and Syracuse, in July. See announcement of the Patentee in our advertising department.

RAISING STOCK.

EDS. RURAL:—As the introduction of the weevil into our midst has exploded all hopes of wheat growing for the present in Niagara Co., farmers are beginning to calculate on a change of procedure which, at the best, cannot be effected without considerable inconvenience and loss. The nature of our soil appears not to be well adapted to spring crops on account of the severe drouths that usually occur in summer; however, some are intent on trying Barley for, in the absence of a Prohibitory law, it will require considerable *Ale*, if not some *Rye*, to keep up the spirits of the tippling multitude.

The present high prices of stock at a glance might seem to offer a sufficient inducement to give that branch of husbandry a trial for a business, but let us count the cost first by comparing the fall price with the spring, and the expense of keep, and see how it will foot up. Now I know a good farm stock in this town, consisting of thirteen head of cattle, six horses and sixty sheep, of full average quality, all young and growing. I find by estimating according to the general price of like property at the commencement of foddering, say first of December, would amount to $1,120, and then again the middle of May following, $1,425; a nett gain of $305. The estimated value of feed consumed $354, calling hay $9,00 per ton, straw and corn fodder in proportion, aside from the labor of taking care and feeding. If brother farmers make their calculations from estimates and figures, I for one would like to see their figuring in the RURAL, (for that we call the farmers dictionary here,) so that all interested may know how much their profits are. From my experience in the matter I find the only way to have it pay well is to secure the best animals, then give them the best of care; in this way the demand will secure prices that will pay a good profit, while the medium or inferior animal will leave the producer in debt.

Cambria, Niagara, Co., 1857. L. B. D.

WHAT AILED THE SHEEP—STAGGERS.

EDS. RURAL.—Last Saturday afternoon, when I went to carry a half-blood Merino ewe some water, I found her sick—the symptoms as follows: Violent trembling of the whole body, and shaking of the head; appearing nearly blind when walking, and although quite tame, as if terribly frightened at my approach. I had kept her shut by herself in a comfortable shed, in order to feed her better, as she had fine twin lambs about two months old. Her food had been what hay she would eat, with about one pint of scalded oatmeal per day, and both the ewe and lambs were doing well.

The question with me was, "what ailed the sheep?" I consulted "ALLEN'S *Domestic Animals*," but found no such symptoms described—save in the name of one disease—the "blind staggers." I then turned to the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1855, and found a description agreeing very well with the case in question, the writer stating that spirits of turpentine—fifteen or twenty drops—poured into the animal's ears, would generally effect a cure. This I tried, but the sheep became rapidly worse, and in less than an hour laid down to die; and, in the course of the night, did die, much to the grief of her lambs, whose pitiful bleatings were enough to touch any heart.

"Staggers in sheep" is said to be caused by the sheep-fly, *(Cephalemias ovis,)* which deposits its eggs in the nostrils of sheep during the summer as the *goad-fly* does in the skin on the backs of cattle. These eggs hatch into maggots, which usually eat their way out and fall to the ground without injuring the sheep. Sometimes, however, they work their way upwards into the passages of the nose, and produce an inflammation which affects the whole brain, rendering the animal blind and helpless.

The sheep died Saturday night, and Monday morning I found decomposition so far advanced that to get the wool off and bury her was enough for us, without making any *post-mortem* examination. So I am not sure it was "Staggers," or that its cause was *grub in the head*, and I want to lay the case before your farming readers, in the hope they may be able to throw some light on it, as well as to furnish other remedies useful in diseases of sheep and lambs, prevalent at different seasons of the year.

I find it impossible to learn the lambs at their present age, to suck milk— but they eat the heads and leaves from good clover hay, and will eat bread soaked in milk if *put into their mouths*, so I expect to raise them, and if grass ever grows to have two fine sheep, notwithstanding their early orphanage. R.

Niagara Co., N. Y., 1857.

HEAVES IN HORSES—EXEMPTION AT THE WEST.—The opinion, in this vicinity, is prevalent, that horses never have the heaves in Wisconsin or some other of the Western States, and also that horses taken from Canada or from the East, are perfectly cured in a short time. A friend informed me that the remedy was supposed to be a peculiar kind of weed, but could not state positively. If you or any of your numerous readers will inform me (through your columns) the facts, nature of the weed (if a weed) and whether or no it can be imported with same results, you will oblige me as well as many other of your readers in Canada.—Z. B. LEWIS, *Drummondville, C. W.*

REMARKS.—The statements made to our correspondent we believe are correct. The heaves, we think, are unknown at the West. We sojourned several months in Illinois and other Western States last summer, and never saw a horse affected with this disease. A gentleman who raises a great number informed us that he would not consider a horse brought from the East with the heaves of any less value on that account, as pasturing for a month or so on the prairies would insure a cure.—This is supposed to be effected by a weed which abounds on most of the prairies called the *Rosin Weed.* It is relished by both horses and cattle, and it is very evident from the manner in which they pick it out of their hay that they prefer it to the prairie grass. We do not know that this weed has ever been tried here or in Canada. We intended last season to prepare and send home a bale, but circumstances prevented. Here is a fine opening for some enterprising genius to get up a patent horse medicine. We shall only claim five per cent. on the profits for the hint.

LATE SOWN WHEAT.—This season has been so remarkably backward that very much grain will be sown late. Oats, as is generally known, are quite likely to be injured by rust if sown late, but wheat in this (Oneida) county, does much better.—The early sown wheat, in this vicinity, last year, was not half a crop, while that sown about the first of June gave a very satisfactory yield. Some farmers sowed part of their ground early, leaving the remainder till much later. Their late sown was greatly superior. By late sowing it seems to come on at an unpropitious season for the various insects which have for a number of years infested our wheat fields, and they are compelled to look elsewhere for food, or die from hunger.—L., *Farm of the Willows, May* 20, 1857.

Rural Notes and Items.

TRIALS OF HARVESTING MACHINES.—The Monroe Co. Ag. Society announce a Trial of Mowers, Reapers, and other harvesting implements, to take place on the Fair Grounds near this city, July 1st. The location is a capital one for the manufacturers and farmers of Western New York, and we trust the trial will be well attended by both classes, and that the result will prove mutually beneficial and satisfactory. See premium list, &c., in our advertising department.

A TRIAL OF REAPERS AND MOWERS, under the auspices of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, is to take place at Hamilton, twenty-five miles north of Cincinnati, on the first day of July. Competition is invited from all the States. The premiums, &c., have been advertised in a late RURAL.—Presume our Buckeye friends will have a spirited trial, as they are becoming noted for their energy and thoroughness in such matters.

THE TRIAL OF REAPERS, MOWERS, &c., under the auspices of the United States Agricultural Society—to take place at Syracuse, in July, as heretofore announced—is designed to be very thorough and complete, and if properly conducted, as the public are assured will be the case, must produce valuable results. At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society, held in Albany, the following named gentlemen were constituted a Board of Judges for the Trial:—J. STANTON GOULD, New York, Chairman; Seth Scammon, Me.; Brooks Shattuck, N. H.; Edwin Hammond, Vt.; Sanford Howard, Mass.; Stephen H. Smith, R. I.; T. S. Gold, Conn.; B. B. Kirtland, N. Y.; Geo. Hartshorne, N. J.; Jno. Jones, Del.; Francis P. Blair, Ind.; Fred'k Watts and J. L. Darlington, Pa.; Gen. J. T. Worthington and Wm. A. Gill, Ohio; Joseph A. Moore and W. L. Underwood, Ky.; Joseph A. Wright, Ind.; Horace Capron, Ill.; J. C. Holmes, Mich.; Wm. C. Rives, Va.; H. K. Burgwyn, N. C.; A. G. Summer, S. C.; Richard Peters, Ga.; Lewis Worcester, Wis.; Wm. Duane, Iowa; Joseph E. Holmes, General Superintendent and member *ex officio*

A LARGE IMPORTATION OF CHOICE STOCK has just been made by the Illinois Cattle Importing Association. In noticing the shipment the Liverpool Times says the stock comprised thirty-two head of Short-horn cattle, three valuable horses, twenty-five sheep, and twenty-five pigs—and that "all the animals are of the best breeds, having been selected without regard to expense, in England, Ireland and Scotland." Most of the cattle have taken prizes at various shows, and the horses are from celebrated studs. High prices were paid for the animals, and the Times remarks that "the shipment is, in fact, the most valuable ever sent from this port." We congratulate our Western friends upon this valuable accession of breeding stock.

GRAIN DRILLS, &c.—Of late we have received several inquiries relative to Grain Drills. The most recent is from Mr. D. B. PAINE, of De Kalb Centre, De Kalb Co., Ill., who writes as follows:—"Permit me to inquire through the RURAL, where I can obtain one of the best Grain Drills now in use, and the price. Also, a one-horse drill for drilling in corn, peas, and carrot seed, &c. I would say as the Grain Drill is much needed in this country, that I would like to procure a good drill—and will act as agents for the manufacturer, in this county."

—It would probably *pay* the manufacturers of the most approved drills now in use, were they to inform the readers of the RURAL where and by whom said implements are made and sold, the price, &c.

POTATO MEAL.—At a recent meeting of the American Institute Farmers' Club, Mr. M. B. SOUTHWICK, of Canada West, exhibited some specimens of meal made from dried potatoes. For one shilling a bushel of potatoes can be turned into meal. It keeps any length of time if preserved dry,—with three times its weight of water and boiled five minutes, a tolerably fair sample of mashed potatoes is presented. Some of it was prepared and tasted by members; the preparation seemed to form a very good apology for mashed potatoes.

A STEAM PLOW was recently tested at Francisville, Ind. The soil was quite wet, and decidedly unfavorable for the trial, yet the Lafayette *Courier* states, on the authority of a gentleman who was present, that the practicability of the invention was satisfactorily demonstrated. A number of plows were attached, and the soil laid open to the depth of eight or ten inches. From the experiment made it was thought that two men could plow twenty acres a day with the steam plow.

THE GRASSHOPPERS are proving very destructive in some parts of Minnesota. A St. Anthony paper hears appalling accounts of their ravages in Wright, Washington and Hennepin counties, where the ravenous insects have appeared in great numbers, and threaten "the entire destruction of every green thing." It is feared that the farmers will suffer severely, unless the backward spring and wet weather check the hatching and energy of the rapacious enemy.

ARRIVAL OF A GRAND TURK.—By the last arrival of the steamer Washington, Mr. SAMUEL THORNE, of Dutchess County, the most extensive breeder of first-class Short-horn cattle in the Eastern States, received from England a very celebrated and valuable bull of this breed, called the "Grand Turk." His highness was forwarded to his new residence, where a harem of cows awaits him, immediately after his arrival.

ABOUT BREAKING COLTS, an exchange pithily remarks:—General principles should prevail here, as elsewhere. These are—1. Begin early. 2. Begin by degrees. 3. Be gentle and patient. 4. Be firm. 5. Feed well with generous, but not too stimulating food. 6. Be very sure neither to overtask the strength, or crush the spirits of a colt.

A PROLIFIC SHEEP.—In Somerset county, Me., a sheep owned by F. E. Farrar, 6 years old, has had 12 lambs. At first two, three and four years old, two each time; then one, and this spring five, which are "all alive and doing well."

HORSE EXHIBITIONS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

THE EXHIBITION OF HORSES by the Wayne Co. Ag. Society—at Lyons, June 3d, 4th and 5th—was highly creditable to the Society and exhibitors.—Though cool, the weather was very favorable, the display in most classes excellent, and the attendance large for the busy season—including many officers of Ag. Societies and prominent farmers from other counties. The arrangements and general management of the Show were admirable, and reflect credit upon Mr. President THOMAS and his associate officers. The following premiums were awarded:

CLASS I.—HORSES FOR ROAD.

STALLIONS—4 years old—Best, Edward Jones, Clyde, Dip. & $15; 2d, Norman Dayton, Pottsdam, "Kit Carson," (Black Hawk,) $10; 3d, Robert Ennis, Lyons, 5. Three years old—Best C. Musselman, West Junius, "Young Consternation," $10; 2d, Wm. Van Ostram, Clyde, "Black Hawk," 5.

MATCHED HORSES—Geldings—Best, Jos. Wright, Waterloo, Dip. & $15, 2d, John Bennett, Lyons, 10, 3d, L. F. Spear, Palmyra, 5. Best pair matched Mares, Wm. Reynolds, Lyons, Dip. and $12; 2d, Harvey Warren, do, 8.

[The Committee respectfully report that the display was well deserving great commendation, which gives much credit to the Society of Old Wayne. There were twelve pairs of fine horses entered most of which were worthy of praise.]

SINGLE GELDINGS—4 years and over—Best, C. J. Ferrin, Palmyra, $10; 2d, C. Thompson, Clyde, 8; Geo. Gantz, Lyons, 5. Three years old—Best, D. V. Teller Lyons, $8.

SINGLE MARES—4 years and over—Best, John S. Baker, Marcellus, $8; 2d, E. Dapper, Auburn, "Jenny Lind," 6; 3d, C. B Bingham, Palmyra, 4. Three yrs old—H. W. Dwight, Best, Auburn, $8; 2d, John Bradley, Lyons, 5.

CLASS II.—HORSES FOR ALL WORK.

STALLIONS—4 years and over—Best, L. F. Speer, Palmyra, Dip. & $15; 2d, Benj Whitlock, Lyons, 10; 3d, Job Travice, do, 5. Three years old—Best, G. W. Simmon, Marion, $8. Two years old—Best, A. Hale, Lyons, "Jackson Black Hawk," 6; 2d, D B. Westfall, do, 4. One year old—Best, R. A. Devinny, do, $5; 2d, M. D. Beadle, Marengo, 3

MATCHED GELDINGS—Best pair, H. G Hotchkiss, Lyons, $10; 2d, Wm. B. Moore, do 8; 3d, Robt Ennis, do, 5.

MATCHED MARES—Best pair, Enoch Granger, Joy, $8; 2d, T. McCurdy, Seneca Falls, 6; 3d, S. W. Rundle, Lyons, 4.

GELDINGS—Best single, Jos. Laudon, Phelps, $7; 2d, Benj. Westfall, do. 6.

MARES—Best single, E N. Thomas, Rose, "Fanny Porter," $6; 2d, C. Musselman, West Junius, 4.

[A bay Gelding, entered by B. F. Case, of Bristol, was not present when the examination took place, but one of the Judges examined Mr. Case's horse afterwards and has no doubt that if the horse had been on the ground at the proper time a premium would have been awarded to him.]

GELDINGS—3 years old—Best, E. H. Crosby, Phelps, $6. Two years old—Best, J. S. Rich, Marion, $5.

FILLIES—2 years old—Best, Sam'l J. Cole, Lyons, $5; 2d, R. S. Clute, Newark, 3.

CLASS III.—DRAFT HORSES.

STALLIONS—4 years and over—Best, John G. Hermans, Fairville, Dip. & $12, 2d, Henry Jennings, 2d, Lyons, 8; 3d, Erastus Seeley, Williamson, "Black Sampson," 4.

MATCHED GELDINGS—Best pair, Wm. Myers, Lock Berlin, Dip. & $10; 2d, Wm. H. Closs, Lyons, 8.

GELDINGS—3 years old—John Bradley, Lyons, $6; 2d, Dan'l Jennison, Lock Berlin, 4.

Best Filly, 2 years old, Marvin C. Welcher, Newark, $4.

CLASS IV.—SPEED.

Trotting in Harness—3 years old and under, that have never trotted for money—Best, John Bradley, Lyons—time 4.32, $10; 2d, H. W Dwight, Auburn—time 4.37, $5.

Pacing in Harness, that have never Paced for money—Best, Harvey Geer, Lyons—time 3.12, $10; 2d, Morris D. Beadle, Marengo—time 3.18, $5

Trotting in Harness—Stallions, 4 years old and under—Edward Jones, Clyde, (no competion,)—time 4.15.

Trotting—4 years old and under, that have never trotted for money—Best, Jos. Wright, Waterloo—time 3.30, $15; 2d, P. Mark Dezang, Clyde—time 3.55, $10.

Trotting in Harness—(Double)—that can trot a mile in 4 minutes—Best, Jos. Wright, Waterloo—time 3.30½, $10; 2d, P. Fenner, Fair Haven—time 3.50, $5.

Trotting, open to all horses that have never trotted for money—Best, C. J. Ferrin, Palmyra—time 3.05½, 3.03½, $20; 2d, John S. Baker, Marcellus—time 3.06½, 3.08½, $10.

Pacing in Harness, open to all horses—Best, H. Furgerson, Rose—time 3.10, $15; 2d, M. Caldwell, Newark—time 3.12½, 10.

Trotting in Harness, open to all horses, best 3 in 5—Best John S. Baker, Marcellus—time 2.53½, 2.51½, 2.52½, $25; 2d, A. S. Mallory—time 2.54½, 2.53½, 2.56, $15; 3d, Z. Williams—time 2.51, 2.55½, 2.56.

THE Palmyra Union Ag. Society's Exhibition of Horses is to be held in Palmyra on the 16th and 17th inst., and the Seneca Co. Horse Fair at Waterloo, on the 17th, 18th and 19th—both next week.

STATE FAIRS FOR 1857.—The following State Agricultural Societies have designated the time for holding their exhibitions:

New York, at Buffalo,	Oct. 6, 7, 8, 9.
Ohio, at Cincinnati,	Sept. 15, 16, 17, 18.
Canada West, at Brantford,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2
Canada East, at Montreal,	Sept. 16, 17, 18.
East Tennessee, at Knoxville,	Oct. 20, 21, 22, 23.
Illinois, at Peoria,	Sept. 21, 22, 23, 24.
Iowa, at Muscatine,	Oct. 6, 7, 8, 9.
Kentucky, at Henderson,	Oct. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.
Maryland, at Baltimore,	Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.
Massachusetts, at Boston,	Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24.
Pennsylvania,	Sept. 29, 30 & Oct. 1, 2.
U. S. Ag. Soc'ty, at Louisville, Ky.,	Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
Vermont, at Montpelier,	Sept. 30 & Oct. 1, 2.
Virginia,	Oct. 28, 29, 30, 31.
West Tennessee, at Jackson,	Oct. 27, 28, 29, 30.
Wisconsin, at Janesville,	Sept 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2.
New Jersey, at New Brunswick,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2.
Indiana, at Indianapolis,	Oct. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.
New Hampshire, at Concord,	Oct. 7, 8, 9.
Connecticut, at Bridgeport,	Oct. 13, 14, 15, 16.
North Carolina, at Raleigh,	Oct. 20, 21, 22, 23.
Alabama, at Montgomery,	Oct. 27, 28, 29, 30.
South Carolina, at Columbia,	Nov. 10, 11, 12.

DISCUSSION ON POTATO CULTURE.—The members of the Connecticut Legislature are holding weekly meetings for the discussion of Agricultural topics. At the first meeting, held a few evenings since, Potatoes and other Root Crops formed the subject of discussion, (the same *that was to have been* talked about at the last meeting of our Monroe Co. Farmers' Club,) and much valuable information was elicited. A matter worthy the consideration of the "assembled wisdom" of Connecticut, ought certainly to receive some attention from our people, and we presume that, had those interested been present at our "Potato Meeting," the result would have been highly beneficial in "teaching one-another" and community, relative to the best mode of culture, varieties, &c., of this important and profitable esculent. At the discussion above alluded to, one gentleman said that he had planted potatoes at three different times in the same season, say early in April, May and the 15th of June; that the first planted were dug in Sept., and nearly all rotted; that the latest planted were dug late in October, and appeared sound when dug but rotted during the winter. He also stated that when he had manured the hill the same year of planting, that he had almost invariably lost his crop. Another gentleman remarked that when he had planted on pasture land, and put ashes and plaster in the hill, he had a good, sound crop.—Nearly every speaker had his favorite variety, among which were the *Dover*, the *Merino*, the *Pink-Eye*, the *Peach-Blossom*, *English White*, *&c.*

THE FOREIGN GRAIN CROPS.—The latest European advices state that the growing grain in Great Britain and on the Continent presents a highly promising appearance. The weather in England was genial.

THE ORLEANS CO. FAIR is to be held on the 1st and 2d days of October, on the Society's Grounds in Albion.

THE GRASS CROP promises to be abundant, the present season, in this region. The weather is favorable for a large yield.

Orchard and Garden.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE PEARS?

"FOR the last five, and even ten or twelve years past, everybody has been planting pears, or talking about it, and yet they are so scarce that a bushel can hardly be procured in most of our markets, at any price. Now this looks as though the pear was not productive, or very slow in coming into bearing. If they bear fruit, what becomes of it?" So writes a gentleman, who, last season, wished us to send him, from Rochester, half a dozen bushels of pears, of as many varieties, some of them new and scarce. It is true that pears are scarce and dear in all parts of our country. Our markets are almost destitute of this fruit, and the few that are to be found are sold at almost fabulous prices. Every observer, however, must have noticed a great improvement within the last few years, and more, perhaps, in the quality than the quantity. Last fall the market of Chicago was pretty well supplied with excellent *Bartletts* and *Buerre Diels*, brought, we think, from the neighborhood of St. Louis. Twenty-five cents each, was paid for the best specimens. Here the retailers of fruit keep our people tolerably supplied during the season, with *Vergalieus, Bartletts, Seckels*, &c. But these varieties which are, perhaps, the most common, are not yet sufficiently plenty for exportation, so that it is in vain for our friends to send to Rochester for pears in large quantities. And there is nothing strange about this. Until within a very few years no one in this section planted the pear largely as a market fruit, and, we think, the same is true of almost all parts of our country. Three or four trees, for family use, was all that any one thought of planting.—What pear orchards have been planted are, therefore, young, and though the fruit is scarce now, we may hope for a good time coming.

But good pears are not quite so scarce as the appearances of the market would seem to indicate. Those who raise a bushel or two of pears, do so for pleasure and not for profit. They are valued above price, for family use and presents to friends. We know several who annually make presents of bushels, who would look upon it as a kind of sacrilege to sell them for money. We have raised several bushels each season for many years, yet we never sold a pear. We are too well pleased to be able to present the friends who call on us with the juicy fruit in its season, and relish it too well ourselves, to be induced to part with it for any ordinary price.

FRUIT TREES.

THE subject which I am about to remark upon is one that should interest your readers and the public generally—one that demands much attention and will bear further investigation without becoming exhausted. Much has already been written and said in regard to the cultivation of fruit and fruit trees by some of the most eminent Pomological men in the country, and yet the horticultural field is still open for improvements.—Notwithstanding all that has been said, there is a great deficiency and lack on the part of amateurs and others, and when we consider the many social enjoyments, the luxuries, the great convenience, and the profits there is to be derived from having a good supply of the different varieties of choice fruits, we may easily come to the conclusion to which I have arrived, that there is not one-tenth part of good choice fruit raised that there might and should be through the country. In the first place our soil and climate is well adapted to growing many delicious kinds, in fact there are but few varieties which we may not cultivate with entire success, and yet how few do we see grown to perfection. There is scarcely a month or a week or even a day of the whole year that we may not be provided with some kinds. Apples may be kept the year round. Pears may be had from the first of August until February, making nearly seven months in succession. Grapes may be raised in abundance and kept fresh as late as March, or perhaps later. Choice cherries may be had from June until August. Apricots are ripe in July and August. Peaches follow with many other kinds of summer fruits and may be had until early frosts. Plums are quite hardy and may be easily raised and had from August until late in the fall. There are many other kinds of small fruits I shall not attempt to mention at this time that deserve a place even in small gardens.

Now I ask, is there not a great lack in producing the fruits above mentioned? I think I am not alone in this conclusion. The fact should be generally understood that he who plants trees plants for himself as well as his heirs. People have been deceived in the estimate of time required to produce fruit from young trees. With good cultivation we may obtain peaches and grapes in three years from planting. Pears have been raised at the rate of one peck per tree in two years. Apple trees have produced one bushel each in five years from trees one inch in diameter when planted.—One hundred and twenty barrels of apples were picked from one hundred trees in six years from planting. Proper care and after-culture cannot be to strongly urged upon those that set trees. It is an indispensable requisite that the ground should be kept rich and mellow for a few years until they become well established.

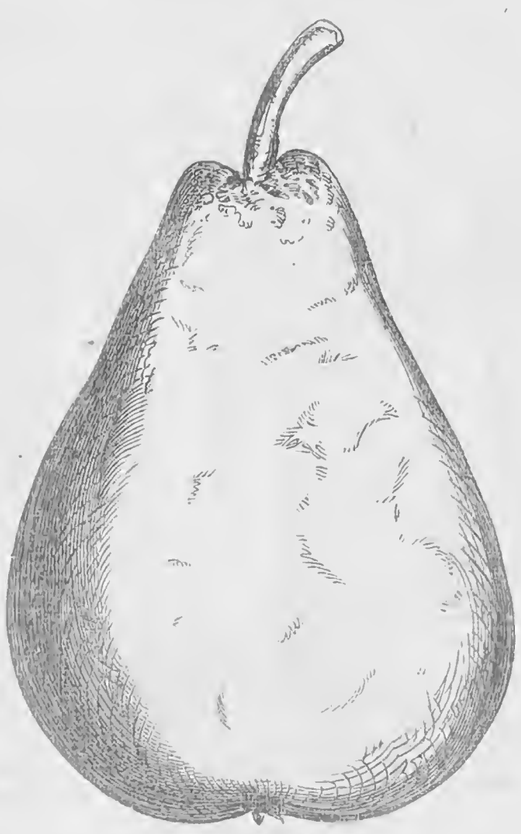
The pecuniary profit of fruit is by no means an item to be overlooked in treating of this subject. The high price and great demand for choice fruit makes it still more of an object for the producer. In fact many are not aware of the great profit there is in raising the most kinds, but for fear of making this too lengthy, I will not go into detail, but suffice it to say that no crops the farmer produces pay so well as good fruit. Many instances might be named where immense profits have been made from small orchards, and even from single trees. J. B. JOHNSON.

Naples, N. Y., 1857.

PLUMS.—Those who would like to save their plums from the curculio can do so in a very simple manner. Tread the earth down under the tree, so that the surface will be hard and smooth. Then jar the tree every few days, from the time fruit begins to form, and sweep up all stung fruit, and every thing that falls from the tree and burn.

THE PARSONAGE PEAR.

THIS pear was brought to the notice of the American Pomological Society at its last session, by Dr. C. W. GRANT, of Newburgh. It was found at New Rochelle, N. Y., and is supposed to be a seedling.—It is of medium size, handsome, melting, juicy and buttery, and with a delicate flavor. Stem half-inch or three-quarters long, stout, sometimes a little inclined, slightly sunk, with a very distinct russet cap around the shallow cavity. In quality *very good*. Ripens from the middle to the last of September.



PARSONAGE PEAR.

THE CHURCH PEAR.

IN the RURAL of May 16th we gave an engraving and description of this pear, which has been supposed to be a seedling of New Rochelle, N. Y. We then expressed the opinion that it had been cultivated in Rochester for about twenty-five years, having been obtained from PRINCE'S Nursery, as the *Virgouleuse*, which on fruiting it proved not to be.—Its name not being ascertained, it has not been much disseminated. We have just received the following note from Mr. W. R. PRINCE, which throws some light on its origin:

"The pear described in your paper of the 16th ult., under the title of the 'Church Pear,' is not an American seedling. The original tree was brought from Paris about fifty years ago by Col. PLATT, of this town, *without a name*, and its form being similar to that of the old Bergamot pear, my father, for lack of its real name, called it 'Platt's Bergamot,' and it has been propagated and disseminated under that name by us and by other Nurseries in the vicinity of New York down to the present time. It will be found in the last edition (41st) of our Descriptive Fruit Catalogue. It is an estimable fruit, well worthy of general cultivation.

W. R. PRINCE."

NOTES ON PLANTS IN FLOWER.

THE late TULIPS are just passing out of bloom, and the earlier PÆONIES are in perfection. That pretty little border flower, the DOUBLE DAISY, now exhibits all it modest beauty. It deserves more attention as a border flower.

Only a few of the earliest flowering shrubs are yet in bloom. Of the *Spiræas* we observe only the *Prunifolia* and the *Lindleyana*. The TARTARIAN HONEYSUCKLE is now in all its glory. It is a very pretty shrub. The *Lilacs* are just passing out of bloom. We examined half-a-dozen new varieties in ELLWANGER & BARRY'S grounds. One variety, the *Speciosa*, we very much admired. The plant is of a compact habit, with large foliage, the flowers more red than the common Lilac, and the clusters enormously large and branching. Most of the other varieties were not, in our estimation, superior to our common variety. The THORNS will bloom in a few days. The JAPAN QUINCE is just passing away, though we gathered a few fine branches. The SCARLET FLOWERING CURRANT is very pretty, but unfortunately our severe winters kill the blossom buds on the exposed parts of the plant.

The MOUNTAIN ASH is now exhibiting its clusters of white blossoms, and the HORSE CHESTNUT is arrayed in all its glory of foliage and flowers.—This tree rises in our estimation every time we see it in blossom. The *Scarlet* variety is very fine and should not be forgotten by those who plant the Horse Chestnut. The *Yellow* variety is not so fine as either of the above. We shall notice all the trees and shrubs as they come into bloom. We are indebted to Mr. WM. KING for a bouquet of flowering shrubs, including most of the varieties we have named.

THE CURCULIO—PEACH GRUB, &c.

THE CURCULIO WHICH ATTACKS THE FRUIT.

FOR the best part of the information following, I am indebted to my industrious and spirited young friend, JOHN KLECKLAER, of Tyrone, Schuyler Co., N. Y.

Finding that he and his neighbors were in a fair way to lose not only all their plums, but all their apricots, nectaries, and all stone fruits but peaches, by premature dropping, he resolved to take no one's word, but to scrutinize the matter for himself. Mounting a fence beside one of his affected trees, there, at first, he could discover no cause for the difficulty—unless he excepted a few specks of *dirt* on some of the plums. He then turned his attention to these apparently inanimate specks of dirt, scarcely larger than a hemp-seed. Keeping perfectly quiet, he soon detected some of these *specks of dirt* in "playing possum," or "feigning dead," when alarmed. He now watched them closer. With a bill like a mosquito's, but shorter, he observed them making, not stings, but short curved scratches through the skin of the fruit, till the liberated portion of the skin turned up; then, turning their other end to it, the malicious little scoundrels, and depositing an egg in each puncture thus made. This suggested the disease. He now set himself to seek a cure.

On suddenly striking the tree a pretty heavy blow, every *speck of dirt* dropped off. He now procured 6 or 8 yards of sheeting, and cut it in two *transversely* in the centre, and laying the two pieces together, side by side, his wife sewed them together, nearly half their length. He next took three sticks, or pieces of sawed "edging," one long enough to reach across the two breadths, at the joined end—the other two half that length, to attach the unjoined ends to. Having tacked the sheeting to these three pieces accordingly, he obtained the requisite assistance, and, approaching each threatened tree in succession, drew the separate ends "astraddle" of the trunks, and had the three ends so held out as to spread a broad horizontal lap under the boughs. Then, with a long-handled mallet, suitably constructed, he struck the tree a blow sharp enough to drop every insect, as well as every diseased plum. The sound fruit would not yield to such a blow. Under each tree he collected a *few*, only a few such vermin at a time—each one of which smelt "something burning" immediately. He repeated the process every few days, till his fruit was ripe. The result was, that he lost little or no more fruit, and was, in due time rewarded with a fine crop of beautiful and luscious plums, &c.,—the only fortunate person in the neighborhood; and your humble servant had, the next autumn, the pleasure of tasting, at his hospitable board, fine, large apricots, nicely preserved by his interesting wife, unfortunately a mute, but a highly creditable pupil of the N. Y. Institution for such. That visit will not be soon forgotten.

With the insect I had been before, though imperfectly acquainted. But for the effective part of the knowledge, and the easily practicable remedy, I am indebted to Mr. K.

As this species of the *curculio* is propagated and reproduced in a manner similar to that of other species, attacking the tree, it is obvious, that if the prematurely falling fruit is left to decay under the tree, the eggs they contain will reproduce the evil, augmented by multiplication. To eradicate the nuisance, therefore, gather and destroy all such fruit, as fast as it falls.

PRESERVATION OF PEACH TREES.

Said a waggish friend to me, once on a time, "Every thing evil is laid to poor Satan!" So the hard winters of our climate have to "catch it," for many of the fruits of our own neglect. It is not *they*, however, that kill *all* the peach trees, even in our "Old Schoharie Co."

Often a prematurely warm June day, in March or April, starts the sap "spinning" up the trees, glossing the twigs, and swelling the buds to beautiful promise. Then follows a sharp frost, or a cutting, cald, north-east storm, freezing the sap thus raised, blighting the buds, and killing the trees; and then "it's of no use for *us* to try to raise peaches any more; the time is gone by." And so it is, if we mean to fold our arms at it.

Remedy.—At the suggestion of my friend, Capt. WM. B. CALKINS, of Seward, I began, some years since, to try the following:—At a time in the winter, when we judge that the ground is frozen as deeply as it will be, we cover the roots of each tree, for some distance around, and to some depth, with some bad conductor of caloric, as tan ooze, coarse manure, or chip manure, saw dust, or the like. This prevents the catastrophe above, by keeping the frost about the roots, as late as we can, and I have peaches every year, not excepting the last—besides saving *every tree* alive.

Another sinner, who evades destruction, by using the "hard winters" as a scape-goat, is the peach tree borer. "Be after him with a sharp stick" as soon as the frost is out of the ground.—He lies in, and under the bark of the large upper roots, bedded in a puddle of gum. Dig him out, treat him with boiling water from a tea-kettle spout, give him a comforter of soot, or lime; but don't "leave him alone in his glory."

Schoharie Co., N. Y., 1857. SUBSCRIBER.

CHICKENS IN THE GARDEN A REMEDY FOR BUGS.—In your valuable paper I have seen many inquiries for a remedy for the destruction of the vine bug. Having tried every mode I have heard of, I find none as good as the following. Put hens with their chickens in the vine patch, in a coop so arranged as to give the chickens access to the patch, and not feed them a sufficient quantity, and they will search for food and will rid the vines of all these destructive bugs and not injure the vine.—When the vine becomes sufficiently large, and the bug season being gone, the chickens can be taken out. Another remedy I will insert, which also proves a very valuable cure, and is worthy of a trial, viz.:—Put a sufficient quantity of hen manure, say one bushel, in a barrel, and put on three pails of water and let it soak a day or two, and with an old broom sprinkle the juice on the vines early every morning through the bug season. It will be very nourishing to the vines as well as poisonous to the bugs.—J. T., *Sparta Centre*, 1857.

REMARKS.—The liquid manure would be excellent for the vines, but we never found it to hurt the bugs. In fact we have tried almost all kinds of offensive substances to keep the bugs off, among other things asafœtida, but all in vain.

FRUIT IN ILLINOIS.—Can you, or some of your numerous correspondents to your valuable paper, give me some information as to what kind of a country Illinois is for fruit growing? Will Pears, Apples, Grapes, &c., do well between the latitudes of 38° and 40°? Can fruit be raised in that country that will be as good to ship to any climate, as that grown in Western New York? Is the climate there such that a fruit crop will not fail more than once in ten years?—SUBSCRIBER.

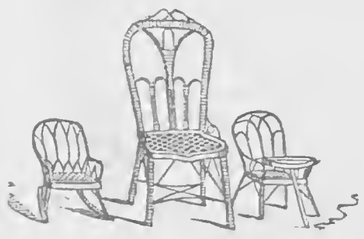
Domestic Economy.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

SUPPLIED BY J. E. CHENEY & CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SOME of our readers perhaps are not aware how much good taste may be exhibited in furnishing a house—we do not mean the parlor, as this requires the least thought, and generally receives the most. Half-a-dozen expensive articles usually make up the parlor furniture. We refer particularly to the furniture of the kitchen, the table, the bed-rooms, and the cellar—all those thousand and one little conveniences that are at once neat and useful, and beautiful because so useful, so appropriate to the objects for which they are designed. When we pass out of a richly furnished parlor into a dining room or kitchen where there seems to be a lack of taste, we feel a chill creep over us, such as is experienced in passing out of the bright sunlight into a cold and damp basement. Taste in the details of house furnishing is what is needed. We would not advise extravagance, or needless expense, but every article, from the fire-shovel upwards, should be neat. The great difficulty has been that these articles were made of unco uth patterns, by men who were alike destitute of taste and experience in house furnishing and housekeeping. A new era is dawning—men and women of refinement are now employed in designing and executing all articles needed for family use.

In the extensive store of JAMES E. CHENEY & Co., of this city, where may be found every thing in the house furnishing line, from an infant's chair to a cooking stove, or a silver tea-set, an hour may be spent very pleasantly in examining the beautiful objects displayed. We shall call the attention of the readers of the RURAL to these articles from time to time—as a semi-advertisement for the proprietor, and for the information of our readers. We can thus give an interesting series of engravings, which are excluded from our advertising department.



CANE WORK CHAIRS.

The RATTAN or CANE WORK CHAIRS are very light, pretty and easy. They are made of every form and style. Nothing is more appropriate for furnishing a hall or sitting room than this style of furniture. Its introduction has been rapid and satisfactory.

TOILET SET.

The TOILET SET above consists of a *Can, Bath* and *Pail*. These, as will be seen by the engraving, are of very tasteful patterns, but the beauty of their finish is not shown in the picture. They are elegantly painted and very ornamental.

BRONZED GARDEN SOFA.

The GARDEN SOFA is made of iron, and nicely bronzed; it is therefore strong, not easily affected by the weather, and handsome. It is just the thing to stand on the lawn, or in any part of the garden, under the shade of a tree, or on the piazza. Seats are needed as much in the garden as in the house. All love to sit in the garden and enjoy its beauties.

LEMON PIE, BOILED CUSTARD, &c.

LEMON PIES.—Take 3 fresh good sized lemons, the grated yellow of the rind and juice, 2 well beaten eggs, 2 spoonfulls flour, 1 pint molasses, mix all well together. Line 3 large-sized dining plates with paste, put in a thin layer of the lemon, add a second of good paste, then put another thin layer of lemon; add a third layer for the top and bake till the crust is done.

BOILED CUSTARDS.—Set your milk on the fire until it boils, then remove it and let it cool. Beat for each quart of milk, if liked rich, the yolks and half the whites of 6 eggs, with 3 spoonsful of powdered sugar, stir them into the milk when cool,—Season with nutmeg or rose-water—set it on a few coals and stir it constantly till it thickens and becomes scalding hot. Take it from the fire before boiling, stir it a few minutes and turn it into cups. Beat to a froth the reserved whites of the eggs and pile on the top of the custards just before they are to be eaten.

RICH JUMBLES.—Rub to a cream 1 lb. of butter, 1 lb. of sugar, mix with it a pound and a half of flour, 4 eggs and a very little brandy. Roll the cakes in powered sugar and bake.—FARMER'S DAUGHTER, *Dryden, N. Y.*, 1857.

PUDDINGS.—Having noticed, in perusing your excellent paper, numerous recipes for cakes, (some of which I tried with satisfaction,) I thought I might suggest one or two valuable ones in the line of puddings, which might find agreeable acceptance. The blossoming fruit trees promise us a good supply for pastry.

PEACH DUMPLINGS.—Stew fine ripe Peaches (yellow preferable,) until thoroughly tender—enclose each in a rich paste, rolled half an inch thick. Bake half an hour.

INDIAN PUDDING.—1 quart rich buttermilk, 2 tablespoons thick cream, 2 eggs, teaspoon saleratus, a little salt, 1 cup flour. Stir into a light batter with Indian meal; tie loosely in the pudding cloth and boil two hours. My favorite pudding.—L. B., *Ogden, N. Y.*, 1857.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

A GREAT CLOCK.

THE N. Y. Evening Post says the largest clock ever manufactured in this country has recently been constructed in that city for Dr. Tyng's church in the Second avenue. The main wheels of this mammoth clock are about nine feet in circumference, and are composed of material harder and more valuable than brass. The pendulum is twenty-one feet long, and weighs about one hundred pounds. A new compensating principle has been applied, so that different temperatures do not affect the clock, and it has retaining power, so that it does not lose time when being wound. It has eight dials, of eight feet in length, four upon each tower; the towers stand seventy feet apart. The teeth of the machinery are all cut. The clock can be wound in fifteen minutes. Its weight is about two tons.

This clock is superior to the famous English Parliament clock, both in size and material. The history of the Parliament clock dates back to 1744. Its large wheels are twenty-seven feet in diameter, and are of cast iron, which material costs about five cents per pound, while the material of this clock costs forty cents per pound. The pendulum is fifteen feet long, but in this respect this exceeds it by six feet. So also in the time of winding, while two hours are required by the London clock, the operation in the New York clock is performed in fifteen minutes.

IRON CASTINGS.

IT is surprising how little attention has been paid to the use of cast iron for fine castings of every description, not even excepting statues and such like works of art. It is the cheapest of metals, and will stand exposure to the weather for ages with a coating of oil. Why then is it not more employed for such purposes? Why should it not take the place, at least, in a measure, of bronze, which is so expensive? Is it owing to anything in its nature whereby it cannot receive a clear impression from the mould in which it is cast? No. There is no metal superior to it for receiving a good impression from the mold. Cast iron expands in becoming solid, and therefore takes the impression of the mold with exactness. Its point of fusion is 3479° Fah.—a very high temperature—and this is one great objection to its use for casting statues and such works. With care and attention and proper molds, however, we are of opinion that iron castings may be vastly improved, and very fine works of art executed. We are but on the threshold of iron casting as an art. Our iron molders have a boundless field before them for the exercise of taste, skill and genius.—*Scientific American.*

AMERICAN NICKEL.

THE Philadelphia Daily News, in giving room to the circular of Col. James Ross Snowden, Director of the Mint, appends these editorial remarks on nickel:—"As appropriate to the issue of the new cent, which, as the reader is aware, is composed partly of nickel, we notice that a new method of concentrating the nickel and cobalt ores has been recently discovered by Theophilus Meny. It is claimed for the new discovery that, whereas it now takes several weeks to concentrate a hundred tuns of ore, producing 30 to 35 per cent, by it the same percentage may be realized in the same time from a thousand tuns. This is, without doubt, a most important discovery, and if found to be really practicable, will add immensely to the works, as well as the stock, of the Gap Mining Company, from the mines of which the supply of nickel now being used at the Mint is derived. The Gap mines produce both copper and nickel in large quantities, and being located within about fifty or sixty miles of our city, they possess a value far beyond any others known to us."

PRINTING IN CHINA.—In Montgomery Martin's work on China, he says:—"According the best authorities, the art of printing was known in China upwards of 900 years ago. In the time of Confucius, B. C. 500, books were formed of slips of bamboo; and about 150 years after Christ, paper was first made; A. D. 745, books were bound into leaves; A. D. 900, printing was in general use.—The process of printing is simple. The materials consist of a graver, blocks of wood, and a brush, which the printers carry with them from place to place. Without wheel, or wedge, or screw, a printer will throw off more than 2,500 impressions in one day. The paper (thin) can be bought for one-fourth the price in China that it can in any other country. The works of Confucius six volumes, 400 leaves octavo, can be bought for ninepence (18 cents.)"

PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPROVEMENT.—Wm. Mayall, of London, some time since obtained a patent for a composition of barytes and albumen, which the English photographic journals speak of in glowing terms. By the substitution of paper for the metallic plate the advantage that was gained in perspicuity was lost in delicacy. Paper, from its fibrous nature, absorbs the middle tints; and hence in the case of colored works, the artist was forced by stippling, to supply the defects of the photographer. The chemical properties of ivory render that substance inapplicable to the purposes of the art. But Mayall's compound has the appearance and close texture of ivory, without any of the resisting qualities. The artist executes a work equal in finish to the old ivory miniature, endowed with all the truthfulness proper to photography.

THE LARGEST CHAIN IN THE WORLD.—It is believed that the largest cable in the world is that now about to be used in the operation for raising the Russian ships, sunk at Sebastopol. It is 200 yards long, each link of which weighs three hundred pounds, and each link has been separately tested by a strain of five hundred tuns. It was manufactured at the Reading forge, Reading, Pa. The value of the material to be furnished by the Russian Government to be used in the raising of this fleet will be about a million and a half of dollars, and the time occupied in performing the contract will, it is thought, be about eighteen months or two years.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOPE ON, TRUST ON.

Oh, say not, there's no rest for thee,
No bliss without alloy,
No visions bright that never fade,
No hours of perfect joy.

Oh, deem not, woe must reign supreme.
Within the human heart,
That care and strife will ever bid
Sweet dreams of peace depart.

A transient shadow o'er the soul,
May dim the smile of mirth,
And phantom forms of unseen ills,
To sadder thoughts give birth,

But if clouds athwart your pathway rise,
And darkness veils the light,
Let sweet-voiced Hope still upward point,
And Faith become more bright.

Sink not beneath each fancied wrong,
But nobly struggle on;
If Truth and Meekness crown your life,
The Victory is won.

Trust Him who notes the sparrow's fall,
Who whispers "never fear—
An Angel's robe, an Angel's lyre,
For those who conquer here."

East Pembroke, N. Y., 1857. J. S. E.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

DON'T CONDEMN FROM OUTWARD APPEARANCE.

BY MAY MARION.

"Do see that proud thing," said KATE STANLEY, a bright happy Hebe, of a pale, serious-looking school-mate. "She depends upon her uncle for every thing that she has, and as far as her wardrobe is concerned, that is little enough, any one knows; and yet she walks thro' the halls like a princess, as tho' no one was good enough for her to speak to."

"Hush," said her companion; "she will hear you;" but the warning came too late, for the cruel remarks had been overheard, and an instantaneous flush crimsoned the face of the object of her remarks; yet the sharp retort was withheld, and suppressing the rising tear, she hurried on to the solitude of her own apartment, and the gay beauty was soon chatting merrily with her associates unconcious of the pain that she had caused.

Had KATE STANLEY known CORNEILLE HAWLEY, and the circumstances of her life, she would have judged her less unkindly. Tho' born in wealth and rocked in the cradle of opulence, at 10 years of age CORNEILLE found herself a penniless orphan, dependent upon the charity of an uncharitable relative, whose pride alone kept his brother's child from the alms-house—although in his family she was to fill only an under-servant's place. But down, far in the depths of that child's mind was planted a germ that must grow, despite all efforts to crush it;—hence her little garret bed-room became quite a library of old books, and here with her silent friends she stealthily fed her thirsty mind with useful knowledge, while her wealthy cousins were wasting the best part of their lives over silly novels, or in sillier gossip. But, unfortunately, her utter seclusion was rendering her timid and sensitive, unfitting her for passing unwounded down the rocky road of life. When she was sixteen, her uncle determined to educate her for a teacher, and, by sending her to a distant city, rid himself of an encumbrance; that she had been such, CORNEILLE too well knew, and hence exerted every energy to master her profession, and secure an independence. Her strong mind grasped at and conquered every thing within her reach, from the lighter studies to the abstruse mathematics and the more abstruse languages of the ancients, until she had nearly gained the goal. A few more struggles and she would be paid for many long, sleepless nights, and months of unremitting toil.

CORNEILLE was not handsome; her eyes and those long, black ringlets that had been her father's pride, were her only beauty. She had been called a pretty child, when health and happy spirits lent a roseate hue to her cheeks and a bright sparkle to her dark eye; but such a nature needs congeniality—some one to receive and return the affection that it offers—and not unfrequently under the coldest exterior, there beats the warmest heart—and when efforts to win confidence and love from those that owed it to her, failed, her sensitive mind recoiled upon itself, and its consuming fire robbed the roses of their bloom, and restrained the genial smile. When she mingled more with the world, the same rebuffs and coldness had made her shrink farther and farther back, until she had learned to fear her own kind, and shun them. This had won for her the epithet bestowed by KATE STANLEY. The jeers and taunts of her school-mates, tho' they stung deeply, were usually borne patiently; but now, being physically weak, and with highly wrought nervous sensibility, they raised a storm of fiery passions, and dark, bitter, burning thoughts rose before her mind, as she bowed her head upon her little dealtable.

She did not hear the door open, or note the entrance of ALICE GRAHAM, the favorite of the school, and she who had reproved Miss STANLEY for her heedlessness. ALICE had admired the genius of CORNEILLE, longed to be her friend, yet was afraid to make advances where none were sought, lest she should be intrusive; but now she had noticed the tear that trembled in her eye, as she left the hall, and escaping from her companions, sought her. Laying her arm caressingly around her neck, she murmured in a soft, low voice, "CORNIE?" That dear old name of her childhood brought back a flood of tender recollections; but the re-action was too powerful, and giving one wild, heart-broken shriek, she fell, unconcious, into the arms of the only one who had spoken kindly to her during many years.

Long did the angel of death hover round the pillow of the orphan, threatening to pluck the pale lily for his Master's crown, but the constant care of ALICE and KATE—the latter having thoroughly repented of her hasty decision—restored her reason and won her back to life, but not again to loneliness; for those who had condemned her as proud, haughty and unbearable, had wept when in her delirium she had repeated, "I have no friends, no one to love me," and now vied with each other in courtesies and kindnesses, striving to obliterate the past from the mind of CORNEILLE who eventually proved that the flowers of affection need only the sunshine of friendship to make them bloom with their own true beauty.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GOING TO GRANDMA'S.

"AUNTIE, I's going to grandma's—I is." This exclamation was uttered by little WILLIE, as he came bounding into the room, clapping his chubby hands with glee and looking up into my face, with his dark blue eyes fairly dancing with pleasure.—Soon his little cloak was buttoned around him, and his little, tasseled cap tied under his dimpled chin, and he was seated in the carriage beside his father. As long as I could see them, his childish voice, was borne in happy chatterings, back to me.—Bless the little darling! may his voice ever be borne to me thus!—it's gleeful music telling the happiness of his heart.

What a world of pleasure in this little sentence "I's going to grandma's!" Who does not remember how their heart beat with pleasure when permitted to say it? How many happy visions it brought to us! Grandma, with her dear, sweet face, and loving eyes, that beamed upon us so kindly, and her silken, silvery hair, that always looked so beautiful to us, 'neath her snowy cap with it's ample frill; and old, sleek Tabby (who always had to take a hugging,) sitting in the corner, singing, the very picture of contentment; the little chickens out in the yard, whose mother has left many a scar on our hands to pay for our officious nursing of her offspring; the pigs in the pen, that looked up at us so cunningly with their wee eyes; and there was the nice swing up in the orchard, where we have whiled away many an hour, bountifully partaking of the luscious fruit; then the ramble in the woods too, after flowers and bird's nests; a visit to the pretty brook, that went murmuring through the meadow, and where we so often have shared our pieces with the tiny fishes, that we could see gliding over the pebbly bottom; then a call at the barn, to hunt for eggs, from whence, with our bonnets, which, (notwithstanding mother's remonstrances) with the strings tied and slipped over our arm, always served for a basket—filled, we trudged to the house, very proud of our treasures; then came tea, and we could always sit by grandma and the big plate of cookies, to which she helped us so bountifully. How quickly these things passed through our minds; and, in our eagerness, how very slow old Dobbin seemed to go. Oh, yes! there is a host of pleasant memories clinging around that little sentence for us! and from the very bottom of our heart, we pity the poor child, that has never known its meaning. IDA CAREY.

Dream Dell, May, 1857.

THE YOUTH'S DREAM.

IT was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He mournfully raised his eyes towards the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like lilies on the surface of a clear calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where a few more helpless beings than himself were moving towards their inevitable goal—the tomb. Already he had past sixty of the stages which lead to it, and had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading to a peaceful, sunny land, covered with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where the serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky, and cried out, in his anguish:—"O, youth, return! O, my father, place me once more at the crossway of life, that I may choose a better road!" But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes and then disappear. "Such," he said, "were the days of my wasted life!" He saw a star shoot from Heaven, and vanish in darkness athwart the church-yard. "Behold an emblem of myself!" he exclaimed; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse, struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound falling on his ear recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that Heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

And his youth DID return; for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He thanked God fervently that time was his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where the sunny harvest waves.

Ye who still live on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall be passed, you will cry bitterly, but in vain, "O, youth, return! O, give me back my early days!"—*Selected.*

TALKING TO CHILDREN.—The habit of talking familiarly and usefully to children, to each according to his capacity, is and invaluable qualification in a teacher or parent. Its practice should be encouraged and cultivated, for it will prove not only delightful, but most successful in imparting instruction, and enkindling in them a love for learning.

A PARENT who strikes a child in anger, is like a man who strikes the water—the consequences of the blow are sure to fly up in his own face.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A WORLD OF BEAUTY.

BY MISS E. N. CAMPBELL.

THERE'S beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes
Can trace it midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise.—MRS. HEMANS.

"THERE'S beauty all around our path," and hour
By hour, its ever-changing scene, throws round
Us added charms. And e'en familiar as
They are, by every day's bright vision, yet,
Our admiration no less ardent grows,
But rather do we see, from day to day,
New beauties opening on our sight, that claim
Our warmest love and gratitude.

The dawn
Is beautiful, when unseen fingers part
The curtain of the sky, and star by star
Grows dim, and fades away in ether, and
The pearly light slowly appears, casting
Its halo of bright freshness over all,
As if a newer world had just been called
To being, and the pearl-drops of its first,
Pure baptism, rested yet on its bright face.

And noon is beautiful! when o'er the sky,
The fleeting clouds seem like strange wanderers—
In a pathless way; now tinged with gold or traced
With silver threads;—now hiding with their rough,
Notched edge the sun. And the rich gold-light falls,
Upon the waving foliage, and stoops
To nestle 'mid the shining plumage of
The birdling on its airy wing, or rests
Aslant the murmuring streamlet mirroring
Earth's beauty.

Night, too, is beautiful!
When the dull routine of our daily care
Is passed, and the light breeze steals o'er the flowers
Asleep amid the dew,—and from their lips
Comes redolent with sweets,—and little birds
Have piped their last "good night," and sunk to sleep
Beneath the trembling leaves. And every breath
Comes music-laden;—and th' unnumbered stars,
And moon shine out as if to woo by their
Pale, spiritual light, our hearts from vain
And earthward yearnings, and to lead our thoughts
Insensibly to purer and to holier things.

Spring, with its fresh, pure breezes, tiny leaves
And tender vines,—and Summer, with its breath
Ambrosial, caught from incense breathing things;—
Its lofty forests clad with clinging moss;—
Its massive storm-clouds, murmuring streamlets; and
Its silver cascades, sending wide its wreaths
Of foaming spray;—and Autumn, too, with its
Fruit-laden vines, and fields of golden grain,
Whose tasseled heads are bowed by every breeze,—
And its bright, changing, falling leaves;—and stern
Old Winter, whispering with frosty breath
Its words of consolation to the lone
And disrobed forest trees;—arraying them
With glittering star-flakes;—and its wreaths of snow,
And flowers of frost, and merry bells;—all, all
Are full of beauty.

Yes, each fleeting hour,
Is beauty lent to earth. And would we but
Unseal our hearts and freely drink it in
From every source, lofty and humble, yet,
Alike the spring of joy, O, how much more
Of spiritual life and love were ours,
And how much more would our heart symphonies
Approximate angelic harmonies.

Big Flats, Chemung Co., N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SPIRIT OF TRUE DEMOCRACY.

BENEATH the wide-spread branches of the tree of Liberty, whether its roots be imbedded in Athenian or American soil, all the noblest institutions of the race vigorously flourish. The spirit of true Democracy, tempered by the pure principles of an enlightened patriotism is elevating and ennobling in its aims. It is this which has given permanency and power to our civil and religious institutions—improved our social relations, and enriched us with the varied accumulations of genius and industry. It awoke the energies of those revolutionary heroes who cemented the structure of American Freedom with their blood. It traced the Declaration of our Independence in such blazing characters as dazzled the eyes of kings and despots while they gazed. It was this that nerved the patriot's arm on Bunker's bloody height, while the cries and shrieks from the midst of burning Charlestown sounded like notes of woe. It hovered over the hard-fought battle fields of Saratoga and Trenton, and Monmouth, and at Yorktown twined the victorious garland around the standard of Liberty. It is this that has reared on the spot, consecrated by the blood of the gallant WARREN, a simple monument proud to perpetuate the memory of the first great martyr in that great cause. This it is which has caused our own country to triumph over every obstacle, and to rank in wealth and influence among the first of the nations of the earth. It has spread all around us the blessings of civilization, converted trackless forests into beautiful gardens and clothed desolate wastes with a fruitful tillage—united cities thousands of leagues distant, and by those massive links of intercommunication, the signal triumphs over time and space—our telegraphs, and railways, and canals—it has married the lakes to the ocean, though mountains and hills seemed to stand ready to forbid the banns. It flows thro' every channel of our national existence.

The power of Democracy is almost immeasurable. When the passion for liberty is enkindled in the bosoms of the citizens nothing is capable of withstanding its mighty influence. Despots grow pale and tyranny shrinks abashed before it. It always enlightens, elevates and reforms. True Democracy which, from the first, has been the controlling element in American institutions, has already awakened a kindred zeal among the inhabitants of the Old World. And to-day, though there be no outbursts of popular commotion or civil tumult, by its love of freedom and hatred of slavery, it is exreting a power which will soon undermine the strongholds of European despotism. There will be among those millions of serfs and slaves who are chained to the crushing wheel of servitude such terrific revolutions as will jar the pillars of States, and Empires, cause tyrants to tremble, make thrones totter and fall, and grind the iron sceptre of misrule beneath the onward march of universal freedom. A. J. E.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857.

IF your opinion be indefensible, do not obstinately maintain a bad cause. He that argues against truth takes pains to be overcome.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A VOICE FROM THE PRAIRIES.

COME out to the prairies—come. The spring buds and grasses will welcome you. In the gladness of life and beauty they unfold to the warm sun-rays. There are flowers round your own dear homes which you tenderly water and watch; God only watcheth and watereth these. Come and see them.

Now the husbandman setteth a torch to the old years' withered grass; the fire speeds away, on, on to the distant horizon, where the earth seems to slope down with a sudden curve—the flames pass over—we cannot see where they go, but we know while the fuel lasts the fire burns. Come see these prairie fires.

The spring winds are blowing fresh and strong—aye, very strong at times. Come out and battle them. Come where the wild herds roamed, where the Indian built his wigwam, where the chiefs met in council not many suns ago. The wild horse and buffalo are gone from the prairies, the oppossum and deer from the groves. The red man has sought new hunting grounds, and with him has passed away the romance and wild poetry of hunter life. But the Great Spirit has not gone from this lovely land. Come hither. Yet dream not the child-dream, that you have but to "arise and go in, to possess a land flowing with milk and honey." Come only with earnest hearts and willing hands. There is work to be done. Come with no luxurious idea of downy beds in palace homes; you may be forced to pitch your tent on the prairie, with your blanket for a bed. We do not want the timid, they will not come; but,

"Yeomen strong, hither throng."

Your cities are crowded with paupers; send them here, there is enough to do. Prairies are to be broken, houses built, canals and railways wait the hand of the workman. Teachers, scholars, come! we need you too. Are you afraid you will lose your *refinement* out here? Are you afraid of the *ague?* Never fear. Rise early, bathe your whole body every morning, fill your heart with good nature, take the RURAL, and you will never grow "ague-ish" or "backwoodsy." E. E.

——Grove, Ill, May, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE SEASONS.

SPRING wears a crown of beauty. At her approach the streamlet breaks its icy fetters, and frolics over verdant meadows and through forest shades, giving fresh vigor to every plant and tree. She breathes among the shivering boughs and they robe themselves in green. She welcomes a band of happy songsters, and decks our way with flowers. She brings sunshine and gladness, and weaves a coronal of violets for the fairy "Queen of May."

Soon, bright Summer takes the crown from her sister's head, and twining new leaves and flowers about it, begins her laughing reign. She carries on the work which Spring commenced, paints the foliage with a deeper dye; hangs wreaths on the forest trees, and clusters on the vine; golden fields wave to fanning breezes, and the happy farmer "shouts his harvest home."

Summer, too, resigns her beauteous crown to Autumn, and she perfects the work. The flowers she brings are of the softest velvet, and the deepest colorings. She ripens the corn for the sickle, bends the orchards with wealth, and sweetens the purple clusters of the vine, until the chilling frosts assure her that *her* reign must close, when she drops the fruit of the forest around us; puts on a robe of a thousand colors for awhile; then, casting it at our feet, she lays her crown in the lap of stern Winter, who, trampling its fading wealth, gems it with frozen jewels and resumes her throne, strips the foliage from tree and vine, locks up the murmuring stream, and clothes all things in his rigid garments. A. E. M.

Brook's Grove, Liv. Co., N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE HOMESTEAD FLOWERS.

OFTEN have I thought while passing our country farm houses, and viewing the naked yards, wholly destitute of tree, shrub, or flower, how much more enticing and beautiful that same yard might be made with but little exertion and a small amount of labor. A few moments now and then at this season of the year, spent around the door yards will, before the summer is over, amply repay for time and trouble. Ah, says some thrifty housewife, I am loaded with cares, and have no time to waste on things that are of no use. Aye, there is the trouble; *they are of no use.* Why, then, did our Heavenly Father create them, deck them with all the colors of the rainbow, and place them in gorgeous array before our eyes, if not for some wise purpose? Who can pass a neat and well-kept yard where the fragrance of the lilac, honeysuckle, rose, and eglantine are blending their perfume, without having his soul in some degree touched with a love for the beautiful of earth, and with a feeling that he is "looking through Nature up to Nature's God," and who could not exclaim with the poet,

"A flower I love
Not for itself, but that its name is linked with names I love;
A talisman of hope and memory."

But to return to my subject. As I am a country house wife, to you, country women and country girls I appeal. If your husbands or brothers have not already planted shade trees around your dwelling, get them to assist you in so doing. If they cannot or will not help you, shoulder your mattock yourself, some pleasant evening, select small trees that you can manage, arrange them in your yard to suit your taste, and in a few seasons if you are not repaid by their welcome shade, and the sweet chirrup of the woodland songsters which will be sure to collect among their branches, then you may set me down as no prophetess. And if you are not able to afford costly flower pots, all that you need to make one nice enough to grace any window, is hammer, handsaw, nails and plank.—Then a very little more labor will make your flower beds, and be sure not to forget to fill your yard with rose bushes, lilacs, snow-balls, &c. I care not how humble the cottage, there are but few men that can return to a home where the honeysuckle and woodbine are wreathed around his door, and the sweet perfume of the flowers enrich the evening air, without a softened feeling and a thankful heart. And as I have been both pleased and instructed in reading in the columns of the RURAL, various articles on the "Flower Garden," I would refer you to them for descriptions and for better instruction on the subject than I can give you.

Bloomingdale, Ind., 1857. FLORA.

HOW THEY MARRY AND LIVE.

A YOUNG man meets a pretty face in the ball-room, falls in love with it, courts it, marries it, goes to housekeeping with it, and boasts of having a home and a wife to grace it. The chances are nine to one that he has neither. Her pretty face gets to be an old story, or becomes faded, or freckled, or fretted; and as the face was all he wanted, all he paid attention to, and all he sat up with, all he bargained for, all he swore to love, honor, and protect, he gets sick of his trade, knows a dozen faces which he likes better, gives up staying at home evenings, consoles himself with cigars, oysters and politics, and looks upon his home as a very indifferent boarding house. A family of children grow up about him; but neither he nor his "face" know anything about training them, so they come up helter-skelter; made toys of when babies, dolls when boys and girls, drudges when young men and women; and so passes year after year, and not one quiet, happy, homely hour is known throughout the entire household.

Another young man becomes enamored of a "fortune." He waits upon it to parties, dances the polka with it, exchanges *billet-doux* with it, pops the question to it, gets "yes," from it, takes it to the parson's, weds it, calls it "wife," carries it home, sets up an establishment with it, introduces it to his friends, and says (poor fellow!) that he too is married, and has got a home. It's false. He is not married, and has no home; and he soon finds it out. He is in the wrong box, but it is too late to get out of it. He might as well hope to escape from his coffin. Friends congratulate him, and he has to grin and bear it. They praise the house, the furniture, the cradle, the bible, the new baby, and then bid the "fortune" and he who husbands it good morning! As if he had known a good morning since he and that gilded fortune were falsely declared to be one!

Take another case. A young lady is smitten with a pair of whiskers. Curled hair never before had such charms. She sets her cap for them; they take. The delighted whiskers make an offer, proffering themselves both in exchange for one heart. The dear miss is overcome with magnanimity, closes the bargain, carries home the prize, shows it to pa and ma, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there never was such a pair of whiskers before, and they are married. Married! yes the world calls it so, and we will. What is the result? A short honeymoon, and then they unluckily discover that they are as unlike as chalk and cheese, and not to be made one, though all the priests in christendom pronounce it so.—*New Haven Palladium.*

AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.

THE North American Review tells the following good story:

A countryman of ours, of somewhat rude appearance, walking in the Strand early in May, saw his favorite dish of strawberries and cream blushing at him from the counter of a restaurant. Entering, he carelessly called for a bowl, to the marked surprise of several persons present, who knew the extravagance of the luxury, and rightly presumed the American was ignorant at what cost he was putting himself.

He had not finished his repast before the curious looks of the company suggested his mistake, and aroused all his latent pride.

"What is to pay?" inquired he, as he laid down his dish, not without a lowering side-look at the wise-acres who waited for his chop-fallen aspect when the victualler's reply should fall upon his waiting ear. "A guinea, sir."

Tossing down the coin from a not over-full purse, and bridling up with an air of assumed indifference, "I'll take another!" was the American's only rejoinder.

SPORTS AND RELAXATIONS.

WE have read of certain sects which have denounced, indiscriminately, all sports and relaxations; because if allowed, they will be carried to excess; and of others, which have proscribed by laws the plainest, coarsest dress, because ornament, if in any measure tolerated, would certainly grow up into extravagance and vanity. And is this degrading legislature never to end? Are men never to be trusted to themselves? Is it God's method to hem them in with precise prescriptions? Does Providence leave nothing to individual discretion? Does Providence withhold every privilege which may be abused? Does Christianity enjoin an exact, unvarying round of services, because reason and conscience, if allowed to judge of duty, will often be misguided by partiality and passion? How liberal, generous, confiding are Nature, Providence and Christianity in their dealings with men! And when will men learn to exercise towards one another the same liberal and confiding spirit?—*Channing.*

OPINIONS OF A DISAPPOINTED MAN.—The man who is proud of his money has rarely anything better to be proud of. Trees with double flowers are, too often, the emblem of friendship—there is plenty of blossom, but no fruit. There are many men who delight in playing the fool, but who get angry the moment they are told so. In medicine, a Brougham goes much further than knowledge.—Society has a right to be particular—it is so often deceived. Common sense has become such a rare commodity that the world has entered into a tacit compact to live without it. Wealth itself is not so much despised—it is only the man who is the possessor of it. Every woman is born with a master-mind; that is to say, with a mind to be master, if she can. No man *living* should say an ill word against the doctors. Compliments are the coin that we pay a man to his face—sarcasms are what we pay him out with behind his back. Toad-eating is always in season. In France, there is nothing young—excepting your *objets d'antique.*—*Punch.*

DEATH has consigned many a man to fame, whom longer life would have consigned to infamy.

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FIRST EFFORTS IN SCHOOL TEACHING.

NUMBER ONE.

How singularly vivid the whole retinue of events (then so momentous) comes back to me now in this silent hour of pleasant retrospection. Even the doubtful feeling of distrust that accompanied the resolution to become a District School Teacher, and the half uttered, indistinct hope that my *first* effort, at least, might be a successful one, seem to possess all the freshness of yesterday's events.

The determination to teach was naturally followed by a considerable anxiety as to whether I should be so successful as to find a school. It is true, that MACAWBER like, I did wait a while for one to "turn up;" but finally abandoned the idea that the trustees of some good school district would wait on me and extend an invitation unsolicited, for the more difficult, but the more promising plan of waiting on said trustees myself.

It was a cold, wet, rainy day, near the last of October—any other than a day to inspire one with hope in the pursuit of any object. The heavy clouds hung lowering from the sky, the "bountiful rain" fell unceasingly upon the already drenched earth, while the thick mists, in huge masses, rolled slowly upward over the forest trees on the distant hill-tops. Plodding my way through the mud—now on the highway, and now across plowed fields, climbing fences and crossing ditches, I amused myself by thinking how *pleasant* it would be to return through the mud again, though it were ten times deeper and thicker,—over fences ten times higher, and across ditches ten times wider, if only it could be done with the conscious dignity in my heart of an Installed District School Teacher. Revolving such thoughts over in my mind, I soon came to the house of one of the trustees where I was to make application. I found him at home—(rather an unusual circumstance I fancied)—and a kind, good hearted man he was. When I had made known my business, the following conversation passed between us:

"How old are you?" "Eighteen." "Have you ever taught?" "No, sir." "Were you educated in an academy or in a district school?" "In a district school principally." "Do you think you can manage our big girls and boys?" "I can try." "What wages do you ask?" "What you are willing to give."

He seemed to be satisfied with the answers he received, and though expressing some fears as to whether I would be able to manage the "big girls and boys," (I fancied the girls were the worst, as he always spoke of them first,) he gave me encouragement to hope that at their annual meeting my proposition would be favorably received.

The week that followed was one of no little anxiety to me. Meeting with one of the trustees, he informed me that I might consider myself engaged to "*teach the young ideas how to shoot*" in his district, and that I was to commence on the Monday following. S. A. E.

Rochester, May, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AMBITION.

THERE is an ambition of which the love of human approbation forms no part. It consists in a longing for a wider and more glorious sphere of action. We need no teachers to tell us that we are capable of more powerful exhibitions of manhood than we have ever made. We know that the path of life trodden by most men is not the most elevated, commands not the most sublime prospects, nor leads to the most desirable goal. The consciousness of our capabilities for improvement is innate. A lofty nature is never satisfied with doing as well or as much as it has done. It must excel itself or feel the ating of self-reproach. Were there no eye but that of GOD in the whole universe, to witness its achievements, the soul would feel a constant impulse to bolder trials of its living energies.

Nor do we imagine that this ambition is limited to any peculiarly favored minds, or to those only that can claim the gift of genius. It animates more or less every human breast. Its intimations are begun in the innocent days of childhood, and though often smothered by the calamities of sin and misfortune, awakens now and then, it must be, in the bosom of the most degraded, or the most despairing.

We have not called this ambition a holy one. It is only the joy of unfolding, expanding, developing the growing faculties. It may be just, or it may be sinful. As the pine shoots towards the sun, so the expanding mind when prompted by the desire of greatness, is most apt to look towards heaven. But it may grope downward, into darkness, like the weeds of the sea. To inspire this ambition when dormant, to feed and encourage it when active, is the office of education—to direct it to its legitimate objects, is the work of religion.

With what anxiety then, should the parent and teacher watch for the first evidences of this feeling in the child. It is the mainspring of life, energy and activity. Keep the child's ambition alive and you do better than to cram his memory with the knowledge of books. Do not cramp him too early or too much with the chains of mental discipline. You may prune and bend the boughs of the tree to your liking, but unless you water its root it will die. The root of the mind's healthy, rugged development, is this inborn ambition. The atmosphere in which it affords the richest, noblest fruits, is religion. B.

Lima, N. Y., 1857.

HIDDEN IN A NAPKIN.—An English nobleman once sent his stupid son to Rowland Hill, in order that he might be educated, accompanied with a note in which the father said of his hopeful son "I am confident he has talents, but they are hidden in a napkin." The eccentric, but shrewd divine, kept the youth a few weeks under his care, and then sent him back to his father with the following laconic message:—"I have shaken the napkin at all corners, and found nothing in it."

A LITTLE explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo, the rugged atoms will fit like smooth mosaic.

The Essayist.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ACTION AND REFLECTION.

BY E. A. SANDFORD.

ACTION is a law of nature. The universe may be compared to a vast machine, the mechanism of which is beautiful, perfect; but which to be useful—to accomplish the purposes of the great Designer,—must be in motion. We therefore see nothing fixed or stationary, but everything moving, changing, with activities as various as are the infinite purposes of JEHOVAH.

We notice in the infinitely diversified changes and activities of nature a most admirable order,—showing that the moving power is guided by a never erring reason. Everything seems to be done with a deliberation, a calmness, a stillness, a forethought. Every movement of nature is regulated by a steady, an unerring hand; a hand, though infinite in wisdom, still submitting to be guided by reason. There is no bustle or confusion, no hurry or disorder, no mighty rush defeating its own purpose. In all of nature's movements, from the motion of the planets to the soft approach of spring there is a delightful stillness, a beautiful harmony which is rather felt than heard.

Though the planets move with a rapidity of which we can form little conception, there is no jostling, but a most beautiful regularity; their mighty car never increasing its speed beyond the regulations of wisdom,—and though at each successive spring there is a return of innumerable species of vegetable and insect tribes, there seems to be no rivalry among them—no haste for the precedence, but each patiently awaits its time of coming. We notice the same principle in the developments of summer. The flower is not cast aside by the fruit before it has bloomed half its day, neither does the mellow fruit or harvest hasten to immediately succeed the flowering time, but seems content to pass through every intermediate stage of development.

Though "Spring trips lightly o'er the lawn," and quietly spreads her carpet of verdure and of flowers, she has her voices. Listen to them or they will not be heard far, though a great benefactress, and loaded with rich gifts, she does not sound a trumpet before her. Her voices are the rippling rill, which she has unbound—the pattering rain—the whispering breeze—the buzz of insects and the songs of birds. We see no disposition to overdo. No noisy haranguers are needed. The fairest of Nature's children, the flowers, are never clamorous of their "rights" to notice, but they perform their heaven-ordained mission by silently breathing their sweet influence around. Nor does an ambitious warbler of the grove break his voice in an attempt to raise it an octave higher than his mates, or than nature designed, but the activities of each individual of these numerous tribes which adorn the lap of earth are confined within proper limits.

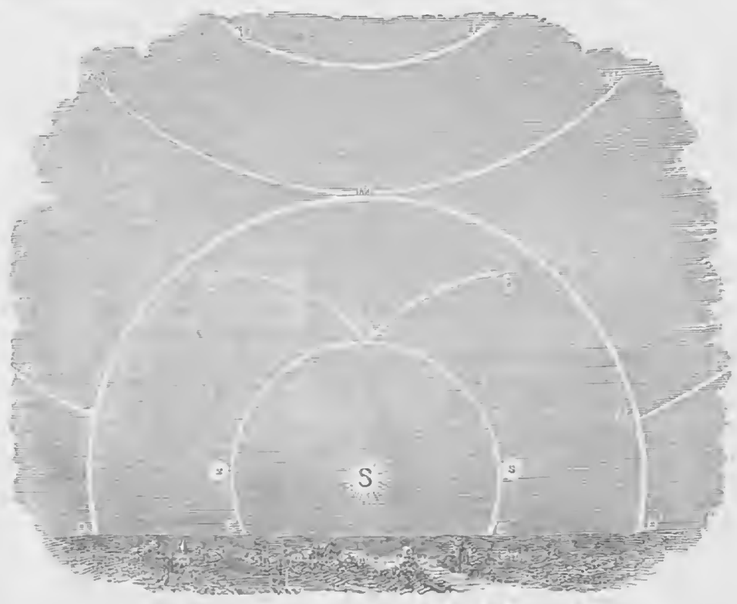
Man is sometimes said to be an epitome of the universe—a microcosm in which are combined, on a diminished scale, all the characteristics of the great world by which he is surrounded. Activity is certainly no less a law of his nature.

By observing the manner in which Nature does her work, and then regarding the busy world in which man is the actor, how are we impressed by the contrast! Though the beautiful example is constantly before him, courting imitation, how recklessly he persists in his waywardness, and seems even to delight in his folly. Man is guided rather by the impulse of the age than the gentle teachings of Nature. Amid the roar of the steam engine, how can he hear the meek suggestions of reason? In the ceaseless bustle and hurry of active life, how can he find time for reflection?

This age is peculiarly noted for its activity, and it is accomplishing much. Steam and lightning are now very successfully employed. But have not these given an impulse to the age, an impulse to the actions of man, which has taken the place of his better judgment? Is not there more Quakerism needed at the present time? Should not the amount of serious thought be greater in proportion to the bustle? In the rush and hurry of active life is the quantity of "steam" always properly regulated? And is not the lightning speed with which we would accomplish every enterprise often disastrous in its consequences?

We notice almost every newspaper and magazine abounding in exhortations to the young to be up and doing—to dash ahead at a good speed if they would not be run by or run over—to become "fast young men" or submit to be called "green ones.' Enough of this advice is doubtless good. But is there not a tendency to overdo in this respect? Is not the check sometimes as useful as the spur? Is not a spirit of restlessness too often excited, rather than an intelligent industry? We fear that many of the young, ardently thirsting for action, enter the field, having little knowledge of their duties. We fear that their haste in preparation defeats its own purpose,—that for want of reflection they engage in the wrong service—for want of caution their greatest efforts prove failures. They have not learned that a good judgment to direct them, which is only formed by calm, sober reflection, will often atone for the want of great talents for action—that discretion is often the better part of valor.

There is another tendency of the age, to which this has been conducive, and which, to a sensitive mind, is equally annoying. It is a disposition to make a noise in the world—to become conspicuous. He who can succeed in raising the greatest amount of dust, is often thought the hero of the age. If a benevolent enterprise is undertaken, the trumpet is sounded—conventions called and resolutions passed. Even our devotions are performed with a pomp which is quite overpowering. Nothing is done in a quiet, unobtrusive way, but everything is paraded before the public in a manner which demands notice. Accustomed to act with a view to obtaining the applause of the multitude, we forget those little deeds of kindness which sweeten daily life. Even our gentler ministers of good, whose greatest glory and chief power has hitherto been in the quiet manner in which their influence was exerted, have joined the noisy crowd of haranguers whose voices are to be heard every-where. *N'importe.* They are now appreciated! They, too, make a noise in the world! Their "rights" to do so we will not question.



SPLENDID HALO OF THE SUN,
OBSERVED AT EDGERTON, DANE CO., WISCONSIN, APRIL 7, 1857.

IT affords us great pleasure to present the readers of the RURAL NEW-YORKER the accompanying illustration and description of a most beautiful Halo of the Sun—one of the most complex and interesting ever observed in this country. From the figure and description we consider it superior to most of the Halos heretofore witnessed and described, and those interested in such matters will concur with us in the opinion that it is sufficiently remarkable and noteworthy to merit this special record and publication.

The common solution of Halos, or of such parahelia, is the transmission of light through crystals of ice or snow high in the atmosphere, the refracting power of the ice crystal separating the light into the well-known prismatic colors. The vapor of the atmosphere ascends above the point of congelation in the atmosphere, so that these crystals may be formed, and thus give to the sky that hazy appearance, through which the sun's light passes and suffers in the crystals the adequate refraction. The bright rain-bow halo around the moon is accounted for by a similar action of the ice crystals in the haze or partial cloud between the eye and the moon.

This splendid Halo was observed and drawn by J. A. BADGER, of Edgerton, Wis. Our artist has made a capital engraving from the drawing furnished,—and the following description by Mr. B. will enable the reader easily to comprehend the phenomenon as illustrated and lettered. Mr. BADGER says:

The remarkable atmospheric phenomenon represented by the figure above, I observed at Edgerton, Wis., on the morning of Tuesday, April 7th, 1857. It first began to develop itself about 15 minutes after sunrise, and was visible for more than an hour. It exhibited great brilliancy when the sun was 15° or 20° above the horizon. A considerably dense and greyish colored haze covered the Eastern portion of the firmament, pretty uniformly. The wind blew from the N. E., the direction of Lake Michigan, and in a few hours a severe snow storm set in. Letters D D represent the visible horizon and S the sun. The halo was first visible at A, and the other parts as represented in the figure were successively and gradually developed. At s s were two very bright *parahelia*, "sun dogs," which appeared to be the centres respectively of the two arcs, A B and A B. I estimated the radius of the arc C A C′ to be about 20°, and that of D M D′ to be 40°. The arc V M V′ was tangent to D M D′ at M, and they had apparently the same curvature, while U U′ seemed to have the same curvature as C A C′. All these arcs exhibited the spectral tints with great distinctness, the red ray being on the side next the sun. N R and N R which should be much prolonged, were two arcs of *white* light, which extended so far as to fill out about two-thirds of a circle, and seemed to be concentric with V V and U U.' There were no traces of this circle of white light between the points N and N, though, if the circle had been complete, it would have passed through the centre of the sun.

There is another tendency of the age, caused also by a want of reflection. It is a love of innovation—an extreme dread of conservatism. This is doubtless an age of improvement. Many and valuable improvements are constantly being made and suggested; but every innovation is not necessarily classed under this category. The experience and wisdom of ages should not be disregarded, nor institutions based upon truth and nature recklessly demolished.

Let us add our word of advice to the many—that the young be energetic in action—but let us add *be diligent in preparation.* If you can find a quiet place away from the bustle, noise and confusion of the busy world, sit down and reflect. Observe how Nature does her work, and learn a lesson.—Everything is done quietly, in order and in season by HIM who takes no delight in confusion—who practices no senseless innovations. Look within, and consider your own powers given you to use and to improve. There is no necessity of your making shipwreck of your fortunes if you will be thorough in preparation, and after you have entered upon the more active duties of life, if you will be governed, not by the "impulse of the age," but by *reason* matured by reflection, remembering always that you are made, not only active but reflective beings.

Walled Lake, Mich., 1857.

Useful Hints.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

PEOPLE of strong nervous temperament are great slaves to the whims and caprices of their imaginations; and hence people of good mental, but of very ordinary physical acquirements, are the most subject to this tyranny of mind over matter. Occasionally, a very ordinary sort of person that is, an individual of considerable mind, but whose mental capacities are unsustained, and so partially undeveloped—suffers from this peculiar fact in a most distressing degree. No doubt (says the best physical authority) one-half the ills that flesh is heir to are superinduced by the fancy of the sufferer alone. Hundreds have died by mere symptoms of cholera, yellow fever and plague, induced by sheer dread and fear of those terrible maladies.

A case is recorded, wherein a felon condemned to death by phlebotomy, had his arm laid bare to the shoulder, and thrust through a hole in a partition, while he was fast bound to the opposite side; the hidden executioner, upon the other side, applied the lancet to his arm with a click. The poor culprit heard the muddy stream outpouring, and soon growing weaker and faluter, he fell into a swoon and died; when the fact was, not a drop of blood had been shed—a surgeon having merely snapped his lancet upon the arm, and continued to pour a small stream of water over the limb and into a basin.

Another case in "point" was that of a Philadelphia amateur butcher, who, in placing his meat upon a hook, slipped and hung himself, instead of the beef, upon the barbed point. His agony was intense; he was quickly taken down and carried to a physician's office, and so great was his pain (in imagination) that he cried piteously upon every motion made by the doctor in cutting the coat and shirt sleeve from about the wounded arm! When, at last, the arm was bared, not a scratch was there! The hook point had merely grazed along the skin and torn the shirt sleeve!—*Blackwood.*

OUR COUNTRY.

THE greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the waters accumulated from the great upper lakes, forming a river three-quarters of a mile in width, are suddenly contracted and plunged over the rocks in two columns, to the depth of one hundred and sixty feet.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where one can make a voyage on the waves of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, four thousand one hundred miles in length.—Its name is derived from an Indian word, meaning "the father of waters."

The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains five hundred thousand square miles, and is one of the most prolific regions on the globe.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, four hundred and thirty miles long.

The greatest Natural Bridge in the world is that over Cedar Creek, in Virginia. It extends across a chasm eighty feet in width and two hundred and fifty feet deep, at the bottom of which a creek flows.

The greatest solid mass of iron in the world is the iron mountain of Missouri. It is three hundred and fifty feet high, and two miles in circuit.

The longest Railroad in the world is the Central Railroad of Illinois, which is seven hundred and thirty-one miles long—and cost fifteen millions of dollars.

The greatest number of miles of railroad, in proportion to its surface, of any country in the world, is in Massachusetts, which has over one mile to every square mile of its area.

The greatest number of clocks manufactured in the world, is turned out by the small state of Connecticut.

The largest number of whale ships in the world are sent out by Nantucket and New Bedford.

The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago.

The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton Aqueduct in New York. It is forty and a half miles long, and cost twelve and a half millions of dollars.

THE RED HAND ON FRENCH CLOCKS.—Time is telegraphed along the railway lines of France to each station from the Paris Observatory. A plan has lately been adopted of having two minute hands in each station clock—one red, one black. The black one shows the railroad time, the red the local time—differing from a minute to half an hour. Thus, at Paris the hands are identical. A hundred and fifty miles east, the red hand is ten minutes in advance of the black one. A hundred and fifty miles west, the red hand is ten minutes behind the black one. By this simple plan, common mistakes and confusion are prevented. As the two hands are fixed on one shaft, it is as easy to regulate both as one. This useful improvement ought to be generally adopted in this country.

SPIDERS have four paps for spinning their threads, each pap having 1,000 holes; and the fine web itself is the union of 4,000 threads. No spider spins more than four webs, and when the fourth is destroyed they seize on the webs of others.

JEW'S HARP is supposed to be a corruption of Jaws-Harp, or a harp which is held in the jaws while making melody. The Jews declare that this instrument was unknown to their forefathers.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"HE CARETH FOR THEE."

OH, SOUL, beneath the weight of fear
And care, and doubt bowed down,
Thy Father sees thy prostrate form,
And hears thine every groan.

All things shall work for good for thee,
If thou wilt trust His care,
And joy shall crown like morning light,
The night of thy despair.

Short-sighted thou, thy Father sees,
Through all thy future years,
He knows the discipline thou need'st,
Useless are not thy tears.

Christian graces grow and flourish,
Watered by the drops of sorrow,
What He does, thou canst not know,
Trust Him till the morrow.

"Light is sown for the righteous man."
And "joy for the upright,"
Faint not then, oh! stricken one,
"At eve it shall be light.

East Hampton, Mass., 1857. H.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

A LETTER from Mr. Baines, of Leeds, to the Earl of Shaftesbury, on "The Sunday and the Working Classes," has been pretty generally circulated, and is likely to help on a good cause by its sound sense and by its exposure of the fallacy which lurks in the proposition that the poor man needs Sunday amusements, as that word is generally understood. The whole is worthy of attentive perusal, but especially on the part which describes the benefit arising from a quiet and religiously spent Sabbath to the laborers and the poor. The following passage is worthy of the best place we can give it in our columns:

"Believing, as I do, with all my mind and soul, that a pious and trained family in humble life is one of the greatest ornaments, blessings and safeguards of society—the very salt of the earth—I covet for the working classes at large every opportunity and encourgement for a peaceful, well spent Sabbath. But what hope can we have of that, if inducements are multiplied for parents to leave the sanctuary, and for children to leave the Sunday school—if the only day free from interruption and frettings of worldly care, and therefore, the only day suitable for quiet reading, serious thoughts, parental instruction and family devotion, is to be a day of rambling, sight-seeing and carousing! My profound conviction is, that the very best thing for health, as well as for moral and religious improvement, is the peaceful, soothing elevating employment, of a religiously spent Sabbath day. I believe that calm is more needed than exercised; and that the sweet psalmody of the house of prayer infinitely excels the din of military music; and that a man of his own taste, with a wife by his side, his children around his knees, and telling them the matchless stories of the Divine Book, is ten thousand times better, safer and happier than he who roves with doubtful company, drops in at public houses, and spends there the money which ought to be appropriated to home necessaries, and returns late at night with clouded faculties to a neglected family."

THE SABBATH MADE FOR MAN.—God may be worshiped at all times; amid Sabbath assemblies or week-day convocations; when the rising sun awakes the earth to praise the great Creator, or when the shadows of evening, veiling the earth in quiet and repose, beckon man to contemplate the varied beneficence of the great Father of mercy; at mid-day, as by Daniel, bowing with his face toward Jerusalem, while the world was bustling around him; or as by Jacob, wrestling in prayer alone in the desert at midnight. The sacrifice of spiritual worship need not be deferred to the old or the new of the moon, to the time of the feast of Tabernacles or of Pantecost, to the season of Carnival or of Lent. The spirit of worship may make all seasons sacred seasons; all periods festival periods to God; all hours hours of prayer.

GOING TO A "BETTER COUNTRY."—A Christian does not turn his back upon the fine things of this world, because he has no natural capacity to enjoy them, no taste for them; but because the Holy Spirit has shown him greater and better things.—He wants flowers that will never fade; he wants something that a man can take with him to another world. He is like a man who has had notice to quit his house, and having secured a new one, he is no more anxious to repair, much less to embellish and beautify the old one, his thoughts are upon the removal. If you hear him converse, it is upon the house to which he is going. Thither he sends his goods, and thus he declares plainly what he is seeking.—*Cecil.*

GOOD RULES FOR ALL.—Profane swearing is abominable. Vulgar language is disgusting.—Loud laughing is impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tattling is mean. Telling lies contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful. Avoid all the above vices, and aim at usefulness. This is the road in which to become respectable. Walk in it. Never be ashamed of honest labor. Pride is a curse—a hateful vice. Never act the hypocrite. Keep good company. Speak the truth at all times. Never be discouraged, but persevere, and mountains will become mole-hills.

IMMORTALITY.—If any work of the present age shall survive the tooth of Time, it will be neither palace nor temple. If the light of any name shall flash through the mists of the far future, it will not be that of the warrior—it will be that of him, who, in his day, sought the happiness of his fellow-men, and linked his memory to some great work of utility and benevolence. This is the work that will survive the ruins of Time—the glory that outlives all others, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation, imparting to each its own immortality.

IF God hath done that good for us which he has denied to the world, we ought to do that service for him, which is denied by the world.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

Progress.—To Agents and Others.

As the edition of most of our late numbers is nearly exhausted, we this week add *one thousand copies* to our regular issue, in order to supply new subscribers from the first of June. We can, however, still furnish a few complete files from January,—but when back numbers are wanted they should be *specially ordered*. Agents and other friends of the RURAL will please note, and govern themselves accordingly—bearing in mind, also, that additions to former clubs, and the formation of new ones, are still in order, and that single subscriptions are always acceptable. Though we have had a larger increase during the past two months than we anticipated, all our books are not yet full, nor have we quite reached our mark for 1857. As agents and friends have all of this month in which to compete for premiums, we trust they will give "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether" for the mutual benefit of themselves, the RURAL and community. June 6, 1857.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed from one Post Office to another, should be particular in specifying the offices at which they are now received

☞ BACK NUMBERS of the present volume can still be supplied, but those desiring them should be particular in specifying that they are wanted.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Hubbard's Harvesters—M. G. Hubbard.
Trial of Mowers and Reapers—Monroe Co. Ag. Society.
Life of a Seer—C. M. Plumb.
To Carpenters—H. C. Coen.
Stallion "Black Hawk Dan"—R. F. Fenton.
Darrows' Book and Stationery Store—E. Darrow & Bro.
Genesee Paper Warehouse—Adams, Hastings & McVean.
Genesee Seed and Ag'l Warehouse—Rapalje & Co.
Seeds and Horticultural Implements—Briggs & Bro.
House Furnishing Store—J. E. Cheney & Co.
Hats, Caps and Furs—Sabey & Buchan.
"Know Thyself"—Fowler & Wells.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, JUNE 13, 1857.

Interesting Intelligence from Utah.

THE St. Louis *Democrat* contains an account of the arrival at Weston, of the United States officers and others who have been compelled to leave Salt Lake City, from which we clip the following interesting items. It will be seen that the reports of these persons fully confirm the statements relative to the antagonistic position of the Mormon leaders, heretofore published.

The Mormons, during the past winter, have been perpetrating many outrages upon the gentiles and the United States authorities. It is worse now in Salt Lake City than it was at the time Drummond left. Several have been murdered and many robberies committed by the Mormons during the past winter. The laws and courts of the United States are repudiated by order of Governor Young.—Judge Stiles' Court had been compelled to adjourn in consequence of the mohocratic spirit manifested in opposition to it, by the devoted followers of Young, rendering it impossible to issue a process in Utah emanating from the district courts established there by act of Congress. The Mormons claimed exclusive jurisdiction, and repudiated the idea that government has any authority in that territory in any manner whatever.

The Mormons express themselves determined to resist to the death every attempt of the general government to establish any authority in Utah.—"That was their country, and no power on earth shall interfere with them." They had a code of laws made by themselves and they should enforce them, establish and maintain their own courts in spite of all opposition.

Judge Stiles and Gen. Burr consider it absolutely necessary for the government to take the most stringent measures for the restoration of "law and order" in that territory, the inhabitants of which were in open rebellion against the laws and authorities of the United States, and unless something was done, no one could tell the evils that would result from delay. Life and property are not safe, and injured parties have no means of obtaining redress.

The Leavenworth (Kansas) *Herald* of the 30th ult., gives further information derived from several who had recently arrived from Utah. These persons left Salt Lake on the 15th of April, and report "grass six weeks later than was ever known, snow on the mountain averages 20 feet—everything quiet on the plains—saw but few Indians; met Col. Sumner with two companies U. S. troops at Vermillion, one hundred miles out. Met the first emigrant train 29 miles this side Fort Kearney, getting along very well and generally healthy.—Met more or less every day in large numbers coming from the south western part of Missouri, with large numbers of stock; estimated that 10,000 wagons and 30,000 cattle would cross the plains for California."

Salt Lake mail passed down on the 29th ult.—250 wagons, with 1,000 emigrant seceders from Utah, will come to the States, and about 1,000 will go to California.

Surveyor General Burr, who was obliged to fly, states that Brigham Young, with 350 followers, left Salt Lake on April 20th, to visit and treat with the Indians in the north part of his Territory, the Danaks, Flatheads, &c. It is supposed that the object of his mission is to unite these tribes with the Mormon force, in preparation for a war with the U. S.,—determined, if it does commence, to secure the possession of the country thereabouts, and put a stop to the emigration across the plains. The Mormons claim that they number 70,000 souls in Utah alone. Gen. Burr thinks the population does not exceed half that number. Every man and boy is a soldier, and required to do military duty almost every day. They are thoroughly acquainted with the country, and with all the mountain passes, and in case of a rupture with the United States they would prove a very efficient force, and one that it would require a large army to conquer.

Washington Matters.

CAPT. DAVIS, of the U. S. Sloop, St. Marys, in recent official dispatches to the Government, says:—It is the opinion of those who had better means of knowing than himself, that a month before the dispatches were written, Walker could have at any moment passed the enemy's lines and maintained himself in the open country. Since that time the desertions had become so numerous and frequent, and their effect so demoralizing, that toward the end of April, the only resort left Walker was to cut his way down to the coast and take refuge, if possible, on board the schooner Grenada. According to the last intelligence such an attempt would only have been the last effort of despair, and would have terminated fatally in less than five miles from Rivas. The time therefore had arrived for determining on the course to be pursued in the case anticipated in the instruction of January last, that was in the event of the expulsion of Walker and his forces from Nicaragua, by the allied armies, and his departure to the adjacent territory in Central America, for the purpose of hostile and aggressive operations. The reason assigned by Capt. Davis for the seizure of the schooner Grenada is, that the vessel had lost her nationality and was belligerent, and should not therefore pass his guns.

The following appointments have been made:—Benj. F. Fullerton has been appointed receiver of public money, at Fairbault, vice Smith, resigned. Volney Hascall, of Michigan, has been appointed Register of the Land Office, at Kalamazoo, vice Kidder declined. Joseph Williams, of Iowa, has been appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas, vice Cunningham, resigned; and F. Burnes, U. S. Attorney, for the Eastern District of Missouri, vice Reynolds, resigned. Seth Kinnean, who presented the Buckhorn chair to the President, has received an appointment for assisting to remove certain Indians from the Pacific coast. His salary will be about $1,800 per annum.

The city is quiet, though there is much bad feeling. The Light Artillery are still here. There are no signs of a renewal of the disturbances.

Many of the most respectable citizens of Washington, have signed a call for a public meeting, to condemn the late riots and sustain the course of the President and city in employing military force to quell the disturbance.

David H. Burr, Surveyor General of Utah, has arrived at his home in this city.

Speculators in the Cattle Markets.

DURING the past week a number of the largest speculators in the New York Cattle Market failed, and, be it remembered—aside from those who have lost by their "closing up"—such failure was a blessing to community. The producing classes have not been benefited by the interposition of these "go-betweens"—the butchers have not realized by their transactions—while the people have been compelled to submit to extortion in order that these phlebotomists might grow and fatten. Stagnation in trade, or the financial embarrassment of those engaged in laudable pursuits, is a matter much to be regretted, but when men forsake honorable employments and seek a living by such means as the cattle speculators have called into requisition, their speedy commercial dissolution is, if anything, cause for rejoicing.

In connection with this subject we note that in Philadelphia last week a meeting of the Butchers and Drovers was held, for the purpose of devising some means of circumventing speculators in cattle, and reducing the present high prices of meats.—One of the objects of the meeting was to arrange for the calling of a Convention of the butchers of all the principal cities, for the purpose of forming an Association, and to recommend the establishment of a Board of Purchase, under the control of the butchers, to purchase all cattle and sheep from the original feeders and graziers, &c. Nothing definite was accomplished, however, owing to the state of the weather, and the meeting was postponed.

One prominent butcher made the following *expose* of some of the rascalities practised upon them by speculators:—"Cattle," he said, "are put upon the scale to be weighed for the butchers in a condition oftentimes dangerous, from the effect of what is known as 'stuffing.' This is done by feeding the cattle corn, salted and wet hay, and they are then kept without water until the morning of sale, when they are allowed to drink so much that the cattle are sold at more pounds to the live weight than they would make if put upon the scales in an honest condition. Instead of now buying cattle at 55 pounds to the hundred weight, the butchers are compelled to pay for 62 pounds—thus allowing on every bullock weighing 800 pounds 73 pounds more weight to the speculators, amounting at present prices to $9 49."

PROPOSALS TO INSURE THE SUBMARINE CABLE.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun learns that the directors of the Atlantic Submarine Telegraph Company have had offers from responsible parties in England to insure the successful laying of the cable for a premium of ten per cent., and that parties in New York offered insurance at the rate of twenty per cent.

THE FRIGATE NIAGARA.—This new steam frigate left New York on the 24th of April, and arrived at Plymouth, Eng., on the 12th of May,—eighteen days. This passage was longer than was expected, but during one day she ran 300 miles—an average speed of twelve and a half knots per hour, which is very good, but not extraordinary.

FLOUR AND WHEAT FROM THE WEST.—The aggregate shipments from Milwaukee, from the opening of navigation to 1st June, amount to 95,072 barrels flour, 89,435 bushels wheat. Last year, same time, 50,161 barrels flour, and 386,294 bushels wheat. Chicago shows a still larger shipment of wheat, with a trifle less of flour.

Items of News.

THE Washington Election riot on the 1st inst. resulted in the death of six or eight persons and the injury of twenty or thirty others. The killed were mostly respectable citizens—mere spectators of the outrages being perpetrated.

A DISPATCH from St. Louis states that great excitement existed among the Mormons at Salt Lake at last accounts. The Gentiles were fleeing from the oppression of Brigham Young, and several of the U. S. officers had left with their families.

DISTURBANCES, originating in the dearness of food, have taken place in various districts of Spain; and, in consequence, a royal decree has been issued prolonging the time for the free importation of corn to the 31st of December next.

SEVERAL stalks of rye, measuring from 5 feet 6 inches to 5 feet 10 inches, were exhibited in Albany Friday morning. They were cut by Wm. Richardson, clerk of the Assembly, off his farm in Bethlehem.

THAT class of men in England who are made respectable by having titles bestowed upon them have recently had an addition to their number.—The dignity of baronet to the United Kingdom has been conferred upon Sir Yamsetjee Yejeehhoy, knight of Bombay.

D. T. MORLEY, a respected citizen of Smyrna' Chenango county, has become insane on the subject of spiritualism, and is at the Utica Asylum.

THREE thousand and odd dollars go annually from the U. S. Treasury into the pockets of Brigham Young. This small sum undoubtedly performs wonders in contributing to the support of the various Mrs. Youngs and the innumerable "little chaps" bearing that venerated patronymic.

ACCORDING to the published list of tax payers in the city of Baltimore, there is not one millionaire in the whole city. The wealthiest inhabitant in it is rated at only $730,000, while the next to him in wealth is the possessor of but $430,000.

FROM one town in New Hampshire 200 persons, mechanics, have gone to the West this spring, taking with them an aggregate sum of $100,000.

THE School Committee of Boston have recently forbid the assignment of lessons for study out of school, in the grammar school of girls. This action was taken at the instance of the city physician, who, after giving his attention to the subject, had become convinced of the alarming consequences resulting from such studies.

Political Matters.

THE Pennsylvania American State Convention met at Lancaster during the past week and nominated Isaac Haslehurst, of Philadelphia, as candidate for Governor.

THE Democratic State Convention, of Alabama, met at Montgomery on the 4th inst., when Andrew B. Moore was unanimously nominated for Gov.

MAJOR MCCULLOCH, it is said, is a candidate for U. S. Senator from Texas, in place of Gen. Houston,

☞ JAMES B. CLAY, son of the late Henry Clay, has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Ashland District in Kentucky.

THE New Orleans (La.) municipal election, on the 1st inst., resulted in favor of the American ticket.

THE municipal election in Canandaigua, N. Y., on the 2d inst., resulted in the success of the entire American ticket.

☞ It is said that Wm. B. M'Clay, of New York, has been offered the Secretaryship of Legation, under Mr. Murphy, as Minister to the Hague.

THE American National Council have held a session during the past week at Louisville, Ky.—No business of importance was transacted.

GOV. WISE, of Va., it is said, had tendered to Charles L. Carr, Esq., of Kanawha county, Va., the post of Lieut. Governor of that State, made vacant by the resignation of Lieut. Governor McComas.

AMONG the foreign appointments known to have been made are—Joseph A. Wright, of Indiana, Minister to Berlin; Henry C. Murphy, of New York, Minister to the Netherlands; Isaac R. Dillon of Illinois, Consul at Bremen; Wm. Thompson, of New York, Consul to Southampton, and Gabriel G. Fleurot, of New York, Consul to Bordeaux.

THE Virginia election, according to the latest advices, has resulted in the election of the Democratic candidates for Congress in all the Districts, thirteen in number.

GOV. HAILE, of New Hampshire, was sworn in at Concord on the 4th inst., in the presence of a large assemblage. In his address he says that favorable progress in industrial pursuits have been made during the past year. He advocates the establishment of a Board of Education and a State Normal School. The agricultural interests are considered in a prosperous condition. The State debt is somewhat increased; but will be extinguished without increased taxation. The liquor law has been attended with favorable results. He advocates a longer period of residence of aliens, and that they shall be able to read and write the English language before they shall be permitted to vote. He deems it necessary to protest against the Dred Scott decision, and suggests pecuniary aid to settlers in Kansas.

EMIGRATION FROM GERMANY.—Bremen and Hamburg, the two principal seaports of Germany, are crowded with emigrants for the new world.—In Bremen a cheap eating and lodging-house, upon an extensive scale, has been established for the accommodation of emigrants during their sojourn there. The dining-room will seat three thousand persons at once. In the month of April, 1857, 6,597 persons left the port of Bremen, against 4,177 in the same month last year; and since the first of January, 11,214 passengers have been forwarded in 47 vessels, against 6,983 passengers in 33 vessels during the same time last year. From Hamburg, 5,888 persons emigrated in the month of April, of who 3,572 were bound to New York, and 1,795 to Quebec. The number that left Hamburg since the first of January is 7,344, against 4,758 during the same time last year.

EMIGRATION.—The Green Bay (Wis.) Advocate says that seventy Belgian emigrants came on the first steamboat arrival at that port, who stated that 5,000 more of their countrymen might be expected this summer. It expects an accession of 12,000 to the population of Brown county this season.

Literary Notices.

EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES IN HONDURAS,—Comprising Sketches of Travel in the Gold Regions of Olancho, and a Review of the History and General Resources of Central America. With original maps and numerous illustrations. By WM. V. WELLS. New York: Harper & Brothers.

IN a large and handsome volume of nearly 600 pages, much valuable information is here imparted relative to a very interesting country. While residing in California, Mr. WELLS was advised that the district of Olancho, in Honduras, was another El Dorado; and, becoming interested in a project to obtain the right to work gold placers, establish commercial stations for the export of hides, timber, dye-woods, &c., he spent nearly a year in exploring the country—traveling over a thousand miles, mostly on mule back, and visiting thirty-eight towns and settlements. The results of his tour were noted in a daily journal, from which has been compiled a work which comprises much that is new concerning the history, people, natural resources, climate, &c., of Central America. The work is for sale by DEWEY.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL AND PERSIUS. With English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, from the best Commentators. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D., New York: Harper & Brothers—1857.

ALL of the extant works of JUVENAL—which consists of sixteen Satires,—are here given, in a form adapting them to the recitation room. Every piece is a finished rhetorical essay, and the author's denunciations of vice are energetic and glowing. The Satires of PERSIUS—six in number—also find a place in the volume—and the author has given them without note or comment, rather an unusual proceeding for the learned Professor, but worthy of commendation.—Students of the Latin language will greet this accession with pleasure. For sale by DEWEY.

MADELON HAWLEY; or, The Jesuit and his Victim. A Revelation of Romanism. By WM. EARLE BINDER.—New York: H. Dayton.

THIS work *purports* to be the dying revelations of an old man, who was, in early life, a Catholic priest, and describes his participation in scenes of cruelty and murder which are appalling. It is of the "sensation" character, copiously interspersed with the terrible and marvellous, but whether a veritable history is more than problematical. Sold by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

DYNEVOR TERRACE: or, The Line of Life. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." In two volumes. New York: Harpers.

MISS YONGE is a writer of acknowledged merit, whose works are eminently calculated to exert an excellent influence, as they are marked with a high moral tone. A discriminating friend who has perused these volumes assures us that they maintain the reputation of the author, and are worthy of particular commendation. Sold by DEWEY.

BOAT LIFE IN EGYPT AND NUBIA. By WM. C. PRIME, author of "Tent Life in the Holy Land," "The Old House by the River," "Later Years," etc. New York: Harpers.

THIS is a very interesting volume, written in an entertaining style, and replete with incidents and historical allusions and reminiscences. To those who wish to know more of Egypt and its habitans, we especially commend the work, and it will interest all who have a penchant for sketches of Oriental travel. Sold by DEWEY.

THE *Westminster Review* for April has been received. Its "Table of Contents" comprises nine articles,—Present State of Theology in Germany; The Hindu Drama; Gunpowder and its Effect on Civilization; Glaciers and Glacier Theories; Progress—its Law and Cause; The Danubian Principalities; Literature and Society; China and the Chinese; Contemporary Literature. Those who desire sound reading—the perusal of something which will interest and instruct—can obtain it in any of the Reviews. For sale by DEWEY. LEONARD SCOTT & Co., publishers, New York.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

ON the 6th inst., a fire broke out in the extensive store-house of George W. Baxter, in Furman street, Brooklyn, near the foot of Clark street.—The building was of brick, about seventy-five feet front by two hundred feet deep. It was only one story in height. The rear extended nearly to the river. The fire originated in a bundle of hay in the front of the building. The flames spread rapidly and soon extended over the whole concern. There were stored on each side a number of tiers and hogsheads containing sugar and molasses, of which about 1,500 were sugar and the remainder molasses. The building belonged to the estate of Henry J. Sanford, and was valued at $12,000. The loss on the sugar and molasses is estimated at $156,000. The whole is covered by insurance.

A FIRE in Manchester, N. H., on the 4th inst., destroyed the saw-mills of Messrs. Baldwin & Co., causing a loss of $25,000. One man was killed and several injured by the falling of the walls.

A DISPATCH from New Orleans announces the burning of the steamer Louisiana at Galveston on the 31st ult. Eleven persons are known to be lost by the catastrophe, and Col. Bainbridge, U. S. A., and thirty-one others are missing.

THE paint-shop attached to Morrill & Bowers' Car Factory, Cleveland, O., was burned on the 4th inst., with four passenger cars belonging to the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad, and two baggage cars. The loss of the Railroad is covered by insurance. Loss $14,000. Insurance $10,200.

A FIRE occurred in the Western Penitentiary, of Pa., at Allegany City, on the 2d inst. The fire originated in a flue, and damaged the roof and upper floor to the amount of $2,000, which is covered by insurance. None of the prisoners escaped.

THE entire block of buildings known as the Dane County Block, Madison, Wis., were destroyed by fire on the 6th inst. Loss $75,000. Insured.

THE extensive Iron Manufacturing Establishment owned by a stock company in Nashville, Tenn., was destroyed by fire on the 3d inst. After many years of laborious effort to establish itself, it had just begun to pay, and had at least $100,000 worth of work on hand, and 150 mechanics constantly employed. It is estimated that the loss to the company will not fall short of $100,000. The company was insured to the amount of $50,000.—Several individuals, who had machinery repairing, lost to the amount of $5,000 or $6,000.

THE entire furniture manufactory of Mr. Boux, Mercer street, New York, and a large portion of that of Mr. Campbell, were burnt on the 6th inst. Two dwellings were also much injured. Loss $50,000. Insured.

AN accident occurred on the Erie Railroad on the 3d inst., near Addison by which Dr. Wm. Peck of Cincinnati, was killed and three others badly injured.

THE fire in Reading, Mass., on the 7th inst., destroyed Carter's steam cabinet manufactory. Loss $15,000. Insured $10,000.

News Clippings.

— The Empress of Russia has given birth to a son.

— The mother of Queen Victoria is 71 years of age.

— The cash value of England is set down at $4,447,000,000.

— In this State, there is one pauper to every seventeenth person.

— The epidemic among swine has appeared in Rhode Island.

— The mint has paid out 6,000,000 of the new coinage of cents.

— It takes 800 clerks to do the business of the Bank of London.

— A silver mine has been discovered in Croosa county, Alabama.

— An Antwerp lady has just given birth to her twenty-ninth child.

— The Mobile Register acknowledges the receipt of plums ripened in May.

— The Croton water rent of the St. Nicholas hotel last year, was $3,000.

— The Sardinian government intends sending two vessels of war to China.

— Fresh strawberries are among the delicacies of the Chicago market.

— Capt. Isaac B. Dillon, of Illinois, has been appointed Consul to Bremen.

— Wheat in California on the 1st day of April was three dollars per bushel.

— The editor of the Albany Transcript, has been feasting on ripe strawberries.

— There are 4,000 men at work in the lead mines of southwest Missouri.

— Attorney Gen. Black, decides St. Paul to be the legal Capital of Minnesota.

— At Lake Superior, the snow is still a foot deep, and ice thirty inches thick.

— Col. McMullen has been commissioned Governor of Washington Territory.

— A ship canal is talked of from Lake Michigan to Erie across Southern Michigan.

— New potatoes, from New Orleans, are selling in Louisville, Ky., at $2 50 per bushel.

— Hon. John M. Botts has been elected President of a cricket club, at Richmond, Va.

— The property belonging to Columbia College, in New York city, is worth $2,000,000.

— It is stated that the horses are dying in large numbers in New Castle county, Delaware.

— Seven females graduated at the Penn. Medical College in Philadelphia, on the 30th ult.

— Ripe strawberries are in the Cleveland market, brought from Cincinnati and thereabouts.

— Two steamboat captains were lately fined $200 each, for landing paupers in St. Louis.

— Chloroform is used in Berlin by thieves who steal porkers, to prevent their squealing.

— Gottschalk, the American pianist, is said to be hopelessly ill in Cuba, of Consumption.

— A publisher has issued a work called "Every Man a Lawyer." What a state of society.

— Buildings are in progress in New York city, at a cost in all, of something like 6,000,000.

— The price of leaf tobacco has advanced in the Louisville market, fully $1 per hundred.

— The anniversary of the Queen's birthday was celebrated with great enthusiasm in Canada.

— The total number of insane persons in the various Institutions of North America is 8,462.

— Mount Vesuvius, at last accounts, was in a state of violent eruption, and has been for a week.

— The Sophomore Class has been dismissed from the Geneva College, for disobeying the rules.

— It is said that a *nol. pros.* has been entered in the case of the kidnappers of Solomon Northrup.

— The culture of grapes has been introduced with success in the vicinity of Fort Madison, Iowa.

— Lord Napier has officially denied the report that New Granada has ceded an island to Great Britain.

— Spiritual experiments are going on before the professors of Harvard, at the house of Prof. Agassiz.

— An intelligent jury in Nevada found a man named Hays "guilty of involuntary manslaughter!"

— A farmer from Cattaraugus Co., sold 7,000 pounds of maple sugar in a lot, at Rochester, on the 2d inst.

— The parishioners of Rev. T. Starr King have presented him a service of plate of the value of $400, to $500.

— General Eyre, of Canada, narrowly escaped drowning in the Richelieu, on the 31st ult, by the upsetting of a boat.

— The citizens of Geneva are much excited and alarmed by several recent and flagrant incendiarisms in that village.

— Two girls and a boy in Barre have braided eight hundred hats, for which they receive eight cents each, in 37 days.

— Dr. Brandreth tells the Sing Sing Reporter he intends to complete the Washington Monument, at his own expense.

— The English doctrine of "once a subject always a subject," has been abandoned by the British Minister of Foreign Affairs.

— A destructive freshet occurred at Port Deposite, Md., on Tuesday of last week. Property was damaged to a large amount.

— On the occasion of his birthday, the Emperor of Russia, issued a further amnesty in favor of political and other offenders.

— Three United States Senators from New Hampshire, have died in office in three years—Messrs. Norris, Atherton and Bell.

— A beggar was recently fined at Washington, for being an impostor, and his wife drew the money from a bank to pay his fine.

— A new article, called "Refined Cotton Seed Oil," has been introduced into the market for burning and machinery purposes.

— Two thousand acres of land were burnt over, and about 15,000 cords of wood destroyed, recently, in Hooksett, New Hampshire.

— The travel to Europe this season is immense. Nearly 900 passengers sailed in four different steamers from New York, last week.

— A petrified rattlesnake was recently found in Weaverville, most perfect in size, form, and appearance, even to the spots and rattles.

— A Firemen's Tournament will take place at Auburn on the 29th and 30th of July next, to which firemen from abroad are invited.

— Two men at New Orleans, have recovered $800 damages from that city, for allowing their fruit stands to be destroyed by a mob.

— On the 31st ult., Adams & Co.'s express reached Louisville from New Orleans with $1,000,000 in specie, en route to the Philadelphia mint.

— Lord Napier was the guest of the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company," of Boston, at the celebration of that famous corps.

— The great tunnel on the Iron Mountain Railroad in Missouri, has just been completed. It is 800 feet long, 18 feet wide, and 15 feet high.

— A letter from Rome, of April 7th, says that two or three hundred persons from the United States have taken up residence in the "eternal city."

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the America and New York.

THE Royal mail steamship America, from Liverpool, on the 23d ult., arrived at Halifax and the New York, at New York, on the 2d inst.

On Monday evening the British Navy estimates, amounting to over nine million pounds sterling, were carried in Parliament.

In the Neufchatel affair, Prussia adheres to the arrangement proposed by the Council of Paris, and renounces her claims for compensation.

Russian circles in Paris maintain that the Shah has not and will not ratify the treaty of peace sent him.

Letters from Germany state that the Emperors of France and Russia are to meet this summer at Berlin.

Baron Gros would leave for China on the 20th.

The King of Bavaria had reached Fontainbleau, and was received by Napoleon.

The Calcutta produce market was dull and prices high.

The London Gazette of Tuesday evening contains an order in Council announcing the contract of marriage between the Princess Royal and Prince William of Prussia.

The growing grain crops in France were magnificent, and wheat and flour was declining in the French markets.

The British steamer Hornet has destroyed 17 piratical guns on the Chinese coast.

The two native regiments which mutinied in India, had been disbanded without much trouble.

The Dodsars, a tribe of Bellocheese, occupying the hills near Teskawar, and 15,000 strong, had been reduced to submission. The loss on the British side was 60.

LIVERPOOL MARKET.—Breadstuff market generally firm and prices showed a slight improvement. The provision market was without particular change. The sugar market was firm.

Provincial Items.

THE Banking Institutions of Canada West have unanimously resolved to adopt the decimal system of currency on and after the first of January next.

THE Hamilton Banner of the 6th inst., says it is stated that the Provincial Parliament will be prorogued on Wednesday. The discussion of the Great Southern Railroad question was postponed till this evening, and the Government organ states that rumors are afloat that no further attempt will be made to proceed with the bill; but that owing to the manifestly hostile feeling of the House, it will be withdrawn.

THE question of locating permanently the seat of government of the United Provinces of Canada has for some time engaged the attention of the Home Government, and the decision has been awaited with no little anxiety. It is stated on good authority that Ottawa will be, or has been, selected. The London Herald publishes this intelligence in the following brief but confident notice:—"We have received information from a source upon which we can place reliance, that the Imperial authorities of the Colonial Department have decided in favor of Ottawa as the future Seat of Government of these Provinces. Toronto, however, will remain the metropolis for three years. The selection of Ottawa has been arrived at for the position of the locality. It is intimated that the visit of the Governor General may probably have had some influence on the decision which the Imperial authorities have arrived at."

THE Hamilton Banner of the 30th ult. says:—"The weather in this district is splendid, and the fruit and grain crops, notwithstanding the many doleful prophecies respecting them, are in a very promising condition, and the crops bid fair to be excellent. Fall wheat is looking much better.—Farmers are very busy planting potatoes and sowing the different varieties of spring grain. Unless some fearful and unforeseen calamity befalls us, we have every reason to look forward to a rich and bountiful harvest." The accounts from Canada respecting the crops are generally of a very promising character.

IN the Assembly of the Canadian Parliament on the 1st inst., the International Bridge Bill passed without amendment by a decided vote. The amendment of Mr. Cameron, that the act should not go into operation until a convention between the United States and Great Britain had been held consenting to the erection of the bridge, was voted down—yeas 14, nays 59. The amendment providing that the Province should be exempt from all claims for damages in the event that the Governments of Great Britain and the United States should require the bridge to be removed, was negatived by a vote of 34 to 42. It is understood that the bill will pass the other House without opposition.

A FARMER incautiously set fire to a quantity of brushwood upon a piece of land he had cleared, near Carlisle, C. W., and the high wind prevailing at the time drove the flames upon the houses, barns and fences in the neighborhood. A complete sweep of the whole little settlement, and the destruction of wheat, wagons, fences, fruit and grass crops, was the consequence.

A NEW ROUTE FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.—Surgeon Caldwell, attached to the ship Independence, under date of Panama Bay, May 8th, has unofficially advised the Navy Department that he has been informed there is a practicable route for a ship canal from Gulf San Miguel, Rio Saraua, to Rue del Principe, a few miles above which place the tide ebbs, thence about north by east over a low ground to Caledonia Bay, or a little north of it; that the whole country is low, well wooded and watered, abounds in game, and that a small party can cross from Saraua to the Atlantic ocean and return, making a path or road as they go, in less than ten days, without fear of the Indians or disease. Dr. Caldwell, having obtained leave of Com. Merwin, hastily explored the route, and reports the summit level from Principe to be within eight miles of Saraua, and would not prove insurmountable to engineering skill in constructing a ship canal.

A MODEL LEGISLATURE.—The General Assembly of Rhode Island adjourned its Newport session last Friday, after a busy existence of *four days*.—It appropriated $12,000 for the erection of a stone bridge at Pawtucket, and directed the removal of the State Normal School from Providence to Bristol, where gratuitous accommodations were tendered it. The Assembly meets in Providence again next January.

A Rich Report.

MAY not the following epistle, received by President BUCHANANA few days since, throw a little light upon that very dark subject—the short-comings of our postal arrangements? We are inclined to think it does, however; we will let the "man the key was left with," tell his own story:

CRAWFORD COUNTY, Mo., April 30, 1857.

MR. BUCHANAN—*Dear Sir:* Mr. —— is the Postmaster at this place, and he is gone out West, and has been gone for three or four weeks, and he has no deputy here, but I have been opening the mails and attending to it since he has been gone, as he left the key with me, and the Postmaster told me that I must make a report at the end of every month, and did not tell me who I was to write to, but I suppose it is to you we should make our reports, as we are all citizens of the Government of which you are now President. If you are not the right one to receive the report please drop me a few lines, letting me know who I am to report to, and I will write again.

REPORT AT THE END OF APRIL.—The weather is cold for the season—Provisions scarce and very high—but notwithstanding all that, we have regular mails once a week, good health, and the people of this country are universally pleased with your Administration; this is all I know that would interest you; if there is anything omitted in my last report, please let me know. My best respects to you and Mrs. Buchanan.

KANSAS NEWS.—Dispatches to the 28th ult. have been received from Kansas. Gov. Walker arrived in Lecompton on the 27th ult. He read his Inaugural. It was a long paper, and declares that the Territorial Laws shall be enforced. It criticises the action of the Free State men, and declares that the position taken shall be maintained by the whole force of the Government. A Convention was held at Lecompton to nominate candidates for Constitutional Delegate and Surveyor General.—Calhoun Jones, of the Union, and a man named Bolling—alleged Pro-Slavery—were nominated.—Gov. Walker passed through Lawrence and assured the people there that everything should be fair.

GREAT BLASTING.—The London (Eng.,) Times, of the 22d ult., says:—"A magnificent operation came off with complete success at twenty minutes past noon this day, when, with an aggregate charge of 21,000 pounds of powder, a section of Holyhead Mountain, amounting in measurement to 160,000 tuns of the hardest quartz rock, was dislodged.—The most splendid sight was presented on the command "Fire!" being given, when a section of the mountain upheaved and came over like an avalanche, leaving a space of 450 feet in length, 120 in height and 60 in breadth as a witness to the successful application of powder as a moving agent. Nearly 10,000 visitors witnessed the operation."

THE GEORGIA PRODIGY.—The most wonderful specimen of the human family ever seen, is now on exhibition in our city, at Madame Meyers', on Lafayette street, from the hours of 9 A. M., to 9 P. M.; admission only fifty cents. His head measures three feet in circumference, and weighs sixty pounds, while his body is that of a boy of five years old; the youth in question being seventeen years of age. It is a phenomenon worthy the attention of physicians and men of science, and a curiosity that will undoubtedly attract large attention. We have seen the sight, and never expect to look upon its like again.—*Baton Rouge (La.) Advocate.*

FROM MEXICO.—Late papers from the City of Mexico have been received. There is no positive information in regard to Gen. Crabb and his fillibustering party, but the probabilities are that the fears of their execution will be verified.

The election in Mexico was progressing, and the results, so far as known, were generally favorable to the re-election of President Comonfort.—Dates from the City of Mexico are to the 16th of May. Heavy rains had fallen, and the inhabitants were alarmed at the prospects of an inundation.—There had been several robberies on the Puebla road.

THE AFRICAN TRAVELER.—The freedom of the City of London was presented to Dr. LIVINGSTON on the 20th ult., inclosed in a fifty-guinea casket. In the course of his response to the address of the Chamberlain, he said that he had brought specimens of a flax with him from Africa which, when prepared, would be worth $250 to $300 per tun, and that he had met with a dozen fruits there which were entirely unknown in England.

THE VANDERBILT.—The new steamer Vanderbilt made a very quick passage to England from New York, considering it was her first trip. She left New York on the 5th ult., and arrived at Cowes on the 15th, in the evening—the time being less than ten days. This is the fastest *first* voyage made by any new steamer across the Atlantic.

CALIFORNIA COAL.—The Sacramento Union at last announces that a bed of coal has been discovered within thirty miles of that city, and a load has been brought to it, and used with great satisfaction. The coal is bituminous; the vein is twelve feet thick, and the bed more than a mile wide and several miles long.

CROPS IN TEXAS.—New Orleans papers state that refreshing rains have visited nearly every part of Texas excepting Gonzales and Guadaloupe, where the drouth still prevails. The wheat crops are excellent, and the other crops promise an abundant harvest.

WINTER IN THE LAP OF SUMMER.—There were, on the first day of June, masses of frozen spray and snow, fifty feet in solid thickness, under the American side of the Falls at Niagara. A heavy rock thrown upon them makes no more impression than upon hard ice.

EMIGRATION.—During the month of May, 71 emigrant vessels arrived at New York, bringing over 27,848 passengers—or nearly 900 for every day in the month. This is the largest number of arrivals during any one month for the last three years.

INDIAN DIFFICULTIES.—A letter from St. Paul, Minn., May 30th, to the N. Y. Post, says:—"Orders have just been received from Washington for six companies of the 10th Infantry, under the command of Brevet Col. Tamby, to proceed forthwith against the lower band of Dacotah and Sioux Indians, at Spirit Lakes, and the Des Moines settlement; also against the Jacqueous River Indians, who are suspected of being concerned in the recent outrages."

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, June 9, 1857.

THE feature of the market this morning is inactivity. Farmers have work enough to keep them at home and the city trade is consequently depressed.

No change in either Wheat or Flour. Home transactions are limited, and owing to constant interruptions on the canal no shipments are making. Corn has fallen off 6c per bushel. Oats have declined 2c.

PROVISIONS—Butter is down 1c per pound Cheese and Lard have advanced 1c per pound Potatoes are down 25c per bushel on inferior, 12½c on choice varieties.

HAY—More hay was on sale in our market yesterday than at any period for some months—much offered had been teamed 25 miles—and a large reduction in price is noted. Best qualities bring $21—this price, however, is not readily obtained—poorest $12

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, bbl	$7,00@8,75
Wheat, Gen	$1,85@1,90
Best white Canada	$1,85@1,90
Corn	91c@$1,00
Oats	55@62c
Barley	$1,00@1,12½
Buckwheat	63@65c
Beans	$1,75@2,00
Peas	$1,00@1,25
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess	$24,00
Do. cwt	$3,00@3,00
Beef ⅌ cwt	$7,50@8,50
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50
Hams, smoked	12@13c
Shoulders	10@11c
Chickens	11@12c
Turkeys	00@12½
Geese	50c
DAIRY, &c.	
Butter, roll	00@16c
Do. firkin	13@15c
Cheese	11@14c
Lard, tried	00@14c
Tallow	10@10½c
Eggs, dozen	14@15c
Honey, box	16c
Candles, box	13½@14½c
FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Apples, bushel	$1,50@1,75
Do. dried	$2,00@2,25
Potatoes	$1@$1,25
HIDES AND SKINS	
Slaughter	6½@7c
Calf	12@13c
Sheep pelts	$1,50@1,75
Lamb do	00@00c
SEEDS.	
Clover bushel	$5,50@7,00
Timothy	$3,00@4,00
SUNDRIES	
Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Coal, Lehigh	$5,00@5,25
Do. Scranton	$7,00@7,25
Do. Bloosburg	$5,50
Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
Do. Char	10@12½c
Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,85
Hay, ton	$18@30
Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
White fish, bbl	$12@12,50
Codfish ⅌ quintal	$4,75@5,25
Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 8.—Flour—Firm with a fair demand for eastern and local trade, and some trifling export inquiry. Sales at $5,50@5,93 for com to choice super State; $6,05@6,10 for extra do; $5,50@6,90 for super Western, $5,85@6,60 for com to medium and extra Mich, Ind, Ill, Wis and Ohio; market closing firm. Canadian flour is quiet and unchanged; sales at $6,70@6,90 for super.

GRAIN—Wheat increasing, with only a moderate demand.—Market declined 1@2c. Sales Milwaukee club at 150@152c, chiefly at inside price; common Canada club at 148c. Rye unchanged; sales Jersey at 115c. Corn steady; sales at 91@92c for old mixed Western in store; 92@93c for Southern yellow delivered. Oats quiet at 63@67c for State and Canada.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is heavy. Sales at $23,00 for mess; and $19,50@19,25 for prime. Lard a shade lower, with moderate demand; sales at 14¼@14½c; trifling parcels at 14¾. Butter plenty and dull at 17@20c for Ohio and 18@22c for State. Cheese dull at 6@11c.

ALBANY, JUNE 8.—Flour and Meal—The market for flour opened steady with a moderate demand, and throughout the morning only a moderate business was done. Corn Meal in fair request at steady prices.

GRAIN—There is a better feeling in wheat, with an improved milling demand at improved prices. For very prime white, holders are firm at $2. Sales white Indiana on p. t. Corn in small supply, and the market is firmer; sales Western mixed on p. t. Oats quiet; sales Canadian at 61c, measure. Barley and Barley Malt quiet.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 3.—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality, 13½@14c; Ordinary, 12½@13c.; Common, 11½@12c.; Inferior, 10@11c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $65@75; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6@6½c.; Other qualities, 4@5½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, 7½@8c; Other qualities, $3,50@6,50.

SWINE—First quality, 7½@7¾c.; Other qualities, 5@6½c.

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 3.—At market 305 Cattle, 275 Beeves, & 20 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,50@10,00; First quality, $8,50@9,00; second quality, $7,50; third quality, $6,50@7,00; ordinary, $5,50.

WORKING OXEN—$95 to $200.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 50, @65.

YEARLINGS—$30@0. Two years old, $35@40. Three years old, $45@50

VEAL CALVES—$4,50, 5, 6@12 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—800 at market. Prices—In lots, $4, 5,50 each. Extra and selections, $5, 7@8.

HIDES—7½@8c ⅌ lb. Tallow 7½@8c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—95c@$2,00 each. Calf Skins 14@15c. ⅌ lb.

SWINE—1000 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8½c. ⅌ lb. Dressed hogs, 9½@10½c Shoats, wholesale, 8@9c.; retail 9@10½c. ⅌ lb. Spring pigs 15@18c ⅌ lb.

BRIGHTON, JUNE 4.—At market 775 Beef Cattle, 50 Stores, 21 pairs Working Oxen, 135 Cows and Calves, 900 Sheep and Lambs, 1,000 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $10; first quality, $9,75; second, $8,00; third, $7,50; ordinary, $6,50.

HIDES—7½@8c. Tallow, 7½@8c.

PELTS—75c@$2,00. Calf Skins, 14@15c ⅌ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$4,50, 5@6 a piece.

WORKING OXEN—$100, 162@190.

COWS AND CALVES—$29, 36, 35, 40@50.

YEARLINGS $00@00 Two years old, $36@41. Three years old, $45@51.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $5, 6@8. In lots $3,50@4.

SWINE—5½@6c. Retail, 7½@9c. Fat hogs 7c.

ALBANY, JUNE 1.—At W. W. WOOLFORD'S Bull's Head Washington Avenue

BEEF CATTLE—80 at market. Prices, live weight, extra, $7,00; first quality, $6,50; second and third, $5,50@6.

COWS AND CALVES—Five in market Prices range from $40@50; extra $55.

SHEEP—780 in market Prices range at from $4,50@6.

SWINE—370 in market. Prices fat $7,50. Stores $6,50@6,75.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

BOSTON, JUNE 3.—Fleece and Pulled Wools remain about the same as noticed last week, the sales comprising 50,000 lbs., at steady prices. In Foreign sales of 225 bales of African, Mediterranean and other kinds at various prices, as to quality:

Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, ⅌ lb. 62@65c.; Full Blood Merino, 55@60c.; Tarco-quarters do., 48@53c.; Half do., 46@49c.; Common, 38@42c.; Superfine, 44@50c.; Pulled extra, 48@55c.; Do. No. 1, 38@45c.; Smyrna Washed, 27@42c.; Smyrna Unwashed, 15@22c.; Mexican, 17@19c.; Buenos Ayres, 32@50c.; Barbary Washed, 28@35c.

DEATHS.

AT Oak Orchard, Orleans Co., May 31, of Brain Fever, CHARLES STEWART, aged 23.

AT Clover street, Brighton, on Friday the 5th day of June, ISAAC MOORE, Esq., in the 71st year of his age.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"KNOW THYSELF," A Mirror of the Mind; or your CHARACTER from your LIKENESS. For particulars, send a 3 cent stamp to FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

SABEY & BUCHAN,
DEALERS IN HATS, CAPS AND FURS, at the "Old Premium Hat Store," No. 23 State street, Rochester, N. Y.

RAPALJE & CO'S
GENESEE SEED AND AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE, 65 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y., and Port Hope, C. W. Agricultural Implements, Machines, &c., at Wholesale and Retail. Imported and home grown Garden, Field and Flower Seeds.

BRIGGS & BROTHER,
IMPORTERS AND GROWERS, and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Garden, Field and Flower Seeds, and Horticultural Implements, 85 State St., Rochester, N. Y. ☞ Seeds furnished on commission. Choice Peas and Beans at Wholesale.

J. E. CHENEY & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF KENZIE'S Water Filters, Thermometers, Refrigerators, Stoves, Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware—and Dealers in House Furnishing Goods of every description, Nos. 59 and 61 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

ADAMS, HASTINGS & McVEAN,
GENESEE PAPER MILLS, Manufacturers of Book, Printing and Wrapping Paper, and Dealers in Fine Paper, Printers' Stock, Inks, Straw Board, &c Warehouse, No 60 State St., Rochester. ☞ Cash paid for Rags, Sizing, Rope, &c.

ERASTUS DARROW & BRO.,
BOOK SELLERS, PUBLISHERS AND STATIONERS, Osburn House Block, Rochester, N. Y., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in School, Medical, Religious, Sunday School, Miscellaneous and New Books, Writing Paper, Slates, Slate Pencils, Printing Ink, &c. Orders from Dealers solicited

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THE PRACTICAL STAIR BUILDER—A simple and accurate method of obtaining the face-mold and its application shown in perspective as the work progresses. Plans one-fourth full size, with lines laid down in a plain and simple manner, capable of being understood by any practical workman. The advantages claimed by this system are these: having less lines than any work yet published, wreathes cut square through the plank, and joints made at once, and at right angles to the surface of the plank, by which there is a saving of material and labor of at least fifty per cent. By mail free. Single copy, $2—three copies, $5. Address H. C. COEN, Architect and Builder, Box 87 Philadelphia, Pa. 387

LIFE OF A SEER!
The Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis,
ENTITLED
"THE MAGIC STAFF."
THIS MOST SINGULAR AND ATTRACTIVE WORK, just published, contains a minute and reliable history of the world-renowned Clairvoyant, with the *great secret* of his extraordinary gift, and a description of his peculiar method of study. It is a volume of unprecedented interest and value. The book contains 552 pages, two steel engravings and several other Illustrations. Copies sent by mail free of postage, on receipt of the retail price, $1 25, by O. M. PLUMB, Rochester, N. Y.

BLACK HAWK DAN
WAS RAISED IN Vt., sired by old Black Hawk, dam a cross of Gilford Morgan and the Hambletonian. He is a jet black and strongly resembles his sire, in color, form, and action. He took the first premium at the Rutland Co., Fair in 1855, and made his mile on trot in harness when four years old *in two minutes and fifty-two seconds*. He was five years old last spring, and will stand this season at the stable of the subscriber in Jamestown, N. Y. Terms, $5 down and $20 more if the mare proves to be with foal.
Jamestown, N. Y., May 18, 1857. R. F. FENTON.

TRIAL OF MOWERS AND REAPERS,
By the Monroe Co. Ag'l Society.
THERE WILL BE A TRIAL OF MOWERS AND REAPERS under the direction of the Monroe County Agricultural Society, on their Fair Grounds, on Wednesday the first day of July, to commence at one o'clock, P. M.
The following premiums are offered:
For the best Mower and Reaper Combined Silver Medal and $10 00
" 2d " " 5 00
For the best Mower, Silver Medal and 10 00
" 2d " " 5 00
For the best Reaper, " " " 10 00
" 2d " " 5 00
For the best Mowing with Scythe by hand 5 00
" 2d " " " " 3 00
" 3d " " " " 2 00
" 4th " " " " 1 00
" 5th " " " " Vol. Transactions.
Regulations as to the amount to be mowed, &c., will be made known at the commencement of the trial.
A premium of $5 is also offered for the best Horse Rake. If practicable, an opportunity will be given to test the merits of the Rakes. Discretionary premiums will also be awarded for other implements used in haying and harvesting. All persons competing for premiums with Machines, will be subject to an entry fee of $2 each. Those Mowing by hand $1 each. Admission to the Grounds—Life members with their families, *free*—all other persons 10 cents each.
The Board of Managers will take special pains to provide competent Judges to decide upon the merits of the articles exhibited and the work performed.
Entries may be made with the Secretary at their Agricultural Rooms, 44 Arcade, Rochester, before the first of July, or at the office on the Grounds, before 12 o'clock of the day of trial.
The grass on the ground will be sold at auction after the trial, on the same day.
I. S. HOBBIE, Sec'y. W. HODGES, Pres't.

HUBBARD'S HARVESTERS,
REAPERS & MOWERS,
Both Single and Combined.
AFTER YEARS OF INCESSANT LABOR in this department of mechanical discovery, it is peculiarly gratifying to be able to announce to the Public my success in perfecting the most useful Implement of modern times.
The cut, on second page of this paper, represents my "YIELDING FINGER BAR MOWER"—embracing every element of utility and convenience that can be desired in a Mower,—and a large number of them will be in readiness for the coming Harvest. I have also perfected my "PRAIRIE MOWER," and my "COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER," but shall not be able to supply any great number of them for the present harvest. The following novel and valuable elements are carefully united in all of my Machines, viz:
Hubbard's improved Track Cleaner and Cutting Standard.
Hubbard's improved Guard Fingers.
Hubbard's improved wrought iron Finger Bar.
Hubbard's Improved Cutters.
Hubbard's Improvement in attaching the Cutters.
Hubbard's improved Mathematical Cut.
Hubbard's improved wrought iron Frame.
Hubbard's improved Pole attachment.
Hubbard's improved Enclosure for Driver.
Hubbard's improved Reel for Reapers.
Hubbard's improved plate Driving Wheel and Supporting Wheel.
Hubbard's improved Harvester Shoe.
Hubbard's improvement in attaching the Guard Fingers.
Hubbard's improved yielding and elastic attachment of the Cutting apparatus.
Hubbard's improved Cutter Bar.
Hubbard's improvement for holding down the Cutters.
Hubbard's improvement for raising the Cutting apparatus from the ground.
Hubbard's improved arrangement of Gear.
Hubbard's improved Gear Shifter.
Hubbard's improvement for controlling the Cutters in Mowing and Reaping.
Hubbard's improved Guard Rail and Safety Band for the Raker.
Hubbard's improved Tilting Seat.
These improvements place my Machines far in advance of their competitors, both for utility and general convenience, as they combine a greater number of valuable elements, and are secured by more Patents than any other Machine now in use.
My Machines are manufactured by the EMPIRE MACHINE COMPANY, at Troy, N. Y., under the constant personal supervision of CLARK TOMPKINS—to whom, as a justly distinguished mechanic, I cheerfully recommend our patrons at the East.
The substantial firm of CLARK, PLANT & NORRIS, of St. Louis, Mo., have engaged in the manufacture of my Machines, and having long enjoyed the reputation of a leading mechanical establishment at the West, I can with confidence refer our Western patrons to them.
Messrs. ANDERSON, LEWIS & Co., of Penn Yan, N. Y., are also manufacturing my Machines, with the most gratifying success.
I shall give my personal attention as far as possible to each of the above establishments, and confidently hope that my Machines will merit a share of public confidence and patronage.
Penn Yan, June, 1857. M. G. HUBBARD, Patentee.

RECOMMENDATIONS.
Mr. M. G. HUBBARD:—We avail ourselves of this opportunity to present to you the assurance of our high appreciation of your success in bringing to greater perfection such an important implement as the American Harvester. On the 29th of September last, at the great test in New Jersey, we had the pleasure of witnessing the operation of your Machine as a Mower; and the severe tests to which it was subjected, impress us with the conviction that you have struck out in a new and original channel in the intricate and beautiful principles upon which your improvement is based; and we sincerely congratulate you, and the farmers of our country, in view of the astonishing results which your improvements have developed. The grass cut by your Machine was of such a variety and in such a condition, as to satisfy all present that the important principles of your improvement must have been hitherto entirely overlooked in this department of machinery, for we have never seen the perfection of its work even approximated by any other Machine.
J. J. GREENOUGH, ARTEMAS BIGELOW,
MOSES B. COE, REUBEN D. BALDWIN
J. F. REMER, AMOS H. SEARFOSS,
MATHIAS WHEATON, SIMEON BEDFORD,
THOMAS T. KINNEY, LEVI BROADBENT,
And many other distinguished spectators.
MIDDLETOWN, Saratoga Co., N. Y, June, 1857.
We the undersigned, take pleasure in certifying that we have carefully examined and severely tested Hubbard's Mowing Machine, and that in our judgment it contains more advantages than any other Mower that we have ever seen. We regard the perfection of its work—the impossibility to clog it—the convenience for transposition to and from the field—and its Yielding Finger Bar, with the elastic force, operating in such a manner as to keep down each end of the cutting apparatus to the ground, while either end is free to rise over obstacles or inequalities of surface—as great and valuable improvements; while its ingenious mechanical construction renders it in our judgment the most efficient, the most durable, and the most perfect Machine that we have ever seen.
As an evidence of our unqualified approval, we would add that we have each of us purchased one from the Empire Machine Company, at Troy, N. Y., and cheerfully recommend our neighbors to patronize this Machine.
G. BOUGHTON, Pres. Saratoga Co. Ag'l Society.
HIRAM MORSE, W. C. VAN DER BERGH,
JOHN C. CRAMER, ROBERT POWERS,
CORNELL J. SMITH, J. H. THORP, and others.

IRON GARDEN ORNAMENTS.
OVER THIRTY DIFFERENT STYLES AND SIZES OF Vases, from $2 to $100 each.
Fountains, suitable for Public Parks, Private Grounds and Conservatories. Several new patterns this spring
Summer Houses, Settees, Vine and Balcony Trainers, Statuary—Deer, Eagles, Dogs, Lions, Lambs, &c.
Iron Horse Mangers, Hay Racks and Stable Partitions; Feed Troughs for Swine and Poultry.
Iron Bedsteads for Hospitals, Seminaries, and private houses. JANES, BEEBE & CO.,
387w3 356 Broadway, New York.

BERKSHIRE PIGS FOR SALE—Descended from the imported stock of Col. MORRIS—warranted pure bred.
Lakeville, Conn., May 29, 1857. [386w3] WM. J. PETTEE.

S. A. ELLIS'
WHIP AND GLOVE STORE, 78 STATE STREET, Rochester, N. Y. Having purchased the Retail trade of what has long been known as Strong's Whip and Glove Store, I intend to make it the most desirable place for the purchase of WHIPS, GLOVES, CANES AND UMBRELLAS, in the city. I shall keep a larger and better assortment of these goods than has ever before been kept here.
Ladies will find it to their advantage to call and look at my assortment of Kid Gloves

COMMERCIAL AGENTS WANTED.—Able and honest men from New England or New York.
382tf A. W. HARRISON, Philadelphia, Pa.

BOGARDUS & LEWIS,
OPERATIVE LITHOGRAPHERS & ENGRAVERS,
280 MAIN ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.
J. D. BOGARDUS.] [386wc] [JOSEPH LEWIS.

ROUND HILL
MOTOPATHIC WATER-CURE AND HOTEL,
NORTHAMPTON, Mass J. HALSTED, M. D., Proprietor and principal Physician. It is well known that Dr. Halsted makes the diseases incident to WOMAN a speciality. The establishment combines the advantages of being a cure for the treatment of chronic diseases of either sex, and a resort for the seekers of pleasure. Circulars sent *gratis*: "Motion—Life," a pamphlet upon the treatment, sent on receipt of six postage stamps. 386w8

ESTABLISHED IN 1826.
C. A. BURR & CO.,
IMPORTERS, MANUFACTURERS AND Dealers in
Watches, Jewelry and Diamonds, Plain and Fancy Silver Ware, Fine Table Cutlery, Silver Plated Goods, and a great Variety of Fancy Articles.
Our assortment of the above Goods is the largest to be found, and the prices the most reasonable. We invite the attention of those who wish to examine or purchase.
C. A. BURR, JNO. T. FOX, CHAS H. WEBB. } No. 2 State St., Rochester, N. Y. 386tf

ATKINS' SELF-RAKING REAPER AND MOWER.
The subscriber has two of the above named machines which he will sell or exchange for Horses. HIRAM WOOD,
Livery Office next to National Hotel, North Fitzhugh, St.
Rochester, May 13, 1857. 385tf

GEORGE H. LOVETT,
DIE-SINKER AND MEDALIST,
84 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.
GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS prepared in the first style of the Art, for Agricultural Societies, Institutions, Associations, Colleges, Schools, &c., &c. 385w13

FREE LABOR WAREHOUSE.
Dry Goods and Groceries Strictly Free Labor.
THE UNDERSIGNED INVITES ATTENTION to his Establishment. The Cotton manufactured in his Mill, is wholly free labor. A large stock of Staple fabrics in variety is maintained. Refined and Muscovado Sugars, Steam Syrup and W. I. Molasses, Coffees, Rice, &c., on hand. Price lists and samples sent by mail. GEO W. TAYLOR,
corner of 5th and Cherry Sts., Phila., Pa.

DEAFNESS AND DISEASES OF THE EYE, Scientifically and successfully treated by Dr. WALKER, 52 State Street, Rochester, N. Y. 383w6

CROWN & EMERY,
Publishers and Wholesale Booksellers,
48 CORNHILL, BOSTON, MASS.
PARTICULAR NOTICE TO BOOK AGENTS, COLPORTEURS, and all Traveling Book Dealers, or those who wish to enter into the business, whether Male or Female.
YOU CAN BUY BOOKS OF US,
Including Historical, Biographical, Religious and Miscellaneous, on better paper, better printed, and better and more splendidly bound, and which will sell faster, and on which you can make more money, than of any other House in the country; and as a particular inducement to you, we will pay freight on all packages or boxes, as far as New York city or Albany. For Catalogue, terms, &c., address CROWN & EMERY,
384w3 48 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

THE ROCHESTER STONE YARD,
IS WELL STOCKED AT ALL TIMES WITH THE BEST quality of LOCKPORT AND MEDINA SAND STONE, such as Flagging, Platform, Curb, Paving and Cross-walk; Caps and Sills Water Tables, Door Sills, of any size required, Steps, Coping, Well and Cistern Covers, Building Stone, &c., which will be furnished at the lowest prices on short notice, and laid in the best manner if desired. We will also deliver Stone in any quantity to any place on the Lakes, Canals or Railroads. Thankful for the patronage heretofore bestowed upon us by our customers and friends, we shall endeavor to merit a continuance.
Office and Yard in Rochester, corner of Fitzhugh St. and Erie Canal, just south of Court House. In Buffalo, on the Canal opposite the Courter House and Erie street Depot.
Orders addressed to either of the undersigned, or left at our quarries at Lockport or Medina, will be attended to punctually.
THOMAS RATHBUN, Buffalo, WM. W. WHITMORE, Lockport, } Proprietors.
WM. CARSON, Agent for Rochester and vicinity.

IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR BUY A FARM, ADDRESS JAMES SULLY, Buffalo, N. Y. See advertisement in No. 370 of *Rural*, Feb. 7th. 372tf

J. SAGE & SONS,
LITHOGRAPHERS AND ENGRAVERS,
209 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO,
OVER SAGE'S MUSIC STORE.

REMOVAL.
FRANCIS & LOUTREL,
Stationers, Printers and Book-Binders,
Have Removed from their Old Stand to the New Store
No. 45 Maiden Lane,
[*Near Nassau St., New-York.*]
☞ We supply everything in our line. Orders receive prompt attention. 383w26

SPALDING'S
Steam Engine and Circular Saw-Mill Manufactory.
IMPROVED ENGINES AND BOILERS.—Circular Saw-Mills, with cast steel mandrels and strong iron head-blocks, lever-set—one sawyer cutting 1,000 feet, inch pine, per hour. Sash and muley Saw-mills, with rotary feed,—Shingle Saw-mills, self-setting and self-stopping. Heading mills, siding mills, for making feather edged siding. Shingle cutting machines, Straw-cutters, Stove-Jointers, operated by the foot, jointing with great rapidity, Bedstead and Chair making machinery, Chucks and hollow augers, Broom handle lathes, Wood lathes, Broom machinery, Picket fence machinery, Bran Dusters, Grain Separators, Horizontal Smut machines, and other machinery for Mills of all kinds made on short notice. Contracts taken for building mills. Circulars with cuts and other information given, by addressing L. A. SPALDING, Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y. 383w8

ELMIRA MUSIC SCHOOL.
THIS INSTITUTION, for Instruction on the Piano, Organ, Melodeon, Guitar, Violin, and in Vocal Music and Harmony, is situated in a beautiful valley—healthful, quiet and pleasant—and provides a more thorough course of MUSICAL INSTRUCTION than has before been offered on this Continent. Pupils enjoy superior advantages in many respects, being under the supervision of Teachers who have spent several years with the best masters, and graduated with the highest honors. Terms for 1857, commence as follows:
March 4th, June 3d, September 2d, December 2d.
Pupils can enter at any time during the term. Thirty pupils can be accommodated in the family of the Principal, at the rate of $60 per Term—including board, tuition, use of piano, washing, fuel and light. For further particulars, and all necessary information address MISS C. G. SCOTT, PRINCIPAL.
Elmira, N. Y., May, 1857. 383tm6wo

FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL.
FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF THOSE WHO LOVE the cultivation of Flowers, but who reside at a distance from where they can be procured, we have selected from our large assortment of *Flower Seeds* the most *showy varieties*, and those of *easy culture*—and put them up in assortments as follows, which will be sent, post-paid, to all parts of the Union at the following prices:
ASSORTMENT No. 1 consists of twenty choice varieties of Annuals, $1 00
ASSORTMENT No 2 consists of twenty choice varieties of Biennials and Perennials 1 00
ASSORTMENT No 3 consists of ten extra fine varieties of Annuals and Perennials, embracing many of the new and choicest in cultivation 1 00
ASSORTMENT No. 4 consists of five very choice varieties, selected from Prize Flowers of English Pansies, German Carnation and Picotee Pinks, Verbenas, Truffaut's French Asters and Double Hollyhocks, each of which are sold at 25 cents singly 1 00
Persons in ordering will please give the number of the Assortment. Any person remitting Three Dollars will receive the four Assortments, postage free. Remittances can be made in bank bills or postage stamps.
Our descriptive Catalogue, of upwards of *Six Hundred* of the finest varieties of English, French and German Flower Seeds, (with many very select varieties of our own growth,) will be sent to all applicants who enclose a stamp to pre-pay postage.
377w6eow B. K. BLISS & HAVEN, Springfield, Mass.

WHO WANTS A CHEAP PIANO?
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS FOR YEAR

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OLD ABEL'S WILL.

A FABLE FOR FARMER BOYS.

BY MRS. HOYT.

A VINEYARD, orchard and a field,
Was all old ABEL had,—
Except, indeed, three idle sons,
Each one a graceless lad.

For once, obedient to his call,
They sought his dying bed,
When, with his last, expiring breath,
The father spoke, and said:

"Ye children of my grief and shame—
Once, of my hope and pride—
To teach you thrift and honest ways,
How earnestly I've tried.

"But all in vain. And now because,
Soon as my knell was tolled,
I knew the vineyard, orchard, field,
Would all of them be sold;

"In spendthrift haste the money gone,
Ye, beggars, every one,
I'll tell you now, ye good for naughts!
What for your weal I've done.

"The hoarded wealth that I have gained
By years of faithful toil,
In vineyard, field, or orchard, lies,
Deep hidden in the soil.

"Go one to each, and search it out,
To whom such luck my fall
To find the treasure, this my will,
That one, may have it all."

Old ABEL rested in his grave,
But scarce the sods were laid,
Till, all elate, the sons were seen,
Delving with careful spade.

One to the orchard, one the field,
One to the vineyard went;
To find the heap of hidden gold,
Sole thought, and last intent.

No foot of ground was left unturned,
As deeper, deeper still
Each dug, reluctant to give up
The right to claim the Will.

Time sped. With flagging hopes, at length,
They thought no more to try;
But soon the disappointment fled,
As, "what is this?" they cry.

For lo! the wealth they sought is there,
Between the earth and skies,
And so abundantly that scarce
They can believe their eyes.

As waves the field with such a crop
Was never seen before;
With crimson fruits the orchard groans,
The vine with purple store.

The secret of old ABEL'S will,
A harvest wealth untold,
Not one alone, each found the prize,
Long sought of buried gold.

Madison, Wis., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARLES ANDERSON.

A SKETCH.

ALL ALONE; not in the dusky depths of the forest, not in the sandy wastes of the desert, not in the silent shadows of a deserted abbey—neither on the treeless prairie, nor on the pathless sea; but in the midst of the noisy crowd, surging eagerly, restlessly, untiringly through the narrow thoroughfares of the busy city. Busy? Yes, *very* busy.—So busy with the countless projects—some good and more evil—that fill up the weary round of the day; so busy with the schemes of gain, holy and unholy; so busy with plottings—dark, dusty plottings, for political preferment and public plunder; so busy with efforts for the gratification of vanity, of envy and of malice; so busy in the breathless chase for gilded phantoms of fancied good, which ever fleeing take their course among the fatal pitfalls of real evil. So busy!—ah, so busy as to forget the great ends of this life upon earth, and also the Life which is to come at the end of this.

Alone in the city, in the crowd, in the fevered throng of men too busy, far too busy to remember their own great Brotherhood, and the duties growing out of it. He was, really, appallingly alone.

A great ways off, miles and miles out into the green and open country, where a grassy slope ran down to the brink of a rapid stream, and ran back—growing steeper and steeper very fast—until broken by precipices, and piled with great boulders, the way was overgrown by the dismal umbrageousness of old and thunder-scarred hemlocks, and the grassy slope became the rugged mountain. There, where the slope was greenest and widest—though still very narrow—stood the brown cottage of the widow, the poverty-burdened mother of the youth who stands gazing with wonder and almost dread upon the tumult of the roaring city.

The brown cottage is little better than a cabin; it is low, weather-stained, ill-lighted, in all things unmistakably poor; it is also deserted. Down by the river side, where the tireless waters chant their never-ceasing monody—where the winds that come up the bosom of the stream make moanings in the branches of the birch—there is an oblong pile of unmossed earth; beneath it the worn-out body of the widow moulders silently back to its mother dust. After the pains of her wearisome pilgrimage, she slumbers sweetly, soundly in the close embrace of the common parent.

CHARLES ANDERSON was alone in the world, very sensibly alone. In the low cottage, down by the river side, and among the hemlocks, he grew through a lonesome childhood up to a strange and dreamful youth. With few companions, few books and few comforts, the boy waxed to the man. At the red school-house in the little village up the river, he was an unfrequent visitor. Mrs. ANDERSON was very poor, and the lore of the schools was not for her son. But the voice of the waters, the voice of the winds, the voices of the mountain, and the voice—smile not, reader—the mighty voice of the solemn silence were ever in his ear. The beauties and wonders of the humble mosses, of the tiny wild-flowers, of the laughing waves, of the grey, overshadowing mountain, and the glories of the ever-changing sky, were ever present to his vision.

So the boy grew up; he had lessons from the lips of his patient, God-fearing mother within the smoky precincts of the little cabin; from those lips he heard the sublime words of the inspired writers—the appalling denunciation, the glowing praise, the eloquence of promise. And without was the Great Teacher, teaching sublimity, purity and truth. The child grew up a poet—with the poet's eye, the poet's ear, the poet's soul.

When the last clod was added to the oblong pile of earth, when the little band of neighbors scattered, and the grave-digger shouldered his tools and strode rapidly back to the village, then the youth lifted his eye to the river, and beyond it, where large and red the August sun was slowly going down behind the distant hills. The youth's sorrow was no mock woe; his tears, glistening in the last beams of sunset, were no mock tears; they came up from the depths of real and honest affliction—an anguish too deep for the sounding of ordinary spirits. His loneliness was palpable; it was like that thick darkness which may be cut with a knife; a gloom through which hope, and only hope may enter and illumine—very faintly illumine—a narrow and uncertain way toward the great mysteries of the Future.

Yet CHARLES ANDERSON chose to be alone.—From more than one of the pitying villagers he received urgent requests to accompany them to their houses; he did not doubt their sincerity, yet he did not go; he stood almost motionless beside the new-made grave until the moon shone out and the night was far spent. The thoughts, the resolves, the aspirations and the prayers of those hours are sacred; we will not tell them, but they were noble.

We have met the youth alone in the crowd with the memory of that solitary vigil fresh—very fresh—in his mind. He passed from the solitude of the deserted cabin to the solitude of the roaring streets, and the latter loneliness was more profound, more dismal and more hopeless than the former.

The crowd surged on, eddying about the shop windows, setting back at the crossings, then breaking loose and plunging desperately down the narrow streets like the muddy waters of a "fresh," confined between the walls of a narrow gorge. A confused rout of cabs, carts and omnibusses thundered along, with here and there an unlucky porter—clinging with death-like tenacity to his hand-cart—bobbing desperately about among the tangled rush, like a waif of bark carried helplessly along on the angry crest of a swollen flood.

There was no cessation of the roar, no check to the hurrying escapade of the eager human tide; and CHARLES ANDERSON, newly arrived at the great metropolis, wandering uncertainly in the dizzy maze, with the diminutive bundle containing his scanty earthly goods upon his arm, was in the fullest sense a waif floating almost helplessly upon a tide as uncaring and ruthless as any that tumbles in the spring-time among the mountain canons.

And here, kind reader, permit me to say that this is no story and has no plot; so look for none and be not disappointed.

The purpose of the youth who paced with uncertain steps over the side-walks of the thronged street, was the same old purpose which from time immemorial has carried aspiring youth from lane and cottage to office and attic—from the wilderness of wood to the wilderness of brick and mortar. The same old purpose of "getting on;" the same stubborn resolution of making a way through the sediment up to the surface; the same dogged determination sustained by the same young and robust hope. CHARLES ANDERSON had few fixed plans; he had no friends and little money; but from the river side he shortly found his way to the city, and here, in the steady prosecution of an unwavering course, he expected to rise—how he did not know—to usefulness and position. He was a dreamer, but he went very sensibly at work.—Edging out of the current, he dropped in at places of business and modestly asked for employment. The request for employment, modestly made, is certainly an innocent request; there is nothing in it which threatens the integrity of society—nothing which would seem to put in peril any of the pet social institutions;—and why this simple and seemingly very innocuous request should produce effects upon the social placidity so nearly akin to the reckless results of an intractible bombshell, is at the very least a great mystery. But whatever the reason of this strange thing may be, there is an unquestionable kindred between the request and the shell, albeit in the former case it is society that is apt to explode and the great sufferer is the unlucky wight who is so indiscreet as to put the incendiary question.

CHARLES was at first much astonished at the various reception which he met at the hands of the successive magnates to whom he went with his unfortunate inquiry. He could not conceive that there was any wrong in his modest proceeding, and he was at great loss to divine the cause of the treatment which it called forth. Busy, bustling merchants, with shipping lists very legibly written upon their brows, and a profit and loss account fully traced out by the crow-feet at the corner of their eyes, looked up from their invoices, and in an injured manner, and with explosive tone, very promptly replied to the half-heard request—"No! nothing at all—all full."

Oily young men—radiant in all the glories of a fashionable tailor and hair dresser—floating lightly at the head of a business built up years before by their plodding fathers, and now carried on by some half-paid dry-nurses of old clerks, lolled their heads a little to one side, shifted their patent leather encased pedals a little in their rest upon the cushioned office chair, and withdrawing with jewelled hand their "Havanas" for a moment from their lips, managed to achieve a proper sneer and puff out with the volume of smoke—"*You?*—No, we don't want *you*."

Veteran Barristers, whom the rash youth had holed in their very dusty of dusties, sacred for generations to red tape and cobwebs, where the veteran limbs of the law *did* their business and their clients, in many cases as effectually as their type among the animals, the spider—fat and bloated spider be it understood—does those injudicious insects whose lack of prudence and surplus of curiosity send into the fatal precincts of his dark and dusty sanctum. These worthy people glowered out upon the slight figure that was so reckless as to beard them in their very dens, and, with an annihilating expression of countenance, very promptly vindicated the majesty of the law by sending him about his business in no very gentle manner, looking whole folios of black-letter at his retreating form.

For days the search went on, and ever with the same discouraging results. Few civil words were spoken to the wanderer, few smiles beamed upon his weary path. Of all the great human brotherhood not one was found to extend a helping hand to cheer his "poor relation." The search grew tiresome—the scanty store of pence had been nearly spent, and the heart of the youth was sinking in his bosom, when he chanced to call at a publishing office in Nassau street, and there repeated his request, avowing his willingness to do anything for which he might receive such a bare pittance as should serve to feed and clothe him. The "gentlemanly clerk" to whom he applied coolly surveyed him for a moment through his golden-rimmed spectacles, and very unconcernedly told him there was nothing for *him* to do there. Wearied by his long search the youth turned away with a downcast look that very plainly bespoke the heaviness of his heart. Mr. ———, a principal member of the firm, happened to notice the dejected countenance of the departing youth, and touched by a moment's sympathy, resulting in part from a sudden remembrance of the time—some thirty years before—when he was a homeless wanderer seeking employment in the great Babel, called him back.

The position given to CHARLES was a very humble one, merely that of porter in the printing establishment of the "New York Pursuivant," but humble as it was he felt it to be a beginning, and went to his labor with a light heart. For many days he wrought with steady faithfulness at the humble tasks that were allotted to him. He begged of his employers the privilege of sleeping in one of the rooms of the establishment, a boon which they very gladly granted, feeling certain of his integrity, and being nowise unwilling to avail themselves of the additional security which his presence might give to its contents. He was economical in his expenditures, subsisting on cheap though wholesome food, wearing inexpensive clothing, which, by care and the exercise of native taste, was made to give him a neat and becoming appearance; and thus, though his stipend was small, he lived within it and saved money. With his savings he added to his scanty stock of books, always making such choice as would have done honor to the most scholarly taste in the city. His leisure hours were devoted to study and composition, and the progress that he made, though alone and unassisted, was equal to the ambition by which his efforts were prompted.

There were those among his fellows who jeered at his steadiness and amused themselves by calling him the "Puritan." But these things did not for a moment trouble his mind or unsettle his purpose—the purpose which was the great polar star that kept his every thought and action true to the meridian of his onward course. It was not long before his employers began to observe the native gentility and refinement of his manner; quiet, low-spoken, mild and obliging, there was in him that nameless charm which distinguishes the true gentleman. These qualities were in strange contrast with the menial nature of his service; yet, though his spirit was high and aspiring, he felt his lowly position and hard toil to be no disgrace, but rather endeavored to adorn them by the graces of gentle breeding.

The columns of the "Pursuivant" began to be enriched by occasional scraps of verse,—short poems, conceived and executed in the truest spirit of the divine art,—racy sketches of life, and spirited and truthful essays, the MSS. of all of which was very mysteriously introduced to the editor's desk. There was no little stir in the "sanctum" concerning the new contributor, and not a few conjectures were hazarded as to who and what he might be. Manifold expedients were resorted to for the purpose of penetrating the mystery, but for some time without success. Still the contributions came—verse, sketch, and essay, with now and then a scrap of spicy editorial—until the editor began to grow excited. He read SCOTT'S Demonology and Witchcraft, and perused with care all the records of unearthly doings which were within his reach; but all was vain—he found no account of an editorial familiar, and in final despair resorted with fear and trembling to the desperate expedient of watching through the night in a corner of the sanctum. By this means the astonishing discovery was made that the cause of all the rumpus in the editorial kingdom was the quiet porter, CHARLES ANDERSON.

And thus it came about that CHARLES ANDERSON was a porter no longer, and is now at the head of one of the most prosperous and influential publishing establishments in New York. The secret of his success is PURPOSE, ENERGY and ESSENTIAL MANHOOD. J. G. K.

THE KORAN.

THE Koran was written about A. D. 610. Its general aim was to unite the professions of Idolatry and the Jews and Christians in the worship of one God—whose unity was the chief point inculcated—under certain laws and territories, exacting obedience to Mahomet as the prophet. It was written in the Koreish Arabic, and this language, which certainly possessed every fine quality, was said to be that of paradise. Mahomet asserted that the Koran was revealed to him, during a period of twenty-three years by the Angel Gabriel. The style of the volume is beautiful, fluent and concise; and where the majesty and attributes of God are described it is sublime and magnificent. Mahomet admitted the divine mission both of Moses and Jesus Christ. According to Gibbon, the leading article of faith which Mahomet preached is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction, namely, that there is only one God, and that Mahomet is the apostle of God. The Koran was translated into Latin in 1143, and into English and other European languages about 1763. It is a rhapsody of 3,000 verses, divided in 114 sections.

INDOLENCE leaves the door of the soul unlocked and thieves and robbers go in and spoil it of its treasures.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

My first a dread curse,
Or a blessing may prove;
Can be fierce as a fury,
Or mild as a dove;
It has wasted mankind
Till the earth seem'd a tomb;
Yet can bid the wild desert
Like Paradise bloom.

My second's a power
Whose tremendous sway
Crowned England with conquest
In many a fray;
But the glory of Sherwood
Has faded at last,
Or, lives in our minds
Like a dream of the past.

My whole is a creature
Of glory and light;
Unequalled in beauty
It bursts on our sight;
It comes as a herald
Of heavenly birth,
Bearing *Hope*, *Peace* and *Love*,
To the dwellers of earth.

Hartland, N. Y., 1857. D. S. CLEGHORN.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 36 letters.
My 1, 7, 11, is a river in North Carolina.
My 2, 3, 33, 19, 13, is a mountain in North America.
My 4, 10, 11, 14, is a river in Virginia.
My 5, 25, 28, 32, 33, 7, 33, 20, is a lake in South America.
My 6, 24, 4, 8, 32, is one of the West Indies.
My 9, 10, 11, 16, 17, is a river in Scotland.
My 12, 10, 11, 18, 19, 19, 27, is a river in Canada.
My 15, 23, 25, 27, is a lake in the United States.
My 21, 29, 25, 28, 35, is a sea in Europe.
My 2, 10, is a river in Italy.
My 26, 13, 19, 1, is a lake in Texas.
My 31, 32, 19, 19, 10, 21, is a river in Wisconsin.
My 12, 13, 36, 36, 19, 30, is a mountain in Massachusetts.
My 26, 24, 33, 34, 35, 1, 12, is a harbor in New York.
My whole is one of the proverbs of Solomon.

Pultney, N. Y., 1857. L. P. PARKER.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 40 letters.
My 29, 18, 8, 10, 12, 28, was capital of Bœotia.
My 32, 40, 29, 25, 11, was a river of Hades.
My 38, 22, 15, 35, was once Mistress of the World.
My 1, 26, 5, 13, 4, 33, 14, 31, was the sworn enemy of Rome.
My 7, 39, 28, 17, 26, was the Goddess of fire.
My 18, 34, 33, 21, 16, 36, was the sepulchre of Abraham.
My 10, 6, 17, 1, 24, 28, 30, 27, 2, was one of the ancient pools.
My 19, 20, 2, 17, 22, was one of the Muses.
My 37, 9, 19, 3, a nick-name for the King of Prussia, who ascended the throne in 1740.
My 23, 30, 36, 16, 28, was a judge of the souls of the dead.
My whole was the exclamation of a Roman matron, when her son was about to besiege the beloved city. WILLIE W. MINOTT.

Schuyler, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A GENTLEMAN wishes to lay out a lot of land in the form of a rectangle, containing 4 acres, that shall take just 176 rods of fence to enclose it.—How many rods long and how many wide must the lot be? C. E. T.

Humberstone, Welland Co., C. W., 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Geographical Enigma in No. 387:—Central America.

A FLEA UNDER A MICROSCOPE.

WHEN a flea is made to appear as large as an elephant, we can see all the wonderful parts of its formation, and are astonished to find it has a coat of armor much more complete than ever a warrior wore, and composed of strong polished plates fitting over each other, each plate covered like a tortoise shell; and where they meet, hundreds of strong quills project like those on the on the back of a porcupine or hedgehog. There are the arched neck, the bright eyes, the transparent ears, piercers to puncture the skin, a sucker to draw away the blood; six long jointed legs, four of which are folded on the breast ready at any moment to be thrown out with immense force for that jump which bothers one when we wish to catch him; and at the end of each leg hooked claws, to enable him to cling tight to whatever he lights upon. A flea can leap a hundred times his own length, which is the same as if a man jumped to the height of 700 feet; and he can draw a load 200 times his own weight.—*Selected.*

A FACT FOR NATURALISTS.—A Norgegian fable satisfactorily accounts for the short tail of a bear. The bear, it seems, was once met by a fox, who carried a load of fish, and who in answer to the question how he had obtained them, replied that he had caught them by angling. The bear expressed a desire to know an art so useful; when the fox informed him that he had only to make a hole in the ice and insert his tail. "You must stop long enough, and not mind if it hurts you a little, (said the friendly adviser,) for a sensation of pain is a sure sign that you have a *bite*. The longer the time, the more the fish. Nevertheless, when you have a good strong bite, be sure you pull out."—The credulous bear followed the instructions and kept his tail in the hole till it was frozen fast.—When he pulled, the end of his tail came off; and hence the shortness of the appendage at the present day.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

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Rochester, February 24th, 1857. 373tf

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
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CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
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Rural New-Yorker.

CLIMATOLOGY.

CLIMATES OF THE THREE TERRITORIES.

BY LIEUT. MAURY.

BEFORE HUMBOLT suggested his isothermal lines, or Dové drew them on maps of the world, it was generally supposed that the climate of any place or country might be told by its latitude. Led by this idea, Mr. JEFFERSON argued that, as the olive grows in Italy and in Spain, we had only to project across the Atlantic the parallels of latitude between which it grows in Europe, to ascertain in what parts of America it would grow equally as well. The part of the country included between the olive-growing parallels of Europe would, it was supposed, be found to comprise the olive regions of the United States. Experiment and trial, however, did not sustain this view of the case.—The olive would not flourish under the latitude here under which it delights there.

As science advanced, philosophers had recourse to the records of the thermometer in different countries. They found places differing very much in latitude, yet having the same mean annual temperature, and when they came to draw a line round about the world, so as to pass through every place having a mean annual temperature of 70°, or 60°, or 50°, or any other degree, they found that every one of such lines was zig-zag, both on maps and the globe, that the isotherms run more smoothly over the water than they do on the land, and that they do not by any means describe parallels of latitude.

Thus, for illustration, let us take the *isotherm* of 36°—as such lines of yearly mean temperature are called—instead of running with the parallel of 45° or 50°, or even 65°, it runs up in some parts of the world as high as Lat. 68°, and in others we can get with it no further from the Equator than Lat. 45°. This isothermal line goes up to Iceland, where the longest day is without a night, and it comes down in Canada, near Quebec, on the parallel of 45°, where day and night alternate as they do in Minnesota and Nebraska. Yet, notwithstanding the mean annual temperature of Quebec and Iceland may be the same *according to the thermometer*, one may well imagine that the productions of the soil for the two places are very different.

In Iceland the summer is cool and the winter mild; in Canada the winters are severe and the summers hot. The climate of Canada is continental—of Iceland it is insular. Iceland is in the midst of the sea; it is surrounded by waters which have been warmed by the rays of an intertropical sun and brought by the Gulf Stream from the "*Tierra Caliante*" of Central America to dispense summer heat and moisture to the regions of the far north. In the Orkneys, which are not far from Iceland, the winters are rarely cold enough to make ice. Still the mean annual temperature there is the same as that of Minnesota.

If the mean temperature of the two places be the same, and the thermometer at the islands is never below the freezing point in winter, it cannot be greatly above it in summer; and we may infer as a consequence that the sun has not power sufficient to ripen many fruits and grains in the Orkneys which the warm summer of Minnesota and other inland districts brings to great perfection.—So far, therefore, as the husbandman is concerned, a knowledge of the crops that are grown in the Orkneys or Iceland would give him no just idea as to the seeds or plants that would grow best and yield most in Canada or Minnesota.

Under glass, and with furnaces, climates are created at pleasure, and physical researches have taught us that the sea water and its currents are grand modifiers of climates—that, in the natural way, they perform offices towards the modification of climates similar to those performed by glass and fire in the artificial way. These researches have revealed to us the processes by which the Gulf Stream softens the climates of Iceland and the Orkneys—how the heat of summer is not so great, nor the cold of winter so intense there as it it is in Canada and Minnesota, although the average daily readings of the thermometer for the year may be the same. Going a step further in this chain of reasoning and deduction, the intelligent farmer need not be told that while the sun in Iceland is not warm enough to mature many fruits that do well in Canada, the winter of the latter will destroy many kinds which never suffer from cold in Iceland.

Again, climate depends more upon elevation above the sea level than it does upon distance from the Equator—for the top of Chimborazo, though close to the line, is covered by its cap of perpetual snow. The length of the night, the intensity of the light, as well as of the heat of the day, the average proportion of clear and cloudy sky, are all functions in the climatic conditions of countries as adapted to this or that vegetable growth. Not only these; for before the farmer can arrive at any safe conclusion concerning the kinds of crops which may be cultivated with most advantage in a new country, he must also know something of its hygrometry, as well as of its seasons of drouth, with the times and quantity of rain. We have more rain here than in England, yet the climate of England is damp and this dry. Many kinds of vegetables depend quite as much for healthful and vigorous development upon the amount of moisture that their leaves suck up from the air as upon the amount which their roots derive from the soil.

Therefore, in order to determine what plants and vegetables the emigrant to Kansas, Nebraska, or Minnesota should carry with him, we should refer to some old country where the climate may be found repeated, if possible,—not only in quantity of sunshine, length of summer and winter, distance from the Equator, height above the sea, and the range of the thermometer, but also as to dew-point, and precipitation, clear sky, and cloudy weather. To find such a country we must go far away from the sea-board; with this condition annexed we are brought to the conclusion that we may look for another such nowhere but in Asia.—First, it must be between the isotherms of 44° and 36°. It is between these isotherms that that great and remarkable "divide" is found which encircles the earth, and which, in Europe, Asia and America, separates the waters which flow north into the frozen ocean, from those which flow south into the summer seas. This "divide" passes through Minnesota, where the Red River of the north, and the Mississippi, with other southern streams, have their sources. It also passes through Russia, where the Volga and the Oural, on the one hand, drain southwardly, and the Obey northwardly, on the other.

At these two places in this "divide" the annual mean temperature is nearly the same—the distance from the sea westwardly is about the same,—the length of the days and the seasons, the intensity of summer heat and winter cold are the same,—the height above the sea is also about the same, and each also is in the province of summer rains. It was here in the old world, between these two isotherms in the valley of the Volga, that HUMBOLT found the most delicious fruits that he ever met with in all his travels, and the air so pure that you might expose to its influence the most highly polished steel for many days without having its sheen dimmed in the least.

These three Territories of America have, as far as observations—meagre it is true—enable us to judge, nearly just such climates as that renowned traveler found about the Caspian Sea. Some of the climates of Kansas—for in these Territories there are many climates—are adapted to the most luscious grapes, peaches, olives and figs. The apple and the pear, the apricot and cherry, the melon and plum may all be raised in this Territory; but in some much better of course than in others.

As we proceed north through Nebraska into Minnesota, the climate, particularly between the meridians of 95° and 100°, becomes more and more severe; and of course with the severity of the climate the above quoted list of fruits rapidly fall off. Travelers in approaching the base of the Rocky Mountains through Kansas and Nebraska, often recognize the same lizards and other reptiles that are found in Northern Texas and New Mexico, indicating a remarkable mildness of climate.

Texas, California and Kansas will be the rival grape States of the Confederacy. In some parts of Nebraska the vine and the peach, apple, pear and apricot, if not the fig also, may do well. Corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley and potatoes, and esculents generally, will produce finely. Let the Kansas emigrant, by all means, carry the peach and the vine with him. In Minnesota, however, the out-door cultivation of either will be followed by la- or lost.

IS LIME THE PANACEA?

OF late years, and especially since the prevalence of the wheat midge in many of our best grain-producing localities, the farmers of Western New York have necessarily been obliged to vary from their former system of husbandry, and in some sections to cultivate comparatively new products or sustain more or less loss annually. The ravages of the insect upon the staple crop of the country has perhaps been the primary cause of the change which has been and is being gradually adopted, but is not the only reason as many practical and observing cultivators can affirm.—The deterioration of the soil—consequent upon continuous or almost uninterrupted cropping with wheat for many years, without returning sufficient of the elements of fertility in the form of manures and fertilizers, or maintaining the richness of the earth by deep culture—has alone, in some localities, largely diminished the average yield of wheat and rendered its culture comparatively unprofitable. These two causes—insects, and deterioration of the soil—are, in addition to the changes of climate alluded to in a recent number, producing serious results in some sections, and unless obviated by change of crops, or proper culture and enrichment, will ere long lessen the value of our farming lands and induce emigration to the rich and fertile regions of the West, where land is cheap, and the country inviting—especially to those who may be somewhat discouraged, and to whom "distance lends enchantment to the view."

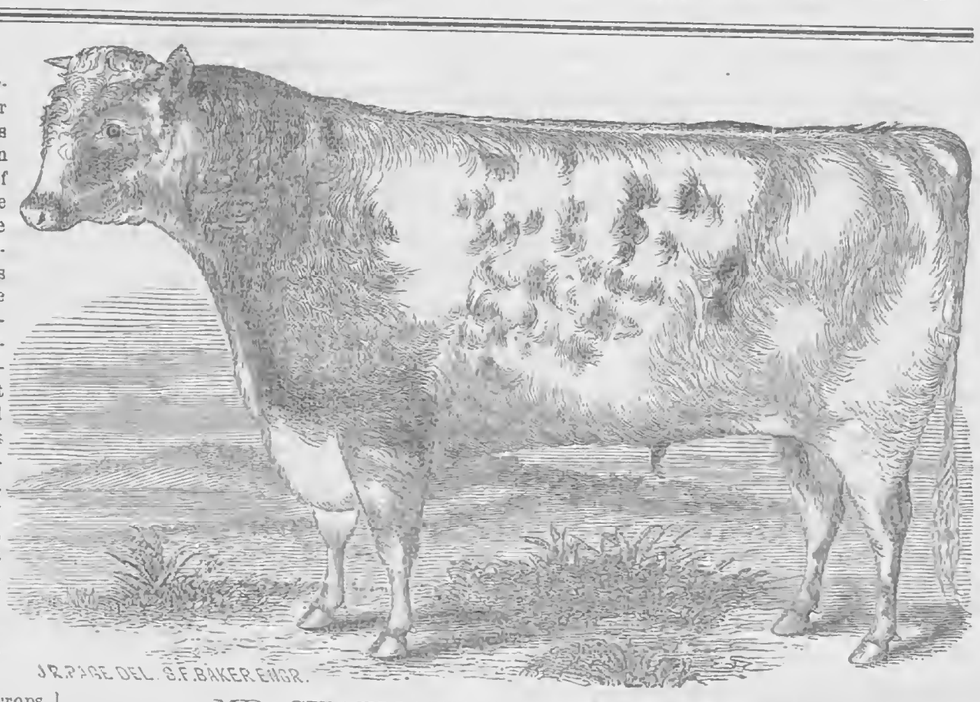
But we are not of the number of those who believe a change of location from Western New York to the great, growing and almost illimitable West is necessary or advisable. On the contrary we are of opinion that such as possess the fee simple of well-stocked and pleasantly situated farms, would not find the change an improvement—that the supposed pecuniary advantage obtainable would not counterbalance the inconveniences and risks to be encountered. We consider the change unnecessary, because we believe every intelligent and skillful farmer, at least, can maintain the fertility of his soil, and adapt himself to circumstances—by adopting the improved modes of culture and enrichment (including underdraining and deep culture,) and a proper system of mixed husbandry. Of course we cannot pretend to advise any particular course, or specific, as much depends upon location, proximity to market for this or that product, as well as upon the soil and circumstances of the cultivator and the climate in which he is located—for New York has, in fact, several climates.

We are, however, wandering from the object in view when we penned the heading to this article—our purpose being, to speak briefly and suggestively, of Lime as a panacea for our impoverished wheat lands. The benefit of lime as an ameliorator and fertilizer of the soil has often been alluded to and discussed in the RURAL, and hence we need not now enter into particulars. In a recent conversation with Mr. JOHN JOHNSTON, of Seneca county—the meritorious pioneer of tile draining in this country, and one of the most thorough and *profitable* practical farmers in Western New York—we learned some important and interesting particulars relative to the value of lime, founded upon his experience. Mr. JOHNSTON is of opinion that lime is the great panacea for our wheat soils, both in sections where the elements of fertility are lacking and where the midge prevails. He commenced the use of lime some twenty or more years ago, by applying twenty bushels on a half acre of wheat. The benefit was so marked and astonishing to both himself and others, that he soon after limed two acres, which producing like beneficial results, induced him to subsequently apply lime to a large portion of his farm. The quantity used has varied from forty to eighty bushels per acre, and his practice has been to apply at the time of or just previous to sowing wheat—placing the lime in heaps of a bushel or more, allowing it to remain a sufficient length of time to become air-slaked, and then spreading and harrowing in with the wheat.

By this means Mr. J. is of the opinion that he has greatly and permanently enhanced the wheat producing qualities of his soil—his average product of wheat for the last eight years being as large as that of any equal period in the last thirty years. In addition to liming, however, he has underdrained most of his farm, and made liberal use of barn yard manure, (an important item, as considerable stock has been kept and fattened on the farm,) so that his large crops are not attributable to lime alone, though it has proved a highly remunerative fertilizer. He believes, however, that lime is the great need on most of the wheat soils of New York, and that its application would prove a source of marked and lasting benefit—restoring the fertility of wheat farms which are deteriorated, and so increasing the crops in sections where the midge prevails as to maintain the former average yield of the staple product of the country.

The intelligent reader is of course aware that lime will not prove alike beneficial on all soils, yet we believe its application would be vastly and permantly useful on many farms in almost every wheat-growing locality of Western and Central New York. Mr. JOHNSON avers that if now a young man, he would lime his whole farm liberally, especially as the beneficial effects of one good application lasts nearly a life-time,—and if a second liming is necessary, a light one will answer.—On wet land lime will be of little or no benefit,—and its application would also probably be nearly or quite useless on soils based upon limestone. In the former case underdraining would first be necessary,—and in the latter deep plowing would be the best remedy to restore or bring up the lime and other elements of fertility taken from the surface soil by constant cropping.

—But we have already written more than we intended, and leave the subject for the present. We shall, however, be glad to hear from those who are prepared, from experience, to say whether Lime is the Panacea, and to what extent, and on what soils, it has proved beneficial.



MR. CHAPMAN'S "DUKE OF OXFORD."

AT the N. Y. State Fair, Elmira, 1855, the *then* juvenile member of a noble family of Short-horns above portrayed, attracted no little attention from the judges of good breeding and points of excellence who were favored with a formal introduction. The Duke won the first prize in his class on that occasion, and at the Madison Co. Fair, same year.

Roan, calved July 27th, 1855; bred by Col. L. G. MORRIS, Foroham, Westchester Co., N. Y., the property of S. P. CHAPMAN, Mount Pleasant Farm, Clockville, Madison Co., N. Y.,—got by Duke of Gloster, (11382); dam [Oxford 17th] by Lamartine, (11662): g. d. [Oxford 10th] by 3d Duke of York, (10166); gr. g. d. [Oxford 5th] by Duke of Northumberland, (1940); g. g. g. d. [Oxford 2d] by Short Tail, (2621); g. g. g. g. d. [Matchem Cow] by Matchem, (2281); g. g. g. g. g. d. by Young Wynard, (2859.)

AMATEUR FARMERS.

IT is not easy for men to originate revolutions in the particular callings to which they were brought up. The prejudices of education and the cramping influence of habit often stand in the way of their recognizing and adopting important improvements in the instruments and processes of their business; but, perhaps, the fact of their dependence on the practice of any art, trade or profession for a support in early life and a competence in later years, and the consequent wish to make it immediately and constantly remunerative, is a still greater hindrance to the introduction of doubtful or costly changes. The cautious, practical man sees his true policy lies in conducting his business after long-tried and well-approved methods; and success in the established course is not likely to create an inclination to depart from it.

But whatever reproach of timidity and conservatism justly attaches to men in the prosecution of the several pursuits to which they were bred, it is, in general, most emphatically disclaimed when they come to turn their attention wholly or in part to some other department of effort. There is no reformer so confident as he who has had little or no previous experience of the difficulty of removing the abuses he proposes to abolish. If, to the zeal such confidence inspires, be joined the additional advantage of pecuniary independence of results, so that the failure of one attempt does not hinder further trial, we may see the man who has habitually managed his affairs with the wisest prudence and the nicest calculation suddenly display, in his ventures, a liberality often amounting to extravagance.

Society evidently owes a good share of the progress it is making, in both spiritual and material things, to occasional exchanges of place between laborers in the different fields of industry. The lawyer, the doctor, and the divine are, by educational influences and by prudential considerations, strongly committed to the support of the particular systems to which they owe their training. But, let the most conservative member of either class—the most determined resistant of innovation in his profession, turn to the cultivation of the earth, and he is far more likely than the life-long farmer to bring to his aid the latest improvements in agriculture and to experiment with newly-announced discoveries and inventions. So, too, we observe that the man who leaves the plow or the anvil for regular or occasional attempts at religious instruction manifests more zeal to discover hidden truths and far more freedom to present to the public any new gleams of light that are revealed to him than do the mass of those who make Scriptural interpretation the special labor of their lives.

Agriculture is at present recruiting largely from other branches of industry. It is becoming the common resource for profit, or pleasure, or both, of artizans, tradesmen and professional men.—Many, who do not choose to altogether abandon their old pursuits, divide their attention between them and the tillage of the soil. Merchants, mechanics and manufacturers, who have accumulated capital beyond the requirements of their business, are very generally investing in land, on a larger or smaller scale to suit their means or fancy. The so-called intellectual classes, glad to escape for a portion of the time from the drudgeries of the office or study into the open air, find health, freedom and enjoyment in cultivating a few acres or even rods of ground. If the preacher must not speculate in his *pulpit*, he may do so on his *farm* with impunity; while the lawyer or doctor, vexed by the forms and rules of legal or medical practice, can retire to his garden with full discretionary power to hill up his corn and potatoes or not, and experiment with fertilizers to his heart's content. It is from such as these—men who have gained wealth in other pursuits, and, for the gratification of their taste, or pride, or whatever else, expend it in a generous system of farming, and others, who, on a small area of ground, resort to the more ornamental branches of the business for relaxation from in-door labor, that progress in practical agriculture is receiving its strongest impulse. They mainly compose the class of what we term *fancy* or *amateur* farmers. From them the inventor or improver of agricultural implements receives his earliest encouragements. The novel hint or discovery of the agricultural chemist meets, with them, a far readier hospitality than with the long-time, professional farmer.

But if the amateur class, as pioneers of the great agricultural army, assume the trouble and pecuniary risk of experiments, they do not monopolize the benefits of success, though they must bear the total loss in case of failure. The generosity with which they patronize the inventor and apply proposed means of increasing the productive power of the earth is equalled by the readiness with which they communicate the results of their experience; and herein they do immense service to the great body of farmers. Quietly pursuing old, time-honored methods, while an enterprizing class are testing the value of new ideas—when the policy of change is fully established, the mass of cultivators stand ready to avail themselves of the

advantages it offers. And as these advance with slow and wary tread to occupy the newly-conquered ground, they, through whose labors it has been won, are already engaged exploring fresh fields.—The reproach is often applied to individuals among them, that they do the cause of agriculture no good, inasmuch as the changes they introduce involve more expense than they bring profit. They who utter this charge forget that we learn as much by the blunders as by the successes of our neighbors; and that an example of what is to be *avoided* is many times quite as useful as a view of what is worthy to be *imitated*. And, indeed, time often proves that he who has experimented at a loss to himself is a *positive* benefactor to the community in which he lives; since he has brought important inventions and discoveries to the notice of men who were wise enough to make them *pay*.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1857. A.

CULTURE OF ROOTS.

EDS. RURAL:—Most of your correspondents who have written upon the culture of roots,—have, I think, concurred in the opinion that this may be made a profitable branch of husbandry even in this country, the climate of which is, perhaps, not as favorable as that of England, where turnips form one of the most important items in the catalogue of farm products. To this general mass of testimony in its favor there seems, however, to be at least one dissenting voice. A gentleman, (for I think there is no impropriety in calling a farmer a gentleman, since it is worth that makes the man in every department of industry whether physical or mental,) writing over the initials "B. F.," seems to think root culture a rather hard business—says his roots cost him about seventy-five cents per bushel, but thinks he will raise *some as medicine for his stock*.

Having been in the habit of raising four or five hundred bushels of turnips annually, (mostly the round flat turnip,) I will give a little of my experience for the benefit of those whom it may concern. One year ago last summer, I raised four hundred bushels of the flat field turnip, and a hundred of ruta bagas. The latter were sown like the former, broadcast, and some little time spent in thinning and weeding, but none of this attention was given to the others. The whole were grown at a trifling expense. Some were sold for culinary purposes, and the remainder fed to stock not altogether "for medicine," though I think them very medicinal, but as a substitute for dry feed. The stock having warm stabling, with free access to good water, kept in high order all winter—one of the most severe ever known in this latitude,—the cows making a large quantity of butter, the surplus of which, above family consumption, was sold at twenty cents per pound. But it is the produce of three-quarters of an acre sown last summer to the round flat turnip, of which I wish to give a more detailed account. I first sowed to ruta baga seed, but owing to the extreme drouth, as I suppose, it did not germinate. Not willing to lose the use of the ground, I watched a favorable opportunity when it had been moistened by a slight shower and sowed common flat turnip seed. They came up rather thick, producing one hundred and seventy bushels of beautiful turnips, as those who bought can testify; for they were sold for table use. From the sale of this little crop, I received sixty dollars in cash. The whole expense of fitting the ground, sowing, pulling, cutting and marketing, did not exceed eighteen dollars, leaving a net profit of forty-two dollars,—being the interest of six hundred dollars at seven per cent. per annum. This I call profitable farming as far as it goes. JOSEPH WOOD.

Barre, Orleans Co., N. Y., 1857.

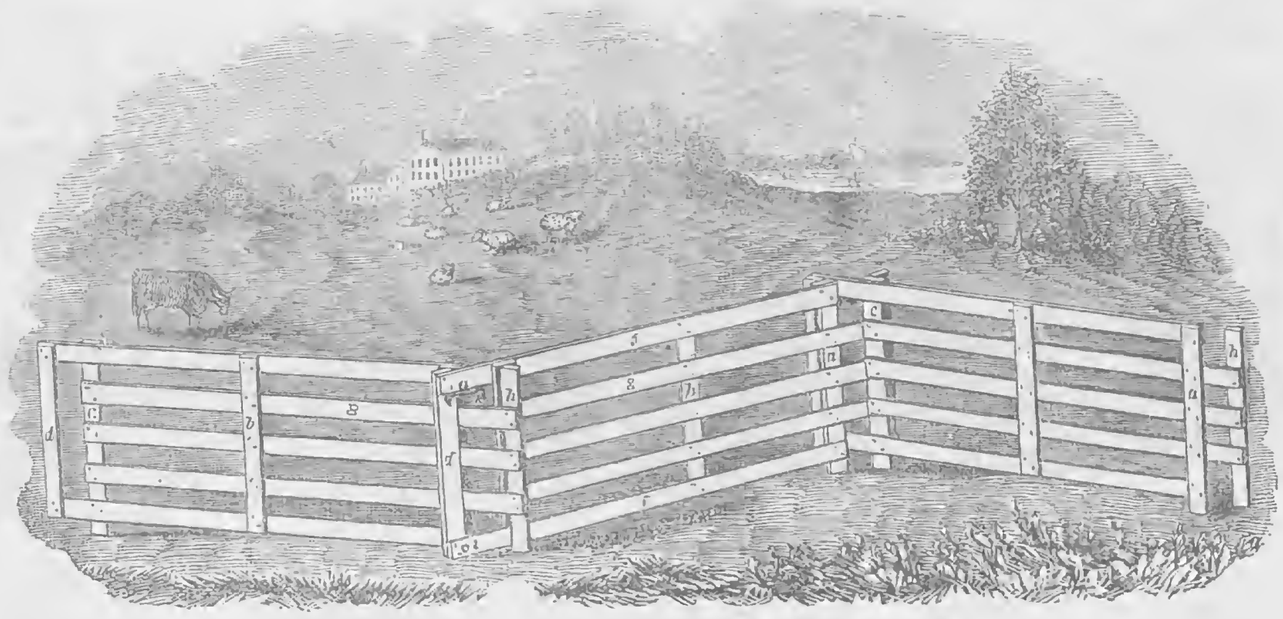
CLOVER AS A FERTILIZER.

EDS. RURAL:—I wish to make a few inquiries respecting the fertilizing properties of clover, a question of much importance to the farmer, believing as I do that it is his principal dependance in this section for increasing the productive energies of his farm. Not that I would undervalue barn-yard manure, but on the contrary would recommend the most careful management of it—and respecting which some of the late articles in the RURAL are well calculated to enlighten the agricultural community. I will here say that, in my opinion, by far the most important argument in favor of piling manure has in every instance (not excepting Mr. JOHNSON'S communication) been most surprisingly omitted—that is, *the destruction of foul seeds*.

As a guide to my farm management, I wish to know whether the enriching qualities of clover are obtained from the aliment it derives from the subsoil, and so depositing it near and on the surface and thus to make it available to the next crop of growing grain, or whether its growth is stimulated by atmospheric influence—or, as I suppose both causes uniting to promote its growth, whether cutting a crop of hay and another of clover seed the same year would tend to exhaust a soil any more, if as much, as close pasturing from spring to fall.

I will here state my own views. Whether clover is nourished by atmospheric influence or not, I cannot conceive it to be hardly possible that close feeding the entire season, exposing the whole surface to the rays of the sun and keeping the clover trampled and nipped, and as a consequence preventing half its growth—and as the roots have a growth in exact proportion to the top, its enriching tendencies would be more than mowing two crops. The amount cut from an acre, say two tuns, would do but little towards enriching the soil, and certainly passing that amount through the stomach of stock could not increase the value of its fertilizing properties, especially when the fact is considered that these excrements lose much of their value by evaporation when dropped upon a closely grazed surface. I think from experience and observation that keeping stock off from clover until it has acquired a full growth, and pasturing the rest of the season, is a pretty sure guarantee for a strong growth to the next crop of grain, but why, I am unable to tell, unless it be the value of the root, as in that case there cannot be more than two or three tuns trampled down, and what an inconsiderable trifle would that be to an acre. Will some of your correspondents give through the RURAL their ideas respecting these questions, and oblige a SUBSCRIBER.

Seneca, N. Y., 1857.



VANDEMARK'S SELF-FASTENING PORTABLE OR FIELD FENCE.

THE "fence question" is very properly attracting increased attention, and its agitation will result in decided benefits to the agricultural community.—The demand for cheap and improved portable and permanent fences is being supplied by the inventive genius of practical men in various sections of the country—each invention suggesting others, and inducing attempts at greater improvement. Of late we have illustrated and described two or three inventions of this character, and now notice another which is claimed to possess further improvements.

The "Self-Fastening Portable or Field Fence" represented by the accompanying engravings, was patented by Mr. CHARLES VANDEMARK, of Oaks Corners, Ontario Co., N. Y., on the 2d of June inst. The inventor claims that it is "superior to any other fence now in use for the purposes for which such a fence is designed"—and from an examination of the model we were favorably impressed in regard to the utility of the improvement. Mr. VANDEMARK describes his fence as follows:

"This fence can be made as cheap or cheaper than any other portable fence, and is so simple in its construction that any farmer can make it, as the only tools necessary are a hand-saw and hammer—thus obviating the expense of procuring a carpenter, as is in most cases necessary in the construction of other portable fences. It is made in separate panels, which are so constructed that when put up the fence is a perfect self-fastener, without the necessity of either posts, clamps, keys, wedges, or any other appendage, and combines more strength and durability than any other portable fence yet introduced. The panels are made with four or five boards or rails of equal length, the top and bottom rails projecting more or less according to the angle desired. Two battens or cross pieces are required at each end of the panel—one across and fastened to the end of the two projecting rails, and the other at the end of the middle rails—being fastened to all the rails with sufficient space to receive the batten of the opposite end of a corresponding panel, which forms the lock at the other end of the panel, the middle rails projecting with the first batten across their ends, and the other crossing at the ends of the top and bottom rails. These two end battens are placed on opposite sides of the panel, being reversed at the two opposite ends of each. When put together and strained lengthwise, the end batten of each panel catches on to and binds on the second batten of the next panel, and thereby each corner becomes its own fastener and support, capable of bearing any amount of strain consistent with the strength of the material used in the construction of the fence. This is designed for a zigzag or worm fence, but for small inclosures, if desired, the same panels by a different mode of locking can be put into a circular form, or can be drawn into a straight line and supported by temporary posts or stakes at suitable distances to hold it in an upright position."

Further information relative to this improvement, and also as to the purchase of rights, can be obtained by addressing the inventor as above.

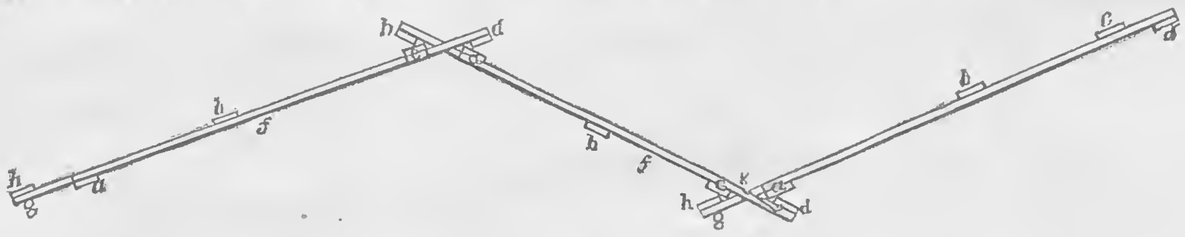


DIAGRAM OF THE BASE OF VANDEMARK'S IMPROVED PATENT PORTABLE OR FIELD FENCE.

SWEET POTATO CULTURE.

EDS. RURAL:—In your number for the 6th of June is an article from a "Reader in Elbridge," asking for information in relation to Sweet Potato Plants. We prefer sandy soil. Clay does well, if animal manure is used. We plant here from the middle of May to the middle of June. Our best yield was from plants set after 20th June. For late planting, there should be an abundance of showers and warm weather. They cannot grow without much warmth. They withstand drouth exceedingly well. The plants can be sent a thousand miles without injury by railroad, if properly packed. Mr. G. H. ROBERTS, of Elbridge, N. Y., received plants from us this year, and says of them:—"They were very fine indeed. They did not look as if they had been out of the ground five minutes, and they have hardly wilted since setting them, but are standing erect, and look as if they meant to grow right along." We have forwarded plants this year to Connecticut, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, &c.

Sweet Potato raising has been attended with good profits for a few years past near Cincinnati market. The great object has been to preserve them for winter use, and for seed in the spring.—They need to be kept in a close room—temperature as even as possible. The usual method is to put them in boxes, and pour in dry sand. We wintered near a thousand bushels the past season—and shall have twenty-five acres planted. We set the plants on ridges made by turning two furrows together with a large plow—ridges three and one half or four feet apart, and fifteen inches space between plants. We put 10,000 on an acre. Our soil is clay, and rather thin, and without manure in good seasons will yield from 75 to 150 bushels per acre. They can be made to yield from 200 to 400 bushels in good soil.

Should further information be desired by any of the readers of this paper, they may address the undersigned, inclosing stamp to pay answer.

C. B. MURRAY.

Twenty Miles Stand, Warren Co., Ohio, June, 1857.

HOW TO HEAD THE WOODCHUCKS.

EDS. RURAL:—In the RURAL of June 6th, there is an article headed "Woodchuck," in which the writer describes very forcibly the depredations of this portion of the "farm stock," and asks how are we to get rid of them? The following plan is doing up the work pretty effectually in this town:—A year ago last April, the writer of this article offered a resolution at the Annual Township Meeting, that a bounty of twenty-five cents be paid for every skunk and woodchuck killed in the town on any week day of the year. This resolution was amended, reducing the bounty to one dime. The number killed during the year was over eighteen hundred! The consequence is, they are becoming "mighty scarce;" their habitations are being deserted, and have become almost tenantless. The payment from the treasury of so large a sum it was thought would prevent the continuance of the bounty; but so beneficial had it proved, that when the question was put at the last township meeting, "Shall the skunk and woodchuck bounty be continued?" a universal shout went up in its favor. Offer a bounty of from ten to twenty-five cents for the destruction of skunks, woodchucks, crows, caterpillar nests, &c., and the boys will fix the *modus operandi* of doing the thing. J. S. TIBBITS.

Plymouth, Mich., June 8, 1857.

SHEEP.--CONSTIPATION OF THE BOWELS.

EDS. RURAL:—I write to you for information regarding certain diseases of lambs, because I suppose you have, in your "Corps Editorial," some one who may be "posted" in regard to sheep husbandry, who will be willing to impart such information if requested. This disease is not found in any of the books on sheep that I have yet seen, and has never been known in these parts till *within* three or four years. As yet no remedy has been found for it. It rarely attacks lambs until they are over two weeks old, and generally the best ones or those who have the most milk. The description is thus:—The first symptoms are stiff neck—then the legs become stiff, so that it will be hardly able to walk—appetite generally remains about the same as when well—the bowels are generally bloated—always attended with short-breathing. The lamb lives from one to three days after taken. Physic does not help the case much except sometimes at the very first indications of the disease. The bowels are generally *loose* enough, through the disease—sometimes not. They almost always die if attacked. This occurs when the sheep are at the *barn* and rarely after turned out to *grass*. These are the circumstances relating to it as nearly as a general statement will permit.

If you can give any light on this subject it will be thankfully received by numerous sheep breeders in this section. The sheep bred are the "Spanish Merino," of the best quality. If you have no means of information convenient, have the kindness to *refer* me to *some one* who would be apt to know *something* about it. Please answer through the columns of the NEW-YORKER, or by mail, as suits your convenience, and oblige a sheep breeder "under difficulties." M. BAKER.

La Fayette, Onondaga Co., N. Y., 1857.

REMARKS.—The disease Mr. BAKER mentions is simply a constipation of the bowels, occasioned by the want of succulent food on the part of the dam. If he will feed his ewes after lambing daily a double-handful of potatoes, or other roots, cut fine, and a little bran, or oat or oil meal, sprinkled over them, the lambs will not be troubled, and the disease will disappear. I know of no other remedy while the ewes are at hay.—P.

DEPTH FOR PLANTING SEEDS.—Minute seeds whose powers of growth must be feeble in proportion to their size, will bear only a very slight covering; while others of a larger size and more vigor, will be capable, when their vital powers are once put in action, of upheaving considerable weights of soil. The judicious gardener will take care to employ, for a covering, no more earth than is really necessary to preserve around his seeds the requisite degree of darkness and moisture. A seed, when it begins to grow, plunges its roots downwards, and throws its stem upwards from a common point, which is the seed itself; and consequently, all the space that intervenes between the surface of the soil and the seed, is occupied by the base of the stem, and not by the roots.—*Lindley.*

GRAIN FOR STORE SHEEP.—In the RURAL of June 6th, I noticed a communication in regard to feeding ewes oats. I fed a flock of thirty ewes, four quarts per day, last winter—they wintered finely in a yard without sheds, and will raise seven-eights of their lambs, some of which were dropped in very bad weather and no attention paid them. I regard oats as the best grain for store sheep.—E. F. L., *Lenox, N. Y.*, 1857.

TO FARMERS ABOUT READING.

READING seems a "maxim universal" of the age. Books abound—the printed page is the property of the people. Books are no longer loaned only on secured notes, or chained in the chancels of churches, and guarded by an armed sentinel while the student draws treasure from their pages. The day when to own a book was to be wealthy has gone, and we almost wonder if *great men* ever saw such a day. We are a nation of readers, reading for instruction, information and amusement. We are political, moral, religious, news and matter-of-fact readers, and shall we complete the list without adding that nondescript biped—the novel reader?

The class in our country who really read nothing, is very small. They only comprise the "fogies" who tell stories of the Salem Witchcraft and will not ride in the cars. The young are readers—they no longer sit around the winter fire-side with mouth and eyes agape, listening in undisguised wonder to the "hundredth time told legion," of the revolution in which their sires figured—or to the exploits as hunter, or fisherman, or explorer of the forest, of some casual, night-over-taken guest. In fact, the time-honored vocation of the itinerant story teller has gone and we live in an age when the young, or old, who cherish a desire to live over olden scenes, have but to seat them by the lighted lamp and, book in hand, listen to the beautiful rehearsals of IRVING, PRESCOTT or GOLDSMITH.

But we had no thought in the beginning of this hour's labor, to write an essay on the reading of the day. We were but taking up our pen to write down an important paragraph for farmers, and here it is:—Farmers who do not provide their sons and daughters with reading may rest assured that they *will provide* themselves. They *will have it!* by borrowing, or hiring, or some other means.—Possess it they will. You need not to forbid them. You may as well withdraw physical supplies as mental. Ah! fond parents! stand sentinel over the reading of your sons and daughters. Guard every portal of their hearts, that in their thirst they draw not from filthy sources. Correct tastes once formed and you may leave your watch at will, the mind will never partake of what it is taught to dislike.

Ah, you may be ready to say, this is all very well, but how am I to hinder my children from loving vicious reading? We will tell you. We have learned by familiar acquaintance with the young as a teacher and observer, that the child first desires a knowledge of birds, plants, insects, stones, animals, &c. No boy or girl ever *took* to reading fictitious narrations of pirates, highwaymen, and desperadoes. They learn this, as other vices by imitation. Fill their young minds with love of home objects, and give them to read of them, and they will never know of the existence of such poisoned reading as is sold by the cord in any of our cities. In short, farmers provide for your little children an abundance of mental aliment which they can understand. Give them, when they can read, agricultural, or farmers papers,—full of pictures of cattle, and other home objects. Keep them supplied with these and you will anchor their minds where no tempest can overthrow them. JNO. SANFIELD.

RAINS, frequent and copious, have deluged a large portion of country during the past ten days, causing much damage to crops in some localities of this State.

Rural Notes and Items.

PUBLIC SALES OF IMPROVED STOCK.—A friend writing from Frankfort, Ky., under date of June 6, says:—"Mr. R. A. ALEXANDER'S third annual sale of Durham cattle came off last week, and attracted more interest than any similar sale ever before had in Kentucky. Prices were well sustained, notwithstanding this season of short crops and shorter purses—showing, most clearly, that the day of greatest glory to the Durhams in Ky. has not yet come. The stock was divided among five States, but the greater portion was bought by Kentuckians."

Mr. GOWEN'S sale of Short-horns, at Mt. Airy, near Philadelphia, on the 10th inst., was not very well attended, in consequence, undoubtedly, of the very unpropitious weather which prevailed. The aggregate sales, however, amounted to $4,400, although residents of the neighborhood of Philadelphia were the principal purchasers.

Mr. THOS. GOULD'S sale, at Aurora, N. Y., on the 11th inst., was limited, the very bad weather of the week being the probable cause. Only two calves and two hogs were sold. We learn that the balance of the stock advertised is offered at private sale, and that prices, &c., will be furnished on application.

MR. CHAPMAN'S HERD OF SHORT-HORNS.—We understand that Mr. S. P. CHAPMAN, of Clockville, Madison Co., has recently made a valuable addition to his former fine herd, in the purchase from Mr. THORNE of six of the cows imported by Messrs. MORRIS and BECAR. The animals purchased are "Apricot," "Romelia," "Garland 2d," "Lady Boothe," "Jacintha" and "Beauty." They were selected, in person, by their former owners, after a careful examination of all of the best herds in England. Apricot is in calf to Duke of Gloster, (11382.) The others are bred to 2d Grand Duke (12961.) These cows, with many other fine animals, may now be seen at Mount Pleasant Farm. Mr. CHAPMAN requests us to say that it will always give him pleasure to meet persons at the Railroad Station (Canastota,) who may wish to look over the herd. The Farm is six miles from the Station.

CORN AND CROWS.—A correspondent who apparently votes and acts for the extermination of crows, blackbirds and sheep-killing dogs, writes us in this wise:—"As this is the season of the year when corn and crows are the subject of general conversation among farmers, I will tell you how we treat them both. Soon after planting our fields to corn we take about 20 grains of strychnine and dissolve it in half a pint of hot water;—fill in corn until all the water is absorbed—then sow it in our corn fields where the crows have been previously baited. Adopt this plan, and my word for it you never will be troubled with crows pulling your corn, or at least in that field. Strychnine is equally as good for blackbirds—and there's nothing in the world so good for dogs that kill sheep. To dogs it should be administered in a small piece of mutton; dose, one or two grains."

CROPS, &c. IN KENTUCKY.—A letter just received from the Secretary of the Ky. State Ag. Society, says:—"We have to-day (June 6,) our first warm and genial Spring day, yet our crops of wheat, rye, oats and barley look well, and will produce at least an average crop. The corn crop has required much re-planting, and even yet does not look flourishing; and engagements for the new crop have been made at 50 cents per bushel.—Grass has been kept close by hungry stock, but our woodlands begin now to wear their accustomed beauty. The preparations for the National Fair at Louisville, and for the Kentucky State Fair at Henderson, are making satisfactory progress."

REMEDY FOR BLOATED CATTLE.—Mr. A CORNWALL, of Penfield, N. Y., informs us that a few days since he had a yearling heifer so badly bloated from eating clover that she could not walk.—Remembering that he had heard of tar as a remedy, he applied a small quantity to the root of the tongue—making three applications at intervals of a minute or two. The animal soon recovered entirely, and chewed her cud in a few hours. He thinks a remedy which is so simple and effectual should be generally known, and we therefore give it publicity as being both useful and seasonable.

THE EXHIBITION OF HORSES of the Union Ag. Society at Palmyra, heretofore announced to take place on the 16th and 17th inst., has been postponed to the 2d, 3d and 4th of July next, on account of the injury done to the Grounds of the Society by the recent heavy rains. The Board of Managers have decided to *increase many of the premiums*, and to offer other attractions on the occasion, and we doubt not the exhibition will be more interesting and creditable on account of the postponement.

COUNTY AG. FAIRS are to be held in this State the present year, as follows:

Franklin, Malone	Sept. 23, 24, 25.
Jefferson, Watertown	Sept. 16, 17.
Livingston, Genesso	Sept. 24, 25.
Monroe, Rochester	Sept. 21, 22, 23.
Orleans, Albion	Oct. 1, 2.
Palmyra Union Ag., Palmyra	Oct. 14, 15, 16.
St. Lawrence, Canton	Sept. 16, 17, 18.
Wayne, Lyons	Sept. 16, 17, 18.

Secretaries of County Societies not above enumerated, will oblige us by forwarding information as to times and places of holding their respective annual exhibitions.

UNDERDRAINS.—*A Suggestion.*—Will some one that has had experience in the matter inform me as to the best mode of constructing an underdrain of cobble stone, whether it is necessary or best to put down a layer of small, or flat stones, for the bottom of the drain: also as to the utility and probable durability of such drains. I wish to suggest, as I have never heard the matter mentioned, whether underdrains constructed of, or filled in with gravel, for draining lowish places where water stands only in very wet times, would not answer the purpose, where other material is not at hand.—M. WATERMAN, *Franklin Township, DeKalb Co., Indiana*, 1857.

Orchard and Garden.

PUBLIC PARKS.

We are not about to urge upon our readers the importance of Public Parks. We do not design to show that they are necessary to the health and comfort of the inhabitants of cities, or that they increase their prosperity and add to the value of the property. All this, perhaps we might show very clearly should we endeavor to do so. At present we have another object; and that is to urge upon all interested the proper care of already existing public grounds. Almost every city and village of any size has one or more Parks. These have been established to make the town healthful and beautiful—pleasant for the inhabitants, and attractive to strangers. Now, we would ask our readers candidly, if after all the outlay in the purchase of land, &c., one park in a thousand answers the purpose for which it is designed. With the exception of a very few in our largest cities instead of being a credit to the places where they exist, they are a disgrace, an eye-sore to every person of taste.

No one need to be astonished at this result, when we consider how these Parks are got up. On determining to establish a "*Square*," the ground is either purchased by the corporation, or donated by some generous individual who foolishly imagines it will be an ornament to the town. It is then plowed two or three inches deep, fenced, and a few of the forest trees most easily procured, are put into holes in the ground, the man engaged in this work being very careful to put the right ends in the soil, and not to waste labor by making the holes too large. The Park is now finished. Half of the trees die during the first summer, and more follow, the second. Others blow over, and stand at a very improper angle for well disposed trees.—Occasionally one stands up seeming determined to outlive all difficulties; but, unfortunately, the fence, never good enough to keep out pigs, becomes broken, and the cattle get in and browse away at pleasure, always of course, selecting a thrifty tree if they can find one. The boys, too try their jack-knives, on the bark, and engrave their names very nicely, considering their youth and inexperience. This is the public park, as generally seen—the ornamental grounds of your city or village, kind reader, we fear.

Now, what should be done with such a Park?—Have a competent person make a plan of the ground, with broad walks meandering in every direction. After the plan is made and examined carefully and corrected, so that you are perfectly satisfied it is the best that could be designed for your grounds—then you are prepared for work.—Dig up every dead, dying and unsightly tree, and trench the ground two feet deep with spade, or if large, subsoil as deeply as possible with the plow. Then, stake the walks according to the plan, and take the soil from them to the depth of about 18 inches, and use it in leveling off the surface, and filling up any hollow places. Next, drag and rake the surface of the ground quite smooth, carrying all stones into the walks. Fill up the walks to within two or three inches of the surface with stones, pack them down level, and cover with fine gravel, which would be the better for rolling occasionally, especially after showers. Border the walks with turf about six inches wide and sow thickly Kentucky Blue Grass or Red Top, and White Dutch Clover. Plant tastefully with the finest shrubs and trees that will grow in the climate, taking especial care to obtain thrifty, well-formed trees—not being too anxious for those of large size. The ground should be prepared in the latter part of the summer, and the planting may be done either in the fall or spring.

After this is all done, place the park under the especial charge of one man—and one more noted as a man of taste than as a politician. Make it his duty to keep every thing about it in the neatest possible manner. Do this, and you will have a park of which you will have no reason to be ashamed—a delightful spot—a beautiful promenade, where daily, hundreds will wend their steps as to enchanted ground. The stranger will stop a moment to admire—and the editor on a flying trip, will make a note as he passes, and seek for no other evidence before transmitting it to the press, that you are a people of taste and refinement.

NOTES ON PLANTS IN FLOWER.

The Thorns are a very beautiful class of large shrubs, or perhaps we might better call them small trees, as they grow from twelve to twenty feet high. We have seen them the former height when only six or seven years old. They are now in flower, and receive, as they well deserve, general admiration. There are few shrubs more beautiful or more worthy of general cultivation. The best varieties are the *Single Pink* and *Single Red*, and the *Double Red* and *Double White*.

Several varieties of the Spirea are in flower, and among them we notice the *S. trilobata*, and *S. crenata*, both very neat shrubs of rather dwarfish habit, with trusses of small flowers almost covering the plant. *S. ulmifolia* is of larger growth, with larger flowers. *S. lanceolata* is the finest of the class—of the purest whiteness. Its branches are floral snow-wreaths. Everybody should plant it. In our notice of the Spireas last week, we gave *Lindleyana* as being in flower; we should have said *Nicondertii*.

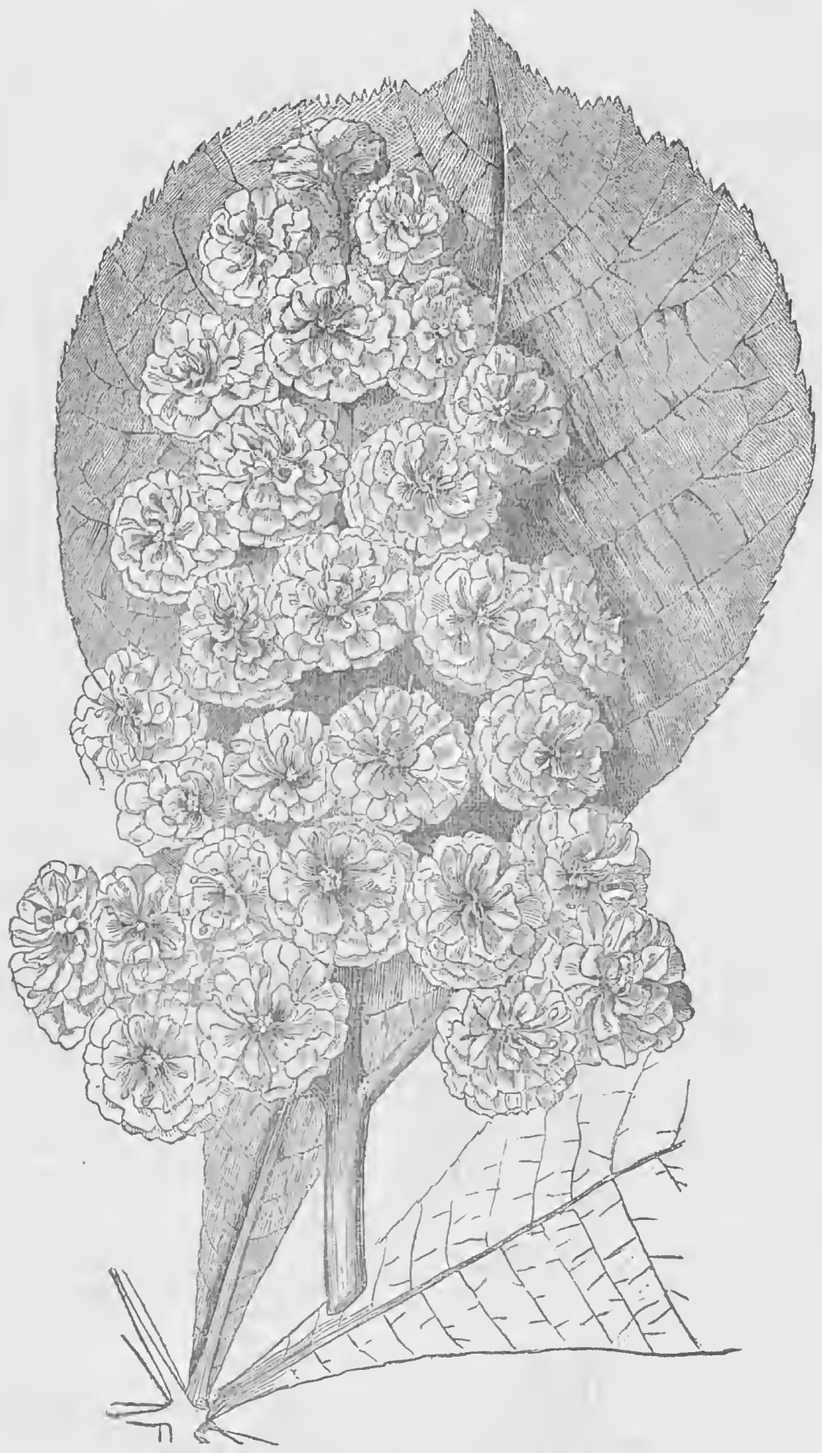
The Calycanthus is becoming a a great favorite, as the demand for it at the nurseries shows. It is a pretty, sweet scented shrub, with large cinnamon colored flowers.

The Rose-colored Wigelia is just coming into bloom. It is a fine shrub, with flowers of a rosy pink, and as hardy as a lilac.

The African Tamarix now shows it delicate pink flowers. It is delicate and beautiful both in leaf and flower.

The Lilacs are mostly gone, though we gathered a few fine specimens, and among them the *Persian White*, and a singular very dark purple variety called *Josekea*.

That old favorite, the Snowball, is now in perfection. There is nothing better. Everybody has it, or should have it. It is a crooked, rambling grower, and the wood is tender; the consequence is, many plants are broken with the weight of the flowers, especially in wet weather. Young plants should be pruned, so as to secure a stiff stem and a compact head.



THE DOUBLE FLOWERING HORSE CHESTNUT.

The Horse Chestnuts are just passing out of bloom. The common variety, and the *Red Flowering* are fine. The flowers of the *Yellow* variety are poor, not differing much from the *Buckeye*. The *Double White*, an engraving of which we give, is the finest of them all. The flowers are white, prettily spotted with red, like the common variety, but perfectly double. There is a variegated-leaved variety, with red flowers, but it is not much disseminated.

Last week we noticed the Upright, or Tartarian Honeysuckle. We have now a fine variety in flower, with deep pink flowers, more showy than the common.

We are indebted to Edward Dagge, of Ellwanger & Barry's nurseries, for specimens of these shrubs. A visit to the Rochester nurseries, at this season of the year, is a privilege of which all lovers of flowers, who can, should at once avail themselves.

The Peach.—"How great a degree of cold the peach tree will bear without injury to the fruit buds?" is a question that we cannot answer. Generally ten or twelve degrees below zero is sufficient to kill the fruit buds in this section. Last winter, the thermometer indicated far greater severity, (from 15° to 22° below zero,) so that all hopes of a peach crop the present season were abandoned.—At the present time, however, there is every prospect of a most abundant crop. In connection with this fact it should be remembered that the summer of 1856 was so dry that peach trees made but a small increase of wood, and that the growth stopped entirely very early in the fall, the young shoots becoming completely ripened long before winter commenced. To this fact we are undoubtedly indebted for our peaches the present season, as the ripening of the wood and buds enabled them to bear uninjured the unusual severity of the past winter.

CATERPILLARS ON THE CHERRY.

Mr. Editor:—Can you, or any of your numerous correspondents, inform me what will destroy the black caterpillar, which infests Cherry trees? A neighbor of mine has a very fine Black Tartarian tree, which was attacked by them, about a week ago. He has cut off several large branches of the tree, alive with them, and burned them,—has tried smoking them out of the tree, but all to no purpose. The tree attacked, is young and very thrifty looking—the caterpillars seem to, when they attack a limb, eat the leaves clean off of it, and then go to another—the limb after they leave it seems to wither and die. If you can give us any information how this pest may be destroyed, you will not only prove a public benefactor, but also receive the thanks of—A Subscriber, *Rochester, N. Y., June* 6, 1857.

Remarks.—This insect must be the *Apple Tree Caterpillar*, which feeds upon the leaves of both the apple and the cherry. In the winter and very early in the spring the eggs may be seen over the ends of the twigs in clusters forming a broad, thick belt, and generally entirely surrounding the small branch. Each belt of these eggs contain about three hundred, cemented together by a glutinous substance, which not only holds them firmly but protects them from the weather. These eggs are hatched out here about the first of May, and young insects sometimes suffer for want of food, as the leaves are not sufficiently advanced to supply their wants. Soon after hatching they spin themselves a nest in a crotch of the tree, and here they make a home, going out to feed as often as the demands of appetite require, and returning very punctually to sleep and rest—never venturing out on a wet day. Sometimes during very fine warm days they forsake their nest sleeping on the limbs of the trees, but retire to it on the first approach of a change. These insects are very small at first, but generally early in June arrive at maturity, when they are about two inches long. At this time they leave the tree, and search around among the rough bark and fences, for crevices suitable for forming their cocoons. These cocoons are generally pale yellow, and hardly an inch long. In about three weeks the moth is hatched, and after a day or two lays its belt of eggs on the young twigs to hatch out a crop of three hundred worms, for next season's operations, each of which, according to Dr. Fitch will consume two leaves a day.—Having thus given the habits of this insect, our correspondent, we think, will have no difficulty in discovering the remedy. In the fall, as soon as the leaves are gone or during the winter, examine every tree, and destroy all the clusters of eggs that can be found. Break them off the limb, or cut it off and burn them. As some clusters of eggs will undoubtedly escape your notice, as soon as you perceive a nest formed in a crotch, see that the insects are all in, and then have it down and crush the worms.

The Siberian Arbor Vitæ.—*Facts and Opinions.*—It is one thing to know, and another to suppose or believe. In science facts only are of any value. The tree known in nurseries in this vicinity as the Siberian Arbor Vitæ, is, unfortunate in being misrepresented by pseudo horticultural writers; to wit:—In a *leading* Monthly Journal or Miscellany of Agricultural and other similar topics, hailing from the Empire City, it is set down as *Thuya siberica*, on what authority?—In a farmer's paper of our own vicinity, it has been designated as *Biota Pyramidalis*, on what authority? This popular and valuable tree, is thus described under these different botanical names by professedly horticultural papers—what says the Rural New-Yorker? I might state that the same cut used to represent the Siberian Arbor Vitæ as seen growing in this vicinity, is used to represent the *Biota Pyramsdalis*. I submit erroneously. In various catalogues we find *Thuya siberica, Thuya varecana*, and now, and worse than all, *Biota Pyramidalis*, applied to this favorite evergreen.—R. R. S., *Rochester, N. Y.*, 1857.

Planting Vegetables—Strawberries in the Shade.—Will you be pleased to let us know whether it is best to plant vegetables and strawberries, North and South, or East and West; also inform us if the strawberry will grow in a deep shade and bear well, for instance under large apple trees, and oblige a—Subscriber, *Murfreesboro, Tennessee*, 1857.

Remarks.—It makes but little difference on a level piece of ground; but on inclined land we generally follow the inclination with the rows, unless we wish to use the lower ground for some other purpose. Strawberries will not do well in a *deep shade*. Raspberries bear shade better, but all crops are injured by heavy shade.

The Black Cabbage Bug.—Can you inform me, and perhaps others, how to protect cabbages and cauliflowers from the small black bug. I have tried snuff which answers at first, but the first shower washes it off, and then they are after them again. The bug of which I speak, is very small—sometimes called a louse. "A word *from* the wise" we hope will be sufficient.—A Subscriber.

Remarks.—To keep off these little troublesome insects, scatter the snuff over the young plants every morning while they are moistened with the dew. *Coal* or *leached* ashes will do just as well.—If you put a low frame around the bed and cover it with gauze, it will keep them off. Water the plants when dry with liquid manure, and encourage their growth in every possible way, for as soon as they are in the rough leaf they are safe.

Windsor Beans.—Will you please to inform me at what age the English Windsor Bean, is to be used, whether as string beans, or shelled when ripe.—W. W.

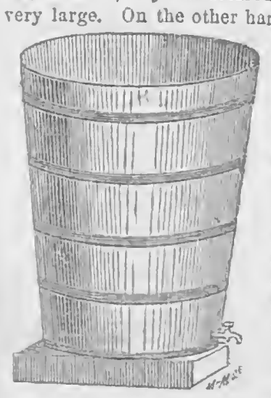
Remarks.—The Windsor Bean is eaten shelled green, like Lima Beans. It is much used in England, especially by the laboring people, and in the agricultural districts. They are commonly called "*Broad Beans*," and "bread beans and bacon" is no mean dish. It does not succeed in this country.

Domestic Economy.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

SUPPLIED BY J. E. CHENEY & CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"I will take a little good brandy, as I don't like the water." This excuse for a very bad habit is much oftener made than necessary, we have no doubt, although if there is any good excuse for drinking *bad liquor* it is the want of *good water*. Be this as it may, it is true that pure water, as filtered from the clouds, is the drink provided by the Creator for all inanimate life. The rest of us, as a general thing, have to put up with a very impure article. Those who live in a limestone country, and drink well water, would be astonished to learn how much lime they consume. Many would hardly credit us if we should state that in forty years one individual would drink more lime than was used in building the Astor House in New York. We must confess that we have not made a very nice calculation on this point, and will not therefore urge it upon the belief of our readers.—All, however, may rest assured that the quantity is very large. On the other hand, those who drink soft water from rivers, &c., consume more mud every day than would fatten a bull-head. The people of New York boast of their Croton, as they have good reason to do, and yet we have seen enough mud filtered from a few quarts to astonish us, and place us on bad terms with our stomach for a week afterwards. In other places it is still worse. The only way to obtain pure, sweet water is to filter rain or river water; and the best filter for this purpose, that we know anything about, is the one we give an engraving of, manufactured by J. E. Cheney & Co., and known as Kedzie's *Filter*, though we believe it was first invented by a friend of ours whose ingenuity is only equalled by his modesty and worth. Messrs. Kedzie & Cheney have made several improvements, and it is now decidedly the best of which we have any knowledge. It is made of several different sizes, holding, we believe, from two to four pails-full. Each one contains a reservoir, holding a pail-full or two, which can be drawn at any time.



KEDZIE'S FILTER.

WATER COOLER.

We have used this filter for five or six years, and can say from experience that it is cheap and effective, and will keep in good condition for many years. In fact, we can suggest no improvement. It seems to be all that can be desired. No matter in what condition the water may be when put into it, it comes out perfectly sweet and pure. Soft filtered water is, we might as well inform the ladies, much the best for all culinary purposes. This Filter, used in connection with the Water Cooler, insures a supply of water so pure and cool that it is enough to tempt the wine drinker to forsake the cup, and drink health and strength with nature's crystal beverage.

Cooking Dried Apples.—Wash sour dried apples, being careful to do it quickly, and put in a *porcelain kettle*. Have ready a tea-kettle of boiling water, and pour over them, filling your preserve kettle. Cover closely, and as they require more water add *boiling*. When they are cooked tender, ready to pour out, have about the proportion of *three pints* of juice, to *three quarts* of the apple. If they are boiled *too dry* they will be strong, and unpleasant, if too much water is left in—insipid.—*Do not sweeten* while warm, but as you wish them for the table—a table spoonful of sugar, to a vegatable-dish full of the sauce. *Dried apples*, in this fruit-growing country, are not usually counted among the *luxuries* of the table, but in this year of *scarcity* they will be found exceedingly palatable, prepared in the above manner—having much the flavor of the fresh fruit. If you wish them "extra" nice, add grated lemon peel, from a lemon *partly dried*, at the same time with the sugar. For pies, *sift as pumpkin*, adding small *bits* of lemon or orange peel.—Jeannie, *Lancaster, Erie Co., N. Y.*

Mechanic Arts, &c.

AN HOUR WITH AN AMBROTYPIST.

Look a few seconds into the brass tube attached to that square box, on three legs, into which the operator has put a little piece of glass with some chemicals on it. Be still. There, it is over. The operator has closed the tube, took out the little piece of glass, and gone into his *dark* room. In a few moments he comes out with a fine picture. It looks as natural as life. Each feature perfect and distinct, even to the slight pucker of the mouth, occasioned by the effort to keep from smiling. The brow, lips, chin, good-natured smile, are all there. Now, let us see how it was done.

I don't think it necessary for me to describe the little box, called a camera, into which the operator put the little piece of glass, for you have all seen one, and you know just how it looks. But the next time you go into the room where ambrotypes or daguerreotypes are taken, ask the operator to let you look into the box when some one is sitting in the chair, and you will see how the image is formed upon a piece of ground glass in the camera. As almost any work on philosophy explains all about this, I will not occupy space in describing what you can learn just as well anywhere else. So let us look at some things not explained in the books. I take it for granted, then, that you know all that is necessary about the camera. Let us take a picture also.

Take up this piece of glass, about three inches by four. Put some very finely pulverized rotten stone on it, and wet it with a little alcohol. Then scour with a piece of white Canton flannel, until you get the glass perfectly clean and dry. Upon this pour a thin film, called *collodion*. Then immerse it in the *bath*, or *silver solution*, the collodion side up. Let it remain from one-half to three minutes, until it looks smooth, and of a bluish-white color. Place it in the *tablet*, and then expose it in the *camera* from five to thirty seconds.—The time will depend upon the power of the light and the quality of the *silver solution*. Then take it into the *dark room*. Immerse it in the *developing solution* until faint outlines of the picture are seen. Take it out, and from a faucet let a stream of pure rain water run upon the *collodion side*, washing the *other* side with your hand until the oily appearance disappears. Then immerse in the *fixing solution*, or pour this solution on it, until the bluish appearance is gone. Again wash in pure water from the faucet, and stand it upon its edge to dry. If you wish to color the lips, use a little rouge on the collodion side. Then pour on the *negative varnish* in the same manner as you did the collodion, drain well, and dry with a spirit lamp; then put on the black *japan*, dry it, and put it in the case.

Now you have gone through the process, let us see what the bath solution, etc., are composed of.

Collodion.—This is made of gun cotton, alcohol and sulphuric ether. To make the gun cotton, use nitre, sulphuric acid and cotton. Powder the nitre in a druggist's mortar, pour in the acid and put in the cotton, and stir it with a piece of glass. It must then be washed until it is free from the acid. This is gun cotton. Put the ether, ten ounces, and alcohol eight ounces, into a bottle.—Then add the gun cotton, eighty grains, and shake well, and most of the cotton will be cut or dissolved. Let it stand and settle. Pour off, and then make it ready for use, thus:—Dissolve iodine of potassium, twenty-four grains, and bromide of potassium, seventeen grains, in as little water as possible, then pour this into collodion, six ounces, and shake well. Then add iodide of cadmium, nine grains, and a few drops of tincture of iodine. This make the *collodion*. Most operators buy this collodion already made, and thus escape the trouble and perplexity of making it.

Bath or Silver Solution.—Make a solution of nitrate of silver, in the proportion of forty grains of the silver to one ounce of water. Dissolve five grains each of iodine of potassium and nitrate of silver, in an ounce of water. This will form a yellow precipitate or settling. Put this precipitate into the silver solution, shake well, let it stand over night, and then filter it. This has a tendency to keep the bath good for a long time. A few drops of nitric acid should be added to the solution.

The *Tablet* is a little frame-work into which the glass is placed before it is put into the *camera*. It has a slide to it to keep the light from it until you are ready to let the image of the one whose picture you want, fall upon it.

The *Dark Room* is a place in which *silver solution* and *developing solution* are kept, from which all natural light should be excluded. The light here used is that of a spirit lamp. Natural light destroys the chemicals, or changes them, so as to make them unfit for taking pictures. It is the action of the light upon the chemicals that makes the image.

Developing Solution.—Dissolve protosulphate of iron (one and a half ounces) in water (one quart,) and add acetic (four ounces;) or take five ounces of this solution, and to that add six drachms of acetic acid.

Fixing Solution.—With one quart of water put cyanide of potassium, one ounce, nitrate of silver, ten grains, chloride of gold, five grains.

Transparent Negative Varnish is gum demar thinned with spirits of turpentine.

These preparations are varied by different artists; but the ones I have shown you here will work like a charm.

The *Japan*, which is gum asphaltum cut or dissolved in turpentine, is used on the glass plate to secure the picture, and at the same time make it visible; as it is very difficult to see the picture unless it has a dark substance behind it. Sometimes two glasses are used. On one is the image, the other is simply a piece of glass with the *japan* on it. They are held together by a strip of paper with gum arabic on it.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

A Wonderful Iron.—A Mr. Howell has invented a secret method of making good puddled iron quite fluid by mixing with other ingredients, and thus produces what is termed in the transactions of the Liverpool Polytechnic Society, "Homogenous Metal," all alleged to be as tough as copper and as strong as steel.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOME YEARNINGS.

BY IDA MOORE.

"THERE is a fireside in a far-off land by which, could I but warm my cold and weary feet to-night, I would lie down and sleep such a sleep as GOD giveth his beloved."

GLORIOUS skies gleam bright above me,
'Mid fair scenes my footsteps stray,
All the Orient's famed enchantments
Tempt me longer here to stay.

Songs the bulbul singeth thrill me,
Perfumed breezes fan my brow,
But in vain all things delightful
Woo my absent spirit now.

All my thoughts are sadly turning
To a dearer far-off land,
And my lonely heart is yearning
For a brother's clasping hand.

In my dreams I see dear faces
Gleaming from some reachless spot,
Forms of loved ones flit before me,
But I wake to find them not.

And my soul is daily haunted
By the tones of voices low,
Blending with the cherished mem'ries,
Mem'ries sweet of long ago.

Could to-night my feet so weary
Warm beside a mother's hearth,
There would surely beat no fonder,
Happier heart than mine on earth.

Could my head rest on the pillow
Which a dear one's hand hath pressed,
With such sleep as our "GOD giveth
His beloved," I'd be blest.

Home, thy voices dear are calling
Over mountain, valley, sea,
And I gladly wait the morning
I shall haste with joy to thee.

Westfield, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AUNT MARY'S STORY,

AS RELATED TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

AUNT MARY lived away in the country with grandfather, and Uncle SETH took care of the farm. I'll tell you how I came to go there.

My little baby brother was very sick, and poor mamma had to nurse him night and day. EDDIE and I were home from school, for it was Christmas holydays at Newton—and I suppose we made a deal of noise racing about the house. One day when the Doctor came to see baby and found us playing in the hall, he said to mamma, "You must send those children away, Mrs. NEWELL; it will never do to have such a noise here." So, when papa came home to dinner there was a long talk in the parlor, and then he called us out of the nursery and told us we were to go to Aunt MARY'S for a visit. We were glad enough to hear that, and EDDIE clapped his hands for joy, but papa looked very grave, and kissed us both before he went away. We were to go in the stage the next morning, and before night we packed up our choicest playthings, while mamma got our clothes ready.—We did not sleep much that night, but lay awake thinking and talking of the fine times we should have on the farm.

Next morning we were ready half an hour before the stage time, running, in our impatience, from window to door, and saying twenty times we thought the stage *never would come*. It appeared at last, lumbering along the road, and then papa took us by the hand and led us in to kiss the sick baby before we went. I can remember now the strange feeling that crept over me as we saw little brother lying on a pillow upon mamma's lap. His cheeks were white and wasted, and his large, blue eyes half closed, while his tiny fingers were locked tightly together. I hid my face on mamma's shoulder and cried, but EDDIE softly stroked the transparent cheek and said, "Good bye, little CHARLIE—Eddie'll come back and play with you when you get well." I saw mamma shudder and bend down quickly over the baby, but then papa took us from the room and we little thought what was in her mind. "MAY," said EDDIE, when we were well on our way, "what if little brother should die while we are gone and be put in the ground like Mrs. WEBSTER'S baby." The thought seemed never to have struck him before, and for a time we were both sad and silent; but the many sights in view of the coach windows soon drew our attention. I cannot tell you of all the wonders we saw during that long ride, but by the time we reached the farm house we were thoroughly tired.

Aunt MARY gave us a warm welcome, and in a short time we were seated with the family at the supper table. EDDIE, perched in Cousin FRANK'S cast-off high chair, rolled his black eyes in delight over the brim of a large tin dipper of new milk, provided for his especial benefit. I remember how they all laughed when EDDIE at last paused to take breath, and still tightly clasping his dipper, asked earnestly, "Aunt MARY, is this *cows' milk?*" The poor child was sadly discomposed by the burst of merriment that followed his query, and not to be satisfied so, repeated, "*Is* it cows' milk, Uncle?—did you milk it in a pail, or did the man bring it?" Older heads than EDDIE'S have made the nicer distinction since then, but with him the only difference was plenty in one case, and restriction in the other.

It seemed strange not to have mamma to put us to bed, but Aunt MARY came to hear us say our prayers, and EDDIE added to his usual form the fervent petition—"and please GOD make little brother get well, and not die and be put in the ground."

The next day was Christmas, a great day for us children; for we were to have a little party in the evening, and Aunt MARY had made us the largest and nicest of Christmas cakes for the occasion. Then there were such stores of nuts to crack, such baskets of rosy apples, and nicely popped corn,—no feast was ever equal to that. How impatient we were for evening to come, and how many times we stole slyly into the pantry to peep at the tempting array of good things. When at last the time did come, what rejoicing there was, what chattering and laughing and games of "blind man's buff," "hide the handkerchief," and everything else that our young heads could conjure up. Never were nuts cracked and apples eaten with better relish, but after supper there were to be no more games, for Aunt MARY had promised us a story. When all were quietly seated, Aunt MARY began; and this, as nearly as I can remember, was the story:

"You know, children," she said, "the reason we celebrate Christmas; who can tell me who it was that was born on that day?" EDDIE sat on the floor before the fire, with both arms round old Tiger's shaggy neck; he heard the question, however, and answered promptly—"I know, Aunt MARY, *it was Santa Claus.*" Aunt MARY tried to look very sober, but it was no use—so the older children laughed, and we young ones laughed because they did—while EDDIE, with a defiant look, sat twisting his fat hands into Tiger's long hair. After a while we were still again, and Aunt MARY went on to tell her story, but she asked no more questions about Christmas.

"Away by the edge of the woods which you can see across the river, once stood an old log school house where I used to go to school with my brothers and sisters. The old house has been pulled down for many years, but you can still see some traces of it, and I never pass it without thinking of the happy hours I have spent within its walls. There were no houses then within half a mile of it, and some of the children had to walk more than twice that distance to school, so of course we all used to bring our dinners and spend the noon at the school house. We all liked this much, for in summer there were berries and flowers to hunt in the woods and on the hill sides, and sometimes we would go down to the river and wade in the shallow water near the shore. Then in winter we would roast apples by the fire, or make the very roof shake with our shouts and noisy games. But I have *one* memory of the old school house that is a very sad one, and I will tell you about it that you may learn a lesson from it.

"When I was about ten years old I was entrusted with the care of my little sister CARRIE, who was only five, a gentle, timid little creature. How many times my mother enjoined me before we left home for school to lead her carefully, and on no account to take her near the river. I promised strict obedience, and felt no small degree of pride as I led the little creature for the first time into the school room. How proud I was when the girls all praised her sweet blue eyes and shining curls, and it really seemed a pleasure to give up some accustomed romps for her sake. After a few days the novelty of the thing began to wear off, and then I found it very tiresome to stay at the house with CARRIE while the rest were having such fine sport in the woods, or by the river. I was strong and active and never tired of sport, and when I found my little sister was going to keep me from it, I grew cross and impatient towards her. One morning I wanted very much to get to school in time for play before the hour for study, and if I had been alone would soon have tripped over the ground, but CARRIE could not run. I pulled her impatiently along, till at last the child was tired out and began to cry. I remember calling her a little torment, and telling her she spoiled all my fun—and when at last we reached the school house and found it too late for play, I was more out of humor than ever.

"That noon some of the girls asked me to go to the river with them to get pebbles for our playhouses, and when I mentioned CARRIE they proposed that she should be left at the school house. I turned doubtfully towards her, and asked if she would be a good girl and stay there alone. 'No, no, MARY,' she said, with a frightful look,—'MARY, stay with CARRIE,—CARRIE'S afraid!' All our persuasions and threats only made her sob more pitifully, and cling the closer to me. Finally, I said, 'well, if there is no other way I must take the cross little thing with me, I suppose, or stay here all the noon,—and that *I won't do.*' So with many fears as I remembered my mother's commands, I went to the river with the rest, leading CARRIE by the hand.

"When we reached the banks I seated her by a large rock to amuse herself with the flowers, while we were looking for pebbles. Soon, in my eagerness to find the brightest and smoothest, I forgot to watch CARRIE, and it was not until some one proposed to return to the school house that I noticed she had left the rock. In great fear I glanced quickly around, calling her at the top of my voice. No one answered. A moment afterwards we all saw her standing upon a high bank that hung over the water, one little hand filled with bright crimson blossoms, and the other stretched out to grasp a cluster that grew still nearer the edge. In another moment the shelving bank broke beneath her feet, and little CARRIE was in the river. I did not scream then; I was faint and dizzy with horror, yet I rushed quickly to the spot. What could I do? The water was very deep there, and the overhanging bank left no foothold below. One of the older girls ran instantly towards a distant field where a man was working, to get help. I bent over the bank; I saw my little sister rise to the surface, then slowly sink down again; would the man get there in time to save her? 'Oh, darling little CARRIE,' I groaned, 'what shall I do?' At that instant the man arrived almost breathless; he paused for an instant, drew one deep breath and plunged in the river. When he rose he was grasping CARRIE by her clothes, and in a moment more she was lying on the green turf, white and cold.—The man lifted her in his arms, and with the water dripping from her golden hair, her still face upturned to the sky, and her hands still clasping the blossoms, she was carried to the nearest house.

"For hours, I know not how many, they chafed her cold limbs and tried vainly to restore her, while I stood by in agony, thinking how I had killed my little sister by my disobedience. How the harsh words I had spoken that day to her came back to me and stung me!—I thought there was no more joy for me in all the world. But GOD was merciful, and at last CARRIE opened her blue eyes with a faint shudder and called for me. Oh, how I sprang to her side, and kissed her pale face. But she did not know me, and through all the long fever into which she was thrown, she would call for me and beg me not to leave her alone. It was more than I could bear to hear that pleading voice, '*Please Mary don't go away—Carrie's afraid.*' My kind mother never uttered a word of reproach; she saw I was learning a lesson never to be forgotten, and it was only when CARRIE could once more clasp her arms around my neck, and call me '*dear sister,*' that she endeavored to impress the warning upon my mind. CARRIE is a woman now, and has children of her own, but I never see her without thanking GOD that I was not her murderer."

Aunt MARY had finished her story, and for a few moments no one spoke. Then I ventured to ask, "Aunt MARY, was CARRIE my mamma?" "Yes, MAY," she answered; "Little CARRIE is your own dear mother." "Oh, MAY, said EDDIE, with his black eyes full of tears, "aint you glad she didn't drown, cause then we shouldn't have had any mamma?"

Some other time I may tell you how we went with grandpa for a sleigh-ride—how we built a snow house in the orchard, and caught a little gray rabbit under the wall; but for the present, children, I must bid you *Good Night.*

Oberlin, Ohio, 1857.

Choice Miscellany.

WHAT MAKES A MAN?

NOT numerous years, nor lengthened life,
Not pretty children and a wife:
Not pins and canes and fancy rings,
Nor any such like trumpery things;
Not pipe, cigar nor bottled wine,
Nor liberty with kings to dine;
Not coat nor boots, nor yet a hat,
A dandy vest or trim cravat;
Not houses, land or golden ore,
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store;
Not Mr., Rev, Sir nor Squire,
With titles that the memory tire;
Not ancestry, traced back to Will,
Who went from Normandy to kill;
Not Latin, Greek nor Hebrew lore,
Nor thousands volumes rumbled o'er;
Not judge's robe, nor mayor's mace:
Nor crowns that deck the royal race;
These all united never can
Avail to make a single man.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A spirit firm, erect and free,
That never basely bends a knee;
That will not bear a feather's weight
Of slavery's chain, for small or great;
That truly speaks from GOD within,
And never makes a league with sin;
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships GOD, and Him, alone,
And bows nowhere but at His throne;
That trembles at no tyrant's nod;
A soul that fears no one but GOD;
And thus can smile at curse or ban:—
That is the soul that makes a man.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

INFLUENCE AND CHARACTER.

IT is a very trite saying that "no person is so humble as to be without influence," yet a correct estimate of that influence by others is very rare, and still less frequent is a correct idea formed by an individual of the power he exerts upon those by whom he is surrounded. As physical power is increased by active energy and continued exertion, so are mental, moral and social power. He therefore who regards life as something higher and nobler than a mere embodiment of appetites and passions, feels impelled by the strongest motives to diligent exertion for the attainment of that knowledge which, in the highest sense, is power—soul wealth. He must alternately delve in the mines of thought and buffet the waves of passion and prejudice, if he would bring to the world's intellectual marts the pure gold of truth or the priceless gems of principle, or treasure them up to meet his own mental and moral wants. They lie bedded in the quartz of hoary traditional error, or scattered in the shifting sands of false appearances, plausible theories and popular sophistries. Scarce a day passes without bringing the occasion or necessity for the activity and skill of the earnest, honest mind. Error put forth in the garb of truth, or truth draped in the weeds of error, are constantly presented to our observation. No character so spotless as not to be darkly clouded by the selfish and the designing—no truth so grand or so holy as not to have its counterfeit, and no error so base as not often to assume the form and the beauty of an angel of light.

That every person finds his or her own level in the world is also a saying very common, at least with the fortunate, yet a true estimate of character is perhaps rarer than that of influence. The billows and tides of the ocean bear only the froth and foam on their surface, while the priceless wealth of pearls and gems is garnered far down in its pure and quiet waters.

"The waters are calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And its gems are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air."

So in the great ocean of humanity—

While some are rich in all indulgent earth,
And all-propitious Heaven can daily give,
Favored alike by incidents of birth
And fortune's lavish smiles, favored to live
In luxury of life, tho' poor in thought,
Are rich in friends and rich in learning bought,
All ready made and taught for gold the way
Deftly the wily showman's art to play.

And eager congregations wistful gaze
With grave old Senators in mute suspense,
Reporters stare and wait in blank amaze
Of sounding words and pompous ignorance
In pulpit and the forum their displays,
Whence men of earnest thought and sterling sense
By license thus to bold presumption given,
And social tyranny are basely driven.

Others tho' poor in gold are rich in thought,
Tho' doomed to daily toil they give to high emprise
The precious hours when all is hushed, and naught
Can mar their commune with the Just, the wise
Of olden time. They scan those pages fraught
With more than mortal wisdom, and arise
To mute companionship of soul with Him
Who inspired the exulting song of seraphim.

They neither think, nor toil, nor strive for fame,
Their lives to careful study consecrate,
They keep forever bright the sacred flame
Which doth expand and purify and elevate
With thoughts far-reaching and with noble aim,
With patient effort, action well defined,
They form the character and mould the state,
By giving shade and color to the common kind.

Cassopolis, Mich., 1857. H. B. D.

FAMILY LIKENESSES.—Southey, in a letter to Sir Egerton Brydges, says:—"Did you ever observe how remarkably old age brings out family likenesses, which, having been kept as it were in abeyance while the passions and business of the world engrossed the parties, come forth again in age (as in infancy) the features settling into their primary characters before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this: a brother and sister, than whom no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance or in character, becoming like as twins at last.—I now see my father's lineaments in the looking-glass, where they never used to appear."

IF you would have your son be something in the world, teach him to depend on himself. Let him learn that it is by close, strenuous personal application that he must rise—that he must, in short, make himself, and be the architect of his own fortune.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WATCHING THE WRONG WHEEL.

ONE pleasant day, not long since, friend NED and I determined to leave our business awhile—bid dull care away, and take a drive into the country. We procured an elegant equipage, and were about starting, when our friend, to whom the "establishment" belonged, remarked—"one of the wheels is loose, and may come off." "Never fear," said I, without looking to see which wheel was loose, or whether there was, in reality, any danger—"if it should chance to come off, we can easily put a rail under and drive on." We called to see a number of old schoolmates, and it was near night when we started homeward. On we went, the shades gathering darker and darker. At last NED glanced over the side of the carriage, and lo! "the wheel was coming off." NED was sure of it. Accordingly, he alighted to walk by the side of the carriage, and give me the intimation when the catastrophe should occur, and, if possible, prevent any serious damage. But, astonishing, the wheel did not come off, and NED walked slowly into town, for we hardly permitted the horse to move. Meanwhile, our friend, alarmed at the delay, came to meet us. "What is the trouble," he inquired. "One of the front wheels is almost off," answered NED. Upon hearing this, our good friend burst into a hearty laugh, and informed us we had watched the wrong wheel, it being one of the hind wheels that was not in good running order.

NED was chagrined enough, but I (as I am wont) set myself to moralizing immediately. How many people are there who spend their whole lives in watching the wrong wheel. I knew a parent who had a darling child. Not a wish was denied, every whim was gratified. He grew to be a youth—gold was given him to spend without restraint, and ere long the wealth of the fond father was squandered at the gaming table and midnight revel. When I heard the sentence of an imprisonment of years pronounced upon him, and saw the tears of the hoary-headed parent, I could not but think—that father has been watching the wrong wheel. I remembered a mother who had an only daughter. The little girl was pretty—the mother told her she was beautiful, and thus the flame of vanity was kindled. All the gaudy attire that the limited means of her fond parent could procure, was provided—gold sparkled upon her person, and brilliants nestled in her dark hair. The young lady became fashion's most zealous votary, and when I listened to the heartless epithets she bestowed upon her parent who had loved so blindly, I thought that mother had watched the wrong wheel. If she, with the fond gushings of a mother's love, had but striven to adorn the mind of her child with beauty; perhaps, in after life, the tottering mother would not have been left without the pale of affection, and spurned as a menial in her daughter's affluent home. A. T. R.

Sandy Creek, N. Y. 1857.

YOUNG MEN.

THERE is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in heaven: clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind him, and will beam forth again; the blaze of others' popularity outshines him, but we know that, though unseen, he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptation, not without a struggle, for this is not virtue; but he resists and conquers: he bears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him—for that is a trait of virtue—but heals with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion, if it leads to sin: the atheist—who says, not only in his heart, but with his lips, there is no God—controls him not; he sees the hand of a creating God, and rejoices in it.

Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy he who seeks and gains the prop of morality.

Onward, then, conscientious youth—raise thy standard, and nerve thyself for goodness. If God has given thee intellectual power, awake in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the river of sin by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that drop into a polluted current.—Awake, arise, young man! assume the beautiful garb of virtue! It is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength, then. Let truth be the lady of thy love—defend her.—*Selected.*

MONEY.

MONEY is a queer institution. It buys provender, satisfies justice, and heals wounded honor.—Everything resolves itself into cash, from stock jobbing to building churches. Childhood craves pennies; youth aspires to dimes; manhood is swayed by the mighty dollar. The blacksmith swings the sledge, the lawyer pleads for his client, and the judge decides the question of life and death for his salary. Money makes the man; therefore, the man must make money, if he would be respected by fools; for the eye of the world looks through golden spectacles. It buys Brussels carpets, lace curtains, gilded cornices and rich furniture, and builds marble mansions. It drives us to church in splendid equipages and pays the rent of the best pew. It buys silks and jewelry for my lady—it commands the respect of gaping crowds and insures obsequious attention. It enables us to be charitable, to send bibles to the heathen, and relieve domestic indigence. It gilds the rugged scenes of life and spreads over the rugged path of existence a velvet carpet soft to our tread; the rude scenes of turmoil are encased in a gilt frame. It bids care vanish, soothes the anguish of the bed of sickness, stops short of nothing save the grim destroyer, whose relentless hand spares none, but levels all mortal distinction, and teaches poor, weak humanity that it is but dust. Thus wealth pauses on the brink of eternity; the beggar and the millionaire rest side by side beneath the sod, to rise in equality to answer the final summons.

BE KIND.—Hard words are like hailstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.

THADDEUS KOSCIUSKO.

DURING the American struggle for independence, Washington was greatly embarrassed by the arrival of foreign officers, who expected nothing less than one of the highest posts in the army, and frequently, when accepted, proved unworthy of the stations assigned to them. Experience of this kind led Washington to be exceedingly cautious in receiving foreign officers into the service. At this period, Kosciusko presented himself to Washington, fortified by a letter from Franklin. The first interview between the gallant and generous Pole and the no less generous Washington, is thus described in the third volume of Washington Irving's Washington, just issued from the press:

"What do you seek here?" inquired the Commander-in-Chief.

"To fight for American independence."

"What can you do?"

"Try me."

Washington was pleased with the curt yet comprehensive reply, and with his chivalrous air and spirit, and at once received him into his family as an aide-de-camp. His subsequent noble and gallant career, as an officer in the American service, is well known, and has inseparably joined his name with that noble struggle to which we owe our present exalted rank as a nation.

For a number of years a suit has been in progress in the courts of the District of Columbia, prosecuted by his collateral heirs, to recover the property left by him at his decease in this country, which now amounts to upwards of fifty thousand dollars. We believe that a final decision has been rendered, establishing the relationship of the claimants and the validity of their claim.

SIMPLICITY OF ENGLISH DRESS.

IN the families of the nobility and gentry of England, possessing an annual income which of itself would be an ample fortune, there is greater economy of dress, and more simplicity in the furnishing of the dwelling, than there is in the houses of our citizens, who are barely able to support the daily wants of their families by the closest attention to their business. A friend of ours, who sojourned, not long since, several months in the vicinity of the wealthy landed aristocracy of England, whose ample rent rolls would have warranted a high style of fashion, was surprised at the simplicity of manners practised.

Servants were much more numerous than with us, but the ladies made more account of one silk dress, than would be thought here of a dozen. They were generally clothed in good substantial stuffs, and a display of fine clothing and jewelry was reserved for great occasions. The furniture of mansions, instead of being turned out of doors every few years for new and more fashionable styles, was the same which the ancestors of the families for several generations had possessed, substantial, and in excellent preservation, but plain, without any pretention to elegance. Even the carpets on many suites of parlors had been on the floors for fifty years, and were expected to do service for another half century. With us, how different is the state of things. We are wasting an amount of wealth in this country, on show and fashion, which, if rightly applied, would renovate the condition of the whole population of the world, and Christianize, civilize and educate all mankind.—*Selected.*

CIVILITY IS A FORTUNE.

CIVILITY is a fortune itself, for a courteous man always succeeds well in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one contemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his grace, than to receive one from other men. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of the country is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we but recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability, or the reverse, creates instantaneously a prepossession in his behalf, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men, civility is, in fact, what beauty is to a woman; it is a general passport to favor, a letter of recommendation, written in language that every stranger understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, as the greatest scoundrels have frequently succeeded by their plausible manners. Of two men, equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the chance for fortune.

THE FATE OF A FLIRT.—It is very rarely, indeed, that a confirmed flirt gets married. Ninety-nine out of every hundred old maids may attribute their ancient loneliness to juvenile levity. It is very certain that few men make a selection from ball-rooms or any other place of gaiety, and as few are influenced by what may be called showing of in the streets, or any other allurements of dress. Our conviction is, ninety-nine hundredths of all the finery with which women decorate and load their persons, go for nothing so far as husband-catching is concerned. Where and how, then, do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians—at the fireside where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which most surely attract the high as well as humble. Against these all the finery and airs in the world sink into insignificance.

LIFE is a picnic, which would be all the more agreeable, if we could only agree beforehand as to the share each of us was to take in the entertainment. As it is, for the want of a better understanding, a degree of insipid sameness often arises when, upon stock being taken of the company, it is found out that every one present has brought a a calf's head!

EVERY heart has a secret drawer, the spring of which is only known the owner.

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FIRST EFFORTS IN SCHOOL TEACHING.

NUMBER TWO.

THE ordeal was yet to be passed. I had not obtained a certificate, and of course could not become the happy possessor of that invaluable article until I had been "examined." "Examined!" What young and inexperienced teacher has not trembled at the very *sound* of that word? The fear that after they are *weighed in the balance they shall be found wanting*, and the dread of exposing their ignorance, is a source of great anxiety to them.—I confess I shared these feelings to a considerable extent. To me, it was by no means an agreeable thought, that I must stand in the presence of that august personage, the *Town Superintendent*—a man who is supposed to know everything and a *little more* and who is known to have a wonderful faculty for asking questions which he himself could hardly answer—and be compelled to run a regular race through Arithmetic, Algebra, Geography, Orthography, Etymology, Syntax and Prosody. Though I had prepared myself on some points, I expected his sagacity would find me out and that he would be sure to ask me the very questions I could not answer. But when the final trial came, I fared infinitely better than at a subsequent time, when two hours was hardly sufficient for one of these *wise men* to find out whether I knew anything or not; (I could have told him how much or how little *he* knew in *one quarter* of that time.) I was not asked whether the world was "round or flat," and whether the water in Lake Ontario was "salt or fresh," or whether there was really a sea serpent in Silver Lake; but plain questions, the answers to which would indicate an acquaintance with, or ignorance of the general subject, were asked me, all of which I answered according to the best of my ability.—Twenty minutes sufficed for the whole, and in that time the Superintendent had found out all he desired to know of my qualifications, and on my leaving gave me a scrip of paper that began in this wise:—"This is to certify." I bore off that precious document with all the pride of a Rochester Sophomore, bearing off his first prize from among close and sharp competitors. How often have I wished since, that the Town Superintendent of N—— was the type of every Superintendent in the State! Perhaps he is! Who knows?

During the time that elapsed, before beginning my school, my thoughts were busy with future plans. I almost smile now, when I call to mind the serious medium through which I saw everything. The effort I was about to make, seemed to me then, to require more than an ordinary degree of strength and resolution. The enterprise not only possessed the element of novelty, but involved responsibilities that I dreaded to assume. It was much beyond what I had ever attempted before. Hitherto, life to me, though all my boyhood's years, had been like some quiet stream, murmuring peacefully on through shady glens and grassy meadows, with only here and there a gentle ripple; but now its banks grew wider, its channel deeper, and it began to hurry on with swifter course towards its destiny. This seemed to be the first great effort (it then seemed *great*) of my life, and I have never since nerved myself with greater resolution for the accomplishment of any object, than for that. I often think had I, in carrying out and fulfilling the plans of early life, summoned to my aid the energy and resolution with which I entered this new field of operations, I should have written success oftener and greater than I have been able to do. Could we but stand in the footsteps of youth, and with youthful hearts and eyes contemplate every event of our life, how vastly greater would those of our manhood appear, than to our manhood's eyes. With the growing years we grow cooler, and calmer, and a little event of our boyhood that then made us quite wild with excitement would now scarcely produce an emotion. He who has once stood amid the roar and smoke of the battle-field enters the second conflict with far less of emotion, though the first may have involved only the destruction of a State, while on the result of the second, hung the fate of Nations.

Rochester, June, 1857. S. A. E.

METHOD WITH VARIETY.

IN all teaching there is, I think, a natural tendency to cultivate the memory, and the calculating and apprehending faculties of the mind, rather than the reflective. The former course is easier and less troublesome to all parties than the latter, and therefore the common one; it is comparatively, a well beaten track. But the teacher who endeavors not only to think himself, but to ascertain how he can best lead the children to think, is obliged continually to draw upon the resources of his own mind. He cannot permanently and effectually support this effort without showing symptoms of exhaustion, unless he has leisure for self-improvement: he must "teach from a fountain and not from a pool," as Dr. Arnold remarked, or his mind will lose its freshness. Improvements in *method* have been great and striking of late years, but the best method will fail in effect, if implicitly and invariably followed. A man should be the master of his method, not its slave. The mind requires *variety*, and the attention of children will relax, if they can anticipate with tolerable exactness what is to come; as if the application, for instance, always occupies the same place at the conclusion, and is never interwoven, with the general substance of the lesson, as it may be by the exercise of a little skill. I mean only that, whatever rules are followed, they must not be construed too literally; that the space should be left for the play of the minds, both of the teacher and the children; and that the power to use even good rules well and to vary them according to circumstances, is precisely that which distinguishes a sensible man from a pedant.—*Report of British Inspector of Schools.*

LEARN to say "No," with decision; and "Yes," with caution—"No," with decision, whenever it resists a temptation; "Yes," with caution, whenever it implies a promise. A promise once given is a bond inviolable. A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely upon him.—*Bulwer.*

COUNTRY SCHOOLS.

LET others talk of the trials of country school teaching, the horrors of "boarding round," and the heartless ingratitude of parents; but to us there was always a sunny side even to this oftimes overwrought picture. Where, let us ask, can so much of human nature in general, and woman nature in particular, be learned in as short a space of time as in a summer's itinerant school teaching? Who ever entered the lowliest home in the district without receiving the very *best* that home afforded; and oftimes receiving such delicate proofs of the refinement of the heart that beat beneath the humble garb of poverty—such a tender solicitude for the comforts of the stranger guest, that filled the breast with gushing, happy thoughts, and quickly chased the dark-brooding spirit of care from the soul. We would not have our country schools upspringing by the dusty road-side, with windows looking out upon the knotty wood-piles and broken fences, but we would "pitch our tent" in the very sunniest nook, where the "still small voice of nature whispers sweetly to the heart," of the love and wisdom of the great All-father; where the little ones may "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;" and in learning to trace the hand of God on every leaf that rustles in the breeze, be fitted for the *glories* of "the kingdom of heaven." We would have a longing for the holy and the beautiful, kindled *early* in those spirits that are to live forever "beside the still waters" where fadeless beauty dwells.

The time will come when even our *farmers* will admit that a fourteen by sixteen school-room is not *quite* large enough for twenty or thirty young immortals, to spread their spirit wings; when there will be provision made for developing the highest and nobles emotions of the mind; when the spirit of beauty shall sit no longer with folded wings, weeping at the portals of the soul, but shall lift her glad eyes heavenward, and kindle her holy fire on every heart-altar, and man will learn that not all in vain has the "Great Teacher" clothed the earth in verdure, and thrown a flood of glory o'er the summer sky. For our part we love the little wayside school-houses (but pity the narrow-contracted minds that built them,) and would bid their faithful teachers God speed, who, through every difficulty are striving to place their school on a par with those that enjoy many privileges; and though dark clouds often lower in their mental horizon, may an earnest waiting and watching for the "silver-lining," and the bow of promise cheer them onward; may they trustingly go forth to labor in "the fields that are already white unto harvest," knowing that the "Lord of harvest," will render unto each his reward in due season, for as "ye have sown, so shall ye reap."—*N. Y. Teacher.*

THE PEDANT.

THIS harmless, but unconscionable bore is to be found in nearly every social circle. Stiff, harsh and dull, he makes nonsense of what little sense he does speak, by using the deadest language he has in his silly pate at the most interesting parts of his uninteresting discourse. Our own language is sufficiently rich and forcible to express, not only such ideas as bewilder the heads of these kind of persons, but the thoughts of original thinkers, great thinkers. But this silly display of a little learning is not only tiresome, but absolutely rude. In a mixed company, no scholar of good sense and correct manners will ever use any but the language of the country in which he lives. The use of proverbs, aphorisms, maxims and poetical quotations, in a dead tongue, forces a non-classic person either to a mortifying avowal of his ignorance of the Latin, Greek or Hebrew, or to a hypocritical silence. Since those tongues *are* dead, they are necessarily of no use, save as keys or means by which we can reach the literature and wisdom of those nations to whom they belong.—The affectations of French, Spanish and German scholars is not so bad, since these languages are not only living, but fashionable and common; nevertheless, it is somewhat contemptible to interlard our conversation with phrases in a foreign language, when our own is all we need to make ourselves perfectly understood.

A smattering of knowledge is always the most clamorous, as a shallow stream is always more noisy than a deep river. The reader of nothing but reviews is always talking about books, whose covers he has probably never seen. The honest, real reader of books themselves find it impossible to read everything which is issued from the press, and, in consequence, does not propound questions to you concerning this, that and the other, of the innumerable, trashy, wishy-washy works continually being published. The pedant is, most generally, a cipher in the world of action. He is nothing but a bad re-hash of obsolete or useless knowledge.—A genuine scholar, who uses his knowledge, but does not make a museum show of it, is quite a different individual from the conceited, tiresome, garrulous, stiff, harsh, hard, unsmiling pedant.—*Selected.*

EDUCATION IN SWEDEN.—We learn that a System of Public Schools is about being introduced in Sweden. The government is taking measures to improve teachers and schools, and to make the schools Public or Free. Friends of popular education will rejoice to see such a policy become general in the old world. The Agent of that government has shown his appreciation of one of the essentials of a good school, by ordering some School Desks from Boston. These desks are to be sent to the palace of Stockholm and will show royalty, what talent and skill, educated in public schools, are furnishing so generally for American children.

BE THOROUGH IN YOUR TEACHING.—We have seen teachers whose entire idea of teaching was confined to asking the questions of the book and hearing the answers as printed in the book. Let not this be your view. Aim rather to make every lesson interesting and clear by remarks and illustrations of your own and be sure that every principle is well understood. Be not ambitious to teach much, or many things but strive to be exact and thorough in all your instructions. Remember that the great thing is so to discipline and train the minds of your pupils that they may learn how to do things for themselves; in other words teach them how to think.

Useful Olio.

ORIGIN AND SEALS OF THE STATES.—NO. XI.

NEW JERSEY.

NEW JERSEY lies between 38° 55′ and 41° 24′ North latitude, and between 73° 59′ and 75° 29′ West longitude. This State may be properly classed, as regards size, among the "little ones" of the Republic,—it being only 162 miles in length by 52 in breadth, and containing 6,851 square miles.

The first settlement made in New Jersey was by the Dutch about the year 1614. On the 19th of December, 1787, in Convention, the Constitution of the United States was unanimously adopted.—The first State Constitution was formed in 1776; the one now in force in 1844.

The Northern section of New Jersey is mountainous—being crossed by the Alleghany ridge—the middle portion agreeably diversified by hill and valley—the Southern part level, sandy, the soil lacking the elements of fertility. The Northern and central portions possess a fertile soil. The Hudson river flows on the Eastern and the Delaware on the Western boundary. The Raritan is navigable for 17 miles; the Passaic 15; the Hackensack about 15, and Great Egg Harbor about 20. There are in this State quarries of good building stone, valuable mines of zinc and iron, and, in the Southern parts, beds of marl.

In 1850, there were in this State 1,767,991 acres of improved land, and 984,955 of unimproved in farms. The value of these was estimated at $120,237,511. The capital invested in manufactures at same period amounted to $22,184,710; of manufactured articles $39,134,514. New Jersey contains three Colleges, two Theological Seminaries and one Law School. There are also 219 Academies and 1,479 Common Schools. The amount of money annually appropriated for school purposes $272,700.

The government is vested in a Governor, Senate, and general Assembly. The Senators are elected for three years, one-third are chosen annually, and the members of Assembly are elected annually.—The Legislature meet annually on the second Tuesday in January. The Governor is chosen for three years, and is ineligible for the same office for the next three years. He must have attained the age of 30 years, and have resided seven years in the State, and been a citizen of the United States for 20 years. Every white male citizen of the United States of the age of 21 years, who shall have been a resident of the State one year, and of the county five months, shall be a legal voter.—Judges of the Supreme Court and the Chancellor are appointed by the Governor and Senate for a term of seven years, the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas by the Senate and Assembly for five years.

CURIOUS FACTS OF HISTORY.

THE Saxons first introduced archery in the time of Voltigeur. It was dropped immediately after the conquest, but revived by the crusaders, they having felt the effects of it from the Saracens, who probably derived it from the Parthians. Bows and arrows as weapons of war, were in use with stone cannon ball so late as 1840. It is singular that all the statutes for the encouragement of archery were framed after the invention of gunpowder and firearms. Yew trees were encouraged in churchyards, for the making of bows, in 1842. Hence their generality in churchyards in England.

Coats of arms came into vogue in the reign of Richard I. of England, and became hereditary in families about the year 1192. They took their rise from the knights painting their banners with different figures to distinguish them in the crusades.

The first standing army of modern times was established by Charles VII. of France, in 1445.—Previous to that time, the king had depended upon his nobles for contingents in time of war. A standing army was first established in England in 1638 by Charles I., but it was declared illegal, as well as the organization of the royal guards in 1679. The first permanent military band instituted in England, was the yeomen of the guards, established in 1486.

Guns were invented by Swartz, a German, about 1378, and were brought into use by the Venetians in 1382. Cannon were invented at an anterior date. They were first used at the battle of Cressy in 1346. In England they were first used at the seige of Berwick in 1405. It was not until 1544, however, that they were cast in England. They were used on board of ships by the Venetians in 1539, and were in use among the Turks about the same time. An artillery company was instituted in England for weekly military exercises in 1610.

Insurance of ships was first practised in the reign of Cæsar in 45. It was a general custom in Europe in 1194. Insurance offices were first established in London in 1667.

The invention of bells is attributed to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, about the year 400. They were first introduced into churches as a defense against thunder and lightning. They were first hung up in England at Croyland Abby, Lincolnshire, in 945. In the eleventh century and later, it was the custom to baptize them in the churches before they were used. The curfew bell was established in 1068. It was rung at eight in the evening, when people were obliged to put out their fire and candle. The custom was abolished in 1100. Bell men were appointed in London in 1556, to ring the bells at night, and cry, "Take care of your fire and candle, be charitable to the poor, and pray for the dead."

Book-keeping was first introduced into England from Italy by Peele in 1569. It was derived from a system of algebra published by Burgo at Venice.

The administration of the oath in civil cases is of high antiquity. See Exodus 22—10. Swearing on the Gospels was at first used in 528. The oath was first administered in judicial proceedings in England by the Saxons in 600. The words "So help me God, and all Saints," concluded an oath till 1550.

Signals to be used at sea were first contrived by James II., when Duke of York in 1665. They were afterwards improved by the French commander Tourville, and by Admiral Balchen.—*Bost. Jour.*

FISHING WITH BIRDS.

LIEUT. HABERSHAM, in his entertaining work entitled "My Last Cruise," relates a singular occurrence. In a Chinese river that disembogues in the Yellow Sea, he saw a long, low raft of bamboo moored under the lee of a heavy pier, on which were a Chinese fisherman, a basket, a paddle, and five duck-like birds called "fishing cormorants." The fisherman soon reached out his hand towards the birds, the nearest of which at once waddled up to him and stepped into his open palm; he smoothed his feathers with his right hand, bent his mouth to his arched neck for a moment, and then put him on the edge of the raft. There the bird dipped his bill into the water once or twice, snapped his head from side to side, and ended by diving suddenly into the turpid stream that washed his feet. After being down ten or fifteen seconds, he suddenly popped out of the water with a good sized fish in his mouth, and swimming to his master delivered up the prize. The fisherman stroked him down as before, uttered a few encouraging words, and the same operation was repeated. Another bird made one or two unsuccessful efforts, when the master took him back on the raft, slapped him soundly on the head, and threw him angrily down. That cormorant made tracks for the other end, and looked quite ashamed. The training of birds for the purpose of fishing is quite common in that part of China, and is often made a valuable source of emolument.

IS THERE A MAELSTROM?

THIS question is thus answered by a cotemporary. Every school-boy of the last century has been taught to believe that there is a wonderful vortex on the coast of Norway, with an eddy of several miles in diameter, and that ships, and even huge whales, were sometimes dragged within its terrible liquid coils, and buried forever "in ocean's awful depths." A correspondent of the Scientific American says:

"I have been informed by an European acquaintance that the maelstrom has no existence. A nautical and scientific commission went out and sailed all around and all over where the maelstrom was said to be, but could not find it; the sea was as smooth where the whirlpool ought to be as any other part of the German ocean."

We presume the above is correct. The latest geographers and gazetteers barely allude to the maelstrom. Colton, in his large atlas, gives the site upon his map, but does not allude to it in his description of Norway. Harper's Gazetteer, in his article on Norway, says that, "among the islands on the west coast there are violent and irregular currents, which render the coast navigation dangerous. Among these is the celebrated *Mael-Strom*, or Meskenaes-Strom, the danger from which has been greatly exaggerated, since it can, at nearly all times, be passed over even by boats."—The romance of the maelstrom has been pretty effectually destroyed.

POWER OF SEA BREAKERS.

FROM experiments which were made sometime since, at the Bell Rock and Skerryvore lighthouse, on the coast of Scotland, is was found, that while the force of the breakers on the side of the German Ocean may be taken at about a ton and a half upon every square foot of surface exposed to them, the Atlantic breakers fall with double that weight, or three tuns to the square foot; and thus a surface of only two square yards sustains a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker, equal to about fifty-four tuns. In November, 1824, a heavy gale blew, and blocks of limestone and granite from two to five tuns in weight, were washed about like pebbles at the Plymouth breakwater. About 300 tuns of such blocks were borne a distance of 200 feet and up the inclined plane of the breakwater, carried over it and scattered in various directions. A block of limestone, seven tuns in weight, was in one place washed a distance of 150 feet. Blocks of three tuns weight were torn away by a single blow of a breaker, and hurried over into the harbor, and one or nearly two tuns, strongly trenailed down upon a jetty, was torn away and tossed upwards by an overpowering breaker.

PLANETARY DISTANCES.

FOR a long period, astronomers unsuccessfully endeavored to determine the distance between the stars and the earth; and it is only within a comparatively short time that the interesting problem can be said to have been solved. The distance which separates us from the nearest stars, is, according to M. Arago, about 200,000 times the distance of the sun from the earth, more than 206,000 times 95,000,000 miles. Alpha, in the constellation of Centaur, is the star nearest the earth; its light takes more than three years to reach us; so that were the star annihilated, we should still see it for three years after its destruction. If the sun was transported to the place of this, the nearest star, the vast circular disc, which in the morning rises majestically above the horizon, and in the evening occupies a considerable time in descending entirely below the same line, would have dimensions almost imperceptible, even with the aid of the most powerful telescopes, and its brilliancy would range among the stars of the third magnitude only.

GENIUS.—A cotemporary, in dilating on genius, thus sagely remarks:—The talents granted to a single individual do not benefit himself alone, but are gifts to the world; every one shares them, for every one suffers or benefits by his actions. Genius is a light-house, meant to give light from afar; the man who bears it is but the rock upon which the light-house is built.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LIFE IS LOVE.

BY NETTIE.

WHAT is life? I asked a baby
Sitting on its mother's knee;
Thou to life almost a stranger,
Tell me, what is life to *thee?*
The baby felt a warm embrace,
With smiles it sought its mother's face,
And though the sweet lips answered naught,
Yet well I knew the baby *thought*
That life is *love.*

What is life? I asked the mother;
Surely thou canst answer best.
"Life is love," she said, and closer
Clasped her baby to her breast.
A gentle maiden heard me ask,
And thought it was an easy task
To answer, while a manly tone
Responded, blending with her own,
"Yes! life is love."

Life *is* love! 'Tis love that gives us
Air and food, sweet home and friends,
Love that cheers us in our sadness,
Love in sickness that attends.
Then bind this motto to thy heart—
"In loving deeds I'll do my part,
Share with my brother joy and woe,
Love God and man" and thou shalt know
That life is love.

Rochester, June, 1857.

OUR IDOLS.

I THINK it was Browning, who said, "*God keeps a niche in Heaven to hold our idols.*"

While these words were occurring constantly to my mind, and I was repeating them over and over again, as we sometimes do such sentences without much regard to their meaning, a slight circumstance called my attention to them more seriously, and I began to consider what was implied and what was directly asserted here. It is language not only harmonious, but very expressive. The two prominent ideas are different in their influence upon our hearts. It is implied that we have idols. Strange that this should be true of us who are favored with the light of revelation, and who have been taught from our childhood to abhor idolatry! And yet it is true. In spite of our abhorrence of idolatry, as a system of religion, we do sometimes have our idols, and in our affections, all unconsciously it may be, they get the supreme place.—They are around us; they address themselves to our senses; we hear them, see them, embrace them, and they steal our hearts, even when we intend to love more than all the unseen God and Father.—A parent, a husband, a wife, a child, a brother, a sister, a friend, how liable they are, if good and amiable, and affectionate, to ensnare our affections, and become our cherished idols! How many a mother suffers her winning little one to come in between herself and God! How she lives for the child day and night, loves it, worships it, deems it essential to her happiness, yea, to her very existence. God notices the fact, perceives the idolatry, its tendency and its danger,—and removes the idol. He knows the pangs which separation will cost, the severity of lesson to be learned, but yet it is a necessary lesson, the only one that will be salutary upon that idolizing heart. He takes away our idols.—*Selected.*

COUNSELS OF AGE.—President Nott, of Union College, N. Y., now between eighty and ninety years of age, recently met the Alumni of the College who resided in New York, when addresses were made, resolutions passed, and steps taken to erect a Hall near the College and to organize a permanent Association. President Nott made an address, and in conclusion said:

"I have been young, and now am old, and as I stand before God to-night, I declare that nothing I have ever given in charity is regretted. O no! It is the riches that we keep that perish; it impresses itself on our characters and tells on our eternal destiny; for the habit of charity formed in this life will accompany us to the next. The bud which begins to open here will bloom in full expansion hereafter to delight the eye of angels and beautify the Paradise of God. Let us, then, now, and on every fit occasion hereafter, practice that liberality which in death we shall approve, and reprobate the parsimony we shall then condemn."

NEVER JEST WITH SCRIPTURE.—It is of great importance that we should resist the temptation, frequently so strong, of annexing a familiar, facetious, or irreverent idea to a Scriptural expression, a Scripture text, or a Scripture name. Nor should we hold ourselves guiltless, though we may have been misled by mere negligence, or want of reflection. Every person of good taste will avoid reading a parody, or a travestie of a beautiful poem, because the recollection of the degraded likeness will always obtrude itself upon our memories when we wish to derive pleasure from the contemplation of the elegance of the original. But how much more urgent is the duty by which we are bound to keep the pages of the Bible clear of any impression tending to diminish the blessings of habitual respect and reverence towards our Maker's law.—*Pulgrave.*

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—Ten thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years, one-third, at least, have disappeared.—At the middle point of the common measure of life, but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the ranks grow thinner, they that remain till now become weary, and lie down and rise no more. At three-score and ten, a band of some four hundred yet struggle on. At ninety, these have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers, perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again, and the work of death is finished.—*Bishop Burgess.*

WHATSOEVER is not detrimental to society and is of positive enjoyment, is of God, the giver of all good things, and ought to be received and enjoyed by his creatures with thankful delight.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year,	$2
Three Copies, "	$5
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☞ A NEW HALF VOLUME commences July 4, and hence the present is a good time to form clubs for either Six Months or a Year. Agents and others will bear in mind that all subscriptions forwarding during the present month will count on Premiums. See Premium Lists on next page.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed from one Post Office to another, should be particular in specifying the offices at which they are now received

☞ BACK NUMBERS of the present volume can still be supplied, but those desiring them should be particular in specifying that they are wanted.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

The Progressive Readers—Sanborn, Carter, Bazin & Co.
The Excelsior Railroad Horse Power—Richard M. Pease.
Elegant Country Residence for Sale—W. C. Woodworth
Morgan Miller—Lewis Clark 2d.
Grain Drills—Broad Cast Sower—C. H. Seymour.
United States Magazine for only $2—R Lawrence.
Eclectic Physician—G. D. Kuchler.
Booksellers, Stationers, &c—Cole, Adams & Co.
Tile and Tile Machines—H Rice, or T. Maycock.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, JUNE 20, 1857.

NEW HALF VOLUME.

A GOOD TIME TO CIRCULATE THE RURAL.

THE second half of our Eighth Volume will commence on the ever-memorable Fourth of July—an auspicious coincidence. Whether future historians will chronicle the fact we will not now stop to inquire, but proceed to say that we purpose to make the ensuing half volume equal if not superior in interest and value to that which is now closing. Our facilities were never so great, and they will be used to the best advantage—not only for the benefit of readers, but with the view of enhancing the Merit and Usefulness of the RURAL.—Both the CONTENTS and APPEARANCE of the paper will receive great care and attention, and neither labor nor expense be spared in maintaining its standing as the leading and best AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY WEEKLY.

All into whose hands this number may be placed, whether friends or comparative strangers, are respectfully invited to lend such attention and influence as may be consistent in behalf of the RURAL. With its able writers and large circulation, we believe it is wielding an immense salutary influence all over the land—and it is certainly conducted with a sincere desire to promote the best interests of Individuals, Families and Communities. Our aim and determination from the beginning has been to EXCEL—to furnish the best and most useful journal of its class, and one eminently worthy of encouragement and support. Money making has not been our chief aim, and we have therefore annually improved the paper,—expending thousands of dollars for this object, which most publishers would have reserved for profits or a rainy day. In truth, contrary to the advice of friends, we have (perhaps unwisely,) always expended most of its receipts upon the RURAL, and this year a greater proportion than ever before. This has been done with a view of rendering it indispensable to Farmers, Horticulturists and others, and giving it such rank and position that it would enlist the attention and support of the right-thinking and discriminating. And it is now most prosperous—has been, continuously, thanks to its ardent and active friends all over the country, a triumphant success. And yet—was man ever satisfied?—we want and have room on our books for a few thousand more subscribers.

Post-Masters and their Assistants

Can perhaps aid us more than any other class. From their position and standing they can exercise an influence in behalf of the RURAL which would materially increase its circulation and usefulness. We frankly ask their assistance in behalf of the enterprise, trusting that each and all will have the kindness to do what may be consistent toward introducing the paper to notice and support.

Merchants and their Clerks,
Clergymen and Teachers,
Officers of Ag'l Societies,
Progressive Farmers,
Periodical Agents,

And others, can also materially aid in augmenting its circulation—and of all who read this we bespeak such attention and encouragement as the RURAL NEW-YORKER may, in their good judgment, seem to merit. Any and every aid will be gratefully appreciated, and we shall be liberal in recognizing assistance by furnishing free copies, books, and other gratuities, to those who introduce the paper in their respective localities.

The subscriptions of a large number of readers—including over a thousand "trial subscribers"—expire next week. We trust all are disposed, and will not neglect, to renew their subscriptions promptly—the only way to secure the uninterrupted continuance of the paper.

OPENING OF THE TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE.—The schooner Chipola, arrived at New Orleans, from Mazaltan, brings intelligence of the opening of the Tehuantepec route. Vessels had commenced arriving at Vantola bay. Bridges will probably be completed for stages by October 1st.

Washington News.

THE President has declared that in matters relating to the Nicaragua Transit Company he will not recognize Costa Rica as having any control over it.

The N. Y. Herald's correspondent of Washington, 9th inst., says:—Col. Cummings to-day received the appointment of Governor of Utah. The other appointments for the Territory have not been agreed on.

The Secretary of the Treasury, will recommend a repeal of all laws requiring the coasting trade to be carried on in American ships. This restriction is a tax on the trade, violative of the spirit of the Constitution.

A proposition has been made to the Post-Office Department, and is now under consideration, for the transmission of the mail from New York to New Orleans by way of Fernandina and Cedar Keys, Florida—the route having been established by Congress. By it the mails would be carried with more regularity, and in less time than now from Washington to New Orleans.

Gen. Walker has paid a visit of courtesy, merely, to the President who kindly received him.

The State Department, we understand, positively denies that any new proposition had been made by England touching Central America, as announced by Lord Clarendon to the British Parliament.

There was but a small attendance at the public meeting held here on the 11th inst. Resolutions were passed condemnatory of the invasion of the city by a band of lawless ruffians from Baltimore on election day, and commending the President, the zeal of the Mayor, and the military for their forbearance, as well as their effective execution of the orders given them on the occasion. The meeting quietly dispersed.

The Court of Claims will continue in session until the close of June, and in the meantime will hear any cases which persons may desire to submit.

There are eight or ten applicants for the Utah Judgeship.

Wm. B. Gere has been appointed U. S. Marshal for Minnesota, vice Erwin, resigned.

Despatches have been received at the State Department from Mr. Bowlin, our Minister at Bogota. He will return by the next steamer from Aspinwall. The Government of New Grenada has made no propositions to him for a re-opening of negotiations in regard to the Panama difficulties. It was supposed that should he not receive new instructions from our Government on the subject, and close the legation at Bogota, the Government would send instructions to its Minister here to endeavor to open negotiations with Gen. Cass. An amicable settlement was confidently anticipated at Bogota.

Tremendous Freshets.

FOR several weeks rain has fallen a considerable portion of the time in Western and Southern New York, and the papers are beginning to teem with accounts of damage caused by the sudden overflow of the streams and rivers. The Genesee river, passing through Rochester, has attained flood-height, and its turbid waters prove conclusively that the fall of water at the south must have been immense. We gather the following items from our exchanges.

The Pittsburg (Pa.) *Gazette* of the 11th instant says:—"The rains for the past few days have been heavy to the north of us, and the Alleghany consequently was swollen very rapidly. It commenced rising here on Tuesday evening, and by noon yesterday had risen eight feet, but then commenced to recede. Ever since the late rise, large numbers of rafts of lumber and timber have been up along the shores of the Alleghany, from this city up to Sharpsburg, ready to be floated down when wanted. The river rose so unexpectedly during Tuesday night that but little effort was made to secure the rafts, and so rapidly that by midnight they were beginning to break loose and go adrift. Large numbers were dashed against the piers of the bridges and torn in pieces, and probably but few, if any, escaped this fate. The amount of lumber and timber destroyed is estimated at $40,000; very little of which was insured."

There was a great flood in Penn Yan last Monday night. Some of the gardens in the village were four feet under water, and the occupants of the houses on getting out of bed stepped knee deep in water.

According to the Dansville *Herald*, buildings were carried off, bridges destroyed, fences afloat, crops ruined, &c., &c. Of material of this character rendered worthless, together with the damages to growing crops in the immediate vicinity of Dansville, the *Herald* estimates that $50,000 would not cover the loss. The State, at this point, it appears will have some repairs to make, from the tenor of the following dispatch received by the Canal Auditor at Albany:—"There was a tremendous deluge at Dansville on the 9th inst. The canal is in ruins for three miles, from Dansville down the side out. Three locks have given way. The Aqueduct remains, but has no embankment."

A NEW EMIGRATION MOVEMENT.—Among the passengers by the City of Mobile, at New York, is a party of 120 young women, and 14 men, members of 134 different families, the expense of whose immigration is defrayed by public subscription from nearly 4,000 different persons, the majority of whom are laborers and servant girls, to a fund entitled the "Irish Pioneer Emigration Fund." The object of this fund is to raise the wages, and otherwise better the condition of poor families in the poorest districts of Ireland, by the assisted emigration to the United States or Canada, of one member of each family, especially selected on account of good character and industrious habits, in the expectation that the persons so assisted will not only better their own condition, but will, according to the usual generous practice of Irish emigrants, also send for, or otherwise greatly help, the rest of the family in Ireland.

FROM LIBERIA.—The schr. Antelope, at Boston, 13th inst., from Monrovia, brings Liberia dates to the 5th ult. The extra session of the Legislature had adjourned after admitting Cape Palmas as a county of the Republic, on terms of equality with Mesarado, Bassa, and Sinoe. The Cape Palmas difficulties with the natives had been settled.—There was sufficient of food, and the new rice crop was promising.

Provincial Items.

TOWNSEND, the notorious highwayman, has been fully identified in Toronto, by those who formerly knew him.

THE Provincial Parliament has appropriated £200,000 for the building of the new houses of Parliament, when Her Majesty shall have declared where the seat of government is to be fixed. The Mayor of Montreal and Quebec have left for England to advocate the claims of their respective cities. Messrs. J. H. Cameron and Mr. Allen represent Toronto, and Kingston has also sent a brace of representatives. The corporation of Kingston employed a barrister, named Cooper, to prepare statistics, showing the superiority of that city over every other. Chief Justice Draper has been in London for some time, so that if the old proverb that saith "in the multitude of counsel there is wisdom," be correct, Her Majesty and her ministers are likely to make an extremely judicious selection for the future seat of government for the Provinces.

THE Montreal Herald of the 6th inst., says:—Yesterday the schooner Madeira Pet of Guernsey, Capt. Grange, a schooner of about 120 tuns, arrived here from Liverpool for Chicago. She has on board a full cargo of 240 tuns measurement of goods, consisting of steel, iron, crockery and paints. She made the passage in thirty-five days, and received for freight £360 sterling. From hence upwards and till her return to Montreal, her freight will be at the current rates per month for ships of her tunnage.

THE Montreal Herald believes that the Government has finally arranged with the contractors for the Quebec line of Ocean Steamers to put on ships to run every week during the summer instead of every fortnight, and every fortnight during the winter.

IN pursuance of a recent Act of the Provincial Legislature authorizing the banking institutions to keep their accounts in dollars and cents, an advertisement has been issued on the authority of the principal banks in Canada notifying the public that on and after the first day of January next all transactions with them must be expressed in dollars and cents. This course will be the precursor of the abolition of the "Halifax currency" and which will, in a very few months, be among the forgotten things.

THE 9th Regiment, which is stationed at Kingston, has lost nearly 100 men in ten months from desertion to the United States.

AT 4 o'clock on the 8th inst., the Governor General prorogued the Canadian Parliament until the 20th of July. About 150 bills have passed during the session. The session has lasted about four months.

Conflagrations, &c.

A FIRE broke out on the 8th inst., in Chelsea, Mass., and destroyed nineteen dwelling houses on Cedar street, mostly occupied by private families. A good portion of the furniture was saved. The houses were valued at $3,200 each. Loss about $60,000.

A FIRE broke out on the 13th inst. in the steam saw and planing establishment belonging to Messrs. Van Winkle and Johnson, Patterson, N. J., and totally consumed it. The loss is estimated at $20,000. No insurance.

WE learn by the Rochester Democrat that a destructive fire occurred at Syracuse on Sunday morning, the 14th inst. The new block of five story buildings, on Salina street, south of the Washington Block, were destroyed, involving a total loss of $40,000 or $50,000 on the buildings, and a heavy loss in goods. The buildings comprised six separate stores, three of which were only partially finished. Insured $17,500.

Political Matters.

HON. MILES TAYLOR has been renominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Second Congressional District of Louisiana.

THE New Hampshire Legislature, on joint ballot, elected, June 12, Daniel Clark, of Manchester, Republican, to the U. S. Senate—190 votes to 125 for John S. Wells, Democrat.

A COMMUNICATION signed by 118 citizens, without regard to politics, has been presented to Eli Perry and Dr. Quackenbush, requesting them both to resign their claims to the Mayorship of Albany.

IT is now regarded as certain that the Republicans have elected a majority of the members of the Constitutional Convention in Minnesota.

THE Charter Election in Buffalo last week resulted in the selection of the Democratic candidates, with the exception of Street Commissioner. The Democrats had 10 aldermen, the opposition 4.

MEXICAN NEWS.—Santa Anna, Ex-Dictator of Mexico, is evidently engaged in an attempt to get up another revolution in that republic. From his present retreat in Carthagena he has issued a manifesto for private circulation among his adherents, partizans and revolutionists generally, in Mexico, Cuba and elsewhere, denouncing the present government of Comonfort, the new constitution, the laws affecting the property and privileges of the clergy, &c., and announcing that there must be another sanguinary revolution, even though half of the territory of the republic should have to be sold to supply the sinews of war.

YELLOW FEVER AT NEW YORK.—The New York Tribune says the yellow fever is at the very doors of the city, and complains bitterly that no efficient steps are taken to avert the threatened pestilence, by remedying the shameful condition of the streets. The Tribune does not learn that there are any cases actually in the city, but it is at the Quarantine, an infected ship is at the Atlantic docks, and sailors from infected vessels are in the city.

THE U. S. TREASURY.—The Secretary of the Treasury is of the opinion that the close of the present year, will find a surplus of $22,000,000 in the Treasury. The late reduction of the Tariff he thinks will result in an increase of revenue from increased importations, and he has already determined to recommend another large extension of the free list.

Items of News.

IT is stated that prior to 1850, the number of Americans that indulged in a "tour to Europe," did not exceed 7,500 in any year. Now, the number who cross the water, annually, for an airing, has swelled to 35,000. How much of an effect has this travel on our exchanges?

ONE of the women carried off by the hostile Indians, in their late attack upon the border settlements of Iowa and Minnesota, has been restored. She gives a cruel story of the sufferings of herself and associates, one of whom was killed—while two others remain in captivity.

A WIDOW in Cuba has been offered one million five hundred thousand dollars for a sugar estate on that Island. Another party is offered one million two hundred thousand dollars for his farm.

SINCE September last more than sixty-six thousand chests of tea have arrived at Boston from China. In the same time last year, only twenty-two thousand chests were received.

THE tax assessors of New York have just made out their estimates for the current year. The total value of property assessed is put down at *five hundred millions of dollars*—an increase of $35,000,000 upon last year's estimates.

A LAFAYETTE (Indiana) paper says that two diamonds of the first water, one the size of a small pea and the other that of a grain of wheat, were recently taken from an Artesian well in that vicinity.

THE N. Y. Inspectors of Prisons have accepted the plans and estimates of Mr. Grey, of the Utica Asylum, for the erection of a building on the Prison grounds at Auburn, for the treatment and safe keeping of Insane convicts. The estimated cost of the building is $20,000.

JOHN C. STEVENS, well known as the Commodore of the "New York Yatch Club," died on Wednesday. He took out the yacht America, famous for having beaten the English fleet in 1851, and was a liberal patron of the regatta and the turf. His estate was quite large, and he leaves no children. He was 72 years of age.

AT the date of the last accounts, 600 vessels were in the Bosphorus, bound for ports in the Black Sea, the Sea of Azof, and the Danube, chiefly to load grain.

LATE news from Mexico represents the country as very much agitated on the expected Spanish invasion. Extensive preparations were making at Vera Cruz, both in the Castle of San Juan and in the town, and Government was to raise a force of 25,000 men to be held in readiness for any contingencies that might arrive.

THE recent census of St. Louis shows a disparity in the sexes of nearly 7,000 in favor of males. By the census of Iowa, the males are in a majority by nearly thirty-four thousand. Other States are also calling for reinforcements of the fair sex.

SAMPLES of new Georgia wheat have been exhibited at Augusta, which were exceedingly fine. The harvest is nearly over near Augusta. It is said that the wheat crop of Georgia and Tennessee never presented a more flattering appearance for an abundant yield.

THE appropriations made from the Connecticut State treasury, during the past five years, for benevolent, literary and patriotic purposes, show the handsome aggregate of $268,966 96.

THE London Times announces that the St. Jean d'Acre screw line-of-battle steamship, of 101 guns, is to be fitted up for the purpose of taking the New Foundland side portion of the Sub-Marine Telegraph Cable, instead of the Niagara, which will render services in any way in which they may be available.

Counterfeit 10's on the Chemung Canal Bank, Elmira, raised from 2's, are in circulation. Vignette—milkmaid and cows, Indians on the left.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE SOLDIERS OF 1812.—Some patriotic and grateful citizens of New York city have inaugurated a series of entertainments, the object of which is to procure means for providing a home for the destitute soldiers of the war of 1812, many of whom are in this category, without means of livelihood, blind and decrepid, living in alms-houses, suffering for the want of decent homes and the common necessaries of life. It is proposed to raise a ten cent subscription throughout the State, for the purpose of taking care of these veterans during the remainder of their lives. Every one will be glad to contribute to that object.

CHURCHES IN THE DIFFERENT STATES.—The last official returns show that there is one church for every 557 free inhabitants in the United States, or for every 646 of the entire population. The average number these churches are found to accommodate is 384, and the average value $2,400. Churches are more numerous, in proportion to the population, in Indiana, Florida, Delaware and Ohio; and less numerous in California, Louisiana and Iowa. Those in Massachusetts are the largest, and have the greatest average value.

TROOPS FOR THE INDIAN COUNTRY.—Maj. Sedgwick, with two squadrons of cavalry, left Fort Leavenworth on the 18th ult., and Col. Sumner, with one squadron, left on the 20th. One squadron from Fort Kearney, and three companies of Infantry from Fort Laramie, would join Sumner, who goes against the Cheyennes and other hostile Indians. Maj. Sedgwick was to unite his force with that of Col. Sumner at Bent's Fort, in the Cheyenne country.

HEAVY DEFALCATION.—W. H. Gibson, Ohio, State Treasurer, resigned his office on the 15th inst., and the Gov. appointed J. P. Stone, of Columbus, to fill the vacancy. A deficit of $552,000 has been discovered in the Treasury, which Gibson says existed when he came into office, caused by the defalcation of J. P. Breslim, formerly State Treasurer. Notwithstanding this deficit, the July interest will be paid.

COUNTERFEITS.—Counterfeit $2 bills upon the "Ballston Spa Bank," photographed, are among the latest issues in circulation. They are admirably executed, and well calculated to deceive.—Photographic counterfeit 3's on the "Bank of Whitehall" are also in circulation. The coloring is excellent, and they can only be detected by the application of a chemical test.

News Clippings.

—Small pox in prevalent in Owensboro, Ky.

—St. Louis reports 7,000 more men than women.

—A capital of £300,000,000 is sunk in railways in Britain.

—There have been 14 murders in Cayuga Co. within 11 years.

—Cast iron sleepers for railroads are coming into use in England.

—The thermometer at New Orleans has gone up among the nineties.

—Watermelons have made their appearance in a Savannah market.

—The prospect is said to be favorable for a large sugar crop in Louisiana.

—Four murderers are now in the jail at St. Louis under sentence of death.

—The Mayor of Newport, Ky., receives an annual salary of ten dollars.

—Kidnapping children for circus training has been detected at St. Louis.

—There are in the town of Morrisiana, N. Y. only *seventeen* different villages.

—Sixteen murders have been perpetrated in New York city since the 1st of April.

—P. B. Manchester, the Cincinnati banker and swindler, has been arrested in Chicago.

—It appears by the census of Ireland that the old Irish language is going out of use.

—The widow of Gen. Gaines has gained another victory in the Courts at New Orleans.

—In the year 1856 there were 54,527 acres of land under cultivation for hops in England.

—Since September last more than 66,000 chests of tea have arrived at Boston from China.

—There were 3,439 land warrants issued by the Pension Bureau, at Washington, during May.

—The aggregate wealth of the whole concern of the Rothschilds is *only* about $40,000,000.

—The recent heavy rains have caused a considerable rise in the Ohio and Alleghany rivers.

—Fifteen landsmen, who shipped for the cruize on the steam frigate Minnesota, have deserted.

—The sword lately presented by Congress to Gen. Wool for bravery at Buena Vista, cost $1,600.

—The property of Lionel Redpath, the London railroad swindler, sold by auction, brought $46,000.

—The exports of tea from China for the season is 57,000,000 pounds against 74,000,000 last year.

—Great Britain has 10,000 men at Malta, the head quarters of her naval force in the Mediterranean.

—A Cincinnati Naturalist has found some beautiful pearls in the fresh water clam shells of Ohio.

—An establishment for the manufacture of champaign wine is about to be founded in San Francisco.

—The crew of the sloop-of-war Jamestown lately arrived at Philadelphia. The sum due them is $48,000.

—The Grand Jury of a town in Ohio have presented the "Sewing Society" of the place as a "nuisance."

—In Albemarle Co., Va., 150 indictments have been found against one man for illegal sales of liquor.

—The steamship Arabia sailed on the 10th inst for Liverpool with 286 passengers and $2,265,000 in specie.

—A heavy frost last week completely destroyed the first crop of strawberries in the vicinity of Covington, Ky.

—The Episcopal Convention at Austin has elected Rev. Dr. Alexander Vinton Bishop of the Diocese of Texas.

—A petition for the abolition of Teacher's Institutes, has been presented in the New Hampshire Legislature.

—During twenty-four hours previous to Monday noon, 8th inst., 17,657 bushels of grain were received at Chicago.

—The French Government has fixed the army at 600,000 men—an increase upon the ordinary peace establishment.

—Amos Story, for many years a resident of Syracuse, N. Y., has been elected the first Mayor of Appleton, Wis.

—The New York Times states that there have been 268 deaths in that city from small pox since the first of Jan.

—Philadelphia and Camden are in telegraphic connection, via the Delaware river. A wire was submerged last week.

—"Old Grimes is dead." Mr. S. D. Grimes died recently in Georgia at the great age of 110 years. He was never sick.

—The Hartford (Conn.) Times notices the death of a Miss Sarah J. Colborne, from the bite of a common black spider.

—Mr. Hobbs has just erected a large building for the manufacture of his celebrated locks, in New North Road, London.

—The imports in the United States for the first two quarters of the present fiscal year exceed the exports by $9,000,000.

—Lord Panmure has presented to the city of New York two Russian iron guns and carriages, as trophies of the late war.

—Johnston, of Edinburgh, one of the most scientific of geographers, has just brought out a magnificent atlas the United States.

—Counterfeit dollars, made of brass and molded from the ordinary one dollar gold piece, are in circulation in Petersburg, Pa.

—An iron bayonet, of rather peculiar shape, was found a few days since by some workmen, who were excavating on Bunker Hill.

—The growing crop of flax-seed promises to be a large one, and prices have now declined in Louisville, Ky., to $1 50 per bushel.

—The corner stone of a monument to Henry Clay is to be laid in the Lexington cemetery. The monument is to be 120 feet high.

—Gen. Cavignac and several other Republicans will, it is said, become candidates to represent Paris in the new Corps Legislatif.

—The tunnel on the Iron Mountain Railroad, to join St. Louis with the Southwest, is 800 feet long, 18 wide, and 15 high. It is finished.

—The new reading-room of the British Museum, erected at an expense of $750,000, has been opened to the inspection of the public.

—A down east editor advises his readers, if they wish to get *teeth inserted gratis*, to go and steal fruit where his watch-dog is on guard.

—Alexander Von Humboldt has been honored with the decoration of grand officer of the Legion of Honor by the Emperor of the French.

—The Florida Champion states that the Governor elect of that State now resides in a small double log cabin, built up with peeled pine poles.

—A slave woman is advertised to be sold at auction at St. Louis, so beautiful that $5,000 has been offered for her and refused at private sale.

—The Washington Union states that Fort Laramie, heretofore directed to be abandoned, will be kept up as a military post until further orders.

—A drunken man fell from a building down east and was instantly killed. The verdict of the coroner's jury was—"Died for want of the Maine law."

—The venerible Stuyvesant pear tree, now upwards of two centuries old, in New York, is again in full blossom. The last winter killed several of its branches.

—Liquor sellers are now being fined and imprisoned by wholesale in Vermont, and it is a difficult matter for thirsty gentlemen to obtain "the creature in the State."

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Ericsson.

The steamer Ericsson, from Liverpool at noon the 27th, arrived at New York on the 10th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In Parliament the annuity of £800 a year to the Princess Royal passed without division. Mr. Roebuck making feeble remonstrance.

The dowry of £40,000 was brought before the Commissioners of Supplies, when Mr. Cunningham moved the pension be reduced to £6,000 and that the dowry be omitted, 14 members voting with him on his first motion and 16 on the second.—The bill was read the first time.

A new writ was moved for the seat of Thos. G. Baring, who was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty.

Attention had been called to the increased importation of slaves in Cuba, and the inadequate British force on that coast. Lord Palmerston said that Lord Clarendon had renewed his representation to the Spanish Government on this subject, and no effort would be wanting as far as diplomatic negotiation could go to induce the government at Madrid to take effectual steps to put down the traffic.

The East India Company have taken possession of the Island of Perim, in the Straits of Babel Mandel, completely commanding the entrance of the Red Sea. The ostensible cause is, that two years since an English ship which was wrecked on the coast of Barbara, was pillaged by the natives. An artillery garrison from India is already placed on the Island.

Preparations were making at Portsmouth for the reception of the Grand Duke Constantine.

FRANCE.—The Paris journal Des Debats confirms the ratification of the Persian Treaty of Peace.

It is asserted that the protocol of the Neufchatel question was signed in Paris on the evening of the 26th.

Negotiations with the Mexican Envoy with Spain were understood to be impeded by some failure in diplomatic form, which will have to be referred to Mexico to be ratified. Although the Paris bourse has exhibited firmness, private accounts from Paris are not encouraging.

It is affirmed that the Bank of France continues to maintain its stock bullion solely by artificial purchases.

The French Commander-in-Chief on the coast of Africa has seized, in the name of the French Government, a tract of land called Dakkar said to be one of the most important in Senegal.

LIVERPOOL MARKET, May 26.—Provisions—Bacon very dull. Quotations nominal in absence of business. Weather favorable to consumption. Some improvement in demand, if not in price, is confidently looked for. Cheese, shoulders and ham quite neglected. The high value of beef stops business. Pork moves slowly. Bacon, long middle ribs 53s 6d to 54s; boneless mixed 2s more; short middles 54s to 56s; boneless 5s more; cut ribs 52s to 54s. Cheese, fine 50s@52s; ordinary to fair 40s@50s. Beef, new $1 30@$1 50 per tierce. Pork, new 90s@92s; shoulders, new 42s@44s. Lard remains stagnant at 65s@66s. Tallow in request at full rates for butchers.

Breadstuffs have been in animated request. Wheat, white Canadian 9s 6d@10s per 70 lbs; Southern 10s@10s 4d; Red West 8s 6d@8s 10d; do Southern 9s 3d@9s 6d.—Flour, Western Canal 31s@32s 6d per 196 lbs; Philadelphia 32s@32s 6d. Indian corn, yellow, 39s@39s 6d per 480 lbs; mixed 38s 6d@39s; white 40@46s 6d.

Richardson, Spence & Co. quote as follows:—Wheat and flour in good speculative demand. On Saturday and Monday the former advanced 2d@3d per 70 lbs; the latter 1s per barrel over Friday's prices. Indian corn also advanced 1s@1s 6d per qr. At the market to-day, however, wheat and flour are of slow sale, and easier to buy. Indian corn advanced to 37s 6d yellow; 40s 6d white.

Arrival of the North America.

THE Canadian screw steamship North America arrived at Quebec on the 13th inst., having left Liverpool on the 3d.

The Russian Grand Duke Constantine paid a strictly private visit to Queen Victoria, at Orborne, arriving there at mid-day on the 30th, from Cherbourg. His Imperial Highness was saluted by the ships-of-war assembled there, and the American frigate Susquehannah took a prominent part, the Russian flag being run up at the main during the salute, and the band playing the Russian National Anthem. The Susquehannah immediately after sailed for Gravesend. The Grand Duke on Monday morning sailed for Calais, under salutes from the Royal steam battery at Covers and the fleet at Spithead.

Mr. Stevens, the English Consul at Teheran, arrived at Vienna, May 30, with the ratified Anglo-Saxon treaty, and left for London the same evening.

1,300 houses have been burned down by a great fire in the Turkish capitol.

The Federal Assembly of Berne have been convoked to ratify the treaty with Russia.

Mr. Dallas has consented to the making of the required alterations in the U. S. Frigate Niagara, so that it was hoped that she would ship her half of the Trans-Atlantic Telegraph cable.

It was again reported that Gen. Concha will soon be removed from the Government of Cuba, owing to his actually aiding the Slave trade for profit.

A very excited politico-religious demonstration was made in Brussels on the 27th, arising from the opposition of the ultra-Montane Catholic members of the Legislature to the proposed course of the Government with respect to religious houses of the Government and property. The public was driven from the Parliament Halls by military, and riots followed in Liege, Mons, Ghent and Antwerp. The Chambers were adjourned on the 20th ult., and on the 10th inst., Brussels were tranquil.

Breadstuff market, owing to the favorable crop and weather, was heavy, and all qualities were heavy. Flour declined 1s per barrel. Wheat—3d@4d lower. Quotations nominal. Corn also very dull, and previous quotations barely maintained.

Provision market dull. Bacon is heavy at prices fully 3s lower. Lard heavy, but without change.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the George Law.

THE steamship George Law, from Aspinwall, arrived at New York on the 12th ult. She brings California mails of May 20th—two weeks' later news, and $1,900,000 in specie.

The California papers confirm the execution of Crabbe and his party. A general feeling of revenge was most prevalent, but no overt act had been committed.

The mines were yielding well.

Another indictment has been found against Bates, the State Treasurer.

From Oregon there is nothing of importance.

Affairs on the Isthmus were quiet. The New Grenadian administration will not accede to the demand of the United States.

There is nothing new from Nicaragua.

The revolution in Peru was suppressed.

The insurgents fleet surrendered to the Government.

Intelligence from San Juan del Norte states that over 100 of Walker's men are still at that place destitute and sick.

The British frigate Sattellte had sailed from Callao for VanCouver's Island, her commander having been commissioned by the English government to settle in conjunction with the U. S. Commissioners, the Oregon Boundary business.

Lima is improving rapidly.

Affairs in other South American States generally tranquil.

The Panama Star expresses strong fears that Gen. Walker in conformity with threats made by him after his capitulation, will return with another army of filibusters to the Isthmus, and regrets that Gen. Mora did not bind him and his officers in the terms of the capitulation—never again to put his feet in Central America.

The George Law left at Aspinwall, on the evening of the 3d of June, the U. S. ships Independence, Decatur and St. Marys, from Panama and Wabash and Cyane off Aspinwall.

THE PACIFIC WAGON ROAD.—The Galveston papers are jubilant over the arrival of a company of U. S. troops, consisting of about fifty men, with officers, engineers, &c., under the command of Lieut Beale, who has a complete outfit for making the survey of the wagon road to the Pacific, as ordered by an act of the last Congress. They have some seventy five mules and horses, with wagons and everything requisite for the important services required of them, and were to disembark at Indianola, and proceed direct to San Antonio.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—A letter received by a gentleman of New York city, per last steamer, from Prof. Morse, says:—"All my investigations into the practicability of working the telegraphic wire with commercial speed between America and Europe, and study with Dr. Whitehouse on the phenomena of the electric current in submarine conductors, give me only stronger assurance than ever of its ultimate success, and a success realizing your most sanguine anticipations."

GEN. JOHN B. WALBACH, the oldest officer in the U. S. Army, died in Baltimore on the 10th inst., in the 93d year of his age. Gen. W. was born in Alsace, on the Rhine, in October, 1764.

MARRIAGES.

IN Spencerport, N. Y., at the residence of Mr. J. R. Ganetree, June 11th, by Rev Wm A. Fox, Mr. HENRY A. KENDALL, of Cortland, and Miss HATTIE D. TANNER, of Attica

IN Lodi, N. Y., June 9th, by Rev. D. Crow, Mr. HERMAN W. HALSEY and Miss SARAH MEEKER, both of Lodi.

DEATHS.

AT Herman, Wis., May 27th, HENRY B. QUICK, formerly of Mendon, Monroe Co., N. Y., aged 23 years and 10 months.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, June 16, 1857.

No change in prices of flour—quotations nominal.

GRAIN—Wheat as last quoted. Corn has declined 6@12½c.—Oats have fallen of 6c.

PROVISIONS—Beef has lost $1 per cwt during the week. Butter rates 15@16c—hard work obtaining the latter price. Cheese drooping with a falling off 2@3c. per pound within four or five days. Eggs 11c. per dozen. Potatoes, for some reason, have lost in price rapidly, 50@75c. being the limit of the market.

HIDES—During the week a remarkable reduction has taken place in hides, 5c. per pound being the extreme rates.

HAY still falling—$10@20 being the current rates.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, bbl	$7,00@8,75
Wheat, Gen	$1,85@1,90
Best white Canada	$1,88@1,90
Corn	88c
Oats	56c
Barley	$1,00@1,12½
Buckwheat	68@70c
Beans	$1,50@2,00
Peas	$1,00@1,25
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess	$24,00
Do. cwt	$3,00@3,00
Beef, ⅌ cwt	$5,50@7,50
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50
Hams, smoked	12@13c
Shoulders	10@11c
Chickens	11@12c
Turkeys	10@12½
Geese	50c
DAIRY, &c.	
Butter, roll	15@16c
Do. firkin	13@16c
Cheese	11@12c
Lard, tried	09@11c
Tallow	10@10½c
Eggs, dozen	14c
Honey, box	18c
Candles, box	13½@14½c
FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Apples bushel	$1,50@1,75
Do. dried	$2,00@2,25
Potatoes	50@75c
HIDES AND SKINS	
Slaughter	0@5c
Calf	10@10c
Sheep pelts	$1,50@1,75
Lamb do	00@00c
SEEDS.	
Clover bushel	$5,50@7,00
Timothy	$3,00@4,00
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Coal, Lehigh	$[illegible]
Do. Scranton	$[illegible]
Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
Do. Char	10@12½c
Salt, bbl	$2,00@2,50
Hay, ton	$10@20
Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
White fish, bbl	$12@12,50
Codfish ⅌ quintal	$4,00@5,00
Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 15.—Flour—Medium and com grades are 5@10c lower. Choice grades are firm. Sales at $5,40@5,80 for for super State; $5,90@7,10 for extra do; $4,40@5,85 super Western; $5,90@7,50 for com to medium and extra Mich, Ind, Ill, Wis. and Ohio, closing dull and tendency downward. Canadian flour lower on common; sales at $5,50@5,80 for super; $7,15@9,00 for extra.

GRAIN—Nothing doing in wheat and market unchanged. Rye scarce and wanted at full price. Sales at 125@128c, and now firmly held at 130c. Corn dull, unsettled and lower; sales at 94@95c for mixed Western in store and afloat, closing with buyers at 90c and sellers at 93@94c. Oats dull and lower at 55@56.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is dull and lower. Sales at $23,25@24,00 for mess; $19,25@19,75 for prime. Lard firm; sales at 14½@14½c. Butter in good supply and market heavy, at 16@22c for Ohio and 16@22 for State. Cheese plenty and dull at 6@10½c.

BUFFALO, JUNE 15—Flour—Sales Saturday after our report, extra State at $6,50. This morning market dull; demand being almost wholly of a retail character. Sales choice super Wisconsin at $7,42 and extra do at $7,75; double extra white Wisconsin at 58; and double extra Ohio at $8,25.

GRAIN—Wheat opened lower, with sales before steamer, Chicago spring at $1,32, and Milwaukee club at $1,33. After news became known, Chicago spring at $1,30. Corn has declined; sales Saturday after our report, at 72c, allost. This morning 70c Oats in moderate demand. Rye in fair demand; sales to arrive at $1,25 afloat.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 10.—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality, 12½@13c; Ordinary, 11½@12c.; Common, 11@11½c.; Inferior, 10@10½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $65@75; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6@7½c.; Other qualities, 4@5½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $9,00@12; Other qualities, $4,50@8,50.

SWINE—First quality, 7½@7½c.; Other qualities, 6@7c.

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 10.—At market 210 Cattle, 175 Beeves, & 35 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,50@10,00; First quality, $8,75@9,25; second quality, $7,50; third quality, $6,25@6,75; ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$85 to $225.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 50@67.

YEARLINGS—$00@00. Two years old, $35@40. Three years old, $45@50

VEAL CALVES—$4,50@12 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—700 at market. Prices—In lots, $4, 5,50@6,00 each Extra and selections, $6, 8@9.

HIDES—7½@8c. ⅌ lb. Tallow 7½@8c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—25c@$2,00 each. Calf Skins 14@15c. ⅌ lb.

SWINE—Few at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8½c. ⅌ lb. Dressed hogs, 9½@10½c. Shoats, wholesale, 8@9c.; retail 9½@10½c. ⅌ lb Spring pigs 16@18c ⅌ lb.

BRIGHTON, JUNE 11.—At market 575 Beef Cattle, 78 Stores, 8 pairs Working Oxen, 95 Cows and Calves, 800 Sheep and Lambs, 1,200 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $10,50; first quality, $9,50; second, $8,75; third, $7,50; ordinary, $5,50@6,00.

HIDES—7½@8c. Tallow, 7½@8c.

PELTS—25c@$2,00. Calf Skins, 14@15c ⅌ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$4,50, 5@7 a piece.

WORKING OXEN—None.

COWS AND CALVES—$21, 28, 35, 40@60.

YEARLINGS $00@00. Two years old, $36@41. Three years old $45@51.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $5, 5,50 In lots $3,50, 4@5.

SWINE—7@8c. Retail, 8@9c. Fat hogs 7½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 10.—The market continues extremely quiet, but prices are without material change. The stock of old Fleece is almost exhausted, and for the small sales making full previous rates are obtained. The decline from the highest rates of the season is fully 50 ⅌ lb., and on Pulled 7c. The stock both in dealers' and manufacturers' hands now is unusually light, consequently those producers who cannot well stop their works, and whose stock has become reduced, are reluctantly compelled to pay high prices for supplying their immediate wants. Those, however, should be taken as no guide for forming a currency for the new clip. The past season has been one of great depression in the Goods market, and if the manufacturer does not prosper, it follows as a consequence that he cannot pay the wool-grower a good price for his Wool. It has been said that our producers do not possess capital or experience enough to give any stimulus to the manufacturing business in our midst, and hence their ill-success in contending with the European fabricants. This is a grand mistake. Many of our worthy capitalists have lost their fortunes in years gone by in their endeavors to establish manufacturing in this country, and some of them have made as handsome goods as could be produced in any country at the same price, but still they could not succeed so long as the tariff works arbitrarily against them. To illustrate this, there is nothing clearer than that the German manufacturers, who have come over here to establish what the Yankees could not do, the manufacture of Broadcloth, have had no better success. As things now stand this branch must remain in the hands of foreigners for years to come, and if Wool-growers do not obtain good prices for fine fleeces they must lay the blame at the door of their Representatives in Congress, who do not always enact very wise laws, as for instance the recent remodeling of the tariff in reducing the duty on Woolens 6 per cent, while 30 per cent is still retained on the medium and fine grades of the raw material, thus offering an inducement for increased importations to the detriment of home-producers as well as to wool-growers. But little has transpired in the new clip yet throughout the Interior, nor is there that excitement prevalent usually at this season; prices will open, however, at about last year's prices, and in some instances those who are in need of supplies now may be induced to pay a trifle higher, but we do not expect to see the high prices prevalent during the past season maintained the ensuing one unless the rates of goods should materially advance; the sales of Fleece and Pulled Wools do not exceed 200,000 lbs super to extra mostly; the former at 50@56c ⅌ lb., 6 mos. for fleece, and 42@50c for Pulled, the latter is now an extreme rate. Foreign is rather quiet, but an active demand is anticipated as soon as the low grades are admitted free; sales of 10,000 lbs low mixed Canadian at 30c, and 75 bales Syrian at 27c, 6 mos. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ⅌ lb	55@75
American Full-blood Merino	50@55
American ¾ and ½ Merino	45@50
American Native and ¼ do	40@45
Pulled Wool, extra Country	47@50
Pulled Wool, super	40@43
Pulled Wool, No. 1	33@35
California Fine, Washed	18@30
Do. Com. Unwashed	17@20
Peruvian, Washed	35@39
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@29
South American, Com. Washed	16@24
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	17@24
South American Unwashed	12@16
South American, Cordova Washed	27@30
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	11@15
African, Washed	18@25
Smyrna, Unwashed	15@16
Smyrna, Washed	30@32
Mexican, Unwashed	12@15

[N Y Tribune.

BOSTON, JUNE 10.—The market has become rather unsettled for fleece and pulled Wool, and the tendency of prices is downward. New fleece is beginning to arrive, but manufacturers are not disposed to purchase to any extent except at the opening prices of last year, but growers are generally asking higher rates In foreign the sales have been 240,000 lbs Valparaiso, and 200 bales Cape and Mediterranean at various prices, as to quality:

Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, ⅌ lb, 62@65c.; Full Blood Merino, 55@60c.; Three-quarters do., 48@52c.; Half do., 46@49c.; Common, 38@43c.; Superfine, 41@50c.; Pulled extra, 48@55c.; Do. No. 1, 28@35c.; Smyrna Washed, 27@32c.; Smyrna Unwashed, 15@22c.; Mexican, 17@19c.; Buenos Ayres, 32@40c.; Barbary Washed, 28@35c.

COLONIAL WOOL SALES.—The Colonial Wool Sales terminated at London on Friday 29th May, and we have the following account of the transactions:

The first series of sales of colonial wool of the season commenced the 30th ult., and concluded this day, comprising 15,320 bales of Sydney, 21,500 bales of Port Philip, 8,252 bales of Van Dieman's Land, 9,025 bales of South Australian, 398 bales of New Zealand, 25 bales of Swan River, and 7,604 bales of Cape: making a total of 62,143 bales, besides 1,010 bales of East India.

The extreme prices paid in the early February sales had a very prejudicial effect at the time on both the wool and woolen trades, and, notwithstanding the giving way afterwards, it soon became apparent the established rates at that period checked consumption in the manufacturing districts, dull markets having prevailed for many weeks. Under such disadvantages, together with continued high rates of discount, these sales opened. Our home buyers made most determined efforts to start prices at a material reduction; this was checked by the great support given at the early sales by buyers on foreign account, who secured nearly 50 per cent of the wool offered at the early sales.—In the second week, owing in a great measure to slackness of foreign demand, prices declined a little, but soon recovered, and proceeded to the end with increasing firmness. The general decline on the closing prices of last sales may be quoted at about 1½d ⅌ lb. Many superior marks in high condition, both from Sydney, and Port Philip, were supported by all classes of buyers, and sold very nearly at February prices. The wasting condition of a large portion of the wools from Port Philip and Portland Bay accounts for the prices per catalogue appearing below the above reduction. These sales contained a considerable quantity of lambs' wool; it sold only at moderate rates. It is estimated that from twenty-five to thirty per cent of the whole quantity of wool at these sales was bought for shipment.

DETROIT, Mich., June 12.—Small mixed lots of the new clip are beginning to arrive in the market. To-day and yesterday some 500 lbs. were taken, at prices ranging from 30 to 35c. ⅌ lb. which are the same quality of wools last year. The present warm weather will hasten shearing, and by next week we shall expect to see wool arriving quite freely.

MONROE, Mich., June 12.—No extensive sales have taken place in Monroe yet. On Tuesday we learn that one lot of 400 lbs. was sold at 35c. The prices, however, range from 30 to 35c Extra qualities will command rather more, while an inferior article must fall below the above quotations.

BOSTON HORSE MARKET.—The horse market still continues very dull, the general depression of business affecting the trade to a great extent. There have been but few horses sold in this city in comparison with some former seasons, and those most inquired for are matched carriage and business horses Well matched pairs, as usual, are scarce, and sell high A pair of bays, a tip-top article, sold recently for $1,250. Business horses are not plenty, and fancy animals are slow of sale. A lot of horses came up from Maine recently, and after seeking purchasers several days, were taken to New York. There are but few horses in the sale stables, and there are still fewer purchasers.—*Boston Journal.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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TILE AND TILE MACHINES, (horse or hand,) for sale at our yard on Clinton St., Buffalo; Clarence, Erie Co. and Warsaw, Wyoming Co. Address H. RICE, Clarence, or T. MAYCOCK, North Buffalo, Erie Co. 388w3

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ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, Office 336 Main, corner of Court street, Buffalo, N.Y. Paticular attention given to Diseases of Women and Children, he having made chronic diseases of women his special study for the last ten years. Applications from a distance, by letter or otherwise, for advice or medicine, will receive prompt attention.

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Seymour's Broad Cast Sowing Machines, are all furnished to order. Circulars and a prompt reply to all inquiries.
Address C. H. SEYMOUR, Manufacturer,
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MORGAN MILLER.

THIS HORSE WILL STAND FOR THE IMPROVEMENT of Horses at the following places, viz: Monday, at Morton Allen's, two miles west of Summer Hill; Thursdays, at P. Westerman's, in Truxton; and the rest of the time at M. F. Walpole's Hotel in Homer.

Morgan Miller is a colt of the celebrated horse, Green Mountain Morgan, owned by Silas Hale of South Royalston, Mass., and is the same one that has stood at Van Auden's Hotel for the last two years.

TERMS.—$10 to insure a foal; $2 to be paid down. Mares returned regularly through the season and do not prove with foal the $2 will be refunded All accidents to mares at this risk of the owners. All persons parting with mares before loading time will be held responsible for the insurance money. Pay considered due Feb. 1st. The public are invited to call and examine for themselves.

☞ Positively no business done on the Sabbath.

Homer, N. Y., May 27, 1857. LEWIS CLARK 2d.

ELEGANT COUNTRY RESIDENCE
And Valuable Mill Property to be Sold at Auction.

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL SELL AT PUBLIC SALE, on Tuesday, June 25, 1857, his elegant Country Residence, consisting of six acres of good land, on which are a large and commodious Gothic House, Carriage house and shed; also a great variety of fruit and ornamental trees of several years' growth. Said property is pleasantly located in the village of Trumansburg, Tompkins Co., N. Y., and is one of the most desirable residences in Central New York

Also, a valuable Mill Property, consisting of a good Grist and Flouring Mill with 4 run of stone, in good order and doing a good business. Also, a good Saw Mill, three Dwelling Houses and about 20 acres of good land. Any one wishing such property would do well to avail themselves of this opportunity, as it is expected that it will sell for much less than its real worth, as it is sold on account of the subscriber's feeble health and desire for a change of climate.

TERMS OF SALE.—On Mill Property, one-third down and the balance in five equal annual payments. On Residence, one-half down and balance in one year. W. C. WOODWORTH.

Trumansburg, N. Y., June 12, 1857.

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THE EXCELSIOR
RAILROAD HORSE POWER,
With Threshers, Separators, Cleaners, Clover Hullers and Circular and Cross-Cut Saw-Mills for various purposes, and all other Implements adapted to the Power,

IS not SURPASSED BY ANY NOW IN USE, and is offered on the most liberal terms, both as to discount and warranty.

The subscriber is manufacturing the above Power, which combines all the qualities of the most celebrated Railroad Horse Powers, and some very valuable improvements.

CAPACITY, ECONOMY AND WARRANTY.—The Single Power will thresh from 100 to 175 bushels of Oats, Rye, Buckwheat or Barley, easily, in one day, attended by three men, and will saw from 20 to 25 cords of wood in the same time and with the same number of men. The Double Power will perform double the amount of work in the same time, with one additional man—and all other work of a similar kind with equal facility. The construction of the Power is such that it can be changed from a right to a left hand machine, and the reverse, at pleasure, as the gears are all outside the Power and accessible at all times. The angle of elevation necessary to operate this Power is never greater, but often less than any other Power, which is inside of one-and-a-half inches to the foot, with horses weighing 1,000 lbs each, and without any harness.

These Powers have been severely tested, and pronounced "Excelsior," which, of course, means "Excelled by none," and their performance is a sufficient evidence of their superiority over the common Endless Chain Powers

The Warranty is as follows:—If the Powers do not answer the description, and do any reasonable amount of work required of them, the money will be refunded and the machines returned at the manufacturer's expense

☞ AGENTS WANTED, to whom a liberal commission will be given. RICHARD M. PEASE
Albany, N. Y., 1857. 385w6ow

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TRIAL OF MOWERS AND REAPERS,
By the Monroe Co. Ag'l Society.

THERE WILL BE A TRIAL OF MOWERS AND REAPERS under the direction of the Monroe County Agricultural Society, on their Fair Grounds, on Wednesday the first day of July, to commence at one o'clock, P. M.

The following premiums are offered:

For the best Mower and Reaper Combined Silver Medal and	$10 00
" 2d " "	5 00
For the best Mower, Silver Medal and	10 00
" 2d " "	5 00
For the best Reaper, " " "	10 00
" 2d " "	5 00
For the best Mowing with Scythe by hand	5 00
" 2d " " " " "	3 00
" 3d " " " " "	2 00
" 4th " " " " "	1 00
" 5th " " " " "	Vol. Transactions.

Regulations as to the amount to be mowed, &c., will be made known at the commencement of the trial.

A premium of $5 is also offered for the best Horse Rake. If practicable, an opportunity will be given to test the merits of the Rakes. Discretionary premiums will also be awarded for other implements used in haying and harvesting. All persons competing for premiums with Machines, will be subject to an entry fee of $2 each. Those Mowing by hand $1 each. Admission to the Grounds—Life members with their families, free—all other persons 10 cents each.

The Board of Managers will take special pains to provide competent Judges to decide upon the merits of the articles exhibited and the work performed.

Entries may be made with the Secretary at their Agricultural Rooms, 44 Arcade, Rochester, before the first of July, or at the office on the Grounds, before 12 o'clock of the day of trial.

The grass on the ground will be sold at auction after the trial, on the same day.

I. S. HOBBIE, Sec'y. W. HODGES, Pres't.

IRON GARDEN ORNAMENTS.

OVER THIRTY DIFFERENT STYLES AND SIZES OF Vases, from $2 to $100 each.

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Summer Houses, Settees, Vine and Balcony Trainers, Stationary—Deer, Eagles, Dogs, Lions, Lambs, &c.

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Ladies will find it to their advantage to call and look at my assortment of Kid Gloves.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

PREMIUM LIST.—1857.

LOCAL AGENTS, Subscribers, and other earnest, active and influential friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, and the cause of "Progress and Improvement," who are disposed to lend their kind offices in its behalf—thus enhancing their individual interests while promoting the welfare of community—are respectfully invited to examine the following Programme of Premiums for RURAL CAMPAIGN of 1857

"EXCELSIOR" PREMIUMS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, IN CASH, to the person or persons procuring the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, in any one Township, sent in or remitted according to our terms, previous to July 1, 1857.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the next largest list as above.
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.
FIVE DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE lists.

$800 IN STATE PREMIUMS!

As most of our General Premiums have heretofore been won by persons in the State of New York, thus precluding Agents and friends at a distance from successful competition, we have concluded to offer $800 *in State and Provincial Prizes*, viz: **One Hundred Dollars** for

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE LADY'S SLEEP.—A BALLAD.

BY KATE CAMERON.

WITHIN a lofty chamber,
Upon a snowy bed,
O'er which the damask curtains
Their drapery had spread,
With a cheek as pure and white
As the pillow which it pressed,
A noble lady slumber'd
In peaceful, tranquil rest.

Her raven hair was parted
Above a brow so fair
The gazer could read no trace
Of sorrow written there;
The drooping lashes guarded
Closely the orbs below,
Showing not what look they wore
Of gladness or of woe.

Her lip breath'd not the secret,
But still within her heart
There dwelt a bitter anguish
That would not thence depart.
She loved—as woman loveth—
The same thro' good and ill,
Her lord had proved a rover,
But, oh! she loved him still!

And from her side he wander'd,
And follow'd Glory's star,
He sought and he gained victory
In battles near and far.
And long she wept and waited,
And watch'd with anxious eye,
For him who fondly cherish'd
Her heart in days gone by.

But weary now, she slumber'd
Without a sigh or moan,
And in that stately chamber
The lady was alone!

But lo! a tall form enters,
A warrior in his pride,
Upon his brow a helmet,
His good sword at his side;
His eye is bright and flashing,
And pride has flushed his cheek,
Why is it that he falters
And dares not even speak?

At length in trembling accents
He calls a once loved name,
One that was half-forgotten
In his long strife for Fame;
But ah! there comes no answer—
He kneels beside the bed,
A burning kiss he presses
On lips whence life has fled!

One moment more he gazes
Upon the face so fair,
One silken tress he severs
From the long raven hair;
Then hastens to his charger,
And mounts and rides away,
He seeks the thickest conflict,
Yet falls not in the fray.

But many long years after,
Within the Holy Land,
An aged knight lay dying
Upon the desert sand;
The crimson blood was flowing,
For deadly wounds were there,
One hand his sword was grasping,
And one—*a lock a hair!*

Life's Lessons.

A KNOTTY LOVE QUESTION;

AND HOW IT WAS SETTLED.

MR. RODERICK ROLLINS was a bachelor who had seen some forty-nine summers, and although he was a bundle of eccentricities, there were few men more popular with old married ladies, or with such single ones as had ceased to be flighty, and had begun to take a sober view of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. It is just possible, indeed, that the gentleman's popularity might be attributed in part to a very handsome estate which he had inherited from his father; for I have generally observed that a large landed property is a great enhancer of the wit, beauty, and profundity of its possessor. As Mr. Rollins gradually lumbered along in life, he naturally became less and less disposed to rapid locomotion, and at the time he is introduced to the reader, he had dropped one and another of his regular visiting acquaintances among the ladies, until the remainder had dwindled down to exactly three families.

In one of these families, that of Mr. Pettigrew, there were two elderly young ladies, named Rachel and Amelia. These ladies were of the respective ages of thirty-seven and forty-nine, and having outlived their taste for balls and jams, now solaced themselves with the society of a few old beaux who would occasionally drop in of an evening, and have a quiet game of backgammon with them by the side of an old-fashioned coal fire. Among these visitors none were more welcome than Mr. Rollins. His stories were generally long, and he had much to say of the sad degeneracy of the present fast age; but then, beside being rich in the funds, he was rich in his reminiscences of the olden time. He would every now and then so affectionately allude to the brilliant evenings of bygone years, when he used to dance with the Misses Rachel and Amelia at the public assemblies, that the young ladies would, in imagination, revel again through those gay and festive scenes, and as Mr. Rollins named one and another of those belles and their adorers who used to figure in the Spanish dances and ladies chains of that simple era of Terpsichore, the tears would course one after another down their innocent noses. Mr. Rollins was also a connoisseur, and a highly gifted critic in green and black teas, and was well posted in cough and rheumatic medicines generally. Since he had got along in years he had likewise come to take a great interest in church matters; he kept the run of proceedings of all the annual conventions, and was supposed to be familiar with the private opinions of several of the Bishops. Now none of these subjects were indifferent to his fair companions, and as such human weakness as love and marriage seemed out of the question, the latter intercourse between them was as calm and cool as moonshine in winter. The condition of ancient beaux and ancient belles who have retired from the drawing-room of mirth and fashion, and have taken to chess and needle-work, and to sober reminiscences of the heart conflicts they have undergone, is not of the cheerless character which some consider it. It may be likened to that of pensioned soldiers carefully housed in some snug harbor provided by the State, where they may rest and smoke and talk of the mighty deeds they have done, for the rest of their lives. The wars are over, the battles have been fought; and what, though one may have lost an arm, another a leg, and a third has been topped of all his limbs, yet the pains arising from the wounds have been long forgotten, and they now remember but the incidents and the glory of the conflicts.

One of the other families which Mr. Rollins used to visit, was that of the well known Dr. Anodyne. The doctor himself was a gentleman of the old school, and his lady could give you the history of every family of note in the metropolis, but the attraction to Mr. Rollins was the society of their daughter Harriet. Miss Harriet had been in her day a celebrated beauty, but having now attained her fortieth year, it was generally supposed that the grand meridian of her charms had been passed. In early life there had been some talk of a match between her and Mr. Rollins, but this had long blown over, and their conversation was now, to all human appearance, as rational and unimpassioned as though they were a couple of prosy philosophers. The remaining family honored with the pleasant acquaintanceship of Mr. Rollins was that of Mrs. Atterby, a widow lady of considerable wealth and position. She was the sister of Mrs. Anodyne, and consequently her daughter, the amiable Miss Ann Maria, was own cousin to Miss Harriet, and very nearly of the same age. Both of these young ladies were on terms of the most agreeable intimacy with the Misses Rachel and Amelia Pettigrew. They had been companions in girlhood, had promenaded, had taken moonlight walks in company with each other and their lovers. When these fair spinsters would get together, and grow inspired and loquacious as they sipped their hyson, Mr. Rollins was their toast and oracle. But delightful as was the relation subsisting between them and their antiquated beau, it was temporarily destined to a very singular kind of an interruption. All at once, as one of the wonders of the world, a new light sprang up in Mr. Rollins' mind, and this light was none other than a reflection from the torch of Cupid. How it came to pass that the heart of adamant which, during the fever and passion of youth had resisted the well-directed volleys from female eyes of every color, and had at last succumbed, must forever remain a mystery.

But Mr. Rollins' love was as droll as it was untimely. Worse than the poor ass of the schoolman, hesitating between two bundles of hay, Mr. Rollins had fallen in love with all four of his female companions at the same time. At first this bachelor-love developed itself in periodical fits of partiality for one or the other of the ladies, just as it happened; vacillating as it were, from day to day. Thus, for a while, Miss Amelia Pettigrew would be the queen of his affections. He would call to mind some roguish dimple of her girlhood, and what a splendid set of teeth one of her regular ringing laughs would disclose in those days of remote antiquity. When Miss Amelia was thus boosted on the topmost round of Mr. Rollins' ladder of weathercock admiration, she would suddenly be precipitated to the ground by a dim, shady recollection on the part of that gentleman of the bewitching manner in which Ann Maria Atterbury used to dance nearly a quarter of a century ago. Then the tender memories of his early partiality for Miss Harriet Anodyne would so stir up poor Rollins' vagrant sensibilities that he almost made up his mind to pop the question to her. He probably would have done so on a certain afternoon, had he not stopped in at the Pettigrews' on his way to Dr. Anodyne's. It happened on this occasion that Miss Rachel was at home, and her tender solicitude in the matter of a cold which Mr. Rollins had taken, affected him with such an all-overish sort of sensation that for a period of some forty-eight hours the lady in question was the mistress of his heart. Most certainly, his exclusive predilections in favor of Miss Rachel lasted no longer than the time I specified, and he came at last to entertain a compound kind of love, for his four charmers collectively. His condition of mind was truly pitiable, for besides the nervousness attendant upon so anomalous and whimsical a state of the affections, Mr. Rollins' knowledge of the female heart led him to the well grounded conviction that even should he make proposals to one of the four he would incur the risk of losing the friendship of the remaining three. Now this was a contingency too painful to think of, and the poor enamored gentleman spent a whole year in devising ways and means whereby it might be avoided. As yet, neither of the ladies in question had the remotest suspicion of the whirlwind of eccentric passion which was tearing away the very foundations of Mr. Rollins' moral being; for if at any time he happened to make some extraordinary demonstrations, it was credited to the account of a seldom and unexpected twinge of rheumatism with which he was occasionally afflicted.

One evening in the month of November, while Rollins was sitting in his lonely room meditating on the past, and wondering whither the tempest would eventually lead him, he suddenly bounded from his chair, snapped his fingers, looked out of the window, put more coal on the fire, plumped himself again in his chair, and then soliloquized: "It's of no use," said he, to endure this confounded perplexity any longer. One thing is certain; I love them all; and why should I not at once declare? Suppose they do laugh at my quadrupled affection, what then? I am sure they must see my sincerity; and conclude that I am a man of an immensely large heart, thus to be able to love all four of them with this inextinguishable ardor.—Yet, as I can marry but one, the selection must be made by their casting lots for me, and passing strange it is, too, that this happy thought should never have occurred to me until this present hour. And then, in this delicious lottery, I shall be sure on my part to draw a prize, for the good reason that there is no blanks. But will the ladies enter into this arrangement? By my soul they must.—My proposed plan will at least show that I am not partial, and there will be no occasion among them for jealousy."

It was to Miss Harriet Anodyne that Mr. Rollins first intimated the tender sentiments she had inspired, and on the first mention of it the young lady blushed overpoweringly. But as Mr. Rollins further declared that the strength of his affections was equally great for their three mutual friends, her countenance underwent an expression of the most comical curiosity; and as at last the proposed scheme was divulged whereby a selection was to be made, Miss Harriet laughed until she she was well nigh choked.

"Ah, Miss Harriet! you may laugh, but devise a better plan for me, if you can. You know very well that if I were to select any one of the other three and leave you, you would consider yourself slighted and neglected. You see, then, that it is quite necessary for the happiness of all concerned that I should carry my point, and as I profess to be above board in all my transactions, I shall state the case to your worthy father, and ask him to superintend the drawing."

"Of course, Mr. Rollins," replied Miss Harriet, "you can ask pa's co-operation in anything you choose to, but the whole proceedure would be so strange and unusual, that so far as I am concerned, I must beg—"

"Now, Miss Harriet! if you please, beg nothing," interrupted Rollins, "for rely upon it, I shall excuse neither of you, and when you have seriously considered the subject, you will not wish to be excused yourself. What sense would there be, I ask you, in my going out of our precious little circle for a wife?"

On the day of this interview, Mr. Rollins made known his delicate intentions to the other three ladies, and at first they were disposed to regard the matter in a jocular light, but on being assured by Mr. Rollins that he loved them all with the poetic ardor of a never-dying affection, it is difficult to say whether amazement or mirth was the prominent emotion of their breasts. When Miss Harriet Anodyne related to her father the singular communication which had been made to her, the doctor was thrown into such convulsions of laughter that he protests to this day he gained seven pounds of flesh on the strength of it.

In the evening the four loved ones got together and compared notes, and what a glow and flutter of chatting excitement they were all in, to be sure.

Miss Atterbury, Miss Anodyne and Miss Rachel Pettigrew made a faint of treating the whole subject with derision; but Amelia Pettigrew very candidly confessed that she was attracted by the novelty of the thing, and if the rest of the other girls would agree, she would cheerfully fall in with Mr. Rollins' humor. "And, girls, why should we not?" she inquired, "one of us will be sure to get a good husband, and we may be equally sure that unless we consent to be wooed in this quarterly manner, some other than our dear selves would be the winner. Pa says that any person acquainted with Rollins might have known that if he ever got married at all, it would be done up in the true Rollins style, and for his part, he can't see any impropriety in our owning the soft impeachment, and making ourselves a grand Hymenial lottery at Mr. Rollins' earliest convenience. Besides, girls, it is rather a pleasant reflection that Mr. Rollins slights none of us, and after the lucky one is married and settled, the three remaining in single blessedness will have that blessedness augmented in this late trophy to our waning charms."

The ladies went off in fresh cachinnations at Miss Amelia's playful oration, but it was plain to see that they were beginning to waver; to think more seriously of the matter, and before they parted it was, "Well, after all, no one is to know anything about it but ourselves, and if pa consents, and if ma consents"—and, in short, such is the tendency among the fair sex for lotteries and matrimony, that Mr. Rollins carried his point.

It was on a cold but pleasant evening in the beginning of December that the four heroines and their lover were assembled in the cozy back parlor at Dr. Anodyne's. The ladies looked somewhat excited, but the worthy Rollins was as comfortable and self-possessed as a duck in a mill-pond. He seemed to regard the approaching transactions as in no degree outre, but as regular and business-like, and as just the only method left whereby a gentleman with a capacious heart could be extricated from a dilemma. "Be satisfied, ladies! I love you all, but my supreme affection will be centered on the prize I draw; she will, of course, soon become my wedded spouse! And I would now say for myself, and in the name of my dear wife, whoever she may be, that our friendship must be permanent and unbroken."

At this the ladies, in a flutter of amiable confusion, simpered a little; but just then the heavy tread of Dr. Anodyne was heard, and their hearts went pit-a-pat a little. The doctor entered into the spirit of the occasion, and with the most ludicrous but becoming gravity, put twenty tickets in a box. Each lady had her name on five of these, and the doctor said he should take eleven out singly, shaking the box after each time a ticket was drawn, and the lady having the largest number of the residue, must, according to the stipulations, step up to the Bishop's office with Mr. Rollins and settle.

At the first drawing of the eleven tickets, Miss Rachel Pettigrew and Miss Atterbury had a majority of tickets, but also an equal number of them, and so there was a necessity for another attempt. In the second series of drawings what a fluttering of hearts there was when the eleven tickets were all taken from the box.

As the doctor deliberately opened them, even Rollins betrayed some emotion, and as it was announced that a choice had been effected, and on the doctor's requesting all the parties to draw nigh to the table, the scene was worthy the pencil of a Cruikshanks. The result was: one lady, four tickets; and this lady was Miss Harriet, the doctor's lovely daughter. Mr. Rollins instantly sprang to her side, and her fair companions, regarding her as the heaven-elected bride, bestowed those sweet caresses which none but female lips and female hands can give. The marriage came off in a few weeks with great eclat; the three young ladies standing as bridesmaids, and three old cronies of Rollins, each with a wig on his pate, serving as groomsmen. The match was pre-eminently a happy one, for Mr. Rollins got a most devoted wife, and Miss Harriet an exemplary husband.

The poetical feature of this veracious history is, that while any of the four ladies would gladly have married Mr. Rollins, it was only Miss Anodyne who had over truly loved him. From girlhood up she had cherished a secret affection for him who, twenty-three years ago, had won her youthful heart, and now having fairly won him in a lottery, he was to all intents and purposes her lawful property. It is true, she was sometimes inclined to a little jealousy at her husband's regard for her three friends, but as Mr. Rollins protested that the decision of the lottery had concentrated his affections on her alone, she became content.—The three single ladies, gratified that they had not been shoved aside and neglected in this grand matrimonial scheme, ever after retained for Mr. and Mrs. Rollins the strongest attachment, and all the parties were as regular and constant in their interchange of friendly visits as they were prior to the marriage.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 42 letters.

My 1, 12, 7, 33, 13, 14 is a mountain upon which the Ark rested.

My 8, 30, 37, 7, 15 is where the bitter waters were made sweet.

My 6, 9, 20, 3 is a mountain on which Moses died.

My 2, 10, 20, 16, 35, 40 was the birth place and residence of Saul.

My 32, 7, 28, 29 was the birth place of Goliah.

My 18, 13, 20, 4, 17 is a mountain noted for the transfiguration of Christ.

My 25, 19, 5, 24, 8 was a city of the plain destroyed by fire.

My 35, 27, 36, 38, 4, 39, 23 is where the Disciples were first called Christians.

My 2, 12, 21, 26, 22, 34 is where Paul abode three months.

My 42, 41, 14, 15 was one of the Patriarchs.

My 40, 4, 11, 9, 7 is a book of the Old Testament.

My whole is one of the proverbs of Solomon.

Adams, N. Y., June, 1857. G. W. F.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

CHARADE.

My first is never found in time,
And yet it always comes in season;
My second is a part of rhyme,
'Tis also found in reason.

My third, it is the reader,
And sometimes 'tis a tree;
My fourth is part of cedar,
Yet in wood it cannot be.

My fifth, and last, is found in days
When trees their fruit do yield;
My whole, it reads the same both ways,
And means a kind of field.

Sutherland Falls, Vt., 1857. A. J. O.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ENIGMA—A BOQUET OF FLOWERS.

1, an hour of the day.
2, a figure and part of the face.
3, part of the day and to close.
4, I desire to be remembered.
5, a fop and a ferocious animal.
6, a shell fish, a preposition and you and me.
7, frozen water and a round body.
8, one of the plagues of the Egyptians.
9, one of the seasons and a drove of sheep.
10, an animal and a covering for the hand.
11, a falsehood and to want.

Campbell, N. Y., 1857. F. F. K.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 11, 22, 4, 20, 11, 12, 8, 6 was an early Roman poet.

My 17, 2, 23, 14, 18 was a celebrated Italian poet.

My 6, 18, 4, 9, 7, 17, 20, 4 was one of the principal sects of Philosophy in ancient Greece.

My 4, 10, 3, 10, 23 was one of the celestial deities.

My 1, 12, 11, 17, 18, 21 was the greatest epic poet of modern times.

My 13, 9, 15, 16, 5, 14 was an early Grecian prince.

My 19, 12, 4, 10 was a city in ancient Palestine.

My whole was one of the greatest, and most virtuous of Roman Emperors. W. K. B.

Hartford, Wis., 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

IF 9 horses or 13 cows eat 17 acres of grass in 31 days—how long will 29 acres last 13 calves, 11 colts and 12 sheep? supposing 6 colts equal 4 horses; 7 calves=3 cows; 18 sheep=11 calves.—The grass growing uniformly. C. L. C.

Angelica, N. Y., June, 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Poetical Enigma in No. 388:—Rainbow.

Answer to Geographical Enigma in No. 388:—They that forsake the law, praise the wicked.

Answer to Historical Enigma in No. 388:—Had I never been a mother, Rome had still been free.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem in No. 388:—Length 80 rods; width 8 rods.

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—The solid rock, which turns the edge of the chisel, bears forever the impress of the leaf and the acorn received long, long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements. If we trace back to its fountain, the mighty torrent which fertilizes the land with its copious steams, or sweeps over it with a devastating flood, we shall find it dripped in crystal drops from some mossy crevice among the distant hills; so too, the gentle feelings and affections that enrich and adorn the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul and desolate society, may have sprung up in the infant bosom in the sheltered retirement of home. "I should have been an atheist," said John Randolph, "if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time, when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"—*R. I. Schoolmaster.*

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Rochester, February 24th, 1857. 373tf

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Rural New-Yorker.

COMPOSTING MANURE.

THERE are many opinions in regard to the propriety of composting manures, some considering it labor lost, while others think it a positive injury, and declare that all manure should be plowed under as fresh as possible, so that the land and the growing crops may have the benefit of the gases escaping during fermentation. We shall not discuss this question at the present time; but will merely state that we think almost every farmer should have a good compost heap, and will give our reasons for this opinion, and some hints as to its formation. We cannot *add* to the elements of fertility by mixing manure, but we can prevent their *loss*, and affect both the chemical union of their elements and the mechanical properties of the mass. By a proper system of composting the farmer is enabled to save and turn to valuable account as manure, many substances which otherwise would be entirely wasted, such as decaying vegetables, turf, soap-suds and other slops from the house, peat muck, liquid manure, &c. Those who live near cities or villages can often obtain at a cheap rate very valuable materials for enriching the compost heap, such as bone and horn shavings, woolen waste from the cloth dressers, offal from slaughter houses, and many other things which we need not mention. These materials may be composted whenever they can be obtained, and the compost heap thus becomes the store-house where everything valuable for manure is preserved until needed for the land. It would not be convenient or even practicable to apply such materials directly to the soil, and therefore many of them would never be obtained, and others wasted. The farmer who has a compost heap, the value of which he is anxious to increase is always on the look out for some valuable material with which to enrich it. A gentleman who first paid particular attention to this matter in 1850, informs us that he was surprized at the size and value of his manure heap, even after the accumulation of only a few months. It seemed to be always on his mind, and when he saw anything in the yard, the corners of the fences, the swamp, or on the sides of the road, that he thought would add to its value if its removal was not then convenient, it was remembered until a leisure hour occurred, and was then carted to the compost heap. Composting is valuable in destroying the seeds of grass and weeds that abound in almost all manure, as well as those of the weeds which should help to swell the manure heap. If used as manure, without composting, these seeds will grow and be troublesome, and if permitted to lay around the corners of the fields, &c., they become scattered.

The compost heap is generally an agglomeration of everything that can be raked or scraped together, and many seem to think that therefore its value depends upon its size. This is far from being the fact. It would be a waste of labor to cart common soil to the compost heap, to be again carted to the land, as the soil would gain nothing by the operation, unless made useful in retarding the too rapid fermentation of the manure, or in absorbing gases evolved in the decomposition.—Mixing two manures together in a compost does not necessarily improve them. Indeed, the value of each may be deteriorated by the mixture. For instance, if blood, offal, &c., from the slaughter house should be composted with barn manure, a very active fermentation would take place, and the value of both be lessened. Lime we often see put into the compost heap, but if it should be mixed with a compost similar to the above, the mischief would be complete, as the nitrogen, contained in these organic substances, and the most valuable part of the manure, would be in a great measure dissipated. The rapidity with which lime dissipates ammonia may be easily tested on a small scale, by placing some moistened guano in the palm of the hand, then adding a little powdered lime and rubbing both together with the finger.—The smell of ammonia will be as strong as from a bottle of hartshorn. If, instead of mixing these two strong manures (the slaughter house and barn-yard) together, they had been composted separately and with fresh soil, dry swamp muck, burnt sods, or charcoal, using a greater portion of these materials with the animal than with the barn-yard manure, decomposition would have been gradual, and most of the ammonia would have been retained. Composting would thus have been of advantage, particularly in the case of the offal, as this is too concentrated a manure to be applied directly to the land. We have seen crops destroyed by its use. The lime, too, though doing injury in the case we have presented, might be composted with advantage with any material whose decomposition it was desirable to hasten, as peat, or saw-dust.

It is somewhat difficult to manage a compost in this climate in the summer. Our summers are so warm and dry that composts, if formed of materials that will decompose readily, become burnt, or "*fire-fanged*," and their value almost entirely destroyed. Using a large quantity of earth, or swamp muck, and salt, or some similar materials that will retard decomposition, and frequent turning and wetting is the only way we know of to prevent this, when exposed to the sun. This is laborious, and requires a large supply of water handy to the manure. Our nurserymen have a good deal of experience in managing manure, as they yearly spend large amounts of money in its purchase and preparation for the soil. Their practice, therefore, is worthy the consideration of our readers. They almost invariably compost all the manure they use. In the summer this is done under cover, and they have sheds, or roofs supported on poles, for this purpose, something similar to the roofs in brick-yards, under which the bricks are dried before burning. Under these sheds the compost heaps are formed, composed of about two-thirds manure and one-third earth, and to these heaps are added all the refuse collected in hoeing and weeding, &c. The sides and tops of the piles are well covered with earth, and they are forked over twice every season, so that all portions will become equally decomposed.

Some of our readers, particularly those on the fertile soils of the west, will think this is taking a good deal of trouble to obtain manure; but these must remember that with many it is *no manure, no crop*. Not long since we saw on Long Island leached ashes, brought from Western New York, to be used as manure on the light lands of that Island. These ashes were transported four hundred miles, and the cost of carriage only could not have been much less than twenty-five cents per bushel. When ashes are made use of at such a cost, and millions are annually paid for guano, a few hints on making and preserving manure, we think, will not be unprofitable.

HAY-MAKING.

ALTHOUGH we have this season been favored with but very little of the weather which experience informs us is necessary for hay-making, still as there is and will be an immense amount of the material therefor, awaiting but the brightness and warmth of the "King of Day," to fill to overflowing the barns and stock-yards of the farmers, we purpose to jog the minds of our RURAL friends upon the importance of holding themselves in readiness to fully perform their duties when the opportunity presents itself.

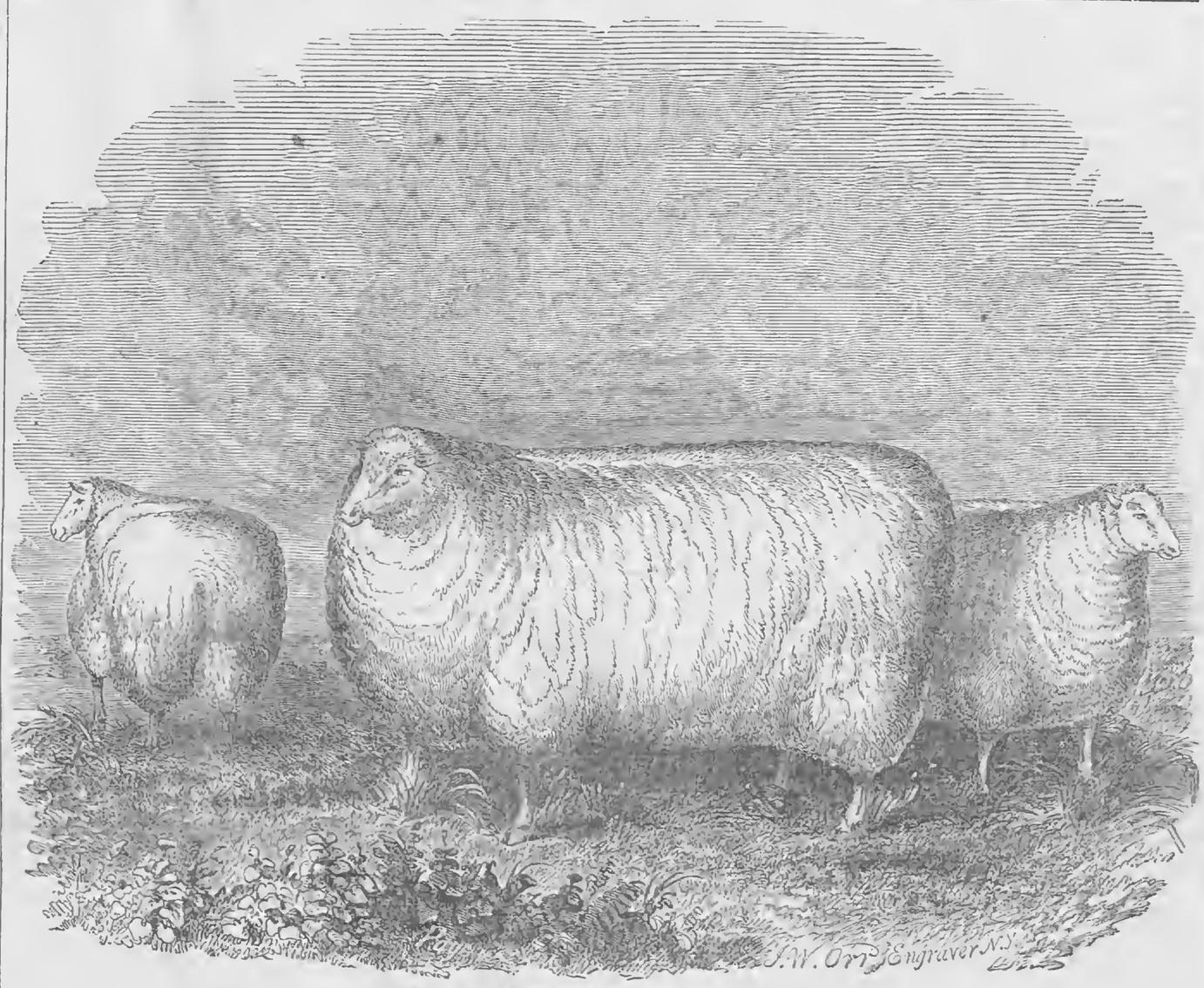
The period at which grass should be cut in order to best meet the wants of stock is a matter of much consequence, and one which has received a large share of attention both from the Agricultural Press and those who swing the scythe. It has been definitely settled that the great object to be sought *is the preservation of hay in a condition most nearly resembling the grass in a perfect state.* In order to accomplish this end, grass should be cut when it contains the greatest amount of gluten, sugar and such other matters as are soluble in water. When the plant has formed its seed, this stage has passed and woody fibre predominates,—this being insoluble cannot assimilate itself to the requirements of the animal stomach. When grass is in full flower, but before the seed has formed, it contains the greatest amount of saccharine matter; this speedily diminishes as it ripens, which, together with the decay of the leaves, causes a loss in its nutritive properties. Quite a number of grasses are exceptions to this rule—some containing the most nutriment when fully ripe—but as a *general principle*, for the benefit of both hay and the land upon which it is grown, we would advise the cutting at full flower.

When the elements and the grass are both in a condition favorable for the commencement of operations, it will not answer for any dallying on the part of the farmer. The proverb, "make hay while the sun shines," conveys to the mind the necessity of being in readiness—of having all the material requisite to the successful completion of labor "on hand" when its assistance shall be needed. See that your implements are in perfect condition, and, *when you should be in the field*, there will be no such idle excuse for non-appearance, or such perplexing detention, as will arise when there are rakes to mend, or scythes or mowing machines to put in order.

A frequent, and we might add, universal complaint among farmers during "haying and harvesting," is the scarcity of laborers and the exorbitant prices demanded by them "for services rendered." This should not be—*it is not of necessity.* If the selection of such help as will be wanted is put off until the last moment, those who thus delay will be compelled to grant whatever price may be asked, and, in addition, put up with such assistance as can be obtained, no matter whether it be "good, bad or indifferent." By a little foresight and calculation, those needing "extra hands" can tell almost precisely when they will require them,—for what length of time—and should make their arrangements accordingly.

The process of curing should, if possible, be perfected in the cock. Hay thus made retains more of the color and juices of the grass than when thinly spread over the field exposed to the rays of the burning sun. It should, if spread, be gathered into windrows or "foot-cocks" at night—dew falling upon it when thus scattered results in more or less injury. The chief point after cutting is to preserve it from dew and rain, as these soon wash away the soluble salts, and its keeping qualities are thereby seriously affected, for hay thus deteriorated ferments very readily when stacked. If the weather is unfavorable the less hay is shook about the better. It will preserve its nutritive properties for a considerable period of time if left undisturbed, but when submitted to repeated dryings and wettings it is soon utterly ruined.

Each season of hay-making as it passes away furnishes new proofs of the utility of hay-caps, and he who, for the purpose of *saving* (?) a few shillings, or even dollars, refuses to provide against emergencies that may arise, is fully endorsing the policy known as "penny wise and pound foolish." The hay crop is one of the most important that farmers raise, and every means should be taken not only to secure it in the best condition, but to add to its bulk. Thousands of acres in grass do not yield a tithe of what they ought, and what a little attention on the part of growers might make them produce. This crop keeps starvation from the barns and cattle-yards, and such exertions should be put forth as shall prevent waste either by unpropitious weather or the carelessness of those engaged in making and gathering.



IMPROVED KENTUCKY SHEEP.

BRED BY ROBT. W. SCOTT, SECRETARY OF THE KENTUCKY STATE AG. SOCIETY, LOCUST HILL, NEAR FRANKFORT, KY.

IMPROVED KENTUCKY SHEEP.

THE accompanying beautiful engraving of a group of Mr. SCOTT'S Improved "Kentucky Sheep"—drawn by Mr. J. R. PAGE, and engraved by one of the best artists in the Union—will, in connection with the subjoined description, interest many of our readers in all parts of the country. The figure on the extreme right is a portrait of a grown ewe, and the other two represent a two year old buck in different positions. We are assured that the portraits are regarded as truthful and life-like by all who have seen them and their originals. We have recently received from Mr. SCOTT several samples of excellent wool from individuals of his flock, which measure from *five to eighteen inches in length.* "All of these," he remarks, "are of one year's growth, except the longest, which was taken from an 'Improved Kentucky Buck' which is three years old this spring, and has never been shorn—yet his wool does not fall off or fleece grow, and he seems in fine health, takes the weather in the pasture as other sheep, and weighs 248 lbs."

We quote and condense the following from a full and interesting account of these sheep, written by Mr. SCOTT, and recently given in the *Western Farm Journal.* Of their Origin and History Mr. S. remarks:

"The sheep which are called 'common or native' in the West are a hardy and prolific variety, but they are deficient in size, in thrift, and in fleece. Though their general diffusion shows their adaptation to all the circumstances under which they are placed, yet is is well known that the tendency which all animals have to adapt themselves to climate and subsistence may be materially modified and controlled by judicious crosses, and that the improvement made by these crosses becomes permanent, and thereby stamps distinct varieties of the same class of animals. Chiefly by these three influences, crosses, climate, and subsistence, the Bakewell, the Southdown, the Saxony and other varieties were produced, and their distinctive features in their respective localities are as indelible as those of the parent or native stocks. In the same manner, no doubt, still new varieties may be produced, nor does there appear to be any insuperable difficulty in blending in the same animal any number of valuable qualities which are not actually antagonistic to each other. These principles extend even to points almost of fancy merely. For example, some breeds are horneless, while others have two, others three, and others still have four horns. The Syrian shepherd delights in a breed whose tails are so long and fat that a pair of wheels are required on which to draw them over the pastures: but we prefer sheep with short tails, and we might breed a variety which were as wholly destitute of them as dogs of some breeds are.

"Acting on these impressions, I have perseveringly endeavored, for about twenty years, to combine in the same animal the hardiness and prolific quality of the native sheep—the size and thrift of the Bakewell or Cotswold, and the symmetry of form and delicacy of mutton of the Southdown, and also to combine in the same fleeces the weight and length of the Cotswold, with the thickness and softness of the Saxony.

"In the beginning about thirty ewes were selected from a flock of unimproved common sheep, and were bred to a very large and fine Saxony buck—the object being to give to the offspring more thickness to the fleece, more fineness to the fiber of the wool, and more delicacy to the mutton. This step was thought advisable before uniting the coarse fleeces of the common sheep with the coarser and still more open fleeces of the large imported varieties, and the effect was satisfactory. The ewe lambs of this cross were bred on the 1st of October, after they were one year old, to an imported Bakewell buck of large, full, round carcass, and heavy fleece of long wool—the object being to increase, in the offspring, the weight of the carcass, and the quantity of the wool. The ewe lambs of this latter cross were also in due time bred to an imported Southdown buck of large size and high form—the object now being to infuse into the progeny that active, sprightly and thrifty disposition, and highly flavored and beautifully marbled mutton, for which the Southdown are so justly celebrated. This object was also successfully attained. The mothers of this cross were the delight of the epicure, while the value of the fleece was not diminished, as much being gained in thickening the fibers of the wool as was lost in their length.

"The next cross was made by a buck which possessed, in combination, many of the good qualities which it was desired to establish and perpetuate in the flock. He was three-fourths Cotswold and one-fourth Southdown—a large, active, hardy sheep with a thick and heavy fleece, and his progeny possessed the same qualities in an eminent degree. The two next crosses were made by full blood Cotswolds, and the next by a very fine full blood Oxfordshire of remarkable softness and silkiness of fleece. These were all animals with short necks, round barrels, broad backs, and full briskets. They added to the flock still more weight of carcass and fleece, while the texture of the latter and the delicate flavor of the former were not perceptibly impaired.

"In the fall of 1853, a part of the flock was bred

to an imported Cotswold buck, and the rest to a full blood Cotswold, directly descended from imported stock. Every one of these crosses or breeds is now perceptible in the flock, blended, but yet manifest in the character and habits as well as in the carcass and in the fleece, but in most of the older sheep some particular cross predominates in each individual as yet, which is naturally to be expected from the recentness of the improvement. In order to obliterate these decrepancies, and to produce more uniformity in the flock, the grown ewes were all bred in the fall of 1853 to five select bucks, of my own breeding. The progeny, now two years old this spring, show a reasonable accomplishment of the object, though there is still some variation in their carcasses and fleeces, and some still show the motley faces of the Southdown, while the faces of others are pure white.

"In the fall of 1855, in order to carry out the same design. I bred chiefly to a *composition* buck, whose pedigree shows Cotswold, Oxfordshire, Teeswater and Southdown stock. He was a highly formed and finely finished sheep, of large size, and thick fleece of medium length and fineness of fiber, and his lambs give promise of great beauty and value. Of these crosses the present flock of 'Improved Kentucky Ewes,' about ninety-six in number, is composed."

Adaptation to Climate and Subsistence.—In reference to the peculiar adaptation to climate and subsistence at the West and South of this breed of sheep, Mr. SCOTT states they "have always faced the bleakest winters, and the hottest, wettest, and driest summers without any protection whatever but what nature has given, and yet they have been almost entirely free from all disease, especially from the coughs which often in winter affect sheep of the fine wool breeds, and they have been equally free from the snuffles and foot-rot, which have been so fatal to the long-wool breeds, in such wet summers as in 1855 in Kentucky. Clothed to the knees and to the ears in a thick, long and impenetrable fleece, they bid defiance to rain, wind and snow, and seem at all times to be comfortable and sprightly. In summer they are allowed to roam from pasture to pasture, and they devour almost every green weed but mullein and polk.—In winter short grass is all which they require, and if that cannot be afforded to them, they will take their corn fodder with the cattle, and do well on it; though at yeaning time, like other sheep, they require more succulent diet. The breeding ewes have never been fed with grain at any time; and when, during deep snows, they have been admitted to a hay stack, they have eaten of it but little."

Thrifty and Prolific Character.—As regards desirableness in this respect, Mr. S. says:—"So great is their tendency to take on flesh and fat, that ewes which lose their lambs not unfrequently become too fat on grass only to breed, and in more than one instance I have seen full three inches deep of fat on the ribs after being dressed for mutton, though fed on grass only. Notwithstanding the accidents to which they are subject, in the absence of a regular attendant or shepherd, and in despite of the rigors of March, without a shelter, I have often (when the flock was smaller) raised one-third more lambs than there were ewes, and have rarely if ever failed to raise as many."

Size and Quality of Mutton.—In June, 1852, Mr. S. weighed a number taken from grass, without extra feeding or care of any kind, the result of which was as follows:—"A yearling buck, 162 pounds; a grown ewe, 146 pounds; a two-year old weather, 172 pounds; a three-year old weather, 196 pounds. The following are the weights of some taken August, 1856:—A yearling buck, 174 pounds; a two-year old buck, never shorn, 224 pounds; a grown ewe, 162 pounds; one ewe lamb, 114 pounds."

Weight and Character of Fleece.—"The fleeces of these sheep, like those, indeed, of all other breeds, are not entirely uniform as to length, thickness and fineness of fiber, some of them partaking more of one cross, and others of another cross; but still there is a general uniformity, and the diversity is of no practical disadvantage.—Their wool is longer than that of any sheep except those of the Cotswold family, and is equal in length to that of many individuals of that family, while it greatly excels the wool of the Cotswold in fineness, softness and thickness. In some individuals it is inclined to be wavy or curly, but generally it is straight and woolly, and never wiry.—Except the face and legs below the knees, the whole body is covered with a close, compact fleece, which leaves no open line on the back, as in the Cotswolds, but gives a perfect protection to the sheep, and causes it to present a smooth, handsome and portly appearance. Their fleeces have enough of grease or gum to preserve the softness and vitality of the fibers, even to their ends, but not so much as to give the sheep a dark and dirty appearance, as in the Saxons. Their wool receives bark and other domestic dies without any washing whatever, is easily cleansed on the sheep's back, and when it is washed in soft water, with soap, it readily becomes very white. For several years it has commanded from three to five cents more per pound than any other wool in this market."

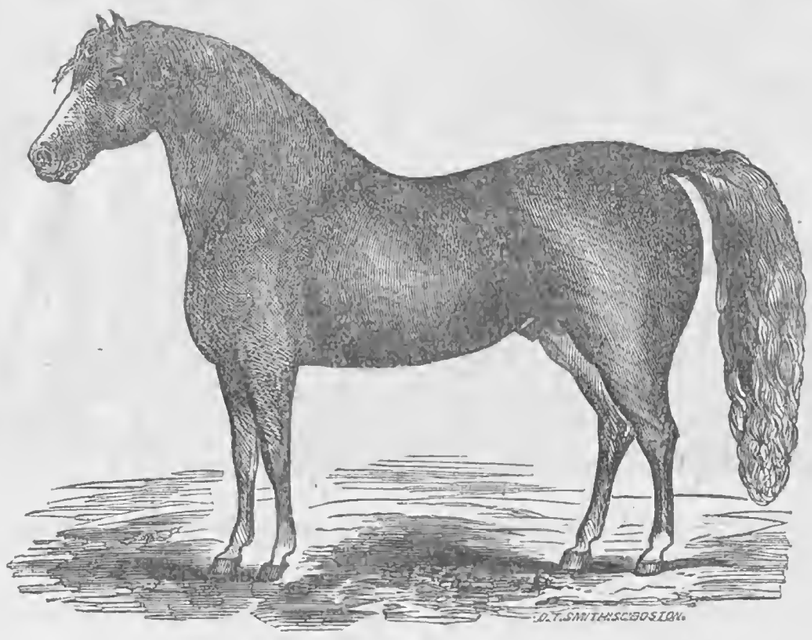
HOW TO MAKE COWS EASY MILKERS.

FRIEND MOORE:—There may be many of your thousands of readers who have cows hard to milk that are not aware how readily they can be made to milk easy, and I will impart the information for their benefit.

For a sixpence, a blacksmith will draw you out a piece of cast steel the eighth of an inch round, flattening it an inch at the end to about a fourth of an inch wide. You can grind it to an edge on both sides, making a bevel in the middle. If your cow is wild, cast her, and insert the lance about an inch. It is not a very painful operation to the cow, and the wound will very soon heal. The milk will be bloody two or three times. I have a cow that had a ligament grow in the teat so that not a drop of milk could be got out. I found no difficulty in opening it so that the milk would flow freely. I have another that got the name of "*Hard cow*," because she was so very hard to milk, that now is as easy as any one would wish to milk.

Having never seen the above method recommended in print, and knowing its great utility from a good deal of experience in milking, I am constrained to communicate it for the benefit of Ruralists. FRANCIS GRANGER.

Toledo, Ohio, June 12, 1857.



MORGAN STALLION "MORGAN MILLER."

MORGAN MILLER is owned by Mr. LEWIS CLARK, 2d, of Homer, N. Y., where he is kept, (as advertised in this paper,) for the improvement of stock. He was sired by the celebrated "Green Mountain Morgan," owned by SILAS HALE, of South Royalston, Mass. We are assured that he is a fine model of a horse—possessing speed, strength and action, as well as beauty. Mr. CLARK states that this portrait does not do the horse justice.

SHEEP AND WOOL.

THE farmers are an amiable set of fellows, and will allow you, in their best moods, to question their *infallibility*. So I take courage and ask them—Why do you so generally eschew sheep? Can you get up fifty pounds of meat any cheaper than to start with a lamb? Is a pig or calf any better in his digestive organs than a young sheep? Can he extract more virtue from the same food? Do the doctors speak worse of mutton than they do of beef or pork? Is hair, or bristles, or hides, ahead of wool? Aint the "gambols" of a lamb as *poetic* as ever?

Is not this a "great country," and should we depend on France and Spain for pantaloons and carpets? Are not our advantages for growing wool as great as for growing wheat? and yet we send the one out and bring the other back.

A friend has just mentioned to me a fact, not creditable to our farmers, to which I deem it a duty to call attention. Manufacturers are making serious complaint of the manner in which some of our wool is sent to market. Besides defects "visible to the naked eye," many fleeces when unrolled are found to contain unwashed wool, dung, "dead wool," &c. Brethren, these things ought not so to be. In the end it must be unprofitable, and in the beginning it is unwise. Would "Orange County Cheese" have gained celebrity if it had been found in numerous cases to contain potato parings and hogs' feet? Let us all strive to get up a *sectional* and *personal* reputation for clean, nice wool. Then buyers will bid with confidence.

This may come too late for this year's shearing, but I hope it may not be too late for *repentance*, and perhaps not too late for correction, where everything is not quite as it should be. H. T. B.

FEEDING OATS TO SHEEP.

THE articles in late numbers of the RURAL relative to the injurious effects of feeding oats to sheep during winter—causing them to lose their lambs—have called out the testimony of several experienced farmers. Not having space for the replies in full, we give their substance—their facts and suggestions somewhat condensed, and without the introductory remarks—as follows:

Mr. O. S. CUMINGS, of Trenton Falls, N. Y., says the suggestion of L., in the RURAL of the 6th inst., corroborates his experience, and adds:—"I had three choice ewes last spring, from which I hoped at least to raise as many lambs; consequently spared no pains to nurse and feed them. Fearing that corn would be too heating, I fed them two quarts of oats daily, except as they were fed once or twice a week with carrots when the oats were omitted. The first, a yearling, droped a 'single lamb'—very large, and at first appeared smart, but soon showed signs of feebleness, and died on the following day. The next, a three year old, produced a pair of fine lambs, which died within 24 hours. The 'sum of the whole matter' is, I have but one lamb living out of four."

"A VERMONTER" gives his experience in this wise:—"I have had some experience in raising and feeding sheep for a few years past, and been very successful, particularly in raising lambs. In order to have strong, healthy lambs, it is necessary to have good, healthy ewes, and have them in good condition. I feed my sheep three times a day during winter. The first few weeks I feed some hay, bean straw, or other coarse fodder if I have it; after which I feed hay morning and night—at noon unthreshed oats—and continue so through the winter and spring. Sometimes I feed corn for a change; I think oats, however, the most natural grain for sheep, as they do not tire of them. I feed unthreshed oats as it is most convenient, and and they will eat the most of the straw. I use box racks, consequently the sheep cannot run over and waste their fodder."

"A SUBSCRIBER" in Fairfax Co., Va., writes:—"For four years I have kept a small flock of breeding ewes. Every winter fed hay, corn fodder and wheat straw. First winter no grain except corn—raised every lamb. Second winter fed a mixture of corn and oats, daily—raised 50 per cent. of the lambs, and those indifferent ones. Third season, fed corn daily—raised 95 per cent. of the increase, and fine lambs they were. Fourth and last winter fed corn until the middle of February, and then a liberal allowance of oats, daily, until they were turned out to pasture;—lost 80 per cent. of the lambs. Why there has been such disparity in my success in raising lambs, while there was uniformity in the treatment of the flock with the exception of the grain, has been to me a mystery. It never entered my mind to look into the oat bin for the cause, until reading the suggestion in the paragraph "Feeding Sheep Oats," in the RURAL of 6th instant."

"THAT OAT CROP," ETC.

EDS. RURAL:—About a year since, you kindly published an inquiry from my pen, headed, "Which, Oats or Barley?" and added remarks in answer to the question. There were five acres of greensward, two years in clover, which it was desirable to plow, but not to plant to corn, and I thought of sowing either oats or barley, and asked advice from yourself and experienced farmers as to which would be best in the described instance. You remarked that, in the opinion of the latter, neither crop did well on a fresh-plowed sod, but that worked very early and allowed to lie, with occasional harrowing or cultivating, several weeks, and then sowed to oats, it might produce a fair crop.

My course was nearly in accordance with these directions. Plowed between the 22d and 25th of April, while the snow banks yet lingered along the west fence. Harrowed about three weeks after, then gang-plowed and sowed to Poland oats on the 15th of May. The account kept, is as follows:

Dr.	5 days' plowing, @ $2,	$10 00
	¾ " harrowing,	1 50
	1¼ " Gang plowing,	2 50
	10 bush. Poland oats, @ 37½ cts,	3 75
	½ days' sowing,	37½
	1 " harrowing in,	2 00
	5 " harvesting,	5 00
	Interest on land @ $50 per acre,	17 00
		$42 62½
Cr.	85 bush. oats (17 bu. per acre) @ 50 cts,	42 50
	Straw equal to expense of threshing,	00 00
		$42 50
	Profit—2½ cts per acre,	12½

So you see, I got fair rent for my land, and a *small profit* on the crop. I do not know as I set quite value enough on the straw and chaff—both were eaten with great relish by my sheep and cows, and saved buying so much hay to finish out our *May* foddering.

Of course, I have my theory to account for the small yield in this instance. The land was in good heart and well worked, but owing to neglected culture some seasons before was fully stocked to weeds. These came up with the oats, and grew as fast or a little faster than they; and, with the drouth, gave me one-third, instead of a full crop of oats. As to Poland oats, *something* has always happened to prevent my getting a decent crop of them.

"On the muck," thirteen acres more of oats were sown last year. The ground had been sown to oats the year previous, but drowned out—summer of '55 being, with us, an extraordinary wet one. The ground was spring plowed, and sown—five acres, May 15th; four, May 27th; and three, June 10th—to common black oats. Expense as follows:

Dr.	8 days' plowing,	$16 00
	33½ bush. oats @ 37½ cts,	12 56
	1½ days' sowing,	1 13
	3½ " harrowing,	7 00
	13 " harvesting,	13 00
	Interest on land @ $40 per acre,	36 40
		$86 09
Cr.	154 bush. oats @ 50 cts,	77 00
	Straw equal to expense of threshing,	00 00
		77 00
	Loss,	9 09

This crop will pay, if I got 56 cents per bushel, which I should now be able to do, if I had not fed the greater part of it to my horses and (ground, with one-third corn or rye) cows. The three acres sown last, were not worth harvesting—little rain falling, the greater part never came up—the mice and drouth disposed of all that did grow, and a fair share of those on the remaining ten acres.

Eight acres "on the muck" will be sown this spring to oats and in the fall seeded to grass—I hope, with better success than the five acres seeded last fall. The seed begins to come up, however, and present cool, wet spring will, perhaps, be good for it. The eight acres were plowed last fall, and the ditches deepened and cleared, and many new ones opened. Wet or dry, I hope to get a paying crop this year.

Grass pays best on low, mucky soils, especially when one keeps cows and can get the present prices for butter. I shall get mine into grass as soon as may be, and keep it so—if there is any system of managing to prevent its running out, as I believe there is. But I will not run on longer, or you will think me tedious—or "sinking an artesian," as you phrase it. R. N. E.

Niagara Co., N. Y., 1857.

SWELLINGS.—*An Inquiry.*—An ox of mine has three swellings on his under jaw; one of them larger than a goose egg. One has broken, and discharges a kind of white matter. Neither of them is fast to the bone. Will some one of your numerous readers give the cause and remedy?—E. W. D., *Hartford, Wis.*, 1857.

Rural Notes and Items.

GRATIS NOTICE OF A LOCAL COMET.—A certain monthly, named after a region in which (tho' once largely circulated,) it is scarcely known at the present day—albeit still taken by a few RIP VAN WINKLES who have not entirely eschewed *powerful opiates*—being like Death in more ways than one, but particularly in loving "a shining mark," has made sundry mendacious attacks *at* the RURAL NEW-YORKER, none of which we have noticed, not feeling called upon to advertise the concern gratis, as was the evident object sought. Indeed, the ludicrous shrieks which the *attache* of the creaking slow coach made, first excited our mirth, and thus putting us into excellent humor, our sympathy and benevolence were enlisted and we permitted the braying to proceed without molestation—concluding that however loud the uproar, *nobody would be harmed.* In the last issue, however, such a high bid is made for a little notoriety that we have not the heart to refuse—especially as we always pay, in some shape, for advertising the RURAL, small as may be the circulation obtained—and hence feel constrained to gratify one whose erratic stupidity verifies the truthfulness of the adage that "fools rush in where angels dare not tread." The complaint made is that the RURAL has used engravings in which the slow monthly claims some kind of interest, and a list of fourteen illustrations is given. Now, the simple but stubborn *facts* are, that of the fourteen engravings named, *twelve* were got up by the conductor of the Horticultural Department of this Journal, and mostly *from original drawings taken from plants grown by himself*, and from seed of his own importation! These engravings being valuable, and the best of their class ever taken, at least in this country, the editor of the RURAL purchased most of them years ago. Indeed, at the time some of them were made, this new-fledged yearling publisher of "the pioneer monthly" was, we believe, going on errands, weighing manure, and doing other chores for Mr. LAWES, in England—had not yet come to this country to talk wisely about agricultural chemistry, play the snob, and carp at everybody who was his superior in sense and merit, or possessed scientific and practical knowledge of American Husbandry. We like to see people make efforts to rise in the world. It is certainly a praiseworthy ambition, provided laudable means are used, and therefore we are ever disposed to encourage enterprising emigrants from the "old sod," who, discarding the hoe and the spade they have wielded so dexterously, set up in this land of liberty and progress for landscape gardeners, and the like. A little of the same sort in the chemistry line is perhaps well enough. Still we may be allowed to suggest to this young aspirant that a little common sense and common honesty would not retard his upward flight—and that stupid and mendacious attacks will not annihilate all the widely circulated and influential journals which happen to occupy the field upon which his fillibustering eye has been placed. It won't do to liken yourself to the real comet by becoming an *enormous tale-bearer*—though, as in the instance just noticed, the tale is composed of gaseous, transparent and *subterfugeous* matter. You can't disturb the RURAL, at least, in your *limited orbit*—vide former attempts to injure it, which have been about as successful as were the predicted efforts of the other tale-bearing erratic in knocking this mundane sphere into nonentity! No objection to your *trying* again, but "'taint no use" until the genuine comet makes a successful strike.

—In the "teapot tempest" article above alluded to, a charge first made over a year ago, is reiterated—to wit, that the RURAL was paid for inserting a certain engraving. It is simply a *foolish fib*, as we neither charged nor were ever paid a farthing therefor,—and if the libelous assertion had been uttered by a responsible journal it would have received prompt attention. So much for that *canard*. But the most amusing part of the whole article is its lachrymose appeal to the press and the public.—Preliminary to setting up a false issue, (perhaps at the suggestion of the lawyer who advised him *not to tell the truth!*) this valiant DON QUIXOTTE clamors most lugubriously against the terrible injustice of that popular "institution" known by a few people as the RURAL NEW-YORKER—that *awful* paper which (and here's the secret of the whole attack) is so thoroughly imbued with "Progress and Improvement" that it has *full five times as many subscribers* in Western New York as "the pioneer monthly," and more *out* of said territory than its *entire circulation*. We don't know what the limited portion of the public therein addressed will do about it; but it's evidently a very severe, chronic case, and some sympathy ought to be tendered. And the Agricultural Press must *pitch in* and help destroy the monster RURAL, which has taken the inside track, and transferred some twenty thousand passengers (subscribers) from the slow coach to its progressive car within a few years,—but we *reckon* it would'nt *quite*, if it saw, as we did the other day, (thanks to its recipient,) a certain circular issued by this same "pioneer monthly" for the purpose of drumming up advertising, wherein both the weeklies and monthlies are, directly or by implication, scandalously depreciated.* Out upon the base hypocrisy of *publicly* appealing to an honorable, high-minded class of men for sympathy, and then stabbing them in the dark, *secretly!* A pretty fellow to ask for *justice*, truly, this *Janissary of the Agricultural Press*. But we, at least, will render him that of the hangman, and—"drop the subject."

*If any of our contemporaries wish to see this precious document, we will endeavor to place it in their possession.

HARVESTING MACHINE TRIALS.—A dispatch just received from Hon. M. P. WILDER, states that the Trial of Reapers, Mowers, &c., heretofore announced to be held at Syracuse under the auspices of the United States Agricultural Society, *will commence on Monday, July 13th*, and that seventy machines have already been entered.

The Skaneateles Farmers' Club is to have a Trial of Mowing Machines about the 1st of July.

The Chautauque Agricultural Society announces a Trial of Reapers and Mowers, at Fredonia, on the 7th of July.

The Monroe Co. Ag. Society's Trial of Harvesting Machines, near this city, and that of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, at Hamilton, will take place July 1st, as heretofore announced.

SALE OF DEVON STOCK.—An intelligent friend who was present gives us the result of Mr. S. C. WAINWRIGHT'S auction sale of North Devon Cattle, on the 17th inst. The weather being unfavorable the stock had to be kept under cover, and was sold in the barn. The attendance was not large, and the buyers from various quarters needed the stimulus of a crowd. The stock was in beautiful condition—not too fat, but in good order—and attracted the unanimous praise of those present.—After the company had fortified the "inner man" by partaking of the refreshments liberally furnished, Col. MILLER opened the sale, which resulted as follows:

Nonpareil, calved in 1843, was purchased by JAS. HILTON, of New Scotland, $125. *Moss-Rose*, calved in 1848, and *Volga*, calved in 1853, were also bought by Mr. HILTON, at $110 and $125, respectively. *Zelia*, calved in 1854, was bought by E. GRIFFIN, of Clinton Dutchess Co., for $140; and *Sacusa*, calved in 1854, at $135. *Yuba*, calved in 1854, was bought by E. CORNELL, of Ithaca, N. Y., for $100. *Minnesota*, calved in 1855, *Alma*, calved in 1856, and *Wiegela*, calved in 1856, were bought by M. VASSAR, of Poughkeepsie, at $155, $135, and $140. *Dora*, calved in 1856, was bought by J. W. HAMLIN, of Willink, Erie Co., N. Y., at $140. Mr. HAMLIN also bought *Rowena*, calved in 1856, for $145. This completed the cows and heifers. The bulls were headed by *May-boy*, calved in 1850, who was purchased by S. HOWARD, of Boston, at $300. *Hobenok*, calved in 1855, was bought by M. J. PAYSON, of North Carolina, for $115. (A great bargain.) Mr. PAYSON also bought *Tamisend*, calved in 1856, and *Kennebec*, calved in April last, at $100 each. *Kwasind*, calved in 1856, was bought by M. VASSAR, of Po'keepsie, at $105. *Chibiabos*, calved in 1855, was bought by L. G. MORRIS, for JOHN WENTWORTH, of Chicago, at $185.—*Arkansas, Potomac* and *Naugatuck* were not sold.

THE unusually wet weather continues—the rain falling most copiously on Monday. More than double the rain has fallen the past three months than during corresponding period of last year!

The Young Ruralist.

WHY I WOULD BE A FARMER.

"A FARMER," urges some people, "can never rise to eminence"—and this is the reason given by many for not continuing to follow that occupation; many, too, who like farming, forsake it for some other profession, stamping hard, as it were, on the path of life to

"Leave foot-prints in the sand of Time."

Years are passed thus in the struggle to attain notoriety; all pleasures are cast aside and life rendered a burden, and in many cases, the object of all this sacrifice, if gained at all, is not reached until late in life, until the days draw nigh when man has no pleasure in them. Of a successful office-seeker, or seeker for notoriety, nothing can be said which would induce any one to wish to adopt his mode of life, even if success could be warranted him. His path is beset with perplexities; he is dependent upon his neighbors, his friends and his enemies alike for support, and consequently a life of anxiety and suspense must necessarily be his lot. He is scandled and his private affairs are meddled with, and nothing can exceed the impertinacity with which the life of a politician is attended.

No one, I think, can say aught against the life of a farmer. It is true he does not make a great *stir* in the world, for he delights in a quiet and secluded life. He is only dependent upon Him who rules the universe; everything contributing to his happiness—the rain of spring and the heat of summer and the cold winds of winter. Seated in his quiet, retired rural home, surrounded by his family, of a cold winter's evening, the farmer has nothing to do but to *enjoy* himself; his grain stored and his larder filled, with no anxiety preying upon his mind, he need give himself no uneasiness regarding the future.

Contentment is the source of all happiness, and is sought after by all, but is seldom experienced, except by the tiller of the soil who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, which sweetens the staff of life. His task is hard who seeks for contentment without labor; it is like climbing a mountain whose summit can never be reached—in other words, "up-hill business;" but the farmer labors and *finds* contentment in his labors. As he throws himself at early evening on his easy couch, tho' his limbs are tired his heart is light and no trouble disturbs his tranquil mind.

Then let us be farmers if we would be contented—if we would enjoy Nature's richest blessings—independence and happiness—for no other trade will afford it. If enjoyment is obtained, let the "foot-prints" be marked out from the sands of Time; but let us live an upright and honorable life, that a place may be reserved for us in that future and better Home. O. A. GOULD.

Watertown, N. Y., March, 1857.

MR. EDITOR AND BOYS:—I too want to see "this column grow;" grow in interest and usefulness.—For are there not heads enough among the many readers of the priceless RURAL, to supply this choice corner with articles of their own composition, hearts that are willing, talent that will furnish the hungry, famishing souls of the boys—the young ruralists of our country with a rich repast? Methinks there must be. Then let us "toe the mark," and strive to the utmost of our powers to work for the interest of this column, till even our fathers will turn with delight and read the simple earnest truths—to witness the pleasure and improvement of their sons. Then, perhaps, our kind editor will let this column grow in *size* till the best paper in the Union shall become the *very best*, for I feel that all that is wanting is to make the *boys* interested in the great science of agriculture—to stir up their minds to greater zeal for this the noblest, healthiest pursuit of mankind.—Are *we* not becoming the mainstay of the farm, and soon to take the places of its veterans? And how shall this deficiency in this paper be supplied? I answer, every inducement is offered to us, and it only remains for us to accept. Then sharpen up your quills, and with the mighty pen, give to your choicest thoughts

"A local habitation and a name,"

and we will see if these "pearly teeth, looking-glass girls," will not turn to the mirror again to see if they *mistook not their calling*. Stick to the farm, see its pleasures and learn to love them as well as its labor, and prove not unworthy of the name of a farmer.—OGDEN, *Spencerport, May*, 1857.

Orchard and Garden.

EVILS TO BE REMEDIED.

THERE are two evils existing which are doing much to retard the growth of fruit, and all other horticultural improvements, especially in the vicinity of cities and villages. One of these is the stealing of fruit. Boys, and even men, who would as soon think of drowning themselves as of picking a stranger's pocket, or entering a neighbor's house in the night for felonious purposes, will not only steal the choice fruit of the farmer, but often wantonly injure the trees without the least apparent compunction. Many times have we watched anxiously, and for years, for the fruiting of some new variety, until we were cheered by the show of a few specimens which were prized above money. They begin to ripen—in a few days more we shall be able to taste them, and compare them with some other variety which they much resemble, and with which we think it may prove synonymous. Or, we have read of this variety for years, and have heard it described by intelligent cultivators. Now we have an opportunity to see it for ourselves—to examine and taste it with our horticultural friends. It is a source of pleasure that those who have not felt it cannot realize. We conclude that our specimens are ripe, and go to pick them; but alas! they are gone! Some one to whom they are not worth more than a penny or two, has stolen from us that which we would not have parted with for many dollars. He could have bought more fruit for a shilling, perhaps, than he has taken from us. We could not replace our specimens for any amount of money. He who would break a valuable pane of glass in a neighbor's window because he wanted a few pieces to scrape a whip-stock would be considered a wanton scoundrel, but why more so than he who takes fruit of trifling value to him, yet which is invaluable almost to its owner.

Scores of times, on going to our garden, have we found the beds and walks strown with pieces of unripe melons, and the vines almost destroyed by some ruthless marauders during the previous night. If they had asked us for a melon or two we would have selected them the ripest and best. While such a state of things exist it is useless for theologians to argue against the doctrine of *total depravity*.

This propensity for fruit stealing seems universal. In England almost every respectable fruit garden is surrounded with high walls or fences, capped with iron spikes, and in addition to this, conspicuously posted at every corner, may be seen a notice that "*all trespassers will be prosecuted according to law*," or oftener, that "*steel traps and spring guns*" are set in the grounds for the especial benefit of all fruit stealers.

We give a spirited engraving from an English Horticultural Journal, showing the difficulties that sometimes attend fruit stealing in that country. With the bull in the field, the watch dogs in the yard, the water in the pond, the steel traps in the garden, and the spikes on the fence, the transgressor seems surrounded with difficulties. We wish that every fruit stealer would find himself in such a dilemma.

Many fruit growers, after repeated attempts, have become discouraged, as they see the reward of months and perhaps years of toil and care destroyed in one night, or perhaps day, for our fruit stealers are very bold. As the first step in the remedy for this crying evil, we would have all parents and teachers impress the fact upon the minds of those under their charge that fruit stealing is *stealing* as much as the stealing of money, or any other article. We would have the laws already existing strictly enforced, and a general effort made by all fruit growers and horticultural societies to have such laws enacted as are required for the better protection of this kind of property.—Then we would have a more general cultivation of fruit, for it is a fact that where fruit is the most *scarce*, fruit thieves are the most *plenty*. Boys like fruit, and unless they can get it at home they are strongly tempted to get it elsewhere. Those parents who pray daily "deliver us from temptation," should take pains to deliver their children from this great temptation to sin by providing them plenty of good fruit at home. We have thought that some parents calculate on having their boys steal what fruit they need, as they make not the least effort to supply this want, although possessing every facility. If every one who has the ground would plant fruit trees, our orchards and gardens would be far less frequently visited by thievish boys. Then learn the boys to plant and cultivate trees for themselves, and when they learn the care that is required to grow fruit they will not be apt to trespass upon their neighbors; besides, it will identify them with the suffering class—the fruit cultivators. We had designed to speak of another evil, but will defer it until a future number.

FRUIT TREES IN ONEIDA COUNTY.—Fruit trees in this region are showing unmistakable evidence of the past hard winter. Pear trees, as far as my observation extends, are nearly all dead, or as bad as dead. Those that have showed signs of vegetating look as if a fire had run through them. Plum and Cherry trees, the same. The season is very backward, and we have incessant cold rains. Corn is miserably small, and in some cases growing "beautifully less." Grass and grain looking well.—O. S. C., *Springdale, Oneida Co., June*, 1857.

THE HOLLYHOCK.

ALL our readers are familiar with the Hollyhock. It is found in almost every garden, "lifting its tall and majestic stems above its more humble companions, defying, apparently, the roughest treatment, yet ever gay, attractive and conspicuous, by the grandeur of its habit and its massive plumes of crimson, white, or yellow hues." Some may be disposed to think that this is altogether too common a flower to claim the especial notice of the RURAL or its readers. Few, however, know how beautiful a flower the Hollyhock becomes, under proper care and culture. Look at the beautiful tall spikes of flowers shown in the engraving, as double and beautiful as the rose. These are far different from the poor, single or semi-double kinds generally seen, and there are few of our large and showy flowers that excels them. The much-lauded Dahlia, that has been an especial pet with florists for many years, we consider far inferior in grace and beauty.

Although the Hollyhock has been grown in almost all civilized countries for hundreds of years, yet no effort was made for its improvement, and it seemed to be entirely discarded both by professional and amateur florists, prized only by the most humble cottage gardeners, until within a few years. "Here, and there," in the language of an English Journal, "it has found a discerning patron; but, generally speaking, the floral world has been influenced by a dahlia excitement, from which it is now subsiding, in sober disposition to judge all flowers by their respective merits. The rose is again the queen, and the hollyhock is again at court." This improvement of the hollyhock was not commenced by any celebrated personage, or at the gardens of any of the great horticultural societies. The person entitled to this honor, is a shoemaker in England, a lover of flowers, with whom the hollyhock was a great favorite, and pursuing a course of culture, dictated by his own observation and experience, he succeeded in astonishing the world by producing flowers far more beautiful than had ever before been seen. "This man," (we quote from "*An Hour with the Hollyhock*;") "was Mr. CHARLES BARON, a man unversed in garden-literature, unused to move among the skilled in the hidden and mysterious art, and probably knowing little of the vegetable kingdom beyond what existed within the boundary of his own small garden-plat. The hollyhock was his favorite flower; to attend to it was his recreation; his labor was a labor of love. And thus the humble shoemaker of Walden, by concentrating his attention on a single species of plant, soon distanced all competitors, and originated those flowers which form one of the most striking and gorgeous features of modern flower-gardens. The distinguishing characters of his kinds are their more perfect form, greater substance, closer arrangement of petals, and greater proximity of the flowers on the stem. Hence, they would appear in advance of others in every important point.—But we must not suppose this improvement to have been the off-spring of a single effort. From month to month, and from year to year, did the indefatigable cultivator toil, and the result is a monument of *perseverance*, as well as skill. As we look upon this flower in its improved condition, we cease to wonder at the rapid increase in the number of amateurs for what other surpasses it for warmth of coloring, symmetry, and magnificence.

"We do not remember that we were ever more struck with the effective aggregating of this flower in garden scenery than by the introduction of a round clump among trees, shrubs, and dwarf-flowering plants at Haddo House, Aberdeenshire, the seat of the earl of Aberdeen. It was in October, and the foliage of the trees around was glorious: the leaves had assumed the tints peculiar to that season, and, 'touched by autumn, seemed as they were blossoming hues of fire and gold.' The flower-beds beneath were in dazzling glow, scattered like so many separate pictures over the lawn, whose verdant and smoothly-shaven surface grouped them in a neat but agreeable frame. Beautiful as were these features, viewed individually, we felt a want of continuity, a sense of incompleteness, until the eye fell upon a group of hollyhocks, which, towering aloft, blended harmoniously with trees and flowers, producing a perfect whole. In this instance, various colors were placed in the same bed, which was in good taste; but we can conceive of circumstances in which several clumps widely dispersed, each filled with a single color, would be more effective.

"The hollyhock is also a capital plant for the borders of plantations or shrubbery walks: it forms a finer distant object in such situations than the dahlia, is less lumpish, and continues blooming to a later period of the year. Again, it may be planted to advantage in the back ground of an herbaceous border, so that the lower part of the stem is hid from view by the plants in front. In both these situations they may be planted singly, in irregular lines, or groups of three or five. And here, perhaps, the less choice kinds are more in character than the finest, as a high state of culture is neither convenient nor expected. To be effective *en masse* is all that is looked for, and the showiest kinds should be chosen, and left to assume their natural form of growth.

"It is sometimes said that it is not a suitable plant for small gardens. We think, however, it may be agreeably disposed in such in avenues, or in groups near the boundary, filling up in front with dwarf shrubs, herbaceous, or summer-flowering plants. It appears to us anything but difficult to effect such an arrangement with this plant as shall relieve the flatness often so tiresome in small gardens.

"The amateur, who cultivates with the view of producing the flowers or spikes in the highest state of perfection, will probably prefer planting in square beds or rows. This is convenient for shading, and places the whole under his eye at one time. If planted in beds, set them three feet apart; if in rows, three feet from plant to plant, and four feet from row to row, that one may walk conveniently between them.

"In regard to the soil suitable for the flower it happily is not over fastidious in this respect. It is a gross feeder, as its fleshy porous roots and large soft leaves, with high perspiratory powers, abundantly testify. It is found to thrive well in common garden soil, although, if a choice is at hand, *loam*, sandy rather than clayey, may be preferred. We need, perhaps, scarcely say, that a situation airy, and freely exposed to the sun, is indispensable if we wish to carry culture to the highest pitch of success.

"In preparing the ground for planting, it should be dug two-spit deep. Where spring planting is intended, throw up the earth in ridges in autumn, that it may become mellowed by the winter's frost. In all cases, this practice is beneficial, but it is especially so where the soil is of close texture or retentive of moisture. A good dressing of manure, not too far decomposed, may be strewed over the soil previous to ridging, and mixed in during the operation. One advantage of this is, the manure will keep the clods light, and give the sun and air a freer entry; and, further, the soil will become more evenly impregnated with the nutritious properties of the manure as they are washed down by the rain. One point in planting, of too great importance to be overlooked, is the state of the ground. To use a common gardening phrase, the earth should 'move like an ash-heap' at the time this work is done: rather would we wait a fortnight beyond the most advantageous season, than plant when the ground is wet or clammy.—The plants should be set firmly in the ground, not too low, pressing the soil well round the neck by a gentle stroke of the foot. This done, watering must be attended to, if the season be dry, using weak liquid manure, breaking the surface of the ground with a hoe the day after the water is given. Frequent loosening of the surface of the soil is indeed an important part of culture, and should be attended to throughout the whole of the growing season."

Plants of the finest varieties of the Hollyhock, may be obtained at the nurseries here, and we suppose in most other places, and may be planted either in the fall or spring. We advise all to get a few roots of the very best, and then save seed from the finest flowers and grow the plants. In this way this most beautiful flower may soon become spread all over the country.

NOTES ON PLANTS IN FLOWER.

VEGETATION the present season is more than two weeks later than usual. The Horticultural Society of the Geneseo Valley generally holds its show of Roses, Strawberries, &c., from the 20th to the 25th of June. This year it is proposed to hold the *June* exhibition about the 10th of *July*. The spring has been cold and wet, more than double the quantity of rain having fallen during April, May and June than in the same months last year. The past week has been so unpleasant that we have but few new plants in flower to take note of. There is every prospect of an abundant crop of fruit.

Among the climbing shrubs now in flower we notice the *Azure Flowered Clematis*, a fine climber with beautiful blue flowers, more than three inches in diameter. There are several varieties of the CLEMATIS, pretty, slender branching, climbing shrubs, of rapid growth.

The HONEYSUCKLES are now in flower. The *Pale Flowered* is a very beautiful straw colored sort. A new variety, *Brachypode*, is a little darker than the preceding, the buds being quite red, and the flowers show a tinge of pink. The *Small Flowered* is a dark crimson sort, and contrasts beautifully with the light varieties. The *Scarlet Trumpet Monthly*, and a variety very similar, *Superba*, with longer flowers, bloom all the summer.

The shrub ACACIAS are now making their beautiful annual exhibition. The common *Rose Acacia* is adorned with its elegant clusters of rose-colored flowers. It is an irregular growing shrub, and it is almost impossible to get it into any respectable form. We have a dwarfish variety, *Nana*, with flowers of a darker rose-color, and more compact in its habit. The *Grandiflora* is a large shrub, with flowers double the size of the other varieties.

The *White Fringe* is a small tree, and is now covered with its singular flowers, looking like shreds of white paper.

GUM ON THE CHERRY TREE, &c.—Will you, thro' the columns of your valuable paper, inform me what can be done to stop the flow of gum from Cherry Trees, which does them so much injury?—and also, if an application of lime to stiff clayey soil will assist guano to produce a good crop of corn?—and oblige, A CONSTANT READER, *Syracuse, N. Y., May*, 1857.

REMARKS.—The cause of the gumming of Cherry Trees is not settled; and, indeed there are, very probably, several causes. The evil is much more serious at the West than in this State. It seems to be caused in some instances by a wet, undrained soil. Severe winters and sudden changes from very cold to warm, is no doubt the great cause of the evil, for the more hardy varieties, like the *Mayduke* are not often seriously affected by this disease. The cherry has a tough outer bark which sometimes does not grow fast enough to accommodate the tree, particularly on the rich prairies of the West, and the consequence is that this outside bark is often ruptured by the pressure, and the sap exudes, injuring and finally killing the tree. As a remedy for this it is recommended by some to shave off this outer bark. Where the sap is found exuded it is well to scrape it off and cover the surface with grafting wax, or a preparation of gum shellac and alcohol.—We would not use lime with guano, as it throws off the ammonia, which is the most valuable part of the guano.—You can easily test its effect by putting a little guano in the palm of the hand, and then putting with it a small portion of lime, and rubbing them together. Very coarse manure would be better than lime for your clay land if you wish to use guano.

MATTISON'S SCARLET, &c.—*Inquiry.*—Will you have the goodness to give me the character and quality of the following apples, which I have lately obtained in your city, but can find no account of them in any of the books:—Mattison's Scarlet," "Fall Jennetting," "German Bough." Your compliance will oblige—N. MANLY, *Marshall, Ill.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—Your trees, we think, from the varieties named, were obtained from the nursery of R. MATTISON & Co. Mr. M. gives us the following description of the two first named:

Mattison's Scarlet is a seedling from the orchard of ASA MATTISON, of Vermont, and is a winter sweet apple. It is dark red, larger than Talman Sweet and superior in flavor, though it does not keep quite as long.

German Bough is an early green acid apple, larger and earlier than Early Harvest.

Fall Jennetting is described in Hovey's Magazine as follows:—Fruit large, pale greenish yellow, with blush in sun; flesh yellowish white, tender and juicy; very good. Ripe in October and November.

HOW TO HEAD THE BUGS AND ALL THE VERMIN THAT DESTROY YOUR VINES.—Take six inch siding, slit it into three inch strips, tack them together and place them around the vines, with a pane of glass over them. If the glass fits the frames on the top, all controversy is at an end with the bugs; besides your plants will be much benefited by an increase of heat. I have just placed fifty frames over my vines and find it effectual; while all other nostrums going the rounds, such as flour and pepper and other things not a little nasty, I have given repeated trials and found unreliable. Try the eight by ten frames, they will cost you less than sixpence, and you may leave and return home, without the mortification of finding your hopes of a crop of melons blasted.—H. N. L.

TO FILL UP THE FLOWER BEDS.—How can I best fill up the vacant spaces in the flower beds; such, I mean, as are left by the dying of the Tulips, Hyacinths, Crocuses, &c.? They leave very unpleasant, barren looking spaces, which I have never been able to fill up to my satisfaction.—J. W., *Kalamazoo, Mich.*

REMARKS.—Those who live in the neighborhood of greenhouses can obtain Petunias, Verbenas, Phloxes, and other bedding plants in pots, at a very cheap rate, and the can thus at any time fill up such vacant spaces as may occur with these pretty and free bloomers. Those who have not this convenience can get along very well by having a reserve bed of annuals, such as Balsams, Asters, Ten-Week Stocks, &c., from which to transplant as needed. As soon as the flowers of the Tulip begin to fall, an annual should be set in the open space between each plant.

Domestic Economy.

CAKES AND COOKIES.

EDS. RURAL:—Permit me to send you a few recipes, which I trust may be worthy of publication:

GOLD CAKE.—Two cups of white sugar, the yolks of 8 eggs, ¾ cup of butter, ¾ cup of sweet milk, 2 cups of flour, ½ teaspoonful of soda, one do. cream tartar.

SILVER CAKE.—Two cups sugar, the white of 8 eggs, ½ cup butter, ¾ cup sweet milk, 3 cups flour, one teaspoon soda, 2 cream tartar.

CAROLINA CAKE.—The white of 12 eggs beat to a stiff froth, 3 cups white sugar, one tablespoonful butter, 1½ cups cream, 3 cups flour, a teaspoonful extract of lemon, a little soda.

COOKIES.—One egg, one cup thick cream, 1½ cups sugar, one teaspoonful saleratus, ½ of a nutmeg.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—Three cups sugar, ¾ cup fried meat fat, 1½ cups water, 2 teaspoonfuls ginger, one tablespoon saleratus.

Gypsum, Ont. Co., N. Y., 1857. FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

CAKES AND PIES.—EDS. RURAL:—I will try to awaken the minds of some of our Michigan ladies by giving them a few recipes, hoping that this may encourage them to write.

LOAF CAKE.—1½ cups white sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup sour cream, ½ cup butter-milk, 1 teaspoon soda, ½ cup butter, spice with nutmeg; stir in flour and raisins.

DRIED APPLE PIES.—Mix the upper-crust with water and the under crust with buttermilk, take butter for shortening and sweeten with maple sugar; mix cloves and cinnamon together for spicing; have the apple-sauce very juicy.—A. H., *Atlas Michigan*, 1857.

TO KEEP BUTTER HARD AND COOL.

A WRITER in the Scientific American recommends to the ladies a very simple arrangement for keeping butter nice and cool in the hottest weather. Procure a large new flower pot of sufficient size to cover the butter-plate, and also a saucer large enough for the flower-pot to rest in upside down; place a trivet or meat stand (such as is sent to the oven when a joint is baked) in the saucer, and put on this trivet the plate of butter; now fill the saucer with water, and turn the flower-pot over the butter, so that its edge will be below the water. The hole in the flower-pot must be fitted with a cork; the butter will then be in what we may call an air-tight chamber. Let the whole of the outside of the flower-pot be then thoroughly drenched with water, and place it in as cool a place as you can. If this be done over night, the butter will be as "firm as a rock" at breakfast time; or, if placed there in the morning, the butter will be quite hard for use at tea hour. The reason of this is, that when water evaporates it produces cold; the porous pot draws up the water, which in warm weather quickly evaporates from the sides, and thus cools it; and as no warm air can now get at the butter, it becomes firm and cool in the hottest day.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

CHEAP LIGHTNING RODS.

FIVE years ago I erected, on my barn, a rod having three pointed branches at the top, which were No. 10 wire welded on common drawn iron-wire one quarter of an inch in diameter. It stands about 15 feet above the ridge of the barn by means of a sawed piece of wood, tapered to an inch square at the top, and nailed to the barn. To this piece of wood the rod is attached by twists of annealed wire.

From the end in the earth to the points of the rod above the barn, the distance is not less than 45 feet. The cost, at eight cents a pound, must be less than a dollar, aside from the small expense of the erection.

For all practical purposes this rod is as good as if it cost ten dollars and were pointed with gold or silver, and isolated with glass, and it is also as as durable.

Freetown Corners, Cort. Co., N. Y. L. D. TANMER.

REMARKS.—We have given the above, as the practical part of our correspondent's letter and and hence of some importance. The theory of electricity, he gives, has been often given in the papers already. The rod he describes is simple and cheap and of easy construction, three valuable items.—But Mr. TANNER must know that iron, when rusted, will not receive electricity upon it, and must fail to do the work proposed, viz., protect the building from lightning. This is the reason for gilding, silvering, or tinning, the pointed iron at the upper termination, that, being covered with a metal which will not rust, it may receive the electricity from the cloud and silently convey it to the earth, as he clearly states. Unless the upper points are made of metal that will not rust, they should at least be coated with tin. It would not be surprising to find that the rod on his barn, on account of its rust, has for years ceased to be of the least service.

Though lightning may rarely leave the rod at the fastenings, it seems to do so *sometimes*; and though our correspondent states that "*scientific lightning* never cuts any such pranks," how shall the farmer know whether the *lighning is the real scientific stuff*, or an unscientific bolt that may rend or set on fire his building? We should prefer a lightning rod, silvered and insulated by glass, if it should cost double the other, which may not after all give the desired protection. There is quite as much humbug in cheap articles as in the more expensive.

EXPERIMENT WITH GUNPOWDER.

IN his seventh lecture, at the Smithsonian Institute, Dr. Reid described the failure of an intending incendiary to do a great act of mischief by the very means he adopted to make his success more certain. Thus to ensure an explosion of gunpowder in a certain case, the fellow had covered it with a quantity of spirits of turpentine, but on igniting it, only the turpentine burnt, and the powder continued as before. The philosophy of this the lecturer showed, by a striking experiment wherein, again and again, turpentine poured on a quantity of gunpowder was ignited and burned out, and the powder remained unburnt. This was explained on the principle of the candle, that the gunpowder acts as a wick to the turpentine, and will not itself ignite so long as any of the turpentine remains to burn. A piece of common cotton cloth, such as ladies' dresses are made of, was then burnt; and then a piece of similar texture which had been dipped in a solution of sal ammoniac, was exposed to the action of fire, but would not burn. A similar piece, steeped in a solution of silicate of potash, was also shown to be quite incombustible.—*Druggists' Circular.*

TEMPERING STEEL BLADES AND DIES.

IF the blade is very thin, it may be heated in the flame of a spirit lamp, but if somewhat thick it is heated in a clear fire until it assumes a dull red color. It is then taken out and plunged into a bath of oil, and while wet, held over the flame of a fire, until the oil begins to burn; it is then plunged again into the oil bath, and kept therein until it is quite cold. This is a method by which steel tools receive an excellent spring temper.

Mr. Oldham, printing engineer of the Bank of England, who has had great experience in the treatment of steel for dies, says it should never be heated above the redness of sealing-wax. On taking it out, he hardens it by plunging it in olive oil, or naptha, previously heated to two hundred Fah. It is kept immersed only till the ebullition ceases, then instantly transferred into cold water, and kept there till quite cold. By this treatment it is stated the tools come out perfectly clean, and as hard as it is possible to make cast steel, while they are perfectly free from cracks and twists.—This latter process deserves a trial by all who harden important cast steel instruments.—*Scientific American.*

COATING sheet iron with varnish, so as to protect it from the action of the atmosphere, is a process lately discovered by some English artizans. They first take clean sheet-iron plates, and dip them in a solution of chloride of iron, by which they become covered with a thin tin scale; they are then washed well in warm water, and dipped into a melted composition of rosin and tallow. After this, they are allowed to dry, and then dipped into a hot solution composed of three-quarters of a pound of shellac and one-fourth of a pound of resin dissolved in two columns of alcohol. Finally, they are taken out and dried in an oven. Common tin plates for roofing, exposed to sea winds, where tin is liable to rust, will, if coated in this manner, stand exposure to the weather well.

AMONG the recent French inventions, is that of a very ingenious and simple mode of cutting stone, exhibited by M. Chevalier. He causes a wire to run at a high velocity over the surface to be bisected, and by dropping on it a mixture of mud and water, the operation is readily completed. The hardest granites yield quickly to this process, at the rate of one square foot per hour, with one-horse power.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

[THE accompanying poetry was found among the manuscripts of a sister, recently deceased. Thinking it worthy of publication in the RURAL, I send it for your disposal. —D. J. W., *Yorkshire, N. Y., June*, 1857.]

THE HOURS.

BY LOUISA R. WOODWORTH.

PASSING by, on swift wings passing,
Borne upon the stream of Time,
Each bright hour is onward gliding,
Onward with their silvery chime.
Happy Hours,
Shall we, then, their loss repine?

Passing by, in vain to ask them
Why they hurry swiftly on,
It were all in vain to call them,
Time waits not, but soon is gone.
Fleeting Hours,
Every moment must be won.

Some have come announced by sunshine
Borne upon their fairy wings,
Like the coming of the spring-time,
When to light and life it springs.
Lovely Hours,
Loveliest of fairy things.

We would charm their stay forever,
We would bind with golden chain
Each fair moment, so that never
It should pass away again.
Wingless hours,
Every moment, then, to claim.

But perchance, some one in sadness
On their pinions, shed a tear,
And they came unlike the gladness
Of the former happy year.
Haste, then Hours,
Linger not so sadly near.

So afloat in robes of brightness,
Or in sorrows dark array,
Round the heart in wily brightness,
Hover hours that cannot stay.
Angel Hours,
Do thy mission, then away.

Yorkshire, N. Y., 1856.

TWILIGHT REVERIES.

"No, no, dear, grandpapa can't let you have *that*," I heard my husband say as I stepped out into our cottage porch one summer evening, and I confess I looked in astonishment to find what it *could* be, that he was unwilling to give the little blue-eyed pleader at his feet. I paused—as I caught sight of a small locket, that baby May's eager little hands were reaching for, and the tears would come, when after gaining her promise "not to touch," grandpapa lifted her to his knee, and gently opened it. It did not *seem* much—to *some* it would have been only a little golden curl of soft, silky hair—*but to us it was everything*—"all we had left of our little one," as he said, brushing his hand hastily across his eyes, and bidding May "hand it very carefully to grandmamma, and then come with him for a walk." He went in through the open doorway for his hat, and May stood half wondering at my side, as if rather unwilling to give up the plaything that shone so brightly, till I took it from her with a kiss, saying, yes, it is all we have left of our little baby—"*our angel baby*," William echoed in my ear as he came through the porch, and then turning with his customary "God bless you, wife," added with a quiet smile, "we shall soon be with him *now*," and taking the child's small hand in his, passed through the wicket into the pleasant fields that led to the river side.

And I sat in the summer twilight watching them. The old man, (for he *is* an old man now—strange as it seems,) and the young child of three bright and happy Springs—*Our May Blossom*—we call her—though she was named for me—it seems so right, coming as she did amid its earliest flowers, and she the sweetest, purest of them all.

"We shall be with him soon," I murmured, as a curve in the winding meadow hid them from my view, and I glanced down at the little locket—"with our Willie soon and in *Heaven!*" It seemed for the moment almost impossible. The journey of life that at the beginning we had thought so long, and now in looking back, appeared so brief—*could* we be almost at its *end?* Memory led me so swiftly through the past, even to the old farm-house on the hill-side, with the merry ringing laugh of my first home circle, where I was the youngest and the pet. I can still see the calm, almost saintly look of my mother's soft dark eyes, when first teaching me the child's "Our Father." Oh, if we but knew enough to go to Him then, through the short, brief way that leads from children unto God—how near—how close should we all find Him! How often in early life we are too blind to see His hand outstretched to save us,—blind until the last hour perhaps—when after years of suffering, trial and temptation, our dying eyes for the first time, see clear enough to grasp it. Such reflections could not but pass through my mind, as I went on in my retrospection through the gaiety of my girlhood—with its light joys, light sorrows, and many follies. It was peace here, as it was there, to come at length to my *home*—that happiest spot on earth—*home! home with one we love!* Does not that tell all? and is it to be wondered that I have so often lived over and over again in memory our first home? Do you know instinctively I raised my hand to these grey hairs folded so neatly under the close white cap, as if expecting to find the sunny hair that used to wave around my girlish temples; glanced quickly towards the green slope where William and little May last disappeared, as if wondering if that old man could be *my William!*—How proud I used to be of him! he was so tall and I so little! Ah, he stoops now—and the light brown curls look like a mere handful of snow—and the brow—no I won't give in there—if it is wrinkled it is just as broad and noble, and the same light beams as lovingly as ever from the same soft blue eyes. Yes, we have journeyed on together—it is well, we are content. But I love to remember him as he was, to go back to our first days of happiness. For we have been very happy—always. The love that has passed between us has never failed or faltered. Year after year has been but an added link, that time has woven still more closely into the immovable, unchangeable and holy bond that has so completely united us. Yes, God has blest our love to us—and His angels will gather it up in its purity and depth to dwell with us in Heaven, where the One Great Love, of which it is but a ray, will strengthen it, and it will pass on through an endless eternity.

And it is in the eternal home we shall find our Willie! Little Willie that came to us in our first sweet home on earth—the dear home that he had made so much dearer:

"For all unfinished was Love's jewelled ring,
Till set with this soft pearl!"

Oh, how proud we were of him—William and I—our first child, our boy! Once he was so beautiful! This little lock has faded some—his curls were brighter even than this. He had his father's eyes—only a deeper, darker blue—with such a clearness—you could almost *see* the spotless soul within, as we sometimes fancy when the sky is cloudless, (forgetting we "see through a glass darkly" still,) that we can pierce its depths of blue, and find the heaven beyond. We might have known that he would not bless us long with his sweet presence, he was so spiritual even to look at; but we were young—the world lay in the glad sunlight of earthly beauty before us, and the angel of Death had never folded his white wings at our threshold, and we knew him not. We had seen the dark shadow thrown over other households, and sorrowed with those who told us of their children's having passed on to the silent land,

"Where wander all the little feet
Earth's darkened homes deplore;"

yet still hope was strong within us, and we never thought when our little one's arms were thrown caressingly around us, and his bright lips parted with a sunny smile, that our child was far too pure and innocent for this cold world, and that angels soon would still the bird-like music of his voice, finding it was meet for heaven; never thought when our darling lay so closely folded to our hearts, that it would so soon become one of the Father's chosen little ones. We always called him wee Willie, he was so small—our first wee white blossom. With all our anxious care we could never have brought it to perfection here—it was too white, too frail for earth. The bright dreams in which we had pictured the unfolding of our beautiful bud, could never be realized in this world; it required the milder, softer airs of heaven; and there, too, will our dreams be fulfilled.

Dear little Willie! no wonder our hearts yearn so intensely, even through all this length of years, over our little one. God has blessed us with other children, whose lives are spared to us still, the joy and comfort of our old age, but none ever took his place—our only little one in heaven—our "*angel baby*," as William says. And soon we are going to meet him together.

Ever since the night my husband came from that silent room, and told me the angels had been there and the little spirit had gone home—ever since I bent over his crib in the early morning, and saw that God had given "His beloved sleep"—that our little blossom was folded up in all its whiteness, and that he had taken it to himself, knowing that "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," we could but remember that all must become "as the little child," *we* even as *our own*, ere we could follow its little spirit through the ruby gates of the Eternal City.

And we are almost there! Every day—every calm twilight hour like this, brings us nearer and nearer to the journey's close. This little locket has been like a talisman through life, for how could we, remembering we had a child in heaven, do aught that was unworthy of the dear right we claim, of being its father—mother?

Wee Willie! little white blossom that God's love has cared for, and unfolded leaf after leaf of its purity in the home of the angels!—we shall be with him soon now; be with the little spirit of our child that awaits us upon the peaceful shores of the better land! God's mercy is indeed great, that causes the best gift in the morning of our existence to become also his richest blessing in the eventide of life.—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

RETURNING ANSWERS.—Hear the story of the child which went forth into the mountain ravine. While the child wandered there, he called aloud to break the loneliness, and heard a voice which called to him in the same tone. He called again, and, as he thought, the voice again mocked him. Flushed with anger, he rushed to find the boy who had insulted him, but could find none. He then called to him in anger, and with all abusive epithets—all of which were faithfully returned to him. Choking with rage, the child ran to his mother and complained that a boy in the woods had abused and insulted him with many vile words.—But the mother took her child by the hand and said: "My child, these names were but the echoes of thine own voice. Whatever thou didst call was returned to thee from the hill side. Hadst thou called out pleasant words, pleasant words had returned to thee. Let this be thy lesson through life. The world will be echo of thine own spirit. Treat thy fellows with unkindness, and they will answer with unkindness; with love, and thou shalt have love. Send forth sunshine from thy spirit, and thou shalt never have a clouded day; carry about thee a vindictive spirit, and even in the flowers shall lurk curses. Thou shalt receive ever what thou givest, and that alone." "Always," said the speaker, "is that child in the mountain passes—and every man and woman is that child."

THE MOTHER.—Despise not thy mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, senses, and estate; but her relation as a mother is as the sun when it goes forth in his might, for it is always in the meridian, and knowing no evening. The person may be grey-headed, but her motherly relation is ever in its flourish. It may be autumn, yes, winter, with a woman, but with the mother, as mother, it is always spring.

Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But, when she is dead and gone—when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our heart—when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy—how few love us for ourselves—how few will befriend us in misfortune? Then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

THE pitying tears, and fond smiles of women, are like the showers and sunshine of spring.—*Jean Paul.*

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

REMEMBER ME!

REMEMBER ME! That single phrase
Speaks more than thousand words can tell,
More of affections wealth conveys,
When kindred hearts responsive swell,
Than breathes in passion's wildest tone,
Or e'en the eyes mute witchery;
I ask but this when thou art gone,
This single boon, Remember Me!

Remember Me when thou shalt pray
That all our sins may be forgiven,
Our spirits thus together may
Ascend at that same hour to heaven;
And on that day of sacred rest
When thou in silent fervency
Shalt bless their names that love thee best,
In that warm prayer, Remember Me!

Remember Me when morning breaks
Thy golden visions bright though vain,
And ere the noisy world awakes
To call thee to its haunts again;
And when the glorious setting sun
Sinks silently beneath the sea,
And thou, day's busy turmoil done,
Hast time to love, Remember Me!

Remember Me when twilight dim
Darkens thy pathway o'er the lea,
When hoary ocean's vesper hymn
Comes with its murmur'd melody,
When starry sentinels look down
From their high thrones to watch o'er thee,
And thou art silent and alone—
In that still hour Remember Me!

Remember Me whene'er a flower
Faint and discolor'd meets thine eye,
Drooping beneath the wintry shower,
For my sake pass that flower not by,
But take it when its pallid crest
Stoops as the cold blast sweeps the lea
And shelter it within thy breast,
And dear one, then, Remember Me!

Assyria, Mich, 1857. J. M. T.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE "RURAL" AND RURAL LIFE,

AS VIEWED BY A DENIZEN OF THE METROPOLIS.

RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Gratulation for your happy name—I mean the adjective part of it. Of the other I have nothing to say, good or bad—only I do not say it is bad. Fame to the genius that invented or discovered the "*Rural*" of your title! A monument to the original constructor of the word! But he built himself the most splendid and enduring one, in the thing itself. He can afford to have his own name unknown while this exists—that is, if any mortal man did make the word.—It rather favors the theory of language, to its very words, being a gift direct to men, by their Maker, rather than their inventing it. It is certain "GOD the country made." It is reasonable to fancy that only He could fit it with a word so descriptive of its beauty, richness and delights, as *Rural*. The philosophy of SHAKSPEARE, that "there's nothing in a name," certainly "loses, discountenanced, and like error shows," confronted by this test. *You* might be the same "rose" you are "by any other name;" but (and no disparagement to your substantial qualities) would not "smell as sweet"—would not be so redolent of all that is leafy, flowery, delicious—that makes Nature beautiful, vital and delighting.

True, the good name must have the befitting good substance for its basis, otherwise it falls through—a tub that has no bottom of its own.—The rose does smell sweeter with its own name; yet its name put upon anything else would not make it a rose, but a disgrace—not to the true rose but to itself. And the substance must be seen and handled, experimentally tested, to make sure that it is genuine, true to its name, since misnomers are so common. So, the "*Rural New-Yorker*," as advertised in some of our city papers, passed through the ear and imagination as a charming name, musical as bird-notes and picturesque as a June landscape—and no more, till some of my "Rural" cousins, a little proud of their paper, I surmise, as well as generous and pitiful to their kinsman dwelling in this peopled Saharah, sent me the *substantive* itself. This gave practical effect to the charming name, so that I walked among your orchards, your meadows and your pastures, with the cows and oxen and sheep and horses; looked into your neat, quiet dwellings, with their sweet dairy cellars, your out-door gardens, your grand barns with the poultry-yards; wandered among your grain-fields and "went gipsying" over your plains and hills, through your vallies, along your crystal streams, and among your "wild old woods"—hearing the lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep, singing of birds and chatter of squirrels, free live birds and squirrels—everything free. Anything imprisoned there, it were not *Rural*. Serfdom or slavery would un-ruralize the "Genesee Country" itself.—One clink of the chain or crack of the whip would scare away the Rural Genius as effectually as the shake of ANTHONY BLEECKER'S auction hammer in the Exchange, Wall street, knocking the whole territory at one blow off into 100 by 25 feet city lots, every one to have its complement of buildings spring up on it the next moment by the rubbing of a great enterprise-lamp so much more mighty than the Arabian's!

And I heard, too, the voices of your plowmen driving their teams a-field, and the singing of your milk-maids—and of your poets. I mean all who furnish your original verse. Most of them seem to be what some, ungrammatically, unphilosophically and unmannerly, might denominate poet*esses*—as if their Muse were feminine. Well, true it is, if universal usage, since a muse was heard of, is correct, for by this the muse is ever feminine—that of the man-poet's equally with that of the woman-poet's. And if the muse isn't the poetry, pray what is the muse and what poetry? So, then, if any of the muse-people are poet*esses*, they all are. If they say this old universal usage is an unfounded conceit, without meaning, then let's bring out some muse-specimens on each side and see if some are feminine while others are masculine, and which is which. Against Joanna Baille, Felicia Hemans, Hannah More and Elizabeth Bowring, set forth, say, Wm. Cowper, John Keats, Wm. Wordsworth, Alfred Tennyson, the husband of the "Angel of the Household," Wm. Bryant, John Whittier and Henry Longfellow. The cause needs no lawyers to plead it—no judge to sum up and state the points—no jury to render the verdict. It is a plain demonstration.

Might you not give a useful hint, from my experience, to your subscribers, to send a copy occasionally to their cousins of the desert,—no doubt they all have some here,—so giving them an occasional sniff of the airs of the world of "living green" and live blossoms—of haying fields and mellowng orchards? They must be somehow "done up," as they are in your paper-sheet, to reach our smelling unadulterated with our city ste——ams, and uncontaminated by the cordon of suburban odors from city nuisances over which all the Rural breezes to us must needs pass. Well that some of the Rural breath, diluted (or thickened as the chemists may tell) as it is with our Metropolitan gases, does reach us. If it did not, we were all dead *citizens* at once. Our own airs, without it, would make our great city a grand *Grotto del Cane*, a Black Hole on an immense scale.

And, Friend RURAL, not to speak it very loud, we must confess that what your Rural airs and waters are to our bodily life, your morals and politics are to our moral and political conditions.—Yet there is talk of making this same city a State of itself alone—walled in, China-wise, from the Rural territory. This would be to us, morally and politically, what a wall, air-tight all around us, too high for the Rural airs to peep over the top to see our condition, and the exclusion of Croton river below, would be to us bodily. Our City-State would prove the quickly progressive State of sickness, death, putrescence, and bleached bones, with none to bury them. Our Municipal measles, small-pox, cholera and yellow fever, dreadfully prevalent even with the existing connection with the Rural Government, would then have full sway, running riot into an entire mass of Municipal fester, black vomit and gangrene, a mortality finishing itself in the finishing of our Metropolitan State.

So, good *Rural* New-Yorkers, hold on to us, as you would to a fellow-creature drowning, or trying to drown, though we make fight against you in your attempts to keep us from going down.—*Don't let go*, though we strike and kick and scream out against you, averring that you pull our hair to keep us afloat. If you can possibly stand the connection without mortal contamination to yourselves, hold on. Give us yet some catches at your vital breath, and still send of your vital arterial blood into our carbonized, plague-tainted veins.—True, in some connections the aspiration for freedom from corrupt connexion properly expresses itself in demand for separation from the "body of death." In others it is proper, and a high virtue, for the "strong to bear with the weak," the healthy with the sick. And Christian goodness goes to the extent of even "laying down life for the brethren." We must claim to be such to our Rural kindred, and beg them preserve us from ourselves, though, as in other forms of insanity, our Municipal delirium would strike and scratch and rail our best friends for their endeavors to save us. And among the modes of blessing us with Rural life and delight, hint the Rural cousins to send in the RURAL NEW-YORKER occasionally—till we get such a taste of it that nothing will do short of the regular weekly supply by our becoming subscribers, such of us as are not too poor—nor too rich. If the Rural cousins wonder at this last hindrance, I will explain at opportunity. For the present, these hints (if you will mention them to said cousins) must suffice.

Love to all the Rurals generally, and especially to those who would not blush to recognize in their Rural Elysium their CITY COUSIN.

New York City, June, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ELOQUENCE OF DESOLATION.

IT is a peculiar attribute of the human mind to revere the past above the present or the future. We may exult over the pleasures of to-day, for they are all that we can really call our own; we may look forward with glowing hopes to scenes veiled by the curtain of futurity, for it is there alone we can behold happiness without misery, and joy without grief; but it is only those events dimmed by the shadows of the past, and faintly seen through the vista of many years, that we cherish with a devotion equal to adoration. Thus we love and venerate the objects of the past; true there is a charm in present glory, but there is a more touching picture in glory faded. There is a grandeur in actual greatness, but there is a greater eloquence in its desolation.

There is a beauty in the first and early smile of Spring, when the snowy flake is melted, the glittering icicle dissolved, and all nature revived at her refreshing touch. The fields resume their wonted gaiety, the flowers bloom forth with new-born beauty, and the trees, with their crested foliage, put on their former brightness. But when the Summer's gale has fled, and Autumn's chilly breath has blown their beauty to the ground, when the flowers have lost their brightness and the fields their fragrance, in such a moment the rustling of the fallen leaves, the last faint effulgence of the blighted flowers—emblems of hopes departed and joys forever gone,—have a tone of eloquence deeper, though sad and mournful, than Spring with its varied delights. And who would not leave the splendor of living objects to view the fading relics of ancient greatness? Who would not turn from the stately and magnificent mansions of the living to gaze upon the broken arches and crumbling columns of a once gorgeous palace, or look upon the forsaken castles, and desolated temples of a once glorious city? When we have become indifferent to the bright scenes that surround us—when the song of mirth is dull and the voice of gladness can no longer lure, we are wont to wander with melancholy pleasure among the mournful ruins of the past.

There is an eloquence, too, in the desolations of the tomb. It comes from the silent abodes of the departed, though their voice is mute and their lips are closed forever. We feel it as we view the mouldering urn and the lonely sepulchre, where rises the lettered stone or sculptured monument to tell where the great and renowned of earth repose. It comes, too, from the more humble tombs of those imaged in memory's sacred tablet, where far beneath the grassy turf lie faded and withered all that was bright and lovely. There is eloquence there, though the shades of forgetfulness are closing upon them forever. Then visit the desolate abodes of mortality, there we behold man in his ruins; his once bright form, the tenement of an immortal mind, the temple of a godlike and never-dying intellect, now mingling with the clods in the dread realms of death. Read the epitaph, written in "dull, cold marble"—the last fond tribute of affection—the surviving memento of devoted love. Again tread upon the sacred dust once animated with celestial fire, and while musing upon the melancholy picture of fallen man, think you, when he walked the earth in his glory, was he ever clothed with such a spell or power, as from his silent ashes springs? O there is an eloquence in desolation, as it tells us of departed brightness, and warns us of transient greatness. There the end of all earthly perfection is seen—there the evanescence of human glory is written, and there the final destiny of human greatness is revealed. CARRIE M. P.

Huron, June, 1857.

THE COPPER CENT.

CENTS were coined in England very early, for the Colonies. Pennies were issued by Vermont, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Connecticut, and after 1755 were very common. Cents are now found in common circulation with "authority of Connecticut" on those usually dated 1787. A cent, with one large and thirteen small stars, surmounted with the words "New Constitution," "U. S. Liberty and Justice, 1784," was the first United States cent. Then came the Washington cent of 1791-92-93. Quite a variety of cents were issued during Washington's Presidency—one had, "Washington, President," with thirteen large links on the opposite, another had "Washington" on one side, "U. S. America" and thirteen small links on the opposite. A cent was issued in 1787 with "*Fugio*, mind your business," &c., on one side, thirteen large links and "we are one" on the opposite. About 1772 the French Goddess of Liberty, with neck thrust forward and long hair, was issued. The cent of the year 1794 had on it a Liberty Cap and pole, bearing a fine classic face with the word "Liberty" over the head. On the reverse was "U. S. A." and "One Cent," surmounted by the Olive wreath, indicating "Peace to all the world." Up to 1808 the faces were all turned to the right. The year 1809 indicates the year when was issued the penny which is now our common cent. There were no cents issued in 1805, partly on account of the Mint being burned in that year, and partly on account of the scarcity of copper.

NEW ENGLAND CHARACTER.

BUT what has the Union ever done? Some claim that she is the mother of commerce. I doubt it. I question whether the genius and energy of the Yankee race are not the parent of commerce and the fountain of wealth, much more than the Union. That race, in Holland, first created a country, and then, standing on piles, called modern commerce into being. That race, in England, with territory just wide enough to keep its Eastern and Western harbors apart, monopolized for centuries the trade of the world, and annexed continents only as treasure-houses wherein to garner its wealth. Who shall say that the same blood, with only New England for its anchorage, could not drag the wealth of the West into its harbors? Who shall say that the fertile lands of Virginia and the Mississippi enriched her because they willed to do so, and not because they were compelled? As long as New England is made of granite and the nerves of her sons of steel, she will be, as she always has been, the brain of North America, united or disunited; and harnessing the elements, steam and lightning, to her car of conquest, she will double the worth of every prairie acre by her skill, cover ocean with her canvas, and gather the wealth of the western hemisphere into her harbors.—*Wendell Phillips.*

FAST MEN.

THE vicious die early. They fall like shadows, or tumble like wrecks and ruins into the grave—often while quite young—almost always before forty. The wicked "liveth not half his days."—The world at once ratifies the truth and assigns the reason, by describing the dissolute as "fast men," that is, they live fast, they spend their twelve hours in six, getting through the whole before the meridian, and dropping out of sight and into darkness, while others are in the glow and glory of life—"Their sun is down while it is yet day." And they might have helped it. Many a one dies long before he need. Your men of genius, like Burns and Byron, to whom, when dissipated and profligate, thirty-seven is so fatal; and your obscure and nameless "wandering stars," who waste their youth in libertine indulgence—they cannot live long. They must die early.—They put on the steam till they blow up the boiler. They run at such a rate, that the fire goes out for want of fuel. The machinery is destroyed by reckless speed and rapid wear. Nothing can save them. Their physical system cannot stand the strain they put it to; while the state of their minds is often such, that the soul would eat the substance of the most robust body, and make for itself a way of escape from the incessant hell of its own thoughts.—*T. Binney.*

NOTHING ever grows *old* in memory; the little boy that died, so long ago, is an eternal child; and even as he crept over the threshhold of God's gates ajar, at the beckoning of the Lord, so ever in the heart his parting look, with heaven shining full upon his brow: the beauty that the heart grew warm beholding, in life's forenoon, when dews were on the world, and played the truant with some angel, remains untouched by time, even as the unrent sky that let the wanderer in.—*Chicago Journal.*

WIT AND WISDOM.—A celebrated divine, who was remarkable, in the first period of his ministry, for a boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly adopted a mild and dispassionate style. One of his brethren inquired what induced him to make the change? He was answered—"When I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed the people; but when I grew wiser, I discovered that it was the lightning; so I determined to thunder less and lighten more in future."

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FIRST EFFORTS IN SCHOOL TEACHING.

NUMBER THREE.

FROM the hour I first contemplated becoming a school teacher, the responsibility of such a position did not sit very lightly upon me. I took this view of the matter, and the theory is a right one, I apprehend. My mind is to be brought in contact with those of young and tender years. It lies in my power to shape the destiny of many of those whom I shall instruct. To my character, for the most part already formed, I may mold theirs. Of necessity, the elements of my character, whether good or bad, must, to a certain extent, enter into the composition of theirs; and the tendency thus given will not stop with time. Some, in the years to come, may trace back to me the beginning of a life of infamy and shame; and some, perhaps, who have reached the highest pinnacle, where "Fame's proud temple shines afar," will look back through the dim years with hearts full of kind remembrances and blessings for him who tried to lead them in the path of wisdom and virtue, though long he had been sleeping in his grave.

My views, concerning the teacher's calling; its responsibilities and its rewards; its difficulties and its hopes, have not changed since then, only that the convictions of their truthfulness have been becoming stronger with the growing years—while the trials of the teacher are many and hard to be borne, his reward is *more* than a compensation.—Often, amid cheerless hours, in the hot and unhealthy air of the school-room, there steps in some bright hope to cheer, strengthen and encourage.—Few are the callings upon which the world bestows less of her lavish praise, and to which she speaks fewer kindly words of encouragement; yet the inward consciousness of duty performed will atone for all this, and he who feels the dignity of his mission will wait patiently for the future to appreciate his labors and do justice to his memory.

Take courage then, whoever thou art, that seekest to instruct and enlighten the mind of the young! Thy ministry is a noble one, such as an angel might desire, though not enjoy. Thou art educating souls for eternity. Committed to thy keeping they are in thy hands, as the soft clay in the hands of the potter. Thou canst mold them as thou wilt—vessels to honor or to dishonor—fitted for usefulness in this life and for life amid the bright years of GOD, or for idleness and shame here and banishment from GOD'S presence hereafter. O may He who giveth wisdom to him that lacketh, bestow such wisdom upon thee, that many in the future years will "rise up and call thee blessed." Pull up the growing weeds in the garden of each young heart and plant there, side by side, the seeds of knowledge and religion. Faithfully tend the early plants, and by-and-by, it shall be thy joy to see, in the rich, autumnal years, trees loaded with golden fruit, and the fruit gathered into "upper garners."

But I have been wandering. The thoughts have come out only because they *would* come, and I do hold myself responsible for the *interruption, only* for the sentiment. I will endeavor to stick closer to my text hereafter. S. A. E.

Rochester, June, 1857.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

THAT teaching has not everywhere attained its true rank among the professions, is partly the fault of those engaged in it, and partly the fault of our common-school system, more especially that part relating to the examining of teachers. These examinations are very often only a mere farce, and fail of producing and beneficial effects.

Half an hour is often deemed sufficient for determining whether an entire stranger is fitted to be a companion of the children for months, and as such, the moulder of their characters and dispositions, and an implanter of principles and motives that shall be lasting as eternity. They are too often conducted in a manner calculated to draw out only the knowledge a person may have of certain books. A few puzzling examples in arithmetic, a long list of geographical questions, often asked from an open map, the most difficult words to be found in Webster's spelling-book, and parsing some back-handed piece of poetry, forms anything but a true criterion of ability to interest or instruct children. They are conducted by persons not competent for the business. To require a doctor to be examined by a lawyer, would be simply ridiculous; and yet, meaning no disrespect at all, nine-tenths of the lawyers are as well qualified to examine a doctor, as nine-tenths of the doctors, lawyers or clergymen are to examine teachers.

Young teachers dread nothing so much as being examined, and well they may dread it, for they find themselves not only placed in disadvantageous positions, but in order to gain their certificates, are forced to yield their own more enlightened views and knowledge of facts, to the whims, or ignorance of their examiners, who often exemplify the old adage, "A little learning, &c."

It is unjust to require a teacher to be examined in every town in which he may teach. In short, before the profession of teaching is what it ought to be, and what it will yet be, a radical change must be effected in the manner of hiring and examining teachers. Teachers must be examined by those who have made teaching their study and business, and when once thus examined and admitted, must be allowed to teach anywhere in the State.—*Conn. School Journal.*

ROCHESTER UNIVERSITY COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.—The exercises of the University of Rochester begin on Sabbath evening, July 5th, at which time Rev. ROBERT TURNBULL, D. D., of Hartford, Conn., will deliver the Sermon before the Judson Society of Inquiry. July 6th, evening—Prize Declamations by members of the Sophomore class. July 7th, evening—Anniversary of the Delphic and Pithonian Societies. Orator, Prof. A. J. UPSON, of Hamilton College. Poet, JOHN N. WILDER, Esq., of Albany. July 8th, morning—Commencement exercises at 9 A. M.

THE ILLINOIS NORMAL UNIVERSITY is to be located at Bloomington. The people of that place subscribed $103,000, and gave 160 acres of land.

NEW YORK STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

WE find in the *N. Y. Teacher* the following "Order of Exercises" for the Twelfth Annual Meeting of the New York State Teacher' Association, to be held at Binghamton, on the 28th, 29th and 30th days of July next.

The exercises will commence at Brigham Hall, on Tuesday, at 10 o'clock A. M., with the Introductory Address by the President, T. W. Valentine, of Brooklyn; after which, the usual Committees will be appointed, and miscellaneous business transacted, until the hour of adjournment. At 2 o'clock P. M., an address will be delivered by Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Albany. Subject:—"*New York and her Common Schools.*" Report of Officers and Committees will follow, until adjournment. At 7½ o'clock, an address will be given by Prof. Henry Fowler, of Rochester University. Subject:—"*The Labor of Hand, Head and heart; or Live and let Live.*"

On Wednesday, at 9 o'clock A. M., the Association will hear the report of the Committee appointed to procure an Act of Incorporation, and act thereon. At 9½ o'clock an address will be heard from Prof. William F. Phelps, Principal of the New Jersey State Normal School. Subject:—"*The Republic: its Law of Life and its Highest Duty.*" At 11½ o'clock, James H. French, Esq., of Buffalo, will read a poem. Subject:—"*The Popular Teacher.*" At 2 o'clock, addresses are expected from Hon. A. G. Curtis and H. C. Hickok, Esq., Superintendent and Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools in Pennsylvania. At 4 o'clock, an essay will be delivered by Dr. A. Wilder (late of the N. Y. Teacher.) Subject:—"*Physiological Education.*" At 7½ o'clock, the Association will listen to an address from the Hon. Henry H. Van Dyck, Superintendent of Public Instruction.

On Thursday, at 9 o'clock A. M., the delegates from corresponding State Associations will report on the condition of education in their several States. At 11 o'clock an essay will be read by H. P. Bristol, A. M., Rector of Hamil. Coll. Gram. School. Subject:—"*Dr. Arnold as a Teacher.*"—At 2 o'clock, the Annual Election of Officers will take place; after which an essay will be read by George W. Green, A. M., of Newburgh. Subject:—"*Development of Human Character.*" The evening of Tuesday, according to the usual custom, will be devoted to a social gathering.

Each address, when time will permit, will be followed by a brief discussion of the subject.—The exercises will be interspersed with Vocal Music, under the direction of Wm. N. Reid, Esq., of Newburg.

OHIO STATE REFORM SCHOOL.—The Ashland *Times* says that the bill for the establishment of a State Reform School has become a law. The project was recommended by a legislative commission. A synopsis of the law is as follows:—It appropriates $10,000 annually, to the support of the Hamilton county house of refuge, and $5,000 for a temporary house of refuge in that county for females, who are to be immediately withdrawn from the male institution. It also appropriates $5,000 for the establishment of a female house of refuge in any other county; also, $15,000 to purchase a farm in some eligible point of at least one thousand acres, and $10,000 for improvements on the same. This is as the bill was perfected and passed into a law. The Hamilton Co. institution is to be for the more flagrant delinquents, and the farm for those who give fair promise of amendment.

EDUCATION IN INDIA.—A great movement in favor of female education has commenced in Northern India, which bids fair to become national. Pundit Gopal Singh, one of the Zillah visitors of native schools, a man of high character and social standing, being convinced that the failure of former attempts to establish girls' schools was owing to the suspicion and want of co-operation of the educated natives, has succeeded in establishing in the Agra district nearly 200 schools, with an aggregate daily attendance of 3,800 girls. The pupils are nearly all Hindoos, belonging to the most respectable classes; about one-tenth are more than twenty years of age, the remainder varying from six to twenty.

Useful Olio.

HISTORY OF THE JANISSARIES.

From "The Sultan and His People," by OSCANYAN, recently published by DERBY & JACKSON, New York.]

THE Janissaries were first instituted for the protection of the throne and person of the Sultan; the army being then composed of the victorious Turkomans, who had become turbulent, and were ready to take the reins of government into their own hands. A new militia was consequently instituted by Mourad, composed of young prisoners of war, who were brought up in the Moslem faith: and, in contradistinction to the existing army, were denominated Yeni-tcheri, or new soldiers.

With the design of giving more solemnity to the new order, the founder resorted to the aid of religion, and they were blessed by a famous sheikh, Hadji-Bektash, who extending his arms over the troops, invoked the blessing of Allah, and predicted their future victories, pronouncing these words:—"Let them be called Yeni-tcheries. May their countenance ever be bright! their hand victorious! their sword keen! May their spear always hang over the head of their enemies, and wheresoever they go, may they return with a white face!"

Their uniform consisted of loose trowsers, and long, flowing robes, tucked up. Their head-gear, when in full dress, was very peculiar. A round cap of grey felt, with a long piece of the same hanging behind, in commemoration of the loose sleeve of the saint, which was suspended over their heads when he extended his arms to bless their institution. They were armed with sabres, scimitars, pistols, yataghans, muskets, constituting, as it were, a peripatetic model arsenal. Their mode of warfare was quite primitive; each fighting on his own responsibility.

From their earliest years, these Christian slaves snatched from the bosom of their families, were inured to all sorts of hardships, and to perfect resignation to the will of their superiors. They were diligently trained in the art of war, and every trace of their parents and native country being obliterated from their minds, their only aim was to promote the interest and glory of their lord and Sultan, and they were, for many centuries, justly distinguished for the excellence of their discipline, and for their indomitable courage. But, owing to their constant successes, they at last began to consider themselves invincible, and by degrees tame, and taking off the heads of ministers at their will. They were upheld in all their excesses by the people, from a dread of their vengeance, many of whom, from motives of personal safety, even enlisted as honorary members of their corps. For even the assassin could find a secure asylum in their barracks, from which no power or authority could claim him. Nothing was sacred in their estimation; families dared not to venture abroad without a janissary escort; and, on this account, the different foreign embassies were always accommodated with two or three of their number, which custom is still in vogue; though Kavasses, or Turkish police officers, have been substituted for the janissaries of former times. Even the royal harem was not safe from them, and neither life nor property were secure from their depredations.

FULL DRESS. JANISSARIES. UNDRESS.

Besides their regular rations, their pay was at the rate of from one asper to twenty, according to their rank, per day. An asper was, at that time, equal to one cent of Federal money. But they had various ways of increasing their personal revenues. They assumed a peculiar style of taxing the peaceable citizens, by carelessly tossing their handkerchiefs at them, with an intimation that their pockets needed replenishing, and none dared to return the handkerchief without a tribute tied in one of its corners. Those who were stationed in the city as metropolitan guards, generally contrived to amass a quantity of mud before the guard-house, which they would ask all the rayahs who passed by, either to sweep away or contribute something for its removal.

The day of their revolt was most memorable, and our own janissary boatman coolly put the number and mark of his regiment upon the street door of our residence, as an intimation to his comrades that the house was already appropriated by one of the brotherhood. Assassination was a matter of frequent occurrence in those days. The father of the writer once narrowly escaped with his life. He happened to be passing by a shop, where a janissary was examining a yataghan with a view of purchasing it.

"Stop," cried the janissary to him, "come here; I want to test this blade on you."

He knew the character of those villains too well to suppose that the rascal was joking—as a forlorn hope, he indifferently remarked, "that it would be hardly worth the while to try such an exquisite blade on my old tottering body," at the same time suggesting that it would be better for his excellency to accept the sword as a gift, with the view of trying it on some worthier subject, and throwing the money to the merchant, the old gentleman very suddenly disappeared.

Imbued with the wildest fanaticism, and with all the prejudices of ancient times, and habituated to command rather than to obey, these janissaries constituted the most effectual barrier to all progress or national reform. Indeed, their outrageous conduct was often the principal cause of war with foreign nations—and a stigma upon their country. Any monarch, then, who appreciated the real interests of his subjects, and could anticipate the future downfall of his country, would be impelled to annihilate this scourge.

Eternal gratitude is due to the illustrious Mahmond, who, at last, accomplished this task. A man of remarkable energy and discernment, more inspired with the spirit of civilization and modern reform than any of his predecessors; with a determination and perseverance unparalleled in the history of his country, Mahmond effected this *coup d'etat*, and has justly been designated of "Glorious memory." He first gained over to himself the renowned Hussein Pasha, who was then the Agha or Chief of the janissaries; then Kara-Jehennem, or Black-Hell, the chief of the artillery, and Bostangy-Bashi, the head of the life-guards; with the co-operation of these personages, a system of military reform was ordered, requiring all the soldiery to be regularly drilled, and to adopt a certain uniform better suited to military life than the flowing robes and cumbersome head-gears they had hitherto worn.

The artillery corps and the life-guards cheerfully submitted to this order, but the janissaries considered this change of costume as an innovation upon long established customs, and averse to any military discipline, there arose great dissatisfaction among them; and, as usual, they commissioned the Kool-Keahiassi, their representative, to remonstrate with his Majesty, upon whose refusal to listen to their murmurs they determined on rebellion. Having no suspicions of their chief, Hussein-Pasha, according to his counsel and public proclamation, the janissaries all assembled in their own barracks, at the great square of Et-Meydan, nearly in the centre of the city, to be in readiness to resist any attempt on the part of the Sultan to enforce his edict. The Sultan being informed of this circumstance, he, on his part, issued a proclamation that all good Mussulmans should repair to the holy standard of the Prophet in the court of the seraglio. This standard is never brought out except in cases of great emergency, and no Mussulman would refuse to repair to it when summoned. Accordingly all the Mussulman citizens, the artillery and the life-guards, who hated the janissaries, assembled at the seraglio and proceeded in a body to the great rallying point of the rebels, where they met with a warm reception from the barrack windows of the janissaries, who, confident in their own sheltered position, were sure of a glorious victory.

But they were soon undeceived; for, by the order of Kara-Jehennem, two field pieces had been slily transported to the very doors of the barracks, whose first discharge shattered the gates and prostrated hundreds of the rebels. The janissaries now desperate, rushed to seize the cannon, which were just reloading; and had it not been for the heroic action of Kara-Jehennem at this critical emergency, all would have been lost. The brave general, perceiving the nature of the affair, and although wounded as he was in the thigh, promptly jumped from his horse, and seizing the torch, instantly applied it to the cannon, and thus baffling the attempts of the assailants, soon turned the scale of fortune.

All resistance was now rendered futile by the barracks being set on fire, when amid shrieks of agony the miserable wretches were, on the 15th of June, 1825, destroyed. Many among them were allowed to effect their escape, with the design of sparing the innocent. The most dangerous of their number were afterwards arrested and sent to the European castles on the Bosphorus, where their doom was sealed by the bow-string, and thus perished this formidable scourge of the Ottoman Empire. Many censures and much opprobrium have been cast upon the memory of Mahmond for this act of consummate destruction. He has been stigmatized as cruel and blood-thirsty, whereas his whole country was groaning under a scourge of tremendous power, in the shape of an unlicensed soldiery.

Day by day, the monster grew in strength, and threatened the utter annihilation of both sovereign and people. What greater act of humanity, then, than to crush the Hydra with one fell blow? By this act Mahmoud not only established his own sovereign authority, but bursting, for the first time, the bonds of barbarism, made a bold stride towards the platform of civilization, and the fraternity of the world. But for Mahmoud, Turkey would, perhaps, have, ere this, been only a record of the past.

The army was immediately re-organized, and the soldiers were trained in European tactics by distinguished foreign officers. They attained great distinction as infantry and artillerymen, and still greater progress would have been made in military science, had it not been for the intrigues of Russia, who, just at that period, availing herself of the forlorn condition of the country, found a favorable opportunity for declaring war.

The Allies of the present day, not discerning the Muscovite cunning, were quiet spectators of the affray, and became, as it were, silent partners in the shameful treaty of Adrianople, for which they have since paid so dearly.

But the janissaries were not the sole barriers to the civilization of the country. The Ulema, or the expounders of the faith, have exercised even greater influence over the minds of the superstitious people, through their unlimited spiritual authority.

THE SMALLEST MONARCHY IN THE WORLD.—This is reputed to be the territory of the Prince of Monaco, on the Mediterranean, in the Western Riviera of Genoa. It extends about five miles along the coast, and inland about three miles.—The present Prince of Monaco is supposed also to be a descendant of Louis XIV. He is a peer of France, and generally resides in Paris; his principality being garrisoned by the King of Sardinia. The Prince draws from his little State a revenue of about £12,000 per annum, half of which supplies the charges of administration, the other being spent by the prince in Paris. The number of subjects is about 6,000.—*Curiosities of History.*

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

HOPING UNTO THE END.

BY EDWARD KNOWLES.

WHENEVER I am led to think
Of GOD'S rich promises to me,
It lengthens with a golden link,
The safety chain I cannot see.
And girded for the pilgrimage,
I tread the intervening way,
To where the promised heritage
Looks over to the endless day.

And with the fragment of a hymn,
I grasp my staff, and journey on,
Even though faint in heart and limb,
And resting ever and anon.
And as the startled music floats
Along to find the answering wires,
I catch the spirit of the notes
In a sweet union of desires.

Then in a sweet forgetfulness
Of all but harps with golden strings,
I stop and listen, none the less
That it is but myself that sings.
And hoping that in GOD'S good time,
My voice shall with the angels blend,
I brave this uncongenial clime
Longing, and hoping, to the end.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LIFE IS REAL.

LIFE is *real*, aye *fearfully* real! As we hasten onward, our life ever resembles an April day, sometimes sunshine, sometime clouds, or maybe the chilling wind of adversity sweeps over us, carrying away, by its rude breath, all that renders life beautiful or hope dear to us. The cold Autumnal days seem to sympathize with our griefs, for the bleak winds whistle mournfully through the trees, and scatters at each gust a wealth of golden leaves, while few rays of sunshine cheer the massy bed of brown and gold which lies under the old oak or the stately elm. Sometimes we are buoyant and glad, for life is sweet and friends are clustering around us, and prosperity shines upon our pathway. In all this we may recognize a Father's hand. 'Tis "our Father" who gives us the sweet portion and it is our Father's hand that places the bitter draught to our lips and bids us drink, and "he rarely gives the bitter, without afterwards giving the sweet cup of consolation, to take the nauseous taste away." As says the poet COWPER:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face."

Besides we know "The Lord loveth whom he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." We can *never* doubt him, though the clouds gather above us, and are darkened to almost midnight blackness, nay, we *cannot* though it burst upon our heads with ten-fold fury. We lean on an almighty arm, and He says "as thy day is, so shall thy strength be." Blessed promise! Happy they, and only they who trust in Him. In sunshine and storm "He is our refuge." A rock to shelter from the heat, a rock to defend us from the storm.

This world is ever changeful. A friend to-day, may be a foe to-morrow, but there is a friend who *never* forsakes. Unlike frail mortal, He has power to subdue the fear of death, aye even death itself, and he can support us in that trying hour, when soul and body part never to meet again, this side of eternity.

Hope points to the future, and memory's skeleton finger is pointed mournfully to the *past*, to the mis-spent time and talents. Woe be to us, if our one talent lies buried, for when our Lord cometh, what shall we say? We must try (leaning on the unseen power) to withstand the buffets of this world, and to battle manfully, that at last, the crown of victory may be placed on our brow, and that we may hear the welcome voice of our Maker, saying in tones of God-like sweetness—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." How great will be the contrast between the toils and sorrows of earth, and that perfect rest above, which He has prepared for those who love him. The poor and lowly christian shall in that day, sit beside the great white throne of the Lamb, "which was slain for our sins and wounded for our transgressions."

Penn Yan, N. Y., 1857. ERNESTINE HAMILTON.

HEAVEN.

IF heaven doth not enter into us by way of holiness, we shall never enter into heaven by way of happiness.

If you would lay up a treasure of glory in heaven, lay up a treasure of grace in your hearts.

If your souls are rich in grace, they will be rich in glory.

The more you do for God in this world, the more God will do for you in the world to come.

As heaven is kept for the saints by Christ, so are they kept for heaven by the spirit.

In heaven all God's servants will be abundantly satisfied with his dealings and dispensations with them; and shall see how all conducted like so many winds, to bring them to their haven; and how, even the roughest blasts helped to bring them homeward.

In heaven God will never hide his face more, nor the devil show his more.

How can we expect to live with God in heaven, if we love not to live with him on earth.

If thou lovest to worship God here below, God will take thee up to worship him above. Thou shalt change thy place, but not thine employment.

Heaven is a day without a cloud to darken it, and without a night to end it.

We would be seated in the heavenly Canaan, but are loth to be scratched with the briars and thorns of the wilderness.

In heaven there is the presence of the good and the absence of all evil.

Grace and glory differ but as the bud and the blossom. What is grace but glory begun? What is glory but grace perfected.

We may hope for a place in heaven, if our hearts are made suitable to the state of heaven.

If there will be any grief in heaven, sure it will be for this, that we have done no more for God on earth.—*Rev. J. Mason.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year, - - - - -	$2
Three Copies, " - - - - -	$5
Five Copies, " - - - - -	$8
Six Copies, and one free to agent, -	$10
Ten Copies, and one free to agent, -	$15

Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ A NEW HALF VOLUME commences July 4, and hence the present is a good time to form clubs for either Six Months or a Year. Agents and others will bear in mind that all subscriptions forwarding during the present month will count on Premiums. See Premium Lists on next page.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and can be made at the Club rate—$1,50 per copy. Agents and other friends will please bear this in mind, and receive and forward the subscriptions of all who desire to secure the RURAL.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed from one Post Office to another, should be particular in specifying the offices at which they are now received

☞ BACK NUMBERS of the present volume can still be supplied but those desiring them should be particular in specifying that they are wanted.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance.* Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Grand Ag'l Exhibition—Hon. S. M. Burroughs, President.
Chicago Ag'l Warehouse and Seed Store—U. D. Emery & Co.
To Breeders of North America—John Wade.
"Think of Living"—Fowler & Wells
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Henry Sargent.
Haying and Harvesting Tools, &c.—H. D. Emery & Co.
Domestic Gas Apparatus—Wright & Chappell
Durham Stock for Sale—F. H Barnard and F. B. Shearer.

RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, JUNE 27, 1857.

The Present, and Next Half Volume.

THIS number of the RURAL closes the first half of its Eighth Volume. Those whose subscriptions expire this week will find the notification, "TIME UP," printed upon the margin of their papers,—and each and all interested will please bear in mind that a prompt renewal is necessary in order to secure, what we trust all desire, the regular continuance of the RURAL. The renewal is an easy matter, and can be accomplished by remitting a single subscription direct to us, handing it to the nearest Post-Master, or agent, or by forming a club and thus obtaining a free copy of the paper. The latter mode will prove most beneficial, perhaps, to all parties—subscriber, community and the publisher—and we trust the many friends of the RURAL herein addressed will give it preference.

The new Half Volume will commence July 4, under very favorable auspices. As we remarked last week, our facilities were never so great, and they will be used to the best advantage—not only for the benefit of readers, but with the view of enhancing the Merit and Usefulness of the RURAL.—We have some rich things in store for our readers, and feel confident of our ability to anticipate and meet the wants and wishes of those for whose benefit this journal is especially designed—the RURAL POPULATION—and also to render the paper an acceptable, valuable and entertaining visitor to the homes of other classes, in both Town and Country. As the new half volume is a good time for subscriptions to commence, we trust friendly subscribers and readers will lend a little influence, just now, to enhance the circulation and usefulness of the RURAL in their neighborhoods. Any and every aid will be gratefully appreciated, and we shall be liberal in recognizing assistance by furnishing free copies, books, and other gratuities, to those who introduce the paper to the notice and support of their friends and acquaintances.

Washington News.

THE correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says:—The Postmaster General is working day and night, examining the various routes for carrying the overland mail to California. From reports remitted, the Northern and Mississippi, and even middle routes are not considered practicable. A decision, I understand, will be made this week, and the Southern route will be selected, starting from Memphis or Vicksburg.

Prof. Alexander, of Baltimore, has been appointed Commissioner on the part of the United States under joint resolution of the last Congress, to provide for ascertaining the relative value of the coinage of the United States and Great Britain.

The Navy Department have determined to build one of the five new sloops-of-war by private contract, for which proposals are soon to be issued.

Judge Crawford charged the Grand Jury on the 16th inst., that their duty was to make a full inquiry into the true causes of the election riots.—They should ascertain the facts and present them in an embodied form. Nothing short of this ought to satisfy the community. The laws, he says, must be maintained and enforced, and the rights of citizens under those laws, and the fair and full exercise of them without interference or hindrance from any quarter must be protected by whatever legally authorized means are necessary for these purposes.

Commodore Thomas C. Jones, of the U. S. Navy, lies dangerously ill of an affection of the heart.—His life is despaired of.

A terrific hail storm visited the city of Washington, on the 22d inst., and caused an immense destruction of glass in sky-lights, conservatories and windows. Trees were stripped of their foliage, and grain, vegetables and shrubbery beat to the earth. The storm was about twelve miles in width, and extended from the south-west to the north-east. Some of the hail stones were so large as to weigh from five to seven ounces. It is feared the crops throughout its course are much injured, if not entirely ruined.

The Bunker Hill Celebration.

THE Bunker Hill celebration in Boston was a magnificent affair. The sky was overcast, but no rain fell. Among the distinguished gentlemen present were the Governors of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Vermont, the Mayors of Baltimore and Montreal, Senator Mason of Virginia, Judge Breese of Illinois, Geo. Peabody, Caleb Cushing, and a crowd of other notabilities.

The procession, the main features of which were the military and Free Masons, the Bunker Hill Monument Association, the Governors of different States, the municipal officials, and distinguished guests in carriages, was about one hour in passing a given a given point. The Masons, in their varied and imposing regalia, turned out about 1,500 strong.

The procession reached the monument grounds at about 3 o'clock, where a pavillion capable of holding 7,000 persons was immediately filled, while thousands were unable to pass in.

The statue of Gen. Warren was within the pavillion, hidden from view by a tent composed of American flags, and facing the speaker's platform.

The inauguration exercises commenced by prayer from President Walker, of Harvard College, which was followed by an original ode, finely sung by the Handel and Hayden Society of Boston.

The Hon. Edward Everett was then introduced, when the statue was uncovered, the band playing the Star Spangled Banner. Mr. Everett's address was listened to with the deepest attention, and he was frequently interrupted by vehement bursts of applause.

Latest Intelligence from Kansas.

THE St. Louis Democrat learns that the Free State Legislature of Kansas met at Topeka on the 9th inst., but there was not a quorum of the members present. On the 10th they went into secret session to discuss the propriety of immediately organizing and putting in operation the new government. On the 11th the Senate elected W. A. Phillips, U. S. Senator in place of Col. Lane. The Legislature almost unanimously sustained the Convention.

The Free State Convention met at Topeka on the 9th inst., Col. Lane presiding. A resolution was adopted, disowning the Territorial Government, and declaring that the admission of the Territory into the Union under the Topeka Constitution was the only method of adjusting the difficulties. The Convention pledged itself to pursue the application now pending before Congress,—believing that a measure so just and in accordance with the principles of the past legislation of the country will be eventually conceded, and announced that it is the duty of the Legislature to complete the State organization.

Other resolutions, recommending the Free State party to disregard the approaching election, and casting suspicion on any man who consents to become a candidate for the Constitutional Convention were passed, and the Convention adjourned.

The correspondent of the Democrat, writing from Quindaro, on the 16th inst., says that the Legislature adjourned on the 13th. Acts providing for taking the census, and for an election on the 1st Monday in August for State officers and Representatives in Congress, and locating the seat of Government at Topeka, were passed.

Also a joint resolution under the Topeka Census Act, providing for the appointment of five marshals whose deputies shall take a census immediately, and make an apportionment of the State which shall give a Senate of no more than twenty members and a House of sixty.

Some of the Territorial County Judges have pronounced parts of the census inoperative.

It is reported that Gov. Walker has been informed that the Constitution will not be submitted to the people.

Conflagrations, &c.

AN extensive fire broke out in Memphis, Tenn., on the 18th inst., destroying the whole block of buildings occupied by the Bank of West Tennessee, the Commercial Bank, J. W. McCracken, and others. Loss not ascertained.

THE four story building, 361 West street, New York, owned by Wm. B. Astor, was burned on the 18th. Loss $15,000.

THE Old Dominion steam flour mill at Petersburg, Va., burnt on the 18th inst. Loss $50,000; partially insured.

THE woolen mills in Navuet, N. Y., were destroyed by fire on the 16th inst. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. Loss about $5,000; no insurance.

THE flouring mills of C. W. Northrop, at Bangall, in Dutchess county, with their contents, including 500 bushels of rye, were entirely destroyed by fire on the 19th inst.

FROM HAVANA.—By the arrival of the steamer Black Warrior we have Havana dates to the 15th. Santa Anna had not then arrived. The Spanish fleet, intended for the Mexican difficulty was said to be near the Island, and soldiers were arriving by every vessel from Spain. General Concha has been recalled, and Lesundi appointed in his place. Concha will leave on the 12th of August, if his successor does not come before that time. The cause of Concha's change of fortune is the demand of the English Ambassador at Madrid for his recall for openly countenancing the slave trade.

Sugar market same as last advices. Holders are firm in their determination to keep it up.

HAMILTON COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.—Hamilton College, (Clinton, N. Y.,) Commencement will take place July 16th. During Commencement Week, Rev. William Adams, D. D., of New York, will address the Society of Christian Research. Hon. William F. Allen, of Oswego, will address the graduating Law Class. The orator of the Alumni will be Rev. Henry S. Clarke, D. D., of Philadelphia, of the class of 1837; Poet, Prof. Theodore W. Dwight. Hon. A. P. Willard, Governor of Indiana, will be the orator of the Literary Societies, and T. B. Aldrich, of New York, the poet.

ABOUT thirty fresh water springs are discovered under the sea on the south of the Persian Gulf.

Important News from Mexico.

GEN. VIDAL, Santa Anna's father-in-law, has written to Santa Anna's friends that the former Dictator of Mexico will be again in Vera Cruz in less than ninety days.

A letter received by a person of high standing in Washington, from a gentleman in Havana, who has access to the best sources of information, says that if the letters sent through by the last steamer for Spain reached Madrid in time, the Spanish Government will not make any kind of arrangement with the Government of Comonfort. Santa Anna offers to make a treaty. Spain is to furnish to Santa Anna three ships of war and 1,500 men, with which he will proceed to any point in Mexico that he may deem proper. These forces to be maintained by Santa Anna at the port where they may land during the revolution, and until his government is consolidated. Santa Anna believes that he will not require a larger force than this, but if reinforcements should become necessary, all that he may desire shall be sent to him. It is stated that all these propositions have been approved by the Spanish Government.

The New Orleans mail of the 13th inst. has been received. The Havana correspondent of the 9th in the New Orleans papers, confirms the intention of Spain to invade Mexico. Orders have been given to prepare three months' rations for 10,000 men. The navy yards are busily occupied in packing materials, and volunteers are enrolling.

It also confirms the special despatch from Washington respecting Gen. Santa Anna's agency.

The latest advices from Mexico make it almost certain that General Comonfort is elected President of the Republic, by a large majority. This is gratifying intelligence. It shows that the people are resolved on sustaining the Republic. Another item is, that Comonfort is on his march to Vera Cruz at the head of 18,000 troops,—to put down a new insurrection.

Provincial Items.

THE Canadian Parliament, at its recent session, granted 1,500,000 acres of land to the Quebec and Lake Huron Railroad.

GOV. HEAD has gone to England, and during his absence Gen. Eyre is acting Governor of Canada. The General is expected in Toronto about the middle of July.

WE learn from the Montreal Gazette, that the ocean steamer Canadian was removed from the rock on which she rested on Sunday, and immediately sunk in fifteen fathoms of water.

THE Kingston *News* reports the fine appearance of the crops in that region. Also that an unusual breadth of land has been put under crop.

A MONTREAL paper states that Mr. J. W. Audubon, son of the celebrated naturalist, has arrived at Montreal, and is about to issue a book on the birds and quadrupeds of America, the plates being taken from his father's great work.

The store of D. G. Hatton, in Peterboro, was destroyed by fire last week. Loss of Mr. Hatton $18,000, insured $12,000. Messrs. Dennistoun & Ward's law office, the Custom House and the office of the Clerk of the County Court were in the building, and many valuable papers were burned. Entire loss $33,000, insurance $20,000.

THE dwelling of Mrs. Kelly, in the township of Burford, was burned on the 7th inst., and James West, a boy whom Mrs. Kelly had taken as a protege, was burned to death. Others of the inmates narrowly escaped.

THE Toronto *Globe* in speaking of the prospects of the Agriculturists in that section of the Upper Province, says:—"The wet weather of the last two weeks has not, upon the whole, done injury. In low situations, peas have suffered, and corn has rotted in the hill; but the staple crops—wheat, oats and grass—have been benefited. Wheat throughout Upper Canada was very much injured by cold winds and frosts during the month of February; but its has recovered amazingly within the last month, and now bids fair to give the farmer an average return at harvest. The crop of hay will be abundant—equal, if not superior, to that of last year. Potatoes except on very low grounds, bid fair to yield a good crop. The lateness of the season, and high price of seed, prevented the planting of a very large breadth, but still we may expect to see potatoes at a more reasonable price next year. The turnip crop is not a very important one in this part of Canada, from the small quantity usually put in; but the present moist weather is very favorable to this crop. Upon the whole, the prospects of the approaching harvest are very gratifying."

EXPORTS OF TREASURE FROM SAN FRANCISCO.—According to a statement prepared for the London Economist, of May 16th, the exports of treasure from San Francisco for the three months ending March 30th, 1857, were as follows:

To New York	$6,826,490
England	2,026,594
China	860,285
New Orleans	214,000
Panama	151,381
Manilla	47,000
Calcutta	34,998
Mexico	17,500
Other places	80,300
Total first quarter of 1857	10,258,548
" " 1856	10,430,950
Decrease in 1857	$172,402

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.—From official tables made up at the Treasury Department, Washington, it appears that the imports and exports at six of the principal collection districts, for the first three quarters of the fiscal year, ending March 31, were as follows:—Imports $246,422,950; exports $205,331,660; total $451,754,610. Of the exports $192,661,178 was of domestic produce. The above figures show an excess of imports of about $40,000,000, which has been met by the export of gold.

BANK CAPITAL IN NEW YORK CITY.—The rapid increase of bank capital in New York city, is one of the strong evidences of its growth as a commercial and manufacturing point. The annual increase of late years has been fully ten per cent. In September, 1851, the aggregate was $34,000,000; it now reaches $60,000,000.

Items of News.

REV. MR. SPURGEON is not coming to this country at present. He has received $1,000 from the sales of his books in America during the last three months.

LAST week the commencement of the Penn. Medical College, of Philadelphia, took place, when the degree of doctor of medicine was conferred upon seven female and twelve male graduates.

HORSE-SHOE nails are made by machinery in Providence, and the manufacturers have just made a contract to supply the General Government.—The Post says one man and a boy with three machines will do the work of fifty men in the ordinary way.

IT is said the Mormons have adopted a new alphabet of 36 letters for their own use, for the purpose of raising up a barrier between the Saints and Gentiles.

THE town of Wilmot, Herkimer county, runs far back into the wilderness. Its voting population numbers *six!* Mr. Lane, an intelligent lumberman, is the Supervisor. To take his place in the Board on Monday week he had to travel over *eighty miles*—thirty of which he had to perform on foot! Such an incident would not perhaps be worth narrating in Kansas or Minnesota; but it is a noteworthy fact happening in the State of New York.

THE Alta Californian received by the last steamer says:—"It is estimated by those fully competent to judge of such of such matters, that more than fifteen millions of gold now lie buried in the ground in various parts of the State, secreted solely for safe keeping."

THE new church of St. Vincent de Paul, the corner stone of which was laid on Twenty-third-st., near Sixth Avenue, New York, on the 12th inst., by Bishop Hughes, is to cost about $100,000. It is intended to accommodate about 1,000 worshipers.

THE New Orleans Picayune has been presented with an apple grown in that city—"the first New Orleans apple," it says, "we ever saw." It grew on a tree about four feet high.

IT is rumored in London that Sir Robert Peel rashly and wildly backing his own horse, Anton, at Derby, lost £70,000—$350,000, and is in a state that might be expected in consequence.

THE Post Master General has recently decided that bona fide subscribers to weekly newspapers can receive the same free of postage, if they reside in the county in which the paper is printed and published, even if the office to which the paper is sent is without the county, provided it is the office at which they receive their mail matter. This will be an item of interest to newspaper subscribers living near the county lines.

THE frauds upon the Ohio State Treasury now foot up $775,711, and the Cincinnati Gazette says that the deficit is steadily increased as the investigation proceeds, and the fact is fully established that not very far from the round sum of one million dollars of the public money has been directly and deliberately stolen.

THE death of seven children of the Rev. B. Hutchins, of Albion, Ill., formerly of York, Pa., has already been recorded. The Grayville Herald contains an obituary of the eighth, a daughter seven years old. Within a few weeks the parents have buried eight out of nine, all from scarlet fever.

THE Empress Eugenie of France recently appeared at a ball wearing jewels whose value was estimated at $800,000, and having flounces of lace on her robe that cost $120,000.

THE New Jersey Strawberry crop yields very abundantly this season. It is estimated that 600,000 baskets are taken into New York daily. These sold at 3½ cents each would bring $21,000, as the daily expenditure of the city for this single luxury.

NOVEL MODE OF IMPORTING STOCK.—The Detroit *Free Press* of the 13th inst., says:—Four families of English emigrants crossed on the ferry-boat Transit yesterday, on their way to settle on the fertile prairies of Iowa. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of the emigrants, but an accompaniment of the train was worthy of notice. This was a two-year-old Durham bull, a splendid looking animal, who had been the companion of their travels all the way from England. He came over in the same vessel, traveled on the same canal boat, and rode in the same cars with his friends and protectors. They paid the noble animal every attention, and seemed to consider him as one of the family, and entitled to all its privileges. He will be a good addition to western imported stock, and an ornament to the new home of his possessors.

ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.—The general election in France occurred the 21st and 22d inst., Sunday and Monday. The number of voters registered is 9,521,220. The entire Chamber of Deputies is to be elected. Theoretically, the ballot is to be free, but the Government expresses the hope of being able easily to extinguish any opposition that may show itself. They, in fact, make the nominations, and no one who is in the least obnoxious to the Government, can even be nominated or elected, and persons who circulate tickets with unauthorized names on them, will be punished for "distributing seditious publications."

PRESIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—The Atlanta (Ga.) Intelligencer says the following letter was sent to Mr. Buchanan by a juvenile Georgia politician:

ATLANTA, Ga., 1857.

"Hon. Jas. Buchanan, Dear Sir:—The election is now over, and you are President. During the canvass I have hollered for you until I am hoarse, and my throat is sore, and I have spent all my small change. If you have got any office that would suit a boy of my age, (13 years,) I would like to have it—and if not, please send me ten dollars.

Yours, respectfully."

A NATIONAL TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The officers of several State Teachers' Associations have united in calling a National Convention of Teachers to meet at Philadelphia on the 26th of August next. They cordially extend this invitation to all practical teachers in the North, the South, the East and the West.

News Clippings.

—Harvesting has commenced in South Carolina.

—The gardens in Cincinnati, are blooming with roses.

—A great crop of hay has just been gathered off Boston Common.

—Six coroner's inquests were held in New York, on the 16th inst.

—The crops in France promise a harvest of unusual abundance.

—The Millerites have been holding a camp meeting near Worcester, Mass.

—A sister of Louis Kossuth is teaching school at Cornwall, Orange Co.

—Hans Christian Anderson is now in England, on a visit to Charles Dickens.

—Rev. Dr. Vinton, of Boston, has been elected Episcopal Bishop of Texas.

—There are 4,000 men at work in the lead mines of southwest Missouri.

—A N. Y. paper says that hogs in that city are fed upon dead cats, dogs and rats.

—From 2,000 to 4,000 frogs are consumed in the restaurants in Albany every week.

—On the 15th inst., three men were drowned near the light house in Buffalo harbor.

—A World's Temperance Convention is to be held in Chicago the present summer.

—The use of whalebone for "hoops," has nearly doubled the price of that article.

—The people of Seneca Falls and Waterloo are now rejoicing in the possession of gas.

—Mr. Wm. C. Bryant and family arrived at Havre in the ship William Tell, on the 31st ult.

—Mrs. M. O. Beekman, a sister of ex-President Tyler died at her residence on the 2d inst.

—Ten fugitives were at the depot of the Underground R. R. in Syracuse, one day last week.

—There is living in Cazenovia a family of four persons, whose united ages amount to 317 years.

—At least a thousand Norwegians arrived at Millwaukee on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week.

—Thirty thousand barrels of salt are manufactured annually on the Muskingum river in Ohio.

—A man was recently arrested in Albany for stealing his daughter's ear-rings to bet on a dog-fight.

—The N. O. Times, of the 2d inst., says the weather is "particularly favorable for growing sugar."

—The amount of money on deposit in the U. S. Treasury at Detroit on the 1st inst., was $38,916 58.

—The recent storms in France occasioned great damage to the vines and crops in many of the communes.

—A boy in Danvers, Mass., nine years of age, has broken his leg five times within the past three years.

—Bennett, of the N. Y., Herald has purchased a country seat at Fort Washington, for which he pays $95,000.

—The Russian Government has signified its readiness to act in concert with the British Government in China.

—The wheat crop of South Carolina, it is said, will be the largest, this season, ever harvested in that State.

—The Spanish census is nearly completed, and the result will, it is said, show a population of 17,000,000 souls.

—Mr. A. Wright, of England, has taken out an improvement in apparatus for lighting coal and other mines with gas.

—A marine telegraph, invented and perfected by a Mr. Ward, of Auburn, N. Y., is soon to be tested in Cayuga Lake.

—Stall fed frogs are advertised for sale in the Sandusky (Ohio) papers. They must be an interesting animal to feed.

—The receipts of the Missionary of Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church South last year amounted to $188,620.

—There were arrested in Chicago during the past two and a half months, *two thousand four hundred and eighty persons!*

—Two sharks measuring, respectively, seventeen and fifteen feet, were captured in Charleston harbor on the 29th ult.

—On the 3d inst., a boy in New Orleans 12 years of age, after being severely punished, procured a rope and hung himself.

—An immense cave, said to rival the Mammoth cave of Kentucky, has lately been partially explored in Marion county, Mo.

—Private letters state that the crops in Alabama have had to be planted over three times. The corn was killed by the frost.

—A freight train was blown off the track of the Erie Railroad by a gust of wind and rain last week. No person was injured.

—The capital of the State Bank of Ohio is a little over four million dollars. Its circulation is nearly two to one of its capital.

—Rev. Dr. Scott, pastor of a Presbyterian Church in San Francisco, receives for his services the handsome salary of $12,000 per year.

—A $2 50 gold piece was paid out by a clerk in the Philadelphia post-office, the other day, in mistake for one of the new cents.

—The Grand Rapids (Mich.) Enquirer states "on the very best authority," that the cars will be running to that city by September.

—One of the omnibus lines in New York have placed a sign on their stages to this effect, "Fare 6¼ cents—ladies with hoops 12½."

—An eel twenty-three and one half inches in length was taken from a Cochituate water pipe at the Boston Gas Works on Saturday.

—A special term of the New York Oyer and Terminer has been ordered, for the trial of Mayor Wood and others, charged with riot.

—Dr. John Neilson, the oldest and one of the most eminent of the New York physicians, died on Friday at the age of 83 years.

—There was a savage tornado at Charlotte, N. C., on the 10th inst. Damage was done to the amount of $20,000; but no lives were lost.

—The Catholic Church at Coldwater, Mich., was blown into a mass of ruins, on the 14th inst., by a cask of powder being placed under it.

—The Seneca Falls Reveille says that the water in Seneca river was higher on the 18th inst., than has been known in twenty years.

—The Presidential canvass is just beginning in Mexico, but there are no candidates yet prominently presented in opposition to Comonfort.

—Hon. Augustus Young, State Naturalist, and formerly Member of Congress from Vermont, died in St. Albans, Vt., on the 17th inst., aged 63.

—In the garden of Major Daniel R. Witt, in West Lynn, Mass, is a peony, the root of which was brought from England more than 200 years ago.

—A new and inexhaustible deposit of coal, resembling Cannel, has been opened in Calloway Co., Missouri. It sells in St. Louis at 22 cents per bushel.

—The Grand Jury of Louisville have indicted for murder fifteen persons, and all they could discover as participators in the recent lynching of four negroes.

—The Land-Office at Warsaw, Mo., was closed on the 13th inst. During the preceding two and a half months, the sales amounted to over half a million acres.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Europa.

THE Royal mail steamship Europa, from Liverpool at 9 A. M. on Saturday, June 6, arrived at New York, on the 16th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Parliament resumed its sitting on the 4th, but the proceedings were only of local interest.

In the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston had intimated that he intended to submit a bill at this session for the abolition of the Church rates.

Ineffectual efforts were made for the appointment of Committees to revise the duties of the Board of Trade, and to consider and report measures for improving the condition of the laboring classes.

The Princess Royal Annuity Bill was finally passed.

The *London Times* states that there is not the least ground for the report that the U. S. frigate Niagara is not to take her share of the submarine cable. She was to leave the Thames on Monday for Portsmouth Dock-Yard, where some of her stanchions were to be taken out and her ward room altered to accommodate the cable. This done, she would at once proceed to Birkenhead and commence taking in the cable. At the Greenwich Works about 900 miles of cable was completed, and the whole length would have been done but for the fact that the daily consumption of fine wire has been more than all the wire-drawers of England could furnish. The Agamemnon was to commence taking in the cable at Greenwich on the 9th or 10th of June. Her tender is to be the steam frigate Leopold. All the vessels will rendezvous at Cork Harbor, where the final arrangements will be made The war steamer Cyclops is now taking soundings along the proposed deep-sea route. The period for paying out the cable is the month of August.

The statement that during the late visit of the Emperor to the master of artillery an attempt was made upon his life, is reiterated, and the fact that the English journals containing any reference to this matter as well as to the Government election plan were intercepted at the French post-offices, gives color to the story. The recent Government circular in regard to the approaching election formed the main political theme, and Paris correspondence generally agrees in saying that the document has created a sensation highly detrimental to Government interests.

The list of Democratic candidates for Paris had not been arranged. The correspondent of The Times says that in the event of the election of these candidates the difference of opinion as to taking the oaths to the existing Government will probably be satisfactorily arranged. He also states that it is doubtful if Gen. Cavaignac will appear as a candidate.

SPAIN.—Some cheap bread riots had occurred at Granada. A large number of people paraded thro' the streets, and having assumed a menacing attitude, were ordered to disperse, and failing to do so, they were fired upon by the troops, which had been called out, and four persons were wounded. They then retired to their homes, and quiet was restored. The city was, nevertheless, declared in a state of siege. On the 25th all was tranquil.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA.—The Paris correspondent of the Times says:—"Count de Morny, previous to his departure from St. Petersburg, which is to take place about the 25th of this month, will sign the treaty of commerce between the French and Russian Government, of which the clauses are already agreed to."

The improved position of the Bank of France having led to rumors of a contemplated reduction in the rate of disconnt, the writer of the Times' city article says:—"It seems that such a step will be resorted to before the artificial purchases of gold are entirely stopped."

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, June 23, 1857.

THE continued wet weather affects the market and nothing of importance is being transacted. Business of all kinds is confined to the retail department of trade.

FLOUR AND GRAIN—No change in price of flour, and in grain the only difference is a little more range in the price of Oats.

PROVISIONS.—Most varieties of farm produce are declining—see quotations.

WOOL—But little wool has made its appearance in our market as yet—not to exceed a few hundred pounds—and opened at 30@40c, as to quality, about the same prices as last year for the crop.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	12c
Flour, bbl	$7,00@8,75	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,85@1,90	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Best white Canada	$1,85@1,90	Apples bushel	$1,50@1,75
Corn	88c	Do. dried	$2,00@2,25
Oats	50@56c	Potatoes	75c@$1
Barley	$1,00@1,12½	HIDES AND SKINS	
Buckwheat	83@88c	Slaughter	0@7c
Beans	$1,50@2,00	Calf	00@10c
Peas	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	$1,50@1,75
MEATS.		Lamb do	00@00c
Pork, Mess	$24,00	SEEDS.	
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover bushel	$6,50@7,00
Beef, ⅌ cwt	$6,50@7,50	Timothy	$3,00@4,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	12@13c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	10@11c	Coal, Lehigh	$8@8,25
Chickens	11@12c	Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Turkeys	00@12½	Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	15@16c	Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,88
Do. firkin	13@15c	Hay, ton	$10@20
Cheese	10@00c	Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	00@14c	White fish, bbl	$12@12,50
Tallow	10@10½c	Codfish ⅌ quintal	$4,00@5,50
Eggs, dozen	15c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 22.—Flour—Common and medium grades have advanced 5@10c, with fair home trade and some little export demand; also, some speculative inquiry. Sales at $6,05@6,25 for super State; $6,10@6,70 for extra do.; $5,06@6,30 for super Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Ohio; $6,35@7,25 for common to medium and extra do.; market closing buoyant. Canadian flour firm; sales at $5,85@9 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat scarce and market firm; sales Milwaukee club at $1,60@1,62; red winter Illinois $1,65. Rye firmer; sales at $1 18@1,23. Corn opened lower but closed firmer; sales of mixed Western at 80@81c for unsound; 82½@83c for sound, closing buoyant. Oats better at 66@67c for Canadian, State and West

PROVISIONS—Pork lower. Sales at $22,85@23,10 for mess, $19@19,10 for prime. Lard lower. Sales at 14¼@14½c. Butter firm at 17@23c for Ohio and State. Cheese steady at 5½@10½c.

BUFFALO, June 22.—FLOUR—The market is quiet; demand being very moderate this morning. Sales extra Wisconsin at $7,25.

GRAIN—Wheat is quiet and held steadily at $1,30 for Chicago spring. Sales Milwaukee club at $1,40 sacked. Corn closed Saturday afternoon with an active speculative demand, and small sales at 71c. This morning holders are at that figure, but no sales. Oats are steady. Sales Chicago at 57c, and Ohio at 67½c. Small sale rye at $1,20@1,25.

ALBANY, June 22.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for the medium grades is rather more active, and the stock being somewhat reduced, the market is firmer. The better descriptions are firm, with a steady demand. Corn meal is quiet and unchanged

GRAIN—Nothing doing in wheat, and but little prime offering. Corn is lower and in moderate request. Sales Western Mixed in car lots at 83c. Oats are steady. In other grains nothing transpired.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

ALBANY, June 22.—At W. W. WOOLFORD'S Bull's Head Washington Avenue

BEEF CATTLE—740 at market. Prices, live weight, extra, $7,00; first quality, $6,50; second and third, $5,50@6.

COWS AND CALVES—Few in market. Prices range from $35@$55.

SHEEP—860 in market Prices range at from $4,50@6,50.

SWINE—100 in market. Prices fat $7,00. Stores $6@6,50.

NEW YORK, JUNE 17.—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality, 13@13½c; Ordinary, 12@12½c.; Common, 11@11½c.; Inferior, 10@10½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $65@75; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6@7½c.; Other qualities, 4@5½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $9,00@12; Other qualities, $3,50@8,50.

SWINE—First quality, 7½@7¾c.; Other qualities, 6½@7c.

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 17.—At market 288 Cattle, 240 Beeves, & 48 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,50@10,00; First quality, $8,75@9,25; second quality, $7,50; third quality, $6,25@6,75; ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$95 to $200.

COWS AND CALVES—$40, 50, 55@67.

YEARLINGS—$00@00. Two years old, $35@40. Three years old $45@50

VEAL CALVES—$4,50@10 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—567 at market. Prices—In lots, $3, 3,50@4,00 each. Extra and selections, $ @6,50.

HIDES—7½@8c. ⅌ lb. Tallow 7½@8c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—25c@$2,00 each. Calf Skins 14@15c. ⅌ lb.

SWINE—700 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8½c. ⅌ lb. Dressed hogs, 9½@10½c. Shoats, wholesale, 8½c.; retail 9@10½c. ⅌ lb. Spring pigs 16@12c ⅌ lb.

BRIGHTON, JUNE 18.—At market 850 Beef Cattle, 50 Stores, 14 pairs Working Oxen, 116 Cows and Calves, 1000 Sheep and Lambs, 600 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $10,00; first quality, $9,00@9,50; second, $8,75; third, $7,50; ordinary, $5,00.

HIDES—7½@8c. Tallow, 7½@8c.

PELTS—25c@$2,00. Calf Skins, 14@15c ⅌ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$4, 4,50, 5@6 apiece.

WORKING OXEN—$125@185.

COWS AND CALVES—$21, 24, 26, 35, 40@50.

YEARLINGS $00@00. Two years old, $30@41. Three years old, $45@51.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $5, 6@6,50. In lots $3,50, 4@4,50

SWINE—8c. Retail, 9@10c. Fat hogs 7¼c. Spring pigs 11c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 17.—The market, both for domestic and foreign, continues very quiet, but the stock of the former is quite low, and prices are sustained. The attention of dealers is now chiefly attracted toward the wool-growing districts of the West, consequently we do not look for any activity in this market for some time to come. The cold weather has retarded the shearing and very little has transpired in this locality as yet, although we learn of some transactions having transpired in Ohio in flocks at an advance of 2@3c. ⅌ lb on the opening rates of last season. This is just what we expected. Some of the manufacturers, sooner than close their mills at present and let their good hands away, will be obliged to pay higher rates for some small parcels than those obtained last year; but as time progresses we look for a different state of affairs All the principal manufacturers in the country are running their machinery at a loss; and if any of our interior friends doubt our assertion let them contract with the manufacturers—we have no doubt a great many of them will be very willing to sell them shares, in part payment for wool, at 50c. on the dollar. As sellers now stand, the future looks quite gloomy for most of the producers of this country, and consequently no prudent dealer will touch wool at present, or even at last year's opening rates, to sell to manufacturers. We have conversed with persons of large experience on this subject, and after due deliberation we can arrive at no other conclusion than that wool must either decline or goods advance materially; but the latter is almost impossible so long as goods from abroad come in here by the million, made from material which cannot be obtained here, and under a reduced rate of duty, thus affording no protection whatsoever to the manufacturers of fine woolens in this country. The transaction in fleece for the week do not exceed 40,000 lbs. super to extra at 50@60c., 6 mos., and in pulled about 15,000 lbs. super to extra Country at 42@50c. Foreign is rather quiet; small sales are making (but not of a magnitude sufficient to quote) at full previous rates; a good demand is, however, anticipated after July 1. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ⅌ lb	55@65
American Full-blood Merino	52@55
American ½ and ¼ Merino	45@50
American Native and ¼ do	40@45
Pulled Wool, extra Country	47@50
Pulled Wool, super	40@43
Pulled Wool, No. 1	33@35
California Fine, Washed	15@40
Do. Com. Unwashed	17@20
Peruvian, Washed	35@39
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@29
South American, Com. Washed	16@24
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	17@24
South American Unwashed	12@16
South American, Cordova, Washed	27@30
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	11@15
African, Washed	18@25
Smyrna, Unwashed	15@16
Smyrna, Washed	30@32
Mexican, Unwashed	12@15

[*N Y Tribune.*

DEATHS.

AT Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., April 9th, Miss LOUISA R WOODWORTH, of consumption, aged 20 years and 6 months.

IN Hastings, M. T., May 9th, Mr. JOSEPH H. MATHER, formerly of Parma, Monroe Co., N. Y., aged 46 years.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WRIGHT & CHAPPELL,

31 STATE STREET, ROCHESTER, ARE MANUFACTURING a new **Domestic Gas Apparatus**, designed for Public Buildings or private residences, which combines perfect simplicity with safety, efficiency and economy. The material used is either crude Rosin, or Rosin Oil—producing a cheap and luxurious light; it requires but little attention and is not liable to get out of repair. Price, from $20 upwards, according to size. Circulars sent on application. Agents wanted. 298

HENRY SARGENT,

LATE (FOR 7 YEARS) OF THE FIRM OF CAMPBELL & SARGENT,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

OFFICE NO 24, ARCADE GALLERY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—will give special attention to the collection of moneys on bonds and mortgages, notes and accounts, in the United States and Canadas, and will promptly remit the same as desired. *Claims* for infringements on *Patents*, and against Insurance Companies and Corporations, enforced to adjustment—Title to real estate perfected—business connected with the Marine and Commercial department promptly executed. All law business promptly attended to

REFERENCES—Hon. Rufus Keeler, Mayor of Rochester, N. Y.; Hon. Erastus Corning & Co., Albany, N. Y.; Wm. Barton, Esq., Banker, No. 20 Merchants' Exchange, N. Y. 389ow3m.

TO THE BREEDERS OF NORTH AMERICA.

Short-Horn Cattle, Leicester Sheep.

MR. JOHN WADE, would most respectfully intimate that in consequence of the sudden death of his late brother, by the accident at the Desjardins Canal, the whole of the valuable stock of **Short-Horned Cattle** and **Leicester Sheep**, left by him, will be offered to unreserved competition, on WEDNESDAY, 26th day of August next, at his Farm, 4 miles equi-distant, from Port Hope and Cobourg.

To those acquainted with the Stock, no recommendation is necessary. The Prize Lists of our Provincial and Local Agricultural Societies, prove that the unremitting exertions of their late owner, for the last 20 years, as well as his unsparing expense of money and labor, have not been thrown away. The Stock had just reached the point aimed at by him for a long period, and it is only in consequence of the inability of a young family to carry on such a concern, that they are now offered.—The herd has been raised from successive importations from the native seat of the Short-Horns, the County of Durham; being originally from the COLLIS'S Stock through the channels of Col. CHADWICK, J. M. HORTON, Esq., and others. Mr. WADE, would simply remark, that such an opportunity rarely occurs to those wishfull to obtain a pure Durham Stock. The Sheep, Teeswater and Leicester, are from the flocks of DAVIDSON of Northumberland, CARTER and ROBINSON, of Durham, and others equally celebrated.

TERMS:—Six months credit on approved endorsed notes. As the character of this Stock will probably bring many of our American friends from a distance, 15 per cent discount per annum will be allowed for cash, or in case of taking the credit, they will be kind enough to provide a Canadian endorser.

At the same time and place, will be offered pure DURHAM Stock of the same character, with a considerable variation of pedigree and individual characteristic, from the breed of Mr. J. WADE, and others, and also some very high bred Grade Durhams.

HENRY D. EMERY & CO.,

PROPRIETORS OF THE

Chicago Ag'l Warehouse and Seed Store.

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealers of and in the most approved Agricultural and Horticultural Machines and Implements extant; among the more prominent of which may be found the Celebrated

Emery's Patent Changeable Railroad Horse-Power's,

Threshing Machines, Circular and Cross-cut Saw-Mills, Shingle Mills, Grain Mills, Clover Hullers, Corn Shellers, &c., &c., designed to be used with Horse-Power. Below we quote a few extracts from letters received from parties having the above Horse-Powers and Threshers in use—having many hundreds of similar character on file from nearly every State in the Union.

[From Samuel Johnson, Bonham, Texas, January 3, 1855.]

"MESSRS. EMERY BROTHERS—In answer to your inquiry, of whom and what kind of Horse-Powers and Threshing Machines I purchased, I have to say that I purchased it from an agricultural dealer in Louisville, Ky. The castings have the words 'Emory's Patent' on them. It was a good machine, and I threshed eleven thousand bushels wheat and one thousand bushels oats and rye, and my toll brought me one thousand dollars, after paying all expenses, all in the season of 1854."

[From C. C. Taylor, Pulaski Co., Kentucky, January 7, 1856]

"MESSRS. EMERYS—I purchased of an agricultural dealer in Louisville, Ky., June, 1855, one of your Patent Horse-Power and Threshing Machines being the third I have purchased of the kind. We commenced threshing July 5th; have been surrounded with several others of different patterns. Have gone through the length and breadth of their circuits and finished jobs after the most noted machines, and came off victorious in every neighborhood. The first machine I sold. With one of the others my youngest son threshed nearly fifty thousand bushels wheat and rye, and my oldest son with the other threshed ten thousand bushels, and then sold the machine. We could have sold the one we now have long ago, if we had desired to do so. This was all in the harvest of 1855."

[From A. McBride of Denmark, Tenn., January 27, 1857.]

MESSRS. EMERY BROTHERS—Gentlemen: With your Two Horse-Power and Thresher, which I use with two mules, much lighter than the northern farm horse, I averaged the whole season two hundred bushels wheat threshing per day; the wheat was good—the previous harvest was much injured by rust, and as large results could not be attained."

We have now on hand a full stock of the above Machines together with a general assortment of Implements of all kinds for the Farm and Garden—also, a choice selection of Seeds, such as are sown at this season, embracing many varieties of Turnips, Butta Baga, Beet, Marigold Wurtzel, &c., &c. An examination of our stock is solicited. All correspondence promptly attended to. Illustrated Catalogues gratis on application and a Postage stamp if by mail. HENRY D. EMERY & CO., 294 Lake St., Chicago Ill.

DURHAM STOCK FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS WILL SELL AT AUCTION, AT their residence 4 miles south of Pittsford, Monroe Co., on Thursday, the 2d day of July next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. 37 head of full blood Durham Heifers, 3 do. Bulls, and one valuable Cow. The above stock was raised in Bourbon Co., Kentucky.—A liberal credit will be given. F. H. BARNARD. 329w1 F. B. SHEARER.

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REAPING AND MOWING MACHINES, most approved kinds. GRAIN CRADLES, in variety.

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GRAND AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION!

THE FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE

Young Men's National Ag'l and Mechanics' Society

WILL be held at ELMIRA, N. Y., commencing MONDAY, Aug. 31, and continuing through the week. The grounds will be opened each day for the admission of visitors at 9 A. M. Close at 6 P. M.

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS to be awarded in DISCRETIONARY PREMIUMS on MONDAY—$300 on WEDNESDAY—and $200 on THURSDAY, should objects of special interest be presented.

TUESDAY, SECOND DAY.

At 11 A. M., GRAND CAVALCADE of all the horses on exhibition.

Precedence will be given to Flora Temple and Lancet, the two great rivals, uncovered and led—followed by Jack Rossiter, Tib Hinman, Mac, Tacony, Rose of Washington, Miller's Damsel, Lady Moscow, Brown Dick, General Darcey and other trotting celebrities, who are engaged to show their points and paces on the Agricultural Course.

TUESDAY, 2 P. M.—EXHIBITION and EXAMINATION of TROTTING GELDINGS and MARES that have never trotted for money. Trial of speed required—one mile. To the best will be awarded:

First premium	$200
Second premium	100
Third premium	50

MATCHED, or DOUBLE TEAMS—No exception to color.—Exhibition and examination. Trial of speed required—one mile and repeat. To the best will be awarded:

First premium	$200
Second premium	100
Third premium	50

WEDNESDAY—THIRD DAY.

10 A. M.—Examination of all the Horses on Exhibition by the Judges.

2 P. M.—Examination of Geldings and Mares. Competition, open to all. Flora Temple and Lancet to compete. Trial of speed required—one mile and repeat. To the best will be awarded;

First premium	$500
Second premium	300
Third premium	100

Discretionary Premiums this day, $500.

THURSDAY—FOURTH DAY.

11 A. M.—Review of Fire Companies by Col. Ely, Mayor of Elmira, and the President of the Society.

2 P. M.—Exhibition and Examination of trotting Stallions. Competition open to the United States and Canada. Trial of speed required—one mile and repeat, in harness. To the best will be awarded:

First premium	$300
Second premium	100
Third premium	50

Discretionary Premiums this day, $300.

FRIDAY—FIFTH DAY,

10 A. M—GRAND REVIEW AND PARADE OF FIRE COMPANIES.

Governors of all the States

Mayors of all the Cities of the State of New York and of the principal cities of other States, will be invited to witness the FIREMAN'S PARADE and REVIEW, to be followed by a TRIAL of FIRE ENGINES on the grounds. To the best will be awarded:

First premium	$1,000
Second premium	600
Third premium	500
Fourth premium	400
Fifth premium	300
Sixth premium	200
Seventh premium	100

Under the general supervision of Henry H Howard, Esq., Chief Engineer Fire Department, New York, assisted by Tracy R. Morgan, Esq., Binghamton, and Samuel Sherman Esq., Rochester.

Committee on trial of Fire Engines, and award of Premiums, Henry H. Howard, Chairman:

Chief Engineer of Fire Department, Philadelphia;
Chief Engineer of Fire Department, Baltimore;
Chief Engineer of Fire Department, Cincinnati;
Chief Engineer of Fire Department, Chicago.

SATURDAY—SIXTH DAY, Sept. 5.

EXAMINATION and EXHIBITION of GELDINGS and MARES.—Trial of speed required. Flora Temple and Lancet to compete One mile, best 3 in 5. Go as they please. To the best will be awarded:

First premium	$2,000
Second premium	1,000
Third premium	500

MATCHED DOUBLE TEAMS—No exception in color. Exhibition and Examination. Trial of speed required—one mile and repeat. To the best will be awarded:

First premium	$200
Second premium	100
Third premium	50

MATCHED CARRIAGE-HORSES.

First premium	$200
Second premium	100
Third premium	50

FANCY MATCHED.

First premium	$75
Second Premium	50

FAMILY HORSES—SINGLE—For general utility.

First premium	$100
Second premium	75
Third premium	50
Fourth premium	30

STALLIONS—For general utility.

First premium	$100
Second premium	50
Third premium	30

Two years and less.

First premium	$50
Second premium	30

DRAFT HORSES.

First premium	$100
Second premium	50
Third premium	30

Arrangements will be made for testing the strength and docility, &c., of draft horses on the ground, at a load.

PONIES—14 hands and less.

First premium	$20
Second premium	10

MULES.

First premium $30 | Second premium $20

BREEDING MARES.

First premium	$75
Second premium	50
Third premium	30

FILLIES—2 year old.

First premium	$50
Second premium	30
Third premium	20

PLOWS.

First premium	$25
Second premium	15

DRAYS.

First premium	$20
Second premium	15

CULTIVATORS.

First premium	$20
Second premium	10

ON FRIDAY EVENING

There will be a GRAND TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION and a brilliant DISPLAY of FIRE ROCKETS, surpassing any of the kind ever seen in the country.

Entrance Fee—For single Horses, $5; Pairs, $10. If kept on the grounds, an additional charge of $1 for hay and straw.

Successful competitors will be charged 5 per cent, deducted from the amount of premium awarded. Exhibitors who fail to show their horses in the Grand Cavalcade on Tuesday, at 11 A. M., shall forfeit their right to compete; and the entrance fee will be promptly refunded on the return of the receipt given by the Secretary.

No application received after Aug. 25; no exception No unsound horse shall receive a premium. When an animal is deemed unworthy of a premium, the Judges will withhold it.—Persons desiring private stables for their horses will apply to the General Superintendent, J. B. CLARK, Elmira.

Entrance fee to Fire Companies $25. They are required to appear in firemen's dress, with their engines, &c. If prevented attending the Grand Parade and Review on Friday, the entrance fee will be refunded, subject to the order of the Foreman.

Special Regulations to Fire Companies, contained in Circulars, to be obtained by application to the Secretary at his office Elmira, Exhibitors and Firemen admitted free, and Musicians accompanying them.

Firemen can obtain their meals at Restaurants on the ground, 50 cents each.

Reserved seat Tickets—giving free admission during the week—and possession of seat guaranteed:

Single	$3
Gentleman and Lady	5

A limited number only will be issued.

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THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL; devoted to Hydropathy, its Philosophy and Practice; Physiology, Anatomy, and the Laws of Life and health. Illustrated, Monthly, $1 a year.

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TILE AND TILE MACHINES, (horse or hand,) for sale at our yard on Clinton St., Buffalo; Clarence, Erie Co and Warsaw, Wyoming Co. Address H. RICE, Clarence, or T. MAYDOCK, North Buffalo, Erie Co. 338w3

MORGAN MILLER.

THIS HORSE WILL STAND FOR THE IMPROVEMENT of Horses at the following places, viz.: Monday, at Morton Allen's, two miles west of Summer Hill; Thursdays, at P. Westerman's, in Truxton; and the rest of the time at M. F. Walpole's Hotel in Homer.

Morgan Miller is a Colt of the celebrated horse, Green Mountain Morgan, owned by Silas Hale of South Royalston, Mass., and is the same one that has stood at Van Anden's Hotel for the last two years.

TERMS.—$10 to insure a foal; $2 to be paid down. Mares returned regularly through the season and do not prove with foal the $2 will be refunded All accidents to mares at this risk of the owners. All persons parting with mares before foaling time will be held responsible for the insurance money. Pay considered due Feb. 1st. The public are invited to call and examine for themselves

☞ Positively no business done on the Sabbath.

Homer, N. Y., May 27, 1857. LEWIS CLARK 2d.

"KNOW THYSELF," A Mirror of the Mind; or your CHARACTER from your LIKENESS For particulars, send a 3 cent stamp to FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

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TRIAL OF MOWERS AND REAPERS,

By the Monroe Co. Ag'l Society.

THERE WILL BE A TRIAL OF MOWERS AND REAPERS under the direction of the Monroe County Agricultural Society, on their Fair Grounds, on Wednesday the first day of July, to commence at one o'clock, P. M.

The following premiums are offered:

For the best Mower and Reaper Combined Silver Medal and	$10 00
" 2d " "	5 00
For the best Mower, Silver Medal and	10 00
" 2d " "	5 00
For the best Reaper, " " "	10 00
" 2d " "	5 00
For the best Mowing with Scythe by hand	5 00
" 2d " " " " "	3 00
" 3d " " " " "	2 00
" 4th " " " " "	1 00
" 5th " " " " "	Vol. Transactions.

Regulations as to the amount to be mowed, &c., will be made known at the commencement of the trial.

A premium of $5 is also offered for the best Horse Rake. If practicable, an opportunity will be given to test the merits of the Rakes. Discretionary premiums will also be awarded for other implements used in haying and harvesting. All persons competing for premiums with Machines, will be subject to an entry fee of $2 each. Those Mowing by hand $1 each. Admission to the Grounds—Life members with their families, *free*—all other persons 10 cents each.

The Board of Managers will take special pains to provide competent Judges to decide upon the merits of the articles exhibited and the work performed.

Entries may be made with the Secretary at their Agricultural Rooms, 44 Arcade, Rochester, before the first of July, or at the office on the Grounds, before 12 o'clock of the day of trial.

The grass on the ground will be sold at auction after the trial, on the same day.

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Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WORDS FOR YOU.

WRITE! while your soul is glowing
With earnest, holy thought,
And inspiration from you words
By others shall be caught.

Speak! while your heart is beating
To holy hope of heaven,
And longing that to all the earth
The same sweet trust be given.

Act! while your will is strong to do
In love and hope and faith—
So shall the endless life be yours,
When this is lost in death.

East Hampton, Mass., 1857. H. E. C.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN OLD MAID'S REVERY.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

LAST night I sat in my quiet little parlor in my cosy arm chair, with my little tea-table by my side with its one cup and saucer and plate, and while the tea-kettle sang merrily in the glowing grate, I sat and watched the fire-light play upon the wall. I was alone; I live alone—that is, I am the owner of a little cottage of which I am the only inhabitant. I often have company, and I go much among my friends and neighbors wherever I think I shall be welcome, and at my own fireside there is always a vacant chair, and at my humble board a welcome for any one who chooses to honor me with its acceptance.

My neighbors will tell you as plainly as my looks tell me, that I am an *old maid*. How I came to be so and how I came to live alone, is a long story, not worth telling. It is sufficient that having reached the responsible age of th—— no matter what! I am never more to be the subject of sonnets, sighs, or sensibility, or to manifest any interest in "affairs of the heart," whether my own or anybody's else.

As I was saying, I sat by my fire last night, and when my tea was finished and all things put away with "old maidish nicety," I lighted my lamp and took up the evening paper to read. I am fond of poetry; I always give it attention wherever I find it—therefore, I am not among the fastidious ones who "never read newspaper stuff." Almost immediately my eye fell upon these lines, and I read them through three times, but I will not ask you to read them but once. See if you can do it without a thrill, a gush of memory, bringing back some old and childish dream. Can you not see the quaint old village church? Do you not hear the sweet, boyish "voice in the psalm!" Is not the "Judge's wife" right before you?

HARRY GROVE.

BY L. M. TENNEY.

'Twas a calm and beautiful Sabbath,
(Alas! fifteen years ago:)
The meadow was spangled with daisies,
And the apple tree all ablow;
I remember how still was the dim old church,
Where I sat, in my father's pew,
Watching the sunlight, as it came
The stained glass quivering through;
While HARRY GROVE, the Squire's son,
Was watching *me* I know.

I never once looked at HARRY,
But I heard his voice in the psalm;
'Twas in tune with all the harmonies
Of that Sabbath morning calm;
And after the benediction was said,
I knew he would wait by the tree,
Whose branches shaded the gray old porch,
To walk up the lane with me.
Ah! I wonder if I *loved* HARRY GROVE,
Or if HARRY GROVE loved me!

I went to that church this morning—
(Can it be so long ago
Since I sat and watched the sunshine,
That stained glass quivering through?)
And I grew so busy with memories
That were stirring my spirit within,
That I scarcely heeded the bustle
When *Judge Grove* and his wife came in;
He has altered much in these dozen years,
And his hair is gray and thin.

A dark and beautiful woman
Is the Judge's lady wife,
But they say her heart is cold and proud,
And that he leads a lonesome life.
A sad look lurked in his handsome eyes
This morning when he spoke to me—
Did he think of the days, so long ago,
And the walks up the lane with me?
Ah! I wonder if I *loved* HARRY GROVE,
Or if HARRY GROVE loved me!

Before I had fairly finished the last verse for the *third* time, my thoughts had wandered far from "things present and actual," and roamed unrestrainedly in the regions of dream-land. The quiet, unpretending little room at Willow Cottage had faded away and with it the slender form of its occupant, with her pale face bordered by thin light hair in which is scattered many a "foot-print of Time."

A fair-haired child, scarce seven years old, trips along her way to school. She is joined by a manly boy, some two years her senior. With a bashful gentleness he tenders his morning offering of flowers, and her bright, eager smile is a full recompense. The little maiden is Lawyer CRAFT'S only child; her young companion is the son of Mr. RAYMOND, a farmer. FREDDY RAYMOND'S sled is always ready at the door to take Miss JEANNIE CRAFT to school, whenever it shall be that young lady's pleasure to ride; at recess when the children go to slide, it is his hand which guides her in her attempts, and the fairest apples and the earliest strawberries which his father's farm produces, find their way into her little dinner-basket.

At Sunday-School, their seats are so near together, that they have only to turn their heads to exchange a glance and a smile, and truth to tell, they are turned pretty often. Some consider JEANNIE pretty, and one would think she thought so herself, to see the slight toss which she sometimes gives her flaxen ringlets, and the arch look in her eyes. But she is generally an affectionate and kind-hearted child, and one to win friends.

Thus they tread the path of life together, those two innocent young beings, knowing nothing, heeding nothing of the evil that besets the ways of mortals. Nothing noxious or unholy can dwell within the love-light shed from their pure hearts.

* * * * * * * *

JEANNIE has an aunt in the city, and two or three cousins. She is going to pass a few months with them. She tells FREDDY of the grand times she expects to have, but is sorry to leave him, she will miss her playmate; however, they will write good long letters. She privately cuts off one of her curls, fearing reproof from her mother, who tells her she is "almost a young lady and should not indulge in such nonsense." This curl is for FREDDY, who gives her "just the dearest little gold ring," purchased with his own pocket-money.

JEANNIE'S aunt is a widow who is very wealthy and fashionable. She lives in New York, a new world to simple-hearted JEANNIE. Her cousins are not like any little boys and girls that she ever saw; they are *young gentlemen* and *ladies*. Master ARTHUR, the eldest, has arrived at the *mature* age of seventeen, and his upper lip is graced with a soft shade "as light as the down of a thistle," and he never tires of relating the pranks of "the fellows" at College. His two sisters, fifteen and thirteen, respectively, edify JEANNIE with comments on dress and "society," which is composed of "our set."

All these things have the charm of novelty, and to JEANNIE, time passes delightfully. She is flattered and petted, till her foolish little head is almost turned. Her cousins, who are both brunettes, tell her they "should think she would be so glad she is a blonde, they admire that style of beauty; and they guess *someone else* does too. HARRY WATERS never took his eyes off from her Sunday at church." Silly little JEANNIE! The slumbering vanity is wakened in her heart, and she listens with eager ears. What wonder was it that when HARRY WATERS begged to accompany her to a concert, her heart beat high with pleasure! Ask any other little Miss of fourteen.

Then comes a long letter from FREDDY. She would gladly read it in the seclusion of her own room, but her curious and important cousins *must* see it and know all about the writer. "Who is he? Some of your country admirers, I suppose.—A farmer's son! I thought as much. I did not know you had such vulgar acquaintances."

"FREDDY RAYMOND is *not* vulgar!" is JEANNIE'S indignant reply, at which her cousins laugh and explain to her the meaning of the word in fashionable parlance. Then they read the letter, which, from their rude laughter and jests, one would suppose to be as they declare "vastly amusing."

"Why, THERESE, just listen! He says he hopes she is enjoying herself, and is seeing a great many sights of which to tell him on her return. Just as if a young lady had not something else to do, instead of going staring about the city like a country goose!"

Poor JEANNIE, sadly mortified, reserves her letter and hastens to her room to weep tears of vexation, unalleviated by her cousin's consoling remark. "Never mind! I did not mean to make you feel bad; but what do you care for him? Oh! my! what a contrast he must be to HARRY WATERS?"

A contrast truly, and JEANNIE, as she sits alone, thinks so too; but, alas! it must be confessed, with a decided partiality towards HARRY.

It is a long time before she writes to FREDDY; she "don't feel like it" is her mental excuse. But the fact is, she cannot endure the prying eyes and frequent sneers of THERESE and ARVILLA. "He will excuse me," she thinks, "I have so much to do, and I will make it up in talking when I get home."

But one day her conscience upbraids her so severely that she pleads a headache when her cousins are going out and seats herself to write. She describes all that she has seen and heard, descanting particularly on the beauty of her aunt's establishment and the gaiety of her cousins and their friends. HARRY WATERS is described as a "perfect gentleman," and the letter abruptly closes with, "There you must excuse this short letter as BIDDY has just brought me word that Mr. WATERS waits in the parlor to see me. I fear I shall not get time to write again during my stay here.—P. S.—Notes of invitation just received for us to a party at Mrs. BENDER'S, given for her son GEORGE on my account." * * * *

It is Sunday; JEANNIE is at home again. The people have assembled in the old church, and as the venerable pastor rises to give out the hymn, there is a bustle near the door and Mr. and Mrs. CRAFT, accompanied by an elegantly and showily dressed young lady, enter their pew. Daintily the gloved hand arranges her silken flounces and finds the place in the hymn book. What a change six months has wrought! They rise to sing and as the first burst dies away, a clear, rich voice is heard in the solo. A quick, thrilling throb in JEANNIE'S bosom sends the warm blood to her cheek and brow, then fades away, leaving her paler than before.

As they come out of church, Mr. and Mrs. CRAFT stop a moment to speak to some friends, and JEANNIE knows that if she lingers, she shall have a chance to speak with FREDDY RAYMOND. What perversity impels her to hasten out and walk home with some of her young acquaintances?

At evening as she walks in her little garden, a pleasant and familiar voice at the gate exclaims, "Can I come in, JEANNIE?"

"Oh! is it you, Mr. RAYMOND? Walk in if you please!" JEANNIE says, quite unconcerned to all *outward* appearance.

"No! JEANNIE, it is not *my father*, but *me*, your old friend FREDDY."

"Oh! yes, certainly! I have got so much in the habit of calling all gentlemen *Mr.* since I have been in New York, that I forgot to call you by your name." (What a piece of deception!) "Won't you walk in?" she added; "father and mother are both at home."

"Certainly, if you wish it," is the frank reply; but I did not come to see them—I came to see *you*."

JEANNIE blushes, but is silent, and leads the way into the house. Somehow she cannot bear to be alone with him. She feels as if his clear, truthful glance would read her heart. She talks but little, and replies in monosyllables to his remarks. Her father and mother take it upon them to sustain the conversation or it would be dull indeed. She plays the piano and sings a little, but not with her former ease and simplicity. Her mother attributes her manner to lady-like reserve and rejoices that she has had such good advantages of society.

Their guest early departs, thinking that there is a strange coolness in JEANNIE'S manner. As he goes away she watches him from a window and says to herself, "How stooping FRED RAYMOND grows! That is the way with men who work hard. How tall and awkward he appears, and what enormous feet he has! How they would look beside of HARRY WATERS!"

The worm is lying at the heart of the rose.—Months fleet away, and FRED RAYMOND leaves school at the Academy and goes to New York, as a clerk in a large hardware establishment. He and JEANNIE CRAFT are friends, that is, he thinks as much of her as ever, though he wishes she was not so stately, and she treats him with lady-like kindness and civility—nothing more. He calls to see her when about to take his departure, and she wishes him all happiness and success in his new undertaking. He offers his hand at parting, and after a pause says, "JEANNIE, excuse me if I intrude, but I must speak once, and for the last time. As a child, you have been as dear to me as a sister; as you grew in years and loveliness you were dearer, and the thought grew up in my heart, like a flower whose existence we know not till aware of its perfume, that if I toiled for education and worldly advancement, this little hand *might* be my future reward. That hope is dying. I see plainly that I am not and cannot expect to be to you what I have been."

The woman's heart in the girlish bosom is touched, and with a sudden burst of feeling, the tears gush forth, but are instantly suppressed and she turns away murmuring—"Oh! FREDERICK forgive me!—I am unworthy, and indeed, indeed it can never be!"

So the tiny barks are cut asunder and the wave of life drifts them far apart. It is winter time and the season of Cupid's Festival. JEANNIE receives her full share of his tokens, but all are of little worth to her except a beautiful one bearing the post-mark of New York. "Can it be that HARRY WATERS sent it?" is her ever recurring and pleased reflection.

Again, the summer's rich foliage and sweet flowers deck the rural town of Sherwood with bloom and beauty. Sherwood is unusually gay, for there is a party of young people at Squire CRAFT'S, who "chase the hours with mirth and pleasure." There are boat-rides and pic-nics, horse-back rides and moon-light walks, without number, and the high-priest and priestess of every festival are HARRY WATERS and JEANNIE CRAFT, somewhat to the jealousy of her cousin ARVILLA, whose faithful attendant he has been for a season or more. All this is related by the widow RAYMOND, who still lives with her elder son on the old place, to FRED who is at home on a visit of a few days.

There is to be a grand party at the Squire's; it is JEANNIE'S seventeenth birth-day, and on the morrow her cousins are to return home. Invitations are extended to all of her many acquaintances—her parents would not have her give offence to any one—and among them is FRED RAYMOND.—At first he thinks he will not go, but is irresistibly urged to meet her again—he cannot forget her.

How lovely he thinks her as he stands apart in the shadow of the heavy window drapery, and sees her glide through the dance with the graceful HARRY WATERS. How faultless the fit of her blue crape dress, which shows to such advantage her fair skin and hair! What a pretty color flushes her cheek, and how bright the light in her eyes, as she replies to the lively remarks of her companion! It makes FRED turn aside and walk out on the piazza, *the room is so close*. She is very polite and introduces FRED to all her city friends with the grace and dignity becoming her position, but is studious to avoid all opportunities for conversation between them. She and HARRY are engaged, it has just taken place, and of course she feels more assured and self-sustained. She fancied that HARRY preferred ARVILLA, but that was nothing. He only waited upon her cousin the better to excuse himself from attention to others.

As FRED is going away, a servant hands him a little package. It contains his letters, the little ring, and all other keepsakes which he has given JEANNIE, and includes that valentine, which, as HARRY did not send it, is of no further value.—There is also a tiny slip of paper which informs him of her new relation and adds that she feared that it was not right for her to keep these things, though he need not trouble himself to return hers.

How time flies! So we exclaim every day and probably shall continue to exclaim so long as the space allotted for our duties here seems so inadequate to their fulfilment. Sherwood is still a beautiful town, but ten years, while adding to its age, has added to its dignity and importance, and it is now called "a very aristocratic place." That used to be Squire CRAFT'S house, to the left of the Unitarian church. It is the one with the pillars in front and the conservatory on the side. The Squire and his wife are both dead and Dr. WARREN lives there now. Mrs. CRAFT died first, of consumption. Then the Squire failed, by the loss of money which he had lent, and that, with the death of his wife, broke him all down. His daughter, too, was sick for a long time, brought to death's door, and when she recovered she was only the ghost of her former self. They say that there was some trouble about a young fellow in New York who was engaged to her and when her father failed, he cooled off and in a year or two married her cousin. It was a pity she cared so much about him, for he was an empty-headed fop. But people thought it improved her character much. She was rather vain and light-minded, but they say she changed very much before she left. She gathered up the remnant of her father's property and went to live with an old lady, an aunt of her mother's, who owned a small place in Vinedale. Thither we will follow her.

Her kind relative, with a thousand blessings on the gentle hands which so long have watched and tended her feeble age, has gone to renew her youth and beauty in the land of perpetual charms. JEANNIE is the sole occupant of her cottage home, and there is a warm spot for her in every heart that knows her. Hers is a quiet life, unvexed by care or ambition, brightened by love and contentment. It has only one shadow. The thought of a by-gone dream will intrude upon her lonely hours, and a strange, indefinable longing to behold the friend and playmate of her childhood, at times takes possession of her. She builds castles in the air, and wonders if sometime or other he will not seek her out and renew their old friendship. She forgets whose hand severed the chain; she forgets, too, that sickness and sadness and time have shorn her head of its bright wealth, dimmed forever the flashing eyes, and scattered wrinkles where once were roses and dimples. She knows he is prosperous, fortune has been profuse in her favors, but he deserves them all. Oh! if he could only know.

Rat! tat!! tat!!! Why! how I have been dozing! There is my paper on the floor and it is raining hard. What could have roused me so suddenly? Rat! tat!! Who can that be! Why do I tremble so, as I hold my lamp? Surely my dream is not coming true!

Ah! it is the post boy, and while I shade my lamp with my hand, he thrusts in a paper for me. Hastily closing the door, I return to my seat and curiously scan the writing on the wrapper. It is bold and handsome, and the post mark is New York.

How warm the room has grown! I move further from the fire and tear off the wrapper. There is a marked passage. I hold it nearer to the light, I cannot see distinctly:

"MARRIED, in New York, by Rev. Dr. WELD, at the residence of the bride's father, SAMUEL WORDSWORTH, Esq., Hon. FREDERICK RAYMOND and Miss JOSEPHINE V. WORDSWORTH."

I think my light must be going out, the room looks so dark and dim. How the wind moans!—What was that that rolled down and fell on the paper just now? Oh! nothing! Only an *old maid's tear*.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 16 letters.
My 10, 12, 5, 16, 1, 7 is a country in Europe.
My 13, 12, 14, 15, 5 is a bird common in America.
My 13, 2, 16, 7, 6, 5 is highly appreciated as an article of food.
My 6, 9, 10, 14, 12 is an article much in use at the present day.
My 4, 3, 10, 5, 12 is a river in Africa.
My 14, 3, 12 is what we cannot live without.
My 8, 3, 4 is an evil of the human race.
My 8, 16, 3, 15, 7 is a river in France.
My 13, 2, 3, 4, 11 is a powerful Empire in Asia.
My whole is the source of a great deal of talk, as to the feasibility of its becoming a native of the United States. DAVID E. RICE.

Penfield, N. Y., 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 8, 15, 5, 10 is a town in Canada West.
My 19, 24, 23, 18 is a city in Europe.
My 26, 16, 17, 13, 4, 18, 21, 15 is an Island west of Africa.
My 3, 12, 10, 1, 2, 6, 22 is a lake in North America.
My 11, 19, 15, 7, 14, 18 is a county in Vermont.
My 16, 13, 12, 21, 18, 9, 20, 18, 13 is one of the U. S.
My whole is one of Dr. FRANKLIN'S maxims.

Watags, Ill., 1857. H. W. G.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

THE rim and the top of the crown of a hat are, respectively, 36 inches and 22 inches in circumference. The perpendicular distance between the rim and the top of the crown is 8 inches. Required, the length of a line drawn from the circumference of the rim, through the circumference of the top of the crown, to the point of intersection in a perpendicular erected at the center of the top of the crown. O. M.

West Sparta, N. Y., 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

A RIDDLE.—Cut off my head, and I'm singular; cut off my tail, and plural I appear; cut off my head and my tail, and I'm nought.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Biblical Enigma in No. 389:—A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Answer to Charade in No. 389:—Arura.

Answer to Enigma—"Boquet of Flowers"—in No. 389:—Four o'clock, Tulips, Noon-shut, Forget-me-not, Dande(y)lion, Clamatus, Snow-ball, Locusts, Fall-flock, Foxglove, Lilac.

Answer to Historical Enigma in No. 389:—Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem in No. 389:—35 3-5 + days.

THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS.—Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so when they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back to them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them.

If this be so, how important that they should be passed in planting good principles, cultivating good tastes, strengthening good habits and fleeing all those pleasures which lay up bitterness and sorrow for time to come. Take good care of the first twenty years of your life, and you may hope that the last twenty will take good care of you.

HAPPINESS.—The quaint old Andrew Fuller writes truly that contentment consisted not in adding more fuel, but in taking away some fire; not in multiplying wealth, but in substracting men's desires. Worldly riches, like nuts, tear men's clothing in getting them, spoil men's teeth in cracking them, but fill no belly in eating them.

HE that hath a good book in his hand but not a lesson of it at his heart or life, is like an ass that carrieth a burden, and feedeth upon the thistles.

IT is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

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300 *In different States in* 1854.
1,200 *Well distributed in* 1855.
2,800 *Throughout the Union* 1856.
5,000 *Building for* 1857.

THERE ARE SIX GOOD REASONS FOR THIS UNPARALLELED increase and great popularity:—1st. It is strong and reliable, and easily managed. 2d. It saves the hard labor of Raking. 3d. It saves at least another hand in binding. 4th. It saves shattering by the careful handling in raking; besides, the straw being laid straight, it is well secured in the sheaf, and does not drop in the after-handling, and the heads are not exposed in the stack, so that the GRAIN saving even exceeds the LABOR saving. 5th. It is a good Mower, being one of the best convertible machines in use. 6th. It has a knife that does not choke.

Over 80 First Premiums Received in Four Years.

Price of Reaper and Mower $190—$50 cash, balance in note due Jan. 1, 1858. Price of Reaper only $165—$40 cash, balance in note due Jan. 1, 1858.

For cash 12 per cent. discount from the above prices.

To secure a Machine, order immediately. Though so little known the past season, and none ready for delivery till 1st May, yet not two-thirds the customers could be supplied. The reputation of the Machine is now widely established, so that 5,000 will not as nearly supply the demand as 2,800 did last year.

☞ Order early, if you would not be disappointed.

PAMPHLETS giving IMPARTIALLY the OPINIONS OF FARMERS, together with orders, notes, &c., mailed to applicants, and prepaid.

☞ H. B. HAPGOOD, of Rochester, N. Y., is the General Agent for the above Machine in New York, to whom all letters relative to sales, &c., in this State should be addressed. Traveling and Local Agents wanted. 382w16

J. SAGE & SONS,
MUSIC PUBLISHERS,
NO. 209 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO.
PIANOS and MELODEONS from the best Factories in the Union, for sale at makers prices.

COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER
AND SINGLE MOWER.
Manny's Patent with Wood's Improvement.

IN OFFERING MY MACHINES TO THE FARMERS FOR the Harvest of 1857, it seems hardly necessary to advertise them; but as this medium for an introduction to the public is so generally adopted, I take this method to inform the farmers that a close personal attention to the practical operation of the machine the past harvest has induced me to make several improvements—these, added to its former reputation, give me the utmost confidence in stating that it now stands unrivalled as a Mower, or a Combined Reaper and Mower, and for harvesting Clover Seed, has no competitor. I have a large amount of certificates from farmers who have used my machine, besides several Premiums, Diplomas and Medals, awarded by State, County and Town Agricultural Societies, pointing out plainly the points in which it excels all others. Many of these are patented and cannot be embodied in any other machine, and all will admit how essential and indispensable they are to a successful Combined Reaper and Mower.

With each machine will be furnished two scythes, two extra guards, two extra sections, one extra pinion and wrench.

Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Combined Machine, delivered here on the Cars $125 00
" " Single Mower, Wood Bar " " " 110 00
" " " " Steel " " " " 115 00

WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor.
Hoosick Falls, April 15, 1857. 381w16

KETCHUM'S MOWER,

AND MOWER AND REAPER FOR 1857, WITH PLATform for either side or back delivery of the grain. Various improvements have been made, and machines warranted superior to any heretofore built. Any information wanted in regard to them, or persons wishing to interest themselves in their sale, will please address R. L. HOWARD,
372wtf Successor to Howard & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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OFFER FOR SALE OVER 1,500,000 ACRES SELECTED Farming and Wood Lands in Tracts of Forty acres and upwards, to suit purchasers, on

Long Credits and at Low Rates of Interest.

Pamphlets, containing Maps, description of Lands, and other information valuable to the Western Emigrant, will be sent free of postage by addressing
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JOHN WILSON, Land Com'r I. C. R. R., Chic., Ill.

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NEW BUILDING,
Corner of Buffalo and Fitzhugh Streets.

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Rochester, February 24th, 1857. 373tf

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THE SUBSCRIBER HAS FOR YEARS BEEN ENGAGED in the purchase and sale of *Pianos, Harps, Melodeons*, Guitars, Organs, Music, etc., and being a *practical musician*, has given entire satisfaction. He buys *directly from the manufacturers*, and is thereby relieved from heavy rents and other expenses. Every instrument sold by him, receives his *personal attention*, and is *guaranteed* not only as to *quality*, but as being cheaper than it can be procured at any wholesale house in America. A printed list of prices, accompanied by the most unquestionable references, will be sent on application, free of charge, to all parts of the world. Address JAMES M. EDNEY,
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☞ D. R. BARTON, Rochester, agent for Monroe and Livingston Co.'s. [380w7eow] [April 15, 1857.

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THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE FOR SALE PURE SUFFOLK Swine, bred from their best Suffolk Stock. Address
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LAKE, RAIN AND RIVER WATER FILTERS.

HAVE BEEN IN USE FOR SIXTEEN YEARS, AND IN all parts of the United States and the Canadas, have given the highest satisfaction. They are scientific in their construction, Portable, Durable and Cheap. For Circulars with particulars, address J. E. CHENEY & CO.,
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THE LEADING WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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VOL. VIII. NO. 27.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1857. {WHOLE NO. 391.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS:
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FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

HOURS WITH THE FARMERS.

POTATO CULTURE.

WE intend, during the season, to spend an hour or two with the farmers, as often as we can find the time and shall take note of such facts as we think will be of interest to our readers. Our first trip was north of the city, to the light lands between Rochester and Lake Ontario. These lands are finely adapted to the growing of potatoes, and this crop is quite largely cultivated. No crop pays better than potatoes, and this fact our farmers have not been slow to discover. The land on the shore of the lake was once considered the poorest and most unprofitable—now none pays better. Since the wheat crop has failed, for which the strong soil of the Genesee Valley is so celebrated, the light lands have been more prized by our farmers, particularly for potato culture. Rochester is perhaps the greatest potato market in the country.—We have no means of ascertaining the precise quantity, but have no doubt millions of bushels are shipped from this city every spring. Many of our farmers raise from one to three thousand bushels each, and some much more than this. They are sent to New York city, Canada and the West. Potatoes were selling this spring at Hamilton, and other places in Canada, and in the West, at two dollars per bushel. There seems to be no excuse for this extravagantly high price, and farmers in those section, we have no doubt, before long will give more attention to this crop, so as to keep the price within bounds. The prices obtained here will average more than seventy-five cents per bushel. This spring the best sorts sold at one time at $1 25. We need not tell farmers that at such prices growing potatoes is an exceedingly profitable business.

We have made several excursions among the more extensive potato growers of this section, and we will give their system of culture, selecting one as the representative of the whole. If any pursue a better course of practice than the one we describe, we hope they will not be backward in communicating the facts to the RURAL. The soil, as we before stated, is very light, being oak opening and chestnut land, and as a general thing, the only manure used is clover. Clover is plowed under in the spring, and the potatoes planted three feet apart each way. They are cultivated both ways several times, and finally hilled up with the shovel plow, the hoe being only used in finishing off, and many good crops are raised without being touched with the hoe. The next spring potatoes are planted again, treated in the same way, and good crops are produced. The third crop cannot be raised; but the third spring oats or barley and clover are sown, and the clover is cut for hay or pastured the following summer. The next spring the clover is plowed under for potatoes, and the same course pursued as before. This is the rotation pursued, with such variations as convenience, amount of pasturage required, &c., may render necessary.—The clover is well plastered.

The land is very clean, and scarcely a weed can be seen. Indeed, with this course weeds are not troublesome, as no seeds are carried on the land with the manure. Potatoes succeed best in these soils in dry, warm seasons, such as the last. In the season of 1855, which was very wet, the crop was much injured by the rot. Drill culture for potatoes is not successful, and the almost universal practice is to plant in hills three feet apart. Small or medium sized potatoes are preferred for seed, and the small ones are selected from the salable potatoes at the time of digging. The produce is from one hundred to one hundred and fifty bushels an acre, which, at fifty cents per bushel, would be profitable farming. Dealers are now offering to contract for the next crop at fifty cents, to be delivered in the fall, but growers think they will be worth at least seventy-five cents. The *Blue* and *White Mercer* bring the highest prices in our market for exportation, but the *Blue Mercer* is more generally cultivated, and is altogether the best. Its color, however, by some is considered an objection. There seems to be a prejudice in favor of long white potatoes.

The larger growers keep their crop until spring, and it is generally preserved by burying in the ground. On the farm where these notes were taken is an extensive potato cellar, some thirty feet square, fitted up with large bins, and with an opening at the top, and a movable slide so arranged as to connect with any of the bins. Into this slide the potatoes are thrown from the wagon and are conducted to the place designed for their storage. This cellar is stoned up, mostly with rough stones from the land, laid in mortar, and the bodies of small trees, upheld by posts, form the rafters that support the plank roof. The roof boards are covered with about two feet of earth, on which crops grow. This cellar being made in a small sand hill, is very dry, and being entirely under ground, except the entrance, frost never enters it. It is the most complete root cellar we have seen for many years, and the owner informs us that the cost, over the labor of himself and the common help on the farm, was very trifling. Over a thousand bushels of potatoes have been kept in it for the three last winters, and in excellent condition. In warm days in winter air is given by opening the door or the ventilator at the top, or both, as may be deemed advisable. If our farmers would build such cellars we should hear less about the difficulty of preserving roots in our severe climate.

FILTRATION vs. EVAPORATION.

EVERY farmer having undrained, retentive soils which he would sow or plant in good season, is often reminded that *evaporation is a tedious process*, and that some quicker way of getting rid of the surplus water would be both convenient and agreeable. That it would be profitable — that in nearly every instance the expense of draining would be repaid by *longer* seasons and better crops, let us attempt, briefly, to show the wherefore.

Look at a retentive soil in early spring time — in May, we may say, this year. It is a stiff clay or has a subsoil of that character. The water, now abundant on the surface and saturating the upper soil, must pass off, either by drainage or evaporation. It cannot sink or filtrate away, the impervious subsoil prevents, and must remain stagnant until disposed of by the warmth of the sun and air. And evaporation is always a *cooling* process —the heat passing off with the vapor—and in proportion to the quantity of water thus passing, will be the *loss of heat from the soil*. Filtration disposes of the same quantity without any change in the temperature, save to increase that of the under soil, equalizing it with that of the surface—in spring always warmer than the subsoil. Filtration not provided for—the time required for evaporation shortens the season, leaving the farmer, like NOAH, waiting, patiently "the subsiding of the waters."

Could the water now making mortar of many an undrained *clay bed*, find an outlet or passage, as it sunk into and saturated the soil, the character of that soil would be changed at once. Who has not observed how dry and friable, even stiff clays become, when so situated that the water can freely flow from them, and so situated, they are ready for the plow weeks before that of an opposite character. Want of drainage, or the necessity of waiting for evaporation, is what shortens, so often, the season of preparation for planting and sowing as well as hinders the growth of the crop afterward. This is why so many fields of barley, oats, corn, &c., are got in very late, or so imperfectly as to almost ensure their failure. It is this *want of drainage* which heaves out the wheat and clover, and fills the meadows with wild grass instead of wholesome herbage.

In ease of working, in hastening the season of commencing operations, in the effect of the manures applied, and in the ultimate product — the difference between a porous and well-drained soil, as compared with a compact and retentive one, can scarcely be overrated. And this difference is simply "Filtration vs. Evaporation." In the one, the water has free course into the drains below, passing off without delay; in the other it must wait the slow process of evaporation — a process leaving the soil more compact than ever, and rendering it unfit for the growth of any crop of value.

This difference in soil, "drained or drowned," is not only observed in early spring, but in the heat and drouth of summer. A heavy soil becomes far dryer and harder from the effect of dry weather than a light one. The porous soil takes up moisture from below, as well as absorbs it from the air. Thus a dry and deeply-plowed soil is little injured by drouth — its increase in depth gives greater extent to its power of supplying moisture to the plant from the air above it and from the depths of the earth.

ONE SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR VISITS ANOTHER.

IN the "leafy," this year, the rainy month of June, business called me away in the direction of the home of your prolific Special Contributor, H. T. B. Albeit the road had not been traveled by me for nearly eight years, yet I found that there had been little change among the farmers along the route. What little there had been, however, was decidedly progressive. The fences were in better order, the out buildings and houses looked in good repair, and everything betokened a thrifty people. Many farmers are doing more or less at draining, and the practice is becoming general, as farmers procure the means to carry on the improvements without incurring debt. The present high price of drain pipes is one drawback, but competition will soon overcome that difficulty.—There is no good reason why they should not be furnished at the kiln inside of six dollars per thousand, instead of twelve, the now common price. The improvements in the machinery for making tiles have been such as to greatly cheapen them, so that it is within the reach of every town to have a factory, and it is to be hoped that town clubs will offer such premiums as will insure the multiplication of tile works in every county.

We got over to the Dr's in time for a very ample though late dinner. We were now within the Major's precint, in his neighborhood, though I am not quite sure he is a patron of any of the churches which adorn the village where we stopped,—nearly one for every inhabitant. Perhaps that may be elongating truth a trifle. There are four churches and but one store and one tavern, and I would not like to swear to but one blacksmith shop, though there may be more. Churchward, it's decidedly a model village.

In the afternoon [illegible] took me into his buggy and we started for the Major's, some two miles off. Our drive was pleasant, for we had many things of by-gone years to talk about. More than thirty years ago he and I were students at the old Academy, just above us, and much of the time fellow boarders. His genial good nature and love of fun made him a favorite among the students, and I had always retained for him a friendly regard. It was pleasant to bring up the incidents of our youth, and giving age his crutch to go back to youth's frolicsome scenes and live over again, if only in memory, those hours which passed away so pleasantly in the bright anticipations of a glorious future—anticipations, alas! how rarely realized!—Thus occupied, the time seemed unconsciously short, when we brought up before a very queer looking gate opening into a magnificent grove.

"As you and the Major both write for the same paper, you can probably explain to me the philosophy of that gate," quoth the Dr.

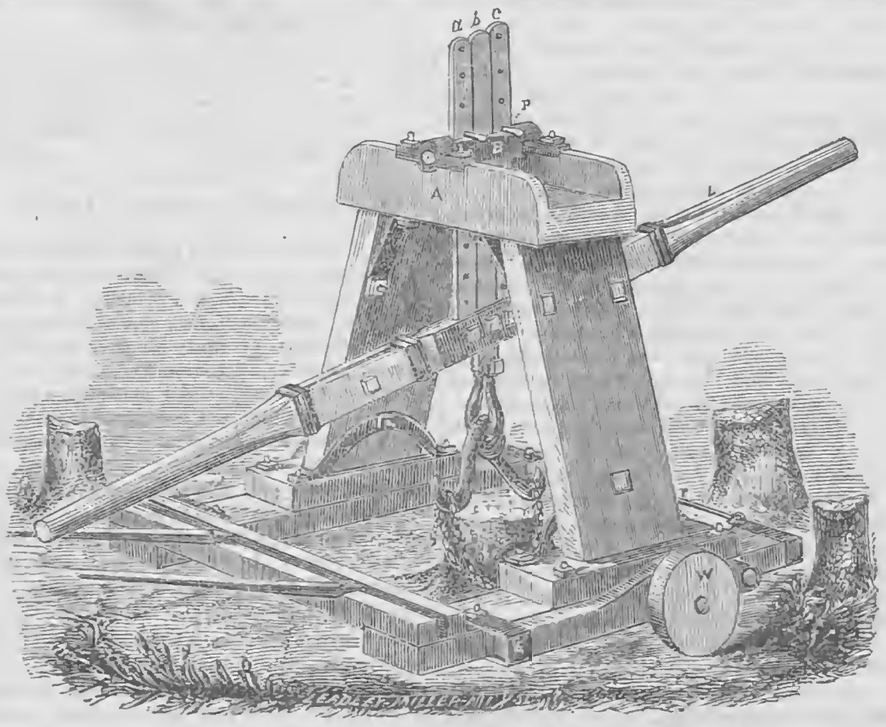
I suggested that, though the coruscations of our united intellect might enlighten a wide surface of human mind, yet it might by no means follow that the light would be any more intense in each others minds for that reason. I could not, therefore, explain, though I was satisfied no ordinary man would put such a gate in such a place without some good reason. This being the entrance into the domain of the Major, the Dr. insisted on my opening the gate, because if I did not understand its peculiarities it was my duty to do so. After going through a practical illustration of two or three of the mechanical powers, the gate was safely opened, the Dr. passed through and the portal as securely closed. The gate has a moral, but we shall leave its explanation to its owner. A drive through one of the finest groves we ever saw brought us to the house, and the farm buildings nestling cosily under the protection of the ample grove.

We found on inquiry, that, fortunately, the Major was at home, but back in one of his fields. On asking an Irishman at the gate where he was, he informed us that we would find him among the men on the distant side hill; and to the Dr.'s inquiry of how we should know that he was there, he replied, "yer can't mistake him, for sure he's the only Paddy as got a white shirt on." We drove out to the field and met the Major among his men on the side hill. Our short drive was not without its use, because thereby we were enabled to take, as well as make, some observations.

My friend the Dr., like a great many other very clever people, is impressed with the notion that because a farmer writes well and often gives good advice or the result of his own or his neighbor's experiments, that he must needs practice all he preaches, and that his farm and its belongings must be a model. Nothing is more absurd and unjust than to suppose a man cannot be competent to give good counsel as to the proper modes of improvement of the farm, its crops and stock, until he has personally gone through with a thorough course of experiment in each branch. We might better claim that no physician is competent to practice until he has tried all the different drugs upon himself that he sagely administers to his unfortunate patients — I had almost written victims. The fences were generally in good condition, staked and capped. In all the essentials, the farm was in as good condition as the great majority of farms. There were signs of now and then an experiment —some successful, others, so so, and some failures; but a wise man is able to learn from a failure. The plowing was good—deep and thorough; the stock highly improved, and from some of the noted herds of the country. We saw, while out in this direction, one experiment that did not strike us favorably, and that was making a crooked rail fence upon the bank of a crooked ditch—a zig-zag ditch. We remember to have read the Major's graphic description of this kind of fence, and he therein assured the public that it would stop the venerable NICHOLAS himself. After seeing the fence I am prepared to believe the assertion. I doubt whether he would ever approach it after once having a good view. If he should do so he is not as shrewd as many people believe.

Returning to the house the Major pointed out a new orchard which he had been planting; also the benefits of irrigation upon a meadow. At a small expense he has been enabled to flow several acres, and the product of hay is very greatly increased. We had a delightful tea-table chat, and, though short, a most pleasant and instructive visit, which we hope ere long to repeat. Truth, however, compels us to admit that, not only at the Major's, but even at *this* Special Contributor's, much of the success of both depends upon the good judgment, and practical good sense of the female departments—and that the pleasure of a visit depends quite as much upon the wives as the husbands, though they may not write quite so many readable agricultural articles for the press. Yet it certainly betokens no ordinary capacity to have made such capital selections. Don't you think so, Major?—P.

[Perhaps the Major will ere long return the visit of Gen. P., and reciprocate as to discoveries, &c., for the benefit of RURAL readers.—ED.]



TRAXLER'S PATENT STUMP MACHINE.

THE STUMP MACHINE represented above is the invention of Mr. PETER TRAXLER, of Scottsburgh, Livingston Co., N. Y., to whom a patent therefor was recently granted. From an examination and trial of a model of this machine, we have formed a very favorable opinion in regard to its practicability and value. It is simple, easily and cheaply operated, and apparently possesses all the strength and power required for *extracting* the most tenacious stumps and fangs which mar the beauty and occupy so much valuable room upon the face of mother earth. The "face of nature" when unadorned with such protuberances is adorned the most, and Mr. TRAXLER is entitled to credit for his apparently successful effort in producing the means of its easy improvement. The inventor describes this machine as follows:

"It will be observed that this machine, as represented in the drawing, consists primarily of a stout frame across the top of which is a heavy beam or beams, A. These beams contain boxes in which the beam B rests, and in which it is free to revolve. Through this beam a long and narrow slot is cut, through which pass the three bars a, b, c. The bars a and c are pierced with holes, as seen in the drawing, and are supported by the pins, P, passing through them and resting on the beam, B. The bar, b, is supported at its lower end by a bolt passing through it and the lever, l—said lever being in turn supported by the bolts passing through it and the bars, a and c, at their junction. This lever may be of any desired length and is designed to be made in pieces and bound together as shown in the engraving. The machine moves on the wheels, W, which are so arranged as to be raised or lowered at pleasure, thus elevating the machine for transit or allowing it to rest on the the ground when in use. Having stationed the machine properly over the stump, the nearer the centre the better, and fastened to the stump by means of the hooks and chain, the operation of raising is performed as follows:—One end of the lever is pressed down, the other being lifted at the same time, the bolt passing through the verticle bar nearest the descending end of the lever becomes the fulcrum, and the bar, b, will be raised with a force in proportion to the length of lever employed. This arrangement makes both ends of the lever effective at the same time, giving the greatest leverage to the most effective force, viz., the lifting power. As will be readily perceived, by this motion the bar, a, will have been raised through the beam, B, so as to bring a lower hole above said beam, into which a pin is put by a boy stationed on a ladder convenient for this work. The leverage is then applied to the bar, c, with the same effect, and continued alternately until the stump is extracted. Pins are preferred to a pawl and ratchet, as they give greater freedom of motion on the part of the bars, a and c, which is a very essential point in this machine. In moving the machine over a stump the cross-bar, r, is raised and let down after the machine is in place, serving to hold the machine firm. It may be readily moved from place to place by a horse, when desired."

The subjoined sectional views, (figures 2 and 3,) in connection with the large engraving and above description, will enable the reader to understand the construction and operation of the machine.

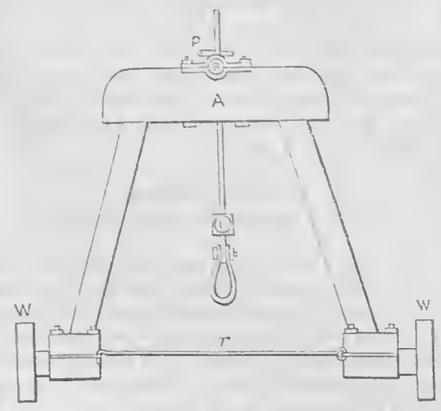


FIGURE 2.

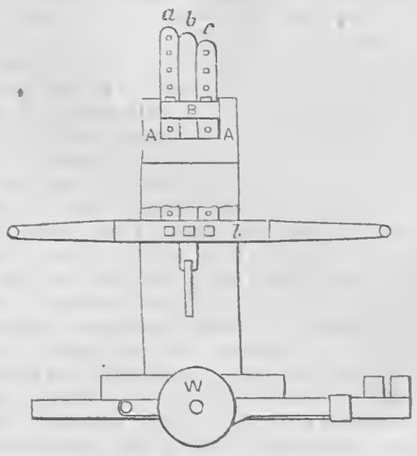


FIGURE 3.

RURAL NOTES FROM CANADA WEST.

The Rural appreciated—Fruit Growing and Nurseries in Canada—American Agricultural Implements, &c., superior.

EDS. RURAL:—In a late issue of your valuable and highly esteemed journal, I observed a letter from a Canadian farmer, and your remarks inviting other Canadian subscribers to follow Mr. MISENER's example. I have not only been a reader but an ardent admirer of the RURAL for several years. Its entire freedom from political jarring and the bickerings of party strife, together with its varied and vast amount of really useful matter on almost every conceivable branch of Rural Economy, renders it peculiarly a welcome weekly visitor to our homes in the backwoods of Canada. Our leading men are all so much occupied in railway scheming, or ferreting out the railway plots and intrigues of others, that no one can be found of sufficient talent or taste to conduct a proper "Agricultural Weekly." Meanwhile your RURAL is quietly stepping across the lines and occupying every nook and corner of our splendid Province—scattering broadcast the concentrated and matured opinions of—I may say nearly all—the practical Agriculturists as well as Horticulturists of your vast Confederation.

The frequent contributions of H. T. B. are a rich treat; they are given in a facetious and nervous style, and contain a great deal more truth than poetry, although they are by no means devoid of the latter. I hope he will continue to use his whip until all the farmers in Canada and the Northern States shall consider it a bounden duty to plant and cultivate a portion of all the fruits congenial to their respective localities. In many parts of Canada the cultivation of fruit is wofully neglected. A variety of reasons might be adduced for this almost criminal neglect; I shall mention only some of the most prominent. There has, until very lately, been really no reliable Nursery of any extent in Canada; the consequence was the Canadian backwoodsman had either to content himself with the refuse of your extensive Nurseries—frequently in a very mutilated state—or plant seedlings, or go without. There are now several Nurseries in Canada where genuine trees can be obtained, such as Mr. DOUGALL's, at Windsor, Messrs. BINGHAM & Co.'s, of Brantford, and Mr. LESSLIE's, of Toronto, besides a number of others of more or less extent.

It is not very flattering to our patriotism as British subjects, to be conscientiously compelled to award the palm of victory to our "American Cousins" for the invention and introduction into our Province of an entirely superior class of Agricultural Implements, from "PITTS' Threshing Machine" down to the "Yankee Garden Hoe" with which our Canadian girls trim their flower borders. Among all the endless varieties of American ingenuity which are daily pouring into our country, none at present holds so prominent a place as the "CURTIS Iron Beam Plow," as a thorough cultivator of the soil on a rough, uneven surface, like many parts of this new country. It stands unrivalled at present. It was first introduced into this section of the Province by a thorough, practical agriculturist from the vicinity of Port Hope, and met at first with a shout of derision from a part of the community, but its real merits have already established it as one of the best plows for almost any purpose. These plows are now more generally introduced here by L. H. BOWDISH, of the Agricultural Warehouse, London, who is an extensive dealer in Agricultural and Mechanical Implements, principally of American manufacture, suited exactly to the progress of the age. I look upon such enterprising men as Mr. BOWDISH as real benefactors and friends to Agricultural Science. He has not as yet been sufficiently encouraged and patronized by our leading Agricultural Societies—at all events not to the extent which his enterprise deserves.

In concluding this rather lengthy epistle, allow me to add that the influence of such newspapers as the RURAL NEW-YORKER, extensively circulated as they are amongst us, is fast breaking down the national prejudice, and speedily blending us into one people, as we already have one common origin. In my next I shall mention a few very important features in rural economy wherein I think we excel. J. L.

Missouri West, C. W., June, 1857.

MR. JOHNSTON ON LIMING.

MR. MOORE—*Dear Sir:* I notice your article on lime, and you state our conversation as correct as could be expected, considering we were traveling in railroad cars in the night. I will try to explain it more fully.

I commenced liming about 30 years ago by experimenting with 20 bushels on half an acre.—That half acre looked so much better the next spring that I contracted for 900 bushels for the succeeding fall, and put it on at the rate of forty bushels per acre. That gave me a great crop on land that was said to have been cropped 30 years without any manure; I then got lime for nine cents per bushel, taking a whole kiln at once. I kept liming until I had all the old land limed and it paid well—the first crop always paying well for the cost, besides making much more straw to increase the manure. The last I limed was fourteen years ago, I then made an experiment with 100 bushels to the acre on two acres, and 55 bushels to the acre on the remainder of the field (16 acres.) The two acres with 100 bushels to the acre yielded an immense crop; had it not been on the hardest and poorest part of the field I presume it would have all lodged. Although lime *stiffens* the straw much, the wheat is clearer, plumper and of finer quality. A good liming will last for 20 to 25 years, and then the land may require 20 to 25 bushels to the acre. I said that if I was a young man I would lime all my unlimed land at the rate of 80 bushels per acre. It would be little cost for a few hundred farmers in Western New York to each try 25 bushels on half an acre of wheat this fall, and next harvest, and in all probability long before, they would see the result. There is nothing that I can say, or any other man can say, that will convince men like their own experience.

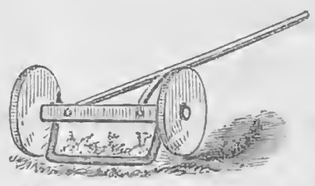
I would say to a Subscriber from Seneca that I think clover seed the most scourging crop I raise, and wheat the least so. I know theorists will be down on me for this kind of talk, but I cannot help it. It is my experience and I look upon experience as the best teacher. Yours truly,

JOHN JOHNSTON.

Near Geneva, N. Y., June 20, 1857.

THE WHEEL HOE.

We remember having seen in some New England agricultural journal, mention of an implement called by the above name, and having quite a garden on our hands this season, set our wits to work to get up something to assist in its culture. Hastily cutting a pair of wheels from an inch board, we made an axletree of a stick of stove-wood, with a hole in the centre through which we thrust our hoe handle. This we wedged in so as to run about an inch below the level of the wheels, and then with a strip of board nailed on for a handle, took it in to the garden to try it. *It worked well*—cut every weed before it, and left the surface mellow and smooth. But it was not a very perfect implement—the hoe handle worked loose—the blade was too wide—and running against a root our cart tongue broke loose, and we were all afloat again. But the *idea* was ours, and the next day we worked it out. An old sickle-blade furnished material for a knife, and our skill in carpentry *fixed up* a good axletree and tongue—now the implement looks somewhat thus:



and does rapid execution among carrots, etc., etc. Our neighbors are copying it; our readers are welcome to do so. Wheels 8 or 9 inches in diameter, width of hoe 9 inches, length of axletree 10½ inches, of tongue 6 feet. J. H. B.

THE GRASSES—LIGHT WANTED.

EDS. RURAL:—I am glad to see the publication of Mr. HOWARD's valuable "Essay on the Grasses and Herbage Plants" in your columns. It will do something toward supplying *wanted* information on this subject, and is read with much interest by farmers generally. I know not whether it is entirely their fault that you have so few communications on the culture and treatment of meadows and pastures,—it is one which has received but little editorial attention. The fact is, however, that the grasses get little or no culture—we sow only clover and timothy, and sometimes apply plaster to the former, which is about all that is given. We *take*, however, less scrupulously, pasture and hay, early and late, demanding too much of our ever-patient grass lands.

Some months since I made an inquiry through the RURAL, for the experience of farmers in fall-manuring meadows—no answer has yet appeared. I think, from this and from personal inquiry, that it is little practiced—that manure is almost always applied to other crops. Another inquiry in regard to fall seeding received more attention. This is beginning to be practised to some extent, and I will only lengthen out this communication to relate a little of my own experience.

A year ago this spring, I sowed oats on two lots of low land, which I desired to re-seed to grass, but thought it best to wait until autumn, and then harrow thoroughly, before sowing the timothy.—The fall was very dry—we had the ground ready some weeks waiting for rain—and after a slight shower, the last of September sowed the same. In the most favorable situations it came up promptly and well, but the continued drouth—continued late into winter—permitted only a very partial and feeble growth, and destroyed, I think, the greater share of that which germinated. But very little could be seen early this spring, but it has started up more and more, and now seems to nearly cover the ground of both meadows. I think I missed it, that I did not harrow in my grass seed—one of my neighbors who did so, has got a better growth, and will get double the hay that I shall this season.

Clover seed, sowed on barley before the last harrowing, has come up finely—it has done so on wheat and rye without harrowing the present moist season. I think that both clover and timothy seed, may be sown either in spring or autumn—their germination will be certain when favorable weather occurs—either the first or second season. But clover should be plastered; other grasses are also benefited by the application, though it is seldom made in Western New York.

I am glad to see you calling attention to this subject—as farmers, we lose much by neglect—we *spread our meadows and pastures thinly over twice the number of acres they need to occupy.* Culture and drainage would more than double the average yield of grass throughout the country. A knowledge of the different varieties, their characteristics and value, is a desideratum with us, and we hope both correspondents and editors will give larger place in their thoughts to "The Grasses."

Niagara, Co., N. Y., 1857. B. F.

WOODCHUCKS:

OATS FOR SHEEP—AND OTHER THINGS.

EDS. RURAL:—In your issue of June 6th, one correspondent wished to ascertain the most expeditious method of exterminating woodchucks, and another whether oats were injurious to sheep at or before the time of lambing. As I have considerable experience in both of these cases, I am disposed to give them the benefit thereof.

In regard to woodchucks, I have waged war against them from my youth up, and to this day want no better fun than to trap them; than which I know of no better mode of extermination. My practice was to take a good *double-springed* steel trap, commonly called "fox trap," and set it at night; in the morning one of *Mr. Chuck's* family was fast. I would then skin him and manufacture his hide into whip-lashes and leather mittens, (as they make extra ones,) and their flesh into "roast pork." I would catch from *one* to *four* daily, by attending the trap to release each as soon as caught. But there is a grand secret in setting the trap. Your correspondent says that they will dig another hole rather than to pass over the trap. This is because his entrance is obstructed, which is wrong to begin with. The trap should be placed in the hole at its mouth, and be let in the ground so that a space is left above for him to pass in or out without arousing his suspicion. A few broad leaves should be laid over the trap to hide it somewhat.

As to feeding oats to sheep, I would say that if they have plenty good *clover* hay, the oats (say 1½ gills a day) will not be injurious to them in the least. During the past winter I fed one flock of our sheep, (24 in number,) which I gave but four quarts daily, with plenty of good clover hay, (*good* hay, mind you,) and such hay ought to be made by *every* farmer for his sheep and cows—hay with all the *heads* and *leaves* remaining on the stalk and *green* as when taken from the field—and my sheep this spring were fat and healthy, producing fine lambs, without any losses.

Now, having given my experience in these matters, I would like a little information on some other subjects worthy of some consideration.—Can oats be profitably fed to colts before attaining the age of two years? It is a question often discussed with us; some advocate the free use of oats, and others prohibit it. Also, can watermelons be made a profitable crop, when you are obliged to make your soil of the right sort by drawing the sand two miles to make the hills? (for my land is a clay and gravelly soil not suited for melons.) Any information on either of these points will be thankfully received. I esteem the RURAL one of the most valuable agricultural papers in the world, as it not only contains the most useful information, but it opens a way for farmers to advise and instruct each other. We take two copies in our family for a good reason, viz., we cannot wait long enough for one to go around, so anxious are we to swallow (as it were) its precious contents. JNO. B. SNYDER.

"Nursery Grove," Rhinebeck, N. Y., June, 1857.

WHEAT AND BARLEY CULTURE.

EDS. RURAL:—In a late number of the NEW-YORKER, I noticed a communication from B., in relation to the manner of cultivation and yield of five acres sown to barley. I am pleased that he and others have the privilege, disposition and ability to communicate through your valuable paper—giving useful information of the mode of cultivating and product of different crops, thereby benefiting the farming interest. I have never attempted to write for publication and only feel competent to give the result of my experience in a plain manner, but as my mode of cultivating and amount of seed differs somewhat from B.'s, I suggest whether the difference in yield may not be partly attributed to the time of plowing and manner of covering and rolling, especially in a dry season, and the difference in amount of seed and dressing of ashes, previous. It is not only my opinion, but that of other farmers, that if there had been seasonable rains that the yield would have been over fifty bushels. I will now proceed to give my treatment and yield from four acres of land for the past two seasons:

In the summer of '54 I plowed, about eight inches deep, four acres (that had been pastured some four years,) and seeded to wheat with the following result:

Cost of plowing,	$6 00
Once harrowing,	1 50
Once cultivating,	1 50
Thirty loads of ashes, 30 bushels to the load, spread from the wagon, 37½ cts,	11 25
Eight bushels of seed at $2 50,	20 00
Sowing by hand last week in August,	50
Covering with gang plow (3 or 4 inches,)	2 00
Harvesting,	9 00
Threshing (180 bushels,)	20 50
Marketing,	8 00
	$80 25
Yield, 45 bushels average per acre, 180 bushels sold at $2,	$360 00
	$279 75

I consider the future benefit of the ashes and straw equal to interest on land, leaving a net profit of $279 75, or nearly $70 per acre. Now for the barley. I plowed the wheat stubble in just deep enough to cover it, in November.

Expense of plowing,	$4 50
Harrowing, last part of April,	1 00
One day sowing broad cast with drill and covering with gang plow,	2 00
One-half day rolling,	1 00
Twelve bushels seed at $1 12½,	13 50
One-half day harvesting with reapers,	6 00
Hauling into barn,	2 00
Threshing,	10 00
Marketing,	3 00
	$43 00
Straw equal to interest on land, yield 44 bushels per acre—176 bushels—$1 6¼,	$187 00
Average $36 per acre,	$144 00

DAVID MCWITHY.

Withersfield Springs, Wyoming Co. Y., 1857.

ABOUT PEPPERMINT.—According to the Lyons (Wayne Co., N. Y.,) Republican, MR. H. G. HOTCHKISS, of that place, is the greatest producer of Peppermint in the world. He has from 200 to 300 acres under cultivation—of which 150 acres can be overflowed with water to the depth of six to ten inches, at pleasure. By this process he is enabled to continue growing the crop upon the same land for a series of years, and to protect the young shoots in winter by a watery covering. Between April and July, he employs over one hundred laborers upon his plantation. Mr. HOTCHKISS extracts the oil and sells it in London and other places—his annual trade amounting to from $75,000 to $125,000. The Republican says that the western crop has been cut off by the severe winter, and the value of Mr. H.'s extract, which is said always to command an extra price, is expected to advance in the market. Michigan yields the next great product of peppermint, if indeed it is behind our Wayne county grower and manufacturer.

QUALITY OF BEEF.—At the International Fat Cattle Show, at Paris, the beef of the prize animals was brought to the table *roasted.* The Judges awarded as to *quality*, as follows:—West Highland ox, Scotch, first; Devon ox, second; French ox, third; Short-horn and Angus, Scotch cross, fourth; Angus, Scotch, fifth; French ox, sixth; Short-horn, English, seventh; French, eighth. For *Soup* and *Boiled* Beef the Short-horn English ox, first.

—We have heard of *tasting committees* on fruit, wine, and various culinary products, at our Fairs—and occasionally discharged duty thereupon—but the French have taken the scarlet degree (especially if the meat was rare done.) The idea is suggestive. Why not roast the prize fat cattle, sheep, &c., at our State Fairs, and feed the multitude—or at least the committees and active officers—on the last day. What say our Western and Southern readers to Agricultural Barbecues?

Rural Notes and Items.

STATE OF THE CROPS.—The recent fine and warm weather has been exceedingly favorable to most crops in all parts of the country. In this region the wheat, and most spring crops, except corn, present a fine appearance. The cold, wet weather has rotted and dwarfed the Indian corn over a large extent of country, and much ground devoted to the crop has been re-planted,—but there is yet time to "make the crop," as our Southern friends say, provided the weather proves warm and the season is not shortened at the other end by the fillibustering forays of JACK FROST.—Recent accounts from the West and South speak favorably of the crops, especially wheat, and we are inclined to believe, what we have all along hoped, that the labors of the husbandman will be abundantly remunerated—the very backward and discouraging Spring to the contrary notwithstanding. At the South the wheat crop is already harvested,—the product being generally abundant and of fine quality. The wheat harvest commenced some two weeks ago in Southern Illinois, and we presume the crop of that region, Southern Ohio, and many other sections of the West, will be secured ere this paper reaches its readers.

Our neighbor, C. P. DEWEY, Esq., of the *Daily American*, who has just returned from a southward excursion—via. Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Baltimore, and tarrying awhile in the tide-water region of Virginia—informs us that most crops presented, two weeks ago, a very promising appearance over the wide extent of country visited. From St. Louis to Baltimore the crops looked very well, and uniform; corn appeared fine generally on the route. In some portions of the tide-water region of Virginia, however, both the wheat and corn crops have been materially injured by the ravages of the worm. The report of our observing neighbor is, on the whole, highly favorable.

—If any of our readers consider this brief summary of observations, facts and reports too flattering, we beg them to bear in mind that it has been so long since we could speak very favorably as to either the weather or the crops, that a little exuberance is allowable, under the circumstances—especially as the "Glorious Fourth," as well as a promising harvest, is rapidly approaching.

THE GREAT REAPER AND MOWER TRIAL of the U. S. Agricultural Society, to commence Wednesday, July 13th, at Syracuse, will undoubtedly enlist more competition, and probably attract a larger attendance, than any similar exhibition ever held in this country. A note from Mr. OLCOTT, Sec'y of the Committee of Arrangements, informs us that *over eighty entries* were made previous to the 26th ult.—a greater number than was ever recorded on any similar occasion, in either America or Europe. This is the best of evidence that there will be abundant competition; and we infer that the most prominent and extensive inventors and manufactures of Harvesting Machinery have resolved to enter the arena—in common parlance, to "go in and win" if possible. We learn that all the crops intended for the trial look well, and that 400 acres are engaged. A circular just issued by the Society states that "Exhibitors should be on hand some days previous to the Trial, so as to provide themselves with teams, get their machines in readiness, and lend such assistance as may be required.—They will report themselves on Saturday, 11th, at the office of the Secretary, who will furnish them with programmes and give all necessary directions, and where the Treasurer of the Society will be in attendance to receive the fees for entrance, which must be paid previous to the commencement of the Trial." The Board of Judges will meet at the Globe Hotel, on the 13th, for organization.

—On the whole, we think this Trial bids fair to prove very interesting and attractive, and we trust it will also be most thorough and complete and hence generally satisfactory. To make it such, however, the Society should take abundant time, have plenty of grain and grass, and the Committee bring into requisition such virtues and essentials as patience, energy, impartiality, practical and scientific knowledge, and sound and discriminating judgment. Otherwise it will result as have too many others—if not in failure, at least unsatisfactorily to the agricultural community.

FILL UP THE NOOKS!—We occasionally meet a farmer with doleful face, who, because the unusual rains have injured the corn and other crops, exclaims "Nothing can be done this year—we are ruined; no use laboring for nothing." Not too fast, friend; there remains much that may yet be done. If your corn has rotted, and it is too late to plant again, sow the ground to millet, turnips or buckwheat. For fodder we know of nothing that excels millet. Cattle prefer it to the best hay, and though it may not now ripen enough to produce seed, it may produce two or three tuns of hay, and be second only to a crop of corn. Turnips are now in order. Put a patch in every odd corner or nook, take good care of them, and our word for it neither yourself, the cattle or sheep will have cause to regret the labor. Many localities are infested with the wire and cut-worms, which have destroyed fields of corn, as fast as it sprouted. Harrow over the patches and treat them to a crop of buckwheat, putting on plenty of seed so they can eat some if they like, though we think they are not fond of it. They may leave enough to mix with some good syrup and treat your friends to a dish of pan cakes. Corn may now be sown broad-cast, or in drills (which is better,) for green feed, or to cure for the milch cows the coming winter. Do you say there's grass and feed enough? Do not be too sanguine; all the rain in April, May and June, is the natural precursor of a drouth in the fall, and those who would be wise can now take time by the forelock and *fill up the nooks.*

THE GRAIN CROPS of Europe, according to the best information, promise to yield abundantly—the silk crop worse than last year, which was very poor. The vintage bids fair, it is said, to rival the crop of cereals, and to redeem the failures of several years.

NEW WHEAT.—One hundred bushels of new white Georgia wheat, the first of the season, was sold in New York city on the 25th ult., at two dollars and fifty cents per bushel!

The Young Ruralist.

THE FARMERS' GIRLS.

MR. EDITOR:—In looking over your beautiful paper a day or two since, I came across a letter from a "*Farmer's Boy*," for it seems you have given the boys a corner. Now I think you may as well give "us girls" a corner, too, for we would like to have something to say, once in a while, ourselves as well as those "wide-awake Boys." I love to read your paper, as it is devoted to farming, gardening and flowers, &c., which just suits my taste. I like even to go to the field and rake hay and carry out the men's luncheon, &c. Now, Mr. Editor, those boys need not think we are going to "toss our pretty curls" at them for being "Farmer's Boys," for we love the name. Now, Dear Editor, will you please to give "us Farmer's Girls" a corner in your "RURAL?" ZETTA.

Millburgh, Mich., June, 1857.

Of course, let the girls write, and they can have a chance in this little corner, and when it becomes necessary we may be able to give more room for the boys and girls; indeed just as soon as we think it profitable, we shall do so. So this matter all depends upon the boys and girls. We are too old or not old enough to write for this department, for you know it is said people are twice children. However, we sometimes feel quite young, and our friends sometimes say we "play the boy" too much. But we like folks to feel young and act young, because youth and innocence is very closely connected in our mind—an "innocent child," how sweet and beautiful—what an example for all of us. And yet, how young do some boys lose this innocent beauty—how soon do they pursue such courses as to lose our love, and even forfeit our respect. Some boys are always doing some foolish thing to make themselves appear old, such a smoking, and even worse things. Now this, instead of making them look old and wise as they think, only makes them look stupid and ridiculous. The way to gain respect, and boys should not be anxious to look or act old, is to get wisdom—get it from reading, thinking and observing how the best and wisest men act. Never imitate any one that is coarse or loaferish, or those that try to say foolish things, to make more foolish people laugh. To be great, never forget, we must be good, and that the selfish or ill-natured can never be truly great or good. We did not think of saying so much, but couldn't very well help it.

We have a good many letters on hand, from the boys, but as they are so much alike it would not be any use to put them in the RURAL, as we have given several of the same kind before. The boys seem all to agree in this, that farming is the most honorable and healthful employment they can engage in. It has taken some wise men a great many years to arrive at the same conclusion.—H. B. A., of London, Canada West, is a native of New York, but his father intends to move to Texas before long, and raise stock, where they can be kept at pasture most of the year. In Canada, stock has to be fed so many months in the barn, that it cannot be made very profitable.—C. H. M., of Van Buren Co., Michigan, loves gardening; delights to see a yard planted with flowers and small trees, and not growing up to weeds. He thinks very truly that the boys can do a good deal to help their mothers, and the girls make the front yard look pleasant.

OBJECT OF THE LIFE OF THE FARMER.

Is it merely to make money? We think not.—But what, then, can it be says one? The object of the life of every one is *to glorify* GOD. How, in the case of the farmer, can this best be done? Is it by going to his work as one of his oxen, or a piece of his machinery, knowing nothing more about it than either of these, but going simply because he is driven? Far otherwise. We would have him drive his work, and that intelligently, instead of its driving him. If there should be a failure in any of his crops, or a blight attack them in any way, he should be able to search out the cause, and knowing it, seek a remedy, and then be able to apply it. To do this with success, he must understand the sciences, such as chemistry, botany, mineralogy, entomology, &c. To possess a thorough knowledge of these, he must have something more than a common school education, for there but the first two of those sciences are usually taught, and but the rudiments of these; while that part which is equally, if not more important, remains untouched. The remaining two of the above mentioned sciences should not, any means, be overlooked, for without them parts of the foundation, without which you cannot raise a firm superstructure, are wanting.

But, does any inquire how by thus doing I can glorify GOD? In the researches many things, beautifully displaying the wisdom and goodness of GOD, will be seen and understood, which before were hidden or unaccountable. And thus you will, having more abundant cause, be led to praise Him, and also will be able to do it in a manner which is more acceptable, intelligently.—GLENN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Why have you stopped devoting one column to the *Young Ruralist?* I was much disappointed when I looked at the last number to see that column missing. Now I think that column would be very useful to us young people, therefore I hope you will continue it, as I think it the most interesting part of your excellent paper.—A YOUNG READER, *Dunkirk, N. Y., June*, 1857.

REMARKS.—Yes, my young friend, the column will be continued. The omission was only temporary—for one week—caused by a press of other matter which could not well be deferred. Indeed, so much interest has been manifested in this department that, instead of dwarfing or discontinuing it, we are disposed to "let the column grow;" and may yet conclude to publish *a whole paper* under some such title as THE YOUNG RURALIST—not only for the benefit of the Boys and Girls who live in the God-made Country, but also for the instruction and entertainment of those in Cities who admire *rurality* and love to cultivate, see, taste, or learn about Fruits, Flowers, &c. What say our junior friends—and also the seniors—to the idea of a practical, as well as instructive and entertaining paper for the Young People of America? If we make it neat, useful and cheap withal, will you see that it is appreciated and supported?—ED.

The Orchard and Garden.

NOTES ON PLANTS IN FLOWER.

THE CHINESE PÆONIES are now the pride of the garden, and they truly make a most brilliant display. The Pæony deserves a place in every collection. By a little care in selecting varieties they can be made to adorn the garden for at least two months, from the middle of May to the middle of July. The class known as *Officinalis* begins to show their flowers in this latitude the latter part of May, and continues several weeks. The *Chinese* class are in flower from about the middle of June to the middle of July. They are now in perfection, and we describe a few of the best varieties.

Anemoneflora Striata is a fine flower, the outer petals are large and of a rosy violet color, and the inner petals are small and of a rose and salmon color.

Victoria Tri-color is one of the finest, with outer petals large and of a pale rose color with a delicate pink shading. The inner petals are of a very delicate yellow with a few red marks, showing three colors very distinctly.

Festiva is large and fine every way, pure white with a most beautiful red centre.

Globosa is a pure white, large, full and globular. Truly a most elegant flower.

Claptoniana is of a creamy white with yellow center.

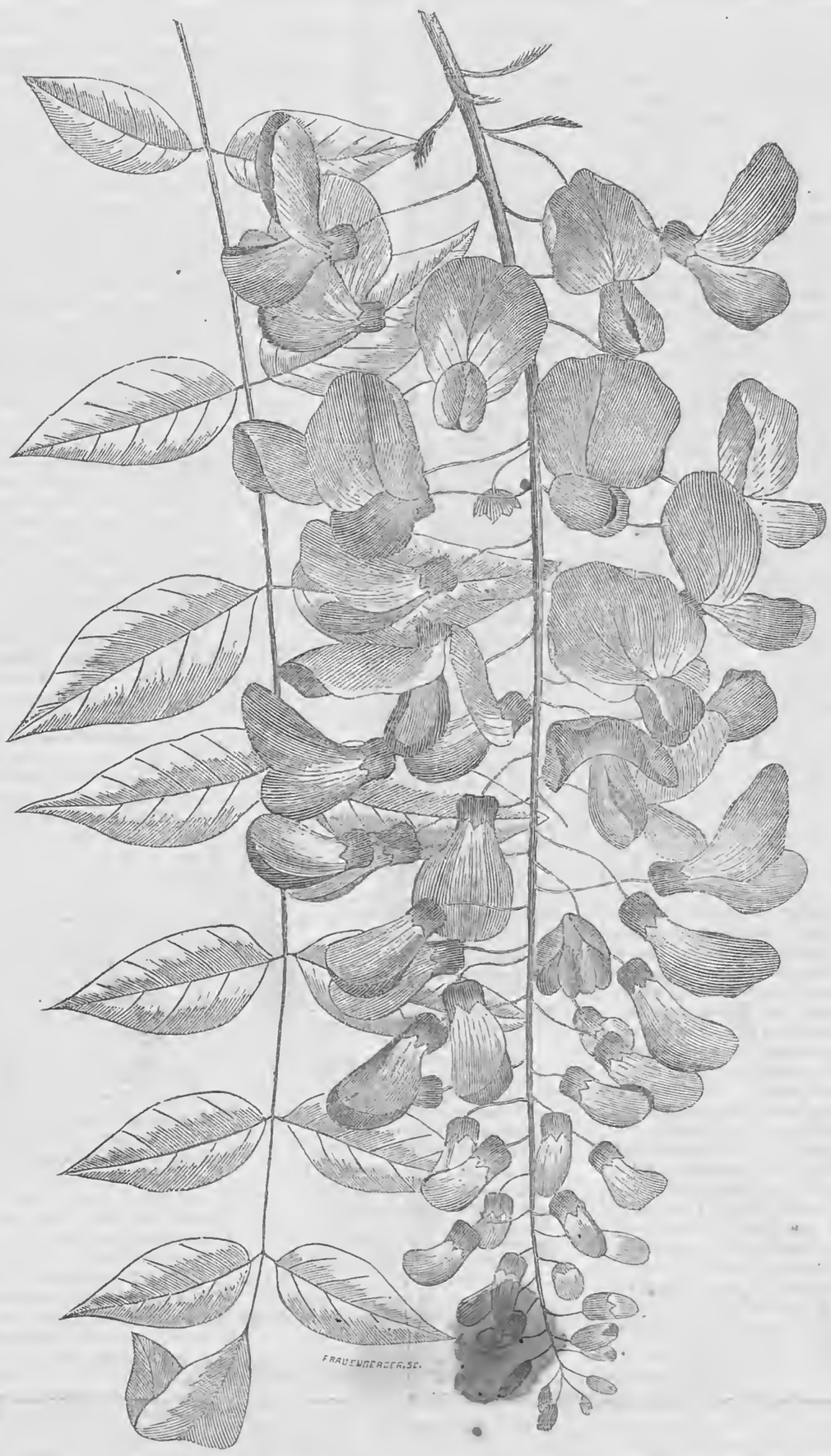
Comte de Paris is of a purplish rose, very full and fine; an excellent flower.

Pottsi is of a dark purplish crimson and very fine. This is the darkest of the Chinese varieties.

Delicatissima is of a very delicate rose color very large and sweet. We will notice a few other varieties next week.

The Roses are just coming into flower, and we have taken notes which we shall complete and give in the next number.

That most beautiful of all climbing shrubs, the *Chinese Wistaria*, is now in flower here, and we give an engraving of the flower and leaf. More than a month since we saw it in bloom in New York city, one plant covering several houses, and we then thought it one of the most beautiful objects we ever beheld in the floral world, and determined to present our readers with a plate as soon as we could procure the drawing and engraving.—When young it sometimes makes a slow growth, but when once it takes a start, nothing grows more rapidly. BRECK says he has seen it make a growth of twenty-two feet in one season. In this climate it needs no protection, though in sections much colder than this it would be well to cover the young plants in winter for a season or two. With us it commences blooming early in June, and a large plant will be literally loaded with thousands of rich clusters or pendulous racemes of delicate, pale blue blossoms, so numerous that the whole plant seems to be a floral wreath. The racemes are from ten to twelve inches long, and well filled with delicate and sweetly perfumed flowers. The foliage is abundant, and of a pleasant, lively green. It succeeds best in a rich, deep loam. It does not flower until the plant gets strong, and the older the plant the more freely it seems to flower.



THE CHINESE WISTARIA—LEAF AND FLOWER.

FRUIT AND THE WEATHER.—During the past week we have had a warm day or two, and a good deal of rain. STRAWBERRIES are beginning to ripen, but the only sorts we see in market are *Early Scarlet* and *Burr's New Pine*. The earlier CHERRIES, such as *Bauman's May* and *Early Purple Guigne* are coloring and will be ripe in a few days. In consequence of the extensive circulation of the RURAL it is necessary to put it to press several days before the date of the paper. All our notes of fruits and flowers are taken on the Monday previous to the day of publication.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF THE VALLEY OF THE GENESEE.—The Annual Spring Exhibition of this Society, which, on account of the backwardness of the season, has been deferred two weeks, will be held at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on Thursday and Friday, the 9th and 10th days of July. It is earnestly desired that amateur cultivators, not only among our citizens but in the adjacent villages and surrounding country, as well as Gardeners and Nurserymen, should interest themselves in this exhibition. The shows of this society last year were superior to any ever before made by it, and were largely attended by the public; and by new arrangements, and the co-operation of those interested, it is confidently hoped that the exhibitions this season will far surpass those of the past. Premium Lists may be had on application to C. W. SEELYE, Secretary.

FRUIT CULTURE IN INDIANA.

EDS. RURAL:—I promised you a few facts in regard to Fruit Trees, and will now give you the results of my experience and observation in this section. I bought an orchard December, 1852, of five hundred trees, which were put out about the year 1840. All were planted too deep, but made a rapid growth under good cultivation, and a liberal feeding with manure from barn-yard, swamp, stove, and the charcoal pit. Three hundred of the trees are now dead. They first *appeared* to be hurt during the winter of 1851-2, and were finished by the two past winters, *so we generally think*.

I found on taking out the dead trees that all but four were planted with the collar roots from eight to thirty inches below the surface; that all were more or less injured by the borer which works anywhere from the surface of the ground to the fork above, to the height of eight or nine feet. How much higher they may go I can't say. I observed that those most injured by the borer were *leaning* trees, leaning at a greater or less angle north-easterly, and that most had *high heads—low headed* trees even of tender varieties suffering much less.

The following sorts in my orchard were killed:—Rambo, Vandevere Pippin, Seeknofurther, *Yellow Harvest* (distinct from what I call Early Harvest,) Dumpling Apple, May Apple and English Red Streak. *Plums*, generally killed, except Quetsche, a wild plum,—as well as the quinces, peaches, apricots and all cherries except the Common Sour Red cherry. Trees half hardy are Newtown Pippin, Vandevere, Romanite, Butter Apple, Successive Ripening, Wine Sap, Harrison, Smith's Cider and Hugh's Virginia Crab. Pears generally injured. Those yet living are Pennock, Early Harvest, Red Astrachan, Sanor's Sweet, Twenty Ounce Pippin, (which sometimes weighs thirty ounces,) Neverfail, Fall Wine, Yellow Belleflower, Michael Henry Pippin, Cannon Pearmain, Fallen Walder, Gilliflowers, (bl'k and red,) Mamma Bean and Grindstone Pippin. This orchard is in sandy barrens, open on all sides—soil dry.

In GORDON'S orchard, in the timber, ten miles north-west from this place, the soil is sandy loam, with clay subsoil, I think. The following kinds were killed:—Rambo, Vandevere Pippin and Golden Russet. Those not yet dead but badly injured, are Newtown Pippin, Michael Henry Pippin, Rhode Island Greening, Seeknofurther, Fall Pippin, Wine Sap and Wine Apple. Not hurt, were Early Harvest, Maiden Blush, Gilliflower, (bl'k and red,) Belleflowers, white and yellow, Gate's Mamma Bean Apple, Summer Queen and Romanite. Plums, all killed. All cherries but May Duke and common Red Sour. Pears, all but Sugar Pear. (The Romanite above is a medium sized red winter apple.) This orchard cultivated, and trees thrifty.

In NIXON'S orchard on the contrary the Rambo is least killed, but in other respects is like mine, as to varieties killed out. Soil sandy barrens with heavy timber on north, east and south—open to barrens on the west. This orchard is well cultivated.

In KENDALL'S orchard, comprising nearly the same varieties, none were killed but three Vandevere Pippins. Soil, rich loamy sand, mixed with clay. Not cultivated, but in grass for years. Trees all straight,—*headed low*. Trees in these orchards grafted some in root, some stem and some in top. Some are seedlings. There is no difference in hardihood so far as I can see. Some varieties of seedlings being equally tender with the tenderest varieties of improved fruit, such as Vandevere Pippin, or Rambo.

GOULD'S orchard is sandy barrens, containing sixty grafted trees and twenty seedlings. The grafts are all dead but four, and all the seedlings are living. I cannot say what treatment they have received as to cultivation. The seedlings *probably* standing in sod, and the grafts cultivated. Of these the Belleflower and Monstrous Pippin are living.

The lowest temperature of the three past winters was thirty-one degrees below zero, of Fahrenheit's scale. A cold of fifteen below had been borne by all the above-named trees for several winters, and during the three winters last past it has ranged from fifteen to thirty-one; warmer, however, in the timber by several degrees. From the above, then, we learn that the most hardy of the above-named apples, are Belleflower, white and yellow, Gilliflowers, (black and red,) Pennock, Twenty Ounce Pippin, Neverfail, Fall Wine, Michael Henry Pippin, Cannon Pearmain, Fallen Walder, Gates' Apple, Grindstone Pippin, Red Astrachan, Early Harvest and Siberian Crab. A few, *perhaps*, of other varieties, have been winter killed, (as the peach, apricot and nectarine often are by extreme cold,) and but very few. My opinion is that *high heading, too deep planting and the borer* are to be looked upon as the principle causes of the loss of our trees.

To remedy this trouble, (or rather prevent it,) I look to new trees, headed low, (no matter how low,) keeping the plow away from pruning the roots, and to supplying, rather than taking away, food from the trees, and to a more sparing use of the *knife and saw in pruning*.

I have lost no trees planted by myself during the past three winters, though my new orchard of 700 trees, contains *all* of the above-named apples, *hardy* and *tender*—and it is planted so far as possible according to the ideas above set forth, and I have no doubt but that in six years the young trees will have larger trunks than those planted more than twelve years before them. The mercury last winter for January, ranged from four to twenty degrees below zero. Yet peach trees are not *all* killed, showing that some varieties will survive even twenty below, and even *peach buds* were not killed, many being in blossom immediately about me—thus demonstrating to the contrary of what many assert, that the peach bud will not survive a cold lower than about ten or twelve, while others think or write that twelve or fourteen will kill even the tree itself.

On June 7th, '57, I visited the site of old Fort Wayne, and while there examined the old apple tree on which one of Mad Anthony's men shot an Indian some time after HARMAR'S defeat there.—The tree must be considerably more than eighty rods from the site of the Fort (whence the soldier shot,) showing that in those days they had rifles not much, if any, inferior to the improved rifles of the present day. It measures, two feet from the ground, four feet in diameter. It branches from the surface, and covers an area whose diameters are sixty and sixty-three feet. It appears healthy, and probably would produce a hundred bushels of fruit. C. B.

Rochester, Indiana, June, 1857.

A NEW GRAPE, PERHAPS.—J. C. KILBORN, of Beamsville, Canada West, writes us of a new wine grape growing at that place, which he thinks "likely to prove the best native wine grape yet introduced to the American public." It is a very vigorous grower, and one of them covers a space four rods square, running over the trees. From this vine last year three barrels of wine were made. No description is given of this grape, and it may prove to be some old variety; Mr. K., however, promises us a full description, and perhaps some specimens, when the fruit is ripe.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several inquiries and other favors from correspondents will receive attention in the next number.

RURAL NOTES FROM SOUTHERN MICHIGAN.

HAVING a larger stock of Lima Beans on hand than I required for my own planting, I distributed several packages among my neighbors. Most of them, however, anticipating the return of our strangely laggard spring weather planted before the soil became warm enough to insure a speedy germination. The result is that most of the rich but delicately organized seeds have "died without issue." Partly from choice, but more through a press of other work I delayed my planting until the 25th and 26th of May. I had carefully prepared the ground and planted above two score of hills, and when in a little more than a week I noted the rapid upheaval of the surface crust, and the quick outspreading of tiny leaflets, I will own that I felt proud of my success—but, "pride must have a fall." In a few days their numbers began to grow less. Here a reclining bean stalk showed a weakness in the side. There a denuded stem stood mourning its wilted leaflets. It was a plain case, the cut-worms had entered on their destructive mission. Plowing up the mellow earth with my fingers I soon captured a half dozen of the drowsing vermin on which I inflicted summary justice.

The other morning I chanced to awake as the clock was striking three, and quickly rising and donning my garments I lighted a lantern and proceeded to the garden. There I surprised a select party of cut-worms upreared against the ill-fated bean plants and greedily battening on the tender foliage. Certain others had finished their midnight meal and prudently gone to bed. A goodly number of them unwillingly paid the debt of nature, albeit, I extended my researches among the Japan Peas, of which I have planted over one-fourth of an acre. These look quite flourishing except on the side next the Limas where the creeping maranders have made a tolerably clean sweep. This year I planted from six to eight Limas in a hill, and next season I think of increasing the number to 15 or 20, so as if possible to get a final stand of at least four plants to each hill in spite of cut-worms and all other casualties combined.

At the close of the foray aforesaid, the "streaky fingers of the dawn" having appeared in the east, I dispensed with candle light and proceeded to the setting out of a quantity of Early York and Winningstadt cabbage plants. These I placed in rows as "straight as a chalk-line," first stretching said line where I wished to set the plants.

I have planted several rows of the Early Rachel Bean, side by side, with the China Red-eyes, the result of which, together with certain potato experiments I am making, I may perhaps report next fall for the benefit of others. I intend however, to continue my experiments through several seasons, as I am aware that one experiment alone does not amount to much. FRANK FIELDING.

Burr Oak, St. Joseph Co., Mich., June 14, 1857.

CUCUMBERS for pickling may yet be planted.

Domestic Economy.

KEEP COOL.

IT is very easy to talk about "keeping cool" this fourth-of-July weather, but it is quite a difficult matter to accomplish the object. It is necessary to call into requisition all the aids at our command, and even then, we often fail. ICE CREAM is one of those aids,—it is one of the luxuries of the season, and can be had without much cost or trouble.—There are various recipes for its preparation, and we give two of them:

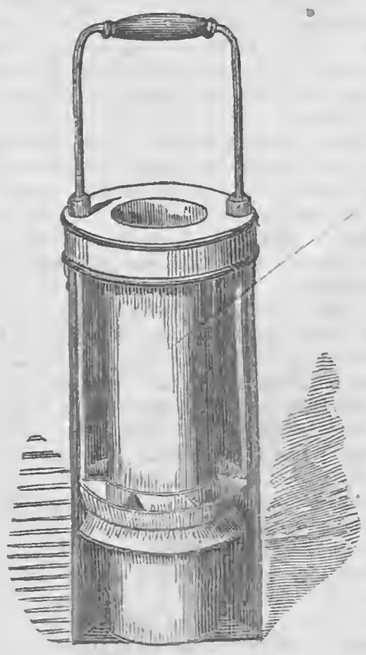
One quart milk, the yolks of four eggs, and the white of one; one teaspoonful butter, one teaspoonful arrowroot, sugar and flavoring to taste. Put the milk on the fire; then take the arrowroot and butter, and make a smooth paste with cold milk; as soon as the milk boils, stir in the arrowroot and butter, and let it boil until it thickens; then take it off the fire, add the sugar, and *slowly* stir in the eggs, which should be well beaten; flavor to the taste.

If pine-apple is used to flavor, grate as much as is wanted, and add sugar enough to make it quite sweet, and add to your cream when half frozen.

In boiling cream, a milk kettle or farina boiler should be used to prevent burning.

Another very simple method is the following:—To every quart of milk put half a pound of powdered sugar and three eggs well beaten. Mix all together, and flour with vanilla bean or lemon peel, and put the vessel containing it into a kettle of boiling water, and keep it stirring all the time until it thickens. Then allow it to cool, and it is ready to freeze.

The freezing has usually been a very tedious matter, but with



AUSTIN'S PATENT FREEZER,

as manufactured by CHENEY & Co., the work is done in *six minutes*, and often even less; and the whole operation is so simple that it can be done by a child. We would describe this freezer and its operations fully, but all who purchase them get full directions.

Other *Ices*, besides CREAM, are very refreshing these warm days, and we recommend the ladies to try the following after they get the freezer:

ORANGE ICE.—One orange, (Havana is best,) one quart water, quarter pound sugar, grate outside skin of orange, squeeze out juice of orange, tartaric acid, (equal to two or three grains coffee,) strain through muslin cloth, and freeze as cream.

LEMON ICE.—One lemon, one quart water, quarter pound sugar. Same process, omitting tartaric acid.

STRAWBERRY ICE.—One quart strawberries, or three ordinary baskets—mashed, quart water, quarter pound sugar, tartaric acid as for orange; process as above.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.

WE clip from the *Ohio Cultivator* the following recipes for preserving the Strawberry, which, to our friends who are to have a surplus, will prove timely, and enable them to artificially prolong the "strawberry season:"

STRAWBERRY PRESERVES.—Select the largest and handsomest berries, weigh them and spread on platters. For each pound of fruit allow a pound of powdered white sugar. Sprinkle half this amount over the berries, and let them stand several hours in a cool place, to harden and to form liquor. Put them in a porcelain-lined kettle, and and by degrees strew on the rest of the sugar. Boil them slowly fifteen minutes, skimming thoroughly, then take them from the syrup and spread again on platters to cool and harden into shape. Then put them into wide-mouthed glass bottles, pour the syrup on boiling hot and seal the jars.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Take the berries when first ripe and fresh, mash and drain them through a flannel bag. To each pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and one-third of the white of an egg. Boil slowly about ten minutes, skimming thoroughly, then dip it into tumblers and cups, and set it into a sunny window uncovered till it jellies, then seal them over. It will never form a very firm jelly, but it is delicious and beautiful.

STRAWBERRY JAM.—Small and poor berries will answer, if clean and free from decay. Mash with a wooden pestle, add to each pound one-fourth of a pound of brown sugar, boil about fifteen minutes, and seal up in earthen, glass and stone jars.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES.—Put the berries over the fire without sugar and with almost no water, and as soon as the whole mass is raised to the boiling point, dip it while boiling into the cans (glass is better than tin for such acid fruit,) and pour over the fruit in each can a little boiling syrup, nearly thick enough to candy. Fill perfectly full, and seal air-tight at once. These are very fine eaten with cream.

Strawberries should never be washed for preserving. If dirty, do not use them. *Strawberry shortcake* is a luxury. Make a large, thick shortcake, split it twice through, and spread with butter and a layer of fresh strawberries and sugar, put the parts together again, and serve hot.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

LULLABY.

BY W. W. COLDWELL.

SLEEP, baby sleep! Each little bird,
Whose carolling all day is heard,
Ere sunset fadeth from the west,
Folds up its tiny wings to rest,
And 'mid the soft leaves cradled high,
Rocks to the night wind's lullaby.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep! Upon the green
No more the tender lambs are seen;
For soon as glints the star of eve,
Their frolic gamboling they leave,
And weary with incessant play,
Safe sheltered all in slumber lay.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep! Each gentle flower
Is sleeping in its leafy bower,
Their petals pure the lilies close,
In dewy fragrance sleeps the rose,
And in its verdant cincture set,
Dreameth the blue-eyed violet.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! The sumer skies
Bend o'er thee with their starry eyes,
And though unseen, GOD'S angels keep
Their watch of love around thy sleep;
So softly rest, till morn shall break,
And bid thee with the flowers awake.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WEALTH VS. HAPPINESS.

"AND is it thus to be—must all my fondest hopes be blighted, all the bright anticipations which have clustered round my pathway, and cheered me on since childhood, must they all be crushed; and my future life left desolate by the tyrant will of a father?"

"Say not so, dear HENRY. Your father thinks it for your interest to form an alliance with one of a higher birth and fortune than myself; but oh, she cannot love you more. All my wealth consists in a loving heart, wholly devoted to thee. But it must be sacrificed to the ambitious views of your father."

"Never! Talk not to me of noble birth and fortune; have I not wealth enough for us both? As noble blood flows in your veins, as in those of the proud and haughty HELEN. I will not give you up, and if my father will not consent, I shall act in disobedience to his wishes. What care I for the gaudy trappings of wealth for these our perishable bodies, in comparison to your own true and loving heart, that would cheer me on through life, and prove a sweet solace for all other ills."

"Stop, HENRY; do not say more. Never can I consent to enter your family without their free consent; for happiness would not attend us, if we should act in disobedience to their wishes. Whatever the sacrifice will cost us, it must be made.—Your father has set his heart on having you wed HELEN WARREN, as your estates are contiguous; he thinks it would extend your influence, and purchase your heart by wealth. So this must be our last interview. Go and wed HELEN, and you may yet be happy. Surrounded by the gay batteries of fortune, you will soon forget the humble ESTELLE."

"And does your own heart sanction what you say? I begin to think you care but little for me, and judge my heart by your own, if you think ties like these can be so easily sundered." But he stopped suddenly on seeing the deathly parlor of her countenance. "Forgive me, dearest; my heart is so wrung at your ready acquiescence to give me up, I know not what I say. But I will see my father once more; if he could but know your gentle heart as I do, I am sure he would yield. Good bye, dearest—all may yet be well."

"Not without your parent's free consent, even if you should doubt my love."

At his departure, ESTELLE hurried to her own room, and threw herself on a couch, in a flood of tears, murmuring, "Oh, that he should doubt my love! Aid me, Heavenly Father—aid me to bear this. Wilt thou teach me to guide my heart aright, and if I must yield him up, give me strength to bear it, and let me turn my heart more fully to thee. As thou orderest all things, so let me trust in thee." As she concluded this feeble petition, her eyes gently closed in slumber.

HENRY LORAIN left the residence of ESTELLE with the firm determination of having one more interview with his father, and if he could not change his purpose, he was resolved to leave home, and all the loved associations of his childhood, and travel in distant lands; for he had still too much honor left, to wed with one, while his heart was wholly given to another—one every way worthy of him, though not endowed by the fickle Goddess, Fortune, at whose shrine his family bowed. But his own nature was too noble to allow wealth to make any distinctions, where true worth and virtue were combined. When he thought of the proud and haughty HELEN WARREN, on whom his father was anxious he should bestow his hand, his soul revolted. She was an only child, with an immense fortune at her disposal, courted and flattered by all, treating all with perfect contempt who did not cringe and fawn around the votaries of fashion. She had no heart to sympathize with the distressed, or associate with those less favored by fortune than herself. It was no wonder she became selfish and unprincipled; and being captivated by the rich and accomplished HENRY LORAIN, an only son whose father's estates had joined her own, she left no art or flattery untried to gain his hand.

ESTELLE CLINTON was the daughter of a widow of humble means, but had been reared with all those christian graces which render the female character so lovely. Possessed of an exquisite form and lovely features, she soon attracted the attention of HENRY. Being sensitive as to their relative positions, and too retiring in her nature to give him any encouragement, it was an arduous task for him to gain possession of her heart, until she had learned of his love for her since childhood. HENRY was kept from making his love known by his parents, but being no longer able to control his passion, was determined to wed her.—The true principles of christianity had, however, been too firmly instilled in her mind, to allow him to act in opposition to his parents wishes.

The evening succeeding his interview with ESTELLE, HENRY and his parents had been invited to a large party at the mansion of the WARREN'S, and to please them attended. He anxiously hoped his father might discover something in the overbearing conduct of HELEN to lessen his esteem, and slightly hinted the wish for his mother to observe her closely. HELEN having heard a rumor of HENRY'S attachment to ESTELLE, and wishing to humble her in his esteem, and gain a complete triumph over her, invited her also to be one of the party. When the guests began to arrive, HELEN appeared in most splendid attire, glittering with the rich jewels which adorned her, and in gay spirits. The company were nearly all assembled before ESTELLE arrived. But when she entered in a simple robe of white muslin, with a rose bud nestling in the dark braids of her hair, she never appeared more lovely, and a murmur of admiration rose from all parts of the room. HELEN was standing near Mr. LORAIN, and with a contemptuous toss of the head, uttered loud enough to reach his ears, "Parvenu." On looking up he was surprised to see the anger which she could not conceal depicted on HELEN'S countenance.—He looked at ESTELLE and saw the sweet expression of her countenance, and with what modest diffidence she received the admiration of the company. There was a struggle in that proud man's heart. Being a proud aristocrat he had never before met ESTELLE at any public reception, and was not aware that so much grace and loveliness, could dwell away from the abodes of the rich. He thought there was some excuse for his son's infatuation, as he termed it, and resolved to watch both her and HELEN more closely during the evening. He thought of his own gentle and loving wife, who had so patiently borne with all his petty annoyances, and cheered him in his hours of despondency, and for the first time, he thought of ESTELLE with kindness.

Walking up to ESTELLE, Mr. LORAIN addressed her. She was much surprised at this mark of attention, but recovering her composure, conversed with ease, and her artless simplicity completely charmed him. He praised the beauty of HELEN, and she warmly acceded to his praise, and thought she must be very happy, surrounded by all the luxuries of wealth and kind friends. Ah, little did she know the burning fire of jealousy that was then coursing HELEN'S veins. She could hardly treat her guests with courtesy, and many retired in disgust at her rude behavior. So, instead of gaining a triumph over ESTELLE, she had forfeited the esteem of many friends. And when she witnessed the kindness with which Mr. LORAIN treated ESTELLE, and saw her own blindness in inviting her, HELEN'S rage and shame knew no bounds.—Had she possessed within herself a sustaining principle that would have borne her above such unworthy feelings, and treated ESTELLE with kindness, all might have been well with her; but in attempting to injure one who had never harmed her the punishment fell on her own head.

The next morning as HENRY was preparing to go out, his father sent for him in his library. On his entering he inquired if he had arrived at any conclusion as to what course he should pursue—if he was yet willing to resign ESTELLE and wed HELEN. HENRY said he wished to please him, as far as consistent with duty to himself, but he could not wed Helen—his soul revolted at the idea.

"I am rejoiced that you have come to that conclusion. Forgive me, my son, that I have ever tried to have you form such a connection. I have been greatly deceived. I thought so beautiful a casket could not contain such base materials within as I witnessed last evning, and I can but tremble at the thought of the unhappiness I was trying to lay up in store for you in wedding you to her.—Her wealth could have afforded you but little solace for her unhappy and unamiable temper, while in choosing ESTELLE, you have all that is lovely and amiable, you need not be afraid to trust your happiness in her keeping. I have been greatly deceived in the estimate of your happiness, for I have found that wealth does not always confer true enjoyment. But in such a noble and generous mind, combined with christian graces, I have no fears for your future."

HENRY could only press his father's hand and ask his forgivness for judging him unkindly, saying, "I knew if you had but known her, as I did, you could not help but love her."

"Well, my son, I am thankful my eyes have been opened, at last, to discover the difference between true worth and wealth, or wealth devoid of worth. You have my free consent to wed ESTELLE, for in wedding her you have virtue and worth combined—and may GOD bless you in your choice."

M. E. T

"I MARK ONLY THE HOURS THAT SHINE."—This, if we rightly remember, is the inscription upon a sun dial in Italy. It inculcates a beautiful lesson which many are prone to disregard. It would teach us to remember the bright days of life, and not to forget the blessing God is giving us. Life, it is true, is not all bright and beautiful. But still it has its lights as well as shades, and it is neither wise nor graceful to dwell too much upon the darker portions of the picture. He who looks upon the bright side of life, and makes the best of everything, will, we think, other things being equal, be a better, happier man, than those who, as Franklin says, "are always looking at the ugly leg," and find occasion for complaint and censure in almost everything they meet with.

DISSIMULATION in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age; its appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts of learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks us into contempt. The path of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in our power to stop; one artifice unavoidably leads on to another, till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, we are left entangled in our snare.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—A Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in the contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied, "I was thinking if the *wrong* side of Heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE DREAM OF INFANCY.

A LITTLE child, as dew of June,
Upon the roses red,
One sultry summer's afternoon,
Slept in its tiny bed,
With blue eyes closed and dimpled cheek,
Tinged with lashes, long and meek.

From the sweet-scented summer air
The breeze came softly in,
And waved the sleeper's silken hair,
And kissed her little chin,
As opening morn, in glory bright,
Kisses the hills with rosy light.

Sweetly the infant sleeper dreamed,
And, as blessed MARY'S child,
Its dimpled, rosy features beamed,
Oh, holy undefiled!
Opened to her the happy land
Where children 'mid bright angels stand.

No toys were there to while the time
In childish sports away,
No dolls were known, in that bright clime,
Arrayed in dresses gay,
Nor earthly buds, nor birds, nor flowers,
Were found in those celestial bowers.

But there the flowers of Heaven bloomed,
Returned to Him who gave
Each blossomed o'er a youthful tomb,
Or cherished loved one's grave,
And up, and down the golden street,
Pattered those little angel's feet.

Their tiny wings were spotless white
As the Eternal Throne;
Around their brows in radiance bright
A halo ever shone,
As over Heaven's golden portal,
Beams the light of life immortal.

And those sweet sainted children there
Sang praises to the Lord,
And all seemed so serene and fair,
And each obeyed His word,
Until the dreamer wished that she
Amid the happy throng might be.

Slowly at the twilight hour,
The dusk and coolness fell,
And from the old cathedral tower
Pealed forth the vesper bell,
Dark night o'er heaven slowly crept,
But still, in dreams, the infant slept.

* * * * * * *

A summer's sun shines bright again,
The scented zephyr's play,
'Mid waving fields of ripened grain,
And meadows shorn of hay,
But perfumed breeze, nor shining sun
Can find that blessed little one.

An angel came one calm, mild day,
And closed her deep blue eyes,
And took the little child away
To live in Paradise,
And where she sleeps have clouds shed tears,
And violets mourned for long, long years.

Ogdensburgh, N. Y., 1857. E. C. J.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FLOWERS.

FLOWERS are the voices of nature, ever uttering lessons of purest wisdom, fresh from "our fatherland," and theirs—the realms where dwell the "*pure in heart;*" but like angel whisperings, they are rarely listened to, the finer feelings of the soul being too closely wrapped in materiality. Let the soul be once unsheathed, and the spirit fully permitted to bask in the sunshine of love and intelligence, and the sweet influence of flowers will at once be appreciated and acknowledged as love tokens from a divine Father, bestowed for our purification and highest elevation in the scale of being.

If all objects on earth are but counterparts of objects in a "lovelier sphere," are we not refusing an element of heaven when we neglect to welcome these sweet visitants to our hearts? Who dare affirm it a mere fancy flight, to suppose that angels watch the lovely flowers, and daily as they pass them on their earth-ward mission stoop to read the lessons, their GOD has penciled there?

"Yes, the messenger spirits from regions light
As earthward they speed on their love-guided flight,
Pause on their light pinions, to gaze on the flowers
That artlessly bloom in their wilderness bowers,
And reverently bend o'er the creature so fair,
For the finger of Him whom they worship is there.
And when the bright visitants home to the skies
To the bowers of beauty unfading arise,
They wave o'er the flowers their invisible wings
And catch the sweet breath of the innocent things,
And the perfumed treasures as incense they bear,
To the being who guards them with fatherly care."

From the earliest ages of antiquity flowers have been made to subserve the interest and pleasure of many, in every position in life; they have plumed the warriors chapeau as he marched to the field of carnage, where—

"Muffled drums were beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

They have crowned the feasts of Kings and lords, the flowers oftentimes being more abundant than the food; in fact they were used as a kind of condiment, the odor inciting the alimentive organs.—They have encircled the brow of the devoted at hymen's altar—and wreathed the lips of the dying into sweet smiles of hope and gently wafted their spirit homeward. They have been the students incentive, as he roamed the spicy climes of the imagination or explored deep the well of science.

In order to enjoy the odor of flowers the ancients scattered rose leaves on their table, and reclined on sofas stuffed with them—the floor was also strewed with roses. At a feast made by CLEOPATRA for ANTONY the roses were strewed on the floor three feet in thickness, and a net spread over them to make them elastic; they were also showered on the heads of the guests from above.—Flowers also formed the *symbolical* language—the oldest in the world.

It is related of LINNÆUS, that he formed a dial and marked the hours by the regular opening and closing of the flowers he arranged in it. How sweet must be those hours wafted to us on the breath of flowers!

It is a law of mental philosophy as well as the every day experiance of all, that our minds partake of the character of surrounding objects; therefore, how refining and ennobling must be the influence when surrounded by these pure visitants from angel realms. Minds of highest classical attainments have yielded to their potency: President DWIGHT thought a room tastefully arranged with them, greatly facilitated the intellectual functions where severe application to study was requisite; and it is related of Lord BYRON, that he could not compose well until his room was decorated with flowers.

LINNÆUS, the "Father of Botany," seemed to be "*en rapport*" with the flowers; whenever he discovered a new one "he would fall on his knees and thank GOD for flowers." Shall we not therefore cultivate a greater love for these heavenly monitors?—learn from them lessons of meekness and purity, and like them, shed a halo of sweet and refining influence on all with whom we meet?—Love GOD in the flowers, as well as in everything else he has made, remembering that,

"Each tiny flower that opes below
From the smile of our God receives its glow,
As the highest angel's countenance beams,
From the smiles of our Savior's presence gleams."

As the season for flowers is again with us let us endeavor to cultivate on a larger scale than herefore, these beauties of nature; they will help make our home a miniature heaven, where the "spirits of just men made perfect" shall love to hover, and GOD delight to reflect the sunshine of his smiles: they will certainly make our hearts better and our homes more cheerful and attractive to all. Why not spend a portion of our time and labor in cultivating that which shall administer to our spiritual nature, instead of spending all our efforts in providing for the physical wants?

Crystal Lake, Marquette Co., Wis., 1857. C. H.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LIFE-BURDENED BIPEDS.

"IT is as much a duty to enjoy life, as to tell the truth."

TRUE, yet how strangely unknown and unreal does it appear to the great mass with whom it should be a precept. From the conditions under which man exists, it is evidently intended that in life he shall be happy. GOD hath environed him with a Universe, which is naught but beauty and sublimity; hath strewn his pathway with flowers, like the humblest of which, SOLOMON in all his glory, was not arrayed; hath formed him with appetites and desires whose gratification is a source of pleasure; and hath given him a soul endowed with affections of patriotism, benevolence, love and reverence, each of which is, or should be, to him, a well-spring of joy. The world, visible and invisible, ministers to his pleasure, and yet, how many pass through life with dejected, sorrow-stricken countenances, totally oblivious of the manifold blessings with which they are surrounded, of the buds and blossoms by which their pathway is always bordered. The sunlight of love may come glancing around them, but it is like the play of sunbeams upon the Arctic iceberg; it is reflected without warming. "Vanity of vanities," they exclaim, and plod on through life, looking on the grave only in the character of a place "where the weary are at rest."

But of all the classes of life-burdened individuals, the most afflicting are those styled "croakers." It is said that nothing has been created without its use; but for what purpose these were made, we cannot conceive, unless it be as a trial to our patience. They seem to be afflicted with an incurable mental consumption, or rather, their minds being troubled with weak eyes, they view life through a gloomy, sin-colored glass, by which the objects of light and beauty around them are transformed into monstrosities. Not content like the first-mentioned class, to wrap *themselves* in a mantle of night, they, like the dog in the manger, not only sin themselves by refusing to enjoy life, but are also constantly snapping at all who refuse to do likewise. They would that their "eyes were a fountain of tears," that they might weep for the sins of their race; for among those by whom they are surrounded, "there is none that doeth good," and society, being made up of units, is, like the heart of man, "full of deceit, and desperately wicked." Arts, sciences, literature and religion, are all perishing from the lack of a radical reform. The great heart of humanity is palpitating with a rush of venus blood. The "Romance of Rascality" has become Rascality in Reality, and the "Empire of Scoundrelism" embraces within its bounds the uttermost corners of the earth.

They are constantly on the *qui vive* for startling accidents, and if such do not occur, will, like some unappreciated surgeons, endeavor to create them by strewing society's sidewalks with orange peelings. Possessing great reverence for the *ancient landmarks*, they regard old institutions as so many monuments of ancestral wisdom, and they are constantly mourning over the memory of the "golden age" when society was in its pristine purity, when Virtue reigned Queen, and man had not schooled his heart to such multitudinous knavery as he has attained in this degenerate age. Innovations are under a perpetual ban,—hence, railroads, ocean steamers, telegraphs and lightning presses are only so many evidences that mankind is fast following in the path trod by JUDAS when he went to his own place. Do the details of a horrible crime come to their knowledge, then, and then only are they seen to smile; a *ghastly* smile, such as wrinkled the visage of SATAN when EVE yielded to his smooth spoken language?—forgetting that "Charity rejoiceth not at iniquity," he utters his *laudamus* because another link hath been added to his chain of arguments. Evil only appears to him in proper character, just as green is the only color that looks natural when viewed through spectacles of a certain kind. It is his morning and evening prayer that he may be taken from this "sin-cursed world." He wants to die, and we say, *let him*. Let him die and make room for a better man; one who can thank GOD for his creation and his life, and for the manifold blessings that are showered upon him; and who can say *amen* to the Creator's verdict on the work of His hands when He pronounced it "*good*." Give us the man who enjoys life and wants to live out the "days of his years;" one who can greet you with a smile, and the words of whose life come dancing forth as if conscious that theirs is the mission to tell of

"Joy without and joy within,
Love, faith, hope and charity."

Adrian, Mich., June, 1857. T. D. TOOKER.

EVERY eye loves beauty, and there is no countenance, not blushed or deformed by guilt, that may not—indeed does not—brighten and gladden some devoted soul.

THAT HAND.

"Do you see any difference between that hand now and that hand when you shook it an hour ago?" asked the enthusiast holding out his dexter to us o' Tuesday. We examined it closely through the new spectacles from Bigelow's, and remarked that we thought there was a little difference in the complexion of the hand—that it did not look so clean as it had seemed at first. He drew it back, and seemed a little confused. "That hand," he explained, "has been in actual contact with a hand that lately held the reins of government; that lately swayed the destinies of twenty-four millions of happy people, including four millions of slaves at the south." "Well," said we sententiously, "what of that?" The enthusiast looked disappointed, chagrined. "What *of* it?" said he, with a scornful look, "what *of* it? That is just the way with you cold-blooded fellows. You have not a spark of enthusiasm in you. That hand which I touched was lately the representative of many millions of hands, and had the fate of nations upon the point of the pen between its fingers; the consciousness of that made my arm ache to the elbow, as I grasped the extended digits." "Yes," said we, "but the power had gone, and the potentate had subsided to the gentleman, in which character we had much rather honor him than when he was clothed with the authority you venerated, when his head was aching with doubts and fears, when his heart was sad at the attacks of those who understood him not or wilfully misrepresented him, when there was not rest for him by night or day, and the reins he held were as heavy as nail rods. Now as the private gentleman, the amenities of life reveal themselves that were hidden in the magistrate, and to feel the warm blood tingle to the touch, denoting the manly presence, is more to be coveted by us than the frigid feel of the care-burdened official." The enthusiast thought a moment, and said he didn't know but that we might be right, after all, though we saw that he still held to the opinion that to shake hands with a President was better than to shake hands with a common man.—*Boston Gazette.*

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

HE that sets no value upon a good repute, is as careless of the actions that produce it.

CARLYLE says:—"Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world."

VIOTOR HUGO says that spring is the season when everything conjugates the verb to love.

A FRENCH wit said of a man who was exceedingly fat, that nature only made him to show how far the human skin would stretch without breaking.

LOUIS XVI. asked Count Mahony if he understood Italian. "Yes, please your Majesty," answered the Count, "if it is spoken in Irish."

THERE is an inscription on a tombstone at La Pointe, Lake Superior, which reads as follows:—"John Smith, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

ARE our friends the horticulturists aware how much they are indebted to printers? We wot not—but it is a fact, that the Horticultural Society in Scotland was founded by Patrick Neill, a printer.

STERNE used to say:—"The most accomplished way of using books, is to serve them as most people do lords—learn their titles, and then brag of their acquaintance?

MADAME DE GENLIS, says somebody, reproved her librarian for putting books written by male and female authors upon the same shelf. "Never do it," said she, "without putting a prayer book between them."

THE expression, "Principles, not men," is a modification of the saying, "Measures, not men," which occurs in the second act of Goldsmith's comedy of "The Good-Natured Man," in the scenee between Lofty and Mrs. Croaker.

ACCOUNT was recently kept at one of the New York hotels of what it cost to feed one gentleman at breakfast who is skilled in the art of "ordering," and the total was $1.12. No wonder the hotel keepers want to raise the price of board.

POPE, the actor, who was very fond of the good things of this life, once when expiating at table on the excellence of ham, said, "Ham, sir, is the same improvement upon bacon that steel is upon iron; in fact, sir, *ham is the poetry of bacon.*"

THE oft quoted expression, "Hell is paved with good intentions," was original, it is said, with Father Ribiera, a Spanish Jesuit, of the 16th century. It occurs in one of his "Reflections." His works are in use in many Roman Catholic schools in Great Britain.

RIDICULE has shafts, and impertinence has arrows, which, though against innocence they may be levelled in vain, have always the power of wounding tranquility.

HEALTH comes of itself; but we are at great pains to get our diseases. Health comes from a simple life of nature; diseases from the artificial life of nature.

MAN is never wrong while he lives for others; the philosopher who contemplates from the rock is a less noble image than the sailor who struggles with the storm.

WHEN you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation; but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you, that you may learn contentment.

AVOID disputes altogether, if possible: especially in mixed companies, and with ladies. You will hardly convince any one, and may disoblige or startle them, and get yourself the character of a conceited pragmatical person. Whereas that of an agreeable companion, which you may have without giving yourself any great air of learning or depth, may be more advantageous to you in life, and will make you welcome in all companies.

THE term "Old Brick" is not of modern origin. In revolutionary times a song was written by some rhyming rebel, in which the names of all the Boston preachers were introduced, fixing their identity by the place where they preached, or by some personal peculiarity. Hence of Dr. Chas. Chauncy, who preached in the old brick church, in Cornhill, it is said—

"And Charles, Old Brick, if well or sick,
Will cry for Liberty."

The Traveler.

WANDERINGS IN EUROPE.—NO. I.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

From London to Brussels.

For three days only did I remain in London, during which time I got my passport properly *vised*, and then, one fine afternoon, in company with my fellow-traveler E——, took the cars for Dover. As we sped out of the city I watched the huge black dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the grey towers of Westminster Abbey, until the rapidly moving train bore us away from their sight. The twilight was deepening on the landscape as we approached Dover. I observed the country round about it bore strong resemblance to some parts of Salisbury Plain, the soil and rocks being apparently similar, though the surface was more uneven.

We walked to the wharf where the boat for Ostend was moored, and after securing our passage, set out for a stroll about the town. It was too dark to visit the castle, which we could dimly see on the heights, but on the slope was encamped a regiment of Highlanders, just returned from the Crimea, and the lights which shone through the white canvas tents, together with the lively music of bagpipe and drum, and sounds of laughter and joviality which swelled on the night air, attracted us thither. We conversed a while with a tall soldier whose face was brown from exposure to sun and storm, looked at his tent and accoutrements, and listened to many thrilling anecdotes of the seige in which he was engaged. It was a striking scene; and perhaps I remarked it the more, as I thought it was the last I should behold in England. The large lights, here and there in the town below, looked like fallen stars; away to the Eastward stretched the sea; there was a confused murmer in the air, but one could distinguish the sounds of the camp, the hum of the town, and deeper than all, the moan of the sea at the bottom of the chalky cliffs.

We descended to the boat to seek a little rest, and found that the blundering steward had selected for me a berth which was pre-occupied, and there were no more vacant ones left. I secured a large arm-chair, however, in the stern of the cabin, and disposed myself very comfortably. The waters were still. When below we could scarcely perceive any motion, except that disagreeable jar which attends all steam vessels. We slumbered through the night, and when day broke went on deck from which nothing could be seen but the vessel and water. A fog shrouded all, and the officers were somewhat anxious, keeping a sharp lookout — for they were behind time, and as the tide was rapidly ebbing, it was impossible for the boat to enter the shallow harbor of Ostend. Presently the fog parted, and through the rents we perceived a low, uninteresting coast; then a few huge windmills loomed out of the mist, and afterwards the spires and part of the town. We saw a few carts driving along the sandy beach, and bathers plunging into the surf.

A couple of boats came along side, manned by lusty Dutchmen, and baggage and passengers went into them promiscuously. The passengers were, of course, mostly English, and not in the best humor after the night's voyage. Their faces did not brighten into smiles when the boatmen demanded a fee of two francs apiece, for rowing us along side of the pier. On the way, one of them disposed himself carelessly on the baggage, without heeding the damage he might cause. He happened to put his huge feet on my knapsack, but I did not observe it, until I heard E——, who sat nearer, sing out in the coolest tone imaginable — "I say, old fellow, take your feet off that baggage, will you." He understood enough English to comprehend, what was said, and with a bear like grunt, drew himself into a smaller compass. When we had ascended the ladder and stood on the pier, an officer in uniform with a sword by his side, received our passports, while our baggage was taken into the custom house to be examined. They did not make us much trouble or detain us long, scarcely looking at most of the baggage, and after having secured our passports we went immediately to the railway station, and took tickets for Bruges. The train was ready to start. Scarcely had we taken our seats, when, instead of a whistle from the engine, an officer blew a lively flourish on a bugle, and we moved off. A ride of forty minutes brought us to our destination.

We left the station at Bruges for the purpose of seeing a little of the town, and obtaining our breakfast. Immediately after getting clear of the gates, a number of guides who could speak a little English, beset us, and very pertinaciously pressed us to accept their services. We wanted no guide, as we had determined to remain in the city but a few hours, and cared only to see the market-place and two or three churches, which we knew were easily to be found. Through this eagerness to get the advantage of one another, the guides quarreled among themselves, and finally came to blows. I was surprised at this, for I had expected the police would be everywhere, but there were none in sight, although we were but a few steps from the railway station. We finally employed one as the easiest method of ridding ourselves of their annoyance. The city looked very gay, for the King of Belgium had recently paid it a visit, and the flags yet hung out from almost every window, and the showy arches stood in the market place and public squares. We went to the market place, and ascended the tall old belfry on which LONGFELLOW has written a poem commencing with these two lines:

"In the market place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown,
Thrice consumed and thrice re-builded, still it watches o'er the town."

The summit overlooks the city and a wide extent of surrounding country. We waited to hear the chimes which are rung every quarter of an hour by very curious and complicate machinery. Afterwards we visited two or three churches, which are always open for inspection, to see the valuable paintings which they contain.

It was not yet noon when we were riding towards Brussels. The appearance of the country is not prepossessing, being too level to interest, and the total absence of fences adds nothing to its picturesqueness. There are plenty of trees along the roads, around the buildings and in the fields. The harvest was ripe, and laborers were working with sickles in the small patches of grain. The farm houses are similar in construction to those in England being built of brick with heavy slate roofs, but they have not the same homelike and comfortable look. They are commonly surrounded by flowers and vegetable gardens, and a few shade trees stand in their vicinity; but one does not gaze at them with that full satisfaction, which is experienced when looking at the rural farm houses of England. There is an air of deadness about them, which probably is partly owing to the flatness of the country. Landscape gardening is nowhere so highly developed as in England; in Belgium there is scarcely any attention paid to it whatever.—Everything is sacrificed to utility, and the land is all put in a state of useful cultivation. As in England, there are many single trees scattered over the landscape, but they have quite another character; for instead of having wide-spreading tops, and a mass of luxuriant foliage, they are closely trimmed and made to grow up tall with small heads, so as to cast but little shade. The utilitarian may commend this, but the admirer of the beautiful will not look upon it with satisfaction. As we approached Brussels, the surface of the country became more undulating, rising up like the long swells of ocean, but nowhere showing a hill. After dining we spent the remainder of the day in looking about the city, strolling in the palace parks by the sparkling fountains, at which, underneath the trees, crowds of people were assembled to listen to the bands of music.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE COMET OF 1857.

"SUDDENLY there came a fiery star,
Wandering from out its orbit, masterless."

THE expected re-appearance of a comet which for three hundred years has been wandering far out in the boundless regions of space, naturally calls up an unusual degree of attention, and renders the subject of cometary influence, an interesting and instructive one. The composition of these wonderful and erratic bodies, their sometimes frightful aspect, their vast magnitude, terrible rapidity, and above all the possibility of a collision, are discussed with as much earnestnes as the DRED SCOTT case, or the Mormon problem.

But who of all the philosophers that talk so learnedly of the extreme tenuity, and the slight cobweb texture of these fiery wonders of the universe, can give us any correct information of that distant portion of space where our comet has passed three centuries of time, yet still returns at its appointed year. Who can penetrate the unknows fields of space beyond the planetary world, and point out the orbit of this celestial visitor, and the errand upon which he flies with such astonishing velocity, from the sun to the outmost verge of Creation.

The first and unpredicted appearance of this fiery star, took place in the year 43 B. C., soon after the assassination of JULIUS CÆSAR, and was supposed to be his angry ghost portending dire calamities and destruction to his enemies. The last time it made its appearance was in the time of the reign of CHARLES V., of Germany, the most powerful and talented monarch of the age, who, according to historians, was so struck with alarm and terror at the frightful appearance of the supposed instrument of GOD'S wrath, that he abdicated his throne and retired to a convent in order to atone for his past sins by a holy life.

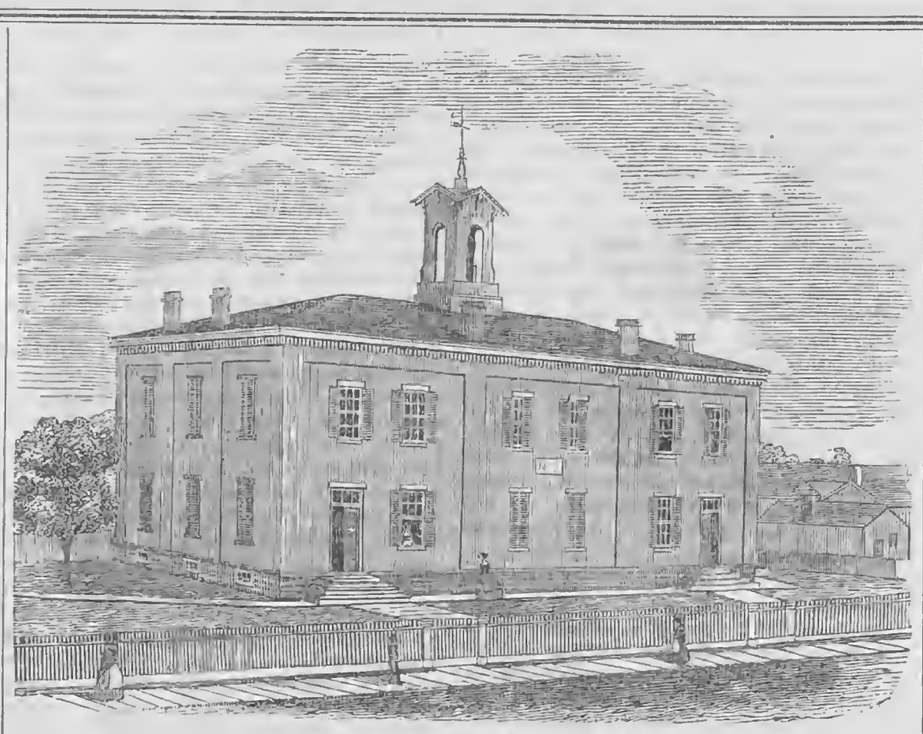
It is curious to observe the influence of these extraordinary bodies upon the popular mind in the different ages of the world. Once they were supposed to portend all sorts of terrible evils to the human race, and the wars, plagues, earthquakes and floods that spread terror and desolation in their path were attributed to the ill-omened influence of these blazing strangers. Even in the light and education of our own day, we find men predicting the destruction of the earth by a collision with one of them, when the fact that it would be resisted by the surrounding atmosphere is as fully established as almost any other astronomical discovery, and it is probable that our planet which has stood for myriads of ages as an evidence of the Omnipotence and universal benevolence of the incomprehensible Being who has framed the machinery of the universe in so perfect a manner that no serious clashing has ever taken place, will still revolve, until His purpose is fulfilled, when some more powerful agent than a misty comet will be used to burn up the earth and the works of man. The comet of 43 B. C., was so brilliant that it could plainly be seen at noonday and was described as "exceedingly terrific," but many comets have decreased in brightness at successive periods of return, and have finally disappeared altogether.

The material of which they are composed, the eccentricity of their orbits, the immense extent and various shapes of their tails and the astonishing rapidity of their motions, renders this branch of astronomy one of peculiar interest. The tails of one of these eccentric prodigies is 130,000,000 of miles long, and so thin that the light of a star suffers no refraction by passing through it. The tail is supposed to be an emanation from the nucleus, and different comets are characterized by a corresponding diversity in their tails, while a few have been discovered which navigate the etherial ocean without a rudder. The most wonderful phenomenon about the comet, is that when passing round the sun at its perihelion the tail remains inflexible and unbroken, although whirled at the rate of millions of miles a minute, and starts again upon its distant journey, with the tail always pointing directly from the great planetary centre.

The comet of 1843 passed so near the sun that it experienced an intensity of heat sufficient to melt the hardest rocks, and yet was sweeping around the sun at the rate of 400 miles a second. The idea of attributing any peculiar influence upon the weather or crops to their advent, is certainly as absurd as the ancient notion of their foretelling wars or the death of great men, for scarcely a year passes without the presence of a comet in our system.

One arrangement in connection with this subject which shows the foresight and care of GOD is that when a comet approaches so near any of the planets as to occasion any disturbance, the orbit of the intruder is so changed that it never returns, of which fact two or three examples have been recorded. Thus the great Creator framed the planetary world in that exact and perfect shape, that all perform their proper round supported only by His Providence. COSMOS.

Wyoming, N. Y., June 12th, 1857.

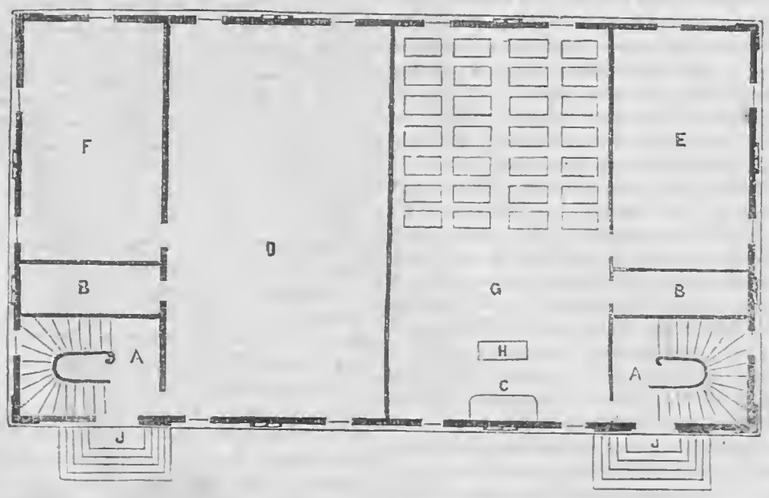


SCHOOL HOUSE No. 6—ROCHESTER.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ROCHESTER.

If there is any one thing more than another of which the Empire State has just cause to be proud, it is her comprehensive and efficient system of Common School Education. Having been brought into life and action along with the earliest civil organization of the State, it has grown with her growth and strengthened with her increasing strength until it has become one of the most enduring monuments of the intelligence, liberality and prosperity of her people.

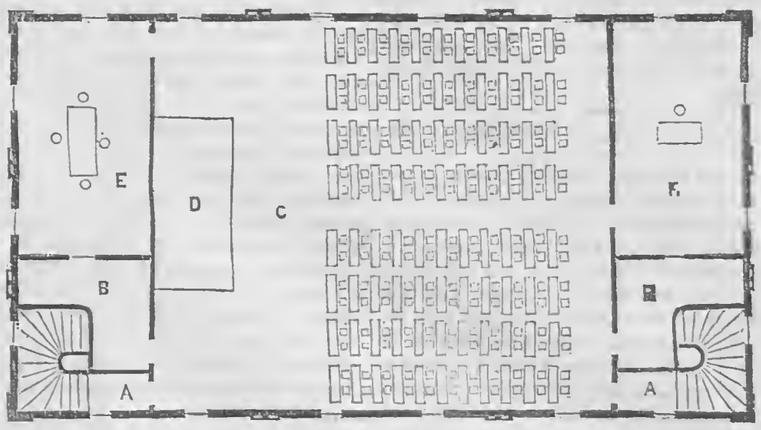
Beginning with the primitive structure of rough logs, erected by the combined efforts and labors of the backwoodsmen, the school houses have not, as a general rule, kept pace with the wealth and advancement of the people, though there have not been wanting exceptions, creditable exceptions, to the general rule. For years, there was general and just cause of complaint of a want of comfort and adaptation in the school houses throughout the State; but for a few years past there has been a marked and gratifying improvement not only in country school houses but in the larger and more pretending buildings erected for school purposes in villages and cities.



FIRST FLOOR.

We have had occasion heretofore to chronicle the liberality with which Rochester fostered her public schools, as well as the heavy expenditures in the erection of large and commodious school houses, and now give the elevation and plans of one of the largest and best school houses in the city. It was erected in 1853 at an expense of $7,300. The building is of brick, 50 by 90, two stories high, plain, but elegant and substantial, — tastefully finished with blinds and surmounted by a belfry. The ground floor is divided into two rooms of equal size for the primary and intermediate departments, to which are attached the necessary recitation rooms, wardrobes, &c. Commodious stairs lead to the second floor, which contains the senior room, 46 by 56 feet, two recitation rooms for the assistant teachers, wardrobe, library room, &c. In the Principal's room where all the pupils study, are 86 desks capable of seating two pupils each, fronting an ample rostrum, blackboards, &c., — all conveniently arranged and well adapted for a first class school room. The building is heated by stoves, furnaces having been found less desirable. The system of warming, ventilation and other arrangements of the house are all that is desired. The school is under the able supervision of EDWARD WEBSTER, A. M., assisted by seven female teachers, presenting a corps of faithful and efficient instructors, who are alive to the importance and responsibilities of their vocation, and every way worthy the high trust reposed in them.

Some idea of the capacity of the house may be had from the fact that, during the winter term just passed, 623 different pupils attended school, of which 190 were in the senior, 216 in the intermediate and 217 in the primary department. The teachers employed are three in the senior, two in the intermediate and three in the primary department.



SECOND FLOOR.

AGE.

BUT few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passional, mental, or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passions, has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use.—The latter take care of themselves; the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break; or, like the candle, to run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion about twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabit eight; the guinea pig six or seven years.

These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes up to his average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that he scarcely reaches, on the average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular, and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.—*Blackwood.*

HABIT.—"I trust everything under God," said Lord Brougham, "to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver as well as the schoolmaster has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon a deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships.—Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which involves him in distress, and he will be just as likely to think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breath, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing."

THE Atlantic Ocean is estimated at three miles and the Pacific at four miles deep.

Sabbath Musings.

"BLESS THE LORD, ALL HIS WORKS."

LET the fields and the blossoms that bloom
With the joys and the beauties of Spring,
And the hills that were mantled with gloom,
But with lowings of cattle now ring,
And the songsters that warble their lays
In the charm of the fast-leafing wood,
Join with man in one jubilant praise
To the giver of all that is good;
"*Who reneweth the face of the earth.*"

Let the brook that lay fettered in trance,
Bound with winter's dear prison and locks,
Again hallow, with musical dance,
The great Might that has channeled the rocks;
Or the silent but soul thrilling stream,
That now glides o'er the vail's greening sod,
Send up praise from its own crystal gleam,
Borne on heaven-sent rays to the GOD
"*Who reneweth the face of the earth.*"

Let the winds that went howling their way
Through the widowed and ice weeping trees,
Bearing joys on their wings to the gay,
Who were shielded in mansions of ease—
But more woes to the shelterless poor—
Now return to the being that breathed
Them, with odors, that joy, to adore,
For the GOD that with flowers hath wreathed
Them, "*reneweth the face of the earth.*"

[*The Sower.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A TRIBUTE.

'TIS the soft, balmy hour of twilight, and memory is busy, visiting the dim haunts of her castle, waking remembrances of loved ones that have cheered and gladdened our hearts and homes for a while, and then paesed away like a summer cloud, leaving them sad and desolate as the streams of affection flowed back, crushing the beautiful flowers *Hope* and *Love*, till the heart has grown weary and sighs for the rest *they* have found; and we involuntarily ask,

"What are our *joys* but dreams?
And what our *hopes* but goodly shadows in a summer cloud?"

Memory in visiting the "shadowy land of the past" lingers lovingly, trustingly around *one* whom, when but a novice in the ways of the world, I learned to love; and I almost forget at times that the sounds which I seem to catch are but sad *echoes*, and that she is now buried with the "ashes of other memories."

A happy, joyous girl was NELLIE C——, one whom the hand of time had touched but lightly—one of whom it is "sad to remember, but oh, how sweet." It was when all the beautiful flowers were faded and gone, and the merry, warbling birds had left for a more congenial clime, and the moaning winds of autumn sighed through the branches of the leafless trees and found an echoing response in our sad and bleeding hearts, that they *laid her to rest*—stricken down while yet the roses of youth bloomed on her cheek, and the elastic step and sparkling eye told too plainly of the buoyant hopes and bright anticipations formed for the future—*but to be blasted.*

"Life's fitful fever" burned slowly, but surely,—blanching the rose-tint on her cheek, and fading the luster of her sparkling eye, until *hope*, faint and weary with watching, yielded to "nature's stern decree," and we *knew* that she must *die. Die*—oh how we shrank from the conviction that it *must* be so—that one we had loved so well must so soon *pass away.* But slowly and with noiseless step came the messenger of death. Father, mother, sister and friends gathered mournfully—tearfully around that dying bed, and, with a parting kiss, she sweetly said—"I shall soon be happy."—The purple current ceased to flow—the wheels of Life stood still—"the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl broken." In the quiet graveyard, in the beautiful village of ——, overlooking the bright waters of our own CAYUGA, the marble monument points to all that remains of our beloved and cherished NELLIE C.

Sheldrake, Sen. Co., N. Y., 1857. FLORA ALLEN.

THE SABBATH.

"O, SABBATH! Needed for a world of innocence — without thee, what would be a world of sin! There would be no pause for consideration, no check to passion, no remission of toil, no balm of care! He who had withheld thee, would have forsaken the earth! Without thee, He had never given to us the Bible, the Gospel, the Spirit! We salute, as thou comest to us in the name of the Lord—radiant in the sunshine of that dawn which broke over nation's achieved work — marching downward in the track of time, a pillar of refreshing cloud and guiding flame, interweaving with all thy light new beams of discovery and promise, until thou standest forth more fair than when reflected in the dews and imbibed by the flowers of Eden—more awful than when the trumpet rung of thee in Sinai! The Christian Sabbath! Like its Lord, it but rises again in Christianity, and henceforth records the rising day. And never since the tomb of Jesus was burst open by Him who revived and rose, has this day awakened but as the light of seven days and with healing in its wings! Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation! It has been the coronation-day of martyrs, the feast-day of saints! It has been from the first until now the sublime custom of the Churches of God! Still the outgoings of its morning and its evening rejoice! It is a day of heaven upon earth! Life's sweetest calm, poverty's birthright, labors, only rest! Nothing has such a hoard of antiquity on it! Nothing contains in it such a history! Nothing draws along with it such a glory! Nurse of virtue, seal of truth! The household's richest patrimony, the nation's noblest safeguard! The pledge of peace, the fountain of intelligence, the strength of law! The oracle of instruction, the ark of mercy! The patent of our manhood's spiritual greatness. The harbinger of our soul's sanctified perfection. The glory of religion, the watch tower of immorality. The ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reacheth to heaven, with the angels of God ascending and descending on it."—*Hamilton.*

THE guilt of one sin is a greater misery than the burden of a thousand crosses.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year,	$2
Three Copies, "	$5
Five Copies, "	$8
Six Copies, and one free to agent,	$10
Ten Copies, and one free to agent,	$15

Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ A NEW HALF VOLUME commences July 4, and hence the present is a good time to form clubs for either Six Months or a Year. Agents and others will bear in mind that all subscriptions forwarding during the present month will count on Premiums. See Premium Lists on next page.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Great Bargains in Virginia Lands—Absalom P. Rowe.
Lake Shore and Mich. Southern R. R.—Wm. R. Barr.
Special Notice—J. Q. A. Warren.
Mercantile College—Bassett & Co.
Farm for Sale—Chauncey C. Walker.
First-class Family Journals—Fowler & Wells.
Portable Screw Hop-Presses for Sale—Lincoln L. Cummings.
The Oriental Horse Charmer—C. J. Eldridge.
Shorthorns for Sale—S. P. Chapman.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 4, 1857.

The Fourth.—July to January.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH, the ever-memorable Anniversary of American Independence, recurs to-day when the whole Nation can simultaneously celebrate the event—rejoicing that, notwithstanding the corruptions of party and the prophesies of politicians, the Union is still one and indissoluble, and the People and Country vouchsafed an extraordinary measure of Peace, Happiness and Prosperity. As is eminently proper, we trust the Day will be appropriately celebrated throughout the whole country,—and commemorated by Americans and all lovers of Free Institutions, everywhere.—In the language of JOHN ADAMS—"It ought to be commemorated as the DAY OF DELIVERANCE, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God.—It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, *from one end of the Continent to the other*, from this time forward forever." While we subscribe to this patriotic sentiment, we would (as we have on similar occasions,) caution all against carelessness, or extravagant indulgence. "Young America" should be especially careful in the use of guns and fire-works—for, even in the hands of seniors, prudence is necessary to secure safety.—As American boys were not born to work on the Fourth of July—and especially Young Ruralists whose labors are so arduous at this season—we trust they will have a glorious Holiday, unalloyed by harm or accident.

— The second half of this volume of the RURAL commences to-day—on the Fourth. We shall endeavor to make the numbers from July to January as interesting and valuable as those of any preceding half volume, at least, and think our facilities will enable us to make some improvement.—The thousands of active friends and well-wishers of the paper, to whom we have never appealed in vain, know how much its success and usefulness depend upon their generous assistance in augmenting its circulation,—and we need not again assure them that any efforts in that direction, at the present time, will be gratefully appreciated.

SHOW THE PAPER!—According to the testimony of its numerous and active Agents and Friends—and we believe no paper has so many generous, ardent and influential advocates—the *best way to obtain subscribers for the* RURAL, *is to show a number*. Its friends say this is the true course—that few object to subscribing after seeing the paper itself. With a single specimen many persons have obtained from ten to fifty subscribers. Much less effort is required than is generally supposed—for, in this case, as well as many others, *seeing* and *examining* is *believing* and *convincing*. There is scarcely a town wherein from 10 to 30 subscribers could not be obtained, with little exertion. The present is a good time for those disposed to try the plan.

WANDERINGS IN EUROPE is the title of a new series of interesting letters by our Special Foreign Correspondent, commenced in this number. We think these letters will prove worthy a careful perusal, and enhance the reputation of their young and talented author.

OUR EXCHANGES are at liberty to copy anything published in the RURAL, provided credit is given. Our only object in copywriting certain valuable articles and sketches is to prevent their appropriation without acknowledgment.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.—The N. Y. Tribune says that an European officer is now actively engaged in different States of the Union, in enlisting officers for some unknown military purpose. Only officers of artillery and engineers, able to direct the construction of fortifications are wanted. These enlistments are made with the ostensible design of forming a standing army in Central America and putting that country in an efficient state of defence against any future attack of fillibusters. According to statements, the five Republics of Central America are to be transformed into one monarchy. The plan is to be carried out with the aid of a political party in Mexico, and the landing of a military force is to be effected in one of the ports on the Mexican coast south of Coatzacoalcos.

SNOW.—It snowed at Fountain City, Wisconsin, on the Mississippi, Tuesday night, the 23d ult.—When the watchman on the War Eagle left his station at that hour, the top of the boat was white—nicely, though thinly carpeted with snow.

THE Cooperstown Freeman's Journal reports the hop vines in that district to be in a very promising condition, the weather now being favorable to a large yield.

Convention of Newspaper Folks.

THE annual Convention of newspaper publishers and editors in Western New York was held at Canandaigua on the 25th ult. This "institution," we believe, was started by our brethren of the "country press"—for Western New York has its city and country press as well as the *State* in its entirety! The attendance was not large; but its "respectability" might well atone for its paucity of numbers! We observed Messrs. Matteson and Peck, of the Ontario Messenger; Messrs. Whitney and Willson, of the Ontario Repository; Mr. Milliken, of the Ontario Republican Times, and Mr. Miller, late of a paper of the same name substantially; Mr. Norton, of the Livingston Republican; Mr. Parker, of the Geneva Gazette; Mr. Thompson, Le Roy Gazette; Mr. Pratt, Corning Journal; Mr. Stewart, Binghamton Republican; Mr. Fairchild, Ovid Bee; Mr. Baldwin, Waverly Advocate; Mr. Cleveland, Penn Yan Chronicle; and Mr. Johnson, Geneva Courier. The only representatives of the Rochester Press were Mr. Moore, of the New-Yorker, and Mr. Butts, of the Union and Advertiser.

Mr. MATTESON, of Ontario, was Chairman of the Convention, and Mr. NORTON, of Livingston, Secretary. On the re-assembling of the Convention in the afternoon, the Business Committee reported a long programme, embracing the minimum rates to be charged for advertising; the price of subscription to weekly papers; cash payments for same in all cases; the rates for job work; the arrangement of a New York agency for all the members of the Association, &c., &c. The propositions were considered separately, and after some amendment were severally adopted.

The gentlemen from various localities, who have been identified with this "institution" from its foundation, stated that notwithstanding the fact that but a small portion of the press was represented from year to year, yet these meetings had been productive of much good, both material and social; that those who have stood aloof from the Convention have been influenced and benefited by its recommendations; and that an *esprit du corps* had been infused into the fraternity, which had done much to soften the asperities naturally engendered by partisan warfare. Such is the case beyond question; for never have we seen a body of men actuated by a more fraternal feeling than prevail in the Convention—though it embraced every party and all shades of political opinion.

The Convention closed its labors by the election of officers for the ensuing year and selecting a place for the next meeting of the Convention.—The officers are as follows:—D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, President; S. H. PARKER, Geneva, and C. B. THOMPSON, Le Roy, Vice Presidents; Mr. NORTON, Genesco, Recording Secretary; Mr. CLEVELAND, Penn Yan, Corresponding Secretary; and J. J. MATTISON, Canandaigua, Treasurer. The next meeting of the Convention is to be held at Rochester on the second Thursday of June next.

The Convention passed resolutions acknowledging the courtesies proffered to its members by the proprietor of the steamboat on Canandaigua Lake, by Hon. John Greig, and others; and by a special vote of thanks to Mr. Cleveland, proprietor of the Canandaigua Hotel, who gave the printers the use of his large hall and entertained the "press gang" in his best style, but obstinately refused everything in the shape of a quid pro quo. He keeps a first class house, and seems to receive, as he unquestionably deserves, a remunerating patronage.

— As the next meeting is to be held in this city we trust our city cotemporaries will exert themselves to secure a general attendance from all parts of Western New York; indeed we should be glad to see the invitation extended so as to embrace the whole press of the State outside of New York city. The benefits to accrue from the organization will be increased in proportion as it is extended and its recommendations respected. Let us all put forth our efforts to secure the desired end.—*Roch. Daily Union.*

Steamer Montreal Burned—Great Loss of Life.

THE steamer Montreal, one of the regular steamers running between Quebec and Montreal, left Quebec on the afternoon of the 26th ult., having on board between four and five hundred passengers, of whom a majority were Scotch and other emigrants recently arrived from Europe. Nothing unusual occurred after leaving the wharf, until the Montreal reached a point, Cape Roque, about 12 or 15 miles above this city, when the wood work near the furnace was discovered to be on fire. Almost the very moment the smoke was discovered the flames broke forth, causing the utmost consternation amongst the crowded passengers. The fire was discovered about 5 o'clock, when the steamer was nearly abreast of Cape Roque. Every effort was made to arrest the flames, and for this purpose she stopped so as to lessen the draught; but finding that it was impossible to save the steamer, Capt. Rudolph ordered her to be run towards the shore, and at the same time the officers and crew exerted themselves to get out the life boats.

The flames spread with the most astonishing rapidity. In a few seconds after the steamer began to move forward, the wildest confusion and despair prevailed throughout the ship, and numbers of the passengers threw themselves overboard, and were, in most cases, drowned. Fortunately the steamer Napoleon, also bound for Montreal, was but a few miles in advance of the burning boat, and as soon as the fire was discovered, put back with all possible speed, and succeeded in rescuing from the burning wreck 127 passengers. Capt. Rudolph and the purser of the Montreal, were among the number of those who threw themselves into the river, and they being excellent swimmers succeeded in reaching the steamer Alliance, and were saved. It is quite possible that others may have succeeded in saving themselves by swimming, but as the steamer became unmanageable when a considerable distance from land, there is no doubt that most of those who threw themselves from the burning boat found a watery grave. Some of those saved, died within a short time after reaching the deck of the Napoleon; and from present information, it is believed the total loss of life by this terrible disaster, will not fall short of from three to four hundred.

AT the election in St. Paul, Min. Ter., this flourishing town, so recently a wilderness, polled two thousand eight hundred and twenty votes.

Extraordinary Atmospherical Phenomenon.

FROM various portions of our country come strange accounts of atmospheric phenomena, each wearing some peculiarity and distinctive feature; all, however, carrying destruction and desolation in their path. The first of these was in the vicinity of Utica, on the 13th ult.—the day upon which, it will be remembered, the comet was to come in collision with the earth—and is described as a remarkable formation of nebulous or cloudy substance extending from the heavens nearly to the earth, where it seemed to diminish almost to a point, but expanding gradually as it ascended, until the peculiar form was lost in the clouded sky. This cloud passed over Utica at about four o'clock, and was remarked not only by its peculiar appearance, but by a rushing, buzzing noise, as it swept onward. The conical mass first settled to the earth a few minutes past four in Deerfield, where one or two fences were torn down and scattered about the fields. Here the destructive power seemed merely to touch the surface; between this point and the residence of Nathan Budlong, in Schuyler, a distance of one or two miles, a prostrated tree or fence only attest to its destructiveness. At Mr. B.'s the mysterious agency settled to the earth, and in an instant shattered a barn to pieces, and tore up several trees on the opposite side of the road; the path of destructiveness then tended in a direct line to the southeast, as marked by numerous prostrate trees and riddled fences, until it approached the Baptist parsonage house, occupied by Mr. John Warren. Mr. W. was engaged in his garden, and saw the approach of the cloudy object, as it threw up the trees. As its course pointed in the direction of his own house, he ran to the dwelling, caught two of his older children and called to his wife to save the other three and herself by following him to the cellar. The husband had descended two or three steps with his charge, and the wife, with an infant and two older children, had reached the cellar door, when the house was struck. The whole frame work was lifted from the stone foundation; the entire wood work above the first floor was carried some twenty feet and then dropped in grand perfection of ruin, while the first floor, with the sleepers attached, which caught in the foundation, was finally turned roof-like over the entire mass. Mr. Warren, with two of the children, remained in the cellar enclosure without injury; Mrs. Warren was found on the ground about ten feet from the cellar door, almost entirely stripped of her clothing, and so severely injured about her neck and body that she died within an hour after the calamity, although entirely conscious; her infant was found near by and almost entirely free from injury, yet utterly destitute of clothing; a little boy, who was following his mother to the cellar, was found insensible, and has since died from the injuries he received. An older girl escaped without any injury. The dwelling was two stories, 18 by 26 feet, and substantially built. In rear of it was a barn, distant about five rods, 25 by 32 feet, which was literally shivered into splinters. It continued in a southeasterly direction for about four or five miles, and in a track about fifteen rods in width, and whatever of material substance presented itself in this track was swept away and the ruin presented is certainly fearful to behold.

In Oswego Co., same day, this whirlwind, the Oswego Times calls it, cut up similar pranks.—One house was turned half round on its foundation; orchards were rooted up; barns were prostrated, &c. No lives were lost. The people thought the comet had struck. The Times estimates the damages at $25,000.

In Massachusetts it took the form of a small water spout, traversing one of the streams for some miles until coming in contact with a railroad bridge its force was lost and it disappeared.

In some portions of Illinois the ravages attending its visitation were immense. The town of Pana was completely destroyed. Dwelling houses were here raised from their foundations and carried sixty feet—where the buildings were racked to pieces, portions seemed to be gathered up, as it were, and deposited over two miles distant. Men were picked up and carried by the wind, in some instances, 300 feet. One person was killed and several badly wounded. Not a single house in the village but what is more or less injured. The hurricane was accompanied with large hail-stones and heavy rain. At Oconee, a few miles south of Pana, two houses were blown down. At Rosemon, four miles west of Pana, four houses were blown off their foundations and much injured. More than one-half the growing crops in that vicinity are entirely ruined.

The following paragraph is from a letter dated St. Joseph, Mo., June 16th, 1857:—"A terrible hail storm passed over a section of our county, just below the town of De Kalb, on last Saturday evening, which was most destructive in its course.—The hail-stones were about the size of goose eggs. They struck a negro boy belonging to Mr. Rattler Boone, and killed him instantly; they beat down and seriously crippled two negro men who were working in a field; and a white man, whose name I have forgotten, in saving his child by covering it with his body, had his shoulder dislocated by their pelting. The stock in the fields suffered most terribly, while many of the young calves, lambs and pigs were slain. The hemp, corn, and wheat were battered to the ground and general damage was done to everything in the range of the fearful tempest. Fortunately its track was short and narrow, embracing only three miles in length and half a mile in width."

A REFORM.—The Secretary of the Navy has determined to pursue a different course in supplying coal for the various squadrons. The contract system has been abolished. An agent of the department will purchase the coal to be delivered at New York or elsewhere, and shipping merchants will then have an opportunity of competing for the freight. This course has been adopted, owing to abuses and peculations resulting from the contract system.

FROM HAVANA.—The steamer Quaker City from Mobile the 30th, and Havana the 25th inst., arrived at New York on the 29th ult. The Spanish fleet, for the attack on Vera Cruz, consisting of two steamers and five sailing vessels, with a large number of troops on board, arrived at Havana on the 25th. Santa Anna had not yet made his appearance. The health of Havana was good.

Items of News.

EX-SECRETARY MARCY is at Albany, arranging his private affairs, previous to his departure for London as resident financial agent for the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad Co.

MESSRS. NEWELL & Co., of Birkenhead, have completed their half of the Atlantic cable. Experiments through it have demonstrated in the most satisfactory manner that the connection along the whole length of the wire was perfect.

THE Pennsylvania main line of public works was sold by auction on the 25th ult., at the Philadelphia Exchange. It was purchased by J. Edgar Thomson, President, in behalf of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for $7,500,000—one bid only being made.

THE Oswego Times states that snow fell on Monday night, the 22d ult., in sufficient quantity to be observed on the side-walks by early risers on Tuesday morning. This, for June, is the crowning act of the long series of weather atrocities to which we have submitted.

THE Wilberforce College, Xenia, Ohio, has already nearly fifty colored students; some twelve of them were emancipated and sent from the South for the purpose, their expenses being paid by their Southern friends.

It is said that a gentleman of Salem has an umbrella, still in good order, which he has used on all proper occasions for forty-seven years. He imported it from Liverpool in the year 1810, and it has been serviceable during all the intervening period.

LAST winter, it will be remembered, a young man named Mead, of Brattleboro', Vt., attracted much notice by making a statue of snow by the roadside near that town, which was admirably executed.—Mr. Mead is now at work on a marble statue of the same design, which was ordered by a wealthy gentleman in Cincinnati.

A FARMER in Germantown, Pa., claims that he makes $7,000 a year clear profit from twelve acres of land. He raises principally early vegetables for the markets, and uses about $2,000 worth of fertilizers on his land. From a patch 46 feet by 180 feet, he has sold $50 worth of pie plant this season, and can sell more from the same patch.

A SOMEWHAT hazardous experiment is about to be tried by Mr. Charles R. Webb, owner and master of a little sloop-rigged yacht called the Charter Oak, now lying in the East River, at the foot of Pine street, New York. It is nothing less than to navigate this little yacht, of but twenty-three tuns, across the Atlantic Ocean. The New York Express says the yacht is now taking in stores preparatory to a voyage to Liverpool—which place Mr. W. calculates to reach in three weeks.

IN Andover, Mass., last year, $5 premiums were offered to the boy who would destroy the largest number of caterpillar's nests. The consequence was, 30,000 were destroyed. This year $15 are offered in similar premiums. This is a good plan. If towns would generally adopt it they would be cheaply rid of the pest of caterpillars.

Captives Butchered by the Indians.

SOME weeks since we gave an account of the rising of several bands of Indians at Spirit Lake, Min. Ter., at which time a large number of the whites were killed and several carried into captivity. Some of the latter were rescued, while others have met the fate usually given by the savages to those so unfortunate as to fall into their hands.—The St. Paul *Times* of the 22d ult. has the following:

"We chronicle with intense pain, this morning, the following intelligence, brought to the St. Peter Courier, by E. E. Paulding, Esq., from Redwood, up the Minnesota river. He says that the first report as to the murder of both the women in captivity is only partially true. One of them, Miss Gardner, has been found by some Yankton Indians and brought into Yellow Medicine. She had been placed on a hill as a target by the red devils of the Spirit Lake Massacre, and shot at, the whole band alternating in the sport. Both her legs were broken and she was left to die. She says the tormentors had murdered Mrs. Noble a few days previous before her eyes, and left her on the prairies. This story is doubtless reliable; and Mr. Paulding was informed that the friendly Yankton Indians were about to bring the poor girl to St. Paul. She has barely escaped with her life—nothing more—and we know she will meet the warmest and heartiest reception in the hospitality of our citizens."

Miss Gardner formerly lived in Steuben Co., in this State. Her father's name was Rolland Gardner. She was released from captivity, and at last accounts remained at Fort Dodge, anxious to ascertain some account of her relatives, whose place of residence she did not know. John Sidman Stewart, a small boy, was also among the captives, and rescued by the party who went to the Indian camp. His father, mother and two sisters were murdered, and he knows not where his surviving relatives reside. His grandfather's name is Fleming.

Gambling in Produce.

SEVERAL failures among produce dealers in Chicago having occured within a few days, the *Tribune* takes the *gamblers* in hand and reproves them for this vicious and reckless mode of transacting a produce business. Men who pride themselves upon their respectability and position in society, are to be found, throughout the length and breadth of our land, thus dabbling in stocks, flour, grain and provisions, when the whole system is no better nor safer than staking money on a horse-race, an election, or a game of cards. The *Tribune* gives the *modus operandi* as follows:

"In corn dealing phrase, it is called 'selling on future delivery,' 'selling short.' The latter expression means just this: A. has not a peck of corn in his possession, but he sells B, 50,000 bushels at 53 cents per bushel, to be delivered 30 days hence.—When the contract time arrives, corn may have advanced to 78 cents, and Mr. A. is called upon for the corn, or the 'difference,' which amounts to $12,500. If he is 'short' of the requisite funds, he goes under, and perhaps drags down with him the party to whom he sold the corn, who, on the strength of the purchase, may have sold in turn 50,000 bushels to a third party, at 58 cents, deliverable on a future day, who, instead of making $3,900 by the transaction, as he was fondly anticipating, finds himself out of pocket to the serious amount of $8,600."

News Clippings.

— Lowell is soon to have a chime of bells.

— In Paris the ladies use gold dust for hair powder.

— The Seneca County Bank of Tiffin, Ohio, has failed.

— The Governor General of Canada, has gone to England.

— The Cattle Murrain in the northern part of Europe is subsiding.

— A large iron jail is being built at Cincinnati for Carrolton, Miss.

— Douglas Jerrold, the most noted of English journalists, is dead.

— R. C. Murphy, U. S. Consul at Shanghae, has resigned his office.

— Oil is now manufactured in the Southern States from the cotton seed.

— The surplus in the National Treasury was reduced last week $720,000.

— Mayor Wood, of New York is under bonds to the amount of $55,000.

— Gen. Wood has passed the crisis of his disease, and is now likely to recover.

— The Sentinel of Monroe, Wis., says that copper has been found in that vicinity.

— Hon. Zeno Scudder, formerly member of Congress, died at Boston on the 26th ult.

— Edwin Forrest, Esq., is to deliver the Fourth of July Oration at Perth Amboy, N. J.

— The Republican State Convention of Maine have nominated Lot. Morrill for Governor.

— The wheat harvest has already commenced in Virginia. The yield, it is said, will be large.

— The New Hampshire Legislature adjourned on the 27th ult., after a session of 25 days.

— The number of men sacrificed by Walker in his Central Campaign, is estimated at 6,586.

— There have been seventy murders committed in New Orleans during the last fifteen months.

— Anna and Mary Howitt, and Mrs. Browning, have become deeply interested in spiritualism.

— The Philadelphia Bulletin chronicles the *thirtieth* rainy Monday, in consecutive order.

— The Bank of South Royalton, Vt., has failed, and its notes are not worth fifty cents on a dollar.

— It is said that the hauls of herring at the fisheries near Hudson, Saturday week, yielded 30,000!

— Governor Wright, of Indiana, has accepted the appointment of Minister to the Court of Berlin.

— Anti-rent troubles are breaking out again. A sheriff was shot at, in Berne, Alb. Co., Saturday week.

— Thirty of the cadets of the Georgia Military Institute have been expelled for going to a circus.

— The Galt and Guelph C. W., Railway is announced to be opened for traffic on the 1st of August.

— The hotels of Saratoga begin to fill up. The arrivals there on Thursday were over one hundred.

— Hon. W. H. McWillie has been nominated by the democrats of Mississippi for Governor of that State.

— The snow is reported to be very deep in the vallies of the White Mountains for the last week in June.

— The Hutchinsons (vocalists) have a village in Minnesota, which promises to become an important town.

— Col. Wm. Chapin, of Buffalo, died in that city on the 26th ult. He had resided in Buffalo for 63 years.

— There were admitted in one year, in London 143,000 vagrants into the casual wards of the workhouses.

— The New York Times states that there have bee 268 deaths in that city from small pox since the first of Jan.

— The number of emigrants arrived at New York since January 1st, is 65,112, against 37,822 same time last year.

— The amount of fines received at a single morning session of the St. Louis police court, recently, was $399.

— The interest on the Ohio State debt has been paid, in spite of the large defalcations of the two State Tressurers.

— The French Government has fixed the army at 600,000 men—an increase upon the ordinary peace establishment.

— On the 4th of July, the corner stone of the Clay monument was laid, with imposing ceremonies, at Lexington, Ky.

— The Saratoga Republican is now published daily.—"The season" at Saratoga appears to have been fairly opened.

— The Dusseldorf Gallery of Paintings, New York city, has been purchased by the Cosmopolitan Art Association for 80,000.

— The grain harvest in Europe, according to intelligent information, will be magnificent, the silk crop worse than last year.

— The President of the United States has recognized Edward Wallhouse Mark, as consul of H. B. Majesty for Maryland.

— According to the State Register, an invaluable work recently issued from the press, California contains 507,067 inhabitants.

— President John C. Young, of Centre College, Kentucky, is dead. He was a brother-in-law of Vice President Breckinridge.

— Mr. Barclay, the late consul of Great Britain in New York, is to be succeeded at that port by Mr. Lusoda, late consul at Riga.

— The Buffalo Gas Company are putting up an immense gasometer estimated to contain "three hundred thousand" cubic feet of gas.

— The main line of Improvements in Pennsylvania, just sold for $7,000,000, cost the State $23,000,000, and the sale is considered good.

— Five hundred thousand dollars of the principal of the State debt of Illinois was paid off July 1st, at the Am. Ex. Bank, New York.

— The quantity of public lands sold and located in the State of Wisconsin, up the 30th of June, 1857, exceeds nine millions of acres.

— It is stated that Mr. Dallas has been invited to Oxford, England, to receive the degree of LL. D., from the celebrated University there.

— Two hundred additional pages of Gen. Walker's "record," have just arrived in the shape of 200 dilapidated specimens of humanity.

— The public health in all the Southern cities gives no cause of alarm. No signs of yellow fever, or epidemic disease of any description.

— The Mormons in the vicinity of New York are making preparations for having a "great time" on the Fourth of July, at Norwalk, Conn.

— Dr. Freeman, of New York, says that almost one quarter of the children under ten years of age in that city, die of hereditary inebriety.

— The duty on a barrel of flour at Havana and all the ports in Cuba, amounts to $9 85. The duty on corn is a fraction over 40 cents per bushel.

— A great Sabbath School Convention has been in session at Detroit for two or three days. Among the speakers was Gen. Cass and Gerrit Smith.

— The steamer Fulton sailed from New York on the 27th ult., for Southampton and Havre. She took out 140 passengers and $632,000 in specie.

— Ex-President Franklin Pierce and Senator Mason, of Virginia, are traveling together through the lake and mountain districts of New Hampshire.

— Seventeen Sisters of Mercy recently sailed from Southampton in the Brazilian steamer Avon to attend the Yellow Fever Hospital in Rio de Janeiro.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Persia and Indian.

THE Cunard steamship Persia arrived at New York on the 23d, and the Canadian screw steamship Indian, at Quebec on the 27th ultimo.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston announced that the French Government had given no opportunity for remonstrance in regard to the firing upon a British merchant vessel by a French war schooner at Bellisle; but had promptly expressed regret at the unjustifiable occurrence, and dismissed the officer who ordered the shot to be fired.

The Oaths bill of the Government, for the admission of Jews into Parliament, was read a second time without discussion, although Sir F. Thesiger announced his intention of moving in committee that the existing objectionable sentence should be inserted.

The Roman Catholic amendment had been defeated by a majority of 382, and on a test question the bill was sustained by 341 to 201.

The London Times advocates the abolition of slavery in Cuba as the only effectual means of checking the slave trade.

The great Handel Festival took place at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, on the 15th. The band and chorus numbered 2,500 persons, and the attendance was very large.

The American ship Papera arrived at the Woolwitch Arsenal on the 13th, having on board six breech-loading guns, manufactured in New York by order of the British Government.

It is understood that arrangements had been perfected for running the Canadian lines of steamers between Liverpool and Quebec weekly, instead of fortnightly as heretofore. The contract was immediately entered into for building a number of new and more powerful steamers.

The baptism of the infant Princess of England took place in Buckingham palace on the 15th.

FRANCE.—The election was the prevailing topic in the French political circles. Official influence in all shapes was being exerted in favor of the Government candidates.

The King of Bavaria had quitted Paris. The political object of his visit had reference, it is supposed, to the succession to the crown of Greece.

The accounts from the silk-growing districts are more flattering.

The reports of the Bank of France are favorable, and the reduction of the rate of discount was looked for.

Harvest prospects continue most satisfactory.

The official returns for 1856 show a great increase in the imports and exports.

It is rumored that Napoleon would have an interview with the Emperor of Russia in July.

SAXONY.—The whole kingdom of Saxony and most of the principalities was visited by an earthquake on the 7th ult. The houses trembled, and great consternation prevailed among the people, but happily there were no serious consequences.

PORTUGAL.—The King of Portugal had communicated to the Cortes his intention to shortly contract a matrimonial alliance. It was believed that the second daughter of the Duke Maximillian, of Bavaria, would be the bride.

BELGIUM.—The closing of the Sessions had been formerly decreed, as well as the adjustment of the bill on charitable establishments.

SWITZERLAND.—The National Counsel had unanimously ratified the Neufchatel question.

At Florence, on Thursday night, the scene of the theatre caught fire during the performance of the Siege of Sebastopol. The audience rushed to the door, 43 persons were killed and 134 wounded.

The police have discovered a clue to a widespread conspiracy among the working classes to bring about a general strike in all trades on the same day, in Germany, Belgium and Switzerland.

AUSTRIA.—Austria was making further concessions to the Hungarians.

RUSSIA.—A treaty of commerce between France and Russia had been signed.

The Emperor and Empress were to embark at Cronstadt, on the 20th of June, for a tour in Germany, and to have an interview, it was reported, with the Emperor of France, at Hildbad, in July.

The trade reports from St. Petersburgh describe business very dull, with very few arrivals of foreign orders for grain.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.—Breadstuffs.—Market generally firm, notwithstanding very favorable weather. Wheat rapidly recovered the decline of the previous Friday, and closed at an advance of 3d@4d per bushel on the sales of the 24th ult., at the departure of the Europa. Corn quiet at former quotations, except for white, which Richardson, Spence & Co., call 6d@1s dearer.

Richardson, Spence & Co., quote western canal flour 30s@31s6d; St. Louis 32s@33s. White western and Canadian wheat 6s6d@10s; red 8s8d. Yellow corn 38s@39s; mixed 37s@38s6d.

Provisions generally quiet. Pork neglected and nominal. Bacon quiet. Lard steady.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Steamer Illinois.

THE steamer Illinois arrived at New York on the 29th ult., with San Francisco papers of the 5th instant and $1,850,000 on freight.

Among her passengers is Hon. J. D. Bowlin, U. S. Minister to New Grenada, Judge Lott, of California, and Lieut. Mowry, U. S. A. Lieut. M. bears a numerously signed petition for the erection of the new Territorial Government of Arizona in the Gadsden purchase.

On the 7th instant a treasure train was robbed between Mourivilla and Colima, Mexico, of four thousand dollars.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Saratoga, arrived at Aspinwall on the 15th, and on the 16th the sloop Cyane from Juan del Norte, with 142 of Walker's men, and on the 18th the frigate Roanoke arrived, twelve days from Hampton Roads. The frigate Wabash sailed from Aspinwall on the 17th, with 142 of Walker's men, and is now outside Sandy Hook bound in. Upwards of 300 of Walker's men were on the frigate Roanoke at Aspinwall, when the Illinois sailed.

June 24th.—The Illinois spoke the brig Abbey and Elizabeth, three days from Port Au Prince, and learned the particulars of a large fire at that place.

More reliable news of the fate of the Sonora expedition had been received. The excitement consequent upon the news of the massacre at Cavoaca spread to the interior, and in some localities efforts were being made to drive the Mexicans out of such communities. Such a proceeding, however, would scarcely be upheld by the great mass of the people of California.

The trial of Ned McGowan on the charge of being an accomplice in the murder of Jas. King, of William, resulted in a verdict of not guilty.

The Democratic State Convention was to be held July 14th, and the Republican State Convention on the 8th.

The shipments of gold Atlanticward so far from falling off are increasing.

Agricultural interests have been greatly benefitted by the late rains, and a fair though not an average crop was anticipated.

A rumor prevailed that Col. Haraszthy, melter and refiner at the branch mint, was a defaulter to a large amount, variously estimated at from $100,000 to $500,000. He had made over all his property to be held in trust by the U. S. Government against any deficiency chargeable to him.

Advices from Aspinwall state that a proposition had been presented in the New Grenadian Congress giving the President power to settle the difficulties with the United States. It had not been acted on at last accounts.

The news from the South Pacific is unimportant. The insurgent General Bivanca was at Arequiva. He still held possession of the steamers Apurimac and Tritona, but he remained inactive, and the Government of Castillo was considered as firmly re-established.

The English and French protectorate of the Chincas is confirmed. A French steamer had left for the Island with the French Minister, to put the protectorate in force. It is said the U. S. Minister had protested against the proceedings.

The St. Mary's sailed from Panama on the 13th inst. for the newly discovered guano Island and San Francisco.

Latest advices from Costa Rica are to May 16th. Gen. Cannas still held Rivas. The River San Juan was in possession of the Costa Ricans, to whom import dues were paid.

Dreadful Tunnel Accident in Switzerland.

A LETTER from Basle, Switzerland, dated June 4th, gives the particulars of an accident which occurred in a tunnel at Havenstein, on the railway from Basle to Aaran, Lucerne and Berne, destroying the lives of many laborers. The tunnel is about three miles in length, and had been completed to within about 300 meters, the work progressing from each end towards the centre. Several shafts were placed in both sections, and at the bottom of one of them a forge was placed. The wood work supporting it became very dry,—a fire being built up in the tunnel to increase the circulation of air,—and finally took fire. A column of flame rose above the shaft, and soon smoke followed, showing that the bottom of the shaft had fallen in, and the workmen engaged 800 metres from the spot could not be warned. Their retreat was cut off. People rushed in panic-stricken crowds to the entrance of the tunnel, and were overcome by the gas evolved from a quantity of coal that had taken fire. Seven were killed, and a hundred others were dragged away insensible.—Gangs of workmen were finally formed, and water was thrown upon the fire by the engines, when the cutting of a gallery to the buried workmen was commenced. There were 54 men in the tunnel, within an open space of 800 meters, where there was a spring of water, and four horses that they might kill for food; but their death from the noxious gas in the place was inevitable. At latest accounts 32 dead bodies had been recovered, and 16 of the laborers had perished from the poisonous vapors. No less than 70 deaths were caused by this accident.

SURVEYS OF THE PUBLIC LANDS IN CALIFORNIA.—The total amount of the subdivisional surveys of land in California, since the opening of the surveying district up to the present time, is put down at about twenty millions of acres.

DEATHS.

IN this city, on the 25th ult., ENIRA C., wife of Leister Peocock, in the 27th year of her age.

ON the 25th June, at the residence of her son, F. H. Marshall, CATHARINE W. MARSHALL, aged 74 years, relic of the late Samuel D. Marshall, of Junius, Seneca Co., where she was taken for interment.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, June 30, 1857.

TRADE inactive with but little alteration in prices. The only change in the grain market is that affecting Barley—which is now bought in small lots at $1.

PROVISIONS same as last quoted. Potatoes are a little firmer and an advance of 12½c per bushel on choice Mercers could be obtained.

WOOL is coming in more plentifully—prices same as last quoted. The range is 30@40c, but occasionally for a very nice lot 42c is given.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	18c
Flour, bbl	$7,00@8.75	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,88@1,90	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada	$1,88@1,90	Apples bushel	$1,50@1,75
Corn	88c	Do. dried	$2,00@2,25
Oats	50@56c	Potatoes	75c@$1,12½
Barley	$1,00	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Buckwheat	63@88c	Slaughter	5@6
Beans	$1,50@2,00	Calf	00@10c
Peas	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	$1,50@1,75
MEATS.		Lamb do	00@40c
Pork, Mess	$24,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover bushel	$5,50@7,00
Beef, ⅌ cwt	$5,50@7,50	Timothy	$3,00@4,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	12@13c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	10@11c	Coal, Lehigh	$8@8,25
Chickens	11@12c	Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Turkeys	00@12c	Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	15@00c	Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,38
Do. firkin	13@15c	Hay, ton	$10@20
Cheese	9½@10c	Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	15½@15½c	White fish, bbl	$12@12,50
Tallow	10@10½c	Codfish ⅌ quintal	$4,00@5,50
Eggs, dozen	15c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 29.—Flour—Dull. No sales.

GRAIN—Wheat market firmer. Sales inferior Chicago spring at 159c; prime white Canadian at 192c. Corn in good supply and lower; sales at 83½@84c for mixed Western; 80@84c unsound do. Oats quiet at 60@63c for Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork opened dull and closed firmer. Sales at $21,75 for mess. Nothing doing in prime. Prices nominal at $18,37@19. Butter dull at 16@24c for Ohio, and 17@22 for State. Cheese 6@10½c.

BUFFALO, JUNE 29.—The market for both Flour and Grain opened quiet this morning and up to noon the transactions were limited. Holders of wheat were very firm, but in corn there was more disposition to meet buyers. The receipts of almost every description of produce are quite light, but the supply with perhaps the exception of wheat, is in excess of the demand. The difficulties in negotiating short time drafts on New York, owing to the general stringency in the money market, prevents, in a measure, the filling of several orders for both corn and wheat.

FLOUR—Ohio Extra $7,25@7,75; Do. superfine $7,00@7,25; Michigan extra $7,25@7,62; Do. superfine $6,75.

GRAIN—Ohio white wheat $0,00; Do. [illegible] $0,00; Michigan white $1,80; Indiana white $1,85; Illinois winter $1,45; Do. spring $1,35; Corn, yellow or mixed, 72c. Oats 60 cents.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork No. 1, $22@23,50; Do. No. 2, $22,50; Prime Do $19,00. Hams Smoked 12@12½c; Do. Shoulders 10½c; Mess Beef 15c; Do. prime 12c. Lard 10½c. Tallow, beef, 10¼@11½c; Do. mutton, 9½c. Butter, State, 15c. Eggs 12½@13c. Dried Apples $2,62½.

SEEDS—Clover $6,37½@6,50; Timothy 3,75@4,00.

ALBANY, JUNE 29.—The week has opened gloomy in a commercial point of view, and the docks present a very inanimate appearance. The meeting of the Board was tolerably well attended this morning, but little if any disposition was manifested to operate in grain to any extent. A fair amount of property was offered, but up to the close of Change hour not a sale was effected. Even up to noon the market ruled dull, and the day thus far can, in truth, be called "blue Monday."

FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for flour is confined to the filling of small orders for the North and the East, and for home consumption. Holders appear more anxious to realize, and the market rules in favor of the buyer.

GRAIN—Not a sale of grain to any extent was made this morning. We notice on Saturday a sale of good white Indiana wheat at $3. Corn with a fair supply offering is very dull and the market is drooping. Western mixed is held at 83@85 with no buyers at over 80c. Oats in fair supply and quiet.

FEED—A quiet market with sales second quality at $1, and fine at $1,31 ⅌ 100 lbs.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 24.—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality, 13@13½c; Ordinary, 12@12½c.; Common, 11@11½c.; Inferior, 10@10½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $65@75; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 7@8c.; Other qualities, 5@6½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, 00@12½c; Other qualities, 8@11c.

SWINE—First quality, 7½@7¾c.; Other qualities, 6@7c.

ALBANY, JUNE 29.—At W. W. WOODFORD'S Bull's Head Washington Avenue

BEEF CATTLE—740 at market. Prices, live weight, extra, $6,50; first quality, $6,00; second and third, $5@5,50.

COWS AND CALVES—Six in market. Prices range from $30 40, 50@60.

SHEEP—900 in market. Prices range at from $4, 5@6.

SWINE—100 in market. Prices fat $6,75. Stores $6,25.

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 24.—At market 182 Cattle, 150 Beeves, & 32 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,50@10,00; First quality, $8,75@9,25; second quality, $8,00; third quality, $6,00@7,00; ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100 to $200.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 45@67.

YEARLINGS—$00@00. Two years old, $38@42. Three years old, $45@50

VEAL CALVES—$5, 6, 8@12 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1238 at market. Prices—In lots, $2,75, 3,25, 3,75@4,62 each. Extra and selections, $5@6,00.

HIDES—7½@8c. ⅌ lb. Tallow 7½@8c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—25c@$2,00 each. Calf Skins 14@15c. ⅌ lb.

SWINE—800 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7@8½c. ⅌ lb.—Dressed hogs, 9½@10½c. Shoats, wholesale, 8½c.; retail 9@10c. ⅌ lb. Spring pigs 16@17c ⅌ lb.

BRIGHTON, JUNE 25.—At market 550 Beef Cattle, 60 Stores, 10 pairs Working Oxen, 133 Cows and Calves, 1200 Sheep and Lambs, 500 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $10,00; first quality, $8,75@9,00; second, $7,50; third, $6,75; ordinary, $6,00.

HIDES—7½@8c. Tallow, 7½@8c.

PELTS—25c@$2,00. Calf Skins, 14@15c ⅌ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$4,50, 5@6 apiece.

WORKING OXEN—$100@187.

COWS AND CALVES—$20, 24, 36, 40, 50@65.

YEARLINGS $00@00. Two years old, $39@43. Three years old $46@52.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $4.75, 5@6. In lots $2,50, 3@4,00.

SWINE—Retail, 16@17c. Fat hogs 7¾c. Spring pigs 15c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 24.—The market partakes of the same inactivity as previously reported, from the fact that there is no stock of domestic of moment here, that of old having become exhausted, and but little of the new having been received yet; all offering, however, commands extreme rates; sales of some 50,000 lbs. State Fleeces have been effected at 48@50c., 6 mos.—Almost all the agents and dealers are now in the West contracting for the new clip, and we hear of sales being made to manufacturing agents at very high rates; many of them, however, are timid, as are dealers, to purchase at present rates, so long as the Goods market here presents so gloomy an aspect.—Foreign is in good supply, and the demand is still limited, but the time is now near at hand when an active demand is anticipated at a decline similar to the reduction in duties. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ⅌ lb	55@65
American Full-blood Merino	52@55
American ½ and ¾ Merino	45@50
American Native and ¼ do	40@45
Pulled Wool, extra Country	47@50
Pulled Wool, super	40@43
Pulled Wool, No. 1	33@35
California Fine, Washed	15@40
Do. Com. Unwashed	17@30
Peruvian, Washed	35@30
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@29
South American, Com. Washed	16@24
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	17@24
South American Unwashed	12@16
South American, Cordova, Washed	27@30
East India, Washed	27@33
African, Unwashed	11@15
African, Washed	18@25
Smyrna, Unwashed	15@16
Smyrna, Washed	30@32
Mexican, Unwashed	12@15

[N. Y. Tribune.

BOSTON, JUNE 24.—Some lots of new Wool have been received, and, as the stock is very small, some 50,000 lbs. have been sold at comparatively small prices. In pulled the sales have been small at previous prices. In foreign sales of 200 bales Mediterranean at various prices, as to quality.

Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, ⅌ lb., 62@65c.; Full Blood Merino, 55@60c.; Three-quarters do., 48@53c.; Half do., 46@49c.; Common, 38@42c.; Superfine, 44@50c.; Pulled extra, 48@55c.; Do. No. 1, 35@38c.; Smyrna Washed, 27@32c.; Smyrna Unwashed, 15@22c.; Mexican, 17@19c.; Buenos Ayres, 32@50c.; Barbary Washed, 28@35c.

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THE EIGHTH VOL. OF The California Farmer commences in July, 1857. Those desirous of securing space for advertisements during the season of the Agricultural Exhibitions, should forward them as early as possible to secure an early insertion.

Special attention paid to ILLUSTRATIONS OF NEW PATENTS, &c. Copies forwarded by mail when requested.

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And all Points in the West and South-West.

Trains leave Buffalo from Exchange street Depot connecting will all Eastern Trains as follows, (Sundays Excepted:

7.00 A. M. Express Mail, stopping at all principal Stations—Arrives at Dunkirk 8.50 A. M., Erie 10.50 A. M., Cleveland 2.30 P. M. [Dine.] Toledo 8.00 P. M. [Sup.] Chicago 7.00 next morning, connecting with all Western, Southern & Northern Lines.

10.15 A. M. Lightning Express, stops only for wood and water—Arrives at Dunkirk 12.15 Noon, [Dine.] Erie 2.05 P. M., Cleveland 5.20 P. M. [Sup.] Toledo 10.25 P. M., Chicago 8.20 A. M. next morning, making direct connections with all lines to the West North and South.

3.50 P. M. Way Express, to Westfield only—arrives at 6.20 P. M.—returning, leaves Westfield 7.15 A. M., and arrives at Buffalo 10.15 A. M.

8.00 P. M. Chicago Express—Arrives at Dunkirk 10.15 P. M., Erie 12.00 A. M., Cleveland 4.00 A. M. [Dine at White Pigeon,] and arrives at Chicago same evening.

8.55 P. M. Night Express, stops only for wood and water—Arrives at Dunkirk 11.05 A. M. Erie 12.40 A. M., Cleveland 4.20 A. M. [Breakfast,] Toledo 9.00 A. M. [Dine at White Pigeon,] and arrives at Chicago 5.55 P. M. same evening, connecting as above.

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A. J. HARLOW, Ticket Agent
June, 1857. WM. R. BARR, Gen'l Agent, Buffalo. 391

GREAT BARGAINS IN VIRGINIA LANDS!!

THE SUBSCIBER, AS AGENT FOR THE OWNER, offers for sale, a very valuable tract of land in Stafford Co., Va., lying on Aquia Creek, at its junction with Potomac river and adjoining the Depot of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad Co. where there is communication both North and South *twice daily*, by Railroad and Steamboat. This farm contains 500 acres, one-half in wood of the original growth, the residue arable, and of rare fertility. The wood lies within a mile of the wharf, where wood is shipped to Alexandria, Washington and Baltimore, and the larger portion of the purchase money could be realized from the sale of the wood, which can be conveniently spared from the farm—*near the centre of the open land there is an inexhaustible bed of Marl of superior quality unincumbered by topping*—the shore on Aquia creek furnishes an excellent site for a *Herring Fishery*. The improvements consist of a good dwelling with a passage and three rooms, a large stable, corn houses, servant's house and fish house—*all new*. A portion of this land adjoining the Depot is used as a garden by the Railroad Co., for the use of which, a free passage on the Railroad to Fredericksburg has always been granted to the farm. The owner of the above farm, being professionally engaged, will dispose of it for the sum of $9,000, a price *far* below its intrinsic value, and *much less* than he has heretofore held it at, or the adjoining lands have been sold at. The crops on the land will also be sold at fair valuation, and *all on terms*, as regards payments, as *accommodating* as may be desired. ☞ A handbill giving a more minute description of the above farm is now in the hands of the Editor of the RURAL. The subscriber has also several other farms for sale, containing from 150 to 500 acres, and within from 4 to 12 miles of Fredericksburg, at prices ranging from $10 to $25 per acre. All communications promptly answered.

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THE FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE

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WILL be held at ELMIRA, N. Y., commencing MONDAY, Aug. 31, and continuing through the week. The grounds will be opened each day for the admission of visitors at 9 A. M. Close at 6 P. M.

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS to be awarded in DISCRETIONARY PREMIUMS on MONDAY—$500 on WEDNESDAY—and $200 on THURSDAY, should objects of special interest be presented.

TUESDAY, SECOND DAY.

At 11 A. M., GRAND CAVALCADE of all the horses on exhibition.

Precedence will be given to Flora Temple and Lancet, the two great rivals, uncovered and led—followed by Jack Rossiter, Tib Hinman, Mac, Tacony, Rose of Washington, Miller's Damsel, Lady Moscow, Brown Dick, General Darcey and other trotting celebrities, who are engaged to show their points and paces on the Agricultural Course.

TUESDAY, 2 P. M.—EXHIBITION and EXAMINATION of TROTTING GELDINGS and MARES that have never trotted for money. Trial of speed required—one mile. To the best will be awarded:

First premium	$200
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First premium	$200
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WEDNESDAY—THIRD DAY.

10 A. M.—Examination of all the Horses on Exhibition by the Judges.

2 P. M.—Examination of Geldings and Mares. Competition, open to all. Flora Temple and Lancet to compete. Trial of speed required—one mile and repeat. To the best will be awarded;

First premium	$500
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Third premium	100

Discretionary Premiums this day, $500.

THURSDAY—FOURTH DAY.

11 A. M.—Review of Fire Companies by Col. Ely, Mayor of Elmira, and the President of the Society.

2 P. M.—Exhibition and Exam

Choice Poetry.

THE MAGICAL ISLE IN THE RIVER OF TIME.

BY MARY E. BATCHELER.

There's a magical isle in the river of time,
Where softest of echoes are straying,
And the air is as sweet as a musical chime—
Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime,
When June with its roses is straying.

'Tis there memory dwells with her pale golden hue,
And music forever is flowing;
While the low-murmured tones that come trembling through,
Sadly trouble the heart—and yet sweeten it too—
As south winds o'er waters when blowing.

There are shadowy halls in this fairy-like isle;
Where pictures of beauty are gleaming;
Yet the light of their eyes and their sweet sunny smile
Only flash round the heart with a 'wildering wile,
And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of the isle is the Beautiful Past,
And we bury our treasures all there;
There are beings of beauty, too lovely to last,
There are bosoms of snow, with dust o'er them cast,
There are tresses and ringlets of hair.

There are fragments of song only memory sings,
And the words of a dear mother's prayer;
There's a harp long unswept, and a lute without strings;
There are flowers all withered, and letters, and rings,
Hallowed tokens that love used to wear.

E'en the dead, the bright beautiful dead, there arise,
With the soft-flowing ringlets of gold;
Though their voices are hushed, and o'er their sweet eyes
The unbroken signet of silence now lies,
They are with us again as of old.

In the stillness of night hands are beckoning us there,
And with joy that is almost a pain,
We delight to turn back, and in wandering there—
Through the shadowy halls of the island so fair—
We behold our lost treasures again.

Oh! this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like show,
Is a vista unfaidingly bright;
And the river of time in its turbulent flow,
Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago,
When the years were a dream of delight.

Life's Lessons.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MEANING WELL AND DOING WELL.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

Ada Welton was very young when she stood before the altar and promised to "love, honor and obey" the noble looking man, who gazed proudly down upon his fair child-wife, mentally resolving, as he placed the wedding ring upon her finger, that the vows thus plighted should never be broken. Yes, she was far too young to be a wife,—so her Aunt Jane said, the only mother she had ever known,—but then Aunt Jane was old, and grave, and sober, and thought every one too young, who had not reached the mature age of thirty! Thus Ada reasoned, determining to surprise this same Aunt Jane by showing her what she could do.

And truly, Ada *meant* well, was *always* meaning well, and that was all, for at the age of seventeen, she had accomplished scarcely one thing which she had undertaken, though always intending to do so,—to-morrow,—next week, or some time when she had more leisure. This her aunt knew, and when Walter Graham, who was ten years her senior, and who, to his many other admirable qualities, added those of order, promptness, and regularity, asked for Ada to be his wife, she hesitated, until the young girl's tears prevailed, and with sad forebodings for the future happiness of her darling, she gave her to the keeping of another,—asking him to deal gently with her, for he would not find her faultless. But what husband in the first tide of his new born bliss ever believed there is aught of imperfection in his bride? Not Walter Graham, most certainly, and if the love of a true-hearted man can make a woman happy, Ada had much reason for anticipating a joyous future.

On account of her extreme youth and her entire ignorance of house-keeping, it was decided that they should board for a time, and though Walter was far from being wealthy, he fitted up his suite of rooms with no miserly hand, arranging every thing with the most perfect taste, anticipating the many happy hours he should spend in them when Ada was really his own.

"Oh, isn't it a little paradise!" was Ada's exclamation when first she was ushered into her apartments, clapping her hands for joy, and child-like running from one room to another, admiring this and praising that, while her husband looked fondly after her. "Everything is so orderly,—so nice," said she, when she had finished the examination of the different articles,—"and I mean to keep it so. There shall be a place for everything and everything shall be in its place."

And for two whole weeks she kept her word, growing very red in the face and once blistering her soft, white hand, as she swept and dusted, arranging and re-arranging the furniture which in the end she was sure to put back just where first she had found it. But at the expiration of that time she began to grow weary of well doing; Walter did not praise her—did not even seem to know what an effort she was making to break the habits of her girlhood, and when at night he came home from his office and found his chair, slippers and dressing gown in their accustomed place, the astral lamp burning upon the centre table, the fire blazing brightly in the grate, and herself neatly dressed waiting to receive him, he only told her how much he loved her and took all the rest as a matter of course. And why shouldn't he, living as he always had until his marriage with the neatest of all neat mothers, who never allowed a fly to buz more than once in her well kept house, or a speck of dust to become at all domesticated in the darkest corner.

Still he was not unreasonable, and had often laughed at his mother for what he termed her "over-neatness;" but when, as time passed on, and Ada grew remiss in her duties,—when the lamp would not burn for want of proper care,—when his slippers were nowhere to be found,—when the bureau drawer, which he had reserved for himself, was all in disorder and crowded with some of Ada's things, and when, to crown all, there turned up what more than all else men detest, viz., "buttonless shirts," his brow grew cloudy, and though he never spoke to her an angry word, he often remonstrated with her upon her growing negligence, while, with tears in her eyes she would invariably reply, "I mean to do better," and there the matter ended.

Fortunately for Walter his father's house was not far away, and after a time, finding it impossible to obtain from Ada the little acts of attention which it should have been her pleasure to render him, he went to his mother, who wisely refrained from saying what she thought, though many a time as she bent over some formidable rent which a stitch in time would have prevented, she sighed, "Poor boy, I knew 'twould be so when he married her."

Thus matters progressed until spring came, when Ada was suddenly seized with a desire for housekeeping. "'Twas less expensive," she said, "and Walter's face was growing so long. She knew it was all because their board bills were so heavy." 'Twas in vain that Mrs. Graham, senior, who, foresaw the comfortless home her son would have, tried to dissuade her from it, for a time at least, suggesting that during the summer she should live with her and acquire a knowledge of what she ought to know. Ada would not listen. "Suppose she was ignorant; she could learn by experience and she meant to do her best."

So a neat little cottage suited to Walter's means was hired, and during the few weeks which were spent in fitting it up, he seemed perfectly happy. The old love-light came back to his eyes, which often rested fondly upon the gay, young creature who flew from one thing to another, literally doing nothing, though all the while she meant to do everything. Every man likes a comfortable *home*, a spot he can call his own, a place where, when the day's toil is over, he can hope to find rest and happiness, and Walter was no exception to the general rule. At first he had opposed his wife's project, though his heart responded to the glowing pictures which she drew of a cozy sitting room and suppers of her own preparing. But when he saw how her whole soul was in it, he, too, became interested, and when he took possession of his neatly furnished cottage and sat down to his own table, he was, if possible, more perfectly happy than he had ever been before.

With careful forethought Mrs. Graham saw that everything necessary and convenient was provided for the young couple, lending to them from her own kitchen, Sarah, a trusty German girl, who knew as well as herself, what ought to be done, and who was to act in the double capacity of domestic and teacher to her new mistress. This last was the proposition of Ada, who, knowing her husband's rather limited income, had at first opposed the hiring of a servant, saying she was not ashamed to do her own work. But she was over-ruled, and with Sarah at the helm all went on smoothly, while no face upon the street wore a sunnier or more contented smile than that of Walter Graham. His house was well kept, his dinner well cooked, his buttons all in their places, for Sarah omitted nothing, and if his wife's silken curls were sometimes unbrushed and her morning gown soiled, he did not mind it as much as formerly:—he was getting used to it. And when at noon he found her just where he had left her in the morning poring over some book, or bending over the worsted work, for which she had latterly conceived a fancy, he caressed her just the same, for everything about the house was in order, and he, poor, deluded man, fancied that *her* hands, instead of Sarah's had helped to make it so.

Anon, however, there came a change. Sarah's time was was out and she was wanted at home.—Remembering how much she had desired to do her own work, and wishing, perhaps, to test her abilities, Walter did not propose the hiring of another girl, and Ada was too proud to ask for one.—So, tucking back her curls, and donning a big check apron, she went into the kitchen, which had been left in perfect order. To put over the nicely cleaned potatoes was an easy matter, and then knowing that the steak was not to be cooked until the last thing, and wishing very much to ascertain whether Uncle Tom really was whipped to death or not, she brought out her book and seating herself on a little stool, read on and on, unconscious of everything until her husband's voice almost sternly said, "Ada, what are you doing?"

The fire was nearly out,—the potatoes had stopped boiling,—the steak was untouched,—the table unset! It was too much for Ada, who had meant to do so well, and bursting into tears, she asked pardon of her husband, who forgave her when he saw how fast her tears fell. Walter was by profession a lawyer, and as he had that day a suit which must be punctually attended to at one o'clock he could not of course wait for dinner, but saying he would find something to eat at his father's, he left her alone, telling her "she would do better next time."

"I do mean to," she thought, following him with tearful eyes and feeling deeply chagrined, as she saw him enter his father's gate and knew how surely his mother would sympathize with him in deeds if not in words. "Oh, I wish I did know more," she exclaimed, as she laid her head upon the table, beginning to feel for the first time in her life the mistake which she had committed in marrying ere she knew any of the ways and means by which her home could be made happy.

* * * * * * * *

Three years have passed away since the bright September morning when Ada Welton became a bride, and few who saw her then would recognize her now in the thin, pale, care-worn woman, who day after day listens to the sound of her husband's coming footsteps and runs not to meet him, for it is so long since he gave her a word or a look of love that she has ceased to expect it, though there are moments when her heart throbs with anguish as she recalls the olden time when she was all the world to him. There had been no sudden outbreak, no bitter quarrel—they were too well bred for that,—but 'twas a gradual estrangement, a growing coldness on his part, as day by day and week by week his well-meaning wife failed to do what she was always resolving should be done.

For a time after Sarah left them Ada did make an effort to learn, but she soon grew weary, and a huge daughter of Erin was hired and placed in the kitchen, where she ruled as most servants do who know they have *under* them a weak and inefficient mistress. It is true Walter now had more comforts than he had heretofore enjoyed, and he missed the fretful complaints with which his wife had been wont to greet him; but he felt that something was wrong, though what he hardly knew.—He had become in a measure accustomed to disorderly rooms, and could now step over a pile of clothes, pin together a rent, or hunt an hour for his Sunday pants without his equanimity being greatly disturbed.

All this, however, had its effect upon him. It weaned him from his home, and though he was too well principled to frequent the bar-room or drinking saloon, his evenings were usually spent in his mother's cheerful parlor, while his meals were often taken in her comfortable dining-room. At first Ada had mourned deeply over this state of affairs, but habit is everything, and so accustomed had she become to his absence that she now seldom expected him until she saw him. The villagers said her health was failing, advising a change of air, and Walter, acting upon their suggestion, had carried her to a watering place, where he left her for three months, shutting up his own house and boarding with his mother. "It was better so," he said, little dreaming how each night his young wife watered her lonely pillow with tears as she thought of him and the love he had once freely given her.

Soon after her return a letter was received from Aunt Jane, who immediately after the marriage of her neice, had gone West to live with a sister. This sister had recently died and Aunt Jane was now coming back to stay with Ada, if she was needed, and she felt a sad foreboding that she was. Oh how joyfully Ada looked up from the reading of that letter, and, unconscious of her husband's presence, exclaimed aloud—"I am so glad, for now I shall have some one to love me."

The words smote painfully on Walter's ear, for, reason as he would, he could not exonerate himself from all blame, nor believe that he had dealt exactly right with the young girl who had entrusted her happiness to his keeping. But he did not say so then, for it was so long since anything of the kind had passed between them that he felt constrained and embarrassed, but most sincerely did he hope that Aunt Jane's presence among them would effect a change. Excitement at the thoughts of her coming threw Ada into a low, nervous fever, and when her aunt arrived, she found her sick in bed. With a low, faint cry the poor girl threw her arms around her neck, and laying her aching head upon her bosom, burst into tears, saying—"I am so glad, for I am very unhappy. Walter does not love me now, but you will learn it all in time."

At a glance Aunt Jane saw how matters stood, and while she did not absolve Walter from all blame, she believed his wife to be most in fault.—But it was no time for expostulation then, so, with willing hands and loving heart, she did what she could towards restoring order to the badly managed household, succeeding so well that Walter ere long began to spend his evenings at home, while Ada, in her neat dressing gown and clean white cap, smiled again as she had done of old.—One day when she seemed quite well and they were alone, her aunt broached the subject of her domestic trouble, handling it very delicately, and leading Ada on until she had obtained the sad history of the last three years.

When she had finished her aunt said—"Excuse me, Ada, for speaking thus plainly, but in my opinion the great error of your life has been *meaning to do well, and never doing it.*"

"Why, Aunt," answered Ada, through her tears, "I am sure I *do* mean well."

"There 'tis again," interrupted her aunt, "you mean well, I'll admit, but what does that avail if you never *do* well?"

"It has availed me this," answered Ada, bitterly; "that I have lost the love of my husband, who, if he does not hate me, hates to stay where I am, which is the same thing."

"And can you blame him," asked Aunt Jane, "when you remember the kind of home you keep for him? Is there anything attractive about it—anything calculated to make him happy?"

"If he truly loved me," persisted Ada, "he would put up with some annoyances, I think.—That love must be very selfish which must be coaxed with pretty rooms or a pretty wife,—and such is Walter's affection, for as long as he thought me handsome he loved me well enough, but now——" she glanced at herself in the mirror, and commenced weeping afresh.

"You mistake your husband," answered Aunt Jane. "No man's affection for his wife would continue the same when he saw that she exacted everything from him and made no effort to please in return. Now reflect a moment, and I think you will see that yours is the selfish love of the two. It required just as much tact to *keep* a husband's love as it does to *win* it, and how can this be done unless you employ some of the means to make yourself attractive after marriage which you did before. Now, tell me truly, have you ever really denied yourself the indulgence of any habit for the sake of pleasing Walter? I dare say you have made the effort, and for a short time, perhaps, have succeeded, but when your task grew at all irksome, havn't you invariably given up the contest?"

Ada admitted that she had, and then her aunt proceeded to point out to her the places wherein she had erred, dealing very gently with her, as with a little child, but still speaking plainly and leaving nothing unsaid which she wished to say. While Ada listened a new light seemed to dawn upon her, and she trembled as she saw how nearly she had shipwrecked her happiness.

"I *will* do better," she said at last; "but you must help me, for I am weak and helpless."

She was roused at last and set herself earnestly about a work of reform. It is a hard matter, however, to break the habits of years, and she would perhaps have fallen but for the encouraging words of her aunt, who seemed to be her good angel.—For some time Walter gave no heed to the change which was gradually taking place in his wife—attributing the improved state of affairs to the presence of her aunt, but when he really did see and understand how hard she was trying to do right, his heart, which he well knew had grown too cold and indifferent, went out towards her with something of his former love, and more than once, when her spirit was well nigh fainting beneath her heavy task, did a kind word or gentle caress from him buoy her up to struggle on yet a little longer until the victory was won, and she stood forth a noble, true-hearted woman,—all that he could ask or wish for his wife to be. His evenings were now no longer spent abroad, for there was happiness at home, where Ada, grown young and beautiful again, watched for his coming and blessed him when he came.

Six months after Aunt Jane's arrival at the cottage she left them, and though she would gladly have tarried longer had it been practicable, she felt that she could now leave her neice in safety, for she was truly of the number who, knowing their duty, shrink not from its performance, and who not only MEAN WELL, but also DO WELL.

Brockport, N. Y., June, 1857.

HITS AT HOOPS.

We like to say but little about the foibles and follies of the ladies, for really the worst of them seem to have their counterpart in the stronger sex. The men really are in a poor condition to "cast the first stone," as all who look at the abominably large sleeves of their coats and their ridiculously small pantaloon legs, will readily acknowledge. Then the fashionable tie to the cravat behind which the male dandy often hides himself, is really as amusingly foolish as anything the ladies can get up, to say nothing about the beautifully curled moustache, which is indebted to hog's lard and hair dye for its glossy blackness. However, we cannot resist the temptation to give some illustrated bits at the hoops, prepared by a lady for the *Rochester Daily Union*. She claims that the ladies have not only gained *equality*, but *supremacy*, that the men are no longer of much account, and introduces several figures to prove the fact, and really succeeds in making the matter look very serious. The first hit is at

HOOPS IN THE STREET.

Now, the gentleman certainly looks more like an *appendage* than a *protector*. The joke begins to look a little too practical. The next engraving shows the wide and circumambient

HOOPS AT A PARTY.

It does seem that men are being squeezed into a very small place in the world, and if they should leave entirely would hardly be missed. But this lady gives an inkling of a conspiracy, which is nothing less than "the gradual enlargement of women's dresses until the men are literally pushed off the footstool." Previous to this, however, as will be seen by the lady's representations of

HOOPS IN CHURCH,

we are to be excluded from the sanctuary. Well, all these troubles will soon come to an end, as, though angels have wings, we have no reason to think they will trouble us with hoops.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 58 letters.
My 30, 26, 28, 27, 44, 18, 10 is one of the European Empires.
My 20, 18, 36, 10 is a river in North America.
My 25, 7, 57, 20, 5, 26, 31 is one of the European Kingdoms.
My 12, 24, 55, 51, 58 is a village in New York.
My 52, 9, 5, 22 is one of the Western States.
My 44, 34, 7, 26, 38, 36, 17, 25 is a noted plant.
My 43, 17, 39, 33, 48, 56, 14 is a man's name.
My 28, 19, 22, 46, 25, 47, 37, 13 is a volcano in Europe.
My 40, 39, 30 is a beverage.
My 1, 16, 39, 31 is to abound.
My 2, 55, 23, 51, 25, 7, 35, 46 is a genus of trees very hard.
My 20, 57, 3, 14 is a valley.
My 4, 29, 32, 42, 37 is a circular body.
My 7, 40, 49, 54, 21, 42 is to suppress.
My 8, 1, 16, 5, 11 is a metal.
My 15, 10, 31, 46, 16, 23 is a mechanic's tool.
My 41, 45, 42 is a farming implement.
My 50, 17, 7, 14 is a man's name.
My 54, 30, 51, 26, 24 is a woman's name.
My 53, 13, 57, 42 is a tool used by carpenters and mechanics.
My whole is a portion of the third chapter of Proverbs.

Newark, N. Y. JACOB F. HERMAN.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 6, 11, 2, 6 is one of the grand divisions.
My 8, 9, 12, 15, 6 is a mountain in North America.
My 3, 14, 1, 2, 11 is a river in North America.
My 1, 14, 11, 9, 10 is a river in Europe.
My 7, 6, 10, 11, 14, 2, 4, 3, 14, 11 is a city in France.
My 12, 13, 2, 3, 5 is a division of South America.
My 9, 10, 5, 14 is a lake in the United States.
My whole is the name of a celebrated Astronomer.

Ypsilanti, Mich., 1857. A. W.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

There is a board 12 feet in length and 12 inches in width at one end and terminating to a point at the other, how many feet from the small end must it be cut in two so that each piece may contain the same solid contents?

Royalton, N. Y., 1857. MAHLON B.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 390:—Chinese Sugar Cane.

Answer to Geographical Enigma in No. 390:—A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Answer to Geometrical Problem in No. 390:—21, 35 46 + inches.

Answer to Riddle in No. 390:—Cod.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE EXCELSIOR RAILROAD HORSE POWER,

With Threshers, Separators, Cleaners, Clover Hullers and Circular and Cross-Cut Saw-Mills for various purposes, and all other Implements adapted to the Power,

Is not SURPASSED BY ANY NOW IN USE, and is offered on the most liberal terms, both as to discount and warranty. The subscriber is manufacturing the above Power, which combines all the qualities of the most celebrated Railroad Horse Powers, and some very valuable improvements.

Capacity, Economy and Warranty.—The Single Power will thresh from 100 to 175 bushels of Oats, Rye, Buckwheat or Barley, easily, in one day, attended by three men, and will saw from 20 to 25 cords of wood in the same time and with the same number of men. The Double Power will perform double the amount of work in the same time, with one additional man—and all other work of a similar kind with equal facility. The construction of the Power is such that it can be changed from a right to a left hand machine, and the reverse, at pleasure, as the gears are all outside the Power and accessible at all times. The angle of elevation necessary to operate this Power is never greater, but often less than any other Power, which is inside of one-and-a-half inches to the foot, with horses weighing 1,000 lbs each, and without any harness.

These Powers have been severely tested, and pronounced "Excelsior," which, of course, means "Excelled by none," and their performance is a sufficient evidence of their superiority over the common Endless Chain Powers.

The Warranty is as follows:—If the Powers do not answer the description, and do any reasonable amount of work required of them, the money will be refunded and the machines returned at the manufacturer's expense.

☞ Agents Wanted, to whom a liberal commission will be given. RICHARD M. PEASE

Albany, N. Y., 1857. 38Swicow

ATKINS' AUTOMATON: OR, Self-Raking Reaper and Mower.

BEST MACHINE IN USE.

1 *(The first) built in* 1852.
40 *Used successfully in* 1853.
300 *In different States in* 1854.
1,200 *Well distributed in* 1855.
2,800 *Throughout the Union* 1856.
5,000 *Building for* 1857.

There are six good reasons for this unparalleled increase and great popularity:—1st. It is strong and reliable, and easily managed. 2d. It saves the hard labor of Raking. 3d. It saves at least another hand in binding. 4th. It saves shattering by the careful handling in raking; besides, the straw being laid straight, it is well secured in the sheaf, and does not drop in the after-handling, and the heads are not exposed in the stack, so that the grain saving even exceeds the labor saving. 5th. It is a good Mower, being one of the best convertible machines in use. 6th. It has a knife that does not choke.

Over 80 First Premiums Received in Four Years.

Price of Reaper and Mower $190—$50 cash, balance in note due Jan. 1, 1855. Price of Reaper only $165—$40 cash, balance in note due Jan. 1, 1858.

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To secure a Machine, order immediately. Though so little known the past season, and none ready for delivery till 1st May, yet not two-thirds the customers could be supplied. The reputation of the Machine is now widely established, so that 5,000 will not as nearly supply the demand as 2,800 did last year.

☞ Order early, if you would not be disappointed.

Pamphlets giving impartially the OPINIONS OF FARMERS, together with orders, notes, &c., mailed to applicants, and prepaid.

☞ H. B. HAPGOOD, of Rochester, N. Y., is the General Agent for the above Machine in New York, to whom all letters relative to sales, &c., in this State should be addressed. Traveling and Local Agents wanted. 382w16

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Manny's Patent with Wood's Improvement.

In offering my machines to the farmers for the Harvest of 1857, it seems hardly necessary to advertise them; but as this medium for an introduction to the public is so generally adopted, I take this method to inform the farmers that a close personal attention to the practical operation of the machine the past harvest has induced me to make several improvements—these, added to its former reputation, give me the utmost confidence in stating that it now stands unrivalled as a Mower, or a Combined Reaper and Mower, and for harvesting Clover Seed, has no competitor. I have a large amount of certificates from farmers who have used my machine besides several Premiums, Diplomas and Medals, awarded by State, County and Town Agricultural Societies, pointing out plainly the points in which it excels all others. Many of these are patented and cannot be embodied in any other machine, and all will admit how essential and indispensable they are to a successful Combined Reaper and Mower.

With each machine will be furnished two scythes, two extra guards, two extra sections, one extra pinion and wrench.

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Price of Combined Machine delivered here on the Cars $125 00
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WALTER A. WOOD, Manufacturer and Proprietor.

Hoosick Falls, April 15, 1857. 381w16

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Rochester, February 24th, 1857. 373tf

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LEADING WEEKLY

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Rural New-Yorker.

STATISTICS OF CROPS:

Plan for Procuring, by Concert of Action among the Agricultural Societies of the U. S.

BY LIEUT. M. F. MAURY.

WHAT would it not be worth to the farmer if annually at harvest time, and at other stated periods of the year, he were accurately informed as to the state and condition of the crops throughout the country? Let us see if a plan for obtaining such information may not be set on foot. The machinery for it is already in working order.

Intelligent merchants collect such reports, statistics, and opinions as they can concerning the great commercial staples of the country; they then send them forth in the shape of circulars addressed to their foreign and domestic correspondents, and business operations of great extent are often based on them. As things now stand, the merchant knows more about the crops than the farmer. But the farmers have it in their power to collect much more abundant, reliable and valuable statistics concerning the growing or the ripening crops than it is possible for any merchant, however intelligent or enterprising he may be, to do single-handed.

Almost if not every State in the Union has now its well organized and active Agricultural Society. Here, then, is the machinery already at hand for collecting, digesting and spreading before the public the desired information, and the suggestion which is now ventured is in a few words simply this:—that each State Agricultural Society raise at its approaching Annual Meeting, its COMMITTEE ON CROPS AND STATISTICS,—let the members of this committee be chosen from different parts of the State, as one for each county, township or parish, so that it may take cognizance equally of every section with its peculiar interests and conditions. Let a Chairman be selected by the Society, or chosen by the Committee; and then let it be the duty of members to report monthly to the chairman, each for his county or beat, the State of the crops, according to the season of the year and the best of his ability or opportunities to observe and judge. Let it then be the duty of the chairman to make a synopsis of each set of monthly reports as they are received, and to publish his summary thereof in the Agricultural and other papers of the State, or in such other journals as the Society may direct; and let no one be put on the committee unless he be pledged to attend faithfully to the duties thereof. In Louisiana, for instance, these statistics would relate chiefly to sugar, cotton, and corn; in Kentucky, to hemp, stock, and tobacco; in New York, to hay, the cereals, the dairy, fruits, &c., each State, or tier of States, attaching, as a matter of course, most importance to its own staples.

The time of this writing is June, and the point of interest with the farmers, just now—especially in the wheat growing States—is, what is wheat going to bring? Some hold one opinion, some another, differing 10, 20, 30, 40, nay as much as 50 cents in their estimates of its price by the bushel; and it is for the most part *opinion* merely, formed without any very accurate information in detail as to the crops generally or the quantity or quality that will come forward to answer the demand in market.

Now, suppose that one observant and intelligent farmer in each county of the State of New York, for instance, should sit down to-morrow and write a report to you as to the wheat crop in his neighborhood, or county, stating whether the promised yield is above or below the average, its quality, &c., and that you should publish in the next number of the RURAL, the result of all these reports, what would not such information be worth? But suppose further, that a set of farmers in each of the wheat growing States should do likewise, each set making similar returns for its own State, to its own editors—would we not find in the number of the Agricultural Journals containing such returns, more, and better information concerning the crops about to come forward than those who cultivate them ever before possessed in advance?

After the crops of all kinds are harvested, then the next monthly report of the committees would treat of the preparations for the succeeding year, whether the breadth of land in course of preparation for this or that staple was out of the usual proportion, &c. It is easy to perceive that, with working and intelligent committees, each month would attach to these reports some feature peculiar to itself, and of incalculable value when taken for the whole country.

Nor in carrying out this plan should the United States Agricultural Society be forgotten, for the American farmer wants, as an interested party, to know the state of the crops in foreign lands with the labor of which his produce has to compete in the markets of the world. Hence there are duties for this Society in the programme, which no other of the Agricultural Societies can perform as well.

The Virginia planter, for instance, is commercially not more deeply interested in the wheat crop of his own neighbor, than he is in that of Ohio or of any other State. Nay, the wheat grower in every one of the States is almost if not quite as much concerned to know the state of the crops in France and England as he is to know their value in the rest of the States of the Union. If the sugar crop in Cuba or Brazil be likely to fall short, or if the cotton crop of Egypt, or the rice crop of India, or the grain crop of Europe promise to be excessive, then there are large communities of our fellow citizens in every State of this Union directly concerned, and whose agricultural interests would sensibly feel the effect of such a state of things; a knowledge of the fact would be of vast benefit, especially to those of them who have to meet in the markets of the world the short or abundant crops of their foreign competitors.

We have seen the time when the news brought by the last steamer from Europe as to the fall in price of a single staple, as of cotton for instance, was equivalent in the aggregate for the planters to a loss upon the whole crop of the country of millions of dollars. Now, for aught we know, this decline in the price of cotton may have been owing to reports got up for speculation in the first instance, for many a speculation has been made upon the assumption of the farmer's ignorance of the state of the crops in other parts of the world, and even of his own country. The same thing, at least to a certain extent, happens every year, and almost every day in the year, with wheat, sugar, tobacco, corn, and every other staple of Agricultural produce the farmer has to sell. The rise or fall of a cent or two in the bushel for corn or wheat, is equal to an increase or diminution in the agricultural wealth amounting to millions of dollars in the aggregate. If the crops be short, why should not the farmers be the first to find it out?

We know who the consumers of our breadstuffs are—we know where the market places are—and we know what nations will meet us as competitors in those markets. We likewise know how many months our customers have to fill; at least we may know, for the merchants can tell us all this—and the question then for the farmer is,—How much has the country to spare? Where he knows that, then the price of his crop for the year is fixed.—Hence it would be desirable for the Statistical Committee of the U. S. Agricultural Society to look abroad also. Its members should not only collect and digest the monthly summaries published by the State Committees, but they should also enter into correspondence with foreign Societies and functionaries with the view of obtaining from them information concerning the state of their crops, or the preparation for seeding in other parts of the world whose productions come into competition with our own—and of these let that committee publish quarterly or annual returns as the Society may direct.

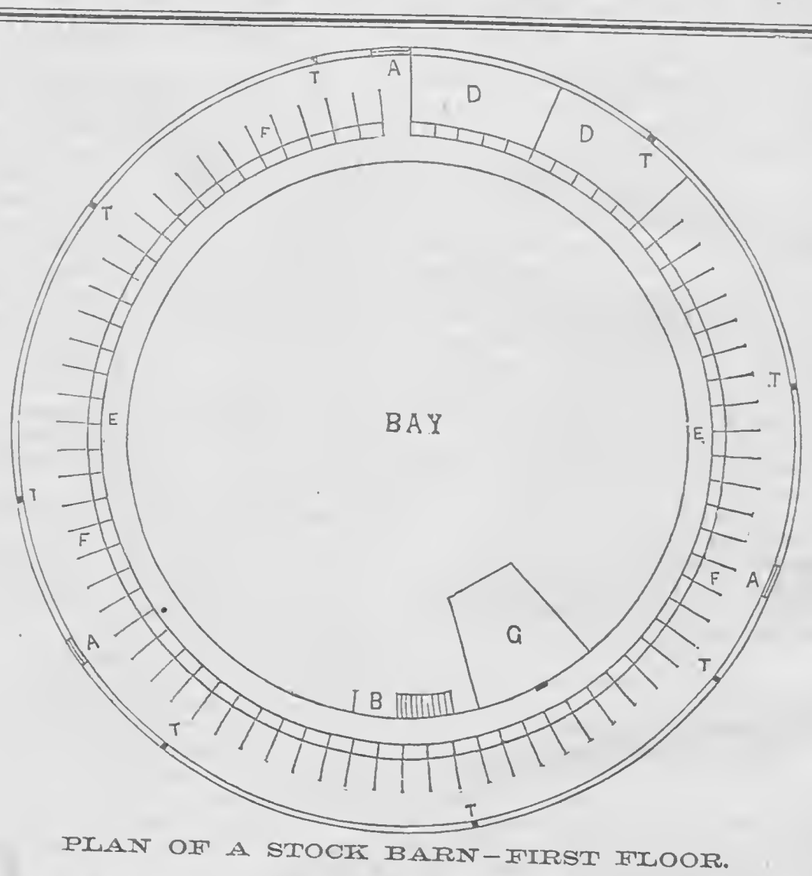
It is not necessary to follow out this suggestion any further at present. The plan is capable of great expansion and obvious benefits. They may form the subjects of another communication, for I have always intended—should the farmers ever conclude effectually to second me in my plan before Congress for extending to the land, for the benefit of agriculture and other interests, the plan of Meteorological co-operation and researches which have at sea been so successful for commerce and navigation—I say I have always intended to connect with my Meteorological researches, should they ever be extended land-ward, some such system of reports as above. Besides an agricultural and practical value, they also would have a scientific import highly suggestive and well worthy of consideration.

FALLOWING.

"A YOUNG FARMER, without experience" to guide him, wishes information in regard to fallowing, which we cannot well give in the space usually devoted to answers to inquiries. Without answering the questions direct, we give a few thoughts on the subject, which will aid our correspondent, and perhaps others in deciding the matter for themselves. *Fallowing*, or *Bare Fallowing*, as it is sometimes called to distinguish it from other methods, is simply allowing the land to remain one year without a crop, and improving the season of rest to thoroughly cultivate it by the plow, drag and cultivator, so as to effectually pulverize the soil and destroy all weeds. The advantages generally acknowledged to result from fallowing, are the destruction of foul grass and weeds, and the improvement of the mechanical condition of the soil. On the subject of the chemical changes effected by the frequent exposure of a new surface to the action of sun and atmosphere there are some differences of opinion. It will be seen at once that one of the principal results of fallowing, is especially and only beneficial to heavy clay lands. It is for such soils that fallowing is beneficial, and it is only on the stiffest clays that naked fallowing is still practised in England, although a few years since the system was general on almost all soils. It is an instructive and suggestive fact that fallowing when first introduced into Scotland, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, by a "progressive farmer," he had to endure the ridicule and contempt of his neighbors who considered him insane, as they thought no sane man would allow a portion of his land to lie waste a whole year. His practice, however, was so much better than that usually pursued, that in twenty years it was pretty generally adopted. In fact, any change, almost, would have been an improvement, as the custom was to sow grain every year until the land ceased to produce enough to pay for seed, when it was sown to grass and allowed to remain a few years, then it was again broken up, and the same process resumed. Of late years the same class of progressive farmers have been almost as badly ridiculed for abandoning the Bare Fallow system for a better. A writer in the *Cyclopedia of Agriculture*, (Edinburg,) at the close of a long and thorough article on the subject gives the philosophy of the matter, so concisely that we quote it in this place:

"It is chiefly on the stiffer kinds of clays that naked fallows are still adopted. Such clays contain the disintegrated ingredients of felspars, or the silicates of alumina combined with silicates of alkalies. Now, these clays are in progressive disintegration, and their silica and alkalies are constantly but slowly becoming soluble. This solubility, or further breaking up of the ingredients of the clay, proceeds the more slowly the stiffer the soil, because it depends on the action of the air and rain-water; and a stiff soil refuses a ready permeation to these breakers up of its constituent particles. If a previous crop has taken from the soil all the available soluble silica and alkalies, another crop could not grow upon it, until, by a further disintegration, fresh portions were liberated. The farmer, to effect this, throws the soil into the most favorable conditions for producing this disintegration. By plowing before the frosts of winter, a large surface is exposed to the action of these mechanical pulverizers of the soil. The water, penetrating its pores, becomes expanded on freezing; and breaks up and comminutes the particles, exposing still larger surfaces to the chemical action of the air, and of the carbonic acid and oxygen dissolved in rain-water. The carbonic acid of the air, but still more that dissolved in rain-water, exerts a most powerful disintegrating action. Experiments have shown, that a soil which refuses to yield its alkalies to boiling *aqua regia*, the most powerful of mineral acids, is forced to give them up to the long-continued action of carbonic-acid water. The alkalies and soluble silica, thus liberated during the winter, might be washed away by the prolonged action of rain. The ground, however, is not permitted to be so as to allow water to stagnate, and prevent the free access of air and fresh rain. After the mechanical and chemical effects of a winter's frosts and rains have taken place, the soil is plowed up, and new surfaces exposed in spring. This has a two-fold action; for, while it increases the points for disintegration, it at the same time mixes the already disintegrated portions with fresh soil, which now exercises a temporary arrest upon the silica and alkalies, and stores them up for the coming crop. The fresh plowings and harrowings which succeed have this combined effect in view."

This, of course applies only to heavy clay lands, which contain a large quantity of alkaline silicates. It would be difficult to show any philosophic reason for fallowing light lands, especially in our hot climate, as exposure would waste the vegetable matter, of which there is generally a deficiency in such soils; and the time and labor might be better employed in growing clover that would add to its fertility. The question arises, cannot all that is claimed for the bare fallow be accomplished without the loss of a crop? The process, of course, adds nothing to soil, and we can have all the benefit attributed to the frost, without it, as any ground designed for spring crops can be plowed in the fall. The only advantage then to be derived from bare fallowing is the frequent stirring of the soil in summer, principally for the eradication of weeds. If for fall wheat, some early variety of corn or potatoes should be planted, about four feet apart each way, so as to admit the most thorough



PLAN OF A STOCK BARN—FIRST FLOOR.

OUR friend, Mr. CHARLES H. WALKER, of Pearl Creek, Wyoming Co., who spent the last winter in the Eastern States, has kindly furnished the accompanying plan and description of a Shaker Barn. It strikes us as admirable—a model Stock Barn. We would never construct a large bay without one or more chimneys or flues, extending from the bottom to the roof, to conduct away the steam that gathers in the hay or grain. They may be constructed cheaply by means of three or four poles set upright, with or without slats. Farmers can scarcely dispose of their surplus cash to better advantage than in the erection of neat, convenient and durable out-buildings, and we are always glad to receive plans and descriptions of any thing really superior in that line for publication.]

FRIEND MOORE:—The accompanying plan of a barn I obtained from the original, situated in Berkshire Co., Mass., and the property of the Hancock Shakers. It is calculated for a Stock Barn, and after twenty years experience the Shakers cannot tell wherein to improve it as such.

EXPLANATION OF THE DIAGRAMS.—A, A, doors. T, T, Windows. B, B, Stairs. D, D, Calf Pens. E, E, Alley F, F, Stalls. G, G, Granary. H, H, Double Doors.

It has two floors, yet it is not strictly a side-hill barn, as it stands on level ground. An embankment is thrown up from the doors of the threshing floor, so that the entrance is an easy one. The first story is 7½ feet between joints, and is used for the stable. It is capable of stabling seventy head of cattle, beside space for two calf pens equal to stabling for ten head more. Each stall is separated by a partition, and the animals are tied to a manger with straps by the neck. In front of the row of stalls is an alley, through which to pass around in distributing feed. The bay is just inside of this alley. A granary also opens into the alley. The stable and alley are the same in width as the threshing floor—14 feet. The threshing floor is directly over the stable, and like it extends around the entire building. This is a very convenient and economical arrangement for labor-saving at that particular hurrying time, during the gathering in of hay, when labor is very high; besides, if necessary, ten or twelve loads of hay may be drawn in at once. This floor also affords an excellent place for the housing of agricultural implements during winter. There is also on this floor a granary which communicates with the lower one. The bay is large enough to hold hay for all the cattle the barn can accommodate during the longest period for foddering.

The edifice is 100 feet in diameter, and is built of stone. If I were to suggest an improvement, it would be a roof to cover the manure when thrown out of the stables. Perhaps the eaves could be extended by means of brackets or braces, (after the modern fashion,) or a manure cellar might be deemed expedient. C. H. W.

SECOND FLOOR OF STOCK BARN.

cultivation even quite into the summer, we think this object would be as fully accomplished as tho' the ground had been fallowed, and it would be every way in as good condition. The crop raised would more than compensate for the labor and interest of the land, and could be removed in season for wheat. Of the use of the almost invaluable clover plant as a cleaning crop and fertilizer, we shall not now speak. The finest crops of potatoes and wheat that we ever saw raised for a succession of years on the same land, were grown on a field of about fifty acres, planted one half with potatoes and the other wheat, and alternated every season. The land for the potatoes was well manured, but none was used for the wheat. This system was practised for twelve years, and how much longer we cannot say. Where manure is plenty and cheap, or produce high, this plan would answer, but unless manure was liberally applied, the land would soon become impoverished by such a system.

The oat and barley fields in this section show sadly the want of some system of fallowing or culture that will destroy Canada thistles and other troublesome weeds. Clean culture with hoed crops would help to remedy the evil. *Bastard*, or *Green Fallows*, under which names are included all systems of cleaning land which do not require the loss of a summer's crop, would prove of much benefit to these foul fields, and should receive the attention of farmers. One method, for very foul fields, is to sow barley in the spring, on account of its early ripening, and the ground is plowed immediately after the crop is harvested, and cultivated late in the fall. The next spring it is plowed or cultivated as often as the growth of weeds seem to render necessary, until time to sow Ruta Bagas, or White Turnips, when they are sown in drills, and the ground kept cultivated between the rows. In this way the greater part of a summer is obtained for stirring the land without the loss of a crop, and the weeds are pretty well subdued before planting. In some cases Buckwheat is sown instead of Turnips, or where the weeds are thoroughly subdued before sowing the Turnips may be more closely planted.

Our correspondent will find most of his inquiries answered in this article, and such facts presented as will enable him to judge for himself as to the proper course for him to pursue. To others, we hope the thoughts presented will not be altogether in vain. They are merely designed to be suggestive, and can be carried out much farther by every thinking reader.

FLAX GROWING IN IRELAND.

EDS. RURAL:—In your paper of May 9th, I promised to recur to the cultivation of flax at some future time; I will now return to the subject.

The length of time for flax to remain in the steep varies considerably under various circumstances—such as warm weather, quality of water, and some other particulars. In warm weather it should be carefully examined every day, after the sixth day. When fermentation is over the flax will gradually sink to the bottom of the pit, and the air-bubbles will cease to be observable on the surface of the water, which indicates the proper period of removal. It ought then to be examined, and if the fibre parts freely from the pith or woody part it is ready to be taken out. Considerable diversity of opinion exists among the flax growers as to the time for this operation, some preferring a longer time in the steep, and thereby shortening the time necessary for its exposure on the spread-field; others contend that it injures the flax to be too long in the steep. As soon as the fermentation ceases, or, at most, twenty-four or thirty hours after, it ought to be removed. It will be found that the fibre separates freely from the stalk at this time, and it should not be allowed to remain longer.

The greatest care is required in taking it out of the water. After removing the covering each bunch ought to be carefully taken taken out with the hand and placed on the bank, the bow or top end of each bundle the same way, and remain so for a day to drain. It is then taken to the spread-field, which is either a recently cut meadow or pasture field. The operation of spreading must be done evenly, keeping the bow ends all one way. The length of time to remain on the grass is another disputed point, some letting it remain longer than others,—at any rate it ought to be perfectly dry when lifted. The lifting operation requires care to keep the root end as even as possible and tie in small bundles. If the weather is likely to continue dry it ought to be set on end (three or four bundles together,) for a day or two. Those who have large quantities build it in small stacks, securing it from the rain till they find it convenient to take it to the mill.

In former times the breaking and scutching was performed by hand, and some prefer to do it so now; but the greater part get it done at the mill. The first operation is breaking or passing in small quantities between fluted rollers; it is then taken in handfulls and rubbed and slightly twisted, and passed to the scutchers, which are generally three—first, the rougher; second, the cleaner; and third, the finisher. When finished they tie it in bundles containing 16 lbs., which is a stone of flax. It is then ready for market. Fifteen to eighteen stone to the bushel is a fair yield, and on good flax land twenty to twenty-four stone is not uncommon. I have known as much as thirty stone. The average price is from eight to ten shilling, British, per stone. When hatcheling, spinning and weaving is reckoned, I know of no crop that gives employment to so many hands.

Since writing my former article I have had a conversation with a linen thread manufacturer, who says that all the flax he uses he has to import from Holland, that raised in this country being too coarse. J. C.

Troy, N. Y., June, 1857.

ALABAMA VEGETABLE WONDERS.—A Mobile paper tells of some remarkable specimens of wheat, white, black and hybrid, or mixture of the white and black, all of the most extraordinary growth, the stalks eight feet high, and 32 in number from each single kernel of seed; potato oats also with no less than 56 stems from one kernel. These remarkable specimens are the growth of the plantation of John Bailey, Esq., of Mobile county, who fertilized his land with 150 pounds of guano to the acre.

DESCRIPTION—FACE. On the face is Ceres, (Goddess of the Earth, Patroness of Agriculture,) seated upon a throne. In her right hand, which is elevated and extended forward in an attitude of invitation, she holds a wreath of honor; in her left, the sickle, emblem of agricultural industry. In her lap are gathered various fruits. Her brow is crowned with the star of Empire, and her expressive countenance manifests her dignified rank as the impartial disposer of awards to the competitors.—Around the rim of the medal is the classic wreath of laurel, and within this are the words, in Roman letters: "UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY."—MDCCCLII.

DESCRIPTION. REVERSE.—The reverse side is ornamented simply with a wreath of plants, the productions of the grand divisions of the United States, emblematic of the National character of the Society. On one side are the Sugar Cane and Cotton Plant, on the other the Indian Corn and Wheat, and at the bottom, uniting the two, is a grape vine laden with fruit and leaves. Thus the great staples of the South, North, West and East, are wreathed together, encircling a space appropriated for inscribing the name of the successful competitor.

[This medal is reproduced in gold, silver and bronze, for 1st, 2d and 3d premiums.]

GRAND GOLD MEDAL OF THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,
TO BE AWARDED TO SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS AT THE NATIONAL REAPER AND MOWER TRIAL, SYRACUSE, N. Y., JULY 13, 1857.

HOW TO INCREASE THE VALUE AND PRODUCTIVENESS OF FARMING LANDS.

ADVANCE is the order of the day. Improvements are being made in every department of Science and the Arts, but in nothing is progress more discernible than in Agriculture. It is now considered one of the most honorable and lucrative pursuits in which men of talent and capital can engage. At no time since the landing of the Pilgrims has good farming yielded a larger per cent. of clear profits than the present; and it must be source of unmingled pleasure to those who have labored ardently for years in the good cause, to see that "the bread cast upon the waters" has at length been found. It is equally gratifying to the philanthropist and patriot, of whatever profession, to witness the rising greatness, prosperity and happiness which has attended the cultivators of the soil, while millions have been added to the national wealth.*

The intelligent reader may say—"What has all that to do with the increase of value and productiveness of farming lands?" Keep cool, and we will expatiate on that topic instanter. Some of the choicest farming lands in this State are becoming so thoroughly seeded with red-root as to greatly depreciate their value, and this through the sheer negligence of the owners. Clean farms are always the most valuable and productive, yet many farmers in Western New York (and other places) permit thistles and weeds to grow up in the fence corners, fields, gardens, and in some cases even in their door-yards, in the place of fruits and flowers. Reform is needed, and we will suggest a few thoughts relative to the accomplishment of the desired end.

Path-masters should be subject to fines and imprisonment for neglecting to clear the highways of noxious weeds—for when allowed to *hatch out*, as they generally are, the seeds are blown by the autumn winds to every point of the compass, and scattered over the forests, orchards, gardens and fields, where they vegetate and bring forth a hundred fold. Those falling in the roads adhere to the horses' feet, carriage wheels, &c., and are conveyed directly to the barn-yards and stables, and are, in turn, drawn out and distributed over the farm. If this system is continued, we may soon expect that "thorns and thistles" and "pigeon weed" will obtain universal sway over all competitors, and reign supreme in the vegetable kingdom.

In order to remedy this growing evil, we must begin at the root of the disease and carefully weed out the grain fields—extract and burn every stalk of red-root, Canada thistle, cockle, burdock, &c., and the result will be obtained. In this regard, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." The few stray stalks that appear occasionally in most lands can be destroyed at a trifling expense, but if left to themselves they multiply by a rapidly increasing ratio, and the discomfited proprietor soon discovers that he has to deal with an increasing progression, and that by neglecting the proper use of the means, he is perplexed with the amount of the last term.

In conclusion, we say that if the means enumerated in the foregoing plan be adopted, we may look with confidence for the increase in value and productiveness of farming lands.

Mount Morris, N. Y., 1857. N. B. AMENT.

* We wish we could subscribe to the truthfulness of this eloquent paragraph—for if it is not all true it *ought* to be—but think many readers doubt its entire correctness and that there is room for discussion.—ED.

STUDY THEM ALIVE.

ALTHOUGH I have always fancied the pursuits of the naturalist, I could never rid myself of the idea that they must be purchased at the expense of considerable cruelty; and I never visit a cabinet of natural history without reflecting that all those curious insects, with pins thrust through their backs, and those many-colored birds wired so life-like upon their perches, have been rudely sacrificed to my curiosity. Bears, wolves, serpents and crocodiles never excited my sympathy to any great degree, but humming-birds, robins, and swallows, and a hundred harmless frequenters of our very lawns and gardens, seem almost to plead audibly from their little stuffed skins, against the barbarity.

Imagine my delight when, on being asked by friend G——, who is something of a naturalist, to take an excursion in the woods, I found him provided, not with his gun, but a refracting glass of considerable power. Our attention was first attracted by a nosy squirrel, who was chattering eloquently upon some subject, apparently of great importance to him but not very weighty with us. Upon him we levelled our glass, and by turns scrutinized his jetty coat, the contour of his countenance, even to his whiskers and eyes, which the clear atmosphere and the thinness of the wood made quite visible. No naturalist ever took more delight in preparing a specimen to ornament his cases, than we in viewing this one, unstuffed, unharmed and unfrightened; beautified by life and activity. After tiring with him and several other shy denizens of the wood, we discovered a marmot, or as he is more generally known, a "woodchuck," sitting in characteristic position at the door of his residence. Erect and cautious, he eyed his distant visitors as if he wished none of their acquaintance; but before we could fairly get in range of him, he suddenly performed a half somerset, and with a sharp whistle disappeared. We left him, promising to call again.

It is to be regretted that the study of animated nature forms so small a part in the recreations of the young. Many know not even the form of numbers of those species which are still so common in our groves and woodlands, except as they appear when preserved under glass in a museum. Nature has vested all these creatures with a kind of intelligence, the operations of which it is really amusing to observe. The muskrat builds his house, the squirrel carefully shells the nuts and puts them in store for winter, the birds migrate and return with alternate seasons, and all manifest their ingenuity in their contrivances for defence and comfort. And, it may be wise to remember, that though they are not human, there is still some link of affinity between them and us; for we see them capable of enjoyment and pain, of anger and delight, of hate and attachment, and among the higher orders, we may almost say that have veritable joy and grief. B.

STONE DRAINS—CONSTRUCTION, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—In the RURAL of the 20th of June, I saw some inquiries by M. WATERMAN respecting the construction of stone drains, and being both willing and anxious to receive and impart knowledge obtained by experience, I beg leave to contribute any information calculated to advance the science of agriculture, and will therefore give my little experience in the way of stone drains. The best mode of construction that I have built upon is to sink to sufficient depth—generally about three feet deep, three feet wide at top and one foot at bottom—*taking care* to keep the fall at bottom as *uniform* as *possible*, which can be regulated by a spirit level. Select from the stones to be used, those *apple-seed* shaped, or with one pointed or small end, of a size say from six to twelve pounds weight, setting all over the bottom of the drain *small ends* downwards, taking care to place them in such a manner that the outer ones serve as keys against the walls or sides of the drain. This precaution is necessary to prevent the falling of the mass of stones in case of washing or being undermined. After thus arranging the first layer of stones, I then (rather carefully) hand-pack a layer of smaller stones to the depth of 8 or 10 inches, then larger stones may be used, after which a coat of *coarse* gravel, (screened is preferable) then a layer of evergreen brush, before filling with earth. Particular attention should be paid to the mouth or lower end of drains, as the effect produced by negligence at this point is attended with serious consequences, and the object for which the drain was intended unattained.

Brighton, June, 1857. CANADIAN.

THINGS I LIKE TO SEE.

I LIKE to see a man who owns a good farm, turn all his stock into the road, regardless of the trouble they may make his neighbors, providing he is not annoyed by them himself,—it shows to the world that he is a man of order, and one who does not wish to trespass on the good feelings of the community where he resides.

I like to see a farmer place his hog's trough in front of his house, and there feed his *swine*—it shows that he has a particular regard for his wife, or that *she* has an uncommon eye for dirt.

I like to see a farmer throw all his rubbish in the road; pile his lumber there, fence posts and old rails, and for variety, now and then, an *enormous* heap of stones, almost blocking up the public highway,—it shows that he intends to have the traveling community understand that he occupies all his land, and must, of necessity, make a lumber-yard, and a place for all the *refuse* of the farm, in the highway.

I like to see a farmer allow all his foul weeds to mature, both in the road and by the side of his fences, particularly *line fences;* it shows that he is a liberal man and willing to supply his neighbors the seed, gratis.

I like to see a man plant shade trees by the roadside, pick up the stones, clear away the rubbish, destroy foul weeds, and endeavor to make the street (through his own premises at least,) both passable and pleasant, and then as a reward for his trouble, be compelled to see the trees destroyed by colts and the grass by hogs; and he at the same time feel well pleased; it shows that he has a very bad disposition, is destitute of order and should be looked upon as a pest in the community.

Lysander, N. Y., 1857. K. N. H.

A GOOD COW.—We are informed on good authority that 30¼ lbs. of butter were made in two weeks, in June past, from the milk of a native cow belonging to Mrs. LOUISA BYINGTON, of Ogden, this county. The daily yield of milk averaged about 26 quarts. The cow is 7 years old, and had only grass feed.

Rural Notes and Items.

TRIALS OF MOWING MACHINES.—Last week there were three Trials of Mowers in Western New York—that of the Livingston Co. Ag. Society, at Geneseo, on Monday—the Farmers' Club at Skaneateles, on Tuesday—and the Monroe Co. Ag. Society near Rochester, on Wednesday. At Geneseo the weather was rainy and the grass in about as bad condition as it could possibly be for cutting. Four machines were, however, entered and tried, and there was a large attendance of spectators.—The entries were—1. Manny's Combined Machine with Wood's Improvement. 2. Burrall's Combined Mower and Reaper. 3. Danford's Mower. 4. Palmer's Mower. The driving wheel of Palmer's machine was broken at the commencement of the trial. The first premium was awarded to Danford's machine; the second to Burrall's; and the third to Manny's with Wood's Improvement.

At the Skaneateles Trial, seven machines were entered, viz., Manny's and Wood's, Kirby's, Ketchum's, Burrall's Wheeler's, Danford's, and Forbush's. The judges were guided in their decision by these points—durability, simplicity of construction, ease of draft, and execution of work. Time was no criterion. The attendance was large, and the trial said to be satisfactory. Each machine cut three-quarters of an acre. The Judges reported concisely as follows:—"We consider MANNY'S and WOOD'S machine best for execution of work and of light draft. KETCHUM'S for strength and durability, lightness of draft and execution of work, next best. BURRALL'S for simplicity of machinery and light draft, next. DANFORD'S for ease of draft and no liability to clog, and consider it a good machine." The judges further stated that "It was impossible to judge correctly of the comparative merits on so short a trial. Each machine seemed to have some decided advantages over others." [We condense preceding from a report kindly furnished us by Mr. W. M. BEAUCHAMP.]

The Monroe Trial took place July 1st, on the Society's Fair Grounds. Though the weather was unpropitious in the morning, the skies brightened at noon, and the afternoon proved very favorable. The attendance was unexpectedly large, and the competition greater than we had anticipated.—Twelve entries were made, as follows:—1. W. A. WOOD, Hoosick Falls, Manny's Reaper and Mower with Wood's improvement. 2. I. H. SUTHERLAND, Pittsford, Ketchum's Combined Mower and Reaper. 3. H. SUTHERLAND, Ketchum's Mower. 4. JOHN RAPALJE, Rochester, Ketchum's Mower. 5. R. L. ALLEN, New York, Allen's Mower. 6. G. W. BARTOW, Hemlock Lake, Danford's Mower. 7. SEYMOUR, MORGAN & CO., Brockport, Combined Mower and Reaper. 8. SHROUDS & KELLET, Poplar Ridge, Wheeler's Combined Mower and Reaper. 9. T. D. BURRALL, Geneva, Combined Mower and Reaper. 10. GEO. EVERHART, Penfield, McCormick's Combined Mower and Reaper. 11. JOHN THOMPSON, Churchville, Thompson's Combined Mower and Reaper. 12. S. HARMON, Wheatland, Wood's steel-box Mower.

The grass was very light, and consequently not a severe test. Most of the machines worked admirably, and good judges, aside from the Committee, were unable to determine which two or three, out of the whole number operated, were the best. For instance, while the awards of the Committee were generally concurred in, not a few spectators expressed the opinion that the machine entered by SEYMOUR, MORGAN & CO. was equal to any combined machine operated, and that Danford's Mower was entitled to a premium. Preferences were also expressed for BURRALL'S and other machines, yet we did not hear either the honesty or impartiality of the Committee called in question. The following is the Report of the Committee:

The committee would beg leave to report that they think themselves *very* honest and "*midlin*" capable, but they "can't make out," even to their own satisfaction, how the machines would work under all the varied circumstances of farm use, from the trial on the Fair Grounds—the surface being smooth and free from stones, and the grass light. We make grateful acknowledgments to the inventors and manufacturers for the efficient help which their machines render to the farmer in the critical and important time of haying and harvest, and we are exceedingly pleased with the working of each one of them. Compelled to express a preference, we report as follows, but recommend farmers to try for themselves, under circumstances that would better develop their strong and weak points:

We award the first premium for combined machine, to W. A. Wood, silver medal and $10.

Second premium for combined machine, to Seymour, Morgan & Co., five dollars.

First premium for single mower, to John Rapalje, silver medal and $10.

Second premium for single mower, to R. L. Allen, five dollars.

We would further say, in regard to combined machines, that our awards have been based upon their qualities as mowers, rather than as reapers—there having been no test of operation as reapers. Perhaps had we been allowed a trial in cutting grain, our awards might have been different, and the Committee, as well as parties interested, better satisfied. Some combined machines may have possessed qualities as reapers to overbalance the advantages of others as mowers.

Seymour & Morgan's machine is a self-raker, which is claimed to be of much value, saving the labor of one man, and doing the work much more perfectly. McCormick's, also a combined reaper and mower, has a world-wide reputation, which it has undoubtedly justly earned. Burrall's, Wheeler's, Danford's and Ketchum's patents were entered as combined machines, which were deserving of special notice; and farmers have their individual preference for each, and in the opinion of the committee, no one possesses all the good points, but each may have its advantages.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

F. F. ROOT, Sweden,
THOS. WRIGHT, Brighton,
H. T. BROOKS, Pearl Creek, Wyoming Co.
J. A. TYLER, Hector, Schuyler Co.,
E. BEEBE, Henrietta.

FORTY-FIVE DIFFERENT MACHINES have, it is said, already been entered for the Trial of Mowers and Reapers at Syracuse. They are from various parts of the Union, and were patented and manufactured in the States from which they entered.—Of the machines New York furnishes 19, Illinois 6, New Jersey 5, Ohio 4, Massachusetts 3, Indiana 2, and New Hampshire, Vermont, Michigan and Delaware each 1. The entries are of three classes, namely: Reapers, 33; Mowers, 41; and Combined Machines, 19—making in all 93 entries, some of the machines having been entered for all three, some for two, and some for only one of the medals.

MR. ALEXANDER'S STOCK.—A well informed correspondent furnishes "Porter's Spirit" the following list of stock on the farms of R. A. ALEXANDER, Esq., near Lexington, Ky.:—"He has 121 head of horses, divided as follows: 15 race horses, 9 of which are in training. 32 thorough-bred horses, blood mares, colts, and fillies, divided as follows: 2 stallions, 19 blood mares, and 11 colts and fillies. There were also 36 mares and 9 suckling colts on the farm that do not belong to Mr. ALEXANDER, which were sent here to be bred to his thorough-bred horses. These being added to the above number of 121 head, make 166 horses on the farm. There are 9 horses in training, as fast trotters, 3 of which are 2 year old entire colts. Mr. A. has 40 horses at his Scott county farm. He has 432 head of cattle, 94 thorough-bred (Short-horn) cows, 13 bulls, 33 bull calves, and 34 heifers of pure blood; balance of the stock consist of Alderney, Ayrshire and a few common cows; the balance have more or less of the Short-horn blood and are really fine stock. He had 547 head of sheep, of the Cotswold, and South-Down breed, a few common ewes, and some half-breed lambs. He has 368 head of hogs, their breed I do not know, but they are very fine."

—Mr. ALEXANDER is probably the most extensive owner and breeder of Improved Stock in the Union.

THE WHEAT MIDGE is, we regret to learn, again abroad in the land, and likely to cause much damage to wheat growers. WM. GARBUTT, Esq., of Wheatland, informs us that they have appeared in that locality more numerously than ever before, and he learns of their prevalence in other sections. He says the insect (midge) is so delicate that it can neither withstand rain, wind or the hot sun of mid-day, yet toward sunset of every fair day they swarm in myriads upon the wheat fields. What the result will be it is too early to determine, but our friend fears that the midge will prove more destructive this year than in any former season. We have no positive accounts as to the prevalence of the insect in other sections, and trust the wheat crop of Western New York will this year be spared.

THE DERBY AND OAKS.—These great races, run (the latter part of May,) at Epsom, England, were both won by a filly, "Blink Bonny." The time of the Derby was 2 minutes 45 seconds—of the oaks, (two days later,) 2 min. 50 sec.—both over the same mile and a half course. The nett value of both stakes was $46,575. This is the only time, except one, that the Derby has ever been won by a filly, and never before (except in 1801) did the same animal win both the Derby and Oaks. Sporting men and papers are of course excited at the event.

QUEER STOCK.—A Wankesha (Wis.) paper says that a mare owned by E. W. LURVEY, of that county, recently produced at one birth a horse colt and a mule. "The horse colt, after keeping its mulish twin brother company for a couple of days, shuffled off this mortal coil, probably becoming disgusted with the society or conduct of its unnatural relative. The mule is doing well."

The Young Ruralist.

A WORD TO BOY FARMERS.

Yours is a calling widely different from all others, different from the fact of its having in itself advantages of presenting to the mind of the young observer, such opportunities as is found in no other profession. Such a field for experiment—for the application of all science is no where else to found. It abounds in every-day novelties—presenting to the young, observing, progressive farmer boy, new and interesting topics for thought. The occupation of the agriculturalist carries along with it the very tendency to improve the youthful farmer as he advances to manhood—physically, morally, and mentally he is benefited, for he has early association with nature, and of necessity is required to study its heroes. He is becoming a student in earnest, who makes himself intimate with natures heroes.

Boy farmers should be educated. It has been thought that to become even a *good* farmer little or no education was required. This is an erroneous idea, according to the common acceptation of the term education. A man may know how to cultivate the soil—know how to manage a farm so as to almost invariably raise good crops,—he may understand the nature and properties of the soil, so as to apply the proper rotation in crops to avail himself of the most profit from his farm, yet I say, if he is a man that can neither read nor write, he is considered as having no education. Boys, is this a right impression? should we not rather give him credit for the knowledge that he possesses, and consider it only as a lamentable fact, that he cannot read, and that others are not farther advanced in education? As educated signifies furnished with knowledge or principles, it follows that the more knowledge of the principles of agriculture that a person is possessed of the more perfect his education in that branch of business. Boy farmers should be educated practically as well as scientifically, and morally I would say, for wide will be the field of influence of the rising generation of farmers,—they should become educated in a knowledge of all kinds of labor pertaining to their employment, as tillers of the soil; as well know how to turn the sod or clip the fleecy locks, as to solve algebraic problems, or translate Greek and Latin.

Every boy farmer can learn something new from observation during this present season; something worth treasuring up as a part of his education, which will in after life benefit himself. If you make any observations or experiments upon the farm, in the raising of crops, or stock, the depredations of insects, on anything pertaining to farming, write it out for publication in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, thereby you may benefit thousands of other young farmers, east and west, who hail the mail with a joyous welcome, that brings that Rural sheet.

Never, boys, harbor that old idea, that fast dying notion, that to be great, to be noble, you must be something more than a farmer; if it is proper to harbor pride on account of your occupation in life, you may safely be proud that you are a farmer boy.—O. P. D., *Palmyra, N. Y.*, 1857.

The Orchard and Garden.

NOTES ON PLANTS IN FLOWER

As the season of flowers advances we are so overwhelmed with striking and beautiful objects that we find great difficulty in particularizing such as are really the most worthy of note. We are now in the glory of the rose season, and those who live in the neighborhood of fine collections should visit them at once, as in no other way can they so well appreciate the beauty of the "Queen of Flowers," or make such selections as they may think most desirable. Those who desire a floral feast should visit the Genesee Valley and Mount Hope Nurseries where acres of roses in flower, presenting an inconceivably gorgeous display, may now be seen. Over seven hundred varieties are cultivated by our principal nurserymen.

HYBRID PERPETUAL ROSES.

The HYBRID PERPETUAL is the favorite class of roses for general culture. They are hardy, of vigorous, strong growth, luxuriant foliage, and large fragrant flowers, of all shades of color from white to brilliant crimson. The roses of this class are not constant bloomers, like the BENGAL, NOISETTE and BOURBON, but flower during the latter part of June and early in July; they then make a new growth and blossom again in August, giving a few flowers at intervals until winter, if the season is favorable. They do not bloom as freely in August as in June. We made a selection of about fifty varieties, but have room only for the following:

Giant of Battles, brilliant crimson, changing to deep purple; one of the finest of the dark roses. *Caroline de Sansel* is one of the most perfect and beautiful of the light colored flowers of this class, of a light rose color. *La Reine* is a superb flower, large and full, and of a kind of rosy lilac color, very sweet. *Glory of France* is a seedling of Giant of Battles, and much resembles it in color, but more double and irregular in form. *Baron Prevost* is a fine, deep rose, very large and full, and of vigorous growth. *Duchesse de Praslin*, beautiful blush, with dark centre. *Sidonia*, light rose color, and very large. *Dr. Arnal* is a very good form, and a brilliant deep red. *Lord Raglan* is one of the new French roses named after one of the Crimean Generals, of a dark purplish crimson, very large and fine. *Wm. Griffiths* is a beautiful rosy lilac, of fine form. *Madam Trudeux* is a light crimson, very double and well formed.

SUMMER ROSES.

Under the name of SUMMER ROSES are included all those varieties that blossom but once in a season, such as the Austrian or Yellow, the Prairie, the Provence, Damask, &c. We have space only to mention a very few of this class:

Chenedolle is very large, double and fragrant, the outside petals pink, and the center of a bright, brilliant crimson, giving the flower a very dazzling appearance. *Paul Ricaut*, a dark crimson, not very double, but a beautiful, showy flower. *Chas. Duval*, deep rose, large and good form. *Stadholder Sinensis*, blush, pink center, large and fine. *Aureti* is a well known blackish purple flower, quite globular. *Coupe de Hebe* is a most delicate and graceful flower, of a dark rose color. *Triumph de Bayeux*, a fine white. *Great Western* is a strong growing, dark rose. *Persian Yellow* is of a deep golden color, double; the finest hardy yellow rose. *Blanch Fleur*, pure white, in clusters.

CLIMBING COBEA.

The CLIMBING COBEA, of which we give an engraving, is now in flower in the green-houses. It is one of the more rapid growing of all our summer climbers. Plants in pots can be obtained of most of the nurserymen and florists, and if put out in the open ground about the first of June, by fall they will cover the side of a small house. The flower as shown in the engraving is only about one half the natural size. It is of a beautiful dark purple, and as the plant is a free bloomer, especially where it is favored with a sunny exposure, and continues to produce flowers for a long time, it is one of the most showy and desirable of our summer climbing plants. It secures itself by little tendrils to a rough wall or trellis, and therefore does not require tying. The first hard frost destroys it.

VERBENAS.

Among bedding out plants, VERBENAS are perhaps the most popular. We observe the following distinct varieties now in flower:—*Chauvierii*, deep rich crimson, dark eye; *Crimson King*, bright, crimson scarlet; *Auricula*, blue, with bright eye; *Admiration*, dark blue; *Blue Defiance*, light blue; *Etoile de Venus*, rose, with deep eye, very large; *Emperor of France*, blush, with deep center; *Brilliant de Vaise*, fine large truss, scarlet crimson, with violet shade; *Henry Clay*, fiery red; *Kurtz Defiance*, peach color; *Thalia*, pure white. In addition to the above, and the well known *Scarlet Defiance*, there are the following peculiar striped varieties: *Sarah*, lilac, with white stripes; *Mad. Lemounier*, pink, with white stripes; *Imperatrice Elizabeth*, purple striped, with very distinct, divided foliage.

HERBACEOUS PLANTS.

In HERBACEOUS PERENNIALS, or as they are commonly termed, *Hardy Border Plants*, we have only space to particularize the fine double *Spiræa filipendula*, the beautiful, light blue *Larkspur*, and the *Campanula*, white and blue. The *Picotees* and *Carnations* are neither good or plenty, though we observed a few fair specimens.

NORTHERN ILLINOIS ORCHARDING.

As one of your subscribers wishes for information in regard to fruit growing in Illinois, I thought, as I have lived here some time, and being of an observing turn of mind, I might possibly answer in a satisfactory manner his inquiries. Like all new countries, there has not been as much attention paid to the cultivation of fruit as there generally is in older settled portions of the country. Probably the oldest orchards in this town have not been set out over twelve or fifteen years. And as the two past winters have been very severe, the trees do not look as healthy and flourishing as they did previous to this. In almost every orchard some trees were entirely killed, and others so badly injured that probably they will never recover from its direful effects. But as these winters were universal in their sway, this blame cannot be attributed to the climate, as most likely (if the truth was known) other localities suffered alike severely with our own. But perhaps I have said enough to introduce the subject, and will, therefore, proceed to answer the several inquiries of your correspondent.

First, he wishes to know what kind of a country Illinois is for growing fruit? Apple trees in this part of Illinois flourish well where they are well taken care of. They are thrifty growers and young bearers; but as there are no scientific pomologists specially engaged in their cultivation, it is impossible to tell to what perfection they might be brought by proper cultivation. We have two kinds of country or soil here—the prairie and barrens. The prairies are naturally destitute of trees, with a black muck or dark sandy soil to the depth of two feet or more, then a gravel or clay stratum. The barrens are generally covered with a small growth of shrub oak, hazel and other underwood. The soil is a gravelly loam; sometimes clay and often very stony; the general aspect uneven and bluffy. The prairie is considered preferable for raising most kinds of crops, and fruit trees thrive the best, but I think do not bear as full as in the barrens.

The next inquiry is, will pears, apples and grapes do well between the latitudes of 38° and 40°. As I live north of this latitude, I cannot speak with as much certainty as I can of my own section—still, from all the information I can obtain, and the little observation I have had the opportunity of making in that locality, I believe it fully equal or superior to this, for successfully cultivating these kinds of fruit. The grape has been but little cultivated here, and in my opinion is more subject to mildew and other diseases than in some other climates.—The pear has not been sufficiently experimented on to know what might be the results of a thorough culture, yet those few trees that I have noticed look tolerably well and inclined to bear young.

The poor peach trees were all killed winter before last, and there is none left old enough to tell the story; yet I remember of eating some luscious fruit from their heavy laden boughs previous to their general destruction. In certain localities the peach tree grows well and bears abundantly, but I think it will not (and I might say the same of most other kinds of fruit trees) attain to so great an age as it does in Western New York. The cherry and plum do well. They have the curculio and other insects to contend against here as well as elsewhere. Strawberries, flowers and shrubbery can be raised to perfection here.

The third inquiry, "Can fruit be raised in that country that will be as good to ship to any climate as that grown in Western New York?"—can only be answered by inference drawn from the appearance of the fruit, and what little experiments the short time and limited quantity have permitted us to try. Western New York has the advantage in age and experience, but I think not in natural ability for raising good fruit for other markets. Most of the apples raised here are natural fruit; yet I think for size and flavor I never saw their superiors even in Western New York.—At our fairs we often see very excellent fruit exhibited.

I now come to the last inquiry. "Is the climate there such that a fruit crop will not fail more than once in ten years?" Now it is quite doubtful to me—taken in its broadest sense—if there is such a climate anywhere in these Northern States. Apples are the least liable to a failure of any kind of fruit; yet I would not say that there is not a possibility of their failing as a crop oftener than once in ten years. Yet, I do think that you are as sure of a crop as in most any other country. I hope, now that I have so far answered the inquiries of your correspondent as to afford him some little information in regard to the prospects of fruit growing in Illinois, and if so, I feel myself amply rewarded, and hope that some older and wiser person will still pursue the theme and give further information in regard to this subject.

Barlington, Cook Co., Ill., June, '57. L. M. HOLBROOK.

SUMMER PRUNING THE VINE.

MR. EDITOR:—As the season for summer pruning of the Grape vine is near in Western New York, and similar localities, an article on that subject will be useful to many of your readers.—Seeing how many vines there are large enough to produce bushels of fruit, and the crop is lost by the neglect of summer pruning, I send my mite to show that there is a better way. Vines can be pruned to any shape to suit the owner, where poultry will not disturb the fruit, on trellises running east and west as high as a man can reach, as shown in late numbers of the RURAL. From the root extend off each way as far as desired for permanent old wood, and from this, every four feet, let branches grow as long as they will for upright old wood, (to be pruned off in autumn where they reach the top of the trellises.) Next season from this upright old wood at every leaf comes out the branches for the crop of fruit. At every good sized leaf on these branches is two buds—one of them what I call a limb bud; the other is the next season's fruit bud. Now, reader, bear in mind these distinctions that I make, that when I refer to them you will understand which I mean.

I don't think best to summer prune until just before the first blossoms appear. At that time there will be numerous sprouts on the old wood, caused by the pruning of autumn or winter. Just before the blossoms appear give a thorough pruning, to have the vines crowded with sap to help set the fruit thick on the clusters; then the fruit will exhaust this overplus supply of sap, and less sprouts will start out on the old wood. Before you commence summer pruning make your calculations what you want to save for the next season's upright old wood; it can be done in two ways—one is to save the upright old wood for a term of years; the other is to renew it every year, which will be less liable to injure the old wood and give the vines a more thrifty appearance, as only two years' growth of wood is removed at a time. In this case save the lowest branch on the upright old wood, and keep all the limbs off from it. It will make just as good growth laying on the ground under the old wood and won't shade the fruit when there. All the rest of the branches above this on the upright old wood can be pruned as follows:—Above the fourth leaf, above the fruit, trim all the limbs off but the last one, and that above the first leaf, and so on, always saving one limb bud, or the next season's fruit buds will be forced forward, and blossoms appear at any time through the season. From reading and close observation I have found that to get large and well ripened fruit, it must have all the sunshine you can give it, and the vines so pruned that they are always crowded with sap while the fruit is making its growth.

I will state a single case about mildew just as I found it, as it shows so plain why so much fruit is spoiled by it. My old vines are spread on flats overhead made by setting fence rails and poles in the ground. Across the tops of these are fence boards fastened to lay narrower strips on to hold the vines and fruit up. A fence board laying across one place, a branch of the vine grew across the board, and a cluster formed on the branch and hung close under the north side of the board, where I don't think the sun shone on it all summer, while another cluster on the same branch lay on the board. When I gathered the fruit, the cluster that hung close under the north side of the board had every grape mildewed, while every grape of the cluster that lay on the board was perfect. Now, reader, if you look for mildew get into a thicket of leaves where the fruit is shaded. Its first appearance, when the grape is about half grown, makes the fruit look as though some wheat flour had been dusted on it. ALVIN WILCOX.

West Bloomfield, June, 1857.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

BLACK KNOT—THE ANGERS QUINCE, &c.

WHILE renewing my subscription I will ask a question or two, an answer to which will no doubt be of benefit to others as well as myself. If my memory serves me correctly a correspondent asked some time since a remedy for the black knot on cherry trees, and if I mistake not you considered its appearance something new, and hoped your correspondent had mistaken the disease. A year ago the common red or English cherry trees of this section were very much affected with this disease, if such it may be called, and I designed to go through my trees and remove all twigs containing the unsightly excrescences and commit them to the flames, but a pressure of work prevented. This season these knots have appeared thicker than ever, all of which, so far as I have examined, contain a worm or its embryo, specimens of which I now enclose. Information wanted as to the character, cause, habits, prevention, cure, &c. The variety above named is the only one affected. The cherry crop of all varieties is a total failure this season in this vicinity, there not being quarts where there are generally bushels.

The next topic on which I seek information is the Quince. The RURAL says the *Anger* is the only variety on which some kinds of pear will succeed and the only kind in general use. In this section we have but two kinds, and they are known as the *Apple* and *Pear* quince. Some assert they are all the kinds known, but that they exist in other localities under a different name. An old grafter and budder has been around here this season and has grafted many of the common or pear variety with the pear, asserting that they will do equally as well as on another variety. Our *Pear Quince* is generally a knotty wormy fruit.—The apple, being more fair, is more sought for and brings a better price. Is the fruit of the *Anger* superior to either of the above? Is the *Anger* and *Orleans* two distinct varieties? I have a graft and several buds of the pear growing on our common pear shape quince, with a view of testing its success. I might add a host of other questions, but for fear of imposing too great a tax upon your time, I postpone them to some future period. A YOUNG FARMER.

West Bloomfield, Essex Co., N. J., 1857.

REMARKS.—The specimens received are the regular *Black Knot*, which affects the Plum and sometimes the Cherry. The only remedy we know of is to cut them away as fast as they make their appearance. The *Wart* or *Knot* can be detected in its incipient stages, before even the outer skin of the bark is broken, by the tumid condition of the bark. They should be immediately cut away. Neither the Pear nor Orange Quince will answer as stocks for the Pear. They make too slow and feeble a growth, and only a few varieties of the Pear will form a union with them. Disappointment and vexation is the result of all attempts to make "*Dwarf Pears*" on this stock. The *Angers Quince* is the kind used for pear stocks, and it makes a rapid vigorous growth. The *Orleans* is different from the *Angers*, but similar to the *Fontenay*.

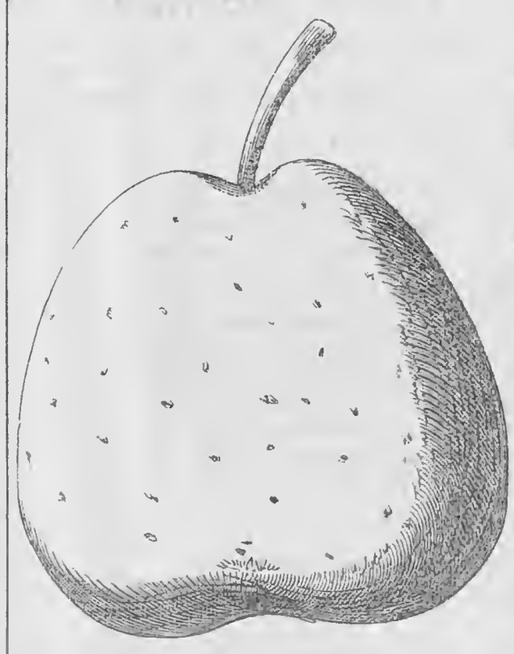
ROSE SLUGS.—EDS. RURAL:—Can you give me any light upon the insect from which the rose slug springs? I have thought as prevention is better than cure, that if I could find that out, I might do something this season, to save my roses. By communicating your knowledge you will greatly oblige a constant reader.—F. A. ALLING, *New Haven, N. Y.*

REMARKS.—It is unfortunate that the habits of destructive insects have been so little studied in this country. We are not acquainted with the nature of one-tenth part of the insects that injure our flowers, or destroy our fruits and grain. Prof. HARRIS has done invaluable service by his investigations, and we hope Dr. FITCH will continue if not complete the work so well begun. The slug is is produced from the eggs of a fly which Prof. HARRIS calls *Salandria Rosæ*. They come out of the ground about the first of June, and the female makes an incision in the skin of the rose leaf, and inserts one egg in each leaf. In about ten or twelve days the slug is hatched. They then commence to feed upon the upper surface of the leaf in irregular patches, leaving the veins and the skin beneath untouched. They cast their skin several times during their growth, and arrive at maturity in three or four weeks. They then leave the rose bushes and burrow to the depth of an inch or so in the ground. They transform to flies, come out of the ground again early in August, and lay the eggs for a second brood of young slugs. The easiest way to destroy this insect is in the slug state. Dusting lime or ashes over them will aid in destroying them. Tobacco water also, will be found of service, and whale oil soap, two pounds of the soap to fifteen gallons of water is recommended by Prof. HARRIS. A correspondent informs us that he has found the water in which potatoes are boiled to be destructive to all insects. This hardly looks reasonable, but it would be a small matter to test its truth.

HEDGE PLANTS.—The Canisteo Valley at this place is 1,194 feet above tide, and the hills are from two to four hundred feet higher yet. Now do you believe that the Osage Orange would flourish here? If you think that the climate is not an insurmountable obstacle, I would try the Osage. Nothing can be better for hedging than our native thorn, and I would use it if I knew how to propagate it. But how are the plants to be obtained? you cannot depend on the seed germinating. It has occurred to me that they might possibly do well grafted on young apple trees close to the ground; or that they might be propagated by cuttings, but I know nothing about it, and I never saw anything on these points in the papers. Show me how to propagate native thorn, and I never would seek a foreign plant.—M. HURLBERT, *Oakport, Steuben Co., N. Y.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—We have seen the Osage Orange uninjured on the prairies of the West, although the apple trees in the orchard were killed by the severity of the previous winters, the thermometer falling as low as 28 or 30° below zero. This season, however, we have seen in the western agricultural papers some complaints of injury by the last winter. The Osage is as hardy as an apple tree. To procure plants of the native thorn you will have to gather the seed and plant it in a bed, in the fall. Most of it will not germinate until the second spring.

THE HUNTINGTON PEAR.



THIS Pear was exhibited at the meeting of the American Pomological Society in this city, last fall. It was introduced by Dr. C. W. GRANT, of Newburgh, from S. P. CARPENTER, of New Rochelle. These specimens were then examined, but in the multitude of business before the Committees and Society, could not, of course, receive very special attention. Subsequently specimens were sent to the chairman of the *Native Fruit Committee*, Dr. W. D. BRINCKLE, of Philadelphia, who notices it freely in an "*Intermediate Native Fruit Report*."

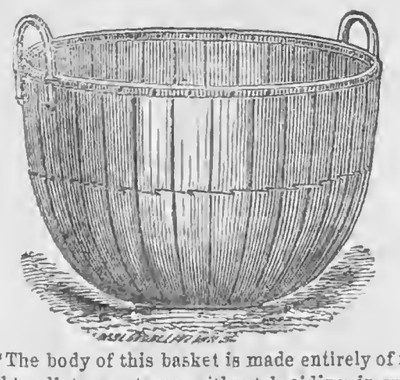
We give the following description, &c., from the report:—"The Huntington was found growing in the woods, and, while small, was taken up by the late JAMES HUNTINGTON, Esq., of New Rochelle, and planted in front of his residence. The tree is now twenty or thirty years old, and pyramidal in its growth. Having been planted in a shallow, stony piece of ground, it does not appear to thrive well, although it produces fruit of an excellent quality.

Size, rather under medium, 2 inches long by 2 and 5-16ths broad. *Form*, roundish-obovate, broad at the crown, tapering to the base, sometimes resembling in appearance the Vesouziere. *Skin*, yellow, with a number of russet dots, and not unfrequently a red cheek. *Stem*, from five-eighths to one inch long by one-eighth thick, inserted in a moderately open cavity, which occasionally is quite wide and shallow. *Calyx*, rather large, set in a wide, not very deep basin. *Core*, medium. *Seed*, dark brown, obovate, five-sixteenths of an inch long, three-sixteenths broad, one-eighth thick. *Flesh*, fine texture and buttery. *Flavor*, slightly vinous, with a peculiar delicate aroma.—*Quality*, "very good." *Maturity*, middle of September.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

ELLIS' PATENT BASKET.

THE annexed engraving represents a new style horn Basket, recently invented by Mr. J. A. H. ELLIS, of Springfield, Vt., to whom a patent was granted April 7th, 1857. We have not only examined, but pretty thoroughly tested the strength and "hanging" properties of one of these baskets, and think the invention decidedly valuable. It is thus described by Mr. ELLIS:



"The body of this basket is made entirely of upright splints or staves, without braiding in cross strands. These splints are nearly an eighth of an inch in thickness, and are held firmly in place between the two pieces of thin board that forms the bottom and the two hoops that form the top binding or rim, by wrought nails that pass through each splint and clinch on the inside. The two pieces that form the bottom are placed with the grains of each piece running at right angles across the other, so that when the nails are driven and clinched it prevents their warping or splitting, thus forming a very strong bottom on which the basket may be dragged about without danger of breaking or wearing out. The rim at the top being fastened with wrought nails that clinch, is very strong and does not become loose and let the handles slip out. A flexible wire hoop passes around the centre of the basket, which is fastened to each splint, separately, confining them firmly in their places at that point,—thus forming a light, strong basket, capable of doing a much greater amount of service than the best quality of those made in the old style. All the various sizes are accurate, reliable vegetable measures, which is a very valuable addition for farm purposes. Their form is such that the same sizes let down into each other, so as to occupy but little space when shipped or stored.—They are also stained and varnished, which protects them from the weather, and gives them a beautiful finish."

These baskets are sold at about the same price as those made in the ordinary style. Mr. ELLIS is manufacturing them extensively, by machinery, at Springfield, and they are being rapidly introduced in various parts of the country.

VELLUM PAPER.—A new method has been discovered of investing ordinary paper with many of the most useful properties of parchment. The effect is attained by merely drawing a piece of common unsized paper through a mixture of two parts of concentrated sulphuric acid with one part of water, and then immediately and thoroughly washing it in water. If the acid either exceeds or falls below the above named strength, then the quality of the parchment paper is deteriorated. Paper thus prepared is so strong that a ring of it, ⅞ inch in width, will sustain from 63 to 110 pounds. This paper, from its strength and durability, is suitable for legal deeds, policies of insurance, &c.; having the appearance of vellum, it is likely to supercede the use of that article in book-binding; it will receive oil colors, and will answer perfectly for maps and engravings.

FIRE-PROOF DRESS.—The Parisians have invented a fire-proof dress for firemen. It consists of a hood, the edges of which cover the shoulders and left sleeve, the right arm being protected by a shield, and of pantaloons fastened by hooks, made from a metallic tissue called amianthus. Experiments were made by four firemen clothed in such a dress. They withstood an intense heat two minutes and forty-four seconds. A bar of iron, heated to whiteness, was carried three minutes by a man whose hands were protected by amianthus gloves. A fire was kindled with straw and wood in a casting boiler, and when intensely hot, a fireman was placed in it, and remained ninety seconds. Another, protected by amianthus cotton, withstood the direct action of the flames upon his head three minutes and forty-seven seconds.

USE OF HORN IN THE ARTS.—It is not generally known that horn, when peculiarly treated, and especially the clippings and waste thereof, may be used for the manufacture of artificial hair, answering as a substitute for natural hair to all intents and purposes. To this end the horn, after being chemically prepared, has but to be rolled into bands and then cut into threads. Such hair may be used advantageously instead of horse hair, and similar descriptions, and they can even be manufactured long enough to be woven into different fabrics. In its soft and elastic state, the horn mass may be colored and used for bookbinding, veneering fancy boxes, &c.; and, by pressure, may be worked into ornamental forms of various descriptions, as, for instance, door plates, cane knobs, pistol heads, &c.

MARINE ENGINES.—A prize of $600 is offered by the French Academy of Sciences, for the best paper "on the application of steam to the navy." The papers are to be sent in before the first day of November of the present year. It must be remembered that during the last five years, numerous systems have been experimented on a large scale in the French navy, both as regards the motor itself and the mechanism by which the power generated is transformed into a motion of the vessel. The prize will, no doubt, be awarded, not to the best treatise on the subject, as such treatises are numerous and good, both in French and English, but to the essay which will state the most remarkable new truth.

THE bones of birds are hollow, and filled with air instead of marrow.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A LOVE STORY.

BY MAGGIE STEWARY.

SWEET FLOWERS grew by the streamlet,
Where first I learned to love!
The song-birds trilled 'mong the branches,
And the sun shone bright above:
Light zephyrs played with the leaflets,
And fanned my happy brow,
While the stream ran on with its murmur
'Neath the waving willow bough.

Oh! my life was full of gladness,
Pure bliss without alloy!
The merry notes of the song-birds
Were echoes of my joy!
To sit by thy side and listen—
Thy voice!—I hear it now—
While the stream ran on with its murmur
'Neath the waving willow bough.

I've sat by the rippling streamlet
In those dreamy summer-days,
While Fancy and Hope were singing
Their sweet delusive lays
Of Love and a happy Future,
No care to shade my brow!
While the stream ran on with its murmur
'Neath the waving willow bough.

I often read in the twilight
Sweet "Memory's tablets" o'er,
And sigh, that I'll meet thy greeting
And wondrous smile *no more*.
"Thou hast learned to love another,"
To greet *me* coldly *now*,
While the stream runs on with its murmur
'Neath the waving willow bough.

The flowers are dead by the streamlet,
And hushed its musical chime,
The birds sing not 'mong the branches,
They've flown to a sunnier clime;
And my heart's young love has vanished,
For "thou lovest another now,"
And I'll list no more to the murmur
'Neath the waving willow bough.

She sleeps by the rippling streamlet
Where the dewy grass-blades wave;
And the birds sing sweetly above her,
And violets bloom o'er her grave;
The winds moan loud 'mong the branches,
Yet they cannot disturb her now,
And the stream runs on with its murmur
'Neath the waving willow bough.

We folded the snowy grave-shroud
Over the still cold breast,
And wept o'er the young life blighted,
Now free from wild unrest,
O'er the "wreck of her heart's rich venture—"
Yet, "she is happy now,"
We read by the musical murmur
'Neath the waving willow bough.

Oneida, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

REMINISCENCES OF JOY AND SADNESS.

THERE are glad hearts in that little cottage, nestling down beside those great hills, with the broad expanse of meadow spread out like a carpet at their feet. Happiness has entered there in the form of a sweet, blue-eyed cherub. And as the young mother gazes upon those tiny features, and presses that tender form to her bosom, she thinks no other in all the wide, wide world so blest as she. The father, too, casts a proud, loving glance upon the helpless stranger, and raises his heart in thankfulness to GOD for a gift so precious.

It is their first—their only. No wonder that mother's heart is filled with a deep, strange yearning, unknown before. That little embodied spirit comes to her as pure and sinless as an angel.—Will it always remain thus? Will the blighting effects of sin ever become visible in that gentle mind? She often sighs that it may not be. Her desire to the Father above is, that, as the delicate casket expands and becomes more beautiful, the soul within may receive no impression that shall tend to mar its loveliness; yet well she knows that it is subject to a fearful spoiler's power, who ever seeketh to destroy the innocent of earth. Therefore she craveth from above, grace and skill sufficient to enable her to guard well the sacred trust committed to her keeping.

The Spring flowers bloom and cast their fragrance to the breeze, and the feathered songsters pour forth their melodious warblings around the rural dwelling—but the little birdling within woos the mother by its own joyous carollings, and the joyous parent thinks no other music half so sweet. With her dearest earthly friend in the full vigor of his manhood by her side, and her wee baby boy singing his merry "agoo" in her arms, she feels her cup of happiness full to overflowing.

* * * * * * * *

Months have passed by on swift wings into eternity. A sad change has come over the spirits in that once happy home. That little baby one—the centre of attraction there—is moaning in pain. Disease has lain his withering hand upon that frail form, and the shadow of the Death Angel is already over him. Dear friends and kind, are near—striving, but vainly, to stay the progress of the malady. The hearts of those young parents are well nigh crushed with anguish—tears flow unbidden from that mother's eyes—strange, fearful forbodings press with weight upon her soul—yet she cannot believe her sweet babe, her darling EDDIE, is to be snatched from her embrace. Her heart arises in earnest entreaties to GOD to restore to health her loved, her only child. "If it be possible, oh, my Father, 'let this cup pass from me'—but if Thou hast otherwise decreed, prepare my heart to yield with cheerful submission to Thy will."

The dark, still night approaches, but it brings little hope or comfort to those sad watchers by the couch of pain. The little sufferer's shrieks of agony become less and less frequent—that weary, aching head, which for long hours has been rolling from side to side upon its fevered pillow, now lies almost motionless and still, and the half-closed eyelids seem to betoken relief from pain. Oh, how the mother fondly hopes that sleep, sweet restorer, is soothing his weary spirit to a calm repose. Ah, yes—he sleeps now, anxious mother—but alas! it is "the sleep that knows no waking."

Before midnight's solemn hour arrives, another happy spirit has gone to join that glorious infant throng in Paradise, whose golden harps are attuned to the praise of that Savior who, ages long past, gathered just such little ones in his bosom and said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Death found strange beauty on that cherub brow
And dashed it out Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness—with ruthless haste
He bound the silken fringes of their curtaining lids
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound with which
The babe would claim the mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears—the spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile so fixed
And holy from that marble brow—Death gazed and left
It there—he dared not steal the signet-ring of Heaven."

Orangeville, N. Y., 1857. M. A. C. B.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

JUSTICE TO ALL.

IT seems to be a hard thing for erring human nature, in condemning the faults of others, to look on both sides of the matter, with a calm, disinterested, unprejudiced eye. If we begin to blame any body or thing, we condemn indiscriminately, forgetting the influences, or causes, which lead to such and such evils. For instance, "MRS. RURAL" has her grievances and difficulties, and no doubt there are many women who have the same, or worse; but "Mr. RURAL" takes up against her, contending that she pictures but one side. It is not evident to me that "Mrs. RURAL," or any other common sense woman, wishes or expects her husband to stay in the house all day, and "keep fires, rock the cradle, &c.," nor does she deem it a light task, to plow, sow and mow beneath a broiling sun. She complained of the thousand inconveniences and trifles, which summed together, successive days and years, added to, and augmented, a wife's and mother's never-ending, petty cares, which form the wear and tear of life. These are trifles, which a very little forethought and care, often times, would spare her constantly taxed and wasting energies.

"Mr. RURAL" may not be wilfully neglectful—indeed, I believe few men are—but they postpone, overlook, and forget. Men labor harder for the time being, but they have seasons of repose, rest—the evenings, the Sabbath, and the days of storm—when the mind and body are refreshed and recruited, with reading and recreation. But a wife and mother—especially a farmer's—never ceases to toil in the kitchen, or nursery. Storm or sunshine—all is the same to her. Yet she would not grumble; her cares and burdens are precious, if sweetened by the sunshine of her existence—love and kindness.

Women and men, cannot "change work;" they are each fitted for the peculiar duties of their position; and we cannot but think, if husbands and wives were bound together in one interest, mutually supporting, loving and forbearing—constantly endeavoring to see the good, and forgive the evil—we should hear less complaining, and see many more healthful, happy faces. ELISE.

SWEETER FAR IN HEAVEN.

IT was evening—bright star-kissed evening. We were seated alone at the piano, breathing a song of beauty and joy; and as our fingers glided lightly up the silver-keyed octaves, and music, "the soul of beauty," gushed forth responsive to our touch, it seemed that nowhere in this glad earth could there be hearts beating heavily, so light and joyous were our own. The last echo had died away in the distance, and turning from the instrument, our eye rested upon the silvered locks and bending form of one, whose countenance bespoke a pure and noble heart. We had never met before, but he whispered softly, while a smile of beauty wreathed his colorless lips:—"Young maiden, 'twill be sweeter far in Heaven." O, how those few simple words changed the current of our thoughts; and when, in words of winning eloquence, he spoke of the comforts of our holy religion, and urged us to consecrate our life, our talents, our all, to the service of our Maker, we too, might know the source of joy; if, like him, we, too, might see unfolding, before our spirit's vision, the glories of the Celestial City.

Weeks fled, and that old man, wearied of earth, folded his thin arms and went to sleep. They laid him to rest, away in the church-yard; but we knew that there was but the casket—that the spirit, no longer fettered, was basking in the sunlight of the Savior's smile; and his voice, no longer tremulous, mingled in the anthems of the "just made perfect." Yes, gifted one, the Autumn winds are sighing mournfully around thy tomb, and faded leaves, typical of life, are scattered o'er thy pulseless heart; yet thy influence cannot die. The hearts won by thee from paths of sin, are weaving garlands of affectionate gratitude to twine around thy memory; and when at twilight hour we breathe a song of the "olden time," beautiful, indeed, through the vista of the past, comes the remembrance of those joy-inspiring words:—"'Twill be sweeter far in Heaven!"

THE BETTER LAND.—Our relatives in eternity outnumber our relatives in time. The catalogue of the living we love becomes less, and in anticipation we see the perpetually lengthening train of the departed; and by their flight our affections grow gradually less glued to earth and more allied to Heaven. It is not in vain that the images of departed children, and near and dear ones, are laid up in memory, as in a picture gallery, from which the ceaseless surge of this world's cares cannot obliterate them. They wait there for the light of the resurrection day, to stand forth holy, beautiful and happy—our fellow worshipers forever.

A BEAUTIFUL TRUTH.—Benjamin F. Taylor, the author of "January and June," and one of the editors of the Chicago Journal, never uttered a more truthful and beautiful sentiment (and he has spoken many) than when he said that "she who has been a good daughter, a loving wife and an old-fashioned mother, is pretty near ready for an abundant entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven. A home without a girl in it is only half blest; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the firesides, are like the rose in Sharon."

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Some one has said of those who die young, that they are like the lambs which the Alpine shepherds bear in their arms to higher, greener pastures, that the flocks may follow.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A HANDFUL OF WOOD FLOWERS.

BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

WE wandered through the budding wood,
Beneath the cold and cloudy skies,
O'er Sanguinary's roots of blood,
And flowers as soft as SARAH'S eyes—
Some white as snows,
Some red as EMMA'S lips of rose.

Oh let me kiss the clustering cheeks,
Of sweet spring-beauties blushing here,
Where the young leaf whispering speaks,
Words of balm to the bending ear,
Within these bowers,
Witness the waltzing of the flowers.

Frail Violets, yellow, white and blue,
Fair children of yon orb of gold,
Look up with eyes of varied hue,
Like orphans trembling in the cold,
I'll take you home
In a bouquet to cheer my room.

The White Wake Robin and the Red,
The Orchis with its leaves of pink—
The Seal of Solomon, whose head
Is bowed in thought, if flowers can think,
Here bees drink up
Sweet dews from the Metalla's cup.

The Erethronium, modest queen,
Of all the early woodland flowers,
Here crowned with gold and clad in green,
Unrivalled reigns within these bowers,
Yet none have sung
The beauty of the Adder's tongue.

I love the simple wild-wood blossom,
With love too pure for words to tell,
And I would press unto my bosom
The rustic lass before the bell,
The Country Rose
Will reign where Lilies mock the snows.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE LANGUAGE OF SCIENCE AND OF SENSE.

THERE is a language of science and a language of sense. The language of science is that which is used by philosophers, sages and scholars. In the infancy of the world's history, science was almost unknown, and hence no language alone peculiar to it, was needed. But in the progress of time the human mind was not satisfied with merely contemplating natural phenomena and receiving as a true interpretation thereof what was simply apparent from a natural and causual observation, but began to investigate, reflect and classify. To do this advantageously, new terms, different from the ordinary language of men, were employed. Gradually, step by step, as the discoveries of science were made, the language appropriate thereto was improved and enlarged, until the language of science is separate and distinct, and intelligible but to those who, by study and reflection, acquaint themselves therewith.

The language of sense is that of men in the everyday business of life. It is the language employed to convey our thoughts and feelings, and impressions of the outward world such as it appears to our senses. It describes the impressions of objects made on our senses as they appear not as they really are. It is the language of nature and never changes. Neither the accidents of time, nor the controlling influences of climate or the refinements of civilization have any power to modify it. The dialect may be different, but the *language*, that lies beneath the mere words, is the same. It is the same in the sublime yet simple Hebrew tongue, in the flexible and versatile Greek, in the terse and rigid Latin, and in the homely, vigorous Anglo-Saxon. When we speak of the sun rising or setting, or as it is in Hebrew, of his coming forth and going in; of the stars as simply spangles or round, shining points; of the vault of heaven above; of the moon waxing and waning, being a full, half, and quarter moon; of the high seas; we use the language of sense. The sun seems to us to rise in the east and set in the west, and so we express it. But the language of science is, that the revolutions of the earth cause these changes, thereby correcting our imperfect natural impressions. Science tells us that the stars are suns and planets; that there is no arch above us, but an atmosphere or space illimitable; that there are no such in reality as a full, half and quarter moon, but that from her peculiar positions in relation to our earth, she merely appears thus to us; that the sea is not higher, but lower than the beach it laves.

The language of sense is the language we learn and are taught in childhood, and employ in the maturer years of manhood. It is used as often by the greatest philosopher as the simplest peasant; by the immortal LA PLACE, COPERNICUS, GALILEO and NEWTON, as well as by the little child or the unlearned rustic. The language of science must be employed by the philosopher, the sage, or the scholar while in the study or laboratory making investigations strictly scientific, but in the practical affairs of life the language of sense is more appropriately used. A. J. E.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857.

HAPPINESS OF WORKING MEN.—The situation or social position of the poor—and by that word we mean the laboring population—is by no means so deficient in the means of happiness and comfort as many are led to believe. "The mechanics," says Lord Byron, "and working classes who can maintain their families, are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness; but it is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless, numeaning dissipation of the higher orders." A popular author says, "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his faculties, going forth in a morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night."—*Law Magazine.*

GAIETY is to good humor as annual perfumes to vegetable fragrance. The one over-powers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; good humor boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PEN SCRATCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

NO III.—MRS. SUNNYSIDE.

IN giving a sketch of MRS. SUNNYSIDE, I do not find as much satisfaction as I did in delineating the character of her noble husband. It has often been remarked that men of powerful intellects are prone to select wives of a very inferior mold, women who never care to look into a book—quiet, faithful home-bodies, whose reverence for their gifted partners is deepened into absolute awe by a wholesome knowledge of their own mental inferiority.

Would it were in my power to paint MRS. SUNNYSIDE as one of these fine, womanly souls, with a sufficiency of intellect, however, to comprehend her companion, and enough of veneration to enable her to accord him the honor and respect his superiority merits. I would not wish her to be one of your "women's rights" women—the strong-minded of our sex who are ready and eager to do battle in behalf of their down-trodden sisters, but a gentle creature, all love and womanliness, with a thoughtful, inquiring mind, yet quiet and retiring by nature, choosing rather at all times to listen than to speak, but ready to give a clear and concise opinion upon subjects within the limits of her comprehension, when occasion requires. MRS. SUNNYSIDE is not of this kind. She is a showy-looking woman of the brunette order; fond of dress and display, and the most inveterate talker one would meet in a day's search. One who says so much must of necessity say some silly things, and MRS. SUNNYSIDE'S silly sayings greatly outweigh her sensible ones.

She affects to be fond of reading, and spends hours in her husband's library poring, with the most praiseworthy zeal, over books that are far beyond her depth. It is sad, and amusing, too, to hear her descant upon things she has read. Her impressions are totally different from those of other people, or, rather, she loses the point of the author's thought, and takes in only the most common-place suggestions.

Farmer SUNNYSIDE invariably listens to her expositions with the most gentlemanly patience, never, by a word or look, betraying a knowledge of the blunders she is perpetually making. I doubt if he ever attempted to awaken her mind to a sense of its inefficiency, but if he had, the attempt was foolish and in vain. If a thing is black in her belief and white in that of everybody's else, she will defend her own judgment against that of all the world, and if she resolved to do a thing, she would carry it through right or wrong, if all her family and friends were to be grieved and offended thereby. This peculiarity, which is denominated obstinacy by most people, is dignified as firmness by the lady herself. I shall speak of her again at some future day. Adieu for the present.

MORE ANON.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SOMETHING ABOUT POETRY.

ONE would think by the flood of rhyme that the tendency of the age was all to poetry. The ponderous Quarterly is sprinkled with poetry—the graceful Monthly is filled with poetry—the regular Weekly is beaded with poetry, and the commercial Daily intersperses poetry with the records of the rush and hurry of everyday life. In fact poetry is all the rage just now, and bushels of it can be had for a mere song. The publisher is offered it, the editor is offered it, and the people are offered it. "Poem" after "poem" is given to the world and never read; volume after volume falls from the press, and only to be neglected and forgotten.

And yet this is the effect of a natural cause. The flood of scribblers has cheapened the standard article, and the imitation has depreciated the value of the original. There is too much of the flash, and too little of the diamond. It would seem, from the most of the fugitive rhymes of the day, that there was no effort at a clear, elevated style, intense earnestness, or exquisite finish—no effort to rise above the common-place and conventional style so universally prevalent, to a graceful command of language—a perfect mastery over its sterner ruggedness—a hurry and glow of feeling, and which always finds a response in some aspiring heart, as the expressive utterance of what had long been felt.

This is the elevation at which every poet should aim, and by a buoyancy of thought and expression strive to elucidate the inner and nobler life of every human heart, whether it gives expression to its mental conceptions or not. The thoughts that flow from such a pen, will make their mark, even among the purest in versification, and thrill a multitude of hearts like some sweet echo that comes over from the realm of sound. W. E. K.

"AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED."—The room is darkened. The fire burns clear and bright; and through a door that opens from the bedroom into the dressing-room, one can discern another brighter fire; a towel-horse, covered with small articles of delicate baby-linen, a little cot, shaded with curtains of rose-silk and white lace; and on the tiny pillow a small head in a little many frilled and reeved white cambric cap, and a tiny, soft, velvet face of dusky red, the eyes so tightly closed as to form only two lines, the mouth the same, and the miniature fists, crimson as the face, tightly clenched, as if ready for the "battle of life." On a table, close to the little swing-cot, was the *bassinette*—its central object and chief glory being a large, square, white satin pin-cushion, frilled with lace, studded with pins enough to last a life, if pins ever did last, and encircled by a silver wreath of the bright heads of these "friends in need"—the words, "WELCOME, SWEET BABE!"

TRIFLES.—The world is made up of trifles. The grand movements of great events, and the changes of empires, are founded in causes, very generally, which would be pronounced trifles by the world. Yes, "trifles light as air" have led to some of the most important discoveries we have. The fall of an apple gave Newton the clue to gravitation; the rising up of the lid of a teakettle gave us our railroads, steamboats, ocean steamers, and a thousand other things—not to speak of the press—that, combined, put the world centuries ahead in the mysteries of the universe and the purposes of God. To the observation of a flower dimly pictured on a stone, we owe the philosophical researches in chemistry, and light which ultimately gave us the daguerreotype.

JOTTINGS DOWN ABOUT HOMES.

HALF a century ago the muse of Keats sung in her plaintive tones, so full of pathos, that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." For the latitude of Italy, with its concentrated wealth of thirty centuries moulded into every form of tasteful beauty, and with nature stamped with the last "ascending footstep of the God," the line of the author of Endymion is truthful and suggestive. But a thing may in itself be beautiful, and yet when viewed in connection with its surroundings—an individual in a mass, an element in a whole—it may, from the incongruity of the ensemble, strike the beholder with indifference, if not aversion. In the grouping of objects strict regard must be had to the blendings and contrasts, that neither the individual or the group may by possibility shock the sense of taste by reason of the arrangement. A single article of *vertu* will fill a cottage parlor, furnished with a simplicity bordering on the plainness, with a perfect atmosphere of refinement.—But this does not militate against the above proposition; for it is singular, and stands distinct from its surroundings, "a thing of beauty." The taste exhibited in the economy of our homes presents many phases that claim a moment's consideration. And we can safely remark that no one, from the young bride selecting for her first essay at housekeeping, to the lady of fashion, who scorns everything not Parisian, and has ordered her movables from beyond the seas, has not a deep yearning and longing for some special object, without which life itself would seem a burden.—With one it will be mirrors. Every other article of furniture is of secondary consideration, provided she can see her pretty self at every turn in her dwelling. Mirrors must not only adorn her mantlepiece, but must stare modest people out of countenance on the very stairs and in the bath-room. Mirrors in the chambers and mirrors in the nursery; and every article of furniture, regardless of propriety and good taste, must have the quicksilver running through its veins and oozing out at every joint. The consequence is, there is scarcely a dwelling whose garniture does not strike us with amazement at its extravagance, while it shocks us with its glaring contrasts, and freezes us with its cold, cheerless heart; not a solitary household god within it to cast a single ray of the sunlight of peace.

These idiosyncracies are but milder forms of that most fatal of all diseases, yclped extravagance.—Everything is for display; to agitate with envy the bosom of the rival, awe into submission the aspiring efforts of a parvenu, or lay claim to a still higher seat in the synagogue of mammon.—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." But does all this bring a joy to a single individual? Rather, do not the beauties so displayed but tend to excite the coarser passions, and add another and a stronger bar to the good-will that should reign among men?

In our country, this extravagance is carried to an extent bordering on insanity, and many are the blighted hopes, the ruined fortunes, the unhappy homes that daily stand a warning and point a moral. We are not ascetic by nature or association; but we never lounge up one of our crowded streets without seeing in every moire-antique that sweeps by us on its hooped-scaffolding the embryo of a miserable fireside that find all its warmth in the excitement of the promenade and the blaze of the theatre and ball room. Worse than all, look at those in the humbler walks of life. The maid who, on her knees, radiant in silks and satins that in the olden time would have made the reputation of a duchess. This is truly an evil, that may indirectly have a greater influence on the future of our country for weal or woe than the border-ruffians of Kansas, or the ebony-worshippers of Massachusetts. But it is in its effects on our homes that now more nearly claim our attention.

Our homes! On their virtue and purity rests the happiness of individuals and commonwealths. As the glories of nature that surround us breathe into our hearts a species of religion, so in a lesser degree do the surroundings of our homes tend to make us happier and better, and influence the whole current of our existence. We are the creatures of habit and association. The child brought up with uncombed hair and a soiled face will make a careless wife and live in a filthy house. Show us a negligent woman in the economy of her household, and we will prove that she does not belie the mother that bore her. Some may say, "it runs in the blood." True, we have known men who were born drunkards, who brought up in the family of relatives, subject to strict paternal discipline and watched over with a mother's solicitude, have on reaching manhood deviated from the paths of their boyhood's friends and died the death of violence. This is only an exception to the most universal rule of our nature. The comforts of home, the household gods that reign within, have as much influence on the destinies of the man as the mother who watched over and guarded his infant years. The vice that even now tramples under foot the laws of the land, that requires military interference to uphold individual rights, thus exhibiting to the world the distressing spectacle of a free people demanding protection of the bayonet on approaching the ballot-box, may be traced to the early life of the stripling without a home, enjoying his young sleep on a cold pavement, guarded only by the silent watchers of the sky. This is the extreme case where crime becomes the hand-maid of poverty. In a lesser degree, but no less true is it where the young find their attractions not at the fireside, but amid the excitement of the street. Is it not, then, incumbent on all parents to cultivate in their children a home feeling, to throw around the domestic hearth all the comforts and allurements that will make it the very Elysium upon earth, and make home the garden of the affections, where every flower of pleasure for the present and hope for the future may blossom in hues brighter than the morn—"a thing of beauty" and "a joy forever?"—*National Intelligencer.*

LET us be careful to distinguish modesty, which is ever amiable, from reserve, which is only prudent. A man is hated sometimes for pride, when it was an excess of humility that gave the occasion.

THE more honesty a man has, the less he affects the airs of a saint.

The Educator.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ROCHESTER.

From some advance sheets of the Report of the Superintendent of Schools, we are enabled to gather the following facts relating to the public schools of Rochester:

The school department of this city is made up of seventeen organized districts, besides schools kept in one or more hired rooms. The schools are in charge of ninety-six teachers, to whom have been paid during the year $30,980 68, apportioned as follows:—Male Principals of Schools, $800; Female Principals, $325 to $350; Female Assistants in Senior Departments, $275; Female Teachers in Intermediate Departments, $235 to $245; Female Teachers in Primary Departments, $205 to $215; Music and Writing Teachers, each, $800.—There has been expended for building and repairs during the year, $6,619 42; for library and apparatus, $357 54; for fuel and contingent expenses, $8,095 73; and for Superintendent's salary, $778,80, making a total of expenditures for the year of $46,832 17. The amount raised by tax is $39,134, and the State appropriation amounted to $15,184-58, of which $695 45 was library money. The total number of scholars in the city, shown by a special census, is 16,924, being an increase of 847 during the year. The total number registered as attending school during the year is 7,592, with an average daily attendance during the last term of 3,389. The whole number attending private and select schools is put down at 2,583, thus leaving near 7,000 scholars of proper age who attend no school. The cost per scholar during the year, exclusive of Building and Library fund, &c., is $11 85.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF BUFFALO.

The Twentieth Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools of Buffalo has just been published, furnishing some statistics of interest to the friends of popular education. The whole number of districts is thirty-two, each furnished with school-houses, some of which are elegant and costly edifices second to none in the State. The whole number of children taught during the year was 17,342, while the yearly average was only 6,916, showing a very limited and deficient attendance. The expenditures from the general fund for 1856 were $82,906 88, and from local funds, for building, repairs, &c., $38,842 33, making a total of $121,749 31, or more than one dollar for each inhabitant of the city. Of this amount the State pays $26,661 96.

The number of volumes reported in the public libraries is 8,216, and the number drawn 26,915, being an average of more than three drawings for each volume. There has been expended during the year for libraries $1,000, divided among the districts in proportion to the number of children registered.

In 1838 Buffalo contained only seven schools, taught by seven male teachers; at the present time there are thirty-two schools, employing twenty-five male, and one hundred and sixty-four female teachers.

Buffalo has established a Central High School for the more advanced studies, into which scholars are admitted from the other schools after passing satisfactory examination, and where they enjoy advantages second to no Academy in the State.—The salaries established for the current year are as follows:—Male Principal of Central High School, $1,200; Female Assistants in Central High School, $450; Male Principals of Schools, $1,000; Female Principals of Departments, $400; Female Assistants of Departments, $325; Female Principals of Small Schools, $325; Writing Teacher, $1,100; Singing Teacher, $1,100. The cost per scholar for the year is stated by the Superintendent to be $9 76.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

UTILITY IN EDUCATION.

Money is the great incentive to all human action. In every enterprise the first question asked and the first answered is—"will it pay?" To this test it must be submitted—by this criterion it must be judged, approved or condemned. Not only is it thus in matters of labor, but in morals and education. The first questions on commencing a new study, are—"what good will it do me?"—"to what use can I put it?" If the answer comes, "it will help you to make money," then the study is pursued with all the diligence and ardor conceivable. There is an object in studying it—there is money ahead. But if the answer is, "you can make no practical use of it, only the pleasure of acquiring the knowledge," then the charm is gone, and it is either thrown aside entirely, or pursued with not one-half the energy it otherwise would be.

This is no fiction. It is true of thousands. But to the true student who studies for the sake thereof, who stores his mind with intellectual treasures because it results in good,—because he looks forward to a future eternity of progression from the starting point,—to such an one this question has no weight. But there is another, a deeper, a purer, holier question, which he asks—"Will it tend to develop my soul to the true dignity of the man, God intended I should be?" "Will it be an advance step towards that eternal development by which I shall approximate to the infinite wisdom of God?" If the answer is, "yes, it will help to develop thy soul, to make it pure and lovely in the sight of Heaven and of God," then, all on fire with enthusiasm and intense desire, every energy is bent to the task, and the soul grows in purity.

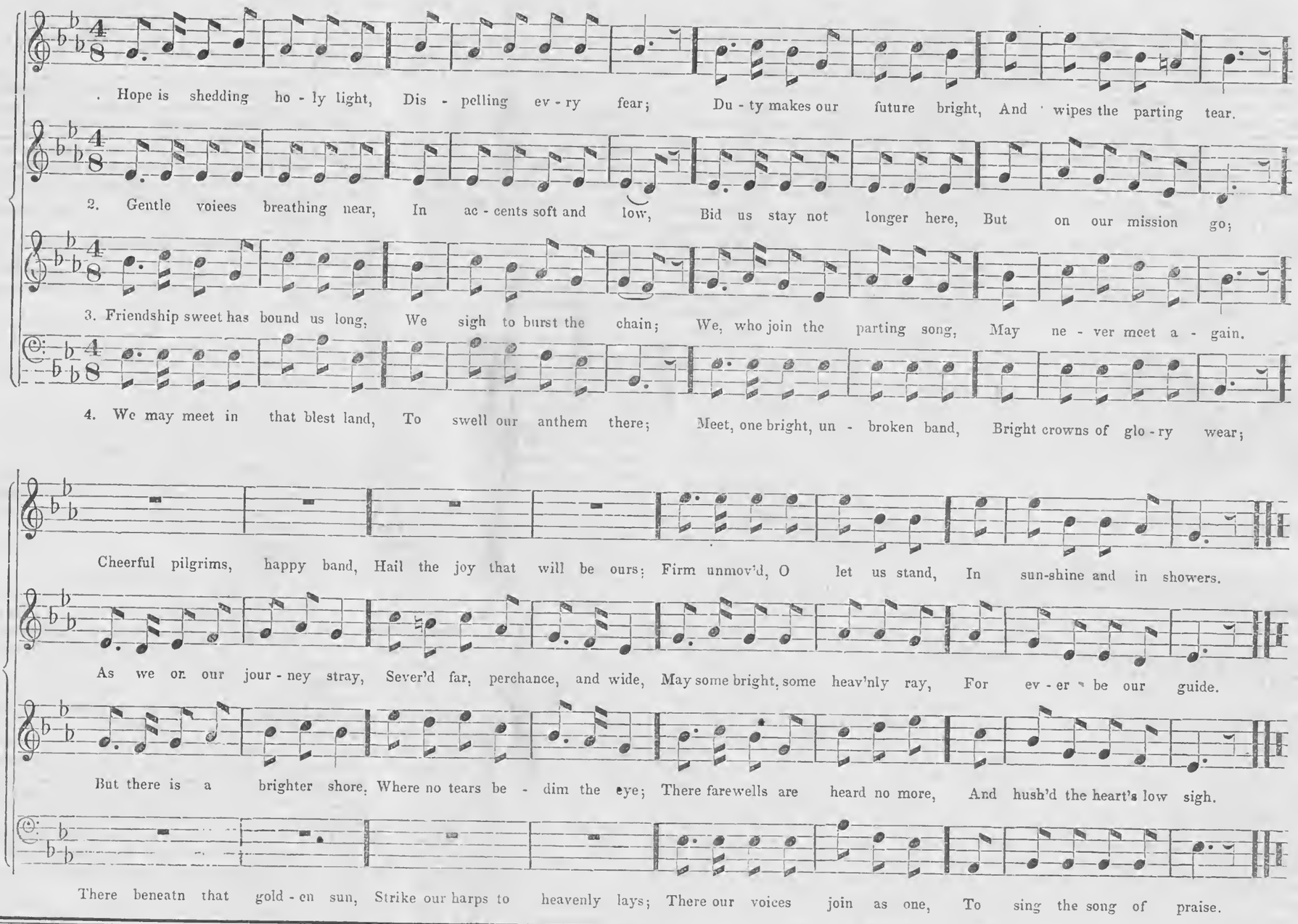
What a contrast between the two students!—between the motives and between the men! In the one you see the sordid, grasping spirit of meanness; in the other a high and noble purity of purpose, and purity of soul. Yet parents, in sending their children to school, ask not the latter question, only the former. Little think they, and it seems as if they care as little, that the development of the child in the right direction here, is the surety of his eternal development. More anon.

Centerville, N. Y., June, 1857. Lysander.

University of St. Louis.—The Washington University was recently inaugurated by an address from Edward Everett. The institution is liberally endowed. It enters upon the second academic year free from debt, and with property valued at upwards of $200,000.

HOPE IS SHEDDING HOLY LIGHT.

Poetry by Miss Hazard.



For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A WORD TO PARENTS.

Reader, have you a choice fruit tree in your garden?—one you have nourished and protected from the time it was a tender sapling, guiding each little shoot and branch, until now it stretches forth its broad arms, and by its rich fruit, repays you an hundred fold for all the labor and care you have bestowed upon it?

Are you a parent? Is there a blossom in your home, brightening like a sun-beam its cares and duties? Have you ever thought that God has given you a precious charge, for whose "training up" he will hold you responsible?—that within that little body he has planted a tiny germ, a *mind-tree*, which, as it is trained, will bear good or evil fruit?—will tend to make him a blessing or a curse to society?

The mind of the child in its first stage is easily trained. To be sure it may partake in a great measure of the nature of the parent: it may be passionate, or inclined to wrong; yet, if properly taught, these *unsightly seams* and *defaces*, before the mind has become fully expanded, will be overgrown, and strong in heart and love of duty he will go forth into the world.

The full-grown man has donned, as it were, a *second* nature—habits are its composition, hence the saying, "Man is a bundle of habits." How important it is then, that parents should direct the minds of their children in the true channel, that right and proper habits may be formed! They should teach them both by precept and example. If they are forward, restrain them; if backward, spur them on; if passionate, learn them a lesson of self control. They should be jealous of their companions; allow them to associate only with those who are good and virtuous. Never place a book in the hands of your children, unless you know it will have a good, moral bearing upon their minds. Upon this subject let me dwell a moment. I shall speak plainly, for the times demand it.

Parents, you would not place in the hands of your child a book or a paper of gross immorality; but do you not know, that when you permit your child to read those papers and books which are thickly scattered throughout the land, and termed "light literature," that they will have, to a certain degree, the same tendency as the first? Like the demon, Rum, they create a morbid appetite for nothing but such kind of reading which finally eats like a plague spot into the mind, rendering it weak and imbecile through life. Aye, it does more, too! I could point you to blighted hopes, to desolate hearth-stones, to premature graves! but I forbear. I would not have you believe by these remarks that I am opposed to *all* novels, or novel reading. To a story that conveys wholesome, moral truths, that contain noble thoughts and ideas, and plays upon the *nobler* faculties of the mind, I have no objection. But to these "yellow covered" novels, these "love-and-murder" stories, which play upon the *baser* passions, I do have most strenuous and serious objections. I do not expect that a child of ten or twelve years would read understandingly Macaulay's History of England, or Beecher's Conflict of Ages. You would not expect the child to carry the burden of the man. Neither would I expect the *mind* of the child to digest the reading of one fully expanded, but I would strengthen the mind as I would the body—adapt the reading to the mind, and lead it by degrees to reason and to think.

Notwithstanding the evil influence of this kind of literature which fairly *gluts* the land, parents seem unaware of it; for it lies upon nearly every centre-table. They do not think that they are placing in the possession of their child an *adder*, which if fondled too long, may inflict a *mortal sting*. Would that every parent were aware of this. Then they would sweep from the land this corrupting influence. The minds of their children uncontaminated, would seek and learn wisdom; judgment and thought would be strengthened; and by true energetic minds the world would be lifted higher in the scale of virtue, and the rays of the Millennium would soon be chasing away the receding darkness.

North Reading, Mass., 1857. W. Everett Eaton.

MUSIC IN SCHOOLS.

At the recent meeting of the Board of Education of New York city, William Cullen Bryant, of the N. Y. *Evening Post*, made a speech upon the subject of "Music in Schools," from which we extract the following:

"In making music a branch of common education, we give new attraction to our common schools. Music is not merely a study, it is an entertainment; wherever there is music, there is a crowd of listeners. We complain that our common schools are not attended as they should be.—What is to be done? Shall we compel the attendance of children? Rather let us, if we can, so order things, that children shall attend voluntarily—shall be eager to crowd to the schools; and for this purpose nothing can be more effectual, it seems to me, than the art to which the ancients ascribed such power that, according to the fables of their poets, it drew the very stones of the earth from their beds, and piled them in a wall around the city of Thebes.

"It should be considered, moreover, that music in schools is useful as an incentive to study. After a weary hour of poring over books, with perhaps some discouragement on the part of the learner, if not despair at the hardness of the task, a song puts him into a more hopeful and cheerful mood; the play of the lungs freshens the circulation of the blood, and he sits down again to his task in better spirits, and with an invigorated mind. Almost all occupations are cheered and lightened by music."

DUTIES OF PARENTS TO SCHOOLS.

1. Parents should send their children to school constantly and seasonably.
2. They should see that they are decently clothed, and cleanly in their persons.
3. They should encourage them to respect and obey the rules and requirements of the school.
4. They should encourage them to be orderly in their deportment, and studiously to regard right.
5. They should encourage them to be studious by manifesting an interest in their lessons.
6. They should have a regard for the character of the books their children read, and see that they read understandingly.
7. They should cultivate in their children habits of true politeness and courtesy.
8. Besides visiting the school and co-operating and sympathising with the teacher, they can do much for its improvement and success, by manifesting at all proper times and in all proper places, an interest in its welfare, and a deep solicitude for its reputation; by speaking well of the teacher and of all his judicious plans; by palliating or excusing his faults or failings, (of which every teacher must be expected to have some,) and by inducing their neighbors to visit the school and take an interest in its exercises; thus showing to their children, in the most convincing manner, that they feel that their present employment is an important one, and that the duties of school are not to be regarded as of little consequence.—*Ohio Journal of Education.*

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SILENT INFLUENCES.

The gentle sunbeams ope the flowers
That blossom in the early May,
And waves that float on India's shores
Roll on their course most silently.

Green islets on the ocean's breast,
The tiny insect's toil hath made,
And unheaved rocky mountain crest
Their sands beneath the ocean laid.

The silent frost doth rend the rock
That long withstood the tempest's force,
And storms and earthquake's fearful shock
Had silent causes at their source.

The seed sown by the wayward wind
Hath heavenward, towering branches sent,
And ivy round the strong oak twined,
Till, dying, limb from limb was rent.

And thus the silent and unseen
Doth sway with power the human breast,
Rouse storm-fiends in its depths serene,
Or sooth the passion-waves to rest.

A glance, a smile can Memory wake,
And long crushed hopes again illume,
While coldness may the heart-lyre break,
And give it echoes of the tomb.

A trifle, oft repeated, binds
A mountain barrier round the soul,
A word dropped in the youthful mind
May all the after-life control.

A loving heart and gentle hand
May strew life's path with fairest flowers,
Each hour we wield a magic wand
That gives a shade to *future* hours.

As ocean depths by pebble stirred
Send ripples to the farthest shore,
So evil by the soul incurred,
Sends forth its wavelets evermore.

West Sparta, N. Y., 1857. A****.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, it might have been."

So we plaintively murmur, looking backward to the sunshine we might have gathered, or the wayside flowers on which we rudely trampled, or complainingly utter it, when our cherished hopes are blighted, or our ambitious schemes laid low. We forget the *sorrows* that might have been ours; we know not where we might have strayed, but for the hedge of thorns that stayed our wandering feet. We idly dream of the bliss we coveted—the joys for which we longingly aspired, forgetful of the undeserved mercies that are still our own.

Away in the quiet church-yard—where the grass waves over a sleeping form that we are sure would *never* have failed us—our bleeding heart takes up the plaintive moan, 'till in our anguish we almost lose sight of the solace left us, and forget to thank God for the dear ones He has spared.

It might have been. Yes, where gleams the sunshine might have been darkness; where now blooms the flower, have been only the thorn.—Alas! for us, that in our repining for that, Infinite Wisdom sees fit to withhold, we so oft should

"Crush,
The hearts ease at our feet."

Sherburne, N. Y., 1857. Lina Lee.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable. However, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DEATH.

Gently fold the white drapery over the bosom now cold and stiff. Softly close the drooping lids over the glassy orbs whose brilliant light is forever fled. Speak gently, tread lightly over the darkened chamber, as if ye feared to wake the dreamless sleeper's calm repose. The heart's pulsations are forever stilled—that throne whereon life and reason but so lately held their serene sway, is now tenantless and silent.

Calmly, with subdued emotion, consign again the inanimate form to its parent earth, and sorrow not, for angels have borne the weary spirit to the home of the blessed, where pain enters not and death is unknown. Hope, for there is life beyond the tomb. Linda.

God in History.—The prayer of the patriarch, when he desired to behold the Divinity face to face, was denied; but he was able to catch a glimpse of Jehovah after he had passed by, and so it fares with our search for him in the wrestlings of the world. It is when the hour of conflict is over, that history comes to a right understanding of the strife; and is ready to exclaim "Lo! God is here, and we know it not." At the foot of every page in the annals of every nation may be written, "God reigns." Events as they pass away "proclaim their original," and if you will but listen reverently you may hear the receding centuries as they roll into the dim distance of departed time, perpetually chanting "Te Deum Laudamus," with all the choral voices of the countless congregations of the age.—*Bancroft.*

The Spirit of the Lord's Prayer.—The spirit of the Lord's prayer is beautiful. The form of petition breathes a filial spirit—"Father."

A *catholic* spirit—Our Father.

A *reverential* spirit—Hallowed be Thy name.

A *missionary* spirit—Thy kingdom come.

An *obedient* spirit—Thy will be done on earth.

A *dependent* spirit—Give us this day our daily bread.

A *forgiving* spirit—And forgive our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us.

A *cautious* spirit—Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

A *confidential* and *adoring* spirit—For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

A Solemn Thought.—It has been observed with much significance, that every morning we enter on a new day, carrying an unknown future in its bosom. How pregnant and stirring the reflection. Thoughts may be born to-day which may never be extinguished. Hope may be excited to-day which may never expire. Acts may be performed to-day the consequence of which may not be realized till eternity.

The Higher Joy.—We are told that the angelic choir chanted a morning psalm, when the heavens and earth, at the fiat of the Almighty, sprang from the deep. O, I am sure that the morning stars sing together, and all the sons of God begin to shout yes! that a morning psalm resounds mid heaven's arches, when a poor sinner, through the new birth, becomes a child of God, a citizen of the heavenly Jerusalem.—*Tholuck.*

Reason cannot show itself more reasonable, than to leave reasoning about matters which are above reason. Rom. ix. 19, 20.

If we are willing, God will help us; if sincere, God will accept us

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year,	$2
Three Copies, "	$5
Five Copies, "	$8
Six Copies, and one free to agent,	$10
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Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ A NEW HALF VOLUME commences July 4, and hence the present is a good time to form clubs for either Six Months or a Year. Agents and others will bear in mind that all subscriptions forwarding during the present month will count on Premiums. See Premium Lists on next page.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Collegiate Institute—Satterlee and Dexter, Principals.
Fairbanks' Hay and Cattle Scales—Fairbanks & Co.
Self-Raking Reaper and Mower—Seymour, Morgan & Allen.
Buckwheat for Seed—E. D. Hallock.
Farm for Sale—W. F. Coates
To Farmers—W. H. Rochester.
Pure Short-horns for Sale—E. Marks.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 11, 1857.

Death of William L. Marcy.

ANOTHER of those who, for many years, has filled the most important positions and engrossed the public mind, has departed, and our country has lost what she could illy spare, an estimable citizen and an eminently gifted statesman. On the Fourth of July, like unto ADAMS, JEFFERSON and MONROE, W. L. MARCY realized "that it is appointed unto man once to die," and while his countrymen were celebrating the Birth-Day of American Liberty, he exchanged worlds, solving the great problem of Life and Death, Time and Eternity.

The circumstances attending his demise were peculiar. He was stopping at the Sans Souci Hotel, Ballston Springs, and had been in good health and spirits until the evening of the 3d inst., when he felt somewhat fatigued. On the morning of the Fourth he complained of a slight pain—or "stitch" as he termed it—in his back. About 11 o'clock, A. M., accompanied by one of the citizens, he walked to the residence of Dr. L. MOORE, which is about one quarter of a mile from the hotel. He did not complain of serious indisposition while at the doctor's residence, and not finding the physician in, on being asked if a carriage should be ordered to take him to the hotel, he refused to take one, and walked back. On arriving at the hotel, he requested the office clerk to send the doctor to his room; and the doctor soon arriving, was sent up to the Governor's room—but, on rapping, received no answer. The doctor returned to the hotel office and informed the clerk, and it was supposed that the Governor had gone to visit some friends in the house. The doctor, however, after waiting a few minutes, again went up to his room, opened the door, and found him lying on his couch, with a book upon his breast, DEAD! It could not have been more than twenty minutes from the time he was in the hotel office until he was so found by the physician. He died, probably, of disease of the heart. Not a muscle was distorted, nor any article of apparel or furniture in the room disturbed.

Gov. MARCY has been called a strict party man, but if such, no one has ever been more honorable and frank toward his opponents. The Albany *Journal* says of him:—"We know with what enlightened judgment, with what comprehensive grasp, with what surpassing ability, and with what devoted patriotism his public duties were all discharged. We know that during his forty years of official life, in stations of great trust and high responsibility, he was governed by the golden rule of right. We know that at all times and under all circumstances, he was a man of inflexible integrity. Every office he received from the people was returned to them graced by his acceptance of it, and made honorable by the manner its duties had been discharged. He was an efficient Comptroller. He preserved the purity of the Ermine. His Senatorial Robe was without spot or blemish. He was an upright Chief Magistrate. He was an effective Secretary of War. And he was confessedly a wise, fearless and accomplished Secretary of State. The brilliant Diplomatic achievements of his last four years most appropriately close and crown a life of stirring incident, high aspiration, great labor and greater usefulness."

We condense from the Rochester *Daily Union* the following sketch of his life and public services:

Gov. MARCY was a native of Worcester county, Massachusetts. He was born December 12, 1786—and was accordingly a little more than seventy years of age. He graduated at Brown University, 1808, with high honor; and soon after removed to Troy, where he studied law. A paper of that city says of him, "He came here from Massachusetts, with nothing to aid him but his talents and integrity. They were of the highest character, and soon introduced him upon the theatre of public life. In every station he performed the duties assigned him, to the public approbation. His private character was a model worthy of general imitation."

During the war of 1812, he volunteered his services to Gov. Tompkins, from whom, we believe, he accepted a commission; and was in active service on the northern frontier, until near the close of the war.

In 1816 he was appointed Recorder of the city of Troy. He was appointed Adjutant General in 1821; and Comptroller in 1823. In 1826 he was reappointed to the same office, which he held till 1829; when he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court by Governor VAN BUREN. He held that office but a short time; but meanwhile he gained the reputation of being one of the ablest Judges that had ever sat on the Supreme Bench. In 1830 he was elected U. S. Senator. In 1832 he received 113 of 117 votes cast for a Democratic candidate for Governor by the Herkimer Convention, and was elected by a handsome majority.—He was re-elected in 1834, and again in 1836.—He was again nominated in 1838, but was defeated by WM. H. SEWARD.

From this time till the accession of Mr. POLK to the Presidency, Gov. MARCY held no public office except some commission relating to Mexican claims. He was Secretary of War under Mr. POLK; and as such planned the campaign which enabled our army to cover itself with glory on the various hard fought fields of Mexico. He was brought forward by his friends as a Presidential candidate in 1852; but the hostility of a portion of the New York delegation prevented his nomination. The last public office which he held, and in which he achieved the highest civic honors, was that of Secretary of State, under Gen. PIERCE.—It was his singular good fortune to be called upon to discuss with the Representatives of Foreign Governments, some of the most important questions that have ever arisen in American Diplomacy. And it is safe to say that no American Secretary of State has gone to his grave leaving behind him a higher reputation as a Statesman than Gov. MARCY. His powerful State Papers have reflected the highest honor not only upon himself, but upon us as a people. They are so recent as to be fresh in the minds of all his intelligent countrymen; and were there occasion for more particular reference to them here, we, at least, should shrink from the task. It may be well to remark, however, that Canadian Reciprocity is one of the measures which he originated and carried to consummation.

Washington News.

THE net amount in the Treasury on the 1st inst., subject to draft, was twenty millions. In Boston three, New York nine, St. Louis three, Philadelphia over two, and New Orleans three, &c.

ONLY $108,000 of Treasury notes of 1836 and 1837 are outstanding.

THE P. M. General, with the approbation of the President, has selected the following routes for conveying the overland mail to California, viz:—Beginning at St. Louis and Memphis on the Mississippi river, thence forming a junction at Little Rock, Arkansas, thence in the direction of Preston to the Rio Grande at the most suitable crossing of that river to Fort Fillmore or Donna Anna, thence along the new road now being made under direction of the Secretary of the Interior, to Fort Yuma, thence by the best passage through the great valleys for safe and expeditious staging to San Francisco. The contract has been given to John Butterfield, W. B. Dinsmore, Wm. G. Fargo, James V. P. Gardner, Marquis S. Kenyon and Alexander Holland, of N. Y., and Hamilton Spencer, of Illinois, at the price of $595,000, for semi-weekly service, they being the lowest bidders, and as they will perform 700 miles more service than the other proposed.

WM. CARY JONES, Esq., who recently left Panama in the U. S. sloop-of-war Decatur, is now known to have been sent out by the Administration as a secret agent to the Central American States to ascertain the views of their government in reference to the division of Nicaragua and the opening of the Nicaragua inter-oceanic route.

THE N. Y. Times learns, from a private source, that as soon as an interview is had with Mr. Bowlin, and the Minister from Bogota, the Government will immediately decide on the course to be pursued with New Grenada, which will be of the most determined and summary character, if an amicable adjustment is not attained.

IN relation to our affairs in Venezuela, concerning the Bird Islands, the course of our Minister, Mr. Eames, is approved; and if the communication to be received from that Government be not of a satisfactory character, the ultimatum of the Government will be conveyed by a vessel of war, as there is no resident Minister here from Venezuela to communicate with.

Great Riots in New York and Detroit.

THE New York papers of the 6th inst. contain accounts of terrible and fatal riots in that city on the 4th and 5th, in which several desperate encounters occurred between the police and bands of rowdies. Several persons were killed and others received serious wounds from missiles and firearms. The rioters obtained possession of a cannon, and erected barricades composed of carts and other vehicles, from behind which shots were fired with muskets, rifles and revolvers. A requisition was made upon Gen. SANDFORD, who at once gave orders to three Regiments to be ready for duty.—The 71st Regiment were ordered out on Saturday night, and remained under arms from 11 o'clock P. M. until 6 A. M. of Sunday morning. At this time all was quiet, and the military returned to their homes. On Sunday evening, another riot occurred in the Five Points and avenues leading to that centre of depravity, several hundred men being engaged in the melee. Nine persons received serious gun-shot wounds, and two others were injured by missiles. The military were again called out, and marched through the streets, headed by Commissioner DRAPER, and detachments of police, when order was restored. A telegraph received this morning, (Tuesday) states that the military are again under arms, and will be on duty during the day. The marks of bullets on the houses near the scene of the riot are so numerous that the small number of killed is considered remarkable.

A riot occurred in Detroit on the 5th inst., and in endeavoring to quell it, Deputy Sheriffs Smalles and Clustin received so severe injuries that Smalles died the next morning, and Clustin lies in a very precarious condition. Twelve arrests have been made.

WINE PROSPECTS IN EUROPE.—The *Courier des Etats Unis* has intelligence from the wine growing countries of Europe up to the 1st ult. From its issue of the 16th ult. we learn that the vines exhibit, generally, a vigorous growth under the influence of the warm weather; and that, from present appearances, an extraodinary yield may reasonably be anticipated. In some localities the disease *Odium* has made its appearance, but it is evidently on the decline, and the growers are prepared to check its progress with sulphur and other preventives. Notwithstanding these favorable prospects the *Courier* adds that the prices of wines experience no diminution.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

ON Monday night, the foundry of J. L. Haven & Co., at Cincinnati, where butts, hinges and hardware was manufactured, was destroyed by fire, together with a row of dwellings adjoining. Loss $50,000.

A LARGE two story building in the avenue opposite the National Hotel, Washington, was fired by an incendiary and burnt on the 1st inst. Loss $6,000.

THE most disastrous fire since the organization of the Steam Fire Department in Cincinnati, occurred on the 2d inst. It broke out in the engine room of Johnson, Meader & Co., furniture manufacturers. In a short time after it broke out the entire buildings were in flames, and the fire communicated to an adjoining eight story brick building and the two frame structures owned by the same firm. All these buildings were destroyed, together with a large quantity of lumber. Loss estimated at $100,000; insured $30,000. While the former conflagration was raging, fire was discovered in the store and hollow-ware manufactory of Wm. Rohr & Co., the largest in the West. Loss $150,000; insured $30,000. Several buildings and a large amount of lumber in the vicinity were much injured, particularly Holstein & Hannah's factory; J. K. Coolige's furniture establishment and the Mechanics' Hotel. By these disasters 175 men employed by Johnson, Meader & Co., and 125 employed by Rohr & Co., are thrown out of business. Several persons were injured by the falling walls.

THE train on the Cincinnati and Marietta Railroad, while crossing the tressel work of the Marietta road on the 1st inst., one car was thrown from the track a distance of nearly 60 feet. There were 30 persons in the car. Four men were killed and 20 wounded.

DECLINE IN THE SUGAR MARKET.—Those afflicted with a "sweet tooth" have made grievous complaints during the year past; even the class who would look upon the matter philosophically—content to take the "bitter with the sweet"—began to despair, such extreme rates has this saccharine article commanded. There is, however, cause for rejoicing, though the falling off is not rapid—prices some time since having reached their maximum. The N. Y. *Courier & Enquirer*, of the 1st inst., says that there is promise of a decline before a very long time. The following statement shows the amount now in store in New York, compared with the amount there last year:

STOCK OF SUGAR JUNE 30.

	1856.	1857.
Cuba, hhds	37,355	80,386
Porto Rico, hhds	9,675	9,921
English Islands, hhds	183	860
St. Croix, hhds	290	255
Texas	1,151	....
New Orleans	1,857	....
Total hhds	50,291	91,422
Melado, hhds	....	24,311
Boxes,	7,222	27,712
Bags,	....	8,000
Total pkgs	57,513	151,415

There is no prospect of a short supply, for some time to come. Those who hold large quantities may find that the speculation is not very profitable in the end. The estimated value of the sugar and molasses in store is fifteen millions of dollars.

CHURCH STRUCK BY LIGHTNING—NOVEL ELECTRICAL CONDUCTORS.—The New York *Evangelist* of the 27th ult., says:—"Sabbath before last, a violent thunder storm passed over New Jersey. At Jamesburg, near Amboy, the Sabbath School of the Presbyterian Church was holding its meeting in the afternoon, when the fluid struck the building. It entered the roof, making only a small hole, and descended by the chandelier to the centre of the church, where it exploded. Quite a number of adults, as well as children, were prostrated by it, and their clothes burnt. Yet no fatal results followed, although some hours, and even days, followed before perfect restoration took place. But the remarkable feature of it remains to be told, and this is given by a clergyman who received it from one present. It is stated that the ladies who wore brass hoops in their dresses were uninjured, *but the hoops themselves were melted!* The electric fluid was thus diffused, and perhaps lives were saved by this novel species of *conductor*."

LAKE SUPERIOR NEWS.—The Iron Mountain Rail Road is to be in full operation in six weeks. The first Iron Smelting Establishment is to be built immediately, on a plot of 4,000 acres, adjoining the Jackson Iron Mine. Two charcoal stacks are to be erected, and twenty tons per day will be manufactured. The company building these works, is headed by Wm. Pearsall and Chas. T. Harvey.—They have a capital of $125,000, of which $50,000 is paid in. The intelligence from the Copper Mines is favorable, the product obtained each month being an increase over the previous month.

LARGEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—The Jackson (Tenn.) *Whig* of the 18th ult., in announcing the demise of MILES DARDEN, a resident of Henderson county, in that State, says:—The deceased was, beyond all question, the largest man in the world.—His height was seven feet six inches—two inches higher than Porter, the celebrated Kentucky giant. His weight was a fraction over one thousand pounds! It required seventeen men to put him in his coffin. He measured around the waist six feet four inches.

HOGS IN KENTUCKY.—The annual assessment of the number of hogs in Kentucky has been progressing for some time, and thus far shows a large gain over the previous year. The State Auditor has received returns from 48 counties, of the number of hogs assessed, by which it appears there is an excess of 128,000 over the previous year. This includes a little less than half the State.

SUBMARINE CABLE FOR DETROIT RIVER.—The submarine cable has arrived at Detroit, and will be laid next week. The Detroit people will then have for the first time, instantaneous communication with Canada. Two of the wires will be used by the telegraph companies, and the third by the Michigan Central Railroad Company, who possess an interest in the cable.

Literary Notices.

CORNELL'S HIGH SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY—forming Part Third of a series of School Geographies, comprising a description of the World; arranged with special reference to the wants and capacities of pupils in the Senior Classes of Public and Private Schools. By S. S. CORNELL, Corresponding Secretary of the American Geographical and Statistical Society. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THIS book, as its title announces, is designed for the more advanced pupils in our public and private schools; and consists of a geography of about four hundred pages, with an Atlas in a separate form; the former being divided into three general heads, viz:—Descriptive, Mathematical and Physical Geography. Part 1st occupies about three hundred pages of the work, and is as comprehensive as the time usually allowed to the study of one subject in our schools will generally admit. The subject is lucidly handled, and the data obtained from the latest and most reliable sources.

The accompanying atlas comprises about twenty large sized and finely executed maps, several of which are duplicates; one having the outlines and important places, the other being more elaborate, with all the important railroads, canals, &c., carefully traced.

Taken as a whole this work is not excelled by any of our later geographies, either as a text book or for one of general reference, and is the final volume of a series, which has been adopted by our Board of Education, and used in our city schools for several years. For sale by DEWEY.

THE *London Quarterly Review* for April, has come to hand. Its "Table of Contents" exhibit eight articles, as follows:—Pedestrianism in Switzerland; Dred—American Slavery; Lunatic Asylums; English Political Satires; Photography; Roving Life in England; Persia: The New Parliament and its Work. This number has a peculiar interest to Americans, containing as it does, a review of Mrs. H. B. STOWES "Dred," also of a pamphlet entitled American Slavery and a Criticism of the Speech of Hon. CHAS. SUMNER. Leonard, Scott & Co., New York. For sale by DEWEY.

Items of News.

LANGDON CHEVES, of S. C., who died a few days since, while Speaker of the House of Representatives gave the casting vote against re-chartering the U. S. Bank.

HON. ROBERT DALE OWEN, Minister at the Court of Naples, has sent his resignation to the President, and will be home this fall.

A RECENT English publication of the science of bread-making states that in the County of Suffolk, England, every woman knows how to make bread; and in the town of Bury, which has 60,000 inhabitants, there are but two public bakeries.

THE crop of sugar in Porto Rico is a million of pounds more this year than it was in 1856, molasses 220,000 gallons more, coffee 300,000 pounds more.

THE population of California is estimated as follows:—American born citizens, 332,380; French 15,000; English 2,000; Irish 10,000; Germans 10,000; Mexicans 15,000; various nations, 15,000; Chinese 28,687; colored persons 4,000; Indians 65,000. Total 507,067.

THE reports from the Marblehead fishing-banks are encouraging. One vessel has been heard from with 15,000 fish. The Bank fishing has been good for several years, and is increasing in Beverly, Marblehead and the shore towns south of Boston.

THE Mayoress of Liverpool is about to be presented with a silver cradle (in accordance with a custom of that municipality) to commemorate the birth of a child during her husband's year of office.

A LETTER in the London Times, dated Montevideo, May 6, estimates the number of deaths at Montevideo, of yellow fever, at from fourteen to sixteen hundred. This, in a population of less less than 25,000, is enormous.

AT a recent sale of public lands in Chariton Co., Mo., between 20,000 and 25,000 acres were sold, the gross receipts for which amounted to $80,000.

THE grasshoppers that have threatened to destroy the crops in upper Minnesota have been killed by the recent cold and wet weather. It is said that bushels of dead grasshoppers, in masses, may be seen on the prairies.

A SUBMARINE cable is being constructed in London, which is to be laid along the Norwegian coast fifty miles, for the purpose of informing the fishermen of the various villages when the herrings have come in to spawn. The instant the shoal is seen in the offing, and it can always be known by the whales that surround it, a message will be flashed along the coast telling each village the fiord or bay it has entered.

GEORGE C. HENDENHALL, Esq., of Guilford Co., North Carolina, has just brought a company of ten of his slaves to Ohio to be liberated. This is the third company he has brought. He originally owned about eighty slaves, worth seventy thousand dollars, and has already liberated fifty of them. The balance he designs setting free at an early day, and will locate the whole on farms in Logan and Morrow counties, Ohio.

A VETERAN PIONEER.—A festival of the pioneer settlers of Wisconsin was held at Madison last week. Among those present was Mr. JOSEPH CRELLE, a veteran, now 117 years of age. This aged man made a speech on the occasion. He said he was born in Detroit, was "partly raised" in Illinois, and lived in St. Louis when that Territory belonged to Spain. His occupation was that of a voyageur on the Mississippi, between St. Louis and Prairie du Chien, and via Wisconsin and Fox rivers to Mackinaw. He served in the war of 1812 and 1814, and was an express rider during the Black Hawk war. His companion was shot down by an Indian ambuscade, during the latter service, his own life being saved because he was a Frenchman and his wife related to the Indians. He has lived in that part of the country when successively under French, British, Spanish and American government, and had seen many of the difficulties and endured the hardships of pioneer life; but his memory begins to fail him, and he cannot recall dates. He has been married three times and had nine children, but one of whom survives him.

CENSUS OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Returns from all but 15 towns show the number of voters to be 207,599. It is thought the total number will be 216,000. The number of Representatives will be 240, and of Senators 40. The Legislature is to meet on the 14th inst., to apportion the members among the counties, when the county commissioners are to arrange the cities and towns into districts.

News Clippings.

— Ripe apples are announced in Louisiana.

— Large quantities of copper are found in Arizona.

— Cherries are abundant in the Cincinnati markets.

— There were 324 deaths in New York city last week.

— Washington is to be the permanent home of Gen. Cass.

— New barley is in Chicago market; new wheat in St. Louis.

— Snow fell at New Lisbon, Ohio, in the afternoon of June 22d.

— In Jersey City, persons found drunk are banished to New York!

— The State census of Massachusetts shows about 192,000 voters.

— The Baltimore coal mines fell in lately, fatally injuring four men.

— As an extraordinary phenomena, it has rained in the South of Peru.

— The loss by the late freshet in Chemung county will reach $250,000.

— The trial of some of the election rioters in Washington is in progress.

— Wisconsin, scarcely twenty years old, contains a population of 800,000.

— Nineteen churches are embraced in the Baptist Association of California.

— A youthful couple were married lately in Detroit, at the ages of 87 and 88.

— The loss of life by the burning of the Montreal, is now thought to be 258.

— Immense quantities of fresh salmon are daily taken from Quebec to Boston.

— Pearls have been discovered in considerable quantities in Jefferson county.

— The number of suicides in France for the last fifty years, amounted to 300,000!

— There are 673 Savings Banks in Great Britain and the deposits amount to $170,000,000.

— A child of Miles Joice, in Watertown, Wis., was recently bitten by a spider and died.

— Two new Episcopal churches have been consecrated during the past year in California.

— The cholera is raging violently at St. Petersburgh, the deaths exceeding seventy daily.

— In Paris they boil beef by electricity, cooking it through in five minutes ten seconds.

— The Railroad Depot in Washington city lost some 10,000 panes of glass by the hail storm.

— The colored Masons of Philadelphia dedicated their lodge with great display St. John's day.

— Two very large boa constrictors, from South America were received at Philadelphia last week.

— The peanut crop of North Carolina in 1856, amounted to over one hundred thousand bushels.

— Passengers of St. Paul, Minnesota, a few days since, reached Columbus, Ohio, in fifty-five hours.

— It is said that gold has been discovered in considerable quantities near Waupaca, in Wisconsin.

— A boy ten years old, who killed another for breaking his kite string, is to be hung in New Orleans.

— Three men were struck by lightning a few nights since, in Burlington county, N. J., and killed.

— The reports of Mr. Charles Sumner's health are not as favorable as they were—his spine is affected.

— A National Convention of Butchers is proposed to be held at Baltimore on the 3d of September next.

— Difficulty is expected in the Indian country, when the Agent goes up to pay the Sioux their annuities.

— Two Aldermen of the Brooklyn Board of Health have been expelled on a charge for receiving bribes.

— Tom. Thumb has a rival, named Littlefinger, in Boston. He is six years old and weighs twelve pounds.

— Sunday riots are growing common in New York city. They had two Sundsy week—several persons stabbed.

— The British Government is about to institute a public office where men may deposite their wills in safety.

— The California State Government has allowed the semi-annual interest on the State debt to go to protest.

— The people of Cleveland propose erecting a monument to the memory of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry.

— It is stated that $125,000 has been raised in Georgia to fit out Gen. Walker for another descent upon Nicaragua.

— Six persons were killed by lightning on the 21st ult., near Mendota, on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad.

— Pecan-nuts grow in great abundance in Texas. Over $400,000 worth were exported from that State during last year.

— A Miss Bitzold, in St. Louis, has commenced a suit against her own father for slander, laying her damages at $2,000.

— The U. S. District Court for the Southern District of Illinois has recently decided that watches are not mailable matter.

— A man has been fined $2 for taking another's umbrella, in Boston. That decision should be a universal precedent.

— Seven millions of straw bonnets were manufactured in Franklin, Mass., last year, and as many more in Foxborough.

— The total valuation of the State of Connecticut, as shown by the recent returns of the assessors, is $214,000,000.

— Strong-minded women in Albany, and the parts adjacent thereto, have commenced cutting their hair short, like men.

— On the first of July some thirty or forty clerks were discharged from the Pension office—cause, nothing for them to do.

— It is said that about 1,000 men have conspired to burn or otherwise destroy the new Quarantine buildings at Seguin's Point.

— The grand jury of Suffolk county have presented the hovels appropriated by the city of Chelsea for its paupers, as a nuisance.

— A number of persons, including a whole family, have recently been poisoned in Lake county, Indiana, by eating wild parsnips.

— The doors of the Zimmerman Bank, at Elgin, were closed two or three days since. The notes are refused by banks on this side.

— The Government has rescinded the contract made with the Mormons for carrying the mail between the States and Salt Lake City.

— Two thousand five hundred troops for Utah left New York last Monday, to join the Governor's escort of 3,000 at Leavenworth, K. T.

— Two new land offices are to be opened in Minnesota—one at Ojibwa, on the Mississippi, and the other at Buchanan, on Lake Superior.

— The great cable which is to connect the two hemispheres, is nearly completed, and will probably all be laid by the 1st of August.

— The Mobile papers of the 17th ult., brag of receiving ripe peaches from Baldwin county. They say they were ripe, rich and delicious.

The New York City Common Council have voted to pay the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department of that city a salary of $5,000 a year.

— Mr. C. C. Cooley, a contractor in Colt's Pistol Factory, died at Hartford, Conn., on Tuesday, from the effects of having a tooth extracted.

California Items.

A STRAWBERRY measuring six inches in circumference was recently presented to the editor of the Pacific Sentinel. It was raised in Santa Cruz county.

James Beck, a miner from Sacramento county, arrived at San Francisco recently, en route for the Atlantic States, with $30,000, the proceeds of his labor in the mines since 1852.

In the Smith Gardens, at Sacramento, there are now growing 10,000 cherry trees, and as many seedlings; 10,000 pear trees and 30,000 seedlings; 25,000 peach trees and as many seedlings; besides great numbers of apricot, plum and other fruits.

Out of the identical windows in San Francisco, where one year ago the bodies of Cascy and Cora hung lifeless, now hang two signs in the shape of brooms, intended, no doubt, as a symbol of the effects of the Vigilance Committee.

The Police Court and Court of Sessions, in San Francisco, employ French, German and Spanish interpreters, who receive a salary of $100 per month.

Large quantities of borax, in a crystalized state, have been discovered on the shores of Clear Lake, and measures are in progress for collecting it.

The Cosumnes and Michigan Bar Canal is one hundred miles long, with sixty miles of branches. The tunnel of the Columbia and Stanislaus Company was completed on the 27th of May, after two years of labor, and cost $600,000.

The State Agricultural Society offer the present year, as premiums, the sum of six thousand dollars.

Col. Harasthy, melter and refiner at the San Francisco assay office, was reported a defaulter to a large amount, variously estimated at from $100,000 to $500,000. In reference to the affair, the San Francisco Herald says:—"It is attributed to the escaping of the precious metals from the ingot chimney, caused principally by the bad construction of the flues, and the loss thereby occasioned, it is stated, runs through the operation of melting ingots from the establishment of the branch mint in this city. It is asserted that precautions of an extraordinary character have been taken by the construction of new chimneys running in a zigzag direction, so as to catch the flying particles of gold, to prevent this daily waste, but with only partial success. As a proof of this waste, the fact is stated that out of the old iron chimney about eleven hundred ounces of gold—a large amount of money, by the way—was scraped sometime ago, and also fifteen ounces from the roof of Davidson's bank, and lesser amounts from the neighboring buildings, and from these facts conclusions are derived as to the extent of the whole waste."

Later from Kansas.

The Chicago *Tribune* of the 30th ult. says:—We had the pleasure yesterday, of seeing Wm. F. M. Arney, direct from Kansas, of which territory he has become a citizen. From him we learned several items concerning affairs in that territory.

The whole number of votes cast by the "National Democracy" for delegates to the Constitutional Convention, will not exceed 1,500, out of a population of full 20,000 adult males. The Free State men refrained everywhere from voting. The other side are split into two factions—moderates and ultras—the latter headed by Stringfellow, Calhoun, St. Matthews, Jones & Co.; the other by Gov. Walker, whose faction is in a minority of their party. The point upon which they divide is on the policy of submitting the contemplated Constitution to a general vote of the people for ratification.

A new question has sprung up to perplex matters. It is said that none shall be allowed to vote for delegate to Congress and for members of the Territorial Legislature, save those who have been registered. A Committee had waited on Governor Walker to ascertain his opinion as to who were entitled to vote, but he had declined to give an opinion.

Crops looked well in the Territory, and the prospect of raising a supply of breadstuffs was flattering. Emigration continued to flow into Kansas in an unabated stream. Speculation and enterprize were making long and rapid strides.

The Free State men were taking a careful census of the population, setting forth, 1st, the number of voters who had been residents for six months. 2d. Voters in the Territory. 3d. Women and children. 4th. Colored persons—free and slaves. In the county of Anderson, in which Mr. Arney resides, there were fully 600 voters. Six months ago there were not a dozen. The county of Hyatt contains 250 voters.

Important from the Plains.

GREAT SLAUGHTER OF U. S. TROOPS!—The St. Joseph Journal of the 2d inst., publishes a report brought by a French trader that 100 troops and 50 teamsters, under the command of Col. SUMNER, were attacked by a large party of Cheyenne and Apache Indians, 200 miles west of Fort Kearney, and all slain! The report is confirmed by a trader who arrived at Pacific City, Iowa, on the 2d, and also by the emigrant train from Salt Lake.

A DESTROYING WORM.—The Dayton (Ohio) Journal states that a voracious worm, resembling in appearance the measuring worm, is devastating the apple orchards, destroying the leaves on the trees in that vicinity. The ravages of the worm, in some localities, extend to pear, cherry, and occasionally to the peach. Some of the forest trees do not escape; the oak, hickory, elm and linden, are seen entirely stripped of their foliage. In some apple orchards scarcely a leaf is seen.

INFLUX OF EMIGRANTS FROM EUROPE.—Five thousand, three hundred and seventy-three emigrants arrived at New York on the 1st inst., in thirteen ships. Upwards of 2,000 of them were embarked at Liverpool, about 800 at London, 1,100 at Havre, 600 at Bremen, and 700 at Hamburg and Antwerp.

TROOPS FOR UTAH.—On the 30th ult., 250 U. S. troops took their departure by the New York and Erie Railroad for Leavenworth City, Kansas, where they will join the command of 3,000 men that is to accompany the new Governor of Utah to Salt Lake City.

Spiritualism Before a Scientific Committee.

FOR a considerable period the leading minds amid that portion of the American people denominated Spiritualists, have been much excited relative to a test of the merits of their doctrine, which was to take place in Cambridge, Mass., before a committee composed of men of the highest scientific attainments. The investigation occupied nearly a week. The spiritualists employed were the most distinguished in the country. The following is the award:

"The committee award that Dr. Gardner, having failed to produce before them an agent or medium who 'communicated a word imparted to the spirits in an adjoining room,' 'who read a word in English written inside a book, or folded sheet of paper,' who answered any question 'which the superior intelligence must be able to answer,' who 'tilted a piano without touching it, or caused a chair to move a foot;' and having failed to exhibit to the committee any phenomenon which, under the widest latitude of interpretation, could be regarded as equivalent to either of these proposed tests, or any phenomenon which was required for its production, or in any manner indicated a force which could technically be denominated Spiritual, or which was hitherto unknown to science, or a phenomenon of which the cause was not palpable to the committee, is, therefore, not entitled to claim from the Boston Courier the proposed premium of five hundred dollars. It is the opinion of the committee, derived from observation, that any connection with Spiritualistic Circles, so called, corrupts the morals and degrades the intellect. They, therefore, deem it their solemn duty to warn the community against this contaminating influence, which surely tends to lessen the truth of man and the purity of woman. The committee will publish a report of their proceedings, together with the results of additional investigations and other evidence independent of the special case submitted to them, but bearing upon the subject of this stupendous delusion.—BENJAMIN PEIRCE, LS. AGASSIZ, B. A. GOULD, JR., E. N. HORSFORD, *Cambridge, June 29, 1857.*"

THE END OF THE UNITED STATES BANK.—Last week all the old books, papers, drafts, checks, letters, etc., that had been preserved on file as vouchers, in the long course of the immense business of the U. S. Bank, were sold in a heap, in Philadelphia, and purchased by a paper-maker, to be reground and manufactured into new stock. The whole mass weighed over forty tons. Ten tons of this vast amount is of correspondence, autograph letters of the first statesmen, politicians and financial men of this and other countries. Drafts upon the Rothschilds for hundreds of thousands of dollars, certificates of stock transferred to the leading bankers in Europe, checks and drafts from Clay, Webster, Adams, Calhoun, Houston, Crockett Cass, &c., all lie scattered, ready for the important transformation into clean, unsullied white paper. This huge mass of books and papers strikes the visitor with astonishment. A faint idea may be formed of the colossal character of the institution which at one time occupied so important a part in the history of the country.

HEMP FROM KANSAS.—The St. Louis Republican has received a sample of hemp grown in the town of Doniphan, in the Territory of Kansas. Though not the first that has reached the St. Louis market from that region, the Republican thinks it worthy of record because of its excellent quality, which indicates a proper capacity in the soil of its rising young neighbor for a successful production of this great staple. The sample was submitted to the inspection of a bevy of hemp dealers, and as to color, texture, and general preparation, met their full approval. A hundred bales of equal quality are ready to come forward by some boat due in a few days from that quarter.

FISHING BOUNTIES.—The Collector of Barnstable has paid a larger amount of bounty to codfishermen in that district since the first of January last, with one exception, than that of any other district on the New England coast. There has been paid this hardy class of men, in Barnstable, $61,494. The Collector of Gloucester has paid, during the same period, the sum of $76,473 23. A large number of cod licenses have been issued in Barnstable District this season, and it is believed the amount of bounty to be paid in January next, will exceed that of any previous year.

POPULATION OF WISCONSIN.—Of all the emigrants of Scandinavian origin, nine-tenths settle in this State. They may already be counted by scores of thousands. In addition to these there are immense numbers of Germans and Irish. The city of Milwaukee has probably a greater number of inhabitants of foreign birth, in proportion to its size, than any other city in the Union.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, July 7, 1857.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.—No change in quotations during the week. Considerable flour and wheat is arriving from Canada, mostly on account of millers in this city. The transactions are limited in number, and of small extent.

PROVISIONS.—Beef has met a heavy decline within the past two weeks, and hides and tallow have fallen off proportionately. Butter is a little better in price. Potatoes—lower grades have advanced 12½@25c—better qualities as last quoted.

HAY is declining. Several loads new crop made their appearance in market this morning.

WOOL is coming in in considerable quantities—generally in good condition—and meets with ready sale. Range of prices not altered.

SMALL FRUITS are beginning to make their appearance in our market. Strawberries are plenty—most dealers bountifully supplied. The contract price for the season is about 10c per quart—retailing at 12½@18c, as to quality and variety.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, bbl	$7,00@8,75
Wheat, Gen	$1,85@1,90
Best white Canada	$1,80@1,90
Corn	80c
Oats	30@36c
Barley	$1,00
Buckwheat	68@80c
Beans	$1,50@1,75
Peas	$1,00@1,25
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess	$21,00
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00
Beef, ℔ cwt	$5,75@6,00
Spring lambs each	$1,50@1,25
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50
Hams, smoked	12@13c
Shoulders	10@11c
Chickens	11@12c
Turkeys	00@12½
Geese	50c
DAIRY, &c.	
Butter, roll	15½@16c
Do. firkin	13@15c
Cheese	9½@10c
Lard, tried	15½@16½c
Tallow	7@7½c
Eggs, dozen	15c
Honey, box	18c
Candles, box	13½@14½c
FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Apples bushel	$1,50@1,75
Do. dried	$2,00@2,25
Potatoes	$1@$1,12½
HIDES AND SKINS.	
Slaughter	5@6
Calf	00@10c
Sheep pelts	$1,50@1,75
Lamb do	00@00c
SEEDS.	
Clover bushel	$6,50@7,00
Timothy	$3,00@4,00
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Do. soft	$4,00@4,00
Coal, Lehigh	$3,00@3,25
Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
Do. Char	10@12½c
Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,63
Hay, ton	$8@18
Wool, ℔ lb	30@48c
White fish, bbl	$12@12,50
Codfish ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,50
Trout, bbl	$3,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 6.—FLOUR—In moderate demand for eastern and local trade, at an advance of 6@10c on common—Sales at $5,35@$5,50 for common to super State; $5,70@5,90 for extra State; $5,30@$5,60 for super Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Ohio; $5,70@$7,25 for common to medium and extra do; $7,75@10 extra Genesee; $7,75@$10,50 extra St. Louis, closing quiet. Canadian flour steady; sales $6,90@$9 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat firm and quiet. Sales Milwaukee club for export to Liverpool at $1,57. Rye firm. Sales at $1,18. Range $1,15@$1,18. Corn heavy and 2c lower. Sales mixed Western at 82@ 83½c for sound; 80@80½c for unsound. Oats dull at 62@66c for State; 62@66 for Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market unsettled. Sales at $22,37@22,50 for mess; $19,75@$19,20 for prime; mess sold at $22,50, buyer's option, ninety days. Lard heavy. Sales at 14@14½c. Butter in fair request at 17@22c for Ohio; 18@23c for State. Cheese firm at 6@10½c.

ALBANY, JULY 6.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for flour opened steady, with a moderate demand for the east and the local trade. Corn Meal steady, with a limited business doing.

GRAIN—There is a better milling inquiry for wheat, without any material change in prices. A sample of new prime white Tennessee was exhibited on 'Change this morning. Sales Chicago spring at $1,47½, and Milwaukee club at $1,54. Corn, with a better supply, is rather more active and lower. Sales Western mixed at 80½@81c afloat, and 82½@83 for car lots at the road. Oats are steady. Sales State at 61c measure. Sales Canadian Peas at 98@$1.

FEED—The market still favors the buyer with a good supply offering. Sales at 90@$1 for second quality and $1,10@$1,25 for middlings.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 1.—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality, 11@11½c; Ordinary, 10@10½c.; Common, 9½@10c.; Inferior, 9@9½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $65@75; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 7@7½c.; Other qualities, 5@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, 6@7c; Other qualities, 3@5c.

SWINE—First quality, 6¾@7c.; Other qualities, 6@6¾c.

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 1.—At market 464 Cattle, 160 Beeves, & 104 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,00@9,50; First quality, $8,25@8,75; second quality, $7,50; third quality, $6,50@6,00; ordinary, $5,50.

WORKING OXEN—$100 to $200.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40, 50@60.

YEARLINGS—$00@00. Two years old, $38@42. Three years old, $48@52.

VEAL CALVES—$6, 8@10 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2,000 at market. Prices—In lots, $3,00, 3,25@3,62 each. Extra and selections, $4,50, 5@6.

HIDES—7½@8c. ℔ lb. Tallow 7½@8c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—25c@$2,00 each. Calf Skins 14@15c. ℔ lb.

SWINE—600 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8c. ℔ lb.—Dressed hogs, 9½@10c. Shoats, wholesale, 8@8½c.; retail 9 9½c. ℔ lb. Spring pigs 17c ℔ lb.

BRIGHTON, JULY 2.—At market 1000 Beef Cattle, 100 Stores, 16 pairs Working Oxen, 112 Cows and Calves, 2000 Sheep and Lambs, 2100 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $9,75; first quality, $9,00; second, $8,50; third, $7,00; ordinary, $6,50.

HIDES—7½@7½c. Tallow, 7½@8c.

PELTS—25c@$2,00. Calf Skins, 14@15c ℔ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$6 7@9 apiece.

WORKING OXEN—$116@182.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 27, 35, 41, 45@50

YEARLINGS $00@00. Two years old, $39@43. Three years old $48@52.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $4,50, 5@6. In lots $4,50, 3@4

SWINE—Retail, 9@10c. Fat hogs 7½c. Spring pigs 11½@12c. Shoats 8c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 1.—The stock of old Fleece has entirely disappeared from market, and all of the new clip which has come forward as yet has found buyers at extreme rates. The operations thus far in new Fleece here do not exceed 250,000 lbs super and extra at 50@52½c, 6 mos. for the latter and 45@47½c. for No. 1; inferior grades would sell at about 5c per number lower. There is no Wool here that will command over 60c ℔ lb; and in fact it is difficult to place any above 55c. Most of the new clip which has been received is hurry, and is in a very bad condition, on account of the muddy condition of the streams and the very cold weather. In the interior of the country, where most of the manufacturing agents and Wool dealers are travelling, posting themselves up, preparatory to purchasing extensively of the new clip, it would seem that competition among themselves has had the effect of running prices up 3@5c ℔ lb above those obtained last year, and this in face of a crowded market and almost unprecedented slow sale of woolens, with foreign goods to be put on the market now, at 6 ℔ cent. below former rates. Under these circumstances, many dealers here are not disposed to purchase extensively at present, thinking that the reduction of 30 ℔ cent. on low Foreign Wools, which has now taken effect, will cause a greater demand for this description, and that the finer grades in due time are apt to recede so long as the goods market continues to be characterized by inactivity and depression. The medium and lower grades of Foreign have been more sought for, and prices show but a slight decline, say 2@3c, notwithstanding the reduction of 30 ℔ cent duties. Sales 300 bales Washed Mediterranean, Smyrna, Russian, &c., at 24@30c, it ness, as to quality. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ℔ lb	48@50
American Full-blood Merino	45@51
American ½ and ¾ Merino	40@47
American Native and ¼ do	37@43
Pulled Wool, extra Country	46@52
Pulled Wool, super	37@45
Pulled Wool, No. 1	30@37
California Fine, Washed	15@40
Do. Com. Unwashed	17@20
Peruvian, Washed	35@39
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@29
South American, Com. Washed	16@24
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	17@21
South American Unwashed	12@16
South American, Cordova, Washed	27@32
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	11@15
African, Washed	18@25
Smyrna, Unwashed	15@17
Smyrna, Washed	30@32
Mexican, Unwashed	15@18

[N. Y. Tribune.

BOSTON, JULY 1.—The market is firm with a fair demand for domestic fleece and pulled. The sales of the week amount to 50,000 lbs at quoted rates. In other kinds there have been sales of 95 bags Chilian and Texas within the range of quotations.

Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, ℔ lb., 62@65c.; Full Blood Merino, 55@60c.; Three-quarters do., 48@52c.; Half do., 45@49c.; Common, 38@43c; Superfine, 46@48c.; Pulled extra, 48@55c.; Do. No. 1, 38@45c.; Smyrna Washed, 27@32c.; Smyrna Unwashed, 15@22c.; Mexican, 17@19c.; Buenos Ayres, 32@50c.; Barbary Washed, 28@35c.

THE "Wool Grower's Reporter," Cleveland, Ohio, for July, says:—"The customary prices paid by merchants, throughout the State, are from forty to fifty cents, averaging forty-five cents." It adds, "the pleasant weather we have had for the past ten days, has caused great activity in the wool trade, and more than three-fourths of the wool have been purchased—Judging from the eagerness of buyers, they would have paid an *average* of 50c, as readily as 45c. But growers seem to be satisfied."

MONROE, (MICH.,) JULY 2—The *Commercial* says the price of Wool has ranged, during the week, from 35 to 45 cents, according to quality. Large quantities have found their way to market during the last few days, and we should judge that nearly the whole clip has been sold—some few, however, are holding on for better prices. The clip is not as large as usual.

MARRIAGES.

IN Newstead, Erie Co., N. Y., on the 30th ult., by the Rev. A. W. Luce, Mr. CHARLES E. BAKER and HELEN S. TRACY, all of Newstead.

DEATHS.

AT Mohawk, on the 25th ult., PAMELIA wife of Hon. Amos H. Prescott, in the 27th year of her age.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar Journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

TEN PURE SHORT-HORNS FOR SALE.—Cayuga, N. Y., July 6, 1857. 392 E. MARKS.

TO FARMERS.—A young man, recently from England, wishes to obtain work on a farm for one year. Direct with real name, and address W. H., Box 1075 P. O., Rochester, N. Y.

BUCKWHEAT FOR SEED.—At $1,25 per bushel, at Hallock's Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, No. 408 Buffalo street, Rochester, N. Y. 392

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THIS MACHINE IS MORE SIMPLE, and less liable to get out of repair, than any other Self-Raker—is easier for the Team than any hand-raker which cuts as wide—cuts as clean and rakes off better than any other machine, either hand or self-raker. The size of the handle may be regulated by the driver with perfect ease—the knife cannot be clogged—and for quality of material and workmanship, it is not surpassed by any machine in the market. For further particulars, apply soon, to one of our agents, or to ourselves.
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To be admitted, students must be well advanced in the studies usually pursued in our Common Schools.
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SHORT-HORNS FOR SALE.—Eight or ten fine young Cows and Heifers; Also Heifer and Bull Calves. Clockville, Madison Co., N. Y. [391tf] S. P. CHAPMAN.

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TO THE BREEDERS OF NORTH AMERICA.
Short-Horn Cattle, Leicester Sheep.
MR. JOHN WADE, would most respectfully intimate that in consequence of the sudden death of his late brother, by the accident at the Desjardins Canal, the whole of the valuable stock of Short-Horned Cattle and Leicester Sheep, left by him, will be offered in unreserved competition, on WEDNESDAY, 26th day of August next, at his Farm, 4 miles equi-distant, from Port Hope and Cobourg.
To those acquainted with the Stock, no recommendation is necessary. The Prize Lists of our Provincial and Local Agricultural Societies, prove that the unremitting exertions of their late owner, for the last 20 years, as well as his unsparing expense of money and labor, have not been thrown away. The Stock had just reached the point aimed at by him for a long period, and it is only in consequence of the inability of a young family to carry on such a concern, that they are now offered.—The herd has been raised from successive importations from the native seat of the Short-Horns, the County of Durham; being originally from the COLLIN'S Stock through the channels of Col. CRADDOCK, J. M. HOPPER, Esq., and others. Mr. WADE would simply remark, that such an opportunity rarely occurs to those wishful to obtain a pure Durham Stock. The Sheep, Teeswater and Leicester, are from the flocks of DAVIDSON of Northumberland, CARTER and ROBINSON, of Durham, and others equally celebrated.
TERMS:—Six months credit on approved endorsed notes. As the character of this Stock will probably bring many of our American friends from a distance, 15 per cent discount per annum will be allowed for cash, or in case of taking the credit, they will be kind enough to provide a Canadian endorser.
At the same time and place, will be offered pure DURHAM Stock of the same character, with a considerable variation of pedigree and individual characteristic, from the breed of Mr. J. WADE, and others, and also some very high bred Grade Durhams.

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For ST. LOUIS, via Bellefontaine, Columbus, or Cincinnati,	6.50 A. M.	3.00 P. M	6.30 P. M.

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General Union Ticket Office, No. 17 Exchange St.
A. J. HARLOW, Ticket Agent 391
June, 1857. WM. R. BARR, Gen'l Agent, Buffalo

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ATKINS' AUTOMATON:
OR,
Self-Raking Reaper and Mower.
BEST MACHINE

Choice Poetry.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

In thy heart there is a chamber—
None but God and thou hast seen it—
Darkened by the sombre shadows
From the folds of thought that screen it.

On its walls are many pictures
Painted by the hand of Time,
Sketches of those mystic regions
In the Infinite sublime.

There are portraits of the faces
That have passed away from earth;
Glimpses of those sunny places,
Sacred to thy childhood mirth.

Of the homestead, old and mossy,
Close beside the meadow green,
Where the brooks like threads of silver,
Wound their graceful curve between.

And it is a haunted chamber,
There the ghosts at midnight stray,
Silent as the stars that wander
Down the white pav'd Milky Way.

You behold the light forms trembling
In their pure robes like a bride,
And they look so much like living,
You forget that they have died.

You forget the marble features
Of the friend you laid to rest,
You forget the pale hands folded
On a pulseless, soundless breast.

But you see him slowly walking
'Mid the glow life's sunset weaves,
When his lips dropp'd farewell blessings,
And the trees their autumn leaves.

Thus comes he long since departed,
Reaching out his hands to thine,
And his lips unto thee murmur
In a tone which seems divine.

In this chamber stands a mirror,
Memory's lamp hangs overhead,
Throwing down a soften'd radiance
On these pictures of the dead.

In its clear depths were distinguished
What we were, and what we are,
There our inner life reflected,
Shows us hideous or fair.

Oh! 'tis in this secret chamber
That we learn a solemn truth,
As in links of spirit union,
Age is join'd again with youth.

Life's Lessons.

FINDING A HUSBAND.

BY PEGGY MOREHEAD.

"Uncle, may I ride Milo?" I said one bright June morning, as he sat at the breakfast table.

"Ride Milo!"

"Yes! It's such a beautiful day."

"But he'll throw you!"

"Throw me!" And I laughed merrily and incredulously. "Say yes, dear uncle," I continued, coaxingly, "there's no fear and I'm dying for a canter."

"You'll die of a canter then," he retorted, with his grim wit, "for he'll break your neck. The horse has only been ridden three times, twice by by myself and once by Joe."

"But you've often said I was a better rider than Joe." Joe was the stable boy. "That's a good uncle, now do." And I threw my arms about his neck and kissed him.

I knew, by experience, that, when I did this I generally carried the day. My uncle tried to look stern; but I saw he was relenting. He made a last effort, however, to deny me.

"Why not take Dobbin?" he said.

"Dobbin!" I cried. "Old, snail-paced Dobbin, on such a morning as this. One might as well ride a rocking-horse at once."

"Well, well," he said, "if I must, I must. You'll tease the life out of me if I don't let you have your way. I wish you'd get a husband, you minx, you're growing beyond my control."

"Humph! A husband. Well, since you say so, I'll begin to look out for one to-day."

"He'll soon repent of his bargain," said my uncle; but his smile belied his words. "You're as short as a pie-crust, if you can't have your way.—There," seeing I was about to speak, "go and get ready, while I tell Joe to saddle Milo. You'll set the house afire if I don't send you off."

Milo was soon at the door, a gay, mettlesome colt, who laid his ears back as I mounted and gave me a vicious look I did not quite like.

"Take care," said my uncle. "It's not too late yet to give it up."

I was piqued.

"I never give up anything," I said.

"Not even the finding of a husband, eh?"

"No. I'll ride down to the poor-house and ask old Tony, the octogenarian pauper, to have me; and you'll be forced to hire Poll Wilkes to cook your dinners." And as I said this, my eyes twinkled mischievously, for uncle was an old bachelor, who detested all strange women, and held an especial aversion to Poll Wilkes, a sour old maid of forty-seven, because, years ago, she had plotted to entrap him into matrimony. Before he could reply, I gave Milo his head.

John Gilpin, we are told, went fast; but I went faster. It was not long before the colt had it all his own way. At first I tried to check his speed; but he got the bit in his mouth; and all I could do was to hold on and trust to tiring him out.—Trees, fences and houses went by us like wild pigeons on the wing. As long as the road was clear, we did well enough, but suddenly coming to a blasted oak, that started out, spectre-like from the edge of a wood, Milo, shied, twisted half around, and planted his fore-feet stubbornly in the ground. I did not know I was falling, till I felt myself in a mud-hole, which lay at one side of the road.

Here was a fine end to my boasted horsemanship! But as the mud was soft, I was not hurt, and the ludicrous spectacle I presented, soon got the upper hand of my vexation, "A fine chance I have of finding a husband, in this condition," I said to myself, recalling my jest with uncle. "If I could find some mud dryad now, and pass myself off for a mud nymph, I might have a chance." And I began to pick myself up.

"Shall I help you, Miss?" suddenly said a deep, rich, manly voice.

I looked up, and saw a young man, the suppressed merriment of whose black eyes brought the blood to my cheek, and made me, for an instant, ashamed and angry. But on glancing again at my dress, I could not help laughing in spite of myself. I stood in the mud at least six inches above the tops of my shoes. My riding skirt was plastered all over, so that it was almost impossible to tell of what it was made. My hands and arms were mud to the elbows, for I had instinctively extended them, as I fell, in order to protect myself.

The young man, as he spoke, turned to the neighboring fence, and taking off the top rail he placed it across the puddle, then putting his arm around my waist, he lifted me out, though not without leaving my shoes behind. While he was fishing these out, which he began immediately to do, I stole behind the enormous oak, to hide my blushing face, and scrape the mud from my stockings and riding skirt. I had managed to get the first a little cleaner, but the last was still as thick as ever when my companion made his appearance with the missing shoes, which he had scraped till they were quite presentable, and leading Milo by the bridle.

"Pray, let me see you home," he said, "If you will mount again, I'll lead the colt; and there will be no chance of his repeating his trick."

I could not answer for shame, but when in the saddle murmured something about "not troubling him."

"It's no trouble, not the least," he replied standing hat in hand like a knightly cavalier, and still retaining his hold on the bridle, "and I can't really let you go alone, for the colt is as vicious as he can be, to-day. Look at his ears and the red in his eyes. I saw you coming down the road, and expected you to be thrown every minute, till I saw how well you rode. Nor would it have happened, if he hadn't wheeled and stopped, like a trick horse in the circus."

I cannot tell how soothing was this graceful way of excusing my mishap. I stole a glance under my eyelids, at the speaker, and saw that he was very handsome and gentlemanly, and apparently about six and twenty, or several years older than myself.

I had hoped that uncle would be out in the fields, overlooking the men; but as we entered the gate, I saw him sitting, provokingly, at the open window; and by the time I had sprung to the ground, he came out, his eyes brim full of mischief. I did not dare to step, but turning to my escort, I said, "My uncle, sir, won't you walk in," and then rushed up stairs.

In about a half an hour, just as I had dressed, there was a knock at my door, my uncle's knock, I could not but open. He was laughing a low silent laugh, his portly body shaking all over with suppressed merriment.

"Ah! ready at last," he said. "I began to despair of you, you were so long, and came to hasten you. He's waiting in the parlor still," he said in a malicious whisper. "You've my consent, for I like him hugely, only who'd have thought of finding a husband in a mud puddle."

I slipped past my tormentor, preferring to face even my escort than to run the gauntlet of uncle's wit; and was soon stammering my thanks to Mr. Templeton, for as such my uncle, who followed me down, introduced him.

To make short of what else would be a long story, what was said in jest, turned out to be in earnest; for in less than six months, in that very room, I stood up to become Mrs. Templeton. How it all came about I hardly know, but I certainly did find a husband on that day. Harry, for that is the name by which I call Mr. Templeton, says that I entered the parlor so transformed, my light blue tissue floating about me so like a cloud wreath, my cheeks so rosy, my eyes so bright, my curls playing such hide-and-seek about my face, that not expecting such an apparition, he lost his heart at at once. He adds, for he still knows how to compliment as well as ever, that my gay, intelligent talk, so different from the demure Miss he had expected, completed the business.

Harry was the son of an old neighbor, who had been abroad for three years, and before that had been at college, so that I had never seen him; but uncle remembered him at once, and had insisted on his staying till I came down, though Harry, from delicacy would have left after an inquiry about my health. My uncle was one of those who will not be put off, and so Harry remained, "The luckiest thing," he says, "I ever did."

Milo is now my favorite steed, for Harry broke him for me; and we are all as happy as the day is long, uncle included; for uncle insisted on our living with him, and I told him, at last, I would consent, "if only to keep Poll Wilkes from cooking his dinner." To which he answered, looking at Harry, "You see what a spit-fire it is, and you may bless your stars if you don't rue the day she went out to FIND A HUSBAND."—*Peterson's Magazine.*

MONEY REMITTANCES BY TELEGRAPH.

To afford facility to the public for the rapid remittance of sums of money, the Electric and International Telegraph Company have organized a branch of their establishment for that purpose.—Money deposited with the company will be advised by telegraphic order, and be paid out to the parties named in the order, in accordance with the conditions printed on the company's forms. The towns between which these remittances can now be made are:—"From London to Liverpool, Manchester, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne; from Birmingham, Bristol, Dublin, Edinburgh, exeter, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Sunderland and York, to London. By order, J. S. Fourdrinier, Secretary." Thus, by a sort of natural necessity, the new "Mercury," the swift "Messenger," while he holds in one hand the magical *transporting* wand, in the other grasps *the purse.* These money remittances by telegraph are, doubtless, the beginnings of a great system which is likely to supercede post-office remittances; we trust with safety equal to its swiftness.

Seek to be pardoned; but above all seek to be beloved.

ORIGIN AND SEALS OF THE STATES.—NO. XII.

DELAWARE.

The State of Delaware, next to Rhode Island, is the smallest in the Union, being 92 miles in length by 23 in width, and containing 2,120 square miles. The counties number three—Kent, Newcastle and Sussex. In 1850 there were in the State 15,290 dwellings, 6,063 farms, 513 manufacturing establishments, and a population of 91,532.

As regards its physical features, the surface is generally level; in the south part it is marshy; in the north slightly undulating, and in its extreme north parts are some commanding elevations. A somewhat elevated table land passes through a portion of the State from north to south, dividing the waters which fall into Chesapeake bay from those which flow into Delaware bay. This table land contains a chain of swamps in the western part of this State, from which its principal streams originate. The soil in the north is a strong clay. Along Delaware river, and for about ten miles west of it, the soil is generally a rich clay, well adapted to agriculture; but between this and the swamps the soil is light and sandy. Proceeding toward the south, the soil becomes more sandy, and in Sussex county sand greatly predominates. Kaoline, or porcelain clay, is found in the north portion, bog-iron ore in the southern, and shell marl throughout the State. There were in 1850, 580,862 acres of land improved, and 375,282 of unimproved, in farms. Cash value of farms, $18,880,031; and the value of implements and machinery $510,279.

The manufacturing interest is represented by a capital of $2,978,845; value of manufactured articles $4,649,206.

The educational privileges are as follows:—Delaware College at Newark, and St. Mary's at Wilmington, which had, in 1850, 144 students. There were also in the State 65 academies, 2,011 pupils; 194 schools, 8,970 scholars; 4 libraries, aggregate number of volumes 17,950. The State has a productive school fund.

The first Constitution was adopted in 1776, the second in 1792, and amended in 1831. The Governor is chosen for four years, and is ever after ineligible. The Senate consists of three members from each county, chosen for four years. The representatives are seven from each county, chosen once in two years, on the first Tuesday in January. Every male citizen, over twenty-two years of age, who has resided one year in the State, and the last month in the county in which he votes, and paid a tax, has the right of suffrage, and if he be between twenty-one and twenty-two years, and otherwise qualified, he may vote without payment of a tax. The judicial power is exercised by four common-law judges, and a chancellor. There must be one associate judge in each county.

Delaware was first settled by the Swedes and Fins in 1630. In Convention it adopted the Constitution of the United States, December 3, 1784, by a unanimous vote.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL.

The following extract is from a letter written by a lady upwards of eighty years old, residing in Philadelphia, to her grandson in Washington:

"When General Washington delivered his Farewell Address, in the room at the southeast corner of Chestnut and Sixth streets, I sat immediately in front of him. It was in the room the Congress had occupied. The table of the Speaker was between the two windows on Sixth st. The daughter of Dr. C——, of Alexandria, the physician and intimate friend of Washington, Mrs. H——, whose husband was the auditor, was a very dear friend of mine. Her brother Washington was one of the Secretaries of Gen. Washington. Young Dandridge, a nephew of Mrs. Washington, was the other. I was included in Mrs. H——'s party to witness the august, the solemn scene. N—— C—— declined going with Mrs. H——, who had determined to go so early as to secure the front bench. It was fortunate for N—— C——(afterwards Mrs. L——) that she would not trust herself to be so near her honored grandfather. My dear father stood very near her; she was terribly agitated.—There was a narrow passage from the door of entrance to the room, which was on the east, dividing the row of benches. Gen. Washington stopped at the end to let Mr. Adams pass to the chair.—The latter always wore a full suit of bright drab, with slash, or rather loose cuffs. He also wore wrist ruffles. He had not changed his fashion.—He was a short man, with a good head. With his family he attended our church twice a day.

"General Washington's dress was a full suit of black. His military hat had the black cockade.—There stood the Father of his Country, acknowledged by nations 'the first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.' No marshals, with gold colored scarfs; no cheering. The most profound stillness greeted him, as if that great assembly desired to hear him breathe and catch his breath—the homage of the heart. Mr. Adams covered his face with both his hands. The sleeve of his coat and his hands were covered with tears. Every now and then there was a suppressed sob. I cannot describe Washington's appearance as I felt it—perfectly composed and self-possessed till the close of his address. Then when strong men's sobs broke loose, when tears covered their faces, then the great man was shaken. I never took my eyes from his face. Large drops came from his eyes. He looked to the grateful children who were parting with their father, their friend, as if his heart was with them and would be to the end."

Light seems the natural enemy of evil deeds.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-one letters.
My 3, 18, 11, 5, 14, was the father of the oldest man mentioned in the Bible.
My 12, 21, 4, 1, 7, 4 was one before whom the Jews accused Paul.
My 8, 17, 5, 2, 15, 4, 13, 10, 8 is a city in this State.
My 16, 8, 20, 1, 14 should always be adhered to.
My 19, 8, 6, 9 is shunned by good men.
My whole is one of the greatest evils that afflicts our world. FANNY.

Sherburne, N. Y., June, 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 7, 10, 13, 2, 16 is a river in North Carolina.
My 10, 5, 15, 6 is a celebrated volcano.
My 27, 13, 11, 3, 7 is a lake in North America.
My 4, 3, 11, 17, 27 is a frith in Scotland.
My 19, 12, 27, 16, 15, 8 is town in Greece.
My 8, 13, 11, 19, 26 is a town in India.
My 6, 11, 25, 24, 19, 12 is a mountain in Asia.
My 17, 13, 6, 12 is an oasis in the great desert.
My 8, 18, 6, 27, 25, 24, 21 is a desert in Africa.
My 7, 3, 11, 20, 19, 22 is a part of Europe.
My 12, 3, 11, 7, 10, 21 is a town in Sweden.
My whole is one of the proverbs of Solomon.

Elizabeth, N. Y., 1857. H. E. W.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first is found upon the sound
As well as on the ocean;
To man a slave it rides the wave
With a rocking motion.

My second is seen upon the sea,
When storms its water troubles;
With sluggish motion it sinks in ocean
And naught is left but bubbles.

My whole is very often seen
Upon the rugged beach;
When waves beat high, and winds defy.
Man his fellow man to reach.

Sutherland Falls, Vt, 1857. A. J. O.

☞ Answer next week.

If A. J. O. will forward full address we will comply with her wishes of the 29th ult.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

If the hour and minute hands of a clock are together at 8 o'clock, 43 minutes, 38 2-11 seconds, at what time between 9 and 10 o'clock will they be together again? J. J. S.

Omro, Wisconsin, June, 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 391:—The wise shall inherit glory, but shame shall be the promotion of fools.

Answer to Geographical Enigma in No. 391:—William Herschel.

Answer to Mathematical Problem in No. 391:—The distance from the small end of the board to the point of division, is 8.4852+ feet, or 8½ feet nearly.

"GOOD TO MAKE MEN OF."

A gentleman once asked a company of little boys what they were good for? One little fellow promptly answered:

"We are good to make *men* of."

Think of that my young friends; you are all good to make men and women of. We do not mean, nor did that little boy, that you are merely good to grow up to the *size* of men and women.—No, we mean a good deal more than this. You are to make persons that will be respected and useful—that will help to do good in the world. No one, who is not useful, and who does not seek to make the world better, deserves the name of man or woman.

You should not forget that, if there are to be any men and women—any that deserve such a name—twenty to thirty years hence, they are to be made of you who are now children. What a world this will be when you grow up, if *all* only make *men* and *women!* Will you not ponder this subject, and "show yourselves men?"

"Good to make men of." What kind of men will our youthful readers be twenty years hence? Will they be classed with the intelligent, the respectable, the industrious, the prosperous, the benevolent, the pious men of the time? for doubtless there will be such. It may require a little self-denial, and hard study, and hard work; but such a character is cheaply purchased at that price—and such a character we wish all our readers to bear.—*Youth's Companion.*

Washington seldom indulged in a joke or a sarcasm, but when he did he always made a decided hit. During the debate on the establishment of the Federal army, a member of Congress offered a resolution, limiting it to three thousand men; to which Washington suggested an amendment, providing that *no enemy should ever invade the country with more than two thousand men.* The laughter which ensued smothered the resolution.

A man will be more greived for the loss of a desired object, than he could have been pleased with the enjoyment of it; for though the presence of an imaginary good cannot make us happy, the absence of it may make us miserable; because in the enjoyment of an object we only find that a share of pleasure which it is capable of giving us, but in the loss of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations set upon it.

The wisest man may be wiser to-day than he was yesterday, and to-morrow than he is to-day.—Total freedom from change would imply total freedom from error; but this is the prerogative of omniscience alone.

One leak will sink a ship, and one sin will destroy a sinner.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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(Successors to William N. Sage,) Booksellers, Stationers, and Dealers in Printers' Stock, No 40 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
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Office No 24, Arcade Gallery, Rochester, N. Y.—will give special attention to the collection of moneys on bonds and mortgages, notes and accounts, in the United States and Canadas, and will promptly remit the same as desired. *Claims* for infringements on *Patents*, and against Insurance Companies and Corporations, enforced to adjustment.—Title to real estate perfected—business connected with the Marine and Commerical department promptly executed. All law business promptly attended to.
References—Hon. Rufus Keeler, Mayor of Rochester, N. Y.; Hon. Erastus Corning & Co., Albany, N. Y.; Wm. Barton, Esq., Banker, No. 20 Merchants' Exchange, N. Y. 329cow3m.

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Whip and Glove Store, 78 State Street,
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in the city. I shall keep a larger and better assortment of these goods than has ever before been kept here.
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Elmira, N. Y., May, 1857. 383m6wc

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☞ D. R. BARTON, Rochester, agent for Monroe and Livingston Co.'s. [380w7cow] [April 15, 1857.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LEADING WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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Rural New-Yorker.

CORN CULTURE.

THE excessive moisture during the months of May and June, together with the lack of warmth usual at this period of the year, has retarded the growth of the corn crop, and therefore a few words upon its culture, applications for "hurrying up," and the various means that can be called into operation to assist nature and insure the full development of this cereal, are still timely and, we hope, will prove of value to those most interested—the growers thereof.

Hilling, although bearing the patent of antiquity, is falling into strange disrespect—a great number of our agriculturists perform no longer this labor—and between those who have abandoned the method, and those who still cling to ancient forms, there is a strife of words. The disputation is assuming an importance that earns for it the title of "*National*," and we should not be surprised to see a *plank* hereafter inserted in *political platforms*—to hill, or not to hill, becoming the *test question*. Would that a majority of those now forming the basis of political parties, had one-half the virtue of this. We should then hear less concerning "unseaworthiness," and less frequently would arise the necessity of "casting overboard" some exploded idea—of throwing aside a certain portion that has, unfortunately, been deprived of its "availability." There is but little doubt that, if hilling *is* beneficial, there has often been in the constructing process "too much of a *good* thing"—and here, we are inclined to think, is to be found one cause of failure. The peculiar benefits attributed to hilling, are not derived from the elevation of a greater or less quantity of earth around the stalk, but from the *manner* in which it is done, and the *loosening the soil receives*. If the soil is cast up at all, it should be in such a way, that descending moisture will be carried *to, not from the roots*,—instead of acting as a *water-shed*, keeping dampness from the crop, it should be a *basin*, receiving and guaranteeing a supply equal to the area it occupies. Our summer rains are generally short, rapid falling showers, and these cones destroy, or operate directly antagonistic to, what the growing crop requires.

One means by which man may aid nature in perfecting the growth of any crop, is by keeping the land free from weeds, and in none is the good effects of clean culture more perceptible than in that which now occupies our attention. These appropriate to themselves the nutriment which would otherwise be taken up and adapted to the wants of the corn, detracting from its strength, and depriving it of that which is necessary to its support. The peculiarities of the present season have given extensive growth to this bane of the soil—farmers have had little opportunity to "meet the enemy," and the fields are almost overrun. These must first be got out of the way, and then, though we have not an abundant faith in applications as a general rule, when made as late in the season as the present time, still, if the weeds have taken the life from the land, something may be done to infuse new vigor.

Among the various applications in vogue, and that from which the most satisfactory results seem to have been attained, is one composed of plaster and ashes. Many farmers use them separately, and from each much of good may be realized. An earlier application would be more apparent in its effect, but the season, this year, will afford opportunity for their profitable use. Plaster most readily will be assimilated and prepared for circulation, and a small quantity—a handful—deposited upon the surface in the vicinity of the stalk, may be productive of much benefit.

The great remedy, however, is in the amount of muscle laid out upon the land. *Stir the soil* if you would find the panacea for the ills produced by late seasons and foul seeds. This is the genuine mode of treatment, and it alone will fully make amends for the depressing influences of the one, or stay the ravages of the other.

WHEAT CULTURE.—FACTS AND INFERENCES.

IN 1850 the wheat crop of Maine was less than in 1840 by more that 500,000 bushels—that of New Hampshire was less by more than 220,000 bushels—of Massachusetts by 120,000 bushels—of Connecticut it was less by more than one-half, being 87,000 in 1840, and only 41,000 in 1850. In Rhode Island it dwindled from 3,000 bushels in 1840, to 49 in 1850. In Vermont alone, of all the New England States, it was greater in 1850 than in 1840, being in 1840, 495,000 bushels, and 1850, 535,000—an increase of 40,000 bushels. The whole wheat crop of New England, Vermont included, was less in 1850 than 1840 by more than 720,000 bushels—or a diminution of more than one-third in a single decade. Ohio raised less wheat in 1850 than in 1840 by more than 2,000,000 bushels. Yet the three States, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, raised *more* wheat in 1850 than in 1840 by nearly 1,000,000 bushels. Kentucky raised less wheat in 1850 than in 1840 by more than 2,500,000 bushels. Virginia, on the other hand, and Maryland and Arkansas, and all the newer Western and North-Western States and Territories, grew so much more wheat in 1850 than in 1840, that during these ten years the annual aggregate wheat crop of the United States was increased from 84,000,000 to 100,000,000 bushels—an advance of nearly 20 per cent.

The inferences we draw from these facts we proceed to state in a few words. They are abundantly confirmed by experience:

1. In the older States the wheat culture is on the whole greatly on the decline. Climate in the North-Eastern States, and careless culture, with a general disregard of the demands of the soil, almost everywhere, are among the most active causes of this decline.

2. In all the newest States the wheat crop is greatly, for the present, on the increase. The reasons for this fact will be obvious when it is remembered that the virgin soil of the new country is still rich, and that large tracts of lands are still annually cleared or broken up and brought under cultivation.

3. In the Middle States, where a favorable soil has been supported by careful culture and suitable manures, the wheat crop has "held its own" quite well.

We hope these facts will not fail to impress their obvious lesson on the farmers of our new Western States. The example of Great Britain proves that old lands, if properly managed, may continue to grow abundant crops of this most coveted of all the cereals.

DIASTASE.

AMONG the constituents of plants—as shown by chemical analysis—is one called *diastase*, possessing peculiar properties and acting an important part in vegetable reproduction. It is formed during the process of malting in barley, and of sprouting (which is the same thing) or germination in wheat, potatoes, &c. But experiment shows that it resides in a particular part of the grain or potato—that it is formed only at the base of the germ, and there remains during its growth. When, however, the leaves are fully formed, this substance disappears. This shows that it performs a function necessary to germination, but temporary only, and uncalled for by the perfect plant. What its uses are will appear from a detail of its properties.

Diastase (like sulphuric acid) possesses the property of transforming starch, first into gum and then into grape sugar, but (unlike sulphuric acid) there is an intermediate stage when *dextrine* is produced—a substance having the same composition as starch—and is merely starch soluble in cold water. Thus *diastase* first makes the starch soluble, then converts it into gum, and then to sugar. One part of *diastase* will convert two thousand parts of starch into sugar. A solution of *diastase*, when allowed to stand, is soon decomposed, and boiling destroys its effect upon starch. Though it has never been analyzed, it is known to contain nitrogen, for in decomposition it evolves ammonia.

One function of *diastase*, one reason why it is produced in the living seed, and situated at the base of the germ, may now be explained. Starch forms a large part of every seed; it is the food of the future germ, prepared and ready to minister to its wants whenever heat and moisture concur in awakening it to life. But starch is itself insoluble in water, and would not, therefore, accompany the fluid sap when it begins its circulation. For this reason *diastase* is formed at the point where the germ first issues from the mass of food. There it transforms and renders the starch soluble, so that the young vessels can take it up and convey it to the point of growth. When the starch is exhausted its functions cease. It is then itself transformed and carried into general circulation. Its presence is necessary only until the leaves and roots are fully formed, and if, as in the potato, more starch is present than is necessary, it remains unused.

Perhaps there are other functions of *diastase*.—It seems to be more abundant than this simple change of starch into dextrine, etc., would require, and nature seldom allows waste in her operations. It contains nitrogen—derived from the gluten or vegetable albumen of the seed—and may be intended to contribute directly to the nourishment and growth of the plant.

These statements—condensed from JOHNSTON'S *Agricultural Chemistry*—will interest our young readers, and, we hope, induce them to give some attention to the science. He concludes his remarks as follows:

"How bountifully has nature provided in the seed for the nourishment of the young plant, how carefully the food is stored up for it, and in how imperishable a form—how safely covered also and protected from causes of decay! For hundreds of years the principle of life will lie dormant, and for as many the food will remain sound and undiminished until the time of awakening comes. Though buried deep in the earth, the seed defies the exertions of cold and rain, for the food it contains is unaffected by cold and absolutely insoluble in water. But no sooner is the sleeping germ recalled to life by the access of air and warmth, and duly tempered moisture, then a new agent is summoned to its aid, and the food is so changed as to be capable of ministering to its early wants. The first movement of the nascent germ—and how it moves, by what inherent and impartial force, who shall discover to us?—is the signal for the appearance of this agent—*diastase*—of which, previous to germination, no trace could be discovered in the seed. At the root of the germ, where the vessels terminate in the farinaceous matter, exactly where it is wanted, this substance is to be found; there and there only, resolving and transforming the otherwise unavailable store of food, and preparing it for being conveyed either to the ascending sprout or to the descending root. And when the necessity for its presence ceases—when the green leaf becomes developed, and the root has fairly entered the soil—when the plant is fitted to seek food for itself—then this *diastase* disappears, it undergoes itself a new conversion, and is prepared in another form to contribute to the further increase of the plant.

"How beautiful and provident are all the arrangements!—how plastic the various forms of matter in the hands of the All-Intelligent!—how nicely adjusted in time and place its diversified changes!—what an apparently lavish expenditure of forethought and kind provision, in behalf of even the meanest plant that grows."

BUCKWHEAT—ITS ACTION ON SOILS.

WE have had several inquiries relative to the peculiar action of Buckwheat upon the soil, and while a large number of farmers do not seem to possess any definite knowledge upon the question, those who have formed an opinion differ materially in their views. At a late meeting of the Coun. Legislative Ag. Club, the subject for discussion was—"Buckwheat,—does it poison the land for other crops, as for Corn?"—and we purpose to condense and lay before our readers the remarks of those taking part therein:

MR. RALPH R. PHELPS, of Manchester said he had found buckwheat less exhausting than oats.—He cited a case where it had been planted on one piece of land for *twelve years* in succession; and then the field was sown to rye, and the crop was a first rate one. Plaster was used on the rye. He would also say of buckwheat, that it did better with guano for manure, than any other crop he knew of.

MR. GREGGS, of Tolland, knew a piece of land on which buckwheat had been planted for *twenty-eight years* consecutively, and the last crop was better than the first. Mr. G. had found that this crop left the soil *too light*. It would do well enough for corn if the land was first *rolled down* hard. But people neglected this.

MR. FOOT, of Guilford, had had a very different experience with buckwheat. The crop was fair the first year, less the second, and very poor the third. His soil was dry and light. With corn as an after crop, the case was still worse; there was no sort of a crop of corn after buckwheat.

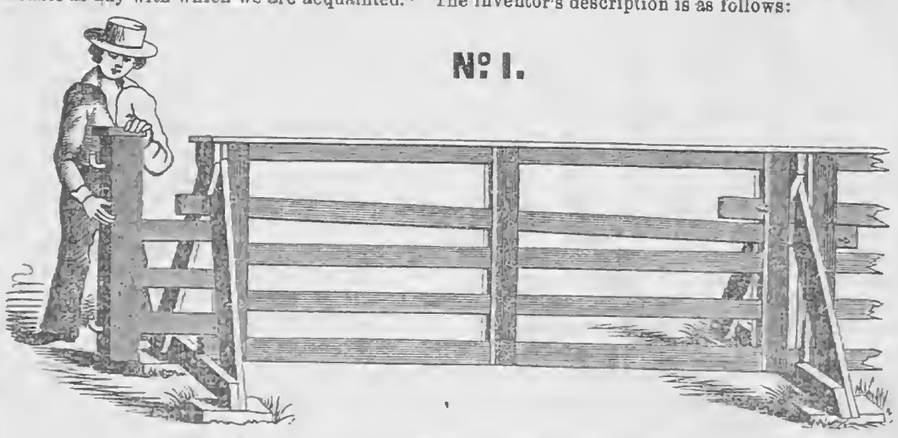
The President gave his experience, which was just the opposite, in every particular. His soil was a good loam. He manured it with barn-yard manure, and got 28 bushels to the acre of good buckwheat, and after five years of cropping with buckwheat, he tried corn, and had a great crop, contrary to general expectation. The President further mentioned that he had found buckwheat an excellent thing to keep out weeds in an after crop of corn. It not only killed the weeds, but did not come up itself among the corn.

MR. COLBURN, of Union, spoke well of buckwheat, so far as he had tried it. He gave a sketch of the plan followed in Berkshire County, Mass., where they plowed in the whole crop, after having grown it on new soil, lately broken up.

MR. BULLOCK, of Putnam, never did succeed with corn after buckwheat. His soil was a heavy loam. In the neighboring town of Thompson it

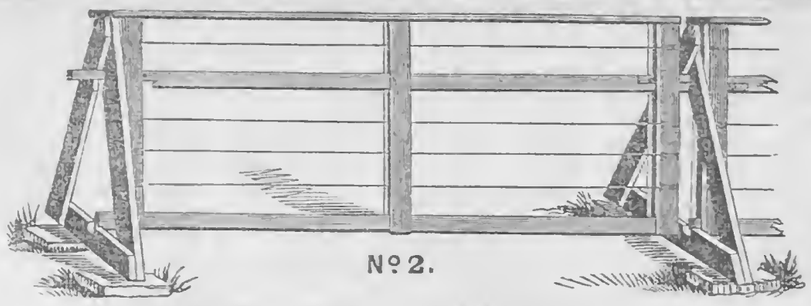
HUNT'S PATENT PORTABLE OR PERMANENT FENCE,
AND PORTABLE UNSAGGING GATE POST.

THE accompanying engravings represent the various parts of an Improved Fence patented in December last, and a Gate Post patented April 7, 1857, by DR. JAS. G. HUNT & Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio. It is claimed to be simple, cheap and durable, and may be put up by any intelligent farmer without the aid of a carpenter. We have not seen this fence, but it apparently comprises some valuable features,—and the portable unsagging gate post is an improvement which has long been a desideratum. In noticing this fence the editor of the Valley Farmer remarks that "Economy in fencing is an important consideration with Western farmers, and this method of building is as cheap and durable as any with which we are acquainted." The inventor's description is as follows:



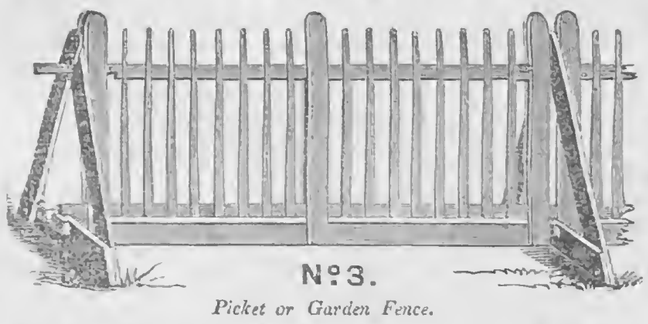
Portable Gate Post and Panels, connected with whole rail.

"This is a *straight* fence, thus economizing ground and lumber. It is all made of inch boards or flat rails in separate panels, (10 to 16 feet long,) with double battens 1 X 4 inches, except the middle one, which with the cap, need be but 3 inches in width. These are connected together by having an upper rail project, in whole or part, 8 or 10 inches beyond its own battens, and pass through the brace and between the battens of the adjoining panel, as No. 1 and 2, or connected by short boards or keys, No. 6. At the bottom it is connected by a short board or key as in No. 4, or the end of bottom rails, may project and lap or meet in the notch in the base of the brace. The support

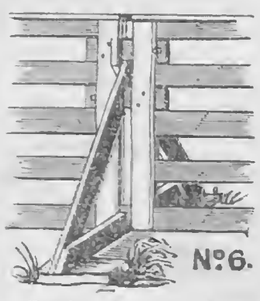


One Form Wire Fence, with straight rail halved.

is by the *Triangular Brace*, B, which binds the fence in every direction, bracing it to the *very top*, and effectually prevents it being *blown over*. The base of the brace for a fence 4 to 5 ft. high should be from 3½ to 4 ft. long, and is made of inch stuff slightly wider than the bottom board of the panels, as in No. 4, or with a short piece of inch board nailed on it, as in No. 3; or of 2 X 4 in. stuff, as in No. 1 and 2. The side braces are nailed on to the opposite sides of the end of the base, which brings them together at the top, where they are nailed.

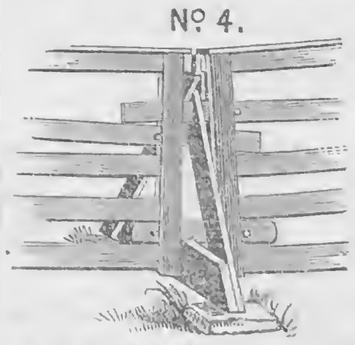


Picket or Garden Fence.

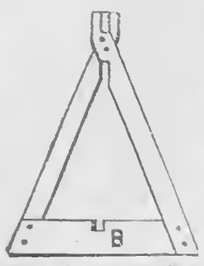


Panels connected by keys.

"The *base* of the *Brace* should stand on *stone* or *blocks* of wood, (see cuts,) or be *dipped* into a *preparation* of *coal tar*, which will *prevent all rotting*. On hill sides one brace can be made longer than the other. Where the fence is designed to be *permanent*, if exposed to very violent *winds*, *stakes* or *hooks* should be driven over the ends of the braces. To make the *fence rapidly*, lay off on a platform the size of a proposed panel, then put in pins at the sides and ends of the battens and rails, so that they will respectively be kept in their places. Then drop one set of the battens in their places, the rails on them, and the other set of battens upon the rails. Then drive a couple of nails into each crossing,



As on uneven ground.



Compound Triangular Brace.

Strong Corner, at any angle.

turn the panel over, and clinch if tenpenny nails are used, (the hardness having been removed by heating.) Drive another nail into each crossing, and the panel is ready to be removed and capped if desired. Make a pattern of the base and sides of the triangular brace, according to the size of the fence, saw out the lumber and nail as before directed. The notch should be slight or none at all—error in the cut.

"The *Portable Gate Post* has a mortice to receive the projecting rail of the panel, and strips to fill the spaces between the battens and rails, (see No. 1,) and when planned, *cannot sag*. Cattle Fence made by leaving out all except two upper rails."

was right the other way; there the soil was gravelly.

Mr. Judson, of Woodbury, plowed the land in June, and sowed the buckwheat from the 10th to the 15th of July; had good crops. Had not much luck with corn as an after crop. Potatoes, however, did better. He got 25 bushels buckwheat to the acre. His idea is that buckwheat does not hurt the land.

Mr. Williams, of Hampton, stated a case where buckwheat had been planted on a piece of land in his town for 21 years in succession; and the crops grew better and better every year, steadily. The last crop was 27½ bushels to the acre, while the first crop was but 11 bushels. It was a poor gravelly soil.

Mr. Phelps, of Manchester, tried potatoes after buckwheat, and next year after that, corn; he got 100 bushels of ears to the acre.

Mr. Peck, of Chaplin, had found there was no difficulty in getting good crops of corn after buckwheat, if the land was manured well.

Communications.

TRAINING STEERS TO THE YOKE.

Perhaps, in all agricultural practice, there is nothing in which we differ so far from the dictates of reason, by which we ought to be guided, as in the *training* of steers for the yoke. The child, with all his reason, is subject to a gradual introduction into the various fields of labor in which he is expected to operate. The man who is to be initiated into the Mason's Lodge, has to be assured over and over again, that he "*wont* be hurt," before he will venture to tread the halls from which "no tales are told." In fact it is a rule of reason, in every other instance, to train gradually the eye, the ear, and the sense. But when steers are to be trained for the yoke, no heed is given to the dictates of reason. They are *broken* in some way to draw, and to walk before the ponderous load; but whether according to the teachings of mercy or reason, is a subject of investigation with neither the philanthropist nor moralist. The result but gained—the labor performed, and no inquiries are made.

When a pair of animals are to be broken, or more properly trained, to the yoke, the farmer secures the aid of boys and men enough to yard them, catch them, and put upon their necks the yoke, and about their horns the ropes by which they are to be led. The poor beasts, frightened almost beyond the power of moving, stand trembling amid their captors, subdued by naught save brute force. Once secure with the bows about their necks, they are told to "go." They may start away with all their might, endeavoring by the use of their every power to free themselves from the presence of their captors, but they are fully as apt to stand trembling in mortal fear. If they do not start, the whip is applied, if this does not start them their tails are wrung, clubs are used, and last of all fire, or the approach of some cowardly dog gives them the use of their limbs, and they—go! Two of the ablest youths among their captors, guide their movements on either side, and endeavor to hinder their "running away." But on they gallop at their highest speed, urged on by the very presence of their drivers, until perhaps brought up by some fence crossing their route. Here spectators again approach, and remark upon the probable disposition of each—their ease to break—their appearance, future value, &c.

But I need not describe further this oft repeated scene,—it is familiar, and has had many witnesses. It can, as a system, have no advocates, when the better way which we are about to describe, becomes generally known. And yet it may, unless a certain *class*—opposed to book-farming—can have the privilege of learning it from some traveling conjurer, at a cost of five or more dollars, instead of from the Rural for nothing.

The training of cattle for the yoke, may be done as easily as of colts to the harness, and with as little expense to the spirits of the animal. But in order to accomplish this, we must possess ourselves of abundant patience. We must also have a will for the work—it should be a love—coupled with unflagging resolution. Possessing these, we should accustom the animals to be taught (for what is it but teaching) to our presence, and if possible to being handled. But if this is impracticable from lack of time or other cause,—provide a well fenced "prison yard" or "schoolroom," in which to exercise them; in some place in where have been in the habit of running when unrestrained. The yard should be about five or six rods long, and from two to three rods wide—if the cattle are very wild, not so long, so that with all their efforts they may not be able to escape but little way from the presence of their teacher. In getting your animals—not more than four—into the yard, use care that they may not be frightened, and begin by taming, and accustoming them to your presence. Keep them moving about the yard at liberty, making use of the signals common in driving trained cattle. Your first object is to weary them while under your power, and as they have much farther to travel than you, this will soon be done, so that you may manage them considerably; turning them about, and perhaps stopping them. Proceed no faster than you can do without whipping or forcing, or what is more important, scaring them. When they are sufficiently trained so you can handle them without alarm, you may put the yoke on them, but they can be taught as fast for considerable time without the yoke—until they may be driven about and stopped, and turned around at pleasure. Of course specific directions for action in every case cannot be given, but the system is capable of general adoption, and is better for wild, unmanageable steers, than any other. Its advantages are, that the animal is trained to the yoke without fright, and being taught without running away, is less liable to do so when at work.

We think that no one can read the foregoing, without being convinced that it is better to accustom animals to the presence of the driver where they cannot escape from him, than to run and chase over many a weary mile, tiring both parties, and effecting no more than by the quiet, easy method described. We hope, at least, that all merciful men will be found on the side of mercy.

Illinois, 1857. Jno. Sanfield.

BEE-KEEPING.—CONSTRUCTION OF HIVES.

Messrs. Eds:—In a recent issue of the Rural, "A Constant Reader" says "he would like to inquire of me my mode of treatment in wintering a stock of bees."

In reply to the above I will state, that with differently constructed hives, my mode of treatment varies somewhat, though the all important objects to be attained, are a dry location and thorough ventilation at the top of the hives, as well as the bottom; so as to afford means for the *vapor* to escape that is produced by the breath of the bees. This moisture produces *frost* in the hive in severe cold weather, and causes the bees to freeze, but keep them dry and the most *severe cold weather* that we have will not injure them materially.

With the square box hives, my mode of treatment is as follows:—In the top of each hive I have five one and one-half inch auger holes, for ventilation, having one near each corner and one at the center. During winter, I placed a box bottom up on the top of the hive, to confine the bees and afford an air chamber to receive the moisture from the hive. In addition to this I raise the hive on strips one and one-half inches square, placed around under the edges of the hive. These I slit across with a hand-saw every half inch or so, from the upper side, to within one-fourth inch of the lower edge; these slits admit air and exclude mice, spiders, &c., and will not become closed up with the dead bees and filth that accumulates in the hive during winter. The hive being raised one and a half inches from the bottom board, the air circulates freely under the combs and preserves them dry and healthy.

In all hives having a chamber for small boxes, I remove the boxes in the fall, and leave the communications open into the chambers, and afford some means of ventilation at the bottom.

Many bee-keepers are of opinion that the cause of bees perishing during winter (with a supply of honey in store,) is on account of their becoming so chilled and torpid that they are unable to move from one part of the hive to another and consequently *starve*, while there is an abundance in the hive. This I am confident is not the cause, only in such hives as are not sufficiently ventilated, for as long as the bees and combs remain dry, they will be able to move to all parts of the hive, and even to fly several feet from the hive when the mercury is down to 20° below zero.

I have frequently examined my hives during the coldest days of the three past winters, and I have never found them so "chilled" or "torpid," but that, if sufficiently disturbed, they were able to fly several feet in the cold air.

If "A Constant Reader" had examined his hives (in which the bees died with honey in store,) before they *thawed out*, he would have found the combs covered with frost and ice, and the bees all frozen in a mass. The frost first accumulates at the top and outer edges of the combs, and as the cold continues, it increases and gathers nearer and nearer the center of the hive, until it reaches the bees when they instantly perish. But when a thaw occurs every week or two, the frost melts from the combs—and the bees survive the winter. It is the continual cold weather for several weeks in succession that destroys our bees, in the common hives.

I would also state that from repeated tests during fifteen winters past, I have become convinced that bees will winter in a building, on *less honey*, with much more *safety*, and be more *healthy and strong* in the spring, than when wintered out of doors, exposed to severe cold and all the changes of the weather. I winter them in my "Combination Hive," in my dwelling—in my shop, and in any out-building that will afford protection from the cold and from storms. I wintered one colony the past winter, *in the best possible condition*, in C. M. Saxton's Bookstore, 140 Fulton St., N. Y. The hive stands at a rear window with a spout out for the ingress and egress of the bees, in the same position it occupied last season where the bees stored over 60 lbs. of superior honey, which commanded from 31 to 37½ cents per lb., in boxes of 4 to 8 lbs. each. I use only a few of the common hives, (and these for variety sake, and compare their merits with others;) as they require more attention and *with me*, they will not produce one-half the amount of surplus honey that I can get from the other hives. E. W. Phelps.

Elizabeth, N. J., 1857.

CROPS, &C., IN SOUTHERN WISCONSIN.

I often wish some of my brother farmers would take the duty of "Rural" reporters for each State in the Union, and if every county the better, and then we should learn through its valuable pages what is going on about the weather, crops, prices, future prospects, &c. I will tell you a little about Southern Wisconsin, and if it meets your approval, perhaps you may hear every three months, and I hope others will do likewise, if you can spare us a little room.

After the long-continued cold spring weather, we were blessed with delightful rains, which brought vegetation on fast, but it being cool the grain did not grow too fast, but stout and strong. Our wheat is looking very fine; some winter wheat near me, if the season is good, will produce near forty bushels per acre. The Club spring wheat is looking fine. Barley is likely to be over an average crop. The oat crop is promising a full average. Corn varies very much; some has been planted twice, some plowed up. Some, where the cultivator and hoe have not been spared, is looking pretty well, though backward; may give an average yield if weather comes good. Other corn, my neighbors say, looks as if it had ague and fever, and I pity the man that has to clean it, but do not covet his crop. Potatoes—a larger quantity than usual planted, and looking very fine. The weather now is everything we can desire for the grain; perhaps a little hotter would bring on the corn faster. Should this meet your approval, you will again hear from Trans-Atlantic.

Large Yield of Butter.—Mr. Jas. H. Hyde, of Huron, Wayne Co., N. Y., writes us that he recently saved the milk of one of his cows for one week, and made therefrom *eighteen pounds of butter*. The cow is eight years old—color, yellow and white spotted—pedigree unknown. Had nothing but timothy grass to eat. She calved in April; has not been messed since March, but was fed carrots through the winter. Mr. H. wants to know who can beat this.

RURAL ITEMS, INQUIRIES, &c.

A word more about Feeding Sheep.—I do not wonder that our friend O. S. Cumings did not succeed in raising his choice lambs; two quarts of grain for three ewes per day is too much feed of any kind of grain. I think enough for three times that number. I selected six of my best ewes last fall from which I intended to raise some choice lambs of the Spanish Merino blood. The latter part of December turned them in with a flock of 70 lambs, and fed them alike—which was good hay twice a day, without any grain. They came out in fair condition in the spring, the six raising five good, strong lambs—one of them not having a lamb. I think a little grain, either oats or corn, beneficial, but too much worse than none.—L. W. Sherwood, *Barrington, Yates Co., N. Y.*, 1857.

Heaves in Horses.—In the Rural of 13th June, I noticed an article by Mr. Z. B. Lewis, of Drummondville, C. W., in regard to Heaves in Horses. I have been a resident of this part of the country for a number of years, and I confess that I never saw a case of heaves in horses, but I have been told by reliable men that a number of horses affected with the disease have been brought into this State and Illinois, by emigrants, and in a short time after being permitted to graze upon the prairie they were relieved of the heaves and also of cough. My riding horse was taken with a violent cough this spring before the grass and herbage appeared, and it continued until the Rosin weed made its appearance. The horse seemed to prefer it to grass, and in a few days he was well. It grows here in abundance, and I have no doubt but that it is possessed of valuable medicinal properties, and to those who may feel interested, either East or North, and will address me at Jordan P. O., Ill., requesting a sample, it will be forthcoming. And should any person wish to engage in the preparation or manufacture of this article for cough and heaves in horses, I can furnish them any desirable quantity. There is unquestionably a chance for a fortune to some man, from my knowledge of the science Chemistry. I am fully satisfied that it can be reduced to a concentrated preparation, and yet retain all its medical properties.—Samuel Frankeberger, M. D., *Grand Prairie, Warren Co., Ind.*

"Doctors disagree," and perhaps the following item will offset the above:

Heaves are quite common in this part of Wisconsin, and Rosin weed is also, but it does not cure nor help the heaves here; but I have known quite a number of bad cases permanently cured by only feeding bright corn fodder and *ground* feed, well wet with cold weak lime water.—R. B. P., *Laoaga, Fond du Lac Co., Wis.*

Timothy Seed Harvester Wanted.—Can you or any of your numerous subscribers give me any information of the existence of a machine that would pass over timothy to cut the heads off, so the seed might be saved without much detriment to the hay, where it can be obtained, price, and your opinion of such a machine?—George Gregg, *Loudoun Co., Va.*, 1857.

[We do not know of any machine exactly adapted to the purpose named, though perhaps the Clover Harvester of Jeptha Wagener, of New York, would accomplish the desired object. It is designed to gather the heads of clover, and might answer the same purpose with timothy—though we should think the uneven surface and comparatively great height of the latter would render the operation difficult.—Ed.]

Entomology.—I would like to know if Dr. Fitch intends giving us anything more on the subject of Entomology. In his last article he promised us that he would tell us something about the capturing and preserving of insects. I have not seen a word from him in several weeks. I hope he will pursue the subject still longer and oblige—A Butterfly, *Geneseo.*

[The promised article on capturing and preserving insects has probably been delayed on account of the Dr's other engagements and duties—perhaps by *practical* operations in the interesting department named. We have been expecting it for weeks, and presume the many Rural readers interested will soon be gratified by its appearance.—Ed.]

Seeding Prairie Land.—I have about thirty acres of unbroken prairie land which I desire to seed down for a meadow. Will you or some of your numerous correspondents be kind enough to inform me as to the best time of sowing, whether harrowing should precede the sowing, &c.—Johnson Jenks, *Iowa City, July*, 1857.

[Our impression is that the best plan would be to break up the land and prepare as for wheat, harrowing both before and after sowing. If the land is adapted to winter wheat, it might be well to sow both wheat and grass seed this fall, and harrow in together—sowing on more grass, or clover, in the spring, if desirable. If, as is probable, some of our readers on the prairies can give a better plan, they will please communicate.—Ed.]

Shoeing thin-soled Horses.—I would like to inquire if you, or any of your numerous subscribers, can give any information in regard to the shoeing of thin-soled, flat footed horses? What kind of shoe is best calculated to defend this kind of foot, we have never been informed. Shoes that seem to me the only safeguard, have been condemned. If there can be any light given on this subject, I think it will be appreciated, for many inquire what kind of shoe must we have?—F. K. Pierce, *Schuyler, N. Y.*

Milking Machine Wanted.—I wish to inquire through your paper, with regard to a milking machine. If any of the subscribers of the Rural will let me know whether there is such a machine to be obtained, and if so, where, and state what its merits are, they will oblige—H. R. Kendall, *Stockton*, 1857.

The Chinch Bug.—Can you, or any of your numerous correspondents, tell me through the Rural what will protect grain against the Chinch bug? I have sowed ashes, but what the result will be I cannot tell. Our prospect for a crop would be good, were it not for the ravages of millions of bugs.—A Subscriber, *Lake Mills, Wis.*

Rural Notes and Items.

The Grand Trial of Harvesters, under the auspices of the United States Ag. Society, is now in successful progress at Syracuse, and will probably continue until the close of next week, and perhaps longer. Our latest advices from Syracuse, dated Tuesday morning, state that the preliminary arrangements for the Trial have been managed and completed in a very successful manner by the President, Secretary and other officers and committees of the Society, and that the exhibition promises to equal the most sanguine expectations of the large number in attendance. The opening ceremonies and commencement of the Trial, were announced for Tuesday—the testing of Mowing Machines being first in order, after the inaugural address of the President, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder. We have received a list of the entries, but as it only comprises the names and residences of the exhibitors, without designating the competing machines, its publication would be comparatively useless, and is deferred for more complete and detailed information. Though home duties will preclude many practical farmers from attending the Trial at this busy season, we doubt not it will call together thousands of prominent agriculturists and friends of improvement from all parts of the Union. The more important proceedings during and final result of the Trial will be duly chronicled in the Rural.

A Mowing Match or Trial of Mowing Machines was had at Alexander, Genesee Co., on the 6th inst., under the auspices of the Tonawanda Valley Ag. Society. We have been favored with two detailed accounts of the trial, neither of which we can publish, for want of space, and therefore condense from both a brief report of the result. Four machines were entered—Ketchum's, Kirby's, Danford's and Manny's with Wood's improvement.—Only about three acres of grass were cut—heavy clover and timothy, and most of it badly lodged. The work was well done by the three first named machines, there being very little difference in the appearance of the stubble. The Manny & Wood machine did not get on the ground until the other machines had finished their work, and was drawn by an inefficient team; hence the judges decided it had not a fair trial, and therefore they did not pass upon it. The judges were divided in opinion as to the comparative merits of the Ketchum and Kirby machines, but a majority awarded the first premium to Kirby. The trial is said to have been quite satisfactory to the large number in attendance.

—The four machines above named have reaping attachments, and were entered for a trial in wheat on the farm of Mr. Thos. Cogswell, as soon as it shall be fit to cut—of which due notice will be given.

The Weather and the Crops are just now topics of great interest, not only to farmers but all classes of community. Of the former, our report is highly favorable. We have at last *hot*, almost sissing weather, and Indian corn is finally making rapid progress skyward—growing, as a contemporary remarks, "like a family grocery bill." Here in the city many people are groaning and *some* almost swearing at the heat—the thermometer marks *ninety-five* in the shade, and ours touched 150° in the sun at noon, to-day (Tuesday)—yet we *rejoice* at while we suffer the nearly unendurable temperature, for the farmers and the country are being enriched. With the exception of the ravages of the wheat midge in this section, the reports as to the state and progress of the crops are generally very favorable from most parts of the country, and a remunerative yield of most products is confidently anticipated.

The Harvest at the West.—The Cleveland (O.) *Plaindealer* of the 11th inst., says:—Wheat cutting is now going on throughout the central line of States, including Southern Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, it having been completed in all the Southern States, and up as far North as Maryland and Virginia. So far as gathered, the crop exceeds in breadth and quality that of any former year. Very little damage seems doing by the weevil, and no rust as yet has appeared. Ohio will raise the greatest crop of grass, grain and fruit this year she has ever produced. The farmers are now mowing in many parts of the State—the frequent rains having pushed forward the grass to a very rank growth. Corn is backward, say all our exchanges, but stands even and looks healthy. Potatoes promise a mammoth yield—new ones begin to show themselves in market.

The Ohio Trial of Mowers and Reapers, at Hamilton, July 1st, 2d and 3d, is said to have passed off very pleasantly. The weather was rainy part of the time, however, and the wheat too unripe to cut, so that the operation of reapers was principally in barley. The entries comprised twelve Combined Machines, sixteen Reapers, and seventeen Mowers. A brief report in the Cincinnati Gazette avers that "every mower which was operated was eminently successful, so far as mere cutting is to be considered." After a thorough examination, and testing both Mowers and Reapers by the Dynamometer, the Committee made the following awards:—*Mower*—First premium, Manny's Combined; 2d, Ohio Mower. *Reaper*—1st prem., Atkin's Self Raker; 2d, Ohio Harvester. *Combined*—1st, Manny's; 2d, Iron Harvester.

The Midge is, we have reason to fear, destroying the Wheat Crop of this region. We hear of its ravages in almost every direction. In some localities, where the appearance of the wheat would indicate a yield of thirty bushels to the acre, not over five to ten bushels is now expected. From a bunch of wheat heads, now on our table, we have examined several kernels and found on the berry and inside of the husk of *each*, from 10 to 15 larvæ deposited by the midge—a more numerous product than we ever before observed. From this evidence, and the testimony of credible farmers, we are constrained to believe that, in this section at least, the wheat crop of 1857 will prove a failure.

The Address at the next Fair of the State Ag. Society, will be delivered by the Hon. Edward Everett.

Butter Predictions—*Will they be Verified?*—The New York papers predict that during the next six months butter will "touch the lowest point it has seen in many years." Such an announcement is doubtless very gratifying to the city consumer, but we would advise them not to lay the "flattering unction to their souls" too strongly, for, we think that those who expect to purchase at the rates of past years will be doomed to disappointment. It will be profitable perhaps, to look back and see what the Rural says of the price of butter during the month of June, for several years, as well also, the price of lard—for there is but little doubt that the rates of the one are affected by those of the other—and we can then probably be better able to conclude whether the New York prophets should be placed among those commonly known as "teachers of false doctrines."

1850—Butter ranged during the entire month 10@12½c Lard 5@6½c.

1851—For 3 weeks, 10@12½c; 1 week, 10@11c. Lard 9@9½

1852—Entire month, 12½c. for butter. Lard 9@10c.

1853—For the earlier half of the month the range was 12½@14c.; for the last half 12@12½c. Lard 10@11c.

1854—Considerable fluctuations during the month. 1st week 12½c and dull; 2d week 12½@13c.; 3d week 12½@14c.; 4th week 14@15c. Lard 10@11c.

1855—1st and 2d weeks 14c; 3d week 15c.; 4th week 15@16c. Lard 10@11c.

1856—During the entire month 12½@13c. was the range. Lard 10@10½c

1857—The present year the range has been 15@16c., even in small quantities. Lard is now worth 14@14½c. by the barrel.

Owing to the extreme prices now asked for lard families are making but little use of it. In conversation with one of our principal dealers he stated that "he did not now sell one pound in the same length of time in which, two months since, he sold fifty; and that the sale of butter had met a corresponding increase over former seasons."—This fact alone will keep up the rates at which butter will sell, and we do not believe that, in this section, a prime article, in first hands, will be worth less than 15 cents per pound during the year. The stock of lard is small and there is such an extensive use of it as a lubricator and illuminator that it meets with no decline in price.

New York Cattle Market.—The New York Times says the live stock market opened Wednesday with a moderate demand, at last week's prices, for beeves—but as soon as it became known the supply was less extensive than on the previous market day, sellers advanced their claim—a livelier inquiry sprang up, and a partial improvement of one cent per pound, was realized. The general average rise, however, was only about ¼ to ½ cent per lb. Owing to the fact that cattle held over from last week, were added to the number offered for sale, the available supply exceeded the reported receipts at the principal markets during the week. Sheep and lambs, (especially the latter,) were plenty and heavy, prices leaning in favor of buyers. Veal calves were in slack request, and the tendency of the market was downwards.

The Young Ruralist.

THOUGHTS FOR THE YOUNG.

It is an inspiring thought, that before long we, now young boys and girls, must take our place as men and women, at the heads of families, and some of us at the head of the community. These thoughts should inspire us with energy to prepare for that event. It will be of great moment to us when it arrives, and those that are best prepared will take the highest stations, as a matter of course. Whatever may be our lot, if we all do our best, we shall not look back and sigh for wasted time and neglected opportunities. For your motto take "*Excelsior*." And when once taken, stand by it unto death. If you are a farmer's son or daughter be not ashamed of it, for of the ancient Roman no greater recomendation was asked of his character than "He is a farmer," and if in that rude age it was an honor to be a farmer, why should it not be now? Claim a piece of land, and on this lay out all your thoughts and all your energies; and if you fail at the first trial, try again, and if again you fail, totally fail, after a long and *thorough* (mark it, I say *thorough*,) trial, then try something else. You will not of *necessity* have to try more than once. If you are a young man or a young woman, select something your inclination directs you to, give it your special care and attention, and *try* and bring it to a state of perfection before unknown, *if possible*. You will find this industry and taxation of your energies perhaps, at first a little discouraging, but if you adhere to it, you will also find it profitable, and in the end it will become a pleasure and a blessing.

A review of the progress made in all and every branch of science, would lead us to believe that no one branch of it has as yet been brought to its utmost limit of perfection; for I earnestly believe that ten years from now, some of us, then men and women, will ride in cars and on steamboats propelled by electricity. In short, I think that electricity is yet to take the place of steam, for most uses to which the latter is now applied.—Already have I seen a miniature locomotive flying around a room on a circular track some 50 or 60 feet in diameter, at so great a speed that it was with difficulty that the eye could follow it.

The most prominent among the sciences stands Agriculture and Horticulture, and there is as wide a field for improvement as in any one calling on earth; and those who are to effect this improvement, where are they? and who are they? If you are a farmer's son turn your attention immediately to some question of importance to the agricultural world which is daily growing larger. Take for instance the question which is the best time to apply plaster to corn, on the seed at the time of planting or after the corn is two or three inches high? Decide these and other questions in your mind by careful experiments and observation, and then come boldly forth and declare your opinion to the world. Be sure and bring along your theory to support your decision. Or if you are a farmer's daughter, turn your attention to the best mode of making butter, or the best method of making bread, as neither of these questions have been settled to the satisfaction of the people. When you have made your observations to the best of your ability, advise us of the result, it will afford both pleasure and profit. Onward.

The Orchard and Garden.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

Every city and every prominent village should have its Horticultural Society, and Horticultural Exhibitions. The arrangements need not be extensive nor the work laborious. Wherever are congregated within a few miles of each other a dozen persons of horticultural taste, they should meet together, form a society, adopt a few simple rules for its government, and at once commence to show whatever its members can contribute. At first, perhaps, it would be better to give but two exhibitions in the year, one in June for roses, paeonies, strawberries, the early cherries, lettuce, radishes, asparagus, peas, &c., and another in the fall for apples, pears, peaches, grapes, roses, dahlias, phloxes, annual flowers, celery, cauliflower, and such other fruits and flowers as are fit for exhibition in autumn. The use of some convenient public room should be procured, and all the furniture needed by the Society will be a few plain tables, plates for fruit, and vials and pitchers for cut flowers and bouquets. The time of holding exhibitions must be regulated by the forwardness or lateness of the season, but proper public notice should be given as soon as the time is determined upon, so as to give all an opportunity to prepare. In addition to the ordinary officers of the Society, it will be necessary to appoint Committees to act as Judges on Fruits, Flowers and Vegetables, and where wild flowers are exhibited a Committee on Botany will be necessary. As we are often called upon to send by mail rules for the government of Horticultural Societies, we give eight simple rules, which constitute pretty much all the laws of the Horticultural Society here:

1 The payment of *one dollar* per annum constitutes a membership—and *five dollars* a life membership.

2. Competitors for premiums must either be members of the Society, or pay one dollar on entering their articles.

3 All articles entered for competition must be grown by the competitor.

4. Exhibitors are requested to label correctly, as far as possible, all varieties of fruits, flowers, plants, and vegetables; specimens incorrectly named not being entitled to a premium, except at the discretion of the committees.

5 Committees shall have the power of withholding premiums on inferior articles, even if they be the best presented.

6. All fruit, flowers, and vegetables, unless reserved by the exhibitor on entry, will be sold at the close of the exhibition, for the benefit of the Society.

7. Members and exhibitors shall be admitted free to all exhibitions of the Society.

8. The names of exhibitors are not to be attached to the articles, until the committees have made the awards.

It is usual to charge a small fee for admission to the exhibitions of from one to two shillings.

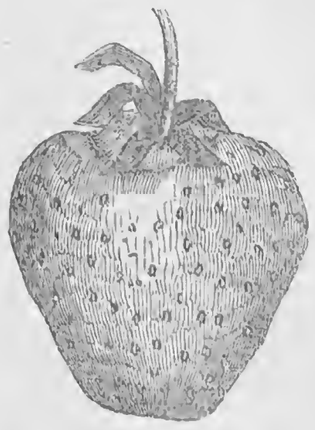
Of the good effects of such an organization we need hardly speak, they are so apparent. It will create new interest and enthusiasm among the members themselves, open the eyes of those who have previously been blind to the beautiful, and excite many who have never raised a fruit or a flower to engage zealously in the work. The effects of such a Society will be seen in a few years, in any town or village, in increased taste in almost every department of rural and domestic life,—neater cottages, better gardens and pleasant shady streets. A library might be established, containing all the standard works both of this country and Europe, and thus each member can have a valuable library at command, at a very small cost. Members can also unite in procuring plants, trees or seeds, either from our own country or abroad, and thus what is needed by individuals can not only be obtained more cheaply, but more safely than if each individual should order separately.

GENESEE VALLEY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

This Society gave its first exhibition on the 9th and 10th of July. It was one of the most successful shows ever made by the Society. Ellwanger & Barry exhibited 424 varieties of Roses, Wm. King 104, and Messrs. Loomis, of the Batavia Nursery, 150, besides several smaller collections, by amateurs. Paeonies were shown in great profusion, one exhibitor having 46 varieties on the tables. There was also a fine display of Verbenas, Herbaceous Flowers, Bouquets, &c. The show of fruit was good for the season. Vegetables, poor.

Among the things worthy of especial notice, was some of the best grown, large plants that we ever had the pleasure of looking upon. We observed Cape Jassmines, Stephanotus Floribundus, and Fuchsias, perfect and most beautiful models, three feet high, of the form of an umbrella, and covered with hundreds of graceful, pendulous flowers. They were from the houses of Selah Mathews and Joseph Hall, Esqs. Six varieties of foreign grapes also exhibited by Mr. Hall, and two vines in pots bearing ripe grapes, were shown by Mr. Mathews.

One very interesting feature, was the show of Strawberries. H. E. Hooker & Co., exhibited 23 varieties, and Ellwanger & Barry 34. Many other smaller collections were shown, some of them very fine. The premium for the best quart was awarded, we believe, to an American variety, the



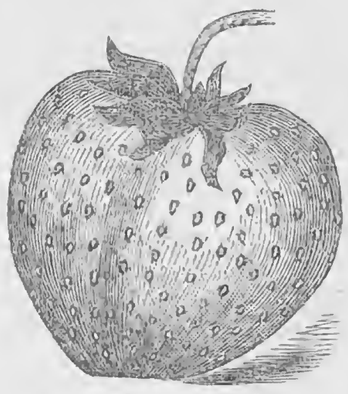
HOOKER.

It is a large berry, nearly as large as Hovey's Seedling; the engraving shows a medium sized specimen. Color, very dark, shining red. Form, rather long, conical, sometimes flattened in large specimens, very rich and high flavored. The plant is a vigorous grower, hardy, and an abundant bearer. The flowers are perfect. It did not prove quite so early this season as we supposed it would, being but little earlier than Hovey's Seedling, and more than a week later than Early Scarlet. We consider it one of the best of American strawberries. We were much pleased with the superb show of

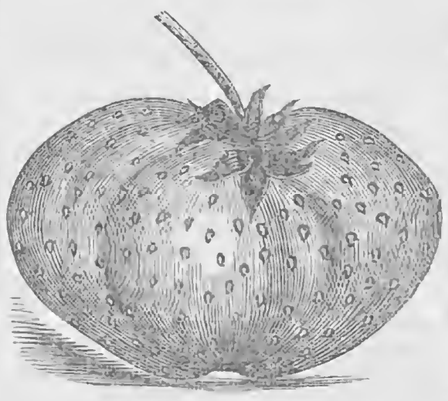
NEW EUROPEAN STRAWBERRIES,

and we have taken engravings of three of the best. The very general failure, compared with the rare cases of success, of the British Queen and several others of the large noted varieties of foreign strawberries led us to believe for a time that they might as well be abandoned, and that our whole reliance must be placed upon the race which had become popular here, and which is supposed to have sprung mostly from an indigenous species, or class known as the Virginia or Scarlet Strawberry.

Later experience, however, is more encouraging, for while we yet believe that the American varieties, such as the old Early Scarlet or Virginia Scarlet, and later, hybrid varieties of American origin are best adapted for popular use; yet we are confident that there are now in cultivation varieties of the Pine families from Europe that well deserve attention, and bid fair to supplant many of our inferior sorts. We are certain that *in the dish*, no American strawberry will compare with them in size or beauty. We intended to say much more on this subject now, and describe several very promising varieties, but we must content ourselves with a brief notice of the following:

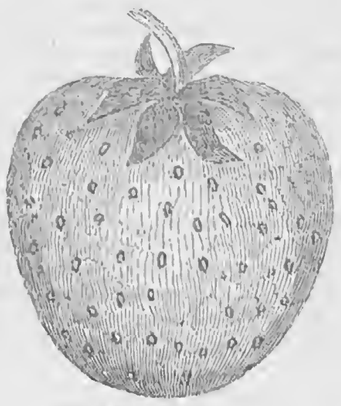


TRIOMPHE DE GAND—NO. 1.



TRIOMPHE DE GAND—NO. 2.

Triomphe de Gand.—Fruit large, conical, as in figure 1, often in the largest specimens irregular and flattened, like figure 2. Color blood red, becoming glossy crimson at full maturity, seeds yellow and standing out from the surface. Flesh firm, quite firm, pale red, juicy, melting, musky and perfumed, partaking of the Hautbois flavor. Plant remarkably hardy and vigorous, leaves coarsely serrated, leafstalks tall and strong—runners strong and downy. We are inclined to think this variety from its hardiness, large size, beauty and firmness, will be valuable for marketing.



TROLLOPE'S VICTORIA.

Trollope's Victoria.—Fruit large, roundish conical, quite regular, light pinky red like Burr's new Pine, approaching scarlet at maturity. Flesh pale red and flesh color. Juicy and sweet, but not high flavored nor so firm as the preceding; plant hardy, a fine grower and very productive; leaves of medium size, coarsely serrated. Last season we marked this as the best foreign sort we had seen. We still think it a magnificent fruit and very valuable, but less so than the preceding.

COMPTE DE FLANDERS.

Compte de Flanders.—This is a strongly marked sort, both in foliage and fruit, desirable on account of its great size and beauty, but less productive and valuable than either of the preceding. Fruit very large, irregular, generally oblong and flattened, very pale before fully ripe, so as to seem white, changing suddenly to a pinky red; flesh pale red, juicy, sweet and slightly musky; seeds reddish, few and slightly imbedded. Plant vigorous, but low and spreading with rather small, downy foliage, somewhat like the American Black Prince. Many of the blossoms abortive.

Duc de Brabant, (of which we have no figure,) large conical, regular, dark crimson, glossy with yellow seeds, slightly imbedded in the surface; flesh firm, pale red, musky and high flavored like Triomphe de Gand. Plants hardy and vigorous and productive. Season quite early; ripens with Jenny Lind and large Early Scarlet.

Honneur de Belgique.—This is another very distinct and superb sort, large oblong conical, in some cases very irregular, dark glossy crimson with yellow seeds, flesh pale red, juicy, sweet, musky and agreeable. Ripens a long time in succession.

For the privilege of making a careful examination of the fruit and plants in the bed, as well as for important facts on the subject, we are indebted to P. Barry, Esq.

A RESPONSE FROM CALIFORNIA.

Eds. Rural:—I have never seen you, but have seen the "Rural,"—aye, and *read* it too. A copy is before me, and it talks of "Hogs" (and that is not an ungreasy subject.) "Cattle" (and that suggests beef-steak and cream)—it talks of ashes and bean-poles—"*white* blackberries," "muffins" and "humbugs." Yea, and here (in the corner I always look for first) is a word or two about "*fruit*." Now I like that "article." (May be I mean the composition in your column—and *may* be I mean in that glass dish containing the strawberries and cream.) Your correspondent "H. T. B." offers to "bet his hat against all sorts of a jack-knife," upon the finding of fruit on the table anywhere between the mouth of the St. Johns and the Gulf of Mexico in more than one case in ten. Now I never "bet," but in backing up my opinion (and his too,) I propose that he and I will start and make that said trip, and unless fruit is far more abundant than it ever was when I traveled it, and I've done it more than "once or twice," if he will eat one *twentieth* part of the "bread+potatoes+pork," we find on the trip, I will eat all the fruit and finish up with a dish of oranges at the end of the journey ordered especially to stay my stomach till morning.

But, Mr. "Rural," in our warm advocacy of the "fruit cause" we must remember that not every one can have fruit. But stop! I may be too fast! May as well buy fruit as anything else. What I probably *mean* is, that "everybody" cannot *raise* fruit. And I am not quite sure that will do. "No ground!" Nonsense! My little girl, only seven years old, has a little piece of ground, by the side of the fence, not more than 2½X3 feet and she has two peach trees, four kinds of flowers (in bloom) and some fine strawberries which will be fit for her supper next Sunday, all growing on that piece of ground, and no one save herself has done a thing to it in any manner. Then *who cannot* have fruit? "Fruit" sir. "Fruit!" There is nothing like it in all the world. It was a fruit garden that man was set to tending while yet he was sinless.—Not a word is said about "root-crops," "cereal fields" or "fine stock," but a garden in which was planted "all manner of fruit." And I call the most critical attention to the historical fact, from that day to this, to sustain the averment, that where man has most highly cultivated, and most freely used (in a fresh and ripe state) fruits, there has he been least subject to disease and most sure of long life, least belligerent in his nature and most harmonious in his social intercourse—least addicted to passion and misery in life and most tranquil and happy in death. I am no ultraist, theorist or "Grahamite," but believe in a free and judicious use of all the "good creatures of God." Yet I believe the time is hastening to our day when fruit is to make rapid approximation to its legitimate importance among human edibles. I wish you would preach "fruit" even more than you do. Raise the watch-cry and let its echo, from every extreme of your correspondence, be continued.—Fruit in infancy and childhood, fruit in youth and age—fruit in sickness and in health,—fruit from the cradle to the grave—fruit in every phase of life, and the fruits of fruit in a peaceful, quiet death. There is no point in infantile existence, (save nature's untaught act to nourish life,) at once so beautiful, so interesting and so full of hopeful promise, as when it first laughs in the face of a peach, or sucks the soft pulp of a pear. Childhood is never so little and so gay, as when reveling amid berries and grapes. Manhood is always made more manlike by frequent communion with "pippins," "bananas" and "nuts." And hoary age will even smile wrinkles from its brow at the sight of the "Gage," the "Duke" and the "Heart."

We here would seem to need little spurring or coaxing on this subject, for nature has almost enclosed us in a garden of fruit, all along this coast. Western New York (God bless her, I was "born and raised" almost in sight of your office) though a great fruit country, contrasts strongly with this. Perhaps few portions of earth combine so many advantages in "Pomo" as this. I do not wish notoriety, but will beg leave to illustrate the assertion by a few facts in my personal experience.

About five years since I purchased 2½ acres of land where I now live, in its wild state, covered with shrub oaks. I cleared it off and planted a few vegetable seeds and tried to "subdue" the soil as rapidly as possible. Four years ago to-day I planted a few peach pits, (the first of my fruit planting.) The trees which grew from them I budded and headed back, transplanted them (in dormant bud) in the spring of 1854. They will now average more than 20 inches in circumference and are bending under their *third* crop of peaches. In March of 1854 I procured four fig cuttings and set them, they have *matured* four crops of figs, beside a crop, more than half grown, which was destroyed by an unusually early frost last fall, and another crop now on the trees more than two-thirds grown.

Within these four years I have grown and have now maturing, apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, apricots, nectarines, figs, currants, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, grapes and almonds. The choicest and most delicate grapes grow, flourish and mature their fruit, without any apparent inconvenience from the climate, or any sort of protection. Pears are eminently at home with us, and strawberries are ripened eight or ten months in a year. I have referred to a contrast, and have hinted at little *comparative* necessity for spurring—Yet in the midst of all this we are far from appreciating *fruit*, or attending to its culture as we should. Therefore, I say, preach *fruit* everywhere, and to everybody.

I think this is a "long enough yarn," and will, therefore, just say for your encouragement, every body here that reads the "Rural" wants "Moore" of the same sort. And I, for one, am continually wishing for more pomology in each of its numbers. Hoping to make a better *impression* next time, I remain yours, truly, W.

Sacramento, Cal., April 28, 1857.

TO MAKE FLOWER BEDS IN JULY.

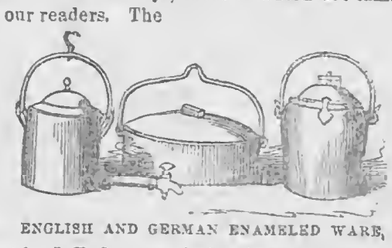
Mr. Editor:—You know everything; do tell me what plants or shrubs besides annuals will bear transplanting at this season of the year. I have been trying all spring to have some flower beds made; but the farming was of the most importance, and the flowers had to take care of themselves. I have just succeeded in getting them made, but I fear it is too late to transplant anything. Do please inform me through the pages of your paper what I shall do, and you will much oblige.—A Reader of the Rural, *Oak Grove, June* 30, 1857.

Remarks.—Although we come very far short of the position assigned us by our fair correspondent, yet we learn a little every day. We scarcely ever pass through the garden, or try an experiment of ever so simple a nature, without learning something new and interesting. We are always willing, yes, anxious to impart knowledge to those who need. Some of the annuals may still be sown.—Ten-week-stock Portulaccas, Mignionette, and some other early flowering annuals, would bloom if sown at once. If the weather should prove dry and hot, constant watering would be necessary to cause the seed to germinate. If you have a greenhouse in your vicinity you can obtain Verbenas, Petunias, Salvias, and other plants in pots, which can be transferred to the flower beds without in the least checking their growth. The coming fall have the flower beds all prepared, and during the fall and winter procure the seed you will need. In the spring the men can go on with their farming and you can sow the seeds without their assistance. A stern chase is always a hard one, and we fear you will not succeed much with the flowers this season.

Domestic Economy.

PRESERVING FRUIT.

Our most delicious fruit is of short duration. We only begin to enjoy our strawberries and peaches, and they are gone, leaving a longing desire for more. This has led to the preservation of fruits in various ways, most of which are familiar to our readers. The



ENGLISH AND GERMAN ENAMELED WARE,

kept by J. E. Cheney & Co., is just the thing for preserving fruit, in the old fashioned way with sugar. The new plan of preserving in cans without sugar, is much the better way, as the fruit retains its natural flavor to a much greater extent. We have not space to talk of that matter now, as our room is occupied by correspondents, but in our next we will give some facts about preserving fruit, that will be profitable to our readers.

PEACH RECIPES.

Eds. Rural:—In anticipation of the "good time coming," I send you a few recipes for the preparation and preservation of peaches. I have thoroughly tested most of them, and pronounce them good. You can judge of their merit and treat them accordingly.

Peach Preserves.—Peaches if preserved whole, should be gathered before they are fully ripe; pare and cook tender in a little water. If in quarters, crack the pits of half the peaches and add to them. Let the syrup simmer down quite thick before adding it to the fruit, and when cold, cover tight and keep free from heat and moisture.

Pickled Peaches.—Take any kind of fine large peaches that are not too ripe, wipe off the down with a soft flannel cloth, place three or four cloves in each, and lay them whole in a jar. To every gallon of vinegar add 1 quart of water, 5 pounds of sugar, table spoon of salt and whole cinnamon. Pour it over the fruit boiling hot, being careful that the vinegar covers them well, and let them stand in a cool place a week or ten days; then turn off the liquor and boil as before: after which they are ready to be set away in the store room for future use.

Peach Jelly may be made in the usual way. When very ripe mash and strain through a jelly bag or seive. Allow a pound of loaf sugar to a pint of juice, half ounce of bitter almonds blanched and pounded, or half of the kernels of the stones. If it does not *form* readily add isinglass.

Peach Marmalade.—Mash to a fine pulp and add sugar in the proportion of the sweet-meats and simmer down; it should be a smooth, thick mass. Put away in large tumblers.

Peaches in Brandy.—Wipe, weigh and carefully select the firmest fruit; have ready a quarter of their weight in powdered loaf sugar, put the fruit in a vessel that closes tightly, throw the sugar over and cover with brandy. Place a piece of double foolscap under the cover and place the jar in a saucepan of water until the water is quite hot, but not boiling; when cold, tie the cover down tightly so that no air can penetrate.

Peach Wine.—Take nearly ripe fruit, stone it and bruise to a pulp, put eight pounds of the pulp to one quart of water and let it stand twenty-four hours; then strain out the juice, and to every gallon add two pounds of sugar. Turn into a cask, and when fermented and become perfectly clear, cork tightly in bottles.

Peach Pie.—Mellow, juicy peaches, peeled, whole or in quarters, laid in a deep pie plate—on each layer of peaches sprinkle a thick layer of sugar, a tablespoon of water, and a light sprinkling of flour, and it will need no other seasoning. Cover with a thick crust and bake an hour.

Peach Dumplings—Should be *steamed* instead of stewing, as that would break them. Serve with common sauce, or lemon sauce, of one lemon cut fine, one cup butter, and large cup sugar.

Peaches for Tea.—Pare ripe peaches, cut them in quarters, sprinkle well with layers of sugar, and let them stand an hour to extract the juice. Then cover with rich, sweet cream, and there is nothing better.

Peach A la Strawberry—Ripe peaches cut in small pieces with soft, mild eating apples, in the proportion of three peaches to one apple, mixed with sugar, and left to stand two or three hours, makes excellent Mock Strawberries.

Peaches with a bowl of bread and milk ain't bad, but the most approved way of preserving them is to eat them fresh from the tree.

Ogden, N. Y., 1857. C. H. J. Bowen.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

THE BENEFITS OF MACHINERY.

The *British Workman*, a periodical devoted to literature as connected with mechanical pursuits, contains in its number for the present month a very able article on improvements in the "pottery art," in which it very graphically sets forth the benefits conferred upon workmen by improved machinery. It says:—

"Time works many changes both in men and things, and the last thirty years have shown not a few instances which at the time were regarded by the working classes as *injurious*, have, in the course of time, been found to be 'blessings in disguise.' Within the recollection of many persons, horses and even hand power were in use at the Lambeth potteries for crushing the clay; and the potters all used wheels, called 'kickers,' which were turned by the foot. When Mr. Green determined to introduce the new wheel into his manufactory, *the whole of the workmen struck*. All the men left, except one man, who was allowed to continue at his kicker until his death, a period of fifteen years.—He earned 30s. a week, while the man with the improved lathe, who sat next to him, earned double that sum. So much quicker could the man work at the new wheel than the potter at the kicker, that he could make as many stoneware ink bottles for 6d. as the other could throw off by his machine for 1s. 3d. Since the day of the kicker the number of men and boys employed at Mr. Green's pottery alone has increased fivefold. What strikes and riots were witnessed in Lancashire and Yorkshire in bygone years on the introduction of power looms and other machinery. Shortsighted policy said—'These will injure the working classes, and reduce the number of hands employed.' The result, however, has been very different from what the desponding and faint-hearted dreamed of.—Those very inventions which were regarded with such bitter hostility, have, in the providence of God, been the means of extending the commerce of our nation to an extent previously unknown.

The old kickers could not possibly have supplied the present demand for pottery, neither could the old hand-looms have produced one-half the cloth now required for the clothing of the people. Men and women are now employed by tens of thousands in the weaving mills throughout the manufacturing districts, and they can produce far more work and earn better wages than under the old system. What was thought to be a national evil has proved a national good."

WROUGHT IRON CARS.

There is now nearly completed in Patterson, N. J., a first-class passenger car, a little larger than the ordinary size, constructed almost entirely of wrought iron. This material is employed to obtain great strength, with less weight than usual, and to avoid the injuries to passengers due to the destruction of ordinary cars in any kind of a smash. The experiment, which is being conducted on a most liberal scale, and with a view to establish conclusively the practical superiority of this system, is made at the expense of Mr. E. W Sargent, a merchant of New York, under the patent of Dr. B. J. LaMothe. The frame-work is in effect an extremely strong and stiff, yet elastic, basket, each joint or intersection being strengthened by rivets, and the whole being further protected by making the entire platform at each end one strong spring of steel. If the construction runs off the track, falls down a precipice, or comes into collision with another in such manner that the springs at the ends cannot absorb the shock, the car itself will spring, collapse, twist or crumple up, but cannot break and crush its contents with the fragments. One of the great dangers in collision, &c., arises from the disposition of ordinary cars to penetrate each other with their timbers, or to shut together like the parts of a telescope, and another arises from the facility with which the tops and sides, the seats, &c., separate from the more substantial floors, and are precipitated forward with the passengers. Neither of these, nor many other minor evils, could arise from any violence to this style of car, which is also much lighter than the wooden ones, and thus will absorb far less power in hauling it. The car is constructed entirely of strips, so connected as to be practically without joints. We hope to see this car perfectly successful in practice, and that it may revolutionize the mode of constructing these important carriers of human freight. The principle is beyond doubt an excellent one.—*Sci. American*

Iron and Tin in Galvanism.—Ordinary tin plates, or plates of thin sheet iron coated with an alloy of tin and lead, with a small proportion of antimony, form a native element for galvanic batteries so stern as to be scarcely affected by the sulphuric acid, and answer the purpose as well as platinized silver, at a very trifling cost. It is also found that iron, coated with an alloy of lead and tin, in which the quantity of lead is nearly equal to or exceeds that of tin, will answer as well as lead or galvanized iron for roofing, cisterns, baths, pipes, gutters, window frames, and many other purposes.

The Poppy.—A letter received at the Patent Office from Germany, says the poppy is cultivated in Southern Germany to a large extent, as a substitute for sweet oil. It has supplanted the use of the imported olive oil wholly in that country. It is further stated that the soil and climate of the New England States is highly suited for the culture of this article, and they might provide the whole Union with sweet oil, and therefore save a large sum of money, which goes to France and Italy.

Iron Churches, seventy feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty feet high, capable of accommodating seven hundred persons, and costing about $5,000 each, have been erected recently in the neighborhood of London. They are lined with wood, which is covered with canvass and papered. They can be taken down and moved to other locations if desired.

Eight Hundred Thousand pounds of madder are used for coloring in the dye works at Lawrence Mass., every year.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

What is home without a mother?
What are all these joys we meet?
When her loving smile no longer
Greets the coming of our feet;
The days seem long, the nights are drear,
And time rolls slowly on;
And O! how few are childhood's pleasures,
When her gentle care is gone.

Things we prize are first to vanish;
Hearts we love to pass away;
And how soon, e'en in our childhood,
We behold her turning gray.
Her eye grows dim, her step is slow,
Her joys of earth are passed,
And before we learn to know her,
She hath breathed on earth her last.

Other hearts may have their sorrows;
Griefs that quickly die away;
But a mother lost in childhood,
Grieves the heart from day to day.
We miss her kind and willing hand,
Her fond and earnest care—
And O! how drear is life around us,
What's home without a mother there?

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHILDHOOD LESSONS.—NO. I.

The child is sleeping. For hours she has been in that calm, sweet slumber. The shutter has been unclosed, and from among the broken clouds the moon shines on the little girlish face. Hush! the eyelids tremble, she is waking. Now the fringed lids are lifted, and one may see the earnest eyes gazing out into the still room, and the little head half raised from the pillow, as if some voice had called and the ear waited to catch the sound again. What hath wakened the child? Was it the heavy step of that poor, shivering female out in the November wind? Was it the sobs of that infant in the weary mother's arms? Was it her low, half-fearful rap at the door? Was it not rather the voice of some good angel, saying, "Ariso, go learn of thy mother."

With a quick, light movement she springs from her couch, then through the hall to the top of the stair-way. "Mother, may I come?" A gentle voice answers, "yes." There is a patter of tiny feet down the long flight of stairs, a child-form at the open door. She sees Sister Mary holding a sad-faced baby, trying to soothe it to sleep. Mother's chair is drawn close up before the fire and a strange, pale woman is sitting in it; while mother, that Christian mother, is kneeling before her.—Elsie sees that she has been bathing the pale woman's feet, and now is gently rubbing them with a soft napkin. "Come here, my daughter," she says to the timid child, and Elsie goes and stands by her mother's side. She looks at those poor, swollen, bruised and lacerated feet and cannot keep from crying for very pity. At her mother's bidding she brings a bottle of liniment from the shelf, and still watching the kneeling figure tenderly applying the soothing lotion, that beautiful story of Christ comes vividly before her mind; how he knelt and washed his disciples' feet. She thinks she can almost see a halo of heavenly light about her mother's form, so pure, so Christ-like does a simple act of charity make that parent appear in the eyes of her child.

At last the kind woman puts the poor stranger and her child to rest on a soft, warm couch. Elsie with Sister Mary goes back to her room. At first she cannot sleep, her mind is filled with such beautiful thoughts, her heart with such holy aspirations. In the fulness of those pure emotions she says to herself, "I will try to be good—will try to be like my mother. To-morrow I'll play with that little girl that wears a ragged dress to school."—Then fervently clasping her hands, she prays, "O! Lord, make me like my mother."

Years have passed since that well-remembered night. Elsie still lives. It is a long, long time since she saw her mother laid in the silent earth, but she can never forget the true Christianity shown in her daily life. Even in her womanhood she often prays, "O! Lord, make me like my mother."

You to whom God has given those gifts inestimable—children—remember how much one act, trivial though it seems at the time, may influence a child. As you would have them pure, let your acts be pure; as you would have them Christ-like—be Christians. E. E.

Stout's Grove, Illinois, 1857.

CULTURE OF CHILDRENS MINDS.

There is nothing, perhaps, under heaven that is so pleasant to witness as parental affection; it is an instinct so natural and so powerful that obstacles are surmounted and sacrifices are made without remorse, nay, with pleasure, by those parents who see in their offsprings the consummation of love. But is it not surprising, or rather, is it not a matter of deep regret, that with all this affection, with all this sincere and honest idolizing, one of the first duties and one of the greatest pleasures should be overlooked, neglected; that the mind of the child, simple, tractable, and confiding, should be left to develop itself under the harsh influences of ignorance—to become dwarfed by a mistaken kindness? So soon as the infant opens its bedazzled eyes in this world, it commences to think—to learn. Its thoughts, of course, are weak and perhaps only half-formed; but there is the mind, whose nature will not allow it to rest, however much we may deceive ourselves upon that point. The necessity, then, exists for the attentive training of the infant mind from the earliest moment it deals with the things of this life. Instead of this, however, custom has so far imposed her conventionalisms upon us, that the child walks and talks for years without any attention being made to the direction of its thoughts; and when, at length, this duty is undertaken, it is generally performed with such inexcusable laxity, that the child's memory is loaded only with words of half of which it scarcely knows the meaning, and with warning against those enormities merely which involve punishment and disgrace; external propriety of behavior and politeness; the arts of reserve, dissimulation, and flattery; certain orthodox notions of the occupations, pleasures and advantages of social life, and dexterity in gaining a livelihood are taught, as matters of course; while the formation of the mind and the heart is estimated as a secondary consideration. This produces more serious consequences than may at first appear. One or both of two results are almost inevitable: the child's natural simplicity may be poisoned, and its openness of heart be violated. These are serious obstacles to the education of the infant mind.

For the understanding of a child to be healthy and properly formed, it must have been supplied with correct notions of things, and taught always to think in a way consonant with truth. But this cannot be accomplished without much assiduity and care; this is no exception; anything, the possession of which is valuable, is generally difficult to obtain. And what can be more precious to an affectionate parent than an intelligent child? or what could more amply reward parental exertions—those beautiful labors of love? Can we expect the child to successfully pursue truth, thro' the by-paths and mazes of falsehood, without a guide to first teach it the shortest and safest way, and a beacon to afterwards remind it of its instructions? The honest little hearts of childhood are easily caught in the snares of popular error; and for them once to be so entangled, is perhaps the most melancholy accident that can befall them; consequence follows consequence, until the result is a deplorable, and may be, a fatal ignorance.—To avoid this, the child should be subject to a systematic watching; and whenever it arrives at a wrong conclusion, a conversation, kind, considerate, and of character to suit its age, may put it right, and so explain the cause of arriving at such unsound judgment, that the error may, perhaps, be less seldom as the child becomes older. This may appear to involve an arduous undertaking on the part of the parent; but it is absolutely necessary; for by no other means can the child be taught sufficiently early to pay attention to the operation of its own mind, which is one great object to be aimed at and achieved.

All questions should be patiently and carefully answered; and by no means should curiosity be checked. To reply peevishly and sharp to a child's interrogatories, is a fatal mistake, and neither confirms the prudence nor intelligence of the parent. It is to check the cravings of a mind desiring to develop itself; to refuse to labor, that you may be rewarded a hundred fold; to nip in the bud the long desired flower, and to heap sorrow on your head, and expect rejoicing. The injunction to "hear, see, and say nothing," is a mistake which must sooner or later be patent to the world of parents and tutors who have so long cherished it as an orthodox admonition to those intelligent little creatures who have desired to understand what they have seen. Of course, there are times and seasons when silence should be required of them; but these are rare, and not generally of long duration. Then, again, they should be encouraged to use their senses—to see things, feel them, hear them, and so on, whenever it is possible for them so to assist their understanding. The beauties of heaven, and the wonders of the vegetable and animal kingdoms are very instructive lesson books, from which the young inquirer will obtain many impressions and thoughts calculated to strengthen his mind. But care should be taken that they do not pass too rapidly from one subject to another; for there is this danger against which it is necessary to guard—they may thereby become inattentive. Now, it is only by attention that they can obtain any solid information; and it is therefore of great importance that they should be trained to be attentive.

Another necessary precaution, on the part of parents and tutors, is that their answers to questions, or their explanations of objects, should be given in language sufficiently plain to come within the comprehension of the child to be instructed; or else, as must at once be seen, the child will be puzzled instead of edified, and the labor of the instructor be in vain instead of useful. It were better that the little student's questions be left unanswered, than that they should be mystified by ignorance and prevarication. It is not at all injurious to the influence of instructors that they should occasionally acknowledge their inability to explain matters upon which they are inadequately informed. One great reason why they should not be misled, either intentionally or unintentionally, is that first impressions have a superiority of power over those which may be afterwards received. This accounts in a measure for the tenacity with which some people retain notions absurdly superstitious. They have received them when young, and they have strengthened with age. First impressions, therefore, should be forcible and true.

Another error not unfrequently committed in the education of the child, is that his tasks are not within his power of comprehension. They are suited only for riper years, and the ideas they form of these subjects are probably incorrect. In every-day life we may constantly detect the effects of such loose and inconsiderate training. Children of larger growth are hourly using words, and sometimes phrases, of the meaning of which they have a very imperfect knowledge. Were the policy seen and generally acted upon, of teaching the young carefully and regularly, instead of by the present vague and unsound system, the conversation of society during the next generation would be of a much purer and intelligent character than the present verbose and pithless mode of communication.

There is no better sign, perhaps, of a cultivated mind than the proper use of words, with the nice distinctions of which the student only has a knowledge. The importance of this must be apparent to the reader, as also that the child's information should be as solid as is suitable to its capacity, and care should be taken that it is sufficiently deliberate in arriving at conclusions. Considering, then, the whole of these circumstances, is the culture of the child's mind a matter upon which the parent should feel indifferent? It is a duty solemnly incumbent, and a task no less noble than delightful.

No language is very weak in its natural course, until it runs too far; and then the poorest and the richest are ineffectual equally. The habitude of pleasing by flattery makes a language soft; the fear of offending by truth makes it circuitous and conventional.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"HE HAS FAILED."

BY W. O. STODDARD.

There is one strong little phrase
That much can express,
But it's ne'er mingled with praise,
Nor joined to success:
Before that short phrase many bold hearts have quailed,
As they heard some one say "He has failed, he has failed."

Oh! how bitter the feeling
When, spite of our tears,
Some stern Fate is sealing
The doom of our years—
And while the fiend writes it, our sunlight has paled,
And we read in the night, "He has failed, he has failed."

It is hard, after toiling
Our best life away,
Our spirits oft soiling,
Our young locks turned grey,
To find that some evil our work has assailed,
And to hear the crowd mutter "Ah, yes, he has failed."

Ah! hard, when we're lying
Where all men must lie,
And strive, although dying,
Like brave men to die,
To hear through the night, as though angels bewailed,
"Oh! the life that is wasted, poor soul! he has *failed*."

Rochester, N. Y., 1857.

[Translated from the German for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE GIFT OF THE IMMORTALS.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

Alexander the Great had already conquered many kingdoms, and subdued innumerable kings and princes. The earth was full of his glory, and the whole world feared his name. Yet he was not content with the fame he had already acquired, but continued spurring on from seige to seige, and from battle to battle, and rushing headlong into countries unknown to the majority of his people. His ambition knew no bounds, but strove to acquire the glory of having conquered the whole earth.

One day his army involuntarily made a halt; it advanced not a single step more, and Alexander himself, on looking about, stopped with astonishment. They had come into a region, where every thing which they saw, was most wonderfully colored. The blueness of the sky appeared brighter than in any other country, the color of the grass more refreshing and beautiful. The plumage of the birds, which were flying above the heads of the warriors, was most splendid and gorgeous.—Trees, never seen by mortals before, were in full view, and animals of curious forms ran to and fro in the adjacent thickets. A strange humming and whizzing was heard in the air, and the purling streams sounded like silver vessels striking against one another. A peculiar sensation took possession of the mighty army, and Alexander himself commanded the learned Chaldeans, whom he had brought with him from Palestine, to tell him into what strange region they had come.

The Chaldeans answered:—"Bow down humbly, O, great Alexander! To thee is given the greatest prerogative which mortal man can receive.—Thou hast pressed forward to a place where no living being ever stood,—thou beholdest before thee the holy gate of Paradise!"

Thereupon Alexander raised his eyes and was about to march forward, but his foot was suddenly checked. He drew his sword, and made several attempts to press against the gate, but the sword rebounded.

"I am Alexander," he cried, "the master of the world. I have subdued countless provinces and empires,—I demand admittance into Paradise!"

Thereupon it seemed as if spirits were hovering over his head, and a voice exclaimed:—"No mortal can penetrate this place! Well mayest thou conquer earthly princes, but thou wilt contend in vain with the immortal!"

Alexander, though exceedingly desirous to see the habitations of the departed, soon discovered that here force was of no avail.

"Give me," said he, beseechingly, "give me at least a memorial of Paradise, as a testimony to all mankind that I stood before the house of the immortals."

Again spirits were fluttering above his head, a ringing sound was heard, and something fell at Alexander's feet. Rejoiced he stooped to pick up the gift of the immortals, and behold—it was a *human skull!*

"And is this the gift of the blessed inhabitants of Paradise? Explain to me," said he turning to the wise Chaldeans, "the object of these spirits! Had they nothing better than this skull in their blessed abode?"

The Chaldean sages advanced and one of them addressed the king as follows:—"What, O great Alexander, can the immortals give to thee that is better than a serious admonition? Thou possessest all that an earthly prince can possess;—what more dost thou want? Consider this skull—it is the remnant of a man who, during his whole life never ceased to desire and demand; now it is of no value, and yet the immortals present it to thee! But let us weigh it in a balance."

A balance was brought. Into one of the scales they laid the skull, and into the other, gold, silver and other metals. And how amazed was Alexander when he saw the scale with all the metals, swiftly borne up into the air, while the other rested firmly and heavily on the ground. They doubled the weight of the metals, but the skull still over-balanced the whole.

"And is there nothing," asked Alexander, "that could weigh down the skull?" And his eyes remained fixed upon it.

"Yes, assuredly there is!" said the sage Chaldean; and stooping he took up a handful of dust, strewed it upon the skull, and with a sudden, quick impulse, the scale containing the skull flew on high. And while Alexander, with earnest and amazed looks, contemplated the sudden change, the Chaldean said:—"This is the interpretation of the gift. This skull represents man, who during his life is insatiable and unbridled in his desires. Nothing can satisfy him—the accomplishment of one wish only excites new desires. Thou, O great king, hast conquered so many realms, hast subdued and subjugated so many princes, and art not yet satiated with blood and battles. Thy ambition is confined within no boundaries, and thy lust for fame is without end. But they will cease, when the dust of the earth shall cover thee!"

The renowned Alexander retraced his steps and died in Babylon at the age of 33 years.

Brockport, N. Y., 1857. S. T.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM.

The American people have frequently been unjustly criticised for their excessive patriotism.—To us such opinions of the fault-finders argue not only a misconception of the genius and spirit of our own institutions, but also a misunderstanding of human nature generally, and the science of government, existing under whatever form it may. It is true that American patriotism, as manifested by the people, is sometimes boisterous, but never absurd nor inconsistent. As an American, and as one who loves the land of his birth, I am glad of such demonstrations. It is an evidence to me that the people prize dearly the blessings of the liberty they enjoy; that their hearts glow with gratitude for the precious legacy transmitted to them. God be praised that the people are thus patriotic.—None but the cold and selfish will presume to censure the deep and absorbing love of country which animates our countrymen, and none but such will criticize the means of manifesting such patriotism. May we ever be free from loving our country coldly, philosophically and systematically. The masses of men may not, at all times, exhibit that prudence and foresight desirable. They may not in the expression of their feelings be so free from passion and excitement as the cultivated and thoughtful, yet they are not less consistent. That patriotism which is based upon the principles of intellectual culture merely, which excludes the outbursting feelings of the less refined classes of community, is not fit for freemen—such is of short duration and almost worthless.

Give us that patriotism which is enlarged and liberal in its views—which embraces all the passions of the soul and unites individual and public interest in one—which causes the citizen to give utterance to the heroic sentiment of the Roman poet:

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori;"

which, while it does not disregard our common humanity of every land, yet clings with a firmer love to the land of its nativity or adoption. Let there be enthusiasm. Let strong terms of endearment be employed in speaking of our common country, for by these are we more assured that our countrymen love and cherish this land.

Let the haughty foreigner speak disparagingly if he will of the fondness of Americans for America, we care not. We have reason to boast of our country and feel proud of her present position and of her future destiny. And what is our country? A continent almost boundless in extent—a domain broad and ample, embracing within its boundaries almost every variety of climate and soil, and furnishing the products common to every zone; the cold sterility of the North with its frozen lakes and forests of pine; the temperate region with its plains and valleys teeming with abundance; the South with its rich plantations of rustling cane, its fields of snowy cotton, and its golden fruits.—And then the mighty expanse is diversified by scenery the most romantic and enchanting. Here may be found the works of nature, grand, wild, and sublime—all created on a scale of gigantic magnitude. The lakes are inland seas, on whose crested waves may ride the navies of the world; rivers on whose broad bosoms float richly freighted argosies. Here are congregated the people of every nation and tongue. From every nation of Europe thousands have flocked to our shores to find a home and a country free from oppression, where can be enjoyed unmolested the blessings of civil and religious freedom.

May we not, in view of such facts, feel proud of our land? May not our countrymen exult in prospects so glorious? God grant that this spirit of patriotism may ever increase and inflame the hearts of all those who come among us—that they may catch the genius and spirit of our institutions and learn to prize highly the freedom of our common country. A. J. E.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857.

GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS.

There is an old-world delusion, which man clings to very fondly, and builds up and propounds most confidently whenever he has an opportunity; it is the idea that he has degenerated in size and stature, and that there were giants in other days, and that he is gradually dwindling down to dwarfdom. The past is ever disproving this theory.—In this very museum we saw proof on proof that man is very much the same now as he has been since the flood. Ours is not quite a leg-of-mutton fist, and yet we could scarcely squeeze our hand into the hilt of Odin's sword. We are not a Goliath of Gath, and yet we did not think the knight's weapon such an unmanageable weapon. We remember once being disappointed in the weight of an iron-studded flail, in the armory of the Knights of St. John, at Malta. A comrade, however, who saw it through the old delusion, exclaimed, "There's a weapon! It would task our degenerate thews and sinews to wield that, I think." "Eh, man!" said a highland corporal who was with us, "there's a chiel in our company who can wurl it round his head like a wusp of straw." Yet, spite of these evidences, the discovery of a few gigantic bones here and there is enough to revive the old fallacy, and set babblers prating of men whose head did reach the skies. We had a friend in Wales—'tis now long since we have seen his face or heard his voice, though we think of him oft—a very Hercules in size and proportion, a giant formed in perfect mould. Should his skeleton—long may he be in becoming such—be dug up by men of coming time, and taken as a type of his generation, well might they think that they had been preceded by the sons of Anak.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be rather your object than triumph. Value triumph only as the means of peace.—*Sidney Smith.*

"DIED YESTERDAY."

Every day is written this little sentence—"Died yesterday," so and so. Every day a flower is plucked from some sunny home—a breach is made in some happy circle—a jewel stolen from some treasury of love. Each day, from the summer-fields of life, some harvester disappears—yea, every hour some sentinel falls from the ramparts of time into the surging waves of eternity. Even as we write, the funeral of one who "died yesterday," winds like a winter shadow along the streets."

"Died yesterday." Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle babe, sinless as an angel, pure as the zephyr's hymn—one whose laugh was as the gush of summer rills loitering in the bower of roses—whose life was but a perpetual litany—a Maytime crowned with a passion of flowers that never fade. Or, mayhap it was a youth, hopeful and generous, whose path was hemmed by flowers, with not a serpent lurking underneath—one whose soul panted for communion with the great and good, and reached for the guerdon in the distance. But that heart is still now: he "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." A young girl, pure as the orange flowers that clasped her forehead, was stricken down as she stood at the altar—and from the strong aisles of the temple, she was borne to the "garden of the slumberers." A tall, crowned man, girt with the halo of victory, and at the day's close, under his own vine and fig tree, fell to dust even as the anthem upon his lips; and he, too, was laid "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." An angel patriarch bowed with age and cares, even as he looked out upon the distant hills for the coming of the angel host, sank into a dreamless slumber; and on his door-post is written "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." Daily, men, women and children are passing away; and hourly, in some graveyard, the sod is flung upon the dead.—As often in the morn, we find some flower that had blushed sweetly in the sunset, was withered up forever—so daily, when we rise from the bivouac to stand against our posts, we miss some brother soldier, whose cheery cry in the sieges and struggles of the past, has been as fire from heaven upon our hearts.

Each day some pearl drops from the jewel thread of friendship—some lyre to which we have been wont to listen, has been hushed forever. But wise is he who mourns not the pearl and music lost, for life with him shall pass away gently as an eastern shadow from the hills, and death shall be a triumph and gain.

A HOUSE WITHOUT A BABY.

There was not a child in the house, not one: I was sure of it, when I first went in. Such a spick-and-span look as it had! Chairs, grown up chairs, plastered straight up against the wall, books arranged by rule and compass; no dear little careless finger marks on the furniture, doors or window glass, no hoop, or doll, or mitten, or basket, or picture book on the premises, not a pin, or a shred on the angles and squares of the immaculate carpet, the tassels of the window shades, at which baby fingers always make such a dead set, as fresh as just from the upholsters. I sat down at the well polished window, and looked across the street. At the upper window of a wooden house opposite, I saw a little bald baby, tied into a high chair, speculating upon the panorama in the street, while its little fat hands frantically essayed to grab distant pedestrians on the side-walk. Its mother sat sewing diligently by its side. Happy woman! she has a baby! She thought so too, for by-and-by she threw down her work, untied the fettering handkerchief, took the child from its prison-house, and covered it with kisses. Ah! she has heard a step upon the stairs—the step! and now there are two to kiss the baby; for John had come to his dinner, and giving both mother and child a kiss that makes my lips work, he tosses the baby up in his strong arms, while its mother puts dinner on the table.

But, pshaw!—here comes the old maids I was sent to see. I hear the rustle of their well preserved silks in the entry. I feel proper all over.—Vinegar and icicles! how shall I ever get through with it? Now the door opens. What a bloodless look they have!—how dictionary-ish they speak!—how carefully they lower themselves into their chairs, as if the cushions were stuffed with live kittens!—how smooth their ruffs and ribbons!

Bibs and pinafores! Give me the upper room in the wooden house, with kissing John and that bald baby!—*Fanny Fern.*

SPORTS OF CHILDREN.

I have been employed the last three hours with Jno. Elliott and other boys, in trying how long we could keep up two cricket balls. Lord Minto caught us. He says he must send me on a mission to some very young monarch, for that I shall never have the gravity of an ambassador for a prince turned of twelve. He, however, added the well-known and admirable story of Henry the IV., of France, who, when caught on all fours, carrying one of his children, by the Spanish envoy, looked up and said, "Is your excellency married?" "I am, and have a family," was the reply. "Well, then," said the monarch, "I am satisfied, and shall take another turn around the room;" and off he galloped, with his little son, flogging and spurring him, on his back. I have sometimes thought of breaking myself of what are termed boyish habits, but reflection has satisfied me that it would be very foolish, and that I should esteem it a blessing that I can find amusement in everything, from tossing a cricket ball, to negotiating a treaty with the Emperor of China. Men who will give themselves entirely to business and despise (which is their term) trifles, are very able in their general conception of the great outlines of a plan, but they feel a want of that knowledge which is only to be gained by mixing with all classes in the world, when they come to those lesser points upon which its successful execution may depend. Of this I am certain; besides, all habits which give a man light, elastic spirits, are good.—*Life of Sir John Malcolm.*

Humble Virtue.—Flowers have bloomed on our prairies, and passed away, from age to age, unseen by man, and multitudes of virtues have been acted out in obscure places, without note or admiration. The sweetness of both has gone up to heaven.

The Traveler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WANDERINGS IN EUROPE.—NO. II.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

A Visit to the Field of Waterloo.

My companion and I had once nearly determined to walk out to the field of Waterloo, but we finally concluded to take the coach, which gathers its passengers every morning from the different hotels of the city of Brussels, — conveys them to the battle-field, and returns in the evening. The proprietors of the conveyance are Englishmen, and the coachman himself might have sat for a sketch to WASHINGTON IRVING. They happened to drive to our hotel first, and as we had the opportunity of choosing our seats, I took mine beside that worthy dignitary. When we were fairly seated he cracked his whip; the four grey horses sprang into a gallop; the postillion blew a trumpet as we drove from one hotel to another, and the people in the streets stopped and stared at us until we were out of their sight.

There were enough English and American passengers to fill the coach. Passing the city barriers we rattled on over the paved road towards Waterloo. A troop of ragged, white-headed, dirty children, ran beside the coach, now and then turning somersets, standing on their heads, and performing other antics to attract our attention, and induce us to throw them a few coppers. One of them was expert enough to draw from an astonished Englishman by my side the encomium that he was a "stunner." The sun shone very hot, causing one of the passengers on the outside, an American, to open an umbrella. It happened to touch the hat of the coachman, who informed the owner of the inconvenience, and received a proper apology.—An Englishman, however, (a good specimen of traveling JOHN BULL,) sitting by his side, took occasion to remark that a man had no business to hold an open umbrella except in a rain storm; and that it was very impolite to trouble other people for the sake of keeping off a little sunshine. The American replied that he did not intend to inconvenience any one, and if he was so unfortunate as to damage his hat, or any other portion of his property, he would pay him its value. "I don't want your money," was the characteristic reply of the Englishman. "I don't want your money; I want my comfort." "I want mine, too," answered the American, "and I shall not be *bullied* out of it or my rights."

We passed by the forest of Soignies, which, at the time of the battle, was more extensive than at present, extending on both sides of the road, entered the village of Waterloo, where we changed coaches, and then rode on to the battle-field. It was over this same road that

—— "The steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly joining in the ranks of war."

Sergeant M——, an Englishman who was in the battle, was the guide of the party. He first conducted us to the spot which was the centre of WELLINGTON'S position. At the time of the battle it was somewhat higher than at present, for the earth has been taken from it which forms the immense mound, crowned with the British Lion, looking towards France. The guide related that WELLINGTON visited the battle-field at the time the workmen were engaged in removing the earth, and perceiving that the position would be spoiled, declared he would never see it again. The British army was drawn up on the crest of a ridge, which curved a little, throwing both flanks in advance of the centre. The ground sloped downward in their rear, to the bottom of a valley, which was greatly to their advantage; for by retiring a little the troops were much sheltered from the enemy's fire, and it was also possible for WELLINGTON to move divisions from one flank to the other in the rear of his position, without being perceived by the French. The British right was thrown forward to the farm-house of HOUGOUMONT, which was turned into a strong fortress, and proved to be the key of the battle-field. There was a slight valley between the two armies, and on the opposite ridge from the British were the French. BLUCHER came up on the left of the British and right of the French. Of course he outflanked NAPOLEON, and caused him to wheel his right partly round to face the Prussians. Before the arrival of BLUCHER the French and English were facing each other, but afterwards the French had to face two cardinal points of the compass, besides an overwhelming superiority of force.

After looking over the field from the spot which was occupied by the British centre, we ascended the mound, and then went on towards the farm of HOUGOUMONT. We stopped on the spot where the Old Guard of NAPOLEON was cut to pieces. The battle was nearly over. NEY thought he perceived a weak spot in the British line. He formed the Old Guard for a final effort—the Old Guard which he had so often led in resistless and decisive charges. WELLINGTON perceived the movement, and guessing the point at which the attack was directed, ordered a body of grenadiers to lie down behind a bank of earth, not more than three feet high, and formed by one side of a road. The French came on sweeping everything before them. Suddenly a body of troops rose out of the earth, poured a sharp, hot volley into their faces, and before they recovered from their surprise, charged them with the bayonet. Back, down the descending slope they were driven in confusion. The last chance had been lost and won, and NAPOLEON was already flying from a lost battle, and a lost Empire. I plucked a few heads of wheat for mementoes, from the field of yellow grain which waved on the spot where the bravest body of troops that ever followed the footsteps of a conqueror, were destroyed.

The farm-house of HOUGOUMONT is one of the most interesting buildings from its associations in the world. If the destiny of Europe was decided by the battle of Waterloo, so did the issue of the conflict depend on the possession of that farm-house. It was the inability of the French to drive the British from it, which kept them from obtaining a complete victory before the arrival of the Prussians. The farm-house is admirably constructed for a position of defence on a battle-field—being strongly built of brick, with a wall-encompassed yard in the rear. Back of the house is the garden, also enclosed by a strong wall, somewhat higher than a man, and pierced with loop-holes through which the British fired. On the side of the garden towards the French, was an open piece of ground, three or four rods in breadth, which the assailants were obliged to cross before they could scale the wall, and where they were exposed to a most destructive fire. Across the open piece of ground before the garden, stood a large grove of trees, which prevented the French from using their artillery effectually against the position. Most of the trees have been cut away since the battle. Back of the garden is the orchard, which, sloping towards the British line, was bounded on the lower side by a ditch and hedge, that afforded strong protection to the troops drawn up behind them.—Behind the ditch and hedge, is a ridge, on the crest of which was posted the British artillery. From this elevated position they could fire over the heads of the troops behind the hedge, into the enemy's columns whenever they attempted to cross the orchard, where, also, the French were exposed to a raking fire from the side of the garden.

It is no wonder that this strong position, defended by British skill and stubbornness, was not carried by the French. We entered the farm-house, which belongs to a private family, and purchased refreshments. It is said that a maid-servant of the family that occupied it at the time of the battle, refused to leave when it was taken possession of by the British, but took refuge in the garret where she remained unharmed until the contest was over. Here we found the carriage waiting to convey us back to Waterloo. We did not visit any part of the French position, but could overlook the whole plainly from other parts of the battle-field.

Cologne.

We returned to Brussels and took the cars for Cologne. There seemed to be several unoccupied coaches attached to the train, but the officers insisted on crowding eight grumbling passengers, ourselves included, into one apartment, thus filling it uncomfortably full, and making it difficult to rest. I slumbered a little, but was awakened at midnight by some one tapping me on the shoulder, and shouting something in my ear. I looked up, and saw the glittering uniform of a policeman, and perceived that the other passengers were giving up their passports. We had arrived at Verviers, on the borders of Prussian territory, where the train was detained an hour, for the examination of passports and baggage. In the grey dawn of morning we entered Cologne.

Our first walk was to the celebrated Cathedral. We soon came in sight of a great square tower, the top of which was unfinished, and bore a huge crane. There was no mistaking it. I knew at once from the descriptions I had read, that it was the same machinery which stood there two hundred years ago, when the workmen left off building.—At the first glance I experienced a feeling of disappointment; the tower did not look so lofty as it really is, and the unfinished state of the edifice, was not favorable for making a strong impression. But when we entered the interior, and gazed up through the light that was softened and enlarged by the stained windows, at the intermingling arches which sprang so loftily from the gigantic pillars, my disappointment gave way to admiration and a feeling of wonder, that man who looks so insignificent beside his own handiwork, has power to rear so proud a structure. A few people were walking about on the stone floor, and some kneeling silently before the costly shrines. Workmen are now continually employed on the Cathedral, and it is said the authorities intend to finish it according to the original plan, which a few years ago was found in the possession of a poor man. It has a strange effect to see the white surface and sharp outlines of the new architecture, by that which is browned by the storms of five centuries, and already crumbling to decay.

Up the Rhine.

Cologne is a dirty city and full of foul smells.—Not caring to remain in it over night, we went on board of a steamer which, shortly after noon, started up the Rhine. It was glorious weather; the yellow sunlight bathed in rich hues the proud river, and its terraced vineyards and gray heights, crowned with silent ruins. We passed the Drachenfels that day, and in the dusk of evening saw the heights of Coblentz, gleaming at the foot of rocky heights, and the dim outlines of the impregnable fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, running over the mountain on the opposite side of the river. Between them stretched a low bridge of boats, and close to the shores were anchored a number of floating mills, whose wheels were turned slowly round by the current. We saw many of these floating mills on the Rhine. The boat came alongside of a wharf and we went to a hotel to sleep. In the morning we heard the bell ringing, and hurried down to the boat, just in time to step on board before she swung away from the wharf. That day finished our ride on the Rhine. Three or four hours before sundown my friend stopped at Worms, and by dark I was in Mannheim. Next morning I took the first train of cars for Heidelberg, for I was eager to get to that city, which I looked forward to as a place of quiet rest and study; and the prospect was far from being disagreeable after three months of continual travel and sight-seeing.

The train left the Rhine with a whistle as weak as the voice of one of Ossian's ghosts, and sped to the eastward, over an unfenced and perfectly level plain, which was covered with small patches of grain and grass, intermingled with potatoes and beets, and here and there a few rows of Indian corn.

After riding a quarter of an hour I leaned out of the window; before us to the right and left as far as I could see, the round wooded mountains of the Odenwald rose abruptly from the plain.—"What is this," I asked of a young Englishman whose acquaintance I had made on the Rhine, and whom I had unexpectedly met again that morning in the railway wagon, "What is this? they will surely not run much further in this direction?" for it seemed to me that five minutes more would bring us to the foot of the tallest mountain. "No," he replied, "for we are just at Heidelberg. You see those two mountains which stand apart from each other; the one on the right is the Kaiserstuhl, and that on the left the Heiligenberg. They are mountain sentinels, standing on each side of the pass, through which the Neckar breaks from the Odenwald, and emerges into the great Rhine plain. The Heiligenberg rises steeply from the very edge of the water; but between the opposite bank and part of the base of the Kaiserstuhl, there is a long but narrow flat, or table land, on which stands the city of Heidelberg."

The train stopped in a splendid station, built of red sandstone, which is quarried in great abundance in the mountains, and of which the castle and churches of the town are also constructed.—I stepped into the street, and saw before me a broad walk, shaded by rows of trees, under which people were promenading. The green forests on the steep mountain sides were visible above the dark heavy roofs of the buildings, seeming to reflect a coolness into the streets, and spreading a tranquil richness over the scene, that I viewed with an enthusiasm I shall not soon forget.

ORIENTAL FOREST SCENE.

HISTORICAL FACTS CONCERNING INDIA.

THERE is a good deal of romance about India. Its history is somewhat like a fairy tale. We read of its silks and spices; its elephant trains and gorgeous temples; the sacred Ganges, and the beautiful "vale of Cashmere." We see this magnificent Empire governed by a foreign commercial company, making war and peace, and subduing kingdoms at pleasure. A few facts relative to the early history, the customs of the people, and the manner in which the English obtained control of the country, with the accompanying Forest Scene, will, we think, be acceptable to our readers.

India was one of the earliest seats of civilization. Several large kingdoms under a tolerably well regulated form of government and a number of smaller states were in existence many centuries before the Christian Era; of their first foundation there are no reliable records, their only history being the legends of the ancient poets which are full of fables. Some have thought that the first respectable settlement was made by an Egyptian colony, and that previously the country was covered with extensive forests, and inhabited only by a few uncivilized tribes whose origin is unknown. From this colony, which may have been mostly priests, perhaps, sprang the laws and religion of the Brahmins. It is supposed that these are alluded to in Kings, where it is said "Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of Egypt."

It is very evident that the earliest form of government known in India was that of a powerful priesthood, and it is supposed the first code of laws promulgated among the Hindoos, was compiled by the Brahmins about the ninth century before the Christian Era, although they claim to be the work of an ancient law-giver who lived at the time of the flood, from which he was miraculously preserved by Brahma. The most important part of this code was a division of the people into four castes or classes, which were prohibited from intermixing. The *first* was the priesthood, who ruled both over the political and religious affairs of the state. The *second* was the warrior caste, including kings, princes, magistrates and soldiers. The *third* class included husbandmen, merchants and tradesmen. The *fourth* embraced the lower order of mechanics, servants and laborers. Every one was obliged to pursue the profession of his father, nor was it possible for any one to change his business or rise above his class, by any energy, talent or wealth.—A system better calculated to stagnate and degrade a people, the Author of all Evil himself could not devise.

The religious ceremonies of the ancient Hindoos were conducted with a magnificence hardly equalled. Anciently one supreme being was worshiped under the name of Brahma, and two gods Siva and Vishnu were revered as separate forms, and representing different attributes of the same deity. Brahma was worshiped as the creator, Vishnu as the preserver, and Siva as the destroyer. Now, gods almost without number are worshiped by the Hindoos. About five centuries before the Christian Era, a great reformer, BUDHA, arose in India, who undertook to lessen the power of the priesthood, and destroy castes. He was in a great measure successful, and the religion he founded prevailed over India for many centuries, and until about the tenth century of the Christian Era, when Brahminism, in a modified form, was re-established.

Women in India, during the early ages, were never compelled to live in seclusion, as they are in other Asiatic countries—nor were they treated as inferiors, or bought with money as are the women of Egypt and China, but the husband received a portion with the wife, according to the ability of her parents. Latterly, thro' Mahommedan influence, women of rank were not permitted to go abroad without being closely veiled; but this custom was not very strictly adhered to, and is almost obsolete. Women could hold property, and the portion they brought their husbands, was always inherited by the daughters. The burning of widows with the dead bodies of their husbands was not common until about the commencement of the Christian Era, and was never as common as is generally supposed.

The natives of India are very simple in their habits. Their principal food consists of fruit and vegetables, very little animal food being eaten by the people generally, and none by the Brahmins. They live together in villages, the farmer going out in the morning to cultivate his fields, and returning in the evening. Each village is a little independent commonwealth, governed by its mayor.

The spices and perfumes of India were great sources of wealth, and the diamonds of Golconda have had a world-wide celebrity. These were enough to excite the cupidity of the surrounding nations, and four centuries before CHRIST, ALEXANDER the Great having overrun the Persian Empire, led his conquering armies to the shores of the Indus, where the Indians were defeated. This, however, produced no material change in the state of India. Soon after the introduction of the Mahommedan religion, the Afghan Arabs and Turks at different times invaded India, with more or less success, and established themselves and their religion at many points. In 1500, the Portuguese attempted to make a settlement in India, and after a severe struggle they succeeded in 1510 in establishing a regular government in the South of India, the capital of which is the maritime city of Goa. In 1608, the English East India Company sent out a ship for the purpose of opening trade with the Indies, but the Portuguese, through intrigue, prevented its accomplishment. Various other attempts were made, in vain, until 1615, when a regular embassy was sent by the English to the Emperor of India, and they were granted permission to establish a factory at Surat, and a regular trade was opened. In 1687, the English obtained possession of Bombay, and transferred their factories from Surat to that place, which has from that time, been the capital of their dominions on the western side of the peninsula. In the meantime they had obtained possessions on the eastern side which were rising into importance. The French, after several unsuccessful attempts, succeeded in making a permanent settlement at Pondicherry, on the coast of Coromandel, purchased in 1672.

The English continued to increase their territory and power in India as fast as opportunity presented, and so successfully as to arouse the jealousy of the French. A struggle now commenced between the different European nations for the supremacy, each one interfering with the quarrels of the native princes, or exciting such quarrels as would result to their own good and the injury of the others. Plots and counter-plots, were the order of the day; treachery was encouraged and aided, and right and justice seem to be lost sight of in the struggle for supremacy. It was during a temporary reverse on the part of the English that the terrible tragedy was enacted, in which one hundred and twenty-three persons were suffocated in one night in the "Black Hole of Calcutta." English influence rapidly extended, until by the fall of TIPPO SAIB, in 1792, they became masters of India.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

"WILL we meet again?" said the dying man
As he drew his last, faint breath;
But ere the echo had passed away
He was clasped in the arms of death.
"Will we meet again?" breathed a noble youth
As he laid him down to die;
The weeping friends clung closer still
While his spirit soared on high.

"Will we meet again?" sighed the mother fond
As she gazed for the long, last time,
On the lonely face of her darling one
Who dwelt in a "sunnier clime."
Will we meet again? friends of my youth,
Those that have gone before—
Have we parted here on earth below
To meet again no more?

Yes, friends! *We'll meet again*
On that bright, beissed morn
When all shall hear the trumpet's blast
And all be equal born.
Then let thy faith be pure and strong,
Thy hopes, high as the sky,
Then, when we're called to part below
We'll meet again on high.

We'll meet in that blest home above
Where "The weary are at rest,"
The aged, and the fallen one
Will be supremely blest;
Then let us *there* our life-bark steer,
Though o'er rough seas we're driven,
For 'twill be bliss without alloy
To meet again—in Heaven.

Jonesville, Mich., 1857. "SUB."

PHYSICAL ADVANTAGES OF THE SABBATH.

THE Sabbath, viewed merely in the light of a day of relaxation and refreshment, cannot be computed too highly, by the working classes in particular. The statesman, the merchant, and the manufacturer, can often escape the duties, or emancipate themselves from the thrall of business, and vanishing from the respective engagements, may embark for foreign travel, and luxuriate awhile in some invigorating clime; or, wandering up and down our own fair land, may halt at spots rich in historic interest, or may visit the wonder-teeming cities reared by modern enterprise; or else, if wearied with the excitement of such scenes, may turn aside for a season to the margin of the ocean, and there inhale health and gladness from its bracing breezes.

Suppose the Sabbath to be by all people abolished. What a sad picture this world would soon present! Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous, eternal cycle. Think—as your imagination beholds the unvarying wheel of work, the treadmill of labor, thus going round, and round, and round, without a change, without a pause, from morn to night, from week to week, from month to month, from year to year—think, if you can, of the desolation that must follow this absolute reign of labor over the whole realm of time.

The delicate and fragile would be speedily crushed. Feeble constitutions, that with a seventh day fostering care, might eke out their residue of strength for many years, would break down with a sudden crash. Incipient diseases, which nature, invigorated by adequate rest, might overgrow, would be developed with a deadly rapidity. An intense labor would found a dreadful forcer of the seeds and rudiments of decay which are imbedded more or less plentifully in all of us. Under the vassalage of such a gigantic oppressor as unrestricted labor, earth would reek with the sufferings of her offspring, while the all-absorbing prayer of the millions would be for "Rest!" or the quiet slumber of the grave!

The mere physical advantages of the Sabbath, independent of those of our intellectual, domestic, moral and religious characters to the mass of mankind, are above computation. It is one of the best gifts of God, and should be cherished as a heirloom of every family.—*Selected.*

HINTS TO MINISTERS.

EXPECT much, and much will be given. Souls are perishing every day; and our own entrance into eternity can not be far distant. Let us, like Mary, do what we can, and no doubt God will bless it, and reward us openly.

Seek to be lamb-like; without this all your efforts to do good to others will be as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

Get much of the hidden life in your own soul; soon it will make life spread around.

Never forget that the end of a sermon is the salvation of the people.

"Cleave to the Lord;" not to man, but to the Lord.

Do not fear the face of man. Remember how small their anger will appear in eternity.

O, fight hard against sin and the devil. The devil never sleeps; be ye also active for good.

But an inch of time remains, and the eternal ages roll on forever; but an inch on which we stand and preach the way of salvation to the perishing world.

It is not great talents God blesses, so much as great likeness to Jesus. A holy minister is an awful weapon in the hand of God.—*Selected.*

WHILE Israel marched through the wilderness, the blackest night had a pillar of fire; and the brightest day a pillar of cloud. So in this world, things never go so well with God's Israel, but they have still something to groan under; nor so ill, but they have still comfort to be thankful for. In the church militant, as in the ark of old, there are both a rod and a pot of manna.

MANY men pass fifty or sixty years in the world, and when they are just about going out of it, they bethink themselves and step back, as it were, to do something which they had all the while forgot, viz.:—The main business for which they came into the world, to repent of their sins, and reform their lives, and make their peace with God, and in time prepare for eternity.—*Tillotson.*

A SENSE of God's presence in love, is sufficient to rebuke all anxiety and fears in the worst and most dreadful condition.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year, - - - - -	$2
Three Copies, " - - - - -	$5
Five Copies, " - - - - -	$8
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Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ A NEW HALF VOLUME commences July 4, and hence the present is a good time to form clubs for either Six Months or a Year. Agents and others will bear in mind that all subscriptions forwarding during the present month will count on Premiums. See Premium Lists on next page.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World—and is *from 20,000 to 30,000 greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New-York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Great Sale of Cattle and Sheep—Lewis F. Allen
Villa Decorations—Janes, Beebe & Co.
Desirable Residence for Sale—C. J. Deland
Self-adjusting R. R. Door Hangers—A. W. Morse.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 18, 1857.

OUR PREMIUMS.—The result of the competition for the Premiums offered for subscribers obtained for the RURAL previous to July 1st, will be announced in our next,—or in a circular which will be mailed to all interested. We hoped to give it this week, but the clerk having the matter in charge, has not completed and revised his figures, and we desire to have it accurate when announced.

Matters in Washington.

THE Navy Department, on the 9th inst., received a letter from Capt. Hudson, of the Niagara, of June 27th, in which he says:—"I have the honor to report that a ship load of telegraph cable has just been got along side this ship, which we shall at once commence coiling into the forehold. We have a promise of a second vessel, now nearly full, on the 31st, and shall commence coiling from her into the ward-room tier, abaft. During the time in which we shall be coiling from these vessels, we shall coil away on this ship, 100 miles in 24 hours. As stated in my letter of the 21st inst., the two vessels above referred to, bring off about 750 miles of cable."

R. S. Stevens, Special Superintendent for the sale of the trust lands in Kansas, belonging to the Karkarkia, Plankeshaw and Peoria Indians, informs the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, that a large number of persons were present from every State in the Union; that the best state of feeling prevailed, and that there was therefore no necessity as was anticipated of making any requisition for troops. Nearly four pieces of the land claimed by the settlers was taken at its valuation. What was not thus taken brought $3 per acre.

Mr. Mandeville, formerly of New York, has been appointed Surveyor General of California, in place of Col. J. Hays, who has been appointed Surveyor General of Utah.

The Tribune's correspondent says three members of the Cabinet express regret that Gov. Walker throws his official weight into the scale of a submission of the prospective constitution of Kansas to a vote of the people. Gen. Cass, on the other hand, regards his course as unobjectionable. The Administration fully sustains Gov. Walker in advising a submission to a vote of the people.

The Herald's correspondent says the Secretary of the Navy has ordered the frigate Independence, now at Panama, to discharge those men whose term of service has expired, if it can be done with safety to the ship, and then proceed to San Francisco, to be used as a store ship.

EMIGRATION TO KANSAS.—The Herald of Freedom of the 27th ult., estimates the influx of population to Kansas the present season, at 30,000, and is of opinion that before winter sets in 100,000 will have been added to the permanent population of the Territory. Meantime the human current pours on with undiminished volume. Many stop in Western Missouri, and others continue on to Northern Texas. There is a regular stream of emigrants flowing south through Lawrence and other places in Kansas, says the Herald, to the number of hundreds a day, looking for a warmer climate.

AN OLD NEWSPAPER.—We are indebted to Mr. J. N. MILLER of Port Gibson, for a copy of the *Ulster County Gazette*, bearing date January 4th, 1800. The paper is dressed in mourning on account of the death of GEORGE WASHINGTON, the intelligence of whose demise, on the 14th of Dec., 1799, had just been received by the editor. The entire sheet does not contain more "matter" than is furnished on a single page of the RURAL, and in typographical appearance, quality of paper, &c., is quite a curiosity.

THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES of the "University of Rochester," and the "Rochester Theological Seminary," last week, were of a highly interesting and entertaining character—alike creditable to the institutions and gratifying to the friends of Literary and Theological Education. Want of space precludes further notice this week, but we shall endeavor to give some particulars in our next number.

FROM THE FAR WEST.—Reliable advices from Fort Randall state that the band of Sioux Indians who recently committed the murder and other outrages at Spirit Lake, are now near the head waters of James River, 60 miles from Fort Pierre. It is supposed that troops will be sent after the murderers.

Items of News.

H. E. B. STOWE, a son of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, a member of the Freshman Class in Dartmouth College, was drowned in the Connecticut river on Thursday afternoon.

THE Coal Fields of Pennsylvania are very extensive, the Appalachian seam being the largest. According to Prof. Rogers, its extent is 770 miles in length, while its greatest width is 100 miles.

THE Boston Transcript says that the graves of Samuel Adams and John Hancock, two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, from Massachusetts, are in the Granary Burial Ground of Boston, without monuments to mark them.

A GERMAN woman named Maria Kleuchner, died in Cincinnati Monday, at the advanced age of one hundred and seven years. She would have had, had they all lived, fifty-four children, grandchildren, great-grand-children, and great-great-grand children.

THE Female Medical College, of Pennsylvania, located in Philadelphia, has entered upon its eighth year, under prosperous circumstances.—There are some two hundred students in the College. Among the Faculty are Professors of Physiology and Anatomy, who are women.

MR. YOUNG, the proprietor of the Paraffine Oil Works at Bathgate, Scotland, testified in a lawsuit that the past year he made 400,000 gallons of lubricating oil from Cannel coal, which he sold at five shillings ($1.10) a gallon, and that the principal part of the money received was profit.

A NEW Pacific Railroad Co., says the St. Louis Intelligencer of the 29th, was organized at Omaha early in the present month, under the Nebraska territorial law, for the construction of a Railroad to the South Pass. General Robinson, of Penn., is President, and Mr. Hosmer, of Ohio, Secretary. The capital is to be $60,000,000.

THE resolution which was offered in the Board of Aldermen of New York, on the 6th instant, authorizing the Mayor to send a special Ambassador to London, at an outlay of $2,500, to induce the agent of the Great Eastern to send that naval monster to that port, has been passed, and will doubtless be concurred in by the Councilmen.

HENRY WINTER, an American, is at the head of the shipbuilding establishment of the Danube Navigation Company, one of the largest and most successful in the world, whose invested capital amounts to $17,000,000. They have at present in constant employment 95 side wheel steamers, 19 propellers, 450 barges, and 150 landing bridges, roads, and coal tenders, all of iron, and they are constantly adding to their number.

SINCE the opening of navigation in February, there are said to have been at least two hundred persons drowned in the Ohio river, between Wheeling and Pittsburg. The Wheeling Times says that there is scarcely a day in which it does not hear of the recovery of a body, or the drowning of some unfortunate person. During the past month there were dragged from the Mississippi river, at St. Louis, nineteen dead bodies.

LORD NAPIER has communicated to Secretary Cass a disavowal of the cession to England of the Islands in Panama Bay. He also denies the allegation that the Chinca Islands were conveyed to British subjects, or have been placed under a British and French protectorate. He furthermore disclaims generally the policy of territorial acquisitions in or near this continent, but admits that Her Britannic Majesty's Government will oppose the monopoly by any power of the rights and privileges, commercial or of other description, rightfully appertaining to the general use of the world.

THE "MONTREAL" MASSACRE.—The Toronto Globe of the 8th inst., says:—"Up to Saturday evening last, the bodies of two hundred and forty-four of the hapless victims of the late frightful catastrophe, had been recovered. The list of the dead, when fully completed, cannot fall much, if any, short of three hundred. So dreadful a slaughter never before occurred within this Province, and with the mass of facts already before us, we cannot wait the tedious course of a Coroner's investigation, without forming some judgment on the question, whether the calamity was one which no human foresight or prudent care could have prevented, or one which was the result of criminal human negligence. We are not yet in a position to pronounce on the precise degree of culpability attaching to the several parties concerned, but that much human life was sacrificed by a wanton neglect to comply with the most obvious requirements both of the statute book and of reason, we think does not admit of a doubt."

WAGON ROAD OVER THE WESTERN PLAINS.—The *National Intelligencer* learns from a private letter dated Independence, July 1st, that a portion of the Wagon Road Expedition under Wm. M. F. Magraw had taken up the line of march, and that the remainder would follow immediately. Thirty wagons, and the larger portion of the force of 120 men were upon the plains. The equipments of this expedition are complete, and much is expected from the well organized corps of Messrs. Magraw, Annan and Lander, the superintendent, disbursing agent, and engineer of the expedition. This route has been designated by the Department of the Interior as the Fort Kearney, South Pass, and Honey Lake Pacific Wagon Road.

MORE INDIAN MURDERS REPORTED AT SPIRIT LAKE, IOWA.—The Galena *Advertiser* is informed by Capt. Parker, of the steamboat Fred. Lorenz, who left St. Paul Saturday evening, that a messenger had just arrived from Spirit Lake, bringing intelligence that the Sioux Indians had made another attack on the white inhabitants bordering on Spirit Lake, in Iowa, that more whites were killed, many taken captive, houses burned, &c. The white inhabitants and friendly Indians of the neighboring settlements had started in pursuit.

FRUIT TRADE OF CHICAGO.—The *Tribune* states that James E. Stacey, fruiterer of Cincinnati, has expressed to the Chicago market this season 1,500 bushels of strawberries, and is now shipping from Cleveland, Sandusky and northern Ohio, over the Southern Michigan road, about a ton of strawberries per day. He is now sending from Cincinnati to Chicago about fifty bushels of raspberries per day.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

THIRTY tenements were burned at Davenport, Iowa, on the 6th. Loss $30,000; partly insured.

THE distillery of Curtis & Ballently, Chicago, was burned on the 11th inst. Loss $30 000.

A TERRIFIC fire broke out at New Orleans on the 8th inst., on the Levee, between Gravier and Common streets. It broke out in the Commission house of Lusk & Co., and the whole block, occupied by Wheeler & Forstall as a foundry, by Lusk & Co., the Cairo mail office, Waldo & Hough's hardware, R. W. Adams grocers, Snapp & Co., steamboat agents, and several other parties, was consumed. The rear block on Fulton street was also destroyed. There was great difficulty in getting water for some time after it broke out, and no progress could be made made in putting down the fire. The loss is immense.

A FEW minutes before eight o'clock on Sunday morning, one of the cow sheds in the rear of Woolford's Hotel on Washington Avenue, was discovered to be on fire. It was filled with hay and surrounded by some fifteen buildings, constructed of combustible materials, all of which were destroyed. It will be rememberod that these sheds were on the ground used by cattle drovers, and known as the "Albany Cattle Market." Loss $4,000.

THE steamer Boilino City exploded her boilers on the Oshkosh river on the 1st inst. Four persons were killed and several others seriously injured.

ON the 8th inst., Ambrose Christian, of Port Byron, Philip Ostrander, of May's Point, and Henry Clemmence, an engineer, were instantly killed by the explosion of an engine boiler, which occurred on a temporary track, which had been laid from May's Point, in the town of Tyre, Seneca county, which branches off from the Central Road at the Point, to a gravel bed. While the train was on its way from the bed to the Point the boiler burst, instantly killing the above named individuals, all of whom were on the locomotive. The bodies were found some fifteen rods from the track, horribly disfigured. All had families.

THERE was a melancholy termination of the Fourth of July celebration in Boston, which otherwise was equal in patriotic display to any that has preceded. The weather was delightful, and the city was thronged with crowds from the country. As the fireworks were progressing on the Common in the evening, the mortar used for throwing shell rockets burst, killing George P. Tewksbury, former harbor master, and a highly respected citizen, Asa L. Libbey, cabinet maker, Patrick Cook, employee of Hovey & Co., the pyrotechnists, and a boy named John McMahon. Wiseman Marshall, a tragedian, and John W. Robinson, were badly injured, but not fatally.—This sad disaster terminated the pyrotechnic display abruptly.

ARRIVAL OF THE EMPIRE CITY.—The Empire City, with Havana dates of the 9th inst., arrived at Quarantine, N. Y., on the 13th inst. The health of Havana remains good for the season, tho' yellow fever is said to prevail extensively among the newly arrived troops. The Spanish expedition against Mexico is generally considered as abandoned. Business is exceedingly dull, and prices are nominal for all the products of the Island. Several cargoes of slaves are said to have been recently landed near Trinidad. Sugars are firmly held at previous prices. In consequence of the enhanced value of rum, there has been more demand for distilling. Molasses sales have been made at a slight advance.

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.—The 110th Anniversary of Princeton College, New Jersey, took place on the 24th ult. Liberal donations for scholarship have been recently made to this College. They are said to amount to $50,000. Each subscriber of $1,000 is entitled to name a student whose tuition will be free. A wealthy New Yorker has given $80,000 in addition to the above. The liberal donor has enjoined secresy on the subject during his life, but it is hinted that he is a retired sea captain of ample means. The graduating class consisted of fifty-nine members. Upon Hon. Wm. L. Dayton was conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

ANOTHER SERIOUS RIOT IN NEW YORK.—By telegraph from New York, we learn that another riot occured, of a very serious character. A mob of 500 Irish and Germans attacked the Metropolitan Police with missiles and fire-arms. The Police were driven back, as was also a squad sent to their relief. Another detachment of 100 men were immediately sent to the scene of conflict, and a requisition was made for a detachment of military. This riot, it is said, was premeditated, but was not to take place till night, when it was intended to commence with an attack on the 17th Ward Station House. We have no farther particulars.

THE STATE LUNATIC ASYLUM BURNED!—A dispatch just received (Tuesday noon) from Utica, states that the Lunatic Asylum caught fire at 7½ A. M. in the cornice of the south-west corner of the main building, and has been burning for four hours. The entire structure will probably be destroyed, as the water conveniences on the premises are insufficient. Some 500 patients were in the building. Those nearest the fire were removed to the grove in rear of the Asylum. The loss cannot be less than $200,000. Dr. L. F. ROSE was seriously if not fatally hurnt while engaged in combating the fire and removing property.

AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE.—A writer in the Scalpel says that the best brands of champagne are manufactured in America, chiefly in New York. He says that at the present time there are, in New York city, no less than thirteen establishments which manufacture champagne, or in other words, convert still wines into sparkling ones, for no process has been discovered for producing an artificial wine which possesses the flavor and other qualities of the product of the grape.

NEW COUNTERFEIT.—Counterfeit five dollar notes, on the Exchange Bank of Pittsburg, Pa., are in circulation. They are well executed, and admirably calculated to deceive. The vignette represents two angelic females, navigating the air on a cloud. Look out for the notes.

Literary Notices.

THE STUDENT'S GIBBON. The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon.—Abridged, incorporating the researches of recent commentators, by WILLIAM SMITH, LL. D., editor of the Classical and Latin Dictionaries, &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS work is well calculated to supply a much felt deficiency in our historical literature. Of the work of GIBBON it is of course unnecessary for us to speak. It will probably remain at the head of its class of histories as long as the English language has an existence. No person can possess good or even passable knowledge of History until he understands all the principal parts of GIBBON'S "Decline and Fall." To gain this by reading the six formidable volumes of the original requires more time than can be afforded by many for the purpose. To reach such persons, be they students or general readers, is the design of this volume, and for this object we commend it. By the aid of this moderately sized volume, one can acquire, in a comparatively short time, a good knowledge of GIBBON, although we would recommend the unabridged work to those who can afford the time necessary for its perusal. Sold by DEWEY.

THE ORATIONS OF DEMOSTHENES, translated with Notes, &c. By CHARLES RANN KENNEDY. New York: Harper & Brothers—1857.

THESE Orations comprise two volumes of 320 and 480 pages, and contain, in addition thereto, a chronological abstract of events during the life of DEMOSTHENES. The author has had favorable opportunities for consulting the translations that have been put forth by LELAND, JACOBS, Lord BROUGHAM, and others, and we can safely say that the present version, if not superior to all previous translations, will rank highly. One thing we could have wished, the insertion of the oration of ÆSCHINES, for we think the student would then have been better able to grasp the arguments of the "Mighty Athenian" and appreciate their power. These volumes belong to the series of HARPER'S Classical Library, all of which are issued in uniform style. From the publishers.

A MANUAL OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY. By Dr. LEONARD SCHMITZ, F. R. S. E., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, Author of "A Manual of Ancient History," etc. With a Map showing the retreat of the 10,000 Greeks under Xenophon. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea—1857.

THIS is a work of 426 pages and is designed as a companion to the Manual of Ancient History, and is intended to furnish the student with that amount of geographical and ethnological information necessary in reading Greek and Latin authors, or in studying the history of the nations of antiquity. Such a work as could be readily acquired and possessing the feature of a great deal in a small space has long been needed, and we doubt not that it has been fully supplied by the present issue. The book has a copious index. From the publishers.

TENT LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND. By WM. C. PRIME, author of "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia," "The Old House by the River," "Later Years," etc. New York: Harpers—1857.

AN interesting and readable volume of some 500 pages. It is replete with descriptions of a country and people regarded with great interest by all Christendom, and comprises scenes and incidents which render the work amusing and entertaining as well as instructive. No one who has perused the author's "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia," will fail to scan the pages of this record of incidents during his continued journeyings in the East. Sold by DEWEY.

LENORA D'OREO. A Novel. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.—New York: Harpers.

THIS is No. 204 of the "Library of Select Novels" issued by the HARPERS in pamphlet form. DEWEY.

Later from California.

THE steamer Star of the West arrived at New York on the 13th, from Aspinwall, with a million and half of specie.

The U. S. steamer Roanoke has 250 of Walker's men, two-thirds sick.

Nothing important from California. Crops in the Southern part of the State are suffering seriously with drouth.

General Lane is elected delegate to Congress in Oregon, by a largely reduced majority.

Advices from Peru state that Vivanco was at Ceripiqua, and would soon yield.

Nicaragua unsettled. Rivas refuses to act in concert with the allied Generals, and a collision is expected between the Leon party, who favor Walker, and the Charnoristas.

The steamer Star of the West connected with the Golden Age from San Francisco on the 20th of June, which brought down nearly $2,000,000 in specie. The latter passed the steamer Sonora with passengers and mails from New York June 5th: and on the 3d of July, the John L. Stephens with the mails of 20th June.

California markets are generally dull. Breadstuffs depressed. Money inactive. Mining operations active, and increasing largely.

A FAR WEST SANCTUM.—The Kansas correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer, in a recent letter to that paper, thus describes the sanctum of the editor of the Weekly Herald, printed in Leavenworth City, (Kansas) at the time he made a visit:

It will not be amiss here to give you a sketch of the office as presented to the eye of a stranger from Louisiana. "A visit to the printing office afforded a rich treat. On entering the first room on the right hand, three law 'shingles' were on the door; on one side was a rich bed—French blankets, table cloths, shirts, cloaks and rugs, all together; on the wall hung hams, maps, venison and rich engravings, onions, portraits and boots; on the floor were a side of bacon, carved to the bone, corn and potatoes, stationery and books; on a nice dressing case stood a wooden tray half full of dough, while crockery occupied the professional desk. In the room on the left—the sanctum—the housewife, cook and editor lived in glorious unity—one person. He was seated on a stool, with a paper before him on a piece of paper, writing a vigorous knock down to an article in the Kickapoo Pioneer, a paper of a rival city. The cooking stove was at his left, and tin kettles all round; the corn cake was a doin', and instead of scratching his head for an idea as editors often do, he turned the cake and went ahead."

DEATH OF WILD CAT.—From a letter in the San Antonio *Texan*, dated Loredo, Texas, May 25th, we learn that Wild Cat, the celebrated Seminole Chief, who gave the United States so much trouble in Florida during the Seminole war, is dead, he, with forty of his followers, having fallen victims to the small pox.

THE MIGHTY WEST.—The scream of the steamer's whistle is now heard twenty-seven hundred miles above St. Louis, in the upper waters of the Missouri and Yellow Stone.

News Clippings.

— There is said to be a great scarcity of engineers in the navy.

— The Hinckley Bank of Commerce in Chicago, has failed.

— The population of Minnesota is believed to come fully up to 20,000.

— Of those injured by the Cincinnati railroad disaster, six have died.

— Cases of spider poisoning are becoming almost alarmingly frequent.

— The Lake Superior Journal of the 4th announces the Lake clear of ice!

— Judge Mason has not resigned the office of Commissioner of Patents.

— The cost of printing each note on the Bank of England is five pence.

— In France there are only 36 cities which contain over 18,000 inhabitants.

— A child and an old man were burned to death at Montreal on the 6th inst.

— It is said there is a Mormon church in New York containing 500 members.

— There were 39 dead horses found in the streets of New York last week.

— New prairie hay was offered in Davenport, Ia., on the 4th inst., for $8 a ton.

— The whole number of Post Offices in the United States on July 1st was 26,197.

— Choice pieces of sirloin beef sell in Paris at fifty cents a pound. A fowl brings $1,25.

— Gas-light is to be introduced in the cars of the Great Northern Railway Co., England.

— A swarm of bees stung a man to death in Maryland recently, while he was hiving them.

— The Department of State has received the resignation of Mr. Spence, Minister to Turkey.

— It is estimated that strawberries to the value of $21,000 are sold each day in New York city.

— A band of horse thieves were lately lynched in Clinton Co., Iowa—three hung and one shot.

— One hundred houses were burned at Port au Prince June 12. Loss $1,000,000 and three lives.

— It is said that from the top of the steeple of Trinity Church, N. Y., 11,000 grogshops can be seen.

— Col. Crabbe, whom the Mexicans shot recently in Sonora, leaves a mother and sister in New Orleans.

— A new Canadian Bank is to be started in Cayuga, C. W., which is to be called the International Bank.

— The number killed in the New York riots is nine, and seventy or eighty wounded more or less severely.

— Mr Everett's oration has already netted $25,000, to be devoted to the purchase of the Mount Vernon estate.

— The census of all Massachusetts except the small town of Tollard, shows an aggregate of 211,432 voters.

— The St. Catharines Planet says the weevil has appeared in the wheat in that section of Western Canada.

— The government of Great Britain disclaims the purpose of acquiring more territory on or near this continent.

— A new Croton reservoir is about to be constructed covering 106 acres of land, and measuring 36 feet in depth.

— Spider bites can be cured, it is said, by wetting the place affected with cold water, as fast as it absorbs or dries up.

— The fare on the Erie road from Buffalo to New York has been reduced to five dollars, and to Boston nine dollars.

— The receipts of the New York Custom House on Thursday and Friday last exceeded half a million of dollars.

— It has been reported that the bills of the Zimmerman Bank were discredited. This, it is now said, is not true.

—Five hundred and thirty-seven Mormons from Europe arrived in Philadelphia on Friday, on their way to Salt Lake.

— The London Times advocates the abolition of Slavery in Cuba as the only effectual means of checking the slave trade.

— About 100,000 crates of crockery, measuring about 125,000 tons, are annually sent from Liverpool to this country.

— There is a mule in St. Louis which measures eighteen hands in height. He is thought to be the largest mule in the West.

— The Indian Bureau is informed that the Iowa Indian trust lands brought one hundred and eighty thousand dollars cash.

— Two merchants in high standing at Leeds, England, have been sentenced to life transportation for extensive forgeries.

— It is recorded as a "hopeful sign," that one of the New York police has made a business call "without a cigar in his mouth."

— The whole number of newspapers published in the United States is 3,634; some 419 of which are in the State of New York.

— In the State of South Carolina, the marriage laws are so stringent that not a single divorce, it is said, has ever been granted.

— The marine losses for June amount to 26 vessels; value, $819 580. Total for 1857, thus far, 386 vessels; value, $10,282,500.

— There are eight surviving ex-Governors of this State, viz: Van Buren, Throop, Seward, Bouck, Hunt, Fish, Seymour and Clark.

— There are in Boston, Mass., 527 persons of the name of Smith, 373 Browns, 297 Sullivans, 227 Clarks, 208 Johnsons, 183 Jones.

— A gang of thieves took forcible possession of a 2d Avenue railroad car in New York on the 10th inst., and robbed the conductor.

— Near 100,000 pounds of wool were purchased in Cadiz, Ohio, during the past week, at prices ranging from 45 to 55 cents per pound.

— A young man at Throg's Neck, after being ten minutes in the water, and apparently dead, was restored after two hours of effort.

— At the Handel Musical Festival, at Sydenham, England, on the 26th ult., "Old Hundred" was sung by thirteen thousand people.

— A London paper says that the beautiful yacht America lies at a shipbuilder's yard at Tilbury, Eng., completely destroyed by dry rot.

— Mr Ben Mills of Harrodsburgh, Ky., has invented a gun with three barrels. Two of the barrels are for shot, and the third is a rifle.

— The Louisiana sugar crop is expected to yield from 250,000 to 300,000 hogsheads this year. Last year only 78,000 were produced.

— Three thousand four hundred emigrants arrived in Chicago during the 5th and 6th inst. They were designed for the North and West.

— 2,000 barrels of new potatoes were shipped last Thursday from Norfolk for the New York market. The price per barrel in Norfolk is $3.

— About a million and a half of dollars have been expended in Missouri by the General Government in fitting out the expedition to Utah.

— Snow—veritable flakes of snow—fell in Covington, Ky., for the space of two minutes, during a storm which occurred there on the 2d inst.

— Out of fifty of the largest manufacturing establishments in New England, the stock of only six companies will at the present time sell above par.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Arabia and Anglo Saxon.

THE steamship Arabia arrived at New York on the 7th, and the Anglo Saxon at Quebec on the 11th instant.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the British House of Commons, the Jews Oath Bill had been passed by a large majority.

Queen Victoria, attended by a brilliant staff, had personally distributed the Victoria Cross, or Order of Valor, in Hyde Park. The attendance was immense.

The French elections have all been one way—the opposition securing only about half a dozen members.

The latest advices from India show that the mutiny of the native troops had assumed a vigorous shape. They had taken possession of Delhi, and were massacreing the Europeans.

The English Cabinet have conferred the title of Prince Consort upon Prince Albert, thereby making him legally a member of the British Royal Family, but without giving him any additional authority.

FRANCE.—The ministerial journals are highly elated at the result of the elections. New elections are ordered in cases when an absolute majority for either side was not obtained. General Cavaignac stood in this predicament in Paris, while in the eight Provincial districts, in which he was a candidate, he was defeated by large majorities.

The Daily News says that although Lord Clarendon has no official information of the facts, yet it is nevertheless quite true that the French Government has entered into a contract with a Marseilles house for a supply of several thousand Africans for Gaudaloupe and Martinique.

SPAIN.—The Madrid correspondent of the London Times says that Senor Lafragua, the Mexican Envoy, had handed to Senor Pedal a sort of ultimatum for the settlement of the pending dispute, and that the latter had promised to send a counter memorandum, on the nature of which would depend Senor Lafragua's further stay in Madrid.

Lord Howden had sent to the Spanish Government another very strong note on the Cuba Slave Trade.

Later advices state that the Mexican Minister positively intends to leave Madrid in the course of a week, if he was not previously recognized in his official character.

CHINA.—The dates from Canton river are to the 8th of May.

Several attempts had been made to blow up the ships there, one of which was nearly successful.

No military operations could be undertaken before October 1st, owing to the heat of the weather.

The dates from Foochoo are to the 30th of April, and mention the news of the rebels causing considerable uneasiness among the merchants and wealthy people who were removing their property. A stoppage of trade was anticipated, and no operations in teas could be carried for the next season.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—The commercial news is not of special importance.

Breadstuffs closed dull at prices not materially changed.

The weather, though somewhat stormy, was reported favorable for the growing crops.

Provisions quiet; lard buoyant at a slight advance and closing firm. Sugar firm.

There had been a slight advance in the Liverpool market on teas of all qualities.

In the London markets sugar dull at a decline of 6d a 1s. Coffee firm Rice buoyant. In tea there was a large speculative inquiry and prices quoted 1s3d for Congo.

Money market active. Consols have declined to 92½@92⅝.

Flour quiet. Richardson & Co. quote Western 30s. 6d @31s 6d; Philadelphia and Baltimore 31s @32s 6d; Ohio 32s 6d @33s. 6d. Red wheat 8s 6d.@8s. 6d; white 9s. 6d. @10s. Corn very dull Mixed 36s @36s. 6d; yellow 36s. @36s. 6d; white 39s.@40s.

Provisions quiet and generally unchanged. Lard, advance on all qualities, and closed buoyant at 56s. Sugar quiet. Tea realized a slight advance on all qualities, and is in active demand.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, July 14, 1857.

FLOUR AND GRAIN of all classes and varieties is without change in price, though most can be quoted as firm.

PROVISIONS—Cheese and Lard are drooping. Best varieties of potatoes have advanced 12½c per bushel.

WOOL is coming in freely but no alteration in rates. In our "Wool Market," we this week give the transactions in the leading cities, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, &c., in this article—the readers of the RURAL who wish to be "*posted up*" will find them worthy of careful perusal.

HAY—Best grades have fallen off *five dollars per ton* during the week, $13 being the highest figure at which sales are effected.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, bbl	$7,00@8,75
Wheat, Gen	$1,85@1,90
Best white Canada	$1,85@1,90
Corn	88c
Oats	50@56c
Barley	$1,00
Buckwheat	68@88c
Beans	$1,50@1,75
Peas	$1,00@1,25
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess	$24,00
Do. cwt	$3,00@3,00
Beef, ⅌ cwt	$5,75@6,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50
Hams, smoked	12@13c
Shoulders	10@11c
Chickens	11@12c
Turkeys	00@12½
Geese	50c
DAIRY, &c.	
Butter, roll	15½@16c
Do firkin	13@15c
Cheese	8@10c
Lard, tried	14½@15c
Tallow	6@7½c
Eggs, dozen	8c
Honey, box	18c
Candles, box	13½@14½c
FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Apples bushel	$1,50@1,75
Do dried	$2,00@2,25
Potatoes	$1@$1,25
HIDES AND SKINS	
Slaughter	5@6
Calf	10@11c
Sheep pelts	$1,50@1,75
Lamb do	00@00c
SEEDS.	
Clover bushel	$7,00@7,50
Timothy	$3,00@4,00
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Coal, Lehigh	$3@3,25
Do Scranton	$7@7,25
Do Blossburg	$5,50
Do. Shumokin	$7,25@7,50
Do Char	10@12½c
Salt, bbl	$1,00@1,63
Hay, ton	$8@13
Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
White fish, bbl	$12@12,50
Codfish ⅌ quintal	$4,00@5,50
Trout, bbl	$3,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 13—Flour—Market dull and 5c lower—Demand both for eastern and local trade limited. Sales at 6,21 @6,35 common to super State; $6,56,75 for extra do; $6,3 @6,35 for super Western; 6,60@7 for extra do; market closing heavy. Canadian lower; sales at $6,25@6,35 for super; $6,75@9,00 for extra

GRAIN—Wheat market heavy for common kinds. Sales Milwaukee club at 157c—an outside price. For a sample fully as good was afterwards sold at 152c; handsome white Canada at 200c; white St. Louis at 192½c. Chicago spring held at 142c. Buyers at 145c. Rye dull at 115@119c. Corn in better supply and lower; sales mixed Western at 84@86c for sound parcels.—Oats plenty and dull at 60@62c for State and Western

PROVISIONS—Pork unchanged. Sales at $22,75@22 90 mess, closing at inside price; $19,15 prime Lard steady; sales at 11½@11¾c. Butter heavy at 15@20c for Ohio; 17@22c for State. Cheese dull at 5@9½c.

ALBANY, July 13—Flour and Meal—The market opened quite languid and throughout the morning it has continued inactive. Prices are unchanged. Corn meal is selling slowly at previous prices.

GRAIN—Buyers of wheat are holding off in anticipation of a decline and with only a moderate supply, holders are firm.—Corn is rather lower and more plenty; sales Western mixed at 82 afloat, and 83 at the Railroad. Oats are dull and the market favors the buyer.

FEED—A steady but quiet market with a good supply; sales second quality at 90c ⅌ 100 lbs.

BUFFALO, July 13—The receipts of every description of produce, during the past few days, have been very light and with the exception of flour, the amount in store is much reduced. The receipts by lake and shipments by canal since the 1st of July to Saturday were as follows:

RECEIPTS—Flour, 21,400 bbls; wheat, 120,636 bu; corn, 246,688 bu; oats, 54,612 bu.

SHIPMENTS—Flour, 7,472 bbls; wheat, 120,268 bu; corn, 376,398 bu; oats 53,191.

The amount afloat for Buffalo, as near as can be ascertained, is wheat 76,480; corn, 240,000; oats, 28,000; and for Oswego, wheat, 84,356; corn, 143,231. The shipments by canal from Buffalo for Troy and Albany, from June 2nd, two weeks, were of wheat, 61,475 bu, and of corn, 312,895 bu The shipments from Oswego have for the past eight days been, wheat 91,450 and corn 35,000 bushels.

FLOUR—The market for flour was very quiet and quotations are without important change. Sales at $8 for double extra Iowa; $7,50 for Hinsle; $8,50@7 for good to choice and extra Ohio and Wisconsin

GRAIN—Market for wheat quiet, and we heard of sales Milwaukee club at $1,11. Holders firm Corn opened quiet; 73½c asked—72c offered; sales in the afternoon at 73½@74c. Oats quiet.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 8—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality, 12@12½c; Ordinary, 11@11½c.; Common, 10@10½c.; Inferior, 9@9½c

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $65@70; Ordinary, $50@60; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 7@7½c., Other qualities, 5@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS — First quality, 5@7c; Other qualities, 3@4½c.

SWINE—First quality, 6¾@7c.; Other qualities, 6@6½c.

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 8.—At market 271 Cattle, 240 Beeves, & 31 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,00@9,50; First quality, $8,50@8,70; second quality, $7,76@8,25; third quality, $6,00@7,25; ordinary, $5,50.

WORKING OXEN—$90 to $200.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 50@67.

YEARLINGS—$00@00. Two years old, $38@42. Three years old, $45@52.

VEAL CALVES—$5, 8@12 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1800 at market. Prices—In lots, $2,50, 3,00@3,50 each. Extra and selections, $4, 4,50@4,82.

HIDES—7½@8c. ⅌ lb Tallow 7½@8c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—25c@$2,00 each. Calf Skins 14@15c. ⅌ lb.

SWINE—632 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8c. ⅌ lb—Dressed hogs, 9@10c Shoats, wholesale, 6@7½c.; retail 8@9½c. ⅌ lb Spring pigs 16@17c ⅌ lb.

BRIGHTON, JULY 9.—At market 750 Beef Cattle, 90 Stores, 7 pairs Working Oxen, 115 Cows and Calves, 1400 Sheep and Lambs, 1000 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $9,50@9,75; first quality, $8,75; second, $7,50; third, $6,75; ordinary, $5,50

HIDES—7½@8c. Tallow, 7½@8c.

PELTS—25c@$2,00. Calf Skins, 14@15c ⅌ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$5 7@9 apiece.

WORKING OXEN—No sales

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 27, 31, 35, 40@55.

YEARLINGS $00@00. Two years old, $35@42. Three years old, $45@51.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $4,50, 4,75@5. In lots $2,50@3

SWINE—Retail, 8@9c. Fat hogs 7¾c. Spring pigs 12c.—Shoats 7½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 9.—The new clip begins to arrive more freely; but up to this time the supply has been quite scanty, very little having been received at all as yet from the West, and this, coming on a market bare of stock, was sought for on arrival, at very full rates, but no higher comparatively than paid for it in the interior. Not a great deal has transpired in this market as yet, owing to the want of adequate supplies as well as from the fact that most if not all of the manufacturing agents and wool dealers have been in the wool growing districts, where, contrary to expections, the majority of them have purchased extensively, and two-thirds of the clip is now computed to have changed hands at an advance [illegible] above even the high rates of last season; this is owing chiefly to the appearance of some large dealers in market for necessary supplies and other producers, taking it for granted that these large operators were well posted up and knew what they were about, followed suit, and the result is seen in the above statement.—Many of the prudent dealers and producers, however, have been deterred from purchasing to that extent which they otherwise would, were it not for the high prices prevalent; prices, indeed, which the goods market does not seem to warrant at present.—The clip will prove about the same as that of last year, but the growth is larger and in heaviness it will net 10 ⅌ cent fully more than last season; it being less free from burry and greasy substances on account of the unfavorable shearing weather. At the close there was more inquiry for fine (Cassimere) Wools, and prices rule firmly; sales of some 100,000 lbs in lots for the week have been effected at 45@47½c for super, and 50@52½c for extra fleeces. Pulled Wools have been more active: sales of 30,000 lbs old super and extra country at 42@45c for the former, and 50@52c for the latter. Foreign has been in fair demand, and further sales of 240 bales Washed Mediterranean and Syrian Wools have been effected supposed at 27@27½c 6 months and bales unwashed Syrian on private terms. We quote:

American Saxony Fleece, ⅌ lb	48@60
American Full-blood Merino	45@51
American ¾ and ⅝ Merino	40@47
American Native and ½ do	37@43
Pulled Wool, extra Country	48@52
Pulled Wool, super	37@45
Pulled Wool, No. 1	30@37
California Fine, Washed	15@40
Do. Com. Unwashed	17@30
Peruvian, Washed	33@39
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@29
South American, Com. Washed	16@24
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	17@24
South American Unwashed	12@16
South American, Cordova, Washed	27@30
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	11@16
African, Washed	18@25
Smyrna, Unwashed	15@17
Smyrna, Washed	30@32
Mexican, Unwashed	15@18

[*N. Y. Tribune.*

PHILADELPHIA, July 10.—Since June, 1856, according to the Circulars of extensive Wool Dealers of this city, there has been a moderately active business done in wools, and the prices then quoted, viz.: from 27 to 62c, according to quality, have been fully realized for all well-conditioned Wools, leaving the market at this time quite bare of fleece Wools. In looking forward to the probable character of the wool business for the coming year, there are several features, they say, which claim very careful consideration. The most prominent is the change in the Tariff, which opens to our manufacturers an extensive assortment of wools hitherto beyond their reach, and which will make them hereafter much less dependent upon our native wools for their supplies. This fact would of itself soon lower the price of Domestic Wool were it not for the high rates prevailing in all the foreign markets, and which may protect us on this point during the present season.

The second vital consideration is the fact that Woolen fabrics are now selling, and with little prospect of an advance, at prices which do not compensate the manufacturer, and which, if continued, threaten to break up many who are now consumers of wool; and thus by diminishing the demand, depress the prices of the raw material. Again, the excessive importations of all kinds of merchandise and the subsequent large export of specie in return therefor, together with other causes may combine to produce a tightness in the money market, the effect of which would be to put down rates of wool and cramp the energies of manufacturers. On this point, also, there is the favorable consideration that the old wool is thoroughly cleaned up, and that the whole clip of American wool is quite inadequate to supply the running machinery of the country; and as importations of wool for a considerable time will be quite moderate, owing to high prices abroad, it may be several months or even longer, before there will be any accumulation in the markets; and should we have a good Fall trade, as is generally anticipated, present rates for wool may be maintained throughout the year. They quote the prices of which wools are now selling on 6 months credit, as follows:

Common to ¼ blood	37@40 cts.
⅜ to ½ "	42@45 "
⅝ to ¾ "	47@50 "
⅞ to full "	52@57 "
Extra lots	60@65 "

[*Sat. Eve. Post.*

BOSTON, July 9.—The small lots of fleece Wool arriving continue to find a ready sale at full prices. The demand for pulled has been good, and the sales have been 100,000 lbs, mostly pulled at previous rates. In the country the excitement continues, and purchases are making at from 38@40c ⅌ lb on the opening prices of last year. For foreign Wool there is a better demand, with sales of 200 bales Peruvian, and 500 bales, mostly Mediterranean, at various prices, as to quality:

Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, ⅌ lb, 62@65c.; Full Blood Merino, 50@55c.; Three-quarters do., 48@50c.; Half do., 42@46c., Common, 37@40c; Superfine, 46@48c.; Pulled extra, 48@55c.; Do. No. 1, 37@38c.; Smyrna Washed, 24@32c.; Smyrna Unwashed, 15@22c.; Mexican, 17@19c.; Buenos Ayres, 32@50c.; Barbary Washed, 28@32c.

BUFFALO, July 10.—The receipts of wool by Lake are large averaging nearly 1,000 bales daily. There is but little doing yet in this market. Sales have been made at 33@35c for one-fourth to full blood.

MARRIAGES.

At Holley, Orleans Co., N. Y., on the 29th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, H Frizbie, Esq., by Rev. T. S. Hill, Mr. A. D. JONES, of New York city, and Miss SARAH L. FRIZBIE.

At Columbus, Wis., on the 30th June, by Rev. C. F. Rosenkrans, H. S. WING, of Rock Co., and Miss ALTHEA LOOMIS, of Otsego.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SELF-ADJUSTING R. R Door Hangers for barns and out buildings. The advantages of this mode of hanging doors are clearly set forth in my illustrated Circulars. Farmers or dealers in hardware wishing this article, will please address A. W. MORSE, Eaton, Madison Co., N. Y

GREAT SALE OF DEVON CATTLE & SOUTH-DOWN SHEEP.

ON WEDNESDAY, 9th of September, 1857, I will sell at public auction, *without reserve*, my herd of Devon Cattle, about forty-five in number, and my flock of South-Down Sheep, about one hundred, at my farm on Grand Island, two miles from the Railroad and Omnibus Stations in North Buffalo.

I have bred Devons for many years. The original stock were derived from the best animals and for the last seven years my breeding bulls have been of imported blood, direct from Devonshire, England, which, with several of my present cows, are recorded in the English Devon Herd Book. All my herd will be recorded in the American Devon Herd Book, soon to be published, and are equal, probably, in quality to any others in this country. The herd consists of about 30 cows and heifers, and 15 or 16 bulls and bull calves.

My South-Downs are descended originally from the flocks of Mr. Ellman, the Duke of Richmond, and other celebrated English breeders, crossed for the last seven or eight years with rams bred by the great South-Down breeder, Mr. Webb, of Babraham, England. There will be 75 or 80 ewes, the remainder rams

As I intend making a *clean sale*, this will probably be a better opportunity for purchasers to select animals to their liking than any other which will occur for some time.

Descriptive Catalogues will be ready by the first of August, which will be sent by mail to all those applying to me by letter.

TERMS OF SALE.—For all sums less than $100, cash; on sums of $100 and over, good notes at three months, on interest, payable at bank, will be received.

The stock will be delivered on Steamboat or Railroad, at Buffalo as may be desired, the day after the sale.

Those wishing to view the stock previous to the sale, will be conveyed to the farm by calling at my residence; and those attending on the sale day will cross the Niagara river between the farm and main shore by steam ferry from the omnibus station at Lower Black Rock, or North Buffalo, to which either the omnibuses or rail cars will bring them from their stations in Buffalo Sale to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M. of the first day.

893wlcow LEWIS F. ALLEN.

Black Rock, N. Y., July, 1857.

DESIRABLE RESIDENCE FOR SALE,

SITUATED IN THE CENTRAL PART OF THE FLOURISHING village of Fairport, five minutes walk from the N. Y. C. R. R. Depot, and 20 minutes ride from Rochester The house is nearly new and well built, in modern Cottage style with good well and cistern attached. The lot is large, with choice fruit and all necessary out buildings, &c., &c. To any one wishing to retire from the farm or the city, this is a favorable situation. Good schools and four churches near Terms easy, and title indisputable. Possession given when desired.

Fairport, July 8, 1857. C. J. DELAND.

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THE NATURAL BEAUTIES OF A COUNTRY PLACE can be increased a hundred fold by the proper disposition of a few Vases, Settees and Figures; and where a running brook or spring is within reasonable distance, what better use can be made of the water than to supply a tasty fountain on the Lawn, from which the surplus can be conveyed to the barn yard or to the garden? thus adding ornament to convenience at a moderate outlay. A great variety of ornamental Iron work, including over thirty different styles and sizes of Vases, from $2 to $100. Fountains suitable for Public Parks or for private Grounds from $15 to $2,000 Also Summer Houses, Settees, Dogs Deer Lions, Lambs, and other animals in different postures. Horse Posts and Horse Mangers, Hay Racks Stable Partitions, Feed Troughs for Swine and Poultry, &c., &c. Manufactured and for sale by JANES, BEEBE & CO.,

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TEN PURE SHORT-HORNS FOR SALE.—Camillus, N. Y., July 6, 1857 392 E. MARKS.

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Tuition.

For English Branches, in the Academic Department, (*Geometry excepted,*) per quarter,	$ 8 00
The same, with the Higher Mathematics or Ancient Languages,	10 00
German, French and Drawing, each extra,	5 00
Lessons on the Piano, (including use of instrument,)	12 00

Rochester, June, 1857 L. R. SATTERLEE, J. R. DEXTER, } Principals.

SHORT-HORNS FOR SALE—Eight or ten fine young Cows and Heifers; Also Heifer and Bull Calves. Clockville, Madison Co., N. Y. [9t2] S P CHAPMAN.

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To those acquainted with the Stock, no recommendation is necessary. The Prize Lists of our Provincial and Local Agricultural Societies, prove that the unremitting exertions of their late owner, for the last 20 years, as well as his unsparing expense of money and labor, have not been thrown away. The Stock had just reached the point aimed at by him for a long period, and it is only in consequence of the inability of a young family to carry on such a concern, that they are now offered.—The herd has been raised from successive importations from the native seat of the Short Horns, the County of Durham; being originally from the COLLEY'S Stock through the channels of Col. CRADDOCK, J. M. HOPPER Esq., and others. Mr. WADE, would simply remark, that such an opportunity rarely occurs to those wishful to obtain a pure Durham Stock. The Sheep, Teeswater and Leicester, are from the flocks of DAVINSON of Northumberland, CARTER and ROBINSON, of Durham, and others equally celebrated.

TERMS:—Six months credit on approved endorsed notes. As the character of this Stock will probably bring many of our American friends from a distance 15 per cent discount per annum will be allowed for cash, or in case of taking the credit, they will be kind enough to provide a Canadian endorser.

At the same time and place, will be offered pure DURHAM Stock of the same character, with a considerable variation of pedigree and individual characteristic, from the breed of Mr. J. WADE, and others, and also some very high bred Grade Durhams.

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A. J. HARLOW, Ticket Agent 391

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COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER AND SINGLE MOWER.

Manny's Patent with Wood's Improvement.

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With each machine will be furnished two scythes, two extra guards, two extra sections, one extra pinion and wrench.

Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day in a workmanlike manner.

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Choice Poetry.

THE ROSE OF ALL THE WORLD.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

ALL in our marriage garden
Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Sucht the green warmth of the sod.
O beautiful unlathomably
Its little life unfurled;
Life's crown of sweetness was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a gracious bosom,
Our bud of beauty grew;
It fed on smiles for sunshine
And tears for daintier dew.
Aye nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curled
So close and close about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Two flowers of glorious crimson
Grew with our Rose of light;
Still kept the sweet heaven-grafted slip
Her whiteness saintly white.
I' the wind of life they danced with glee,
And reddened as they whirled;
White, white and wondrous grew our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance,
Our house of life she filled—
Revealed each hour some fairy tower,
Where winged Hopes might build.
We saw—though none like us might see—
Such precious promise pearled
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
Of Angel-light increased;
Like the mystery of Moonlight,
That folds some fairy feet.
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently,
Our darling bud up-curled,
And dropt i' the Grave—God's lap—our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom;
Our life was but in spring;
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the Spirits sing:
"Another bud of infancy,
With holy dews impearled;"
And in their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large;
Her little light such shadow fling,
From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other springs our life may be
In banner bloom unfurled;
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

"ALICE! ALICE!"

The voice was neither harsh nor soft, but kindly impatient. It came from the old lady who stood before the cottage window kneading her biscuits for tea. Twice already she had brushed the flour from her hands, and once half-smiling gone to the door leading up to the attic and called that name without receiving an answer; and again, half-frowning, she had left her work, looked seriously at the clock and the fast declining sun, and repeated it a little more shrilly from the garden gate that opened into a meadow whose thick clustering oaks and elms, and noisy babbling brook with its tempting velvety banks, offered a rare inducement to idle dreamers. But that was more than a half hour agone, and when the old lady saw the sun but a short journey above the western woodland, and yet no reply to her summons, she rolled and cut out her biscuits rather nervously, and talked to herself in the meanwhile.

"Well, I don't know what to think of the child. She is the queerest critter I ever did see. Just like as not she has been within two feet of me ever since I first began to call, but those books can make her deaf as a hammer. I'll burn 'em up—yes, I will, for my talking does no good, not a bit."

Then she fell into silence again, and her thoughts came and pictured themselves upon her face. It was a kindly face, one that the motherless loved to look at, and from which the out-cast and heart-broken never feared a frown. Her hair was very white; nearly seventy winters had snowed upon it, and the deep wrinkles, if they were of care and sorrow, and only sterotyped by age, were so softened by the meek dove-like expression of the dim blue eyes and the mouth, that one was led to believe, that if her feet had pressed the thorns, her foot-prints were a path of contentment and happiness. She had been born and brought up among the lowly ones of earth. Her wisdom was of the heart, and garnered by experience, and she knew and cared but little for that which the mind acquires from books. ALICE was her only one—her comfort and her darling. She called her, her own, and could not bear to think that in truth she was not, only when memory brought back to her the sun-beam of her first married years—the long dead MARION, whose daughter ALICE was.

The biscuits were in the oven, and the little table neatly cleared off, and then grandma spread the white cloth over it and brought from the corner cupboard the somewhat dingy and cracked earthern ware—plates, cups and saucers, and knives for two. Every time she passed the door she would pause a little and look anxiously down the garden path as if she expected some one from that direction. She began whispering to herself again; a concerned expression settled upon her face, and at last she was talking aloud.

"Yes, I must do something before things get any worse. I don't want to trouble the child, indeed I don't, but she will never be good for anything at this rate. I almost wish there wasn't a book in the world, except the Bible, and Pilgrim's Progress, and Saint's Rest, and the Prayer Book. I never did hear anybody sing as she does. Mr. BEARD says it makes him think of some great somebody that sang for the queen in London. Well, I don't doubt of it, not a bit. * * * * * I wish her mother was alive to tell me what to do with the child. Twelve years old and can hardly sew a seam, and never knit but two pair of stockings in her life. Yes, I must burn up her books, and keep her out of the meadows and woods."

The table was spread and the two wooden chairs placed on either side of it, and then grandma took her knitting from her pocket, so as to lose no time before the biscuits were done. She did not sit down as was her custom in her old-fashioned rocking chair, but plying her fingers busily she walked through the garden to the meadow gate, and there called out the name of ALICE several times as loud as she could.

The pure June air, heavily laden with the smell of the new mown hay, caught the sweet name and swiftly floating down the winding meadow path,—underneath the sweeping branches of the willows, and the training vines of the wild grapes,—past the broad shadows of the oaks and elms, close by the side of the noisy brook, came at last to a hidden dell, so hidden that even the sunshine had to struggle to get in,—and there on the soft green turf, close to the water's edge,—so close that the ripples were striving and striving to kiss a pair of little bare feet, they found the lassie in whose ear they were to whisper their burden. Starting at the sound, she quickly lifted her large brown eyes from the page before her, and shaking back the unfettered hair that had fallen upon her face, she looked up to the sky, as if thinking the voice had fallen from above. But the repetition of the sound fully undeceived her, and staring half wildly about her as her thoughts wandered out of their dream, she slowly closed her book, gave a most unromantic yawn which aroused the large dog that was sleeping beside her. He heard the third call that grandmother gave, sprang to his feet, and pricking up his ears seemed perfectly to understand the summons.

ALICE did not obey so readily. She looked lovingly at the sky, the guarding trees, the laughing brook, she even pattered the water with her feet, and took time to wish that she was the little bird that was singing so sweetly over her head, for he could be in the fields and woods all the day, and sing as long and loud as he wished without even a thought of washing dishes, ironing, sewing, or bringing home the cows and milking them.—Yes, she did wish that she was a bird, a lark that sang soaring and soaring until it was lost in the sky. Ah! child dreamer, you never thought of its dropping to the earth again!

"Well, Bouncer," said she, laughing and stroking the faithful old fellow upon his silky head, "what will grandmother say to us to-night, I wonder? It is most sun-down, and I must go and get the cows and milk them and take them back again, besides ironing up a lot of things before I go to bed. This is a work-day world isn't it Bouncer?"

But Bouncer was not at all inclined to be sentimental, and after lapping a copious draught from the brook, set his mistress the example of returning home by bounding off in that direction. She lightly followed, swinging her sun-bonnet by the strings, and holding the book she had been reading in an unconscious affectionate embrace.

When ALICE approached the garden gate she saw her grandmother standing there awaiting her coming. The child felt half guilty for the manner in which she had spent the day, yet the delight she had reveled in and the blissful reveries that were even then whispering about her heart, gave her a justification. Yet the first words she spoke when she came within her grandmother's hearing were these, accompanied with a half sorry half playful expression.

"Do forgive me, grandma, for I did forget all about the ironing and everything. I'll wash up the dishes so nicely, and get the cows so quick that you will love me after all;" and she put up her rosy mouth for the kiss that was warmly given. Grandma was looking very sober indeed.

"My dear child," said she, laying her hand upon the volume ALICE held so closely, "give me that book. You have got to be very idle, and I am ashamed when I think of the little work you do. You must do better hereafter, and so I shall take away your books."

"Oh don't, grandma!" came faintly from the lips of the down-cast child—faintly because she knew the firmness of her grandmother's determination.

"I do it for your good, ALICE," and grandma's eyes grew moist and her voice tremulous. "Your mother would feel very bad were she living now, to know how you wasted your time. When she was of your age she was a good house-keeper, and made all of her own clothes, and helped me to make shirts sometimes."

"But, grandma, ———," ALICE had not the courage or the power to give utterance to her thought. Silently she walked by her grandmother's side, the big tears rolling off her cheeks, and her breast heaving with the tumultuous conflict within. That was a very sad communion with her untried heart.

After tea, when the dishes were washed and put away, ALICE called Bouncer and they started off for the cows. She did not trip lightly along, warbling songs with a sweetness that the wild birds might envy, but her step was heavy, and her eyes, when the tears did not blind them, saw only the path at her feet. Once or twice she ventured to look up to the sky, but the weight of her unuttered sorrow bowed her head upon her breast again.

She must needs cross the spot where she had whiled away her afternoon. At first she seemed intending to avoid it, and reluctantly her steps withdrew from the well known and beloved path, but suddenly she stopped short—a moment's indecision, and she bounded back, darting through the grove with the lightness of a fawn, and springing upon the soft turf only to throw herself upon her face and give way to a wild and passionate flood of tears. Bouncer followed, and when he saw her lying thus prostrate, and heard her violent sobs, he drooped his shaggy tail, and with an air of deep concern rubbed his nose across her neck and arms, and then composed himself beside her.

The brook changed its laughing to a sad murmur, when it heard its playmate sobbing so bitterly; and the little birds, instead of warbling joyfully as they ever had before, fluttered around their nests, and chirped most like a wail. The trees waived their boughs mournfully, and only the clear blue sky remained unchanged, it could not frown upon one that smiled so often and so sweetly up to it.

Only for a few moments did ALICE lie upon her face, but within that time she suffered more than she ever had before in all her life. It was her first keen realization of her existence, and the cherished hopes and aspirations that,—born in her soul, planted there by her GOD,—had been growing unthwarted until, to yield them up, as things to which she had no rightful claim upon, and to supplant them by something foreign to their nature and her own, was a blow that has staggered and shattered many a riper heart, and GOD grant our little ALICE to bear it.

Soon the sobs grew less frequent and distinct. ALICE raised her head from the ground, and laid it upon the curly neck of Bouncer, who always wagged his tail and blinked his good-natured eyes at this accustomed manifestation of the love of his mistress. She lay there silent for several moments, her swollen eyes, then tearless, wandering with the fleecy clouds that drifted across a distant aperture through the trees. Her face was very sad, yet one could see, that with her thoughts the sunshine was breaking on her heart again.

"Dear, old Bouncer," said she, holding up his head so she could look him full in the face, "I do wish you could tell what I was sent into this world for. I don't believe it was to work, work from morning to night, and never read a bit, do you? Now, I believe that GOD sent us here to be happy, and if we do what he intended we should, we shall be,—and that's just what makes me love to read and sing, and talk to the birds and flowers,—and you, too, Bouncer,—and so dreadfully sad when I can do nothing of the kind. I read of people who have done a great deal of good in the world, and there is something, I cannot tell what it is, shut up in my heart, making it ache very bad sometimes, that seems to me, if it could only get out in the doing of something great, I should—well I don't know what, for I can't tell anything about it. I do wish somebody would come and talk to me, somebody that could know all I want to say, and I not speak a word. Grandma is good, and I do love her; but she don't think one bit as I do, and I can't talk to her; I can only tell it to you, dear old dog, and the trees, the sky and the flowers, and I do wish you could talk back again." Bouncer seemed to say he wished he could; ALICE thought so.

During her short silence, her thoughts progressed. When she spoke again, it was not to her dog, but an unconscious revelation of her reverie. "I am happy here with Grand-ma, but if I could only go out into the world and do something. I read about persons who had, I know, this very feeling in their hearts, but they did not shut it up and keep it from growing, but they gave up everything to it, and the world will never forget them. I wonder if I shall ever do anything in the world? Aye, child dreamer, gazing so longingly up to the sky, but your words bespeak a sad prophecy for one so young. To go out into the world with ambition for a guide, and that *something* in the heart to nerve by its aching. Ah, ALICE, child hoper, what have you read of such?

"Oh, I know what I would do," continued she, in a firmer tone, her eyes brightening to a wild brilliancy as she spoke. "I would sing,—yes, I would sing. I would not care for money, or fame, but I would try to make bad men good, the unhappy happy, and to have people love me. I could do it, *I know* I could, for I would pray to GOD about it, and he would help me, for I believe he has been very near to me sometimes, when I was singing the Gloria in Excelsis here in the woods. My heart has been so full of heaven that I could almost think I was singing with the angels to the Shepherds of Judea."

Forgetting the cows, her grand-mother, and the approaching twilight, and obeying the wild, passionate impulse of her soul, she burst forth with a voice of sweet and thrilling power, in that heavenly anthem of adoration,—"Glory be to GOD on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men." As she sang her whole appearance changed. She was no longer sad, weeping ALICE, but seemed transfigured not unlike the shining ones who brought that glad hymn to all mankind; and when she ceased, the murmur of the brook, and the rustling of leaves down the woody aisles were like the low and solemn response of a great congregation.

The distant lowing of cows caught her ear.—She started to her feet, half smiling at her forgetfulness, yet the dove-like peace that was folding round her spirit, the pure radiance of whose wings was upon, her beautiful face did not chide her for her delay. "Come Bouncer," said she, after calling him from a chase in the woods, "why didn't you give some sign that it was time to go? You knew I was growing happy again, didn't you, and you thought it was best I should? Well, Bouncer, I am going to let GOD do with me just as He pleases; and if grandma does burn up my books, and keep me at my tedious work all day, I'll be hoping that it will all come out right in the end; wouldn't you, Bouncer?" But as they were hurrying away her faith and courage must have failed her somewhat, for she murmured in an undertone, "I can't give up my SHAKSPEARE, or PLUTARCH'S Lives; I wonder if it would be wrong to hide them. I don't believe it would."

No one would have thought, had they seen ALICE tripping through the meadow grass, her sweet childish face often upturned to the sky, that there was a heavy hope-burden upon her pure heart. She tried to think there was not, and carolled the merriest songs she knew, as she drove the cows to the dairy yard, and getting the brightly scoured tin pail, proceeded to milk them, without a thought of aversion. But that might have been, and we really think it was, because she kept singing all the while, and would not listen to what her heart was saying.

The weeks, months and years went by, and ALICE with her great hopes prisoned in her brave heart—prisoned so strongly that they struggled, ached, and lamented, yet were never free—walked her tread-mill life, for such it seemed to her, although she thanked GOD for every day she lived, with a step growing less elastic, her head bowing lower, and that *something* which could only speak in her dreams, becoming an icy weight in her breast. Dearly she loved her grandmother, and when she felt the shadow of discontentment stealing upon her, she would take her work if she could, and hasten to where the benign old lady sat in her rocking chair, ever industrious with her knitting or sewing; and when she could not do that, for perchance she would be at the wash-tub, or hoeing potatoes, or scrubbing the cottage floor, she would burst out in a merry song, that would oftentimes sound very sad. The fair vernal hills in the fairy-land of her soul-dreams, were day by day growing dimmer and dimmer, and often the snow drifted over them. Tell me, hearts of experience, could she in the world, the great world to which she longed to go forth, discipline her brave soul by a sterner conflict? Was it not wisely ordered for her to become heroic ere encountering foes that weakness and cowardice may never master?

[Concluded next week.]

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixteen letters.
My 4, 14, 10 is to shut up.
My 12, 5, 9, 3, 15, 1 is a man's name.
My 1, 2, 14, 7 is an adverb of time.
My 13, 3, 16, 1 is that which is left.
My 16, 1, 6, 10, 8 is a small grallatory bird.
My 11, 9, 7, 11, 3, 13 is a plant, the dried roots of which are used for various purposes in medicine.
My 11, 6, 7, 16, 14, 10, 11, is a plant, of the genus Panax, the root of which is in great demand among the Chinese.
My whole is the dread of tyrants and of villains, but the shield of freedom and of worth.

Homer, N. Y., 1857. FRED. A. GEE.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first is always found in meat,
When this is taken the rest is eat;
My second you can find in fish,
When they are cooked and in a dish.

My third is always found in flesh,
Salted down, or taken fresh,
My fourth and last in cake is chary,
My whole is the ground-work of the dairy.

Adams, N. Y., 1857. G. W. F.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

BEING on a horizontal plane and wanting to ascertain the height of a tree standing on the top of an inaccessible hill, there were measured the angle of elevation of top of the hill 40°, and of the top of tree 51°, then measuring in a direct line 180 feet farther from the hill the angle of elevation of the top of the tree was 33°—45'. Required the height of the tree. H. D. D.

Bennettsburg, N. Y., 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 392:—The Scourge of the Tongue.

Answer to Geographical Enigma in No. 392:—A soft answer turneth away wrath.

Answer to Charade in No. 392:—Shipwreck.

Answer to Mathematical Problem in No. 392:—9 o'clock, 49 minutes, 5 5-11 seconds.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

COME, Boys, and listen a few moments to your uncle. You have now arrived at an age when you must begin to think about doing something for yourselves. The first piece of advice I have for you is, to do everything well, which you undertake. There is but little danger of your being too particular in this respect. A boy who is careful to draw a straight line on his slate, will be very likely to make a straight line through life. There is no position in life in which you will not be called upon to be as exact as possible. Step into a jeweller's shop, and see how careful the workmen must be in finishing up the article he holds in his hands.—Visit a ship yard, and the man with the broad axe must learn to hew on the line or be dismissed.—You think of being a clerk. Well, remember that a mistake there, is little less than a crime. I never saw a man who was very particular about his affairs that was not successful. How exact is the military officer in the command of a body of men. A clumsy sailor will never rise to the command of a ship.

But there is one great danger which besets many young men at the present day. It is the disposition to avoid all solid improvement, and take up with subjects that require no thought, and which serve as mere excitements to the mind. Your older friends tell you that boys were very fast boys long before you were born; but they never made solid and useful men. Very few of them ever lived to be forty years old. Nobody ever trusted them.—They never filled any important office or station.

They usually became small men, because they had no capital in their heads with which to work out a living. Out of fifty of that class of fast boys I do not know of one who ever accomplished much. As you sow, so shall you reap. The boy who spends his hours late and early at the card table, bowling alley, or tavern bar room, is learning nothing useful, but much that is injurious. Listen to such men as Amos Lawrence, Thomas H. Benton, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin and George Washington, and they will all tell you that they avoided all these things, and owed their greatness to their attention in early life to what would be useful to them.

This may be a hard lesson for you, but it must be studied, and the earlier in life you acquire it, the better will your prospects be for a successful career.—*Transcript and Eclectic.*

"TOMMY, my son, what are you going to do with that club?" "Send it to the editor, of course." "But what are you going to send it to the editor for?" "'Cause he says if anybody will send him a club he will send them a copy of his paper." The mother came near fainting, but retained consciousness to ask:—"But, Tommy, what do you think he wants with a club?" "Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful urchin, "unless it is to knock down subscribers who won't pay for their paper."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Albany, N. Y., 1857. 338w4eow

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Schenectady, N. Y., March, 1857. 273-5wlam

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THE LEADING WEEKLY

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS:
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Rural New-Yorker.

PROPER TIME FOR CUTTING GRASS.

DISCUSSION BEFORE THE U. S. AG. SOCIETY.

[DURING the Trial of Implements by the U. S. Ag. Society, last week, several discussions were announced, but in consequence of the heat of the weather, and the fatigue of officers and others in attendance, comparatively little interest was manifested. We give below the substance of the principal discussion, as reported by one of our assistants who was present:]

On Wednesday evening SANFORD HOWARD, Esq., was announced to deliver a Lecture on the "Grasses, Proper Time of Cutting, &c." The weather being exceedingly warm and the speaker much fatigued by the labors of the day, it was proposed that a general conversation be had on the question. Mr. HOWARD opened the discussion by saying that the subject was very important, as the hay crop was now one of our most valuable products, and it was well to know when to cut it, and how to make it. We should first settle the principle, what is the best condition of the grass for cutting, and why? He believed all plants contained the most nutritive matter when in full bloom. The object which nature seeks is the production of seed. Plants when they first come from the ground contain more water than at any other time. At flowering a crisis arrives, and all the energies of the plant from that time are directed to the formation of seed. If seed was sought it would be well to wait until it ripened or matured before cutting, but as herbage is sought in hay, it should be cut before the formation of seed, as they are not digestible, not one seed in a million being digested in passing through the animal; therefore all the substance used up in the formation of seed is lost. Timothy, and all grass should be cut when it contains the greatest amount of nutritive matter. Convenience, and other things may sometimes operate against carrying out this principle. For instance, Timothy is an imperfect perennial. Further south it is uncertain in endurance. It is found necessary to allow the seed to mature, so as to keep the ground seeded. SINCLAIR stated that the amount of nutriment contained in grass was ascertained by the proportion soluble in warm water. Prof. JOHNSTON and others had proved that test incorrect, and indeed SINCLAIR had not much faith in it himself.

As to the mode of curing, he could call attention to the method generally practiced of preserving herbs. No one would think of drying them in the sun, or where the dew and rain would fall on them. So with grass, cut when dry, dry it as little as possible in the sun, and let it cure by sweating. A certain degree of decomposition is beneficial, turning the starch into sugar, and making the hay more tender. In answer to a question as to the value of hay caps, Mr. HOWARD stated they were used by all large farmers near Boston, and were considered very useful.

Mr. VICK inquired if any better test of the value of grass as food had been discovered than the proportion soluble in water. And, also, whether the experience of the farmers present would go to prove or disprove the statement of Mr. HOWARD, that the best time for cutting Timothy was when in flower. He cared little about the theories of Mr. JOHNSTON, or any other chemist. This, like all other things in agriculture, must be proved by repeated and careful experiments. He would like the experience of farmers.

Mr. WILSON, of Iowa, give the experience of a neighbor, who raised and sold great quantities of hay. He always cut when in flower; his hay was always prized and sought after by the proprietors of stages, and he got fifteen per cent. more than the ordinary price.

J. STANTON GOULD, of Hudson, N. Y., made a glowing speech in defence of chemical science, and the doubts attempted to be cast upon the reliability of chemical experiments. The matter of which our bodies is composed now is not the same as that which composed them ten years since. A constant waste is taking place. Chemistry shows us what plants can supply that waste.

Mr. VICK did not design to attack chemistry or chemists; but he did think theories founded on chemical science, unsupported by experiments, should be received with caution, until proved or disproved by experience. LIEBIG tells us that all we need do to grow a certain crop is to find its mineral elements, and furnish the soil with these, and success, under ordinary circumstances is certain. This theory, so confidently advocated for many years, I suppose it will be admitted, has been proved false by experience, and generally abandoned.

Mr. GOLD, of Connecticut, stated that in the north there is no difficulty in raising good Timothy hay if it is cut early, as it gives a good aftermath, and is better the next spring for being so cut.

Mr. CAPRON, of Illinois, thought if we would follow the teachings of agricultural chemists we could raise larger crops, and cheaper than we now do.

Mr. VICK thought that as there was a good deal of difference in the theories of agricultural chemists, it would be well for them, or us, to agree as to which is right, before undertaking to follow either.

Mr. WORTHINGTON, of Ohio, had a different experience to relate than that expressed by some others. The seed, it is true, does not digest; but it is so small, in proportion to the whole plant, that but little of the nutriment of the plant can be used up in perfecting it; and the most of this, he thought, came from the soil, and not from the leaves and stem of the plant. If the seed should be ground it would be of but little account.—Grass when cut in flower is harder to cure than if cut later; and sometimes is troublesome, if the weather is unfavorable. My experience, and that of my neighbors is, that the best time to cut Timothy grass is when the seed has so far matured as to germinate. We have all tried cutting in the flower, and abandoned it. Cutting in flower injures the roots, and if continued, destroys our meadows. Prof. KIRTLAND has made this question a matter of careful and diligent study, and he has found that the best time to cut is when the stalk becomes dry at a point above the first or second joint of the stem. If cut earlier than this, the roots send up new stalks, and thereby become weakened, and die out during the winter.

Mr. HOWARD relied for his statements on the experience of his neighbors as well as on the opinions of chemists. The question raised by the gentleman from Rochester, whether the experience of farmers agrees with the theories of chemists, is certainly a very important one. JOHN JOHNSTON, of Geneva, in discussing this matter with one of his neighbors, agreed to leave the question with a flock of lambs, and they soon decided it, by eating up clean that which was cut in flower, but of the later cut, a great part was left and wasted.

Mr. HAINES, of Illinois, had found that the best time to cut grass was when the blossom on the earliest heads was falling. Experienced the same difficulty as Mr. WORTHINGTON with the Timothy dying out; and the only way he could preserve his meadows was to drag them in the spring, which seemed to invigorate the roots and give them a new start.

HAY-MAKING—DISPUTED POINTS.

AN article in our issue of June 27th, on "Hay-Making," has furnished the editor of the Boston *Cultivator* a text, and thereupon he preaches us a sermon, from which we make the following extracts. He says:

"In an editorial article on this subject (Cutting Grass for Hay) in a late number of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, it is held that the great object is 'the preservation of the hay in a condition most nearly resembling grass in a perfect state.' We see no objection to this, but the criterion which the writer of the same article proposes to establish in the case, does not appear to be correct. He says—'In order to accomplish this end, grass should be cut when it contains the greatest amount of gluten, sugar and such other matters as are *soluble in water*.' It is further argued in this connection that this stage of the grass is when it is in full flower. Now, although we believe that grass (as a crop) contains the greatest amount of *nutriment* in this stage, we do not admit that this fact would be demonstrated by the proposed test. In other words, the amount of matter soluble in water would not represent the amount of nutritive matter in the grass or hay. On this point we offer the remarks of JOHNSTON:

"'Animals have the power of digesting a greater or less portion of their food which is insoluble in water. . . . . Some substances which are of the greatest importance in the nutrition of animals—such as vegetable fibrin, albumen, casein, and legumin—are either wholly insoluble in water, or more or less perfectly coagulated and rendered insoluble by boiling water.' (Lectures—page 526.)

"Assuming the correctness (chemically) of Prof. JOHNSTON'S statements, it follows that grass cut at the stage when it contains the greatest amount of 'gluten' or nitrogenous matter,—the most valuable of all the elements of its composition,—could not be fairly estimated by the proposed test of solubility."

We will not undertake to settle disputed points between the "doctors," but as we have authorities quoted on the one side, it will not be inappropriate to give the views of eminent chemists upon the other. The formula furnished by Sir HUMPHREY DAVY was as follows:

"Submit the grass, in a green or dry state, to the action of hot water, till all its soluble parts are taken up. Then separate the liquor from the woody fibre of the grass by means of blotting paper, and evaporate it to dryness. The product of solid matter is the nutritive matter of the grass."

The analyses of Mr. GEORGE SINCLAIR, which are so much quoted by writers on forage crops, were obtained in this manner, and the *Cyclopedia of Agriculture* says of them:—"However imperfect his method may seem to modern agricultural chemists, *it nevertheless affords the only proximate data hitherto exhibited*, with the view of showing the comparative values of the numerous grasses on which he experimented."

Others might be cited, but as the Editor of the *Cultivator* quotes only *one* authority, those given must suffice. Again our contemporary says:

"We have said, above, that the writer of the article in the RURAL contends that grass contains the greatest amount of nutriment when it is in bloom. It is fair to say that he does not thoroughly carry out this principle. On the contrary, he says—'Quite a number of grasses are exceptions to this rule—some containing the most nutriment when *fully ripe*.' Will our respected contemporary give us the names of the species which contain most nutriment when fully ripe?"

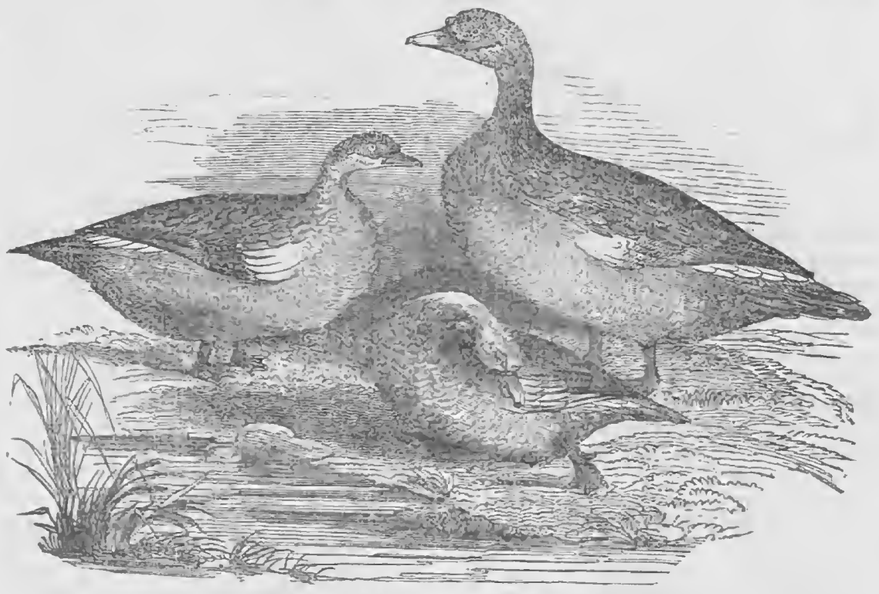
We are greatly surprised that the editor of the *Cultivator* should, in this latter clause, give but *half* of our remarks. The entirety was "Quite a number of grasses are exceptions to this rule—some containing the most nutriment when fully ripe—but as a *general principle*, for the benefit of both hay and the land upon which it is grown, we would advise the cutting at full flower." We do not charge anything wrong, but those reading the *Cultivator* might infer we were advocating the ripening of grasses before applying the scythe.

We have no desire to enter the arena for the purpose of shivering a lance with our venerable (not in years, but in relation to things agricultural) contemporary however much young blood might incite to a tilt. Nevertheless, as we are called upon for information we must endeavor to light the path of those who are in "*the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties*." We quote from an article by J. A. CLAREE, a writer on Pastures and Pasture Farming, in the *Cyclopedia of Agriculture*. Mr. C. says:

"*Many of the natural pasture grasses possess a greater nutritive value when the seed is ripe than at the time of flowering.* In the cock's-foot grass (*Dactylis glomerata.*) for instance, the proportional value at the time the seed is ripe to that at the time of flowering is as 7 to 5; the value of the grass of the sweet-scented soft grass (*Holcus odoratus,*) when seeding, exceeds that at the time of flowering in the proportion of 21 to 17; and with the meadow cat's-tail, or Timothy grass (*Phleum pratense,*) the culms are found to contain more nutritive matter when the seed is ripe, than those of any other species of grass that have been submitted to experiment—the value of the culms simply exceeds that of the grass when in flower in the proportion of 14 to 5. But though there is more nutriment contained in the seed crop of these grasses than in the flowering crop, nevertheless the loss of lattermath, which would have been produced in the time the seed was ripening, would more than outweigh the superior quantity of nutritive matter contained in the seed crop; and by aiming at the greater amount of nutriment contained in these grasses at seeding, a loss is sustained not only in the lattermath, but in the bulk of the hay itself; for although the crested dog's tail grass (*Cynosurus cristatus*) yields just twice as much grass when the seed is ripe as at the time of flowering, the majority of the grasses possess a much greater quantity of produce when flowering than at any other time. The grass of the Welsh fescue is of equal value, in nutriment, at each stage of its growth; and the nerved meadow grass (*Poa nervata*) is equal, both in nutriment, quality, and quantity of produce, at flowering and seeding; but nearly all the other varieties combine the properties we have been describing, namely, of producing the greatest weight or grass, and also the largest amount of nutritive matter, when in flower."

In "*A Practical Treatise on Grasses and Forage Plants*" by the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, CHARLES L. FLINT, A. M., Mr. F., in speaking of the proper "time to cut grass for hay," says the rule is to cut the grasses when in flower for the purpose of securing all their elements of nutrition, but "*there are some exceptions to this rule in the natural grasses, as seen in considering their nutritive qualities and in the analyses at different periods of their growth.*" Those mentioned are the Orchard Grass, and Timothy.

Prof. KIRTLAND, of Ohio, states that an observing, practical farmer of his neighborhood, after many careful observations on the growth of Timothy concludes that "as soon as the process of nutrition is completed, it becomes manifest by the appearance of a state of desiccation, or dryness, always commencing at a point directly above either the first or second joint of the stem near the crown of the tuber. From this point the desiccation gradually progresses upwards, and the last portion of the stalk that yields up its freshness is that adjoining the head. Coincident with the *beginning of this process, is the full development of the seeds*, and with its progress they mature. Its earliest appearance is evidence that both the *tubers and seeds have received their requisite supplies of nutrition.*" Prof. K. concludes therefrom "that the proper time of mowing Timothy is at any time after the process of desiccation has commenced on the stalk, as noted in the third proposition. *It is not very essential whether it is performed a week earlier or later*, provided it be postponed till the evidence of maturity has become manifest."



GROUP OF MUSK OR BRAZILIAN DUCKS.

A CHAPTER ON DUCKS.

THE DUCK deserves far more attention from our poultry breeders and farmers than it generally receives. They are harmless in character, singular and amusing in their actions upon the land, and graceful upon the water. They are very easily kept, and where they have free access to water will pretty much provide for themselves and their rising families. They are excellent for the table, and easily raised. We give a description of the principal varieties.

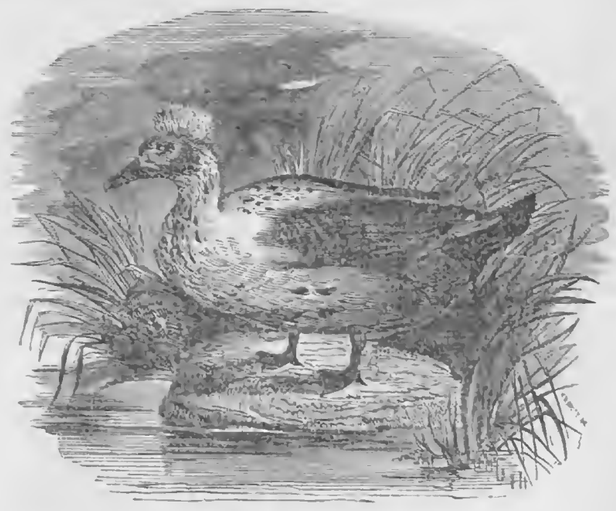
OUR COMMON DOMESTIC DUCK is generally supposed to have originated from the *Wild Mallard Duck*, so common in the Lakes and waters of our State, though some unsuccessful attempts to tame the wild duck have induced many to doubt its truth. Some naturalists have supposed our common duck was imported from China and India.—AUDUBON, however, says "the squatters of the Mississippi raise a considerable number of Mallards which they catch when quite young, and which, after the first year, are as tame as they can wish. These raise broods which are superior even to those of the old ones for a year or two, after which they become similar to the ordinary ducks of the poultry yard."

THE MUSK OR BRAZILIAN DUCK, is among the largest of domestic ducks. We give an engraving of a group of these birds from BEMENT'S "*American Poultrerers' Companion.*" It is sometimes tho' improperly called the *Muscovy Duck*. It derives its name from a real or fancied emission of a musky odor from its plumage. The tropical region of South America is the native country of the Musk Duck. The male is so much larger than the female, that the disproportion strikes the observer at first sight, the drake generally weighing nine or ten pounds, and the duck only five or six. They are of all colors, but generally black, or dark.—They dislike water, except such a dirty puddle as would be selected by a hog in a warm day, and therefore many who have procured them supposing them to be clean and pretty, and an ornament in the pond or river, have been much disappointed on discovering their habits. They prefer roosting on a low wall or fence, and sometimes will share the roost with fowls. The voice of the drake is harsh and unpleasant, and the duck is generally silent. They are very fair layers, but not as good as some other varieties.

THE ROUEN DUCK is, perhaps, the largest known. The young, mature very rapidly, and young drakes when only nine or ten weeks old, often weigh six pounds. The name is derived from Rouen in France. They are good layers and their flesh is excellent, being much prized by epicures. They are hardy, docile and even sluggish in their habits, and have not much greater love for water than their brethren, the *Muscovys*.

THE WHITE AYLESBURY DUCK, with its beautiful snowy white plumage and yellow legs and feet is a very beautiful bird. They are but a little smaller than the *Rouen*, and a duck and drake in moderate flesh will weigh about twelve pounds. They are excellent for the table, and they are prolific layers. They are more fond of the water than either of the two preceding varieties.

THE CRESTED DUCK is the most ornamental of all the duck family. They are of all colors, but the white is far the most beautiful, having yellow bills, and legs and feathers of the purest white.—They are about the size of our common duck, and of the same habits; are fond of the water, and are extremely beautiful and graceful in all their motions. All who have a suitable pond or lake, should obtain some of these crested ducks. Some have thought they are derived from a cross of our common, with the Wood-Duck, but, in regard to this, there seems some doubt.



CRESTED DUCK.

IN WHAT DIRECTION DO WE NEED PROGRESS?

FARMERS are now generally satisfied that to make their business profitable they must use their utmost endeavors to make not only the soil produce to its utmost capacity, but also to obtain from that produce the greatest possible value.—They are alive to the benefits to be derived from improved implements of husbandry. Good plows, and cultivators, and harrows, and drills, are recognized as indispensable for the proper preparation of the soil, and putting in the seed. The mowing machine and harvester are finding their way to every farm. The increased attention paid to thorough draining, shows that farmers are beginning to appreciate the importance of protect-

ing their land as far as possible from the contingency of the seasons. They begin to see that in order to make the capital already invested in their land more productive, it is necessary to put more capital with it. Some have even made the important discovery that they can make more money by improving their own land at home than by investing in Western lands, or loaning their money at extravagant rates of interest.

Great improvements have been made during the last ten years in all kinds of stock. But has there been a corresponding improvement in feeding, or preparing them for market. We fear not. In that respect, we are no further advanced than we were fifty years ago. In that, improvement has stood still. We mow our grass and dry it, and it is put into the barn as hay, and in that dry condition is fed out to our stock during the long cold winter. To the hay we add stalks and straw, and unless to this be added some grain, the condition of the animal is rarely as good in the spring as the preceding autumn when it came to the yard. Half of the year it has stood still in its growth or retrograded, and at the same time we have been at the most trouble and expense on its account. Here, then, is a most important point to commence improvement, and it is to this more than any other that attention should be drawn, and progress made.—We turn our animals out to graze in the spring and they will fatten upon the herbage which they consume in the field. But that same herbage, dried and fed to them in the winter will by no means keep them in the same thrifty condition. The reason is so obvious that its rather a matter of surprise that farmers have so long neglected to avail themselves of its suggestion. We have only to place the dried herbage in the same condition of the green, or as nearly so as possible, to obtain to the best possible advantage all its nutritive properties. This can be done in the most perfect manner only by cutting and cooking. In this mode by a little more labor farmers can nearly or quite double their winter forage.

Fortunately we are not without examples on this subject. In England and Scotland, within the last three years, the practice has been, among some of the most successful farmers, to cut and cook all the feed for their horses and cattle. In Holland the practice has been common for nearly a century to cut and cook the food for their cattle, especially their cows. In neither country, however, does the necessity so strongly exist as here. Their winters are shorter and milder, and they can keep and feed to a much better advantage than our farmers, roots and other succulent food.

When to cut and how to cook we propose to consider in another article.—P.

Communications.

A SUGGESTIVE MANURE THEORY.

Mr. Moore:—A "Subscriber," in a recent issue of the Rural, desires to know how clover enriches the soil. Allow me to state a theory first advanced by Dr. Baldwin, of Va., and which is gaining considerable ground in the Valley of Virginia. Dr. Baldwin points the practical farmer to that great principle in Nature which rots any substance when placed in the peculiar position of a *damp, close, dark locality.* Fresh manure becomes stronger and most enriching when piled up in such a *locality.* Any decomposable substance will rot directly when exposed in such a position; wood will decay directly; floors that have no opening for the circulation of air rot in a short time; even the hardest burnt clay becomes mellow, changed in consistency, in color and in fertilizing properties when shaded in a dark, close, damp position.

The Dr. argues that there is *no manure* but the residue of putrefaction—that while plaster and chemical substances may act in some way as stimulants to plants, yet nothing but that which has undergone the putrefactive process can make plants grow in *an exhausted soil.* He argues from the above facts that the soil itself is capable of undergoing a process similar to the rotting process, by being shaded or covered with straw or clover which produces the densest covering of all grasses, and that it itself becomes enriched, and changed in consistency and color.

These are facts, of the truth of which any one can satisfy himself by experiment. The writer of this is cognizant of such experiments, and finds he can improve his land in a cheaper and more rapid way than in any yet advised by *science.*

A Va. Subscriber.

STIRRING THE SOIL IN DRY WEATHER.

Too much cannot be said of the importance of frequently stirring the soil, especially after such a rainy season as has been the present (until very recently.) And now we are likely to have it as much too dry as it has been too wet. Most soils are packed very hard by the heavy rains, and a thick and almost impenetrable crust is formed on the surface, which entirely excludes the atmosphere. This crust should be broken with the cultivator, to let the air penetrate the soil. "Oh, but," says one, "that will dry it out the more." Not so, my friend. Look at that field of potatoes, planted before that heavy rain storm; they are just now beginning to come up, and hard work they have of it, too. Hitch the horse to the cultivator, and drive him through. If the rows are too small to be seen, put one of the boys on the horse, and he will keep him straight. See! the ground is perfectly dry two or three inches deep, and it is as much as old Tom can do to draw the cultivator through it; but keep it moving two or three days, and it will be moist almost to the surface. Stirring the soil, and giving the air a chance to penetrate, will make it dryer, will it?

Look at that pitcher of water on the table; it is such hot weather that it sweats, as you say. But reason a moment. Those large drops of water sweat out of, or through the pitcher! Nonsense, man. "How came they there, then!" They were collected from the atmosphere, as dry as it appears to be. That pitcher is filled with cold water, just from the well. The moisture of the atmosphere is condensed upon coming in contact with the cold surface of the pitcher, and forms in drops on the outside, and runs down upon the table. Now, breaking that hard crust and stirring the soil frequently gives the air a chance to penetrate more deeply, and, coming in contact with the cold particles of earth, is robbed of its moisture in the same manner.

Those tender plants of corn and potatoes are composed of a large portion of water. Break that crust, then—stir the soil with the hoe—cultivate, and give your young plants an opportunity to drink in the food that is as necessary for their growth as are the corn and hay you feed your cattle and horses. Those large weeds are composed, also, (in the early stages of their growth,) of a large portion of water. Cultivate, then—hoe them up, root and branch, and don't let them rob your plants of their rightful food. "Ah! but they shade the ground, and keep the sun, this hot weather, from drying it up." Do they, indeed? Take the hoe, and dig up the earth among them. See how dry it is; dig deeper. See it is dry several inches deep. "They keep the ground from drying?"—Nonsense, again, man! They have kept the air from penetrating the soil, and have drank up what little moisture there was in it, and your plants are starving for want of food.

A good old divine, upon being asked by his parishioners when they should prune their orchards, answered, that they should do it when their tools were sharp—thus intimating that it made but little difference at what season of the year it was done, if it was only done, and well done. But in breaking the crust and destroying the weeds, I would say, do it just before they get started, and then your tools wont need to be very sharp. "A stitch in time saves nine." C. C. Wilson.

Newfane, Niagara Co., N. Y.

CULTIVATION OF ROOTS.

We have always succeeded very well in the cultivation of roots, especially the different varieties of turnips. As you gave Mr. Wood's statement of success in *root culture* a few week's since, I thought I would give a few words in regard to the *manner* of their culture, for the benefit of any who have never grown them.

The best soil I have ever tried for the turnip is a well-drained, moist, clay loam. While a superabundance of water will hinder their growth, too dry a soil will allow the enemies of the turnip too much time for their depredations. The turnip should be grown quickly—it cannot grow too rapidly—and the larger, if ruta-baga or Swedish, the better the quality. To this end, turnip ground should be heavily fertilized with manure made especially for this object, free from foul seeds of any sort. The scrapings of the yard where cows are milked in summer, is of the very best quality for this purpose. The laborious tending of this crop, which prevents so many from engaging in its culture, may be in this manner nearly or quite prevented. Last year we plowed about one-fifth of an acre of green sward, where cows had been yarded for several years, and after dragging thoroughly, we sowed broad-cast with the red-top, stubble turnip. The product was highly remunerative, even for our share, after deducting a large quantity stolen by boys, or given to friends. At another time we sowed about one-eighth acre with White Norfolk after manuring as above—the product was large and sold for twenty-five dollars, or from twelve and a half to fifty cents per bushel.

Mr. ——, of Corning, N. Y., always grows a crop of the Red Top Stubble Turnip after his Early June Potatoes are marketed. He has not for years failed to raise a good crop, and they sell readily in the neighboring village for twenty-five cents per bushel. In this manner he grows two crops of roots in one year from the same ground. Any farmer may do this where he raises early potatoes for family use.

The great cause of failure in growing roots lies in not manuring plentifully enough. They should be kept growing so rapidly as to be at any time brittle, succulent and easily broken with the hands. It is not a bad sign when they burst or crack open, but when they grow woody, stringy and tough they are of little value.

Many farmers consider it too late to grow turnips after the first of August; but this is not true, for we have grown fine ones sown after the first of September. In England they are extensively grown after grass and barley crops—hence the name stubble turnip. Jno. Sanfield.

Illinois, July 14, 1857.

CUTTING OFF COWS TEATS.

It is a very common thing for cows to have one or two supernumerary teats, on the udder, just behind the four teats, from which the milk is drawn. These small teats are often very inconvenient and troublesome in milking, on account of their diminutive size and length; and they are often so near the other teats that when a calf is sucking it will draw milk from both the large and the small ones; and then, after the calf is weaned, if the small teats are not milked, there is a tendency to inflammation of the udder. Four teats are enough for any cow; and that is the usual number for cows—although we have seen six well developed teats on the udder of a cow, the hindermost ones being quite as large as the foremost ones. And, since a cow will give no more milk from five or six teats, than from four, they had better, by far, be off the udder than on it.

I have a young cow that had five teats on her udder, the fifth one being so close to the others as to be very inconvenient about milking. The calf would suck it, and it soon became nearly as long as the others. With no little hesitancy and doubt, we ventured to try an experiment in cutting it off. About the first of May last, we tied the legs of the cow, and then put a piece of common bonnet wire around the teat, and with the pliers twisted the ends firmly together, so that the wire seemed buried in the teat. It was twisted up so tightly as to stop, almost entirely, all circulation of blood. The wire was put on about one-fourth of an inch from the udder. The wire was *annealed* before using, by allowing it to become red hot in the fire when the fire is about to go out, and to become cool, very gradually, as the fire disappears. This process makes it very tough, so that it can be well twisted. After the wire had been on about fifty days, the teat dropped off, and gave us no more trouble. The wire never produced any inflammation; and the *issue* of the teat, which we feared might not be well closed after the teat was cut off, is completely healed over.

S. Edwards Todd.

Lake Ridge, Tompkins Co., N. Y., July, 1857.

PROGRESS.

A great deal is said in these days about the wonderful improvements of the age. Progress, progress, is the eternal cry. We boast of the inventive genius of the times, and point to the telegraph, to the application of steam power to a thousand purposes, and to the various machinery of modern contrivance for carrying on agriculture, &c., in evidence, and strut and swell about, exclaiming, "We are a great people—this is a great age!" Boasting is not excluded from our thoughts, whatever else may be. And though prices of farm produce constantly advance in the world's market, under the law of supply and demand, and American farmers sustain an estimated loss of one hundred millions of dollars in a single season, from lack of fodder, and the complaint of shortened yields—as compared with a period fifteen or twenty years anterior—is almost universal in the older agricultural districts, yet it is all the same. What a great people we are—what a great age this is—what benighted and unmitigated *fogies* our fathers were, is the almost universal shout. And so proud and conceited are we getting, as a nation, that there would hardly be any abatement of our bragging should we fail, as fail we may, with all our much lauded improvements, to draw from mother earth a supply of the commonest necessaries, to keep souls and bodies together.

For one, I am getting sick of the very word which heads this article. It would seem, in our race for material advancement, we have forgotten that *contentment* is great gain; and are fast losing sight of the truth in natural as well as spiritual affairs, that "Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God alone giveth the increase." Are we not magnifying the *creature's* wisdom and works, which are folly and foolishness, about which we *should* say *nothing*, and withholding honor from Him who is, and should reverently be held the "All in all?" Is not the tendency of modern "progress" *infidelward*, in that it so palpably magnifies and extols the creature intellect above and beyond the Great Author of that intellect, and leads men, in their self conceit and reliance upon human inventions, to impiously defy the seasons and the Author of them, in the production of crops.

That there are many labor-saving inventions, is not to be denied; but that they minister to real, actual progress, in anything in which it is worth while for immortal creatures to advance, is not so apparent. Admit that a given amount of labor will accomplish more than it would a quarter of a century ago, yet with the noise and mad excitement connected with this glorifying the age, and deifying human wisdom, there has been a great multiplication of wants on the part of the people, so that we are no better satisfied, and not as happy, so far as concerns this life; and I fear have less reason to hope in regard to the next, than had our ancestors, who thought and talked less of their own prowess, than of the beneficence of the Great Father of all, and the need of his blessing upon the husbandman's labors.

Without denying, therefore, that a certain secondary value and importance may attach to modern inventions, it cannot be amiss, at the same time, to deplore that strange depravity which lauds and glorifies the mere human intellect from which they emanate, and has no praise or thanks for the Great Author of that intellect, and Giver of all Good. W. B. P.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1857.

TAKE CARE OF THE BIRDS.

Genial atmospheres have brought the woodland songsters to gladden us with their happy notes. Their music, however, is not the only benefit we derive from them. No sooner do they arrive than they begin a war of extermination against the whole insect tribe that inhabit both the air and the earth. Were it not for the aid the birds give us in destroying worms, bugs, &c., we would soon be infested with such swarms of them that no plant would escape their ravages; yet we see boys, and even men with guns, clubs and stones, shooting and pelting the poor birds without mercy. One scarcely dare open its mouth to sing, or alight to make a dinner of a worm, or bug, without suffering severely for it. To such an extent have these belligerent characters gone, that in many States, legislators have had to enact laws to protect birds; still many boys pay no regard to law, ransacking the groves and woods, robbing birds' nests and killing birds, till some species of the feathered tribes in certain districts have been almost exterminated. The bird-killing and nest-destroying boy may ask, "are there not some birds I may kill?"—they destroy our apples, steal our cherries, and bore holes in our trees; surely they ought to die. No you should not kill them; you know not how many cherries they have saved for you, or how many apple-trees they have preserved from the ravages of some insect. They are only getting pay for work previously done for you; and when you plant your apple and cherry trees, you should remember the birds, and plant for them.

Among the most industrious of our birds is the wood-pecker. Although he takes his fall share of fruit, yet he is a good worker, and should be well paid for his services. When you see him boring holes in your trees, it is not to destroy them, but to take out some insect that is burrowing in the bark, and he can do it with much less damage to the tree with his long bill and barbed tongue, than you can. Much better would it be to entice the birds to stay around you, build their nests and raise their young, than to drive them away. Their "matin songs" and "vesper hymns" would amply repay you, if you received no other reward.—Make it a rule never to kill a bird only for food, and then only in the season, when they are not raising their young. If every one would do this, the farmer would complain less of the worm and bug destroying the grain, and consequently raise better crops. Ornithology.

Bloomingdale, Ind., 1857.

Buying Horses by the Pound.—At Cincinnati, the other day, Gen. Johnson, of Mt. Stirling, Ky., wished to buy a pair of horses for which the owner asked $370, but which the General thought too much, as they were not heavy enough. The owner declared they were heavier than they appeared, when the General offered 16 cents a pound for them, which was accepted. The horses were taken to an adjacent hay scale, and weighed 2,350 making their value $376. A close calculation.

Rural Notes and Items.

The National Trial of Harvesting Machines was concluded on Monday last—occupying about one week, instead of two or more as we thought and announced as its probable duration. The principal reason for this comparatively early termination of a very interesting, and to the Officers and Committee most laborious Trial, is the fact that of the ninety-three contemplated entries, of which the Society were notified in advance, only about forty were made when the period arrived for the contest. Of these, 14 machines were entered as Mowers, 10 as Reapers, and 15 as Combined Mowers and Reapers. Some ten of these were entered in two or more classes, thus reducing the number of different machines operated to about thirty. This is a goodly number, and as they were from various sections of the Union, the Trial may appropriately be termed National.

From what we have witnessed and learned on reliable authority in regard to this Trial, we are of the opinion that it was in the main conducted in a manner highly creditable to the Society and the able Committee having it in charge, and that it will be productive of eminently beneficial results to the agricultural community. This opinion is based upon a knowledge of the course adopted by the Committee in testing the comparative merits of the various machines. In order to obtain definite and detailed information, from which to arrive at just and impartial conclusions, the Committee was divided into nine Sub-Committees, each taking charge of and noting facts in a specific department. To give the reader an idea of this plan, we subjoin a summary of the divisions, and the substance of their duties:

No. 1—Committee on weight and price of machines; to weigh each machine and ascertain price—also expense of any extras. No. 2—Com. on dimensions of various parts of machines. No. 3—On various parts of machine, mechanically considered. No. 4—On construction and comparative advantages as a whole. No. 5—On quality of work; required to note by numbers—30 being best work of scythe, 40 perfect and 20 poorest machine work, and hence figures ranging from 20 to 40. To examine also whether grass was cut or plucked off, or pulled up. No. 6—On stubble; to measure stubble in ten different places on lot cut by each machine, and compare and note result. No. 7—On dynamometer; to test direct and side draft of machines, &c. No. 8—On grasses; to ascertain proportion of each kind of grass cut by the several machines. No. 9—On time; to ascertain time occupied by each machine in cutting equal amount; also time consumed in detentions, and causes. The Committee then adopted a scale of 100 points, to be decided by the reports of the sub-committees, so that awards will be determined by collating the notes and figures of the nine committees. It seems to us that the final result must be eminently fair and impartial, as nothing is left to individual preferences or prejudices in making the awards.

The Result of the Trial—embodied in a detailed Report by the Committee—will not be publicly announced until the Annual Fair of the U. S. Ag. Society, to be held at Louisville in September.—Meantime further remarks relative to the probable awards, would be unsatisfactory, if not entirely speculative. We also defer any discussion as to the comparative merits and advantages of the several machines tested—preferring to give, at the proper time, the conclusions arrived at by the able and experienced Judges, with the facts and figures upon which their decisions are based.

The attendance at the Trial was not large, the busy season precluding many from being present. This was favorable, however, for had there been a crowd of spectators, the Trial would have been impeded and prolonged. The occasion, however, brought together many distinguished men and prominent agriculturists from various parts of the Union. Dissatisfaction was expressed at the display made at the opening of the Trial—and especially at the parade of artillery and firing of cannon on the arrival of the procession of working teams and machines. This was certainly more pomp and show than was desirable on such an occasion, and it is fortunate that serious accidents did not occur. We have, however, it affords us pleasure to add, the best authority for stating that Mr. President Wilder and the Committee, protested against the empty show, and were not cognizant of the presence of cannon, until the firing commenced as the cavalcade of officers and spectators reached the grounds.

—In conclusion, we are constrained to express the belief that the U. S. Ag. Society will accomplish more for the benefit of the farming community by this Trial, than at any former exhibition—and we say this the more cheerfully because we have heretofore had occasion to criticise some of its proceedings. The Officers of the Society, the Judges and Competitors, certainly made zealous efforts to conduct the Trial in such a manner as to render its conclusions reliable and satisfactory—and if such does not prove to be the result, we are confident the intentions of the parties enumerated will not be realized. The worthy and indefatigable President, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, Mr. Secretary Poore (who is only *poor* in nomenclature, by the way,) and Messrs. Gould and Howard of the Committee, are entitled to our thanks for information relative to the Trial.

Fresh Corn the Year Round.—Mr. Daniel Rowe, of Lancaster, Pa., has invented and patented a plan for providing green corn for the table the year round. He plucks green corn, and without depriving it of its milky juice or taste, keeps it in a state of freshness and preservation, ready for boiling at any season. His process is described in his claim:—"What I claim as my discovery and invention is the new art and process of preserving green corn in the ear, by extracting the pith or heart of the cob and seasoning and drying the inside of the cob as rapidly as the outside, for preserving the virtues and juice of the grain and preventing the collection of mould or corruption, as herein described, and for the purposes set forth." A Lancaster paper says Mr. Rowe is preparing convenient machines, not larger than those used for paring apples, by which every housekeeper can, in one evening, prepare ten or fifteen bushels of corn for his own use.

The Wheat Midge.—According to our present information and advices from different localities hereabouts, we have reason to believe the Midge, will not prove as destructive to the Wheat Crop of Western New York as has been anticipated. During the past week we have examined several wheat fields in this section which were but slightly affected by the insect, and will yield well. Recent reports from different localities of this and other counties are, however, conflicting—some stating that the crop is not worth harvesting, while others think the ravages of the midge not as general or extensive as has been supposed, and cite instances of almost entire escape from its attack. Of course, with such various reports, we are unable to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to the result, but are constrained to express the opinion—though we confess that *hope* is a strong element of the belief upon which it is based—that the crop will yield a fair average in many localities of this region, and that in others the deterioration will be less than has been feared and reported. Yet we may be mistaken, and must admit that no opinion other than a problematical one can be given at present. The matter can only be determined by harvesting and threshing the crop, and we sincerely hope those operations will decide it favorably for producers.

A Good Horse.—The New York *Spirit of the Times* gives the following characteristics of a good horse:—1. His eyes, even when seen in the stable, are perfectly clear and transparent, and the pupils or apples of the eyes are alike in color and size. 2. On being nipped in the gullet, he will utter a sound like that from a bellows. If, on the contrary, he should give vent to a dry, husky, short cough, beware of him. His wind is unsound.—3. His legs are smooth and "clean." If you find bunches or puffs, or a difference in size, though he may not be lame, disease lurks there. 4. If broad and full between the eyes, he is susceptible of being trained to almost anything. 5. If some white or parti-colored, he is docile and gentle.

American Institute—*Twenty-Ninth Annual Fair.*—We have received from the Secretary, John W. Chambers, Esq., the "List of Grain Premiums" for the Annual Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, New York, commencing September 15th. The Premiums number twenty-six—silver cups or medals—and range in value from $20 to $5. Competitors are required to furnish a statement of "the quantity of land cultivated, the quantity and quality of manure applied, the previous crop grown, expense of cultivation and amount of crop raised."

Sale of Short Horns.—We learn that Mr. Edwin Smith, of Clinton, Mich., (who, not long since, purchased "Duke" of Mr. Marks, for the Northern Lenawee Co. Stock Company,) has recently purchased of Messrs. Sly & Sons, of Plymouth, Mich., the prize heifers Bellflower 3d and Red Jacket 2d. Also some grade animals. At the same time S. W. Palmer, of Norvell, Jackson Co., Mich., purchased White Jacket 2d, also bred by Messrs. Sly & Sons—and Mr. Thos. Briggs purchased of the same, Lady Wellington 2d.

Black Hawk Morgan, a well known Morgan stallion sired by Mr. Hill's original Black Hawk, died at Claremont, N. H., a few days since, at the age of ten years. He was the property of Mr. A. B. Atherton, and esteemed one of the best colts ever got by old Black Hawk—strongly resembling his sire in color, form, speed, gait, and disposition. His owner declined an offer of $2,000 for this horse only a week before his death. He leaves several colts in Claremont and vicinity, all of which are held at high figures.

The Young Ruralist.

THE YOUTH AT AG'L FAIRS.

All the farmer's sons should attend the Agricultural Fairs, not as too many attend them to "have a good time," but to see and learn. To see what fine stock and grain, and what beautiful fruit and flowers can be raised by skill and care; see what others have done, and resolve that you will, at least, equal the best, and if possible excel all, as soon as you commence farming on your own account. Officers of agricultural societies should offer premiums for fruit, vegetables and root and other such crops raised by the boys. Every farmer would be willing to give his son an acre or two of ground, and on this he could raise carrots, beets, turnips, ruta bagas and many other things, and, perhaps, beat the older farmers. It is too late to do much about this thing the present season; but let every boy that has grown any crops, make an exhibition, and when the next premium lists are made out, we hope a separate list of premiums will be offered to the boys.

THE FARMERS' GIRLS.

Eds, Rural:—While perusing the pages of your paper a few evenings since, my eye chanced to rest upon a column headed "*The Young Ruralist*," and I was pleased to find that you had devoted thus much of your valuable paper to our special care. But I found as I advanced that the column for the farmer boys had aroused a feeling of enterprise in the minds of some "wide awake girls" out west, so that they too wished for some small nook or corner wherein to express their sentiments in regard to the things incidental to the farmer's life. Now, sir, I, for one, would wish that this favor be granted them. For 'tis these enterprising girls that we wish to hear from—those that can rake hay, milk the cows, work in the garden, and be a lady withal, for who in chosing for a wife would pick the sickly, farm-despising flirt, while the ruddy, healthful, rose-tinted lovers of the open air were in existence? And besides, sir, in granting them the favor, and giving them a chance of inserting the productions of their pens in your paper, it will awaken them from the fit of slumber into which they have fallen in time, that they may show to the world the angelic purity of the farmer's life, and thus perhaps influence our "ladies," as they are now called, so that they may ere long desire to wear the garb of the farmer girl, instead of striving to captivate the mind of man by putting on coquettish airs and faces of deceit.—S. K. G., *Union, July,* 1857.

The Orchard and Garden.

AN EVIL TO BE REMEDIED.

AMONG the evils that are doing much to discourage Horticulturists, and retard improvement is the practice of allowing cattle and hogs to make common pasture ground of our streets and highways. Scarcely a cultivator of fruits and flowers in any part of our country but has had the beautiful objects, reared with so much care, destroyed in an hour, and his hopes for the season blasted by vagrant hogs or cows, whose owners are dishonest enough to allow them to gain their principal livelihood by preying upon the gardens of their neighbors. This evil has become so great of late that the owner of a nicely kept place must stand sentinel at his garden gate day and night, or permit the hogs to root up his lawn and the cows trample under foot his flower beds and destroy his trees.—Let but a careless servant or pedlar, or the children leave the gate unlatched for five minutes, and the garden is doomed to destruction. But, worse than all, many cows can unfasten a gate as readily as the professional burgler can pick a lock, and we fear are not less prized by their owners for this qualification.

Now, if we have to feed our neighbor's pigs we can do it better and cheaper than by feeding them on tulips and dahlias, and we can find them accommodations more suitable, to us at least, than our well kept, beautiful lawns. If the men of taste, the lovers of fine fruits and beautiful flowers, must keep the cows of a village or neighborhood, they can do it much better both for themselves and the animals than by feeding them on Bartlett and Virgalien Pear Trees, or Cherry and White Grape Currant bushes, or even fine Hollyhocks, although we must acknowledge we caught a cow in our garden about day-break one morning this week, apparently making a fine meal from a bed of Hollyhocks just coming into flower. If we must keep these vagrants let us get up a poor house for them and feed them on pauper fare.

This is a crying evil, and seems to be growing worse. It is not confined to small villages, but exists in our largest cities. Our attention was called to the matter at this time, by reading in the New York papers, of a lady being dangerously injured in that city by an enraged ox. All our laws on the subject seem to be a dead letter. The remedy is with the people. Let us see that all good laws on the subject are rigidly enforced, and make an effort to have such laws enacted and enforced as will effectually remedy this evil.

CHERRIES.

THE CHERRY, although not grown extensively for market, like the apple, is one of our most valuable fruits. It ripens during June and July, when scarcely any other fruit can be had. The Hearts and Bigarreaus are fine for the dessert, and the Morellos and Dukes excellent for cooking. The trees grow rapidly and bear early, so that no one, however old, need despair of eating of the fruits of his planting. In three and four years after planting, the Cherry will produce from one to two bushels. Then it is a beautiful tree, useful for shade and ornament, as well as the fruit. It is nicely adapted for small village lots, where there is only room for a few trees, and in such cases may well take the place of ornamental trees.

The Cherry is divided into three classes,—1st, *Heart*; 2d, *Bigarreau*; 3d, *Duke and Morello*.

1st, *Heart Cherries.*—The fruit of this class is heart-shaped, and the flesh sweet and tender. The trees are rapid growers, and attain a large size. The leaves are large, thin and pendant. The Black Tartarian and Black Eagle, are two of the finest varieties of this class.

2d, The *Bigarreau* class comprise some of our largest and finest sorts, such as the Yellow Spanish. The flesh of this class is firm, and in other respects it is like the *Heart* Cherries. The growth and habit of the tree is the same. Indeed, the distinction, although made, we believe, by all cultivators and writers on the subject, is not very marked, as some sorts that are classed with the *Hearts* have quite firm flesh.

3d, *Duke and Morello*—have roundish fruit, very tender, juicy and acid. It is only this class of Cherries that are fit for cooking. Indeed, some sorts are so sharp that while they are excellent for this, they are good for nothing else, such as the Kentish, Morello, and others like them. Other sorts, like the May Duke, when fully ripe, are excellent for the table. The trees of this class make a slow growth, and never make as large trees as the Hearts and Bigarreaus, the leaves are small, thick, and dark. This class is very hardy, succeeding well in almost any climate and soil.—They are the only kinds that succeed in some parts of our country, particularly at the South.

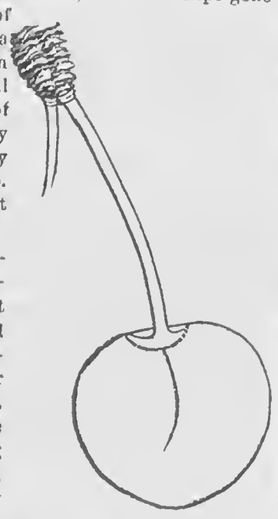
The Cherry succeeds well generally on any good soil, though a sandy loam seems most suitable. Trees of the two first classes should be planted at least 25 feet apart, and the third class about 20 feet. We describe a few varieties, all that at present we can find room for, and in doing so, have selected the early and late sorts, as requested by a correspondent in Ohio, with one or two others, adapted to general culture. At some future time we may give a more complete list.

BAUMANS MAY is one of the first cherries to ripen in Western New York, and is very popular, both on account of its earliness and productiveness. It is of French origin, and was first introduced into this country, by Col. WILDER. The fruit is small, oval, heart-shaped. When fully ripe of a darkish red color, nearly black. Flesh dark colored, juicy, and of good flavor. The trees are free growers and attain a large size.

EARLY PURPLE GUIGNE is larger than the preceding ripens about the same time, and at least equal in quality. It is about medium size, and of a blackish purple color when fully ripe. Both of these varieties generally ripen here between the 5th and 20th of June.

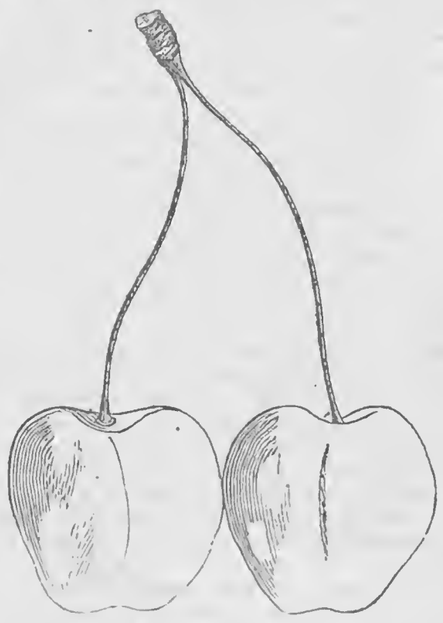
KNIGHT'S EARLY BLACK is one of the best black cherries, and comes in season just about the time the two preceding varieties are gone, generally between the 20th of June and the 1st of July.—The fruit is obtuse heart-shaped, and somewhat irregular in outline. Nearly black when ripe and abounding with a rich, high flavored juice. It originated in London. Much resembles the Black Eagle, but is a week or so earlier.

GOVERNOR WOOD is a tender and delicious cherry, raised by Dr. KIRTLAND, of Ohio. Ripe generally about the 1st of July. The fruit is a little above medium size, of a beautiful amber color, and of a delicate cherry check on the sunny side, when fully ripe. One of the very best cherries grown.



May Duke.

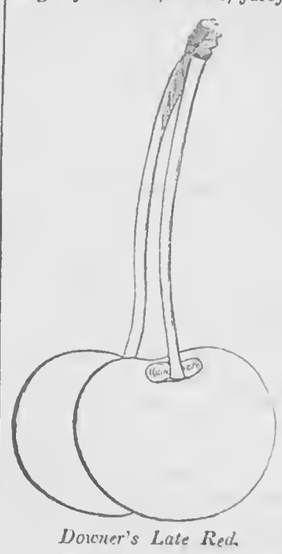
MAY DUKE is a valuable old sort of medium size, excellent for cooking, and when fully ripe, unsurpassed, to our tate, for the dessert. It is fit to commence using for cooking about the 1st of June, but does not fully ripen until about the 1st of July. It is a pleasant acid. The tree is very hardy, and will succeed where more tender varieties fail. It is a great bearer.



Monstreus de Mezel.

MONSTREUS DE MEZEL is a very large and productive variety, and as the fruit is quite firm, it will undoubtedly prove valuable for marketing. The tree is a strong and irregular grower, more so than any other variety we are acquainted with. The fruit is black, very large, larger than Black Tartarian, heart shaped, with an uneven surface. It is not high flavored, but juicy and agreeable. The fruit is produced in large clusters. Ripe in Rochester about the 1st of July.

DOWNER'S LATE RED.—Fruit large, roundish, slightly mottled, tender, juicy and sweet; an excellent late cherry. The tree is an erect beautiful grower, bears well, and the fruit hangs for a long time on the tree. Ripe from the middle of July to 1st of August.



Downer's Late Red.

We might give descriptions of many more varieties of more recent introduction, but perhaps have presented enough for the present, and we prefer to give only those which have been fully tested.

The weather the present season, has been very unfavorable for this fruit. Until within three weeks, we have had almost incessant rain, and since the rain stopped excessive heat. This has caused the Cherries to rot.

THE NEW CANADA WINE GRAPE.

MR. EDITOR:—I will endeavor to fulfill my promise, and send you some further information about the new grape, (the *Kilborn Grape.*) Your remarks about its not being certain to prove a new variety, have induced me to make a more extended and critical inquiry into its history, and I must confess that I have some doubts about its being a new variety. I will, however, give a brief history of it, and let the public judge for themselves. An emigrant from the State of New Jersey came to Canada some sixty years ago, and brought, among other seeds, some grapes, and this grape seems to be an offspring of the New Jersey Seedling; and one man even went so far as to say, that there was plenty of this grape growing wild in the woods of New Jersey. If this be so, I can only say that "*Uncle Sam*" is not as sharp as I took him to be; and I think you will agree with me when you become as familiar as I am with the merits of this vine. In the first place, I will say that I did not tell the *whole truth* about its size and productiveness in my first notice of it, because I thought the story was big enough as it was; but now that it is depreciated by some, I will say that instead of producing 3 bbls., it would have produced 5 if the grapes were all made up into wine. And now, as to the quality of the wine. I have submitted it to the best judges of wine in these parts, and without exception, they have pronounced it a superior article, quite equal to the best Port wine, which it very much resembles. It sells readily at $2 per gal., and some has been sold for $2,50. Now, Uncle Sam, beat this:—5 barrels wine, 36 gallons each, is 150 gallons, which at $2 per gallon would bring $300. This $300 worth of wine is from one vine in one season, while 75 cents would cover all expenses.

I will give you as correct a description of it as I can. In its general appearance it more nearly resembles the Clinton than any other with which I am acquainted, yet it differs very much in some particulars. The vines of the Clinton are of a dark color, while this is more like the Isabella.—The leaves resemble the Clinton very much, but are larger, and have a more glossy appearance. It is also the hardiest and earliest grape with which I am acquainted. At this present date, the fruit is as large (in a few instances) as buck-shot. I measured to-day one of the longest shoots of this year's growth, and found it to be nearly seven feet. The clusters are not very compact, and sometimes very loose, and will hang on the vines for a long time after being ripe, without injury from the weather. For culinary purposes it is esteemed above every other kind which we have here, making a splendid jelly and preserve. It yields of wine 100 per cent., a gallon of grapes making a gallon of wine. T. C. KILBORN.

Beamsville, C. W., July 7, 1857.

CHERRY TREES AND THE WINTER.

A PART of my cherry trees appear much impaired by the unusual severity of the past winter. The leaves at first appeared as usual, the trees blossomed—but since, the blossoms have wilted and fallen off, and the leaves, if not of like result, remain drooping and stationary, scarcely larger than a rat's ear. As a remedy, I am trying the slitting of the bark, and washing the bodies thoroughly with soap-suds, with a scrub broom, occasionally—have also trimmed them well. The result of nature, art and labor upon their present enfeebled state, time alone can determine. Should the result be favorable I will communicate for the like afflicted; and while realizing the idea that the more one knows the less he knows; that is, that the field of knowledge to be acquired enlarges in the same ratio actual knowledge is gained, I hope some one of your numerous readers, aged with practical wisdom in horticultural science, will unlock to your readers his "Siloam," and save from the destroying element the culture of the happiest hours of intellectual and industrious youth—the fruitful return and pleasant reflection of earlier years in declining age, and the beautiful shade of the domestic home.

Syracuse, N. Y., 1857. S. N. HOLMES.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

THE MULBERRY.—Is the Black or White Mulberry the best for use, and is either good enough to pay for cultivation?—P., *Wayne Co., N. Y.*

REMARKS.—The Black is the only variety valuable for its fruit. It is jet black, very much like the Blackberry in appearance, about an inch and a half long, and an inch in diameter, very sweet and rich. It has no acid flavor whatever, and therefore is not relished by those who like a sharp taste. The tree is large and quite ornamental, and makes a fine shade.

CHERRY SLUGS.—What is the remedy for the black, slimy looking slugs that eat the leaves of the cherry trees?—*C. M., Onondaga Co., N. Y.*

REMARKS.—Dust the leaves with dry ashes, or lime dust, when they are moistened with dew. Do this several times and the slugs will be destroyed.

RIPE GRAPES IN JULY.—How were the Grapes ripened so early that were exhibited at the late show of the Genesee Valley Hort. Society.—H.

REMARKS.—In glass houses, heated with iron pipes filled with hot water. We could not give much information in a short note, but will present an article on the subject before long.

(S. P., Astabula, Ohio.)—Peaches are budded on their own roots, except it is desired to make dwarf or small trees when they are sometimes budded on plum roots. The *Seed* is saved in the following manner:—as soon as the peach stones are procured they should be placed in boxes, with alternate layers of light soil, and left exposed to the weather until spring. A short time before planting they should be examined, and all that have not been opened by the frost must be cracked before planting. If after cracking, the pits are placed in a warm situation covered lightly with earth, all that are good will begin to germinate. They can then be planted, with certainty of success, as scarcely one that has germinated will fail.

C. H. T., (Keeler, Mich.,)—Your Cherry Trees require no pruning.

FIRST BARTLETT PEARS IN BUFFALO.

IN September, 1851, LEWIS F. ALLEN, first took Bartlett Pears to Buffalo market, and he thus describes the manner in which he disposed of them:—"I had a few Bartlett pears, beyond what were wanted in the house, and as I had never seen any in the Buffalo fruit shops, concluded to take them into town, and try them. I went to one of the first dealers, and asked him what he would pay for Bartlett pears. "Bartlett pears!" he exclaimed, "what are they?" "Why, the very best pears of the season," I replied; "look at them." "Well, they *do* look good," he continued, "but they won't *measure* any more to the bushel than smaller ones? I buy plenty of good pears from the country for six shillings to a dollar a bushel." "Now, my fine fellow, I want you to take these, and sell them at *three* cents apiece, and for the largest do you get *four*, or keep them till I call for them." There had never been a Bartlett pear in market. "I'll try it," he replied, "but I never could get more than *one* cent for a pear, and I guess you'll have to take them away again." This was about ten o'clock in the morning. The side-walk was full of people, passing along, and I retreated out of the way, to see the trial of my Bartletts, which stood near the door, the basket in which they were, partially turned up on its side to show them temptingly.—"What pears are those?" asks one, who stops to look at them. "Mr. Allen calls them Bartletts, but I never saw any before. He says they are *first rate.*" "Well, I'll try one. "What's the price?" "Three cents apiece, and *nothing shorter!* So he told me." "Well, that's *loud!* but I'll try one any way." He tasted it. "That *is* a pear! I'll take half a dozen. This is the only *pear* I ever tasted in Buffalo." "What are these?" asked another.—"Bartlett pears." "Ah! well, my wife has told me a dozen times how good Bartlett pears were.—Lend me a basket and I'll take home a dozen.—What's the price?" "Three cents apiece."—"Confounded dear! but they'll please my wife and children." I saw the customers thicken, and left, thinking the experiment would do. Next day I called again. "Have you any more Bartlett pears?" inquired the shop-keeper. "No, are they all gone?" "Gone! yes: and I could have sold out twenty bushels, by the half dozen, if I only had them." I was stopped a dozen times that morning, by the dealers, to know if I had any more Bartlett pears; and could have sold five hundred bushels while they were in season, at three to four dollars a bushel, if I only had them.

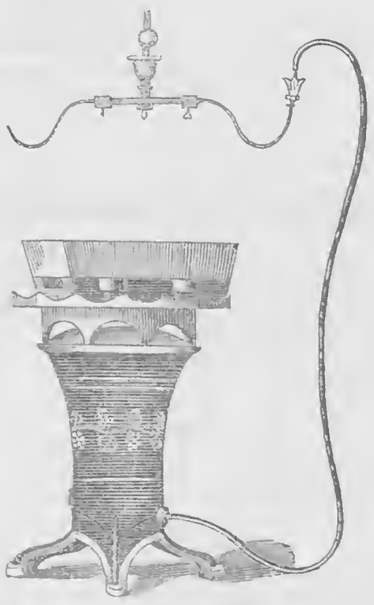
BLACK RASPBERRIES.—We are indebted to H. H. DOOLITTLE, of Oaks Corners, N. Y., for several quarts of beautiful Black Raspberries. They are about as large as the Antwerps, as usually found in our markets, and are the finest specimens we have ever seen. This Raspberry is so firm that it can be shipped to any reasonable distance with perfect safety, and is the only kind we have that will bear transportation well. Our common Black Raspberry as these specimens show, and as we have long known, is well worthy of cultivation, particularly by those who raise the fruit for market. A variety with the delicious flavor of the Antwerps or the Franconia and the firmness of the common Black would be a great acquisition. Next week the Raspberries will be in perfection, and we will notice a few of the best varieties.

TAKE CARE OF THE VINES.—If you have not already done so, cut off the fruit bearing shoots of your vines, two joints from the last bunch of grapes. Also cut out all unnecessary and useless shoots so that the fruit, and the wood required for enlarging the vine may receive all the strength of the roots. It is useless to try to ripen grapes well in this climate all covered up in a thicket of leaves and branches.

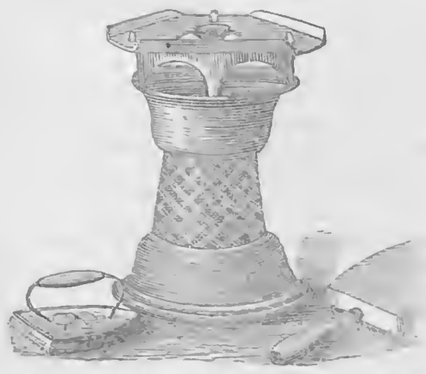
Domestic Economy.

HEATING SMOOTHING IRONS BY GAS.

IT is very desirable at this season of the year to avoid the heating of rooms in cooking and other domestic work as much as possible. J. E. CHENEY & Co., of this city, have for sale an apparatus for heating smoothing irons by gas, by which the iron is heated sufficiently for use in five minutes, and at a very trifling expense, much cheaper and neater than it can be done either by wood or charcoal.



The heater, as shown by the engraving, may be placed upon the table and connected with any common burner by a flexible tube. In this the iron is shown as it appears when heating.



In the next engraving the gas stove and iron are shown separately. The handle is detached from the iron while heating, and the iron is heated upon the back, consequently you have a smooth, clean face and a cool handle. This smoothing iron and gas heating arrangement is acknowledged to be one of the most ingenious and useful inventions of the age, and received the only premium given for this purpose at the fair of the American Institute last autumn. The gas stove is also very convenient for the nursery and sick room.

PIES AND CAKE.

DEAR RURAL:—I send a few recipes, which I think very good, and they may benefit your readers:

LEMON PIE.—Pare 2 fresh lemons, chop the rinds, and grate the rest. Take ¾ cup of flour, 3 cups sugar, 2 water, 1 egg. Beat thoroughly.—This will form material for 3 pies.

BUTTERNUT PIE.—Boil 1 quart of milk, with the rind of 1 lemon. When it has flavored the milk strain it; have the meats of 8 butternuts mashed fine and mixed smoothly with a little milk; stir into the boiled milk, set it where it will boil; sweeten to the taste; let it boil 4 minutes, take from the fire and bake directly or the crust will not be good.

GOOSEBERRY CAKE.—Stew 1 quart of gooseberries in 2 quarts of water, when soft add lemon, sugar to the taste, butter the size of a hen's egg. Have ready good buttermilk biscuit, baked in flat tins. Open them, turn the sauce upon the lower half, place the other above, as in jelly cake. Serve up hot. LINA.

Rural Home, N. Y., 1857.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

OREIDE—SUBSTITUTE FOR GOLD.

THE manufacture of this new metal Oreide, under the French patent of H. Migeon, granted in this country March 3, 1857, has been commenced on a large scale in Waterbury, Conn., and it will undoubtedly soon be in use, as it is already in France for various articles of domestic economy and all sorts of ornamentation, as it bears relation to gold similar to that of German silver to pure silver; like German silver, it may be used in a pure condition, or as a base of gold plating. It bears so strong a resemblance to gold, that when manufactured into fine articles, such as we have become accustomed to see made only of gold, we are at once convinced that the article we are handling is really the pure metal, yet it is made of a material that costs only eighty cents a pound as it comes from the furnace where the several metals of its composition have been refined into ingots.

The Oreide is not a new metal—it is only a new compound of old metals, so refined in the process as to have done away with a great part of their disposition to oxidise, as it only tarnishes in about the same degree as silver, and though ebulition takes place, if tested with nitric acid, it does not leave a black spot, so that it may be actually cleaned with acids which would destroy such metals as copper or brass. We have examined this metal in bars and sheets, prepared for the manufacture of various articles, and also in its manufactured state—in spoons, sugar-tongs, napkin-rings, goblets, buttons, watch chains, various articles of plain and chased jewelry and cast ornaments, and plates of various thickness, from tin foil to the sixteenth of an inch thick, combined with gold, so as to show gold upon one side and the Oreide upon the other, and it was certainly very difficult to tell which was gold and which was Oreide. That it is an improvement in the arts there can be no doubt; and that it so much resembles gold as to make it necessary for our Legislature at once to require, as in France, that all articles should be stamped "Oreide" to prevent great frauds, will probably be found out after a great many people have been severely cheated.—*N. Y. Tribune*

TO MAKE BERLIN FINE CASTINGS.

To produce such castings in iron, it is necessary in the first place to have a perfect pattern, brass being generally preferred for this purpose; in the next place, the pattern must be accurately molded. In order to accomplish this, a fine close sand is required, (perhaps Waterford sand would answer,) which must be partially dried and sifted through a fine sieve. When the pattern has been molded and withdrawn from the mold, the latter is dusted over with fine brick dust made from fresh burnt soft brick. The pattern is now dried, carefully returned to its place in the sand mold and rapped home with a wooden mallet and again withdrawn. If the mold has been sufficiently dusted, it will have a surface as fine as the pattern. The mold or flask is now put into an oven and dried. Before it is quite cold, it receives a coat of lamp black, by putting some oil in an open dish, and using a large wick so that it will burn with considerable smoke. The mold is now held over the smoking oil until it is sufficiently coated with lamp black; when this is accomplished, the flask is closed, clamped or screwed together, and is then ready for the molten metal. This is the way the fine Berlin castings are made. I have seen quite a number of these castings made in our country, by a Berlin workman, who was in my employ.—A SUBSCRIBER *in Scientific American.*

MECHANICAL GENIUS.—The Paris *Patrie* contains the following:—"A youth, aged eighteen, belonging to a respectable family of Paris, had, about a year ago, been condemned for theft to five year's imprisonment. His conduct in prison being quite exemplary, he gained the good opinion of the Director, who soon remarked in him a peculiar aptness for mechanical contrivances. A few days ago he begged the Director to tell him what o'clock it was, that he might set his watch. 'You have a watch, then?' asked the Director. 'Only since yesterday, sir,' said the prisoner; and to the astonishment of the Director, produced one made of straw! The little masterpiece is two and a half inches in diameter, about half an inch thick, and will go for three hours without winding up. The dial-plate is of paper, and a pretty straw chain is attached to the whole. The instruments the prisoner had at his command were two needles, a pin, a little straw, and thread. Several persons of distinction, moved by the surprising genius for mechanics, are now endeavoring to obtain his liberation."

CRYSTALLIZATION OF IRON.—At a meeting of the Society of Civil Engineers, in England, one of the members stated that a large anchor, which had been in store for more than a century at Woolwich Dock, and was supposed to be made of extremely good iron, had been recently tested as an experiment, and had broken instantly with a comparatively small strain, the fracture presenting large crystals. In this case the effect was believed to be produced by magnetic influences, dependent on the length of time the iron had been in the same position. Another member stated that at the gas works, under his direction, wrought iron fire-bars, though more expensive, were generally preferred. A pan of water was kept beneath them, the steam from which would speedily cause them to become magnetic. He stated, further, that he had frequently seen these bars, when thrown down, break into three pieces, with a crystalline fracture.

SEPARATING BRAN FROM STARCH.—A correspondent states that in the manufacture of starch the finer particles of bran penetrate through the finest sieves, and that an improvement which would remedy this evil would be valuable.

A TUNNEL is about to be commenced through Mount Cenis, in Sardinia, which will not be less than six and a half miles in length.

A WASP'S nest usually contains fifteen or sixteen thousand cells.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NOT ALONE.

MIDNIGHT watches round me keeping,
Nightly dews are o'er me weeping,
Zephyrs moan:
Silence reigns o'er vale and hill,
Every living voice is still,
O'er me comes a secret chill—
I'm alone!

All alone! I pause to listen,
While the stars look down and glisten
One by one;
Nature's strains that sweetly flow,
Gentle breezes as they blow,
Whisper to me, soft and low,
"Not alone."

Not alone, is round me sighing,
While my heart the sound replying,
All must own.
Mem'ry's voices greet my ear,
Voic s that I used to hear
Seem to murmur, sweet and clear,
"Not alone."

"Not alone!" now sweeter pealing
Is the sound, like angel's breathing
In its tone:
Loved ones' forms now seem to be
Ever watching over me,
Loved ones that I used to see,—
I'm not alone.

Not alone: the Spirit ever
Silent speaks, yet ceaseth never
From His Throne.
Be that Heavenly voice my guide,
Be that Spirit at my side,
Then whatever may betide,
I'm not alone.

Nunda, N. Y., 1857. LYRA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

CHILDHOOD LESSONS.—NO. II.

"ELSIE! ELSIE!" "Yes, Mother, here I am," and the little girl left her seat on the door-step, and came and stood by her Mother's side. "See, ELSIE, I have filled this little basket with things which sick EUNICE needs, and I want you to carry them to her. There, it is ready now, and here is your bonnet," said the good woman, bending to kiss her daughter. The child took the basket and ran down the steps with a light heart. She stopped for her little playmate, SARA W——, and together they hastened to the miserable hovel where the sufferer lay. As they approached the door, they drew nearer each other, half-afraid to enter, for within they caught a glimpse of drunken GEORGE, the husband of poor EUNICE. But ELSIE's moral courage would not allow her to turn back with her errand of mercy undone, so she stepped across the threshold, just as the reeling man, unable longer to withstand the stupefying effects of the liquor, sank with an oath to the floor. She went to the side of the bed, and gently asked the invalid if she was not better. "Better! Oh, no, no!" moaned the woman, clasping her hands with a sudden effort. "Mother sent me," continued the little girl, "with these nice things for you."

"Your Mother?" said the woman, "she is an angel. And, child, may you never leave that Mother's arms to become the wife of a drunkard. Never, never, marry a man who loves the wine-cup." She spoke so earnestly, and there was such a wild light in her eyes, that ELSIE was half-frightened, and began rapidly to remove the things from the basket to a table which stood near; but the sick woman said she need not stay for that, her daughter would be in soon. She comprehended the child's feeling, and knew she wished to go. As she passed out, ELSIE looked once more at the prostrate figure on the floor, then hurried on.

"It is dreadful,—I shall never forget it," she said, as she rejoined SARA. They walked along silently for a little while; at last ELSIE said, "don't you feel very bad sometimes because your brother drinks?"

"Why, CHARLIE don't drink," said SARA.

"Oh! yes he does; when I was at your house last night, your Mother gave him some wine,—don't you remember? You drank some too."

"Well, we all drink *wine*, but then CHARLIE will never be a *drunkard*."

"How can you tell?" persisted ELSIE. "Mother says GEORGE was once a very nice man, and his only fault was wine-drinking. I wish you would ask your brother not to drink any more."

"Hush!" said SARA, "there he is." They had reached the gate at SARA's home, and CHARLIE sat reading by an open window. ELSIE looked on his fine intellectual face, his beautiful dark curling hair, and wondered if they really could ever become as loathsome as those of the drunkard she had just seen. Then, with a sudden, childish impulse, she sprang past her playmate, through the open door, and stood by the side of the young man. He lifted his eyes from his book, and rested them on the child. She had never seemed beautiful to him before, but now there was a spiritual light playing over her earnest face, and she looked angelically fair. She laid one hand pleadingly on his arm, then in a low, tremulous tone, said to him, "*please never drink any more.*"

"Why, child, what do you mean?" said the astonished young man.

ELSIE's tears were falling fast now, but she succeeded in answering him. "If you drink wine now, I am so afraid that by and by you will be like drunken GEORGE."

CHARLIE paused for a moment, then, taking the little girl's hand very tenderly in his, he said:—"I do promise you ELSIE, never to drink another drop of wine. May GOD help me keep my promise;" then hurriedly left the room.

Was not that a time to be remembered? Have not the angels registered as holy, the hour wherein that young, weak child stood so beseechingly by the side of that noble man, and by her gentle prayer won him from the eternal ruin into which he seemed about to plunge?

This was years ago. ELSIE is a woman now, and has given "her hand with her heart in it," to CHARLIE W——, who well deserves her, for he has never drank any more wine. E. E.

Stout's Grove, Ill., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE LITTLE FROCK.

NOT a dress, but a *frock*, for it was made long time ago, when *dresses* were unknown. Neither is it a *white robe*, long enough to "reach to the floor," and so completely swaddling the tinny form it contained, that 'twas almost impossible to find its "*tiny wee footies*;"—but a *little* frock, the whole of it, waist and sleeves, scarcely longer than your arm—pretty, bright-colored, twilled chintz. To-day I found it in a chest of clothing and valuable relics, that once belonged to a dear departed Mother. How I gazed on the little, old fashioned relic of days gone by,—turning it over and over,—looking at the puffed waist and sleeves,—short, narrow bands, and bindings,—the puffs and ruffles,—then the fine, even stiches caught my eye, so many, and yet very true,—every seam and gather I closely examined. All showed that it was done by a neat and careful hand; but whose fingers took these countless stitches, and laid these numerous plaits? None but those of a gentle *Mother!* Oh! the thousand sad recollections memory recalls at the mention of *holy* name—*Mother*,—and the silent tear-drop unbidden flows, with the thought of that precious being, whose form was long years ago laid in the silent tomb.

Imagination carries me back, and I seem to see that dear loved one, with her soft brown hair, smoothly folded from her pure white brow,—and the mild blue eye sparkles with renewed luster, as with true motherly fondness she watches her darling child, as its little feet toddle over the floor,—its tiny hands are held up to her for support,—its merry laugh and wild crow of delight, as the feat is accomplished, are silvery echoes of music, filling her heart with joy as she clasps the precious darling in her arms, thanking GOD for her *treasure*.

Could that fond Mother have looked into the future, and known how soon she must yield her life to the *Great Giver*, would not her joy have turned to sadness, could she have seen the long years of lonely misery and suffering, portioned for that little child?

But weary years have passed since that fond Mother was carried from out her home, to the quiet church yard, and the flowers of many springs have blossomed, amid the beautiful green moss covering that cherished resting place,—and the gentle flowing brook, stills murmurs its low, sad requiem,—the same breezes wave the rose-tree, and sway the tall heavy grass,—the same bright sky shines above that sacred spot,—but the *child* who stood by the side of that open grave, with breaking heart, wondering *why* "*Mamma*" was put in the cold ground, has long since ceased to wear the *little frock*; the little feet which toddled over the smooth floor, have trod in "slippery places, and wandered in strange paths,"—the walk of life has been dark and rugged; sorrow and anguish have been heaped upon that sad heart, and bitterly it felt its loneliness without a *Mother's* breast on which to pillow the aching head. No cheering smiles or words to comfort; no Mother's hand to lead aright. But the memory of that sainted Mother's love has been the never-failing guiding star to noble duties, and the firm conviction that although an *angel* in Heaven, she is still the guardian of her lone *earth-child*,—ever watching and assisting,—has led to a perfect trust in the Father of the Fatherless, and a hope for rest in the final home of the Orphan. L. D. L.

Rocky Retreat, R. I., 1857.

THE GRAVE.

Oh, the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctuous throb, that even he should have warred against the mere handful of earth that lies mouldering before him? But the grave of those he loved, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand entertainments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy.

* * * * * * * *

Aye, go to the grave of buried love and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who never, never can return, to be soothed by contrition! If thou art a child, and has ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to the true heart that now lies cold beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious action, will come thronging back upon the memory and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.—*Washington Irving.*

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.—I must confess, as the experience of my own soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven, principally kindles my love to them while on earth. If I thought I should never know, and consequently never love them after this life, I should number them with temporal things, and love them as such; but I now delightfully converse with my pious friends in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them for ever; and I take comfort in those that are dead, or absent, believing that I shall shortly meet them in heaven and love them with a heavenly love.—*Baxter.*

THE GOODS OF LIFE.—Speaking of these, Sir William Temple says, "The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep; and the greatest medicine a true friend."

BE KIND.—Hard words are like hail-stones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINES.

BY RUFUS W. SMITH.

MORNING dawns with golden brightness,
Silvery dew-drops brightly blaze;—
Softly floats the bird's sweet music,
In melodious songs of praise.

Gentle, lovely, calm the morning;
Peaceful, silent and serene;—
Nature welcomes thee with pleasure,
With thy pure and lovely sheen.

Pleasant sunlight,—fair, sweet flowers,
Tokens of *Our Father's* love;—
Let thy presence e'er be with us,
Teaching us of GOD above.

Bedford, Ohio, 1857.

GOOD ADVICE.

IN reading authors, when you find
Bright passages that strike your mind,
And which, perhaps, you may have reason
To think of at another season,
Be not contented with the sight,
But take them down in black and white;
Such a respect is wisely shown,
To make another's sense one's own.

In conversation, when you meet
With persons cheerful and discreet,
That speak or quote in prose or rhyme,
Things facetious, or sublime,
Observe what passes, and anon,
When you come home, think thereupon;
Write what occurs, forget it not—
A good thing saved 's a good thing got.

[*Notes and Queries.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WEALTH OF THE UNFORTUNATE.

THERE is much beauty in that calm, soothing philosophy, which sees good in everything—which finds no position so deplorable as not to possess some advantage. And this philosophy is not less practical than beautiful; for it comes down to everyday trials and deprivations, never treading the mazy labyrinths of the speculative and unreal. Thus it becomes a sunbeam, lighting up the gloom beneath impending clouds of human trouble, opening long, cheering vistas through mists of perplexity to green fields and sunny vales beyond. Out of this genial philosophy have sprung the maxims "Make a virtue of necessity," "No loss without some gain," &c., while under its teaching was it that TENNYSON, in his Princess says:

——"I hold
That it becomes no man to nurse despair,
But in the teeth of clenched antagonisms
To follow up the worthiest till he die."

Let glory like a halo of light encircle the names of liberty's heroes, and the martyrs of sacred truth. Let the memory of those towering, daring minds which have illuminated the dark regions of the Past with the bright and abundant scintillations of their own brilliant intellects, be ever green and fresh; but let the hearts' purest, fondest emotions of sympathy be kindled for the unfortunate, yet *fortunate* possessors of this Heaven-given philosophy.

No one will deny that the reign of sorrow on earth is sad and tearful; but in this habit of looking only on the bright side, lies hidden the secret of much joy. By this habitude of mind, all circumstances have charms. There's a pale, emaciated girl, with care-worn cheeks, thread-bare garments and languid eye, yet full of love. She lives, reader, not far from you. She has a mother, old, infirm, almost helpless. Stitches, ceaseless stitches at late hours by a miserable light for the last few months, have been their only support!—Now *memory*, which should only *cheer* the young and innocent, *harrows* them with the light of other and better days; sore want and ghastly starvation stare them rudely in the face, while expectation pictures the unknown future with horrid, chilling visions. Truly unenviable, yet touchingly painful their condition. Driven to it by no crime, the victims of misfortune, not of vice—who, fortune-favored, can possess riches such as exist in that girl's silent reflections and purposes, as she muses with tears even, as the consciousness of having struggled nobly, though ineffectually with Poverty—earth's crushing misery swells her bosom and she thinks, how, for the world, she would not relinquish the precious task of nursing that dear old mother. Oh, there is more of virtuous happiness in hovels than men dream of.

I know a youth—the world calls him poor. Yet is he rich in character, in aspirations, and in hopes. What though he is obliged to educate himself alone! His attainments are all the more surprising and praiseworthy. True he mourns as he toils, that he cannot devote himself wholly to the work of mental culture, under good teachers. Now others lean upon him for support. And he feels, if only not burdened thus, how easily alone and unaided he would seek his way through the pearly gates which open to the fields of knowledge; but no; age clings with its tendrils of affection to the young offshoot, and bows its vigorous energies, though still it stretches away onward and upward toward the light.

While the rich son of indulging and fond parents, is censured for not possessing accomplishments, supposed by the world to be contingent to a position of plenty and ease, and for many habits and uses, *not* supposed to be the natural results of exterior circumstances, but of vitiated taste, the son of poverty is acknowledged superior—is spoken of as one who will surely *be somebody*, while the best wishes of all are with him, in sorrow or success.

While the fine appearance and social advantages of the one give him ready access to peoples' drawing-rooms and company, the genuine worth, modest, unaffected bearing, and pure mind of the other, secure him not only the same privileges, but also the additional one, of ready access to the hearts of all the good and true. Earth has, indeed, for him trouble—for whom has it not? Yet sympathy makes even grief a blessing. Who would forego the sweet experience of interchanged sympathy, and live, all uncaring and uncared for, to secure a release from Grief? Oh! I would not exchange, were it mine, one hour of that poor boy's experience, full of care and struggling as it is—one blessing, midst her tears, of the grateful mother upon her devoted girl, for a life-time of selfish, purse-proud happiness in inglorious ease.

"There is a joy in worth,
A high, mysterious, soul pervading charm;
Which, never daunted, ever bright and warm,
Mocks at the idle shadowy ills of earth;
Amid the gloom is bright and tranquil in the storm."

Honeoye, N. Y., 1857. M. M. M.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

COUNTENANCES.

A PANORAMA, constantly changing in its scenes and almost endless in its extent, daily passes before us. We look and wonder as the scenes flit by, and are gone—perhaps forever. There is every kind of face and form, of light and shade.—A merry countenance shines out upon us amid strange surroundings. Care-worn, selfish faces are about it,—so dark it is strange they do not quench all the light and sunshine of that merry heart—but it bids all care depart and smiles on. It is gone. We saw it for a moment only, but it has given rise to many pleasant thoughts, and we bless the heart of one whose presence is a light and joy to the stranger hearts about him.

The moving canvass brings before us another face. The gloomy brow, the scornful lip, the flashing eye, dark, hateful lines of passion, remind us of the troubled waters which neither rest nor purify themselves by their tumultuous motion.—We shudder as we look on the dark repelling countenance, and wonder how that which GOD created fair and pleasant to look upon can be marred by passion.

Another, a face which moves both our admiration and our pity, has taken its place. A child's face, possessed by one of manly years. We admire the purity and gentleness of the expression; but we miss the energy and decision which should characterize one who has the heart to appreciate all that is pure, beautiful and good. Dark foreshadowings of a stormy future, when strength and firmness will be needed in the busy scenes of life, and when delightful day-dreams and noble aspirations cannot take the place of the decided manly action which GOD will call for, move us to pity.

But this, like the others, has gone, and a despairing, troubled face looks at us through the shadowy light. A face which speaks to us of weary hours—of life a burden—of tossings upon the dark sea of doubt and fear—of the want of that hope which is as "an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast."

Misanthropic faces look out with black malignity and smile scornfully upon the unappreciative crowd. Angel faces, pure and holy, appear in the changing scene looking upon us with pitying eyes and beckoning us to come with them up higher.—Faces, too, which speak of noble aims in life, and hearts strong to dare and do for the right.

Oberlin, Ohio, 1857. JEANNIE LINSTED.

THE OLD TINDER BOX.

WHAT an eloquent lecture might be delivered upon the old fashioned tinder box, illustrated by the one experiment of "striking a light." In that box lie, cold and motionless, the flint and steel, rude in form and crude in substance. And yet within the breast of each, there lies a spark of that grand element which influences every atom of the universe; a spark which could invoke the fierce agents of destruction to wrap their blasting flames around a stately forest, or a crowded city, and sweep it from the surface of the world; or which might kindle the genial blaze upon the homely hearth, and shed a radiant glow upon a group of smiling faces; a spark such as that which rises with the curling smoke from the village blacksmith's forge—or that which leaps with terrific wrath from the troubled breast of a Vesuvius.—And then the tinder—the cotton—the carbon.—What a tale might be told of the cotton field where it grew, of the black slave who plucked it, of the white toiler who spun it into a garment, and of the village beauty who wore it—until, faded and despised, it was cast among a heap of old rags, and finally found its way to the tinder box. Then the tinder might tell of its hopes; how, though, now a blackened mass, soiling everything that touched it, it would soon be wedded to one of the greatest ministers of nature, and fly away on transparent wings, until resting upon some Alpine tree, it would make its home among the green leaves, and for a while live in freshness and beauty, looking down upon the peaceful vale. Then the steel might tell its story, how for centuries it lay in deep caverns of the earth, until man with his unquiet spirit dug down to the dark depths, and dragged it forth, saying, "No longer be at peace." Then would come tales of the fiery furnace, what fire had done for steel, and what steel had done for fire. And then the flint might tell of the time when the weather-bound mariners, lighting their fires upon the Syrian shore, melted silicious stones into gems of glass, and thus led the way to the discovery of the transparent pane that gives a crystal inlet to the light of our homes; of the mirror in whose face the lady contemplates her charms; of the microscope and the telescope, by which the invisible are brought to sight, and the distant drawn near; of the prism by which Newton analysed the rays of light; and of the photographic camera in which the sun prints with his own rays the pictures of his own adorning. And then both flint and steel might relate their adventures in the battle-field, whither they had gone together, and of fights they had seen, in which man struck down his fellow-man, and like a fiend had revelled in his brother's blood. Thus, even from the cold hearts of flint and steel, man might learn a lesson, which should make him blush at the "glory of war;" and the proud, who despise the teachings of small things, might learn to appreciate the truths that are linked to the story of a "Tinder box."—*The Reason Why.*

THE soul, considered abstractedly from its passion, is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its resolves, and languishing in its executions.—The use, therefore, of the passions, is to stir it up, and to put it upon action, and awaken the understanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the prosecution of his designs.

SANCTIFIED afflictions are spiritual promotions.

PRETENDED ARISTOCRACY.

THERE is a great deal of humbug and shame-faced deceit in the world now-a-days, and we have been not a little amused by the pretensions made to rank and title by some whose ancestry were not unwilling to own that they earned their daily bread by "the sweat of their brow." Those who assume for themselves a superiority of station over their fellows, are generally descended from parents who claimed no pre-eminence for their high birth or degree. By fortune favored, they have been placed in a position in life to command respect—for their money, and believing gold to be the title to aristocracy, they assume a haughty demeanor, and say to the less fortunate, "I am holier than thou." Strange, that those who, in their younger days, were wont to associate with the offspring of "common people," should arrogate to themselves superiority over the honest mechanic and laborer—the very support of our country. The nobleman is to be distinguished by his manners, and not by the amount of his ducats.

"True is, that whilom that good spirit said,
That gentle mind by gentle deed is known;
For man by nothing is so well bewray'd
As by his manners, in which plain is shown
Of what degree and what race he is grown."

We honor and respect the man who strives to maintain the dignity of whatever station he may occupy in life, but there are so many whose pride is the basis of their claim to aristocracy, that we cannot but smile as they exhibit their weakness. Low birth is no crime, and he who calls the poor seamstress "Mother," is equal, in all respects—provided he is a man—to him who was nurtured and reared in the cradle of luxury.

"Titles of honor add not to his worth,
Who is an honor to his title."

Beneath the homespun raiment of the hard-fisted son of toil, there may beat a heart as sensible to high and noble feelings as can be found back of the silks, satins and broadcloths of wealth. The germs of greatness are hidden in the recesses of labor, and from time to time develop themselves to startle and astonish the world. All the great men of the land, in early life, were poor and without position. The innate spirit of nobleness, that finally claimed acknowledgment from the people, was not the result of title or proud position. It sprung from the heart of honor and virtue, unadorned by wealth, or fortune, or by rank.

"Whoe'er amidst the sods
Of reason, valor, liberty and virtue,
Displays distinguishments, is a noble
Of Nature's own creation."

WANTED, "EVENINGS AT HOME."

NOT the interesting and instructive book under that title, but the very scenes which the book delineates—and which, unless we mistake, are fast vanishing away, and will soon be, if they are not already, among the things that have been, but are not.

An Evening at Home, how is it to be found?—Just mark the calls for public and social meetings, read in your church on the next Sabbath, and advertised by the various moral and literary associations of the city—and what evening is left for a quiet communion with your own family, or a social call on a friend? What room is there for thorough family instruction? Their father is away at the store or office all the day, and the mother has her work, and the children are at school,—now, if there is a meeting to call the family out every evening, what time is left for household teaching? There is much truth, with perhaps a slight coloring of exaggeration, in the anecdote given in the January number of Harper's Magazine, of a gentleman who had failed in business, and, when asked what he intended to do, replied, "I shall remain at home awhile, and get acquainted with my family."

We believe this constant drawing away from home and home influence is demoralizing; and that it is time Christians should inquire, whether one reason why they do not grow more rapidly in grace and knowledge, is not, that they are ever hearing, and never meditating on what they hear—ever running from meeting to meeting, and never at home. Is there not great danger that "home" influences will lose their charm, when we come there only to eat and sleep, offering indeed the morning and evening prayer, but never sitting down with the household in the sweet communion and precious instruction, that were always found in the olden times, when, both on the Sabbath and during the week, families had some "Evenings at home."—*Mirror.*

A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.

IT is simply, when you rise in the morning, to form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done—a left-off garment, to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles, in themselves, light as air—will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. Look at the result:—You send one person—only one, happily through the day; that is, three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year—and supposing you live forty years only, after you commence this course, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at all events, for a time. Now, worthy reader, is this not simple? and is it not worth accomplishing? We do not often indulge in a moral dose—but this is so small a pill, that one needs no red currant jelly to disguise its flavor, and requires to be taken but once in a day, that we feel warranted in prescribing it. It is most excellent for digestion, and a producer of pleasant slumber.—*London Atlas.*

THE SPHERES OF THE SEXES.—All circumstances well examined, there can be no doubt Providence has willed that man should be the head of the human race, even as woman is its heart; that he should be its strength, as she is its solace; that he should be its wisdom, as she is its grace; that he should be its mind, its impetus, and its courage, as she is its sentiment, its charm, and its consolation.—*Sir T. Fowell Buxton.*

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

YESTERDAY.

WHERE are the bright hopes buried, and the joys
That shed their hallowed radiance o'er our way?
The saddened heart turns mourning to their grave,
And whispers, they were lost with yesterday.

The happiness that lights the eye of youth,
With innocence and virtue's kindliest ray;—
How has it faded with the sun that shone
On the glad earth, in splendor, yesterday!

The love that guided and controll'd the soul,
So prone to wander from the narrow way—
The voice that gently wooed our hearts from sin.
Rest with the precious gems of yesterday.

And they, whose presence made our being blest,
Their smiles the sunlight of earth's shadowy way—
They, though our spirits yearned and wept for them,
They, too, have gone from us, with yesterday.

Now from that Future, where we loved to dwell
In those past hours, ere sorrow's darksome ray
Had turned our thought from peace, we render back
In mournful tones, our wail for yesterday.

The blessings, heaven so graciously bestowed—
Oh, were they *now* our solace and our stay!
So oft unheeded! Can their light have flown
Forever with the light of yesterday?

One hope is left—oh, GOD that hope is Thee!
Teach us to turn our thoughts from earth away,
Trusting that in Thy land we yet shall find,
Undimmed, aye, brightened, our lost yesterday.

Hastings, N. Y., 1857. ROSELIA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TO-MORROW.

THE *present* OURS,—the *future* rests with GOD.

"I WILL think of these things *to-morrow*," said the votary of pleasure, as the still small voice of conscience whispered that he was perilling his immortal soul for that "which satisfieth not."—Alas! for the *morrow*, to *him* it never came; "that night his soul was required of him."

"I will reform *to-morrow*," said the poor inebriate in reply to the pleadings of his wife and family; but that night reason tottered on her throne, and the *morrow* found him a raving madman.

"I will arise and go to my father," said the unhappy prodigal,—"*to-morrow* I will confess my errors—I will say father, I have sinned before heaven and in thy sight,"—but ere the *morrow* dawned his father was no more.

"I will certainly give up my evil associates; *to-morrow* I will enter upon a new course of life;"—such was the resolve of one who had fallen into bad company—but that night, maddened with wine and infuriated with anger, he lifted his hand against his fellow, and the mark of Cain was on his brow. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," for who can tell what a day may bring forth. MRS. PIDSLEY.

Truxton, N. Y., 1857.

THE USES OF HOME.

WHERE lie the clearest proofs of a heavenly watchfulness over our heads, if not in the shelters where we lay those heads at night? Consider what securities home affections bind about tempted virtue; how the man of business carries a zone of moral purity woven about him by the caresses of children, from his house to the market-place; how the false and fraudulent purpose, half conceived in the counting-room, is rebuked and put to shame by the innocence that gazes into his eyes and clings about his neck when he goes home and shuts the door on the world at night. Consider what a hindrance household love interposes to stay the erring feet of dissipation—what a triple shield it holds up against the sins of prodigality, indulgence, or dishonor! Consider that, with most of us, whatever impulses of generosity visit the soul, whatever prayers we breathe, whatever holy vows of religious consecration we pledge, whatever aspiring resolves we form, are apt to spring up within the sacred enclosures of the house!—Consider how the mere memory of that spot, with all its precious endearments, goes forth with the traveler, sails with the sailor, keeps vigils over the exposed heart among the perils of the foreign city, sweetens the feverish dreams and softens the pain of the sickly climate, and, by calling his love homeward, calls his faith to Heaven! Consider that the discipline of disease, the purification of bereavement, the tears of mourners, are all elements in the sanctity of home; that closets of devotion are parts of the architecture of the house; that Bibles are opened on its tables; that the eyes of new-born children open, and their first breaths are drawn in its chambers; and that the dead body is borne out of its doors;—how fast do the gathering proofs accumulate, that the human dwelling is a sanctuary of the Most High!—*Huntington.*

DO NOT CONDEMN HASTILY.—Be patient with your erring brethren; for God is very patient with you, and it is your duty to imitate your Father in Heaven as much as possible. For one or two acts which may be proved to be wrong, do not condemn and cast out forever a brother beloved. You may not understand the whole case, and if you were faithfully and prayerfully to visit that brother, and labor with that brother, as Christ has labored with you, he might be saved. We cannot always see into the heart, and our judgment would perhaps be condemned as often as approved by our Savior. Instead of casting stones at an individual, we would often, if we knew and felt as Jesus does, sympathizingly say to the erring, "Go and sin no more." We are not called upon to exercise judgment so much as mercy and love.

LAST WORDS OF PRESIDENT EDWARDS.—When the great theologian was dying, having taken leave of his family, he looked about and said: "Now, where is Jesus of Nazareth, my true and never failing friend?" and so he fell asleep and went to the Lord he loved. How unfailing is the instinct which leads the pious heart to cry out for Jesus in the last hour! The mighty intellect of Edwards after all its acquisitions during a life of usefulness, must then lean upon the Savior's arm with the same helpless dependence as a young child just able to syllable that precious name.

THE PIANO FORTE:

ITS ORIGIN, HISTORY, AND MANUFACTURE.

From Graham's Magazine.

IT is but a few years since the Piano Forte was a rare and expensive article of ornamental luxury, in which, by reason of its extravagant cost, and scarcity of performers, only a favored few might indulge. But now, when a knowledge of the piano forte constitutes an important part of female education throughout our land, and the price of the instrument is brought within the bounds of moderation, it has become an almost indispensable requisite in every parlor; and as our numerous lady friends are supposed to have that taste for music, which so universally accompanies a love for the fine arts, we have thought that an article like the present could not fail to interest the vast majority of our readers.

Therefore, upon the inspiration derived from a visit to the extensive manufactory of Messrs. BOARDMAN, GRAY & Co., at Albany, N. Y., whose pianos have attained a world-wide celebrity, we have essayed to write of piano fortes generally, and of those of Messrs. BOARDMAN, GRAY & Co., in particular.

ORIGIN OF THE PIANO FORTE.

The first rude idea, from which was developed, step by step, the conception of a piano forte, was probably suggested by the *psalterion*, or *tympanum*, an ancient instrument similar to that now known as the dulcimer, which was simply a box, across which wires were extended, and tuned so as to form a perfect scale. It was played upon by means of light wooden hammers or rods, with which the performer, holding one in each hand, struck the strings. It was much used by the ancient Hebrews, and by them called *Nebel*. The *kanoon*, common among the Egyptians, is of similar form, and is supposed to have originated with the Greeks.

We regard as next in order, the *Clavichord*, an improvement upon the psalterion in the addition of a *clavier* (from *clavis*, a key,) or key-board, by means of which little plates of copper were made to act upon the strings. Afterwards came the *Clavictherium*, with strings of gut, which were acted upon by soft leather hammers put in motion by the keys.

The *Virginal*, made memorable by the English Palestrina, William Byrde, and others, was a keyed instrument, with metallic strings vibrated by quills attached to the end of the lever or key. It is said that Queen Elizabeth was not only very fond of the virginal, but was herself an exceedingly skillful performer upon it.

The *Spinet* was originally called the "crouched harp," the tone of which was produced in a manner similar to that of the virginal. It is an instrument of great antiquity, and received its present name from its quills, denominated in Latin *spinae*. From the form of the spinet, was probably derived the idea of a square piano forte. The date of its origin is not certainly known, but it was certainly anterior to the *Harpsichord*, which, according to M. Fetis, was in existence previous to 1530. This instrument, now nearly obsolete, was in shape somewhat like the modern grand piano, and had two key-boards, which could be used separately or together; in the latter case, the keys of the upper board giving at the same touch, the octave above those of the lower. The action consisted of a key, and what was called a *jack*, which was a piece of pear tree, with a small moveable tongue of white holly, through which was passed a cutting of crow-quill, to touch the strings by the action of the jack. Some writer has sarcastically compared the tone of the harpsichord to a "scratch with a sound at the end of it." However, it is entitled to veneration as having been the instrument upon which were developed some of the noblest inspirations of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, the Bachs, Clementi, and others of immortal renown.

The tone of all these instruments being more or less harsh and disagreeable, a manufacturer in Paris named MARIUS, substituted small hammers in the place of quills. Soon afterwards CHRISTOFERO a Florentine, advanced this discovery so, much that his instrument may be said to have been the basis of all subsequent improvements. A brief description of the invention, announced that, by these new improvements, it could be made to play both *piano* and *forte*, (Ital. soft and loud,) hence the adoption of the name *Piano Forte*, which was first applied to the instrument of CHRISTOFERO.

These and other new modifications, however, received no decided marks of public favor, until about the year 1760, when ZTUMPF, (or ZUMPE,) a London maker, was so successful in the construction of them, with additional improvements, that he soon retired with a handsome fortune.

At this period the continent was mainly supplied from the English manufacture, but at length a successful rivalry was commenced in Germany by HERR SILBERMAN, and at Paris, in 1776, by the brothers ERARD, who were the first in France to construct pianos upon the new plan. Still, the English, for a long time, maintained the superiority, and the piano fortes of ZTUMPF, KIRKMAN, BROADWOOD, CLEMENTI & Co., and others, containing new and valuable additions and improvements, continued to be sought for, the world over. Afterward, Vienna, and various parts of Germany, shared in the popular favor.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURE.

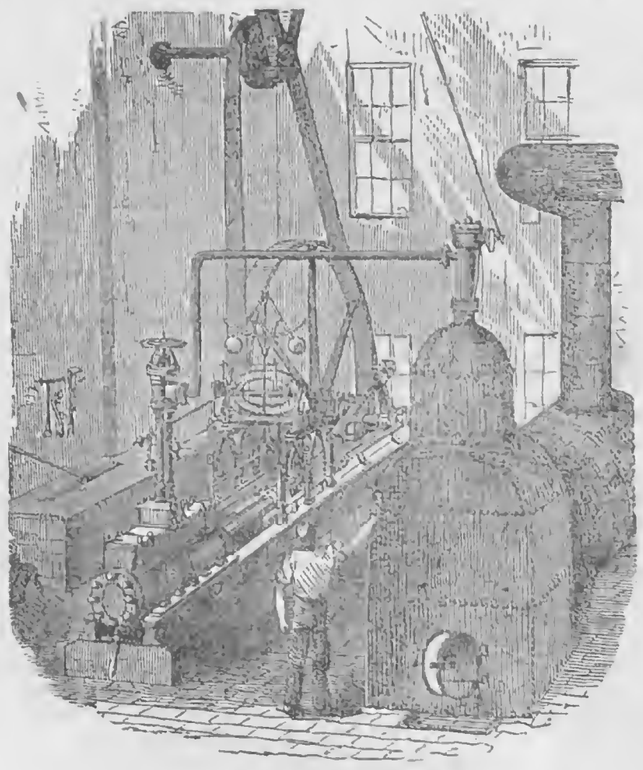
For many years after the settlement of this country, all piano fortes were imported from Europe, but the humidity of the atmosphere during the long passage across the ocean, was found to open the joints, crack the wood, rust the wires, and otherwise injure the instruments so much, as in many instances to entirely ruin them. This, among other causes, led to the construction of pianos in America.

At first, deficient in skill and taste, our artists were not very successful; but they possessed ingenuity and perseverance, while experience soon gave them the rest, so that now, for excellence of material, elegance in style and finish, faithful workmanship, and above all, for permanence, volume, richness, and brilliancy of tone, American pianos challenge competition from all parts of the world.

Prominent among the best of American piano forte makers, stands the enterprising firm of BOARDMAN, GRAY & Co., Albany, N. Y., manufacturers of the celebrated *Dolce Campana* and *Corrugated Sounding-Board* Piano Fortes.

Possessing superior skill, fine taste, great business tact, and the means to carry on an extensive business, with over twenty years of practical experience in all the branches of piano forte making, it is not a matter of wonder that they have attained an enviable superiority. Let us glance at the interior as well as exterior of their extensive manufactory, which is certainly a model of its kind.

The building, which is of brick, is situated on the corner of Broadway and North Ferry streets, with a front on three streets of 342 feet, and is five stories in height. Passing into the office, at the right of the grand entrance, and putting ourselves under guardianship of one of the gentlemanly proprietors, we are escorted first to the



ENGINE AND BOILER.

ENGINE-ROOM,

where we find a model steam-engine of forty horse power, which, while it drives all the machinery of the vast establishment, does its work with such ease, and so silently, that we may stand within a few feet, and scarcely be aware of its presence. All the purposes of heating in the building are answered by steam from the boiler, passing thro' over twelve thousand feet of iron pipe, so arranged that not only the temperature of each room can be regulated as desired, but also heating the large drying-rooms, and the ovens in which are prepared the materials for gluing and veneering.

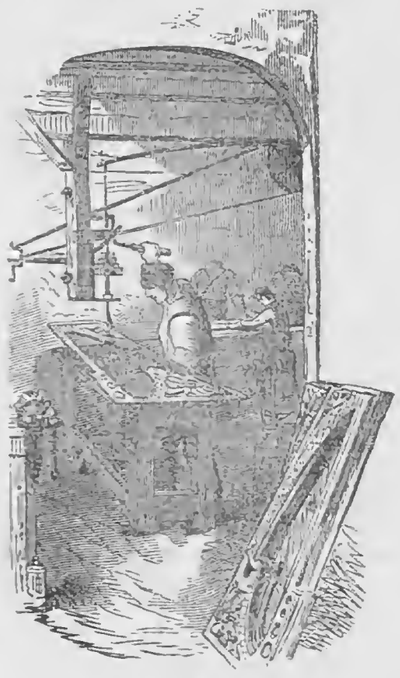
We next proceed to the room where workmen are busy in smoothing and polishing the heavy *iron frames*, which have just been brought from the furnace in the rough state. They are then ready for the most perfect *Drilling Machine* we ever saw, by which, in each plate for a seven octave piano forte, there are drilled upward of four hundred and fifty holes, in about two hundred and fifty of which iron pins are firmly riveted for attaching the strings, etc.

The drilling requires the utmost exactness, as the slightest variation might cause much trouble in stringing the instrument. These massive iron frames give a firmness to the piano forte unattainable by any other method, and their use has done much to give Messrs. B., G. & Co. their celebrity for making instruments of great durability.

Come with us now to the noisy

MACHINE-ROOM,

where the lumber, after having been dried for years in the spacious sheds, at the rear of the yard, is brought to be sawed and planed to the various forms required for use, when it is taken to the large drying-room, where at a temperature of 100 deg. Fahr., it is further seasoned for from six to twelve months.



DRILLING MACHINE.

Apropos—we quote the following from *Moore's Encyclopedia of Music:*

"A FEW WORDS TO THOSE WHO WOULD SELECT A PIANO FORTE.—The tone of this instrument depends almost wholly upon the seasoning of the wood, particularly in that part of it called the sound-board, which should consist of the finest spruce, or pine, similar to that used in the upper side of a violin. The case, too, has some influence upon the quality of its voice, and the mechanical part should never be formed of green wood.—Therefore it is always best to purchase an instrument from those factories whose means enable them to expose their materials to heat and cold, in fact to all vicissitudes of seasons, for years together. It is most important that the wood forming the block upon which the wires are strung, should be thoroughly seasoned, as it is termed, for if untempered timber be used, the instrument not only will not remain in tune, but the quality of the tone will be very greatly injured. A poor man may be a good *artisan*, but he cannot produce, in every respect, a good or durable piano forte.—Moreover, the shape or the form of an instrument, has something to do with its musical quality. To those who wish a piano forte merely as a handsome piece of furniture, it were well to recommend the various modifications of upright constructions, in handsome cases of mahogany, rose, or zebra wood; but to the musician, amateur, or artist, it would be better to advise the choice of a good square or grand piano; they have better tone, are more durable, and their action is less liable to be out of order."

In the machine-room are also made the "bottoms" of all the cases; these are constructed in the most thorough manner, and as all the materials have been seasoned for years, they cannot be affected by any change of climate, or yield in the least to the tension of the strings, amounting to several tons.*

Now step upon this platform; we touch a lever, and a steam elevator carries us to the next floor, in the midst of the busy

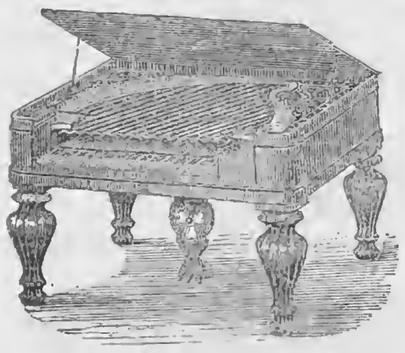
CASE-MAKING DEPARTMENT,

occupying three adjoining rooms, giving an aggregate length of 175 feet, each of which is furnished with its steam ovens, glue-heaters and every facility for carrying on this branch of the business in all its forms, from the plain "square" to the most elaborately carved "grand." The rim and top of the case being made and veneered, they are firmly secured to the bottom, braced and blocked in the strongest possible manner, when it is ready to receive the Sounding-Board and Iron Frame.

Both the volume and quality of tone, depend to so great an extent upon the sounding-board, that it is justly regarded as one of the most important points in the manufacture of a good piano forte. It was formerly supposed to be necessary that this should be made of "Swiss Fir," but while the British ports were closed during the revolutionary war, necessity obliged makers to try the American white spruce, which was found equal in all respects to the former material. In this department Messrs. BOARDMAN, GRAY & Co. have applied one of the most valuable of all improvements in the piano forte, by the introduction of their patent

CORRUGATED SOUNDING-BOARD,

which adds one-half more vibrating surface to the board, thereby largely increasing the volume of sound, while it gives a peculiar, bold distinctness to the tone, without at all impairing its richness.



CORRUGATED BOARD IN PIANO FORTE.

Another very important advantage derived from the use of the corrugated board is, that as from its peculiar construction, it cannot warp out of shape or place, it entirely avoids the danger of splitting or "checking," so common in the ordinary board. Thus it not only adds materially to the quantity and good quality of the tone, but also renders the piano forte more durable and less liable to be affected by any changes of temperature or climate. The cut gives quite a correct representation of a piano minus the strings, with the front portion of the case and iron frame cut away, *showing the corrugated board.* This invention has been thoroughly tested in the manufacture of over 1,500 of them, *not one of which has ever failed in any respect.* It was patented by Messrs. BOARDMAN, GRAY & Co. in 1855, and has received the highest commendations throughout the United States.

Now that the sounding-board, with its graceful miniature waves, is properly placed so as to have the greatest possible amount of vibrating power, the iron frame is to be fitted over all. Here the ingenious skill of Messrs. B. G. & Co. is again displayed in a recent invention, (secured by letters patent, applied for,) by which the *massive iron frame is entirely separated from all contact, or connection in any manner with the sounding-board.*

The only objection to the iron frame pianos has arisen from the deadening effect produced by the partial resting of such a mass of metal upon the sounding-board. This new improvement, however, entirely obviates that difficulty, as the iron frame is *suspended from the bottom of the case*, by bolts of peculiar construction, in such a manner as to sustain the immense strain of the strings with the utmost firmness and security, while the sounding-board is left perfectly free, and also gains in amount of surface. Thus it produces a much more pure, full, and rich quality of tone than is possible when its power is limited by contact with the heavy mass of metal. The iron frame having been firmly secured and cemented, the mute skeleton is ready to receive its organs of speech—the strings, which are of the finest steel wire, highly polished.

[Concluded next week.]

* A careful experiment, made at our suggestion, to ascertain the actual amount of strain or traction upon a piano forte, resulted as follows:—One of Messrs. Boardman, Gray & Co.'s seven octave instruments was selected, and upon this it was found that "middle C" required a draught of 145¾ lbs., the string two octaves above 115¾ lbs., and *C C* two octaves below, 132 lbs., giving an average of 131 lbs. to each string. Now as there are 162 strings in the piano, we have a total draught of 21,222 pounds, *a trifle over nine and a half tuns!* If we take the same proportion for a *Grand* of 237 strings, we have 30,947 pounds, *almost fourteen tuns!* which is less than the actual amount, as the base strings are of much greater length in the grand than in the square piano.

THE WORDS WE USE.

BABIES are natural productions, but many adults become altogether artificial, and in nothing more than in the words they use.

Not long ago we heard a little man laboring in a field of words bigger than himself, turning over huge sesquipedalian affairs—twelve inches to the foot—as if they had been so many logs, and he Hercules.

It is worthy of remark, that none but common people ever "go to bed" or bid you "good night;" they invariably "retire" or give you "good evening." Nobody is a "woman" that doesn't work out for a living. Invalids do not "get well;" they only "convalesce;" ladies dispose their head dresses, though they never comb their hair; when gentlemen eat cold beans, they dignify it into partaking of a "slight repast;" there hasn't been such a thing as a naked Cupid in several years; it is only "nude;" and the "posies" are all bouquets.

Plain Saxon is fig-leaved, and household words are tricked out with Latin and Greek aprons, as if,

"In Adam's fall,
They sin-ned all."

Let a man put on a jacket—price ten shillings—and nobody would suspect him of having done anything so grand as making his toilette. We were greatly impressed with the refinement of a lady who fairly awed us with the inquiry if we would have some "asparrowgrass," giving us to understand that she used no such plebeian term as "sparrergrass." She might very well have been the identical personage who contemplated building a pizarro around the house.

It is a curious fact that if a man is quite angry, or thoroughly in earnest, he proceeds at once to the work of expressions without aprons, and talks plain English. We should have added, and terribly frightened, did not the "*exorciso te*" of Dominie Sampson come to mind, when he encountered Meg Merrilies, and his Latin stood its ground like a born Roman.

The dray horses hear better Saxon—but worse morality, it may be—than some of the audiences, *not* horses, that wait on public speakers; good, strong Saxon, as direct as a sunbeam: a little coarse, you say, but not coarser than is woven into songs that everybody, from Fletcher of Saltoun down to to-day, has wanted the making of, let alone the laws.

What can be more home-spun Saxon than.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

When a man grows eloquent, it is the Saxon element that lends wings to his thought; so whole paragraphs from Webster and Everett are all English, and whole columns from Sophomores are as full with Latin roots and Greek particularly, as Cicero's country seat, or an Athenian garden.—*B. F. Taylor.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year,	$2
Three Copies, "	$5
Five Copies, "	$8
Six Copies, and one free to agent,	$10
Ten Copies, and one free to agent,	$15

Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ A NEW HALF VOLUME commences July 4, and hence the present is a good time to form clubs for either Six Months or a Year. Agents and others will bear in mind that all subscriptions forwarding during the present month will count on Premiums. See Premium Lists on next page.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Brockport Collegiate Institute—David Burbank.
Chinese and African Sugar Cane—C. M. Saxton & Co.
Lindsey's Rotary and Force Lift Pump—James M. Edney.
Berries—An Invitation—H. H. Doolittle.
Bone Dust! Bone Dust!!—Harris & Preston.
Devons for Sale—Charles A. Ely.
Farm for Sale—W. F. Coates.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 25, 1857.

Our Township Premiums.

BELOW we give the awards to competitors for the Premiums offered for the largest seventeen lists of RURAL subscribers obtained previous to the 1st of July:

1st, S. E. NORTON, Phelps, N. Y., $150.
2d, C. STEKETEE, Gr. Rapids, Mich., $100.
3d, J. H. STANLEY, Le Roy, N. Y., $75.
4th, W. L. TUCKER, Palmyra, N. Y., $50.
5th, H. E. SMITH, Waterloo, N. Y., $30.
6th, M. HUTCHINSON, Gerard, Pa., $20.
7th, E. BIXBY, Stafford, N. Y., $15.

For the next five lists, $10 each, as follows:—J. Van Horn, Ovid, N. Y.; E. H. Gilbert, Nunda, N. Y.; D. Watrous, Lyons, N. Y.; H. C. Bingham, Brantford, C. W.; H. T. Kennedy, Marcellus, N. Y.

For the next five lists, $5 each, as follows:—L. C. Murdock, Dundee, N. Y.; E. A. Tinkham, Lima, N. Y.; J. Borst, Spencerport, N. Y.; R. D. Dickinson, Rose, N. Y.; J. S. Cooley, Canandaigua, N. Y.

Some of the above premiums have already been paid. Drafts or orders for the others will be duly honored—or payment made in copies of the RURAL—as preferred by those entitled.

We are not prepared to give the result of the competition for the State Premiums this week; but shall furnish it soon in a circular addressed to each person interested. The circular will also contain the above, and the result of the Christmas Premiums, (as published in the RURAL of Jan. 24,) together with the figures showing the number of subscribers obtained by each competitor, so that each and all may understand his relative position and see that the awards are impartial.

Though not prepared to give the whole result of the State Premiums, we can safely announce that the first premium for Mich., $50, is awarded to Mr. CORNELIS STEKETEE, who has obtained *three hundred and fifty-six subscribers*—the largest number procured by any competitor out of this State!—Mr. S. was awarded a Christmas Premium of $30, July do. of $100—making in all $180! He takes the banner this year, and is worthy of the honor. The first prize ($50) for Ohio goes to FRANK GRANGER, of Lucas county; the first for Pennsylvania to M. HUTCHINSON, of Erie Co.; the first for Indiana to G. W. ROBSON, of Marion Co.; the first for Wisconsin to M. E. CONGAR, of Walworth Co.; the first for Canada West to H. C. BINGHAM, of Brantford—all and singular of whom are ardent friends of the RURAL. The competitors for all our Large Premiums will soon receive a circular containing full and detailed particulars—and will meantime please accept our grateful acknowledgments for their zealous exertions in behalf of the RURAL.

Matters at Washington.

THE President made the following appointments on the 16th inst:—Richard Kidder Meade, Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary to Brazil. Benjamin F. Angel, of New York, Minister Resident at Sweden. Lyman B. S. Moor, of Maine, Consul General for the British North American Provinces from September next. Wm. Previtt, Consul at Valparaiso. Henry Owner, of California, Consul to the Tahiti Society Islands. John T. Portens, Consul to Oporto, Portugal. Charles Glantz, of Pa., Consul at Stettin, Prussia. Samuel G. Fabens, Consul at Cyanne. Francis M. Wicks, of Florida, Consul at Santa Martha, New Grenada. James C. Dirickson, of Maryland, Commercial Agent at Apia, Navigator's Island. Moses Jesumn, of New York, Consul at Curacoa, W. I. Charles G. Flandrean, Associate Justice U. S. Court for Minnesota, in place of Pettit, resigned.

The sum appropriated for prosecuting the land survey in California, for the year ending June 30th, 1857, has been exceeded by about $175,000. In consequence of this deficiency the account of the Deputy Surveyor has been suspended. The liabilities will lie over till Congress provides the money for their liquidation. The Secretary of the Interior has decided that the surveys must be continued, and that the $100,000 for the year ending June 30, 1858, can be used only for that period, and not to discharge previous liabilities.

The Navy Department received a despatch on the 17th inst., from Com. Montgomery, of the Roanoke, in which he says that reports from credible sources have reached him, such as to induce the belief that our difficulties with New Grenada are in a fair way of speedy and amicable settlement.

The adjustment of the lands granted to Arkansas and Missouri, by the act of Congress, 1853, to aid in the construction of a railroad from a point in Mississippi river, opposite Cairo, via. Little Rock, to the Texas boundary, has been completed at the General Land Office, and approved by the Secretary of the Interior. This forms a connecting link between the Illinois Central and Pacific Railroad. The amount of land already appropriated to Missouri and Arkansas, is 1,125,000 acres.

B. R. Eckles, of Indiana, has been appointed Chief Justice of Utah. All the Territorial offices are now filled, except that of the Marshal, the duties of which will continue to be performed by Mr. Dobson.

The President on the 16th inst., gave the delegates of the Indians from Kansas an audience, in the presence of the Cabinet. They represented to their Great Father the manner in which the whites trespass on their reserves, and claim their rights to the lands—the half-breed Cawlands, on the north side of the Kansas river, opposite and above and below Le Compton. They are willing, if necessary, to make a new treaty. The President referred their complaints to the Commissioner on Indian Affairs.

Important from Kansas.

THE St. Louis Democrat of the 18th inst., has advices from Kansas that Gov. Walker has issued a proclamation declaring his intention to put down all opposition to the territorial laws by force. He censures the citizens of Lawrence, and warns them not to attempt to organize under the Topeka Constitution. It is said that 400 troops will march against Lawrence, and that it is the design of Walker to retain the troops in Kansas, and to break up the Utah expedition.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says:—The President has received a dispatch from Gov. Walker stating that on the day previous a serious outbreak had occurred at Lawrence, and that he had summoned the troops to suppress it. The cause of the outbreak is not alluded to, but it is supposed to have resulted from an attempt to collect taxes imposed by the Territorial Legislature, which the Free State citizens had resolved not to pay.

Later advices from St. Louis state that Gov. Walker's proclamation to the people of Lawrence has been received. Its issue grew out of the fact that a committee acting in behalf of the citizens of Lawrence had framed for submission to the popular vote a city charter, differing essentially from that granted by the Territorial Legislature, thereby bidding defiance to the Territorial Government. This act of the committee, Gov. Walker pronounces to be treasonable, and he has ordered a body of troops to the vicinity of Lawrence in order to prevent further proceedings in the premises, and to enforce the tax. The statement that it is Walker's design, through this movement, to keep in Kansas the troops destined to Utah, as a pretext for the Administration to back out of the Utah expedition, is mere speculation.

GREAT MAIL ARRANGEMENTS IN WISCONSIN.—The Milwaukee Wisconsin, for the encouragement of those who have correspondence with the northern portion of Wisconsin, relates some facts in relation to the delightful certainties of the mail arrangements in that region. The mail for Superior and the Lake towns, is sent up the Mississippi to St. Paul, and then is dispatched to its destination on the backs of half-breeds. Mr. Fargo, who was the first man through last spring, found some four or five U. S. mail bags hanging on trees, at the mouth of Ketile river, where the carrier had left them, rather than carry them through in bad weather. The water had trickled into some of them, and they were pretty badly wet. The carrier was sorting out the wet letters, throwing them into the river, and putting the dry ones into the other bags, thus relieving himself of the extra weight of moisture. Perhaps he wanted to test the different modes of conveyance, by sending some by water.

A SHARK CAUGHT OFF NAHANT.—A shark weighing 900 pounds, was caught off Nahant, on the 15th inst., by a party of amateur fishermen. The following facts touching this monster of the deep, were in a letter from Prof. Agassiz: "A very remarkable shark was caught this morning off Nahant, and is lying on the steamboat wharf. The species is known to the fishermen by the name of Man-Eater. It belongs to the genus *Carcharodon*, and it is particularly interesting to the naturalists as a living representative of those huge sharks, the teeth of which are found in a fossil state in the tertiary beds of the Middle States and at Martha's Vineyard. Strange as it may seem, this genus has not yet been mentioned among the sharks living upon our coast.—L. S. AGASSIZ, *Nahant, July* 15, 1857."

A COUNTERFEIT.—The Buffalo papers notice the appearance of a new counterfeit three dollar bill. The bill is on the Rockville Bank of Connecticut, E. B. Preston, Cashier, A. Cammond, President.—Vignette, woman sitting, her right arm resting on a sheaf of wheat; sickle on her arm; plow in background; ink very faint, has no engraver's imprint, appearance of the bill at first sight good. It will not be easily detected in the night time.

STRAWBERRIES.—The Paterson, (N. J.) Guardian states that it is probable that the gross receipts in the counties of Passaic and Bergen this season for strawberries alone, have amounted to a quarter of a million dollars. The value of those shipped to New York by the Erie road can hardly have been less than $100,000. Strawberries are rapidly becoming one of the great staples of agricultural industry in this part of the country.

THE WEIGHT OF COMETS.—Mr. Babinet, in a paper which was published in the *Comptes Rendus*, explodes the idea of danger to the earth from collision with a comet. In the course of the essay, he gives the weight of comets. He estimates the weight of a comet as large as the earth at 30,000 kilo grammes, or the weight of 30 cubic metres of water. So that a comet with the dimensions of our planet weighs only 66,120 lbs.

HAIL STORM.—Rochester and vicinity was visited with a heavy storm on Monday the 20th inst. The hail stones were very plenty and large—many measuring an inch and upwards in circumference. Gardens, fruit and shade trees suffered considerably in the city, and we hear of damage in some of the county towns, to what extent we are not yet aware.

A CHARMING COUNTRY.—A large portion of the swamps of Florida is said to be capable of producing 500 frogs to the acre, with alligators enough for fencing. An emigrant wandering there in search of neighbors, would soon meet a *settler*.

From Mexico.

VERA CRUZ dates to the 7th are received, via New Orleans. The British steamer Dee left Vera Cruz on the 5th with $130,000 in specie. Gen. Alvarez had gained several successes over Vicaro, but the latter was not subdued.

Mexican papers of June 27th are received. The Eco Nacional says the trials of the assassins of the Spanish subjects at San Vincente are concluded, and a verdict of guilty brought against four of the culprits, who will soon suffer death.

The Vera Cruz *Progress* says it is currently reported that all the demands pressed against Mexico by the British legation have found a pacific solution. To this arrangement is attributed the facts that the last British steamer had arrived at Sacrificio and saluted the city, and the departure of one of the frigates which preceded that event. It is said the other naval forces will soon depart.

The *Traite Union* reports the Mexican Treasury empty, public confidence shaken, and the future overcast with threatening clouds. The elections in Tuertrato and Puebla were favorable to the Progressionists. The papers were full of rumors of another invasion of Sonora, based upon private letters from San Francisco. One of them says that the expedition is to consist of 1,000 men.—Fatal epidemic fevers were prevailing at Guerreri.

DEATH OF PROF. MITCHELL.—The body of Prof. Mitchell, whose disappearance on the Black Mountain of North Carolina we have noted, has been found. A correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, writing from the scene of the casualty, gives the particulars of the sad event, from which it appears that the life of the Professor was sacrificed to his passion for the science to which it had been devoted. Two or three years ago there had been a controversy between Mr. Mitchell, of Chapel Hill, and the Hon. T. L. Clingman, concerning the height of the Black Mountain; the former contending that Mitchell's Peak is the higher. A few weeks since, at the commencement of the summer vacation, Dr. Mitchell left the University fully prepared to ascertain exactly the height of all the different Peaks. On Saturday, the 27th of June, he began to ascend the mountain, and a party in search of him found his body on the 7th inst. He had apparently fallen from a precipice. His grave was to be made on the highest point of Mitchell's Peak, the most elevated spot east of the Mississippi. Prof. Mitchell had been connected with the University of South Carolina for over fifty years, and was State Geologist at the time of his death.

EXTENT OF THE FIRE AT UTICA.—The central edifice of the Asylum, consisting of four stories and a cupola, was entirely destroyed. The fine colonnade in front, seems uninjured, and the outer walls are in fair condition; but the partition walls have suffered much. This part of the building was occupied by the offices, reception rooms, dining rooms, store rooms, library, &c., with the kitchen in the basement. The library was mostly saved. The portion of the building extending east from the centre was considerably injured.—About sixty feet of the roofing and the attic are destroyed. Some thirty-six apartments in this part of the building were made unfit for occupation. The west wing, occupied by the male patients is not materially injured. In our report last week we stated that no lives were lost and but one person injured,—Dr. ROSE. Subsequent explorations amid the ruins have revealed the body of one of the Utica firemen, and Dr. ROSE has since died.

THE TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN ENGLAND.—The London correspondent of the N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser* says of the accident mentioned in the news by the last arrival:—"The scene of the disaster was the Lewisham station, near Blackheath. A train full of passengers was waiting at the platform, when another ran into it, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, killing eleven persons and frightfully wounding thirty others.—It must have been in consequence of gross neglect of signals, and the engine drivers and others are in custody. The hour of the accident was a little before eleven at night. The tender of the incoming train rushed completely over the carriage containing the principal sufferers, and two hours and a half elapsed before the whole of them could be extricated. An officer in one of the carriages, who had been present at Inkerman, described the present sight as much the worst of the two."

CENTRAL AMERICAN ITEMS.—The deserters from Walker's army in Costa Rica have published a card denouncing Walker for having inveigled them into the country under false pretences, and speaking in the highest terms of the conduct of the Costa Ricans toward them. Some seventy of their number are employed in the country in various occupations, and receive higher wages than native mechanics.

Gen. Canas remained in Nicaragua as Commander-in-Chief of the Costa Rican forces, and was endeavoring to settle amicably the difficulties pending between the two countries. The government has been receiving reinforcements of arms and ammunition, and expects soon to command 10,000 effective men, armed with Minie rifles.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, VT.—Commencement at this institution occurs on Wednesday, August 12. The graduating class is twenty in number. Baccalaureate Sermon on the Sabbath previous by President Labarre. On Tuesday, August 11th, Address before the Philomathesian Society, by George W. Curtis, Esq. Address before the Philadelphian Society, by George B. Cheever, D. D.—On Wednesday, Address before associated Alumni, by Edwin Hall, D. D., of Auburn Theological Seminary, and Poem by Baxter Perry, Esq., of Boston.

HORRIBLE DEATH OF THREE CHILDREN. — We learn from the Lewis County Banner, that a most distressing occurrence took place on Tuesday at Bush's Mill Pond, in Lowville. A little girl waded into the water, and sinking into the mire, her little sister went to her rescue, and she, too, became helpless. Their little brother, standing on the bank, plunged manfully into the water, and he, with his sisters, found a watery grave. Their father, Mr. Bernard, is at the West.

Literary Notices.

VILLAS AND COTTAGES. A series of designs prepared for execution in the United States. By CALVERT VAUX, Architect, late DOWNING & VAUX, Newburgh, on the Hudson. Illustrated by 300 Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers, publishers. 1857.

THIS is a beautiful octavo volume of over 300 pages, and as many illustrations. It contains 23 designs for Cottages, Villas, &c., ranging from the plain but tasteful cottage to the extensive and magnificient villa, costing over $60,000. These designs are generally got up with good taste, and what is equally important, good sense. In addition to these designs for buildings are many excellent examples for fences, gates, bay windows, window caps, and hoods, chimneys, entrance porches, together with many specimens of interior arrangement for convenience and ornament, making a most interesting and useful study for every person of taste, who may have occasion to build or buy a house. Sold by DEWEY.

VIRGINIA ILLUSTRATED: Containing a Visit to the Virginian Canaan, and the Adventures of PORTE CRAYON and his Cousins. Illustrated from drawings by PORTE CRAYON. New York: Harper & Bros.

THIS is a racily written, and entertaining volume, embracing sundry incidents and adventures of traveling party in the more interesting portions of the "Old Dominion." Its descriptions of Virginia life and scenery are sketched in a pleasant and instructive manner, and profusely and and beautifully illustrated by the artist leader of the party. Though originally given in their Magazine, many will thank the publishers for issuing these amusing Adventures in a handsome octavo volume of 300 pages. Sold by DEWEY.

A NEW MAGAZINE.—It is announced that the enterprising publishing house of PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., of Boston, propose to start, the ensuing fall, a new monthly magazine, of a higher literary order than any now published in this country, to be entitled, *The Northern Magazine.*—The best American talent has been secured—and it is said that such men as Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Felton and Agassiz, are to be its master spirits.

Items of News.

THE Ballston Atlas records the death of Mr. John Carter, of that place, a revolutionary soldier, who died on the 4th inst., aged *one hundred and six years.*

IT is said that Gen. Walker has requested his officers to meet him at New Orleans, preparatory to a return to Nicaragua, on the invitation of President Rivas.

THE barque C. T. Kershaw has sailed from Detroit for Liverpool with a cargo of staves. She is to return with goods for Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago merchants.

A MOVEMENT is on foot for the cultivation of cotton in the Sandwich Islands. It is said that the soil and climate are as well adapted as those of Georgia to the crop.

DURING the quarter ending June 30th ult., 25,727 quarterly accounts of Deputy postmasters were received and audited in the bureau of the Auditor (6th) for the Post-Office Department.

COL. SCHOULER, formerly of the Boston Atlas, now of the Ohio State Journal, has been grossly swindled out of some thousands of dollars, by one Henry W. Baldwin, who is now in a Massachusetts prison, in default of bail for $6,000.

GEN. CASS, goaded thereto by the press of office seekers, who absolutely throng Washington recently said:—"Office seeking men, women and children, has become our national malady.—God only knows how it is to be checked, or in what direction the cure lies."

JUST now the people of New Orleans are treating themselves to fresh peaches, figs, pears and grapes. The editor of the Picayune returns thanks for a basket of fine peaches, Bartlett pears, some delicious Chasselas grapes, and a quantity of plump white and purple figs.

GEN. JOSEPH M. HERNANDEZ, the first delegate from Florida to Congress, died in Cuba on the 8th ult. He was a Spanish citizen of Florida before its transfer to the United States, and was a brigadier general in the U. S. army during the Indian war in that Territory.

MISS LYDIA WOODWARD, 77 years old, while picking strawberries in a pasture, in Waterbury, Vt., was attacked by a ram; her skull and ribs were broken, her breast was beaten in; she was found insensible, and died soon afterwards. The beast was not seen to attack Miss W., but blood was found on his head and horns, and he was despatched by the butcher.

THE liberals and reformers of Upper Canada are just now rejoicing over the proposition, sanctioned by the highest church authorities, permitting the laity and clergy to elect a Bishop. It is something never before conceded in the Province. The Toronto *Globe* says the suggestion would have been declared treason twenty years ago.

ON the evening of the 13th inst., a very severe thunder storm accompanied by hail passed over Massachusetts, in the vicinity of Worcester and Springfield, doing a good deal of damage to the crops, by water. The track of the Western road, ten miles beyond Springfield was covered to some extent by sand, and at one point, a country road crossing, the track was suddenly scooped out by the flood to the depth of twenty feet, leaving the track suspended in the air.

EMIGRATION from Ireland to this country continues on a large scale. At the last dates thousands were preparing to leave the old country.—One of the papers says:—"The accounts represent the emigration as still increasing, especially from the southern counties of Kerry, Cork, Limerick America and Australia, form the bulk of the emigrants; and this is the more remarkable, as wages are now much higher than in former years, and all branches of agriculture are in a state of unusual prosperity."

IT will be recollected that some time ago a balloonist was picked up on Lake Erie, and that shortly after, his balloon took wings and passed in the direction of Canada. We learn from the Toronto *Globe* that it has been found in the vicinity of that city. It thus traveled a long distance on its own responsibility, it would seem.

LAYING OF THE SUBMARINE CABLE ACROSS DETROIT RIVER.—The operation of laying the submarine cable across the Detroit river at Detroit was performed successfully on the 16th inst. The whole distance was less than a mile. No test has yet been made of its powers, as the wires at the ends were not connected with the land telegraph

News Clippings.

— The population of Louisville is 57,585.

— The Mormons are increasing in Connecticut.

— The rot has injured the Cincinnati grape crop.

— A drachm of attar of roses requires 2,000 rose blooms.

— Peaches have been sold in Mobile, lately, for 15 cents a piece.

— The Columbia Co., N. Y., poor house was burnt on the 2d inst.

— Three persons were sun-struck in Cincinnati on the 13th inst.

— Geo. W. Clutter, first Auditor of Virginia, died on the 16th inst.

— Col. Fremont is quite ill at the Brevoort House in New York.

— Port Hope, C. W., is to be lighted with gas by the 15th of October.

— Archbishop Hughes has gone to Rome to be absent about a year.

— Judge E. G. Smith, late of California, died in Washington on the 13th inst.

— A vessel is being built in Cleveland, Ohio, intended to sail direct for Liverpool.

— The great tragedienne, Rachel, is dying of consumption at Montpelier, France.

— A Vigilance Committee has been organized in Detroit to break up houses of ill fame.

— A Bostonian has for the last four years lost a member of his family on the 4th of July.

— Seneca Lake is five feet higher than last fall, and higher than was ever before known.

— The local elections in Mexico have closed, and are generally in favor of the Goverement.

— The Auburn Advertiser announces the resignation of President North, of Hamilton College.

— Ex-Secretary Guthrie is said to be the richest man in Kentucky. His annual tax is $50,000.

— The very latest novelty in dress in Paris is crinoline *sleeves.* Now, then, stand off entirely!

— Three fatal cases of sun-stroke are reported at New York on the 16th inst., and two at Albany.

— Operations were renewed on the 15th, on the proposed St. Mary's and London Railway, Canada.

— The Douglas mills in Montreal were destroyed by fire on the night of the 14th inst. Loss $30,000.

— It is asserted that the singing in one of the Boston churches costs at least $1 for every stanza sung.

— It is thought the Chemung Canal will be navigable this week. The late storms almost destroyed it.

— The steamship Hammonia, from Hamburg, arrived at New York on the 16th inst., with 424 passengers.

— The Wyandot Indians near Quindaro, Kansas, have subscribed $750 towards the building of a church.

— Mrs. Swisshelm, the well known writer, is about taking up her residence at St. Cloud, in Minnesota Territory.

— The two hundred and forty-seventh victim of the steamer Montreal, was recovered from the water on Friday week.

— Number of emigrants arrived at New York during the last week, 3,694—for the year, 98,376; same time last year, 66,256.

— The pilot Roy, who ran the Canadian ashore at the Pillars, has been sentenced to be deprived of his branch for life.

— A party of gentlemen purchased a lot of land in St. Louis, a few months since, for $130,000 and sold it for $292,000.

— Ald. Preston, of Brooklyn, having been convicted of bribery, was expelled from the Common Council by a vote of 31 to 1.

— The Toronto Globe announces the death at Quebec, on the 11th inst., of John Egan, Esq., M. P. P. for the County of Pontiac.

— The schooner Maderia, from Liverpool, arrived at Chicago, last week, being the first vessel from Liverpool to that port.

— It is said that $760,000 has been subscribed in the South for the equipment of a new expedition against Central America.

— Of a party of twenty-two young men who went from Newark, N. J., to serve under Walker in Nicaragua, only three survive.

— The Troy papers record three cases of sun-stroke as occurring in that city the past week. Neither of the three had proved fatal.

— A boy four years old was bitten upon the leg by a spider, in Manchester, Vt., and was considered to be in a critical condition.

— The State House for South Carolina, commenced at Columbia, is to be of pure white marble, and to cost two millions of dollars.

— The Montpelier (Vt.) Freeman has four regular correspondents whose ages are over seventy-five years each, and one over ninety.

— A promising vein of coal similar to the Breckinridge coal, is said to have been discovered in the town of Rockland, Sullivan county.

— There is now lying at New York the yacht Charter Oak, sloop-rigged, with which the owner intends making a voyage to Liverpool.

— An English paper gives an account of a tea party of sixty old women, who were the mothers of *eight hundred and sixty-nine children.*

— The land sales of the Illinois Central Company in June amounted to the large sum of $615,000 against $241,000 same month last year.

— Twenty-five camels arrived at San Antonio on the 22d ult., for the use of Lieut. Beale's party, in opening the wagon road to the Pacific.

— A quarrel broke out between the proprietors of seven or eight mowers, in a field near Chicago, which required the interference of the police.

— The New York Academy of Medicine have arrived at the conclusion that the source of the National Hotel disease was malarial influences.

— The Chicago Journal chronicles the 60th burglary recently perpetrated in that city. The burglars still evade the vigilance of the night police.

— The Gerrit Smith Library, at Oswego—founded by the liberality of the gentleman whose name it bears—is now open. It contains 8,000 volumes.

— The butchers have just been holding a meeting at Pittsburgh, to make arrangements for the forthcoming General Convention at Baltimore.

— A gentleman of Norwalk, Conn., had seated at his table last week, five relatives, whose united ages amounted to four hundred and twelve years.

— The celebrated Congress Spring, at Saratoga from some unexplained cause, has become muddy, and has been boxed up to await the purification.

— The new wheat crop in Virginia, in some sections, is the best in 25 years; in others very poor. In South Carolina, the crop is uncommonly good.

— George Peabody has given $50,000 more to the Peabody Institute at Baltimore, upon a hint that the $300,000 he had already given was not enough.

— The time for holding the State Teachers' Convention, at Binghamton, has been changed from the 28th—30th of July to the 4th, 5th and 6th of August.

— Capt. Rudolph, of the Montreal, lately lost on the St. Lawrence, has been arrested at the instance of the counsel for the survivors of catastrophe.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the America.

THE steamship America, from Liverpool on the 4th inst., arrived at Halifax on the 15th.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The parliamentary proceedings are very dull and uninteresting.

The bill for the redemption of the Danish Sound dues, has been passed to a second reading by the House of Lords.

In the House of Commons, Mr. F. Baring called attention to the necessity of taking steps to facilitate by emigration, the supply of labor in British Guiana.

Mr. Labouchere admitted the importance of the subject, and it was the duty of the Government to assist in promoting a system of emigration, in order to advance the prosperity of the colony. At the same time it was their imperative duty to take care that no possible approach be made toward the re-introduction of the horrid system of slavery.

In a debate on the consular system, Lord Palmerston said that "arrangements are being made to send consuls to places on the Black Sea, according to the stipulation of the Paris Treaty."

The Post believes itself justified in stating that it is the intention of the Emperor and Empress of the French, to visit the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester, in the course of the next six weeks.

The Daily News is authorised to state that the Earl of Shaftesbury is decidedly opposed to the importation of free blacks into the West Indies, regarding it as perilous in the extreme.

The screw steamer Fox, Capt. McClinton, fitted out by Lady Franklin, sailed from Aberdeen on the 1st inst. for the Arctic regions, in search of the remains of Sir John Franklin and his crew.

The Duke of Marlborough is dead.

At a meeting of the company owning the mammoth steamship Great Eastern, it was announced that she may be launched in September, but that the trial trip to Portland will be deferred till next April. Her total cost is to be £597,000.

FRANCE.—Gen. Cavaignac is officially announced as one of the opposition candidates for Paris. The Government's candidates are those now in office.

In Algeria the French army is stated to have suffered much during the late campaign from heat and fatigue, and there remained much hard work for the men. A telegraphic dispatch from Kabylia reports more victories for the French troops, and says they were masters of the entire country. It was reported that Gen. McMahon was killed in action, but it now appears that several musket balls passed through his coat without injuring him.

The depression of the Paris Bourse had given rise to a rumor that the government contemplated raising a new loan, but the rumor was believed to be unfounded. A reduction of the rate of discount by the Bank of France, was looked for.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says:—"It is currently reported at Lille, that in consequence of the excellent prospects of the harvest, the Belgian Government has resolved to take off the export duty now levied at the French frontier upon cereals coming from Belgium. This important measure, it is said will go into operation on the 15th of July."

SPAIN.—There is nothing new in regard to the Spanish Mexican question. Sr. Lafragua still remained at Madrid, notwithstanding the unsatisfactory nature of the reply to his memorandum. His return to France at an early day, however, was regarded as certain, and it was supposed he would wait in Paris for fresh instructions from his Government.

NAPLES.—The steamer Cagliari, bound from Genoa for Tunis, was seized by a band of armed Italian insurgents, who landed on the island of Ponsea and liberated some prisoners. The "Sapril," Neapolitan frigate, captured the steamer, and the troops were pursuing the insurgents.

The revolutionary attempt at Leghorn was suppressed.

The political prisoners liberated on the island of Ponsea numbered about 300, and in conjunction with the insurgents they attacked the Neapolitan gens d'armes, but were repulsed, and several of them arrested, when the remainder fled.

PRUSSIA.—Berlin correspondence affirms positively that the Danish note in regard to the pending difficulty had certainly been received, and that its contents, though courteous, were of the negative character already anticipated.

TURKEY.—Although the Belgian Minister had received his passports, the feeling entertained by the Government was only a personal one, and after his departure the Charge d'Affaires would be freely communicated with. The Belgians appear to have made a tour in the Principalities, and commenced agitation in favor of their union, assuring the people that the European Powers were agreed upon its expediency, and were meditating the establishment of a monarchy under a Belgian Prince. It is intimated from other sources that the rupture had been brought about by Lord Stratford, and the Constantinople correspondent of the Daily News says the affair seems likely to assume some importance. Several of the foreign Ministers have called on M. Blondel, and it is rumored that those of America, France, Russia, Spain and Sardinia will present to the Sultan a joint note on the subject. A meeting of the above mentioned diplomatists has been held at the house of the Russian Embassador.

A Government circular (confidential), addressed to the foreign diplomatic agents, maintains the right of the Porte to the Island of Perim, and expresses a hope that the English will evacuate it.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., quote flour dull with a declining tendency; wheat firm but dull, and corn steady. The Brokers' Circular quotes corn dull at a decline of 6d.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co, quote red wheat 8s6d@9s4d; white wheat 9s6d@10s. Western Canal flour 30s6d@31s6d; Philadelphia and Baltimore 31s@32s; Ohio 32s6d@33s6d; Western 30s6d@31s6d.

Pork—scarcely inquired for. Lard has been quiet, and prices rather lower, 67s6d being the nominal value.

SANDWICH ISLANDERS AHEAD.—Three young men, who were born and reared and still have their homes in the Sandwich Islands, have taken the first astronomical prizes at Yale College.—These three are Hiram Bingham, of the class of 1853; W. D. Alexander, of 1855; and D. D. Baldwin, of 1857. The *Palladium* says:—"These prizes are among the most honorable of the course, requiring not only intimate acquaintance with the visible heavens, but great accuracy in solution of problems, and especially in calculation of eclipses. There is, therefore, a great struggle among the 'mathematical heads' of each class for the first prize on the list. But the 'Cannibals' seem to have a proscriptive right to that honor. Curious to see these sons of the Pacific come round Cape Horn to wrest so surely this particular honor from the youth of America."

CAPTURE OF BAYARD TAYLOR.—Bayard Taylor, the world-renowned traveler, after encountering and escaping numerous dangers in his journeys, has finally met with an incident which will put a stop to his wanderings. The *Evening Post* says he is betrothed to a daughter of the astronomer Hansen. Nothing is said about the personal appearance of Taylor's intended bride; but as she is a native of Saxony, a country proverbial for its fair women, we may presume she is beautiful.

"Sachsen,
Wo die schonen Madchen wachsen."

"Saxony, where the pretty maidens grow," says the poet.

WESTERN BANKS.—The St. Louis Intelligencer states that an immense demand had been made on the Western Banks during the past few months, for the redemption of their notes in specie. The Banks of Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, and Wisconsin have felt the drain, and it would probably not be far out of the way to place the amount of notes on the Banks of the States named, that have been redeemed in coin since the first of March, at $5,000,000.

THE POLICE FORCE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—The Police of the City of New York at present consists of 7 captains, 25 sergeants, 44 roundsmen, 60 on special duty, 650 policemen, 21 doorman and 300 special patrolmen.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, July 21, 1857.

FLOUR and GRAIN are unchanged in price, and but little is doing except to supply local demand.

PROVISIONS—Our table exhibits considerable alteration, but the changes are light. Hams and Shoulders are 1½c. per lb better; Cheese has fallen off ½c; Lard is up fully ½@¾c; Eggs 2c. per dozen higher and scarce.

WOOL is changing hands rapidly at previous range of prices

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	18c
Flour, bbl	$7,00@8,75	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,85@1,90	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Best white Canada	$1,85@1,90	Apples bushel	$1,50@1,75
Corn	88c	Do. dried	$2,00@2,25
Oats	00@56c	Potatoes	$1@1,25
Barley	$1,00	HIDES AND SKINS	
Buckwheat	65@88c	Slaughter	@6c
Beans	$1,50@2,00	Calf	60@10c
Peas	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	$1,50@1,75
MEATS.		Lamb do	00@10c
Pork, Mess	$24,00	SEEDS.	
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover bushel	$7,00@7,50
Beef, ⅔ cwt	$4,75@6,00	Timothy	$3,00@1,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,00@1,25	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton (carcass)	$4,50@5,50	Wood, hard	$4,00@5,50
Hams, smoked	14½@15½c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	@11½c	Coal, Lehigh	$8,00@8,25
Chickens	11@12c	Do. Scranton	$7,00@7,25
Turkeys	00@12½	Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Geese	60c	Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	15½@16c	Salt, bbl	$2,00@2,10
Do. firkin	13@15c	Hay, tun	$[illegible]@18
Cheese	8½@9½c	Wool, ⅔ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	00@15½c	White fish, bbl	$12@12,50
Tallow	7@7½c	Codfish ⅔ quintal	$4,75@5,25
Eggs, dozen	16@17c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 20—Flour—Dull. Common grades are 5c lower. Sales at $6,25@6,45 for common to choice super State; $6,65@6,80 for extra do; $6,20@6,45 for super Western; $6,60@7,00 for extra do; market closing dull and tendency downwards. Canadian flour unchanged.

GRAIN—Wheat in moderate demand. Sales at 149@141c Chicago spring; 121@125c good to prime old white Canada.—Rye dull. Corn in small supply.

PROVISIONS—Pork firm and more active. Sales at $21,87@24,00 for mess. Lard in good demand at full prices; sales at 14½@15c. Butter steady at 13@19c for Ohio; 16@21c State.—Cheese dull at 5@10c

BUFFALO, July 20—Flour—The market is dull, but unchanged in prices. Sales this morning at $5,6@6,25 for common to good superfine Illinois and Wisconsin; $6,37@6,62 for extra do. No sales of other descriptions were reported, and we quote them nominal at $6,87@7,25 for extra Ohio and Indiana; $7,50@7,75 for double extra do.

GRAIN—Wheat holders have advanced their views, with a good milling inquiry. Sales Chicago spring on private terms.—We quote the market nominal $1,30 buyers, and $1,31@132 sellers, for Chicago spring. Little other kinds offering. The Corn market is lower and dull. No sales to report; held 72c, with a moderate inquiry, and a shade advance in canal freights. Oats in fair demand, but prices are lower; sales at 55@56c to arrive.

PROVISIONS—Pork in fair request, and firm at $23,50 for heavy mess; $22,50 for light do. Smoked hams rather dull at 12@13c for plain and canvassed. Lard unchanged at 14½c.

ALBANY, July 20.—Flour and Meal—A steady downward tendency for flour, at unchanged prices. Corn meal in moderate request.

GRAIN—Nothing doing in wheat. Corn rather lower and in fair request; sales Western mixed at 81½@82c. Oats rather lower, with sales Ohio at 62c, measure.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 15.—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality, 12@12½c; Ordinary, 10½@11c.; Common, @10c.; Inferior, 8@9c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50@70; Ordinary, $40@45; Common, $35@40; Inferior, $25@30.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 7@7½c.; Other qualities, 5@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS — First quality, 5@6c, Other qualities, 3½@4½c.

SWINE—First quality, 6½@7c.; Other qualities, 6@6½c.

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 15.—At market 630 Cattle, 550 Beeves, & 110 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,00@9,25; First quality, $8,50@8,75; second quality, $9,00@8,00; third quality, $6,50@7,00; ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$90 to $200.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 50, 60@75.

YEARLINGS—$20@17. Two years old, $37@38. Three years old, $40@45.

VEAL CALVES—$5, 8@10 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2700 at market. Prices—In lots, $2,25, 3,00@3,25 each. Extra and selections, $4, 5@6.

HIDES—7½@8c. ⅔ lb. Tallow 7½@8c. ⅔ lb.

PELTS—25c@$2,00 each. Calf Skins 14@16c. ⅔ lb.

SWINE—Few at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8c. ⅔ lb. Dressed hogs, 9@10c. Spring pigs 8@c ⅔ lb.

BRIGHTON, JULY 16.—At market 1200 Beef Cattle, 140 Stores, 6 pairs Working Oxen, 80 Cows and Calves, 2000 Sheep and Lambs, 420 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $9,50; first quality, $8,50; second, $8,00; third, $6,50; ordinary, $5,00.

HIDES—7½@8c. Tallow, 7½@c.

PELTS—25c@$2,00. Calf Skins, 14@16c. ⅔ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$6@9 apiece.

WORKING OXEN—No sales.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 27, 31, 45@50.

YEARLINGS $00@00. Two years old, $36@33. Three years old, $41@54.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $4, 5@6. In lots $2,50@3.

SWINE—Retail, 9½c. Fat hogs 7½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 15.—The demand is fully equal to the supply, although the new clip is now arriving in larger quantities; but the market being bare of stock, it has been mostly purchased on arrival at full prices, though comparatively not so high as the rates paid in the interior, which, in most instances, have been fabulous. During the last few years cereal products have sold at so high rates that farmers have paid but little attention to Wool raising, and manufacturers being aware of this fact have not hesitated to pay them their own prices this year. Come what may it is certain the Woolen producers of the country cannot stop their machinery, and as there is no surplus stock available anywhere unless at high rates, they have come to the conclusion to pay the farmers' prices that will stimulate them to raise larger supplies. The sales of the week reach some 130,000 lbs. super and extra new fleeces at 47½@52½c, the former for de Laine, and the latter for Cassimere purposes, also, some 15,000 lbs old super and extra country pulled at 42c. and 50c. Foreign is in moderate request, and prices rule firmly; the sales for the week are 250 bales washed Smyrna at 27½@28c, and some Mestizo on terms not made public; some fine Cape Wools are on the market worth 62½c ⅔ lb. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ⅔ lb	48@60
American Full-blood Merino	45@51
American ½ and ¾ Merino	40@47
American Native and ¼ do	37@43
Pulled Wool, extra Country	46@52
Pulled Wool, super	37@45
Pulled Wool, No. 1	30@37
California Fine, Washed	15@40
Do. Com. Unwashed	17@30
Peruvian, Washed	35@39
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@29
South American, Com. Washed	16@24
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	17@24
South American Unwashed	12@16
South American, Cordova, Washed	27@30
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	11@15
African, Washed	18@25
Smyrna, Unwashed	15@17
Smyrna, Washed	30@33
Mexican, Unwashed	15@18

[*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, July 18.—There has been a fair demand for domestic. The sales of the week amount to 60,000 lbs, fleece and pulled, mostly the latter, at full prices. In other kinds there have been sales of 600 bales Mediterranean, Australian, Chilian, Mestizo and Texas, and 500,000 lbs. Valparaiso, at prices within the range of quotations.

Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, ⅔ lb., 62@65c.; Full Blood Merino, 50@55c.; Three-quarters do., 48@50c.; Half do., 42@46c.; Common, 37@40c; Superfine, 44@48c.; Pulled extra, 48@55c.; Do. No. 1, 37@45c.; Smyrna Washed, 24@32c.; Smyrna Unwashed, 15@22c.; Mexican, 17@19c.; Buenos Ayres, 32@50c.; Barbary Washed, 28@35c.

CHICAGO, July 18.—The Chicago *Democrat* in a review of the Wool market of that place says;—"A heavier business has been done in wool the past week than in any other of this season.—The purchases of three of the principal dealers present an aggregate of 177,000 lbs, and shipments to the amount of 97,000 lbs have been made by the same dealers, or by Eastern men purchasing of them. Some 8 to 10,000 lbs only have been received by teams, the farmers even in our immediate vicinity, preferring the Railroad as a means of transportation. While the views of our dealers differ somewhat, we are inclined to the opinion that there will be no recedingin prices in this market, it certainly closes for the week with an upward tendency. Our dealers who have been in the habit of purchasing wool in Sangamon Co., find themselves outbid this season. It seems some proprietors of a bank lately established at Lafayette, Ind., have actually bought of the McConnells and other large wool growers, some 75,000 lbs Saxony and Merino wool, and paid (in their own money, of course,) the extreme rate of 45 to 48c ⅔ lb. This is 8c higher than last year, and is the highest price ever paid in this State.

We quote firm and in request at the following rates: Full blood 38@40c; ¾ blood 36@38c, ½ blood 31@33c; common to ¼ blood 25@28c.

DETROIT, July 17.—The Detroit *Advertiser* says the wool trade for the season is nearly brought to a close in that market. The receipts by teams having been light during the whole season.—There are occasionally lots still brought into that market, for which buyers pay from 32c to 45c, according to quality. Prices have fallen off somewhat from the high figures paid two or three weeks since, as well here as throughout the State, as most of the eastern buyers have retired from the market and returned home, and the excitement is over. A gentleman in Jackson who is well posted, sends the Advertiser a communication, in which he says there has been purchased in Jackson during the season, 17,200 lbs wool at from 30 to 50c, the greater portion at from 40 to 45c. The same writer says there are several large lots in that neighborhood yet in first hands, which are being held for prices at which similar wools sold two weeks since, and that not over 42@43c could now be obtained for the best clips.—He estimates the wool product of that county at 300,000 lbs.—The Ann Arbor Journal of the 1st inst, states that 70,000 lbs. of wool changed hands in that place during the week, costing $29,000. This would be an average cost of about 41½c ⅔ lb.—The receipts of wool at Detroit by Railroad for the week reach 474,702 lbs, against 248,066 lbs. for the previous week.

THE Perry (N. Y.,) *Times* says about $100,000 have changed hands in that region by operations in wool. Prices have ranged from 40 to 46 cents.

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394w12 CHARLES A. ELY, Elyria, O.

BONE DUST! BONE DUST!! HAVING ERECTED A MILL FOR GRINDING BONES, we are prepared to furnish this valuable fertilizer in moderate quantities. Coarse, or half inch size, at $20 per ton, and fine at $25 per ton, delivered at cars or boats in Buffalo, charging cost for packages. Address
HARRIS & PRESTON, Buffalo, N. Y.
July 20, 1857. 394w5eow

BERRIES—AN INVITATION.

I HAVE TWO ACRES—3,000 Bushes—OF THE JOSLYN *Buck* Raspberry in bearing (either an accidental seedling or the common greatly improved) to which I invite the attention of those wishing to cultivate a superior article for market.—They are perfectly hardy. The present growth of new canes is from 6 to 8 feet. The yield of *unusually large berries* on one year old bushes is from 1 to 2 qts—on 2 year old bushes from 4 to 6 qts—*yet my soil is rather light and exhausted. I use no manure, nor do I give them any cultivation to produce were shown*

Price of plants for next Fall or Spring $1 per 20; $1 per 100 or $3 per 1,000.

N. B.—Those visiting my grounds from a distance of 30 miles between the 24th and 30th of this month will be welcome, and will be allowed 10 per cent discount for what plants they may contract. H. H. DOOLITTLE, Oaks Corners, N. Y.

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HENRY S. OLCOTT.

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The Fall Term opens Wednesday, Aug. 19.—Application must be made soon to secure rooms in the edifice.

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Elmira, N. Y., May, 1857. 383m6we

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Choice Poetry.

THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When swallows dart from cottage caves,
And farmers dream of barley sheaves;
When apples peep amid the leaves,
And woodbines scent the way—
We love to fly from daily care,
To breathe the country buxom air—
To join our hands and form a ring—
To laugh and sport—and dance and sing,
Amid the new-mown hay.

A stranger comes with eyes of blue:
Quoth he, "I'm Love, the youth and true;
I wish to pass an hour with you,
This pleasant summer day."
"Come in! come in! you saucy elf!
And who's your friend?"—"'Tis Friendship's self."
"Come each—come both, our sports to share;
There's welcome kind, and room to spare,
Amid the new-mown hay."

The ring is formed; but who are these:
"Come, tell your errand if you please;
You look so sour and ill at ease,
You dim the face of day."
"Ambition!" "Jealousy!" and "Strife!"
And "Scorn!" and "Weariness of Life;"
"If such your names, we hate your kin;
The place is full, you can't come in
Amid the new-mown hay."

Another guest comes bounding by,
With brow unwrinkled, fair and high—
With sun-burnt face and roguish eye,
And asks your leave to stay.
Quoth he, "I'm Fun, your right good friend!"
"Come in! come in; with you we'll end!"
And thus we frolic in a ring—
And thus we laugh, and dance, and sing
Amid the new-mown hay.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

[Concluded from page 236, last No.]

One Autumn day, when the nuts and leaves lay thick upon the withered sward, and the sun but faintly broke through the dark misty clouds—when the vines rustled drearily against the window pane, and the dead clematis and morning-glories broke their support and fell across the door—while the swallows kept twittering as gloomily as they could,—grandma's hands dropped their toiling, and she went with the angel through the dim portals of eternity.

Alice arose from her sorrow, with her hopes born anew in her heart,—and an eager, undaunted pilgrim, she went forth alone into the great world.

What has this splendid saloon with its gorgeous drapery, its rare and exquisite works of art, its ravishing music floating softly through the perfumed air, and this princely-attired throng to do with aught pertaining to the low brown cottage on the hill-side? There is mirth, dancing and feasting, happy smiles, and heart-aching I ween, and the bell in the tower near by solemnly told the hour of twelve long ago, but it was unheard or unheeded by all.

A tall queenly figure, whose dress was glittering with the rarest gems, and who had been moving among the crowd, the sought for and flattered by them all, passed hastily alone through the moonlit conservatory, adroitly avoiding the observance of the scattered groups. She found the secluded balcony she sought deserted, and only the hum of the many voices, and the dying strains of the harp could reach her there. She sank down as if exhausted with weariness, and resting her jeweled head against the marble colum that scarcely excelled in whiteness and coldness her thin, sad face, she uplifted her large spiritual eyes to heaven, and while her lips moved inaudibly, the tears fell thick and fast.

"And was this my life's mission, great God," she murmered, "was it for this you sent me into the world?" A long pause in which her tears dried up and her trembling lips became compressed. Very calmly and firmly she continued:" "Yes, I know that I have finished my work; it is all done. The hand of death grows colder and tighter upon my heart. I have had my last triumph, and I am weary, weary and shall be glad to go. * * * I have toiled, but what earthly comfort did it bring? I have hoped, but only my hopes in thee, great God, do give me peace to-night. I have loved,—oh! would it were only Thee!" A sign of inward suffering crossed her face. 'Twas but a moment, and all was calm again. "I went forth alone to the battle, and only Thou didst guide me. Thou wort with me in my sorrow and care, and I know Thou art near me to-night. Take home the wanderer, dear Christ,—oh let me join in the songs of the angels." A smile, most like to those that flit across the faces of sleeping babes, settled upon her countenance. She was wandering unfettered through the realms of dreamland, when she heard the murmuring of a noisy brook, the carolling of uncaged birds, the rustling of forest trees, and she felt the soft green turf under her bare feet, the warm sunbeams on her forehead, and Bonneer's silky head upon her lap. Her heart beat its olden measure, and that *something*, ah, the years had found its name,—nerved her with its wildest whisper to arise and go forth into the world. She listened to it with yearning and hope.

We think she would have so forgotten herself and everything about her, even as she used to forget her grandmother and the cows, that she would have burst out in the song of the angels, had not the sound of voices within a bower but a few feet from the balcony aroused her. She knew it to be two of her warmest professional admirers, besides several of her friends and acquaintances.

"The prima donna surpassed even herself to-night," said Prof. Myers with enthusiasm.

"I never heard her sing so well," said the leader of the orchestra. "The house was frantic with delight during the last scene."

"I wonder at her retiring from the stage at this time of her life. She has got the world by the ears, and it is mad folly for her to let go."

"She is worn out with excitement and fatigue," said a female voice, "The exertion she made to-night will prostrate her I fear."

"I saw her an hour ago with her *Troupe* in the music salon, receiving their warm congratulations with that gratitude and sweetness that makes every body love her so."

"I heard a clergyman say last evening," said the enthusiastic Professor, "That if music was always made what it is by our prima donna that this wicked world would be the better for it."

This was heartily responded to by all.

"Where does she propose to go until next season, for she will surely return to the stage again?"

"I suppose she and her *troupe* will go to the sea-side, and it would be well for us to follow," said a merry, girlish voice.

"No one knows where she is going,—she keeps that a secret, so anxious is she to retire into seclusion. Even her *troupe* are in ignorance of her intentions."

"God bless her, wherever she goes," said a masculine voice, tremulous with feeling, "Her triumph to-night was a grand one, but it is her last."

Their voices died away as they had left the bower and wandered off to the more frequented parts of the garden, in the hopes of meeting her who, pale and motionless, was leaning over the hidden balcony eagerly catching each word they spoke. Praise was not new or sought for by her,—her soul was surfeited, aye, weary of the great voice that shouted her name through the world—that simple name once woven so tenderly in a grandmother's prayers. But they had helped to bring in her harvest,—the tiny seed she cast on the waters many a long day before. She had been wandering back in child-land, you know, and beneath the broad swaying boughs of the wood-land, with the brook singing in her ear, and the great future to her heart, she had told dear old Bouncer over again.

"I will do something in this big world, for I know I can; there is a *something* in my heart tells me so. * * * * * I will sing; yes, I will sing, but not for money or fame, but to make bad men good, the unhappy, happy, and to have people love me."

They have missed you, dreamer, and are searching hall and bower. Go back to the crowd; you have a morrow of peace and rest.

"Oh, my dear lady, you will not think of walking so far, after such a sick night as you have had. Come, now, take a ride; the walk will never do."

"I am better this morning, Lissette, and the walk I must have. I know just how far it is; I have been there many a time. This warm sunshine, and the smell of the new hay and flowers puts life into me"—and drawing her shawl closer about her she went down the garden towards the meadow gate.

"But let me go with you, please do," importuned the ancient maid, "You are too feeble to stand alone without help."

"Oh no," was the smiling reply, "I would rather go alone. Do not be alarmed about me. If I am not back in an hour send the carriage for me. I am going to that little bower by the brook,—John will know where it is." Then she added as she turned away, "I shall never be any better until I have been there, or attempted it."

Lissette went reluctantly back towards the cottage, and Alice passed through the meadow's gate. As she proceeded, tottering sometimes from the path, the red deepened on her cheeks, and her eyes grew wildly rapturous as they fell upon objects dearly remembered. She was losing strength, and came near falling with dizziness, when the murmuring of the brook came softly to her through the woodland. Her ear drank in the sound that inspired her with new energy, and nerving her relaxed muscles, she sprang forward, bounding almost as lightly as little Alice used to do, through the under-shrubs and trailing vines, until her feet were upon the spot, the blessed spot that for many a weary year she had visited but in her dreams.

Had her excitement then ceased she would have been prostrate. Looking affectionately and tearfully from one dear object to another, she went first to the little brook and bending down to it,—started not at the pale emaciated face it mirrored back, but scooping up the water with her hands drank eagerly of it, bathed her throbbing temples, and was sorely tempted to pull off her shoes and stockings and let the ripples kiss her feet as they used to do. She laid her hand upon the noble trees, pressed her cheek against their trunks, and heard in the low rustling of the leaves, familiar voices welcoming her home. She did not break the stem of a flower, but bending over their beauty she talked to them with childish confidence, bedewing them with her tears. A bright-breasted oriole perched on a bough over her head, burst into one of its wildest songs, and she sat down upon the grass to listen to it, and the voice of her heart. Very long she sat there with her hands folded upon her lap, and her head bowed thoughtfully forward. The bird sang its song and flew away, but she knew it not. Various were the shades that flitted across her face, deepening or fading the flush on her cheeks. Sometimes she smiled as joyously as if the ringing peals of a merry laugh that once echoed through those woods were to follow, and then again the tears fell very fast.—Some heavenly thought shed a radiance upon her face, and it brightened and grew eloquent. Looking heavenward she softly whispered,—

"I used to think that the angels were sometimes singing with me. I believe that they are very near me now. * * * * Twenty years ago!—can it be? It seemed forty yesterday, but now scarcely one. * * * * Only a little while,—perhaps before midnight,—mine will be the song of the angels."

Raising herself upon her feet with a wrapt impulse, her whole being glowing with inspiration, she summoned all the strength she had, and stood there alone, more queenly and commanding in aspect than when a throng of thousands were entranced by her power. Her heart was young again; it had throbbed far back to child-land, and the wild passionate tide that had swayed it then, flooded upon it, and it broke forth in a "Praise to God in the Highest!" with thrilling and heavenly harmony. All nature was hushed in solemn silence as the hymn of adoration went up, and died among the clouds.

Lissette, burdened with dread apprehensions for her beloved mistress, was anxiously leaning upon the garden gate hesitating whether to follow the weak invalid or not, when she was startled by the sound of her sweet thrilling voice. Alarmed by this additional imprudence, she hastily ordered the carriage to go in the direction Alice had taken, while she hurried on foot across the meadow. Before she reached the spot the singing ceased, but the far-off hills were loathe to let the sweet echoes escape.

Stooping under the thick vines, Lissette at last reached the bower. With a shrill shriek of alarm she started back. On the green soft turf Alice was lying, and the sweetest smiles she ever gave was on her face. She was dying,—she was dead.

"ALL ABOARD."

The most insignificant word couplet, "all aboard," uttered thousands of times every day in depots and upon docks—is always the prelude to a long psalm of sorrow. Of itself it is a mere business behest: in its bearings, it involves regret, suffering, and oftentimes despair. Not an hour glides into the great sea of the past—not a moment leaps to the surface, and then is lost forever—but some ear listens to the knell for the last time!

If your heart has become dissatisfied with its treasures, and you are disposed to grope among the shadows of despondency, go where friends are parting. We know not of a surer recipe for kindling the flame of sympathy, and making "Richard himself again," than this. No one with even a fragment of a heart in his bosom, can see the warmth of those who are to go and those who are to stay, and hear the tremulous but earnest "good bye," and "God bless you," uttered by lips that tremble with the freightage, without a blessing of his own.

A few weeks ago we were witness of a parting that touched us nearly. It was between two who were newly wedded, and, who, since the sweet day of their nuptials, had not been parted for a day, hardly for an hour. Nothing short of sheer necessity could have called the husband from his idol now—but the necessity came between them, and he must not shrink; we saw the long wild embrace, heard the clear whisper—"Be of good cheer—I will be home soon," and in a few moments more, the billows rolled between the hearts that so lately, God had joined together.

"I will be home soon." These were the words—the only consolation left, and so much bitterness. Perhaps the pangs of parting were sharpened by the vague presentiment that they should never meet again! And so she turned from the spot, that sad young wife, and went back to a home whose light had departed.

"I will be home soon"—and so he was; home before he expected—home ere yet the tears were dried from the eyes of the weeper whom he left behind. But alas! how did he come? Encompassed in a shroud, embraced within a coffin, cold as the perpetual snow that crowns the monarch mountain of Switzerland. Sure enough—he was "home soon."

They dug but one grave then, but since another has been demanded—and now the young husband and young wife sleep and dream together.

We shall all "be home soon." What that home will be, rests with us. The deeds of virtue will secure a passport to golden palaces—the enormities of vice will end in worse than dungeon darkness.

"Home soon." So he was—and having waited but a little while, she went home also.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY FIRST THEFT.

Many years ago, when a boy of seven or eight years, my home was near a beautiful village in the central part of the State of New York. Although it was but a humble cottage, the flowers and shrubs flourishing so luxuriantly under the tender care of my mother, made it seem a paradise in my young eyes, and even now I remember the home of my boyhood as the sweetest spot on earth. My father was in humble circumstances, and by close and laborious study earned the daily bread of his family, ever looking forward to the time when the reward of his labor should bring us peace and plenty. I was an only son, and acknowledged, by all to be a growing image of my sire, and altho' almost idolized by him, his poverty prevented the gratification of very many of my childish humors, and saved me from the fate of far too many idolized children. He was a true Christian, always endeavoring to instil good and holy principles into the minds of my little sister and myself, and though long since dead, I shall never forget the looks so full of interest and love which accompanied his teachings.

The distance between my father's house and the village was about half a mile; and a most delightful walk it was in summer. To take the hand of my father and accompany him in his visits to the village store, listening to his stories and carrying some little parcel for my sister or mother, was one of my greatest pleasures. There was one thing, however, which I longed for more than anything else, and which I imagined would make me supremely happy. It was a jack-knife. Then I would not be obliged to borrow father's every time I wished to cut a string or a stick, but could whittle whenever I chose and as much as I pleased.—Dreams of kites, bows and arrows, boats, etc., all manufactured with the aid of that shining blade, haunted me by day and night. I had asked my father to buy me one, but he could only promise to grant my request at some future time, which to me seemed ages hence.

One of these visits, the sequel of which forms the subject of this tale, I shall never forget. It was a beautiful morning in June that my father called me and gave me leave, if I wished, to go with him to the store. I was delighted, and taking his hand we started. The birds sang sweetly on every bush and everything looked so gay and beautiful that my heart fairly leaped with joy. I was very happy. After our arrival at the village, and while my father was occupied in purchasing some articles in a remote part of the store, my attention was drawn to a man who was asking the price of various jack-knives which lay on the counter. As this was a very interesting subject to me, I approached, intending only to look at them. I picked one up, opened it, examined it, tried the springs, felt the edge of the blade with my thumb, and thought I could never cease admiring their polished surface. Oh, if it were only mine, tho't I, how happy I should be! Just at this moment, happening to look up, I saw that the merchant had gone to change a bill for his customer, and no one was observing me. For fear that I might be tempted to do wrong I started to replace the knife on the counter, but an evil spirit whispered "Put it in your pocket; quick!" Without stopping to think of the crime or its consequences, I hurriedly slipped it in my pocket, and as I did so felt a blush of shame burning on my cheek, but the store was rather dark and no one noticed it, nor did the merchant miss the knife.

We soon started for home, my father giving me a parcel to carry. As we walked along my tho'ts continually rested on the knife, and I kept my hand in my pocket all the time, from a sort of guilty fear that it would be seen. This, together with carrying the bundle in my other hand, made it difficult for me to keep pace with my father.—He noticed it and gave me a lecture about walking with my hands in my pockets.

Ah! how different were my thoughts then from what they were when passing the same scenes a few hours before. The song of the birds seemed joyous no longer, but sad and sorrowful as if chiding me for my wicked act. I could not look my father in the face, for I had been heedless of his precepts, broken one of God's commandments, and become a *thief*. As these thoughts passed through my mind I could hardly help crying; but concealed my feelings and tried to think of the good times I would have with my knife. I could hardly say anything on my way home, and my father thinking I was either tired or sick, kindly took my burden and spoke soothingly to me, his guilty son. No sooner did we reach home than I retreated to a safe place, behind the house, to try the stolen knife. I had picked up a stick and was whittling it, perfectly delightful with the sharp blade which glided through the wood almost of itself, when suddenly I heard the deep, subdued voice of my father calling me by name, and on looking up saw him at the window directly over my head gazing down very sorrowfully at me. The stick dropped from my hand and with the knife clasped in the other I proceeded into the house. I saw by his looks that my father had divined all. I found him sitting in his arm chair looking very pale. I walked directly to his side and in a low, calm voice he asked me where I got the knife. His gentle manner and kind tone went to my heart, and I burst into tears. As soon as my voice would allow me, I made a full confession. He did not flog me, as some fathers would have done, but reprimanded me in such a manner that while I felt truly penitent for the deed—I loved him more than ever and promised never, never to do the like again.—In my father's company I then returned to the store, and on my knees begged the merchant's pardon, and promised never again to take what was not my own.

My father is long since dead; and never do I think of my first theft without blessing the memory of him whose kind teachings and gentle corrections have made it, thus far in my life, and *forever*, my last. D. F. R.

Oswego, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first in time is never found,
Yet in season comes around;
My second you can find in days,
When the christian kneels and prays.

My third is in good company never,
But may be found in bad forever;
My third and fourth are just the same,
And second and fifth bears a like name.

My sixth in darkness cannot be,
Yet comes in the night, and does not flee!
My seventh and last in death you'll find,
My whole gives repose to the weary mind.

Adams, N. Y., 1857. G. W. F.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 393:—The Printing Press.

Answer to Charade in No. 393:—Milk.

Answer to Mathematical Problem in No. 393:—83, 998 feet.

Nature's Song in the Night.—Night hath its songs. Have you never stood by the sea-side at night and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories? Or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up the window of your chamber, and listened there? Listened to what? Silence—save now and then a murmuring sound, which seemed sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you not conceive that yon stars, that those eyes of God, looking down on you, were also mouths of song—that every star was singing God's glory, singing, as it shone, its mighty Maker, and his lawful, well-deserved praise? Night has its songs. We need not much poetry in our spirit to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres as they chant praises which are loud to the heart, though they be silent to the ear—the praise of the mighty God, who bears up the unpillared arch of heaven, and moves the stars in their courses.—*Spurgeon.*

He who knows that power is inborn, that he is weak because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head.

Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please, that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him; this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world and a command over the passions.

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These Powers have been severely tested, and pronounced "Excelsior," which, of course, means "Excelled by none," and their performance is a sufficient evidence of their superiority over the common Endless Chain Powers.

The Warranty is as follows:—If the Powers do not answer the description, and do any reasonable amount of work required of them, the money will be refunded and the machines returned at the manufacturer's expense.

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Albany, N. Y., 1857. 383w4eow

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LEADING WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
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Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

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WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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Rural New-Yorker.

COTTON AND SUGAR:

THE TARIFF AND NATIONAL INFLUENCE.

BY LIEUT. M. F. MAURY.

AN old and most esteemed friend gave me not long since, the pleasure of a visit. It was a great treat, for he is one of the cleverest men in the country. Our conversation embraced a great variety of subjects, and his remarks, always instructive, were particularly so on this occasion.—Finally, conversation turned upon the crops, prices, and staples,—and especially upon the high prices of Sugar and Cotton. The scarcity of corn in several of the Southern and Western States—the causes which had led to this state of things—agencies that were in operation to bring down the price of sugar, and to sustain that of cotton for a while, were discussed—and then was passed in review the influence that we have obtained in the family of nations, because of our cotton growing powers. It is an influence which obviously was not studied with much care when the present Tariff was in the course of preparation, else sugar would have been left out, and then the sugar labor which cannot prosper without protection, would have been diverted to cotton labor which needs no protection. And thus by producing more cotton for sale, we should have increased our commercial influence, and would have strengthened our hands for good in many national points of view. Knowing the views which he expressed, backed up and supported by statistics as they are, would be interesting to the readers of the RURAL as well as to the farmers generally, I essay to present them, rough hewn and briefly sketched though they be:

Those who have watched our foreign relations for the last thirty years, cannot have failed to notice that the power and influence of the United States have rapidly increased in Europe, and especially in England, during that time. This has very naturally been ascribed to our enormous increase in territory, wealth, population and physical strength as a nation, for our population would of course enable us to raise great armies and our vast commercial marine to put afloat a large Navy. Doubtless there is something important and sound in these reasons for our influence in Europe; nevertheless Russia did not avert war by her immense armies and enormous military power, nor did her Navy, altho' very much larger than ours, preserve her ports from attack. Before that war the world had seen so many instances of apparently extreme desire on the part of England to remain at peace, that it had become a common saying among us that no country would dare to make war against the tremendous power of the United States, and that England could not afford to go to war because of her vast funded debt. But we have seen that the power of Russia did not protect her from attack, and that at the end of the war England was the only one of the three nations that could have kept it up even a single year longer with any convenience to herself.

It is not our physical power, it would therefore seem, that has given us the European influence we have acquired, and we must seek for the reasons of that influence elsewhere. The search is not difficult, for the reasons are obviously to be found in the great interchange of products and manufactures between us and Europe, and in the case of England in the Cotton Trade, though a common language and frequent personal intercourse have also much effect. Everybody knows that the people of England generally wished the war with Russia to be continued a year longer, yet this belligerent feeling did not prevent Mr. MARCY from acting towards England in a manner which appeared discourteous in the eyes of many of our citizens, and it did seem a little dangerous to be arguing the enlistment question with all the labor and ardor of a young lawyer conducting his first prosecution, and enforcing his argnments too, by the dismissal of the British Minister and several Consuls. Mr. MARCY, however, no doubt knew that the power of this country to avert war was not in its belligerent strength, but in the intimate intercouse, the extensive commerce, the close ties of interest, and above all in the Cotton Trade, and therefore thought that he could indulge himself in pressing this quasi-prosecution without danger, and moreover that it presented the very best opportunity of showing to the world at large, that we could not and would not tolerate any infringement or even appearance of infringement of our neutral rights; and Mr. MARCY judged well—for there was no material interruption in our diplomatic relations with England. But if our protectionists could have realized their visions of manufacturing in this country all the Cotton grown in it, and exchanging all our Breadstuffs for our own manufactures, the case might have had a very different termination, and we should at this day have had little more international influence than China with the Powers of Europe.

England has received our Cotton free of duty for many years, and our Breadstuffs virtually without duty also, for a long time:—so much the worse for her, say the protectionists, because she has thereby made herself dependent upon us. So much the better for her, say we, because she has increased and is increasing her manufactures of Cotton and her means of exchanging her labor for the products of other countries. Old Blackwood and the bygone race of protectionists would have had England forced to attempt to grow all the wheat of her consumption if possible, by means of protective and prohibitory duties; and they would have her do this upon the fanciful ground that the Roman empire fell soon after Italy became dependent upon Egypt and other countries for supplies of Wheat. There is not, however, an acre less of productive land in England than there was ten years ago, but on the contrary many more, and if there is a change in the purposes to which land is devoted, we are satisfied that such change is for the better, and surely it is no unimportant step in the direction of civilization, morality and religion, that nations should be so interlocked in trade, that war is made more repulsive in its aspects and peace more attractive. Men were made for something better than killing one another.

The history of the world shows that Trade and Civilization act and re-act upon each other, and we may safely say that free trade and the highest civilization are naturally co-existent. Erroneous legislation often diverts industry from its proper channels, and sometimes does irreparable injury. On the other hand judicious laws promote the acquisition of wealth and free trade leaves industry at liberty to pursue the best means of attaining the comforts and conveniences of life. If it were possible for us to dispense with Custom-house duties entirely, and to raise the necessary revenue of the General Government by direct taxation it surely would be a benefit to the public. But as it is, or rather as the people think it is, we suppose the Custom House will continue to be our tax-gatherer, and the only practical question for future consideration will be the rate of duty on various articles, and such rate will more frequently be decided by log-rolling combinations and petty party considerations than by sound political economy. At this moment an extraordinary and unprecedented combination of circumstances exists which threatens the permanence of our Cotton power over England; and it did exist in the minds of informed and reflecting men before our present Tariff law was enacted. And in the opinion of such, it is much to be regretted that the duty was not entirely removed from Sugar by that law, and it would have been still better if it had been abolished a year ago.

It seems to be a monstrous absurdity to tax 999 or 1,999 men for the benefit of one individual, yet this is about the proportion of our citizens affected by the Sugar tax. The Sugar crop of the United States in the last four years has been, about thus:—In 1853-'54—449,000 hhds; in 1854-'55—346,000; in 1855-'56—231,000; in 1856-'57—80,000.

The summer of 1856, when it was known that the growing crop would be so extremely deficient, was the time to have abolished the duty, and a better opportunity for such a change, combining the least possible injury to the planter and the greatest possible benefit to the consumer, never occurred before and may not occur for many years to come. The effect would have been that the Sugar planters would have ground up more of their cane and preserved less for planting; for the additional sugar so made, they would have realized very high prices; much Sugar would nevertheless have been cultivated, but only under favorable circumstances as to land, capital, and existing machinery; planters, unless very favorably circumstanced, would not have gone into debt to form new, and enlarge old Sugar plantations; much slave labor now devoted to Sugar with little prospect of advantage would have gone into Cotton with every prospect of handsome returns.

Let us look for a moment at the probable difficulties into which the erroneous Tariff protection of sugar has led the young planter. In consequence of it, great efforts have been made to plant largely—the crop thus far promises well—it is almost exclusively of plant cane, i. e., of the first year's growth; such cane not only yields the greatest quantity of Sugar per acre, but the quantity of it to be reserved for planting will be unusually small. It is then not improbable that the growing crop will, under this legislative stimulus, yield 400,000 hhds., or five times as much as the last crop, and it is possible that it may approach close to 500,000 hhds. The stock of Sugar in New York at this time is very much greater than was ever known, but the price does not fall because it is chiefly held for account of Spanish Houses who have been so successful in holding for the last two years that they think themselves almost infallible. Sugar has now been very high for about two years, yet it is produced easily in all the tropical countries of the world and can be so produced to almost any extent, comparatively speaking; it cannot, therefore, be a matter of much doubt that the extent of sugar culture in such countries has increased and is increasing. Ought we then to feel surprise if Sugar, which is now nominally worth 10@11 cents ℔ lb., should be at 5 cents in six or eight months? for it is grown under the line and in both hemispheres, and a new crop may be, and should present prices be continued long enough, would be coming forward from some country or other, every month in the year. Cotton, on the other hand, is cultivated to any extent only in the extra-tropical regions of the northern hemisphere. Only one crop of it can be brought forward in a year, and with regard to it our newspapers are filled with the complaints of English cotton spinners and merchants concerning the present and prospective scarcity of Cotton; they tell us of movements at public meetings and in Parliament to promote an increase of growth wherever such increase is practicable, and more particularly in India. This, therefore, is certainly a very inappropriate time for our Tariff legislation to have done its utmost to divert labor from Cotton to Sugar.

It is and has long been the custom to say that India can't raise Cotton to compete with ours, but circumstances now exist in India very different from those of a few years ago. Railroads are made and making, and their importance can be best appreciated by considering that they will change transportation in many cases from one bale of Cotton slung between two bullocks to a car-load of bales at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and not as with us from a wagon-road or river which affords convenient transportation at uncertain times to the rapid and uninterrupted transit by Railroads. The annexed figures exhibit the import of India Cotton into Europe for a series of years, and the amount of consumption:

	1853.	1854.	1855.	1856.	
Import,	486,000	308,000	393,000	472,000	bales.
Consumption,	344,000	371,000	470,000	499,000	"

We see by these figures that the consumption of India Cotton has increased steadily in the last four years, and this increase continues, for from the 1st Jan. to 19th June, 1857, 141,000 bales have been taken from Liverpool for the consumption of the adjacent manufacturing districts against 123,000 in the same time last year, and 81,000 bales have been exported from England to the Continent of Europe against 40,000 last year in the corresponding period. In the same period the consumption of United States Cotton has been only 658,000 bales against 793,000 and the export 45,000 against 48,000. Who then can say that India Cotton is not consumed when United States Cotton can be had.—For the stock in Liverpool comprises 76,000 bales of India and 517,000 of United States Cotton. The import of India Cotton into all Europe for the whole of this year is estimated at 600,000 or 700,000 bales, against 472,000 last year—an increase that appears enormous and may to the extent of 100,000 bales be owing to the Canton war; nevertheless, some confirmation of this estimate is found in the fact that the Liverpool import from India so far this year—i. e., from 1st Jan. to 19th June—is 244,000 bales against 119,000 last year, and the quantity known to be on the way from India is 102,000 bales against 86,000 so known at the same time last year. This subject is worthy of the attention of our Legislators, but it would seem hard now to take the duty off Sugar so soon after encouraging planters to cultivate it, yet it ought to be taken off and the stroke might be mollified by fixing the period of cessation of duty as 1st Oct., 1858, or half on 1st July and half on 1st Oct., 1858.

The productive powers of India are not to be disregarded. In a few years after the culture of Indigo was begun on a large scale, India became the chief producer. In 1835 the first importation of India Wool was made into England and was only 1,397 bales; in 1841 the import was 10,563 bales, and in 1856, 45,236 bales, and the quality has been steadily improving. Now, as India would seem to be the least promising region in the world for wool growers, what may we not look for in Cotton, when the people were never so prosperous, when there is such an accumulation of capital there, and when the spirit of internal improvement was never so rife in that land of "barbaric gold and wealth" as it now is? What DE WITT CLINTON did for New York and the West, almost as much is GEORGE BUIST, of Bombay, now doing for India. The prices of Cotton will probably be higher, high as they now are, and they will average that higher level for twelve months to come.—What an inducement—what a stimulus will not such prices be for the growth of Cotton in India, and how much will her Railroads promote and facilitate this cultivation? The people of India begin to understand the disadvantages of "poling up the Mississippi;" and though the seasons with them are divided into wet and dry, yet their mountains are high and their rivers are well filled for one-half of the year by the rains, and for the other by the melting snows, and there are such things in that country as tanks and reservoirs for the collection and distribution of these waters for tillage. Plans and propositions are are on foot for increasing both the capacity and numbers of these tanks; and it does not require from one who is familiar with what is going on in that part of the world any very great stretch of the imagination to concieve of new tanks constructed, especially for the irrigation of Cotton lands—and of all cultivation the crops from irrigated lands are generally the most certain. The old tanks in India have been devoted to rice and articles of food from time immemorial. One may also fancy improvements in machinery to facilitate the manufacture of the short stapled India Cotton, and more and more mills undertaking to use it wholly or in part in substitution for United States Cotton. The quality of India Cotton has improved in the last few years. If all this should occur, as it may, from the paltry legislation in favor of our few Sugar planters, we may well say that it is a dangerous thing to undertake to dam up or embank the natural channels of Trade—or to fetter it, instead of leaving it FREE.

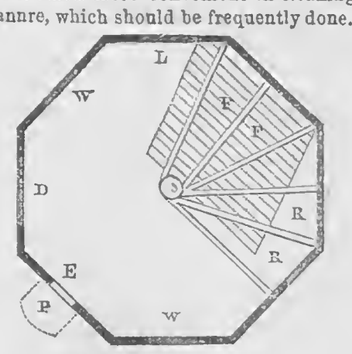
NOTE.—In publishing the preceding article we do not, of course, purpose to enter the arena of political discussion—nor do we endorse all the sentiments expressed therein. But as the important subject is ably treated by one who sympathises with the producers of the country, we have thought best to give it publicity. The facts and figures of the article will prove interesting to the great mass of our readers, though some may not concur in its sentiments and conclusions.—ED.

AN OCTAGON POULTRY-HOUSE.

THE Engravings represent the elevation and ground plan of a neat and convenient Poultry House erected near Factoryville, Staten Island, selected from BEMENT'S "*Poulterer's Companion.*" We built one very similar but larger, and divided it into eight apartments for keeping separate this number of varieties of fowls. The yards were made of the same [octagon] form. The object of placing this house on piles was to prevent the encroachments of rats, mice, skunks, &c., and is a good method, as rats are very annoying, especially where they have a good harbor under the house, often destroying the eggs and killing the young chickens.

This building is ten feet in diameter and six feet and a half high. The sills are 4 by 4, and the plates 3 by 4 joists, halved and nailed at the joints. It is sided with inch and a quarter spruce plank, tongued and grooved. No upright timbers were used. The floor and roofing are of the same kind of plank. To guard against leakage by shrinking, the joints may be battened with lath or strips of thin boards. An eight-square frame supports the top of the rafters, leaving an opening of ten inches in diameter, on which is placed an octagon chimney for a ventilator, which makes a very pretty finish. The piers should be either cedar, chestnut or locust, two feet high, and set on flat stones.

The letter D designates the door; W, W, windows; L, latticed window to admit air, with a shutter to exclude it when necessary; F, entrance for the fowls with a sliding door; P, platform for the fowls to alight on when going in; R, R, are roosts placed spirally, one end attached to a post near the centre of the room, and the other end to the wall; the first or lowermost one two feet from the floor, and the others eighteen inches apart, and rising gradually to the top, six feet from the floor. These roosts will accommodate forty ordinary sized fowls. F, F, is a board floor, on an angle of about forty-five degrees, to catch and carry down the droppings of the fowls. This arrangement renders it much more convenient in cleaning out the manure, which should be frequently done.



GROUND PLAN.

The space beneath this floor is appropriated to nests, twelve in number, fifteen inches wide, eighteen inches deep, and eighteen inches high. In order to give an appearance of secretiveness, which it is well known the hen is so partial to, the front is latticed with strips of lath. By this arrangement a free circulation of air is admitted, which adds much to the comfort of the hens while sitting.

HOURS WITH THE FARMERS.

"FARMERS as a class are improvident," was the remark made to us a few days since in one of our excursions among the farmers. We were conversing about the scarcity and dearness of feed last spring, and the consequent suffering among cattle in many parts of the country, and great loss to farmers. In sustaining his position our informant declared that not one in ten of his acquaintances took pains to gather and preserve coarse fodder; that corn stalks, even, were generally much injured before being housed; and that although any one with ordinary foresight, on comparing the quantity of stock with the acres in grass and clover, and other provision for feed, might judge almost with certainty, as to its sufficiency, yet few appeared to think of this matter until the time of need. Indeed, many did not seem to be aware of danger until their barns were empty and their stock hungry. They would feed out early in the winter with a free hand, and when too late find out their mistake. Many sold their hay cheap in the summer or fall, only to buy it back again at a high price before spring. A near neighbor sold hay last summer for something like $10 per ton, and bought back a much inferior article for over $20 the present spring. Oats, corn and other feed are sold and bought back again in this way every year, and farmers seem to learn but little by what they suffer.

This, good farmer, is the statement of one of your number. We hope, yes, we think, the evil is not as general as represented; but, whether it is so or not, all perhaps may derive benefit from bestowing some thought on the matter, and seriously inquiring whether sufficient foresight is usually exercised.

The cold, wet and backward spring has much injured the corn crop, and many pieces we see in our travels have been abandoned to the weeds.—In others the crop is looking well in the higher parts, while it is destroyed in the lower. We rather think that some of the fields that have been abandoned would have yielded something like a crop if they had been cultivated. That this loss will affect the quantity of fodder very materially should not be forgotten. Almost every farmer we saw had sown, or was intending to sow, buckwheat on these fields. Perhaps this may be a good plan, but where feed for stock is likely to be short, would it not be much wiser to sow Turnips.—These low fields and moist spots are just the places to give an excellent growth of turnips; and we are almost prepared to promise a continuance of good turnip weather the balance of the season. Try them, just for the experiment, for your own sake, for the sake of the cattle, to see whether our advice is good for anything or not; for any reason you choose, only that you try them.

Not much grass or clover was cut, but we noticed some cocks that looked as "black as a hat." The showers had been so frequent the past week that it was almost impossible to make hay. We observed one load being carried into a barn, and the owner stated that it had been cut a week, and turned and cocked about every day. It was pretty wet but he thought "salt would save it."

We noticed only two fields of corn sown broadcast for fodder, and they were looking very well; and one piece of *Millet*. Millet will answer well on strong, rich soils, but on light loams it does not succeed. Light land that is barely rich enough to produce a fair crop of corn, will not produce millet enough to pay for the trouble. On very

rich, strong land it gives an enormous quantity of feed. This is the result of our experience and observation.

What shall be done with the *Canada Thistles?* Scarcely a road we travel that is not bordered on both sides with this pest. Many oat and barley fields and meadows seem to be one-third covered with them. Is it not worth while to make an effort to arrest their progress?—or are the farmers "getting used to them?" We never before saw such a display of mustard flowers as this season.—They are very pretty, giving a golden hue to the country, but are sadly out of place in a grain field.

CARROTS are more cultivated this season, we think, than ever before, and so far as we have observed have come up and are looking well. It is difficult to keep the weeds down, on account of the rain, and once in a while we see a lot that is badly overrun.

It is strange our farmers do not grow PARSNIPS for stock. They are less trouble to weed than carrots, less trouble to save in winter, and for feeding to pigs, no root equals them. Hogs will fatten on parsnips, alone, rapidly. They are also excellent for cows and most other stock, and are not bad for the table. If farmers would grow more roots we should not hear so much about short feed in spring.

Communications.

HILLING vs. LEVEL CULTURE FOR CORN.

EDS. RURAL:—In a late number of the RURAL I noticed an inquiry from a Young Farmer in Marion Co., Ohio, relative to hilling corn. Having had some experience in this branch of agriculture I venture to give my views and experience in this matter. As corn is one of the staples of this climate, it is of the utmost importance to us farmers that we understand how to produce the greatest amount of grain with the least hand labor—labor being high and scarce. If farmers would give their views and experience more freely on agricultural subjects, no doubt it would be cordially received, and be of great benefit to community.

We are living in an age of improvement. It is too late in the day to hill corn, or go to market with cart and oxen, while the rest of the world travel by lightning and steam. I wish through the columns of the RURAL to give my views on raising a crop of corn. My remarks are intended for large farmers who have good land for corn.

Plow well at least 8 inches deep, and drag thoroughly before planting. Mark both ways with shovel-plow, five feet one way, and four the other; wide way north and south. This lets in the sun. The distance apart may be varied to accommodate climate and varieties. This is intended for the Ohio Dent. By planting in the furrows the corn will not need any hilling. Leave the surface of your field level, that the roots may run deep into the earth, and the stalk will not break off when swayed back and forth by the wind. At the bottom of every stalk may be seen numerous brace roots, or feelers, which strike out into the earth to hold it fast. But, if the earth be cobbled up in hills, around the corn, it robs the fine fibrous roots of their proper nourishment, and the crop is injured thereby.

Dry weather has much less influence on a level surface, than if hilled. A level surface imbibes the rain uniformly, diffuses it equally and secures it beneath the surface for the general benefit of that webwork of roots which fills the entire ground below. As soon as you can see the rows, start a horse and cultivator. This will keep down all weeds and is all that is necessary to produce a good crop; yet it may be well to go through once with a hoe.

Now comes the harvesting. Let your corn stand on the stalk until it is fit to crib. Enter your field with team, two men and a boy. Straddle every fifth row, a man on each side, and the boy to fetch up the rear. Pick off the ears as rapidly as possible, with all the husks that remain,—throwing them directly into the wagon. In this way no basket is needed. Secure your corn in any convenient place—a pen made of rails is good enough,—and when it is full cover with stalks. Corn secured in this way will keep for years. When you wish to market the crop, take it to a barn-floor and thresh with horses; the husks remaining will not be in the way of threshing. Rake off, run through the mill, and your corn will be in fine condition. By this method, two men and a boy can pick and crib 200 bushels of ears in a day. I believe the above plan faithfully executed will save the farmer half his labor; and this is quite an item in these times. I believe corn may be grown for one shilling per bushel. JAS. CLISBE.

Quincy, Mich., 1857.

EDS. RURAL:—I would say to the "Young Farmer" who seeks information on this subject, do either as suits your convenience best, and the implement you use for cultivating. The great point is to keep the ground as mellow as possible, and suffer nothing but the corn to grow.

Till deep and thorough
While sluggards sleep in their burrow,
And you will have corn to sell and keep
With no occasion to borrow.

[A. T., *Andover, Ohio.*

EDS. RURAL:—Although but a young farmer myself, I can give the experience of seven years in Western New York and three years in this State, comprising soils from the heaviest clay, through all its grades, to the rich mould of the prairie. I have invariably found level culture the best for three reasons:—First, the land can be pulverized much finer. Second, the soil becomes much warmer. Third, it is much easier preparing it for the next crop, besides, it is easier harvesting. Nature will give it all the braces it needs. I have seen braces on the Dent corn that were half an inch in diameter.—L. E. P., *Almond, Port Co., Wis.*

THE FLAX CROP OF OHIO will, it is said, this season exceed that of any previous year. Large quantities of seed were donated to farmers by Eastern men, who reserved the right to purchase all the seed produced at current market price—the producers to retain the fibre. The Cincinnati Commercial thinks the flax statistics of Ohio for the year will be apt to surprise statticians.

DRINKS FOR HARVEST LABORERS.

INCLOSED find five dollars for which you will please forward the RURAL to the names given.—You sent me an extra number a few weeks since, which was passed round to my neighbors. The result was a desire to take the paper on trial, and without trenching upon any ground occupied by any of your regular agents, these few names can be added to your already extended list. The RURAL is an "institution" which "commends itself to every man's conscience." The most casual reader will find something to attract his attention,—the literary taste can be fully gratified,—and the man of science may dig as for "hid treasures," and be sure of his reward.

I have been much interested in the diversity of subjects which your numerous and able correspondents have touched, and the pith, truth and life with which they have all been treated. From the symmetrical Durham, down to the "Dumpy" pig,—(not forgetting the canine race,) from the elegant swan to the "wee" Bantam,—and from the Mower, Reaper and Threshing machine, down to the "old stub of a hoe,"—every *grade* and every *shade* has been fully discussed. It was doubtless a slip of pen, in your "special contributor" to magnify the the merits of an "old hoe." Among the best farmers in Wyoming Co., he don't believe in this retrograde movement, any more than I do, and the *close rubs* of your correspondents will keep him on his guard!

Warm weather is upon us, and the season for *hard work* is just at hand. My object in this communication is to caution laboring men—farmers, especially young farmers, against drinking to excess. I do not mean excess in the use of intoxicating liquors, for it is my hope that most farmers have long since eschewed this kind of drink in the hay and harvest field. Nor is it warning against the use of "hard-cider," for sure no sane man will voluntarily endure head-ache, heart-burn and sickness at the stomach, for the sake of gratifying the cravings of a diseased appetite—for it *creates* more than it *allays* thirst. Hard-cider is a word which ought to be obliterated from the English language, during the warm months, at least,—if not from the first day of January to the last day of December.

But laboring men must and will drink! Of course they must and will. Let them drink something that is healthy, palatable and refreshing.—*Lemonade* is a most excellent beverage, and ought to be more generally used in the hay field,—the cost is trifling, especially when farmers have made their own sugar as they should have done this year. *Coffee*, either hot or cold, is a very nutritious and wholesome drink,—it slakes thirst best when warm. Milk and water,—sweetened water, with a little vinegar and ginger added, and small beer, are all good for a change. Cold water may be drank with impunity when the system is cool, but should never be taken in copious draughts when the blood is hot.

Some will say—"It is too much trouble to furnish these kinds of drink—I give my men a pail of water and a bottle of whisky—it is the cheapest thing I can do." True it may be *cheapest*, but is it the *best?* May it not be the means of forming habits of intemperance in some, during the present hay and harvest season? Ask yourself the question,—is it *best?*

I should be glad if in any way I could aid in correcting a very general and prevalent error,—that when very thirsty we must drink large quantities to allay it. The experience and practice of years and years have fully satisfied me that the less we drink the less we suffer from thirst. I mean by this that liquids taken in small quantities, sufficient to moisten the glands of the throat and stomach, are better than large draughts. The laboring man will find it much easier to work upon this principle, and habit will soon make it familiar and easy.

It is *hard work* to *work hard*, and great additional labor to carry round at the same time the largest share of the contents of a gallon jug. *Drink light*, especially in the fore part of the day, and in the afternoon be sure to *drink light*. This rule perseveringly practiced upon, you will never regret.

Attica, N. Y., 1857. E. B.

KENTUCKY CROPS, CULTURE, &c.

MR. MOORE:—With your permission I will contribute my *rush light*, though dim, for the purpose of giving your readers some knowledge of Kentucky crops, and an insight as to how we do things in the "dark and bloody ground."

Our farmers are now busily securing their wheat crop, which will far exceed any previous one grown in the State, both as to quality and quantity. Present price at the barn $1 per bushel. Our modes of sowing are various. Some break up clover in July, then harrow and sow in September—plowing in with small *bull tongue* plows, or harrowing in. An excellent method is to sow in growing corn, and plow in—the corn in dry weather affording shade to the tender roots; nor is it so liable to the ravages of the fly. Average crop per acre 25 to 35 bushels.

Oats and Rye promise an abundant yield, the latter bearing a price nearly equalling wheat. Corn, our standard crop, is growing finely, and with a late and favorable fall the product will be immense. The price will not be more than $1 25 per bbl.,—average yield from 15 to 20 bbls. per acre. It is generally grown for successive years on the same ground, and cultivated with the "shovel plow," which penetrates the ground to the depth of 4 to 6 inches; five plowings suffice. We use no manures.

In brief, the crops of every description in Kentucky will far exceed, in quantity, any grown for years. Fruit of every description promises all that could be desired—apples particularly. Vegetables are in no wise scarce. I venture the prediction that ten bushels of potatoes are now growing in Kentucky to where there was one in any previous year.

Beef cattle, owing to the want of provender and general failure of crops last year, are scarce and high, and will be for some time to come.—Hogs largely exceed the number of last year, and present appearances indicate a great falling off from last year's prices.

We are gradually introducing the labor saving machinery of the East in our State—altho' legions of "old fogies" can yet be found, who tenaciously adhere to the primitive way of doing things, treading wheat with horses, and doing other things in like ancient modes.

Thus, Mr. Editor, I have given you a few facts concerning Kentucky matters; and if this should meet a charitable reception, may be induced to again impart to your numerous readers other items of how we do things in "Old Kentucky."

Sharpsburg, Bath Co., Ky., July, 1857. A. L. A.

WIRE-WORM.—MOWERS AND REAPERS.

EDS. RURAL:—That russet, little, india-rubber borer, that voracious and almost indestructible pest of farmerdom, which pounces on the golden grain—the toiling husbandman puts into the soil, nay almost the very moment he does so—*the Wire-Worm*, has left *his mark* in these regions the present year. Large fields have been almost entirely destroyed by his ravages. The *corn*, especially, has he riddled, and probed with fatal energy and indefatigableness. It is curious and sometimes sad to see the rioters gathered to their feast—one farmer, not far off, picking not less than *thirty-six* from one hill of corn. Even that which is first spared afterwards subsides out of view in a magical manner, like the melting away of hope and abundance to come. What shall we do? How shall we outwit or circumvent this desolator? One man says, "plant corn again next year, manuring in the hill, especially with hog manure." A Wire-Worm Essay, about these days, will not be altogether inopportune to some humble farmers not posted up to the best way of waging war on the depredators. Crops of other kinds in this region, are good, in prospect.

The mowing and reaping machine excitement rages. People are bothered to know which kind is best and what to get. Who shall decide? Hereabouts there is perhaps a slight leaning towards KETCHUM. Gentlemen and sirs, manufacturers, know this—we want *good machines*. People who pay you one or two hundred dollars, want to find out that they have got their money's worth, and not that they are humbugged. Therefore, be careful that in your haste to throw manufactures into market you do not construct imperfect implements that will only bring sickness and heart-ache to the farmer. The difficulty of choosing is increased from the multitude of patents issued to inventors. Without prejudice or partiality we can but wish, for the general good, that one or two machines would take such entire and permanent lead of the rest in point of excellence and merit, as to secure the farmer from perplexity, and the danger of being seriously disappointed. True, the field of competition is broad and inviting, but merit must prevail, and we hope it will with such distinctness as to render selection not an embarrassment.

Erie County, N. Y., July, 1857. C.

REMEDY FOR SWELLINGS ON CATTLE.

EDS. RURAL:—Seeing the inquiry of E. W. D. about "Swellings," has induced me to "show my opinion." The swellings named are what are called Wens or Ulcers in England. Their cause I cannot tell, whether it comes from the feed the animals get, or water they drink. In England they are rarely known, except on peaty low land and where the water is impure. A frequent change of pasture to higher land is some preventive. *Remedy*—First cast the ox—don't attempt without; let one hold the head down fast; take a little grease and make a small ring round each ulcer just outside the swelling; then take either Spirits of Turpentine or Butter of Antimony, (the latter is the best,) pour a little upon the ulcer and rub it well with the back of an old spoon. Then apply some more and rub again, and next take oil of vitriol and apply in the same manner. Serve each ulcer the same, and if your vitriol is good you have made a cure. If not as soon as the hard scale comes off, cast and dress again. I never knew this remedy to fail when good vitriol was used.—TRANS ATLANTIC, *Waterloo, Jeff. Co., Wis.*

ITEMS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

THE BEST MILKING MACHINE.—In the RURAL of 18th July I notice an inquiry in regard to a milking machine by H. R. KENDALL. As I have been somewhat engaged in the dairy business for several years past, I will give him my experience on the subject, or rather mention the best machine I ever used or saw used, and which produced the most pleasing sensation upon the cow—as I have often seen them sleep under its operation. I think it preferable to any other that ever has or ever will be in use. The machine consists of a large pair of hands, attached to strong arms, with a willing disposition to work the machine, and the work speedily and well done. These machines may be obtained at any good substantial house—without patent fees.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Nichols, N. Y.*

ABOUT ROADS.—In a late number of the RURAL something was said about roads and road-making, which pleased me much. It put me in mind of one of my neighbors, who felled timber in the road and left it there. I agree with H.'s plan of making roads—to remove the sods out of the road instead of putting them in. Either clay, loam or gravel is far better. But when people go on to the road to work, it is best not to have long stories to tell. The difficulty is that one will talk and a dozen will listen. That is the occasion of so many bad roads. Never mind it—for it is for Uncle Sam, and he is rich.—SIMEON TRIM, JR., *Eagle, Warren Co. Pa.*

BETTER YET.—In the RURAL of July 11th, notice is given of a cow owned by Mrs. LOUISA BYINGTON, that would appear to be somewhat extraordinary,—but I now own a cow of the native breed that gave, for two weeks in June, from thirty to thirty-two quarts of milk per day, from which we made 31½ lbs. butter in the two weeks, after supplying a family of six with milk together with a fair sprinkling of company. The cow is seven years old, deep red color, and may be seen at any time by calling on P. HALL, *Pennville Tompkins Co., N. Y.*

SUGAR CANE CRUSHER WANTED.—Can you, or any of your subscribers, give information relative to a machine for crushing Sugar Cane? Where are they manufactured, and what do they cost?—You will confer a favor on a subscriber by giving information.—H. D. W., *Elba, N. Y.*

Rural Notes and Items.

WEATHER AND CROPS.—The past ten days (we write on Tuesday, July 28,) have been remarkable for the number and severity of thunder storms in many parts of New York, New England, &c. In several instances the storms were unusually sudden and violent—in some accompanied with heavy hail, which proved quite destructive to crops in various localities. The hail storm which occurred in this vicinity, on Monday week, destroyed entire fields of wheat, corn, &c., in some neighborhoods. For instance, a field of eight acres of wheat, within three miles of this city, was so completely riddled, so to speak, that scarcely a dozen heads were left on the stalks. Fields of Indian corn and gardens were also almost entirely destroyed. We hear of more or less damage to the crops from the severe storms which occurred during the week, in distant sections of this and other States. The week was altogether very unfavorable for haying and harvesting, and we fear that much grass and grain has been greatly injured. If considerable hay has not been damaged beyond recovery, farmers in the flooded sections have been fortunate. As we write, rain is falling copiously, and it is feared that the farmers are to have another week of "catching weather."

The Crops are reported as very promising, in most sections of the country. At the South and West the wheat crop has already been harvested, the yield being abundant and generally of good quality. In this State we think the crop will prove better than has been anticipated. The midge has not prevailed so *widely* as was feared—though we hear considerable complaint from various localities of this region. The rust has also injured the crop in certain sections of Western New York—some farmers averring that what the midge has left, the rust has taken. In quite an extensive district, these two evils are at present the Scylla and Charybdis of wheat growers. Indian corn is improving in all parts of the country, if report speaks truly, as are most spring crops. Dry, hot weather is, however, greatly needed, and if vouchsafed, the present season will yet prove one of the most productive for many years—taking the several staples and the whole country into the account.

LIMING AND SALTING HAY.—In the Transactions of our State Ag. Society for 1855, Mr. L. D. CLIFT thus speaks of a preparation for hay in the mow which has proved highly beneficial, and preferable to salt alone:—"I have used for several years, the following preparation for my hay: *Two parts of slacked or quick lime to one of salt.* The salt to be mixed with the lime until entirely dissolved and the mass becomes a powder. Upon a load or tun of hay, at intervals in mowing or stacking, use from ten to fifteen quarts, dusted evenly over the hay. I formerly used salt alone, but the men would often use too much, so that it was injurious to the stock. The above mixture obviates this—it corrects the acidity and sourness of the hay, and I do not recollect a sick animal since I commenced its use. Horses troubled with the heaves are greatly relieved by feeding upon hay thus prepared, and I am satisfied it is a preventive of the heaves. My horses are kept in the stable the year round, well groomed, and they do far more work and wear longer than when suffered to run during summer."

DON'T VISIT COUNTRY FRIENDS in Harvest Time without special provocation, good city people!—Farmers, their wives, sons and daughters, have little time to "cousin" with or entertain you "about these days"—and if you visit them, even for a day important labors will either be interrupted or impeded. "Remember that the harvest is great and the laborers few," and that every moment is precious in the eyes of the husbandman; and moreover, with extra men to "provision," both matron and maidens have enough care and labor from early morn till weary night—especially when the thermometer ranges among the nineties—without extending hospitality to the most cherished friends or relatives from town. Wait, therefore, until the harvest is ended—until the fragrant grass and golden grain are secured—and then you will impart as well as receive pleasure in visiting and perchance tarrying for awhile with your friends in the country. "A word to the wise," &c.

TALL CORN.—Brother DREW, of the *Rural Intelligencer*, Augusta, Me., tells in his last number, about several hills of tall corn—from five to six and-a-half feet high, with silks, &c.,—which is altogether more elevated than any we have seen in this vicinity. The corn in his own field averages "as high as his head"—and that is pretty tall, for brother D.'s venerable crown is full six feet from mother earth.

—A friend who has just returned from a trip up the Genesee Valley as far as Mt. Morris, avers that he saw "lots of corn" which was six-and-a-half feet high—and that the crop promises well in all that region. Brother DREW will therefore please "acknowledge the *maize*,"—while our friends in the West and South-west, where corn naturally goes skyward, are *not* invited to institute comparisons!

THE FENCE QUESTION is not yet entirely settled, at least in the opinion of some of our correspondents, for we have of late received descriptions of several portable and farm fences. The best of these—among which we rank the "no patent" fence of our progressive friend JOS. WATSON, Esq., of Clyde—will ere long be noticed in the RURAL.

IMPROVED STOCK AT PUBLIC SALE.—The special attention of those of our readers wishing to purchase improved Stock is directed to the announcements of Messrs. JOHN WADE, of Port Hope, C. W., and LEWIS F. ALLEN, of Black Rock, N. Y., in our advertising department.

TALL TIMOTHY.—We have in the RURAL sanctum two stalks of Timothy, grown on the farm of Capt. BOWEN, of Sennett, Cayuga county, which are *six feet three inches in height!* Can any Monroe county farmer show us Timothy which is "Excelsior"—*still higher?*

THE Annual Fair of the Oswego Co. Ag. Society, is to be held in the village of Mexico, Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th.

HYMN OF THE HARVESTERS.

We gather them in—the bright green leaves,
With our scythes and rakes to-day,
And the mow grows big, and the pitcher heaves
His lifts in the swelt'ring hay.
O, ho! a field! for the mower's scythe,
Hath a ring of destiny,
Sweeping the earth of its burthen lithe,
As it sung in wrathful glee.

We gather them in—the nodding plumes
Of the yellow and bending grain,
And the flash of our sickles' light illumes
Our march o'er the vanquished plain.
Anon we come with the steed-drawn car—
The cunning of modern laws;
And the acres stoop to it its clanking jàr,
As it rocks its hungry jaws.

We gather them in—the mellow fruits
From the shrub, the vine and tree,
With their russets, and golden, and purple suits,
To garnish our treasury.
And each has a juicy treasure stored
All aneath its tinted rind,
To cheer our guests at the social board,
When we leave our cares behind.

We gather them in—in this goodly store,
But not with the miser's gust,
For this Great All Father we adore,
Hath but given it in trust;
And our work of death is but for life,
In the wintry days to come—
Then a blessing upon the Reaper's strife,
And a shout at this Harvest Home.

AN EDITOR TURNED SHEPHERD.—It is said that PICAYUNE KENDALL—so called because formerly editor of the sprightly New Orleans Picayune—is now located with his family about five miles from New Brannfels, in Texas, where he has gone largely into the raising of sheep. He is said to have the finest Merinos from the best stock on the Eastern continent. He had a few weeks ago about 1,200 lambs, and of the finest quality. Some of his bucks shear 12, 14, and 17 pounds of wool each, which is worth from 60 to 70 cents a pound.

WOOL growing in Texas is becoming very extensive. A few days since a lot was sent from the prairies in Texas to New Orleans, which for quality is represented to be equal to the best Saxony.

The Young Ruralist.

THE YOUNG RURALISTS.—It will be seen that the Farmers' Boys are not to be allowed to monopolize this department, as we have already given one or two articles from the girls and have several more on hand. In this number we give a short article from a Clerk, in which he appeals to his fellow clerks to see that they are well represented in this column, and also one from a young Mechanic. This is right; all should be heard.

A WORD FOR THE CLERKS.

MR. EDITOR:—I am a clerk, but I take as much interest in reading the RURAL as any other paper, and the first thing I look at is the Young Ruralist. I am much disappointed in reading it week after week to see all the pieces are written by farmers' boys; and another thing, once in a while, when an older head than ours puts in a word or two, they address it all to the farmers' boys. They seem to think that none of the village or city boys read your paper. I am sorry to see this, for I am acquainted with a number of clerks that like the RURAL very much, and when some of their young farmer acquaintances come to town (even if they are just from the barn-yard,) they will take their hand just as cordially as if they were dressed in broadcloth, and had on all the "fixins." I would also say to that young lady who said (in a few numbers back) to the farmers' boys, "Go ahead boys; we will not toss our heads and shake our pretty curls at you because you have to work,"—that she must not discard clerks altogether because perhaps some of the clerks in her town are upstarts and snobbish, for they are not all so. I hope she will not shake her *pretty curls* at such of us clerks as pretend to live on this earthly ball and not own the towns in which we live.

Let me say a few words to the clerks around the country. Let us do some of the writing for the Young Ruralist, and not let the young farmers do it all. I am sure Mr. MOORE will not show any partiality to them, and publish their letters and not ours. Now, in the next number, let us see at least half of the letters written by clerks. CLERK.

Dunkirk, July, 1857.

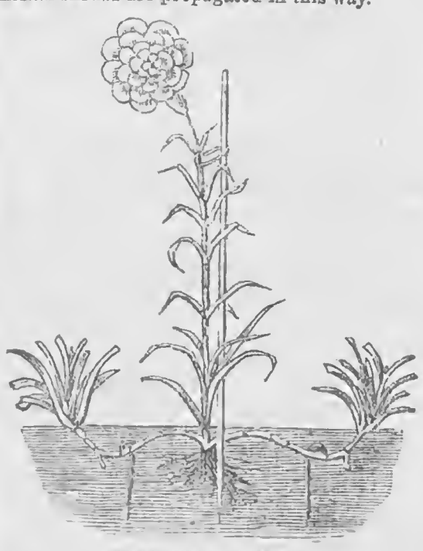
A WORD TO MECHANICS' BOYS.

EDS. RURAL.—So much has been said about the calling of the farmer boys, (as if that was the only noble calling on earth,) I thought I would state a few things that happened to come into my mind. We will look at the mechanic. Who is it that makes the thousand things which are indispensable to the farmer? The mechanic. We will look back a few years. The axe was heard in these forests, and soon mills, shops and business places were put up, and the farmer, with the tools that he then thought could not be made any better, tilled his ground truly by the *sweat of his brow*. The awkward plow and harrow first did their duty, then the scythe, sickle and cradle, by the hand of man, gathered in the golden harvest. Time passed; machine shops and machinists sprang up, and through their instrumentality the scythe and cradle were converted into mowers and reapers, so that instead of man, his horses did the work. But this is not all. Seed drills, the present kinds of plows, and instead of the old fashioned harrow, the light drag has taken its place. And was it the farmer who did all this? I should judge not. Look at that snorting engine, which with polished wheels and rods starts off over river and mountain, thro' valley and deep cut, with the speed of a whirlwind, and looks as if it almost disdains to look upon, much less to stay upon, this earth. And who made it? I answer, the mechanic. Now is not this a noble calling? Is not there as broad a field laid out before the mechanic's boy as before the farmer's boy? I say nothing against the farmer, for his a noble calling—yea, the noblest, but is not the mechanic's also a noble calling? While his lathe is turning the ponderous wheels and mighty shafts, cannot his mind be occupied with that which will prove a blessing to himself and to the world?—T. H. J., *Honeoye Falls, N. Y.*

The Orchard and Garden.

SEASONABLE HINTS.

THE most important work in the garden at the present time is the increase of plants and trees by Layering and Budding. Carnations, Pinks, and many trees and plants that are not easily propagated from seed and do not root freely from cuttings, are propagated by Layering. This is a very simple operation, and can be performed by any one having plants that it is desirable to increase by this method. A *layer* is very similar to a cutting, with this exception, that it is allowed to maintain a partial connection with the parent plant, and gain sustenance from it, until it has emitted roots, and is thus enabled to provide for its own necessities, when the connection is severed. The grape, gooseberry, quince, and many ornamental shrubs are propagated in this way.



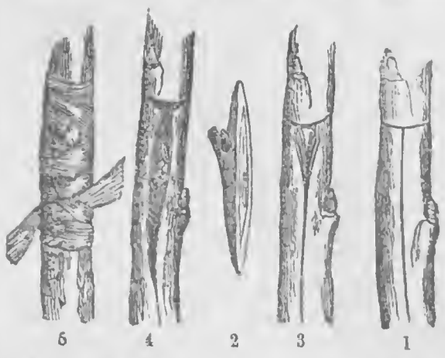
CARNATION LAYERED.

To illustrate the process we will take the Carnation for an example. The ground should be nicely spaded up around the plant and raked off smooth. Then rake away the earth a few inches deep in the form of a trench, in which to lay the branch.—Next select the branch you wish to layer, cut about one-third through it, turn the knife and slit the branch about an inch toward the point. Then peg down the branch with the slit open, as shown in the engraving, and cover with fine earth. Roots will be thrown out freely at the point where the branch is cut, and each layer will form a perfect plant, and can be removed in the fall or spring.

BUDDING requires a little more care and skill. It consists in simply taking a bud with a portion of the bark attached from a branch of the present season's growth from one tree, and inserting it under the bark of another. Only young trees from one to three years old, are usually budded. The buds which are inserted must be perfectly developed in the axils of the leaves, and the "stick of buds" must be prepared by cutting off the leaves, as shown in the engraving. The bark must rise freely from the stocks or young trees to be budded, and this is found to be the case only when they are in a thrifty growing condition. Any small branches that may be in the way so as to interfere with the insertion of the bud must first be removed, so as to secure a clean place for the work.

STICK OF BUDS.

When all is ready, make two incisions through the bark, in the form of a T, as shown in figure 1. Then cut a bud from the "stick of buds," in the form of fig. 2. This bud will contain a small portion of the wood, which may be removed if it separates freely, if not it may remain. In removing it, however, care must be exercised, so as not to injure the root of the bud. Raise the bark around the incision, as shown in fig. 3, and push the bud down, and cut it off square, like fig. 4. Then bandage carefully with bass matting, basswood bark, or corn husks, as shown in fig. 5. This keeps the bud firm, and excludes the air. In from ten to twenty days the growth of the tree will cause the bandage to cut the bark, when it must be removed.



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The bud remains dormant until the following spring. Plums perfect their buds earlier than most other trees and are therefore budded first, cherries follow, afterwards peaches, apples, &c. This is of great advantage to nurserymen, as it extends the budding season from the early part of July to late in August.

Strawberry beds should be cleaned of weeds that have grown during fruiting, and the runners should be cut away if the beds are new, if old its fruitfulness may be prolonged by removing some of the old plants, and allowing the runners to remain. As soon as the runners are well rooted new beds may be formed. Select cloudy, damp weather for this work. The soil for a strawberry bed should be dug deeply and well manured.

As soon as the fruit is gathered, the old canes of the Raspberry that have borne this year should be cut away, as this gives the new canes a better chance to ripen.

The withered flower stems of herbaceous plants should be cut away, and beds kept free from weeds.

Dahlias should be kept well tied to the stakes and any straggling shoots removed. Bedding plants should now cover the entire bed, so as to entirely hide the soil from view. Annuals will soon make the garden gay for the remainder of the season. Seeds of all fine things should be carefully saved as fast as they ripen.

The *Raspberries* are now in perfection, and we have taken notes of about a dozen varieties, but must reserve them until next week, when, perhaps, we may give some engravings of new or superior sorts.

Plums and other fruit, stung by insects, are now falling to the ground, and should be gathered up and fed to hogs, or otherwise destroyed. In this way a host of insects may be killed. A few years of such treatment and the evil will be in a great measure overcome.

THE ROSE BUG.

WE have several inquiries as to the best method of destroying the Rose Bug. We are sorry that we cannot give an easy and effectual remedy.—They come from the ground in June, about the time the earliest roses are in flower, and remain doing their work of destruction from thirty to forty days. At the end of this period the males fall to the ground and perish, but the females enter the earth, lay their eggs, then return to the surface, and after a few days die. Each female lays about thirty eggs, which they deposit two or three inches under the surface of the soil. In about twenty days these eggs hatch, and the young larvæ feed on such tender roots as happen to be within their reach. They attain their full growth in autumn and are then nearly three-quarters of an inch long, and about an eighth of an inch in diameter; they are of a creamy white color, with a shade of blue towards the hinder extremity. In October they descend below the reach of frost and pass the winter in a torpid state. In the spring they approach toward the surface and each one forms for itself a little cell, by turning round many times, so as to compress the earth and make the inside of the cavity hard and smooth. During the month of June the perfect insect comes forth from this cell to feed upon our choicest flowers.

The only remedy seems to be to catch and kill them. They may be brushed into pans of water and destroyed. DOWNING recommended the use of wide-mouthed bottles filled with sweetened water and vinegar, as in this way many might be entrapped. He also recommended pouring boiling water upon the ground under the bushes at the time the insect first makes its appearance, so as to destroy those that are just emerging from the ground.

The following laughable experience in destroying these bugs is from a correspondent of the *Horticulturist*:—"One of my neighbors, and one of the best informed men of my acquaintance, this summer undertook to 'fight the rose-bugs,' a hopeless task, you'll say, but nevertheless rendered necessary by their extraordinary ravages; they have been more numerous in the vicinity of Philadelphia this year than we have ever known them. But my philosophical neighbor was for once foiled. His operations were in this wise: His man Pompey and himself rose early to enjoy a savage pleasure in conquering their hitherto invincible enemy. Pomp rolled up his sleeves for slaughter, while my friend pulled on a pair of gloves. To it they both went, and in an hour or two, or ere the tuneful breakfast bell had called neighbor W. to his matutinal repast, a bucket full of these *coleoptera* had been bagged. 'Now,' says Pomp., 'massa, 'spose I scald 'em.' 'Oh no,' says Philosophy; 'I'll teach them to trespass on my manor, the varmint!' So he went to his laboratory and brought out some ounces of chloride of lime, which, dissolved, was poured over the active mass; they were then buried, and Pomp spanked his spade over the *grave*, as a thing done. Philosophy slept well that night, *and* in the morning was horrified to find all his enemies airing their wings in the sun, having had a resurrection, which astonished my friend, but did not Pomp, who still thinks scalding water would have been better."

DO GRAPES REQUIRE EXPOSURE TO THE SUN?

MESSRS. EDS.:—Your article in the RURAL of July 25th, entitled "*Take Care of the Vines*," reminds me that I intended to call the attention of grape growers to an item in my experience, which tends to upset your theory, and that of cultivators generally.

I have an Isabella vine planted in a deep, loamy soil, at the south end of my barn, and trained upon it, covering the south end and extending some twenty feet or more upon both the east and west sides, and also to some distance upon a board fence adjacent. At the south-east corner of the barn stands a large almond tree. The roots of the vine, and that part upon the south end of the barn, have the sun nearly the whole day, while the part on the east side only gets the sun a short time in the morning, and on the west side in the afternoon. I pinch off all the fruit-bearing shoots after they have grown 6 or 8 inches beyond the last cluster, which gives the grapes a chance at the sun where it can reach them. Now for the result. Those on the *east side* of the barn have ripened for the past four years, (it did not extend there previous to that,) at least *two weeks* sooner than those on the south end and west side, and the latter are earlier than any other Isabella grapes in this vicinity.—Those on the east side of the barn are now nearly one-third larger than the others.

Now, friend MOORE, if *exposure to the sun* is necessary to ripen grapes early, why do not mine ripen first which are most fully exposed to its rays? If you, or any of the grape growing fraternity, can harmonize *my experience with your theory*, I should be glad to have you do so. My own opinion is that the exposure of the *soil at the roots of the vine to the sun's rays* is of more importance than the exposure of the clusters. What say others? Of course I would pinch or prune off (the first is preferable) the surplus shoots so as to concentrate the action of the vine upon maturing the fruit as much as possible. R. B. WARREN.

Alabama, N. Y., July 25th, 1857.

REMARKS.—Our correspondent, it seems, pursues the very system we recommended, as he "pinches off all the fruit-bearing shoots which gives the grapes a chance at the sun." That a warm, and particularly a warm, humid, atmosphere is favorable to the ripening of grapes is a fact known to all intelligent grape growers. Friend WARREN'S experiment proves too much, for if the grapes ripened best when least exposed to the sun, those on the west side should have ripened at least as soon as those on the east. An eastern is a good exposure, and all gardeners prize a situation where their plants have the benefit of the "morning sun." We see nothing in this experiment to induce us to change an opinion founded on life-long experience, and given in the RURAL of last week, that "it is useless to try to ripen grapes well in this climate all covered up in a thicket of leaves and branches." Grapes are ripened by artificial heat before the "sun's rays" can materially affect the roots.

GIANT OF BATTLES ROSE.

WE give a portrait and description of the best dark Hybrid Perpetual Rose. Its color is a most brilliant, glowing crimson, and its size and form is shown in the engraving. It has been cultivated some ten years, and is no doubt familiar to many of our readers. It has been well proved, and therefore we feel entirely safe in recommending it to our readers. Since its first introduction many seedlings have been raised from it, and sent out by the French rose growers, but scarcely one of them equals the parent. One of them, the *Glory of France*, is larger than the giant, and of a very similar color. This is decidedly the best of all the seedlings of Giant of Battles, and this excels it only in size. Although we have not seen it bloom under favorable circumstances, we hardly think it quite as good, either in form or color.—Perhaps another season may prove this opinion incorrect, and if so we will make the *amende honorable* by giving a portrait of the flower.

The *Giant of Battles* is of dwarfish habit, hardy, a constant bloomer, as in favorable seasons, when well treated, it is scarcely ever out of flower from June to October. On this point it will perhaps be well enough to give a hint. The Perpetual Roses will bloom constantly if they grow constantly, and not otherwise, as it is only the young wood that bears the flowers. To keep the plants in constant growth, then, it is necessary to have a very rich and deep soil. One half sod from an old pasture and one half well rotted manure, makes an excellent soil for roses. There is very little danger of getting the soil for roses too rich, and there is very little pleasure in growing them in a poor soil.

ROT IN THE GRAPE.

SEEING a great many inquiries and answers, I want you, or some of your esteemed correspondents, to give me some information concerning the grape. We having a kind of grape which is called "wine" grape in this country; it seems perfectly hardy, is easily cultivated from cuttings, by sticking them in the ground, and a fast grower and prolific bearer; will be full this season, but when they begin to get ripe they take the rot and nearly all fall off. The fruit is of a good size, pulpy, and of a bluish cast and rather sourish taste. I think they would be well worth cultivating if it was not for the rot. Any information as to what is the cause of the rotting, or how a prevention could be effected, would be most gratefully received by a subscriber. Please give a treat next week, or as soon as practicable.—M. A. AYERS, *Dekalb, Gilmer Co., Va., July*, 1857.

REMARKS.—The "*rot*" is a very troublesome disease, and its effects are very seriously felt by the vine-growers of Cincinnati and other places. It is most injurious on heavy clay, wet and undrained soils. It does not seriously affect vines on a light soil, with a gravelly subsoil. Planting at such distances as to give plenty of room for light and air, and a dry subsoil, is the only preventive we know of. Perhaps some of our vine-growers may be able to give more light, as we know they have been earnestly in the pursuit of knowledge on this subject for some years.

PLANTING RASPBERRIES.—Having had little experience in fruit growing, I would like to ask through your paper how to start the common raspberry, whether from the seed or by transplanting, and if by transplanting, which is the best time, spring or fall? as I have made two unsuccessful attempts in the spring.—JOHN L. COLE, *Williamstown, Mass.*

REMARKS.—Raspberries may be planted successfully either in the fall or spring. If planted in the fall it would be well to give the more tender sorts a little protection in the winter. The young canes of the present summer's growth, of course, should be selected.

PEACHES.—The peach trees in this section, which for several years have seemed much enfeebled by the severe winters, are now making a vigorous growth, reminding us of the good times past, when our trees were healthy and the crop sure. The crop of fruit will be fair, and if the wood is well ripened in the fall the trees will be in better condition than for many years past.

COFFEE PEAS.—Mr. MARCH, of Galt, C. W., sent us recently some Peas which he calls the *Canadian Coffee Peas*. They are in the ground and will soon tell their own story. We understand they make a very good substitute for coffee. We don't know as it is likely to be much of an acquisition, as the coffee roasters on this side find no difficulty in turning any kind of Canada peas into coffee.

Domestic Economy.

A BOWL OF BREAD AND MILK.

WELL, what more of a bowl of bread and milk, than to *crumb* as much of the former as will suffice, and set it afloat with as much of the latter as may be desired for the meal? Can any thing more be done? *Can* a bowl of bread and milk be improved in preparing? I think it can; and will give my process. Instead of *crumbing* your bread, take that two or three days old, somewhat dry or "stale," and with a sharp knife cut it in thin slices, as you would dried beef for the tea-table. The unbroken pores of the bread thus prepared, will readily absorb the milk, though dry and hard, and you may *at once* commence the operation of *spooning* from a dish fit to feed to an infant.

Akin to this, is the preparation of a bowl of bread and milk with "condiments." As the season of small fruits is passing, a good substitute, and but little inferior to "Strawberries and cream," (especially if your strawberries are not *prime*,) is, to cut your bread as above, then take a soft Sweet Bough, or other good sweet apple, (or, those who prefer, a mild sub-acid,) pare and cut in thin slices in the manner our mothers prepare for apple pies, and to this compound add your milk; and if you do not have a palatable dish your taste differs from ours. A good, ripe, sweet apple, *raw*, will give to the milk almost the richness of new cream. Try it and see.—T. A. S., *Syracuse, N. Y., July*, 1857.

HOW TO MAKE TEA PROPERLY.—The proper way to make a cup of good tea is a matter of some importance. The plan which I have practised for these twelve months is this:—The teapot is at once filled up with boiling water; then the tea is put into the pot, and is allowed to stand for five minutes before it is used; the leaves gradually absorb the water, and as gradually sink to the bottom; the result is that the tea leaves are not scalded, as they are when boiling water is poured over them, and you get all the true flavor of the tea. In truth, much less tea is required in this way than under the old and common practice.—*James Cuthill.*

IMPROVED MODE OF COOKING SALT PORK.—For the benefit of those who, like ourselves, are obliged to use considerable salt pork, the following method is recommended, by which it is very much improved, especially for frying. Cut as many slices as may be needed, if for breakfast the night previous, and soak till morning in a quart or two of milk and water, one third milk—skimmed milk, if not too near souring, is best; rinse till the water is clear, and then fry. It is nearly or quite as nice as fresh pork—both the fat and the lean parts.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

EGGS FOR BURNS.—The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe the pain and exclude the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems to us far preferable to collodion, or even cotton.—*Scientific American.*

PRESERVING FRUIT.—About a column of matter on the subject of *Preserving Fruit* is crowded out of this number. We will give this timely subject especial attention in the next RURAL.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

EFFECTS OF LIGHT.

ACCORDING to a late writer in the London Quarterly Review, there is some law yet undiscovered affecting the operations in the photographic art. Sometimes, on a beautifully clear day, with not a breath stirring, the operator feels confident of success, but something in the air is absent, or present, or indolent, or restless, and the industry which has impelled the attempt to secure a series of views in the open air is rewarded by nothing but a set of almost perfect blanks.

There are four kinds of light, or rather, four kinds of influences in the sun's rays, each separate from the other. First—The light which affects the retina. Second—The heat which affects the nerves. Third—The chemical influence which bleaches colors and produces the artistic delineations of the photograph and dagnerreotype; and fourth—the phosphorescent influence—one of no practical importance at yet. By using different means of refraction and reflection, these influences can, to a great extent, be separated each from the other. And it would appear that the extent and strength of the photographic influence does not always conform in nature to the strength of what we ordinarily term light.

As respects the time of day, however, one law seems to be thoroughly established. It has been observed by Daguerre, and subsequent photographers, that the sun is far more active in a photographic sense, for the two hours before, than for the two hours after it has passed the meridian.—As a general rule, too, however numerous the exceptions, the cloudy day is better than the sunny one. Contrary, indeed, to all preconceived ideas experience proves that the brighter the sky that shines above the camera, the more tardy the action within it. Italy and Malta do their work slower than Paris. Under the brilliant light of a Mexican sun, half an hour is required to produce effects, which in England would occupy but a minute. In the burning atmosphere of India, the process is comparatively slow and difficult to manage; while in the clear, beautiful, and, moreover cool light of the higher Alps of Europe, is has been proved that the production of a picture requires many more minutes, even with the most sensitive preparations, than in the murky atmosphere of London.

STRENGTH OF METAL.

IN some experiments, made for the purpose of testing the comparative strength of plain and corrugated metal, the superiority of the latter was significantly demonstrated. Two pieces of copper, of equal surface and thickness were formed into arches of about fifteen inches in length, the one having a flat surface, and the other two corrugated arches. The arch with the flat surface gave way under a weight of a few pounds, while the corrugated arch withstood the weight of two men who violently surged upon it, without making the least impression. In another experiment, made upon a large scale, and under equal conditions, the plain arch gave way with 3,126 pounds of pig iron upon its crown, while the corrugated arch bore the weight of 16,994 pounds of the same metal for forty-eight hours without the least perceptible deflection. This was afterwards increased to 27,000 pounds, which also remained for forty-eight hours with no visible deflection.—*Ex.*

PREPARATION OF FLAX FIBRE.—An Irish newspaper gives an account of a process for improving the quality of flax fibres. It consists in throwing down upon the flax a small quantity of oil, say about an ounce to the pound of flax, which is done by boiling the flax in an alkaline soap-ley, washing with water, and then boiling it in water slightly acidulated with some acid—acetic acid being, perhaps, the most suitable from its exerting no injurious action upon vegetable fibre. The acid decomposes the soap, the fatty constituent of which is left in the fibre, or perhaps, a mixture of an acid soap and a small portion of free oil.—These enter into and through every part of the fibre. After this treatment, it is washed, and is then found to be soft and silky, its spinning quality being thereby much improved and its value very much increased.

MODIFICATION OF WOOD BEARINGS.—The bearing for shafts for screw propellers adopted lately by an eminent English engineer, is to surround the shafts with casings of brass, the inner surfaces of which are grooved so as to receive fillets of wood. Through the spaces formed between the fillets, water is allowed to flow freely between the shaft and the bearing, keeping the whole cool, and acting as a lubricator. Another modification of the invention is to fix the wooden fillets on the shaft, which then rotate with it in the brass bearings.

SULPHUR PAINT.—A sulphurized oil paint, prepared by subjecting eight parts of linseed oil and one part of sulphur to a temperature of 278 degrees, in an iron vessel, has recently been brought to the notice of the Society of British Architects. This paint, when applied in the ordinary manner to the surface of a building of stone or brick, or to wood work, effectually keeps out the air and moisture, and prevents the deposits of soot and dirt. It is recommended as cheaper than ordinary paint, and may prove worthy of attention.

ORIGIN OF THE PENDULUM.—Galileo, when under twenty years of age, was standing one day in the metropolitan church of Pisa, when he observed a lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling, and which had been disturbed by accident, swing backwards and forwards. This was a thing so common, that thousands, no doubt, had observed it before; but Galileo, struck with the regularity with which it moved backwards and forwards, reflected upon it, and perfected the method now in use of measuring time by means of a pendulum.

COKE VS. WOOD.—The N. Y. Evening Post says the Hudson River railroad is burning coke instead of wood in one or two of their locomotives, at a clear advantage of from twenty-five to thirty per cent. It is Cumberland coal, coked at the mines.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

Count me thy treasures, Oh! King of the waves,
The buried wealth of thine ocean caves,
The pearls which gleam on thy sandy shore,
The diamonds strewn on thy rocky floor:
The golden brooch and bracelets rare,
Which thy green haired sea-nymphs love to wear,
Thou hast sealed the bars of the great deep well,
And its hidden treasures, who can tell?

I know that thy boundless waters sweep,
Where the ruins of ancient cities sleep,
That thrones and crowns and heaps of gold,
Have added their wealth to thy sums untold:
That the rarest gems of sculptured art,
With the breathing canvass bear a part,
In thy richly freighted argosies,
But thou hast dearer things than these.

Lo! I trace in thy glassy waters now,
The gleam of many an upturned brow!
Grim, ghastly warriors they, who stood
The test of mingled fire and flood.
Still grasping battle axe and spear,
As if some viewless foe were near,
They counted upon Heroe's graves,
But sleep beneath thy surging waves.

And I see where Murder's ghastly head,
Looks out amid thy slumbering dead,
A Felon band in silence met
Death's seal upon their foreheads set:
A pirate King and Robber bold,
A Miser clutching still his gold—
All these have owned thy conquering will,
But thou hast other treasures still.

Aye, I look on the face of a fair young bride,
Her loved one slumbering by her side,
On her lip still trembles the farewell kiss,
But changed to a welcome, in bowers of bliss.
And a gentle mother, lies still and pale,
Unheeding her living orphan's wail,
And a hoary man, reposing sweet,
With a dimpled baby at his feet.

Show me no more, let the dream depart,
For the King of a charnel realm thou art,
But the time is coming, the judgment day,
When thy massive wall shall be swept away.
To Him who hast given, must then return
All the buried treasures of thine urn,
And the broken links of love's sweet chain,
In Heaven shall all be joined again.

Walton, N. Y., 1847.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SIGHTS AND SCENES IN EUROPE.

BY MRS. L. W. BROWN.

No. III.—Florence and its People.

"Firenza la bella,"—Florence the fair—did not present a very beautiful appearance as I entered its streets on the morning of Nov. 29th, through the gate or "Porta San Frediano." The rain was falling in torrents. I had never seen such a rain before. It was so dense as to hide every thing from view, except hackmen, soldiers, Police and Custom officers, who are on every hand to wait upon and keep safe watch over strangers. In such a storm, to be frequently intercepted in our progress, taxed the patience considerably, but excited curiosity more. I afterward learned why the rain was more violent in the streets than elsewhere.—The cornices and eaves project several feet beyond the buildings. This causes the accumulated water to shoot into the middle of the street, which, being narrow, gives a stranger some fearful ideas of the antedeluvians.

In the haste and confusion of passing the station or *dogana*, the custode snatched only part of my Passport, leaving the most important portion behind. We had made considerable speed beneath the pelting rain when the loss was discovered and we at once retraced the distance. After a little delay, the precious document, which had all the way been watched more constantly than the few *Napoleons* in my wallet, was returned, somewhat injured by the careless hands through which it had passed. It was a timely hint for caution in future; for had it disappeared altogether, my stay in Florence might have been brief. Not only is a permit necessary to enter the city, but if in forty-eight hours after, the Passport is not sent to the resident Consul, who returns a certificate for residence in its stead, the unfortunate owner may be ordered beyond the walls, or otherwise subjected to trouble by fine or imprisonment. Notice must also be given a few days before departing, when the certificate is exchanged for the Passport, which must report the place you next wish to visit. So strict are these regulations everywhere, that by searching the records of this peculiar form of National Government, parents have found their children who had been lost many years.

Thus after a lone, safe and pleasant journey I reached the friends who had invited me to a foreign land. I found them occupying a suite (sweet) of rooms on the first floor in the Piazza (pe-at-sa) *Santa Maria Novella*, near the noted church which gave name to the public square in front.

The houses are generally in long blocks, built of brown stone, and very high. The chimneys are not square, but irregular in form and fantastic in appearance. Throughout the city extensive accommodations are made for visitors. Hundreds of buildings are ready furnished with every article for house-keeping. Meals can be prepared in the family, or obtained at other places. This mode of living, even for a few weeks or months, is the most *independent*, and of course generally preferred by Americans. Great decision and watchfulness are necessary in making bargains with the crafty *padroni* who are generally females. In renting apartments, an inventory of every article, of however small value, should be taken in the presence of disinterested witnesses, and every item committed to paper. And often when the contract is being drawn, a sly hand may enter unobserved and steal some articles for which, in the settlement, the tenant is charged an enormous price. Many Italians deem it a privilege to outwit a foreigner, while many foreigners in turn think it no disgrace to lay aside every principle of honor and humanity while dwelling among this oppressed and, almost broken hearted people. They go to "Sunny Italy" in the wealth and pride, and selfishness of more favored countries, to gaze upon the honored ruins of a once great nation, or behold with increased admiration and reverence what is still seen in perfection as living monuments of their unrivalled power and glory—forgetting that while that crushed people mourn their lost freedom, a love and pride of country remain, which no tyrannical foe can destroy.

The first floor is up a flight of stairs and rents for more than the rooms above, unless the location command some delightful views; then the arrangements for rent are reversed. The basements of the older buildings are used for various shops, stables, and for camping places for thousands who live in the streets. They are of massive, rustic stone work, of such apparent solidity as to resist the most destructive forces for ages to come, as in the centuries gone by. The windows are small and square, and secured by a network of strong iron. These foundations of ancient architecture, so prison-like, are called the "Tuscan style."

My first meal in Florence was at the table of my friends, furnished by what they called a "*Trattoria*." I saw a man coming across the square with something on his head resembling a New England refrigerator, little anticipating that it contained dainties to satisfy a keen appetite. These pedestrian cooks engage meals for families at so much per head, deciding the quantity and variety themselves, knowing full well that if their patrons have occasion for repeated displeasure, they lose both their coveted custom and recommend. The chest contained soup, (without which no dinners in Europe are served,) several kinds of meat, a greater variety of vegetables, with puddings and frosted cakes, or "ices," as they are called. The best part of the dinner was put in one division and kept warm by a brasier underneath. I saw no fruit pies like ours on the continent; but, what is better, no regular meal is complete without a full supply and choice variety of native or foreign fruits. Food is much mixed in preparation. One kind is often used to season another, as powdered cheese for soup, green olives with boiled fowl, &c. Dishes are frequently set before you, the ingredients of which puzzle a stranger as much as Sampson's riddle did the Philistines; but one is not so apt to fear harm therefrom, or even to question either the quality or cooking, as to lament the limited quantity. If over-fed, dainty, half-sick persons wish a receipe for good appetite, they will find it across the ocean. I am sure that the best meal at the loaded tables of our high living farmers never tasted half so good, as will a corn cake and a cup of goat's milk from the hands of a peasant among the mountains of Italy.

My first view of Florence was from the Tower San Zanobi, the only lofty tower that remains of the monumental relics of the early Republic.—They were built for the nobles, and thickly studded the ancient cities, a token of power, and means of protection and defence. The city is surrounded by hills and mountains. The summit of the Appenines at the north-east, are covered with snow. The more adjacent, beautifully sloping hills are diversified with olive orchards, vineyards, gardens, fine palaces and country residences. Though late in autumn, the hues of the fading year were few and dim, and the prospect, so grand and beautiful, seemed to promise a perpetual summer.

The river Arno divides Florence into two unequal portions. The more compact and greater part lies on the north. The south side contains much open space, a good share of which is occupied by the Grand Duke's Palace and the Boboli Gardens. These gardens join the palace and rise to a great height beyond. From their summit is one of the best views of the city and surrounding country. The piazza in front of the Palace is the central place of the city for business and pleasure.

To attempt a description of the interior of the Duke's residence, would occupy too much space, if any correct idea of its magnificence and wealth could be given. The grounds around the palace are adorned with many statues, as stately, and much more reverenced than a band of faithful sentinels on duty. Nearer to the vast building is a noted fountain of Neptune, called the "Fountain of the Giant." Such relics of ancient art and glory, and which are seen on every hand, are calculated to arouse feelings of enthusiasm and awe, but I was more attracted on that spot, by the Grand Duke's soldiers, who were out on parade. It was my first view of an army devoting their lives to the service of *one imperial* man—a splendid, yet sad sight.

HEROIC WOMEN.

The following is one of the new passages introduced by Mr. Everett into his oration on Washington as recently delivered at Cambridge, Mass.:

Witness that heroic, aye that angelic vestal, Florence Nightingale, who beneath the eyes of admiring Europe and admiring Asia, walked, with serene unconcern, for more than a twelvemonth, the pestilential wards of a hospital; witness our not less heroic countrywoman Mary Patten, whose name is hardly known to the public, the wife of a merchant ship-master, who, far off on the lonely Pacific, with no eye to witness and no voice to cheer her, when her husband was taken down by illness, now tended him in his cabin, as none but a devoted wife can tend a stricken husband, now took his place on the quarter deck of his forlorn vessel; took her observation every day with the sextant, laid down the ship's course on the chart, cheered and encouraged the desponding crew, arrested the mutinous chief mate, who was for creeping into the nearest port, and who, on the score of seamanship alone, was not worthy to kiss the dust beneath the feet of the lion-hearted little woman; and who, poor young wife as she was, hardly twenty years of age, and already over-shadowed with the sacred primal sorrow of her sex, yet with a strong will and a stout heart, steered her husband's vessel, through storm and through calm; from Cape Horn to San Francisco.

Trials.—It is not in the light and sunny places of the wilderness that the traveler most sweetly reposes. It is under the shadow of a great rock, or in the depth of a sequestered valley; and so it is with a Christian. The sun of prosperity withers our joy, and changes the green leaves into the sickly colors of autumn. Adversity is like the winter, which prepares the ground for the reception of the seed, and for the rich and glowing luxuriance of spring-time.

Choice Miscellany.

THE NIGHT.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

O, the summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne,
Whilst the sweetest winds load her
With garlands of odor,
From the bud of the rose o'erblown.

But the autumn night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for a wonder,
Like the wrath of thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea.

And the wintry night
Is cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain,
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And the warm spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain.

O, the night, the night,
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the crime or time,
For sorrow then soareth,
And the lover outpoureth
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep
To the forest deep,
The forest bird to its nest;
To care, bright hours,
And dream of flowers,
And that balm to the weary—rest.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POWER.

The general definition of the word power is doubtless universally well known, yet the current exposition thereof, as given by society in the *modus operandi* exerted to acquire the same, would seem to indicate the lexicographer had made a sad mistake. The means employed by man to possess himself of that which shall invest him with power, are oftentimes anomalous, presenting strange ideas of its nature, advantage and secret organization. To gain its favor, to acquire it, subservient to their command, is an absorbing, tireless, life-long effort on the part of many. Many make the sentiment of Shakspeare a rule of action,

"They do say if money go before, all ways do lie open."

And for the possession of this golden key, which shall open to them all that pride, selfishness, envy, or ostentatious caprice may exact, how many toil with sweating brow and aching frame through weary years in restless struggling after the power which money gives. Truly, money is power in more than one sense. Rightly applied how vast its power in aiding science, progress and improvement—in benefiting and elevating the human family. How really beautiful, when united in one cause, the one subservient and always obedient to the other's command, these two great powers appear. How triumphantly grand when the thundering engine comes panting to you; when the Suspension Bridge swings firmly over the awful chasm, or the submarine trumpet heralds the proceeding of that far-away Parliament, three thousand miles across the "wide waste of waters"—the vast results of two great powers combined. Yes, money is power, and yet its greatest power is never so well exhibited as when obeying the dictates of its superior knowledge. Thus it is with all things. There is a greater power behind, which gives the weaker all its strength and efficiency, and yet to the weak ascribe we all merit and honor. Knowledge is power, and money powerful.—United their strength is incalculable.

"Money is a good soldier sir, and will on."

Aye, and hard fighting would it be without, however patriotic one might be. We could cite one or two instances in our own nation's history, when in the absence of the power to procure necessities, the sufferings of a noble patriot band were such as to send a chill creeping over one at its simple perusal.

There are still other shapes assumed by power in the myriad dispositions of society. There is a power in the wine cup—a fatal power, enticing its victim down "to the ways of death." There is power in the love of wisdom—a power which adduces the strength and energy of the human mind, and awakens high resolves, pure aspirations, and leads to eminence and usefulness. We love to witness the workings of this power when the fetters of grosser nature are burst asunder, and the strong mind, invigorated by contending obstacles, steadily pursues its upward path till it may inscribe *Excelsior* above its exalted station.

Some One.

INDEPENDENCE.

There is a satisfaction in the exercise of candor and independence, unknown to smooth hypocrites and cringing minions. Uprightness always proves to be better in the end than mere expediency. In sacrificing the feelings, and in smothering conscientiousness, honor, just indignation, and even contempt and scorn, in order to secure a present good, a man not only commits a folly in itself, but sins against his manhood. If any person is to be pitied, it is he who believes that, in order to live and prosper, he must submit cheerfully to impositions from certain sources—smile, and smile, when his heart is, perhaps, full of disgust. Of such we would ask, what is wealth when built upon the ruins of self-respect; or what is bread, even, when eaten in slavery, if not of the body, at least of the mind and soul, which is the worst slavery? For our part, we would prefer the satisfaction of expressing our frank opinion of dishonest, mean, or tyrannical men, to their face, even if beggary was the consequence, to climbing into the richest branches of the tree of prosperity, assisted by a hand we loathed, but must pretend to love—a hand we burned to spit upon, but felt compelled to kiss. Wealth is useful, prosperity is sweet, for our few years on earth; but honor, which cannot live without independence, but which we believe none need sacrifice, we place above every worldly blessing.—*Cobbett.*

I have found by experience that they who have spent all their lives in cities, contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but of thinking.—*Goldsmith.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

It is generally admitted that men are more drawn to the paths of virtue by the influence of good example than by even the best system of rules, but it is not apparent in what this superior power consists, for even the truest life is less perfect than are the precepts by which the man professes to be guided. Whatever our standard of excellence may be, our practice too generally falls far below it. None reach the high ideals of perfection they strive to attain. We should do far better to follow the advice rather than imitate the example of our friends. But this we never will or can do. We are all imitators, and the great portion of mankind cannot appreciate abstract truths, but need to have a representation of them which they can *see*. The life of the good man is a *living picture* of truth, and hence the secret of its power, which can never be attained by dry, abstract rules, however perfect they may be.

Then, too, example presents truth in a less offensive form, because it does not remind us of our inferiority. The very fact of giving advice is an assumption of superior wisdom, which few are willing to acknowledge by following it, but if the same truth were seen in the example of a friend, it would have been noted and almost unconsciously adopted, for the man would not have been reminded of his ignorance by any impertinent advice thrust upon him, but would have taken credit to himself for discovering the truth which he has found in the example of his friend. This silent, unobtrusive influence is ever strongest because it wakens no opposition, while all efforts to drive men, (even into the true path,) or even to persuade them by words, will prove unavailing. We must learn

"To teach men truths as though we taught them not,
And speak of things unknown as though they were forgot."

And so, too, every person, when giving advice, should examine himself and see whether he is prompted by an honest love for the truth, or whether he is not merely seeking to display his superior wisdom, and make the commendation of others only sweet incense to offer to his self-love. Is there not too much self-love masked under this great zeal for truth? If you care only for the truth, act out the truth you would proclaim. Men will see the good results of your conduct and imitate it, and all after words of advice are but naught, or worse. Be not thus over-fearful lest your example fall to the ground lifeless. Have not men eyes, and can they not see your daily example? If you every day act out the truth that you would impress upon them, need you enforce it by words? And if you do not act as you advise, may we not well doubt whether you believe your own assertions?

W. J. Fowler.

Henrietta, N. Y., 1857.

COUNSELS TO YOUNG MEN.

It is very important that Christians should be men of high accomplishment. Crowded as is the world, it has still abundant room for first-rate men; and whosoever would insure a welcome from society, has only to unite to good principle, eminent skill in his own calling. But the day for stone hatchets and blunt axes is past; and, from the humblest craft to the most intellectual profession, in order to succeed, it is requisite to be clever and active, and well-informed. Doubtless, sickness and other calamities may be interposed; but, be assured, no one has a right to quarrel with the world, if it refuses to pay for mis-shapen garments and unreadable poems. And, therefore, I would say to my young hearers, make diligence in business a part of your religion. Add to virtue, knowledge. Whatever you intend to do, pray, and study, and labor, till no one can do anything better than yourself; and then, when you enter on active life, you will find that you are really wanted. And, much as you have heard of glutted markets and a redundant population, you will find that there is no surplus of tradesmen, or servants, or scholars, who with exalted piety combine professional excellence. Large as is the accumulation of people who through misconduct have broken down, or who through indolent mediocrity never can get on, you will find no glut of talented goodness, or of intelligence in union with principle. In that you will find that there is room enough for all who are able and willing to serve their generation.—*Dr. Hamilton's Royal Preacher.*

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

Take earnestly hold of life, as capacitated for, and destined to a high and noble purpose. Study closely the mind's bent for labor or a profession. Adopt it early, and pursue it steadily, never looking back to the turning furrow, but forward to the new ground that ever remains to be broken.—Means and ways are abundant to every man's success, if will and action are rightly adapted to them. Our rich men and our great men have carved their paths to fortune, and by this internal principle that cannot fail to reward its votary, if it be resolutely pursued. To sigh or repine over the lack of inheritance, is unmanly. Every man should strive to be creator instead of inheritor.—He should bequeath instead of borrow. The human race in this respect, want dignity and discipline. They prefer to wield the sword of valorous forefathers to forging their own weapons. This is a mean and ignoble spirit. Let every man be conscious of the power in him and the Providence over him, and fight his own battles with his own lance. Let him feel that it is better to earn a crust than to inherit coffers of gold. This spirit of self-nobility, when once learned, every man will discover within himself, under God, the elements and capacities of wealth. He will be rich, inestimably rich in self-resources, and can lift his face proudly.

THE DEPARTED.

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where once their friendship grew,
And Heaven and Nature opened to their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please;
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well.

[*Rogers.*

ASHAMED OF ONE'S BUSINESS.

It was a blemish on the otherwise noble character of Sir Walter Scott that he was at heart ashamed of his business. Enjoying a reputation in English literature second only to that of Shakspeare, he yet secretely believed a duke, and much the more a prince, to be a better man than himself, and worshiped them accordingly. The ambition of his life was to found a family. For this purpose he toiled to acquire acre after acre; for this purpose he became a partner with his booksellers; for this purpose he accepted a baronetage, flattered a royal debauchee and defended more than one flagitious public act. Part of this had its origin in the natural cast of his mind, and part was nourished by his study of mediæval and knightly literature. Alas! he paid the penalty for his weakness. His son learned to blush amidst his aristocratic fellow-officers, that his father had labored for his bread as an author; he himself became a bankrupt in his old age; and now, though scarcely a generation has elapsed since his death, his name no longer reigns at Abbottsford, his baronetage is extinct, and his dreams of country or family destroyed forever.

There are thousands, even in this country, ashamed of their business, and with less excuse than Scott. For in England the law recognizes a hereditary landed aristocracy, so that a certain social sanction is given to the prejudice existing against "new men." But here we have no governing class, the descendants of conquerors, to boast of eight hundred years of political and social supremacy. On the contrary, there is not a millionaire in America who is not either the architect of his own wealth or the son of one who was. Not by knightly rapine, thank God, but by honest labor, have the fortunes that exist here been accumulated. No man in the United States can look down on another as beneath him on grounds similar to those which induce long-descended English nobles to despise a *parvenu;* for here all are "new men;" since even those who have been wealthiest the longest, differ from the poorest only by having possessed riches for a generation or two. A wise man will laugh at the folly which induces even the oldest families in England to claim superiority over others, because all claim a common ancestor in Noah, and because virtue and merit, not birth or wealth, are the true standards by which to judge a citizen; but how much the more absurd appears the claim of one American to be considered better than another on the score of wealth and family, when all alike are but men of yesterday.

Instead of being ashamed of one's business, one should be proud of it. "Never despise your bread and butter," says an old adage; and the words should be adopted as a text by every young man beginning life. The first duty of an adult citizen is to be independent of others, and this nobody can become who does not earn sufficient for a livelihood. Whatever work is honest is also honorable. Society demands different sorts of handicraft and other avocations, just as a machine requires levers, beams, fulcrums, wheels, &c.; and hence a blacksmith or plowman is just as necessary to the common weal as a lawyer or doctor, and therefore need be none the more ashamed of his calling. To be idle, indeed, even if one is rich, is to play the part of a useless appendage to the State, and in conducive neither to the physical, intellectual nor moral health. Of all the shams of modern society, one of the greatest is the worship of wealthy and titled drones, who have outlived their real mission, like the nobles of England have. But there is a sham still mightier. It is the sham of despising a man for his business, especially in a republic such as ours, for, in point of fact, a citizen is honorable only in proportion to the assiduity with which he follows some honest pursuit.—*Baltimore Sun.*

POLITENESS AND TRUTH.

Many persons plead a love of truth as an apology for rough manners, as if truth was never gentle and kind, but always harsh, morose, and forbidding. Surely, good manners and a good conscience are not more inconsistent with each other than beauty and innocence, which are strikingly akin, and always look the better for companionship. Roughness and honesty are, indeed, sometimes found together, in the same person; but he is a poor judge of human nature who takes ill manners to be a guaranty of probity of character, or suspects a stranger to be a rascal because he has the manners of a gentleman. Some persons object to politeness, that its language is unmeaning and false, but this is easily answered. A lie is not locked up in a phrase; but must exist, if at all, in the mind of a speaker. In the ordinary compliments of civilized life, there is no intention to deceive, and, consequently, no falsehood. Polite language is pleasant to the ear and soothing to the heart, while rough words are just the reverse; and if not the product of ill temper, are very apt to produce it. The plainest of truths, let it be remembered, can be conveyed in civil speech, while the most malignant of lies may find utterance, and often do, in the language of the fish market.

GREAT COUNTRY FOR THE LADIES.

The time for marriage in Sparta was fixed by statute—that of the men at about thirty or thirty-five years; that of the women at about twenty or a little younger. All men who continued unmarried after the appointed time were liable to a prosecution; and all old bachelors were prohibited from being present at the public exercise of the Spartan maidens, and were denied the usual respect and honors paid to the aged. "Why should I give you place," cried a young man to an unmarried general, "when you have no child to give me place when I am old?" No marriage portions were given with any of the maidens, so that neither poverty should prevent a gallant, nor riches tempt him, to marry contrary to his inclinations. The parents of three children enjoyed considerable immunities, and those with four children paid no taxes whatever—a regulation which all married men with large families will readily admit to be most wise and equitable. It was customary for the bridesmaid to cut all the bride's hair on the wedding-day, so that, for some time, at least, her personal attractions should increase with her years.—*Life and Travels of Herodotus.*

The Educator.

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER.

THE Annual Commencement Exercises of the University of Rochester, and the Rochester Theological Seminary, the programme of which appeared in the RURAL of June 27th, were opened July 5th with a sermon before the "Judson Society of Inquiry," by ROBERT TURNBULL, D. D., of Hartford, Conn. The Address before the Robinson Rhetorical Society was delivered on the afternoon of Tuesday by Dr. BETHUNE, of Brooklyn.—On the evening of the 7th, Corinthian Hall was crowded to hear the Annual Address, by Prof. A. J. UPSON, of Hamilton College. JOHN N. WILDER, Esq., of Albany, read a Poem.

The Seventh Anniversary of the Theological Seminary was celebrated in the First Baptist Church on Tuesday morning—the exercises consisting of orations from the Graduating Class, interspersed with music, and an address by the Rev. Dr. ROBINSON. The Graduating Class numbered thirteen, the following named members of which delived able and eloquent orations—the others being excused:—C. D. W. BRIDGMAN, Hoboken, N. J.; D. H. COOLEY, Brockport, N. Y.; P. S. EVANS, Brooklyn, N. Y.; N. FOX, Jr., Schenectady, N. Y.; WM. C. PRATT, Somerset, N. Y.; A. G. THOMAS, Dayton, Ohio; WM. GROOM, Jr., Broadalbin, N. Y.; G. W. NORTHUP, Watertown, N. Y.; A. KINGMAN NOTT, Kennebunkport, Me.; S. E. RICHARDSON, Sturbridge, Mass.

On Wednesday morning, July 8th, the usual procession was formed at the University Buildings, and the line of march taken for Corinthian Hall, at which place were delivered the orations of those composing the Graduating Class of the University. The class numbered twenty-one members, all of whom did honor to themselves and their Alma Mater.

The Baccalaureate degree, in course, was conferred upon eighteen young men, as follows:—THEODORE E. BAKER, Norwalk, O.; JAMES D. BROWN, Greece; FLAVIUS J. CATHER, Pruntytown, Va.; AUGUSTUS P. COOK, Whitehall, N. Y.; HORACE H. ALLEN, Rochester; JOHN W. CURTIS, Parma, N. Y.; ALEXANDER BARNES, Rochester; JOSEPH R. BELLAMY, Newark, N. Y.; TIMOTHY E. ELLSWORTH, East Windsor, Conn.; CORLIS P. GARDNER, Rochester; JULIUS R. HIGGINS, New York; JOHN R. HOWARD, Brooklyn; NARCISSE DUVAL, Grand Ligne, C. E.; ELI H. HURLBURT, Rochester; LEWIS W. MERRITT, Olcott, N. Y.; GEORGE TRUESDALE, West Greece, N. Y.; HOMER M. WILLIAMS, Elbridge, N. Y.; WILLIAM C. WILKINSON, Rochester.

The degree of Bachelor of Sciences was conferred upon DAVID HENRY SHELDON, Racine, Wis.; ISAAC ESLEECK SHELDON, New York, and GEORGE P. DRAPER, Claremont, N. H.

The degree of A. M., in course, was conferred upon the following members of former graduating classes:—J. D. MERRILL, N. J.; J. M. BAGLEY, Ill.; T. C. BARDEN, EBEN NESBITT, New York; W. P. EVERITT, Brooklyn; A. J. BARRETT, Nunda; OSCAR M. HOWES, Ill.

Honorary Degrees.—JOHN F. BIGELOW, Middlebury, Mass., and HENRY L. NICHOLS, Gonzales, Texas, A. M. JOHN ALSOP KING, Governor of this State, LL. D. Rev. BENJ. EVANS, Scarborough, England; Rev, WM. CROWELL, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. E. J. GILLETT, President Yellow Springs College, Iowa, D. D.

—Both Institutions—the Theological Seminary and University, (one purely Theological and the other Literary, though we blend the exercises under the head of University of Rochester for convenience,)—are we believe in a highly prosperous condition, and eminently merit the confidence and support of the friends of Theological, Literary and Scientific Education.

THE SCHOOLMASTER—WHERE IS HE?

EDS. RURAL:—I have been disposed to ask your mighty influence in aid of the schoolmaster. His long established and correct rules are trampled upon. Shall this be done with impunity? Look at the outrage committed in this one violation alluded to. It is the separation of those who have always been united, and had formed an inviolable union. It is anti-grammatical licentiousness. This is done too by absolute force, and by means of a very insignificant agency, even of an *adverb*.

What is the form of the Infinitive mode? The schoolmaster answers, to write, to speak, to print, to have loved, and the grammarian echoes this has been correct ever since a Saxon breathed, and must be correct so long as an Anglo-Saxon shall speak. *To write* is the present infinitive, and nothing more or less.

Who dares to maintain or to act otherwise, thunders out JOHNSON, and WALKER, and WEBSTER. I tell you, many who have no regard to either or all of this trio of grammatical power, are the violators of the rule, and are turning the infinitive mode "upside down." They say, to beautifully write, instead of to write beautifully, to eloquently speak instead of to speak eloquently, to rapidly print instead of to print rapidly, or rapidly to print, and to have tenderly loved instead of to have loved tenderly. These are specimens of this forceful and abominable separation. O, shades of Anglo-Saxon beauty and propriety, disown as brethren or children the lawless violators!

Messrs. Eds., I was about to appeal to you to come to the rescue. I will do it now, even though the garments of the RURAL are spotted with the corruption. I look into the RURAL of 11th July. Prof. MAURY's article is wholly free from any such abuse of our language; he loves the true Anglo-Saxon too well to adopt a corruption. Look at the next article, half-editorial I fear, and there you read "to thoroughly cultivate," "to effectually pulverize," in the very next line. These are enough—far too many for the correct and tasteful RURAL.

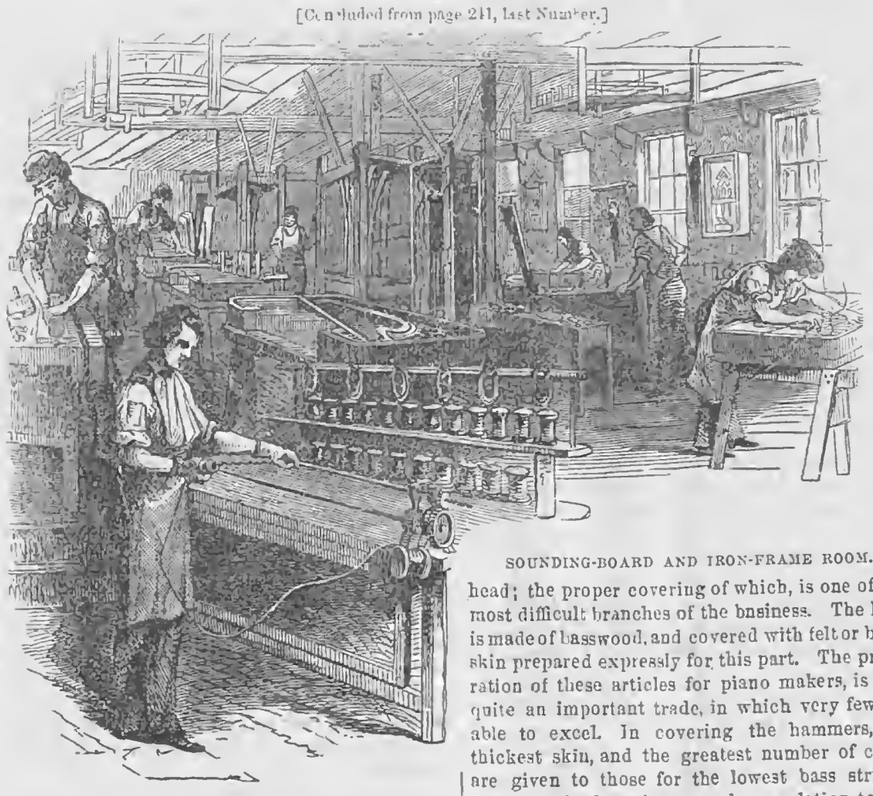
The public prints often violate the rule. The fault is increasing. It should be stopped to-day, at once, and forever. C. D.

Rochester, July, 1857.

No preacher is listened to but Time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

THE PIANO FORTE:
ITS ORIGIN, HISTORY, AND MANUFACTURE.

[Concluded from page 241, last Number.]



SOUNDING-BOARD AND IRON-FRAME ROOM.

SPINNING MACHINE.

PIANO FORTE STRINGING.—It is but a few years since the making of steel music-wire was first introduced in this country, but already the American article is acknowledged far superior to the foreign, in quality and finish. Boardman, Gray & Co., having ascertained, by careful experiments, the best temperament to be given to the wire, with regard to its musical quality, and ability to remain in tune, have theirs tempered in a peculiar manner, expressly for their own use.

In order to get the requisite vibration and flexibility in strings of the size and weight required for the bass, soft annealed copper or iron wire, plated with silver, is carefully and skillfully wound upon the steel wire. This is done with the curious-looking *Spinning Machine*, a view of which is given in the above engraving, and which, in appearance, is not wholly unlike the "spinning-jenny" of a cotton manufactory. In the string, as in every other branch of this well-ordered establishment, each man follows his own particular vocation exclusively, so that the greatest perfection may be attained in each part.

KEY-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT.

The proper manufacture of the "key-board" requires great care and skill, as, if the keys do not work properly, the good qualities of the instrument cannot be developed. To make this, a large board of prepared basswood, or soft, straight-grained white pine, is cut to the requisite form, upon which the keys are marked out. The ivory is then applied and secured, after which the keys are sawed apart, and the ivory polished. The workman now puts on and polishes the ebony keys, and the key-board is complete. The ivory used by Boardman, Gray & Co., is of the finest quality. This and the beautiful variegated "mother-of-pearl," used in their ornamental instruments, are among the most expensive articles in piano forte manufacture.

We come now to

ACTION MAKING,

which is of the utmost importance in the construction of a good piano forte, for however perfect the instrument may be in every other respect, if the action is at all defective in its working principle, materials, or mechanism, all the good qualities of the instrument are sacrificed to this imperfection, and it very soon makes more noise than music.

Messrs. Boardman, Gray & Co., use the principle which is known as the "French Grand Action," with many improvements made by themselves. This, being more powerful than the "Boston" action, possessing more elasticity of touch than any other, with the power of repeating more rapidly and with greater precision, is almost universally preferred by the profession; and years of severe tests have proved its durability. The action, technically speaking, is the mechanism attached to the end of the key or lever, to act upon the hammer, and consists of eight or ten pieces of wood, all of which must be formed and adjusted with as much precision as the work of a watch.

FINISHING-ROOM.

The action-maker carefully covers, with fine buckskin and cloth of various kinds, all parts liable to friction and noise, bushing the holes for pins with cloth, and having as nearly as possible perfected every part, passes it over to the "*finisher*," who attaches it to the keys, and fits the whole into the case.

Another essential part of action manufacture is

HAMMER MAKING.

Aside from the nature of the sounding-board, nothing has so much to do with the quality of tone as the peculiar structure of the hammer-head; the proper covering of which, is one of the most difficult branches of the business. The head is made of basswood, and covered with felt or buckskin prepared expressly for this part. The preparation of these articles for piano makers, is now quite an important trade, in which very few are able to excel. In covering the hammers, the thickest skin, and the greatest number of coats, are given to those for the lowest bass strings, from which there is a regular gradation to the highest treble, which receive less coats, and of the thinnest material.

THE FINISHING-ROOM

possesses much of interest, and here we begin to realize the vast amount of work in a piano forte. Examining one of Messrs. Boardman, Gray & Co.'s seven octave instruments, we find that each key with its action, comprises some sixty-five to seventy distinct pieces, and as there are eighty-five keys, we have a sum total of nearly six thousand pieces in the keys and action alone! each of which must be made of the choicest material, and fitted with the closest exactness. The "finishing," or so combining all the various parts of the musical machinery as to form one harmonious whole, will readily be seen to require great skill, long experience and thorough workmanship. We notice here another of the excellent improvements of Boardman, Gray & Co., the *Metallic Over Damper Register and Cover*, which is not only valuable as an improvement, but also highly ornamental. The damper is sustained by a wire which passes through the register, between the strings, to its connection with the key and pedal below. In the old method, the register is made of wood, and placed under the strings, leaving the damper exposed above, and liable to disarrangement from accidental bending of the wires, or the warping of the register, either of which would cause an unpleasant jingling of the strings against these wires. This cannot occur in the use of the one before us, as the iron cannot be thrown out of place by change of atmosphere, and being placed *above* the strings, it protects the dampers from all injury.

ACTION MAKERS.

The Action-Regulator levels the keys, regulates the depth of the touch, adjusts the drop of the hammer, and completes the action in all its parts.

The instrument now seems to be finished, but in Messrs. Boardman, Gray & Co.'s factory, it must, after standing for a few weeks, pass another severe ordeal at the hands of another "regulator."

The "hammer finisher" then so adjusts the covering of the hammers as to give a perfectly uniform quality of tone throughout the entire instrument. This requires great nicety of skill, and the ability to detect not only every different quality of tone, but every possible shade of the same quality. Messrs. Boardman, Gray, & Co.'s pianos give ample evidence of the utmost care in this part, in the even, rich, delicious quality of tone for which they are so justly celebrated. The piano forte is now thoroughly tuned, and is at last complete.

ATTACHMENTS.

Numerous attachments to the piano forte have at various times been invented, but most of them have, after a few trials, been discarded as impracticable and comparatively worthless. Among those of American origin, only two have been in any degree successful, though others have displayed great ingenuity, and in some instances produced beautiful effects, but always by means so complicated, and surrounded with such insuperable difficulties, that they have never met with general favor. Of the two above alluded to as successful, the first was called the Eolian Attachment, about 1844.—This consisted in the addition of a complete set of reeds, with a bellows, making in effect a combination of the melodeon with the piano forte. An insurmountable objection to this, lies in the fact that, as the reeds were necessarily of a metal entirely different from that of a piano-string, and the methods of producing the tone totally dissimilar, the two parts of the piano were exceedingly liable to disagree, and hence, with great difficulty kept in tune. Owing to this and other objections, the popularity of this attachment has greatly decreased.

The *Dolce Campana* ("sweet bells") attachment, manufactured only by Boardman, Gray & Co., was invented in 1848, by Mr. James A. Gray, of this firm, and immediately patented, both in this country and in Europe. This, on account of its simplicity, durability and peculiarly pleasing effects, totally unlike any other, together with the fact that it cannot in any way affect the instrument, excepting at the moment of actual use, has become universally popular wherever known, and cannot fail to continue a favorite with all lovers of sweet sounds.

GENERALITIES.

In our connected view of the various processes of piano forte manufacture, we omitted several

PIANO FORTE ACTION REGULATOR.

items worthy of special note, prominent among which are two huge patent *Planing Machines*, which will plane lumber three and a half feet wide, and of any thickness. Also the curious and ugly-looking *Leg Machine*, which cuts the "leg-block" in the gracefully curved "ogee," "fancy wave," or any other desired form, ready for the veneers, which are carefully bent to shape while hot, and applied to the surface of the bodies with glue by means of "calls" or blocks of wood cut out exactly to fit the surface to be veneered, and fastened with hand screws. As only one surface can be veneered at a time, and each different style of leg has many sides, this requires much time and labor. The veneering of case tops, is accomplished by the use of a "*Top Veneering Press*," made to order for Messrs. B. G. & Co., on the principle of "Dicks' Patent Anti-Friction Press," and we think it is immensely powerful, for with two men at the cranks, a pressure equal to *one hundred tuns* can be produced in a moment.

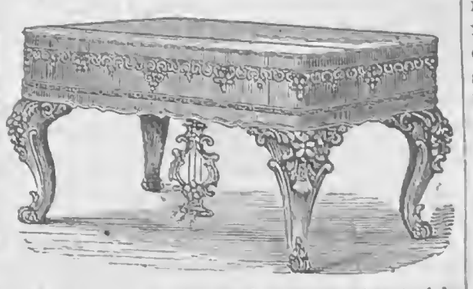
We must also glance at the manufacture of the beautiful *scroll desks*.

The "desk-piece" is of three or four thicknesses so glued together as that they cannot split, after which they are veneered, varnished and polished, before being sawed in the form in which we see them, which is done by the "scroll saw" in the machine room.

The "*fly-finisher*" fits the legs to the case, saws the joints in the top, applies the hinges, locks, castors, and all the minutiæ necessary to complete the external part of the instrument.

The *Varnishing* and *Polishing Departments*, occupying six large rooms, are by no means devoid of interest. In this establishment from 250 to 300 piano fortes are constantly in process of manufacture, and as each receives many coatings of varnish, we may at any time find from 200 to 250 cases in these rooms, besides hundreds of lyres, legs, tops, desks, etc., etc. In the varnishing, as well as in every other part, no pains are spared to arrive as near perfection as possible, and each case receives many coats of varnish, which are rubbed down with ground pumice-stone and water until a fine polish is obtained. A large machine driven by the engine, is used for rubbing the tops and other large surfaces. It now receives the last coat, called "*flowing*," which, after becoming perfectly hardened, is polished with fine rotten-stone, and then rubbed with the hand until it is like a perfect mirror.

We are particularly struck with the perfection of systematic arrangement in the large establishment of Messrs. Boardman, Gray & Co. As they arrange the details of manufacturing, there are twenty four or more distinct trades, and with this system and division of labor, each workman is enabled to bring his own part to greater perfection than would otherwise be possible. The good result is seen in their superior and splendid instruments.



The amount, variety and expense of materials used by Boardman, Gray & Co., is somewhat surprising to one not familiar with the business.—Hundreds of thousands of feet of lumber, and immense quantities of rosewood for veneering and other purposes, are used yearly, the latter of which, being of the richest figures, is very expensive. So too with the ivory, different kinds of prepared cloth, buckskins, etc. The amount of hardware used is also enormous, as for instance in the iron plates, of which they use some thirty tuns a year, and of "tuning pins" upwards of one and a half tuns. Then there are thousands upon thousands of hinges, screws, pedal-feet, locks, pins, springs, etc., a large assortment of which must be kept constantly on hand; the outlay for their steel music wire alone, amounts to several thousand dollars annually.

Every portion of the vast building is supplied with water from the city water-works, and provided with hose, sinks and every convenience.

We notice also two large

STEAM-ELEVATORS,

which are ingeniously constructed in such a manner that a person on either floor, or on the platform, may send them up or down at pleasure. They are sufficiently large to carry a piano with workmen, and are eminently entitled to the appellation of *labor-saving machines*.

THE SCIENCE OF PIANO FORTE MAKING.

It is of little avail after all, that the piano forte, with all its complicated mechanism, shall be of the most faithful workmanship, and of the best possible materials, unless the *scale*, which is the starting point, be correctly laid down on scientific principles, with the utmost nicety and mechanical precision. The length of each string in its proper proportion, the best shape of the bridges over which it passes, can only be determined from numberless careful experiments and mathematical calculations. Messrs. Boardman, Gray & Co., use improved circular scales of their own construction, in which they have embodied all the improvements which have from time to time been discovered.

MANAGEMENT.

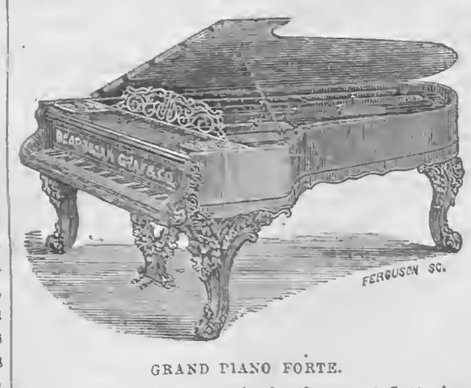
In the management of this immense business, the firm avail themselves of the advantages arising from a systematic division of labor, and each member of the firm has his own appropriate sphere, for which he seems preëminently qualified, and to which he may devote his entire energies. Mr. James A. Gray gives his personal attention to an entire supervision of the manufacturing department, selecting materials, inspecting each instament before it is permitted to leave the factory, and watching with an artist's eye every opportunity for the least improvement. Possessed of superior genius, and having made piano forte manufacture the study of a lifetime, he is a most thorough master of his vocation.

The department of *finance* is under the especial charge of Mr. Wm. G. Boardman, the senior partner of the firm, while the junior member, Mr. Siberia Ott, attends to the sales, accounts, shipping, and the general minutiæ of the business.

Messrs. Boardman, Gray & Co. have, by their shrewd enterprise, superior skill and untarnished integrity, achieved an enviable success, and while they liberally compensate their workmen, upon the Scripture principle that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," they reap their reward in the renewed faithfulness of employees, and the increasing confidence of the commercial world.

They are constantly introducing new improvements, and the demand for their *Corrugated Sounding-Board Piano Fortes* is so rapidly increasing, that a further enlargement of their immense manufactory is necessary, for which preparations are now being made. A most gratifying proof of the superiority of Boardman, Gray & Co.'s piano fortes is found in the fact that both their elegant *squares* and magnificent *grands* have been sought for and publicly used, not only by the first of American pianists, but also by nearly *all the great artists who have visited this country*.

Thalberg, Gottschalk, William Mason, Strakosch, Jenny Lind, Catherine Hayes, and many others, have borne public testimony to their great



GRAND PIANO FORTE.

and acknowledged merit, in the most flattering terms.

THE OFFICE AND SALES-ROOMS

of *Messrs. Boardman, Gray & Co.* are at the *corner of State and North Pearl Streets*, Albany, N. Y., where one or more of the courteous proprietors may always be found, ready to attend to any one who may favor them with a visit, whether for the purpose of purchasing, or only to gratify refined taste and a love of the beautiful, by examining or listening to any of their superb and world-renowned Piano Fortes.—*Graham's Magazine.*

THE ARCTIC FIRMAMENT.—The intense beauty of the arctic firmament can hardly be imagined.—It looked close above our heads, with its stars magnified in glory, and the very planets twinkling so much as to baffle the observations of the astronomer. I have trodden the deck when the life of earth seemed suspended — its movements, its sounds, its coloring, its companionships; and as I looked on the radiant hemisphere circling above me, as if rendering worship to the unseen Centre of light, I have ejaculated, in humility of spirit, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" And then I have thought of the kindly world we had left, with its revolving sunlight and shadow, and the other stars that gladden it in their changes, and the hearts that warmed to us there, till I lost myself in memories of those who are not, and they bore me back to the stars again. —*Dr. Kane.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year,	$2
Three Copies, "	$5
Five Copies, "	$8
Six Copies, and one free to agent,	$10
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Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ A NEW HALF VOLUME commences July 4, and hence the present is a good time to form clubs for either Six Months or a Year. Agents and others will bear in mind that all subscriptions forwarding during the present month will count on Premiums. See Premium Lists on next page.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Hickok's Keystone Cider Mill—W. O. Hickok.
Gainesville Female Institute—M. Hardy & C. A. Eldridge.
A Card—Geo. Seymour & Co.
Essex Pigs for Sale—C. S. Wainwright.
Clarke's Chimney Safe—Geo. B. Clarke.
Nursery Wanted—N. M. Hulbert.
SPECIAL NOTICE.
National Trial of Reapers and Mowers.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 1, 1857.

Rain Storms—Tornado in Michigan.

A TERRIBLE rain storm occurred at Albany on the morning of the 25th ult. The storm lasted three quarters of an hour, entirely suspending business and travel. The stores and cellars on Beaver and State streets, Maiden Lane, Broadway, &c., were flooded. A large amount of damage was done. While the storm was prevailing, a house on Hawk street was struck by lightning, and one man knocked down and severely burned, but it is expected he will recover.

The Rochester *Union* states the Genesee Valley has been visited by another flood. Rain fell in torrents on Thursday week along the upper section of the Genesee Valley Canal. The river rose immediately into a flood, sweeping away all the bridges between Belvidere and Oramel. The canal was submerged and badly broken in three places. Just above Belfast a culvert was washed away, which will not be repaired in less than ten days. There is another bad break near Canadea, and still a third near Oramel. The *Union's* informant thinks it will require fully fifteen days to effect repairs. The village of Oramel was fairly inundated and the streets and cellars were filled with water. So sudden a freshet was never known to the oldest inhabitant.

The Adrian (Mich.) papers bring particulars of a furious tornado which swept through portions of Lenawee Co. on the 24th ult. The storm passed through Raisen, and through or near Wellesville. At Raisen the hail stones were in size from that of a robin's up to a hen's egg; and everything, corn, oats, wheat, &c., fell before it, destroyed for every purpose except fodder. At Tecumseh and Manchester the gale was still more destructive. Chimneys and sheds were blown down, shingles torn off and roofs seriously damaged. The wind blew with tremendous fury, twisting shade trees and strewing limbs in every direction.

At East Rainesville great damage was done—windows beaten in, garden vegetables cut to pieces and the crops badly damaged, if not wholly destroyed. Some of the hail stones fell with such power as to cut corn stalks entirely in two. The corn crop, some think, is entirely ruined. Entire fields of oats and wheat were prostrated; the former crop is probably lost. Large trees were twisted off, and others stripped of their foliage.—At Wellesville one hundred acres of timber can be seen from one point almost entirely prostrated by the wind.

This tornado seems to have passed from the southern up to the central part of the State. It was very destructive in Livingston Co., uprooting large trees, leveling fences and wheat, breaking down corn, &c.

The Ann Arbor News says the hail storm commenced near the south line of Dexter, taking a southerly direction, and from all accounts completely destroying all vegetation in its course, making a track from a mile and a half to two miles in width.

Matters at Washington.

THE report that the military expedition to Utah has been postponed, is unfounded. Orders have been issued for the recall of Col. Sumner's command, consisting of the 1st Cavalry, 2d Dragoons and 9th Infantry, together with a company of Light Artillery now at Fort Snelling. They will repair immediately to Fort Leavenworth or Laramie, preparatory to their march to Great Salt Lake City.

The steamer on the 22d ult., carried out the removal of Col. Jack Hayes as Surveyor General of California, and a commission to his successor. This action of the Administration is brought about by the fact that Col. Hayes in making contracts for surveys in California, exceeded the appropriation made by Congress by nearly $175,000.

Gen. Herrara, the New Grenadian Minister, arrived at Washington on the 22d ult. He addressed a letter to the Secretary of State, informing him that whenever it was convenient he was ready to open negotiations for the settlement of pending questions.

The War Department, on the 21st ult., received a despatch from Gov. Medary, requesting a permit to muster volunteers, as a defence against the savage Indians now at the Upper Sioux Agency, but Secretary Floyd, by telegraph, denied the request. Orders have been sent to Forts McHenry and Mackinaw for troops to join those at Forts Ridgeley and Snelling, in view of apprehended disturbances among the Indians of Minnesota.

A VOYAGE ON AN AMERICAN RIVER.—The St. Louis Democrat publishes the manifest of the steamer Twilight, which left that city May 31st with the government stores for the river Au Tramble, a distance of 2,520 miles! She was absent *fifty-one* days.

Conflagrations.

A LITTLE before 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening, the 21st ult., another disastrous fire broke out at St. Louis, causing a loss of over a hundred thousand dollars. It was first discovered in the mill of Keeps & Co., on Second, between Jefferson and Monroe streets, and destroyed a lumber yard, a table and bedstead manufactory, steam saw-mill, several brick residences and a large number of small dwellings and buildings. Nearly the whole district comprised between Second, Main, Madison and Monroe streets, is in ruins.

THE extensive stables, car-house, and other buildings of the Brooklyn Railroad Company, situated on Thirty-sixth street and Fourth avenue, near Greenwood Cemetery, were fired in three places, by incendiaries, on the 18th ult., and wholly consumed. There were 197 horses in the four stables, of which 122 were got out, leaving 75 burnt and missing; the carcasses of 62 were counted among the ruins; the watchman saw the two incendiaries run out of the buildings, whom he pursued and fired at with a pistol as they escaped into the woods which skirt the rear of the grounds; the loss is about $15,000, which is fully covered by insurance, mostly in Brooklyn offices.

A FIRE broke out at Hastings, Min., on Sunday evening, the 19th ult., destroying the stores of McCauley & Tickner, J. S. Belden and D. S. Howes, also several smaller dwellings. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. Loss $15,000; insurance small.

A DESTRUCTIVE fire occurred in the town of Cobourg, C. W., on the 21st ult. The Albion Hotel, Ragan's Livery-stable, and all the buildings between Smith's brick block and the Globe Hotel, on the north side of King street, were burned.—Five tenements, a bakery, auction room, shoe-store and other shops were in the buildings destroyed. The total loss is estimated to be $10,000. There was a partial insurance upon the property.

Terrible Poisoning Case in Cincinnati.

THE Cincinnati papers are filled with an account of a wholesale attempt at poisoning, which occurred in that city on the 22d ult. It would seem that during the afternoon of Wednesday week, large quantities of small lozenges, about the size of an ordinary wafer, but nearly three times as thick, were found scattered over the pavement, on Buckeye st., between Poplar and Locust, and several other streets in that locality, which is densely populated by Germans. Those acquainted with this section of the city are, doubtless, aware that it swarms with German children, who at all times of the day and evening are playing upon the sidewalks and streets, particularly at the present time, when there is a vacation of several weeks of the common schools. The lozenges thus distributed were picked up by a number of the children and eaten. In a short time they were taken sick, and in one instance death soon ensued. Twelve or fifteen children are still very ill and some of these may not recover.

Between 1,500 and 2,000 of the lozenges were picked up, and on examination have proved to contain equal parts of arsenic, sugar and flour.—The man who scattered the poisoned lozenges along Buckeye st., was arrested on the 24th ult., and proves to be a drunken German who pursues the vocation of making poisoned lozenges, for the destruction of rats. It is thought that those of the children now sick will recover.

THE GRASSHOPPERS are ravaging the crops in some parts of Minnesota. A gentleman from the infected region informs the Prairie Farmer that a section of 200 miles in extent and 30 to 40 miles wide is being devastated by hordes of these pests—that *nothing* is left. Fields of wheat are destroyed in a few hours. One farmer informs him that two weeks ago his crops were worth five thousand dollars; now they are not worth twenty-five dollars. A St. Anthony paper says that one gentleman, in that place, "thinks there are several hundred bushels of grasshoppers in his garden!—In Hennepin county one man gathers them by the bag full on his premises, dips in scalding water, and feeds them to his hogs!" Most of the vandal horde are small and unable to fly; but as their wings grow, they set sail before the wind and move off in clouds.

FROM KANSAS.—A despatch was received at Washington on the 22d ult., from Kansas, stating that a collision between the U. S. troops and the Free State men at Lawrence was regarded as inevitable. A special messenger was despatched with instructions to Gov. Walker and General Harney.

Gov. Walker was camped outside of Lawrence with eight companies of dragoons on the 17th.—The citizens had decided not to negotiate with him. They will not resist the troops unless fired upon, when civil war will be declared. Gov. Walker has warrants for the arrest of the city officers and other citizens of Lawrence.

BARLEY FROM CALIFORNIA.—It is but a few years since Barley, Malt, &c., were shipped from New York to California, but the tables are now turning. An Albany paper learns that there was shipped from San Francisco, on the 18th June, per ship Andrew Jackson, 40,000 bushels new barley, cost on board *seventy-eight cents per bushel.* It is said to be a choice article; light in color and plump, fully equal to Jefferson county, N. Y., which recently sold about $1,40@1,50 in this market.—We reckon, however, that this reported shipment will not affect the market, though its publication has a squint in that direction.

ASYLUM FOR INEBRIATES.—The committee appointed to locate the State Inebriate Asylum, of which Chancellor Walworth is Chairman, will meet at Saratoga on the 14th of August next. All persons wishing to present offers are requested to transmit the same to Chancellor Walworth, or present them through representative at the office of the Chancellor, on the day named.

NAVAL CONTRACT.—The United States Navy contract for pork and beef was awarded last week to two houses in New York city, one of whom took the contract to supply nine thousand barrels of navy beef at $19 per barrel, and the other took the contract to supply six thousand barrels of mess pork at an average cost of $21 25 per bbl.

Items of News.

Two farmers living on the James River, Va., expect to gather 30,000 bushels of wheat each, at the present harvest. Another farmer, on the Rappahannock, has 5,000 acres of land, and grows more wheat and corn than any other man in Virginia.

THE London (Eng.) Times, of the 26th of June, states that 300 artizans, from the dockyards at Woolwich, had embarked that day for Toronto, C. W., to which place the cost of their passage had been paid by a grant from the Imperial Treasury, and from private subscriptions.

THE number of opposition votes cast in the late French election is stated to have been about a million. Nine-tenths of these were cast in the cities and large town of the empire. It is alleged that if the opposition had had more time to organize, it could have trebled the number.

DR. GEO. R. LORING, of Salem, Mass., had one of his feet nearly cut off by a mowing machine one day last week. He had the presence of mind to press his hand on the main artery in the upper part of his leg, and thus check the flow of blood until a physician arrived.

WHEN Geo. Peabody, the millionaire, was 12 years of age, he paid for his lodging and breakfast at a hotel in Concord, N. H., where he stopped while on his way to Vermont, by sawing wood.

THE Spanish papers announce the death, at Ceuta, of Agostina Zaragoza, the heorine whose share in the defence of the city, the name of which she has bore, has been recorded in a glowing chapter of Southey's History of the Peninsular War and immortalized by Byron's genius. According to a note to Childe Harold, she was in her 22d year when the seige occurred, so that she must have been about 70 at her death. The Spanish papers merely say that she was very young at the time of the seige. She held the rank of ensign in the Spanish army, and wore several decorations, the reward of her exploits in the war of Independence. She was buried at Ceuta with military honors.

THERE are more unemployed vessels in the port of New York than ever before. Seven hundred and ninety-two, with an aggregate of about 300,000 tuns, are idle. The English screw propellers are crowding us out of the carrying trade.

THE Lebanon (Ohio) Star records the death of four men from drinking whiskey with strychnine in it. It also says that tens of thousands of fish in the stream below the distillery have died. Two tuns of dead fish have been taken out, a mill-race being literally choked with them.

THE exportation of palm oil from Liberia has risen from 1,000 barrels per year to more than 1,000,000, within the memory of one President.—Cotton manufactures in the interior are represented to be in a state of great forwardness.

OWING to apprehended difficulties and constant depredations of the Indians, the Secretary of War has decided to send an increased force of troops to Minnesota, and Gen. Scott is now engaged preparing the orders, &c.

AN international treaty between the United States and Spain allows telegraphic communication to be made between the United States and Cuba; and in furtherance of a plan to secure such a connection via Florida, a general law was passed by that State and approved by the Governor, Dec. 27th, 1856, providing for the organization of a company to carry out the enterprise proposed.—The Cuba government has made the necessary concession, and the ratification of the home government is only needed to warrant the commencement of the work, which will require but six months for its completion.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO FIRE THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.—We learn from the Rochester *Union* that another unsuccessful attempt was made on the 22d ult. to fire the work shops of the House of Refuge in this city. Three boys it is supposed set fire to the shops where cane seats are made. The fire was discovered and suppressed before serious damage ensued. An investigation was made of the affair by Supt. Wood, who succeeded in fastening the crime upon two boys. They confessed to having committed the act, and urged as an excuse that they hoped to escape during the conflagration, or if detected they expected a short sentence to the Work House, at the expiration of which they would have liberty. Mr. Wood ordered them to wear the ball and chain for the space of three months as a punishment for the offence. A third boy was supposed to know something of the affair, but as he did not confess, and the crime was not fixed upon him, he was permitted to resume his occupation as heretofore.

FROM UTAH.—The Salt Lake mail, with dates to the 2d July, arrived at Leavenworth on the 19th. The country was in a peaceable condition, and great prosperity prevailed. Rumors of the expedition fitting out by the government had reached Utah, but attracted little attention. The emigrant trains were progressing rapidly. Grass was abundant on the plains. The Indians were friendly.—Dispatches had been received from Gov. Young charging the Surveyor General with dishonesty; and the sworn statements of his assistants were published, accusing him of reporting to the government and pocketing the money, where the work had never been done; of withholding the pay of his assistants and appropriating it to himself, and of general neglect, and then reporting to the U. S. government that the posts had been removed by the Mormons; together with other serious misdemeanors.

COUNTERFEITS.—Tens on the Bank of Rhinebeck, New York, raised from 1's. Vignette, man, woman and child—female on the left. Genuine has a female seated, pail and cows on the left.—Bills on the Judson Bank, Ogdensburg, altered from 1's to 20's, are in circulation. The bank issues nothing larger than fives. One dollar bills on the Mechanic's Bank of Syracuse, New York, done by photographic process, are afloat. They have a blurred appearance.

CALIFORNIA BRANDY.—The Patent Office has received from California a new brandy, which is called California grape brandy. This liquor is said to possess an excellent flavor, and to be far more palatable than the best brandy imported from Europe.

Political Matters.

THE AUGUST ELECTIONS.—During the first week in August the annual elections will take place in six of the States, as follows:—Alabama, August 3; Kentucky, August 3; Missouri, August 3; North Carolina, August 6; Texas, August 3; Tennessee, August 6. Alabama is to choose State officers and seven members of Congress; Texas State officers and two members of Congress; Tennessee a Governor and ten members; Kentucky a State Treasurer and ten members; North Carolina eight members, and Missouri a Governor to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Trusten Polk, who was elected to the United States Senate, and a member of Congres in the Third District, in place of James S. Green, who was elected to the vacant seat of Missouri in the U. S. Senate.

THE New York Republican State Committee met at Saratoga on the 23d ult., and issued a call for a State Convention, to be held at Saratoga on the 22d of September. Each Assembly District will send two delegates.

IN Mississippi the Americans have nominated a full State ticket, with J. L. Alcorn for Governor.

HON. THOMAS H. HICKS has been nominated as the American candidate for Governor of Maryland.

THE American party of Mass., unfavorable to nomination of N. P. Banks, have called a State Convention.

THE Kansas Herald of Freedom, of July 18th, says that a very large majority of the people are opposed to any further action under the Topeka Constitution.

THE two parties in the Minnesota State Convention hold separate meetings, and are proceeding to form separate constitutions. The Republicans are in convention in the Hall of the Capitol, with A. P. Balcomb, President; and the Democrats in the Council Chambers, with H. H. Sibley, President.—The Republicans number 59, all of whom have presented their credentials, which have been accepted, and a number qualified. The Democrats number 44. It seems probable that both bodies will continue to act as the Constitutional Convention, and that each will form a Constitution to be submitted to the people.

BONDED GOODS TO CANADA.—During the months of April, May and June, 6,477 tons of goods in bond have passed from the New York Custom House to Canada via Hudson river route, through Albany and Troy,—numbering 32,766 packages.—Among the goods were 4,428 hogsheads, 3,100 bags, 157 tierces and 176 barrels of sugar, equal to 4,650 tuns; 1,056 casks, 652 cases and baskets of wine, 3,229 bars of railroad iron, woolen and cotton goods, hardware of every description, glass ware, leather, hides, fruit, nuts, paints and oils, tin, India rubber, hemp, drugs and medicines, paper hangings, books, fire arms, and other things too numerous to mention. Nearly all the goods passing the New York Custom House in bond, for Canada, go via Hudson river route. A few go via Portland and Island Pond, and some from Boston, and some over the New York and Erie railroad, in the winter season. In the summer season nearly all goes by the Erie and Champlain canals. Of the sugar mentioned above, two-thirds went to Canada East, probably because there is a large sugar refinery at Montreal.

AMERICAN POLICY IN ENGLAND.—The London Daily News, referring to American affairs and the energy and enterprise of the people of the United States, says in England the acts of the fillibusters unfortunately attract more attention than the successes of honest and lawful American enterprise. It then alludes to the various projects for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific. The United States, it says, will have a policy in America, and the sooner England falls in with that policy, and what is good and just in it, the better it will be able to repress that spirit of lawlessness which has sometimes been associated with it.

FAMINE IN CHINA.—The Friend of China, of May 9th, received by the last overland mail, says that the famine prevailing in that country exceeds all that the oldest living man has ever witnessed.—The rebels are making progress, the capital of the province of Kwang-Si, Kwei-Lung, having fallen into their hands. In the province of Kwangtung, the famine is so severe that even the women are forming themselves into bands of robbers, and have seized the sword and gone forth plundering in order to obtain sustenance.

HOW WE LOOK IN GREEK.—A life of Washington has just made its appearance at Athens, Greece. That noble people appreciate fully, as they have reason to do, our great struggle for liberty, and especially the characters of the revolutionary heroes, but they make shocking work with their names. Washington is rendered *Quasigkton;* Hancock, *Agkok;* Bunker Hill, *Bononton Bongker;* and old Dinwiddie figures in the classic language of Homer, Demosthenes and Plato, as *Diocketes Dinouiddes.*

LATER FROM MEXICO.—The brig Isaac Carver brings dates from Laguna, Mexico, to June 25th. That place was healthy, but the vomito had made its appearance at Vera Cruz. There was an unsuccessful attempt at revolution at Laguna, on the night of the 10th of June, the object being to depose the present Governor of the Province. The Captain of the port, the Collector, and several other persons, implicated in the affair, were under arrest, and would be sent to Vera Cruz.

GRASSHOPPERS IN MAINE.—The Lewiston (Me.) Advocate states that the grasshoppers are committing terrible devastations in that region, and the crops of several farmers in the south eastern part of Durham are in danger of being utterly ruined. On the farm of Joshua Lambert they have eaten all his growing corn and attacked his wheat and oats, so that he has been obliged to mow them for fodder.

HAWAIIAN LITERATURE.—The first book by a native of the Sandwich Islands has appeared. It is entitled "*He Kuhikuhi o ke Kanaka Hawaii,*" and the author is J. W. Kanwaki, a native lawyer.—Judging from its title, the book must be very interesting! It is a volume of law forms.

News Clippings.

— Small-pox prevails in Springfield, Mass.

— On July 17th, 13 persons were killed by the heat in St. Louis.

— The erection of a city gas works has been commenced in Iowa city.

— All efforts to civilize the Winnebago Indians have been unsuccessful.

— Gen Concha has issued a decree against the slave trade in Cuba.

— There is a boy in the Indiana State Prison only fourteen years of age.

— A policeman was shot dead by a burglar in New York city, Tuesday last.

— A bridge is about to be built across the Mississippi at St. Paul, Minnesota.

— The yellow fever prevails extensively among the Spanish fleet at Havana.

— Shower-bathing has been successfully used in England as a cure for insanity.

— The treasury balance, June 30th, was $18,164,944, being a reduction of $327,368.

— There is to be a National Horse Show at Springfield, Mass., commencing Sept. 30.

— A young lady of 16 is about to marry Marshall Pelissier, who is 60 if he is a day.

— There was a heavy frost on the low ground at New Ipswich, N. H., on Thursday, July 2d.

— The Elmira Gazette announces that navigation has been resumed on the Chemung Canal.

— Four large and powerful steamers are now building in Scotland, to run in the Canadian line.

— The first division of New York State Militia now numbers 16 regiments, and over 6,000 men.

— The famous Seminole chief, Wild Cat, is dead. He and forty of his tribe died of small-pox.

— Preliminary steps are being taken for the formation of a State Agricultural Society in Kansas.

— There are 640 convicts in the Auburn prison. This is considerably under the average number.

— There are 1,053 miles of railway in use in Canada—344 miles more in process of construction.

— The deaths in New York last week were 471, being ninety-seven more than the week previous.

— One day last week the mercury in the thermometer at Iowa city, indicated 108 degrees in the shade.

— The total force included in all the revolted native regiments in British India, was but 8,000 men.

— The N. Y. city Comptroller's estimate of the sum to be raised by tax for the year 1857, is $7,715,766.

— On Monday week, two bushels of peaches of indifferent quality sold at Charleston, S. C., at $16 per bushel.

— A scheme is on foot in London for organizing an annual exhibition of works of British Art in New York.

— The Post Master General has selected St. Louis as the chief starting point for the Overland Pacific Mail Route.

— The manufacture of bonnets in Massachusetts for the last six months, amounts 29,000 cases, or about two million.

— The Missionaries near Leech lake, near Fort Ripley (lately abandoned,) have been driven off by the Chippewas.

— On the 12th ult, eighty-three fine sheep, belonging to Mr. Chandler, of Piermont, N. H, were killed by lightning.

— The profits of the Congressional printing for the last two sessions are estimated at four hundred thousand dollars.

— Gen. Walker has left New York for New Orleans, where he expects to find aid in a new attack upon Nicaragua.

— A farmer in Vermont placed a dozen eggs in his manure heap, and eleven chickens were hatched, all doing well.

— The powder mill of Mr. George Mathewson, at New Durham, N. H., blew up on the 16th ult, killing two workmen.

— The Scientific American says that cotton worn in the top of the hat is a protection from sun-stroke or *coup de soleil.*

— The annual Commencement of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., occurs on the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th of August.

— Mr. A. H. Porter is building two factories at Niagara Falls, just below Goat Island bridge. One is for an edge-tool factory.

— The number of bodies taken from the wreck of the Montreal is now given at 242. The wreck has been advertised for sale.

— The Common Council of New Haven have ordered the Ailanthus trees to be cut down, on account of their disagreeable odor.

— The grapes in many vineyards in Cincinnati are dropping from the vines so rapidly that a total failure of the crop is feared.

— The land within the enclosure of the Illinois Central railway for many miles has been planted to potatoes by the employees.

— The receipts of the various discoveries of pearls, in Paterson, N. J., aggregate $12,000. Several valuable ones remain unsold.

— There are more than 25,000 tuns of iron ore dug in the town of Salisbury, Conn., every year, and some 11,000 tuns of pig iron made.

— During the first six months of the present year, there have been 40 persons killed and 99 wounded by serious railway accidents.

— There are, in Austria, 213 colleges, where 54,186 pupils are taught by 2,755 professors, of whom 1,578 are ecclesiastics, and 1,177 laymen.

— The stock of coffee in first hands in Boston on the 1st of July, was 16,670 bags, against 11,600 bags at the corresponding date last year.

— Of twenty-eight persons wounded in the riots in New York, taken to the City Hospital, 22 remain—three have died and three recovered.

— At the sixth annual commencement of the Penn. Female Med. College, the degree of doctor of medicine was conferred on seven ladies.

— The Chicago Democrat states that 800 persons and firms in that city have paid the liquor license of $50 each, making a revenue of $40,000.

— The Mobile Tribune says that for several days past, large, fine peaches have been sold in the streets of that city at fifteen cents a piece.

— The corner stone of the Michigan State Asylum for the deaf, dumb and blind, was laid, on Wednesday last, with appropriate ceremony.

— Two vessels filled with emigrants have been detained at the N. Y. Quarantine, in consequence of the number of cases of small-pox on board.

— The number of baskets of strawberries sent from Ramsay's Station, Bergen Co, N. J., to market, from June 12th to July 9th, was 1,093,493.

— The coal trade of Pittsburgh has been unusually active this season, the shipments for the last five months having reached 16,477,519 bushels.

— Richard Boylston, one of the oldest newspaper editors in New Hampshire, died at his residence in Amherst, on the 26th ult., aged seventy five years.

— A schooner with eighty passengers on board, was lost among the Sandwich Islands, recently, through the stupidity of a drunken captain and crew.

— Since last October, 105 inquests have been held by the coroner of Buffalo, upon the bodies of murdered and drowned people, and deaths by casualities.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Circassia and Asia.

THE steamship Circassian, from Liverpool on the 11th ult., arrived at St. Johns, New Foundland, on the 22d, and the Asia at New York on the 24th.

ENGLAND.—The House of Lords had rejected the Jewish Oath Bill, by 34 majority.

The Government ask for half a million each on account of the China and Persian war.

Notice has been given of a resolution to continue the present duty on tea and sugar two years from next April.

Thackeray has been nominated for Parliament from Oxford. Lord Monck is Mr. T's opponent.

Lord Palmerston has promised the government regulance in regard to the supply of free negroes to the French West India Islands.

The Advertiser says there will be an election for the city of London, Baron Rothschild having pledged himself to resign in the event of a failure of the bill for the removal of Jewish difficulties.

Dispatches from Constantinople state that Lord Stratford de Radcliffe had received instructions from the Earl of Clarendon to propose a joint military and judicial administration for the Danubian principalities.

The Persians were strengthening the fortifications of Herat, though by the treaty of peace they were bound to evacuate the place.

FRANCE.—The Moniteur publishes an article on the elections, stating that during eight years the number of dissentionists instead of increasing has diminished. France, which has now judged them five times, had not changed her opinions. The article, however, does not conclude without general warning to the press, saying a limit now be brought to the discussion which can now have no other object than the useless agitation of public feeling.

The unfavorable character of the monthly statement of the Bank of France, coupled with the renewed fall of the Paris Bourse, caused English funds to open at a decline of ¼d. Some purchases, however, took place on the part of the public, and tend to an important movement, which was partially maintained.

The French Nacional has been supended for two months in consequence of an election article.

Madency, and some of the opposition candidates, had been returned at the second election.

SWEDEN.—The Swedish chambers have voted considerable subscriptions to be applied to the construction of fortresses, and the augmentation of the national means of defence.

SPAIN.—Disturbances had occurred at Utierrea, but they were suppressed. No further demonstrations were expected. The Cortea had passed a gag law on the press.

ITALY.—The details from Italy show there was considerable less of life in the revolutionary movement there. Naples was quiet. Mazzini had escaped from Italy.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co's circular:—Flour quiet, and 6d lower. Wheat steady. Corn buoyant, and 1s@1s 6d higher. Western canal flour 30s6d@31s6d; Ohio 32s@33s; Southern 31s@32s. Mixed and yellow corn 37s6d@38s; white 39s6d@41s. The weather had been unsettled.

The Liverpool provision market generally steady. Pork dull, and quotations nominal. Lard quiet.

Arrival of the North America.

THE Canadian steamer North America, from Liverpool 15th ult., arrived at Quebec on the 27th.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Commons Col. Lindsay moved for the production of Secretary Marcy's letter on privateering, but Lord Palmerston said that it was not officially in the hands of the British government, and could not be produced. After a few remarks by Lord John Russell and Sir Charles Napier, the motion was withdrawn.

An address to the Queen was adopted, praying for the use of all means to put down the African slave trade and secure the fulfillment of the treaties. Lord Palmerston pledged the government to carry out the request.

The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce gave a brilliant banquet to the officers of the Niagara.

FRANCE.—The details of the recently discovered conspiracy in Paris were creeping out.

Queen Victoria will visit Fontainbleau before long.

ITALY.—It is alleged, that Mazzini escaped from Italy in a ship carrying the American flag.

INDIA.—The fall of Delhi was looked for hourly when the Indian mail left. The loss to the Bengal army by the mutiny and other causes was over 30,000 men! It is believed that the crisis was passed. At latest accounts there was a rumor of a panic and desertions among the insurgents at Delhi.—The British Government are acting vigorously in Indian affairs, and Sir Colin Campbell left in a few hours' notice.

LATER.—Advices had been received from India of the arrival of the overland mail. The mutiny among the Sepoys is reported to have spread to an alarming extent. Twenty-three native regiments had joined it. The insurgents had been defeated outside the walls of Delhi, but still held possession of the city. Gen. Anson, the British Commander-in-Chief, had died of cholera. Sir Colin Campbell had started to succeed him.

CHINA.—Hong Kong dates to 25th May are received. The American frigate San Jacinto and English gun boats had been up the Canton river to attack the junks. At Foo Choo all was quiet.—The rebels had been defeated there, and tea was coming down freely. Trade at Shanghai and Hong Kong was quiet.

TURKEY.—It is denied that the Porte had issued a protest against the occupation of Perim by the English. Reschid Pasha simply had a personal interview with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe on the subject.

MARKETS.—Richardson, Spence & Co., quote breadstuff market declining and very dull at 6d lower. Wheat inanimate and quotations 2d lower. Corn declined 6d but closed firm. Flour—western canal 30s6d@31s6d. Ohio 32@33s. Red wheat 8s6d@9s6d; white 9s6d@10s—Mixed and yellow corn 38s6d. The weather had been favorable for the crops.

The Liverpool provision market was very generally steady. Pork heavy. Lard quiet.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION.—The next Annual Meeting of this time-honored Association will be held in Manchester, N. H., on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of August. Lectures will be delivered by Rev. John P. Gulliver, of Norwich, Ct.; Prof. Geo. P. Fisher, of Yale College; Daniel Mansfield, Esq., of Cambridge; Prof. R. P. Dunn, of Brown University; J. W. Bulkley, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Prof. O. M. Mitchell, of Cincinnati Observatory. More time than usual will be allotted to discussions. The subjects to be presented are, "Primary School Instruction," "The relative merits of Public High Schools and Endowed Academies," "The Assistance that should be rendered to Scholars in their Studies," and "The Education of the Sexes together in Public Schools." The citizens of Manchester will give the members of the Institute a cordial reception, and the meeting promises to be one of unusual interest.

INDICTED.—The Toronto Globe learns by a dispatch from Quebec that the Grand Jury have returned true bills for manslaughter against John C. Rudolf, the master; John Wilson, Jr., the owner and purser; Louis Roberge, the mate; Jean Baptiste Dorval, the first pilot; and Alexander Rochelier, second pilot of the steamer Montreal. Rudolf, Dorval and Roberg were arraigned and pleaded "Not Guilty."

[SPECIAL NOTICE]

National Trial of Reapers and Mowers.

OUR SYRACUSE CORRESPONDENCE.

SYRACUSE, July 19, 1857.

THE national trial of reapers and mowers was brought to a practical conclusion yesterday; but it is probable some days may elapse before the award of the judges will be given. There are many conditions upon which their judgment will depend.—Rapidity of execution, to an American, is always a great thing; and the fancy farmer would be very likely to give his suffrages to the "machine" which should go over the ground in least time. But the kind of work done, whether good, bad, or indifferent, and the amount of power requisite to accomplish it, technically called "draft," and the comparative simplicity, durability and cheapness of the machine—all these are considerations superior to that of speed. All the machines have, I believe, been subjected to tests with reference to these points, by competent judges, who must "compare notes" before making up a verdict. They keep their own counsel, and thus far have given no inkling of their conclusions.

Nevertheless, it is sufficiently obvious to an observant eye that the contest has been reduced to very narrow limits; and public opinion, so far as represented here, has probably very nearly, if not precisely, anticipated the final award. It should be explained that there are three kinds of machines entered for trial. First, reapers, or machines exclusively for cutting grain; second, mowers, exclusively for cutting grass; and third, what are called combined machines, which, by slight modifications, can be used for both purposes. Of course, the combined machine is that in which farmers feel most interest, since few of them can afford, or would desire to have, separate mowers and reapers, if a single machine could be made to do both kinds of work. Hence inventors have been anxious to combine the essential features of both, without sacrificing too much to weight and intricacy; and it must be said, to their credit, that they have succeeded to a wonderful degree.

The three principal prizes, therefore, are—First, for the best combined machine: second, for the best reaper; and third, for the best mower. Of course, even if the combined machine were not only best of its kind, but also the best mower and reaper, it would be entitled only to a single prize. This much explained, your correspondent ventures to predict that J. H. Manny's combined machine, with Wood's improvement, McCormick's reaper, and Ball, Altman & Co's single mower will secure the first awards of the judges and carry off the three grand medals.

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The only incident of particular interest was an impromptu match on Friday evening, at the close of that day's proceedings, between McCormick's reaper and Manny's combined machine. Both had cut the lots assigned to them with entire success, and it was clear that the other machines, in popular phrase, were "nowhere." On the eve of moving off, however, the McCormick machine, with four horses attached, at the suggestion, it is said, of your martial cotemporary of the *Courier*, was seen to attack a part of the field where the grain had been left standing, the ground being so rough and steep that the judges had not assigned it to any machine. In fact, no one thought it could be cut at all, unless by an expert cradler. The movement arrested all spectators, and many who were leaving the ground turned back to witness the bold feat. The machine moved off successfully down the steep declivity, through the uneven hollow, up the other side, disappearing over the brow of the hill, only stopping momentarily two or three times, for some purpose "to the deponent unknown." At this instant the Manny combined machine came by, its driver, at a moment's glance, comprehended the challenge, and without stopping, turned his machine, with only a single team attached, into the field, right on McCormick's track. There was a general scramble for the tops of the fences, in order to obtain a good view of the struggle. As in the former instance the machine proved equal to its undertaking, performing its work with apparent perfect ease, with no stoppage except momentary ones for such simple adjustments as the nature of the ground required. Both machines performed their task in equal time, and when the spectators went on the field to examine the work, all parties conceded, and even our martial editor (a warm friend of the McCormick interest, by the way,) exclaimed that it was impossible to distinguish between the performances of the two machines. The whole affair was a very pretty climax to the day's exhibition.

There is no doubt that the various machines for cutting grass and grain have been carried to a very high point of perfection; and I must say that I never saw a finer or more intelligent set of men than the large body of inventors and improvers which this trial has brought together. Upwards of forty different machines were brought to this town, but a number of the weakest failed to enter.—*N. Y. Herald.*

California Matters.

THE steamer Illinois arrived at New York on the 27th ult., with news from California and Oregon.

The Supreme Court of California in the case of the Merced Mining Co., against J. C. Fremont had granted a perpetual injunction upon Fremont preventing him from interfering with the operations of the company. The Court has also reversed its late decision touching the San Francisco bonds—the Court now holding as unconstitutional and void, that section of the consolidation bill, regulating the payment to the Commissioners of fund for the gradual extinguishment of the debt.

The Know-Nothings are taking measures for the re-organization of their party in California.

MARKETS.—San Francisco market glutted with all kinds of produce. No demand, and prices rapidly depreciating. Money accumulating, and rates downward.

Gallego flour nominal at $12.

Pork had declined fully $7 50 per barrel, for both mess and prime—sales having been made at $32 50@$33 for mess.

ISTHMUS NEWS.—The steamer Panama arrived at Panama, brings Central America advices to the 4th of July.

W. D. McCracken, American Consul at La Union, died on board the Panama at Punta Arenas.

The Chilian Minister Plenipotentiary had arrived at San Jose, with proposals for the contemplated Spanish American Confederation.

Four hundred of Walker's troops remain at San Jose and Punta Arenas. The steamer Tenessee had been chartered by the Costa Rica Government to proceed to San Juan del Norte, to take these troops home.

The frigate Independence was struck by lightning on the morning of the 5th of July at Vanara, shivering the mainmast.

Further advices from Central America state that the determination of Costa Rica to hold her position on the rivers had given offence to Nicaragua. Costa Rica had sent to England for three gunboats for the purpose of strengthening her position on the rivers and lakes.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, July 28, 1857.

ABSENCE of country purchasers together with the unsettled state of the weather has a tendency to make trade in our city rule dull, and there is very little of importance transacting.

FLOUR and GRAIN unchanged in price with limited sales.—Barley shows a little firmness, but prices do not move upward.

PROVISIONS are pretty much as last quoted. Butter is a little better in price. Eggs up 1c per dozen. New potatoes are coming in pretty freely and sell at wholesale for $1,25@1,50 per bushel.

HAY is still declining—$1 being the falling off during the week.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Honey, box	18c
Flour, bbl	$7,00@8,75	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,88@1,90	FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Best white Canada	$1,88@1,90	Apples bushel	$1,75@1,75
Corn	88c	Do. dried	$2,00@2,25
Oats	37@38c	Potatoes	$1@$1,25
Barley	$1,00@1,12½	HIDES AND SKINS	
Buckwheat	65@68c	Slaughter	@6c
Beans	$1,50@2,00	Calf	00@10c
Peas	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	$1,50@1,75
MEATS		Lamb do	00@00c
Pork, Mess	$24,00	SEEDS	
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover bushel	$7,00@7,50
Beef, ⅌ cwt	$5,75@6,00	Timothy	$3,00@4,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25	SUNDRIES	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,00@6,50	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	14½@15½c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	@11½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,00@5,25
Chickens	11@12c	Do. Scranton	$4,00@4,25
Turkeys	00@12½	Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	16c	Salt, bbl	$1,00@1,63
Do. firkin	13@15c	Hay, ton	$7@12
Cheese	8½@9½c	Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	00@15½c	White fish, bbl	$12@12,50
Tallow	10c	Codfish ⅌ quintal	$4,75@5,25
Eggs, dozen	16@18c	Trout, bbl	$5,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 27.—Flour—The market is firm and unchanged. Demand fair for eastern and local trade. The sales are at $6,20@6,45 for com to choice super State; $6,65@6,75 for extra do; $6,75@6,85 for super Western; $6,90@7 for com to extra do; market closing quiet and firm. Canadian flour steady; sales at $6,30@6,45 super; $6,80@7 extra.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet for old and dull, and 5c lower for new.—Sales Milwaukee club at 150@152c; Chicago spring at 139@140c—inside price for inferior; new Southern at 180 for red, 185@190c for white. Rye firm; sales Pennsylvania at 113c. Corn firmer, with a brisk eastern demand; sales mixed Western at 83½@84c—closing firm at latter price. Oats plenty and dull at 58@62c for State; 62@64 for Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market firmer. Sales at $24,15@24,25 for mess; $19,85@19,40 for prime. Lard steady; sales at 13@15½c. Butter in fair request at 15@19c for Ohio; 16@21c for state.—Cheese steady at 8@9c.

BUFFALO, July 27—Flour—The market was quiet, with only a limited business doing. Sales extra Wisconsin at $6,50; good Ohio at $6,75; extra Iowa at $6,43.

GRAIN—Wheat market dull. There was some inquiry for milling, but buyers and sellers were apart in their views; sales white Canadian on private terms; mixed Indiana at 1,62; Milwaukee club buyers at $1,45. Chicago spring $1,20 offered, $1,21½@1,22 asked. Corn, a fair inquiry, with sales at 75c—Oats quiet. No sales. Rye at $1,06.

ALBANY, July 27—Flour and Meal—There is a steady trade and eastern demand for flour at previous rates. The supply is fair and the stock here good, but not large. Corn meal is in fair request at $3,09@3,31.

GRAIN—But little doing in Wheat and the market is steady.—Sales white Canadian at $1 91 in lots. Corn is rather lower and not very plenty; sales Western mixed at 85½c. In Barley malt nothing doing. Oats are in firm request with sales Chicago at about 62c, weight.

FEED—Nothing doing.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 22—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality, 11½@11¾c; Ordinary, 10½@11c.; Common, 10@10½c.; Inferior, 9@9½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50@65; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6½@7c.; Other qualities, 5@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, 4@5c; Other qualities, 2½@3½c.

SWINE—First quality, 7½@7¾c.; Other qualities, 7¼@7½c.

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 22.—At market 248 Cattle, 300 Beeves, & 48 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $0,00@0,00; First quality, $8,50@8,75; second quality, $8,00@8,25; third quality, $6,50@7,00; ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$90 to $200.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40, 50@60.

YEARLINGS—$40@17. Two years old, $33@42. Three years old $45@48.

VEAL CALVES—$5, 8@10 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1950 at market. Prices—In lots, $2,00, 2,50@3,00 each. Extra and selections, $4@4,50.

HIDES—7½@8c. ⅌ lb. Tallow 7½@8c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—10@15c each. Calf Skins 14@15c. ⅌ lb.

SWINE—300 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8c. ⅌ lb. Dressed hogs, 8@10½c. Spring pigs 3@4c ⅌ lb.

BRIGHTON, JULY 23.—At market 800 Beef Cattle, 100 Stores, 2 pairs Working Oxen, 50 Cows and Calves, 1900 Sheep and Lambs, 200 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $9,50; first quality, $8,00@8,25; second, $7,50; third, $6,50; ordinary, $5,00.

HIDES—7½@8c. Tallow, 7½@8c.

PELTS—25c@$2,00. Calf Skins, 14@15c. ⅌ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$5@9 apiece.

WORKING OXEN—No sales.

COWS AND CARTES—$24, 28, 35, 40@45.

YEARLINGS $30@37. Two years old, $37@40. Three years old, $45@50.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $3 75 4@5. In lots $2,75, 3@3,50

SWINE—7¼c. Retail, 8@10c. Fat hogs 7¼c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 22.—An active demand prevails for this article at present, and at prices which would seem to favor an increased production in future years. Throughout the interior the markets, or rather buyers, and sellers have been quite excited; much more so, indeed, than here, for the very good reason that the available supply here has not been of sufficient magnitude to create an active demand as yet; there is, however, sufficient doing to prevent any accumulation of stock; although the receipts have been larger, prices rule very high in every town and hamlet in the country, far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine even, which is somewhat astonishing considering the depressed state of the goods market. In some sections of the interior we hear that farmers are speculating in greasy fleeces at 42½c, and clips weighing 7½ lbs are held in some localities at rates which clean fleeces would hardly fetch here on 6 mos. credit; farmers, however, would probably fare better by selling rather than buying supplies at present high rates, and most of those in the Western States have not hesitated to avail themselves of so favorable an opportunity. Nearly all the clip in Michigan has been bought up, three-fourths of that in Ohio, and the greater portion in Western New York; but in Vermont the views of the farmers are so exalted as to deter the most sanguine from purchasing, and consequently many of the Eastern Woolen producers have crossed the line—gone over to Canada and purchased all that could be obtained there at 28@30c. Since the discovery of gold in California and Australia the attention of the husbandman has been somewhat diverted from wool raising, and the result is that, notwithstanding the increased wants of woolen producers, the supply of the raw material has not perceptibly increased, but rather diminished, while prices in the different markets at home and abroad keep advancing. Prices of cereal products have ruled so high, too, during the Eastern war as to make our farmers indifferent to wool raising, but now that a reaction is anticipated in this respect by an increased production, it may not be amiss then to devote greater attention to the growing of wool. The transactions in this market aggregate some 150,000 lbs Fleece Wool in small lots at 40@42c for No. 1; 47c for super, and 50@55c, 6 mos., for super and full blood Merino. Included in the sales were 8,000 lbs. a choice article, at our extreme figures. Contracts for future delivery up to September have been made, but we cannot arrive at the particulars. Pulled Wool is in moderate request, and prices rule firmly; sales 3,000 lbs, in lots, at 30c for No 1; 32@40c for new Lambs' Wool; 37½c for superfine old city Pulled, and 42@45c for superfine and extra country. The stock of foreign has become reduced by recent sales, and prices, owing to the high rates in Buenos Ayres and other markets abroad, are maintained with increasing firmness; sales 8,000 lbs California at 25c; 10,000 lbs Cape at 26½c; 50 bales washed Smyrna at 32c; a small parcel of Greek and Russian at 13@17c, 6 mos. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ⅌ lb	48@50
American Full-blood Merino	45@51
American ½ and ¾ Merino	40@47
American Native and ¼ do	37@43
Pulled Wool, extra Country	45@52
Pulled Wool, super	37@45
Pulled Wool, No. 1	30@35
California Fine, Washed	15@40
Do. Com. Unwashed	17@20
Peruvian, Washed	25@30
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@29
South American, Com. Washed	16@24
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	17@24
South American Unwashed	12@16
South American, Cordova, Washed	27@30
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	11@15
African, Washed	18@25
Smyrna, Unwashed	15@17
Smyrna, Washed	30@32
Mexican, Unwashed	15@18

[*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, July 22.—The stock of new Fleece is very small, but the article begins to arrive more freely. The sales of fleece and pulled for the week have been about 500,000 lbs at quoted rates. In foreign there have been sales of 160 bales Mediterranean, and 185 bales Cape and Chilian, at prices within the range of quotations:

Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, ⅌ lb, 62@65c.; Full Blood Merino, 50@55c.; Three-quarters do., 48@50c.; Half do., 42@46c.; Common, 37@40c; Superfine, 44@48c.; Pulled extra, 48@55c.; Do. No. 1, 37@40c.; Smyrna Washed, 24@32c.; Smyrna Unwashed, 10@22c.; Mexican, 17@19c.; Buenos Ayres, 33@50c.; Barbary Washed, 28@35c.

OREGON.—Advices from Oregon to June 20th, say:—Fears are still entertained of further Indian difficulty at the Dalles.

The policy of making Oregon a Slave State continues to be zealously urged, and a prospectus issued for a pro-slavery paper.

A STEAM PLOW, on a large scale, is being manufactured at the Machine Works, Newark, Ohio, for a gentleman in Virginia, by whom the design was furnished. It is in contemplation to exhibit the plow at the National Fair, at Louisville.

MARRIAGES.

ON the 21st of July, at Pittsford, by Prof. V. R. Hotchkiss, D. D., Mr A. D. WILLIAMS, of this city, and Miss HELEN M GASKIN, of the former place.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance.* Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

NURSERY WANTED.—The subscriber wishing to engage again in the Nursery business, would like to exchange rapidly improving real estate for a good Nursery. Address with particulars, N. M HULBERT, Binghamton, N. Y.

CLARKE'S CHIMNEY SAFE should be set, by all means, in all chimneys, new or old, as an additional safeguard against accidental fires. Send $1 with size of your stove pipe. Rights for sale. This is a patent article for the million. GEO. R. CLARKE, Patentee, Leonardsville, N. Y.

ESSEX PIGS FOR SALE.

SUPERIOR YOUNG PIGS OF THIS BREED, single or in pairs; sired by two boars imported last autumn; winners of the highest prizes at the Royal and Birmingham Shows, England, affording an entirely new cross. Address 395w2
C. S. WAINWRIGHT, The Meadows, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

A CARD.

ALL PERSONS FEELING AN INTEREST IN THE *New Rochelle*, or **Lawton Blackberry**, are invited to visit our Grounds after about the 6th of August next, for the purpose of seeing the great bearing habit of the Plant, and also to taste the Fruit. GEO. SEYMOUR & CO.,
395w2 South Norwalk, Conn.

GAINESVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE FALL TERM OF THIS INSTITUTION, will commence Aug. 27, 1857. It is located in Gainesville, Wyoming Co., N. Y., about four miles from Buffalo Division of the New York and Erie Railroad. Apply for Catalogues to the Principals,
395w3eow MARIET HARDY, CYNTHIA A. ELDRIDGE, } Principals.

HICKOK'S KEYSTONE CIDER MILL,

MANUFACTURED BY THE EAGLE WORKS, HARRISBURG, Pa.—This sterling machine has within the past year been put to severe actual tests, and been very much improved by the addition of a 22 inch fly-wheel, new gearing, joint bolts, and other minor improvements, and is now offered to the public with the certainty that it is made in the very best manner, and that it will grind and press easier and faster than any other Mill in the market. Dealers and others supplied on liberal terms. Address W. O. HICKOK,
395w11 Agent Eagle Works, Harrisburg, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE.—Of 80 acres, in Ont Co N Y. Address W. F. COATES, Agent, Owego, Tioga Co, N. Y. 394w2

DEVONS FOR SALE.—A few thorough-bred Bulls and Heifers, bred from my own herd, by my imported bull, Duke of Devon. Also, Essex hogs. Address
394w12 CHARLES A. ELY, Elyria, O.

BROCKPORT COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

Brockport, Monroe County, N. Y.

DAVID BURBANK, A. M., Principal.

ALONZO J. HOWE, Preceptor. ——, Nat. Sciences. THEODORE E. BAKER, A. B., Languages. MR. P. P. FENTON, Vocal Music. Mr JOHN H KENT, Painting and Design. Miss LUCY H. WALKER, Preceptress. Miss ANNIE B. BUNT, Eng. Branches. Miss ELIZABETH LUSK, Instr Music. Miss PAULINE GRENAN, Ornamental Branches. THERESA HUNTLY, Preparatory Department.

TUITION AND OTHER EXPENSES.

In English $3 to $5; Classical, Hebrew, French, German, $5 to $7; Piano, Guitar, Thorough Bass, Harmony, $10 to $15; Vocal Music and Cultivation of Voice, $13; Pencilling, Grecian, Theorem, Oriental and Monochromatic Painting, $5 to $5; Transferring on Glass, Wax Flowers and Fruit, $5 to $8; French and Silk Embroidery, Needle Work, Paster Mache and Inlaying of Pearl, $3 to $5; Oil Painting, $10. Board and Room rent, $2 to $3 per week. Total annual expenses, $150 to $200.

Fall Term opens Wednesday, Aug. 19.—Application must be made soon to secure rooms in the edifice.

THE TRUSTEES are permitted to refer to the following gentlemen:—Hon. Henry E. Selden, Lieut. Governor, New York; M. B. Anderson, LL. D., Prest. University, Rochester; Rev. Geo W. Eaton, D. D., Prest. Madison University; Hon. Ira Harris, LL. D., Albany; Benjamin Silliman, M. D. LL. D., Yale College.

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HAY AND CATTLE SCALES,

FOR WEIGHING Loaded Wagons, Carts, Live Stock, Produce, &c. More than *Four Thousand* of these convenient and durable Scales have been put up by us in all parts of the United States and the British Provinces. We also have more than *One Hundred* different styles and sizes of

Platform and Counter Scales,

adapted to every kind of operation of weighing.

Pamphlets with testimonials, prices, &c., will be furnished upon application, to our address, viz:

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Masonic Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.
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189 Broadway, New York.

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,

Corner of Atwater and Oregon Sts., Rochester, N. Y.

THIS INSTITUTION embraces all the departments of instruction necessary to qualify students for the business of Teaching Commercial, Scientific, or Professional pursuits. In addition to the advantages afforded by an ordinary Academy, provision is made for those who desire the benefits of an entire Collegiate course in the Mathematics and Ancient Languages.

To be admitted, students must be well advanced in the studies usually pursued in our Common Schools.

THE FEMALE DEPARTMENT is under the immediate supervision of an accomplished and highly qualified Preceptress—being of itself in all respects a well-appointed and select Female Seminary. The pupils share the benefits of the daily instruction of the Professors and other Teachers in the Institution. To the members of this Department, Diplomas are awarded on the completion of the prescribed course of study.

The Principals with their families, and several of the Teachers, will hereafter reside in the New Boarding House, and by constant intercourse with the Students endeavor to secure their moral and social advancement, as well as their intellectual culture.

EXPENSES.—For Board, Fuel, Lights and Tuition in Common English, $200 per year, payable quarterly in advance. Including Tuition in Higher English and the Ancient Languages, Washing, Books and Stationery, $250.

Tuition.

For English Branches, in the Academic Department, (*Geometry accepted,*) per quarter	$ 8 00
The same, with the higher Mathematics or Ancient Languages	10 00
German, French and Drawing; each extra	5 00
Lessons on the Piano, (including use of instrument,)	12 00

Rochester, June, 1857 L. R. SATTERLEE, J. E. DEXTER, } Principals.

SHORT-HORNS FOR SALE.—Eight or ten fine young Cows and Heifers; Also Heifer and Bull Calves. Clockville, Madison Co., N. Y. [391w] S P. CHAPMAN.

TO THE BREEDERS OF NORTH AMERICA.

Short-Horn Cattle, Leicester Sheep.

MR. JOHN WADE, would most respectfully intimate that in consequence of the sudden death of his late brother, by the accident at the Desjardins Canal, the whole of the valuable stock of **Short-Horned Cattle and Leicester Sheep**, left by him, will be offered to unreserved competition, on WEDNESDAY, 30th day of August next, at his Farm, 4 miles equi-distant, from Port Hope and Cobourg.

To those acquainted with the Stock, no recommendation is necessary. The Prize Lists of our Provincial and Local Agricultural Societies, prove that the unremitting exertions of their late owner, for the last 20 years, as well as his unsparing expense of money and labor, have not been thrown away. The Stock had just reached the point aimed at by him for a long period, and it is only in consequence of the inability of a young family to carry on such a concern, that they are now offered.—The herd has been raised from successive importations from the native seat of the Short-Horns, the County of Durham; being originally from the COLLIN'S Stock through the channels of Col. CRADDOCK, J. M. HOPPER Esq., and others. Mr. WADE, would simply remark, that such an opportunity rarely occurs to those wishful to obtain a pure Durham Stock. The Sheep, Teeswater and Leicester, are from the flocks of DAVIDSON of Northumberland, CARTER and ROBINSON, of Durham, and others equally celebrated.

TERMS:—Six months credit on approved endorsed notes. As the character of this Stock will probably bring many of our American friends from a distance, 10 per cent discount per annum will be allowed for cash, or in case of taking the credit, they will be kind enough to provide a Canadian endorser.

At the same time and place, will be offered pure DURHAM STOCK of the same character, with a considerable variation of pedigree and individual characteristic, from the breed of Mr. J. WADE, and others, and also some very high bred Grade Durhams.

ELMIRA MUSIC SCHOOL.

THIS INSTITUTION for Instruction on the Piano, Organ, Melodeon, Guitar, Violin, and in Vocal Music and Harmony, is situated in a beautiful valley—healthful, quiet and pleasant—and provides a more thorough course of MUSICAL INSTRUCTION than has before been offered on this Continent. Pupils enjoy superior advantages in many respects, being under the supervision of Teachers who have spent several years with the best masters, and graduated with the highest honors. Terms for 1857, commence as follows:

March 4th, June 3d, September 2d, December 2d.

Pupils can enter at any time during the term. Thirty pupils can be accommodated in the family of the Principal, at the rate of $80 per Term—including board, tuition, use of piano, washing, fuel and light. For further particulars, and all necessary information address MISS C. G. SCOTT, PRINCIPAL.
Elmira, N. Y., May, 1857. 383m6wo

THE ROCHESTER STONE YARD,

IS WELL STOCKED AT ALL TIMES WITH THE BEST quality of LOCKPORT AND MEDINA SAND STONE, such as **Flagging**, Platform, Curb, Paving and Cross-walk; Caps and Sills Water Tables, Door Sills, of any size required, Steps, Coping, Well and Cistern Covers, Building Stone, &c., which will be furnished at the lowest prices on short notice, and laid in the best manner if desired. We will also deliver Stone in any quantity to any place on the Lakes, Canals or Railroads. Thankful for the patronage heretofore bestowed upon us by our customers and friends, we shall endeavor to merit a continuance.

Office and Yard in Rochester, corner of Pittsburgh St. and Erie Canal, just south of Court House. In Buffalo, on the Canal opposite the Courier House and Erie street Depot.

Orders addressed to either of the undersigned, or left at our quarries at Lockport or Medina, will be attended to punctually.

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PIANOS and MELODEONS from the best Factories in the Union, for sale at makers prices.

KETCHUM'S MOWER,

AND MOWER AND REAPER FOR 1857, WITH PLATform for either side or back delivery of the grain. Various improvements have been made, and machines warranted superior to any heretofore built. Any information wanted in regard to them, or persons wishing to interest themselves in their sale, will please address R. L. HOWARD,
372wtf Successor to Howard & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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84 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS prepared in the first style of the Art, for Agricultural Societies, Institutions, Associations, Colleges, Schools, &c., &c. 385w13

1857. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1857.

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Buffalo to Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Toledo, Chicago, Milwaukee, Galena, Rock Island, Burlington, Dubuque, St. Paul, Madison, Cairo, St. Louis.

And all Points in the West and South-West.

Trains leave Buffalo from Exchange street Depot connecting with all Eastern Trains as follows, (Sundays Excepted:

7.00 A. M. Express Mail, stopping at all principal Stations—Arrives at Dunkirk 8.55 A. M., Erie 10.50 A. M., Cleveland 2.30 P. M. [Dine.] Toledo 8.00 P. M. [Sup.] Chicago 7.00 next morning, connecting with all Western, Southern & Northern Lines.

10.15 A. M. Lightning Express, stops only for wood and water—Arrives at Dunkirk 12.05 Noon, [Dine.] Erie 1.55 P. M., Cleveland 5.20 P. M. [Sup.] Toledo 10.25 P. M., Chicago 8.25 A. M. next morning, making direct connections with all lines to the West, North and South.

3.45 P. M. Way Express, to Erie only—arrives at 6.25 P. M.—returning, leaves Erie 6.20 A. M., and arrives at Buffalo 10.15 A. M.

9.00 P. M. Night Express, stops only for wood and water—Arrives at Dunkirk 11.05 P. M., Erie 12.45 A. M., Cleveland 4.20 A. M. [Breakfast.] Toledo 8.50 A. M. [Dine at White Pigeon.] and arrives at Chicago 6.35 P. M. same evening, connecting as above.

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FOR COLUMBUS, SPRINGFIELD, DAYTON, INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI,

And all Points South, leaving Cleveland as follows:

Via COLUMBUS, at	6.50 A. M.	3.00 P. M. 6.30 P. M.
Via CLYDE & DAYTON,	8.20 A. M.	9.20 A. M. 6.00 P. M.
For ST. LOUIS, via Bellefontaine, Columbus, or Cincinnati,	6.50 A. M.	3.00 P. M. 6.30 P. M.

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General Union Ticket Office, No. 17 Exchange St.

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A LEAF FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF STEAM.

BY A. H. BULLOCK.

How strange that my tremendous power
For near six thousand years,
Was never called upon by man,
With all his hopes and fears!
That he should send the tardy horse,
Or carrier pigeon slow,
With messages requiring speed
When I was there to go!

Have laughed and hissed through ages past,
Had nothing else to do;
At feeble animal exploits
So proudly held to view:
Of water too,—so whimsical
When wanted, seldom there;
While I, o'ercharged with will and strength,
Was left to "gape and stare."

LEANDER swam the Hellespont,
I standing by to see,
Must have been sadly crazed by Love,
Or he would harnessed me,
Would took him o'er in seconds few,
And in far better style,
And landed him in finer rig
For lovely HERO'S smile.

CÆSAR, supposed to rule the world,
Sheer nonsense! What a dream!
No man can boast of worldly might
Who ne'er commissioned steam.
With me how quick his gallant troops
The Rubicon could cross,
Old "Mother Rome" turn deadly pale
To see his mighty "hoss."

COLUMBUS has been lauded high
For guiding safely o'er
Those lazy sloops, in three month's time,
To find this western shore,
Though I was ever at his side
When seeking kingly aid,
Willing to take him in ten days
The tedious trip he made.

So when JOHN GILPIN'S horse took fright,
And scampered off to "Ware,"
His wife sends "post-boy" in pursuit,
I roving idly there;
How could she have a "frugal mind,"
When easy, bless my stars!
Might saved that "cloak," "hat," "wine" and wig,"
By waiting for the cars!

"Sage FRANKLIN," with his skill profound,
His wit and genius keen,
If he heard my piercing scream,
Would asked what can it mean?
And this although he'd searched the clouds
The lightning to subdue,
While I was everywhere on earth,
Panting to come to view!

Idle so long, no effort made
To nerve or muscle strain,
What wonder, if in antic mood
I spurn the curb and rein,
Not easy held in "durance vile,"
After such time of play,
But sometimes burst the prison door
To give a joyful neigh.

North Almond, N. Y., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

OTHER PEOPLE'S EYES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"OUR parlor carpet is beginning to look real shabby," said Mrs. Cartwright. "I declare. If I don't feel right down ashamed of it, every time a visitor, who is anybody, calls in to see me."

"A new one will cost——"

The husband of Mrs. Cartwright, a good natured, compliant man, who was never better pleased than when he could please his wife, paused to let her finish the sentence, which she did promptly, by saying:

"Only forty dollars. I've counted it all up. It will take thirty-six yards. I saw a beautiful piece at Martin's—just the thing—at one dollar a yard. Binding, and other little matters, won't go beyond three or four dollars, and I can make it myself, you know."

Only forty dollars! Mr. Cartwright glanced down at the carpet which had decorated the floor of their little parlor for nearly five years. It had a pleasant look in his eyes, for it was associated with many pleasant memories. Only forty dollars for a new one! If the cost were only five, instead of forty, the inclination to banish this old friend to an out-of-the-way chamber would have been no stronger in the mind of Mr. Cartwright. But forty dollars was an item in the calculation, and to Mr. Cartwright, a serious one. Every year he was finding it harder to meet the gradually increasing demand upon his purse; for there was a progressive enlargement of his family, and year after year, the cost of living advanced. He was thinking of this, when his wife said—

"You know, Henry, that cousin Sally Gray is coming here on a visit, week after next. Now, I do want to put the very best face on to things while she is here. We were married at the same time, and I hear that her husband is getting rich. I feel a little pride about the matter, and don't want her to think that we're growing worse off than when we began life, and can't afford to replace this shabby old carpet for a new one."

No further argument was needed. Mr. Cartwright had sixty dollars in one of the bureau drawers, a fact well known to his wife. And it was also well known to her that it was the accumulation of very careful savings, designed, when the sum reached one hundred dollars, to cancel a loan made by a friend, at a time when sickness and a death in the family had run up their yearly expenses beyond the year's income. Very desirous was Mr. Cartwright to pay off this loan, and he had felt lighter in heart as the aggregate of his savings came nearer and nearer to the sum required for that purpose.

But he had no firmness to oppose his wife in anything. Her wishes, in this instance, as in many others, he unwisely made a law. This argument about cousin Sally Gray was irresistible. No more than his wife did he wish to look poor in her eyes; and so, for the sake of her eyes, a new carpet was bought, and the old one—not by any means as worn and faded as the language of his wife indicated—sent up stairs, to do second-hand duty in the spare bed-room.

Not within the limit of forty dollars was the expense confined. A more costly pattern than could be obtained for one dollar a yard tempted the eyes of Mrs. Cartwright, and abstracted from her husband's savings the sum of over fifty dollars. Mats and rugs to go with the carpet were indispensable, to give the parlor the right effect in the eyes of cousin Sally Gray, and the purchase of these absorbed the remainder of Mr. Cartwright's carefully hoarded sixty dollars.

Unfortunately for the comfortable condition of Mrs. Cartwright's mind, the new carpet, with its flaunting colors, put wholly out of countenance the cane-seat chairs and modest pier table, and gave to the dull paper on the wall a duller aspect. Before she had scarcely noticed the hangings on the Venitian blinds; now it seemed as if they had lost their freshness in a day; and the places where they were broken and had been sewed again, were singularly apparent, every time her eye rested upon them.

"These blinds do look dreadful!" she said to her husband, on the day after the carpet went down. "Can't you remember what they cost?"

"Eight dollars," replied Mr. Cartwright.

"So much." The wife sighed as she spoke.

"Yes, that was the price. I remember it very well."

"I wonder what new hangings would cost?" Mrs. Cartwright's manner grew suddenly more cheerful, as the suggestion of a cheaper way to improve the windows, came into her thought.

"Not much, I presume," answered her husband.

"Don't you think we'd better have it done?"

"Yes," was the compliant answer.

"Will you stop at the blind-maker's, as you go to the store, and tell him to send up for them to-day. It must be attended to at once, you know, for cousin Sally will be here on next Wednesday."

Mr. Cartwright called at the blind-maker's, as requested, and the blind-maker promised to send for the blinds. From thence he continued on to the store in which he was employed. There he found a note on his desk, from the friend to whom he was indebted for the one hundred dollars.

"Dear Cartwright," so the note ran, "If it is possible for you to let me have the one hundred dollars I loaned you, its return to-morrow will be a particular favor, as I have a large payment to make, and have been disappointed in the receipt of a sum of money confidently expected."

A very sudden change of feeling did Mr. Cartwright experience. He had, in a degree, partaken of his wife's pleasure in observing the improved appearance of their little parlor; but this pleasure was now succeeded by a sense of painful regret and mortification. It was nearly two hours before Mr. Cartwright returned an answer to his friend's note. Most of that time had been spent in the vain effort to discover some way out of the difficulty in which he found himself placed. He would have asked an advance of one hundred dollars on his salary, but he did not deem that a prudent step, and for two reasons. One was the known character of his employers; and the other was involved in the question of how he was to support his family for the time he was working out this advance. At last, in sadness and humiliation, he wrote a brief reply, regretting his inability to replace the loan now, but promising to do it in a very short time. Not very long after this answer was sent, there came another note from his friend, written in evident haste, and under the influence of angry feelings. It was in these words:

"I enclose your due bill, which I, yesterday, thought good for its face. But, as it is worthless, I send it back. The man who buys new carpets and new furniture, instead of paying his honest debts, can be no friend of mine. I am sorry to have been mistaken in Henry Cartwright."

Twice did the unhappy man read this cutting letter; then folding it up slowly, he concealed it in one of his pockets. Nothing was said about it to his wife, whose wordy admiration of the new carpet, at morning, noon and night, for the next two or three days, was a continued reproof of his weakness for having yielded to her wishes in a matter where calm judgment and a principle of right, should have prevailed. But she could not help noticing that he was less cheerful; and once or twice he spoke to her in a way that she thought positively ill-natured. Something was wrong with him; but what that something was she did not for an instant imagine.

At last the day arrived for cousin Sally Gray's visit. Unfortunately, the Venition blinds were still at the blind-maker's, where they were likely to remain for a week longer, as it was discovered, on the previous afternoon, that he had never touched them since they came into his shop.—Without them the little parlor had a terribly bare look; the strong light coming in, and contrasting, harshly, the new, gaudy carpet, with the old, worn and faded furniture. Mrs. Cartwright fairly cried with vexation.

"We must have something for the windows Henry," she said as she stood, disconsolate, in the parlor, after tea. "It will never do in the world to let cousin Sally find us in this trim."

"Cousin Sally will find a welcome in our hearts," replied her husband, in a sober voice, "and that I am sure will be more grateful to her than new carpets and window-blinds."

The way in which this was spoken rather surprised Mrs. Cartwright; and she felt just a little rebuked.

"Don't you think," she said, after a few moments of silence on both sides; "that we might afford to buy a few yards of lace, to put up to the windows, just for decency's sake?"

"No," answered the husband, firmly, "We have afforded too much already."

His manner seemed to Mrs. Cartwright almost ill-natured. It hurt her very much. Both sat down in the parlor, and both remained silent.—Mrs. Cartwright thought of the mean appearance everything in that "best room" would have in the eyes of cousin Sally, and Mr. Cartwright thought of his debt to his friend, and of that friend's anger and alienation. Both felt more uncomfortable than they had been for a long time.

On the next day cousin Sally arrived. She had not come to spy out the nakedness of the land—not for the purpose of making contrasts between her own condition in life and that of Mr. Cartwright—but from pure love. She had always been warmly attached to her cousin; and the years during which new life associations had separated them had increased rather than diminished this attachment. But the gladness of their meeting was soon overshadowed; at least for cousin Sally. She saw by the end of the first day's visit, that her cousin was more concerned to make a good appearance in her eyes—to have her understand that she and her husband were getting along bravely in the world—than to open her heart to her as of old, and exchange with her a few pages in the history of their inner lives. What interest had she in the new carpet, or the curtainless window, that seemed to be the most prominent of all things in the mind of her relative? None whatever! If the visit had been from Mary Cartwright to herself, she would never have thought for an instant, of making preparations for her coming in the purchase of new furniture, or by any change in the externals of her home. All arrangements for the reception would have been in her heart.

Cousin Sally was disappointed. She did not find the relative, with whom so many years of her life had been spent in sweet intercourse, as she had hoped to find her. The girlish warmth of feeling had given place to a cold worldliness, that repelled instead of attracting her. She had loved, and suffered much, had passed through many trials, and entered through many opening doors into new experiences, during the years since their ways parted; and she had come to this old, dear friend, yearning, for that heart-intercourse—that reading together of some of the pages of their books of life—which she felt almost as a necessity. What interest had she for the mere externals of Mary's life? None! None! And the constant reference thereto, by her cousin, seemed like a desecration. Careful, and troubled about the little things of life, she found the dear old friend of her girlish days, to whom she had come hopefully, as to one who could comprehend, as in earlier years, the feelings, thoughts, and aspirations, which had grown stronger, deeper, and of wide range.

Alas! Alas! How was the fine gold dimmed in her eyes!

"Dear Mary!" she said to her cousin, on the morning of the day that was to end her visit—they were sitting together in the little parlor, and Mrs. Cartwright had referred, for the fortieth time, to the unshaded windows, and declared herself mortified to death at the appearance of things—"Dear Mary! It was to see you, not your furniture, that I came. To look into your heart, and feel it beating against mine as of old; not to pry, curiously into your ways of living, nor to compare your house-furnishing with my own. But for your constant reference to these things, I should not have noticed, particularly, how your house was attired; and if asked about them, could only have answered—'She's living very nicely.'—Forgive me for this plain speech, dear cousin! I did not mean to give utterance to such language; but the words are spoken, now, and cannot be recalled."

Mrs. Cartwright, if not really offended, was mortified and rebuked; and these states of feeling, united with pride, served to give coldness to her exterior. She tried to be cordial in manner towards her cousin—to seem as if she had not felt her words; but, this was impossible, for she had felt them too deeply. She saw that the cherished friend and companion of her girlhood was disappointed in her; that she had come to look into her heart, and not into the attiring of her home; and was going away with diminished affection. After years of divergence, their paths had touched; and, separating once more, she felt that they would never run parallel again.

A few hours later, cousin Sally gave her a parting kiss. How different in warmth to the kiss of meeting! Very sad, very dissatisfied with herself, very unhappy did Mrs. Cartwright feel, as she sat musing alone after her relative had departed. She was conscious of having lost a friend forever, because she had not risen to the higher level to which that friend had attained—not in external, but in the true internal life.

But, a sharper mortification was in store for her. The letter of her husband's friend, in which he had returned the due-bill for one hundred dollars, fell accidentally into her hands, and overwhelmed her with consternation. For that new carpet, which had failed to win more than a few extorted sentences of praise from cousin Sally Gray, her husband had lost the esteem of one of his oldest and best friends, and was now suffering, in silence, the most painful trial of his life.

Poor, weak woman! Instead of the pleasure she had hoped to gain in the possession of this carpet, it had made her completely wretched.—While sitting almost stupefied with the pressure that was on her feelings, a neighbor called in and she went down to the parlor to meet her.

"What a lovely carpet!" said the neighbor in real admiration, "Where did you buy it?"

"At Martin's," was answered.

"Had they any more of the same pattern?" inquired the neighbor.

"This was the last piece."

The neighbor was sorry. It was the most beautiful pattern she had ever seen; and she would hunt the city over but what she would find another just like it.

"You may have this one," said Mrs. Cartwright on the impulse of the moment, "My husband doesn't particularly fancy it. Your parlor is exactly the size of mine. Is is all made and bound nicely as you can see; and this work on it shall cost you nothing. We paid a little over fifty dollars for the carpet before a stitch was taken in it; and fifty dollars will make you the possessor."

"Are you really in earnest," said the neighbor.

"Never more so in my life."

"It is a bargain, then."

"Very well."

"When can I have it."

"Just as soon as I can rip it from the floor," said Mrs. Cartwright, in real earnest.

"Go to work," replied the neighbor, laughing out at the novelty of the affair, "Before your task is half done, I will be back with the fifty dollars, and a man to carry home the carpet."

And so she was. In less than half an hour after the sale was made, in this off-hand fashion, Mrs. Cartwright sat alone in her parlor, looking down upon the naked floor. But she had five ten-dollar gold pieces in her hand, and they were of more value in her eyes than twenty carpets. Not long did she sit musing here. There was other work to do. The old carpet must be replaced upon the parlor floor ere her husband's return. And it was replaced. In the midst of her hurried operations, the old blinds with the new hangings came in, and were put up to the windows. When Mr. Cartwright returned home, and stepped inside of the little parlor, where he found his wife awaiting him, he gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, Mary! What is the meaning of this?—Where is the new carpet?"

She laid the five gold pieces in his hand, and then looked earnestly, and with tears in her eyes, upon his wondering face.

"What are these, Mary? Where did they come from?"

"Cousin Sally is gone. The carpet didn't seem attractive in her eyes; and it has lost all beauty in mine. So I sold the unlovely thing, and here is the money. Take it, dear Henry, and let it serve the purpose for which it was designed."

"All right again!" exclaimed Mr. Cartwright, as soon as the whole matter was clear to him. "All right! Mary, dear! That carpet, had it remained, would have wrecked, I fear, the happiness of our home. Ah, let us consult only our own eyes, hereafter, Mary—not the eyes of other people. None think the better of us for what we seem—only for what we are. It is not from fine furniture that our true pleasure in life is to come; but from a consciousness of right-doing. Let the inner life be right, and the outer life will surely be in just harmony. In the humble abode of virtue there is more real happiness than in the palace-homes of the unjust, the selfish, and wrong-doers. The sentiment is old as the world; but it must come to every heart, at some time in life, with all the force of an original utterance. And let it so come to us now, dear wife."

And thus it did come. This little experience showed them an aspect of things that quickened their better reasons; and its smart remained long enough to give it the power of a monitor in all their after lives. They never erred again in this wise. For two or three years more the old carpet did duty in their neat little parlor, and when it was at last replaced by a new one, the change was made for their own eyes, and not for the eyes of another.—*Home Magazine.*

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT A WIFE SHOULD BE.

AMIABLE, affectionate, and always on hand,
Beautiful, bewitching, believing and bland,
Careful, considerate, condescending and cute,
Deferential, delightful, avoiding dispute,
Explicit, expert, no wan's e'er expressing,
Faultless, forgiving, ever fondly caressing,
Good-naturedly grinning, not gadding and going,
Helping husband when hurried in haying and hoeing,
Industrious, inoffensive,—but not in the way,
Just in time to adjust all that's wrong through the day,
Knitting,—not needing, seldom asking for cash,
Letting buying fine clothes alone, lest he should smash,
Managing, mixing, mopping, mending and milking,
Never trouble her husband hired help to be getting,
Obedient obeying,—O! everything pretty,
Pout not, but be pleasant when husband is petty,
Question not the propriety, though things may look queer,
Raise in some way a smile, and call him "my dear,"
Self-denying, saving, never smoking or snuffing,
Temperate, teetotal, toiling and lugging,
Undergoing self-torture, his cares in beguiling,
Very careful to keep all the children from crying,
When he comes in the house to dine, sup or doze,
XANTIPPE ne'er regarded the rules, I suppose,
Yet SOCRATES submitted and did not oppose,
Zounds! if women now-a-days should do just as she did,
& storm around their men,—would they do as he did?

Knowlesville, N. Y., 1857. DELINA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 51 letters.

My 17, 6, 2, 39 is one of the United States.

My 27, 14, 3, 37, 8, 51 was the name of a Grecian Philosopher.

My 14, 32 7. 24, 45 was the name of an Ancient Poet.

My 7, 17, 26, 38, 23, 29, 46, 41, 9, 9, 20 is a river of the United States.

My 14, 10, 1, 9, 47, are used *extensively* among the ladies.

My 7, 23, 37, 42, 20, 39, 4, 30, 5 was an Athenian General.

My 18, 3, 20, 12, 2, 44, 39, 19, 43, 48, 34 is a mountain in North America.

My 36, 50, 9, 14, 45, 3, 27, 4, 40 is a river in Asia.

My 16, 34, 28, 11 is a verb.

My 22, 3, 42, 49, 35 was a General of the Revolutionary Army.

My 9, 41, 15, 27, 12, 6, is the name of my Canary.

My 9, 31, 45, 25 is a country of South America.

My 27, 10, 16, 33, 21, 51, 5 is a prerogative of Yankees.

My whole is an extract from one of Burns' Poems.

Youngstown, N. N., 1857. H. O. SPENCER.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 46 letters.

My 14, 4, 21, 6, 46, 8, 25, 1 was one of the most ancient cities in the world.

My 3, 6, 35, 23, 10, 13 was founded by Solomon and conquered by Alexander the Great.

My 41, 2, 43, 44, 7, 4 was the Island upon which Paul was shipwrecked.

My 28, 16, 14, 20, 1, 9 was one of the cities of refuge.

My 46, 25, 8, 8, 12, 26, 27 was the residence of Jacob.

My 15, 29, 32, 33, 1, 9, 30, 41, 34, 46, 27 was where the Ark was sent by the Philistines.

My 1, 22, 8, 9, 4, 38 was one of the cities of refuge.

My 9, 34, 15, 13, 2, 5, 1 is a book of the New Testament.

My 31, 4, 45, 9, 18, 46 is where Elymas was struck with blindness.

My 46, 24, 11, 36, 23, 37, n was a king of the Jewish nation.

My 35, 2, 25, 7, 30, 13, 39, n, 10, 41, 42 is a book of the Old Testament.

My 12, 17, 10, 34, n, 46, 2 is a mountain ¾ of a mile south from Jerusalem.

My whole is a part of the 141st Psalm.

Adams, N. Y., 1857. G. W. F.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Charade in No. 394:—Sabbath.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GREAT SALE OF DEVON CATTLE & SOUTH-DOWN SHEEP.

ON WEDNESDAY, 9th of September, 1857, I will sell at public auction, *without reserve*, my herd of Devon Cattle, about forty-five in number, and my flock of South-Down Sheep, about one hundred, at my farm on Grand Island, two miles from the Railroad and Omnibus Stations in North Buffalo.

I have bred Devons for many years. The original stock were derived from the best animals and for the last seven years my breeding bulls have been of imported blood, direct from Devonshire, England, which, with several of my present cows, are recorded in the English Devon Herd Book. All my herd will be recorded in the American Devon Herd Book, soon to be published, and are equal, probably, in quality, to any others in this country. The herd consists of about 30 cows and heifers, and 15 or 16 bulls and bull calves.

My South-Downs are descended originally from the flocks of Mr. Ellman, the Duke of Richmond, and other celebrated English breeders, crossed for the last seven or eight years with rams bred by the great South-Down breeder, Mr. Webb, of Babraham, England. There will be 75 or 80 ewes, the remainder rams.

As I intend making a *clean sale*, this will probably be a better opportunity for purchasers to select animals to their liking than any other which will occur for some time.

Descriptive Catalogues will be ready by the first of August, which will be sent by mail to all those applying to me by letter.

TERMS OF SALE—For all sums less than $100, cash; on sums of $100 and over, good notes at three months, on interest, payable at bank, will be received.

The stock will be delivered on Steamboat or Railroad, at Buffalo, as may be desired, the day after the sale.

Those wishing to view the stock previous to the sale, will be conveyed to the farm by calling at my residence; and those attending on the sale day will cross the Niagara river between the farm and main shore by steam ferry from the omnibus station at Lower Black Rock, or North Buffalo, to which either the omnibuses or rail cars will bring them from their stations in Buffalo. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M. of the first day.

293wdeow LEWIS F. ALLEN.

Black Rock, N. Y., July, 1857.

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IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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Rural New-Yorker.

PRODUCTIVE LABOR.

REASON as we will the impelling power in the accomplishment of any design is reward. A return in some form is what actuates laborers in all conditions of life, and amid the multifarious employments pursued by the human family, the gratification of some peculiar development of mind, or the supply of some want, is the incentive that inspires the toil-worn and urges the task to completion. Were it not for this "meed to be won," enterprise would lie down and die—the cultivated fields become desolate, silence brood where now is heard the hum of the busy wheel and the click of the shuttle, ships would rot and ocean indeed be a "waste of water," while despair, mantling the human face, would reign supreme. We prate about the "infringement of our liberties" when we discover, or think we do, some aggression, but if ever any one should endeavor to wrench from the people the *liberty to labor*, the period has then arrived to drop all words, and put in play arguments noted for the proclivity to horizontality by them imparted to the object against which they are brought to bear.

Work is the necessity of a healthy man and one who would remain so. Physical strength is given us to use, and mental power is furnished to guide and direct that we be not "blind leading the blind" and meeting with the fate inevitable under such circumstances. *Work is to a community what the heart is to the physical system*—the engine which not only gives circulation to the sources of life but prepares them for use by abstracting whatever is pernicious and infusing whatever is needed to sustain, invigorate and fully develop. The edict "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" has proved to man, constituted as he is, his greatest earthly blessing. Were it not for his opportunities and capabilities of performance, the block of marble fashioned under the chisel would be his peer. For all man has, is, or will be, he is indebted to toil. All the acts that have blessed mankind sprang from the giant brain of Labor guided aright, and though those that have shed baneful influences had the same great origin, right motives and right ends directed them naught.

The farmer amid the class of productive laborers stands pre-eminent, and in his peculiar vocation every stroke should be made to tell fruitfully. The mechanic may go back, tear down and rebuild, without more detriment than mere loss of time; the farmer, if he mis-directs his energies, wastes not only time and toil but the results thereof.—The principle inculcated in the advice of PUTNAM at Bunker Hill—"don't fire 'till you see the whites of their eyes"—is one worthy of study, *there should be no waste of ammunition.* From the turning of the furrow to the marketing of the produce every implement and assistant should be right. With the best tools the best work can be performed, and wherever the best labor is given you will be sure to find the best returns.

Another requisite to productive labor is the entire absence of brakes or hold-backs when the prosecution of any undertaking is decided upon. *With a single exception* every means to insure success may be taken, but the result may turn upon that isolated point. A striking illustration of this fact was observed a few days since while on a trip through the Genesee Valley. A friend was possessed of two pieces of wheat—forty and ten acre lots. To the former of these he had held title for a number of years and had done what was in his power to render the soil fertile by manure, drainage, &c.—the latter was a late acquisition and everything, except draining had been given it with the hope of profitable crops. Equally careful in the preparation of the land, selection and application of seed, it was to be supposed that being similar in soil and receiving similar treatment the coincidence would be carried out to the end. The result is, that while the forty acres will yield considerably over *eight hundred bushels*, the ten would have been quickly sold to any one offering *fifty bushels.* The dampness of the soil had retarded the growth and hardening of the grain and the midge had levied upon and appropriated almost the entire crop. Between the two fields there was nothing but a narrow cattle-path leading from the pasture. In conversation with the cultivator he remarked that "when he had completed the course of draining which he intended to give the ten acres, he would not pay any man a premium to insure his crops." In water-soaked soils the necessary heat cannot be generated—vegetation does not receive a tithe of the benefit it ought from stimulants applied—the air is shut out, and half-drowned roots will not support anything more than a half grown crop.

Again, productive labor is that which raises maximum crops in the most economical manner. As the agriculturist occupies the most extensive department of human industry, how important it is that he should avail himself of every means by which this end may be attained. Whether the production of cereals, the dairy, stock raising, or fruit growing be best adapted to his farm, the object he should always keep in view is the attainment of the highest standard of returns with the least expenditure. To accomplish this the husbanding of all the sources of fertility—the thorough preparation of land—care in the selection of seed—obtaining the best strains of blood for domestic animals—in fact, the exercise of all the means and agencies that can be brought to bear are necessary. Without this, *complete success* is among the impossibilities—with it, obstacles apparently insurmountable are passed over with ease, and the Harvest Home is rendered a season of plenty and rejoicing.

HOURS WITH THE FARMERS.

IN consequence of the frequent and heavy showers about "haying time," great difficulty has been experienced, not only in curing hay so as to preserve its nutritive qualities, and delightful aroma, but even in getting it dry enough to store away in the mow with safety. It is sometimes a nice point with the farmer during a "catching time," whether it is the part of wisdom to run the risk of the showers, which the dark, threatening clouds warn him are rapidly approaching, or to put on all available force and hurry the hay to the barn in its wet state.

On one of our late excursions among the working farmers we took shelter in a barn from a heavy thunder shower. The owner, anticipating the storm, had labored for the last hour or so to secure all the grass and clover that had been cut, and just as the large drops began to fall, happily drove the last load under cover, and the "boys" sent up a shout of triumph as they threw themselves upon the mow to enjoy a rest.

"Rather wet for mowing," we remarked, taking up a handful.

"Yes, rather moist," replied the farmer, "but we can save it. I never lose any hay after I get it under cover."

This introduced a conversation on the various methods he had tried, and his present practice in saving wet hay. Once he used slaked lime and salt, scattering it over as the hay was put away in the mow, but after repeated trials came to the conclusion that if the lime was not injurious to the hay and the stock, it was at least unnecessary. Formerly, he put with the new occasionally a layer of old hay. This answered very well. When convenient he would throw the hay as brought in on one side of the mow, and after a few days remove it to the other side, forking it over well. This generally put an end to all disposition to heat.—His great reliance at present, however, was upon salt. The quantity used depended upon the dampness of the hay when put away. This is a surety against "musty" hay, as it invariably keeps it sweet. It is little trouble and no expense, as the stock will need the salt in some other form if not given with the hay.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE hardly meets expectations here, thus far. Planted at the same time, and treated in every way like corn, it has not made half as much growth, so far as we have seen. On first coming up it is very slender and grows but slowly for a long time, so that unless weeded by hand it becomes almost smothered before the rows are sufficiently distinct to use the cultivator.

The farmers in this section are very wisely extending their range of crops. It is no uncommon thing for a farmer here to sell in one season a variety of produce that would surprise farmers in other parts of the country where one or two crops are the principal dependence. As this was the subject of conversation while we were enjoying the hospitalities of a friend, and lounging in the farmer's summer parlor, the shade of a fine chestnut tree, the account book, showing the sales last season, was produced, and we were much interested in its examination. We give the principal items, ranging them according to their relative importance:—Potatoes, peaches, apples, strawberries, barley, oats, butter, cheese, calves, turnips and carrots, with some other minor articles, all footing up a good round profit to the intelligent and industrious owner of a well managed small farm.—With such a diversity of crops, it is impossible that all should fail in one season, or even enough seriously to inconvenience the cultivator by their loss.

We were quite interested in an attempt to grow the cranberry. Two plantations had been made, one on a wet piece of land that in ordinary seasons is dry enough for turnip sowing, the other in a sandy swamp where nothing but rushes ever grew. The plants were put out this spring, grew well, and at the time of our visit were finely in blossom, giving every prospect of a crop, even the first season. Those in the rushy swamp looked the best. The swamp was prepared by merely skinning off the surface, so as to get rid of the coarse, reedy grass. The only difficulty in the cultivation of the cranberry seems to be to keep the weeds down until the plants can take care of themselves, if they ever get in a condition to do this. But the crop will well pay for all necessary labor and expenditure.

LANGDON'S SHEEP-SHEARING FESTIVAL.

WHEN I sit down to write an article for the RURAL, it often occurs to me to ask you, Colonel, whether you prefer to have it very brief, or a little spun out—whether you prefer truth, naked, or in a dress hanging distressingly straight and close to her limbs, or expanded with crinoline and hoops into a beautiful conical form—a broad base resting upon nothing but two little facts, exciting your admiration that they are able to sustain so large a superstructure. For my own part I prefer naked truth. I am willing, upon an emergency, to go to the bottom of the well after her, though I have never been able to understand the necessity of her keeping herself in such a damp and inaccessible situation. I think she would be doing a much greater service to be round among folks a little more freely, so that people could see and converse with her occasionally, and become more attached to her. Still I am aware tastes differ, and as it's your duty to cater for a great multitude, I feel bound to defer my own predilections to your better judgment in these matters. All this, therefore, is in the way of a parenthesis, and for your especial consideration.

Mr. LANGDON is my neighbor, that is he lives only some seven or eight miles south of me, in the town of Bennington, Wyoming Co. He has long been known as a wool grower and breeder of fine Merino sheep, but it is only within a few years that his operations have swelled into the magnitude they now disclose. Last year he had shorn over two thousand head; this year's clip only reaches to some seventeen hundred fleeces. He has probably one of the largest flocks in the State. Last year he instituted a sheep-shearing festival, which, not being advised of, I did not witness. Yesterday, however, he had his second annual festival, and having been duly bidden thereto, I attended. What the first one was, I do not know, but can affirm that this was very pleasant indeed. At the time of our arrival there were but few present.—The shearers were busy at their work; some caught the unshorn sheep, others marked the shorn and put them out, while others placed the fleeces upon the folding table and rolled them up, ready for market. Much of this was done by Mr. LANGDON in person, and to our surprise he does not use the folding or fleece-box at all, but carefully rolling up the fleece preparatory to putting it into a box, proceeds to tie it by hand. He prefers this method, and certainly makes his fleeces look very well, but does not give them so handsome and tidy an appearance as when the box is used.

Everything about the shearing floor went on with great regularity and order; especially was it noticed in the rapid evaporation of moisture from most of the guests, as was shown by their repeated calls upon the water department, which was duly flanked with lemonade single, and lemonade with a *rye stick* in it. Both kinds had their admirers, though it is due to the company to say that among them all there was no indication that it had in a single instance been used to excess. Mr. STEWART, the partner, who presided admirably in this department, produced some very excellent currant wine of his own manufacture, which, diluted with considerable of the cold water that gushes out of the spring by the house, was imbibed by an intimate friend of yours, dear reader,—just by way of testing its quality, nothing more,—and it was capital; you may take *my* word for that.

Company now began to arrive quite freely.—Farmers with their wives and daughters, merchants and lawyers, young men and women, and many of the leading farmers of that county and from the counties of Genesee and Orleans, were in the crowd, broken up into little knots, some discussing the prospect of the crops, or the best breeds of sheep, or cattle and horses, while occasionally an old veteran was giving his experience of the hardships of the pioneer, and the great contrast which is shown between the country of to-day and as it appeared twenty-five and thirty years ago. On the other side of the road, in a little grove partly natural and partly artificial, and in front of the house, a long table was being spread and preparations making for a substantial feast.—Unfortunately for the comfort of the hostess, just before placing the victuals upon the table it began to sprinkle, with the premonitory symptoms of a heavy shower. Tables were soon extemporized in the house, and the older portion of the guests were invited to seat themselves and partake of the bounties heaped upon them. My hungry reader, if in your memory there lingers any recollection of the last Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner, then I need not tell you of the roast turkey and chicken pie, and all the appropriate accompaniments which loaded the tables, nor with what rapidity they disappeared. Your experience is better than my pen, and I leave you to your imagination. After all had been fed to their utmost desires, the company assembled in front of the piazza, and was addressed by several of the gentlemen present, and hearty cheers given for Mr. and Mrs. LANGDON and Mr. and Mrs. STEWART, with a sincere wish that they might live long to enjoy these annual festivals, which afforded so much pleasure to their guests—of which there were some two or three hundred present.

The company now adjourned to the shearing floor, which had been swept out and put in as good order as a barn floor could well be, when the dancing commenced. I obtained a partner, the acquaintance of the hour, and may she never in her dance of life have anything to give her greater trouble than a rough barn floor and an old grey-headed man for a partner. I went through the mazes of the cotillion in that barn, with its large doors open, through which came the rays of the declining sun and the cool, delicious breeze, for the rain was over, with as much zest and pleasure as I ever felt in the most magnificent halls, decorated by the lavish hands of wealth and art.—Pleasure is always near us, if we do but possess the talisman to evoke her presence. When I came away, which was before sundown, the youngsters seemed enjoying themselves in the highest degree, nor did they disperse till quite into the small hours. Commend me to this kind of sheep-shearing. Care loses a wrinkle when he comes in contact with such festivals. And while I wish Mr. LANGDON many a one as pleasant as that of yesterday, I cannot but hope they will be more generally adopted through the country.—P. [July 11th.

THE GRASSES:

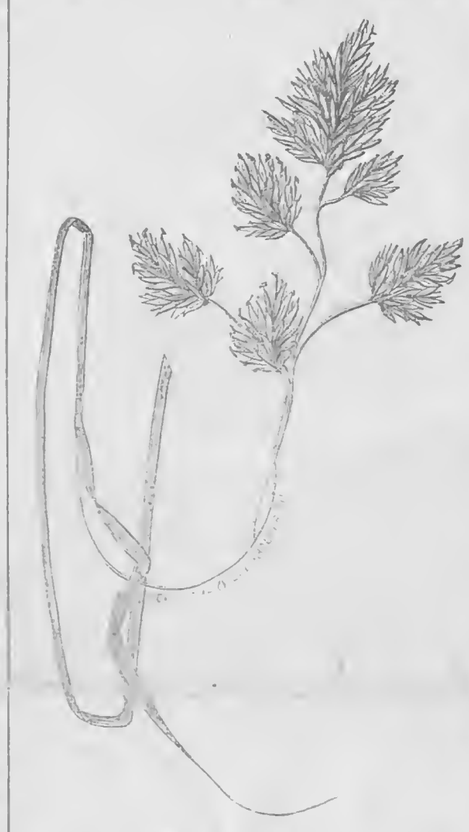
CONCLUSION OF MR. HOWARD'S PRIZE ESSAY.

PHLEUM.—The *Phleum pratense*—Timothy, Herds grass of New England, Meadow Catstail of England — is extensively cultivated as a hay grass in this country. Sinclair describes two varieties of this species—major and minor—the latter differing from the former "in the dagger-like points which terminate the husks, these being longer and more recurved or bent outwards; the husks longer in every respect, and less ciliated." The larger is the kind commonly grown in the United States, and is too well known to need any further notice.

TRITICUM.—The *Triticum repens* — Witch-grass, Couch-grass, &c.—is well known in many parts of the country, and is commonly regarded as a pest, from the difficulty of destroying it, and the injury it does to other plants by choking their growth. When left to itself it soon monopolizes the soil.—Yet it will not make a very large crop; it is too thin as it stands and too strawy to give a heavy yield, and where the ground is rich and moist it lodges down and turns yellow before it is fully grown. Stock will eat it pretty well, both as grass and hay. It is a good grass for blowing sands, which are not to be plowed, the strong lateral and perennial roots binding the surface. A committee of an agricultural society in a neighboring State, reported that this is a very valuable grass, and earnestly recommended its cultivation. This is the only instance recollected where its cultivation has been advocated. Dr. Darlington says, "It is desirable to keep our farms as clear of it as possible," a decision in which a large proportion of *good* farmers would readily acquiesce.

LOLIUM.—Under the name of Rye-grass, Ray-grass, &c., various species of this genus have been introduced into this country. The *Lolium perenne* —Perennial Rye-grass—grows from a foot to two feet high; starts very early in spring, but shoots up rather thin and spiry. On warm loams it makes good early pasture for sheep and lambs. It ripens early, about the time of the June grass, (*Poa pratensis,*) but does not make as much leaf-herbage as the latter. It does not, by itself, produce a large crop of hay, but the quality appears to be good.

The Italian Rye-grass has lately been introduced here, and has not, perhaps, been thoroughly tried. It is highly recommended in England and Scotland as being adapted to the soiling system of stock-feeding, and especially as producing a great growth under the application of liquid manure. With this treatment it is said to have been cut five times in a season, producing a crop equal to 10 or 12 tuns of hay to the acre. In such cases the sward received a liberal supply of liquid manure after each cutting. This species is said to be only biennial.



DACTYLIS GLOMERATA.

DACTYLIS.—The *Dactylis glomerata* — Orchard-grass, Cocksfoot—is considerably cultivated in some parts of the United States, though it does not appear to be as highly esteemed here as in its native country — Europe. In some of the Middle States, however, it is preferred to Timothy (*Phleum pratense*) for mixing with clover for hay, as it ripens earlier and at the same period as the kind of clover (*Trifolium medium?*) there cultivated. But it is not so valuable for hay as for pasturage. When mixed with other plants it stands in tussocks, above the general surface, making the sward uneven and not easy to be mown smoothly. As a permanent meadow grass it is best by itself, and seed enough should be sown to have the plants cover the whole ground and make a thick, even sward. On account of the lightness of the seed, not less than three bushels is required for an acre.

Orchard-grass is well adapted to slaty soils, and will grow on all tolerably dry, friable soils of medium quality. It is very tenacious of life, and when once fairly established will sustain itself a long time. It starts with the first warmth of spring, is less checked by drouth than almost any other species, and grows till the ground freezes.—As a pasture grass it is highly valuable. It shoots vigorously immediately after being cut or eaten off. It makes but few stems or seed-stalks, but its leaves are numerous, and they grow during the whole season, reaching the length of two feet or more, and forming, when untouched, a thick covering to the ground. Perennial.

AVENA.—The species *Avena elatior*—Tall Oat-grass—has been cultivated in some parts of the country. It has sometimes been highly extolled, but has not, on actual trial, supported the claims which some have set up for it. It is a coarse light, strawy grass, not well relished by any kind of stock, as is proved by its being left in pastures when other species are eaten down. It grows three feet high, but stands thinly on the ground, and its bulk consists almost wholly of long, hollow stems.

FESTUCA.—This genus comprises several valuable species, the most common of which in this country is the *Festuca pratensis*—Meadow Fescue. This abounds on rich old grass-fields in some neighborhoods, although it is seldom purposely sown. It ripens at the same period with the June-grass, and as most cultivated grasses are not at that time sufficiently matured to cut for hay, the Meadow Fescue stands till it sheds it seeds, and thus propagates itself. It is a good early pasture grass, producing abundance of long leaves and but little weight of stems — and is readily eaten by stock.—It is conspicuous from its glossy green color. The Ohio Cultivator states that this is the "Randall-grass" of Virginia. Perennial.

BROMUS.—The *Bromus Secalinus* — Chess, or Cheat—is a well known pest in most wheat districts of this country. As illustrating the want of

correct information on grasses, it may be mentioned that this species has been disseminated in Massachusetts, as a grass of superior value, under the name of "Willard's Bromus." The seed was sold at a high price, and even prominent officers of agricultural societies lent their aid in bringing it into cultivation. Careful experiment has proved that the boasted "Willard's Bromus" is identical with common chess.

ANTHOXANTHUM.—The *Anthoxanthum odoratum*—Sweet-scented Vernal-grass, Vanilla-grass—is quite common in the older settled parts of New England, New York and some other sections. It is one of the grasses which "come in," like the June-grass, but it is seldom sown by design. It grows best on moist, cold soils; starts very early, and runs to seed sooner than almost any other species. It makes but little bulk or weight, and that chiefly in seed-stalks. Its growth is trifling except in spring. Its vanilla-like odor is very powerful, and a small quantity of the grass imparts an agreeable smell to hay. It is not much relished by any kind of stock. In pastures where it is found, it is about the last thing eaten—its rejected stalks being everywhere seen. One author has given it a high character, and thinks it is the cause of the fine flavor of the butter made in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. The seed was distributed from the United States Patent Office last year, and was sent into some neighborhoods where there was already more of grass than farmers wanted who knew what it really was. The "Complete Grazier" says, "It is certain that cattle will not eat it when they can get at other grasses."—Sinclair, in his account of the Woburn experiments on grasses, says of this species:—"It does not appear to be particularly liked by cattle." He relates that a farmer sowed a field partly with the Sweet-scented Vernal-grass and White Clover, and partly with Foxtail *(Alopecurus pratensis)* and Red Clover. It was pastured with sheep. He says:

"The sheep would not touch the Sweet-scented Vernal-grass and White Clover, but kept constantly on the Foxtail. . . . This would indicate that the former is not, when single, or when combined with but two or three different species, very grateful to cattle. The chemical examination of its nutritive matter shows that *it does not abound in saccharine matter*, but chiefly in mucilage; and the insoluble extract is in a greater proportion than in many other grasses."

Dr. Darlington, in his "Agricultural Botany," says of this species, "It is by no means regarded in the United States as a grass of superior value." In a letter to the writer of this paper, Dr. D. says: "You will see that I do not estimate the *Anthoxanthum odoratum* very highly. I consider it much inferior to *Phleum pratense, Poa pratensis, Dactysis glomerata*, or even *Lolium perenne*, either for *hay* or *pasture*."

Dr. Darlington's residence is Westchester, Pa., the centre of a district which produces some of the best "Philadelphia butter." His superior knowledge of grasses, both botanically and agriculturally, is well known.

Communications.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY:

ITS SOIL, CLIMATE, PRODUCTIONS, ETC.

EDS. RURAL:—I see occasionally in your paper an article in favor of some particular Territory of the United States. Perhaps some of your readers would like to know what can be said in favor of this Territory. I cannot begin by saying, as some of your correspondents do, that we have the richest soil beneath the Sun, for that would not be true. Men disagree about the richness of the soil. Those coming from the Mississippi Valley call this a poor country of land. Those from the Middle States are generally satisfied with it, and those from New England think it vastly ahead of that portion of the country. I was brought up in Jefferson County, N. Y., and think the soil here would compare favorably with the soil there. Intelligent English farmers among us say this is a better country of land than England averages.

Next, as to climate. It makes me shiver to read of your cold winters and blue noses. We can hardly be said to have any winter here. Our coldest weather will about compare with the latter part of October and the fore part of November in New York. Some winters the ground does not freeze an inch deep. Generally there is not snow enough to prevent cattle living out all winter,—and most of the stock make their living all winter with little or no feed. Instead of cold weather we have rain, which is sometimes more disagreeable than snow. Our summers are cooler than in New York, particularly the nights. Thunder is seldom heard. As for healthfulness, I do not suppose our Territory has any superior. Our water, so far as I know, is universally soft, pure and cold. Springs of the temperature of 50° are common, and some are colder.

It is thought by Western farmers that it does not pay to raise corn here; but with the same care and labor used as in New England, as good corn can be produced. Wheat does well, and all the other grains common in New York. Potatoes are very fine. The potato disease has not to my knowledge reached the Territory. Apples, pears, plums, cherries, apricots, almonds, gooseberries, &c., have been proven, and do well. It is somewhat doubtful about peaches. They are affected with what we call the blister leaf; the leaves curl up in knots, which seems to deprive the tree of its bearing qualities. Some orchards are not affected by it and bear full crops. We have a number of nurseries of well selected fruit. Oxen are worth from $150 to $200 a yoke; cows from $40 to $75. We have but few head of what are called American horses in the Territory. They are mostly Indian and Spanish.

As for facilities for navigation, the world can furnish but few parallels to Washington Territory. The Columbia River bounds the Territory on the South, and Puget Sound runs 180 miles through the very centre of the Territory. It is said by seafaring men that the world does not contain another so beautiful a body of water and so well adapted for navigation. It deserves to be the terminus of the Pacific Railroad. The country abounds in water-power. Our rivers, ponds, and the Sound abound in fish; salmon are so plenty that large quantities are used for manure. In short we have the material for a rich and prosperous State. In point of climate and health we have great advantages over the Mississippi Valley. We want more population—working men to improve the country. Wages for common labor are from $40 to $75 a month. There is also a great want of females.—Young men come here without wives, and find that here they cannot be found. Our Indian war is over, and immigration is now safe.

D. R. BIGELOW.

Olympia, Washington Territory, June 6, 1857.

STRANGLES OR HORSE DISTEMPER.--REMEDY.

FEW diseases attack the horse more perplexing in their effects than Strangles. So little can be done to relieve the sufferer, and his ailment is so stubborn and unyielding, allowing neither food nor water to be taken when the disease is at its worst stage, that the animal has at least the appearance of being very ill. Young horses are the most subject to this disease generally in the fourth, or fifth year, and usually occuring in the spring it is doubly provoking to the farmer, whose work is put back or hindered.

All horses are subject to this disease and probably none escape. "There is no preventive," says YOUATT; "nor is there anything contagious about it." This is certainly contrary to the belief of many farmers, although we are inclined to think that it is not epidemic,—for horses are frequently taken with it which have not been exposed; and many horses have been exposed without being subject to it. Mr. GEORGE H. DADD, differs from YOUATT in his *Modern Horse Doctor*, and attributes the disease to "depriving animals of those blessings which nature has in store for them in their unrestrained state." And yet after giving his decided opinion that it is the result of *deprivation* he will not pronounce it not "catching," but advises that all animals affected, be removed from the presence of healthy ones.

YOUATT describes the disease as follows:—"It is usually preceded by a cough, scarcely distinguished from common cough, except there is more discharged from the nostril, of a yellowish color, mixed with pus, and generally without smell. There is likewise a considerable discharge of ropy fluid from the mouth, and greater swelling than usual under the throat. This swelling increases with uncertain rapidity, accompanied by some fever, and disinclination to eat, partly arising from the furr, but more from the pain which the animal feels in the act of mastication. There is considerable thirst, but after a gulp or two the horse ceases to drink, yet is evidently desirous of continuing his draught. In the attempt to swallow, and sometimes when not drinking, a convulsive cough comes on."

The treatment for this disease recommended by YOUATT is "to blister the swelling under the throat, and as soon as it is soft, apparently containing matter, it should be freely and deeply lanced." The usual practice we believe is, to let them burst internally. This he adds "should never be allowed;" but inasmuch as most farmers have neither the necessary implements or skill of surgery, we should be slow to recommend its practice. The patient should be protected from taking cold, and it may be well not to let him drink of water much chilled by frost. When suffering under this disease, the horse has but very little sense of taste, and in their drink a "little cream of tartar" and powdered cayenne pepper may be given with good effect. Dr. GARDNER, who has had much experience in this disease, says that he always treats them successfully as follows. If the animal is not past eating, give powdered cayenne pepper in its oats, and when farther advanced let it inhale the pepper after the manner of "taking snuff."—Also put tar and the pepper mixed, into the nostrils. The Pennsylvania Dutch farmers, who are somewhat celebrated as veterenarians, feed the animal mustard seed with its mess, or cause them to snuff it when powdered as above. One effect produced by these remedies is to clear the throat by sneezing and coughing, so that the breathing is far less difficult and painful.

It is the opinion of Dr. G., above named, that this disease is contagious, but if properly treated it need not be dreaded nor avoided. He thinks death will follow in very few instances when the animal is properly treated. After recovery the animal should be as little exposed to taking cold as possible for considerable time; at least *so long as the cough hangs about it.*

J. SANFIELD.

Illinois, July, 1357.

ILLINOIS vs. NEW YORK.

EDS. RURAL:—Much have I been amused when reading your paper, to notice, in the contributions of different persons in different places, that strong attachment to the State or place that gave them birth, and where the early days of life were spent; that attachment which makes us feel that there "is no place like home." Although we may sunder the ties which bind us to that loved spot and remove to other parts of our country, yet with many it is difficult to feel the same interest in the prosperity and growth of the State of their adoption, that they do in the advancement of the one of which they are natives. I was much pleased on reading an article in the RURAL, not long since, entitled "Illinois *vs.* New York," to see the evident partiality the writer felt for the latter State. Although he was willing to admit that Illinois might become a wealthy State, that her "pastures were broad" and her soil very fertile, yet he could not bear the thought that she could ever eclipse, or even equal New York.

I cannot fully coincide with the writer of that article. Although New York was once my home; and when memory wings its way back to the days and years spent there, it brings to view some of the most pleasant passages of life; although there are some very agreeable reminiscences connected with my home among her hills, and I should blush to hear her name dishonored, or see her fair fame tarnished, and should be the last one to speak disparagingly of her many good qualities, yet I must say that I love the "Sucker State," the State of my adoption—I love her broad, wide-spreading prairies, I love her scenery—others may call it tame and monotonous, and descant largely upon the beauties of a hilly and rocky landscape, but to to me the rolling prairies of the West are preferable. To me those extensive plains, dotted over with the pleasant homes of the agriculturist, and covered with large fields of grain, and herds of cattle, with here and there a grove, there is something more pleasing, more interesting, than the rugged hills of New England, or the forests of New York.

In the article of which I have spoken, the writer says that within the next ten years, horses will be bought in Illinois and taken East at a profit, and "the New York farmer will come here for his horses and cattle." Allowing this to be true, does it in the least detract from the merits of Illinois? Does the fact, that when the almost unbounded agricultural resources of Illinois shall become more fully developed, and much of her rich soil which is yet uncultivated, shall be brought under the plow, that she can raises horses and cattle, and almost all kinds of grain cheaper than New York, lessen the prospects of her future wealth and greatness? If it does, I confess that my "craninm" is *too thick* to understand the reason. New York will probably always excel Illinois in her manufactories and perhaps in her exports of salt and lumber, while Illinois will far surpass New York in her exports of grain and cattle.

While we admit Illinois *may* never be a more wealthy State than New York, we shall earnestly and with zeal contend, that when her large prairies shall all be subdued, and her agricultural resources fairly and fully developed, when her thousands of unimproved acres shall be covered with "*farmer's homes*," and farmers cattle and horses, when her contemplated and already commenced railroads shall have completed the connection of different parts of the State with the East, West, North, and South, then we predict that the Sucker State will take her station beside the Empire and successfully compete with her in the struggle for wealth, influence, and perhaps pre-eminence.

Lamoille, Ill., 1857. A FARMER

THE WHEAT MIDGE.

MR. MOORE:—We are sustaining great loss in this vicinity from the Wheat Midge. There is one field adjoining me cut for feed. The best is not half a crop, and so down to nothing. I would like to know to what extent the midge has prevailed in this and other States, but do not think we can arrive at any satisfactory estimate until we adopt Lieut. MAURY's plan of obtaining statistics, of which I think much. Are there not some varieties which the midge does not injure? If there are, it is very important that we know in time for this fall's seeding. The Mediterranean is sown to some extent here, and there is much less of the midge in it than in the other varieties. It is a few days earlier. I hear it is sown extensively in the counties east of us, and I wish you would call out all the information possible in regard to it—such as the proper time to sow, quantity of seed per acre, yield per acre, &c.

We are haying; crop is good. Shall commence wheat harvest about the 23d July. Any information in regard to winter barley would be acceptable here, as many are discouraged in regard to wheat.

HUGH MCVEAN.

Scottsville, Monroe Co., N. Y., July, 1857.

THE above should have been given in an earlier number, but is still in time to elicit the information desired, and which we trust experienced farmers will furnish.

THE WHEAT MIDGE.—Perhaps the wheat plant is the chosen home and food of the midge, but it is found to prey extensively on other grains and vegetables. The present season it has attacked *barley*, especially that sown later than April, very generally in this neighborhood, and will injure it from 5 to 10 bushels per acre—about the same as the best early-sown wheat—so estimated by good judges. It will eat *rye*, but that grain is usually too far advanced for it, or others are found better suited to its habits. They may be found in the heads of clover, in the seed pods of the mullein stalk, and, no doubt, in most plants ripening seed about this time. The idea of *killing them off by sowing no wheat* is founded on a mistake; they seem more likely to kill off other grains, if not furnished with wheat, at least barley suffers more and more each year from their depredations.—J. H. B., *Niagara Co., N. Y., July*, 1857.

BLACK TOOTH AND "HOG CHOLERA."

EDS. RURAL:—I am not much in the habit of troubling you with my epistles, but I write to suggest an inquiry, *or remedy for* diseases to which swine flesh is heir. I have been aware these 17 or 18 years of a disease among swine called the *Black Tooth*, but until within a few years the symptoms invariably were a weakness or paralysis of the hind parts, so that the animal would walk on its fore legs and drag its hind parts. The remedy was to knock out the teeth, and the hog would recover in a day or two. Several years ago a neighbor lost three thrifty shoats after having them nearly wintered by what he called the *punts*. They were taken suddenly sick, commenced panting, as if short of breath, and continued getting worse for a day or two till they died. The next winter he had another attacked in the same way, and when he was describing it to me the idea suggested itself to my mind that possibly it might be another phase of the black-tooth. I examined it, found its breath very offensive and a good supply of black teeth, which we knocked out and the hog got well. Since then there have been quite a number of hogs attacked in our neighborhood in the same manner, but in every case they have, on examination been found to have black teeth, and on these being removed in season they have invariably recovered.

I see a paragraph going the rounds of the papers to the effect that most of the shoats brought from the West and peddled out in the Eastern States, have died of the *hog cholera*. Now, if strychnine is the cause of the hog cholera, I would like to know by what kind of hocus pocus the western hog speculators are able to retard the effects of a drug so prompt in its action as strychnine long enough to transport them a thousand miles and peddle them out, unless they send them down by telegraph? I see by the papers, also, that one man had opened his hogs, which had died of the *hog cholera*, and found their throats swelled entirely shut. If, now, that is hog cholera I would hazard the suggestion that the *hog cholera* is nothing more nor less than the "*punts*" or *black tooth* and that on the removal of the teeth in the first stages of the disease the hogs will recover. At any rate the experiment is worth trying; try it and see.

J. O. W.

Wilson, N. Y., 1857.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE WHEAT HARVEST of Western New York is now rapidly progressing, and will be nearly completed ere this paper reaches the majority of its readers. The weather is at present very favorable for harvesting operations. The accounts as to the state of the crop, and probable yield, are so conflicting that we are unable to express any well-founded opinion as to the result. In some counties and sections the crop is said to be very fine, and uninjured,—while in others, as heretofore stated, the midge and rust have caused extensive damage. Far less wheat was sown last fall than usual, especially in localities where the midge has prevailed, and hence the amount produced must, in any event, be greatly below the former average of Western New York.

CROPS IN NEW ENGLAND.—From an article in the *N. E. Farmer* of 1st inst., we condense the following:—"The rye crop is good, but there must be considerable loss in harvesting, as a great deal was cut before the 23d of July, and lay on the ground through the storm. Oats and wheat at present look well. Potatoes appear well now, but a new enemy has come upon them which seems to possess the power of being considerably destructive, as some pieces which we have seen are already seriously affected by them. They are a little, ugly-looking worm, three-eighths of an inch in length, stout, and the color of the army worm which infests apple trees; they have a dark-colored protuberance on the back, and some of them two small, perpendicular horns, or feelers, above the protuberance. New potatoes are selling in Boston market at from $1 25 to $1 50 per bushel. The hay crop will be abundant, but cannot be as nutritious as in years when there was less rain, and the growth not so rank. The late rains prostrated the corn, but the hot suns of the past few days have in a great measure restored it, and give promise of a good crop."

ANOTHER "NATIONAL" HORSE SHOW.—The Hampden Co. (Mass.) Ag. Society has purchased a meadow of 100 acres in Springfield, which is to be arranged as a grand Agricultural Park, with a mile course for the display of horses. The investment will be about $20,000. The Society and citizens have united to celebrate the acquisition of the park with a great Agricultural Festival and Horse Show. It is proposed to devote a whole week to the festival and exhibition—from Sept. 28th to Oct. 3d—to give some $3,000 in premiums upon horses alone, "and to gather there for speeches some of the most distinguished men in the country." It is said that HENRY WARD BEECHER is already engaged to deliver a dedicatory address!—an announcement which is very "important, if true," as it will entitle Springfield to the banner, and inaugurate a new era in the innocent, devotional amusements of staid New England.—What next?

AMERICAN HORSES FOR THE FRENCH EMPEROR.—The steamship Vanderbilt, which sailed from New York for Havre on Saturday last, took out a pair of splendid bay horses, which had been ordered for no less a personage than LOUIS NAPOLEON, who wishes to add a few choice American horses to his imperial stud. These animals are geldings of the Morgan breed, and were purchased in Rutland Co., Vt. They are nearly seven years old, within a fraction of sixteen hands high, and have all the characteristics of the Morgan breed. Though not "fast," they have trotted their mile within three minutes, in harness. As carriage horses they are tip top, and will probably create a sensation, if not inaugurate a *furore* for American horses in the French capital.

IMPURE SEEDS FROM PATENT OFFICE.—Mr. BRONSON MURRAY, of Ottawa, Ill., sends the *Prairie Farmer* seven different varieties of foul seeds, taken from one package of "Brentna wheat."—They are chess, cockle, wild peas, a bean, a burr, oats and smut. In the package are also grown wheat and two varieties of weevil, while the wheat itself is musty, and a Spring variety, though it is marked "sow in Autumn." We agree with Mr. M. in the opinion that the Patent Office Commissioner must be mistaken in the qualification of some of his employees. Such "choice" seed can be no acquisition, and its distribution must prove injurious rather than beneficial to agriculturists.

THE BLOOD STOCK, lately purchased in Europe by the Illinois Stock Importing Co., (as noticed in a recent number of the RURAL,) arrived at Philadelphia on Tuesday week, after a passage of some sixty days. It is said that "one horse and four cattle died on the voyage; all the rest are reported in pretty good condition." Another account states that "the large bull, together with other blood stock, died from the effects of heat, shortly after being placed ashore"—and that "all the animals imported, altho' of noble and attractive appearance, have suffered more or less during the voyage, and it is feared that some of them will give out before reaching their destination."

IMPROVED STOCK IN CALIFORNIA.—Here is an item which indicates that our friends on the Pacific coast are making progress in the right direction—taking proper steps to improve their breeds of cattle, sheep, &c. A San Francisco paper says:—"Increased attention appears to be directed to the importation of thorough-bred stock, and a number of splendid bulls, cows, Merino sheep, &c. have lately arrived in excellent condition. The fecundity of animals in this State is so wonderful, the climate so genial, and the land so rich, that a few years only will elapse before this will be one of the most noted stock countries on the globe."

THE POTATO ROT.—During a recent visit to the farm of Mr. N. HAYWARD, of Brighton, near this city, the proprietor informed us that he had discovered unmistakable signs of the potato disease. Some of our New England exchanges mention the re-appearance of the rot. The wet and backward season has probably engendered the disease to a greater or less extent, though we have as yet heard but little of its prevalence.

DON'T permit Canada Thistles, *et omne genus*, to seed on your farm or by the road-side.

STATE AND PROVINCIAL AG. FAIRS are to be held the ensuing Autumn at the places and times designated in the following list:

New York, at Buffalo,	Oct. 6, 7, 8, 9.
Ohio, at Cincinnati,	Sept. 15, 16, 17, 18
Canada West, at Brantford,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2
Canada East, at Montreal,	Sept. 16, 17, 18.
East Tennessee, at Knoxville,	Oct. 20, 21, 22, 23.
Illinois, at Peoria,	Sept. 21, 22, 23, 24.
Iowa, at Muscatine,	Oct. 6, 7, 8, 9.
Kentucky, at Henderson,	Oct. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.
Maryland, at Baltimore,	Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.
Massachusetts, at Boston,	Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24.
Pennsylvania,	Sept. 29, 30 & Oct. 1, 2.
U. S. Ag. Soc'ty, at Louisville, Ky.,	Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
Vermont, at Montpelier,	Sept. 30 & Oct. 1, 2.
Virginia,	Oct. 28, 29, 30, 31.
West Tennessee, at Jackson,	Oct. 27, 28, 29, 30.
Wisconsin, at Janesville,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2.
New Jersey, at New Brunswick,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2.
Indiana, at Indianapolis,	Oct. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.
New Hampshire, at Concord,	Oct. 7, 8, 9.
Connecticut, at Bridgeport,	Oct. 13, 14, 15, 16.
North Carolina, at Raleigh,	Oct 20, 21, 22, 23.
Alabama, at Montgomery,	Oct. 27, 28, 29, 30.
Western Virginia, at Wheeling Island,	Sept, 16, 17, 18
Western Penn., at Pittsburgh,	Sept. 22, 23, 24, 25.
Maine, at Bangor,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2.
Tennessee, at Nashville,	Oct. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16
Michigan, at Detroit,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2.

NEW YORK COUNTY FAIRS, so far as ascertained, are to be held this Fall as follows:

Albany, Albany,	Sept. 15, 16, 17.
Chenango, ——,	Sept. 22, 23, 24.
Cortland, Homer,	Sept. 15, 16, 17.
Delaware, South Kortright,	Sept 30, Oct 1, 2.
Franklin, Malone,	Sept. 23, 24, 25
Jefferson, Watertown,	Sept. 16, 17.
Livingston, Genesco,	Sept. 24, 25
Monroe, Rochester,	Sept. 21, 22, 23
Ontario, Canandaigua,	Sept 29, 30, Oct. 1.
Orleans, Albion,	Oct 1, 2.
Oswego, Mexico,	Sept. 16, 17, 18.
Palmyra Union Ag, Palmyra,	Oct. 14, 15, 16.
Queens, ——,	Sept. 24.
Rensselaer, ——,	Sept. 15, 16, 17.
Saratoga, Mechanicsville,	Sept 15, 16, 17.
Schuyler, Watkins,	Oct. 1, 2.
St. Lawrence, Canton,	Sept 16, 17, 18.
St. Lawrence International Agricultural and Mechanical Society, Ogdensburgh,	Sept. 9, 10, 11.
Wayne, Lyons,	Sept. 16, 17, 18.
Westchester, Sing Sing,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1.
Yates, Penn Yan,	Oct. 8, 9.

THE FAIR of the Schuyler Co. Ag. Society is to be held at Watkins, Oct. 1st and 2d. We observe that the Premium List, which comprises the various departments of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Mechanical and Domestic Manufactures, includes in its offers about sixty copies of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

The Young Ruralist.

GET IT UP.

THE YOUNG RURALIST, I mean. It will be just the thing for the boys and girls, for it wont do long to read father's paper altogether; they must have one of their own, (so they may say *my paper.*) They will find it rather hard work to fill it at first; but minds, like muscles, grow by exercise, and many will lay their first stone in it that shall hereafter become mighty builders in the republic of letters. It will cultivate their social natures and draw out their minds more than any and all other means combined. They must read to write, and it has been wisely said the first makes a full man, the second a correct one. I teach my boys to learn the history and works of distinguished Ruralists, such as LOUDON, A. J. DOWNING and others.—(The eldest one, nine years of age, wonders why DOWNING could not swim ashore when he knew how to do it.) The lives and works of the distinguished men would prove stimulating and useful to the young everywhere, and especially in Canada, where more is known of taking down trees and burning them up than planting and beautifying the earth.

Something must be done to keep the youth from running from the cultivation of the earth to murder themselves in factories and dry goods shops, or the community must suffer wofully the consequences—as they now do physically, mentally and materially. It is the want of Agriculture being brought to something like an exact science that keeps the youth from it.

Weary muscles can never make philosophical heads. In the summer too much labor is performed by the young, often with the view of procuring means to prosecute a better or more genteel calling as the world calls it.

The greatest dilemma of the land workers appears to me to be in the choice of positions for their sons. One is smart enough for a Lawyer, another for a Doctor,—a third good and intelligent enough for a Preacher,—a fourth keen enough for a Merchant,—a fifth whittler enough for a Mechanic,—a sixth, a young, weakly simpleton, is good for neither of these, so he must stay at home and be a Farmer. And if this picture be true, who can wonder that even the smart, intelligent youth that would have no other objection to the profession than that those with whom he is brought in contact cannot sharpen but will dull his intellect, leaves in disgust, and Agriculture is left to be improved by retired merchants and mechanics who have found themselves misplaced. Let us hope, however, that the efforts of the RURAL and Agricultural Colleges, and the teaching of writers will, with the addition of the YOUNG RURALIST, improve the mind and beautify the earth. G. W. C.

Mohawk, Brant County, C. W.

THE YOUNG RURALIST.—I noticed in a late number of the RURAL, some remarks from you in regard to the *Young Ruralist*. You say you are inclined to "let the column grow." Now I am glad of it; but you said something more that highly interested me—it was this: "and may yet conclude to publish *a whole paper* under some such title as THE YOUNG RURALIST." A paper under such a title is what I wish to see, and for one I would do all in my power to aid in its circulation and support. I hope to hear something from our Fathers and Brothers on this subject, we want to know how much they will do towards the support of a PAPER, for us Boys and Girls.—C. A. WHITNEY *Horseheads, Chemung Co., N. Y.*

The Orchard and Garden.

EVILS TO BE REMEDIED.

SECLUSION AND COMFORT.

As a people we seem to live, move and have our being, not for our own comfort, but for the pleasure of others. In our dress, we too often sacrifice ease and utility to looks. We build our houses, not for the accommodation of those whose days and nights are to be spent within their walls, not to secure the comforts and pleasures of home to our household goods, but for ostentatious display—for the admiration of those whose good or ill opinion is of but little moment. Our ornamental grounds and gardens are exposed to the rude gaze of every passer by, and no cozy retreat is found where the owner or his family or friends can spend an hour secure from intrusion. Surrounded by a low picket fence, with no belt of trees, no screen of shrubs, the American garden or lawn is usually as much exposed as the street. There is no seclusion, no privacy, no home-comfort. To such an extent is this folly carried, that almost all desire to secure, if possible, a corner lot, where every part of the house and grounds may be more fully exposed to public view.

The English practice is the very opposite of this. There the fondness for seclusion and privacy is carried to an extreme. The Englishman believes fully in the maxim that "every man's house is his castle," and he surrounds his garden with a high wall or hedge, or an impenetrable belt of trees and shrubbery, so that the curious eyes of no "outside barbarian" can penetrate the sacred enclosure, and the sanctity of the paradise within remains inviolate. To such an extent is this idea of seclusion carried, that the traveler may ride for miles without getting scarcely a peep over the tall hedges that border the road.

We would not recommend this extreme seclusion; but there is very little danger of our running into this error for, at least, centuries to come; our fondness of display will prevent this. Yet, we would urge a much greater degree of privacy than is common in this country, and consider it absolutely necessary to the full enjoyment of a rural home, whether the house and grounds are large or small. Every garden should be so screened that the owner and his family and friends may examine or cultivate the plants and flowers, or repose under the shade of the trees or in the arbors entirely unseen by the passer by. To secure this, high fencing may be necessary in some cases, but the best and most appropriate screen is secured by a belt of low growing trees and the larger shrubs, both deciduous and evergreen.

COUNTRY TAVERNS.

How often is the weary traveler made home-sick and heart-sick, by the first sight even, of the "tavern" that must afford him shelter, and should give him comfort, for a few hours or days. Standing on the corner, without a tree to afford either shade or shelter, exposed to the burning sun and clouds of dust, with close, ill-ventilated bed-rooms, there is as little sleep by night as comfort by day. Then, the noise, the company, how little calculated to promote the comfort of travelers, for which such houses are ostensibly designed. Is such a state of things necessary, or creditable; is the evil universal? In the English Channel, about six miles from the main land, and opposite Portsmouth and Southampton, is the *Isle of Wight*, a beautiful island about fifteen miles long, and, we think, some seven broad, although the hilly character of the ground, may have made the distance across seem longer than it really was, as we made a pedestrian excursion on the island many years since. This beautiful spot was visited by DOWNING in 1851, and he thus describes the delightful rustic inns that greet the weary traveler at almost every turn of the road:—"Then the hotels are absolutely romantic in their rural beauty. Designed like the prettiest cottages, or rather in a quaint and rambling style, half cottage and half villa, the roof covered with thatch, and the wall with ivy, jessamines, and perpetual roses, and set down in the midst of a charming lawn, and surrounded by shrubbery, you feel the same reluctance to take the room which the chambermaid, with the freshest of roses in her cheeks, and the cleanest of caps upon her head—shows you, as you would in hiring the apartments of some tasteful friend in reduced circumstances. When you rise from your dinner, (admirably served,) always in a private parlor, the casement windows open upon a velvety lawn, bright with masses of scarlet geraniums, verbenas, and tea roses, set in the turf, and you give yourself up to the profound conviction that for snugness, and cosiness, and perfection at a rural Inn, the world can contain nothing better than may be found in the Isle of Wight."

May we not, in time, arrive at something like this. Why should not the "traveler's home" be one of taste and comfort? We might enlarge on this subject, but our object is to give a few hints only on the evils to be remedied that will be read and remembered by all.

CARNATIONS AND PICOTEES.—What is the difference between Carnations and Picotees? They are advertised separately in the nurserymen's catalogues, and I could never learn the difference.—Please inform me and oblige—A RURAL READER.

REMARKS.—The distinction is one made by Florists and relates merely to the coloring of the flower. The Carnation is divided into three classes, and the Picotee is one of these, as follows:—*Flakes*, are of only two colors, with wide stripes running from the center of the flower to the outer edge of the petal. *Bizarres* have at least three colors, in irregular stripes and blotches. *Picotees* are finely spotted or lined, with scarlet, purple, &c., generally on a white ground. The outer edge of the petals usually have a dark stripe. Florists have made a great many arbitrary rules as to what should be considered a good flower, which it will not, perhaps, be profitable for us to heed at present. The Carnation is a queen among the flowers, and should receive more homage from the lovers of nature's beauties.

CHINESE WISTARIA.—Where can roots of the *Chinese Wistaria* be procured, and at what price?—E. C. P., *Geneva, N. Y.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—At almost any nursery, where ornamental trees and shrubs are kept, for fifty cents.

OHIO EVER-BEARING RASPBERRY.

EVER-BEARING OR AUTUMNAL RASPBERRIES.

VARIETIES of this class of Raspberry are rapidly accumulating; but a few years ago the "Ohio Everbearing" was the only sort known; now there are enumerated in nurserymens' collections some half a dozen or more.

We are not yet in possession of sufficient experience to say whether any of them are adapted to extensive cultivation for market purposes, but we have no hesitation whatever in directing the attention of amateur and experimental cultivators to them as a means of prolonging greatly the season of one of the most healthy and delicious of all our small fruits. We have heard it remarked that inasmuch as every season brings with it its peculiar fruits, it is hardly worth while to produce any fruit out of its natural season. There is some force in this we admit, yet we cannot see why it is not as desirable to produce fine raspberries in the month of September, as it is to ripen grapes in winter or early spring. Indeed there can be no question but that the advancement of Horticulture will produce in time not merely fruits of superior character, but skillful and ingenious hybridization and other scientific processes, will originate varieties of many of our garden fruits that will ripen out of what is now called the natural season, and greatly increase the value of others and the enjoyment to be derived from them.

To us it appears as if this were a field for the most interesting experiment, and from this point of view we regard these Ever-bearing Raspberries as an important acquisition. We hope cultivators will not be backward in testing their value and let us know the result.

1. The "*Ohio Ever-bearing*" is simply an ever-bearing or autumnal-bearing variety of our native black sort, known as the Black Cap, a roundish flat berry, quite black, covered with a whitish bloom or down. It is now in full bearing, and it often, not always, bears a full crop in September and beginning of October. To our taste it is not to be compared to the delicious Antwerps and others of that family, but many express a preference for its sprightly, peculiar aroma. It has one great advantage—it is hardy, standing well where others are killed.

2. The *Catawissa* is a more recent discovery, picked up in a wild state in Pennsylvania. It has been very favorably spoken of by some who are competent to judge, but we have not seen it sufficiently to speak with much confidence. It is a berry of medium size, purplish red, good flavor, tender, and we notice fruit in all stages of growth now upon the canes.

3. The "*Large Fruited Monthly of Rivers*" was imported from England to this country several years ago. This is a red, roundish fruit, somewhat of the character of the Fastolff, but not so large, it bears an abundant crop in July, and if the weather be favorable, another in the fall on the canes of the current season. This crop, however, is not reliable, as it depends much on the weather and the treatment. Where a fall crop is desired, only the strongest canes should be left, and these should be well treated by good culture of the soil, and if need be, supplied with water. This remark will apply, indeed, to all this class.

4. The *Merveille de Four Seasons* is another red variety, from France, of good size and great excellence; it bears well in July, and if the canes for fall bearing are well managed, a good crop in September. Last season, in the latter part of September and beginning of October, we saw it loaded with superb fruit in a situation where it received no particular care. We place this at the head of this class without any scruple, and believe it well worthy of cultivation.

5. *Belle de Fontenay.*—This is another French variety of the very largest size, dark crimson color, and remarkably firm—well suited in this respect to carry to market. The flavor is sweet, and sprightly, quite peculiar to this sort. The canes, too, are so distinct as not to be confounded with any other; very stout, with short, dark spines, foliage dark green, heavy and much crimpled.—They are also produced in great abundance. It does not bear as well as the preceding, many of the blossoms being abortive, but the fruits that do mature fill out well and make a superb show.

There is a white ever-bearing sort on the lists, but we have not seen enough of it to give an opinion of its merits or make any description of it. This will be forthcoming in due season.

We shall take particular notice of this class of Raspberries in the autumn, and report upon their fruitfulness.

THE HORTICULTURIST.—Can a first class Horticultural Journal be sustained in this country is a question I should like to have answered. It seems to me to be folly to talk of horticultural improvement and the progress of taste throughout the country, and to make a great parade about Pomological Associations, if we cannot sustain one respectable Horticultural Journal. The *Horticulturist* has lost, as it deserves to do, the confidence of all intelligent pomologists. It is not even the shadow of its former self. It has lost the refined taste of DOWNING, and the plain practical sense and experience of BARRY, and it has gained nothing worth the having. What can make up for the loss of those life-like portraits of fruits and flowers which it contained when published in Rochester, and the substitution of the miserable caricatures which now disfigure its pages? S.

REMARKS.—We have so much to do to make the RURAL come up to *our* standard of what such a Journal should be, that we have neither time nor disposition to note the short-comings of others.—It is a pleasure for us to know that our own labors in the department of Horticulture have given universal satisfaction. We shall not only continue, but increase our efforts to spread Horticultural knowledge, and have no fear that we shall labor in vain. There is, however, some truth in the statements of our correspondent.

PLANTING STRAWBERRIES.—Those who intend to make Strawberry beds this fall should do so as soon as practicable. Planters would do well to read the *Nurserymen's Advertisements* in this number of the RURAL, as among other fine things, the new varieties of Strawberries which we figured and described (July 18th) are offered for sale.

CHINESE ASPARAGUS.

EDS. RURAL:—In 1856 we tried this plant but once, and were not very favorably impressed. In this case the plant was in flower and too old, but seeing counter statements as to its merits and its near resemblance to the genuine Asparagus we were determined "not to give it up so." This summer we have succeeded in making a dish from it, in every way so like Asparagus that persons eating it without the knowledge of its true name and character, pronounced it Asparagus unhesitatingly, of fine quality.

A succession may be had from spring to fall by planting a small patch every week through the growing season. Planted in open ground early in spring, it will be ready for cutting about the time the *veritable Asparagus* is done with. It is as easily cultivated as any garden annual, will grow in any soil that will produce Lettuce. A rich sandy loam is probably best adapted,—plant in drills one foot apart, and one seed to every inch in the drill, by this method the stalks will be from 1-2 to 3-4 of an inch in diameter, and about 12 inches high when it is fit for cutting. The plants should be drawn clean from the drill and fresh seed sown of Asparagus, Radish, or Turnips.

To prepare it for the table the leaves are all to be stripped and the base of the plant cut off, as far as it appears woody, the balance, i. e., the upper part, which is very tender and brittle, is then cut in inch pieces or less, and boiled 10 or 15 minutes in saleratus water, then put in fresh water and stew up in the same manner. Two or three plants left to mature its seed, will afford an abundant supply.

West Macedon, N. Y., 1857. I. W. B.

REMARKS.—We havn't much faith in any vegetable that it is necessary to boil in *saleratus water.*

Domestic Economy.

FRESH PRESERVED FRUITS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The importance of a continuous supply of fresh fruits throughout the year is beginning to be appreciated, and wherever it has been enjoyed to any extent it has created a desire for an increased supply for future use.—Numerous experiments have been tried and many different plans recommended, as being best calculated to preserve them in a perfect state, and I have examined with care many of the cans, jars and fixtures which are now in use for this purpose, and have tried thoroughly several of them, and feel fully decided that nothing which I have yet seen will at all compare for convenience, cheapness or utility with well formed glass bottles. And now for the why and the wherefore.

First, tin cans should not be used for any fruit containing acid, because the acid will corrode the tin, thus forming a poison, as well as coloring the fruit; and this acid is contained in a greater or less degree in all fruits. The objections to the self-sealing jars, which seem to possess many advantages, are the following:—In filling the jars with fruit and putting on the cover, which fits loosely over the top of the jar, connecting with the wax, there will necessarily be a small quantity of air inclosed, although the jar be filled entirely full; and after standing a long time, and possibly after only a short time, on opening, it is common to find a mildew or mould over the entire surface of the fruit in the jar. This must be carefully removed to the depth that the fruit has become tainted by it, and it can readily be perceived that the surface being large there will be much more waste than there would be were the same quantity of fruit contained in a bottle of proper form, where the surface of the fruit would not be larger than a circle about two inches in diameter.

There are also self-sealing glass jars, the top or surface of which is smaller than the earthen jars, and to these there is this objection, that in forming the groove to contain the wax there is also formed on the inner surface of the jar a concave groove, which cannot be filled with fruit; neither can the air be excluded from it, but must be left to operate on the fruit. And it is a fact well understood that the greatest success in preserving the fruit depends mainly on the most perfect exclusion of air from it.

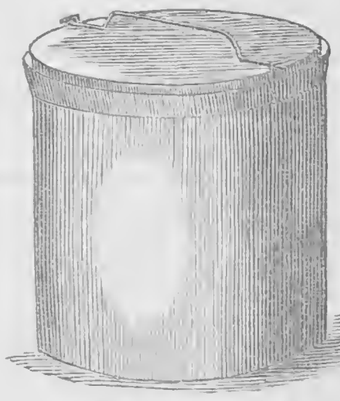
Glass possesses this one advantage over earthern, that the condition of the fruit may be seen at any time, and the disadvantage that colored fruits in glass and exposed to light will fade. And lastly as to economy, (saying nothing of tin, which I shall assume will not be used to any considerable extent, and ought not to be at all,) the glass bottles are a saving of more than one-half, which is not a small item to be considered in putting up a liberal supply for the year. The bottles should be of such a shape as to admit readily (through a funnel made for the purpose) any fruit which it is desired to preserve, and the neck of the bottle should be of such length that when the fruit contracts by cooling it will not sink below the neck, and thereby enlarge the surface of the fruit in the bottle.—We have recently used fruit put up in 1855 in as good condition as if put up a week ago, and if it will keep well two years, why may it not be kept much longer?—T. G. YEOMANS, *Walworth, N. Y., August*, 1857.

REMARKS.—We do not think the acid of the fruit will "*corrode the tin*" sufficient to be in the least injurious. Indeed, the principal effect must be produced on the solder. We should prefer tin to earthern jars, as we are a little afraid of the "glazing."

PRESERVING FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

WILL you inform me through the RURAL the "*modus operandi*" of putting up green peas and beans in air-tight cans for winter use; also peaches, tomatoes, &c.? I have been trying my skill with peas, (shelled) but did not succeed. I parboiled them first, and then put them in the cans, then boiled three hours, then closed the cans and boiled one hour longer. Sometime after I opened a can and found I had boiled them entirely too much.—In what way can "Evergreen Sweet Corn" be *preserved* in its *green state* for winter use? a plan which a gardener might apply for preserving large quantities.—A. B., *Anna, Ill.*

REMARKS.—The great secret of success in preserving fruit and vegetables in cans is the expulsion and exclusion of the air. This is partially accomplished by placing a can or jar filled with such fruit or vegetables as it is intended to preserve in a kettle of hot water, nearly to the top of the can, and allowing it to remain until thoroughly heated through. The fruit and any liquid that may be in the can becomes expanded by the heat, and the air rarified. In this condition it is sealed up air tight, and put away. On cooling, the fruit and air become condensed, leaving a partial vacuum, generally sufficient to secure it from decay. Several different cans and jars have been invented for this purpose, and can now be procured in almost any town, but none better than the one of which we give an engraving, manufactured by J. E. CHENEY & Co., of this city.



Of course the exclusion of air is only partial, and when some plan is devised to make it more perfect, fruit will be preserved with more certainty of success. We have often saved fruit in this way, though we have sometimes failed without being able to account for the cause of the failure. This is the true way of preserving fruit, as it retains its flavor better than when preserved with sugar.

The plan recommended, we believe for saving the *Evergreen Corn*, is merely to hang it up in a dry, airy room. It is very apt, however, to mildew.

COOKING RHUBARB.—A nurseryman and botanist told me, not long since, that the skin of the Rhubarb, or pie-plant, contained the poison of the plant, (Oxalic acid,) and should always be removed. I see one of your correspondents says not peel it in her recipe for cooking. In cooking asparagus I should suggest the leaving the pork down cellar, and substituting a bit of butter.—R. E. R., *Keeseville, N. Y.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—It would be difficult to find oxalic acid in the Rhubarb, or any other plant, we think.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

ELECTRICAL PROTECTION OF METALS

WE stated in a late number that according to the law of electrical affinities, when two oxydizable metals are connected together and exposed to a moist atmosphere of water, the negative is protected at the expense of the positive. Thus iron, which is very liable to oxydize, is prevented from rusting when connected with zinc, because the latter metal is more oxydizable; it is positive, the iron negative. On the other hand, when iron is connected with copper or lead, it rusts more rapidly; it is the positive metal when thus related.—Iron may be used as the positive metal, as well as zinc, for a galvanic agent, and we understand it is so used in what is termed "the Maynooth battery," but it is inferior to zinc for such a purpose. Sir Humphrey Davy was the discoverer of this law, and he entertained great hopes of its being so applied as to protect the sheathing of ships *permanently*. Iron lightning rods have been protected from rusting by connecting them at the foot with pieces of zinc placed in the moist earth. The wrought iron bolts, &c., of water wheels have been prevented from rusting by being connected with strips of zinc, which were easily renewed from time to time. This application of the law of electrical affinities is very useful for protecting the iron of various machines or articles that may be exposed to water or a moist atmosphere.

Iron appears to undergo no change in dry air, and is incapable of decomposing pure water at ordinary temperatures. In the ordinary rusting of iron a hydrated sesquioxyd is formed. Iron rust always contains ammonia. In solutions of the alkalies, and in lime water, iron remains bright; these appear to protect it from rusting. All acid salts, on the other hand, rust it rapidly. These facts should not be overlooked by those who employ steam boilers; they should use pure soft water, and no other kind, for generating steam.—*Scientific American.*

METEORIC IRON.

THE London *Engineer*, in an article on the recent improvements which have been made in the manufacture of iron, says that the truth is now rapidly gaining ground that, wherever mechanical strength is desired, an alloy is preferred to a pure metal. One of the greatest obstructions to the mechanical value of iron, is its tendency to crystallize. Whether the article be a monster gun or a ship's cable, the result is the same. The tendency of iron thus to crystallize may, unquestionably, be prevented by the admixture of other metals.—In almost every direction, nature has placed certain metallic masses, to which the name "meteoric iron" has been given, on the supposition that these masses have fallen from the atmosphere.—The composition of meteoric iron, wherever found, is chiefly of iron and nickel, the latter varying from two to ten per cent., with small quantities of cobalt, and, it is said, chrominm. Science has made artificial meteoric iron, and it has been tested. Its qualities have proved identical with those of the native compound. In addition, it is more ductile, and has more tenacity than pure iron, and is not so liable to rust or oxydize. Possessing such qualities, meteoric iron is certain to become an important branch of industry. A mixture of ninety-eight parts of iron and two of nickel, has all the peculiarities of best meteoric iron. A few years ago an ore of sulphuret of nickel, devoid of arsenic, was found in Inverary, in Scotland, and by its means meteoric iron has been made of the best quality.

MANUFACTURE OF COMBS.

IT is said that the greatest comb manufactory in the world, is in Aberdeen, Scotland. There are thirty-six furnaces for preparing horns and tortoise shell for the combs, and no less than one hundred and twenty iron screw presses are continually going in stamping them. Steam power is employed to cut the combs. The coarse combs are stamped or cut out—two being cut in one piece at a time. The fine dressing combs, and all small tooth combs are cut by fine circular saws, some so fine as to cut forty teeth in the space of one inch, and they revolve five thousand times in one minute. There are some two thousand varieties of combs made, and the aggregate number produced, of all these different sorts of combs, is about 9,000,000 annually; a quantity that, if laid together lengthways, would extend about seven hundred miles. The annual consumption of hoofs amounts to 4,000,000; the consumption of tortoise shell and buffalo horn, although not so large, is correspondingly valuable. A hoof undergoes eleven distinct operations before it becomes a finished comb.

ARTIFICIAL TOPAZ.—M. Daubree is the author of some interesting researches on the artificial formation of topaz. Pure alumina, it appears, previously calcined by a bright red heat, is submitted to the action of a current of fluoride of silicon. After two exposures of this kind the alumina increased in weight seventy per cent. The product contained fluorine, and, what was more, this fluorine is in such a state of combination as not to be acted upon by boiling concentrated sulphuric acid. By this characteristic alone the substance produced offers a great resemblance to topaz. the four constituent elements of which it also contains.—Its specific gravity, which is 3 47. is the same as that of natural topaz.

MAKING WOOD FIRE-PROOF.—Professor Rochelder, of Prague, has just discovered a new antiphlogistic material, which promises to become of importance. It is a liquid chemical composition, the secret of which is not yet divulged, which renders wood and other articles indestructible by fire. Several successful experiments have been made, and others are promised on a larger scale.

HOE'S new patent ten cylinder printing machine is made up of 14,730 pieces, and 20,060 yards of tape and blankets are used. The presses weigh twenty tuns, three quarters and fourteen pounds, and cost $30,000.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

HEART TREASURES.

But few rare pearls are drifted to our feet,
As on the dreary shore of life we stray,
And when perchance we find them—is it meet
To cast, in careless scorn, such wealth away?
But one in many, of earth's fairest flowers,
Doth wear the gift of fragrance in its heart,
And should we spurn such incense, when the showers,
And sunbeams kiss its trembling leaves apart?

Few spicy breezes o'er the desert waste
Upon earth's worn and weary pilgrims blow,
And few sweet springs, which we would stoop to taste,
Along the burning sands of life do flow.
Volcanoes hide within our vine-clad hills,
And ruined hamlets strew the vales beneath,
Even in those blessed climes where love distils
This sweetness in the south wind's dewy breath.

But seldom in life's forest solitude
We find a rest beneath the bay-tree's shade;
And on few altars, hewn of sandal wood,
The dearest offrings of the heart are laid,
But should we find such shade, and such a shrine,
Were't meet to turn our weary steps away?
Are they not emblems of a love divine,
Fragrant in death—the sandal wood and bay?

And should we mock such love?—Alas! on earth
There is too little for the soul to prize,
But too few blossoms crown the summer's birth,
Too little sunshine droppeth from the skies,
For us to slight their fragrance, or their light;
And has my spirit felt, in bitter ruth,
Too oft of hate, and dark deceit the blight,
To scorn affection, hallowed still by truth.

Within a dark and thoughtful eye, the beam
Of love, too strong for proud, stern hearts to hide,
Seems beautiful to me, as star rays seem
Reflected from a deep and rushing tide.
Bright, undimmed, upon that wild, swift river,
The glitt'ring starlight, to the sea may roll,
And dreams of sinless love may haunt forever,
Pure and unsullied still man's erring soul.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RULETTE'S DREAM.

BY S. E. W.

"Ah me," said little Rulette, "If I was some rich man's wife I should not have to stitch away from morning till night without a minute's recreation as I now do. There is the lady who owns this dress that I am finishing, how beautiful she looked this morning as she stepped out of her carriage, with her lovely cashmere shawl and magnificent hat, and what splendid diamonds she wore too, and how mean my poor little room appeared when she entered it. O, dear, if Charley was but rich I would marry him just as soon as I could. Poor fellow, I know he loves me, and although he is very industrious and can't help being rich if he continues to work as hard as he now does, still he is poor, and I ought to be a rich man's wife. I don't think I'm *very* ugly." In an instant her dark glossy hair was reflected from the looking glass, and her eyes seemed trying to look blacker than her hair. A tiny gaiter peeped out from her dress and she exclaimed, "There! I'm sure Miss Jones, with all her riches, can't wear as small a gaiter as I can, and I know her hands are larger than mine. Now Carletta, my landlady, says, that good looks are all that it is necessary for a rich man's wife to have, and she told me only last night, that I was the best looking girl in the street. Dear me, here am I wasting my time and that dress must be finished by to-morrow morning, for it is a wedding dress and those things can't be put off." Seizing her needle she plied it with a rapidity which only she could do. The soft silk fell in flowing folds before her eyes and she sighed over the reflections which it presented. She tried to hum a merry song which Charley had taught her, but she could not remember the verses, and the tune in some unaccountable way would not come out right. That bewitching silk dress seemed to be saying, "Don't you wish I was yours?" "I wish I was a rich man's wife," she said, for the twentieth time.

The sun shone quite warm in the little front window and Rulette felt very tired, for she had sat up nearly all the preceding night so as to be sure of having Miss Jones' dress ready at the appointed time. It was weary work but she persevered, until at length her needle went slower and slower, now it stopped a moment and then went on again, as if conscious that it ought to keep moving. Then her hands fell softly on the silk; her head rested itself very cosily on the back of her rocking chair; her black eyes glistened brightly for a second or two and then went out, showing very conclusively that Rulette was fast asleep.

In some mysterious way it came into her mind that she was Miss Jones, and that that lady was scolding Rulette for going to sleep when she ought to be finishing her dress. Then Rulette promised to have it done at the hour she had named, and Miss Jones or the other Rulette stepped into the splendid carriage. The driver gathered up his reins, and the dashing steeds pranced gaily through the streets until they stopped at the entrance of a beautiful mansion.—Liveried servants opened the door and awaited attentively her commands. She was now no longer penned up in a sky-parlor singing the song of the needle, but

"All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave"

was hers. Her little feet trod on beautiful carpets—luxurious sofa's in all the amplitude of damask and drapery invited repose—while costly mirrors and glowing pictures hung upon the frescoed walls. Even the sun had grown respectful, for he did not now as formerly intrude his fierce beams within the room, but shone softly through the rich curtains, until everything seemed to glow like the green fields and stately trees half hid beneath the rainbow's mystic veil. Rulette had brought home her dress, it fitted admirably and was as beautiful as she could wish it to be. She remembered that she had never seen her future husband, and wondered whether he was like Charley, and whether he would love her as much as Charley did. Soon the bridegroom entered. He was a tall, fine looking man, richly dressed, and with a pleasant face that had never been worn by care. Rul—Miss Jones thought as he seated himself by her side and spoke to her with such a musical voice, how foolish she was to have ever entertained a thought of marrying Charley. Soon the folding doors were drawn aside disclosing a gay party of ladies and gentlemen who had assemble to witness the ceremony that was so mysteriously to transform the little sewing girl into a "rich man's wife." Everything seemed to move like phantoms in a dream, yet she was conscious that a bright ring glittered on her finger—that the bridegroom was more beautiful than ever as he stood beside her—that strange faces smiled kindly upon her—that the minister raised his hands in silent benediction, and that she became the rich Mrs. Carlton. O! how proudly she gazed at the splendid things around her, and how brilliant her life dawned upon its new era. Dreams make sad work with time, and Mrs. Carlton was already looking on the past, with all its changing scenes. Her beautiful husband was sadly changed—he appeared thin and careworn—his merry laugh was gone, and there was a stern dark look in his eyes that made her tremble when it met her gaze. Undefined visions of terror rose before her mind—the handsome furniture seemed to assume fantastic shapes from which mournful faces looked pityingly upon her. Then she was imploring her husband to take her back to her little room again—and then he was gone and she sat down and wept in her palace of sorrow. Anon Rulette appeared looking so happy and contented, that she sighed to think that she was so rich and so sad. Then the scene changed and she was walking the pleasant streets with Charley—and having a merry chat with Carletta, and again she was reclining upon a sofa in her magnificent prison watching for the return of her husband, and trembling with fear. Then he stood before her, pale with the agony of despair. "Forgive me Marie," he cried in tones of passionate grief, "My extravagance has beggared my father and brought ruin upon myself and you. But Heaven, which has too long permitted me to walk the paths of crime, has at length brought me to the bar of justice. Even now I hear her minions seeking to bear me to a criminal's abode, but they shall be disappointed—yes, they shall find the prey gone. Quick as thought a pistol flashed in his hand and with a fearful shriek he fell dead at her feet. Marie uttered a cry of terror and Rulette would have fallen to the floor had not the little work stand prevented. "My husband" rose to her lips—the room and everything therein whirled around in the utmost confusion—the silk dress clung to her trembling fingers as if every fold enclosed a poisonous snake, and for sometime the poor girl could scarcely tell whether she was Rulette, Marie Jones or Mrs Carlton. Indeed she questioned very much whether she was anybody at all. At last she regained her scattered senses, and things began to assume their accustomed shape! "Heaven be praised," she said, "I am still Rulette. O! what a dreadful dream I have had. I declare I shall almost tremble when I feel sleepy again for fear of having another one. O! how glad I am that it is not reality, and that I am still here in my little room and not in that dreadful place of which I have been dreaming.—How miserable they must be who are rich, if they all suffer as much as I have. Ah! Charley you are a great deal better now than my late husband if you are poor. But dear me here is this dress not finished. I must have slept all the morning.—I shall be *so* glad when Miss Jones takes it away."

That evening Rulette filled to the brim her evening lamp, for she had slept so long that she feared for the completion of her task. Scarcely had she sat down ere a knock sounded on the door; with a palpitating heart she opened it and Charley entered. "O! dear, how glad I am too see you," she exclaimed, as she pressed his hand in hers. "Where have you been so long, and why have you not called to see me before this time, Mr. Truant? Have you fallen in love with my Cousin Clara?" There was an unmistakable look in her black eyes, and a depth of tone in her voice that made Charley's heart beat almost audibly; for he worshipped Rulette. "Where have I been, Rulette?" he replied, "why I was here only three nights ago." "But it seems a week, Charley, to me." "Yes, Rulette, much longer, for as I work through the long days I wish they were shorter so that I could see you oftener." "Now Charley, don't you think that I must be very lonely here with no one to talk to me? Only think how much company you have in your shop." "But then, Rulette, it is not like your company." "Why not, Charley?" "Because you know I love you, Rulette." "But you mus'nt love me, Charley, I am married." "Married! Rulette; are you in earnest?" "Yes, I was married this very evening to a rich man with plenty of money." The little minx appeared so serious as she said this, that poor Charley began to believe it in spite of his inclinations to think otherwise. "This is a marriage dress that I am finishing for Miss Jones, and I shall never make another one until I do so for myself," continued Rulette. "And—" "Do not trifle with me, Rulette," exclaimed poor Charley, unable longer to bear the painful suspense. "Tell me quickly is it really so?" "Yes, Charley, it is a fact, but my husband is dead now." "Dead!" echoed the relieved youth. "Yes, shot himself with a pistol soon after our marriage." "Oh," replied Charley, with increased satisfaction. "Was it a"—"Yes, Charley, it was a dream." "But Rulette." "Well, Charley."—"I was thinking that—that there is no use in these dream marriages. I would rather have real ones." "So would I, Charley." In less time than I can relate it, Charley's chair was drawn close to Rulette's, a delicate little hand fell softly in his—loving eyes spoke a language which words failed to express, and—pshaw, what's the use in saying anything more about it; they loved each other truly, and I don't know which popped the question. But if any of my readers (if I am so fortunate as to have any) wish to acquire further knowledge upon the subject, if they will just step into a certain house, in a certain town and State, (which for the present must be nameless,) they will find the most happy, contented, loving couple that they ever saw,—who will, no doubt, give them further particulars. One thing I may say to the ladies—for I am a determined, obstinate old bachelor, and wish to save them from the awful gulf of matrimony, ere yet too late—beware of silk dresses, lovable Charley's and mischievous dreams. But—I say but—if you *are* resolved to rush headlong on destruction in spite of my warning—don't, I pray you, marry a husband merely because he is Rich.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINES TO A MAPLE TREE.

BY B. F. BURLESON.

Majestic, grand old maple tree!
Thy tow'ring form I love to see;
For mem'ries concealed in thee
Endear thee to my heart;
A relic of that by-gone age
When lived the patriot and sage,
How canst thou but my thoughts engage,
And feelings warm impart?

My father's axe that cleared this land,
Permitted thee, unharmed, to stand;
He pruned thee with a skillful hand
To grace his rustic home;
Thou hast beheld that cot decay,
And seen its inmates pass away
To mingle with their kindred clay,—
No more on earth to roam.

Then, as improvement onward steered,
Thou'st seen a fairer home upreared—
Where erst the humbler one appeared—
And shadowed o'er its walls;
There thou hast heard birth's feeble tone,
And pale sickness, languid moan,
And death's deep, dreary, doleful groan,
The ear so much appals.

And thou hast seen assembled there
The young, the gay, the blithe, the fair,
Whose hearts knew nought of pain and care;
A happy bridal throng;
Then thou again hast seen appear
The hearse, the pall, the coffin'd bier,
The sable weed, the flowing tear,
As death's train swept along.

A sister, next in years to me,
Whose prisoned soul has long been free—
Her mem'ry's embalmed in thee,
Which time can ne'er destroy;
I was forever by her side,
And ranged with her the woodlands wide,
Nor knew I grief, until she died,
And blasted all my joy.

Beneath thy branches we have played,
Against thy trunk our play-house made—
And, in thy breeze-enticing shade,
Gambol'd away the hours.
Or, at thy mossy base reclined—
When blandly blew the vernal wind—
Around each other's brow, have twined
A wreath of woodland flowers.

Now, when I gaze upon thy form
That hath withstood a century's storm,
Around thee recollections swarm,
And dim my eyes'l ng-dried.
And oft the thought will haunt my breast,
That, on thy branches lightly rest
Spirits who watch us, and are blest,
Who loved us ere they died.

Stockbridge, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BARON MONTESQUIEU.

The author of the "Spirit of the Laws" was a remarkable man. He was one of those few great minds that appear at wide intervals in the history of mankind to elevate and improve the human race. Charles de Secondat, Baron of la Brede and Montesquieu, was descended of an ancient and noble family in the province of Guienna, France, and was born at the castle of la Brede near Bourdeux on the 28th of January, 1689. His superior genius and talents were discernible even while a boy, and the workings of his youthful intellect truly foreshadowed the splendid mind developed in the maturity of manhood. At the early age of twenty he was gathering materials for his most celebrated work by making judicious extracts from the numerous volumes which comprise the body of the civil law. His father, discovering his wonderful aptitude to learning, encouraged him in the pursuit of knowledge. Yet it may be remarked, that such a mind as Montesquieu's needs little encouragement save what it receives from science and literature. If there is a love of learning implanted in the mind, no obstacle, however formidable, can turn it aside from its favorite pursuit. In youth and in age, the same unfaltering effort and energy mark the progress of such a noble mind.—The pleasures, vices and follies of fashion, the allurements of wealth, the hardships of want, have no power to quench the ardor glowing in the breast of the votary of truth and learning. The early years of the truly great man have always been marked by thoughtfulness, diligence, the love of excellence, and a determination to excel. No man ever became eminent who spent the morning of his life in dissipation and folly. He who will idle away the dawn shall in the meridian and decline of life be unhonored and unknown; while early years devoted to careful study, to treasuring up in the memory the accumulated wisdom of time, and disciplining the mind will bring honor to manhood in maturity, and crown the brow of age with the memorials of reverence and veneration.

Montesquieu was no exception to this general rule, and his youth was devoted to such thoughtful, patient, persevering study, as could not fail to bring honor to one endowed with less brilliant powers of mind. He considered that he might be of more service to his country and mankind by his writings, than by acting in any other sphere; but to be useful to different nations, for his philanthropic spirit embraced all mankind, he knew that it was necessary for him to know them.—Hence he set out upon his travels, that he might the better inform his mind of the countries and the manners of the different European nations. He first visited Vienna where he met with the celebrated Prince Eugene, who in the time of peace was living without pomp, and a lover and encourager of letters. He visited Hungary and admired the generous and proud people then inhabiting that opulent and fertile country. At Venice he saw the famous John Law who brought France to the verge of bankruptcy by his wild Mississippi Scheme. He then went to Rome. "In this ancient capital of the world, which is still so in some respects, he particularly attended to that by which it is at present distinguished, the works of Raphael, Titian and Michael Angelo. He had never particularly studied the fine arts, but the expression that shines forth in the master pieces of that kind, never fails to strike every man of genius. Accustomed to attend to nature, he knows her when he sees her imitated as a good likeness strikes all to whom the original is familiar." Switzerland and the countries of the Rhine, their laws and institutions, were studied with that care and scrutiny which characterize the philosopher. He next turned to England. At this time Queen Caroline, the protectress and encourager of learned men, and who cultivated philosophy on the throne, gave him a glad and generous reception. This was the land of Locke and Newton, and Montesquieu loved it for their sake. After having studied the philosophy of the government, so that he perfectly understood it, admired the equity of the laws, and the civil and religious liberty fostered by the constitution, he returned to France. He said "Germany is fit only to travel in, Italy to reside in, England to think in, and France to live in."

For twenty years he meditated on his great work before he commenced it. The importance of the subject cheered and animated him, but its vastness discouraged him. Several times he entered upon it and as often abandoned it. But his friends encouraged him, and rousing all his strength he gave to the world the "*Spirit of the Laws*"—a work so praised and wondered at in his own day—so studied and admired by the learned in our own.

In the composition of this work he labored and read immensely. His two favorite authors were Tacitus and Plutarch, yet he confined himself to none, but borrowed from every source, whatever he thought would be of advantage. Some idea may be formed of his perseverence when it is known that at this time he was almost deprived of his sight, and had to depend mainly on others to read for him and to write down his reflections.—He did not live long after he completed his *chef d'œuvre*, but long enough, however, to witness the beginning of happy results to France from his labors. He died February 11th, 1755, universally beloved and sincerely regretted.

He belongs to that noble class of minds of which Sir Isaac Newton and John Locke are the true exponents. Mankind has received far more benefit from the labors of such men, than from a Marlborough, Wellington, or Napoleon. The plumes and laurels that crown the victor's brow, the huzzas and triumphs that surround the conqueror's way may intoxicate the vulgar crowd, but sober posterity will do honor to him, who, laboring in the cause of peace, promotes the best interests of humanity. The good resulting from the labors of Montesquieu will reach many who may never hear his name, but his memory will be cherished and his writings read and meditated upon by the learned of all ages and all climes. A. J. E.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

KINDNESS.

What a wondrous power has kindness; it softens the hardest heart and tames the most savage beast. Everybody and everything yields to its all pervading power. It binds up the broken heart and soothes the departing spirit,—it lends an additional charm to beauty and makes plain features seem beautiful.

No one ever did or ever will lose anything by kindness. Is anything gained by being cross or ill-natured? No, on the contrary, try the power of kindness—be kind to everybody and they will love you—no matter what they say or feel at the time. That kind word or act will never fade from their memory. They will have a much deeper respect for you, at least, than if you had spoken or acted harshly. Even to a servant, speak kindly, it will not be lost—they will serve and like you all the better for it. Be kind to animals. Is it not better to have your dog come bounding out to meet you—with a smile on his shaggy phiz—laughing and frisking in anticipation of your caresses—than to see him slink away at the sight of you—his tail between his legs and a gloomy foreboding on his face of the expected "get out, sir." If you be a man and married, be kind to your wife and children—your wife surely has enough to fret and worry her, without your coming home and beginning to find fault about some trifling thing. No, kiss her and tell her not to work so hard, take her to a place of amusement occasionally, and you will have a much better wife, a much nicer home and a much better temper.

Be kind to your children—if they grow up with harsh reproofs and angry words ringing in their ears—with scowls and gloomy faces before their eyes to check their innocent mirth—think you that they will be good and respectable men and women—that they will love and respect you—that they will all try to make your declining years comfortable? No, as soon as they can they will go away from such a home—very likely to plunge into all the dissipations and vices they can find. Yes, be kind to your children, speak kindly to them—gratify their few desires—join them in their sports—take an interest in their studies—and mark my word—you are laying up ten times more towards a *truly*, happy, cheerful and comfortable old age, than if you were earning hundreds of dollars at the same time. For what profiteth a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Buffalo, N. Y., 1857. Alfred.

Appearances.—A coat that has marks of use upon it, is a recommendation to people of sense; and a hat with too smooth a nap and too high a lustre, is a derogatory circumstance. The best coats in Broadway are on the backs of penniless, broken down merchants, clerks with pitiful salaries, and men that don't pay up. The heaviest gold chains dangle from the fobs of gamblers and gentlemen of very limited means; costly ornaments on ladies indicate to eyes that are well-open, a silly lover, or a husband cramped for funds. And when a pretty woman goes by in a suit of plain and neat apparel, it is a sign that she has fair expectations, and a husband that can show a balance in his favor.—*New York Times.*

Keep Your Own Door Clean.—"John," said a clergyman to one of his flock, "you should become a teetotaller—you have been drinking again to-day." "Do you never take a wee drap yourself, sir?" inquired John. "Ah, but, John, you must look at your circumstances and mine." Verra true," quoth John, "but, sir, can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were keepit sae clean?" "No, John, I cannot tell you that." Weel, sir, it was just because every one keepit his own door clean!" replied John, with an air of triumph.

SIAMESE LITERATURE.

The literature of Siam is in form of both prose and verse, and is divided into sacred and profane—the former being in the vulgar tongue, and the latter in Pali.

M. Pallegoix has given translations of some specimens of the popular literature. The following are examples of Siamese proverbs:

"When you go to the forest, do not leave your axe behind you.

"Do not place your bark across the current of the river.

"The elephant, although he hath four legs, sometimes trips; and a man, however learned, is liable make mistakes.

"If you continue in your boat, you may fall upon a crocodile.

"Nobility implies only pedigree, but manners the man.

"If a dog bite you, do not bite the dog in return.

"Why should a man fear the rain who dwells under the sky?"

The following is a Siamese fable:—

"Avarice is an enemy to poverty, and may even lead to death. A certain hunter was in the practice of shooting elephants for the nourishment of his wife and children. One day he discharged his bow at an elephant, which, struck by his arrow, and maddened by the pain of the wound, pursued him in order to kill him.

The hunter, in order to escape, ascended a white ant-hill, on which lay a snake that bit him. Enraged he slew the snake. The elephant continued to pursue, but the arrow by which he was struck being a poisoned one, he fell dead close to the ant-hill. The hunter himself died of the bite of the snake, leaving his bow still strung.

Meanwhile a wolf, in search of prey, came to the spot, and rejoiced exceedingly at what he saw before him.

'Behold me rich for this turn,' said he, 'for good fortune has befallen me; the elephant will last me three months—the men seven days—and I will make two meals of the snake. But,' added he, 'why should I allow the bow-string to be wasted? Better that I eat it first to appease my hunger.'

Thus meditating, he bit the string, and the bow, rebounding, broke his skull, and he perished on the spot."—*Norway Advertiser.*

WATER.

[The following eloquent Apostrophe to Water is ascribed by some to Gough, while others aver that it was first delivered by a Texan Missionary. Whoever the author, he was at the moment of its utterance, sublimely eloquent.]

"Water! oh, bright, beautiful water for me!—Water! heaven-gifted, earth blessing, flower-loving water! It was the drink of Adam in the purity of his Eden home; it mirrored back the beauty of Eve in her unblushing toilet; it wakens to life again the crushed and fading flower; it cools, oh how gratefully! the parched tongue of the feverish invalid; it falls down to us in pleasant showers from its home with the glittering stars; it descends to us in feathery storms of snow; it smiles in glittering dew-drops at the glad birth of morning; it clusters in great tear-drops at night over the graves of those we love; its name is wreathed in strange bright colors, by the sunset cloud; its name is breathed by the dying soldier, far away on the torrid field of battle; it paints old forts and turrets from a gorgeous easel upon your winter window; it clings upon the branches of trees in frost-work of delicate beauty; it dwells in the icicle; it lives in the mountain glacier; it forms the vapory ground-work upon which God paints the rainbow; it gushes in pearly streams from the gentle hillside; it makes glad the sunny vales; it murmurs cheerful songs in the ear of the humble cottager; it answers back the smiles of happy children; it kisses the pure cheek of the water lily; it wanders like a vein of molten silver away away to the distant sea; oh! bright, beautiful, health-inspiring, heart-gladdening water! Everywhere around us dwelleth thy meek presence; twin angel sister of all that is good and precious here, in the wild forest, on the grassy plain; slumbering in the bosom of the lonely mountain; sailing with viewless wings through the humid air; floating over us in curtains of more than regal splendor; home of the healing angel when his wings bend to the woes of this fallen world.

"'Oh, water for me, bright water for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee.'"

AFFECTING SCENE.

A letter to a western editor relates the following very affecting scene, of which the writer was an eye witness:—"At Michigan City, where we changed cars, we observed them moving a sick girl. The party consisted of a brother of about twenty years, a sister of about sixteen, and the mother. The invalid appeared about twenty-five, very emaciated, but with those lustrous eyes so common to her disease—consumption—which fascinated while it pained us to look at her. The tenderness and devotion of her people were really beautiful. After we had gone some fifty miles, while she was reclining on her mother's breast, who was gently and carefully smoothing her hair, she suddenly raised herself and fell back dead. Then followed such a scene of wild and frantic grief, mingled with the noise of the rushing cars, the scream of the locomotive, and the confusion of the passengers, that no power of mine can describe; and this was continued for fifty miles more. We old tough hearts found there was one spot not quite hardened."

Be Social.—When I am assailed with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pigs rather than remain alone by myself. The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and bruises the wheat to flour; if you put no wheat in it, it still grinds on; but then it is itself it grinds, and wears away.—*Luther.*

THE YOUNGEST.

I rocked her in the cradle,
And laid her in the tomb. She was the youngest.
What fireside circle hath not felt the charm
Of that sweet tie? The youngest ne'er grow old,—
The fond endearments of our earlier days
We keep alive in them; and when they die,
Our youthful joys we bury with them.

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FIRST EFFORTS IN SCHOOL-TEACHING.

NUMBER FOUR.

MONDAY morning came, and an early hour found me on my way to the school-house. Groups of happy children, (never so happy as on the first day of school,) with dinner pails and satchels on their arms, were tripping along and anon making the welkin ring with their loud peals of childish laughter. How their gleeful faces glistened in the soft, mild sunlight of that autumn day. What would I not give, could I but see those happy faces, just as I saw them then! But alas! some I shall see no more beneath the sun; others have ripened into manhood and womanhood, and have lost forever their childish faces in those of maturer years.

When I reached the school-house, the scholars had already arrived and were waiting for the school master. Of course I was the "observed of all observers"—at least I felt so. At 9 o'clock I rang the bell—no I didn't—there was no such article of furniture there, and I did the next best thing—which was to rap with a ferule on the window sash, (by the way a very convenient sort of a bell, as there is no unfortunate clapper to be getting out of order, or meeting with numberless other mishaps.) But in what an awkward position did I find myself placed! No uneducated farmer, suddenly transplanted from his rural pursuits into the midst of the Assembly rooms at Albany, could have felt more out of place. How to appear as if I knew in what manner to conduct a school, when I did not, was the question. However, I rushed into the difficulties before me with some such feeling as it may be supposed a drowning man possesses on trying to swim, and when, after almost ineffectual efforts, he at last succeeds in forcing a little wind into his life preserver. I have lived many long days, but that was the *longest*.

When the classes were finally arranged, the lessons apportioned and the scholars fairly under way, I encountered the first real difficulty of a teacher—the loud murmuring of troubled lips—whispering! Is it a human invention, think you, kind reader? If so, it must have been invented by a *woman*, for the girls are perfect adepts in that business. I had a few who were certainly the most inveterate whisperers I ever knew, not from ill will but from the force of habit. They "could not help it," so they said; and I believe them now, as all my efforts that winter did not break them entirely of it. Of all the annoying things that I ever met with in my experience as a teacher, none were more *unmitigatedly* displeasing that this habit. Talking aloud is infinitely preferable to it. To remain in the midst of continued buzzing for six hours every day is as hard a punishment as I could wish my greatest enemy subjected to.—Nothing but absolute law will keep it out of the school-room; for there will always be those who whisper by instinct—whose lips are a perfect fountain of whispering. I tried moral suasion—I sought to convince them of the folly of such a miserable habit—discoursed to them long and loud on the various bearings of the subject; but all to no purpose. According to their version of the matter, they whispered on the same principle that a stream runs down hill—because they couldn't help it. I made some examples of the smaller ones (a bad precedent) in order to frighten the older ones if possible, but with little or no apparent success. Finally I abandoned all these schemes for a reformation, and laid down the law. That said obey and live—disobey and suffer. This was a hard master; it brought them around at last. But I conceived such a dislike to whispering that wherever I am I cannot endure to hear any one indulging in the habit. S. A. E.

Rochester, July, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PRIZE-GIVING IN SCHOOL.

DEAR RURAL:—In a late issue P. W. refers to an article in which I detailed a system of prize-giving which I have practiced with some success, as a preventive of whispering. I am aware that any system, however good in itself, cannot be pursued by all with equal success under all circumstances, and that an indifferent plan in skillful hands is often quite successful. In no department of labor do I think there is greater need of modifying one's efforts in accordance with his circumstances and his *material* than in *school discipline*. The teacher must study as hard as any of his pupils. He must study to know his position; he must study to know his pupils, and he must study to understand the power which he has over them; that is available to effect his object. One teacher has powers which another has not. He ought so to understand himself that he may use those powers successfully. In the pursuit of the system which I proposed, I have never been *long* troubled with deception, though many so disposed have attempted it. The teacher, by a little scrutiny, will soon learn on whom he can depend and on whom he must keep a lookout, and the scholar who has once attempted to deceive his teacher and *failed*, will soon give up the attempt. I cannot regard it as "indirectly teaching children to deceive," except when the teacher *suffers himself to be deceived*. Any faithful parent and teacher must needs often ask the child questions, in reply to which it might seem to the child to be advantageous to prevaricate. Yet this only amounts to a temptation, and children cannot be kept aloof—what moral power could they acquire if they were?

If my friend P. W. teaches a school "where a large number are prematurely hardened, whose finer feelings it would be difficult to reach," he stands in greater need to make special efforts to reach those feelings, and call into action the benumbed sensibilities, for I hold that nothing good can be hoped of the moral character until the feelings are reached.

I have ever considered and dealt with falsehood as a misdemeanor of no trifling importance, yet I have been but little troubled with it in calling for the daily report. If whispering is a gratification to a child, he will not be content with whispering once or twice, and if he is in the *habit* of whispering, the sagacious teacher will observe it. In calling for the report, I would call only for those who are to receive merits, passing the others in silence, and not requiring them to testify against themselves, (a mortifying thing to any one,) but only treating them for the time with neglect. They will soon feel themselves neglected, and desire not to be outdone by others, and when once the majority is gained, if the thing is well managed, there will be few delinquents left. W. B.

Quindaro, K. T., July, 1857.

EDUCATION OF MAN.

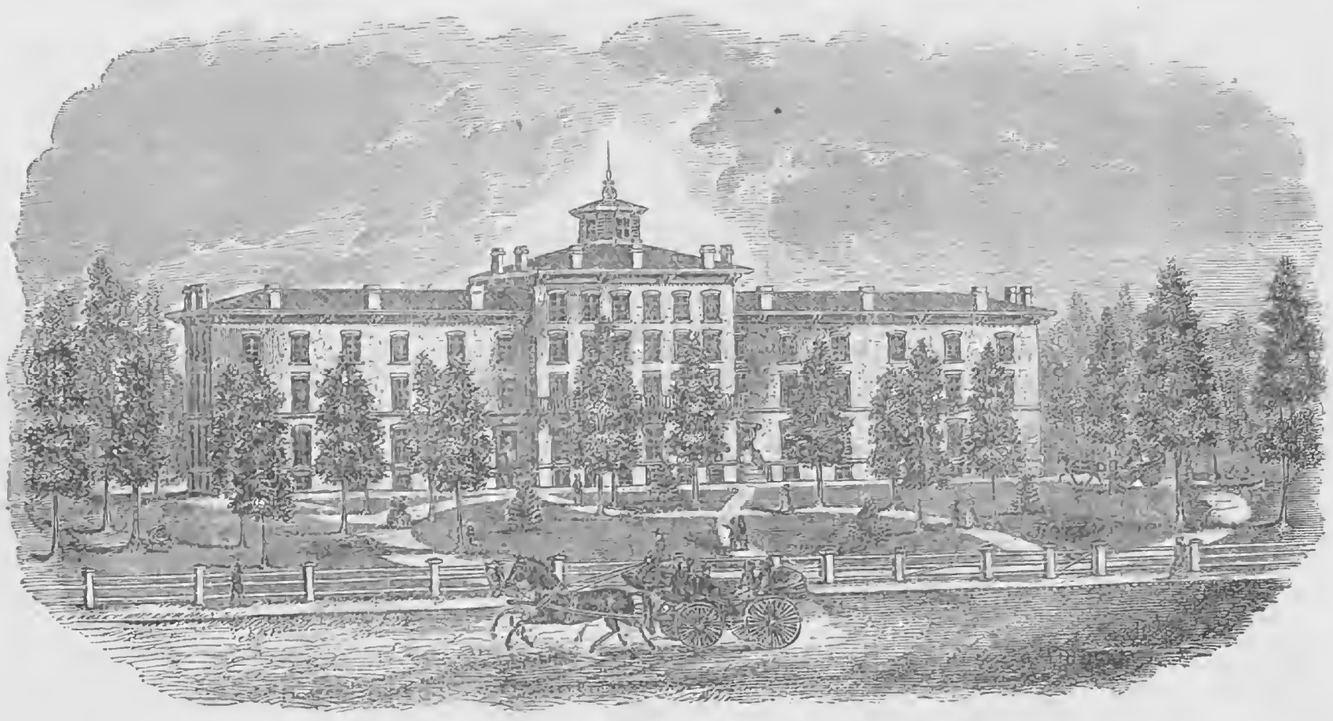
THE term education is commonly understood in too limited and qualified a sense. It is frequently shorn of the weight of its meaning and the extent of its application. Many, unthinkingly, look upon it as complete and finished, ere the substratum of a practical education is *rooted* in the mind—hence so many "surface" thinkers; also so few men of noted erudition. The word signifies *leading out or forth*, from *e*, out, and *duco*, I lead; when applied to the mind it means expansion, *a harmonious development of the faculties of the soul*. No faculty should remain dormant, none should be excessively exercised to the neglect of the others. The mind is a *unit*, composed of a plurality of faculties, each is a "*prop*" to the rest, mutually they give support and vigor. Each to each, they sustain the same relation that the different members of the body do; but, while they have a relation to each other, they also sustain one to the body, and the body to them. The mental and physical relations are such that neither can be fully developed without respect to the other; vigorous, active and energetic intellects are usually combined with vigorous, active and healthy constitutions, and effeminate *ones*, with diseased.

How often we see those who have spent four or six years within the pale of some institution, after having received its honors, turn away with the sad reflection that the very spot which should have been their kind "Alma Mater," has proven to be the place where the seeds of a premature death were sown in their mortal bodies. Health is under fixed laws, and he who violates them must suffer the penalties.

We frequently speak of man as possessing moral faculties in reference to the fact, that he has a moral sense of distinguishing between right and wrong; and, whether these be regarded as distinct or not, nature has impressed this *sense* upon him, and he can no more rid himself of it, than he can change the texture of his skin. We assume, then, that education is threefold, mental, moral and physical. The skillful educator will keep a vigilant eye upon his pupils to see whether this *trio* relation is united under a judicious system of instruction, if so, *useful*, if not, *great* characters will uniformly be the result of his labors.

The object of education through grace, is to restore man from his fallen estate. Hear the naturalist, in contemplating him, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God."—T. W. K., *in Onondaga Sentinel*.

YOURSELF AND OTHERS.—I have known some men possessed of good qualities which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors and passengers, but not the owner within.



BROCKPORT COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

ABOVE we present our readers a representation of the magnificent building recently erected for the BROCKPORT COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. It will be remembered by many that the old building, erected in 1833, was destroyed by fire about three years since. The Trustees, with an enterprise which did credit alike to themselves and to the community who encouraged them, undertook at once its reconstruction on a scale far surpassing the former. At a cost of nearly thirty thousand dollars they have succeeded in erecting an edifice which, for beauty of exterior and convenience and elegance of internal arrangement, probably has not its equal in the State. It is built of dark Medina sandstone, with belting courses of Lockport stone, and cast iron caps. Its whole length on the front is two hundred feet; its breadth in the main building sixty feet, and in the wings forty. The main building is five stories high, surmounted by a tasteful cupola twelve feet by twenty-four, which commands an extensive view of the surrounding country and of the adjacent lake. The edifice overlooks the village from a gentle eminence in the center of an enclosure of six acres, and is approached by graveled walks and winding carriage paths, through a beautiful grove of lofty shade trees. In this respect it has a peculiar advantage over an entirely new locality. The grounds having been laid out for twenty years, the trees have attained a luxuriant growth, and bestow the refreshing shadows and hoary dignity of age upon the architectural improvements, in beauty and comfort, which modern art has furnished.

THE INTERIOR

Is composed of three general divisions—the main building, which is appropriated for the Dining Hall, Chapel, Drawing Rooms and Teachers' Rooms,—and the two wings, which are divided into spacious, well ventilated and nicely furnished rooms for pupils, the one for gentlemen and the other for ladies, the only communication between the two being through the drawing-rooms of the Principal.

The Basement is devoted entirely to the domestic department, the wings furnishing store-rooms and sleeping rooms for the servants, while the main part contains a spacious dining hall, kitchen and wash-room.

The Chapel, covering the whole first floor of the main building, is capable of comfortably seating four hundred pupils, and is so arranged that after morning worship, by an ingenious contrivance in the middle of the room, a partition makes its appearance from the floor and the ceiling and divides the hall into two commodious lecture rooms for the day. Beside these are five recitation and lecture rooms in the south wing, for class instruction, while the north wing furnishes convenient rooms appropriated to music and painting. A reception room and a parlor are also found in the north wing, adjoining the ladies' entrance.

Among the special advantages secured in this structure are the following:—It is fitted in the most perfect manner to put in practice upon a broad scale the system which experiment has already proved to be most successful in the education of youth, viz, the judicious and properly regulated union of the sexes. The arrangement of the two wings in relation to the main building is such that while the access of both to the dining room, the chapel and the drawing-rooms is equally and perfectly convenient, no communication is possible from one to the other without the observation of the teachers. On the other hand, the rooms of the teachers are so distributed among those of the pupils that their necessary contact with them in the halls, as well as at the table, the recitation, the morning and evening worship, and in the social parlor is so frequent and familiar as to afford the fullest opportunity for exerting over them those moulding influences which affect the whole character and demeanor—thus combining the power of an extended public opinion and the authority of school discipline with the gentle and elevating influences of a refined christian home. We are happy to know that the Trustees are prepared to take full advantage of these facilities, by the appointment of a large board of Instructors, the members of which have each acquired a high reputation. Their announcement is given in the appropriate department of this paper.

Useful Olio.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

UNCOMMON TURTLE OR TORTOIS.

TURTLE is a corruption of Tortois, and yet has come to be generally used as the name of the animal. It is well known by "the bony or cartilaginous covering above and beneath, having the head, neck, limbs and tail free, feet four." Eighteen species are found in this State, and are described in the State Natural History. They are sub-divided into two sections, as the shell is *hard* or *soft*, *bony* or *cartilaginous*, though these characters are no indication of *political* affinities.

The Green Turtle, Leather Turtle, Salt-Water Terrapin, Smooth Terrapin, and Red Bellied Terrapin, belong to our ocean coasts; the Snapping Turtle, Painted Turtle, Spotted and Geographic Turtle, to most of our Fresh Waters; and the Wood Terrapin, because it is often found in woods about streams or ponds. Omitting others, the Soft Shelled Turtle, the *Trionyx ferox*, of authors, is rare and striking. Perhaps it is not rare now, but it is said to have been quite limited, till the "completion of the Erie Canal," by which various water animals passed from Lake Erie into Hudson River and thus spread into wider localities.

From the specimen of the Soft Shelled Turtle, brought me lately by one of our citizens, I should not think him fierce or ferocious. At least he shows no special temper unless one attempts to place him on his back. His shell is oval, being ten inches long and nine broad, and is quite soft and somewhat flexible around its extremities.—The body is not more than two inches thick, so that he is very much compressed for a turtle. The feet are webbed, and have sharp nails on three of the five toes.

Not having seen this species before, I wish to express my gratitude to the friend who made it a present to the cabinet of the University.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857. C. D.

A CHAPTER ON FIRST THINGS.

THE oldest book known to be extant, which has the name of the place where it was printed, and that of the printer, together with the date of the year when it was executed, is a beautiful edition of the Psalms in Latin. It was issued at Mentz by Faust & Schoeffer in 1457, just four hundred years ago. The most perfect copy known is that in the imperial library of Vienna. It is printed in folio on vellum, and is a superb specimen of printing.—A second edition of the work was issued in 1459, under the patronage of the St. Albans and Benedictine Monks, which contained, probably, the first printed text of the Anathanasian creed.

The earliest printed book, containing text and engravings, is called the Histories of Joseph, Daniel, Judith and Esther, printed by Joseph Püster at Bamberg, in 1462. It is among the rarest typographical curiosities in existence, there being only two known copies of it—one at the royal library at Paris, and another in the collection of Earl Spencer. The entire text of the Bible with similar embellishments appeared in 1473.

Guttemburg invented, and first used separate letters or movable types, in 1412. As early as 1423 he had printed with lines cut in wood, but this was only a small mechanical advance on what had been done for many years.

The first engraving on wood, of which there is any record in Europe, is that of the ancient "Actions of Alexander," by the two Cunios, executed in the year 1285 or 1286. The engravings are eight in number, and the size about nine inches by six.

Stereotype printing was introduced into London by Wilson, in 1804.

The first tragedy in English was "Gorbodnc, or Ferrex and Porrex," in 1561; and the first comedy, the "Supposes," in 1566.

The first recorded novels are the Milesian tales of Aristides.

The first almanac in the English language was printed at Oxford in 1673.

The first printed music was in 1503. No more than forty tunes had been published in any one book before 1594.

The first printing press set up in America was "worked" at Cambridge, Mass., in 1629.

The first book printed in America was the "Bay Psalm Book," published at Cambridge.

The first books of music published in America were issued in 1714 and 1721—the former by the Rev. Jrhn Tufts of Newbury, and the latter by the Rev. Thomas Walter, of Roxbury.

The first paper mill erected in America was at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, which William Bradford, Royal Printer of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, purchased in 1728. In 1730, the second went into operation at Boston, the Legislature of Mass., granting aid.

The first newspaper printed in the New World was published in Boston, under date of September 25, 1690. A copy of this paper is preserved in the Colonial State Paper office, London. It is about the size of a sheet of letter paper, and one of the pages is blank.—*Boston Transcript*.

CAN INSECTS TALK?

A STRIKING instance of the possession of a capability of spreading intelligence, and that of a somewhat abstruse character, is furnished by experiments that have been made by Huber and others upon bees. Every one is aware that the queen bee is an object of the greatest solicitude and attention to the workers of the hive, and yet, among so many thousands, all busily employed in different and distant parts of the colony, it would appear impossible for them to ascertain, at least before the lapse of considerable time, whether she was absent from them or not.

In order to see whether bees had a power of conveying news of this kind, the queen bee has been stealthily and quietly abstracted from the hive; but here, as elsewhere, ill news was found to fly apace. For some half-hour or so, the loss seemed not to be ascertained, but the progressively increasing buzz of agitation gradually announced the growing alarm, until shortly the whole hive was in an uproar, and all its busy occupants were seen pouring forth their legions in search of their lost monarch, or eager to avenge with their stings, the insult offered to their sovereign. On restoring the captured queen to her subjects, with equal secrecy, the tumult speedily subsided, and the ordinary business of the community was resumed, as before the occurrence. That in such cases as above narrated, information, and that of rather a complex character, was transmitted by one insect to another, cannot be doubted—but by what means?

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

VOICES FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND.

WHEN the night breeze gently sighing,
Wanders 'mong the leafy boughs,
And the zephyr soft replying
Woos the weary to repose,
Glad I list to strange sweet voices,
Whispered from the spirit-land,
Hear the golden harp-strings quiver,
Swept by unseen angel's hand.

Oft my gaze is upward turning,
Ah! why doth my vision fail?
Yes, mine eyes are fondly yearning
For a glimpse behind the veil.
'Tis not fancy bids me linger
Where the angels seem so near,
But it 'tis my spirit breathing
For a nobler, higher sphere.

Speak again, oh, come still nearer,
Happy spirits pure and bright,
Let me feel you hovering o'er me,
Ere you plume your wings for flight.
Fond, sweet thought—that sister angels
Flit around the path of life,
Making every prospect brighter,
Cheering 'mid the thickest strife.

Barry, Jackson Co., Mich., 1857. LINDA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

WHAT ARE WE?

IT hath been said that the boy is now living who is to be President of the United States in the year 1900. Who he is, or where he resides, is not stated. It may be the child of wealth, reared amid the luxuries and associations of high life, and it may be, perhaps more likely to be, one whose genius is nourished by necessity, and whose early home is that of poverty. To the latter, the struggle for supremacy is as free as to the former. But, reader, do you ever pause and reflect on another destiny, which is the prerogative, not of a few only, but may be of all? Do you ever think who is your *Father* and *Brother*, and that you are something more than a mere aspirant for earthly wealth and distinction?

Before time's cycles shall have brought around the year 1900, most of those who are now moving on with us in all the exuberance and joyousness of life and activity, will be—what? Inhabitants of the tomb, dust returned to dust? Not that.—They will have entered into the possession of a patrimony which has been held in trust for them since the foundations of the world, the title deeds of which are recorded in the Court of Heaven. Behold that poor beggar. Scoff at him if you will, ye sons of luxury, shun him as if his very touch were contamination, but remember that beneath those rags there dwells an immortal soul. He is one who, loving his GOD, though poor in the things of this world, is, nevertheless, rich in spirit. He is not a beggar, but a son of the King of Kings, joint heir with JESUS CHRIST, to an inheritance that fadeth not away, and who, when life's troubled probation is over, shall take up his abode in a mansion "eternal in the heavens." The recipient of earthly honors is preferred only for a season; the preferment of the heir to *eternal life* is *everlasting*. Man may strive for earthly honor, and fail of the acquisition: the success of *all* who strive honestly and sincerely for the honor which cometh of GOD, is, by the promise of our *Father*, *certain*.

Despair not, then, child of mortality. Though your sojourn here be gloomy, if thou lovest thy Creator, the morning of the Resurrection shall be glorious. As the chrysalis, when it bursts its shell, dies not, but enters upon a brighter existence, so shall you, one day, not die, but cast aside your earthly covering, and enter upon a life whose glories enter not into the imagination. To the question—what are we? we may answer, that through Grace, we are both Kings and Priests, Children of a Father who is Omnipotent, Omniscient, Infinite in Duration, Justice, Mercy and Love. T. D. TOOKER.

Adrian, Mich., 1857.

RICHES OF THE BIBLE.

SOME writer gives the following analysis of the "book of books," the Bible:—It is a Book of Laws to the right and wrong. It is a Book of Wisdom, that makes the foolish wise. It is a Book of Truth, which detects all human errors. It is a book of Life, which shows how to avoid everlasting death. It is the most authentic and entertaining history ever published. It contains the most remote antiquities, the most remarkable events and wonderful occurences. It is a complete code of laws. It is a perfect body of divinity. It is an unequalled narrative. It is a book of biography. It is a book of travels. It is a book of voyages. It is the best covenant ever made; the best deed ever written. It is the best will ever executed; the best testament ever signed. It is the young man's best companion. It is the school boy's best instructor. It is the learned man's masterpiece.—It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and every man's dictionary. It promises an eternal reward to the faithful and believing. But that which crowns all, is the Author. He is without partiality, and without hypocrisy, "with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

HEAVEN UPON EARTH.—IT is indeed a precious consolation that a Christian need not ask how he may ascend unto heaven. Remains he at Jerusalem, at Rome, anywhere upon the earth, in the field or in the house, he may still be in heaven, for God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost will be with him and dwell in him. If God dwells with us here upon earth, then indeed it is true, that all we do, speak, think, or suffer must be well done; whether we eat or drink, work, lie down, or rise up, study, sing, read or pray, God is glorified in all. We may ever find heaven upon earth, if only we have grace enough, and are able to believe.—Heaven itself has not the honor of which a Christian can boast. Of heaven, God says it is my throne, and the earth is my footstool. But a Christian heart is His dwelling-place. In us He will dwell, if we only believe that Christ suffered and died for us, and love Him in return for such compassion.—*Luther*.

PRAYING only for carnal things, shows a carnal heart, and leaves it carnal.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year,	$2
Three Copies, "	$5
Five Copies, "	$8
Six Copies, and one free to agent,	$10
Ten Copies, and one free to agent,	$15

Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ A NEW HALF VOLUME commences July 4, and hence the present is a good time to form clubs for either Six Months or a Year. Agents and others will bear in mind that all subscriptions forwarding during the present month will count on Premiums. See Premium Lists on next page.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Fruit and Ornamental Trees—Ellwanger & Barry.
Webster's Quarto Dictionary—G. & C. Merriam.
Small Fruits—Ellwanger & Barry.
Genesee Valley Nurseries—A. Frost & Co.
Bayard Taylor—Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co.
Fairfield Seminary—J. Mather.
Strawberry Plants for Sale—C. W. Seelye.
Farm for Sale—Wm. H. Britton.
Nursery for Sale—James M. Taylor.
Keystone Portable Cider Mill—H. D. Emery & Co
Splendid Farm for Sale—H. C. White.
The Oriental Horse Charmer—C. J. Eldridge.
Music Publisher, &c.—Joseph P. Shaw.
Important to Teachers—Smith & Boyd
Sell or Exchange a Farm.
Information Wanted—John Cokeley.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—Seneca County Horse Show.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 8, 1857.

Washington Matters.

THE number of warrants issued from the Pension Office, during July, under the Bounty Land act of March, 1855, is 2,185, to satisfy which nearly 322,000 acres are necessary. To satisfy the 201,000 warrants issued since the passage of the act, 26,250,000 acres of land are required.

The net amount in the Treasury subject to draft is $18,666,667, of which over $8,000,000 are in New York; nearly $3,000,000 in Philadelphia; $2,774,000 in Boston, and $1,500,000 each in New Orleans and San Francisco.

A letter from Col. Bonneville, in command of the Gila Expedition, says that there is being developed one of the most beautiful, fertile and healthy regions of our country, which in all places furnishes evidence of a former numerous people, more civilized and industrious, and, no doubt, more docile than the wandering Apache who now desolates it. Our efforts constantly at the heels of these Apaches force them further west, crowding them upon more western nations who report their mountains inundated with new people forcing their way with rifle and revolver.

Lord Napier had an interview with the Secretary of State, on the 31st ult., relative to the seizure of the alleged slaver Panchita by the English vessel of war Sappho. I understand that the Secretary explained everything satisfactorily to his lordship.

The Cabinet will hold their regular meetings during the absence of the President. There was a special meeting on Friday, and considerable routine business was disposed of.

An interesting incident occurred on the 31st ult., in the office on Indian affairs. A treaty was concluded and signed by the Commissioner and a delegation of Ottawas from Kansas, by which this band of Indians surrender their tribal character and become citizens of the United States. The delegates appeared highly delighted after the treaty was signed, and enjoyed the prospect of becoming fellow-citizens. After a ratification by the Senate they surrender their reservation—seventy-four thousand acres—only to have it again patented to them individually. They also release the United States from all annuities and other claims, and receive in lieu thereof sixty-six thousand dollars in two equal installments, the first installment payable on the ratification of the treaty, and the second one year thereafter.

NEW DISCOVERY OF GUANO.—The California papers contain accounts of the successful exploration of the new guano island Elede, on the coast of Lower California. A cargo of 120 tuns was recently brought to San Francisco, and is said to be equal in quality to Peruvian guano.—The island was sold by Mexico to American citizens some time ago. The property is in the hands of Americans, but the sovereignty of the island is in Mexico.

MARINE DISASTERS FOR JULY.—During last month twenty-one sea going vessels, belonging to or sailing from American ports, were lost at sea, viz., five ships, two barks, three brigs and eleven schooners, valued at one million dollars. The total losses this year, not including losses from leakage, dismasting, or other casualties not amounting to a wreck, have been:—vessels, 289; value, $11,242,500.

DECLINE IN THE PRICE OF SUGARS.—The long anticipated decline in the price of sugars is about to be realized by consumers. Already the New York papers have noticed a decline of fully 1½c. per pound on general qualities. The New York Post says that "recent importations from the West Indies, costing 11½c., have been sold in lots at 9½c." This is agreeable news. Of course the reduction has scarcely been felt as yet in the retail trade.

STOCK SHIPMENTS.—The shipments of stock at Western ports are very heavy at present. From Toledo, Ohio, on the 28th ult., the shipments were 853 head; 500 by steamer Minnesota, and 353 by propeller Araxes, for New York by the N. Y. Central Road. On the 31st ult., there were shipments of 440 head; 234 by propeller New York, and 206 by propeller Ocean, all large, fat cattle for the New York market, via. Erie Road.

TEMPERANCE STATE CONVENTION.—The Albany *Statesman* says a State Convention of Prohibitionists is proposed to be held at Rochester on the 30th day of September next, to nominate a State Ticket.

Kansas Matters.

THE Kansas correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post*, writing from Leavenworth City, under date of July 21st, states that the Free State Convention met on the 15th inst., and nominated M. J. Parrott, Esq., of Leavenworth, as a nominee for delegate to Congress.

In speaking of the tactics of the Free State Party, he says:—"The election in August will be held under a census, now being taken, of all the inhabitants of the Territory, for Governor, State Officers and Legislature, as provided by the Topeka Constitution.

In October, the Free State men will attend the polls at the Territorial election, and secure both branches of the Legislature and delegate to Congress. This Legislature will repeal every act of the Shawnee Mission, bogus statutes, and take a fresh start.

It is possible the Legislature, if Free State, as it undoubtedly will be this fall, may offer the Topeka Constitution to the people, but this is opposed strenuously by many good and worthy men in the Free State ranks. Should this latter course not be adopted, a Convention will be called, and a new Constitution will be submitted to and passed by the people, and sent to Congress for their approbation."

The nominees for State Officers under the Topeka Constitution, are:—*Secretary of State*—P. C. Schuyler. *Auditor of State*—G. A. Cutler. *Judges of the Supreme Court*—M. F. Conway, S. N. Latta. *Reporter of the Supreme Court*—E. M. Thurston. *Clerk of the Supreme Court*—A. G. Patrick.

DEATH OF COMMODORE NEWTON.—The Washington Star announces the death of Commodore John T. Newton. He was the President of one of the Naval Courts of Inquiry now sitting in Washington, and at the time of its adjournment, at noon on Wednesday, the 27th ult., appeared to be in the enjoyment of his customary vigorous health. On leaving the Court he walked to the residence of Charles Winder, and in a few minutes after entering the house of that gentleman was attacked with apoplexy—surviving the attack only one hour. He was a native of Alexandria, Va., and brother of the late Thomas W. Newton, who served a term in the House of Representatives of the United States from Arkansas. Commodore Newton leaves a wife and children. He entered the Navy on the 16th of January, 1809, having been in the service nearly half a century, during which period he has occupied various positions of trust and responsibility. His loss will be severely felt.

FROM THE FAR WEST.—Col. Noble, the Constructing Superintendent of the wagon road to the South Pass, was in St. Paul, Min. Ter., on the 31st ult. The expedition is for the present suspended. The encampment West of the Big Sioux having been broken up on the 18th ult., on account of the violent opposition offered by the Yankton and Sioux Indians to the farther progress of the party. They consequently retreated to Big Wood, about 80 miles West of Fort Ridgley. The objections raised by the Yanktons to Col. Noble's party crossing their country, was that they would frighten away the buffalo, their sole means of subsistence. Col. Noble, before leaving the Indians, appointed the 20th of August to hold a council to treat for a right of way across the country. Should the negotiations fail, it is his intention to perform the duties assigned him, despite of all hostilities.

EXPEDITION TO UTAH.—The St. Louis *Democrat* learns by recent arrivals from St. Josephs, that the most extensive preparations are making for the military expedition to Utah under Gen. Harney.—No less than 500 ox teams and 400 mule teams will accompany the troops. The infantry as they reach the fort are sent forward in detachments, a rendezvous having been appointed at some point on the plains where Gen. Harney at the head of the cavalry will join them in about two months from the present time. The whole force, including teamsters, etc., will not fall short of 5,000 men It is said that Gen. Harney is determined to make short work with the saints, in case they oppose the least obstacle to the fulfilment of his mission.

AN INUNDATION OF CORN.—The Buffalo Commercial of the 30th ult., says:—There are now on the way here from Chicago forty-one cargoes of corn, (as shown by the clearances published in the Chicago papers,) aggregating 630,000 bushels!—There were cleared in one day, the 25th, seventeen vessels, with 262,000 bushels of corn. There are only, however, three cargoes of wheat coming from the Upper Lakes, aggregating 50,000 bushels. The above amount, 630,000 bushels, is the largest fleet of corn ever put afloat for this port. The receipts of grain here by the time the new harvest sets in, will equal any former year, and if this be so, we will close the season with a larger commerce than we have ever before had.

SHIPMENT OF LEAD FROM DUBUQUE.—The Dubuque *Tribune* gives a table of the shipments of lead from that place since April 1st, showing that up to July 28th, 12,687 pigs, or 913,536 pounds had been shipped—"sufficient, if manufactured into musket balls, to furnish an army with fourteen millions, six hundred and sixteen thousand five hundred and seventy-six rounds!"

GREAT RAINS AT THE SOUTH.—On Friday there was a deluge of rain from Macon, Ga., to Montgomery, Ala. Bridges were carried away, and embankments injured. The trains were stopped in different directions. The crops were much damaged. Floods of the rivers were feared, as the rains throughout the State continued daily.

MORE FILLIBUSTERS COMING.—Advices received at the Navy Department on the 28th ult., dated the 16th, say that the United States steamship Roanoke was to have sailed on the 21st inst., for New York, with 250 of the fillibusters. Their general health was improving; their sick list had been reduced from 120 to 59.

SNOW IN JULY.—The Salem (Mass.) Register says:—On Thursday morning last, passengers between Manchester and Lawrence, in the first train, were astonished to encounter quite a snow shower, which was visible to so many witnesses that there could be no mistake as to the fact.

Latest News from Mexico.

THE New Orleans papers of the 26th ult., are at hand. They contain Vera Cruz dates to the 21st, and city of Mexico dates to the 17th. As far as heard from, the elections were all favorable to Comonfort. It was believed that Bemeto Juanes, a Progressisto, was elected President of the Supreme Court. In the election of the Deputies in the city of Mexico, on the 12th, the Liberals were triumphant.

Serious alarm was felt regarding the state of affairs with Spain. The Secretary of the Interior had addressed circulars to the Governor of the States on the subject. They stated that a rupture is inevitable, and called on the Governors to hold the National Guards in readiness for orders, and to transmit reports of their numbers and efficiency to headquarters.

The Eco National says, that in case of war Comonfort will lead the army and Juanes act as President in his stead.

The news of the war with the Pinto Indians was conflicting. Gen. Alvarez had not succeeded in subduing them, and it was reported that his health was giving away.

Gen. Lopez Uraguada, who was formally exiled, has offered his services to Comonfort in case of a war with Spain.

The Vera Cruz papers were silent on the subject of the vomito.

The revolutionary movement at Jalapa in favor of Santa Anna, had caused the Government considerable uneasiness. It was generally believed at Vera Cruz that Santa Anna was somewhere in Cuba.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

ON the 25th ult. the Lyons Woolen Mills in Monson, Mass., were totally destroyed by fire. The loss is about $50,000, mostly covered by insurance.

THE axle factory and machine shop of C. Hotchkiss & Son, in Westville, Conn., was accidentally set on fire on the afternoon of the 25th ult., and completely destroyed, together with a large quantity of valuable machinery, tools and property.—The loss will probably reach $10,000, on which there was about $8,000 insurance.

THE Scale and Safe Factory of Biers & Bro., St. Louis, was destroyed by fire on the 31st ult. Loss $20,000.

ON the evening of the 29th ult. a fire broke out in the bedstead, extension-table and crib manufactory of Wood & Haskall, 479 River street, corner of Hutton, Troy. The building was of brick, four stories. The lower stories were probably occupied with heavy machinery, and the upper stories were the work-shops, varnish rooms, &c. The fire originated in the second story, and spread rapidly to the stories above, consuming everything, leaving nothing but the bare walls of the building. A large amount of valuable stock, manufactured and partly finished, was in the upper stories. The basement, which contained the valuable machinery, escaped with only partial injury. Loss $5,000.

A DISPATCH from St. Pierre Miquelo, dated the 27th ult., states that the barque Monasco, of Warren, Me., from Guttenburg, for New York, was totally lost near Burin, New Foundland, on the 21st ult., together with fifty Swedish steerage passengers. The captain and his wife, the crew, and six passengers, were saved. The crew and the six passengers were landed at St. Pierre, and were sent on to New York in the brig Gilles, by the American Consul. The captain goes home via Sidney.

THE front wall of Monk & Glean's liquor store, in St. Louis, fell on the 1st inst., burying five persons in the ruins, and two of them will probably not recover from their injuries.

ABOUT one hundred tuns of the rock fell from the precipice at Goat Island, Niagara Falls, about 300 feet below the British Falls, on the 2d inst. Four persons were beneath it at the time. Three of them were hurt—G. W. Parsons, of Cleveland, it is feared, is fatally injured; F. G. Williams, of New Haven, had an arm broken; and a boy named Haney had a leg broken.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.—The Paterson N. J. *Guardian* mentions a dangerous counterfeit on the Morris County Bank. The bill (a five) is so well executed that it was taken by the cashier of one of the banks in that city. The imitation is so thorough that the plate will probably have to be destroyed.

Worthless bills on the old Wolfborough Bank of New Hampshire, are in circulation. The name of the present Bank at Wolfborough is the Lake Bank.

An altered bill of the Metacomet Bank of Fall River, Mass., has made its appearance. The denomination of one is changed to ten.

FROM THE WEST INDIES.—A planter in Barbadoes calculates the excess of the value of the sugar crop of that island this year over that of the last, owing to the advance in the price, at not less than $750,000. There were disturbances at Dominica, arising out of public dissatisfaction at the legislation on the subject of rum duty. The Governor had been requested to dissolve the Assembly, but declined. Riots ensued, and some blood was spilt. At St. Vincent the cane crop, already reaped, reached ten thousand hogsheads.

STEAM COMMUNICATION.—Private advices from England, received at Halifax, state that the Home Government has guaranteed £3,000 per annum, in addition to the £7,000 given by the Province, to aid in the establishment of steam communication between England and St. Johns, N. F. It is contemplated to run a steamer fortnightly by arrangement with the North Atlantic Steamship Co., thus giving the Provinces, in connection with the trips of the Cunard steamers, a mail from Liverpool weekly.

ALLEGED FRAUDS AT THE PHILADELPHIA MINT.—The officers at the Mint at Philadelphia are charged by the Times of that city with making the new cent of deficient weight. The standard is seventy-two grains, Troy. Some of them fall short as much as four grains, which, on one hundred dollars, would amount to about five dollars and a half. The same paper suggests that a similar process in the gold and silver coinage is within the range of possibility.

Items of News.

THE Patent Office has received three thousand applications for patents within the last six months, and has issued about half that number. The income of the office during that time has been about $116,000, and its expenditures about $8,000 less.

Three large cargoes of oil from the South Pacific are expected at Panama to be transported over the Panama Railroad, and thus avoid the tedious and perilous passage around the boisterous region of Cape Horn.

POTATOES are selling in Cincinnati at 25 cents a bushel. The Cleveland Herald says that it heard on Saturday of an offer to contract to deliver one thousand bushels at twenty cents in digging time.

AN English paper informs us that it costs as much per annum to support the family of Prince Albert, as it does to support *forty thousand families* of workingmen!

BRIBERY at elections in England seems reduced to a system. Mr. Monckton Milnes, a poet by chance and a Senator by election, very naively states that so accustomed had his constituents been to bribes that they had sent lawyers' letters threatening him with prosecution if he did not remit them their usual allowance of £3 per vote, by return of post.

THE Postmaster General has awarded the contract for furnishing stamped envelops to G. F. Nesbitt, New York, as the lowest bidder, having reference to the quality of samples and prices.—Mr. Nesbitt is the present contractor.

MRS. MARGARET GILSON died in Procterville, Vt., on the 17th inst., at the advanced age of ninety-two years. Mrs. Gilson was on a visit to Charleston on the day the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. She was then ten years of age.

THERE will be ten Opposition Deputies in the French Chambers, if all elected take the oath and their seats. But it is intimated that Cavignac and several others will refuse to swear allegiance to a Government which was founded upon the ruins of the Republic. The demonstration made by the Republicans in the recent election, has alarmed the Napoleonists.

THE total export of gold from San Francisco for the first half of 1857, amounted to $22,742,589—showing a decrease of $472,322 as compared with the first half year of 1855. The tunnage also show a falling off, the whole freight charges show a decrease of more than a million of dollars. The net gain of population during the past six months has been only 4,295, more than one-half of which is made up by Chinamen.

DURING a late thunder storm at Greenville, S. C., the lightning struck a mill, knocking over two negroes who were at work in it. As soon as they regained their feet, the first exclamation of one of them, in great surprise, was, "*Who fire dat gun?*"

NEARLY sixty of the scattered remnants of Walker's fillibuster army in Nicaragua, were landed in Boston on the 29th ult., by the U. S. ship Cyane. They are penniless, ragged, homeless and friendless.

THE *Alta California* suggests that the next 5th of September should be observed throughout the United States as the centennial anniversary of Lafayette's birth, he having been born Sept. 5, 1757.

A CEMETERY for foreign seamen, who die in the port of New York, has just been prepared at an expense of $15,000, two-thirds of which sum was contributed by the merchants of New York, and the remainder was appropriated by Congress.

MRS. BINNEY, wife of a school teacher connected with the Methodist Missions in the Feejee Islands, has written a book for the Feejees in their native tongue, and is now translating the Pilgrim's Progress into Feejeean.

ONE of the few, the immortal names not born to die, is, evidently, Smith. It is stated that in England and Wales, every year, 5,588 Smiths are born, 4,044 die, and 3,005 Smiths, determined to preserve the Smith family from extinction, do marry.

A MAN in Chicago, who fell into a cellar which the owner of the building had left unguarded, has obtained a verdict against the city of $15,000 damages. The city will endeavor to recover the amount of the owner of the property.

NEAL DOW, the author of the Maine Law, is being enthusiastically received by the people of England. The Alliance Weekly News says that 14,000 persons assembled at Pradshaw Crag to hear him advocate Prohibition.

THE Montreal City Council have appropriated £100 to defray the expense of entertaining the members of the Scientific Convention at a *Soiree* or *Conversazione* on one of the nights of their stay in Montreal.

THE Leavenworth *Times* of the 25th ult. states that the present population of Kansas, as ascertained by the census just taken by authority of the Free State Legislature, exceeds 70,000. No Territory ever before had so rapid a growth.

ACCIDENTS BY THE MOWING MACHINES.—Those of our farmers who use the mowing or reaping machines must needs be careful, lest they receive serious injury. Dr. Loring, near Boston, had his foot severed from his leg by a mower the other day. A similar accident occurred in Warren county, Ohio, last week. Mr. Joseph McGraff was cut through the calf and bone of one of his legs, by a reaper in the way of which he carelessly got. At Joilet, Ill., last week, Mr. Leach had his right leg cut off by a mower, and Mr. Aaron Lever, a farmer in Coles county, had his leg cut off a little above the ankle on Thursday last by a similar machine.

HOW FAR CAN LIGHTNING BE SEEN?—A correspondent of the Adrian Expositor "figures up" as follows, in answering the question:—"How far can lightning be seen?" "At half-past nine o'clock on Sabbath evening, I observed lightning, low in the horizon, due west. The light was quite bright, but no thunder was heard. A gentleman who came from Chicago on Monday morning, informed me that at that hour a heavy thunder storm was in progress in that city, no signs of which were seen this side of the head of Lake Michigan. So lightning can be seen at least two hundred miles."

News Clippings.

— There are 61,000 Indians in California.

— There are eight Congregational churches in Kansas.

— The population of Belleville, C. W., is said to be 7,000.

— They are going to try to sow cotton in the Sandwich Islands.

— Stephen, the famous guide of the Mammoth Cave, Ky., is dead.

— Mules were selling in Minnesota, at from $350 to $500 per pair.

— Green corn was exhibited in Louisville, Ky., on the 18th ult.

— New York spends daily $10,000 for cigars and $8,500 for bread.

— An investigation is in progress in Cincinnati to detect poisoned liquor.

— C. L. Dunham, of Jackson, Ind., has 550 acres of land planted with corn.

— Hon. Eli Thayer is addressing the people of Virginia, on Free Labor, &c.

— Subscriptions are being raised to build a home for the veteran soldiers of 1812.

— About seven thousand business men in Boston reside in the neighboring towns.

— Five different methods of plowing by steam are now in operation in England.

— The wife of ex-Post-Master General Campbell, died at Philadelphia, on the 31st ult.

— A new life preserver has been introduced into use at Quebec, costing but fifty cents.

— Late New Brunswick papers report a large catch of codfish at the banks, this season.

— An inexhaustible supply of borax has been found in Clear Lake, Napa Co., California.

— A monstrous bear, weighing about 400 pounds, was killed near Depere, Wis., last week.

— J. T. Rathbun, of Albany, has donated property worth $25,000 to the Rochester University.

— It is estimated that Mayor Wood's resistance to the new Police law will cost over $150,000.

— Rev. Dr. Kirk, now in Paris, is expected to resume his pastoral labors in Boston, October next.

— The largest number of whaleships in the world are sent out by Nantucket and New Bedford.

— The white population of Oregon Territory is stated by the Oregon papers at from 40,000 to 45,000.

— Lady Franklin's new expedition to the Arctic regions, was to sail on the 1st inst., from Aberdeen.

— Lewis Rutskay, a nephew of Kossuth, graduated at Union College, Schenectady, on the 22d ult.

— The new light-house in course of construction at Minot's Ledge, it is said will cost $1,000,000.

— Louisana papers say that the sugar crop promises to be very large' it looks splendidly everywhere.

— The American Institute is to commence its annual fair on the 15th of Sept., at the Crystal Palace.

— A writer in Blackwood's Magazine recommends that the British Colonies be represented in Parliament.

— The fillibuster managers deny the reports from the South of another expedition against Central America.

— The cholera is raging fearfully in St. Petersburgh, Russia. At last accounts, the deaths exceeded 70 a day.

— The receipts of the different religious and benevolent societies of London the past year, amounted $5,000,000.

— The number of locomotives running in the United States, says the American Engineer, is probably over 9,000.

— Within the borders of the United States are 80,000 schools, 5,000 academies, 334 colleges and 3,800 churches.

— Col. Hughes, of the engineer corps at Washington, has been appointed Superintendent of the Capitol Extension.

— In Philadelphia there is a widow lady who has twenty-five children, all living at home, and none of them married.

— At Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, there is a cabinet inlaid with pearl that once belonged to Peregrine White, the first Yankee.

— Two prizes of $25,000, have been offered in England, for the best model design for the monument to Lord Wellington.

— An apparently inexhaustible quantity of blue granite, according to the Superior Chronicle, has been found near Superior.

— There have been 55,676 persons altogether buried in Greenwood Cemetery since its opening. It is truly a "city of the dead."

— The government papers in Paris have received notice to suspend their discussion on the question of the Isthmus of Suez.

— Large quantities of excellent guano have been found on Elide Island, Lower California. It has been tested at San Francisco.

— The class of 1807, in Yale College, held their fifty years' meeting, last week. There are said to be 26 survivors of the class.

— Our Buffalo cotemporaries are discussing the propriety and necessity of introducing steam tugs on the canal to tow the boats.

— The steam fire engine in Boston has been sold, as not proving efficient. The Railway Times says it was because it could not vote.

— A dispatch to the Secretary of War, from Fort Snelling, Min., declares that the Sioux Indians have yielded, and are now quiet.

— The State House for South Carolina, commenced at Columbia, is to be of pure white marble, and to cost two million of dollars.

— It is reported from Washington that the Secretary of State is now occupied with the settlement of the New Grenada difficulty.

— There are 647 prisoners in the Ohio penitentiary, the greatest number ever known to be confined within the walls at any one time.

— The oldest living graduate of Harvard University is said to be the Rev. Jacob Norton, of Billerica. He belongs to the class of 1776.

— Intelligence from Texas by the Southern mail says the yield of wheat is immense. The accounts of the cotton crop are conflicting.

— Drudge whisky to the amount of 67,000 gallons per day is manufactured in and about New York city, using up 17,000 bushels of grain.

— The foreign emigration for this year already amounts to nearly 100,000, being 40,000 increase over the arrivals in the same period last year.

— Complaints are made in the New York papers of the manner in which the Session Laws are published. The Index is said to be valueless.

— The Cleveland Herald says that it heard on the 25th ult., an offer to contract to deliver 1,000 bush. of potatoes at 20 cents, in digging time.

— It is said Bunker Hill Monument may be seen on a clear day with a good glass from Monadnock, in Jaffrey, N. H., about eighty miles distant.

— A praiseworthy effort is being made in Boston to clothe the destitute children, in order that they may not be ashamed to attend the public schools.

— Six hundred cords of wood, worth $1,000, belonging to the Lenox Furnace Company, were destroyed by fire on Washington Mountain, Mass., on the 26th ult.

— John Barnett has been a passenger conductor on the Boston and Lowell Road for twenty-two years, and never has had a passenger under his care killed.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Europa.

THE R. M. Steamship Europa left Liverpool at three o'clock in the afternoon on the 18th ult, and arrived at Halifax on the 29th.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Commons, Mr. Roebuck moved resolutions reprobatory of the Persian war. He supported his motion in a bitter speech. Lord Palmerston replied, and the resolution was rejected—38 against 352.

Lord Brougham moved for an address, praying the Queen to discountenance all measures tending to promote the Slave Trade. Lord Clarendon said the Government would not hesitate to use the power vested in it to stop the trade. Lord John Russell asked, but failed to get the Government to give up a day, for the consideration of a new bill he proposed to introduce, providing for the admission of the Jews to Parliament. He then asked leave to bring in a bill on the subject; but after a protracted and noisy debate the House adjourned without action.

It was supposed that Parliament would be prorogued in about a fortnight or three weeks.

The British Government intends sending to India a steam squadron, and a considerable force of artillery by the most rapid conveyances at hand; and in addition to the troops already mentioned, the force which had been appropriated for the Chinese operations had all been intercepted and ordered for the service in India. This force is to be compensated for in China by a battalion of Marines to be despatched to Hong Kong without delay.

The London Times, in an article on Hon. W. L. Marcy's privateering letter, which it calls a bold and comprehensive proposal, expresses regret that England did not acquiesce at once with the suggestions therein made.

The shipping of the Trans-Atlantic Cable on board the Agamemnon was to be finished on the day of the sailing of the Europa. The Niagara had over one thousand miles of cable on board, and the shipping of it would be finished on the following week. Continued tests of the coil are very satisfactory, and at Cork, whence the vessels would sail about August, experiments will be made throughout the whole length of the cable. Insurances had been effected on the safe laying of the cable at rates varying from ten per cent. upwards; but many stockholders were sanguine enough to prefer running their own risks. Prince Napoleon visited and inspected the U. S. frigate Niagara on the 17th inst.; and in return Capt. Hudson was entertained on the imperial yacht.

FRANCE.—The poet Beranger is dead.

The French Police, according to a letter in the *Nord* of Brussels, continue to display the greatest activity, in their researches after all the Italians suspected of having taken part in the late conspiracy, about 30 of them having been arrested at Marseilles and on the frontiers.

Complete returns of the supplementary elections in France show the election of eleven Opposition Deputies in all.

The harvest prospects throughout France were most cheering. In some places the reaping was over.

The *Moniteur* publishes the returns of the indirect revenue of France for the first six months of this year. They display an increase of no less than 26,285,000 francs over the corresponding period of last year.

SPAIN.—The Madrid correspondent of the London Times, says that Lafrangua had a final interview with Senor Fidal on the Mexican question, and intimated that the result was probably unsatisfactory, and that Lafrangua would probably depart from Spain.

The Spanish semi-official journal says:—"Our Government occupies itself at this moment with the important Mexican question, and proofs will be seen that Spain is enduring only till she is wounded in her national honor. To this end it is said two war steamers are about to sail from Cadiz for Havana, taking out instructions for General Concha from the Government; also conveying more troops and materials of war for the expedition against Mexico, which Spain will inevitably undertake unless she receives full satisfaction from that Republic.

ITALY.—It is asserted that the recent revolutionary movements were planned in London, and therefore that the Italian court, backed by Austria and France, was about to protest against the asylum which England affords to these refugees.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., report breadstuffs dull and slightly declining. Flour declined 1s. Western canal 30s@31s. Philadelphia and Baltimore 31s; Ohio 32s@32s 6d. Wheat dull and 2d lower. Some circulars say 2d@3d lower. Red wheat 8s6d@9s4d; white 9s4d@9s10d. Corn quiet. Mixed and yellow 38s@38s6d; white scarce. Sales at 40s@42s. The crops give promise of an abundant yield.

Bigland, Athya & Co., Jas. McHenry & Co., and others, report pork dull. Lard dull, and quotations nominal.—Sales at 67s@67s6d.

London.—Baring Bro's. report wheat dull and declining—3d lower. Flour dull at 27s@31s. Coffee heavy, at a decline of 1s. Sugar heavy, and 1s6d lower. Teas—all qualities declined ½d@1d; the larger declined being in fair qualities.

ANOTHER INCIDENT OF THE "MONTREAL" DISASTER.—Some time since six young men bid farewell to the lasses who had won their hearts amid Scotia's heather, and sought America, in hope of being better able to prepare for wedded life.—They located at Chicago, where the remembrance of their "bonnie Annie Lauries" inspired them to persevering exertions, till fortune at last so favored them that they sent home to Scotland the information that they were anxious to see their betrothed, and accompanied the message with a remittance to pay their passage. The girls came over the ocean in the same vessel, and arrived in safety at Quebec. Thence they embarked on a river steamer to continue their journey down the St. Lawrence. That steamer was the ill-fated Montreal, and of the six betrothed maidens, five found either fiery or watery graves. The sixth—Miss Jeanette Pettigrew—was taken up for drowned and only by faithful and persistent attention her life was saved. All her worldly possessions were gone, but kind-hearted women at Montreal supplied her abundantly, when they heard her affecting story. Eventually she reached her destination, and in a late number of the Chicago *Tribune* there is chronicled the marriage of Mr. Adam Tate, of Chicago, to Miss Jeanette Pettigrew. He alone reaped the reward of his long exertions; and at the wedding there were present two of the other five young men whose feelings, when they contrasted the happiness of their friend with their own bereaved condition, must have been sad.

POISONED HAY.—A farmer in Ashtabula, Ohio, complains that he has lately lost seven head of cattle by their eating poisoned hay. It appears that the poison is in the form of ergot, a smutty excrescence, which grows on the June grass. It grows as it does on rye, in the shape of a diseased and enlarged seed of dark color, varying from the size of a wheat-grain, to three-fourths of an inch long.—*Ex.*

[SPECIAL NOTICE]

SENECA COUNTY HORSE FAIR.

THE Committee announce a Fair to be held at Waterloo on the Maple Grove Track, on the 25th, 26th and 27th of August, with the same premiums on stock as advertised in the RURAL of May 30, to which are added the following increased premiums on Horses for speed:

Best pair matched trotting horses,	$30 00
2d " " " "	20 00
Rocking in Harness best 2 in 3	40 00
Trot, Saddles, best 3 in 5	40 00
Trot, Harness, " 3 in 5—for horses that have never trotted for any money	50 00
Trot, in harness, Stallions, best 3 in 5	75 00
Trot, in Harness best 3 in 5—open to Horses that have never trotted for over $100 in Purse or Stake	100 00
Trot, in Harness, best 3 in 5—open to all except the winning Horse of first day	200 00

This Fair is open to Horses from the States and Canada—Horses for exhibition must be entered before 4 o'clock of the first day. Judges will enter on the discharge of their duties at 2 o'clock of the first day.

First Day—Trotting in Harness, best 3 in 5, for purse of $100, at 4 o'clock. Open to any horse that never has trotted for stake or purse over $100.

Second Day—Continuation and conclusion of examinations; Matched Trotting; Trotting for green Horses and Rocking.

Third Day—Trot Saddle, for Purse of $30, Grand Trot in Harness, best 3 in 5, (open to all except the winning horse of first day,) for purse of $240, and declaration of Premiums.

Premiums not claimed by the first of September, will be forfeited.

Entry fee for Horses competing for Premiums, will be one dollar each. Entry fee for Matched Trotting $4. Entry fee for Purses 10 per cent of amount of Purse.

No Premium will be awarded to an unsound horse, or horse of inferior merit.

The general direction of the Exhibition, and the Decision in all matters of dispute, will be confided to HENRY WAGER, Esq., Westerneville, Oneida Co., N. Y.

The proper award and prompt payment of Premiums, are guaranteed by the Committee of Arrangements.

JOSEPH WRIGHT, Chairman.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, Aug. 4, 1857

FLOUR—Under Eastern advices Flour has fallen off 12½@25c per barrel on all grades, and transactions are limited.

GRAIN—Wheat, Canadian and Genesee, has met a decline of 2c per bushel. Barley brings $1@1,12½—the latter price is given by Seedsmen for their trade. Oats and Corn as last quoted

PROVISIONS—Pork has advanced $2 per bbl., heavy being worth $25—New York State only brings this extreme price.—New Potatoes are selling at $1@1,25 and are coming in freely last year's product not offering.

HAY is still falling off $7@11 being the range. An occasional load brings $12. We do not think that it will remain at present figures longer than for a few weeks—until that for which farmers cannot provide cover is disposed of. The market is well supplied at present.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	12c
Flour, bbl	$7,00@8,50	Candles, box	12½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,85@1,88	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada	$1,85@1,88	Apples bushel	$1,50@1,75
Corn	58c	Do dried	$2,00@2,25
Oats	0@36c	Potatoes	$1@1,25
Barley	$1,00@1,12½	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Rockwheat	65@88c	Slaughter	@6c
Beans	$1,50@2,00	Calf	00@10c
Peas	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	$1,50@1,75
MEATS		Lamb do	00@50c
Pork, Mess	$24,00@25,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$5,00@6,00	Clover bushel	$7,00@7,50
Beef, ⅌ cwt	$5,75@6,00	Timothy	$4,00@4,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	13½@14½c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	@11½c	Coal, Lehigh	$8@8,25
Chickens	11@12c	Do. Scranton	$7@7,25
Turkeys	10@12½	Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$7,25@7,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	16@17c	Salt, bbl	$1,00@1,45
Do. firkin	13@16c	Hay, ton	$7@11
Cheese	8½@9½c	Wool, ⅌ lb.	30@40c
Lard, tried	00@15½c	White fish, bbl	$11,75
Tallow	10c	Codfish ⅌ quintal	$5,00@5,25
Eggs, dozen	17@18c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—Flour—The flour market is 5c better, with a fair Eastern trade. Stock small. Sales at $5,25@5,50 for common to choice super State; $5,70@6,00 for extra do; $6,10@6,50 for super Western; $5,30@7 for common to medium extra Michigan, Indiana Illinois and Wisconsin; the market closing buoyant. Canadian flour firm; sales at $5,35@5,60 for super; $5,75@8 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat drooping. Sales at 140c for Milwaukee club, 161c mixed Canada; 182c for very handsome white do—an outside price; 172c now red Southern; 185c new white do. Rye quiet at 110@113c. Corn—sales mixed Western at 86½@88½c for corn to prime. Oats in fair demand at 60@61c for State; 64@66c for Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork a shade firmer. Sales at $21,32@24,25 for mess; $19,50 for prime. Butter at 16@20c for Western; 16@20c for State. Cheese firm at 6@7½c.

BUFFALO, Aug. 3.—Flour—Market rules inactive, but steady. Sales since Saturday noon at $5,62@5,75 for extra Ohio; including favorite extra do at $5,75, and double extra Wisconsin at $7,50.

GRAIN—Wheat inactive, dull and lower. Sales Saturday afternoon, white Indiana at $1,75. Milwaukee club in bulk is offered at a reduction from former quotations. Corn lower; sales this morning on the spot at 73½c. Oats firm; sales at 62c. Rye dull; sales at $1,08.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 29.—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality, 11½@11¾c; Ordinary, 10½@11c.; Common, 10@10½c.; Inferior, 9@9½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $58@60; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $28@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6½@7c.; Other qualities, 5@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, 5@6c; Other qualities, 3@4½c.

SWINE—First quality, 7½@8c.; Other qualities, 7¼@7½c.

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 29.—At market 470 Cattle, 350 Beeves, & 120 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,25@9,50; First quality, $8,50@8,75; second quality, $8,00@8,25; third quality, $6,50@7,00; ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$90 to $200.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40, 50@60.

YEARLINGS—$16@18. Two years old, $25@30. Three years old, $38@45.

VEAL CALVES—$5, 3@10 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2163 at market. Prices—In lots, $2,00, 3,00@3,75 each. Extra and selections, $4@4,50.

HIDES—7½@8c. ⅌ lb. Tallow 7½@8c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—25c@$2 each. Calf Skins 14@15c. ⅌ lb.

SWINE—700 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8c. ⅌ lb. Dressed hogs, 9@9½c Spring pigs 8¾c ⅌ lb.

BRIGHTON, JULY 30.—At market 1100 Beef Cattle, 130 Stores, 6 pairs Working Oxen, 75 Cows and Calves, 2000 Sheep and Lambs, 325 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $9,50; first quality, $9,00@8,75; second, $8,00; third, $6,75; ordinary, $5,00.

HIDES—7½@8c. Tallow, 7½@8c.

PELTS—25c@$2,00. Calf Skins, 14@15c ⅌ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$16@6 apiece

WORKING OXEN—No sales.

COWS AND CALVES—$21, 28, 31, 36@40.

YEARLINGS $15@18. Two years old, $30@37. Three years old, $38@45.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $4, 4,50@4,75. In lots $2,37, 2,50@3.

SWINE—Retail, 8@12c Shoats, 8c. Spring pigs, 10c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 29.—The demand for all kinds, both Native and Foreign, is fully equal to the supply, and prices are gradually gaining strength, and are now nearly, if not fully, as high as last March. And the markets throughout the interior are comparatively higher than here even; this is a state of things, which few, if any in the trade, were prepared for; and although all efforts were resorted to by those interested to lower the price they proved utterly futile; in some sections of the West an advance of 1c ⅌ lb has obtained on the high rates of last year even, and the average advance will probably amount to 3c.—Sales of Domestic fleeces aggregate 130,000 lbs in lots, at from 40c up to 60c, as to quality, the latter rate for extra and full blood; and 30,000 lbs pulled at from 39c up to 50c, for low No. 1 and extra country; some low unwashed Missouri fleeces sold at 30@36c. Foreign continues in good demand and prices tend upward; the stock is becoming reduced, and nothing but high rates will bring forward supplies, so long as prices rule so high abroad; sales of some 100 bales Smyrna washed for the week at 28c; 40 do Banhnry at 27c, 6 mos; 70 do Mestizo, and 65 do East India on private terms. We quote:

American Saxony Fleeces, ⅌ lb	48@60
American Full-blood Merino	45@51
American ¾ and ⅝ Merino	40@47
American Native and ¼ do	37@43
Pulled Wool, extra Country	46@52
Pulled Wool, super	37@45
Pulled Wool, No. 1	30@37
California Fine, Washed	15@40
Do. Com. Unwashed	17@20
Peruvian, Washed	35@39
Valparaiso, Unwashed	21@22
South American, Rom. Washed	16@24
South American, Entre Rios, Washed	17@24
South American Unwashed	12@16
South American, Cordova, Washed	27@30
East India, Washed	27@35
African, Unwashed	11@15
African, Washed	18@25
Smyrna, Unwashed	15@17
Smyrna, Washed	30@32
Mexican, Unwashed	15@18

[*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, July 29.—New fleece comes along more freely, but the receipts are quite small for the season. Sales of 75,000 lbs fleece and pulled at full previous prices. The demand for foreign wool has been quite active, with sales of 665 bales Cape, 450,000 lbs Chilian, and 655 bales Mediterranean, South American and other kinds at various prices, as to quality:

Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, ⅌ lb., 57@60c.; Full Blood Merino, 50@55c.; Three-quarters do., 48@50c.; Half do., 42@45c.; Common, 35@40c; Superfine, 44@48c.; Pulled extra, 48@50c.; Do. No 1, 34@36c.; Smyrna Washed, 28@30c.; Smyrna Unwashed, 20@22c.; Mexican, 17@19c.; Buenos Ayres 32@50c.; Barbary Washed, 20@22c.

WOOL IN OHIO.—From the most reliable information which can be procured from persons who traveled through the wool-growing districts of the State, the dealers are satisfied that the aggregate clip of this year will exceed that of 1856 by three millions of pounds. A large part if not all of the wool has now passed from the farmers to the merchants, and a considerable portion into the hands of the buyers for the New York market and Eastern manufactories. The prices paid for the greater portion of the wool crop range from 40 to 50c, and in some of the best districts 55@60c have been paid. We are informed that one buyer in this city has in store, in Licking Co., over 200,000 lbs, which cost over 50c ⅌ lb. The amount of cash distributed in the State for wool, this year, will exceed $600,000. The State has become the leading wool-growing one in the Union.—Besides the increase in the number of fleeces, the shearing occurred a month later this year than last, and the increase of the growth of wool during this time affords an increase of 8⅌ cent to the clip. Buyers are confident that the supply of wool in the country will fall far short of the demand, and the prices cannot recede. This seems probable, as the territory in which wool is raised has been, of late years, narrowed to the Western States, with which the Eastern could not compete; while the consumption has increased, the Eastern States have abandoned the competition, and left Ohio to furnish the best wools now grown.—The counties of Stark, Wayne, Holmes, Licking, Franklin, and others in the centre of the State, are now as famous for their fine wool as they formerly were for their great crops of wheat.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer, July 24.*

WOOL IN ILLINOIS AND THE WEST.—The clip of this State and Wisconsin, has passed out of the growers' into the buyers' hands, although it has not all been forwarded for shipment. The much larger portion which has come to this market or which has been purchased on account of our dealers, has already passed into the hands of buyers for the New York and Boston markets, or Eastern manufacturers, not over 200 bales being in store. From most reliable information we can gather, we are confident that the aggregate wool clip of this and adjoining States will show a handsome increase over any other season.—Besides the increase in the number of fleeces, the shearing occurred a month later this year than last, and the increase of the growth of wool during this time affords an increase of 8⅌ cent to the ordinary clip. Buyers are confident that the supply of wool in the country will fall far short of the demand; and that prices cannot recede.—*Chicago Democrat, Aug 1.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance.* Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

ANY PERSON wishing to Buy, Sell or Exchange a Farm, will save time and money by writing particulars and enclosing stamp to FARM AGENCY, Cincinnati, O. 396w2eow

INFORMATION WANTED—Of the whereabouts of DENNIS COKELEY, formerly employed in the Tobacco Factory of GRIFFITH & SONS, of Rochester, N. Y. Address
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IMPORTANT TO TEACHERS.—The AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE supplies School's and Academies with competent Teachers. All wishing employment should address
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JOSEPH P. SHAW,
MUSIC PUBLISHER AND DEALER IN PIANO FORTES, Melodeons, and other Musical Instruments, at manufacturers' prices, No 104 State St., Rochester, N. Y. 396tf

THE ORIENTAL HORSE CHARMER.
THIS VALUABLE LITTLE WORK ON THE HORSE, comprising the Arabian Art of Taming the wildest horse or colt, will be mailed to any part of the United States for 25 cents—six copies for $1. Address C. J ELDRIDGE,
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NURSERY FOR SALE.
HAVING MADE ARRANGEMENTS TO LOCATE West and change my business, I offer my Nursery at *one half its value*—it covers about 30 acres of ground, and consists of 3 to 4 hundred thousand trees of different varieties.
Will rent or sell the Land as desired.
JAMES M. TAYLOR, Commercial Nurseries,
Syracuse, Aug. 1, 1857. 394tf Syracuse, N Y.

SPLENDID FARM FOR SALE.
A FARM OF 640 ACRES AT GOODING'S GROVE, 26½ miles S. W. from Chicago, prairie and timber, house, barn, orchards, 160 acres fenced, a portion under plow, and seeded.—Will be sold, including 200 sheep, 100 head of cattle good breeding mares; also, the farm tools and machinery, at a very *low price* and on accommodating terms. For particulars address
H. C. WHITE, at office of Moore's Rural New-Yorker,
Aug. 8, 1857 396 Rochester, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.
THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE HIS FARM, situated in Friendship, three miles from that Station on the New York and Erie Railroad. It contains one hundred and eighty acres, of which eighty are well improved, the balance well covered with beech, maple, oak and chestnut timber, suitable for staves, fencing and fire wood and some white pine for building, for all of which there is a good market. On it are a good story and a half house, two barns and out buildings, a durable stream crosses the farm, besides springs and a good well at the house. An orchard with a good variety of grafted fruit is bearing, such as apples, pears, cherries and plums. The farm is as well adapted to dairying as any in the town, near a good market, and within fifty rods of school. I will sell the above for ready pay at a very low rate. For further particulars address at Friendship Allegany Co., N. Y.
August 8, 1857. WILLIAM H. BRITTON.

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500 GOOD AND TRUE MEN!
WHO HAVE HAD EXPERIENCE OR ARE DESIROUS to learn how to be successful Book Agents; $500 to $2,000 per year may be made, clear of all expenses.
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Of all the Newest and best Varieties.
New Sorts *at $1 per dozen, $3 per hundred.*
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Standard Sorts *at 50 cents per dozen, $2 per hundred.*

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Particular attention is paid to packing the plants in such a manner that they may be sent any distance by Railroad or Express. Orders addressed to the subscriber will meet with prompt attention. C. W. SHELTS,
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In several departments our stock is superior to that offered by any similar establishment. The articles noted in our Catalogues are offered on the most advantageous terms, to which we refer for particulars and descriptions. The following Catalogues will be furnished to applicants who enclose one cent stamp to prepay each.
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" 2.—Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c.
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All communications to be addressed to
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STANDARD AND DWARF FRUIT TREES of all kinds.
SMALL FRUITS, embracing the finest Currants, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, Strawberries, &c., &c.
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Nurseries, &c., dealt with on the most liberal terms, and nobleman's orders attended to with the greatest care. Packing done in the most thorough and skillful manner, and with the best materials.
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No. 3—Catalogue of Dahlias, Green House and Bedding Plants
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No 5.—Supplemental Catalogue of Fruits.
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SMALL FRUITS,
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We solicit orders for the above and all other Nursery articles, and pledge ourselves to give them our best attention.
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☞ See other advertisement.
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The *great work unabridged.* If you are too poor, save the amount from off your back, to put it into your head."—*Phrenological Journal.*
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TUITION AND OTHER EXPENSES.
In English $3 to $6; Classical, Hebrew, French, German, $5 to $7; Piano, Guitar, Thorough Bass, Harmony, $10 to $15; Vocal Music and Cultivation of Voice, $13; Pencilling, Grecian, Theorem, Oriental and Monochromatic Painting, $3 to $5; Transferring on Glass, Wax Flowers and Fruit, $4 to $6; French and Silk Embroidery, Needle Work, Papier Mache and Inlaying of Pearl, $4 to $5; Oil Painting, $10 Board and Room rent, $2 to $3 per week. Total annual expenses, $150 to $200.
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SUPERIOR YOUNG PIGS OF THIS BREED, single or in pairs; sired by two boars imported last autumn; winners of the highest prizes at the Royal and Birmingham Shows, England, affording an entirely new cross. Address 395w3
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ALL PERSONS FEELING AN INTEREST IN THE *New Rochelle*, or **Lawton Blackberry**, are invited to visit our Grounds after about the 6th of August next, for the purpose of seeing the great bearing habit of the Plant, and also to taste the Fruit GEO. SEYMOUR & CO.,
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Choice Poetry.

[In the RURAL of July 4th, there appeared, as a selection, a poem entitled "The Magical Isle in the River of Time," purporting to be the production of a lady. Having since ascertained that a literary piracy had been committed, and that, in addition to the sin of appropriation, the beauties of the original had been marred, doubtless for the purpose of escaping detection, we give this week the genuine article. We hope the established reputation of the author will not interfere with nor overshadow the sprouting laurels of younger would-be-poets whose fame is yet to be achieved.—EDS.]

THE LONG AGO.

BY B. F. TAYLOR.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers, like buds between;
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of that Isle is the LONG AGO,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
They are heaps of dust,—but we *loved* them so!—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that *she* used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore,
By the Mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remember'd for aye, be the blessed Isle,
All the day of our life 'till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

Life's Lessons.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

EVA, THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY MRS MARY J. HOLMES.

THE pulpit at Ellingwood had long been filled by Parson C——, a white haired, aged man, who for thirty years had broken to his people the bread of life and whose palsied hand had sprinkled the baptismal water on many a youthful brow, which now in the better land, was encircled by a crown of never fading glory. But the old man's work was well nigh ended, and one Sabbath he told his congregation with quivering lips and streaming eyes that he could preach for them no longer.

And so a younger man, fresh from the University, was called to fill his place. Seldom before, or since, has the old stone church at Ellingwood been so densely crowded as it was on the first Sabbath after Mr. STANWOOD's arrival, for many strangers, besides those who had become somewhat disaffected under Parson C——'s administration, now came to hear the new minister. The large, velvet-cushioned pew of Widow BLISS, who lived with her four daughters of a certain age, in the big, white house on the hill-side, was again occupied, a thing which had not been for months, as the widow had taken offense at Parson C——, because he one Sabbath preached a sermon on *election*, in which he firmly believed, while on the next Sabbath he refused to preach one on Abolitionism, in which he also believed, but not exactly as Widow BLISS did, he thinking it just possible that there might now and then be a good Christian south of "Mason and Dixon's line," while Mrs. BLISS openly denounced them all.

As the lamented husband of the widow had borne the title of General, his lady thought herself of considerable consequence, and so, because she couldn't rule the church, she withheld her patronage, groaning over its wretched condition, while her eldest daughter, MATILDA, who went slip-shod and affected to be *literary*, wrote several newspaper articles touching the necessity of having for a minister "a man of *humanity*, a man of *common sense* and a man of GOD." But now a new era was dawning upon the *five Blisses*. Parson C—— had resigned his post, which was to be filled by a *young*, a *handsome*, and what was better than all, an *unmarried* man! This last was possibly the reason why, on the first Sabbath of Mr. STANWOOD's labors, there were in the congregation so many young ladies, and why MATILDA BLISS dressed herself with such unusual care, flourishing her gold pencil and sheet of foolscap so that Mr. STANWOOD might know she was taking notes of his sermon, which she pronounced to be "the most impressive, touching, and sublime discourse she had heard," and then, too, she knew he had a fine ear for music by the way he *scowled* "when JULIET LINDSEY screamed so loud in the gallery!"

Was there ever a choir of singers who did not quarrel more or less? If so, it was not the choir of Ellingwood, which as long as MATILDA BLISS led the van, were in a continual uproar. Besides being pitched on three flats, MATILDA'S voice had in it a slight *crack*, just big enough to let all the bad sounds out, while it resolutely kept all the good ones in. Of this, however, she was not in the least aware, and when her fellow singers made an effort to dislodge her from their ranks, there was war at once, the five Blisses, with a few others, heading one party, while every body else headed the other. The contest was a fierce one, but it ended in the removal of MATILDA and the installation in her place of JULIET LINDSEY, on whom the five Blisses ever after looked with evil eyes, the widow sometimes groaning audibly and dropping suddenly into her seat when JULIET, on purpose to tease her, poured out some of her loudest strains.

Once, as the people were leaving the church, MATILDA whispered to JULIET'S sister MARY, asking her "if her *grandmother* were not in the gallery that day."

"Grandma! Why no," exclaimed MARY, "What made you think so?"

"Oh," returned MATILDA, "I didn't turn round when they were singing, but I heard a voice which sounded so much like an *old woman's* that I thought, perhaps, JULIET was sick and your grandmother had taken her place!"—and with a feeling of relief the amiable lady walked away.

For a few months after this the pew of the Blisses was vacant, during which time there ensued a degree of quiet, and when they came again to church, the singing was of minor importance, as MATILDA had conceived the idea of becoming *Mrs.* STANWOOD. To accomplish this, the young minister, full ten years her junior, was each week invited to take tea at the "Mansion," as they termed their place of residence,—Mrs. BLISS and her other three daughters usually managing to leave him alone for some time with the learned MATILDA who spared no pains to impress him with a sense of her superior wisdom. Many of his books were borrowed, looked through, marked, and returned, always by MATILDA herself, who thus became a frequent visitor at his study, where she sometimes staid for hours, greatly to the annoyance of the young man, who grew fidgety under the infliction.

At last he one day left for the city of Elms, where, rumor said, there dwelt a dark-eyed girl, who would ere long come to Ellingwood as the clergyman's wife. But to this Mrs. BLISS was utterly incredulous. "*She* knew better,—Mr. STANWOOD would never have given so much encouragement to MATILDA, if he had been engaged to some one else;—it was all a sheer falsehood, and so they would find."

She changed her mind, however, when on the first Sabbath after Mr. STANWOOD'S return, he brought with him to church a pale, fragile creature, who leaned confidingly upon his arm, and then, the moment he left her, shrank like a startled fawn from the prying eyes which gazed so curiously upon her. She was very beautiful, too beautiful for the envious MATILDA, and forthwith from the mansion on the hill side open hostilities were declared against the neat cottage in the valley, where the young stranger, scarcely yet seventeen, first tried the mysteries of housekeeping, of which she was as ignorant as the merest child. Of course her mistakes were numerous and ludicrous, eliciting from that portion of the villagers who followed in the wake of the Blisses, many ill-natured remarks concerning herself and husband, the latter of whom was most severely censured for giving to his people a wife who knew no better than "to bake bread in the morning and throw it away at night."

In Ellingwood, which boasted many excellent housekeepers, who thought the scrubbing of a door, or the dusting of a chair, the chief end of women, to be ignorant of bread-making was, of course, a great fault, but it was soon forgotten in the more serious accusations brought against her by MATILDA BLISS, who said, "she was neither a *scholar* nor a *christian*." The former was proved by her declining to write for "The Young Ladies' Literary Society," saying, as an excuse, that "she had never written an article fit to be seen in her life." For the latter charge there was still more decisive proof, as she had more than once been heard to say that she thought there was no harm in occasionally *dancing* in one's own parlor, and that when at home she and her brother frequently amused themselves in this way between day-light and dark.

This was enough for the Blisses, and the next Sabbath their velvet-cushioned pew was again vacant, for they could not in conscience listen to a minister who would marry a woman that had no religion! There must be something wrong in *him*, and suddenly they remembered many things which they had seen, all of which proved that "he was not what he should be." The Blisses were not without their influence, which ere long began to manifest itself in the gradual dropping off of the members of Mr. STANWOOD'S congregation, some of whom went over to the Methodist, while others betook themselves to the parlors of the mansion, where every Sabbath an opposition meeting was held, the zealous MATILDA usually leading and praying long and loud for "victory over her enemies."

To a sensitive nature like Mrs. STANWOOD'S this state of things was exceedingly annoying, for she felt that in some way she was the cause of it, and at length her health, always delicate, began to fail. She was the last of five beautiful sisters, who one by one had fallen victims to that great New England destroyer, consumption. In her case, as in theirs, there were no weary days and nights of pain and watching, but a gradual undermining of the well-springs of life. From the first Mr. STANWOOD had foreseen the result. He knew there was death in her veins, and that sooner or later his fireside would be desolate and she would be gone; so when the storm without rolled its angry surges over and around him, he cared but little if he only shielded her from its force. But this he could not do, for she saw everything which was passing, and day by day the light in her blue eye grew brighter and brighter, while the hectic bloom upon her cheek took a deeper hue.

And all this time she came among the people as of old;—not a Sabbath was she missed from church until one morning in the Indian Summer time, when there was heard in Ellingwood the tolling bell, and as they counted *seventeen*, they wondered who had gone. Half an hour after there came to them the startling news that EVA STANWOOD was dead—that she died in the night with no one near but her husband! It was true. EVA was dead, and the next day towards the hour of sunset the stone church was filled to its utmost capacity, and among those present none sobbed louder or hung over the lifeless form more tenderly than did MATILDA BLISS! Possibly remorse might have touched her hard heart, but few had charity enough to think so. The grief, however, of the other members, who had strayed so far away, was more sincere, and around young EVA'S coffin many who had been estranged, grasped the friendly hand and mingled together their tears of sorrow.

It was terrible to witness the anguish of the pastor, which was not manifest in any loud outbreak of feeling, but was visible in every lineament of his face,—in the spasmodic quivering of his white lips, and in the low, bitter moans of agony, which had in them the tones of a broken heart, as he bowed his manly head and wept over her he had called his for the brief space of a year. They buried her on a sunny slope, and from her early grave came more than one lesson of good to the inhabitants of Ellingwood. At first they feared lest their pastor should leave them, but "EVA'S grave was there," he said, "and he would rather remain." So he staid, and from that time forth scarcely one was missing from his congregation, and when he saw how united in mind and heart they were, he felt that through his afflictions good had come to them, and that EVA had not died in vain.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

OWLS look wiser than eagles, and many a sheepskin passes for chamois.

WE can fish little out of the river Lethe that has not first been thrown in it.

IN trifles, infinitely clearer than great deeds, actual character is displayed.

IF we get knowledge into our minds edgewise, it will soon find room to turn.

THE intelligent have a right over the ignorant—the right of instructing them.

TRAITS of character which you seek to conceal, you had better seek to reform.

IT is a noble species of revenge to have the power of severe retaliation, and not to exercise it.

FLOWERS are the alphabets of angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truths.

MORE pleasing than dew-drops that sparkle upon the roses, are tears that pity gathers upon the cheek of beauty.

THE purest joy that we can experience in one we love, is to see that person a source of happiness to others.

MEN want restraining as well as propelling power. The good ship is provided with anchors as well as sails.

THE greatest organ in the world, some old bachelor says, is the organ of speech in a woman—it is an organ without stops.

ANTIQUARY—too often a collector of valuables that are worth nothing, and a collector of all that Time has been glad to forget.

THE sacred book of the ancient Persians says: "If you wish to be a saint, instruct you children; because all the good they do will be imputed to you."

A YOUNG lady who was rebuked by her mother, for kissing her intended, justified the act, by quoting the passage—"Whatsoever ye would that man should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

WHAT a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.

A GREAT many people have some knowledge of the world, although the world has no knowledge whatever of them, and not particular desire to acquire any.

"WHERE a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congealing heart, and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

A YOUNG lady who was recommended to exercise for the benefit of her health, replied—"I will jump at an offer of marriage, and run my own risk, if that kind of exercise will do you."

AARON BEDBUG, of Montgomery Co., Ky., wants the legislature to change his name. The reason is, that his sweetheart won't marry him with such a name, because "she ain't agoing to have her children called little Bedbugs!"

THE editor of the Lynn (Mass.) News thinks children's games are becoming popular with older persons now-a-days, as he has seen, recently, "a large number of full grown men *chasing hoops* in our streets."

IT is better to love a person you cannot marry, than to marry a person you cannot love. This is a short text for a long sermon which human experience will continue to preach until the last syllable of recorded time.

DISRAELI once wrote of a certain fine lady:—"She had certainly some qualities to shine in a fashionable circle. She had plenty of apathy; was tolerably illiterate; was brilliantly vain, and fertilely capricious; acquiesced with every one, and diffused universal smiles."

Dr. CONYERS, of London, dissected a person who died for love, and found an impression of a lady's face upon his heart. That's nothing. Dupuytren, of Paris, once opened a man, and found that his colon was half gone; in fact, he had only a semicolon. "Ah," observed Ricord, in English, when the fact was narrated to him, "that was what put a period to his life."

Mr. DOBBIN, Secretary of the Navy, made a journey North about two years ago. When he reached Portland Maine, the telegraph announced his arrival as "Sec'y Dobbin;" this was soon by another transmission changed to "Stacy's Dobbin;" then to "the Steamer Dobbin;" then to "Sarah Dobbin." By the time the Secretary reached home he hardly knew his own name.

YOU will never convince a man of ordinary sense by overbearing his understanding. If you dispute with him in such a manner as to show a due deference for his judgment, your complaisance may win him, though your saucy arguments could not.

"BE good, and leave the rest to heaven," was the advice given by the poor curate to Dr. Syntax, and it is a counsel that we all would do well to follow. It is too often a fault that good is checked through a weak distrust of Providence in the minds of the conservative. What is right? should be the question, and what is right must ultimate in right.

THAT was a pretty conceit of a romantic husband and father whose name was Rose, who named his daughter "Wild," so that she grew up under the appellation of "Wild Rose." But the romance of the name was sadly spoiled in a few years, for she married a man by the name of "Bull."

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 10 letters.
My 1, 9, 6, 10 is a kind of grain.
My 2, 8, 10 is a domestic fowl.
My 3, 5, 6, 7, 8 is a large wave.
My 4, 8, 10 is an instrument used in writing.
My 5, 6, 10 is a kind of vase.
My 6, 9, 7, 5, 8 is a dishonest person.
My 7, 8, 9, 6, 7, 8 is a boy's name.
My 8, 5, 6, 9, 4, 8 is a division of the earth.
My 9, 2 is an interjection.
My 10, 8, 7, 5, 3 is a kind of liquor.

My whole is the name of a distinguished English Minister. J. M. D.

Urbana, N. Y., 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

I'VE always been, and aye shall be
While time shall last. Eternity
Shall hear my tread, while down the steep,
The rush of generations sweep.

My form though crush'd again shall rise,
With glory beaming in the skies.
And not one stroke of time can show,
My long oppression here below.

No waves, nor tides can me debar,
My humble voice shall sound afar
'Till all the world shall know my name,
My kingdom, and my sovereign reign.

Schuyler, N. Y., 1857. F. K. PIERCE.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 395:—

"O, wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!"

Answer to Biblical Enigma in No. 394:—Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.

SPEAK KINDLY TO YOUR MOTHER.

YOUNG MAN, speak kindly to your mother, and courteously, tenderly of her. But a little time, and you shall see her no more forever. Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls toward the grave. Others may love you fondly; but never again while time is yours, shall any one's love be to you as that of your old, trembling, weakened mother has been.

Through helpless infancy her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support; in wayward, testy boyhood, she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness; she pursued you safely thro' a legion of ills and maladies.

Her hand bathed your burning brow, or moistened your parched lips; her eyes lighted up the darkness of nightly vigils, watching sleepless by your side as none but her could watch. O, speak not her name lightly, for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully. Thro' reckless and impatient youth, she is your counselor and solace. To a bright manhood she guides your steps to improvement; nor ever forsakes nor forgets. Speak gently, then, and reverently of your mother; and when you, too, shall be old, it shall in some degree lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins, to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to your aged mother.—*Selected.*

ASA AND IRA

ASA and Ira were two brothers, whose farms lay side by side in a fertile intervale.

When the corn, the oats, and the barley were springing up, the weeds took advantage of the rich soil and came up with them.

"Do you see," said Asa, "what hold the weeds are taking? There is danger of their choking our crops entirely."

"Well, well, we must be resigned," replied Ira; "weeds as well as grain were a part of the Creator's plan, and there is no use in murmuring about them." And he laid down for his usual afternoon doze.

"I can only be resigned to what I can't help," said Asa. So he went to work and plowed and hoed until his fields were clear of weeds.

"The army worms are in the neighborhood," said Asa to Ira, one day.

"They have eaten through the adjoining meadows, and are moving towards us."

"Ah!" exclaimed Ira, "they will surely destroy what the weeds have not choked out. I will immediately retire to pray that their course may be stopped or turned aside."

But Asa replied, "I pray betimes every morning for strength to do the work of the day."

And he hastened to dig a trench round his land, which the army worms could not pass; while Ira returned only in season to save a small portion of his crops from their ravages.

"Do you see, Ira," said Asa, another morning, "the river is rising very fast. There is but a slender chance of preventing our farms from being overflowed."

"Alas! it is a judgment upon our sins, and what can we do?" cried Ira, throwing himself in despair upon the ground.

"There are no judgments so severe as those—which our own sloth brings upon us," replied Asa.

And he went quickly and hired workmen, with whose help he raised an embankment that withstood the flood, while Ira witnessed with blank looks and folded hands, the destruction of his harvest.

"There is one consolation," said he, "my children, at least, are left to me."

But while Asa's sons grew up strong and virtuous men, among Ira's there was a drunkard, a gambler, and a suicide.

"The ways of the Lord are not equal," complained Ira to his brother. "Why have you always prospered, I am afflicted, and my old age disgraced?"

"I only know this," replied Asa, "that heaven has always helped me to treat the faults of my children as I did the weeds, the caterpillars and the flood; and that I have never presumed to send a petition upward without making Toil my right hand servant, the messenger of my prayer."

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LEADING WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Office, Union Buildings, Opposite the Court House.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS:
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DR. ASA FITCH, EWD. WEBSTER,
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FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

WHEAT IN WESTERN NEW-YORK.

THE culture of Winter Wheat has to a large extent been abandoned in Western New York, and in many instances to the profit of the farmer. If, for instance, it has been pursued upon a poor soil—one worn by long culture of this grain, perhaps,—or by methods of husbandry unsuited to its wants and but partially developing its productive capacity, it has been followed without profit, and may be well laid aside for other branches of agricultural production. Cropping with wheat regardless of the character of the soil, regardless of the changes of seasons which seem to have taken place, and above all regardless of the character and habits of the new and potent insect enemy it must now contend with, has resulted in the loss of millions to the farmers of Western New York.—Yet with proper attention to these influences, we would still advocate a share of attention to this late great staple of this section of the country.

What are the demands of the wheat plant, and what the causes of its general failure among us? A partial consideration of these questions will show us, that under certain circumstances its culture is still profitable, and that under other certain circumstances, we but throw away the labor and expenses of attempting its production.

To grow wheat, we need a fertile, well-drained soil, either a porous but heavy loam, or a clayey soil made porous by artificial drainage. A soil containing lime, and above all rich so that it shall be capable of sustaining a vigorous and healthy growth, is *now* a necessity of the wheat crop. It must be a porous soil, that the plants may not winter-kill, and that their maturity may not be retarded by a late, wet spring and summer. A rich soil, if liable to suffer from the long-continued rains of spring, will be a cold soil as well, and produce an unhealthy vegetable growth, maturing but slowly as well as unevenly, and hence extremely liable to the various casualties which affect the wheat crop. What is called a *warm, quick soil* is needed, as that secures healthy and perfect growth.

Another demand of the wheat crop is *early sowing*, so that the plants may get a fair autumn growth, be prepared for the rigor of winter, and for tillering so as to fill all the ground in the spring. Early sowing also tends to hasten the ripening of the crop, at least to some extent. Attention should also be given to selecting the most productive and vigorous varieties,—those of early maturity, of course, are to be preferred.

That the soil be well tilled is also a requisite of the wheat crop. It should be in *the best order* possible; if manured at this time, the fertilizer applied should be intimately mixed with the soil, and near the surface as may be. Let the land be in fine tilth, and then drill in the seed, and an additional security is had against winter-killing and other injuries consequent thereon.

The alleged cause of the failure of the wheat crop, and its consequent abandonment, is the *wheat midge*, and its ravages have been truly appalling. But many serious failures occurred before this injury became general, or was considered of much account—failures from *poverty of soil* caused by wheat after wheat, etc.—from *lack of drainage* and consequent winter-killing and rust,—from *late sowing* on imperfectly prepared ground, also inducing blight and rust, and from *poor management* generally. All these causes prepare the wheat plant for the attacks of the midge, and it will generally be found that the poorer and later the wheat, the less there is left by the weevil to reward the labor of the farmer; while the best wheat, the *brightest, earliest* and *heaviest growth*, though injured to some extent, still yields a fair product, and pays at present prices a good profit.

The average injury by the midge in many instances known to us, has been from five to seven bushels per acre—the lighter and later the wheat, the greater the comparative loss. A light yield, say ten bushels per acre, will be one half or more destroyed—a good crop of twenty-five or thirty bushels per acre, will seem comparatively uninjured, though one-sixth of it has gone to feed the insect. Hence the importance of securing a good growth, for a light one fails to repay the labor of its production. Hence we advise the sowing of *only* such soils as are in fertility and characteristics *suited to the crop*, and of *sowing these early to vigorous and early maturing varieties*. Let our farmers again select such soils and situations, and sow wheat again, but only so much as they can put in in the best order on a rich, warm, porous soil, and we think they will not long have occasion to buy flour or use so largely of other grains as many are now obliged to do.

— We throw off these thoughts, hastily, for the better consideration of our readers. Let the matter be discussed if need be; for ourself we shall and have acted upon these views, and find them safe for that purpose. By not heeding them, we have failed in growing good wheat on any soils unsuited to it, or which from want of drainage, retarded its ripening, however early the sowing or the variety of seed. Though aware that many farmers are discouraged in regard to the profitable production of wheat, we are not prepared to advise entire abandonment of the crop in Western New York. Its partial destruction for a series of years in many localities, has, however, induced us to advise more attention to other branches of production, and especially to Stock and Dairy Husbandry, and Fruit Culture. And we are glad to know that in various sections heretofore famous for wheat, but where it cannot now be relied upon, a change to the Dairy, Stock, &c., has been made with advantageous results.

THE FARMERS' HOLIDAYS.

DURING the next month, throughout most of the States of the Union, there are to be gatherings of the tillers of the soil for the purpose of exhibiting specimens of the products of the farm, stock-yard, and dairy, and also of the inventive genius of the nation. These Annual Unions ought to be, if they are not, of exceeding importance to the farmer, and wherever there is a dearth of interest, we hold it to be the duty of the agriculturist to create a desire for the investing of his County Fair with such features as will tell for its promotion as an institution, and for the weal of the section in which he resides. To this end we purpose to throw out a few hints on the claims the Society has upon the farmers of the County it represents—the responsibilities devolving upon them, and the manner in which these should be met.

First—Every farmer should give to his County Exhibition "*the light of his countenance.*" He should be there to profit by the experience of others, and to impart the knowledge obtained in the pursuit of his vocation during the year past. To see all of his neighbors; to compare processes of culture and results; to plan for future operations; to discuss mooted points and, if possible, illuminate the dark and doubtful agencies connected with his calling—these should occupy his mind during the period annually devoted to his Agricultural Show. *Here*, emphatically, he should *live* and *learn*.

Second—In addition to counting *one* himself, he should have his family present. His household need relaxation and recreation, and they can be benefited by the opportunities thus afforded for inspecting the handiwork of others. Wonderful promoters of a healthy ambition are the results of a few hours labor performed by some friend, when such toil assumes the shape of a *nice* roll of butter, a loaf of excellent bread, or any of the *et ceteras* which female fingers can so dexterously conjure up. By all means see that wife and daughters pay particular attention to the department termed "*Domestic.*"

Third—Having said thus much for the "last, best gift," it will not answer to pass the *boys* in silence—they, too, have their "*rights*," and if the "*head*" is not willing to grant them on these particular occasions, we should almost be inclined to advocate insubordination. What is your son to bring forward as the result of his toil or his care? Has he had a spot of ground on which to expend his energies in the development of any product? Did you give him a colt or a yoke of steers to train and *educate for good?*" If there is something on the farm known as "*his*," then we say 'tis well; but if not, you are behind the times, and the sooner you get *steam up and propel*, the better. Where boys are thus led to take an interest in things around them, we seldom, *very* seldom, hear of them forsaking the "homestead" and seeking a livelihood amid the artificialities of city life. Boys that are rightly *used*, will, nine times out of ten, stick to the farm; it is those who are *abused* that leave the spot which to them was a home only in name. The agriculturist whose lads perform any of the labors of the farm, and who does not give to them something as a return therefor, something to call forth energies that would otherwise remain latent—bands that unite the young heart to the interests of the hearth-stone—commits not only a grievous error but wrongs his children.

Fourth—Having arrived with the family at the "Grounds," we hope you did not come without at least one article to interest your friends. When we ask a farmer "what have you on exhibition?" and receive the answer "nothing!"—we inevitably arrive at the conclusion that he has been *unable to produce anything worthy of show*. We cannot help it; and yet, were we to thus intimate, we do not think that thanks would be our portion. Now is the time to make preparations. Look around and see if you have not something to bring and get whatever it may be in readiness to please the spectator and reflect honor upon yourself and your avocation.

Fifth—Do all in your power to render the occasion replete with instruction and kindly feeling—upon the return of which, all of those present, will exclaim with one accord, "May we be there to witness, participate, and enjoy!" If successful "wear your honors meekly," but above all, *don't grumble* if Mr. So-and-So takes a premium you expected or wished to win yourself. How much better to invite the successful competitor to meet you again next year—time and occasion like the present—weapons farm productions, 'in the highest style of the art"—distance, near enough to always obtain a friendly grasp of the hand, *and then fight your battles over again*. In the hurry and confusion often attendant upon these Annual Exhibitions we do not claim that everything moves off with the precision of clock-work, but we think—in fact, *we know*—that too frequently the errors committed are the result of the farmer's own inattention or refusal to perform a portion of labor consequent upon such gatherings. If you have been placed upon a "Committee" perform your duties earnestly and faithfully, do not think that because you have a bunch of carrots, a peck of potatoes, or a coop of Shanghais, either or all of these require your personal, undivided attention. We have known those who did refuse to act their part on account of some such trivial matter, and because everything did not proceed in accordance with what *they* deemed right, got into bad humor and effervesced in strong words and unpleasant looks.

Finally—Be on hand this year, and do all that you possibly can to render others happy by keeping good-natured yourself. Bring whatever you can to render the exhibition attractive—if nothing more *bring a smiling face and wear it.*

CULTURE OF INDIAN CORN.

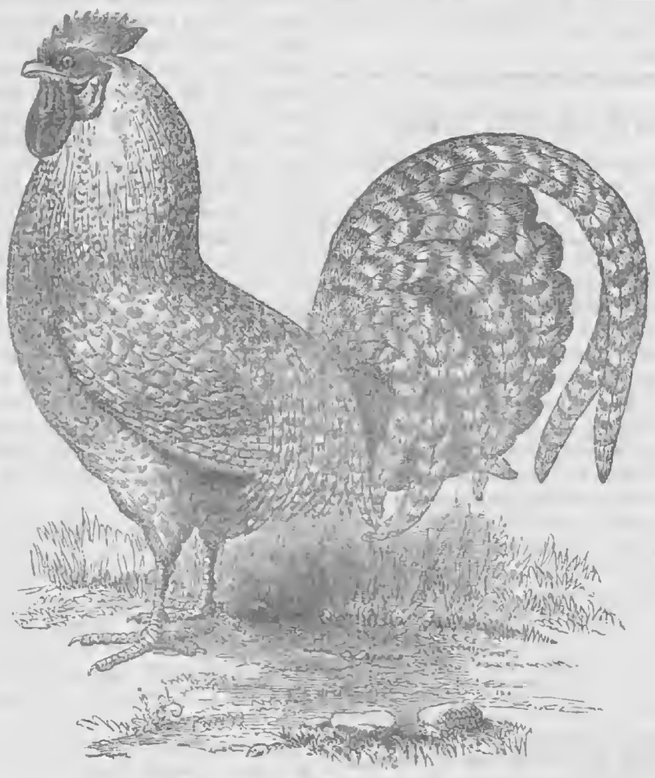
AT the fourth regular meeting of the Conn. Legislative Ag. Club, the *Culture and Care of Indian Corn* was the subject of discussion, and as we doubt not many of the farmers of the "Nutmeg State" know whereof they affirm, *even when talking Corn*, we condense therefrom for the benefit of RURAL-ists in sections more noted than the New England States for the production of Maize.

Mr. PECK, of Chaplin, plowed deep and manured well. He put on 40 bushels of manure to the acre, and he gets 50 bushels of shelled corn; his clear profits were $30 to the acre above all expenses.—Ridged the soil where it was wet. Obtained the largest crops not by manuring, but letting land go to turf for a year.

The President, Gen. PRATT, plowed about 9 inches deep; manured the land well; planted the hills about 4½ feet apart, and the rows 3 feet apart—After the first hoeing, he ashes each hill—he has used in the hill on planting, dirt saturated with urine. He gathers the corn when sufficiently ripe, sometimes husking it in the field, and sometimes gathering it in the barn. It was best, as a general thing, to husk the crop in the field. A crop of corn on his farm of 50 to 60 bushels to the acre was considered a good yield. He never ridges his land, but turns it over and then harrows it.

Mr. MERWIN, of Milford, said the corn in his section was planted in rows some 3½ feet apart; uses a cultivator for harrowing it. The average crop to to the acre was from 40 to 60 bushels.—His manner of harvesting the crop was to cut the corn at the roots, and generally cuts it in September. Mr. M. confirmed the value of turf ground for corn. He got ten per cent. more corn from turf land, and this, too, with less labor.

Mr. PRATT, of Saybrook, planted Long Island flint or white corn, and had found it to yield best. He carted out 20 loads of barn-yard manure to the acre; turned it in; harrowed well; rolled the ground; planted north and south; planted 3 acres, used superphosphate in the hills. From those 3 acres he gathered 225 bushels. Mr. P. pulled corn up by the roots, and stacked it; and thus he could put up more corn in a day than by topping it. He did not bind it; he stood it up side of a pole which was set in crotches; no matter if the pole was 20 feet long; he merely rested the corn against this horizontal pole, putting the corn both sides of it, and it never blew down.



THE DOMINIQUE FOWL.

THE Dominique fowl is not one of the fancy, high-priced breeds. It has no relationship with the Cochins or Shanghais, and yet is a most beautiful bird, as all who look at the engraving will at once admit. It is graceful and pretty in form, and the beautiful pencillings of its plumage are unequalled by any other variety. The Dominique fowls are found mixed up with other varieties, and one or more can be found generally in every large flock of "barn-yard fowls," yet holding to their peculiarities with remarkable pertinacity; and where well selected and carefully bred, they become a fine and useful bird. They are rather small, (but with care the size perhaps might be increased,) good layers, good setters, excellent mothers, hardy, and in almost every way desirable.

The prevailing and true color of the Dominique fowl is a light ground, undulated and softly shaded with a slaty-blue all over the body, as indicated in the portrait of the cock, forming bands of various widths. The comb of the cock is variable, some being single, while others are double—most, however, are single; the iris, bright orange; feet and legs light flesh color—some, however, are of a bright yellow or buff color; bill the same color as the legs.

The hens are not large, but plump and full breasted. The cocks are somewhat larger than the hens, some approaching the smaller-sized Dorkings in weight. The chickens at two or three months old exhibit the barred plumage even more perfectly than the full-grown birds. The eggs average about two ounces each, are white, and of porcelain smoothness. The newly hatched chicks are gray, with a dark stripe down the back of the neck, and three on the back, resembling those of the Silver Polands, except in the color of the feet and legs. This variety is growing deservedly into favor.

Mr. STEWART, of Chatham, had cultivated an old pasture lot, first trying potatoes, then corn.—He manured heavily with barn-yard manure, guano and ashes, and harrowed in. The land was less than an acre. The corn was planted about the 8th of May, but did not come up well; it had got killed. He then harrowed over and cross-harrowed the field, and planted it over. The corn came up quickly and handsomely. Was hoed three times. In October he cut it all up, for fear it would not ripen, and set it by the side of the fence. In December he husked it, and had 94 bushels. The next year he used 150 bushels of guano and 20 bushels of ashes, and had 105 bushels. He topped the corn and used the tops for soiling. Last year he tried it without guano, and had a good crop, though on some newly cultivated sward land side of it the crop cultivated with barn-yard manure was light. It was all cultivated in hills; soil a gravelly loam.

Mr. HOYT, of Danbury, gave a general description of corn cultivation in western Connecticut.—His soil was part sandy; he plowed in barn-yard manure into this; on clay loam he did not use this manure, but put in ashes and plaster. He got about 40 bushels to the acre, with less labor than in the eastern part of the State. Farmers in his section liked the white blaze corn—streaked white and red. He had used guano and phosphate of lime in all ways, and never got a cent of benefit from it. In his section, land could be enriched easier by letting it go to grass than in any other way.

Mr. Parmelee, of Killingsworth, had mellow ground; he planted 4 feet apart; hoed twice; did not use cultivator on account of stones; he liked the plan of topping corn, one reason being that the men could husk twice as fast in the field when the corn was topped. He had raised 70 bushels to the acre, and a neighbor had raised 83 bushels, which was the greatest yield ever seen in the poor town of Killingworth. Mr. P. said some of his corn (the Western) was 10 feet high, and that was the kind that had ears 15 and 16 inches long. But you had to take care of such corn. He got 70 bushels to the acre. If it is wet weather at harvest, he would by all means recommend that the corn be cut up by the roots and carefully stacked.

Mr. SPERRY, of Cheshire, had a light stony soil, but he differed from others about the use of the cultivator on such soil; field where he left off could plainly be seen in the corn. He should use it every year. He could get 50 to 75 bushels to the acre. He could get about three barrels manure to 25 or 30 hens.

Mr. STERLING, of Fairfield, had tried ridging and flat cultivation, and both with equally good results. In manures he had used phosphate of lime, which made the crops look green and strong in the first part of the year, but when he gathered the corn there was no difference between the corn treated with phosphate and that treated with none. He thought highly of the plan of topping his corn; when he tried the plan of resting it against poles, as spoken of by the gentleman from Saybrook, it moulded badly.

Mr. COLBURN, of Union, used only barn-yard manure for corn himself, but a good deal of it; and he got 50 bushels to the acre. He used a small kind of corn, requiring 95 to 115 days for maturing; and it got out of the way of the frost early in September. He thought on the whole it was best to cut the corn at the bottom, as it paid best, tho' it was a little more trouble.

Mr. PETERS had tried a manure of his own composition, viz., hen manure, plaster and ashes—three parts hen manure. He covered the composition with earth and put the corn on top of it. Where he had tried this the rows were 4 feet apart, the hills two feet apart in the row. He cut up his corn in September and then bound it. Then he stacked these bundles and bound the top well. He let it remain in the field two or three weeks if necessary before carting it into the barn.

Mr. BABCOCK, of Coventry, found the cheapest way to raise corn was to plow in a good lot of barn-yard manure and plant 4 feet apart each way. He topped his corn as soon as the spindle began to turn; later in the season the butts could be cut up to husk the corn, and these butts would be worth as much as the whole stock would be.

Mr. BIGELOW, of Hartford, had alluvial soil; was particular to harrow the old land well; used 20 bushels stable manure per acre; used a horse hoe, which was better than a cultivator; he topped his corn and put it up in the usual way. He planted the eight-rowed kind, and had on an average from 60 to 70 bushels of shelled corn to the acre, good corn too. He husked it in the corn-house, because the husks sold readily for $10 a ton for mattrasses.

Mr. DYER spoke of the Windham County farmers as careful cultivators of corn. They planted rather closer than many others. He liked the plan of topping the corn, as less likely to mould. Mr. D. spoke of the importance of raising corn for soiling. He sowed it broadcast and in drills, and

had enormous yields in either case; he had enough to feed his whole stock of cattle twice a day during August and September, the dry months; he let it slightly wilt, and then put it up in shocks. It told well in the dairy; it helped the cattle and cows, no matter if it was slightly mouldy. He cut it fine with a machine before feeding it. He used the large sweet corn—3 bushels broadcast to the acre. His land was heavy and stony. When sowed in drills, these were just far enough apart to admit the use of the cultivator. To save time he generally sowed broadcast. Then he harrowed it in, and a harrow with cultivator teeth is best. But plowing it would be better. Corn sowed for soiling did not injure the land. Corn for soiling drew its sustenance chiefly from the atmosphere. Mr. D. said it was easy to get twelve tuns of green corn to the acre. Not of cured or dry corn.

Mr. GRIDLEY, of Southington, had stony land, and he planted in drills for fodder, and ran the plow between. He confirmed Mr. DYER's idea that twelve tuns to the acre could be raised—and of dry fodder too! He sowed thick—30 or 40 grains to the foot. Green sward plowed over was capital manure for this corn. It is a great crop for fall feed. He let it lie three days, and then stacked it in bundles. Horses eat it as readily as the best hay. Hogs would eat it even in the dry state. An acre that will produce 50 bushels of shelled corn will produce 10 to 12 tuns of this dry fodder and 20 tuns of green.

Communications.

THE WHEAT MIDGE.

How to Raise Wheat and Barley where it Prevails.

EDS. RURAL:—I have noticed in some of the late numbers of your paper inquiries from different individuals in the western part of this State, just now so severely afflicted with that scourge of the farmer, the Wheat Midge, how they may avoid or rid themselves of its devastating and ruinous warfare upon their prospects and hopes. Having had and still experiencing our full share of the evil in this vicinity, on its onward march westward,—and for some years before it reached the granary of the State,—you will perhaps permit me to speak from experience for the benefit and instruction of many farmers, who, the past and present seasons, have had and are having "hopes deferred and hearts sick" with the result of their year's labor on the farm. As your pages are amply filled I will be brief.

In this vicinity we still raise some wheat, and some very good crops of white wheat too; and have learned that in order successfully to compete with the midge, our land must be in *high condition, well manured, and sown early*—say the first week in September. The earliest varieties—the Mediterranean and Soule's—have alone withstood the ravages of the midge. Several other kinds which were raised here when the midge first appeared—such as the Hutchinson, Garden and Flint varieties—have not been heard of since the first and second year of its prevalence, and are now among the things that were.

The Mediterranean wheat cannot be said to be a favorite among the farmers, but is raised rather as a necessity, where they do not consider their land strong enough to bring good white wheat.—It is more exempt from the midge than any other kind, but does not give a large yield to the acre—so that it has become something of a proverb that a half crop of white or Soule's wheat is better than a full crop of Mediterranean.

In a recent number of the RURAL I noticed a complaint that the midge was taking somebody's barley also. They have done the same here, until we have learned at least to *try* and dodge them by sowing either *early* or *late*, say the last of March or first of April, or not until after the first of May. Fair crops of barley are raised here this year which were sowed at or about both of these periods.

Such, Mr. Editor, has been the experience of myself and others in this vicinity since the appearance of the midge among us. Should you deem it worth publishing, and it should prove of benefit to any one, I shall feel amply compensated.

Yours, H. WILLARD.

Cayuga, Cayuga Co., Aug. 8, 1857.

REMARKS.—The views of our correspondent, founded as they are upon experience, are valuable and suggestive. His suggestion as to good culture, manuring and early sowing—so that the plant may attain a strong, healthy growth in the fall—is undoubtedly correct, and worthy of adoption by all who would raise winter wheat in sections where the midge prevails. The plan has been successfully practised for years by some of the best farmers in Seneca, Cayuga, &c., and we advise our friends in other counties to give it a trial. The remark relative to varieties is also suggestive, and confirmatory of the testimony of good farmers in this section—some of whom aver that the Mediterranean yields so poorly that its culture is unprofitable. The hint as to the periods of sowing barley in order to escape the midge will attract attention, as the barley crop has become more important of late years, in many localities, than wheat.—ED.

MR. MOORE:—Having read the communications of Mr. MCVEAN and J. H. B., in last RURAL, upon the subjects of Wheat Midge, Mediterranean Wheat and Winter Barley, and your intimation of a desire to elicit information thereupon from experienced farmers, I venture a short expose of my humble experience.

On the 17th September, 1856, I drilled upon five acres of good wheat soil, well prepared by summer fallowing, 12 bushels of Mediterranean wheat. Harvested it 28th ult., and threshed yesterday; yield 115 bushels by threshers' basket measure, which is not expected to hold out when cleaned perfectly. No perceptible injury from the midge. Also, upon the same day, (Sept. 17, 1856,) drilled 12 bushels winter barley upon five acres oat stubble, with a light covering of manure plowed in; harvested 7th ult., and threshed yesterday—measuring as above 203 bushels.

Both fields were slightly and about equally injured by "winter killing" in February. The barley was ten days later than heretofore—as we have usually harvested within the last four days of June. It wants as good wheat soil and cultivation as winter wheat, and freezes out as easily, but *all* things favorable it has invariably yielded *me* 40 to 45 bushels per acre—worth same price of spring barley; interferes with no other harvesting, is never injured by the midge, and gives young clover a clearer chance to grow than any later crop.

With these facts, I leave those interested to make their own estimates and govern themselves accordingly. Truly, &c., JOS. WATSON.

Clyde, Wayne Co., N. Y., Aug. 10, 1857.

DRAINING.

ALTHOUGH much has been written upon this subject, yet comparatively few seem sufficiently awake to its importance to any more than admit its utility *in words*. The majority of farmers as yet hold back from a generous outlay in this respect, and for different reasons, the chief one with many being an alleged lack of capital wherewith to work. So they continue along as aforetime, subject to the caprices of the seasons, occasionally getting a good crop when the weather happens to exactly favor, and content, when they fail, to lay all blame to excessive wet, as if they had not failed to do their duty in the premises.

It is true that some capital is necessary to go into a thorough system of draining, but a farmer having wet lands to cultivate, can hardly *afford* to do nothing at all in this way even though he has to mortgage his farm, or a part thereof, to raise the money. It has been demonstrated over and over again, that the increased product from a well drained field for a series of years, will not only provide for the interest on the outlay, but extinguish the principal in a little time, after the first year; and yet many farmers adhere to the "penny-wise and pound-foolish" policy of allowing a superabundance of water to remain in the cultivated lots, and bear with all patience the frequent loss of one-half or two-thirds what their lands would readily have produced. When, O, when, will they *practically* understand that there is no safer, or better yielding investment of their money, than to bury it from 30 inches to three feet under the surface? When will they come to know that for hardly any purpose can they so well afford to submit to exorbitant rates of interest, as to provide themselves with the wherewithal to change their swamps and swales, and cold, damp fields into warm and *reliable* soil for the production of crops?

The month of June last past, should be an admonition to all. In this locality, one has not to ride very far to be impressed with the truth of what is above written. Hundreds and thousands of acres of light grass and spindling or drowned out grain, the roots thereof now encased in congealed clay from the sudden and excessive heat, loom up in the vision of the passer-by, the actual loss on every acre this one year, to keep within bounds, *being sufficient to cancel one-half the cost of thorough drainage.* And yet, I fear the same ruinous round will be gone through in future by many, as it has been in the past.

Of some 30 acres of spring grain on the writer's farm, all of which looks pleasant in *his* eye, *one-half* would have been nearly or quite ruined but for some 1,100 rods of drainage in the same; and the present appearance is that the enhanced product this year will be nearly equal to the total cost of the drains, albeit said cost has been fully and amply compensated by former crops.

I have in mind a rich, lowland field of a neighbor, which, though partially drained, is still too wet. Last year, being dry, he had an abundant growth; but on the present crop, and the two immediately preceding the last year's, (wheat and barley,) there has been an estimated loss of 15 bushels per acre each, making a total of 45 bushels in the three years, equal in value perhaps to sixty dollars, or more than enough, in addition to former outlay, to have made each acre thoroughly dry. And I doubt not many RURAL readers have fields which are the counterpart of this. If so, "a word to the wise is sufficient." W. B. P.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1857.

A GOOD LETTER,

About Land and Farming in the "Southern Tier."

EDS. RURAL:—I see it mentioned in periodicals from the West, that many who have emigrated to those regions, have failed to realize their expectations there, and are anxious to find homes in the older States. Our own New York has yet much valuable land unoccupied, particularly in the "Southern Tier" of counties. Already are there in this (Cattaraugus) county many who have tried the West, and returned here to enjoy what they could not find there. Perhaps others might do the same to their own advantage, and the enrichment of our own State.

Cattaraugus county is most admirably adapted to grazing purposes. A large amount of "Hamburg Cheese" and "Orange county Butter" annually leaves this county for the Eastern market, and by consumers generally is allowed to be equal to the *original*. There is yet much lack of *thorough* farming here; quite too many thinking they can do *well enough* without taking so much pains. This gives the country a shabby appearance. But when properly developed this county will take rank among the most wealthy counties of the State.

Mention was made last spring in the RURAL and other papers of the loss of cattle in this county resulting from scarcity of feed. This was true in several instances; but generally on this wise:—A neighbor commenced the last winter with about 25 tuns of feed, including hay and coarse fodder. His stock consisted of 35 head of horned cattle, and *three* horses! He lost seven head of cattle.—The wonder with us is that it was not five times seven.

All the common grasses flourish well here; others have not been tried. Enclosed I send you one stem of white clover, twenty-one inches long, as a specimen of its growth here. This was taken from my lot where twenty months ago it was a dense forest. The land was cleared and seeded with timothy last fall. The clover is self-seeded, or came up from seed previously in the soil. Many more of the "same sort" might be found. Grass throughout the county promises a heavy yield this season. Corn will not exceed an average crop—some very good, and some nothing to "brag of." Spring wheat, though late, looks very well—oats and potatoes look very promising now. Winter wheat, but little cultivated here. My neighbor P. B. RICH, Esq., late of Ogden, Monroe county, has a piece of winter wheat that would not suffer by comparison with almost any field of the same size in Monroe county.

What our "Southern tier" of counties most need is *intelligent* farmers to develop their agricultural resources, as there is an exhaustless amount of wealth treasured up here in our massive hills, our fertile valleys, and our incomparable forests, that skill and energy will not fail of finding.

Could the farmers of this county all be induced to take the RURAL and heed its sage counsels, I think it would add 25 per cent. to the value of the county in one year, and I should regard it as a most prolific scheme of political economy for the county to levy a tax sufficient to furnish every family with a copy. The extra copies you sent me some time ago, I have diligently circulated among the people. Everybody professes to be much pleased with the paper, and a number say they *intend* to take it by-and-by. I warn them of the danger of procrastination. But some people here are like some people in other places. They don't see why *a farmer* should need to read much to understand his business! Yours, E. A. W.

Little Valley, Cat. Co., N. Y., July, 1857.

SUGAR CANE.—CRUSHER WANTED.

EDS. RURAL:—A large quantity of the Sugar Millet has been sown in this county, mostly in small parcels of from one-eighth to a quarter of an acre. The time is near at hand to convert the cane into syrup, and our farmers are asking how their canes are to be made to yield up their juice. I have heard of no economical machine for the small planter. Do you know of any? One should be made without much cost to supply the demand there will be for the farmers next month. Please to give, also, with some detail, the best mode of converting the juice into syrup—kind of boiler, time of boiling, &c. My Sugar Millet, planted at the same time and on ground next to my field-corn, is not more than half as high as the latter. It looks very strong and thrifty, and yet does not promise to be quite such a *tall* plant as some promised.—P., *Adrian, Mich.*

EDS. RURAL:—In the RURAL of August 1st I notice an inquiry for a Sugar Cane Crusher, and think perhaps hundreds of others, would they all speak at once, would make a similar inquiry, including another item—that is, whether the Patent Portable Cider Mill would answer the purpose for an experiment. I learn from information and observation in this vicinity, that the prospect of an abundant crop of the sugar cane far exceeds the most sanguine expectations, according to the size of the patches planted—some of which being now (August 5th) nearly or quite six feet high as it stands.—SIMON PIERSON, *Le Roy, N. Y.*

VISITING FARMERS IN HARVEST TIME.

FRIEND MOORE:—That article, "Don't visit country friends in harvest time," has upset my plan entirely. I had just contemplated a project of getting our hay harvest, (which is an uncommonly heavy one,) finished off with great expedition, and cheap withal, and was keeping it a profound secret—when lo! your "don't visit" has knocked it all into pi. Expecting a number of friends from the city, as well as from the neighboring villages, about this time, I had got my card written and ready to be posted up in some conspicuous place, thus:—"All visitors are notified that the regular farmers' meals will undergo no change through haying time, and each one will be expected to assist either in the kitchen or field according to capacity." I was expecting by this *coup de main* to have as much help as I could wish, and, giving up my own scythe, have nothing to do but superintend and give orders. I may succeed in my plan yet, provided my expected visitors don't take the "RURAL." What think you, Mr. Editor, shall I get the same gang yearly or expect a new set every hay harvest?—A SUBSCRIBER, *Land of Steady Habits, Aug. 5.*

RIBBON GRASS.

EDS. RURAL:—I send you a specimen of grass, the name of which I should like to ascertain, as I never saw any of it before, and have thought some of saving the seed to sow. I should like your opinion as to its value as food for stock. It grows about four feet high—it being on a rich spot, and has six leaves upon the stalk; the stalk runs up about two feet above the upper leaf. Any information in regard to its name and value would be thankfully received by a reader of the RURAL.—J. T. R., *No. Tunbridge, Vt.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—The grass is the wild ribbon grass, *A phalaris* of Botanists. As wild, it is not more ribbon-like than many other wide-leafed grasses. It is over the country in low grounds, but on a rich soil is large and beautiful. It is not valuable for cultivation, and ought not to be encouraged in meadows.

THAT 23lb. FLEECE OF WOOL, washed, cleansed and re-weighed at the Waterloo Woolen Mills.—There is going the rounds of the country press a notice of a large fleece of Merino Wool, which is well calculated to deceive—not from any lack of truth, so far as the story is told, but from the failure to state the whole truth. I saw the same fleece weighed at Waterloo Mills. It was a very gummy, dirty fleece of a French Merino buck. Before it was washed it weighed 23 pounds; and after it was carefully washed and dried it weighed scant six pounds. Great pains were taken to save all the wool of the fleece so that none was lost in the cleansing process. The usual waste in good fine fleeces is only about thirty-three per cent. As such gummy fleeces are worth less than half price, let farmers beware of those French Merino bucks.

The Waterloo Woolen Mills have thus far received and paid for in cash, 240,000 pounds of fine wool; a part from Upper Canada and Ohio, with a heavy lot of superior fine wool from the neighboring county of Yates. The average price thus far is 44 cents against 41 cents last year, but the present fleeces are a little finer.—S. W., *Waterloo, N. Y., Aug. 6, 1857.*

WEIGHTY CALF.—Mr. NELSON WRIGHT, of Union, this county, has a calf—half Devon and half Durham—which, when 3 months and 10 days old, weighed 409 lbs.

Rural Notes and Items.

DOES WHEAT TURN TO CHESS?—It will be recollected that this question was discussed by several of our correspondents, last winter, and that in the RURAL of Feb. 28, Col. BENJ. HODGE, of Buffalo, offered a premium of $100 to the person who should demonstrate the fact that wheat turns to chess—"to be awarded under the supervision of the N. Y. State Ag. Society, under such rules and regulations as a Committee appointed by the Society shall prescribe." Observing this offer, Mr. SAMUEL DAVISON, of Greece, in this county, at once commenced an experiment to prove that wheat would turn to chess—and recently notified Col. JOHNSON, Sec'y of the State Society, that he was perpared to exhibit to a Committee evidences of transmutation. The Society appointed a Committee, consisting of Prof. DEWEY, J. J. THOMAS, and L. B. LANGWORTHY, to investigate and report. In accordance with previous arrangements, this Committee, together with Col. JOHNSON, Maj. PATRICK, WILLARD HODGES, Esq., and others, met Mr. DAVISON at the office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, on the 5th inst., to hear and see the testimony to be submitted. Mr. D. presented a sod of earth from which both wheat and chess grew. He stated that in March last he carefully sifted a quantity of earth, placed it in a large tin pan, in which he planted a few heads of wheat of different varieties, and as the grain sprouted gave it careful attention. During the spring he allowed it to be frozen and thawed three times, it being a theory that this process of "winter killing" turns wheat to chess. Late in the spring, he carefully removed sufficient earth in his garden, and placed the contents of the pan therein. Now, when the grain is matured, chess is found to be growing with it. The result of the investigation is thus summed up by a city contemporary:—"The Committee having first established rules for their guidance, proceeded to an investigation of the circumstances, and carefully examined the earth in which the wheat and chess were growing, and the seeds and roots of the plants. They found no evidence that any chess stalk came from a wheat fibre or seed. After consideration, they decided that the experiment should be tried over. It could not be made to appear that chess seeds did not exist in the soil, on which the contents of the pan were emptied, and the opponents of the chess theory have this fact in their favor, that chess seeds remain in the soil for years, and when brought up near the surface, will germinate, and thus give the impression that they are wheat metamorphosed. Mr. DAVISON seems to be an earnest searcher for truth, and he was entirely willing to submit to new experiments. The Committee determined to institute such experiments and have them tried by different parties. Sifted earth is to be used, or earth which has been boiled (thus killing whatever of seed is in it) and the wheat is to be planted in a square or diamond, or other regular geometrical figures, so as to preclude such stalks as might spring up outside the line of the figure. The experiments will be eagerly looked for."

A "RURAL" SIGHT WORTH SEEING.—In the report of Hon. M. S. DUNLAP, on a recent Reaper Trial near Urbana, Ill., a noteworthy fact is stated incidentally. "Mr. D. found a wheat field consisting of *one thousand acres, and in this field twelve reaping machines at work.* This was a sight worth seeing, truly, and one that has been made possible only within a few years. By the employment of twelve reapers, this immense field can be put in shock in four or five days. Under the old system of cutting by hand, it would require an army of one hundred "cradles" for the same length of time. Or it would take ten "cradles" from forty to fifty days to complete the job. The reader will see at once that it is only by the use of machinery that farming can be conducted upon so extensive a scale. Suppose this wheat field averaged twenty bushels to the acre, and its net value in market was one dollar per bushel, here would be the snug sum of $20,000 realized from this farm on wheat alone, less the cost of land. This is somewhat larger in its result, than in the old fashioned days before reapers and threshers were known."

ANOTHER.—The Chicago Daily *Tribune* of the 3d inst., says:—"A friend of ours states that one day last week he went up on the top of a hill called Mt. Zion, six miles from Janesville, Rock Co., Wis., and counted on the surrounding plain 164 horse power reaping machines, busily cutting down wheat. There were 1,000 men, women and boys following after, binding and shocking up the golden sheaves. It was a sight worth seeing to behold the grain falling and being gathered up at the rate of 200 acres per hour!"

A TRIAL OF REAPING MACHINES was held on the farm of Mr. T. COGSWELL, in Alexander, under the auspices of the Tonawanda Valley Ag. Society, on the 3d inst. Four machines were operated, viz., Danford's, Ketchum's, Kirby's and Wheeler's.—The result is thus given by the Judges:—"Your Committee, chosen to witness and decide upon the merits of the several Reapers exhibited this day on the premises of T. Cogswell, Esq., beg leave to report, that we have seen with much pleasure and satisfaction the operation of the four machines present; and, while we feel cheerful to recommend them all as working admirably, yet, taking into account the lightness of draft and the saving of labor, we give it as our unanimous opinion that the Ketchum machine, operated by Mr. Cogswell, is entitled to the preference."

—The Fair of the Tonawanda Valley Society is to be held at Attica, Sept. 23d and 24th.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—We are indebted to officers of Societies, and various friends, for copies of Transactions, Premium Lists, Show Bills, &c., issued by State, District, County and Town Agricultural Societies. Though want of space precludes us from acknowledging or noticing each separately, we appreciate all such favors, as they aid us in completing lists of Fairs, &c., and enable us to impart other valuable information. Some of the most important of the documents—such as Transactions of State Societies, &c.,—will, however, receive special attention after further examination.

THE FAIR of U. S. Ag. Society, at Louisville, is to open Sept. 1, and *not Oct. 1st* as announced by several agricultural and other journals.

AMERICAN AG. IMPLEMENTS IN EUROPE.—We are glad to learn that the genius displayed in our agricultural implements and machinery has met with almost universal acknowledgement in Europe. By a late communication to the Patent Office, containing a very interesting report of the agricultural exhibition recently held in Vienna, we find that the exhibition of 1851 had the effect of introducing the American plows—either of American manufacture, or constructed from American models—very extensively, both in England and France. The government establishment at Grignon, in France, had adopted the American form of plow as being better adapted to the requirements of the country. We are also informed that American reapers have met with much favor on the continent. One of these machines was exhibited by Count Otto Chon, of Bohemia. The new reapers and mowers are especially adapted to the extensive plains of Hungary, where, by the old method of harvesting, the expense of getting in the crop is immense, and great loss arises from the shelling out of the over matured grain. The larger part of the improved agricultural machinery exhibited at Vienna was of American invention, especially the mowers, reapers, drills and horse-rollers.—*Baltimore Sun.*

PRODUCTS OF AN ANTI-REFORM FARMER.—"Sonny, I don't see anything growing about here, what does your father raise on this land?" "Wall, he raises hackmatack, grasshoppers, hop-toads, tumble-bugs, and some other wegetables. Yesterday, he raised a double-breasted pig-pen right under the window, and mother raised Cain."

The Young Ruralist.

—"A YOUNG FARMER," in Michigan, who has just made a beginning in the "back woods," and who is learning from the RURAL and other sources, and hopes, in time, to make a good farmer, sends us the following poetical effusion:

WHERE WE DWELL.

BY A YOUNG BACKWOODSMAN.

WE dwell not in the gilded town,
Where busy throngs press up and down;
But in the forest, dense and high,
Where tree-tops almost brush the sky.

Our dwelling—if the truth be told—
Was never cast in Grecian mold;
But, though it bears no lofty dome,
We prize it none the less as *home*.

For Nature here, with untold charms,
Extends abroad her loving arms—
With smiling face and harps in tune,
Invites her children to commune.

These lofty trees—this broad blue sky,
Were formed to charm the human eye;
And feathered tribes that 'round us roam,
So sweetly sing to cheer our home.

Around our cot on every hand,
Are Nature's paintings, wild and grand;
And Nature's Book, renowned of old,
Seems written o'er in lines of gold.

Let others leave the pure fresh air,
And to the crowded mart repair,
But we're content to live and move
Where Nature whispers "GOD *is love*."

Batavia, Mich., 1857.

FARMERS AND POLITICIANS.

EDS. RURAL:—It is not from a desire that I have, to establish or begin a newspaper controversy with any one, though I must say that I do not like the sentiments expressed by that "Old Fogy," about farmer's boys being farmers and politicians at the same time. If I understand him correctly, he means to convey the idea that a farmer may some day become President, if he was only educated sufficiently to fit him for that station. Now it is a fact, well known, that a man, no matter if he has had a good education, or if he possesses good traits and is in every way qualified to hold office, that could get it without *seeking* it, and if a man becomes an office-seeker he ceases to be a farmer, from that moment. For instance—a farmer is elected Constable of his district, he is proud of having beaten his opponent, and he gets a slight remuneration—enough so that he will not have to work very hard that season—and he lets his farm go. He don't want any more money than his office will bring him. Thinking thus he spends his time in the bar-room, and lounging around, and perhaps becomes a—*drunkard!*

Another man becomes a Collector, Supervisor, Town Clerk, or gets some one of the many offices. He finds it pays better than farming—much better—next year he "runs" for some higher office, and meantime neglects his farm and expends large sums in "electioneering"—is beaten, and then comes discouragement with his defeat. He has lost his money and his farm is run down and he will no longer try farming; it don't *pay*. Suppose he succeeds, what then? He hires some one to farm it while he is in Congress or some other "big" place. "Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open," says FRANKLIN, and while this Congressman-farmer is making money in one pocket he is losing out of the other; though it is difficult to tell which pocket the money comes in at.

It will be recollected what a noise was created some years since about *Fourierism;* how much was written about it at the time, and it was believed by some to be a good plan for farmers to adopt. It was tried near this place. The first and only time it was ever tried, and failed. Theorists had done their work here, and experience, that "dear teacher," proved how false had been their visions. Just so about a farmer's being a politician. To be sure, a farmer might say, "I never went to Congress; but I have had a Collegiate education; am well skilled in law, &c., &c., and would like the nomination for President." What is the answer? "No, Sir! we want a man who has notoriety, who will take well with the masses;" and the farmer goes back to his farm to think of becoming constable, then Collector, Justice of the Peace, and a hundred and one other things. We must look at the *facts* and the things as they *are*, and not as they *should* be.

There is not sufficient space to treat the subject as it should be treated, but I have presented the main points. Let farmer's sons be fitted for the Presidency, and if their country demands their services they can give them. If one seeks contentment he may find it on the farm; but no office within the gift of the people will give that boon so much sought after. O. A. GOULD.

Watertown, N. Y., 1857.

The Orchard and Garden.

RAISING NEW FRUITS FROM SEED.

THE raising of new varieties of fruits from seed is a very interesting department of horticulture. Indeed we know of nothing more pleasing. To save the seed of some promising variety, plant, cultivate, and watch and wait for the realization of our hopes, is a work of the most pleasurable excitement. Failure succeeds failure — not one variety in a hundred proves superior, yet the undaunted cultivator pursues his experiments, until success rewards his zealous labors. Most of our finest fruits are of recent origin, and many of them natives of our country. Prof. KIRTLAND's cherries, Dr. BRINCKLE'S raspberries, and the strawberries of HOVEY and others, and several of our best pears, do our country honor throughout the civilized world. On examining an English nursery catalogue recently, we noticed that nearly all the fruits advertised as new varieties, were American seedlings. To all who are engaged in this work we say persevere,

"Give new endeavors to the mystic art,
Try every scheme and riper views impart;
Who knows what meed thy labors may await?
What glorious fruits thy conquests may create?"

"These peaceful triumphs," Mr. WILDER truthfully remarks, "are worthy of the highest ambition, conquests which leave no wound on the heart of memory, no stain on the wing of time.—He who only adds one really valuable variety to our list of fruits is a public benefactor. I had rather be the man who planted that umbrageous tree, from whose bending branches future generations shall pluck the luscious fruit, when I am sleeping beneath the clods of the valley, than he who has conquered armies. I would prefer the honor of introducing the Baldwin apple, the Seckel pear, Hovey's Seedling strawberry, aye, or the Black Tartarian cherry from the Crimea, to the proudest victory which has been won upon that blood-stained soil."

We have noticed this season several very promising seedling currants, that bid fair to excel the best English sorts, which we hope to make a good report of next summer.

We have just received from the New Lebanon Society of Shakers, a box of Gooseberries, of a dark purplish color, good flavor, and rather less than medium size, though larger than Houghton's Seedling. It must be very productive, as the branches were loaded with fruit, and as it is a native and not subject to mildew, is a desirable acquisition. Accompanying the fruit, was the following note:—"I send you a small box of gooseberries, the *Mountain Seedling*, not so much for their size, as for their superior flavor and productiveness. The bush grows from six to seven feet high, and loaded all the way up, as you see the branches I send you, are with fruit. It is perfectly hardy and free from blight. It was discovered growing wild some ten years since, and has been proved side by side with other varieties, both foreign and domestic, and we have found that while other varieties mildew and cast their fruit, the Mountain Seedling has improved year by year."

Much discussion has been had on the best method of producing improved varieties of fruit from seed, and the most eminent Pomologists disagree on this subject. Our advice, however, is to plant the best seeds of the finest varieties, take good care of the plants, and trust to Providence for the result.

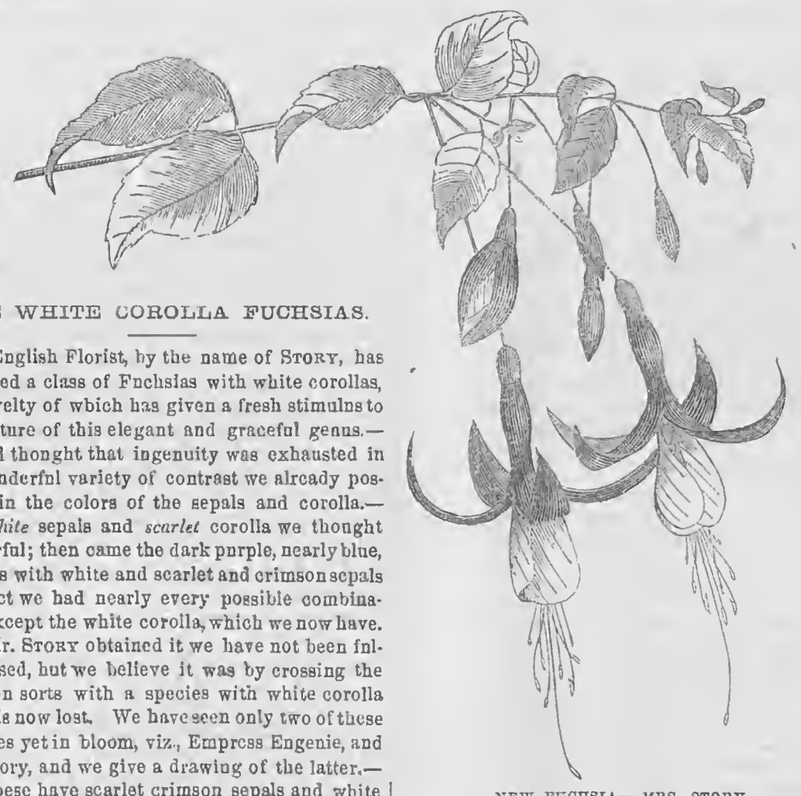
We caution all persons against purchasing any new varieties of fruit sent out with a flourish of trumpets, at high prices, as by doing so, they will most assuredly get cheated. Whenever a new claimant for the public favor appears, its merits should be canvassed thoroughly and carefully by disinterested and competent persons, and whenever practicable, it should be presented to some Horticultural Society, and if deemed of sufficient importance, a committee should be appointed to examine the fruit, the habit, growth and productiveness of the plant or tree, the nature of the soil, manner of cultivation, and such other things as they may deem important. This committee should publish their report for the benefit of the public. If, after full investigation, they should deem it an important acquisition, planters would buy with confidence; if they considered it unworthy of general cultivation, it would prevent the reading public from being cheated. If they should think another trial necessary, it would be for the true interest of both buyer and seller to have this trial made before the plant or tree was offered for sale. We protest most decidedly against the patent medicine system of puffing a new fruit or flower.

TIMBER FOR THE PRAIRIES.—I would like to ask a few questions through the medium of your valuable paper. I have a few acres of prairie land in the northern part of Iowa, a portion of which I wish to plant in timber of some kind that will not only be useful for shade, but for the general uses required of timber on a farm. I would like not only your own views in regard to the matter, but those of your readers who can give any information on the subject. 1st, I should like to know what kind of timber would be best; 2d, the manner of preparing the seed for the ground; 3d, the best mode of putting them in the ground and time of planting, and what attention they require after they have come above ground. Any other information which may be imparted will be very thankfully received. I would also like to know the best method of getting rid of the common alder which grows in rank profusion in this section of country. Wishing you and your paper may both prosper as you deserve, I remain your obedient servant—JAS. ANDREWS, *Noble Co., Ohio, July*, 1857.

REMARKS.—For the present we leave these questions with our readers in the West. We hope some one will give us his experiance in growing timber on the prairies.

MAKING FLOWER BEDS.—Is it best to prepare ground for flowerd beds in the fall or spring?—W.

REMARKS.—The ground should be well prepared, if possible, in the fall. Dig deep and manure well, and plant herbaceous plants, bulbs, &c., in the fall, and they will bloom well next season. Flowering shrubs, may be planted either in the fall or spring. Our springs are so short and unpleasant that it is desirable to have as much work as possible done in the fall.



NEW FUCHSIA—MRS. STORY.

THE WHITE COROLLA FUCHSIAS.

AN English Florist, by the name of STORY, has produced a class of Fuchsias with white corollas, the novelty of which has given a fresh stimulus to the culture of this elegant and graceful genus.—We had thought that ingenuity was exhausted in the wonderful variety of contrast we already possessed in the colors of the sepals and corolla.—Pure *white* sepals and *scarlet* corolla we thought wonderful; then came the dark purple, nearly blue, corollas with white and scarlet and crimson sepals—in fact we had nearly every possible combination, except the white corolla, which we now have. How Mr. STORY obtained it we have not been fully advised, but we believe it was by crossing the common sorts with a species with white corolla which is now lost. We have seen only two of these varieties yet in bloom, viz., Empress Engenie, and Mrs. Story, and we give a drawing of the latter.—Both these have scarlet crimson sepals and white corolla, veined with rose; the form is fine, the habit slender, and they are free bloomers. Besides these there are in cultivation—Florence Nightingale; Galanthæ flore plena, *double* white corolla; Queen Victoria; Snow Drop; Water Nymph; and for aught we know to the contrary, many more.

The difference between several of them is not great; this new feature is so great a novelty that the Florists endeavor to make the most of it. This is the season when the Fuchsia is in full bloom, and a collection of some 30 or 40 varieties of the finest, well grown and well bloomed, as they may be seen in the houses of the nurserymen here now, is a sight worth seeing.

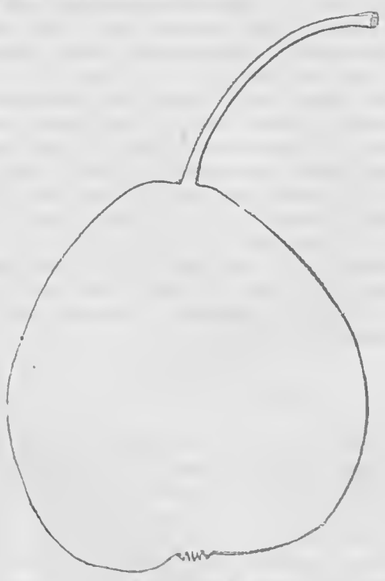
The culture, we will only remark, is the simplest that any pot plant can bear with. They are grown from slips or cuttings of the young shoots early in the spring, and make flowering plants by midsummer.

THE SEASON, FRUITS, &c.

THE Raspberries are just over. Gooseberries are ripening, but on account of the mildew, they have never been, with us, a very reliable crop, and, therefore, little attention has been paid to their culture. Early pears and apples are not yet ripe, or scarce, and we are, therefore, in the early part of August, almost without fruit, except currants.—We need something badly to fill up the space between raspberries and early peaches, pears, &c.—We are in hope that gooseberries will yet become a reliable crop in this country. Some of the new American seedlings may yet prove what we so much need.

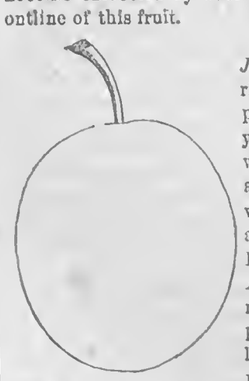
We have another resource in Blackberries.—They are now becoming pretty generally cultivated, and, as we all know, even in the wild state are a very healthy and delicious fruit. They begin to ripen soon after the close of the raspberry season, and continue for a long time. We may notice this fruit more particularly in the next number.

The *Currants*, however, are sure and invaluable. Next to the strawberry, they are the most important of all our small fruits. They well deserve good cultivation, which they will well repay by improved size and flavor.



DOYENNE D'ETE PEAR.

To-day, (Aug. 10th,) we picked the *Doyenne d' Ete*, or Summer Doyenne Pear, and we were never more impressed with its value and productiveness. It is juicy and delicious, and ripens well on the tree, though it is better for being picked a few days before ripening. It is a very great bearer, and we notice that the little dwarf trees of only two years old in the nursery rows are loaded with fruit. On the quince root it is too prolific, and unless well manured and pruned every year, the tree is apt to become enfeebled by over-bearing. We give an outline of this fruit.



THE earliest plum, the *Jaune Hative*, is now ripe, and it is a very pretty little fruit, pale yellow, thinly coated with bloom, juicy, sweet and pleasant. It is well worthy of cultivation on account of its earliness. Ripe this season 10th of August, but it must be remembered that the present season is much later than usual. This plum is recommended generally for amateurs, but we know of nothing that would sell better in any of our cities.

We shall have plenty of fruit here this season.—Apples will give a fair crop. We never before saw pear trees so completely loaded down with fruit. The Louise Bonne de Jersey is almost a miracle of productiveness. *Peaches* will be a fair crop, and a good show of plums will be saved from the curculio. Apricots are now ripening, but it is only on trees that have received special care or happened to be favorably situated that the fruit has been preserved from that most vexatious of all pests the curculio.

The FLOWER GARDEN is now gay with Verbenas, Petunias and other bedding plants. Among the new and fine things particularly worthy of notice, is that new and very pretty verbena, *Imperatrice Elizabeth*, with its star-like flowers. We may give an engraving of the flower next week. Also, a double white petunia; and a very striking and beautiful bright pink petunia, with a white center much resembling a convolvulus. It is a seedling raised by ELLWANGER & BARRY, and named *Pride of Mount Hope*.

The Annuals are now fine. The Double Balsam, Purple Candytuft, Ten Week Stocks, and many other common but beautiful annuals are "arrayed in all their glory."

New Strawberry beds may yet be made, and old ones should have a thorough weeding. Sometimes choice plants and trees newly put out may be saved by one or two good waterings in August. As fast as flowers die cut them away, unless you wish to save the seed, so that the plants will have a neat appearance.

PLANTING STRAWBERRIES, &c.—I wish to inquire about cultivating the Strawberry. In order to have strawberries in market next season, should the plants be set this summer, or fall, or next spring. How should the ground be prepared if the land is sandy? What are the most profitable early medium, or late varieties? How much would a half acre produce if properly cultivated, &c., under favorable circumstances the first season?—Can one man tend them until time to gather the fruit, &c.? Is it necessary to manure the land in order to make it profitable to raise them for market? Is it too late to propagate Grape vines for next springs planting? If so, how best produced from the cutting?—L. C. A., *Albion, Mich.*

REMARKS.—To get fruit next season you should plant immediately. If the season should be showery the plants will become strong before frost and you will get considerable fruit next season, though not half a good crop. If poor, the ground should be enriched with well-rotted stable manure. The only care they will require is hoeing and weeding, which will not be very troublesome. The *Early Scarlet* is the earliest and one of the best market berries. Of the value of later sorts there are a variety of opinions, almost every cultivator having a favorite sort. Vines if layered immediately would take root, but if delayed any longer you will have to make cuttings in the spring.—Make cuttings of two joints, and plant leaving an inch or two of the cutting with one eye above ground.

GARDENING IN KENTUCKY.

Gardening—Protection against Bugs, &c.—Chinese Sugar Cane—Peas.

EDS. RURAL:—A short time since, I gave your readers a brief sketch of the crops and their cultivation with us. I now propose giving you the result of my experience in gardening.

Kentucky has been aptly styled the garden spot of America. With her great natural fertility of soil, and admirable climate, Nature abundantly rewards the "tiller of the soil." I prepare my garden ground, which is four acres in extent, by thoroughly plowing and ridging in November, after manuring well. In this condition it remains until spring, when another coating of manure is hauled on,—again plowed, and well pulverized with harrowing. We do not trench as is done with you, and which would doubtless augment the product.

As your readers are familiar with the general plans of planting seeds, I will confine myself to the manner of managing *two* of the most difficult vegetables to raise with us — turnips and cucumbers. The first I sow among my water melons the first of August, by gently raking the vines aside and plowing well,—the ground being shaded by the vines, is always in a fit condition for the seed. The vines are then replaced, which shades the young plants, and is a preventive against the ravages of the fly. After two weeks the vines have ceased bearing to any extent, and are then removed entirely. In field culture I sow the turnip seed with oat seed, which is a certain protection against the fly, and keeps the ground moist, which is so essential to the growth of the turnip. These are our only sure methods of success in raising turnips.

I plant my cucumbers 3 feet apart, leaving 4 plants in a hill, when two leaves put forth. I cover them entirely over by spreading a small piece of wool very thinly over the plant, where it remains until the plant has grown beyond the danger of depredation from bugs. This method is as effectual and less expensive, than the millinett boxes. I sow my melon and cucumber seed on pieces of new grass turf, inverted, keeping in the house until the weather will admit, and then placing the turf in the hills prepared for the purpose, when they grow without being retarded, as is the case in pots in hot houses.

I experimented with the much boasted Chinese Sugar Cane last year, and can assure your readers it is a grand humbug. My stock would not eat it when placed beside common corn fodder. My seed were genuine. I was so convinced of its utter worthlessness that I let an acre of seed go to waste rather than to give it to my neighbors to be chagrined with, and to uselessly encumber the ground. I do not believe it possesses more of saccharine properties than the common corn stalk—certainly not as much as the beet. Your readers who experiment with it will endorse the truth of the above. My seed came from the Patent Office, and were of the original lot imported from France.

I very foolishly followed the suggestion of the Ohio *Cultivator* relative to the planting of peas 8 inches deep; the consequence was, as I anticipated, none came up, and I dare say they are growing *downward* if at all. If you want to succeed well with peas, sow early in drills, 2 to 3 feet apart, according to kind. Sow thickly and cover 3 inches, and you will, with proper cultivation, have an abundant yield.

If my effusions, which are based upon practical knowledge, will prove of any interest to your intelligent readers, I will, if desirable, again give them items concerning the operations of a young *amateur* farmer. A. L. A.

Sharpsburg, Ky., Aug. 1, 1857.

REMARKS.—We are always thankful for *practical* articles. Experience is what we want. If our correspondent had given us his experience with the sugar cane last season it might have saved some of our readers trouble. The first specimens we examined satisfied us that it had been too highly praised, and we intimated the fact in the RURAL cautioning our readers against extravagant expectations or expenditures until further trial.

MEETING OF FRUIT GROWERS.—The fall meeting of the *Fruit Growers' Association of Western New York*, will be held at the Court House in the city of Rochester, on Friday and Saturday, September 18th and 19. The meetings of this association are always interesting and profitable. Let there be a general gathering of the lovers of good fruit.

CURCULIO AND PEACHES.—We hear complaints from the peach growers that the crop is injured by the curculio. On examining a peach tree that stood within twenty feet of a plum tree, we could scarcely find a perfect peach, but the plums, (a large crop,) were uninjured. The plum tree had been shaken every day or two.

TAN BARK FOR MANURE.—Is tan bark a valuable manure for strawberries and other fruit?—M.

REMARKS.—Spent tan bark is good for mulching, keeping the ground cool and moist, but it is of little value as manure.

Domestic Economy.

CURRANT JELLY AND PRESERVES.

EDS. RURAL:—If I cannot serve the public in any other way, I will endeavor to tell them how some things *ought* to be done to "sweeten life." "Everything in its season;" therefore my method of making currant preserves and jelly may not be unacceptable to your fair readers.

CURRANT JELLY.—One pint of juice, one pound of white sugar. Boil the juice fifteen minutes, skim it, add the sugar, and boil five minutes; strain into a large vessel. When sufficiently cool put into glasses or cups.

CURRANT PRESERVES.—Select your largest currants, pick them from the stems, and to every pound of fruit allow one pound of white sugar.—Put a layer of each in your kettle until you have in all you intend to preserve; place it upon the top of the stove until there is sufficient juice extracted to prevent its burning; then let them boil twenty minutes. Pour them on platters, and let them stand exposed to the sun for a day or two; then put them in glasses. Cherries may be done in the same manner. C. R. B.

Canandaigua, N. Y., 1857.

CAKE RECIPES.

SPONGE CAKE.—One and one-third cup sugar, 1½ cup flour, ½ cup sweet cream, and 3 eggs—whites and yolks beaten separately—1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, ½ teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful lemon extract. Bake quick.

HICKORY NUT OR JACKSON CAKE.—Two cups white sugar, 1 cup butter, ½ cup milk, 1 cup chopped hickory nuts, 1 cup raisins, 2 cups sifted flour, 4 eggs—the whites and yolks beaten separately—½ teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful lemon.—The whole to be well beaten and baked in a quick oven, in square tins. Is much nicer to be frosted and cut in squares for the table.

DELICATE CAKE.—Two cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 1½ cups flour, whites of 8 eggs, 1 spoonful lemon extract; using the yolks with the same measure of ingredients make a *Gold* Cake. Using the two in thin alternate layers spread with jelly, makes an excellent cake for tea or evening parties.

Fort Atkinson, Jeff. Co., Wis., 1857. ELIZA.

CURE FOR WARTS.—*Inquiry.*—Can you or any of your subscribers give an effectual remedy for Warts?—E. C. H., *Lodi, O.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—A paste made of the ashes of Willow bark and vinegar, and put on the warts once or twice a day for a week, or so, will cure them. A very little nitric acid put on a wart once a day, for a few days, is a sure cure in every case, without soreness or pain, unless the acid is used too freely. Whittle out a stick about as large as a knitting needle, dip this into the acid, and just touch the top of the wart with it. It is better to get on too little than too much. The cure is certain, but the danger is in getting on so much as to cause pain.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

THE London *Times*, received by last steamer, contains intelligence calculated to create fear as to the final success of the Oceanic Telegraph movement. The difficulties mentioned may possibly prove more serious than is anticipated:

While looking at the ponderous mass on board the Agamemnon, one cannot fail to be struck by the heat of the place in which it is stowed away, a heat which might excite well founded fears as to its influence on the gutta percha. If we are not misinformed the heat of the sun destroyed many miles of the wire by melting out the gutta percha while the cable was lying in Glasse & Elliott's yard. Proper precautions should be taken to avert risk from this point.

We have already explained to our readers how the cable is coated with closely woven spiral wires, to prevent damage to the core in paying out; but in consequence of the two halves having been made at different places—one at Birkenhead, by Messrs. Newall, and the other at Greenwich, by Glasse & Elliott, a most egregious blunder has been committed. It will scarcely be credited, but it is nevertheless true, that the twist of the spiral wires of the Birkenhead half is exactly the opposite direction to the twist of the wires in the half made at Greenwich. Thus, when joined in the centre of the Atlantic they will form a right hand and a left hand screw, and the tendency of each will be to assist the other to untwist and expose the core. By attaching a solid weight to the centre joining, it is hoped this difficulty and danger may be overcome, but none attempt to conceal that the mistake is much to be regretted. We are informed that Messrs. Glasse & Elliot had nearly 100 miles of their portion of the cable completed before Messrs. Newall commenced theirs, and that therefore the fault rests with the firm which began last.

The apparatus to be used in paying out the cable is also looked upon by engineers as very ill adapted to its purpose. With a cable of such extreme lightness and no great strength, and attached to a vessel like the Agamemnon, the slightest possible check or hitch occurring would part it like a thread. The friction drums should therefore have been of the slightest kind consistent with preventing a "rush," and in fact only sufficient to ease it over gently. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that the machinery to be used is the very reverse of all this, and its massive aspect strikes dismay into every well wisher to the scheme. Some of the first engineers of the day consider it too heavy, and have expressed most unfavorable opinions concerning it and its probable effects upon the cable; and even those intimately connected with the plan and its details do not disguise their regret that such a machinery should be resorted to.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF IRON.—A British journal says that Mr. John Harding, managing partner in the Beeston Manor Ironworks, Leeds, has just patented an improved method of freeing ironstone and other metal ores, from shale and other extraneous matter. To those who are not acquainted with the mode of winning ironstone and preparing it for the blast furnace, it may be necessary to premise that the iron ore is imbedded in shale, which must be removed prior to the ore being sent to the blast furnace. Hitherto this has been accomplished by spreading the ore upon the surface, and subjecting it to the action of the weather until the shale is sufficiently loosened to allow of its being chipped or "napped" off the ore by manual labor. This is a work of months and years, and it is not only a long but also a costly process, in consequence of the number of men necessarily employed in spreading, chipping, &c. Mr. Harding's discovery dispenses altogether with the action of the air, and by the application of steam, accomplished in two or three hours that which had previously occupied one or two years.

PERPETUAL MOTION.—The editor of the London *Builder* thinks the following instances come as near perpetual motion as any one can desire:—In the rotunda at Woolwich Barracks there is, he says, a clock, moved by machinery, which has been going for more than forty years. He further states that he knows a gentleman who has had a watch in his possession for more than 30 years, hermetically sealed, which there is no means of winding, which tells the day of the week, the hours, minutes, seconds, months, and he believes years, and how far you walk in a day. It cost £500, and was made by a Frenchman in Paris. It was left with Mr. Oldham, of the Bank of Ireland, for six weeks, and locked up in his strong box, when the gentleman went into the country, about 25 years ago, and the watch goes well, he believes, to this moment.

NEW PANEL.—Mr. Mappin, of Birmingham, England, has patented a new panel for resisting burglarious attempts. It consists of a composition, enclosing a thin plate of steel. In making a full-sized panel, he says the steel would not be in one piece the size of the panel, but as a series of strips one and one-half inch broad, inserting at intervals, leaving a space of three-quarters of an inch between each. The inventor considers that it affords a perfect resistance to sharp instruments used by burglars; that panels made of this material will never shrink or twist, and that it is well adapted for curved panels.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC ENGINE.—A scientific commission has been appointed by the French Government to test a new electro-magnetic engine recently brought to Paris by T. Allen, of Edinburg.—This engine has been at work for some time at the engineering establishment of M. Cail, Paris, and with such success that it has inspired much confidence in its economy. It is to be applied to a locomotive at the expense of the French Government, in order to give it a most thorough test.

A WRITING MACHINE.—An ingenious piece of mechanism, designed to enable a person to record his thoughts or observations while traveling in the cars, in a crowd or in any place where ordinary writing apparatus cannot be used, has been invented by Mr. Benj. Livermore, of Hartland, Vt.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY BABY.

BY C. MONTGOMERY.

Two dimpled arms thrown o'er her head,
Her rosy mouth shut close,
I watch about that charmed bed,
Where rests my half-blown rose.

One tiny foot beneath the robe
Of softest muslin, peeps,
Of purer hue than downy couch
On which my darling sleeps.

I watch the rising of those lids
That hide sweet violet eyes,
I listen for the crowing laugh
That soon will softly rise.

No queen upon her gilded throne
Has been *more* blest than I,
The wealth of many a sceptered dame,
My treasure could not buy.

Chipman's Point, Vt., 1857.

SILVER AND GOLDEN WEDDING.

LITTLE more than a century and a half ago, a certain august lady knelt humbly down at the feet of her sovereign lord, master and husband, before an assemblage of the notabilities of Konigsburg. When she rose up again she was Queen of Prussia.

The Elector of Brandenburg thought fit to crown himself, and having done so, it was his royal pleasure to place the regal circlet on the brow of his wife with his own hands. In the lowly and submissive attitude of the Eastern slave she received the *insignia* of sovereign state, and was installed by Frederick the First, King of Prussia, as the partner of his throne, his rank, his state, his pomp, his rule, his title.

Such was the commencement of royalty in Prussia. That coronation of its first Queen was less a religious ceremony than an act of arbitrary power in him who could both *will* and *do*.

And now, since the last impression of our journal, the act has been ratified which, in all human expectation, is to give to Prussia another Queen in the person of the Princess Royal of England.

Human nature may be the same in all ages, but certainly the processes of civilization soften its asperities as the tide of time flows on. The sovereigns of Prussia have been men of somewhat arbitrary dispositions; but it might be that the exigencies of their day demanded the spirit which it engendered. We trust that the daughter of the Queen of England will reign in the heart of her husband and his people, a free wife and a free Queen over a free people.

At all events she will receive inauguration into her new greatness, or rather pass in transition from one high sphere into another, without the initiatory humility so typical of the after life of her first predecessor on the throne of Prussia.—Times have changed since those days, both for women and for nations. There have always been brilliant women rising out of the masses to enlighten the world with their genius; but now the whole sex is elevated by acquirements and development of mind, which places woman on a far different vantage ground than she ever occupied in the days which are gone. The advantage of the brighter light which rules our day is nowhere more felt than in the palace of our sovereign.—The personal cruelty of political marriages is almost disappearing, at least from the English Court.

Enforced alliances for national aggrandizement or national security, are giving place to the influences of those natural affections which have heretofore been denied to those of royal lineage. In olden times the prince might well envy the peasant the freedom of his desire, and count his gilded state too dearly purchased at the price of the surrender of all his heart held dear. Happy are the changes of more enlightened times. Queen Victoria was wooed and won. Hers was a union of affection and not of bartering. The same happy privilege descends to her daughter. The Prince of Prussia has had the opportunity allowed him of winning a heart instead of buying a hand. We trust that his acceptance is proof of his success.

In Germany they cherish a few customs which go to the heart, because they seem to have emanated from the heart. In England, courtship is no more than the assumed right of trifling with the best, the purest, the most vital feelings of our nature. If these are betrayed, the woman has but the shame heaped upon her sorrow and her injury of—what? an action for breach of promise of marriage, and the pointing of "the slow-moving finger of scorn." In thousands of cases the courtship is clandestine, and the gentleman shrinks out of his unratified engagement with self-congratulation on his own clever treachery. In Germany, betrothal is a ceremony public to the whole world. Its responsibilities may be thrown off, but not easily on caprice, or any light pretence. The withdrawal must be accounted for to relatives and friends. Justification must be established, or condemnation must follow.

Thus, after the sacred obligation has been once assumed, every year that passes is supposed to strengthen its happiness. Each anniversary is celebrated with a home festival—it may be modest but joyous. Possibly, during the first few lustres of married life, its cares, its troubles, its responsibilities, press heavily on those who have agreed to tread life's thorny road together; still the solid satisfaction triumphs, and the glad celebrations are held, at which, surrounded by their children and their relatives, the married pair receive the congratulations of their friends.

Following the stream of time, when the two who are one have counted their five and twenty years together, or the anniversary of the day which made them so, another more joyous, more marked, more notable, celebration takes place, and this is called "the Silver Wedding." What a happy significance there is in this expression. This long term of life thus spent together has but made affection stronger, purer, more precious. Industry, it may be, has brought opulence; the children who in their cradles brought with them greater need of thrift and toils, now strengthen and gladden the domestic circle, the mother may again be courted in her girls, the father may go wooing in his boys. The dear relationships of life are multiplied. Everywhere around loving hearts speak out of loving eyes. The sweet music of merry voices peels cheerily in mirthful laughs, waking up living echoes. The father and the mother are surrounded with an atmosphere of love. All these bonds unite them more closely to each other. Does not this happy anniversary deserve its name of the "Silver Wedding?"

Again, life goes on, and in some few rare cases—comparatively rare, we mean—the fiftieth year of union is completed; and now comes "the Golden Wedding." It may be that the home circle is narrowed; now, even if its principals have been spared, death may have smitten down some of the loved ones, changes may have scattered them hither and thither, homes may have been removed to other lands, friends may have been gathered into the earth's bosom, but the stream that is narrowing only grows the stronger, and they who have walked side by side for half a century, rejoicing together in their common joys, lamenting together in their common griefs, may well love each other with that love which has now become a part of their very being. Do we not often see in proof of this that the stroke that is mortal to one is commonly fatal to the other, and that when one dies it seems as if it were only to show the other the way to their last united resting place?—Surely the anniversary of the plighting of such faith and truth may well be called "the Golden Wedding."—*Ladies' Newspaper (London.)*

REMEMBER ME.

BY ELIZABETH J. COLE.

THESE touching words appeal to every heart, and find a corresponding echo in every soul. To be loved, to be remembered by those we hold dear is sweet. O, the sad reflection that with the departing years our memory will fade from the hearts we had hoped to cherish forever.

To feel that when the green grass shall wave over our lowly bed, and the white marble gleam coldly above to mark the spot, fond hearts will grow cold, and the once loving friends pass by, pausing not to drop a tear or breathe one sigh of regret for the departed. 'Tis a solemn thought, and one that calls up the recollections of by-gone days. But 'tis better for to close the weary eyes, and repose the aching brow in death, and lie down beneath pure snow or fragrant flowers, bedewed even for a season with tears of sorrow, than to know that while we live our image is effaced from the memory of once fond hearts, that before the lamp of life is gone out forever, we are dead to a world of hope, love and joy. Remember me, even when the grave has closed over all that remained of the poor frail worm of mortality; and sometimes when life is all bright and joyous, give one passing thought to the blest sleeper, resting so sweetly from all life's turmoil and cares. Remember me! How sadly sweet these words reverberate in the heart, haunting us ever with its soft soothing melody, when the tried and cherished friends of youth press upon the brow the farewell kiss.

Often will these sweet words come o'er the heart like the echo of some soul-subduing music, softening down the asperities of our natures, filling the soul with the long forgotten strains.

I have seen the cherished idol of the household close his eyes in death, leaving the world all dark to me, and now the snows of many winters have lain lightly upon his loved tomb, and sweet flowers have lifted their meek heads above his breast, yet, his last words of love and counsel are ever present with me, and my sorrow mellowed by time as it is, has made his grave a hallowed spot.

O, 'tis a pleasing memory, 'though fraught with much of childish grief, the memory of the dear light-hearted friends of childhood, and of their unfeigned grief at parting years ago, when I was a merry happy child. But alas! it is all past, and we shall never meet again; but

Fond memory often brings the hours,
When life was radiant with youth's flowers.

Remember me! Yes, 'tho' our paths in life may be widely separated, and sorrows may fall heavily upon my defenceless head, making still fainter the weary heart, and blighting the budding flowers of hope, then, when surrounded by home and friends, with no clouds obscuring the bright Heavens and beautiful sunshine from life's journey, sometimes remember me.

And when the Heavens smile above me, and roses instead of thorns adorn my pathway, I will look up in thanksgiving and prayer to our Father, for the constant friends he has given, and bless Him, that in the darkest hour he has remembered me.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

LET us seek out opportunities; let us slight nothing as too trivial or too minute, not even the keeping a favorite seat at the fireside for one we know has a fancy for it, or the most trifling arrangement of household matters, if it gives pleasure to others. The desire of showing little kindnesses proceeds often merely from an obliging disposition; but I think the habit of it must be formed on Christian motives, and on a habitual course of self-denial and thoughtfulness. It may be called a habit of preferring others before ourselves. Endeavor to acquire this habit; do not, because you can do so little for others, do nothing. Look around you, first in your own family, then amongst your friends and neighbors, and see whether there be not some one whose little burden you can lighten, whose little cares you may lessen, whose little pleasures you can promote, whose little wants and wishes you can gratify. Giving up cheerfully our own occupation to attend to others, is one of the little kindnesses and self-denials; doing little things that nobody likes to do, but which must be done by some one, is another.—Doing a thing, saying nothing about it, is also a kindness; for we all know how irksome it is to be told that this, that, or the other thing was got for us, or done on our account; and how ungrateful we feel for kindnesses thus thrust upon us.

HUMBLE LIFE.—Flowers have bloomed on our prairies, and passed away, from age to age, unseen by man, and multitudes of virtues have been acted out in obscure places, without note or admiration. The sweetness of both has gone up to heaven.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A WISH FOR A FRIEND.

WHERE feather-footed time is fleetest,
Where fragrance e'er distills the sweetest,
And all those friends are good thou meetest,
There be thy lot.
But if some grief thy heart o'ertaketh,
And Hope vain pictures all e'er maketh,
If what should be most true forsaketh,
Despair thou not:
For gold more pure from fire appeareth,
The sun o'er clouds the landscape cheereth,
And listen, for thine ear still heareth—
"*Thou'rt not forgot.*"

Honeoye, N. Y., 1857. M. M. M.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TO LAEDI.

BY MISS HARRIET JACQUES

THE Sun, clear-eyed, with far-discerning gaze
Saw Ocean blushing through her veil of spray,
But passed him quickly on; for on his rear
With silvered feet his Moon-Bride weeping came,
Her shad'wy arms, outstretching, grasped her child,
Her star-child, born of him who sped before—
Nor stayed her flight, though goal could no'er be won.
Thus I, with trembling grasp, hug to my heart
That pale, wan child, Despair, whom thou hast left,—
And hurrying years and I, speed on and on,
They, to the Past,—and I, to GOD and *thee*.

Home, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BUSINESS PERSEVERANCE.

MEN of business, men of tact, men of genius even, without perseverance, cannot succeed. Men who commence in any one business, may find it impossible to continue therein all their days. Ill health may demand a change. New elements of character may be developed; new and wider fields of enterprise may be opened to them. Men may have a positive distaste for some pursuits. They may be illy adapted to fill properly their chosen calling, and success may demand a change. None of these cases fall within the general rule. Men may have talents, but if they are fitful in their plans, inconstant in their purposes, changing as the winds in the direction of their efforts, they must not expect to succeed; they cannot prosper.

No form of business is free from vexations; no calling, but clouds may sometimes lower in its sky. Each man knows the spot on which his own harness chafes, but he cannot know how much his neighbor suffers. He may imagine *his* the worst form of business, and overybodys' beside attended with less difficulties. He may fly from one pursuit to another promising less friction, but in the flight thousands become unfeathered and fall to earth again, sad and disappointed. Make your business a pleasure, master it in all its details, cling to it as your sheet anchor. Life is not long enough to allow you to be master of but one pursuit. The history of eminent men in all professions and callings proves this. The great Statesman and Lawyer, DANIEL WEBSTER, was made great by his tenacity of purpose to adhere to his chosen calling. While he was a poor student, his father, with much difficulty, obtained for him a situation as Clerk of the Court. But the tempting offer of $1,500 per year was not sufficient to turn him from the mark he had set before him! The late ELIJAH LORING, of Boston, who died a few years since worth a million of dollars, once failed in business. He had acquired, and he lost by uncontrollable circumstances. He could not be kept down, but embarked again in business and signally triumphed. Our late distinguished Ambassador at the Court of St. James—the Hon. ABBOTT LAWRENCE, whose wealth was poured out for all benevolent purposes, in donations as large as the sea—could recall the time when he had his profession to select, and the first dollar of his splendid fortune to earn.—He chose deliberately a vocation. He pursued that occupation with integrity and perseverance, through dark days and trying seasons, and the result is before the world. His case affords an apt illustration of the proverb of the wise man, that a man diligent (or persevering) in business shall stand before kings and not before mean men. The talented editor of the N. Y. *Tribune*, for many years struggled with adverse winds and counter currents. Several of his early enterprises were doomed to defeat. He breasted manfully the conflicting gales. He persevered amid difficulties, and now stands a signal instance of the power of business endurance—the prime minister in the ranks of successful American Journalism.

The late JOHN JACOB ASTOR, as he left his native Germany, paused beneath a linden tree, not far from the line that separates his native land from another, and made three resolutions, viz.:—"1st. He would be honest. 2d. He would be industrious. 3d. He would never gamble." He was on foot; his wealth was in the small bundle that swung from a stick laid on his shoulder. The world was before him. He was able to carry them out. His success is the best comment on his perseverance. Biographical notices of the late DOUGLASS JERROLD give us the fact that his first connection with literature was as a printer's apprentice, and that his first writings were contributed anonymously to the journal for which he was setting type. His perseverance made him distinguished in the world of letters. STEPHEN GIRARD at the age of forty years was in quite moderate circumstances, being the captain of a small coasting vessel on the Delaware and part owner of the same. No trait in his character was more marked than his untiring perseverance, and this gave him a fortune. A poor but worthy young man by the name of SIMPSON had been some three years employed as a clerk by STEPHEN GIRARD, of Philadelphia. He had resolved to prove faithful to his trust, and never be ungrateful for any favors shown him by his employers. His pay from the first was $1,000 per year. The Directors of a new Bank offered him twice that sum to engage for them. He refused. One morning he was asked by his employer why he did not accept the tempting offer? "Because," said the noble hearted SIMPSON, "You gave me $1,000 when I could scarcely earn you half of it; now I deem it my duty to remain for the same, though I might receive twice that elsewhere.—Within a few days, his *persevering fidelity* was rewarded at the hands of his employer with a deed of an elegant new house richly furnished and lot, valued at $30,000.

All men who have succeeded well in life, have been men of high resolve and enduring perseverance. When the famed RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN made his first speech in Parliament, it was regarded on all hands as a most mortifying failure. His friends urged him to abandon a parliamentary career, and enter upon some field better suited to his ability. "No," said SHERIDAN, "No, it is in me, and it shall come out." And it did, for he became one of the most splendid debaters in England. Dr. FRANKLIN and the Immortal WASHINGTON are instances in point, where, from comparative obscurity, men rise up and grapple with difficulties with an inherent force that conquers all barriers that oppose their onward progress. Such men scorn the threatened invasion of petty obstructions, and tread forward in their business pathway, unjostled by any external pressure. With iron wills and fearless hearts, they obtain the rewards of their patient endurance and unremitted perseverance—SUCCESS. S. B. R.

Spring Side, Vermont, July, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

HOPE.

HOPE, thou Ministering Angel to cheer us on our earthly pilgrimage—thou friend to man sent him by his Divine Benefactor. Blessed is thy mission, Oh Hope, and beautiful are thy works.—Thou ever goeth hand in hand with Charity, thy much beloved Sister. Without this, what were man?

Hope is ever the friend of the oppressed; she visits the laborer at his toil, and cheers him with thoughts of happier days in store. See how his clouded brow brightens as she breathes upon him, and he toils on contented and happy, with blessings on her name. She bends over the student in his room as he trims the midnight lamp. See how his countenance lights up with joy at her approach—he drops his books, and as a dreamy unconsciousness steals over him, visions of future greatness float through his brain. Hope points him to fame and happiness and a name upon the annals of his country; he starts, and 'tis but a dream; and will it all be a dream? She cheers the sailor when far away upon the deep—tells him of a prosperous voyage—a safe return to his native land and a joyous meeting with loved ones at home.

Hope is always to be found at the side of youth, gay, wild and thoughtless youth. She whispers in his willing ear of long life, of happiness, and of pleasure; and hopefully he toils on. Does he despond? One breath from the lips of Hope and the gloom is dispelled. Does he despair of gaining some favorite object? Hope comes again to his aid and he toils on with renewed ardor until the prize is gained.

Hope is an inhabitant of the humble home of the farmer, and her presence makes it the abode of content and true happiness. Encouraged by her beneficent smile he scatters the seed to the earth with a liberal hand, reposing the most unlimited confidence in her promises. The grain springeth up in its season, and the dews and rains of heaven fall upon it, and it maketh the heart of the farmer to rejoice at the prospect of an abundant harvest.

Hope visits the prisoner in his cell and banishes from his heart those gloomy thoughts that find a dwelling there—the thoughts of his sufferings and the wrongs that perchance he may have met with on life's stormy sea, of his strong ship wrecked on the rocks of crime in the midst of a prosperous voyage—all these are banished from his mind, and he sees only the future before him, dark it may be, but Hope beckons him on with the promise of better days in store for him. Many blessings hast thou conferred upon man, O, Hope. The orphan blesses thee, the invalid upon the bed of sickness and pain, calls down blessings on thy name; and all mankind look unto thee as a Guardian Angel.

Assyria, Mich., 1857. J. M. T.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MOONLIGHT.

THE silver orb of night breaks from Eastern chambers, flooding the earth with a glorious sea of light, not brilliant and dazzling, but softly radiant. How different the scene from that of day! The blue canopy of Heaven is studded with brighter gems than ever decked a monarch's crown; the "Queen of Night" sails like a pearl canoe through waves of ether, betraying to our vision, worlds on worlds, which were, till now, hidden by the dazzling splendor of Sol, while its gentle rays lend a charm to nature's *lower* works, as they hide that which man in his "onward course" has deformed.

Many and varied are the missions of the moon, and nobly she performs them. Not only is she a "light to rule by night," but she has been the awakener of deep emotions within the human bosom. Were he, who has ever plodded the highway of life, seeking for diamonds in the dust, to look heavenward of a moonlit evening, he would be filled with yearnings strangely different from any he ever before experienced. A new idea o life would, for the while, at least, inspire him who was, until now, bound to his earthly idols. Longings for something more worthy of striving for than gold dust, would usurp the throne which was heretofore devoted to mammon. And when the scene changed, how deep the void in the heart, which to attempt to supply by other than holy aspirations, were a mockery.

Vastly many and different are the scenes which our moon has beheld since she siezed the sceptre of night, and began her gentle sway. She has gazed upon many a battle field, but too high and pure to be stained by the sight. Heaven seemed to contrast the brightness of the celestial, with the darkness of the earthly, when after the carnage of Waterloo, fair Luna shed her rays over the field of dead and dying, with a rebuking peacefulness, betraying to the eyes of the surviving, the devastation men had wrought when in the heat of passion.

Moonlight slept on the waters, when, in the days of old, a little bark was tossed to and fro, by the raging billows. A calm voice rising above the tempest, spoke "Peace, be still," and the winds and the waters obeyed. Thus, many a tale of peace and we might the moon bear witness to, and vastly many a touching scene will she gaze upon, ere her reign of silent grandeur shall have ceased forever. HELEN HAZLETT.

Rochester, Mich., 1857.

RURAL SCENE IN HAYING TIME.

The following rural picture is a remarkably truthful one, as all who are familiar with country life at this season will testify. We cut it from the Litchfield (Conn.) Enquirer:

The hay harvest is at hand. Scattered over the meadows are heaps of clover; and musical amid the songs of robins and bob-o-links, echoes from the vale the clear ring of the mower's stone upon his scythe. With the earliest daylight, there comes a creak from the grind-stone, and we hear the hammer fastening the blade on the snath.—There is a rushing sound perceptibly borne on the still, hot air, the sound of keen blades sweeping before them the clover and the herd's grass—there is a perfume creeping in at the windows—a stillness upon nature—a desertion in the village—and a bright, glaring sun in the heavens. Now indeed has the haying commenced. Go down to the fields in the morning. There stands the cart near the shade of the maples—the basket, the watering and rakes beneath it—the cattle chained to the bars—the horse browsing among the winrows.—Go at noon. The men are at their dinner. The basket removed, the pork upon the trencher, the wheaten loaf upon the grass, and brown hands hard at work with spoon and fork. Go at evening. The cattle are yoked, the carts are on their way to the barn, or being loaded, where, thick and well-rounded, the heavy cocks are scattered over the meadow. The boys follow with rakes—and in some fields, wives and daughters are out to hasten on the work. Thus will the harvest be completed, the barns shall be bursting ere long with the well-cured crop, and little children shall sport on the high mows, and the old men lean out of their doors, listening.

"To the rush at the breathless swing—
To the whoop of the smothered call;
Till their feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And they care not for the fall."

RISING IN THE WORLD.

You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to gain our livlihood by the sweat of the brow. What reason have we, then, to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be, as now and then one will be, endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, those extraordinary powers of mind may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and, if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or them. Nor does it hence follow that the descendants of laborers are always to be laborers. The path upwards is steep and long, to be sure. Industry, care, skill, excellence, in the present parent, lay the foundation of a rise, under more favorable circumstances, for the children.—The children of these take another rise; and, by-and-by, the descendants of the present laborer become rich men. This is the natural progress.—It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world.—Society may aid in making the laborers virtuous and happy, by bringing children up to labor with steadiness, with care, and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible; to do them all in the best manner; to set them an example in industry, sobriety, cleanliness, and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they never shall be liable to fall into the contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labor, and thus to remove from them the temptation to get at the goods of others by violent and fraudulent means, and to keep far from their minds all the inducements to hypocrisy and deceit.—*Cobbett.*

SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.

RUFUS CHOATE, in one of his speeches, introduced the following *unique picture* of a New England Summer, to illustrate the idea that irregularity is not ruin:—"Take the New England climate, in summer; you would think the world was coming to an end. Certain recent heresies on that subject may have had a natural origin there. Cold to-day; hot to-morrow; mercury at 80° in the morning, with wind at south-west; and in three hours more a sea turn, wind at east, a thick fog from the very bottom of the ocean, and a fall of 40° of Fahrenheit; now, so dry as to kill all the beans in New Hampshire; then, floods carrying off the bridges of the Penobscot and Connecticut; snow in Portsmouth in July; and the next day a man and a yoke of oxen killed by lightning in Rhode Island. You would think the world was twenty times coming to an end! But I don't know how it is; we go along; the early and the latter rain falls, each in its season; seed-time and harvest do not fail; the sixty days of hot, corn weather, are pretty sure to be measured out to us. The Indian Summer, with its bland south-west, and mitigated sunshine, brings all up; and on the 25th of November, or thereabouts, being Thursday, three millions of grateful people, in meeting-houses, or around the family board, give thanks for a year of health, plenty and happiness."

INFERIOR BOOKS.—Inferior books are to be rejected, an age and time when we are courted by whole libraries, and when no man's life is long enough to compass even those which are good and great and famous. Why should we bow down at puddles, when we can approach freely to the crystal spring-heads of science and letters? Half the reading of most people is snatched up at random. Many stupify themselves over the dullness of authors who ought never to have escaped oblivion. The invention of paper and printing—especially the production of both by a new motive power—may be said to have overdone the matter, and made it too easy to be born into the world of authorship. The race would be benefited by some new invention for strangling nine out of ten that sue for publicity. No man can do his friend or child a more real service than to snatch from his hand the book that relaxes and effeminates him, lest he destroy the solids and make his fibre flaccid by the slops and hashes of a catch-penny press. But especially is he a benefactor who instills the principle that no composition should be deliberately sought, which is not good, beneficial, and above mediocrity.—*Dr. J. W. Alexander.*

BRAVE actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornament of it.

The Traveler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WANDERINGS IN EUROPE.—NO. III.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

Heidelberg.—Professors and Students.

A STRANGER passing through Heidelberg, would scarcely perceive the University if he had not a previous knowledge of its existence. About the buildings themselves there is indeed little to observe, for they are not as showy as some of our Seminaries. The main one, standing in the Ludwigsplatz, is an ancient stone structure, entirely devoid of ornament, with a curiously curved roof, and plenty of windows in the walls. The Laboratory, situated in another part of the town, has been constructed more recently, and is the most showy building belonging to the institution. The Library occupies an old Jesuitical Seminary, and the Medical Department is in the Hospital.

One morning I went to the Laboratory in order to hear BUNSON, the Professor of Chemistry. His reputation is second only to that of LIEBIG, and indeed many of his admirers assert that he is the greater Chemist, although LIEBIG is better known among the people, and in England and America, on account of the discoveries he has made in Agricultural Chemistry. BUNSON is forty-five or six and unmarried; quite bald on the back of his head; rather above the medium height; is somewhat round-shouldered; and on the whole has not a prepossessing appearance. In the course of his experiments he has lost the sight of one eye. He came into the lecture room dressed very plainly, if not a little coarsely, and immediately commenced speaking rapidly, in a low and conversational tone. He has a slight impediment in his speech, and often he thrust both hands into his pantaloons, pockets, or joined them behind his back. He performed his experiments rapidly, and without failure.

In the evening I heard HANSER, the Professor of History. When I entered the room, there were but five or six persons present, but in a few moments the students came pouring in, and the benches were quickly filled. His lecture room is very plain, being furnished with unpainted board desks and seats, which show the marks of knives, proving that the whittling propensity is not confined to the Yankees alone. The room is supplied with numerous gas-burners, and two huge stoves diffuse the necessary warmth. On one side is a plain desk for the lecturer with a large map lying on it, and on the opposite side is a gallery. Some of the students did not extinguish their cigars until the professor made his appearance, which was announced by the sudden ceasing of the buzzing conversation. He is a portly man, having a most massive head set close to his shoulders. He speaks rapidly and without any hesitation, occasionally raising a laugh by some witty remark. When he had concluded, the audience applauded by clapping their hands and stamping on the floor. His lectures are well attended both by students and strangers.

In the course of the Autumn a *commerz* or general meeting of the students took place in the Hirchgasse, and HENRY B——, who was President of one of the Societies, gave me an invitation to accompany him. About seven o'clock in the evening the students collected at one of the Society rooms in Heidelberg, where they formed a procession, and marched through the Hauptstrasse and over the bridge to the little valley, in the entrance of which the Hirchgasse is situated. Each Society bore its colors, and the procession was accompanied by torch-bearers, walking on each side. In one corner of the room which we entered were several kegs of beer, and in the centre were placed five long tables, with two ranks of beer glasses standing thereon, and wooden benches by their sides. Each Society was seated at a separate table, at the head of which were two Presidents with crossed swords lying before them. The deep hum of incessant conversation sounded in the room; the tumblers were filled with foaming beer and quickly emptied, then rattled sharply on the tables to call the waiters; healths were drank and glasses clinked together, and the smoke from more than a hundred pipes and cigars soon made the atmosphere so thick and blue that the very lights burned dim. In the beginning, a boy about twelve years old, mounted on a chair, gave a toast, drank off a tumbler of beer, and then dashed the glass to the floor. I afterwards learned that he was a son of the Reed Fisherman, who for many years has assisted the students in their duels and other proceedings, and became quite a notorious personage among them. He then lay sick of an inflammation, and the students took up a collection for him in the course of the evening; in two or three weeks afterwards he died. Finally, the Presidents beat the swords upon the table, immediately the noise was hushed, and all joined in singing a song.—After it was finished, they recommenced talking and drinking, which they kept up until the Presidents again beat to order, and another song followed. Three songs were sung in this way, with intervals of drinking and conversation, until about one o'clock, when the tables were wiped off, and the Landsfather sung, during which all the caps were thrust upon the sword blades. This concluded the ceremonies and the students then began to leave.

During the last summer the authorities of the University endeavored to suppress the custom of duelling among the students. They were strictly forbidden to fight in the Hirchgasse, and for a while not allowed to wear their colors. To ensure the enforcement of these orders a body of troops came from Mannheim, and quartered in Heidelberg for a few weeks. The students, however, did not cease duelling, though they were obliged to conduct their operations secretly, commonly going to some village a few miles from the city. One day my friend told me there were some duels to take place in Schwetzingen, a town a few miles distant, which I could witness if I would accompany him. Accordingly we entered a carriage with a couple of other students, and drove across the plain between rows of fruit trees, until we entered the village. Fifteen or twenty students were already assembled when we arrived, and going into a large room they soon commenced preparations for fighting. The principals put on strongly padded leather armor, which protected the body and thighs, leaving the breast and face exposed. Thick stocks were bound round their necks, and cloth caps with strong leather front pieces so as to protect the eyes, placed on their heads. Their right arms were thrust into great buckskin sleeves, also thickly padded, and quite impervious to the heaviest sword cut. After being thus attired they walked slowly about the room, the seconds supporting their arms, to prevent them from becoming fatigued. Although they wore a smile, yet I could not help thinking they felt somewhat anxious, and their countenances were a little paler than usual. They took their positions, armed with swords, their seconds, armed in like manner with themselves on their left sides and a little behind. The seconds are allowed to ward off the blows of the opposite principal, and it sometimes happens that they receive a cut.

The judge, a tall young man with a cold grey eye, called out "*silentium*;" the seconds gave the words "*ready—loose*," when the combatants exchanged two or three blows after which the seconds cried "*hold*," and placed their swords between them. Twenty-six rounds similar to this ended the first duel. One of the combatants had his upper lip cut through at the twelfth round, the blood falling on his shirt and on the floor. Before the duel was ended he succeeded in giving his antagonist a cut on the ear. The other duels were fought in the same manner, commonly lasting fifteen minutes each, or until the duellists became too fatigued to continue. Sometimes they paused to rest for a minute or two, during which the principals walked around the room while their comrades supported their arms. In the course of the three duels that followed, another wound was given, and several times their caps were cut through.

It is extremely rare that a duel ends fatally, and I think never so intentionally. In the majority of them, indeed, no wounds are given, as only the face is aimed at, and their protective armour and peculiar mode of fencing render it difficult to approach it. A few years ago a student was killed by the sword of his antagonist springing, the point entering his breast which was unguarded. Since then the points of the swords have been blunted so that a recurrence of the same accident is impossible. The swords have enormous basket hilts which completely hide the hand, and blades so thin and light that after striking two or three blows they commonly become bent, obliging the seconds to end the round in order to straighten them.—Though there is no danger of the duels ending fatally, yet sometimes frightful wounds are given—a cheek cut through—an eye put out, or a scalp laid open. A story is related of a student whose nose was entirely severed by a skillful stroke, falling at the feet of his antagonist. He dropped his sword, and stooped to pick it up, but before he could reach it his opponent had crushed it to atoms beneath his foot.

After the fighting was ended the students adjourned to a room in which dinner was prepared. The two Societies sat down at different tables and of course did not hold much conversation with each other. Our party remained until evening, taking a walk in the fine gardens belonging to the castle, and afterwards drinking beer and singing songs. We returned to Heidelberg at 10 o'clock, and then went to the *Kneipse*, or Society room of which Henry B—— is President. The room of a Society of Students in Heidelberg University presents a different appearance from that of a Society in an American College. Commonly there is a keg of beer in one corner to supply the glasses of the students, who sit at wooden tables placed round the rooms. Many without their coats, some bare headed, but the most wear their colored caps.—They laugh, talk, sing, discuss metaphysical questions, and consume enormous quantities of tobacco and beer. The color of the room is blue and thick with smoke. The tables are wet with spilled beer and commonly the clothes of the students receive a fair portion. The floor is bare and dirty, but the walls are hung with fine engravings, flags, and portraits of the members. There are also commonly two or three dogs present, belonging to the Society, which are trained to leap over sticks, shut the doors, smoke cigars, and numerous other tricks that dogs are capable of learning. Three or four enormous drinking horns, which one would think could be procured nowhere but from the spoils of GORDON CUMMINGS' hunting expeditions in Africa, hang in some conspicuous position.—Occasionally they are filled to the brim with foaming beer, and their contents drank off at once by some ambitious "*bursch*." The quantity of beer which the students drink is really astonishing. It is so weak that there is not much danger of getting intoxicated upon it, though it sometimes happens that beginners after a night's carousal have what the Germans call "*katzenyammer*." The beer glasses invariably hold a pint; it is very common for a student to drink twelve or fifteen in the course of an evening, and I have known some who at a "*commerz*" drank thirty.

The lack of intellectual amusements among the students is probably owing in a great measure to the government. Literary and debating societies could not be well sustained, for the discussions would invariably turn upon politics, and the liberal, outspoken opinions of the majority of the students would give the authorities a pretext for interfering. Besides, there is scarcely any incentive to oratory and debate, for where is the arena in Germany on which ability in these departments can be shiningly displayed. In America and England the student is scarcely less ambitious to distinguish himself in his debating society than in the recitation room, and he looks forward to the bar or legislative hall as the scene of his contests and triumphs in future years. The German student, if he is ambitious, devotes himself to his books, with a prospect of success only if he stands in the first ranks. He becomes a walking folio of musty knowledge. In literature he must be at least a HAUFF or a LENAN, to earn his subsistence, and if he enters the church it is very probable, despite his deep knowledge of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and metaphysics, that he will spend his life, ministering to the spiritual wants of a congregation of ignorant peasants in some obscure village. Yet it is this absence of opportunity of rising at the bar and in politics which has turned the great minds of Germany to science and literature, and given her the profoundest scholars and the richest language of modern times.

The students have torch-light processions quite frequently. During the winter I have witnessed several, one of which was the burial of a member of the Theological Department. The procession marched the whole length of the Hauptstrasse from the market place, to the Mannhim gate, and then to the Kirchhof, at the foot of the mountains outside of the city. It was headed by a band of music, playing a solemn requiem. Behind the music came the hearse, drawn by four horses.—Flowers and wreaths were laid on the top of the pall. On each side walked four students, bearing inverted torches, behind came the rest of the procession also bearing torches, numbering a hundred and twenty, after which succeeded a few carriages. The lurid smoke rose in a cloud from the many burning torches, and as the train became more and more distant, the lights fainter and fainter, and the measured music and roll of the drum sounded lower and lower, it seemed a fitting emblem of the last flickerings of the spirit, and beatings of the heart, in that body they were bearing to the grave.

Illustrated Biography.—No. 7.

HENRY WARDSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THIS celebrated American poet, the son of Hon. STEPHEN LONGFELLOW, of Portland, Maine, was born in that city, February 27, 1807. Under the eye of his father, his preparatory studies were pursued in the schools of Portland, and he entered Bowdoin College, in Maine, when fourteen years of age. A decided talent at poetry manifested itself at a very early age, and previous to his matriculation he had written several fugitive pieces, which indicated the growing genius of the embryo poet. While in College he contributed some spirited poems to the "United States Literary Gazette." After the usual course of study, he graduated with the highest honors of his class, in 1825.

On finishing his collegiate course, Mr. LONGFELLOW entered the law office of his father, where for a year or two he divided his time between the musty tomes of the law and the green bowers of the muses. The professorship of modern languages in his alma mater becoming vacant, he was called to occupy its chair. Accordingly he bade a cheerful adieu to the uncongenial study of Coke and Littleton and sailed for Europe, where he spent three years, dividing his time between England, France, Spain, Holland, Italy, and Germany, gathering such stores of knowledge as might fit him for the acceptable discharge of the duties of his professorship.

In 1829, he returned home, and entered at once upon his labors. He remained an incumbent of the chair of modern languages in Bowdoin for the space of six years, during which he discharged the duties of his office with great acceptance. Amidst his numerous official duties he found time for the general study of literature, and contributed several valuable articles to the North American Review. During the last year of his residence at Brunswick, he published an English translation of the celebrated Spanish poem written by Don Jorge Manrique on the death of his father, to which was added an essay, full of critical beauty, on Spanish poetry.

In 1835, the professorship of modern languages and belles lettres, in Harvard University, became vacant. Resigning his chair at Brunswick, he accepted the trust reposed in him by the government of Harvard, and immediately sailed once more for Europe, where he spent one year in acquiring a more thorough acquaintance with the languages of Northern Europe. He visited Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland and the Germanic States, availing himself of the aid of the most eminent men in these places, and collecting a valuable library, with which he returned to Cambridge in the following year, and at once assumed the duties of the vacant professorship, to the labors and responsibilities, the honors and emoluments, of which he was inaugurated in 1836.

On the return of Mr. LONGFELLOW from Europe, he published his "Outre Mer," a production on which the critics have heaped both anathema and eulogy in no stinted measure. Since entering upon the duties of his professorship at Cambridge, he has been a vigilant traveler in the fields of literature and poetry, from which he has culled many a choice bouquet for the admiration of his countrymen and the world at large. He has given many volumes to the world, several of which have been translated into the various living languages of Europe, and which have contributed not a little to the reputation of their author and American literature.

The following is a list of his published works, besides those already mentioned:—"Hyperion," a romance; "Voices of the Night," a collection of poems, both published in 1839; a second collection of poems, entitled "Ballads, and other Poems," in 1841; "Poems on Slavery," in 1842; "The Spanish Student," a play, in 1843; "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," and "The Belfry of Bruges," in 1845; "Evangeline," in 1847; "Kavanagh, a Tale," in 1848; "The Seaside and Fireside," in 1849; "The Golden Legend," in 1851, and "Hiawatha, an Indian Legend," in 1856.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HEAT LIGHTNING—WHAT IS IT?

THIS is one of the common phenomena of the atmosphere, which is easy to be misunderstood.—Like many other things, however, the circumstances need only to be carefully observed. Most people will not do this for want of time or interest; yet they readily understand the explanation when it is made to them. This is now proposed to be done for all your readers who will think for a few moments, and desire a satisfactory solution of the matter.

Lightning is connected with clouds, but is developed in peculiar circumstances. All know that most clouds do not exhibit it. The reason why any clouds show it, is of no consequence in this case, only it appears chiefly in hot weather.

Heat Lightning is so called because it appears in a clear sky on a hot evening. It is unattended by thunder the observer says, because he does not hear it. So also the lightning of thunder showers is often so remote that its explosion (thunder) does not reach the ear. It is not called heat lightning because it has ever been found, or proved by any one or by all men, that heat can produce lightning. It is a name given merely to indicate the circumstances of its appearance. Observers have long since found that the so-called heat lightning is the flashing of lightning formed in clouds below the horizon of the beholder. The facts are the following. Soon after sunset of a hot day in summer, with the sky clear of clouds, lightning flashes above the western horizon; soon another, and another, while no cloud appears.—This is repeated and repeated for a half hour or more. Only call it heat lightning and you are satisfied. No, by no means. You see it again; and now a cloud is also seen lying along the horizon. The lightning is repeated, and flashes higher as the cloud rises. At length you see the lightning in the thunder head risen above the horizon, which sends its flash upon the still, cloudless sky above. The shower moves onward with its lightning and its flashes higher up, till the thunder storm is upon your place. Now you know the origin and cause of this (you called) heat lightning, and see it is only the flashing of lightning in clouds below your horizon, and hence invisible till the cloud had advanced nearer to you.

A few evenings since the heat lightning appeared in the southwest part of the horizon. I watched its continued flashing for an hour, and no cloud appeared to my eye. At length the flashing had moved eastward till nearly in the south a vivid flash showed the rolled up masses of the thunder-heads just above the horizon. That heat lightning was only the *common lightning* of the thunder storm below my horizon throwing up its flashes on the cloudless atmosphere above. Had the shower been further south, no clouds would have appeared, and yet the origin of the lightning flashes would have been the same. Such instances often occur. But no one can doubt the source of such (so called) heat lightning, or avoid feeling the absurdity of the name. There has never occurred any case of heat lightning which did not originate in this way. The matter is plain; the solution distinct and adequate; no other cause is needed. He that runneth may read by the light of it. C. D.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS. — Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both died on the 4th of July, 1826. John Adams died in his 91st year, and was eight years older than Thomas Jefferson; Thomas Jefferson was eight years older than James Madison; James Madison was eight years older than James Monroe; James Monroe was eight years older than John Quincy Adams. The first five of our Presidents—all revolutionary men—ended their terms of service in the 66th year of their age. Washington, born February 22, 1732; inaugurated 1789; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age: John Adams, born October 19th, 1735; inaugurated 1797; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age: Thomas Jefferson, born April 21st, 1743; inaugurated 1801; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age: James Madison, born March 4th, 1751; inaugurated 1809; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age: James Monroe, born April 2d, 1759; inaugurated 1817; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

THERE are about nine thousand cells in a square foot of honey comb.

Sabbath Musings.

SABBATH EVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

How calmly sinks the parting sun!
  Yet twilight lingers still,
And beautiful as dreams of Heaven,
  'Tis slumbering on the hill.
Earth sleeps with all her glorious things,
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
And rendering back the hues above—
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Mysterious music from the pines,
  O'er yon dark rocks reclined,
Falls like the whispered words of peace
  Upon the heavenly mind;
And winds with pinions steeped in dew,
Breathe gently, as if stealing through
From Eden's bowers, they came to bless
The Spirit with their holiness.

And yonder glittering throng of clouds
  Retiring from the sky,
So calmly move, so sweetly glow
  They seem to fancy's eye
Bright creatures of a better sphere,
Come down at noon and worship here;
And from that sacrifice of love,
Returning to their homes above.

The blue isle of the golden sea,
  The night arch floating high,
The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,
  The bright streams leaping by,
Are living with religion; deep
Its glories on the waters sleep,
And mingle with the moon's pale rays
Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve,
  Comes through the silent air,
To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes
  The gush of music there;
And the far depths of ether beam
So passing fair, we almost deem
That we can rise and wander through
Their open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,
  Each pulse is beating wild,
And thought is soaring to the shrine
  Of glory undefiled.
And holy inspirations start
Forth from the temple of the heart,
And chain—for earth's dark ties are riven—
Our spirits to the gates of heaven.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THOUGHTS.

REFLECTION is a flower of the mind, and a flower of mind, like a flower of earth, giveth fragrance of its kind. Like the blossom of a papaver, so is the fragrance of evil thought. Better were it if mind drank the poppy's opiate, than to breed thoughts corrupting to mental wisdom. By reading, we garner from the fields of wisdom, but by thinking, we fill the storehouse of memory. Meditation winnoweth the products of thought. Memory receiveth from mind, as a bank, the deposits of wealth, but drafts thereon only increase the wealth of its treasures. Read little and think much; for better is little with meditation than much with levity inconsiderate. Scan well the productions of thy observation, and reason upon the objects around you. And to store thy memory with wisdom, seek well the teachings of thy Bible. For who can measure the value of Omnipotence, or know the extent of GOD'S understanding. Read and think understandingly, and with all, meditate with prayer. For without asking, you have no promise of receiving; and without the blessing of thy GOD thy reason profiteth little. A. L. J.

Gaines, N. Y., 1857.

THE WILL OF GOD.—I often think that the real value of whatever we do is proportioned by the conformity with which we do it to the will of God. If in merely eating or drinking, I do it because it is the will of God that I should, I am doing what is more agreeable to him than if I were to do what should even cost me my life, without any such Divine intention. I would advise you often, during the day, beseech God that he would inspire you with a real love of your vocation, and that you should say, like St. Paul, when he was converted, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?—Wouldst thou that I should serve thee in the lowest office in thy house? I will reckon myself here, too, blest. Provided I serve thee, I care not in what capacity." And coming more particularly to what is vexing you, say, "Wouldest thou that I should do such and such a thing? Alas! O Lord, though I am not worthy, willingly will I do it."—*St. Francis de Sales.*

PRIVATE PRAYER.—"Philosophy," said the good and great Richard Watson, "asks a reason for the offering of prayer, and, waiting for answer never prays at all. Religion hears that God will be inquired of by all, thankfully bends the knee, touches the golden sceptre, and bears away the blessing." An apology for prayer is neither needed or attempted here, as we write for those who admit its adaptation to man's utter dependency, and perhaps who pray themselves. We ask no other reason for calling upon the name of the Lord than the single command of our great Prophet:—"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." This is our authority, our argument, for private prayer, sitting, as it does, like a jewel on the bosom of that all-perfect book of divinity, the Sermon on the Mount.

THE FEELING PREACHER.—He that can tell men what God hath done for his soul, is the likeliest to bring their souls to God; hardly can he speak to the heart, that speaks not from it. How can a frozen-hearted preacher warm his hearers' hearts, and enkindle them with the love of God? But he whom the love of Christ constrains, his lively recommendations of Christ, and speeches of love, shall sweetly constrain others to love him. Above all loves, it is most true of this, that none can speak sensibly of it but those that have felt it.

SORROW.—Sorrow is the night of the mind.—What would be a day without its night? The day reveals one sun only; and night brings to light the whole of the universe. The analogy is complete. Sorrow is the firmament of thought and the school of intelligence.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year,	- - - - -	$2
Three Copies, "	- - - - -	$5
Five Copies, "	- - - - -	$8
Six Copies, and one free to agent,	-	$10
Ten Copies, and one free to agent,	-	$15

Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ A NEW HALF VOLUME commences July 4, and hence the present is a good time to form clubs for either Six Months or a Year. Agents and others will bear in mind that all subscriptions forwarding during the present month will count on Premiums. See Premium Lists on next page.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad—Wm. R. Barr.
Peabody's new Hautbois Strawberry—Chas. A. Peabody.
Two Good Text Books—A. S. Barnes & Co.
Elmira Female College—Rev. A. W. Cowles.
New and Rare Ornamental Trees—Ellwanger & Barry.
To Nurserymen—Ellwanger & Barry.
Marion Collegiate Institute—A. H. Dow.
Janes, Beebe & Co., 556 Broadway, New York.
Dr S. S. Fitch's "Six Lectures"—Dr. S. S Fitch.
A Valuable Consideration—Simeon Leland & Co.
Milward's Needles—J. Fred. Milward.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1857.

England's Difficulty in India.

THE English people and press find the recent outbreak in India the all-absorbing topic of thought and discussion, and the re-enaction on a much more extensive scale, of the fearful scenes connected with the conquest of the Sikhs in 1846 is dreaded. At that time the conflict was waged principally with but one division of the inhabitants. At the present, judging from the tone of the press, we might say the disaffection had spread throughout the entire country. We give the following extract from the account of the massacre at Delhi, furnished by an eye-witness:

On the morning of the 11th of May, a party of the 3d Light Cavalry, variously stated at from 25 to 250, made their appearance. They had come over from Meerut during the night, and were evidently prepared to perpetrate the most awful crimes, as they were fully armed, and apparently wild with rage and excitement. They entered the Calcutta gate without opposition from any of the police, and made their way directly towards Deriowgunge, shooting down in their progress all Europeans they met with. Notice was immediately sent to the Brigadier, and a regiment (the 54th N. N.) with two guns was sent down. The 54th marched through the Cashmere gate in good order, but on the approach of some of the Sowars, the Sepoys rushed suddenly to the side of the road, leaving their officers in the middle of the road, upon whom the troopers immediately came at a gallop, and, one after the other, shot them down. Houses were burned and property stolen and destroyed by them in the most wanton manner. Several Europeans (said to number 48) were taken to the Palace, or perhaps went there for protection—these were taken care of by the King of Delhi; but the Sowars of the 3d Cavalry, whose thirst for European blood had not been quenched, rested not till they were all given up to them, when they murdered them one by one in cold blood.

At Meerut the outbreak commenced on Sunday, the 10th, about 5 o'clock in the evening. Here as at Delhi the Europeans were indiscriminately massacred—old and young, male and female, were shot down in cold blood by the natives.

In connection with the above, we give extracts from some of the leading English journals, from the tenor of which it is evident that disastrous intelligence has been received through some private channel.

The London *Times* of the 23d ult. has the following:—"Delhi, the capital of Mohammedan India, filled with cannon, shot and shell, is in the hands of some thousands of Asiatics, many of whom are practised artillerymen. The place possesses warlike stores sufficient to stand a long siege, and it is defended by a wall of considerable strength considering the artillery we can bring against it; for, according to all accounts, we have only light guns, and are awaiting the arrival of heavier metal before commencing the attack. In the meantime all India is looking out for news from Delhi. Not only throughout Bengal, where it may be said that every soldier is a mutineer at heart, but in the Bombay and Madras Presidencies the native troops are wavering, inclined to revolt, but afraid to move, and asking each other whether men of their race can really hold the chief city of their country against the foreigners who have till now swept everything before them. * * * No one doubts that eventually a British force must take a city garrisoned only by Asiatics, but the capture, after a regular siege, would be almost as fatal as failure. We cannot afford to make a Sebastopol of the capital of Upper India, although Delhi too, is an arsenal, and we are marching to attack it without a siege train. While the troops are making parallels and the General planning scientific attacks the whole of India would be in a flame. Our only hope is in a speedy blow. With the head-quarters of the mutineers in our hands, their principal force crushed, their leaders hanged and their puppet monarch carried off to Calcutta, we might wait with equanimity the progress of affairs. The pacification of India and the restoration of British reputation must indeed be a work of time. The operations at Delhi will determine whether what is now a tumult is to become a great war."

The London *Post* of the 24th ult., says:—"The mails that we are waiting for every hour may disclose a state of things which will try our strength to the utmost. We may find ourselves within four and twenty hours called upon to suppress a revolt many tens of thousands strong."

There is little doubt but that the whole power of England will be brought to bear upon this difficulty, and that punishment will eventually be meted out to the rebels, but the facts above noted conclusively prove that English supremacy in India is *yet to be established*, and the great questions connected therewith *are still to be solved*. Previous to the conquest of the natives, however, if the country is in the state represented, immense treasure will be requisite and a vast amount of life sacrificed. Disease will be the most active destructive agent upon the British army, as the epidemics prove, which, for the past fifty years, have thinned so fearfully the ranks of unacclimated soldiers. This has been, and always will be, the difficulty in keeping the power of England supreme in India. Another of the prime obstacles in the way of any foreign power, is the immense number of tribes which compose the people, and their remarkable diversity. The Bengalee differs as much from the Sikh, or any other of the native clans, as does the French from the German,—in fact the lines of distinction are broader, and the influences which tend to separation more powerful. In its language India is a Babel.

A writer in the Boston *Traveller* says:—"India has many languages and many religions. She has Mahometans, who carry the idea of divine unity to its utmost extreme; and Pagans, with deities enough to satisfy even the craving desires of the most thorough-going of polytheists. Some reverence holy santons, and others reverence monkeys that are quite as holy and much cleaner. The Mohametans are religionists of yesterday, while the greater part of the people claim for their faith an origin that defies chronology. In some places human sacrifices were made but a few years since, and perhaps are made now. Concerning such a part of the world, so different from what we know anything of from experience, it is hard to speak authoritatively. We cannot reason of its inhabitant as we can of Frenchmen, or Britons, or Americans. Conduct that would be unnatural in the people of a Western nation may be correct enough in Hindoos, who have no country, in the sense that we use the word."

It is not our desire to be classed among those upon whose horizon there is ever-appearing portentous clouds—those who ever hold themselves in readiness to cry *panic*, and can see nothing but destruction threatening all the interests of the nation—yet we are of opinion that should this revolt not be speedily controlled, its effects, just at the present time, will be peculiarly disastrous to the American people. We are importing so largely that an immense balance is against us in favor of English creditors—the crops in most portions of Europe are good—there will be but a limited demand for our agricultural products, and we must liquidate our indebtedness in specie. What effect such a state of affairs will have upon the producing interests of our country, we do not think it requires the gift of the seer to determine.

Affairs at Washington.

GREAT BRITAIN has not yet replied to the communication of the State Department, written several months ago, relative to Central American affairs, in connection with the rejected treaty. The claims for consequentional damages will not be enforced by our Government against New Grenada, which, however, though its Minister has expressed its willingness to allow such as were actually sustained by our citizens, owing to the Panama riots. No difficulty is apprehended as to agreeing upon a mutually agreeable basis for a settlement of the pending questions between the two Governments.

Gen. Herran was to have had another interview with Gen. Cass to-day. In no event will the Administration permit Costa Rica, or any other Central American State to diminish the geographical boundaries of Nicaragua, or divide, or absorb the territory. And of this fact they are probably by this time aware.

There is no question betwen this and any other country that does not promise a quiet and satisfactory settlement.

The dispute with Venezula was closed on the 4th inst. The demands of the United States were acceded to, on the basis of Mr. Eames' last demand.

The Medical Board are to convene at West Point on the 20th inst., to examine the qualifications of candidates previous to their admission to the Military Academy.

A special despatch to the N. Y. Tribune, on the 9th inst., says:—The President returns on Tuesday. He openly expresses disapprobation at Walker's isothermal speech, but says he must be supported. There will be some six or eight Anti-Walker Senators, but the President declares that the people of Kansas shall vote on the Constitution, whatever may be the consequence.

The special agent sent to Minnesota, reports that further outrages have been perpetrated by Indians, and great alarm prevails among the inhabitants.

THE OSBURN HOUSE, recently erected on the corner of Main and St. Paul sts., this city, (the site of "Blossom's Hotel," destroyed by fire some years ago,) was formally opened on Thursday evening, the 6th inst., by an entertainment in which nearly two hundred prominent citizens and strangers participated. The banquet was "got up" in magnificent style, and altogether the occasion—including the "feast of reason and flow of soul," in sentiments and speeches after the removal of the cloth—was very pleasant and noteworthy. The OSBURN is completed and furnished in the best style, comprises ample accommodations, and we presume its enterprising proprietors, Messrs. COZZENS & BAXTER, will ere long win golden opinions from the traveling public—fully demonstrating that such an "institution" as a tip-top, first class Hotel can be kept and *sustained* in Rochester. All which we say solely for the information and benefit of whom it may concern—and especially strangers visiting the Metropolis of Western New York—for we have not been hereunto constrained by any favors or "dead-heading" whatever.

"NOTHING TO WEAR."—The imports of foreign dry goods at New York during the past week were large, being nearly $4,000,000, and within a fraction of $2,000,000 larger than the amount imported in the corresponding week of last year. The aggregate imports of dry goods for this year, so far, amount to $63,914,828—showing an excess this year over last of nearly $5,000,000.

AMERICAN BOARD OF MISSIONS.—The annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is to be held at Providence, R. I., on the 9th of September.

Correspondence of the Rural.

STEAMER WESTERN WORLD, Aug. 7, 1857.

FRIEND RURAL:—Your correspondent dates his letter while afloat upon the broad blue waters of Lake Erie; having, as you are aware, left your goodly city yesterday morning on a flying visit to "The West."

Not being a dead-head, in any sense of the word, I am not in duty bound to render a *quid pro quo*, and commence with the usual stereotyped form of correspondents for the daily press, respecting "very gentlemanly conductors—highly accomplished Captains—hale-fellows-well-met—saloon keepers," and so on to the end of the chapter; but so far on the route I have found the employees of the N. Y. Central road and the Detroit boat just as gentlemanly, *and no more*, than other people doing a duty for which they are paid.

The crops along the line of the road to Buffalo appear well, wheat excepted. That looks very black and rusty, to say nothing of the injury caused by the midge, which of course is not apparent to the eye of the passing traveler. The best wheat seen on the route was in the town of Pembroke, west of Batavia; and contrary to preconceived opinions, it far surpassed that of the latter far-famed locality.

The land further west, as you approach Buffalo, is very flat and wet, crops seeming to suffer, as they inevitably must, from a cold ungenial soil.—Under-draining and deep tillage would do more for Erie county than a mine of gold, and is all that is needed to render it as productive as other localities of Western New York. Next to the Bible (I mean to cast no reflections on your friends in Erie Co.,) the best book in the world for them to read and profit by, is "TALPA; *or, The Chronicles of a Clay Farm*," handed me not long since for perusal by H. C. W., of the RURAL. "Them allegations," in regard to the truths inculcated in TALPA, "are true; and this *alligator* knows it!"

Now for a few mechanical facts in regard to the steamer Western World. Like all the boats of this and the Michigan Southern line upon Lake Erie, it is a triumph of naval architecture. I was just getting into a poetic rapture at this point, and going off in extacies over "the deep blue sea," &c., when two gentlemen of color in the saloon, a couple of rods distant, started off in a duet on a fiddle and a banjo; so I will proceed in plain prose. The boat is a beautifully finished structure of huge proportions and driven by an engine of one thousand horse power, built at the Allaire Works, New York. The cylinder is 81 inches diameter, 12 feet stroke, and the wheels about 40 feet diameter. There is connected with the engine a very simple apparatus for numbering the revolutions, which, in a trip up, amount to about fourteen thousand. The huge crank, six feet in length, as it sweeps around in its tireless circuit within three inches of the deck, between which a human body would be less than a worm beneath a footfall, inspires an awe in the spectator more than akin to terror.

The lake is beautiful to-day; not a cloud is to be seen in the sky, but the motion of the boat aids the breeze and renders the open deck, under cover, cool and pleasant. More anon. W.

RUSSIANS PROSPECTING IN THE NORTHWEST.—In the Sioux City Eagle of the 25th ult., we find the following notice of distinguished visitors to that part of the northwest:—"We have been favored with the presence of some distinguished strangers in our city, within the past few days—one of them being a Captain of the Imperial Guards, and the other a noted Professor of St. Petersburg. They were sent out by the Emperor of Russia, on a scientific commission. After spending two years in the United States, and traversing portions of Europe, they will return to Russia to report the results of their observations. We understand that they speak in glowing terms of the broad prairies traversed by them in an overland journey to this city from St. Paul."

A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IN NEW YORK.—The N. Y. *Herald* gives a report of the proceedings of a meeting of citizens of the Fifth and Eighth wards, held on Monday evening, the 3d inst., to perfect arrangements for the organization of a law and order or vigilance committee. The immediate cause of this movement was the murder and robbery of Mr. Van Liew, in Mercer street, one evening last week. One of the speakers informed the meeting that a vigilance committee, numbering fifteen hundred property owners, had been for some time in existence in the 9th ward.

INDIAN DIFFICULTIES.—Information of a favorable nature has been received at St. Paul, Min. Ter., from the Little Crow Indians, who were sent to take Ink-pa du-cah's band of murderers. They were at the latest dates at Hole-in-the-Wall Mountain, expecting to find the outlaws at Skunk Lake, and confident of the success of the expedition.—Gov. Medary returned on the 3d inst. The Sioux Agency will despatch the army and ammunition now here to the frontier.

DISASTROUS GALE.—A disastrous gale on the 22d ult. caused great loss of life to fishermen, on the north shore of the Purmio, of New Brunswick. It is calculated that 200 boats were out. Many more disasters, it is feared, has occurred. The master of a coaster from Shediac Pictouto, Egmont Bay, Prince Edward's Island, during the storm, counted 130 fishing crafts that had run in for shelter. He states that there was great destruction among the fishing boats.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—A dispatch from St Johns, N. F., of the 7th inst., states that the Superintendent of the New York and Newfoundland Telegraph is about to open an office at Trinity Bay, the point where the Atlantic cable is to be brought to shore. This will enable them to communicate the result to New York the instant the telegraph fleet comes in sight. The steamers are expected to reach Trinity Bay between the 20th and 25th inst.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION for the advancement of Science, which meets at Montreal this week, will be attended by quite a representation from Rochester and vicinity. Among those attending are Prof. Dewey, Rev. Dr. McIlvaine, President Anderson, C. Huson, Esq., L. H. Morgan, Esq., and H. G. Warner, Esq., of this city; Prof. Weed, of Wyoming, and Prof. Wells, of Lima.

Political Items.—Election Returns.

Two old Whigs are running against each other for Governor of Maryland—Thomas H. Hicks, of Dorchester, as an American, and John C. Greene, as a Democrat. The election is in October.

THE New York Democratic State Committee have resolved to hold the State Convention on the 10th of September.

THE call for a National Convention to meet at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 25th inst., to consider the subject of Compensated Emancipation, has at length been issued. The signers are two hundred and eighty-five in number.

THE few returns received from the election in North Carolina show that the Democrats have carried everything.

THE Texas election returns indicate the election of Runnels, Democrat, by a large majority, and as far as heard from the opposition have not elected a candidate to the Legislature.

THE Cincinnati Gazette says:—The Democrats have made a pretty clean sweep in Kentucky, having elected eight certainly, and probably nine, of the ten Congressmen; a large majority of the Legislature, and State Treasurer.

IN Missouri out of 100 counties, 50 have been heard from. Thus far Rollins, the American candidate, is 4,721 ahead, and has gained 4,620 upon the Fillmore vote last fall.

THE Democratic ticket in Alabama has been elected by a large majority.

IN Iowa, on the vote for the adoption of a State Constitution, the returns from 26 counties foot up 6,665 for the new Constitution and 3,398 against.—The counties to hear from will probably increase the majority for the new Constitution.

AT the American State Convention held at Dayton, Ohio, on the 5th inst., Col. P. Van Trump was nominated for Governor; N. T. Ash for Lieutenant Governor; Jonathan Harshman for Treasurer; John R. Arthur for the Board of Public Works; John Davenport for Judge of the Supreme Court, and Judge C. C. Allen for Secretary of State.

THE Ohio Democratic State Convention met at Columbus on the 6th inst., and nominated B. Payne, for Governor; Geo. H. Lyttle, Lt. Governor; Mr. Whitman, Judge of Supreme Court; Mr. Morris State Treasurer; J. Rheinhart, Secretary of State; A. S. Backus, Superintendent of Board of Public Works.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

THE chemical oil and turpentine works of the Boston Co., at Roxbury, Mass., were destroyed by fire on the 7th inst. Loss about $5,000.

THE distillery of Mr. Dodworth, near Cincinnati, was consumed on the night of the 3d inst. The grain and whiskey stores and hogs uninjured.—Loss $12,000; no insurance.

A FIRE broke out at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 4th inst., at the corner of Main and St. Clair streets, Painesville, Ohio, and in a short time destroyed half of the business portion of the place. Loss $95,000; about one-half insured.

A DESTRUCTIVE fire broke out on the 4th inst. in the store of J. Y. Colwell, St. Paul, M. T., and before the flames could be extinguished the entire square, with the exception of the First Presbyterian church, was consumed. Seventeen buildings in all were burnt. Loss $30,000; insured $12,000.

THE building at the corner of Washington and Clark streets, Chicago, was totally destroyed by fire on the 5th inst. Loss $30,000.

THE St. Mary's Cotton Factory on the Lachine canal, near Montreal, C. E., was fired on the 7th inst. and totally destroyed.

THE most extensive fire ever experienced in Wellsville, Allegany Co., N. Y., occurred on the 5th inst. The buildings destroyed were Gordon's block, the largest building in town, Fisher's Hotel and the Old American Hotel. The office of the *Free Press* was also severely scorched. Loss $15,000.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON IN CANADA—*Devastation by a Water Spout.*—The Quebec *Journal* contains a thrilling description of the progress of a water spout which devastated the parish of St. Eleazer, on the 18th ult. The information is furnished by the priest of the parish, who states that the first warning the people had was a noise, like that of the sea in a storm, proceeding from a large and dark cloud overhanging the place. Soon the cloud seemed to burst, letting fall towards the earth a long train, somewhat in the shape of a funnel, with the small end turned downwards. It revolved rapidly, hissing like escaping steam, and swinging to and fro and imitating the contortions of a snake. When the small end reached the ground, it lifted and carried away in its revolving impetus whatever it came in contact with. Boards, timber, stones and portions of the house were whirled in the air and thrown to a distance with a fearful report. Several houses were thus razed to the ground. Large trees, such as maples, were uprooted for a distance of five acres. This phenomenon, although disastrous and awful, was a sublime sight.

RUMORED ENLISTING FOR THE BRITISH ARMY.—England is again sadly in want of soldiers, and the N. Y. Times says rumor has gained currency within a few days that British agents are quietly engaged in the business of enlisting soldiers in this country for the purpose of replenishing the ranks of their army in India, the late defection among the native troops having rendered it necessary to increase their forces in that country with a more loyal class of soldiers. The Times is not at liberty to state the source of its information, but should the attempt be persevered in, there is every reason to suppose that the parties concerned in the violation of law will be arrested, and there may be a revival of Crampton affair.

THE TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE.—The New Orleans papers of the 5th inst. contain a card issued by the Tehuantepec Company, announcing its dissolution, stating as causes its inability to arrange with the owners of the Garey grant, the impossibility of getting the mail contract, and the discovery of the fact that the Sloo title is not in this country. President Laere, Benjamin, and Soule, went to Mexico on the last steamer to make new arrangements.

News Clippings.

—Barley from Canada East, new crop, has been exhibited at Albany.

—An Agricultural Fair is to be held in Linn Co., Oregon, in September next.

—A second American paper has been established in Paris, called the "Echo."

—The colored people of Ohio pay an annual tax on six millions of dollars.

—The Pope has sanctioned the sale of the ecclesiastical properties in Spain.

—Last week, there was slaughtered in New York, 664, dogs, "according to law."

—The Ohio wool crop is estimated to exceed that of last year by 3,000,000 pounds.

—Four hundred emigrants, all from England, arrived in Toronto, on the 31st ult.

—The new cent has been delayed in its issue by the difficulty of obtaining nickel.

—Judge Mason retired from the office of Commissioner of Patents, on the 3d inst.

—A large number of mechanics have been employed to rebuild the Utica Asylum.

—The potato rot has begun to show itself in various quarters in New Brunswick.

—Symptoms of the potato rot have appeared in some patches in Sullivan Co., N. Y.

—Four Persians have been initiated as Free-Masons in the Bonaparte Lodge, at Paris.

—The vote in Lawrence on the Topeka Constitution, was 652 in favor of it, to 2 against it.

—The free colored people of New Orleans are said to be worth at least four million dollars.

—The proprietors of the Tehama House, San Francisco, advertise it as "earthquake proof!"

—An epidemic dysentery prevails at Jackson, Mich., and several children have been its victims.

—P. T. Barnum returned to this country by the Europa, which arrived at Boston on the 6th inst.

—The entire labor of type setters for the Springfield, Mass., Daily Argus, is now done by women.

—A proposition to insert a clause against hanging in the Minnesota Convention, was lost, 9 to 44.

—An infant, in Richmond, Ia., swallowed a bean which lodged in the windpipe. Suffocation ensued.

—Since April 1st up to July 25th, 12,687 pigs, or 913,535 pounds of lead had been shipped from Dubuque.

—It is supposed that sixty fishermen were drowned in the recent gale off the north shore of St. John's.

—The potato crop in the South of England, is said to be greatly infected already by the old disease, the rot.

—The population of Ireland in 1841, was 8,175,238; in 1857, 7,047,492. Decrease in sixteen years, 2,127,746.

—There is considerable excitement at the reported discovery of gold on the Chaudiere river, Lower Canada.

—It is said that the number of Americans now sojourning in Montreal, is greater than was ever known before.

—Moses B. Ives, one of the most prominent men in the State of Rhode Island, died at Warwick, on the 7th inst.

—The Emperor of France has a complete set of American Agricultural implements in use upon his model farm.

—The deaths in Chicago during the month of July, were 250 in number, of which 114 were from bowel complaints.

—The distance between New York and St. Paul, via Prairie du Chien, is now accomplished inside of three days

—An annual business of not far from $500,000 is carried on in the vicinity of Winsted, Ct., in the tanning of sheepskins.

—The Quebec Mercury reports the discovery of large deposits of gold in one of the tributaries of the Chaudiere river.

—A firm in Buffalo has contracted to deliver 100,000 bushels of wheat at a decline of fifty cents on the present prices.

—Paul Curtis, a ship-builder of Boston, has contracted with the Russian Government for the building of a ship of 820 tuns.

—Letters received at Lecompton, K. T., state that a number of surveying parties had been murdered by the Indians.

—A large contract has been made for flour, deliverable at Louisville, next March, at four dollars and a half per barrel.

—There are now being built on the Kennebec river, in Maine, 29 ships, 3 barks and 9 brigs—aggregate tunnage 30,800 tuns.

—A promising vein of coal similar to Breckinridge, is said to have been discovered in Rockland, Sullivan, county New York.

—Stoves made of slate and beautifully enameled, are now made in England for parlor use. They are lined with fire brick.

—It is reported from Washington that Mr. Dodge, United States Minister at Madrid, has sent his resignation to the President.

—The Cincinnati Enquirer says that the culture of grapes has been introduced with success in the vicinity of Fort Madison, Iowa.

—The other day the Cincinnati Police Court tried 63 cases in three hours. Those Western people do their courting very rapidly.

—During the past month, nineteen steamers left American ports for Europe, and twenty-four arrived on this side of the Atlantic.

—Samuel C. Scott, Post-Master at Colliers, South Carolina, has been arrested for robbing the mail, and is now in jail at Augusta.

—The Earl of Mornington, who lately died in England, had his life insured for very nearly a quarter of a million of pounds sterling.

—The steamship Ariel sailed from New York on the 8th inst., for Southampton and Bremen with 74 passengers, and $500,000 in specie.

—On the 3d inst., the largest single drove of cattle ever shipped over the Central Railroad, reached Albany. It numbered 854 head.

—Promenade Concerts are in progress at the Boston Music Hall,—the price of admission being fixed at the very low figure of 15 cents.

—It is stated that in London, not less than a quarter of a million souls retire to sleep, nightly, in twopenny or sixpenny lodging-houses.

—The Court of Appeals has decided that passengers on railroads must show their tickets whenever requested to do so by the conductors.

—The Mayor of the city of Washington has received $60 from some conscience smitten individual, who states that it belongs to the corporation.

—A new feature of trade is the shipment of ale from this country to Europe—such a shipment having been made from Cleveland to Liverpool.

—The portrait of Constable Hays was seized and carried off for a $300 debt against the city of New York, on the 6th inst. It was bid off at $250.

—Four young ladies, two daughters of Mr. B. F. Soule, and two of Mr. Grant, were drowned at Waterville, Me., on the 6th inst., while bathing.

—There were 531 deaths in the city of New York during the past week, an increase of 60, as compared with the mortality of the week previous.

—The sum of $2,000 was wagered on the fastest horse at Marysville, Cal., races last month, the winner to pay that amount to a church in that city.

—On Monday week, an institution devoted to the reform of inebriates was dedicated at Boston, with the appropriate name of "Home for the Fallen."

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Persia.

THE Cunard steamship Persia, from Liverpool, July 25th, arrived at New York, on the 1st inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Government had intimated in Parliament that nothing would be done in China but the destruction of war junks, until the result of Lord Elgin's mission to Pekin was ascertained. If it was unsatisfactory, hostilities would continue at Canton.

Lord John Russell had obtained leave to bring in a new bill for the admission of Jews to Parliament.

Baron Rothchild has resigned his seat for London, but has been renominated, and will be elected without opposition.

The frigate Agamemnon had sailed for Cork with her portion of the telegraph cable. The plan for laying it has been altered, and the vessels will commence submerging it near the Irish channel.

Spain accepts the mediation of England and France in the Mexican question.

FRANCE.—Of the five democratic deputies for Paris, only two will take the oath to the Imperial Government. Cavaignac, Carnot, and Goudshak, refused.

Attention in France is centered on the recent Italian plot. Three Italians are about to be bro't to trial on the charge of design to murder Louis Napoleon. The prisoners have avowed their guilt, and the disclosures implicate Mazzini, Ledru Rollin and others.

SPAIN.—Executions arising out of the late insurrections are proceeding. At Saville 24 insurgents were shot. At other places insurgents have been executed—95 in all. The authorities then yielded to the petition that further capital punishments might be stopped.

JAPAN.—Letters state that the Emperor is about to send an envoy to Europe.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs are generally dull. Flour very dull, and declined 1s. Provisions are nominal. Corn steady. White advanced 1s. Weather favorable for crops.

Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., report Western Canal flour 30s@306d. Ohio 32s. Wheat—8s8d@9s per bu.; white 9s@9s6d; mixed and yellow corn 38s@39d.

London breadstuff market very dull. Wheat declined 5d. Coffee dull. American securities were in better demand for state bonds and first class railroads.

Arrival of the Indian.

THE steamer Indian, from Liverpool, 26th ult., arrived at Quebec on the 9th inst.

INDIA.—The telegraphic advices from Trieste in anticipation of the overland mail, reached London on Tuesday night. The mutiny was spreading among the troops in the Bengal army. The exking of Oude has been arrested and imprisoned, together with his minister. Proofs of their complicity in the revolt have been obtained.

Gen. Barnard made several sorties upon Delhi with severe losses to the insurgents. He was to receive reinforcements to storm the city from Madras. It is positively stated that Delhi was captured but the intelligence comes from a doubtful source and has not been confirmed.

The number of native troops at Calcutta and Barrackepoor were quietly disarmed. Uneasy feelings prevailed at Madras, but the army in that Presidency and in Bombay was without the slightest sign of disaffection. An act was pending in the Legislature, to place the Indian press under the license system.

CHINA.—The Chinese fleet was destroyed by the British in two severe engagements. The Chinese fought their guns with unexampled constancy.—The British had 83 men killed and wounded. Maj. Kearney is among the former. All was quiet in the northern part of the Empire. Tea had advanced in price in Foo Loo Choo and Shanghai.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Baron Rothschild has been returned from London without opposition.

A spicy debate in the House of Commons originated by D'Israeli, resulted in an address to the Queen promising every support of the Government in the Indian difficulty.

As the Agamemnon was weighing anchor a serious accident occurred by the capstan running away with the men at the bars. Fifteen men were more or less injured. She left shortly after for Cork on the 27th, and it was supposed all the vessels would be at the rendezvouz by the time the Indian left Liverpool. Confidence was manifested in the successful accomplishment of the enterprise.

Dispatch was being used in the shipment of troops to India.

Letters from Paris state that there is sufficient evidence to connect Ledru Rollin and other parties with the attempt on Louis Napoleon's life, and Franco would consequently be in a position to demand their extradition from England as criminals. It is estimated, however, that the French Government will content itself by simply asking England to transport the parties convicted across the Atlantic.

Liverpool provision market generally steady.—Flour in better demand. Corn quiet. Lard firm at 66@67s.

FRANCE.—Ledrn Rollin and others had indignantly pronounced the charges contained in the *Montieur* that they were engaged in the recent conspiracy false.

BELGIUM.—The marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Belgium with the Arch Duke Maximillan had taken place; Prince Albert represented the English Court on the occasion.

Items of News.

A WIDE-AWAKE grocer in Newark, N. J., fearful of losing $640 in bills if he kept them in his pocket, placed them in a measure of oats, and his horse ate it by way of dessert with his next meal.

A ROBBERY of $16,000 from the Upper Canada Bank, Parliament buildings, Toronto, took place on the 30th ult. No clue has yet been discovered as to the parties who perpetrated the robbery.

ELIZABETH COUNTY, Virginia, contains nearly 80,000 inhabitants; there is not a single family compelled from poverty to depend on public charity for support—a fact which speaks loudly in favor of the industry of the people.

THE Collins Axe Manufacturing Co., of Collinsville, Conn., have just won two suits for fraud in the English Courts, against English merchants who counterfeited the labels of the Collins Company to secure sale for the axes.

IN New York on the 7th inst. Deputy Sheriff Vultee seized the furniture of the Mayor's Office, the furniture of most of the offices in the City Hall, and other property, for a claim of $175,000.

GREAT HAIL STORM IN VIRGINIA.—On Friday evening, the 31st ult., Lewisburg, Va., and the vicinity, were visited by a hail storm, which, for extent and destructiveness, is without precedent in that part of the country. The whole vegetable and growing crops were nearly annihilated. Some of the hail-stones measured five inches in circumference.

Interesting News from Kansas.

ADVICES from Kansas state that Gov. Walker evacuated Lawrence on the 3d inst., with all but forty of the troops. The ostensible cause of this is the Indian attack on Fort Riley, which is regarded at Lawrence as a ruse to get the troops away.

The vote in Lawrence on the Topeka Constitution was 452 in favor of it, and 2 against it. The Free State ticket for minor offices has been elected.

The Kansas *Herald of Freedom*, of the 3d inst, states that Gov. Walker had received advices from the commandant of Fort Riley, that a large force of Indians had reached that station, and that an attack was hourly expected. The Fort has no fortifications, and is garrisoned by only half a company of Infantry. The Indians had driven in the settlers and committed several murders in sight of the post. Gov. Walker immediately sent Col. Cook with all the force under his command to their assistance.

The Kansas City *Enterprise* states that several parties of Government Surveyors, engaged in the south-western part of Nebraska, had been murdered by Indians. The report is that five of Capt. Caldwell's, four of Capt. Berry's, and all of Col. Manner's party, including the latter, had been murdered, but no particulars are given. The hostile Cheynnes and Sioux are said to be the murderers; but the Surveyor General and others think the Pawnees are the guilty parties. The lands under survey belong to that tribe, and they have always manifested opposition to having their reservation surveyed.

We learn from the *Herald of Freedom* that the wheat crop in the southern part of Kansas, is uncommonly large and in great abundance. Sod wheat, sown early in September, and well put in, is estimated to yield from 20 to 30 bushels to the acre. Oats have a large growth, and are abundant. The corn crops are very promising. Potatoes look well. Grass has a fine growth, and will yield a heavy harvest.

DEAF AND DUMB.—The 41st Annual Report of the American Deaf and Dumb Asylum of Connecticut, says there has been a larger number of students the past year than ever before, and their health has been unusually good. Not a death has occurred from sickness between November, 1852, and April, 1857. During last April, two pupils died of the measles. A large number of the former pupils of the institution had not been heard from since they left the Asylum, and to find out where they were residing, and what and how well they were doing, the Principal addressed a circular letter to the Postmaster of the towns where they resided formerly, and received in reply most gratifying and satisfactory news concerning nearly or quite all of them. The directors take pride in mentioning the fact of the general good conduct and marked success of those who have been pupils of the American Asylum.

DEATH OF EX-SECRETARY DOBBIN.—A telegraphic dispatch announces that the Hon. JAS. C. DOBBIN, Secretary of the Navy under President PIERCE'S Administration, expired on the 5th inst. at his residence in Fayettville, N. C. Mr. D. had been suffering from disease of the lungs for a long time, so that his death was not unexpected.

THE BRAVEST MAN.—The question as to who was "the bravest son of New York" in the Mexican war, has been definitely settled by the committee of the Common Council, bestowing Gen. Jackson's gold box upon Lieut. Col. Garrett W. Dyckman, of the 1st Regiment of the New York Volunteers.

AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.—The American Association for the advancement of Education met at the Capitol, Albany, on the 4th inst.—In the absence of the President of the Association, the chair was taken by Amos Dean, LL. D., of the Iowa University.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, Aug. 11, 1857.

FLOUR—Inferior grades have met a decline of 25c per barrel—no change in best brands.

GRAIN—Wheat as last quoted. Corn has advanced 12c per bushel—$1 being now paid—and is very scarce. Oats are up 4c—68c by measure and 60c by weight being the ruling rates.

PROVISIONS are nearly as lest quoted. Potatoes barely bring 75c per bushel—decline of 25@50c—and the market is well supplied.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	18c
Flour, bbl	$6,75@8,50	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,85@1,88	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada	$1,88@1,88	Apples bushel	$1,50@1,75
Corn	85c@$1	Do. dried	$2,00@2,25
Oats	68@60c	Potatoes	75c
Barley	$1,00@1,12½	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Buckwheat	65@55c	Slaughter	@6c
Beans	$1,50@2,00	Calf	00@10c
Peas	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	31@35c
MEATS.		Lamb do	00@00c
Pork, Mess	$24,00@26,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover bushel	$5,50@7,00
Beef, ⅌ cwt	$5,75@6,00	Timothy	$3,00@3,50
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25	**SUNDRIES**	
Mutton (carcass)	$4,50@6,50	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	13½@14½c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	@11½c	Coal, Lehigh	$7,50
Chickens	11@25	Do. Scranton	$6,50
Turkeys	09@12½	Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$5,75
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	16@17c	Salt, bbl	$1,00@1,45
Do. firkin	13@15c	Hay, ton	$7@11
Cheese	8½@9½c	Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	00@15½c	White fish, bbl	$11,75
Tallow	10c	Codfish ⅌ quintal	$5,00@5,25
Eggs, dozen	17c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—Flour—The market is 5c better for common to medium grades, with a brisk demand for the eastern and local trade. Sales at $6,45@6,60 for com to choice super State; $6,50@6,90 for extra do; $6,40@6,60 for super Western; $6,65@7 for common to medium extra Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Ohio. Canadian flour firmer; sales at $6,50@6,60 for super; $6,90@7 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market firm. Sales common Milwaukee club at 144c; mixed winter Western at 165c; new Southern at 170@176c for red, and 185@191c for white. Rye steady at 100@105c. Corn market lower, with large receipts and a moderate eastern and local trade.

PROVISIONS—Pork market unchanged. Sales at $24,25@24,40 for mess; $19,50 for prime. Lard steady, at 15½@15¾c. Butter in good request at 16@20c for Ohio; 18@22c for State.—Cheese in fair demand at 6@10c.

BUFFALO, Aug. 10—Flour—The market on Saturday for flour opened with a good demand, and we heard of sales at $7,75 for double extra Michigan; $6,50 for good Wisconsin; $6,75 for extra do; $6,75@7,75 for extra and double extra do; $6,87½ for good Illinois; $6,75 for extra Indiana; $6,75@7 for choice and extra Ohio; $7,25@7,50 for Iowa.

GRAIN—The wheat market was less firm and holders more disposed to meet buyers. The sales were Chicago spring at $1,28@1,30; Milwaukee club $1,33; white Wisconsin $1,36; white Michigan $1,38; white Ohio on p. t., and white Kentucky $1,70. Corn opened with a good demand, and closed at noon pretty firm with some asking an advance of ½@1c per bushel. The sales that we heard of were at 75c. After the New York afternoon report, which showed a considerable decline, the market was dull and we heard of no further sales. Oats are firmer.—The demand is good and the stock very light; sales 62c bagged. Rye; small sales at $1,08.

ALBANY, Aug. 10.—Flour and Meal—Our market for flour opened languid and ruled dull throughout the morning. The demand was exceedingly limited and mainly confined to small lots for the supply of the home trade. There was but little if, any inquiry for the East or for the supply of the river towns.—Corn meal is steady.

GRAIN—In wheat nothing has transpired. Corn steady and in fair request for home consumption and the East. Western mixed at 84c afloat, and 84½c in car at the depot. Oats firm but quiet. In Barley and Barley malt nothing has transpired.

FEED—Sales Middlings at $1,25.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—BEEVES—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—First quality, 12@12½c; Ordinary, 11@11½c.; Common, 10@10½c.; Inferior, 9@9½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $58@60; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6½@7½c.; Other qualities, 5@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, 5@7c; Other qualities, 3@4½c.

SWINE—First quality, 7½@8c.; Other qualities, 7½@7¾c.

CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 5.—At market 771 Cattle, 600 Beeves, & 121 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,00@9,25; First quality, $8,25@8,75; second quality, $8,00@8,25; third quality, $6,50@7,00; ordinary, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—$90 to $200.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 50, 60@67.

YEARLINGS—$16@18. Two years old, $25@30. Three years old, $35@40.

VEAL CALVES—$6, 8@9 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2930 at market. Prices—In lots, $2,00, 2,50@3,00 each. Extra and selections, $3,50, 4@4,50.

HIDES—7½@8c. ⅌ lb. Tallow 7½@8c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—25c@$2 each. Calf Skins 14@15c. ⅌ lb.

SWINE—700 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8c. ⅌ lb. Dressed hogs, 9@9½c. Spring pigs 3@4c ⅌ lb.

BRIGHTON, Aug. 6.—At market 1100 Beef Cattle, 160 Stores, 9 pairs Working Oxen, 50 Cows and Calves, 2000 Sheep and Lambs, 400 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $9,50; first quality, $9,00@9,25; second, $8,75; third, $7,00; ordinary, $6,00.

HIDES—7½@8c. Tallow, 7½@8c.

PELTS—25c@$2,00. Calf Skins, 14@15c ⅌ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$4@8 apiece.

WORKING OXEN—$100@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 26, 30, 36, 40@50.

YEARLINGS $17@18. Two years old, $24@31. Three years old, $35@41.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $3,50, 4@4,50. In lots $2,50, 2,75@3

SWINE—8@9½c. Retail, 12c

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—Domestic fleece is in better supply, although the stock is by no means large; the inquiry is fair but somewhat limited, owing to the extreme prices demanded; the transactions for the week compriee 20,000 lbs No. 1, at 42c; 50,000 lbs ¾ blood Merino at 56c, and 50,000 lbs extra and full blood at 57½@60c, 6 mos; also some 20,000 lbs low Western Unwashed at 30c. Pulled is in fair request at steady rates; sales of 20,000 lbs at 33@50c, as to quality, including 5,000 lbs super Lamb's Wool at 42½c. Foreign has been in good request at prices fully if not equal to those obtained previous to the reduction of the tariff; some considerable sales of East India Unwashed white are reported at from 22@24c, and an excellent demand prevails for Cape wools, in grease, at 37½c; sales of some 120,000 lbs having been effected, at about this rate, holders are generally very firm at 33c, and some ask 35c, but these rates are above the views of buyers. Smyrna continues in good demand at 28@29c for first quality of Washed; further sales of 140 bales have been made during the week at the inside quotations, 6 mos. Buenos Ayres, and in fact all South American wools, are held with great firmness, owing to the high rates prevalent at the place of growth; all descriptions are now fully as high as in the Spring, when a duty of 30 ⅌ cent was charged, which, since then has become annulled; sales of 130 bales Unwashed have been made at 13@14c, 6 mos; also 90 bales of Unwashed and washed Barbary, on private terms. We quote:

American Saxony Fleece, ⅌ lb	50@53
American Full-blood Merino	47@49
American ½ and ¾ Merino	44@46
American Native and ¼ do	40@43
Pulled Wool, extra Country	50@55
Pulled Wool, super	43@47
Pulled Wool, No. 1	35@37
California Fine, Washed	25@40
Do. Coarse, Unwashed	17@20
Peruvian, Washed	33@37
Valparaiso, Unwashed	24@29
South American, Coarse, Washed	16@24
South American, Extra Rios, Washed	17@24
South American Unwashed	12@16
South American, Cordova, Washed	25@27
East India, Washed	27@36
African, Unwashed	11@15
African, Washed	18@25
Smyrna, Unwashed	15@17
Smyrna, Washed	27@29
Mexican, Unwashed	21@15

[*N. Y. Tribune.*

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For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THAT HOUSEHOLD BAND.

BY LOUISA R. WOODWORTH.

THEIR home was where fair beauty tarried long,
And earth was but one scene of joy and song,
And softly, gently fell those spring-time showers,
Where beauty sported 'neath their fairy bowers.
How lightly rang glad voices through the hall,
And ready footsteps waited for Love's call,
Bright smiles but mirrored back bright smiles again,
And life went on without one care or pain.
But they are severed now, and loved ones roam
Far from that happy, and that cherished home.

The first that parted from that household band
Was lured away to far-off Eden land;
And so when life, and earth, and friends were dear,
Ere she had known one sad or bitter tear,
Her fair eyes closed, and ADA passed away,
Where life knows not one fickle changing ray.

And then the noble, gifted one of all,
Who sought not praise in palace, or in hall,
But seeking others' happiness on earth,
And loving souls, that claimed a spirit's birth,
Bade all adieu; home, friends and native land,
To live and die upon a foreign strand.

And then another fair-haired happy one,
Who wooed but sunlight and a summer's sun
In his rash purposes, but brave at heart,
Resolved upon the battle-field to do his part,
Ambition lured him on; the warrior's name
Seemed strangely sweet; and in her temple, Fame
Wove tempting chaplets, that she promised now
To crown with laurel wreaths, the victor's brow:
And so from home, from joyous ones, and fair,
From smiles of love, from guardianship and care,
He left for die, for carnage, and for strife,
While Glory beamed his beacon star of life,
But far away upon the battle plain,
He breathed out his young life amid the slain.

Another tarried yet, and poesy
Had wreathed her brow with garlands lovingly:
Life threw around its deep enchanting spell—
With mysteries amid, she loved to dwell,
She wandered far from her own native bowers,
To where soft winds fan gently orange flowers:
And with the gifted ones of soul and song,
In sweet Italia's vale she tarried long,
A heaven-born gift was hers to touch the lyre,
And bid song linger on the quivering wire,
Where others' hearts bowed meekly at her shrine,
Where others sung with minstrelsy divine,
Where genius spread for higher goals, the wing,
And science its enchantment loved to fling
Around the brow, where genius left its seal,
And worshiped light of mind, to all revealed—
She lingered long; entranced by mysteries still,
That made her pulses beat, her bosom thrill,
The spell that bound her there, was broke at last,
The laurels lingering round her brow, she cast
Away; and listened to a song from where
No mildew breath of praise could taint the air.
Her spirit wings were poised, a sunlit ray
Gleamed brightly from the pearly gates of day,
And when the song was hushed, to her was given
The song that angels love to sing in heaven.

So passed they all away, that household band
That trod youth's flow'ry pathway hand in hand,
And looked so often with inquiring eye,
For smiles that beam upon them lovingly,
But now they rest far from that home of glee,
And severed wide, by mount, and stream, and sea.

Yorkshire, N. Y., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

HARD TIMES:
OR, THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT makes you look so dull this morning, Ellen?" inquired Mr. Chester, a merchant in a small way, of his wife.

They had been married about a year, and thus far not an ill-natured word had been spoken by them. At his marriage, Chester had taken a small but neat and convenient house, in the upper part of the city. He had been able to furnish it in a plain manner; but since his marriage his business had added many articles of luxury to his small establishment.

The "times" had begun to tighten up, however, and business was dull. The notes were due, and he had to bestir himself to make his payments.—Fortunately for him, however, as the stringency in the money market began to weigh most heavily, his father's administrator placed him in possession of two thousand dollars, which had been reserved to await the contingency of a law-suit, and which had now been satisfactorily settled.

With this sum he had been able to pay off his more pressing demands, and to lay by a surplus of five hundred dollars to meet a note which would fall due some two months hence. The receipt of this sum also induced him to increase the luxuries of his house. The parlor had to be newly furnished, and the old parlor furniture placed in the sitting-room. They had everything that was necessary for comfort, or creditable appearance in the world.

"You look very dull," continued the husband, as he arose from the breakfast table.

Ellen looked at him with a languid smile, but made no reply.

"What ails you?"

"I was thinking how lonesome I should be here all day," replied she.

"Lonesome? Why don't you go out, then, and take the air? Walk down Washington street, and round the common—it will revive your spirits."

"How absurd you talk! Walk round the common in the month of December! Why, I should freeze to death."

"Not so bad as that," replied the young husband, chucking his wife under the chin. "Go to the Atheneum and see the pictures."

"I couldn't do that every day, and you don't know how lonesome I am!"

"Can't you read?"

"I don't want to read all the time."

"Read part of the time, then."

"But, Fred, I have been thinking of something," and a smile played upon the pretty lips of the young wife.

"What, Ellen?"

"I miss something in our house."

"Do you?"

"O, very much indeed."

"Well, Ellen, what is it?"

"A piano; it would be so nice to practice these long, dreary days. I should be as happy as a princess if I only had a piano."

Mrs. Chester's father was in affluent circumstances, and before she was married, she had been accustomed to many luxuries, which her husband's limited means would not permit him to provide.

"But, Ellen, I can't afford a piano. The times have not been so hard before for these ten years."

"You have got $500 in the bank."

"But I have reserved that to pay a note."

"Don't you expect to make enough to pay it?"

"It is very doubtful; my business hardly pays expenses."

"You will be able to pay that, I know," continued the eloquent petitioner.

"Well, well, my dear, you shall have the piano."

"You are a dear husband! You will get me one of Chickering's?"

"Any kind you please, my dear."

And before dinner time the instrument came home, and Mrs. Chester was as happy as a piano could make her, albeit she had little idea of the significance of "three per cent. a month," and protested notes.

CHAPTER II.

Men said the times would be better, but the prophesy was vain. Merchants failed, brokers failed, banks and insurance companies failed. Business was duller than it had been for the last twenty years. Poor men lounged at the corners of the streets, vainly waiting for a job, while their wives and children shivered with the cold, and hungered even for a crust of bread. Ruin and disease were the order of the day, and men wondered where would be the end of it all.

Fred. Chester's business did not pay his shop expenses, to say nothing of his household, and when that dreadful note fell due, he had not a dollar towards redeeming it. Ruin stared him in the face, and it was now his turn to look sad.

Five hundred dollars was a small sum, yet he could not raise it. Even three per cent. a month without "collateral," would not procure it. Something must be done. Some friend must get him out of the scrape or he must certainly fail. His wife's father was wealthy, but he married his daughter against his wishes, and there was no hope in that quarter. But Ellen's uncle, a blunt, honest master mason, had always looked kindly upon him, and perhaps he would open his purse-strings.

The note was due on the following day, and he decided to make the application to Uncle Luke, as he was familiarly called. In the course of the afternoon, however, he happened to call at the store, and Fred stated his position.

"Eh?" said the blunt old mechanic, "I thought things were going on swimmingly with you."

"So they were, but the times are so deucedly hard that I cannot make enough to pay expenses," replied Fred, with a dolorous expression of countenance.

"Where's the two thousand dollars you received from your father's estate?"

"I paid my debts with it."

"But didn't you tell me that you didn't owe above three thousand dollars?"

"I paid off fifteen hundred."

"And the rest?"

"Well that went in various ways."

"And your stock is all mortgaged?"

"Yes, for one thousand."

"You have done a good business?"

"Yes."

"Well, well, I am in a hurry just now, but I will go up and dine with you, and we will talk it over," and Uncle Luke went out of the shop.

Fred did not like his uncle's inquisitiveness, but he had strong hope that he would get him out of present difficulties. Writing a hasty note, he dispatched his boy to inform his wife that Uncle Luke would dine with them.

CHAPTER III.

Dinner came, and so did Uncle Luke. Ellen had a nice dinner ready, and her pretty face was covered with smiles, when she welcomed the honest old man to partake of the hospitalities of her board.

Uncle Luke seated himself at the table. His accustomed smile had appeared, and he looked rather stern.

"Fred," said he suddenly, as the young merchant inserted his fork in the breast of a nicely browned turkey, "you have not found the philosopher's stone yet."

Fred suspended the operation of carving the turkey, and gazed with a look of astonishment full in the face of the speaker.

"What do you mean, Uncle Luke?" asked he.

"You don't know what the philosopher's stone is, do you?"

"No."

"I found it out when I was quite a young man, and what prosperity has crowned me, I owe to that."

"Pray explain, Uncle Luke."

"After dinner I will."

Somehow, in spite of the extraordinary preparations Ellen had make for the reception of her uncle, the dinner did not pass off very pleasantly. There was a reserve on his part, which threw cold water on the whole affair. But it was finished at last to the relief of all.

"Now, uncle, come into the parlor, and Ellen shall play you a tune or two on her piano," said Fred, leading the way.

"On her what?" said the old man with a start of surprise.

"On her piano, of course."

"Then you keep a piano?"

"Certainly. we could not possibly get along without one, could we, Ellen?"

"O no, it's such a comfort."

"Such a luxury, you mean," answered Uncle Luke with a cold sneer, "what did you give for it?"

"Five hundred."

"Is it paid for?"

"Certainly, it is."

"And your note due to-morrow which you cannot meet."

Fred glanced at Ellen, who looked as woe-begone as though she had lost every friend she had in the world.

"It was not his fault, uncle; I teased it out of him," said she.

"Then he is a bigger fool than I took him to be," said Uncle Luke contemptuously. "And when he was not doing business to pay expenses, you dine on roast turkey, and all manner of fancy stuff."

Uncle Luke, though conscious that he was meddling with that which did not concern him, could not control his indignation at the wanton extravagance of the young people. He felt kindly towards them, as he always had, and though his words were harsh and cold, he intended to do them a kindness.

"Yes, and Ellen, you wear a silk gown for every day, and to crown all you have got a piano. Do you expect to pay your notes in this manner, Fred?" continued he, "here is the secret of hard times—extravagance—silk dressess, roast turkeys, ice creams and pianos."

"Things were going on well with me when I bought the piano," suggested Fred.

"No matter; you are a fool. Now I will tell you what the philosopher's stone is."

"Well, uncle, what is it?"

"Live within your means. If you can earn but a dollar, spend only seventy-five cents," and Uncle Luke put on his great coat and edged towards the door, without even alluding to the important topic in which Fred felt so much interest.

"But Uncle Luke, can you lend me the money I want?" asked Fred, dismayed at the thought of failure.

"No, I cannot."

"Then I must fail."

"You ought to have thought of that when you bought the piano," replied Uncle Luke sternly.—"Do you know Waters?"

"The carpenter?"

"Yes. Apply to him, and he will lend you money."

"But he is almost a stranger to me."

"No matter, go to him," and Uncle Luke left the house.

"O, Fred, this is all my fault," said Ellen, bursting into tears.

Fred applied to Waters.

"What security can you give?" asked the carpenter.

"I don't know," said Fred doubtingly, "My stock is mortgaged."

"Household furniture?"

"No."

"What have you got?"

"A piano, and——"

"That will do, give me a bill of sale of that. If not paid within thirty days the piano is mine."

Fred assented, and received the money. The papers were executed, and Fred got out of his difficulties.

During the succeeding thirty days he tried hard to raise the money to redeem the piano, without success. Waters took it at the appointed time, and seemed perfectly satisfied with his bargain.

A few days after, the young couple were surprised to received an invitation to dine with Uncle Luke, and to their astonishment when they arrived, they found their piano in his little parlor.

"Did you buy this?"

But Uncle Luke would answer no questions, yet he promised to make them a present of it as soon as he paid all his debts.

The dinner consisted of corn beef and baked potatoes, with an apple pie for desert. Uncle Luke was in unusually good spirits, and never once apologized for the singular fare he had placed before his guests.

But they understood the meaning of it. It was intended as a lesson for them, and they profited by it.

They brought home the philosopher's stone, and began to live by a humbler system. The hired girl was discharged, and Ellen had so much to do in attending to her household duties, that she had no time to be lonesome, and they were much happier than when she moped all day in the parlor; and better than this, the times began to mend, and Fred's business prospered again. He paid off his mortgage, and the piano was duly returned to them.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

I AM a strong advocate for public honors to distinguished men. I like the honest statesman, and I admire the manly advocate for the rights and privileges of the people, and I will always help to sustain the honest heart and the pure principles of patriotism. I read the history of distinguished men, and form my judgment according to their acts. These speak louder than their words.

In my secluded cottage how often do I recline in my "old oak chair," and scan from the old man's memory scenes of the past. These hours of reflection to the aged are refreshing dews on declining years.

When I speak of statesmen and patriots I mean those of the *past*,—the present are as yet unknown to substantial fame. My first impressions of public men were made in my early years, in the old "Brick Grammar School House" in Roxbury, under the tuition of "Master Nathaniel Prentiss." I learned there from the "American Precepter" and "Columbian Orator," the first lessons of the magic power of orators, the rise and fall of public favor, and the power of language, when used by the silver tongues of traitors. I may have strange notions for an old man, but then, in all my experience through a long life of active business, I have found that professions are like the varied winds; "*actions* and *motives* are the indexes of the mind."

"Washington" was the first name which I can remember, coming from my father, as he used to relate some of the stirring scenes of the Revolution, which to the young heart are so full of earnest attraction. I well remember one morning, when all the bells of our churches were tolling, that I asked my father what it was for. His answer, "Washington is dead," has never left my memory. In 1816 I visited Mount Vernon. The old servant who held his master's horse at the battle of Trenton showed us the "rustic tomb," facing the noble "Potomac." The mansion and its furniture, the chamber where he died, made strong impressions. Concerning the rewards of pure "actions and motives;" how often have I passed, in steamers, Mount Vernon, and *never* without the silent homage of the passengers, and the solemn toll of the steamer's bell! Point me, if you can, to another instance in history, when, for more than half a century, a daily tribute is paid to the memory of man.

Go back with me to history, and mark the man of unbounded ambition, sustained by talent and energy of the highest order, dangerous when unbridled, and in disappointment reckless and desperate. Aaron Burr was a prominent actor on the stage of life. During the stormy times of political strife he was in every respect a man of brilliant talents. He had his share of public honors but wanted more, and failing to gain the goal he aimed at, he lost what he had gained, and became a desperate adventurer in crimes against his country. How often have I seen him, in the streets of New York, as he passed me with his downcast look, unhonored and unknown, the wreck of a prosperous and talented man, through unbounded ambition and reckless principles. What a change is here! Aaron Burr—a Vice-President of the United States, a man of sterling talents, known and respected by his country—now in a dishonored grave, and none to do him reverence! I knew him well, and in his latter years have seen him before the courts of New York, arguing an important cause, where his legal talent, with the remnent of his early eloquence, plead hard for his client; but the name of Aaron Burr soiled these great efforts—his influence with courts and juries had gone forever! He died almost unknown, and was buried in Princeton, New Jersey.

The changes of life are strange and mysterious. We are surprised at these sudden eruptions, and wonder at the cause. In the bustle and confusion of the busy world, the cause of these failures is soon forgotten. The events pass over, and we go on again as if the world was made for Cæsar only.

Give me my rural cottage—my frugal table—my oaken bucket from my crystal stream, with the broad landscape of nature before me—the silent forest—the sweet songs of my tenants of the woods, and you may have all that a city life, with its attractions and varieties, can assure you. In my little cottage I have no bank directors, no State street Shylocks to trouble me; but I meet them in your city—and know them too.—HERMIT, *in Boston Gazette.*

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 24 letters.
My 22, 17, 7, 12 is a decree.
My 19, 5, 3, 2, 24, 7, 1, 2 is a West India tree.
My 3, 11, 17, 14, 18 is one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac.
My 8, 3, 2, 3, 2, 3 is a tree and its fruit.
My 24, 15, 9, 19, 16 is a figure of speech.
My 6, 10, 12, 14 is an instrument of music.
My 1, 5, 4, 23, 2, 9, 1, 18 is one of the United States.
My 13, 21, 2, 16, 18, 12 we should be.
My 23, 11, 9, 2 is a metal.
My 14, 4, 5, 16, 2 is a girl's name.
My 19, 3, 19, 14, 11 is a useful article.
My 13, 3, 2, 2, 3, 13 is a girl's name.
My 22, 9, 10, 15 is a number.
My whole is a proverb. E. W. D.

Hartford, Wis., July, 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 396:—C. H. Spurgeon.

Answer to Charade in No. 396:—Truth.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

BROTHERS, sisters, did you ever try the effect which little acts of kindness produce upon that charmed circle which we call home? We love to receive little favors ourselves, and how pleasant the reception of them makes the circle. To draw up the arm-chair and get the slippers for father; to watch if any little service can be rendered to mother; to help brother; to assist sister; how pleasant it makes home.

A little boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks him if he thinks he can get it; for a moment the little fellow hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up.

"I can get my sister to help me," he says. That is right, sister; help little brother, and you are binding a tie round his heart that may save him many an hour of dark temptation.

"I don't know how to do this sum, but brother will show me," says another one.

"Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my knitting; I tried to pick it up, but it has run down, and I can't fix it."

The little girl's face is flushed, and she watches her sister with a nervous anxiety, while she replaces the naughty stitch.

"O, I am so glad!" she says, as she receives it again from the hands of her sister, all nicely arranged. "You are a good girl, Mary."

"Bring it to me sooner next time, and then it won't get so bad," said the gentle voice of Mary. The little one bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

If Mary had not helped her, she would have lost her walk in the garden. Surely it is better to do as Mary did, than to say, "O, go away, and don't trouble me;" or to scold the little one all the time you are performing the trifling favor.

Brothers, sisters, love one another—bear with one another. If one offend, forgive and love him still; and whatever may be the faults of others we must remember that in the sight of God, we have others as great, and perhaps greater than theirs.—*Selected.*

FOR PLAIN BOYS.—Boys hear this. You who are sunburnt at honest toil and have hard hands and don't wear Sunday clothes on week days; you who ride to mill on a bag and drive up the cows. The *Transcript* paper says:—Intellect can't bear fashionable refinement and dies under it in one or two generations. If you would select a youth who is likely to make his mark in the world, take one who is carting mud in a clam shell wagon, or building houses in the sand; and not the delicate baby who is fondling a China lap dog on the parlor carpet. Daniel Webster's father made a cradle for little Dan out of a pine log, with an axe and auger; and Lewis Cass was rocked by his staid mother, in a second-hand sugar trough. The greatest architects for the manufacture of genius are Poverty and Republicanism.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GREAT SALE OF
DEVON CATTLE & SOUTH-DOWN SHEEP.

ON WEDNESDAY, 9th of September, 1857, I will sell at public auction, *without reserve*, my herd of Devon Cattle, about forty-five in number, and my flock of South-Down Sheep, about one hundred, at my farm on Grand Island, two miles from the Railroad and Omnibus Stations in North Buffalo.

I have bred Devons for many years. The original stock were derived from the best animals and for the last seven years my breeding bulls have been of imported blood, direct from Devonshire, England, which, with several of my present cows, are recorded in the English Devon Herd Book. All my herd will be recorded in the American Devon Herd Book, soon to be published, and are equal, probably, in quality, to any others in this country. The herd consists of about 30 cows and heifers, and 15 or 16 bulls and bull calves.

My South-Downs are descended originally from the flocks of Mr. Ellman, the Duke of Richmond, and other celebrated English breeders, crossed for the last seven or eight years with rams bred by the great South-Down breeder, Mr. Webb, of Babraham, England. There will be 75 or 80 ewes, the remainder rams.

As I intend making a *clean sale*, this will probably be a better opportunity for purchasers to select animals to their liking than any other which will occur for some time.

Descriptive Catalogues will be ready by the first of August, which will be sent by mail to all those applying to me by letter.

TERMS OF SALE.—For all sums less than $100, cash; on sums of $100 and over, good notes at three months, on interest, payable at bank, will be received.

The stock will be delivered on Steamboat or Railroad, at Buffalo, as may be desired, the day after the sale.

Those wishing to view the stock previous to the sale, will be conveyed to the farm by calling at my residence; and those attending on the sale day will cross the Niagara river between the farm and main shore by steam ferry from the omnibus station at Lower Black Rock, or North Buffalo, to which either the omnibuses or rail cars will bring them from their stations in Buffalo. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M. of the first day.

303wtaow LEWIS F. ALLEN.

Black Rock, N. Y., July, 1857.

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Ladies will find it to their advantage to call and look at my assortment of Kid Gloves.

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THE LEADING WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
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Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
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Rural New-Yorker.

NOXIOUS WEEDS.

THE carelessness, and we might add, the *recklessness* of farmers is as fully and frequently exhibited in the corners of their fences and along the roads bordering on their possessions, as in any of the more important portions or departments of the farm. He who watches closely the seasons—plants his seed at the proper time and in the most approved manner—gives the requisite culture to the growing crops, and that whenever it is needed—harvests thoroughly and secures carefully—may be, in fact, a well-to-do, successful farmer, but if the weeds are allowed to ripen on his premises, and scatter their pernicious germs wherever the wind willeth, he has yet to *study the rudiments* of his profession.

The season now passing has been peculiarly favorable for the germination, growth and development of these pests—so much so, that in our memory, we have never seen them in one-half the strength they now possess, nor a tithe of the profusion with which they may now be found. Continued rains early in the season while furnishing the elements of growth prevented the use of the hoe or cultivator for the purpose of keeping them down, and when opportunity at last presented itself, the hay crop imperatively demanded the attention of the farmer, which, followed by harvesting, gave time for their maturity and for the extended dissemination of their species. The increase in this respect during the year past has been enormous, and, judging from present appearances, the tillers of the soil who desire freedom from such visitants and the consequences attendant upon their appearance are doomed to better disappointment.

When we take into consideration the fact that the whole economy of a weed plant, so far as its individual existence is concerned, is devoted to its reproduction, the causes for their wonderful tenacity of life and excessive fruitfulness of their kind are apparent. Weeds by nature, annuals, if maimed and bruised will oftentimes preserve their vitality through a second year and complete therein the design of nature. The increase of a weed plant is so enormous as to almost stagger belief. From a series of experiments instituted by JAMES BUCKMAN, Professor of Natural History in the Royal Ag. College, Cirencester, England, we obtain the following table relative to this peculiarity as exhibited by several specimens considered only as medium in their reproductive powers:

	No. of flowers to each plant.	No. of seeds to each flower.	Total for a plant.
Common groundsel,	30	10	300
Corn-cockle,	10	40	400
Corn sow-thistle,	25	20	500
Fool's parsley,	300	2	600
Wild carrot,	600	2	1200
Red poppy,	25	50	1250

The Professor further says: "In most plants the perfecting of the seeds does not occur simultaneously; there is usually one set of seeds developed from the primary or first flower, the which, if it be perfected and sown, may increase groundsel tenfold, corn-cockle forty-fold, red poppy fifty-fold. And this shows us that in dealing with seeds, we cannot be too careful of observing their natural history; for if our hoeing, for instance, be delayed until these first seeds are ripened, the very process may cause the sowing of enough seeds to insure a future crop of the pest. Hence, then, the the whole facts connected with the seeds lead to the conclusions that, when practicable, weeding should be done as early as possible, even before the weeds may be in flower, and if delayed until the seeds be ripe, measures should be taken for the complete destruction of weeds, which is best done, where practicable, by fire."

Among the most pernicious of these weeds provided by nature with wings, which enables it to be readily transported for miles, spreading its baneful effects, is the Canada Thistle. A careless farmer may keep the whole town in which he resides in constant trouble and be a source of almost never ending expense. This class are technically known as "dirty farmers"—would that the deleterious effects of slovenliness were confined to their lands as well as is their physical slothfulness to their bodies! Individuals who permit these noxious weeds to infest their fields and mature thereon should be punished for so doing. Relative to the care of highways, the statutes explicitly declare what are the duties of overseers (pathmasters) in this respect, and we doubt not that the Common Law will sustain an action against any individual who, upon his private domain, will grow and scatter germs destined to become "workers of evil" to his neighbors. The following is the law on this point:—

CHAPTER XVI.

Article 1. Sec. 6.—It shall be the duty of the overseers of highways in each town,

To cause the noxious weeds on each side of the highway within their respective districts, to be cut down or destroyed, twice in each year, once before the first day of July and again before the first day of September; and the requisite labor shall be considered highway work.

PENALTIES ON OVERSEERS.

§ 16.—Every overseer of highways who shall refuse or neglect,

To perform any of the duties required by this chapter (16) or which may be enjoined on him by the commissioners of highways of his town, and for the omission of which a penalty is not hereinafter provided:

Shall, for every such refusal, forfeit the sum of ten dollars, to be sued for by the commissioners of highways of the town; and when recovered, to be applied by them in making and improving the roads and bridges.

§ 17.—It shall be the duty of the commissioners of highways of each town, whenever any person resident in their town shall make complaint that any overseer of highways in such town, has refused or neglected to perform any of the duties enumerated in the last preceding section, and should give or offer to such commissioners, sufficient security to indemnify them against the costs which may be incurred in prosecuting for the penalty annexed to such refusal or neglect, forthwith to prosecute such overseer for the offence complained of.

§ 18.—If such commissioners of highways shall refuse or neglect to prosecute for such penalty, they shall, in every such case, forfeit the sum of ten dollars, to be recovered by the person who shall have made such complaint, and given or offered such security.

Along the line of our railroads there is a large quantity of what might be termed waste land, and this for years has been the receptacle of foul matters. Here they have ripened without molestation and annually have given to the real estate on either side a full supply of seed for the purposes of propagation, as well as furnished to the owners thereof many "a hard row to hoe." We are not aware that there is any special provision in our laws calculated to protect the *interests* of the masses in opposition to these corporations nor do we *think there will be* as long as *free passes* are plenty for a certain class whose *votes* are always considered entitled to a *quid pro quo*, nor as long as legislators persist in being merchantable commodities. If, however, "in the course of human events" in our legislative halls should be congregated men who are not "under the hammer" to the "highest bidder," but who, forgetting self, will remember their constituents we may hope for a good time coming. The same general principle is, we think applicable here that governs individuals, and we do not believe—although these corporations have pretty effectually got their fingers into the pockets of the producing classes—that, agriculturally, they can work to the detriment of the farmer with impunity. In traveling upon our railroads the excitement in the atmosphere consequent upon the rush of the train sets such myriads of these winged seeds in motion that the air is literally filled with them. We have no means of computing the damage annually arising from this source, but if the labor thereby caused was directed in a certain channel it would be a moderate task to connect the "Land of Steady Habits" with the "Golden West."

We have adverted to the legal points which might be brought to bear upon a subject so irate and stubborn as may require a powerful incentive to locomotion in a right direction. We have no desire to see farmers appealing the "sightless female" for protection against the carelessness or machinations of one of their number, but the old adage says "birds that can sing and will not, must be made to," and we have merely hinted the manner to compel the music. Let each of the progressives keep his own farm free, and we will guarantee a good effect upon the drags whom chance has thrown in his neighborhood.

As regards the extirpation of weeds it is useless for us to enter into any specialties upon the subject—there are various modes for the work, all of which will doubtless accomplish the end desired provided they are completely performed. All labor is lost devoted to a task of this nature that is not thorough. Never trust to decay what should be given to the flames—there is neither safety nor security except in extermination.

FACTS ABOUT FENCING.

IF we could only get along without fences, what a blessing it would be. What a harbor they furnish for the mice and other vermin that prey upon our crops, and destroy many trees in the orchards. The crop is seldom good near the fence, and in most cases for several feet nearly worthless. In many fields an acre of ground that has been cultivated and sowed is thus lost. Then there is a space of several feet more occupied with weeds and thistles and bushes that it is next to impossible to eradicate without removing the fence.—These keep our fields supplied with foul seed, and make the work of destroying weeds laborious and discouraging. Then the plowman who ventures too near the fence often encounters some ugly root that upsets his equanimity, if nothing more serious. Where the common Virginia rail fence is used, it is policy to remove it every few years, so as to plow up the ground on which it stood and destroy effectually all the weeds and bushes.

In some parts of Europe fences are dispensed with, and in some places in New England, especially in the Connecticut Valley, the traveler is surprised at their absence from cultivated fields. Some of the advantages to be derived from this practice we have briefly alluded to, but one of the greatest, of course, is the saving of the heavy tax necessary to make fences and keep them in repair. We might give figures on this point that would astonish many, but as each farmer can figure the cost for himself, it would be hardly necessary or profitable. Where the land is not fenced, as a general thing stock must be kept up and fed in barns or sheds, green crops being raised for this purpose; and under some circumstances, particularly where land is dear and meat and produce high, this is no doubt the most economical method. In some parts of Europe, however, cattle and sheep are turned out in these unfenced fields, but are placed under the care of shepherds, who, with the aid of well trained dogs, keep them in perfect subjection. The English practice of "hurdling" might be pursued to advantage. These "hurdles" are light moveable fences, and a piece is fenced off sufficient to afford feed for a flock of sheep for one or two days. They are then driven into the enclosure, where they remain until the food is consumed, when another piece is enclosed in the same manner. By this method the feed is eaten without much waste, and the land regularly manured. In the present state of farming here fences are necessary, and we do not urge or recommend their destruction, but with some farmers there seems to be a mania on this subject, and they fence more than is either necessary or profitable.

Last season we saw thousands of acres of both wheat and corn growing on the prairies of Illinois on land recently broken up and unfenced. Seeing herds of cattle near, we inquired of the proprietor of a large corn-field containing perhaps one hundred acres, if he was not afraid the cattle would destroy his corn. He replied—"I have a dog that is better than any fence." We passed on, hoping that he would not find himself a victim of misplaced confidence. Another farmer on the Grand Prairie, in Illinois, of whom we asked the same question, stated that the cattle did some injury to his crops, but "he watched them pretty close, and as the feed was good on the prairies, they were not as troublesome to crops as a person from the East would suppose, but as soon as he received the money for his first crop he would fence as much as possible." We never realized so fully the expense and difficulty of fencing as when standing on those broad prairies, with a sea of waving grass, as far as the eye could reach, covering one of the richest soils on which the sun ever shone, and remembered that these lands could be bought at such a price and on so favorable terms that the poorest man could possess himself of a home; but that the cost of fencing was so great, many were compelled to seek a home in the timber, where years of toil are necessary before competence can be secured. Fencing in many places costs far more than the land, and not only is this true, but fencing must be paid for in cash, while the land can be bought on such terms that the money for the payments of both principal and interest can be realized from the land. The cost of fencing must necessarily be high, as most of the lumber is brought from Green Bay, Saginaw, or some other timber region, to Chicago, and from thence is carried into the interior of the State by railroad.

We do not feel prepared to propose any plan to relieve our friends on the prairies of this heavy tax, but if the prairie farmers could devise some scheme to effect this object, it would advance the interests of the great West, agriculturally, morally, and socially, and her fertile soils would soon become the garden of the land. Live fences are now grown to some extent, and before long they will become common, but as it requires five or six years with protection and cultivation to make a good hedge, they afford no relief to the new settler. This subject deserves, and we hope will receive, the special attention of our western readers.

LIQUID MANURE CART.

THE application of manure in a liquid state is now practiced by many of the best English and Scotch farmers. H. F. FRENCH, of New Hampshire, now traveling in England, visited MECHI's celebrated farm near London, and he writes that all the manure used on the farm is thrown into a large tank with water, where it remains until rotted, and is then forced by a steam engine, through iron pipes laid in the ground, to every part of the farm. This is, of course, an expensive operation, and not likely to be adopted even by English farmers, for some centuries to come. The usual plan is to spread liquid manure from a cart constructed for the purpose, and we give an engraving and description of one of the best in use, called the *Cylinder Cart*.

It consists of a wooden or iron barrel revolving upon its axle. One side of the barrel consists of a perforated board, which is kept uppermost when not at work, and to set it to work it is only necessary to turn the barrel round. Thus valves and delivery pipes are altogether unnecessary; and, however hilly the land, or however empty the barrel may be, it will always adjust itself by its own weight, and deliver its contents at a uniform rate. As a natural consequence of this greater simplicity of construction, the cost is small. The cart shown in the sketch, containing 100 gallons, weighs only 5¾ cwts. It may be made of any required width, and the delivery apparatus, which is simply a perforated board, can be varied at little cost to suit every description of drilled crop, and also to manure grass lands, &c., broad-cast. It has also been advantageously used in gardens and pleasure grounds, for watering lawns and flower beds. There is a cock from which water or liquid manure may be drawn off into watering pots, or a flexible pipe or hose may be screwed into this cock, or by fixing a small force pump into the air hole of the cart, the water can be forced to any desired height.

In a future number we will give a plan of a dry manure cart, very convenient for both loading and unloading.

WILL FARMING PAY?

THIS is an all-important question, and we answer, yes, farming will pay. It will not, however, pay those who are "making haste to be rich;" it will not pay those who desire speedily to become wealthy regardless of the means. It will not pay those who are seeking transient and unmerited honors. It will pay the man who is satisfied with honest gains in an honorable calling. It will pay anywhere in our country and everywhere; on the rich prairies of the West and the more sterile soils of the East; in the extreme North and the South; on the Pacific coast and in the more central parts of our country. There is no part of our country, and scarcely any soil or climate, where crops cannot be raised at a fair profit if they are wisely adapted to the circumstances. The same skill and foresight in adapting crops to soil, climate, demand, &c., as is exercised by the merchant in selecting his goods to suit the demand, and the probable changes in the market, and the mechanic in manufacturing such articles as will be needed, will insure success under circumstances that may be considered the most unfavorable. Much loss, doubtless, results from want of attention to this subject; and we have sometimes thought farmers were a little stubborn on this point. A farmer raises wheat, or some other crop, and by change of climate, deterioration of soil, or some other cause, it becomes unprofitable. Instead of changing for something more profitable, many continue to plant the same crop with a dogged perseverance that would be creditable was there no better way. At the late Trial of Implements at Syracuse a gentleman from Kentucky said, speaking of the farmers of his own State, "we are wiser than our neighbors of Virginia, for as soon as our land will not grow tobacco profitably, we put in something else that will pay, having an eye also to the resuscitation of the soil, while they grow tobacco until the soil will not grow that or any other crop." Whether this remark is applicable to the farmers generally of either State, we cannot say; it certainly indicates a wise foresight on the part of the farmers of Ky.

We have seen farms so sandy that they were once considered almost worthless, and that would not sell for one-quarter as much as others a few miles distant, made notoriously profitable by the cultivation of peaches and potatoes. We have seen, in a few cases, swamps that were considered a nuisance made more profitable than any other part of the farm by the growth of willows and cranberries. We have seen rugged looking hillsides bring their owners a fortune from the cultivation of grapes. A little enterprise, a little thought and perseverance, a little tact in adapting ourselves to circumstances, is all that is necessary to succeed in farming in almost any position.—Perhaps it is the possession of this tact that causes mechanics and merchants to succeed generally in farming, when they engage in it in earnest as a business. We have known but few mechanics and merchants who have really engaged in farming for profit, who have not made the most enterprising and the most successful farmers. It is far different, we know, when they merely undertake farming as a pastime. Farming is a business that requires a wise head and diligent hands, and those who undertake to make play of it, generally find it an expensive game, and are not long in coming to the conclusion generally that they are "paying too dear for the whistle."

Some fifteen or twenty years ago farming land here was worth from thirty to fifty dollars an acre. Wheat, which was then almost the only article the farmer could sell for cash, was worth about 75 cents a bushel, potatoes 18 cents, and other things in proportion. Then it was difficult to make farming pay, and farmers were often heard to say if they could only get a dollar a bushel for wheat and twenty-five cents for potatoes, they would desire no better business. Now double these prices are obtained, and the cost of cultivation has not increased by any means in the same proportion.

In conclusion, we will say that the same enterprise that gives the merchant a *chance* of success, only, *insures* success to the farmer. The merchant may labor for years with well directed energy—he may spend his nights in devising wise plans, and his days in their execution—yet disasters that the most searching ken could not foresee, nor the greatest skill prevent, leaves him penniless in an hour. Gains from cultivating the soil are not rapid—the farmer's accumulations are slow, but generally sure. Losses occasionally occur, but they are neither large nor overwhelming.

SOURCE OF FAT.—During the past year, experiments have been made in France on a number of ducks, to prove that the fat may exceed the quantity which could be referred to the food they were supplied with. Some were fed on rice, a substance which contains only a few parts of fat in a thousand. Others fed on rice, with a certain amount of butter added. At the end of the experiment, the first were as lean as when placed upon the diet; the latter, in a few days, became positively balls of fat. Other experiments were made on pigs. It was found as the result of several trials, that there was sometimes more fat produced than was contained in the food in which they were fed. Food which, given alone, has not the properties of fattening, when mixed with a fatty matter acquires the property to an astonishing degree; and fattening articles of food, which do not contain much fat, always abound with its chemical constituents, the principle of which is azote, from whence the fat acquired is certainly derived.—*Ex.*

THE CROPS, &c.

I CAME over to Hsvana, to-day, by the way of Rochester and Canandaigua. By so doing, I have been enabled to see and hear from most of the counties of Genesee, Monroe, Livingston, Ontario Yates, Schuyler and Seneca. While the westher for the last two weeks has been very favorable for secuing the crops, in the Western counties, it has been the reverse in the regions east of Seneca lake. The failure of the winter wheat, by reason of rust, and midge, has been nearly universal, probably more so than ever known before in the State.—Thousands of acres have been cut and saved merely as fodder, and other thousands will not return the seed and expense of harvesting. The spring wheat, of which there was an unusual breadth laid down this spring, looks well and promises a good yield; but even that may be blasted.

Barley and oats are looking very well, and full average crops will be made. Corn looks well, but as a general thing is better west of the Genesee Valley than east. A late frost will enable the farmers to make about an average crop. Of grass there is no end, and from present appearances, haying will extend a long ways into September.—Barns are getting plethoric, and stacks are growing up round barns, more than usual. Upon the whole the farmers might be worse off.—P., *Aug.* 11.

STATISTICS OF CROPS.

THOUGH we shall hardly find room in the RURAL to give detailed statements relative to the Crops, &c., in Townships, we take pleasure in presenting the subjoined model report from an intelligent and observing agriculturist as to the products of one of the best farming towns in Western New York. By obtaining similar reports from each town in their respective districts, and giving a summary of the same, our County Ag. Societies could furnish *County Reports* which would prove of great value and interest to the public.—ED.

CROPS IN EAST BLOOMFIELD.

As the public have manifested much interest in the Agricultural productions of the country, and as it is very important for business men to know well our resources, I think *farmers* should report, for their own immediate neighborhood, of that which they know, and in which they are engaged. Could we get definite reports from every Town or County, we should then have some reliable basis upon which to form estimates, and we should not so often find the results at variance with accounts heralded throughout the land. I propose to give an account of the crops in East Bloomfield.

Wheat.—This has always been considered our most important crop; but if the evils which have affected it this year are to continue, it will be so no longer. Owing to the ravages of the midge, farmers sowed less than usual last fall, and took uncommon pains to sow early, and to have the soil in fine condition. The crop looked well during the fall and winter, but the spring (our good sugar season) was very severe upon it. Many fields having a northern and western exposure appeared entirely ruined. Fields protected by woods, or having a favorable location, stood well and looked promising in June, when the fly commenced its ravages. The midge were so numerous that many farmers considered the crop ruined, and yet so favorable was the weather that one-fourth of a crop would have been realized had not the rust struck it. The ruin seemed complete. The beautiful color of ripening wheat fields, once the glory of Western New York, is gone, and instead thereof a dark, sombre hue presents itself, sickening to behold. Our fields resemble an old rusty straw stack, summered over in a lazy man's barn-yard. Farmers differ in their estimates; some think we shall not have sufficient for our own bread. At any rate no *First Quality Extra Genesee Flour* will be manufactured by our millers this year.

Spring Wheat—Is getting more and more into repute. The varieties raised are Fife and Club.—The Italian is not popular. The uncommonly backward spring prevented early sowing, and, contrary to the experience of former years, late sowing is full as good. The midge has not damaged it much, and rust will not injure it, except where rank and fallen. I believe it will be found a surer crop than winter wheat.

Barley.—This is now our most important crop. More is sown, and more money will be realized from the sale of it, than any other crop. There are some poor fields, sown too early, and drowned out by the heavy rains. Late sown is fully equal to the early—clearly showing that nothing is gained by plowing and sowing before the land is dry and in good order. We never raised a better crop, and it is mostly secured in fine order.—

Oats—Are a first rate crop. If our good weather continues until they are harvested and in the barn, we may pronounce them an uncommonly good crop.

Corn.—It is yet too early to decide as to corn. I venture to say there never was so much planted late, and it never had a more rapid growth. If the season continues as favorable as at present, and we are not visited by early frosts, we shall have a *good crop.*

Grass—With us, as almost everywhere else, is first rate. We have been favored with good weather, and hay has been secured in fine order.

Potatoes—Are now looking well, but we greatly fear we shall not escape the rot. They have become one of our most uncertain crops. The great advance in price and continued Eastern demand, will cause them to be extensively planted, notwithstanding the risk attending them.

Buckwheat.—Cakes made of this article are now found once a day for a quarter of the year on almost every table. The consumption has increased fifty per cent. in the last ten years. So recently sown, not much can be said of it. Much has been sown, and it looks very well indeed.

Peas.—This crop has decreased much since the fly has ravaged so extensively. But as they are not at all injured for fall and winter feeding, and seed can be procured from Canada, the crop is worthy of the popularity it had thirty years ago. The fields that I have seen look very well.

Beans.—We used to consider beans as a garden vegetable, not worthy of field culture. The price of them in market, and their reputation as a field crop, is exciting much attention. I have seen many acres planted, and they look very thrifty.

Rye, Flax, and Root Crops—Have gone to the shades. We can't raise roots when it rains all the time, as it did last spring.

Fruit.—We thought that this year fruit would be abundant. The buds did not start too early, and blossoms were plentiful,—but the young fruit has fallen, until scarce any remains. We shall be short of a home supply.

In conclusion I would say that, although many and grievous complaints were heard on all sides of the *backwardness of the season*, we shall yet find that the productions of the earth this year will compare favorably with any other. We may have to relinquish a favorite crop, it is true, but we have many others well adapted to our soil and climate whose culture is highly remunerative. We have been greatly blessed with health, and we hear much less complaint of the want of help than in former years. The introduction of the Mower and Reaper has greatly facilitated the gathering in of the crops, and it is truly wonderful how very generally they are introduced among us. Tact and skill in the management of machinery, the application of animal power to profitable labor, and a knowledge of the best means of sustaining the fertility of the soil, should be the study of him who would do honor to the profession of a farmer.

Yours, &c., MYRON ADAMS.

East Bloomfield, N. Y., Aug. 10, 1857.

WOOL GROWING IN TEXAS.

EDS. RURAL:—Your invaluable paper makes its regular faithful trips to the "Lone Star State," freighted with all that is calculated to furnish a rich repast to every one that has any appetite or relish for the healthful, substantial fare, as well as the choicest spices which fill its columns, gathered by various hands from different climes. By it I see *how* and *what* different farmers, and stock and sheep raisers, are doing in different parts of the world. One from Canada tells how he is getting along in his line and business; another from Kentucky, Maine or the glittering valleys of California; and here is still another, a Son of the old Empire State, (Niagara Co.,) speaking from the plains of Texas. It sounds a little egotistical to speak so much about the pronoun *I*, but seeing it's *fashionable*, I will follow the example of my "illustrious predecessors."

I have been for several years past trying my hand at raising sheep, and the question is often propounded to me, "What do you do with your wool, way there in Texas, and is the rearing of sheep profitable there?" Relative to wool, I would simply say, that I formerly shipped mine to New York or Boston, and it generally netted me only from 18 to 24 cents per pound. I was not satisfied with such returns, so I concluded to get it manufactured; and for the last three years I have sent it to the Woolen Factory at Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y., where it has been manufactured, one-half for the other, and my part re-shipped. I have sold it here at reasonable prices for this country—sometimes to merchants low enough for them to make their profit on the same—and it has netted me 43 cents per pound. I have been in the habit of sending it unwashed, but I find it washes out about *one-third* of its weight at the factory, so I conclude there is no profit in paying freight on so much dirt, and shall probably wash before shearing hereafter. I tie it up in separate fleeces with twine and bale it up at a cotton press, same as cotton.

My flock generally clip about 4 lbs. per head, sometimes more. They were originally of the common breed; they are now mostly half-blood Merino. Let's see—4 times 43 cents=$1 72 proceeds of wool per head, and the common unwashed wool at that. Only half this profit, however, is mine. I have my flock let out, not being situated to bestow personal attention to it, (having been engaged in teaching.) I have been letting them out to double the number of ewes in two years, and have half the wool. The original number of wethers are returned, and I have also half their wool each year. I have been in the habit of letting them out to different persons, believing that smaller flocks do better in proportion than larger ones.—For instance, I let one man have 100 head of ewes and 50 wethers; at the expiration of two years, 200 head are due me for the 100 ewes; also the 50 wethers returned, or the number made good, making in all 250 head, and the other party has all there may be left and half the wool each year. The interested reader (if any) can make his own figures and see whether it is profitable to raise sheep in Texas.

Two years ago, being desirous of getting the wethers out of my flock, I supplied a country town here with mutton. I gave $1 per head to have them slaughtered and taken to market, and they then netted me $4 10 per head for 175 head. "Oh yes," some one will no doubt say, "*that* is the bright side of the question; how does the dark side read?" Very well, the dark side reads thus:

About five years ago I purchased 456 head of sheep, three-fourths ewes, (in the winter,) about 100 miles distant; paid $2 50 per head; drove them home; they became diseased in the spring, and in less than eight months I could not muster 300 head, lambs and all!

"Well, I should think that would make you sick of sheep raising in Texas." Oh no; it's a long road that never turns. Experience teaches a dear school, but there is a certain class, you know, that will learn in no other; so I held on, and expect to, as long as I can show the figures I have been able to for three years past. Thousands come to Texas, have a little bad luck, shake a while with "chills," curse the country, go back and give it a bad name. (We are always glad to get rid of such.)

I tried various and numerous remedies and preventives for my sheep, but all to no purpose, till I became a regular subscriber to the "Wool Grower and Stock Register," since then my flock has been *healthier*. The RURAL NEW-YORKER, I believe, has the same effect. Whether it be *indispensably necessary* to the safe rearing of healthy sheep, I will not speak positively; but one thing is quite certain, I do not intend to be without the "document." I would *recommend* the RURAL to all those engaged in raising sheep. Yours, truly, EDWIN FINCH.

Milford, Ellis Co., Texas, July, 1857.

A QUEEN BEE will lay two hundred eggs daily for fifty or sixty days, and the eggs are hatched in three days. A single queen bee has been stated to produce one hundred thousand bees in a season.

"HARMLESS AS DOVES."

THERE doubtless was a time when faith in the harmlessness of doves, the innocence of lambs, and the simplicity of geese, was not without foundation. But that was a long time ago, before farming became the important business it now is. Agricultural Science, among its various uses, possesses the wonderful power of bringing to light whatever evil inheres in the nature of bird or beast. By its aid, many animals which in the early ages of husbandry were supposed to be fit emblems of guilelessness, are found to owe their good characters to the absence of temptation, and are now recognized as monsters of iniquity. The depravity of the goose has long since banished her from every respectable farm; and the lamb, whose feats of *gamb(o)ling* even rigid moralists delight to contemplate, is found to need restraint. With the favorite comparison, "innocent as a lamb" often on his lips, the farmer, in effect, says to the sheepling—"Your Innocence will please remain within these four fences; for, harmless as you are here, you only want opportunity to do a world of mischief."

And now the dove develops a wickedness of disposition quite inconsistent with its long-enjoyed reputation for inoffensiveness. The crime of which it is guilty is no other than that which makes crows and blackbirds the special aversion of farmers in early summer; namely, *pulling up corn.*—Its propensity to this knavish practice, though perhaps not unknown to others, was but lately discovered by the writer, who had all along taken the dove to be the standard of rectitude among birds, and who therefore is, naturally, a good deal shocked by the exhibition, on its part, of such nefarious conduct. Added to this signal violation of propriety, the culprit is strongly suspected of indulging an appetite for ripe strawberries; which, considering the scarcity of that fruit in this section, is a far more flagrant offence than corn-pulling. Justice, however, compels me to say that within the last few days it has been thought quite probable that the disappearance of the strawberries might be due to the agency of certain robins which have been observed hovering about the vines rather more frequently and more affectionately than strict politeness would allow. I am loth to cast suspicion on this last-named generally well-behaved bird, but circumstances are strongly against him. Is there a scarcity of worms this year that he must peck at every Boston Pine that shows a little color in its checks? A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1857.

BEES AND BUCKWHEAT.

Do Bees gather Honey from Buckwheat? I put this question to you, fellow readers of the RURAL, not so much from a desire of having it answered, as to set you thinking, aye, and acting too. You have doubtless observed that bees are very busy doing something with buckwheat while it is in bloom, and have supposed that this "something" was honey-gathering; and this inference has been drawn from the fact that during this time empty combs in the hive becomes rapidly filled with honey of a darkish color, possessing the flavor peculiar to buckwheat blossoms. This you have repeatedly observed, and therefore it is no marvel that you should have come to regard the idea of buckwheat honey as an indisputable fact, to be taken for granted without further proof. But in an article, first published in the *Dollar Newspaper* and since copied by a number of respectable periodicals, "J. H. WARNER" affirms that, from the result of repeated trials, he has come to the conclusion that *bees make no honey from buckwheat.*—His test seems to have been made with care and precision. His *modus operandi* was as follows:—Let the hive or hives upon which the experiment is to be made, be accurately weighed just before and immediately after "buckwheat time," and the difference in weight (if any) carefully noted. The results of his experiments for a number of consecutive seasons upon different hives were uniformly the same.

Now, what I desire is that some of the readers of the RURAL will join with me in making a thorough and satisfactory trial of this question, and report the result, whether *pro* or *con*, through its pages. It can be but little trouble and may result in much good.

I am firmly of the opinion that if farmers and others were more ready and prompt to report the result of experiments and observations on all practical questions, our general knowledge would be much less limited than it now is.

Birdsall, N. Y., 1857. J. T. BROWNELL.

BUCKWHEAT LESSENS SUCCEEDING CROPS.

EDS. RURAL:—Having noticed in the columns of your valuable journal, a diversity of opinion among practical farmers as to the effects of buckwheat upon succeeding crops, I propose to give the result of my experience.

In the summer of 1856 I planted a piece of corn on what we Vermonters call "intervale"—being a rather cold, yet rich alluvial soil. Most of the piece was sward land—the balance was cropped with buckwheat the year previous, and also received a good dressing of manure. Before planting I manured the whole piece with something over 20 loads of stable manure to the acre—and now for the results. That on the sod ground, was good corn, yielding about one hundred bushels of ears to the acre, while that part from which the buckwheat was harvested the year previous would not yield over one-third as much, although in every other respect it was equally as good land and in a richer state of cultivation.

I have also had like results from sowing *oats* after buckwheat on clay loam. Hence the lesson which I have received from that host of all teachers, *experience*, is this, that it is not well to have buckwheat precede summer crops, which require a great amount of sustenance from the soil in a short time; and with me it shall henceforth be a rule never to defile my *corn land* with buckwheat. Nor is it necessary to do this, for in my opinion the true way is to select the poorest piece of land (i. e., if it is passably good,) on the farm, and devote it exclusively to this crop, and by the use of plaster and plowing in the green vegetation which will grow before the 15th of June (the time for plowing,) the soil will retain its fertility for a long number of years and *probably* constantly improve.

Castleton, Vt., Aug., 1857. EDWARD H. DENISON.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR—at Buffalo, Oct. 6th to 9th—will afford our readers in Western New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Canada, an opportunity of contributing to and witnessing a fine exhibition. The Journal of the State Society says the Fair promises to be one of the best ever held. "The erections upon the Fair Grounds are progressing—Mechanics' Hall, Manufacturers' Hall, Floral Hall, Dairy Hall, Machinery Hall, with Stalls for Cattle and Horses, and Pens for Sheep and Swine, and arrangements for Poultry will be most extensive and convenient, and every department of industry of the Empire State will be represented, in a manner we trust, creditable to the State and interesting and useful to those in attendance. The Address, by Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, will attract multitudes, who, after examining the exhibitions of the farmers and mechanics, will listen to the eloquent speaker, and carry with them to their homes, the remembrance of one of the most interesting Exhibitions ever attended. We are gratified in being able to assure the public that every possible effort will be made by the citizens of Buffalo to accommodate those who may be in attendance at the Fair—and the Falls of Niagara will not fail to be remembered as a delightful resort after the examinations of the day; where every comfort will be provided, and an early morning train will return the visitor to the Exhibition."

THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S Fifth Annual Exhibition will be held on the spacious grounds of the "South-Western Agricultural and Mechanical Association," at Louisville, Ky., on the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th of September proximo. The Society has offered a list of Premiums amounting to $12,000, for the various classes of Domestic Animals, Farm Products, Fruits, Flowers, Native Wines, Agricultural Implements, and Machinery. The Society's National Trial of Implements will be continued at Louisville. The awards of the jury, on the Mowers and Reapers, tried at Syracuse, N. Y., will be announced, and the machines tested will be on exhibition. Local committees of citizens of Louisville have been appointed to act with the officers of the Society in perfecting arrangements, and Thirty Thousand Dollars have been guaranteed to meet expenses.—A magnificent Floral and Fruit Hall and a spacious Implement Hall have already been erected on the grounds. This valuable co-operation and material aid, coupled with the excellence of the selected location, and the large amount of premiums offered, induces the expectation, that the exhibition of 1857 will be superior to any of its predecessors. Favorable arrangements for the transportation of Stock, and other articles, will be made with the various railroads. The Premium List, with the names of the Judges, and the Regulations of the Exhibition, will be furnished on application to Col. L. A. WHITELY, Assistant Secretary, Louisville, Kentucky.

THE WOOL CLIP OF 1857, has been unusually large and is bringing profitable returns to those engaged in its production and manufacture. A Buffalo paper says that, "from the most reliable information which can be procured from persons who have traveled through the wool-growing districts of Ohio, the dealers are satisfied that the aggregate clip of this year will exceed that of '56 by three millions of pounds. A large part if not all of the wool has now passed from the farmer to the merchant, and a considerable portion into the hands of the buyers for the New York market, and eastern manufactories. The prices paid for a great portion of the wool crop range from forty to fifty cents, and in some of the best districts 55 and 60 cents have been paid. Besides the increase in the number of fleeces, the shearing occurred a month later this year that last, and the increase of the growth of wool during this time affords an increase of eight per cent to the ordinary clip."

NORMAN J. COLMAN, Esq., of the *Valley Farmer*, St. Louis, called upon us a few days since. Mr. C. is a New-Yorker by birth, and was on his return from a visit to his former home—Otsego county. Beside being a very agreeable gentleman, he is an enterprising progressionist, and, through his able and well-conducted journal, is accomplishing much in behalf of Rural Improvement throughout the South-West. We were pleased to learn that the *Farmer* is being well supported, as it merits, and take this occasion to commend it to our readers in the South-West and elsewhere. H. P. BYRAM, Esq., of Louisville, Ky.—a pleasant friend and good writer—is associated with Mr. C. in its management. It is published monthly at $1 a year. Success to the *Valley Farmer* and its worthy conductors.

GOOD ADVICE.—The following extract from Judge BUTLER'S address before the Conn. State Ag. Society embodies a rule which may be adopted with profit in other meridians than the one to which it is specially applied:—"Do not go on dividing up or using up your capital by cropping without manure. Make it a cardinal principle of action, never to be swerved from, that you will not in any instance, in relation to any field, or crop, or rotation, plant or sow without a supply of manure—sufficient at least to preserve the existing fertility of the soil. So will you take the first great step, as far as it depends upon you, toward the redemption of Connecticut husbandry."

THE PENN. FARM JOURNAL has been discontinued for want of support. It was a valuable paper, and ought to have been sustained, but, after six years struggling, has been compelled to surrender. We believe the only agricultural journal now issued in the Keystone State, is a new one, published in the German language, at Allentown.

THE FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the "Young Men's National Agricultural and Mechanics' Society," commences at Elmira, on Monday, Aug. 31, and continues through the week. The programme, premiums, &c., were fully advertised in the RURAL of July 18th.

THE SENECA CO. HORSE FAIR is to be held at Waterloo, on the 25th, 26th and 27th of August, as advertised in the RURAL of the 8th inst.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS FOR 1857.

As the time for holding the Annual Exhibitions of the various Agricultural Associations is rapidly approaching, we publish a revised table of National, State and Provincial Fairs, and as complete a list of County Shows in this and other States as we have been able to prepare from correspondence and exchanges. Regret that we cannot give list of County Fairs in Pennsylvania, Indiana, Wisconsin and several other States wherein the RURAL circulates:

STATE EXHIBITIONS.

New York, at Buffalo,	Oct. 6, 7, 8, 9.
Ohio, at Cincinnati,	Sept. 15, 16, 17, 18.
Michigan, at Detroit,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2.
Pennsylvania,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2.
Western Penn., at Pittsburgh,	Sept. 22, 23, 24, 25.
Alabama, at Montgomery,	Oct. 27, 28, 29, 30.
Connecticut, at Bridgeport,	Oct. 13, 14, 15, 16.
California, at Stockton,	Sept. 29, Oct. 1, 2.
East Tennessee, at Knoxville,	Oct. 20, 21, 22, 23.
Georgia, at Atlanta,	Oct. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24.
Illinois, at Peoria,	Sept. 21, 22, 23, 24.
Iowa, at Muscatine,	Oct. 6, 7, 8, 9.
Indiana, at Indianapolis,	Oct. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.
Kentucky, at Henderson,	Oct. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.
Maryland, at Baltimore,	Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.
Massachusetts, at Boston,	Oct. 21, 22, 23 24.
South Carolina, at Columbia,	Nov. 10, 11, 12, 13.
Vermont, at Montpelier,	
Virginia,	Oct. 28, 29, 30, 31.
West Tennessee, at Jackson,	Oct. 27, 28, 29, 30.
Wisconsin, at Janesville,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2.
New Jersey, at New Brunswick,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1. 2.
New Hampshire, at Concord,	Oct. 7, 8, 9.
Western Virginia, at Wheeling Island,	Sept. 16, 17, 18.
Maine, at Bangor,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2.
Tennessee, at Nashville,	Oct. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.
North Carolina, at Raleigh,	Oct. 20, 21, 22, 23.
U. S. Ag. Soc'ty, at Louisville, Ky.,	Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
Young Mens' National Ag. and Mech. Society, at Elmira,	Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
Canada West, at Brantford,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1. 2.
Canada East, at Montreal,	Sept. 16, 17, 18.
American Institute, at New York,	Sept. 15 to Oct. 28.

NEW YORK COUNTY FAIRS.

Allegany, Angelica,	Oct. 1, 2.
Albany, Albany,	Sept. 15, 16, 17.
Cayuga, Auburn,	Sept. 23, 24, 25.
Chautauque, Fredonia,	Sept. 30.
Chenango, ——,	Sept. 22, 23, 24.
Cortland, Homer,	Sept. 15, 16, 17.
Delaware, Andes,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1. 2.
Franklin, Malone,	Sept. 23, 24, 25.
Genesee, Batavia,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2.
Jefferson, Watertown,	Sept. 16, 17.
Livingston, Geneseo,	Sept. 24, 25.
Monroe, Rochester,	Sept. 21, 22, 23.
Montgomery, Fonda,	Sept. 24, 25.
Oneida, Utica,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1.
Onondaga, Syracuse,	Sept. 9, 10, 11.
Ontario, Canandaigua,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1.
Orleans, Albion,	Oct. 1, 2.
Oswego, Mexico,	Sept. 16, 17, 18.
Palmyra Union Ag., Palmyra,	Oct. 14, 15, 16.
Queens, ——,	Sept. 24.
Rensselaer, ——,	Sept. 15, 16, 17.
Saratoga, Mechanicsville,	Sept. 15, 16, 17.
Schuyler, Watkins,	Oct. 1, 2.
St. Lawrence, Canton,	Sept. 16, 17, 18.
St. Lawrence International Agricultural and Mechanical Society, Ogdensburgh,	Sept. 9, 10, 11.
Steuben, Bath,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2.
Wayne, Lyons,	Sept. 16, 17, 18.
Westchester, Sing Sing,	Sept 29, 30, Oct. 1.
Yates, Penn Yan,	Oct. 8, 9.

COUNTY FAIRS IN OHIO.

Fayette, Washington,	Sept. 8, 9, 10.
Hamilton, Carthage,	Sept. 8, 9, 10, 11.
Warren, Lebanon,	Sept. 9, 10, 11.
Geauga, (Free,) Claridon,	Sept. 16, 17, 18.
Richland, Mansfield,	Sept. 22, 23.
Trumbull, Warren,	Sept. 22, 23, 24.
Darke, Greenville,	Sept. 23, 24, 25.
Columbiana, New Lisbon,	Sept. 28, 29, 30.
Stark, Canton,	Sept. 23, 24, 25.
Clinton, Wilmington,	Sept. 23, 24, 25.
Portage, Ravenna,	Sept. 28, 29, 30.
Lake, Painesville,	Sept. 28, 29, 30.
Cuyahoga, Cleveland,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1.
Morgan, Connellsville,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1.
Madison, London,	Sept. 28, 29.
Preble, Eaton,	Sept 30, Oct. 1, 2.
Clermont, Olive Branch,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2.
Adams, West Union,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2.
Medina, Medina,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1.
Brown, Georgetown,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1.
Logan, Bellefontaine,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct 1, 2.
Pickaway, Circleville,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3.
Muskingum, Zanesville,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2.
Ashtabula, Jefferson,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1.
Belmont, St. Clairsville,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2.
Tuscarawas, Canal Dover,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2
Union Marysville,	Oct. 1, 2.
Putnam, Kalida,	Oct. 1, 2.
Marrow, Mt Gilead,	Oct. 1, 2 3.
Wayne, Wooster,	Oct. 1, 2, 3.
Wyandot, Upper Sandusky,	Oct. 1, 2, 3.
Ottawa, Port Clinton,	Oct. 6, 7, 8.
Williams, Bryan,	Oct. 6, 7, 8.
Wood, Bowling Green,	Oct. 7, 8.
Henry, Napoleon,	Oct. 7, 8.
Harrison, Cadiz,	Oct. 6, 7, 8, 9.
Delaware, Delaware,	Oct. 7, 8, 9.
Butler, Hamilton,	Oct. 7, 8, 9.
Washington, Marietta,	Oct. 7, 8, 9.
Ross, Chillicothe,	Oct. 7, 8, 9.
Clark, Springfield,	Oct. 7, 8, 9.
Seneca, Tiffin,	Oct. 7, 8, 9.
Summit, Akron,	Oct. 7, 8, 9.
Lorain, Elyria,	Oct. 6, 7, 8.
Geauga, Burton,	Oct. 1, 2, 3.
Licking, Newark,	Oct. 7, 8.
Guernsey, Cambridge,	Oct. 8, 9.
Jefferson, Steubenville,	Oct. 14, 15, 16.
Fairfield, Lancaster,	Oct. 15, 16, 17.

MICHIGAN COUNTY FAIRS.

Genesee, Flint,	Oct. 7, 8.
Hillsdale, Jonesville,	Oct. 13, 14.
Ionia, Lyons,	Sept. 23, 24, 25.
Jackson, Jackson,	Oct. 7, 8, 9.
Lenawee, Adrain,	Oct. 7, 8.
Northern Lenawee, Tecumseh,	Sept. 10.
Livingston, Howell,	Oct. 9, 10, 11.
Macomb, Romeo,	Oct. 7, 8, 9.
Oakland, Pontiac,	Oct. 7, 8, 9.
Ottawa, Eastmanville,	Sept. 22, 23, 24
Shiawassee, Corunna,	Oct. 7, 8.
Washtenaw, Ann Arbor,	Oct.
Eaton, Charlotte,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1.
Clinton, ——,	Oct 8, 9

MASS. COUNTY FAIRS.

Barnstable, Barnstable,	Oct. 7, 8
Bristol, Fall River,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1.
Berkshire, Pittsfield,	Oct. 7, 8, 9.
Essex, Newburyport,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1.
Franklin, Greenfield,	Sept. 23, 24.
Housatonic, Great Barrington,	Sept. 23, 24.
Hamp. Frank. and Ham., Northampton,	Oct. 7, 8.
Hampshire, Amherst,	Oct. 14, 15.
Hampden, Springfield,	Sept. 28, Oct. 1, 2, 3
Hamden East, Palmer Depot,	Oct. 6, 7.
Middlesex, Concord,	Sept. 29.
Middlesex North, Lowell,	Sept. 16.
Middlesex South, Framingham,	Sept. 22, 23.
Nantucket, Nantucket,	Oct. 13, 14.
Norfolk, Dedham,	Sept. 29, 30.
Plymouth, Bridgewater,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1.
Worcester, Worcester,	Sept. 23, 24.
Worcester West, Barre,	Sept. 17.
Worcester North, Fitchburg,	Oct. 2.
Worcester, South, Sturbridge,	Sept. 30

ILLINOIS COUNTY FAIRS.

Fulton, Vermont,	Sept. 10.
Union, Jonesboro,	Sept. 24, 25.
Kane, Geneva,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2
Whiteside, Morrison,	Oct. 1, 2, 3.
Sangamon, Springfield,	Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18.
Morgan, Jacksonville,	Sept. 8, 9, 10, 11.
Winnebago, Rockford,	Oct. 13, 14, 15.
Pike, Pittsfield,	Oct. 14, 15.
Carroll, Mt Carroll,	Sept. 22, 23, 24.
Champaign, Urbana,	Oct. 6.
Tazewell, Tremont,	Sept. 17, 18.
Edgar, Paris,	Oct. 1, 2.
Cass, Virginia,	Sept. 1.
Kendall, Bristol,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3.
Bureau, Princeton,	Sept. 1, 2.
Stevensonson, ——,	Oct. 7, 8, 9.

IOWA COUNTY FAIRS.

Lee, West Point,	Sept. 23, 24, 25.
Mahaska, Oskaloosa,	Sept. 29, 30.
Jefferson, Fairfield,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1.
Monroe, Albia,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1.
Henry, Mt. Pleasant,	Oct. 14, 15.
Van Buren, Keosauqua,	Oct. 16.
Linn, Marion,	Oct. 21, 21, 22.
Wapello, Ottowa,	Sept. 24, 25, 26.
Scott, ——,	Sept. 29, 30.
Clayton, Clayton Centre,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1.
Madison, Winer Sett,	Oct. 1, 2.
Marshall, Lafayette,	Oct. 7, 8.

KENTUCKY FAIRS.

Harrison, Cynthiana,	Aug. 25, 26, 27, 28.
Ag. and Mech., Lexington,	Sept. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
Kentucky Central, Danville,	Sept. 11.
Bourbon, Paris,	Sept. 22, 23, 24, 25.
Campbell, Alexandria,	Sept. 22, 23, 24, 25, 26.
Mason & Bracken, Germantown,	Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2.
Logan, Russellville,	Oct. 6, 7, 8.

The Orchard and Garden.

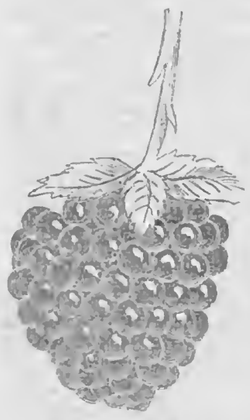
SAVING FRUIT.

If some plan could be devised for saving from decay our finer and more delicate fruits, it would be a great blessing to the country, and a source of profit to fruit growers. An eminent pomologist estimates that twenty-five per cent. of our summer and early autumn fruits, either rot or, to prevent loss, are forced upon the market at very low prices. This the fruit growers may in a great measure obviate by growing principally long keeping sorts. We are not without hopes, however, that some plan will be discovered by which peaches, strawberries and other tender fruits may be preserved, at least sufficient time to allow the grower to consult the state of the market before offering his fruit for sale. Mr. Schooley, of Cincinnati, has made some progress in this work, and has constructed a house, in which he has preserved strawberries, apparently unchanged, for twenty days; and he kept Bellflower apples for eight months, selling them in June for three dollars per bushel. The construction of these rooms is simple. All that is required are walls made of non-conducting materials, with an apartment for ice above the fruit room, with descending flues for the cold air, so as to preserve an equable temperature and moisture, and to hold the ripening process in suspense. The air, by passing over the ice, is deprived of its moisture, and, being cold, and specifically heavier than the surrounding atmosphere, falls through the descending flues, and, by a ventilator, escapes on one side of the room, thus creating a temperature not only cool, but dry.

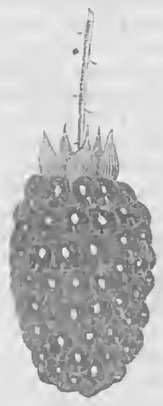
Fruit rooms have been constructed in Boston on the same principle, and have given great satisfaction. One of the fruit dealers in Chicago often astonishes the citizens of that enterprising city by producing fine fruit out of season, and we think his store rooms were constructed on somewhat similar principles, though we never had an opportunity to examine them. We were informed that he kept his plan a secret.

FRUITS IN SEASON.

Since our last report, one week since, the Madeleine, Petit Muscat, and Muscat Robert pears have ripened, and the Buerre Giffard will be in eating condition in a very few days. The Early Harvest apple is fully ripe, the Red Astrachan nearly so.



NEW ROCHELLE.



HIGH BUSH.

The Blackberries are still in fine condition, and will, from appearances, furnish an abundance of fruit for several weeks to come. We give an engraving of a single berry of both the New Rochelle or Lawton, and High Bush. Both varieties are grown here, and we see but little difference either in size or flavor. The advantage, if any, is in favor of the New Rochelle, which, with the same culture grows rather larger than the High Bush. If we are not very much mistaken, we have picked wild berries of much superior flavor to either of them, though the present wet season has injured the fruit in this respect. But our "blackberry patches" are mostly gone. If we wish to eat of the old favorite fruit of our boyhood, we must grow it, honestly, like any other. So let all lovers of good fruit plant a few blackberries.

The New Rochelle is very productive. At the grounds of C. P. Bissell, of this city, an extensive cultivator of the blackberry, we counted 360 fine berries on a cane less than five feet long.

Dielytra Spectabilis (now Diervilla).—Although the Dielytra is properly classed as a spring flowering plant, yet, if properly propagated by cuttings of the young shoots in the spring, and planted out in June in a sheltered situation, it will continue to throw up a succession of blooms till late in the season. It thrives best in a rich light soils and should be plentifully supplied with water in dry weather. Last season I saw a bed so treated in the front of a greenhouse, in bloom in September, and it appeared likely to continue in flower much longer, if frosts did not occur.

The above is from an English Journal. The Dielytra we saw in bloom here late in August. By cutting away the flower stems when they first appear, the plant may be made to flower late in the summer or fall, particularly if planted in a cool damp situation.

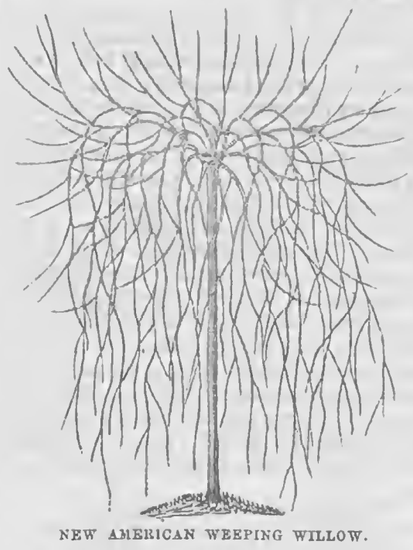
Wall Roses.—The secret of growing roses against a wall might be packed in a lady's thimble. A two feet deep border of strong loam, four or five feet wide, to be as rich as rotten dung can make it; the border to be thoroughly soaked with soft pond-water twice a week in dry weather, and when the roses are in bloom, to keep them thin in the branches, as if they were peach trees, and to play the water-engine against them as for a house on fire, from the first appearance of insects till no more come. There is a reason for everything under the sun, and the reason for insects attacking roses in general, and those on walls more particularly, is from too much dryness at the roots, causing the juices to be more palatable through the action of the leaves.—*Lon. Hort. Journal.*

Trees and Plants.—Those who intend to improve their farms or homes by planting fruit or ornamental trees, shrubbery, &c., should notice the *Nurserymen's Advertisements* in this number of the Rural. Trees of the finest kinds are now so easily and cheaply obtained, that there is no excuse for planting poor sorts.

DROOPING TREES.

Among the beautiful things furnished by nature to adorn and make pleasant our homes, there is nothing more elegantly graceful than the drooping or weeping trees. Planted either singly upon the lawn, or grouped tastefully together, they are capable of producing the most pleasing effects; and yet they should not be planted with too liberal a hand, or the result will be a sameness, a want of variety and strength which can only be imparted by trees of a stronger growth and a prouder bearing. Indeed all trees of a marked character, like the Lombardy poplars or drooping trees, should be used sparingly.

The oldest and best known of our weeping trees is the Weeping Willow. It is too well known to need description, and is one of the best specimens of the *graceful* to be found in the vegetable world.



NEW AMERICAN WEEPING WILLOW.

The American Weeping Willow, although an American trailing species, was first brought to notice in France. The branches are very slender, drooping and abundant. When grafted upon an upright stock some seven to ten feet from the ground, it makes one of the most beautiful drooping trees we have. It is perfectly hardy, and as it makes only a small tree, is much better adapted for lawns than the common Weeping Willow. Our engraving is taken from a tree only three years from the bud, and shows somewhat of its character, though we hope to be able to give an engraving before long of a larger tree that will show more of its characteristic beauty.

The Weeping Ash is a drooping tree pretty generally known. Its branches are stiff and spread horizontally at first, and as they increase in length droop until they reach the ground. We have never seen any trees of very large size, though we have them here sufficiently large to form fine arbors. In Europe, where large specimens are growing, the branches extend thirty or forty feet in each direction. It requires to be grafted on a strong stock to support the head, which should not be less than eight to ten feet high.

The Gold Barked Weeping Ash is very similar in its growth to the preceding, but it has a beautiful yellow bark.

The Weeping Sophora is a very fine drooping tree with slender branches, green bark, and dark green foliage very much like the yellow locust.—It grows rapidly, and in winter the green bark forms a very fine contrast with the yellow of the Gold Barked Ash. Unfortunately this beautiful tree is a little tender.

The Weeping Linden is a pretty variety of the Linden. The branches at first start horizontally, like the Ash, but as they become lengthened, droop gracefully. The leaves are large, roundish, and gray on the under side. It has a reddish bark.

The New Weeping Birch is a very fine drooping tree, with very pendulous branches.

The Weeping Mountain Ash is a fine variety of the European Mountain Ash. The branches are crooked and drooping. It is perfectly hardy, as we saw it last summer at the West doing finely in localities where large apple trees had been killed by the frost.

TO PREVENT MICE GIRDLING FRUIT TREES.

Messrs. Eds.:—For the last two years this section of country has been greatly injured by field mice, girdling and destroying whole orchards of small trees. Two years ago, early in April, I set 120 trees of what I consider the best varieties of winter fruit, viz, the King, Wagener, and Swaar, from Col. Frost's "Highland Nursery," every one of which grew finely. The land upon which these trees were set is a fine loam, which was deeply plowed the previous fall, with the double Michigan plow, and well manured and plowed in the spring.

Preparatory to setting, the roots of the trees were dipped into a common wash tub partly filled with the soil from the lot, which was thinned with water and well mixed, so as to adhere closely to the roots; the trees were then set an inch or two deeper than they had stood in the nursery, and immediately well mulched with coarse manure.—Last spring I set in the same manner nearly an hundred trees, apple, pear, peach and cherry, all of which lived and grew finely, excepting two peach trees. But a year ago last winter the mice girdled a large number of my best trees, and during the past winter have girdled most of the remainder.

Last spring I followed the directions given in many of the agricultural papers, and tried to save them by plastering with fresh cow-dung and banking, and thought I had succeeded, as the trees leaved out and started well in the spring, but dried up and died in summer. This treatment, I am convinced, will not save trees that have been entirely girdled.

One of my neighbors, Miles C. Baldwin, an amateur fruit-grower, a natural mechanic and practical farmer, boxed his trees that were girdled, and saved them. I am now following his experiment and hope to be successful.

Manner of Boxing.—Take a thin, sharp chisel and cut into the fresh bark and wood above and below the girdle to the depth of one-quarter of an inch, a little bevelling; then, with the chisel, pare off the bark and wood from the upper to the lower incision, making it level and fresh; then cut a small limb from the tree and flatten one side, so that it will fit closely to the spot prepared on the tree, leaving the bark on the other side; cut the ends to suit the bevel, leaving it a little long, so that it will press at the ends, and spring it in, by raising it in the middle; put these scions, or sap conductors, an inch or two apart, around the tree as far as girdled, and then wind a strip of muslin around the center and tie it firmly. If the whole peeled surface is covered with the cloth, it will probably facilitate the process of healing; then bank the tree above the place girdled, and if thus treated in the early spring, probably most of the girdled trees may be saved.

But there is wisdom in the old saying that *"An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."* While engaged in trying to remedy this evil, it occurred to me that all this difficulty might have been prevented by simply bending a piece of tin, from 8 to 12 inches long, in circular or tube form, around the tree when set, or any time before injured, letting the end rest upon or a little below the surface of the ground. Old tin pails, pans, sheet iron, or scraps of tin from the shops, may be used by those who wish to economize, and thus, with a little trouble, all the injury to trees from mice or rabbits may be prevented.

Chemung, N. Y., 1857. A. J. Wynkoop.

PROTECTING TREES.

A large portion of fruit and ornamental trees, are ruined by the manner they are *supposed* to be protected. The too common practice of driving stakes by their side and nailing across their top a strip of board, should be discarded. We have known hundreds secured in this way, and nearly the whole are ruined or so disfigured that they should be replaced by others. With every breeze they are forced against the board or stake, and soon become half or more girdled. We can give no softer name to such a practice than *murdering trees.* All trees when set out should be properly protected. Let it be done by driving down two stakes, one on either side; then procure strips of leather, say one inch wide and long enough to reach from the stake around the tree and back to the stake. Nail these two ends to the top of the stake. Put a similar piece of leather to the other stake and around the tree. If high winds are common, leave a little space between the leather and tree on the opposite side of the tree from the stake. This allows the trees play without touching a stake or drawing too hard upon the leather.

Port Huron, Mich., 1857. S. B. Noble.

THE FUSCHIA PLANT.

Mr. Shepard, the accomplished conservator of the Botanical Gardens at Liverpool, is the authority for the following anecdote respecting the introduction of that elegant flowery shrub, the Fuschia, into the green-houses of Europe. Old Mr. Lee, a well known Nurseryman and Florist, at Greenwich, near London, about fifty years ago, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a person, who suddenly turned and said—"Well, you have not in your whole collection so pretty a flower as one I saw in a window at Wapping!"

"Indeed, and what was this Phœnix like?"

"Why, the plant was beautiful, and the flowers hung down like tassels from the drooping branches, their color was the deepest crimson, and in the centre a fold of rich purple."

Particular inquiries were made as to the exact whereabouts, and Mr. Lee posted off to the place, where he discovered the object of his pursuit, and immediately pronounced it a *new plant.* He saw and admired.

Entering the humble dwelling, he said—"My good woman, this is a nice plant of yours, I should like to buy it."

"Ah, Sir! I couldn't sell it for no money; it was brought me from foreign parts by my husband who has gone again, and I must keep it for his sake."

"But I must have it."

"No, Sir, I can't spare it."

"Here," emptying his pockets, "here is gold, silver and copper," (his stock amounting to more than eight guineas.)

"Well a day, sure this is a pile o' money."

"'Tis yours, and the plant is mine, my good woman. I'll give you one of the first young ones I rear to keep for your husband's sake. I will, indeed."

The bargain was struck, and a coach called, in which old Mr. Lee and his apparently dearly purchased flower was deposited. On returning home, his first work was to strip off and destroy every blossom and bud; the plant was divided into small cuttings, which were forced into bark beds and hot beds and again subdivided. Every effort was employed to multiply the plant. Mr. Lee became the delighted possessor of 300 fuschias, all giving promise of fine blossom. The two which first expanded were placed in his window. A lady came in,—"Why Mr. Lee, my dear Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming flower?"

"'Tis a new thing, my lady; pretty, is it not?"

"Pretty? 'tis lovely! Its price?"

"A guinea, your ladyship,"—and one of the two plants that evening stood in beauty on her ladyship's table in her boudoir.

"My dear Charlotte! where did you get that elegant flower?"

"Oh, 'tis a new thing. I saw it at old Mr. Lee's; pretty, is it not!"

"Pretty? 'tis beautiful; what did it cost?

"Only a guinea, and there was another left."

The visitor's horse trotted off to the suburbs, and a third beauteous plant graced the spot from whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid and the fuschia adorned another drawing room of fashion. This scene was repeated as new calls were made, by the persons attracted by the beauty of the plant. Two plants, graceful and bursting into flower, were constantly seen on the same spot. He gladdened the faithful sailor's wife with the promised flower, and before the season closed nearly 300 guineas jingled in his purse, the produce of a single shrub from the window at Wapping, as a reward of old Mr. Lee's taste, skill and decision.

The article entitled "The Horticulturist," published in the Rural of the 6th inst., was not, as some parties have inferred, written by Mr. R. R. Scott. Mr. S.'s views on the same subject, were given at some length in our former vol., page 231.

Domestic Economy.

PRESERVATION OF FRUIT, &c.

Messrs. Editors:—As the attention of housekeepers is very generally drawn toward the preservation of fruit and vegetables in a fresh state, for use out of season, everything bearing upon the subject must possess a considerable degree of interest for your readers. It is now well understood that all kinds of fruit may be kept for an indefinite length of time if they are heated up to or near the boiling point of water, and sealed up, while hot, in perfectly air-tight vessels, and that sugar is, in no way, essential to the process. Tomatoes, also, may be readily kept in the same manner, without undergoing the slightest change of flavor. Most other vegetables appear to be somewhat more difficult to preserve.

As the air must be perfectly excluded from contact with the substance preserved, a most important question is:—In what way can this be done most conveniently and surely? A correspondent of your issue of the 8th of August, states that after examination and trial of every variety of can and jar, offered for the purpose, he is satisfied that ordinary bottles are far preferable to any of them. Now the fact must not be overlooked, that the introduction of self-sealing cans and jars, which have of late attracted so much attention, has not given origin to this method of preserving fruits and vegetables, in families. For a number of years past, peaches and tomatoes have been put up in bottles by careful and skillful housekeepers, very successfully; but many who attempted failed. It is not an easy matter, as simple as it may seem, to seal up, perfectly, a bottle containing a heated substance; and this difficulty increases with the size of the mouth of the bottle. The defects in the sealing may be so trifling as to escape observation at the time the bottle is closed, and yet be as fatal to the result as if it were left entirely open. The reason of this is easily explained. The bottle is filled and the cork put in so as to come in contact with the heated fruit, or what amounts to the same thing, the fruit is heated after it is put into the bottle; now as the contents cool, they contract in volume, leaving a very perfect vacuum between the surface of the fruit and the cork.—There is is now bearing upon the exterior portion of the cork the whole of the pressure of the atmosphere, fifteen pounds to the square inch, and this pressure is, of course, proportionate to the size of the cork. If the cork is in any way defective, the soft cement or wax used, will be driven through, leaving the sealing imperfect, or if the cork is perfect, it may be driven down into the bottle, as I have known to happen. In order to insure success, if bottles are used, it requires some practice and more attention to particulars of the process than is apt to be given by ladies or domestics.

Self-sealing cans and jars, (called "self-sealing," because prepared in such a manner that the heat of the fruit, alone, is sufficient to seal them, without the necessity of cement or wax at the time of sealing) if constructed on proper principles, effectually remove the difficulties referred to. If properly made, (and many spurious and worthless articles to which this name has been given, have been offered to the public,) they offer several very obvious advantages. 1. The mouth is large so as to receive, in an unbroken state, any kind of fruit. 2. They require no skill to seal them; it is indeed next to impossible to fail to seal them hermetically. 3. If there should be any accidental defect about the sealing, it at once shows itself, so that the vessel may be opened and the fruit removed to another jar and saved.

The relative advantages of bottles and well constructed jars are well illustrated by a statement made to me by a gentleman of this city, a chemist, who had been in the habit, for some years, of putting up tomatoes in bottles, with perfect success. He had always been in the habit of sealing the bottles himself, but some two years since he entrusted the whole operation to his cook by whom the winter's supply was put up. Several dozens of bottles were used, and one dozen of "Arthur's Self-Sealing Cans." In the winter, they were opened, and while there was but a single bottle that was not spoiled, the contents of the cans with one exception were perfectly good. In this case, the cook had no experience with either method of sealing.

A great many erroneous notions are entertained about this method of preserving fruit. It is supposed that if the air from a vessel could be perfectly removed, the fruit will be preserved in its natural state. There could not be a greater mistake; if all the air contained in a vessel were pumped out, and the vessel sealed in a vacuum, the fruit would spoil, as has been tested by experiments. The substance to be preserved must *be heated up to or near the boiling point;* when this is done the *presence of a small quantity of air in the vessel, provided it also has been heated,* will not affect the result, if the vessel is hermetically sealed while hot. This statement may be fully relied upon.

As to the kind of material out of which the jar is made, it is not important, so far as preserving qualities are concerned. Everything except some very acid fruits are kept as well in tin as in anything else, notwithstanding the prejudice existing against it. But glass, if used with care, and stoneware jars, are preferable, because they can be more easily and perfectly cleansed, and are more durable.

It has been observed that slight mould sometimes form upon the surface of fruit put up in the self-sealing glass jars, and it has been attributed to the small quantity of air confined underneath the channel. But as the surface of the fruit in a gallon self-sealing jar, is exposed necessarily to more air than can possibly be contained in the portion of a pint or quart glass jar, it might be supposed, if the mould were attributable to this cause, that it would, in this case, form more quickly and in larger quantity. But this is not so, mould, (which, however, does not injure the quality of the fruit if it is carefully removed when the jar is opened) has never been known to form on the surface of fruit, put up in tin or earthenware. The result, therefore, would appear to be in some way dependant upon the light to which substances in the glass jar are exposed. R. A.

Philadelphia, 1857.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

BURNING FLUIDS.

Eds. Rural:—Herewith I send you a copy of a recipe, recently sold by a traveling agent to many of the most intelligent portion of our community, which is subject to your disposal.

"A Recipe for making Foster's Patent Chemical Burning Composition, to be used in Lamps, which is in every way cleaner and cheaper than oil, tallow, gas, or any other preparation in the world. To 1 gallon of 90 or 95 per cent. alcohol add 1 qt. of refined turpentine or camphene, and ½ oz. of gum camphor; shake well together, &c."

At the bottom of the printed recipe, there is added with a pen, "To the above add 4 grains of sulphuric ether." This was done, evidently because the disposer thereof met so many who knew the printed portion to be the same that has been in common use for years.

I consider this a dangerous humbug, from the fact that he tells people it is *perfectly safe*; can fill lamps when lighted; that the *ether counteracts the explosive power of the camphene and alchohol,*—thus inducing many to buy. I will give the composition of the various substances of the above recipe, and you can readily see it is essentially the same article as our common *burning fluid:*

Alcohol has 4 parts,	Carbon,	6	Hydrogen,	2	Oxygen.	
Camphene, 20 "	"	16	"			
Camphor, 20 "	"	16	"	2	"	
Sul. Ether 4 "	"	5	"	1	"	

Camphor is camphene, with two equivalents of oxygen added. Camphene has too much carbon, alcohol too little. It has been found by experiment that 7 parts alcohol and 1 camphene give these substances in proper proportions for a good light, adding alcohol if the lamp smokes, and camphene if too pale a light. Sulphuric ether is made from alcohol, and sulphuric acid, and has the same explosive properties as alcohol. None of the above substances will explode as liquids, hence there can be no danger until they become vaporized. I consider Burning Fluid safe where the lamp is well secured,—would not like to have it become heated by a stove, but think there is no danger from the heat of the wicks.

Elbridge, N. Y., 1857. B. F. W.

Remarks.—Some years since, while engaged in mercantile business, the manufacture of Burning Fluid was made a specialty in trade. Our guide was 4 to 1—that is, 4 gallons of 95 per cent. alcohol to one of camphene, and if both articles were right, found this to be the best proportion. Have experimented a great deal with the view of producing a non-explosive compound, but finally concluded that such a production could not be obtained from the materials employed. Think with our correspondent that this illuminator is *not explosive as a liquid.* Have set fire to hundreds of *filled lamps,* but would not consider it safe to apply a light to one partially empty. The *cause* of of explosion is, we think, the following:—The Fluid in process of combustion heats the wick, and generates a gas which fills the vacuum caused by the decrease of the fluid. Any sudden jar which agitates the remaining liquid, or the refilling of the lamp, expels this gas, which, coming in contact with flame explodes, ignites the fluid and, casting it in all directions, is productive of evil. Many who use this material, have an idea that to be safe, it is only necessary to prevent the contact of *fire and the fluid itself,* and hundreds have made this a *fatal error*—the secure mode is to *fill all lamps by daylight,* and *be positive that these are air-tight.* If compelled to fill a lamp at night, it should be done at such a distance from fire that the surrounding atmosphere may take up the gas and render it harmless. Where this system is followed, we do not see how an accident can happen.—E.

MANUFACTURE OF GOLD COIN.

In alloying and casting gold into "standard ingots," at the mint, an alloy is used which consists of silver and copper, and is in the proportion of one-tenth of the entire mass, namely:—In a given weight of 1,000 ounces of gold and alloy, 900 are pure gold, and 100 alloy — of which alloy, one-tenth part is silver and nine-tenths copper.—These standard ingots are then assayed, to determine their correctness; and are subjected to the annealing process, that is, tempering them by heat, so as to harden them. The ingots, thus annealed, are rolled out, and cut into different sizes, according to the determination of the coin wanted. These pieces, called "planchets," are first cleaned, and then put into the hands of the adjustors, who weigh each piece separately. Those which are too heavy, are filed down to the proper weight; and such as are too light, being rejected, have to be re-melted. The pieces thus adjusted are passed to the coining room to be "milled," which consists in forming the rims. The pieces having been milled, are put into a tube connected with the press, the movements of which, regulated by steam power, force the pieces into the proper position for receiving the impressions on both the lower and upper sides, as well as the indentations on the rims, all being done by one blow of the press.

The Minnie Rifle.—The Minnie Rifle has four grooves inside, and the mode of loading it is, first to bite off the twisted waste paper at the end of the cartridge, pour in the powder at the mouth of the barrel, and by a turn of the thumb and finger holding the cartridge, reverse the ball that the conical point may be upward. The ramrod is then drawn and reversed, and the head being concave, or cup-form, it has a good purchase over the ball which is easily rammed home, and does not require a second or subsequent ramming. The piece is then fired with great ease, and is capable of carrying the ball twelve hundred yards, and with correct aim up to nine hundred yards, the aim for all distances from three hundred to nine hundred yards being taken correctly by a parallel groove marked with the respective distances it is wished the ball should be carried when directed to an object, a slide in the groove being raised or lowered to take the sight.

When Aristotle was asked what were the advantages of learning, he replied: "It is an ornament to a man in prosperity, and a refuge in adversity."

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

["THE GOLDEN WEDDING," as our readers know, is a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of a wedding-day, by both bride and bridegroom. And for such a celebration by one of the most admired and estimable couples of Boston, a distinguished and gifted lady has written the following sweet lines:]

WHEN Time has spread his pinions
O'er many fleeting years,
And filled with earth's dominions,
With doubts, and hopes, and fears.

And trusting souls, embracing
The fondest, purest ties
All severed wide enlacing,
Recall him as he flies,

With prayers and supplication
For those whose race is run,
Still feel that consolation
Is yet beneath the sun.

On these a bright May morning
Diffuses o'er and o'er
Its balm and rosy dawning
At one old friendly door.

They ne'er forget the greetings
Of far and distant days,
The welcomes and repeatings
Of ever pleasant lays.

They count both oft and many
The bright and genial smiles,
Which well compare with any
In grace, and charms, and wiles.

They ponder on this kindness
Wherever they may roam,
And should not, without blindness,
Pass the threshold of a home,

Where fifty years have striven
In vain to harden hearts,
So well prepared by Heaven
In all excelling parts.

Without a word revealing,
A prescience from above,
Which o'er the bosom stealing,
Gives tenderness and love.

Then let them ere they enter,
In sweet simplicity,
The Golden Wedding's centre,
Whisper—Benedicite.

One of the Barclays.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUT IN THE SUNSHINE.

A LETTER TO MY "CITY COUSIN."

DEAR COZ:—As soon as I read your letter in the last week's NEW-YORKER, I knew you meant it for me—so of course I determined to answer. How did I know? Well, partly in this way, that I had once been a sojourner among the grinding mills of toil and trade,—had been jostled and crowded along the busy streets of your very city of Gotham,—had longed for cool retreats and leafy shadows,—and, escaping at last, had revelled with a newer sense of luxury in the broad green earth and the blessed sunshine.

Bird songs float in through prison bars, so listen! Here is a simple carol sent from a glad heart to reach you amid your surroundings of city life, and maybe bring a little of the cool of the dew with it.

How can I paint for you the beautiful earth about me, with the summer glory all upon it? Just now, with this golden sunset dropping down the hills, it seems like a rare temple, and the low-voiced wind murmuring through it says audibly, "*Oh, come, come, let us pray.*" And so the great earth hushes all her jarring voices, while the sunset light grows whiter and fainter, and the arching skies bend purely over all. Then the night comes. Hark! There are a thousand soft, uncertain sounds of stirring, and rustling, and whispering about you—a sound that on such summery nights

"Droppeth from the leaf and bough,
Sans wind and bird, none knoweth how,"

Very soft and very soothing are these voices of the night, as they go through all the hearts' chambers, and very wild and restless must be the spirit that heeds not their gentle benison.

There is something wondrous in the hold which the sweet wild things of nature have upon our hearts—a hold that is not quite shaken off by all the turmoil of dusty life and labor. Sitting by my shaded window in a busy college town last summer, I saw a little child tripping along the walk, with both tiny hands filled with flowers. One of them, a beautiful white lily, was in some way broken from its stem and fell upon the walk. There it lay in its white beauty, and the crowd of comers and goers hurried past it, some apparently without noticing it, yet no one crushed it. Presently came a dusty laborer carrying in his hard hands the implements of his work. He saw the lily, and in a moment stooped and raised it from the ground, and carried it away in his great brown hand, all the while looking into its pearly cup with a look of tenderness, as we look into the faces of those we love. He was a stranger to me, but I know his heart was as white and beautiful as the pure lily he held. Was I wholly wrong?

I must tell you of a jaunt I took last week out from our little bustling village into the very depths of greenery, here in the wild woods. The kindness of a friend, blessings be upon him, provided me with a beautiful and eloquent companion, to make pleasant the dusty rail car, which companion was a most royal bouquet of roses. Who wants a better companion? I am sure no young belle, in the triumph of her first grand entré, was ever prouder of her diamonds than I of the crimson beauty of my precious flowers. A little pale girl, lying wearily across her mother's lap, half started up with an eager, "*Oh, look, mamma!*" as I entered the crowded car. Somebody's tired baby left off fretting, and sprung with dancing eyes and outstretched hands to grasp the bright roses, and a pleasant old gentleman laid down his paper to say, "You have some very fine flowers, Miss; will you allow me to look at them a moment." I will confess to a momentary pang at parting with my pets, as the fear crossed my mind that the gentleman was a botanist, and would anatomize my roses, or at least give me their scientific names, which I had no wish to know. A rose is a rose to me, and my vocabulary of names goes no further than the monarch of all roses, "George the Fourth." I was ashamed of myself the instant he took the flowers. He did not hold them as most men do flowers and babies, as if he was ashamed to be seen doing it—not he—and that bouquet placed us "*en rapport*" at once, and opened the way for a pleasant chat. We talked of flowers and looked at the beautiful scenery from the car windows. Presently, as we were passing slowly into a factory village, my friend pointed to a little cabin perched upon a hill almost above us, saying, "There is what I call *a cottage rose.*" I looked at the cabin. It was built of logs and was almost ready to tumble down. There was not a tree or flower to adorn it, but peering out from a narrow opening meant for a window was a beautiful little child in a white night dress. Both hands were raised to hold the brown hair from her eyes that looked out at us so full of wonder. Ah! thought I, as the picture just came for a moment before me and then vanished, *a cottage rose, indeed,* and half unconsciously I repeated MARY HOWITT'S beautiful lines, "God bless the poor man's children."

You have seen how the ivy and the wild flowers will creep into all the crevices of a ruin to hide the unsightly gaps,—just so I thought these "cottage roses" blossom out around the poor man's home to hide its roughness and make it beautiful. Climbing roses they are, and their clinging tendrils take fast hold upon the heart, and make summer all about the poor home, for the rosy dew and sunshine of heaven fall down upon the blessed things.

Some of this I said to my pleasant friend—some of it, and much more, he said to me, all the while looking from me to the roses, and from them to the world without; and so we were whirled along past green meadows, nodding wheat fields, and deep, silent woods, till my ride was at an end, and I left him with a feeling of gratitude towards the eloquent flowers that had gained me for an hour communion with a kindly heart and a cultivated mind.

But I fear our friend MOORE will opine that my letter exceeds the limits of cousinly epistles, so I must even bring it to a finale.

Florence, O., June, 1857. EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MORNING MUSINGS.

"Silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world."

THE clock just chimes the hour of two, and seated by my open window, I gaze forth this silent morning hour upon a scene of peaceful beauty.—Soft, hazy clouds are gently gliding along the azure sky, through which the fitful moon-beams mingle their silvery glances with the deep, dark shadows, or peep through the leafy branches of the green-robed trees upon the slumbering world beneath. The morning star—fair "gem upon the brow of heaven"—is beaming brightly now; and as I gaze upon this tiny "diamond in the sky," I feel an almost longing to fly away and seek rest within its golden portals. But see, the pale clouds enshroud it in their misty embrace, for awhile obscuring its charms only to render its reappearing more radiantly beautiful.

"What beings fill those bright abodes?
How formed, how gifted? what their powers, their state,
Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear
The stamp of human nature? Or has God
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
And more celestial minds."

Shine on in thy tranquil beauty, lovely star! many hearts hast thou lured from their sorrows, from earth to heaven—to God.

"How swiftly will I soar to thee,
When this imprisoned soul is free!"

Softly fades the fairy scene, and the face of the heavens changes. Clouds upon clouds arise, in magnificent splendor looming up against the bright, blue canopy, their gorgeous rainbow tints defying even description.

"And see—the Sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the East he springs.
Angel of Light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir,
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!"

All hail! gentle gales, and soft-winged zephyrs waft in thy coming; beautiful flowers dispense their fragrance at thy rosy dawn; bright-winged birds warble thy welcome; man goes forth to meet thee, and all Nature smiles at thy approach! Blessings, all blessings on thee, oh thou bright and beautiful Morning! WINNIE WILLIAN.

Rochester, Aug., 1857.

A STRING OF PEARLS.

BACON says, justly, the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

WE hope to grow old, and yet we fear old age; that is, we are willing to live, and afraid to die.

THE faults of genius might be passed over if the world would promise not to imitate them.

OUR tempers are like an opera-glass, which makes the object small or great, according to the end you look through.

OBJECTS are but bright and happy as the eyes of the mind see them, with a vision clouded or unclouded by its secret shadow.

THE good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.

THERE is no policy like politeness, and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or to supply the want of it.

AFFLICTIONS, when accompanied with grace, alter their nature, as wormwood eaten with bread, will lose its bitterness.

THERE are some moments in existence which comprise the power of years, as thousands of roses are compressed into a few drops of their essence.

THE highest perfection of human reason is to know that there is an infinity of truth beyond its reach.

HUMANITY is a grace that adorns and beautifies every other grace; without it, the most splendid natural and acquired acquisitions lose half their charm.

WITH many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake butter-cups in the grass for immeasurable gold mines under the ground.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WE WAIT FOR THEE

WHEN gathering round the festal board,
With joyous hearts and smiles so free,
Where once thy gentle voice was heard,
We wait for thee.

When night with sable wing, has flown,
And morning breaks upon the lea,
Reminded of the absent one,
We wait for thee.

When now we tread those paths alone,
Where once with thee we used to stray,
Yet there we miss thy loving tone,
We wait for thee.

When eve folds round her robe of jet,
Spangled with stars, her jewelry,
At that sweet hour we miss thee yet,
We wait for thee.

Sandstone, 1857. LINDA.

[A FINE picture is thus limned by the master hand of CHRISTOPHER NORTH,—now cold, alas, in death:]

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below—
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow;
E'en in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveler to the beauteous West.
Emblem, methought, of the departing soul!
To whose bright robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ORIGINALITY.

AT all times the worlds' governors have been its profound yet liberal thinkers,—its original men. Although from time to time the subject of thoughtless neglect, or perhaps the target for the fiercest shafts of satire and malignity, still has its radical minds been the single agent of the world's advancement. Mankind in general have lived and died, and left nothing to plead with sympathy or remembrance for their vain strifes and unanswered desires. Generations succeeding generations, have swept silently along the highway of busy existence, leaving no trace of their common life.—Usually has the glory of an age centered in some single man. Of him it has justly been its highest pride to boast. If amid unnoticed thousands appears a single dominant intellect, the record of their existence is not lost, but the age is remembered through the one star it has contributed to the galaxy of greatness. Seldom indeed do these superior examples of greatness arise. Only to the exalted is it granted to guide and memorize their age, and

"Dying leave a name,
A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame."

It is not to all who may have momentarily enlisted the wonder and attention of the world, that belong its highest titles. Only to those who have been instrumental in luring mankind from the false lights of error, and in directing their attention and aim to the true and the beautiful, the good and the great. Only those who have developed new truths, and framed new schemes for human good, can justly claim the high privileges of real greatness. Often, however, are the praises of the multitude awarded to him who yields a free and fortunate translation, or who happily applies, the investigations of the more profound and recondite. Not unfrequently is the real author of that good which has blessed humanity, never recognized in his true character until his researches have been reduced to the level of common appreciation; then when time has developed the practicability of his schemes and demonstrated the riches of his thought, is the world content to go back a century and weep tears of repentant regard over the object of its former rude neglect.

Not always, however, does time trace to its true source the fountains of good. Frequently are the highest tributes of respect cast upon the shrine of him who clothes the beings of his creation in a more common garb, who emits only those beams, by which the world is attracted but not dazzled.

The world ever demands a mediator between it and the highest instances of greatness. The nature of the common pursuits of men, and the consequent extent of their attainments, call for those who shall occupy a position midway between the great and the little, diluting the outpourings of superior genius and moulding the common mind for its fortunate reception. It is from this necessity that the offices and qualities of real and apparent superiority become distinct. Evidently there is required a degree of elevation to fitly and early appreciate the emanations of superior greatness, and high tokens of respect we may justly award to him who from a lively comprehension of the investigations of the original may impress upon the world, the attributes of his master. Yet equally evident the exceeding superiority of him who shall govern those whose powers are thus restricted. And here do we see the noblest examples of greatness become those of originality. Thus does the direct mover of the common mind become the willing subject of the profound thinker. It is literally the privilege and province of the latter to govern rulers. He directs the intellects, which immediately preside over the worlds destiny. Such a criterion few have or can withstand, through such an ordeal few may pass.

Not only, as we have said, must the efforts of the original man be unsuccessful in obtaining immediate reward; so have all his schemes for human good, unfailingly brought upon him opposition and contumely; yet neither without an assignable, a natural reason. It is the nature of all truth to primarily exist in theory. However definite may have proven the developments of any system, its existence was originally indebted to a speculative and vacilating ideality. Thus does the nature of every improvement doom its origin to the brain of some toiling and obscure thinker. While, from its necessary tendency to combat admitted truths, time alone has possessed the power of establishing its empire in universal approbation. As here we discover those causes which have contributed to the subject of the independent inquirer, so also, appear the reasons for the opposition he has universally met, and the calumny he has borne. Every original man is a reformer. His functions are to devise new and progressive schemes for human good. These must inevitably usurp the place of long-established and dearly cherished errors. It thus becomes his, to combat time-honored doctrines, and long-reverenced institutions.

In just the degree therefore to which he fulfills the requirements of the office he has assumed, is he taking arms against the good will of that world for which he labors. Among earth's moral champions, are instances of worth to which human appreciation can hardly award fit adulation; but who, in acquiring their world-wide and time-enduring reverence, fully impress us with the difficulties which the striver for a better state of things must ever encounter.

We deem that the truly original man, never exists unpossessed of a degree of merit. His endeavors for human advancement, if indeed they be such as comprehend man, and arise not wholly from his own imagined evils, indicate the presence and promptings of noble desires. And should his efforts prove unsuccessful, those condemnations which attend his failures should be fraught with mercy and admiring sympathy. His aims have been magnanimous, he has striven nobly, and his want of success may have been owing to our own sluggish or perverse comprehension, rather than any absence of merit. The original man wherever found, should be to the world an object of solicitude and regard. It is to such that the present owes its advancement over the past—from such is to arise the superiority of the future over the present. But for him, however, the world may regard his effort for good, let him never despair. Let him be true to himself and his own high purposes.

"What mean the servile imitating crew,
What their vain babblings, and their empty noise,
Ne'er seek; but still thy nobler ends pursue,
Unconquered by the rabble's venal voice."

Dansville, N. Y., 1857. J. WHITNEY S.

FAMILY LETTERS.

Is there anything sadder than files of old family letters, where one seems to spell backward one's own future! The frail fabric of paper is still firm, while the strong hand that poured over it the heart's throbs of love, of hate, of hope, or of despair is mouldering in the grave. Letters filled with anxieties, blessed perhaps in their realization; hopes defeated in their very accomplishment, letters spoiled with professions of everlasting affection that exhaled with a few mornings' dews, and stamped with sincere loves, that seem, as the time-stained sheet trembles in the hand, to breath from heaven upon it; letters with the announcement of births, to be received with a family—all hail!—and then with fond records of opening childhood—and then—the black lined sheet, and the hastily broken seal, and the story of sickness and death; letters with gay disclosures of betrothals, of illimitable hopes, and sweet reliances; and a little further down in the file, conjugal disaffection, bickerings and disappointments, and perchance the history, from year to year, of a happy married love, tried and make stronger by trial, cemented by every joy, brightened all along its course with cheerfulness and patience, and home loves, and charities; but in this there is solemnity, for it is past. The sheaves are gathered into the garner, and on earth nothing is left but the seared stubble field!—*Mrs. C. M. Sedgwick.*

WEEDING OUT WEAK CHILDREN.

DOMESTIC dosing, and the administration of medicine for every ailment, is another prolific source of the diseases of childhood. The first thing placed in the mouth of a new-born babe is a dose of medicine, as if God had made it wrong—made it to require medicine, immediately upon its advent into this world. Afterwards every colic requires paregoric, or some other anodyne remedy, white catnip tea, castor oil, senna tea, lavender and peppermint fill up the intervals.—I am persuaded that catnip tea is the most frequent cause of "sprue," and it is to me a standing wonder that so many children survive, and sometimes even thrive despite all this dosing.—I am inclined to think only the healthy do survive, as a general rule, while the feeble are destroyed.

Children in health should be accustomed to considerable light, except in the cases of the newly-born; and after recovery from irruptive diseases, children should be kept in a well-lighted apartment. It is a bad practice to have the breakfast-room dark, but better to permit the eye to become gradually accustomed to the intense light of the noon-day. Like plants, children require the open air and sunlight in order to accomplish their fullest development and to secure immunity from disease. No organ of the body so soon as the eyes exhibits lack of attention to the precautions or the consequences above alluded to.—*Dr. Clark.*

BE KIND TO THE OLD.—There is too little respect and love shown towards old people now-a-days. They are too generally treated as out of date, and useless "back numbers" of the great gazette of humanity, and only fit to be cast aside to perish in neglect while fresher issues monopolize our regard. This should not be. The old have claims on the young, and strong and hopeful, which cannot be dishonored with impunity. He who does not respect and cherish them, for their own sake, shall not be respected and cherished when, in his turn, he totters with feeble steps adown the steep and rugged declivity which leads from the summit of the hill of life to the grave, over which chill winds so constantly sweep, and upon which only feeble, setting rays ever shine.—It is on that bleak and forbidding stretch of the life-journey that one most most needs the cheering influences of affection and gratitude; and from him who withholds them from others, shall they be withheld in return.

How ardent would be the desire of young people for knowledge and virtue, if they only found some to instigate them and fire them with the impulse. Blame is attached to teachers who inculcate contest rather than conduct; and on the part of the pupils, who are inclined to cultivate their spirit rather than their understanding.—*Seneca.*

THE UPRIGHT CLERK.

A SKETCH FOR YOUNG MEN.

FIFTY years ago there was a flourishing store in Groton, Massachusetts, kept by James Brazer.—Groton is thirty miles from Boston. Mr. Brazer did a large business with all the country round, for his stock was composed of almost everything one could want, cotton and woolen goods, hardware, wooden ware, silks, thread, crockery, kegs of tobacco, and great quantities of rum and brandy; giving plenty of employment to five clerks.

In Mr. Brazer's store in those days there was a custom which is generally done away with now, the custom of drinking at 11 o'clock. Every forenoon a drink was mixed up, made of rum, raisins, sugar and nutmeg, with biscuit, and handed round to the master, clerks, and customers; all partook of it, and relished it, and I dare say smacked their lips and wanted more. At last one of the clerks refused his glass. He had "made a resolution not to take any more for a week," he said. It looked very odd. His companions wanted to know why. "The habit is growing on me," answered Amos, for that was his name, "and I'm afraid of it; that's why." The other clerks called him foolish, and a coward. They thought that no good reason at all, for everybody drank. They laughed at him, but they did not laugh it out of him. He made his first resolution for a week, then for a month, then for a year, and finally for the five years of his apprenticeship; and thus alone and for himself, he took the ground of total abstinence when spirit-drinking was the universal fashion; and for the whole time he never took a spoonful, though he mixed gallons and gallons for his master. Amos made the same resolution in regard to the use of tobacco; he never smoked a cigar, or chewed but one quid, and that before he was fifteen. A great many years afterward he thus wrote to a young student at college:

"In the first place, take this for your motto at the beginning of your journey, that the difference of going just right and a little wrong will be the difference of finding yourself in good quarters, or in a miserable bog or slough at the end of it. Of the whole number educated in the Groton stores, for some years before and after myself, no one else, to my knowledge, escaped the bog or slough; and my escape I trace to the single fact of my having put a restraint upon my appetite. After leaving school and going into a store, not a month passed before I was impressed with the opinion that restraint upon appetite was necessary to prevent the slavery I saw destroying numbers around me.—Many and many of the farmers, mechanics, and apprentices of that day have filled drunkard's graves, and left destitute families and friends."

Let every clerk and apprentice who reads this, and I hope there will be many, stop and note this point, the difference of going just right or a little wrong, in your setting out in life is the difference between integrity and dishonesty, success or disappointment, happiness or ruin.

At twenty-one, in 1807, Amos went to Boston with twenty dollars in his pocket. He soon received an offer of a clerkship in a respectable firm. Here he staid but a few months. His employer failed, and he hired a small store in Cornhill, and furnished it with goods upon the strength of the confidence with which he had inspired merchants who had become acquainted with him. Integrity, industry, and system, were the foundations upon which his business life was built. He practised rigid economy, never allowing himself to spend a farthing upon unnecessary objects until he had earned it. During his first seven years in the city, he never let a bill stand against him unsettled over the Sabbath. If the purchase of goods had been made at auction on Saturday, he always examined and settled the bill by crediting it, so that in case he was not on duty on Monday, there would be no trouble for the clerks, thus keeping business before him, instead of allowing it to drive him.—At the close of that seven years he was worth fifty thousand dollars.

On his first coming to the city he took lodgings with a widow, who had just opened a boarding-house. Amos asked for one rule to be made for the boarders, and that was, that the boarders in the public sitting-room might keep quiet for one hour after supper, in order to give those who wished it an opportunity for study or reading. "The consequence was," said he in after years, "that we had the most quiet and improving set of young men in town. The few who did not wish to comply with the regulation went abroad after tea, sometimes to the the theatre, sometimes to other places, but, to a man, became bankrupt in after life, not only in fortune, but in reputation; while the majority of the other clerks sustained a good character, and some are now living who are ornaments to society, and fill important stations. The influence of this small number will perhaps be felt throughout generations. It was not less favorable on myself than on others.

Such were the principles on which was reared a young man who afterwards became one of the princely merchants of Boston, princely in wealth, virtues, and benevolence, Amos Lawrence, who gave in charity more than six hundred thousand dollars, and the legacy of whose life is a part of the world's true riches. Such principles never fail a man. Young men, study them well.—*Selected.*

BEAUTY.—There is something in beauty, whether it dwells in the human face, in the pencilled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of a fountain, or the aspect which genius breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. We should not envy that man his feelings who could see a leaf wither, a flower fall, without some sentiment of regret.—This tender interest in the beauty and frailty of things around us is only a slight tribute of becoming grief and affection; for nature, in our adversities, never deserts us. She even comes more nearly to us in our sorrows, and leading us away from the paths of disappointment and pain into her soothing recess—allays the anguish of bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and in harmony with a spirit of still holier birth, points to that home where decay and death can never come.

ADVICE is like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.—*Coleridge.*

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Allow me to address to the readers of the RURAL the following *small* article on a great subject;—namely, the improvement of our intellectual faculties. It is a subject upon which mankind since the beginning of time have practised in direct opposition to their theory—have professed to believe that all exertions for the cultivation of the mind were likely to produce far greater benefits to the human family than any others, and yet have bestowed less attention upon this subject than many others of less importance. The intellect,—"divinely bestowed upon man,"—is all that prevents his being an animal of the brute creation. Why, then, should it be so lightly prized and carelessly cultivated? We should receive but little benefit from the natural world without persevering effort. For instance, although the soil is composed of the best materials for producing such articles as are necessary to the support of animal life, yet how destitute of all comfort, convenience and means of existence, should we be, were no improvements, no alterations ever made by agricultural labor. The earth itself, would be here as GOD created it, but would present to view, nothing but dense forests and barren wastes. No buildings, no fields of grain, no orchards, no gardens; these are procured only by the patient, continued industry of successive generations.

And why should we expect to realize the benefits of superior intellectual intelligence with less effort; as mind is created by the same power that creates matter,—requires cultivation no less, in order to be useful to the possessor. And like the soil whenever and wherever nature has withheld endowments, proportionably greater should be the attempts to improve. But here we see another strange inconsistency in the proceedings of mankind. The farmer having ascertained the relative properties of the several divisions of his farm bestows the most labor and expenditure on those parts for which nature has done the least; thus producing, as near as possible, perfect uniformity. But the same farmer who works his land so wisely, takes a course diametrically opposite in the management of his children. If one of them seems to be endowed by nature with superior intellectual capacity, that is the one who receives attention and encouragement. Those who appear less brilliant, are treated, not like his barren tract of land, but with neglect, sometimes with derision—thus causing far more inequality in their several powers of mind, than nature ever ordained or intended.

With the same spirit, and in the same manner, so long as any production of the vegetable world, grass, grain or fruit, or animals in his possession, are defective in form, size, quantity or quality, he is actively engaged, constantly on the alert, striving to produce the requisite improvements. If they are right, he comes to the reasonable conclusion that no farther exertion is required. But of the minds intrusted to his care, that one which is nearest perfection in the natural state, is the one to be made still better.

The world displays, likewise, far less judgment and discernment in selecting the means for cultivating the mind, than the soil. As a farmer, such information as he acquires by his own observation and experience, is considered useful and reliable. He is not required to take a degree or diploma from any incorporated institution, with a big name, before he can be successful, "No. 1," "at the head of the heap." Let him properly prepare the ground and sow good seed, in the right way, and he will be pretty sure of a good crop, without saying a word of Latin through the whole performance.—Whereas, before a man can be supposed to have much literary knowledge, or many intellectual attributes, he must have been confined a certain number of years in some prison-house of learning, and received an ear-mark from the overseers when he left. I would not wish to have any one undervalue the learning obtained at school, for it is highly useful, and, to a certain degree indispensable. But thousands of our young men, who have not the means of obtaining a liberal education, give up in despair all hope of renown, and distinction in life, and make no further efforts. They act wrong, for as society is now organized, great means of obtaining such information as would be useful in the practical affairs of life, are open to all. Among the means, none, perhaps, are more beneficial, when rightly conducted, in neighborhoods and villages, than the Lyceum, "our debating school."

In preparing arguments for discussing the several questions, we are led to make examination of historical facts,—of the moral and political effects produced by legislative enactments, and doings of men in official stations, to form opinions thereon, and learn how to express them. And our young men by improving such means, may become as well qualified for rulers in the land, as some of those who have been labelled "LL. D." at a celebrated university or college. A. H. B.

North Almond, N. Y., 1857.

INEXHAUSTIBILITY OF BOOKS.—Books are the cause of books. Were there no books in the world, it might be difficult to write one; but because there are so many there may be so many more.—The rays of intellectual light are, by the prismatic operation of books, broken into an infinity of lines and colors. Men may as soon cease to talk as to cease to read and write books. All our daily and hourly talk may be made matter of literature, aye, and of interesting literature, too. The more books that are printed, the more food is given to the mind; and the more nourishment the mind receives, the more vigorous its powers; and the greater its strength, the more valuable its thoughts, and the more exalted its powers and capacities.—There is no one topic in the whole range of literary interest that can be conceived capable of exhaustion; and in matters of imagination there is no intellectual foresight, however sagacious, that is capable of conjecturing what may be done.—*London Atlas.*

PEOPLE are better found out in their unguarded hours, than by the principal actions of their lives the first is nature, the second art.

TEACHERS' RESPONSIBILITIES.

EDUCATION is not comprised in the table of contents of a series of school-books, and the teacher who thinks that his whole duty consists in drilling his scholars into a thorough knowledge of the arts and sciences, views his noble vocation from a very narrow stand-point. This is but the shaft to support the graceful capital—the outline of the sketch, to be filled in with delicate foliage and tracery.

Many parents are quite indifferent as to the mental calibre of the teacher to whom they entrust their children, provided that he can instruct them in certain specified branches; and very many teachers, knowing this fact, cultivate the mind in sections, instead of as a whole, and give their entire attention to the intellectual development of their pupils, leaving home influence to do the rest. But do what we will, the three great branches of education—physical, mental, and moral culture—are so closely interwoven, that it is impossible to grasp one to the exclusion of the others.

The importance of physical education is coming to be more fully recognized than it was formerly. The eight-hour school system, with its attendant badly-constructed and ill-ventilated houses, may almost be reckoned as a by-gone institution. We feel that a sound mind must have a sound body to dwell in, and that it is needful to look to the beams and rafters, as well as to the carpets and the upholstery. We are beginning to realize that children do not go to school merely to become proficient in certain sciences, but to grow, that they may blossom into lives of efficient usefulness.—The moral education is going on with the intellectual, and the teacher has much to do in molding the character of the future man and woman. This is the responsibility—not only of training the intellectual faculties to be subservient to the will, to reason closely from cause to effect, and to centre fixedly upon one point of thought; but of teaching them obedience to a higher moral nature, of directing genius to lofty and noble purposes, and of making a conscientious, unswerving fidelity to the right, the golden rule for the journey of life. He must make his pupils better, as well as wiser. He must study their several natures, and give to each the aliment that is best fitted for it; it is impossible to make the same kind of mental diet answer for all the different varieties which are to be found in a whole school. Large schools are necessarily imperfect for this reason; it is impossible for the teacher to study the peculiarities of each scholar, and to adapt himself to the needs of his nature.

There is a great deal of magnetism in the atmosphere of a school-room. The teacher always exerts a strong influence—either of attraction or repulsion—over the minds of his pupils. The freshness is not yet worn from their affectional natures, and they are warm lovers or good haters. If they love and trust their teacher, his rule, though gentle in seeming, is, in reality, stronger than a rod of iron. Their minds are plastic, and his influence unbounded; he becomes, as it were, the keeper of their consciences and the trusted guide of their moral perceptions; it is well if he performs his duties faithfully. But woe to him if, by any unlucky mischance, he is placed in a position antagonistic to them! If he rules only by fear, he may educate them intellectually, but never morally; the reaction from personal distrust will render both precept and example worse than useless.

These little folks are sharp critics. Each word and action of their teacher is caught up, and mentally commented upon; and these quiet influences have much to do in sharpening the character. Many a strong prejudice or deeply-rooted opinion of maturer years may be traced back to a stray word in the school-room. Schools must be regarded as something more than mere institutions for learning—they are nurseries for the growth of the whole character; and if they be not weeded, and watered, and pruned, and exposed by turns to the sun and the shade, the plant will droop and wither, or it will waste its vital energies in leaves and tendrils, without ever bearing fruit. The teacher must look from the present into the future; the scholars of to-day will be the teachers of to-morrow, and he must fit them for their vocation. If he can but throw his heart in his work, he will be successful. All things are promised to the earnest and faithful; and the statues which come from his hand will not be the exquisitely-chiseled, calm and cold creations of the intellect, but glowing with warm life of a generous impulse, a noble ambition and a pure soul.—*Educational Herald.*

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

IF we complain that with our best endeavors, our efforts for the education of our children fail in many ways, and that our most beautiful hopes disappoint us; if the youth complains that he enjoys so little of the most beautiful time of life, and that he ever feels burdened by hard fetters; if we complain that that child hastens to become a boy, and the boy a man; that in this haste, many a beautiful soul overtasks itself, and so society receives only indifferent, useless and exhausted laborers; these are the fruits of a vain anxiety for the future. Let us not anticipate the order of nature. Let us understand that we can work best for the future by doing each day, at each period, that which, without regard to a later time, is the best and most beneficial. If we think less of what our children as boys and men are to become, than what as children they should be, if we only seek for them, and to develop in them that which will make their childish life beautiful, and in its way perfect; if with our love we accompany, rather than force the development of human nature; then the instructions we impart to our children the wise guidance which we are able to give them will procure for them the best places in life, and without our care, will provide best for the future.—*Schleiermacher.*

EDUCATION IN CALIFORNIA.—Educational matters in this State are awakening much interest.—Festivals, celebrations, &c., are quite common and pass off with great *eclat.* The cost of maintaining the schools for the past year in San Francisco has been nearly $78,000. The schools were to have re-opened for the summer on the first Monday in June, but owing to non-payment of the school taxes they had not commenced at last advices.

TURKS AT DINNER.

WHAT AND HOW THE TURKS EAT.

[THE following extract from OSCANYAN's work, entitled "The Sultan and his People," comprises some interesting facts relative to the Food and Table Habits and Manner of the Turks:]

HIS Majesty's meals, according to the custom of the country, are two; one in the morning between ten and eleven, the other at sunset. They are served by the Scheshnigear, whose duty it is to break the seals of the different dishes intended for the Sultan's repast, and after having tasted, to carry them into the royal presence.

Although the Osmanlis are great epicures, their tastes are very singular. Their dishes are very diversified and numerous, consisting usually of twelve or fifteen, and sometimes even thirty courses; sweet and meat dishes being introduced in alternate succession; the meal commencing with soup and ending with pilaf, or a preparation of rice peculiar to Turkey. They have a species of pastry or *paklava,* which is remarkably light and delicious; and the mohalleby, or Turkish blanc-mange, is much liked, even by Europeans. Fruit, at Constantinople, is very abundant and delicious, and is partaken of frequently during a repast. Indeed, the grapes of Soutari, called Tchavoush, are unrivalled, and even more delicious and delicate than those of Madeira or Malaga.

The order in which a dinner is served is as follows:—soup, kebab (or roast meat in small pieces,) entremet (or vegetables and meat cooked together,) pastry, roast, fish, entremet, mohalleby, entremet, maccaroni, fowls, jelly, etc., until at last it winds up with the significative pilaf and sherbet, or hosh-ab.

No wine or liquor is served at the table, but his sublimity occasionally during the day visits the pantry, doubtless, "for his stomach's sake, and his often infirmities." Unfortunately, modern civilization has some vices as well as many virtues; and the fashion of excessive drinking has, among others, lately crept into Turkey, to which some of the *elegants* are becoming much addicted, and, ere long, they may, perhaps excel even the paragon, John Bull.

Although many other innovations and attempts at reform have succeeded in Turkey, yet the original style of eating has not been much improved. They use neither chairs nor tables; but a low stool being put in the middle of the room, a large circular copper tray is placed upon it.

No such paraphernalia as cloths, napkins, knives, forks, plates, glasses, etc., are essential; small loaves of bread, alternately with small dishes of fruit, pickles, anchovies, cheese, etc., are indiscriminately scattered around the edges of the tray, in the middle of which the different preparations of food are successively placed by the ayvaz or sentlion, and the food is eaten *with the fingers,* excepting the liquid dishes, for which wooden spoons are provided. Around the tray the company assemble, sitting with their legs under them, and all eating from the dish in the middle; reminding us of the customs of ancient times, when it was said, 'It is one of the twelve who dippeth with me in the dish."

One long, narrow napkin is provided, which goes all round the tray, and lies upon the floor, each person slipping under it as he sits down.—Their tables being accessible to their friends at all times, dinner parties are never given, except on state occasions; for, hospitality being one of the characteristics of the East, and especially enjoined by the Koran, no one is excluded from their board; and when the number present is so large as not to allow them to sit comfortably, they place themselves *side-wise,* or in a sort of spoon fashion, as though they were leaning upon one another, and thus illustrating the scene at the feast of the Passover.

In some of the houses of the wealthy, and especially of those whose owners have visited Europe, the European mode of eating is imitated, when the motley company, which is always assembled, sometimes presents a most ludicrous scene.

Once a Turk at such a table, wishing to conform to the customs of civilized life, endeavored to use the fork. Failing in several attempts to take a piece of meat, and determined to overcome his gaucherie, he resolutely took hold of the morsel with his fingers, and placing one end of the fork against his breast, stuck the meat upon it with an immense effort, and then carried it to his mouth, quite contented with his own success, and the applause of the company. During the sacred month of Ramazan, however, the European mode of eating is never practised, even by the most enlightened and liberal. Knives, forks, tables and chairs, are then altogether set aside, as being too profane.

His Majesty usually breakfasts at the Mabeyn, and always quite alone; for no one being equal to him, none can have the honor of his company; and his evening repast is often taken, weather permitting, at some beautiful watering-place.

HEAT gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stays longer by one than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire.—Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent.—*Fuller.*

DEATH OF POMPEY.

ACHILLES, with a few of his attendants, came on board in a small boat, delivered a message from Ptolemy, inviting Pompey to land. In the meantime, some Egyptian galleys, with an intention to secure him, drew near to his ship; and the whole army, with the king at their head, were drawn out on the shore to receive him. The size of the boat, and the appearance of the equipage which came on this errand, seemed disproportioned to the rank of Pompey; and Achilles made an apology, alleging that deeper vessels could not go near enough to land him on that shallow coast. Pompey's friend endeavored to dissuade him from accepting an invitation so improperly delivered; but he answered by quoting two lines from Sophocles, which implies that *whoever visits a king, though he arrive a free man, must become his slave.* Two of his servants went before him into the boat to receive their master; and with this attendance he put off from the ship.

His wife, Cornelia, and Sextus, the youngest of his sons, with some other friends, remained upon deck, sufficiently humbled by the preceding strokes of fortune, (defeat at Pharsalia,) anxious for the future, and trembling under the expectations of a scene which was acting before them. Soon after the barge had left the ship, Pompey, looking behind him, observed among the Egyptian soldiers a person whose countenance he recollected, and said to him:—"Surely, fellow soldier, you and I have served somewhere together." While he turned to speak these words, Achilles beckoned to the other soldiers, who, understanding the signal to put the Roman general to death, struck him with their swords. Pompey was so much prepared for this event, that he perceived the whole of his situation at once, and sunk without making any struggle, or uttering one word. This was done in the presence of the king of Egypt and of his army, who were ranged in a kind of amphitheatre, formed by the shore. The vessel in which the unhappy Cornelia, with her family, was left, and the little squadron which attended it, as if they had received a signal to depart, cut their cables and fled.

Thus died Pompey, who, for above thirty years, enjoyed the reputation of the first captain of the age. The title of great, originally no more than a casual expression of regard from Sylla, continued, in the manner of the Romans, to be given him as a mark of esteem, and a name of distinction.—He attained to more consideration, and enjoyed it longer than any other Roman citizen; and was supplanted at last because, for many years of his life, he thought himself too high to be rivalled, and too secure to be shaken in his place. His last defeat, and total ruin which ensued upon it, was the consequence of an overweening confidence, which left him altogether unprepared for the first untoward event. The impression of his character, even after that event, was still so strong in the minds of his enemies, that Cæsar overlooked all the other remains of the vanquished party to pursue their leader.—*Selected.*

EFFECTS OF COLD ON THE PHYSICAL ENERGIES.

BAYARD TAYLOR gives the following account of the effects of extreme cold upon the Finns:

I was at first a little surprised to find the natives of the North so slow, indolent and improvident.—We have an idea that a cold climate is bracing and stimulating—ergo, the further north you go the more active and energetic you will find the people. But the touch of ice is like that of fire. The tropics relax, the pole benumbs, and the practical result is the same in both cases. In the long, long winter, when there are but four hours of twilight to twenty of darkness—when the cows are housed, and the wood cut, the hay gathered, the barley bran and fir bark stowed away for bread, and the summer's catch of fish salted—what can a man do, when his load of wood or hay is hauled home, but eat, gossip and sleep?

To bed at nine, and out of it at eight in the morning, smoking and dozing between the slow performance of his few daily duties, he becomes as listless and dull as a hibernating bear. In the summer, he has perpetual daylight, and need not hurry. Besides, why should he give himself special trouble to produce an unusually large crop of flax or barley, when a single night may make his labors utterly profitless? Even in midsummer, the blighting frost may fall. Nature seems to take a cruel pleasure in thwarting him; he is fortunate only through chance; and thus a sort of Arab fatalism and acquiescence in whatever happens, takes possession of him. His improvidence is also to be ascribed to the same cause. Such a fearful famine and suffering as exists this winter in Finland and Lapland might no doubt have been partially prevented, but no human power could have wholly forestalled it.

PARTS OF SPEECH.—It is asserted that in the English language proper, apart from technical and scientific terms, there are 10,500 nouns, 40 pronouns, 7,200 adjectives, 8,000 verbs, 3,000 adverbs, 60 prepositions, 19 conjunctions, 68 interjections, and 2 articles. According to Webster's Dictionary, there are one hundred thousand words in the language.

Sabbath Musings.

BROADCAST THY SEED.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

BROADCAST thy seed;
If thou hast aught of wealth to lend,
Beyond what reason bids thee spend,
Seek out the haunts of want and woe,
And wisely let thy bounty flow;
Lift modest merit from the dust,
And fill his heart with joy and trust;
Take struggling genius by the hand,
And bid his striving soul expand:
Where virtuous men together cling
To banish some unhallowed thing,
Join the just league, and not withhold
Thy help, thy counsel, and thy gold;
Would'st have thy humbler brother freed?
Broadcast thy seed.

Broadcast thy seed;
If thou hast mind, thou hast to spare,
And giving will increase thy share;
Put forth thy thoughts with earnest zeal,
And make some stubborn spirit feel
The grace, the glory, the delight
That spring from glory used aright;
The improving wealth, which none can take,
Though fortune frown and friends forsake;
The strength of vision, more and more
Expanding as he dares to soar.
Virtue and knowledge, glories twain!
The more they give the more they gain!
Would'st help a brother in his need?
Broadcast thy seed.

Broadcast thy seed;
Albeit some portion may be found,
To fall on harsh and arid ground,
Where sand, or shard, or stone may stay
Its coming into light of day,
Be not discouraged. Some may find
Congenial soil and gentle wind,
Refreshing dew and fostering shower,
To bring it into beauteous flower,
From flower to fruit to glad thy eyes,
And thrill thee with a sweet surprise;
Do good, and GOD will bless thy deed.
Broadcast thy seed.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LOOK ALOFT.

THE billow hath its foam, the star its beam of light, the eve its breath of balm, and the heart of man hath hope. Like the gay dance of the billow, like the soft light of the star, like the balm-breathing breath of the evening, hope lulleth the heart to its rest. The wave of the water is gladdening and the sunlight loveth its motion, it beateth in passion and beauty, it sparkleth, it darkeneth, it murmureth deep things to the heart. And the fairy may float on the fleecy cloud, or ride on the silvery beam, but man loves to glide over the free, wild ocean, to list to its laugh and its low, deep moan, and to catch the swell that sweeps over the spirit like "a sound of farewell." The star from the blue vault of heaven glanceth brightly, peering as an eye of love through the clouds. It loveth the shrines of earth and layeth a rich offering there—light, soft, dewy, holy light that bindeth the spirit mystically. It shineth forever; it lineth the clouds with golden—bless the beautiful star. The wind cometh at night with balm and bliss. It kisseth the flower, it rippleth the stream, it chaseth the clouds in their airy home. A wild weird story the wind hath, sending the spirit out upon a phantom chase for happiness.

Earth resteth in beauty forever, with its mountains, its shadows, its forests, and waters, and thousand gems. But the heart hath one in its circlet of gems, one beautiful pearl more bright and precious than these—the clear pearl of faith, the sweet spirit that whispers—"Look aloft and be strong."

Look aloft, for thy spirit high-soaring shall catch a glimpse of that glory its glance seeketh—shall bask in the sun-rays that play round the throne of thy GOD. The soul hath such undying aspirations after the Infinite; high-born, it disdains earth's fetters, and mounting on free pinions soars to its native skies. Yet often, even from thence will the rude tempests hurl it. Often will the Tempter tempt and none be near to point it heavenward.—Then keep thy soul's gaze on Heaven, lest these storms overwhelm thee and thou perish. It is noble and beautiful in the hour of trial to look aloft, to trust in GOD.

If dreams of ambition and beauty are fading, and hearts which have echoed those dreams are passing away, look aloft—thou shalt dwell with them all in that home of perfection where nothing can fade.

If thou err'st and friends of thy faith should forsake thee, and billows of darkness roll over thy soul—look aloft. He sitteth a friend who shall never forsake.

If man dareth to cast on thy spirit one fetter, or to hold its tenement in chains; if he dareth to to scorn thy rightful heritage of a free life, be firm, and be fearless—look aloft, there is freedom above.

If thou hast grown weary in thy earthly career, and sorrows have come with their blighting upon thee; if in their sinfulness the sinful have judged thee, amidst the strife of thy nature, "from the wave and the gale," look aloft, there is rest with thy GOD.

Be strong forever. When at last thy sun rolleth down to its rest, let every cloud be lined with glory, throw a mantle of faith round about thee, and die its folds. E. E.

Stouts Grove, Ill., Aug., 1857.

BY the quiet fireside of home, the true mother in the midst of her children is sowing, as in vases of earth, the seeds of plants that shall sometime give Heaven the fragrance of their blossoms, and whose fruit be a rosary of angelic deeds, the noblest offering that she can make through the ever-ascending and ever-expanding souls of her children to her Maker. Every word that she utters goes from heart to heart with a power at which she little dreams. Solemn is the thought, but not more solemn to the Christian mother than the thought that every word that falls from her lips, every expression of her countenance, even in the sheltered walk and retirement, may leave an indelible impression upon the young souls around her, and form as it were the underlieing strain of that education which peoples heaven with celestial beings, and gives to the white brow of the angel, next to the grace of God, its crown of glory.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year,	$2
Three Copies, "	$5
Five Copies, "	$8
Six Copies, and one free to agent,	$10
Ten Copies, and one free to agent,	$15

Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ A NEW HALF VOLUME commences July 4, and hence the present is a good time to form clubs for either Six Months or a Year. Agents and others will bear in mind that all subscriptions forwarding during the present month will count on Premiums. See Premium Lists on next page.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

List of New Advertisements this week.

Commercial College—H. G. Eastman.
Self-Sealing Fruit Can—E. Ketchum & Co.
Self-Sealing Fruit Cans and Jars—Arthur, Burnham & Co.
Portable Fence, &c—Jas. G. Hunt.
Gifts! Gifts!! Gifts!!!—A. Ramey.
Increased Attraction—John Wade.
A Rare Chance—A. Loomis.
Bulbous Roots, &c—W. R. Prince.
Premium Strawberries—W. R. Prince.
Collegiate Institute—Satterlee & Dexter.
The American Farmers' Encyclopedia—C. M. Saxton & Co.
Tracy Female Institute—Lucilla Tracy.
Empire Nursery—Mckinster & Cummings.
Commercial Nurseries—Samuel Cochrane.
The Orator—D. P. Stiles.
Emery's Horse Powers—E. D. Hallock.
Mile Strip Nurseries—Aaron Hampdon.
Could Cook!!—Roswell Hart.
5,000 Agents Wanted—Ephraim Brown.

OUR ADVERTISING FRIENDS will please note that, although the RURAL has largely increased in circulation during the past year, its advertising rates remain unchanged. Thus, while it is decidedly THE BEST medium of Agricultural and Horticultural Advertising in the Union, it is also one of the CHEAPEST. Our terms will remain the same as at present until the close of the present year and volume, when they will probably be materially increased, to correspond with our greatly augmented circulation.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 22, 1857.

The American Horses in England.

IT is known to our readers that several months since three horses were taken from this country by their owner, R. TEN BROECK, Esq., for the purpose of making a comparative test of the English and American modes of training. The intelligence concerning the first meeting was brought out by the steamer Canada, which arrived at New York on the 12th inst., and the result is adverse to our horses. The French horse Monarque won the race by a head. The English horse Bieber was second, Fisherman third, Arton fourth. The American horses Prior and Prioress were fifth and sixth, and the English horse Melissa seventh. All the others pulled up. The finish is said to have been the most exciting ever witnessed. The English papers remark, but without assigning any reason, that the American horses would have figured more prominently had they been ridden by English jockeys.

The Goodwood course is not a gravelled track, but a fine turf, and we believe sporting men hold that animals trained to a hard track cannot do as well upon turf. It was the determination of Mr. TEN BROECK, in the contingency which has happened, to challenge the English sportsmen to a match on this side of the Atlantic, and some of those who enter into such matters with a sort of "national" feeling, say that the trial will be incomplete until that is done.

English sportsmen, in training their horses, desire speed alone, and the distances run are short—from one mile to two and a half—while the object among our turfmen is to combine speed with bottom, hence our four mile heats. As all our horses are entered for additional races, we may hear of something a little more favorable before the season is closed. Pryor and Lecompte are entered for the Newmarket Houghton meeting, a single dash for four miles, one furlong and one hundred and seventy-three yards, to be run October 26th. Lecompte and Prioress are entered for the Sussex County cup, a two mile and a half dash, at the Lewis county meeting, on the 10th inst. At the Houghton meeting, Lecompte carries 128 pounds and Pryor 126 pounds, being the weights for aged and five years old. There are thirteen entries for the Sussex County Cup, Lecompte carrying 119 pounds and Prioress 106 pounds.

The following account of the performance of our respective horses in comparison with that of other celebrated animals will prove interesting at the present time:

Blink Bonny, the celebrated English racing mare, who won an enormous sum for her owner this summer, by winning the Oaks and Derby stakes, has run one mile in 1 minute and 50 seconds, in a one and a half mile heat. Prior has run a one mile heat in 1 minute 45¼ seconds. Prioress has run a one mile heat in 1 minute and 45 seconds. Lecompte has run 1 mile in 1 minute and 46¼ seconds, and ran a 4 mile heat in 7 minutes and 26 seconds, which is the best time ever made, except by Lexington, who ran 4 miles in 7 minutes and 19½ seconds. The fastest time on record was made by Henry Perrett, an American horse, who ran 1 mile in 1 minute and 42 seconds. The above record shows that the American horses have all made faster time than the celebrated English horses, and while Blink Bonny ran 2¼ miles at the rate of 1:50, Lecompte ran at the same rate of speed for four successive miles.

STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM.—The Locating Committee of the State Inebriate Asylum met at the residence of Chancellor Walworth, in Saratoga, on the 11th inst. The following gentlemen were present. R. A. Walworth, Hon. Ransom Balcom, of Binghamptou; Hon. Ex-Mayor Lambert, of Brooklyn, and Dr. J. Edwards Turner, of New York. Proposals for the site were read and reported on various places in this State. These proposals will be acted upon at the next meeting of the Committee, which will take place at the call of the Chairman. A resolution was adopted that the proposals to insure consideration must contain an offer of a free donation of at least 1,000 acres of land.

Affairs at Washington.

GEN. HERRAN and Secretary Cass have closed their informal conferences, on the New Grenada treaty, and the result will be reduced to writing, and the treaty concluded, it is supposed, during the next week.

Orders have been issued for the recruits at Fort Leavenworth to move on the 5th of September for New Mexico, to reinforce the army in that quarter.

There was a long Cabinet meeting on the 14th inst., at which Kansas, Central American and Indian affairs were considered. Official advices confirm the report that a regular Government has been established in Nicaragua, with boundaries giving her full jurisdiction over the Transit route. This Government will be recognized.

Official despatches received at the State Department speak in favorable terms of the ameliorating influences of the new Russian Tariff, saying the commencement of its operations affords evidence that the present Emperor entertains views different from his predecessor, and affords hope that other important reforms may follow. Books of all languages, duty free, subject only to the usual censorship. Russian subjects living in foreign countries can now travel for five years with a reduction in the passport fees.

If it be true, as stated, that Costa Rica has disposed of the Nicaragua Transit route, and has acquired part of the Territory of the latter, our Government will unquestionably object to that arrangement, it being known that Mr. Carey Jones, is specially instructed to represent the views of the administration, as being adverse to such a course of policy.

Until the meeting of Congress no diplomatic appointments will be made, excepting such as may be demanded by the public exigencies, as it is desired that successors to the present incumbents shall not go abroad until their appointments shall have been confirmed by the Senate.

Gen. Denber, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, will shortly repair to Nebraska for the purpose of making treaties with the Ponca and Pawnee Indians.

Items of News.

THE Postmaster General has decided that postage stamps are not redeemable by Postmasters. If persons receive them as remittances, they must rely on the sale of them for reimbursement.

A PARTY of Newton pedestrians reached the Tip-Top House, Mount Washington, on the 5th of August. Up to that time they had walked 184 miles. They climbed up to the summit of Mount Washington, via. Tuckerman's ravine, &c., passing through the great snow arch, which is 75 feet long, 10 feet high, and 25 feet wide!

THERE is an old squaw among the encampment of Oneida Indians at Saratoga, who is aged 109 years, and named Honoria Dacotharer. She was born at Oneida Castle in 1748. Her husband fell at the battle of Saratoga in 1777, and her three sons at Lundy's Lane and Chippewa in 1814.

THE year 1862 will complete a thousand years since the foundation of Russia. It is proposed to erect a commemorative statue at Novgorod, the capital of the first Russian ruler. It will be built by a national subscription under the patronage of the Czar.

RICHARD WINSLOW, one of the oldest Commercial men in Cleveland, died on the 9th inst. He was nearly 88 years of age, and went to Cleveland in 1830, when the population was less than 1,000. He was well known all along the chain of lakes.—He had amassed a good fortune and secured the high respect of the community.

AT Machias, Me., within a few days, nearly two million feet of boards have been sold and shipped, principally for the West India market, at an average of $12 per thousand.

THE short weight in some of the cents of the new coinage has been noticed. The directors of the mint say, in explanation, that they are composed of materials never before melted together for coinage, and there is some difficulty in obtaining an invariable accurate weight. The difference is yet within the limits allowed by law. When the workmen become more experienced in the new manufacture it will be corrected. Forty-six tons have been coined since the work began, and the variations are trifling in view of the rapidity with which the coin has been issued. Every coin of gold and silver is tested separately by weight—a superfluous care in the small valuation of the

THE Chief Justice of the Hawaiian Supreme Court, Hon. Wm. L. Lee, died at Honolulu, on the 28th of May, aged 36 years and 3 months. He had resided at Honolulu since October, 1856—less than a year.

OUT of the fifty-nine members of the Senate during the last Congress, no less than five have passed away, viz: Messrs. Clayton, of Delaware, Bell, of New Hampshire, Adams, of Mississippi, Butler, of South Carolina, and Rusk, of Texas.

IT is estimated, says the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, that the new dome for the Capitol will weigh 7,500 tons, and that its erection will take ten years. The new Houses of Congress will be ready for occupancy by a year from next December, and not in the coming session, as was expected.

EXCURSIONS FROM AND TO EUROPE.—It is stated that the Great Eastern Steamship Company propose to reduce the price of tourist tickets from £100 to £50, and intend also to issue tickets on this side of the Atlantic for a European trip. The route for tourists in this country will be such as to embrace everything worthy of attention between Portland and Chicago, Washington and Quebec.

LATER FROM MEXICO.—In the *Prensa* of Havana, we find dates from Mexico to July 20. The revolutionists in the neighborhood of Lake Chalopa, who were intended for service in Lower California, rebel against the military leaders of their country. Considerable skirmishing had resulted, and the mutineers were still at large on the 6th. The revolutionist, Miguel Correa Bravo, who was captured by the troops of Gen. Alvarez, was shot in Chilpaneygo. It is thought some additional light will soon be thrown upon the Sonora fillibustering expedition. All of Crabb's correspondence had fallen into the hands of the Mexicans, and is to be published.

Correspondence of the Rural.

CHICAGO, Ill., August 12th, 1857.

DEAR RURAL:—My last, on board an Erie steamer, was only one of a few instalments of notes and observations on men and things being taken during my progress outward and homeward bound.

On rounding Malden point, C. W., to enter Detroit river, the Northern shore is much the most attractive, being several feet above the water, high and dry; but this, as well as our own shore, gradually subsides as we go up, until both banks of the river present a wide border of irreclaimable and sedgy marsh.

Detroit is a fine, active commercial city, and cannot fail to increase both in population and prosperity. Several railroads making great trunk lines are either running, or will be soon, across the peninsula; among the former of which may be named the two Michigan roads (Central and Southern) and among the latter, the Detroit and Milwaukee which will be in operation next spring through to Grand Haven.

The land around Detroit for fifteen or twenty miles is very flat and wet—not worth cultivating, while other lands are cheap, but will, by and by, when extensive draining can be resorted to and made to pay, become among the most productive of the State. The rust and midge have done much damage in the counties north-east of Detroit, and wheat is not half a crop in that direction; other grains and grass are excellent. That fatal insect, the midge, is passing as surely to the West, as emigration itself; and the prairies of Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin must bide their time, for the enemy is at their gates. Where the scourge is to end no man can tell.

The Geological features of the lower portion of Michigan are wonderfully similar, from lake to lake; rolling gravelly ridges interspersed with wet prairies of limited extent. Oak is the prevailing timber, and wheat on the uplands the predominating crop. It is all harvested, and, so far as I could judge while the Central cars sped past the farms, is a fair yield. Peaches and peach trees throughout the State are killed by the frosts of our recent severe winters. In many places I observe orchards and nurseries of leafless trees, which, to me, as to all lovers of the delicious fruit, is a melancholy sight. Indeed there seems to be a greater lack of enterprise in the rearing of fruit than I expected to see in Southern Michigan.—Even a scarcity of *good currants*, to say nothing of grapes, choice cherries, and pears, is met with everywhere. The farmers are well to do, with good buildings, stock, and tools, and ought not to be deficient in a choice variety of fruits and flowers. If your correspondent had half a dozen of their waste acres beside his bed blanket of a garden spot, he would make a paradise of it in ten years. (*Paradise* in the original Greek means a garden.)

The rolling fertility of the soil, as you approach Lake Michigan at New Buffalo and Michigan City is transformed into a sandy desolation. The New Albany and Salem road may make the latter place a shipping point, but the danger is, that railroad, city, and all may wake up some windy morning and find themselves buried in the drift.

I know not what terms to apply to the city of Chicago; it is a wonderful place in more respects than one; and, in activity and business enterprise, exceeds anything of the kind I ever dreamed of. The writer is not an enthusiast, nor a neophyte who has never seen a city before; but one who has lived in Boston, and been many times in New York. Now take the map, look at the location of Chicago, and mark the prediction. This city is destined to surpass, in business and population, anything West of New York and this side of the Rocky Mountains. More of Chicago by-and-by.—W.

Political Items.

THE Chicago Tribune, of the 17th inst., has returns from 34 counties in Iowa, which give a majority of 4,556 for the Constitution.

NINETY counties in Missouri give Rollins, Independent, about 3,000 majority, but the returns are so conflicting that the figures cannot be given. Rollins is probably elected by about 1,500 maj.

THE following footings have been received of the result of the recent election in Nebraska for delegate to Congress. One county remains to be heard from. Ferguson, Dem., 1,470. Thayer, Opposition, 1,309. Chapman, Democrat, and present incumbent, 1,114. Rankin, Dem., 1,090.

THE Kentucky Legislature stands as follows:—In the Senate the Americans have twenty members to eighteen Democrats; in the House forty are Americans to fifty-nine Democrats, making a democratic majority of sixteen on joint ballot, and enabling them to elect the United States Senator.

THE Kansas election returns indicate a nearly unanimous vote in favor of the Topeka Constitution.

FROM KANSAS.—The Kansas correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat says, Judge Kane has published an opinion, stating that the payment of taxes is essential to the preliminary right of voting.

The sheriff of Douglass county has given notice of his intention to collect the taxes.

Rumor says that Gens. Lane and Robinson, and Messrs. Phillips, Conway and Blood, and others have been indicted by grand jury of Lecompton. In a speech on the 5th inst., Gen. Lane announced the organization of 11,000 men to protect the polls at the election in October, and that the number would be increased to 25,000.

Advices of the 8th inst., state that Gov. Walker had returned to Lawrence with the troops, the apprehension of an attack upon Fort Riley by the Indians proving groundless.

REVOLUTION IN ST. DOMINGO.—The schooner Castillian, from Port au Platt, reports that a revolution broke out at Santiago, South side of St. Domingo, on the 10th of July, against President Baez, and that a battle had taken place in the interior, during which 150 men were killed. The President had a force of 1,000 men before the city of St. Domingo.

A SPIRITED Temperance Conference was held on the 4th inst., at Saratoga Springs, relative to temperance organizations among the children and youth of the country. Mr. Delavan presided.

Literary Notices.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY, from its origin in Greece down to the present day. By. GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Library Edition, much enlarged and thoroughly revised. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

IN a handsome volume of some 800 pages we here have a very complete history of Ancient and Modern Philosophy, with lists of eminent philosophers and the distinguished principles and characteristics of their teachings. The work was first written ten years ago, and proved very successful. Its aim and scope have been modified, and the whole so revised and improved as to render the Library Edition more acceptable and valuable. Without forgetting the general public, the author has considered and provided for the requirements of students. While the work will prove a valuable addition to any respectable library, we especially commend it to students, scholars, and all other gleaners in the fields of Philosophy and Science. Sold by DEWEY.

THE SCIENCE OF COMMON THINGS; A Familiar Explanation of the First Principles of Physical Science. For Schools, Families, and Young Students. Illustrated with numerous engravings. By DAVID A. WELLS, A. M. New York: Ivison & Phinney—1857.

THIS work is designed to furnish an elementary text-book, on the first principles of science, for the use of schools, or young people, desiring a knowledge thereof.—The system of Question and Answer has been followed in the compilation. The more abstruse or difficult departments of physical science, are passed over or merely glanced at in this volume, the questions used are simple, practical, and expressed in as plain language as the subject treated will permit. To the beginner, we doubt not that the "Science of Common Things" will prove a valuable acquisition. For sale by WM. ALLING.

THE CAUSES AND CURATIVE TREATMENT OF STERILITY, with a preliminary statement of the Physiology of Generation. With Colored Lithographs and numerous Wood-Cut Illustrations. By AUGUSTUS K. GARDNER, A. M., M. D., Member of the National Medical Association; Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, etc., etc. New York: De Witt & Davenport—1857.

THE above is the title of a work, containing about 170 pages, in which the subject matter in its title is thoroughly discussed. The author divides his task into three chapters—1. The Physiology of Generation; 2. Pathology; 3. Therapeutics of Sterility; and it is evident that he has brought into requisition, close study, keen observation, and a large store of experience. The letter press is remarkably well executed, and the book reflects great credit upon both author and publishers. For sale by DEWEY.

A MANUAL OF ASTRONOMY, and the Use of Globes, for Schools and Academies. By HENRY KIDDLE, A. M.—Assistant Superintendent of Common Schools, City of New York. New Edition, Illustrated, Enlarged and Revised. New York: Ivison & Phinney—1857.

THIS is a small book, containing about 170 pages, and is intended to furnish a convenient class manual to aid in teaching the important and useful science of Astronomy.—The work has been in use in the Schools of New York city for several years, and has received favorable testimony from those who have used it. It is now enlarged and several new and pleasing illustrations have been added to the present edition. For sale by WM. ALLING.

NEW AND GREATLY IMPROVED TABLES OF INTEREST at seven per cent. Tables of Discount at six and seven per cent. Present worth of Annuities, Rents, Time Table, Life Insurance, &c. By ASA AIKENS, late Judge of Supreme Court of Vt., author of "Practical Forms," &c., &c. Burlington: C. Goodrich.

THE title of this work indicates its contents, character, &c. Sold by WM. ALLING.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

AN incendiary, on the 14th inst., fired some wooden buildings on Point Levi, opposite Quebec, C. E., and 20 of them were destroyed.

ON the 13th inst., the stables of Hart & Thomas, in New Orleans, were destroyed by fire. Seventy mules perished in the flames, and fourteen omnibuses were destroyed. Loss $30,000; insured for $10,000.

THE Merchants Powder Magazine, containing the whole stock of powder in Halifax, Nova Scotia, exploded shortly after midnight, on the 14th inst., with a terrific concussion. One man was killed and fifteen seriously injured. Five houses were demolished, and several others damaged. The Government Magazines and the new barracks were much shattered. Nearly all the windows in the northern part of the city were broken. The damages are estimated at $100,000. The Magazine is supposed to have been fired by an incendiary. For hours the excitement was intense. Many persons had been thrown from their beds, and others, bewildered, rushed through the streets for safety believing an earthquake had occurred.

A COLLISION occurred on Long Island Sound on the morning of the 15th inst., between the steamer Metropolis, of Fall River line, and the propeller J. W. Harris, from New York for New London. This occurred between Faulkland Island and New Haven. The Metropolis was bound to New York.—The Harris sunk almost immediately. She had on board 25 persons—passengers and crew—of whom eleven went down.

From the Far West.

FORT LARAMIE dates to the 14th ult., have been received. Col. Sumner had arrived at Bent's Fort, and would leave on the 12th for head-quarters at the Republican Fork, in pursuit of the Cheyennes. The California trains had all passed Fort Laramie. One of Magraw's wagon road trains was at Fort Kearney.

Col. Alexander's regiment, and Spencer's battery, of the Utah expedition, were met 225 miles west of Fort Leavenworth. Another regiment was at Rock Creek; Capt. Van Vliet at Cottonwood, and Reso's battery at Big Blue. But little damage had been done to the trains. The Indians feared to attack large parties.

War had again broken out between the Crows and Sioux.

Several surveying parties were seen. Nothing has been heard of the murders reported last week. Nothing was received from Utah.

Later advices from Fort Kearney state that a party of nineteen drovers, charged with upward of 800 head of cattle, destined for the benefit of the Utah expedition, were attacked 21 miles above the Fort, on 21st inst., by a party of 150 Cheyennes.—All the cattle and 20 mules were run off, and one man was killed and another severely wounded.—Three of the Indians were slain. Col. Sumner had started in pursuit of the Indians.

FROM SANTA FE.—The Santa Fe mail has reached Independence with advices to the 17th ult. The news is unimportant. The Cheyenne Indians had refused to receive presents from the Indian agent, or make a treaty with him, saying they can make more by stealing. The Pawnees also threaten hostilities.

News Clippings.

— There were 551 deaths in N. Y. city last week.

— The Chinese sugar plant is thriving well in Texas.

— Forty-six tuns of the new cent have been coined.

— There are two hundred and sixty lawyers in Chicago.

— Ex-Senator Turney, of Tennessee, died suddenly last week.

— Grasshoppers are very troublesome in New Jersey, this season.

— In Bermuda, the gardeners are lamenting the absence of rain.

— The American Dental Convention is in session in Boston.

— Chief Justice McLeod, of Bexar Co., Texas, died on the 21st ult.

— The number of papers now existing in Minnesota, is thirty-three.

— The British have 60 armed vessels in the China seas, carrying 783 guns.

— A converted Turk is preaching the Gospel of our Lord in Constantinople.

— Honduras has concluded a treaty with France, guaranteeing a railway route.

— A French war steamer has arrived at New Orleans with yellow fever on board.

— Dysentery is very prevalent and fatal at Saginaw, Mich., especially among children.

— The Newark N. J. Advertiser chronicles a case of Asiatic cholera in that city.

— The New Hampshire papers speak discouragingly of the apple crop in that State.

— The Palmyra, Wayne Co., Sentinel says the crop of apples in that Co., is very light.

— The taxes in New York city have increased fifty per cent., during the last three years.

— Eight hundred bushels of berries were brought into Boston market on Saturday week.

— The Eastport, Me., Sentinel says the potato rot has made its appearance in that section.

— Ex-Mayor Towers, of Washington, died in that city on Tuesday week, after a prolonged illness.

— The New York Police Commission have adjourned for one month, leaving the vacancy unfilled.

— The steamer August, which cleared from Savannah, on the 8th inst., had on board 3,646 watermelons.

— The Indiana editors are calling for a State Convention to protect the craft against rascally advertisers.

— The Tehuantepec transit is said to lessen the distance from New York to San Francisco, Cal., 2,200 miles.

— Four hundred and fifty recruits are to be sent to New Mexico, from Fort Leavenworth, early in September.

— The amount of gold now on the way to England from Australia, is about five and a half millions of dollars.

— The widow of Henry Clay, now seventy-six years of age, is failing in health, and cannot possibly live long.

— Nicholas Thompson, Esq., father of the Secretary of the Interior, died at Leesburg, Miss., a few days since.

— A cargo of 1,400 bushels of new white wheat sold in Georgetown, D. C., on Wednesday, for $1 70 per bushel.

— Col. Medary has notified the citizens of Minnesota to hold themselves in readiness to volunteer against savages.

— A new Croton Reservoir is about to be constructed, covering 106 acres of land, and measuring 36 feet in depth.

— Iowa City, according to a local census just taken, has a population amounting to 7300, or adding its suburbs, 9000.

— The Very Rev. Lawrence Renehan, President of Maynooth College, Ireland, died on the 27th ult., at the College.

— The citizens of Hansville have subscribed $15,000 for the establishment of a first-class Seminary in that village.

— Mr. Guthrie, of Chicago, Ill., has one field of 850 acres of hay enclosed with good pine board and cedar post fence.

— The Congressional Library at the Capitol now numbers no less than 65,000 volumes, many of them rare and valuable.

— David Nettleton, of Bridgewater, was killed Aug. 7th, by a restive horse, who crushed him on the teeth of a hay-rake.

— The health of Joshua R. Giddings is so feeble that he will probably not be able to take his seat in the next Congress.

— From noon of the 4th inst., to 6 A. M of the 5th, rain fell in Washington city, to the depth of six and one-tenth inches.

— Chicago papers report the discovery of a large bed of coal on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad, of superior quality.

— The Hudson River Railroad Company, it is stated, have ordered four wrought iron passenger cars, for the use of their road.

— The Chicago Tribune has returns from thirty-four counties in Iowa, which give a majority of 4,555 for the Constitution.

— The hotels at Saratoga are well filled now, and the daily arrivals are equal to those of corresponding weeks in former seasons.

— The Provincial Wesleyan states that the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Nova Scotia, numbers 12,720 members and 102 ministers.

— Some of the grain buyers of Springfield, Ill., are making contracts for wheat at $1@1 10 per bushel, delivered during this month.

— The Peterborough (N. H.) Transcript announces that the factories in that town are about to suspend operations. Cause, hard times.

— On Saturday and Sunday, the mercury ranged from 98 to 100 degrees, at Cincinnati. Five men were sun-struck—two of them fatally.

— A Paris correspondent predicts the collapse of crinolines in 1858, and thinks the ladies will subside from balloons into May-poles.

— The Florida Democrat states that a gentleman in Santa Rosa Co., Fla., recently discovered a quantity of gold measuring two bushels.

— The Hon. William L. Dayton is recovering from the severe illness under which he has been suffering for some time past, at Long Branch.

— Spain has accepted the mediation of England and France in the matter of her dispute with Mexico. Santa Anna had an agent in Madrid.

— More than twenty-eight millions of specie have thus far in 1857 been exported from New York, an excess of eight millions over last year.

— It was reported at Vera Cruz, at latest dates, that Ex-President Santa Anna, had died, but of the reliability of the report we are not advised.

— Rev. Peter Sanborn, died at Reading, Mass., Aug. 8th, aged 99. He was ordained in that place, June 7th, 1790 but retired from the pulpit in 1820.

— There are more than twenty cities in the Union whose municipal expenses every year exceed those of the Federal Government under Washington.

— The Brighton, C. W., Flag says that within ten days not less than fifty-seven thousand white fish have been taken from the lake at that place.

— Counterfeit gold dollars are being circulated in Baltimore in large numbers. They are made of tin, of the size of the new emission, and galvanized.

— The Barnstable, Mass., Patriot mentions a novel sight in that town, viz: that of a gentleman and lady on a horse, with the old-fashioned saddle and pillion.

— General Denver, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, will shortly repair to Nebraska, for the purpose of making treaties with the Ponca and Pawnee Indians.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Canada.

THE steamship Canada, from Liverpool, on Aug. 1st, arrived at Halifax on the 11th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The vessels of the Atlantic cable expedition were all at Cork, and were to leave on the 1st for Valencia Bay. Experiments through the entire length of the cable were entirely successful.

The American horses Prior and Prioress made their first appearance on the English turf in the race for the Goodwood Cup, on the 30th ult., and were beaten. Fourteen horses ran, and the Americans came in fifth and sixth on the list. Monarque, a French horse, was the winner.

Prince Napoleon had visited Victoria at the Isle of Wight, and the Emperor and Empress of France were expected there about August 5th.

Rumors were current that the Government intended to send 10,000 additional troops to India.

The details of the Indian news reached London on the 31st.

A letter from Madras, dated June 22d, stated that Delhi had fallen. At the last authentic accounts, which were to June 17th, Delhi was in possession of the insurgents, but it was generally believed in London that it had fallen. The mutiny is wide-spread and appears to have affected the whole Bengal army.

Great alarm prevails at Calcutta, where it was feared the Mussulman population had formed the design of rising and taking possession of the city. The inhabitants kept themselves armed, and the hotels and principal places were garrisoned by sailors belonging to the ships in the river.

There is some anxiety about the Nizan's country, as the 1st regiment of Cavalry had mutinied, and there were great atrocities committed at Hamzle and Hestar, but many Europeans escaped.

The journals from the South and middleward districts of Ireland state that the greatest anxiety began to prevail with regard to the safety of the potato crop, although the disease it was generally admitted, had only partially manifested itself.

FRANCE.—The trial of the Italians and others for a conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon was to take place on the 6th or 8th of August.

Letters from France say that the harvest surpasses expectation.

It is reported from Paris that the result of the elections had proved so unsatisfactory that a modification of universal suffrage is contemplated.

SPAIN.—Talavera had been declared in a state of siege on account of a destructive fire which the Government attributed to the revolutionists.

The Spanish correspondent of the Times says that the Spanish-Mexican question will be further discussed in Paris Lord Howden had arrived there from Madrid, as also had Lafragua, the Mexican Envoy.

RUSSIA.—Cholera was prevailing extensively at St. Petersburg. On the 21st ult. the number of cases was 1,741.

The ratifications of the treaty of commerce between Russia and France were exchanged at St. Petersburgh on the 16th ult.

INDIA.—Rumors were very prevalent that Delhi had been taken, but according to the last authentic accounts, dated June 17, it was still in possession of the insurgents.

The Bombay Times of July 1, says the rebellion is universal in the Bengal army, and even the 70th regiment of native Infantry, which was publicly thanked by the Governor General in person for its loyalty three weeks before, had been disarmed.

A list is given of the fifty-six regiments, or portions of regiments, which have mutinied, while thirty have been disarmed, and one disbanded.—In fact, the Bengal army has ceased to exist.

CHINA.—Details of the naval operations in the Canton river, state that on the 27th of May, thirteen junks were destroyed, and that on the 28th, twenty-seven heavily armed junks were captured.

On the 8th of June, two thousand of the British naval force were engaged, and captured a fort, and took or destroyed one hundred and twenty-seven junks, mounting over nine hundred guns, with 9,000 men. The British lost three officers and eight men, and fifty-six wounded—some mortally.

At Hong Kong the export of tea from the 1st of July last year to the 10th of June, was 68,468,000 pounds; and of silk, 72,569 bales.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs very quiet.—Weather favorable. Harvest prospects good. Richardson, Spence & Co., report flour quiet and steady. Wheat—An average business without quotable change. Corn—White advanced 1s on the week.

Liverpool, Saturday, Aug. 1st.—Breadstuffs quiet. Wheat tending downward. Provisions generally steady. The bullion in the Bank of England had decreased £168,000. Consols for money closed on Saturday at 91@91¼

Arrival of the Columbia.

The steamship Columbia, from Liverpool, at 10 o'clock on the 5th, arrived at New York on the morning of the 17th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Lords, Lord Panmure introduced a bill empowering government to embody and call out the militia at any time before the 25th March next, without having to call Parliament together again. He said that a state of things existed in India, which caused as great a drain upon the Queen's forces as if the country was engaged in a foreign war; but to meet this drain, ten new battallions were to be raised, and the regiments were to be increased to from 850 to 1,000 rank and file; and those serving in India to from 1,000 to 1,200. All this could be done without going beyond existing acts, and the charge would mainly fall on the East India Company. But as time would be necessary to provide this increase, and the country would in the interim be drained of troops, the embodiment of the militia might be found necessary. After some remarks from the opposition, the bill was read the first time.

Lord Brougham moved for a return of the number of electors at the last Parliament, and spoke at length in favor of an enlargement of the franchise. He protested, however, against any enlargement of the Constitution of the country, with a view to make it more democratic, as he thought enough had been done in that direction by the Reform Bill of 1852.

MARKETS.—The weather was very fine, and harvesting quite general in the southern and midland counties of England. The breadstuff market was very dull, and a decline of 1@3d per bushel on wheat, and 6d barrel on flour, and 6d per bushel on mixed and yellow corn. At the Liverpool circulars, white corn had undergone no change.

Provisions.—Pork quiet and unchanged. Lard had advanced to 70s, but closed quiet.

London Money Market.—Consols for money and account 90⅛@⅝. In the money market prospects were unfavorable. An Indian loan of five to ten million pounds sterling was spoken of. The silver shipment by the mail of the 4th inst., to India and China, exceeded a million sterling. The East India Co., had given notice of a further rise of 2 per cent. on their rates for bills on India.

HAVANA ITEMS.—The steamer Empire City arrived at New York on the 13th inst., from New Orleans and Havana, bringing Havana dates of the 8th inst.

There had been a panic among the moneyed institutions in consequence of the stoppage of several of the recently established works. Confidence was partially restored through the energetic conduct of Government.

It is rumored at Havana that the Spanish war steamer Guadelquiver had captured a slaver off the east end of Cuba.

Four of five cargoes of Boxales negroes are reported to have been landed in Cuba since the last advices; $25,000 worth of English watches and jewelry have been stolen from the Custom House store in Havana. Sugars high.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Steamer Central America.

THE mail steamer Central America, with the California mails of July 20th, and $1,241,055 in treasure, arrived at New York on the 13th inst.

The news from California is uninteresting, chiefly in regard to State politics.

The Republicans have nominated Hon. Edward Stanley for Governor; the Democrats, Senator Weller. The Republican Convention passed resolutions deprecating the intrigues of Slavery on the Pacific coast—declaring the right of Congress to prohibit Slavery in the Territories, and urging the necessity of a speedy construction of the Pacific Railroad.

In the Democratic Convention, a desperate effort was made to condemn the action of the Vigilance Committee, but it failed to meet a response.

The intelligence from the mines is favorable.

Suits have been commenced against members of the Vigilance Committee by the Greens, who lay their damages at $50,000.

We have advices from San Juan del Norte to the 2d inst. The Transit Grant has been awarded to Webster & Parish.

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION.—The following is the statement of immigration to Canada, up to the 7th of August, the present year:

Whence.	1856.	1857.	Increase.
England,	6,746	10,206	3,460
Ireland,	1,243	1,692	449
Scotland,	1,656	2,405	749
Germany,	4,105	4,685	480
Norway and Sweden,	2,611	6,034	3,423
Lower Ports,	124	18	
	16,486	24,938	8,561

Besides the immigrants already arrived, official notice has been received of 2,122 others now on their way. Mr. Buchanan, the emigrant agent, reports that all the latest arrivals have found instant employment, and that numers more are still asked for. The quality of immigrants is considerably superior to what has been witnessed in previous years. They have, doubtless, brought more money into the country, according to their numbers, than usual.

THE New Orleans papers announce the arrival in that city of Mr. Lewis Fillmore, special correspondent of the London Times, who is at present making an extended tour through the South.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, Aug. 18, 1857.

FLOUR—No change in the price of flour at present time, though there has been some slight fluctuation during the week.

GRAIN—In almost all varieties of grain there is a decline noted. Wheat has fallen off 3@5 cents per bushel. Corn 10 cents. Oats 2@4 cents.

PROVISIONS—Pork, Monroe Co. Mess, is firm at $23. Hams have advanced ½c. Shoulders 2@2½c. Butter is 1@2c higher, 18c being the rate. At the close of last week it was worth 19@20c and scarce. Eggs are down to 12@11c Potatoes now bring only 50@62½c, as to variety and quality.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box	18c
Flour, bbl	$6,75@8,50	Candles, box	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,30@1,35	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada	$1,20@1,25	Apples bushel	$1,50@1,75
Corn	90c	Do dried	$2,00@2,25
Oats	56c	Potatoes	50@62½
Barley	$1,00@1,12½	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Buckwheat	60@62c	Slaughter	@6c
Beans	$1,50@2,00	Calf	00@10c
Peas	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	31@35c
MEATS		Lamb do	00@00c
Pork, Mess	$20,00@26,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do, cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover bushel	$6,50@7,00
Beef, ⅌ cwt	$5,75@6,00	Timothy	$3,00@3,50
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,00
Hams, smoked	13½@14½c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	11½@12½c	Coal, Lehigh	$7,50
Chickens	11@12c	Do. Scranton	$6,50
Turkeys	00@12½	Do. Blossburg	$5,50
Geese	60c	Do. Shamokin	$6,75
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Coar	10@12½c
Butter, roll	00@18c	Salt, bbl	$3,00@1,45
Do. firkin	13@15c	Hay, ton	$7@11
Cheese	8½@9½c	Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	00@15½c	White fish, bbl	$11,75
Tallow	00c	Codfish ⅌ quintal	$5,00@5,50
Eggs, dozen	12@14c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—Flour—The flour market is dull, and very heavy for all grades, except State, super and extra, which are scarce. Sales at $5,50@6,00 for com to choice super State; $6,20@6,90 for extra do; $6,10@6,60 for super Western, $6,05@7 for com to medium extra Mich., Ind., Ill., Wis. and Ohio, closing firmly. Canadian flour unchanged.

GRAIN—Corn heavy. Sales mixed Western at 85@86c, closing with buyers refusing to give over 85c Oats plenty and dull at 60@63c for Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market firmer. Sales at $21,75@21,85 for mess; $21@21,50 for prime. Lard better; sales at 15¼@16c.—Butter in good request at 16@22c for Ohio; 18@22c for State.—Cheese in demand at 6@10c.

BUFFALO, Aug. 17.—Flour—The inquiry this morning is very moderate, and although the stocks of either old or new are quite limited, the market is dull. Prices nominally $6,75@6,87 for extra Wisconsin, and $6,87@7,25 for do Ohio and Indiana.

GRAIN—The wheat market is easier, holders meeting buyers.—Sales Chicago spring on the spot at $1,30, and amber Kentucky at $1,50. The corn market closed Saturday with sales in boat loads at 76½c. This morning the market is easier; sales at 76c, part of which was taken to fill a contract at 74c. The Oats market is dull and easier sales sacked at 58@61c. Rye unsettled. Some parties name 55@56c as a price at which it would sell, and others $1@1,05, but the latter is for State.

ALBANY, Aug. 17.—Flour—Owing to the storm which has prevailed all the morning, little has been done. Market unchanged.

GRAIN—Nothing doing in wheat. Old Canada white offered at $1,80. Sales Western mixed Corn at 86c afloat. Oats lower, sales State at 60c

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Beeves—First quality, 11½@14c.; Ordinary, 12½@13c.; Common, 11@12c.; Inferior, 9@10½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $58@60; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6½@7½c.; Other qualities, 5@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $5@7; Other qualities, $3@4,50.

SWINE—First quality, 7½@8c.; Other qualities, 7½@7¾c.

CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 12—At market 914 Cattle, 800 Beeves, and 114 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,00@9,25; First quality, $8,25@8,75; Second quality, $8,00@8,25; Third quality, $6,50@7,00; Ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100, 150@200.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 50, 60@70.

YEARLINGS—$18@20. Two years old—$25@30. Three years old—$30@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2456 at market. Prices—In lots, $2, 2,50, $3,00 each. Extra and selections, $3,75@4.

SWINE—150 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8c. ⅌ lb.—Dressed, 9@9½c.

HIDES—7½@8c. ⅌ lb. Tallow—7½@8c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—50c@$2 each. Calf Skins—14@15c. ⅌ lb

VEAL CALVES—$5, 8@10.

BRIGHTON, Aug. 13.—At market 900 Beef Cattle, 150 Stores, 7 pair Working Oxen, 102 Cows and Calves, 2,000 Sheep and Lambs, 1,000 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $9,50; First quality, $8,50; Second, $7,50; Third, $7,00; Ordinary, $5.

YEARLINGS—$15@21. Two years old—$21@30. Three years old—$30@41.

WORKING OXEN—None.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 31, 40@50

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $3, 3,50@4. By lot, $2, 2,50@2,75.

SWINE—8@10c. Retail, 10@12c. Fat hogs, 8@8½c.

HIDES—7½@8c. ⅌ lb. Tallow—7½@8c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—50c@$2 Calf Skins—14@16c. ⅌ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 7@9.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

BOSTON, Aug. 12.—Domestic Wool is arriving more freely and the market is better supplied. The sales of the week have been 180,000 lbs. at previous prices, which remain quite steady and firm The demand for foreign Wool continues active, the sales comprising upwards of 1,000 bales, including Mediterranean, South American, African, East Indian and fine Cbillan, at full prices.

Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, ⅌ lb. 57@60c.; Full Blood Merino, 50@55c.; Three-quarters do., 45@50c.; Half do., 42@45c.; Common, 35@40c; Superfine, 44@48c.; Pulled extra, 48@50c.; Do. No. 1, 34@40c.; Smyrna Washed, 28@30c.; Smyrna Unwashed, 9@22c.; Mexican, 17@19c.; Buenos Ayres, 32@50c.; Barbary Washed, 30@42c.

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Do		1 "	12 " "	100	" "
Do	DWARF	2 "	18 " "	150	" "
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Do		2 "	12 " "	100	" "

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Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NOTHING TO WRITE.

BY KATE CAMERON.

A POET once sat in his well-worn chair,
And watched the flickering fire,
But nought in the dying embers he found,
His dormant muse to inspire.
He sighed as he gazed 'round his gloomy room,
More drear in that feeble light,
And groaning, he sadly said to himself,
"Alas! I've nothing to write!"

He sighed as he thought of his children small,
And then of his patient wife,
And of all the ills she had meekly borne,
Since she shared his humble life.
He said—"could I coin my dreamings to gold,
My fire-side might yet be bright,
Ah! gladly I'd toil for the ones I love,
But, Oh! I've nothing to write!"

"Nothing to write!"—spake a strange voice within,
The tone was chiding and low:
"Hast thou no doubts, no trials, no fears,
No sorrow and no woe?
Go tell the world of that struggle for bread,
Which is wearing thy life away,
Which is bending too soon thy manly form,
And turning thy locks to grey.

"Go and tell of the blighting curse that rests
On Poverty's taunted name,
Of the sneers and scorn that are ever cast
Where Wealth urges not its claim,
Go and tell of the bondage that enslaves
With chains more galling to bear,
Than links that have ever, from iron been forged—
That slavery's name—is—*Care!*

"Go and tell of the tempted and the tried,
And the pangs that they have felt,
Since in childhood's hour with innocent heart,
At a mother's knee they knelt.
Go and tell of the weary hands that toil,
And the sunken eyes that weep,
With never a hope of relief or rest,
Until in Death's arms they sleep!

"And a throb of pity shalt thou awake
Within the world's mighty heart,
Till the miser shall from his hoarded store,
To the suffering poor impart.
And words of cheer, e'en more precious than gold,
With joy, aching hearts shall thrill,
And Sympathy o'er Life's most troubled waves,
Shall whisper her 'Peace be still!'

"Oh! knowest thou not that to poet hearts
GOD gives a talisman bright,
Whose lustre is dimmed whene'er they exclaim
As thou did'st—'I've nothing to write!'
And beware lest thou lightly cast away
A treasure whose worth to thee
Is greater, by far, than earth's shining gold,
Or sparkling gem from the sea."

On the morrow morn, the poet still bent
O'er a closely written page,
Where in bitter, burning words he had traced
Stern Poverty's heritage.
You might fancy that he had dipped his pen
In his own heart's gushing blood,
So glowing and fresh those characters seem'd,
As drawn from that living flood!

And the worldling's eye grew suddenly dim,
When those magic lines he read,
And from the flushed cheek of pitiless Pride,
The treacherous color fled.
And the wan, hunger-stricken sons of Want,
Prayed for blessings on the home
Of their champion from whose inmost soul
Alone, could such pleadings come!

And their prayers were heard—for Plenty once more
Crowned the poet's frugal board,
At which the prayer of thanksgiving and praise,
Morning and evening was poured.
His mission fulfilled—the poet could now
See Life's darkness changed to light,
And never again did murmuring say—
"Alas! I've nothing to write!"

Rochester, N. Y., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE STEP-MOTHER'S DREAM.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

I HAVE been a wife two years to-day, and before the sun goes down upon my good resolutions, I am going to record the most important lesson in my married life, for the benefit of all who, like me, are second wives and step-mothers.

I was not yet nineteen when I first knew SARTELL WORTHINGTON. Just from school, with a pretty high opinion of my own attainments, I was headstrong, impulsive and somewhat jealous of those I loved. Mr. WORTHINGTON was a widower, some ten years my senior, with one child, a little girl of three years of age. The child, I had never seen; its father visited often at the house of a friend in my native town. Thus it happened that I knew, before I ever saw him, that he was one of those rare combinations of talent, sense and amiability, that make the *desideratum* in a husband. I also knew that he had early found and taken to himself a wife from among "the angels of the earth."—She was his but a few brief years, ere she became an "angel of heaven," leaving him one dear pledge of her love, and "the express image of her person," in little FLORENCE.

In process of time, I became acquainted with Mr. WORTHINGTON, and, as you may suppose, I was strongly prepossessed with him. How he came to fancy *me*, is still a mystery, unless it was owing to "the strange affinities of contrasts,"—for I was enthusiastic and energetic, passionate and firm, while he was gentle and reserved, warm-hearted and conscientious, persevering and reasonable. One of my first emotions, relative to him, was a pang of jealousy, when I heard him speak of his wife and child, particularly the former. I knew that he loved her with such a love as only natures like his can know, and though he might, and doubtless would, marry again, still his first love must remain unalterable, and I felt how insignificant I must be in comparison,—"and yet," I thought, "she *cannot* have loved him more than I do."

We were engaged. He had not told, in so many words, that he loved me. He asked me if I would give my free, girlish affections, to fill the void in his heart; if I thought I loved him enough to be a mother to her child for his sake. I told him frankly that I was not fond of children, in the general acceptance of the term, but that I would try to do right, and were his child at all like himself, I knew I should love her. So we were married.

It was twilight when we reached home, and as we sat in the pleasant parlor, the door softly opened, and a little girl, elevated on her toes to reach the knob, came in shyly. Her father snatched her to his breast with a convulsive clasp, and as her fair curls lay upon his shoulder, I saw a tear-drop glisten on them. Turning to me, he said, "FLORENCE, this is your mamma; kiss her, love." She raised her blue eyes, timidly, and drew back, "No," she said, "that is not my mamma." I felt the blood tingle in my cheeks, but I struggled to be calm; how slight cause had I for vexation! I was jealous because that he had introduced *me* to child, rather than *her* to me, and she, child-like, had disclaimed the relationship.

SARTELL looked pained, but only sighed gently, and said, "Excuse her, dear AGNES; she has been so secluded of late, that she has grown very timid." Ashamed of my foolishness, my brow cleared, and I said kindly, "I hope, my little one, you will like me better, by and by; I will try and be like your dear mamma." Was I not repaid by the grateful glance from his dark eyes?

Time sped rapidly. I had numerous visits and attentions from my husband's large circle of friends, and, somehow, I felt that they were always watching me when I was with FLORENCE. Yet they could never, one of them, find aught in her appearance or my management to condemn if they were just. I always attended with scrupulous exactness to her toilet and everything pertaining to her personal comfort. She made no trouble beyond what all children of her age must necessarily cause, and in my manners toward her I always endeavored to be gentle, affectionate and patient. Still I did not love her other than I should *any* good or attractive child, and as I have said, that was not much. I was never one to prevaricate in the slightest degree, and I felt constrained and embarrassed as to the propriety of my reply when my friends would say to me as they sometimes did, "What a sweet child! I should think she would seem just like your own; do you not think you love her as much as if she were?" To such questions, my invariable reply was, "Yes, she is a good little girl, and I love her very much, but not as if she were my own—that would be impossible."

And so I felt. I knew that I was kind and generally judicious toward my little step-daughter; I knew that in all, save affection, I filled a mother's place to her, and even in this, I was not wholly deficient; but I was never given to caressing children. It is true that sometimes when I heard the patter of her feet and her merry laughter as she ran to meet her papa, I felt that I had not quite reached her heart, for, with me, she was always quiet and reserved.

A few months elapsed and wrought a change in me. A new life was dawning within me. I was destined to know for the first time, a mother's feelings. I spent my hours in busy creation of tiny garments, interwoven with soft reveries. My health was not good, and I grew weak and selfish. I forgot everything in my care for myself, and frequently became melancholy and peevish. I sadly neglected my little FLORENCE during this time, for the presence of the child annoyed me and rendered me nervous. I longed to be alone, except when with my husband, and in my languid state, it was a burden to have the care of her.

For sometime, I got along as well as I could, performing my usual routine of duties, but at length, I told Mr. WORTHINGTON that I desired a nurse for FLORENCE, as I did not feel strong enough to take the whole charge of her. He readily acceeded to the proposal, and said that if it disturbed me to have her in the house, she might go to school, though he thought her rather too young. To this, I would not consent, for I feared that it might cause remarks, unfavorable to me. I had been in the habit of teaching her at home, but these lessons were now discontinued, and I told him I would make it a part of the business of the nurse to resume them. So the matter was settled, and I thought no more about it, except to give a few occasional instructions to the person who had the care of FLORENCE. I took little pains to see whether her duties were properly discharged or whether she secured the happiness of her trust.

My hour of trial came and passed, and in my sufferings and my new relation, I thought or cared very little about FLORENCE. She had not yet been introduced to her baby brother, and in reply to my invitation, dispatched through JANE, her maid, she said she did not wish to see him till her papa asked her. I wondered somewhat at this strange freak, but JANE informed me that she had said that was her new mamma's baby—it was not her little brother, and she should not love him unless her papa wanted her to do so. I reported this to her father and he brought her to my room in his arms, and taking the baby too, said, "There, FLORENCE, you have not seen your little brother yet; is he not pretty? You will love him, I know." Do you love him, papa?" she said thoughtfully. "Certainly, my child, I love him dearly, just as I do you." "Then I will love him just as *I* do *you*," she replied smiling, and kissed them both.

Ah! my baby, what a link of love to fond hearts you might have been! Even now, as I recall your tiny form and cherub face, my heart swells to bursting with agony; for in a shady nook in the quiet cemetery, where the sweet birds sing and the shadows flit hither and thither over the green and fragrant mounds, the little hands that once rested so softly on my breast, are folded forever, and the blue eyes, whose first glance of intelligence kindled my own with smiles of joy, are closed like twin violets at set of sun.

It was long ere I awoke from my trance of grief to a full realization of my loss, and then I went about like one in a dream, heedless of all things save my own heart's sorrow. I left town and spent some time with my mother in the home of my childhood, but I returned little improved in health; there was a vacuum in my heart which nothing but a like affection could fill. My husband was alarmed for me, and all that constant and affectionate assiduity could devise was done for my comfort, but time only brought relief. I cannot say that I am resigned as a Christian should and would be, but I trust I do not murmur; I know that I have needed chastisement, and I pray that it may be sanctified to me for good.

And now I come to tell you why I resolved to write this to-day.

Last night JANE was not at home when FLORENCE's bed-time arrived, so I went to the nursery, and opening the door looked in for the first time, in—oh so long! and said, "Come, FLORENCE, let me put you to bed." She looked up from her play and said, "I would rather go with JANE." "JANE has gone out," I replied. "Then let me wait till papa comes." "No, my dear, it is past your bed-time already." Seeing that I was firm, she arose and put aside her playthings, but began to cry softly. Now, I always had a horror of crying children. I can so far control my passions as to have all patience with a quiet and submissive child, but a crying one always vexed me. "Come!" said I, "you need not cry about it; you do not want me to tell your father that his FLORENCE is a naughty girl. Come right along or I certainly shall."

The last sentence was spoken quickly, and at the same time I took her by the hand and conducted her to her little bed-room which opened from my own. She cried all the time in a low voice, but was soon in bed. "Good night," said I as I took the light; "I shall not kiss you to-night because you cried." She was still a moment, and then giving me a sharp look she said, "*My* mamma always kissed me when I cried, and told me not to cry for she loved me." That sudden and stern comparison to *her* mamma ended the matter, and I left her.

But I did not so readily forget it. When I returned to the parlor it seemed to me that the eyes of FLORENCE's mother followed me incessantly from her portrait with a reproachful sadness. All night I was restless, and for many hours I could not sleep. The little tear-stained face and flashing eyes haunted me, and my conscience whispered, "What a heart is that which you have neglected! See with what tenacity of love it clings to the memory of the dearest object! So might it have clung to you had you fostered and encouraged it. It is folly to say that you cannot love what is not your own. You could if you would allow yourself to do so. Has not your own loss taught you the desolation of a heart robbed of the object of its love? O! selfish, unkind heart, love 'seeketh not her own,' but desires the blessing of those around it. Had you no other motive, can you not, through gratitude, love the child of him on whose faithful breast you have so long leaned, and from whom you derived support and consolation when the storm of affliction rent your heart almost to breaking?"

When at length I slept an uneasy slumber, my pillow was wet with tears. How long I had slept I know not, when I heard a soft, rustling sound, and in the pale light of the moon I distinctly saw a white form standing in the door of FLORENCE's room. It beckoned me to approach; I arose and tremblingly obeyed. It receded and I followed until it stood at the head of FLORENCE's crib. I then saw that its countenance bore the likeness of her mother, but the expression was of the angel's, and such indeed she was, for on her shoulders were a pair of snow-white wings, and sleeping on her bosom I beheld, oh! Heaven! my angel boy! She pointed to him, and covering him with a portion of her robe, rested her hand for a moment on the brow of her child. Tears were upon its face, and as the mother pointed to them, she turned to me with a glance of reproachful entreaty, as if she would say, "*My* child is of earth, and needeth an earthly mother; *your* child is of heaven and shall be as my own." A moment and I beheld her no more, but awoke, chilled and weeping. Impelled by an irresistable impulse I arose; the moon was shining brightly, and I could scarcely assure myself that I had just awakened from a dream.

I entered my little daughter's bed-room, and bending over her kissed a tear from her cheek.—She opened her eyes and started painfully; then, looking at my white dress, she said, "I almost thought you was my mamma come back."

"And I am your mamma, dear FLORENCE," said I; "not your mamma in heaven, but the one that GOD has sent to take care of you until you can go to your own mamma. When your dear good mother died GOD, took her to live with Him, and as she sorrowed to leave her little girl, He sent me to be your new mamma. Will you not let me love you, for now that GOD has taken my little FRANKY, I have no baby to love and my heart is sad? My baby is with your mamma in Heaven, and I dreamed that she came to me with him and said that I must love you now, and by-and-by I shall go to her with you, and you will have your own mamma and I shall have my own baby."

This was a new thought to her, and I saw that it touched the right chord, for her eyes glistened and her lip quivered as my tears fell upon her bed. She sprang up and threw her arms around my neck, exclaiming, "You shall be my mamma here; I do love you. You have no little baby to love and you are lonesome. You won't let JANE take care of me, will you? She asks me naughty questions about you. She said you did not love me when you had a baby of your own, but I do not believe her now."

The flood-gates of my heart were opened, and all my pent-up affection gushed forth. I clasped her to my bosom, and kneeling down gave thanks to that good Father who had taught me the right way ere I had gone too far for improvement. So absorbed was I that I had not heard the footsteps of my husband, who, missing me from his side, and hearing voices in the next room, had followed me, fearing that FLORENCE was ill. He had heard the impulsive out-pouring of my soul, and as I arose he received me in his arms, exclaiming, "AGNES, my darling wife, what is this?" I told him all, with tears and self-accusations, and as I finished he gathered us both in one embrace, murmuring, "My wife, my child—GOD bless you both!"

And He will, I know. All day a sweet peacefulness has filled my breast; the face of my daughter's mother seems ever present to my mind, smiling lovingly upon me, and little FLORENCE, relieved once and for always of the presence of JANE, leaves her play frequently to draw close to me and say, "I love you, mamma, don't I?"

"And do I?" you will echo; "will any new affection be enduring?" Yes, I trust, I know, that it will, for it has its foundation in that pure source of all love—the love of GOD.

THE weakest spot in any man is where he thinks himself the wisest.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGNA.—ACROSTICAL.

I AM composed of twenty-four letters.
My 1, 10, 18, 5 is a kind of grain.
My 2, 22, 15, 8 is a point of the compass.
My 3, 19, 5, 4, 24, 2 is used by tailors.
My 4, 2, 19, 9 is a wild animal.
My 5, 22, 1 is a part of the human body.
My 6, 22, 12 is a mischievous little animal.
My 7, 17, 3 is a moral evil.
My 8, 2, 22, 6 nearly always expresses grief.
My 9, 19, 4 is a color.
My 10, 18, 5 is a luxury in hot weather.
My 11, 22, 3, 4, 21, 1 should be used by all.
My 12, 22, 8, 16, 23, 2, 9 is what too many are.
My 13, 14, 6, 21, 1 should be strictly honest.
My 14, 9, 3 is a kind of vessel.
My 15, 22, 10, 24, 21, 9 often meets danger.
My 16, 1, 5, 22, 15, 14, 6, 19 is what we all seek for.
My 17, 3, 4, 10, 22 is the name of a country.
My 18, 2, 3, 12, 22, 14, 6 is a fabled monster.
My 19, 5, 23 is a kind of fish.
My 20, 14, 1, 3, 11, 21, 22, 16 is one who changes his principles.
My 21, 18, 2, 22, 3 is a great body of water.
My 22, 14, 1, 17, 11, 24, 5 is a part of the ear.
My 23, 14, 8, 19 is a musical instrument.
My 24, 21 is an interjection.
My whole is what we all should strive to do.

High Forest, Min. Ter., 1857. GEO. J. COVELL.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixteen letters.
My 13, 7, 10, 13 is a place for religious worship.
My 4, 15, 6 is a nick name.
My 4, 11, 3, 2, is a girl's name.
My 1, 10, 2, 5, 13 is to separate.
My 16, 11, 6, 2 is what you have.
My 9, 5, 6, 15, 14, 7, 11, 10 is intimate.
My 14, 15, 2 is an untruth.
My 1, 2 is a verb.
My 1 and 9 are initials of my whole.
My whole is the name of a great American philosopher.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857. W. A. BRODIE.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

THE ocean always holds my first,
Though ne'er in water found;
My second flames in every fire,
Yet with the ice is bound.

My third waves free in each broad sail,
But never left the land;
When whole—a filthy loathsome drug;
Type of things pure I stand.

North Almond, N. Y., 1857. A. H. BULLOCH.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

IF the perimeter of a right angled triangle be 720, and the perpendicular falling from the right angle on the hypothenuse be 144—what are the length of the sides?

New Baltimore, N. Y., 1857. P. J. B.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 397:—In all labor there is profit.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

LABOR and suffering in some of their forms seem both essential.

Punch says "a secret, warranted to keep in any climate, is a woman's age." Horrid, Punch!

"THE eyes of your beloved, after she has been crying," Punch calls "ornamental fretwork."

JOHN BROUGHAM thinks that the bronze statue of Franklin represents that philosopher in a brown study.

EXERCISE, air, good-temper, and temperance, are the principal sources of growth, health and longevity.

NOTHING is more favorable to love than a little discord—as the frost makes the grapes tender and richer.

PUNCH says that every family ought to keep a kitten to amuse the children. They should also keep children to amuse the kitten.

A DOWN east editor advises readers, if they wish to get teeth inserted gratis, to go and steal fruit where his watch-dog is on guard.

A BOSTON paper, giving a puff to a new minister, says:—"His prayer at the close of his sermon was the most eloquent that was ever *addressed to a Boston audience.*"

IF you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand.

THE woman who made a pound of butter out of the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness, has since washed the close of a year, and hung 'em to dry on a beo line.

TRADE being quite dull with a shopkeeper in one of the provincial towns of France, he placed in his window the following placard—"The proprietor of this store desires to marry a young lady or a young widow." The rush was immense.

NEVER lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's hand-writing—a way-side sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply, earnestly, with all your eyes; 'tis a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

A MERCHANT of New York, who was on the verge of bankruptcy, took a walk, one day, with his cashier, who had grown rich, and built several fine houses in a fashionable avenue. In his pride of heart, he showed his employer his palatial dwellings, and asked, triumphantly—"What do you think of that?" "I think," said the merchant, after a pause, "that *you had better take my business, and let me act as cashier!*"

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No. 4.—A Wholesale Catalogue for Nurserymen, Dealers and others who purchase extensively.

☞ See other advertisement.

ELLWANGER & BARRY,
396w2eow Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

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For full particulars we refer to special advertisements and to the following Catalogues, sent gratis to all who apply and inclose a stamp for each.

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No. 2.—Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c.
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No. 4.—Wholesale or Trade List.
No. 5.—Supplemental Catalogue of Fruits.

ELLWANGER & BARRY,
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" 2.—Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c.
" 3.—Green House and Bedding Plants, Dahlias, &c.
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396w2eow

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THE LEADING WEEKLY

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Office, Union Buildings, Opposite the Court House.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

VOL. VIII. NO. 35.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1857. {WHOLE NO. 399.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

CHANGE OF PRODUCTS—TO WHAT?

FIVE TUNS of new cheese, from Wyoming county dairies, were sold in this city, yesterday, at nine cents per pound. The cheese was purchased by Dewey & Monroe and G. C. Buell. The dairies of Western New York are steadily enlarging their business, and will, this season, produce one-third more of butter and cheese than in any previous one. A dealer informs us that he has shipped more than forty tuns this year for the Canada market. As the conviction becomes more and more general, that the ravages of the weevil will render the cultivation of wheat unprofitable, the attention of our farmers will be turned to the dairy and the raising of stock. To this will be added the cultivation of such kinds of choice fruit as experience shall demonstrate can be raised with profit.—*Roch. Daily Democrat, July 29.*

As indicative of the change which is being made in the agricultural products of Western New York the above paragraph is significant and noteworthy. Indeed it indicates far more than is expressed—for while allusion is made to only one branch of production, the Dairy, the failure of the wheat crop has induced a resort to several crops and products that are comparatively new in this region. The prevalence of the midge has been the chief cause of this, though other things have contributed to the result. The changes which have been for some years and still are going on in culture and products throughout this once famous wheat growing region, are very general and extensive, and must eventually produce a marked difference in the aspects of the country and crops cultivated. Though the change from the former main reliance, wheat, to other grains, dairying, stock husbandry, &c., is gradual—lessening, for the time being, the progress and profits of soil owners and cultivators—it will evidently be thorough ere long, and when consummated tend to restore the former prosperous condition of the country. Meantime farmers must not expect to realize great profits, as the change requires time, labor and experience for its successful introduction.

Many of our farmers who have heretofore relied solely or mainly upon the wheat crop, and found its culture unprofitable, have "taken time by the forelock," and already inaugurated such changes in their crops and operations, that their labors are nearly or quite as amply rewarded as in former years. They adopted what we conceive to be the most wise and judicious course, by preparing in season for, and early introducing on their farms, the production of such articles as were best adapted to the soil and climate, and which could be profitably marketed. Others are now following their example, so that a change of crops, products and modes of culture is being gradually and we think successfully made over a wide extent of territory. Of course, as we have already intimated profitable results are not anticipated immediately, but when the change becomes general, and sufficient experience is acquired—a period not remote, judging from present indications—its wisdom and benefit will be correspondingly manifested. The revolution, so to speak, having been thoroughly commenced, if not accomplished, farmers will in the early future secure a proper reward for their labor and expenditures, and the prosperity of individuals and community be gradually restored.

But the drawbacks to the former system of farming in Western New York are, we fear affecting many not only temporarily but permanently. We allude to those who still persist in attempting to grow wheat in localities where experience has demonstrated that its culture cannot be continued with profit—and to others who, finding they cannot successfully produce this staple, are at once discouraged, and contemplate a change of location. Both these classes mistake their interest—the first in persisting in efforts which reason and experience teach are unwise if not useless; and the other in despairing of success in any branch of farming except wheat growing. We are aware that there are some drawbacks to the change,—that, as we have said, it will require time, labor, &c., to introduce it successfully—yet in our opinion, its inauguration is far preferable to either continuing hazardous experiments with wheat, or disposing of beautiful and fertile farms, with all their improvements, conveniences and surroundings, (including schools, churches, and other institutions and advantages to be found only in favored localities,) with a view of trying some new and unimproved Western El Dorado. Not that we object to people going West—especially young men of limited means, good health, and abundant enterprise—but we do not believe it is advisable for heads of families who possess and can retain homesteads in the favored and highly improved sections of Western New York to make such migration. They already possess a competence, and by good culture and judicious management can annually add thereto—at the same time augmenting the value of their estates by making necessary and permanent improvements—without producing a bushel of wheat.

With many, however, the great question is, What can we produce as easily, readily and profitably as wheat has been grown heretofore? The paragraph at the head of this article indicates one branch of production which can be largely increased in many sections, but whether it can be pursued as advantageously as was wheat growing years ago is somewhat problematical. Yet there is no doubt that it will *pay far better now*—especially in any locality adapted to grazing—for the products of the dairy are certain and generally find a ready market at remunerative prices. The business of dairying, stock breeding and grazing, is already the most successful branch of husbandry in many counties of this State, and must in time be largely augmented—for there are comparatively few sections in which it cannot be prosecuted with decided advantage. Some localities, however, are better adapted to grain and fruit, and in these farmers must be guided in their choice of products by their soil, climate, facilities for marketing, and prices. They will be safest undoubtedly in adopting a system of mixed husbandry, without relying exclusively upon any one product. Barley, Oats, Corn, Potatoes, Buckwheat, Beans, and other crops, can be grown successfully in most localities where wheat has hitherto been the staple. Last but far from least, Fruit is an important and profitable crop, and *ought* to become one of the chief staples in most sections of Western New York. But the negligence and procrastination of farmers in planting and bestowing proper attention upon orchards, has greatly retarded and lessened the products of this source of pleasure and profit.

—Thus much, suggestively, as to what has been and may be accomplished by farmers who are compelled to relinquish wheat culture. The almost total failure of the recent wheat crop renders the subject of future operations one of immediate and pressing concern with many of our readers, and demands careful consideration. Not a few in almost every midge-scourged locality are almost discouraged, and undetermined as to the course best to be pursued—for while the abandonment, for a time at least, of the former staple of the country seems inevitable, it is difficult to decide upon the best substitutes or alternatives. Indeed the whole subject is one of paramount interest and importance to a vast number of the land-owners and cultivators of Western New York, and we solicit the views and suggestions of correspondents for its elucidation.

DRAINING.

PROMINENT amid the labors peculiarly adapted to late Summer or early Fall is Draining. As that period is now almost at hand, we purpose, in two or three articles, briefly to speak of the utility of an outlay in this direction; the philosophy of the system; and the various modes of performing the necessary labor to render the work one of satisfaction to the projector.

In our issue of the 15th inst., one of our practical correspondents uses the following language:—"When, O when, will they (farmers) understand that there is no safer, or better yielding investment of their money, than to bury it from thirty inches to three feet under the surface? When will they come to know that for hardly any purpose can they so well afford to submit to exorbitant rates of interest, as to provide themselves with the wherewithal to change their swamps and swales, and cold, damp fields into warm and *reliable* soil for the production of crops?" Of the utility of a generous outlay for draining purposes, every farmer has, from the opportunities presented for examination, either on his own land or that of a neighbor, become confident—here has he witnessed the reclaiming of a swamp, its conversion from a watery waste into not only tillable, but remarkably productive soil—there a cold wet piece of land, noted alone for its powers of retarding the growth of vegetation, has been changed into one, the *quickening* properties of which, may be "known and read of all men."

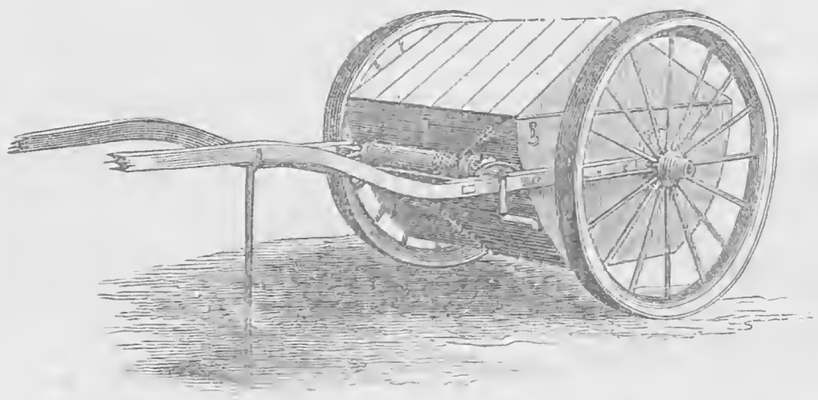
The particular advantages to be derived from thorough draining may be classed under two heads—Mechanical and Chemical. All the farmers, in this section at least, are aware how much their labors were hindered on low, retentive soils, by the heavy rains of last spring. They know, furthermore, the condition of such crops, as wheat, rye, barley, corn, &c., and at the time specified, their grade of development, and can now speak with certainty as to the result as regards the first three, and with almost equal surety in reference to the last. We doubt not that many fields of wheat would have ripened a week or ten days earlier than they did,—that the period of maturity in the cereals might be brought forward, throughout the State, an average of about one week, thus shortening the time in which insect depredators work. A farmer, residing within a few miles of this city, in speaking of the advantages to be derived from draining, remarked that "he had sown his barley, and it was up, while his neighbors had not yet got their grounds prepared. All those whose land was not thoroughly drained had almost begun to despair—that for the crops on portions of his own farm on which he had not created any means by which to relieve it of surplus water, he had little hope. That where drains were erected he could put on his horses and plow twenty-four hours after the most severe rain, and find the soil in better condition than where it was undrained three days subsequent."

Those who are in the least acquainted with the mode of conducting agricultural operations, must be aware of the exceeding difficulty, if not impossibility, of performing work in a proper manner where the soil is wet. Where the land is too retentive of moisture, there cannot be any economy either of means or of labor. The principal object in the cultivation of the soil—the reducing it to a finely pulverized condition—is totally lost; in fact, instead of furthering this object, cultivation has precisely the opposite effect, rendering stiff and close what we would have porous and friable. When time and toil have been expended, when we ought to have a minutely divided soil—such as is requisite to a healthy and vigorous vegetation,—we find a dry, hardened, compact mass, sufficient of itself to cramp and confine the energies of whatever is committed to its keeping.

Not alone in tilling a wet soil is labor fruitlessly expended; not an operation can be performed in removing produce, carting on manure, or transacting anything upon its surface, but it is impeded, requiring extra assistance both of men and animals. Seasons are limited in duration—a certain time is needed for the preparation of the soil—crops must have a requisite period for the germination of the seed, the growth of the plant and its final development—and if retarded in any or all of these departments, work cannot be done otherwise than hurriedly, in a hap-hazard manner, and this mode will tell most effectually upon the general result.

We have before remarked that an undrained soil becomes dry, hardened and compact during hot weather, cramping and confining vegetation. Its powers of absorption are minute, and it can attract but little moisture from the atmosphere—when rain descends, it lies upon the surface, the process of filtration cannot be set in motion, evaporation is the only mode by which this excess of dampness can be removed, and the heat of the sun finally bakes a crust, to pierce which all the efforts of up-springing vegetation are powerless—it forms a perfect coat of mail for Mother Earth. In a porous soil a deposit of moisture is constantly going on. The heated air is penetrating it, and, coming in contact with the cool earth, the moisture it contains is condensed, which the ground appropriates to its own wants, and, in addition to thus furnishing one of the prime conditions of life to the growing plant, it also imparts the heat necessary to put this element of vitality in circulation. Sir HUMPHREY DAVY, in his *Elements of Agricultural Chemistry*, thus speaks of this peculiar property of soils:

"The power of the soil to absorb water, by cohesive attraction, depends in a great measure upon the state of division of its parts; the more divided they are, the greater is their absorbing power."—Again he says:—"The power of soils to absorb water from air is much connected with their fertility. When this power is great, the plant is supplied with moisture in dry seasons; and the effect of evaporation in the day is counteracted by the absorption of aqueous vapor from the atmosphere, by the interior parts of the soil during the day, and by both the exterior and interior during the night. The stiff clays, approaching to pipe clays in their nature, which take up the greatest quantity of water, when it is poured upon them in a fluid form, are not the soils which absorb the most moisture from the atmosphere in dry weather. They cake, and present only a small surface to the air, and the vegetation on them is generally burnt up, almost as readily as on sands."



TUMBLER CART.

NOT one farmer in a thousand has a cart on his farm, and yet they are more convenient for carrying manure and general work about a farm than wagons. Nothing can be more illy contrived for farm work than our common wagons. They are so high that loading is laborious, and as no arrangement is made for "dumping," unloading is almost as troublesome. They are difficult to turn in a small space, and the wheels are so narrow that they sink into the light soil and make the draft heavy. In a well constructed cart, all these difficulties are avoided; the body is low and can be canted as may be convenient for loading; the load can be dumped in a second; the wheels are about four inches broad, so that they will not sink into the lightest soil; and any cart can be turned in its own length. Our nurserymen who cultivate trees on the same land for a number of years, use large quantities of manure, and they have learned to economize labor. At any of these nurseries may be found one to a dozen carts, and any one who uses them will say that one good, stout horse in a cart will do as much work in ordinary jobbing, as two horses in a common wagon.

Among the curious and useful things exhibited at our Agricultural Fairs, we never recollect seeing a cart. A dozen of as many different kinds may be seen at the Provincial Fair in Canada. Our Agricultural Societies should encourage their construction by the offer of premiums, and we think our implement makers would find a ready sale, if they would construct good carts; but they must remember that it is no clumsy ox-cart that is needed, but a light, convenient cart; hence the very best of timber should be used in their construction, and low bodies, convenient arrangement for tilting, broad wheels, with lightness and strength combined, are the principal points of importance.

We give an engraving of what is called in England the Tumbler Cart. It is not only used by farmers in carrying manure, &c., but is very generally used to carry off the sweepings of streets, nightsoil, &c., from cities. The body of the cart consists of an iron tank, so arranged that a delivery pipe and valve can be affixed or removed in a few minutes, so that it will answer the purpose of a watering cart for cities or a liquid manure cart for the farmer or gardener. Those who have seen the thin mud of our streets scraped together and put into wagons, only to be scattered over the streets again before reaching its destination, can appreciate the value of such a cart to cities.

The chief peculiarity of this cart consists in its extreme lowness, which, it will be seen is obtained by passing the axle through the body of the cart or tank, and the convenience for tipping, which, in the large sizes is attained by the introduction of an eccentric, which allows the body to revolve on the axle without touching the ground. The great advantage of this low body for filling with either fluid or dry substances must be obvious. It can also be canted to any required inclination, for the convenience of filling. This, and the method of discharging the load, by entirely tipping the cart gives it an advantage for many purposes over almost any other cart. Before many years we hope to see well planned and constructed carts at all of our agricultural shows; and we have no doubt they will elicit, as they deserve, as much attention from our farmers, as the plows, and reapers, and other useful agricultural implements. Many we know, would gladly purchase, if offered for sale.

EXPERIMENT WITH GUANO.

As unsuccessful experiments in agriculture, are as necessary to be published as those which are profitable, I herewith send an account of the results of my experience in the use of Guano on wheat and vines.

Having observed its astonishing effect in New England, on nearly everything to which it was applied, I last summer procured two bags of BARERA BRO's best Peruvian Guano, to sow on my wheat field. The fallow was in excellent order, and I selected two strips through the middle of the field, of about fifty-five rods in length, each containing as near an acre as I could well have them. Between the two strips on which Guano was applied, was a space about four rods wide, on which there was put no manure of any kind—nor was there on either side within six or eight rods. After well pulverizing and sifting the Guano, I applied a bag of 150 lbs. on each acre; which was harrowed in after gang plowing, and just previous to sowing the wheat. The cost, including freight, was as near $5 per acre as it could well be figured. The field was sowed to Blue Stem wheat, two bushels per acre, with Seymour's Grain Drill.

Result, contrary to my expectations, there has not been any portion of the two pieces, (during any period since they were sown, with an exception *in favor* of a very small piece of one of the strips,) where the least benefit could be observed from the dressing it had received. I had intended to harvest these pieces by themselves, and carefully note the comparison with other parts of the field, but could not observe difference enough to warrant the trouble. In other parts of the field where I drew on manure from the barn-yard, composed of muck, straw, &c., the benefits have been observable from the time the wheat was up large enough to be seen, to harvest time; where there was good wheat for this year—the straw being bright, and the grain of nearly as good quality as usual. I ought to state, that my wheat did not rust as badly as wheat in general, except in low places.

Its effects on my vines bear no comparison to what I saw in Massachusetts last summer. The past spring I planted twelve hills of squashes. Each alternate hill was enriched with a shovelfull of manure from the hog-yard, and the others with two large spoons heaping full of Guano. The manure and Guano was covered with fresh earth about an inch deep, before planting the seed.—Where the manure from the hog yard was put, the vines are very much larger than where the Guano was applied—and the squashes are more numerous and much larger.

From the above, I think we can manufacture a fertilizer of more value, at less cost, than to expend such large sums per acre, as farmers now do in New England, where it appears to pay a better profit than it has with me. Let us have the experience of others. W. H. P.

Batavia, N. Y., 1857.

THE WHEAT MIDGE.

MR. MOORE:—Your correspondent, J. H. B, is mistaken in his views of the universality of the means by which the midge (weevil) can propagate itself. That it attacks late-sown barley and rye, is true, in a measure; but its natural *pabulum* is the wheat kernel. Winter barley almost entirely escapes the ravages of this insect, as does winter rye, being much more forward than spring sown, especially in wet seasons.

The insect found in the *mullein*, is an entirely different variety, only like in color and size. It is a lively, active creature, having six legs, while the larvæ of the weevil is a maggot, with none. I can hardly conceive that an insect the eighth of an inch long, could sustain itself on a seed, not one twentieth of an inch in diameter, as is red clover.

The experience of the eastern farmers establishes the fact, that the entire suspension of raising wheat in large districts; almost entirely annihilates the pest, and they can again raise wheat with as much success as the climate and soil will allow.

From some effect of the season of '55 and '56, there was a great diminution of the wheat midge, and those farmers who had the temerity to sow under the discouraging circumstances of former years, had fair average crops; which induced an increased seeding for this year, and results in almost a total failure, and will greatly discourage its repetition this fall. It is possible that some of the occult operations of the season may greatly decrease their numbers, and that the wheat crop may prove remunerative; but it is rather a forlorn hope. H. Y.

Monroe Co., N. Y., Aug. 20th, 1857.

MORE ABOUT THE WHEAT MIDGE.

EDS. RURAL:—In a late number of the RURAL, J. H. B., of Niagara Co., N. Y., says—"Perhaps the wheat plant is the chosen home and food of the midge, but it is found to prey extensively on other grains and vegetables. The idea of *killing them off by sowing no wheat* is founded on a mistake; they seem more likely to kill off other grains if not furnished with wheat, at least barley suffers more and more each year from their depredations. They may be found in heads of clover, in the seed pods of the mullein stalk, and, no doubt, in most plants ripening seed about this time."

Now do not be so positive, Mr. J. H. B., when expressing your ideas of entomology. You did right in speaking, as it relieved you of an obligation which you were under, to assist in observations of this kind; and it is not my purpose to contradict you, or express myself positively, as I may be incorrect. I will not say that the wheat midge is not to be found in mullein stalks and clover heads, but I do say, if they are to be found, there is also another insect, to appearance like the wheat midge. But a microscopic examination exhibits as great a dissimilarity as a streak of lightning, and a mud-turtle. Those upon the clover and mullein being slimmer, and tapering towards each extremity. They are provided with head, throat, six pectoral feet, and antennae or feelers; the abdominal terminal being hornlike, and terminating with two bristles. Those on clover are red—blood red—and those on mullein, yellow.

The wheat midge is in appearance almost inactive, unintelligent, headless, footless, and terminating as abrupt as a hoe handle. I think I have found the midge on cherry leaves, but they do not feast well nor mature, and their numbers are few even with us, where wheat will not pay for harvesting and threshing, in consequence of their depredations. Let us be more careful in expressing our opinions as facts, as it may be detrimental to many. I believe the idea of killing them off by sowing no wheat, is founded on reason, and will withstand the fiery darts of the adversary. J. BRETT.

Geneva, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.

CORN CULTURE—CROPS IN MISSOURI.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am a close reader of the RURAL, and I am glad to inform you that I have been benefited by other men's opinions; but whether my opinion of "corn culture," will be worth anything to others, I do not know. I have tried various methods of cultivating corn. My method this season has been somewhat different from my custom heretofore. I have worked my ground very deep all the season. I broke my corn land in the spring as deep as my teams could bear the draft,—seven to eight inches,—harrowed well; and if the harrow don't break the clods, the ground should be rolled. I have not used a corn planter, though I have no prejudice against it. I furrowed off my ground four feet apart each way, with a small bull-tongue shovel-plow, run deep in the ground, but so constructed as not to leave an open furrow; then dropped the corn the way it was first furrowed off, making the corn even, or straight, each way.

As soon as my corn was well up, I commenced working with my bull-tongues, running as close as possible, and plowing deep two furrows in each row. I cross-plowed, with two furrows, deep. I then took a triangle harrow, took out the front tooth, and run the harrow once over each row, which put the ground in fine order. The third time I plowed my corn some of it was knee high; the weather, dry and corn suffering somewhat for rain; still I worked with the bull-tongue shovel-plow, as deep as the horse could well bear the draft, running as close to the corn as possible. The breaking of the roots seemed to check the growth for a day or two, but the result was my corn was clear of weeds and grass, and the ground loose and light about the hill. My last plowing was with larger shovels; the last workings were with three furrows, all plowed deep.

As for hilling corn, I think it labor thrown away. All the hill that is wanting, is to cover over the small grass and weeds close about the corn. The great secret of growing corn is, stir the ground deep, keep the weeds and grass under, then if your ground is sufficiently good to raise corn, all that is needed, besides your own labor, is rain and sunshine.

Our corn crop is good, taking into consideration the unfavorable season we have had. The late, cold spring caused the corn crop to be considerably later than usual with us here; then the month of June was very dry. Our corn still needs rain to push it on so as to make a good and abundant crop. Our oat crop is not good, owing to the dry weather. Potatoes look well. The wheat crop is a total failure all through this region of country. There are some few spots that would have made a half crop but for the chinch bug. Many of our farmers for a few years past, have turned their attention to raising hay for the southern market. The hay crop, too, is a partial failure,—probably not half a crop. I am trying some experiments in cultivating the potatoe; if they should be worth any thing, I will let it be known.

Should any of your readers wish to know how to stock (wood) a shovel plow, I can and will inform them how to make a plow that will never fail. Any person wishing to know, can write to me, inclosing a postage stamp to pay for answering their letter. I will send them a draft, and directions that never fail. R. J. RUDISILL.

Hydesburg, Ralls Co., Missouri, 1857.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The excellent article in the RURAL of August 15th, relative to the management of Agricultural Fairs, is replete with valuable suggestions, which we hope to see carried out at the exhibitions which are to come off the ensuing Autumn. We hail with delight the season, when we shall be permitted again, to visit the well arranged Fair grounds, and to see the numberless curiosities from the farm, the orchard, the garden, the dairy, the workshop, the artist's studio, and, so far as practical, from every department of human industry.

Well conducted Fairs are a source of pleasure and profit to all who attend them, of every age, sex, and condition. In addition to the works of art, it is a pleasure to see and become acquainted with the people; the interchange of ideas is a fertile source of enjoyment to all who have a desire to become familiar with the varied improvements of the day. The ladies, too, are fond of such amusements, and are ever ready to contribute their quota of rarities, which, added to their cheering presence, fills a beautiful niche in the temple of curiosities. When "Floral Hall" cannot be properly decorated with natural shrubbery and flowers, their place is supplied with artificials, and arranged with such exquisite skill, that Flora herself might view them with delight.

It is no digression, to say that Fairs of various kinds, are becoming popular, and are looked upon with favor by the intelligent masses of the people. In many respects they have been conducted in such admirable style as to almost win a smile of approbation from Ceres herself; but in some instances things have been added to the programme that in the performance might better have been omitted. The RURAL, advises all to give at least "the light of their countenances,"—*So do we.* Let the boys and girls, the young ladies, the old ladies, the old gentlemen, the young men, and the *hired* men all go. But would anybody advise young ladies to go and see them catch a *greased* pig?—or to witness a *sack* race? Why not institute the Olympic Games in full, and have wrestling and boxing? We think that these interesting exhibitions of industry and skill, should be conducted in the most pleasing and interesting manner, but let everything be done "with decency and in order." We enter our solemn protest against the practice of chasing *greased* pigs through the crowd, tearing and soiling the ladies dresses, and trampling under feet the little folks, in frantic endeavors to get a grab at the ears, or tail, of the retreating porker. If the boys (or any of the men,) are desirous of exhibiting their speed in running the heats, let them run around three or four times, but deliver us from ever witnessing another *sack* race.

In place of all this, would it not be better to have a literary department, and devote a part of the time to discussion of the thousand topics in relation to agriculture, and the trades, &c., while opportunity should be given the ladies, to read essays upon needle work, domestic economy, and to describe the peculiarities of the various flowers and shrubbery, and give the medicinal properties of plants, and thus create a desire among all classes to become acquainted with the science of Botany? We can conceive no better method of concluding these exhibitions, which, by proper management, might be made to lend an attractive feature to the closing exercises of the Farmers and Mechanics Holidays, while at the same time, it would refine the taste, improve the morals, cultivate the intellect, advance the cause of science, and promote the general welfare and happiness of the people.

Mount Morris, N. Y., Aug., 1857. N. B. A.

WOOL GROWING:

Fine Wooled vs. Coarse Wooled or Mutton Sheep.

EDS. RURAL:—It is a matter of much importance to us, as producers, that we raise that kind of grain, and propagate that kind of stock, which will bring us the greatest amount of money for the labor bestowed and the produce consumed. But I design to say a few things on wool growing; and as wool has become one of the staples of Michigan, it is of the utmost importance that we have correct notions on this subject, and act accordingly.

I assume the position that all animals of like kind consume food according to the weight of carcass. Consequently it is for our interest as wool growers that we propagate and keep that kind of sheep which will produce the greatest amount of wool, and of the best quality, from a given amount of produce consumed. And we claim the Spanish Merino is that kind of sheep.—It is a well known fact that the Spanish are a small, well-developed, hardy race of sheep. Their wool is thick, long, oily and fine;—consequently they are heavy shearers, and their wool always bears first price in market.

As we are so far from any reliable meat market, we shall say but little on the subject of raising sheep for mutton. But we ask, who can afford to keep a sheep that will weigh 120 lbs. live weight, which will clip five lbs. of coarse wool, and then sell him to the butcher for $2 50, when two Spanish sheep weighing 60 lbs. each and which will clip ten lbs. of fine wool, may be kept on the same produce? The figures would stand thus:

Cr.	One coarse sheep to the butcher,	$2 50
"	By five lbs wool 35 cts.,	1 85
	Sheep and wool worth	$4 35
Dr.	To two Spanish sheep, $2 50 each,	$5 00
"	To ten lbs fine wool worth 45 cts.,	4 50
	Sheep and wool worth	$9 50

Our figures show a difference of over one-half—saying nothing of the difference in the value of the increase, which, by the by, is quite an item in the matter.

It is not our business as producers to make the speculator rich, but to take care of ourselves. We believe that the farmer who keeps a flock of coarse native sheep loses at least one-half of the produce consumed by them.

In conclusion we repeat that it is the privilege as well as the duty of the farmer to keep that kind of stock that will produce the greatest amount of money from the produce consumed.

Quincy, Mich., 1857. JAS. CLIZBE.

TURKISH FLINT WHEAT, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—I want to inquire if you know anything of Turkish Flint Wheat, as described in the Patent Office Report for 1855, and where a sample could be procured for seed. We have a variety sent out last year from the Patent Office as "Cat Mountain Wheat." It is a fall variety, with a light colored chaff, a light beard, and a flinty light colored berry, of medium size. Whether it will prove to be a good kind for this section we cannot say, as it has not been sufficiently tested here yet. Wheat is a fair average crop, of good quality. Barley, oats and grass are first-rate.—Corn is quite backward, and we must have fine weather for it through September if there is a good crop. I have some of the Chinese Sugar Cane that stands now six feet in height and is growing rapidly.—J. H. G., *Centreville, Mich.*

WILL some of our correspondents who have had experience in the culture of Turkish Flint Wheat communicate, through the RURAL, for the benefit of their fellow-laborers?

POTATOES.

THERE is a greater breadth of Potatoes planted this year in Western New York, and probably through the country, than in any preceding year. It is always so when an article is high-priced in market; every one dips in to the extent of their ability, when a prudential consideration of the philosophy of the subject, would indicate a contrary course.

Potatoes must inevitably be very low in price this fall, unless the *Rot* prevails, of which there are some indications in all quarters, especially where weedy, shady, and in low situations.

There is a very great growth of vines this year owing to the extremely wet season and if we do not have a dry and open fall, the product will be materially affected as to quantity, in which case the late varieties and even late planted ones would have the advantage.

The *Manlys* and some other early kinds are now ripe and are selling in this market for 50 cts. per bushel.

One remarkable peculiarity will be noticed this year, the great prevalence of the blossom; to such a degree in some cases that whole fields are like a flower bed, which some experienced agriculturists are disposed to think an unfavorable sign.

Rich and highly manured soils this year are all vines and no tubers thus far, and poorer and dry locations have greatly the advantage in quantity of produce.

TRY WINTER BARLEY.

EDS. RURAL:—In looking over the reports in your paper from different sections, I do not find anything said about Winter Barley, which I think will become a favorite crop in Western New York. All with whom I have conversed speak highly in its favor after trying it. Some of its advantages are that it is sown in the fall, when the soil is better prepared to receive the seed than so early in the season as is necessary to sow Spring Barley.—It also ripens early, and can be harvested before other grains—does well after spring crops—and on land that is adapted to wheat, it gives a much larger return than other barley; and it is more profitable than Wheat at the present yield and price.

Those who have fallows broken like myself, and do not wish to sow wheat will probably find it for their advantage to try Winter Barley. The usual time of seeding is the same as other winter grains. I think the reason it has not been more extensively cultivated is the high price of seed, and the caution with which farmers adopt any expensive change. But a change seems necessary, if we would have any "change" in our pockets—for I believe we shall have to discontinue the raising of wheat, although it is with reluctance we lay aside that which has been continued so long and so profitably.

If any one's experience is different from mine, and they can give a better plan to fill our empty garners, we would like to hear from them.

Rush, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1857. M. H. GREEN.

DON'T CONDEMN THE DOGS.

WILL some of the RURAL readers take the pen to defend the dogs, from such anathemas, as would doom them to endless persecution? I, for one, will lift my feeble voice, because no stronger one arises. Are the four-footed dogs the worst that live, or are there not some bearing a higher title whose acts would stand very low when weighed in the balance with a noble dog? Verily, there are many who walk lower than four feet could ever carry them, whose incessant snarling would make the veriest poodle blush.

Look at the faithful dog of St. Bernard, behold him on his mission of mercy and condemn him if you can, or remember the Scotch Shepherd's boy, lost on the Grampian Hills, whose life was preserved for three long weary days, upon the bread given to a dog as his daily allowance. Are not these proofs of the dog's nobility, even if daily observation does not bring others to your aid?

Don't condemn the dogs, they may help drive the pigs out of the corn, some day, which many a cur, in a more divine shape would not, and as for the harm they do the human race, why its only a drop in the bucket, compared to that, which, man does his brother man. Don't be continually growling at them, for only poodles make so much fuss, any noble dog will let his fellows enjoy what he cannot, or will not have himself. E. C. P.

Seneca, N. Y., 1857.

CLEANING COCKLE AND CHESS FROM WHEAT.

EDS. RURAL:—After some hesitation, I have concluded to state my experience in endeavors to get my wheat clear from cockle and chess. Some five years ago, I commenced sifting my seed wheat with a seive wove, with a mesh than the common fanning-mill screen. After shaking thoroughly, I looked it over carefully, having the light from the open door strike favorably on the sieve, and threw out any foul seeds that I found. The first year made a very sensible diminution of both. Last year, finding the quantity very much diminished, I gathered, and caused to be gathered, all the cockle and chess found in the crop of wheat when we harvested. This season, adopting the same plan, I found but two stools of chess on sixteen or eighteen acres of wheat, and a little cockle nearly every day of harvest.

My experience teaches that is more easy to get rid of chess than cockle; and that both may be exterminated by perseverance, without a great deal of extra labor. It is the general impression that wheat will yield very light, considering the growth of straw, in this region, the present season. The principal cause is the wheat midge.

Lyon, Oakland Co., Mich. JAS. S. RODGER.

CROPS AT THE SOUTH.—New Orleans papers of the 15th inst. are to hand. The accounts concerning the appearance of the cotton crop in various parts of Louisiana continue bad.

A letter to the N. Y. Picayune, dated Choctow county, Miss., the 7th, says, that throughout that region, there would not be over one-third the usual crops. Oats and corn were abundant, and of wheat there would be fine harvest.

The Mobile Advertiser has received discouraging accounts of the cotton crops from almost every section of Alabama and Eastern Mississippi; but the crop of wheat, oats and corn is promising.

Rural Notes and Items.

SUGAR CANE MILL WANTED.—As the season approaches for harvesting the Chinese Sugar Cane, or Sorghum, a suitable and *cheap* mill for crushing or grinding the stalks, is in great demand. The machinery thus far invented, is too expensive for experimenters, who are trying the cane on a small scale. A simple and powerful, yet very cheap mill, is the great desideratum. Who can supply the demand?

TRIAL OF CHURNS AT N. Y. STATE FAIR.—It has been requested by one of the competitors at the approaching Fair that Churns be tried in making butter, and the result of the quantity and quality of butter produced from a given amount of cream be ascertained. We are therefore authorized to announce that if persons intending to exhibit churns will give notice to the Secretary of the Society, (Col. B. P. JOHNSON, Albany,) by the 25th of September, arrangements will be made for a trial. The proposition is a good one, and if carried out, as we trust it will be, must lead to valuable results.

—Papers throughout the State are requested to notice the above.

A NEW MODE OF PRESERVING GREEN CORN has recently been invented by Mr. STEPHEN CULVER, of Newark, N. Y. His process is to cut or split the ear longitudinally, by means of a suitable apparatus, into halves or smaller divisions, and to dry cob and all. It is said that the labor of preparing for drying is but a trifle—and the corn, being dried on the cob without boiling or extraction of pith, takes up during the operation a large proportion of the saccharine and other nutritious elements. As soon as the cob is laid open it curves inwardly and separates the kernels from each other, so that by the exposure of the internal part of the cob and the separated kernels to the air, the drying is effected with greater facility than by any other mode yet made public. Mr. C. has applied for a patent for this process—and also for a cheap and simple machine for laying open the ears of corn.

WILD HORSES IN ILLINOIS.—A drove of 250 Mexican and Texan horses, embracing mustangs and rangers, were recently taken into Ogle Co., Ill., for a market. A local paper says:—"The horses arrived on Sunday last, and are now feeding on the Buffalo Prairie, and recruiting in order to be ready for sale at auction near this place. They are attended by several Mexican *barcaras*, or lassomen, who, in case one shows any inclination to depart, give chase and bring him up 'all standing' with the lasso. We anticipate a lively and interesting time on the 22d, when they are to be sold, as the barcaras will be in attendance, lassos in hand, to catch to order. These horses are all young, from three to four years old, hardy, and easily kept, and will prove most serviceable for farming and saddle purposes."

GRAIN IN RUSSIA.—A letter from Moscow, dated July 16, says:—"I have delayed (awaiting authentic information) reporting the almost entire loss of the wheat crops of this year in several of the most important wheat-growing Governments (districts) of Russia. An open winter and a long drouth are assigned as the causes. So little of the surplus grain produced one year is kept in the country for the next, that, in view of the prospective short crop, and consequent inadequate supply even for home consumption, the small stock now on hand has been for six weeks or a month past rapidly advancing in price, and is now held at 75 per cent. above the spring quotations. It is stated that, except where great land transport will prevent it, all the grain will be sold and retained in the interior—little or none exported."

THE POTATO ROT has appeared in various parts of the country,—especially in New Jersey and some sections of New England,—and threatens to prove serious. The superabundance of wet weather has tended to develop certain indications of the malady in this region, as well as in distant localities, and it is feared the crop will be materially injured in some neighborhoods,—but as the complaint is not general we trust the progress of the rot will be so arrested that the loss will not prove extensive.

—The *Tribune* states that late accounts are unfavorable for the potato crop of Ireland, and other accounts say that the crop in the south of England is also already badly affected. In New Brunswick, where the potato crop is so much depended upon the disease is reported as showing itself in various places.

DISEASE AMONG CATTLE.—A disease is said to be making fatal work among the cattle about Utica. A correspondent of the Observer says the disease is identical with the one which has, during the the past year, carried off in Russia 30,000, Austria 26,442, Gallicia 12,000, and Moravia 9,000 head of cattle; these are the numbers officially reported. This disease is known as the "cattle plague, "*rinder-pest*," "bloody murrain," &c. It is universally admitted to be highly *contagious*, and may be carried by persons visiting the sick, equally as well as by the diseased animal being brought within a short distance of the healthy. The writer thinks the streets and commons should be cleared of the diseased cattle to prevent the spread of the distemper. This disease is noticed elsewhere, and the caution suggested will be applicable everywhere.—*Ex.*

THE MIDGE has destroyed the crop of Spring Wheat in Maine. Brother DREW, of the *Rural Intelligencer*, says his field was hardly worth harvesting,—but adds that wherever the Banner Wheat was sown last fall it has proved a bountiful crop. "The only danger to this is from the winter, and severe as last winter was, most of the Banner wheat escaped injury therefrom, and has made the hearts of its cultivators glad this summer."

THE RUST has, according to recent accounts, prevailed extensively in the Spring Wheat regions of Indiana and Illinois. The crop was backward in consequence of the cold and wet Spring, and the late unfavorable weather has produced an abundant of rust.

DESTRUCTION OF WREVIL IN WHEAT.—For this evil the French have discovered an effective, cheap remedy in anesthetic agents, by which all insects and larvæ or the germs of life in the eggs are destroyed. Experiments have been made at Algiers on the most extensive scale. It was ascertained that two grammes of chloroform, or a sulphuret of carbon per metrical quintal of wheat, was sufficient to destroy, in five days' time, all the insects in wheat; with five grammes of sulphuret of carbon per metrical quintal, the destruction takes place in twenty-four hours. The mass of grain operated on, so far from being a difficulty, rather simplifies the operation. Experiments were made on 11,600 hectolitres of barley at once; 100 pounds of the sulphuret of carbon was used, which required twenty minutes to introduce into the mass. These operations may be made successfully even when the heap of grain is simply covered with a waterproof cloth, which is closed with clay near the ground on every side. The grain operated on retains all its germinating properties. The fetid odor of the sulphuret of carbon is soon dissipated; and after it has been exposed two or three days to the air, and moved occasionally with a shovel, no trace of it remains. The grain so treated, when ground and made into bread, cannot be distinguished from grain which has not been exposed to the influence of anesthetic agents. It is highly important to farmers to know the application can be made to the grain in heaps on the ground.—*Ex.*

AUSTRIAN AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.—There is in the Austrian empire an aggregate of six millions of cows, and three millions of oxen and bulls of excellent breeds, and comprising many fine animals. It was the general opinion at the recent agricultural exhibition at Vienna, that the display of cattle would be difficult to surpass, even in England. There are produced annually in the country 5,000,000,000 *masz* (a "masz" is about one-third of a gallon) of milk, 300,000,000 pounds of butter and 200,000,000 pounds of cheese. Large numbers of sheep are also kept, and the annual yield of wool is about 60,000,000 pounds, of which 25,000,000 are exported. At the above exhibition the sheep and wool attracted the most decided admiration.—Austria and Hungary are also great producers of wine, of which large quantities are purchased by French dealers, to be adulterated, and then exported as French wines. The whole production of the empire amounts to nearly 540,000,000 gallons annually. The Germans are intelligent, but not enterprising tillers of the soil; thrifty, but prejudiced. Owing to their oriental character, the Hungarians are not active agriculturists.—*Ex.*

The Young Ruralist.

TO PREVENT HENS FROM SETTING.

DEAR RURAL:—I want to ask you how I can keep our hens from sitting. Though we live in the *city*, yet we keep over 20 hens, and the *dear* creatures seem determined to give us meat instead of eggs, and I must acknowledge they seem in a fair way to do it.

I have tried a multitude of plans, but they all seem to fail. I have ducked them from three to a dozen times a day, but they would dry themselves, and then go back again. I have tried cooping them up, but that failed except in the case of one which began to lay, but when I let her out she kept on laying, but spoiled them all by setting on them. The others generally contrived to scratch their way out, but when they would fail to do this would sit on the bare boards, or ground as it might be, and when let out would go to hatching chickens again.

Two hens which I shut up together, got to fighting as to which should set on a handful of straw that happened to be there, and when I let them out—one was bald-headed and the other had it's eyes "bunged up" in the most approved style.—However, they were sitting away with a vengeance. I then tried another method—that of tying two of them to the ends of a cord about three feet long, this worked well for a season, but one morning I found one sitting on a couple of eggs in a box four feet from the ground, and the other just departing for another world, by the process of hanging—by one leg. I rescued her, and she seemed to be very grateful, and has not attempted to sit since. The only reason that I can think of for such a generous action, is that she must have had a glimpse of the punishment prepared for her in that world wither all chickens hasten.

The other one, of that unfortunate couple I "fixed" by tying to a short stick, which she seems to take great pleasure in clucking to, and dragging about the field. She tried several times to hatch some more, but her solitary chick, did'nt want any company, and gently forbade her doing so.

Buffalo, N. Y., August, 1857. ALFRED.

REMARKS.—The hens that are such determined setters make the best and most faithful mothers, and are entitled to respect on this account. No one should harrass them or treat them cruelly in attempting to break up their setting. Placing the hen in a coop, in a cool dark room, or under a close coop on the damp ground, is generally effectual. A cold water bath is a very good remedy; but where all these fail, patience and kindness will accomplish the work.

LETTER FROM A CLERK.

MR. EDITOR:—I am a clerk in a store, but that is no reason why I should not be interested in agriculture. You stated some time back that you had a notion to start a paper expressly for the young folks. I think it is a very good idea. Boys, I hope we shall all heartily co-operate with the Editor whenever he is ready to commence operations.

Just having started in life, I have concluded to choose the mercantile business as my profession, thinking it as useful as any other trade.—The crops in Lancaster county justify the appellation of the *Garden of Pennsylvania.* Hay-making and harvest is finished, but the farmers are very busy with their oats, the crop being heavier than any that has been taken off for many years. I was much pleased with the invitation you gave to Clerks and Mechanics, as well as Farmers, to write for the "Young Ruralist."—O. B., *Paradise, Pa.*

The Orchard and Garden.

FRUITS IN SEASON.

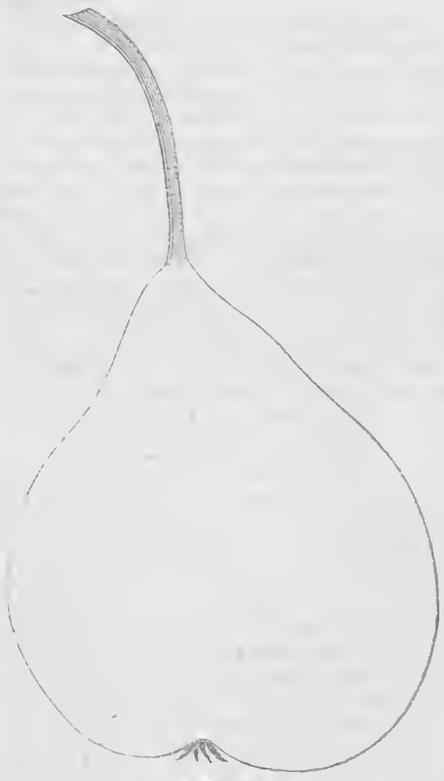
At the time of writing (Aug. 24th) the weather is cold and wet. Fruits are ripening very slowly, and the farmers are talking very seriously of rotten potatoes; indeed, signs of the rot were apparent in many fields we visited the past week. Since our last report the following varieties of pears have ripened:

English Jargonelle, a long, medium sized pear this year, though generally large, of a greenish yellow color, and generally with a dull, brownish cheek. The flesh is rather coarse, and it cannot be called of first rate flavor, yet it has a juiciness and a pleasant sprightliness that we like very much. The tree is a strong grower.

SKINLESS.

Skinless is rather small, pale yellow, with a slight tinge of red on the sunny side. Skin very thin, smooth and greenish yellow. Flesh sweet and of fine flavor. The tree is an upright, free grower, and bears regularly large crops. It is usually ripe here about the first of August, but we are two weeks later than usual the present season.

Osband's Summer is a medium sized excellent fruit, of a mild and pleasant flavor. Tree a good bearer.



BUERRE GIFFARD.

Buerre Giffard is a first rate, large and beautiful pear. We should not have much hesitation in calling it the very best of its season. As we design to be very careful in our descriptions of fruits, we quote the remarks made on this fruit at the last meeting of the American Pomological Society:

Mr. Walker, of Mass., considered it the best pear of its season. Mr. Buist, of Pa., esteemed it one of the best early sorts. Mr. Ernst, of Cincinnati, found it last year good; this year not so fine. Mr. Cabot, of Mass., thought it one of the best summer pears, but a feeble grower, making long, slender shoots. Mr. Hovey, of Boston, thought it a good fruit, but an indifferent grower and shy bearer.—Mr. Reid, of New Jersey, found it excellent, but not a good keeper; bears pretty well. Mr. Barry, of Rochester, thought it large, beautiful, and of first excellence, indispensable to the amateur, but not likely to be a popular orchard fruit. Mr. Warren, of New York, thought it the best early pear that he grew, but it should be picked early. Mr. Berckmans, of New Jersey, remarked that it should be picked early, when it was excellent—equal to Rostiezer and larger. The President, Mr. Wilder, of Mass., thought that, when its qualities were known, it would take a high rank.

We doubt whether so favorable an expression of opinion from so many parts of the country could be obtained for half a dozen other varieties so recently introduced.

Fruit—medium size, occasionally large; we have measured some specimens, grown on quince stock, that were three inches long and two and three-eighths wide; acute-pyriform. Stalk—usually about an inch long, sometimes one and a half inches, pretty stout, and inserted without any depression, except in rare cases. Calyx—closed, segments long and stiff, in a narrow basin. Skin—greenish yellow in the shade, sprinkled with carmine dots; sunny side red, varying from light to dark, and mottled with dark spots and stripes. Flesh—white, tender and juicy, with a sprightly, vinous flavor, and somewhat of spicy perfume. It is greatly improved, as all summer pears are, by being gathered before ripe.

The tree is distinct both in its wood and foliage. The young shoots are long and slender, the bark reddish brown, the leaves small, with very long, slender leaf stalks. This, although a moderate grower, with all the varieties named, succeeds well on the quince.

In the market, blackberries and whortleberries constitute our supply of small fruits.

PLEASURES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

There are pleasures peculiar to the city, and only to be enjoyed in populous towns. There are also pleasures peculiar to the country to be enjoyed alone among green fields, and groves, and running brooks. Then there are pleasures peculiar to suburban life, partaking somewhat of the character, of both city and country, and uniting to some extent the pleasure of both. Many who have longed anxiously and for many years for country life, fail to realize their expectations, when circumstances allow them to indulge their long cherished wishes, and they soon become disgusted with the country, and long to return to the town to engage again in busy city life. The same disappointment is felt by many who leave the country for the city. This disappointment results partly from a sudden change of habits and associations, from a want of adaptation to the peculiarities and requirements of the new mode of life, but principally from a want of knowledge of the pleasures peculiar to each. In the city, lectures, concerts, theatres, meetings and evening parties, make up the pleasures of a great part of its citizens. In a large city a person can manage to get along tolerably well, and pass away the time without a *home*, without a library, without great, ennobling, soul-stirring thoughts—almost without a soul.—In the country the pleasures are home pleasures, heart joys, the pleasures of thought. Miserable, or excessively stupid, must be that man who tries to get along in the country without a home, where the heart can warm and be warmed, make and be made happy; without books, in which he can converse with the great and the good, both living and dead; without a love of nature in his soul, so that when alone with the trees, and the plants, and the flowers, he can look from Nature up to Nature's God, and hold sweet communion with the children of the forest and the field.

Disappointment results sometimes from too high expectations. Fruits and flowers do not last all the year, nor does the sun always shine in the country. Clouds and storms, sickness and death visit the pleasant vale, and the rugged mountain's top.

Many attempt to do too much. They commence improvements that require a long time and a large amount of money to complete, and before the work is half done become discouraged. These remarks are only intended as prefatory to a series of practical articles on improving country homes.

THE NEW CANADA WINE GRAPE.

Through the notice published in the Rural, considerable attention seems to have been attracted to what has been called the "*New Canada Wine Grape.*" We are not yet satisfied that is a new variety. We hope to see specimens both of the fruit and foliage this fall, and then we shall be able to give an opinion in regard to it. In the meantime our correspondents seem determined to agitate the subject.

Eds. Rural:—In looking over the pages of the Rural, I find a statement of a remarkable Grape Vine, which requires a little explanation in order that we, Americans, of Yankee inquisitiveness, may know and believe the truth of such statement. It is stated that a gallon of the fruit will make a gallon of wine, which is inconsistent without a statement of method of the manufacture, as the seeds and other fragments would measure something of course; and for the vine to yield from three to five barrels of wine, (according to the statement,) would make the yield of the vine to be from twelve to eighteen bushels of fruit, which looks *rather large.* Perhaps our Canada friend will give us the desired explanation.—A. H., *East Hamburgh, New York.*

Eds. Rural:—Since writing (to the Rural) my account of the New Wine Grape, I have been constantly besieged by inquiries from different parts of the States and Canada. I am asked if I had any to sell, either plants or cuttings. My price, my manner of cultivation, &c. &c. Now, I will, if you will permit me, answer all of these inquiries through the same medium that they received the first notice of it. I have no plants to sell; the few that I had are engaged. I might, however, supply 1,000 cuttings for next year—for terms see advertisement in another column of this paper. Cultivate the same as any other grape, with this difference—do not prune it as much as other varieties, and consequently the roots must have more room and more manure, &c.—T. C. Kilborn, *Beamsville, C. W.*

Gathering Fruit.—Much fruit is injured every season, and its value lessened by carelessness in gathering. Fruit carefully gathered by hand will not only keep longer, but as it looks much better than when bruised by rough handling, will always sell more readily and at a higher price. A little care and neatness in selecting and putting up fruit for market is by no means labor lost. Any one will pay more for a neatly arranged basket of fruit than for the same carelessly thrown together. A few decaying specimens will not only injure the sale, but often really injures and sometimes destroys the whole.

Ripening Pears.—Those who are growing pears should remember that all varieties are much better for being picked three or four days before they become ripe. When fit for picking the fruit will be swollen and the skin smooth and glossy, and on taking it in the hand and raising it up, it will separate readily from the tree. The pears should be placed on a shelf or in a drawer in the house, and will ripen finely. By keeping them in a cool place the ripening may be retarded.

The New York Horticultural Society holds its fall exhibition at Niblo's Saloon, in New York City, September 29th and 30th, and October 1st. A large and well arranged list of premiums is offered, and the exhibition is to close with a festival and concert.

TO SAVE TREES FROM MICE.

Eds. Rural:—Several articles have appeared in the Rural within the past six months relative to the preservation of young fruit trees from the ravages of mice in the winter while the ground is covered with snow, and from the depredations of the grub-worms in the spring and summer. This town, which has the reputation of having added her mite to the list of good fruit, has suffered largely and discouragingly from the above named pests. Thousands of trees have been destroyed, and thousands less have been planted were not their destruction so certain. Being interested in the cultivation of good fruit (if not for myself) that will be a blessing to future generations, I have bestowed considerable thought as to the method of preserving the trees sound and healthy. The subject is of great importance, and no plausible means should be left untried whereby we may prevent their destruction. Different plans have been mentioned, which, to a certain extent, are beneficial. You will, therefore, permit me to add one other to the list, which, so far as the *mice* are concerned, will prove an effectual barrier. To protect the trees from mice, first clear away all rubbish from the trees, then take drain tile, say *two or three inch*, according to the size of the trees, and before the fall of snow place them in pairs around the trees, sinking them into the ground about one inch, and fasten them together near the top with a fine wire.

As the eggs from which the grubs are produced are deposited near or below the surface of the ground in the months of May or June, I would previous to that time, fill the tile with dirt, which will not injure the trees, and remove them so soon as the safety of the trees will permit, and examine carefully from time to time the body of the trees instead of the roots, which is certainly gaining some advantage over the enemy.—L. M., *East Bloomfield*, 1857.

Remarks.—It will soon be time to prepare for winter, and for fear the subject might escape attention at the time, we give two plans for preserving trees from mice. The one above, and the one we gave last week, strike us very favorably. They are cheap, of little trouble, and will undoubtedly prove effectual. Let them be remembered.

Information Wanted.—Eds. Rural:—Having been for several years a reader of your valuable journal, and wishing to make some inquiries, I avail myself of the liberty you allow your readers, and ask freely for information. 1. Can asparagus be raised from the seed, and what is the mode of cultivating? 2. What is the mode of cultivating and cooking celery? 3. What is the best method of preparing cauliflowers for the table? 4. Which is the best time to cut runners from strawberry vines?

Our apple crop is very heavy, better than for several years. Cherries, rather light. The peach trees are mostly killed in the openings, but we shall have a good crop in the timbered land.—J. B., *Coldwater, Mich.*

1. Yes. The seed should be sown early in the spring in drills an inch or so deep, and the rows eighteen inches apart. The best ground for the seed is a light, loamy soil. As soon as the plants are up the ground must be well worked. The plants may be taken from the seed bed either at one or two years old.

2. Celery is used principally as a salad. It is good for flavoring soup.

3. Cauliflower is simply boiled like cabbage.—Care should be had that the head is not broken in boiling, as it injures its appearance. It is generally served with "drawn butter."

4. Runners should be cut away as soon as they commence to form in the summer. You will have to go over the beds several times; particularly when the season is wet.

Cardoon.—What is *Cardoon*, its use, cultivation, &c.? Several of your subscribers here have it growing, and do not know what it is. If you can give us a little light on the subject you will much oblige—C. Brackett, *Rochester, Fulton Co., Ind.*

Remarks.—Cardoon is not much cultivated in this country or England. On the continent of Europe it is more generally used. The footstalks and the midribs of the leaves only are useful, and are used for stewing, soups and salads in autumn and winter. The plant requires blanching, like celery; and it is, therefore, planted in a similar manner in trenches. When the plants have obtained the height of about eighteen inches, place a stake three feet high to each, and tie the leaves loosely to them to prevent their being broken by high winds. The earth must then be drawn up around the plants, and this should be repeated as the plant grows, as for celery. In the fall the plants can be taken up as needed, and before heavy frost those remaining should be put into the cellar, in beds or boxes of sand.

The most approved method of cooking Cardoons is to select the solid leaf stalks and cut them in pieces about six inches long. They are then boiled in fresh water (without salt) until tender, when they are taken out, their stringy coating scraped off, and plunged in cold water, where they remain until required for the table, when they are heated and served with butter sauce, or any other sauce to suit the taste.

Peabody's New Hautbois Strawberry.—Eds. Rural:—Your paper contains an advertisement of Peabody's Hautbois Strawberry. If *half* that is claimed for it is true, a number of persons in this place would like to procure them, but we dislike to be humbugged. If you know anything in relation to this fruit, we would like very much to have the information. By giving it either through your paper or by letter, you will oblige, among others—S. B. Howell, *Painted Post, Aug.* 18, 1857.

Remarks.—If we believed one-half the good things that are said of this Strawberry, we would advise our correspondent and all others to purchase it at once. Unfortunately, we do not believe one-quarter that is told to be true. We have not seen it, nor have we conversed with any intelligent Pomologist that has seen it. We are decidedly opposed to the manner in which it was disseminated. The whole thing looked to us very much like a humbug, and we therefore refused to countenance it in any way. Our opinion was expressed by a correspondent in the Rural for April 4th, and in the number for August 15th, we gave our views of the manner in which a new fruit claiming public favor should be tested and introduced to public notice.

Ohio Pomological Society.—The Eighth Session of the Ohio Pomological Society is to be held at Cincinnati, and commences on Monday, September 14th, continuing as many days or evenings as may be desirable during the week of the Ohio State Fair. Packages of fruit designed for exhibition, may be sent to A. H. Ernst, Esq., President, at the United States Hotel, Cincinnati.

Domestic Economy.

PRESERVING FRUIT—AGAIN.

Eds. Rural:—Much has already been said, and much more may well be said, in reference to preserving fruits in a fresh state, if it will enlighten the public mind on the subject. But when all the theories have been discussed sufficiently, without settling the question fully, it will be prudent to test practically those which seem plausible, and let experience, the greatest of all teachers, settle the question.

Your Philadelphia correspondent in the Rural of August 22d, in his partiality for the self-sealing vessels commits several errors. He would make me to have said in the Rural of the 8th, "that I preferred *ordinary* glass bottles to anything else,' when I said no such thing, but stated explicitly what style of bottle was desirable for the purpose. He states further that "mould has never been known to form on the surface of fruit put up in tin or earthen ware," and therefore attributes the mould to the light and not to the presence of air in the jar or can. Now, what are the facts in reference to this? We have preserved fruits in bottles every year since, and including 1852; and in Arthur's self-sealing tin cans in 1855, and in his self-sealing jars in 1856. We found that tomatoes in tin cans so corroded the tin as to poison the fruit; and from the use of a single quart can about twelve persons were made sick from eating of them. And the currants preserved in tin at the same time were colored quite a dark shade. Since then we have used no tin cans.

In 1856, we used about fifty of the self-sealing earthen jars, and about an equal number of glass bottles. Of about one dozen jars of peaches kept for summer use, every one was covered more or less with mould; and of those used in the winter previous, about one-fourth or one-third were more or less mouldy—while those in bottles kept for summer use were mostly without any mould; and where there was any, the surface being small, very little fruit was damaged by it. The tin cans with us mould as readily as the jars, and both much more than bottles.

And as to the convenience of putting up, a person may cork up from two to five bottles per minute if the corks have been previously well fitted, and they are readily sealed in the most perfect manner by turning the top of the bottle after it is corked into a vessel of hot sealing-wax, which should be at hand, and which may be very cheaply made of the best kind from about seven or eight parts rosin and one part of beeswax. In order to avoid any particular care or nicety about fitting the corks to the bottles, I have procured the consent of an extensive manufacturer of bottles to make for me a quantity of bottles with mouth 1⅜ inches at top, and diminishing suddenly at a short distance from the top to 1⅜ inches, (which is large enough for peaches and all other fruits when cooked,) forming a flange or shoulder below which the cork cannot settle or be forced by the atmospheric pressure on it.

It is said that if there should be any defect in sealing a jar, it at once shows itself, so that the vessel may be opened and the fruit removed to another jar and saved. So, if the bottle contain fruit imperfectly prepared or put up, it will report itself by throwing the cork out without injury or loss to the fruit. Comparatively, we have sustained loss or damage to fruit in the cans and jars more than in bottles of over three to one, while bottles are cheaper than either.

Having never preserved fruit for market, and not being interested in the sale of either or any kind of can, jar or bottle, I only desire that all lovers of good fruit may have an abundance, in good condition, and at the least possible expense or trouble. T. G. Yeomans.

Walworth, N. Y., Aug., 1857.

PRESERVING CORN AND PEAS.

Friend Moore:—In your journal of Aug. 8th, a correspondent wishes to know how to preserve peas and corn, fresh. The way I manage is this:—Boil your peas or corn on the cob, for fifteen minutes; then remove the grain and put in your can, with sufficient boiling water to cover them.—Place in a kettle of boiling water for 30 minutes. Then drop a small piece of *bacon fat* in your can. Seal on the top; punch a small *air hole* in the centre of the top, replace the can in the boiling water—let it remain 15 minutes and then dip it in a bucket of cold water, when the sides of the cans contract or *draw in*, close the air hole. This method will secure about two-thirds. I have tried all others and failed.

For peaches or any fruit, omitting the *fat*, the above is a *certain* method. Of 75 cans put up, in 1855, I preserved all as fresh and good as when plucked from the tree. I use no *sugar*, thereby avoiding the danger of fermentation.

Bath Co., Ky. 1857. A. L. Ashly.

Preserving Fruit.—I wish to inquire if fruit put up in tin cans, air-tight, say cherries, plums, blackberries, grapes, strawberries, raspberries and peaches, will stand transportation without damage to the fruit, and how ought they to be put up?—O. Morse, *Tiffin, Ohio.*

Remarks.—We have described the process of putting up fruit in several of the past numbers of the Rural. When well put up they will bear transportation any distance. We cannot conceive that transportation will have any injurious effect unless they are taken to a very warm climate.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

PUDDLING PIG STEEL.

A Prussian correspondent of the Mining Journal, published in London, expresses surprise that some of the capitalists in England do not turn their attention to puddling pig steel, which in Prussia is making rapid strides. Puddling both iron and steel with gas, is very general in Prussia. In some instances the gas is obtained from the blast furnace, but in most cases it is generated to each furnace; dry wood, charcoal, lignite and turf, are employed as fuel. At one of the iron works where wood is used for gas, the charges are eight hundred weight of white mottled iron for each furnace, bring out twenty to twenty-one tuns of puddled bars per week, at a loss of only four or five per cent., and with a consumption of four cubic feet of timber per hundred weight of puddled bars. At another establishment, they charge with ten hundred weight of grey pig, and bring out the charge in two and one-half hours with 8.70 cubic feet of wood per hundred weight of puddled bars. A large rolling-mill is arranged to puddled steel with gas from iron lignite, to be converted into railway wheels and tires, for which there is an increasing demand; these are forged under the hammer to nearly the required form, and then passed through a pair of rolls to finish them. A preparation of pig iron, of the following character, is found to possess some excellent qualities:—A small quantity of common salt—say one and a half to two per cent.—is introduced into coke ovens, along with the small coals; the salt removes the sulphur from the coke, and hence the iron made with this coke in the blast furnace is materially improved. Bars made from this iron have broken like crown iron, and it makes capital rails. All such processes tend to bring the manufacture of this important metal to a continually higher degree of perfection.

IRON IN CALIFORNIA.

It would really seem that there is no limit to the mineral resources of this highly favored region, which but a very few years ago was an obscure province of Mexico, valuable only for its exports of dried hides.

By the last steamer we received a letter from Jos. P. Paxson, of San Francisco, in which he informs us that within a few days there has been discovered a large bed of iron ore in Placer Co., and the specimens which he had examined seemed to be almost solid iron.

"It lies," says the *Press*, "in vast quantities upon the surface of the earth, and an immense amount of it can be obtained with no further trouble than picking it up and loading it into wagons. It has been tested and found to contain *eighty-three* per cent. of pure iron. Mr. Lovell, of Auburn, the owner, has commenced operations upon it. He passed through town on Thursday last with two wagons loads of the ore destined for shipment to San Francisco. We understand that he has contracted for the delivery of a large amount of it to a San Francisco foundry. This is indeed a most important accession to the list of our mineral resources; and should the railroad be extended to this place, so as to reduce the present high rates of transportation, Mr. Lovell's iron mine will be more valuable than any gold mine in the country."

The same paper asserts that Placer county is unequalled by any other in the State, in the extent of her mining districts, the richness of her mines, or the variety of her minerals. In Green Valley, copper is found in abundance and in great purity all over the hill-sides. If this iron ore can be worked economically, it will be a most important addition to the mineral wealth of the Golden State.—*Sci. American.*

Windmill Ships.—The Diario de la Marina states that Signor Carbis, of Cuba, proposes a new system of propelling by the building of windmills on the deck of his ships, with great wings, from which the motion is communicated to side-wheels similar to those of steamships. The models have been successfully worked; and it only remains to be seen whether the force of the wind will be sufficient when thus applied, to give vessels the velocity of ordinary sailing ships. If this problem is satisfactorily solved, the Diario says it is evident that a windmill ship will be able to sail just as well with a contrary as with a fair wind—because, it being perfectly easy to alter the position of the wings, they may be always opposed to the wind, whatever direction it may blow from. The inventor has asked for the protection of a patent from the Cuban government; and, as soon as it is granted, he will commence to make his experiments upon a large scale.

Discovery in Veneering.—A process of veneering by transfer is mentioned with approval in the French journals. The sheet of veneer or inlaying to be copied is to be exposed for a few minutes to the vapor of hydrochloric acid. The sheet of veneer is then laid upon one of calico or paper, and an impression struck off by means of a common printing-press; this impression remains invisible until, as with many of the sympathetic inks, it is exposed to the action of heat, which is to be applied immediately after the sheet is printed off, when a perfect impression of all the marks, figures, and convoluted lines of the veneer is instantaneously produced. This may be repeated for almost an indefinite number of times, wetting the veneer occasionally with the dilute acid, without the impression growing fainter. The designs thus produced, all exhibit a general wood-like tint, most natural when oak, walnut, maple, and the light-colored woods have been employed.

Breech-Loading Rifles.—A board of army officers is to assemble at West Point, New York, for the purpose of making trials of breech loading rifles, with a view to ascertain which arm of this description is best suited to the military service. The trials will commence on the 17th of August, 1857. All persons intending to offer arms for trial are requested to notify the Colonel of Ordnance, in Washington, D. C., giving a general description of the arm each may intend to present, and specifying the calibre, weight and length of barrel.—Cartridges, or other ammunition suitable for the arm, should be brought with it.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ANGEL OF THE PINES.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

DARKNESS was o'er all the south land,
O'er the land of flowering vines,
While the night wind moved but faintly
Through the music breathing pines.
Red and fiery were the heavens,
Hot and arid all the air,
For the pestilence which wasteth
In the noontide hour was there.

All day had its dark-browed victims
Fallen before its mighty power,
Till at last its fearful shadow
Fell upon a beauteous flower.
She, who, in the SAVIOR'S presence,
Now, a white robed angels shines,
She, the gentle, blue-eyed JESSIE,
She, the Angel of the Pines.

In the cabins, rude and lowly,
She had soothed the bed of death,
While the stricken ones had blessed her
With their last expiring breath.
And when now upon her pillow,
She lay dying, cold and pale,
Broken was the midnight stillness
With the negroes' mournful wail.

Men with strong hearts, dusky maidens,
Matrons, wrinkled, old and grey,
Children, too, with tear-stained faces,
All for her, the loved one, pray.
But in vain, for where the waters
In the bright green pastures flow,
There a countless throng of children
Wait for her, and she must go.

And as if she heard them calling
Her to join their shining band,
"Sing to me," she faintly whispered,
"Tell me of the Happy Land."
Softly then the tall magnolia
Rustled in the evening breeze,
While the mocking-bird's wild music
Echoed through the distant trees.

And amid the south wind's sighing,
'Mid the wondrous night bird's lay,
'Mid the tears and lamentations,
Passed she from the earth away.
From her white and blue-veined forehead
Pushed they back the golden hair,
And the mother shrieked with anguish
As she felt the death-dew there.

Ere the morrow's sun had risen,
Ere the darksome night had fled,
A little grave beneath the cypress,
Made they for the early dead.
Where the whispering pines sing to her,
Where the moonlight softly shines,
There they laid her,—there we leave her,
JESSIE, Angel of the Pines.

Brockport. N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FOREST FLOWERS.

FRIEND RURAL:—Has any lady had the politeness to send you a boquet this spring? It may be you have been the recipient of boquets of rare exotics—pets of the green-house—that have been watered and pruned by lily fingers, arranged in the "most approved style," and sent you with the greatest possible care to stamens and petals, with the "compliments of" Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so.

Not such would I send you; but fresh-blooming forest flowers—too often over-looked by the busy world—the free, untrained children of the wild-wood, whose pure breath is incense laden, and whose ministering angels are sunshine and shower, and the airy fingers of the breeze. Sweet wood-land flowers, twining their young tendrils clingingly around rude boughs and decaying mosses.—Flowers that the sun, as it shimmered through the interstices of sentinel trees, stooped to cheer and gladden with its rays: Flowers for which the birds left their new-built nests, and flew down to sing sweet songs, beating time with their wings, while their little eyes sparkled with bird-satisfaction: Flowers for which the rude winds, that all day long swept wildly o'er the fields, hushed their loud tones to whisper low of spiritual things, while they with nodding petals gave response: Flowers, that the clouds have shed their tears upon, and dew has decked with evanescent jewelry: Flowers that the stars have watched over while they slept with folded leaves: Flowers, that with opening eyes have seen the sombre tapestry of night give way before the golden hues of Nature's morning-gown, and then with prodigal love, have shaken off the dew-drops from their waking leaves, and cast their incense freely forth: Flowers, that look up to you so confidingly as you stroll through the forest alone, that you feel an irresistible desire to gather them in, and sit down by some gushing fountain or silver cascade, and with humble heart, read and treasure up the lessons they would teach, of humanity and love, and feel as by the tightening of an unseen chord drawn nearer Heaven than before: Sweet flowers that are alike the gift of the rich and the poor, and all are permitted freely to "come without money and buy."

I've roamed through the budding forest and by the laughing stream, and over the hill-side, and one by one have captured them, that I might be the first to present them to you; and I pray you do not reject them. But I know you will not, for their fresh hues and untainted breath brings a freshness to the heart that is weary of conventional life.

See here! in the top a delicate fairy flower that seems as if shrinking with timidity away from the prominence of its position. And here is a nameless flower, with petals of the purest waxen hue traced over with delicate branches of crimson veins. And here, half hidden by its emerald surroundings, peers "the first-born child of Spring."

The snow-white and the azure-eyed,
Are sweetly twining side by side.

And here the red berry of the delicious winter-green, seeks shelter under its dark green parasol of oval leaves, (the same it carried last year,) and by its side the young leaves burst. Ah! see this beautiful little blossom, whose nodding head is crowned with gold. And this tiny cup still holds a sparkling globule—a remnant of the recent rain: And what a lesson it contains, teaching us to fill our cups with pure cold water, Heaven's beverage. And here is a cluster of pale blossoms with half-closed petals, whose pendant edge is tipped with blue, a mirror of the sky: And here's another on whose single leaves is stamped the faintest tint of pink, verging to purple where the gathered leaves unite. And this last circle is but a row of shining green leaves, exhibiting a fresh coat "water-proof varnish."

Come, my friends! ye who are weighed down by care, haste with me to the woodland, and brush off the blight of contamination, which too much mingling with the calculating world engenders, and drink deep of the elixir of life that dwells in every forest breath. Come and gather flowers for the bedside of thy pale, sick friend, and watch the faint glow of joy, that tinges the cheek and lip, as she receives them in her emaciate hand: and see the returning look of the old brilliancy to the eye. And the faintly murmured "thank you," will echo in your heart and waken a chord of quiet joy.

Gather them for your own room, my friends—for your own table, that when your weary eye is lifted from your book or work, it may be gladdened at the sight. And who does not sleep sweeter for the presence of flowers? Who, with flowers at his bedside, does not close his eyes with a sweeter conciousness of security, as if he felt the silent presence of guardian angels? Who has not felt that on each leaf, there rested a silent orison for him? Yes! Thank Heaven for flowers, and for all things beautiful to sight or sense, by which our souls may catch a freshened glimpse of purity and love. E. N. CAMPBELL.

Big Flats, N. Y., July, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

YESTER-NIGHT, I sat looking out from my window upon the southern sky. The day had been very sultry, and *heat lightnings* were playing in that quarter continuously. Here a vivid fork of "chain lightning" would dart up and quickly disappear; yonder a quiet, fleecy cloud opened, and showed a golden lining, and then, perhaps, the whole southern sky, parting from east to west, let in a flood of lambent glory—

"And we could almost think we gazed
Thro' golden vistas into Heaven!"

I sought my bed, thanking GOD for the purifying lightnings, and the cool breeze that had sprung up. Little did I know that a *storm* was brewing, more terrible than any I had ever known before—that lightnings responsive would answer from the north, and west and east catching the glow, would send back fiery flames, till the whole heaven was in a blaze! The wind, too, rose with the storm, and drove the heavy rain against the house, fearfully!

My room is a chamber just under the thin cottage roof. There I lay in awe, my hand pressed down over my eyelids to shut out the light—for it seemed to pierce through my very brain. *But even then I could see it!* How the thunder rolled! How it *crashed*, like the rending of some huge mountain from its base! How its *grated* deep and heavy, right over my head, like monster engines dragged upon jarring iron! "Oh! GOD be pitiful—GOD be merciful!" moaned out from between my lips, as with trembling hands I pressed my head—"Oh, that I were deaf!" In desperation I grasped yet another pillow to lay on my throbbing temples and deaden the sound. What a mockery! The house trembled to its very foundation; my bed shook—an instant, and it seemed as though a cataract of stones from off Heaven's battlement had fallen down, down on my poor breast!

The storm had abated. I arose, weakly enough, and went to the window. Lightning flashed in my face, and thunders still threatened from out the distance. But the All Merciful called them hence—the same who once said to the troubled ocean, "Peace—be still!"

Away in the north, kindled by the fearful electric fire, I descried the ruddier light of some *burning building*, streaming far up on the dusky midnight sky! GOD only knows what destruction of hope, and mayhap of *life* is there!

Many thoughts were in my mind that hour.—How differently do we listen to the voices of GOD'S Terror and his Tenderness! The tenderness is all around us—it blesseth us day by day—it hath ten thousand voices to call us to His praise. Alas! we heed them not! But when His terrors thunder in the ear, we *do* adore and tremble, and fall on our knees—full ready to do him homage. Oh, my GOD! Would that our souls bowed thus before thy *tenderness!* VIANA MEADOWS.

Eagle Harbor, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"RISE ABOVE IT."

ABOVE what? Why, above the ten thousand petty annoyances and vexations that beset the path of life. We may, we must be, at times, oppressed, and cast down, and discouraged; but if the heart is pure, the conscience clear, the motives true, we can "rise above" them all.

Few and brief are the years we live, and they swiftly pass. Far better were it if those few were full of good and noble thoughts and generous deeds, and if each and all should strive to lighten the burden that may be crushing a fellow traveler, and speak the kind and gentle word to the weary and way-worn. We know not the bitterness which each soul may have pressed and burning within, and it is better always to offer the friendly hand, than bestow the taunt and blow. The heart that receives them may bear in silence, scorning to return evil for evil, but none the less deeply is the wound inflicted.

If, through blindness and ignorance of life, of the world, you have chosen the wrong path, and cannot retrace, "rise above it"—do your duty, and hope patiently. Study yourself—the wrong may be in your own heart, and the evil within your own control. If friends you loved and trusted, turn against you, misrepresenting your intentions, betraying your confidence, "rise above it"—walk calmly on. Consciousness of integrity and truth, can lift you far above your enemies, and time will wear out the basest calumny. No lofty, generous soul will wrongfully accuse even the erring, and for such there is a reward. Envy and jealousy are at the root of nearly all the thorns in our path. Be willing to see others more favored, or more loved. Oh, let us be gentle, kind, true, loving, firm, faithful, and if we do not meet the same in return, we shall be strong to "rise above it," and live above more than half the wrongs and ills that crush the spirit. HATTIE.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINES TO A SISTER.

SISTER, since I met thee last,
O'er my brow a change has past,
Then my heart was blithe and gay
As the morn of summer day,
And my step was light and free,
Life was all a dream to me;
Now my heart throbs wild and deep,
Sister, I have need to weep.

Often now, I scarce know why,
Heaves my bosom with a sigh,
And the smile that should be gay,
Fades in pensiveness away,
And in wakefulness I seem
To be living in a dream;
In a dream so wildly deep,
That I start as one from sleep.

Ask me not, my sister dear,
Why within mine eye the tear,
From the fountain of the heart,
Hath so soon been forced to start;
Ask not, gentle sister, why
I thus early learned to sigh;
Memory but mocks my pain,
And whispers, thou hast loved in vain.

Barry, Jackson Co., Mich., 1857. LINDA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LEGENDS.

PERHAPS nothing portrays more beautifully the peculiar characteristics of a people, than the legends and superstitions gleaned from their peasant life. It is only from the lower classes, who must ever be the mass of any people, that any general inference can be drawn. Untrammeled by the artificial distinctions and formalities which creep into the higher circles, there is among these a certain *naivete*, or naturalness of manner and expression, which typifies the mind.

These legends, having their origin in remote periods, and traveling down through successive generations, from each of which they have received a certain bias and sanction, at last are held with the authority of oracles. Shades of character are in them delineated, especially those delicate points which it becomes so exceedingly difficult to portray in the more concise diction of rhetorical rules. Through them may be traced, too, their various stages of progress, from the vagaries of heathen Mythology to the more plausible tales of civilized life.

Superstition, or a certain proneness to credulity unsanctioned by sober second thought, has been with every people, whether civilized or savage, a prominent trait. The human mind seems to be constituted with an innate love for the mysterious and undefined, and it clings to that mystery and worships it. The fabled gods and goddesses of old sprang from this principle. The mind groping in darkness, yet ever conscious of something higher than itself, must needs worship that ideal, and seek to give it form and substance. Traditions were also in the earlier ages of the world the only historical accounts which were for long periods handed down, not by one or two historians who pictured it as it seemed to them, but by universal consent. If the records of Holy Writ to the skeptical want authenticity, they may find in the similarity of the most prominent of these sufficient confirmation. But their peculiarities, and the interest which attaches itself to them, consists in the blending of manners and customs—of original truths with the wild and oft-times beautiful imaginings of a rude people. And it is curious to see how, in the absence of set forms of expression, the mind seeks to portray itself in the visible objects around it. From this semblance of what was or seemed to be,—from their various ramifications, their mixings and commingling in a thousand forms,—we may trace the origin and progress of our own polished tongue.

Perhaps among none, the asperities of whose character have been outwardly so apparent, has there been prettier superstitions than among our own native Indians. With a language by necessity symbolical, it sought expression in every outward form which savored of beauty or of life.—Every cascade, every woodland, every prominence, every dell, had its legend. Truthfully nature's children, in everything had she a voice for them; and they conversed with her in all that simplicity of faith which springs from unreserved communion. The expressive names, which are never wanting in melody, of many of our lakes and rivers, will remain for many succeeding generations as mementoes of the red man. The Swiss herdsmen, chanting on bended knee with one accord their vesper hymns, till cliff to cliff re-echoes it, and the last faint ray of the day-god sinks behind the western hills, presents to the traveler a lovely picture of rural simplicity and of peaceful content.

Few minds, even though they have never beheld them, can fail to love the heaths and braes, the locks and moors of Scotland, which Sir WALTER SCOTT in his beautiful tales has forever immortalized. The merit and charm of these lies in their truthfulness to nature—in their copying, in every minute particular, the unsophisticated Highlander clinging to his barren mountain home with all the earnestness and tenderness of a mother to her child. Under the magic of his pen, which has so faithfully delineated its beauties, the country blooms anew, and the reminiscences of its glens, which cement together the hearts of its inhabitants, receive an additional coloring.

THE difference between a republic and a monarchy is thus pointed out by somebody: "Pile all the people into a pyramid, with the President for an apex, and you have the symbol of a republic. You can shake the President, but you can't move the united force of the people. Invert that pyramid, with a King for its base, and you have the symbol of a monarchy. Trip up the King, and the whole structure falls into confusion.

THE tick of a clock is the click of the "reel" that shows the rate we are running; or it is the foot-fall of the minutes, as one by one they leap to the brazen threshold; or it is the ring of the hammer and anvil of Time, as he forges the golden hours, while the little smithy sparkles with the seconds as they fly.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SEA.

THE sea—the sea—the open sea!—[BARRY CORNWALL.

WHAT an ever interesting subject of admiration and contemplation is the sea, both to those who dwell upon its borders, or those who, in the language of the scripture, "go down upon the great deep in ships." The adventurous trader forms its acquaintance, as the vessel's keel traverses its bosom on his outward and homeward voyage; the traveler sweeps it like a bird of passage; and the daring whaler makes it his home. Who can characterize the ocean? Who can contemplate its might or majesty? It is smooth and smiling, or rough and menacing; placid as an infant, or furious as a demon: quiet as a little child, or fierce as a maniac; rosy red, or inky black; snowy white, or "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue"—a very chameleon in its changeful hue. What variety of scenery! Heaving huge plains of ice in the whirling waves, around the shores of Norway—howling amid the "stormy Hebrides"—tossing restlessly between the two great continents—blissfully bathing in the Caribbean Archipelago, and smiling amid the Spice islands of the East, where "endless summer reigns."

The scenes enacted on its bosom are as changeful as itself. Now, in the terrible war of the tempest, the fate of a nation may depend, as a Lepanto or Trafalgar. Mighty nations have moved over its surface. The keels of a thousand armadas have furrowed it. The fickle bride of a thousand lords, it has been true to none, for its very nature is caprice. If it has borne in safety countless thousands of ships, from the Roman galley down to the humble fisherman—from the proud East Indiaman to the Marblehead fishing smack, how many has it destroyed in its resistless fury? The splendid line-of-battle ship, with her crew of a thousand men, her ponderous armament of guns, her huge leviathian bulk, seems destined to lord it over the ocean, in its wildest mood; but let the storm arise, and how impotent is man's strength and skill—he is indeed helpless. The mighty spars of that symmetrical fabric are snapped asunder—great bolts and braces are as reeds—the sails are whirled away to leeward, like wreaths of smoke—the huge fabric is crushed, not a bubble remains to mark the place of its destruction; and the story of its crew can only be known "when the sea gives up its dead." Grand, terrible and sublime, are the unfathomable depths of the ocean.

Hume, N. Y., 1857. IOTA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THOUGHT.

THOUGHT is the fleet-winged messenger of the soul, that speeds on airy pinions through countless and illimitable space, as darts the lightning from the hand of GOD. Born in a moment, as it were, at mediation of the will: it emanates from mind; riveting the great and good, spell bound, with envying admiration—a moment here, then—

"Like the snow-flake on the river;
'Tis fled for aye, now gone forever."

Grand and incomprehensible to the mind of man, it roams unfettered in its deviating course, till *Mother Earth* throughout pays homage at its shrine. Back on the rugged track of desolating Time, she plucks bright memories from the garland of the shadowy Past, and strews their relics on the pathway of to-day. Soaring afar through the mist-veiled sky of Futurity, with prophetic vision, she soars its unknown depths. E'en though its scintillations enhance but for a moment, then fade away as 'twere in death-like silence—yet 'tis but the ruffled calm, that precedes the tempests surging strife.

Pure and unsullied as they speak to man, the thoughts of the great and good, are undying!—Not as the

"Fading monuments of Time's monarchial sway,
They moulder e'en as men do pass away!"

No! 'tis glorious and eternal. Thought, noble and aspiring thought, doth live forever.

Norwich, N. Y., 1857. T. E. S.

MORAL COURAGE.

SIDNEY SMITH, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for want of a little moral courage, or independence of mind:—"A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back, shivering, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks, and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, where a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and particular friends, till, one fine day, he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice."

FAULT-FINDING.—There is a disposition observable in some, to view unfavorably everything that falls under their notice. They seek to gain confidence by always differing from others in judgment, and to deprecate what they allow to be worthy in itself, by hinting at some mistake or imperfection in the performance. You are too lofty or too frugal or too profuse in your expenditure; you are too taciturn or too free in your speech; and so of the rest. Now, guard against this tendency.—Nothing will more conduce to your uncomfortableness than living in the neighborhood of ill-nature, and being familiar with discontent. The disposition grows with indulgence, and is low and base in itself; and if any should be ready to pride themselves on skill and facility in the science, let them remember that the acquisition is cheap and easy; a child can deface and destroy; dullness and stupidity, which seldom lack inclination or means, can cavil and find fault; and everything can furnish ignorance, prejudice, and envy with a handle of reproach.—*Rev. W. Jay.*

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

UNDER the modest heading of "Home-made Chips," the Chicago Journal frequently gives from one to three columns of sparkling gems—emanations, we presume, from the brain-mine of B. F. TAYLOR, author of "January and June," and a thousand lesser but equally beautiful prose-poems. We take the following from his last collection:

NATURE is gifted with something wonderfully like imagination; forever re-producing herself, but always in new forms, new combinations, new loveliness, and her humblest tree passes through as many phases as her fairest moon. Now the summit is crimson and gold; now it rolls a great billow of green, and now it stands dark as the folds of a storm-cloud. So Nature busies herself all the day, and all the year long, in doing something new and something more for that tree; when it buds, when it blossoms, when it is full of summer glories. In the morning, she amuses herself in laying its shadows all to the westward; in the evening, she trails them, like a mourner's robe, to the east; and at noon she bundles them up under the tree. What mockery of sunset, of flame and of gold, when she touches it with frost. What a decoration for fairy-land, when the Winter endows it with pendants of diamond and pearl.

How like a large old-fashioned heart, is a large, old-fashioned barn; like the hearts of its builders, indeed, and how like them, is it silent and dumb; but it was not *always* so, for there has been a time, when the full hand of Providence was unclosed within it, and all the music of morning and summer and harvest, was blended beneath its old rafters. Was it not over a barn in one Bethlehem that a star journeyed and shone? Was it not in a Judean manger, that they laid Him who should come forth from the sepulchre, as a bridegroom from his chamber in the morning?

ONE half of what passes for nobleness of soul, is due to pleasant weather and a good digestion. One half of what is set down to the account of "total depravity," an alkali would make angelic, or a glimpse or two of sun, endurable;—soda and not sermons would be the antidote. In fact, folks and weather are pretty much alike. Give us an accurate weather chronicle, and we will interpret for you the seasons in the soul.

WE never imagined until we encountered the following, that a railway train is anything like happiness: A little child who rode fifty miles in the cars, and five in a stage coach, was asked how she came. "O," said she, "we came a *little* ways in the cars, and then all the rest of the way in a carriage!" Truly, does time gallop with the happy.

OLD JEREMY TAYLOR, speaking of marriage says, "It is not written, that in the beginning God created man, rich and poor, philosopher and peasant but male and female created He them." There is a pretty long sermon in a very few words.

LAUDANUM is one of the most expressive words in the language. When they discovered the secret of the slumber-bringing poppy, as it stole over the keen senses of Pain, till Torture fell asleep, they said, *laus deo!*—praise to God!—and so, we have in laudanum, a Latin hymn of thanksgiving that will be perpetual.

MEMORY looks back to the past, while Faith's blue eyes are directed to the future. That should be like the Daguerreotype, the autograph impression of sunshine; this, like refraction, that brings up the day ere it is ready to dawn.

SCOTT declared of these four lines by Burns, that they were worth a thousand romances:

Had we never lov'd sae kindly—
Had we never lov'd sae blindly—
Never met—or never parted—
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring, so small that a single ox, in a summer's day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities and many cultivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great ocean of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill, a rivulet—a river—an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.—*Southern Illinoian.*

THE following lines are taken from Sir Humphrey Davy's Salmonia:—"I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others—be it genius, power, wit, fancy—but if I could choose what would be the most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; breathes new hopes; varnishes and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up to beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amarsanths, the gardens of the blest, and security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair."

RAIN SONG.—Here is a delicious little rain song, as musical as the rain itself. We know not who wrote it, but is it not beautiful?

Millions of massive rain drops
Have fallen on all around;
They have danced on the house-tops,
They've hidden in the ground.

They were liquid-like Musicians,
With *anything* for *keys;*
Beating tunes upon the windows,
Keeping time upon the trees.

THE fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

The Traveler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WANDERINGS IN EUROPE.—NO. IV.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

Village Life in Germany.

If you cross the bridge over the Neckar from Heidelberg, and follow the road along the river bank to Mannheim, then turn to the right, and trace for a mile the broad Bergstrasse or mountain road, running along the edge of the plain between rows of fruit trees towards Frankfort, you will come to the ancient village of Handschuhheim. The Protestant clergyman of the village is Herr Decan B——, with whom I made arrangements to live in his family during the winter, where I would have a good opportunity to learn the language, and observe German manners and customs. If any curious reader of these letters should ever be in Handschuhheim, he may recognize the house at once, by an enormous stork's nest on the top of the chimney, where a pair of storks rear there young every spring and summer. Below the chimney is a very steep black tile roof, with dark windows projecting from it. The front of the house is all overrun by a grape vine, on which in the Autumn, you might see the thick rich clusters of the Muscatel peeping out from under the broad green leaves. The garden and yard are surrounded by a wall, covered with moss, and looking as if it might be as old as the village itself. There are fruit trees in the yard, and on each side of the walks rows of grape vines. In the rich Autumn, when the vines were laden with fruit, these walks were a favorite place for taking a little after dinner exercise. Over the tops of the houses one could see the green, fir clad brow of the Heiligenberg, bearing its lonely, ruined tower into the clear blue of heaven. Back of the pastorage is the church, dark with age, and massively built of stone. It has a heavy, square bell tower, rising up strong and rough, defiant of time and tempest. The bell calls to worship with a voice far-sounding yet sweet; more melodious an enticing, by contrast with the stern form from which it comes. The church belongs to the government, and is used by both Protestants and Catholics, for these sects have equal rights in Baden.

Herr B——, preaches at 7 o'clock on Sunday mornings, and as they never have the luxury of a fire, even in the coldest weather, it is quite a penance to attend service. The church contains an organ which is played by the village schoolmaster, and the music is accompanied by the singing of the whole congregation. Every body sings, even the little children, whose heads can scarcely be seen above the bare board benches. The congregation consists mostly of peasants. There is a reserved seat for the pastor's family, but in the other parts of the church the women and men sit apart from each other. The peasant women wear white caps, but seldom bonnets, and the men have commonly jackets, or coats of blue cloth, reaching down almost to their feet, and often black, wide-brimmed hats, such as were worn in the olden time.

The village of Handschuhheim was in existence before Columbus discovered America. In the thirty years war Tilly had his head-quarters there when he beseiged Heidelberg. In the latter part of the Seventeenth Century it was wholly destroyed by fire. So that the present buildings are not more than a hundred and seventy-five years old; but the foundations of its ruined feudal castle were laid in the darkness of much earlier centuries.—It is a characteristic German village,—a village of peasants who own little patches of land in its vicinity. It is a collection of small farm-houses.—One sees the implements for farming in the yards and hung up under the open out-buildings, and all through the winter is heard the measured beat of the threshers flail. The peasants do not generally possess land enough to employ horses to advantage in its cultivation, but the few that one sees are uncommonly large. Nor do they use oxen, but cows which are fastened together by a peculiar kind of yoke, so that they draw by their heads instead of their shoulders. Of course as the farms are so small and labor so cheap, much of the work is done by hand. One does not see very good implements for farming. Their plows are small and ill-shaped turning the furrow to the left instead of the right; and having two enormous wheels in front.

Their conveyances, for the road, are the most slovenly that can be imagined. It looks odd to see a couple of cows drawing a wagon. Often in the streets of Heidelberg and on the country roads, are met large lumber wagons with a single horse attached to them on one side of the pole.—The harness consists of but a few broad straps, being of the real Dutch pattern, and the driver commonly has but one rein. I do not recollect to have seen a single painted lumber wagon; they all look old and bad enough to have been used by the Dutch ancestors who emigrated to America. The wagon box is much wider at the top than at the bottom; often the sides are open like a ladder, and sometimes they are closed by wicker work. The wagons are commonly provided with a brake which is operated by a crank behind, and is used to prevent them from running over the teams when going down a declivity, for the cows have no power to hold back by their horns. Every day one may meet with these wagons, returning from the town, filled with peasants, men and women; if the beer has made them a little merry the one horse is whipped into a lumbering gallop, and the company sing and laugh as they rattle over the smooth Bergstrasse towards the village.

The warm sunshiny days of the pleasant Autumn passed swiftly away. Sometimes I climbed to the lonely ruins on the Heiligenberg, to watch the sun go down behind the billowy Alsatian hills, the shadows lengthen across the plains, and glide slowly up the mountain slopes. The various sounds of life came softened but clear from below, the noise from the village; the rattling of wagons over the paved roads; the shouting of peasants, as they returned from labor among the vineyards; and often the sound of bells from the distant villages on the banks of the Neckar. There was another favorite walk up the Mühlenthal, a romantic valley, winding away among the mountains. A sparkling brook flows along the bottom, babbling under hazel bushes, and before it emerges on the plain, flashes over the wheels of nine mills. By the banks are green meadows, but the mountain sides are covered with forest.

On the 22nd of October the grape harvest commenced. The peasants went up among the terraced vineyards on the mountain sides, and brought down the rich fruit in baskets to the wine presses in the village. In three or four days the vines were robbed of their white and purple clusters, and in a little while longer the broad leaves began to fall. Above the vineyards are chestnut groves, and beneath them pastures for the cattle. In the hazy autumn it was pleasant to walk among these groves resounding with the strokes of the poles that beat the harvest of brown nuts from the open burs.

The close of the Autumn was not so gorgeous as it is in America. The pine forests on the mountains change not a hue, and when the vineyards had cast their leaves, the contrast between their cold dull color, and the bright green of the pines above, was really painful. In the beginning of winter there fell a few damp snows, which lodged on the branches of the pines, almost hiding the trees. One night there descended enough to make a run of sleighing, and early the next morning, I heard the familiar jingling of bells. I threw open the street window just in time to see the sleigh as it came dashing into the village. It was filled with students, one of whom was driving.—On a little seat behind, sat the coachman, whose only employment was to crack his long whip, which, between the stone walls of the buildings, sounded as loud as a pistol shot. For two or three days the streets of Heidelberg presented a lively appearance. Sometimes the students hired all the sleighs on the stand, and as they drove along the Hauptstrasse the incessant cracking of whips, sounded like the firing of musketry.

When December came we began to look forward to the approaching holidays. I was anxious to witness the festivities of Christmas in Germany, where they are observed with more earnestness, perhaps, than in any other land. How beautiful and time honored are the festivities of Christmas.

Several weeks previous, the members of the family began to prepare the presents which they intended to give on Christmas Eve. Two Frenchmen, who were also residing in the family for the purpose of learning the language as well as myself, had never been in Germany at that time of year, therefore the customs were entirely new to us, and our curiosity was not a little excited. We were kept in ignorance, however, and our inquiries answered by the reply, that we were the children, and if we were pretty good and patient the Christkindchen would reward us with some presents, which we would find under the Christmas Tree on Christmas Eve. Several days before, the city of Heidelberg put on a livelier appearance than usual. Many of the shop windows were filled with appropriate articles for presents, and in some the Christmas Tree was displayed. The peasants brought fir bushes from the mountains, and exposed them for sale in the market place, together with trinkets of wood and earthern ware. Every time we went to the city we met people in the streets bearing away the trees, even the poor people purchased them and decorated them with cheap trinkets.

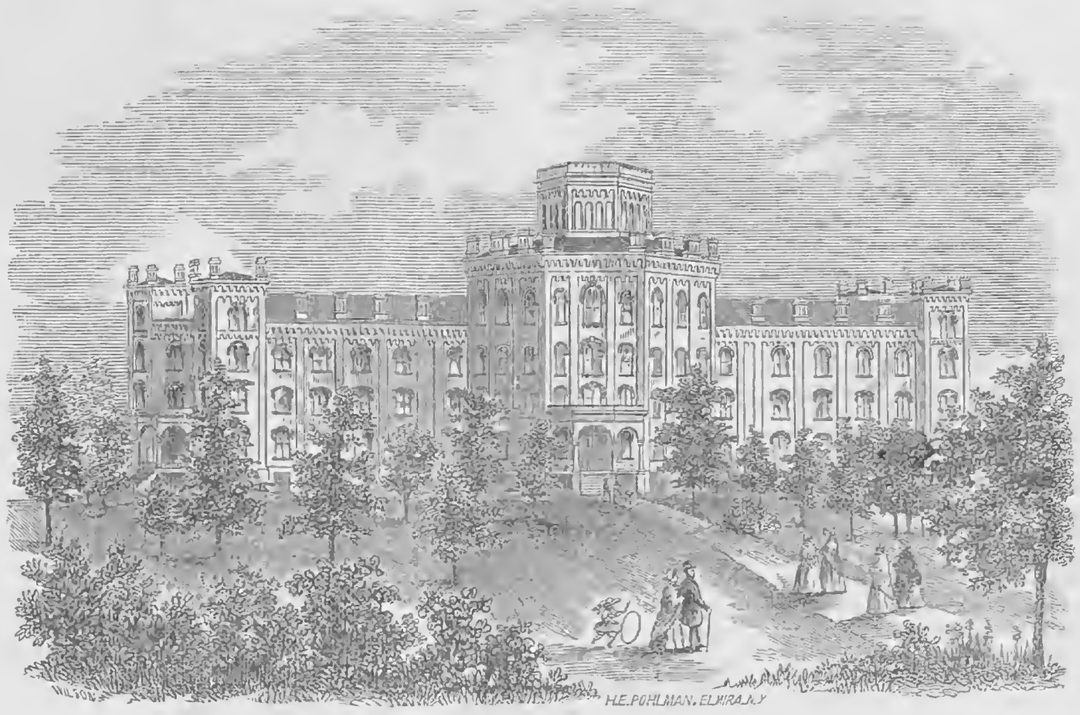
Christmas Eve came. A little after dark, we were summoned to the dining-room in the second story. A hymn was first sung by the family, and then the parlor door was thrown wide open, disclosing in the center of the room the magnificent Christmas Tree, rising out of a miniature garden almost to the ceiling overhead. A dazzling blaze of light came from the numerous colored wax tapers, placed thickly upon it; gilded nuts hung from its green branches in little baskets of gold and silver paper, and sweetmeats and trinkets were suspended by threads. There were also strings of various colored glass balls which glittered in the bright light, forming a strong contrast with the green leaves. As I glanced down the Christmas Tree to the tables underneath, my eye fell on a large plate, heaped with cakes and sweetmeats.—On the top lay a paper with the words "Zum Wilcox" written thereon. Every one received a similar plate besides other presents.

The Christmas Tree and the tables remained in the room until New Years, by which time most of the plates of sweetmeats were empty. On New Years Eve every body made himself merry, and we played for the trinkets which yet hung on the Christmas tree. As the hour of midnight approached the company collected in one room and became silent, and at the first stroke of the bell in the old church tower every one shouted "*Pros't Neu Yahr.*" The tapers on the Christmas tree were relighted, and while they were burning out we wished one another a Happy New Year, and according to the true German custom, the members of the family embraced each other.

The winter has been unusually mild. Since Christmas there has not fallen enough snow to bring out the sleighs again, even in the city, and on the smooth Bergstrasse. Nearly every day in February was sunshiny, and the cold only sharp enough, to keep the roads tolerably dry, and make it agreeable exercise to walk. Towards the end of the month the weather assumed the aspect of spring; the grass became green in the garden; the birds twittered in the trees, and the snow-bells thrust up their spiky leaves, and opened their modest white flowers towards the earth. The peasants were busy on the mountain sides, trimming the vines, or plowing in the fields, and preparing for seed time. March came in like a tyrant, blustering and threatening, as if conscious that his reign would be short, and desirous to show his power to the utmost. The weather, however, soon became mild again; the buds came forward rapidly, and by the middle of the month five or six species of flowers were blooming in the garden.

During this month the storks came. First one visited the nest two or three times alone, as if to satisfy himself that it was in good order, and afterwards he returned accompanied by his mate. It is a beautiful custom in Germany, which permits these birds to build their nests on the buildings, without the slightest molestation, and indeed their presence is considered an omen of good fortune to the house which they choose. Nearly every village has a pair of storks, and they build their nests also in cities. I have been told there are very many in Strasburg, where they are uncommonly tame, often alighting on the balconies of the houses. They rear their young in the spring and summer, and commonly go away sometime in August.

In April the fruit trees blossomed. The Almonds earliest, then Nectarienes and Cherries, and afterwards the Apples and Pears, all giving promise of an abundance of fruit. The grass in the garden was full of violets, and spots in the forests on the mountain sides, were really colored with beautiful white and blue flowers. Children went about the streets with nosegays to sell. One met fewer beggars, and the countenances of the common people grew more cheerful, in harmony with the appearance of Nature. Students, and the people in the city, began to frequent the walks along the Neckar, and over the mountains, and often the music of a band attracted them to the castle. In short, spring was swaying her scepter, and bountifully scattering her delights over the land, to peasant and prince alike, and as I gazed across the green and fruitful plain, to the blue mountains rising up along the horizon, and the waters of the Rhine flashing like a mirror near the borders of the Black Forest, I felt longings to commence a new wandering with my knapsack and staff, to see the wonders of Nature among the Alps, and the marvels of Art, stored in the marble palaces of Italy.



ELMIRA FEMALE COLLEGE.

The above engraving is a view of the noble edifice of the Elmira Female College. It was completed and dedicated about two years ago, and is probably unsurpassed in elegance, extent and convenience by any other structure devoted to Female Education in this country. Nearly $75,000 have been expended upon the building, grounds and furniture. Its situation is remarkably beautiful—on an elevation which commands an extensive view of Elmira, and the picturesque valley and hills in the midst of which it stands. The whole building is warmed by an extensive range of furnaces, supplying warm air to all the rooms and halls. Water is brought in pipes to every story, and every room and hall is lighted with gas.

The Assembly Room or Chapel occupies the first main floor of the central octagon, which is seventy feet in diameter. Beneath this is a spacious dining hall of the same dimensions. The eastern basement is devoted to the kitchen, bakery, laundry, store room and pantries, all arranged with the most approved modern fixtures and convenien- years' course of faithful study is required in order to graduation, which includes the Latin and Greek ces. The western basement is chiefly occupied by lecture rooms, laboratory, philosophical room, cabinet and smaller recitation rooms. The first floor of the eastern wing is taken up with the sick room, the classical recitation room, rooms for the matron and her assistant, and the offices of the steward and clerk. The main floor of the western wing is appropriated to the Library, the College Parlor, the Hall of the Callisophian Society and the President's Study. The upper stories are occupied with private rooms for the students and teachers, and with rooms for music and painting. There is also a fine octagonal gallery lighted from above, for the exhibition of paintings.

This superb structure was erected for the furnishing to young ladies a "*liberal education*," equivalent in extent and thoroughness to that which young gentlemen obtain in our best colleges, yet so modified as to be especially adapted to both the elegancies and the practical duties in which every truly educated woman ought to excel. A four languages, French and German, Mathematics as far as Conic Sections, and Astronomy—with a very full course of History, English Literature, Criticism, Natural Sciences and Mental and Moral Philosophy, together with superior facilities for the study and practice of music and the higher departments of the Fine Arts. The Course has been chosen with a careful regard to the appropriate duties and sphere of Woman, as recognized and approved by sound piety and good taste, with no sympathy for radical innovations which scorn the gentle modesty and meekness of a truly refined and lovely woman. While superior and elegant scholarship is required, the practical and too often neglected branches of domestic industry form an important and peculiar feature of the system which has been adopted, and which has been for two years in successful operation. *All the young ladies engage for one hour each day in domestic duties.* Circles or "groups" are formed for the various duties of the bakery, kitchen, dining hall, sick room, library, public halls, parlors, chapel, &c., which, by a perfect and systematic division of labor, are both cheerfully and faithfully performed. The severer and more disagreeable portions of labor are performed by domestics.

See official announcement in this paper.

THE GLORY AND SHAME OF A CITY.

This earth's earliest city was built by a murderer. Its foundations, I may say, were laid in blood. Enoch was its name, Cain was its founder. Those who, living far from the din and bustle of cities, read with a wonder that grows into horror, the dark record of their courts and crimes; those who see the blasting effect of their murky air on flower and shrub, and tree, only an emblem of their withering influence on the fairest human virtues; those simple cottagers who, tremblingly alive to their danger, saw a son or daughter leave home for the distant city, and received her back from a Magdalene, or him from a prison, to expire in the arms of forgiving but broken-hearted affection, they may fancy that the curse of the first murderer and their first founder hangs over earthly cities—dark, heavy as their cloud of smoke. We can excuse them for thinking so.

Great cities some have found to be great curses. It had been well for many an honest country lad, and many an unsuspecting young woman, that hopes of higher wages and opportunities of fortune, that the gay attire, and polished tongue, and gilded story of some old acquaintance, had never turned their steps cityward, lured them away from the rude simplicity but safety of their rustic home. Many a foot that once lightly pressed the heather or brushed the dew grass, has wearily trodden in darkness and guilt and sin these city pavements. Happy had it been for many that they had never exchanged the starry skies for the lamps of the town, nor had ever left their lonely, glens, or quiet hamlets, or solitary shores, for the throng and roar of our streets—well for them, that they had heard no roar but the river's, whose winter flood it had been safer to breast; no roar but ocean's, whose stormiest waves it had been safer to ride than encounter the flood of city temptation, which has wrecked their virtue and swept them into ruin. Yet I bless God for cities. I recognize a wise and gracious providence in their existence. The disciples were commanded to "begin at Jerusalem," and Paul threw himself into the cities of the ancient world, as offering the most commanding positions of influence. Cities have been as lamps of light along the pathway of humanity and religion. Within them science has given birth to her noblest discoveries. Behind their walls freedom has fought her noblest battles. They have stood on the surface of the earth like great break-waters, rolling back or turning aside the swelling tide of oppression. Cities indeed have been the cradle of human liberty. Having, therefore, no sympathy with those who, regarding them as the excrescences of a tree or the tumors of disease, would raze our cities to the ground, I bless God for cities.—*Guthrie.*

The Brain in Childhood.—It is a fact well attested by experience, that the memory may be seriously injured by pressing upon it too hardly and continuously in early life. Whatever theory we hold as to this great function of our nature, it is certain that its powers are only gradually developed, and that, if forced into premature exercise, they are impaired by the effort. This is a maxim indeed, of general import, applying to the condition and culture of every faculty of body and mind; but singularly to the one we are now considering, which forms, in one sense, the foundation of intellectual life. A regulated exercise short of fatigue, is improving to it, but we are bound to refrain from goading it by constant and laborious efforts in early life, and before the instrument is strengthened to its work, or it decays under our hands.—*Mental Physiology.*

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live at another time.

Sabbath Musings.

THE LITTLE COFFIN.

BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

'Twas a tiny, rosewood thing,
Ebon bound, and glittering
With its stars of silver white,
Silver tablet, blank and bright,
Downy pillowed, satin lined,
That I, loitering, chanced to find
'Mid the dust, and scent and gloom
Of the undertaker's room,
Waiting, empty—ah! for whom?

Ah! what love-watched cradle-bed
Keeps to-night the nestling head,
Or on what soft, pillowing breast
Is the cherub form at rest,
That ere long, with darkened eye,
Sleeping to no lullaby,
Whitely robed, and still, and cold,
Pale flowers slipping from its hold,
Shall this dainty couch enfold?

Ah! what bitter tears shall stain
All this satin sheet like rain,
And what towering hopes be hid
'Neath this tiny coffin lid,
Scarcely large enough to bear
Little words that must be there,
Little words, cut deep and true,
Bleeding mothers' hearts anew—
Sweet, pet name, and "Aged Two!"

Oh! can sorrow's hovering plume
Round our pathway cast a gloom,
Chill and darksome as the shade
By an infant's coffin made!
From our arms an angel dies,
And our startled, dazzled eyes,
Weeping round its vacant place,
Cannot rise its path to trace,
Cannot see the angel face!

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"MAMMA IS IN HEAVEN."

"'Now, little one, lead me to mother; strange she is not here to welcome the wanderer home again.' A sudden burst of tears as Mattie's curls bent over the hand she held, and the half-whispered words, 'Mamma is in heaven,' revealed to him the bereavement he had sustained."

"Mamma is in heaven!" Ay, thou blessed little one, thou hast now an angel mother. What though the dark, dark waters of the river of Death, roll between thee and that better land? Still canst thou hear those low, soft tones, so sad and mournful, and yet so full of love and trust—fulness, as they breathe sweet hopes of the joy and happiness to come. Still kneels that slender form beside thy bedside, oft as the still shadows of the starry evening gather round, hushing the strife and turmoil of the world, and hiding its sin and sorrow from all eyes, save those of the great and glorious God, to whom her prayers were offered. Angels looked down and smiled upon her, as she knelt there, and whispered that there was a happy home for her—in heaven. And now that the pearly gates have opened to receive her; now that the golden streets have been pressed by her o'erwearied feet; now that the care and sorrow that clouded the skies of life, has departed, and left light; *all* light; now that the God and Savior whom she feared, and loved, and trusted, has given her a glorious and immortal home;—*now* canst thou look upward to the blue, star-spangled heavens, and say, with chastened joy—"Mamma is in Heaven."

"Mamma is in Heaven." O, weary wanderer, who now will guide thee to the throne of the great Jehovah? Who now will lead thee gently, truthfully, to the pure Fountain of Religion? Who now will woo thee from the broad and flowery road, to walk in the narrow and thorny pathway? Who now will tell thee how the one "charms but to destroy;" while the *other*—the way the Savior trod—will grow wider and more beautiful, till heaven itself expands before the dazzled vision? Though thy form is tall and manly, and thy eye as the eagle's, still art thou but as a child, to struggle with vice and temptation. Will thy mother's teachings be forgotten, and all her precepts spurned? Will thou say to the world, "I am thine," and strive no more for Heaven and that angel mother? No! may the lofty hope that inspired her, still wake within thy soul the noblest impulses of thy nature; and may she still direct thee as of old, when kneeling by her side you listened to those holy words till earth seemed near,—oh, very near to heaven! She has only "gone before" thee;—thou canst see, e'en now, that she is beckoning for thee to follow her. Ay, and thou canst "hear *her* harp, sweeter than all beside," and thy heart seems filled with a "joy unspeakable," as thy calmed spirit whispers, "My mother is in Heaven."

"Mamma is in Heaven." Those tearful eyes are closed, and they shall weep no more;—those tired and weary limbs lie motionless, and they will never move again;—folded are the slender hands above that cold breast;—the dews of death are upon that pale brow, and the life blood no longer courses through the azure veins. The grave will close upon that silent heart, and hide that loved form forever;—still will the world be cold and heartless; still will the rude and unfeeling, heed not the tearful and sorrowing; and who, then, will teach the rebellious heart to "forgive and forget,"—and who, then, will love, with a love unchanging? Ay, weep now;—but not as those who have no hope; God will care for, and protect the forsaken and the fatherless. Bend low at the feet of Jesus;—unfold thy heart, and lay all thy sorrows there, He is thy Father and thy Friend, and He has said, "He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." He will lead thee home, even as He led her before thee. Thou shalt stand with her beside the Throne, and with her shalt thou strike the golden lyre, and sing the praises of the glorious Lamb. All is peace there—sweet, sweet peace, and all earth's sorrow hath departed from her now. O, then, weep ye no longer, but rather rejoice that *thy mother is in Heaven!* Rosella.

Hastings, N. Y., 1857.

Preaching.—Baxter said, "I never got a fanciful text, or an ambitious theme, on my knees."—"Special, internal, efficient aid," says Dr. Henderson, "will be granted to profoundly humble prayer." Says Wickliffe, "Great sanctity in heart and life will bring that eternal light from the Spirit, which cannot be dispensed with, in the interpretation of Scripture."

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year,	$2
Three Copies, "	$5
Five Copies, "	$8
Six Copies, and one free to agent,	$10
Ten Copies, and one free to agent,	$15

Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ A NEW HALF VOLUME commences July 4, and hence the present is a good time to form clubs for either Six Months or a Year. Agents and others will bear in mind that all subscriptions forwarding during the present month will count on Premiums. See Premium Lists on next page.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance.* Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

List of New Advertisements this week.

Sabbath School Convention—Committee.
Paring and Slicing Apple Machine—Wm. Failing.
Air-Tight Self-Sealing Can and Jar—R. Arthur.
Nurserymen, Dealers & Planters—Maxwells, Ramsden & Co.
Gould's Premium Corn Husker—E. Nash.
New York Conference Seminary—John C. Ferguson.
Eastman's Commercial College—G. W. Eastman.
Music Without a Master—Cheap Publication Society.
Black Spanish Fowls for Sale—P. S. Ralph.
Superior Marble Board—A. G. Shaver.
Small Farm for Sale—Robert C. Case.
Wanted—E. L. Thomas.
An Imported Boar—W. H. Clay.
300 Bushels of Winter Barley—John Williams.
Celebrated Family Sewing Machines—Grover & Baker.
1,000 Grape Cuttings—J. C. Kilborn.
250,000 Pear Trees—Geo. W. Wilson.
Mules for Sale—W. H. Lee.

OUR ADVERTISING FRIENDS will please note that, although the RURAL has largely increased in circulation during the past year, its advertising rates remain unchanged. Thus, while it is decidedly THE BEST medium of Agricultural and Horticultural Advertising in the Union, it is also one of the CHEAPEST. Our terms will remain the same as at present until the close of the present year and volume, when they will probably be materially increased, to correspond with our greatly augmented circulation.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 29, 1857.

Special Meeting of Editors and Publishers.

IN accordance with arrangements made at the close of the Fourth Annual Convention of the WESTERN NEW YORK TYPOGRAPHICAL ASSOCIATION, at Canandaigua in June last, a SPECIAL MEETING of the Association will be held at HAIGHT'S HOTEL, in ELMIRA, on *Thursday, Sept. 3d*, at 10 o'clock, A. M.—during the Fair of the "Young Men's National Agricultural and Mechanics' Society."—The Association is designed to promote the interests of the Editors and Publishers of Western and Central New York. The Constitution admits to membership any Editor, Publisher or Master Printer who subscribes to it and the Rules and Regulations adopted in accordance therewith.

As business of importance to the Members of the Association, and the Fraternity of the State generally, will probably come before the Meeting, a full attendance of all interested is very desirable.

D. D. T. MOORE, *President.*
JAS. T. NORTON, *Secretary.*

Affairs at Washington.

A POSTAL CONVENTION has been concluded between the United States and Hamburg. The mails are to be exchanged by means of United States or Hamburg mail steamers running direct between New York and Hamburg. Under this arrangement the postage is ten cents per single letter of one-half ounce and under—pre-payment optional; and two cents on newspapers—pre-payment required. The rates to all countries and places beyond Hamburg are identically the same in all respects as the rates charged via Bremen, under the U. S. and Bremen Postal Convention.

The General Land Office have decided against the pre-emption claim of a colored man to 360 acres of land in Wisconsin, taking the ground on the Dred Scott decision, that a free negro whose ancestors were brought to this country and sold as slaves, is not a citizen within the meaning of the Constitution of the U. S. This decision applies to all similar cases now pending.

The Interior Department has received intelligence from a reliable gentleman and fugitive Mormon, that Brigham Young is preparing to resist Gen. Harney; that he has relapsed into the rankest infidelity and atheism, and that he continues to hold up the Government of the United States to the supreme contempt of the Mormons.

The Secretary of the Navy has determined to shorten the cruize of National vessels from three years to two years. It is expected that by this movement more efficient seamen will be induced to enter the naval service.

The President a short time ago received a letter from Prof. Silliman, and others, including several Doctors of Divinity, objecting to the employment by him of the U. S. Military forces to execute the so-called laws of Kansas, and assuring him that they would not cease to pray that he might have the proper course of duty pointed out to him—or something to this effect. To this the President has just replied, briefly but positively—denying their premises, questioning their knowledge of those laws, and after acknowledging their validity, he calmly assures them that by the help of God he will enforce them, in accordance with his oath of office.

Information has been received at Washington of the seizure of the Island of Formosa by a United States naval force. It is to be held as an indemnity for the losses sustained by American citizens during the present war. The Island lies about ninety miles off the southeast coast of China, embraces an area of about 15,000 square miles, and contains over two millions of Chinese inhabitants, besides an unknown number of natives, who inhabit principally the eastern portion of the Island. The Chinese who live on the Island are generally of a bad character, as Formosa has for a long time been used as a sort of penal colony for the Chinese Empire; the natives are half civilized and cruel. The country is well watered and fertile, and produces great quantities of cotton, rice, with wheat, maize, and various tropical fruits.

Items of News.

THE Council Bluffs Nonpareil quotes potatoes, in that city, at $2,50 and $3 per bus., butter 50 cents per lb., eggs 25 cents per doz., and other things in proportion.

WORK on the Hoosic Tunnel has been suspended for want of hands. The mountain has been penetrated 720 feet from the eastern, and 310 feet from the western side.

SINCE the 1st of January 830 men have been shipped at the United States naval rendezvous, Philadelphia. This is one of the results of the late act of Congress in raising the pay in the navy.

THE New York American Inquirer says that Catawba wine is much imitated and adulterated.—That there is thirteen establishments in that city which "manufacture" champagne by saturating "still wines" with carbonic acid.

MRS. SARAH MATTHIAS, widow of Rev. J. B. Matthias, died at Staten Island on the 19th inst., aged 88 years. She was present at the inauguration of Washington—saw the British troops evacuate New York and when very young was sent by her mother with food to some who were in prison in the old sugar house.

SENATOR RUSK, whose melancholy death we recently recorded, was the son of a very poor Irish emigrant, who, when he came to this country, settled in South Carolina on land belonging to John C. Calhoun. He was a stone-cutter by trade.

THE actual number of men conveyed to Nicaragua from the United States to the flag of Gen. Walker, during the last two years, as shown by the books of the old Accessory Transit Company of Chas. Morgan & Sons, were no less than 7,006 shipped up the San Juan river, and 3,500 received from California. Mr. Bostwick, late Secretary of State to Gen. Walker, says that he can prove by documentary evidence, that no less than 5,700 fillibusters have found their graves in Nicaragua.

ON the 17th inst., about 10 o'clock, nearly 300 emigrants arrived at Castle Garden, by the ship Liverpool, from London, and in less than three hours nine-tenths of them were on the cars and safely on their way to the West.

THE trial of counterfeiters, recently arrested in Indiana, is progressing in Ripley county. Some of them have confessed their guilt, and told where a list of the gang, three hundred in number, could be procured. The list was found at the place named, and officers are in pursuit of the persons indicated.

MR. WASHINGTON CARROL TEVIS, of Philadelphia lately in the service of the Sultan as Nessim Bey, has been made a Khan by the Shah, and received the title of Runjeet Khan. His rank is that of Lieutenant Colonel of Artillery, and he is employed to re-organize the Persian army entirely. He has also received from the Sultan of Turkey a medal for his services in the war with Russia.

THE Buffalo Courier understands that the Western and American Canal Transportation Companies intend offering a premium of $1,000 to any one who will construct a propeller that will run from Buffalo to Troy in five days with 150 tons.

Two men employed in the Baltimore Gas Works, went into the cellar of the purifying house, to ascertain the cause of a leakage in one of the main pipes. A match was ignited in the cellar, when an instantaneous explosion occurred, tearing off the roof of the building, destroying six purifiers, and doing other damage, to the amount of $5,000. Both the men were thrown down, stunned and burned, but were not dangerously wounded.

STOPPAGE OF COTTON MILLS.—The New York Journal of Commerce has been furnished by a respectable Boston house with a list of looms, lately running on heavy cotton goods, which have been stopped, or are soon to be stopped, on account of the high price of the raw material, and the impossibility of realizing cost at present rates:

Name of mills.	No. of looms stopped.	Description of goods.
Lawrence,	150	on drills.
	330	on sheetings.
Boott Company,	480	on drills and fine goods.
Salamon Falls Co.,	300	on drills.
Mass. Mill,	500	on drills.
Laconia Co.,	500	on drills and fine goods.
Portsmouth Co.,	200	on sheetings.
New Market Co.,	500	on jeans and fine goods.
Great Falls Co.,	450	on fine goods.
Suffolk Co.,	375	on drills.
Amoskeag Co.,	500	on drills and sheetings,
Lyman Mills,	175	on sheetings.
Pepperell Mills	530	on drills, jeans, fine goods.
Total looms,	5,050	

In addition to this, about 800 looms on extra wide goods have been stopped, and we also learn of further stoppage in Rhode Island.

EASTMAN'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.—This Institution—located at Oswego, as advertised in our last number—is worthy the attention of young men desirous of perfecting themselves in Penmanship and Book-Keeping. We learn from Mr. EASTMAN that a gentleman recently donated $400 to his Institution, to encourage the Art of Writing. The annual interest of the amount, or $30, is to be expended in prizes to pupils, as follows:—"To the student making the greatest proficiency in Penmanship in completing the Collegiate Course, or in six weeks after entering the course of study, is to be awarded three of the best journals in the United States for a term of three years—one to be devoted to Agriculture, &c., one to the interest of the Merchant, and one to Mechanics." The Committee have decided in favor of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE, and the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, as the three best journals.

FROM MEXICO.—New Orleans papers of the 12th inst., contain articles from Vera Cruz papers of the 29th ult. and 2d inst., in relation to the Tehuantepec route. They urge the Government to make suitable provision for the opening of business, which is to take place in October, and they say that everything is progressing in a satisfactory manner.

A favorable issue of the negotiations with Spain was much doubted. The defences of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan were being pushed with much activity. Troops from distant provinces were concentrating at the cities of Mexico and Vera Cruz.

The Texas news is unimportant. The papers abound in contradictory statements with regard to the crops.

Financial and Commercial.

THE Chicago *Journal* of the 20th inst., publishes a financial article, viewing the gradual depreciation going on stock, and admits that it shows badly for Illinois banks. The *Journal* says:—"We are glad to see that our Chicago banks have so little circulation, whilst we are alarmed for the safety of some of our country banks who can never withstand a run; but must fail whenever specie to any great amount is demanded. Our people should be very careful how they take the bills of these distant Illinois banks, as many of them were got up to fail as soon as they had got out of all the paper that it was in their power to get out."

THE Revenue Returns from several principal ports for July, 1857, are stated as follows:

New York,	$7,002,203 24
Boston,	762,313 65
Philadelphia,	647,541 07
Baltimore,	219,508 00
New Orleans,	174,053 00
Estimated for minor ports,	150,000 00
Total for July,	$8,955,591 96

The receipts for the present month will be, as estimated from the last fortnight's returns, not far from $6,500,000. The unexpectedly heavy receipts for this month justifies an estimate for the quarter of $20,500,000.

THE Cunard steamer Persia which left New York for Liverpool on the 19th inst., took $1,742,507 in specie, and one hundred and thirty passengers.

NEW YORK city is flooded with counterfeit money. The *Evening Post* of the 20th inst., says that as near as can be ascertained, between thirty and forty men and women were engaged on Tuesday night in circulating throughout the city counterfeit $5 bills, purporting to be genuine bills on the Lee Bank of Massachusetts. Several parties have been arrested.

THE stock of pork at the New Orleans Inspection Warehouses, on the 1st inst., was 12,684 barrels, against 11,660 corresponding time last year.

THE Cincinnati *Gazette*, of the 19th inst., hears a sale of 1,000 hogs, deliverable within the last fifteen days of November, at $7. There were several buyers at the same figure, but sellers did not seem disposed to meet them. Owing to the scarcity and high price of products, packing will commence early and the first offerings will be taken freely at full rates.

THE Cincinnati *Gazette* of the 18th inst., says the quantities of wheat in Covington, Ky., and daily arriving, are immense. Countless bags are piled in the depot, although drays and wagons by the dozen are employed to haul it away, and as a consequence, prices are downward. There was a rumor yesterday, of some having been sold at 95 cents, but we were unable to ascertain the names of the parties. There is a great stagnation in the Covington market.

Political Items.

NORTH CAROLINA has amended its constitution so as to allow all who are qualified to vote for members of the House of Commons, to vote also for senators. Heretofore a property qualification has been necessary in the latter case.

THE adoption of the New Constitution in Iowa settles the fact that there is to be an election for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and members of the Legislature, on the *Second Tuesday in October.* The Democrats hold their State Convention to nominate State officers, at Iowa city, on the 26th instant.

THE St. Louis *Republican* of Tuesday 18th, gives the official returns from ninety counties in Missouri, and unofficial from the balance of the State, save four counties. Its footings show a majority of nine votes for Stewart. The counties to be heard from gave Buchanan about four hundred majority last November. The *Republican* thinks Stewart's election may be regarded as a fixed fact.

THE Democrats have elected their Governor in Tennessee by 10,000 majority—and a majority of the Legislature. Two U. S. Senators will be chosen, to succeed Gov. Jones and John Bell. In Texas, the same party succeeded, in the late election, by 12,000 majority. The Legislature will also choose two Democratic U. S. Senators.

THE Minnesota Democratic Convention, on the 19th inst., passed a resolution for the appointment of a committee to confer with the Republican Convention for the purpose of arranging for the submission of but one constitution to the people. It is not probable that the members of the two bodies will meet in one Convention, but the great obstacle to the immediate settlement of the difficulties is removed.

THE Galveston Civilian gives returns from 98 counties in Texas, showing the Democratic candidate for Governor 4,500 ahead.

THE Iowa Republican Convention met on the 19th inst. Gen. Lowe was nominated for Governor, and Orin Faville for Lieut. Governor.

Kansas Intelligence.

THE correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat says, that nearly two hundred indictments have been found against persons residing in the neighborhood of Topeka, and that six men had been arrested in Franklin county, by dragoons, and taken to the camp. Rumor says that Gov. Walker is indignant at Judge Cato's decision that payment of taxes is the requisite qualification for voters. Ex-Gov. Robinson had been notified to appear at Lecompton on the 8th inst., on the old charge of usurpation of office.

Gov. Walker, in official despatches recently received, says that on one point he has been grossly misrepresented, viz: as desiring that every man should vote who happened to be in the Territory on the day of the election for the ratification of the Constitution. This, he remarks, would be desirable, if there were conclusive evidence that all such persons were actual bona fide settlers; but the only sufficient and usual proof of such a fact would be some previous residence. On this point, which is one of detail, he had never proposed to make suggestions to the Convention, although when asked his opinion by members of that body, he had indicated a previous residence of three or six months; and that the same qualifications should be adopted in the Constitution in regard not only to that, but to all future elections.

The Affairs of Gotham.

The Municipal War—Mrs. Cunningham—An Universal Law and Medical School: Cui Bono?—Woe-begone Fillibusters—Cure for Uneasy Youths.

HAVE the readers of the RURAL any interest in New York city matters? Is there one among them who has succeeded in following our municipal affairs through the bewildering labyrinth of injunctions, *quo warrantos, certioraries,* and other legal technicalities, in the midst of which they have wandered for months past, while the uninitiated have obtained new conceptions of the multitude of sharp turns available to those versed in law, and by which they are enabled to escape the seemingly inevitable grasp of consequences which follow close upon their heels? Is there one who has not formed a mental image of Mrs. CUNNINGHAM, in which hoofs and a forked tail fitly accompanied the demure suit of black with which that amiable body testifies to her undoubted respect for her murdered HARVEY'S —— money?

It cannot be that the circumstances by which the metropolis has been agitated should have escaped the attention of our good friends of "the RURAL districts," who have so kindly volunteered of late, to take a hand in the control of our domestic affairs. Doubtless the principal events in the recent history of this city are nearly as familiar to RURAL readers as to us who have lived in the midst of the excitement they occasioned.

We have been justly proud of the general diffusion of knowledge in this country, but the progress of education up to a late date is as nothing compared with its more recent advance. The multitude are no longer confined to the meagre learning of the common school, but the mysteries of professional knowledge have been thrown open to them with an unstinted hand. New York has become a great school of law and medicine, conducted upon the most democratic principles, and thanks to Mayor WOOD, Mrs. CUNNINGHAM, and liberal minded officials, we have all received gratuitous instruction in jurisprudence and medical science until even our newsboys are fitted for practising attorneys or professors of obstetrics.—The tendency of these things is, at the best, questionable. What good is to result from filling our dailies with descriptions of the routine of lying-in hospitals to serve as a jest for overgrown boys and vulgar minded men.

A little law can do us no harm, but we have been overdosed with it until our systems begin to re-act, and it is a question whether we shall not rid ourselves of it altogether. It by no means increases one's respect for law, or its dispensers, to see how evidently they are biased by partisan feeling, which has brought them so directly in collision that there is no mistaking it. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," however, and what disgusts us, furnishes huge enjoyment to others.—The lawyers of course are in a special state of *felicity,* while Mayor WOOD seems to be in his element.

Situated as it is at the confluence of the two great thorough-fares of New York—Broadway and Bowery—the Park is made the rallying point of politicians, fillibusterers and others whose object is to draw a crowd. Quite a sensation was created there to-day by a meeting of the latter class, consisting of some 260 deserters from WALKER'S Nicaraugan army, who had just arrived in the *Tennessee,* friendless, moneyless and forlorn. The poor fellows had gathered there to excite sympathy and the mute eloquence of their wasted forms, haggard visages and bruised and wounded limbs, moved the heart of many a foe to fillibusterism in their behalf.

Never did we see so sorry a set. The diet of dead dogs, rats and other unclean beasts, upon which, they for some time subsisted, had furnished them with but little flesh to hide their broken bones. Although, as a general thing, they appeared to enjoy ordinary health, their bronzed and shrunken features told of no ordinary degree of exposure and suffering, while here and there was one whose corpse-like countenance or gangreened limbs, prophesied of a speedy termination of his adventures. They were dressed, as a general thing, in nothing but filthy shirts and trowsers and slouched hats of all descriptions, with bare feet encrusted with dirt and ornamented here and there with rags around the toes.

Their case was presented to the crowd by various persons, assisted at intervals by some of the more fluent among the unfortunates, and several hundred dollars was soon raised for them. They are said to be principally farmers from the Western States, who went to Nicaragua to settle, and not as soldiers, but were impressed by WALKER, whom all curse most bitterly. They are said to be anxious to return home, and they certainly *looked it.* One intelligent appearing man we found fast asleep, with his head pillowed upon a stone—dreaming, no doubt, of "those he left behind him" in his Western home. Have any of your readers sons whom they wish to cure of a taste for roaming?—Let them send for a returned fillibusterer and if it does not have a salutary effect, nothing will.

Yours, WILKIRK.

TREMENDOUS STORMS.—A terrible hurricane passed over the town of Woodland, Wis., on the 22d inst., destroying every house in the place. Mr. Fox, a Railroad station agent, was run over and instantly killed, while endeavoring to stop a train of freight cars which the wind had got in motion. The telegraph lines were prostrated, and the railroad track much injured.

There was a tremendous storm at City Point, James River, Va., on the 18th inst. The ships Rigo and Willard, and the schooners Jamestown, Susan, and Fanny Beach, were badly damaged. Loss about $5,000.

DEATH OF THOMAS DICK, LL. D.—Dr. Dick, the author of "The Christian Philosopher," and many other works of a religio-scientific character, which have been and are still very popular on both sides of the Atlantic, died at Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, Scotland, on Wednesday, the 29th of July, at the advanced age of eighty-three. Up to the close of his life he was an earnest devotee of the sciences, Astronomy being his favorite study, and that in which he was probably most at home.

THE Sardinian government has abrogated the usury laws: the Prussian, at the next session of the chambers, will do the same, at the instance of the Tribunals of Commerce.

News Clippings.

— A good early vintage is expected in France.

— The valuation of Racine, Wis., is 3,219,553 75.

— There has been a fresh eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

— Eugene Sue, the novelist, died in Paris on the 3d inst.

— The Queen of the Netherlands is on a visit to Liverpool.

— The season in England has been unusually free from rain.

— Mules were selling in Minnesota, at from $350 to $500 per pair.

— There is a great demand at the west for eastern school teachers.

— The U. S. steam frigate Mississippi left on the 19th inst., for China.

— New hay sells at Chicago at $4 a ton. The old in June sold at $40.

— There were 24 deaths last week in N. Y. city from violent causes.

— The Buffalo Courier says there are 92 practicing physicians in that city.

— The body of the son of Napoleon I, is soon to be brought to Paris.

— There are on an average ten deaths a day by cholera at St. Petersburg.

— A general census of the Russian Empire has been ordered to be taken.

— The sale of the Delaware Kansas Indian Trust lands yielded over $578,000.

— Mr. George Peabody has taken $50,000 worth of Atlantic Telegraph Stock.

— The Chippewa Indians killed 30 Sioux Indians on the 1st inst., on Red River.

— Extensive frauds have been discovered in Portugal in the manufactory of wine.

— Mr. Struss, of the Cincinnati Commercial, died very suddenly, on the 19th inst.

— The cotton mills generally in New England are running but five days in a week.

— About thirty artesian wells are now in successful operation in Iroquois Co., Illinois.

— Boston intends to widen her business streets, at an expense of half million of dollars.

— Counterfeit dimes are in circulation. They are an excellent imitation of the genuine.

— The King of Naples has forbidden the practice of the photographic art in his dominion.

— A boy was killed by a vicious ox at a slaughter-house in Philadelphia, Wednesday week.

— A British paper predicts that before 1900, every wooden hull will disappear from the ocean.

— The specie taken out from England by the last nine India packets amounts to £6,924,050.

— Dr. Griswold, who has figured a good deal as a literary man, is dangerously and hopelessly ill.

— The potato rot appears to be very troublesome in the lower part of the State of New Jersey.

— White oak staves for the West Indies have become quite an article of export from Detroit.

— No new cotton has yet reached New Orleans. Last year, the first bale arrived on July 15th.

— Several cases of yellow fever occurred on board the bark Oakland from Havana, at New York.

— The original manuscript of Walter Scott's Peveril of the Peak, was sold lately at auction for £50.

— Joseph Hull, of Ky., has been tendered, but declined the appointment of Commissioner of Patents.

— The Cunard steamship Persia, sailed from New York on the 19th inst., and took $1,742,507 in specie.

— The Bishop of London has issued a prayer to be used in churches and families for Englishmen in India.

— A person swam over the St. Lawrence, opposite to Montreal, a distance of three miles, in 55 minutes.

— The total mortality in Boston in July, was 303, the smallest number during that month for many years.

— A statue of John Adams, for the Mount Auburn Cemetery in now at Rome in readiness to ship for Boston.

— Mr. Colliday died of hydrophobia in Philadelphia on the 10th inst. He was bitten by a small cur last March.

— Letters from France say that the silk harvest there is from one-third to one-fourth below a fair ordinary crop.

— New York city has now a large force of men at work on their new, and what will be, magnificent Central Park.

— The Seguine's Point Hospital, on Staten Island, about which so much fuss has been made, is to be discontinued.

— The Hudson River Railroad has ordered four wrought-iron cars to be made, and used on their road by way of trial.

— The late Gov. Marcy, when he left his New England home to study law, received from his father $13 as an outfit.

— Attacks have been made on the chapel of the Mormons in Birmingham, England, and attempts made to destroy it.

— Professor Silliman had his pocket picked of a hundred dollars while attending the Scientific Convention at Montreal.

— The steamer Fulton sailed on the 22d inst., for Southampton and Havre, with 97 passengers and $597,000 in specie.

— At Seville, Spain, recently, 25 "rebels" were shot.—The soldiers fired so widely, that three spectators were also killed.

— The splendid harvest weather in England continued until August 1st, and the wheat was being gathered in fine order.

— A dispatch to the London Post says Marshal Serrano was expected to leave for Cuba to take the post of Captain General.

— An explosion occurred in a coal mine at Ashton-under-Tyne, Eng., on the 31st ult, and about 40 of the miners were killed.

— There is to be a general R. R. Convention in N. Y. city, Sept. 1st, to take into consideration the present condition of the system.

— A settlement of free negroes has been established on the Popoloapam, near Vera Cruz. They were emigrants from Louisiana.

— A bear, weighing 200 pounds, was killed a few days ago by Mr. Albert Dewitt in the woods near the Bleecker factory, Fulton county.

— A remarkable sunfish, weighing 500 pounds, was lately left in a hollow by the receding tide at Hempstead, Long Island, and captured.

— The Rev. Dr. Cummings, of Genesee, has been unanimously elected to the Presidency of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Ct.

— Another comet was discovered at the Paris Observatory, by M. Dien, on the 28th ult., and on the 30th ult., by Prof. Habicht, of Gotha.

— The jail of Lehigh Co., Pa., on the 21st inst., night, experienced a general delivery, by the escape of all the prisoners, four in number.

— The new wheat in France was proving of excellent quality, and realized an advance of from one to two francs per hectolitre upon the old.

— All the members of the East India Co.'s civil service, at present on leave of absence, have, except the sick, been ordered to return forthwith.

— The widowed mother of Eugene Sue married Dr. Nathaniel Niles, formerly of Boston, and for several years Charge d' Affairs at Sardinia.

— A Miss Wood recently recovered ten thousand dollars damages for a breach of promise, from a faithless swain.—High price for wood, we think.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Arabia.

THE steamship Arabia arrived at New York on the 19th instant.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Lords, Lord Campbell presented a petition from the Queen and Princess of Oude, residing in England, expressing great regret at the revolt in India, and the suspicion attached to their relative, the ex-King. The petitioners stated that they had received assurances from the King that he was entirely innocent of any complicity in the outbreak, and they prayed that the charges against them might be made known, so that he might establish his innocence. Objections were raised on merely technical grounds and it was withdrawn.

The shore cable of the Atlantic telegraph was successfully landed at Valencia Bay on the evening of the 5th. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland received it formally from the officers and men of the Niagara and Susquehanna, amidst great enthusiasm. The expedition is said to have put to sea shortly after the landing of the cable, but as the telegraph line to Valencia Bay was not completed, we are without information as to its progress.

The weather in England had become rough and stormy, but was rather more settled on Saturday.

The Emperor and Empress of the French, accompanied by Count Walewski, and a small suite, arrived at Osborne on a visit to Queen Victoria, on the morning of the 6th. The visit was a strictly private one, and would not, it is believed, extend beyond the Isle of Wight, and probably Portsmouth Navy Yard. The most vigilant surveillance was kept up in the neighborhood of Osborne, and all over the island by a strong police force from London.

Bishop Bloomfield, late Bishop of London, died on the 5th inst., from an epileptic attack.

A petition calling upon Parliament to send ont a much larger military force to India than was contemplated, was receiving numerous signatures.

FRANCE.—The trial of the Italians accused of an attempt to assassinate the Emperor, had resulted in a verdict of guilty, with extenuating circumstances, in favor of Bartolotto and Grilli. The Court sentenced Tobaldi to transportation for life, and Bartolotto and Grilli to 15 years imprisonment. The trial excited very little interest.

The new Minister of War had decided that Kabylis, recently conquered, shall form a new military subdivision.

The Paris correspondent of the Times, in a letter upon the Spanish-Mexican question, says:—"From 40,000 to 50,000 Americans were ready to march into the Mexican Territory, as auxiliaries against the Spaniards. If any difficulty on the score of Nationality had been raised, they would have assumed the Mexican flag, and enrolled themselves as Mexican citizens, or soldiers. The Mexican government seemed to have no objection to a war with Spain." The same letter says, "The Spanish government goes on with its military preparations, as if no mediation had been accepted.—The effective strength of the army is expected soon to be 120,000 men; and there was a rumor in Madrid, that the Royal Guard would soon be re-established."

ITALY.—The search of an English steamer, on which it was expected Mazzini was a passenger, by the officials at Naples, without any previous application for the consent or presence of any British authority, was much talked of at Naples, and a correspondent of the Times believes that a remonstrance had been sent to the Neapolitan government, but without eliciting any answer.

The crops in Italy had all been secured, and the wheat harvest was set down at an average of a crop and a half. A considerable increase was also anticipated in the quantity of wine.

TURKEY.—A despatch from Vienna states that the French Ambassador at Constantinople took down his flag on the 5th, but informed the Turkish government that he should not leave his post for some days.

The tribes of the New Pulais had pillaged the Christians at the town of Nour, and the French consul at Behroud had gone to the place.

The Porte having refused to annual the late election in Moldavia, the Ministers of France, Russia, Prussia and Sardinia have broken off diplomatic relations with that power.

DENMARK.—A concession had been granted to an English establishment of a sub-marine telegraph between England and the Western coast of Schleswig.

RUSSIA.—The Emperor of Russia returned to St. Petersburgh on the 15th inst., after his visit to Germany.

A despatch from St. Petersburgh says that Schamyl, with the main body of his troops, had been beaten at Isalatavia, leaving 400 on the field, while the Russian loss was only 55 killed and wounded.

A letter from St. Petersbugh states that Russia has asked for such modification of the Treaty of Paris as would enable her to employ operatives on the coast of Circassia.

INDIA.—There is nothing later from India; but the papers continue to publish details of the atrocities committed by the Hindoos. The belief in the fall of Delhi had become almost universal.—The report of its capture previous to the 17th of June have been found to be unquestionably false; but the impression is that it took place two or three days later, and although the news had not been received by the government authorities, it had reached the native Bankers, and had prompted the purchases which they were making at advanced prices, both at Calcutta and Bombay, just before the departure of the mail from India. Expectation is now chiefly directed to the regular India and China telegraph, which may be looked for in a few days.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., and others report flour and wheat steady, the latter having recovered the decline advised per Columbia. Corn very dull and rather lower, except white which was nominally 45@46s. Red wheat Sold and 8s6d. White 9s3d@9s8d. The Brokers' Circular reports a decline in the week in these articles, say 6d on flour and 2d@3d on wheat, and 6d on corn.

Provisions.—Messrs. Bigland, Althay & Co., Richardson, Spence & Co., report beef and pork quiet but firm, at former rates. Lard dull at 70s. Bacon quiet, but unchanged. Tallow steady, demand 1s for North American.

Arrival of the Anglo Saxon and Washington.

THE steamship Anglo Saxon arrived at Quebec on the 23d, and the Washington at New York on the 24th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Owing to an accident on shore connected with the landing of the cable, the telegraph expedition did not finally sail from Valencia, Ireland, until the evening of Friday, the 7th inst.

The latest report from Valencia is dated 2 P. M., Aug. 10th, as follows:—The work of laying down the Atlantic cable is going on as satisfactorily as the best friends of the enterprise could desire.—Up to the present time about 300 miles of the cable have been laid. The depth of the water into which it is now being submerged is nearly two miles. The laying of the cable from the shallow to the deep waters was executed without difficulty. The signals from on board the steamer Niagara are everything that electricinn could ucsire. The steamers are heading west with a moderately fair breeze, and the cablo is being run out from the Niagara at the rate of about five miles per hour, and messages are being constantly received on shore.

THE LATEST FLASH FROM ON BOARD THE NIAGARA.—"All well on board the Frigate. Moderate westerly winds. All more and more trustful of complete success."

Lord John Russell had reported from the Parliamentary Select Committee that the Jews could not be admitted as members of Parliament under existing laws.

Lord Palmerston explained to the House of Commons the difficulties with France in regard to the Moldavian elections, and stated that it had been decided in conference at Osburn to recommend the sovereign to annul the late election, and there was good reason to believe that Austria would concur, and that the Sultan, seeing that there was nothing in the measure recommended that would compromise his dignity or independence, would adopt their views and declare the elections void. Lord Palmerston said there was no ground to apprehend any estrangement between France and England, on account of the Moldavian difficulties.

A spirited debate had taken place in Parliament in regard to affairs in India. Lord Palmerston stated that 30,000 troops had been sent out, and that active recruiting was going on. Mr. D'Israeli expressed the opinion that the campaign for this year was lost.

The Emperor and Empress of France had returned safely to Paris.

A dispatch from Vienna states that the Representatives of France, Russia, Prussia and Sardinia had announced in notes couched in precisely similar terms, the cessation of diplomatic relations with the Porte, and their approaching departure from Constantinople. The Russian ambassador struck his flag on the 6th.

MARKETS.—Liverpool, Aug. 11.—The market for breadstuffs closed dull. The previous quotations were barely maintained. For flour there was little inquiry. Yesterday market closed weak. West canal 30s@32s6d. Ohio 31s@32s. Wheat has experienced a decline on the inferior qualities of 1@2d. Red is quoted at 8s4d. White 9s3d@9s9d closing with a tendency downward. Corn closed dull and weak, the quotations being barely maintained. Yellow and mixed are each quoted 36s@37s. White is nominally 46s.—The weather is unsettled.

Provision Market.—The market shows no decided change in any article. Pork is steady at former prices. Lard firm at previous quotations. Retail sales were made at 70s@71s.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, Aug. 25, 1857.

FLOUR—There has been a falling off during the week of 25c per barrel on all varieties.

GRAIN—Wheat has declined 25c per bushel—now selling at $1,55@1,60, both for Genesee and white Canada.

PROVISIONS—Heavy Pork has gone up 50c per barrel. Potatoes are down 6c—best Blue Mercers selling at 56c.

HIDES—The market for hides seems to be somewhat fixed.—Slaughter 6c; Calf 10c per lb.; Sheep Pelts 31@38c; Lamb Pelts 50@62½c.

HAY—There is a decline noted in Hay equal to $1 per tun in best varieties.

COAL—As coal is fast becoming the fuel in this section, we give the wholesale (by cargo, buyers taking it at dock) and retail prices. The latter is reckoned as delivered.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box,	13c
Flour, bbl,	$6,50@8,25	Candles, box,	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen,	$1,55@1,60	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Best white Canadn,	$1,55@1,60	Apples, bushel,	50c
Corn,	90c	Do. dried,	$2,00@2,25
Oats,	56c	Potatoes,	56c
Barley,	$1,00@1,12½	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat,	63@65c	Slaughter,	0@6c
Beans,	$1,50@2,00	Calf,	00@10c
Peas,	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts,	31@38c
MEATS.		Lamb do.	50@62½c
Pork, Mess,	$25,00@26,50	SEEDS.	
Do. cwt,	$8,00@9,00	Clover, bushel,	$6,50@7,00
Beef, ℔ cwt,	$5,75@6,00	Timothy,	$3,00@3,50
Spring Lambs each,	$1,50@2,25	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton (carcass),	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard,	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked,	13½@14½c	Do. soft,	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders,	11½@13½c	Coal, Lehigh,	$7,00@7,50
Chickens,	11@12c	Do. Scranton,	$6,00@6,50
Turkeys,	00@12½	Do. Blossburg,	$5,00@5,50
Geese,	50c	Do. Shamokin,	$6,25@6,75
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char,	10@12½c
Butter, roll,	18c	Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,45
Do. firkin,	13@15c	Hay, tun,	$7@10
Cheese,	8½@9½c	Wool, ℔ lb,	30@40c
Lard, tried,	00@15½c	White fish, bbl	$11,25
Tallow,	10c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$5,25@5,50
Eggs, dozen,	12@14c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—Flour—The market is very dull and prices lower. Demand confined to supplying pressing wants of eastern and local trade. Sales at $6,20@6,25 for super State; $6,55@6,75 for extra do; $6,20@6,35 for super Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Ohio; $6,45@6,90 for extra do—market closing heavy. Canadian flour lower, sales at $6,20@6,35 for super, $6,75@8,25 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat heavy, and new has declined 2@5c. Sales fair white Ohio at 160c; Southern at 130@131 for red; 170@175 for white do. Rye dull at 90@100c. Corn in fair demand; sales mixed Western at 81@85c. Oats dull and unchanged.

PROVISIONS—Pork unchanged. Sales at $25,75@26 for mess; $22 for prime. Lard selling at 16½@16¾c. Butter steady at 15@19c for Ohio, 19@22c for State. Cheese selling at 9@10c.

BUFFALO, Aug. 24.—Flour—The market this morning, is a shade lower for common grades, but unchanged for the better.—The demand is fair; sales at $5,50@6,00 for com to good super Michigan; $6,25 for extra old Wisconsin $6,35@6,75 for fair to choice extra new Indiana and Ohio.

GRAIN—Wheat market a shade firmer, and holders are less anxiously. Demand fair; sales this morning, old Chicago spring at $1,20½; common white Michigan at $1,40, and white Illinois the best description in market at $1,55. The supply of the latter is very small. Corn lower; sales Saturday after our report at 71c afloat. This morning on the spot at 71c free; at 74½c@74½c. Oats are dull, and held at 45c in bulk. Rye, small sales at 83c.

ALBANY, Aug. 24.—Flour and Meal—The flour market opened dull and throughout the morning only a moderate business has been done at the closing prices of Saturday. Corn meal is steady, with a fair business doing at $1,60@1,81.

GRAIN—There is a moderate milling demand for wheat at prices below the views of holders, with a fair supply offering. We have only to note a sale of white Kentucky at $1,75. Corn is unchanged in value, with a moderate demand and a steady supply sales Western mixed at 84c afloat, and 84½c for car lots at the East Albany depot. In other grains nothing was done.

FEED—A steady market with a moderate demand; sales middlings at $1,25 ℔ 100 lbs.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Beeves—First quality, 11½@12c.; Ordinary, 10½@11c; Common, 9½@10c.; Inferior, 8@9c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $60@70; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6½@7½c.; Other qualities, 5@6c

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $5@6,50; Other qualities, $3@4,50.

SWINE—First quality, 8@8½c.; Other qualities, 7½c.

CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 19.—At market 1892 Cattle, 1000 Beeves, and 892 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,00@9,50; First quality, $8,00@8,50, Second quality, $7,75@8,00; Third quality, $6,50@7,00; Ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100, 150@200.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 45, 50@57.

YEARLINGS—$17@19. Two years old—$28@30. Three years old—$35@41.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—4200 at market. Prices—In lots, $2, 2,50, $2,75, 3.00 each. Extra and selections, $3,50, 3,75, 4@4,62.

SWINE—600 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8c. ℔ lb.—Dressed, 9@10c.

HIDES—8@8½c. ℔ lb. Tallow—7½@8c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—50@75c each Calf Skins—13@14c. ℔ lb

VEAL CALVES—But little called for.

BRIGHTON, Aug. 20.—At market 1600 Beef Cattle, 200 Stores, 8 pair Working Oxen, 150 Cows and Calves, 3,500 Sheep and Lambs, 800 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $9,50; First quality, $8,50; Second, $7,50; Third, $7,00; Ordinary, $5.

YEARLINGS—$17@19. Two years old—$28@30. Three years old—$35@41.

WORKING OXEN—None.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 31, 40@50

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $3,50, 4, 4,50@4,75. By lot, $2, 2,50@3,00.

SWINE—Pigs, 9@9½c. Retail, 10@12c. Shoats, 7½@8c. Fat hogs, 8c.

HIDES—8@8½c. ℔ lb Tallow—7½@8c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—50@75c. Calf Skins—13@14c. ℔ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$4, 4,50@5.

WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—The medium and low grades of Native Fleece and Pulled Wools are in good demand, and prices are firmly maintained; sales of 120,000 lbs. fleeces, in lots, at 42@55c, chiefly at 45@50c, 6 mos. Pulled Wool is now in reduced stock, and prices are maintained with increasing firmness; sales of 15,000 lbs at from 37½@50c for No. 1 and extra Pulled Country.—Foreign is fairly inquired for, and prices generally are well sustained; the demand for all descriptions is fully equal to the supply sales of 100 bales East India, 50 do Mediterranean, 50 do unwashed Buenos Ayres, and 40 do Cordova for the week on private terms, but understood to be at very full rates.

MULES FOR SALE—One pair 3 yrs old; weight 1700 lbs. Price $300. Apply to W. H. LEE, Camillus, N. Y.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

250,000 PEAR TREES, Standards and Dwarfs, for sale by REG. W. WILSON, Malden, Mass.

1,000 CUTTINGS OF THE CANADA WINE GRAPE for Sale. Price, 12½ cents each. Address J. C. KILBORN, Beamsville, Canada West.

500 BUSHELS WINTER BARLEY, nice for Seed for Sale at $2 per bushel, by JOHN WILLIAMS. West Henrietta, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1857. 399w4

AN IMPORTED BOAR—a cross of the Suffolk and Chinese. Also a few Pigs pure Suffolk. For sale by W. H. CLAY, South Side, Staten Island, N. Y.

A SMALL FARM FOR SALE—Containing 50 acres, situated in the Town of Phelps, Ont. Co., N. Y., ¾ of a mile east of Oaks Corners. It will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Apply to ROBERT C. CASE, on the premises.

WANTED!
CASH WILL BE PAID FOR 100 TUNS OF BONES at the Button Factory on the Canal Feeder at Rochester. 399w4 E. L. THOMAS.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
495 Broadway, New York; 18 Summer St., Boston, and 730 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. 399w4

BLACK SPANISH FOWLS FOR SALE.
SIX PAIR 4 months old at $5 a pair, ($7 a Trio,) and 2 pair 10 months old at $7 a pair. Address until Oct. 1st, E. S. RALPH, Box 21 P. O. Buffalo, N. Y.
N. B.—My stock are from the 1st prize best pair at the Birmingham, or "All England Show," 1856. 399w2

A. G. SHAVER, No. 535 Broadway, New York, Manufacturer of and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in SUPERIOR MARBLE BOARD, for Monochromatic, Crayon and Pastel Painting. Also every article used in these styles of Art. All orders promptly attended to. Instructions in sketching from Nature, and these various branches successfully given at his Gallery.

MUSIC WITHOUT A MASTER.
THE VILLAGE ORCHESTRA is the title of a new and valuable Instruction Book for the Violin, Flute, Accordeon, Piano and other Instruments, full rudiments and over 100 popular airs, arranged on so simple a plan, (Day & Beal's,) that any any person can be his own teacher. Mailed everywhere for 50 cents. Address "CHEAP PUBLICATION SOCIETY, Cincinnati, Ohio.

GOULD'S PREMIUM CORN HUSKERS FOR THE MILLION.—These Huskers have gained a reputation surpassed by no invention of the age in proportion to the time it has been before the public. Over 75,000 were sold last season. They are a saving of ½ labor and all sore fingers. Price, sent to any address pre-paid, only 25 cts.—10 for $2. Orders covering $5 at wholesale prices. Money refunded for all returned at the close of the season. Circulars sent on application. Address E. NASH, Auburn, N. Y.

EASTMAN'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED IN 1842.
THIS INSTITUTION RE-OPENS THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER for the reception of pupils in Penmanship and Book-Keeping. For particulars send for Circulars. G. W. EASTMAN, Principal.
Rochester, Aug. 20, 1857.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE SEMINARY.
Prof. JOHN C. FERGUSON, A. M., Principal.
ONLY $90 per year for board and tuition. Departments for Ladies and Gentlemen. The Ladies are under the Superintendence of an experienced Preceptress. Conveyance free from Albany at the commencement of each Term. Next Term begins Oct. 26. For further information, address the Principal at Charlottesville, N. Y. 399w6

CAUTION!
ARTHUR'S PATENT
AIR-TIGHT SELF-SEALING CAN AND JAR.
HAVING LEARNED that certain parties in Cincinnati and Rochester are engaged in the infringement of the above Patent, I hereby notify Manufacturers, Dealers, and Purchasers, that a can or jar, of any material whatever, with a channel around the mouth, containing either cement, cement and an elastic substance, or an elastic substance alone, unless made under the sanction of the Patentee, is an infringement; and also that the sole right of manufacture for the Western States is in the hands of Arthur, Burnham and Gilroy, of Philadelphia.
All persons are, therefore, warned, under penalty of the law, from making, selling, or using these vessels, unless they bear the Patentee's stamp. R. ARTHUR, Patentee.
Philadelphia, July 27, 1857.
The genuine article can be had of most respectable storekeepers throughout the United States.

TO NURSERYMEN, DEALERS AND PLANTERS.
THE SUBSCRIBERS OFFER TO THE FALL TRADE A quantity of as finely grown TREES and STOCKS as can be found in the State, consisting in part of
10,000 APPLE TREES, ⅞ to 5 feet.
12,000 " " 4 to 7 " "
12,000 STAN'D CHERRY, 2 years, with fine heads.
30,000 " " 1 " very stocky & branched.
5,000 DWARF " 1 " " " "
12,000 STAN'D PEAR. 2 " extra fine.
10,000 PLUM, 1 " 4 to 6 feet and very fine.
5,000 PEACH, 1 & 2 "
10,000 AM. ARBOR VITÆ, 2½ feet well furnished & stocky.
5,000 BALSAM FIR, 1½ to 3 feet.
100,000 APPLE STOCKS, 2 years.
150,000 CHERRY " 1 " very large.
50 BUSHELS MAZZARD CHERRY PITS.
Apple seed in season.
399tf MAXWELLS, RAMSDEN & CO.,
Dansville, Aug. 24, 1857 Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.

WM. FAILING'S
PARING AND SLICING APPLE MACHINE.
THE INVENTOR, REALIZING THAT A MACHINE OF this kind would meet the wants of a large portion of community, after much time and labor has brought out and perfected this ingenious and labor-saving machine.
Some of the advantages of the machine are—
1st—It pares and slices an apple with incredible quickness, leaving the core only upon the fork.
2nd—A large per centage of apple is saved by this method.
3rd—All the slices are of uniform thickness, and are curved in such a manner that they will not pack when drying.
4th—A girl of fifteen can pare and slice twenty bushels in a day.
5th—One sunny day will dry the fruit when cut by this machine.
6th—The quickest fruit is dried, the whiter it will be when dry, and it will be sweeter and taste more like green apples when used, as the juice of the apple does not ferment and sour it.
The above assertions will be proved to all who will call and see the machine at No. 101 and 153 Main St.; No. 65 Buffalo St.; No. 209 State St., and No. 84 Brown St.
County and Town Rights for Sale by the Subscriber.
399-4teow WILLIAM FAILING, Rochester, N. Y

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.
THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS of the State of New York are cordially invited to convene in the Brick Church, in the city of Rochester, on TUESDAY Sept. 15th, at 7½ o'clock, P. M. After a temporary organization the evening will be spent in hearing addresses from several distinguished gentlemen, who are deeply interested in the cause of Sabbath School instruction. The following Wednesday and forenoon of Thursday, will be occupied in discussing topics which will be brought before the Convention. In the afternoon of Thursday, the Sabbath Schools of Monroe County will assemble in several of the city churches, and be addressed by members of the Convention.
Each Evangelical Sabbath School in the State is requested to send at least one delegate to the Convention.
Publishers of Religious and Secular Journals, who feel an interest in the cause, will confer a favor by giving the above notice a place in their columns, or making such reference to it as they may deem appropriate.
S. S. CONSTANT, of New York,
GEORGE W. BLESSER, of New York
A. L. VAN BUREN, of Brooklyn.
RUFUS K. VIELE, of Albany,
CHARLES P. HARTE, of Troy,
ROBERT W. ROBERTS, of Utica,
GEORGE L. FAIRNHAM, of Syracuse,
LOUIS CHAPIN, of Rochester,
C. W. DENNISON, of Buffalo,
State Central Committee.
Delegates who design to attend the Convention as above, are requested to send their names by mail with a postage stamp enclosed, to either of the undersigned at Rochester, by the FIFTH OF SEPTEMBER next, that places of entertainment may be assigned them. The Committee cannot promise to provide for those delegates who do not give this timely notice.
E. F. HUNTINGTON,
JAMES P. GRIFFIN,
J. W. STEBBINS,
GEO. H. HUMPHREY,
ERASTUS DARROW,
Rochester, Aug. 18, 1857 Committee.

MILE-STRIP NURSERIES.
100,000 FRUIT TREES for Sale at the Nurseries of AARON HAMPDON, East Hamburg, Erie Co., N. Y., one of the oldest and largest Nurseries in Erie Co.—Wholesale and Descriptive Catalogues sent to all desiring further information. 398w2

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell THREE NEW and UNEQUALLED INVENTIONS, wanted and selling everywhere. My agents have cleared over $20,000 on them. DIPLOMAS, SILVER MEDAL and 4 PATENTS granted them. For 4 stamps, you'll receive 40 pages particulars. BEST AGENCY in the country. Lowell, Mass. EPHRAIM BROWN.

EMERY'S
Patent Changeable Railroad Horse-Powers,
THRESHERS AND SEPARATORS, THRESHERS AND CLEANERS, and other Machinery adapted to the Powers.
The above Standard Machines are offered for sale, as usual, at HALLOCK'S Agricultural Ware-Rooms and Seed Store, Rochester, N. Y. For further particulars, address E. D. HALLOCK.
398w3 No. 2 Ag'l Buildings, Rochester

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO.
OFFER FOR SALE OVER 1,500,000 ACRES SELECTED Farming and Wood Lands in Tracts of Forty acres and upwards, to suit purchasers, on
Long Credits and at Low Rates of Interest
Pamphlets, containing Maps, description of Lands, and other information valuable to the Western Emigrant, will be sent free of postage by addressing
338tf JOHN CORNING, Gen. Ag't., Buffalo, N. Y., or JOHN WILSON, Land Com'r I. C. R. R., Chic., Ill.

GREAT AND SURE SPECULATIONS have been and are being made in the purchase of Farm, Town, County and State Rights for (those inventions approved by ALL) HUNT'S portable or permanent STRAIGHT FENCE and portable UNSAGGING GATE POST—patented, Dec. 16th, 1856, April 7th and June 30th, 1857, for which, or cuts with full description, enclose a postage stamp and address DR. JAS. G. HUNT, Cincinnati, O.
EDITORS inserting this advertisement and note thrice, with an Editorial calling attention to it and sending a copy to my address, will receive a Farm Right for 100 acres. 398w6

EMPIRE NURSERY.
THE SUBSCRIBERS OFFER FOR SALE at the Empire Nurseries, on New Main Street Plank Road, a short distance east of the city, a large and a choice collection of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c., at wholesale and retail. Great inducements will be offered to those who wish trees packed for the Southern or Western markets.
Also, 1,000 pounds BASSWOOD BARK, suitable for tying buds. Inquire at the office of G. G. McKinster, No. 3, corner of Main and South St. Paul streets, up stairs, or at the Nursery described above. McKINSTER & CUMMINGS.
Rochester, N. Y., Aug., 1857.

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,
Rochester, N. Y.
L. R. SATTERLEE & J. E. DEXTER, Principals.
THE FALL TERM OF THIS INSTITUTION will commence on MONDAY, September 7th.
The Course of Study and Terms of Tuition remain unchanged from last year. The Board of Instruction also continues the same, with a single exception. Dr. SEAGER, late Principal of the MODEL SCHOOL, at Lima, has become permanently connected with the Institution, and will hereafter teach a portion of each day and co-operate with the Principals in the general direction and management of the Boarding Department. Provision is made in the new Boarding House for forty students. The rooms are perfectly ventilated, lighted with gas, and tastefully furnished The Principals, with their families and several of the Teachers reside in the Building.
Expenses for Board, Tuition, Light, Washing, Books and Stationery, $250 per year, payable quarterly in advance. There are no extras or incidental expenses.

INCREASED ATTRACTION.
MR JOHN WADE would beg leave to state to the Breeders of North America, that in addition to the stock of his late brother and his own, previously advertised, that Mr. Ralph Wade, Senior, intends to offer at the same time, and at the same place, all his thoroughbred Short Horns, on the same terms.—They consist of three Bulls—of various ages; eleven Cows and Heifers, all thorough bred. Also, eight or ten grade Cows, Short Horns, and Heifers of various ages. This will make altogether ten Bulls, and thirty Cows and Heifers of Herd Book Pedigree.
Such an opportunity has probably never occurred to the public to supply themselves with such a class of animals, and may not happen again for some time come
Mr. Ralph Wade, Senior, was the original importer of the Stock, which has given the name of WADE so much celebrity in Canada and the United States.
The Sale takes place on the 26th day of August, at the residence of the late Ralph Wade, between Port Hope and Cobourg, commencing at 11 o'clock, A. M July 20th, 1857.

A RARE CHANCE
To Purchase Trees, Shrubs and Plants Cheap!!
HAVING CHANGED THE LOCATION OF MY NURSERY from Byron to Batavia, I wish to dispose of what I have remaining in Byron, and offer the following inducements to those who wish to purchase largely:

APPLES 5 to 7 feet		$10 per 100	$75 per 1000
Do DWARF	2 years old	14 " "	" "
PEARS "	2 "	18 " "	$140 " "
Do "	1 "	14 " "	125 " "
CHERRIES	2 "	16 " "	140 " "
Do	1 "	12 " "	100 " "
Do DWARF	2 "	18 " "	150 " "
PEACHES	1 "	8 " "	70 " "
Do	2 "	12 " "	100 " "

Together with a fine lot of Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, small Fruits, Roses, Paeonies, &c., &c., very cheap.
A few thousand Angers Quince Stocks very strong, and a few hundred old Plants for Stools, will be sold at a bargain. Early orders are respectfully solicited, which must be accompanied by the cash or satisfactory note or reference. All orders or letters of inquiry will receive prompt attention Address
A. LOOMIS, Batavia, Genesee Co., N. Y.

GIFTS! GIFTS!! GIFTS!!!
A. RANNEY, Publisher,
OFFERS FOR SALE
500,000 BOOKS & MAPS,
OF ALL KINDS, AT PUBLISHERS PRICES,
TO BE ACCOMPANIED WITH
500,000 GIFTS,
WORTH FROM 25 cts. to $200 each: consisting of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, JEWELRY, RETICULES, LADIES PURSES, PORT MONAIES, &c. $150 worth of GIFTS DISTRIBUTED with every 500 Books.
A GIFT will be delivered with every book sold for One Dollar or more. Although the Book or Article will be sold for more than the usual retail price, many will be sold for less. Persons wishing any particular book, can order at once and it will be forwarded with a Gift. A complete Catalogue of Books, Maps, and Gifts will be sent to any address on application. Persons ordering Books with Gifts, should forward the amount of postage, as it must invariably be paid in advance. The average postage for $1 and $1 25 books is 18 cents; and for $1 50 and $2 books, 21 cents. Address A. RANNEY,
398w2 No. 293 Broadway, New York.

TAYLOR & HODGETTS'
INFALLIBLE
SELF-SEALING FRUIT CAN,
WITH BURNETT'S ATTACHMENT.
Patented August 21, 1855.
IT HAS LONG BEEN a desideratum to preserve Fruits by some cheap method, such as would keep them fit for domestic use, a number of years. The expense of preserving with sugar is a serious objection. Free access of atmosphere causes the decomposition of vegetable matter It is obvious that the exclusion of it must prevent this effect from taking place, and that, consequently, if Berries, Fruits, Vegetables, &c., &c., are completely kept from the contact of air, they cannot spoil. To effect this, the only safe and reliable article is
TAYLOR & HODGETTS' SELF-SEALING CAN.
It is so simple in its construction, that any one can close Fifty Cans an hour without the aid of a tinner, it requires neither Solder, Cement, nor Wax. The article is very strong, and will last a number of years. The aperture is sufficiently large to admit a full sized peach.
Apricots, Plums, Pears, Cherries, Peaches, Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, Tomatoes, Green Peas, Green Corn, Figs, Asparagus, Rhubarb or Pie Plant, and in fact each and every kind of Fruit and Vegetable, can be preserved for years in their fresh state, in any climate.
SIZES.—Quart, 3-Pint, Half-Gallon and Gallon.
☞ Trade supplied on liberal terms.
☞ Full directions for putting up the various Fruits and vegetables accompany the cans.
398w3 E. KETCHUM & CO.,
No. 289 Pearl St., New York.

FOR A VALUABLE CONSIDERATION we have furnished Mr. J. R. STAFFORD One Hundred of our choicest Recipes for Cooking, Baking, Making Creams, Pastry, Preserves, &c., &c. SIMEON LELAND & CO.,
Metropolitan Hotel, Broadway, New York.
The above Recipes, which are Copyrighted, will be sent free of postage on receipt of four letter stamps, by
39-tf J. R. STAFFORD, 16 State street, New York.

MARION COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.
C. H. DANN, Principal. Miss R. WATERBURY, Preceptress.
YOUNG Men fitted for any College year; young women graduate and receive diplomas, and parents find a safe, cheap, and excellent school for their children, at Marion Collegiate Institute. It aims to be the best school in the rural sections of the State For Catalogues or information, address
A. H. DOW, Sec'y, Marion, Wayne Co., N. Y.
☞ The next term commences Aug 31. 397tf

DR. S. S. FITCH'S "SIX LECTURES," 300 pages, 30 engravings, bound, explanatory of the treatment by which he cures CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, DISEASES OF THE HEART, THROAT, STOMACH, BOWELS, LIVER, KIDNEYS and SKIN, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, GRAVEL, &c., sent by mail, and postage prepaid, for 40 cents. Apply to Dr. S. S. FITCH,
714 Broadway, New York.
☞ He has no other office either at Chicago, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, or elsewhere. He is never absent from New York, and no physician elsewhere is authorized to use his name. 397w13

ELMIRA FEMALE COLLEGE.
THIS NEW AND PROSPEROUS INSTITUTION presents to young Ladies peculiar facilities for obtaining a superior and thorough education It has adopted in part the plan of the Mt Holyoke Seminary in enlisting all the students in the domestic labors of the family. By a systematic division of labor these duties are both light and agreeable, while at the same time a daily lesson of domestic industry is practically learned In the Literary Department, instructors of superior qualifications are provided. The gentlemen professors, of whom there are three besides the President, are all graduates and of large experience as teachers There are also six Lady Preceptresses, nearly all graduates of well known Female Institutions. The organization is strictly Collegiate. Each study is arranged under a specific department and under special charge of the Professor or Preceptress who is the responsible head of that department.
Superior instructions will be provided for those wishing to pursue a thorough course of Music, both Instrumental and Vocal, and also for those who wish to perfect themselves in the higher branches of Drawing and Painting.
Candidates for admission are requested to make early application to the President, and to be present for examination and classification on WEDNESDAY the 8th day of September.—Young ladies may enter any class for which they are prepared. For entrance to the Academic or Preparatory Course the student must be prepared to pass an examination in the Elementary English branches, and, except in rare cases, must have reached fourteen years of age.
TERMS—$120 per year. This includes board, room furnished, warmed and lighted, with tuition in all the studies of the course. There are no extra charges for instruction, excepting Music and the Higher branches of the Fine Arts.
For admission or further information, address
297w4 REV. A. W. COWLES, President, Elmira, Chemung Co., N. Y.

IMPORTANT TO TEACHERS.—The AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE supplies Schools and Academies with competent Teachers. All wishing employment should address
396w4 SMITH & BOYD, 346 Broadway, New York.

J. SAGE & SONS,
LITHOGRAPHERS AND ENGRAVERS,
209 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO,
OVER SAGE'S MUSIC STORE.

SHORT-HORNS FOR SALE.—Eight or ten fine young Cows and Heifers; Also Heifer and Bull Calves.
Clockville, Madison Co., N. Y. [391tf] S. P. CHAPMAN.

TO NURSERYMEN.
STOCKS AND SEEDLINGS.
WE BEG TO ANNOUNCE TO THE TRADE THAT WE are able to supply the following in large quantities, viz:

MAZZARD CHERRY Seedlings,	1 year.	
APPLE Seedlings,	2	"
QUINCE from Cuttings,	1	"
HORSE CHESTNUTS,	1, 2 & 3	"
ELM, AMERICAN,	2 & 3	"
BLACK WALNUT and BUTTERNUT,	3	"
MAPLE, Silver and Scarlet,	2 & 3	"
MAPLE, Sugar,	1	"
MAGNOLIA, Acuminata,	2 & 3	"
MOUNTAIN ASH, European,	1	"
LABURNUMS,	2	"
OAKS, Red and White,	3	"

And many other articles, for which see other advertisement, and Catalogues, Descriptive and Wholesale, which are sent gratis to all who apply and enclose stamps to prepay postage
397w2eow ELLWANGER & BARRY,
Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

NEW AND RARE ORNAMENTAL TREES.
MESSRS. ELLWANGER & BARRY solicit the attention of gentlemen who are interested in new and rare Ornamental Trees, to the following, viz:
KILMARNOCK WEEPING WILLOW, with pendulous brown branches and large glossy leaves—an elegant tree.

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SUMMER MORNING.

BRIGHT are the skies above,
And bright earth below,
Happiness and sunshine,
All around us glow;
Now the pure, golden light,
Dimples the streams—
Smiles upon the valleys—
Through the forest gleams;
Rests on the gentle flowers,
With a loving smile,
And throws, o'er the mountains,
A halo the while.

All Nature rejoices,
And loud, glad, and clear,
The song of the wild-birds,
Falls sweet on the ear.
O, this gladness and glory,
Illumine the heart—
Wake joy from its slumber,
Bid sorrow depart;
And the tones of the spirit
Break forth in delight,
To join the great chorus—
We thank GOD for light!

Hastings, N. Y., 1857. ROSELIA.

Life's Lessons.

BOY LOVE.—A SKETCH.

BY W. O. STODDARD.

THOSE first fierce gushes of a deep and passionate nature—those first flamings up of the hotter fires of the human soul—are we not far too apt to look upon them slightingly, almost contemptuously? I am not speaking of Ik Marvel's *sea-coal* affections, but of better and stronger things. Is it not often the case that the heart never recovers from its first painful searing? I fancy that the history of many a cold and hard and worldly heart might reveal some such bitter cause. Be this as it may, no one who ever knew Everard Mead, as I knew him, would have thought that *he* could be trifled with without injury. He was about eighteen at the time of my story; a tall, nobly formed, manly boy: a boy in years, but with all a man's energy in his firm, finely cut lips and dark, thoughtful eyes. He was not altogether handsome, to be sure, though his eyes and smile, and the intellect that lit up his features, would have redeemed the most utter ugliness of outline—though ugly he was *not*.

I used to tell him he was not a safe boy to be trusted among the girls, he was far too sensitive, too full of that passion that is so fearfully strong for good or evil. Withal he was religious, deeply so; and his religion was like himself, manly, earnest, living. He thought it no shame to his faith to be the best shot, boxer, and fencer among us, and to enter into all earthly life with the better heart because he looked forward to another.

Among all our young lady acquaintances there was none so beautiful, so accomplished, so fascinating, as Lizzie Burton. Of a very proud and wealthy family, she had yet the keenness to perceive the beauty and worth of my friend's character, and to draw him to her, though he was only a poor student. Moreover, he was a universal favorite, and her vanity was pleased by having him upon the list of her admirers. She was about his own age, but, as ladies of that age are apt to do, she looked upon him as a mere boy, whom she could drop at her pleasure.

She was a born coquette; no heart of any consequence beat behind that brilliant mask of wit and beauty—at least so I thought at the time—and it was not until long afterward that I discovered my error. Poor Everard! he had not been long in her hands before he discovered that he had been differently constituted. In vain I reasoned with him and warned him, he turned from me half angrily, refusing to believe anything amiss of the glorious idol of his worship. He was in love—deeply, desperately in love; and only a comparative few of the great army of the smitten, have any conception of the real meaning of the phrase. He knew its meaning, however, and his whole soul was filled with the mysterious knowledge.

Lizzie saw it—of *course* she saw it—and I could almost have cursed her that she could not see what a fire she had kindled, and still add fuel to the flame. It was coquetry when she smiled so sweetly at Everard's approach. Mere coquetry when she left all other society to spend half an hour in a *tete-a-tete* with him—it was her first triumph, and he was her first victim—and she was as proud as a hunter of his first deer—making game of such a being as Everard Mead!

I was his senior by some three or four years, and had long been his worldly counselor, but now how could I counsel him—how could I even make him believe the truth of what was so patent to all other eyes. I could do no more with him, and lent a kind but grieved ear to all his stories of love, and hope, and, for alas they came, of jealousy.

One day, when a favorable opportunity seemed to present itself, I ventured to expostulate with the fair destroyer herself. At first she put on a haughty look, and I could see that bitter words were rising to her lips, but she repressed them, and all good emotions too, if any troubled her, and merely said, proudly and coldly, "When Mr. Mead himself complains of my conduct, it will be time for me to believe that I am injuring him,"—and away she swept like an offended queen. Things could not long go on in this way, however, and I could see that Everard was daily becoming more and more fiery and in earnest. The denouement, I thought, could not be far off, and I awaited it with deep anxiety for my friend. One night he came home in greater trouble than ever, and as usual confided his sorrows to me. Poor fellow! he had been goaded into a passionate avowal, had told his story of love and unhappiness into seemingly not unwilling ears, but had not succeeded in obtaining any definite answer. By what wonderful manœuvre she had evaded his frantic supplications he could not tell, nor could I imagine, but for his life he could not tell whether she loved him or not. He hoped—he could not, dared not, give up his hope—but his suspense almost drove him mad.

The next rash thing he did was to lay his case before her father, but the only reply he got from the old gentleman was a scornful laugh, as a "crazy-headed boy," and prohibition of any further calls at the house. Then he tried letters: they were answered briefly, but almost kindly, with just enough of seeming affection to keep his heart aching with hopes never to be realized. He was a poet in heart, and now his love drew him out into verse, and Miss Lizzie's writing-desk was half full of his sonnets. But even this communication was in some way broken off after a while, and then the unlucky lover could only watch for her appearance in all sorts of places, parties, concerts, church, the street, feasting his eyes, and still more deeply poisoning his heart.

And then came reports of the close attentions of others, and the bitter fiend of jealousy tormented him by day and night. Poor Everard! day by day the glory faded from his wild dream of more than earthly happiness, until at last the end came: Lizzie Burton, *his* Lizzie, as he had been wont to call her in his hours of hope, was married to another—a young man of some talent and much wealth, for whom it was said she entertained a strong affection. Everard bore the shock better than I expected; he stood up like a man of strength, and though his cheek grew pale with suffering, and his lips ceased to smile, his eye was undimmed, and his soul refused to yield to his misfortune.

"It is a bitter trial," said he, "but perhaps it is well that my idol should be taken from me—she *was* my idol." Still it had been too much for him, and he retired into the country to recruit his shattered health.

For some time thereafter, I did not see him, though his letters were frequent, and, after awhile, cheerful. He was with an uncle, on one of the beautiful farms that lie along the banks of the Genesee. In the meantime, I heard had news of his false lady. Her husband had been a wild piece before his marriage, and even his beautiful wife could sober him but for a short time. She was beginning to have a world of trouble of her own, and I hope I may be forgiven if I felt too bitterly when I said to myself, "it is good for her, mayhap she will learn now what the heartache is." Poor girl! she did learn what heartache was, and bitter shame, too. About six months after Lizzie Burton became Mrs. St. John, I went down to see my friend, and a pleasant re-union we had of it. He had recovered his health, and his spirits appeared to be good, but his smile, so sad and sweet, was very different from the merry one that I remembered. He showed me the farm, and talked about his daily labors and his prospects, never once alluding to his disappointment, but when we were alone in the evening, he put a small note into my hand, saying in a slightly tremulous voice, "this came with the wedding cards; I could not endure to show it to you at the time." I recognized the hand-writing, and opening it, read as follows:

MY DEAR EVERARD:

If, for my amusement, I have trifled too much with your feelings, you must forgive my folly. You will easily forget me, as you are only a boy yet, you know, and such first impressions wear off easily. With all good wishes, I remain,

Truly, your friend,

LIZZIE ST. JOHN.

"This was the unkindest cut of all." Ah! how bitter to the wounded heart of my poor friend it must have been—"only a boy," when the hot blood of early manhood was coursing through his veins like fire. Such *cool advice*, when his heart was almost bursting, if she had had one particle of mercy, or of appreciation, she would have said *nothing*.

I returned it to him, and without a word, we retired. Little did we dream what strange things were to happen on the morrow.

We spent the next morning strolling about the farm, and devising plans for our amusement during my stay, which I intended to prolong for a week or two. We were very near the gate of the farm-house, when we heard the sound of horse's feet coming rapidly up the plank road. This was nothing unusual, but it was not the regular, steady sound of trotting; the feet fell with the quick, heavy beat of the gallop—the horses were evidently *running away*. A sharp curve in the road, and a patch of woodland, prevented our seeing them until they were close upon us, but as they whirled around the turn, the swaying carriage struck heavily against a tree, and horses, carriages, and inmates were hurled in fearful confusion upon the ground. We hurriedly disentangled the horses, and as they were fairly blown, though uninjured, we had no difficulty in securing them. On examining the carriage, we found that it contained a gentleman and lady, the former severely, if not fatally injured, but the latter having escaped with some slight bruises. There was no driver to be seen. The lady told us that he had jumped off to water the horses, and they had taken fright at something before he could regain his seat.

Assistance had by this time arrived from the house, and we carried the sufferers in. The lady was soon almost entirely restored, but it was sometime before the gentleman's senses returned.—What was my surprise, when the blood and dust were washed from his face, to find that he was no less a person than Mr. St. John, whom I had seen once or twice since his marriage.

His female companion then—who was *she?* she *was not his wife*. I doubt if he himself could have told. I learned from him afterward, that in a fit of half intoxicated rage he had left his wife, threatening never to return, and had picked up this woman, he hardly knew where, upon the road. Very probably she had picked *him* up, as I discovered that he had not a cent of money with him, though he assured me that he had been well provided when he started. I explained the matter as well as I could to Everard's uncle, and in less than half an hour, *she* was on her way to the nearest railway station. That was one part of the story that never reached the ears of Lizzie St. John.

Scarcely had the wagon which contained the sharper disappeared, when another carriage came around the curve in the road, and I thought that I heard a faint shriek as it pulled up by the side of the wreck. It stopped but a moment, however, and drove up to the house. Suspecting the truth I left Everard with the wounded, but now nearly sobered man, and hurrying to the gate, assisted *Mrs. St. John* to alight. She was fainting nearly with fear and fatigue, and leaned heavily upon my arm as we went in.

"Is he here—is he hurt? for mercy's sake, tell me! is he killed?" gasped the unfortunate woman, trembling with agitation.

"Pray be calm, Mrs. St. John," said I, "he is here, and somewhat hurt, but I think he is in no immediate danger. Do not distress yourself, I assure you, you need have no fear."

"But I must see him. Oh, take me to him at once—I *must* see him!"

"Are you strong enough yet?" said I, "had you not better wait a few minutes?"

She attempted to answer, but before she could utter a word, the poor creature fainted in my arms.

By the time the ladies had restored her to consciousness, I had apprised both her husband and Everard Mead of her arrival. The latter hastened from the house at once, "to go for a doctor," as he said—but the effect upon the former was painful to look upon. His anguish of mind and body was terrible, and I began to fear for the result.—"I *cannot* see her! I dare not see her! Oh, I have so injured her! oh, my poor wife—my own, own Lizzie!"

But he was not destined to see her, nor was our chapter of incidents for the day yet full, for as I returned to the other room, I saw Mrs. St. John in earnest and tearful expostulation with a tall old gentleman, whom I at once recognized as her father. She was entreating him to allow her to remain with her husband, but he would not listen to her, and whether she would or no, she must return with him, "and leave her rascally sot of a runaway to his fate." He went into St. John's room, however, before he departed, and loaded him with bitter reproaches, to which the wounded man, whose sorrow was all for his wife, and whose pride was unbroken, would only reply with retorts as bitter. And they went away; and St. John's driver came after the horses, and the doctor told us that the life of our charge depended upon his being kept quiet thereafter, and that even now brain fever seemed inevitable.

To make a long story short, the fever came; and after keeping him between life and death for many days, it left him as weak as a child. I thought that we all did our duty by him, but nothing could exceed the care and tenderness with which Everard watched and tended him; and when at last he became convalescent, and lay helpless and spirit-stricken, the man whose life had been so darkened by his success, would sit by him for hours to amuse, and, yes, *instruct* him, for I could see plainly that now that the wounds of the body were healed, my friend was trying to reach the deeply seated disease of the spirit. And the generous boy succeeded fully and perfectly, and Mortimer St. John arose from his couch of pain a wiser and a better man—in the best sense of the phrase, a *new man*. All this Everard wrote to me, for I had then returned to the city, and by my instrumentality old Mr. Burton was pacified, and Lizzie, upon whom her sorrows had exerted a wonderful influence, was permitted to visit her husband. And I went down with her. I will not describe their meeting, but there was one other which I cannot pass over.

All this time, Everard's name had not been mentioned to Lizzie, and he had studiously avoided her upon her arrival, but the morning after, at St. John's request, he came into the room where they were sitting. The lady had not been left ignorant of the effect of her conduct upon him, and it was with a start of pain and surprise, almost of anger, that she recognized him as he entered. But the expression of her countenance changed as her husband said, in a low, earnest voice, "Lizzie, it is to Mr. Mead, under God, that I owe my restoration, bodily and mental. I can never pay him my debt, nor you either, if you love me."

She gave him her hand—his face was as pale as death, but he took it firmly, and replied with a smile—such a smile.

"I am very happy, indeed, if I have been of any service to Mrs. St. John, she is an old friend of mine." But Lizzie bowed her head upon her husband's shoulder and wept bitterly; and Everard quietly left the room.

"Oh!" sobbed the conscience-stricken woman, "he has heaped coals of fire upon my head—I was so cruel, so thoughtless! Will you not ask him to forgive me?"

"I should think," said I, "that his care of Mr. St. John would be proof enough of how perfectly he has forgiven you."

And he had forgiven her; but he could never forget, and though many years have passed away since then, the wound has never closed over.

He has borne it patiently, however, and (for he is now a clergyman) every member of his charge can bear witness to his faithful earnestness and his upright manhood.

Nevertheless, at times, I cannot help wishing that he had not been so bitterly disappointed in his "boy love."—*Graham's Magazine.*

WILLIAM WIRT AND TOM CORWIN.

IT is said that Tom Corwin, as he is familiarly called, was once trying a case in which he was opposed to the late Mr. Wirt, when the latter tried a somewhat novel mode of discrediting the evidence of Mr. Corwin's chief witness, on whose accuracy and discrimination everything turned, by showing that he was a person of astonishing credulity.

Wirt—Have you read Robinson Crusoe?

Witness—Yes.

Wirt—Do you believe it all?

Witness—Well, yes, Squire; I don't know but what I do.

The same answers were returned as to Gulliver's Travels, and several other works of fiction, Corwin all the while fidgeting and getting hot. Presently Mr. Wirt, considering the man entirely flattened out, resigned him with a bland smile.

Mr. Corwin said he had only one question to ask, and put it—

Corwin—Have you read Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry?

Witness—Yes.

Corwin Do you believe it all?

Witness—Why, no, Squire; I can't go that.

THE most barren ground, by manuring, may be made to produce good fruits; the fiercest beasts by art, are made tame; so are moral virtues acquired by custom.

INDOLENCE leaves the door of the soul unlocked, and thieves and robbers go in and spoil it of its treasures.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twelve letters.
My 7, 2, 9, 8, 10, 11, 4 is a musical instrument.
My 5, 8, 1 is an island in Europe.
My 6, 3, 10 is a very acceptable visitor now-a-days.
My 7, 2, 12, 10 is an essential farm product.
My 5, 2, 9, 6, 11 is a domestic animal.
My 12, 3, 5, 9 is a river in Prussia.
My whole is plainly before you.

Gates, N. Y., 1857. G. H. L.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-three letters.
My 1, 6, 9, 13, 21, 17, 8, 11 was the father of Cyrus.
My 5, 20, 9, 22, 3 was one of the ancient poets.
My 18, 21, 19, 14 was an ancient city of Phœnicia.
My 9, 2, 12, 10, 4, 6 was the Goddess of the morning.
My 23, 6, 3, 16, 17 was one of the most ancient historians.
My 15, 19, 2, 1, 20 was a law-giver of the Athenians who punished every fault with death.
My whole is that noted phrase used by Cato at the close of every speech, that he made before the Senate. W. T. PARKER.

Morning Sun, Ohio, 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

SUPPOSE Rochester and Batavia to be connected with Canandaigua by straight railroad: let the distance from Rochester to Batavia be thirty-six miles; from Batavia to Canandaigua fifty-one; from Canandaigua to Rochester twenty-seven miles. Suppose that two trains set out at the same instant of time—the one from Canandaigua to Batavia at the rate of thirty miles per hour; and the other from Batavia to Rochester at the rate of thirty-six miles per hour. How long after setting out will they be nearest each other?

West Somerset, N. Y., 1857. A. B. EVANS.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NAUTICAL PROBLEM.

COMING in from sea at a station D, I observed two headlands, A and B, and inland a steeple, C, which appeared between the headlands. I found the distance of the headland's from each other to be 5.35 miles, and the distance of the headland.—A, from the steeple, C, 2.8 miles and the headland, B from the steeple 3.47 miles; the angles were also measured and I found the angle A B C, equal to 12° 15'; the angle B D C, equal to 15° 30'. Required my distance from each of the headland's and from the steeple. H. D. DONNELLY.

Bennettsburg, N. Y., 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

MY first is found in friendship
As well as in every fight;
My second is seen in every day,
Though it never is seen in light.

My third is the head of all righteousness,
Yet is found in everything wrong;
My fourth is always in music,
Yet cannot be found in song.

My fifth is used to denote myself,
And is seen in everything right;
My sixth is the close of every rain,
And the beginning of every night.

My seventh is ever with the good,
Yet ne'er with charity is found,
My whole is a kind of labor
Known only to those who till the ground.

North East, Pa., 1857. M. D. P.

☞ Answer next week.

CHARADE.

OVER wisdom I rule, with a scepter supreme,
I awaken the warrior, when war is the theme,
Haste on with the wine, to enliven the bowl,
Break forth in the wit that enlivens the soul;
With the rainbow I linger, with the whirlwinds I blend,
Distil not in rain, but in snow-flakes descend;
With the weak I am strong, and am silent in wrath,
Walk in the ways of the wicked, yet not in their path;
I am first in a wife, o'er a woman I reign,
With the wretched I mingle, but never complain:
I woo and I wed, yet from Hymen I fly—
Am the leader with woe, yet with sorrow must sigh;
There's no water without me, yet ne'er was I found
In river or lake, or where fountains abound;
Throughout the wide world I solicit the view,
Yet I am not of myself, but a compound of you.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma—Aerostical, in No. 398:—Render strict justice to all.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 398:—Benjamin Franklin.

Answer to Charade in No. 398:—Oil.

Answer to Geometrical Problem in No. 398:—300, 240, 180.

A COMPANY of ladies, the other day, discussed the following question:—"What is the great duty of man?" One of them contended, with success, that it was to pay dry goods bills!

"DONALD," said a Scotch dame, looking up from the Catechism to her son, "what's a slander?"—"A slander, gude mither?" quoth young Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid, "aweel, I hardly ken, unless it be, mayhap, and ower true tale which one gude woman tells of anither."

A GENTLEMAN, who has a very strong desire to be a funny man, sat down upon a hooped skirt, the other day. With a desperation equal to any emergency, he whistled—"I'm sitting on the style Mary."

A LITTLE Swedish girl, while walking with her father, on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied—"I was thinking if the *wrong side* of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PEABODY'S NEW HAUTBOIS STRAWBERRY.

I AM NOW PREPARED TO SELL THE PLANTS OF this most wonderful fruit, at reduced rates. This superb fruit, the present season, although badly hindered by late frost and by drouth, has fully sustained all that I have claimed for it, viz:—It is the largest size; most beautiful rich, deep crimson color; of the finest flavor; flesh firm, melting and juicy; and bears transportation better than any Strawberry ever yet cultivated. It is the earliest of all Strawberries, blooming just as soon in the Spring as the frost will permit it, and continues in fruit until Fall. It is a hardy, rapid, and vigorous grower, an abundant bearer, and adapted to any latitude where the Strawberry will fruit. That I may not be accused of over-estimating the value of this Strawberry, I give in my Circular extracts from various papers, North and South, and from letters of distinguished private individuals, showing the estimate in which this fruit is held by those who have had the opportunity of testing it.

This plant being hermaphrodite, produces fruit without an impregnator, which is a great advantage over pistillate varieties. Plants put out this Fall will produce the fruit next Spring and Summer.

The Northern and Middle States may procure these plants from Messrs J. M. THORBURN & CO., 15 John St., New York; and the extreme Southern States from POMEROY & MARSHALL, Mobile, and J. A. MORTON & CO, 68 Magazine St., New Orleans. I will pack the plants in packages of *one Dozen*, and *one Hundred*, each, in earth and moss, so that they can have air, and ship them by Express to my agents twice a week, thereby insuring a continued fresh supply, and put the plants at the following rates:—For a package of 100, $10; for a package one dozen, $2. Orders accompanied with the cash will receive prompt attention from either Messrs. J. M. Thorburn, 15 John St., New York; Pomeroy & Marshall, Mobile, or J. A. Morton, New Orleans. I will send single dozens to any part of the United States, *by Mail*, on the reception of $3; and will send packages of 1,000, by Railroad or Express, for $80. Packages of 1,000 may be ordered through my agents, giving them time to notify me to forward them. In sending the plants by mail, I shall take care to obtain only the runners of the present season, and although they may not be as large as two year old runners, yet they will bear transportation better and be more certain to live. CHAS. A. PEABODY.

Columbus, Ga., August 1, 1857 397wSeow

GREAT SALE OF DEVON CATTLE & SOUTH-DOWN SHEEP.

ON WEDNESDAY, 9th of September, 1857, I will sell at public auction, *without reserve*, my herd of Devon Cattle, about forty-five in number, and my flock of South-Down Sheep, about one hundred, at my farm on Grand Island, two miles from the Railroad and Omnibus Stations in North Buffalo.

I have bred Devons for many years. The original stock were derived from the best animals and for the last seven years my breeding bulls have been of imported blood, direct from Devonshire, England, which, with several of my present cows, are recorded in the English Devon Herd Book. All my herd will be recorded in the American Devon Herd Book, soon to be published, and are equal, probably, in quality, to any others in this country. The herd consists of about 20 cows and heifers, and 15 or 16 bulls and bull calves.

My South-Downs are descended originally from the flocks of Mr. Ellman, the Duke of Richmond, and other celebrated English breeders, crossed for the last seven or eight years with rams bred by the great South-Down breeder, Mr. Webb, of Babraham, England. There will be 75 or 80 ewes, the remainder rams.

As I intend making a *clean sale*, this will probably be a better opportunity for purchasers to select animals to their liking than any other which will occur for some time.

Descriptive Catalogues will be ready by the first of August, which will be sent by mail to all those applying to me by letter.

TERMS OF SALE.—For all sums less than $100, cash; on sums of $100 and over, *good* notes at three months, on interest, payable at bank, will be received.

The stock will be delivered on Steamboat or Railroad, at Buffalo, as may be desired, the day after the sale.

Those wishing to view the stock previous to the sale, will be conveyed to the farm by calling at my residence; and those attending on the sale day will cross the Niagara river between the farm and main shore by steam ferry from the omnibus station at Lower Black Rock, or North Buffalo, to which either the omnibuses or rail cars will bring them from their stations in Buffalo. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M. of the first day.

393wieow LEWIS F. ALLEN.

Black Rock, N. Y., July, 1857.

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Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
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FOR TERMS, and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

STATISTICS OF CROPS.—NO. II.

BY LIEUT. M. F. MAURY.

THE RURAL of 11th July contained a proposition, with a plan for enabling the farmers to inform themselves pretty accurately from time to time as to the amount of the crops growing and on hand. The free trade of the States has embraced Canada also, and it is as desirable for the New York farmer to have information as to the condition of the crops, or the stock on hand in Canada as it is for him to know the like things concerning the crops of his own or any other State. It is to be hoped therefore that the Agricultural Societies both of Canada West and Canada East, with those of the other British Provinces, will take the matter up and unite with ours in the collection of facts and figures concerning their staples.

The plan to be successful, should be simple. No Committeeman should be called on to report what he either does not understand or cannot readily perceive the value of, and appreciate the importance of. The details therefore should, especially at the first going off, be few and simple: and as the plan goes on developing itself, demonstrating its advantages and gaining favor, it should be enlarged so as to include a variety of details with which no practical man would *now* think of burthening it, for fear of failure.

Mr. NOWLAND, of the Agricultural Society of Virginia, has made a proposition to that Society which might with great advantage be engrafted upon the plan now under consideration. That proposition is, that the Commissioners of the Revenue for the State, in their annual rounds be required to take an account so as to report, not only the amount of the last crops actually on hand but the total amount produced last year. This information embodied with the statistics of the Committee as to the growing crops, would at once furnish data of the highest value and importance for the information not only of the farmer and the statesman, but for the merchant and the political economist also.

At no former age has the science of Agriculture been in such a flourishing condition as it now is among the States of Christendom. What are the influences that have in our own day imparted so much life, and vigor, and energy to this noble and ennobling industry? Is it steam, or is it gold that has given the husbandman the means of calling to his aid those appliances of art and science which have enabled him to grow and reap two ears of corn where his father could gather no more than one?

The gold of California and Australia has imparted new energies to the mental and muscular powers of man; it has stimulated genius to discoveries and inventions; and it has encouraged labor in every department of human industry. On the other hand the steamer and the rail car—have made narrow the waste places of the earth; they have brought distant nations close together—they have lifted up the market places that were far away beyond the reach of many a farmer; and they have brought them near and set them down before his very doors. Thus many a husbandman who formerly had no market place for his stuff, has now before him the markets of the world.—These improvements have enabled him to sell, and given him the ability to buy; and so they have increased his wants, converted many of his luxuries into necessaries, and greatly multiplied his desires.

The farmers of the country, borne along and stimulated by the influences of these agencies, are now blessed with a degree of material comfort and prosperity which they never enjoyed before. Yielding to such influences they have caught the spirit of the age, and are, in their calling, fully up to the "body of the times."

That Agriculture is prosperous—that the spirit of improvement is abroad among the farmers, we need no train of reason or argument to show.—The little hills, the valleys and the pastures, as they mutely sing and shout for joy, tell it to the breeze, and it is echoed in the hum of our busy marts. The fact that the Agricultural Societies of the country conduct their business with the zeal and energy they do, is proof sufficient, if proof were wanting.

But how far have the farmers of this generation got ahead of the farmers of the last? That's the question. These Committees, though not raised for the sole purpose of answering this question, yet they surely by their labors, will fix points which hereafter will serve as land-marks by which the farmer will be able to mark the improvements in his calling, and to note the progress it is making.

The lines which divide the animal from the vegetable kingdom are often, to the untrained eye, so blended or faintly drawn, that one finds it difficult to say where the vegetable ends and the animal begins; and at such times he almost concludes that the two kingdoms are inseparable.—But when he looks around and compares a man with a tree, he has no difficulty in recognizing the distance as well as the difference between the two kingdoms—but still he cannot count the steps and gradations from the one to the other. And so it is with Agriculture. The steps by which it has been brought to its present state of high development have been taken almost unconsciously by the husbandman: many that are not yet enfeebled by age can recollect how, that in their youth a stout man might have borne upon his shoulder without difficulty every Agricultural implement of the best appointed farm, except the cart and the wheat fan—and now when he looks about him and sees the implements and machinery that improvement has brought forth for his use and experience has approved, and when he compares the fruits of one man's labor on the farm now, with the fruits of one man's labor on the farm when he was young, he perceives that the distance between the husbandman of to-day and the husbandman of his youth, is like the distance between the man and the oak. Many gradations—many steps there must have been in this long and triumphant march of improvement, but there is no record, tally or sign-board to mark the progress or to denote the steps upward and onward as they were successively taken. All we know is—that steps, nay, gigantic strides, must have been taken, for progress has been made.

But with all the improvements in the modes of culture, with all the assistance of labor-saving machinery that the farmer in his calling may now boast of, how many more months have they enabled him to fill by the sweat of his own brow?

Now the answer to this question is one of great importance. It would enable the legislator to vote with better judgment; it would help the political economist to draw his conclusions wisely; and, like all information touching the industrial pursuits of the people, it would be useful and profitable knowledge to all. I would not have the Statistical Committees to go into this question at once.—Wait a little. Commence with a few well-determined and definite objects of inquiry—such as all can understand, appreciate and will agree as to the importance of—and go on by degrees. As the labors of the Committees are felt to be useful, so will their hands be strengthened for good, and so may they enlarge their field of operations, increase their usefulness, and win the help of willing, hearty co-operators, and so have the cheering cries of "well done" from good and wise men to encourage them.

Let us therefore begin with the Committees on Crops and Statistics by simply requiring them to report as to the state, condition and prosperity of the crops from time to time; but let us not forget to ask our legislators for a law, *a la* NOWLAND, of Virginia, commanding the Commissioners of the Revenue, in every State, to take an account of the last year's crops on hand, as well as the quantity of each staple produced on every plantation, with the size thereof, and the force employed to cultivate it, &c.

Any one who attempts to study the progress of Agriculture will be able at once to appreciate the importance and value of such statistics—for all who attempt this study find themselves, while yet on the threshold, at a loss for just such land-marks. How many persons, with the necessary stock, could the labor of one husbandman support 20, 50, 100 years ago?—and how many can the labor of one man support now? In some climates and soils the laborer cannot, nor ever could, support himself—while in others, more mild and kind, the fruits of one man's tillage were always sufficient for the support of several persons. Our remarks are not addressed to exceptional or individual cases, but to the average of a large community, as that of a State—as New York or Virginia, for instance. Using corn as a common measure, what was the average number of bushels that the land was considered capable of producing in New York 100 years ago?—what in Virginia?—and what now? If we knew the answers to these questions we should then be able to decide positively as to the value of the benefits conferred upon Agriculture by invention and discovery—by fertilizers and their application,—by improvements in the modes and methods of tillage,—by labor-saving machinery, *et id omne.* And then to form proper estimations as to the marketable quantity of any staple for the year current, we must know not only the amount of production for the year current, but also the amount remaining over from the crops of the year previous.

Let the Agricultural Societies take this subject up for consideration.

DRAINING.

IN the last issue of the RURAL, we adverted briefly to the utility of Draining and its Mechanical action upon the soil, and now turn to the second portion of our subject—the Chemical advantages to be derived from an outlay for this purpose.

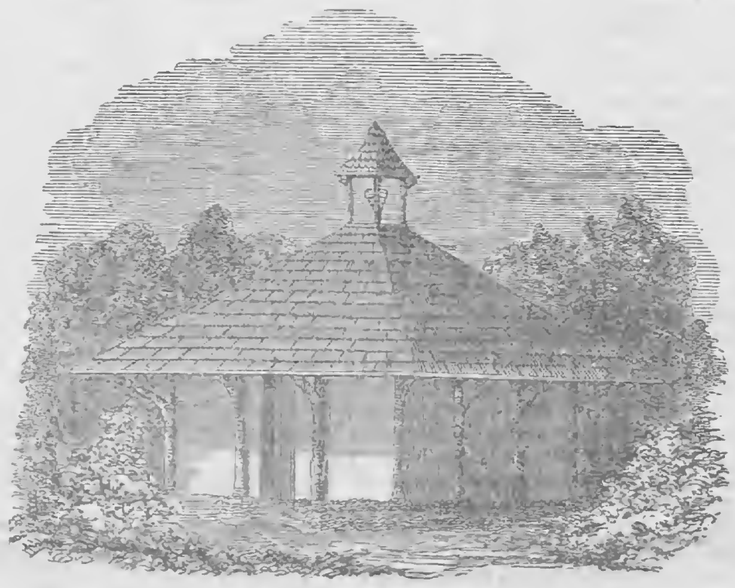
Undrained lands, or those retentive of moisture, are, to use a common expression, "*always cold.*" The heat of the sun, when falling upon a wet soil, instead of penetrating the earth and imparting thereto a portion of its vivifying influences, is expended in the process of evaporation—heat is thus rendered latent, its warming properties are destroyed, and plants derive no benefit therefrom.—Very few have any adequate idea of the amount of heat thus lost. Philosophy demonstrates the amount absorbed by water when converted into steam, and on these premises a calculation sufficiently accurate for our purpose is obtainable. Several experiments have been made, and, in the *Cyclopedia of Agriculture*, we find the following special case:—"It is found that porous chalk soils evaporate only one-half the fall of rain, the rest infiltrating and running off as springs and streams, or being afterwards found as wells. This, therefore, is a case very favorable to a wet soil, which would in reality allow a very much smaller quantity of rain to pass it; nevertheless, the porous land would require an expenditure of nearly *one thousand forty-four pounds of coal per day to evaporate, artificially, one-half of the rain which falls on an acre during the year.*" For the term of a year, two hundred and nineteen tuns of coal would be required for every acre of undrained land, in order to supply the heat furnished by the rays of the sun that is lost where the surplus moisture is removed only by evaporation.

There are other elements, in addition to evaporation, that combine to reduce the temperature of undrained soils. The conducting properties of water are very minute. When the sun's rays are brought to bear upon a damp soil, the temperature of the water it contains is raised; this heated water rises to the surface—being lighter than the cold water underneath—and thus prevents the penetration of the heat that would otherwise enter the soil. When night comes this surface water cools and sinks, and uniting with the moisture below reduces its temperature, and the entire earth thus partakes of the coolness of the night air, which, coming in contact with the roots of growing vegetation, cannot be otherwise than detrimental to the plants. An article, published in the Journal of the *Royal Ag. Society*, states that water radiates its own heat freely into space, and hence a watery soil is quickly cooled in a cold night by the heat which the water distributes into the atmosphere. All these evils tend to reduce the temperature of undrained soils, and to render them less fitted for the growth of cultivated crops, which, in general, require a genial warmth.

Take now the antipodes of a soil retentive of moisture—a farm well drained—and let us consider what is its peculiar condition and adaptation to the development of vegetable life. Its temperature, instead of being reduced, is quickened by falling water. Atmospheric vapor when condensed into rain-drops is of higher temperature than the air itself. The heat which it had absorbed to keep it in a gaseous state is rendered sensible, and in its passage through the soil it imparts that heat to what is already contained in the earth's surface. The action of dew is precisely similar. The soil, and the plants growing thereon, radiate heat into the surrounding air, and the dew,—as soon as the temperature of the soil is less than that possessed by the atmosphere,—is deposited, which possesses this latent heat, and thus prevents the chilling effects observable upon a soil which contains a surplus of water.

There are other obvious improvements in the condition of soils that are well drained. By the opportunity thus presented for the free access of rain and air, such stores of fertility as would be *locked up* from the growing plants on account of their insolubility, become disintegrated, and the nutriment required by the plant for its sustenance and final development is fully supplied. The soil being broken up into fine particles, its powers of absorption are greater, and such elements of food as may be found in the atmosphere—gaseous in form—are taken up and applied to the purposes for which they are designed. Again, in a warm soil the roots put forth in a wider range, seeking for nutriment, which in its opposite they were totally unable to do, or would refuse because the constituents thereof were not adapted to a healthy growth. At a meeting of Agriculturists in France recently, the President of the Society, while speaking upon the utility of drainage in this respect, made the following forcible remark:—"Take this flower-pot," said he; "what is the meaning of this small hole at the bottom? to renew the water. And why to renew the water? because it gives life or it gives death; life when it is made to pass through the bed of earth, for it leaves with the soil its productive principles, and renders soluble the nutritive properties destined to nourish the plant; death on the other hand, when it remains in the pot, for it soon becomes putrid and rots the roots, and also prevents new water from penetrating."

In view of the foregoing facts, how can the advantages of a thorough system of draining be otherwise than apparent to all? The temperature of the soil is heightened, thus obviating in a great degree the disastrous effects of cold seasons,—its porosity is increased, and, as a consequence the damage resulting from drouth is counteracted—comminution of the soil is effected, and nutritive soluble matter is liberated as food for plants, and by this means is the land enriched. Truly, draining is an exceedingly efficient agent in Progressive Agriculture.



ICE-HOUSE.—ELEVATION.

IT would be useless at this time to talk of ice as a luxury, for of late years it has become almost a necessity. One pound of good hard butter is worth more, when placed on the table, than two pounds of warm, oily stuff such as those have to content themselves with who cannot procure ice. Then there is nothing more refreshing of a warm day than a glass of ice water. It also enables us to preserve meats, &c., from becoming injured in the warmest weather, giving us in the ice-house the temperature of the frozen regions, while without we are enduring an almost tropical heat. This catching and imprisoning Jack Frost, and compelling him to do us good service in hot weather, is a grand idea. If left in freedom he would leave us at the time his services were needed, and the only time when his company is particularly agreeable. Indeed, he is constantly making an effort to escape, and many who attempt to confine him find during the hottest weather that he has managed to leave in search of a more congenial climate. To answer some inquiries as to the surest and cheapest method of keeping him with us all the summer, is our present object. Those who live in cities or large villages can generally procure ice from the dealers who save it in large quantities, in supply every day sufficient for family use at from $3 to $10 the season, according to the quantity used. This is of course the cheapest way of obtaining ice, but farmers are compelled to save their own or do without it. As a store-room for meat and other perishable provisions, the ice-house is of great value to the farmer.

Building a house for preserving ice is a very simple work, and yet there are a few important facts that all should learn before commencing, or their labor may be in vain. We shall endeavor briefly and plainly to point out the most important of these. DAMP and HEAT are the two great agents of thawing, and the first endeavor must be to counteract these by every means in our power.—For the first ventilation is necessary, and for the latter the most non-conducting material available must be used for the house. The old plan of building ice-houses under ground was bad, as it was almost impossible to secure good drainage and sufficient ventilation to arrest the dampness which is sure to exist in all underground rooms or houses. Then the ground is too good a conductor of heat, and communicates its heat very readily to other bodies, much more so than even the air.

The BEST PLACE for an ice-house is above ground, on a gravelly subsoil, where good natural drainage can be had, so that the water that forms as the ice melts will pass off freely. The best material is wood, though brick is good enough where it can be obtained more readily than wood. The walls should be made double, by boarding both on the outside and inside of the frame timbers. The space between the inside and outside boards should be filled with some non-conducting material.—Charcoal dust is an excellent non-conductor; dry tan-bark, or saw-dust, will do very well, and if neither of these can be procured, straw will answer a very good purpose. Where the natural drainage is not first-rate, drains must be dug and filled up with stones. If left open the cold air will pass through them very freely, and its place be supplied by warm air from above. Ice keeps best in large masses, and for several reasons. In a large body there is much less surface exposed in proportion to the whole. Melting ice absorbs and renders latent a large amount of heat, so that the thawing of a part helps preserve that which remains. Those who have built ice-houses that failed to furnish a supply all the summer, will find that by simply enlarging the house say one-third, the additional quantity of ice will be preserved, unless there is some radical defect in its construction, of which they can judge on reading the principles we have presented. A house twelve feet each way on the ground, and eight or ten feet high, is large enough for any family, and even for two or three families, and yet it is as small as we would recommend any one to build, as the cost and trouble is but little more than for a house just large enough, and the supply is certain.

GROUND PLAN.

Where the drainage is good a board floor is not necessary, and we think they are not used in any of our large ice-houses, though in most cases it would be best to lay down a loose floor a few inches from the surface of the ground. If a quantity of brush was first laid down and covered with straw, and the floor put over this, it would make the work complete. If a board floor is not used there should be at least a foot or eighteen inches of straw, but a few inches on the boards will be sufficient. The ice made in the early part of the winter, and that which has been subjected to no change from freezing to thawing, is the best. It should be sawed out in square cakes as uniform in size and thickness as possible. All snow, and ice formed from half-melted snow, should be rejected, as it will not keep. After one layer is put down, the crevices should be filled with pounded ice and this should be continued until the house is filled, when the whole will freeze into a solid mass. A few inches of straw should be placed between the walls of the house and the ice, and this should be done while the house is being filled. Then cover

the whole with a foot or so of straw, and the work is done. An opening must be made in the roof for ventilation.

For the sake of convenience, the ice-house should be near the dwelling, and where desirable it may be made quite ornamental at a very little expense. In this connection we give a plan of a very pretty house built by LEWIS F. ALLEN, of Buffalo. The posts of this house, it will be seen by the plan, are on the outside. This makes a very strong building. When the boards are nailed outside of the posts, they sometimes burst off, particularly when filled with any fine material, like charcoal or tan-bark. The following is Mr. A.'s description of the manner of building his house:

"Mark out your ground the size you require for the house; then, commencing at the one corner, dig, opposite each other, a double set of holes, one foot deep, and two and a half feet apart, on each side of the intended building, say three feet equidistant, so that when the posts stand up they will present a double set, one and a half feet apart.—Then set in your posts, which should be of oak, chestnut, or some lasting wood, and pack the earth firmly around them. If the posts are sawed, they may be 4 by 6 inches in size, set edgeways toward each other. If not sawed, they may be round sticks cut from the woods, or split from the body of a tree, quartered—but sizable, so as to appear decent—and the insides facing each other as they stand up, lined to a surface to receive the planking. Of course, when the posts are set in the ground, they are to show a square form, or skeleton of what the building is to be when completed. When this is done, square off the top of each post to a level, all around; then frame, or spike on to each line of posts a plate, say six inches wide, and stay the two plates together strongly, so as to form a double frame. Now plank, or board up closely, the *inside* of each line of posts, that the space between them shall be a fair surface. Cut out, or leave out a space for a door in the centre of the side where you want it, two and a half or three feet wide, and six and a half feet high, and board up the inner partition sides of this opening, so as to form a door-casing on each side, that the space between the two lines of posts may be a continuous box all around. Then fill up this space between the posts with moist tan-bark, or sawdust, well packed from the ground up to the plates; and the body of the house is inclosed, sun-proof, and air-proof, to guard the ice.

Now lay down, inside the building, some sticks—not much matter what, so that they be level—and on them lay loose planks or boards, for a floor. Cover this floor with a coating of straw, a foot thick, and it is ready to receive the ice.

For the roof, take common 3 by 4 joists, as rafters; or in place of them, poles from the woods, long enough, in a pitch of full 35° from a horizontal line, to carry the roof at least four feet over the outsides of the plates, and secure the rafters well, by pins or spikes, to them. Then board over and shingle it, leaving a small aperture at the top, through which run a small pipe, say eight inches in diameter—a stove-crock will do—for a ventilator. Then set in four posts, say two feet high—as in the design—throw a little four-sided, pointed cap on to the top of these posts, and the roof is done. If you want to ornament the under side of the roof, in a rude way—and we would advise it—take some pieces of 3 by 4 scantling, such as were used for the roof, if the posts are of sawed stuff—if not, rough limbs of trees from the woods, to match the rough posts of the same kind, and fasten them to the posts and the under side of the roof, by way of brackets, as in the design."

THRESHING OATS.

THE almost universal practice of grain growers is to thresh with a machine—generally a traveling machine, accompanied by four horses and three men. If the farmer has no barn, this is perhaps, the best way he can adopt, as his labor must be done in fair weather. But many of the farmers of this State, can pursue a much more economical and profitable manner of threshing.

In a climate such as ours, where Arctic winter reigns during a goodly portion of the year, the straw of oats is an important item in estimating the value of the crop. This is usually much wasted by using the threshing machine. Stacked in the yard, it early becomes weather-beaten and almost valueless for cattle. If the farmer has, of his own, one of the railroad horse-powers, this waste may in part be remedied by threshing at different times during the winter, but all things considered, the flail is the best implement with which to thresh oats. With this, threshing is done at the season of the year when, if ever, the farmer has leisure, and consequently it need not be performed in a hurry; and also when the stock of cattle most need, in its best condition, the straw, the longest of which may be bound in bundles and stored for use, while the loose and unfit to bind, will supply the wants for food, bedding or litter of a fair-sized herd of cattle.

Treading out oats with horses is a much more economical way than threshing with a machine, and if the straw is only wanted for cattle and litter, is as good and fully as economical as with the flail. I am acquainted with a farmer who every winter breaks two or more steers to drive and be "handy" on the threshing floor with older cattle, after the manner described in a late number of the RURAL.

"But," says one, "if it is a better way to thresh oats, the expence will be much greater." Here you are mistaken, and I beg you to count the cost of threshing oats in this State with a machine, at about five dollars per hundred bushels. It as frequently exceeds, as falls short of that figure. Oats can be threshed by a day laborer with a flail, and almost nothing wasted, at a less figure than that. There is many a man who will pound out your oats, feed your cattle, and bind your straw, for a less sum per hundred bushels than that.

Every farmer knows his own necessities—it is the business of the agricultural paper to point out the right way—the farmer must decide between the rivals. In advising the farmer to discard the machine, I am not interested save on the score of humanity. My mind has occasionally dwelt upon a scene while penning this article, of a farm-yard some years agone—covered with its golden litter and its sleek herds looking the picture of contentment, while with regular thumps the descending flail beat the oats from their parent stem. The happy man who did that work is, all things considered, the best threshing machine I am acquainted with. JNO. SANFIELD.

New York State, August, 1857.

BEES AND BUCKWHEAT.

MESSRS. EDS.—In the RURAL of August 22d I noticed an article by J. T. BROWNELL, in which he asks the question, "Do Bees gather Honey from Buckwheat?"—and although he does not say that they *do not*, yet the inference is plain from what he *does* say that he *believes* so, and refers to an article by J. H. WARNER, published in the *Dollar Newspaper*, in which Mr. W. affirms "that after repeated trials he has come to the conclusion that bees make no honey from buckwheat." Now we *do know* that bees are "very busy" during buckwheat time, and if they do not get honey from it, why do they not inform us what they are there for? We also *know* that our hives are very rapidly filled with honey during this season, and if they do not get it from buckwheat, where do they get it from?—as at this season of the year they are generally found nowhere else, excepting on the wing between the apiary and the buckwheat field.

But perhaps they will tell us that they get "*something*" there, and with the help of this "*something*," by some hocus pocus art, they extract honey from the atmosphere while on the wing, and this "*something*" gives the honey the peculiar flavor of buckwheat blossoms. I believe that Mr. WARNER states that he has weighed his hives before and after the buckwheat season, and that they do not increase in weight during this time. Perhaps his experiments were made in a cold, rainy season, and although there may be plenty of honey, if the bees cannot get abroad to gather it, our hives will not increase in weight. I have never weighed any of my hives, but I will relate a little of my experience.

Two years ago this summer, owing to the ravages of the wheat midge, there was much more buckwheat sown in this section than usual. I had some large early swarms that had nearly filled the lower part of their hives previous to the commencement of the buckwheat season. As it was warm, pleasant weather, and the bees were very busy, I placed boxes on these hives, and some of them, in about two weeks, collected about thirty pounds of box honey. Now I think here would have been an increase of weight. All my hives and boxes for surplus honey were well filled—even late swarms had plenty of honey and wintered well. There was a ten acre field of buckwheat about sixty rods from my apiary and between the two the bees were continually going to and fro.—Last year was a poor buckwheat season—there was much cold, rainy weather, the buckwheat was cut off by early frosts, and my bees made no honey in their boxes. Late swarms had to be taken up, some of them having but six or eight pounds of honey in the hives. So much for a poor buckwheat season. This year, for about a week previous to the commencement of the buckwheat season, my bees were perfectly idle, and some of them began to rob the less populous hives—which is a sure sign there is no honey to be gathered, for they seldom or never rob when it is a good time for honey. But now they are very busy, and if we have warm, pleasant weather, I have no doubt but they will do as well as they did two years ago.

In a large apiary it is a very easy matter to tell when bees are idle or at work—where only a few swarms are kept the noise would not be noticed, but where there are twenty or thirty swarms, if they are at work, the apiarian will soon be apprized of it, especially if he is among them previous to a shower, or just before sunset. Now it seems to me we might as well say that the sun is not the great source of light and heat as that bees do not gather honey from buckwheat. And these pretenders to Bee-Ology should enlighten us upon the subject, and inform us what the bees are after among the buckwheat blossoms, and where they obtain so much honey from at this season of the year, Pray do enlighten us, gentlemen, for if your system is true, we are wofully in the dark.

Since writing the above I have examined QUINBY'S *Mysteries of Bee Keeping*, and I quote from him, page 101, the following:—"I find by weighing a loss from one to six pounds, between the 20th July and the 10th of August, when the flowers of buckwheat begin to yield honey, which generally proves a second harvest. In many places it is their main dependence for surplus honey." Again, on page 102, he says:—"Swarms issuing as late as the 15th July, when they commence on buckwheat, sometimes contain not over five pounds of stores, and yet make good stocks for winter, whereas, without this yield, they might not live through October. It fails about once in ten years. I have known a swarm to gain in one week sixteen lbs., and construct room to store it in at the same time. At another time I had a swarm issue the 18th of August that obtained thirty pounds in eighteen days. But such buckwheat swarms, in ordinary seasons, seldom get over fifteen pounds."

Newfane, Niag. Co., N. Y., 1857. C. C. WILSON.

SENECA COUNTY HORSE EXHIBITION.

AN attentive friend has sent us an account of the Exhibition of Horses at Waterloo, on the 25th, 26th, and 27th ult. Being received at a late hour, we are compelled to condense considerably, giving only the facts, as stated:

There was a greater display of fine, fast horses on the ground, than is often seen congregated in Western New York; and the number of spectators was legion. The receipts for admittance at the gates were over $2,000; total receipts, $2,230.—Premiums paid, $1,053.

The first trotting was four entries for a purse of $100; prize taken by JOS. WRIGHT'S horse, "Dresden"; best time 2.44½; winning first heat in 2.50½. An extra purse of $50 was trotted for and won by the mare "Fanny Sprague," of Palmyra. "Miller's Daughter," from Long Island, trotted with "Tib Hinman," of Buffalo, carrying off the $200 purse in three straight heats. A. J. DANIELS' span of Chicago sorrels, trotted with JOS. WRIGHT'S black "Tippoo Brothers" and were awarded a purse of $40. The fastest trotting against him was by the Long Island mare "Miller's Daughter," trotting the mile in 2.36½; Mr. DANIELS' matched span doing the same in 2.49.

There were five entries for racking in harness. Mr. KERR'S horse "Bay Dick," of Scipio, took the $40 purse with ease, time 2.34. Dick was bought for $250 only two weeks since. A gentleman from New Orleans present, paid 1,000 for time, and he was started off the same evening, on his way to the Crescent city.—S. W., *Waterloo, Aug.* 28, 1857.

The Veterinarian.

FOOT-ROT IN SHEEP.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Allow me, through the RURAL, to inquire the cause of the foot-rot in sheep; in what respect it differs from the foul; and a remedy, (if there be any.)—J. M. H., *Mecca, O.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—The predisposing, that is the essential cause of this disease, is a virus, or poisonous matter, which is generated in, and issues from the sores upon the feet of diseased sheep, and is quickly communicated to sound sheep by coming in contact with their feet. The "foul" is a lameness similar to but entirely distinct from the foot-rot.—It is caused by pasturing on low lands, and will disappear without medicinal application if the sheep are removed to high, dry ground. As remedies, either of the following will probably effect a cure:

1. Take ¼ lb. of alum, 2 oz. of blue vitriol; boil them in one pint of water; when quite cold, add ⅔ of a pint of aqua-fortis, and it is ready for use. It is equally efficacious for the foul in the feet of all classes of animals.

2. With a sharp knife cut away the infected part, and then with a clean wooden skewer, apply once a day, some muriate of antimony. This will stop the disease and effect a cure. A strong solution of sulphate of copper would answer the purpose, applied with a brush; but it is neither so speedy nor so effectual.

3. Take six-pennyworth of quicksilver, dissolved in six-pennyworth of nitric acid, add the same quantity of good vinegar, pare the hoof well, shake the bottle, and apply to the parts affected; one or two applications will be sufficient.

SLAVERING HORSES.

EDS. RURAL:—Will you or some of your subscribers inform me of a remedy and the cause of the disease in horses commonly called the "slobbers." It has been attributed by some to white clover, by others to certain weeds. Nearly all I have consulted have given causes, but they so seldom agree that I am in a quandary. Any information will be gratefully received.—Z., *Aug.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—Slavering in horses are frequently met with where clover is used as an article of fodder. There seems to be some peculiar property about the flowers which makes them a source of irritation to the mucous surfaces and salivary apparatus of the horse. Some horses are not thus affected. Any irritating body placed in the mouth of the horse may produce an increased flow of saliva. The sharp edge of a worn-down tooth—a rough bit—or a hard master may cause this complaint. Indifferent fodder or impaired digestive organs are apt to produce augmented salivary secretion. DADD, in his *Modern Horse Doctor*, recommends berberry bark, gum myrrh, golden seal, ginger, and sulphur, one ounce of each—powdered together— the mess divided into eight parts, one to be given in *fine feed* night and morning. Dry shorts will often prove a cure.

WENS ON CATTLE.

EDS. RURAL.—I have a very fine pair of oxen, one of which has a large lump under the skin immediately behind the under jaw on the side of the neck, about the size of a large goose egg, *very* hard and movable, does not seem to be sore. I have had it examined by several persons, all of whom (as well as myself,) are unacquainted with it. Can you or any of your numerous readers give any information respecting it, that will lead to a cure, or remove the same. The lump does not seem to grow, was the same size it now is, when first discovered about six weeks ago. Any information respecting the above, will confer a favor on—CANADIAN, *Brighton, C. W.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—There are two kinds of tumors or wens which appear on the jaws of cattle, and they are almost always caused by a bruise or injury, or a defective tooth. The worst of these—the bone tumor—cannot be cured—the flesh tumor, or wen—of which class is that affecting the cattle of our correspondent—can be removed either by cutting out or by external applications. Fine salt and tar mixed and rubbed on frequently, will generally cure in a few weeks. Raw linseed oil is also recommended.

RINGBONE.

EDS. RURAL:—Can you or any of your subscribers give a cure for ringbone? I have a valuable horse that has been lame two or three years. I have consulted half a dozen horse doctors, but without obtaining any apparent benefit. Any information will be thankfully received.—R. W. COY, *Livonia, N. Y.* 1857.

REMARKS.—We do not think there is a *cure* for this disease—all that can be done is to relieve the animal, and the manner of doing this is by cooling, evaporating lotions, cold water bandages and *rest*. This latter is of much importance. Fire and blister—as used by many veterinarians who *profess* to eradicate the evil—are nothing more nor less than torture. Muriatic acid, four ounces; water, two quarts; tincture of bloodroot, six ounces. Mix and apply daily by means of a sponge. Fasten the sponge to the affected part and keep it damp.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

EDS. RURAL:—I notice from some of your correspondents inquiries for Sugar Cane Crushers.—Up here on the high grounds of Steuben we are expecting very shortly such a temperature as will effectually *crush* what little of the thing we have growing, and also all prospects for getting any saccharine sweetness from the same. Late in the season as it is, (Aug. 24,) it shows neither tassel, silk, blossom, or anything to indicate where the next year's seed is coming from. *Corn-stalkum, Sugar-annum, is a humbug!* It will not mature in latitude 42° North, in the year of grace 1857; and those shrewd political economists and noisy philanthropists who were going to hit slavery a *killing dig* with it, will have to try again. What humbug shall we chase next? Verily, this is an age of "Progress."—W. B. P., *Prattsburgh, N. Y.*, 1857.

THE quantity of drain-tile made in England is said by the *Builder* to average forty miles a week!

Rural Notes and Items.

GREEN CORN.—For a quantity of very fine Sweet Corn, of a new and extra variety, the attachees of the RURAL have to thank our attentive friend, I. W. BRIGGS. The ears were longer and the kernels larger than those of any sweet corn we could find among our market men. The corn has no "name," but is is safe to write it down, excellent.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE AG. SOCIETY.—This Society will hold its Seventh Annual Exhibition at Powelton — West Philadelphia — September 29th, 30th, and October 1st, 2d. Lists of Premiums and all other information, will be furnished on application to the Secretary, ROBERT C. WALKER, Esq., at the rooms of the "Philadelphia Society for the Promotion of Agriculture," Chestnut street.

BURIED TREASURES.—Those farmers who are so fortunate as to be possessed of mines of hidden wealth, will find opportunity during the present month to labor therein and obtain the elements of fertility for application to their soils. He who is regardful of the wants of his land, and has a muck-bed, will gather his forces and make the needful preparations for next year's campaign.

RIPE CORN.—The office of the RURAL has been decorated, the past week, by some ears of well-ripened "Washington Dutton" corn gathered on the 25th ult., from the farm of T. BARNES, Esq., Newark, N. Y., who says this is the only early variety he has ever known that is of a size worth cultivating. The samples are very fine and well matured.

AN ACCESSION.—A letter lately received by one of our wool importing houses from the Cape of Good Hope, says that an English settler at King William's Town had received two bales of wool, grown by the Tambookies, and shorn from sheep of their own breeding. This was the first arrival in the Colony of wool grown by natives, and the occurrence was regarded as one of no little importance, a large number of the natives having engaged in sheep breeding and the consequent production of wool.

DRAINED *vs.* WET LAND.—*Temperature.*—In a recent report of a Committee of the Royal Ag. Society of England upon an examination made in January last of the soil of R. CLUTTERBUCK, Esq., of Hineworth, we find the following remark:—"That whereas the undrained land exhibited a temperature as low as 30° at 18 inches below the surface, the drained land never reached so low as the freezing point at the same depth, although the temperature at the air above was recorded as 16° below the freezing point."

ERIE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—The Annual Fair of this Society is to be held on the Society's grounds near Whittemores, on the 9th, 10th and 11th days of September inst. Under the management of enterprising and efficient officers, and surrounded with a host of practical, scientific and amateur farmers and breeders, we shall be disappointed if the show and attendance are not alike creditable to the Society and the County of Erie. The Farmers and Mechanics of the county, as well as those of the city of Buffalo, owe it to themselves to be fully represented at this fair.—W.

BEAUTIFUL WHEAT.—The Albany *Journal* of the 28th ult., records the arrival in that city of one thousand bushels of white, Blue-stem Wheat, and remarks as follows:—"The South this season takes the palm for wheat. By far the handsomest specimen we have seen for many a year was this morning exhibited on 'change. It was a sample from North Carolina. All good judges pronounced it the best they had seen for years; and some that it was fully equal to our own Genesee fifteen years ago. It is a plump berry, light colored and very clean, weighing from sixty-two to sixty-three pounds to the bushel."

SALE OF IMPROVED STOCK.—The sale of the combined herds, (three in number,) of the Messrs. WADE, came off in the vicinity of Cobourg, C. W., on the 26th and 27th ult. We learn by a friend that the attendance was good, but that very few from the States were present. All of the cattle remained in Canada with the exception of three head, which were purchased by J. O. SHELDON, Esq., of Geneva, N. Y. Many advertised were withdrawn from sale, being in poor condition. Thirty-eight head were disposed of at prices varying—for Cows—from $80 to $210; Bulls $80 to $200; Grade Short-horns, from $60 to $80. The Sheep (Leicesters,) looked finely and brought all prices, from good butcher's rates to $80 per head.

NEW AND COMMENDABLE FEATURE.—We notice in the List of Premiums as issued by the Union Ag. Society of the towns of Adams, Rodman and Lorraine, Jef. Co., N. Y., a "class of Premiums by Individuals." One by Mr. R. P. WHITE, is for the best 10 bushels of Barley, and amounts to $10. Another by BENNETT & HUNTINGTON, New York, is for best samples of Butter and Cheese, for which the amount is $5 each. Still another, by HUNGERFORD & BRODIE, Watertown, is for the best herd of Cattle, not less than one bull and five cows of the same improved blood, and for this the munificent premium of $100 is offered. When individuals thus rally to the sustaining of an Ag. Society, its efforts must be crowned with success.

THE PORK MARKET.—Considerable business has been transacted at the West in the way of contracts for hogs to be delivered in November. The idea seems to be generally entertained that pork *early in market* will command a high price. The Cincinnati *Price Current*, in a review of the market remarks:—"During the latter part of June and and the fore part of July, $6 50 per hundred seemed to be the prevailing rate, at which we heard of contracts to the extent of 700 head. During the latter part of July $6 75 was paid for 4,000 head, for November delivery, and $6 50 for the fore part of December. Within the last two weeks about 3,000 head were sold, for November delivery at $7 per cwt. net. According to our advices from Illinois, there is an active demand for hogs in that State, at $6 net, with more buyers than sellers."

THE NEGLECT OF AGRICULTURE.—The stagnation in trade now so prevalent throughout our country, and the commercial embarrassment so apparent, has furnished the press with a topic upon which to moralize and philosophize, and they seem to be taking advantage of the opportunity thus presented. The Boston *Traveller* thus speaks:—The complaints of the present season are not caused so much by the deficiency of business as by the redundancy of traders, and the over supply of manufactured articles furnished by the improved machinery which has been brought into operation within a few years. These are altogether disproportionate to the agricultural products of the country. We cannot look for any substantial and permanent re-action till larger amounts of capital and a much greater number of energetic young men are withdrawn from other pursuits and concentrated upon agriculture. The general depression in commerce and manufactures at the present time, and the active demand and high prices for almost all great agricultural staples, offers an excellent opportunity for the profitable transfer of a large amount of capital and labor to the cultivation of the soil.

The Young Ruralist.

LETTERS FROM THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

WE have a host of letters from the boys and girls, and give as many as our space will allow.

EDS. RURAL:—All men desire to improve their condition in life. The feeling of improvement was planted in the mind of man for wise purposes. In some countries a larger field is laid open for ambition than in others. Of all, none present so wide a range as our own country. Here, persons that to-day walk the streets clothed in rags, tomorrow figure among the rulers of the land. Our government policy, so far as necessary, is changed every four years, and the highest executive office lies within the gift of the people. Ought not this to be an impulse for every boy in the land to improve his condition? Yet from a piece which appeared in the RURAL of the 15th inst., we are led to believe that *farmers' boys* must not endeavor to improve their condition. A farmer can be a great man—yet to be so, he must be a learned man. Self-tuition is, and always has been, commendable. Of our Governors, Senators and other prominent men, scattered all over our country, at least one-half have been *farmers' boys*, and many are still practical farmers. Hence, we infer we can have great men, from farmers, and from farmers' boys. Let no boy be discouraged, but remember the words, "Mind makes the Man." And as the learned BLACKSTONE says, "The world needs you." Yes, it needs every boy who now follows the plow, or whistles off through the winter snows to school, there to improve his mind and be in every sense of the word, a Man—C. W. S., *Ogdensburgh, N. Y.*

True enough, the world needs every live boy. You may make a wise man, but unless you use your wisdom for the benefit of the world your wisdom is of no account. You may become rich, but if you use your riches for your own pleasures like many other rich men, what advantage will you or you wealth be to the world? You may become powerful, but unless you exert your power to make the world better and happier, you may as well be "little and unknown." The world needs boys and men with large hearts.——The boys, and the girls, too, are determined, it seems, to have the new paper started. Here is a very pretty letter from a young lady of Charlotte Centre, N. Y.:

EDS. RURAL:—I am a farmer's daughter, a "born and bred" country girl, and I'm thankful that I can say it, too; for on these green hills of "Old Chautauque," my soul has learned the lessons and duties of the life with which GOD crowns it, and I feel that the "lines" could have "fallen" to me in no pleasanter places; for in this pure-aired country the eye may look daily on the "miracle of flowers and trees," the heart may have *room* to throb and expand; *freedom* to follow the right, and *strength* to bear the furnace-heating of toil or pain with which GOD separates gold from dross. I have been much interested in the columns of the RURAL devoted to the younger portion of its readers, and being "one in the ranks" I have an earnest wish that it may be well filled,—that all who feel its throbbings within may not fear to give a good word for the *right*, let the labor of their hands be what it may. We *do* want a "whole paper," Mr. Editor,—one which shall be a nursery for our "young ideas," with a hand to use the "pruning knife" when needed, and if occasionally said "ideas" prove *too* "green," we want the sunlight of more matured minds for their ripening. Have you nothing to say, country boys and girls, clerks, mechanics and "seniors," to the question, "Will you see that a paper for the Young People of America is appreciated and supported?" Say *something*; if it is "yea" we shall understand your reason for the answer; if "nay," we would know *why* it is so.

The RURAL has made and is making grand headway, and we feel sure that the hands and heads which steer the *ship* so truly will not fail in the guidance of a smaller barque. ELLEN C. LAKE.

It pleases us very much to notice how nicely these letters from the boys and girls are written. The penmanship is very neat, almost every word is spelled correctly, and the punctuation very fair.

We don't think any of the farmers' boys have accused the merchants, or their clerks, of dishonesty. Perhaps in speaking of their own profession as honest and honorable, they have given some reason for the inference drawn by the writer of the following rather sharp article:

EDS. RURAL:—I think there are just as pleasant and honorable occupations as farming. All the writers for the Young Ruralist seem to think that merchants and mechanics, in order to carry on business, must cheat. Now, as far as my knowledge of trading around here extends, the merchants are the most honest in their dealings. When a farmer brings in a load of wood to sell, the buyer is obliged to follow him up to see that he does not cord it up so that three-quarters will make a whole cord, but if a farmer wants fifty pounds of nails or sugar, or 10 yards of cloth, what would he think of that merchant if the nails or sugar should fall short five pounds or the cloth one or two yards. I guess they would not trade much more with that merchant. Even the farmer boys have learned the trick of cording wood as well as in measuring berries that they sometimes bring into town to sell. In performing the work of the farm a man has no interest in cheating, for he would only be injuring himself if he should half plow the land or half hoe his corn or potatoes, but when he comes to sell these things, he is very sure to measure them up as if his half bushel measure was too large. Now, Mr. EDITOR, I hope you will not show partiality to the *farmer boys*, but will give the boys that are differently employed, a chance with them.—J. D. C., *Westfield, Chautauque Co., N. Y.*

There are honest and dishonest men in all callings and professions. There are traitors in every camp, and Judases in the most select company. To act well our part, and to resist temptation at every point, shows the true and honest man.

The Orchard and Garden.

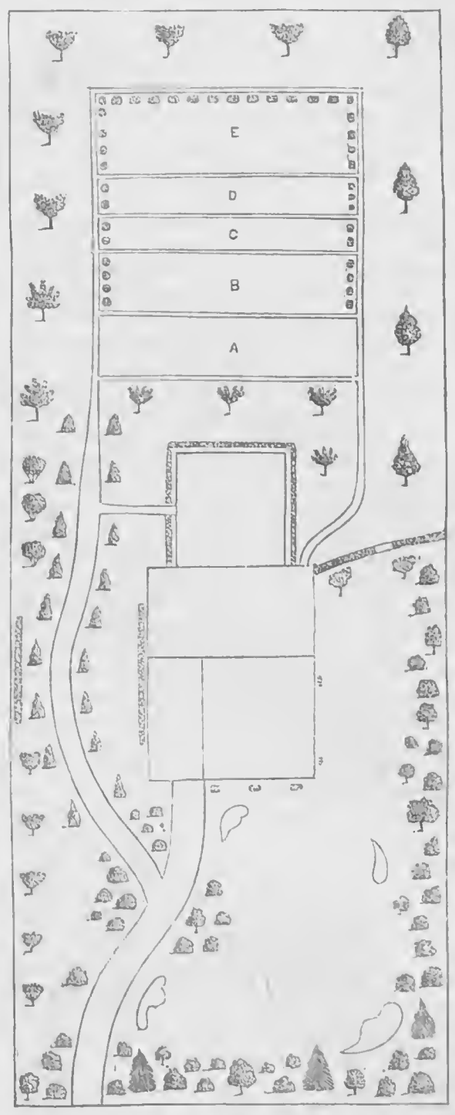
A RURAL HOME.

EVERY day brings us evidence that our labors are not in vain nor unappreciated. Many write us of success in horticultural operations far exceeding their most sanguine expectations. The stubborn soil yields before their untiring labors, difficulties that seemed almost insurmountable are overcome, and delicious fruits and fragrant flowers repay they intelligent toil. Others are still working and hoping; situation, soil, climate, or other circumstances, are against them. Some say we teach them to love the beautiful in nature, creating a taste for horticulture which they have not the power to gratify, thus making them restless and uneasy. Had we some magic skill—had we power equal to our will—how soon these little city lots would enlarge, giving their owners room for small but beautiful gardens. How speedily would we surround the exposed orchards and gardens of our friends on the prairies with a belt of magnificent Norways that would effectually shelter them from the destructive winds. We might be tempted even to say to the thermometer when it had got down to zero, "so far shalt thou go, but no farther." As we possess no such power, all we can do is to teach how difficulties may be best overcome, and the most made of the circumstances in which the cultivator finds himself placed. One gentleman writes us as follows:

"You have learned me to love flowers, and long for fruits. I have a great fever to go to work and raise them for myself. Although I have had no experience, I think there must be great pleasure in raising fine fruit. I have always noticed that those who were engaged in it were quite enthusiastic. I only desire to grow enough for family use, and for the enjoyment of the thing. My business is such that I have to live in town, and I have a lot towards the suburbs, though near enough for business, 60 feet front by 150 feet deep. Could I build a cottage on this and have enough ground to make the thing pleasant? This seems to be my only hope, as to procure more ground, I should have to go further than my business would permit."

Although truly quite small, yet a very pretty place may be made of it, and many flowers and shrubs and much fruit it will produce with proper management. Those who commence horticultural operations generally try to do too much on the start, and become discouraged at the labor and expense before they begin to reap the fruit of their toil and money. A nurseryman's catalogue is examined, and as they propose to have as fine a place as anybody, everything that is noticed as good must be procured; and as it would be pleasant to get the start of their neighbors, of course everything new and rare is chosen. In this way a miscellaneous collection of trees and plants are put out, many of them new and untried, others of very difficult culture, requiring the greatest care and skill in their management, and others entirely unsuited to the soil and climate. Among the collection of course there are many things suitable. As the trees are very small, and it is difficult to realize that they will ever be very large, and the proprietor is anxious to get everything good in his lot, enough is put on an acre generally to well plant three, and if the greatest half did not die from mismanagement or unsuitableness during the first or second summer, many would have to be removed.

Many gardens are so arranged as to require a great amount of labor to keep them in order, and even then they never have a tasteful appearance. How often do we see narrow strips of grass bordering flower beds, which, even with the greatest labor, it is almost impossible to keep neat, and such a miscellaneous collection of flowers of all colors as to give the garden the appearance of a patch-work quilt. In answer to our correspondent we will give our views of the best manner of arranging and planting such a garden to produce the most pleasure and profit with the least amount of expense and labor.



PLAN OF SMALL GARDEN, 60 FEET WIDE, 150 DEEP.

In arranging the ground for a garden, we must first determine on the object desired. If vegetables are wanted the ground should be laid out for square beds, and all that would shade the ground or impoverish the soil should be excluded. If fruit is the object, the trees should be planted at the proper distances in rows, where they will have all the benefit that can be derived from the soil and from the sun and air. This is very simple. Our correspondent, if we understand him, wishes a pleasant rural home, where he can gratify a refined taste in the cultivation of fruits and flowers. The arrangement of such a place is more difficult, and requires care and skill. Pleasure and not profit is the object sought, and this calls for a wise arrangement and combination of the fruit, flower and vegetable garden, as well as the shrubbery and lawn. On so small a piece of ground a gardener would not be kept, and therefore it should be so laid out and planted that any person, with proper knowledge and a few leisure hours, could keep it in perfect order, with the occasional aid of a few day's labor. Nothing is so unsatisfactory as an untidy garden. Everything about it should be as neat as a parlor. The great difficulty in this case is want of room. Every inch of ground therefore must be occupied, and to the best possible advantage. Without further remarks we introduce the plan we recommend for such a piece of ground, sixty feet front by one hundred and fifty deep.

The house for such a lot, where a garden is wanted, of course cannot be large, and we have made the ground plan 23 feet front by about 45 deep. It is placed 45 feet back from the front line, leaving a space for ornamental grounds of 60 feet broad by 45 deep, besides 18½ feet on each side of the house. The entrance gate is placed 6 feet from the line of the lot and a winding walk 5 feet wide is made to the front door, and from this another branches off, 4 feet wide, leading to the back door and the garden. These, which should be graveled, are all the walks necessary, and it leaves the space for the lawn as unbroken as possible, and makes it appear much larger than if cut up with small paths. Some may think the walks broader than necessary, but a good broad walk adds much to the appearance of the place, giving an expression of freedom and boldness. We despise all narrow, contracted walks. On the front is a belt of shrubs and small trees, which will serve as a screen from the street, and a similar belt is seen on one side to hide the fence. On the left side is a row of dwarf apple trees, which, in addition to the fruit, are as beautiful as most of our ornamental trees and shrubs. These belts will not only screen the fences and afford a variety of ornamental and flowering trees and shrubs, but they will in appearance add much to the extent of the little lawn, as no abrupt fence or termination to the ground will be seen, and the imagination will perceive beauties beyond, hid by the shrubbery. The ground in front of course should be in grass, and the flower beds, as shown in the plan, are made by cutting out the turf. A few shrubs will also be noticed where the side road branches from the main walk.

A border of fruit trees is continued around the back garden, commencing on the right with four cherry trees 20 feet apart, then five peach 15 feet apart, two apricot the same distance, two quince 10 feet, and 18 dwarf pear, 9 on each side of the walk. These are placed only six feet apart, which is quite close enough, and eight feet would be better. Inside of the fruit border is a walk, which should be about three feet wide, and inside of this are currant and gooseberry bushes, there being room for about three dozen plants. Near the back part of the house we have placed four plum trees. Here they will afford shade, and will be convenient for fighting the curculio.

The remaining ground we have divided into beds with narrow paths between. A is a raspberry bed, 8 by 35 feet; B, strawberry bed, the same size; C, asparagus bed, 4 by 35; D rhubarb, same size; E is a space for small vegetables, such as radishes, lettuce, and such little things as may be desired, 11 by 35 feet. The front and right side of the house should be covered with running roses and honeysuckles, and the left side and back part may be occupied with grape vines. A portion of the fence on the left it is also intended should be covered with grape. A small hedge is seen on the right, dividing the garden from the ornamental grounds, and in front of this two Siberian crab trees are planted. They are very pretty trees, very beautiful when covered with fruit, and will by no means disgrace the lawn.

By this arrangement, while the most is made of the ground, nothing is crowded. The trees are at proper distances, and so arranged as to shade as little as possible the part left for the small fruits and vegetables. The plan will furnish some idea at least of the method of laying out small places to the best advantage.

MYATT'S LINNÆUS RHUBARB. — CHARLES DOWNING, writing in the Horticulturist of this fine rhubarb, says:—"We have tried many kinds, none, however, have proved equal to this; Collossus was a favorite for a long time, (and still is a good sort,) but the Linnæus is much superior to it, or any other variety we have yet seen. It is free from the extreme acidity, coarse and stringy pulp, which by many is the great objection to Victoria, and other large sorts. It possesses a fine brisk, aromatic flavor, requires much less sweetening, and forms, when cooked, a fine, uniform pulp, and it needs no peeling or stripping to fit it for use.

The plant is hardy, very vigorous, with long, heavy stalks, and more productive than any other variety we are acquainted with. It is the most valuable kind for family use, and should have a place in every private garden. For profitable marketing it is unsurpassed."

EXHIBITIONS OF FRUIT.—Our County and State Agricultural Societies hold their Fairs during the months of September and October. We urge all who grow fruits to present them for exhibition, as these public shows of fine fruit tend greatly to awaken an interest on the subject. Those who desire information should examine carefully the specimens shown. Interesting and profitable discussions should be had at all the principal exhibitions.

FALL SOWN LETTUCE.—How can fall sown Lettuce be protected so that it will make a strong and early growth in the spring? S.

REMARKS.—Put a simple board frame around the bed, and cover with boards, or a few sticks laid across and covered with an old carpet, will answer. A few dry leaves thrown over the bed does pretty well without any frame.

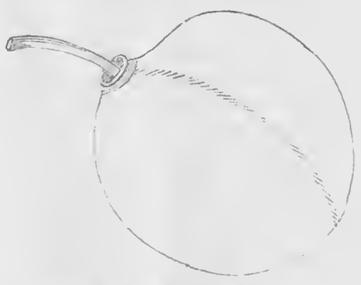
FRUITS AND FLOWERS IN SEASON.

THE earlier varieties of plums are now ripening, and this season we have a fair crop here in all cases where the trees have received proper attention.

THE PEACH PLUM is one of the most beautiful plums grown, very large, brownish red in the shade, and a reddish purple in the sun, and covered with a most beautiful blue bloom. It is juicy, sweet, and the flavor is good. Ripe this season about the 20th of August. The tree is a strong grower and bears well.

ROYAL HATIVE is a medium sized plum, dark purple in color, spotted with yellowish brown.—The flesh is tender, juicy, and of fine flavor. Ripe 25th of August.

ROYAL DE TOURS is rather smaller than the preceding, of a reddish violet color. Flesh rather firm, juicy, and of fine flavor. Ripe Aug. 29th.



MAMELONNE PLUM.

MAMELONNE is a curious and distinct fruit, with a prominent neck. About as large as Green Gage, and of fine flavor. A greenish yellow, with a tinge of red on the sunny side. This season it rots soon after picking, and we don't know but this is its regular habit; if so, it is a very bad one, and will prevent its general cultivation. Ripe 28th August.

EARLY ORLEANS is a good, productive red plum.

The PRECOCE DE BERTHOLD is a very sweet early yellow fruit, from France, but as it is not much larger than a cherry, it will not become popular.

The GREEN GAGE we picked the last of August.

Peaches grown here (Early York) first made their appearance in our market on the last day of August. The crop is very good.

The DAHLIAS are beginning to show their beauty, and in a week or two will be in perfection.—The nights are cold, and we should not be surprised at an early frost, though we hope to escape all this month.

Beds filled with flowers of one color have a very fine effect, where two or three, each with flowers of one color, can be seen at the same time. A few days since we saw a bed of Scarlet Verbenas, near it one of the White Candytuft, and a little further off another bed of the Purple Candytuft, all coming under the eye at the eye at the same time. We never observed anything more beautiful and brilliant. The effect was much better than though the colors had been mixed in the same bed. We hope our readers will try this plan another season. We give an engraving of the Purple Candytuft, than which there is nothing better for forming a bed with purple flowers.

PURPLE CANDYTUFT.

The ASTERS are now in bloom and were never finer. The cool, damp weather has been very favorable. The new French varieties are as perfect and as beautiful as a well formed Dahlia

RASPBERRIES, THE CURCULIO, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—I would like to inquire of you, or some of the contributors of the RURAL, the best way to train the Yellow American Raspberry to protect it from the cold? Is it well to cut off the ends during this month? Will it have a tendency to harden them, so that they will endure the cold? The ends of the vines are apt to die.

There has been much said about the Curculio. I should like to relate my own experience. About three years ago I read in some paper that sulphur and snuff, mixed with lard, and applied to the bark of the tree, would keep off the troublesome insect. I had a fine yellow gage plum tree that had always cast its fruit. That year it blossomed full, and I applied the sulphur and snuff as directed, and had an abundance of delicious fruit, but the summer was extremely hot, and the heat of the sun upon the lard seemed to roast the bark of the trees.—There was some leaves upon it the next season, but no fruit, and the present year there is neither leaves or fruit, but the tree is entirely dead. A horse plum was killed in the same way. I am inclined to think that sulphur applied to the tree will preserve the fruit. The best way of applying it is the question. This season I mixed it with clay, which I thought would not injure the tree, and applied to the border and lower limbs of two Damson and some wild plum trees. The fruit thus far hangs on and promises well. L. A. WEED.

Mendon, Ill., Aug. 24, 1857.

REMARKS.—The best way to protect Raspberry canes is to lay them down and cover with a little earth.

FRUIT TREES FROM CUTTINGS.—The success that attended my experiments, last year, in growing grape vines from cuttings, in the shade, this year, has been repeated with increased success, and it also occured to me with like advantages, fruit trees could also be grown from cuttings, and carrying into practice the thought, (in fact the only way our thoughts ever become useful,) I stuck out, in like manner, apple, pear, plum and cherry cuttings, the apple, pear and plum, putting forth leaves and some shoots, (while the cherry did not, the season being too late for them,) and now retain their foliage with a fair prospect of adding in time, their luxuries to the delicacies of the table.—S. N. HOLMES, *Syracuse, N. Y.*, 1857.

GATHERING AND SAVING FRUIT.—You gave us in the RURAL last week a few hints on "*Gathering Fruit*" and "*Ripening Pears.*" Will you please to give a little further information on this interesting subject? Farmers and fruit growers need information about picking, packing, marketing fruit, &c., I think. Such information will much oblige at least—ONE READER.

REMARKS.—In our next number we will give the information desired on this subject. It is next to useless to grow good fruit unless it is properly cared for at maturity.

COLORED DRAWINGS OF FRUIT.—Can you tell us in the RURAL where those instructive fruit albums, such as are used by ELLWANGER & BARRY and others, can be got, and the price?—*

REMARKS.—Those plates are drawn and colored by JOSEPH PRESTELE, of Ebenezer, near Buffalo, N. Y. The cost is about fifty cents for each plate. Mr. PRESTELE draws and colors fruits and flowers, much better than any other artist in this country, and is not excelled, if equaled, by any in Europe.

Domestic Economy.

PRESERVING FRUIT IN TIN CANS.

EDS. RURAL:—I have been reading a number of pieces in your paper, from time to time, on preserving fruit, and you shall have the results of my experience. I have known fruit to be put up in tin cans, in great quantities, and have never heard of one instance of the slightest injury from their use. I have put up fruit myself for eight years—currants, peaches, plums, tomatoes, and whatever I could get and wanted to preserve;—and I have opened them after remaining in the cans for three years, and they were as good as when put up. Acid fruits will sometimes change their color a little, but when exposed to the light and air, they assume their former color, very nearly. Last year I put up 100 quarts of different kinds of fruit, and I have a few cans unopened still. I have not had one spoiled. Two that were only half full were rusting the cans slightly and one can of apple sauce that was put up rather dry, was some moulded on the surface, yet when that was removed the fruit underneath was good.

I have used the same cans every year, but I am careful to have cans perfectly *tinned*, and then to cleanse and dry thoroughly as soon as the fruit is removed. The fruit should be turned out very soon after the can is opened. I have tried stone jugs, but prefer the cans. I feel confident that if good tin cans are filled with boiling fruit, and soldered air-tight, while at boiling point, they will not corrode or poison the fruit so as to injure any one. Nineteen quarts of the cans I kept last winter, were filled with wild grapes. They were delicious to those who are fond of them, yet what fruit is more acid? A SUBSCRIBER.

York Centre, N. Y., 1857.

PACKING EGGS FOR WINTER.—Will you please inform a punctual reader of your valuable paper the best and most practical method of packing eggs, in a manner that they may retain their freshness for winter use, and oblige—J. W. W., *Oran, Aug.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—We always pack them between layers of salt, and have no difficulty in saving them good for winter, if put down in the fall, and kept in a cool place. If put down during warm weather they will not always keep well.—Some years since a gentleman of Yorkshire, England, obtained a patent for the following process which at the time it was said had kept eggs perfectly good two years:—Take one bushel of quick lime, thirty-two ounces of salt, eight ounces of cream of tartar. Mix them together with as much water as will reduce the composition to a consistency that an egg when put into it will swim. The eggs may now be put into it, and be kept down by a board with a gentle pressure upon it. Perhaps some of our readers can recommend a good plan, which they have proved.

BLACKBERRY JELLY.—Blackberry jelly or jam is an excellent medicine in summer complaints or dysentery: to make it, crush a quart of fully ripe blackberries with a pound of the best loaf sugar, put it over a gentle fire and soak it until thick, then put to it a gill of the best fourth proof brandy, stir it while over the fire, then put it in pots.

BLACKBERRY SYRUP.—Make a simple syrup of a pound of sugar to each pint of water, boil it until it is rich and thick, then add to it as many pints of the expressed juice of ripe blackberries as there are pounds of sugar; put half a nutmeg grated to each quart of the syrup; let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes, then add to it a half a gill of fourth-proof brandy for each quart of syrup; set it by to become cold, then bottle it for use. A tablespoonful for a child or a wine glass for an adult is a dose.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—The following is said to be an excellent recipe for the manufacture of superior wine from blackberries:—Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon adding one quart of water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without any further straining or boiling, that will make lips smack as they never smacked, under a similar influence, before.—*Selected.*

Mechanic Arts & Science.

POWER OF WATER-WHEELS, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—Please inform me what is the power of a water-wheel 8 feet high, 13 feet wide in the clear and rims or shrouds, and 11 inches deep, over-shute with 9½ feet total head and fall. Give me the rule for calculating the number of horse-power in water-wheels. Also inform me if a cast-iron water-wheel-shaft which is hollow is not double as strong as one of the same weight which is solid—and why?—W. N. MARTIN, *Parisburg, Va.*

REMARKS.—The power of your wheel will depend upon the quantity of water which falls upon it.—If the velocity of the stream be 250 feet per minute, then for a stream 13 feet wide and 11 inches deep, with 9½ feet fall, $11 \times 150 \times 250 \times 12 \div 1728 \times 62\frac{1}{2} \div 9\frac{1}{2} \div 3300 = 53.6$ horse-power.

The rule upon which the above is calculated, is to multiply the number of pounds of water passing per minute by the height of the fall and divide by 3300.

A hollow cast-iron shaft is not necessarily double the strength of a solid one. The ratio will vary as the outside and inside diameters of the tube are varied. It would be difficult briefly to explain how and why this is so. But if you consider that while one side of a shaft which supports a weight is compressed, the other is extended and that the further you remove the resisting power (the material of which the shaft is made) from the neutral axis between these sides the greater leverage do you give it to oppose the bending force, you will get some idea of the cause.

LEAD.

WHEN this metal was first used by man no one can tell. It is known to have been in common use among the Romans, who sheathed the bottoms of their ships with it. At that time lead was twenty-four times the price it is now. The uses of lead are very numerous, such as for covering buildings, for water pipes, for dyeing and calico printing, in making glass, for glazing porcelain, for refining gold and silver, for pigments. White lead, red lead, and yellow chrome, are known to everybody. The application of lead as a cosmetic is somewhat curious. The Roman ladies were wont to "paint" with ceruse (oxyd of lead) Plautus, an old poet, introduces a waiting-woman refusing to give her mistress either ceruse or ronge, because, in the true spirit of a flatterer, she thought her quite handsome enough without it. The best hair-dyes are made with lead. The quantity of sheet lead used for wrapping tea, tobacco, and perfumery goods, is enormous. It is remarkable that this metal, when dissolved in an acid, has the property of imparting a saccharine taste to the fluid. Thus the common acetate of lead is always called "sugar of lead." It was, perhaps, on this account that the Greeks and Romans used sheet lead to neutralize the acidity of bad wine—a practice which now is happily not in use, since it has been found that all combinations of lead are decidedly poisonous. Lead will take off the rancidity of oil, and on this account it is much valued by watch-makers for making their lubricating oil. The alloys of lead, which we call pewter, solder, and others, are so essential in every-day life that we should be in a regular "fix" without them. "As heavy as lead" is a proverb which brings to our minds its weighty quality, which is of great importance, for it enables us to ascertain the depths of the ocean; and without we could do this, how could we lay down the telegraph cables? how ascertain the presence of those dangerous banks which upset the vehicles of the mighty deep?—Thus we perceive that one material is subservient to another, till that great unity is produced which we call the world.—SEPTIMUS PIESSE, *in Scientific American.*

A NEW FIRE LADDER.—A Cincinnati mechanic has invented a new description of ladder to be used at fires. Its utility was practically demonstrated in that city a few days ago. It is made on the extension principle, occupying but a small space, but can be extended to the length of 75 feet. It was driven to the south-east corner of Sixth and Walnut streets, placed in position, and by simply turning a crank, it shot out one reach after another, and in a minute or two, its hooks were hitched over the five story building there located, and persons were passing up and down the whole distance. To the upper end of the ladder a pulley is attached over which runs a rope with a basket at one end, which is easily raised to any window underneath the ladder, and persons taken from or put into the building. Its advantages are, that it is light; easily drawn by one horse, is readily extended; is longer than any ladder now in use; and is adapted for easily removing persons from burning buildings, after escape by stair and door is removed.

RAPID PHOTOGRAPHY.—Experiments were made in Bombay in November, 1856, for the purpose of estimating the limit of the photogenic action of the direct solar rays, and also, if possible, to measure the diameter of the sun within a small fraction of a second of angular measurement, by combining the photographic and the electric telegraphic processes, employing photography to estimate the element of time. The general result of the first experiment is, that it requires an exposure to the direct light of the sun for only one twenty-thousandth part of a second in order to obtain on a plate coated with collodion an impression, which may be completely developed by the ordinary processes.

INTERESTING TO DENTISTS AND THEIR PATIENTS.—D. J. B. Francis, of Philadelphia, has invented what he calls a galvanic forceps, which is intended as a relief to the pain of extracting teeth. It is a combination of the ordinary forceps, with a galvanic arrangement attached, whereby the nerve of the tooth may be charged with the galvanic influence, and its sensibility be suspended. In this condition the extraction will be without the pain usually accompanying the drawing of a tooth in a high state of inflammation.

REAPING MACHINES have been introduced into New Zealand with decided success.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

In my drawer lies a curl,
From a little baby girl;
'Tis the soft and yellow hair,
Twisted with a mother's care;
And it brings to mind a day,
When the child was borne away,
Over ocean's foaming wave,
Stormy winds and seas to brave.
Little MARY was a child
Full of glee, and meek and mild,
As the moonbeam on a night,
When the stilly waves are bright;
And her smiling eye would say,
Things she could not speak alway.
When the storm was over head,
And upon her cabin bed,
Briny waters dashed the while,
MARY, undisturbed, would smile.

When the sky was black, and fear
Whistled in the sailor's ear;
And the mast was stript of sail,
And the cabin light did fail,
While the ship began to roll,
And the mournful bell to toll,
As the waves rose mountain high,
Hiding all beneath the sky,
Then did MARY'S smiling eye
Seem to whisper "there is nigh
Greater than the storm you see,
One who cares for you and me."
Thus did little baby girl
With the soft and silken curl,
And the ever cheerful smile,
All our weary hearts beguile.

Bauernheim, N. Y., 1857. ELIZA M——.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CITY AND COUNTRY LIFE:

Addressed to Miss A——, of South Livonia, N. Y.

My year's residence in the city has unfolded to me many a new page in the book of Worldly Wisdom. I have read it carefully and treasured up the knowledge in the cells of memory for future reference. Should you ever feel tempted to barter the calm and rational delights of a rural life for the brilliant glare and glitter, and selfish hollow-heartedness of the beau monde, better be denounced as *countryfied* than to offer up all that is pure, and amiable, and holy, in the human mind upon the unhallowed altar of social conventionalism.—Do not understand me as depreciating all society in cities; far from it. There are many pure and noble spirits in our brick and mortar Golgotha, but they are the exception and not the rule; their numbers are comparatively small. The mind develops too rapidly in cities to attain a healthy and vigorous existence; it lacks the moral element in its composition, without which intellect is a curse to its possessor. The mind can never gather to itself those glorious attributes of moral excellence, of grandeur, sublimity and beauty amid the confined and heated atmosphere of a town that it finds in the flower-gemmed, dew-laden untrodden fields of Nature; yet as a school for the study of human nature, it is unequalled; for there all the hidden passions of fallen humanity are developed. There is no disguise, or if any is attempted, the veil is too gauzy to hide the rottenness beneath. But I think I have speculated enough on this point, or at least as much as will be agreeable to you, and will gossip awhile about Dame Nature, who not only provides a bountiful supply of aliment for our physical wants, but furnishes food for the rich and gushing affections of the *heart*.

Place man in one of her wildest dells or cragged mountains, amid Arctic snows or Sahara's burning sands, and in every place, though deprived of all society, he will find some object among her works for his affections to rest upon,—some leaf of stinted shrub or snow-drop, pearly white, to place upon his heart's broad leaves and cherish there. And such an object all must have or the affections must die out for want of exercise, and the man become a monster. Such an object he must have or life would have no aim, and all the fairy dreams of ambition fall to earth never to rise again; and yet how few *appreciate* the bountiful provisions Dame Nature has made for them, because, in leaving no want unsatisfied, no beauty to blush unseen, she has precluded all inquiry into the properties of her glorious creation.

We look upon the moss-fringed cascade, the murmuring rill, the mighty cataract, the heaving bosom of old ocean, the humble violet, the graceful shrub, the majestic forest tree towering in pride to heaven—and amid all this grand, sublime and lovely imagery, see nothing to admire, because we see it so often. But place man alone amid the arid sands of a desert, and what a charm he beholds in every shrub and flower, and how he wonders that he never observed these beauties before. So it is with us all in the relations of life. When we are beneath a clear and cloudless sky, and the sun of prosperity shines out upon us, illuminating our pathway with the smile of joy, how little do we heed the humble flowers of true and generous friendship that bloom in meek and quiet beauty around us; but when the relentless sirocco of adversity has swept o'er the glowing panorama of human existence, and rendered life a desert of wrecked hopes and withered affections, oh how dearly do we love them. GOD grant that no deep sorrow may ever throw its sombre shadows o'er *your* heart, but may the silken wing of the Angel of Hope and Joy overshadow your spirit for aye, and the bright flowers of happiness continue to bloom in your path forever, shedding their fragrance around you in life and clothing the green turf that rests upon your breast in death, with the roseate hue of beauty. MISS B——.

Detroit, Mich., July, 1857.

DECISION AND TRUTH.—Whatever you think proper to grant a child, let it be granted at the first word, without entreaty or prayer, and, above all, *without making any conditions*. Grant with pleasure, refuse with reluctance; but let your refusal be irrevocable,—let not importunity shake your resolution, let the positive "No," when once pronounced be a wall of brass, which a child, when he has tried his strength against it half a dozen times, shall never more endeavor to shake.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE OBJECTS OF READING.

EVERY philanthropist, as he desires the universal diffusion of knowledge, must rejoice at the multiplication of books; but when, as philanthropists, we look at the vast amount of trash which light-brained, inconsiderate, or misanthropic novelists are pouring forth upon the world, and when we consider the craving desire of some for these productions in preference to the true and beneficial, our minds cannot be affected with pleasure.

The object of all reading is one or the other of these three:—The acquisition of knowledge; the improvement of the understanding; or the gratification of the fancy. The mere man of business, perhaps, may read mostly for the acquisition of knowledge. A gentleman or lady wishes for present pleasure, and future usefulness, and reads also for the purpose of improving the understanding as well as acquiring knowledge; and in works adapted to these purposes frequently finds opportunity to give free range to the imagination; thus letting the acquisition of knowledge, the cultivation of the intellect, and the gratification of the fancy, all have their proper attention. To such a reader, works affording not the former two, yield no pleasure to the last.

It remains to notice the reader who seeks the gratification of his fancy—of whose reading *this* is the highest object,—and it needs not to be said that *novels* are his favorite and chief reading.—These are the works which he admires. He loves such works as cut loose the reins to fancy, and lets it rove unconfined into a world of its own make. He delights to be surrounded with beings whose existence lives only in imagination. To him truth is insipid—it has lost its power. Delineations of *real* life he admires not. Sober facts have no charms for him. He seeks something exciting—something, as he thinks, of more energy than simple truth. Mistaken man! Such reading as he seeks unhinges the mind, disqualifies it for sober reasoning and deep thought, gives it a disrelish for everything serious—destroys its equanimity, blunts the finer sensibilities of the soul, and makes the reader irritable when his own feelings are crossed, but callous with regard to the feelings of others, and thus renders him incapable of receiving enjoyment from the plain, matter-of fact world, or of imparting joy to others. Young ladies, perhaps, have more of this kind of reading laid before them than young men, but happily some have learned wisdom from the experience of others.—Having observed the ill effects of such reading upon others, they abstain from it, and give their preference to works of a more solid character. Would that number of prudent selectors were many times increased.

Young ladies, when you take a book into your hands, what is your object? Do you read merely to gratify fancy? Be careful, lest, in continuing in this course, it prove a snare to you, and in the end, "vanity and vexation of spirit"—for, be assured that the character of your chosen reading will be the model of your minds. The scenes which we every-day view around us do not more certainly leave their image in our recollections, than does our reading leave its true impress in our minds. Novel reading is to the mind what alcoholic drink is to the body. It attracts but to deceive; it elevates but to depress, and excites but to benumb.

Do you speak of any who have been benefited by novel reading? I might in turn point you to the good resulting from alcohol. But what is it? How does it compare with the evil? You have seen and understand. I might speak of one made rich by gambling, but would it be safe for others to engage in the same low enterprise with an expectation of meeting with like success. I need not answer. You yourselves know well, that for one made rich might be shown hundreds of losers. So among novel readers, there may be some few in the wide world who have been benefited, but the numbers of injured are doubtless greater. As, then, you value your time—as you value your moral and social feelings—as you value your intellectual powers—as you value everything that distinguishes rational beings from brutes, abstain from novels, and choose in their stead, such books as are calculated to enlarge, invigorate, and store the mind with useful knowledge. EMMA.

Grinnell, Iowa, 1857.

WOMAN'S LAUGH.—A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by her fairy laugh, now there, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, of sorrow, of irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the ill spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose of life into poetry, it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are traveling, it touches with light even our sleep, which is more than the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are shadows of immortality.

JEREMY TAYLOR'S IDEA OF A FRIEND.—A friend shares my sorrow, and makes it but a moiety; but he swells my joy and makes it double. For so two channels divide the river and lessen it into rivulets, and make it fordable and apt to be drunk up by the first revels of the Syrian star; but two torches do not divide, but increase the flame; and though my tears are the sooner dried up when they run upon my friend's cheeks in the furrows of compassion, yet when my flame hath kindled his lamp we unite the glories, and make them radiant like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of God, because they shine by numbers, by unions, and confederations of light and harmony.

INDOLENCE is a delightful but distressing state, we must be doing something to be happy; action is no less necessary than thought to the instinctive tendencies of the human frame.—*Hazlitt.*

FLOWERS are the alphabet of angels, whereewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truth.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A PRAIRIE SCENE.

BY HEBRON BELL.

A PRAIRIE SCENE in the month of June,
Beneath the light of the silver moon;
'Tis charming to the poet's eye
As spectral clouds go flitting by
And cast a shadow o'er the scene—
The distant hills and vale between,
Then passing on, the moon once more
Shines down still brighter than before.

Off to the right, on a lower grade,
The grove presents a darker shade,
Where murm'ring streams with waters bright
Discourse sweet music through the night,
And on the bough the little bird,—
His notes of praise no longer heard,
Sits silently with folded wings,
Forgetful of the songs he sings.

The rosin-flower with stately grace,
Bends to the breeze, while on its face
The dews of heaven gently rest,
And sparkle like a silver crest—
The tall grass waving evermore,
Like ocean billows far from shore,
Presents a scene, unequalled quite
Throughout the brilliant hours of night.

The moonlight and the zephyr's sigh,
Mingle like spirits passing by,
Now soft as beauty's healthful cheek,
Or voice that Love's first warm vows speak,
Now bright as maiden's eye of blue,
When cupid's darts are brought to view,
Oh! matchless, such a scene in June
Beneath the full and shining moon.

Prairie Cottage, Ill., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

EVERY-DAY HEROISM.

As we peruse the pages of history, how frequently is our attention fixed by the relation of some great act of heroism. We read of men who, actuated by patriotism or its kindred affections, have dared to die; of martyrs who, rather than compromise conscience, have endured unflinchingly the keenest torture. We read, and our souls go out in love and reverence towards such greatness, and we do well, for there is a sublimity in such exhibitions of moralpower. But in our admiration of that heroism which has dared to *die*, we are prone to forget that which is daily, hourly acting around us, and which enables men to *live* for principle. We lose sight of the fact that there may be *more* heroism in *living* than in *dying*.

There is in human nature a power to so concentrate *will* and *energy* as to enable one to resist even unto death, a visible, tangible oppression. It enabled our fathers to assert and maintain their independence; and it rendered the Christian Martyrs unconquerable; and many who now seem weak and vacillating would, if subjected to like tests, exhibit a moral heroism truly grand.

A single drop of water falling upon the head, is not of itself unpleasant; yet the keenest torture of the Inquisition consisted of drop after drop, drop after drop falling, and continuing to fall on the same spot. So in life, it may not be difficult to resist *one* temptation, but when it comes daily, hourly, in repeated and varying forms, then it is that the spirit becomes "weary in well doing," and to live unspotted may require far more heroism than to endure the trial of the stake. It is not the *great* acts of life so much as the aggregate of *little* ones which determine one's character for heroism. The man who lives faithful to duty when weighed down by bodily ills, when oppressed by poverty and the counter influence of associates—the man who maintains his integrity amid the unceasing, numberless temptations of business and prosperity—may be a greater hero in the sight of GOD than another who gives his life on the rack for the same cause. Such heroes are around us.—We do not realize it perhaps, for their contest being the silent one of soul and spirit, is invisible; but we may know them by their fruits; a blameless life and an influence for good exerted on all around them. Let no one imagine that the age of heroes is past. Every one who brings all his efforts to bear on the accomplishment of good—who *strives without ceasing* to benefit society as well as self—to honor GOD rather than to get honor, is a *hero*. GOTTLEIB HEYNE was a hero; WASHINGTON was a hero; LUTHER and WESLEY were heroes; and so also, every one who lives and dies upright and honest in motive and in act, though he may be poor, unknown, ignorant; yea, though his manhood may be concealed beneath a black skin and the garb of slavery, will stand forth a hero, noble and Godlike, in that day "when we shall see even as we are seen." T. D. TOOKER.

Adrain, Mich., 1857.

WORKING AND THINKING.—It is a no less fatal error to despise labor when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative: whereas *the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working; and both would be gentlemen* in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity. All professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment and more in excellence of achievement.—*Ruskin.*

"I REMEMBER once," says Lamartine, in allusion to his parents, "to have seen the branch of a willow which had been torn by the tempest's hand from the parent trunk floating in the morning light upon the angry surges of the Saone. On it a female nightingale still covered her nest as it drifted down the foaming stream, and the male on the wing followed the wreck, which was bearing away the object of his love."

WHEN it is not despisable to be poor, we want fewer things to live in poverty with satisfaction than to live magnificently with riches.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

COMMON SENSE.

IF some "RIP VAN WINKLE" could wake from his twenty years' sleep to-day, it seems to me nothing would strike him so forcibly as the lack of common sense shown in every department of life at the present time. Does any one say we have nothing to do with that since men are born, not made, we would only ask why is it that the world is so sadly degenerated? In old times, when advantages for learning were few, men were made of giant minds—in these days, when every opportunity is afforded, men are made with scarcely common sense. This is no fault of Nature either, but only the result of that system of education which teaches that the body is of more value than the mind, show than reality, fashion than sense.—Reader, did you never sigh for the future of this fast people, for we have no childhood and youth. All come into the world men and women. An old fashioned boy would be a miracle. The miniature gentlemen and ladies of our republican country are taught that labor is degrading—the one quaffs his Havana and strokes his beardless chin and considers himself fully competent to take the place of his father—while the other drums upon the piano, and muses upon her chances for a money-eyed establishment. *O tempora! O mores!* would that people might be guided by common sense in the education of their children.

Can anything be more senseless than the devotion paid to ceremonies and foreign fashions—to the utter disregard of all comfort and utility? Is it very sensible to "clothe ourselves in costly array" and follow every whim of the "fickle goddess," when perchance we have not a shingle to cover our heads? No person can fail to notice the foolish extravagance in all parts of our country at the present time. The very fact that the wealthy pay so much regard to splendor in dress and equipage causes thousands of the poorer class to go beyond their means, in order to keep up appearances. If those who exert a prevailing influence in this direction could show more sense and act more in keeping with the principles of our boasted Republic, how quick would we see a change. Is it not true that we all show a grievous lack of common sense in our every-day life? If we would list to her teachings would we not be better men and women and make the world better for having lived in it?—would it not be better to cultivate the minds of our children than to give so much attention to the adorning of their bodies?—in a word, to throw aside all false show and strive to become what the God of Nature intended us to be, creatures of common sense. CAYUGA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHILDHOOD'S MEMORIES.

How many endearing associations cluster around the memory of our early childhood. In life's whole journey it is the brightest spot. No joy so pure, no happiness so unclouded, as that of childhood days. The anxious cares of later years disturb not its tranquillity. Innocence and Peace are its guardian angels, and no sorrow exists that a Mother's love may not dispel. The hoary-headed sire, whose palsied limbs refuse to carry him much further on his pathway of life, dwells with pleasure upon the memory of his early days—the happiest in a life-time. Imagination draws for him the scenes of his childhood years. He sees once more the peaceful cot, with its ivied walls, where he was wont to dwell. He enters again its vine-clad portals, and a mother's form greets his eyes, and brothers and sisters are there just as they were in days gone by. He thinks he is a child again. His mother's hand is on his head, and he hears the gentle tone of her low, sweet voice, as she was wont, when he was a child, to teach him from the Holy Book, or guide aright his infant prayers. He has read these stories many a time since, but they never seemed half so beautiful as, when seated by his mother's knee, they fell in gentle accents from her tongue. The noble old elm beneath whose friendly branches he oft had reclined, still stands by the roadside. The murmuring rill before the door—the music of its waters seemed far sweeter than those of any other—keeps on its winding way as of old. The little garden—the scene of many a merry game—the orchard, the old school-house a few rods down the road, all, all, are there. But stern reality calls him from the pleasing dream, and with a sigh he leaves the contemplation of his early days.

Childhood: fairest oasis in life's great desert; many are thy pleasing remembrances, and never to be forgotten thy hallowed influences. T.

Girard, Pa., 1857.

PUBLIC BENEFACTORS.

WE will not undertake to assert who was the actually original author of the remark, that infancy and old age are the two points of life which are nearest to heaven. We will, however, undertake to say that the assertion is not strictly true. Man is nearest to God when he is Godlike, be he of what age he may. When he has groped through the darkness of the world, mastered any one of the great mysteries which he had honestly resolved to unveil, and so employed the gift of intellect as to have become worthy of being used as an instrument of divine purposes, then is the man nearest to Divinity.

What more sublime lot can a human being enjoy than that of having won a place among the brotherhood of men who have, as it were, helped the world on in its course. To be worthy of being registered in such a brotherhood, the man must have more than ordinary intelligence, and therewith untiring industry—a heart that cannot be deadened by labor, nor chilled by failure—and a head that shall forever keep up the proud pulses of the heart by promises of ultimate triumph. He who possesses all these is only below the angels.—He is in advance of his fellow men.—*London Athenaeum.*

NOTHING can be accomplished without labor, and with it, nothing is too difficult. Strength of mind, as well as physical force, is chiefly to be acquired by exercise and habit. Would you be avenged of your enemy? Be virtuous, that he may have nothing to say against you.—*Diogenes.*

SOCIETY, like silk, must be reviewed in all its situations, or its colors will deceive us.

"PARTNER WANTED."

ALMOST every day past, as the eye glances over the columns of advertisements, it rests upon "Partner wanted;" sometimes in great capitals with a file of astonishers; then in Lilliputs of letters with a single exclamation point to challenge admiration, and again with a plain, sober period, and nothing more.

"Partner wanted!" Of course, everybody wants a partner, from the ragman with his bag and hook, to him whose ships flock into port like doves to windows."

Partner wanted in everything "lovely and of good report," in everything worthy and unworthy; in crime and christianity; in lumber and literature. What could be done without that little word "and?" Strike it out of existence, and enterprise would be a wreck, the world over; coal yards would boast no Lehigh, lakes no commerce, school rooms would be childless and pulpits without a voice.

Every day, one sees three-line notices of partners found, when December marries May, or January is wedded to June, and the device is an altar and a cradle.

Every day, beneath a willow and an urn, the eye rests upon notices of partners lost, when stars are quenched in the morning, or long summer days are hidden behind the cold, gray cloud of night and death.

Partners wanted! Why, down through the scale of being, to the brink of dreary nothing, everything advertises for partners. The voice of the turtle calls for its mate in the shadows; clouds in pairs, are wedded at the closing gates of day; the arms of the forest trees extend and interlock, and build up the strong old Gothic of the woods, that defies the tempest and time; love-tokens and pledges of partnership float invisible as thought, through the orchards white with Spring's sweet drift of life.

Partnership is a synonym for life. There is but one thing made to be alone, and yet that one dissolves all partnerships, for youth and age, night and morning, sooner or later, to-day or to-morrow will be married unto it—"married unto DEATH."—*B. F. Taylor.*

AUTHORS NOT FATHERS.

MR. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR has been calling the attention of the British public to the fact—made known by William Howitt—that some of Shakspeare's descendants are in needy circumstances, with a view of procuring relief for them. But it is quite impossible that any descendant of Shakspeare should be in want, because there has been no such person in existence for nearly one hundred years. Shakspeare died in 1616, leaving two daughters only, Susanna and Judith. Judith married Mr. Thomas Quincy, a short time before her father's death. Three sons were born to her; but they all died before her, and she herself died in 1662.

Susanna, the older daughter, married Dr. John Hall, and died in 1649. The sole issue of this marriage was a daughter, Elizabeth Hall, who was born before her grandfather's death, and is mentioned in his will, though called his "niece," a word used at that time to denote relationship generally. She was twice married; first to Thomas Nash, and to Sir John Barnard; but she never had any children, and died in 1670. With her ended the direct line of Shakspeare.

It is curious how few of the great men of England, whether in literature, science, or government, have left descendants. The line of Shakspeare is extinct, as we have seen; so is that of Milton, Bacon, Newton, Harvey, Pope, Gibbon, Johnson, Swift, Lord Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, Gray, Cowper, Collins, Thomson, Goldsmith, Gay, Congreve, Hume, Bishop Butler, Locke, Hobbes, Adam Smith, Bentham, Wollaston, Davy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Flaxman, Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence, either were never married, or never had children. Burke's son died before him, and so did Smollett's daughter. Addison's daughter died unmarried. We are not aware that there are any lineal representatives of Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, or Barrow. We have mentioned only such names as occurred to us without a book; a little research might doubtless much increase the list.—*Exchange.*

THE SECRET OF MUSIC.

FRANK HOWARD, in his *Treatise on the Art of Making a Picture*, declare "there is no work, elementary or scientific, which teaches the praxis of of pictorial effect, or that of making a picture."—As with painting, so it is with music: indeed, Dr. Marx, the latest writer on the theory, assures his readers there exists "no work on harmony or thorough base that can possibly fulfill the promises held out to the student in musical composition." In this remark, Dr. Marx may include his own work. There is at present no written law for the composition of music, and composers have carefully eschewed talking or writing upon the subject. Haydn, who taught when in this country, after giving a number of lessons, was in the habit of dismissing the student in these words: "I have taught you all the known rules: there are others, but these I do not teach." Mozart, when applied to by Weigl a well known composer, to teach his mode of composing, replied in the brief and decided sentence: "No; find out, as I had to find out." On a recent occasion, when visiting a musical friend, he produced rather a long and ambitious composition, which, after listening to, I remarked: "The first eight bars are right, and the remainder all wrong." After some pause, he said: "What makes you say the first eight bars are right, and the others wrong? for I am certain there is not an error according to Cherubini." "That may be," was my reply, "but no man can write music from studying Cherubini." After some time, he confessed the first eight bars were borrowed from Beethoven; but he had so mystified the passage as to escape recognition of the plagiary. I am certain no one will ever write music by the aid of any work now before the public. The great theorists of the present day are too wise to publish, and most of them bind their pupils not to divulge their teaching until after their deaths.

AT night we cannot tell whether the river is shallow or deep; so neither can we judge of a silent or secret man. To know him we must have light, or else be able to sound him.

The Educator.

WHAT BREAKS DOWN YOUNG MEN?

PROFESSOR PIERCE contributes to the Boston Courier some interesting tables of the mortality of the alumni of Harvard College, as computed from the last triennial catalogue. They show a very steady rate of mortality throughout the whole existence of the College, and a very gratifying longevity when compared with the authentic Prussian tables. This result will surprise many who have associated a collegiate education with broken down health and early death. But it must be admitted that the confinement, and much more the customary incidents of the four years' course, prove a severe trial to the bodily system, so that for the next dozen years the rate of mortality rises somewhat above the average. With many this is a period of struggle between the effects of bad habits acquired in college and the restorative influences of better self-control and healthful employment.—When the victory is gained it is apt to be permanent, for in addition to the usually favorable conditions of active manhood, the graduate has the warnings of experience continually before him, and a more refreshing diversity of mental activity.

That the latter is an item in the conditions of longevity is also shown by Professor Pierce's tables; for it is demonstrated that the excess of mortality for the first ten years after graduation is found among those who had no Commencement parts—that is, the portion of each class inferior in scholarship. This destroys at once the notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of college life. Every student knows this well enough, if he chooses to confess it. He knows that every young man of fair preparatory training and fair abilities, can take a handsome rank in college, without the necessity of a single headache as the fruits of mere study. He knows that where Greek and metaphysics injure one, laziness and late hours, (to say nothing more,) are using up a dozen; and that the two little fingers of Morphens is heavier than the loins of Euclid. But it is fashionable for the student to charge all the ills of his flesh to the text book and teachers; and it is sometimes very convenient as a mode of dispensing with troublesome questions. We once heard of an undergraduate who pursued something of a similar course in putting his restaurant expenses into his private account book under the head of "boots." His father was rather astonished, and wanted to know what kind of a soil it was around college that was so destructive to leather; to which the young genius replied that it was very "porous."

But the subject has a wider application than our colleges. Every once in a while a sort of a panic is got up, encouraged especially by fond mothers, that there is great danger of having the brains of our primary school children injured by over-exertion, and a feeling is sometimes actually aroused against many a worthy teacher on this thing. The brain was made for activity—made for work. But it cannot be stirred into extreme activity unless by voluntary enthusiasm, and when this is the case the very excitement neutralizes the tax upon the powers, and, so to speak, lubricates the mental machinery. You may send the child to school in the morning when he has not been properly refreshed by sleep; you may give him a dinner at noon that would injure a fireman, and you may be entirely regardless of his having proper exercise through the day or retiring seasonably at night, and in this way his school confinement and exercises may contribute to his fast weakening system; but the idea that the whole trouble is to be charged to the account of hard study, is ridiculous. We trust parents will think of these things. The actually preservative effect of steady and indefatigable mental employment has been proved by too many illustrious instances to be overlooked either by interest or affection.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, located at Yellow Springs, O., will be opened for the ensuing year on Wednesday, the 9th inst. As some important changes have been made, the Committee of Arrangements issued a Circular from which we learn that the services of the President, (Mr. MANN,) of Mrs. DEAN, Prof. WARRINER and Prof. CAREY, will be retained. In the Departments of Rhetoric, Logic and Belles Letters, and of Mathematics, there will be a change. The Rev. AUSTIN CRAIG, D. D., will be a member of the Faculty. The Preparatory Department will be under a new head.

The old scholarship system being abolished, a Tuition Fee will be substituted for it, which, for the College Classes, will be $24 a year, or $8 a term; and for the Preparatory Department $18 a year, or $6 a term. This is exclusive of the usual incidental expenses. The Room rent will be $7 per term for each room. Each room is capable of accommodating two students, so that, as between themselves, the rent will be $3 50 each.

The friends of the Institution have subscribed *six thousand dollars* to meet in part, the expenses for the ensuing year. It is believed that the College will open under better auspices than ever before.

VERY GOOD AND TRUE.—How great the mistake of parents who labor all their lives to render their children independent, and either neglect their moral and intellectual training, or commit it entirely to others. Keep children in their proper place. Stimulate them to exertion. Limit sparingly to pocket money. Deny yourselves many social pleasures for their sake. Enter with them into amusements which minister to physical and intellectual health; and welcome associates who will enlighten their minds and improve their morals. Let no engagements whatever interfere with school preparations. Regard their teachers as the noblest of beings; and set a higher value upon the progress which they make under their tuition, than upon siver and gold.—*Peterson's Ladies Magazine.*

KNOWLEDGE.—That is, indeed, a two-fold knowledge which profits alike by the folly of the foolish and the wisdom of the wise. It is both a shield and a sword; it borrows its security from the darkness and its confidence from the light.

PATIENCE.

IN whatever business of life we may engage, this quality of mind is absolutely essential, but especially those who assume the office of an instructor will need a large share of it. Without patient and continued labor in imparting instruction, correcting errors, and administering reproof, you may look in vain for any desirable fruit resulting from your labors.

Affairs out of the school-room will often require the presence of this quality. By hasty action the teacher may do much to weaken his influence, and perhaps plunge himself into gross errors, thereby diminishing the confidence of his employers in him. He may be thrown into the midst of perplexing circumstances, which threaten him ill, but which often by a little patience may be disposed of easily.

Numberless are the ways, in which this virtue will find full and appropriate exercise. This boy may have been told a hundred times in regard to the correct pronunciation of certain words, and yet he adheres to his accustomed manner. Shall you give over your efforts and consider his case as hopeless? I answer no; continue your faithful labors, and you will see at some time the desired change.

It will be so in deportment, attendance, and recitation. If, in your teaching, you unite patience and perseverance, you cannot but see, at some day, that improvement which your heart desires, and be cheered by that progress which you have so long expected.

Faithfully sow the seed, and patiently wait for its growth. Cold storms and other destroying influences, may retard its growth, and for a time it may seem dead in the cold earth, but genial suns and gentle showers will raise it to life, and summer heats perfect it, and in harvest time, you may reap the golden grain, a reward of your labors.—*Conn. Common School Journal.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

REALLY, now, the Schoolmaster is abroad in the best sense of the word. Like the lamp-lighters of old, the Schoolmaster is out and about with his ladder and torch, running up one street and down another, diverging into narow lanes, plunging into blind alleys and obscure courts, and intramural tortuosities and labyrinths for which it would be difficult to find a specific name, and leaving first a bare glimmer, and at length streams of radiance behind him—much of the radiance depending, of course, on the quality of the oil and cotton he has to bring his torch in contact with. The Schoolmaster is truly, now, one of the lights of the world—a light shining in dark places; and that no longer through horn-sheathing or punctured tin-plate, but through great achromatic lenses, which scatter the beams so widely and profusely, that ignorance cannot behold them without blinking. But there was a time, as many of us may remember, when a Schoolmaster was abroad in another sense of the word. Those were the days of birches, ferrules, canes and fool's-caps; when it was thought that the inlet of knowledge was antipodal to the head; when the halt, the lame and the lazy, conceived that physical disqualifications were their best introductions to the office of pedagogue; and when even learned men fancied that their learning qualified them to be teachers. We have lived to learn that not many lame nor many learned are called to the sacred office of educating the young.—*London Critic.*

THE HEART GOES TO SCHOOL.—Think not that your work is done and your contract fulfilled when you have made your pupils expert arithmeticians and skillful grammarians; the heart has come to school to you as well as the head, and takes lessons as regular, and often far more imposing and abiding than those you assign to the intellect.—You yourself feel the conviction daily stealing over you.

Why is it that you almost involuntarily suppress the careless jest, the look of levity, or the scurrility, you, alas, may elsewhere indulge in, and put on the air, at least, of candor and virtue in the presence of those little children? Is it not that you feel that eyes bright with faith and affection are scanning every moment your actions, and imitative and impressible hearts are continually drinking in the manifestations of your mind and spirit; that your breath, if laden with profanity, would stain their souls with quick and indelible pollution.

NO ADVANTAGES FOR EDUCATION.—It is often said by those who have risen from poverty to comfortable property, when speaking of their children, that they hadn't the advantages of education. This is a poor plea. Culture comes to any one who desires it enough to get it. No one can help being educated who opens his eyes and ears and keeps them open in this world. The conversation of the intelligent, the reading for the million, the lecture system, and ten thousand things become the teachers of the willing heart and progressive mind.—*Tribune.*

HAVE you ever thought of what that man is who teaches children? You go into the workshop of a wheel-wright; he is making wheels and shafts, and you say he is a useful man. You visit the shop of the blacksmith, and you find him busy making pick-axes, hammers and plowshares, and you say that this man is essential; you salute these skillful laborers. You enter the house of a schoolmaster, salute him more profoundly. Do you know what he is doing? He is a manufacturer of minds.

EDUCATION is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no crime can destroy—no enemy can alienate—no despotism can enslave. At home a friend—abroad an introduction—in solitude a solace—in society an ornament. It chastens vice; it guides virtue; it gives at once grace and government to genius. Without it what is man? A splendid slave; a reasoning savage!

POPULAR EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.—It is announced in England that a new movement is in contemplation for the purpose of organizing a better system of education for the people. A conference is to be held the present month, in London, and Prince Albert is to take the chair on the occasion.

Useful Olio.

ORIGIN AND SEALS OF THE STATES.—NO. XIII

VIRGINIA.

THE State of Virginia lies between 36° 33′ and 110° 43′ North latitude, and between 75° 25′ and 83° 40′ West longitude. It is 370 miles in length and about 200 broad at its widest part, containing 61,352 square miles. The State is divided into 137 counties, and, in 1850, contained 1,421,661 inhabitants. The population was divided as follows:—Whites, 894,800; Free Colored, 54,333; Slaves, 472,528. Total number of dwellings, 165,815; of farms, 77,013; of manufacturing establishments, 4,433.

As regards surface and soil this State may be divided into four sections. The eastern includes a tract of about 100 to 120 miles in width, and is generally low and level, and in some places marshy. It has a light sandy soil, mostly covered with pines. West of the line of the head of tide-water the country becomes undulating and hilly until it attains one continuous mountain elevation known as the Blue Ridge, crossing the entire width of the State. The alluvial lands in this tract are for the most part very fertile, those of James river especially being unusually productive. The third section includes the valley between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains. This tract, though in part broken by mountains, is generally the most fertile and healthy part of the State. The fourth section includes the country between the Alleghany chain and the Ohio. This portion, though in many places wild and broken, has a great deal of fine fertile land, and vast deposits of coal, iron, salt, &c. Gold is found in Fluvanna and Buckingham counties and vicinity; and many valuable mineral springs exist.

In 1850 Virginia had in farms 10,360,135 acres of land improved, and 15,892,176 unimproved, of which the cash value was $216,401,543. Value of implements and machinery connected therewith, $7,021,772; of live stock, $33,656,659. At the same period there was invested in manufactures $18,108,793; value of manufactured articles, $20,000,000.

Virginia has ten Colleges, three Theological Universities, two Medical and two Law Schools, and a Military Institute. In addition to these she has 303 Academies with 8,983 pupils; 2,937 schools with 67,438 scholars; 54 Libraries with an aggregate of 88,462 volumes.

The executive power is vested in a Governor chosen for four years by a plurality of votes, who is ineligible for the next term. He must be thirty years of age, a native of the United States, and a citizen of the State five years next preceding his election; a Lieutenant Governor, with like qualifications, is similarly chosen. The Senators, 50 in number, are elected for four years, one-half biennially. The delegates, 152 members, are chosen every two years. The Judges of the Supreme Court of Appeals consist of five, elected for twelve years, from the five sections of the State, any three of whom may hold a court; and there are district courts and circuit courts. The right of suffrage is extended to every resident white male citizen, 21 years of age, a resident of the State two years, and of the district one year next preceding the election. Votes are given openly or *viva voce*, and the general election is held on the 4th Thursday in October.

Virginia is sometimes called the Ancient Dominion, having been settled in April, 1607, at Jamestown, on James river, which was the first white settlement in the United States. In Convention, June 25th, 1788, the Constitution of the United States was adopted,—yeas 89, nays 79.

The State Seal represents Liberty with drawn sword standing over a prostrate foe—broken weapons and manacles in the foreground. Above is the State motto, which reads, "Thus always with Tyrants."

WHY MOUNTAINS ARE COLD.

IT is a curious scientific fact that the atoms of air, as we ascend, are at greater distances from each other. If the distance between any two atoms is diminished, they give out heat, or render it sensible; whereas if the distance between them be increased, they store it away. The upper strata are sensibly colder than the lower, not because the atoms have less heat, but because the heat is diffused through a larger space when the atoms are further apart. One pound of air at the level of the sea, within the tropics, may be said to contain no more heat than the same weight at the top of the highest mountain, perpetually covered with snow. It is for this reason that the same wind which is warm in the valley, becomes colder as it ascends the sides of the mountains. The diminishing pressure allows the air to expand and store away its heat. It is, therefore, not the snow on the top of the mountains which cools the air, but it is the rarity of the air which keeps the snow itself from melting. As a general law, the decrease of temperature amounts to one degree, Fahrenheit, for every three hundred feet in perpendicular height.

GALILEO, when under twenty years of age, was standing one day in the metropolitan church of Pisa, when he observed a lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling, and which had been disturbed by accident, swing backwards and forwards. Galileo, struck with the regularity with which it moved backwards and forwards, reflected upon it and perfected the method now in use of measuring time by means of a pendulum.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OLD EYES ON YOUNG HEADS:

INTERESTING CASE.—REMEDY.

BY *old eyes* is understood that state of this organ in older persons which usually renders the use of glasses, plain or convex, necessary to distinct vision. When we see a person of forty-five or fifty years begin to put on these glasses, we say that he is becoming *old*, meaning that his vision is defective from age.

The cause of this change is not very obvious, though we know the distinct image must be formed too far back. We remedy this in two ways, either by removing the object more distant from the eye, or by using the glasses which will form the image in the right place.

That the image may be carried back by age, is a familiar fact; and it may be caused by shortening the diameter of the eye, by flattening the eye, by the convex or crystalline lens being too far back or becoming less dense, or being less convex. The first two changes have not been ascertained, but are possible; the other three are plausible, and especially the removing of the lens a little back of its normal position.

The eyes of most persons, at forty-five, need convex lenses of thirty inch focus; at sixty, of twenty; at seventy, of fourteen to sixteen inches, in order to see distinctly, small objects at a moderate distance. Yet these eyes see remote objects clearly without glasses. These are said to be *long sighted*, or far-sighted, in opposition to those which require the object to be brought inconveniently near, and are called *near, or short-sighted*. These were the two kinds of defective vision usually distinguished.

A few years ago I found a young man, of twenty-two perhaps, who, in order to see the objects far off or near with any distinctness, used convex glasses which were adapted to the eyes of sixty or sixty-five years. His vision had always been imperfect; but no one suspected the cause or the remedy. Accidentally putting the glasses of his grandfather, an old man, upon his head, he saw all objects with a distinctness that made the world seem new and splendid to him. He was then a large boy of sixteen, and soon obtained similar glasses fitted for old age of ordinary eyes, and wore them, as if they were a part of his life, with great advantage and pleasure. The roundness and size of his eyes appeared the same as found in men of his years. The appearance was that the convex lens of the eye was a little too far back.—When the *old glasses* were used by him, the eye adapted itself to the different distances of objects like ordinary good eyes. He had no weakness of the eyes.

Since that time I have found more than fifty cases of similar eyes, so that the vision had been very imperfect from childhood. They occur in both sexes, among rich and poor, in all the Northern States, and a decided case at Beirut, in Syria. To-day another has occurred to me from the South. This abnormal sight is probably not rare over the world.

In this city is a lad, fifteen years of age, who has for five years used convex glasses of only *seven* inch focus, far too convex for my eyes of above seventy years. Yet he cannot see without these glasses, and has clear and distinct vision with them. No one could tell what ailed his eyes, but he was advised to try spectacles and ascertain their fitness or unfitness. The merchant gave him a dozen pairs perhaps, among which was this one pair of seven inch focus. To the astonishment of all, and the delight of himself and friends, he had found an invaluable treasure, *for now he could see*, and did see all things in their beauty.

Accident has led those with such eyes to the use of the old glasses. Few men are aware that such eyes exist. It is not sixteen years since I even heard of them, by finding them. It is probable such defective vision is far more common than has been anticipated. There are several cases in our city and its vicinity.

There is no danger from the use of so convex glasses by even children who have eyes of this abnormal structure. I have not found one instance of injury done by the constant wear of them. The uniform testimony has been of their utter unwillingness to abandon the use of them. This point has great practical importance. The person should be permitted to select those glasses which give the best vision and appear the most easy to the eye.—Said a young lady, who had these defective eyes, to the merchant who objected to her using glasses fitted to seventy-five years, I will take the responsibility, since the glasses show me such a splendid world. C. D.

Rochester, N. Y., August 25, 1857.

ASTRONOMICAL MARVELS.—In the recent works of complete astral catalogues, the number of stars visible to the naked eye in a single hemisphere, namely, the northern, is stated to be less than three thousand—a result which will strike with astonishment, on account of the smallness of the number, those who have only vaguely examined the sky on a beautiful winter night. The character of this astonishment, however, will change, when the number of stars revealed by the telescope is considered. Carrying the enumeration to the stars of the fourteenth magnitude—the last that are seen by powerful telescopes—there is found a number superior to 40,000,000, and the distance from the farthest of them is such that the light would take from three to four thousand years to traverse it.—A photometric experiment, of which the first indications exist in the Cosmotheories of Huygens—an experiment resumed by Wollaston a short time before his death, teaches us that 20,000 stars the same size as Sirius, the most brilliant of the firmament, would need to be agglomerated to shed upon our globe a light equal to that of the sun!

THE laws of nature are just but terrible. There is no weak mercy in them. Cause and consequence are inseparable and inevitable. The fire burns, the water drowns, the air consumes, the earth buries. And perhaps it would be as well for our race if the punishment of crimes against the laws of man were as inevitable as the punishment of crimes against the laws of nature—were man as unerring in his judgments as Nature.—*Longfellow.*

THE many are wiser than the few; the multitude than the philosopher; the race than the individual; and each successive age than its predecessor.

Sabbath Musings.

GONE.

LIST to the midnight tone!
The church clock speaketh with a solemn tone.
Doth it no more than tell the time?
Hark, from that belfry grey,
In each deep booming chime which, slow and clear,
Beats like a measured knell upon my ear,
A stern voice seems to say,
Gone—gone;
The hour is gone—the day is gone:
Pray.

The air is hushed again,
But the mute darkness woos to sleep in vain.
O, soul, we have slept too long,
Yea, dreamed the morn away,
In visions false and feverish unrest
Wasting the work-time GOD hath given and blest.
Conscience grows pale to see
How, like a haunting face,
My youth stares at me out of gloom profound,
With rayless eyes, black as the darkness round,
And wailing lips, which say,
Gone—gone;
The morn is gone—the morn is gone:
Pray.

Wo for the wasted years
Born bright with smiles, but buried with sad tears!
Their tombs have been prepared
By Time, that graveman grey,—
Soul, we may weep to count each mournful stone,
And read the epitaph engraved thereon
By that stern carver's hand,
Yet weep not long, for Hope,
Steadfast and calm, beside each headstone stands
Gazing on Time, with upward-pointing hands.
Take we this happy sign,
Up! let us work—and pray.

Thou, in whose sight the hoary ages fly
Swift as a summer's noon, yet whose stern eye
Doth note each moment lost,
So let me live that not one hour misspent
May rise in judgment on me, penitent,
But till the sunset, LORD,
So in Thy vineyard toil,
That every hour a priceless gem may be
To crown the blind brows of Eternity.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SPIRIT'S CONFLICT.

THE sombre shades of evening were fast approaching, and twilight threw her sable mantle over the beautiful garden of Gethsemane. The branches of the olive waved majestically to and fro as the evening zephyrs gently played among the leafy boughs,—as it were a mournful prelude to that event which was so soon to transpire beneath their shadows—while the Mount of Olives, rising far above the top of the tallest tree, never cast a deeper shadow over the surrounding scenery than on that eventful night. But listen. Footsteps are approaching, and soon three figures are seen emerging from the thick foliage beyond. Strange that any one should disturb the solemn stillness which here reigns supreme. Look again: one of the number separating himself from his companions, with silent step, and bowed head, pursues his way alone till reaching a secluded spot he kneels in prayer. With eyes upturned toward heaven, his hands tightly clasped in the agony of his spirit, these mournfully pathetic but expressive words escape his lips,—"Father, if thou be willing remove this cup from me; nevertheless not my will but thine be done." Long he lingers there, but ere the morning sun again beams upon the inhabitants of earth, he has arisen, strong in his manliness, and with the words, "The cup that my Father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it?"—he delivers himself into the hands of his enemies. None will fail to recognize the character here delineated, known *then* as "JESUS of Nazareth," a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; *now* as a risen Redeemer, an advocate with "GOD the Father," for the sins of men.

From the cradle to the grave man is taught that life is a battlefield in which each individual is an actor—that he is to prepare for great deeds and noble achievements—to go forth to conquer error, and suppress vice. Yet how varied the manner in which each one makes preparation for his share in the conflict. Perhaps thinking only of some outward struggle—some victory which shall render him famous, as well as virtuous—heeding not the silent monitor which is ever pointing to the true standard of a noble man, one who first subdues the evil which rankles in his own bosom and makes warfare with his own spirit ere he ventures to upbraid another. The warrior may fall beneath his plumed crest upon the battlefield; the statesman win for himself a name among the annals of the great; or the poet, like BYRON, may build for himself a temple of Fame, each and all seems to forget the true object of existence.

Life is indeed a never-ceasing struggle with the ever-thronging images of evil which continually throng our pathway, consisting not merely of some outward conflict but a continued watchful strife—a strife with our own unsubdued feelings which oft-times seem to war with Nature and with GOD. There are many who tread the humbler walks of life who are daily becoming more noble and good in the sight of their GOD by silencing those feelings of discontent which often arise; while others, in some higher station, despairing of acquiring both the conquest of their spirit and a sounding name, cling to the last as with the struggle of a drowning man, while they relinquish the former as of little value, forgetting that "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city," and that in "the roughest casket often glitters the brightest gem." There are those, also, both of high and low degree, who in spirit follow the example of Him who in his conflict through the long night watches never faltered, though he "sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." So they, when the long night of life has passed, are guided to the celestial portals by the same hand which strengthened the Redeemer in his hour of agony. An entrance is granted to these weary ones—to them Heaven's first welcome is the dawn of an Eternal Morning. CARRIE M. LEE.

Oberlin, Ohio, 1857.

THE past is disclosed; the future concealed in doubt. And yet human nature is heedless of the past and fearful of the future, regarding not the science and experience that past ages have unveiled.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year, - - - - -	$2
Three Copies, " - - - - -	$5
Five Copies, " - - - - -	$8
Six Copies, and one free to agent, -	$10
Ten Copies, and one free to agent, -	$15

Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ A NEW HALF VOLUME commences July 4, and hence the present is a good time to form clubs for either Six Months or a Year. Agents and others will bear in mind that all subscriptions forwarding during the present month will count on Premiums. See Premium Lists on next page.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

List of New Advertisements this week.

Young Men—H. G. Eastman.
Notice—A. O. Moore.
Toledo Nursery Association—A. Fahnestock.
Best Bargain in Western New York—Peter Van Densen.
Seneca Lake Highland Nurseries—E. C. Frost.
Railroad Lands—J. Henry.
The Best Books to Sell—Fowler & Wells.
Daguerrean Gallery—J. S. Crocker.
Blackberries—C. P. Bissell.
Improved Railroad Lands—J. Henry.
Domesticated Deer for Sale—C. N. Bement.
Fruit Trees for Sale—C. F. Weaver.
7,000 Pear Trees for Sale—P. Bowen.
For Sale on Time—John Weaver.
Farm Superintendent—J. Henry.
7,000 Peach Trees for Sale—Rural office.
Farm for Sale—Chauncey C. Walker.
To the Young Ruralist—John Phin.
Mechanics' Guide—John Phin.
Catawba and Isabella—Edward Taylor

OUR ADVERTISING FRIENDS will please note that, although the RURAL has largely increased in circulation during the past year, its advertising rates remain unchanged. Thus, while it is decidedly THE BEST medium of Agricultural and Horticultural Advertising in the Union, it is also one of the CHEAPEST. Our terms will remain the same as at present until the close of the present year and volume, when they will probably be materially increased, to correspond with our greatly augmented circulation.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 5, 1857.

Monetary Matters.—Where are we Drifting?

THE week past has been an exciting one in financial circles—failures and rumors of failures being the topic which most interests both press and people. These have been for all sums, ranging from several millions of dollars to as many thousands, and have affected all classes—railroad corporations, stock gamblers, bankers, merchants, mechanics, &c. The New York *Independent* publishes an *individual* list which numbers fifty-six, as the work of one week, and some of these are of such magnitude that it is impossible to estimate the disastrous results which must inevitably result therefrom. Under the depressing effects created by the instability of our monetary institutions, and the feeling of insecurity pervading the entire mercantile community, it is natural to inquire why is it thus?—to trace from cause to effect,—and seek the remedy therefor.

The first great evil under which we struggle is the *excess* of Imports over Exports. For the seven months, ending July 31st, our imports, at New York alone, amounted to the enormous sum of $150,872,000, while the exports for the same period were but $38,725,000 of domestic produce. Our imports are $18,000,000 in excess of the same time last year, while our exports are about $6,000,000 less. At the rate we are going on, there will be a heavy balance against us at the end of the year,—and, owing to the fine condition of the crops throughout Europe, we must "square accounts" with specie.

The second great evil is the *fraudulent inflation* of every species of stock. Wall street has been charged with all the crime of this character, and all harm that has resulted therefrom has been attributed to its denizens, until,—in the eagerness with which we watch financial operators there,—those who live by peculation throughout the country, have had a clear field for the transaction of their nefarious schemes. We are not apologists for the iniquities committed by the brokers and stock-gamblers of that famous locality, but the "bulls" and "bears" are not confined within its precincts; they wander up and down our land with scent as keen and appetite as ravenous as was ever possessed by the most soulless of the Wall street operators. They form a part of the "rolling stock" of almost every railroad in the country. These concerns declare dividends—frequently as high as ten per cent.— when, if the truth was known, they were *every day losing money*, and at the same time were in debt for amounts exceeding the entire worth of the road. These dividends elevate the stock, giving it a fictitious valuation; it is put forth into the market and immense amounts of it sold. In a short time a leak is discovered,— an examination is instituted, and the whole affair collapses—stock that yesterday brought a premium of 5 or 15 per cent., to-day is estimated at 75 or 80 cents below par. We are not aware of any mode by which this rascality can be punished. If the authors could be made to serve an apprenticeship in a State Institution and learn a trade at which to earn an honest livelihood, it would be for the advantage of all. Railroads thus conducted affect those properly managed—the good suffers with the worthless. The only way for buyers to act, is to stand aloof—let all kinds of stock alone until its true value can be ascertained — pay no regard to the *apparent price* of anything, be its dividends ever so great, its business ever so flourishing, or profits ever so large. This is the only safe rule; and if pursued, those destined to tumble will fall, and that speedily.

A third evil is our extravagance. This last is observable in all departments of life. Enter into what business we will, either as individuals or in a corporative capacity, the *amount* of *capital possessed* seems to be no guide in its progress. A writer on this subject says:—"A railroad is to be built. About half money enough is subscribed, and the rest is made on credit. The debt finally swallows up everything. A man undertakes to build a house. His plan at first is modest and reasonable. But as the work goes on his ideas enlarge, and before he gets through, he finds that he has been constructing a palace, and he must either sell it or live under the embarrassment of a heavy debt. If he concludes to live in it at all hazards, his troubles have but begun. He must furnish it in a style corresponding to its costliness, and here is another cause of vexation." Who can tell how much Fashion and Folly has had to do with the suspensions or failures of the last six months? A case in point. A New York paper notices the "turn-out" of a young gentleman, (a son of a Broker who has recently failed,) at Saratoga. He appeared at that famous watering place with one of the best teams of fast horses seen on the drives in that vicinity, and having the reputation of being flush of money, was quite the lion among the ladies. While he is flourishing in clover, his father, who was, he supposed, to supply the means for his extravagance, is obliged to suspend his business, and involves thousands in his crash. The picture is still incomplete. The father was arrested on the 28th ult. and imprisoned for fraud. A desire for display is ruining our people. *Ten thousand dollars* for an evening party is becoming no uncommon expenditure among our *republican nabobs.*—And the press, it, too, must cast aside all its American simplicity and transport its readers amid the glare and glitter of "fashionable society." The details of these gatherings, as given in our New York papers, are detrimental to the best interests of the masses, and destructive of all that is necessary to build and constitute *true, genuine homes.*

It is unnecessary for us to draw any conclusions from the facts presented. To the thinking mind these will present themselves, and suggest the only remedy applicable.

EXPLOSION OF A POWDER MILL.—A terrible explosion occurred at Wilmington, Del., on the 22d ult. Alexis Dupont, assisted by seven workmen, was removing a large and heavy box from a building which had been used since 1812 as a powder house. The box coming in contact with the wall, caused friction, producing fire, and an explosion followed, burning all hands in a shocking manner. Mr. Dupont leaped into a race near by, and the others made every effort to extinguish the fire on their clothes. Mr. D. having succeeded in extinguishing the fire on his clothes, hastened to see if the press roof had caught fire. As he approached, a terrible explosion took place, shattering the building to atoms. By the flying fragments Mr. Dupont had his right thigh fractured, three of his ribs broken, and one of his lungs perforated. On the 23d Mr. Dupont, Anthony Dougherty and Edward Hurst died. Another individual, named Louis Vache, was mortally wounded.

SUGAR AND MOLASSES BY THE ACRE.—The Boston Journal states that there is now stored on the Boston wharf, South Boston, in bond, over *six acres* of these two articles. There is a similarly large stock in all the principal cities of the United States, showing clearly that it was not a scarcity of these articles, now become a necessary of life, that has run up the price more than double within a year. There is now in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, more than three times the stock of sugar that there was a year since.—The Philadelphia Enquirer says that a wholesale dealer in that city reports that he has not sold a tenth part of the amount of these articles this year, compared with former sales.

COST OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—The partial failure of the Inter-Oceanic Telegraph will entail great loss on the Company. The cable cost, simply for the manufacture, $1,344,310, at contract prices—2,500 miles of deep sea cable at $469 48 per mile; ten miles of deep sea core, with steel wire covering for mid-ocean, at $1,403 per mile; and 25 miles of shore-ends at $1,210 per mile. Besides this great sum for cable only, there has been a vast contingent outlay for apparatus, machinery on board steamers, alterations of the Niagara, and innumerable other expenses, which are not yet reckoned.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.—The following is a copy of a despatch received at New Orleans, on the 30th ult:—The steamship Empire City has arrived here from Key West, all well. The steamship Illinois, from Aspinwall, with 500 passengers and $1,600,000 in specie, would leave Havana for New York on the 30th ult. She had been on Colorado Reef, 70 miles west of Havana for three days, but after throwing off 200 tuns of coal she got off without injury. She was hauled off by the steamship Empire City, assisted by the war steamer Blanco-de-Gray.

THE MORMON ALPHABET.—The new "Deseret Alphabet" is completed, and a fount of Pica type has been cast in St. Louis. Specimens of the type are published in the St. Louis Democrat, but are, of course, unintelligible to Gentiles. The type-founders have supplied the Mormons with moulds and other apparatus for re-casting their old metal, so that the *Deseret News* will probably hereafter be a profound mystery, at least in part, to all but the initiated. The new characters are *forty-one* in number, and bear a striking resemblance to those of the Ethiopic alphabet.

GRAIN CROP OF MINNESOTA.—The St. Paul Advertiser estimates the grain crop of Minnesota, the present year, as follows:—Wheat, 1,800,000 bushels; corn, 1,500,000; oats, 1,700,000 bushels.—In addition to this it puts the yield of potatoes at 800,000 bushels, and other products of the farm, in proportion—"an aggregate," says the Advertiser, "nearly sufficient to feed the large annual increase of population—which has heretofore made us dependent on the neighboring States to supply the deficit."

BANK FAILURES.—The following banks, it is reported, have failed to redeem:—Kanawha Bank, Va.; Farmer's Bank, Wickford, R. I.; Tiverton Bank, R. I.; Rhode Island Central Bank; Wooster Bank, Ct.; Warren Co. Bank, Pa.; Farmers' & Drovers' Bank, Waynesburgh, Pa.; Fort Plain Bank, N. Y.; Ontario Bank, N. Y.; Reciprocity Bank, Buffalo, N. Y.; Hollister Bank, Buffalo, N. Y. A large number are in dubious position—how they will work out remains to be seen.

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED HORSE.—The renowned imported stallion, "Gleucoe," died at the stable of Mr. Keen Richards, in Scott county, Ky., on the 24th ult. He was a splendid racer in England, in his younger days. He was 26 years old. Mr. Richards purchased him a few months since for $3,000.

Correspondence of the Rural.

MCGREGOR'S LANDING, Ia., Aug. 25, 1857.

DEAR RURAL:—Leaving Chicago on the 13th inst., by way of the Chicago and Galena Union Railroad, your correspondent passed north-westerly through the counties of Upper Illinois, striking the Mississippi at Dunleith, in the north-west corner of the State, and opposite Dubuque. We crossed a magnificent prairie country, watered by rather sluggish streams, and interspersed with groves and patches of timber, sufficient, it seems to me, if properly husbanded, for all the wants of the inhabitants.

The wheat crop was magnificent, fully ripe, and waiting for the harvester. Not over one-third of it was cut, and it seems to me a vast amount of it must inevitably waste for want of being gathered in time, particularly as the weather since has been exceedingly unpropitious. We observed a large number of reapers engaged in the grain fields, driven by four horses invariably. The Illinoisans do not appear to do a "one-horse" business raising grain at present, whatever may be their future fate when the midge shall have taken possession of their fields. I made many inquiries concerning the crop, and the answer was universal in favor of a large yield. No winter wheat is raised in these regions.

The road passes through several thriving places, among which may be mentioned Elgin, Rockford, Freeport, Galena, &c., each and all sanguine that *their place*, especially, is to be one of the greatest cities of the West. The confidence of our friends out here, of the progress of *their own* locality, is an exponent of the universal elasticity of spirit in all new and thriving communities. They are very apt to imagine their own town to be the centre of the world, around which such places as New York, Boston and New Orleans, revolve like planets around the sun.

The "Father of Waters" did not strike me so majestically as I expected. It is perhaps half a mile wide, and at this season somewhat shallow. All the steamers are built exceedingly flat, and carry their boilers and machinery above deck.

Dubuque, situated on the western or Iowa side of the river, is an active place of twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, (they themselves rate it at eighteen to twenty thousand,) and is manifestly destined to go ahead. The harbor is being dredged to a greater depth, and the low grounds in the vicinity are being graded into streets, and elevated above high water. The Dubuque and Pacific Railroad, passing westward across Iowa to the Missouri at Sioux City, is now running thirty-five miles, and another section will be completed by November. Dubuque is built under the bluffs which here rise precipitously from one hundred to two hundred feet. They are very picturesque, the rocks in many places assuming the appearance of round towers and artificial battlements, so symmetrical and regular, that it is difficult to believe they are not, in many instances, gigantic fortifications.—The railroad winds up a ravine at a rapid grade, until, at the distance of a few miles, it reaches the elevated plateau of the prairie country, after which no further obstacle is presented.

Iowa is a magnificent State. There may have been a better country made, but my eyes never expect to see it, if I travel from the rising to the setting sun. Its *disadvantages*, however, must not be lost sight of—its distance from a sea-board market—the severity of its winters — the scarcity of its timber; but for grain and grass—for the beauty and fertility of its rolling prairies — for the salubrity of its climate—for the intelligence, industry, and frank, open-handed hospitality of its inhabitants, it is unsurpassed. There are rogues in Iowa as in all other States, and the comparative sparseness of the inhabitants has offered facilities for their operations in passing counterfeit money, running off horses, &c., &c., which has led to acts of lawless violence in punishing the offenders, which every friend of law and order there as elsewhere, regrets; but the people, as a whole, have noble hearts and generous hands.

It is difficult for one who has been reared in a wooded country, where forty years are necessary to clear a farm of trees and stumps, to believe, as he sees a field of fifty acres of wheat, corn and oats ripening before him in the sun, that three years before it was the solitary and undisputed haunt of the wild fowl and the deer; that the badger found a home unmolested upon the prairie, and the fox dug his hole unscared; but so it is everywhere in the State, and the wonderful transformation is going on to-day.

One thing I am afraid Iowa must forego, and that is fruit. I do not believe that anything but apples, the hardiest kinds of cherries, and some other similar fruits, can be raised here, and possibly not even these. The experiment has not yet been fairly and thoroughly tested, but looks that way. Thirty-five to forty degrees below zero is a temperature not to be endured, either by the writer or the peaches and apricots that grow in his garden. W.

EXPORT OF TREASURE FROM MEXICO.—According to the official Custom House report, the exports of the precious metals from Vera Cruz, for the first five months of the present year, were $5,777,326, of which all but $161,281 were in silver. The exports in June are not officially stated, but they were over two millions, making a total for the exports from Vera Cruz, alone, during the first half of the present year, of nearly eight million dollars. Those from Tampico, Acapulco, Mazatlan, &c., would swell the amount to not less than 10,000,000.

THE AMERICAN CAMELS.—The camels first imported, are, it is reported, employed with tolerable success in transporting supplies between St. Antonio and Camp Verdo, Texas. Three little ones were born in March, and five or six more births are expected. The principal remaining point is the character of the stock that may be produced. The officers in charge are, however, sanguine that it will fully equal that of the parent stock, and may, by proper attention, be more highly developed.

THE CANADIAN SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—The Montreal Transcript says that private letters received by the Arabia, state that Her Majesty has selected Montreal as the permanent seat of Government, but that the official announcement of the fact will not be made until the Provincial Parliament again assembles.

Literary Notices.

CLIMATOLOGY OF THE UNITED STATES, and of the Temperate Latitudes of the North American Continent. By LORIN BLODGET. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THIS is a large octavo volume of 540 pages, filled with a vast amount of matter, from authentic sources, on the climate of the Northern Hemisphere from latitude 20 degrees North, and especially on that of our own country, extending, as it does, across the continent and of such breadth of latitude. It contains the mean temperature of a multitude of places for the several months of the year, for the four seasons, and for the year itself, with their latitude, longitude and elevation above the sea, as well as the authority for these facts, and the mean fall of water in rain and snow. All this is illustrated to the eye by Isothermal and Rain Charts, one of each for the Northern Hemisphere, and also each of these Charts for the four seasons and for the year, over the United States. At page 210 is the Chart which shows the line of equal mean annual temperature at well-known places from the Pacific Ocean west across Asia over Europe to the Atlantic Ocean, and then across the Atlantic and North America to the Pacific on its West. In respect to temperature, a matter of so much consequence in climate, more information is thus pictured before the eye and obtained with high pleasure by this mode in a few moments, than would otherwise require days of attention. The same may be said in respect to the knowledge derived from the Rain Chart on page 220. Then, in respect to the United States, the five Charts of each kind are rich and full in the results already obtained by a host of observers. The work is the only treasure on Climatology accessible by our citizens, and should find a place in a multitude of our libraries, public and private.

MAURY'S WIND AND CURRENT CHARTS. Gales in the Atlantic. Observatory, Washington—1857.

To us landsmen, these Charts are a great curiosity.—Here we have the Atlantic Ocean, divided into spaces of five degrees on a side, forming squares near the Equator, and oblongs both north and south of it, and in the great lines of commerce or portions commonly passed over by vessels on their outer passage or their homewards return. On these, the coloring shows that in this part a storm may be expected once in six days, in another, once in six to ten days, and in another, once in fourteen days. One Chart is drawn too, for each month in the year, as the places and frequency of storms vary in different seasons of the year. The knowledge is derived from the log-books of navigators, and the Charts are, therefore, the delineation before the eye of actual experience and future anticipations. To seamen, the Charts have an interest unknown to those who have never heard the howlings of ocean gales. But words are unnecessary in the case. Lieut. MAURY has performed and is performing a work of high commercial value to the dwellers on the land, as well as to those traverse the "vasty deep." The world acknowledges him as a benefactor.—D.

THE *Westminster Review* for July, has been received.—The "Table of Contents" exhibit ten articles, as follows:—Ancient Political Economy; English Courts of Law; Suicide in Life and Literature; French Politics; Past and Present; The Sonnets of Shakspeare; "Manifest Destiny" of the American Union; The Testimony of the Rocks; Naples and Diplomatic Intervention; The Life of George Stephenson; Contemporary Literature. The article on the American Union, in which the author attempts to show that we are in the midst of a revolution which is destined to prove the ruin of our Republic, is worthy of special perusal by Americans. For sale by DEWEY.

Items of News.

THE emigration from Germany to America has taken an increased start this summer, 10,000 able-bodied men having departed from the duchy of Mecklenburg Schwerin alone.

COL. BENTON has written a review of the Dred Scott decision. He takes ground with Judges Curtis and McLean, and against the majority of the Court. The book is now in press.

IT is a curious fact that in the first territorial legislature of Alabama, the upper branch of that body, or the Senate, was composed of one member.—James Titus sat alone in the Chamber and decided upon the acts of the lower house.

THE merchandise transported across the Plains annually from the States for New Mexico amounts in value to between *six and seven millions of dollars!* This is independent of the vast stock trade and overland travel to California, and the value of the United States mail.

The Elora (C. W.) Backwoodsman warns its readers against taking bogus money, and states that a number of American "quarters," dated 1853, and an excellent imitation of the genuine coin, are in circulation in that neighborhood. They are manufactured, it is believed, in the vicinity of Vienna, Canada West.

IT is stated that the work of constructing the Minnesota and Pacific Railroad will soon be commenced, and that from 500 to 1,000 men will be placed upon the road between St. Paul and St. Anthony this fall. The ground will be broken as early as October, and by summer the iron horse will bound across the prairies like the wind.

IT is a remarkable fact that there has been a rise in the Ohio river in every month since it broke up in February last, and there has been a good stage of water in the channel. In despite of all that, there never has been a season when business was so dull.

HON. JOHN TRUMBULL VAN ALLEN, died at his residence, near Poughkeepsie, on the 22d ult. Mr. Van Allen was well known in the commercial and political circles of the State. He held a diplomatic position at Ecuador under an appointment by President Taylor. On the election of President Pierce he retired from public life, and spent some time abroad. For the past five years he has been living in a quiet country village in this State, in comparative seclusion.

THE haying harvest in Connecticut is quite late this year. Some farmers in Windham, Tolland and Hartford counties commenced cutting last week. The quantity of the crop is very large, but in quality it is inferior. Corn and potatoes promise well.

IN Cincinnati, the other day, a man appeared drawing a wagon in which were seated his wife and five children. He was a Kentucky emigrant to Illinois, and was, owing to the sickness of his family, removing back to Kentucky. His horse had died, and he had harnessed himself in. He had drawn his wagon thus over 40 miles.

GEN. SCOTT has arrived at Washington in answer to a telegraph dispatch. He is to consult with the Secretary of War in reference to military movements in Kansas and Utah.

TROOPS FOR INDIA.—The steamer Constitution, of the Belgium line, and the City of Washington, of the Liverpool line, the latter now in New York, have been chartered by the British Government to carry troops to India.

News Clippings.

— Picking cotton has fairly commenced in the interior of Texas.

— Nearly 80,000 people ride every day in New York city stages.

— There are 2,022 paupers in the Philadelphia alms house.

— All red tinted $5's on the Lee Bank, Mass., are counterfeits.

— Chicago, by a census just taken, contains 120,000 inhabitants.

— Four females committed suicide in Philadelphia the past week.

— Hogs are said to be dying of "hog cholera," in Carroll county, Md.

— Hostilities have again broken out between the Sioux and Chippewas.

— The yearly expenses of the Chicago Post-Office amount to about $74,000.

— The potato rot has made its appearance in many of the fields in Danvers.

— There were 184 deaths in New York last week of cholera infantum.

— Some of the South Jersey papers deny that the peach crop is a failure.

— The National Hotel property at Washington, is lying idle and going to waste.

— George Bancroft, the historian, is spoken of as the next Minister to England.

— A project is on foot to tunnel the Hudson river at Albany, instead of bridging it.

— A negro who had been guilty of several murders was lynched in Arkansas recently.

— Last week there were 700 deaths in New York city against 536 the week previous.

— Emigration reduced the population of Ireland over half a million from 1851 to 1857.

— The "Great Eastern" steamship will cost, when completed, three millions of dollars.

— A strawberry measuring six inches in circumference was raised this year in California.

— Nathan Burlingame, a soldier of the revolution, died at Windsor, N. Y., aged 96 years.

— Washington Irving, though 75 years of age, is still vigorous, both in intellect and body.

— The steamship Catawba, at New York from Havana, reports sugars dull and prices declining.

— It is said that the estate of the late Ex-Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, amounts to over $6,000,000.

— The New Orleans journal of the latest dates reiterate that the health of that city was never better.

Rufus W. Griswold, the Poet, died in New York on the 28th ult., after a lingering illness, aged 42.

— According to the latest advices, the harvests in every European country, promise unusual abundance.

— Sugars and molasses have declined considerably in price, and a further decline is strongly apprehended.

— There are now over a hundred female practitioners, regularly educated physicians, in the United States.

— The first bale of new Sea Island cotton was received at Savannah on the 26th ult. It was raised in Florida.

— Edward S. Mylott, Assistant Geological Surveyor, of Ky., was drowned in the Ohio Rapids a few days ago.

— The East Tennesseean says the wheat crop in that section beats anything of the kind ever known there.

— A book of American songs, edited and arranged by Howard Paul, has recently been published in England.

— The last nine India mail-packets which sailed from England, took out specie to the amount of $24,000,000.

— Mortimer Livingston, one of the most wealthy shippers in N. Y., died on the 23d ult., of apoplexy, aged 53.

— A convict was discharged from Sing Sing prison, on the 5th ult., who has spent thirty years in State Prison.

— The Pacific Railroad is being graded at the rate of two miles per week. Five hundred hands were at work on it.

— Mr. Ten Broeck has secured the services of Charlton, the fortunate rider of "Blink Bonny," on the Derby Day.

— A sportsman of New Jersey has a cat which he has trained to accompany him on all his hunting expeditions.

— In New York and Brooklyn one hundred liquor dealers have been arrested for refusing to shut up shops on Sunday.

— The Nantucket Mirror says the potato rot is very prevalent on that Island. Some fields will not pay for digging.

— A sale of $18,000 worth of mules was made in Lynchburg, Va., on the 25th ult., at from $145 to $150 per head.

— The Albany Journal records no less than 78 sudden deaths and fatal casualties, culled from one day's exchanges.

— A party of gentlemen recently took one thousand and five trout, in ten hours, at Moose Hillock, Haverhill, N. H.

— More than 28,000,000 of specie have thus far in 1857, been exported from N. Y., an excess of 8,000,000 over last year.

— The crops of Minnesota, notwithstanding the ravages of the grasshoppers, were never better than the present year.

— During the first 24 days of August there were received at Augusta over the Georgia Railroad 269,768 bushels of wheat.

— Joseph Hayes, an old farmer in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, sold 30,000 bushels of corn last week for 80 cents per bushel.

— Mr. Roberts, of Aurora, Maine, shot a bear coming out of his cellar one night last week, that weighed over 400 pounds.

— Charles E. Sinclair, has been appointed one of the associate Justices of Superior Court of Utah, vice Stiles, removed.

— A severe drouth prevails on the frontier of Texas.—The accounts of the cotton crop in the interior are encouraging.

— Judge Taney was appointed to the Supreme Bench, by President Jackson, in 1836. He has held his great office, 21 years.

— Mrs. Parker, an old lady 99 years of age, was burned to death at Port Richmond, on Sunday week, by a fluid lamp accident.

— Extensive and valuable discoveries of coal and iron have recently been made in Louisiana, and near Vicksburgh, in Mississippi.

— Alexander Chambers, a resident of Jefferson Co., Indiana, died, a few days since, in the one hundred and second year of his age.

— Sales of apples have been made in Marietta, O., of entire orchards at $1 25 to $1 40 per barrel, delivered on the bank of the Ohio.

— The Western Recorder, a Baptist paper, contains an account of the expulsion of a member of that church, on charge of laziness.

— The Portuguese government has invited tenders for the construction of an artificial port at the Island of St. Michael, in the Azores.

— The salmon fishery has proved a complete failure, on the Labrador coast this season, and the other fisheries are less prosperous than usual.

— The Minister of War in Prussia, has authorized the employment of soldiers in getting in the crops, similarly to the system adopted in France.

— Mr. Benjamin Pichard died, aged 101 years, at Paris, C. E. He was a Canada Loyalist, and served in the British army during the American Revolution.

— The organ-grinders at Boston, do a flourishing business. The Sicilian Consul at that port has upwards of $15-000 in his hands, entrusted to him by them.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the North Star and America.

THE Steamship North Star from Southampton, arrived at New York on the 25th ult., and the America from Liverpool at same port on the 26th.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Rumor says it is decided at Osburn, that Lord Elgin and Baron Gros are unsuccessful in their mission to China. A more decided action in common will be adopted by France and England. Seventy-two ships, carrying about 27,000 men had sailed.

The Atlantic Telegraph is, for the present, a failure. On the morning of the 11th inst, when 335 miles west from the Irish coast, the cable broke. The vessels were returning to England with the remainder of the cable, still over 2,000 miles in length, and perhaps sufficient to unite the two continents. The Directors were sanguine of success. A conference was to be held in London on Saturday, the 15th, to determine whether to go on immediately with the balance of the cable, or wait until another summer.

The British steamer Cyclops had returned to Valencia, with Mr. Field on board. That gentleman immediately started for London to confer with the Directors, and telegraphed from London, on Saturday morning, as follows:

"Her Majesty's steamer Leopard arrived at Portsmouth on Friday evening, and reports that the Atlantic cable was lost at a quarter before four o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 11th inst—Paid out successfully 335 nautical miles of it; 100 miles of it was lost in water over two miles in depth, and the greater part of this while going at the rate of rather more than five miles an hour. At the time there was a heavy swell on. The Niagara was going at the rate of four knots per hour, and as the engineer found that the cable was running out in too great a proportion to the speed of the ship, he considered it necessary to direct the breaks to be applied more firmly, when the cable parted at some distance from the ship.

The Agamenon, Niagara and Susquehanna will remain a short time where the cable parted to try some experiments in the deep water of that part of the Atlantic, which it is considered will be of great value to the Telegraph Company, and then all go to Plymouth, England. The experience now obtained must be of very great value to the Company, and it is understood that the Directors will decide whether to have more cable made, and try again immediately after the equinoctial gales or wait till another summer. The impression prevails at Liverpool that another trial will take place in October."

In the House of Commons the Chancellor of the Exchequer had obtained leave to bring in a bill for continuing for two years from April next, the duties on tea and sugar.

The Lords debated the Indian affairs on Tuesday night, without important development.

The Indian mail had arrived with intelligence of great moment. Contrary to general expectation in England, Delhi had not fallen up to the 21st of June, the date of the latest advices. Further mutinies had occurred among the native troops.

There is nothing of importance from China.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs.—Richardson, Spence & Co., report that owing to heavy rains and generally unfavorable crop weather, flour had advanced 6d, and wheat 2d@3d—the latter chiefly on the finer qualities.—Corn dull, and all qualities slightly lower. The following are the quotations:—Flour—Western canal 30s6d@31s; Ohio 32s6d. Wheat—Red 8s1d@8s9d. Corn—Mixed and yellow 36s9d@37; white 35s@36s.

Liverpool Provision Market.—Richardson, Spence & Co., Althaya & Co., James McHenry, and other, report beef quiet. Pork dull. Lard firm.

Arrival of the Atlantic.

THE Collins steamship Atlantic arrived at New York on the 30th ult., from Liverpool the 19th ult.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The news is unimportant.—The Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company were to hold a special meeting in London on the day the Atlantic sailed, to consider whether another attempt shall be made in October, or deferred till another summer. The London Star says it is estimated that the outside loss the Company will sustain in consequence of the failure will be about £25,000. It is fully expected that at least one-half of the sunken cable will be recovered. All that is within 400 fathoms will be got up, but that portion in deep sea will, in all probability, not be recovered.

The proceedings of Parliament are uninteresting.

The recent storms and floods had done considerable damage to the crops, &c., in various parts of England, but dry weather had prevailed during the three days preceding the Atlantic's departure, and it was hoped the effects of the rains would be much alleviated.

The London Times says:—A merchant, recently deceased, at Liverpool, is said to have left liabilities reaching 300,000 pounds sterling, of which £100,000 are forged acceptances and bills of exchange.

The mail steamer for India, to sail on the 19th ult., was to take ont $6,250,000 in silver. This is the largest shipment of specie ever made.

FRANCE.—The fetes Napoleon, on the 15th Aug., passed off well, though the out-door arrangements were marred by wet weather.

It is believed that France will demand of England the extradition of Ledru Rollin, and it is stated that he is about to come to the United States.

A Paris correspondent mentions the departure from Berlin to Marseilles of Gen. D'Orgoni, and predicts that he will be found at the head of the insurgents of Delhi before November. It was he who stirred up the last Burmese war.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says the French Government contemplates sending a naval and military expedition to Cochin-China to support a demand for satisfaction for an insult offered to the French Representative by the Emperor. It is proposed to found a maritime and commercial settlement in the bay of Tourin, in Cochin China.

ACCIDENTS FROM MOWING MACHINES.—At Springfield, O., Thomas Porter, killed. He was in a kneeling posture, forward of the machine, when the horses started and cut off his right leg above the knee. He was seventy years old. In Ashtabula Co., O., a Mr. Barber, one of the great cheese makers of that county, had his foot nearly severed. In Lorain Co., O., Mr. Pomeroy lost an arm and was otherwise injured.

RAILROADS IN THE U. S.—The aggregate length of all the railroads in the United States is about 20,000 miles, with a united capital stock of near $385,000,000, and a bonded debt of $400,000,000.—To this there must be added the floating debt, probably not far, if any, short of another $100,000,000, making a grand total of $900,000,000 expended in railroad property management and mismanagement.

THE NICARAGUA TRANSIT ROUTE.—John Francisco Pamago, the new Representative from Nicaragua, now in Washington, has got a charter for the transit route, signed by the two Dictators, Martinez and Jerez, of Nicaragua, giving him full power to treat upon this subject.

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.—The masonry of nine of the twenty four gigantic piers upon which the Victoria Bridge, at Montreal, is to rest, have been finished. The iron tubing for the first pier has arrived, while that for the second is on its way.—The preparatory frame work for the tubing of the first span is already completed. And the large number of hands already employed, is to be increased to one hundred. The laying of the tubing is then to commence. This tubing is to be sixteen feet broad by eighteen in height, and 243 from pier to pier. And by December next, the space between the first two piers, is expected to be tubed. When the tubing has been thus completed, the frame-work is to be taken down and re-erected to receive the tubing on the second pier,—and so on.

FROM TEXAS.—By the arrival of the mail, we have New Orleans dates of the 18th, and Galveston of the 16th ult. The Galveston News says that the majority for Reynolds, Democratic candidate for Governor, will not be less than 11,000.

The Civilian says that great excitement is existing at Honston, owing to the discovery of a plot got up by a gang of thieves to kill the city Marshal. The ring-leader in the affair and another was captured.

The accounts of the cotton crops from the interior of Texas were encouraging. Picking had fairly commenced. The effects of the drouth on the frontier were deplorable.

PROSPECT FOR CORN IN OHIO.—Wm. H. Ladd, of Richmond, Jefferson county, Ohio, writing to the Boston *Cultivator* under date of August 21st, says:—"We are going to have something to feed hogs on next winter. A better prospect for corn I have never seen. If frost keeps off a few weeks, the crop must be enormous."

COPPER.—The Detroit Tribune says there are 3,840 barrels—equal to 1,000 tuns—of copper ore from the Wellington mine, Lake Superior, awaiting shipment to London, England. It is estimated that the saving in the price of coal, and in the cost of smelting, will about pay the freight of the ore to London.

JAPAN JOINING THE COMMUNITY OF NATIONS—Letters from Japan state that the Emperor has decided to open diplomatic relations and make commercial treaties with the European Powers.—His Majesty has fixed upon the Governor of Simoda as an envoy, whom he will shortly send to Europe.

THE death of JOHN BOOTH—one of the most eminent English breeders of Short-horn cattle—is announced. Mr. B. was connected with the family of CHARLES and ROBERT COLLING. He was in his 69th year.

ANOTHER FILLIBUSTER EXPEDITION.—Handbills are being circulated in Upper Georgia and Tennessee for Nicaragua troops, who are promised $25 per month and 250 acres of land.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, Sept. 1, 1857.

FLOUR—During the week past the reduction in the price has been quite large equaling 50@75c per barrel. Prospects favor a further decline.

GRAIN—Wheat—Canadian and Genesee—has fallen off 10c per bushel and is selling at $1,45@1,50 as to quality. Oats have dropped 6c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—But little change. See table for quotations.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box,	18c
Flour, bbl	$6,00@7,50	Candles, box,	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,45@1,50	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada,	$1,45@1,50	Apples, bushel,	38@50c
Corn,	90c	Do. dried,	$2,00@2,25
Oats,	41c	Potatoes,	38c
Barley,	$1,00@1,12½	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat,	63@68c	Slaughter,	0@6c
Beans,	$1,50@2,00	Calf,	00@10c
Peas,	$1,00@1,25	Sheep polts,	31@38c
MEATS.		Lamb do.	50@62½c
Pork, Mess	$25,00@26,50	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover, bushel,	$6,50@7,00
Beef, ℔ cwt	$5,75@6,00	Timothy,	$3,00@3,50
Spring Lambs each,	$1,50@2,25	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard,	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	13½@14½c	Do. soft,	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders,	11½@12½c	Coal, Lehigh,	$7,00@7,50
Chickens,	11@12c	Do. Scranton,	$6,00@6,50
Turkeys,	00@12½c	Do. Blossburg,	$5,00@5,50
Geese,	50c	Do. Shamokin,	$6,25@6,75
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char.	10@12½c
Butter, roll,	18c	Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,45
Do. firkin,	13@15c	Hay, tun,	$7@11
Cheese,	8½@9½c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried,	00@15½c	White fish, bbl	$11,25
Tallow,	10c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$5,25@5,50
Eggs, dozen,	13@14c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—Flour—The market is heavy and 5@10c lower. Some little export inquiry, but demand chiefly for the eastern and local trade. Sales at $5,50@5,97 for com to choice super State; $6,25@6,45 for extra do; $5,50@6 for super Mich, Ind, Ill, Iowa, Wis. and Ohio; $6,25@6,60 for common to medium extra do; market closing dull and nuseitled. Canadian flour lower; sales at $5,90@6 for super; $6,60@7,75 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat in good demand for export and home use, at 1@3c higher Sales Southern at 140@152c for red, 162@172c for white do. Rye steady at 86@92c. Corn in limited request and chiefly for home use, at rather easier prices; sales Western mixed at 84@84½c for unsound; 85c for sound, delivered. Oats in moderate request at 57@60c for State; 60@63c for Western

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and lower. Sales at $25,75@25,85 for mess; $21,60@21,75 for prime. Lard dull and heavy; sales at 10½@12c. Butter in moderate request at 15@20c for Ohio; 19@22c for State. Cheese lower, sales at 6@9½c.

BUFFALO, Aug. 31.—Flour—There was but little doing on Saturday, and the tendency of prices was downward. Sales at $5,75@6 for good to fancy brands; $6@6,37½ for extras.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and in moderate demand. Sales white Indiana at 120c. Corn opened dull and heavy with sellers at 74½c, but in the afternoon holders were firm at 75c, but we heard of no sales. Oats quiet and nominal at 38@39c.

GRAIN RECEIPTS.—The following will show the receipts by Lake for the week ending 29th ult.—Flour, 23,054 bbls; Wheat, 179,020 bush.; Corn, 477,815 bush.; Oats, 32,369 bush.

ALBANY, Aug 31.—Flour and Meal—The market for flour continues inactive, the demand being entirely for the supply of the trade demand at the closing prices of Saturday. Corn meal is rather quiet.

GRAIN—Wheat continues quiet with but little offering; no sales Corn is rather firmer with only a moderate demand and a fair supply; sales in car lots at 81½@85 for Western mixed. Barley is freely offered on the spot and to arrive at the opening price—$1,25 for good parcels. The weather is not very favorable for malting, and there are but few buyers yet in market. We have only to note a sale of inferior four-rowed at $1,12½. In other grains nothing was done.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Beeves—First quality, 12½@13c.; Ordinary, 11½@12c; Common, 10½@11c.; Inferior, 9@10c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $60@75; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6½@7½c.; Other qualities, 5@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $5@6,00; Other qualities, $3@4,50.

SWINE—First quality, 7@8c.; Other qualities, 7¾c.

CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 26.—At market 1358 Cattle, 900 Beeves, and 458 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,00@9,50; First quality, $8,00@8,50; Second quality, $7,75@8,00; Third quality, $6,50@7,00; Ordinary, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$90, 150@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 45, 50@67.

YEARLINGS—$16@18 Two years old—$25@29. Three years old—$30@38.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3021 at market. Prices—In lots, $2, 2,50, $2,75, 3,50 each. Extra and selections, $3,75@4,62.

SWINE—425 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8c. ℔ lb.—Dressed, 9@10c

HIDES—8@8½c. ℔ lb. Tallow—7½@8c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—60@75c each. Calf Skins—13@14c. ℔ lb.

VEAL CALVES—But little called for.

BRIGHTON, AUG. 27.—At market 1250 Beef Cattle, 500 Stores, 12 pair Working Oxen, 114 Cows and Calves, 3,000 Sheep and Lambs, 1030 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $9,50; First quality, $8,50; Second, $7,50; Third, $6,50; Ordinary, $5.

YEARLINGS—$16@19. Two years old—$28@30. Three years old—$31@39.

WORKING OXEN—$116@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 35, 40@50.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $3,50, 3,75@4,00. By lot, $2,50 2,75@3,00.

SWINE—Pigs, 9@9½c. Retail, 10@11c. Shoats, 8½c. Fat hogs, 8@8½c.

HIDES—8@8½c. ℔ lb. Tallow—7½@8c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—50@75c. Calf Skins—13@14c. ℔ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$4, 4,50@4,75.

WOOL MARKETS.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 28.—There has been a fair demand for Wool during the past week, and the market for it ruled firmer.—The receipts this week were about 8,000 lbs. We now quote: Unwashed at 22@24c, sub-washed 33@37c; pulled 30@32c; Lamb's do. 31@33c, quarter to a half washed Merino at 33@40c; one-half to three-quarters do. 40@45c; three-fourths to full do 42½@47½c; and extra at 50c per pound.

BOSTON, Aug. 27.—There has been a good demand for domestic fleece and pulled, and prices are firm. The sales of the week amount to 200,000 lbs at full quoted rates. In foreign, there have been sales of 333 bales Mediterranean, and 160 bales Australian, Cape and South American, within the range of quotations:

Saxony fleeces	57@60	Smyrna washed,	23@30
Am. full blood,	50@55	Do. unwashed,	12@21
¾ and ¾ blood,	42@50	Buenos Ayres,	12@20
Com. to ½ blood,	35@40	Mexican,	17@19
Pulled, extra,	48@55	Chili, Valparaiso,	15@40
" super,	44@48	Syria washed,	25@27
" No. 1	38@40	Do. unwashed,	14@16
" No. 2	18@30	Peruv. washed,	33@30

FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, &c., AT TIDE WATER.—The quantity of flour, wheat, corn and barley left at tide water during the 3rd week in August, in the year 1856 and 1857, is as follows:

	Flour, bbl.	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Barley, bu
1856	12,256	157,961	598,157	....
1857	25,905	30,620	445,362	....
Increased	13,649	Dec. 127,241	Dec. 152,795	Dec. ....

The aggregate quantity of the same articles left at tide water from the commencement of navigation to the 21st of August, inclusive, during the years 1856 and 1857, is as follows:

	Flour, bbl.	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Barley, bu.
1856	487,156	4,096,429	4,165,865	152,840
1857	293,886	1,580,150	2,931,777	126,384
Dec.	193,170	2,516,279	1,234,088	26,457

By reducing the wheat to flour, the quantity of the latter left at tide water this year, compared with the corresponding period of last year, shows a deficiency so far this season of 696,136 bbls. flour.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE REST BOOKS TO SELL.—Booksellers, Agents, and Newsmen will find a quick sale for those new Hand-Books, just published: HOW TO WRITE—HOW TO TALK—HOW TO BEHAVE—and HOW TO DO BUSINESS. Price free by mail, only 30 cents each, or the four in paper, $1. Complete in one large gilt vol., $1 50, now ready. Try them. Address FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y. 400w4

FARM FOR SALE.—150 acres Land at $35 per acre, in Harbor Creek, Erie Co., Pa. See advertisement in Rural of July 4th, [100w3] CHAUNCEY C. WALKER.

TO THE YOUNG RURALIST.—ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE, Illustrated with nine engravings. Mailed on receipt of five letter stamps, by JOHN PHIN, Rochester, N.Y.

MECHANICS' GUIDE—Containing useful Tables, Data, Rules, Recipes and Hints on Mechanical Drawing. Mailed for four letter stamps, by JOHN PHIN, Rochester, N. Y.

CATAWBA AND ISABELLA.—50,000 Catawba and 10,000 Isabella one year old grape roots for sale. Will exchange some for Apple, Cherry, Pear, Plum and Quince stocks. 400w2 EDWARD TAYLOR, Cleveland, O.

7,000 PEACH TREES FOR SALE of the very best popular sorts, very cheap, such as Early York, Early Crawford, Late Crawford, &c. Letters addressed to the RURAL office will receive prompt attention. 400w3

FOR SALE ON TIME, 4 good farms well improved, well timbered and well watered, near to Railroad, Canal and Mills, and 7 to 9 miles from Rochester, containing from 40 to 160 acres each. Address the subscriber. JOHN WEAVER. Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y 400w4

7,000 PEAR TREES FOR SALE 5 to 7 feet high $200 per 1,000—$25 per 100. 3,000 Cherry Trees 6 to 7 feet, $90 per 1,000—$12 100 100,000 Apple Seedlings 2 years old $3 50 per 1,000. P. BOWEN. East Aurora, Erie Co., N. Y. 400w4

FRUIT TREES FOR SALE.
20,000 PEACH TREES from 5 to 7 feet in height.
30,000 Apple 3 yrs old; 15,000 from 5 to 7 feet.
27,000 Do. 2 " " 30,000 1 yr.
20,000 Apple Seedlings 2 yrs old; 500 Apricots; 1,000 Plums. To be sold cheap. Address C. F. WEAVER, 400w3 Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y.

BLACKBERRIES.
FIRST QUALITY PLANTS OF THE NEW ROCHELLE (or Lawton) Blackberry, grown in the open ground and well rooted, for Sale, in any quantity, and at the lowest prices, by C. P. BISSELL, East Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.
I have a few plants of suitable size to be sent by mail, which can be forwarded with full directions as to culture.
400w4 Address C. P. BISSELL.

FARM SUPERINTENDENT.
WANTED A THOROUGHLY PRACTICED FARMER, of active habits, no sluggard, quick in decision, firm in purpose, accustomed to combine and work men in large numbers; to take the management of a farm of about 2,000 acres in cultivation. A person after having proved himself competent to fill this situation can have such a chance permanently, as he can not find every day. Satisfactory references required as no application will be noticed without them. Address
400w4 J. HENRY, Mirage Hill, Odell, Liv. Co., Ill

DOMESTICATED DEER FOR SALE.
M. VASSAR has now on hand a few domesticated deer, which he offers for sale, viz. One buck and doe five years old; one pair three years old, one pair of yearlings, and three pair of fawns. All bred in a paddock at Springside. For further particulars, inquire of C. N. BEMENT,
400-4teow Springside, near Po'keepsie, N. Y.

DAGUERREAN GALLERY.
THE WHITNEY DAGUERREAN ROOMS, 14 State St., are, as usual, making every style of Portrait. It has become a general saying that "Whitney's is the place to get the best pictures, and the only place where they sit you willingly until you are suited." Give us a call and see if it is not so. Remember 14 State St., over Gould's, Rochester.
400-4teow J. S. CROCKER, Sole Manager.

IMPROVED RAILROAD LANDS.
FOR SALE OR RENT, at low prices and on accommodating terms, in quantities to suit, 2,000 acres of first quality prairie land, in one tract, 1,300 acres of which I have in cultivation, and yield from 20 to 25 bushels of wheat and 45 to 75 of corn per acre, 80 miles from Chicago and 4½ from Odell, a station on the Chicago, Alton & St Louis Railroad. Wheat now sells in Chicago at $1,08 to $1,40, and corn at 60 to 72 cents per bushel. It costs 8½ cts per bushel to get either to Chicago. Address J. HENRY, Mirage Hill, Odell, Livingston Co., Ill.

BEST BARGAIN IN WESTERN NEW YORK.
THE SUBSCRIBER, desiring to remove west, will dispose of his farm at an extremely low price, much below its value. It contains 112 acres, situated on the direct road from the village of Newark to Lyons, (Wayne Co., N. Y.,) 1½ miles from the former, and 3½ from the latter, in full view of and near the Central Railroad and Erie Canal, is first quality grain land; also well adapted for stock, being well watered by living springs. On the premises is a new dwelling erected one year ago, costing over $1,200. Also other out-buildings
For further particulars inquire of the subscriber on the premises, or by mail at Arcadia, Wayne Co., N. Y.
N. B.—This property will be sold—hence will be offered at a figure that will make it an object for any one wishing to purchase either for a home or on speculation. PETER VAN DEUSEN.
Arcadia, Aug. 26, 1857.

RAILROAD LANDS.
FOR SALE at low prices, and on accommodating terms, in quantities to suit purchasers, 2,177 acres of first quality Prairie Land in one Tract, selected and entered by myself, 64 miles from Chicago, and 6 to 7½ miles from two Stations on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad. 160 acres Prairie Land 3 miles from Morris on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, and 60 from Chicago. 160 acres Prairie Land 5 miles from Joliet, half a mile from Elwood Station on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad, and 48 miles from Chicago. Address
J. HENRY, Mirage Hill, Odell, Livingston Co., Ill.

TOLEDO NURSERY ASSOCIATION.
THIS ESTABLISHMENT, so advantageously located for Western Nurserymen, Amateurs and Purchasers generally, where they can get their Trees fresh from the ground and save besides a heavy transportation, is now prepared to supply a general assortment of their products, as follows

Apples, Standard and Dwarf.	Peaches,
Pears, " "	Apricots,
Cherries, " "	Nectarines,
Plums,	Grape Vines,
Currants,	Gooseberries,
Raspberries,	Lawton Blackberries,
Evergreens,	Ornamental Trees,
Strawberries,	Shrubbery, &c.

All the above have been grown under the immediate care and supervision of A. FARNESTOCK, (late of the Syracuse Nurseries,) with every care and attention, which will compare favorably with any stock in the United States, and are now offered on the most advantageous terms, and at the very lowest rates. Our *new* Wholesale Catalogues, for the Fall of 1857 and Spring of 1858, are now ready for distribution, and will be forwarded to all who apply, enclosing a one cent stamp to prepay the postage.
400-3teow For the Association, A. FARNESTOCK.

SHORT-HORNS FOR SALE.—Eight or ten fine young Cows and Heifers; Also Heifer and Bull Calves. Clockville, Madison Co., N. Y. [391tf] S. P. CHAPMAN.

SENECA LAKE HIGHLAND NURSERIES.
E. C. FROST, Havana, Schuyler Co., N. Y., Proprietor of the Highland Nurseries, of 15 years standing, has a fine stock of Fruit Trees Standard and Dwarf. Ornamental Deciduous and Evergreen Trees and Shrubs, &c., &c., at wholesale and retail. Stocks for Nurserymen, including 100,000 fine Plum stocks, samples furnished. 100,000 Apple Trees one year from graft. Apples grafted in the root to plant in the spring of '58 at *low rates*. Seeds of the Apple, Pear, Cherry, Plum and Peach.—Plenty of the King Apple Trees in all stages.
Retail price and Descriptive Catalogue and Trade List sent to any address, and Trees delivered at New York, Albany, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or intermediate Stations from Elmira, free. 2,500 very fine stocky Peach Trees, at $70 per 1,000.

NOTICE.
THE FIRM OF C. M. SAXTON & CO. is this day dissolved, by the retirement of C. M. Saxton. The AGRICULTURAL BOOK PUBLISHING business will be continued as heretofore, at 140 Fulton street, New York, by A. O. MOORE, who will assume and settle the business of the late firm.
C. M. SAXTON may, for the present, be found at 140 Fulton St.
CHARLES M. SAXTON,
New York, Aug. 26, 1857. AUGUSTUS O. MOORE.
In assuming the sole management of the business of C. M. SAXTON & CO., I would thank the Agricultural Public for the favor and encouragement given to our late firm, and would bespeak a continuation of that hearty concurrence and good will which, as *pioneers in the publication of Agricultural Books*, we have heretofore received.
My List of Agricultural Books comprises not only the entire catalogue of C. M. SAXTON & Co., but several important additions; and it will be my aim in future issues, to keep pace with the rapid advances which are being annually made in agricultural knowledge and experience. A. O. MOORE,
Agricultural Book Publisher,
140 Fulton street, New York.

Young Men
FARMERS, MERCHANTS, MECHANICS, AND FRIENDS OF EDUCATION throughout the United States and Canadas, will receive a Circular and Catalogue of the best School in the Union for the *proper* education of Young Men and Women, by addressing, enclosing postage stamp,
H. G. EASTMAN President,
Oswego Commercial College, Oswego, N. Y.
N. B.—The Catalogue contains *valuable educational information*. Write name and residence distinctly. See notice of prizes to Pupils editorial columns of Rural of Aug. 20. Also see Rural of Aug. 22. Yearly Term commences Thursday, Oct. 1st. Opening exercises afternoon and evening. Hon. Wm. F. Allen, of this State, is the Orator, and John G. Saxe, of Vermont, the Poet.

250,000 PEAR TREES, Standards and Dwarfs, for sale by GEO. W. WILSON, Malden, Mass.

500 BUSHELS WINTER BARLEY, nice for Seed for Sale at $2 per bushel, by JOHN WILLIAMS. West Henrietta, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1857. 399w1

AN IMPORTED BOAR—a cross of the Suffolk and Chinese. Also a few Pigs pure Suffolk. For sale by W. H. CLAY, South Side, Staten Island, N. Y.

WANTED!
CASH WILL BE PAID FOR 100 TUNS OF BONES at the Button Factory on the Canal Feeder at Rochester.
399w4 E. L. THOMAS.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
495 Broadway, New York; 18 Summer St., Boston, and 730 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. 399w4

BLACK SPANISH FOWLS FOR SALE.
SIX PAIR 4 months old at $5 a pair, $7 a Trio, and 2 pair 16 months old at $7 a pair. Address until Oct. 1st,
E. S. RALPH, Box 21 P. O. Buffalo, N. Y.
N. B.—My stock are from the *1st prize last pair* at the Birmingham, or "*All England Show*," 1851. 399w2

A. G. SHAVER, No. 835 Broadway, New York, Manufacturer of and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in SUPERIOR MARBLE BOARD, for Monochromatic, Crayon and Pastel Painting. Also every article used in these styles of Art. All orders promptly attended to. Instructions in sketching from Nature, and these various branches successfully given at his Gallery.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE SEMINARY.
Prof. JOHN C. FERGUSON, A. M., Principal.
ONLY $90 per year for board and tuition. Departments for Ladies and Gentlemen. The Ladies are under the Superintendence of an *experienced Preceptress*. Conveyance free from Albany at the commencement of each Term. Next Term begins Oct. 26. For further information, address the Principal at Charlotteville, N. Y. 399w6

TO NURSERYMEN, DEALERS AND PLANTERS.
THE SUBSCRIBERS OFFER TO THE FALL TRADE A quantity of as finely grown TREES and STOCKS as can be found in the State, consisting in part of

10,000	APPLE TREES,	6 to 8 feet	
12,000	" "	5 to 7	"
12,000	STAN'D CHERRY,	2 years,	with fine heads.
50,000	" "	1 "	very stocky & branched.
5,000	DWARF "	1 "	" " "
12,000	STAN'D PEAR,	2 "	extra fine.
10,000	PLUM,	1 "	4 to 6 feet and very fine.
5,000	PEACH,	1 & 2 "	
10,000	AM. ARBOR VITÆ,	2½ feet	well furnished & stocky.
3,000	BALSAM FIR,	1½ to 3 feet.	
100,000	APPLE STOCKS,	2 years.	
150,000	CHERRY "	1 "	very large.

50 BUSHELS MAZZARD CHERRY PITS.
Apple seed in season.
399tf MAXWELLS, RAMSDEN & CO.,
Dansville, Aug. 24, 1857. Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell THREE NEW and UNEQUALLED INVENTIONS, wanted and selling everywhere. My agents have cleared over $20,000 on them. DIPLOMAS, SILVER MEDAL and 4 PATENTS granted them. For 4 stamps, you'll receive 40 pages particulars. BEST AGENCY in the country, Lowell, Mass. EPHRAIM BROWN.

EMERY'S
Patent Changeable Railroad Horse-Powers,
THRESHERS AND SEPARATORS, THRESHERS AND CLEANERS, and other Machinery adapted to the Powers.
The above Standard Machines are offered for sale, as usual, at HALLOCK'S Agricultural Ware-Rooms and Seed Store, Rochester, N. Y. For further particulars, address E. D. HALLOCK,
398w3 No. 2 Ag'l Buildings, Rochester.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO.
OFFER FOR SALE OVER 1,500,000 ACRES SELECTED Farming and Wood Lands in Tracts of Forty acres and upwards, to suit purchasers, on
Long Credits and at Low Rates of Interest.
Pamphlets, containing Maps, description of Lands, and other information valuable to the Western Emigrant, will be sent free of postage by addressing
358tf JOHN CORNING, Gen. Ag't, Buffalo, N. Y., or JOHN WILSON, Land Com'r I. C. R. R., Chic., Ill.

GREAT AND SURE SPECULATIONS *have been* and *are* being made in the purchase of Farm, Town, County and State Rights for (those inventions *approved by* ALL) HUNT'S *portable or permanent* STRAIGHT FENCE and *portable* UNSAGGING GATE POST—*patented*, Dec. 16th, 1856, April 7th and June 30th, 1857, for which, or cuts with full description, enclose a postage stamp and address Dr. JAS. G. HUNT, Cincinnati, O.
EDITORS inserting this advertisement and note thrice, with an Editorial calling attention to it and sending a copy to my address, will receive a Farm Right for 100 acres. 396w6

EMPIRE NURSERY.
THE SUBSCRIBERS OFFER FOR SALE at the Empire Nurseries, on New Main Street Plank Road, a short distance east of the city, a large and a choice collection of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs &c., at wholesale and retail. Great inducements will be offered to those who wish trees packed for the Southern or Western markets.
Also, 1,000 pounds BASSWOOD BARK, suitable for tying buds. Inquire at the office of G. G. McKinster, No. 3, corner of Main and South St Paul streets, up stairs, or at the Nursery described above. McKINSTER & CUMMINGS.
Rochester, N. Y., Aug, 1857.

J. SAGE & SONS.
LITHOGRAPHERS AND ENGRAVERS,
209 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO,
OVER SAGE'S MUSIC STORE.

ACHROMATIC MICROSCOPES.
THE SUBSCRIBERS INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR superior Achromatic Single and Compound Microscopes, that have obtained the commendation of the most eminent scientific men of America, and for which they have received the premiums of the New York Exhibition of 1853, and of the Ct. State Agricultural Society of 1856.
These Microscopes range from forms of the greatest possible simplicity, to those combining the most elaborate of modern improvements.
They call particular attention to their "Small Microscopes for Students," which are provided with objectives sufficient for all ordinary and even for professional investigations, and of a quality never before sold by any foreign or American maker, at prices comparatively so low.
Descriptive Priced Catalogues will be sent free of charge on application. J. & W. GRUNOW,
April 20, 1857.—(385-m4) New Haven, Ct.

HAY AND CATTLE SCALES.
GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES!! THESE "STAND-ARD SCALES" are now within the reach of every Farmer.—For $100 we will furnish a 3 ton scale, platform, 7 by 12 feet Every scale is *sealed* by the *U. S. Standard* weights, and *warranted*. A full description will be sent to any part of the country, free of postage, upon application.
372-1amtf DURYEE & FORSYTH,
Manufacturing Co., Rochester, N. Y

SUPERIOR SUFFOLK SWINE.
THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE FOR SALE PURE SUFFOLK Swine, bred from their best Suffolk Stock. Address
JOSIAH STICKNEY, Watertown, Mass.
337m-8.0 n or ISAAC STICKNEY, Boston, do

It is not only beautifully printed, but is edited with much care and good taste. It is brim full of good things for the fireside circle, and no farmer can afford to be without it.—*Randolph (Ill.) Democrat.*

COMMERCIAL NURSERIES.
THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE, at wholesale or retail, a large stock of the best grown Fruit Trees in Western New York, and also an extensive assortment of all kinds of Nursery Stock. Dealers in Trees, and those desirous of establishing Nurseries, will find it to their advantage to examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere. SAMUEL COCHRANE.
Honeoye Falls, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1857. 398w2eow

GENESEE VALLEY NURSERIES.
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c., &c.
OUR STOCK OF FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, Shrubs, Roses, Dahlias, Green House Plants, &c., &c., for the ensuing season's sales is unusually large and well assorted. Our facilities for the propagation of Trees and Plants enable us to offer a choice assortment at the most reasonable prices, and our customers may rely on obtaining Trees of the best quality, in good condition, forwarded promptly.
In several departments our stock is superior to that offered by any similar establishment. The articles noted in our Catalogues are offered on the most advantageous terms, to which we refer for particulars and descriptions. The following Catalogues will be furnished to applicants who enclose one cent stamp to prepay each.
No. 1.—Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits, &c.
" 2.—Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c.
" 3.—Green House and Bedding Plants, Dahlias, &c.
" 4.—Wholesale Catalogue or Trade List.
All communications to be addressed to
A. FROST & CO.,
396w3eow Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

NURSERY FOR SALE.
HAVING MADE ARRANGEMENTS TO LOCATE West and change my business, I offer my Nursery at *one half its value*—It covers about 30 acres of ground, and consists of 3 to 4 hundred thousand trees of different varieties.
Will rent or sell the Land as desired.
JAMES M. TAYLOR, Commercial Nurseries,
Syracuse, Aug. 1, 1857. 396tf Syracuse, N. Y.

BAYARD TAYLOR!
A RARE CHANCE FOR
500 GOOD AND TRUE MEN!
WHO HAVE HAD EXPERIENCE OR ARE DESIROUS to learn how to be successful Book Agents; $500 to $2,000 per year may be made, clear of all expenses.
Agents wan

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE PILGRIM'S HOME.

BY A. H. BULLOCK.

[THE following lines were suggested by reading the *genuine* and beautiful poem, "Long Ago," in the RURAL of August 8th.]

A STREAM of small note is that "river of Time,"
Compared with the fathomless sea,
Which spreads from the mouth of the river sublime,
As it stood in the days of original prime,
Ere the river was ordered to be.

No "winters are drifting" on that broad sea,
Sweet summer eternally queen,
The shadows of night never darken its lea,
No scenes but of rapture and innocent glee
On the transparent bosom have been.

In this Ocean so vast, is a *heavenly* ISLE,
And our dearest "treasures" are there,
Hope points to that land with a heart-cheering smile,
With Faith, her twin-sister, can sorrow beguile,
And cheer the wan face of Despair.

And that Island is known as the PILGRIM'S HOME,—
Immortal abode of the blest.—
Howe'er on the river of Time we may roam,
To that region, delightful, shall finally come,
And bathe in the waters of Rest.

No illusions deceptive, enchantments rare,
As at Memory's Isle "Long Ago"—
No "vows" that are "broken," no "tresses of hair,"
But the loved and departed will dwell with us there,
When the river no longer shall flow!

No magical "Mirage" arises to view,
As on the wild deserts of earth,
For nothing is there but the REAL and TRUE,
No joys that will vanish like morn's transient dew,
With the first fleeting moment of birth.

Then let us look *forward* to that better land,
No glance up the bleak river cast,
Assured of a Guide with Omnipotent wand,
And to cheer our short passage a musical band,
To Lethe consign the dark Past.

North Almond, N. Y., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by D. D. T. Moore, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BAD SPELLING.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

THE last notes of the bell which duly summoned to their task, the pupils of Madame DUVANT'S fashionable Seminary had ceased, and in the school-room, recently so silent, was heard the low hum of voices, interspersed occasionally with a suppressed titter from some girl more mischievous than her companions. Very complacently Madame DUVANT looked over the group of young faces, mentally estimating the probable gain she should receive from each, for this was the first day of the term, then with a few low spoken words to the row of care-worn, pale-faced teachers, she smoothed down the folds of her heavy grey satin and left the room, just as a handsome traveling carriage stopped before the door.

The new arrival proved to be a fashionably dressed woman, who, with an air of extreme hauteur, swept into the parlor, followed by two young girls, one apparently sixteen and the other fourteen years of age. The younger, and as some would call her, the plain looking of the two, was unmistakably a "*poor relation*," for her face bore the meek, patient look of a dependent, while the proud black eyes and scornfully curved lip of the other, marked her as the daughter of the lady, who, after glancing about the room and satisfying herself that the chairs, sofas, tables, and so forth, were *refined*, gave her name as "Mrs. GREENLEAF, wife of the Hon. Mr. GREENLEAF, of Herkimer Co., N. Y."

"I have come," said she, apparently speaking to Madame DUVANT, but looking straight at the window, "I've come to place my daughter ARABELLA under your charge, and if she is pleased with your discipline, she will finish her education here,—graduate,—though I care but little for that, except that it *sounds well*. She is our only child and of course a thorough education in the lower English branches is not at all necessary. I wish her to be highly accomplished in French, Italian, Music, Drawing, Painting, Dancing, and, perhaps, learn something of the old poets, so as to be able to talk about them a little, if necessary, but as for the other branches, such as Geography, History, Arithmetic, Grammar and the like, she can learn them by herself, and it is not my wish that she should waste her time over anything so common. These will do for MILDRED," and she glanced towards the *poor relation*, whose eyes were bent upon the carpet.

"She is the child of my husband's sister, and we have concluded to *educate* her for a teacher, so I wish you to be very thorough with her in all those stupid things which ARABELLA is not to study."

Madame DUVANT bowed, and Mrs. GREENLEAF continued, "Last term they were at Bloomington Seminary, and, if you'll believe it, the Principal insisted upon putting ARABELLA into the *spelling class*, just because she didn't chance to spell every word of her first composition correctly! I dare say it was more MILDRED'S fault than hers, for she acknowledged to me that 'twas one of MILDRED'S old pieces that she found and copied."

An angry flash of ARABELLA'S large black eyes and a bright red spot on MILDRED'S cheek were the only emotions manifested by the young girls, and Mrs. GREENLEAF proceeded,—"Of course I wouldn't submit to it,—my daughter spelling *baker* and all that nonsense, so I took her away at once. It was my wish that MILDRED should remain, but husband, who is peculiar, wouldn't hear of it, and said she should go where ARABELLA did, so I've brought them both."

After little further conversation, it was arranged that Miss ARABELLA should go through a course of merely fashionable accomplishments, Madame DUVANT assuring her mother that neither spelling-book nor dictionary should in any way annoy her. MILDRED, on the contrary, was to be thoroughly drilled in everything necessary for a teacher to know, Mrs. GREENLEAF hinting that the sooner her education was completed, the better she would be pleased, for it cost a great deal to clothe, feed and school her. Madame DUVANT promised to execute the wishes of her patron, who gathered up her flowing robes and with a dozen or more kisses for her daughter, and a nod of her head for MILDRED, stepped into her carriage and was driven rapidly away.

* * * * * *

Just across the spacious grounds of the Duvant Seminary and divided from them by a wall which it seemed almost impossible to scale, stood a huge stone building, whose hacked walls, bare floors and dingy windows—from which were frequently suspended a cap, a pair of trousers, or a boy's leg—stamped it at once as "The College,"—the veriest pest in the world, Madame DUVANT called it, when with all the vigilance both of herself and Argus-eyed teachers, she failed to keep her young ladies from making the acquaintance of the students, who winked at them in church, bowed to them in the streets, tied notes to stones and threw them over the ponderous wall, while the girls waved their handkerchiefs from their windows, and in various other ways eluded the watchfulness of their teachers. A great acquisition to the fun-loving members of the seminary was ARABELLA GREENLEAF, and she had scarcely been there six weeks ere she was perfectly well acquainted with every student whom she considered at all worth knowing. But upon only one were her brightest glances and her most winsome smiles lavished, and that was GEORGE CLAYTON, a young man from South Carolina, who was said to be very wealthy. He was too honorable to join in the intrigues of his companions, and when at last he became attracted by the witching eyes and dashing manners of ARABELLA GREENLEAF, he went boldly to Madame DUVANT and asked permission to see the young lady in the parlor.

His request was granted, and during the two years while he remained at college he continued occasionally to call upon ARABELLA, who each time that he saw her seemed more pleasing, for she *was* beautiful, and when she chose to be so was very courteous and agreeable. One evening when GEORGE called as usual and asked to see her, he waited a long time and was about making up his mind to leave, when a fair, delicate looking girl, with deep blue eyes and auburn hair, entered the room, introducing herself as *Miss Graham*, the cousin of ARABELLA, who, she said, was indisposed and unable to come down.

"She bade me say that she was very sorry not to see you," added MILDRED, for she it was, blushing deeply as she met the eager, admiring eye of GEORGE CLAYTON.

Gladly would he have detained her, but with a polite good evening, she left him in a perfect state of bewilderment. "Strange that I never observed *her* before, for I must have seen her often," he thought, as he slowly wended his way back to his rooms, "and stranger still that ARABELLA never told me she had a cousin here."

The next time he met ARABELLA his first inquiry was for her cousin and why she had never mentioned her. With a heightened color ARABELLA answered, "Oh, she's a little body, who never cares to be known,—a perfect book-worm, and man-hater."

The words *book-worm* and *man-hater* produced upon GEORGE CLAYTON a far different effect from what ARABELLA had intended, and he often found himself thinking of the soft blue eyes of MILDRED GRAHAM. Unlike some men there was nothing terrible to him in a *bookish* woman, and he might, perhaps, have sought another interview with MILDRED, but for a circumstance which threw her entirely in the shade.

The annual Examination of Madame DUVANT'S Seminary was drawing near. ARABELLA was to graduate, while both she and MILDRED were competitors for a prize offered for the best composition. There was a look of wonder on MILDRED'S face, when she saw her cousin's name among the list, for composition was something in which ARABELLA did not excel. Greatly then did MILDRED marvel when day after day she found her, pencil in hand, and apparently lost in thought, as she filled one sheet after another until at last it was done.

"Now, MILLY," said ARABELLA, "you correct the *spelling* and copy it for me,—that's a good girl."

MILDRED had acted in this capacity too often to refuse, and with a martyr's patience, she corrected and copied the manuscript, wondering the while from whence came the sudden inspiration which had so brightened ARABELLA'S ideas. But if she had any suspicions of the truth she kept them to herself, handing her own composition in with that of her cousin, and calmly waiting the result.

* * * * * * *

The examination was over. ARABELLA, who knew exactly what questions would be put to her, had acquitted herself with great credit, and her proud lady mother, who was one of the numerous visitors, fanned herself complacently as she heard on all sides the praises of her daughter.

And now nothing remained but the evening exhibition, at which music and the prize compositions formed the chief entertainment. At an early hour the large school-rooms were densely crowded. Among the first who came was GEORGE CLAYTON—securing a seat as near as possible to the stage, so that he should not lose a single word. He himself had graduated but two weeks previously and was now about to make the tour of Europe together with his father, who was present. They were to sail the next night, and at 9 o'clock this evening they were to leave for New York. During the examination ARABELLA had risen greatly in GEORGE'S estimation, and if she had seemed beautiful to him then, she was tenfold more so now, when, with flowing curls and simple white muslin dress, she tripped gracefully across the stage, and seating herself at the piano, played and sang with exquisite skill the well known song entitled, "No More, Never More."

Then followed the reading of the compositions, MILDRED being called upon first. In a clear and peculiarly sweet tone of voice she read, chaining to perfect silence her audience, which, when she was done, greeted her with noisy cheers, whispering one to another that she was sure to win. ARABELLA, at her own request, was the last. With proud, flashing eyes and queenly air, she coolly surveyed the mass of heads before her, caught an admiring glance from GEORGE CLAYTON, and then, with a steady hand, unrolled her manuscript and read. Her subject was "The Outward and the Inward Life," and no grey-haired sage ever handled it more skillfully than she. When she finished one universal burst of applause shook the building to its centre, while her name was on every lip as she triumphantly left the room. Just then a distant bell struck the hour of nine, and GEORGE CLAYTON arose to go. He was sure of ARABELLA'S success, and in the hall below, whither she had gone to bid him adieu, he shook her hand warmly, telling her how happy it made him to see her thus victorious, and winning from her a promise to write to him when he should be over the sea.

Half an hour later and the night express was bearing him far away. Half an hour later, and with flushed brow ARABELLA stood up and received the prize, which consisted of two elegantly bound volumes of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

Forty minutes later, and from the seat by the door, a little bent, weird-looking woman arose, and making her way through the crowd, advanced until she stood upon the stage, then stretching her long, bony finger towards ARABELLA, who had returned, she said, "I am a lover of justice, and should I hold my peace, the very stones would cry out against me. Yonder young lady has no right to the prize, for the piece which she has palmed off as her own, appeared in the *Woodland Gazette*, a paper published in an obscure New Hampshire village. How she came by it, she can, perhaps, explain, but I cannot."

At the commencement of this strange speech, ARABELLA arose as if to defy the woman, who was thus blasting her good name, but at the mention of the *Woodland Gazette* she fainted and was carried from the room. Madame DUVANT now came forward and addressed a few low-spoken words to the woman, who answered aloud, "I have the best of reasons for what I have said. My son, who lives in New Hampshire, occasionally sends me the *Gazette*, and in one number, which came nearly a year ago, appeared this very article, taken originally from an old English paper."

"Prove it! Produce the paper!" fiercely ejaculated Mrs. GREENLEAF, as she left the room in quest of her daughter.

"I can do so," answered the woman; "I never tore up a newspaper in my life, and if the audience will wait for the space of ten minutes, I can show them the very article,"—saying which she glided noiselessly from the room.

She was a strange, half-crazy old creature, of wonderful memory, who occupied a small cottage in the suburbs of the village, and many doubts were expressed as to the veracity of her statement. But these were soon put to flight by her reappearance. Unfolding the dingy yellow paper, she read aloud to her astonished hearers the article, which proved to have been taken from the *London Examiner*. There was now no longer a shadow of doubt, and the prize was withdrawn from the treacherous ARABELLA, and as MILDRED'S composition was pronounced the next in order, it was bestowed upon her.

Mortified, indignant, and almost frantic at this public disgrace, ARABELLA finally confessed to having stolen the piece from a paper sent her some months before by a former schoolmate. The next morning she left the village, heaping her pent-up wrath upon the head of her innocent cousin, who was destined in more ways than one to rival her.

* * * * * * *

Three months had passed away since the night of the exhibition, and in a private parlor at a London Hotel sat GEORGE CLAYTON, rather impatiently awaiting the return of his servant from the Post Office. As yet he had received no letter from ARABELLA, for though she had written it had failed to reach him, and while he in the Old World was marvelling at her long delay, she in the New was wondering why he did not answer. The mortification which she had endured affected her deeply, bringing on at last a slow fever, which confined her to her bed, where for weeks she lay, carefully attended by MILDRED, who once, when she complained of GEORGE'S neglect, suggested the possibility of his not having received the letter. This was a new idea to ARABELLA, and as she was herself unable to write, she persuaded MILDRED to do it for her, and strange to say the two letters reached their destination at the same time.

With eager haste GEORGE took them from his servant, who soon went out, leaving him alone.—The hand-writing of both was not alike, and in some trepidation the young man broke the seal of the one bearing the more recent date. It was beautifully written, and mentally complimenting the fair writer, GEORGE opened the other, uttering an exclamation of surprise ere he had read a dozen lines. It was a sickly, sentimental affair, taken partly from an old letter-writer, and containing many "high-flown" sentences concerning the "*pearling rill*," the "*silvery starlite*" and the "*rosy* morn," which, being spelled as they were, presented a most formidable aspect to the fastidious young man.

Although ARABELLA had taken much pains with her letter, at least one-fourth of the words were misspelt, and by the time GEORGE had finished reading, he entertained no other feeling towards the writer than one of disgust, to think that with all her showy accomplishments she had neglected what to him was the most important of all, for in nothing is the ignorance of a young lady more apparent than in a badly spelled letter. It was a long time ere he answered it, and then the few lines which he wrote were so cold, so different from his first, that in a fit of anger ARABELLA tossed it into the fire, repenting the act the moment after, and, as if to make amends, writing in return a long letter, to which there came no response, and thus the correspondence ended.

Eighteen months later, and again Madame DUVANT'S rooms were crowded to overflowing, but this time ARABELLA GREENLEAF was not there, though GEORGE CLAYTON was eagerly watching each word and movement of MILDRED GRAHAM, whose uncle had insisted upon her remaining at school until she, too, should graduate, and who now justly received the highest honors of her class. Very beautifully looked the young girl, and as she modestly received the compliments of her friends, GEORGE CLAYTON'S was not the only admiring eye which rested upon her, for many now paid her homage.

That night GEORGE asked to see her alone. His request was granted, and when next she parted from him it was as his betrothed. Immediately after GEORGE'S return from Europe he had heard the story of ARABELLA'S perfidy, and if no other circumstances had interposed to wean him from her entirely, this alone would have done it, for he could not respect a woman who would thus meanly stoop to deception. He had lingered in G—— for the purpose of renewing his former acquaintance with MILDRED, the result of which we have seen.

Mortified beyond measure, ARABELLA heard of her cousin's engagement, and when GEORGE came at last to claim his bride, she refused to see him, wilfully absenting herself from home that she should not witness the bridal, which took place one bright October morning, when the forest trees, as if in honor of the occasion, were dressed in their most gorgeous robes, and the birds were singing their farewell songs.

New misfortunes, however, awaited poor ARABELL, for scarcely was MILDRED gone to her southern home when the red flag of the auctioneer waved from the windows of Mr. GREENLEAF'S luxurious house, which, with its costly furniture, was sold to the highest bidder, and the family were left dependent upon their own exertions for support. When the first shock was over, Mr. GREENLEAF proposed that his daughter should teach, and thus bring into use her boasted accomplishments. For a time ARABELLA refused, but hearing at last of a situation which she thought might please her, she applied for it by letter. But alas, the mistake she made when she abandoned the spelling-book for the piano, again stood in the way, for no one would employ a teacher so lamentably ignorant of orthography. Nor is it at all probable she will ever rise higher than her present position, that of a *plain* sewer, until she goes back to *first principles*, and commences again the despised column, beginning with "*baker!*"

Brockport, N. Y., 1857.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty five letters.
My 22, 3, 9, 12, 18 is what all must be.
My 44, 37, 4, 30, 39, 3, 6, 50 is what people of this generation deal in.
My 28, 16, 19, 35, 54, 42 is the name of an animal.
My 31, 3, 37, 7, 45, 10 is the name of a large fowl.
My 32, 41, 28, 34 is part of a lady's wearing apparel.
My 1, 43, 41, 11, 7, 51 is a lady's name.
My 40, 18, 10, 1, 46 is a kind of grain.
My 28, 9, 30, 5, 16, 32, 7, 13, 26 is the name of a tree.
My 2, 50, 19, 42, 11, 3, 40 is a bird.
My 50, 21, 7, 17, 45 is part of a gentleman's wardrobe.
My 50, 51, 46, 19, 53, 3, 52, 33, 25 is a division of South America.
My 27, 47, 19, 20, 21, 17, 18, 51 is a celebrated poem.
My 17, 34, 52, 31, 49, 10, is what an aged man declared to be the best, and yet the worst thing in the world.
My whole is an ancient proverb.

Beaver Dam, Wis., 1857. H. M. & M. B. DROWNE.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ENIGMAS.

NUMBER ONE.

IT is material, immaterial. It is of great value; it is small and insignificant; it is trodden under foot; it is a priceless jewel; it soars aloft; it grovels in the dust; it is debased; it is exalted; it is full of thought and energy; it can neither reason nor act; it is seen and felt; it is intangible, unseen; it lives and moves; it has neither life or motion; it has color; it is colorless.

NUMBER TWO.

IT is beautiful in form and color; it has no form or comeliness; it is found and admired in every clime; it is unknown to half the world; it is of every variety of form and color; it is uniform in both; it is the source of pleasure and pain; it is the emblem of Love, Hate, Indifference, Hope; it is the ornament of king's palaces and the hut of the peasant; it adorns the parlors of the rich, and is the necessity of the kitchen; it springs forth, spontaneously and without labor; it is only to be obtained by long and laborious industry.

☞ Answer next week. KITTIE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

IF 'twas not for my first I fear,
No winter e'er would come;
My next to me is rather near,
Both it and I are one.
My third, it does in darkness hold
Position and a place;
My fourth, 'tis prominent in gold
As nose upon your face.
My whole quite often is a noun,
Though sometimes 'tis a verb;
It on the ocean may be found,
It oft the waves disturb.

Sutherland Falls, Vt., 1857. A. J. O.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 399:—Youth's Corner.

Answer to Historical Enigma in No. 399:—Carthage must be destroyed.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem in No. 399:—Forty-six minutes, fifteen and one-half seconds.

Answer to Nautical Problem in No. 399:—From the headland A, 11.2572 miles; from headland B, 11.0342 miles; from the steeple C, 12.4620 miles.

Answer to Charade No. 1, in No. 399:—Farming. Charade No. 2—The letter W.

A WORD TO BOYS.—Begin in early life to collect libraries of your own. Begin with a single book; and when you find or hear of any first-rate book, obtain it if you can. After a while another, as you are able, and be sure to read it. Take the best care of your books, and in this way, when you are men, you will have good libraries in your head, as well as on your shelves.

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1857. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1857.

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IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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Rural New-Yorker.

HARVESTING CORN.

CORN is one of our most important crops, and we fear its value is not properly understood. All great and common blessings are apt to be undervalued. According to the census of 1850, the corn crop of the United States in 1849 was 591,586,053 bu., and the wheat crop of the same year 104,799,-230 bu. Since that time the increase, we think, has been in favor of corn, for the destruction of wheat by the midge, in some of the best wheat growing districts, has tended to discourage its growth, and increase that of corn. Corn is one of our most valuable staples for export, and is the basis of the immense quantities of beef and pork made in the rural districts, and finding its way to our populous cities, feeds the hungry and non-producing millions, supplies the army and navy of our own country, and is found in the markets of Europe. Its value, however, is not to be calculated by dollars and cents. It seems to have been created and especially adapted to the wants of this country. As soon as the forest trees are cut down corn is planted by the pioneer settler, and it grows luxuriantly among the roots and stumps, furnishing a healthy and abundant support both for "man and beast." The prairies as soon as "broken up" are planted generally with corn, and this "sod corn," as it is called, in about three months yields a crop that pays for "breaking," gives a good store of bread for family support, fodder for cattle, and a good surplus for sale, with the proceeds of which fencing and other improvements may be made. Corn is emphatically the poor man's crop.

CORN in this section was much injured by the cold, wet spring, and low, undrained fields it became necessary to plow up and plant with buckwheat, or some other crop. Many and earnest were the discussions among our best farmers, up to about the middle of July, as to the probabilities of ripening corn this season under the most favorable circumstance. The warm weather during the latter part of July and early in August, however, brought forward the crop with astonishing rapidity, and two weeks more, without frost, will place it beyond danger.

In our northern climate the whole season is required to ripen corn, and it is often injured by early frosts in the fall. The same difficulty is felt in some of the extensive corn growing districts of the West. The ripening of corn may be hastened by cutting off the tops above the ears, but we have no doubt this earlier ripening is obtained at the expense of the crop, as the sap which nourishes it is obtained from the earth, and passes through the stem to the leaves, where it is prepared for conversion into grain. Many of the leaves that thus digest the food for the corn are above the ears, and it is believed generally that it is on its passage downward that the change of the sap into grain principally takes place. It must, therefore, be very evident that the removal of any large portion of the leaves before the ears are perfectly formed deprives them of their natural supply of nourishment. When the tassel only is taken off, although no evil would be likely to result, the benefit is at least small.

Where the season will permit it, there is no better way for the grain than allowing the corn to grow untouched until fully ripe. The stalks by this method lose somewhat of their value for fodder. As a general rule, we think the best method is to cut the corn at the surface of the ground when the grain has become glazed or hard upon the outside, put immediately into stooks, and when sufficiently dried the corn and stalks can be separated and secured. By this plan the grain is in a great measure protected from early frosts, as frosts that would materially injure it if allowed to remain standing will not affect it in the stook. When cut in this way we have no doubt the grain appropriates to its use a portion of the sap already in the plant, and the plant *may* absorb additional matter from the atmosphere to aid in its perfection.

The TIME of cutting corn is a matter of great importance. If cut too early shrinkage is the consequence, and it loses weight and nutrition, and if allowed to remain in the ground until after frost, unless fully ripe, the sap becomes vitiated, and great loss of both grain and stalks is the effect.—It is better to cut too early than to run too great a risk; and where appearances indicate severe weather, harvesting should commence at once.—Corn, though but slightly glazed, if cut and laid evenly at the butts, bound and set up in small stooks, will ripen. Last November we saw hundreds of acres of unripe corn standing on the prairies of Illinois, among which the cattle were rosming at pleasure, which we doubt not might have been saved if this precaution had been taken.

There are various simple plans for shocking corn, and the following sent us by a correspondent in Michigan seems well worthy of attention. First, twist together the tops of four adjacent hills in the form of the letter X, and then cut and set up the corn in the angles so formed. No other support is needed for the corn until the shock is finished, and when properly tied it will weather any storm. The four hills left standing at the outskirts of the shock act like the stays to a mast, and being well rooted in terra firma will support it most efficiently. By this form there is a cavity left in the centre of the shock which facilitates the drying of the corn, and is much better in this respect than the compact form with a hill of green corn in the centre. Taking six rows, with 36 hills to the shock, is most convenient.

The cry last spring went out through all the land that the cattle in many sections were suffering and dying for want of food, actually starving to death. To say nothing of the loss, how painful must such a state of things be to every humane man. The coming winter may be more severe and of longer continuance even than the last. Every corn stalk should be cured properly and stored carefully away. More than enough coarse fodder was wasted last fall to have prevented all the want and suffering of the following spring. Many who at that time were glad to obtain hay at $40 or $50 a tun to save the lives of their stock, were only reaping the reward of their own folly. The wise profit by the teachings of experience.

DRAINING.

IN our previous articles on this subject, we have given the theory of the Mechanical and Chemical advantages to be derived therefrom, and turn now to some of the practical labors connected with the construction of these minute water-courses.

In the laying out of work of this nature, no one branch of labor has called forth as much discussion, and as many conflicting opinions, as the endeavor to fix a *proper depth for drains*, having reference to what will be required of them. To such an extent was this disputation carried in England, that, at a certain period, one of the parties was known by the sobriquet of "Deep-Drainers," while their opponents wore the equally charming title of "Shallow-Drainers." Each could bring forward powerful arguments in support of their chosen positions. If one person should advocate the peculiar efficiency of his method, he only called out those who entertained conflicting opinions, and a war of words ensued. The fact is, nothing definite—no governing rule to be followed in all cases—can be arrived at. Drains must be constructed for the particular case in which their benefits are sought. There is doubtless a limit to the depth of drained land required for the purposes of cultivation, and to go beyond that requirement is a waste of time and means. In a porous soil drains may be deep and placed widely apart, for in soils of this character water will have ample opportunity to seek for and find an outlet,—while in a compact, clayey soil they require to be nearer the surface and more frequent. An inch of worked clayey soil will hold water almost as readily as a vessel constructed for that especial purpose.

This brings us to the consideration of another topic upon which there is also a great diversity of opinion—*the frequency of drains*. In a work entitled *Theory of Draining and Deep Plowing*, Mr. SMITH, the advocate of close work says:—"In laying off the drains, the first object for consideration is the nature of the subsoil. If it consists of a strong, stiff 'till,' or a dead, sandy clay, then the distance from drain to drain should not exceed from ten to fifteen feet; if a lighter and more porous subsoil, a distance of from eighteen to twenty-four feet will be close enough; and, in very open subsoil, forty feet distance may be sufficient." The opposing mind, Mr. PARKS, in the *Philosophy and Art of Land Drainage*, representing the deep and distant drain system, states:—"It consists with my own practice, at the present time, that drains are being executed at depths of from four to six feet, according to soil and outfall, and at distances varying from twenty-four to sixty-six feet; complete efficiency being the end studied, and the proof of such efficiency being that, after a due period given for bringing about drainage action in soils unused to it, the water should not stand higher, or much higher, in a hole dug in the middle between a pair of drains, than the level of those drains."

In this department of labor, as well as in the depth of drains, no rule can be given by which all operations are to be guided. There are a variety of circumstances which need careful consideration, each of which must be recognized or toil and capital will be thrown away. Porous soils do not require such frequency of these water-courses as do those impervious in character. In some soils artificial porosity—the result of thorough draining—is soon created, and on such land we may, with propriety, place drains further apart than where years will be necessary to develop this peculiar action. Take, for instance, clay subsoil which contains a large quantity of imbedded stone. This class of subsoil, on cutting into, is often found dry, although the surface soil was little better than a marsh—yet, when an opening is made, filtration commences through the agency of these natural stone drains. The modes of both of the authors quoted are defective. We cannot conceive of a soil requiring drains at a distance of only ten feet, while sixty-six feet may be at the other extreme, where thorough draining is the object desired.

The preliminary steps which *should be taken* by every one about to construct drains are those upon which we have been commenting, viz., their *depth and frequency*. In order to arrive at a conclusion on these two points, where the nature of the subsoil is not familiar, holes or pits should be dug to the depth of three, four, or more feet, and all the knowledge obtainable acquired. Having accomplished thus much, we can take the tools in hand and work, knowing that our labor will not be in vain.

The next point requiring attention is the *outfall*. This, to render the system perfect, must at all times afford a ready and clear outlet to the drains, and must, of necessity, occupy the lowest part of the land for the drains of which it is the relieving spot. A superior outfall can often be obtained by cutting across a piece of land, and by a little extra expenditure, and the needful outlay should be freely given, as this, to say the least, is one of the most important positions to be selected. Here are the labors commenced, and no one should undertake the construction of a system of drains upon his soil, involving the expenditure of his capital, without taking such measures as will insure the final success of the operation. The practical benefits of the adage—be sure you are right, *then* go ahead—will have ample opportunity for exemplification in the discharge of this duty.

The position of the *minor drains* will next occupy the attention of the drainer. The *Cyclopedia of Agriculture* gives a very simple mode of effecting this object. It says:—"The surface of each field must be regarded as being composed of one or more planes, for each of which drains must be laid out separately. Level lines are to be set out a little below the upper edge of each of these planes; and the drains must then be made to cross these lines at right angles. By this means the drains will run in the line of the greatest slope, no matter how distorted the surface of the field may be."

The location and size of the *main drains* is next in order. All of the minor drains should lead into a main, and not into an open ditch. The ditches soon fill up, or grass and weeds growing therein easily choke the mouths of the small drains and destroy their efficiency. The farmer can much more readily attend to the few large openings, than to a great number of small ones; and it must be borne in mind that keeping the outlets free from anything that will tend to obstruct the ready passage of water is an object of paramount importance.

We have here placed before RURAL readers the preliminary practical labors of the drainer, and in our next will take up the various styles of draining—tile, stone, brush, &c.—and the mode of construction.

SUBJECTS FOR FARMERS TO STUDY.—Few occupations furnish as fine opportunities for close and careful study as farming. How much light the practical farmer, by observing closely, may throw upon these two subjects—1st, The wants of different plants in reference to the elements of nutrition. 2d, The wants of plants in reference to the physical condition of the soil. The theories of scientific men must be proved true or false by actual trial in the field. Indeed, most of the labors of agricultural chemists have been directed to accounting for facts discovered by farmers.

VERTICAL IRON CANE-CRUSHER.

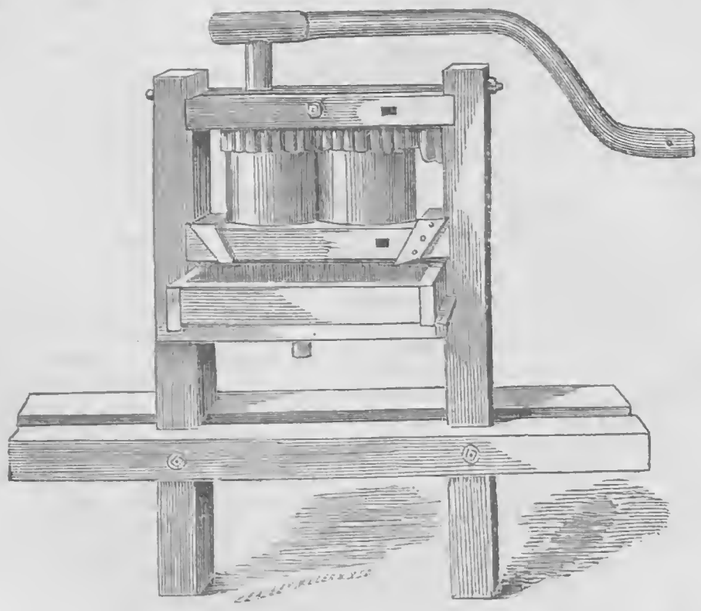
THE introduction of the Chinese Sugar Cane as an article for general culture, and the very extended dissemination of the seed, together with the fact that its *value is a problem yet to be demonstrated* has given a new field for the inventive genius of the country, and if we were to particularize any great mechanical want, it would be, just at present, *a cheap and effective cane crusher*. As the merits of this new saccharine production have not, in our northern latitude, received a test, it is not practicable for farmers to invest a hundred or more dollars for the mere purpose of obtaining the syrup contained in the little patch each has under cultivation. When the experiment has been fully tried—when the *Sorghum Saccharatum* "has been weighed in the balance"—if it proves to be what its ardent friends claim it really is, then it *will pay* to obtain perfect and costly machinery.

The mill in general use upon the plantations of Louisiana consists of three iron rollers, of two feet and a half in diameter and five feet in length.—They are placed about five-sixteenths of an inch apart, and are capable of sustaining an immense outward pressure as the cane passes between them. A stalk of sugar cane is heavy and compact, and has a great deal of strong vegetable conformation about it, but let it pass between the rollers of the mill, and it comes out crushed into fragments—literally ground into dust and ribbons. This mill is placed at some considerable height from the ground, so that the expressed cane juice, as it flows from it, will readily run down to the kettles.

The illustration given at the head of our columns represents a mill manufactured by Messrs. HANGES, FREE & Co., of Cincinnati, O. It is composed of three rollers, vertical in position. The rollers are of cast iron, shaft of wrought iron, top and bottom plates of cast iron, side-braces of wood of sufficient strength. Each roller is eleven inches in diameter. This firm manufacture six sizes of this description, varying in cost from $100 to $225; and in capacity will express from one to two and one-half gallons of juice per minute.—They also make a horizontal three-roller mill, rollers eight inches in diameter and twelve inches long, which can be run with any kind of power, where a belt can be applied. This costs $150.

We doubt not that these mills will perform efficiently, but the great difficulty is their price—being, at the cheapest, at least one-half more than farmers can afford under existing circumstances.

For our second engraving, representing a cheap wooden mill, we are indebted to the Ohio *Cultivator*, concerning which the editor remarks:—"We do not think that an economical manufacture of the syrup can be gone into without an iron mill.—To crush the canes effectually, it will require the rollers to nip very closely, and the gudgeons must be very strong. If made of wood, the gudgeons must be so large as to create a good deal of friction. It should be borne in mind that the juice is pressed out entirely by the rollers, while the canes are passing through, and not, as in cider making, by pressing afterwards under screws."



VERTICAL WOODEN CANE-CRUSHER.

Attached to the mill is a ingenious contrivance known known as the "carrier." This consists of a never-ending band, about three feet wide, made of chains and cross bars of wood, that runs upon rollers, and is used to bring the cane from the outside of the building up and into the mill. The carrier generally reaches a considerable length beyond the walls of the sugar house, and, as the grinding goes on, is fed with cane by the women and children appointed for that purpose. The primitive method of supplying the mill with cane was for the negroes to "carry" it by armfuls, which is still the general custom in Cuba and in the West India Islands. But on the introduction of steam-power was easily obtained, and machinery was soon brought to relieve the laborer of this then most unpleasant duty. Now the cane is placed upon the carrier, at a long distance from the mill; it is arranged in parallel lines, as upon a table, and moves quietly to its place of destination.

This mill is simple in construction, and any carpenter, in fact any farmer possessing moderate mechanical genius, can easily construct one. In this connection we append a communication from one of the practical farmers of the "Buckeye State," who thinks he has got *just the article required*.

MESSRS. EDS:—In a late number of the RURAL I saw an inquiry for a plan of a cheap mill for the purpose of crushing out the juice of the Chinese Sugar Cane. I can respond by saying that I have just constructed the *very thing*—and gave it a fair trial yesterday. I put twelve stalks through it; the stalks came out as flat as ribbons and very dry. They weighed 17½ lbs. before passing through, and 8 lbs. afterwards; showing they had lost 9½ lbs., or had parted with that much juice.

The manner of construction I will now attempt to give. Two rollers of Black Gum six inches in

diameter and twelve inches long, with gudgeons 3¼ inches diameter. These rollers each have a crank, and are set in a frame, the side pieces of which should be five feet long and one foot wide, and from one and a half to two inches thick. Set the rollers in the frame, one foot from the end, and one directly on top of the other, which is most conveniently done by sawing down in two places as far apart as the diameter of the gudgeons and splitting out. The gudgeons of the upper roller when they are both dropped in, should be one-fourth of an inch higher than the upper edge of the frame. Next place two strong strips of plank, as levers—having the gudgeons of the upper roller as fulcrums—the short ends should be secured by putting a pin through them, or still better, by placing the end under a pin. The other ends should have a board nailed on their top side for the purpose of placing the weights on.

With this leverage there can be almost any amount of crushing force given to the rollers by adding weight on the long arm of the lever, at the same time having a motion to accommodate themselves to any large, or unyielding portion of cane. I think I placed near an hundred pounds weight of stone on the levers; which would give a crushing power on the roller of near eight hundred weight. I lined the bearing of the rollers with tin, in order to make less friction and prevent wearing. The cranks are placed one on each side, and may be turned with ease by two men. There should be boards placed as a floor just below the meeting of the rollers; the one on the short side, over which to pass the cane to the rollers, and the one on the other side for the crushed stalks to pass away on.

My frame is made wholly of plank, the end piece extending down so as to form rests, or legs; the end piece near which the rollers are placed, extends above the side pieces far enough to give fastening to the short arm of the lever while the other end piece comes up less than half the way to the top of the side pieces, in order that the board forming the floor on that side, may rest on its top. There is a mortice in the long end piece through which to pass the cane in feeding it to the rollers. It is necessary to pass the stalks in small end foremost.

I am confident I have neither read of, nor seen anything of the kind, that exceeds this mill in facility of construction, cheapness and efficiency of action. O. J. PHELPS.

Piketon, O., Sept., 1857.

WE have visited several of our mechanics and ascertained their ideas relative to the construction of mills for crushing cane, and the cost. Messrs. GAGE & Co., of this city, think that a machine with three iron rollers—eight inches in diameter and eighteen inches long—can be made for $50 or $60—power applied horizontally—and if the manufacture could be continued, they might be got up much cheaper. Another thinks that a machine, with rollers twelve inches in length, might be made for $40, and that a repeated manufacture would bring down the price to $25 or $30. The extra cost of the first machine is on account of the patterns, which must be obtained expressly for it.

STICK TO THE FARM!

THIS text is often used, but oftener disregarded, particularly by young men who are brought up to the labors of husbandry, but who seem to tire of its monotonous sound, and sigh for some other avocation, which, as they imagine, will give them greater profits for less labor. Scores of cases have come under the writer's observation of sons left in possession either of a whole or divided homestead, with, perhaps, a debt upon them which only a few years diligence would be requisite to extinguish, who, ere long, became restless and sold out, some afterwards to fail in a trade or business in which they were not skilled, others to waste a few years lounging about looking for "chances," and, perhaps, finally go back to a less desirable farm than they sold; others still, to lose their all in hazardous speculations and risks, and all, with scarcely an exception, to be *poorer* in a few years than if they had *stuck to the old farm*. Some of them now see where they missed, and would gladly be placed back to their former, free and easy circumstances on the farm they so unwisely forsook. But will *their* experience have the effect to restrain or cure the restlessness others? It is by no means certain; but, on the contrary, quite probable that the same thing, with like results, will continue to be enacted over and over again in almost every locality.

But why should it? Since our first parents were placed in the garden to till and dress it, the wit or wisdom of man has failed to devise a business so exactly adapted to his nature as the cultivation of the soil. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is the Divine ordination concerning man; and it is only as he fulfills that decree that he is in the way of promoting his own individual happiness or the general weal. But it is nevertheless very commonly held that labor is a curse to be avoided if possible, and hence the determination with many young men to sell off the farm and seek some other avenue, where they can, perhaps, live by their wits, or failing in that, *can get a living some way*, and thus avoid the ceaseless round of labor they have learned, attaches to farming.—Perhaps they are seized with the common notion that *they* were designed for something more distinguished in this life than merely to cultivate, improve and adorn a few acres, or a few hundred acres of this terrestrial ball. It might do for our fathers, say they, and may suit the taste of the "slow coaches" and *fogies* of the present time, but it will not answer for us, at all, in *this* "fast age," to *squat* on an ancestral home, or on any farm, content

"To say the same things our fathers said,
And tread the same track our fathers trod."

No, no, we shall not be esteemed *smart* or *enterprising* or *become farmers* in any way, if we show such lack of sympathy with "the age," and pursue a course so much like that of the common multitude; and so they go through the round before spoken of, in very many instances, to find in due time that neither in health, or wealth, or morals, or happiness, or anything that is "fair and lovely and of good report," are they so well off as they would most certainly have been, had they *stuck to the old farm*.

The man who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, is said to be a public benefactor; and only those who have done so, and honestly and quietly pursue an honest and legitimate business in this life, know the inward pleasure and conscious rectitude of such a course. To be, in a measure, away from the din and jar and jostling of the thoughtless crowd—surrounded by wife and children, by flocks and herds—quietly cultivating the fields which GOD has given you, and reaping the harvests which he vouchsafes—to listen to the song of the winds, the rustling of the leaves and the music of the groves—

"To converse with Nature,
And to commune with Nature's God"—

is better, methinks, than to "make haste to be rich" by deserting the farm in order to make more money with less labor. And the gold thus obtained, will not blight or blast the moral man and be dissipated in a night, nor be eaten by the canker and the moth; but may be transmitted as an inheritance to children and to children's children, from generation to generation. *Young men, stick to the farm!* W. B. P.

Prattsburgh, 1857.

TANNERY MANURES.

INQUIRIES are often made of agricultural editors as to the value of spent tan bark for manure. The question has been answered scores of times that it is worthless except as an absorbent of other manures, and next to valueless for that. Now, it happens the inquiries are all for the only worthless fertilizer of the whole establishment; for there is really very much valuable manure wasted in every tannery.

First comes lime-water—the water in which hen manure and lime are held in solution, and this water also contains all the valuable parts of the tan bark. Then there is the waste, taken from the hides, amounting in a year to several loads, which is the very quintessence of animal manure for the compost heap. In fact there is not a richer deposit of manure in the whole country than the large tanneries of the Southern Tier.

Talking with an old tanner in H—— a few days since, we asked him if he ever tried the waste accumulating in his work-shop as a manure; he answered, No. But he had the liquid in the vats, and "it *killed* his vegetables." We hinted that dilution with water would make it more palatable to vegetation.

These vats, containing several hogsheads, are emptied frequently, furnishing the farmer and gardener, within reasonable distance, an abundant supply of the best manure. In the eastern portion of this State, a few years since, a large tannery was erected, contiguous to a sterile bit of land containing about five acres. The proprietor of the tannery applied to the possessor of this land—whose mind was as sterile of knowledge as his acres of fertility—for the privilege of emptying his vats upon it. This was refused upon the plea that it would spoil the land, until a sum agreed upon was paid for the privilege. Now mark the result; in a few years these acres became surpassingly fertile—a good way to spoil land surely.

H——, N. Y., Aug., 1857. JNO. SANFIELD.

LETTER FROM MINNESOTA.

DEAR RURAL:—Though you have for the past year continued to come regularly to me, and tried to cheer me with your neat appearance, and, as you thought, good and timely advice and counsel; yet I must say you have failed somewhat to be of that service to me that you once were. But as *you* are not to be blamed in the matter, permit me to give the reasons for this strange state of affairs.

Farming operations in Northern Minnesota have been at so low an ebb for the year past, that all your "Hints for the Month," and other farming advice, were of no avail to us, unless treasured up in good memories, or bound and laid away till "Grasshopper time" was over. The grasshoppers descended upon us like a shower, about Aug. 1st, 1856, but unlike a shower, they remained with us during the summer, and depositing their eggs in autumn, died, bequeathing us an hundred fold of "the same sort" to be delivered us "in the spring." The contract was fulfilled on their part to the satisfaction of all, and our crops have been cleaned out by them a little too close, so that very many have the opportunity of buying another winter's supplies. But their day is past; they have taken their departure. A glorious exit. Imagine us on a clear day, with such a cloudless sky as Minnesota only has, standing in the shade, or, with our hats over our eyes, looking towards the sun to see millions on millions of the winged pests come and go. Their flight was as high as the eye could reach. Some saw them "beyond the clouds," and one man "beyond the sun." Well they are gone, we hope never to return. We cannot expect they have gone to a better land, nor can we wish them back with us. Their departure gives courage and zeal to the farmer, and all seem willing to light the lamps of industry and economy, hoping that another year will be as productive as former years in Minnesota were wont to be. Meanwhile, Dear RURAL, continue to come to us, laden with rich knowledge as in times past. W. W. PAYNE.

Princeton, Min. Ter., Aug. 24, 1857.

"NO-PATENT" FENCE.

EDS. RURAL:—Seeing a great many different kinds of fence spoken of in the RURAL, and not having seen anything said about one like unto mine, I thought I would give your readers a description of it, as we think it an excellent one, especially for garden or yard fence. We have never tried it as a straight fence and cannot speak of it in that respect. In the first place get three inch plank 15 or 18 inches wide and 12 feet long—of good sound hemlock—saw them in 3 pieces 4 feet long, saw these in 2 pieces from one *corner to the other*,—and you have 2 posts—and so on to any required number. Begin your fence with a *square* post—have boards 15 or 16 feet long to nail on pickets if desired,—set your first post from the square one-half the length of your boards—wide end down—and the next one on the opposite side and so on until done; You will see by setting the posts in that way the wind has no chance to blow it over. Set the posts on flat stone. It is a "no-patent" fence—all the readers of the RURAL can make it if they think it worth a trial. S. L.

Sharon, Conn., 1857.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

MILLET.—Permit me to inquire through your columns, the price per bushel of Millet, and where it can be obtained?—H. D., *Munson, Ohio.*

REMARKS.—Millet can generally be obtained in this city at about $2 per bushel.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY WHEAT.—Can any of your readers inform me where, and at what price per ounce, by mail, I can obtain a few ounces of Egyptian Mummy Wheat?—E., *Indiana Co., Pa.*

REMARKS.—Some years since this wheat was sent out pretty freely through the Patent Office.—Who is ready to report as to its value?

SEED DRILLS FOR THE GARDEN.—Will you inform me through your columns where a Drill suitable for corn and garden seeds can be obtained, and oblige—A SUBSCRIBER, *Springville, Iowa.*

REMARKS.—Good seed drills to work by hand and suitable for garden use, can be obtained here, or at any place where an assortment of agricultural implements are kept, at from $5 to $14 according to size and kind.

TREATMENT OF MEADOWS, &c.—Will you or some of your numerous correspondents inform me, through the RURAL, whether harrowing Timothy meadow in August or September, will benefit it as much as it would in the Spring? Also, will swamp muck be a good top-dressing, and if so, when is the best time to apply it, and how shall I manage?—A YOUNG FARMER, *Fairville, Aug.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—We have seen the most decidedly beneficial effects from harrowing and top-dressing meadows in the fall, in October. We always like to compost swamp muck if possible, for one season, before using it for any purpose. Perhaps some of our readers will give us the benefit of their experience.

UNDERDRAINING.—I would like to make an inquiry through the RURAL relative to underdraining. Tile are not made in this vicinity, consequently are so expensive that farmers of limited means cannot resort to that method very extensively. Cannot some substitute of less cost be used to advantage? Would not a coarse gravel, intermixed with small stone, answer if the drain was constructed of large dimensions—say a foot square,—or would it require a great fall to carry off the surplus water? Any light on the above would oblige at least one if not many subscribers.—L. B. DOUGLASS, *Cambria, N. Y., Sept.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—In our next issue we purpose to speak of the various modes of draining, and will endeavor to answer the inquiries of our correspondent.

GARGET.—Can you inform me in the RURAL how the Garget affects cows, and how to cure it.—J. A. PARCEL, *Corning, N. Y.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—Garget is a disease which attacks the internal substance of the udder, the teats feel hard and knotty, and contain hardened tumors or kernels. The milk has coagulated and inflammation set in. Young cows, in high condition, just after calving, are much subject to it. In their case the *best application* YOUATT says, is to let the calf suck and knock about the udder at its pleasure. If the cow will not permit this and the milk become discolored—mixed with matter and blood—she should be bled, a dose of physic given, the udder fomented with warm water, gently but thoroughly milked twice each day, and an ointment composed of 1 oz. of camphor, 1 teaspoonful of spirits of wine, 1 oz. of mercurial ointment, and ½ lb. elder ointment should be well rubbed on the bag after each milking. Raw linseed oil rubbed over the bag two or three times a day is said to be a certain remedy.—High condition and its opposite, induced by cruel treatment, are the prime causes of this disease, farmers can, therefore, guard against its attacks.

SENECA CO. HORSE EXHIBITION.--CORRECTION.

EDS. RURAL:—In condensing my sketch of the Waterloo Horse Show; you lead the public to believe that the Chicago chestnut sorrel's won the $40 awarded them, in their contest with JOSEPH WRIGHT'S black "Tippoos." So far from this, the "Tippoos" came in, as I asserted, nearly twice their length ahead of the Chicago's on the second round; and Mr. WRIGHT, as well as many other good judges, in their simplicity, supposed that the "Tippoos" would take the purse. But as there was some confusion in starting, the judges consented to call it a dead heat, although the sorrels were once ahead during the rounds. Had it been a dead heat the Judges should have so proclaimed it at the first round. This decision induced Mr. WRIGHT to draw off his "Tippoos," and they took no other part in the Exhibition. The $40 awarded to Mr. DANIELS, was for the merits of his horses and their subsequent good performances. It is but justice to them to say that the mare "Miller's Damsel," trotting singly, only compassed the mile in thirteen seconds less than this matched pair.—S. W., *Waterloo, N. Y., Sept.* 4, 1857.

REMARKS.—We did not intend to act unjustly in reference to the performance of the horses owned by Mr. WRIGHT. The excellent time in which the sorrels performed their mile—when trotting against time—may have influenced us somewhat, as the speed, 2.49, is seldom equalled and much more rarely excelled. We cannot see why the fact of the sorrels being "*once ahead*" in a heat, if their opponents had, at starting, several lengths the advantage, should be brought to bear adversely upon their performance. If horses cannot be "got off" evenly, judges quite frequently take into consideration the difference at starting and coming in, and award accordingly—taking no account of the changes *during the trial*—the relative position of the competing animals at the starting and winning post being the guide for a decision. So we reasoned, and, as our space was limited, made the condensation.

IMPROVED SLATE PENCIL.—A few days since we killed a hen for the table, and upon opening it we found a piece of slate pencil about one inch in length, which had been fed to it with its food, completely drilled through lengthwise. The hole is about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, leaving the shell quite thin, and it is not round, but exactly the shape of the outside, which is considerably flattened. It does not appear to be at all affected on the outside except a slight rounding of the ends. I shall not proceed with the manufacture of the article, as the manufactory is entirely destroyed, but any person can see it by calling at my house.—R. C. NORTON, *Guilford, Chenango Co., N. Y.*

Rural Notes and Items.

FAIR OF THE U. S. AG. SOCIETY.—The Annual Exhibition of this Society commenced at Louisville, on the 31st ult. The weather was decidedly favorable and everything indicated a superior display. The telegraph reports state that up to the evening of the first day between "six and seven hundred head of superior stock had been entered and that entries were still making." Col. WILDER delivered the opening address, 15,000 persons being present. The awards for the Reaping Machines at the trial at Syracuse, last July, were declared, and are as follows:—1st, S. H. McCormick & Co, "McCormick's Reaper," gold medal; 2d, Walter A. Wood, Hoosick Falls, N. Y., "Manny's Reaper with Wood's Improvement," silver medal; 3d, Warder, Brokaw & Child, Springfield, Ohio, "Ohio Harvester," bronze medal; 4th, Jonathan Haines, "Illinois Harvester," Pekin, Ill., diploma. For Reaper and Mower combined:—1st, Walter A. Wood, Hoosick Falls, "Manny's Reaper and Mower with Wood's Improvement," gold medal; 2d, D. M. Osborn, Buffalo, "Kirby's Combined Reaper and Mower," silver medal; 3d, Warder, Brokaw & Child, "Ohio Harvester," bronze medal.

—The correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune*, speaking of Horses and Stock, remarks:—"The horses are most numerous, and are really splendid; the cattle are very few in number, but very superior in quality. The 'rings' of horses of all kinds were full, and were highly creditable to the Society. Of cattle, they were miserably poor. It was sometimes the case that on the tap of the bell and the call for a certain class of Durhams, Devons, Herefords, &c., the crowd, expecting a number of animals to be brought in, would eagerly watch the wide-swung entrance gates, and, as two or three solitary animals were led in by their keepers, would feel and express dissatisfaction. The cause for the paucity in stock entries is easily explained. Kentucky and the West generally are specially interested in the Short-horns, and but little in Herefords, Ayreshires, or Alderneys; and as Mr. R. A. ALEXANDER, of Bourbon County, is probably conceded to own a finer herd than any other man in the United States, unless it be SAMUEL THORNE, of our State, Western stock-owners were very averse to coming in competition with him in the class of Short-horns, and as the other breeds are owned at the East and North principally, and the expense is very large to bring them here, the competition rested mainly between Mr. ALEXANDER and a few of the principal Western and South-Western farmers."

NEW YORK STATE FAIR.—Our Buffalo neighbors seem to be wide-awake and are doing everything in their power to render the next Exhibition of the Empire State every way worthy. The buildings designed for the various purposes of exhibition are nearly completed, and little remains to be done except to clear the grounds, and prepare the trotting track. The location is all that could be desired. There is ample room and distance for an excellent race-track, and the amount of filling and grading required is quite small. The view is beautiful from every part of the grounds.

The Buffalo *Commercial* says we already see and hear indications of the interest felt by our mechanics. Some of them are already engaging their places for exhibition, and are exerting themselves to make a splendid show of their various articles. A correspondent of the N. Y. *Courier and Enquirer* remarks that the Fair of 1857 ought to be one of the best the Society has ever known. At Buffalo, it finds in all parties, all classes, all sections of the people, generous and active friendship. It finds there, stronger than all, a Press, whose rivalship it shall be to present with characteristic ability to the nation, the best history of the condition of the farms and farmers of New York.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AT OVID.—The Journal of the N. Y State Ag. Society speaking of the progress of this Institution says:—"The President, Judge Cheever, has been busily employed in the culture of the farm, and arrangements are in progress for laying the corner stone of the College edifice; and the work will progress as rapidly as the means under the control of the Trustee will permit. We are pleased to learn that the farm is highly approved of, by the numerous visitors who have examined it during the season. We ourselves are, more than ever, satisfied with it, both as to location and adaptation to the objects of the Institution.

YOUNG MEN'S NATIONAL AG. SOCIETY.—This Society held its First Annual Fair, at Elmira, during the past week. The features of the Exhibition comprised trials of speed by horses, several of the fastest animals in the country competing—Flora Temple, Lancet, Miller's Damsel, Jack Rossiter, &c., &c.,—and the capacity and power of fire-engines. Of the *Agricultural* portion of the Fair we cannot speak advisedly—*it has not been heard from.*

COUNTY AG. SOCIETIES.—The Tompkins Co. Ag. Society hold their Annual Exhibition on the Society's grounds, at Ithaca, on the 23d, 24th and 25th of September.

THE Seventh Annual Fair of the Putnam Co. Ag. Society will be held at Carmel, Sept. 22d, 23d.

THE Seneca Co. Ag. Society will hold their Exhibition, at Waterloo, Sept. 30th, Oct. 1st and 2d.

MULES INSTEAD OF HORSES.—In Cincinnati, O., mules are taking the place of horses in omnibus lines, express wagons, &c. They are equally tractable, cost less by 20 or 40 per cent.; they consume 40 per cent. less food, are 33 per cent. more durable, and move with a steady, unyielding celerity, that recommends them to all who have tested their merits.

PROGRESSIVE.—The people of Puerto Principe, Cuba, have recently been experimenting with an American plow, with which they are greatly pleased, and the Lieutenant-Governor and other officials who witnessed the trial, have united in recommending its use to the planters.

THE COFFEE PLANT.—The Lockport (N. Y.) Journal says, on one of the largest and best farms in the county, lying on the Slayton Settlement road, and owned by WM. PEARSON, the coffee plant is successfully raised.

SALE OF MERINO SHEEP IN CALIFORNIA.—The number of the *California Farmer* for 31st of July gives an account of the sale of a flock of Merino sheep by the importers, Messrs. MACONDRAY & Co. There were twelve lots—each lot comprising twenty ewes and one ram—and the prices of these ranged from $21 to $31 per head. In addition, two rams were sold separately at $75 and $85; also six ewes, two at $28; two at $26; one at $25, and one at $21. Three shepherd dogs were sold at $52, $42 and $36, respectively. The total amount of the sales equalled $6,586 50. The *Farmer* remarks:—"The attendance was large, several hundred persons being present although many were brought thither from curiosity rather than as purchasers. The prices were much below what was indeed their value, yet from the short notice of this sale, since their arrival, and the scarcity of *oro*, the price was tolerable. One thing is certain, if the importers have not realized a profit, the State of California will, and the importers, Messrs. MACONDRAY & Co., have done a good deed for the State. The sheep were of most excellent quality. They were very fine-wooled; rather small bodies, which probably had an influence on the price they brought, as many persons look to the *carcass for mutton*, rather than for the *wool*. Altogether, this is a valuable sale for the State, and will aid us in our wealth."

CORN BLADES FOR HORSE FODDER.—The Ohio *Cultivator* remarks as follows concerning the blades of corn as fodder for horses:—"Of all the cut and dried stuff for choice horse fodder, there is nothing equal to corn blades; and nowhere else within the range of our observation is this so well understood as in Kentucky and Tennessee. We were at the training stables of JOHN M. CLAY, near Lexington, Ky., in the last of May, when all fodder was very scarce, and there saw the cured corn blades in perfection. We felt of them and smelt of them, and congratulated his sleek colts upon having fodder that was fit for a horse to eat.—There was not a taint of must or mould about it, and on burying our smeller in the middle of a bundle, it was fragrant as a hay field in summer.—The blades should be cut just before they begin to 'fire,' or before they are frosted. They must not lie out to get wet. Gather them as soon as the second day after cutting, and put them to cure in open sheds, well spread out, to prevent moulding. When dry, tie them in small bundles, and stow in an airy loft, secure from storms. They are the true Royal Provender."

The Young Ruralist.

LETTER FROM A POOR BOY.

EDS. RURAL:—As I have an opportunity once in a while of reading your paper, the RURAL, I saw that you had encouraged the farmers' boys to write—and, therefore, I take the liberty of sending you a few lines, and you can make such use of them as you see fit.

I saw in the number for July 25th, that you had encouraged all the farmers' boys to attend the Agricultural Fairs to see what fine stock, and grain, and what beautiful fruit and flowers can be raised by skill and care; to see what others have done, and resolve to at least, equal the best, and if possible, excel all, as soon as they commence farming in their own account.

I am sure it would be very pleasant to attend those fairs, and see those fine and good things, for we like to see good colts and good horses, and like to ride and drive them, and would like to own them. But you must know that there are tens of thousands of boys in the world that have poor parents, and that have not any land of their own to raise those fine things on, and that have neither the money nor the time to spare to attend those fairs. We have to help our fathers support the family, and live poor in the bargain.

It is rather taunting our feelings to tell us to attend these pleasant places when it is impossible. Instead of having this privilege, we are obliged to stay with our parents, if we have any, or be shifted about the world from one rich man's farm to another to help raise those fine animals, and only make enough to keep soul and body together.—After we have sweated and toiled both night and day, in the dirt, and cold, and heat, to produce those fine articles, and after all this toil and care, we cannot have the privilege of seeing them when they are exhibited at the public fairs.

Again, I saw a piece in the same paper, headed—"THE USE OF HOME." Many of us, both farmers' and mechanics' boys, never had a home, although we have lived with our parents in some rich man's old house, or hovel, which we would be glad to swap for the buildings that he stabled his cattle in. But it *was* a home, a good deal better than none; for there we had the smiles and counsel of our parents, and many strong ties of affection were formed in the hearts of our brothers and sisters when we were small children together. But alas! this scene is soon changed; for as soon as we get large enough to earn our own living we are compelled to leave home, and get our living among strangers, where nobody cares for us, only to get our labor as cheap as they can, and in this way the poor boy is drove round the world till he gets discouraged, and after a while does not care what becomes of him; and many for the want of a home and a parent's care and instruction get into bad company and commit some deed that throws him into prison. Now, Mr. RURAL, if you want to see farmers' boys at the public fairs, you and other men that print papers, must use your influence.—A TENANT'S BOY, *Castalia, Aug.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—It is all folly for a boy, though he be ever so poor, to talk of being discouraged. Why, the wealthiest men in our country were once poor, penniless boys. It was only a few years ago that an Ex-Governor of our own State, and a very wealthy and honorable man, pointed out to us the man who, when he was a poor boy, took compassion on him, and gave him a two shilling chip hat to cover his bare head. Then it is a great waste of time to stand still and lament, or complain of fate. Complaining never made any body rich, or improved their condition in any way. Read and study—improve every moment. Determine to get all the knowledge you can. Don't spend one moment nor one penny foolishly. You will need all your time and money to give you a start in the world. Don't despise small things, but take care of the moments and the pennies. Do your work faithfully, and intelligently, and your employer will respect you, and you will soon earn a good name that will be above price. Industry, intelligence, honesty and determination will overcome the greatest difficulties, and secure the possessor all needed good. But, the first thing, trample under foot this envious, complaining spirit. Nothing will so effectually destroy the energies and happiness of a young man. Imitate the good, envy none.

The Orchard and Garden.

GATHERING AND SAVING FRUITS.

In accordance with the request of a correspondent in our last number, we give some suggestions on the gathering, packing and saving fruits. This is a subject that deserves more attention than it has hitherto received, as the value of most of the fruit sold in our market is much lessened by carelessness or ignorance in gathering, or its treatment afterwards.

PERIOD AT WHICH FRUITS SHOULD BE GATHERED.

Stone Fruits should usually be allowed to remain on the tree until mature, to secure the finest flavor, though they will not be injured by picking a day or two earlier. In cold, wet seasons they are benefited by being gathered a few days before maturity, and ripened in a warm, dry room.

Summer Pears should be gathered from one to two weeks before ripening. Some varieties are entirely worthless, being destitute of flavor, if allowed to ripen on the tree.

Summer Apples, and especially those sorts inclined to be mealy, should be picked as soon as the skin begins to change color, or they part with their juices and become worthless. Ripeness is indicated by the seeds turning dark colored and by the stem parting readily from the tree when the fruit is taken in the hand and lifted upwards.

Winter Apples and Pears should be allowed to remain on the trees until vegetation ceases, or there is reason to apprehend frost.

Grapes, Berries, &c., should attain perfect maturity before being gathered.

MODE OF GATHERING.

Fruit should be gathered by the hand, carefully, with their stems attached, and laid in baskets, the bottoms of which should be covered with paper, cotton, or some soft material, to prevent bruising. Peaches and other soft fruits require to be handled as lightly as possible, for a slight bruise is followed by speedy decay. Fruit should be gathered in dry weather.

CARE AFTER GATHERING.

Summer Fruits.—After gathering, the fruit may be transferred to market baskets, one by one, and taken to market on spring wagons. If it is designed to be kept for family use it should be taken to the fruit room and arranged on shelves or tables in thin layers. Ripe fruit may be kept in good condition for a considerable time in an ice house, or even in a very cool, dry cellar. Seckel pears, in a good state of preservation, have been shown at the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, in January.

Winter Fruits intended for long keeping, should be laid carefully in heaps four or five deep, in a dry, cool room, some straw having previously been laid on the floor to prevent bruising. Here they may remain for about two weeks, during which time they will part with considerable moisture.—They will then be ready for packing in barrels. New barrels should be obtained, and in packing, all inferior, knotty or bruised specimens should be rejected, and saved for home use. Put a little soft paper both at the top and bottom of the barrel, and although perhaps it is not always necessary, if we were packing fine pears or other valuable fruit, we would envelop every specimen with soft paper.—We have often seen the benefit of this. Where a single fruit from bruising or some other cause, begins to decay, the paper absorbs the moisture, and the other fruit is not injured. The barrels should be well filled, so that the head will press evenly and firmly on the fruit and prevent the rolling or moving about.

Winter Fruits for home consumption should be carefully assorted. The sound specimens of long keeping sorts should be carefully barreled for late winter and spring use, while others that will not keep as well should be placed by themselves; and all barrels should be marked, as headed. Bruised and imperfect fruit should be laid aside for immediate use. A cool and dry cellar is the best place to keep fruit.

Winter Pears, as a general rule, require to be brought into a warm temperature one or two weeks before they are wanted for use, all the cooking, and even some of the table varieties, may be treated like apples.

The decay of fruit is caused, generally by bruising, but sometimes by mildew that increases rapidly. It is therefore necessary to examine occasionally fruit stored away, and remove all that show symptoms of decay. For much information on this subject, we are indebted to *Barry's Fruit Garden*. The keeping of fruit is a subject on which light is much needed, and we hope all our readers will give it the attention its importance demands, so that they may be able to present new and valuable facts. Our Horticultural Societies should offer premiums for fruit preserved over its usual season, and thus encourage proper effort.

THE PLUM CROP.—The crop of plums has not been as large for many years here as the present season. Fruit growers are learning to fight the curculio successfully. We notice favorable reports in the agricultural papers from all parts of the country. With proper efforts we have no doubt this enemy may be subdued.

THE BROCKVILLE (C. W.) HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY will give an exhibition of fruits and flowers at the village of Brockville, Canada West, on the 17th day of September. A good list of premiums is offered, and contributions to the exhibition are invited from all Canada and the State of New York.

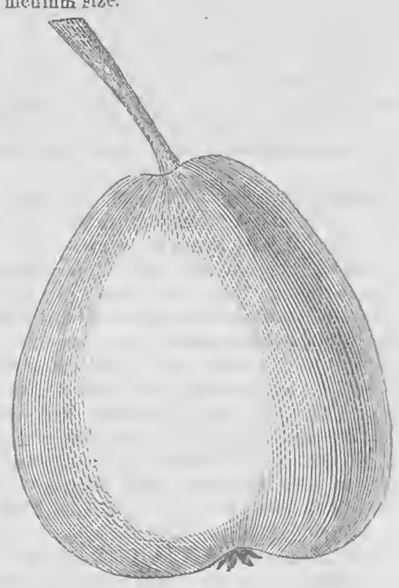
THE GENESEE VALLEY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY will give its fall exhibition on Thursday and Friday the 1st and 2d of October, at Corinthian Hall, Rochester. Extraordinary efforts are being made, and we anticipate a fine exhibition.

THE NORTH-WESTERN FRUIT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION meet at Alton, Illinois, on the 29th of September. This will doubtless be an important meeting.

MICHIGAN HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—A meeting of the Fruit Growers of Michigan was held in Jackson, on the 8th inst., for the formation of a State Horticultural Society.

NOTES OF FRUITS IN SEASON.

SINCE our report last week, we have ripened the LIMON PEAR. It is of medium size, obovate, resembling a small, White Doyenne in size and form. In color it is greenish yellow, sprinkled with reddish dots, and often marbled red on the sunny side and around the crown. Stem about an inch long, moderately stout and inserted in a shallow depression. Calyx small, open and shallow, flesh fine, melting, sweet, musky, somewhat resembling the Bartlett in flavor and perfume. The tree is a free grower, and good bearer. This is a Belgian fruit, and will rank among the best summer pears of medium size.



LIMON PEAR.

To-day (Sept. 5th) we gathered the McLAUGHLIN PLUM, a large, round russet, yellow fruit, tinged with red, near the stem and sunny side, and of a sweet, rich flavor. We think this one of the most delicious plums grown. In flavor it almost equals the Green Gage, in size the Washington, and in beauty the Peach Plum.

BRADSHAW PLUM.

THE BRADSHAW, ripe at same time as above, is a magnificent, large plum. It is about the size of the Yellow Egg, of a dark violet red, with a bluish bloom. The flesh is yellowish green, rather coarse, but juicy, sweet and pleasant. The tree is very vigorous, and bears most abundant crops.

DIAPRE ROUGE is a very beautiful, medium sized French plum of fine flavor. Its color is bright red.

The days are warm and pleasant, and the nights quite cool. Peaches are ripening very slowly.

IMPERATRICE ELIZABETH VERBENA.

MANY of our readers may not know that we have a new, very pretty and remarkably distinct Verbena. It was raise in France, and imported to this country by GEO. C. THORBURN, of New York, in 1855. It is a hybrid, no doubt, between the old cut-leaved sort, almost out of cultivation, and one of our modern varieties.

IMPERATRICE ELIZABETH.

The leaves, as shown in the engraving, are singular and distinct, the flowers are pretty and star-like in appearance, somewhat resembling Phlox Van Hontii. The plant is of a very trailing habit, keeping close to the ground, and this makes it very desirable for bedding out. It blooms freely, and one plant, of which we have taken special notice, has not been without flowers a day since the first of June. The flowers show different shades of pink, as they are affected by the sunlight or shade. This Verbena is a decided acquisition, and as we have seen no drawing of it, in any of the Horticultural journals, we have taken one from the plant, which we hope will serve to make it more generally known.

THE BIRDS.

EDS. RURAL:—"Ornithology," of Bloomingdale Indiana, has a word to say for the birds. I love the man who can appreciate the beauty, utility, and the music of the birds. God's own spirit lifts him high above the narrow selfishness which denies to the birds a few of the choicest of the fruits of the trees. Do you see that white-breasted bird with the russet back and wings? Yes. I must shoot him; he is taking the *shapes* off the apple tree. Hold on, my friend, sit a moment. Do you see him pick, pick, pick with his long slender bill? Yes; "them's the *shapes* he is takin—let me shoot." Wait a bit. Come nearer; sit down; look further up that limb. Can you see the torn caterpillar's nest? Look sharp. Don't you see the worms crawling down that limb? Don't you see them go struggling into his long, slender bill after each motion of his head? Count now. There, he has taken twenty. Now wait a little with me; I will show you something that will make a better man of you. I will show you that bird's mate. Here she is—watch—count. Those twenty-five worms have gone into her bill. See how distended her throat. Do you want to shoot now? Follow me toward the pear tree by the barn; here we are.—There goes our first bird. Look in that crotch. Do you see those five little heads sticking out of the nest there? Do you see those mouths opened to receive the food just taken from the apple tree in the garden. Yes, I see it all. Well, do you want to make a widow of that mother, orphans of those five helpless beings in the nest there? Do you wish to starve that callow brood—to hear their feeble cries for food grow feebler still till death by famine gaunt frees them from their pains? Do you want to feel the guilt of murder on your soul? No. I never thought of this before. May I be forgiven the sins of the past, and for all the fruit I may loose hereafter by such helps, I will know I gain an hundred fold. Do you see now, and feel thus to the

"A free, wild spirit unto thee is given,
For thou wilt wander to yon upper heaven,
And bathe thy plumage in the sunbeams' home,
And, raising upward, from thy dizzy height,
On free and fearless wing, be lost to human sight!"

Ah, yes, I feel it. Why have I not known this before? It is, my friend, because of your *selfishness*. Go with me now through the orchard. There, now we have been over ten acres. How many caterpillars' nests have we seen? But very few—perhaps three, and those all torn. Well, my birds have done all this for me. I have never allowed a bird during the nesting season to be shot on my grounds. I love the gun, but only employ it to kill game for food, and then only when the nesting season is over. We have *reason* for our guide, and should not unnecessarily kill. Ah yes, said my friend, should I shoot now any one of these birds I am sure I would feel with the fratricide—

"Oh! thou dead and everlasting witness!
Whose unsinking blood darkens earth and heaven!
What thou art, I know not; but if thou seest
What I am, I think thou wilt forgive
Him, whom his God can ne'er forgive,
Nor his own soul—"

Well, I think there is some hope for you yet. You will love "Hiawatha's chickens," and you will be good, you will be charitable, and you will be happy. "Upon your brow shame shall be ashamed to sit, for 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned."

Did you ever sit by with your shot gun to kill the king birds who were taking so many of your bees? Examine the crop of the next you shoot, and tell me how many *workers* you find in it.—Then let me know how many moths you will find about that bee-hive to which the birds have free access. All these are interesting questions, especially as ornithological works are not as come-at-able as some others, and those we have not as perfect as we *hope* they may be at some future day not far distant. I do hope in this matter we will not all fold our hands, content with what we know, or unwilling to make exertion, and so let the future be as dark to our children as is the present to us. At least, if we cannot contribute to Ornithology, we will be just to ourselves by being merciful to our birds. We will be Orniscopies, foretelling by the many songsters about us an abundant harvest of fruit. C. BRACKETT.

Rochester, Indiana, 1857.

THE CHURCH PEAR.

IN reply to our remarks on the *Church Pear* and those of a correspondent, Mr. L. E. BERCKMANS, of New Jersey, writes as follows in the *Horticulturist:*

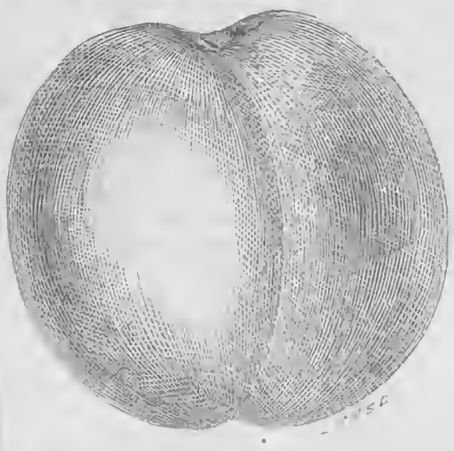
"Some one has been good enough to show me a scrap of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, respecting the Church Pear, pretending that it was not a seedling but a Bergamot, known in Flushing, if I remember, and much like it. I had no occasion to compare the wood or the fruit, but that the *Church*-tree is an original seedling, I have not the least doubt. Why should that old tree be the only one of that Flushing variety grafted sixty or seventy years ago in New Rochelle, among scores of old, *all of them wild* pear-trees, either of the same age, or thereabout? There would be another tree grafted with that variety, if it was so much esteemed as to have attracted notice over Long Island Sound; this would seem a natural proceeding, but no grafts were made. Moreover, the old Church bears no mark of having been grafted.

I asked Mr. Carpenter to take up a piece of the root, which I shall plant, and if the foliage should prove different from the large parent tree, I shall give up my opinion, in which I have no interest. Till then, I think the large, fine Church-tree to be as original a seedling as I ever saw before. The close resemblance of both fruits is no proof to the contrary; hybridization is the general law with apple, pear, and other seedlings, but it is not such a stringent law as to admit of no exceptions. I have witnessed several reproductions identical with the parent seed, and if it was proved to me that the Long Island Bergamot and the Church were one and the same variety, it would not surprise me as a *wonder*, nor as a *lusus naturæ*. It seems rather surprising that some seedlings differ *so widely* from their parents. I can show, in thousands of mine, the offsprings of a carefully noted pedigree."

Time, we think, will show that Mr. B. is mistaken. The fruit from the New Rochelle tree and that taken from a tree growing here and obtained from PRINCE'S nursery some thirty years since, has been compared and tasted together, and our best Pomologists have no hesitation in pronouncing them identical.

A NEW EARLY PEACH.

WE give a drawing of a Seedling Peach, raised by Judge MILLER, of this city. The tree is six years old, and grows in cold, humid soil, very unsuitable to the growth of the peach. In addition to this, the situation is somewhat shaded. With all these disadvantages it has ripened a crop of fruit the past two seasons, as early at least as the *Early York* in the most favored locations. Mr. MILLER supposed it to be a seedling of the *Early Ann*, but in this, we think, he is mistaken.



The tree grows freely and has borne good crops. The leaves are finely serrated, with small globose glands. Fruit medium size, roundish. Skin smooth and white, with a fine crimson cheek, where exposed to the sun. Flesh melting and juicy with a rich, sweet flavor. Ripe this year last of August. It much resembles Cooledge's Favorite.

Our peaches this season are smaller than usual, and in many cases lack their usual sweetness.—This must be charged to the cold, damp weather. This new peach, we think, will prove a very valuable, early variety, as it is far superior to the Early York, which is the general early market sort, and is quite as early. Under fair treatment, and in an ordinary season, we have no doubt it would produce fruit much better than the specimens we have examined.

Domestic Economy.

PICKLING.

NEVER on any consideration use brass, copper, or bell-metal kettles for pickling; the verdigris produced in them by the vinegar being of a most poisonous nature. Kettles lined with porcelain are the best, but, if you cannot procure them, block tin may be substituted. Iron is apt to discolor any acid that is boiled in it.

Vinegar for pickles should always be of the best cider kind. In putting away pickles, use stone or glass jars. The lead, which is an ingredient in the glazing of common earthern ware, is rendered very pernicious by the action of the vinegar.—Have a large wooden spoon and a fork for the express purpose of taking pickles out of the jar when you want them for the table. See that, while in the jar, they are always completely covered with vinegar. If you discern in them any symptoms of not keeping well, do them over again in fresh vinegar and spice.

The jars should be stopped with large flat corks, fitting closely, and having a leather or a round piece of oil-cloth tied over the cork. It is a good rule to have two-thirds of the jar filled with pickles and one-third with vinegar.

Alum is very useful in extracting the salt taste from pickles, and making them firm and crisp. A very small quantity is sufficient. Too much will spoil them.

In greening pickles, keep them very closely covered, so that none of the steam may escape, as its retention promotes their greenness and prevents the flavor from evaporating.

Vinegar and spice for pickles should be boiled but a few minutes. Too much boiling takes away the strength.

GREEN BEANS.—Take young green or French beans; string them, but do not cut them in pieces. Put them in salt and water for two days, stirring them frequently. Then put them into a kettle with vine or cabbage leaves under, over, and all around them, adding a little piece of alum. Cover them closely to keep in the steam, and let them hang over a slow fire till they are a fine green.

Having drained them in a sieve, make for them a pickle of cider vinegar, and boil in it, for five minutes, some mace, whole pepper, and sliced ginger tied up in a thin muslin bag. Pour it hot upon the beans, put them into a stone jar, and tie them up.

TO PICKLE CAULIFLOWERS.—Take the whitest and closest full-grown cauliflower; cut off the thick stalk and split the blossom or flower part into eight or ten pieces. Spread them on a large dish, sprinkle them with salt, and let them stand twenty-four hours. Then wash off the salt, drain them, put them into a broad, flat jar, or pan, scald them with salt and water, (allowing a quarter of a pound of salt to a quart of water,) cover them closely, and let them stand in the brine till next day. Afterwards drain them in a hair sieve, and spread them on a cloth in a warm place to dry for a day and a night. Then put them carefully, piece by piece, into clean, broad jars, and pour over them a pickle which has been prepared as follows: Mix together three ounces of coriander seed, one ounce of mustard seed, and one ounce of ginger. Pound the whole in a mortar to a fine powder.—Put in three quarts of the very best cider vinegar, set it by the side of the fire in a stone jar, and let it infuse three days. These are the proportions, but the quantity of the pickle must depend on the quantity of cauliflower, which must be kept well covered by the liquid. Pour it over the cauliflower, and secure the jars closely from the air. You may pickle broccoli in the same manner.—*Miss Leslie's Complete Cookery.*

TO PRESERVE APPLES.—Weigh equal quantities of good brown Sugar and of apples. Peel, core, and mince them small. Boil the sugar, allowing to every three pounds a pint of water. Skim it well, and boil it pretty thick. Then add the apples, the grated peel of one or two lemons, and two or three pieces of white ginger. Boil till the apples fall, and look clear and yellow. Apples prepared in this way will keep for years.—*Selected.*

Mechanic Arts & Science.

COPPER IN THE SEA.

SOME five years ago, two French chemists demonstrated that the ocean contained a notable portion of silver. Recently these and other philosophers have again been at work upon the same subject; following it up, however, much closer, they now tell us that, calculating the whole ocean, it cannot contain less than two millions of tuns of silver in solution. The truth of this statement is verified by experiments tried at various parts of the world—one more famous than the rest by Mr. Field, an English chemist, who lives at Coquimbo, in Chili. The water he analyzed was taken from the Pacific Ocean, and afforded the same result as that which the French chemists obtained from water taken off St. Malo, France, in the English Channel. That the ocean should contain minute portions of every substance of the globe that is soluble in saline water is not surprising; therefore we are, in a measure, prepared for the further discovery that the "old grey beard," ocean, contains also an enormous quantity of copper—a fact recently proved in the laboratory of our London contributor, Mr. Septimus Piesse. The beautiful blue color of portions of the Mediterrean Sea is due, he says, to ammoniacal salt of copper, while the greenness of other seas is owing to the chloride of copper. The method of extracting silver from the sea is one of simple affinity. Granulated copper being suspended in the "briny waves," any silver salt that is contained therein is decomposed, a portion of the copper is dissolved, and the silver is precipitated thereon, which it is afterwards parted by the usual means adopted in every laboratory. By a happy analogy, Mr. Piesse separated copper from the sea by the same process. His experiments were performed between the ports of Marseilles, on the French Mediterranean coast, and Nice, in Sardinia. A bag of nails and scrap iron was suspended at the side of the steamer which plies between these places, and after the first voyage (about twelve hours) copper was indicated to be present on the iron. Four separate voyages, however, were made before the bag of iron was removed to the laboratory; then the quantity of copper was found to be so great that much surprise was shown that the presence of this metal had not been previously discovered, especially when the action of sea water on ships' bottoms has long been known.

Mr. Piesse is continuing his experiments, and we shall not fail to notice what is going on in his laboratory, concerning this singular and wonderful discovery.—*Sci. American.*

WIRE RIGGING FOR SHIPS.—The Liverpool Courier says that three-fourths of all the ships now fitted out at Liverpool are rigged with wire rope. It is described as a fourth less in weight, and not one-half the bulk of that made of hemp, and the cost is also 25 per cent less. It is much less susceptible than hemp of atmospheric changes, and it is predicted that in a few years it will supercede hemp rope for standing rigging. A trial of wire, hemp and Manilla ropes was recently made at the King's dock, Liverpool. The straining tests showed the immense superiority of wire rope over that made even of the best fibrous material. The testing of the hempen ropes proved the strength of Manilla to be far superior to Russian hemp, taking many of the merchants, ship-masters and riggers present by surprise, as a different opinion had been entertained by many of those gentlemen.

CALORIC ENGINES.—Mr. Ericsson does not despair of success in applying the "new motor." He is said to have built eight small engines, on the hot air principle, since the experiment with the Ericsson steamship, and to be still engaged in the pursuit of his favorite study. The Scientific American says:—He has now floating on the Hudson a small steamer, or *air-er*, about seventy feet long, which he has succeeded in driving at a good rate by the combustion of an almost incredibly small quantity of pine kindling wood. There are two engines, horizontal, single acting, and apparently about thirty inches diameter by thirty-six inches stroke. The vessel is an open boat, or mammoth yawl, and the paddle wheels are about ten or twelve feet in diameter. We believe air alone is the fluid employed as a medium to generate the power.

PRINTING TEXTILE FABRICS BY LIGHT.—The chromatic photo-printing process is an ingenious mode of printing textile fabrics, by the chemical action of light. It is designed to employ the chemical agency of light in dyeing or staining textile fabrics; the cloth, whether wool, silk, flax or cotton, being first steeped in a suitable solution, then dried in the dark, and subsequently exposed to the action of light—those parts which are to form the pattern being protected by pieces of darkened paper, or some other suitable material, attached to a plate of glass. When the desired effect is produced—the time for which varies from two to twenty minutes, according to the process, the fabric is removed in order to undergo a fixing operation.

RELATION OF INVENTIONS.—The London *Critic*, noticing a recent invention of apparently little consequence, uses the following well chosen simile:

"Let every development of thought, and every adaptation of thought, be encouraged and welcomed, even though its ultimate uses—we mean those uses which the man of the day can see—were as distant as gravitation and lunar distances from the conic sections of the Baconic school of geometers, which were ready to hand when wanted. Those who decry the highest stone because it supports nothing, are fortunate in one point—they will always have something to decry. Those who are busy in raising the next stone, will find them another job at the very instant the old one is finished."

INVENTION is the talent of youth, and judgment of age; so that our judgment grows harder to please, when we have fewer things to offer it; this goes through the whole commerce of life. When we are old, our friends find it difficult to please us, are are less concerned whether we be pleased or not.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ROBIN'S LULLABY.

BY MRS. S. E. FURMAN.

Above in the maple trees,
Whose shadowy branches play
Athwart my threshhold pensively
In the fading light of day,
Is mingling sweet and clear
With the dewy zephyr's sigh,
The deep, wild strains of happiness,
'In the Robin's Lullaby.

Safe resteth her unfledg'd brood,
O'erspread by her downy wings,
And thrilling with maternal bliss,
Is the cheerful song she sings;
And she heeds not that her lays
Fall sadly on one below,
Whose harp respondeth to sorrow's touch,
Grief-plaints it hath learn'd to know.

I list for thy mellow notes,
While the day-king's ling'ring rays
Are weaving a veil o'er the brow of even
In tissues of golden haze;
O, then of the bright-hued past,
I ponder with eyes all dim,
When over a dear, unbroken band,
I chanted the evening hymn.

As too little white-winged Doves,
With beauteous rainbow crest,
Sit side by side with their pinions furl'd,
At eve in a loving nest,
So they when the shadows fell,
My own cherish'd nestlings fair,
Would slumber in angel innocence,
Soft pillow'd by love's fond care.

I know that a steadfast faith
Can trust the All Father's love,
That counted our bosom flower more meet,
To bloom in his own above.
But cease your carrolings now,
For the wounded heart no more
May bear your joyous melodies,
Nor the songs it sung before.

Knowlesville, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

DEAR RURAL:—On a moss-covered rock, half way up a steep hillside, I have seated myself for the purpose of manufacturing the communication I promised you some weeks since. To be sure I drabbled my dress, wet my feet, frightened the birds, who are unaccustomed to visitors, and probably burned my face a shade blacker than its natural color, to get here, but the feat once accomplished, I feel amply repaid for my toil, and fain would send you, if I could, a breath of the pure morning air, which falls so deliciously cool on my heated brow.

The scenery here is decidedly New Englandish,—hill upon hill and rock upon rock, to say nothing of the snakes, one of which I have killed with my own hands, or, that is, I left him with a big stone upon his tail, and if he is not dead by this time he had ought to be! To my right, at the foot of the hill, is a miniature marsh, or swamp, the chief productions of which seem to be little ponds of water, clumps of alders and one pine tree, while directly in front and at some distance from where I sit—shaded by an apple tree and a tattered parasol—is a long stretch of corn field, and in it a woman, who, with her hand shading her eyes, peers curiously at me, wondering, undoubtedly, who I am, and what I am about. To my left, the view brightens, for plainly discernible through the birches and evergreens which grow upon its banks, are the clear waters of Pordunk Pond, a beautiful sheet, which, in the Empire State, would bear the more dignified title of a *Lake*. There are no less than five of these ponds in my native town, three of which, together with the river, can be seen from some parts of the village. And yet, strange as it may seem, the people seldom appreciate their beauty until they have been away and returned again. Then, indeed, they suddenly awake to the conviction, that nowhere in the wide world is there so beautiful a country village as B——, with its hill-embosomed ponds, its bright green meadows, its winding, graceful Chicopee, its Sunday-quiet streets, shaded by giant elms, which were planted on the very day when first our nation's freedom was declared. What is a little singular, not one of them has died, and they number in all nearly a hundred. Eighty-one years of storm and sunshine have passed over them, and still they stand like so many sentinels guarding the liberty of their country.

Aside from the elms, the ponds, the river and the new Congregational Church on the corner, there are about the town other points of interest, for little more than a mile west of the village in a wild lonely spot, stood the house, renowned in history as the one against which the Indians pushed carts of burning hemp, hoping by this means to set the building on fire and force out the people who had taken refuge within. The Indians are gone, the house is gone, and scarcely a vestige remains to mark the spot, and still it is a place near which one loves to linger, recalling the past when over the wooded hills the notes of no Sabbath bell had ever floated, and when the deep stillness of the forest was broken only by the howl of the wolf or the war-woop of the savage.

But if I linger in the past, I fear I shall grow sentimental, so to come back to the present, let me speak briefly of a visit which I recently made to *Rice Corner*, a place of which you may have heard. If not, for a description of it, see "Homestead on the Hillside," page 100 and something.—(I wonder if anybody will take that as a hint to buy the book!) Trusting that they will, I shall only say of the place itself, that 'tis the southern part of B——, and the neighborhood where I was born. I had not visited the place for some time, not indeed since I ventured my bark out upon the turbulent, capricious stream of public notice. It is quite natural, then, that I should feel a strong desire to revisit the old homestead, to explore the cobweb-festooned garret, where I used to play,—to sit on the large grey rock, where, in days gone by, I have so often sat dreaming of the future,—to stand once more within the walls where first I learned my P's and Q's, and fancy it possible that I was a child again. So one pleasant day, in a long lumber wagon, to which was attached the laziest of all lazy horses, I started, together with four other individuals, one of whom, a resident of New York city, had not been in Rice Corner, her old home, for twenty years.

Of course she threw me quite in the shade, making me far less a lion than I should otherwise have been, for a face which has not been seen in twenty years, is a greater wonder than one seen within quarter of that time. Still I bore it more amiably than I did the changes which a few years have wrought. The old school-house is turned completely round, and isn't half as large as I thought it was! The desk where I used to *play* is gone, and near the door sat a little white-haired boy, the son of one who sometimes shared my desk and play with me, and who, early in life took upon herself the duties of a wife. They have cut away the chestnut tree, and the *hollow* near it, the negroe's grave, is filled with leaves. Still the place seemed natural, for I could identify every rock and stone, particularly the one, where on one Examination morning, I knelt me down and prayed that I might not *miss* in my lessons! Alas, that the trusting faith of childhood should grow less as years wear on.

Of the house itself, I shall say but little. It does not look as it used to, and I could never again feel at home there. In the part of New England where I am, I do not think the country houses or farms compare favorably with those in New York. In Rice Corner, at least, the majority of the buildings have an old, dilapidated appearance, and look as if the *flood* might have dashed against their clapboards. Still there is much of intelligence and warm-hearted hospitality among the people, who received us kindly, shaking Mrs. R——'s hand *longest*, it is true, but still, glancing often at me and questioning me of my *calling*, on which some look *dubiously*, thinking it *wicked* to read a story and far *wickeder* to write one! As one old lady remarked when her niece tried to persuade her into reading a book bearing my signature, "I shan't do it, MARIA, for *her* lies ain't an atom better than any body's else!"

Another woman asked if "I had any books on hand, to *sell*, and if some of them hadn't gone a great ways," saying, "she'd heard I'd sent one to England!" I dont know whether I felt complimented or not! Should you, under like circumstances?

I have not told you half what I wish to about Rice Corner, but remembering that you do not like lengthy communications, I must, I suppose, bring this to a close. If I write to you again, I may tell you of a *Pic-Nic* and a *Chowder* which I have attended, the one in Rice Corner woods, and the other on the banks of Pordunk Pond. If there are any mistakes in this article, I trust your readers will impute them to the compositor and not to me, while you will please bear in mind that since I have been here I have scarcely written a word, but on the contrary, have spent my time in walking, talking, riding on horseback and in a hay cart, *digging potatoes*, picking cucumbers, hunting hen's eggs, eating huckleberry pie and weighing myself every day to see "how it agrees with me."

Yours, Resp'y, M. J. H.

Brookfield, Mass., 1857.

FINISHING EDUCATION.

AN agreeable lady correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Frankfort, in Germany says:

We have been permitted to look upon another scene, which is quite as characteristic of German Institutions. We asked a young lady to call and see us, in order to practice English, as she was taking lessons. She said she was now so busy, she had scarcely a moment of time to herself. She had began now to *learn cooking*, and for that purpose went every forenoon to the kitchen of a large hotel, where she practiced the science and art in all its ramifications. "But why do you not learn at home?" I asked. "Oh, we do not have all kinds of cooking going on, and then the servants do not like the trouble of me." "And how long is your apprenticeship?" "Oh, a year, perhaps."

"Do you like it." "Well, it is not the most agreeable employment one could have, but then it necessary; one must know how to cook, else how can they keep house?" "Do many girls learn in the same way?" "Yes, it is the custom." So, my fastidious lady readers, behold! a young lady who is handsome, with one of those intellectual, speaking, beaming faces, which is the most fascinating kind of beauty—with manners which would grace a princess, and *tout ensemble* unexceptionable in all respects, wending her way to the *cuisine* of a neighboring hotel, and then donning a regular cook's attire, and with the neat white cap and long apron of German *domestiques*, imbuing her dlicate hands in all manner of broths, stews, gravies, puddings and sauces, which are served for the people of all nations, and every variety of palate, during the whole year. In the forenoon she takes French and English lessons, both of which languages she speaks very well; twice a week music lessons, and is an accomplished artist in drawing and embroidery.

WOMAN.—As the dove will clap its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulse, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken; the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams, "dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her feeble frame sinks under the last external assailant. Look for her after a little while, and you will find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintery chill, some slight indisposition that laid her low, but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.—*Washington Irving.*

THERE is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.—*Butler.*

Choice Miscellany.

GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

GRANDFATHER'S WATCH is battered and old,
Innocent quite of jewels or gold;
Poor, and common, and worn, and cracked,—
Much like grandfather's self, in fact.
Yet its wheezy voice has a cheerful sound,
And the child, as she listens, in wonder bound,
To its mystic tales of departed time,
Is smiling as though at a pleasant rhyme.

What are the tales the old watch tells?
Of seventy years it counts the knells:
Years, whose every setting sun
Was marked by labor faithfully done.
With primitive form and clumsy skill,
And clumsier help when the works went ill:
Yet serving their time as best they can,—
This is the story of the watch and man!

Many a fall has the old watch hushed,
Many a blow has the old man crushed.
Meddled with, tinkered, and sorely tried,
At last rejected and thrown aside
For modern rivals, all science and gold,
Useless, crippled, despised, and old,
Under a cloud and under a ban,—
This is the story of the watch and man.

But there's a reverse to the picture sad;
Human hearts they can still make glad.
The watch in its dinted silver case
Can bring a smile to the fair child's face.
The man all battered, and silvery too,
With a moral can cheer both me and you,—
"Mark our time as well as we can,"—
This is the lesson of the watch and man!

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"HOW THEY MARRY AND LIVE."

AN article in a late RURAL, under the above title, being so utterly at variance with my own ideas, has impelled me to pen the following:

Take the case of a young man of good ability, and education, of about twenty-five, who has come to the conclusion that he wants a wife. He looks around him, confides his purposes to a mother and sisters—gets introduced to many gay ladies—finds himself very mysteriously mixed up with pic-nics, social parties, &c., and completely bewildered by the bewitching beauties. To choose is impossible—if he could turn Saint and Morman, and appropriate the whole bevy, he would stand a pretty good chance of getting the right one at last; but just as he is busy with these abstruse cogitations, a saucy girl gives him to understand that mayhaps he could choose full easier than he could obtain. Sisters wish him to fall in love with their favorite. "She's such a fun-loving, mischief of a black-eyed fairy—she's got such splendid hair, and then CARRIE and they have always been such good friends, it would be so pleasant to have her for a sister."

Mother has a favorite also, and she urges that CORNELIA—who is twenty-four—is of a much more suitable age, "her blue eyes are so mild and gentle, and she is so staid and matronly—she is sure she would make a good wife and mother, and then she knew she would be such an excellent house-keeper, instead of always gadding and romping as she knew CARRIE would do." This last argument balanced the scale, mother wins the day, and CORNELIA is installed mistress of her son's establishment. She is all the mother could wish, unless she chanced to hold a key to her son's innermost heart, then she would see her son had not married for love, but prudence and interest—(all proper, if properly used) consequently, although he always finds his home in perfect order, his wife's countenance serene as a summer sky, his children subject to the most judicious training, his mind would get fevered, he could not help feeling restless, and there was *always something wanting*, and although he more than half guessed the reason, he could not help condemning himself, for not being satisfied when everybody else seemed to think he ought to be immensely so.

Take another case: Another young man finds himself, almost unconsciously at first, very strongly attracted towards a merry noble-hearted maiden. She has faults, and he sees them, but he discovers also a disposition to overcome these errors—and somehow when her black eyes are bent on him, he experiences a thrill unknown before, and when her soft hand is laid on his, there is a strong desire to press it to his lips. When she speaks, her voice sounds like the music of rippling waters, and when he is care-worn and weary, no greater luxury can be afforded him, than to be permitted to spend an evening with her in her own family. There he always finds her, kind and affectionate to her parents, gentle and loving with her brothers and sisters. She has a continual flow of lively good humor, which does not exhaust itself in some luckless joke at the expense of another. Her presence is soothing and encouraging—her tears flow as quickly and readily at the recital of suffering and misery as her smiles beam when surrounded by joy and mirth; yet not in tears alone does she content herself in expressing her sympathy—the hand and heart are ever ready and willing.

Our young friend is aware that he loves this gentle girl—that without her life would be a dreary waste. If he thinks whether or not his friends would be pleased, it is followed by the thought, that as he is the one to suffer the consequences, and sure that every objection would be out-weighed—he lays all his hopes and fears at her feet. She has long known that he loved her—knew it before he had confessed it to herself—but maidenlike, she has hid her own feelings. But now she is free to acknowledge that she will be his—that together they will contend against life's difficulties, that they will rear a family altar, round which shall centre all the endearing ties, known to congenial, loving hearts.

What if they do have trials—they expected them, and their hearts are strongly fortified with with love and christian forbearance. And before the throne of grace they unitedly seek aid, and strength, and guidance. As years roll on happy children gather round their fireside, with their sweet innocent prattle—strong cords and links between their hearts, yes and mayhaps they have a treasure in Heaven. With chastened joy and sorrow they look upward, thanking GOD from their innermost hearts, for their countless blessings.—Every year strengthens their confidence in each, other, and in their GOD. O that there were more such households—more such unions.

Scottsville, N. Y., 1857. A. E. R. C.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

VISIT TO THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

HAVING just lain aside one of your late RURALS, and being much interested in its varied and rich contents, I have thought a few moments could be no better spent than in presenting you the thanks of at least one reader, and also adding a word word more, suggested by a few lines therein on Art. The circumstance that a day or two since I stood in that gallery of beauty, of sublimity, of *truth*—the collection of paintings of the Boston Athenæum, decided me to say a word concerning its worth, and some of its more prominent subjects. Never before having had the pleasure of viewing this invaluable treasury, all was, of course, fresh to me. Even the copies or originals of those I had seen in other private or public art collections seemed to have some different shades from this altered position and the change of picture associates.

Passing through the first door, I noticed the original portraits of General and Lady WASHINGTON. An easel and painter in front of them told the observer they still were studied; but they are rarely if ever equalled. Near by hangs the *shadow* of the mighty NAPOLEON. Art was left behind, while I for a moment drank in thoughts of wisdom from the eminent characters, so diverse, of these two men—the hero of *la belle* France, and him whom STUART has so faithfully represented on that almost speaking canvas. Let him who enters this first door turn to these two portraits—pause, and think. I pass over many that hang around to speak of the sublime group of the lamented COLE—representing the rise, glory and destruction of Empire. It is a study for many days, and would be of *itself* sufficient to make a high order of fame for any artist. Yet we think the execution is not equal to the grand and glorious conception—and we must believe that the gifted artist's "critic-reason" saw in it but a faint shadow of the great original, mental picture which he had striven "to give a local habitation and a name."

Of all the works that adorn the gallery, those of ALLSTON—both from their number, finish, and associations—claim the attention of the American artist, and every lover of the true, beautiful, and good. One looks at his Belshazzar's Feast with awe and admiration approaching religious reverence. Looking from the "study" to the *great work* itself, we could almost feel the presence of the pale and gifted genius who projected and carried so far what will and ought to be called, in the history of American art, the *Great Unfinished* of ALLSTON.

But in thus singling out artists and "themes," it may seem to you that I do injustice to the many. I would that it were possible to speak of *every one* of our American painters, who have, as it were,—all honor to them—taken their lives in their hands and gone forth into the delightful yet *thorny* fields of art. In this gallery are seen some of their highest efforts, felicitous in conception, in the most perfect coloring, and in nicety and *polish* of execution.

Of foreign works one is delighted to see how large a share are from the studios of the *first masters*. I could but say as I left this "Gallery of Pictures," would that every American might come here and not simply look—get a confused though delightful *idea* of these products of genius, taste and labor—but *study*, with earnestness and care, especially the *chefs d'œuvre* of American production.

A word of the arrangement. It is perhaps the best to give proper "lights," but is somewhat bad for the inexperienced who wish to follow the catalogue, or single out the works of individual artists—unless he have more time than transient visitors to the New England metropolis can usually allow. But the Directors of the Association cannot receive too high praise for this splendid monument of our *increasing* National taste and refinement.

Boston, Aug., 1857. LEUSNE.

IMPERISHABILITY OF GREAT EXAMPLES.

THE following eloquent passage occurs in EDWARD EVERETT'S great oration:

"To be cold and breathless—to feel and speak not—this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirit into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their heart's blood into the channels of the public prosperity tell me, ye, who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die. The hand that traced the charter of Independence is, indeed motionless: the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed, but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, 'make it life to live,' these cannot expire:

'These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die.'"

ADMIRATION AND ASPIRATION.—It is a good thing to believe; it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upwards, our minds will themselves grow upwards, and as a man, by indulging in the habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities we admire. Here, as in everything else, humility is the surest path to exaltation.—*Arnold.*

BE TRUTHFUL WITH CHILDREN.—Some people tell lies to children with a view of enjoying a laugh at their credulity. This is to make a mock at sin, and they are fools who do it. The tendency in a child to believe whatever it is told, is of God for good. It is lovely, It seems a shadow of primeval innocence glancing by. We should reverence a child's simplicity. Touch it only with truth.—Be not the first to quench that lovely truthfulness by falsehoods.

LOOK UP.

A SHIP, becalmed at sea, lay rocking lazily. A sprightly lad, the captain's only son, not knowing what to do, began mischievously to climb the mast. He had got half way to the top, when, turning his eyes below to see how far he was from the deck, he suddenly grew dizzy. "I am falling, I am falling," he cried. "Look aloft," shouted his father, who at that moment was leaving his cabin. The boy, accustomed instantly to obey that voice, looked up to where the main truck swung against the sky, recovered heart, went on, was saved.

We do not give the anecdote as new. Doubtless every one of our readers has heard it before. But the story has a significance not always noticed.—Others, beside the captain's son, have been saved by looking up. In the dizzy ascent of life many a man has been on the point of falling, when some sudden thought has bidden him "look up," he has taken courage, has persevered, has won the prize. Bruce, when he saw the spider fall six times, yet succeed at the seventh, was of this class. So was Washington, when Cornwallis had driven him across the Delaware, and when, instead of giving up in despair, he suddenly collected all his resources, fell on the British lines and achieved the victory at Trenton.

There come times in the experience even of the bravest when the heart is ready to give up. Affliction after affliction, for example, has assailed him till hope itself despairs. Perhaps a favorite child has been suddenly stricken down. Perhaps a terrible epidemic has destroyed more than one little one. Perhaps the wife of his bosom is no more. Perhaps, by one of those awful catastrophes which occasionally occur, his entire family has been swept into eternity in a moment of time, in the twinkling of an eye. He feels as if there was no longer any object for him in life. In the first shock of his agony he would not care even if news was brought to him that his fortunes were bankrupt, that he was a disgraced beggar. But, by and by, a still, small voice within whispers "look up." He sees that the sky is still as bright as ever, the breeze as blessed, the trees as beautiful. He hears the waters run, leaping and laughing, down the hill side, glistening in silver as they go. The earth is not less lovely than before, the stars are as numberless, the ocean and mountains as sublime. His fellow creatures have the same kindly hearts towards him. He owes them the same old duties.—Gradually he realizes that he has much yet to live for. In time even he regains a subdued and quiet happiness. He has learned to "look up."

A great financial crisis overtakes the strong man in the midst of his schemes. He gathers up all his resources, contending gallantly and desperately long after hope is over; struggling for his family rather than for himself; fighting, agonizing, like Laocoon in the serpent's folds. It will not do. The mighty whirlwind, whose outer eddies he has been striving to resist, wheels down upon him in all its power; he is torn up in an instant; he is hurled on the ground; he is left breathless; bruised and seemingly dead. At first, when he regains sensation after the overwhelming shock, he is without hope. He has neither strength nor wish to resume his work. He is willing that the tempest shall sweep the wrecks of his fortune out of sight forever. It is useless, he says to himself, even to try to regain what he has lost. At last, a gentle wife or sympathizing friend bids him not to despair. "Look up," they say. He looks. At once he is a new man. He recovers his name and fortune.

In every circumstance of life, "look up." Are you about to enter a profession? Aim at no secondary success; fix your mark high; "look up." Are you a merchant? Become leader in your business; and to do this, first "look up." Are you ambitious of political distinction? Scorn to be a mere demagogue; resolve to be a statesman,—"look up." Is authorship your wish? Endeavor to take rank among the classics of your language by studying manner as well as matter; aspire to triumph greatly and permanently, rather than prematurely; in a word, "look up."

Ah! if all would only "look up." But some never hear the cheering words. Some disregard them. Of the thousands who have failed utterly in life, or met only a secondary success, the majority owe their misfortunes to not "looking up." In sorrow or disaster, remember the boy upon the dizzy mast, and "look up, look up."

GOOD SOCIETY.

IT should be the aim of every young man to go into good society. We do not mean the rich, the proud and fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent, and the good. Where you find men that know more than you do, and from whose conversation one can gain information, it is always safe to be found. It has broken down many a man by associating with the low and vulgar, where the ribald song was inculcated, and the indecent story, to excite laughter, and influence the bad passions. Lord Clarendon has attributed success and happiness in life to associating with persons more virtuous than himself. If you wish to be wise and respected—if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and the good. Strive for mental excellence and strict integrity, and you will never be found in the sinks of pollution, and on the benches of retailers and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course—once secure a love of good society, and no punishment would be greater than by accident to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.—*Selected.*

A NEWSPAPER.—It was Bishop Horne's own opinion that there was no better moralist than the newspaper. He says:—"The follies, vices and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many beacons continually burning to turn others from the rock on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuasive from suspicion, jealousy and anger, than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel. What caution more likely to be effective against gambling and profligacy, than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a despairing suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy, than the auction of estates, houses and furniture? Only take a newspaper, and consider it well, pay for it, and it will instruct thee."

The Traveler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WANDERINGS IN EUROPE.—NO. V.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

Trip from Heidelberg to Frankfort.

It was necessary for me before entering the Austrian dominions to get my passport again *vised*. For that purpose I determined to go to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and as the weather was favorable, I resolved to make my way thither through the Odenwald, a romantic mountainous region, lying between the Neckar and Main. On the 31st of March, I took the cars at Heidelberg for Weinheim, a town on the Bergstrasse, about eight miles distant. We crossed the Neckar on a magnificent stone bridge at Ladenburg, an ancient city, containing yet some towers and remains of other fortifications, made by the Romans, and speeding on in sight of the vineyards on the western slopes of the mountains, in a few moments reached Weinheim.

I walked into the town where the street and market-place were crowded by people who were holding a Fair. There were provisions, articles of household furniture, implements for farming, pictures, clothing, and a variety of trinkets exposed for sale. I could not help noticing the clumsiness of the farming utensils; the forks and hoes being made by the common blacksmith, and being twice as heavy as those our grandfathers used. I did not climb up to the shapeless ruins of the old baronial castle of Windeck, which looked romantic enough, crowning a round, vine-covered hill, but entered the valley of the Weschniz which I determined following into the very heart of the Odenwald. The scenery for a mile or two was remarkably beautiful. The valley is winding and so narrow that sometimes the rock is cut away to make room for the road, and the mountains sloping down to it, are covered with the forest. The Weschniz is a pretty, jovial mountain stream, leaping merrily along over the rocks, and turning in the course of six miles fifteen or sixteen mills. The trees were bare and grey, for it was too early in the season for the leaves and flowers to make their appearance among the mountains, but the air was warm, the sun shone, and as I walked along I listened to a variety of music, composed of the twittering of the birds, the murmuring of the stream, the deep hum of busy mills, and the solemn moaning of the wind in the forest. Numbers of the country people were on the road going to the Fair; and many of them raised their caps and greeted me with a "*guten tag*." I passed over the borders of Baden into Hesse, and shortly after the valley spread out wider, meadows lay along the banks of the stream, and I saw before me the red roofs and pointed gables of *Birkenau*.

After dining there I went on to *Rimbach*, which I entered just as the sky was beginning to send down a drizzling rain. The valley between the two villages, is in some places a mile broad. The hills which hem it in, are cultivated as far as practicable, grain and grass being raised, but no wine. There is considerable fruit of the hardy sorts—apple and pear trees growing along the sides of the road. The peasants were plowing with their cow teams in the small, unfenced fields. I had a letter of introduction to the clergyman of the village, which I delivered and was kindly entertained. A little before dark, one of his sons and myself took some fish-poles, and went a little distance up the stream, where in spite of the rain we caught enough speckled trout for supper. In the evening we went into one of the taverns, of which there are four in the village, to drink a glass of beer.—We passed through the first room, in which a few peasants were seated by the tables, and entered another where we found the aristocracy of the village, composed of two doctors, the apothecary, and the school master. Before we left, another man entered whom I found was also a teacher, giving private lessons in English and French. He was much delighted with the opportunity of speaking English with an American, and excusing himself for a few moments, went home to send away several pupils who were waiting for their lessons. He returned in order to talk with me, and before we parted, urged me strongly to spend a few days in the village.

It rained heavily through the night, and when I looked out in the morning it had not ceased.—There had been so little rainy weather this year that I was afraid when it once commenced it would continue for a long time, and the prospect of being caught in a little village among the mountains was not very agreeable. However, in a couple of hours it slackened, and by ten o'clock I was on the road again towards *Erbach*. Two sons of the clergyman accompanied me to the next village and then I continued my journey alone.

The sky was darkened by threatening clouds, and the wind blew furiously through the narrow valley. I saw the town of *Lindenfels* in a little hollow between the mountains on my left, and its grey castle on one of the heights above. The valley became very narrow again, the *Weschniz* grew smaller and smaller, until it had scarcely strength enough to turn a mill wheel, and finally I crossed a lonely ridge, and came down into the *Huttenthal* or Valley of Huts, where I made the acquaintance of another mountain stream, journeying in the same direction as myself. Clusters of small houses dotted the meadows of the valley for two or three miles. The houses, like a majority of those I saw in the *Odenwald*, were built of a strong framework of wood, filled in with brick. The roofs were of tile. I did not see more than two or three thatched roofs—which look so picturesque—on the whole journey. Being unaccustomed to walking, I became exceedingly fatigued, besides having a hunger which only breakfast on coffee and bread, the German custom, followed by foot traveling among mountains can produce. Perhaps also I walked further than I was really aware. The German reckons distance by hours, one of which should be equal to two English miles. I asked a peasant how far it was to the next village. He said it was a good quarter of an hour, and I am sure it was a good mile and a half. On another occasion I inquired the distance to a village, and was told it was six hours. I asked how long it took to drive there, and was informed five hours with a good horse. I am not so good a pedestrian as to profess with the Odenwalders, to be able to walk as far in six hours as a horse can go in five. I looked anxiously for a public house, which I found at last in one of the clusters of houses. But it was so dirty that I called for nothing but a glass of wine and some bread and butter, and then went on to *Erbach* which I entered a little before sundown.

In the morning I visited the *Reittersaal*, in the castle, containing an interesting collection of armor and weapons. The walls of the first hall are bristling with antlers of deer captured among the mountains, where I believe they are yet quite plenty. A heavy oaken door on which is a curious lock, made in the last century, admitted us into the *Reittersaal*, which is lighted by stained windows. In niches on each side of the door stand the figures of two robbers, clothed with the armor which they wore while living. One of them holds his sword with which he was beheaded. There are twenty suits of armor in the room. Some of which were made for the tournament, and are mounted on carved horses. One holds the fragment of a lance that has been splintered in combat. There is the armor of a dwarf, about the size of *Tom Thumb*, who lived in the court of one of the kings of Austria, and was once brought on to the table in a pie. There are heavy two-handed swords, daggers, shirts of iron net work, and various other weapons that were used in the middle centuries, and suits of armor that were worn by WALLENSTEIN and GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS king of Sweden. Most of the accoutrements of warfare are enormously heavy. A pair of spurs hung on the wall which weighed at least ten pounds.

After having seen the *Reittersaal*, I resumed my journey up the *Mumlingthal*, passing through *Michelstadt* which is about as large as *Erbach*, and reached *Hochst* in time for dinner. Beyond this village is one of the prettiest spots I saw in the *Odenwald*. The level meadow lands in the bottom of the valley are about a mile wide, and were dotted with flocks of sheep, attended by shepherds with their dogs. The shepherds were armed with crooks, and wore long cloaks of blue cloth and black felt hats. The mountains that hem the valley in, are covered with forests of green firs and deciduous trees, in which I heard the resounding blows of the ax, reminding me strongly of my native land. At the upper end of the valley the stream wound round the base of a terraced hill, crowned with a castle. The town of *Newstadt* nestled at its foot, and is, notwithstanding its name, signifying new city, one of the oldest looking towns I saw in the *Odenwald*. After this the whole valley as far as I followed it towards the Main, grew larger and more beautiful, the meadow lands being broader, and the picturesque mountains covered with a pleasing mixtures of fir, oak and beech forests.

[To be continued.]

CLIMBING VESUVIUS AT NIGHT.

He who who climbs Vesuvius at night, stumbling over the heaps of cinders, bruising his shins, and scarring his hands against the rugged edges, would demand some higher compensation than to look on the dark sides of the crater-cone. He will rarely find it, however, unless he wait till dawn, or the night be bright and starry. We did. Scarcely had we sat down to rest at the foot of the small cone, when we observed a great excitement among our guides, who, by violent gesticulation and vociferation, indicated that they observed something unusual in the aspect of the mountain, and vehemently urged a rapid descent. The very idea, however, of beholding even a partial eruption, at such a time and place, fixed us to the spot. 'Twas a fit night for such a scene. The air was heavy and sulphureous; the sky dark and murky; not a star shone forth in it, and the moonlight fell with a faint twilight gleam on the waters of the bay. There were soon, signs and portents of a movement within. Heavings and loud rumblings were heard, as though a thunder-cloud were pent in the bosom of the mountain. The lava-stream grew live and turbid. The little wreaths which hung over round the edges of the crater, grew and gathered in one huge mass, which roared and tossed as it rose and rolled swiftly on, like the breathing of a spirit of evil, spreading darkness and gloom around. Fiery swords of flame flashed through and through the smoke cloud, streaking but not lighting it; and these again were soon absorbed in one large fire, which, rushed, strong and fierce, from the crater's mouth, raging in wind bursts and wrathful gusts, coursing after the smoke, and making the heavens lurid with that strange fearful glare which the soul associates with fire and doom. The roar within deepened, and the fire grew fiercer every moment, the smoke blacker and thicker; and then there was a sound of a torrent bursting its bounds, as the rushing of a mighty wind; the sweeping of a tornado, and forth from the mountain's depths there gurged floods of flame and storms of fiery balls, which shot meteor-like into the air, and then fell and rolled around us with all the force of red-hot shot. Ever and anon there would be a lull, a smouldering; and then again the volcano would send up its eruptions of fire and smoke and ashes. Amid the grand and terrible feature of the scene was one which had much of beauty in its effects. Ever as the mountain worked, the lava stream swelled and glowed, rushing from its outlet, and running in burning rills down the mountain side. It has been often described as snake-like. No word images it so truly. Its glowing colors have the same brilliant beauty which attracts and repels, its motion is so gilding, and yet so swift; and there is a serpent fascination in it, too, which rivets the gaze, though the eyeballs grow hot, and the brain burns from contact with the molten hues. —*Blackwood.*

A happy comment on the annihilation of time and space by locomotive agency, is as follows:—A little child who rode fifty miles in a railroad train, then took a coach to her uncle's house, some five miles farther, was asked on her arrival, if she came by the cars. "We came a little ways in the cars, and then all the rest of the way in a carriage."

There is a sort of economy in the ways of Providence, that one shall excel where another is defective, in order to make them useful to each other, and mix them in society.

ARMENIAN PRIEST.

THE ARMENIANS:

THEIR RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

The Armenians were the first Christians who were subjugated by the Mussulmans, and as they were the earliest Christian subjects, they became, in their mutual relations, the model or measure for all succeeding conquests; for the Turks, profiting by their first experience, ever after practiced accordingly.

The conquerors, imbued with a spirit of Islamism, added to their barbarities a system of religious persecution. The cruelties which they committed on the inhabitants were horrible in the extreme.

At last these persecutions and cruelties ceased; for perceiving the advantages which they might derive from this hardy and industrious race, and finding them also strong and enthusiastic in their faith, the persecutors moderated their religious ardor, and adopting a more politic course, opened negotiations with the Armenians, and willingly compromised by making them tributaries, with the payment of *Kharadj*, or poll tax, as recommended by the Koran; and by kind promises for the future, their servitude was rendered more tolerable.

Besides, with the design of ruling them through religious prejudices, the Armenians were granted the privilege of being governed by one of their own priesthood, to whom they gave the title of *Patrik*, or Patriarch. The people being now deprived of all civil rights, regarded this Patriarch as the sole bond of national unity. The Turks, on their part, finding it an easy policy to govern the mass through one individual, allowed great privileges to this office, and the free exercise of the principles of their own religion in its administration. The power of the Patriarch was so unlimited, that he could even levy taxes, punish any person with the bastinado, imprison, or send into exile. National enthusiasm and the politic tolerance of their conquerors, in the course of time, led the Patriarchs into the abuse of their privileges. Cloaked though they were under the mantle of religion, their despotism was not always exempt from impunity. For the people, long accustomed to regard the church apart from temporal authorities, could not brook such conduct in their high priest, and therefore there has always been a strife between them and the priesthood.

The social institutions of the Armenians, like other Orientals, are very patriarchal, every man being a monarch in his own family, and the children are educated to observe the greatest deference and respect to their parents. No son or daughter ever dreams of contracting a marriage on their own responsibility, but the destined bride is selected by the mother and her friends, and is thankfully accepted by the happy son.

The betrothal having been arranged with all due ceremony, the wedding takes place at the appointed time. The marriage ceremonies are celebrated both at the house of the bride and of the bridegroom during three days.

The bride is conducted by the bridegroom and his friends to the house of her intended husband, and the ceremony is performed on Sunday at midnight.

The bride, muffled and tinselled, is conducted to a carpet in the middle of the saloon, where she is placed opposite to the chosen bridegroom.—Their right hands are joined by the officiating priest, and they are severally demanded whether they will "love, cherish, and honor each other."—The man is also asked, as he stands opposite to this mass of shawls and tinsel, "will you take this girl, whether she be lame, or deaf, or humped, or blind," to which he responds with due resignation, "even so I will take her." A silken cord, twisted of two colors, is now tied round the head of each, and after a long service, reading of prayers and chanting, the happy pair are pronounced man and wife! The bride, over whose varying emotions during the interesting ceremonies an impenetrable veil was suspended, is now led by two attendants to a corner of a sofa, where she is temporarily enthroned on a cushion.

The propitious moment has at last arrived, and the legalized husband may ascertain for himself the measure of charms to which he is allied.—While the agitated maiden sits, oppressed by shawls and tinsel, and internal anxiety as to the effect she may produce upon her future lord, he slowly approaches, pale and tottering—for he has sworn to have her, blind or hump-backed. With such alternatives, even a moderate share of good-looks, or the mere absence of actual deformity, would almost constitute beauty.

The attendants bridemaids exultingly, raise the veil, and the new husband ventures to take one look of love and admiration, in return for which he places a valuable ring on her finger, and slowly retreats to muse upon his fate, which is not often so deplorable, for the Armenian girls are generally pretty. At all events, he submits with the best grace, for, unlike his Mohammedal compatriots, he has no retrieve or door of escape, but must abide by his bargain "till death us do part." The veil is again dropped, and the bride left to her own meditations. She receives presents from all the guests, so that the tickets of admission are no trivial affairs to one's pockets.

The Sunday following, the bridegroom proceeds to his father-in-law's house, to acknowledge his gratitude for the possession of such a charming treasure, etc., all which is expressed by the ceremony of kissing the hands of the parents of the maiden, and this Sunday is called, par excellence, the "*Kissing Sunday.*"

ARMENIAN WEDDING

A MAN'S ANTECEDENTS.

What a man has done, or rather what he has left undone, or done badly, is too often the criterion by which his present claims to any position are judged. Of course a reference to the past is unavoidable, but too many neglect the wheat while seeking for the chaff, and do not see the gold for the dross with which it is covered. We do not believe that "queer" antecedents prevent the possibility of a brilliant future, and believe that more attention should be paid to a man's abilities, and what he can do with them than to the manner in which he may have perverted them years ago. It is never too late to retrieve in some measure the evil that may have been done, and turning a cold shoulder on the wrong doer is by no means the way to induce him to strive for atonement.

The world's history is full of instances where a proud position has been gained by some one who stood at one time a pariah in the world's gaze.—The wheel of fortune brings about strange things in its revolutions, and the outcast of to-day often proves the millionaire of to-morrow—and *vice versa*. Who that admires the energy and subtlety of Louis Napoleon ever thinks now of his antecedents? And in the less elevated grades of society, cases are brought under our notice daily where he whose past life has been questionable, taking one bold step up the ladder, reaches its topmost round, and those who once sneered at him are but too anxious to treat him with respect and fawning.

Children must do it themselves.—If I were to reduce to a single maxim the concentrated wisdom of the world, on the subject of practical education, I should enunciate a proposition, which I think will command your assent, but which, I fear, is not incorporated as it should be into the practice of schools and families. That principle is, that in educating the young, you serve them most effectually, not by what you do for them, but by *what you teach them to do for themselves.* This is the secret of all educational development.

We talk of self-education as if it were an anomaly. In one sense of the word, all education is obtained simply by the exertion of our own minds. And is this self-education? What does education mean? Not inducation.—*Bishop Potter.*

There is a vile audacity which knows fear only from a bodily cause; none from the awe of shame.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THIS WORLD IS NOT MY REST.

This world is not my rest—
I seek a fairer home,
Where anguish ne'er shall rend this breast,
Where blight may never come.
In such a home, so peaceful, fair—
I would my Savior's glory share.

Here all things pass away,
The friends so dearly loved
Are but *lent treasures of a day*,
Quickly, alas! removed.
Our fond hearts' purest, sweetest flowers
Are plucked for yon celestial bowers.

We ne'er may hope to find
Amid the toys of earth,
Aught that can fill the immortal mind—
The soul of heavenly birth.
Not richest gems of earthly mine,
Are worthy of the *spirit's shrine.*

I seek a home above;
I seek a treasure there;
Friendship that Death shall ne'er remove,
Flowers ever bright and fair.
For such a home of perfect bliss,
Fain would I leave a world like this.

Middleport, N. Y., 1857. EMMA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PRECIOUS PROMISES.

There is not a promise more true, or more encouraging to the christian, than that proclaimed by Paul to the church at Rome—"All things work together for good to them that love God." Not a single event, whether apparently propitious or adverse—no calamity, no sickness, no affliction, but shall work—and they shall all work together—for the good of that man or woman who loves God.

It is true that the afflictions and trials of the righteous are often many and grievous, while with the ungodly it is not so; they seem not in trouble like other men; but beneath the surface, beyond the reach of our vision, God assures us there is a secret history being written—angels are the historians, and in the archives of heaven are the histories. Both for a season may be tossed upon the billows of life's troubled ocean; but let each cast out his fathom-line, and the one shall soon make its sounding, while the other shall lengthen and lengthen and lengthen, finding no resting-place.

If prosperity were the test of God's love, and happiness in this world the only good, Paul's language would be inexplicable. Abraham, who is the type of every christian, being called, went out, not knowing whither he went, wandering in a strange country; but his faith taught him to look for "a city which hath foundation, whose builder and maker is God."

If God sometimes surrounds his child with darkness, it is not all dark about him. In, through the golden-fringed clouds, there comes a *gleam* of sunlight that sends more joy to the heart than *floods* of sunshine, for it is the Shekinah of God's presence, and the token of his unforgetful love.—Though sometimes he may be led to say "*all these things are against me*—there is no sorrow like unto my sorrow," God may take away his little "Agnes," whose baby-life had interwoven itself into the very fibres of his own being—in an hour his heart and home may be made desolate; yet when the night of sorrow has passed away, and the bitterness of grief subsided, he shall bless God for the golden chain that binds his soul to heaven. Adversity, like a strong man armed, may to-day strip him of his earthly all; yet he will say, "the Lord lent it to me for a while, and now he has taken it to lend to another." Sickness may overtake him on his journey toward the Celestial City, his eye become dimmed, his form bent, and his once stalwart frame tremble for very feebleness; yet the patient sufferer shall look up in the face of His Father and exclaim, "all things shall work together for good to them that love God." Paul closes up this whole matter, when exultingly he exclaims, "but we glory in tribulations also," knowing that "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, which is given unto us."

Rochester, Aug., 1857. S. A. E.

Old Psalm Tunes.—There is to us more of touching pathos, heart thrilling expression, in some of the old psalm tunes, feelingly displayed, than in a whole batch of modernism. The strains go home, and "the great deep is broken up;" the great deep of unfathomable feeling, that lies far below the surface of the world-hardened heart; and as the unwonted, yet unchecked tear starts in the eye, the softened spirit yields to their influence and shakes off the load of earthly care, rising purified and spiritualized into a clearer atmosphere. Strange, inexplicable associates, brood over the mind, "like the far off dreams of Paradise," mingling their chaste melancholy with a musing of a still subdued though more cheerful character. How many glad hearts, in the olden time, have rejoiced in these songs of praise—how many sorrowful ones sighed out their complaints in those plaintive notes, that now, cold in death are laid to rest around that sacred church within whose walls they had so often swelled with emotion.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Never Jest with Scripture.—It is of great importance that we should resist the temptation, frequently so strong, of annexing a familiar, facetious, or irreverent idea to a Scriptural expression, a Scripture text, or a Scripture name. Nor should we hold ourselves guiltless, though we may have been misled by mere negligence, or want of reflection. Every person of good taste will avoid reading a parody, or a travestie of a beautiful poem, because the recollection of the degraded likeness will always obtrude itself upon our memories when we wish to derive pleasure from the contemplation of the elegance of the original.—But how much more urgent is the duty by which we are bound to keep the pages of the Bible clear of any impression tending to diminish the blessings of habitual respect and reverence towards our Maker's law.—*Pulgrave.*

The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year,	$2
Three Copies, "	$5
Five Copies, "	$8
Six Copies, and one free to agent,	$10
Ten Copies, and one free to agent,	$15

Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

List of New Advertisements this week.

Nurseries—T. C. Maxwell & Brothers.
Fruit Trees and Fruit—T. G. Yeomans.
Cross-Cut Drag and Circular Saw Mills—E. D. Hallock.
Short-Horns—J. R. Page.
Fruit Trees for Sale—H. M. Ranney.
Ohio Life and Trust Co. Checks—C. J. Eldridge.
Twenty-five Cents—M. M. Sanborn.
Leicester Sheep for Sale—Ezra Ringer.
Important to Merchants and Farmers—E. Nash.
Plum Seedlings—G. Clark.

OUR ADVERTISING FRIENDS will please note that, although the RURAL has largely increased in circulation during the past year, its advertising rates remain unchanged. Thus, while it is decidedly THE BEST medium of Agricultural and Horticultural Advertising in the Union, it is also one of the CHEAPEST. Our terms will remain the same as at present until the close of the present year and volume, when they will probably be materially increased, to correspond with our greatly augmented circulation.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 12, 1857.

Correspondence of the Rural.

Life in New York—Hotels—Fifth Avenue Palaces—"Fashionable" Churches—Rev. Dr. Church and the N. Y. Chronicle—Agricultural Book Publishing—Panic in Wall St., etc., etc.

NEW YORK, Sept. 7, 1857.

RURAL FRIENDS:—After a ten days sojourn amid the almost continuous din, noise and confusion of the great Metropolis—the most extensive hive of Humanity on this Continent, whereat congregate a vast number and variety of workers and drones, including people of all classes, callings and nations—we occupy a few moments in noting sundry matters that have come under the observation of a provincialist, and which may, and may not, redound to your interest or edification.

To the eye of the stranger and occasional visitor, New York is at any season, an interminable Babel of wonders and curiosities—presenting at once, and at every turn, so many and varied phases in the great panorama of life as to temporarily at least confuse and astonish those who are unaccustomed to the sights and scenes of its principal points and thoroughfares. We have visited Gotham at various seasons—Spring, Summer and late Fall—but never when it was so full of life and activity, and so overflowing with the tide of humanity, as at present. The hegira of the fashionables from the popular watering places, and comfortable summer resorts in the "Rural Districts," together with the September visitation of merchants from all parts of the Union, is congregating a vast multitude of semi-citizens and strangers. The principal hotels, especially those on Broadway, are, in vulgar parlance, crowded from "mud-sill to ridge pole"—insomuch that each presents the appearance of a swarming hive, and at several, such as the Astor and St. Nicholas, many daily applicants are unable to obtain rooms.

These New York hotels, by the way, are great "institutions," as we can affirm from experience—and though not now a very elevated guest, being fortunately domiciled on the third floor, and within sight of terra-firma (when our "specs" are in order) we do *not* envy the "higher classes," who are obliged to climb to the fourth, fifth and sixth stories, and perhaps further skyward. Indeed, compared with such pedal wearying flights as some of our fellow guests make, the balloon ascension in Rochester last week, and the *anticipated* altitude of the Sorghum plant this year, are trifles! The great features of these hotels, however, does not consist so much in their height or depth, extent or magnificence, as in their capacity to accommodate with order and promptness such a multitude of guests. For example, the number now stopping at the Astor is nearly or quite five hundred, and yet none are neglected, or need go away hungry. An examination of the kitchen, or cooking department, of this establishment, has interested and instructed us much, and yet not materially injured our appetite!

As our present visit is not one of a business character,—except to consult the best practitioners in a certain branch of the healing art, for the benefit of our invalid yet still "better half"—we have seen less of the busy and business world than during former sojournings in the Metropolis. In our perambulations, however, we have observed more of up-town and suburban life than ever before. For the first time we have beheld the gorgeous palatial residences of the Fifth Avenue, and other fashionable "up-town" avenues, streets and places, and obtained more than an inkling of their cost and magnificence—and no longer wonder at the recent panic in Wall street. The simple truth is that "Young America" and "aveneodledom"—not only in New York, but many other cities—are *living too fast*. With so many artizans who have "nothing to do," (or are *doing nothing.*) and a vast deal too much to wear, eat and drink—and all of the most *recherche* character—it is not surprising that failures and panics occur in New York and elsewhere.

In attending the funeral of the Rev. Dr. GRISWOLD, on Sunday week, and other places of religious worship yesterday, we were surprised at the meagre congregations. Our first impression was that the people did not appreciate the Gospel because it was *free* (as we have been taught to believe from childhood.) But on reflection we have concluded that "the preaching of the word" is much more expensive to listeners, at least in many of the costly and so-called "fashionable" churches, than attendance at the popular places of amusement—such as the opera, theatre, museum, &c.—Indeed, it is averred that "stated preaching" cannot be afforded at such institutions—we dare not call them "*savings* institutions"—by people of moderate means and in ordinary circumstances.—Reasons—the price of pew-rent and the necessity of an extensive and fashionable wardrobe.

Last evening we had the pleasure of hearing a discourse by the Rev. Dr. CHURCH, for many years located in Rochester, subsequently pastor of the Bowdoin Square Church, Boston, and now editor of that able religious and family newspaper, the *New York Chronicle*. We are confident that many of our readers in Western New York and elsewhere, will be glad to learn, as we have been, of the welfare of Dr. CHURCH and his family.

As already intimated we have made but few calls upon business men or brethren of the profession. Among the few, however, we may note that we found our friends C. M. SAXTON & Co., Agricultural Book Publishers, courteous and obliging, and prospering in business. Mr. SAXTON has recently retired from the firm—his former partner, Mr. A. O. MOORE (a very enterprising and progressive gentleman, and hence worthy the name!) assuming the proprietorship and management of the entire establishment. Mr. MOORE is, we think, peculiarly qualified for the important and increasing business of the firm, and will undoubtedly continue and extend it in such manner as shall prove beneficial to the Rural Public. And while laboring in so good a cause, we trust his enterprise will be properly appreciated and adequately rewarded.

Of the news on 'Change, the panic in Wall street, and various and sundry matters and events, the occupants of the RURAL sanctum are daily advised by the press and telegraph, and will present you, kind reader, a better summary than one who has already exhausted your patience, and perhaps induced a more refreshing slumber than is often obtainable in this noisy town by M.

Affairs at Washington.

THE Attorney General has decided adversely to the extraordinary claims of Haywood, the late Marshal of Utah, more than $20,000 of which were for conveying the Judges to and from the places of holding the courts. The expenses for numerous guards, horses, wagons and provisions were not those of the officers. The Attorney General states that the expenses of a judge on his way to the court are his own.

The army order apparently reduces the Utah expedition to a trivial escort for Governor Cumming. The total abandonment of the expedition in consequence of the lateness of the season, is yet probable.

The Spanish Legation possesses information that there is no danger of a war with Mexico, but that a diplomatic rupture is not impossible.

The Navy Department has received dispatches from Capt. Thatcher, who visited the Costa Rican Capital and had an interview with Gen. Mora, relative to the alleged forcible detention of certain American citizens on the Lake of Nicaragua and San Juan steamers by the Costa Rican authorities. Gen. Mora denied any such detention, and said that the engineers and hands employed the Doctor occupied on said steamers, and he or his subordinates were paid by Costa Rica, and none were forced to remain. The contracts were made of their own free will, and not more than half a dozen American citizens in Nicaragua but chose to remain.

The Government have received dispatches from William Cary Jones, that Capt. Goldsborough had been relieved on the 3d. Capt. Pierson was appointed to fill his place.

The articles of the treaty between the United States and New Granada are agreed upon, and will be soon transmitted to that government for its official action.

The Boards of Naval Inquiry have reported upon from fifty to sixty cases. The President intimates that the Secretary of the Navy will render a final decision upon these cases during the coming week.

A TALENTED CONGRESS.—A correspondent of the Lowell Journal says, in looking over a list of the members of the Twenty-third Congress, which commenced December 2d, 1853, and closed March 2d, 1855, he was somewhat surprised at the number of members who filled high positions under Government. Six members of that Congress—J. Q. Adams, (previous,) Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan—have occupied the Presidental chair. Five members—Messrs. Calhoun, Johnson, Tyler, Fillmore and King, have been Vice Presidents; and Henry Clay, John Forsyth, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, James Buchanan, John M. Clayton and Edward Everett—have filled the office of Secretary of State. Thirty-two members have been Governors of States, and twenty-three members of the House have since served in the Senate.

POLITICAL.—The "Republicans" of Wisconsin met in Convention at Madison on the 5th inst., and nominated A. W. Randall for Governor, and Carlos Shears for Lieut. Governor.

A Boston correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post, mentions the following names in connection with the seat on the U. S. Supreme Bench made vacant by the resignation of Judge Curtis:—Secretary Toucey, Nathan Clifford and Caleb Cushing.

Sixty-seven towns of Vermont have elected 56 Republican Representatives and 11 Democrats.—The vote for Governor in 70 towns, stands Fletcher, Rep., 11,280; Keys, Dem., 5,653.

FROM CENTRAL AMERICA.—By the arrival at New Orleans of the schooner Niconar, we have late and important advices from Yucatan. A revolution had broken out, and nearly the whole State was in arms. The revolutionists were composed of the radical party, and were everywhere successful. When the Niconar left, the Governor was marching against Campeachy with 1,500 men.

SWEET NEWS.—We find the following in the Boston Post:—There is a good time coming. A lot of molasses changed hands, on the 2d inst., at forty-three cents a gallon, for which, a short time ago, seventy-two cents was refused!

Items of News.

THE fleet for submerging the ocean telegraph left Europe on the 365th anniversary of Columbus' first sailing on a voyage of discovery.

THE New York Central Park Commissioners offer $4,250 for four plans for laying out the Central Park, as follows:—For the best plan, $2,000; for the second best, $1,000; for the third best, $750; for fourth best, $500.

THERE was recently at Birkenhead, Eng., a trim craft, which was built, is commanded, and crewed all by one family; and, moreover, sea service has been rendered by the wife of the master and mother of the crew.

WEST POINT is now the head-quarters of the army, they having been removed from New York about a month since. Gen. Scott has his office in the Academic building, where he transacts all necessary business.

IT is stated, in the letters from England, that the immediate cause of the breaking of the telegraphic cable was that the brakeman did not make allowance for the fact that the stern of the Niagara was in the trough of the sea when he applied the brakes, and as she rose it snapped the cable.

CAPT. HUDSON, of the Niagara, in his official report of the breaking of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, states that he has every reason to believe that, under ordinary circumstances of weather, and with machinery adapted to the purpose, the cable may be laid in safety on the track marked out for it.

THE yellow fever is said to be prevailing very seriously in Havana. Some three hundred of the officers and crew of the Spanish line-of-battle ship Isabel Segunda are understood to have fallen victims to it. Nevertheless the Spanish Government is at this season sending out more soldiers there, as if to be victims to the pestilence. The Mexican Consul died on the 14th ult., of yellow fever.

IN an opinion published in the Monthly Law Reporter for August, contained in a letter from Caleb Cushing, Attorney General, to Mr. McClelland, late Secretary of the Interior, it is held that when a river is the boundary between two nations, its natural channel continues to be the boundary, notwithstanding any change of its course by gradual accretion or decretion of either bank; but if the course be changed abruptly into a new bed, by irruption or avulsion, then the deserted river bed becomes the boundary.

DR. GILL was pastor of the Baptist Church, in Charter Lane, London, for fifty-four years, and was succeeded by Dr. Rippon, who filled the office sixty-three years. That church, therefore, had but two pastors in one hundred and seventeen years.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing of the various tortures inflicted on ladies and gentlemen by the mutineers and the low Mohammedans of India, says that they slit the skin around the throats of their victims, and pulled off mask, scalp and all.

THERE are employed in Philadelphia, portable steam engines, to hoist brick and mortar in the erection of buildings. Three men are employed to each machine, and the labor of six men saved.

THE venerable Rembrandt Peale, of Philadelphia—now in his eightieth year—is sojourning near Boston. This distinguished artist is the only painter now living to whom Washington sat for his portrait.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE IN TEXAS.—The Galveston *Civilian* states that Dr. ROYAL, of that paper, during his recent tour in Western Texas, had good opportunities for observing the result of the experiments now making in the cultivation of the Chinese Sugar Cane in that region, and remarks:—"That, from the recent experiments made in the sugar region of this State, it is evident that it will never supersede the ordinary cane for the manufacture of sugar; but, in the more northern portions of the country, where cane will not grow, sugar enough for domestic consumption may be made from the Chinese cane, as it will mature in less than three months. The stalk is as sweet as that of ordinary cane, but not so large or juicy.—It rattoons or suckers as well or better; will stand drouth or frost; and will yield two crops the same season. As food for all kinds of stock is surpasses in quantity and quality any grain now in cultivation, and should, hereafter, constitute a portion of the crop of every farmer in Texas."

ASSESSMENT OF ST. LOUIS—INFLUX OF LABOR AND CAPITAL.—The total value of real and personal property of the city, as shown by the recent assessment under the direction of Mr. Urban, chief of the assessor's bureau, is $73,662,043 94. The total valuation of real and personal property for 1856 was $59,509,285 65, showing an increase of over twenty-five per cent. in favor of the present year. The great influx of labor and capital into the city has constituted a large part of this increase; and has contributed also in no slight measure to affect the additional valuation which is thus seen in so short a space of time to have attached to the real estate of St. Louis.

THE INDIAN TRIBES OF TEXAS.—The Indian tribes of Texas are passing into rapid decay. In 1853, the whole number of Indians was estimated at 20,000. In 1856, the number from official accounts did not exceed 12,000. Some 1,500 Indians till the land of the reservation on the clear fork of the Brazos, and make good crops: 3,000 semi-civilized Creeks, Delawares and Cherokees are in Eastern Texas; in the North, 1,000 Washitas and Wacos. There are 3,000 Camanches, 1,000 Lipans, and 4,000 of all other stragglers.

STEAM WAGON.—In the course of the present week it is expected that the steam wagon in course of construction at Sacramento City will be ready for the trial trip. As we have already stated, a joint stock company has been organized for the construction of several of these wagons, to be placed on different routes in various parts of the State. Every one who has seen the operations of the model steam wagon must have been convinced of its utility.—*San Francisco Globe, July 20.*

TROOPS FOR KANSAS.—Additional troops have been ordered to Kansas, to replace those despatched to Utah. It is probable that additional troops will be ordered from Florida. Col. Sumner's command, now returning from the expedition against the Cheyenne Indians, is also ordered to Kansas.

Letter from a Kansas Farmer.

CAYUGA, Atchison Co., K. T., Aug. 7, 1857.

EDS. RURAL:—Having seen little Kansas correspondence in the RURAL, and thinking a few lines from a Kansas farmer might not be unacceptable, I have taken the liberty to write to you.

First, to satisfy the curiosity of those who wish to know how there came to be a *Cayuga* in Kansas, I will say, that during last winter a company was formed in Auburn, N. Y., principally among residents of Cayuga Co. for the purpose of emigrating to Kansas. On their arrival they formed a settlement in the western part of Atchison Co., laid out a town, and in remembrance of their late home, called it Cayuga. This place is on the Ft. Leavenworth and Salt Lake military road, about thirty-seven miles from the former place, and twenty miles from Atchison, on the Missouri river. At the time we came here, the middle of April, not a claim had been taken on this prairie, nor, indeed, ten miles east of here. Now none can be had within two miles of the military road—although this part of the Terrritory is settling very slowly when compared with that south of the Kansas river.

Much the larger portion of the emigration to Kansas, during the present year has been by the Missouri river, and, as Lawrence became so noted last year, every person must, of course, visit that place. Here the superiority of Southern Kansas over every other portion was so strongly set forth as to turn the tide in that direction, while at Leavenworth people were advised to settle west of that place, on the Delaware Trust Lands, so that Northern Kansas has had but a small share of the emigration. I have been in the Neosho country, which is so highly extolled, and in a good share of the settled portion north of the Kansas river, and I know of no advantage which the former possesses over the latter, except it may be a milder climate, which is doubtful,—while in Northern Kansas, claims can be had much nearer the Missouri river, which is of considerable importance, as all supplies have to be got there.

I am pleased to see so many young men coming here. The "Great West" is the country for young men to make fortunes, but they should not expect to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of home, for a few years to come. Before I came west, I thought that farmers' sons would be the best to endure the privations of a new country, but in this I was disappointed. A leading Free State man of Leavenworth said that he regarded one Free State man from Missouri as good as a half dozen Eastern settlers, as the former were willing to "rough it." I think too highly of "Yorkers" to endorse that sentiment, yet believe mechanics make better settlers than do farmers. Why is this? Is it because farmers have been accustomed to living on the "fat of the land?" E. M.

Provincial Items.

THE Suspension Bridge spanning Burlington Heights in Canada, at the entrance of the Desjardines Canal, was blown down by a hurricane on the 28th ult.

UP to the 21st of August, 27,571 emigrants have arrived at Quebec this season, showing an increase of 8,899 are compared with the emigration for the same period last year.

IT is rumored, says the Montreal Argus, that the Governor General is about to return in the next Canadian steamer, and Sir William Eyre is to be recalled for the purpose of taking command in India.

A LONDON correspondent of the Colonist states that Her Majesty's Ministers are heartily sick of the task of nominating the Seat of Government for Canada; and it seems not at all improbable that (says the Colonist) they may after all recommend the continuance of the alternate system for some years to come.

THE Managing Directors of the Great Western Railway has given notice that all stock and implements intended for exhibition at the Provincial Fair, Brantford, will be carried at half price; for passengers a reduction of 25 per cent. from the ordinary fare will be allowed.

THE Montreal Pilot understands that the 39th Regiment has received orders to hold itself in readiness to embark for India at a moment's notice. Definite instructions are expected to be received by the next steamer.

THE Halifax correspondent of the New York Times says that orders came out from England by the last steamer, to fill up the ranks of the two regiments (62d and 63d,) stationed at Halifax, to 1,100 men each, and both, with two other regiments, one from New Brunswick, and another from Canada, are under orders for service in India.

THE troubles in India are already producing visible effects in Canada—in language at least.—Nay, more, the Fifth Royal Regiment, now in Kingston barracks, having heard that India is their destination, are much dissatisfied; several have gone over to the land of democrats, and on the 30th ult., the whole garrison guard deserted, sergeant, men, arms and ammunitions.

AMERICAN PORCELAIN.—The editor of the Boston Traveler has seen a very elegant pitcher, designed for presentation to the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy. It bears the inscription on one side, "Massachusetts College of Pharmacy." On the other, "Presented by Sorrino P. Peck, Bennington, Vt." It is a fine specimen of the products of that town, being the handiwork entirely of its own mechanics. It is made of American porcelain. The kaolin is from South Carolina, the quartz from Massachusetts, the spar from New Hampshire, the gold from California, and the workmanship from Vermont. The manufacturer is getting up a set of wedgewood mortars for the College, as samples. The wedgewood and porcelain from his establishment are considered superior to any imported.

AMERICAN MARKS IN BIRMINGHAM.—An American ax company has instituted proceedings against thirty-six merchants and manufacturers for using their mark on the axes and other edged tools sold in England. The parties proceeded against do not deny the existence of the practice for the last fourteen years, and plead its notoriety for so long a period as a justification.

News Clippings.

— Hay is selling at $50 per ton in Mariposa, Cal.

— Lowell, Mass., is flooded with counterfeit bank bills.

— Twelve hundred visitors left Saratoga on the 31st ult.

— Rumor announces the abdication of the Emperor of China.

— The cattle thieves in Michigan, are getting pretty troublesome.

— Nine soldiers of the 8th Regiment at Kingston, deserted last week.

— New York State contains 95,182 widows and only 36,397 widowers.

— Commodore Stephen Cassin died at Georgetown, D. C., on the 29th ult.

— Eight of the Boston churches are without pastors at the present time.

— There are 86 towns in Mass., that have decreased in population since 1850.

— Nearly one half the deaths in Boston last week were from bowel complaint.

— Silver is reported to have been discovered in very rich mines in Cass Co., Texas.

— The annual consumption of meat in Paris is a hundred and sixty million pounds.

— The Rome N. Y. Sentinel says there was a slight frost in that village on the 25th ult.

— Upwards of 600,000 bushels of wheat were received at Augusta, Geo., during August.

— One firm in New York will sell this summer $80,000 to $100,000 worth of blackberries.

— John Leach, the caricaturist of the London Punch, is about to visit the United States.

— A steam hod carrier has been invented and is in constant employment in Philadelphia.

— Hon. Titus Hutchinson, formerly Chief Justice of Vt., died at Woodstock on the 24th ult.

— The great trotting mare, Flora Temple, has been sold in New York for $3,000. Doubtful.

— Every paper in the west announces daily an increasing receipts of grain at shipping points.

— By a recent unofficial census, the present population of New York is estimated at 765,000.

— The amount of gold drawn to Buffalo by the bank run on the 31st ult., is stated at $150,000.

— A National Woman's Rights Convention is proposed to be held in October next, at Syracuse.

— The liabilities of the Ohio Life and Trust Company are estimated at something over $6,000,000.

— The number of printing offices in Switzerland is 156, or one to every 16,000 of the population.

— The Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway is expected to be finished to Goderich, in January next.

— Post-Master General Brown and his family are all confined to their house by intermittent fever.

— The Saratoga News, of the 26th ult., foots up the arrivals at the Hotels, for 74 days, at 17,138.

— Copper has been found in quite large lumps, on the line of the Manitowoc and Mississippi R. R.

— The total value of taxable property in Cincinnati, as assessed for the present year, is $31,303,397.

— On the 1st inst., in Savannah, Ga., the stock of cotton was 1,500 bales against the same amount last year.

— The Baltimore Patriot says that this is perhaps the most prolific fruit season ever known in that region.

— During the months of July and August, 7,142 arrests were made by the Metropolitan police of New York.

— In Louisiana there are continued rains, and fears of serious injuries to the cotton crops were entertained.

— The Saco (Me.) Democrat learns that the potato crop in that vicinity is suffering considerably from disease.

— The Montreal Transcript says all the troops in that province are soon to be withdrawn for service in India.

— Wm. S. Martin, of Baton, has invented and engine which can be constructed, boiler and all, for about $50.

— The next meeting of the Southern Commercial Convention will be held in Montgomery, Ala., in May, 1858.

— The Lynchburg Virginian breaks ground in favor of a new convention to revise the constitution of that State.

— Among the importations at Boston, last week, from England, was a quantity of human hair, valued at $2,664.

— Within the past 3 months 8,600,000 new cents have been issued from the Mint at Philadelphia, weighing 43 tuns.

— We learn from Washington that ten companies of soldiers have been sent to Kansas to replace those ordered to Utah.

— There was a mass celebration in New Orleans, on the 1st inst., in commemoration of the landing of Lopez in Cuba.

— The Boston Bee says there are 125 eating houses in that city, and the money taken by them amounts to $6,000 per day.

— There were brought over the Jersey City ferry alone, in a single day, 90,000 baskets of strawberries, during the late season.

— St. Paul, with a population of 12,000 souls, has not a single fire engine, a foot of hose, a fire bucket, nor a public well or cistern.

— A new issue of three cent pieces has just been made. The metal is said to be improved so as to contain less corrosive properties.

— The number of emigrants arrived at New York during the year, up to the 26th ult., is 122,288 an increase of 34,803 over last year.

— The N. Y. Churchman publishes a list of churches closed for the summer in that city under the heading, "Religion Recreating."

— Since the commencement of the present year the receipts of lumber at Toronto by the Northern Railroad, have been 22,380,000 feet.

— A yoke of oxen are on exhibition in Boston, weighing over 6,000 pounds, and supposed to be the largest matched oxen in the country.

— The police force of N. Y. city numbers in all 851 men and officers, and it is stated that some 300 or 400 men more will shortly be added.

— The Government camels, now at work in Texas, carry 600 pounds at a load, and travel three and a half miles an hour without difficulty.

— A severe drouth prevails in Henry Co., Iowa, no rain, with the exception of two slight showers, having fallen since the 20th of March.

— The bank circulation of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, among six millions of people, is less than that of the State of New York alone.

— The villages of Seneca Falls and Waterloo are now lighted with gas from the same works, by means of pipes connecting the two places.

— A private letter from New Orleans states that up to the 13th of August, it had rained every day for thirty-eight days, and was still raining.

— Handbills are being circulated in Upper Georgia and Tennessee for Nicaraguan troops, who are promised $25 per month and 250 acres of land.

— Connected with the panic in the money market, is the important decline which has taken place in the sugar, 15 to 20 per cent. on most brands.

— The tobacco crop in the Connecticut valley looks uncommonly fair and promising this year. The surface set this year is larger than ever before.

— All the Cotton Mills in Peterboro', N. H., except the Union, have stopped, and the mills in Mason and New Ipswich, N. H., will propably be closed.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Vanderbilt and Asia.

THE steamship Vanderbilt arrived at New York on the 2d, and the Asia at same port on the 3d instant.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The steamship Great Britain, from Australia, with £400,000 in gold, was off Liverpool when the Asia left.

The Commons had passed the bill authorizing the embodiment of the militia. Lord Palmerston stated that the French Government had made no request for the expulsion of refugees; and even if they had, the British Government had no power to accede to it.

It was generally supposed that Parliament would be prorogued about the 25th.

England, it is said, is about to enlist a foreign legion for India, and the Island of Heligoland is to be used as the recruiting station.

The U. S. steam frigate Niagara was at Plymouth.

Mr. Ten Broeck ran his horse Belle for the Rawcliffe produce stables, at the York meeting, and she came in fourth.

The bullion in the Bank of England had decreased £24,000.

No decision had been come to at the departure of the Vanderbilt concerning the Atlantic cable. The directors sit in permanence, and the commanders of all the ships will consult with them.—The official report of the engineer is published, and expresses greater confidence than ever as to the final result.

FRANCE.—A broker of the Paris Bourse had been sentenced to fine and imprisonment for asserting that the conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor was a plot got up to influence the election.

RUSSIA.—The Russians were stated to have been defeated on the banks of the Mubal. They lost 6 guns and 64 pack horses.

It is said that Schamyl, with 25,000 Circassians, had also defeated the Russian army, which attempted to dislodge him from the banks of a river commanding some passes. After a battle, which lasted ten hours, the Russians were driven across the river. Several fortified places built by the Russians at great cost, for the maintenance of their communication, fell into Schamyl's hands.

It is said that Russia has just given orders in France and England for nine line-of-battle-ships, four frigates, two corvettes, two galliots, and four transports—all screw steamers.

TURKEY.—A telegraph message from Constantinople announces that the Sultan has communicated to those European Ambassadors who had suspended relations with the Porte, that he is occupied with the formation of his new ministry, and that until the Cabinet should be constructed, diplomatic intercourse would not be resumed.

INDIA.—The Nubia arrived at Suez on the 14th ult. She brings dates from Calcutta to the 21st of July, Madras, 25th July, Galle, 28th July, Aden, 8th August. The telegraph message from Suez is meagre and confused. It is stated that Delhi is not taken, but the date is not given. Gen. Barnard is reported to have died.

The news given in the Bombay Times, of July 15, by last mail, respecting the taking of the Oamnepose by the rebels, and the massacre of the Europeans there is confirmed.

The Suez message says:—Simooms Himalaya arrived at Calcutta with about 1,500 Chinese forces, to proceed at once up the country. Only 300 more troops were expected of Gen. Henbelerek's forces.

Rebels beaten on three occasions, and several guns taken between Okahabad and Cawnore, the latter re-taken from Nanashibb. Havoleck is following up the Blittee about ten miles.

Sir Henry Laurence died of wounds received in a sortie from Tucknow, where at present all is well.

All the troops in Oude have mutinied. Agra all quiet. Native troops disarmed.

The European and Indian Junction Telegraph Line is about to be carried on from Bagdad northward.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—The Brokers' circular says wheat has met with a dull sale. Prime qualities of which must be noted 1@3d per 76lbs. dearer; inferior sorts without change. Flour is 6d per barrel dearer; Indian corn slow and rather easier.

Richarson, Spence & Co., quote wheat steady and unchanged, without much business. Flour is sparingly dull. Useful sorts of barrels and sacks could not be sold without submitting to a reduction of 6d@1s and the the sales are very limited. Indian corn dull and a decline of 6d for mixed. Other sorts supported at nearly former rates.

Arrival of the Arago.

THE U. S. mail steamship Arago, Capt. Lynds, from Havre and Southampton the 26th ult., arrived at Cape Race on the 3d inst.

The advices, which are four days later than those by the Vanderbilt and Asia, at New York, were obtained by a fishing smack, and brought to port. Commercially they are of considerable importance, but in a political point of view, they are of little interest. This is the first successful attempt to obtain news from Europe by the steamers passing Cape Race, which in itself is a highly important achievement, demonstrating, as it does, the practicability of obtaining news, were a steamer employed, in about 7 or 8 days from Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Parliament had been prorogued.

Spollen, who was acquitted of the murder of Mr. Little, of Dublin, had been re-arrested for his robbery, and will soon be tried therefor.

It was reported that Lord John Russell was about to be elevated to the Peerage.

The news from Algeria is favorable to the French.

Rumors had gone forth that the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph, intend to repeat the trial in October, but they are believed to be wholly unauthorized.

The cable is wanted to be laid down at once in the Red Sea of Persian Gulf, so as to get the line to India open at the earliest possible moment.

The recent wool sales in London, established higher rates than has been known for years.

C. L. Lanson, C. D. Carr and C. W. Field had an interview with Sir Chas. Wood, First Lord of the Admiralty, on the 21st, to know whether the Directors would accept the offer made them for the whole of the cable, if the British Government would assist them with the vessels, &c., next summer. Sir Chas. Wood promptly answered in the affirmative.

The Globe says but 14 battalions are detained in Great Britain instead of 41, as usual.

ITALY.—The differences between the cabinets of Turin and Naples are unsettled, and matters look decidedly unfavorable in that quarter.

RUSSIA.—The cholera was abating at St. Petersburg.

TURKEY.—The harvest in Turkey had turned out highly successful.

The Porte has announced a willingness to resume negotiations on the basis of the arrangements made at Osburn. The Sultan also consented to a new election in Waldavia.

PERSIA.—The Shah of Persia was increasing his army.

SPAIN.—The nomination of General Linsaudy as Captain General of Cuba was expected in the Gazette towards the middle of September.

MINNESOTA GRASSHOPPERS.—These pests which threatened to devastate part of Minnesota a short time ago, have left for a more southern region.—After casting their pupa skin, and obtaining wings, they removed in a body.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Illinois.

THE steamship Illinois, with the California mails of the 5th of August, and nearly $1,600,000 in specie, arrived at New York on the 3d inst.

There is little news of interest from California in addition to that received from New Orleans.—Political affairs were the chief topic.

The weather had been good, and the news from the crops excellent.

The towns of St. Louis and Michigan Cliffs had been destroyed by fire.

The mining intelligence was favorable.

The Americans had nominated a ticket for State officers.

The frigate Wabash was at Aspinwall. The sloop of-war Saratoga had gone to San Juan.

In the department of Lapaz, Bolivia, 15,000 Indians had died from fever, in Cocoroco 3,000, and other provinces in proportion.

The Peruvian revolution does not appear near an end. Vivanco was at Sarapiqui, with 1,000 to 1,500 men. The President, it was rumored, would attack him.

Mutinies have occurred at Callao on board several American ships. They were suppressed by the British frigate Monarch.

Important from Kansas.

FROM the Quindaro *Chindowan*, of August 29th, we learn that on Wednesday, the 26th ultimo, there was a Mass and also a Delegate Convention at Grasshopper Falls, to decide upon going into the October election. At the Mass Convention there were between four and five hundred men present, and this number was composed of persons from every section of Kansas—the North, the South, the East, and the West.

The Mass Convention was organized by choosing Judge G. W. Smith, Chairman; Dr. Davis and Rev. D. Foster, Vice Presidents; R. G. Elliott, Dr. Kob, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Ross, Topeka, Secretaries.

A Committee on Business, consisting of five persons from South of the Maria de Cygnes river, ten between the Maria de Cygnes and Kaw river, and ten from North of the Kaw river, was appointed, of which Gen. J. H. Lane was made chairman.

A committee was appointed to prepare an address to the people of the country.

After considerable discussion, in which Gov. Robinson, Gen. Lane, and Judge Smith advocated the policy of voting at the October election, altho' it was appointed under the bogus laws, and James Redpath, Judge Conway, Wm. Phillips, and Rev. Daniel Foster, opposed it was resolved that they participate in the election.

The Convention recommended to the citizens of each voting precinct in the Territory, that they choose a committee of three responsible men, who shall record all votes offered, and if any are refused, the reasons for such a refusal; and that the citizens be present in sufficient numbers to protect the committees.

The delegates, one hundred and sixty-three in number, afterwards nominated M. J. Parrott, for Congress.

Financial News.

DOUBTFUL AND BROKEN BANKS.—From the bulletin issued by our banking houses, we learn that the following institutions are in bad repute:

Bank of Hallowell, Me.; Exeter Bank, N. H.; So. Royalton Bank, Vt.; R. I. Central Bank, R. I.; Farmers' Bank, R. I.; Mount Vernon Bank, R. I.; Tiverton Bank, R. I.; Wooster Bank, Conn.; Commercial Bank, Perth Amboy, N. J.; State Bank, Sacketts Harbor, N. Y.; Sacketts Harbor Bank Buffalo, N. Y.; Hollister Bank, Buffalo, N. Y.; Oliver Lee & Co's Bank, Buffalo, N. Y.; Niagara River Bank, Tonawanda, N. Y.; Danby Bank, Vt.; Bergen Co. Bank, N. Y.

THE loss of the Ontario Bank, at Utica, by the late defalcation of the officers, and misappropriation of its funds, is ascertained to be at least $200,000.

THE bankers of Chicago have been deeply "stuck" with a new counterfeit on the Lumberman's Bank, Wisconsin, of the denomination of $10. It is exceedingly well executed, and has defied the best judges in the principal banks of Chicago. Indeed, so well is it executed, that after it was suspected and subjected to the examination of a microscope, no difference could be detected. There is, however, more than one-eighth of an inch difference in the length, the genuine being the shortest. The best way is to refuse all $10 notes of this bank.

THE Cincinnati *Gazette* says:—"Great confidence is manifested in the banks of Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana. The Ohio Banks continue to strengthen themselves. Their customers, for whom they discounted bills against shipments of produce, are paying promptly, and every day adds largely to their available means. Of the Kentucky Banks it is hardly necessary to speak. These institutions have been so well managed, that they may be said to be impregnable."

INDIAN TROUBLES IN TEXAS, &c.—The Southern mail has been received. The Texan papers abound with statements of Indian outrages. The Indians appeared in the vicinity of San Antonio, and Capt. Whitney, of the 2d Cavalry, who went in pursuit, recaptured all the horses and mules taken from the San Diego mail train. Capt. Taft's party had arrived at Fort Clarke, all well. The Indians were very troublesome along the route, but were defeated in two engagements near Fort Lancaster, when a Sergeant of the 8th Infantry was killed.—The Indians were all mounted and armed with Sharpe's and Colt's rifles. A thousand head of cattle had died of starvation on the Island of Galveston. The subject of a Constitutional Convention was being agitated in Texas. It appeared probable that Gen. Henderson would decline, and that Mat. Ward would be nominated to the U. S. Senate, in place of Rusk.

BRITISH ENLISTMENTS IN FRANCE.—The British government is offering great inducements to French half-pay and pensioned officers to enlist for the Indian army. They are to serve not less than two nor more than five years, and are to be sent out and back at government expense. The pay of captains is to be 20,000 francs; of first lieutenants, 15,000 francs; and of sub-lieutenants, 12,000 francs.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, Sept. 8, 1857.

THE past week has not witnessed any change in the prices of Flour or Wheat. Corn exhibits a decline of 3c per bushel. Oats have fallen off 4@6c. Barley is now only bought by brewers and 80c is paid—there is not enough coming in, however, to fix the market. Beans now bring $1,50@2,00,—a decline of 50c in anticipation of the new crop.

PROVISIONS.—Little change in this line of trade. Potatoes are still falling in price.

Hay—But little in market and is firm at quoted rates, with an upward tendency.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box.	13c
Flour, bbl.	$6,00@7,50	Candles, box.	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen.	$1,45@1,50	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada	$1,45@1,50	Apples, bushel.	38@50c
Corn.	87c	Do. dried.	$2,00@2,25
Oats.	38@40c	Potatoes.	31@38c
Barley.	80c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat.	63@85c	Slaughter.	0@6c
Beans.	$1,25@1,50	Calf.	00@10c
Peas.	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts.	31@38c
MEATS.		Lamb do.	50@62½c
Pork, Mess.	$25,00@26,50	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt.	$8,00@9,00	Clover, bushel.	$5,50@7,00
Beef, ⅌ cwt.	$5,75@6,00	Timothy.	$3,50@4,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard.	$4,50@5,50
Ham, smoked	13½@14½c	Do. soft.	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders.	11½@13½c	Coal, Lehigh.	$7,00@7,50
Chickens.	11@12c	Do. Scranton.	$6,00@6,50
Turkeys.	10@12½	Do. Blossburg.	$5,00@5,50
Geese.	50c	Do. Shamokin.	$6,25@6,75
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char.	10@12½c
Butter, roll.	18c	Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,45
Do. firkin.	14@17c	Hay, ton.	$7@11
Cheese.	8½@9½c	Wool, ⅌ lb.	30@40c
Lard, tried.	00@15½c	White fish, bbl	$10,50@11
Tallow.	10c	Codfish ⅌ quintal	$5,25@5,50
Eggs, dozen.	12@13c	Trout, bbl.	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS

NEW YORK, Sept. 7.—Flour—Market 10@15c lower, and very dull and depressed. Sales at $5,25@5,40 for com to choice super State, $5,60@5,90 for extra do; $5,25@5,45 for super Mich, Ind, Ill, Wis, Iowa and Ohio; $5,60@6,25 for com to medium extra do; market closing very heavy. Canadian lower; sales at $5,30@5,40 for super; $6@7,25 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat very heavy and unsettled, and 1@3c lower.—Sales Southern at 137c for red; 147@160c for white. Rye nominal at 80@84c. Corn opened heavy and closed a shade firmer; sales mixed Western at 72@74c, afloat and delivered, and closing firm at latter figures. Oats dull and unchanged.

PROVISIONS—Pork market opened firm and closed dull. Sales at $25,50@25,60 for mess; $21,25@21,50 for prime. Lard steady; sales at 15¾@15¾c. Butter in moderate demand. Cheese steady.

BUFFALO, Sept. 7.—Flour—Market closed lower on Saturday, with sales extra Ohio at $5,37½@5,62½. This morning, there is a fair inquiry at the decline, and the market still favors the purchaser; sales at $5@5,25 for super Wisconsin; $5,25 for do Michigan; $5,44 for extra do, $5,50, 5,75, 5,87½@6 for do Ohio and Indiana.

GRAIN—Market for Wheat closed lower and downward on Saturday evening, with sales red Indiana, at $1,10, and very choice white Illinois, which is extremely scarce, at $1,11. This morning, sales Chicago spring at 90c, short time. Wabash at 75c offered for two cargoes afloat, but at noon not accepted. Corn closed heavy on Saturday, at 65c. This morning still lower, with sales at 60c. The demand is mainly for distilling. Oats declining; sales Saturday, after our noon report, at 37c, and this morning at 36½c.

GRAIN RECEIPTS.—The following will show the receipts by Lake for the week ending 5th inst.—Flour, 28,219 bbls.; Wheat, 291,667 bush; Corn, 225,684 bush. Oats, 68,931 bush.

ALBANY, Sept. 7.—Flour and Meal—The market continues dull and drooping, with a limited business doing. The demand is principally confined to the better brands of State and Western, for which the market favors the buyer. Corn Meal is quiet.

Grain—Millers are not in market, and there is but little if any demand for Wheat. Corn lower and in limited request at the decline. The receipts are ample and more than equal to the demand, sales Western mixed, part on p. t., at 73c. Barley is slow of sale, and the market rules in favor of the buyer, sales good two-rowed at 90c; Wayne and Genesee Co. four-rowed at $1, and very prime do at $1,01½, closing dull, with a good supply in market. Oats quiet.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 2.—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Beeves—First quality, 11½@12c.; Ordinary, 10½@11c.; Common, 9½@10c.; Inferior, 8½@9c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50@75; Ordinary, $35@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6½@7½c.; Other qualities, 5@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $5@6,00; Other qualities, $2@4,50.

SWINE—First quality, 7½@8c.; Other qualities, 7½c.

CAMBRIDGE, SEPT 2.—At market 1707 Cattle, 1000 Beeves, and 707 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra $8,75@9,00; First quality, $7,50@8,00; Second quality, $7,25@7,75; Third quality, $6,00@6,50; Ordinary, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—$80, 150@200.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 45, 48, 50@60.

YEARLINGS—$16@18. Two years old—$25@29. Three years old—$30@38.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—6200 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,50, 2, $2,50, 3,00 each. Extra and selections, $3,75@4,00.

SWINE—650 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8c. ⅌ lb.—Dressed, 9@10c

HIDES—8@8½c. ⅌ lb. Tallow—7½@8c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—50@75c each. Calf Skins—13@14c. ⅌ lb.

VEAL CALVES—But little called for.

WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—The market for the medium and better grades of Domestic fleeces, under the influence of a panic-stricken money market, is easier; although the supply here and in the interior of the State is exceedingly small, much more so, indeed, than at this period last year. The same is true of Philadelphia and Boston, and the question arises, what has become of the clip? Some parties assert that it is held back on speculation, and that a tight money market will be the means to bring forward larger supplies.

The quantity received here thus far this year is quite small, and consequently every dealer is poorly supplied. The fact is that the clip has passed more rapidly into the hands of manufacturers by way of the interior; and although it may be found fully as large, if not larger, than last year, it is entirely inadequate to the wants of the manufacturing capacity of the country. Owing to the high prices prevalent for cereal products during the last few years, wool-raising has been greatly neglected, and, to speak in plain English, the farmers will not raise it unless they get higher prices than have been current for the last five years. To obtain these rates, however, it is necessary that the duty should be taken off the fine wools, which are absolutely necessary for making handsome broadcloths.

The low grades of domestic, under the recent tariff, have been sought for with such eagerness that but little can be had now, even at a considerable advance, while the finer qualities, with the prostration of the broadcloth manufactories, have not improved at all, but, on the contrary, are declining. No better proof than this is necessary to solve the question that has puzzled our wisest legislators for years gone by. If the manufacturers here could obtain the fine German and Australian short wools (required for a mixture with our long wools) free, an impulse would soon be given to manufacturing, and at prices for the raw material that would even astonish those who raise it. It is very evident that the supply now in the country is short, and if the woolen producers keep their looms at work, high rates must rule throughout the year notwithstanding the weakness exhibited toward the close as above referred to. There are some sellers, however, who consider wool now the best stock in market and will not offer their stocks unless at extreme rates; sales of 1,240,000 lbs. have been effected in lots at from 45@55c. 6 mos; for ½ and ¾, and good full blood; the latter was held some time since as high as 60c, but without finding buyers. Pulled wools are in light supply and are firm; the stock is composed chiefly of lambs'; sales of 10,000 lbs. in lots at from 33@50c for common to extra country. The finer grades of foreign are held with increased firmness, while the lower grades which had a great run during the past two months for manufacturing it to heavy Fall goods, are hardly so buoyant, stocks of all kinds, however, are by no means large, and all offering realize satisfactory rates; 30 bales unwashed Buenos Ayres, 500 do Russian in arrive, and 300 do do in Boston to come here, have been bought on private terms.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, Sept 3.—There has been an active demand for Domestic fleece and Pulled at firm prices. The sales of the week amount to 250,000 lbs. at full quoted rates. In Foreign, there have been sales of 25,000 lbs Canada at 37½c ⅌ lb, 6 mos; 493 bales Mediterranean and South American, and 300 bales, mostly Cape at full prices:

Saxony fleeces.	57@60	Smyrna washed.	28@30
Am. full blood.	50@55	Do. unwashed.	12@21
¾ and ¼ blood.	42@50	Buenos Ayres.	12@40
Com. to ½ blood.	38@40	Mexican.	17@19
Pulled, extra.	48@55	Chili, Valparaiso.	15@40
" super.	44@48	Syria washed.	25@27
" No. 1.	34@40	Do. unwashed.	14@16
" No. 2.	18@30	Peruv. washed.	35@39

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 3—The demand continues good at fully former quotations, and the low and medium grades are scarce; fine wools are also more inquired for and very firm. The week's sales comprise about 280,000 lbs, at from 42@65c, on the usual terms. Among the sales we notice fine and extra fleece at 60@65c, quarter blood 48½@50c, and three-quarter do at 53@55c ⅌ lb.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 3.—There has been a fair demand for Wool during the past week, but the market for it ruled heavy.—The receipts this week were about 4,000 lbs. We still quote: Unwashed at 22@24c; tub washed 33@37c; pulled 30@32c; lambs do 31@33c; quarter to a half washed Merino at 34@40c; one-half to three-fourths do 40@45c; three-fourths to full do 42½@47½c, and extra at 50c per lb.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PLUM SEEDLINGS.—200,000 first class Seedlings of the Wild Plum for Sale. O. CLARK, Turner, Du Page Co., Ill.

25 CENTS SENT POST-PAID TO M. M. SANBORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y., will procure, by return mail, THE FARMER'S GUIDE in the management of Domestic Animals, and the Treatment of their Diseases; a Treatise on Horses, Mules, Neat Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Bees, &c. A valuable work of 100 pages, illustrated with Engravings. 401w2

IMPORTANT TO MERCHANTS AND FARMERS—**Gould's Premium Corn Huskers.**—A simple labor-saving implement of merit and utility, saving ¾ labor and all sore fingers—only 25 cents, (sent free.) Circulars sent on application. Agents wanted in every section. Address E. NASH, Auburn, N. Y.

LEICESTER SHEEP FOR SALE.

I OFFER FOR SALE an Imported Leicester Buck—bred by Wm. Scandy, near Nottingham, England. Also buck and ewe Lambs, got from the above-named Buck, and from Ewes bred by John Cade, of Whitby, Canada West.
401w2 EZRA RINGER, Lyons, N. Y.

OHIO LIFE AND TRUST CO. CHECKS, Kanawha Bills and Smooth Spanish Quarters not taken in payment for **The Oriental Horse Charmer.** We can sell this valuable little work on Taming and Doctoring Horses for good money. Mailed anywhere for 25 cents—6 copies $1.

Also, **The Weatherometer,** containing over 200 ways of foretelling the weather. Same price. Address C. J. ELDRIDGE, Cincinnati, O.

FRUIT TREES FOR SALE.

HAVING PURCHASED THE COMMERCIAL NURSERIES, recently owned by JAS. M. TAYLOR, I now offer for Sale 150,000 Apple Trees from 5 to 7 feet high; 100,000 do. 2 years old, very nice, for California, Kansas, or the West; 75,000 Apple Seedlings; 80,000 Angar Quince Stocks; 40,000 Dwarf Pears; 35,000 Standard do., 60,000 Cherry, 25,000 Plum, a beautiful lot of Dwarf Cherry, Quince bushes and stools; Grape Vines, Currants, Shade and Ornamental Trees, &c., &c. All of the above Trees are remarkably healthy, and will be sold as low as can be obtained in the State, and will be safely packed and shipped.—All orders should be sent in soon for the Fall trade, and will receive prompt attention. H. M. RANNEY, Syracuse, N. Y.

SHORT-HORNS.

I HAVE IN MY STABLES THREE YOUNG BULLS, two of which I offer for sale, viz.

"HIAWATHA," 1653—red—calved Nov. 1855; bred by Sam'l Thorne, Esq. A first-class animal in every respect, with extraordinary good handling and quality—Price $1,000.

"KNIGHT OF GWYNNE,"—mostly red—calved May, 1857; bred by Sam'l Thorne, Esq.; got by Grand Duke 2d, (12461,) out of Dinah Gwynne, by Baleo (9918.) For further pedigrees, see 2d vol. A. H. B., page 352—Price $500.

"CRICKET,"—roan—calved June, 1857, got by Double Duke, 11514½, out of Crumie—see 3d vol. A. H. B., p. 357—Price $200.

Also several Cows and Heifers in calf to Hiawatha, at from $200 to $500.

My farm is but five minutes walk from Bennett Station of New York Central Railroad, (old road,) and five miles east of Auburn. [401w4] J. R. PAGE, Bennett, N. Y.

HALLOCK'S PORTABLE
Cross-Cut Drag and Circular Saw Mills Combined.

THOSE INTENDING TO CUT WOOD, STAVES, HEADING, SHINGLES, &c., the present fall and winter, will do well to examine this Machine before entering their forests with the axe.

Over one hundred have been sold within the last two years, and in all cases have given entire satisfaction. It can be driven by any of the ordinary horse powers used in threshing. It was awarded the first premium at the last two State Fairs at Elmira and Watertown, together with the highest commendation for a farmer's machine, for utility, usefulness and convenience for making stove and Railroad wood, staves, heading and shingle bolts; preparing and boreing fence caps, slitting pickets, lath, boards, &c., &c. The price of the machine with one 21 inch Circular Saw and one 5 foot Ding Saw, is $85. Cap augur and slitting apparatus, extra, according to the size of the Saw.
Address R. D. HALLOCK, Rochester, N. Y.

FRUIT TREES AND FRUIT.

THE SUBSCRIBER BEING EXTENSIVELY ENGAGED in the Nursery business, and having planted over 100 acres of Orchard, embracing more than 10,000 Trees, enabling him to test and compare varieties and propagate only those of real value, is prepared to furnish Trees in large quantity at prices heretofore unknown to the Tree trade.

The present stock embraces about 300,000 Apple Trees of various sizes, among which is an abundant supply of Baldwins and Greenings. 15,000 Cherry Trees one and two years old, 4 to 12 feet. 20,000 Peach Trees of best market sorts. 45,000 two years old, and 100,000 one year old Dwarf Pear Trees of very superior quality; the former are believed to be *the best* lot in the United States, and warranted *equal* to the best.

Also, a general assortment of other Fruit and Ornamental Trees and Plants at low prices.

Persons visiting the grounds before October, can see several hundred Dwarf Pear Trees in full bearing; and any who doubt their success for Orchard culture, are especially invited to examine them. T. G. YEOMANS.
Walworth, Wayne Co., N. Y. 401w3

T. C. MAXWELL & BROTHERS,
Geneva, Ontario Co., N. Y.

OFFER FOR SALE A LARGE AND CHOICE ASSORTment of *fruit and Ornamental Trees, Evergreens, &c.,* suitable for Orchard, Garden, Ornamental and Nursery planting, comprising

APPLE TREES, Standard, 3 and 4 years, strong.
" " Dwarf, 1 and 2 years.
CHERRY, " Stan'd, 1 & 2 yrs } A good supply of Dukes and
" " Dwarf, 1 yr } Morellas & the more hardy sorts
PEAR, " Standard and Dwarf, 2 years, fine stocky plants.
PLUM, " 2 years, on the best Plum Stock.
PEACH, " 1 year, about 50,000, extra nice.
APRICOT, " 1 " nice and cheap.
CURRANT, GOOSEBERRY and STRAWBERRY PLANTS, GRAPE VINES, &c.
HORSE CHESTNUT Trees, 4 to 8 feet; MOUNTAIN ASH, 7 to 10 feet.
NORWAY SPRUCE, " 1 to 4 " AM. SILVER FIR, 2 " 6 "
AM. ARBOR VITÆ, " 1 " 4 " RED CEDAR, 1 " 2 "
and a general assortment of other Nursery articles.

FOR NURSERYMEN.

200,000 QUINCE STOCKS, mostly Angers, from Cuttings and Layers; APPLE STOCKS, CHERRY STOCKS, HORSE CHESTNUT and SUGAR MAPLE Seedlings, one and two years, very nice, &c., &c. Packing done in the best manner. Price List sent on application. [401w5] Sept. 1, 1857.

THE BEST BOOKS TO SELL.—Booksellers, Agents, and Newsmen will find a quick sale for those new Hand-Books, just published: HOW TO WRITE—HOW TO TALK—HOW TO BEHAVE—and HOW TO DO BUSINESS. Price free by mail, only 20 cents each, or the four in paper, $1. Complete in one large gilt vol., $1 50, now ready. Try them. Address FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y. 400w4

FARM FOR SALE.—150 acres Land at $35 per acre, in Harbor Creek, Erie Co., Pa. See advertisement in Rural of July 4th. [400w3] CHAUNCEY C. WALKER.

CATAWBA AND ISABELLA.—2000 Catawba and 10,000 Isabella one year old grape roots for sale. Will exchange some for Apple, Cherry, Pear, Plum and Quince stocks. 400w2 EDWARD TAYLOR, Cleveland, O.

7,000 PEACH TREES FOR SALE of the very best popular sorts, very cheap, such as Early York, Early Crawford, Late Crawford, &c. Letters addressed to the RURAL office will receive prompt attention. 400w3

FOR SALE ON TIME, 4 good farms well improved, well timbered and well watered, near to Railroad, Canal and Mills, and 7 to 9 miles from Rochester, containing from 40 to 160 acres each. Address the subscriber. JOHN WEAVER.
Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y. 400w4

7,000 PEAR TREES FOR SALE 5 to 7 feet high $200 per 1,000—$25 per 100. 3,000 Cherry Trees 6 to 7 feet, $30 per 1,000—$12 100. 100,000 Apple Seedlings 2 years old $3 50 per 1,000. P. BOWEN.
East Aurora, Erie Co., N. Y. 400w4

FRUIT TREES FOR SALE.

20,000 PEACH TREES from 5 to 7 feet in height.
30,000 Apple 3 yrs old; 15,000 from 5 to 7 feet.
27,000 Do. 2 " " 30,000 1 yr.
20,000 Apple Seedlings 2 yrs old; 500 Apricots; 1,000 Plums. To be sold cheap. Address C. F. WEAVER,
400w3 Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y.

BLACKBERRIES.

FIRST QUALITY PLANTS OF THE NEW ROCHELLE (or Lawton) Blackberry, grown in the open ground and well rooted, for Sale, in any quantity, and at the lowest prices, by C. P. BISSELL, East Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

I have a few plants of suitable size to be sent by mail, which can be forwarded with full directions as to culture.
400w4 Address C. P. BISSELL.

FARM SUPERINTENDENT.

WANTED A THOROUGHLY PRACTICED FARMER, of active habits, no sluggard, quick in decision, firm in purpose, accustomed to combine and work men in large numbers; to take the management of a farm of about 2,000 acres in cultivation. A person after having proved himself competent to fill this situation can have such a chance permanently, as he can not find every day. Satisfactory references required as no application will be noticed without them. Address
400w4 J. HENRY, Mirage Hill, Odell, Liv Co., Ill

IMPROVED RAILROAD LANDS.

FOR SALE OR RENT, at low prices and on accommodating terms, in quantities to suit, 2,000 acres of first quality prairie land, in one tract, 1,300 acres of which I have in cultivation, and yield from 20 to 35 bushels of wheat and 45 to 75 of corn per acre, 80 miles from Chicago and 4½ from Odell, a station on the Chicago, Alton & St Louis Railroad. Wheat now sells in Chicago at $1,08 to $1,40, and corn at 69 to 72 cents per bushel. It costs 8½ cts per bushel to get either to Chicago. Address J. HENRY, Mirage Hill, Odell, Livingston Co., Ill.

RAILROAD LANDS.

FOR SALE at low prices, and on accommodating terms, in quantities to suit purchasers, 2,177 acres of first quality Prairie Land in one Tract, selected and entered by myself, 64 miles from Chicago, and 6 to 7½ miles from two Stations on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad. 160 acres Prairie Land 3 miles from Morris on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, and 60 from Chicago. 160 acres Prairie Land 3 miles from Joliet, half a mile from Elwood Station on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad, and 48 miles from Chicago. Address J. HENRY, Mirage Hill, Odell, Livingston Co., Ill

SHORT-HORNS FOR SALE.—Eight or ten fine young Cows and Heifers; Also Heifer and Bull Calves.
Clarkville, Madison Co., N. Y. [391tf] S. P. CHAPMAN.

EMPIRE NURSERY.

THE SUBSCRIBERS OFFER FOR SALE at the Empire Nurseries, on New Main Street Plank Road, a short distance east of the city, a large and a choice collection of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c., at wholesale and retail. Great inducements will be offered to those who wish trees packed for the Southern or Western markets.

Also, 1,000 pounds BASSWOOD BARK, suitable for tying buds. Inquire at the office of G. G. McKinster, No. 3, corner of Main and South St. Paul streets, up stairs, or at the Nursery described above. McKINSTER & CUMMINGS.
Rochester, N. Y., Aug., 1857.

WM. FAILING'S
PARING AND SLICING APPLE MACHINE.

THE INVENTOR, REALIZING THAT A MACHINE OF this kind would meet the wants of a large portion of community, after much time and labor has brought out and perfected this ingenious and labor-saving machine

Some of the advantages of the machine are—

1st—It pares and slices an apple with incredible quickness, leaving the core only upon the fork.

2nd—A large per centage of apple is saved by this method.

3rd—All the slices are of uniform thickness, and are curved in such a manner that they will not pack when drying.

4th—A girl of fifteen can pare and slice twenty bushels in a day.

5th—One sunny day will dry the fruit when cut by this machine.

6th—The quicker fruit is dried, the whiter it will be when dry, and it will be sweeter and taste more like green apples when used, as the juice of the apple does not ferment and sour it.

The above assertions will be proved to all who will call and see the machine at No. 101 and 153 Main St.; No. 65 Buffalo St.; No. 209 State St., and No. 84 Brown St.

County and Town Rights for Sale by the Subscriber.
399-8teow WILLIAM FAILING, Rochester, N. Y.

250,000 PEAR TREES, Standards and Dwarfs, for sale by GEO. W. WILSON, Malden, Mass.

500 BUSHELS WINTER BARLEY, nice for Seed for Sale at $2 per bushel, by JOHN WILLIAMS.
West Henrietta, N. Y., Aug. 13, 1857. 399w4

WANTED!

CASH WILL BE PAID FOR 100 TUNS OF BONES at the Button Factory on the Canal Feeder at Rochester.
399w4 E. L. THOMAS.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
495 Broadway, New York; 18 Summer St., Boston, and 730 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. 399w4

NEW YORK CONFERENCE SEMINARY.
Prof. JOHN C. FERGUSON, A. M., Principal.

ONLY $90 per year for board and tuition. Departments for Ladies and Gentlemen. The Ladies are under the Superintendence of an *experienced Preceptress.* Conveyance free from Albany at the commencement of each Term. Next Term begins Oct. 26. For further information, address the Principal at Charlotteville, N. Y. 399w6

TO NURSERYMEN, DEALERS AND PLANTERS

THE SUBSCRIBERS OFFER TO THE FALL TRADE A quantity of as finely grown TREES and STOCKS as can be found in the State, consisting in part of

10,000	APPLE TREES, 6 to 8 feet.		
12,000	" " 5 to 7 "		
12,000	STAN'D CHERRY, 2 years, with fine heads.		
30,000	" " 1 "	very stocky & branched.	
5,000	DWARF " 1 "	" " "	
12,000	STAN'D PEAR, 2 "	extra fine.	
10,000	PLUM, 1 "	4 to 6 feet and very fine.	
5,000	PEACH, 1 & 2 "		
10,000	AM. ARBOR VITÆ, 2½ feet well furnished & stocky.		
8,000	BALSAM FIR, 1½ to 3 feet.		
100,000	APPLE STOCKS, 2 years.		
150,000	CHERRY " 1 "	very large.	
50	BUSHELS MAZZARD CHERRY PITS.		

Apple seed in season.
399tf MAXWELLS, RAMSDEN & CO.,
Dansville, Aug. 24, 1857 Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.

PEABODY'S
NEW HAUTBOIS STRAWBERRY.

I AM NOW PREPARED TO SELL THE PLANTS OF this most wonderful fruit, at reduced rates. This superb fruit, the present season, although badly hindered by late frost and by dr

Choice Poetry.

A HARVEST HYMN.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

SMILE on, smile on, thou sentinel moon
From yonder Heaven's pure, azure deep,
Over the happy harvest homes,
Night fondly folds to sacred sleep,
While we who choose to wake, shall sing
With solemn tone our thankful lays
For all the opulence that fell
From Summer's long alms-giving days,
Whose golden banners were unfurled,
Like benedictions o'er the world.

II.

We'll sing the Sun who kissed his bride,
His own dear, emerald-mantled Earth,
With the same passionate, burning lips,
As when she sparkled into birth;
Nor ceased until he saw her sweet,
Broad bosom full of murmuring leaves,
And bursting buds that prophets were
Of ruby fruit and golden sheaves:
O, burning bridegroom! what delight
Imparadised thine eager sight!

III.

We'll sing the Clouds, whose generous hands
Bore up their urns, brimful of rain;
And leaned them till they overflowed
Upon the mountain-side and plain.
O, how your dark eyes flashed with joy
In lightnings, as ye saw their mirth;
And how your thunderous voices broke
Delighted o'er the thirsty Earth,
Who like a bacchanal would reel
And drink at every glorious peal!

IV.

And yet, O, Sun and Clouds! that brought
Such Eden to this home of ours,
Say, what were ye to Him who sent
Your might from His immortal towers?
What but the visible proofs that He
On yonder battlements above,
Is unto us, in beam or cloud,
The Soul, the very Soul of Love?
To Him our choral praises be—
Alms-Giver of Eternity!

[*Democratic Review.*

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT PERSEVERANCE WON.

BY ERNESTINE HAMILTON.

"There's no such word as fail."—*Old Adage.*

BY the low attic window of an old fashioned farm-house sat a boy of about fourteen years. Although so young the mark of intellect was on his broad, high brow, and his large, dark, earnest eye gleamed with the fire of lofty thought and high impulses. There was a look of energy about his finely chiseled mouth that betokened a glorious future. Yet the boy was only a poor orphan. ROBERT RAE, or ROBIN RAE, as he was always called, was a poor, bound boy, and he was daily reminded of the fact by the farmer and his wife with whom he lived.

He was aroused from bright dreams of a golden future, by a sharp voice, calling "ROBIN, ROBIN RAE, you lazy boy, come down directly."

ROBIN arose with a bitter smile and went below.

"Go out and milk the cows, you little good-for-nothing. To think when we've done so much for you, that you *can* be so lazy;" and the good wife could hardly contain herself, in her fit of indignation. In silence ROBIN obeyed, but tempted by the beautiful clouds that lay in the West, he stayed after his task was done. His bosom heaved with strange emotion as the gorgeous clouds of purple, crimson and golden passed from his view. He gazed till the shades of night began to darken, and then catching up the brimming pails he hastened home. Harsh words greeted him as he entered the door, and heavy blows fell on his young head.

Sadly ROBIN sought his bed that night; bitter thoughts filled his lonely heart, as it rose in prayer for comfort from on high. Soon after he had lain in his lowly bed, the farmer's head was thrust in the door, "just to see that that boy wasn't reading and wasting candles."

After all grew still, ROBIN arose, and having dressed, he put his few remaining clothes in a large handkerchief, and firmly securing it, he stole down noiselessly to the kitchen, and thence into the quiet night. He knew not where to go, but, he wished to get away from his unpleasant place.

ROBIN had not always been so poor, for once his father owned a small farm near, and on that farm ROBIN and his sweet young mother lived, and his kind father. Kind, I say—yes, he was kind till the demon of strong drink destroyed all the good in his nature.

ALICE RAE died, and her drunken husband and sorrowful child followed her to the grave. A few weeks after, the husband died in a fit of intemperance, and ROBIN was an orphan. The farm was taken in payment for the debts his father had contracted. From his father's grave, ROBIN was taken, a poor, penniless orphan to the farm-house of which we have spoken.

Morning came, and the usual sharp call of "ROBIN, ROBIN RAE," rang through the house, but no ROBIN answered. They searched his room, but it was desolate and untenanted. ROBIN was gone.

Far away on a lonely road the courageous boy trudged along cheerily, often thinking of his mother's last words,—"*Have courage, my poor boy, brighter days will come.*"

With occasional help from the farm-houses on the way, ROBIN, after three long days' weary walking, reached a large village, where he concluded to remain, for a time, at least."

"Do you want a boy, sir?" he asked in every store.

"Yes," was the encouraging answer he received in one. "What can you do, my lad?"

"Anything you please, sir," was the ready reply.

"Can you run of errands?"

"O, yes, sir."

"Well, then, you may come and try it; and ROBIN went to work with a right good will. He remained in this situation nearly a week, when one morning he was informed that his services would be wanted no longer, as he was a stranger to the village, and so could not tell where to go when sent out.

I wonder when the "brighter times will come," thought he, as he entered a large bookstore, and asked, "Do you want a boy, sir?"

"Well, yes, what can you do, boy?" said a benevolent looking old gentleman.

"Most anything you want sir," he replied, enumerating his various qualifications.

"Well, you'll do, I guess," exclaimed the old man, when he had finished, "what's your name?"

"ROBIN RAE, sir."

"ROBIN RAE. Are you Scotch?"

"My father was," was the low reply.

The old man soon drew from him his little history, and then said he—"You may come and try it, and if I like you and you like me, and you earn it, you shall have fifty dollars the first year, and we will settle after that, about other years."

ROBIN entered on his new duties with a light heart. He lived among the books now, and studied incessantly, yet did not neglect a single duty.

* * * * * * * *

Four years passed, yet ROBIN was not much nearer his heart's desire—to enter college—than the day he came. He had not money enough even with the larger salary he had had each year since the first.

"Of what are you thinking?" asked his employer one day.

"I was thinking how I'd love to go to college, sir," was the unexpected reply.

"Well, ROBIN, would you like that better than a costly present?"

"Indeed, I would, sir."

"Well spoken, my boy; stop—let me see,"—and he walked briskly away, with a thoughtful air.

That night the old man came to ROBIN, and asked, "how old are you, my lad?"

"Eighteen, sir," answered the boy.

"Are you ready to enter college?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, ROBIN, I've been for some time thinking I would give you a present for being so faithful to my interests, as I thought your salary not large enough, so will you go to college with my son WILLIAM?"

"I haven't enough money," was the sad reply.

"Why, ROBIN, I mean it for a present. WILLIAM is so unsteady that I hesitated long about sending him yet, but if you will go, I shall have no fears. Remember 'twill be a favor to me as well as yourself."

"I would, sir, but it costs you too much, and I wish to be independent," said ROBIN, who saw through the kind excuse of his employer.

So you can, boy, so you can,—I admire your spirit, but this is only an equivalent for your assisting WILLIAM in his studies, and watching over his conduct; now, ROBIN, you will accept it."

"Yes, I will, and I thank you more than I can tell for your great generosity to me."

"I am glad, ROBIN, for your sake, and my own," and the old man pressed his hand and left him.

* * * * * * * *

Four years more had passed away, and it was night before Commencement in a large college in one of our New England States. Three years before ROBIN RAE and WILLIAM HASTINGS had quarreled, because the latter resented the kind advice of the former, and they had separated. Mr. HASTINGS still continued ROBIN at college, though fully aware of the quarrel. Two young men sat in one of the rooms of the college boarding house, discussing the events that were so soon to happen. Said one, "WILLIAMS, whom do you think will receive the first prize for the best original English essay?"

"O, either RAE or MCLAREN."

"By the way," said the other, "wasn't RAE's father, grandfather or somebody else, Scotch?"

"Yes, his grandfather, and so was MCLAREN'S, returned WILLIAMS.

"Ah, that accounts for their great intimacy."

The last day of Commencement had come, and DONALD MCLAREN read his essay, while sounds of applause delighted him, but when ROBIN RAE delivered his, a breathless silence reigned until the end, and then the college walls resound with the thunders that almost shook its venerable frame.

In a few moments the President of the institution arose and presented a purse of no mean weight to ROBIN RAE, while to DONALD MCLAREN he gave the second prize, and WILLIAM HASTINGS the fourth. After all was concluded, some young freshman exclaimed, "Three cheers for our bonny Scotchmen;" then "three cheers for our glorious President," both of which were heartily responded to by the fellow-collegians. ROBIN and his inseperable "chum" DONALD MCLAREN went away arm in arm.

"Where are you going now?" asked DONALD.

"I don't know. I've the wide world for a home."

"Why, ROBIN, will you refuse to go home with me? For three years we've shared the same bed, the same room, the same table, and our thoughts even, so ROBIN do not refuse. My parents and sisters long to see you. ROBIN, you must come."

"I will go for a few weeks, if you wish, DONALD. It makes no difference where I go, since I've offended Mr. HASTINGS."

"Thank you, for your consent, but you know that I intend to study law with my uncle, Judge MCLAREN, the celebrated lawyer, so why can't you join me in my studies?"

"Perhaps I might, DONALD, if he'd take me."

"I know he would, willingly."

"Now, DONALD, let's proceed to packing trunks."

A few hours later, the friends were ready to leave their Alma Mater.

Said DONALD, facetiously, "Friend ROBIN, I have three young friends to whom I sustain a fraternal relation, and who bear the several cognomens of MARGARET, ALICE and EMELINE. Now the two first being spoken for, only LENA remains to you. You are welcome to her if *you can get her*, but beware that you fall not in love with GEORGIA LIVINGSTON, my fair cousin, *or there may be a duel.*"

"Ah! then you possess the exclusive title to that lady's affections," said ROBIN, gayly.

"Exactly so."

On their arrival at the home of MCLAREN, they passed, after a cordial greeting from the old people, up the broad stairs to their own room. After exchanging their travel-stained garments for others more appropriate, they descended to the parlor, where the young ladies soon came, when they heard of the arrival. ROBIN was introduced to the stately MARGARET, the fair ALICE and the sweet LENA. The beautiful GEORGIA claimed his attention for a moment, but his heart was charmed with the lovely and gentle LENA.

Having studied law at the South, with Judge MCL, after his first great suit—which was decided in his favor—the talented and persevering ROBIN won the bright-eyed LENA for his bride, and thence they removed to the North on his wedding day, DONALD MCLAREN and GEORGIA LIVINGSTON, the *haughty* MARGARET and her affianced, and ALICE and her lover, accompanying them.

In the North, wealth and fame came to ROBIN RAE; and often when he sits in his elegant parlor, by his darling LENA, and his little ones, he feels that his mother's words were true, for "brighter times *had* come."

Locust Bough, Penn Yan, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE DEATH-KNELL OF LOVE.

"THOU shalt surely die," is the declaration of GOD. All that lives, must likewise die. Mortality must cease entirely, and even immortality must change. Beauty and Worth bear us exemption from death, and all that love cherishes, affection honors, or goodness execrates, bear alike the seal of his ownership, and the stamp of his displeasure. The taste and aims of Death, are far different from ours, and what we fain would consecrate to immortality, he consigns to oblivion. He holds universal dominion over the hearts and homes of men, and the fairest and the firstlings of his flocks, he immolates first upon the altar of annihilation. Men may make monarchs to rule, and potentates may bridle the liberties of a nation; tyranny and might may usurp the throne of justice; or, liberty may rule and peace reign; these one and all are the vice-roys of Death, and though they may not have received their power from him, they hold it subject to his will. He is blind to the tears of affection, and deaf to the appeals of human love and mortal woe. Though his glassy eyes are insensible the beauties of earth, and his adamantine heart callous to the affections and sympathies of humanity, more than all the countless millions who are alike his children and his victims, Love, earth's fairest daughter, seems to be his favorite. He cares not that his chilly passion is unreciprocated, but assuming a thousand different forms, as unlike his own as possible, to steal unawares upon the object of his fatal attachment, sooner or later he succeeds in clasping the frail beauty to his dismal breast. Though it is the wealth of a heart, and the priceless gem of a soul, and though its possession can add nothing to his glory or dominion, he will not rest until the drooping willow, broken heart, and urn, and silent tombstone bear the sad testimony that she is his.

I will relate a story, in illustration of these mournful facts, called the "Death-Knell of Love."

Innocence was the gift of Perfection which GOD gave to man to make him a fit companion for angels, and an inhabitant of heaven. Man locked it deep in his destiny instead of his heart, and put a nympth whose name was VIGIL to keep watch at the door. But while VIGIL slept, sin broke the bars asunder, and purloined that priceless jewel which no wealth could restore, and man became a mourner the day he lost his innocence. To comfort him, and beguile the sad hours of his pilgrimage on earth, the Lord gave him Love. And so young Love, heaven-born, became the fairest child, as well as the frailest possession, and most capricious daughter of earth. And she sat upon a throne of flowers, in a beautiful grove filled with perfume and music, and a wreath of poesy encircled her brow. She played upon a harp strung with the chords of the human heart, and the soft sighing breezes played fondly with her tresses.

And it chanced that Death, in his solitary wanderings, passed by the bower of Love. He marked her in her gayest attire, and his soul was smitten with her charms. He envied earth a possession so fair, and determined to add her to his treasures. Assuming the form of Pleasure, with his artful wiles, he soon wooed and won the unsuspecting damsel, the angel of the heart, and she clasped him to her embrace. Alas! fatal moment!—her touch dissipated his disguise, and transformed him to his true appearance, and when Love turned to kiss her wooer, she met the icy lips, and cold embrace of Death!

Then the devotees of Love were sad, and sorrow filled their hearts. They cried unto Death saying:—"Behold, thou art rich, and this is our only possession! Your dark palace is filled with the choice spoils of Time, and the beauty and valor of six thousand years are gathered in your gloomy halls. Though she can be of but little value to you, she is worth millions to us! She is our all, and you, into whose possession all the gifts and hopes of earth from age to age have faded, can well spare us this one, our only gift!"

But the ear of Death was dull, and he heeded not the cry of affliction, nor the entreaties of friends. He drew his dreaded dart to blot out forever earth's brightest blessing and its best. But a messenger, whose name was Mercy, descending on a beam of light from the eternal world, arrested his bony hand, crying to the sons of men:—"Earth's glories and Time's trophies must be gathered for him that gave them. 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' Death gave naught but pain and sorrow; he can take away naught but sorrow and pain. His palace is not decked with the Wealth of Earth and air, neither do the jewels of Time glitter in his sombre halls. But all which he hath removed from the realms of human hope, save pain and sorrow, man's evil boon, are gathered in the courts of the God of Eternity, who rules the destinies of the universe,

"And he loves to gather in glory there,
The choicest things of earth and air."

Thither his messenger Death has come to remove Love, and there she shall find a more congenial soil in which to grow, and you shall meet her there, and dwell with her forever. But GOD hath heard thy prayer, and it shall come to pass that she shall visit thee in gladness, and anoint thee with joy. Nevertheless her visitations to you in the future, though bright, shall be short.

And when the angel of Mercy had departed, the form of Love trembled a moment, like a leaf in the blast, and then withered like a flower in the mighty grasp of Death. And it was asked, "Who is Love?" And all Nature, with an impulsive bound, arose to answer the inquiry, and even the grave so dark and silent was eloquent in its responses.

"Ah! does the bleeding heart of humanity inquire 'Who is Love?' The son of a fond father; the mother's darling daughter; the wife of the faithful husband; the husband of a true and doting wife; a dear brother; an idolized sister; a revered father; an angel mother; a worshiped lover, and all those bound to us by the nearest and dearest ties of nature and affection—such is Love! these are Love!"

And they followed Love to the grave, and when its awful gloom and pallid silence had shut her form from the gaze of mortal sympathy and sorrow, despair wrung from the great heart of humanity one long, deep, funereal groan, which fell on the ears of the mourners—the Death-Knell of Love! T. D.

Albany, N. Y., 1857.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fourteen letters.
My 1, 10, 3, 13 is a passion.
My 2, 9, 4 is a number.
My 12, 8, 11 is an article of apparel.
My 3, 8, 6, 7 is often seen on a steeple.
My 14, 12, 5, 9, 13 is a river in Europe.
My 6, 4, 14, 2 was a Roman Emperor.
My 9, 2, 3, 7, 1 is a kind of reading much sought for.
My 1, 8, 6, 11, 4, 14, 9 is used in the night.
My 9, 13, 3, 4, 14 is an adverb.
My 14, 7, 3, 13, 1 is a town in Europe.
My 6, 2, 5, 9 is a time of day.
My 2, 9 is a preposition.
My 1, 4, 11, 11, 7, 14 is a medium of communication.
My whole is a Christian duty.

Mendon, N. Y., 1857. J. J. C.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first, fowls deem a luscious food;
Aye, kings might on it feast;
Without which, many with their brood,
Had perished in the East.

My second is a fierce old king,
That beareth iron sway;
Although to thousands, it doth bring,
Joys for many a day.

And last of all, my whole combin'd,
Is an ornament to grace
The palace, and the cot, you'll find
Adorned to fancy's taste.

Schuyler, N. Y., 1857. MYRTA M——.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

A LADY sent for a certain number of cards for her scholars. On distributing them she found she had been cheated of some and she lacked 6; how many I don't know, I'm sure. You tell. If she had received as many cards as she sent cents she would have had four more than she had scholars. The square root of the number of scholars=1·5, the number of cards she received. How many scholars had she?—how may cards did she receive?—how many did she get cheated out of, and how many cents did she send? C. L. CUDEBEC.

Angelica, N. Y., 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in No. 400:—A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.

Answer to Enigmas in No. 400:—No. 1, soul, sole; No. 2, flower, flour.

Answer to Charade in No. 400:—Wind.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

ONE often regrets saying too much, but seldom of saying too little.

LAZINESS travels so slow that poverty soon overtakes her.

No man *living* should say an ill word against the doctors.

NEXT to my friends, I love my enemies, for from them I first hear my faults.

THE world makes us talkers, but solitude makes us thinkers.

THOU canst not joke an enemy into a friend; but thou mayst a friend into an enemy.

BRAVE actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornament of it.

THERE are reproaches which give praise, and praise which gives us reproaches.

PAST events are as clear as a mirror; future, as obscure as varnish.

NEVER carry a sword in your tongue to wound the reputation of any man.

NEVER do that in prosperity whereof you may repent in adversity.

COMMON-SENSE is such a rare commodity, that the world has entered into a tacit compact to live without it.

A GREAT change in life, is like a cold bath in winter—we all hesitate at the first plunge.

PUNCH says experience is like a flannel waistcoat, that we do not think of putting on until we have caught cold.

IN order to live justly, and be respected we must refrain from doing that we blame in others.

IT is easier to declaim against a *thousand* sins in others, than to mortify one in ourselves.

WHAT is more beautiful and poetical than the child's idea of ice, "Water gone to sleep."

THERE are two stars which rise and set with man, and whose rays encircle him, viz:—Hope and Remembrance.

To quell the pride, even of the greatest, we should reflect how much we owe to others and how little to ourselves.

NEXT to being upright and faithful in the performance of your duty, be decided, and then you make either friends or foes worth having.

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Rural New-Yorker.

AUTUMN HINTS.

EACH season has its peculiar advantages and beauties. Others may sing the praises of Spring, of its buds and blossoms, of its foliage and flowers; but we love the mellow, golden Autumn. It is the season of joy and gladness. The heart of the farmer is made to rejoice as he gathers the fruits of his toil, and his soul rises in thankfulness to Him who has declared that "seed time and harvest shall not fail."

The autumn is the season for improvement; as the tree is known by its fruit, so the value of all crops must be judged by the produce, and many interesting questions are now to be examined carefully and decided. The Chinese Sugar Cane, about which there has been so much difference of opinion, must now be brought to the test, and syrup or no syrup, will soon be decided. That new variety of potatoes raised from the seed, and which farmer A. thinks will prove superior to most other sorts, has had a fair chance this season, and can now show its merits. The patch of carrots, the first ever grown, are dug and measured, and some interesting calculations made as to the value of the carrot, as compared with other crops for feeding stock. The turnips, too, sown as suggested by the RURAL, where the corn failed, are now showing their large white bulbs above the ground, and these must be measured, to ascertain if next season it will answer to sow turnips more largely, or their culture had better be abandoned. Another crop of wheat, another year's experience with the midge, will enable farmers in the infected districts to decide better whether to continue to grow wheat or for a time to devote their attention and land to other crops. A thousand experiments, tried by the farmers of the country the present season, are brought to an end; much information has been gained, which should be communicated freely, so that all may participate in the benefits to be derived from an increase of knowledge.

One very important means of improvement, *the selection of the best seeds* for planting, should not be forgotten. As long as it remains true, as a general rule, that "like produces like," so long will the farmer be inexcusable in planting anything but the very best seed that can be procured. Few who have not given especial attention to the subject are aware how much depends upon saving or procuring the very best seed. Gardeners and florists understand this, and save the earliest and finest vegetables, flowers, &c., with the greatest care; and nothing grieves the good gardener so much as the loss, by any casualty, of the specimens he had reserved for this purpose. Perhaps we are mistaken, but we have thought that farmers were rather thoughtless on this point. Visiting each other during the gathering of the crops to note the results of different modes of culture and different varieties of seeds is beneficial, and should be practiced as far as circumstances will admit.—Exchanges of seed may be often made with decided advantage.

The Town and County Fairs afford, perhaps, the best and cheapest means of improvement at this season of the year. Here is brought together the finest stock and grains and fruits, and the farmer can see and compare the products of his neighbors with his own. The owners, too, are generally present to answer such questions and give such information as may be needed. The object of these fairs is, or should be, *improvement*, and not *display*, and we hope the time is not far distant when one day of each fair will be devoted to the discussion of subjects interesting to farmers. In this way questions might be asked and answered about the various articles exhibited, mode of feeding, culture, &c., and much information imparted. When we attend a fair and see superior articles exhibited, we want to know *how it was done*, and if we cannot obtain this information, we leave dissatisfied and disappointed. Every possible means should be used at these exhibitions for the diffusion of knowledge; for no matter how successful in a financial point of view, or how numerously attended, or how *fast* the horses or the people, or how fine the stock, or how delicious the fruit, or beautiful the flowers, unless knowledge is increased, and those who attend are made wiser or better, they fail to accomplish the object for which they were designed.

The Autumn is the best time for draining. Waste and useless ground can now be drained, which, if left until the Spring would be unavailable for another year. Many have been astonished at their own success in this work. Two years since a farmer near this city drained an ugly swamp, thinking it might answer for willows the following spring; but failing to obtain cuttings, the land became so dry the last of May, he was induced to try corn, and raised an excellent crop. Digging stumps, grading and all out-door jobs of this nature can be done now better than at any other season. Our springs are short, unsettled, and generally very unpleasant. Our autumns are glorious; all foreign travelers agree that the beauty of the American Autumn is unequaled.—Let it be well improved.

Hogs for early killing should now receive attention, and be put on full rations. This matter is delayed generally too long. The fine weather in the fall is the very best time for making pork cheap. It will cost much less to manufacture it now than during the cold weather of early winter, when the pigs will have all they can do to keep warm.

This is the best time for sowing timothy, and it is a question worthy of consideration, whether the growing of timothy and clover seed might not be made profitable in the "Genesee country," now that our great staple, wheat, has failed.

Manure is much more easily made in the fall and winter than in the warm weather of summer, and the quality is better. Decomposition takes place more slowly and regularly, and the valuable gases are more easily retained. Then there is less danger of loss by burning, or becoming "fire-fanged," as this burning is generally termed.—Muck from the swamps, the remains of old straw stacks, all refuse and coarse stuff that cannot be made available for feed, should be gathered together, with the view of turning it into manure by spring. Many farmers in some sections of our country, spend hundreds of dollars for guano, and other fertilizers, that they might save if they would give more attention to making manure at home. In "these parts," little guano is used, but many crops are starved down to half their natural proportions for want of proper feeding.

Above all things, save the fodder. Let nothing be wasted that will help the stock through the winter. Don't sell anything in the fall that you may have to buy back again in the spring at double the price you obtained for it. If you have too much stock for your feed, procure more at once, or sell off part of the stock. A small number well fed will be more profitable than a large number badly provided for. During the first part of the winter, feed well, but not lavishly, and improve as the spring approaches. This will be found the better way. We do not suppose, of course, any of our subscribers will need many of these hints, but they may be beneficial to some borrowers of the RURAL.

DRAINING.

HAVING considered the theory of the Mechanical and Chemical advantages of draining, and also the preliminary practical labors connected therewith, we now come to the closing portion of our subject—the different styles of drains, and the manner of constructing them.

Tile Drains.—As material for draining purposes, we think nothing has yet been brought forward superior to tile. We find in them at least two of the requisites to the formation of a good drain—durability and portability—and when they are appreciated among the farmers of our country, and their manufacture becomes more extensive and wide spread, we have no doubt that other desideratum—cheapness—will not be wanting. The ingress to water is free and the passage of all moisture is equally ready. Vermin cannot injure them as readily as almost any other kind of drain.—They can be used where all attempts to bring into service stone or other weighty materials would prove futile. Again, the expedition with which they can be laid down is an important item with us where wages are high.

Many persons seem to entertain the idea that tile are only fit for draining springs or bodies of water—that no positive advantage can be obtained from them by the land through which they pass. This is an error. The water filters through each opening or joint and passes into the drain. The author of the work "*Philosophy of Land Drainage*," from which we have previously quoted, speaking of this property, says:—"The drains were twenty-four feet asunder, the pipes one inch in diameter, and each pipe a foot in length, so that each lineal foot had to receive the water falling on twenty-four square feet of surface, equal to sixty lbs., or six gallons; and as the time which this quantity occupied in descending through the soil and disappearing was about forty-eight hours, it results that one and one-fourth pounds, or one pint per hour, entered the drain through the crevice between each pair of pipes. Every one knows, without having recourse to strict experiment, how very small a hole will let a pint of water pass through in an hour, being only one-third of an ounce per minute, or about twice the contents of a lady's thimble.

"The weight of rain per acre which fell during the twelve hours amounted to 108,900 lbs., or 48.5 tuns, which, on the whole piece of nine acres, is equal to 437.4 tuns; and each drain discharged nineteen tuns, equal to about four-tenths of a tun per hour, on the mean of about forty-eight hours; but when the flow was the greatest, I found that each drain must have discharged at the rate of five times this quantity per hour, which affords proof of the faculty of the pipes to receive and carry off a fall of rain equal to two and a half inches in twelve hours."

Of the various forms of tile, that known as the horse-shoe—since the benefits of drainage became known and a thoroughness of the system advocated—has been longest in use. These have been and are still used without a sole, and are laid upon the ground without anything to form the bottom of the drain but the soil upon which the pipes are laid. The plan is a bad one. Soil, no matter how hard, will soon soften under the action of moisture, and the tile, of necessity, sink and the drain is destroyed. Flanges, with which the edges of the tile are sometimes provided, are often represented as preventing such an occurrence, but this is not true. Even if they did, there is still serious objection to their employment. Running water will loosen and in time carry away so frail a foundation, and, in addition, the very part of the drain that needs protection is exposed to the entrance of all the animals that burrow. Never should the drainer, by false notions of the theory of drainage or economy, permit the construction of a drain that is not well protected in every part. In laying tile of this description, you must "break joints," that is, let each tile rest upon two soles—the joints of the soles being at the middle of the tile. The cylindrical form of tile has many favorites, and, in some situations, if not in all, it is superior.—The oval form also has its advantages, but we hear complaint in reference to the difficulty of setting them.

The *size* of the pipe to be used is a question of much importance, and one upon which we could not give a decisive answer. The amount of the fall of rain and the quantity of moisture to be discharged obtainable therefrom, is not the only matter needing consideration. The natural dampness of the soil is another question—the farmer located in a "wet district," must have larger water courses than he who possesses a high and comparatively dry soil. This much we can say, however, that we believe, in nine cases out of ten, one inch pipes will ultimately prove a failure—that one and one-half inch are sufficiently minute, and those of two inches capacity are much to be preferred.

Stone Drains.—These are of various forms, either on the plan of open culverts, or of small stones, in such quantity as shall permit speedy filtration of water from the surrounding soil. Fig. 1 represents a box drain, in which the larger flat stones are reserved for the top and bottom—the smaller answer for the sides, which are backed by spherically-shaped stones. Fig. 2 is a drain of the same description, except that the larger stones are reserved for the sides, which extend some distance above the top. The top is fitted wedge-like and is kept in position by the weight of earth upon it. In both of these drains care must be exercised in laying the under stone—throughout the whole drain these must be neatly arranged at the bottom of the trench. Fig. 3 represents a coupled drain made by placing a flat stone at the bottom of the trench, upon which are placed two other stones with their lower edges close to the sides of the trench, their upper edges resting upon each other, and to secure them their surface is liberally covered with small stones and gravel. Fig. 4 presents the channel of the coupled drain inverted, flat stones, laid as in masonry, supporting the sides.—

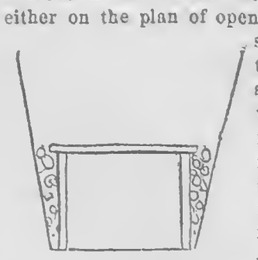


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

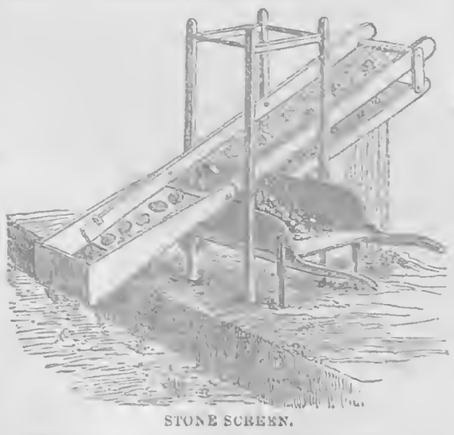
FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

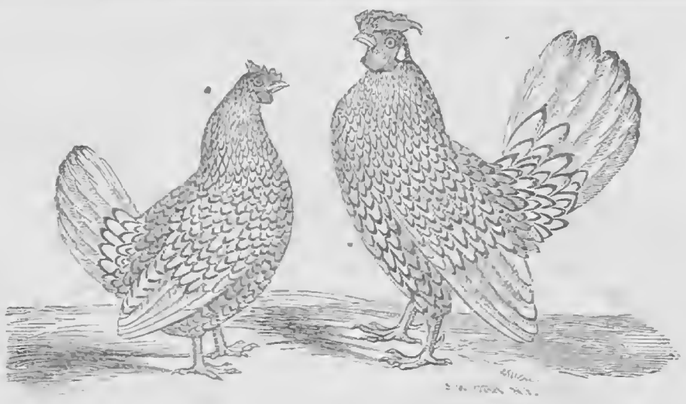
In fig. 5 we have the trench as dug by a machine, and here two flat stones extend up the side, a cap is fitted in wedge-like, and the whole liberally filled with small stone. In fig. 6 we have a combination of the open drain, and also of the one formed entirely of small stone, and the mode of construction finds especial favor with many of those who construct drains of this material.

FIG. 5.

FIG. 6.


STONE SCREEN.

Where stone are plenty and of the required kind and the farmer can work to double purpose—erecting drains and clearing his land—this variety of drain may be advantageously constructed. If, however, stone must be broken, or drawn any distance, and tile can be obtained, we would recommend the employment of the latter. In this connection, and for the benefit of our readers, we give an engraving from MORTON'S *Cyclopedia of Agriculture*, of a screen, which those making stone drains, or performing any labor with such material, where distinction in size is a requisite, will find a valuable article. It is composed of four uprights, and the screen is capable of having its angle of inclination altered by means of screws. Underneath this is another screen, with the bars close together, the mouth of which is over a barrow.—By using this screen three sizes of stone are provided. The screen is placed at the side of the drain, and put in operation—the coarser stones falling to the bottom of the trench, the middle sizes into the barrow, and the small gravel and rubbish finding the ground. Here we have the stone as needed—coarse for the base of the drain, medium for the center, and fine for the top.


SEBRIGHT BANTAM FOWLS.

THE different varieties of fowls have peculiar qualities which render them valuable. The Asiatic fowls, represented by the Shanghais are prized for their weight, and quietness of disposition. The Bantams are remarkable for the haughtiness of their carriage and their diminutive beauty. The most beautiful variety of Bantams is the SEBRIGHT, of which we give a very correct engraving. They derived their name from Sir JOHN SEBRIGHT, who, after experimenting twenty years succeeded in producing this variety which he considered "the very prettiest of all domestic fowls."

The gait of the Sebright Bantam is the very extreme of self-esteem, vanity, and self-assurance and when silently walking on a lawn in search of insects in the grass, or hurrying with the most agile and noisy impatience from the too near advance of your favorite dog to some friendly covert of evergreens, it is impossible to conceive a more lovely ornament to your grounds, or one that claims more general admiration and astonishment from those who thus see them for the first time.—The feet are raised in walking much more than in any other of the Bantams, and planted again with the greatest deliberation and precision. When alarmed, their deportment is most striking; the wings droop to the ground, not listlessly, but as if determined to make the most of their tiny proportions; while the head is thrown back, and the tail raised, so that they all but meet.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the Sebright cock is the total absence of both hackle and saddle feathers; he is also perfectly "*hen tailed*," that is, devoid of sickle feathers; the principal feathers being straight and forming a square tail, like that of the hen, perfectly upright and not inclining to either side.

There are of the Sebrights two distinct varieties, well known, one as the "Golden-laced," the other as the "Silver laced" Bantam, the markings in each precisely similar, the great difference being in the ground color; that of the Golden is a purely clear bright bay; the Silver colored on the other hand, if decidedly a perfect bird, is a clear bright frosted silver, which, from the very great contrast with the "black lacings," gives it a decidedly superior appearance to its less conspicuous neighbor. Every feather from the head to the tail of a well-bred Sebright is "laced" or bordered all round the edge with a line of pure black, about one-sixteenth of an inch in width.

The chickens are hardy to excess, if kept in a perfectly dry place the first week or two; and it is quite necessary to enforce this, as the least damp at this early age is certainly fatal alike to your hopes and your chickens.

The Bantams are excellent layers, sitters, and mothers, and perform all these duties with very little trouble. As mothers, indeed, they appear to the greatest advantage; for their activity, courage and gentleness with their chickens place them above all other fowls. Four or even five eggs per week each, during a laying season, extending over seven or eight months, is no unusual production. For the engraving of these fowls we are indebted to BEMENT'S *Poulterer's Companion*.

HOW SHALL WE THRESH OATS?

SHALL they be threshed with a machine or with a flail? Mr. JOHN SANFIELD says, with a flail—that it is cheaper and better every way. But let us see. "Circumstances alter cases." When barns are swarming with rats and mice as they were last year, is it best to let the oat mow remain over till winter to be eaten and made foul by them? I trow not. Would *he* not rather hurry his grain into a good tight granary (of course he has one,) and let the vermin work in the straw till they find it a bootless enterprise? But *is* it as *cheap?* I turn to last year's account, as follows:

Machine, Sept. 24th,	Dr.
To threshing 650 bushels of oats,	$9 75
Six extra hands one day, (nearly,)	6 00
Two span of horses,	4 00
Board of nine men,	2 25
Do. five teams,	2 00
Total,	$24 50

or less than $4 per hundred bushels instead of the $5 he says it costs, with the straw nicely stacked and all done with.

How would the account have stood after hearing "thump," "thump," in the barn several weeks? The old rule was every *eighth* bushel for threshing, but we will allow only a *tenth*.

Mr. Flail,	Dr.
To 65 bushels, 50 cents,	$32 50
Board of man, 32 days,	8 00
Extra help to clean, say	3 00
Total,	$43 50
Deduct,	24 50
Balance against flail,	$19 00

Also, two or three *very* dirty shirts every week,

the barn floor occupied and littered half of the winter, and all to save, in better condition, fodder that without grain with it, will *not* make "sleek herds, looking the picture of contentment," but on the contrary, herds that in the spring show an actual loss from the fall weight, and *number* too, sometimes.

It may be said one-tenth is too much for threshing, especially when the price of grain is so high. But where the straw was overgrown, as in the case adduced, an ordinary hand would not average 20 bushels a day; and if he did, calling wages and board 75 cents a day, the cost would even then be about the same as the machine. It must be borne in mind too, that in good yielding grain with *moderate* straw, the machine and force instanced would as easily have threshed 1,000 bushels. It must also be recollected that *one-fifth* the expense of threshing is charged to my own teams, that might as well be at work as in the pasture, and must be *kept*, whether busy or idle.

So much against your positions, Mr. SANFIELD. Were the burden of your plea, humanity to *man*, I would say amen thereto. Extraordinaries excepted, it is better to keep the oat-mows to be threshed with the flail than to compel laboring men to pass the winter in unwilling idleness. The interests of society at large are best promoted when employers provide labor for all who are willing to work. W. B. P.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1857.

THE CELLAR.

WHY is it that this most important and indispensable part of every farm house is so much neglected? While the parlor, the sitting-room and kitchen are fitted up with all the conveniences, and many of the superfluities, of the present day, is it good policy to allow them to monopolize the farmer's means, to the exclusion of the not less important part—the cellar? I am not a professional croaker, but, at the risk of incurring the odium attached to individuals belonging to that class, I must state it as my belief that cellars are almost universally in a bad and even unhealthy condition, looked upon as a mere out-of-the-way place for the potatoes, garden sauce, or "salt junk," where, by the aid of a stinted door and break-neck stairway, they are accessible during the winter—where, from the absence of floors, cleaning (except with the hoe) is hardly thought of—where the rats run riot and store their share of the spoils in the cellar drain. Is it a wonder that the air becomes loaded with miasma, and the scraper and foot-mat become as much a necessity at the cellar stairs as by the kitchen door? The poisonous gases constantly forming, pass, during winter at least, into poorly ventilated rooms above, where they must have a serious effect upon health, while, combined with the moisture in the cellar, they destroy most effectually its preserving qualities.—Fresh meats and dairy products are peculiarly susceptible and quickly taint, and become unfit for food in a foul atmosphere, while all kinds of fruits and vegetables lose their flavor and decay much more rapidly from this cause. There is pressing need of reform in this matter. Why can there not be a neat and commodious stairway to the cellar as well as to the garret? Would it pay as well?—Ask BRIDGET.

Why not have a well paved floor which will admit of cleaning? Stone, being good conductors of heat, would have a strong tendency, if laid on the ground, to keep the temperature of the room the same as the ground beneath them. Why not make the drain of pipe tile, and just *inside* (not under) the wall, thus making it proof against rats, while at the same time it may be accessible if it becomes necessary to open it? Why could not a jacket of tan, refuse charcoal, or some other non-conductor, be confined, as a permanent fixture, on the inside against that part of the wall which, from its snowy envelope during severe weather, indicates the point where, as farmers say, "the frost is getting in?" Why could not a connection be formed between the cellar and chimney? Would it not materially aid ventilation? Would it not be much better to place the apples, potatoes, and other stores, which must find their winter quarters in the cellar, on counters or swing shelves, where they can be assorted, than to throw them down in a pile in the corner to ferment and decay? These swing shelves may be put up in any cellar at a trifling cost, and if properly made, about 3½ ft. from the ground, will head the rats most effectually. It seems to me that these improvements are all feasible, and they certainly need not be very expensive. L. S.

Canajoharie, N. Y., 1857.

BEES AND BUCKWHEAT—AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL:—Having noticed in a late number of the RURAL, a few remarks about "Bees and Buckwheat," I too, wish to give my opinion—not in the way of criticising, however. The writer of this article states that J. H. WARNER has come to the conclusion that "bees make no honey from buckwheat." I ask what do they make from it?—I have often noticed them busily at work on the blossoms of buckwheat, and have "lined" them, and traced them to their hives. The honey made from buckwheat has a different taste from that made from other flowers.

He also speaks of weighing the hives just before and after "buckwheat time," and of finding no difference in their weight. Now there may be some who think different; but it looks reasonable to me that if the comb is filled with "honey of a darkish color," (as J. T. BROWNELL states,) *it must have weight.* I will admit that those who have had more experince in the business know best; but I look at the "*reason* of the thing." What think you fellow readers, is not my opinion a correct one?—E. W. D., *Hartford, Wis.*, 1857.

EDS. RURAL:—Please to say to J. T. BROWNELL, of Birdsall, N. Y., in answer to his inquiry as to bees gathering honey from buckwheat, that immediately upon perceiving it in your columns I took a hive which I had weighed six days before, and found an *increase of six pounds*, rainy as it has been. Had it all been pleasant weather probably double this amount would have been made. The hive was about an average one out of between eighty and a hundred. I am perfectly satisfied that honey is gathered from buckwheat and in large quantities, still others may think differently. —A SUBSCRIBER, *Rome, N. Y., August*, 1857.

"BLACK LEG."—A MISNOMER.

EDS. RURAL:—I have recently lost two promising calves from the effects of what is known in this part of the country as "Black Leg," (but which I think is not the right name.) It attacks calves of all ages from two months two years old and generally proves fatal in from 12 to 24 hours. The animal when attacked refuses all food, the eyes appear sunken, and its breathing is accompanied with a short, distressing sound. As the disease approaches its crisis the animal shows strong inclination to get to water and on reaching it will bury itself if the water is of sufficient depth. On opening the animal, after death, the insides—and particularly the region of the heart and lungs—appear much blackened. In the two instances above no disease was visible on the limbs or surface of the body. If you or any of your numerous readers can give any information as to cause, treatment, or a preventive, you will much oblige a reader of the RURAL.—J. Y. M., *Mercer Co., Pa., August*, 1857.

REMARKS.—From the description given by our correspondent we are inclined to think that the disease is that known as "*Black Tongue.*" This is a disease of the tongue in cattle, which, from its sudden attack, fearful progress, and frequently fatal termination, requires particular notice. The animal is dull, refuses food, and rumination ceases. A discharge of saliva appears from the mouth; it is at first limpid and inoffensive, but it soon becomes purulent, bloody, and exceedingly fetid; the head and the neck begin to swell; they become enormously enlarged; the respiratory passages are obstructed; the animal breathes with the greatest difficulty, and is, in some cases, literally suffocated.

On examination, the tongue is apparently enlarged, but is, in fact, only elevated from its bed between the maxillary bones; and the cause being examined, large vesicles or bladders, red, livid, or purple, are found running along the side and base of the tongue, and particularly towards its anterior part. These bladders are strangely rapid in their growth; become of a very great size; quickly break; and form deep ulcerations. Others immediately arise in their immediate neighborhood, of similar character, but of still larger size. Sometimes the animal dies in twenty-four hours from the first attack; but at other times fever rapidly succeeds, of a typhoid or malignant kind.

While the blain sometimes assumes an epidemic character, there can be no doubt of its being *contagious*, and especially under the malignant form. The disease is not communicated by the breath; but there must be actual contact. The beast must eat from the same manger, or drink from the same trough, or be in such a situation that the saliva, in which the virus seems to reside, shall be received on some abraded or mucous surface. The malady is readily communicated when animals graze in the same pasture. The farmer should be aware of this, and should adopt every necessary precaution.

The treatment of this disease is simple—these bladders or vesicles must be lanced. There will not be much immediate discharge; the bladder was distended by a substance imperfectly organized, or of such a glairy or thick nature as not readily to escape. If this operation be performed when the saliva first begins to run from the mouth, and before there is any unpleasant smell or gangrenous appearance, it will usually effect a perfect cure. If the mouth be examined four-and-twenty hours afterward, the only vestige of the disease will be an incision, not looking very healthy at first, but that will soon become so and heal. If the disease has made considerable progress, and the vesicles begin to have a livid appearance, or perhaps some of them have broken, and the smell is becoming very offensive, the mouth must be carefully examined, and any bladders still remaining whole, or new ones beginning to rise, must be deeply and effectually lanced, and the ulcers washed half a dozen times in the day, or oftener, with a diluted solution of the chloride of lime, (a drachm of the powder to a pint of water.) By means of a syringe or piece of sponge, this may be brought into contact with every part of the ulcerated surface.

MINNESOTA ITEMS.

EDS. RURAL:—A few notes from this portion of the country may not be without interest to your readers, many of them having friends here, or are thinking of coming themselves, and of course wish to know what the prospects are this season. I therefore, send you a few lines on the subject.

Notwithstanding the serious drawbacks of grasshoppers which, in a portion of the Territory, almost entirely destroyed the growing crops—of the Indian hostilities in the spring, which deterred many from coming here who otherwise would,—the course of Minnesota has been right onward, and her future prospects are cheering in the highest degree.

New towns,—real live ones, and not mere "paper towns," (although we have "not a few" of that sort too,) are springing up in various parts of the Territory. The plow is rapidly turning up the rich soil of our prairies and fitting it for the reception of seed, and everything seems to portend a bounteous crop *next year* and a rapid increase in wealth and population.

The crops in all places where the grasshoppers have not been, look remarkably well, thus showing that if we *do not* raise good ones, it is not the fault of the soil or climate. Wheat had rather a light growth of straw, but headed finely and turns out well. I know of several fields on the St. Paul and Stillwater road, which yielded from twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre. Oats and barley are excellent, as also are potatoes which were injured less by the "hoppers" than anything else.—Corn is rather late, but has got a large growth and the prospect of a large yield is good. In a late number of the RURAL there was a short article about tall corn, and you and your brother of the *Rural Intelligencer* were rejoicing over, or rather *in* fields of corn that were from five and a half to six and a half feet high. Now we here, away up in the North-West, in a climate which many persist in believing to be "too cold for corn,"—should not call that *much to talk about.* A field of corn that will not average seven feet in height is called *second-rate.* I have seen several large fields that would average seven feet and a half. This is the way with it in those parts of the Territory not afflicted with grasshoppers, but in this part, (Run River Valley) and for fifteen or twenty miles on each side of the Mississippi, above St. Anthony, they have destroyed almost everything. Here and there some pieces of badly thinned corn, and small fields of potatoes are all that is left. We are rid of the scourge now, however, and there is no prospect of their returning, so we are breaking more land and getting ready to put in more seed next spring. H. M. ATKINS.

Princeton, Benton Co., M. T., August, 1857.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—INQUIRIES.

EDS. RURAL:—For some time I have been watching to see you, or some of your correspondents, describe how we are to get the juice of the sugar cane. I had hoped to have seen something in the last number of the RURAL. It contains nothing, however, but a letter from W. B. P., (of Aug. 24th,) saying that his field *then* showed neither "tassel, silk, blossom, or anything to indicate where the next year's seed is to come from." This is just my case *now*, (Sept. 5th.) I have about an eighth of an acre, some of it higher than I can reach.—By the way, at what stage in its growth must the juice be taken, and when ready, *how?* Can it be ground in a cider mill and pressed? I fear not. Must it not be passed between iron rollers? If so, how large, how long, and how close together should they run? Should they be immovable, or should they have springs to allow the opening to enlarge for the butts and larger stalks?—FULTON, *Oswego Co., N. Y.*, 1857.

EDS. RURAL:—At what time does the Chinese Sugar Cane want to be crushed for the juice—before the seed is ripe, or as soon as mature?—A SUBSCRIBER, *Horseheads, Chemung Co., N. Y.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—Our Oswego Co. correspondent will find the greater portion of his inquiries answered in our issue of the 12th inst. When the stalk shall have attained its full size, and the seed has passed from the dough stage to a harder texture, it is ready for the crusher.

EDS. RURAL:—I see that W. P. B., of Steuben, is some what facetious in his comments on the Chinese Sugar Cane. He says that on August 24th it "showed neither tassel, silk, blossom, or any thing to show where the seed for another crop are to come from." Because W. B. P.'s lot is cast in a Siberian region where altitude, not latitude, opposes the growth of the Sorghum; he must not on that account denounce this famous cereal grass and call it a humbug. I could have shown him on that very 24th of August, two rows of Sorghum thick set, standing over ten feet high with full panicles of bright seed bursting the upper joint of the stalk. Any other season but this for the last thirty years, it would have been at least a fortnight earlier. Wherever the Ohio Dent Corn will ripen Sorghum will perfect its seed. It grows much slower than corn until it attains what the Southerners call a good "strong stand;" then it grows fast, but the sweetness of the stalk remains to be tested; thus far there is more saccharine matter in green corn stalks.—S. W., *Waterloo, N. Y.*, 1857.

EDS. RURAL:—Your correspondent of Prattsburgh, N. Y., in the RURAL of the 5th inst., is rather out of humor with the Sorghum. We, here in Northern Indiana, have reason to be better pleased with it. Some of the seeds in this vicinity are fully mature, while the majority affords a reasonable prospect of becoming so. I give you the results of one imperfect experiment. Twenty-four stalks of the cane, crushed between common shoemaker's rollers, yielded six quarts of juice, which, being boiled, resulted in one pint of *very* thick molasses. With better machinery, we think we can derive better results. "*Corn Stalkum, Sugar Annum*" is no "*humbug*" here! We have sent on for a crusher, and if desirable will give you the results of further experiments.—H., *Fort Wayne, Ind., Sept.* 9, 1857.

TIMBER FOR THE PRAIRIES.

EDS. RURAL:—In answer to your correspondent, J. ANDREWS, of Noble Co., Ohio, allow me to offer my views in relation to cultivating trees for timber on the prairies. My opinion is, that the best kinds of trees to grow here are those varieties that grow naturally, such as oak, black walnut, elm, cottonwood, linden, &c. The locust grows very fast on our prairie soil, but in some localities the borer has destroyed it after it had attained a considerable size. In some parts it does finely, and is a valuable tree on account of its quick growth, and lasting qualities for fence posts, &c.

I am of the opinion that the American Chestnut would be a valuable tree in our climate though I have never seen any of them tried in the western part of Iowa. In the eastern portion of the State, they have been planted to some extent and have done well. I would recommend planting them on a small scale. Were I going to plant, I should try walnut and oak as the two best varieties of timber for the prairies. The seed may be procured here in abundance, in November, and if planted immediately requires no preparation. The ground should be broken up and the nuts or acorns planted just deep enough to keep them moist, say two inches, and they will be sure to come up in the spring. They will require no other care than keeping the weeds down and stiring the ground occasionally. Locust seed may be planted in the fall without preparation, or in the spring after pouring over it several times, a kettle of scalding water. May be planted in rows six or eight feet apart, and cultivated with a plow.

Crescent City, Iowa, 1857. H. A. TERRY.

GRASSHOPPERS IN IOWA.

WHAT shall we do with the Grasshoppers? They have made their appearance here within a few days, and are eating every thing up. The very air is filled with them and corn, potatoes, cabbages, in fact, everything eatable disappears before them. Fears are entertained that they will entirely destroy the corn crop. They came here in clouds from the North-East probably from Minnesota. In the counties north of us they are worse if possible than here. Whether they will remain long, is uncertain. Should they do so four or five weeks, or until they deposit their eggs, it will be useless to try to grow anything here next season. Time will determine,—we hope for the best.—H. A. TERRY, *Crescent City, Iowa*, 1857.

RURAL readers will remember that last week, through the kindness of a Minnesota correspondent, we chronicled the departure of these pests from that Territory. It would seem that Iowa farmers have received a visit and are paying dearly therefor.

Rural Notes and Items.

NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

WE give below the Programme, as issued by the Society, for the government of judges, exhibitors, &c., at the next Annual Fair, at Buffalo, Oct. 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, together with a list of the Superintendents of the various departments. It will be for the interest of those who purpose attending, to acquaint themselves with its provisions:

MONDAY, Oct. 5.—Office open for entries, on Show Grounds, and stock and articles arranged.

TUESDAY, Oct. 6.—Arrangements for exhibition completed and visitors admitted. Judges are requested to report themselves at the Secretary's Office.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 7.—Judges will be called at 9 o'clock—receive their books of entries, and commence their examinations. Tickets for Members $1, single admission 25 cents, to be had at the Office on the Grounds.

THURSDAY, Oct. 8.—Exhibition of Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry; Implements and Machinery in operation; the Trial of Horses by the Judges, in the Rings prepared for the purpose. The Cattle will be exhibited in Rings, and prizes affixed under the direction of the Judges, before they leave the Rings. Plowing and Spading Matches during the day. Floral, Mechanical and Dairy Halls will be open for examination.

FRIDAY, Oct. 9.—Prize Animals will be exhibited, under the direction of the General Superintendent, in the Rings appropriated for the purpose.—At 1 o'clock the Address by Hon. EDWARD EVERETT. After the Address, the Matched and Single Horses will be exhibited in the Trial Ring, under the direction of the Superintendent.

Public Meetings will be held in the city, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Evenings, for discussions on Stock, Implements, Improvements in Farming, Fruit, &c. Places of meeting will be designated in the Buffalo papers during the Fair.

Maj. M. R. PATRICK, General Superintendent, will have charge of the arrangements for carrying out the Fair.

SUPERINTENDENTS.

General Superintendent—Maj. M. R. PATRICK. Cattle Department—WILLIAM JOHNSON. Horse Department—LE ROY FARNHAM. Sheep Department—G. C. BRADLEY. Swine Department—HUGH T. BROOKS. Poultry Department—E. P. CHEEVER. Plowing and Spading Department—SAMUEL HESTON. Implement Department—ISAAC FOOTE, Jr. Machinery and Steam Power—EDWARD H. REES. Grain and Dairy Department—M. M. SMITH. Vegetable Department—C. F. CROSSMAN. Domestic Hall—THOMAS FARNHAM. Miscellaneous Department—CHARLES G. RIGGS. Discretionary Department—RUFUS L. HOWARD. Floral Hall—W. R. COPPOCK. Press—ROBERT HADFIELD.

MONROE COUNTY FAIR.—This fair will be held on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. Monday will be devoted to entries of articles for exhibition and the PLOWING MATCH. It will be a matter of convenience to officers and exhibitors, if those intending to exhibit articles at the fair, will, during this week, call at the office of the Society, No. 44, Arcade, and obtain their tickets and make entries of their articles. The Plowing Match should not be forgotten, as good plowing is essential to a good system of field husbandry. Tuesday will be devoted to an examination of articles by the judges. Everything should be ready and in its place by 10 o'clock, and perhaps it might be well to hint that all the judges would be wanted at that time. Wednesday at 11 o'clock A M., the Address will be delivered on the ground by the President, after which there will be a procession of the premium animals, an equestrian display, and a good chance to know who has the best as well as the fastest horses.—w.

THE WEATHER AND THE CORN CROP.—The difficulties attendant upon planting the seed, the failure of much to germinate, and the continued coolness of our summer months, led many to fear that our corn crop would never reach maturity. We are happy to state, however, that such fears were groundless, and the prospect now favors a return of the golden ears—fully up to the average in both quantity and quality—to reward the labors of the husbandman.

In this connection we may state that Mr. J. H. CRAMPTON, of Bergen, Genesee Co., has sent us two specimens of the "Ohio Dent," raised upon his farm, measuring *thirteen feet eight inches* in length. Mr. C.'s sample stands ahead, and, what is of more importance, this "Buckeye" will mature in New York despite of cold and wet seasons.

SAMPLE CROPS.—Mr. WM. DENNISTON, of this city, has lately been making a tour of the West and has kindly furnished us with a statement of the crops produced by three competitors at the St. Clair Co., (Ill.,) Fair. CONRAD FRUTH, of Belleville, on 41¼ acres wheat had a yield of 1,664 bushels—on 6 acres of Barley, 485 bushels—¼ an acre Fall Barley, sown in February, 54 bushels. JAMES GEER, on 38 acres Wheat, had 1,501 bushels. W. J. SCOTT, had one acre selected—said to be the average of a 40 acre field—and the yield therefrom was 46 bushels and 45 pounds. These gentlemen have contracted their wheat crops at prices varying from $1 05 to $1 15. Well done for "Suckerdom."

"SORGHO AND IMPHEE—the Chinese and African Sugar Cane," is the title of a new work by Mr. H. S. OLCOTT, just issued by A. O. MOORE, (late C. M. Saxton & Co.,) No. 140 Fulton St, New York. It is a neat 12mo of 350 pages, and contains, in addition to other matter, illustrations and descriptions of various machinery, &c., used in the grinding and manufacture of Sorghum into molasses and sugar. It is a timely work, and one which we shall notice more fully hereafter.

EARLY FROSTS.—The papers East and West announce the arrival of that chilling individual, JACK FROST. His stay was extremely brief in most places and, with the exception of the Housatonic Valley, Conn., he left no traces of his visit. In Connecticut, it is thought, the tobacco crop is much injured.

THE EGG BUSINESS.—The Bangor (Maine) News says that Mr. Grover, of Guilford, has packed and forwarded to Boston, between the 1st of March and the 18th of August, forty thousand dozen eggs.—The Gospel Banner says:—"It is astonishing to think how extensive the egg business of Maine has become. There is a larger value in money, in this small article exported from Maine each year, than of any other. We have one firm in Gardiner, Messrs. Mitchel & Wilson, that has exported immense quantities to California, thereby realizing handsome returns. And one gentleman alone, Mr. Seavy, of Farmingdale, during the last year, collected and sold no less than 300,000 dozen, —2,400,000 eggs. The average price was eighteen cents a dozen, making a total of $36,000. There are forty dozen in a bushel, 480, and thus he collected 5,000 bushels. In May last he collected 38,000 dozen. And he is only one of many in our immediate neighborhood."

GREAT WHEAT CROP.—The St. Paul Minnesotian says, on sixty acres of land, in Washington county, Minnesota, there was raised this season the enormous yield of *three thousand bushels of wheat*, or fifty bushels to the acre. The grain is of the finest and heaviest quality, actually weighing four or five pounds more to the bushel than the standard weight. The crop was raised from seed which has long been in the Territory, and was thoroughly acclimated. Winter's cold has no effect on it.

LADY SUFFOLK AND BLACK HAWK.—The skins of Lady Suffolk and Black Hawk have been preserved, and elegantly set up by Mr. Jilson, of Lynn, Mass., and were shown at the Vermont State Fair on the 8th inst. They are to be shown at all the horse fairs throughout the country.

The Young Ruralist.

ALL OCCUPATIONS HONORABLE.

EDS. RURAL:—Is the farmer's occupation necessarily more honest, more laborious, or more respectable than many another? Are farmers, because of their calling, to be considered as a class, rough, uneducated, unpolished? Does any sensible person think so? Does not every person of even common information know that agriculture is becoming more and more exalted as an employment, and an intelligent, wealthy farmer is on equal footing with the highest in the land?

We ask these questions because we see so many farmers so extremely sensitive about their standing, and imagine all the professional, mercantile and other occupations look down on them, while at the same time, they depend on the farmer to produce the elements of life, or the material for food and clothes. They call themselve producers, and the rest of the world, consumers, and denounce the professions—the fine arts, &c., as pick-pockets, knaves—men who live by their wits, and by gouging the honest, unsuspicious, hard-working community.

Now we do not see the philosophy of men berating and abusing each other on the score of occupation, nor how the farmer works any harder, or does any more for community than the rest, nor why, if disposed, he has not the same chance to be dishonest as the merchant? He gets high prices for his articles in proportion to their scarcity, the same as the merchant, and is just as ready to take advantage of the market, for sales to his advantage, as men in other occupations. A farmer is said to be the most independent man in the world. Why is he so? He raises his own bread and meat, but does he make all his own cloth, or build his own houses, or raise his own luxuries, groceries, &c? He is dependent on the mechanic, the merchant, the tailor, the shoemaker, the manufacturer, the lawyer, the doctor, and they in their turn, on all the rest. Now, Mr. Editor, where is any one occupation independent of all the others? Or why should any man boast, or bully, or brow-beat another? Does a man's calling exalt him, or he his calling? Cannot a man be a shoemaker, or farmer, or dentist, or doctor, or a mason, or anything else, and be also a man and a gentleman, honorable, honest, useful? No man follows any occupation and becomes independent without hard labor of body or mind, without close application and persevering industry.—And then all the independence one gets, is plenty of money to pay for other people's ingenuity and exertions. Never a human being ever gets so independent as to say the rest of the world—"I ask no more of you—I can take care of myself." For after we have paid the uttermost farthing for all we consume, we depend on ten thousand nameless attentions and kindnesses from those around us.—So what is the use of all this bragging and abusing.

The farmers are as good as anybody, and the rest as good as them. They are all bound together and have need of each other, and if every man would do his duty in his calling, and let everybody else do his, there would be less time for sparring and comparing, and the world might go on more peacefully and pleasantly—don't you think so?

Westfield, N. Y., 1857. ULTRA.

Yes, these are our sentiments exactly. We should all, and always, remember that

> "Honor and shame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

Here we have an inquiry from a boy that we like, for it is practical. Who will give the advice needed; who will tell this enterprising youth what he had better do with his acre of land. We are almost tempted to say a word or two, but for the present, we leave it with our correspondents.

MR. EDITOR:—In accordance with the suggestions made in the RURAL, my father has agreed to let me have an acre of good land to cultivate for myself, and do just as I like with. Now, I am something like the man who drew an elephant in the lottery; when he got him, he didn't know what to do with him. He couldn't afford to feed him, and nobody would buy him. I want some of the *Young Ruralists* to tell me what I had better do with my land. I want to raise as much on this acre as is raised on any acre of the farm, or I shall feel ashamed; and I know father will feel pleased if I succeed well, and I wish very much to please him for his kindness. I am to have the land as long as I choose to cultivate it, or until I am twenty-one years old, which will be most six years.

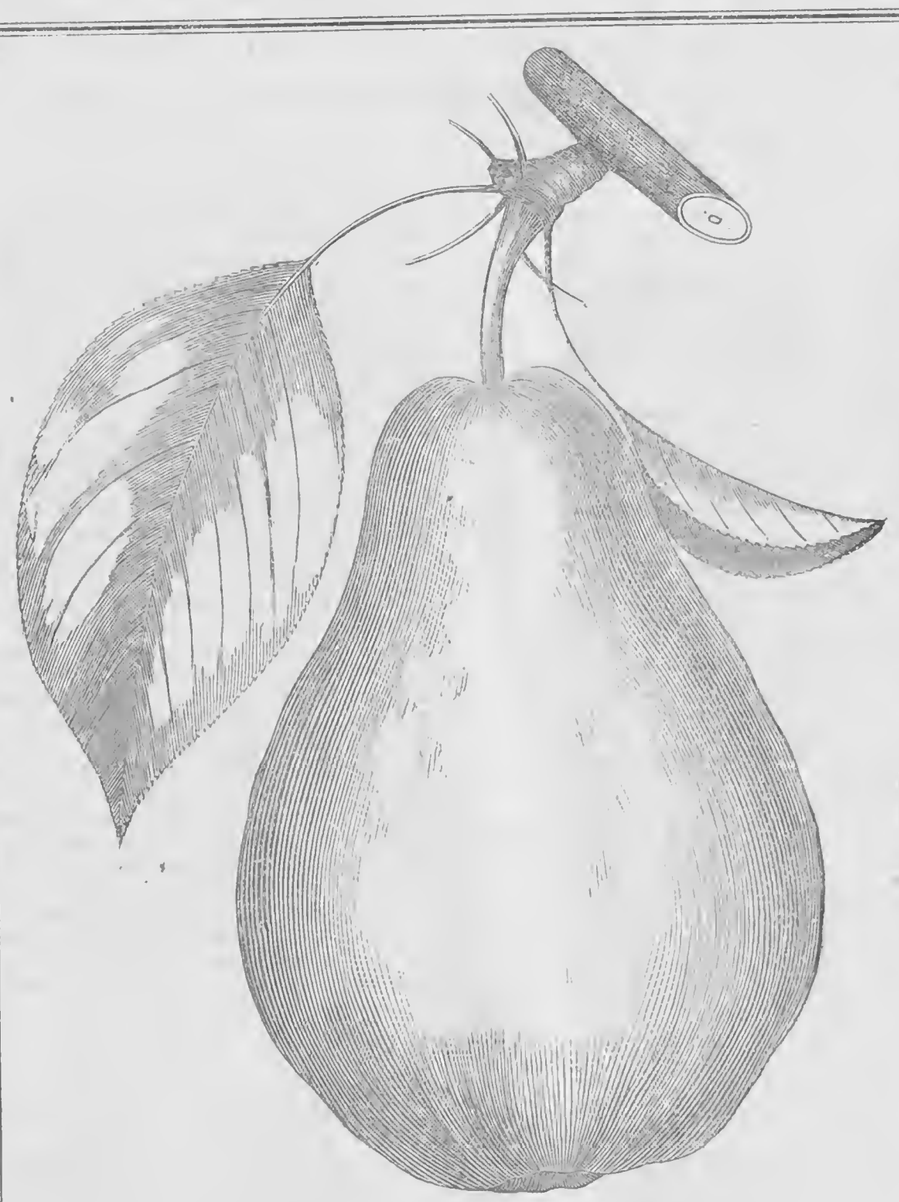
The Orchard and Garden.

NOTES OF FRUITS IN SEASON.

THE weather the past week has been quite warm and the fruits are ripening finely. We are now enjoying a feast of fine fruit, and can only find room to notice a few of the principal sorts.

Among the plums ripe we notice the following: LUCOMBE'S NONSUCH, rather large, yellowish green, with white bloom. The flesh is rather firm, but rich. NECTARINE, a large round fruit, with fine yellow spots. The flesh is somewhat coarse and acid, but of good flavor. The VICTORIA is a large, pretty plum, of a yellowish color, marked and dotted with red, which gives it a copper color. Its flavor is good. DENNISON'S SUPERB is a very beautiful round plum, finely marked with red on the sunny side. The flesh is very rich, but not juicy. We have half a dozen other fine sorts now ripe, but our space forbids a more general notice at present.

We have before us on our table while writing, about a dozen varieties of ripe pears, and taking all things into consideration, we think the finest and best of them all to be our old favorite, the BARTLETT. Now we do not know but many of our readers—all experienced fruit growers at least—will be ready to say, "pass along to some new variety; we know all about the old Bartlett." But, really, friends, you must remember that we have thousands of readers who have never tasted a Bartlett pear, and know nothing about it; and how could we do them a better service than by telling them all about this fine fruit that we prize so highly. We write for the *benefit* of our readers, and to describe and recommend one well established variety, will do much more good, we think, than notices of a hundred novelties, none of which may prove valuable. We therefore give a fine engraving and full description of the Bartlett pear, and would urge all who plant trees not to forget to include it among their collection, as it succeeds well in almost every situation and climate. We have seen it growing finely in Maine and Mississippi, in Massachusetts and Missouri, in fact we hear of its successful culture in almost all parts of our country. It is a general favorite.



BARTLETT PEAR.

The Bartlett originated in Berkshire, England, about the year 1770, and was introduced by a Mr. WILLIAMS, a nurseryman near London, and there called *Williams' Bonchretien*, which name it is still known by in England. In the French and Belgian catalogues it is called "*Williams'*," or "*Poire Guillaume;*" latterly they add "*Bartlett of the Americans.*" The name *Bartlett*, by which it is almost universally known in this country, was originally given to it in consequence of being imported and first grown here by ENOCH BARTLETT, of Dorchester, Mass., who lost the name under which it was sent to him. It was sent from England to Mr. BARTLETT about the year 1799, so that it has been now upwards of half a century in this country; but it has not been widely known more than half of this time. In *Kenrick's American Orchardist*, edition of 1833, it is classed among *new* varieties. At the present day it is, we think, more extensively propagated in the nurseries than any other variety, save, perhaps, the *White Doyenne*, the staple of the pear trade in Western New York. Fruit—large; on young vigorous trees often *very* large, in some cases weighing a pound. Form—pyramidal, irregular. Surface—quite uneven.—Skin—smooth, light yellow, with a delicate blush [illegible], the sunny side. Stalk—stout and fleshy, an inch to an inch and a half long, and but slightly bent. Calyx—open, shallow. Basin—very slightly plaited. Flesh—white, fine-grained and buttery, with a rich, musky perfume, not wholly agreeable to many tastes; ripens all through September. Few pears admit of being picked so soon as the Bartlett, for they ripen well when gathered even before they are fully grown; and this quality is of great value, as it allows them to be picked and transmitted to markets at a considerable distance. We picked up several specimens blown from the trees the middle of August, ripened them in the house, and had them ripe and fine the first of September. The tree is a handsome, erect grower, vigorous, and exceedingly productive, bearing quite young, both on pear and quince. It is readily distinguished by its narrow folded leaves and yellowish shoots. It takes and grows well on the quince, but is so disposed to fruitfulness as to become very soon enfeebled, unless pruned pretty close annually, and the soil about its roots kept in a condition to afford abundant nourishment. When trees on the quince root are planted, the point of union between the pear and quince should be placed three inches under ground, or they will be apt to break off, as the union between the Bartlett pear and quince is never perfect, and many break off; but when planted in this way, roots are thrown out from the pear wood, and the tree becomes strong and robust. The reason why this pear is short-lived on the quince is, that the course of management is not adapted to its habits.

The BRANDYWINE is a pear of medium size, of a light yellowish color, dotted with russet. It is melting, juicy, sweet and vinous. The tree is a good grower and very productive. Recommended by American Pomological Society as promising well, and is a fine, showy and excellent fruit, that will please.

The TYSON is one of our very best summer pears, and is as beautiful as it is good. It ripens at least two weeks earlier than the Bartlett, though we have specimens of both in good condition now before us. The Tyson is an accidental seedling, and was found growing near Philadelphia some sixty years since, and has not been very largely propagated until within a few years. It is supposed by some to be a cross between the *Madeleine* and *Seckel*, as it has the form of the first with the flavor of the latter. The tree grows vigorously, and does not bear very early on the pear, but on quince we have seen fine crops at four years old. Those who want a fine summer pear should not forget the Tyson.

DUCHESSE DE BERRY DE ETE is a very good, handsome pear. It is quite distinct in form, being roundish, with a very short, stout stem. The flesh is quite juicy and refreshing, of a fine flavor, and the skin yellow with a blush of red on the cheek.

The ROSTIEZER is one of the highest flavored of all our summer pears, and one of the best foreign varieties now cultivated in this country. It is of German origin, and was first imported to Boston some fifteen or eighteen years since, but its small size prevented its general dissemination. It was brought before the American Pomological Society in 1849, and recommended unanimously for general cultivation. It is almost equal to the Seckel in flavor. The fruit is regular pyriform in shape; skin yellowish green, with a brownish red cheek. The tree grows remarkably vigorous and strong, and bears abundant crops both on the pear and quince.

The OTT is a Pennsylvania pear, supposed to be a seedling of the Seckel, and all the specimens we have seen are even smaller than that variety. The flavor is rich and sugary, with a spicy aroma. Skin is dull green, becoming somewhat yellow when matured.

SUMMER FRANCREAL is a very pleasant, sweet pear, but not high flavored, and of medium size. Skin pale yellowish green, with very small brownish dots.

The EARLY YORK PEACHES are about over, and EARLY CRAWFORDS and LARGE EARLY YORK are now ripening pretty freely. The Early Crawford is the great market peach of Western New York, and no other is so extensively grown. Its large size and high color makes it more salable than any other variety, and yet it is not equal in flavor to several other varieties. The tree is a fine grower, extremely hardy, and is surpassed by none for productiveness. It also comes into bearing early, and seldom fails in this section to produce a good crop. There is some confusion in regard to the names of several varieties of peaches, and as the Fruit Growers' Association of Western New York hold their next session in this city in the height of the peach season, we hope especial attention will be given to this subject.

DOWNING'S FRUITS AND FRUIT TREES OF AMERICA.—We have just received the *revised* and much enlarged edition of this standard work. The work of revision was entrusted to CHAS. DOWNING, Esq., brother of the lamented author, and we have no doubt it has been well and faithfully done. Mr. DOWNING says in his preface that, "In preparing this revised and corrected edition of the 'Fruits and Fruit Trees of America,' no alteration has been made in the general principles of cultivation and propagation, and but little in the descriptions of those varieties that are retained; but some, after repeated trial, having proved unworthy of general cultivation, have been reduced and put in a class of inferior sorts; some of which, however, have advocates, and succeed in particular soils and localities.

Many new ones of 'very good' and 'best' quality have been added; some well proved, and others partially so, requiring more time to give their true merits; some giving promise of excellence, others may prove, when fully tested, but of inferior value.

Something has been done towards ascertaining synonymes and identifying disputed varieties, and great numbers of specimens compared from various sources; but it requires much time and long-continued examinations to accomplish even a little by private individuals, where there is so much confusion as now exists. Order and accuracy can only be arrived at when the different varieties are well grown in the same soil and locality, which could only be realized in an experimental garden on a large scale."

About 200 pages have been added to the work, and it now makes a large and handsome volume of 760 pages. Published by WILEY & HALSTED, New York.

THE FRUIT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION OF WESTERN NEW YORK holds its fall meeting at the Court House in Rochester on the 18th and 19th of September. Several distinguished pomologists from abroad will be present, and there will no doubt be a fine display of fruit. The discussions at these meetings are very interesting and profitable. Every fruit grower in Western New York should attend, and bring specimens of fruit.

TRANSPLANTING MAPLES.—SUPPORTS, &c.

MESSRS. EDS.:—I wish to ask a few questions in regard to maple trees. Which is the best time for transplanting them, and *about* the best size? also, if they want to be trimmed, and which is the best, hard or soft maple? I would also like to inquire if you would give us a few diagrams of flower frames for running roses, &c., to run on, and much oblige a friend.—C. S. MURDOCK, *Orleans Co.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—Maples may be transplanted either in the autumn, after the leaves fall, or in the spring, before vegetation starts. The soft maple grows much faster than the hard, but is not as fine a tree, as the head is loose and open. If the limbs are shortened in for a few years, it can be made a very fine tree. All forest trees must be pruned pretty close at the time of planting, or they will be apt to die, as very much of the root is destroyed in the removal. Small trees are more easily removed and more certain to live than large ones, and as the shock occasioned by removal is not so great, they will often overtake them and even make larger trees four or five years after transplanting. Large trees, however, can be removed safely, with proper care and labor.

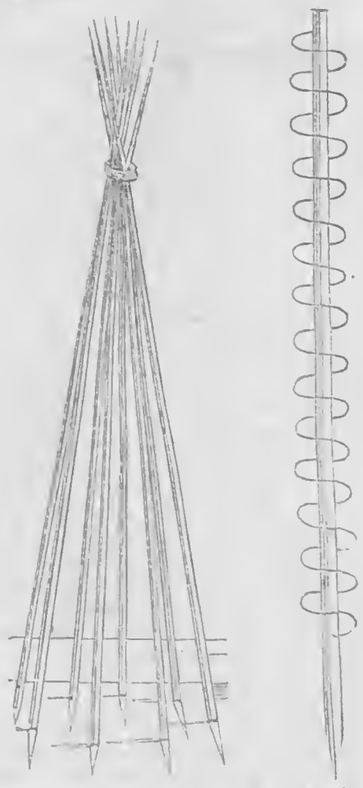


FIG. 1. FIG 2.

The simpler the supports for running vines, &c., the better. No expensive carving or carpenters' work should be admitted, and no wood work in the garden should be painted with white or green, or any bright color. A sober drab is the best, but a support made of sticks with the bark on is much more appropriate than anything else.

We give, for the benefit of all others who may need the information, as well as our correspondent, two plans for supporting running roses or any other plants. Fig. 1 is merely young saplings thrust into the ground, and fastened together at the top. Fig. 2 is made by boring holes in a pole at equal distances, and then passing a stout wire through them, as shown in the engraving. This is an excellent support for small running vines. Any one with a little ingenuity can make very pretty and appropriate supports with little trouble. Two very good plans were given in the RURAL of February 28th.

GOOSEBERRIES.—I have preserved my gooseberries from mildew by mulching with coarse gravel, and applying water freely. One kind, on which I had never tried the experiment, and which I had considered worthless on account of mildew, I mulched with gravel this year, and obtained perfect fruit, free from mildew.—H., *Ft. Wayne, Ind.*

GOOSEBERRIES FROM SEED.—Being something of a gardener, and not sufficiently so to answer my own requirements, I apply to you as the friend of improvement for information. I wish to know at what season of the year to plant gooseberry seeds.

I have a valuable plant, of which, having saved the seed, I would like to plant. The fruit is large, of excellent quality, and never mildews. If you can give me any information with regard to it, it will be thankfully received by a subscriber of the RURAL.—C. S., *Portland, Mich, Sept.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—We would plant the seed as soon as ripe, in a nicely prepared bed with a mellow soil. Before hard frost cover with leaves. In the spring the leaves should be removed and the seed will germinate as soon as the soil becomes well warmed.

ANOTHER BLACKBERRY.—The Hartford *Times* gives the following account of a new Blackberry exhibited in that city:—"The *Holcomb Blackberry* is the name given to a variety of that fruit cultivated by Mr. E. A. Holcomb, of Granby, and exhibited by him at the exhibition of the Hartford County Horticultural Society, last Saturday. In our opinion it is, on some accounts, superior to the famous Lawton berry. The fruit is decidely sweeter, of better flavor, and not as watery as the Lawton blackberry. It is not quite as large, but it is a handsome berry, and the vines—which grow to the height of ten feet—are prolific bearers. We understand that this variety is a native in Granby, and it is considered to possess sufficient individuality and merit to entitle it to a distinctive name."

Due allowance must be always made in descriptions of fruits in newspapers for the foolish habit the editors have of "puffing" everything that is presented to their notice, whether worthy or not. They seldom examine fruit carefully and critically, but use the superlatives with perfect freedom. A very inferior fruit is often described as "delicious," "better than we have ever before tasted," &c. &c. In this way much mischief is done, as any miserable fruit, entirely unworthy of cultivation, may become puffed into notoriety; and those who purchase on such authority often find themselves effectually humbugged.

THE SEASON IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The summer just passed has been one of the coolest we have experienced for some years. On no day has the thermometer exceeded 93°, and only on five or six days has it reached as high as 90°. There has been an unusual number of cloudy, showery and rainy days, and more than the average of rain. Nothing has suffered from drouth this year, but, on the contrary, the quantity of moist weather has over-saturated low and damp localities not well drained. Fruits generally look well, though they are considerably later than usual. Grapes have mildewed in many places, and from present appearances, such late kinds as the Isabella and Catawba will scarcely ripen, unless a warm and dry September succeeds. A continuation of wet weather has increased the labors in the flower garden and shrubbery department. Weeds grow space, and lawns look as fresh as spring. The borders need frequent hoeing and raking, and the lawns and grass edgings repeated cutting.—*Hovey's Magazine for September.*

Domestic Economy.

LARD AND TALLOW CANDLES.—The following method of making the above-named candles is described in the New England Farmer by a correspondent:—"I kept both tallow and lard candles through the last summer, the lard candles standing the heat best, and burning quite as well and giving as much light as tallow ones. Directions for making good candles from lard: For 12 lbs. of lard take 1 lb. of saltpetre and 1 lb. of alum; mix and pulverize them; dissolve the saltpetre and alum in a gill of boiling water; pour the compound into the lard before it is quite all melted; stir the whole until it boils, and skim off what rises; let it simmer until the water is all boiled out, or till it ceases to throw off steam; pour off the lard as soon as it is done, and clean the boiler while it is hot. If the candles are to be run, you commence immediately; if to be dipped, let the lard first cool to a cake, and then treat it as you would tallow."

TO PICKLE CUCUMBERS.—Cucumbers for pickling should be carefully cut from the vines, rinsed in cold water, (not washed,) and after draining, place them in a tub or firkin, the bottom of which should be previously sprinkled with pure salt; put a layer of cucumbers, sprinkle white with salt, and thus alternately till your tub is full. Cover them carefully with a cloth, and have a wooden cover or follower to put on after the cloth, on which place a weight sufficient to keep your pickles under the brine, which will accumulate as you fill it up.—Whenever the cloth is removed to add fresh cucumbers, be careful to keep the scum that rises on the top of the cloth, and rinse it off with water, as it will have a tendency to soften the pickles if it should become mixed with the brine. When wanted for use, soak your pickles in a tin or wooden vessel, in warm water till fresh enough, then scald in vinegar, and season with spices as you like.

CORN FRITTERS.—One teacupful of milk, three eggs, one pint of green corn grated, a little salt, and as much flour as will form a batter, beat the eggs, the yolks and whites separate. To the yolks of the eggs add the corn, salt, milk and flour enough to form a batter, beat the whole very hard, then stir in the whites, and drop the batter, a spoonful at a time, into hot lard, and fry them on both sides of a light brown color.

TO PRESERVE CRAB APPLES.—To one pound of crab apples, take a pound of fine sugar; the juice of a lemon and a little syrup from common apples. Dissolve the sugar in it; let it boil, and skim clear; then prick the crabs, and put them into the syrup; let them boil gently till a straw will run through them; put them into pots and cover well with syrup.

BLACKBERRY JAM.—The common blackberry requires to be gathered ripe and dry, to be carefully picked, boiled for half an hour, and then half the weight of moist sugar added and boiled up again for ten minutes. It is a wholesome preserve for children.

PRESERVED PUMPKIN.—Cut a good pumpkin in strips like citron; sprinkle sugar on them over night, pound for pound, and the juice of four lemons in the morning; boil the peel and a little ginger root, and add to the syrup. Boil the pumpkin till tender, then turn on the syrup boiling hot.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

AIR BRAKE FOR CARS.

ONE of the latest English patents connected with railroad operations, involves the conveying of power by allowing compressed air to travel through a tube to the point where the power is required.—It consists in working the brakes of railroad cars by having as prime mover an air pump or pumps fixed to the frame-work of the carriage of the engine, tender or other carriage, or to more than one carriage. Each air pump or prime mover is to be worked by a crank or eccentric, either direct from the ordinary axle or by a separate axle, with any of the well known appliances for instantaneously throwing the same in and out of gear, or the air pump may be worked by the guard or driver. The other parts consist of a cylinder, piston, and connections, attached direct, or by means of levers, as convenience or circumstances may require, to the brake or brakes in each carriage. The cylinders connected immediately with the brakes may be placed on the side, top, or beneath the seats of the carriages, and the apparatus is applicable to both old and new carriages. The patentee proposes to employ air, say at eighteen pounds to the inch, compressed to about half its bulk. The pipes through which the compressed air is transmitted from the prime mover to the cylinders connected with the brakes, may be carried either under the bottoms or along the roofs of the carriages. The fixed parts of the pipes may or may not run the length of each carriage, and are to be of metal, or otherwise, with unions at the ends, and self-acting air-tight valves opening inwards. The other parts of the pipes for making the connections are to be flexible, with metal ends forming parts of the unions, or other joints, and are so constructed as to open the valves in the ends of the metal pipes when being screwed up, or otherwise attached.—It is a clumsy affair, possessing little novelty.—*Scientific American.*

THE NEW KIND OF PAPER.

IT appears that the "parchment paper" recently invented by Mr. Gaine, of England, is soon to be manufactured and brought into general use. According to the London Mechanics' Magazine's report on this matter, and which is remarked upon approvingly by the Scientific American, Mr. Gaine instituted a series of experiments to discover the effects of acids of different degrees of strength upon vegetable fibre; and he succeeded in discovering that when paper is exposed to a mixture of two parts concentrated sulphuric acid of the specific gravity of 1.854, with one part of water, for a short time, simply drawing it through the liquid, it is immediately converted into a strong, tough, skin-like material. All traces of the sulphuric acid must be instantly removed by careful washing in water. If the strength of the acid much exceeds or falls short of the above degree, the paper is either charred or converted into dextrine, or if it is allowed to remain for many minutes in the sulphuric acid after the change in its texture has been effected. In a little more than a second of time, a piece of porous, weak and unsized paper is converted into a parchment paper, a substance so strong that a ring of it, seven-eighths of an inch in width, and weighing no more than twenty-three grains, sustained a weight of ninety-two pounds; and a strip of parchment of the same dimensions supported fifty-six pounds. Like parchment, it absorbs some water, but it is even indestructible by water. Printed paper is capable, by this process, of being converted into parchment paper without obliterating the printing. If further trials are successful this will prove a most valuable discovery.

ELECTRICAL CLOCKS.

THE nine electrical clocks of Hall's Patent that have been set up in the offices or the City Hall to replace those hitherto in use, were put in motion yesterday at 2 P. M., in presence of several members of the Common Council and Reporters. The motion applied to the main clock in the Mayor's Office by the electricity supplied by a galvanic battery in the basement, was communicated simultaneously to those in Mr. Valentine's offices, Clerk of the Board of Councilmen, County Clerk, the Keeper, City Library, Aldermen and Councilmen's Chambers, and the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, by means of a telegraphic cable about half the thickness of that which was to have crossed the Atlantic. The regulator in the Mayor's office is one of Sperry's make, and needs to be wound up once in a fortnight. The others contain no works at all, an electrical magnet in each sufficing to communicate the motion to the hands. The principle on which the regulator works is exceedingly simple; the electricity being communicated to a wheel provided with thirty cogs and an equal number of intervening spaces, the wheel making one revolution per minute, and each cog and each space indicating one second of time by the second hand. A tell-tale contrivance is attached, which gives warning whenever a deficiency occurs in the supply of electrical power.—*Cour. & Eng.*

IT is estimated that 80,000 persons are employed in the shoe manufactories of Massachusetts. The 218 wholesale and jobbing boot, shoe and leather dealers of Boston, sell yearly $30,100,000, the 106 hide and leather dealers $25,650,000, and the retailers $1,390,000, making an aggregate of $61,140,000. Four of the shoe-houses do a business of over $1,000,000, annually, two over $800,000, nine over $500,000, and thirty-eight over $200,000.—Three leather dealers have an annual trade of more than a million, three more than $800,000, seven more than $500,000, and thirty-four more than $200,000.

IT has for some time been proposed to construct vessels of zinc. A zinc vessel, while it is hardly inferior in strength to one of iron, it is said to possess many advantages over the latter. It will cause no deviation of the compass; the plates not being liable to corrode or rust, do not require painting; in ordinary cases of collision, while iron would, in all probability, crack or break, causing a leakage in the vessel, zinc would yield and bend without endangering the safety of the vessel and hands, or interrupting her course.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE INEBRIATE'S BRIDE.

'Twas the hour of the bridal;—all blooming and fair
Stood the bride, in the flush of her loveliness there,
As the wealth of her heart's pure affection was given
To the loved, and the vow was recorded in heaven.

Oh! sweet was the rapture that thrilled through his breast
As the small, trembling hand to his bosom he pressed;
And proud was the glance of his eloquent eye,
O'er cheek, lip and brow, the rich blood mantled high.

He vowed to defend her, in honor and truth;
To love her in age as he loved her in youth;
And he breathed the fond promise, with joy in his heart,
That only stern Death from that loved one should part.

Ah! could he have seen, as he knelt by her side,
The anguish awaiting his beautiful bride,
He had turned, in dismay, from the dread future years,
And shrouded the bridal in darkness and tears.

But he thought not of sorrow, his heart knew no fear;
He had sipped the red wine, but *'twas only to cheer*,
And the future looked smiling and gay as the morn,
Adorned with life's rose, but concealed was each thorn.

I saw them again when the banquet was o'er,
And I knew, by the flush that his countenance wore,
That the *tempter* was there in this hour of his joy;
He had lurked in the cup to allure and destroy.

Then I turned from that bridal, so joyous and gay,
And I wept as in sadness I hastened away,
For I thought of Hope's roses, so fragrant and fair,
And I knew that the touch of the *spoiler was there.*

* * * * * * * * *

Again I beheld them,—oh! pale was the brow
Of the beautiful bride, and her idol lay low:
He had sipped the red wine 'till it maddened his brain,
And he bowed to its thraldom, and sought it again.

And the love that had blessed him in life's early day,
He had cast, in its beauty and freshness, away:
Aye, *laughed* as the tear-drop, unbidden, would start
From the depths of her broken and desolate heart.

And was it for this that he led her away
From her own happy home, on that glad bridal day;
Ah! little she thought, as she stood by his side,
That 'twas to become an Inebriate's Bride.

Yet, with woman's devotion, she clung to him still,
Her love all unchanging through darkness and ill;
But the rose left her cheek, and the lustre her eye;
And they gathered around, for they knew she must die.

And she faded from earth, and they laid her to rest,
And lightly they pressed the green turf o'er her breast,
Rejoicing to think that no ill could betide,
Or sorrow reach more the Inebriate's Bride.

Oh! touch not the wine when 'tis red in bowl,
'Tis a foe in disguise—it will ruin thy soul:
All too late thou may'st start in keen anguish to find
That it leaveth the sting of the adder behind.

Middleport, N. Y., 1857. EMMA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SIGHTS AND SCENES IN EUROPE.

BY MRS. L. W. BROWN.

No. IV.—A Visit to Florence.

It was one of the loveliest days of Italian Autum, when we passed through the arched gateway and beyond the crowded streets to the hill where stand the Franciscan Church and Convent of San Ministo. Ladies are never allowed to enter the convents of the monks. While waiting without, I ascended the high wall which nearly surrounds these castellated buildings, raised by MICHAEL ANGELO in the middle ages, as means of defence. Our own Wyoming and Genesee valleys, in the rich summer and autumn time, awaken deep admiration and inspire poetic feeling; but they never seemed such a picture of paradise as was presented in one view of sky, distant mountains, vine-clad hills, the city of Florence with its domes and towers, and the smiling valley of the winding Arno on that fair day. Heavy stone bullets are still lying at the base of the Campanile, shot against it by the besiegers in the city. The woolen mattrasses which M. ANGELO suspended from the tower saved the whole building from destruction. On the right is seen the residence or villa of GALILEO. The tower of his observatory still points to the sky, where his entranced vision beheld wonders which were far above the comprehension of his age. To look upon the spot where one, immortal for his discoveries, yet so shamefully persecuted and abused, lived and died, is worth a visit to Florence.

On our return we visited the "Poggio Imperiale." The road to this Royal Palace extends over two miles between lofty arched cypresses. The palace, unlike most others, has no prison-like appearance. It was built in 1622 by the Duchess of Austria. It is said to contain seven hundred rooms, many of which are adorned with royal ornaments and works of richest Italian art.

In the environs of the city are rude blocks of buildings, the doorways of which were filled with women and children dextorously braiding the finest straw. Within the poorly-lighted rooms were others as busily toiling at the low silk looms. What a contrast between their looks and condition and those who wear the rich fabric of their toil.

The gates of the city are shut every evening after sundown and only opened to strangers and strollers at a fixed toll. The streets are paved with flat stones smooth as a floor, and kept very clean by men who go about with donkey carts gathering up every particle of rubbish. No particular trade seems to take the lead in Florence. The shops are filled with varieties, and much of the custom is from visitors. In the forenoon the streets and market squares are thronged with business people from the country, in their peculiar costumes. It is very amusing to see their supplies and watch their bargains. On Sunday morning, below my window, was a hay market. A dozen donkeys with loads of poor hay strapped to their backs stood waiting for some man or woman to relieve them of their burden. Others brought supplies of bread and vegetables. Fresh flowers are a staple article of trade, and are very beautiful. Cocoons are also brought in from the country and sold by peasants. In the afternoon the scene is entirely changed.—Then there is a grand display of wealth and fashion; the streets are full of richly dressed people, fine horses and carriages, most of which are attended by servants in livery or footmen. These robust men, in gay regimentals, appear most graciously devoted to the high calling of opening gates and doors, or holding canes, parasols, and prayer books. They are stimulated to duty by alternate frowns and smiles, threats or promises, and the envied sum of five or six dollars a month, with the privilege of subsisting on the cold soup and fragments left at their master's table. But not unfrequently might the self-styled lords and nobles well covet the patience, honesty and sobriety of their vassals.

The people in the streets are always merry, and their merriment increases as the evening advances; yet the listener within is happily disappointed in not being alarmed by the cry of the victim of the assassin or debauchee. It is said by those who have long resided in Florence that a female, young or old, can pass the streets at any hour of night without fear of insult. The priests are cheerful and social, and very obliging to strangers. They take great pains to show visitors the wonders of art and the symbols and relics of their religion, to which they seem wholly devoted.

There are four bridges that cross the river Arno within the city. It did not seem possible that so small a stream had ever been fed so fast by mountain torrents as, in a few hours, to carry down its tide bridges and buildings similar to those that span its low surface. On one bridge are low dwelling houses. The oldest bridge, *Ponte Vecchio*, is a street of jewelry and other shops. Above these is a gallery leading from the *Pitti Palace to the Royal Gallery*. While standing upon the most westerly bridge, I heard the tragic tale of May-day, 1304. The day was then, as now, welcomed by festivals, shows and gala-parties, each company endeavoring to excel every other in magic invention and parade. At that time one company gave notice that all who wished to hear news from the other world must come very early to *Ponte alla Carraia*. The show was upon the river, and represented the infernal regions as vividly pictured by their own DANTE. This dreadful spectacle drew such a great crowd upon the bridge, that it fell, and nearly all were drowned or injured, so that almost every family in Florence was in mourning by the awful calamity.

The most fashionable drive is just beyond the city along the Arno, to the *Cascini*, or Grand Duke's farm-house. It is called the "*Hyde Park*" of Florence. Here, every day, and especially Sunday afternoons, is a city turn-out of splendid equipages. Those who seek notice among the "upper class" prefer to remain at home if by any means they fail to appear in the best attire, while many of the "titled nobility," now in poverty, half starve through the week to meet the expense of keeping up appearance on Sunday. After a pleasant drive around the richly-shaded roads, open carriages, horsemen, promenaders and busy flower girls crowd together, near sunset, in front of the great farm-house, to greet each other and listen to a band of music. There was no rudeness or confusion among the crowd or along the streets.—Thousands met and parted as if cheering and cheered by the influence of healthful diversion and innocent pleasure.

Santa Maria Novella was the first church that I entered. A humble worshiper in a country church in America has no true idea of the interior of a church in Europe. From Santa Maria Novella I went to the great Cathedral, "marble-cased, dating from the thirteenth century, and yet incomplete,"—to the Baptistry, with its unrivalled bronze doors, twenty years in execution, a pictorial history of the whole Bible,—to San Lorenzo, with its Medicean Chapel, filled with cenotaphs of the richest gems and pearls, and its celebrated statues of MICHAEL ANGELO—to Santa Croces, the "Westminster Abbey" and the "Pantheon" of Florence,—and to others not much less noted. In each, forgetting the rest, I felt had been gathered all the emblems of religion and departed glory and refinements of art of a whole kingdom. In all I stood silent, gazing above, around and beneath.—I had no language to express my thoughts and feelings then, and I will not attempt to describe what I saw in the churches and galleries of art in the well-remembered city of Florence.

The love of Florence grows surpassingly upon a stranger. I left, like many others, after a too brief visit, feeling and hoping that I had not looked my last upon that fair city. But the "Eternal City" is before us, the Grand Holidays are fast approaching, and the long and delightful "Vetturini" journey over the mountains must be made before the heavy rains of winter set in.

FAMILY CULTURE.

CORRUPTION is the Asiatic cholera which passes over republics and leaves them weak, making them an easy prey to a military despot. The incorruptibility of the people is the only safeguard against the overthrow of the government. It is not enough to stand and cry out against corruption when it comes. Demosthenes did this, and yet Athens fell; Cicero did it, and yet Roman liberty fell. It was done under the Stuarts, and under both the Napoleons, and corruption and tyranny triumphed. The morality of a people is a thing of slow growth, requiring patient culture and eternal vigilance in every household. The family is the only sure nursery of virtue. Even religion must go there, if it would achieve its greatest work. Our homes must be more sacredly guarded. We must, in our families, as well as elsewhere, recede from the frail mortality of the times, and go back in our domestic discipline to the stricter morality and conscientiousness of our fathers, or a still greater harvest of corruption awaits us. Woman, as well as man, must be true to her nature and calling.—She must not be superficial and frivolous. She must not, in this corrupting and sensual age, leave her children at large, while she is fluttering in her silks to attract public admiration. When mothers forget their maternal duties, and cease to instil early, with Bible in hand, the principles of purity, virtue, honor and patriotism into the minds of their sons, in order to prepare them to serve and adorn their country, as did the mothers of our revolutionary worthies, then the days of the Republic are numbered.—*Rev. Dr. Sears.*

JUST as old marbles are exquisitely clouded and colored sometimes, by the filtered tints of forgotten flowers that have perished upon their rocky beds, so, many stern natures have been made beautiful by the blossoming fancies that have died unheeded in their bosoms.

RICH and poor live in like abundance; the former in wealth, the latter in hope.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

He sleeps! The hour of mortal pain
And warrior pride alike are past,
His blood is mingling with the rain,
His cheeks are withering in the blast.

This morn there was a bright hue there,
The flash of courage stern and high;
The steel has drained its current clear,
The storm has bleached its gallant dye.

This morn these icy hands were warm,
That lid, half showing the glazed ball,
Was life—thou chill and clay-faced form,
Is this the one we loved?—this all?

Woman, away, and weep no more,
Can the dead give you love for love?—
Can the grave hear? His course was o'er,
The spirit's winged its way above.

Wilt thou for dust and ashes weep?
Away: thy husband lies not here,
Look to you heaven! If love is deep
On earth—'tis tenfold deeper there.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857. W. F. T.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MEMORY.

IN the hour of twilight, when the hum of labor ceases—when nature demands a leave of absence from the "stern realities of life"—when our thoughts long for the purer joys of the Divinity within, and our souls seek for the shadows of the beautiful that linger in the past—with what gentleness does the hand of memory smooth the brow of care, or cheer the wearied heart with the sunlight of remembered love.

Sometimes disappointment weighs heavily upon our hearts and binds with chains of grief our lightest hopes. Bonds and mortgages and vacillating six per cents lead us wearily through the intricacies of business, and gain, from behind the secret covers of an interest table, mocks at our pursuit of his treasures. Or we have wandered through the realms of pleasure—have sailed o'er her enchanted seas—listened to the songs of joy and mirth—and forgetting the past and the future in the tinted hues of the bright present, sailed on and on until our barques have been wrecked upon the rocks of unsatisfied desire.

Or we have cherished a dream of happiness until the hand of fate has broken the spell and left nothing but the saddened thought of a waking reality. If so, sit thee down in the calm twilight. The sun has "sunk beneath the waves," and the hills have returned his last lingering gaze. A few clouds move quietly across the sky, as if seeking a place of repose; yet they move as if by invisible machinery, for scarcely a breath of air is felt upon the face of earth. The distant woods grow mystic in the fading light, and the royal oak, the shady beech, and the tall pine, have merged in a common brotherhood of mystery. The green fields grow dim. The scattered trees that rise here and there upon the pasture slopes appear like grim giants in a dream, and you gaze at the long rows of poplars and up into their tops with feelings of repeat if not with veneration. At length the landscape fades in the distance, and the fleeting clouds, the dim woods, the green fields, the quiet lake and the mountain high have gone away in shadowy forms, and you are alone. Alone! Ah, no! Although a chair is vacant, a book unopened, a harp unstrung, or a lute unswept, yet you are not alone, In this still hour memories of the living time fall around you. "The words of love oft spoken," the familiar tones of a voice, a look of kindness, of admonition or of sympathy—all are present with you. Then do you not see the shadowy forms of the departed as they sit by your side in memory's twilight? A parent or a child—a brother or a sister—or a friend whom you have seen laid in the silent grave long ago—yet they still wander thro' the aisles of memory's temple, where you may worship with them before the altars of the beautiful and good, and rise renewed in hope and strengthened in the right. These are memory's offices of love. What if the hours die out and wither in the grasp of time, her hand can bring them back again laden with the pleasures of remembrance. What though the Angel of Death folds his dark wings around those we love, memory shall whisper in our ears the soft music of their voices, and bring them as pleasant guests around our hearths. What if friends are parted, are they not present in memory! May we not with her aid summon them from their far-off homes and feel that they are still near us? Yes, the dearest ties of earth cluster beneath the green shade of memory, and the heart weary with fighting the battles of life, and oppressed with the actualities of the cold world, will ever sit by the side of memory and live over again the pleasant scenes of the past. S. E. W.

Sandgate, Ben. Co., Vt., 1857.

WAIT.—Of course it is very hard to wait. No matter whether you have to wait in certainty or in doubt; whether for the fulfillment of a promise, or the arrival of a "ship-load of money," waiting is tedious, and one feels that patience is a virtue.—Young Hopeful cannot wait for dinner, and spoils his appetite and digestion with apples and bread and butter. Older grown, he cannot wait for his majority, and borrows. Tell people to wait, and they answer that life is all waiting, and they have waited long enough, and waiting makes fools. Yet waiting is the school of moral strength. The grandest achievements have to be waited for.—Small minds are always fizzing and leaking; so when the time comes, they are found either stale or empty.—*London Times.*

HABIT.—Habit eats so deeply into man's humanity, that, instead of constituting no more than his second nature, it expels the first, usurping the sovereignty. Our mind may turn our eyes so long in the same direction, that never again can we look quite straight. Thoughts, passions, affections, are domesticated by custom, till, like a barn door fowl, they will always eat their meat from the same platter, and sleep upon the same roost.

LOVE takes deepest root in the steadiest mind.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WE ARE ALL DREAMERS.

THE mind of man is so constituted that it seeks enjoyment in an ideal rather than a world of reality. All are prone to build "castles in the air." And this is well, for were the privilege denied, earth would lose full many of its charms. Ah yes! from the cradle to the grave we are all dreamers.

The child, as he chases the butterfly from flower to flower, or wends his way to school, dreams of the time when he will be a man and fitted to mingle in the world's fierce strife. The student, as he pores over the works of ancient and modern lore, or exhausts the energies of his mind in deep mathematical reasoning, fondly dreams of the period when he shall wear the unfading laurels of fame upon his brow. When cares and troubles near overcome the man of business, he is soothed by the hope that in old age he will realize the fruit of his many labors. Dreams of gold flit before the bold adventurer who leaves his home and friends for the El Dorado of former times, or even for our Western wilds. The Christian, when he bears the pains and troubles of this world, dreams of a home of rest at GOD'S right hand. Thus are we all dreamers; but how often do our visions fade into the thin vapor of disappointment. The youth, instead of finding manhood the season of perfect happiness, sighs for the former pleasant hours of childhood. Visions of gold may dissolve into mere bubbles. Then why spend life in mere earthly dreamings. Is there nothing more substantial upon which to build our hopes? Methinks I read the answer on each fleeting cloud. The Christian dreamer will wake to a glorious reality in Heaven. AMELIA.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1857.

LIFE BY DEATH.

AN oak tree for two hundred years grows solitary. It is bitterly handled by frosts; it is wrestled with by ambitious winds, determined to give it a downfall; it holds fast and grows, seemingly alone. What is the use of all this sturdiness, this strength, to itself? Why am I to stand here, of no use? My roots are anchored in rifts of rocks. No herds can lie down under my shadow. I am far above singing birds, that seldom come to rest among my leaves. I am set as a mark for storms, that bend and tear me. My fruit is serviceable for no appetite. It had been better for me to have been a mushroom, gathered in the morning for some poor man's table, than to be a hundred-year oak—good for nothing. While he yet spake, the the axe was hewing its base. It died in sadness, saying, as it fell—"Many ages for nothing have I lived."

The axe completed its work. By and by the trunk and root form the knees to some stately ship, bearing the country's flag around the world; other parts from keel and ribs of merchantmen, and having defied mountain storms, it now equally resists the thunder of the waves, and the murky threat of scowling hurricanes. Other parts are laid into wainscoating, or carved into frames for noble pictures, or fashioned into chairs that embosom the weakness of age. Thus the tree in dying came not to its end, but to its beginning of life. It voyaged the world. It grew to posts of temples and dwellings.

It held upon its surface the soft feet of children, and tottering, frail patriarchs. It rocked in the cradle, and swayed the crippled limbs of age by the chimney corner, and heard secure within the roar of those old unwearied tempests that once surged about its mountain life. Thus after its growth, its long usefulness, its cruel prostration, it became universally useful, and did by its death what it could never do by its life. For so long as it was a tree and belonged to itself it was solitary and useless. But when it gave up its own life, and became related to others, then its true life began! —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

EVERETT ON MT. WASHINGTON.

EDWARD EVERETT thus describes a view of Mt. Washington:—"I have been something of a traveler in our own country—though far less than I could wish. And in Europe have seen all that is most attractive, from the Highlands of Scotland to the Golden Horn of Constantinople—from the summit of the Hartz Mountains to the Fountain of Vaucluse—but my eye has yet to rest on a lovelier scene than that which is discovered from Mount Washington, when on some clear, cool, summer's morning, at sunrise, the cloud-curtain is drawn up from nature's grand proscenium and all that chaos of wilderness and beauty starts into life—the bare, gigantic tops of the surrounding heights—the precipitous gorges a thousand fathoms deep, which foot of man or ray of light never entered—the sombre matted forest—the moss-clad, rocky wall, weeping with crystal springs,—winding streams, gleaming lakes and peaceful villages below—and in the dim, misty distance, beyond the lower hills, faint glimpse of the sacred bosom of the eternal deep, ever heaving as with the consciousness of its own immensity—all mingled in one indescribable panorama by the hand of the DIVINE ARTIST."

MORNING.

A WAVE of day from out the sea of night
Breaks in the East, and bathes the silent world
With its pure flood, like a bright flag unfurl'd
By GOD'S right hand, triumphant in the might
That out of darkness doth create the light;
Bringeth good out of evil, and doth make
All things work kindly for his children's sake,
And turneth wrong and sin to shameful flight.
Arise, my soul, and plunge thy leprosy
In this Bethesda, while the waters move
And sparkle like an angel's countenance,
And come forth pure to meet thy Father's eye,
That shineth on thee like a sea of love;
Arise, and see thy rich inheritance.

HAPPINESS.—True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. False happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applause which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others.—*Addison.*

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

AGAIN we dip into the basket of "Home-Made-Chips," belonging to our friend B. F. TAYLOR. If he will permit such appropriations, we feel confident that RURAL readers will be pleased and benefited by their perusal:

A FRIEND of ours, once holding distinguished official position in the State Government of Michigan, and who long since "went up higher," called our attention, one day, to a flowering shrub, that was enjoying the light of a bright May morning, in an eastern window of his beautiful home.

"That," said S., "is one of our household." We have two children and the flower—so there are *five* of us."

There was no lightness in the tone, but a depth of feeling the rather, for which we could not account. Noticing the look of inquiry, he continued "several years ago, one Autumn day, we procured that shrub, cherished it during the winter by the fireside, and in the Spring it rewarded us with foliage and a bud. Then, too, 'a child was born,' and the babe and the bud blossomed into beauty together. Daily, each unfolded something new to admire and to love. Fall came again, and the child and the plant withered away. The rain of Heaven did not revive the one; the rain of the heart could not restore the other; this, we laid in the ground; that, died down to the earth in the vase. And yet we cherished the little area where it slept; yet we watered and cared for it. Spring came, but the flower did not hear its call, and the dead was with us still.

But in midsummer, the empty cradle had a new tenant, and for awhile the vase was neglected.—One day however, it was remembered, and you cannot judge of the mingled joy, wonder and fear, with which we saw that the shrub had again parted the earth, and put forth a glossy leaf. Child and flower thrived together, and you may know that the one was watched with all the solicitude with which we regarded the other. Blossoms once more adorned it, and it never withered again. The voice of the child to which it is bound by such mysterious sympathy, you can hear in the garden, and the fragrance of the flower is perfuming the air."

We could well understand the "count" of his love when he said, "that is one of our household. We have two children and the flower, and so, there are *five* of us!"

Somebody says that flowers are the smiles of Deity. In olden times, *that* flower would have been worshiped as a very God.

WHEN they furrow the earth till it puts on the subdued smile of the matron; when the wild flowers and the old trails are "turned under," by the glittering share, they are "breaking up."

When the rivers, glazed by the cunning hand of Winter, burst their crystal setting, and roll a turbulent tide, they stand upon its banks and say, "breaking up."

When a frame that has borne itself erect amid many a winter, begins to tremble and to bend, and "they that look out of the windows" begin to grow dim, and "the daughters of music" are getting low, then the world says, "breaking up—breaking up."

When the home, hallowed by memories, is dismantled; when the fire goes out upon the hearth, and the clock runs down; when the old arm chair is vacant, and the shrine of all human affection is tenantless, then once more they say, "breaking-up—breaking up."

Sad words they are, unheard in Eden, unknown in Heaven.

To one visiting, after long years of absence, the village he left in childhood, everything seems to have grown little with years; its old, magnificent proportions have dwindled away; the long drawn avenue of other days, appears to have been shut together like a telescope, and the village shrunk in its valley, like a dried filbert in the shell.

The village "creek"—for what old hamlet was without it?—is strangely narrowed, and he wonders if the world has indeed grown so very old, that its veins are running dry; and he fancies they have been "setting" the world over in "minion," that Nature stereotyped in great plea, and so now there is a pocket edition of the village and vale.

LIFE is no wild and restless wandering, but like the shining of a star; and even as the stars of the night that is passed, lend a ray to the glory of the day that is shining, so did God design that the milder, softer influence of woman should run like threads of gold, in broidered beauty, through the coarser fabric of the wear of the world. Influences, that, like the dew, make no loud music as they fall, but wake around us, even as the flowers, sweet thoughts of gentleness and love; influences, that whether we believe or doubt, like spirits, "*do* walk the earth, both when we wake and when we sleep."

IT is a rare art to set back the great old clock of time, and be a child once more. Imagination can easily see the child a man, but how hard for it to see the man a child; and he who has learned to glide back into that rosy time when he did not know that thorns were under the roses, or that clouds would ever return after the rain; when he thought a tear could no more stain a cheek, than a drop of rain, a flower; when he fancied life had no disguises and hope no blight at all, has come as near as anybody in the world, to discovering the Northwest Passage to Paradise.

IT is far easier for a mother to enter the kingdom of heaven than it is for the rest of the world; she fancies she is leading the children when the children are leading her, and they keep her indeed where the river is narrowest and the air is the clearest. So it is no wonder she so often lets go, her clasp upon the little fingers she is holding, and goes over to the Neighbors', and the children follow, like lambs to the fold, for we think it ought somewhere to be written: "where the mother is, there will the children be, also."

"DIED poor!" As if anybody could die rich, and in that act of dying, did not lose the grasp upon title-deed and bond, and go away a pauper, out of time. No gold, no jewels, no lands or tenements.

And yet men have been buried by Charity's hand who *did* die rich; died worth a thousand thoughts of beauty, a thousand pleasant memories, and a thousand hopes restored.

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PUBLIC SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

AMONG the numerous appliances of education with which our country is blessed, we recognize the Public School Library as by no means the least. Our schools and the press, placing the means of education within the reach of all, create a demand for reading matter which could or would be met by but few individuals for themselves. To meet this demand, to supply the masses—the young especially—an abundance of select reading matter, which shall afford instruction in the multifarious departments of knowledge, and which shall be at the same time entertaining and attractive, this is the purpose for which the library was incorporated into our public school systems and well indeed does it fulfill its purpose. It stands forth prominent and powerful in the machinery by which intelligence is imparted to the people, and the only sure foundation laid for both civil and religious liberty.

But while we acknowledge its utility and recognize its influence for good, a little observation will convince us that in many respects it falls far short of what it might and ought to be. Unless care and vigilance are exercised, every such means of public advantage must suffer; and that the libraries are suffering, is evident. At the late Annual Session of the Michigan State Teachers' Association, one of the speakers remarked that on examining the school library of one of the most flourishing and intelligent towns in Western Michigan, which, for its *credit*, shall be nameless, he found it to consist of "about forty volumes, of which *more than thirty were novels*." Nor is this an isolated instance. Let any one, even in the "Excelsior" State, examine the districts or town library, and if he does not find this more or less true there, it will be a happy exception, for which the neighborhood should be thankful. Now why is this? Is it because of a paucity of material from which to select? Nay, verily; for while the World of Literature is *flooded* with that which is worse than useless, the shelves of our bookstores are also loaded with that which is good, pure, instructive, and at the same time to the highest degree entertaining.

It is not for want of literature of the right stamp, but rather from careless ease and inattention on the part of those on whom rests the charge of maintaining the character of this invaluable public beneficence. Every year a certain sum is apportioned to each public library, to be expended for the benefit of the same. But it would not be difficult to specify instances where the charge of expending it, like that of selecting teachers, is entrusted to persons either careless or morally or intellectually unqualified for the trust; and they are directed to expend to the best advantage for the benefit (?) of the library. It may be said that this is an extreme case. If it is, like all others of that ilk, it hath a great many *next door neighbors*. Or if not intellectually incompetent, they are perhaps utterly reckless as to the moral tone of the selections to be made, and in either case, the money might better have been thrown into Lake Erie. Sometimes, however, the error will be on the other extreme. In the effort to avoid the *trashy*, books are selected which are as useless, prosy and ponderous as a disquisition, in two quarto volumes, on the distinction "'twixt tweedledum and tweedle-dee." As the one class of reading will be eagerly devoured to the positive injury of the reader, so the other class will be utterly rejected; and thus it is that but a small portion comparatively of the library answers the intended purpose.

There is an old maxim which says:—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." If this be true, and if it is desirable that the youth should grow up to be intelligent, progressive and useful members of society, then is it all important that that literature which is placed "by authority" in their hands, should be moral in its tendency, practical, instructive, attractive, and entertaining.

Adrian, Mich., 1857. T. D. TOOKER.

VISIT YOUR SCHOOLS.

You could not do a better thing. Your boy has the idea that you care scarcely more than a fig's value about his progress there: your girl thinks you are too busy about *more important* matters than to worry about her recitations. Grammar is dry as dust to them, Geography is tedious, Arithmetic is a bore, Reading is horrid, Writing is their special abomination. You talk of stocks and Senatorships, of the war and free trade. The young ones learn to think their studies very small matters in comparison with yours.

But visit your school to-day. Hear a lesson or two recited. Learn from their teachers what their standing is, in what they oftenest fail, in what they excel. See who sits next to them in the school room. See how they compare in personal appearance—whether they look happy and at home. If acquainted with their school habits, you cannot possibly avoid talking of them. Making their matters subjects of home conversation will certainly stimulate them to better efforts—make better scholars of them. By all means, then, visit your schools. Go alone, if no one will go with you.—You will always be welcomed by the teacher.

PACKING THOUGHT.—Do not assume that, because you have something important to communicate, it is necessary to write a long article. A tremendous thought may be packed into a small compass—made as solid as a cannon ball, and, like the projectile, cut down all before it. Short articles are generally more effective, find more readers, and are more widely copied than long ones. *Pack your thoughts close together*, and though your article may be brief, it will have weight, and be more likely to make an impression.

"Ye who write for this busy age," says a late writer, "speak quick, use short sentences, never stop the reader with a long or ambiguous word, but let the stream of thought flow right on, and men will drink it like water."

SOPHISTRY is like a window curtain; it pleases as an ornament, but its use is to keep out the light.

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

THE following rules we commend to all our patrons and friends, for their excellence, brevity, and practical utility. They are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and of being placed in a conspicuous place in every household. It is lamentable to contemplate the mischief, misery and ruin which are the legitimate fruit of those deficiencies which are pointed out in the rules to which we have reference. Let every parent and guardian read, ponder and inwardly digest:

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.
4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they vex you or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulence or ill-temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale-bearing.
14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence, of an angry and resentful spirit.

If these rules are reduced to practice—daily practice—by parents and guardians, how much misery would be prevented, how many in danger of ruin would be saved, how largely would the happiness of a thousand domestic circles, be augmented. It is lamentable to see how extensive is paternal neglect, and to witness the bad and dreadful consequences in the ruin of thousands.

EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF A NEWSPAPER.

A SCHOOL TEACHER who has been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper on the minds of a family of children, writes in the Ogdensburg Sentinel, as follows:

I have found it to be the universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and all ages who have had access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are

1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation, and consequently reading more understandingly.
2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.
3. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspapers has made them familiar with the location of the most important places, nations, their governments, and their doings on the globe.
4. They are better grammarians, for having become so familiar with every variety in the newspaper, from the common-place advertisement to the finished and classical oration of statesmen, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

EDUCATION.

IF I were to reduce to a single maxim the concentrated wisdom of the world, on the subject of practical education, I should but enunciate a proposition which, I fear, is not incorporated as it should be, into the practice of schools and families. That principle is, that in educating the young, you serve them most effectually, not by what you do for them, but what you teach them to do for themselves. The popular opinion seems to be, that education is putting something *into* the mind of a child, by exercising merely its power of receptivity, its memory. I say nay, *nay*, NAY.—The great principle on which a child should be educated, is not that of reception, but rather that of *action*, and it will ever remain uneducated, in the highest sense, so long as its higher mental powers remain inert. It was well said by the eminent Dr. Mason, "Let the aim of education be to convert the mind into a living *fountain*, and not a *reservoir*." That which is filled by merely pumping in, will be emptied by pumping out.—*Selected.*

EDUCATION.—Everything is education—the train of thought you are indulging this hour; the society in which you will spend the evening; the conversations, walks and incidents of to-morrow. And so it ought to be. We may thank the world for its infinite means of impression and excitement which keep our faculties awake and in action, while it is our important office to preside over that action, and guide it to some divine result.—*John Foster.*

THEY who read about everything, are thought to understand everything, too, but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections—we must chew them over again.—*Channing.*

A RIGHT education is not merely the reading of many books, but the ability of making knowledge useful to ourselves and others. It is not simply to acquire influence over our fellow creatures, but to make that influence subservient to moral excellence and piety.

ANTIQUITIES.—To confine our studies to mere antiquities, is like reading by candle-light, with our shutters closed, after the sun has risen.

THE wise man blushes at his faults, but is not ashamed to amend them.

Illustrated Biography.—No. 8.

FISHER AMES.

FISHER AMES, so widely known as an eloquent orator and distinguished statesman, was born in Dedham, Massachusetts, on the 9th of April, 1758. He sprung from one of the oldest and most respectable families in the ancient commonwealth. His father was a physician of some celebrity in Dedham. In 1774 he was graduated at Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Having completed his academic course with much credit to himself, he determined on the study of law, and opened an office in his native village in the autumn of 1781.

Although young AMES took a deep interest the stirring scenes of the Revolution, and sympathized, with his whole heart, with the patriots, he was too young to take any active part in them. When he came to man's estate, he retained his interest in the growth and progress of the young States, and was early called by his fellow-citizens to take part in the councils of his native town and State, as well as of those of the nation. Besides the publication of many striking articles in the journals of the day, in which the affairs of the nation were so skillfully discussed as to give evidence of a very thorough knowledge of the science of government and politics, an opportunity was afforded in the convention called in his native state, "for the consideration and ratification of the Federal Constitution," and of which he was chosen a member. for a more striking display of his oratorical powers, and the brilliancy of his genius. The speeches he delivered in this convention took his friends and the world by surprise, and at once established his reputation as one of the ablest and most eloquent debaters of that day.

When at length, in 1789, the general government of the United States went into operation under the Federal Constitution, Mr. AMES was elected a member of Congress from his native district, retaining his seat through the whole of Washington's administration, of which he was an able and efficient supporter. During the whole time Mr. AMES was in Congress, he was one of the most efficient debators of the important questions which came before that body. With a comprehensive insight of the subject in hand, greatly superior to many older and more experienced legislators, his eloquent reasoning made the rough places smooth, and carried conviction to the heart and judgment of those who listened to him. When, towards the close of the last session of which he was a member, the question relative to the appropriations necessary to carry into effect the British treaty was the subject of debate before the house, Mr. AMES although in a very feeble state of health, made such an overwhelming argument that the opposition begged that the vote might not then be taken, as the effect of his speech was such as to unfit the members to vote dispassionately. What a tribute to his eloquence and reasoning powers!

This was the last great effort of his life; and, feeling that it would be, he made such touching allusion "to his own slender and almost broken thread of life," that his audience was visibly affected, and he was so much exhausted with the effort, that his friends feared that it might accelerate his disease.

At the close of the session, Mr. AMES traveled south, and visited several of the watering places in Virginia, by which, his health was considerably benefited. About this time, the College of New Jersey conferred on him the title of Doctor of Laws. Declining to be a candidate for re-election, he retired to his paternal acres, where, with the exception of consenting to serve a few years as a member of the council, he remained a private citizen to the close of his life.

A few years, before his decease, he was chosen President of the Harvard University, but declined the honor on account of his health. Indeed, his disease had so preyed on his constitution that he found himself compelled to give up entirely the duties of his profession, solacing himself with the oversight of his farm, and the pleasure of society and of home. Here, beloved and respected by all, sustained and cheered by an unclouded Christian faith, he waited for the approach of death, and went, at last.

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

SKETCH OF MIRABEAU.

IF oratory is to be judged of by the substantial powers it confers, we do not know where, in all history, a greater orator is to be found than Mirabeau. In him, the manifestation of a powerful mind and of an indomitable will, took the form of eloquence—so that it was not with him an art. His voice and figure were in keeping with his oratory—stern and terrible. The control which Mirabeau held over all factions and parties in the stormy period of his meteor-like career is attested by facts which form the history of the time. The court and the assembly, the throne and the clubs, were swayed by him. He ruled from the tribune. The fulminations of the Olympic thunderer were not more startling or overwhelming even in the descriptions of the poets, than were Mirabeau's resounding tones when he roused himself to the full mastery of his tempestuous realm. Lamartine, in his history of the Girondists, narrating the circumstances of Mirabeau's death, thus speaks of him:

His eloquence, though popular in its style, was that of a patrician. His democracy was delivered from a lofty position, and comprised none of the covetousness and hate which excite the vilest passions of the human heart, and which see in good done for the people nothing but an insult to the nobility. His popular sentiments were in some sort but the liberality of his genius. The vast expansiveness of his mighty soul had no resemblance with the paltry impulses of demagogues. In acquiring rights for the people he seemed as though he bestowed them. He was a volunteer of democracy. He recalled, by his port and his bearing, to those democrats behind him, that from the time of the Gracchi to his own, tribunes who most served the people had sprung from the ranks of the patricians. His talents, unequalled for philosophy of thought, for depth of reflection, loftiness of expression, was another kind of aristocracy, which could never be pardoned in him. Nature placed him in the foremost rank, and death only created a space around him for secondary minds. They all endeavored to acquire his position, and all endeavored in vain. The tears they shed upon his coffin were hypocritical. The people only wept in sincerity, because the people were too strong to be jealous, and they, far from reproaching Mirabeau with his birth, loved him in that nobility as though it were a spoil carried off from the aristocracy.—Moreover the nation, disturbed at seeing its institutions crumbling away one by one, and dreading a total destruction, felt instinctively that the genius of a great man was the last stronghold left to them. This genius quenched, it saw only darkness and precipices before the monarchy. The Jacobins alone rejoiced loudly, for it was only he who could outweigh them.

It was on the 6th of April, 1791, that the National Assembly resumed its sittings. Mirabeau's place, left vacant, reminded each gazer of the impossibility of again filling it; consternation was impressed on every countenance in the tribunes, and a profound silence pervaded the meeting.—M. de Talleyrand announced to the assembly a posthumous address to Mirabeau. They would hear of him though dead. The weakened echo of his voice seemed to return to his country from the depth of the vaults of the Pantheon. The reading was mournful. Parties were burning to measure their strength free from any counterpoise. Impatience and anxiety were paramount, and the struggle was imminent. The arbitrator who controlled them was no more.—*Macauley.*

A CHILD'S IDEA OF WASHINGTON.—A short time since, a little boy of four summers was carefully examining some pictures, among which was one of the tomb of Washington. Taking the picture up, he asked his mother "what that picture was." He was told that it was a picture of Washington's tomb. The little fellow thought a moment, and looking up, said, "Mother, I don't see how they ever got so *great a man as Washington in a tomb!*"

REVENGE AND GRATITUDE.—An act by which we make one friend and one enemy, is a losing game; because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

THERE is no policy like politeness, and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or to supply the want of it.

THERE are some moments in existence which comprise the power of years, as thousand of roses are compressed into a few drops of their essence.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

INQUIRING THE WAY.

BY EDWARD KNOWLES.

ANXIOUS am I to know the way
That leads to life, at last:
Tell me, brother, the hour of day,
For fear the time is past.

I feel this heavy load of sin
That causes all my grief,
And groaning from the depths within,
I wander for relief.

GOD of all mercy, love and grace!
I hear the gospel call,
And rising in my deep disgrace,
I come to yield my all.

And though I come to learn Thy will,
In sin and sorrow dumb,
Yet penitent, and hopeful still,
Ruined and lost, I come.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BLIGHTED HOPES.

As we look abroad, the eye cannot fail to see withered hopes, and blasted prospects at every glance; hearts torn and bleeding under misfortune's cruel breath.

The young start out on life's journey with prospects tinted with all the glowing hues of fancy and build hopes high as heaven itself; they anticipate nothing in the future but prosperity and peace.—But often, very often, death fixes its iron grasp upon them, and there is no release. The pleasures of the world are relinquished; those golden promises are never realized, and with disappointed hopes they droop and die.

How very many are striving with all their energies to amass a large portion of this world's goods. They seem willing to forego all the pleasures of home; the society of friends, and the comforts of life, and confront dangers of every form that they may secure the riches of earth, but soon adversity comes with its blighting influences, then property and friends vanish at its approach.

Too much of our time is spent in dreaming of bliss awaiting us here; we are constantly devising plans whereby we may enhance our own happiness, but reality soon comes, and with one stroke of her sober hand sweeps the bright treasures from our view, leaving a void behind. Yet we are creatures of hope; we still dream, fancy, and anticipate, until we reach that point where we read our own destiny in language too plain to be mistaken.

But we may secure a treasure that is permanent—as lasting as heaven itself—where disappointment never enters, and its withering blasts are never felt. We may have all our earthly prospects swept away, friends may prove false, but this hope will never fail us. Adversity, with its dark waters, may surround us, threatening to submerge our frail barks beneath the angry waves. Yet in CHRIST we are secure, and if faithful to our trust, we shall possess this treasure and be at rest forever. LYDIA.

Stafford, N. Y., 1857.

DUTIES OF DAILY LIFE.

LIFE is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials, is the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their influence, their bad judgment, their ill breeding their perverse tempers—to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks—to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom He has provided or purposed for the trial of our virtue—these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will, contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or afflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.—*Hannah Moore.*

WHAT can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come together by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster? To see rare effects and no cause, and motion without a mover, a circle without a centre, and time without eternity, a second without a first, are things so against philosophy and natural reason, that he must needs be a weakling in understanding who does not assent to them. The thing formed says that nothing formed it—that that which is made *is*, and that which made it *is not*. This folly is infinite.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

GOD is often lost in prayers and ordinances.—"Enter into thy chamber," said He, "and shut thy door about thee." "Shut thy door about thee," means; shut out not only frivolity, but business; not only the company abroad, but the company at home; it means—let the poor soul have a little rest and refreshment, and God have opportunity to speak to thee in a still small voice, or He will speak in thunder. I am persuaded the Lord would often speak more softly if we would shut the door.—*Cecil.*

HUMILITY.—Men from deep places can see the stars at noonday; and from the utter depths of her self-abasement, she (the Syro-Phœnician woman) catches the whole blessed mystery of Heaven: like St. Paul's Christian, "in having nothing, she possesses all things." No humility is perfect and proportioned, but that which makes us hate ourselves as corrupt, but respect ourselves as immortal; the humility that kneels in the dust, but gazes on the skies.—*Archer Butler.*

No man on a death-bed ever regretted any act of self-denial or benevolence done by himself.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year,	$2
Three Copies, "	$5
Five Copies, "	$8
Six Copies, and one free to agent,	$10
Ten Copies, and one free to agent,	$15

Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance.* Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

List of New Advertisements this week.

Webster's Quarto Dictionary—G. & C. Merriam.
Gifts! Gifts!! Gifts!!!—A. Ranney.
Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees—Wiley & Halsted.
Ravenswood Fruit Garden—Freeman & Kendall.
Schooley's Combination Patent Preservatory—J. L. Alberger.
Notice Extraordinary—Richard H. Pease.
Seneca Lake Highland Nurseries—E. C. Frost.
Choice Trees for Sale—N. M. Hurlburt.
The Illustrated Hydropathic Encyclopedia—Fowler & Wells.
Agents Wanted—C. P. Bissell.
Thirteen Diplomas, Premiums, &c—Wells & Provost.
Milward's Needles—J. Fred Milward.
Something New—C. P. Bissell.
200 Bushels Winter Barley—J. Rapalje.
Apple Trees for Sale—F. C. Bloomer.
400 Sheep for Sale—Israel B. Phelps.
Send 25 cents—Peter Wikoff.
For Boiling Chinese Sugar Cane—H. G. Buckley.
Winter Barley—Hollis Daggett.

OUR ADVERTISING FRIENDS will please note that, although the RURAL has largely increased in circulation during the past year, its advertising rates remain unchanged. Thus, while it is decidedly THE BEST medium of Agricultural and Horticultural Advertising in the Union, it is also one of the CHEAPEST. Our terms will remain the same as at present until the close of the present year and volume, when they will probably be materially increased, to correspond with our greatly augmented circulation.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 19, 1857.

Affairs at Washington.

THE State Department has information from official sources, that Prof. Francis, in Equador, was accidentally wounded by Prof. Moore, the cap of whose gun exploded while he was loading it in the dark. The Government of Equador, expressing great solicitude on the subject, gave orders to spare no expense nor sacrifice in endeavoring to save his life; but he died after lingering for two months.

The President has recognized Antonia Guzman Bianco as Consul of Venezuela, in Philadelphia, and Frantz Baloa Muller as Vice-Consul of Denmark, in New York.

The treaty arrangement between our Government and Gen. Herrod, provides for a Commission to ascertain the amount which New Grenada shall pay as indemnity for American citizens for the losses they sustained throughout the Panama riots; while the other questions in controversy are postponed. Our Government makes the emphatic declaration that it will not consent to the imposition of taxes, and such as have heretofore been levied.

A decision important to contractors with the Government has just been rendered by the Attorney General. H. L. Gallagher had a contract for doing certain work on the Washington Aqueduct; the Government reserving the right to suspend the work under the contract at any time. The engineer in charge gave him notice to suspend in July, 1856, and in March, 1857, he was notified to resume work, and did so. He now says that he is doing the work at a loss, and asks for larger compensation than he bargained for, else to be released from the contract. The Attorney General informs the Secretary of State, who submitted to him the case that the latter had no authority to do either, and that if Gallagher violates the contract, he must do so at his own peril and that of his sureties.

The construction of Mr. McClellen, former Secretary of the Interior, relative to the allowance of the Virginia Land Warrants, is followed by Mr. Thompson, his successor.

The President has recognized Charles Edward Kortright as Consul of Her Brittanic Majesty for Pennsylvania, to reside in Philadelphia; and Dennis Donohue as Consul of Her Majesty at Buffalo. The British Consul for New York has not yet asked to be officially recognized.

Joseph R. Brown has been appointed Indian Agent for the Sioux Indians of Minnesota, vice Flandrau resigned.

A. M. Jackson, of Mississippi, has been appointed Secretary of State for New Mexico, vice Davis resigned.

The modifications made to the Overland Mail Route to the Pacific, at the instance of Hon. John S. Phelps, but which required the report of the contractors, are as follows:—The route starting from St. Louis to pass not further west than Springfield, Mo., thence by Fayetteville, Van Buren and Fort Smith, Arkansas, to Preston, Texas,—intersecting at that point the route from Memphis via. Little Rock, Preston and Fort Fillmore, to San Francisco.

CONNECTICUT TOBACCO.—The frost on the night of the 7th inst., it is now said, seriously injured the tobacco crop in Connecticut, and the loss must be considerable. A large amount, however, has been safely housed. The Hartford Times says that more tobacco has been grown this year in Connecticut than ever before. A single house in that city has sold this season more than two tuns of twine for tying tobacco.

WHAT WAR DOES FOR MEN.—During the Mexican war, a company (G) of 105 effective men shipped from Detroit. The company went to Vera Cruz. Of these, 70 were cut off in the forty days before Vera Cruz. Five more perished afterwards. The small remnant of 30 returned from the campaign, and went into quarters at Detroit. Of these, 15 have died; and of the 15 living, not one is capable of doing hard labor.

Financial Matters.

THE Bank of Orleans, Albion, N. Y., has closed its doors. There has been a steady drain upon it for about a week by bill-holders and depositors, entirely exhausting its ready, available means, and so large a portion of its assets being in suspended debts of last fall and winter, it became necessary, in the present state of finances of the country, to close up. We learn the liabilities are not large, and it is believed the assets are ample to pay everything.

A DISPATCH from New Brunswick, N. J., says, the Bank of New Jersey has suspended, but will probably resume in a few days. Bill-holders are advised not to sacrifice them, as they are worth dollar for dollar, and are taken by the business men at par. The liabilities of the bank are $200,000, while their means to pay with are over $500,000.

THE Agricultural Bank, located at Brownsville, Tennessee, has failed.

THE N. Y. *Tribune* of Saturday says:—The business of the Sub-Treasury during the week was:—Receipts, $140,522; payments, $277,502 13; balance, $10,584,950 89. The disbursements continue to exceed the receipts, and the Treasury has lost during the present week $1,100,000. The receipts of coin from the interior are considerable, but not as large as last week, and to some quarters the tide has turned, and gold is being drawn from us. It is generally estimated that the banks will show $11,500,000, the actual amount being about $12,000,000. This amount is, however, placed by some parties as high as $13,000,000. The banks evidently feel encouraged that, as far as they are concerned, the crisis is passed, and that any future contraction which may be necessary may be made moderate. The large banks are discounting nearly or quite their receipts, and some of them are exceeding that amount. Paper continues to be active with the discount houses, but there is no amelioration of rates. The best names are 15 @18 ⅌ cent. The stock houses are generally quite easy, and the leading fancies are more scarce with them than money. In commercial circles the stringency is very severe, and large sacrifices are made to meet engagements.

THE long established banking house of Messrs. Pairo & Nourse, Washington, D. C., suspended payment on the 14th inst., owing to the difficulty in raising money on their securities. They have made an assignment, and it is represented their assets largely exceed their liabilities.

IT is said the Bank of South County, R. I., has suspended. There can be no doubt of its abundant ability to meet its engagement.

THE Citizen's Bank of Smead, Collord & Hughes, Cincinnati, O., has suspended. They have have issued a circular, stating the cause to be the illness of the senior partner, and the present crises in money affairs.

THE bills of the Huguenot Bank, at New Paltz, Ulster Co., N. Y., are discredited. This is a small affair with a capital of $50,000, and a secured circulation.

Conflagrations.

A FIRE broke out at St. Johns, N. B., on the 11th inst., in John Dawson's house, on Corporation st., from whence it extended to Portland st., destroying Orange corner, and as far back as Chapel st. The Methodist church was saved. About forty houses were burned. The value of the property destroyed is $60,000, and the estimated insurance $20,000.

The malt house and vinegar distillery belonging to A. Wood, and the rectifying establishment of W. S. Sherman, St. Louis, Mo., were destroyed by fire on the 11th inst. Loss about $40,000. Insurance unknown.

A fire broke out on Northampton st., Boston, on the 12th inst., in the extensive cordage manufactory of Messrs. Lampson. The damage to the machinery and buildings will amount to about $10,000, and is insured. Probably the work of an incendiary.

A foundry and four dwelling houses were burned in Conallton, N. B., on the 9th. Loss about $25,000.

A telegraph dispatch announces the destruction by fire of the flouring mill at Port Byron, Cayuga Co., N. Y., owned by Messrs. Bradfield, Roberts & Fairbank, of this city. No particulars are given. Insured for $30,000.

MORE OF THE HOG CHOLERA.—A merchant of Cincinnati, who traveled through several counties in Indiana, last week, reports to the Gazette that the hog cholera is prevailing to an alarming extent. The trade in stock hogs had been checked in consequence, feeders not being disposed to run the risk, which is now very great. In some sections the opinion prevailed that the use of pork would be suspended in a great measure, owing to fears created by the spread of the disease.

FUEL ON THE RAILROAD.—It is stated that the amount of wood required daily on the N. Y. Central Railroad is 1,000 cords, at a cost of $4 50 per cord when prepared for use. The annual outlay, therefore, for wood is nearly a million and a half of dollars! At Savannah, Wayne county, according to the Auburn American, a sawing machine is in operation which cuts 100 cords of wood per day—sawing in two twice—and can be driven so as to cut double that amount.

THE WAR IN INDIA.—The foreign correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce says it is not calculated by the most gloomy judges as to the condition of affairs in India that the war will be protracted beyond six or eight months, or that it will cost more than £10,000,000, in which are included loss of revenue, expense of moving troops, reinforcements, loss by plunder, &c.

A DISPATCH from Washington, Sept. 14, stated that Col. BENTON was lying in a very critical condition in that city, with constipation of the bowels. A report a few hours later gave hopes of his recovery.

FROM MEXICO.—A dispatch from the Balize says that the Tehuantepec question has been settled at Mexico. The Garey and Sloo grants have been nullified. The vomito had much abated at Vera Cruz.

Important from Kansas.

THE St. Louis Democrat of the 11th inst., publishes an address to the people of the United States prepared by the Committee appointed by the, Grasshopper Falls Convention, in which a history of the troubles of Kansas is given. The present attitude of affairs in the Territory is discussed.

The address alleges that the chief incentive for participation of the Free-State men in the coming election, is the urgent appeals from the Free States to do so. The address says, however, there is little likelihood of these appeals being successful. The document contains a special clause to the people of Missouri, setting forth the relative positions of Kansas and Missouri, imploring the citizens of the latter to refrain from another invasion, and saying that if she should continue her previous course of aggression, a persistent, protracted and bloody war must ensue. The address concludes by exhorting the people of Kansas to vote at the coming election, in pursuance of the action of the Convention.

The municipal election at Leavenworth, Kansas, on Monday, resulted in the election of the Free-State ticket, by 260 majority.

The Constitutional Convention convened at Lecompton on the 7th inst.

Gen. Whitfield, the late Kansas delegate, is in New York, and has informed the Journal of Commerce that all is quiet in that Territory, and no further collision is apprehended. The collection of taxes was going forward, and no murmuring had anywhere been made except in Lawrence.—Gen. W. thinks the elections will be conducted quietly, and that the Free State party will succeed. The Journal has also a letter from another person of similar politics, who says that Ransom, the Democratic candidate for Congress, cannot poll the Southern vote; that efforts are being made to shove him off the field, and substitute R. L. Stevens; that the Republicans will vote at the election, and the signs are that the new State will be carried by the Republican party.

Political News.

THE official vote on the new Constitution in Iowa has at length been received, showing a majority for that instrument of 1,630. The votes of four counties was thrown out for informality, the returns from which, if legally made, would reduce the mabority 214.

ACCORDING to the present apportionment in Minnesota, the number of Senators to be elected this fall, is 37, and the number of Representatives 80. The election will come off on the 17th of October, at which time all free white persons, 21 years of age, who have resided ten days in the Territory, will be allowed to vote, simultaneously for State officers, and for the adoption of the Constitution. Ex-Gov. Ramsey has been nominated by the Republican Convention at St. Paul, for Governor.

The Delegates to the Democratic State Convention, met at Syracuse on the 9th inst., and made the following nominations, after a two days' session:—*For Secretary of State*—Gideon J. Tucker; *State Treasurer*—Isaac V. Vanderpool, of Buffalo; *Comptroller*—Sanford E. Church, Orleans; *Attorney General*—Lyman Tremaine, of Albany; *Canal Commissioner*—Daniel R. Richmond, of Wayne; *State Prison Inspector*—W. C. Rhodes, of Elmira.

GOV. GARDNER, of Massachusetts, has been renominated for that office by the State Convention of National Americans in session at Boston, by a unanimous vote. Hon. Alexander DeWitt was nominated for Lieut. Governor.

THE election in Vermont resulted in the choice of Fletcher, Rep., for Governor, by 13,144 majority. The Senate consists of thirty members, and is unanimously Republican. The House of Representatives will contain 186 Republicans and 38 Opposition members.

THE Settlers' Convention had nominated Hon. Edward Stanley, the Republican candidate, for Governor, of California, and a mixed ticket.

IN Washington Territory, Stevens, Democrat had been elected to Congress, by a large majority.

A PLAN TO KEEP THE NORTH RIVER CLEAR OF ICE.—Capt. A. H. Schultz, of New York, proposes to keep the North River navigable during next winter for $50,000. Unless he perform all he promises he is to get nothing. He does not propose to cut the ice, for much of it is so thick as to defy separation in that way, but to break it into fragments by the weight of the boat, which is brought to bear upon it by means of a false bow constructed in the shape of a table spoon, extending for some distance beyond the real bow, and having the effect to slide the boat upon the ice until it breaks beneath the weight. This plan has been successfully tried on several boats owned or commanded by Capt. Schultz.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—The Executive Committee of the N. Y. State Temperance Society, met at Albany, on the 8th inst. Resolutions were adopted, that as authorized by the State Society at its Summer Annual Meeting, and in accordance with the urgent request of numerous friends of prohibition, assembled in County Conventions, the Committee will call a Convention of the friends of prohibition to meet in the city of Rochester on the 30th of September, for the purpose of securing the election of men in favor of the enactment and enforcement of prohibitory laws. Also, a resolution calling on friends in favor of prohibition in each county to send delegates to said Convention.—Rev. E. Jackson was elected corresponding Sec'y of the Society vice Prof. McCoy.

POWDER-MILL EXPLOSION.—The packing building of Wm. Russell's powder-mills, in Bennington, Vt., was blown up, on the 8th inst. The hands employed in the mills had all left for the night, excepting the watchman. It is supposed that the building was fired by two boys, about 8 years old, who were playing with matches, and one of them, a son of H. D. Bradford, was instantly killed. The other was fatally injured. About 30 kegs of powder were stored in the building, but the explosion did not materially injure any of the other houses in the vicinity.

WHERE THE SILVER GOES.—In the last seven years, India has drained the rest of the world of two hundred millions of dollars, in silver. Gold is not used there as money.

Items of News.

THE potato speculators are busy at Bangor, Me., buying up potatoes at the rate of fifty to sixty cents per bushel. The Mirror says much is said about potato rot, but it is not thought to be general enough to seriously affect the crop.

THE cotton and wool manufacturers of Philadelphia have agreed to work their mills on half time, on and after the 14th of the present month, until further notice. They complain that they have been for a time losers by continuing to work their mills at the present very low prices received for goods.

THE yellow fever among the passengers of the Illinois, at New York, continues to spread. The passengers, 600 in number, are still detained at quarantine. Over twenty-five cases have been reported and four deaths.

NATHAN B. WILLETS, of Haddonfield, N. J., extracted forty gallons of juice from five hundred stalks of the Chinese sugar cane, which was subsequently reduced to eight gallons of molasses. The canes were not ripe, but had attained a height of fifteen feet. About the 20th inst., they would be fit to gather, and Mr. Willetts intends to make an experiment to ascertain if the syrup can be made to granulate.

CEREDO is the name of the town that is to be built in Wayne co., (Va.,) on the Ohio river, two miles above the mouth of Big Sandy river, and 12 miles above Ironton, by the Homestead Aid Society, of which Eli Thayer, of Worcester, is President. The Worcester (Mass.) Transcript, says the company has already dispatched $40,000 worth of engines and machinery for the new city, and that the first detachment of settlers is to leave in the middle of August.

A QUEER case is now before the New York Surrogate. Mr. McLoskey, a gentleman worth some $150,000, dying in Paris, left $6,000 to a niece in Dubuque, Iowa. The niece or legatee died on the same day as the testator. If the hour of her death preceded his, the legacy lapsed; if it succeeded his, the legacy is vested in her. The time of their decease was so nearly identical that it is supposed it will have to be determined by the difference between solar and true time, the legacy depending upon a question of longitude.

Two hunters killed fifty-four rattlesnakes on the 23d of August, on Rattlesnake Hill, Sullivan Co., N. Y. There were, besides, in embryo, more than one thousand; twenty-four were taken from one venerable head of a great many broods. Many of the old ones were three and four feet long.

AN example of incredible modesty is recorded in Shasta Co., California, where two gentlemen were each tendered the office of County Judge by the Governor, and declined on the ground that they did not think themselves qualified for the positon.

THE saying of a White Mountain stage-driver to a New Yorker sitting with him "I s'pose if I went deawn to New York I should geawk reaund *jest as yeau folks deau up here,*" is not bad.

THE enormous quantity of peaches received in New York may be guessed when we learn that the Camden and Amboy Railroad have received $2,400 freight in one day, at 8 cents a basket, for peaches.

THE St. Catharines Post says the 39th Regiment has received orders to be in readiness to proceed to Quebec. The destination is not yet known, but everything is now pointing to and dependent upon the course of affairs in India.

ON the 21st ult., the first locomotive ever run in the State of Arkansas ran over the track of the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad, for a distance of three miles—as far as the road is completed from Memphis.

OWING to the reduction of ten per cent. on the wages of the employees in the weaving and spinning rooms of the Lancaster, (Pa.) cotton mill, operations have entirely ceased. The girls refused in a body to work at the reduced rates. The reduction, it is alleged, was necessary, on account of the high price of cotton.

THE Washington papers say that Col. Totten, the Superintendent of the Panama Railroad, has set on foot a project for cutting a ship canal across the Isthmus. The Chagres river, as far as Cruces, can be made available. The greatest elevation from that point to Panama bay is but two hundred feet above the level of the Atlantic.

THE Atlanta (Ga.) Sentinel states that the steam flour mills at that place turn out daily two hundred and eighty barrels of flour. Until within a few years Georgia was a large importer of flour, and now she is a large exporter.

MINNESOTA COAT OF ARMS.—The St. Paul *Daily Times* says:—"We have seen the device of the Seal and Coat of Arms adopted by the Republican Convention, for our future State. It represents a waterfall—supposed to be that of Minnehaha—within a shield, symbolizing the abundant and varied water power and privilege in the State. An Indian figure with his face toward the setting sun, and tomahawk and arrows at his feet. Opposite is a figure of a white man, with a sheaf of wheat and agricultural implements. The Indian is represented as asking of the white man whither he shall go, and the white man pointing to the implements, as if he would direct him in the habits of civilized life. In one corner a distant view of Lake Superior and a sail, and in the other the Minnesota river and a steamer. The pine regions of the St. Croix, Mississippi and Lake Superior are represented by three pine trees. The motto to accompany the words "State of Minnesota, A. D. 1857," is in the words "Liberty and Union."

TROUBLE IN THE MICHIGAN STATE PRISON.—An insurrection, headed by two desperate negro convicts, broke out in the Michigan State Prison, on the 7th inst. Two of the convicts succeeded in escaping over the wall, but were recaptured.—Others also made desperate efforts to escape, but were overpowered by the officers of the prison and secured.

LADIES AS PRE-EMPTORS.—Mrs. Susan E. Wattles writes to have young ladies come to Kansas and make pre-emptions of land, and thus secure to themselves independent homes, the Register of the land office having decided that such claims were valid. Some capital, some courage and spirit will be required to make the enterpise successful. Mrs. S. knows three who have already made such claims.

News Clippings.

—The yellow fever is increasing at Havana.

—Women are pre-empting lands in Kansas.

—Work has been resumed on the Hoosac Tunnel.

—Shakopee, Minnesota, has taken on the dignity of a city.

—Seventy mules were burned in a recent fire at New Orleans.

—Now York spends daily $10,000 for cigars, and $8,500 for bread.

—The population of Iowa, as ascertained by a late census is 509,414.

—The camel experiment on the plains appears to be very successful.

—Joseph Hall, of Kentucky, is the new Commissioner of Patents.

—A drove of Texas ponies has been brought into Sangamon Co., Ill.

—The Cotton worm has commenced its ravages near Selma, Louisiana.

—There is much complaint around Kalamazoo, Mich., about the potato rot.

—It is estimated that India is worth to England at least $35,000,000 per annum.

The London Times concedes that the English Indian Empire hangs by a thread.

—English papers announces the death of Lady Lyttleton, sister of Mr. Gladstone.

—Miss Lydia Barnard, of Amherst, N. J., completed her 100th year on the 6th inst.

—The old U. S. Bank building, Philadelphia, is to be converted into the Post-Office.

—New Granada refuses to cede away any of her possessions to the United States.

—Mr. Sullivan, the British Minister at Lima, had been murdered by six Peruvians.

—A number of pearls, as large as peas, have been taken from muscles in Grand River.

—The Belvidere Standard believes that peat in any quantity can be found in Northern Ill.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne, the distinguished author, has resigned the consulate at Liverpool.

—Bayfield, on Lake Superior is said to be growing finely, having a population of about 400.

—There were $5,000 worth of blackberries shipped from Madison, Indiana, this season.

—Specie in the New York city banks amounts to $10,000,000, and continues to increase.

—Hoe & Co., N. Y. are now constructing six of their fast printing presses for British journals.

—Justus Beardsley, of Rochester, proposes a convention of Chinese Sugar Cane Growers.

—Work has begun in several places on grading the track of the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad.

—The eighty-ninth anniversary of Brown University, at Providence, R. I., was celebrated last week.

—It is estimated in Missouri that the expenses of that State in the war on Kansas was $2,500,000.

—The Hon. James Lockhart, Member of Congress elect, died at Evansville, Indiana, on the 7th inst.

—The corner stone of a Jesuit College was laid in Chicago, on the 23d ult. It is to cost $100,000.

—A dispatch from Stockholm represents the health of the King of Sweden to be very unsatisfactory.

—The Spanish and Mexican war is to terminate in nothing worse than a diplomatic interruption.

—A fire in Americus, Georgia, on the 6th inst., destroyed a large portion of the business part of the town.

—Counterfeit notes on the Hudson Co. (N. J.) Bank appeared in great quantities in N. Y. on the 7th inst.

—The average number of prisoners in the prisons of the U. S., is 50,000, and 30,000 are discharged annually.

—The long vacant office of British Consul at Pa., has been filled by the appointment of Mr. C. E. K. Kortright.

—The city of Davenport is building a Court House and City Hall, at an expense of seventy thousand dollars.

—There was a terrific firemen's riot in Baltimore on the 6th inst. Shots were fired, and many persons wounded.

—It is said that the Hon. M. Fillmore, late President of the United States, is about to marry a lady of Montreal.

—Lieut. James McGarey, who accompanied Dr. Kane on his last Arctic Expedition, died suddenly, on the 1st inst.

—There are 365 Roman Catholic churches in the city of Rome, while the population is considrably less than 200,000.

—The Keokuk and Des Moines Railroad is now in operation from the former place to Bentonsport, a distance of 40 miles.

—A new bank called the "International," in which some Americans are interested, is about going into operation in Toronto.

—A family at Waterloo lost from Aug. 16th to Sept. 3d, five children by scarlet fever. Their ages were from six to eighteen.

—A workman discovered, on the 5th inst., a cave which promises to be of considerable extent, in the Central Park, New York.

—The breaking of one of the locks of the Grand River, near Brantford, C. W., is likely to interrupt navigation for the season.

—About 500 desertions have taken place from the Fifth and Tenth regiments of U. S. Infantry, lately arrived at Fort Kearney.

—New hops have made their appearance in market.—The crop of Eastern hops bids fair to average much better than last year.

—It is said that the Brockville Rifles and Ottawa Artillery, two Canadian militia companies, have volunteered to serve in India.

—One of the new steam frigates, the Roanoke, is discovered to have "broken her back," and she has to be rebuilt amidships.

—A correspondent of the Boston Courier writes that the prospect of a large crop of cotton in Georgia, was never fairer than now.

—Rev. Peter Sanborn died at Reading, Mass. on the 8th inst., at the age of 91, in the same house in which he had lived for 67 years.

—It is stated that the Prussian clergy have privately been requested by the higher authorities to abstain from smoking in public.

—The authorities of St. Louis have dispensed with the steam fire engine, and the Leader pronounces it an unmitigated humbug.

—A correspondent of the N. Y. Express says the Collector of Customs at Toronto, is over one hundred thousand dollars in arrears.

—It is said that Secretary Toucey positively declares that he cannot upon any account, leave the Cabinet for the bench of the Supreme Court.

—A race between a horse and a mule took place near Baltimore, recently. The mule won two straight heats of five miles, time 20.18—20.20.

—Two hundred Texan horses and mules were offered for sale in Oregon, on the 22d ult. Mexican lassomen accompanied the drove from Texas.

—Among the items of expenditures of the city of Boston for the year ending, April 30th, 1857, is the following:—"Food for squirrels, $33 27."

—It is officially confirmed that gold fields have been discovered in British Guiana, and there is quite a rush of gold hunters to the auriferous region.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Europa.

THE British steamship Europa arrived at Halifax, on the 7th ult.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Britain Parliament was prorogued on Friday the 28th ult.

The Queen's speech was read by commission.

The following are the material points of it:—Her Majesty expresses confidence in the continuance of peace in Europe. She says that the disturbances in India have occasioned her extreme concern, while the barbarities inflicted upon her subjects have filled her heart with the deepest grief. She will omit no measures calculated to quell these disturbances, and expresses confidence in her ability to accomplish that end. She thanks Parliament for the liberal supplies—for the assurances of support in restoring tranquillity to India, and expresses satisfaction at the liquidation of the Danish Sound Dues bill, and of the passage of the Divorce bill.

Nothing official had been known as to the Atlantic Telegraph, but it appears to have been taken for granted that the enterprise will be postponed till next summer. It was the general impression that it would be sold for a telegraph to India.

The Indian mail reached London on Saturday, the 29th ult. The main features of the government dispatch via Cagdiara, is confirmed and details added. In the massacre at Pawnpose, 240 women and children perished. The deaths of Gens. Barnard and Lawrence are confirmed. Sir Hugh Wheeler, Sir Geo. Parker, Col. Williams and Brig. Yack, were also killed. An obstinate battle was fought before Agra on the 5th of July. The British forces were obliged to retire with heavy loss. Two native regiments mutinied at Seal Kate Punjaub on the 9th of July, and massacred a number of Europeans. These mutineers were totally defeated on the 16th, at Meerut. Gen. Hewitt had been removed from command for supineness. The Punjaub was tranquil. There was some disturbances at the Hydrabad, but they were suppressed. The Bombay and Madras Presidencies continue tranquil, and their armies loyal. Gen. Reid was in command before Delhi. Only 2,000 be mustered for any effective attack on Delhi. Trade at Calcutta was paralyzed. It had suffered extremely from a scarcity of provisions, but they were beginning to arrive. Even at Bombay discontent had shown itself, but had been suppressed. The English were organizing regiments of Sikhs.—Movable columns are to scour Central India.

CHINA.—Hong Kong dates are to the 10th of July.

Lord Elgin had arrived, and was about to proceed north to the other portion of the fleet.

FRANCE.—The Emperors of France and Russia are to meet in Germany.

The price of wheat had fallen 4f. in Paris.

ITALY.—French political arrests had been made at Genoa and Turin.

SPAIN.—The Mexican Envoy was about to embark at Cadiz.

PRUSSIA.—A terrible conflagration had occurred at Magdeberg.

AUSTRIA.—The army in Italy is to be reduced 20,000.

TURKEY.—Negotiations had been commenced to obtain the passage of the British army through Egypt.

Reschid Pacha has become Minister of War.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs were quiet.—The weather had been favorable. The wheat crop was generally good, and the quality fine. Flour was dull, and nominally unchanged. Wheat in better request, and red declined 1@2d. since Tuesday. Corn dull, and 6d lower.—Red wheat 7s6d@8s3d; white 9s@9s9d. Western Canal flour 30s@30s6d; Philadelphia and Baltimore 30@31s; Ohio 32s@32s6d. Yellow and mixed corn 35s6d@36s; white 44s.

Arrival of the Baltic.

THE Collins steamship Baltic, from Liverpool on the 2d inst., arrived at New York on the 14th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—A prospectus of the Red Sea Telegraph Company had been issued. They propose to purchase the Atlantic cable.

The London Times states that 15,000 men of the militia are to be immediately called out, and fifteen 2d battalions of the line formed instead of the regiments sent to India. Also, that an additional force of artillery is to be sent to India.

The treaty between England and Honduras had been ratified in London. Its main feature, in addition to the usual stipulations of commercial treaties, is a special article giving effect to the grant of Honduras, under its contract with the Honduras Inter-Oceanic Railway Co.

INDIA.—Some of the French journals had published dispatches from Marseilles, affirming that a mutiny had exhibited itself in the Bombay Presidency, but had been suppressed, and a plan adopted there to form regiments composed entirely of Sikhs. The English papers state that it originated solely in the fears which prevailed at Bombay and Madrid.

The Paris Pays denies that there was any grounds for uneasiness in regard to the French establishments in India. It asserts that all was tranquil.

Letters from India indicate that the natives were getting in want of ammunition.

CHINA.—The Hong Kong correspondent of the London Times, writing on the 8th of July, gives the following as the course resolved upon by Lord Elgin:

The Calcutta, Shannon, Pearl, Inflexible, Hornet, and two gun-boats, will proceed northward to rendezvous at Shanghai, and proceed thence to the mouth of the river Teiho, on which Pekin is situated. Lord Elgin will then dispatch a letter to the Emperor, requesting him to recognize his officers at Cantou.

If, as is probable, no notice shall be taken of the letter, or disposition be shown to acknowledge the ambassador, Lord Elgin will declare war, Canton will be occupied, and such further proceedings taken as may be necessary to bring the Court of Canton to reason.

MARKETS.—Breadstuffs were dull, and some slight fluctuations had taken place, but the circulars are conflicting on the subject. The crops had been secured, and were in fine condition. Richardson, Spence & Co., report flour dull, and quotations hardly maintained. Wheat quiet and declined 1@2d. Corn dull, and white declined 10d. Richardson & Bros., say declined 1@2d.

Bigham, Althyn & Co., report wheat firm—flour steady—corn advanced 1d.

Provisions quiet. Pork dull. Lard dull at 70s. Sugar quiet. Coffee quiet.

Wool is in good demand for shipment to America.

RAPID TRAVELING.—The wonderful effects of railroads upon the business of the country, was exemplified strongly, a few days ago, is the case of the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial. He says:—"On Monday the writer had occasion to visit Cleveland, on business, that required but fifteen minutes' attention. We left on the 6 A. M. train—Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati line; arrived at the foot of Superior street, where we left the cars at 7 minutes before 3 P. M.; had a full quarter of an hour to transact business; took the Cincinnati mail train at the Superior street crossing; and were home again at midnight.—From Cincinnati to Lake Erie, at Cleveland, and return, is 510 miles." The writer of this item very well remembers when he resided in Cincinnati, and "had occasion to visit Cleveland on business," and thought himself pretty fortunate to make the same journey in a week's time without accident, although with all the fatigue incident to staging over corduroy roads, and through deep Ohio mud. Forty years have worked a change.—*New York Tribune.*

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, Sept. 15, 1857.

OUR market is very inactive at present—owing, doubtless, to the press in monetary matters—and, with two exceptions, prices are as last quoted. Pork has advanced $2,50 per barrel on best qualities. Butter is now worth 20c per pound. See list of quotations for rates at which other articles are selling.

PEACHES are abundant in our market, and are being shipped in all directions. The price ranges from 63 cents to $1 per bushel.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box,	18c
Flour, bbl	$6,00@7,50	Candles, box,	13½@14½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,45@1,50	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada,	$1,45@1,50	Apples, bushel,	25@50c
Corn,	67c	Do. dried,	$2,00@2,25
Oats,	38@40c	Potatoes,	31@35c
Barley,	80c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat,	53@88c	Slaughter,	0@6c
Beans,	$1,25@1,50	Calf,	00@10c
Peas,	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts,	31@38c
MEATS.		Lamb do.	50@62½c
Pork, Mess	$25,00@28,50	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover, bushel,	$5,50@7,00
Beef, ⅔ cwt	$5,75@6,00	Timothy,	$3,50@1,00
Spring Lambs each,	$1,50@2,25	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard,	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	13½@14½c	Do. soft,	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders,	11½@13½c	Coal, Lehigh,	$7,00@7,50
Chickens,	11@12c	Do. Scranton,	$6,00@6,50
Turkeys,	00@12½c	Do. Blossburg,	$5,00@5,50
Geese,	50c	Do. Shamokin,	$5,25@5,75
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll,	20c	Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,45
Do. firkin,	14@17c	Hay, ton,	$7@11
Cheese,	8½@9½c	Wool, ⅔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried,	00@15½c	White fish, bbl	$10,50@11
Tallow,	6@7c	Codfish, ⅔ quintal	$5,25@5,50
Eggs, dozen,	12@13c	Trout, bbl	$0,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—Flour—Market for State, super and extra is 5c better. Other kinds without change. Sales at $5,25@5,45 for super State; $5,55@5,65 for extra do; $5,15@5,40 for common to medium super Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Ohio; $5,15@6,10 for extra do; market closing steady. Canadian flour steady, sales at $5,25@5,40 for super; $5,75@7,10 extra.

GRAIN—Wheat 1@2d better with fair demand for extra; sales at 123@125c for red Ohio, Illinois and Indiana; 125@128 for white Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky; 100c for corn Chicago spring. Rye quiet at 80@88c. Corn scarce and better; sales mixed Western at 71@72c, including parcels in store 73@74c. Oats unchanged; sales limited at 40@40c for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork quiet but firmer, with small sales $25,75@26,00 for mess, $21,25@21,50 for prime. Lard closed ½c lower; sales at 15½@15¾c. Butter in fair request at 15@17c for Ohio; 17@22c for State. Cheese selling at 8½@9½c.

BUFFALO, Sept. 14.—Flour—Sales Saturday afternoon at $5 for extra Illinois, Michigan and Ohio, and $5,37@5,50 for choice do, in small lots. This morning there is a good inquiry, and the market is steady, but without change, sales at $5@5,37 for extra Ohio, Michigan and Indiana; $5,62@5,75 for double extra; including Southern Ohio at $6. Most of the sales were at $5.

GRAIN—Sales of Wheat Saturday afternoon, Chicago spring at 85c—in advance; red Indiana at $1@1,05. This morning holders of spring are firmer, but buyers do not yet accede to their views, and we do not hear of any sales except corn white Ohio at $1,15. There are quite a number of millers in market.—The Corn market closed Saturday 1½c better, at 57½c. This morning a good demand and limited stock. Market 3c higher; sales at 60c. Oats are unchanged, with a moderate demand, sales at 37c.

SEED—Small sales of Timothy at $3,37.

ALBANY, Sept. 14—Flour and Meal—With only a moderate business doing in Flour the market favors the buyer. The receipts are moderate and the supply fair. Corn Meal is in fair request and steady at $1,62½@1,75.

GRAIN—Wheat is in moderate request for milling, with a fair supply offering. Sales good white Western at $1,40@1,45. In Corn there is a better feeling with a more active demand, and a small supply offering, afloat, sales embrace Western mixed, afloat, at 70½c, in store at 72c, cash. Barley is held more firmly, with a fair supply on the market. Prime samples are held firmly at $1, with some buyers at 95c. Oats quiet.

THE EASTERN GRAIN MARKET.—The Albany Atlas and Argus of the 12th inst., has the following. We am told that the engagements of grain at New York, for Great Britain, have averaged over 50,000 bushels a day for several days past. The New York papers say that if the decline in prices does not prevent the produce from coming forward from the interior, we may look for an active business in this line throughout the Fall months.—It is not anticipated here that the decline in prices will prevent the produce from coming forward. There is an immense quantity out West, and holders must realize. The tightness in the money market, which was felt in New York, is now telling, with disastrous effects, in many instances, throughout the Western country. It is this extreme tightness, rather than the heavy crops, which has caused the sudden depression in prices. Prices were, undoubtedly, to find a more moderate level, than that which they averaged early in the Summer, but the fall would have been much more gradual but for the fact that most of the Banks "shut down" on their customers so early and so emphatically.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 9.—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Beeves—First quality, 11½@12c; Ordinary, 10½@11c.; Common, 9½@10c.; Inferior, 9@9½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $60@65; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45., Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6½@7½c.; Other qualities, 5@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $4,50@5; Other qualities, $3@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 7½@7¾c.; Other qualities, 7½c.

CAMBRIDGE, SEPT. 9.—At market 1225 Cattle, 1000 Beeves, and 225 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,75@9,00; First quality, $7,50@8,00; Second quality, $7,25@7,75; Third quality, $6,00@6,50; Ordinary, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—$100, 150@200.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 45, 50, 60@70.

YEARLINGS—$18@20. Two years old—$25@37. Three years old—$40@45.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3141 at market. Prices—In lots, $4,50, 2, $2,50, 3,00 each. Extra and selections, $3,75@4,00.

SWINE—450 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8c. ⅔ lb.—Dressed, 9½@10c

HIDES—8@8½c. ⅔ lb. Tallow—7½@8c. ⅔ lb.

PELTS—62½@75c each. Calf Skins—13@14c. ⅔ lb.

BRIGHTON, SEPT. 10.—At market 1100 Beef Cattle, 950 Stores, 11 pair Working Oxen, 85 Cows and Calves, 3,000 Sheep and Lambs, 1200 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $9,75; First quality, $9,25; Second, $8,50, Third, $7,00; Ordinary, $5,75.

YEARLINGS—$18@20. Two years old—$25@36. Three years old—$30@41.

WORKING OXEN—$150@190.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 35, 40@55

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $3,50, 3,75@4,00. By lot, $1,50 1,75@2,00.

SWINE—Pigs, 7½@8c. Retail, 8@10c. Shoats, 8@10c Fat hogs, &c.

HIDES—8@8½c. ⅔ lb. Tallow—7½@8c. ⅔ lb.

PELTS—50@75c. Calf Skins—13@14c. ⅔ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$3,50, 4, 4,50@5,00.

WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—The panic in the money market has caused a lull in this as well as all other departments of trade, and but little has transpired during the past week, the stock of all kinds is exceedingly small, and holders are reluctant, therefore, to make any material concession in price; buyers of large parcels are at present out of market, and the transactions have, therefore, been confined to small lots at about previous rates, sales of 50,000 lbs medium to fine Native Fleeces at 43@55c, 6 mos, and 87 bales California Unwashed Fleeces at 10@32c ⅔ lb cash and 6 mos, as to quality. Pulled wool is quiet; the stock is small. Foreign is also quiet, but steady; sales of 90 bales black and white Smyrna at 26c, 6 mos; 31 do Entre Rios, and 40 do Washed Cordova on p. t.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, Sept. 9—There has been a good demand for Domestic fleece and Pulled, but prices are not quite so firm. The sales of the week amount to 192,000 lbs at quoted rates. In foreign, sales of 475 bales Mediterranean and South American at prices within the range of quotations:

Saxony fleece,	57@60	Smyrna washed,	23@30
Am. full blood,	50@55	Do. unwashed,	12@21
¾ and ⅝ blood,	42@50	Buenos Ayres,	12@50
Com. to ⅜ blood,	38@40	Mexican,	17@19
Pulled, extra,	48@55	Chili, Valparaiso,	15@40
" super,	54@48	Syrin washed,	25@27
" No 1	34@40	Do. unwashed,	14@16
" No. 2	18@29	Peruv. washed,	35@39

SLAVERY IN DELAWARE.—The *Independent* has investigated the history and statistics of slavery in Delaware. It is found that the per centage of slaves in the population of that State, not half that of the other Southern States at any period, has steadily diminished at every census, from 15 per cent., in 1790, to two and a half per cent., in 1850. The whole number of slaveholders in the State is now only 500, and of these only 20 persons possess from 10 to 20 slaves, and 372 have less than five slaves.

MARRIAGES.

AT York, Livingston Co., N. Y., on the 9th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, D. G. Ellingwood, by Rev. I. R. Nisbet, Mr. J. O. PERRY, of Chicago, Ill., and Miss JEANNETTE ELLINGWOOD.

DEATHS.

IN Gates, Sept. 8th, HUMPHREY HART, aged 73 years.—Mr. H was one of the early settlers of Monroe county.

Suddenly, on Tuesday, the 8th inst., DAVID ELY, aged 77 years. The deceased was the father of Dr. Wm. W. and Rev. Isaac Ely, and had been for some years a well known and highly respected resident of this city.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WINTER BARLEY.—I have a quantity which I will sell for Seed. HOLLIS DAGGETT.
Brighton, Monroe Co., N. Y., Sept. 15, 1857.

FOR BOILING CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—Cheap Portable Evaporators. Circulars free.
402w3 H. G. BULKLEY, Kalamazoo, Mich.

SEND 25 Cents in stamps and receive, by Express, an improved Husking Pin, by which your day's work will be enlarged ¼ and sore fingers prevented. Address
PETER WYKOFF, Ann Arbor, Mich.

200 BUSHELS WINTER BARLEY choice for Seed, $2 per bushel. Also,
200 BUSHELS WHITE WINTER RYE, very nice, $1 25.
J. RAPALJE, 65 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

APPLE TREES FOR SALE.—25,000 Apple Trees 3 and 4 years old, very fine. 50,000 Apple Seedlings 2 years old, very large. F. C. BLOOMER,
402w2 Horse Heads, Chemung Co., N. Y.

400 SHEEP FOR SALE.—The subscriber has 150 Spanish Merinos; 150 half bloods, and 100 fine fat Sheep for Sale. ISRAEL B. PHELPS.
Le Roy, Sept. 11, 1857.

THIRTEEN DIPLOMAS, PREMIUMS AND MEDALS, awarded to SPRATT'S Patent Self-Sealing Cans, by means of which *Tomatoes, Green Corn, Peaches, Quinces*, or any other Fruit or Vegetable, may be preserved in a fresh state, with all the natural flavor. They are acknowledged to be the only safe and reliable Self-Sealing Cans in market. Full directions for preserving, accompany the Cans.
WELLS & PROVOST, Sole Proprietors,
402w4 215 Front St., New York.

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AGENTS in any part of the country can make handsome profits by obtaining orders at once for the New Rochelle (or Lawton) Blackberry Plants.
Mine are the best Plants advertised for Sale in this part of the country; grown in the open ground and well rooted. Address
402w2 C. P. BISSELL, Rochester, N. Y.

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Blackberry Plants by Mail—Cheap.

IN MY immense stock of New Rochelle (or Lawton) Blackberry Plants, there are some of suitable size to send by mail, which I will forward, carefully packed and post-paid, with full directions as to culture, on receipt of cash at rate of $2 per dozen. Address C. P. BISSELL, Rochester, N.Y.

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I OFFER TO NURSERYMEN, DEALERS AND PLANTERS,
200,000 APPLE Trees, 3 and 4 years old.
100,000 " " 1 " "
500,000 PEAR " 1 " " Standard.
100,000 " " 1 " " Dwarf.
30,000 CHERRY " Dwarfs and Standards.
20,000 PEACH "
100,000 Choice Sugar Maples.
50,000 EVERGREENS, assorted.
Also a large assortment of other Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Roses and Ornamental Plants, embracing every variety of hardy Nursery Stock. N. M. HURLBURT.
Binghampton, Sept. 15, 1857

SENECA LAKE HIGHLAND NURSERIES.

E. C. FROST, Havana, Schuyler Co., N. Y., Proprietor of the Highland Nurseries, of 16 years standing, has a fine stock of Fruit Trees Standard and Dwarf. Ornamental Deciduous and Evergreen Trees and Shrubs, &c., &c., at wholesale and retail. Stocks for Nurserymen, including 100,000 fine Plum stocks, samples furnished. 100,000 Apple Trees one year from graft. Apples grafted in the root to plant in the spring of '58 at low rates. Seeds of the Apple, Pear, Cherry, Plum and Peach.—Plenty of the King Apple Trees in all stages.

Retail price and Descriptive Catalogue and Trade List sent to any address, and Trees delivered at New York Albany, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or intermediate Stations from Elmira, free. 25,000 very fine stocky Peach Trees, at $70 per 1,000.

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THE CELEBRATED EXCELSIOR HORSE POWER, Thresher and Separator, manufactured by the Subscriber, has been awarded the first Premium, by the United States Agricultural Society at their great exhibition, held in Louisville, Ky., Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. It was thoroughly tested in competition with all the best Powers made in this country, in presence of the judges, and was pronounced the best, as its name indicates. Those wishing these machines will please apply soon as the demand is large and the supply limited. Get the best which is always the cheapest. Agents wanted where none are established, and if well recommended, a liberal commission will be given them. Descriptive Catalogues with prices, &c., furnished by mail free. For further particulars, address
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Can be constructed at an expense to suit purchaser (above the cost of right) in any locality where ice can be obtained in the winter.

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J. L. ALBERGER.

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Myatt's *Linnæus Rhubarb or Pie Plant*, a new English variety—very superior, particularly tender, fine flavored, and productive; also,

Strawberries—Hovey's, Boston Pine and Large Early Scarlet. Blackberries; New Rochelle or Lawton, Newman's Thornless. Currants; Cherry and Black Naples.

All the above Plants of best quality, we cultivate them for market fruits, and selected them for our Fruit Gardens as the choicest varieties. FREEMAN & KENDALL,
Ravenswood, L. I., near New York city.

We have visited Messrs. FREEMAN & KENDALL'S Fruit Gardens, from which they are now offering to sell Plants, and we can say their Plants are well grown and of very superior varieties, the Orange Raspberry and Linnæus Rhubarb particularly, we take pleasure in recommending them to the Public.
CHARLES DOWNING, Newburgh,
C. W. GRANT, Iona Island,
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3,

Choice Poetry.

MY DEAR OLD HOME.

I came again to my dear old home,
But years long since had sped,
And 'mid the raven locks of youth
Lay many a silvery thread;
The bounding step was slow and sad,
The sparkling eye grew dim,
And the bird note, once so blithesome, fell
Like the chimes of a funeral hymn.

I looked for the roof that sheltered once
The loved of childhood's hours;
I sought for the hearthstone—upon it lay
A mound of grass and flowers—
The broad-armed oak whose sheltering shade
Was the scene of our merry play;
A moss-grown stump marked out the spot
That told of its sad decay.

I wandered down to the poplar spring,
And drank from its gushing stream,
But the draught had lost its magic charm,
The waves their golden gleam;
For the rippling waves seemed to speak
With the tones of long ago—
Oh, many a tuneful voice is still
That mingled with their flow.

I turned to seek with ling'ring step,
And spirit bowed and sad,
For those who had blessed that lowly roof,
And made the hearthstone glad;
And I found them all where the willow drooped
Its long green boughs around—
Some cherished form was resting there,
'Neath each quiet grassy mound.

I am forth again in the wide, cold world,
But where'er my footsteps tread,
The dearest spot will be to me
The homes of the lov'd ones dead.
The sunshine steals through the hanging boughs
With a softened, holy light,
And silent stars gleam purest there
In the hush of the summer night.

[*California Christian Advocate.*

Life's Lessons.

ANNIE GRAY.

She was a winsome girl; never was one more so. Her home was in the opening of a gorge of the mountain where the ravine spreads into a valley, not very wide, watered by a stream that dashed wildly over the rocks a little further up. The broad, low cottage of the Widow Gray (as I will call her, by your leave, although I need not say I use a fictitious name) was concealed from view in the day-time by a dense mass of trees and shrubbery, except on one side where the lawn sloped down to the bank of the creek. Here was usually moored two or three little skiffs, which might easily be forced up the rapids, quite into the mountain gorge, and which were often seen bearing Annie and her brother down the current, returning from some expedition on the hills.

Had you passed along the road which crossed the mouth of the ravine below the cottage, you would not have suspected that a house was in the thicket above you, unless it had been in the evening and you saw the gleam of the light, and paused, as I often paused, to let your horse drink at the edge of the broad creek; and then, perhaps, you might have heard a song floating out of the dark wood; and if you rode on till midnight, it would linger in your ears, and you would fancy you heard a spirit.

That man must have had a hard heart that did not love Annie Gray. She was the impersonation of loveliness. I never could describe a face or form. I do not remember friends by their features, and I have not the remotest idea of the color of their eyes or hair, in nine cases of ten. But I do remember her with distinct memory. She was tall; that is, rather above the medium height, and slender, but gracefully and beautifully shaped. Every motion was natural and unaffected, and her footstep was as light as her heart—and that had not a heaviness. Sweet Annie Gray! The music of her laughter rings from out the lonesome years like the melodious carol of a bird in the arches of a ruined temple! Her eye was dark, quick as sunshine in the changes and full of unspoken poetry. You might read all manner of beautiful fancies and holy thoughts there. But I linger too long on this description of her. Her brother was a fine fellow, a year or two older than she, and one of the merriest boys in all the country. He loved his sister, too, as I have before remarked; love has a reflecting force which marks the lovely.

I am completely lost in a whirlwind of memories, now that I return to those days and scenes.—There were a thousand incidents of my early life that are brought vividly before me the moment I recall the old cottage in the glen and its beloved inmates. How startling does the trite remark, that we live in a changing world, recur to our thoughts every day. In fact, it cannot but become trite.

The very stars that we worship as changeless sometimes fall, and the eyes that we worship with more of devotion than the stars, grow dim, and the hearts that we fancy are immutable, change mournfully! There is nothing immutable but God. It is the attribute of Deity which includes all others, and to which mortals do homage because they cannot comprehend it.

A score of years has removed the cottage from the earth, and its inhabitants have separated here—have met again up yonder! One by one, their lips, murmuring hymns and prayers, and their white hands folded together, the friends of my younger days have passed away, and but few remain of all that company.

Annie Gray died thus:—One glorious summer evening, when the moon was in its full, she and Ned had been strolling up the mountain side, and coming down together, had nearly reached their boat as twilight gathered around them. Loth to return from the forest, she bade Ned push the little skiff almost under the fall; and standing on a rock in the very middle of the water, she shook her tiny fist at the cataract, and held a mock conversation with it.

Returning from the day's shooting on the mountains, I saw her on the pedestal before I was seen, and throwing myself down upon the ground, watched her with admiring eyes. Undine herself was not more beautiful. She talked to the water as to an old familiar friend; and in truth, if there be sprites they must have loved her. Her voice was clearer than that of the stream, and when she laughed, as she at length did, at some odd reply she imagined the fall to make, the old arches of the forest and the ravine gave back a musical echo, so that I started to my feet and listened to it as to the voice of fairies.

But a cry of half terror and half laughter startled me, and springing down the bank, I saw her a single instant as she disappeared in the water.—Her footing had proved insecure, and she slipped from the rock into the embrace of the stream she loved.

It was the work only of an instant for her to spring out, and swim by a few strokes to the shore, and she was not a particle frightened by the occurrence. On the contrary, the woods rang with her uncontrollable laughter as soon as she was on the shore.

I walked in that same forest two years ago, and heard again the music of that ringing laughter through the long halls of time, made scarcely more melodious by its passage through the corridors of years.

Placing her in the boat, and taking the oars from Ned, I soon delivered them safely at the cottage, and bade them good night. The next day Annie had a raging fever, and was delirious for ten days. I saw her several times, but she did not recognize me, albeit I was a near relative, and had known her from her birth. There was one voice that she recognized, and one face that she looked up to with longing love. It was the face of Phil R——, who had won her pure young heart. But I will not intrude on the sacred memory of that love which is the property of but few now living. Phil is dead too. On the tenth day of her sickness she slept heavily, and awoke in her right mind. But, alas! for the dear ones around her, it was but too evident she was near to Heaven. Her eye was clear, and full of joy, as if she had been, as I doubt not she had, with the angels.

Old Mr. Thompson, the clergyman who baptized us all, and had buried our fathers, and had loved us faithfully from the days of our first lisping, stood by her bed, and she smiled joyfully as she saw him.

"Ah, Mr. Thompson, I used to wonder whether I should die with you all around me, and that is just exactly as I wished it. It seems strange, too, that I am dying. I don't exactly believe it. Phil, am I dying?"

"God forbid, Annie."

"Ah! that tone, Phil! You mean to say God alone can save me, for all hope on man is gone.—Don't grieve, though—don't grieve! Why, it isn't hard to die. I love the dear earth well enough to stay here—and the flowers and birds, and the brooks, and the old seat down by the bank of the stream; but I don't feel so very sorrowful to leave them as I used to think I would. And I do love mother and Ned, and Mr. Thompson, and-and-and you, Phil!" and here her voice, which had been low, but cheerful, suddenly trembled, and she was silent.

At length she continued in a renewed tone of cheerfulness:—"Phil, go sometimes and sit on the old seat down there by the stream, and put your arm along the back of it, and look up; and if you don't feel my kiss, it will be because angel's kisses can't be felt, for if God will let me, I'll come there and take the seat which I have so often sat in, and lay my head on your shoulder. Mr. Thompson, I'm going to heaven at last in advance of you. I started a long way behind, but I shall be there first after all."

The good old man, to whom this part of the sentence was addressed, sobbed aloud; but at length recovering composure, he knelt at the side of her bed, and his long white locks fell over the counterpane as he commenced the prayer of earnestness. I stood still at the foot of the bed, and watched the face of angel girl.

As he spoke of Heaven her eye lighted, and as he begged God to spare her to us a little while, I saw her hand steal along until it reached Phil's head, and her tiny fingers were among his thick locks of hair, and the next moment her hand was in his, and he rose, and sitting by her side, gazed into her face with unutterable love; and as the sublime words of hope escaped from the lips of the clergyman, I saw her move, as if to say "Kiss me Phil;" and he stooped down to her and with her arms around his neck, and that last loving kiss upon her lips, she went forth by the unknown path that all must tread.

Strong in her simple faith, and leaning confidently on her Savior, she, who was fairest of our children here, has long ago become, I cannot doubt, one of the fairest of God's children there.

Peace be with her. On her grave, violets bloom; and I have seen children, who have wandered over the hills in search of flowers all the day long in vain, refuse to pluck those which bloomed holily over all that was earthly of Annie Gray. Peace be with her? In that sunny land, whereof I dream in summer Sabbath morning dreams, I trust one day to meet her. There the voice that was low and plaintive as the night wind here has renewed its tones in thrilling melody. There the last sound of sorrowful discord is hushed; for, as she left us, those sounds died away, faintly, scarce heard, then gone forever! and she did not hear them when she came back, as she did at times, to keep the trysting with Phil. She heard, then, no sounds but the beating of his heart.

One summer morning, ten years afterwards, she called him suddenly, and his spirit sprang forth at the call. The bonds of earth were broken. None knew whereof he died.

A field of broom-corn is the most graceful thing we see in the country, sweeping, as yesterday, the blue and sunny air, with the fingers of the wind; sweeping the path of the bird and the rain, and the route of song.

"If you have ever seen," wrote Willis to his daughter, "a field of broom-corn—the most careless branching and free swaying of all the products of a summer—and can fancy the contrast, in its destiny, between sweeping the pure air with the wind's handling, and sweeping what it more usefully may, when tied up for handling as brooms, you can understand the diff rence I feel, between using my thoughts at my pleasure, as in country life, and using them for subsistence as in my present profession."

LITTLE MAUD'S GRAVE.

It was a lovely spot, in a sheltered corner of a beautiful cemetery, and I stood for a long time intently regarding it. On a beautiful tablet of white marble was sculptured the figure of an angel soaring upward, bearing in its arms a little child, and sheltering it, oh! so lovingly with its wings. The only words on the monument were "Little Maud, aged five years—she was wanted in Heaven and God took her." How vividly was called to my mind my first meeting with that sweet child, and her words to me, "I want to go to Heaven."

Let me try to describe her, as she appeared when I first saw her, not many days before her death.—She was rather tall for her age, and was, I think, the most beautiful child I ever met; her skin was of dazzling fairness, her hair of a rich brown, and worn in curls reaching nearly to her waist; her mouth was like a cleft rosebud, but more than all else, her eyes constituted her chief beauty—they were of a dark, deep violet blue, but with such a depth, such an intensity of expression, such a soul look in them, that no one could look upon her, without feeling that she was no common child, but that she was possessed of an intellect and understanding, not generally reached by children of her age. I am passionately fond of children, and as our first meeting was on board a steamboat, where we journeyed together nearly a week, I soon made her acquaintance, and through her, her mother's, in whom I found an intimate acquaintance, and a dear friend of one of my old school-mates, and a native of my much loved childhood's home—New Orleans.

With these connecting links, and the little Maud, as a chain to bind us together, we soon became friends, and at my request, she consented to spend a short time with me, on her return from New York, where she was now going on a visit to her husband's friends; he was not with her, but her bright, and happy face, her glowing description of him to me, and her eager looking forward to the time set for him to join her, all proved that she was a happy wife, as well as mother. As I looked upon her, I could not help thinking hers was a lot to be envied by many. One day, as we sat together, I was nursing the little Maud, our conversation turned upon an occurrence which had taken place that morning: a lady had corrected her little boy, for telling a falsehood. Maud's face, while we spoke, expressed such sorrow, that I said to her, what is the matter darling. "Oh, she said, I am so grieved for him." Why, I asked to try her, is it so very wrong for any one to say what is not true. "Indeed it is," was her reply.—"I hope I may never do so." Why do you wish it so earnestly, I still inquired. "Because," she replied, as her beautiful eyes filled with tears, "I want to go to Heaven when I die, and dear papa read to me from God's book, one day, that no liar should enter his kingdom." Sweet child! I exclaimed, may you ever remain thus pure, and truthful; and turning to her mother, I said, you are a happy woman; you have indeed a treasure here. "I am," was her answer, as she turned a look of almost idolatrous affection upon her little girl. "I possess two such treasures, in my husband and child, that I sometimes dread lest I should make idols of them, and they should be taken from me. My life is bound up in theirs, and a separation from them, would, I fear, snap the threads of my own existence." And then she added after a pause—"but Maud has almost passed the perilous period of infancy, and is so well, and strong, that I look forward to a long and happy life for her."—Short-sighted mortals we are: how little we know what a day may bring forth.

The next day we were to part. Oh! how different a parting it was to the one we anticipated!—My home was reached, we had all left the boat, as Maud and her mother were to continue their journey by railroad. Our carriages were waiting for us, and we stood on the levee, speaking a few last words when something attracted the attentions of the little girl; and hastily drawing her hand from her mother's, she started in pursuit of it. At the moment of her passing the gangway of the boat, where the men were busily engaged in unloading, a huge hogshead, slipped from the hands guiding it, and in an instant, ere one effort could be made to arrest it, it had buried her beneath its fearful weight. Not a word, not a cry escaped her. And in a moment, without warning, her spirit was winging its flight to that Heaven, to which it so much wished to go. And all that remained of that beloved child, a few minutes before so bright and joyous, the idol of her parents, and the delight of all who knew her, was a crushed and mutilated heap. How shall I describe that mother's agony, with a shriek so full of woe it sounded like the last cry of a breaking heart, and the words "Oh! God, my child!" she fainted. For many days her life was despaired of. Her husband was immediately telegraphed for, and arrived in time to attend the remains of his child to their last resting-place. It was his wish to have taken the body home for burial, but his wife was in no state to be removed. For days we hung over her, expecting every hour would be her last. But she recovered—and still lives. But oh! so changed, and spirit broken. She has never recovered the shock of her child's death, though she can now say that it was in mercy they were afflicted. Both parents have been enabled to look to the only true source of consolation, and are now looking forward to the happy reunion with the loved one gone before.

A few days after the mother's recovery, they left me. I have never met them since, though I often hear from them. Before they left, they had this monument erected to the memory of their child; and here I often come to indulge in sweet, though sad thoughts, of one who is now an angel in Heaven. Many years have passed since that horrible day, but the memory of little Maud still lives fresh and green in the hearts of many, not the least of one, who knew her, but a few short days, but who had learned to love her with almost a mother's love, and who now pens this humble tribute to her memory, with the earnest prayer that we may all meet again in that land, where there shall be no more parting—no more sorrow—no more tears.

As there is nothing superior to a knowledge of the truth, so nothing is lower in the scale of intellect than to be attached to error and mistake it for truth.—*Cicero.*

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.

As I was walking along the shore of a river I saw a boy with his rod and line, and he cast his hook into the water, and in a few moments he suddenly drew up his line and there was floundering on the ground a little shining fish. The boy took it from his hook and put it on his string. The poor little thing was bleeding and panting for breath, and soon died.

The boy cast his hook with its shining bait and the little fish caught at it without thought. It was imprudent, not criminal, but the little fish perished. I thought how many children like the simple fish catch, without thought, at the shining bait of sin. They may, like it, wish, unavailingly wish, that they had shunned it, but one evil often draws to it another, and still another, until the child that was at first only thoughtless in his transgression now deliberately sins, and sins on until his measure of iniquity is full, and then perishes.

That child that once touches the gilded bait of vice, is not safe and may never be able again to return to the peaceful vale of virtue and truth, and certainly can never be as innocent as before.

Then when you are tempted to do wrong, and the tempter says it is a little sin and will not injure, think of the little fish and before it is too late shun the gilded bait. Fitch.

Po'keepsie, N. Y., Sept., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty-one letters.

My 7, 10, 26, 5, 31, 30, 2, 20, 7, 17, 21 is a useful art.

My 7, 25, 3, 18, 15, 26, 12, 31, 30, 21 is an interesting science.

My 20, 30, 2, 11, 9, 6, 28, 16, 27, 2, 23 is both a science and an art.

My 30, 31, 12, 13 too *many* persons love for its own sake.

My 1, 2, 27, 16, 22 too *few* love for its own sake.

My 25, 31, 5, 18, 24, 16, 21 too many practice *merely* because *it is* "the best policy."

My 2, 18, 12, 14, 30, 4, 26, 15 when pure and sincere, is the loveliest thing on earth.

My 19, 8, 24, 22, 14, 15, 30, 16, 26, 15 was a man—every inch of him.

My whole may be found in the Proverbs of Solomon; and is good advice to parents.

Goshen, N. Y., 1857. J. H. G.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

Our doctor's age is double mine,
Our pastor's age is twenty-nine;
If to their sum you do add eight
Square root, then take a sum you make,
To which then add just thirty-two,
Makes twice my age and this is true:
So tell each one his years—how few.

Angelica, N. Y., 1857. C. L. Cudebec.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Arithmetical Problem.—Three women went to market with eggs; one had 20, one 30, and one 50; they all sold at the same price per dozen, and all received equal sums of money. What did each sell for and at what rate?—S. R. Glover, *Ripleyville, Huron Co., Ohio*, 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

Answers to Enigmas, &c., in No. 401.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Love one Another.

Answer to Charade:—Corn—ice.

Answer to Algebraical Problem:—36 scholars; she received 30 cards; was cheated out of 10; and sent 40 cents.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Pride and vanity are often the source of love.

True love is ever accompanied with fear and reverence.

Some hearts, like primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

Friendship is a silent gentleman, that makes no parade; the true heart dances no horupipe on the tongue.

Consider with yourself whether the wise and good would value you more or less if they knew your whole character.

Common sense has become such a rare commodity, that the world has entered into a tacit compact to live without it.

Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

Dickens says of one of his characters, whose hair is turning grey, that he looks as if Time had lightly splashed his snows upon it in passing.

There is no such thing as forgetfulness in its true sense. A thousand incidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forevermore.

A witty clergyman being accosted by an old acquaintance by the name of Cobb, replied, "I don't know you, sir." "My name is Cobb," rejoined the man, who was about half seas over.—"Ah, sir," replied the clergyman, "you have so much *corn* on you, I didn't see the *cob*."

At a railway station, an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman, who was talking about steam communication, "Pray, sir, what is steam?" "Steam, ma'am, is, ah!—steam is—eh! ah!—steam is—steam!" "I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow, stand by; "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration!"

Mr. Twist, a romancing traveler, was talking of a church he had seen in Spain, a mile and a half long. "Bless me," said Garrick, "how broad was it?" "Ten yards." "This you'll observe, gentlemen," said Garrick, to the company, "is not a round lie, but differs from his other stories, which are generally as broad as they are long."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

250,000 PEAR TREES, Standards and Dwarfs, for sale by GEO. W. WILSON, Malden, Mass.

500 BUSHELS WINTER BARLEY, nice for Seed for Sale at $2 per bushel, by JOHN WILLIAMS. West Henrietta, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1857. 399w4

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NEW YORK CONFERENCE SEMINARY. Prof. JOHN C. FERGUSON, A. M., Principal. ONLY $90 per year for board and tuition. Departments for Ladies and Gentlemen. The Ladies are under the Superintendence of an *experienced Preceptress*. Conveyance free from Albany at the commencement of each Term. Next Term begins Oct. 26. For further information, address the Principal at Charlotteville, N. Y. 399w6

RAILROAD LANDS. FOR SALE at low prices, and on accommodating terms, in quantities to suit purchasers, 2,177 acres of first quality Prairie Land in one Tract, selected and entered by myself, 61 miles from Chicago, and 6 to 7½ miles from two Stations on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad. 160 acres Prairie Land 3 miles from Morris on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, and 60 from Chicago. 160 acres Prairie Land 8 miles from Joliet, half a mile from Elwood Station on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad, and 48 miles from Chicago. Address J. HENRY, Mirage Hill, Odell, Livingston Co., Ill.

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Editors inserting this advertisement and note thrice, with an Editorial calling attention to it and sending a copy to my address, will receive a Farm Right for 100 acres. 398w6

HICKOK'S KEYSTONE CIDER MILL, MANUFACTURED BY THE EAGLE WORKS, HARRISburg, Pa.—This sterling machine has within the past year been put to severe actual tests, and been very much improved by the addition of a 22 inch fly-wheel, new gearing, joint bolts, and other minor improvements, and is now offered to the public with the certainty that it is made in the very best manner, and that it will grind and press easier and faster than any other Mill in the market. Dealers and others supplied on liberal terms. Address W. O. HICKOK, 395w11 Agent Eagle Works, Harrisburg, Pa.

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☞ He has no other office either at Chicago, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, or elsewhere. He is never absent from New York, and no physician elsewhere is authorized to use his name. 397w13

1857. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1857.
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And all Points in the West and South-West.

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Aug, 1857. WM. R. BARR, Gen'l Agent, Buffalo.

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COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, Rochester, N. Y.
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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LEADING WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

VOL. VIII. NO. 39.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1857. {WHOLE NO. 403.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS:
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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

ABOUT PIGS AND PIGGERIES.

THE Summer is gone—the season so pregnant with thought and which forms so great a portion of the "stock in trade" possessed by rhymesters has passed away—the fragrant meadows with the ring of the scythe, or rather the rush of the Automatic Mower—the fields golden with the nodding grain—the rich hues and great wealth of the ripening maize—the joyous shout of the Harvest Home—all these are now but memories—they are mingled with the *dreams* of the past. Most of our readers, however, seldom exhibit the "fine phrenzy of the poet's eye;" they prefer to *act* in the *living* present and we are therefore constrained to hope that a little chat about such *realities* as corn-fed hogs will not be voted a *bore*.

We have proposed a peep at your pig-sty, which, we doubt not, is all that is required for the comfort and well-doing of the inhabitants thereof. It is composed of two apartments—both of which are roomy—one being covered and secure from inclemencies of weather, the other open—while the whole is so constructed that, instead of being the foul place so many individuals suppose—with all the conveniences you have attached for keeping it in order—spouts to carry off falling moisture—a good supply of muscle for the removal of ordure—and, above all, a willingness to make things appear respectable—this one, at least, is neat and cleanly.

Some persons — not regular readers of the RURAL, of course, but belonging to a class which our ton-raising brethren would call "Outside Barbarians," the borrowers—have got the idea that pork-making is best got along with where swine are kept in filth. These one-idea men unfortunately extend the principle, and, admitting if you please the soundness of their opinions and reasoning therefrom, when making a survey of their establishments it is hard to tell which is best fitted to fill the barrel, he who daily administers the food to be converted into unhealthy meat—the *biped* on this side, or the *quadruped* just over the fence. We would say to these,—with all due deference to their notions—that the pig *is* a cleanly animal—that although, on a hot day he will seek a wet and dirty place to lie in, if put in a clean and comfortable pen more good pork will result from the same amount of food than where everything is careless and slovenly. Give your swine a good sleeping-room—this apartment should be elevated several inches above the yard in which they run—and, if straw is plenty, a good bed will be appreciated.

Having made an examination of the house of your swine we are now prepared to take a look at the animals themselves. Before receiving an introduction permit us to remark that we are exceedingly sensitive on one point—our acquaintance with *bad* specimens is already as extensive as we desire. If yours are genuine Aristocrats—the pig-pen is the only spot where *true* aristocracy can be found—proceed—if the plebeian enters largely into their blood or conformation we have gone far enough.

We never could conceive why some farmers would persist in feeding one of those long-geared, flat-sided animals unless it was for the purpose of ascertaining how much corn it was possible for an animal of its size and weight to destroy. The attempt to fatten them for market with profit is insane—we know nothing that will so quickly consume a man's patrimony except it be bank and railroad stocks. Secure good stock for the farm, whether it be Cattle, Sheep or Swine,—these are the right kind of "fancies"—they always declare *honest dividends*, never suffer from street panics, nor, when they are wanted, do they collapse.

Rapidity and economy are the objects which should be kept in view by those fattening swine, and every means calculated to promote these ends should be readily adopted. Experiments have frequently been made in which the comparative effects of raw and boiled food have been tested, and the great benefits arising from the consumption of the latter sufficiently demonstrated to warrant the expenditure and trouble necessary to thus prepare it. Regularity in feeding is of paramount importance—delay will soon cause a loss equal to the good resulting from the previous meal. The quantity should be so gauged that while none be put upon "short allowance" there will be, at the same time, nothing wasted.

The kind of food best adapted for fattening swine is well known to our readers, still as the pig is almost an omnivorous eater—anything and everything seeming to "tickle his palate"—variety is an essential. The Smithfield (Eng.) Club directs all exhibitors to state how their animals are fed, and from these statements it appears that barley, bean, pea-meal, peas, corn meal, potatoes, middlings, skim-milk, whey, &c., are used, the barley and pea-meal taking the palm, as the choicest food. The following mixture is highly recommended by English feeders: "A few roots of mangold, or Swedish turnips well steamed, a little bran or meal added; or instead of these brewers grains or half malted barley well boiled, and given moderately cold and in a moist state." Potatoes with a little meal are much used in the earlier stages of fattening, the quantity of meal being increased as the period for slaughtering approaches.

FARMING ON THE PRAIRIES.

But little attention has been paid to root crops in this part of Illinois, owing to various reasons. Corn is the main stable feed of cattle and horses, and from its over-abundant use, serious evils result. Now, for work horses and milch cows though the winter and spring one feed of carrots with two of corn is far healthier and better than all corn. Feeding corn without grinding, is a great loss, the best that can be said about it. For stall feeding cattle, the carrots with the corn will make more and better beef than corn alone. At some future time we shall endeavor to show that both cattle and swine can be raised in the State at one-fourth less expense than after the present mode, and if the market rules far below the present prices, still the stock raising business will be one of the best paying in the country. With ordinary cultivation, from five hundred to a thousand bushels of carrots can be taken from an acre, and, with superior cultivation, much larger crops have been harvested.

THE above we cut from the "*Spirit of the Agricultural Press*," an excellent agricultural paper published at Urbana, Illinois. A short time since we made a visit to Urbana, about 120 miles south of Chicago, and the Grand Prairie, on which this new and growing town is situated. It was the first view we had ever obtained of a truly *grand* prairie. For scores of miles, as far as the eye could reach, an almost unbroken prairie was before us, with only here and there a settler. Where the ground was cultivated we observed that the growing crops betokened a soil of extraordinary richness. Two or three things surprised and interested us, one being the safety with which crops seemed to be grown without fences. We saw thousands of acres of wheat and corn growing on the open prairies, some of which had been cultivated for several years, and we were informed the crops had always been gathered uninjured. Once plowing effectually destroys the prairie grass, and if allowed to remain without cultivation a year, not a blade of grass or weed is to be seen. The rain washes the earth from the roots of the grass, and the whole field presents the appearance of a beautiful net work. In the wagon tracks and foot paths on the prairies the original prairie grass dies out, and in its place springs up a fine growth of white clover and a kind of blue grass. How the seeds of these became mixed so freely with the prairie soil, miles from any habitation, is an interesting inquiry.

All kinds of grain grow on the prairies with comparatively little labor. The prairie is "broken" up in the spring and corn planted immediately, which, without further care, produces a very good crop. This is called "sod corn." The second crop, however, is much better. For fall wheat the ground is plowed in June or July.

We never more fully realized that "feeding corn without grinding is a great loss, the best that can be said about it," than when we were on the prairies. As we approached the settlements, we observed little piles of broken corn, and could not imagine why corn should be wasted in this way, until we found by investigation that these little mounds were the droppings from cattle, the rains having washed away the manure, and left nothing but undigested corn. We do not believe one-half the corn fed to cattle whole is digested; and yet this is the principal mode of feeding at the West. If the farmers of Illinois are determined to pursue this course, they should raise large broods of Shanghais, as they would "pick up their living" very nicely among the cattle, and cost nothing to keep. We hope, however, that the advice given in the article we have quoted will be heeded, and that not only will means be taken to crush the corn, but that root crops will have at least a fair trial. We saw no crops of roots of any kind growing in the fields, but from the nature of the soil, and the specimens we observed in the gardens, we have no doubt that root crops can be raised on the prairies with ease and profit.

Land is, or has been, so cheap on the prairies, and is so easily brought under cultivation, that most of the farms are much larger than in New York. From 500 to 1,000 acres in a farm is by no means uncommon. We made a very short call at M. L. SULLIVANT'S farm, some 15 or 18 miles from Urbana. It consists of 20,000 acres of most beautiful prairie. Mr. S. only commenced operations in the spring of 1856, and has already about 7,000 acres broken up, 3,000 of which are in corn, and the remainder in wheat, barley, oats, flax, &c. His wheat crop is estimated at 15,000 bushels, and his corn crop, estimated at only forty bushels per acre, would amount to 120,000 bushels. Over 100 hands were employed on this farm, with 125 yoke of oxen and about 50 horses. We saw eight breaking teams at work at once, each team being composed of eight yoke of oxen, we think. Workshops, cottages for men, school-house, &c., are all built on the farm, and belong to the proprietor.

Barns are scarcely to be seen on the prairies, and seem to be considered more of a luxury than a necessity. Much loss, however, must result from the want of them, and we think our friends on the prairies will soon learn that a good barn is a necessity on every farm, and a profitable investment.

THOUGHTS ON IMPROVEMENT.

UNLESS we grow wiser every day that we live, unless wisdom increases with our years and knowledge with our grey hairs, truly we live in vain. In our eagerness for the improvement of sheep, in both wool and mutton,—in our anxiety for the improvement of our cattle so as to produce the finest beef at the least cost—in our desire to improve the speed of our horses, do we not forget that more important work, the improvement of the MIND and the HEART; indeed, we fear some of the means adopted to secure these ends are calculated to work an injury to both. How much wiser, how much better are those made who spend their time and money in attending *Agricultural* fairs where the principal features are the racing of horses and other things calculated to *attract* but not *improve* the mass. The improvement of *men* is the great work to which all other improvements should be auxiliary and subservient. Well do we know that the thoughtful farmer, who seeks diligently to improve his soil and his stock, and thus learns to look from means to ends, from cause to effect, becomes wiser and stronger. We have not now to learn that the thoughtless, careless farmer is the ignorant one—that ignorance and folly generally go hand in hand. Yet we would have a special and direct effort made for mental improvement, and will give a few suggestions that may not be unprofitable.

We have before us a letter from a farmer, in which he says:—"We see by the reports of the trades and professions of the members of our State and National Legislature, that almost all of our representatives are lawyers, with occasionally a farmer. Farmers often complain of this through the agricultural press, and in other ways; but I think the fault lies with ourselves, for how few farmers are there of sufficient general intelligence to make good legislators. We are not in the habit of taking up questions and examining them carefully on all points so as to arrive at just conclusions. Farmers feel this, and that is the reason, I suppose, why, in districts where ninety-nine out of every one hundred are farmers, the one-hundredth one being a lawyer, he is chosen and paid to represent the ninety-nine farmers in the Councils of the Nation. These are the facts of the case in many portions of our country, I know, and I think they are pretty general. They are not very flattering, I acknowledge. What can we do to remedy this thing, and make farmers feel that they are competent to perform the duties of a citizen of this great country, in any position."

It is wise, certainly, to look at the matter thus philosophically, and seek for a remedy. Leaving our readers to inquire to what extent this state of things exists, we proceed at once to the remedy. Let every farmer see that his children receive a good, thorough education. More than this, let him see that a good school is established and kept up in his neighborhood, so that every child in the district can receive at least a good English education. Banish the idea at once and forever from your minds that every child that shows the least smartness is only fit for a lawyer, or doctor, or merchant. If it is necessary to compliment a neighbor by praising his child, don't say, "you son will make a keen lawyer;" but just say, "your son has a fine head; he will make a good farmer." Pursue this course—prepare the children for positions of usefulness and honor, without driving them away from the farm—show a proper respect to your own calling, and a very different state of things will exist twenty years from the present time.

Every farmer should keep fully informed of the doings of his State, and the Nation, and should also have a general knowledge of the important events transpiring throughout the civilized world. This knowledge is now furnished by the press so cheaply as to be within the means of the poorest farmer in our land. And what a providential arrangement it is, that, in the winter, when the Legislative bodies and Congress is in session, the farmer can sit by the fire, at his ease,—his crops all secured, his work all done—and read the doings of the public servants, criticize their acts, or scold at their short-comings.

One great means of improvement that we should rejoice to see established in every neighborhood, is the FARMER'S CLUB, where might be discussed all questions bearing directly or indirectly upon the interests and happiness of agriculturists. Here questions might be examined and discussed carefully and critically, mind would be brought in contact with mind, and the friction would arouse the dormant energies that but for this might have slept forever—awaken talents unknown even to their possessor, and polish and reveal the beauty of many a rough diamond, that might otherwise never have glistened in the sunlight. We may pursue this subject farther at another time.

KEYSTONE CIDER MILL.

As appropriate to the season we give above a cut of the "Keystone Cider Mill," patented Nov. 20, 1855, by W. O. HICKOK, of Harrisburg, Pa. The mill occupies about 2½ by 3 feet, and is 4 feet high, weighing 370 pounds. The inventor has given more attention to portable cider mills than any other person, as far as our knowledge extends, and has succeeded in producing a very perfect and desirable mill.

The improvements for the present year consist in making the cylinders almost twice the length of former ones, and all, including the top cylinder or crusher, are made of iron. It has a two inch screw, with a heavy half V thread. The beam is of cast iron, very heavy, and the thread for the nut cut for four inches through it. The whole mill is made in the most substantial manner, the arrangement for the tub and press being strong and substantial. Having observed this mill much for the past three years, we know that in the main it has been very satisfactory,—that with good apples, two men and a boy can make 6 to 10 barrels of cider per day, the work being no harder than much other farm labor,—and the concurrent testimony of farmers who have used it is universally in its favor, as an efficient labor-saving machine.

Recently this mill has claimed some attention in connection with the experiments making with the Chinese Sugar Cane. Though not of sufficient capacity, it has been successfully used in crushing the cane and expressing the juice, enabling the farmers of a neighborhood to test the value of the cane for syrup with very little outlay. We have the details of several experiments in which correspondents speak highly of the mill for that purpose.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

WE have devoted considerable space to notices of this new plant during the week or two past, but as we "are all in the dark" in relation to the various operations connected with its manufacture into syrup or sugar, and are seeking light thereupon, we continue to give the views of our correspondents in various parts of the country as regards their success in its culture—the experiments that are making—the inquiries they have to propound, and hope thereby to obtain the desired information.

EDS. RURAL:—I inquired of you last week at what stage in the growth of the sugar cane the juice should be taken, but have not, as yet, received any reply. Fearing I might not obtain the information seasonably, I have lost no time meanwhile in experimenting and contriving means to extract a little of the juice, enough to satisfy my curiosity, and I have succeeded, too. It can be so cheaply done, and knowing that there are many waiting, as I have been, to learn something respecting it through the RURAL, I hasten to give the result.

Borrow of a grocer his sugar crusher. The one I found is made by DURYEE & FORSYTH, of Rochester, and is marked No. 1. One of the cylinders has a small cog wheel operated by a corresponding larger one on the other, which of course gives a rubbing motion. Take these off, and put on cog wheels alike, and you have it. Both drums will now move together. This is all the expense, and it will operate on a small scale sufficiently to test the thing by. One man at the crank will turn as fast as another will put it in, one stalk at a time. Put the stalks in from below. Cut them in short pieces transversely. They will then enter between the rollers readily. I got out six quarts last evening in a short time, and shall boil it down to-day.

The rollers of these machines are fastened in an iron frame, which can be taken off the box and fitted to any other frame in any position. They can be put up vertically and a horse-power applied. The motion will be slow, and so long as it might not be strong enough to pass but one stalk at a time, man power will put it through about ten times as fast. It has a large balance wheel and operates comparatively easy.

I am still at a loss to know how to manage the juice—how to settle it—how to clarify and rid it of any *vegetable* taste it may have, if any—or is it simply to be boiled down? Is there any reliable work on the subject?—M. S. KIMBALL, *Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—We are all wishing to fathom the—as yet—deep profound connected with the manufacture of either syrup or sugar from Sorghum.—There is but one mode by which we can, at present, arrive at practical conclusions, i. e., by experimenting. We should judge, however, that the process must be somewhat similar to that in use for attaining the same end with sugar cane. In an article entitled *Sugar and the Sugar Region of Louisiana*, by T. B. THORPE, Esq., (from which we have heretofore made an extract,) we learn *evaporation by boiling* is the means used. Mr. T. describes the process as follows:—"A 'set of kettles' consists of five deep evaporating cast or wrought iron kettles, arranged in solid masonry, so that they set in a line, with their tops all upon the same level.—Underneath these kettles is a furnace, the mouth of which is outside of the building. The furnace is so arranged that the flame from the burning wood passes, in its progress to the chimney, under each kettle. Sugar makers have given to these several kettles distinct names, as follows:—the *batterie*, the *sirop*, the *flambeau*, the *propre*, the *grande*. Each of these boilers enlarges progressively, from the *batterie* to the *grande*. As the sugar cane juice flows from the mill, it runs into a large wooden reservoir, that connects by a cock with the *grande*. At the commencement of making sugar, every kettle is filled with juice, the fire in the meantime has been lighted, and it soon gives out an intense heat. The concentration of flame is under the *batterie*, for this kettle is situated directly over the mouth of the furnace. As soon as the juice begins to boil, there rises to the top a vast amount of woody fibre, and other foreign substances, not before observable, and the attendants commence, with a large wooden sword, to sweep off the scum of the kettles, from the *batterie* toward the *grande*. In this way the whole line is purified. As might be presumed, evaporation takes place most rapidly at the *batterie*; consequently, while the dirt that gathers on the top of the foaming kettles is swept by the sword to the *right*, the ladle is used to bring the concentrating juice to the *left*, so as to keep every kettle full. Directly over the boiling kettles is what is termed the steam chimney, through which passes the vapor that rises from the rapidly evaporating cane juice."

This is the old-fashioned mode, and, notwithstanding the extraordinary inducements held out by high prices, &c., and the numberless experiments by chemists and practical men, Mr. THORPE states that nothing better than the "open-kettle" method has been produced.

A Treatise, just published by A. O. MOORE, of New York, was noticed in the RURAL of last week.

EDS. RURAL:—I have just finished boiling down some juice of the Chinese Sugar Cane, and thinking would it be of interest to some of your readers, I give the result of my experiment.

The cane is not all ripe enough to cut yet, but there are a few stalks that will do. Of these I took 150, pressed them through a pair of wooden rollers three times, obtaining from them twelve gallons of juice. This I boiled down to 1½ gallons of good molasses—better than we commonly have for sale in our country stores.

I obtained from R. PETERS, of Atlanta, Georgia, enough of this seed to plant half an acre in drills, twelve inches apart in the drill, the rows being four feet apart. I planted it about the same time with the common corn, working it in the same manner and allowing all suckers to grow. It is now from ten to twelve feet high, and the most of it fully tasseled out. If what I have to cut makes as much in proportion as the stalks I experimented on, which were average ones, I will make 100 gallons from the half acre. It will be ripe in ten days, and to convince some of your subscribers that it is not a "humbug," I may let you know how much it makes.—A. E. G., *Caledonia, Missouri, Sept.* 10, 1857.

EDS. RURAL:—I noticed an article in your paper of Sept. 5, in which a contributor is particularly down on the Chinese Sugar Cane, and seems to think that it is all a humbug. If the gentleman could call and see us, I think he would be convinced

that his opinion is not based on good grounds.—Our crop is doing well—it is and has been out in tassel for three weeks, and is from 7 to 10 feet in height. I do not see anything to prevent its being successfully cultivated.—G. G. STENINGER, *Springville, Iowa*, 1857.

EDS. RURAL:—It was quite amusing to us here in Iowa, to find an article in the RURAL of Sept. 5th, from your correspondent W. B. P., of Prattsburgh, Steuben Co., N. Y., condemning the Chinese Sugar Cane. The result of that experiment will not answer as a guide for the people in the temperate zone with this newly introduced plant in so cold, corn-hating soil as is to be found in the village where, to my personal knowledge, "Jack Frost" has made his visits every month in the year. The twenty years or more experience that I have had in Prattsburgh, is sufficient to convince me that the experiment of W. B. P. is a poor criterion to govern your numerous readers in the forty-second parallel of north latitude. To grow the cane successfully here, is no longer an experiment; for we not only see the silk, tassel or blossom as W. B. P. may be pleased to call it, but we see it standing full fourteen feet high topped out with just such seeds as we planted, except that they lack the color which a few more days of such weather as we are now having with the thermometer up to seventy-five is sure to give it. A small piece that I have was once fed off close to the ground by some unruly cattle when about one foot high; it then stood undisturbed until some ten days or two weeks ago when I cut and fed it to some hogs which they eagerly devoured, selecting it from green corn stalks that were thrown before them at the same time; and now I can cut shoots that have put up from the roots since the cutting, that are two and a half feet long. We claim nothing for its saccharine qualities, for we know nothing of them as yet. We have no conveniences for crushing it; no, not even the kind that W. B. P. stands in so much fear of in old Steuben; but as feed for stock, we think it has no sign of "being a humbug," and hope that "mountain rangers" will wait a little in their fright, lest they have been taken in, and let those who have a chance to give the thing a fair trial speak first.—JOHN D. WALDO, *Durant, Cedar Co., Iowa, Sept. 12th*, 1857.

VALUE OF FALLEN LEAVES.

No manure is so well worth the saving in October and November, as the now falling leaves of the season. According to PAYEN they contain nearly three times as much nitrogen as ordinary barn yard manure; and every gardener who has strewn and covered them in his trenches late in the fall or in December, must have noticed the next season how black and moist the soil is that adheres to the thrifty young beets he pulls! No vegetable substance yields its woody fibre and becomes soluble quicker than leaves, and from this very cause they are soon dried up, scattered to the winds and wasted if not now gathered and trenched in or composted before the advent of severe winter.

As leaves are poor in carbon, and rich in alkaline salts, as well as nitrogen, they are especially valuable in compost with menhaden fish manure, and dead animals, poor in potash, but abounding in carbon and lime phosphates. But the great value of leaves is in the extra nitrogen they contain. Prof. JACKSON truly says that the compounds of nitrogen not only decompose readily themselves, but they also induce the elements of other organic matter with which they are in contact, to assume new forms, or to enter into new chemical combinations; and according to the long-continued and varied Rothhamsted experiments of the indefatigable LAWES and Dr. GILBERT, nitrogen in its compound form, ammonia, also exerts the same potent influence on the inorganic or mineral elements of the soil, rendering even sand into the soluble food of plants. Yet every farmer or gardener ought also to know that his own mechanical aid in trenching or plowing, in order to keep his soil permeable and absorptive, is indispensable to aid nature in developing her chemical process.

UNDERDRAINS ON A HARD ROLLING SURFACE.

JOHN JOHNSTON, of Fayette, who had laid miles of tile under his nearly level fields, now tried the experiment on a hard clayey knoll which refused to give good hoed crops under the best of manuring and culture. His ditcher laughed at the idea of tiling a piece of ground so hard, dry, and rolling; but after placing drains under it three feet deep, the surface soil for the first time lost its adhesiveness and became permeable. The potatoes were now large and clean, instead of being small and covered with clay as formerly; and even the peach trees, heretofore barren, commenced bearing. This experiment is one among the hundreds that prove the necessity of tile or other underdrains, even to a rolling surface where no water stands, if the subsoil is stubborn and tenacious; without it there can be no remunerating crops for the outlay of manuring and tillage.

COW PEAS AS A GREEN MANURING CROP.

Many intelligent Southern planters advocate the growing of cow peas to be plowed in to renovate a severely cropped soil. True, pea vines with their large leaves draw largely upon the atmosphere for their organic elements; but while the red clover plant does the same, its long tap-root also acts as a subsoil plow to draw nutriment from below, which, with the large roots, is also a great additional amendment to the soil. It is true that clover may not get a sufficiently strong stand (as the Southerners say,) to enable it to withstand the drouths and heat of a Southern summer on a starved soil; and this I take it is the cause why the red clover plant is in such ill repute at the the South. I never saw finer clover grow than on the bluffs of the Mississippi at Cape Vincent, near the Arkansas line, but the soil had been previously well used and was worthy of such a crop. In Rhode Island, as at the South, the soil has been cropped below clover bearing, down to the starving daisy!—but the farmers of Western New York rarely run their soil below the clover bearing point, as without clover they well know that they can have no wheat.

Clover will undoubtedly run out or die much sooner at the South than at the North; but if sown before the fall rains it will grow nearly all winter at the South, and if the soil is not too much exhausted it will not fail to do well at least as a green manuring crop, much richer in atmospheric as well as mineral plant food, than the slender rooted pea. S. W.

LETTER FROM MISSOURI.

MR. MOORE:—Since renewing my subscription for the RURAL, I have changed my residence and occupation. In a few short months I have been transformed from a dyspeptic retailer of dry goods in Michigan, to a tolerably hardy pioneer in this yet wild portion of Missouri. I used to complain of not getting time to read the RURAL; now, tho' I am obliged to put my shoulder to the wheel, I have ample time to peruse every line, and long for more ere the next number comes. I also find to my disadvantage that most of your contributors are too far north for me to get the benefit of their experience, and earnestly hope that, ere many years, your valuable paper may find as many practical, intelligent subscribers in *these* Middle States as in the north.

I came into the northern portion of this State, expecting to find improved land, suitable to stock raising, at a price that I should be able to buy, but since the two railroads running across the State—each side of the Missouri river—have been in process of building, land in their vicinity has risen above the limits of my purse, and, after traveling over a large portion of the State, I determined to settle here. I believe there is not a State in the Union that has greater facilities for the farmer than this same Missouri. Nature has been too lavish of her choice gifts here to make *industrious* energetic farmers of our early pioneers. The broad, fertile prairies and forests, rich basin bottoms, pure water, quarries of stone, healthy, invigorating atmosphere, long summers and short, mild winters, make it too easy a matter to live, hence I find many of my neighbors, who have lived here eighteen or twenty years, now occupying the same little open log house, and cultivating the same two acre "corn patch," which they commenced with; and thus many of them will live until they sell out and move further towards the setting sun. However, I am glad to see the great improvement in this respect, which is now going on. Some are gone and their places occupied by a more industrious people, who are determined to *try* to do something towards improvement—others are rousing up, and show themselves in every way capable of becoming good examples to their neighbors. This is *the best* stock country I ever saw, and second to none of the Northern States I am sure. The soil is a deep sandy loam, yielding abundant crops of corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley, hemp, tobacco, cotton, flax, &c., and is especially adapted to grass.—It is also well watered, and there is timber in abundance. The country is high and rolling and there is not a marsh within forty miles of us.

We have a pest in the shape of a little red or black ant with wings, called the "chintz," or "chinch bug," that has seriously injured the crops here this summer. It infests all kinds of grain—wheat is its favorite—after about the middle of June, and lives upon the sap. In dry seasons it does the most injury, I believe. Will some contributor give the best method of destroying or preventing this nuisance?

The cost of raising a four-year old steer is about eight dollars. Mules, horses and sheep pick their own living through most of the winter. Some of our neighbors do not cut any hay in the fall, but it is because they are not absolutely obliged to, not because it is unnecessary. Last winter was the coldest within the memory of the oldest resident among us, yet many did not feed their stock at all, though they could have had the hay for cutting. My partner and myself intend to make mule raising our business. This is a new one to us, and we should be happy to receive any information upon this subject through the medium of the RURAL.—Mule colts—as soon as old enough to wean—command $50; milch cows from $15 to $25. We are now building, and have but little time to look about us. As we are new beginners, we shall try some experiments that may not be uninteresting to those of your subscribers, who, like ourselves, are groping somewhat in darkness and seek light, and if agreeable you may hear from us again.

H. P. SMITH.

Montevallo, Vernon Co., Mo., Aug. 15, 1857.

SAVING SEED CORN.

EDS. RURAL:—All experienced farmers are aware that the productiveness and early ripening of any kind of corn, depends very much on the manner of selecting the seed. Although other crops may be benefited by a change of seed, there is no need of changing seed corn, provided proper attention is given in selecting that used for planting. By giving the matter the attention it requires, a variety might be perfected so as to yield much more to the acre, and ripen at least ten days earlier than at first. As soon as the earlier ears are thoroughly glazed, go over the field and select from those stalks that are the largest and most thrifty, and that have two good ears. As soon as selected, braid and hang up in some dry, airy place where it can dry before cold weather. The reason we hear so much complaint of corn not coming up is generally this:—the seed is selected from the crib where it was deposited in a wet state, and did not dry before frost came. It was frozen, and of course could not germinate. If farmers will follow the plan of selecting their seed before the crop is harvested, they will be fully remunerated for their trouble by the production of twin ears in abundance. S.

Paris, Kent Co., Mich., 1857.

WENS ON CATTLE, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—For the benefit of our Canadian friend, I would say to him that I have had considerable experience in curing wens on cattle, and have never failed of perfect success. My mode is to open it immediately, after I think there is matter there, with a sharp pointed jack knife; if matter has been there for some time it may be thick and not much sore. Open it on the lower side that the matter may discharge freely; this I would do at all events, if the animal was mine. I had one on the back part of the jaw bone of one of my oxen, which I opened with perfect success. Will "Canadian" please to report his mode of operation, that we may know how he succeeds, and confer a favor upon the writer of this.

I would like to add that the remarks of C. C. WILSON, upon "Bees and Buckwheat," suits me exactly.—S. PETTIT, *North East, Pa.*, 1857.

MAKING STONE WALLS.

EDS. RURAL:—Having been asked by many how I built my fence walls so as to keep them standing perfectly straight, I thought I would send you a statement, in order that those who read may have the advantage of my experiments. I have never built a stone fence but what stands straight and fair as when erected, if done according to my directions. The wall should not be over two feet thick at the base for four feet high, and the poorest stone should be placed at the bottom. After getting a little up, be sure to have a portion of the stone reach through the wall so as to bind, and when the whole is finished bank it thoroughly.—There was a piece of wall, on mucky ground, that had failed, which I desired to re-build. It seemed to split, bulge out, and the top settled until hogs would run over it. After taking it down I began it thinner than before, and taking the large stone which had been laid at the bottom, told my man when he got the wall high enough so that those stone would reach through and face on both sides, to put them in. That wall stands as straight as when finished five years ago.

There are many opinions about constructing walls of stone. Some will put large stones at the bottom, which reach more than half the way through, and then build with small material on the other side. The consequence is, the wall will split and the frost heave the large stones out. To my mind no large stone should be put on the ground, for the wall cannot be banked but that the earth will freeze under it and rack the entire structure. If there are only small stone used at the base it makes a space which prevents such a disaster, and if the large ones are placed in where they fill and face both sides they serve as binders. As much as possible of the wall should be laid single, consequently the small and poorest stone should be used at the bottom, and, when thoroughly banked, the mice will work the dirt in among these stone, which will help materially to prevent the frost from getting under. It is a good plan to put loose dirt in among the stone at the bottom for one or two tiers up, as it will keep dry, and the frost never heaves such dirt so as to be any injury; it also prevents it from getting under the bottom. Most hands in laying wall will persist in putting large stone at the base, but they are pretty sure to get crowded out in time and let the wall down, as it will reach above the banking and allow the frost to penetrate it, which is sure to freeze the ground under it. K.

Honeoye Falls, N. Y., 1857.

REPORTS OF CROPS.

WE give below two extracts from letters received—one being from Michigan, the other from Virginia—relative to the yield of various crops, as far as can be determined, in the respective localities in which the writers reside. If RURAL readers throughout the land would follow the example thus set them, a vast amount of valuable information, as regards the productiveness and capabilities of our country, might be obtained.

EDS. RURAL:—Most of the crops here in *our* West are doing well, though it is said that the indications of the potato rot are decidedly strong.—The wheat crop is less than an average, the fly and the rust having injured it about twenty per cent. The amount of corn will be extra, if we should not happen to be troubled with such a thing as frost this fall. The sugar *cane* is getting almost large enough for *walking sticks*, but in addition to its Chinese propensity, it is not only small at the *feet*, but quite diminutive throughout. Fruit is more plenty than usual.—M. J. S., *Washington, Macomb Co., Mich.*, 1857.

EDS. RURAL:—The wheat crop in this county is considerable below an average this year, on account of the ravages of the Hessian fly, joint worm and chinch bug. Oats were a heavy crop. Corn promises well. Potatoes show indications of rot. Lands that were mowed turned off a fair burthen, and considerable grass seed will be raised. On account of the uncertainty of wheat, most of the farmers are preparing to sow rye this fall; some have sown already.—A. H. A., *Fairfax C. H., Va.*

SLOBBERS.—ANOTHER REMEDY.

EDS. RURAL:—I notice in a late issue an inquiry in relation to "slobbers" in horses. I will give my experience, which, if you deem worthy, you can place in the columns of your widely circulated paper, and it may prove of benefit to "Z," as well as "the rest of mankind." Feed the horse so affected a few burdock leaves, which he will eat greedily. One or two messes always insures a cure. This seems to be nature's own remedy, for a horse not affected will not eat them. It is cheaper and more simple than Dr. DADD'S, besides it eradicates two evils at the same time.—H. W. H., *North Bergen, N. Y.*, 1857.

STEAM THRESHING MACHINE.—We find the following item going the rounds of the papers, and, from the figures as given, would think the great motor at last doing an economical business upon the farm:—There is a steam threshing machine on the farm of Dr. Watts, at Chillicothe, Ohio, which does the work of at least ten horses. The engine cost $900, and the thresher $300, which is less than ten horses would have cost. The entire force, when in action, consisted of twenty-eight men, eight horses, two oxen and five wagons. The machine, and three men to tend it, are furnished for five cents a bushel, threshed. The consumption of wood is about 1¼ cords per day, at $2 50 per cord. Between 7 and 11 A. M., the machine threshed three hundred and six bushels, which is the work of sixty men for the same time. The machine will thresh, on an average, seven hundred bushels per day. This is the work of seventy men in the old way of threshing by flail. There is here then the saving of forty-two men, deducting the number now employed. Besides, another important consideration, is the fact that it saves so much time, by doing the work much quicker than in the old way.

AT the sale of Hon. James B. Clay's stud of thorough bred horses, in Fayette county, Ky., last week, his imported stallion, "Indian Chief," bro't $5,020 under the hammer. Some of his fillies were bid off by Kentuckians for $500 and $600 each.—It is said to have been a wonderful sale.

Rural Notes and Items.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.—We are indebted to the officers of various State and County Agricultural Societies for invitations to attend their Annual Exhibitions, with cards of admission, &c. Regret that recent absence, present duties, and future engagements, has and will preclude us from accepting, as it would afford us great pleasure to meet, in *propria persona*, not only the officers but the high privates of the several Societies.

THE STATE FAIR.—We learn from Col. JOHNSON that the arrangements for the State Fair at Buffalo—Oct. 5th to 9th, inclusive—are completed, and that a superior exhibition is anticipated. A large attendance is expected from the West and Canada, for which the officers of the Society and citizens of Buffalo are making all necessary preparations. The Central Railroad will carry all stock and articles for exhibition to and from the Fair free of charge; and convey passengers in first class cars at two cents a mile—the lowest rate the Road has charged during any Fairs since the consolidation.

REPORTS OF FAIRS.—We have no definite reports from the few County Fairs already held in this State. Maj. PATRICK informs us that the Jefferson Co. Fair, held last week, was very successful—the show being fine and the receipts larger than at any previous exhibition. We *presume* the shows of the Wayne, Oswego, St. Lawrence, Cortland, Albany, Rensselaer, and Saratoga Societies, held the same week—and Onondaga the previous week—were more or less creditable, but have no particulars. Shall be glad to receive brief and definite reports—noting the prominent features, &c.,—of all Fairs in this and other States where the RURAL circulates. We wish to give our readers an idea at least of the progress and success of the various Societies, and therefore solicit friends to furnish us brief and definite reports for publication.

GO TO THE FAIRS!—Every genuine RURALIST—Man, Woman, and "Young America"—should attend one or more of the Agricultural Fairs, this season. The home exhibitions are most important, but many can attend distant ones to advantage. We hold it to be the DUTY of farmers to aid in sustaining their *local* Societies—not only by attending the shows, but by becoming *paying* and *active* annual or life members, and contributing to each exhibition some product of their skill and industry. It is neither just nor public spirited to try to see the show for nothing—and instead of grumbling, as some do, at the shilling or two charged for admission, we hope all *our* readers who attend Fairs will become members (by paying $1 or more,) and also exhibitors. The Fairs are good places to learn, and also afford excellent opportunities to meet old and make new acquaintances and friends, and exchange views on practical subjects. Hence, aside from seeing the exhibition, every person attending a Fair may enjoy it socially. Our shows might thus become valuable and interesting *Rural Reunions*,—and would pay good dividends in social enjoyment and the acquisition of knowledge, without taking the winning of premiums into consideration. Reader, go to the Fair—"act well your part" as a member of the Society—contribute to the exhibition—and resolve to *enjoy* the Annual Farmers' Festival. In so doing you and yours will be benefited, and the welfare of community promoted.

PRICES OF FANCY BEASTS AND BIRDS.—During our recent visit to New York, we gathered many interesting facts relative to the prices and modes of selling various marketable commodities not usually obtainable in small towns. Among other matters we observed that quite a trade was carried on in Fancy Beasts and Birds, and as many of our readers may be interested in the subject, we quote from a late number of the Tribune the annexed table of what it denominates "fancy prices for fancy beasts and birds."

Brahma Geese, pr pair,	$12	King Charles Spaniels, each	15-50
Poland and Chinese,	10	Fox & Rabbit hounds, each	10-30
Wild Geese	12	Tigers, Leopards and Bears, each	50-75
Aylesbury Ducks	8	Wildcats, Hyenas and Cougars, each	20-40
Rouen Ducks	8	Ferrets & Monkeys, each	10-25
Wild Ducks	6-8	Badgers, Coons, Squirrels, each	5-10
Top Knot	4	Canaries, (com.) each	3-4
Black Swan, each	75	Canaries, (com. breed) males, each	4-5
White Swan, each	40	Canaries, (long breed,) females, each	1 50-3
Cranes & Crown Birds	35	Canaries, (German,) males, each	5
Pelicans and Storks	30-45	Sparrows, each	1-2
Golden Hamb. F'ls, pair	10	Mocking Birds, each	10-15
Silver Hamb F'ls, pair	8	Goldfinch, each	3-5
Black Spanish F'ls, pair	12	Blue Jays, each	2-3
Cochin Fowls, pair	4-5	Bullfinch, each	10-12
Shanghae Fowls, pair	3-4	Robins, (singing,) each	3-5
Speckled Dorking, pair	12	Parrots, (talking,) each	5-15
White Dorking, pair	8	Quails, (domestic,) each	2
Game Dorking, pair	10	Doves, each	2-5
Poland Fowls, pair	4	Pouter Pigeons, each	3-5
White Bantams, pair	3	Fantails, each	2-4
Black Bantams, pair	5	Carriers, each	8
Seabright Bantams, pair	6	Roughs, each	2-4
Japanese Fowls, pair	8	Tumblers, each	1
Golden Pheasants, pair	30	Blackbird, (singing,) each	2
Silver Pheasants, pair	20	Bobolinks, each	3
Shetland Ponies each	25-75		
Setter dogs (broke) each	30-50		
Pointer dogs each	20-25		
Newfoundland, each	10-50		
Scotch Terriers, each	6-25		
English Terrier dogs, ea	10-30		
Spanish, each	10-25		

THE CROPS OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The condition of the crops in England, Ireland and Scotland, when the Europa sailed, was, on the whole, encouraging. In England, the wheat crop may be pronounced unusually productive. The barley crop is of unusual extent, but will probably yield barely an average per acre. The oat crop is decidedly below its average productiveness. Pulse crops are for the most part inferior. Potatoes have promised better, but are more diseased than they have been for several years. The hay crop is good, and unusually well got. Turnips are generally inferior. In Ireland, since 1826, there has not been so favorable a season as the present, and a week or so more of the brilliant weather during August was all that was wanted to realize the prospect of an early and abundant harvest. There are no longer any complaints of failure in the potato crop, the symptoms of blight which had shown themselves in some localities in the course of last month having entirely disappeared. In Scotland, the harvest operations were general, and the weather continued to be most favorable for hardening the grain. The crop will be an average one. Potato disease has shown itself somewhat in the North of Scotland, but it is not likely to become anything like general. t

UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE Annual Exhibition of this Society, held at Louisville the first week of this month, was well attended and generally creditable, though inferior in some departments to what had been anticipated. The show of stock is reported to have been fine, especially of Horses and Short-horn cattle. We give below a list of the Premiums awarded in the Stock Department:

HORSES.

TROTTING STALLIONS—Over 5 years—Best, J. B. Crippen, Coldwater, Mich., "Green Mountain Black Hawk," $100. Time 2:58; 2d, J. L. Doty, Vt., "Young Hamiltonian," 50. Over 4 and under 5 years—Best, E. G. Thomas, "Bud Black Hawk,"—time 3:58; 2d, L. Gregory, Jeff. Co., "Levi Rogers,"—time 3:15½. [The Judges decided, as to this horse, that he is over the age necessary for the competition, and therefore disqualified for the entry. "Bud Black Hawk," of course, received the premium.] Under 4 years—Best, W. J. Bradley, Fayette Co., Ky., "Clifton," 3:22; 2d, Dr. Spalding, Greenup Co., Ky., "Henry Clay," 3:19; 3d, T. L. McGee, Lexington, "American Chief," 3:[illegible].

TROTTING MARES—5 years and over—Best, P. Satterwhite Louisville, "Kate,"—time 3:20; 2d, A H Brand, Fayette Co., Ky., "Kate," $[illegible]. Over 4 and under 5 years—Best, G E Heinsohn, Jr., Jeff. Co., 3:21; 2d, Lawrence Dawes, "Highland Mary," 3:32. Under 4 years—Best, Jos L Dun, "Mary Porter," 3:50.

TROTTING GELDINGS.—Best, W B Conant, Coldwater, Mich., "George,"—time 3:03½; 2d, J F Caldwell, Boyle Co., Ky., 3:08; 3d, J L Doty, Freehold, N J., "White Stocking," 3:12; 4th, T F Marr, Scott Co., Ky., "Roanoke," met with an accident and did not run; 5th, G F Thompson, Louisville, "Fleet," 3:13½.

DRAFT STALLIONS AND MARES—3 years old and upward—Best, Higgins & Bradford, Boone Co., Ky., $75; 2d, Dr. Ewing & Hicks, Louisville, 25. Two and under 3 years—Best, J Henderson, Fayette Co., Ky., 50; 2d, Albert Ford, Oldham Co., Ky., 25. One and under 2 years—Best, J S Todhunter, Fayette Co., Ky., 30. Under 1 year—Best, Z Bell, Shelby Co., Ky., 10. Mares 1 and under 2 years—Best, M Miles, Smithfield, Ky., 20.

SADDLE GELDINGS—Best, L Riley, Woodford Co., Ky., $50.

UTILITY STALLIONS AND MARES—4 years and over—Best, Jas Minor, Nelson Co., Ky., "Murdock"; 2d, J D Smith, Clark Co., Ky., "Sir William." Three and under 4 years—Best, J F Payne, Scott Co., "Rob Roy"; 3d, J T Ewing, Beechland, Ky., "Belshazzar." Mares, 4 years and over—Best, R T Downing, Fayette Co.; 2d, N T Lee, Danville, Ky., "Kate Brown." Stallions, 2 and under 3 years—Best, Robt Garnett, Woodford Co., "Black William"; 2d, Thos Henderson, Fayette Co., Ky., "Lord Wellington." Fillies, 2 and under 3 years—Best, Jos McGinsky, Nelson Co.; 2d, H Thompson, Clark Co., Ky. Stallions, under one year—Best, J C Montague, Lexington, Ky; 2d, N F Lee, Danville, Ky., "Romulus." Stallions, 1 and under 2 years—Best, Jas L Grim, Fayette Co., Ky., "Daniel Boone"; 2d, Jas Minor, Nelson Co. Fillies, 3 and under 4 years—Best, W H Frederick, Jeff. Co., Ky., "Julia Morgan"; 2d, Wm Abbott, Scott Co., Ky.

EXTRA RING.—This ring was composed of all the stallions, mares, and geldings, of all ages, that have received premiums during the exhibition. Best, R Garnett, Woodford Co., Ky., "Black William," $50; 2d, W C Trabue, Jefferson Co., Ky., 25.

MATCHED GELDINGS.—16 hands and over—Best, Dr J R Desha, Lexington; 2d, Sandford Davis, Scott Co., Ky. Under 16 hands—Best, J L Downing & Son, Fayette Co., Ky.; 2d, T F Marr, Scott Co., Ky.

MATCHED MARES.—Over 16 hands—Best, A H Brand; 2d, W E Milton. Under 16 hands—Best, Elias Dorsey, Jefferson Co.; 2d, Thos H Hunt, Louisville.

CATTLE.

DURHAM BULLS—3 years and over—Best, R A Alexander, Woodford Co., Ky., "Sirius," $100; 2d, R G Corwin, Ohio, "Crusader," 25. 2 and under 3 years—Chas T Garrard, Bourbon Co, Ky., 60; 2d, N T Lee, Boyle Co., Ky., 25. One and under 2 yrs.—Best, R A Alexander, 25; 2d, C Johnson, Scott Co., Ky., 10.

DURHAM COWS—Three years and over—Best, R A Alexander, "Forget-me-not," $100; 2d, Same, "Duchess of Athol," 25. Two and under 3 years—Best, Geo M Bedford, Bourbon Co., Ky., "Irania," 50; 2d, Col S Meredith, Wayne Co., Ind., "Maid of Oak Lane." One and under 2 years—Best, R A Alexander, "Mazurka 4th"; 2d, Same, "Mazurka 2d." Under one year—Best, Col S Meredith, 25; 2d, Same, "Dolly Madison," 15.

DEVON BULLS.—Three years and over—Best, C A Ely, Ohio, "Duke of Devon," $100; 2d, Paul Wing, Montgomery Co., Ind., "Bryan," 50. Two and under 3 years—But one animal was offered, and he was adjudged unworthy the premium. One and under 2 years—Best, Chas A Ely, "Victory." Under one year—Best, Chas A Ely; 2d, Paul Wing, "Archer."

DEVON COWS AND HEIFERS—Three years and over—Best, C A Ely, "Jenny Lind," $100; 2d, Same, "Victoria," 25. Two & under 3 years—Best, C A Ely, 50; 2d, Same, 25. Under 1 year—Best, Paul Wing, "Lady Jane," 15; 2d, C A Ely, "Ida 3d."

DEVON HERDS—Devon Bull and four Cows—Best, C A Ely, $100; 2d, Paul Wing, diploma.

JERSEY COWS—Three years and over—Best, R A Alexander, Woodford Co., Ky. One and under 2 years—Best, Thos Aston, Lorain Co., Ohio, "Quality."

MILCH COWS—Three and under 5 years—Best, R A Alexander; 2d, Paul Wing.

HEREFORD BULLS—Three years and over—Best, J Humphreys, Lorain Co., Ohio, "Prince of Wales"; 2d, W H Sotham, Owego, N. Y., "Charles." Two and under 3 years—Best, Thos Aston, "Fair Boy." One and under two years—Best, W. H Sotham, "Bangor."

HEREFORD COWS AND HEIFERS—3 years and over—Best, T Aston, "Duchess"; 2d, W H Sotham, "Mayflower." Two and under 3 years—Best, John Humphreys, "Princess Royal"; 2d, W H Sotham, "Wood Lass." One and under 2 years—Best, T Aston, "Beauty." Under one year—Best, W H Sotham, "Prudence"; 2d, Same, "Woodlark."

HEREFORD HERD—Bull and four Cows—Best, W H Sotham.

AYRSHIRE BULLS—Over one year—Best, J W Gosler, Jeff. Co., Ky., "Home"; 2d, R A Alexander. One and under 2 years—Best, S Berryman, Boston, Ky.

AYRSHIRE COWS—Three years and over—Best, R A Alexander, "Queen"; 2d, Same, "Arvelve Lass." Two and under 3 yrs—1st and 2d, R A Alexander. Under one year—1st and 2d, R A Alexander, "Tunie" and "Lilie."

AYRSHIRE HERD—2 Bulls and 4 Cows—1st R A Alexander.

FAT BULLOCKS—Five years and upwards—Best, I Shelby, Lexington, Ky.; 2d, Geo Davidson, Wayne Co., Ind. Four and under 5 years—Best, Jas Galloway, Smithfield, Ky; 2d, I Shelby. Three and under 4 years—Best, I Shelby; 2d, J Galloway.

FREE MARTINS, FAT HEIFERS &c—Five years and over—Best, Geo Davidson; 2d, W L Waddy, Shelby Co. Four and under 5 years—Best, W R Estille, Fayette Co., Ky.; 2d, I Shelby. Three and under 4 years—Best, I Shelby.

HERD, FAT CATTLE—Best, Isaac Shelby, Fayette Co., Ky.

HOGS.

LARGE BREED.—Boars 2 years and over—Best, E & B Bassett, Milan, Erie Co., Ohio. Sows—Best, J M McFerrin, Boyle Co., Ky; 2d, J S Seaton, Jeff. Co., Ky. 3 Sows, 1 year and under—Best, Richard Allen, Fayette Co., Ky. Sows and Pigs—Best, J S Seaton.

SMALL BREED.—Boars, 2 years and over—Best, Richard Allen; 2d, W W Young, Jeff. Co., Ky. Pair of Pigs—Best, E & B Bassett. Sows, 2 years and over—Best, Richard Allen; 2d, Z Ward, Frankfort, Ky. Sows 1 year and under two—Best, Richard Allen; 2d, Z Ward.

SHEEP.

COTSWOLD.—Aged Bucks—Best, J W Goslee; 2d, S Hopkins, Henry Co., Ky. Bucks 2 years and under 3—Best, R A Alexander; 2d, D Ellis, Henry Co., Ky. Ewes over 3 years—Best, L Hopkins; 2d, T Aston. Ewes under 2 years—Best, J M Calloway; 2d, J B O'Bannon, Jeff. Co., Ky.

SOUTHDOWNS—Bucks over 3 years—Best, R A Alexander; 2d, C M Clay, Mad. Co., Ky. Bucks 2 years and under 3—Best R A Alexander; 2d, Toms & Wooton, Lorain Co., O. Ewes 2 years and over—Best, R A Alexander; 2d, Toms & Wooton—Ewes under 2 years—Best, R A Alexander; 2d, Toms & Wooton.

SAXON.—Bucks 2 years and over—Best, A Black, Greencastle, Ind. Under 2 years—Best, A Black. Ewes two years and over—Best, John Herr, Jeff. Co., Ky.

NOT CLASSIFIED.—Fat Wethers—Best, J M Calloway. Mixed Breeds—Best, R W Scott, Improved Kentucky. Best Long-wool Lambs, L Hopkins; 2d, J M Calloway. Best lot of Sheep J D Alcott, Jackson Co., Mich.

MERINO SHEEP—The Committee report J M Olcott, of Michigan, entitled to premiums for his Bucks, three in number, viz: 2 one year olds, French Merinos, and a Spanish Buck two years old. These sheep had no competitors, but they richly deserve a premium. For the five aged French Ewes is awarded the premium to Mr. Olcott, of Mich., and John Herr, of Jeff. Co., Ky.

POULTRY.

RED AND BUFF SHANGHAIS—One cock and two hens—Best, Andrew Buchanan, Louisville, Ky.

GREY BRAHMA POOTRAS—One cock and two hens—Best, W L Oldham, Jefferson Co., Ky.

SEABRIGHT BANTAMS—Best, J R Taylor, Lexington, Ky.

TURKEYS—Best Wm L Oldham, Jefferson Co., Ky.

WILD GEESE—Best, Wm L Oldham.

THE second National Exhibition of imported blood and American breed of horses will be held at Springfield, Mass., on the 30th September and the 1st, 2d and 3d days of October. The premium list ranges from $10 to $200. Persons entering horses to compete for premiums will be charged with an entrance fee of from $3 to $10, in proportion to the premium they contend for. On the last day there will be a sale of stock at auction.

THE SHORT-HORNS advertised by our artistic friend PAGE, of Sennett, ought to be, and we presume they are, worthy the attention of breeders and others desirous of purchasing. One who has an eye to both beauty and blood, and can delineate the best points of animals, probably possesses superior specimens of his favorite breed. In giving both pedigree and price, his announcement is a model.

THE celebrated "Grey Eagle," about 23 years old, was sold a day or two ago to Mr. Merchaut, of Newark, Ohio, for the large sum of $2,000.

The Orchard and Garden.

FRUIT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

SUMMER MEETING.

THE Fruit Growers' Association of Western New York held its SUMMER MEETING at Rochester, on the 18th and 19th of September. The Convention was well attended, not only by gentlemen residing in the Western part of the State, but by several from Central and Eastern New York, and from other States. A Committee was appointed to prepare questions for discussion, and these subjects are presented in the order in which they were discussed. A committee was also appointed to examine and report on the fruit exhibited. The President, J. J. THOMAS, of Union Springs, occupied the chair.

What is the cause of the Cracking of the Pear, and of the Leaf Blight, (so called)? What varieties among our best Pears are most subject to it, and what most exempt?

H. E. HOOKER, of Rochester, knew something of both diseases—the leaf blight and the cracking of pears,—but knew nothing of the remedy. Did not know for a certainty that there was any connection between the two. The leaf blight was most severe on young trees in the seed bed and in nursery rows, but sometimes attacked trees in the orchard. Some varieties appeared more liable to crack than others, yet varieties that crack one year are often exempt the next. Had never known the Bartlett or Flemish Beauty, and some other varieties, to crack.

Mr. P. TOWNSEND, of Lockport, stated that up to the 6th of the present month the weather was very favorable to the growth of trees, but at that time a change occurred, and the atmosphere then assumed that peculiar character which is supposed to cause grapes to mildew. On the morning of the 6th inst. found the bearing trees of Beurre Diel affected with the leaf blight for the first time this season. The two-year old nursery trees were not affected. Previous to this had seen no indication of cracking in the fruit, but the pears soon cracked, and a few days after the leaves of the Virgalieu trees became affected in the same way, and the fruit began to crack. In the rows with the Beurre Diel were trees of the Summer Francreal and Flemish Beauty, but these were not injured.

Mr. HOOKER said the instantaneous blighting and blackening of the leaf described by Mr. Townsend, and which was rather peculiar to the Beurre Diel, was not the disease known as the leaf blight.

Mr. BARRY had not seen the Beurre Diel affected in this way. Had a Virgalieu tree that last year lost its leaves as if sun-struck. They all fell, and the tree seemed to be dying, but this season it recovered. The question under discussion was an important one, as one of our most popular pears (the White Doyenne,) is beginning to crack at various places where it has previously been raised in perfection. Mr. B. learned from gentlemen present that it had cracked badly this season at Cayuga Bridge, Brockport, and Walworth. Could not throw much light on the subject, but thought that it was caused by a fungus growing on the surface. Had seen the fruit crack when the tree was growing vigorously. Had none of it on their own grounds.

Mr. SMITH, of Geneva, had paid some attention to the subject, and thought it the work of an insect, though he was not very positive. Had noticed that the cracking commenced generally during a warm spell after a shower.

Mr. BARRY would state a fact that he had just learned from a gentleman present. Mr. Yeomans, of Walworth, it was well known, had a large dwarf pear orchard. A part were Virgalieus and a part Duchesse de Angouleme. The Virgalieus cracked and Mr. Y. grafted some of them with Duchesse, and some he sold to a neighbor. They were planted in the vicinity, are doing well, and the fruit has never cracked since the removal. This would seem to indicate that unsuitableness of soil caused the cracking.

Mr. HOOKER said Mr. Yeomans' ground, although high, was a heavy, moist and retentive soil. His experience was that fair fruit could not be relied upon except on a naturally dry soil.

H. N. LANGWORTHY inquired if, in its incipient stages, the disease on the fruit and the leaf was not something like the grape mildew, and might not be attributed to the same causes.

R. R. SCOTT stated that the *Oidium Tuckeri*, or Grape Mildew, had been fully experimented with, both as to cause and cure. The pear blight, which also causes the cracking of the fruit, and the dark blotches often observed was known to scientific men as a fungus of a different family called, when found on the pear, *Helmenthosforum Pyrorum*, or pear fungus, and when found on the apple, or service tree, *Actinema Cratægi, or Actinema Pomi* of another botanist. It was also known as the *Cladosporum Dendriticum* of Wallroth, and is found in the tissues at an early stage of growth—afterwards rupturing the cuticle and destroying in this way the subjacent tissues. The dark section of the fungus tribe did not easily yield to sulphur applications, at least not so easily as the Oidiums or white species, but is confidently believed that early and judicious applications of sulphur will counteract the progress of this pest.

J. J. THOMAS, of Union Springs, could tell what he did *not* know about these things. Had thought it was a fungus, but could not discover by a powerful microscope any distinct plants. Blight of the leaf and cracking of the fruit generally go together, though sometimes and particularly in wet seasons the fruit will crack on healthy, vigorous trees. Planted a small Virgalieu Pear tree on his grounds and on a new soil, and the first crop spotted and cracked, but the fruit ever since has been fair and good. Never knew Beurre d' Amanlis to crack or Ananas d' Ete, in fact, the Bartlett and other strong growing sorts seldom crack.—Flemish Beauty never cracks, although it sometimes loses its leaves. Thought that the leaf blight might be a fungus like the *Rust* in wheat, but never could discover a distinct plant as can be done in wheat rust. It may, however, be somewhat similar and propagated in the same way by sap and through the pores.

Mr. HOOKER found that pear stocks that had blighted in the seed bed the previous year were almost certain to blight early when set out in nursery rows, and had to keep a sharp look out for a chance to bud. Stocks that had not blighted in the seed bed, would not be likely to blight in nursery rows until some weeks later if at all.

Mr. TOWNSEND had raised a bed of pear seedlings, where the ground was rather low, and the leaf blight commenced with the seedlings on this ground, and, for a time, this low spot was as well defined by the blight as it could have been by standing water, but it finally spread over the whole bed.

Mr. LANGWORTHY inquired if no remedy had been discovered, or something that would, at least, check the disease.

Mr. THOMAS said that attempts had been made to arrest and prevent the disease by washes. Mr. HOVEY was once sanguine that he had found a remedy. ZERA BURR, of Perinton, once informed him that he was on the right track; but we heard no more of these remedies and he supposed they may be pronounced failures.

Mr. TOWNSEND had tried washes made of lime, plaster and salt. The first two did no good, and the last destroyed the leaves.

Mr. BARRY thought all the advice we were now prepared to give was to plant those varieties of the pear that were the least liable to crack.

Mr. BERCKMANS, of New Jersey, and formerly of Belgium, states that in Belgium the leaf blight is unknown, but in wet seasons the fruit cracks.—But, if they have twenty days in a summer without rain, in Belgium, it is called a dry one.

The following gentlemen were appointed a committee to investigate the subject and report at the next meeting of the Convention:—R. R. Scott, Rochester; I. Hildreth, Big Stream Point; W. T. Smith, Geneva; H. E. Hooker, Rochester; T. G. Yeomans, Walworth; P. Barry, Rochester; L. E. Berckmans, New Jersey.

What are the comparative advantages of raising nursery trees on fresh soils previously unoccupied with trees, over cultivating them on soils, which have been repeatedly occupied with such trees, and the fertility maintained by heavy manuring?

CHAS. DOWNING, of Newburgh, had no experience with very new land, but found he had to manure very highly to raise a second crop on the same land.

H. E. HOOKER had some experience with both. Had seen as good trees raised on land that had been in nursery culture for 15 or 20 years, as on new land. Had no faith in the exhaustion of the soil for trees. Could not grow apple trees after apple trees, but after a year or two of rest, the land being laid down to corn or grass it will do again. Subsoiling, manuring, &c., will make the land as good as new.

MR. DOWNING had planted corn and potatoes, subsoiled and manured, but did not succeed very well in obtaining a good and healthy growth the second time.

J. J. THOMAS, of Union Springs, thought the difference in the natural strength of the soil had something to do in producing the different results spoken of. Seed beds were the worst on land, the nursery rows much less so, and permanent orchards still less.

MR. BARRY said no gentleman present would doubt but that with proper manure trees may be grown for any number of years on the same soil. The question he thought was, are the trees grown on an impoverished soil by heavy manuring as vigorous and healthy, as good for the orchard, as trees grown on a new soil, with little or no manure. Had known trees grown on the same land for eighty years. Trees grown on new soils have fine fibrous roots in abundance, but on old soils, made rich with manure, the roots are thick and forky, and have few small roots. Thought many of the diseases to which our trees were subject, were caused by the use of strong manures.

H. E. HOOKER thought all our soil was pretty old. One crop of apple trees, to be sure, is a pretty good drain, but if, after manuring, it should be planted with peaches, evergreens or some other nursery crop, should expect good results. Had now an excellent crop of peach trees growing on an old seed bed. Thought our land was intended to be inexhaustible with proper culture.

MR. BERCKMANS said the method pursued in Belgium was, after a crop of trees, to grow root crops for about two years, and then plant trees again.—Potash is of the greatest benefit to land after a crop of trees, and is much used in Belgium, though very dear. In this country it is cheap and could be used to advantage. Used it himself for his trees, and had in some cases given them a little too much.

Mr. BARRY thought the growers of pot plants showed us a very useful lesson. They would send a hundred miles to obtain a new fresh soil from a pasture, or the corners of the fence, or the woods.

T. C. MAXWELL, of Geneva, last fall dug a block of cherry seedlings grown on land that had been one-half previously used for dwarf pears, and the other half cherries. The seedlings from the pear ground were double the size of those from the old cherry ground. Have now a splendid growth of cherries after peaches.

Can the Pear on Quince stock be cultivated advantageously on a large scale for market?

J. J. THOMAS said the most remarkable orchard in Wayne county was the dwarf pear orchard of T. G. YEOMANS of Walworth. He had succeeded admirably with the Duchesse de Angouleme, but not as well with the White Doyenne. He examined the bearing trees on the grounds of ELLWANGER & BARRY. On one half acre stood 500 trees of the White Doyenne, six years old, and he had made a carefully low estimate of the fruit now on the trees, and would state at 60 bushels, though he had no doubt it was more. These, if sold at the low price of $3 a bushel, would certainly yield a good profit on half an acre of land, besides paying for the culture. Last year the crop was larger. The crop on some other varieties, and on other parts of the grounds he had no doubt was five times as large. The Louise Bonne de Jersey were truly bending under the weight of fruit. He was satisfied that dwarf pears could be cultivated in the field with horses, like corn, and large crops and large profits realized by the cultivator. A few free-growing, productive sorts, well proved, should be selected for the orchard, and the new and untried sorts left to be proved in the garden.

Mr. HERENDEEN, of Macedon, had recently visited the orchard of T. G. YEOMANS, at Macedon.—He had 10,000 trees, 7 years old. They were of different sizes, mostly as much as 3 or 4 inches through the trunk, and bearing from half a bushel to a bushel. Saw several specimens that weighed over a pound. They were all the Duchesse de Angouleme, and thought they were as sure as the potato crop.

H. N. LANGWORTHY inquired if the Duchesse de Angouleme was adapted to this climate, and to light land, as he had not succeeded with it.

Mr. ELLWANGER inquired if Mr. LANGWORTHY had grown it on pear stock, and being answered in the affirmative, stated that this variety never did well on the pear stock.

Mr. TOWNSEND stated that seven years since he commenced raising trees. A quantity of quince stocks were imported and set in the usual manner—in nursery rows, and budded with Pears. At the age of one year, one-half the pear trees were dug out. He then determined to leave the balance in such a manner that the ground might be occupied by a pear orchard, which was done by removing *two* rows and leaving *one*, which made the distance 10 feet between the rows. The rows thus left were thinned out so that they stood 3 or 4 feet apart. At the distance of 20 feet in each alternate row, a standard pear tree was planted, so that the ground was cut up into squares of 10 feet, which I think is the proper distance for a dwarf and standard pear orchard. The dwarf trees on this plot are now 5 years from the bud. The land occupied by these trees is about one acre. The product this year, 11 barrels Bartlett, sold for $10 per barrel, and by estimate the balance of the crop will be 30 barrels, which is sold at the same price. These same trees in 1855 yielded 13 barrels; in 1856 but a small crop. The varieties are Bartlett, White Doyenne, Le Cure, Louise Bonne de Jersey and Duchesse de Angouleme, with a number of varieties planted as specimen trees. Mr. P. had not the least doubt but the culture of pears upon quince could be made profitable. But the planter of dwarf trees could not expect a return without at least giving his trees as good tillage as he does his potato field; and the course taken by most planters has been quite the contrary, which has in a great measure been the cause of the prejudice against the planting of the pear on quince. There is not the least question but that the planting of trees and their cultivation can be profitably made to replace the loss of the wheat crop; nor is there any cause to fear over production, so long as the western portion of our land is open to us as a market.

Mr. BROWN, of Geneva, would like information as to the best way of planting dwarf trees. Some recommend putting the trees down so low that the point of union between the pear and quince will be two or three inches below the surface of the ground.

H. E. HOOKER, in transplanting some specimen trees that had been planted in this way found that roots had started from the pear wood, and the quince roots were dead. If he planted dwarf trees he wanted the trees to remain dwarf.

Mr. BERCKMANS said that although roots were thrown out from the pear wood, the tree never becomes a standard. There are now trees in this country forty years old, that have rooted from the pear, but they retain their dwarf habit, though gaining in vigor. The pear roots aid in strengthening the tree and make it more firm, so that it is not swayed by the winds. When pear roots are first thrown out it is well to take them in the hand and lay them around the tree. Sometimes when the quince is above ground the pear overgrows it, and it is subject to injury from the borer.

MR. BARRY said his rule was to plant the trees so that all the quince root would be covered. If the quince stock is above ground it dries and is very apt to become injured. He would take no pains to secure roots from the pear wood, as he liked small trees. Mr. B. would say a few words on the main question. A few years ago we were all equally in the dark. We didn't know but all pears would grow well on the quince, but experience has taught us that only a few varieties succeed. Persons who had not even obtained the little knowledge to be had on the subject have purchased trees entirely unsuited to their wants—perhaps varieties that would not grow on the quince—they of course languish or die. The unsuccessful cultivator sits down and writes an article for some agricultural paper, pronouncing the whole dwarf pear business a humbug. With the light we have at present on the subject, any person can select varieties that are as certain to grow and produce a crop as either corn or potatoes. Mr. B. thought that the interests of Western New York, and of our city, would be much promoted by the rapid extension of fruit culture. Our population is not increasing, and perhaps decreasing—our great staple, wheat, is now uncertain, if not a failure,—our young men of talent and enterprise are leaving for the West. On every farm where fruit can be grown it should be raised extensively for market, and in this way the quantity of profitable labor on the farm might be quadrupled, and thus our population would be increased; and at the same time a beautiful, profitable and intellectual employment would be furnished our young men. We had a great celebration in Rochester a short time since, because it was determined to build a canal seven miles long and supply us with coal. Rochester must ever depend for her prosperity upon the products of the soil.

H. E. HOOKER planted dwarf pears and peaches in alternate rows six years since, mostly Louise Bonne de Jersey, and had obtained more bushels of pears than peaches. Thought pears could be grown as cheaply as peaches.

MR. FISH had visited a neighbor who had a good pear orchard on a sandy loam soil. Never saw trees more loaded. Saw the fruit picked from small Bartlett pear trees some six feet high, and most of the trees produced from a bushel to a bushel and a half. With good cultivation nothing could be more profitable than raising pears.

MR. THOMAS said people must learn to give their trees good culture. There seemed to be general understanding that trees *must* be neglected. Employ a laborer to hoe or cultivate the garden and grounds, and unless you give him especial directions, he will not work within six feet of a tree.

MR. SMITH, of Geneva, saw dwarf pear trees in France as large as any one could desire,—as large as most of our standards, but they gave their trees a soil five or six feet deep, and rich.

What Form of the tree is best for the Standard Pear?

MR. BERCKMANS said the best plan of training was in the pyramidal form for the first ten or twelve years. After this time allow the tree to take its own course. The apple tree grows somewhat regular, but the pear tree very crooked and straggling. If the tree is allowed to attain a height of four or more feet with a single stem, and then throw out several main branches for a head, when loaded with fruit, it is very apt to break at the union of these branches with the main stem, just as we see many peach trees. Had seen many trees in Prof. MAPES' grounds entirely destroyed in this way. The tree should be allowed and encouraged to branch from the ground when young, and until it becomes well established in both root and branch. This was the course pursued by himself in Belgium, and also by Van Mons.

MR. BARRY said there were several things to be considered in determining the proper form of a tree—the general welfare of the tree, the effects of the wind, convenience in gathering the fruit, and protection to the trunks—all these were questions that needed consideration. The ordinary method of pruning up to a single stem six feet high, and then forming the head, would not answer as well for the pear as for the apple. The exposed trunk is very apt to become injured by the sun and the frosts of our severe and changeable winters. By allowing the branches to grow from near the ground the trunk is well protected. During high winds trees with tall stems are very much exposed. In the pyramidal form this is prevented, as the heaviest part of the tree is near the ground. It needed no argument to show that it was much more convenient to pick the fruit when the tree was grown in this form. Then, it is the natural form, for in nine cases out of ten young trees would assume this form if they had room to do so. Trees grown in this way also bear fruit earlier, and grow erect instead of leaning on one side as all high headed trees do. For these reasons Mr. B. preferred the pyramidal form for either dwarf or standard pear trees.

MR. H. E. HOOKER would not differ much from Mr. BARRY, except he would recommend to prune up a short distance, so that the ground under the tree could be kept cultivated by the plow and cultivator. To have a tree branch from the ground was quite an inconvenience in cultivating. The pruning up should be gradual, and when done leave a clean stem of about two feet. Even then the weight of fruit will bring the branches to the ground.

S. H. AINSWORTH, of West Bloomfield, was cultivating pear trees as pyramids, branching directly from the ground; others with a clean trunk for 2½ feet, and still others with a clean stem 5 feet high. Commenced growing them 5 feet, then tried 2½ feet, and lastly tried the pyramid. The trees are all now in bearing. Preferred those 2½ feet, because they could be well cultivated, without injury to the limbs, and on this form the wind has but little effect, and the trunk he thought sufficiently protected. The greatest injury to the trunks of pear trees was caused by the reflection of the sun from the snow. The trees trimmed 5 feet high are injured by the wind. Trees that branch from the ground will bear at least one year earlier than those trimmed two feet high, and generally three years before those that are trimmed up five feet.

MR. TOWNSEND allowed his trees to branch out at two feet from the ground.

MR. FISH had learned from experience that it was best to let trees branch as low as possible. If it was inconvenient to cultivate, the hoe might be used a little.

MR. BARRY thought low trees could be cultivated very easily. The weeds will not grow where the ground is shaded by branches. A great reformation had taken place in this respect. A few years ago everybody wanted tall trees, eight or ten feet high; now all intelligent men, particularly at the West, were anxious to get low headed trees.

J. J. THOMAS thought the objections to low headed trees on account of the difficulty of cultivation, not well founded. The roots extend far beyond the branches so that if the ground should not be stirred directly under them, little would be lost. Some varieties of pears it is known are very easily blown from the tree; low headed trees will in a great measure prevent this.

What age is best for planting apple and pear trees from Nurseries to Orchards, to insure success?

T. C. MAXWELL said that when he commenced the nursery business, having no extra sized apple trees (as they were at that time in great demand), he procured some, and they were planted in his neighborhood, with the small ones from his own nursery. The result was such as to convince himself and his customers that it was folly to plant large trees.

C. P. BISSELL, of Rochester, five years since, at a good deal of trouble and expense, removed some large cherry trees to his grounds, and was so successful that he had been induced to try others, but had given it up as a bad job, and hereafter all he would seek would be a young, healthy tree.

Mr. BERCKMANS said the French rule was that a tree should make all its wood on the spot where it grows, and hence a tree is generally cut down to the ground after transplanting. When Mr. B. came to this country he brought a ship load of pear trees, the best of his own and Van Mons' collections. The wood was injured on the voyage, and on transplanting he cut down to the sound wood, many to the ground. Those that were apparently uninjured were planted without much cutting; but they lingered for years and most of them finally died. Those that he cut down are now beautiful pyramids, requiring no care and producing beautiful crops.

Mr. FISH once sold a collection of trees to a lady in Pennsylvania. While delayed at Corning the mice got into the bundle and gnawed the bark off several of the trees, some six inches above the roots. He cut them down and made the lady a present of them. The present year, being in the neighborhood, he called to see the trees, and those that had been cut down were the finest of the lot.

Mr. AINSWORTH said that when he commenced the nursery business he could not persuade people to buy his small trees. One of his neighbors went on a journey with his team in search of *fine, large* trees, and returned, heavily laden with about fifty apple trees. In two years after there was hardly a tree living. He then bought small trees, and now has a fine young orchard. Nine years ago two of his neighbors, one Mr. WILBER, and the other being unsuccessful he would not name, determined to plant cherry trees. Mr. W. went to Ellwanger & Barry's, and bought two year old trees, planted them, and they are now as beautiful trees as man ever looked upon. The other, on seeing the trees, made up his mind that he would find better trees than that, and succeeded in finding some big ones, two or three inches through.—They are alive now, but little larger than when first planted. The philosophy of the thing is this; when a large tree is taken up, so many of the roots are broken off that the tree starves before new roots are formed to furnish it sustenance.

Mr. BARRY was glad to hear this question discussed. No doubt thousands of trees are destroyed by being removed too large. A young tree is checked but little by removal, and soon commences its growth. It would be well to be definite in our discussions. The question was, *what age is best.* For the pear, cherry and plum, two years was old enough, and if persons wished a model orchard, trees of one year old would be better.—Apples at three years old are suitable for transplanting, though four years is not too old. Some varieties are larger at three than some others are at four years.

Mr. HOOKER would prefer two year old trees, even for a model orchard. When trees one year old are transplanted and cut back they throw out very weak branches.

Mr. BARRY had found this to be the case. A tree one year old should be allowed to grow one season after transplanting before being cut back.

Mr. TOWNSEND had transplanted pear trees of all ages, from one to six years. Seldom lost a tree of any age. Had also found cutting back one year old trees to be injurious. Thought two year old trees to be the proper age.

Mr. HOAG, of Lockport, planted fifty trees six years old, and lost about one-fifth. They remained stationary for three years, refusing to grow an inch, and then started and made good trees. The ground is a heavy clay, and so stiff as to be almost unfit for culture. Where one of these large trees died he put in one two years old, and it is now the best tree of the lot, though they are all fine and bearing well.

Can the Raspberry, Currant and Gooseberry be cultivated largely, profitably for market, and in what way? What product per acre could be obtained? In what way prepared for market? What varieties are best?

MR. DOWNING said the variety known as the Hudson River Antwerp was the only sort cultivated largely for the New York market. The product was from $300 to $800 per acre. Sold at wholesale at 10 cents a basket, and three baskets made a quart.

Mr. H. E. HOOKER, at 10 cents a quart, found the yield here to be about $140 per acre. Had taken correct account of one bed containing 16 rods—one-tenth of an acre, and containing 136 hills four feet apart each way. The product was 200 quarts, which at 12½ cents per quart, would be $25.—Charging the cost of picking and marketing, manure and cultivation, and cost of plants, use of land, &c., at fair prices, there was left a clear profit of $14 08 on this small piece of land.

MR. HOAG sold over one hundred quarts this season at 10 cents. Brinckle's Orange is not only the best fruit, but bears altogether the best crop. Mr. H. did not think it firm enough to bear carriage a great distance. The plant is hardy, though he found that when covered in winter a better crop is produced, and finer. The Hudson River Antwerp killed back unless covered.

Mr. ELLWANGER, from many favorable reports received from the West, was led to believe that Brinckle's Orange was better adapted to that locality than any other variety. Mr. BARRY had no doubt but raspberries could be raised for six cents a quart, but are so tender that they will not bear carriage, and therefore can be only raised largely in the vicinity of cities. Mr. HOAG and Mr. LANGWORTHY recommended cutting the berries with scissors, as they will keep and bear carriage much better when gathered in this way.

NATHANIEL DRAPER, of Rochester, had grown the Red and Yellow Antwerp on the same soil for twenty five years. Used no manure during the time, but kept the weeds down and the canes tied to stakes. Never lost a crop, but plants taken from his beds and planted in highly manured soils have proved barren. Mr. HOOKER and Mr. HOAG had noticed that high manuring was unfavorable to the production of fruit.

Mr. H. E. HOOKER suggested that as there was now much interest felt in regard to the Blackberry, it would be well for members to give their views in regard to its value, mode of cultivation, &c.

Mr. C. P. BISSELL had an acre in cultivation.—The young plants should have good roots. The first season the branches spread on the ground, the second and third years throw up strong shoots. Should be planted in rows some eight feet apart, and about the same distance in the rows. For training the best way is to set posts and run two wires from post to post, to which the bearing canes should be tied. In the spring cut the canes back to about five feet, and also shorten the laterals to five or six buds, or they became so heavy with the weight of fruit as to break from the cane. The blackberry fills a vacancy between raspberries and peaches. Had picked over 400 berries from one plant. After bearing is over the canes may be untied from the wires and allowed to fall by their own weight. When fully ripe the fruit was good, but persons often picked it before ripe.

CHARLES HOOKER, of Rochester, said his plants were frozen back last winter; only the tops, however, were injured. It was difficult to tell when the fruit was ripe, as it was quite sour long after it turned black.

Mr. HOAG said the fruit should hang for several days after turning black. Picked several quarts of fine fruit last week.

Mr. BARRY thought that from its tenderness it was as little calculated for shipment as the raspberry. The High Bush, or Dorchester, was of better flavor, firmer, and nearly or quite as large and productive. This at least was the character of the fruits as proved on their grounds.

C. P. BISSELL stated that several persons in his neighborhood had abandoned the Dorchester on account of its unproductiveness. Mr. DOWNING being called upon to give the Convention the benefit of his experience with this fruit, stated that the New Rochelle or Lawton was the largest and bore the best crops, the Dorchester was sweeter and of better flavor, but not so productive, and the Newman blackberry was sweeter than either, but not very productive. On motion of JOSEPH FROST it was resolved, unanimously, that hereafter the New Rochelle or Lawton, be designated as the New Rochelle.

Each member to prepare, in the form of a ballot, a list of twelve best apples for marketing exclusively; twelve best pears and six best peaches.

In accordance with this rule twenty-one ballots were handed in to the Secretary, and the following table shows the varieties voted for, and the number of votes each received.

APPLES.

R. I. Greening,	19	Golden Sweet,	6
Baldwin,	18	Gravenstein,	6
Roxbury Russet,	17	Golden Russet,	4
Red Astrachan,	14	Yellow Bellflower,	4
King of Tompkins Co.,	13	Swaar,	3
Tolman Sweet,	13	Jonathan,	3
Northern Spy,	12	Rambo,	3
Esopus Spitzenburg,	12	Seek-no-Further,	3
Fall Pippin,	9	Duchesse of Oldenburgh,	2
Sweet Bough,	8	Peck's Pleasant,	2
Primate,	7	Porter,	2
Cayuga Red Streak,	7	Am Summer Pearmain,	2
Early Harvest,	6	Vanderveere,	2

The following varieties obtained one vote each: Calvert, Early Joe, Early Summer, Hawley, Prince's Harvest, Fall Orange, Sops of Wine, Hoel's Seedling, Green Sweet, Autumn Strawberry, Cooper's Seedling, Cooper's Market, Golden Pippin, Red Canada, Benoni, Melon, Pound Sweet, Wagener, Jersey Sweet, Newtown Pippin, Ribston Pippin, Mammoth Pippin, Spicy Sweet, Hubbardston's Non-Such, Large Yellow, Bough, Maiden's Blush.

PEARS

Bartlett,	19	Theodore Van Mons,	4
Louise Bonne de Jersey,	18	Glout Morceau,	3
Duchesse de Angouleme,	18	Beurre Superfin,	3
White Doyenne,	17	Urbaniste,	3
Easter Beurre,	16	Bloodgood,	3
Lawrence,	16	Brandywine,	3
Seckel,	12	Beurre Giffard,	3
Vicar of Winkfield,	12	Beurre Clairgeau,	2
Flemish Beauty,	11	Beurre Bosc,	2
Beurre de Anjou,	9	Onondaga,	2
Beurre Diel,	8	Rostiezer,	2
Tyson,	8	Stevens' Genesee,	2
Sheldon,	6	Osband's Summer,	2
Buffum,	5	Ananas d' Ete,	2
Belle Lucrative,	5	Ananas d' Rio,	2

The following varieties obtained one vote each:—Howell, Ontario, Le Cure, Dearborn's Seedling, Beurre de Amanlis, Beurre Gris d' Hiver, Brown's Autumn, Comstock's Beauty, Comstock's Mammoth, Winter Nelis, Jalousie Fontenay, Doyenne, Boussack, Nouveau Poiteau, Bergamotte Lucrative.

PEACHES

Crawford's Early,	15	Old Mixon Cling,	2
Crawford's Late,	13	Geo. 4th,	2
Old Mixon Free,	10	Early Purple,	2
Early York,	9	White Imperial,	2
Morris White,	5	Red Cheek Melacoton,	2
Cooledge's Favorite,	4	Smock's Freestone,	5
Large Early York,	4	Walter's Early,	2
Honest John,	3		

The following varieties received one vote each:—Ward's Late Free, Early Barnard Jaques Rareripe, Yellow Alberg, Early Tillotson, Lemon Cling, Columbia.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON FRUIT EXHIBITED.

The Committee appointed at the opening of the Convention to examine the fruits on exhibition, made the following report:

The Committee appointed to examine and report on the Fruits exhibited, respectfully report that Hooker, Farley & Co exhibited 26 varieties of Pears and 37 of Apples; A. Frost & Co, 42 varieties of Pears; Alvah Covey, of Penfield, 27 varieties of Apples 5 of Pears, 2 Plums, 1 Grapes, and 5 of Peaches; Dr. Maltby Strong, of Rochester, 8 varieties of Pears; C. P. Bissell, Rochester, New Rochelle Blackberries; E. F. Hoyt, a basket of Apples; C. F. Crosman 2 varieties of Plums, 3 of Peaches, 3 of Pears, and several varieties of Apples; Benj. F. Perigo, Clarkson, Crawford's Early Peach, and 23 varieties of Apples, Pratt, Bronson & Merrell, Geneva, Sheldon Dearborn's Seedling, White Doyenne, Tyson and Beurre Goubault Pears. H. E. Hooker, Rochester, 17 varieties pears, 12 Peaches; 1 Nectarines, 2 Apples, 3 Grapes; Wm King, of Rochester 16 varieties of Pears, 15 of Apples; Ellwanger & Barry, 22 varieties of Plums, Belle de Fontenay Raspberries, Red and White Alpine Strawberries, and 195 varieties of Pears; Chas. Dowaing, Newburgh, beautiful bunches of the Delaware Grape; W. Brockbank, of Hudson, fine bunches of the Rebecca Grape.

The Committee, as requested by the President, have noticed a few of the more noteworthy fruits on exhibition, for the purpose of calling particular attention to them.

In A. Frost & Co's collection, were fine White Doyenne, Beurre Clairgeau, Duchesse d' Angouleme and Beurre de Amanlis pears, and also a dish of beautifully colored Bartletts.

In the collection of Wm. King, were fine Ribston Pippin, beautiful Twenty Ounce and large Norton's Melon Apples. Fair Stevens' Genesee, Louise Bonne de Jersey and White Doyenne pears.

HOOKER, FARLEY & Co. had fine Twenty Ounce, very good specimens of Summer Sweet Paradise, fine Baldwin and good Belmont apples.

Dr. MALTBY STRONG, very fine Seckel pears.

PRATT, BRONSON & MERRILL, fine Seckel, Tyson and Sheldon pears.

ELLWANGER & BARRY exhibited among their *Pears*, good Beurre Gris d' Hiver, fine Easter Beurre, Duchesse d' Orleans, Brown Beurre, Bourre Hardy, Stevens' Genesee, splendid Doyenne Dillon, good Washington, Colmar Van Mons, Jalousie Fontenay Vendée, Louise Bonne de Jersey; very good Beurre Capiaumont; fine Howell and Flemish Beauty; good specimens of Triomphe Jodoigne and Beurre d' Amanlis, very fine Beurre d' Anjou, Ananas d' Ete; good Beurre Moire, Andrews, White Doyenne, Gansell's Bergamot, Beurre Clairgeau, Zephirin Gregoire, Catillac; very fine Comice de Flanders; good Comtesse d' Alost; fine Urbaniste, Jos phine de Malines, Doyenne Boussack, Nouveau Poiteau, Beurre Superfin; good Bean Presaut d' Artois and Benrre Renoist; fine Delices d' Hardenpout of Angers, and a delicious new pear, Beurre Mansion. In the collection of Pierre, were fine Green Gage, Bleecker's Gage, Pond's Seedling, Yellow Egg, Coes Golden Drop, Reine Claude de Bavay, Prune d' Agen, Fellenberg, Denniston's Red and Denniston's superb.

H. E. HOOKER & Co. splendid Early Joe and good Northern Sweet apples. Splendid Beurre Diel, Flemish Beauty, Beurre d' Amanlis and Kirtland; good Bartlett, Glout Morceau, Doyenne Boussack; and fine Peach pears.

Mr HOVEY, Penfield, fine Sheldon pears, fine Crawfords, Early and Yellow Alberg peaches; and Isabella Grapes, well colored for the season. Also, fine Northern Spy, Tolman Sweet; good Bailey Sweet, Maiden's Blush and Golden Sweet; and splendid Baldwin and Seek-no-Further apples.

In the collection of C. F. CROSMAN was some fine Yellow Egg Plums.

A basket of very handsome autumn apples were exhibited by E. F. HOYT, under the name of Sherwood Apples. It is described as a fine grower and abundant bearer. Some of the Committee regard it as identical with an apple considerably grown in Chenango county, and known as the Strawberry.

The Committee are very happy to be able to state that very fine *Delaware* Grapes were presented by CHARLES DOWNING, of Newburgh, and *Rebecca* grapes, by Mr BROCKBANK, of Hudson, N. Y.

P. BARRY,
JOS. FROST,
CHARLES DOWNING.

What are the best modes of Preserving Fruit, in Cans, Jars or Bottles, how done, and best sorts for the purpose?

On this question an interesting discussion was had but nothing new elicited. The following gentlemen were appointed a committee to investigate the subject, and report at the next meeting of the Association, and also to present specimens of preserved fruit: T. G. Yeomans, Walworth; Mr. Smith, Syracuse; Dr. Sylvester, Lyons; T. C. Maxwell, Geneva; H. N. Langworthy, Rochester.

The Association adjourned to meet in Rochester again, in January next.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

THE CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Beautiful the children's faces!
Spite of all that mars and scars;
To my inmost heart appealing;
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling;
Steeping all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces—
Poverty's lean look, which saith,
Save us! save us! woe surrounds us;
Little knowledge sore confounds us;
Life is but a lingering death.

Give us light amid our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill;
Hate us not for all our blindness;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
You can make us what you will.

We are willing; we are ready,
We would learn if you would teach:
We have hearts that yearn to duty;
We have minds alive to beauty;
Souls that any heights can reach!

Raise us by your Christian knowledge;
Consecrate to man our powers;
Let us take our proper station:
We, the rising generation,
Let us stamp the age as ours!

We shall be what you will make us—
Make us wise, and make us good!
Make us strong in time of trial;
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude!

Look into our childish faces;
See ye not our willing hearts?
Only love us—only lead us;
Only let us know you need us,
And we all will do our parts.

We are thousands—many thousands!
Every day our ranks increase;
Let us march beneath your banner,
We the legion of true honor,
Combating for love and peace!

Train us! try us! days slide onward,
They can ne'er be ours again:
Save us, save! from our undoing!
Save from ignorance and ruin;
Make us worthy to be MEN!

Send us to our weeping mothers,
Angel-stamped in heart and brow!
We may be our fathers' teachers;
We may be the mightiest preachers,
In the day that dawneth now!

Such the children's mute appealing;
All my inmost soul was stirred;
And my heart was bowed with sadness,
When a cry, like summer's gladness,
Said "The children's prayer is heard."

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SHADOWS.

Shadows—how they come and go—now playing upon some distant hill-top—now gliding in the valley below—anon they flit across our pathway, then soon appear far beyond us. Shadows that in the distance are but a speck upon the blue concave, deeper, darker grow! The storm-king hides behind their fleecy texture, and bursts suddenly upon us with threatening fury. Thus is our life! Shadows gather, then vanish—sunlight and shade ever striving for mastery. Shadows there are we love—treasured shadows of earthly substances, which the faithful artist transfers to the valued canvas or polished plate. Death may woo the substance to his cold embrace, and we look for the last time upon the lifeless form of those we love; they may be estranged from us by the *scarce less chilling touch* of Indifference or Neglect; yet to these shadowy mementoes we may turn and awhile forget they are the "Lost."

'Tis with these shadows I have been holding sweet companionship to-night—shadows gathered in days gone by; some bearing the impress of years, and others yet fresh from the limner's hand. Loved faces of the family circle beam from the unconscious plates; all here delineated, save *one*, she called from earth so suddenly, that naught remained save what was engraven in memory upon the tablets of the heart. Relatives, too, claim a share in these mementoes. One loved one, far away in a Southern clime; one who hath ever been with me, a sharer of life's joys and sorrows, loved none the *less* now, though absent. Hope tells of a happy expected re-union with Cousin Mat, ere many suns shall have wheeled their busy rounds. A trio claims a passing notice—the features of two (who with myself) for years have shared each other's confidence, and been figuratively styled the "Three Sisters." Time, not willing to let us pass on thus joyously together, has filled our hearts with *strange* feelings,—we meet, 'tis true as ever; the friendly welcome is given as of old; *yet too well I* know the Eolian music of our friendship is over. Alas, for human friendship and poor frail humanity! Here are the familar features of two, who but a short time ago, pledged to "love, honor and obey, till death should them part." Joy be with thee; thine is no passing fancy, founded upon sickly sentimentalism—long hast thou known and loved each other.

Again, I look and trace the forms of two, who with us shared the multiplied pleasures of the winter of '56. Sportively was this copy entrusted to me, and he who gave it, now sleeps beneath the deep blue waters—that merry laugh is hushed, the dark eye closed in death. No loved mother—no dear friend stood by thy dying couch, and wiped the death-damp from thy brow. Alone, (save one helpless as thyself,) was thy frail life-barque wrecked, and beneath the wild wave's surges, thou sleepest the sleep that knoweth no earthly waking. Peace to thee, lonely slumberer. The shadowed companion of the dead is far away in the Western wilds, seeking for himself a home and fortune.—Success attend him.

A group of school friends greet my gaze. Dear old Seminary where those friendships were formed—thou art a bright connecting link to the Past! Though the future may shed deep gloom o'er my pathway, though friends prove faithless, yet *never* can it cast a portentous gloom over the sunlight of Ft. P——memories. My dear "chum," with her sunny countenance and welcome smile, greets me. Ah, Kate, you were a friend indeed—bearing with my many failings kindly, and loving me to the last. Here are two who were my dearest friends within these classic halls—one a merry-hearted, affectionate friend; the other, possessed of an unaccountable charm which drew all hearts towards her—patient, unselfish and sympathising; yet *so* frail, one's thoughts of her are ever associated with the Angels and Heaven. And "Lottie," too, on whose brow care set so lightly,—the brief days of her girlish triumphs are done; for already has she pledged to another her life's happiness, and alas, with that happiness, has forgotten and neglected her friend. Well, perchance, 'tis best 'tis so. Life would be *too* bright were friends true and affection enduring.

The last of these shadows is of two; gifted alike with high mental powers, the stamp of genius resting upon their brow, and who rejoiced in the title of friends. One now is winning by slow, yet certain steps, a pathway to collegiate honors; the other, in the busy metropolis, is making a steady and sure advancement in the legal profession.—Oft-times I wonder if school memories are obliterated in their hearts, or has the world, with its honors and emoluments made friendship but a *minor* consideration with their high ambition? May they rise to eminence is the heartfelt wish of one at least; yet may they pause sometimes on the threshold of glory, and cast a passing glance back to the days of '55.

Cherished shadows—loved types of the past,—how dear are ye. As ye have been loved, so shall ye *ever* be shrined in the inmost sacred temple of the human heart. Millie.

——, N. Y., September, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THREE PICTURES.

THE PAST.

A picture is painted upon the tablets of our memories—a strange picture—one that would be harshly criticized by many an artist. There is in it a curious commingling of light and shade, some of the shadows cast toward the sun, and some of the longest and blackest unexpectedly brightened by sunshine, and suddenly merging into light and beauty. The background is dim—we need not wonder—it was painted long years ago when the hand of the artist was unskilled. But no harsh contrasts or painfully prominent objects interrupt its quiet peacefulness; and despite the shadowy outlines and the hazy light, we view it with more pleasure than any other portion.—Scenes which long ago we looked upon with a weary heart, now appear pleasant in the distance; for we can recall with thanksgiving the loving kindness, the tender mercy, which gave to our trembling souls the confidence of love, and bro't light where was once darkness. Some of them seem almost like fancy sketches, and we look half smilingly, half sadly, forgetful of our identity with the living actors. But nearer the foreground the scenes are stamped with such marks of vivid reality that our thoughts are turned to the homely and ever-present facts of life. There is much in it we would change, but we cannot. But as we look, images of a bright and glorious future throng our vision, which, in coming time we hope to be able to reflect upon with unalloyed pleasure.

THE PRESENT.

Another picture is begun upon our life's canvas, and with darker shades than the first. Experience, that rough teacher, has instructed us in many things that else must have remained unlearned. We commence—intending to choose the colors with more care than of old—and to have an eye to the effect of which we were formerly unmindful—but sometimes through forgetfulness—sometimes through impatience—a careless touch mars the beauty of an otherwise perfect figure, and causes us to view with sadness our imperishable handiwork.

Dull, heavy care often weighs upon our heart, and the burden of our prayer is "how long"—"how long." Yet through the gathering darkness, with tearful eyes, do we look for the dawning of the day, for surely a light shall arise and shine into our hearts. But not now—not now—the day cometh not yet.

THE FUTURE.

Dim, shadowy forms, like those which visit us in dreams, hover about us in the deepening twilight, and beckon us onward to the mysterious and unknown future. Sometimes an undefined fear takes possession of our hearts, and we start back trembling at the faint foreshadow of coming evil.—Sometimes a joyous upspringing hope gives to us new life and strength, and cheers us onward in the thorny path of life.

But "Our future, as our past, before God lies," why, then, need we fear? Let us cherish hope—hope that whispers peace to the soul, and points us to our future rest. Jeannie Linsted.

Independence, Mo., 1857.

A Mother's Love.—We are indebted to Lamartine's exquisitely fine pen, for the following touching and graphic illustration of a Mother's Love:

In some spring freshet, a river widely washed its shores and rent away a bough, whereon a bird had built a cottage for her summer hopes. Down the white and whirling stream, drifted the green branch, with its wicker cup of unfledged song; and fluttering beside it, as it went, the mother bird. Unheeding the roaring river, on she kept, her cries of agony and fear piercing the pauses of the storm. How like the love of the old fashioned mother, who followed the child she had plucked from her heart, all over the world. Swept away by passion, that might be, it mattered not; bearing away with him, the fragments of the shattered roof-tree, though he did, yet that mother was with him, a Ruth through all his life, and a Rachel at his death.

LOVE CANNOT DIE.

They sin who tell us love can die,
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity,
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But love is indestructible.
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.

[*Robert Southey.*

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

I WEEP FOR THEE.

BY CARRIE GRAY CROOKS.

I weep for thee—this bright, glad day,
While summer's latest breath is bringing
From where yon shatter'd flow'rets lay,
A sweet perfume,—and 'mid the singing
Of yon sweet bird, I seem to hear
A note so low, so soft, and sadden'd;
It makes me think *thou* art not here,
Or else 'twould be more loud, more gladden'd,
Ah! then, I turn from thee, to see
Thy grave in sight—and weep for thee.

I weep for thee—when winter's here,
When mirth and song a spell is weaving
Around my heart;—when home-like cheer
Upon each lip a smile is leaving
I miss thee then—for in some strain
Which through the crowded hall is playing,
A chord is touched;—which brings again
The past to me as I am straying
Amid such scenes, I often flee
Apart from these,—to weep for thee.

I weep for thee—when eve's at hand,
While many a lovely group is kneeling
Around glowing hearths; our broken band
It brings to mind, and tears are stealing
Adown my cheeks, as near I see
A vacant chair—a robe unworn;
Ah! yes, though shed so bitterly,
Tears tell of love for those we mourn,
Of bleeding hearts so truthfully
That *ever*—I must weep for thee.

I weep for thee—when friends seem cold,
And errors wild, seem unforgiven;
While every hour new griefs unfold,
And earth seems far, far off from heaven
I miss thee, then;—the voice is hushed
Which cheered me on;—and closed the eye
From which the pitying tear hath gushed,
And stilled the heart, which heaved a sigh
For others woe. Now mournfully
I *weep* for thee—I *weep* for thee.

Honeoye, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE PASSIONATE PARENT.

There is no sight more deeply painful to the true Christian parent than that of a father or mother governing a child entirely, or at all, according to the whims of passion; for in his parental character he sees and feels the deplorable results of such a training, and as a Christian he cannot but lament such a careful cultivation of human depravity.

The character of a child may well be compared to a plastic material in the hands of a workman, which yields at first to the slightest touch or impression, and is readily moulded into any shape he conceives—a shape of beauty or deformity—of weakness or strength; but which gradually and insensibly hardens till at last it requires great and constant exertion to change its figure, or becomes even totally unimpressible. Now if the workman be skillful, and a lover of the beautiful and the useful, he will spare no effort to form his material, ere it has become unmanageable, into an object of service or admiration to his fellow-man. But if he be wanting in ability, or careless or malicious in disposition, he will either spoil his material in fruitless efforts, or waste his opportunity in accomplishing and even attempting nothing, or he will seize upon it to invent an instrument of evil.

How complete here the analogy to the growth and formation of human character, from childhood to maturity. How warm is the heart, how impressible the brain of the child, and how complete is the power of the parent to lead it where, or make it what, he will. The era of childhood is the golden opportunity of shaping the character for life. But as it passes on through infancy and youth, it gradually loses this flexibility of nature, and manhood reached, in all important respects, its principles and practices are forever fixed. If the parent appreciates his high trust, he will model his child after all that is beautiful, and noble, and good, and so make for himself "a thing of beauty, and a joy forever." But if he neglect his opportunity or abuses it by leaving his child to its own ways, or directing it in the paths of vice, it will prove a sorrow instead of a joy—the curse instead of the blessing of his life.

Those oft repeated, but too little heeded sentiments of wise and worthy men—"The child is father of the man"—"Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined"—and "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it"—indicate plainly the true character of a child, and the duty of the parent with regard to it.

Now, how does the *passionate* parent fulfill his trust, and what is the result of his training? Passion is a capricious tyrant, and he who acts at its dictates must be guilty of gross inconsistency. So the acts of the parent under its influence, are often so flatly contradictory that the simplest child perceives it. To-day, for some mere wickedness, he administers to the child a slight or careless reproof, and that, perhaps, as though it requires a painful effort; for such persons are, frequently, as extreme and unreasonable in their affection at one time, as in their resentment at another. To-morrow, for an inevitable accident, he pours upon it a torrent of invective, and perhaps with a blow, sends it sobbing and suffering away; at one time he chastises it; at the next begs its pardon.—Now what is the necessary result of such treatment? It must blunt and deaden all sense of right and wrong in the child—must destroy all love of truth, all fear of falsehood. It must, if continued, eventually destroy confidence in the declarations and promises of the parent, and respect and obedience to his advice and commands. It gives the child an advantage, in its maturer years, to taunt the parent with his inconsistency. This is not calculating too largely on results, or more than frequently occurs in actual life.

It is no less certain that we inherit the appetites and passions, than the forms and features of our parents. If, therefore, the parent be possessed of very strong passions, which have grown the stronger by an unchecked indulgence, the child will partake of that disposition in a marked degree.—Character so positive and decided as such possess, leaves the deeper and more distinct impress on the offspring. The disposition may not be so apparent in the child, at first, but it lies within, an undeveloped germ, whose vital power, by timely and assiduous attention, may be mostly destroyed, but which by the least instigation or encouragement, will spring into a vigorous growth of the most noxious influence. This growth is as certainly cultivated by the passionate parent, as that there is any force or influence in example. How sad is it then, that when the greatest care and vigilance is necessary for the child's welfare, its natural guardian should prove the most dangerous foe to its interests. Circumstances here, seem to combine, most unhappily, for the child's ruin.

But perhaps the parents may be opposite in their characters, and the child resemble the better one. Hard, indeed, is the lot of such a child. The harsh and cruel treatment of the parent is apt to crush its spirit and make it sad and desponding ever after. That child must possess extraordinary strength of character, who can bear up under parental reproof, as severe and constant as it is unmerited, with equanimity, cheerfulness and health. The better parent, too, is here an object for our deepest sympathy. However sincere may be its desires for the child's good, and however earnest its endeavors to effect anything towards it, it must ever endure to see them thwarted by the hand that should be the most ready to assist. A sensitive spirit would sink under such circumstances. The passionate parent has, here, aggravated wrong to atone for.

A bright and happy child is the cheer and the ornament of a household. It is a common joy, an object of sympathetic thought and feeling to its parents. It affords entertainment and instruction to young and old, as it indulges in its unchecked merriment—the very emblem of innocence and joy. But when the child's character has been perverted and corrupted by such a training as we have considered, it becomes a constant source of annoyance and offence. What is more unpleasant than a cross and peevish child, in word or act always showing its evil passions? It is studiously avoided by all except those who are charged with its care; for its presence is infectious and casts a gloom wherever it happens to be.

Thus far when we have distinguished between the parents, we have mentioned the father, not, indeed, as excluding, but rather as including, the mother. She, we know, is pre-eminently the educator of the child. The earliest and most valuable lessons we receive, are around the domestic fireside, and from our mother's knee. When she is properly qualified, we learn there lessons of love and noble ambition, and imbibe a spirit life-long in its influence. But when she is animated by the evil passions of our nature, how changed is her character! She, whom we have been accustomed to paint as all gentleness and loveliness, has become the picture of a Fury. Then, indeed, we no longer recognize her as a woman, but as a demon who has chained her spirit, and is controlling her form at will. We might somewhat change the language of the poet and say—"In man or woman, but far most in woman, and most of all in woman in her parental character," is the sight of such degrading passions painful and lamentable. Her influence then is a mighty engine for evil. If only the father were of this passionate character, and the mother right-minded, there might be hope for the child's welfare; for it is mostly under her care and in her society. But if the mother is thus, she is most certain to render it miserable while in her charge, if not to destroy its happiness for life.—When both parents are so unfortunately afflicted, results are too certain to stop at calculation.

Stop, then, parent, stop and think. Are you about to correct your child in passion and not in reason, in anger and not in love; then check that rising threat,—stay that unmerited blow, *and learn ere you attempt to govern others, how to control yourself.* The Child's Friend.

Hackensack, N. J., 1857.

INFLUENCE OF SONG.

Most of us have experienced the luxury of tears when listening to an old man who, having led a long long career of vice and crime, was at length banished from the country; and who, while undergoing his period of banishment amidst the wilds and jungles of a distant land, heard, in the summer eventide, a sweet voice, singing in his own language the very song which had lulled him to his infant slumber, when he knew crime but by name, and knew it only to abhor. It has been sung, too, by the cradle of an infant sister, one who had died young, and was now in heaven; the mother, too, was no more.

But the song—the old song had not lost its influence over him yet. Back came trooping upon him the old memories which had so long slumbered down there, in the unconsumed depths of the heart; the mother and the father; the household gathering; the old books; the old school house; the time-worn church, half hidden by the old yew-trees, where he had first heard the Bible read, all came back upon him as fresh as if it were yesterday; and, overpowered by his feelings, he gave vent to them in a flood of tears. And then the old man grew calm, and his latter days were his best days; and when the term of his punishment had expired, he came back to his father's land, and there, in that old village graveyard, amid whose grassy hillocks he had played and gamboled, and where the mother and her little one were sleeping, he lay down his weary limbs, and sank peacefully away into a common grave.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

What the Age Wants.—The age does not want mere manualists and functionaries, but whole-souled lovers of their kind. It does not want embalmers with their spices, but planters and Promethean lungs; not ideas plastered in pyramids and mausoleums, but moving in marts and throbbing with the pulsations of joy and love. And if these happen to be a little unlike the old fashions, have no fear of being called visionaries—so long as you see what you say—whether your neighbors see it or blink it. See visions; it is the thinker's vocation: and turn them into facts; that is the workman's business. Dream dreams, and bring them to pass. Be hospitable to every faint, uncertain beam that straggles to your window. Who knows but it may travel from the skies, and have a sun on its track?—*Rev. F. D. Huntington.*

BROTHER JONATHAN TRAVELING.

In the last number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, is a racy sketch of Brother Johathan as a traveler.—The writer, evidently a traveler of genial spirit and quiet observation, is speaking of individual and national characteristics. Of the Germans, he says, they travel much and well, but they are ponderous in research and learning, deep in statistics and analogies, and care little for the lighter touches which brighten and shadow the life of man. The Spaniard seldom moves abroad except in his own land. The Russ travels luxuriously and diplomatically. Luxury is his recreation, politics his study. The Frenchman, with his language spoken, his customs and manners adopted, by one-third of the civilized world, he is, perhaps, least of all men, a cosmopolitan—is the least at home among foreigners—he the least comprehends or understands the character or characteristics of another people. He is a poor traveler, and a worse colonist. The American is thus sketched: "No steam engine journeys more fiercely, or with more rapidity, than our kinsman across the Atlantic. In doing a certain number of miles, a certain number of museums, cities, rivers, ruins, mountains, churches, in a certain number of weeks or months, he whips the whole world. His success in checking tavern bills, the skill with which he manages guides and post-boys, the energy with which he surmounts difficulties, the perseverance with which he writes himself every day, and at all times, a U. S. citizen, are truly wonderful. His feet are untiring, his will unrelaxing—yet we cannot hold out to him the hand of fellowship, or recognize in him the true spirit of travel. He is a smart traveler, a regular go-ahead; but we find in his tracks little of the sentiment, the taste, or the heartfulness which are essentials of the gentle."

ELOQUENT PASSAGE.

For the greatest human intellects there is no exemption from the common doom. I have sometimes thought how sad, yet how sublime, must have been the emotions of that man, whose privilege it was to stand by the coffin of Shakspeare and gaze on that sweet and noble face, when death had called out all the strange beauty which never lives there. It was worth a lifetime to have stood there one minute—to have laid your hand on that broad brow, and started at the cold chill; and so pausing to have called up in memory all the magnificent creations of his genius, and worshiped him there in the silence and the gloom:

But he is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

So they all go. Man dies, but nature is eternal. The seasons keep their appointed time; day returns with its golden splendor, and night with its eloquent mystery. The same stars which lit the ghastly battle-field of Troy, rough with the dead bodies of ancient heroes—which shone on the marble streets of imperial Rome, and on the sad eyes of Vigil sleepless in the living glow of inspiration—the watch fires of the angels, which, through centuries of devastation and change, have still burned on unceasingly—speak to us as they did to Dante, and Shakspeare, and Milton, of the divine glory, the omnipotence, the everlasting beauty and love of God!—*Philosophy of Life.*

THE SUMMER IS PASSING.

The summer is passing. So the eye seeth, and the ear heareth. The telegraph does not bring the news, or the ocean steamer. Yet, a thousand carriers are busy and the truth greets us at every turn. We hear ripples under the sunny keel as the summer drifts away. We see the sails mellowing in the hazy sunlight. As we lay down at night, the sweet, yet saddening melody of departure, mingles far out into the land of dreams. Under the sentinel beaming of the midnight stars, the song goes on. At break of day, it continues. The sun has a soberer tinge in its smile. The blue sky is not as clear. There are signs of hectic upon the foliage. The stubble-fields join their silent testimony. The carol of the birds is less buoyant, and under our window by day and night, the autumn cricket sings his sharp but plaintive hymn. The wagons are creaking under the gathering sheaves, and well filled mows greet the eye through the wide-swung doors. The threshers will now be busy, and their steady hum will come rising and falling upon the winds over the fields. The good fairies—bless them for their olden-time memories—are not. Gone with other things of the "good old times of yore." We only hear their measured beat in memory, and stop to dream of the days when we helped to swing them, and to beat out by single blows, the rattling grain.—*Wisconsin Chief.*

Nature is gifted with something wonderfully like imagination; forever re-producing herself, but always in new forms, new combinations, new loveliness, and her humblest tree passes through as many phases as her fairest moon. Now the summit is crimson and gold; now it rolls a great billow of green, and now it stands dark as the folds of a storm-cloud. So nature busies herself all the day, and all the year long, is doing something new and something more for that tree; when it buds, when it blossoms, when it is full of summer glories. In the morning, she amuses herself in laying its shadows all to the westward; in the evening she trails them, like a mourner's robe, to the east, and at noon she bundles them up under a tree.—What mockery of sunset, of flame and of gold, when she touches it with frost. What a decoration of fairyland, when Winter endows it with pendants of diamond and pearl.—*Chicago Jour.*

Intercourse with Children.—The most essential point in our intercourse with children is to be perfectly true ourselves. Every other interest ought to be sacrificed to that of truth. When we in any way deceive a child, we not only show him a pernicious example, but we also lose our own influence over him forever.

The sun is best seen at his rising and setting. So men's native disposition is most clearly perceived when they are children and when they come to die.

Past events are as clear as a mirror; the future as obscure as varnish.

The Traveler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WANDERINGS IN EUROPE.—NO. V.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

Trip from Heidelberg to Frankfort.

[Concluded from No. 401, page 297.]

I WAS auxious to reach the Main before night, and accordingly left this valley, taking a shorter road across the hills. Upon inquiring the way of a peasant, I learned that the distance could be shortened still further by following a foot-path which I would find upon emerging from the forest before me. He directed me to turn to the left, but as he was going in an opposite direction from myself, I mistook the road and was led a mile or two out of the way. I finally came down from the hills into the valley of the Main, where I found the air damp and much warmer. I passed by a couple of large villages, surrounded with walls, and walked on in the darkness over the level road towards *Aschaffenburg*, a city on the frontiers of *Bavaria*. I was half dead with fatigue, and my feet had become so sore that I limped painfully along. When within a couple of miles of the city, the stage coach overtook me, which I hailed, and took a seat on the top. In a few minutes we crossed a stone bridge over the Main and entered the town, I saw the towers of the castle dimly through the darkness, and a fortification on a steep hill. There were many people and soldiers in the streets, along which we drove rapidly towards the railway station. I was glad enough when seated at last in the cars and speeding along the level valley towards *Frankfort*. I fell into conversation with a merchant who was going to attend the Fair, and when we arrived at the station we took a coach and drove to the same hotel. It was full from top to bottom, but the landlord procured a room for me in a private house close by.

I had come to Frankfort for the purpose of getting my passport signed by the Austrian Minister, but he refused to do it because there was no American Minister—whose signature was also necessary—residing in the city, and said that I must go to *Berlin*. Not wishing to making that journey on account of my passport, I went to Mr. SAMUEL RICKER, the American Consul, to see if he could help me out of the difficulty. He informed me that the Ambassadors at Frankfort were extremely strict, partly because it was a free city, and partly because many travelers came there for the same purpose as myself, and as the other authorities never looked behind the *vise* of the Ministers, they were very cautious in attaching their signatures. He advised me to wait until I arrived in *Munich*, where I could probably obtain the necessary *vise* without much trouble, and seeing no better way I determined to follow his advice.

The great Annual Fair was going on briskly.—Booths were erected in the market places and several of the streets, in which was a rich display of quaint and fanciful goods, and the narrow passages between them were crowded with purchasers. Bands of strolling musicians paraded the city, and all sorts of wonders and curiosities, were advertised by flaming handbills, posted on the outside of various tents and shanties. The hotels were filled with strangers, mostly merchants, assembled from all parts of Germany. The great bulk of goods, however, was not exhibited in the open booths, but was stored in warehouses, to which it had been coming for several weeks. The Fair has much decreased in interest and importance from what it was before the introduction of railroads, when merchants assembled from all parts of Europe, and it was considered the principle one on the Continent. Now the Fair held at Leipsic takes the precedence. As soon as possible I ascended the tower of the Cathedral, which is two hundred and sixty feet high, in order to get a birds eye view of the city and surrounding country. The valley of the Main round about Frankfort, is level and monotonous. Northward are seen the blue ridges of the *Taunus Mountains;* eastward the hills of *Sfessart*, and southward some of the peaks in the front rank of the *Odenwald*, bounding the Rhine plains. The attendant pointed out three country houses in the suburbs, belonging to Rothschild and a winter residence of his in the city. That part of the town within the walls, and nearest the river, is very old. It is compactly built; the streets are narrow and often without sidewalks, and the stories of the buildings, project so much one over another, that often there is only a space of five or six feet between the upper ones. The massive bridge across the Main, with the golden cock at which GOETHE wondered when a boy, and the walks along the river and around the city, which he used to frequent, are interesting. The house in which the great poet was born, stands in one of the streets. There is the room in which he studied—retired from the noise of the crowd—scantily lighted by three small windows in the massive walls. A portrait taken when he was more than eighty years old, hangs against the wall, and a writing desk which he used, with a sketch of Frankfort that he made lying on it, stands between two of the windows. There are also his coat of arms, original letters, and pictures of his parents and grandparents. A magnificent bronze statue of him, stands in the square before the theatre. He is represented as leaning on the broken trunk of a tree, holding in the right hand a roll of parchment, and a wreath in the other.

I went one day to see the *Ariadne* of DANNECKER, one of the best pieces of sculpture that has been made in modern times. It cost DANNECKER eight years of labor, and he received for it when finished in 1814, about eight thousand dollars, though now it is valued at forty thousand. I could never exactly comprehend the term "living marble" until I beheld this statue. There is that about a work like this, which impresses at once even the most common beholder. You need not be told when you enter the room, that you are in the presence of a great master-piece. You know that, for Nature recognises herself, and the knowledge comes intuitively. The first feeling is satisfaction. The eye glances over the reclining marble, and a perfect form of beauty enters the soul; not a beauty that we ever see realized on earth, but rather such as the imagination gives to the Immortals.—It seems marble no more. Life flushes along the graceful and faultless outlines, and you wonder at and admire the genius of the sculptor, who has realized the most beautiful forms of the imagination, and given to dead marble a resemblance of actual being. No one visits Frankfort without seeing the *Kaisersaal* and other rooms in the *Romerberg*, where the old Emperors of Germany were elected. In the *Kaisersaal* which has been lately refitted, are the pictures of all the Emperors from CHARLEMAGNE down to FRANCIS II. of Austria. They have been painted by eminent masters, and probably form the most interesting gallery of portraits in the world.

Saturday afternoon I took the cars for Heidelberg. From *Darmstadt* we ran all the way close to the mountains, every now and then passing a village half hidden among fruit trees and a ruined castle on a mountain top. Had not the next day been Sunday I should have remained at Zwingenburg over night, in order ascend the *Melibochus*, which commands the finest view of any mountain in the Odenwald.

THE FIRST VIEW OF JERUSALEM.

FROM the new publication, Tent life in the Holy Land, by W. C. PRIME, we take the following description of emotions natural to a first sight of the Holy City:

After a few steps forward, our worn out horses stumbling rather than galloping over the rocky path, a hill crowned with a mosque and minaret, was before us in the distance, which my heart told by instinct was the Mount of the Ascension. I raised myself in my stirrups, and turning to Miriam, shouted, "The Mount of Olives!" and waved my hand toward it—and then, as I looked again, before me, in all their glory and majesty, I beheld, magnificent in the light of the setting sun, the walls of Jerusalem.

I had thought of that moment for years, in waking and in sleeping dreams. I had asked myself a hundred times, "What will you do when your weary eyes rest on these holy walls?" Sometimes I thought I should cry out aloud, as did pilgrims of old times, and sometimes that I should kneel down on the road, as did the valiant men who marched with Godfrey and with Richard. But I did neither.

My horse stopped in the road, as if he knew that all our haste had been for this, and I murmured to myself, "Deus vult," and my eyes filled with tears, and through them I gazed at the battlements, and the towers, and minarets of the city. One by one the party rode up, and each in succession passed.

There were our Mohammedan servants, a Latin monk, who had joined us a little back, two Armenians and a Jew, in our cortege, besides ourselves, who were Protestants—and all alike gazed with overflowing eyes on that spot, towards which the longing hearts of so many millions of the human race turn daily with devout affection. We spoke no word aloud. One rushing wave of thought swept over all our souls.

I stood in the road, my hand on my horse's neck, and with my dim eyes sought to trace the outlines of the holy places which I had long before fixed in my mind, but the fast flowing tears forbade my succeeding. The more I gazed the more I could not see; and at length, gathering close around my face the folds of coutea, I sprang into the saddle and led the advance toward the gates of the city.

* * * * * * * *

The first morning in Jerusalem was a time forever to be remembered. When the sun came up above the Mount of Olives, I was standing on the eastern side of the city, without the walls, on the brow of the valley Jehosaphat, looking down into its gloomy depths and up to the hill that was hallowed by the last footsteps of Christ.

I could not sleep. It was vain to think of it or attempt it. Broken snatches of slumber, dreamy and restless at the best, but mostly broad awake thoughts, fancies, feelings and memories occupied the entire night. Weary and exhausted as I was by the previous day's travel, I could not compose my mind sufficiently to take the rest I actually required.

It was but little after the break of day that I strolled down to the gate of St. Stephen (so called now, though formerly known as the gate of the Lady Mary, because of its leading to the Virgin's tomb,) and finding it open already, passed out among the Moslem graves that cover the hill of Moriah, outside the walls, and sitting down on one of them, waited in silence the coming of the sun. And it came.

I had seen the dawn come over the forest of the Delaware country, in the sublime winter mornings.

"When last night's snow hangs lightly on the trees,
And all the cedars and pines are white
With the new glory."

I had seen the morning come up over the prairies of Minnesota, calm and majestic, along the far horizon. I had seen it in golden glory on the sea, in soft splendor in Italy, in rich effulgence over the Libyan desert. But I never saw such a morning as that before, nor shall I ever see another such in this cold world.

At first there was a flush, a faint, but beautiful light like a halo above the holy mountain. Right there-away lay Bethany, and I could think it the radiance of the bursting of Martha's brother. But the flush became a gleam, a glow, an opening heaven of deep, strong light that did not dazzle or bewilder. I looked into it and was lost in it, as one is lost that gazes into the deep, loving eye of the woman he worships. It seemed as if I had but to wish and I should be away in the atmosphere that was so glorious. Strong chords of desire seemed drawing me hither. I even rose to my feet and leaned forward over the carved turban on a Mussulman's tomb. I breathed strong, full inspirations as if I could breathe in that glory.

All this while, deep in the gloom of the valley between me and the Mount of Ascension lay the Hebrew dead of all the centuries, quiet, calm, solemn in their slumbers.

QUAINT old Fuller says:—"Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree, while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched.

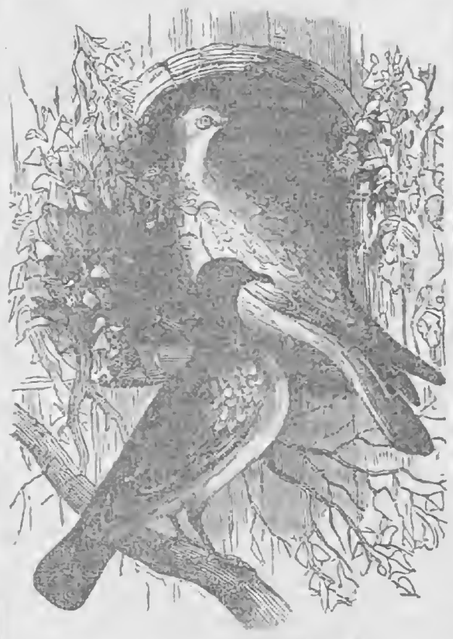
THE art of conversation consists in the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and you must sympathize—you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating and listening. The union is rare, but irresistible.

THE CROWN PIGEON.

DOMESTIC PIGEONS.

THE domestic pigeon is too well known to need a description. They are found in every town and village, and familiar to every school boy. There are, however, several fancy varieties seldom seen, and among the prettiest of these is the *Crown Pigeon*, of which we give a fine engraving. Then there is the *Fan Tailed* sort, called by this name from its habit of spreading out the feathers of its tail like a turkey cock.

The *Tumbler Pigeon* soars to a great height and turn somersets in the air. The *Pouter* possesses the power to inflate the breast with air, and swell it out to a great size, which gives the bird a very proud and strutting appearance. The *Carrier Pigeon*, and a variety somewhat similar called the *Horseman*, are much attached to their home, and will find it as soon as they have their freedom if carried hundreds of miles away. Interesting experiments are often tried by carrying them off and sending them home with letters attached. The *Jacobin* is a very small bird, and having on the back part of the head, inclining towards the neck, a range of inverted feathers, having a resemblance to a monk's cap. The *Dragon* is a good deal like the Horseman, but smaller and lighter. They surpass most other varieties in swiftness, in short flights of ten or twenty miles. The *Mawmet* or *Mahomet* is a beautiful cream-colored bird, with bars of black across the wings. The *Barb* was originally brought from Barbary, is larger than the Jacobin, with a short, thick beak, a small wattle, and a circle of thick, naked flesh around its eyes. There are several other fancy varieties, which we shall not mention. Nothing looks prettier as an ornament to a rural home than a tasteful pigeon house, and a flock of these curious birds.



THE COMMON DOMESTIC PIGEON.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BALLOON ASCENSION.

ON Tuesday and Thursday, Sept. 1st and 3d, our citizens were gratified by beholding this scene.—Thousands, who had never seen the like, now realize the vision which appeared before them and passed off without any consequences but those of joy. The days were fine, the wind slight, the few clouds were high, and the view splendid. On Tuesday, Prof. STEINER ascended alone, and on Thursday he was accompanied by H. L. WINANTS, Esq, and in both cases the æronauts returned in a few hours in safety with the ærostatic vessel. The Balloon rose slowly on Thursday, grand and magnificent, amidst the shouts of thousands on Fall's Field, and before the eyes of more thousands in the streets, and on bridges, and on the crowded roofs of a multitude of buildings. The city and the country were delighted.

Balloon is from the French, *ballon*, a foot-ball, or the Danish, *ballon*, a ball, and has a variety of meanings. Though the object, implied in common language, is well known, it is often called an air-balloon, for definiteness of thought. It is usually constructed of oiled or glazed silk, of a globular, or oval, or pear-formed shape, protected by fine and strong net-work. This balloon is said to be made of linen, and is named the "Pride of the West." The passenger car is attached to the bottom, and the æronaut lets the air escape by means of a valve, placed under his control, as the expansion becomes too great on rising into the atmosphere, or as it is necessary for his descent to the earth.

Ballooning began to be practiced in France in 1782. The first balloon of much magnitude was raised by *rarified* air, though it is said that our countryman, RITTENHOUSE, raised a small balloon by means of hydrogen gas a little earlier. In 1784 an enormous balloon was constructed at Lyons, in France, which was "130 feet high and 105 feet in diameter, which contained 540,000 cubic feet of rarified air," and had an ascending power of above four thousand pounds. It carried up seven persons to the height of 3,200 feet, when it suddenly came down on account of a rent in the materials.

In 1783, the use of hydrogen gas began, by which the levity was five or six times that of common air. On Dec. 17th, 1783, two æronauts made a voyage from Paris, through the air, of twenty-seven miles, with the aid of this light gas. As one of them left the car as they landed, the balloon rose at once into the air and carried the other up 9 000 feet, or nearly one mile and two-thirds. At this height, he could not see the earth, all its objects had disappeared, while the thermometer had fallen from 47° to 21°, and he was benumbed with the cold.—Opening the valve, he descended in safety to the earth, having passed through several different currents of air. The sky was dark and gloomy at the elevation of 10,000 feet.

In 1804 GAY SUSSAC, the distinguished chemist made ascensions at Paris, furnished with apparatus for ascertaining his elevation, and other physical facts. On Sept. 6th he ascended above Paris 22,-965 feet, and found clouds still above him, though the hygrometer indicated great decrease in the moisture of the atmosphere. He soon attained the immense height of 23,100 feet above the earth, equal to four and three-sevenths miles. From this height he descended to the earth at Rouen in 34 minutes, at an average velocity of 680 feet a minute.

In the ascent by Prof. STEINER the balloon was filled with our common illuminating gas from the gas works of the city. The pure illuminating gas is very little lighter than common air; but as manufactured from bituminous coal, the gas has an excess of hydrogen, or is in part the light-carburetted hydrogen, with some hydrogen mixed with the heavy hydro-carburet also.

As the æronauts so soon lost sight of objects from the hazy smoke of the atmosphere, the elevation attained of Thursday, probably, was not two miles. As the barometer fell only nine inches, we know the height was a mile and about four fifths For it has been ascertained from various experiments that an ascent of 105 feet causes a fall of the barometer equal to one-tenth of an inch, or 1,050 feet for the fall of one inch. It is obvious then that at a certain elevation the weight of the balloon would equal the ascending power, and the ascent must cease.

Very few results of much importance have been attained by balloonry or æronautics. One, however, of chemical interest is that the atmosphere as high as 21,849 feet is composed of the same proportion of the elements as at the surface of the earth. It had been supposed that the lighter gases would abound in the upper regions; but they do not. As the blue color of the sky arises from the reflection of the blue rays of light in the rare and high portion of the atmosphere, so the dark and even black color of the canopy, depends on the fact that at a higher point the rarity of the air is so great that not even the blue rays, or even any rays, are reflected to the eye. No light appears but in the direction of the sun, or by reflection from clouds.

Clouds have been seen by æronauts at so great a height as to be invisible to one on the earth.

Magnetism operates as on the surface of the globe.

At two miles or more respiration becomes difficult, and often pains occur in the ears or head from the pressure of internal air expanding, from leaving so much pressure of atmosphere behind.

The cold increases with the ascent, and clouds of hail and snow have often been traversed which deposited their hail or snow on the car.

Dense clouds below the æronaut present the appearance of a sea of the purest snow or whitest cotton.

The velocity of balloons has sometimes been astonishing, the violent current of wind bearing along the æronaut at the rate of seventy or eighty miles an hour.

Finally: will the balloon ever be made the instrument for transporting persons or property?—All attempts, yet made, have failed; and if ever successful, the expense and exposure to the loss of life will prevent an excessive popularity.

Rochester, Sept. 5th, 1857. C. D.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

GOD'S LOVE.

BY MISS HARRIET JACQUES.

I KNOW that "GOD is Love,"
That from His great heart flows this stream divine,
And bathes the throbbing hearts of earth's worn ones
Till pain be gone;
That in His inmost soul He has great thoughts
For all our weakness, and misguided steps;
And with Love's eye
Looks on us as, with fainting hearts and feet
We stumble in the narrow way that leads
To Life Infinite;
Yet oh! how prone is wav'ring nature mine,
Though bathed in light of His forgiving love,
With His dear voice still breathing on my soul
The balm of those blessed words,
"Daughter, thy sins are all forgiven thee;"
To wander back, with oftimes eager feet
Into those self-same gulfs from whence He warned,
And grovel in the *very dust* of griefs
Of my own causing;
And then with heart borne down with heavy weight
Of thoughts rebellious, blame my GOD for this,
And almost wish to die!
And yet when thoughts of my great sin o'erpower,
And my tried spirit cries to Him for help,
Does He, with mercy all unspeakable,
Extend His arms and take my weary head
Upon His breast, and calm my spirit's grief
With words of Love,
How much this one dear thought, our hearts can cheer,
While writing thus for Life and Death to meet,—
Our Father loveth us!

Home, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

WHO can look abroad over the beautiful plains that GOD has spread out on the earth—notice the delicately tinted flowers that lie scattered in our pathway—listen to the sweet melodies of the birds, as they sing their morning and evening praises—or watch the ripples as they come and go on the laughing waters, and not receive impressions peculiar to the scene on which we gaze, or the music that greets our ears. Are beautiful green fields waving their wealth of tall grass before our ardent gaze? Do the clouds chase each other through the bright blue dome above us, and cast their fitful shadows over us? And does the river glide merrily along at our feet, between banks covered with the noblest specimens of the forest, beneath whose branches the sweetest wild flowers bloom?

Straightway we forget grief, and all the corroding races of active life, and our thoughts, like the river, glide swiftly along, from one enchanting scene to another, from friend to friend, and from past pleasures to future expectations, until we find ourselves weaving bright garlands from the ideal with which to decorate the real.

Do we hear the birds pour out their flood of melody, joyous, soft or sad, and each in their own peculiar time? How sweetly they sing, and how they flit along through life, loving and being loved. Do we not turn instinctively to ourselves, and wonder why man cannot thus love his fellow? So nearly is the heart attuned to Nature, and how great is the influence she exerts over us. Give me her for a teacher, let me sit upon her mossy banks as she has spread them out to-day, and can the evil passions reign? Do we not turn from evil thoughts as evil deeds, and dwell on the good and pure, those that have loved us and perchance are exerting their influences over us still, either in person or in the sacred memories they have left us, this side Heaven? We must each have a friend there. We must each have stood by the bed-side of some dying loved one, and received the parting kiss, the last farewell, and promised to meet them in the spirit land. Now is the time to think of those dying words, and those hallowed promises. The mind is tired of the busy cares of life, and the real sinks far, far from our mental vision as we search for the hidden springs of Virtue in ourselves. There is a jewel in every human heart.—Search for it in thine. Crowd it not into darkness with love of gold or fame. Let benevolence, kindness and justice show themselves in thy character. Then shall the jewel grow bright and brighter, even unto perfection, when it shall sparkle in the courts of the upper sanctuary for ever more.

September, 1857. MINNIE WELDON.

THE SUBJECTION OF THE BODY.—The Christian is justified and filled with all good, and made a true son of God, by faith alone. Yet while he remains upon earth, in this mortal state, he must keep his body in subjection, and perform those duties which result from an intercourse with his fellow-creatures. Here, then, it is, in the Christian scheme, that works are to be placed; here it is that sloth and indolence are forbidden; and here the convert is bound to take care that, by fasting, watching, and labor, and other suitable means, his body be so exercised and subdued to the spirit, that it may obey and conform to the inward and new man, and not rebel and obstruct the operations of faith, as it is naturally to do, if not restrained. For the inward man, being created after the image of God, by faith rejoices thro' Christ, in whom he possesses so great a treasure; and hence his only employment and delight are to serve God freely in love.—*Luther.*

TEMPTATIONS.—We must never be astonished at temptations, be they ever so outrageous. On this earth all is temptation. Crosses tempt us by irritating our pride, and prosperity by flattering it.—Our life is a continual combat, but one in which Jesus Christ fights for us. We must pass on unmoved while temptations rage around us, as the traveler, overtaken by a storm, simply wraps his cloak more closely about him, and rushes on more vigorously toward his destined home.

SPIRITUAL DEATH.—Strange as it may sound how many a man has followed himself to his own grave! He is no mourner—would he were, for then there might be still hope—but he is an assister at the grave of his own better hopes and holier desires, of all in which the true life of his soul consisted, which is all dead and buried, though he, a sad survivor of himself, still cumbers the world for a while.—*Trench.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year,	$2
Three Copies, "	$5
Five Copies, "	$8
Six Copies, and one free to agent,	$10
Ten Copies, and one free to agent,	$15

Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

List of New Advertisements this week.

Porter's Spirit of the Times—Geo. Wilkes & Co.
Astor House—C. A. Stetson.
Chicago Purchasing Agency—Bragdon & Reilly
Profitable Employment—Robert Sears
Horticultural Exhibition—G. W. Seelye.
Choice Farm for Sale—H. C. White.
To Energetic Young Men—Mason Brothers.
Wanted—D. H. Mulford.
To Nurserymen—P. & M. Drake.
Organize a Book Club in your Village—D. M. Dewey.
The Last Call—Just Going—Stone & Cook.
The Yates Nursery—Wm. H. Olin & Co.
First Prize Short-horn Bull for Sale—A. B. Benham.
$101 a Year—Jos. E. King
An Orange Co. Dairy Farm for Sale—Oliver P. Reeve.

OUR ADVERTISING FRIENDS will please note that, although the RURAL has largely increased in circulation during the past year, its advertising rates remain unchanged. Thus, while it is decidedly THE BEST medium of Agricultural and Horticultural Advertising in the Union, it is also one of the CHEAPEST. Our terms will remain the same as at present until the close of the present year and volume, when they will probably be materially increased, to correspond with our greatly augmented circulation.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 26, 1857.

New Quarter—Trial Subscribers.

THE Last Quarter of our present volume commences next week—with October. Those whose subscriptions expire this week will please remember that prompt renewals are necessary to secure the continuance of the paper—while the thousands of occasional readers who desire to become subscribers and *read their own paper*, can avail themselves of the present favorable opportunity. The long evenings are coming on apace, and now is the time to secure good and useful reading for the Family Circle.—Single and club subscriptions can commence with the quarter for either six months or a year.

Trial Subscribers.—In answer to inquiries would state that we will furnish the RURAL during the quarter—Oct. to Jan.—*on trial* at half price, if four or more copies are ordered. We will send 4 copies for $1, 8 for $2, 12 for $3, &c., to any non-subscribers who wish to try the RURAL for three months. Agents and other friends who design forming clubs for next volume will please note this liberal offer, and give us their lists of *trial subscribers*—thus paving the way for large clubs in January.

Loss of the Steamer Central America.

THE California steamer Central America left Havana on the 8th inst. for New York with 525 passengers, $1,600,000 in gold, and the California mails. On the 9th she encountered a terrible gale off the coast of Florida, which continued until Sunday the 13th inst. On the night of the 12th the steamer foundered, and of the 626 persons on board—the crew numbering 101, passengers 525—only 150 are reported saved. HENRY H. CHILDS, one of those secured by the Norwegian barque Ellen, furnishes the New York papers the following account of this dreadful disaster:

"I left Havana in the steamship Central America for New York on Sept. 8. On the afternoon of the day of sailing from Havana fresh westerly breezes sprung up. On the following morning the wind blew very strong, the gale continuing to increase in violence as the day advanced. At night there was no abatement in its fury, and it commenced raining torrents. On Thursday it blew a hurricane, the sea running very high. On Friday the storm raged fearfully. At 11 o'clock in the morning of this day it was first known among the passengers that the steamer had sprung a leak, and was making water fast. A line of men was immediately formed, and they went to work bailing out the water from the engine rooms, the fires having been extinguished. We gained on the water so much that we were able to get up steam again; but we held it but a few minutes, and then she stopped forever. Bailing continued, however, and was kept up in all parts of the ship until she finally went down. During Friday night the water gained gradually, but all on board being in pretty good spirits, they worked to the best of their ability, feeling that when the morning came they possibly might speak some vessels and thus be saved. The fatal Saturday came at last, but brought nothing but increased fury in the gale. Still we worked on, and about two o'clock in the afternoon the storm lulled a little and the clouds broke away.—Hope was renewed, and all now worked like giants.

At 4 P. M. we espied a sail, and fired guns and placed our flag at half-mast. It was seen, and the brig Marine, of Boston, bore down upon us. We then considered safety certain. She came near us, and we spoke to her and told our condition. She laid by about a mile distant, and we, in the only three boats saved, placed all the women and children, and they were safely put on board the brig. As evening was fast approaching we discovered another sail, which responded to our call and came near us. Capt. Herndon told them our condition, and asked them to lay by and send a boat, as we had none left. She promised to do so, but that was the last we saw of her except at a distance, which grew greater and greater every moment. At 7 o'clock we saw no possibility of keeping afloat much longer, although we all felt that if we could do so till morning all would be saved.—In a short time a heavy sea for the first time broke over the upper deck of the vessel and then all hope faded away. Life-preservers were now supplied to all, and we sent up two rockets, when a tremendous sea swept over us, and the steamer in a moment went down. I think some 400 or 450 souls were launched upon the ocean at the mercy of the waves. The storm at this moment had entirely subsided. We all kept near together, and went as the waves took us. There was nothing or very little said, except that each one cheered his fellow comrade on. Courage was thus kept up for two or three hours, and I think for that space of time no one had drowned; but three who could not swim became exhausted.

After this, gradually one by one passed away to eternity. The hope that boats would be sent to us from the two vessels we had spoken, soon fled from us, and our trust was alone in Providence—and what better trust could you or I ask for? I saw my comrades sink fast, and at one o'clock that night I was nearly alone upon the ocean, some 200 miles from land. I heard, however, shouts from all that could do so, that were not far from me, but I could not see them. Within an hour from this time I saw a vessel, which I judged to be about one mile from me. Taking fresh courage I struck out for the vessel and reached it when nearly exhausted, and they drew me on board of it by ropes. It proved to be a Norwegian bark from Belize Honduras, bound for Falmouth, Eng. I found on board of her some three of my comrades, and at 9½ o'clock next morning we had 49 noble fellows on board, and these are all I know of having been saved. We stayed about the place until we thought that all alive had been rescued, and then set sail."

Another passenger, OLIVER VAN LUE, furnishes the following additional information.

"The brig Marine was lying nearly a mile off, and by the time the three boats reached her, it became evident that the ship must go down before they could get back. All hands then seized pieces of spars, chairs and life-preservers, while others rushed below to secure their treasure. Now the vessel gave three lurches. Some of the passengers jumped off at the first and second lurches, swam off to some distance, but the great mass remained on deck until the vessel went down, which was a minute or two afterwards. We were all drawn under the surface at least 20 feet, and when we rose were nearly stifled. The rapidity with which I was drawn down tore the spar from my hands and the life-preserver from my body, and when I reached the surface my clothing was almost stripped off. I, however, had a friend who had two life-preservers, and he gave me one, and we also seized on pieces of the wreck, which helped to sustain us. About 400 of the passengers were struggling about, most of them having lost their life-preservers, and others seizing pieces of the wreck which came up with us.

The Captain had cut away the upper works of the vessel, so that when the hull sunk they would float off, but they were all dragged down and came up in fragments. Many persons were killed, stunned and drowned by being struck with pieces of the wreck, whilst the pieces were to others the ultimate means of safety.

An occasional flash of lightning showed to each one a sea of struggling forms. Each strove to encourage his friend with hopes which he scarce felt himself. At first we were all together, in a mass, but soon the waves separated us, and at each successive flash of lightning we discovered that we were being scattered over a wide area, and soon found ourselves alone on the boundless ocean."

The following figures show the pecuniary loss by this melancholy disaster:

Treasure—On freight from California	$1,000,000
In passengers' hands	300,000
Value of ship and cargo	250,000
Total loss	$2,550,000

Of this sum $1,000,000 is known to be covered by insurance.

How little comfort does the possession of great wealth afford persons placed in such fearful position as were the passengers of the ill-fated Central America. The following, which we clip from the N. Y. *Tribune*, furnishes a partial solution to the query—"What would a man not give in exchange for his life?"

"It is stated by many of the survivors of the Central America's passengers, that there was seldom so large an amount of money owned by passengers as was in the case of those who came by the Central America. Many were persons of large means, and there were but very few whose immediate wealth did not amount to hundreds, while numbers reckoned their gold by the thousands of dollars. The greater portion of the passengers were returned miners, some coming hither to invest the capital they had realized in hopes to live a life of greater ease as the result of their industry, and others to get their families and once more go to the land of gold. But as the storm continued to rage, less and less of gold was thought of, and when, on Saturday, it became evident that they were likely at any moment to be buried beneath the waves, wealthy men divested themselves of their treasure belts and scattered the gold upon the cabin floors, telling those to take it who would, lest its weight—a few ounces or pounds—carry them to their death. Full purses, containing in some instances $2,000, were laying untouched on sofas. Carpet-bags were opened by men, and the shining metal was poured out on the floor with the prodigality of death's despair. One of the passengers, who has fortunately been rescued, opened a bag and dashed about the cabin $20,000 in gold dust, and told him who wanted to gratify his greed for gold to take it. But it was untouched as the veriest dross. A few hours before he would have struck down the man who would have attempted to take a grain of that which he now spurned from him."

The *Tribune* gives the following recapitulation of the number on board, gathered from the most authentic sources attainable:

Passengers saved,	120
Officers and crew saved,	30
Whole number saved,	150
Names given as on board and not heard from, about	100
Supposed number of passengers,	492
Of crew (at Havana,)	101
Total on board,	593
Landed at Havana,	6
Saved as far as heard from,	150
Supposed to have been lost,	437

ADVICES are reported to have been received from Washington that the scurvy is prevailing to an alarming extent among the troops destined for Utah territory, and that of the 3,000 cattle collected by the troops as supplies, the Indians had run off one thousand. Col. Johnson, it is said, is appointed to the command of the expedition. Forced marches, it is thought, will be made, in order to reach the territory before the winter sets in.

Financial News.

THE Albany Journal corrects the erroneous statement of the circulation of the banks for which securities have been surrendered, and gives the figures from the Department:

Burned circulating notes of the Free Banks from August 15 to September 16th,	$950,000
Stocks surrendered during same period,	501,008
Bonds and Mortgages,	110,000
Total securities surrendered,	$611,000
In addition to the above, the Incorporated Banks have returned	169,000
They have received new notes,	50,000
	$219,000

The whole reduction of circulation is $2,069,000 in one month; and the means of the banks have been strengthened by the sale of one half a million of stocks and over one hundred thousand of real estate securities.

THE Banker's Magazine states that in the year 1856, the whole amount of specie in circulation was $191,000,000; the amount of specie in the banks $54,000,000; and the amount of bank notes in circulation was $187,000,000.

A NEW Bank has been organized at Bowmanville, Canada West, with a capital of $1,000,000. Hon. John Simpson, formerly President of the Bank of Montreal, and Alexander Simpson, for many years chief cashier of the same institution, are to be connected with the new bank. The agents in England are Glyn, Mills & Co., and in New York, the bank of the Republic.

THE Chicago Tribune "regrets to learn" that the Rock River Bank, Beloit, Wis., has suspended.—The notes are abundantly secured. It says there were rumors in circulation affecting the credit of two or three other banks in Illinois and Wisconsin.

THE Exchange and Banking house of Davis and Suydam, and Dubois & Co., of Rondout, N. Y., closed their doors.

THE Miama County Bank, of Dayton, Ohio, failed on the 18th inst.

THE Bank of Elgin, Illinois, has failed. The notes are received in Chicago on deposit, as they are secured.

THE Banks are sending in Government stocks to Washington for redemption at the rate of $50,000 per day, showing the continuance of the pressure. The Treasury return for this week will show a heavy reduction of the surplus.

THE Dayton Bank, at Dayton, Ohio, has failed. It was an independent bank, giving security to the State for the redemption of its circulation, which is small, probably not exceeding $50,000.

THE Yates County Bank Bills are thrown out in New York. The Bank is, in the opinion of its correspondents, perfectly sound, and not a doubt exists but the bills and deposits will ultimately be fully paid. With an extended though good local debt they could not meet the rapid return of their bills.

THE Hopkinton County Bank, R. I., has got into bad repute. Its bills are not received in New York on deposit.

HEAVY MAIL CONTRACT.—The contract for carrying the U. S. mail over the land route to California was signed on the 16th inst. Messrs. John Butterfield, Wm. B. Dinsmore, Wm. G. Fargo, Alex. Holland, J. V. P. Gardner, M. L. Kenyon, Hamilton Spencer, and others, are the contractors. The Government was represented by Mr. Dundas, second assistant P. M. General. The contract, which is to run six years, is to go into effect 12 months from date. Six hundred thousand dollars per annum is the price to be paid the contractors. This will doubtless prove to be a profitable job, as it is in the hands of energetic parties, who have ample means, and who understand thoroughly the business they have undertaken.

LITERARY PIRACY.—In the RURAL of the 5th inst., is a composition entitled "Childhood's Memories," with the signature "T," Girard, Pa., attached. As the purloiner has had sufficient time to make exhibition of it as original, and institute a self-admiration committee therenpon, we now state *that a theft was committed* on or about the period referred to, and that the true author is "WINNIE WILLIAN," of this city. If "T." possesses the fee simple to the minutest brain-mine, we recommend a little labor therein, and also the frequent perusal of the commandment intended particularly for such individuals, and peculiarly adapted to the case in hand—"Thou shalt not steal."

THE STATE LIBRARY.—During the month of July the State Library building at Albany was closed, and within that period the interior has been thoroughly renovated. The Library now contains 50,000 volumes, and the increase this year will not be less than 5,000. Among others the State has added, by purchase, Munsell's "Bibliographical Works." Within, everything is most conveniently arranged for the seeker after knowledge, and it is daily becoming a more popular resort with the student. It is, indeed, an intellectual fountain, of which the State, and more especially Albany, may well be proud.

CHICAGO GRAIN TRADE.—The total flour and grain receipts at Chicago for the season, as given by the Times of the 12th inst., are as follows:—152,460 bbls. flour, 3,926,665 bushels of wheat, 5,545,676 bushels of corn, and 648,660 bushels of oats, or a total equivalent to 10,978,695 bushels of grain. The total shipments for the season now amount to 70,617 barrels of flour, 3,457,605 bushels of wheat, 6,124,712 bushels of corn, and 181,969 bushels of oats, or a total equivalent to 10,227,721 bushels of grain. On Tuesday, corn sold at 50 cents in store, spring wheat at 72 cents, oats at 26 cents for 32 pounds, and flour at 4 dollars per barrel.

FROM NEW ORLEANS.—We have the New Orleans papers of the 8th inst., containing late advices from Texas. Judge Hemphill and Gov. Pease were candidates for the U. S. Senate. The Houston Telegraph, of the 4th inst., states that cotton picking was actively progressing, and that more cotton would be raised this year in Texas than in any previous year. It also states that the sugar crop will not be over three-quarters of the usual average.

The Mobile Register states that $150,000 has been raised in Georgia for Walker, to make a new descent on Nicaragua.

Items of News.

IT is stated in the London News, that four cavalry regiments, lately embarked from London, for the East Indies, are provided with Sharp's American breech-loading carbine.

THE Toronto Globe very sensibly opposes the raising of a Canadian Legion to send to India. It believes it would be cheaper and better policy to employ Sikhs or Goorkas, already near the scene of war.

THE Commissioners of Emigration held their weekly meeting on Wednesday. The weekly report shows that the whole number of emigrants arrived at New York from June 1st to Sept. 16th, 1857, was 136,662; during the corresponding period of last year, the number was only 95,635. The financial statement shows a balance in hand of $62,933 76.

EDWARD EVERETT has made a favorable reply to the invitation extended him by the Georgia State Agricultural Society, and will deliver his oration on the life and character of Washington, in the city of Montgomery, at the fair in November next. He has also consented to visit Mobile about the same time, for the same purpose.

THE President has signed the Proclamation for the sale of about 2,500,000 acres of public lands in California, and upwards of 450,000 acres in Missouri and in the unlocated tracts in the Sioux Half-breed Reservation on Lake Pepin, Minnesota. The sales in California will take place in May, and in Missouri and Minnesota in March next.

A PRIVATE letter to the N. Y. Tribune, from Mississippi, states that officers are rapidly recruiting men for Walker's army, destined for Nicaragua. Col. Slater, of New Orleans, is doing the financiering and talking for Gen. Walker, who expects to leave early in November.

THE Litchfield (Conn.) Enquirer says:—Rev. Ethan Osborne, of Fairfield, N. J., (a native of this town,) entered his *one hundreth year* on Friday, the 21st ult. He was born here, Aug. 21, 1758; was a soldier of the Revolution; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1784, and was for 54 years pastor of the Congregational Church in Fairfield.

A LATE Bloomington (Ill.) paper says:—"Wheat declined to fifty cents per bushel in this market on Thursday last. The main cause of the rapid decline is, that in the present unsettled state of affairs east, the Chicago bankers refuse to discount the drafts to produce dealers, (or of anybody else, in fact,) many of whom are therefore unable to continue buying. At present rates, we presume farmers will generally withhold their grain from market."

Political News.

THE American party of this State held a Convention in Syracuse during the past week, and put in nomination the following ticket:—*For Judge of the Court of Appeals*—Hiram Ketchum, of New York; *Secretary of State*—James O. Putnam, of Erie; *Comptroller*—Nathaniel S. Benton, of Herkimer; *Treasurer*—Lyman Odell, of Livingston; *Attorney General*—Henry H. Ross, of Essex; *Canal Commissioner*—Goldsmith Denniston, of Steuben; *State Engineer and Surveyor*—Roswell Graves, of Kings; *State Prison Inspector*—John M. Stevens, of Rockland.

THE Republicans of Minnesota held their first "State" Convention ever assembled in that Territory, at St. Paul, on the 9th of this month. The following nominations were made:—*For Governor*—Alexander Ramsey; *Lieut. Governor*—J. C. Ide; *Secretary of State*—L. K. Stannard; *State Treasurer*—Frank Mantor; *State Auditor*—A. P. Lane; *Attorney General*—Geo. A. Nourse; *Members of Congress*—M. S. Wilkinson, Rice Co.; Henry A. Swift, Nicollet Co.; Cyrus Aldrich, Hennepin Co.; *Clerk of the Supreme Court*—Alexander B. Russell, Scott Co.; *Delegate to Congress*—Charles McClure, Goodhue Co.

THE following is the American State ticket in Mississippi:—*For Governor*—Edward M. Yerger, of Yazoo; *Secretary of State*—James B. Ross, of Hinds; *Auditor*—W. T. Courts, of Holmes; *Treasurer*—W. D. Bibb, of Rankin; *Attorney General*—J. W. C. Watson, of Marshall.

THE Democratic State Convention at Boston nominated the following ticket:—*For Governor*—E. B. Beach, of Springfield; *Lieut. Governor*—Albert Currier, of Newburyport; *Secretary of State*—Jonathan E. Field, of Stockbridge; *Treasurer*—Stedman Buttrick, of Concord; *Auditor*—Lyman L. Meade, of Nantucket; *Attorney General*—Ezra Wilkinson, Dedham.

A NEW PROSPECT FOR ENGLAND.—We clip the following from *Porter's Spirit of the Times*:—"We understand that a movement is on foot to get up a new stable of American horses, to contend against the racers of the English Turf. It is the opinion of our principal turf-men and breeders, that the stable of Mr. Ten Broeck is not in all respects well chosen, and that his horses have never been brought to the post in that country, in a proper condition to contend for the honor of the American Turf. Nicholas I. is spoken of at the head of the new lot, and it is said that if he goes, Gilpatrick will go with him. We shall hear more of the matter after the great four mile race on the 29th September, over the Fashion Course. Hold your horses! Our turfmen are not going to give it up so!

SALT IN KANSAS.—The Squatter Sovereign states that salt has been manufactured from a vein of saline water, struck while digging a well about thirty-eight miles from Atchison. The vein of salt water was found at a depth of 36 feet after passing a vein of fresh water. The water rose in the well about twenty feet. The water is very strong, fifteen gallons of it, after being mixed with fresh water, yielded one gallon of salt. The product is of remarkable fine quality, being as fine in grain as the first quality of Liverpool table salt.

SURVEY OF MONTREAL HARBOR.—The Harbor Commissioners of Montreal have engaged Capt. John Childs, of Springfield, Mass., A. McAlpine of Chicago, and John Kirkwood, of New York, to survey that harbor and report the best plan by which it can be enlarged. Capt. Childs was one of the gentlemen who successfully advised the plan to be pursued in deepening Lake Peter, and Mr. McAlpine was late chief engineer of this State.

News Clippings.

—Reports of potato rot are now running in Arkansas.

—A Nicaragua recruiting rendezvous has been opened at Mobile.

—As a nation we have run in debt this year alone about $125,000,000.

—Ex-Gov. Bissell, of Norwalk, Ct., died on the 5th inst. aged 75 years.

—A lot of new tobacco has been sold at Petersburg, Va., for $4 per cwt.

—The tallest man in our army is a Georgian, standing 6 feet 6 1-5 inches.

—Five hundred troops left Leavenworth on the 9th inst., for New Mexico.

—Specie in New York—Sub-treasury $10,584,900 89; banks 12,000,000.

—There are in New York 492 establishments where clothing is manufactured.

—Thomas H. Holt has entered upon his duties as Commissioner of Patents.

—The Mormon, Brigham Young's organ in N. Y. city has been discontinued.

—The interest on the State debt of Virginia, amounts to $1,700,000 annually.

Hon. B. F. Angel, new minister to Sweden, sailed from N. Y. on the 19th inst.

—Hon. Martin W. Bates, U. S. Senator from Delaware, is reported seriously ill.

—There is a legalized company for the manufacture of counterfeit wines in Paris.

—A hotel in San Francisco, that once let for $72,000 a year, is now let at $7,000.

—During the last ten years, the public debt of England has been increased $215,000,000.

—The steamship Kangaroo sailed, on the 17th inst., for Liverpool, with 242 passengers.

—A negro woman in Louisville, recently bled to death, from having a tooth extracted.

—The London Times says it will cost $500,000,000 to put down the insurrection in India.

—Two hundred and fifty acres of land near Stillwater, Min., recently sold for $24,000 cash.

—A copper nugget weighing 8,500 pounds has been shipped from Cliff Mine, Lake Superior.

—The Galena, Ill., Courier says potatoes are now selling in this city for twenty cents per bushel.

—The land-office for the Northwestern district has been removed from Ojibway to Ottertail city.

—A fisherman on the Potomac caught in that river, a few days since, a turtle weighing 356 pounds.

—The Emperor of France pardoned over 900 persons on the occasion of the fetes of the 15th ult.

—An oven which cost $40,000, and is to bake 500 barrels of flour per day, is being erected at Chicago.

—The Freshman class at Yale College, numbers 115, which is smaller than for several years past.

—Louisiana promises 300,000 hogsheads of sugar against less than one-third of that amount last year.

—Mrs. Hayes, of Union Co., near Makanda, Ill., died on the 18th ult, from the effects of a spider bite.

—The work of laying the foundation of the new Custom House walls, in Detroit, has been commenced.

—The number of members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the U. S., is estimated at 1,353,912.

—Several marine disasters are reported at Key West and the Bahamas, involving, however, no loss of life.

—Jos. Fulton, of Phelps, Ontario Co., has given $25,000 to found a professorship in a new college in Liberia.

—The Bank of Commerce, N. Y., discounted business paper, on the 18th inst., to the amount of $600,000.

—Dr. Wayland is urging the Baptist churches to try anew their ancient practice of congregational singing.

—Some women vote in Kentucky. Every widow having a child between 6 and 17 years, can enjoy that privilege.

—According to a recent census, the population of the Swiss Canton of Berne, is now only 449,129—7,000 less than in 1850.

—Five half barrels of Syrup, made from Chinese Sugar Cane, were sold in New Orleans recently at 45 cents per gallon.

—Rev. A. Proal, D. D., long Secretary of the Diocesan Convention of Western N. Y., died on the 14th inst., aged 61 years.

—An effort is being made by some benevolent minded persons to get up a library for the use of the prisoners at Sing Sing.

—It said that all the boasted wealth already obtained from California and Australia, would go into a safe nine feet square.

—A band of Mormons, numbering six or eight, have located near Racine, Wis., and are without any visible means of support.

—The English papers are attacking, with vehemence, the rule that prohibits the wife from being a witness against her husband.

—Benedict Arnold's silver watch has been presented to the Conn. Historical Society, by Rev. L. Smith Hobart, of Hudson, Mich.

—St. Paul is bound to have a bridge across the Mississippi at that point. The city Council have resolved to subscribe $50,000.

—To carry a Collins steamer from N. Y. to Liverpool requires 800 tuns of coal. Enough to keep an ordinary family 40 years.

—In 109 towns in N. H., there has been a decrease of population of nearly 17,000, owing partially to the ravages of the western fever.

—Extensive and valuable discoveries of coal and iron have recently been made in Louisiana, and near Vicksburgh, in Mississippi.

—The receipts from Public Lands during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1857, in the several States and Territories, were $3,829,486.

—Benjamin Ruggles, of St. Clairsville, O., who was a member of the U. S. Senate from 1815 to 1833, died a short time since, aged 74 years.

—The Federal Government has gathered over $2,000,000 in the Sub-Treasury at St. Louis. This has been collected for the troops at the West.

—The Providence Journal mentions a dangerous counterfeit purporting to be a new issue of $5 notes of the Bank of Kent, in Coventry, R. I.

—Some of the New York firemen have nominated Henry Howard, the present Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, for the office of Mayor.

—The estimated number of messages passing over the telegraphic lines in the U. S., is 4,000,000 per annum or about 13,300 each business day.

—The Cambria Iron Works, at Johnstown, Pa., commenced operations last Wednesday week, and are busily employed making railroad iron.

—The saddle-horse which took the premium at the National Fair at Louisville, has been purchased for a present to Gov. Floyd, Secretary of War.

—Wm. R. Calhoun, of South Carolina, has received the appointment of Secretary of Legation at Paris, vice O. Jennings Wise, of Va., who has resigned.

—The Aramingo Print Works on the Schuylkill, opposite Conshocken, were burnt on the 8th inst. Loss about $70,000, of which about one half is insured.

—Macaulay, it is said, has given up the idea of continuing his "History of England down to a period within the memory of living men," as at first announced.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Persia.

THE Cunard steamship Persia, from Liverpool 5th inst., arrived at New York on the 15th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Rumors of ministerial changes continue to be propagated. The London Star says, Sir Chas. Wood, it is believed, will leave the Admiralty and take the Board of Control, and Sir Charles ——— become First Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Panmure is reported as anxious to resign the Ministry of War, to be succeeded by Mr. Cardwell.

Hon. Geo. Bingham has been elected to Parliament from Middlesex, to succeed Lord Robert Grosvenor.

The returns of the exports for the first half of 1857 show that 30 per cent. of the aggregate shipments go to British possessions, and 19 per cent. to the United States.

The Glasgow Polytechnic Institution had been destroyed by fire. Among the articles destroyed was the first steam engine constructed by James Watt.

The Bank of England relaxes slightly in their terms, by making allowances on six month's bills, instead of three months, as of late.

The London underwriters of the Atlantic Cable, offered to pay 36½ per cent., and give up all claims to salvage.

The race for the Warwick cup came off on the 3d. Three horses ran, viz., Fisherman, Oak Ball, and Lecompte. The American came in last, having been beaten twenty lengths by Fisherman, the winner.

Eleven more regiments were under orders for India.

FRANCE.—The Times Paris correspondent says that at the conference between Lord Elgin and the commanders at Hong Kong, the French Admiral announced that he had received instructions to act in concert with the English.

The latest reports have it that the meeting between the Emperor and the Czar will take place at Stuttgard on or about the 17th inst.

The French Government is represented to be disposed to reduce the Customs tariff.

Dispatches from Hong Kong announce that two ships of war have been dispatched to protect the French Consul at Shanghai, whose person had been threatened.

The Court of Assizes at Paris had condemned Ledru Rollin, Mazzini, and others, to transportation.

The Paris Pays denies the reported occupation of Formosa by the United States.

It is stated that diplomatic relations with Naples will shortly be resumed by France and England.

Russian troops were concentrating on the Austrian frontier, to prevent interference with the affairs of the Principalities.

SPAIN.—The Mexican Charge in Madrid had, in consequence of the rupture of diplomatic relations, left that city in obedience to orders from his government.

The Spanish papers deny the existence of a secret treaty between the U. S. and Mexico.

ITALY.—The French Government had instructed its representatives in foreign countries to disown any connection with the Murat proceeding in the New Sicilies.

RUSSIA.—A Russian squadron was cruising off Anapa, and a steamer lying in each of the Circassian seaports, thus preventing Sapir from getting his recently purchased arms and ammunition from Constantinople.

TURKEY.—Fanaticism among the Mussulmen was prevailing with much violence. Violent disturbances and assassinations were increasing in Palestine and throughout Syria.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs,—The weather had been changeable and wet, but as only a small portion of the crop remained unsecured, it exercised but little influence. Flour without change. Wheat in limited supply, and red 2@3d dearer than the departure of the Baltic.—Indian corn in good demand, and under the influence of the reports of the potato disease, has advanced 1@2d per quarter.

Richardson, Spence & Co., quote red wheat at 8s10@9s0d; white 9s@9s9d. Mixed yellow corn 37s6d@38s; white 42s@43s. Pork quiet, and easier. Lard firm at 70@71s.

Arrival of the Antelope.

THE steamship Antelope from Liverpool, 8th, arrived at St. Johns, N. F., on the 19th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Additional troops were under orders for India, making the total reinforcements thus far sent from Great Britain, 40,000 men.

The most perfect understanding exists between England and France, on the China question. If Lord Elgin fails to get satisfaction, war will be simultaneously declared by both Governments.

More religious rioting has occurred at Belfast, Ireland. One person killed and several wounded.

English underwriters settle all claims growing out of the loss of the Atlantic cable.

FRANCE.—A slight difficulty had arisen between France and Denmark, as to when the Sound Dues redemption shall be paid.

Paris letters say the bullion in the Bank of France has increased £1,400,000 during the month.

SPAIN.—The Spanish Government had ordered the suspension of the preparations for an expedition against Mexico. The question will be settled by arbitration. England and France, with Bavaria, are umpires.

MARKETS.—All qualities of breadstuffs have slightly advanced. The better qualities of flour were 6d@1s higher and firm. Wheat was firm, and had advanced 1d@2d.—Corn quiet and firm. Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., quote Western Canal flour 30s@30s6d; Philadelphia and Baltimore 30s@31s2d; Ohio 32s@33s. Red wheat 8s2d@8s6d; white 9s@9s6d. Mixed corn 39s; white 43s@44s. Provisions generally steady.

Kansas News.

The N. Y. Herald has a despatch from Lecompton, Kansas, Sept. 8th, via St. Louis. The Constitutional Convention is permanently organized.—Surveyor General Calhoun is elected President. His speech indicates that he is in favor of submitting the Constitution to the people.

A special despatch to the N. Y. Tribune dated Lecompton, Sept. 12, says the Constitutional Convention consumed a week in organizing, and has adjourned until the 3d Monday in October. The Free State Delegates were refused seats. Active preparations are being made by the Pro-Slavery men for the election in October. The taxes are to be collected, or none can vote. Sheriffs are to be at the polls to collect the taxes. The troops are to be there also.

The correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat says:—Sickness is very prevalent in different parts of the Territory. Ague, fevers, bilious, remittent and intermittent—bilious and bowel complaints—and, in the southern portion of Kansas, small pox, are very common in every neighborhood among the recent emigrants. There is no small pox in the north. The victims of these diseases are not acclimated. The emigrants who came in the fall generally escape these maladies. They get acclimated gradually and thoroughly before the summer heat comes on and escape the epidemics of the autumn. The fact is communicated by Dr. Miner.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS in this and all numbers of the RURAL. Most of them are interesting and will prove profitable to both reader and advertiser. Several announcements were received too late for this number, and are necessarily deferred.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, Sept. 22, 1857.

FLOUR—There is a decline in Flour, equal to 25 cents per barrel on all grades.

GRAIN—Wheat has fallen off considerably, the range in prices being from $1,25 to $1,45 as to quality. Barley is coming in freely and 87½c asked, but brewers are only offering 85c, while the greater portion sold being inferior brings from 75 to 80 cents. Corn has declined 7c per bushel, and now brings only 80c. Oats are worth 33c.

PROVISIONS—We note little change in this department of trade. Pork has declined. Butter exhibits a little more range in price. Potatoes have advanced.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, bbl	$5,75@7,25
Wheat, Gen	$1,25@1,45
Best white Canada	$1,25@1,45
Corn	80c
Oats	33c
Barley	75c
Buckwheat	63@88c
Beans	$1,25@1,50
Peas	$1,00@1,25
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess	$25,00@25,50
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00
Beef, ℔ cwt	$5,75@6,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50
Hams, smoked	13½@14½c
Shoulders	11½@13½c
Chickens	11@12c
Turkeys	10@12½
Geese	50c
DAIRY, &c.	
Butter, roll	19@20c
Do. firkin	14@17c
Cheese	8½@9½c
Lard, tried	00@15½c
Tallow	10c
Eggs, dozen	13c
Honey, box	18c
Candles, box	13½@14½c
FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Apples, bushel	28@50c
Do. dried	$2,00@2,25
Potatoes	33@50c
HIDES AND SKINS.	
Slaughter	0@6c
Calf	00@10c
Sheep pelts	31@38c
Lamb do.	50@62½c
SEEDS.	
Clover, bushel	$6,50@7,00
Timothy	$3,50@4,00
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Coal, Lehigh	$7,00@7,50
Do. Scranton	$6,00@6,50
Do. Blossburg	$5,00@5,50
Do. Shamokin	$6,25@6,75
Do. Char	10@12½c
Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,35
Hay, ton	$7@11
Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
White fish, bbl	$10,50@11
Codfish ℔ quintal	$5,25@5,50
Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21—Flour—Market 5@10c better. Sales at $5,50@5,60 for super State; $5,80@6,00 for extra do; $5,45@5,60 for super Mich, Ind, Ill, Iowa, Wis. and Ohio; $5,65@6,35 for super; $6@7,15 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market 1@2c lower, and a good business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at 145@150c for white Southern, 132@132½c for red do; 140c for white Illinois, 142½c for white Michigan, 126@130c for red Indiana; 132@140 for white do; 125@127c for red Michigan; 105@110c Chicago spring. Rye quiet; sales at 84c delivered. Barley quiet. Corn dull and lower; sales mixed W. 79@80. Oats dull and lower; sales of State at 45@47c, and Western at 47@50c.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and lower. Trifling sales at $25,15 for mess; $29 for prime. Lard drooping; sales at 11@11½c. Butter quiet at 15@16c for Ohio; 17@22c for State. Cheese dull at 8½@9½c.

BUFFALO, Sept. 21.—Flour—There was a fair demand for flour this morning, and market firm, and views of holders were rather above those of buyers which restricted business. Sales of the morning at $5 for good brands, $5,25@5,37½ for extra Michigan, Ohio and Indiana; $5,75@6 for double extra do.

GRAIN—Wheat in fair request and holders firmer. Sales mixed Ohio at $1,10; Chicago spring held at $1. Buyers offer 98c. Corn market quiet prices unchanged; sales at 65@76c. Oats dull—small sales in lots at 36@37c. No sales of Barley or Rye.

GRAIN RECEIPTS—The following will show the receipts by Lake for the week ending 5th inst.—Flour, 23,224 bbls.; Wheat, 227,339 bush.; Corn, 141,651 bush.; Oats, 11,507 bush.

ALBANY, Sept. 21.—Flour and Meal—There is a steady demand for Flour and the market is firm. The stock here is good, but the receipts are light. Corn Meal is selling at $1,62@1,75 per 100 pounds.

GRAIN—The supply of Wheat is moderate, and with an improved milling demand the market is rather firmer; sales good red winter Indiana at $1,30, and good white Michigan at $1,38 both delivered at Waterford. Corn is slow of sale with only a moderate amount offering; sales Western mixed, in lots, at 80@81c. Barley opened and closed dull with a fair supply offering. Oats are more freely offered at the decline, with sales new State in lots at 43½@44c, and Chicago in arrive in p. t.

THE CATTLE MARKETS

NEW YORK, SEPT 16.—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Beeves—First quality, 11½@12c.; Ordinary, 10½@11c.; Common, 9½@10c.; Inferior, 8@9c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $9@75; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6½@6c.; Other qualities, 5@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $4,50@5; Other qualities, $3@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 7½@7¾c.; Other qualities, 7½c

CAMBRIDGE, SEPT. 16.—At market 2235 Cattle, 1200 Beeves, and 1035 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,25@8,75; First quality, $7,50@7,75; Second quality, $7,00; Third quality, $6,00; Ordinary, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 120, 200.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 45, 50, 60@50.

YEARLINGS—$14@21. Two years old—$25@37. Three years old—$30@45.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3030 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,50, $1,75, 2,50 each. Extra and selections, $3,00@3,50.

SWINE—463 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8c. ℔ lb.—Dressed, 9½@10c.

HIDES—8@8½c. ℔ lb. Tallow—7½@8c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—62½@75c each. Calf Skins—13@14c. ℔ lb.

BRIGHTON, SEPT. 17.—At market 1800 Beef Cattle, 1400 Stores, 15 pair Working Oxen, 114 Cows and Calves, 4,000 Sheep and Lambs, 1200 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $8,50; First quality, $8,00; Second, $7,50; Third, $6,00; Ordinary, $4,50.

YEARLINGS—$18@20. Two years old—$24@36. Three years old—$30@44.

WORKING OXEN—$150@187.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 36, 40@50

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $3,00, 3,50@3,75. By lot, $1,50 1,75@2,00.

SWINE—Pigs, 7c. Retail, 8@9c. Fat hogs, 7½c.

HIDES—8@8½c. ℔ lb. Tallow—7½@8c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—62½@75c. Calf Skins—13@14c. ℔ lb.

BEEF AT THE WEST—The Chicago Press have been making some investigations at the probable amount of beef which will be packed in that city this fall, and give the following as the result:—The prospects at present are that more beef will be packed the coming season in our city than during any previous year. One heavy packer estimates the business at one-third more than the figures of 1855—our heaviest season. Another estimates it higher. In 1855 the number of cattle packed was 78,972, with an average weight of 572¼ lbs per head; so to take the lowest received over 38,000 head will be packed. One house alone in the city has heavy government contracts, which would seem to justify such an estimate. At present there are only about 17,000 head contracted for by Chicago packers, but in the course of two weeks a large number of contracts now pending will, in all probability be closed, and the figures be increased.—Of those already contracted for we hear of 9,000 head at 3½c gross weight, 25,000 head at 3c, and 3,000 head at a trifle below 3c. There is little probability, however, of any further contracts being made this season below 3c—perhaps none below 3½c.

The quality and weight of cattle the present season throughout the West will be much superior to those of last year, though they will come to the block two or three weeks later.

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.—Secretary Cobb has just issued, somewhat in advance of the usual practice, the great balance sheet of the foreign trade of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30th, from which it appears that the imports have been $360,890,141—of which $12,461,799 was in specie and $84,367,507 in free goods; while the exports have been $362,985,144—of which $23,965,079 was in foreign specie and goods re-exported, and $60,078,352 in American specie. The imports are increased about forty-six millions, and the exports about thirty-six millions, from the previous year.

TAKING THE NUMBER OF THE STARS.—A most magnificent and interesting work is now being issued at Paris, a complete map of the heavens, so far as our knowledge goes, prepared under the auspices of the Imperial Observatory. It is to consist of sixty-five plates, each one of which indicates the position of 25,525 stars of the third magnitude, or 1,659,125 in all. The eighteenth plate, now finished, was recently presented to the Academy of Sciences by M. Leverrier, where it excited immense admiration.

SUGAR.—The St. Louis Republican says that a hogshead of new crop sugar, the first of the season, was received in New Orleans on the 31st ult., from the plantation of Col. Maunsel White. The first receipts last year did not come forward until the 3d of November. The Price Current thinks that the growing crop will produce 300,000 hogsheads, but it is inferred from the Bulletin that the yield will overrun 400,000, with a favorable grinding season. That paper deems the prospect highly encouraging.

SNOW IN CANADA.—The Kingston News of the 12th, learns from reliable authority, that on Saturday last, Coteau du Lac and neighborhood, below Cornwall, were visited by a snow shower, and the temperature was much lower than at any time this summer.

MARRIAGES.

IN Bethlehem N. Y., on the 8th inst., by Rev. John A. Lansing, Mr. CHARLES W. COOK, of Chicago, and Miss SARAH A. COONLEY, of the former place.

DEATHS.

IN this city, on Sunday, Sept 2 th, WULFRED COMPIGNE, only son of Annie and J. E. Berkeley Smith, of Toronto, C. W., aged nearly four months.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar Journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

AN ORANGE CO. Dairy Farm, of 156 acres, for Sale at $8,000. Address OLIVER P. REEVE, Middletown, N. Y.

$101 A YEAR PAYS for Board and Tuition at Fort Edward Institute, N. Y. Send for a Catalogue. [403w3] JOS. P. KING, Principal

THE YATES NURSERY contains a choice selection of the best varieties of Fruit Trees for the Fall market. Also a few thousand Mazzard Cherry seedlings, and a quantity of one year old Apple grafts. Address WM. H. OLIN & CO., 403w2 Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

WANTED—AGENTS TO SELL CHOICE STEEL PLATE ENGRAVINGS.—Bills of the following Banks received at Par:—Farmers Bank of Onondaga; Hollister Bank; Niagara River Bank; Oliver Lee & Co's Bank, Hunnemut Bank; Ontario Co. Bank, all in N. Y. Also Bills taken as per furnished list of closed Banks in Pa., N. J., and Rhode Island. For particulars, address D. H. MULFORD, 167 Broadway, N. Y.

THE LAST CALL.—JUST GOING.

THE UNDERSIGNED have a large Stock and a general assortment of FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES, Shrubs, Vines, and Plants, which they propose to sell at either Wholesale or Retail, at very low figures, for cash or on short approved paper. Address STONE & COOK, Central Nurseries, 403w3 Hammonsville, Oswego Co., N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE SHORT-HORN BULL FOR SALE.

CAYUGA 320—2d vol. A. H. B., winner of the first prize at the N. Y. State Fair, at Elmira in 1855; also the 1st prize at the Tompkins Co. Agricultural Fair, in 1856. He is 5 years old, mostly a very deep red and a first rate handler. He will be on exhibition at the State Fair at Buffalo if not sold,
A. B. BENHAM, Dryden, N. Y.

TO NURSERYMEN.

WE OFFER THE FOLLOWING AT GREATLY REDUCED prices, for Cash:
100,000 APPLE TREES 2 years old at $40 per 10,000
100,000 " " 1 " " 30 " "
200,000 " Seedlings 1 " " " 30 " "
Racine, Wis., Sept., 11, 1857. [403w6] F. & M. DRAKE.

ORGANIZE A BOOK CLUB IN YOUR VILLAGE.

LET TWENTY OR THIRTY Young Gentlemen and Ladies form a Club, and they can have a Course of Lectures, and all the new Books of the day for circulation among the Members, at a very trifling expense to each. By-Laws and full particulars for organization will be sent gratis, on application by Letter from any one enclosing a stamp to
403w2 D. M. DEWEY, Rochester, N. Y.

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We announce the Completion of two of the most
VALUABLE SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS
Ever Offered to the American Public.

In the Sale of these Works, we desire to secure the services of several energetic men of intelligence and refinement, (experienced Agents preferred,) to canvass in the Southern and Western States, and in Pennsylvania. For full particulars, address
MASON BROTHERS, 108 & 110 Duane st., New York

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY of the Valley of the Genesee, will hold its *Fall Show* of Fruits and Flowers, in this city, at Corinthian Hall, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY the 1st & 2nd days of October next. An immense variety of Fruit may be expected, and a beautiful collection of Flowers, Green-House Plants, &c. Parties at a distance wishing to exhibit can forward their articles to the address of the President of the Society, W. A. REYNOLDS, Esq., or the undersigned, and they will receive the attention of the Managers.

Rooms will be open to visitors 3 o'clock P. M. to 10 P. M. on the first day, and from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. of the last day.

An auction Sale of unreserved articles will be held on Friday evening. Family or Members' Tickets, $1 each. Single Admission, 15 cents. C. W. SEELYE, *Sec'y.*

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PLEASE TO READ THIS!—Agents Wanted!—Extra inducements for 1858! All persons IN WANT OF EMPLOYMENT will at once receive our Catalogue of Books for the New Year, prepaid, by forwarding us their address. Particular attention is requested to the liberal offers we make to all persons engaging in the sale of our Large Type Quarto PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with about One Thousand Engravings. On receipt of the established price, Six Dollars, the Pictorial Family Bible with a well bound Subscription Book complete, will be carefully boxed, and forwarded by express, at our risk and expense, to any central town or village in the United States, excepting those of California, Oregon and Texas. Our books are sold only by canvassers, and are well known to be the most saleable. Address, post paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
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Grateful for the past, I intend to deserve future favors. Patrons are respectfully requested to give notice of their intended visit. [403t] C. A. STETSON.

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BRAGDON AND REILLY'S GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY.—The subscribers have associated themselves under the above name for the purpose of executing commissions for the purchase of all kinds of articles for persons residing either in city or country. The demands made upon our time to execute such commissions heretofore, and the apparent necessity for such an institution in this city, have induced this enterprise. Both members of the firm will pay personal and prompt attention to the execution of the commands of their friends, and will be assisted, when necessary, by competent persons in every department of trade. Particular attention paid to orders for Implements for farm or garden use, seeds, plants, trees of every description, tools, stock, carriages, harness, saddles, Agricultural, Horticultural or other Books, clothing, cloths, groceries, furniture, hardware, music and musical instruments, millinery, cosmetics, perfumes, fancy articles, indeed every and anything that this or other markets afford, that can be purchased by us to the advantage of our friends. It shall be our aim to attend promptly to these commissions and thus obviate the necessity of expense of time, money and fatigue in travel, on the part of our customers. THE LADIES may rely on our attention to their orders. Address BRAGDON & REILLY,
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"CRICKET,"—roan—calved June, 1857; got by Double Duke, 14511½, out of Crumie—see 3d vol. A. H. B., p. 357—Price $200.

Also several Cows and Heifers in calf to Hiawatha, at from $200 to $500.

My farm is but five minutes walk from Sennett Station of New York Central Railroad, (old road,) and five miles east of Auburn. [401w4] J. R. TAGE, Sennett, N. Y.

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SCHOOLEY'S PATENT PRESERVATORY.
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FOR PRESERVING Meats, Fruits, Vegetables, Butter, Milk, Cider, and all perishable articles without mould, decay, or taint, by the use of Ice.

Invaluable for Farmers, Butchers, Dairymen, Brewers, Hotels, Candle and Oil Makers, the Household, and all trades where a cold (45°) and perfectly dry atmosphere is required. No house is perfect without this Preservatory.

Can be constructed at an expense to suit purchaser (above the cost of right) in any locality where ice can be obtained in the winter.

Applications to the undersigned, in person or by mail, will have attention. Can be seen in operation on a large scale for curing meat at the establishment of J. ALBERGER, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Preservatory can be seen in full operation at the State Fair, in Buffalo. J. L. ALBERGER.

TO NURSERYMEN, DEALERS AND PLANTERS

THE SUBSCRIBERS OFFER TO THE FALL TRADE A quantity of as finely grown TREES and STOCKS as can be found in the State, consisting in part of

10,000	APPLE TREES, 6 to 8

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ONLY WISHING.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

Oh, could some angel start to life the hopes
That burned within me when my heart was young;
When I was dreaming of the race and crown,
And counting up the miles that I should run;

And could he wake within the secret depths,
Where once its anthem youth did ever sing
Of broad, rich fields where I should plant and prune,
And reap the harvest that my toil did bring:

That same wild strain that should awake the chant
Responsive throbbing from my very soul,
Stirring within me that impetuous tide,
That bore me hopeward scorning my control,

I think that I could sit, with sweet content,
The long, long day within this little room,
And work away, though, just outside the wall,
The grass is green and sweetest flowers bloom.

Yes, work away, and throw my shuttles fast,
Nor think, perchance, of all the gladsome things
That beckon to me with their blossom-full hands,
Off in the meadows when the wild-bird sings.

But oh, this toiling when the wine is spent,
This marching through the rain, and wind, and dust,
Because, for me, ambition sleeps,—is dead,—
And now the master is the grim "you must."

Rochester, N. Y., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

CHANCES AND CHANGES:

A RAILWAY REMINISCENCE.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

"I say, Mr. Conductor, when will the next express train go out to St. Louis?"

"Eleven o'clock, and thirty minutes, to-night, sir," was the gentlemanly reply to the rough query.

"Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes! Go to Texas! Why, it's ten this very minute. I'll bet my boots against a jack-knife the morning express is off."

"Yes, sir, it has been gone half an hour."

"Why in natur didn't you get us here sooner?—Fourteen hours in Chicager is enough to break a fellow all to smash. Fourteen hours in Chicager puffing and blowing! I've been told they keep a regular six-hundred hoss atesm power all the while a running, to blow themselves up with, and pick the pockets of every traveler to pay the firemen and engineers! Wal, I guess I can stand it; I've a twenty that's never been broke; I think that will put me through. Why didn't you fire up, old brag—give your old hoss another peck of oats. I tell ye, this fourteen hours will knock my calculations all into the middle of next week."

"Very sorry sir—we've done our best; but as we are not clerks of the weather, I hope you will not lay your misfortunes to our account. Snow-drifts, and the thermometer sixteen below zero, are enemies we can't readily overcome."

"That's so," said the first speaker, with broad emphasis, and a good-natured, forgiving smile.—"Fourteen hours in Chicager!"

The stentorian voice, sounding like a trumpet, had aroused every sleeper from the elysian dreams into which he might have fallen after his long, tedious, cold night's travel. Every head was turned, every eye was fixed on the man who had broken the silence. He was standing by the stove, warming his boots. To have warmed his feet through such a mass of cow hide and sole leather, would have been a fourteen hours' operation. Six feet four or five inches he stood in those boots, with shoulders (cased in a fur coat) that looked more like bearing up a world than you will meet ordinarily, in half a lifetime. His head Websterian, his shaggy hair black as jet, his whiskers to match, his dark, piercing eye, and his jaws eternally moving, with a rousing quid between them, with a smile of cheerful good humor, notwithstanding his seeming impatience, attracted every one's attention.

"Fourteen hours in Chicager, eh? Wal, I can stand it if the rest can; if twenty dollars won't carry me through, I'll borry of my friends. I've got the things that'll bring 'em. That's so."

And he thrust a hand, a little less in size than a common spade, down into the cavernous depths of a broad striped, flashy pair of pants, and brought up that great red hand, full as it could hold, of shining twenty dollar gold pieces.

"Don't yer think I can stand these ere Chicagers for *one* fourteen hours?"

A nod of assent from three or four, and a smile of curiosity from the rest, answered his question in the affirmative.

"You must have been in luck, stranger," said an envious-looking little man. "You've more than your share of gold."

"I have, eh? Well, I reckon not. I come honestly by it. *That's so.* And there's them living who can remember this child when he went round the p'rraries trapping p'rrary hens and the like, to get him a night's lodging, or a pair of shoes, to keep the massasangers from biting my toes; I've hung myself up more nor one night in the timber, to keep out of the ways of the wild varmints; best sleeping in the world, in the crotch of a tree-top! Now, I reckon you wouldn't believe it, but I've gone all winter without a shoe to my foot; and lived on wild game, when I could catch it. That's so!"

"Didn't stunt your growth," said a voice near.

"Not a bit of it. It brought me up right. These p'rraries are wonderful roomy. I thought one spell I would let myself out entirely, but me and mother held a corcus, and decided that as she was getting old, and blind like, it tuk too long, and cost too much to sew up the legs of my trousers, and so I put a atop to it, and concluded that six foot five would do for a feller that couldn't afford the expensive luxury of a wife to make his breeches. It was only my love for my mother that stopped my growth. If I'd a had an ide of a sewing machine, there's no telling what I might a done."

"You have so many gold pieces in your pocket, you can afford to get your trousers made now.—Why don't you and your mother hold another caucus, and see what you can do? If she would let you expand yourself, you might sell out to Barnum, and make a fortune traveling with Tom Thumb, and take the old woman along."

"Stranger," said the rough, great man, and his whole face loomed up with a mingled expression of pain and pride, "Stranger, I spoke a word here I didn't mean to; a slightly word, like, about my mother. I would give all the gold in my pocket to bring her back for one hour, to look upon this country as it is now. She had her cabin here when Chicager was nowhere; here she raised her boys—she couldn't give them larnin', but taught us better things than books can give; to be honest and useful, and industrious. She taught us to be faithful and true; to stand by a friend, and be generous to an enemy. It's thirty years, stranger, since we dug her grave by the lake side with our own hands; and with many a tear and sob, turned ourselves away from the cabin where we'd been raised—the Indians had killed our father long before, and we'd nothing to keep us—and so we went to seek our fortunes.

My brother, he took to St. Louis, and got married down there som'ers; and I just went where the wind blowed, and when I'd scraped money enough together, I cum back and bought a few acres of land around my mother's old cabin, for the place where I'd lain her bones was sacred, like. Well, in the course of time, it turned up right in the middle of Chicager. I couldn't stand that—I loved my old mother too well to let omnibusses rattle over her grave, so I cum back about fifteen years ago, and quietly moved her away to the huryn' ground; and then I went back to Texas, and wrote to an agent afterward to sell my land. What cost a few hundred to begin on, I sold for over forty thousand—if I'd a kept it till now, 'twonld have been worth ten times that; *that's so*, but I got enough for it. I soon turned that forty thousand into eighty thousand, and that into twice as much, and so on, till I don't know nor don't care what I'm worth; *that's so.* I work hard, am the same rough customer, remember every day of my life what my mother taught me; never drink nor fight; wish I didn't swear and chaw; but them's got to be kind a second natur like, and the only thing troubles me is my money—haven't got no wife nor children, and I'm going now to hunt up my brother and his folks. If his boys is clever and industrious, ain't ashamed of my big boots and old fashioned ways, and his gals is young women and not ladies; if they help their mother, and don't put on more'n two frocks a day, I'll make 'em rich, every one on 'em.

Now, gentlemen, 'taint often I'm led to tell on myself after this fashion. But these old places where I trapped when I was a boy, made me feel like a child agin—and I just felt like telling these youngsters here about the changes and chances a feller may meet in life, if he only tries to make the most of himself.

"But, boys," said he, turning to a party of young men, "there is something better than money. Get education. Why, boys, if I had as much larnin' as money, I could be President in 1857 just as *e-a-s-y*. Why, I could buy up half the North, and not miss it out of my pile. But get larnin'! don't chaw tobacco; don't take to liquor; don't swear, and mind your mothers—that's the advice of a real live Sucker; and if you mind what I say you may be men (and it ain't every feller that wears a *goatee* and breeches that's a man, by a long ways.) Foller out her counsels; never do a thing that will make you ashamed to meet her in heaven. Why, boys, I never done a bad thing but I heard my mother's voice reprovin' me; and I never done a good thing and made a good move, but I seemed to hear her say, 'That's right, Jack,' and that has been the best of all. Nothin' like a mother, boys; nothin' like a mother—*that's so.*"

All this had passed while waiting to wood, just out of Chicago. The great man was swelling with emotions called up out of the dark shadows of the past; his big rough frame heaved like a great billow upon the ocean. Tears sprang to his deep set and earnest eyes—they welled up to the brim and swam round asking to be let fall as tributes to his mother's memory—tributes to the love of the past. But he choked them down, and humming a snatch of an old ballad, he thrust his hands down into his pockets, walked back to the end of the car, pulled the gigantic collar of his shaggy coat up around his ears, buttoned it close, and leaned back against the window in silence.

The cars rattled on. What a mind was there; what a giant intellect, sleeping, buried away from light and usefulness by a rubbish of prejudice, habit and custom—doing but half work for want of culture.

"A mute inglorious Milton," or rather Webster, going about the world, struggling with his own soul, yet bound by chains of ignorance, which precluded his doing but a moiety of the good it lay in his power to do.

All the way through our long, tedious journey, he had been ever on the watch to do good. He gave up his seat by the fire to an Irish woman and her child, and took one further back; soon a young girl seated herself by his side; as the night hours wore on, and she nodded wearily, he rose, spread his beautiful leopard skin with its soft, rich lining, on the seat, made a pillow of his carpet-bag, and insisted that she should lie down and sleep.

"What will you do?" said she, naively.

"Never mind me—I can stand up and sleep like a Buffalo; I'm used to it. That's so!"

A little boy, pulled up from a sound nap to give place to incomers, was pacified and made happy by a handful of chestnuts and a glowing bit of candy out of the big man's pocket. When he left the cars for refreshment, he brought back his hands full of pies, and distributed them among a weary group. A mother and seven little children, the oldest not twelve years old, whose husband and father left the cars at every stopping place, and returned more stupid and beastly each time, scolding the little tired restless ones with thick tongue, and glaring his furious red eyes upon the poor grieved victim of a wife, like a tiger upon its prey, "because she did not keep her young ones still?" "they would disturb everybody." No bite of refreshment, no exhilarating draught, no rest from that fat, cross baby, came to her all the long night, save when the big man stretched out his great hands and took her baby for an hour, and let him play with his splendid watch to keep him quiet.

"I'll give yer a thousand dollars for him," said he, as he handed him back to her arms.

"You may have the whole lot for that," answered the drunken father with a swine-like grunt.

"It's a bargain," said the big man, "providin' the mother's willing."

"Indade, sir, it's not the one of them can be had for money," was the quiet yet determined reponse of the mother's heart.

How kindly he helped her off the cars, when, at the break of day, they came to their journey's end.

Thus all night he had been attracting the attention of the waking ones in the cars. But his kindness and rough politeness would soon have been forgotten by the mass of the passengers had he not stamped it upon our memories with his gold.

"I wonder who he his," and "where did he get on." "What an interesting character."

"Education would spoil him." "What rich furs!" "Did you notice what a splendid watch he carries?" "He's some great man incog."

Such were a few of the queries that passed from lip to lip. But there came no answer; for he, who alone could have answered, sat crouched in his fur coat, seeming unconscious of all but his own deep thoughts.

"Chicago!" shouted the brakeman, and in an instant all was confusion, and our hero was lost in the crowd. The next we saw of him was at the baggage stand, looking up a band box for a sweet looking country girl, who was going to learn the milliner's trade in the city. As we passed to our carriage, we discovered him again, holding an old man by the hand, while he grasped the shoulder of the conductor of another train with the other, getting for the deaf, gray-haired sire the right information as to the route he should take to get to "his darter, who lived near Muscatine, Iowa."

"God bless him for his good deeds!" was our earnest aspiration, as we whirled round the corner. May his shadow never grow less, or the gold in his pocket diminish, for in his unnumbered charities and mercies, dropped so unostentatiously here and there, he is perhaps doing more good in his day and generation, than he who donates his thousands to build charitable institutions, to give honor to his own name.

Oh how much the world needs great hearts that are able to comprehend little things—and yet how often it happens that the learned, the wise, and the rich, outgrow the every-day wants of humanity, and feeling within themselves the power to move mightily—pass by the humble duties that would make a thousand hearts leap for joy—and push on, looking for some wrong to right, some great sorrow to be soothed, some giant work to be accomplished; and failing to find the *great work*, live and die, incarcerated in their own selfishness, and do nothing at all.

The rough man's nature seemed the nature of the little child. His quick eye saw at a glance; his great heart warmed, and his great hand executed his little works of charity—so small that one would have expected to see them slip between his giant fingers unaccomplished—yet were they done. The "angel over the right shoulder" will have a longer column to set down to his account of deeds well done, than all the rest of the passengers of that crowded car, on that long, tedious, stormy night, in January, 1856.—*Appleton's Railway Guide.*

THE NEW CARPET.

"I can hardly spare it, Jane; but as you have so set your heart upon it, why I suppose I must."

The young wife looked with rapture upon the shining gold pieces.

"A hundred dollars," said she to herself, "how rich it makes me feel. It seems a great deal to pay for a carpet, but 'gold is worth gold,' as the old saying is, and one good purchase is worth a dozen poor ones. I'll buy one of the finest and most beautiful Brussels."

Afternoon came; the rosy babe was laid asleep in his little cradle, and the maid received a score of charges to linger by its side every moment till the darling woke up. Jane, flushed with eager anticipation, looked her prettiest, and, throwing her mantilla over her handsome shoulders, she was just hurrying away, when a loud ring at the door brought out a very pettish "Oh, dear!" at the unexpected intrusion.

"Oh! Jane—dear Jane!" and a pale young creature sat panting on the sofa. "We are in such trouble! Can you help us? Do you think we could borrow a hundred dollars from your husband? Couldn't you get it for us? You know you said I might always rely upon you when trial came; and poor Charles expects every moment to be arrested; and he is so ill!"

"Dear, dear!" said Jane, her good heart suddenly contracting, "Edward told me, only this morning, not to ask him for any money for three months;" and she gathered her purse up tightly in her handkerchief. "I'm sure, if—I—only—could oblige you, I would; but I expect Edward is really pushed. Can't you get it elsewhere? Have you tried?"

"Yes," answered her friend, despondingly, "I have tried everywhere. People know that Charles is ill and cannot pay immediately. Mr. J——knows our circumstances, yet he insists upon that money. "Oh, it is so hard! it is so hard!"

Her pitiful voice, and the big tears running like rain down her pallid cheeks, almost unnerved Jane's selfishness. But that carpet—that beautiful carpet she had promised herself so long, and so often been disappointed of its possession, that she could not give it up. She knew her husband's heart—and that he would urge her to self-denial. No! she would not see him—if she did, it was all over with the carpet.

"Well," said her friend, in a desponding voice, rising to go, "I'm sorry you can't help me; I know you would if you could, and it is something to know that, but I go back with a heavy heart. Good morning, dear Jane; I hope you will never know what it is to want and suffer."

How handsome the new carpet looked as the sun streamed in on its wreathed flowers, its colors of fawn, and blue, and crimson, its soft velvety richness—and how very proud felt Jane at the lavish praises of her neighbors. It was a bargain too; she had saved thirty dollars in its purchase, and bought a pair of elegant vases for the window recess.

"I declare," said her husband, "this looks like comfort; but it spoils all my pleasure to think of poor Charley Somers. The poor fellow is dead!"

Jane give a sharp scream, and the flush faded from her face.

"Yes, that rascally J——! For the paltry sum of one hundred dollars, he arrested Charles, who ruptured a blood vessel, and lived scarcely an hour afterwards. You know he has been weak and ill this long time."

"And Mary!" issued from Jane's bloodless lips.

"She has a dead child, and they tell me her life is despaired of. Why on earth didn't she send for me? I could easily have spared the money for that purpose. If it had stripped me of the last dollar they should have had it. Poor fellow—poor Mary!

"And I might have saved it—*all!*" shrieked Jane, sinking upon her knees on the rich carpet. "Oh, Edward, will God forgive me for my heartlessness? Mary did call here, and, with tears, begged me to aid her—and I—I had the whole sum in my very hand—and coldly turned her away.—O, my God, forgive me, forgive me!"

In the very agony of grief, poor Jane would receive no comfort. In vain her husband strove to sooth her; she would not hear a word in extenuation of her selfish conduct.

"I shall never forget poor Mary's tears; I shall never forget her sad voice; they will haunt me to my dying day! O, take it away—that hateful carpet! I have purchased it with the death of my dearest friend! How could I be so cruel! I shall never be happy again, never—never!"

Years have passed since then, and Mary with her husband lie together under the green sod of the church yard. Jane has grey hairs mixed with the light brown of her tresses; but she lives in a home of splendor, and none know her but to bless her. There is a Mary, a gentle Mary in her household, dear to her as her own sweet children—she is the orphan child of those who have rested side by side for ten long years.

Edward is rich; but prosperity has not hardened his heart. His hand never tires of giving out bounty to the poor; and Jane is the guardian angel of the needy. The "New Carpet," long since old, is sacredly preserved as a memento of sorrowful but penitent hours; and many a weary heart owes to its silent influence the prosperity that has turned want's wilderness into an Eden of plenty.—*Selected.*

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty letters.
My 1, 2, 6, 11, 10 is an eatablished principle.
My 3, 20, 15, 5 is a part of the human body.
My 4, 17, 2, 22 is an article of domestic use.
My 7, 13, 21, 9 is an emblem.
My 8, 23, 2, 27 is a kind of color.
My 12, 14, 16, 5, 24 is an animal.
My 18, 26, 27 is a kind of color.
My 19, 25, 23, 8, 5 is used by merchants.
My 27, 28, 3, 5, 29, 30 is a number.
My whole is a common proverb.

North Bergen, N. Y., 1857. E. W. Hoyt.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BOTANICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of nineteen letters.
My 6, 11, 16, 14, 4 is an ornamental tree.
My 7, 17, 5, 5, 18, 14, 15 is a well-known garden esculent.
My 10, 2, 13, 1, 9, 12, 17, 5, 5, 15 is a very fragrant flower.
My 16, 8, 19, 17 is the flower of an ornamental shrub.
My 19, 9, 16, 16, 15, 7 is a common weed.
My 3, 11, 12, 13, 17, 16 is a plant and the root.
My 16, 18, 15 is a very bitter plant.
My 7, 15, 10, 9, 12 is a kind of fruit.
My whole is the name of a tropical plant.

Hartford, Wis., 1857. E. W. D.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

CHARADE.

My first and second are found in terror,
But are never found in fear;
My third is seen in every month,
Though it comes not in a year.

My fourth is always in fatigue,
But is never weary in the fight;
My fifth is always in the sun,
But still it ever flees from light.

My sixth is in the midst of the sea,
Though it never leaves the earth;
My whole is that unruly part
Which to many a tale gives birth.

Cross Creek, Pa., 1857. B. F. P.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PUZZLE.

Place the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 in such a position that when added up their product will be 80. They may be placed in any position whatever, so that all of them are included.

Sharon, Canada West, 1857. Albert C. Doan.

☞ Answer next week.

Answers to Enigmas, &c., in No. 402.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Train up a child in the way he should go.

Answer to Algebraical Problem:—Doctor's age 42; my age 21.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—The one with 20 eggs sold 1 dozen for 6 cents and had 8 left, which she sold for 3 cents each, thus $8 \times 3 = 24 \times 6$—equals 30 cents—the second sold 2 dozen at 6 cents per dozen, and 6 at 3 cents each—equaling 30 cents—the woman with 50 sold 4 dozen at 6 cts. per dozen, and 2 eggs at 3 cents each—equaling 30 cents.

Modesty is the appendage of sobriety and it is to chastity, to temperance, and to humility, as the fringes are to the garment.

Among the base, merit begets envy; among the noble, emulation.

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3rd—All the slices are of uniform thickness, and are carved in such a manner that they will not pack when drying.

4th—A girl of fifteen can pare and slice twenty bushels in a day.

5th—One sunny day will dry the fruit when cut by this machine.

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This plant being hermaphrodite, produces fruit without an impregnator, which is a great advantage over pistillate varieties. Plants put out this Fall will produce fine fruit next Spring and Summer.

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Columbus, Ga., August 1, 1857 397w6eow

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Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
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FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

THE TIMES AND ITS TEACHINGS.

IN times of commercial prosperity, when our merchants are "coining" money and living in affluence, when they build palaces instead of houses, employ armies of servants and ride in splendid carriages, when they are "clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day," and on account of this magnificent style of living are called "merchant princes;" then perhaps, the farmer, as he looks upon his toil-hardened hands, his slow accumulation, his humble dwelling, his carriage which answers the double purpose of carrying his wife and daughters to church and his grain to market, may feel a little discontented, repine at his hard lot, and envy those who with less apparent labor secure the lion's share of this world's luxuries.

When speculators are becoming suddenly wealthy by "lucky strikes," and "fortunate investments," when stories are told and read of scores who are thus made unexpectedly, rich much to the surprise of themselves and their friends, the farmer occasionally feels something like disgust at the plodding, slow and sure system by which he delves his dimes and dollars from the earth, and is half determined to throw by the plow and spade, leave the old turnpike where his fathers and friends have safely trod, and take a short cut for wealth, and the honors and luxuries that wealth ensures.

We are too apt to undervalue our own blessings and magnify those possessed by others, to magnify our own difficulties, and think too lightly of the trials of others. How true is it that "every heart knoweth its own bitterness." In our view of the glittering results of commercial speculators, we see not the anxious life-consuming cares, the sleepless nights—the sudden and embarrassing losses—the threatened ruin, to avert which, an *appearance* must be kept up, which only renders the final catastrophe more certain and crushing. These things, happily the farmer has never felt, and therefore cannot realize; and in times of commercial prosperity they are hidden beneath the surface; the bright and the pleasant being only apparent to the looker-on. At a time like the present, however, when every mail brings us fresh intelligence of broken banks, ruinously depreciated stocks and the failure of many of those who were regarded as among the most substantial and wealthy of our merchants, we see something of the dark side of commercial life. But, how little do these simple announcements by telegraph, that A. or B. has failed or assigned, give us of the true nature of the case—the melancholy results that follow—when the house and superb furniture, and carriage and horses, and library, and many things dear to the owner, are sold, and he has to seek for his family another and humbler abode, deserted by the friends of his prosperity and forgotten by those on whose gratitude he has especial claims. The earnings of a long life, on which he had trusted for his declining years are thus swept ruthlessly away, and happy is he if he escapes dark suspicions and cruel whisperings of dishonesty, which add to his bitter grief; and still happier, if amid this wreck of worldly hopes, he maintains an approving conscience.

The farmer, it is true, meets with losses—the wheat midge or the rust injures the wheat, the rot destroys his potatoes; some seasons are very dry and others excessively wet, and crops suffer—but these losses are only partial, and confined generally to one crop. The loss is one of anticipated profit and not of money expended, for under the most unfavorable circumstances, enough is raised usually to pay for the outlay of money and labor. Then the causes that injure his crops affect those of his neighbors also, and generally extend over a large district of country, and the natural consequence is an increase in price, which makes up to some extent, for the diminution in quantity. The loss may be inconvenient; indeed, it may be exceedingly annoying. It may prevent the prosecution of some cherished plan for underdraining, cause a delay of a year or two in building a new house or a larger barn, prevent the adding of "house to house and land to land," deprive the family of some desired luxuries; but it brings no crushing calamity that darkens a whole life, and destroys hope, causing the man, in his despair, to curse, like Job, the day in which he was born.

We have now before us a long winter, and the signs of the times are anything but favorable.—Failures and losses are occurring, and we fear are to continue for a season, and this will so check business that the mechanics and other workers of our cities and towns will lack employment, and consequently the means of earning a livelihood.—This is really the worst feature of the case. To all such, we say economise to the utmost possible extent, and save up the dollars for a rainy day. Provisions are abundant and cheap, and with proper industry and economy all may weather the storm in safety.

The farmer may well congratulate himself on the comforts and safety of his position. He may treasure up the useful lesson that "all is not gold that glitters," learn to be content with his lot, for though his gains are not rapid, they are generally sure, and though he meets with losses they are neither great nor embarrassing. With his crops all gathered, his stables, sheds and cellar secured from the cold and storms of winter—everything done that can be to secure the comfort of his extensive and miscellaneous family, he may enjoy himself by the winter's fire, regardless of the crash of banks or the ruin of corporations, and thank the Giver of all Good for the promise that seed time and harvest shall not fail.

WORK FOR THE MONTH.

OCTOBER, the first of the Fall months, is with us, and though the hurry and bustle of Harvest-time is over and the farmer is about to enter upon a period of comparative leisure, still, the peculiar condition known only by that class who have "nothing-to-do" has no claims on those whose business it is to cultivate the soil. There are labors upon the farm particularly adapted to each season, and though we may soon "lay down the shovel and the hoe," and the plow be permitted to indulge in a state of glorious inactivity—turning up its nose in idleness—yet loud calls will be made for the performance of certain specific duties—labors which ought to be closed up, before necessity actually makes the demand.

The crop of potatoes will need harvesting and storing. The first of these processes—where large crops are grown—is performed by running through the hills or rows, with either a shovel or skeleton plow, throwing up the tubers as much as possible, and by the aid of the harrow bringing them to the surface. Where the culture of this valuable esculent is gone into largely, their harvesting is, however, a minor consideration—expedition being the only end desired—but their storing is the object of paramount importance. We may remark that whatever plan is adopted for their keeping, they must be gathered, loaded and unloaded carefully, being free from bruise or abrasion, and should be put away with dry "jackets." If any are jammed or broken, decay soon commences—they infect those in contact, and thus the evil spreads—while damp potatoes quickly mould and their flavor is ruined.

When this crop is put away in a cellar a good plan is to spread them out thinly upon the floor, permitting them to remain thus as long as is convenient, and if any are predisposed to disease, it will soon become apparent. These should be selected from the mass and the remainder may be stored in bins, letting none but those that will probably keep sound come in contact. Bins three or four feet in depth, and sub-divided every few feet, will be found the best form. In these there is no great pressure upon the lower course—opportunities for inspection are readily afforded—and should over-hauling become necessary, it can be easily accomplished. A few inches of dry, clean straw, may cover potatoes stored in this manner with advantage—evaporation can go on very effectually—while, at the same time, the upper tiers will not be affected by too free exposure to air.—Dry sand is often used—being sifted above the bin until all interstices are filled—and such mode, it is claimed, will not only assist in keeping the roots in good preservation as regards disease, but also serves in retaining the freshness peculiar to them when taken from the field.

The severity of our winters does not allow an extensive following of the English mode of pitting—the climate of England will permit the removal of roots at almost any period of their inclement weather without injury—and our farmers should consider a good root cellar a desideratum upon their land. We have, heretofore, given a plan for the construction of this important receptacle of root crops, and now re-publish it, should any of our readers desire to build, and we doubt not they will soon find it one of the best paying investments they could make on the farm. Good substantial stone walls, well laid in the *best quality of mortar*, alone should be used. These walls should be carried above the soil two or three feet—the latter height will be best—the roof flat, constructed of strong boards covered with earth, and at its most elevated portion an opening—one that can be easily and effectually closed—should be made for ventilating purposes. The thickness of the wall will be governed by the size of the cellar, but it should never be less than fifteen inches. Every precaution should be used to prevent dampness, and a drain of small stones well set in cement will answer this purpose. The cellar ought to be rat proof and, on the outside, this end may be secured by letting the bottom stone of the wall project six or eight inches. A strong pair of stairs leading into the cellar should be built—if constructed in a side-hill these latter will not be needed. Finally, the entrance should be roomy—so that ingress and egress can be readily obtained—and the cellar itself will be all the better if not cramped in its proportions.

Many farmers, however, especially those upon new land, are not possessed of sufficient means to erect such a store house for their roots as we have described, neither have they the cellar room connected with their place of residence that would be necessary to hold an entire crop, and for them there is no other resource, but to place it in pits. To those who purpose placing their potatoes in the field we would hint that they should not be disposed in large masses; that *long trenches* rather than rounded pits are preferable. Placed either way, a drain—considerably below the base of the heap—should be constructed, so that the water from rain or melting snow will be carried off immediately. When the roots are arranged they should be thickly covered with dry straw, after the manner of laying shingles. If extreme cold has not set in it will be best to leave them thus, as sweating soon begins and the moisture can pass off rapidly in the process of evaporation. Close up with a *good covering of earth well laid on* as the the inclemency of the season may demand.

At the close of the month, carrots, ruta-bagas, and beets will require harvesting and storing. Be saving of these—they will give variety to the "bill of fare" presented to your stock during the tedious period when they must be confined at the barn, and aid materially in preventing an exhibition of stock "spring-poor," when fine weather re-visits us.

If a good side of bacon is a delight to your eyes, or you expect something that will stand by you and your help during next haying and harvesting, hurry up matters with the occupants of the pig pen. Keep their every want supplied—give sufficiency of food when needed, and in the best condition to assist you in gaining the desired object.

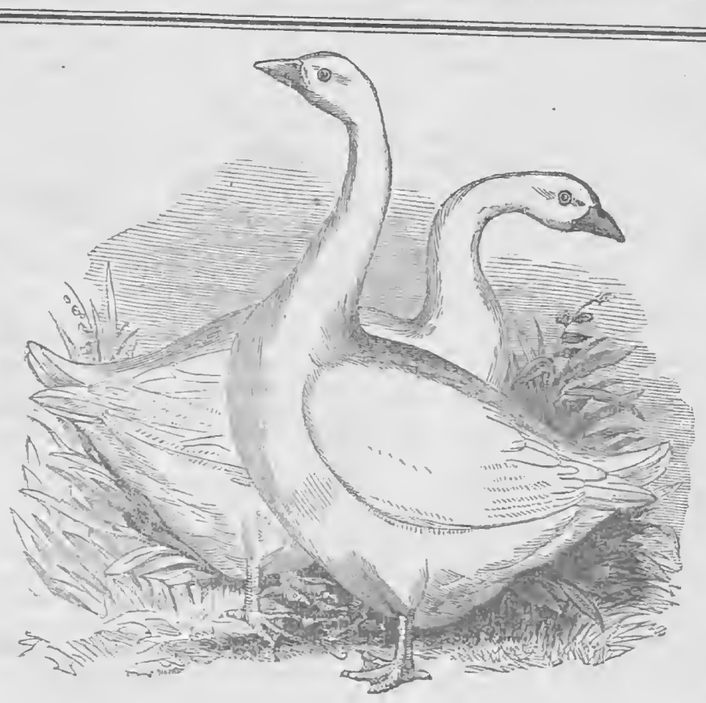
The wheat field wants a little attention and the wet places need to be relieved of their watery burden. Attend to this now, or else don't complain if here and there you should have a spot winter-killed. A thorough system of draining, we believe, would often remedy what is attributed to inclemencies of weather.

Do not let the buckwheat be exposed a single night after it is cured. The weather is like other doubtful things now-a-days—"very onsartin"—and a rain storm may dispel those visions of hot cakes and Sorghum syrup which now gives so much pleasure.

Prepare for blustering winds and driving snows. Spare moments can be spent in putting your own home and the home of your domestic animals in order. Use every endeavor to make things snug and comfortable. Such exertion will make people good-natured—a cold house, whatever its effects upon the corporeal system, is apt to rouse the passions—frigidity of body is oftentimes more than made up by warmth of temper.

Take care of the implements. As the period has now arrived when most of the tools will be uncalled for, they should be put carefully away, and this renders a tool-house necessary. Such a building ought to be dry and roomy, so that the farmer can work therein, repairing such as have been damaged or broken. Some farmers are guilty of exposing plows, cultivators, harrows, &c., to dampness, and then wonder that they do not meet the expectations as regards wear. "Rust is a viper that eats the farmer's purse," and we must guard against its attacks. If the farmer is lavish in the purchase of good implements, he ought to practice economy in their keeping.

A good opportunity is now presented to "fix up" generally. We are frequently told "that all is not gold that glitters;" (and our informant doubtless speaks the truth,) but, still there is a great deal in appearances. When we see a neat farm we cannot help linking the idea of one well tilled with it, and this latter is all reasonable people can expect, and all we desire to see. Where *one* is to be found, the *other*, you may rely upon it, is some place in the neighborhood.



EMBDEN OR BREMEN GEESE.

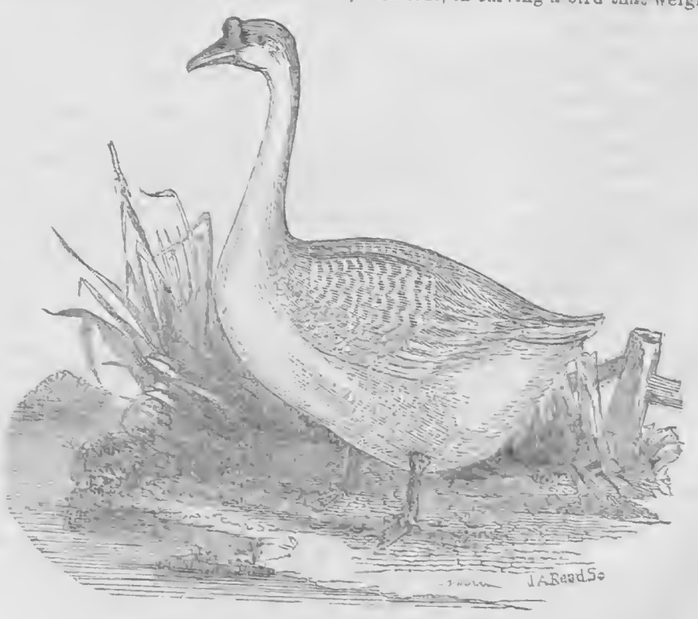
CHAPTER ON GEESE.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In the last number of the RURAL, I noticed names and prices of various kinds of fancy poultry &c., and among the list, BREMEN and CHINA GEESE. You would oblige, at least one reader, and I have no doubt many more, by giving a description of these birds and their qualities, as I have a good pond of water, and wish to get some of the best geese to be had, both for usefulness and beauty.

Ontario Co., N. Y., 1857. W.

THE EMBDEN OR BREMEN GEESE were first imported from Bremen in the year 1820, by Col. SAMUEL JAQUES, of Massachusetts, who has kept them on his farm near Boston until the present time.—In 1826, JAMES SISSON, of Warren, Rhode Island, hearing that a superior breed of geese was not uncommon in the North of Germany, and not knowing that they had been brought to this country, made another importation. They have been kept pure, and we have no hesitation in saying that for size, beauty, hardihood, quality of flesh, and desirable habits, the Bremen Geese, are the best of all the goose family. Beyond their great size, and the uniform clear white of their plumage, we are at a loss for any sign of a specific difference between these and the common goose. In figure they are alike, and the bill and legs are of the same brick-dust hue; the permanency of these advantages, however, (that we have just alluded to,) may justify our speaking of them as a sub-variety.

One of their great advantages is this, that all the feathers being perfectly white, their value, where many are kept, is far greater in the market than is ever the case with "mixed" feathers. In weight, too, these birds have great advantage over the common goose. All white poultry, again, are considered to "dress"—that is, to pluck, of a clearer and better appearance than colored birds.



THE WHITE CHINESE GOOSE.

The quality of the flesh of the Embden geese is equal in flavor to the famous Toulouse of France. The Embden is the earliest layer, and frequently rears two broods in one season, the young ones proving as hardy as any other. The Embden goose has prominent blue eyes, is remarkably strong in the neck, and the feathers, from near the shoulder to the head, are far more curled than is generally seen in other birds.

The quiet, domestic character of the Embden geese causes them to lay on flesh rapidly; they never stray from their home, the nearest pond and field satisfying their wants, and much of their time is spent in a state of quiet repose. SAMUEL JAQUES, JR., son of the original importer, thus describes the way in which his father first became aware of the existence of this variety, and other interesting facts concerning their habits, treatment, &c.:—"In the winter of 1820, a gentleman, a stranger, made a brief call at my father's house; and, in conversation, casually mentioned that, during his travels in the interior of Germany, he had noticed a pure white breed of geese of unusual size, whose weight, he supposed, would not much fall short of twenty-five pounds each, providing they were well-fed and managed. At that period a friend of my father's — the late Eben Rollins, of Boston—kept a correspondence with the house of Dallas & Co., in Bremen; and, at his request, Mr. Rollins ordered, through that firm and on my father's account, two ganders and four geese of the breed mentioned by the stranger gentleman. The geese arrived to order in Boston, in the month of October, 1821. Having had the breed in question sent him from Bremen, my father named them after that place; but English writers call this variety the 'Embden geese.'"

As quality of flesh, combined with weight, is a main consideration, I wish to mention, regarding the former, that the flesh of the Bremen (Embden) goose is very different from that of any of our domestic varieties. It does not partake of that dry character which belongs to the other and more common kinds, but is as tender and juicy as the flesh of a wild fowl; besides, it shrinks less in the process of cooking than that of any other fowl—Some of the keenest epicures have declared that the flesh of the Bremen (Embden) goose is equal, if not superior, to that of the Canvas-back duck. There is assuredly some comfort, not uncombined with ease, in carving a bird that weighs seventeen pounds, and taking a slice from the breast so long as to be obliged to cut it in two that one-half may cover no more than the width of a common dinner-plate.

The Embden goose inclines to commence laying at an earlier period than this northern latitude favors, which is in the latter part of February.—To give the young fair play, it is advisable that hatching should be finished before the first of June. The mode of prevention used by my father is as follows:

The whole of the breeding stock, male and female, are put into a dark room—say about the 20th

of February—and kept there until about the 10th day of April. When in durance they are well fed once a day with corn, and allowed sufficient water all along to drink. Once a week they are allowed to get out for one hour to wash themselves, and are then shut up again. While thus confined they lose the inclination to breed, and do not assume it while they are kept shut up; but in eight or ten days after they are set at liberty the disposition returns and they commence laying.

When first hatched, the goslings are of a very delicate and tender constitution. My father's general practice is to let them remain in the box in which they were hatched for twenty-four hours after they leave the shell; but he regulates this by the weather, which, if fair and warm, may tolerate the letting the goslings out an hour or two in the middle of the day, when they may wet their little bills, and nibble at the grass. They ought not to be out in the rain at any time during the first month. A shallow pool dug in the yard, with a bucket or two of water thrown into it, to suit the temporary purpose of bathing, is sufficient during the period named."

There are several v riet es of the Chinese geese, differing, however, principally in color. There is a *Gray* variety with a horny knob on the bill and forehead; its prevail ng color is gray with a deep brown stripe running down back of the neck.—The legs of this sort are red, and they are sometimes erroneously called the Poland Goose.

The *Black Legged Chinese Goose* has a knob somewhat like the gray, and usually with a white edging around it. The plumage of this goose is gray on the back, and darker—almost black—on the back side of the neck; front and under side of the neck lighter and tinged with a fawn color; wings and tail feathers dark and under side of body light gray. Feet, legs and bill dark slate color. The ganders are rather quarrelsome in their disposition, and it is difficult to keep two in the same flock. T o note of this bird is very loud and shrill, and they give an alarm suffi ient to awaken a whole family on the approach of an intruder, and on this account are as useful as a watch-dog. They have a fine, erect carriag . The principal objection to them i their habit of early laying, as they will often commence in the coldest weather of winter.

The *White Chinese Goose* is far the most beautiful and attractive; is larger in size, but not quite so erect in its carriage as the darker varieties. It is of pure and spotless white with a bright orange colored bill and a large orange colored knob at its base, and is beautiful either in or out of the water. They are prolific layers, but the eggs are of small size compared with the size of the bird. For the engravings accompanying this article, we are indebted to *Bement's Poulterer's Companion.*

EXPERIMENTS, AND THEIR TEACHINGS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Having learned some things from a few experiments recently made by myself, I am induced to write of them, in hopes that they may be not without profit to some of your many readers. I have headed my article Experiments, and their Teachings. The *first* lesson learned from the experiments referred to, was *the advantage of doing at once, what one is convinced ought to be done.*

To illustrate my meaning—a piece of ground had been cultivated for several years with great difficulty and expense, and little profit, it being specially liable to be greatly injured by either drouth or wet. The remark was many times made during these years that that piece of ground ought to be drained. Three years ago it *was* drained, and the result, in the appearance of the soil, in wet seasons and in dry, (for we have had both in that time,) and in the crops it produces, surprises all who had observed the land and its products in former years. How much better it would have been, had what it was known *ought* to have been done, *been* done ten years ago, or fifteen, it may be, rather than three.

The second lesson learned was *the advantage of doing things well.* This was shown in two experiments. Two years ago last spring I put out an Osage-Orange hedge. A portion of the ground was so stiff and poor, that in order to make it as nearly like the other as possible, it was trenched deeply, and thoroughly manured. The result has been each year since that that part of the hedge is altogether the best of the whole, while a portion of it, which was hurriedly done, with little or no manure, and only one spit deep, as the English gardeners say, is a failure—the plants living to be sure, but weak and worthless.

The other experiment teaching the same thing was with Strawberries. Some good Strawberries can be procured with almost any kind of culture, and indeed, as is not unfrequently the case in some parts of the country, with no culture at all; but if they are to be cultivated it pays best to do it well. A plot of ground, deeply dug and enriched at the bottom, continued to afford ample dividends on the investment for three years, and perhaps would have done so longer, but it was thought best to withdraw the stock and re-invest. Another plot dug one spit deep, and only moderately manured gave a tolerable crop the next year, and was condemned to be dug under the year after.

The third lesson was the advantage of doing things *right.* You advised us Mr. Editor, last spring, to sow onions in a hot-bed and transplant. You gave us the *modus operandi* by which you assured us from personal knowledge we should get a good crop. The bed planted by me was well worked and tilled. But for the sake of other plants in the hot-bed, I did not give the onion plants so much air as you recommended, and I moreover put them out several days earlier, which, as the season has been, was altogether too early. The result has been, though all the plants lived, or nearly all, a total failure of a crop, the product being small and worthless.

The same lesson was taught in experiments with grape vines. There is a right way to trim and arrange them upon the trellises, so as to occupy the whole trellise with strong fresh wood, and yet have no part crowded. There are wrong ways enough of attempting to manage grape vines. As in all other cases, the right way is infinitely best. I am aware, Mr. Editor, that these are all old lessons, but in Agriculture, as in regard to every other good thing, old truths must be repeated, again and again. The world are then full slow to learn. H.

Hudson, Ohio, Sept., 1857.

SORGHUMANIA,

SOME OTHER THINGS AND THE SORGHUM.

EDS. RURAL:—In reply to sundry thrusts at the climate of "Old Steuben," allow me to say that up to this 26th day of Sept. we have had no frost to injure vegetation. Even the much talked of Sugar Cane "still lives," and now has "full panicles of bright seed bursting the upper joint" of *some* of the stalks. Great as our "altitude" is, Indian corn is ripe, and Lima beans are in full perfection; but alas for the Sorghum! With continuous warm weather it will hardly perfect its seed before the *finale* of that momentous "crisis" which politicians already begin to talk about.

As *experiments* are in order just now, I must tell you mine. With a common pocket knife I whittled off the hard outer rim from a piece of stalk some 12 inches in length, the pith of which, pressed upon a smooth board with my wife's rolling pin, yielded about one table spoonful of the "clear quill." How much "*very*" thick syrup that would have made, could have been accurately ascertained by boiling.

How to express the juice from the cane is just now *the* question. From all quarters comes the importunate cry. Be patient all, and rest assured the *sale* of *crushers* is a *part of the speculation.*—Any quantity of them will be offered and advertised in the market *cheap*, at $40 to $60 each. This whole thing is evidently to have a *a real shanghai run!* There is no stopping it. Speculators decree it, the people want some fun, and will *pay the bill.* Possibly the more timid will wait and buy crushers, evaporators, &c., at second hand. There will doubtless be lots of old wares to be had at any price in a year or two. Meanwhile, would it not be well to try *tapping*, after the manner of the sugar maple, when, if this juice of fabulous sweetness shall find the holes and run, it will be well to attend sharply to the boiling.

Seriously, why need we make fools of ourselves? When we can successfully and profitably grow silk in New York, or sweet potatoes that *are* sweet in Canada, or tea in Carolina, it will be in time to be all awake to the cultivation of sugar cane in latitudes where the Arctic King reigns supreme one-half of the year. You may boast of stalks 14 feet in height—may even mature seed in more favored localities—may get so many drops or so many quarts of syrup from a given number of canes,—but those who expect to reverse natural laws and make the frost king answer the place of the "king of day," will find in the end it is *no go.* The cereal in question belongs to a warm climate, and no prophetic ken is needed to foretell the result of efforts to introduce its cultivation in high latitudes. Be careful, friends, about investing money in cane crushers. W. B. P.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1857.

CORN STALKS vs. SORGHUM.

EDS. RURAL:—Yesterday I cut up the corn growing on *one square rod* of ground, husked off it one bushel ears, took away the blades and tassels from the stalks, and run them twice through a wooden crusher, whence exuded some four gallons of clear, sweet juice, from which I succeeded in making half a gallon of beautifully clear molasses of excellent quality—a sample of which I send you.

This is my fourth experiment, in each of which there was a like result as to *quantity;* as to *quality*, the *last* is the best. The *process* of manufacturing is *simple*, but most arbitrary, and when strictly followed success is certain every time. And to make it profitable, cultivate one acre of the *Stowell Sweet Corn*, the kind I used, and the following *results*, or even greater, may be realized:

1. One hundred and sixty bushels of ears, worth in any city market $80.

2. An amount of excellent fodder for stock, equivalent to two tuns of good hay, worth $20.

3. The stalks would then yield some 640 gallons of juice, or 80 gallons of molasses, worth at least $40—making in all $140; while the cost of manufacturing the molasses from the *stalks* is at least 33 per cent. *less* than it would be to make the same quantity from the sugar maple.

In view of the above calculations, which, by the by, have been fully realized on a small scale in my several experiments, I am almost persuaded that, for this latitude, the *corn* is more valuable for the manufacture of molasses than the *Sorghum.* I would like to have others try it.

A cheap wooden mill, *made and worked* precisely like any old-fashioned *cider mill*, only having the grinders *smooth* and not *fluted*, is all that is necessary for pressing out the juice from the stalks. The same kind of mill is equally complete for crushing the juice out of the Sorghum, and can be built by any carpenter for less than $30.

Gaines, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1857. D. J. B. HOYT.

SORGHUM MOLASSES, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—Herewith please find sample of syrup made from the Chinese Sugar Cane, being a part of two gallons made from 185 stalks. The cane in this vicinity will average twelve feet in height, while that from which this syrup was made did not average more than nine feet. The hills were two feet apart one way, and three the other, averaging five stalks to the hill. At this rate, an acre would yield over twenty-five thousand stalks, which would make between two hundred and fifty and three hundred gallons of molasses.

I see that some of the papers recommend crushing the cane with common cider mills. This cannot but be poor policy, since the results would be very imperfect and unsatisfactory, and many would be apt to judge the real merits of the cane by these results. Most of our cider mills will not express one-half of the juice the cane contains.

We had the first frost of the season last night, but the corn is so far advanced that little or no injury will be done. H. C. GREY.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Sept. 23, 1857.

THE SORGHUM.—One of our citizens communicates the following:—"Persons raising the Chinese Sugar Cane, or *Sorgho Sucre*, should understand that the more matured the plant, the sweeter and stronger the juice. There will be no necessity for cutting it until you are ready to grind it. If cut green it has an unpleasant corn-stalk taste, and will be too brittle to grind well. For the information of those who have raised cane in this vicinity, I would add that there is at least one mill ready to be put in operation as soon as the cane is ready—and any person having any quantity, let it be ever so small, can have it ground. Timely notice will be given when and where the mill will be put in operation.—B."

CROPS IN LEWIS COUNTY.

EDS. RURAL:—Having recently taken a tour through this County, (Lewis,) I will, by your consent, give the result of my observations and inquiries respecting the crops, &c., through the RURAL.

Wheat.—Although by proper management we can grow fair crops, and though the ravages of the midge are comparatively trifling, yet there is not half enough raised to supply our own consumption. The crop this season is pretty good, and has been secured in good condition.

Oats—Were never better. The present dry weather affords a favorable opportunity for securing them.

Corn—In some instances is being harvested and is generally good.

Grass—To the joy of our farmers, as it is their most important crop, is first rate.

Potatoes.—Much complaint of the rot. Some fields will, no doubt, be hardly worth digging.

Rye.—The growth of this is mostly confined to the eastern tier of townships. It is excellent.

Butter and Cheese.—By reason of an abundance of rain, pastures have been better this season than usual, and the weather having been cool withal, an unusually large amount will be made, especially of the former, and of a superior quality.

Fruit.—We have a poor variety, and an insufficient supply at the best; but this season there will be far less than common.

Canada Thistles.—Judging from the acres which I saw of them, I almost came to the conclusion that they are one of the staple productions. They are doing a flourishing business indeed. In passing a certain farm, the highway was literally crowded with them. True there was a passage through, but it was so narrow that, unless one were an adept in "toeing the mark," it would be difficult for him to walk in it. Really, the operation of "turning out," when teams meet there, must be extremely disagreeable to the poor animals which perform the task, by reason of the thousand miniature darts which goad them at every move.

These thistles were allowed to ripen, as they no doubt have been heretofore; and the result of this shameful neglect was wofully apparent in the adjoining fields. First was a field that had been *intended* for a meadow; but the thistles entirely predominated. Next was a field of wheat so overrun that no attempt will be made at harvesting.—But the saddest of all was to see the pure air dotted with thousands of winged gems,—each a plague in embryo,—floating on a mission of woe to the inhabitants of the earth. Such negligence should be punished as a crime.

The RURAL is doing well here, wherever it has taken root. It proves itself a perennial—perfectly hardy. Its *leaves* when thoroughly digested, have a striking tendency to enliven the intellectatoring the mind with useful knowledge. If I mistake not it is destined to become one of the indispensables of every family in Lewis.

Greig, N. Y., 1857. WM. ABBEY.

IOWA--SOIL, CROPS, &c.

MR. MOORE:—As I have lately been quite interested in the perusal of your paper, I have thought that a few lines from me concerning the soil, crops, &c., of the State of Iowa might be no less interesting to some of your numerous readers.

The soil through the interior of Iowa is of a black loam, from two to four feet deep, entirely free from stone, and well adapted to corn growing, which is our principal crop. Corn stalks have been known to grow fourteen feet high, although the average height is about nine or ten feet. It is nothing uncommon to see ears of corn growing six or seven feet from the ground. Our crop generally will average fifty bushels per acre. That may appear to be a small yield, but I suppose you are aware that there is no such thing as hoeing corn in this country; we only plow it, or cultivate it, from one to three times. The entire expense of raising corn here is estimated at $3 per acre, exclusive of gathering; the rent of the land is considered worth $3 more, making the whole expense $6. Corn sells readily for $10 per acre on the stalk, or twenty-five cents per bushel when harvested.

This is also quite a wheat growing country, although it is not thought to pay as well as corn.—Our crop this year will average about twenty bushels per acre; price, fifty cents per bushel. Oats pay equally as well as wheat, although it is not considered profitable to raise small grain, in consequence of the farmers as yet not having barns, and hence sustaining great loss in threshing, storing, &c.

When we consider the rapid growth that the State of Iowa has made within so short a time, who can doubt but that she will some day be one of the wealthiest States in the Union? About twenty-five years ago MR. LECLAIR, now residing in Davenport, came to this country, he being the first white man that ever crossed the Mississippi. At that time nothing but the whoop of the savage and the roar of wild beasts were to be heard, and were not unlike in point of civilization. How different the State of things at the present time! To be sure the same streams flow at our feet, the same sky is over our heads, but all else how changed.—The plowman's song, the engine's whistle, the hum of machinery—all unite to cheer the traveler on his way, and convince us that we live in an age of improvement and civilization.

Poweshiek Co., Iowa, Sept., 1857. WM. H. WOOD.

STONE WALLS FOR OUT-HOUSES.

THE *best* way to build walls under out houses is to first dig a ditch 18 or 20 inches deep, and commence laying the stone in lime mortar at the bottom. The second best is to place the stone in the ditch a tier at a time, and fill the spaces well with leached ashes to the top of the ground. The third best is to lay the stone in the ditch and fill the spaces with dirt. The fourth best is to throw stone in loose, so as to allow the frosty air to drive down through the spaces to the bottom and freeze the ground under the wall, so as to heave the wall and rack it about, as the most of them appear in the country—in a tumble-down condition.—OLD GARDENER, *Sept.*, 1857.

He who is wise will prepare for winter before cold winds and driving snow indicate its advent.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE WEATHER—CROPS.—With the exception of two or three days during the Equinoctial Storm (which reached its height about the 20th ult., in this region) the weather of the past month has been exceedingly favorable. The Corn crop of the whole country is probably out of danger—having nearly matured without any serious injury from frost. The weather of the past week has been warm and pleasant for the season—unusually favorable for ripening Corn, Grapes, &c. Indeed, up to this date, (Sept. 29,) we have had nothing more damaging than white frosts, and the Fall weather has thus far been mostly fine for out-door operations. Considering the backward Spring and comparatively unfavorable Summer, we are constrained to congratulate the farmers throughout the country upon the general abundance of their crops, and the present favorable season.

—The N. Y. *Tribune* of Monday thus speaks of the Corn and other crops:—"The Corn crop of the whole country is virtually safe. Perhaps a hundredth part of it has been injured by early frosts in the deep valleys of the Middle and Northern States, but the loss is not material. In opposition to the tenor of our letters of advice, we consider the general yield a moderate one. The Summer was wet throughout the old States, and there will be a smaller proportion of grain to stalk than in dry seasons. We do not believe the crop of this State will average twenty-five bushels to the planted acre, while a majority of the fields will range under twenty bushels. Still the yield of Grass has been so large, and that of Rye, Oats, and Roots (Potatoes excepted) is so good, that the aggregate product of the year must be a full average, while that of New-England must be excellent. The Southern and Middle States have also been prospered, though Cotton is still backward and Sugar (from Cane) is likely to fall short of early expectations. Texas has suffered severely from drouth; so has Kansas, and some other portions of the West. Michigan has, all in all, by far the best harvest she has realized within the last four years. Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota have at least fair crops. On the whole, except in Fruit, which is deficient in quantity and poor in quality, the labors of our husbandmen have been fairly rewarded this year. How their produce is to be sold, is still a question."

SORGHUM AND SWEET CORN MOLASSES.—We have received from Mr. H. C. GREY, of Fort Wayne, Ind., a sample of syrup from the Sorghum or Chinese Sugar Cane—and from Mr. D. J. B. HOYT, of Gaines, N. Y., molasses made from the stalks of Stowell's Evergreen Corn. We give the remarks of these gentlemen in preceding column. Both samples are very sweet and of fine flavor. We think the Sorghum syrup a trifle the sweetest, tho' not so clear as that from the Sweet Corn—owing perhaps to the fact that the former was (apparently) burned in boiling. Either is better than the syrup ordinarily sold by our grocers. The samples furnish positive proof that good syrup can be obtained from both Sorghum and Sweet Corn stalks grown at the North, but how profitably and extensively remains to be determined. To those who have thus constituted us a "tasting committee," we respond, "Thanks, *sweet* friends."

THE MONROE COUNTY FAIR—held on the Society's Grounds, near this city, on the 21st, 22d and 23d ult.—was very creditable in most departments, and largely attended. The unfavorable weather—especially on the second day, which was cold, rainy, and altogether unpropitious—no doubt precluded many from attending, and affected several departments of the exhibition. The receipts were upwards of $2,000—much greater than was anticipated under the circumstances. The address by the President, Mr. HODGES, was able and appropriate. It was followed by an excellent and well-timed address by Maj. PATRICK, Ex-President of the Jefferson Co. Ag. Society—one of the happiest efforts we ever heard on any similar occasion.

—The Award of Premiums, &c., will be found in local county papers.

GRAIN IN KENTUCKY.—The St. Louis *Intelligencer* says that the Kentucky farmers are much perplexed to know what to do with their immense crops of grain, the present year; and that there is great demand for money in that State, the object being to go to Missouri to buy up mules and such other stock as may be driven to Kentucky, to feed their surplus to. The partial failure of the grain and grass crops in many parts of Missouri renders it convenient for Missouri farmers to dispose of some of their stock; and it thus happens that the abundance of one State to a great extent relieves the shortcomings of another.

A GOOD IDEA.—The DeKalb county (Ind.) Agricultural Society, this year offers premiums for the best, the second best and the third best worked roads in any supervisor's district in the county.—A more excellent plan for the improvement of roads could not be devised. The centre of a road twenty feet wide should be three feet higher than the sides, and its surface should describe a perfect arc of a circle. When a road is once well formed, very little labor is afterwards required to keep it in repair.

THE CROPS IN SOUTHERN MICHIGAN, as in most other sections of the West, are very fine and abundant. A letter just received from Mr. J. W. PIERCE, of Hillsdale Co., says:—"The crops in this vicinity are excellent. Wheat yields more than an average. Corn, though late, is a good crop.—Oats are not raised very extensively, though where sown are good. Potatoes are doing finely, there being no signs of the rot. I was conversing with a farmer from St. Joseph Co. a short time since, and he informed me that he had fifty acres of potatoes growing for the Chicago market."

THE NEXT PROVINCIAL SHOW.—A powerful effort is being made to have Guelph selected as the place for holding the Provincial Show for 1858. Toronto has already made a bid of £1,250; but Guelph is expected to over-reach that amount, £1,800 being the sum named. The Hamilton Spectator says, "We admire the spirit of the people of Guelph, but they must take care that they do not pay too dear for the whistle."

HUNGARIAN GRASS.—A few weeks since the New York *Tribune* denounced this grass as a humbug, and called it "millet of the very poorest kind." The *Tribune* formed its judgment after an examination of a specimen furnished by gentlemen of New York city. Many of the Western papers battle the decision, and claim a great deal, to say the least, for this new forage crop. The Pella *Gazette*, of Marion Co., Iowa, says:—"We don't know anything about millet. And we don't know whether the specimen furnished to the Tribune is similar to that raised in Iowa, or not. But this we do know, that an abundance of intelligent people who are acquainted with millet, assure us positively that the grass grown here under the name of Hungarian grass, is not millet. It has a different shaped head. The seeds are of different shape.—The color of the head, the stalk, and the seed is different, the seed of the Hungarian grass being of more colors than one. Besides, it came from Europe, being introduced here by the Hungarian Colony, from their native country. It is similar to millet, it is true, and is, perhaps, a species of it.—As to its being a humbug, that it certainly is not, for there is no grass in Iowa which is so readily consumed by stock, or that furnishes so much and so valuable fodder for the same outlay. That is enough to redeem it from any such charge, and to establish its importance. But we can say more; it is safe, we think, to say that there is not now standing upon the soil of Iowa so profitable a crop as the Hungarian grass."

—We have an article from a correspondent residing in Albia, Monroe Co., Iowa, more fully describing this grass and its capabilities, which will probably be given in our next.

THE ILLINOIS STATE FAIR, held last week, was very successful. A friend who was present, and has promised us some notes, writes that "it was a glorious success—a good time," &c.

The Young Ruralist.

LETTERS FROM THE BOYS.

WE continue our extracts from the letters received from our young friends. All seem very anxious to have the new paper commence, and we have a very great disposition to accommodate them. To the young folks we will just whisper a little advice: make your letters *practical*, that is, tell us what you know from your practice and experience, and such things as may be applied to good use, or give us the experience of others, which you have observed. Tell us what you see and think and feel. We have published, you know, extracts from a good many letters, that did not contain anything new or interesting, but we wanted to encourage even the youngest to think, and write, and improve. A young gentleman at New Castle, Penn., writes thus:

"I see the Young Ruralist is raising great emulation among the young folks of our land, as affording them a medium through which they can express their views, and give their experience on the various occupations in which they are engaged, such as *chicken* raising, merchandizing, agriculture, &c. Now, as I live away in the Western part of the old "Keystone State," I would like to have a word to say, for I have been a farmer nearly all my life. We have just finished gathering in the rich, golden harvest which Providence has so bountifully bestowed on our country. I am pleased that you have some notion of starting a paper expressly for the boys, it is just what we need, and I hope all young folks will co-operate with you in this great enterprise."

A young farmer in Cayuga county, seems to have an eye to what is going on around him. He "talks like a book."—"I live on the farm of Mr. A., and like farming very well, when it is done as it should be. But you know, Mr. Editor, and I know that fifty acres of land, well taken care of, will produce more than a hundred neglected. Mr. A. has a farm of nearly two hundred acres, and in the spring he puts in a good deal of grain, roots, &c., but don't have half hands enough to do the work, and so the crops are suffered to be overrun with weeds, and he don't get half a crop, and the weeds go to seed, and the ground is covered with them. So, next year, it makes pretty hard digging to destroy them. Tall weeds may be seen in every corn and potato field, growing higher than my head. The weeds, too, are all along the fences and the road. Now, would you not call Mr. A., a poor farmer? Would it not pay to make clean work, destroy all the weeds, no matter what it cost, for a year or two, until all the seed was out of the ground?" To be sure it would pay. Weeds the poorest crop a farmer can raise. There are but few farmers so rich that they can afford to do it.

——Next we have a letter from a wide-awake boy "away down east" in Portland, Maine:

EDS. RURAL:—Through the kindness of a friend in Rochester, I have perused your good paper for some time, and have been much interested in the 'Boys' Corner," and I don't know about letting the New York and Western boys take up all of the "Corner," but hailing, as I do, from "*Down East*," way down in Maine—where the New York boys think the bears come from, (for I was born in New York,) perhaps cannot produce anything to interest your metropolitan readers. Though not many of our boys have been brought up in the country, we look forward with joyous anticipations to our vacations, for a good time in the fields.—In one of your numbers you spoke of having a small paper, devoted wholly to the boys and girls of the cities and country. Why not—why can't we have one? I'm sure it would be supported, and I'll promise you some "Down East" subscribers to begin with, if that will be any inducement.

DOWN EAST.

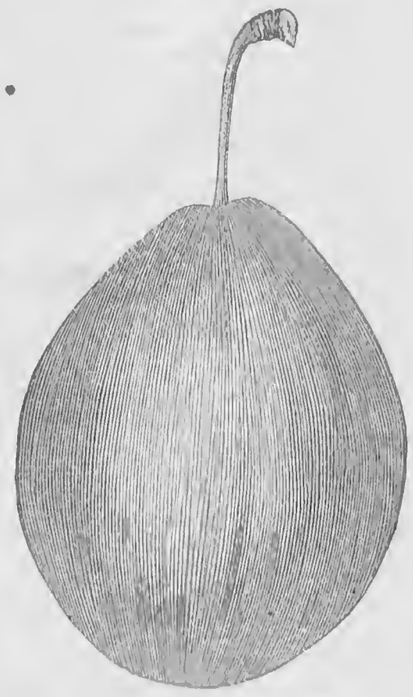
TRANSPLANTING MAPLES.—I wish to know, through your excellent journal, if the Sugar Maple can be transplanted equally as well in autumn as in spring? If so, the proper time?—YOUNG RURALIST, *Camden, N. Y.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—Just as well in the fall as the spring. Deciduous trees, that is, trees whose leaves fall at the coming of winter, may be transplanted any time from the commencement of the falling of the leaves, in autumn, until they start again in the spring of the year.

The Orchard and Garden.

POND'S SEEDLING PLUM.

No fruit exhibited at the late meeting of the Fruit Growers of Western New York attracted more attention than a most beautiful dish of *Pond's Seedling Plums*, shown by ELLWANGER & BARRY. Many could hardly believe them to be be natural fruit, and some even went so far as to express the opinion that they were a very good imitation. We have, therefore, taken an en-



graving of this plum, the exact size of a medium specimen, from which the drawing was made. There were many very much larger. The skin is thick, of a beautiful bright reddish violet color, and covered with a bloom, which gives it a very delicate and waxy appearance. The flesh is yellow, a little coarse, like most of the large plums, but abounding in a sugary juice, and very pleasant, but not rich. The tree grows vigorously.

NEW EARLY GRAPES.

WHAT we have long needed, and much desired, is some varieties of grapes, as good as that old favorite sort, the Isabella, and several weeks earlier, so that it would be sure to ripen here in all seasons, in other than favored aspects, and in sections of our country further north, where the summers are not so warm nor so long as here.—This desire seems now about to be gratified. The *Delaware*, a beautiful, sweet, fine flavored grape, was shown by CHAS. DOWNING, at the meeting of the Fruit Growers, on the 18th ult., perfectly ripe, and sweet, as any one could wish. Mr. D. informed us that the Isabellas in the same situations had only begun to color. Fine clusters of the *Rebecca*, a fine white grape with a shade of amber, was also exhibited at the same time. These did not appear to be fully ripe, though they were sweet and fine flavored, and we have no doubt a week more would have made them excellent. Both these varieties are represented to have withstood cold that materially injured the Isabella. We recommend these varieties with confidence. The plants are now scarce and dear, but in a year or two we hope to see them so cheap as to be within the reach of every lover of good fruit.

TO RENOVATE AN OLD ORCHARD.

MESSRS. EDS.:—I wish to inquire through the RURAL, how to manage an orchard of apple trees. My trees have been set out about twenty years, and the ground has been plowed occasionally, but the most of the time has been mowed. The trees, some of them, are dying, and the most of them are unthrifty. Now what shall be done to save them from decay—when is the best time to trim apple trees, and how can manure be applied to the best advantage? Is pasturing better than mowing an orchard?—YOUNG FARMER, *Plymouth, N. Y.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—Your trees, very likely need a careful pruning. The trunks should be washed, and if rough and mossy, scraped. Then give the whole ground a thorough manuring, with well-rotted stable manure, and if you were to add some ashes and broken bones, it would be all the better. Then plow it under, and spade around the trees where the plow cannot reach. This might be done in the fall or spring, to suit convenience, though the best time for pruning and washing the trees would be about the first of March. Next summer, cultivate the soil so that no weeds can grow, and to keep the soil well pulverized. Any trees that are badly decayed or dying, replace with young ones. This is the course we would adopt, and we have no doubt one season will show a great improvement in your trees. Pasturing would be better for the land than mowing, where the trees were so large that they would not be injured by cattle.—Both is bad for a young orchard. Young trees are benefitted as much by cultivation as any crop.

STRAWBERRIES WITHOUT RUNNERS.

EDS. RURAL:—I am very anxious to know if you can inform me, as well as many others, if a kind of strawberry can be obtained that is free from runners—one that will bear *good large fruit*, as do many other kinds. I set—two years since—eight different varieties, and have found so much labor in trying to keep them within bounds, that I have nearly exhausted my patience. By answering these questions, you will oblige—A. W. ROBINSON, *Binghamton, N. Y.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—The Bush Alpines are the only varieties without runners, and they are a beautiful *little* berry, of most exquisite flavor, and bear all the summer, almost. At the last meeting of the Fruit Growers' Association, on the 18th of September, we saw a dish of White, and another of the Red Alpine. It is very little trouble to dig under or hoe up the runners of a new bed, but when the weeds and runners become matted together, it is best to dig the whole bed up and start a new one.

FRUIT IN EASTERN NEW YORK.

APPLES, cherries and plums are nearly a total failure; the "oldest inhabitant" does not recollect a season when there was less in this section of the State. More than all, the trees themselves are badly injured by the unusual severity of the two past winters. The cherry trees blossomed in a promising manner, but in a few weeks the leaves of many began to shrivel, and soon presented the appearance of having been scorched by fire; in some the whole head of the tree, but in most cases the mischief spread irregularly in various parts of the branches, and thousands are entirely dead.—The language of one of your correspondents applies here:—"We had only quarts where last season we had bushels of cherries." One thing, however, is apparent—that the common field cherry trees are injured as much or more than the better kinds of garden varieties—establishing the fact that the latter are quite as hardy as those that grow in the hedge rows. Cherry trees cost but little when young, grow quick, and by planting *two* for every *one* lost, we can insure a constant supply of this desirable fruit. We may expect more moderate winters in future; so if we plant the trees next spring, we may realize *much* from them before they will be again frozen.

Apple trees look sorry, and it is rare that a tree is seen full of apples; what there is are poor, gnarly, and nearly worthless. An orchard cannot be found in this or Dutchess county, we think, that will yield a full crop of apples; the foliage is yellow and looks sickly, the trees make scarcely any growth, and Nature seems to be making a desperate effort to keep them alive,—the past wet and favorable season has revived them very much, and I believe that most young orchards will be in a condition to yield full crops next year.

From some cause not rightly understood, apple orchards have become very unproductive of late years. About the first of June a kind of mildew comes on the leaves of some kinds, and checks the growth of the tree. If there be fruit on, *it* attacks *that*, producing the same deformity often seen on the Virgalieu pear; by the first of July many of the leaves turn yellow and fall. Those that drop are nearly full grown, and from the interior of the tree. *This* disease is not *new* to me; I saw it on the Pippin more than 20 years ago, and it has since gradually become more prevalent, attacking the early Harvest, the Spitzenberg, and some other kinds. Under good or bad treatment the result is the same.

Another serious evil is the apple borer. This insect has been widely disseminated by some careless nurserymen, and is silently working ruin to hundreds of orchards; in many cases the owner is not even aware of its existence.

Pear trees, contrary to the expectation of many, have received little or no injury from the extentensive cold of last winter. They are in a thriving condition, and those who have planted the Bartlett, Bloodgood, Dearborn Seedling and Flemish Beauty, and such like pears, have the satisfaction of seeing their trees bending with fruit. I have a lot of trees that formerly produced nothing but rusty, cracked Virgalieus. Three years ago they were grafted with Bartletts, now they are well laden with superb fruit. Some have from two to three bushels each. If any one has pear trees that are barren, or bear a poor quality of fruit, let me suggest that he do likewise, and in a few years he will reap a rich reward.

Grapes promise well, just begin to color, are about 10 days behind time, and if not cut off by an early frost will be an abundant crop. I have a vineyard of about 2,000 bearing vines, of which I may speak some other time.

The RURAL is steadily increasing in circulation and popularity. Previous to 1857, it was almost unknown here; *now*, there are about 20 subscribers in this, the smallest town in the Union. Much credit is due our worthy post-master, who loses no opportunity of pointing out its merits to an appreciating public. To any one desirous of beautifying and improving his *home*, the horticultural department alone, is worth *many times* the cost of the paper.

Germantown, Col. Co., N. Y., Sept. 6, 1857. W. T.

PRODUCE OF AN ACRE IN GRAPES.

EDS. RURAL:—The question having often been asked "How many pounds will an acre of grapes produce," I will attempt to reply by giving the amount produced by one acre for the last six years, including the present year, at the lowest estimate that can be put upon it:

1852,	1,000 lbs.
1853,	6,000 "
1854,	12,000 "
1855,	1,000 "
1856,	6,500 "
1857,	7,000 "

I suppose that the last five years may be considered a fair sample of any other five years, as it has produced both the largest and the smallest crops that can well be raised on the same amount of land. It will be perceived that the crop has averaged very nearly 6,000 lbs. each year, the surplus one year being balanced by the deficiency the next. We will, therefore, assume that as the basis of our calculation. No *good* grapes need now be sold for less than fifteen cents per pound at home, when well prepared for market, and at that price, 6,000 lbs. will bring $900. The expenses of the only year in which we have hired, was two and a half cents per lb. when prepared for market, but as that was the year when we had 12,000 lbs., the cost per lb. was, of course less than usual. I consider three cents as the usual cost. This, of course, includes only the manual labor and interest on investment, as we oversee and do all the business and assume all the care ourselves, and take the profits as *our* pay.

While we often meet with obstacles, in the way of insects and mildew &c., we find no serious ones except from the lawlessness of both day and nocturnal visitors. The last are, of course, subject to no law but that of force, but the former cause us much trouble by their thoughtlessness in handling and frequently picking the choicest specimens.—On this subject, an enlightened public opinion is my only hope—of course. H. F. M'KAY.

Naples, Ontario Co., N. Y., 1857.

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS, such as Tulips, Hyacinths, Crocuses, Lilies, &c., should be planted as soon as possible. See advertisements in this No.

THE CHURCH PEAR.

EDS. RURAL:—I am a little surprised to find by your paper, of the 12th ult., that so acute an observer, and so accomplished a connoisseur as our friend, L. E. BERCKMANS, should be found at fault in regard to the so-called "Church Pear." It, however, only serves to prove that our connoisseurs of *modern varieties* are not equally conversant regarding the *ancient varieties*, and that they began their study of this fruit, with VAN MONS, without first studying the initiatory developments from the time of DE LA QUINTINYE, EVELYN, AIKE ROSIER, LANGLEY, MILLER, DUHAMEL, FORSYTH, and POITEAU, down to the advent of VAN MONS. The "Church Pear," so called, far from being a new seedling as Mr. B. insists, is one of the oldest with which I have been familiarly conversant from very childhood. It was brought from France by Col. PLATT, of this town, and presented to my father, and for lack of a name, it was called "Platt's Bergamot," and has so figured in the Catalogues during that period. It has also been called Carl's Autumn Bergamot, and in some parts of Connecticut is called "Clark Pear."

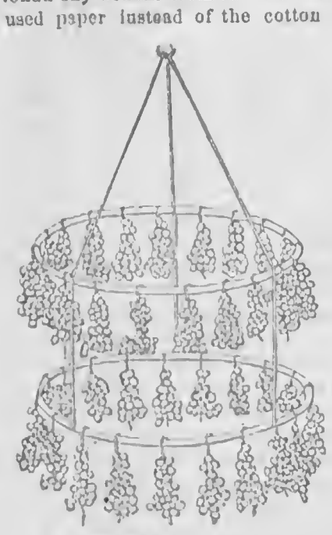
The original tree was growing on the property formerly belonging to Col. PLATT—now subdivided — and is probably standing there now. Another old variety of pear from New Rochelle was exhibited last autumn under a new name, at the same time as the one I have specially referred to. We have a sufficient number of pear varieties in all conscience, without rechristening the old ones.

Flushing, N. Y., 1857. W. R. PRINCE.

SAVING GRAPES FOR WINTER.

EDS. RURAL:—You often publish notes of your correspondents' method of cooking various kinds of vegetables. I should like to have you give a short note of the best method within your knowledge of preserving grapes for winter use; in so doing you will oblige your friend and some thousand of your subscribers, as this is near the time of grape ripening.—E. HOWLAND, *Mechanicville, Sept. 21*, 1857.

REMARKS.—It is with great pleasure we answer the above from an old and respected friend. Our usual course is to pick the grapes on a dry day when fully ripe, and after laying down some old newspapers on the floor of an unoccupied room, lay the bunches down carefully so as not to bruise any berries. After they have lain a day or two we examine each cluster, as we have leisure, picking off all unripe or bruised berries, and pack them away in boxes, or old tea chests. First put a sheet of cotton wadding at the bottom of the box; then put in carefully a layer of clusters of grapes, allowing them to lay as close as possible together without crowding so as to become bruised. Then cover with a sheet of wadding, on which put another layer of grapes, and so on, until the box is filled. It should be then put away in a cool, dry place—the cooler the better, only it must be safe from frost. We have had no difficulty in keeping grapes in this way fresh and good until long after New Years. Some persons recommend covering the end of the stem with sealing wax, but we have never found any benefit from it. We have sometimes used paper instead of the cotton batting



between the layers, and succeeded very well, but prefer the cotton.

Another plan is to suspend them on hoops, as shown in the engraving, in some cool room. This is the French plan. In this way the bunches can be readily examined, and if any show signs of decay they can be used first, or removed. If any of our readers know a better plan, we hope they will inform us, as this is an interesting question, particularly at this season of the year.

R. F. HENDEE, Esq., of Webster, writes us, Sept. 28th, as follows:—"In No. 22, of this year, you told us how to save the grape for winter use.—Last April the 20th, the writer saw Mr. CHARLES CARPENTER, of Kelley's Island, he told me that at that time he had the Isabella grape in his cellar, as fresh as when picked; his mode of keeping them, was as follows:—Pick them very carefully and put them in boxes or baskets, the same as apples, and there was no further trouble. Care must be observed not to bruise or start them from the stem while picking."

DRAINS.—MANURE FOR THE GARDEN.—Every dwelling having a fruit yard and garden attached should, if convenient, have the necessary placed on a little lower ground than the kitchen, so as to have a conductor put a little under ground to carry and empty all the slops of the house into the privy vault, and then construct an under-drain from the bottom of the vault on a trifling descent through the fruit-yard to the garden, say from two to four or five rods, and prepare at the end to put in a pump to get the liquor into pails, so as to give all parts of the ground a portion. The drain should be partially filled with straw pounded down, and finished with dirt; the straw will become saturated, which will serve as a feeder for all the trees, grape vines, &c., located within from one to three rods of the drain. It is about the cheapest and best way to manure such a piece of land.—AN OLD GARDENER.

FALL PLANTING.—The season for fall planting is now at hand. Where the ground is well drained, so that water will not lay on the surface, as all soil for an orchard should be, trees may be safely planted in the fall, unless in extremely cold and exposed situations, like the prairies.

VALUABLE HINTS BY A LADY.

EDS. RURAL:—Allow me through your columns to tell your thousands of lady readers one of the many beauties of *giving*. Often have I seen them toil through the weary, short summer for flowers, and then, by their own niggardliness or selfishness, have not realized one-half the benefits they might, from their labors, had they only been whole-souled with their treasures.

There are only a very few of our ladies that seem to be aware that the whole end and aim of the vegetable world is to produce a seed by which its species may be propagated. Now, in many instances, as my lady friends well know, the seed is not gathered or cared for, (as for instance roses,) and were they to pinch off every blossom as soon as it begins to fade, or pick their flowers with a lavish hand, the strength of the plant that would have gone to ripen and perfect the seed, will send out new buds and blossoms, and so you may continue to do till you will be surprised at the great quantity of flowers you may have from the same amount of labor and the same space of ground.—Each succeeding crop will be smaller, but blend most beautifully into bouquets for friends, as I have found by experience. And what is a more beautiful memento of friendship than flowers? Does it not pay the heart of the giver to see the love-light sparkle in the eye of man, woman and child, when you give them a beautful bouquet of flowers or even a small handful? Then, be lavish of your flowers, for giving them will not impoverish, but rather enrich thee.

In the case of annuals, where you desire the seed, you must either plant a few apart for seed, or select some of your best roots for seed, and pick none of those, but let the first and best blossoms go to seed; so shall you have many flowers and good seeds.

In the case of roses, if early in the spring, you will pinch off three or four buds on each stem, or even more where they bud very full, you will thus insure perfect roses when all your neighbors around you will have blasted ones. In some seasons, on some kinds of roses, there are such a world of buds, there seems not to be strength enough to bring any to perfection.

Many blessings to you, dear Editor, for the good your paper is scattering broadcast in our land.

Delafield, Wis. SARA.

TRIMMING APPLE TREES.—The trimming of apple trees is a matter of considerable importance, more at any rate than has heretofore been noticed, as there is a large share of the old trees in the country which are hollow by means of the top being allowed to branch out too low down, and after the branches became large, the lower ones had to be sawed off, being in the way, which made rotten places in the body and eventually made the tree hollow and nearly spoiled it. The top should be carried high enough in the first place so as to prevent having to saw limbs larger than one inch in diameter. If occasion should require cutting larger limbs, or any wound occur on a tree, it should be plastered over in the spring every season until the wound heals. Leached ashes will do for plastering. Lime mortar is better; it will keep out the grubs which cause the tree to become hollow.—AN OLD GARDENER, *Sept.*, 1857.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We are indebted to many friends, who have remembered us in the distribution of their fruit. THOS. BUTTON, of this city, sent us a basket of fine *Green Gage Plums*, and H. ROBINS, L. B. LANGWORTHY, and R. H BROWN, baskets of luscious large Peaches.

LARGE ONIONS.—P. GOLDEN, of Chili, in this county, presented us with a fine lot of yellow onions, grown from seed. The smallest specimens measured four inches in diameter.

Domestic Economy.

HOW TO COOK RICE, SAMP, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—I have adopted a method of cooking rice, samp, hominy, &c., that deserves to be known to all your readers. There is nothing new in the principle, but my method is more convenient than any application of it I have seen, and works to perfection.

I have a kettle, rather wide in proportion to its depth, and with a tin cover a little rounded up in the centre. This is partly filled with boiling water and set on the stove to keep boiling. I then have a tin pail, (which I had made for the purpose, costing 38 cents,) just as wide on the bottom as a common two-quart pail, one inch wider at the top and one inch and a quarter higher. It comes up about half an inch higher than the top of the kettle—has a cover to fit tight, and so constructed that the cover on the kettle will shut down over it I put the rice, samp, &c., in the pail, with the proper quantity of water, (to be ascertained by experiment,) and it will cook to admiration, without burning or sticking so as to make hard work to get it off. I have ascertained that one quart of water to a pint of rice is *just right*, and it will cook in thirty minutes.

We use it for stewing apples, without any water in them, and of course they can't burn. Our folks think this is *the* way to cook all these things, and it will do for many kinds of puddings. S. H.

TOMATO CATSUP.

EDS. RURAL:—Please inform me through the columns of your valuable paper the best mode of putting up Tomato catsup, and also of putting Tomatoes in cans for winter use.—W. T. M. F., *Trivoli, Ill.*, 1857.

Take ripe tomatoes and scald them just sufficiently to allow you to take off the skin. Then let them stand for a day, covered with salt. Strain them thoroughly, to remove the seeds. Then to every two quarts, add 3 ounces of cloves, two of black pepper, two nutmegs and a very little cayenne pepper, with a little salt. Boil the liquor for half an hour, then let it cool and settle. Add a pint of the best cider vinegar, after which bottle it, corking and sealing it tightly. Keep it always in a cool place.

For preserving in cans, scald and peel, and then put them in the cans, and place the cans in boiling water for a few minutes, as recommended in previous numbers of the RURAL for fruit.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

YOUNG AMERICA CORN SHELLER.

THIS is one of the most perfect and compact hand shellers we have ever examined. It shells very rapidly, requiring far less power than any similar machine, and is withal cheaper than any other sheller. It shells both small and large ears without change of gearing. The proprietors claim that "It can be propelled with perfect ease by a boy eight or ten years of age, and shell as fast as the ears can possibly be supplied by hand—and this, too, for hours without intermission." They "challenge the world to produce its equal for durability, simplicity, cheapness of construction, and ease by which it is propelled."

The proprietors of the patent, Messrs. COLLINS & WHYTE, have these shellers on exhibition and in operation, in Baker's Block, this city, and will exhibit one or more at the State Fair in Buffalo.

NEW METHOD OF PLATING.—Dr. Slayton, of Madison, Ind., has communicated a new method of planting to the *Dental News Letter*, which we condense as likely to be interesting to our readers.—He takes a set of teeth of silver, copper or brass, and after first carefully removing all grease, rubs one side with mercury until it has assumed the mirror appearance, and then with a pair of tweezers lays on the gold or other foil cut in small strips; he then carefully presses it into the teeth rubbing it well in, and treats another side the same way and so on. He can lay as many thicknesses of foil as he likes, only taking care that one is firmly fixed before the other is begun. By placing the whole in a small oven, and applying a spirit lamp, the mercury is driven off, and burnishing with a bloodstone or steel burnisher, at first not leaning very hard, he obtains a rich gold plating, which will not even melt off, and can only be removed by a file.—*Scientific American.*

DYEING WOOLS AND WOOLENS.—R. A. Brooman, of the London *Mechanics' Magazine*, has secured a patent for a composition intended to be used in dyeing wools and woolens as a substitute for tartaric acid, cream of tartar, and argol. The patentee prepares stannic chloride by mixing about 1¾ oz. of bay salt, 8¾ lbs. muriatic acid, 2¼ lbs. nitric acid, and dissolves tin in the liquid thus obtained. The composition for dyeing is manufactured by dissolving one part of oxalic acid in ten parts of hot water. It is then stirred. One part of the stannic chloride is next dissolved in ten parts of cold water, and then stirred. He then adds, for every part of the stannic chloride, two parts of sulphuric acid, stirs again, and when the two solutions are cold, mixes them together, stirs and leaves them to settle for about twenty hours before using.

BRONZE POWDER.—The London Builder says that Herr Konig has made a series of experiments to ascertain the method of preparing this substance, hitherto a secret. From the result, it appears that the several varieties of bronze powdered leaf are each composed of nearly the same proportions of copper, zinc, and tin, and that the variation of color is owing to different degrees of oxydation, which have been produced by heating the alloy at different temperatures.

THERE are in New York 392 establishments where clothing is manufactured. A number of leading houses do business to the amount of over $2,000,000 a year. Fulton street, where there are only four houses that do a wholesale business, but where a large amount of retail trade is done, has four shops, employing each 200 persons, four employing each 300 persons, and four houses that each employ over 400 persons. Thus, twelve establishments in Fulton street give employment to over 3,600 persons.

TIN PLATES.—Tin plates—that is, tin plates of iron dipped into molten tin, which covers the iron completely—are manufactured in South Wales and Staffordshire, to the extent now of about 900,000 boxes annually, equal to 56,000 tuns, and valued at over five millions of dollars. In England, almost every article of tinware is formed from these plates. Nearly two-thirds of the total manufacture are exported, principally from Liverpool to the United States.

SALT.—An improvement in the manufacture of rock and sea salt has been patented in England, which consists in fusing the raw salt, and keeping it for some time in a state of tranquil fusion, decanting it into hot molds, or letting it cool slowly; in this manner all the impurities are separated from the mass in fusion, and are eliminated by crystallization by the dry process, which corresponds with crystallization by the wet one.

THE lecture hall of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C., is built in the form of a speaking trumpet; the lecturer stands, as it were, in the smaller end, and the slightest whisper can be heard all over the room. It was constructed under the direction of Professors Henry and Bache, and is a triumph of acoustical science applied to public buildings.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD."

BY KATE CAMERON.

A LITTLE blue-eyed cherub
Hath folded here her wing,
And from her native Heaven,
Doth countless blessings bring:
Sweet peace, and calm contentment,
Affection warm and pure,
And that tender sympathy
That makes love strong and sure.

She is a precious treasure,
Entrusted to our care,
Our daily lot to brighten,
Our daily joys to share;
To make our trials lighter,
Our happiness more sweet,
And ever to guide Heavenward,
Our restless, wandering feet.

We watch her gentle slumber,
And mark her baby ways,
And hourly find new graces
To win our love and praise.
Her presence is like sunshine,
That bids all clouds depart,
And fills with joy and gladness
Each loving, kindred heart.

And when we see her smiling,
We fancy that she hears
The music of the angels,
Denied to our dull ears!
Perchance, too, her clear vision
Undimm'd by mortal care
May view the holy beauty
That "saints in glory wear."

It is a strange, deep mystery,
This dawn of human life,
When the bud of infancy
With future years is rife;
And sweet the task to watch it,
Unfolding hour by hour,
Into the perfect blossom—
A pure and lovely flower.

We wait, with eager fondness,
For the sweet time to come,
When her voice will make music
Within our pleasant home.
When childhood's artless prattle
Will call forth new delight,
And tiny foot-steps echo
From morning until night.

GOD grant that this dear Angel,
With us may long remain
To cheer our days of sadness,
And charm away our pain.
And when this treasure lent us,
To Him we must restore,
May she be a brighter Angel
Upon the Spirit-Shore!

Rose Cottage, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE BLESSED FLOWERS.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

"WHAT a beautiful place," says every passer-by, leaning from coach or carriage to look back upon it. And so it is, very beautiful; the large substantial house, draped and festooned with clustering roses and graceful creepers, and surrounded by the pleasant yard with its smooth green turf, clean walks and shading trees. It is a home for real comfort too, as well as ornament, for you can see at a glance that it is a farm house, and the broad acres of carefully cultivated land about it show marks of the same hand that beautified the dwelling. But ten years ago, when that young girl under the maples was a little sickly child of seven, the pleasant homestead wore a far different look. I will show it to you. "*Look on this picture and on that.*"

The house might be pleasant enough but that it looks so bare in the hot June sunshine, and the grass in the spacious yards, is trampled and rooted up in places by the pigs that have free access to the premises. The rail fence in front may have been a good one in its day, but it is falling down now, and under one of the largest shade trees is a great trough hollowed out of a log, the use of which is plainly indicated by the cobs trampled into the quagmire about it, and the savory odor of sour milk, &c., arising from it. To be sure it is no great ornament, but then it is handy to the house, and the owner believes in the beauty of utility, so morning and evening a drove of tall, gaunt looking animals come shambling along at an awkward gallop to receive their rations. If you look a little further you will see a garden with a few straggling beans and potatoes, and a dozen hills of cucumbers, that seem to have been planted for the purpose of giving the hens a good place to scratch. The wood pile is sprawling over the back yard, a broken cart upturned in one corner. Your fancy can easily supply other particulars, and then you have a truthful picture of NELSON WARREN'S farm house as it looked ten years ago—and I should not wonder, Reader, if you knew of some other farm that looks just so at this very moment.

Yet Mr. WARREN was counted a good farmer by almost all the country round. His crops of wheat and corn were not scanty, and his potatoes were the finest in market. No one's barns were better filled with hay than his, and no one, if report were true, had heavier deposits in bank. It was only in attention to the little things, *non-essentials* he called them, that he failed; and although he was always going to "fix up a little after haying or harvesting," yet the idea of adorning his home, and making it beautiful to the eye, never once entered his mind. Farmers had not time to waste with such fooleries as setting out flowers, and as for making garden, field work was always so pressing it could not be attended to. He had no time to make a house for the hens; "couldn't MARY keep them out of the garden?"—and what hurt did it do to find the pigs under the shade trees, when no one ever wanted to go there? How many men have you heard talk just so?

One day when good MRS. WARREN was busy with her kitchen work, scrubbing and scouring and running every now and then to drive out the chickens, and scare the pigs away from the door, little MARY, the pet of the house, came running in with her apron full of flowers. "Oh, look mother," said the eager child, "at all these beautiful flowers JENNIE THAYER gave me! And mother, JENNIE says she'll give me some seeds and roots and then I can have a garden of my own, just like hers.—Oh wont it be nice?"—and the little one danced about the room in her glee. "But, MARY," said her mother, "the fence is down so you can't keep the cattle out, and the pigs will spoil it." "Oh mother, ask father to fix it won't you? I know he will." "Maybe so, but you must not be disappointed my child; your father is very busy."

"NELSON, I wish you would fix up the garden fence a little. MARY has set her heart upon having a flower garden, and you know she cannot now."

I am sure NELSON WARREN did not see the little eager face that watched him so anxiously, or he could not have turned away with only a half-audible something about "too busy to attend to it," and "putting nonsense in the child's head."—No it is not *nonsense*, or at least it is such nonsense as GOD and Nature puts into our heads, this instinctive love for the beautiful that dwells in every little child—and we should be far more human in our manhood and womanhood if the world did not crush so much of it out of us, and make us half ashamed of what is left.

"Never mind, darling," said the loving mother to the little one sobbing in her lap. "We'll fix the fence as well as we can ourselves, and then you must watch it and drive the pigs away."

Thus comforted the tears were soon dried, and when the daily work was done mother and child toiled lovingly together until the broken fence was mended after a fashion, and the little garden commenced. Day after day MARY was unwearied in her labors, and both father and mother encouraged her, thinking the exercise might strengthen the slender frame, and tint the cheek that had always been colorless. As the tiny plants grew in the sun and dew and the buds began to show, little MARY seemed to love and cling to them almost as if they were human beings. One day, when the buds were just bursting into blossoms, the poor rickety fence gave way, and the whole drove of pigs, old and young, rushed into the ill-fated garden. No body saw them until, with grunts of satisfaction, they had explored the premises thoroughly, when poor MARY, with a scream of terror and indignation, discovered the ruins of her treasures. Her mother tried to console her, but it was all in vain, and her father missing his pet wondered much that she should care for "*a few paltry flowers.*"

MRS. WARREN, forgetting perhaps in her compassion for her grieving child, that reverence which St. Paul enjoins upon all good wives, reproached her lord and master pretty sharply with what she called his "*shiftlessness*" in not keeping things in better trim about the premises, while MARY crept sobbing away and no one thought of looking for her for an hour. Then her father found her lying on the ground, with the remains of her precious flowers in her hands, but fast asleep. He looked a moment at the little pale face with its grieved look, and then, as a long sobbing breath shook her tiny frame, he lifted her tenderly in his arms and carried her into the house. "She has cried herself to sleep," he said, as he laid her in her mother's lap, and kissing her softly he went out. I don't know what he thought of that night, but it was not long before the old fence gave place to a new one that was proof against all assaults.

Everything did not change at once, but gradually the yards were made to look a little cleaner, and the great honeysuckle, that had lain matted in the grass ever since the house was painted years before, was somehow trimmed up and trained up over the windows; it did make a pleasant shade for them, and that was *really useful*. Then, "*just to please* MARY," the hollows were filled up before the house, by the help of rainy days and pleasant evenings; and just to please her, though it was a foolish whim, the big trough was taken away from under the maple, but there was no handy place to put it, so after awhile Mr. WARREN concluded to put up an out-house for the pigs, like one he had read about. Then when the house was built he could not help feeling ashamed of his bony, slab-sided, long-nosed breed, so just for an experiment he bought a few of the improved stock he had heard so much of. I cannot tell how it all came about, but the whole place changed, and when Mrs. WARREN and MARY set out roses and creepers, Mr. WARREN thought some frames might easily be made for them to run upon, and so they went on until now at this present time there is not a more beautiful and happy home in all the land than that of NELSON WARREN the farmer. And all because of those BLESSED FLOWERS.

MEN AND WOMEN.

WOMEN in their nature are much more joyous than men; whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, their animal spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a sex in the very soul, we shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of woman, gravity is that of men. They should each of them, therefore, keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy, women by a thoughtless gallantry.—Where these precautions are not observed, the man often generates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastical. Taking these facts as a basis for our premises, we may conclude than men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good humor of the wife. When these are tempered, care and cheerfulness go hand in hand; and the family, like a ship that is duly trimmed wants neither sail or ballast.—*Selected.*

THE SPHERE OF THE SEXES.—All circumstances well examined, there can be no doubt Providence has willed that man should be the head of the human race, even as woman is its heart; that he should be its strength, as she is its solace; that he should be its wisdom, as she is its grace; that he should be its mind, its impetus, and its courage, as she is its sentiment, its charm and its consolation.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RALLY.

COME, buckle on your armor,
Be ready for the fight;
March to the battle-field of truth,
And work with all your might!
Come to labor, and to conquer,
For though the foe is strong,
We know Truth will be victor,
And Right will vanquish Wrong.

Ho! great and wond'rous is the work,
Ages have but begun;
Come with brave hearts and willing hands,
And it shall yet be done!
Come to labor and to conquer,
For GOD will make us strong;
In Him our cause shall triumph,
And Right shall vanquish Wrong.

Where Ignorance broods in darkness,
GOD'S light shall enter in,
And free the struggling spirit
From the galling chains of sin.
Faith, Hope, and noble Valor,
Unto our land belong;
Doubt, Fear and Vice shall flee us,
And Right shall vanquish Wrong.

Fell Hatred and oppression,
Before our might shall fail:
Mankind shall be as brothers,
And Love reign over all.
O, speed the "good time coming,"
Around our standard throng:
Work; Truth shall sooner conquer—
Right quicker vanquish Wrong.

Come, buckle on your armor,
And battle for the Right;
Though you can do but little,
Do *that* with all your might.
For in the spirit's warfare,
GOD makes us great and strong;
In Him our cause shall triumph,
And Right shall vanquish Wrong.

September, 1857. ROSELIA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PEN SCRATCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

NO. IV.--IKEY DUTTON.

IKEY DUTTON lives in an old log cabin which is perched, like an eagle's nest, upon the brow of a steep, rocky hill, commanding on the south side, a splendid view of the lake and mountain scenery, while it is shut in on all other sides by dense and gloomy forests. The house is very much dilapidated to outward appearance, though woman's hand has done much to improve the interior. The rough-hewn walls have been white-washed, while the board floor of the loft, which forms the ceiling is carefully papered with copies of the *Tribune*, *Times*, and even one or two copies of the RURAL—which ought to have been bound—have been smuggled into this foreign service. A bed, covered with a patch-work quilt of an exceedingly complicated pattern, stands in one corner, a cupboard fills another, while a huge, yellow "chist" adorns a third; two splint-bottom chairs and a small, round table complete the furniture. The scanty stock of crockery is arranged with the nicest care, each plate standing on edge by the side of its fellow, each cup and saucer has a place to itself, and yet there is an abundance of room to spare, so limited is the store. And, I may venture to assert that no wealthy and more favored housewife ever looked over her store of china and glittering silver with more appreciating eyes, than does the humble, toiling wife of IKEY DUTTON, her precious treasures of coarse earthenware and pewter plate.

Still, Mrs. DUTTON does not consider herself a happy or a favored woman. If she hadn't such a shiftless, ne'er do well for a husband, she should be thankful, she says, morning, noon and night.—Morning, noon and night IKEY DUTTON tipped back in his chair in the chimney-corner, with eyes half-closed, and a bandanna handkerchief folded cornerwise, and laid over his head so that the ends come flapping down about his ears, hears the refrain of this charming home-song, with philosophical patience. Wise as SOCRATES, he believes there is no use in disputing with women. "Let 'em alone and they'll come to their senses," is his private advice to himself, when his Xantippe-like wife gets on her high-heeled shoes, and endeavors to drive him out to work for the support of the family. His supply of clothing is extremely limited, and his indignant spouse steadily refuses to replenish it. It consists of a boot and a shoe, a pair of grey cloth pantaloons, which have been patched and darned until but a small portion of the original garment remains, and a well-worn overcoat, made of buffalo-robe, which some benevolent person gave him last winter. In the winter, he found it very comfortable, even in the cabin where the bitter winds came in through many a crevice. But when the snow-drifts that hung about the edges of the woods and alongside of the fences, had long disappeared, his warm coat was quite a trouble to him, and his ingenuity was put to great straits to obtain a substitute. He sat chewing tobacco and the subject of a summer-coat, day after day, to the great irritation of his industrious help-mate, who had all she could do to furnish provisions for her two girls and "old man."

Thus time passed on, until the season when "Sirius rages rabid through the air," drew near, then a bright idea flashed like a meteor through his cloudy brain, and, in obedience thereto, he hastened to cut off the skirts of his coat, thus converting the useful garment into a round-about. Well has it been said that "necessity is the mother of invention."

One day, however, he actually mustered sufficient energy to go fishing. He went out upon a dead tree that overhung the lake, and sat patiently waiting for a bite, for full ten minutes, then he went fast asleep and fell into the lake, and had it not been for the timely appearance of his strong-handed "darter, POLLY ANN," a coroner's inquest would have been called to render a verdict of "found drowned," upon the mortal remains of poor, old IKEY. As it was, he went home to dinner, wet as a drowned kitten but blessed with a famous appetite.

His amiable other half said quite audibly that "POLLY ANN was alius in mischief, and she railly wished the gal had picked her berries, as she'd orter—not gone strollin' along the lake-shore jest at the worst minit—in a few seconds more, the town might have been saved a bill of expense, and she, herself, a heap of trouble." IKEY heard her remarks, with unruffled serenity. He sat down to table and make such a vigorous assault upon the meal of potatoes and corn-bread, that Mrs. DUTTON dropped her knife, in astonishment, she looked at him with a severe and forbidding eye, she even went so far as to say that "she should ra'ly be glad to see him so far gone, once, as to lose his appetite, jest *once* was all she'd ask, she thought—she could work with good courage, arter that," but he quietly pursued the "even tenor of his way," heeding her soft insinuations no more than the tranquil moon would a yelping cur.

Uncle MINKLER, of honeyed memory, is a suitor of the fair POLLY ANN, but she declines his marriage-propositions with unwavering firmness, to the very great annoyance of both her parents, who think it would be such a grand thing for her to marry a man with so much money, but POLLY ANN, albeit, not destitute of great and glaring faults, is yet free from a mercenary spirit, and scorns to barter her independence for an old man's gold.—

Adieu for the present. MORE ANON.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PLEASURES OF HISTORY.

WE generally consider History as incapable of yelding delight and really dread to peruse it, little dreaming that all the pleasures in the range of literature of which the enlightened mind is susceptible may be found in its study. In childhood how eagerly do we listen to some hoary-headed sire, as he relates not fairy legends, but facts pertaining perchance to the early history of our country. And why the change? Why do we, after the lapse of a few years, turn with indifference from the same instruction contained in books? Indolence is chiefly the cause. When the vast fields of knowledge are first opened to our view we feel an insatiate longing to satisfy our thirst at its crystal fountains. Facts please us then, for the future is an unexplored region, unknown, save as we read from the faint scroll of the past. But as we advance a step or two in life, somewhat of our ardor, and intellectual strength disappears, and instead of finding pleasure in the chronicles of olden time, Fiction in her dazzling robe appears, and since the imagination is here feasted without effort, Inaction with her magic wand closes the eyes of Intellect, and dries the fountains of the heart's sympathies. Forgetting then the idea that History is repulsive let us glance at some of its beauties.

Would we give the reins to fancy we may wing our flight to Palestine and while TITUS is before the walls of Jerusalem, with his myriads of soldiery, picture the scene—spears and helmets glittering in the noonday sun or sparkling 'neath the moonlight of an oriental evening—battering rams heaving at the walls until they totter, shaking from the battlements the despairing defenders—the streets filled with the famished, and dying, while the wrath of GOD hangs as a pall over the devoted city. If this be too sad, we may turn to the revelry of eastern courts—then further down the vista of time view Italy in her palmy days or wander through the shades of the Alhambra while yet the Moor is lord of Spain. Would we contemplate ambition! History furnishes an ALEXANDER, CHARLEMAGNE and WILLIAM accompanied by the needed satellites in their path to glory and renown. Our admiration may be excited by the queenly dignity of ELIZABETH and we may shed tears, if tears we will, over the fate of the unfortunate queen of Scots. Is the darkest treachery desired? We have it in the person of King JOHN.

But why dwell so long upon the pleasure-giving power of History. To the reflective mind it is enough to know that we are furnishing material for future reflection. We live in the present and without revelation we cannot guess at the future, but we may know the past. We may converse with the Egyptian who is toiling to build the pyramid or wander into the desert with the sons of Ishmael. How distinctly sounds the voice of HANNIBAL as he vows destruction upon the Romans while the flames of smoking Carthage rise distinctly before us.

History, in the words of a justly neglected writer, is "anticipated experience" and while upon its pages we view the crumbling monuments of ambition and glory, we also find recorded the destiny of those whose aim is to be greatly good.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1857. AMELIA.

LANGUAGE OF NATURE.

NATURE, in all its forms, has a language for man; voices of grief in the winds, joy in its songs of spring, terror in the storm, and it whispers of calmness along the moonlight glades, and strength and quiet in the midnight heavens' repose. It is the monopolist of grace; art can only imitate it; yet we reverence it, for it brings beauty from the skies and enthrones it on our hearth-stones. The one hath strewn her jewelry along the pathway of life, the other ever weareth hers, her proper adornments; her beauties are enhanced by the manifold drapery that envelopes her, whereby she displays such grace that the eye is never satiated with gazing at her, nor the heart ever pained by communing with her. Or if we tire of the present, the visible and outward, beyond are the invisible and unknown realms of imagination and prophetic vision. The present, even with all its splendor, sinks into insignificance when compared with the vastness of the whole; and how infinite soever it be within its bosom, the ant has its home secure as the most splendid star. The same Power that suspended the nebulæ in the immensity of space, robed the lilies; the same Being that caused the earth to teem with blossom and fruit for man, attends to the cry of the raven. And all His works are enveloped with and pervaded by beauty, as the rays of the prism are one in the sun; and in midst of all, He sits enthroned who created all things and gave to His works such magnificence and splendor. From His heaven He rules by established laws; Him, angels and seraphs worship; to Him, the earth and the stars do reverence; the deeps respond to His call, and the infinites of distances hear Him and obey. Magnificent are thy works, worthy the majesty of God, yet shadows are they all, compared to Thee!—*Western Lit. Magazine.*

THE SUMMER IS DEAD.

IF you will stand by the kitchen door of the farm-house, you will hear the slow beat of the funeral knell, as regular in its strokes as o'er were passing tones that chimed from an old church belfrey. One, two, three! 'Tis the sound of the farmer's flail. Loosely scattered upon the floor lie the broken sheaves, and steadily fall the strokes of the flail upon them. Yonder in the corner is the fanning-mill, near by the shallow basket and wooden shovel. The wide south doors of the barn are open, looking out on the green hills, and letting in the sun, that peeps in on the gray spider-webs and gray nests of swallows which hang from the rafters. On his master's coat near by, the dog is quietly reposing, now starting to catch a fly, or to faintly growl at the flock of poultry that gather about the door. There is a branch of yellow leaves on the northern side of the maples, by the spring which flecks the bank with shadows, and like a crimson streak of light, the berries of the mountain ash flash in the sun. Last night, the harvest moon lent its full lustre to the hills, a cricket chirped beside our hearth-stone,—and through the open window of the kitchen, we heard the fowls moving in the apple-trees; then all was silent again save the cricket which chirped by the stone. At length his voice ceased; then an apple dropped from some tree down the orchard, the fowls moved uneasily once more, and the cricket commenced again, and kept chirping on, until his voice was lost in the deep chant of the belfrey clock, slowly calling midnight. The nights are already becoming cool and long, and the pleasant warmth of one's bed would close his eyes long after the sun is abroad. The summer is indeed dead.—*Litchfield Enquirer.*

THE BEAUTY OF AGE.

THERE are extremes, my reverend seniors, into which we are tempted to fall when we find ourselves upon the wane. Declining ladies, especially married ladies, are more given, I think, than men, to neglect their personal appearance, when they are conscious that the bloom of their youth is gone. I do not speak of state occasions, of set dinner parties and full dress balls, but of the daily meetings of domestic life. Now, however, is the time, above all others, when the wife must determine to remain the pleasing wife, and retain her John Anderson's affections to the last, by neatness, taste, and appropriate variety of dress.

That a lady has fast-growing daughters, strapping sons, and a husband hard at his office all day long, is no reason why she should ever enter the family circle with rumpled hair, soiled cap, or unfastened gown. The prettiest woman in the world would be spoiled by such sins in her toilette. The morning's duties, even in store-room and kitchen, may be performed in fitting, tidy costume, and then changed for parlor habiliments, equally tidy and fitting. The fashion of the day should always be reflected in a woman's dress, according to her position and age; the eye craves for variety as keenly as the palate; and then, I honestly protest, whatever her age, a naturally good-looking woman is always handsome. For, happily, there exists more than one kind of beauty. There is the beauty of infancy, the beauty of youth, the beauty of maturity, and believe me, ladies and gentlemen, the beauty of age, if you do not spoil it by your own want of judgment. At any age, a woman may be becomingly and pleasingly dressed.—*Household Words.*

HONOR THE GOOD.

THE true basis of distinction among men is not in position nor possession; it is not in the circumstances of life, but in the conduct. It matters not how enviable a position a man occupies, nor how much wealth he has in store; if there be defects in his behavior, he is not entitled to that consideration and respect due to one who is his superior in a moral point of view, though he possesses neither riches nor honor. It is not that which gives us place, but conduct which makes the solid distinction. We should think no man above us but for his virtues, and no man below us but for his vices. Entertaining this view, we would seek to emulate the good, though it be found under a coarse exterior, and pity the evil, though it be clothed in the best garb and dwell in luxury. We would never become obsequious in the wrong place.

Call no man mean, low or vulgar because he tills the soil or stands before the work-bench; for in point of true worth and real manhood he may be much superior to the President of some bank, some eminent liquor dealer, or Wall street broker, or the rich nabob who dwells in yon miserable palace.

The virtuous and high-minded sons of toil are Nature's noblemen. They are lovers of good, lovers of truth, lovers of nature, lovers of each other, lovers of God. They were not born to shine, nor to be the recipients of empty honors; but they were born to be the heaven of earth, and a nation's bulwark.

A BEAUTIFUL FAITH.—"Beautiful, exceedingly," is the burial of children among the Mexicans. No dark procession or gloomy looks mark the passage to the grave; but dressed in its holiday attire, and garlanded with bright, fresh flowers, the little sleeper is borne to its rest. Glad songs and joyful bells are rung, and lightly as to a festival, the gay group goes its way. The child is not dead, they say, but "going home." The Mexican mother, who has household treasures laid away in the *campo santo*—God's sacred field—breathes a sweet faith, only herd elsewhere in the *poet's* utterance. Ask her how many children bless her house, and she will answer: "Five; two here, and three yonder." So, despite death and the grave, it is yet an unbroken household, and the simple mother ever *lives* in the thought.

LIGHT AND LIFE.—When one was about to construct a light house he was asked what was his object. "My object," said he, "is to give light and save life."

THERE is no affliction so small, but we should sink under it, if God uphold us not; and there is no sin so great, but we should commit it, if God restrained us not.

The Educator.

NATIONAL TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

In accordance with a call issued to the "Teachers of the United States," many from various parts of the Union assembled in Convention, at Philadelphia, August 26, 1857. The meeting was called to order by T. W. Valentine, of New York, who read the call, and stated the design contemplated by the proposed organization of a National Teachers' Association.

On motion, Jas. L. Enos, of Iowa, was appointed temporary Chairman, and Wm. E. Sheldon, of Massachusetts, Secretary.

Rev. Dr. Challen, of Philadelphia, read a portion of Scripture and offered prayer.

D. B. Hagar, of Mass., offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the opinion of the teachers now present, as representatives of various parts of the United States, it is expedient to organize a "National Teachers' Association."

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the Chair to prepare a Constitution adapted to such an Association.

The resolutions were discussed by Messrs. Hagar, of Mass.; Valentine, of N. Y.; Hickok, of Penn.; Bulkley, of N. Y.; Cann, of Ga.; Challen, of Ind.; Taylor, of Del.; Wickersham, of Penn.; Barrett, of Ill.; Whelan, of Mo.; and Rev. Dr. Challen, of Philadelphia; all of whom favored the immediate organization of a National Teachers' Association. The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the Chair appointed Messrs. Hagar, Cann, and Challen, of Ind., the committee to prepare and report a Constitution.

At 12½ o'clock the Convention adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention met according to adjournment, in the Sansom Street, Hall, at 2½ o'clock, and was called to order by the Chairman, Jas. L. Enos.—The minutes of the morning session were read and approved.

General remarks, relating to education in different parts of our country, were made by Messrs. Lynch, of Del.; Bulkley, of N. Y.; Richards, of D. C.; Sheldon, of Mass.; Roberts, of Pa.; Valentine, N. Y.; and Hickok, of Pa. D. B. Hagar, from the committee to prepare a Constitution, submitted their report, which was accepted. The Constitution as reported, was taken up article by article, for adoption. After an earnest and free discussion of the several articles, in which many of the teachers present participated, and some amendments having been agreed upon, the following Preamble and Constitution was adopted unanimously:

PREAMBLE.

To elevate the character and advance the interests of the profession of teaching, and to promote the cause of popular education in the United States, we, whose names are subjoined, agree to adopt the following

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I. *Name.*—This association shall be styled the "National Teachers' Association."

ART. II. *Members.*—Any gentleman who is regularly occupied in teaching in a public or private elementary school, common school, high school, academy or scientific school, college or university, or who is regularly employed as a private tutor, as the editor of an educational journal, or as a superintendent of schools, shall be eligible to membership.

Applications for admission to membership shall be made or referred to the Board of Directors, or such committee of their own number as they shall appoint; and all who may be recommended by them, and accepted by a majority vote of the members present, shall be entitled to the privileges of the association, upon paying two dollars and signing this constitution.

Upon the recommendation of the Board of Directors, gentlemen may be elected as honorary members by a two-thirds vote of the members present, and as such shall have all the rights of regular members except those of voting and holding office.

Ladies engaged in teaching may, on the recommendation of the Board of Directors, become honorary members, and shall thereby possess the right of presenting, in the form of written essays (to be read by the Secretary or any other member whom they may select,) their views upon the subject assigned for discussion.

Whenever a member of this association shall abandon the profession of teaching, or the business of editing an educational journal, or of superintending schools, he shall cease to be a member.

If one member shall be charged by another with immoral or dishonorable conduct, the charge shall be referred to the Board of Directors, or such as they shall appoint, and if the charge shall be sustained by them, and afterwards by two-thirds of the members present at a regular meeting of the association, the person so charged shall forfeit his membership.

There shall be an annual fee of one dollar. If any one shall omit paying his fee for four years, his connection with the association shall cease.

A person eligible to membership, may become a life member by paying, at once, ten dollars.

ART. III. *Officers.*—The officers of this association shall be a President, twelve Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and one Counsellor for each State, District or Territory represented in the association. These officers, all of whom shall be elected by ballot, a majority of the votes cast being necessary for a choice, shall constitute the Board of Directors, and shall have power to appoint such committees from their own number as they shall deem expedient.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the association and of the Board of Directors, and shall perform such other duties, and enjoy such privileges as by custom devolve upon and are enjoyed by a presiding officer. In his absence, the first Vice-President in order who is present, shall preside; and in the absence of all the Vice-Presidents, a pro tempore chairman shall be appointed on nomination, the Secretary putting the question.

The Secretary shall keep a full and just record of the proceedings of the association of the Board of Directors; shall notify each member of the association or board; shall conduct such correspondence as the directors may assign; and shall have his records present at all meetings of the association and of the Board of Directors. In his absence a Secretary pro tempore may be appointed.

The Treasurer shall receive and hold in safe keeping all moneys paid to the association; shall expend the same in accordance with the votes of the directors or of the association; and shall keep an exact account of his receipts and expenditures, with vouchers for the latter, which account he shall render to the Board of Directors prior to each regular meeting of the association; he shall also present an abstract thereof to the association. The Treasurer shall give such bonds for the faithful discharge of his duties as may be required by the Board of Directors.

The Counsellors shall have equal power with the other directors in performing the duties belonging to the board.

The Board of Directors shall have power to fill all vacancies in their own body; shall have in charge the general interests of the association; shall make all necessary arrangements for its meetings; and shall do in all their power to render it a useful and honorable institution.

ART. IV. *Meetings.*—A meeting shall be held in August, 1857, after which the regular meetings shall be held biennially. The place and the precise time of meeting shall be determined by the Board of Directors.

The Board of Directors shall hold their regular meetings at the place and two hours before the time of the assembling of the association and immediately after the adjournment of the same. Special meetings may be held at such other times and places as the board or the President shall determine.

ART. V. *By-Laws.*—By-Laws, not inconsistent with this Constitution, may be adopted by a two-thirds vote of the association.

ART. VI. *Amendments.*—This Constitution may be altered or amended at a regular meeting, by the unanimous vote of the members present; or by a two-thirds vote of the members present, providing that the alteration or amendment have been substantially proposed at a previous regular meeting.

On motion, a committee of one from each State represented in this Convention, was appointed by the Chair, to nominate a list of officers, and report at the evening session.

The following were appointed, viz: Wm. Roberts, of Pa.; J. F. Cann, of Ga.; Jas. Cruikshank, of N. Y.; D. B. Hagar, of Mass.; Jas. L. Enos, of Ia.; N. R. Lynch, of Del.; J. R. Challen, of Ind.; Thomas Granger, of Ill.; E. W. Whelan, of Mo.; J. W. Barrett, of Ill.; Z. Richards, of D. C.; and J. D. Giddings, of S. C.

The meeting adjourned at 5½ o'clock.

EVENING SESSION.

The Association met at 8 o'clock. President Enos in the Chair.

T. W. Valentine, of N. Y., was introduced, and read a very able and instructive address, prepared by Prof. Wm. Russell, of Mass., who was unable to be present. This address set forth the importance of this Convention to organize an Association of *professional teachers*; that shall be *National* in its character. 1st. As regards wider and juster views of education, and corresponding methods of instruction. 2d. From the establishment of a National Society of Teachers we may justly expect great National benefits.

The address was full of practical and suggestive ideas.

James R. Challen, of Ind., offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association be tendered to Prof. Wm. Russell, of Massachusetts, for the able and instructive address with which he has favored us on this occasion.

J. F. Cann, of Ga., from the committee on nomination of officers, reported the following:

President—Z. Richards, of Washington, D. C.

Vice Presidents—T. W. Valentine, N. Y.; D. B. Hagar, Mass.; Wm. Roberts, Pa.; J. F. Cann, Ga.; J. L. Enos, Ia.; T. C. Taylor, Del.; J. R. Challen, Ind.; E. W. Whelan, Mo.; P. F. Smith, S. C.; D. Wilkins, Ill.; T. Granger, Ind.; L. Andrews, Ohio.

Secretary—J. W. Bulkley, N. Y.

Treasurer—T. M. Cann, Del.

Counsellors—Wm. E. Sheldon, East Abington, Mass.; James Cruikshank, Albany, N. Y.; P. A. Cregar, Philadelphia, Pa.; N. R. Lynch, Middleton, Del.; Wm. Morrison, Baltimore, Md.; O. C. Knight, Washington, D. C.; Wm. S. Bogart, Savannah, Ga.; Wm. T. Lucky, Fayette, Mo.; A. J. Stevens, Des Moines, Ia.; Wm. H. Wells, Chicago, Ill.; J. Hurley, Richmond, Ind.

The above list was unanimously elected by ballot.

After remarks from several members of the Association—pledging faithful efforts in behalf of the enterprise thus auspiciously inaugurated—the Association adjourned to meet at the call of the Board of Directors, in August, 1858.

Wm. E. Sheldon, *Sec'y pro tem.*

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Immediately after the adjournment of the National Teachers' Association, the Board of Directors held a meeting, and after considerable discussion in relation to the place of meeting for next year, it was

Resolved, That the Association hold its next meeting in Cincinnati, O., on the second Wednesday of August, 1858, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Mr. Hagar moved that there be six lecturers appointed for the next meeting, viz: two from the Southern, two from the Western, one from the Middle, and one from the Eastern States.

Mr. Cruikshank moved that a committee be appointed to prepare a list of subjects for discussion at the next meeting, and that gentlemen be appointed to open the discussions. The motion was adopted, and Messrs. Cruikshank, of New York; Taylor, of Delaware; Enos, of Iowa; W. H. Baker, of Georgia; and Hagar, of Massachusetts, were appointed said committee.

Mr. Hagar moved that a committee be appointed to collect educational statistics of the country, and report at the next meeting of the Association, and that said committee be composed of one from each State and Territory. Motion adopted, and the following gentlemen constitute the committee:

D. B. Hagar, Jamaica Plains, Mass.; M. Woolson, Portland, Me.; D. H. Sanborn, Hopkinton, N. H.; C. Pease, Burlington, Vt.; J. Kingsbury, Providence, R. I.; C. Northend, New Britton, Ct.; A. Wilder, New York city; I. Peckham, Newark, N. J.; J. P. Wickersham, Millersville, Pa.; T. M. Cann; Wilmington, Del.; J. N. McJilton, Baltimore, Md.; Z. Richards, District of Columbia; J. Binford, Richmond, Va.; C. H. Wiley, Raleigh, N. C.; C. G. Messinger, Charleston, S. C.; B. Mallon, Savannah, Ga.; S. I. C. Swezey, Marion, Ala.; D. McConnell, Florida; Mr. ——, Miss.; D. B. Slosson, Baton Rouge, La.; T. Fanning, Nashville, Tenn.; J. B. Dodd, Lexington, Ky.; W. T. Lucky, Fayette, Mo.; I. Mayhew, Lansing, Mich.; L. Andrews, Gambier, Ohio; G. R. Stone, Indianapolis, Ind.; D. Wilkins, Bloomington, Ill.; J. G. McMynn, Racine, Wis.; J. L. Enos, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; J. Denman, San Francisco, Cal.; W. Baker, Austin, Texas; E. D. Neil, St. Paul, M. T.; M. Oliphant, K. T.

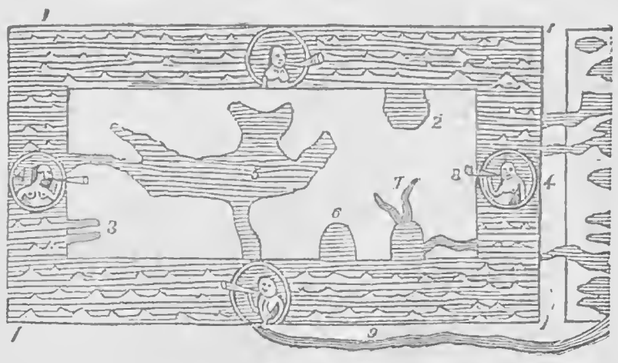
Adjourned *sine die*. J. W. Bulkley, *Sec'y*.

Stuffing.—Stuffing is an art. An English writer spoke well when he said, "If children studied less, they would learn more." Many a child who has never had its fourteenth summer to sin in, is condemned to a small library, a little Atlas, with a great world upon its unfortunate shoulders. Study remember, repeat; never pausing, never thinking. There's a music lesson at ten, and a drawing lesson at three; there are red kittens in worsted to be tantalized by green mice; there's a *world* to do, with needle, pencil, and brush; then it has to bound about the States as if it were made of gum-elastic; to go up the Multiplication Table like a kitten up a ladder; to take a cold bite of Philosophy and a morsel of History, and by and by, it grows dull, or it grows pale—which would you prefer it would do?—breaks the promise to the hope, or dies young. Which would you mourn for most? This is making old garments out of new cloth, but it is not Education.—*B. F. Taylor.*

Education in England.—We see from a report of the Registrar General to Sir G. Gray, just issued, that amongst the marriage statistics no fewer than 41,846 husbands, and 62,672 wives made their marks, and out of the entire number married during the year 1855, more than one-half could not sign their names. This is a fact which makes us think that the authorities had better at once stop arguing in favor of or against the voluntary or governmental systems of education, and at once adopt some system by which all English children shall be educated; and at State education has so eminently succeeded here, might not England take a lesson in our school and follow suit?

Mental pleasures never clog; unlike those o the body, they are increased by reputation, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.



GEOGRAPHY OF COSMAS.

1. Great surrounding oceans. 2. Caspian Sea. 3. River Phison. 4—4. Points of Compass. 5. Mediterranean Sea. 6. Red Sea. 7—8. Persian Gulf, with the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. 9. River Gihon.

ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY.

False Dogmas in Geography rectified by the Science itself.—Hugh Miller.

In the "*Testimony of the Rocks*," by Hugh Miller, the author designs to show the well established facts of Geology and the harmony of these facts with the progressive steps of the Creation as presented in the first chapter of Genesis. He denies the existence of any important discrepancy between Geology and Revelation, when both are exhibited with all the light of science to which men have opened their eyes. He mentions, indeed, and with truth, that the object of revelation is not to teach natural science of any kind, and that when the principles of the science have been attained, it will not oppose the language of the Bible, which gives a representation of things as they appear to be. The Bible is not committed in its teachings to any science nor to any form of science.

False religions, as the different phases of heathenism, Buddhism, Brahminism, Parseeism, and Tentonism, have all involved science of Geography, Astronomy, &c., in and with themselves, and held their principles of science and of religion to be equally true and equally the gift of their divinity. So that if the science is false, the doctrines of their religion are also false. It has been easy, therefore, to destroy confidence in their religion by only showing the falsehoods of the science.

Now, the mistakes made by religionists have been chiefly on three departments of science, viz., Geography, Astronomy, and Geology, which Mr. Miller has illustrated with great force of demonstration. It is not necessary to present the absurd science in Buddhism, or in Brahminism; it will be sufficient to select the geography of the world, as held by christian men only a few centuries ago, and earlier, by such distinguished fathers as Lactantius and St. Augustine.

The monk Cosmas, "as the Geographer of the Church," gave the representation of the earth's known surface, derived from the Bible and observations, of which the following print is a reduced copy from the work of Hugh Miller. Cosmas did not hold with the Hindoos that man inhabits a world, "flat, like the flower of the water lily, in which the petals project beyond each other," of vast extent, "several hundred thousand millions of miles, surrounded by several oceans, the nearest of salt water, one of sugar-cane juice, one of spirituous liquor, one of clarified butter," &c., but Cosmas did teach that the earth is a great rectangular plain, length double the breadth, containing inland seas, "the Mediterranean, the Caspian, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf, and encompassed by a rectangular trench occupied by the oceans."

It is obvious on this print that to sail westwards to come to the parts of the eastern world, was most absurd, and most contrary to this religious geography, so that the project of Columbus and others on this point was purely heretical; the earth could not be round; the antipodes could not exist, and the followers of Copernicus deserved to be condemned by the church and by all good and true men.

But how changed are such things. These doctrines of Cosmas are banished from the earth.—The true science of geography has been established by facts; and, while the Bible is unchanged, the world sees that it is not opposed to or by geography. The world has been sailed round a thousand times; the antipodes have been visited as often; a voyage to the west carries the navigator to the western shores of the great Pacific Ocean, even to China. The design of Cosmas has been defeated, and our Divine Revelation is not held responsible for this absurd or false geography of our globe. How Cosmas accounts for the rising and setting sun will be seen in the next paper.

Sept. 16, 1857. C. D.

IGNORANCE OF PHYSICAL TRUTHS.

How few men really believe that they sojourn on a whirling globe, and that each day and year of life is measured by its revolutions, regulating the labor and the repose of every race of beings. How few believe that the great luminary of the firmament, whose restless activity they daily witness, is an immovable star, controlling, by its solid mass, the primary planets which compose our system, and forming the gnomen of the great dial which measures the thread of life, the tenure of empires, and the great cycles of the worlds' change. How few believe that each of the millions of stars—those atoms of light which the telescope can scarcely descry—are the centre of planetary systems that may equal, if not surpass our own. And how very few believe that the solid pavement of the globe upon which they nightly slumber, is an elastic crust, imprisoning fires and forces which have often burst forth in tremendous energy, and are at this very instant struggling to escape—now finding their way in volcanic fires—now heaving and shaking the earth—now upraising islands and continents, and gathering strength for that final outburst which is to usher in the new heavens and new earth, "wherein dwelleth righteousness."—Were these great physical truths objects of faith as well as deductions of reason, we should lead a better life than we do, and make a quicker preparation for its close.—*North British Review.*

Our tempers are like an opera-glass, which makes the object small or great, according to the end you look through.

The man who is proud of his money, has rarely anything better to be proud of.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

From the first day of the meeting of the Long Parliament, may be dated the beginning of journalism. The earliest English newspaper that has been discovered, is a quarto pamphlet of a few leaves, comprehending a summary of parliamentary proceedings for an entire year. It is entitled "The Diurnal Occurrence, or Daily Proceedings of both Houses in this great and happy Parliament, from 3d November, 1640, to 3d November, 1541." More than one hundred newspapers, with different titles, appear to have been published between this date and the death of the king, and upward of eighty others between that event and the Restoration. Occasionally papers were issued after the civil war began, limited to local or special occurrences; as "News from Hull," "Truths from York," "Tidings from Ireland."—The more regular newspapers were published weekly at first, then twice or thrice a week. The impatience of the people soon led to the publication of daily papers; and Spalding, the Aberdeen annalist, mentions that in December, 1652, "daily papers came from London, called 'Diurnal Occurrences,' declaring what is done in Parliament."—In the Scottish campaign of 1650, the army of Charles and that of Oliver Cromwell each carried its printer along with it to report progress, and, of course, to exaggerate successes. It is from this circumstance that the first introduction of newspapers into Scotland has been attributed to Oliver Cromwell.—*Wade's England's Greatness.*

UNIVERSAL DESIRE FOR FAME.

Distinction is so pleasing to the pride of man, that a great part of the pain and pleasure of life arises from the gratification or disappointment of an incessant wish for superiority, from the success or miscarriage of secret compositions, from victories and defeats, of which, though they appear of great importance, in reality none are conscious except ourselves. Proportionate to the prevalence of this love of praise is the variety of means by which its attainment is attempted. Every man, however hopeless his pretensions may appear to all but himself, has some project by which he hopes to rise to reputation; some art by which he imagines that the notice of the world will be attracted; some quality, good or bad, which discriminates him from the common herd of mortals, and by which others may be persuaded to love, or compelled to fear him. The ascents of honor, however steep, never appear inaccessible: he that despairs to scale the precipice by which valor and learning have conducted their favorites, discovers some by-path, or easier acclivity, which, though it cannot bring him to the summit, will yet enable him to overlook those with whom he is now contending for eminence, and we seldom require more to the happiness of the present hour than to surpass him that stands next to us.

CHINESE MANNERS.

In all the houses of the wealthy there are two raised seats at the head of the reception-room, with a table between them. The seat on the left side is considered the seat of honor, and the visitor is invariably pressed into it. Scenes which seem most amusing to the stranger are always acted on an occasion of this kind. The host begs his visitor to take the most honorable post, while the latter protests that he is unworthy of such distinction, and in his turn presses it upon the owner of the mansion. And so they may be seen standing in this way for several minutes before the matter is settled. It is the same way when a man gives a dinner; and if the guests are numerous, it is quite a serious affair to get them all seated. In this case it is not only the host and the household who are begging the guests to occupy the most honorable seats, but the guests themselves are also pressing these favorite places upon each other.—Hence the bowing, talking, sitting down, and getting up again, before the party can be finally seated, is quite unlike anything one sees in other parts of the world, and to the stranger is excessively amusing, particularly if he does not happen to be hungry.—*Robert Fortune.*

The Gulf Stream.—There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of water. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked, that this line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessel may be perceived floating in gulf stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea; so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters; and such too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea.—*Lieut. Maury.*

Too austere a philosophy makes few wise men; too rigorous politics, few good subjects; too hard a religion, few persons whose devotion is of long standing.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IN THE CLOSET.

BY EDWARD ENOWLES.

In Thy presence, Oh, what rapture
Thrills me on the bended knee,
And apart from all that hinders,
Lord, I raise my voice to Thee.

Through the day that now is ending,
Thou hast shielded me from ill,
Even when my heart has wandered
Out upon the world at will.

And rejoicing in thy goodness,
I have fuller proof to-day
That Thy gifts are not withholden
From me, when I go astray.

O, may this continued mercy,
That has unto me been shown,
Break my heart with such contrition
As I never yet have known.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WE LIVE NOT FOR OURSELVES.

This, with few exceptions, is universally acknowledged, and these exceptions, happily for mankind, are like angel visitations. What a scene would the great theater of Life present, were its actors intent only upon their own happiness, each seeking to gratify their own desires and appetites regardless of their fellow creatures? Pen would fail in portraying the misery and death which inevitably would pursue such a course. Language would be inadequate for such a task. But, on the contrary, what a paradise on earth may be experienced when living for some useful purpose—living to promote the happiness of others as well as the benefit of the world? The consciousness of doing right will be an abundant reward for all the trials endured—it will sweeten "life's bitter cup" though compelled to quaff its very dregs, and secure a blissful exit to the unknown future, attended by a "conscience void of offence." Happy, thrice happy is that mortal who thus passes from the present to the unfathomed beyond.

Let us look for a moment on the placid waters of that beautiful lake, as it bears majestically on its bosom a proud vessel—a floating palace. It has just cast off its mornings, and among the multiplicity of anxious countenances which throng the deck there is one which particularly attracts our attention, who is waving an affectionate farewell to the "loved ones" left behind. How eagerly he watches the shores of his native land, until the last faint glimmer fades from his longing gaze.—Could one accompany him we should see *hope* glisten in that eye, and its radiance illuminating the entire countenance. Does he live for himself alone? We are already convined that it was no selfish motive that prompted the performance of those self-sacrificing labors of love; but that he has a *high* and *noble* incentive to exertion. He looks forward with bright anticipations to the day when he shall return to meet the chosen participant of his joys and sorrows with a sufficient competency of "Mammon's store" that will enable him to rise from the lowly vale of poverty to which he has ever been familiar, to the possession of those advantages and privileges for which he has long been aspiring; yet those he desires not for himself, but for those who are bound by ties the most sacred and endearing.

Go with me for one moment to that elegant mansion situated in the suburbs of a beautiful village. Here another scene presents itself for contemplation. In a superb yet tastefully furnished apartment, is a female, and her only child, whose brow has been fanned by the zephyrs of but three short summers. It would be considered perfectly absurd should we ask if that child is living for itself alone. Though the object of our attention may be unconscious of its signification, yet if closely observed for a few moments it will be clearly elucidated. While innocently amusing herself with those tiny toys, a shade of disappointment suddenly steals over the brow, but is as soon dispersed by the light of those heavenly orbs which are gazing upon her with unutterable fondness, as if they would fain penetrate the very depths of that young and innocent heart, to which she replies with child-like simplicity, "Mamma, I love you." Ah, now the query is explained—the problem is at length solved; while fancy mirrors a germ intricately hidden within the sacred precincts of that heart which needs but the light of love to unfold its delicate petals. Frank.

ADVANTAGE OF DIFFICULTIES.

Whilst the consciousness that Scripture contains things hard to be understood, should bring us to its study, in an independent and humble temper, the thought that what we know not now, we shall know hereafter, should make each difficulty, as we leave it unvanquished, minister to our assurance, that a wider sphere of being, a nearer vision, and mightier faculties await us when the second advent of the Lord winds up the dispensation. Thus should the mysteries of the Bible teach us, at one and the same time, our nothingness and our greatness, producing humility and animating hope. I bow before these mysteries. I knew that I should find, and I pretend not to remove them. But whilst I thus prostrate myself, it is with deep gladness and exultation of spirit.—God would not have hinted the mystery, had he not designed hereafter to explain. And, therefore, are my thoughts on a far off home, and rich things are around me, and the voices of many harpers, and the shining of bright constellations, and the clusters of the cherub and the seraph, and a whisper which seems not of this earth, is circulating thro' the soil. "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known."—May God grant unto us all to be both abased and quickened by those things in the Bible which are hard to be understood.—*Melvill.*

Beginning of Sin.—If we would put a stop to the beginning of sin, we must begin first where sin begins, namely, in the heart and thoughts; which the gospel has subjected to the Law of God, as well as the outward actions, which was the error, of the Pharisees, who took care of the outward man only. This will make our duties easy.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

New Quarter—Trial Subscribers.

AGENTS and others are reminded that we will furnish the RURAL during the present quarter—Oct. to Jan.—*on trial* at half price, if four or more copies are ordered. We will send 4 copies for $1, 8 for $2, 12 for $3, &c., to any non-subscribers who wish to try the RURAL for three months. Agents and other friends who design forming clubs for next volume will please note this liberal offer, and give us their lists of *trial subscribers*—thus paving the way for large clubs in January.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year,	$2
Three Copies, "	$5
Five Copies, "	$8
Six Copies, and one free to agent,	$10
Ten Copies, and one free to agent,	$15

Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

List of New Advertisements this week.

Consolidation of Magazines—J. M. Emerson & Co.
A New Monthly Magazine—Phillips, Sampson & Co.
Safe Family Reading—Harper & Brothers.
Harper's Weekly—Harper & Brothers.
Ravenswood Fruit Garden—Freeman & Kendall.
Lyon's Copper Lightning Conductor—Brittan & Marsh.
Literary Curiosity—Augustus P. Throop.
Fine Flowering Bulbs—Ellwanger & Barry.
Fruit Trees! Fruit Trees!!—Graves & Warner.
Fruit Trees for Sale—H. M. Rauney.
Clover Street Nursery—Joseph Hall.
Bulbous Flower Roots—A. Frost & Co.
Valuable Farm for Sale or Exchange—Michael O'Rourk
To Tree Dealers—I. Hildreth & Co
30 Anatomical Illustrations—J. R. Stafford.
Newman's Thornless Blackberry—A. A. Bensel.
Cheap Fruit Trees—Benj. Fish & Son.
Agents—C. P. Bissell.
Millenary, &c.—George W. Davis.
To Inventors—J. Fraser.
Lawton Blackberry Plants—Wm. Lawton.
Pie Plant—T. C. Peters.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 3, 1857.

Death of David Ely, Esq.

THIS event, which occurred on the 8th ult., and was briefly chronicled in the RURAL of two weeks ago, (during our absence,) is worthy of a more extended notice. Having known the deceased long and somewhat intimately, we would fain pay some poor tribute to the virtues of an eminently useful and exemplary man.

Deceased was the son of Rev. DAVID ELY, D. D., of Huntington, Conn., and graduated at Yale College in 1800. Soon afterwards he engaged in mercantile business in New York,—the failure of his sight induceing him to relinquish a design to enter one of the learned professions for which he was peculiarly qualified. As a merchant he was for many years eminently successful. He subsequently removed to Onondaga Co., engaged extensively in farming, and soon became noted as the breeder and owner of some of the best stock in this State. At one time he had a flock of over 1,000 fine wooled sheep, and many choice cattle and horses. During this period Mr. ELY accomplished much in behalf of Rural Improvement, for which he was and still is entitled to the gratitude of the agriculturists of the country. For many years previous to his decease, (which occurred at the age of 77,) he resided with his son, Dr. W. W. ELY, of this city—and, though not extensively engaged in rural pursuits, he gave much thought and attention to Improved Agriculture, and was a frequent and able contributor to the press. As a contributor to the RURAL from its commencement, and as a personal friend and adviser, we esteemed him highly while living, and regard his decease as a loss to the public. His ripe scholarship, sound judgment, and varied experience and observation, enabled Mr. ELY to impart in a lucid and forcible style, information of great value, and which it is the fortune of few to possess. Leaving to his posterity, and the large circle of friends by whom he was greatly beloved for the kindness of his heart and the amiability of his manners, the brightest of examples—our friend has departed at an advanced age, to receive the reward of one who has lived an active, useful and Christian life.

POLITICAL.—The N. Y. Republican State Convention met at Syracuse during the past week, and made its nominations as follows:—*For Judge of Appeals*—Timothy Jenkins, Oneida; *Secretary of State*—Almon M. Clapp, Erie; *Comptroller*—Rob't Denniston, Orange; *Treasurer*—John T. Hogeboom, Columbia; *Attorney General*—Wm. Curtis Noyes, New York; *State Engineer*—Geo. Geddes, Onondaga; *Prison Inspector*—Thos. Kirkpatrick, Albany; *Canal Commissioner*—Ariel F. Thurston.

Returns from 378 towns and 74 plantations in Maine give Morrill (Rep.) 53,891 votes, and Smith, (Dem.) 41,044. Morrill's majority, 12,847. There are twelve small towns and seventeen plantations to be heard from.

THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.—It is said that in consequence of the reform brought about by the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, that city has been governed during the past year at an expense of about $250,000, against an average expense the previous year of *one million five hundred thousand dollars*, six times as much as it now costs. There was a rumor lately that some of the exiles were about to return, upon which some two thousand of the Vigilance Committee boys were under arms, awaiting their arrival. But they didn't come. The legal proceedings arising from the action of the Committee appear to have been dropped.

THE COTTON CROP.—The cotton crop of the United States for the present year, is estimated at 3,000,000 bales, allowing 600,000 bales for domestic consumption, and there will remain 2,400,000 bales for export. The present price warrants an averrge of sixty dollars per bale, which would give an aggregate value of exports from this source alone, of nearly $150,000,000.

Washington Matters.

SENATOR BERGOINE writes from the city of Mexico that he has succeeded in making satisfactory arrangements with the Mexican Government, relative to the Tehuantepec route, but that he was thwarted by Mr. Forsyth to the extent of his power, causing a loss of a million of dollars, and he thought the administration should take Mr. Forsyth's conduct into serious consideration, he having advised the movement which resulted in the annulling of the Sloo & Garey grants.

THE N. Y. Tribune's correspondent says Col. Forsyth's conduct respecting the grant to the Lasere Co. is approved. He is acting under special instructions to procure such modifications of the 8th article of the Gadsden treaty as will secure to the United States a right to convey over the Isthmus of Tehuantepec mails, troops, and munitions of war. Col. Forsyth's letters explain that he wished this negotiation to precede any private grant.

THE United States Indian Agent at Fort Laramie has informed the Interior Department that the Mormons have initiated measures to control the trade with the Indians, by making settlements every 20 or 30 miles. He calls on the Secretary to remove them, saying that if this is not done, the Mormons will become exceedingly troublesome, and defeat any policy our Government may adopt towards the Indians.

THE information in possession of our Government relative to the complicity of Gen. Sam. Houston with an expedition designed for the invasion of Mexico, is derived from reliable sources.

DURING the fiscal year ending June 30th, the amount of public lands sold was nearly 4,153,000 acres, and the receipts therefor upwards of $3,500,000.

THE N. Y. Herald's correspondent says:—"I hear a rumor, and from a source on which I am accustomed to place reliance, that there is some renewed ill feeling existing between the government of Spain and this country. Recent advices from our Minister at Madrid, speak of the display of very marked indignity towards him, the causes of which have not thus far been made public. It has been suggested that Mr. Dodge may have incautiously approached the ministry on the subject of the purchase of the Island of Cuba."

ATTORNEY GENERAL BLACK, in response to a question submitted to him by the Secretary of State, relative to the compensation of Consuls, says the construction put on the act of Congress by the President and Secretary of State under the advice of the Attorney General was, that a Minister or Consul who was in service on the 4th of June, 1855, was, to all intents and purposes of the new act, in the same condition as if he had received his compensation afterwards; in other words, the law converted the incumbent from fully paid into salaried officers. Mr. Black considers this the right construction of the law.

Interesting News from Kansas.

THE Lawrence *Herald of Freedom*, for the 12th ult., states that Col. Cooke received an order on Tuesday last, from Gen. Harney, in command at Fort Leavenworth, directing him to remove the six companies of dragoons under his command at Lawrence forthwith to that post, agreeably to the order of the Secretary of War. On Thursday the camp was broken up, and the troops crossed the river, en route for the fort. Gov. Walker had received two requests prior to this, desiring the troops to be returned to the fort, but, deeming their service necessary to preserve the peace, he neglected to comply with the demand; hence, probably, the reason of the order from the Secretary of War.

Gov. Walker left Lecompton on Tuesday noon last, for Fort Leavenworth, it is said, with the view of telegraphing the President, and resigning his commission unless sustained by the United States troops.

The Leavenworth *Free State* says:—The United States Circuit, Judge Lecompte presiding, is now in session in this city. The docket is large, but most of the cases are about disputed claims, and of the character of unlawful detainer, injunctions, &c., nearly all of which will be continued until after the opening of the Land Office, where they will all be finally adjudicated, except so far as court costs are concerned.

The correspondent of the *St. Louis Democrat* writes concerning the late Convention, as follows:—The adjournment was a cut-and-dried affair from the first. It was well understood by the leaders of the party, and was only objected to by a few delegates who came from distant parts of the country and were not posted. The ostensible object of the adjournment was to "allow the business committee time to make reports." The real objects of the adjournment may be briefly stated as follows:—It is the intention of the Convention to form an exceedingly violent Pro-Slavery Constitution. They well know that, if such a Constitution as they propose to adopt be made public at present, the cause of National Democracy in some of the Northern States, where elections are soon to be held, will be very much damaged. They also wish to do nothing which could deter the Free-State party from attempting a participation in the coming elections, though they will take very good care to prevent the party from gaining anything thereby. They also wish to be at home making preparations for the coming Territorial election; the said preparations to consist of the formation of fraudulent returns, stuffed ballot-boxes and Blue Lodges.

THE SUPPLY OF SUGAR IN FRANCE.—Mr. Walsh in his Paris letter, of Aug. 6th, to the N. Y., Journal of Commerce, says:—"Sugar is falling, the beet root factories will supply, this year, two hundred and forty million pounds; the Isle of Reunion (Bourbon) will produced one hundred and twenty millions; the French West Indies will probably send a hundred millions; the supply will exceed the demand in France.

COL. BENTON'S HEALTH.—Despatches from Washington speak of Col. Benton as in immediate danger of death, though his iron constitution may hold out for a few days longer. He had sent despatches to his family and friends to be with him, and some of them had arrived.

Monetary Matters.

THE excitement relative to Banking Institutions throughout the country still keeps up—in fact, in some sections it is much stronger than at the time of our last issue. The State of Pennsylvania seems to be in a ferment, and the run upon the banks of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Reading, &c., is described as without a parallel. We gather the following particulars from the telegraph reports:—A meeting of the Presidents of the Philadelphia banks was held on the evening of the 25th ult., and it is reported that for a want of concert of action they adjourned without arriving at any determination. It was thought they would determine on a full suspension as practised by some of the banks to day, but which was not general on account of the North America, Mechanics and some of the other banks receiving a supply of specie. There was also a meeting of the Cashiers of the various banks, but their action is not yet known. It is understood that application will be made to the Governor for the call of an extra session of the Legislature, with a view of affording relief to the banks from the penalty of forfeiture of charter imposed by the law of 1850.

On the 26th the Pennsylvania Bank re-opened, and is transacting business, but paying no specie. The Mechanic's Bank is paying specie for 10's. The Bank of North America is paying all its notes. It received specie from New York last night, and represents that they have more in their vaults than the amount of their bills. They are certifying their checks. The Bank of Commerce is paying no specie, but is paying out notes for checks. The Tradesmen's Bank pays everything—checks and all. The following banks are paying specie for 5's: Commercial, Manufacturer's and Mechanic's, and Philadelphia. The Farmer's and Mechanic's are paying specie for 10's. The Northern Liberties and Western pay specie for 5's in case of necessity. The Bank of Philadelphia Township and the City Consolidation Bank pays nothing. All the banks, however, except the Girard, certify checks. The Girard has entirely suspended business.

THE Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Lancaster and Reading Banks have suspended.

THE Banks of Providence, R. I., have resolved to suspend specie payment. The liabilities of the Banks to the public are not over 20 per cent. of their capitals. It is said that the circulation of the Rhode Island Banks, is so secured under the individual liability clause, that the property of the stockholders is held for the last dollar, without reference to the amount of stock held by the subscribers.

THE banks in Washington, D. C., have got into close quarters. The telegraph on the 26th ult. brings the following intelligence:—The Bank of Washington has suspended specie payments on everything but 5's and small checks. The Bank of the Metropolis has resolved to continue full payments, feeling themselves secure against all demands. The Patriotic Bank is redeeming its 5's and small checks. There is an unusual crowd at the bank.

THE Presidents of all the banks of Baltimore had a meeting on Saturday, the 26th ult, and resolved to suspend specie payment. The suspension is total.

THE Bank Commissioners of Hartford, Conn., served a temporary injunction against the Bank of Hartford Co., on the 23d ult., and have closed its doors. The bill-holders and depositors will be paid in full, and there are hopes that the Bank may, in the course of 30 or 60 days, open again.

THE Bank of Commerce, at Georgetown, D. C., has resolved to pay all deposites of $100 and under, and to pay the interest on large sums until sufficient assets are received to pay them, which are hoped for in a few days. The stockholders acknowledge their individual responsibility for all liabilities.

THE Western Bank, at Lockport, N. Y., suspended payment on the 22d ult. The President, C. A. MASE, says:—"I believe the assets, together with my private property, (every dollar of which shall be appropriated to this object,) are amply sufficient to pay every liability of the bank."

THE Medina Bank of Medina, N. Y., closed its doors on the 24th ult. It is a free institution, and its circulation is said to be quite limited, and well secured.

WE learn from the Milwaukee papers that the Rock River Bank, of Beloit, closed its doors on Monday, having made an assignment protecting its depositors, and the bills are fully secured by good stocks, and worth their face.

THE Supreme Judicial Court of Maine, upon the application of the Bank Commissioners, has placed an injunction upon the Hancock Bank at Ellsworth. The bill-holders, it is said, will not suffer any loss.

THE New York Herald says it was reported in the streets on Wednesday, that a consultation had taken place between the banks of Rhode Island and the Governor of that State, in relation to a suspension of specie payments. The banks of Rhode Island are up to their eyes in railroad securities taken from circulating notes to distribute through the western country. The railroad securities taken are of the very poorest character.

THE Canada papers announce that a spurious five dollar bill on the Niagara District Bank has been issued, which is evidently well calculated to deceive. It is an alteration from a genuine one. The necessary changes have been effected by the aid of acid and lithography, instead of the less artistic and more easily detected system of cutting and pasting. The only safe means of detecting this counterfeit is to observe that the plate is a fac simile of the genuine one dollar plates, having the figure 5 at each end on the upper corners; whereas the genuine five dollar plates of this bank (we believe there are two) differ altogether in their arrangement and design, from the one dollar plate.

TWENTY dollar altered bills of the Commercial Bank of Canada, are in circulation; they have been altered from fours. This counterfeit can scarcely be detected except by comparing the vignette and figures on the four and twenty dollar bills. On the former the vignette is a railway train, and the figures two female portraits; while the vignette on the twenty dollar bill should be a single female figure between 2 and 0, and the portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert at the side.

Items of News.

LETTERS from Syria report the total destruction in the desert of a caravan. The latter, consisting of 500 persons and 1,000 camels, laden with merchandise, started from Damascus on the 19th of June, and by some mismanagement lost its way.—The entire caravan perished, with the exception of some twenty persons.

AMONG the curiosities which the ladies of Worcester county have forwarded for exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair in Worcester, Mass., is an infant's blanket wrought a hundred and forty years ago by the hands of the mother of Samuel Adams, of Revolutionary fame.

THE Montour Iron Company have determined to pay off their laborers and close their rolling mills at Danville. This will throw out of employment some two thousand men, and with their families, at least six thousand people. The concern was largely engaged in the manufacture of Railroad iron.

AN extensive deposit of salt has been discovered on Saline Creek, sixty-five miles below St. Louis and three and a half above St. Mary's on the line of Geneiveve and Perry counties, Mo.

THE Upper Sioux Indians are reported to be in a very wretched condition—their crops having been destroyed by the grasshoppers, and they being entirely destitute of powder or money.

THE following are the receipts of several articles of foreign fruit since September 1st, 1856, by the tables of the Boston Shipping List:—61,723 boxes lemons, 119,812 boxes oranges, 490,000 packages figs, 96,000 packages raisins.

THE Chicago Tribune of the 9th, says it has no disposition to either "brag, boast or banter," but simply mentions as an item of news, that on the 8th inst., Chicago Harbor contained a fleet of two hundred and fifty vessels. These were all either discharging or receiving cargoes,—none were idle.

INTELLIGENCE has been received by the Interior Department from Colonel Sites, Superintendent of the Nebraska wagon road expedition, dated at Omaha City, Sept. 1st, in which he states that he entertains no doubt of the completion of the road by the advent of winter, if the weather continues favorable.

IT is said that the United States Post Office Department is in the same depressed condition as for several years past. The financial results of low postage have been most unfavorable, and the average annual deficit is between three and four millions of dollars.

THE present Morman population of Utah is estimated by Elder Richards at 60,000. There have been some fluctuations in the population since the last census, but the arrivals have exceeded the departures. The total population of the Territory—Gentile and Mormon, is 80,000.

A STEAMER has been built at St. Louis for the navigation of the Kansas river. Its draft is so light, only seven inches without cargo or supplies, that it is believed it will be able to navigate the Kansas to the town of St. George, a higher point than has been reached by boats hitherto, except once or twice a year, at times of freshets.

Later Foreign Intelligence.

THE British Steamer Jura arrived at Halifax on the 28th ult., and we condense the following from the telegraph reports:

The cholera prevailed in Hamburg, and out of 239 persons attacked 136 have died in eight days. At Arslan more than 200 persons had died. The disease was also prevalent at Stockholm.

The Bombay portion of the Indian mail had arrived at Marseilles, and was expected to be delivered in London about noon on the 10th. Bombay advices are to the 17th, and Delhi to the 29th of July. Sorties were repulsed on the 13th and 23d of July, with great loss to the rebels. 500 men were killed and wounded on the side of the British. From the 23d to the 29th, there was no fighting.

At Benedelcund there were signs of disturbance.

The mutineers at Leal Kato were destroyed on the 16th of July by Gen. Nicholson.

Gen. Neil joined Gen. Havalock on the 23d of July, and was on the full march towards Lucknow.

At Timbalpose the 31st native infantry, 40th foot and 3d irregular cavalry, under the native fires, only attacked on the 7th of August the mutineers, consisting of the 42d native infantry and 3d irregular cavalry.

It is reported that Agra had fallen into the hands of rebels.

A despatch dated Sept. 8th, received at the Julla House, says:—Gen. Havalock's forces, after re-occupying Cawnpore, finding Bittour evacuated, burned it to the ground. On the 29th and 30th of July, they found the rebels at Bufferel Geange, about 18 miles from Cawnpore, numbering 10,000, wholly defeated with the loss of 15 guns. They expected to reach Lucknow the next day. Nena Sahib perpetrated a fearful massacre at Cawnpore, at which nearly all the European inhabitants perished.

Sir Colin Cambell had assumed command of the Indian army. Tranquility is restored in Central India.

ANOTHER SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—Another link of submarine telegraph communication has just been laid. France is now united to her colony of Algeria. Hitherto a sea distance of 146 miles between Cagliari, in Sardinia, and the Algerine coast has remained to be completed. Notwithstanding the shortness of the distance, the depth at one part is equal to the greatest depth in the Atlantic plateau. The cable, however, was paid out rapidly and without accident, and little doubt is entertained of its permanent safety. Newall & Co., of Birkenhead, Liverpool, were the manufacturers, and they had contracted to take all the risk of the operation. The length of line used was 172 miles, and its cost $50,000. It construction was different in some important respects from that of the Atlantic cable, and Newall & Co., consider that a considerable economy might have been effected in the latter.

CHEAP CORN.—South of Springfield, in Illinois, on the railroads, some of the farmers are offering their corn at 15 cents per bushel in the field; others at $5 per acre.

News Clippings.

—The State debt of Ohio amounts to $15,000,000.

—Boston, Mass., was 227 years old on the 24th ult.

—Six heavy houses in St. Louis, suspended on Saturday week.

—Steel axles and tires are largely used on the German railroads.

—Hemp is extensively collected in the northern part of Kansas.

—Seventy-two failures are recorded in last week's N. Y. Tribune.

—Gen. Henderson, Ex-Senator from Miss., died on the 16th ult.

—In France new wheat is coming to market in large quantities.

—Cotton factories at Newmarket, N. H., have suspended operations.

—Papers to the value $1,000,000 are annually exported from Cincinnati.

—Washington Irving is gathering the materials for a life of Kit Carson.

—They sell tomatoes by the tun in Sacramento, say the papers of that city.

—There are at present in New York, nearly a thousand professed Mormons.

—The summit of Mount Washington was covered with snow, on the 16th ult.

—A Kalamazoo paper says that wheat has *risen* to $1 per bushel in that town.

—There are 60 miles of railroad, of 3 feet 9 inch gauge, worked successfully in Belgium.

—There are 150,000 Swiss in this country, most of whom reside in the northwestern States.

—The work on the Tehuantepec road has been suspended in consequence of bad weather.

—Cast-steel bells are being used on locomotives. Their sound is quite clear and sonorous.

—Charles Sumner, at last accounts, was traveling in Switzerland, with improving health.

—The public works in New York are to be suspended about the 1st inst., for want of funds.

—The recent census of Spain shows population of that country to amount to 16,340,500 souls.

—Virginia papers announce the prevalence of the potato rot in various counties of that State.

—The highest speed ever made on the ocean was by the clipper Flying-Scud, 460 miles in 24 hours.

—The sugar crop in Texas will be better than was anticipated, in consequence of the late rains.

—In 1856 there were 800,000,000 cigars consumed in Austria. All of them Havanas, of course.

—The Freshman class at Yale College numbers 115, which is smaller than for several years past.

—The total valuation of Virginia, as shown by the recent return of the Assessor, is $214,000,000.

—The Money Panic in New York has lasted four weeks, and is not over. Over 150 houses have failed.

—The amount of coal consumed annually by the American people, is estimated at five millions of tuns.

—Over $12,000 have been collected in N. Y. city, for the sufferers by the disaster to the Central America.

—Five thousand boxes of herrings were caught at Treat's Island, near Newport, Me., in one week, recently.

—The wedding pocket handkerchief of the English princess royal is worth £500 (or $2,500) it is said.

—"Old Ironsides," a new locomotive, was run on a road out of Pa., one mile in 57 seconds, by careful timing.

—The Texan friends of Gen. Houston pronounce the reported Tamaulipas expedition a piece of flummery.

—The amount on deposit and subject to draft in the U. S. Treasury is $17,413,838—a reduction of $1,897,870.

—On the Liverpool and Manchester road, of England, axles were in regular use for 20 years without failure.

—The new Artesian Well at Charleston, S. C., has reached the depth of 913 feet, and the bore is eight inches.

—The Montreal papers say that a general election will positively take place before next meeting of Parliament.

—Wheat in Iowa City is now worth but 50 cents; flour $4 50 to $5; oats 25 cents; butter 20 cents; eggs 11 cents.

—The Detroit Advertiser has private information that Lewis Cass, Jr., has positively resigned his position in Rome.

—The Post-Office receipts during the first half of the last fiscal year were $3,494,114, showing a gain of $150,000.

—The track of the Boston and Worcester R. R., crosses the "back-bay," at Boston, at a level, 5 feet below high water.

—Rev. J. C. Fletcher, lately of Brazil, has been appointed provisional Professor of Modern Languages, at Bowdoin College.

—Report have already been received of the loss of 48 vessels in the same gale in which the Central America foundered.

—Capt. Herndon, of the Central America, had his life insured at the New England Mutual Insurance Company, for $5,000.

—Hog dealers in Madison, Ind., have secured, by advances, some 70,000 or 75,000 hogs for the coming season's operations.

—The town of Hackensack, N. J., with a population of 1,500, has five churches, and only three rum-drinking establishments.

—An ingenious Baltimorean has invented a new mode for laying the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, and a patent for it is taken out.

—A movement is on foot in N. Y., to bring all the banks to adopt an agreement to allow no interests on deposits after the 1st inst.

—It is stated that there are 1,900 sermons by John Calvin extant, and that not one of them has a text taken from the four Gospels.

—The heaviest rail in use on any railroad in the country is believed to be that of the Camden and Amboy railroad, 92 pounds per yard.

—Saturday week was celebrated in many cities and villages by the Israelites with religious observance as the Jewish New Year.

—Judge Probasco, a distinguished practitioner, and a partner of Hon. T. Corwin, died of typhoid fever, in Cincinnati, on the 18th ult.

—A letter received from a reliable mercantile House in New York, states that $2,000,000 in gold it on its way from Liverpool to New York.

—A bed of coal four feet and four inches in thickness, has been discovered near Neargo Station, on the Chicago Branch of Central Railroad.

—Three U. S. Senators from N. H., have died within three years, and all while in office, viz:—Moses Norris, C. G. Atherton and James Bell.

—There are two newspapers in Western Virginia, that boldly advocate the cause of free labor—the Wheeling Intelligencer and Wellsburg Herald.

—Virginia has twenty one thousand square miles of coal fields, a bituminous coal area nearly three times greater than that of Great Britain.

—The article of sponge which has become no inconsiderable item in commerce, has been found growing in small quantities at Meigs Wharf, California.

—The Racine Journal says that the receipts of lumber at that port for month of August was 7,500,000 feet, against 4,387,000 during same month last year.

—B. F. Swett, of Mt. Morris, N. Y., cut a single cornstalk, from a field on the flats, upon which were six ears, measuring together 42¾ inches in length.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Canada.

THE steamship Canada arrived at Halifax on the 23d ult.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Gazette officially announces the elevation of Mr. Macauley to the title of Baron Macauley.

Cyrus W. Field, in a letter to the London Times, writes to the effect that after a minute examination by the electricians and others, the reported generation of heat in the Atlantic cable is false. There is not the slightest apprehension of injury to the cable.

The London Times contains extended remarks in regard to the financial crisis in New York. It deprecates the apathy exhibited by capitalists to the management of railroad affairs, and speaks in the strongest terms of condemnation of the speculations on the American side of the Atlantic, unlike those of any other country. The majority of the leading speculators of New York are devoted to the task of depreciating national credit.

The London Advertiser says, a well known attorney has left England with debts amounting to £150 000, including forgeries on a gigantic scale. The other journals say the figures are exaggerated, and that the attorney's name is Dean.

The Indian relief fund, of London, exceeds £20,000 sterling.

Europe and Africa had been successfully united by a submarine cable 165 miles long. It was submerged more than two miles a part of the distance.

The East India Company has chartered twelve more steamers, including the Great Britain and Leopold.

Reinforcements continue leaving for India.

The Russians have evacuated Herat.

A Slaver, under Spanish colors, had been captured on the coast of Africa, with 230 slaves.

FRANCE.—The official accounts of the harvest exceed the expectations entertained of its abundance.

Letters from Paris say that the recent difficulties in the management of the Credit Mobilier have been smoothed over.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says that British agents have arrived at Lilly, for the purpose of recruiting for the British army, but that they are not to enrol French subjects.

ITALY.—The investigation into the late insurrection at Legborn has terminated. Twenty-seven of the prisoners are to be tried for murder and maiming the soldiers, and the remainder for high treason.

SWEDEN.—A medical consultation having declared the King of Sweden unable to sustain the burthen of public affairs for a year to come, the King has requested the States to provide for their government during his illness.

RUSSIA.—Two parties of Russian and English sailors had a row in St. Petersburg, which resulted in the death of a Russian, and numerous injuries to others on both sides. The police took about 100 into custody.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., and others, say flour is firm at an advance of 5d, owing to scarcity. Western Canal 30@31s. Philadelphia and Baltimore 31@32s. Ohio 33@33s6d. Wheat was quiet, but steady. Red 8s2d@8s6d. White 9s@9s9d. Corn quiet; mixed and yellow 38s; white, 42@43. Weather stormy.

Provision Market.—Messrs. R., S. & Co., Bigland, Althya & Co., and others, quote little inquiry for pork. Lard slightly higher, quoted at 70@73c.

A STEAMER FOR THE RUSSIAN NAVY.—On the 22d ult., the stern post of a seventy-four for the Russian Government, was raised at the yard of Wm. H. Webb, of New York. She is to be a screw steamer of extraordinary dimensions, and will be the flag ship of the Russian navy. Baron Stoeckel, the Russian Minister, together with several distinguished officers of the Russian navy, were present.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, Sept. 29, 1857.

THE extreme tightness of the money market during the past week has interfered materially with trade in our city. We do not hear of a sale of any importance in a single branch of trade—prices generally are drooping, and those who possess the means to purchase keep wisely aloof. There are but few changes in our list of prices, and we do not make any specific mention of alteration in any department of business.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.			
Flour, bbl	$5,00@7,25	Honey, box,	18c
Wheat, Gen	$1,25@1,45	Candles, box,	13½@14½c
Best white Canada,	$1,25@1,45	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Corn,	80c	Apples, bushel,	38@50c
Oats,	34c	Do. dried,	$2,00@2,25
Barley,	75c	Potatoes,	38@50c
Buckwheat,	65@68c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Beans,	$1,25@1,50	Slaughter,	0@6c
Peas,	$1,00@1,25	Calf,	00@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts,	31@38c
Pork, Mess	$25,00@25,50	Lamb do.	50@62½c
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	SEEDS.	
Beef, ⅔ cwt	$5,75@6,00	Clover, bushel.	$4,50@7,00
Spring Lambs each,	$1,00@2,25	Timothy,	$3,00@3,75
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	SUNDRIES.	
Hams, smoked	13½@14½c	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Shoulders,	11½@13½c	Do. soft,	$3,00@4,00
Chickens,	11@12c	Coal, Lehigh,	$7,00@7,50
Turkeys,	00@12½c	Do. Scranton,	$6,00@6,50
Geese,	50c	Do. Blossburg,	$5,00@5,50
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Shamokin,	$6,25@6,75
Butter, roll,	18@19c	Do. Char	10@12½c
Do. firkin,	14@17c	Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,45
Cheese,	8@10c	Hay, ton,	$16@11
Lard, tried,	00@15½c	Wool, ⅔ lb.	30@40c
Tallow,	10@11½c	White fish, bbl	$10,50@11
Eggs, dozen,	13c	Pickled ⅔ quintal	$5,25@5,50
		Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28—Flour—Market very heavy, and 10@20c lower. Sales at $5@5,25 for super State; $5,25@5,50 for extra do; $5@5,25 for super Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Ohio; $5,25@5,80 for common to medium to extra do; market closing very heavy. Canadian flour lower; sales at $5@5,25 for super; $5,30@6,75 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat declinedly lower. Sales at 100@102c for Chicago spring; 100@109½c fair to very choice Milwaukee Club; 119@123c for white Western; 119@123c for red Southern; 124@136c for common to strictly prime white do. Rye quiet; sales at 80c, on outside price. Corn dull and nominal at 70@72c for mixed Western. Oats dull and drooping.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and lower, with sales at $24,10@24,60 for mess; $19,50 for prime. Lard steady; sales at 11½@12c—Butter steady at 15@19c for Ohio; 17@22c for State. Cheese selling at 7½@8½c.

BUFFALO, Sept. 28.—Flour—Market extremely dull. Very few buyers in market and the only sales we have to note is good Illinois at $4,75; extra Ohio at $5.

GRAIN—Wheat better and holders anxious to realize, and prices tend downward; sales Chicago spring at 86c. Corn market dull and lower; sales at 60c. Oats quiet and nominal at 31@35c.

GRAIN RECEIPTS.—The following will show the receipts by Lake for the week ending 5th inst:—Flour, 41,0 3 bbls.; Wheat, 233,750 bush.; Corn, 150,336 bush.; Oats, 43,324 bush.

ALBANY, Sept. 28—Flour and Meal—Our market for Flour opened languid, and up to the close was very quiet, the demand and sales being alike of a retail character. Corn Meal quiet and drooping.

GRAIN—The supply of Wheat is moderate. For a fair sample of white Michigan $1,25 is offered, and $1,30 asked—no sales—Corn very quiet and lower, with only a moderate supply offering. A few car lots changed hands at 75c for Western mixed. Barley in good supply, sales fair four-rowed State at 90c; very choice do at 96c. In Oats nothing transpired.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 21—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Beeves—First quality, 11½@12c.; Ordinary, 10½@11c.; Common, 9½@10c.; Inferior, 8@9c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@70; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 7½@8c.; Other qualities, 5@6½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $4,50@5,50; Other qualities, $3@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 7½@7¾c.; Other qualities, 7½c.

CAMBRIDGE, SEPT. 21—At market 2821 Cattle, 1000 Beeves, and 621 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,25@8,75; First quality, $7,50@7,75; Second quality, $7,00; Third quality, $6,00; Ordinary, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—$99, 150@200.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 45, 50, 60@70.

YEARLINGS—$18@22. Two years old—$27@30. Three years old—$35@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3104 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,75, $2,00, 2,50 each. Extra and selections, $3,00@3,67.

SWINE—950 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7@7½c. ⅔ lb.—Dressed, 9@9½c

HIDES—8@8½c. ⅔ lb. Tallow—7½@8c. ⅔ lb.

PELTS—62@75c each. Calf Skins—13@14c. ⅔ lb.

BRIGHTON, SEPT. 24.—At market 1300 Beef Cattle, 900 Stores, 12 pair Working Oxen, 90 Cows and Calves, 3,000 Sheep and Lambs, 1550 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $9,00; First quality, $8,75; Second, $8,00; Third, $6,00; Ordinary, $4,75.

YEARLINGS—$18@22. Two years old—$26@31. Three years old—$35@40.

WORKING OXEN—$100@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 37, 45@50

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $3,00, 3,50@3,75. By lot, $1,50 1,75@2,00.

SWINE—Pigs, 6½c. Retail, 7@9c. Fat hogs, 7½c.

HIDES—8@8½c. ⅔ lb. Tallow—7½@8c. ⅔ lb.

PELTS—62@75c. Calf Skins—13@14c. ⅔ lb.

WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—The market continues in a languid position; prices are quite unsettled, and the tendency is strongly downward in consequence of the severe pressure in monetary circles. The failure of several large houses in the Wool and Woolen business here as well in Philadelphia and Boston, creates much distrust, and but few can secure any purchases now in this market unless for cash or first-class negotiable paper. The stock is small, and were it not for the present state of financial affairs, which has almost revolutionized everything, prices would rule exorbitantly high. The contrary, however, is now the case, and those who are forced to realize must make sacrifices. Some 30,000 to 100,000 lbs Native fine Fleeces have been sold the past week for cash, at a decline of 6@8c ⅔ lb from the original cost of laying down in this market. Apart from this, the transactions have been quite trivial. It is very evident that prices have reached their summit, and if the manufacturers of Woolens had the good sense to act like the major part of dealers early in the season, their credit now would probably stand in higher estimation. Those who were led by us in selling their clip early acted wisely; but purchasers will have pretty severe times of it before they can return their money. We omit quotations at present, as they are no guide whatsoever to the market.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, Sept. 24.—Fleece and Pulled Wool have been quite inactive the past week, and are likely to continue so until a favorable change takes place in the money market. The sales have been quite small, at about previous prices. In foreign, sales of 100 bales Mediterranean and other kinds, at various prices, as to quality:

Saxony fleeces,	57@62	Smyrna washed,	23@30
Am. full blood,	60@55	Do. unwashed,	12@21
½ and ¾ blood,	42@50	Buenos Ayres,	12@50
Com. to ½ blood,	35@40	Mexican,	17@19
Pulled, extra,	48@55	Chili, Valparaiso,	15@40
" super,	44@48	Syria washed,	25@27
" No. 1,	37@40	Do. unwashed,	14@27
" No. 2,	18@30	Peruv. washed,	35@39

MARRIAGES.

AT the residence of the bride's father, in the town of Greece, on the 16th Sept, by Rev. Mr. Johnson, Mr. HENRY CARRINGTON and Miss LOVINA GOODENOUGH.

ON the evening of the 9th Sept., at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. G. L. Rown, Mr. D. D. PRICE, of Livonia, and Miss ADELAIDE P. WEEKS, of Geneseo.

AT Junius, Seneca Co., N. Y., Sept. 23d by Rev. W. H. Megie, Mr. THOMAS P. DUNHAM, of Chicago, Ill., and Miss EMILY, daughter of Lewis Braden, Esq., of the former place

DEATHS.

ON the morning of 29th Aug., at the residence of his father, Alanson Elmer, in Hume, Allegany Co., N. Y., EDWIN R. ELMER of Typhoid fever, aged 16 years

AT Clifton Springs Sept. 19, 1857, MARY E. PARKE, daughter of M. Parke, of the Clifton Springs' House, aged 20 years.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THERE IS YET TIME this Autumn to make handsome profits by obtaining orders for the best New Rochelle (or Lawton) Blackberry Plants, grown in this part of the country. Address, (with stamps,) C. P. BISSELL, Rochester, N. Y.

NEWMAN'S THORNLESS BLACKBERRY.

FINELY ROOTED PLANTS of this valuable new variety will be sent out this season at $1 per dozen; $10 per fifty; $18 per hundred; $130 per thousand. Address A. A. BENSEL, Milton, Ulster Co., N. Y., Who is sole Agent for the sale of Plants

CHEAP FRUIT TREES.

APPLES, 4 years, (extra) 1,000 $30; 5,000 $135; 10,000 $700. CHERRIES, 6 to 7 feet, 1 yr $12, 50 $55; 1,000 $100 DWARF PEARS, (*very fine,*) 100 $25; 500 $95; 1,000 $175. STAND'D " 100 $25. BENJ. FIRH & SON, West End Nurseries, Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

30 ANATOMICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, with full explanations of Diseases of the THROAT, LUNGS, MUSCLES, NERVES, JOINTS, SKIN, STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, BOWELS and WOMB. The afflicted may understand what causes their Diseases, and what Remedies or other means will best relieve, and cure them, *and why they will.* The Illustrations are large, well defined, and splendidly engraved; all sent *free of postage,* on receipt of SIX LETTER STAMPS, by J. R. STAFFORD, PRACTICAL CHEMIST, 16 State St., New York. 404w5

TO FREE DEALERS.—FREE TO SALE.

35,000 CHERRY TREES, budded, 2 yrs old.	$100 per 1,000
10,000 PEAR " "	200 " "
85,000 APPLE " 3 yrs from Graft,	70 " "
20,000 PEACH " best varieties,	81 " "

20,000 EVERGREEN Trees, all sizes and varieties. A variety of Ornamental Trees, Roses, Shrubs, &c., &c. Watkins, Schuyler Co., N. Y. I. HILDRETH & CO.

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS.

A. FROST & CO. have just received their assortment of Dutch Bulbous Roots direct from one of the best Florists in Holland, and can now offer choice bulbs, consisting of Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, Crown Imperials and Lilies, at the lowest rates. Catalogues may be had on application, or on receipt of a one cent stamp, by mail. Orders to be addressed to A. FROST & CO., 401w2 Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

IN PART FOR LANDS IN MICHIGAN, containing 126 acres of choice grain land, including 10 acres of wood land, well calculated for two small farms. Two dwelling houses, two new barns, three sheds, wagon house, and all necessary outbuildings; two grafted orchards, and a variety of other choice fruits. If not sold soon will be rented for a term of years. Said farm is located 1½ miles west of the village of Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y., and 1½ miles from the N. Y. Central R. R. Depot. Apply to the subscriber on the premises, or to E. BLACKMAR at Newark. MICHAEL O'ROURK.

CLOVER STREET NURSERY.

THE FOLLOWING TREES—RAISED IN ROWS FOUR feet apart, considered the best that can be procured in Western New York.

25,000 APPLE TREES,	6 to 8 feet,	4 years old.
80,000 " "	5 " 7 "	3 " "
10,000 DWARF PEAR TREES,	6 " 8 only	2 " "
14,000 STANDARD " "	5 " 7 "	2 " "
10,000 " CHERRIES,	5 " 7 "	2 " "
8,000 PEACH TREES,	5 " 6 "	1 & 2 yrs old.

Clover Street Nursery, Brighton, 3 miles east of Rochester. Address JOSEPH HALL, or ISAAC MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FRUIT TREES! FRUIT TREES!!

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC is invited to the following invoice of Trees, &c., which for health, vigor and beauty cannot be surpassed by any Nursery in the country:

250,000 APPLE TREES, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years old.
10,000 PLUMS on Plum Stocks.
25,000 CHERRY TREES
5,000 PEACH "
25,000 PEAR " 1 and 2 years old.
100,000 APPLE SEEDLINGS.

EVERGREENS, HORSE CHESTNUTS, GRAPES, &c., &c.; all of which will be sold very low at the Onondaga Nurseries, Syracuse, N. Y. [404w3] GRAVES & WARNER

FRUIT TREES FOR SALE.

HAVING PURCHASED THE COMMERCIAL NURSERIES, recently owned by JAS M. TAYLOR, I now offer for Sale 150,000 Apple Trees from 5 to 7 feet high, 100,000 do. 2 years old, very nice, for California, Kansas, or the West, 75,000 Apple Seedlings; 80,000 Asper Quince Stocks, 40,000 Dwarf Pears; 35,000 Standard do.; 40,000 Cherry, 25,000 Plums; a beautiful lot of Dwarf Cherry, Quince in bush and stools, Grape Vines, Currants, Shrubs and Ornamental Trees, &c., &c. All of the above Trees are remarkably healthy, and will be sold as low as can be obtained in the State, and will be safely packed and shipped.—All orders should be sent in soon for the Fall trade, and will receive prompt attention. H. M. RANNEY, Syracuse, N. Y.

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We have visited Messrs. FREEMAN & KENDALL'S Fruit Gardens, from which they are now offering to sell Plants, and we can say their Plants are well grown and of very superior varieties, the Orange Raspberry and Linnæus Rhubarb particularly, we take pleasure in recommending them to the Public.

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Racine, Wis., Sept., 11, 1857. [4 3w3] F. & M. DRAKE.

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Choice Poetry.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

[About twenty-five years since, Felicia Hemans cast upon the sea of literature, the following short poem. The recent loss of the Central America, and the fearful incidents connected therewith, render the lines peculiarly applicable to the present time.]

Yet more, the depths have more! What wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song.
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown:
Yet must thou bear a voice—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!—
Restore the dead, thou sea!

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE TWO NAMESAKES.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

Chapter I.—Tableaux.

It is a bachelor's apartment, you would know at a glance, and without the presence of its occupant to attest it. He is a rich one, too, as is shown in the elegance, united with taste, which gives to the room such an air of luxurious comfort. The heavy damask curtains which muffle the windows, effectually shut out every breath of this keen November air, and the clear fire in the open grate, as it leaps and crackles, and chases the shadows hither and thither over the furniture, and the soft, rich carpet, seems to exult in the thought that of all the cold, and want, and misery with which the city streets are thronging, not one atom can enter here. Did I say *misery?* Ah! that comes oftenest from *within*, and bars of gold cannot always keep it from the heart.

A table strewn with papers, is near the centre of the room, a bookcase filled with books and various curiosities, stands open with a step-ladder before it, on which a book is lying as if waiting till it shall suit the pleasure of its owner to restore it to its place. And he? He reclines in velvet gown, slippers and smoking cap, in that large, easy chair, with his head thrown back and his feet resting (after the fashion of American *gentlemen*) on the low mantlepiece. His eyes, half closed, seem to watch the wreaths of smoke which, curling upward from his cigar, veil the ceiling in a sort of dissolving cloud-work. A large Newfoundland dog, indulging in a revery of his own, rests his muzzle on his fore paws and moves only to give an occasional wink at his master, as if he would say:—"We understand each other, and know how to take comfort."

Richard Lansing is a lawyer by profession, and has also meddled much in politics. He inherited from his father a large property, which has greatly increased in value, and has made large additions to it by his own exertions. He was the successful candidate for Mayor, at the last election, and has the reputation of being a benevolent and active, but shrewd and somewhat haughty man. His thoughts must be pleasant to-night, for he smiles a self-complaisant smile, and languidly droops his eyelids as if soothed by some sweet reflection.—The fire-light fades and flickers, till only a few gleaming coals remain behind the grate, through which they peer like the eyes of some madman's vision. His cigar burns out, and he rouses himself slightly to throw it into the ashes. Again he dreams, and a shadow, darker and more gloomy than any other within the room, crosses his mind and his face, and muttering angrily, yet half deprecatingly, "Confound you! I never would, had it not been for Elenor, but it is done and can't be helped," he starts to his feet, throws a hasty and searching glance around him, shrugs his shoulders as if with cold, and running his slender, white hand through his hair, in which is here and there a thread of grey, begins rapidly to pace the floor.

Out of the dusty city, on towards the blooming fields and waving forests that skirt the river banks for miles, enlivened by many a cottage home, many a beautiful country-seat, winds the road to Renwood. The place is old and the house, though in excellent preservation, bears the marks of age. It is, in short, a manor house of the olden time, and was purchased some ten years ago, by its present owner, of the last representative of the ancient but decayed family of the Rensillers.

Reclining on a sofa in the large and handsomely furnished parlor, at the same hour in which we surveyed the last scene, was a youth apparently just in his teens. His delicate and girlish features, and slender figure were in striking contrast to his dress, which was that of one twice his years, and was of the finest materials. The frock coat, large Byron collar, and the elaborate gold fob-chain which dangled from his vest, combined with his air of studied negligence to give him much the appearance of a miniature man of the world. This was the only son of Richard Lansing's only sister, and by his proud and doting mother had been named for his rich bachelor uncle. There were three reasons for this:—First, from some natural affection for her brother; second, because that brother was rich and influential, one of whom she might be proud; third, because being so, and a bachelor, there was no one in whom he would be so likely to interest himself as his dear Elenor's darling son.

There were two other occupants of the room which held this important personage. Two little girls, I believe they were called *young ladies* at school, were amusing themselves in playing a duet upon the piano, and conversing together in low tones. One was Lizzie or Lilly Turner, the pretty, fair-haired sister of Master Richard, or as she generally calls him, "Brother Lance." The other was Ophelia Briare, a schoolmate who had come to pass the vacation with her.

"I say, Lil!" was the sound which broke in upon their peaceful occupation, "do stop that racket an instant and listen to me. Do you know that Uncle Richard is coming out here to stay a week soon, and go hunting, and father says if I am polite, and amiable, and attentive, and all that you know, to him, that I shall have the new gun that I have teased so long for, right off, and go everywhere with him. Won't that be grand?"

"I do not know, brother Lance, but I suppose it is grand for boys, though how they can bear to use such dangerous things as guns, or to shoot the poor little birds and squirrels, I cannot see."

"Ha! ha! Spoken just like a girl! Afraid of her own shadow. I should like to see a girl once that was not afraid of a gun and could ride a horse without trembling."

"Perhaps you may, some day," replied Ophelia, archly. "All girls have not the natural timidity of your gentle sister here."

With this brief introduction we will leave the group for the present, only pausing to give a slight description of Mr. and Mrs. Turner, who, though not present, must not be passed over.

Joseph Turner, by toiling early and late, and pinching and saving until he had nearly pinched all the life and animation out of his thin, sharp features and tall frame, at length amassed a fortune, but not until he had worn out two faithful wives in the struggle, and laid them with three short-lived infants in his beautiful lot in Greendale Cemetery. For nearly two years he lived alone in his dark and silent town-house. Then he went away at intervals to spend a Sabbath in a country town. He improved visibly, in his appearance at this time, and when at length, after a complete renovation in the old house, he installed therein as mistress, the young and beautiful Elenor Lansing, people were not so much surprised as he expected they would be. People said, after a while, that she ruled him as entirely as he had done the first two Mrs. Turners, but how should people know?

It is only necessary to say of Mrs. Turner that, as might be conjectured from this circumstance, she was ambitious, and beauty was to her but the means of obtaining a desirable end. The spoiled and beautiful daughter, the adored and indulged sister, had blossomed into the proud, designing woman, the arbitrary but weak-minded mother.

"Do lay aside your book, my son! The clock is on the stroke of ten, and you look weary. You have not talked to me any this evening."

"Yes, mother, in one moment, but these Latin verbs are so difficult they have absorbed my whole attention. There, I will put it away and get my cash book; I want to tell you how much I shall have in the bank by New Years. I feel confident I can begin to go to school in the spring.

"Ah! I fear not so soon as that, my son. But do not be discouraged, it will not be long. You know you were to lay by enough so that you could afford to clothe yourself well, furnish the necessary books and pay your tuition for one year, and it takes quite a large sum for that."

"But mother, I have some good news to tell you that you do not guess. To-night when Mr. Parker was in his counting-room paying off the hands, he motioned to me to wait till the last. When he handed me this bill, he asked how much I had been able to lay up since I worked for him. I told him, and he seemed surprised. He thought I must have been very economical, and should have enough to go into business at twenty-one, if I keep on as I have begun. I then told him to what I had appropriated my savings. He smiled and said he thought that with a little additional experience, my education would be sufficient for business purposes. I told him I should not be satisfied with that, and as I wished to improve my time when I did go to school, I had employed what leisure I had in studying some of the higher branches in the hope of entering in advance. The more common branches I think I pretty well mastered at the public school.

He thought about it a moment, but seemed rather pleased. At length he said that I probably knew that he was to enter the Legislature this winter, and he had thoughts of using his influence to get me the situation of Messenger. The pay is, as you know, much better than what I now receive, and if I could have it through the winter I think I should be sure of entering the Academy in the spring. I told him so, and thanked him warmly for his kindness. He *is* a kind friend, is he not, mother?"

The mother's eyes glistened as she replied to her boy, in whose open and animated countenance hope, energy and honor were clearly mirrored.—And then she half sighed, as she thought how his father would have rejoiced in his manly youth, that father, whose prospects were blighted and whose life was shortened by poverty and the vain struggle to rise against contending misfortunes.

Mrs. Noble was the daughter of a poor clergyman, and in her youth had resided in a pleasant country town not many miles from the city where she now lived. She had received a much better education than often falls to the lot of persons in the same circumstances, and possessed a great degree of natural refinement. Her father, to eke out his small salary, opened a select school for the sons and daughters of the wealthier class of citizens, and thus she shared their society and their studies. Pretty, lady-like and affectionate, Grace Lee was one to be loved, for she loved everything that lived. But there was one, a schoolmate, that she learned to love better than all, and at the early age of seventeen she was betrothed to the son of a wealthy farmer. They were separated. He went to College, Grace's father died, and she went to live with a maiden aunt. While riding on horseback one day alone, as she often did, she attempted to dismount, and her dress becoming entangled in the stirrup, she fell and injured her ancle, so that after great suffering, amputation became necessary. No one can tell her mental agony which far exceeded the physical, at this event. A cork foot in some degree made good the loss, but Grace must submit to life-long lameness.

As soon as she recovered, the generous girl wrote immediately to her lover, acquainting him with her misfortune and restoring to him his plighted faith, assuring him that she could never consent to become a clog, a helpless charge upon a young man of fair prospects, who had his own way to make in the world. Many days elapsed before she received a reply to this letter. It came at last, cold but kind. It assured her of his love, his sorrow for her calamity, which was one to himself as well as to her. Had he the means of maintaining her, nothing should keep them apart, but as it was, he felt that she had decided wisely, and he was grateful to her for her consideration towards him. The time might yet come, when he could ask, as a favor, the privilege of becoming her protector, but she must always remember him as a sincere friend.

The poor, wounded heart fluttered and drooped awhile, and then grew strong again. The proud, independent spirit rose triumphant over human weakness, and when, but a short time afterwards, Philip Noble offered to her acceptance all that he had to give, a manly heart and a strong arm, she gave him her heart with gratitude. He knew how she had been tried; he did not ask for her whole heart. She was dearer to him for her affliction, and he doubted not that a true heart's devotion could, in time, obliterate the past, or at least rob it of its bitterness. And so it proved.

But they were not destined long to know prosperity. Mr. Noble, who was a mechanic, took into his confidence a man whose mechanical ability and shrewdness he expected would be a great advantage to him in perfecting an invention, on which he had for several years spent much time and money. There was but one thing which seemed in the way of its completion, and he hoped that patient perseverance would yet compass it. This man, or serpent rather, saw at once the difficulty and its remedy, but kept his own counsel. Then came delays, pressure for money, and then sickness, and while prostrated with disease, the news reached Mr. Noble that his faithless friend, who had removed to one of the Western States, had perfected, and patented in his own name, that which had been the labor of his life-time, the hope of his future. From this misfortune he never recovered. He lived and labored, but he was broken in health and spirits; his strength and ambition were gone, and in a few years consumption gave him rest from his troubles. The widow supported herself and son, out of her earnings and the scanty remnant of her property. She had named him Philip for his father, and Lansing for the early dream of her girlhood. He was the hope and joy of his mother's heart. Inheriting from her a sensitive, affectionate and refined nature, he had combined with it the manly energy and generous frankness of his father.

Chapter II.—The Candidates.

"Well, Philip, how passed the examination today? You look so animated that I venture to surmise that you were successful."

"If by success, you mean that I entered in advance, you are right. There were five others—three little boys, and one large one, besides myself; and I was the only one who entered the closing year. The other boy seemed very much disappointed. I felt sorry for him."

"And who was he, and why was not his chance as good as yours?"

"I think he gave his name as R. Lansing Turner. He is most likely a relative of the Mayor's. He had evidently been studying for the examination; but his mind seemed confused, and he made several bad blunders. His appearance did not much prepossess me in favor of his acquirements, for to tell the truth he was dressed and behaved like a dandy of twenty-five, when he is not as tall as myself, is slender and fair, and does not look more than fourteen, though he gave his age as sixteen. I was quite surprised to find him but a year younger than myself."

So absorbed was Philip in his description, that he had failed to notice the pallor of his mother's countenance, and perhaps even an acute observer might not have detected it.

"But I must be off to Mr. Parker; he will be anxious to hear of my good fortune. Shall I give him your respects, mother?"

"Yes, Philip, and thank him once more for his almost fatherly kindness to you."

"By George! I've a good mind to say that I won't go to the Academy at all. True, thanks to having studied with all my might, I have got in, and should have thought quite honorably, if a conceited little upstart of a fellow had not gone ahead of me."

"What is the matter, my dear? I did not know that you wished to enter the closing year. You could easily have done so by studying a little harder."

"I know it, and that is what vexes me. To think that a rough looking fellow, dressed in grey, like a Quaker, passed such a splendid examination in Latin, Geometry, and Arithmetic, as threw me clear into insignificance, and the stupid old Faculty said that I had better remain one term in the next lower class, to review."

"Did you know who he was, Richard? Is it any one with whom you are acquainted?" gravely asked his uncle, who had been listening to the conversation of the mother and son.

"*Acquainted* with him? I guess not. Farmers' boys and tailors' apprentices are not the sort of company that I keep."

"Lansing, Lansing, I am surprised at you!" chimed in Mrs. Turner. "You should speak more respectfully to your uncle, and you should not let your pride get the better of your good breeding."

"Mother, Uncle Richard asked me a question, and if you have not put it out of my head, I will try to answer it. You asked who this fellow was; his name was Noddle, or Noble, or some such thing. Ah! now I have it, Philip Noble. I never saw him before, and almost wish I might never see him again."

"A truly Christian, not to say gentlemanly sentiment, and worthy of the promising young man who uttered it," replied Uncle Richard, with some bitterness and unusual severity, as he arose and left the room.

"Lansing Turner!" exclaimed his mother, as the door closed after her brother, "I believe you will mortify me to death, and effect your own destruction besides. Have I not told you, often and often, how much depends on your behavior towards your uncle? You know as well as I do, how much it is in his power to do for you, if you please him. But you may rely upon it that unless you alter your conduct, you will forever disgust him, and he is so proud spirited that he would give his money to a beggar, if deserving, sooner than to his nearest relative, if he had offended him."

"Yes, I *do* know all that, or rather I know that you have told me so often enough. But I am not going to play toady to anybody. I speak and act as I am, and as to money, I guess Mr. Joseph Turner has got a little of his own, and when that is gone it will be time enough for me to think of coaxing some out of Uncle Dick."

[To be continued.]

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of five letters.
My 1, 4, 3 encompasses the earth.
My 1, 4, 5 is a disorder.
My 2, 1, 3 is where money is when worth 100 cts. per dollar.
My 4 is never far distant.
My 2, 1, 4, 5 is a domestic utensil.
My 2, 1, 4, 3 is two things alike in form.
My 2, 4, 5, 5 is a small medical ball.
My 3, 1, 4, 5 is always found under a locomotive.
My 3, 4, 5, 5 is aways traveling though never climbs a fence.
My 3, 4, 2 is often seen in a bachelor's coat.
My 3, 1, 2 is the visitors first salutation.
My 5, 1, 2 is the throne of an infant.
My 5, 4, 2 is a part of the human face.
My 5, 1, 4, 3 is the home of the wild beast.
My 5, 4, 1, 3 is one who tells falsehoods.
My whole will be found in the midst of the spring months.

September, 1857. H. I. S.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first is always seen in a rage,
Tho' it was never known to fight;
My second is just a third of my age,
It can be seen though never in sight.

My third you will own to be very queer,
'Tis myself and part of an aisle;
My fourth is in every month of the year,
And 'tis found at the head of the Nile.

In the winter my whole often changes its form,
Then 'tis a beautiful sight to behold;
A mild, gentle thing; a companion of storms,
It once caused many deaths, I am told.

Hartford, Wis., Sept., 1857. E. W. D.

☞ Answer next week.

Answers to Enigmas, &c., in No. 402.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Man's extremity, is God's opportunity.

Answer to Botanical Enigma:—Night-blooming Corens.

Answer to Charade:—Tongue.

Answer to Puzzle:—
29
35
—
64
1
7
8
—
89

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Among the advertisements in a late London paper, we read that "Two sisters want washing!"

We should often be ashamed of our best actions, if the world knew the real motives which produced them.

Compliments are the coin that we pay a man to his face—sarcasms are what we pay him out with behind his back.

A writer in Blackwood says that every man who is not a monster mathematician or a mad philosopher, is the slave of some woman or other.

In the worst of times there is still more cause to complain of an evil heart, than an evil and corrupt world.

The "eye of the law" has become so weak from the want of proper practice in the different courts, that it is going to advertise for a pupil.

A woman of the world was heard to say—"The state of widowhood is inconvenient; for one must assume all the modesty of a young girl, without being able to feign her ignorance."

Swift held the doctrine that there were three places where a man should be allowed to speak without contradiction, viz:—"the bench, the pulpit and the gallows."

A laborer reading a journal to his wife, instead of "The President was received with three huzzas," pronounced the last word "hussies." "More shame for him!" exclaimed the indignant and scandalized lady.

There is a good story told of a young man who had a light and incipient mustache. One day, while fingering the few hairs, he said to Harry—"Hadn't I better dye this mustache?" "Oh, no!" replied Harry; "let it alone, and it will die of itself."

A merchant was, the other day, reproving the keeper of a low groggery for his disreputable mode of getting a living. "I get my living as respectably as you do," said the rumseller. "Don't you live by your bargains?" "Yes." "Well, so do I by my *bar*-gains!"

The aborigines of Australia have a notion that after death they rise again in the natural world, and become white people. They are now very fond of intoxicating liquors—so fond, that if told they will soon die, they reply—"Me don't care; me jump up again white man, with plenty of sixpence for drink."

A paper, giving an account of Toulouse, France, says:—"It is a large town, containing sixty thousand inhabitants *built entirely of brick!*" This is equalled only by a known description of Albany, which runs thus:—"Albany is a city of eight thousand houses, and twenty-five thousand inhabitants *with most of their gable ends to the street!*"

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THE LEADING WEEKLY

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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Rural New-Yorker.

THE POTATO—ITS HISTORY, &c.

A CORRESPONDENT asks why the Potato is called the *Irish* Potato. To answer this question it will be necessary, and perhaps not unprofitable, to give something of its history. The first potatoes ever grown in Europe were raised on Sir WALTER RALEIGH'S estate in Ireland, the seed being taken by him from Virginia about 1602. For many years, although eaten, they were grown more as objects of curiosity than for profit. Their culture, however, continued to increase, and, during the wars that devastated Ireland towards the end of the seventeenth century, when the growing grain was destroyed by the soldiery, the potato crop served to keep the inhabitants from starvation. It could not be destroyed by fire, and, in fact, nothing but digging up the crop could destroy it, which was altogether too much like work for soldiers, and too long a job, and so the potatoes were left to the hungry people, for which they were, no doubt, very thankful. After this the potato became very popular in Ireland, and about the year 1694 was introduced into the county of Lancashire, England, when it gradually spread over other adjoining counties, and through all England; but it was not until about the middle of the seventeenth century that the Scotch gave it a trial. Previous to this date in England potatoes were grown principally in vegetable gardens, and occupied no prominent place in field culture. During the latter end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century the potato increased in popularity, and there was a consequent increase in its culture. But, even up to 1812 the limited extent of the crop may be judged from the fact that during that year, when breadstuffs were extremely dear and scarce, the British Parliament were urged by agricultural and political economists and the press to recommend, or pass some law requiring, that every farmer should grow one acre of potatoes for every hundred acres occupied.

What the original variety first taken from Virginia was, or whether more than one variety, is not known, and it was not until about the year 1800 that we find much said of different sorts. At that time DONALDSON, in his *Modern Agriculture*, enumerated thirty-seven varieties as being cultivated in England.

No plant has exercised so great an influence upon the world, and particularly upon the people of Europe, as the potato. On this point we give an extract from the *Encyclopedia of Agriculture*:—"While the English and Scotch laborer were benefited by the introduction of potatoes into their dietary, and slowly improving in worldly comforts, by this new addition to their daily food, the Irish peasant was making no progress, in consequence of his entire dependence on one particular kind of food; which, however excellent as an accompaniment or supplement to other articles of diet, can never be wholly employed as a substitute, without producing those fearful evils which the exclusive cultivation and use of the potato have occasioned in Ireland. From being the hope and strength of the country in times of famines, arising from the failure of the cereal crops in the earlier part of the present century, and always exercising an influence in keeping down the prices of corn in times of scarcity, the potato itself, more recently, became the cause of the direst famine ever known in Ireland; for in 1845 came that dreadful scourge which destroyed the food of a whole people, and threw them for support upon the charity of the government and liberality of the benevolent. The extent to which the people of Ireland had depended upon the potato crop was never even guessed at, until this period; and then came, too late, the knowledge of that fearful folly, under the influence of which rational beings had directed their whole industry."

From this brief history of the potato in Britain, we may learn some useful lessons. After it had been known and cultivated for 200 years, it was thought necessary by some of the wisest and best men to encourage or enforce its growth by parliamentary action. In twenty years after this question was agitated, so popular had it become, and so general its use, that no root could compare with it, either in the quantity raised, or in the esteem in which it was held by the people. The fact, therefore, that a plant gains but slowly in popular favor, is no certain evidence that it is not valuable, and we should be careful how we cry out "*humbug*" at everything new because of apparent failure at first. Some of the new plants lately introduced may ultimately effect as great a moral, social and political revolution in this country as did the potato in Europe. If the Chinese Sugar Cane shall enable the farmers of the north to manufacture sugar and molasses so as to supply our markets at a cheap rate, who can calculate the mighty moral and social change that will be peacefully effected by it, compared with which the greatest political revolution will sink into insignificance. We may learn also the folly of growing one crop so exclusively as to make its success or failure a matter of such serious importance, almost a question of life and death, instead of a mere matter of profit or loss for a season. We have always urged our farmers to grow a diversity of crops, even where one or two seemed for a time to be the most profitable, and the failure of the wheat crop in the Genesee Valley has proved the wisdom of the advice.

The potato with us is an important crop. It is found every day of the year upon the tables of the rich and poor, and is at once a luxury and a necessity. In no part of the country is it grown so extensively, we think, as around Rochester.—Immense quantities are shipped every year to New York, as far west as Chicago, and to most of the large cities of Canada West. No crop (excepting fruit) pays as well. In 1854 they averaged one dollar per bushel; in 1855, fifty cents; in 1856, one dollar; and at the present time are selling at from three to four shillings. Those who grow largely for shipping, generally keep their crop over until spring, when the demand is greater and the price higher than in the fall. For keeping potatoes nothing equals a good root cellar, and some of our potato farmers have very fine ones. This is much better and more economical than burying in the ground. For several years the potato rot has not been very serious, though every wet summer the crop is more or less injured. In 1855 the summer was very wet, and probably full one-third of the potatoes were destroyed. In 1856 we had a dry season, and saw not the slightest sign of rot. The present summer has been wet, and rather cold and backward, and we have heard much complaint of this disease, and observed unmistakable signs of mischief on the vines. We have seen several lots dug, on high, sandy ground, and not two per cent. were affected. On heavy, moist land the evil is much more serious. Indeed, we would not try to grow potatoes on a heavy soil. As 100 or 150 bushels is not a large crop, our readers will have no difficulty in figuring up a good profit from growing potatoes, at the prices we have named, even though the crop should be injured somewhat in wet seasons, as during the past five years.

What we have not been able to account for on any principles creditable to the sagacity of the farmers of some parts of the country, is the fact that speculators can pay one dollar or one dollar and twenty-five cents for potatoes in this city, pack them, and ship to the cities of the West, surrounded by a country as fertile and beautiful as any the sun ever shone upon, and make money by the operation. This fact alone indicates that even at this late day more attention should be given by farmers in some localities to this crop.

THE LITTLE THINGS.

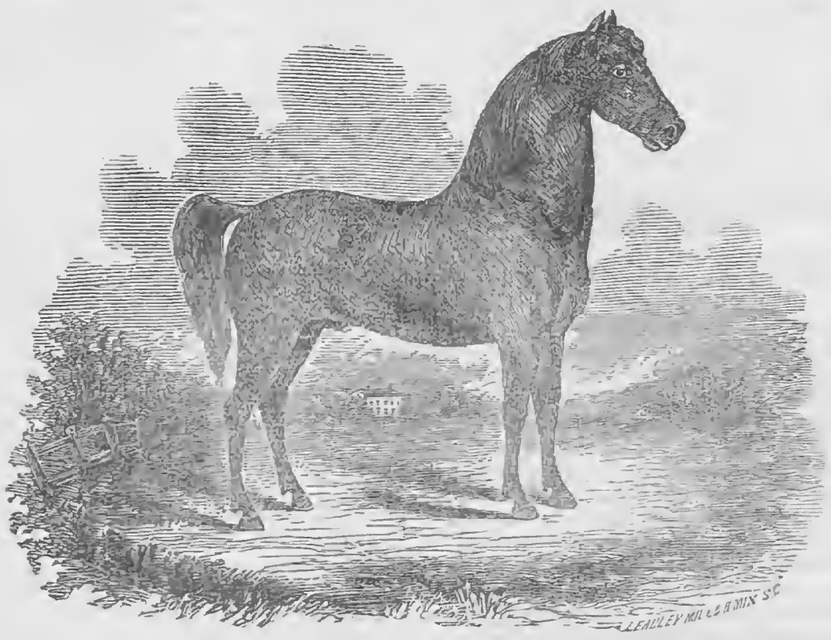
SOME men there are who pass through life without impressing even the knowledge of their having existed upon the memories of the intelligences by which they were surrounded. They have departed—the fretted marble marks not their last resting place—they left no "letters of gold" recounting kindly offices performed—their good deeds (if they ever did anything worthy) lie in the dust with them—they *were* and *are not*, is their entire history. And why? They lacked not opportunity; nor power to labor or endure; nor the means for the promotion of righteous ends. They only forgot that life is made up of little things—they waited for the privilege of accomplishing a great task—a task that should give unto them pre-eminence among their fellows—and while idling, the grave opened, the mortal disappeared "like the baseless fabric of a vision, and left not a wreck behind."

To no class of workers do the *little things* wear a greater import than to the tillers of the soil. As our life so our labor—our projects and our accomplishments—our successes and our defeats—our joys and our sorrows—each viewed separately, is infinitesimal when placed by the side of the workings of the great mass of humanity. Minute and insignificant as these may seem, they are not only necessary, but are in fact, the very foundation to that superstructure which is, as yet, merely the creation of the brain. We must secure here—at the base—or the entire fabric will topple to destruction, burying amid its ruins, not alone hopes of triumph and the glory of success, but its originator and builders. It is the practice of economy in little things that makes us rich—the applying of the small streams of fertility that invigorates our soil—the proper use of all the means within our reach that will enlighten our minds, while on the other hand, it is the little waste that makes want—scattering the enriching sources that creates barrenness of both soil and brain—in short, the passenger upon the stream of time must fear the little leaks or his ship will founder as surely as though the water poured into her in torrents.—Having premised thus much, we purpose to direct the attention of our readers to some of those matters connected with the farmer's calling, which we are too apt to consider as of small account.

The home of the farmer and his family might receive much more attention—be benefited by a more profuse expenditure—and, at the same time, there would be no danger of incurring the envy of the weak-minded nor the name of the spendthrift. We are fearful that a majority of those places where we eat, drink and sleep are too much dignified by the title of Home. To be sure it is the spot where we reside—the place we mean when we speak of home—but has it any hallowed associations?—is there that about it, which, were we to leave it to-morrow would cause the tear of regret? Does your son talk of the charms of the city, and the dullness and prosiness of the country? Is he inclined to [illegible] and seek a livelihood amid the wear and tear of commercial life? Depend upon it, in nine cases out of ten, the trouble is to be found at the doors of your "home."

We are not finding fault with the style of architecture, the newness or the oldness of the material, or the color of the outward adorning—not these complete a home. Art—though guided by the powers of an arch-angel; though new Golcondas sprang into being with the wish; though furnished with all that earth can give or the spirit of man can long for,—if the dew of affection be gone, cannot erect a habitation worthy of the name. It is not so much the external *appearance* but the *seem not, be* of the interior. And yet, who can doubt the influence of a neat dwelling. WHEELER, in his *Rural Homes*, says:—"Perhaps the house has a quiet simplicity about it that shames the lovers of gaudy carpeting and showy upholstery into a better taste; perhaps its arrangement of rooms suggests an amended and more refined adjustment of domestic economy; a little plant cabinet has perhaps forced the love and attention necessary for the culture of a few flowers; a retired, quiet little book-room, if merely, perhaps, from the pleasant view commanded from its windows, has tempted occupancy in an unbusy hour, and the mind, calm and unhindered by household cares, has found time to strengthen itself by inward contemplation or the study of books. Numberless are the methods by which a wholesome influence will work—lasting and limitless are its effects. The young girl, that, finding no intrinsic pleasure at home, nor regarding it otherwise than the sphere of her domestic duties, would seek away from its shelter, and with companions other than those of the household; pleasures and excitements neither so wholesome nor refining as a fond parent could wish, would find in a well ordered home so much to attach her heart and give food to her mind that the inducement to wander would be without allurement."

The long evenings are fast coming on, and it would be well for the head of every family to ask himself the question—What shall I do to disseminate knowledge among those surrounding my hearthstone during the winter now about setting in? Books are silent teachers—they laugh not at our ignorance, nor chide us for our errors, but noiselessly impart information to those who seek therefor. The labors of the day being over do not compel your children to sit listlessly about the room, or to seek associations foreign to home interests, for the purpose of dispelling what is so often termed "dull care." The mind has its desert places as well as the soil—places which demand the invigorating properties of powerful fertilizers. Give ample opportunities for the acquirement of knowledge, and by influence and example create a desire, on the part of the young, for the accumulation of such ideas as will benefit and elevate.—We have, heretofore, given it as our belief, that if such a course were pursued, the next decennial census would exhibit an increase in the ranks of those following rural avocations—that tillers of the soil, instead of being the conservators of crude principles, would be men of reflection, decision and character, and we are impressed that this belief of the past is the spirit of to-day.



MORGAN HORSE "GENERAL GIFFORD, Jr."

THE fine Morgan Stallion above represented is the property of ELIAS YEOMANS, Esq., of Walworth, N. Y. His color is chestnut, with no white. He was got by old General Gifford; grand sire, Gifford; great grand sire, Woodbury; g. g. grand sire, Justin Morgan. Dam, a beautiful, clean limbed and very active animal, of Messenger descent.

"General Gifford, Jr.," was awarded the first premium in his class at the late Horse Show at Palmyra. The Palmyra *Courier* pronounces him "a capital specimen [illegible]" In his general form, (although he is but three years old,) he possesses the most important requisites in a stallion, viz., 'as much goodness as could possibly be condensed in a small space.' His head is fine, eyes lively and prominent, his chest capacious, barrel round, loin broad, back short, quarters long and muscular, flanks deep and full, limbs short-jointed, flat and sinewy; a lively, quick action, with head up, and an intelligent and docile temper and spirit." General Gifford, Jr., was to be exhibited at the State Fair, Buffalo, this week.

SURFACE AND FOREST DRAINING.

DRAINING has been written of until it would seem the subject must be drained of valuable material for added essays. Farmers have read until they feel little promise of reward for further reading. Yet the subject has lost none of its importance, for it underlies every improvement in agricultural advancement.

One feature of draining we have never seen descanted upon. We refer to the influence of the forest upon cultivated adjoining fields. It is not slight—it is not occasional—it is not periodical:—it is perpetual—it is destructive to vegetation—it is susceptible of remedy. From forest land there is continually oozing cold, unfertilizing water, saturating greater or less breadth of lower land and rendering it frigid, sterile and unproductive.

We were first led to observe the baneful effect of forest water in the draining of a bit of thin soiled clay land, by cutting a ditch to catch the water of a certain spring. The ditch was about one-eighth of a mile in length, and ran parallel with and close by the edge of a piece of woodland, not with, but across the fall of the land, in such manner as to cut off the chilling water which had hitherto soaked through the poverty stricken soil. No sooner was the ditch completed, than the land below dryed by it, gave evidence of change, and apparently underwent, in a short time, an entire chemical transformation. The soil, before a blue, hard clay, which air, frost, nor sun, could change, now became a light, friable, dark, fertile looking loam, producing abundantly. This was looked upon as a wonderful transformation.

Thousands of farmers are tilling soil saturated by forest and spring water soaking continually through it, which a few dollars would largely increase in fertility. In early spring the snow of the woods melts slowly, and continues running across or soaking through lower land. This supply is kept up through the summer by occasional rains, so that a continual loss of water is soaking from woodland upon lower lands. In this manner the vegetation of many naturally fertile fields is held in check throughout the summer. The reason is obvious—a dense growth of forest prevents evaporation, and all superabundant water seeks a lower level.

Level lands are more injured in this manner than broken or undulating. Hence in hilly or uneven districts, the forest soil retains much less water than in comparatively level ones, so that less necessity exists for ditch draining in the former. Any farmer who will observe his fields subject to a flow of forest water for one year, will not fail to discover cause for complaint. In clearing a farm of the forest growth, care should be taken that the woodland be not left upon the height of land or where it can throw its leaching water upon the cultivated fields.

We hold the following to be the first proper step in all efforts at draining. To cut ditches so that water cannot leach or run on from the surface of other farms or fields. It is a great mistake that only level lands need draining. All wet lands need it, and we almost as frequently find undulating land too wet, as level land, and in most instances from the outflowing of foreign surface water. Wet or too moist upland is generally fully as worthy of being drained as lower land, and its necessities should be more closely studied by the practical farmer.

Few farmers but have noted the good effects of a well raised turnpike, along the brow of some gradually sloping field, and yet this is naught but the action of draining. Since this subject has been presented to me in its present light, I have observed many instances in which forest water was injurious to cultivated fields—indeed few woodlots but have a baneful effect upon some bordering field. In stiff clayey soils this is most apparent, but I saw several marked instances during a recent short walk in Livingston Co.

The drain which we should prefer in cutting off forest, spring or surface water, would be open ditches—especially for hard clay land. But in case the water was needed for use, a good blind ditch would be preferable. In choosing a point at which to turn the water gathered in a ditch from it, as high ground as possible should selected and this kept in meadow, as the vegetation of high and naturally dry land, is less injured by water than low land, and meadow, less than pasture or grain land.

JNO. SANFIELD.

Homer, N. Y., 1857.

THE ILLINOIS STATE FAIR.

FRIEND MOORE:—The East looks Westward with increasing interest these days. Her children are here, "trying for themselves," and there is some anxiety to know the result. The indiscriminate "pitching in" to western lands, corner lots, &c., is expected to result in a "pitching out" or "going up" of credit, and confidence in Western men.—Well, it is a hard theme to dwell upon—hard, because whatever may be the fatalities here, they seem equally numerous and disastrous among the "Old folks at home;" hence your correspondent proposes to let each day record its doings, without venturing to predict "who next!"

But our young people held a Fair at Peoria, last week. Suckerdom was out in gala dress. The writer arrived on the grounds, (which were beautifully located on a bluff one and a half miles from the city,) Wednesday morning, Sept. 23d. That day there was a crowd. Over four thousand dollars were received by the society.

The Grounds.—We said before they were beautifully located. They were also finely fitted up, being the grounds of the Peoria Co. Ag. Society, enlarged, and furnished with permanent buildings. Stalls for cattle and houses encircled the whole area, and were more than full.

Horses.—This department of the show was splendid.

Cattle.—Here also our State pride was gratified by an exhibition which would do honor to older States.

Sheep.—The number was small, but the specimens of Spanish and French Merinoes, South Downs, Bakewells, &c., were unsurpassed in quality.

Swine.—Our ideal of a *real* hog, both in charac-

ter and name, was realized. We never saw a meaner lot together. Hope our lovers of this kind of flesh will exhibit *civilized* animals, with all the "modern improvements," or none. Had they been only indifferent, we should have overlooked the department entirely, but they noticeably *bad*—awful.

Jacks and Mules.—A good show, and evidence that the "long-eared race" are getting to be appreciated. You know they are the conservative class and badly needed among our fast farmers. They certainly "spoke" for their masters; spoke well too.

Dairy Products—Somebody reports a fine show! So there was, compared with other exhibitions we have seen in the West. We could name some men who *always* have made a good exhibition of butter and cheese. The finest cheese on exhibition here, were said to come from the East. They were fine. Our own State bore off the prizes for butter, tho' we think they were not well, or rightly distributed. We heard an officer remark that "two or three old women who knew little, and one or two men who knew less, were on *that* Committee, and a certain exhibitor furnished 'cordial' for their palates."—Do not pretend to say that this is the fact, but certainly they "cordial"-ly agreed he was a good fellow, and his "cordial"-ity merited a premium.

Corn and Squashes.—Enormous was the height of the stalks of corn exhibited—too high to specify definitely. Some estimate may be made by the curious, however, when it is known that from the ground to the ears of corn on the stalks was *thirteen feet!* Ought we not to be a *tall people?* We did not measure the squashes and pumpkins, but saw specimens proportionate to the corn stalks.

Fruit.—A fine display of apples, pears, plums, and grapes. Peaches few, and better ones could have been selected in our market any day. In this department the show was by no means as good as in Chicago two years ago.

Flowers.—A meagre show. Some of those on exhibition were fine indeed, but Flora and her worshipers ought to be ashamed of themselves for neglecting this opportunity to make an impression. We might name some individual displays in this department that could hardly be excelled in gorgeous beauty, though not extensive.

Domestic Manufactures.—"I have seen nothing which I would not be ashamed to own as my work," said an intelligent lady to the writer. She had never seen as indifferent a show in this department in the State.

Farm Implements.—Here we proved again our pre-eminent greatness. Threshers, reapers, drills, plows, corn-huskers, corn-planters, mowers, hedge trimmers, rakes, cider-mills, "Little Giants" (Judge DOUGLAS *was* on the ground,) wind-mills, cultivators, &c., &c., in great *pro* and *con*-fusion. There was nothing to be ashamed of, but we think a much larger exhibition will yet be seen in Illinois.

Fine Arts.—There are a half dozen galleries in our city where a better and more interesting exhibition is daily given. There were, however, some meritorious paintings—fine Ambrotypes and Photographs—specimens of penmanship, &c.—but the writer cannot speak the truth and say this department, as whole, was remarkable.

WAS THE FAIR A SUCCESS?—We answer, Yes.—We think it will prove so pecuniarily. We never saw more *farmers* together—*working men*. The proportion of farmers in such gatherings is not always as large as it should be. Here they were out in round numbers—being the only class not "hard up," or that could afford to be present.—The interchange which resulted will have its effect in securing the attendance of these classes again. The spirit of inquiry exhibited was particularly satisfactory. The members of the State Horticultural Society held evening sessions. The Hedge Growers of the State discussed, in an informal meeting on the ground, *their* interests. On the evening of the 24th was to be held a joint meeting of the two State Societies to listen to a communication from JOHN JONES, V. P., of the U. S. Ag. Society from Delaware, relative to the establishment of an Agricultural Department by our Government, and the founding and endowment of Practical and Scientific Schools in each State in the Union, or that may hereafter be admitted. A good feeling existed relative to this movement.—Your correspondent was obliged to leave previous to the meeting, and at this writing has not learned the result. There is perhaps no State more anxious for the success of such a measure, and none where may be found more earnest and working men.

Of necessity there must be some dissatisfaction, in regard to the Fair, but, although the high standard which these State gatherings of industry aspire to, has not been attained, we think good has resulted, and when analyzed, much more benefit than injury. These re-unions of the working minds of the country produce greater and better results than are always discovered on the surface. The minds brought in contact feel this influence, and find action modified and harmonized. They are found co-operating with more cordiality, and watching and criticizing each other with more charity.

But my letter is already too long, and the "reflections" growing out of what was seen and heard must be wrought into shape at some future time. We have only remarked some of the more important features—said nothing of the management, or aught of its managers. But there is much to be perfected in the machinery of our State Institutions of this character. Your readers shall have the benefit of our humble suggestions at some future day. Most respectfully, B.

Chicago, Sept. 28, 1857.

THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

THE Annual Fair of the Agricultural Association of Canada West, held at Brantford, Sept. 29th to Oct. 2d, was, as a whole, highly creditable to the Association as well as to Canada.

The grounds were located upon an elevated plateau overlooking the village, as well as the valley for some miles above and below,—a valley rendered memorable as the home and hunting grounds of the Mohawks and Delawares, and the home and we believe burial place of the celebrated BRANT, for whom the district as well as village is named. The arrangements were all that was needed except the limited space devoted to the contributions of the ladies and the fine art gallery.

Cattle were one of the distinguishing features of the show. Durhams were exhibited by Messrs. J. P. WHEELER, Scarboro; W. F. MCCULLOCK, Stratford; R. CURRIE, Niagara; W. DICKSON, Blenheim; A. HOGG, Guelph; T. WINDALL, Clark; E. JONES, Stamford; S. MOFFATT, Galt; HON. A. FERGUSSON, Woodhill; C. PLACE, Beachville; W. & R. ARMSTRONG, Markham; W. MILLER, Pickering, and many others whose names were not obtained.

A very fine show of Devons was made by Messrs. FERRIE of London, CHOATE and WADE of Port Hope, with many creditable additions in smaller herds.

A marked and interesting feature among the cattle was a herd of Galloways, numbering some thirty head, imported from the highlands of Scotland some years since by Mr. W. RODDICK, who has bred them with care and is now offering for sale. They are black, with long heavy hair, somewhat curly, and without horns. Their great value is supposed to consist in their ability to stand uninjured the severe winters of the Province, though in beauty of form and carriage they do not suffer in comparison with more popular breeds.

Messrs. KIRKWOOD & LAWRIE, of Hamilton, exhibited a pair of twin steers, six years old, weighing 4,000 lbs., which, after being shown at Buffalo during the State Fair, will be shipped to Prince ALBERT.

The exhibition of Horses was quite large. We observed some excellent matched teams, said to be of Black Hawk blood, as also some superior draught horses of the Clydesdale blood,—though the great mass of horses exhibited, if we except some blooded stallions and fillies, were no better than can be seen in the street every day either here or in Canada.

Swine were presented in great numbers, embracing Suffolks, Essex, Berkshire, and crosses of the different breeds, making a better show of embryo porkers than is usually seen on a fair ground.

Of Sheep the exhibition was superior, the long wool's greatly predominating, though we examined some very choice Merinos and Saxons shown by N. CHOATE, Port Hope; J. RYMAL, Burton, and A. L. SOVEREIGN, South Dumfries. South Downs were presented by T. W. STONE, Guelph; J. SPENCER, Whitby; J. DICKIE, Galt; T. A. MILLER, Markham; E. JONES, Stamford, and others. The great bulk of sheep were those classed as long wooled, or those "not pure Leicesters, Cotswolds or Cheviots," and bred in Canada principally as mutton sheep, making the great bulk, we should judge, of the flocks in the Province.

The display of Implements was large, though presenting nothing new. The great rivalry in Canada appears to be in plows and plowing, and the Society have very sensibly decided to judge the plows and other implements by work actually performed, rather than by the polish and varnish with which they are finished and adorned. The great majority of plows are of the Scotch pattern, long and narrow, with great length of handles and beam, looking cumbersome and unwieldy, though we observe performing most excellent work in skillful hands. The reapers and other implements presented very few new features, as compared with those of the States, of which, in too many instances, they are copies badly executed. Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Richmond Hill, C. W., exhibited a reaper similar to the New York Reaper of SEYMOUR, MORGAN & ALLEN, of Brockport, which in material, finish and accuracy of operation has rarely if ever been equalled.

The Horticultural Department was creditable, though inferior to former efforts. In pears ELLWANGER & BARRY, of Rochester, N. Y., carry off the palm, as does Judge CAMPBELL, of Niagara, in peaches. A display of Dahlias by Hon. J. YOUNG, of Montreal, was pronounced by all observers as very superior, and seldom equalled.

One of the distinguishing features of every Fair in Canada, is the exhibition of Grain and Seeds. There were over 300 entries, embracing some of the best specimens of wheat, barley and other grains grown in any country.

As a whole, the exhibition should be satisfactory to all concerned. The closing days were rendered unpleasant by rain, though not retarding the business of the Fair. The Farmers' Banquet was held on Thursday, under a tent on the ground and attended by most of the officers of the Government, including Sir WILLIAM EYRE, acting Governor-General, and hundreds of farmers. Appropriate speeches were made, of which those from the United States were by Ex Gov. HUNT, and L. F. ALLEN, Esq.

We are under many obligations to the efficient President, G. ALEXANDER, Esq., of Woodstock, as also to the editor of the Brantford Courier, for attentions which the better enabled us to see the exhibition and enjoy our visit with our Canadian friends. H. C. W.

OSWEGO COUNTY FAIR.

THE Secretary of the Oswego County Agricultural Society, Mr. D. W. C. PECK, gives us a favorable report of the recent exhibition, held Sept. 15th to 18th. Though the weather was unfavorable—the second day especially being cold and rainy—the Fair was very successful. "The number of entries was 887, being two more than last year. The exhibition of fruit and vegetables surpassed anything of the kind ever before made in the county. The display of household manufactures, embroideries, fancy work, paintings, &c., was unusually large and interesting. The show of cattle and horses being necessarily made in the open air, was more affected by the unfavorable weather, but notwithstanding was very creditable. The Society have this year erected a good, substantial frame building, 84 ft. by 34, for a Floral Hall, an Eating House, 65 by 20, and have brought a never-failing supply of water upon the grounds in lead pipe, from a spring 130 rods distant. Our receipts will enable us to meet all these expenses, in addition to the payment of the award of premiums and contingent expenses of the Fair. The address, by CHAS. B. SEDGWICK, of Syracuse, was well adapted to the occasion—an able, practical production—and was listened to with marked attention. Our Society has been in existence under its new organization but two years. Its fairs have been permanently located at Mexico. Its receipts for the last three years have been as follows:—In 1855, $575 43; in 1856, $1,287 38; in 1857, $1,721 94. Increase in 1857 over any former year, $434 56—showing conclusively, as we think, the advantages of a permanent location."

SENECA COUNTY FAIR.

THE entries on the first day were more than were entered at the last Fair, but owing to the continued rain of the second day much of the stock was kept back, although there was a fair show on exhibition of fine improved bovines of every sort—sheep, pigs, poultry, &c. Many fine horses were here on the first day, but owing to the rain the trial of speed, the riding matches, and plowing, were postponed to the 15th and 16th inst, and additional premiums to the amount of $200 were voted for the same, to create additional competition. There was a good show of mechanical articles, including elegant carriages and buggies of Waterloo manufacture.

Flora and Pomona were well represented in Floral Hall. W. L. & E. SMITH, of Geneva, contributed fine pears, and splendid roses, dahlias and verbenas. ASA MESSER, of same place, ten varieties of foreign grapes, including clusters of two pounds weight, and nine varieties of pears. Elegant boquets were exhibited by your indefatigable agent H. E. SMITH; and a floral design by MARY FAIRCHILD, in which the richest and tinlest flowers were blended and variegated with exquisite taste. Waterloo shawls of more than Scotch beauty of texture and design, and splendid Cassimeres from Phœnix mills, Seneca Falls, &c., &c.

But that which drew crowds of farmers through mud and rain on the second day, was the *prestige* of the name of GREELEY. After he had delivered his sensible and truly practical address, which spoke to the life of every farmer, the rush to take him by the hand was tremendous. Although the rain continues to the close of this third and last day, more than $800 were taken at the gates, which, with the village contribution, makes $1,100. The premiums are not yet made public.

Waterloo, Oct. 2d, 1857. S. W.

DEVON CATTLE.

EDS. RURAL:—If you please I will give you, and the numerous readers of your truly useful paper, a little of my experience with the Devon cattle.

After reading and inquiring to obtain information concerning the different breeds of cattle, and having an opportunity also to observe them—especially the Durhams and Devons—I came to the conclusion that while living in this part of the country, the Devons would suit me the best, as I became satisfied that they were the most hardy and would be better for both oxen and cows, and I believed that a thousand pounds of beef could be made with them as easy and as cheap as with any other breed, and equally as good. I therefore, in August, 1853, purchased, of Mr. H. N. WASHBON, a pair of yearling Devons, bred from the herd of Mr. PATTERSON, of Baltimore. After keeping them a few weeks, and learning more about the fancy marks of the Devon cattle, I found that the heifer was right, yet the bull did not suit as well in all particulars, though I had no reason to doubt his purity, as I had the pedigree of both through to their original herds in England; but I wanted one that was right, so I sold him in April, 1854, and bought one that was bred by Mr. R. H. VAN RENSSELAER, of Otsego Co., N. Y., which suited me. I also bought two half-blood Devon heifers. For two years my Devon and native cows ran together, and I found that the Devons kept in the best condition, especially in winter, all having the same fare. They were wintered in open yards, with good sheds, having corn stalks twice a day and straw to go to when they pleased.

I keep but four cows; two of them are full bloods—the others half bloods. I found by reading the agricultural papers that the general report was that the Devons did not give as much milk as the natives, but that it was richer, so that a dairy of Devons would make as much butter as the same number of natives, and I supposed it to be so, but I am disappointed. I have been raising cows for forty years, have milked a good many heifers as well as matured cows, and I can truly say that I have never had better milkers than my Devons.—They have all given two-thirds of a common pailful the first year, and the second year they fill it and thus far all have given first-rate milk, and I find them more tame and docile than the natives and perfectly orderly. I kept my bull till he was seven years old, and he was perfectly gentle; a boy or an old man could lead him from his stable to water, and manage him on all occasions as easily and with as much safety as they could any gentle work horse. Myself and family are very much pleased with my little herd of cattle; they are always smooth and handsome. REED BURRITT.

Burdett, Schuyler Co., N. Y., Sept., 1857.

A TIMELY TOPIC.

SELECTION AND CARE OF SEED-CORN.—Is it not strange that a task of so great importance, and yet requiring so little time, should be so generally neglected, or at best performed in a careless, slap-dash manner? Every few years we hear of extensive failures and successive replantings, consequent on the use of defective seed-corn. I doubt not that many a township in our corn-growing sections has, in this manner, lost hundreds of dollars in a single season. Even the present year I know of severe losses resulting from this cause. And yet a few hours, rightly spent, may insure any farmer against the slightest risk of a failure.

My practice has usually been to traverse the cornfield with a basket or bag, soon after the crop commences ripening, and select the best looking ears I can find, which are sufficiently matured, and tying them together by the husks, two and two, hang them across a pole in the chamber. The warmth and dryness of the air gradually deprives of moisture these golden pledges of future cornfields, thus rendering them proof against the assaults of Jack Frost, even in the bitterest of his midwinter moods. To prevent the petty larcenies of rats and mice I suspend the poles from the roof by means of wires. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Burr Oak, Mich., Sept. 24, 1857. FRANK FIELDING.

HOG CHOLERA—REMEDIES.—The Indianapolis *Journal* says the feeding of new corn has stopped numerous cases of Hog Cholera in that vicinity, and prevented its spread. A farmer of Perry Co., Ind., gives another remedy, which he says is effectual. He throws the suffering pig upon his back, opens his mouth, and applies a small quantity of tar to the roots of the animal's tongue.

Rural Notes and Items.

ORLEANS COUNTY FAIR.—The Orleans Ag. Society had a fine exhibition at its Annual Fair, on the 1st inst. Though the weather was most unpropitious, the attendance was unusually large, and the show highly creditable to the Society and the County. The officers and members of the Society seemed almost unconscious of the constant rain, and made a better display in most departments than we ever before witnessed during such inauspicious weather. The show of Stock was especially noteworthy, and comprised the largest and best exhibition of Devons we ever saw at any County Fair. The show of Horses, Sheep and Swine was also superior to what we anticipated. There was a fine display of Implements, &c.,—Messrs. CURTIS of Albion, and ANTHONY of Medina, being the principal exhibitors. The exhibit of Domestic Manufactures, and Fruits, Vegetables, &c., was also creditable. Indeed, the whole Fair was, considering the weather, a success—always excepting the address, which was delivered by a friend of ours whose voice and lungs were inadequate to the occasion, and who, we are confident, will not soon attempt to be heard by so large an audience.

—The Fair was held on the Society's Grounds, in the suburbs of Albion—a beautiful and finely located tract of twelve acres. These grounds have been purchased, inclosed, &c., since the recent reorganization of the Society. We were glad to learn that the Society was both prosperous and popular, and we trust its prosperity and usefulness may be annually augmented. Indeed, with such efficient officers as Mr. BAILEY, the President, and Messrs. GOFF, THOMAS, BATES, BARBER, HALL, KIRBY and others, and scores of working friends, it cannot fail of accomplishing much in behalf of Rural Improvement.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER has passed into new hands. JOHN S. WRIGHT, Esq., who has been proprietor from its commencement as a monthly, and expended large amounts to sustain the paper, has disposed of his entire interest. He is entitled to more than the thanks of Western farmers for his long-continued efforts and expenditures in their behalf. Our friend C. D. BRAGDON, the genial and efficient editor of the *Farmer* for some time past, retires with best wishes, we are sure, of all its readers and contemporaries. We wish him eminent success in his new business—announced in our advertising department under head of Chicago Purchasing Agency. The new editor is JAMES C. MEDILL, formerly, we believe, editor of a daily paper, in Cleveland,—to whom we extend a cordial welcome, and wish merited success. The enthusiastic "Old Doctor," JOHN A. KENNICOTT, will continue to grace the position of Corresponding Editor. The *Farmer* is published weekly, in quarto form, at $2 a year.

FAIRS NEXT WEEK.—The Annual Fair of the Fulton and Hamilton Agricultural Society is to be held in the village of Johnstown, on Thursday, Oct. 15. The Fair of the Union Ag. Society (Yates county) is to be held at Dundee, Oct. 15. The Palmyra Union Ag. Society's Exhibition takes place Oct. 14, 15 and 16—for which ample arrangements are being made, and an excellent show is anticipated.

—The State Fairs to be held next week, are, the Connecticut, at Bridgeport, Oct. 13th to 16th—Kentucky, at Henderson, Oct. 12th to 16th, and Tennessee, at Nashville, same days.

SALES OF VERMONT HORSES.—We learn that Mr. NEARING, of Orwell, recently sold his Black Hawk stallion, "Addison," to Messrs. PIERCE & PAINE, of Belleville, Ill., for $5,000. He is a noble horse, 16 hands high, and weighs 1,200 lbs.—Mr. D. EDGAR HILL, of Bridport, has sold his beautiful horse "Black Hawk Chief" (a son of "Vt. Black Hawk,") to Dr. ASHE, and other gentlemen of Alabama.—The same parties also purchased a number of superior Black Hawk mares.—Mr. F. C. GILMAN, of Montpelier, has sold a fine stallion for $1,500, to parties who will take him to Cuba.

A DEVON ITEM.—We observe that Mr. J. N. BLAKESLEE, of Watertown, Conn., offers a premium of $100 to any man who can beat him in showing Devon cattle, at the Conn. State Fair, Bridgeport, next week. He proposes to exhibit six pairs of Devon oxen, one cow, one heifer, and a bull calf, (all from his own farm,) and adds:—"It is not my intention to offer this as a sort of challenge; I wish to show the public what the original Devons were in their purity." Mr. B's offer will be likely to call our other Devon breeders, thus securing a very fine and interesting exhibition.

THE RUSHVILLE UNION AG. SOCIETY—comprising three towns in Yates, and one (Gorham) in Ontario Co., and organized over two years ago, when an investment of $1,200 was made for a beautiful inclosure of five acres of land and the erection of a building—held its third Annual Fair Sept. 25th and 26th, under very favorable auspices. The exhibition is said to have been been very fine, such as would have reflected credit upon a County Society. The President, G. W. STEARNS, Esq., delivered an appropriate and practical address.

THE LIVINGSTON COUNTY FAIR—held in Geneseo, Sept. 24th and 25th—is said to have fully realized the highest expectations of the managers.—The Genesseo Democrat says:—"The weather on both days was of the most favorable character, the attendance large, and the number and quality of articles presented such as to make an entertaining and creditable exhibition. The list of entries at this Fair, amounted to 997, while that of last year, which was considered large, was 541."

THE CATTLE MURRAIN.—The Limerick (Ireland) Chronicle states that this dreadful disease has made its appearance with fatal effect in that district. A gentleman who holds a farm within a few miles of the city of Limerick had lost within the last month 28 head of fine cattle, valued at £600. The Chronicle adds that private accounts mention that several agriculturists in the counties of Limerick, Tipperary and Clare have also sustained serious losses by the malady.

A NEW VARIETY OF INDIAN CORN was exhibited at the recent Show of our Horticultural Society. It is white, eight-rowed; the kernel large, but the ear below medium size of the ordinary eight-rowed yellow variety. This corn was exhibited by AMOS DANN, Esq., of Livingston county, who thus speaks of it in a note to Mr. SEELYE, Secretary of the Society:—"I send you for exhibition, a half dozen ears of the *Early Arctic Pearl Corn*, introduced into Western New York by me a few years since. I procured it at the head of Lake Superior, of a traveling Missionary who had brought it from near Red Lake. It is said to be grown as far north as Hudson's Bay. It is two weeks earlier than any corn I have known—will be fully ripe the first day of August. It is very delicate, and first-rate for the table, green or ground. It should be planted in rich, warm soil—if in hills, about two-and-a-half feet apart, and will not rot in the ground, should the weather, after planting, prove cold and inclement. I have a few bushels, which I think of committing to the seedsmen of your city."

REMEDY FOR GARGET.—[illegible] J. H. STANLEY, of Le Roy, writes:—"An old English man wishes me to send you the following as a remedy for the Garget in cows. He has tried it repeatedly and never knew it to fail:—Take ½ lb. epsom salts; ½ lb. barbara powder; ½ lb. diapenta, or the the same quantity of Armenian bowl if the Diapenta cannot be had. Mix the three articles well, and make three doses of it, to be given every other day, in a quart of beer. Rub the bag with ox oil or hog's lard."

—And Mr. J. D. VANEY, of Pontiac, N. Y., communicates the following remedy:—"Milk dry as possible and wash the entire udder, both before and after milking, with pure cold water. I have found this entirely sufficient in cases where little besides blood came from the teat. It is bad enough for us to physic and bleed ourselves, without thus maltreating the brutes. Where a dose is found necessary, give the garget (skoak) root and throw mercurial preparations to the—sheep dogs."

DOMESTICATION OF OSTRICHES.—A French paper states that, after numerous unsuccessful trials, the natural incubation of ostrich eggs has just been accomplished at the government establishment at Algers, and no doubt now exists that these birds may be reared in a domestic state.—This is the only successful experiment yet made.

AN OLD TEAM.—At the great Horse Show at Springfield, Mass., a septuagenarian made his appearance on the course with a quartette of horses whose united age was 91 years.

The Young Ruralist.

LETTERS FROM YOUNG FARMERS.

AMONG the letters we have lately received from our young friends, is the one from a young reading, working and experimenting farmer. This is what we like. Read to gain knowledge, experiment to test the truth and practicability of what is read. *Think*, too—always *think*. If you read, or hear a statement made, *think* whether it is reasonable or not. If you see one crop fail and another succeed, or the same succeed in one place and fail in another, *think* out the cause, and after you have decided it in your own mind, then try experiments to see if you are correct or not.—This is the way to gain knowledge and strengthen the mind. But, we give the letter, and hope it will prompt many to do likewise:

MESSRS. EDS.:—Among other treasures, my small but choice library, rejoices in the profession of three bound volumes of the RURAL, bound by my own hands, and hence, with more stability than beauty, and better prepared for long service than for show; therefore their outward appearance is not quite correspondent with their contents, which combines stability with beauty. There are also lying upon my studio table, several books having the figure of a fruit tree, or a leaf of grain upon the binding, and the walls are adorned with specimens of the various grains and grapes. This indicates that I am studying the *profession* of a farmer, and holding the plow as I have this day, is evidence that I am engaged in its *practice*. I am yet a boy, farm labor has not shaken my love for its varied, pleasant scenes. I think the mark sufficiently high, if "Young Ruralists" aim to become the most successful, scientific and practical farmers.

I am engaged in experiments this summer, on some crops which are almost entirely new for this section, viz:—Barley and Tobacco, and have a small, fine plantation of the latter, nearly ready to cut; perhaps I may report on my success, at some future time. I do not wish to prolong my letter now, lest its insertion should crowd from the column of the "Young Ruralist," a communication from some fair reader of the RURAL, which I would not have done on any condition. BYRON S. P.

J. P., of Orleans county, has "patch of white beans which he is afraid will not get ripe, as the summer has been so cold and wet." The beans on low, cold or damp soil will require, at least, all the fine weather they will be likely to get this season. On dry, sandy soil, they are ripening much better; and where the soil is rather poor, although the crop is less than on a good soil, they ripen quicker. The same thing is particularly true of tomatoes. We always plant our earliest tomatoes on the poorest, sandiest soil we have. On such a soil, we can ripen them a month earlier than if they were planted on a rich soil. The fruit, however, is much smaller and inferior in every way.—It is necessary to secure beans before frost, and as we cannot expect exemption from severe frost much longer, they should be pulled up by the roots at once, and thrown into small heaps. After they have become somewhat dry, they may be put into large heaps around a stake, with the roots in the centre. As you have only a few, you could dry them nicely on the barn floor, perhaps. T. M., is "afraid his pears will never get ripe," as after keeping them "for two weeks, they are as hard as ever." We don't know their name, and consequently we can't say anything about their habit, but we think time will soften them. Have patience; keep them shut up in a drawer, and when the peaches are all gone, we think you will find some ripe pears.

The Orchard and Garden.

A CHANCE FOR FAME.

SOMEBODY, in Dundee, Yates county, who forgot to sign his name to the letter, writes us that he has discovered "a perfect remedy against the ravages of the apple-tree borer." This remedy "costs but 20 or 25 cents to each tree, while it doubles the amount to the growth and productiveness of the orchard. One application will last twenty years, and not a borer will touch or injure a tree." This discovery it is proposed to make known to the world on one simple condition, and that is that the small sum of $10,000 shall be deposited by Horticultural Societies or individuals, in some Rochester bank, which the discoverer is to have if the remedy, after two years trial, proves effectual, and if not, it is to be returned to the depositors.

Now, two or three objections, to this plan, suggest themselves. In the first place, the times are rather out of joint; *single* dollars, to say nothing of *thousands*, are rather scarce, and we fear it would be difficult to raise the money. Then, as the banks are suspending and failing, all over the country, perhaps it would be hardly safe to trust this sum with them. The better way, we think, would be for the discoverer to send us on the remedy, at once, and we will lay it before the several hundred thousand readers of the RURAL, without charging him a cent. If it proves all that he recommends it, he will not, to be sure, get ten thousand dollars, but he will get a great name, and will be ranked among the great men, and great benefactors of the age. Hosts of men have spent fortunes and lost their lives in the pursuit of fame. It would seem to lie within the very grasp of our correspondent. He has only to stretch out his hand and become great. No consideration of dollars and cents, particularly so small a sum as ten thousand dollars, should be permitted to palsy his arm or dash the crown from his brow.

GRAPES AND PEARS.

ED. RURAL:—I this day send you a box containing specimens of the following grapes, viz.:—Concord, Clinton, Diana, Isabella and Catawba, all of which, I believe, to be genuine. Catawba rots badly this year, but few of them ripe. What think you of the Diana? Of all native grapes now before the public, this, in my humble opinion, is the most desirable. It has fruited here for the last four years. I find it quite hardy, a good grower, very productive, clusters closely and ripens before the Isabella. It is not infested with the insect that perforates the berries and feed on the seeds. Indeed it is extremely rare that one finds a defective berry. In quality it is not surpassed by any other grape. But little noise has ever been made about it, which will perhaps account for its being so seldom seen. In the same package you will please find the following pears grown on pear stocks, as they are known here:—Onondaga, Napoleon, Bezi de la Motte and Forello. These pears are productive, and always grow fair, but in quality they are generally insipid or inferior. Please inform us if we have them genuine.—W. T., *Germantown, Col. Co., N. Y.*

REMARKS.—The fruit received with the above, we exhibited at the Show of the Genesee Valley Horticultural Society. The grapes were well ripened, very much better than we have been able to ripen them at Rochester this season. The pears were correctly named except the Napoleon. The variety so named bore no more resemblance to the Napoleon than to the Bartlett. We could not name it, nor could any of our Pomologists.

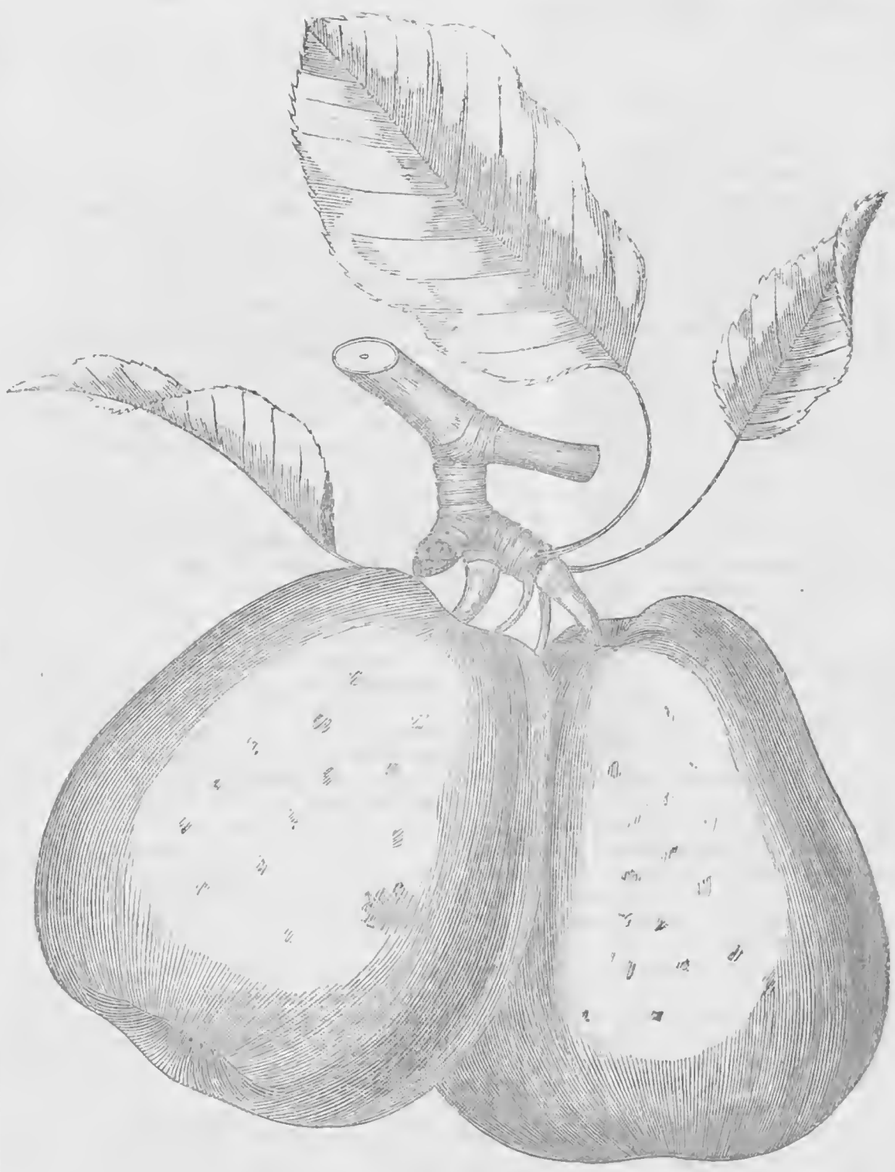
THE NORWAY SPRUCE.—In the RURAL of Sept. 5th, I find the following sentence in an article entitled "A Rural Home:"—"How speedily would we surround the exposed orchards and gardens of our friends on the prairies with a belt of magnificent Norways," &c. Having made a "claim" in Kansas on the prairies, I wish to inquire what the "Norway" is? where and how obtained? And also the best way of conveying cuttings from the States to the Territories. We have the crab apple and wild plum there, and I have been informed that we can graft upon them. Any remarks upon the above will be received with pleasure by—R., *Milton, Rock Co., Wis., Sept.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—Young plants of the Norway Spruce can be obtained at the nurseries very cheap, and if well packed could be taken safely to Kansas. The Norway Spruce is a beautiful, hardy evergreen, and a rapid grower. As it is of pyramidal form it affords a fine protection without being itself much affected by the wind. By planting the fruit or pits of the wild plum, you can raise young stocks that will answer well for budding or grafting. For the purpose of raising an orchard in Kansas, we would take young trees from the east, of from one to two years old.

MICHIGAN STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—A State Horticultural Society was organized at Jackson, Mich., on the 8th of September. H. G. WELLS, of Kalamazoo, was elected President, R. F. JOHNSTON, of Detroit, Secretary, and P. B. LOOMIS, of Jackson, Treasurer. The following gentlemen were appointed a Committee on Fruits: H. G. WELLS, Kalamazoo; T. T. LYON, Plymouth; DANIEL COOK, Jackson; WM. DAVIS, Detroit; PRINCE BENNETT, Ypsilanti; WM. ADAIR and R. F. JOHNSTON, Detroit. Any person may become a member by the payment of one dollar, and all members are privileged to submit their fruits to the fruit committee for names or classification.

A NEW EARLY GRAPE.—H. PARKS, of Victor, N. Y., presented us with a few clusters of an early purple grape, much resembling the Clinton in appearance, but of finer flavor, and very tender pulp. Mr. PARKS says they have been grown in Victor for the last twenty years, and are generally called *Purple Cluster*.

M. J. L., (Burlington, Pa.)—It is now too late to put out strawberries this fall. Plant early in the spring, on a dry and mellow soil, if possible.—Plants one foot apart in the row, and the rows two feet, for garden. We have described about a score of the best sorts in the RURAL the present year.



THE WHITE DOYENNE PEAR.

WE give a fine engraving of the *White Doyenne Pear*. This is one of the oldest, and best pears, and is more generally cultivated in Western New York than any other variety. The premium, offered at the recent exhibition of the Genesee Valley Horticultural Society for the best dish of pears, was awarded to this fine popular sort. Our market is well supplied with this fruit, and we think we should not exceed the truth in stating that as many bushels of this sort are grown and sold in Western New York as of all other sorts combined. On the seaboard it sometimes cracks, and for this reason in the Eastern States, and near New York it was for many years considered almost worthless, but latterly the Boston and other Eastern growers have produced it in the greatest perfection. We have heard complaints of its cracking in some localities in Western New York. This subject was brought before the American Pomological Society at its last meeting, and the following opinions were expressed by the members:

MR. FIELD, of New York city, had ascertained that the fruit was not so liable to crack on the quince as on the pear. Mr. HODGE, of Buffalo, formerly thought it first rate, but of late years it is so much specked and spotted as to be almost worthless. Thought it required a very strong soil. Mr. HOAG stated that at Lockport, N. Y., it was as fine as need be on a light soil, or on any soil. Mr. REID, of New Jersey, thought the cracking was a local disease, not dependent on soil.—Mr. WARREN, of Genesee Co., said he had seen it cracked on the pear worse than on the quince. It succeeds finely in Genesee Co., in this State. Mr. CABOT, of Massachusetts, thought we should have to abandon its culture on the pear root, but on the quince it is as good as ever. J. J. THOMAS stated that Mr. YEOMANS, of Wayne Co., had planted an orchard of 2,300 Virgalieu trees on quince root. The fruit was almost entirely destroyed by cracking and mildew. The soil is gravelly and well drained, but somewhat springy. Mr. ERNST had 20 years experience with this pear. For many years the fruit was so worthless on pear stock from cracking, that he grafted them with other varieties. Of late years the few branches that escaped have borne fine specimens, with no appearance of cracking. It should not, therefore, be rejected too suddenly.

The *White Doyenne* is often called the *Virgalieu*, and before the publication of DOWNING,S work on fruits, it was generally known by that name, though sometimes called *Vergaloo* and *Bergaloo*. The common names in England are the *White Buerre* and *White Butter Pear*, at the London Horticultural Society, and the most intelligent nurserymen have adopted the *White Doyenne*.

The fruit is very variable, both in size and form, depending upon the vigor of the tree. On young trees and on quince stocks it is usually quite large, while on old trees or pear stocks it is only medium or small. General form obovate,—sometimes roundish, and sometimes considerably pyriform. Surface—pale yellow, becoming deeper and brighter when ripened in the dark; has frequently a blush or dash of bright red on the sunny side.—Stalk—about half an inch long, variable, rather stout, slightly sunk. Calyx—small, shallow. Flesh—white, fine-grained, melting, buttery, rich and delicious. The tree is an erect, handsome grower. Shoots—yellowish brown, moderately vigorous.

During the present year we have given engravings of the three most popular pears—the *Louise Bonne de Jersey*, the *Bartlett* and the *White Doyenne*. Of the two first there can be but one opinion,—they succeed well everywhere; and where the latter does not crack, it is not surpassed in any valuable quality by the others.

THE BLACKBERRY.—ITS CULTURE.

IT has long been felt that between the close of the raspberry season and the commencement of the peach crop, there was a vacancy in cultivated fruit which it was most desirable to fill. Fruit growers have endeavored to fill this vacancy by introducing varieties of ever-bearing (or double-bearing) strawberries and raspberries; but it is only within a few years that they have awakened to the value of the blackberry to supply the desideratum.

The blackberry plant has, in some few portions of our country, long been quietly cultivated with signal success; but we have mostly relied on the chance productions of the fence corners and forest windfalls for our supplies of this most valuable fruit. Reasoning from the effects of cultivation upon all other varieties of production, our Agricultural Societies argued that no reason existed why care and attention should not increase the size, quality and flavor of this fruit as much as they have enhanced that of the strawberry. Premiums have consequently been offered and much effort made, which have succeeded in bringing into notice several varieties of this valuable fruit, the chief of which are the Dorchester or High Bush, and the New Rochelle, sometimes called Lawton. Varieties like Newman's Thornless, the Holcomb Blackberry and several others, may receive attention at some future time.

The Dorchester *(Rubus villosus)* is a very fine and free grower, and is said by many to bear freely. It is said also to withstand the severest winters of New England without injury. The berries are long but not of great diameter, the seed vessels small and the whole berry compact and firm, with a flavor fully equal to that of any other variety; while by some it is claimed to be decidedly superior. The trials which have been made by some gentlemen in this part of the country, cultivation careful and continued since 1852, have resulted about as follows:—The plants attain a great height, and are, beyond question, hardy; the fruit is in quality all that can be desired; but in quantity very deficient. This very height and erect growth, without corresponding strength of stem, is a very serious objection—since the plants are almost certain to be prostrated, or more or less broken, or torn up by the roots during our spring and autumn storms.

The New Rochelle Blackberry *(Rubus suberectus)* has sometimes been called the Lawton in compliment to the gentleman who exhibited it before the Farmer's Club in New York in 1851. It is, however, a variety which has been cultivated on the banks of the Hudson for more than twenty years past; but its origin and the time of its introduction are not positively known. The stem is erect and subangular, and it seems to be identical with the English *Rubus suberectus*, and to be a totally distinct variety from either the *Rubus villosus* or the common American variety, or the *Rubus Hispidus*, often called the low bush, or the *Rubus Canadensis* or dewberry, while it has many of the characteristics of all these varieties. We infer that some of the settlers in Westchester county must have originally imported the plants from Great Britain; or that it is a seedling from the English plant. They are enormously productive—single plants on my own grounds having borne over 400 berries, although severely pruned. Stories are told of 1,000 and 1,400 berries on single plants, but I have not yet seen such marvels. Although they grow fully as high as the "Dorchester," their habit is more drooping, and they do not suffer as much from storms. Heavy snows occasionally break the more upright ones.

The habit of the blackberry plant is well known to be that of all the Rubus or bramble family.—Like the raspberry *(Rubus Idæus)* they grow up in one summer, bear fruit the next, and then die to the ground: a succession having in the meanwhile sprung up. The pruning usually consists in the obvious operation of cutting away all the dead wood, that which has borne fruit, and in the shortening in that which is alive, thinning the canes so as to leave 2, 3 or 4, according to the strength of the plants and the fertility of the soil. As the finest and best fruit is in all cases the product of strong and well ripened vines, it becomes necessary that the stools should have every advantage afforded them: therefore, cut up and remove all the old canes as soon as they have matured their crop—thus removing an unnecessary incumbrance at a season when sun and air are of infinite importance to the young canes and consequently to the succeeding crop of fruit. The young canes should never be cut back until spring. A late succession of fruit can be secured by cutting back all the shoots of some hills to within a few inches of the ground. The new wood which will then spring up will bear the same season.

The directions we shall give are for raising the fruit in its perfection; but we would premise that all this attention is not absolutely necessary. Like the currant they require no particular manuring, cultivation, or care; but, like the currant, they repay with more than compound interest, in double size and quadruple returns of fruit for all the judicious care bestowed. We have above referred to the gathering of the wild blackberry in "windfalls," where by some tornado the forest has been prostrated, and the plants can receive from the stumps and logs the shade and mulching they so enjoy, and find in the decayed leaves and forest accumulations of centuries the vegetable aliment so much to their taste. This teaches us, without further experiment, exactly how to treat the plant under consideration. Our treatment of the "New Rochelle" is as follows:—Choose a deep soil, moist, light and full of vegetable matter, but not too sandy. If not deep and loose, make it so by subsoiling or trenching. If vegetable matter be scanty, add swamp muck and ashes. In October or April cut the plants back to not over a foot in height, and carefully set them four feet apart in rows which are eight feet apart. In cities, or where land is very scarce, the rows may be as near as six feet, but eight is much better. The first summer they will bear very little, and ought not to be suffered to bear at all. Keep the ground loose and free from weeds for this season, during which time they will make good strong canes, short and very branched. 2d season.—In the spring, cut off one-third of their length, and one-third of the length of the branches, fork up the ground, rake off every weed and root of weed, and mulch at least six inches thick with straw or grass cut from a lawn. They will bear a good crop, although the fruit will not be as perfect in size and flavor as afterwards, and the young canes growing this summer will be more upright than those of the first year with comparatively few branches. This mulching will prevent weeds from growing; it will keep the ground moist enough; but it will not hinder the young plants from springing up from the roots, and these can be removed in October for setting out new plantations. 3d season—In the spring, cut out the old canes if not previously done, and shorten in the new canes to not more than five feet in height. They will do very well trained to upright stakes, like the raspberry; but it is better to set out posts in each row ten feet apart, and run a wire along each row two and a half feet from the ground, or two wires, one 2 and the other 3 feet from the ground. Bend the canes and tie them to these wires, bending them carefully in the direction in which they naturally curve. Also tie the lateral branches whenever left more than a foot in length, as they are apt to break from the stem at their junction with it if allowed to remain at full length, and to bear freely unsupported. The fruit is thus protected from the direct rays of the sun by the new foliage, which will grow up in ample season, and in size and flavor has now reached and will remain in perfection.

The old mulching must be dug in every spring; every weed must be carefully exterminated, and raked away and new mulching applied to at least six inches in depth. We are told that there are fine plants which have grown on the same spot in New Rochelle for over 20 years, and under this treatment show no diminution of vigor. We all know that it is not immediately upon any fruit assuming its ripened color that its maturity is considered complete. This berry often hangs upon its stalk a full week after turning black, before attaining its full ripeness and flavor. Perfect maturity is known by the fruit being soft and tender, and dropping when the bush is slightly shaken; but for ordinary use it is not necessary to wait for this. When thoroughly black and separating easily to the touch, they are in good order for gathering for market, or for use as we eat strawberries with sugar and cream.

The roots penetrate wherever the nature of the soil will permit, and run wherever nutriment is to be found; and we have known plants in their first year, (and by no means large plants at that,) have a network of roots extending over a circle of fifteen feet in circumference. Hence the importance of having the earth thoroughly loosened and properly enriched by which a proper quantity of aliment will be furnished to the plant, and the berries receive as large an amount of nutriment as they can appropriate.

To the readers of the RURAL in towns and cities, we would say, that while eastern and southern exposures in gardens are highly valued for early vines, fruits and vegetables; portions on the two opposite sides so shaded by the fences or by buildings as to be always damp, cold, mossy, overgrown with chickweed, or suffered to "go to grass" generally; yet, train the plants upon such fences or buildings, and these are situations which, if properly enriched and subsoiled, the blackberry particularly affects; and here untouched by drouth, unscorched by the summer sun, unwithered by any blighting winds, the fruit can come to its full perfection. C. P. BISSELL.

Rochester, N. Y., Oct., 1857.

GENESEE VALLEY HORTICULTURAL SHOW.—The Genesee Valley Horticultural Society held its fall exhibition on the 1st, 2d and 3d inst. This was one of the finest shows ever made by this or any other Society. Some six tables fifty feet long were covered with flowers, principally roses and dahlias, and a greater number with fruit, consisting mostly of apples, pears and plums. There was also a fine show of foreign grapes, pot plants, vegetables, &c. We have not space for a more extended notice, and will only say that it was an exhibition of beauty not easily forgotten.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.—We are indebted to W. BROCKSBANK, of Hudson, N. Y., for fine clusters of the *Rebecca* grape; and to CHAS. DOWNING, Newburgh, N. Y., for beautiful specimens of the *Delaware*.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN PATENT OFFICES.

WE had no idea of the cribbed, cabined, and confined nature of our own little nest, in comparison with the vast aviary in which we have been accustomed to be fleeced by our Trans-Atlantic friends, before we had the plans drawn out on the same scale, or we think we should have hesitated to make such an *expose* of our deficiencies; but the plans being prepared and promised to our readers, we feel bound to bring them to the light, let the consequences be damaging as they may.—We had read of the sizes of the various rooms of the American office, as stated in the published description of it, and we had seen the plan; and, further, we knew well the ins and outs of our own Patent Office, but never, until the plans were placed side by side, did the comparison appear so ridiculous. We do not say that some of the closets of the American office are as large as our patent library, but really the space occupied by the entire building is so vastly greater than our own little jewel in Chancery lane, that we are at a loss to know what use can possibly be made of it. It is true that the plan of the American office, as we have given it, is not yet completed—one portion having to be built, and other portions being occupied by different departments of state; yet for all this, the building was designed for the Patent Office alone, and to the purposes of this office alone will it very shortly be devoted, so that we may justly conclude, from the size of the entire building, what views the Americans entertain of the importance of the patent business of their country.

In one of *our* departments the space is so confined that we have recommended the attendants to wear spring shoes, so that they would, after a little practice, be able to jump over each other's heads; there being no room to pass between the shelves and the backs of the chairs of those sitting at the central table. With respect to the store department, there is only sufficient room in the corrugated iron out-house to contain a few copies of each of the printed specifications, which space will be wholly inadequate when the specifications of the patents granted under the old law are all printed. As to a museum of models, it does not exist, except in one of the boilers at Kensington; and as recent events give signs of an explosion in that quarter, no safety-valve having as yet been discovered—it is not impossible that the models may again have to be placed in their respective cases, and consigned to the cellars from which they were taken. Now, this is all too bad, especially when we consider that the patent fund, notwithstanding the excessive fees of the law officers, has accumulated to the extent of about £100,000. Patentees will never, as was at one time suggested, have any part of this fund returned to them, and why, we want to know, would it not be as well employed in building a respectable office as in remaining in the Treasury?

The business done in our Patent Office is not less important than that of the United States office; then what makes the difference in the views entertained as to the amount of space required for the proper transaction of that business? The real fact, we suspect, is that no difference of opinion exists as to the space required, but there are some undefined uses to which it is supposed the accumulated fund may be hereafter applied, and which time has not yet revealed. We beg to suggest that this expected revelation, when it is made, should be nothing more than that the whole fund, if necessary, should be expended in building a new Patent Office, containing ample space for every department, including a museum for models; and we venture to hope, further, that the revelation will show that a situation near Chancery lane is in every respect the best for such a building.—*London Engineer.*

CRYSTALLIZATION.

ALL the metals are capable of assuming, under favorable circumstances, the crystalline form.—Many of them—particularly gold, silver, copper and bismuth—occur crystallized in nature, and are found either as cubes or octahedrons, or in some of the derivative forms; antimony is, however, an exception to this rule, and affords rhomboidal crystals.

In order to crystallize a metal artificially, it is sometimes sufficient to melt a few ounces in a crucible, and, having permitted it to cool on the surface, to pierce the crust formed and allow the interior to flow out. By this means very beautiful crystals of bismuth may be obtained; but in the case of some of the less fusible metals larger masses and slower cooling are necessary to produce this effect, and consequently these are never found in a crystalline state unless considerable weights have been fused, and allowed gradually to cool, as sometimes occurs in the furnaces in which their metallurgic treatment is effected.

It also frequently happens that one metal may be precipitated in a crystalline form by placing a strip of another metal in the solution of its salts. In this way silver is deposited by mercury; and a piece of zinc placed in a solution of acetate of lead precipitated the latter in feathery crystals. Gold is occasionally deposited in this form from its ethereal solutions, and a stick of phosphorus produces the same effect. Nearly all the metals yield crystals when deposited from their solutions by electric currents of feeble intensity, and it is doubtless to this action that we are indebted for the many beautiful specimens of the native metals which enrich the cabinets of mineralogists.—*Scientific American.*

MR. J. R. BAIRD, of Vincennes, Ind., has sent to the Scientific American a specimen of his daughter's work*woman*ship—one of the most skillful and ingenious pieces of lady's work it has seen. It consists in four stockings, knitted at one operation, on only four needles. The stockings are one inside the other, and each distinct and separate. It is now on exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

GAS FROM PEAT.—The first experiment on this continent of lighting a city with gas made from peat, was tried in Portland, Me., a short time since The light was clear and brilliant, and few of the citizens were aware that coal was not used as usual.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

THOU ART GROWING OLD, MY MOTHER.

Thou art growing old, my mother,
And thy brow is marked with care,
All furrowed is thine aged cheek,
Once beautiful and fair.
Thy soft brown locks are sadly changed,
Chill frosts have settled there,
And touched with many a freezing kiss,
Thy gentle flowing hair.

Thou art growing old, my mother.
As I catch the half-drawn sigh,
Well I know that tears of sorrow
Have bedimmed thy melting eye,
But with gentle light it beameth,
Beameth on me even yet,
With a love that never changeth
Till the sun of life is set.

Thou art growing old, my mother,
Many of our household band
Have before thee, journeyed onward,
To a far off "better land!"
But thy voice in tender accents,
Still is falling on my ear,
Sweetly brightening my pathway,
Which, without thee, were so drear.

Thou art growing old, my mother,
And around thy youngest born,
Shadows gather—darkly gather—
Even in life's early morn
But the blessed Savior spareth
Thee, still to protect thy child,
While the storms of sorrow hover,
Hover o'er me dark and wild.

Thou art growing old, my mother,
Soon I feel that thou wilt rest
In the "land of the hereafter,"
In the regions of the blest.
Who will love me, then, my mother,
When the last life-cord is riven?
Let us pray that both together
God will take us safe to Heaven.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ROCHESTER LADIES' INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

The Ladies of the "Rochester Industrial School" desire to call the attention of the public generally to the urgent wants of this institution.

The object of this charity is to provide instruction and work for the idle and wandering children whose lives are spent in the streets—who are the unfortunate subjects of poverty and parental improvidence. The success which has attended the efforts to improve the minds, morals and habits of these children, is the strongest plea to enlist public sympathy in support of this enterprise, and a *visitation* of the school is therefore respectfully solicited, that benevolent persons may become fully satisfied in regard to the importance and utility of such an institution.

In consequence of business reverses, the funds relied on for the immediate wants of the school have been unexpectedly reduced, so that a special and prompt contribution will be necessary to ensure its continuance. Donations in money, clothing and provisions, are respectfully and earnestly solicited. Many articles which it would be unnecessary to specify would be acceptable, reference being had to the daily wants of a family of seventy children.

To our country friends especially we would extend this appeal, believing that there are many who would gladly improve such an opportunity to make an offering from their well-filled storehouses to the poor. We would remind them that the object of this charity is to raise from ignorance and degradation those who, by no fault of their own, are the most unfortunate of any class in the community. A large proportion of these children, if left to themselves, are inevitably doomed to ignorance, vice and ruin. The Industrial School provides food and clothing as well as instruction for the children, and thus secures their success in the higher objects of the institution.

The economy and feasibility of such an enterprise has been demonstrated by abundant experience, but as it is wholly dependent on public charity it is necessary to appeal to the sympathy of those who consider it a privilege and a duty to do good as they have opportunity.

Rochester, Sept. 28, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOME, HOPE AND HEAVEN.

Truly has one said, "that three of the sweetest words in the English language, are Home, Hope and Heaven," and particularly in the last two is there untold beauty. A blessed thing it is to have an earthly home, a quiet, sheltered spot, where the birds sing their joyous songs in the grand old trees, and the flowers, kissed by the sunlight, never cease to bloom, from the first warm days of Spring, until the chill frosts of Autumn gather their charms—a home where the loved ones are gathered with their sweet smiles and gentle words,—from which the great world with its sorrows and temptations is shut in.

But ah! how many have had such a home, that have it not now, nor ever will again on earth. The Angel of Death hovered over it, and one after another of the family circle drooped beneath the shadow of his wing, and went up to join the redeemed in heaven. Time wrought its changes, and the old homestead is desolate, forsaken, now. The paths around the door stone are overgrown with grass, for the feet that daily pressed them have long trod the streets of the New Jerusalem; strangers gather the fruit from the orchard trees, for the hands that planted them have since plucked fruit from the tree of life fairer than any of earth. But can any changes take from us the solace of hope? Can any sorrow, however heart-crushing it may be, take from God's beloved the sweet rest of heaven? No, no, the afflicted; the sorrowing, may hope still; and for the tempted, the tried, and the weary of earth, are the mansions of heaven prepared.

Were it possible to let out hope from every human heart, then would the moral sunlight of the world be turned into the blackness of despair forever. The mariner on the great ocean when the elements are warring in anger, and his ship trembles like the merest toy upon the billows, hoping to meet the loving wife who is watching for him on the distant shore, is nerved to renewed efforts, and at last brings his bark into the harbor in safety. Hope is the whispered watchward of the soul in the darkest night of sorrow—the beautiful star that shineth ever amid the clouds and tempests of earth.

Perchance, reader, like many another, you have a dear friend who sleeps now with folded hands and hushed lips, the still, long sleep of death, and from her you learned the meaning of the words hope and heaven, as you never did before—for there are truths that we learn nowhere so well as by the dying bed, or the green grave of one we love. Through all the bright spring days she faded slowly, but you never thought that she could *die*, until she laid her thin white hand on yours, and gently, lest it should break your loving heart, told you that she should leave you soon. It was a beautiful evening in the early summer, and you had drawn her easy chair to the open window that she might enjoy the sunset. With the crimson light stealing over her white dress and resting like a glory on her brown hair, she talked to you of the home to which she was hastening, told you that it was more beautiful than the gold and purple clouds that lay against the western sky; and while you listened, you forgot to weep, for you could almost see its jasper walls and gates of pearl—could almost see how she would look when she had entered into its blessed rest. There followed for her days of suffering and long nights of waking, but a hope not of earth sustained her, and spread over her wan face a holy look that told of the peace within.

With the fading flowers and falling leaves of autumn she passed away. Just a little before she died, her baptism of suffering ceased forever, and the meek spirit went gladly up to the land of love. The grass is very green over her grave now, and when you are sad and weary with the great sorrows that come to every heart, you go there and think long of the gentle one who sleeps beneath its turf. There come to you then sweet visions of heaven with its shining streets and glittering walls; you remember there is no night there, no fading flowers nor falling leaves, no pale and wasted forms, and not a *grave* in all that beautiful land; but the redeemed are there, with white robes and crowns of gold—there is a soft flowing river, and the tree of life with its healing leaves is ever fresh and green upon its banks. In such moments as these you feel that the words hope and heaven are precious words, whose worth cannot be told; you would not exchange their blessed ministry for gems nor precious stones. F. H.

Brockport, N. Y., Sept., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE DEAD BABY.

Sweet, precious one! who can gaze unmoved on thy little form, as it lies in its placid beauty in the tiny coffin? Loving hands have wreathed thy marble brow with flowers, (fit emblem of thy innocency,) and folded thy hands meekly upon thy quiet breast. And now weeping friends are taking their last sad look, ere thou art hidden from their sight beneath the cold earth. No more shall they hear the music of thy merry laugh, or listen to thy loving words. Yet, bereaved ones, grieve not as those who have no hope. Your child still lives—lives in the paradise of God. True you cannot see the golden crown which adorns her brow, or catch the notes of her angel-song; but there, amid the ransomed of the Lord, arrayed in robes of righteousness, purchased and redeemed by Christ, himself, free from pain and sorrow; still lives your precious one.

Mourn not then, but rather humbly thank your God that it has graciously pleased Him to transplant that little flower into his own heavenly garden. D. P.

Truxton, N. Y., Sept., 1857.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

A desire for the possessions of others springs up and grows very fast in those who have nothing of their own.

Whoever will search in his maturity for the radical causes of his likes and dislikes for individuals and nations, will find perhaps in his infancy the germ of all such feelings.

Self-love is a precious gift. When it is united to an enlightened devotion for the true and beautiful, which are one and the same thing, it becomes the main spring of all that is noble in man.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease. Many without labor would live by their own lips only, but they break for want of stock.

That man who from small beginnings has deservedly raised himself to the highest stations may not always find that full satisfaction in the possession of his object that he anticipated in the pursuit of it; but although the individual may be disappointed, the community at large are benefited—first, by his exertions, and secondly, by his example.

Though an honorable title may be conveyed to posterity, yet the ennobling qualities, which are the soul of greatness, are a sort of incommunicable perfection, and cannot be transferred. Indeed, if a man could bequeath his virtues by will and settle his sense of learning upon his heirs, as certainly as he can his lands, a brave ancestor would be a mighty privilege.

There are two kinds of envy. In the base mind it degenerates into downright hatred of a superior, with a desire to deprive him of what the envious one cannot possess; while in a noble soul it goes no farther than emulation or a desire to equal or surpass the person in question. Oh, how subtle and almost imperceptible the difference between the seed of one's virtues and vices.

There is a young lady living in Saratoga, who has visited the grave of a sister every morning for three years. A more touching sight we have seldom seen in this inconstant and forgetful world, than this devout maiden kneeling to place flowers upon the green coverlid of a sister's "narrow bed," and to repeat her morning prayers, where none but God can hear them. There is a fanaticism of the affections, which one cannot but reverence; and the scene we have alluded to makes the love of woman holy, even to those whose skepticism has become chronic.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHIDE NOT.

Chide not a heart that's light,
Nor never a heart that's gay;
For the spring of life so bright,
Will too soon glide away.
What were the fair and smiling earth?
With no gay spirits bounding;
Frown not; but echo back the mirth,
Of a merry laugh resounding.

Hearts that are light to-day,
To-morrow may make sad;
Then never chide the gay,
But with them, too, be glad.
For sorrow will cast its shade
Full soon, on that smiling face,
And the brightest eye will fade,
And time its furrows trace.

Then chide not the joyous heart,
Be it happy while it may,
And no saddening tone impart,
To cloud its sunny way;
But in the solemn hour of night,
When you breathe to heaven a prayer,
Pray God, that hearts now glad and light,
May never, never bow with care.

Hill Farm, Mich., 1857. Tilda.

MANNERS AND MORALS.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

Eds. Rural:—Knowing the worth of your paper, and the faithfulness wherewith you endeavor to correct the manners and morals of the people, I have been encouraged to write to you on the subject of my grievances. I do this the more readily because I know that many others have felt the same inconveniences, to a great extent, and I know not but they have affected yourself. I am not an old man, so I cannot be accused of writing from any peevishness which may be supposed to belong to old age; I am not envious, so I am not troubled by the talents which my friends may possess, even when I am without them; I am not of a jealous disposition, so I can be perfectly resigned to the company of the "wall flowers" at an evening party where the more beautiful women are drawn by those talents to the company of my more favored friends. I may here observe, too, that in the society of those same "*wall flowers*" I have often found the most talent of the party, but this is foreign to the subject, and I beg pardon for the digression. My sole object in writing is to call your attention to some things in the public manners which I wish corrected, no less for my own sake, than for the benefit of many others of my friends who feel the same annoyances that I do, but have not the faculty to bear them with the philosophy which I have cultivated.

I happened the other evening to be in company with a few of my friends of both sexes, and was being agreeably entertained by the conversation (for they were all good talkers) when the subject of Music was unfortunately introduced. I say unfortunately, because—although I am fond of hearing good music—I have no talent for it and know but very little about it. The conversation soon became general, and I was driven to the company of my left-hand neighbor, who was as unmusical as myself, and had the further misfortune to be very much in love with a young lady of the company who was celebrated for her musical talent.—We struggled through a few sentences on commonplace topics, but seeing him too much chagrined at the loss of his lady's immediate consideration to be able to converse, I turned my attention to the company who were by this time deeply engaged. I listened attentively, and endeavored to become interested, but soon found that I could neither judge of the strength of their arguments, nor laugh at their wit. I could distinguish some such sentences as these:—"Have you learned the Saratoga Schottische yet?" "No, but I can play that new Polka." "Mrs. B., don't you think the tenor to the last piece we sang on Sunday, beautiful?" "O, see this beautiful, splendid, new Waltz which I have just got!" "Play it!" screamed several voices in chorus (I don't know but that is musical) so Miss C. sat down to the piano. The music which followed I could enjoy as I enjoy anything good, whether it appeals to the ear, eye, or palate. I must confess, however, that the storm which succeeded in regard to "pedals," "time," "scale," "expression," "fingering," and other musical matters was beyond my comprehension entirely. How long this might have continued I know not, but my friend beside me, becoming suddenly desperate, proposed a game of back-gammon to his lady-love, and, by dexterously following up the advantage thus gained, the exclusive party was broken up and the subject changed. I have many times been annoyed in the same way, not only by conversation upon music, but upon other subjects equally unsuited to a mixed company, such as politics among men, and house-keeping, or other kindred subjects by the ladies.

I have been thus minute in my account of this particular evening, because it set me thinking upon the many cases of this kind which occur, and their bearing. Now I grant it may have increased the happiness of those engaged in it, but it was the means of making two miserable for the same length of time, and my friend, I am sure, suffered more than could have been balanced by the happiness of five or six of the others. It may be said, however, that if it was a source of pleasure to several to converse in this way, that pleasure would more than counterbalance the pain it caused one or two, but I maintain that as all experience pleasure in a general conversation the transition is all the more painful to those who are obliged to keep silence when any such subject as that referred to is introduced. If we seek company from a desire for rational enjoyment and improvement, why should we destroy all the charm thereof by making it a vehicle for political or technical discussions, which can be carried on by but few at a time, and are sure to break up all conversation.

There should be places provided for the escape of all such ideas which may be entertained where they can harm no one. None of us, when invited to a house, like to refuse, neither do we care to have all our enjoyment spoiled by finding, instead of a pleasant social party, and cosy, chatty, conversation, a whole company engaged in criticising a new piece of music, a new picture, or detailing a long list of domestic grievances and mishaps, possibly interesting to the actors, but not at all so to the company.

I can endure a conversation of books and authors, because if all cannot talk fluently on that subject, they can listen interestedly, and respectably. Yet I must confess that, to see a company deliberately sitting down to talk of literature for a whole evening, seems altogether too much like

"Linked sweetness long drawn out,"

to suit me.

I am told they have in New York a kind of association called "*Candle Parties*,—for what reason I know not—which are attended by none but women. What they do there is said to be kept a profound mystery and causes much conjecture, and I am no wiser than other outsiders on this point, but if they only talk off their household gossip so as to be ready to talk sense when they go into mixed company it must be a great blessing. Why can there not be a kind of professional Candle Party devised so that those of each profession might prepare themselves to be more pleasing in public?

Now, Mr. Editor, I write without the least spice of malice, and hope you will take this matter in hand and stir up the people—for you know how to do it—so as to make them adopt the good old chatty, cosy parties where the conversation skims from one subject to another without lingering long enough upon any to exhaust the stock of us poor fellows who are not so fortunate as to know everything of every business. Cato.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A WALK IN THE WOODS.

There is pleasure in the pathless woods.—Byron.

Nothing can be more delightful to a person, of contemplative mind, than to wander amid Nature's temples. Now the many vines, which have fantastically twisted themselves among the trees, obstruct him in his way, and then, with unbounded delight, he pauses to gaze on the many beauties by which he is surrounded. Here he sees the tender sapling; there, the mighty oak; while the tall pine trees lift their stately heads, as if to bid defiance to the clouds. Under his feet is spread a carpet of green, intermingled with flowers, which fill the air with their sweet odors, and, as some have loved to imagine, which contain the written thoughts of angels or spirits of the departed, who have often mingled with us in our daily sports, and sat with us by our warm fireside. Anon his ears are filled with the melodious notes of a thousand warblers, which would almost lead him to imagine the spirits of another land were hovering near, or that he had unconsciously stepped within the precints of the clime of the visionary, and that the sprites, in their invisible cars, were regaling him with the most enrapturing sounds that they, sweeping their tiny fingers o'er the mellow harp, could produce.

At such a time, all perplexing cares are banished, the mind is left free to wander from the present to the future, and here, methinks, it would be difficult to dream of aught but coming felicity. The mind of the Christian would be drawn from "Nature up to Nature's God." Yes, he could look round all these beauties, and exclaim—"*My Father* made them all," and feel the assurance in his heart that there is laid up for him a crown of blissful immortality in a *land* far brighter and more beautiful than aught we can imagine or conceive. Thus the beauties of a "pathless wood," seen through the medium of a grateful heart, will lead one to find "tongues in trees," books in vines, sermons in flowers, and God in everything.

Grinnell, Iowa, 1857. Emma.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SUNRISE.

"A flood of splendor bursts on high,
And ocean's breast reflects a sky
Of crimson and of gold."

O, beauteous orb of day. How few behold the glories of thy rising. How few are they who go forth with the lark to welcome thy gladdening rays as they glide away over the hill-tops, or now and then creep to dry the tears of dew from flowrets in the vale. How few are they who arouse to joy in the magnificence of a bright, cool morning, and give strength to their lungs by a breath of purest air. For shame, ye sluggards!—Why not awake to witness the birth of each new day, and listen to melody from an unrivalled orchestra of songsters, taught by Omnipotence himself. Know ye not that the coming forth of rays from the great luminary of the Universe is the signal for the motive power of creation to act, save he who says—"*A little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep.*" If thus ye doze away the vitalizing gifts of nature, shrink not, then, when called upon to bid adieu to things of earth, for he who sleeps away the "morn of life," may soonest see the "night of death." Be it sooner or later, may we "work while the day lasts," that we may hail the dawning of that Eternal Day with gladness, and share a part in those everlasting joys that await the "good and faithful." E.

FORMER HAPPINESS.

It is wonderful how cheap happiness used to be. It used to grow in the field; we have found it there, but not lately. It lay about, like the sunshine, within arm's length of everybody. Sometimes five speckled eggs in a grassy nest constituted it; sometimes beautiful blue ones in the lilacs.

It used to swim in the brooks, and turn up its silvery and mottled sides, like a polished little sabre, sprinkled with the color of fame, which is generally supposed to be crimson.

We have found it, many a time, beside a mossy stone when it looked very much like a first spring flower; we have seen it coming down in the snow; and heard it descending in the rain.

What a world of it used to be crowded into a Saturday afternoon! An old newspaper, with cedar ribs, a tail like three bashaws, and a penny's worth of twine, have constituted many a time—that is, many an *old* time—the entire stock in trade, of one perfectly happy. —*B. F. Taylor.*

Never contract friendship with a man who is no better than thyself.

TRENTON FALLS.—AN ADVENTURE.

The water-falls of New York are among those of its natural curiosities which distinguish it from all the other States of our Union. Besides *the* cataract of Niagara, there are falls in the Genesee river at Rochester and Portage, which are much visited by travelers; and in the West Canada Creek, eleven miles north-west of Utica, which are noted as a place of summer resort. Trenton Falls is the name of a small village containing one of the best hotels in the State, which is well filled during the summer season with health and pleasure seekers. Though not a pretentious place, the scenery around is remarkable interesting and romantic. There are six falls within a course of two miles, with an aggregate descent of three hundred and twelve feet. The creek flows through a narrow ravine, between perpendicular walls of fine compact limestone, which in some places are nearly one hundred and fifty feet high. These cascades are more remarkable for the wildness and variety of scenery than for the volume of water which they present. The height of the principal fall is estimated at one hundred feet.—The line of the Utica and Black River railroad passes near the village.

Among the "adventures," which are of daily occurrence at places where fashionable ladies and gentlemen congregate, with the expectation of being and doing the exquisite in the matter of politeness, the following account of a recent "happenstance" at Trenton Falls, communicated by the correspondent of the New York News, will do to put on record:

"For nearly a quarter of a mile, the foot-path is upon the wall of the rock, high above the river, and for a considerable distance is not more than a *foot in width*. Just at this narrow pass, as I turned a projecting rock, a party of four young ladies came smiling down in full front view. They were fashionably dressed, and, I may say, *expansively*—(spell the last word with an *a*)—and pretty, of course. What the deuce was to be done?—When you are in doubt about an egg, throw it away—but it is not so easy to dispose of your carcass in every tight place you happen to get.—Somebody must turn back, and, as I had traveled nearly the whole path, I put my wits to work for an expedient. There is inspiration in a pretty foot—a thought had struck me, and no sooner thought than done, *down* went 'Excelsior,' flat as a gronndling, lengthwise in the path; and, one by one, the fair damsels walked over, dry shod.—Don't ask me to describe my 'feelings' while undergoing the process. I held my breath and *went it blind*—but I'll bet my head that *one pair* of those feet has left *impressions that will take something besides the washerwoman to eradicate.*"

THE SUNBEAM'S GRAVE.

Nothing in this vast creation is ever lost. Individuals may be losers through carelessness, but to the world at large no created substance can be lost. One combination of things is often changed into another, but no ingredient is ever utterly destroyed, for at this moment the created universe does not contain one particle of matter more, nor one particle less, than belonged to it that day it came fresh from the creating hand of Him who made all things very good. Never did a sunbeam shine in vain, and therefore no sunbeam that ever streaked this world with light could be finally lost. Yet the sunbeam, lovely as it is, had its grave, and there sometimes for unnumbered ages it has slept in undisturbed repose. What is coal but latent sunbeams, which need only to be ignited to start out again into active life? The sun, when many thousand years younger than he is now, cast forth his radiant beams on the surface of the world, and noble trees of ferns and other acrogens started at his bidding into vigorous life; they lived, died, and un erwent changes which made them coal—yes, coal! and the old sun, he did it all. These sunbeams have long been buried in the form of coal; and though by ignition their resurrection-life is but a dim shadow of their early brightness, they are yet sunbeams. We have nothing but sunlight in summer or in winter, think or talk as we may. The fire on our hearths, the gas in our tubes, the oil in our lamps, and the candles on our tables, are all the products of the sunbeam. We kindle them, and in the very act raise the sunbeam from its grave, and send it forth to run perchance a long cycle of changes ere again it rests in such a place as that we have dragged it from.

LUXURY.

I am no advocate for meanness of private habitation. I would fain introduce into it all magnificence, care and beauty, where they are possible; but I would not have useless expense in unnoticed fineries or formalities; cornicings of ceilings and grainings of doors, and fringing of curtains, and thousands of such things which have become foolishly and apathetically habitual—things, on whose common appliance hang whole trades, to which there never belonged the blessings of giving one ray of pleasure, or of becoming of the remotest or most contemptible use—things which cause half the expense of life, and destroy more than half its comfort, manliness, respectability, freshness and comfort.

I speak from experience; I know what it is to live in a cottage with a deal floor and roof, and a hearth of mica slate; and I know it to be in many respects healthier and happier than living between a Turkey carpet and a gilded ceiling, beside a steel grate and polished fender. I do not say that such things have not their place and propriety; but I say this emphatically, that a tenth part of the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly lost in domestic comforts and incumbrances, would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a marble church for every town in England; such a church as it should be a joy and blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks, and as it would bring the light into the eyes to see from afar, lifting its height above the purple crowd of humbler roofs.—*Ruskin.*

Humanity is a grace that adorns and beautifies every other grace; without it, the most splendid natural and acquired acquisitions lose half their charm.

The Traveler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Wanderings in Europe.—New Series.

LETTER NO. I.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

The Valley of the Neckar.

ONE warm and sunshiny day in the commencement of the last and pleasantest of all the Spring months, when Winter had withdrawn all of his sudden snow storms and cold blasts, and all Nature seemed active and rejoicing, and full of useful energy, I began a new wandering.

I had packed my English knapsack with books and clothing, until it weighed about eleven pounds, and brought my heavy cane out of the corner, where it had stood nearly unused, during the winter; but before leaving the house I had adieu to say—to join hands with the ladies—and, according to German custom, to embrace the men. This over, I soon got outside of the village which, at that season of the year, was half hidden by the leaves and blossoms of the fruit trees, and walked slowly along the beautiful Bergstrasse towards the Neckar. I did not long continue my journey alone. My old traveling companion E——, had just returned from Palestine, and he, together with another American, L——, from Philadelphia, decided to join me in walking to Stuttgart. I found them in Heidelberg, and we crossed the bridge to the right bank of the river, and took the road towards the village of Ziegelhausen. The castle and town were soon hidden from our view, and we entered among scenery that to me was entirely unknown. The weather was propitious; not too warm for comfort, but a bright sunshine was poured over the landscape, dotted with shadows of large clouds. We were in high spirits, and joked, laughed and told stories, which together with the beautiful scenery, made us forget the unaccustomed weight of the knapsacks and the fatigue of walking. Many rafts were descending the river, and in one place we saw a curious kind of a ferry. A few small skiffs, anchored in the middle of the stream, supported a chain that was attached to the center of a ferry boat. Two short chains were fastened to the ends of the boat, and joined together at the large chain a couple of rods above. Whenever they wished to cross the river one of the small chains was shortened and the other lengthened, so as to bring the head of the boat a little up stream. The chains held it in this position and the current of the river flowing by it, forced it across.

After a three hours walk we came to Neckarsteinach. On entering the village we met a school of children to the number of forty, the largest of which did not seem more than two feet and a half high. They were all holding on to a long rope, and taking a walk under the guidance of two school-mistresses. At this place the river sweeps grandly round a high hill which is crowned with a village. On the sides of the mountains across the river; are four ancient castles, one of which is yet occupied as a dwelling. The Schaalbennest is the highest, and hangs on the steep mountain side. We looked down almost perpendicular from its ruined battlements into the river. In former times the castle was considered impregnable, and the common people have a tradition, that a chain was stretched across the river from its towers, in order to enable the robber knights who held it, to collect tribute more easily from the ships. Lower down on the mountain side stands the Hinterburg which was larger. A massive, square tower about sixty feet high, on which we could perceive but one opening, which was a small, arched door about half way up one of the sides, rises out of the midst of its ruined walls, and overgrown court-yards. There was a clump of trees and bushes on the top of the tower, in which the birds could build their nests unmolested, and mingle their notes with the mournful sighing of the wind.

We resumed the road up the valley, and presently passed several extensive quarries of red sandstone. This valuable building material is easily quarried along the Neckar, loaded into boats, and then floated to cities far down on the Rhine. We passed a large cross which stood by a spring in a little valley. The sentence, "save thy soul," was written on it, and three little girls were kneeling before it, performing their devotions.—When they saw us watching them attentively, they broke into loud laughter, which they continued until we were nearly out of sight, and then again resumed their seriousness. The sun went down while we were yet far from Eberback, shedding his last beams on the mountain tops, and the moon came out of the East among light and silvery clouds, and spread her soft light on the green forests, grey, rough rocks, and rushing, glancing river.

Not far from Eberback stands the Katzenbuckel, the highest mountain in the Odenwald, which we resolved to cross. The landlord procured a couple of boys for our guides, and we started up a narrow valley, with beech and oak forests growing on its sides, where a large quantity of wood had been cut in the winter. There were two or three ruined mills in the valley, and the brook poured vainly over their broken wheels. We walked on for a couple of hours through wooded and gradually ascending valleys, and finally came out upon cultivated table lands above which rose the wooded peak of the mountain. The top is formed of a huge pile of moss-covered rocks with fir trees growing from their clefts; and if the heap was not so large one might think it had been piled by human hands. It is said the ancient Germans used to worship their gods on this peak. There is a tower erected there and the view from its summit embraces a large part of the Odenwald and of Wirtemberg.

We went down, on the other side, to a small village which was the first one with thatched roofs I had seen in Germany. Our guides, one of which was the son of the prison keeper, and the other of the school-master in Eberbach, went with us to a beer house, where we discharged them. They ordered a pint of wine and something to eat, which they disposed of rather quickly, and went off without bidding us adieu. We discovered the reason of their haste when the landlady charged us for what they had consumed.

An hour's walk brought us to the castle of Zwingenberg on the Neckar, which is yet used for a residence. We passed hastily through it and then went on to Mosbach, seeing on the way the ruined castle of Minneburg, on a steep height overlooking the river. There is a tradition that in the eleventh century, MINNA, the daughter of a count who lived in a neighboring castle, fled to this spot, in order to escape a hated marriage, into which her father desired to force her. She lived seven years in a cleft among the rocks, attended only by one faithful maid-servant, and finally died from sorrow and in the bitterest privation. Her true lover, a General under the Emperor, was in a distant war at the time of her flight. He returned near the time of her death, and learning her flight, sought for her until he found her grave, still guarded by the half-starved maid. He purchased the mountain and erected the castle to the memory of MINNA.

ASCENT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

THE chief exploit of the visitor to the White Mountains, is to ascend Mount Washington; and a toilsome, and even dangerous feat it is to this day, despite the improved facilities of travel. The journey from the Crawford House is nine miles, made on the backs of Canadian ponies, over the old Crawford bridle-paths, though a grand carriage-way is now projected from the Glen House on the opposite side of the mountain. The excursion occupies a long day, with the utmost industry.—We made it, on one occasion, in midsummer, with a party of thirty ladies and gentlemen, besides our guides, and it was a gay scene—the getting *en route*, and a singular cavalcade; miles onward as we wound, in Indian file, cautiously along the rugged, narrow path, trusting to our trusty ponies to walk with us upon their backs, over logs, and rocks, and chasms, which we would not have dared to leap ourselves; and surprising was the picture, as we, at length, bivouacked and ate our grateful lunch upon the all-seeing crest of the grand old mountain. At another time, we ascended, in the middle of October, when we could muster no larger group than our friend, ourself, and our guide. For two miles from the summit, the way was blocked with snow; so we left our ponies to take care of themselves, and completed the tramp on foot. The day, though so bitterly cold as to remind us of Webster's salutation upon a like occasion—"Mount Washington, I have come a very long distance, have toiled hard to arrive at your summit, and now you give me but a cold reception"—was happily a brilliant one; the atmosphere was exceedingly clear: and we had the delight of seeing all the delicious panorama, which has been thus catalogued:

"In the west, through the blue haze, are seen, in the distance, the ranges of the Green Mountains; the remarkable outlines of the summits of Camel's Hump and Mansfield Mountain being easily distinguished when the atmosphere is clear. To the north-west, under your feet, are the clearings and settlement of Jefferson, and the waters of Cherry Pond; and, further distant, the village of Lancaster, with the waters of Israel's river. The Connecticut is barely visible; and often its appearance for miles is counterfeited by the fog rising from its surface. To the north and north east, only a few miles distant, rise up boldly the great north-eastern peaks of the White Mountain range—Jefferson, Adams, and Madison—with their ragged tops of loose dark rocks. A little further to the east are seen the numerous and distant summits of the mountains of Maine. On the south-east, close at hand, are the dark and crowded ridges of the mountains of Jackson; and beyond, the conical summit of Kearsarge, standing by itself, on the outskirts of the mountains; and, farther over the low country of Maine, Sebago Pond, near Portland. Still further, it is said, the ocean itself has sometimes been distinctly visible.

The White Mountains are often seen from the sea, even at 30 miles distance from the shore; and nothing can prevent the sea from being seen from the mountains, but the difficulty of distinguishing its appearance from that of the sky near the horizon. Further to the south are the intervales of the Saco, and the settlements of Bartlett and Conway, the sister ponds of Lovell, in Fryburg; and, still further, the remarkable four-footed summit of the Chocorua, the peak to the right being much the largest, and sharply pyramidal. Almost exactly south are the shining waters of the beautiful Winnipiseogee, seen with the greatest distinctness in a favorable day. To the south-west, near at hand, are the peaks of the south-western range of the White Mountains; Monroe, with its two little alpine ponds sleeping under its rocky and pointed summit; the flat surface of Franklin, and the rounded top of Pleasant, with their ridges and spurs. Beyond these, the Willey Mountain, with its high, rigded summit; and, beyond that, several parallel ranges of high-wooded mountains. Further west, and over all, is seen the high, bare summit of Mount Lafayette, in Franconia."—*Hand-Book of American Travel.*

THE PRESS.—The press is the ruling power of the times. The age of statesmen is over, the age of bullets is over, and the age of the printing press has come. What the invention of gun-powder was to the art of war, making any man who could pull a trigger equal to the most powerful warrior, the press is in a reading age. We have invented the pamphlet. We have called into existence the fourth estate of the realm, it is *brains.* Men sometimes think that the great brows at Washington control the nation. So the boy who first sees a steamboat thinks that the walking-beam is the propelling power, but below there is a "fanatic" feeding the fires.—*Wendell Phillips.*

NO ADVANTAGES FOR EDUCATION.—It is often said by those who have risen from poverty to comfortable property, when speaking of their children that they hadn't the advantage of education.—This is a poor plea. Culture comes to any one who desires it enough to get it. No one can help being educated who opens his eyes and ears in this world. The conversation of the intelligent, the lecture system, and ten thousand things become the teachers of the willing heart an progressive mind.

OBJECTS are but bright and happy as the eyes of the mind see them, with a vision clouded or unclouded by its secret shadow.

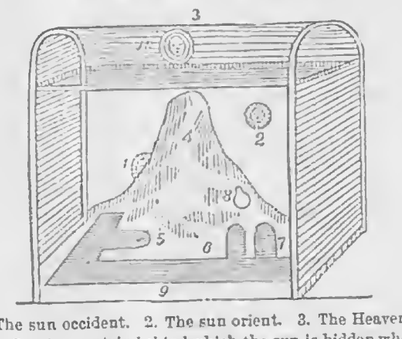
Useful Olio.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY.

FALSE Dogmas in Geography rectified by the Science itself.—HUGH MILLER.

As the monk COSMAS had taught a false geography consistent, as he thought, with the language of the Bible, it became his duty to show in what manner the changes of day and night and of the seasons take place. The following is his figure, viz.: "The Heavens and Earth of Cosmas," which is not very similar to that splendid firmament with which the great Creator has surrounded us.



1. The sun occident. 2. The sun orient. 3. The Heavens. 4. Great mountain behind which the sun is hidden when it is night. 5. The Mediterranean Sea. 6. Red Sea.—7. Persian Gulf. 8. Garden of Eden. 9. Great surrounding ocean. 10. The Creator looking down upon his work, and seeing that all was good.

COSMAS did not consider the figure as one of imagination, but derived from such Bible language as this: "That stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in: in them (heavens) hath he set a tabernacle for the sun." Not considering this language as a beautiful figure, expressive of the *appearance* of the canopy over us, it was inferred that a tent or tabernacle must involve a level plain or flat earth. The matter was thus settled. Thence originated the contrivance for day and night, viz.: "A vast mountain beyond the 'Great Sea,' rises immediately under it (the canopy;) when the sun passed behind this mountain it was night, and, when it emerged from it, it was day." The seasons would follow from the varying inclination of the sun's motion around the mountain, now rising higher for the summer heat, and now sinking lower for the existence of winter. The Bible was made responsible, by COSMAS and the Theologians of that day and afterwards, for the false science of geography, which is now utterly disproved, and condemned. The grounds of condemnation are fully seen, and the certainty absolutely known. In the language of HUGH MILLER, "Attaching literal meanings to what we now recognize as merely poetic or oratorical figures, they believed that not only was it revealed to them that GOD had created the heavens and the earth, but that he had created the earth in the form of an extended plain, and placed a semi-globular heaven over it." But the truth came to the people simply by that science of "the geographer which demonstrates that the earth is not flat, but spherical." No other method could be devised for banishing such falsehood, or for exposing its erroneousness.

Had COSMAS and his followers been successful in sustaining this geographical falsehood as the truth of revelation, at this day all belief in the religion, as well as in such geography, of the Bible, would have together been banished from civilized men. Unintentionally erring as such believers were, they were actually guilty of adding to the word of GOD, against which so grievous a woe is denounced by the Revelator. Many religionists in their zeal are now doing that in respect to geology which COSMAS did in respect to geography. The wisdom must be to wait until science has shown how the truth actually exists in natural things. That truth, derived from the works of GOD, will accord with that revealed in the word of GOD. Look at some of the absurdities in the preceding figure of the geography of COSMAS.

Yesterday was the day of the Equinox, at noon the sun stood directly over the equator, and thousands of men at noon had their shadow under their feet. Where now must be that "great mountain" to make their night? To all north of the equator, that mountain must have been south of the equator; to all south of the equator the "great mountain" must have been north, far north of the equator, for their shadows fall to the south of them.

Besides; what a "high" mountain it must have been beyond the "Great Sea," that the sun could pass behind it, to make the night for such distant people. And also, what a "vast mountain beyond the Great Sea," as well as high, that the sun should rise and set so nearly towards the east and west for all times and seasons.

The views of COSMAS, too, were derived from speculation, and not from the study of the world as it is. The very objects, by means of which he would solve the phenomena of nature, were unknown to him. He should have studied the earth to learn its geography, and the Bible would not contradict his science. So plain is the course to be pursued on all the subjects of Natural History, to be the Text-book of which the Bible must have been a book many hundred times larger than any volume yet known. Divine Wisdom has given a revelation of true and pure religion adapted to all climates, countries and nations. C. D.

Sept. 23, 1857.

ALWAYS FIRM.—There are some whom the lightning of fortune blasts, only to render holy.—Amidst all that humbles and scathes—amidst all that shatters from their life its verdure, smites to the dust the pomp and summit of their pride, and in the very heart of existence writeth a sudden and "strange defeature," *they* stand erect—riven, not uprooted—a monument less of pity than of awe! There are some who pass through the lazar-house of Misery, with a step more august than a Cæsar's in his hall. The very things which seen alone, are despicable and vile, associated with them, become almost venerable and divine; and one ray, however dim and feeble, of that intense holiness, which, in the Infant God, shed majesty over the manger and the straw, not denied to those who, in the depth of affliction, cherish His patient image, flings over the meanest localities of earth an emanation from the glory of Heaven.

ORIGIN AND SEALS OF THE STATES.—NO. IV.

MARYLAND.

MARYLAND, one of the Central United States lies between 38° and 39°44′ north latitude, and 75°10′ and 79°21′ west longitude. The State is 196 miles long—120 broad—and contains 11,000 square miles. It is divided into 22 counties. The population in 1790 was 319,728; in 1850, 583,035, which were divided as follows:—Whites, 418,590; Free Colored, 74,077; Slaves' 90,268.

East Maryland, or that part of the State east of the Chesapeake Bay, is mostly level. The country on the west shore to the head of the tides is similar to the eastern shore; the soil of this portion is generally fertile, producing wheat, Indian corn, tobacco, &c. Above the tides the surface rises into hills, and the western part attains an elevated region, being crossed by the Allegbany mountains. The western part contains much fine land, adapted both to grain and grazing. Extensive beds of coal and iron ore exist.

The Potomac river, which divides the State from Virginia is 550 miles long, and navigable about 300 miles to Washington city. It is 7½ miles wide at its mouth. The great falls are 59 miles above Washington; the perpendicular descent is 66 feet, and the rapids extend for several miles up the river, and form a very picturesque view. The Susquehannah is a large river which enters into the head of Chesapeake bay in this State. It is 1½ miles wide at its mouth, but is navigable only five miles, being above that much obstructed by falls and rapids. The Patapsco is a small river, navigable, however, fourteen miles to Baltimore for ships. The Patuxent is 110 miles long, and is navigable for 50 miles for vessels of 250 tons. The other rivers are Elk, Sassafras, Chester, Choptank, Nanticoke and Pocomoke.—The Chesapeake bay is 270 miles long, and from 70 to 20 wide, and by its numerous inlets furnishes many fine harbors, and in season abounds with the finest water fowl, fish, &c.

Maryland, in 1850, contained 2,797,905 acres of cultivated land, and nearly 2,000,000 unimproved. The cash value of the farms, implements and machinery, $89,741,948. Capital invested in manufactures, $14,753,143; value of manufactured articles $32,477,702.

The State is divided into three districts, viz:—The eastern, the southern, and the north-western. The governor is elected quadrienally by a plurality of the popular vote, from the districts alternately, so that each district is represented in the gubernatorial chair successively. The candidate for governor must have resided in the district which he represents for three years next preceding the election, and five years in the State. The Senate consists of 22 members, elected for four years, one-half of the number being elected every two years, and the Senators must have resided in the county for which they are chosen for one year next preceding the election. The House of Delegates (number not to exceed 80), are elected by the people, and must have resided in the county for which they are chosen for one year next preceding the election. The Judges of the Court of Appeals (4 in number), are elected for a term of 10 years, until seventy years of age; of Circuit Courts (8 in number), for a term of 10 years. In both cases they must have been a citizen of the State for five years. Every white male citizen, 21 years of age, who has resided in the State one year next preceding an election, and for six months in the county where he offers his vote, enjoys the right of suffrage.

The original charter of Maryland was granted to Lord Baltimore in 1632. It was first settled by Catholics in 1634 at St. Mary's. In convention, April 28th, 1788, it adopted the constitution of the United States; yeas, 63; nays, 12. The first constitution of the State formed in 1776, which has been amended from time to time, until the adoption of the present one in 1851.

The centre of "The Great Seal of Maryland" is much more aristocratic in its appearance and armorial bearings than that of any other State in our Union. The motto is "Industry the means, and plenty the result."

PUNCTUATION POINTS.

THE points now used in punctuation were introduced into writing gradually, some time after the invention of printing. The Greeks had none, and there was no space between their words. The Romans put a kind of division between their words, thus—Publius.Scipio.Africanus.

Up to the end of the fifteenth century, only the period, colon and comma had been introduced.—The latter came into use latest, and was only a perpendicular figure or line proportionate to the size of the letter. To Aldus Manuitus, an eminent printer, in 1790, we are indebted for the semi-colon, and also for the present form of the comma. He also laid down rules now observed in regard to their use. The note of interrogation and exclamation were not added till some years later, and it is not known by whom.

Inverted commas (") were first used by M. Gillepont, a French printer, and were intended by him to supersede the use of *Italic* letters; and the French printers now call them by that name. But they have lately been used by English printers to denote quoted matter. In a London book—"The Art of English Poetry," printed in 1807, it appears that the present mode of denoting quoted matter is therein denoted by being set in *Italic.*

It is not known by whom the apostrophe and dash were invented.—*Selected.*

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

[EDS. RURAL:—Having met with the following ingenious poem on the Lords Prayer, and wishing to rescue it from oblivion, I send it for insertion in your valuable paper.—The initial letters spell "My boast is in the glorious cross of Christ," and the words in *italic*, when read downwards on the left, and upwards on the right, compose the Lord's Prayer.]

MAKE known thy Gospel truths, *Our* heavenly King,
Yield us thy grace, dear *Father*, from above;
Bless us with hearts *which* feelingly can sing,
Our life thou *art* for *ever*, GOD of love.
Assuage our griefs, *in* love *for* Christ, we pray,
Since the bright Prince of *heaven* and *glory* died
Took all our shame and *hallowed the* display,
In first *be*-ing man, and then being crucified.
Stupendous GOD, *thy* grace and *power* make known,
In Jesus' *name* let all *the* world rejoice;
New labors in *thy* heavenly *kingdom* own,
That blessed *kingdom* for thy saints *the* choice.
How vile to *come* to thee *is* all our cry,
Enemies to *thy*-self, and all that's *thine*,
Graceless our *will* our lives *for* vanity;
Loathing thy truths, *be*-ing *cool* in design.
O, GOD! thy will be *done*—*from* earth to heaven,
Reclining *on* Thy Gospel, let us live,
In *earth* from sins *deliver'd* and forgiven;
Oh! *as* thyself, *but* teach us to forgive,
Unless *it's* power *temptation* doth destroy,
Sure *is* our fall *into* the depths of woe,
Carnal *in* mind, we've *not* a glimpse of joy;
Raised against *heaven*, in *us* no hope can flow.
O! *give* us grace, and *lead* us on thy way,
Shine on *us*, with thy love, and give *us* peace;
Self and *this* sin which rise *against* us slay,
Oh! grant each *day* our *trespass*-es may cease.
Forgive *our* evil deeds *that* oft we do,
Convince us *daily* of *them*, to our shame,
Help us with heavenly *bread*—*forgive* us, too,
Recurrent lusts *and*—*we* adore thy name.
In thy *forgive*-ness we *as* saints can die,
Since for *us* sod our *trespasses* so high,
Thy Son, *our* Savior, bled on Calvary.

Bradford, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THOUGHTS AT BUNYAN'S TOMB.

"Sleep on, thou mighty dreamer."

IN a quiet and secluded cemetery of the great metropolis of England, lies the precious ashes of one of the best and the noblest of men, who as an author has immortalized himself by an imperishable allegory,—charming and fascinating, both to youth and age—filled with striking illustrations of Christian character and experience, and showing the influence of reason and religion on the human mind. It seems somewhat natural to man to visit the sepulchres of those who have distinguished themselves in the page of human history—by some thrilling act of patriotic heroism—some noble discovery in science or arts—or who has charmed by the sweetness of his song or by the magic of his pen,—or by pure acts of self-denying and unusual philanthropy, has endeared himself in the memories of his race. Under the influence of this feeling—such a feeling as influenced the women at the sepulchre of the Redeemer where they went "to see the place where the Lord lay," and were shown the spot by the angel of the Lord,—did we visit the city of the dead, and especially the tomb of a most distinguished, excellent and useful servant of our Divine Master—even the grave of JOHN BUNYAN! He is surrounded by the sacred dust of thousands of the noblest and best of men. In the plain, neglected and disused burial ground of Bunhill Fields, City Road, London, are deposited his mortal remains. Close by are also those of the sweet singers of Israel, Dr. ISAAC WATTS, and Dr. RYLAND. In the yard of the City Road Chapel, opposite, rests the remains of the excellent, and pious, and exemplary JOHN WESLEY.

It is interesting to visit such a place of memorial, and refresh our minds with the history of early Nonconformity in England; and as we admire and praise those who in American History struggled hard and oft to obtain human liberty, we cannot but with equal pleasure and satisfaction remember those who entertained and advocated in old England, and at an earlier period, "Liberty of Conscience," and man's political rights, and who left, some of them, their fatherland and their homes, to secure to themselves, and others, the sacred ark of liberty, and whose examples and influence have contributed in the highest degree to the prosperity and progress of this mighty Republic.

The tomb of BUNYAN lies crumbling to dust.—It has been neat, plain and unassuming. Its inscriptions time has almost obliterated, and can scarcely be read. Some kind and friendly hand has had re-cut on the side of the tomb the name of its illustrious tenant. What a spot! What remains!! Here lies one whose "little book" held us spell-bound when our imagination loved to roam in the regions of fancy, and who still edifies and instructs us in our riper years;—a man whose eloquence of speech commanded immense assemblies at unusual hours, and whose inimitable genius, and powerful and beautiful and pure Saxon writing has placed him in statue in the magnificent assembly house of the Parliament of England. What a change! BUNYAN the tinker, the schismatic, the dissenter, the imprisoned for conscience sake, occupying a place amongst statesmen and poets, historians and heroes! What a glorious greeting of emancipated spirits when the silver trumpet shall sound, when the sepulchres shall crumble to dust, and the graves shall be opened. WESLEY, and WATTS, and BUNYAN, and MILTON, and the great and good of all denominations shall meet and join in the universal triumph to the Redeemer as the Lord of all. May we with joy join the assembly and form part of the glorious army of redeemed and glorified spirits.

SAM'L A. HEGINBOTHAM.

Wauponsee, No. Morris, Grundy Co., Ill., Sept., 1857.

ARE we to break down the hedge-flowers which perfume our paths? Things are oftenest nothing in themselves; the thoughts we attach to them alone give them value. To rectify innocent mistakes, in order to recover some useless reality, is to be like those learned men who will see nothing in a plant but the chemical elements of which it is composed.

LET all seen enjoyments lead you to the unseen Fountain whence they flow.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

New Quarter—Trial Subscribers.

AGENTS and others are reminded that we will furnish the RURAL during the present quarter—Oct. to Jan.—*on trial* at half price, if four or more copies are ordered. We will send 4 copies for $1, 8 for $2, 12 for $3, &c., to any non-subscribers who wish to try the RURAL for three months. Agents and other friends who design forming clubs for next volume will please note this liberal offer, and give us their lists of *trial subscribers*—thus paving the way for large clubs in January.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

Single Copy, one year,	$2
Three Copies, "	$5
Five Copies, "	$8
Six Copies, and one free to agent,	$10
Ten Copies, and one free to agent,	$15

Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

List of New Advertisements this week.

Get the Best—G. & C. Merriam.
Free Lectures—H. G. Eastman
Small Fruits—Wm. R. Prince & Co.
Lawton Blackberry Plants—Wm. Lawton.
A Good Farm for Sale—P. B. Hoyt.
To Fruit Tree Dealers, Nurserymen, &c—G. W. Eastman.
Short-Horn Bull Calves for Sale—C. K. Ward.
Spanish Merino Sheep for Sale—Reed Burritt.
Grapes, 50,000 Isabella and Catawba—Cowles & Warren.
100,000 Angers Quince Stocks—Cowles & Warren.
For Sale, 50,000 Yearling Apple Trees—W. B. Gorham.
Apple Seedlings for sale.—N. Drake & Co.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 10, 1857.

Monetary Matters—Have we touched Bottom?

LAST Saturday, Oct. 3d, was a day of intense excitement among those particularly interested in monetary matters. With the first of the month began a financial quarter—the payments maturing throughout the country were known to be immense—and the final day of grace being the 3d inst., invested it with unusual importance. To what extent paper was protested is not yet known, but there is little doubt that Notary Publics had, plenty to do. Telegraph advices from New York city state that the day was a gloomy one for Wall street. The suspension of a leading banking house (noted below) exercised a most depressing effect upon the market, already burdened to its full capacity to sustain. The feeling of the Stock Exchange was one of total depression. From Boston we learn that the money market was stringent, but by a spirit of accommodation and aid from the banks, the merchants have stood the test, though there are a few failures to report. Bank stock is selling low. It was emphatically a blue day in Philadelphia. In Cincinnati the day was greatly dreaded, for it was feared that it would bring with it several failures and suspensions. A good deal of third and fourth class paper went to protest but none of the second or first class houses failed. All are surprised and delighted with the result.

The Governor of Pennsylvania has issued a proclamation calling an extra session of the Legislature for the purpose of relieving, if possible, the embarrassment that now exists in that State. The document says that the pressure of the times has resulted in "the suspension of specie payments by the banks of this and other States, and whereas the failure of many long established commercial houses is leading to the destruction of confidence, and to a general embarrassment and depression in trade, and is threatening to affect disastrously the credit of the commonwealth and the great industrial interests of the people, and it requiring prompt and efficient action to relieve the alarmed and suffering community; therefore I convene the Legislature to meet on the 6th of October, and adopt such measures as the present exigency requires."

The Bank Department of our own State has been exceedingly busy during the past week. Judge HARRIS recently decided that Banking Associations having securities deposited with the Department, have a right to reduce these securities below $100,000, by the return of circulating notes.—As many of our Banks have a large proportion of these bills lying idle in their vaults, and being fearful to use them to any extent, they are sending them to Albany and releasing the stock deposited. A dispatch on the 2d inst. says:—"Circulating notes to the amount of $260,000 were received at the Bank Department to-day up to 5 o'clock.—About the same amount were received yesterday. Superintendent Cook yesterday released $180,000 worth of stock securities, and about the same amount released to-day. A large pile of circulating notes yet remain in the Department uncounted, although work in the office is kept up until 9 P. M."

The entire community looked forward to the advent of the 3d with "fear and trembling." The eventful day came and went, and though we cannot realize the extent of the damage—though we are, as yet, ignorant of the number of the wrecked among those who embarked upon financial waters—still there is little doubt but that many were engulphed. Those who have managed to keep themselves afloat look more cheerful now that the storm is over—and with returning confidence strike out for the shoal places of rest. We believe that, when the disasters which must inevitably flow from the non-fulfillment of obligations on Saturday last will have disappeared, the worst will be over—that the *bottom has been reached*, and re-action must now take place. The Banks of Boston resolved, on the 1st inst., to discount to the amount of $3,000,000; the New York Banks have agreed to do the same, and though this sum, large as it is, would of itself be totally inadequate, it will do much to restore confidence as well as ease the pressure. Every department of trade will feel the effect of these discounts, business will revive, a feeling of security usurp the place of distrust, and every individual so unfortunate as to be possessed of one hundred cents in the shape of a promise to pay, issued by some banking institution, will not think his country requires anything more than ordinary locomotion of him while seeking its place of redemption. Our over-trading, stock-gambling, and extravagance have doubtless brought this embarrassment upon us as a people; but we are inclined to the belief that many have gone down from the effects of the panic—many who would have ridden out the gale at any other period, have foundered either through their own fear or through lack of that assistance which man owes his fellow man in cases of extremity.

There are many practical lessons to be learned from this disturbed state of financial affairs. Some of these we have referred to heretofore, and will now advert to but one or two. It shows the fallacy of making haste to be rich. Speculation has run riot and men have acted as though utterly bereft of reason. It exhibits the folly of making investments in anything the value of which can be inflated or depressed by the mere finesse of a few individuals, and has given to railroad stock gambling a blow from which we trust it will never recover. Men will now seek for something that has stability in its composition when they wish to invest—"fancies" will no more attract, nor golden offers of heavy rates of interest allure but to destroy. "In the long run," says the Philadelphia *Ledger*, "those men get to be the richest, as all past experience proves, who invest most of their surplus capital in good mortgages and real estate. It is astonishing how fast a fortune accumulates, even at six per cent., if dividends and rents are invested quarterly, or even semi-annually. Investments in real estate securities rarely or never bring loss; and hence there is no drawback on the compounding of interest. The fact is notorious that, of the Philadelphia families which were rich a century ago, only those remain rich that kept the bulk of their wealth in real estate. No business man can afford—for any long period—to pay two per cent. for money; to demand such high rates is, therefore, not sound policy in the capitalist; and the history of the rich in this or any other city, if traced back a hundred years, affords abundant proof of this. It is wiser, believe us, not to 'kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.'"

Bank Failures, Suspensions, Etc.

THE following Banks and private Banking Houses have failed, suspended or assigned since our last issue:

The Farmers' Bank, of Elizabeth City, N. C., has suspended. The brokers are taking its notes at 50 per cent. discount.

The People's Bank, Milwaukee, Wis., the Badger State Bank, Wis., and the Fox River Bank, Green Bay, Wis., have suspended.

Clark, Dodge & Co., bankers, New York city, have suspended.

Swift, Ransom & Co., New York, brokers and agents of a Chicago banking house, have failed.

The Genesee River Bank, and Bank of Watertown, this State, are reported this morning, Oct. 6th, among the suspended.

J. W. Clark & Co., Bankers, Boston, suspended payment on the 3d inst.

R. H. Brett, Banker, of Toronto, C. W., failed and assigned. The assignees report that his creditors will be paid in full.

Hutchings & Co., and John Smith & Co., Bankers, Louisville, Ky., have suspended payment.

The Peninsular Bank, of Detroit, Mich., has been enjoined by Attorney General Howard, on account of its refusal to surrender to the State Treasurer its circulating bills, to the amount of the deficiency between the present value of its stock securities and that of its circulating notes, as required by its charter. It is said that the bank has abundant means to pay its debts.

The Bank of Galena, Ill., Traders' Bank of Indianapolis, Ind., Union Bank, of Frenchtown, N. J., and Bank of Greensborough, Georgia, have suspended.

The agents in New Orleans of the Northern Bank of Mississippi were unable to redeem its notes on the 1st inst.

Suspension of Manufactures.

THE Buffalo Courier of the 5th inst., says:—"For the first time, in many years, the sound of the hammer and the saw is not heard in our Ship-Yards.—Not a new vessel has been placed on the stocks this fall, and scarcely a man can be seen in the various Yards, excepting the few employed in finishing the ferry-boat for the Lake Huron Co. The usual force employed in the Yards is about 1,500 men, not one of whom can be employed there during the coming winter. In many other of the manufacturing branches of business, large numbers of hands have been discharged, with no prospect of employment before spring. There are, at the present moment, more mechanics out of employment in Buffalo, than at any time heretofore."

AT a meeting of Directors of the Utica Steam Cotton Mills, held Tuesday week, it was moved to suspend work immediately until the first of November next. This is sad news to the 330 operatives in the factory; but no more melancholy than thousands of laborers like them are hearing all over the country.

WITHIN the last week the cotton factories in Georgia have stopped work, on account of the high price of cotton and the low price of manufactured goods.

Two thousand operatives are thrown out of employment by the stoppage of Manayunk mills, Penn. The Wakefield mills are closed. The wool mills at Crescentville partially closed, and those along the Wissahicon with scarcely an exception.

COST OF GETTING FLOUR FROM THE WEST.—The *State of Maine* speaks of a lot of flour just received by E. McKenney, Portland, Me., which was taken on the Grand Trunk cars at Detroit, and delivered at Portland without steam shipment. The cost of bringing this from Detroit to Portland, a distance of 849 miles, is 105 cents per barrel.

September—Its Weather.

THIS pleasant autumnal month has gone, leaving many memorials of its fruitfulness and health.—Rapidly has it flitted away, while there has been no little agitation in the circles of commerce and business, to which the heat and cold and light, rain and winds, have paid very little regard.

The mean heat of the last half of the month is 54.6°, while that of 20 years is 56.8°, or 2° higher. The mean heat of the month is 60.9°, which is very nearly the same for the twenty years. We have had, therefore, about the average temperature.

As the spring was late, and the summer harvest later than usual, so has been the season for this month. Taking Indian corn as the standard, it is undoubtedly a fortnight later than usual. Still, fields of it in the country have become forward enough to be cut up by the roots for harvesting.—The yield will be quite unequal, some fields having a fine crop, and others very poor, while abundance is judged to be secured and nearly ready for the harvest.

Potatoes appear to give a good yield, though there is fear of their decaying condition in many fields. Peaches have been abundant, and are still so. They are held relatively high on account of the great demand for them in the west, north and east. Apples and pears give a good yield. Fall feed is rich and luxuriant. Grapes begin to fill the market.

Some autumnal diseases are over the land, but general and great health is the blessing.

In France and England, the harvest has been rather early, from the greater warmth and less rain. Indeed, this is said to be in France an early year for both harvest and vintage.

Slight frosts occurred on the 8th, and heavier at a distance from the lakes and on higher ground.—Some frost on the 21st and 24th in low and exposed places, but vegetables uninjured. Indeed, grapes have ripened rapidly since the slight frost. Some snow near us on the 29th. C. D.

October 1st, 1857.

FROM FLORIDA.—The Key West correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, Sept. 24th, writes that but two companies of regular troops will remain in Florida this winter. The Seminole war is to be carried on exclusively by volunteers, the number of which is to be considerably increased. The volunteers have proved themselves superior to the regular troops in warfare against the Indians. The knowledge of the country and the manners of the natives render their service of great value. The yellow fever, which made its appearance there in the early part of the month, is still in our midst. The number of cases in all which have occurred, is twelve, and of that number, three terminated fatally. Only one person has been attacked within the last ten days, and his condition is still very critical. As we are now having very pleasant, cool weather, I hope that all signs of the disease will soon disappear from the island.

ABOLITION STATE TICKET.—The Abolitionists of New York State, held a Convention at Syracuse, last week, and made the following nominations for State officers:—*Secretary of State*—Jas. McCune Smith, New York; *Comptroller*—Lewis Tappan; *Attorney General*—Geo. B. Vashan; *State Treasurer*—C. D. B. Mills; *State Engineer*—E. Porter; *Canal Commissioner*—J. C. Harrington; *State Prison Inspector*—J. C. DeLong; *Judge of Court of Appeals*—Beriah Green.

THE FAMINE IN LIBERIA.—A few weeks since a statement went the rounds of the papers to the effect that a famine had broken out in Liberia, accompanied by an appeal to the benevolent, for the relief of the sufferers there. It now turns out that the famine was in the imagination of some Jeremy Diddler, who wants to fills his pockets on African account. Letters received at the Colonization Office, Baltimore, dated August 6th, make no reference to the "famine," or a scarcity even.

THE TOBACCO TRADE.—The Richmond Examiner observes that the tobacco trade of Virginia has centered in New York, owing to the present banking system, and is depressed "with a vengeance by the pressure now raging in the great commercial emporium of the country." Tobacco which sold ten days ago in Richmond for $15, $17 and $20, brought only $10, $12 and $14 last Thursday, and the market falling.

DON'T GO TO NEW YORK FOR EMPLOYMENT.—The New York Tribune cautions persons in quest of work or situations of any kind against going to that city before next spring. It says there is not employment for those who are there now, and estimates that on the first of December there will be one hundred thousand persons in the city who will be unable to obtain anything to do.

RETURNING TO IRELAND.—A correspondent of the Boston Post, noticing the contemplated closing of the factories at Lowell, Mass., says that during the last month more than seven hundred of the Irish population have purchased return tickets to Liverpool, attracted by the improved and improving state of agricultural interests in the Emerald Isle.

GENERAL HOUSTON.—A private letter from Gen. Houston was received in Washington, on the 26th ult., flatly contradicting the statement that he is or has been implicated in any contemplated filibustering expedition. The story is probably an invention of Gen. Houston's political enemies, put forth at this time because his senatorial term approaches its close.

THE BRITISH ARMY IN ENGLAND.—When the reinforcements, now on the way to India, reach there, the British army in that country will number 87,000 men. In England, orders have been issued, offering commissions in the army to any qualified person who may raise one hundred men.

DISCOVERY OF TREASURE.—The Oswego Times says two men at work down the lake shore found a keg of sixteen hundred silver five franc pieces, worth $1 09 each, and have taken it to Philadelphia. It is supposed this treasure was secreted there in the old French war.

Literary Notices.

HISTORY OF KING PHILIP, Sovereign Chief of the Wampanoags. Including the Early History of the Settlers of New England. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. With engravings. New York: Harper & Bro's.

THIS volume gives an interesting epitome of the early history of New England, from the landing of the Pilgrims to the conclusion of the Indian War in 1678. The incidents and adventures of our forefathers, woven into the narrative of KING PHILIP, will prove interesting and instructive to the young, and also worthy of perusal by the general reader. Sold by DEWEY.

THE HAND BOOK OF PRACTICAL RECEIPTS, of Every-Day Use: A Manual for the Chemist, the Druggist, Medical Practitioner, Manufacturer, and heads of Families—comprising Officinal Medicines, their uses and modes of preparation; and formulæ for trade preparations, mineral waters, powders, beverages, dietetic articles, perfumery, cosmetics, etc. A Glossary of the terms used in Chemistry and Medicines, including old names, contractions, vulgar and scientific denominations; with a copious Index to all the Preparations. By Thos F. BRUNSTON. First American, from the second London edition. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

THE title of this work, which we give complete, sufficiently indicates its character and contents. To the chemist, druggist and medical practitioner, it must prove of great value as a useful manual of reference and information.—From the Publishers.

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM. By PETER BAYNE, M. A. First Series. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

To engage the attention of a reader by means of the excellencies of a good style, may be an acquired virtue; to do so in spite of the deficiencies of a poor style is certainly a natural one. To this latter class, does the work of Mr. BAYNE belong. For, while there are many things in the style of the work to which a critic might object, the thoughts presented cannot fail to interest all, and the latter is the rarer virtue. The work, as its title would imply, is composed of biographical and critical notices of some of our most distinguished writers, which are written with evident candor, and in a not unpleasing style. The papers on HUGH MILLER and the BRONTE family will be read with great interest in the present state of feeling concerning those remarkable personages. If the second series, which is promised, proves as good as the present, we shall welcome it with pleasure. For sale by COLE, ADAMS & Co.

BOOK CLUBS.—The announcement of Mr. DEWEY, relative to Book Clubs, is worthy of attention. Such organizations are becoming popular, and we commend them to the young ladies and gentlemen who desire to augment their facilities for mental improvement and entertainment. Every village ought to have a Lyceum and Library, or Book Club of some sort, with lectures during the winter season.

Items of News.

THE Chicago papers state that James Ward, who owns a large number of tenements in that city, has, in view of the hard times, visited his tenants and reduced their rents twenty per cent.

THE standing army of the United States, as now organized, numbers 17,326 men, if the companies were all full to the number authorized by law.

THE Syracuse Journal says that many boats are being hauled off the canal, the freight not warranting forwarders in running them. There is very little of the freight coming forward which should at this season of the year.

THE name Sepoy, or Sipoy, is derived by Bishop Heber from "sip," the bow and arrow, which were originally in almost universal use by the native soldiers of India in offensive warfare.

MORMONISM in New York city has run out; the Mormon newspaper is dead; and when the congregation gathered in their meeting house in Broome street on Monday, they were told that there would be no more preaching there.

THE New York Day Book says, a married lady in that city enjoys the luxury of no less than one hundred and twenty dresses, twenty-nine of which are mourning dresses.

KELLY LOWE, pastor of the African church, Augusta, Ga., was originally a slave, but his people bought him some years ago, and "he is their servant pecuniarily as well as spiritually." They allow him a salary of from $800 to $1,000 per year.

DISHONESTY in pecuniary transactions seems to have invaded every circle. The American Sunday School Union, of Philadelphia, have published a card announcing the defalcation of the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. F. W. Porter, for an amount believed not to exceed $88,883. He has issued notes and acceptances at various times without entering them upon the books of the Society.

A "WORKING MEN'S" Convention is to meet in New York on the 5th of October, for the purpose of considering the best means of enforcing the execution of the law affecting the learning of trades in State Prisons, as well as various other matters connected with the interests of the working classes. The "Working Men" have enrolled in their clubs some twelve or fifteen thousand voters.

E. C. DELEVAN has resigned the Presidency of the New York State Temperance Society. In his letter he states that the existing debt of the Society amounts to $6,500. Mr. Delevan desires its members and friends to assist him in cancelling its liabilities, the Treasurers, Messrs. E. Corning & Co., giving accommodation until the first of July, 1858. If the debt is not paid at that time by the Society, he stands pledged to pay it himself.

UNDER the new railroad arrangement which goes into effect the 15th inst., the time from Buffalo to New York was fixed at eighteen hours. It is now fifteen.

CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED, the grandson of John Jacob Astor—the literary millionaire—the man whose glove bill is $400 per annum, is now at Baden-Baden, where he has bought a splendid villa, and is astonishing the natives with his American trotters. The old folks make the money, and the young ones spend it.

DECLINE IN FLOUR.—The following table exhibits the decline in flour in the New York city market within the last two months. The small falling off in price from day to day, is hardly perceptible, but when the prices of the present time are compared with those of the 29th of July last, it will be seen what a marked reduction there is in the cost of breadstuffs:

	July 29.	Sept. 29.	Dec.
Superfine State, per barrel,	$6 40	$5 15	$1 25
Extra State,	6 75	5 50	1 25
Western superfine,	6 40	5 15	1 25
Extra Western,	8 50	5 75	2 75
Canadian extra,	8 25	6 70	1 55
Baltimore, Alex'a and Georgetown,	8 75	5 60	3 15
Southern and fancy extra,	9 50	7 10	2 40

News Clippings.

—Milk is worth 7 cents a quart in New York city.

—There has not been an execution in Maine in 24 years.

—On the 19th ult., St. Paul, Min., was illuminated with gas.

—There was a severe hail storm in Toronto on Monday week.

—In Dallas Co., Ala., there are 16 candidates for the office of sheriff.

—The oldest church in Boston is Christ Church, Salem st., erected 1723.

—The Capitol at Washington when completed, will have cost $10,000,000.

—The receipts of the U. S. Treasury since July 1st have been $20,400,000.

—A lump of gold, valued at $500, has been taken out of a mine in Cabarrus Co., N. C.

—The present population of Canada is 2,500,000. It doubles itself in about 25 years.

—Out of 372 deaths in Chicago during the month of August, 178 were from dysentery.

—Guns were invented by the Germans in 1387, and bro't into use by the Venetians in 1392.

—The Mormons at the east are drying up their missions, with a view of going to Salt Lake.

—During August more than 1,500 bounty land warrants were issued, requiring 231,000 acres.

—There have been 53 murders and homicides in N. Orleans, La., during the past eighteen months.

—The Mormons do their own coinage, and as might be expected, their $20 pieces are worth but $17.

—The tunnel through the Blue Ridge in Va., is now completed, and workmen are laying the track.

—The Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia received 1,831 patients last year, and expended $34,000.

—Two little girls, nine and four years old, were burnt to death in a shanty in Chicago, on Monday week.

—The expenses of the London Daily News are £520 per week. Those of the London Times, much more.

—The present Mormon population of Utah, male and female, is computed by Elder Richards at 60,000.

—The Bank of Commerce, N. Y., discounted business paper on the 18th ult., to the amount of $600,000.

—The indebtedness of the several railroads of the U. S., now reaches the enormous sum of $470,000,000.

—Among the guests at the American, Buffalo, is Sir Charles Fox, the builder of the British Crystal Palace.

—Fourteen of the women saved from the Central America had husbands on board, of whom only four survived.

—Mr. Vosburg, of Alabama, Genesee Co., raised from three blue mercers, two and one-fourth bush. of potatoes.

—By the last census it was shown that there were more than 40,000 people in Georgia, who could neither read nor write.

—The U. S. Assistant Treasurer at St. Louis, paid out, on the 24th ult., $167,000 in coin, on Indian annuity account.

—Ground has been broken at Troy for the erection of the Roman Catholic College of St. Peters, which is to cost $50,000.

—Twelve hundred men are now employed upon the Great Eastern, and it is expected she will be launched this month.

—In Massachusetts, the law requires a woman, before she can be married, to tell her age, under penalty of a fine of $200.

—Rev. Mr. Hay, the American Missionary who escaped from Ahmhabad, sailed for New York in the Arago, on the 16th ult.

—The N. Y. Times sums up the marine losses during the month of Sept., including that by the Central America, at $2,994,000.

—The Governor and Council of New Hampshire have appointed Thursday, Nov. 26th, for Thanksgiving Day in that State.

—It is thought Gov. Pollock, of Penn., will recommend a general suspension of specie payments by the banks until March next.

—The St. Paul (Minnesota) Advertiser estimates the crop of wheat of Min., at 1,800,000 bushels; potatoes, 800,000 bushels.

—Three cargoes of wheat, about 30,000 bushels, were sold in Joliet, Ill., on Saturday week, at the low price of 40 cents per bushel.

—The N. Y. Evening Post says A. Dallas Bache, of the Coast Survey, and Mr. Robert J. Walker, are both descendants of Franklin.

—The artesian well in Louisville has been bored to the depth of 1,240 feet. The workmen proceed at an average of six feet per day.

—The Commissioner of the Land Office has decided that railroads are to have no lands set apart until after actual survey and location.

—Messrs. Brady & Evans, New York, have distanced all competitors by producing full-length photographic portraits the size of life.

—There has been cut in Calhoun Co., Ill., a tree that produced 5,000 staves and six and a half cords of wood, which sold for $74 50.

—The Montreal Pilot says that it is the intention of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, to visit Canada, the the ensuing summer.

—A gentleman of Nantucket states that he has a Bolton grey hen, which in 106 days, laid exactly 106 eggs, and in 227 days laid 216 eggs.

—There is a falling off in the quantity of flour sent to tide-water thus far this year, compared with the period last year, of 993,140 barrels.

—Eight hundred mechanics have been thrown out of employment by the closing of three large manufacturing establishments at Buffalo.

—Mrs. Sarah E. Shaw has recovered $18,000 from the Boston and Worcester road, for the death of her husband in an accident on the road.

—Yellow fever has made its appearance at Key West and is raging violently. The disease is said to have been introduced from Aspinwall.

—The Board to examine models for a sloop-of-war, pronounced the model of Mr. Page, of Norfolk, best, the second best, Mr. Westervelt's.

—The water in Lake Michigan is now higher than it has been for several years, this being the seven years high tide, as it is called by the sailors.

—A portion of the cable for the Cape Cod and Nantucket Telegraph has been shipped from N. Y., and will probably be laid this week or next.

—William Vaughn, the last surviving revolutionary soldier in Sumter district, S. C., died last week. He served under Marion and Sumter.

—The sums collected in New York, up to Monday week, in aid of the sufferers by the wreck of the steamer Central America, amounted to $16,702.

—The Lowell Courier of Monday week says that the Massachusetts Mills have started up again, and about two-thirds of their works are running.

—There appear at present, 510 Journals of Paris, of which 40 are dedicated to politics, and the remaining 470 to literature, art, sciences and the finances.

—It was once said of a canal in Connecticut, that the first dividend paid to the stock-holders was from the proceeds of the hay cut on the tow path.

—An eastern editor heads his list of Births, Marriages and Deaths, thus:—*Hatched, Matched* and *Dispatched.*—The rascal's face deserves to be *scratched.*

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Arabia.

THE Royal Mail Steamer Arabia, from Liverpool Sept. 19th, arrived at New York on the 2d inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Atlantic Telegraph Cable is to be taken out from the Niagara and Agamemnon and stored in the dock yard until next year. The work of raising the submerged cable is to be immediately commenced. A large engineering firm of high standing and great wealth have expressed their readiness to lay the cable on the following conditions:—That for a stated price they will, with the aid of the Government vessels, take all the trouble and risk off the hands of the Company, and have the cable laid to New Foundland by June or July, and on failing, that they will not only claim no recompense, but pay to the Company the entire cost of the cable in the event of its breaking. If laid before June, the stipulated price to be increased so much for each month gained.—The offer is a bona fide one. In regard to the report that telegraphic communication between the Atlantic and the shore was suspended several hours prior to the breaking of the cable, it appears that during said time messages were constantly received from the shore, but the operator at the shore end having nothing to say, of course said nothing.

The Marquis of Lansdowne has declined the Dukedom offered him.

The Banks of England had declared a dividend at 5 per cent. for the half year.

It is formally announced in the French and German papers that England does not intend at present to form a Foreign Legion.

The great Doncaster St. Leger race was won by Imperence. The two favorites, Blink Bonny and Ignoramus, came in fourth and fifth.

FRANCE.—Fires are becoming alarmingly frequent in Paris.

It is stated that an immense telegraph line is to be immediately constructed from Marseilles to Constantiple, by way of Corsica and the various islands of the Mediterranean.

The French official Bulletin, Des Lois, publishes a decree announcing the concession to Mons. N. W. Glover, acting in the name of the International Trans-Atlantic Telegraph Co., for the establishment of Submarine line between Bordeaux and the United States. The concession is for 40 years.

An inundation had done some damage at Lyons, and heavy rains had damaged the crops on the Neuse.

PRUSSIA.—The Czar arrived at Berlin on 14th of September.

The Evangelical Alliance commenced its sittings at Berlin on the 9th of Sept. Mr. Wright, the American, had addressed the meeting. Bishop Simpson spoke briefly of the Methodists of America, and Dr. Baird, in the name of the American Presbyterians.

INDIA.—The Indian mail had reached England, and the papers are occupied almost exclusively by the news brought by it. The news by the Bombay mail was received by the Jura at St. Johns.

The victims by the massacre at Cawupore numbered eight officers, 190 privates, 190 women and children, belonging to the army, and 700 civilians.

The Calcutta portion of the mail, with dates from Calcutta to the 10th, and Madras to the 17th, arrived at Trieste on the 17th.

Lord Elgin arrived at Calcutta on the 8th Aug. with about 600 marines and soldiers

Gen. Havelock, after having advanced to within one day's march of Lockwood, had been obliged to fall back on Cawnpore, on account of the cholera having broke out among his small force.

A plot has been discovered and thwarted to massacre the Europeans at Bnerra and Jessora.

There had been several actions with the rebels at Agra and Azimpheu.

Martial law had been proclaimed at Behor. The Governor General's body guard had been disarmed. Several native regiments had been disarmed, and others were thought to be wavering. The troops at Sayalee had mutinied and killed their officers.

A detachment of 300 European troops attacked the mutineers at Arrah and were repulsed, with a loss of 200 men. At Agra and Cota, the contingent and other rebels had been entirely dispersed.

According to the latest authentic news from Delhi, not only were the Europeans still before the place, but they had been strongly reinforced, and a general assault was expected in a few days.

The Paris Debats says, although the official dispatches represent England as still holding out at Agra, we have reasons to believe that this intelligence will not be confirmed, and that the heroic garrison has been destroyed, along with the women and children under its protection.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A flood had occurred in the Hame De Aozta, Sardinia, entailing a loss of fifty lives and a large number of houses.

The telegraph cable between Sardinia and Africa broke in forty fathoms of water, when within two miles of shore, and the completion of the task. It was expected that the last end would be recovered, and the line finished in a week or two.

In the race for the town plate on Friday, the only one in which either of the American horses ran, Babylon came in second, "Sprig of Shillelagh" only winning by a head. Sixteen horses ran.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Flour quoted 3d@1s higher, and very scarce. Wheat—The Circulars are very conflicting. The Broker's Circular, Messrs. Maxwell and others, say that although very dull at the close it was 1@2d higher than on the previous Friday. Richardson, Spence & Co., and others report an advance in the week, a subsequent falling off, and on the whole a partial decline.—Richardson, Spence & Co., quote red wheat 8@8s6d; white 9@9s9d; western Canal flour 31@32s; Ohio 33@34s; mixed and yellow corn 38@39s.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Star of the West.

The steamship Star of the West arrived on Sunday morning, with 450 passengers, and the California mails of Sept. 4, and $1,268,000 in specie.

The California State election, on the 2d ultimo, resulted in the entire success of the Democratic ticket. Weller was elected Governor by 15,000 majority.

The State has voted to pay its debt.

Columbia, Tuolumne county, has been destroyed by fire. Loss $600,000.

William Devin had been convicted of embezzling Government treasure from the Branch Mint. Col. Hamsthy's defalcation from the same establishment is $167,000. Coining was being carried on successfully.

The Carson Valley people were agitating for a territorial organization. From that quarter we have an account of the frightful massacre of an emigrant train by Indians.

From Oregon we learn that the Constitutional Convention met at Salem on the 17th of August.

From Washington Territory we have intelligence of the murder of Col. Evy, Collector at Port Townsend, by a party of Indians. His family escaped. Eighteen Indians had been arrested by the residents and would be hung.

Hon. G. Venable, our Minister to Guatemala, died from cholera, August 23. This terrible epidemic was ravaging both Guatemala and Salvador.

The South American news, though a month later, is not important.

The revolution in Peru is without change.

It now appears that the Central America had 445 passengers and $1,219,189 in specie when she left Aspinwall.

The California list cannot be received until about the 14th of November.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, Oct. 6, 1857.

FLOUR—Best varieties have fallen off 25c per barrel, and are now sold at $7.

GRAIN—No change in Wheat. Prices quoted are nominal, as no sales of any importance have transpired. Barley has met a decline of 12½c—63c being the extreme. Corn has declined 5c. Oats 2c lower.

PROVISIONS—Butter is worth fully 20c. Eggs 14c per dozen. Potatoes, all varieties, are firm at 50c per bushel and indications of an advance are prevalent. Apples are being sold at a little better rates.

HAY—Best qualities are $1 per ton better in price, and the market is firm at $12 for superior.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box,	18c
Flour, bbl	$5,50@7,00	Candles, box,	13½@13½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,25@1,45	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada,	$1,25@1,45	Apples, bushel,	20c
Corn,	75c	Do. dried,	$2,00@2,25
Oats,	32@31c	Potatoes,	50c
Barley,	63c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat,	63@88c	Slaughter,	4@5c
Beans,	$1,25@1,50	Calf,	00@10c
Peas,	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts,	31@38c
MEATS.		Lamb do.	50@62½c
Pork, Mess	$25,00@25,50	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover, bushel,	$6,50@7,00
Beef, ℔ cwt	$5,75@6,00	Timothy,	$3,00@3,75
Spring Lambs each,	$1,50@2,25	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard,	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	13½@14½c	Do. soft,	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders,	11½@13½c	Coal, Lehigh,	$7,00@7,50
Chickens,	11@12c	Do. Scranton,	$6,00@6,50
Turkeys,	00@12½	Do. Blossburg,	$5,00@5,50
Geese,	50c	Do. Shamokin,	$6,25@6,75
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll,	20c	Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,45
Do. firkin,	14@17c	Hay, ton,	$7@12
Cheese,	8@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	50@40c
Lard, tried	00@15½c	White fish, bbl	$10,50@11
Tallow,	9½@10c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$5,25@5,50
Eggs, dozen,	14c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—Flour—Demand brisk for export and home use at an advance of 10@12c. Sales at $4,40@4,60 for super State; $4,70@5,00 for extra do; $4,40@4,60 for super Western; $4,70@5,00 for extra do—closing very buoyant, with no sellers at inside prices. Canadian better; sales at $4,50@4,60 for super; $5,10@5,30 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat 1@2c better, with good export demand. Sales pure white Illinois at 132c; white Southern at 128@135c; 118@123c for red do; 97c was refused for Chicago spring. Rye scarce, and firmly held at 75@76c. Barley and Malt nominally the same. Corn opened firm and closed lower; sales mixed Western at 70@72c, delivered—closing at inside prices. Oats better; sales at 43@45c for State; 44@47c for Western

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and lower. Sales at $22,75@23 for mess, $18 for prime. Lard heavy; sales at 11½@11¾c. Butter selling slowly at 13@17c for Ohio; 16@21c for State Cheese plenty and at 7@9c.

BUFFALO, Oct. 5.—Flour—The market closed a shade off on Saturday, holders being desirous to realize, with sales at $4,62½@5 for good super to extra Iowa and Indiana; $5,25@5,50 for double extras. This morning, the inquiry is moderate, market without change.

GRAIN—Holders of spring Wheat, which is in few hands, have advanced their views a shade over Saturday, above which there are no buyers. No sales. There were some mixed Ohio sold at 90c.—Some inquiry for white, but we heard no transactions. Corn market closed Saturday at 58c; and this morning at the same.—There is a fair inquiry, but buyers do not generally offer over 56c, to which sellers are not disposed to yield. Oats inactive, but firm at about 31c. Rye nominal at 65c Barley; sales Canada four-rowed at 75c.

GRAIN RECEIPTS.—The following will show the receipts by Lake for the week ending 3d inst:—Flour, 28,195 bbls.; Wheat, 412,144 bush; Corn, 183,680 bush; Oats, 28,693 bush.

ALBANY, Oct. 5—Flour and Meal—There is rather a better feeling in the flour market, but no improvement in prices to notice The inquiry is still moderate, and mainly confined to the wants of the trade. Corn Meal is selling at $1,56@1,69.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet and more offering Corn rather lower and in moderate request, with but little offering, except in store; sales Western mixed in part 76c in store and on p t Barley market presents no new feature, the inquiry is limited with a good supply and the market is steady; sales ordinary two-rowed at 80c time; two and four-rowed, not mixed, at 88c; good four-rowed at 90c, and prime Canada West at 95c. Oats rather firmer; sales State at 43½c, measure.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 30.—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Beeves—First quality, 11½@12c.; Ordinary, 10½@11c.; Common, 9½@10c.; Inferior, 8@9c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $60@70; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 7½@8c.; Other qualities, 6@7c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $4,50@6,50; Other qualities, $3@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 7½@7¾c.; Other qualities, 6½@7c.

CAMBRIDGE, SEPT. 30.—At market 1073 Cattle, 1000 Beeves, and 918 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,25@8,75; First quality, $7,25@7,50; Second quality, $7,00; Third quality, $6,00; Ordinary, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—$90, 150@200.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 45, 50@67.

YEARLINGS—$18@22. Two years old—$27@30. Three years old—$33@40.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—4310 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,75, $2,00, 2,50 each. Extra and selections, $3,00@3,75.

SWINE—1250 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8c. ℔ lb—Dressed, 9@9½c

HIDES—7½@8c. ℔ lb. Tallow—7@7½c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—67@75c each. Calf Skins—12@13c. ℔ lb.

BRIGHTON, OCT. 1.—At market 1600 Beef Cattle, 1000 Stores, 16 pair Working Oxen, 140 Cows and Calves, 1,000 Sheep and Lambs, 1600 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $9,00; First quality, $8,75; Second, $7,50; Third, $6,75; Ordinary, $5,00.

YEARLINGS—$19@22. Two years old—$27@31. Three years old—$34@40.

WORKING OXEN—$160@190.

COWS AND CALVES—$21, 35, 40@50

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $3,00@3,75. By lot, $1,25, 1,50@1,75.

SWINE—Pigs, 7@7½c. Retail, 7½@9c. Fat hogs, 7@7½c.

HIDES—7½@8c. ℔ lb. Tallow—7@7½c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—62@75c. Calf Skins—12@13c. ℔ lb.

WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—The market still partakes of the apathy and depression which has characterized it for some weeks past, and prices are quite unsettled The stock of native is not abundant, and many are not disposed to offer their stock till our finances assume greater stability, while those who are obliged to meet outstanding obligations are willing to make sacrifices in case an undoubted customer should cross their path; but the high rates prevalent for money offer no inducement to the manufacturers to purchase Wool at present, even at a decline of 25 ℔ cent from rates current a few weeks since. Under these circumstances, therefore, and the numerous failures which have taken place in the goods market, it is not at all surprising to notice almost a suspension of transactions in this branch of trade. Contraction is now going on among the major part of manufacturers and till money becomes far more easy the producers will not purchase to any extent, but confine their sales to their most legitimate wants. The week's transactions have been quite trivial, and at prices which would be no guide to the market. Foreign is in better supply, and if holders were to press sales they would be obliged to accept much lower rates; but the species of paper offering affords no inducement to sell—hence the dullness—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, Sept. 30.—For Domestic Fleece and Pulled Wools the demand has been limited, in consequence of the stringency of the money market. The sales have been 5,000 lbs here and 90,000 lbs in New York for this neighborhood at comparatively low prices. In foreign, there have been sales of 160 bales South American within the quoted rates.

Saxony fleeces,	57@60	Smyrna washed,	23@30
Am. full blood,	50@55	Do. unwashed,	12@21
¾ and ⅞ blood,	42@50	Buenos Ayres,	12@30
Com. to ½ blood,	35@40	Mexican,	17@19
Pulled, extra,	48@55	Chili, Valparaiso,	15@10
" super,	44@48	Syria washed,	25@27
" No. 1,	34@40	Do. unwashed,	14@16
" No. 2,	18@30	Peruv. washed,	35@39

CENTRAL AMERICA'S PASSENGERS—*Three more Saved.*—The Bremen barque Laura, from Bremen, arrived at New York on the 5th inst. She reports that at 2 P. M., Sept, 28, she spoke the British barque Mary, of Greenock, from Cardenas for Queenstown, and took from her J. Tice, 2d engineer; Alex Grant, fireman; and G. W. Dawson, a passenger, whom the brig had recovered from the wreck of the steamship Central America.

DEATHS.

AT Hillsdale, Mich., on the 28th of Sept of dysentery, Mrs. DIANA M. wife of JOEL M. GOFF, late of Geneseo, N. Y., aged 31 years.

IN this city, the 5th inst, of Consumption, ELIZA W., wife of JOHN RAPALIE, aged 37 years 11 months and 16 days.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE, 50,000 Yearling Apple Trees, and 25,000 two years old. W. B. GORHAM Maitawan, Van Buren Co., Mich.

100,000 ANGERS QUINCE STOCKS, extra, $12 to $18. 150,000 Apple Trees, 1 year, leading varieties, $20. For sale by COWLES & WARREN, Highland Nurseries, Syracuse, N. Y.

GRAPES, 50,000 Isabella and Catawba. 1 yr, $50 to $80. Blackberries, 3,000 New Rochelle or Lawton, $10 to $15 per 100. For sale by COWLES & WARREN, Highland Nurseries, Syracuse, N. Y.

APPLE SEEDLINGS.

FOR SALE by N. DRAKE & CO., of Elba, N. Y., 200,000 Apple Seedlings two years old, at $1 per 1,000. 405w3

SPANISH MERINO SHEEP FOR SALE.—The Subscriber has for Sale pure bred Spanish Merino Sheep, both Bucks and Ewes. One pure bred Devon Bull two years old.—Also Suffolk Pigs. REED BURRITT, Burdett, Schuyler Co., N. Y., Sept. 28, 1857.

SHORT-HORN BULL CALVES FOR SALE.

GOT BY JOHN OGHAUNT—(13468)—(bred by Col. L. G. MORRIS) and Mr S. P. CHAPMAN's celebrated bull Dalton, (11552.) out of well bred Herd Book Cows Also, two or three fine young Cows and Heifers in Calf. C. K. WARD. Lefley Oct. 2, 1857. 405w3

TO FRUIT TREE DEALERS, NURSERYMEN, &c.

FOR SALE—10,000 Dwarf Pear Trees, mostly 3 years old, fine. I can offer *great inducements* as to prices for this lot of Trees, being under the necessity of clearing the land. Also, 150,000 French Quince Stocks of my own growing, *at a bargain.* For particulars, address G. W. EASTMAN, Rochester, Oct 5 1857. No 95 Arcade.

A GOOD FARM FOR SALE.—150 acres of clayey loam soil, quite level 125 acres improved, 10 seeded, 25 of good timber with a young bearing orchard of 300 trees of choice grafted fruit A barn and log house. The above lying in the town of Bennett, Calhoun Co, Mich. 5 miles south-east of Battle Creek 5 from Ceresco, 10 from Marshall. Will be sold at a low price. For particulars, address P. B. HOYT, Battle Creek, Mich. 405

LAWTON BLACKBERRY PLANTS will be supplied from second week in October.

SCALE OF PRICES AT THE DOZEN.

A package of one dozen	$3
Do two dozen	5
Do five dozen	10
Do. eight dozen	15
Do twelve dozen	20

The name and direction of purchasers should be distinctly written, and the money accompany the order Address WILLIAM LAWTON, 54 Wall St., New York, or New Rochelle, N. Y. October, 1857. [405-6teow]

SMALL FRUITS.

BLACKBERRIES, Imperial, very large, sweetest of all, finer for market, and retains its flavor much longer than the Lawton, $125 per 1,000, $16 per 100, $5 for 25, $1 per dozen.—Lawton, or New Rochelle; $10 per 1,000, $50 for 500, 14 per 100, $1 50 for 25, $2 50 per dozen; smaller plants $12 per 100, and $100 per 1,000. Newman's Thornless, $20 per 100, $5 per dozen. Dorchester High-bush, $12 per 100, $2 per dozen. White, $15 per 100, $2 25 per dozen.

RASPBERRIES.—Brenford Red Antwerp, large fruit, hardy, and best for market, $10 per 100, $2 per dozen. Red Aotwerp, $25 per 1,000, $1 per 100 Franconia, $5 per 100. Fastolf, $5; White Prolific, $5; White Antwerp, $4; Orange, $10; Black Cap, $4; and Four Seasons, $12 per 100.

GOOSEBERRIES—Largest English and Houghton, one to three years, $10 to $15 per 100

CURRANTS.—Cherry, White and Red Grapes, White Provence, Victoria, etc., one to three years' growth, at proportionate prices.

GRAPES.—Isabella, Catawba, and Clinton, one to three years, at $12 per 100 and upward

STRAWBERRIES.—A collection surpassing all others, of which a Descriptive Catalogue is published, with Directions for Culture. Prices, $5 to $6, and $8 per 1,000

Catalogues of every Department sent to applicants. Flushing, N. Y. [405] WM. R. PRINCE & CO.

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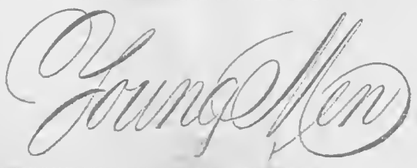

THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES and CANADAS, Take Notice. The Third Lecture of the OCT. COURSE before the Students of EASTMAN'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Oswego, N. Y., will be delivered by the Rev. E. H. CHAPIN, D. D., of New York, Tuesday evening the 27th inst. Young Men and Parents are invited to be present and visit the Institution at that time.

This Course of valuable Lectures is continued through the year, and every facility is furnished to make this the BEST SCHOOL in the United States for the PROPER EDUCATION of YOUNG MEN and WOMEN, and those who can devote a few weeks to study, are requested to give it their attention, and address for a Catalogue (inclosing stamp.)

H. G. EASTMAN, President, Oswego Commercial College, Oswego, N. Y.

Oswego, Oct. 3, 1857.

N. B.—See RURAL of Aug. 22nd and Sept 5th. Also Editorial Notice of Aug. 29th. 405

"GET THE BEST."

WEBSTER'S QUARTO DICTIONARY.

Containing THREE TIMES the matter found in any other Dictionary Compiled in this country, or any ABRIDGMENT of this work:

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"All young persons should have a standard DICTIONARY at their elbows. And while you are about it, *get the best;* that Dictionary is

NOAH WEBSTER'S.

The GREAT WORK UNABRIDGED If you are too poor, save the amount from off your back, to put it into your head."—*Phrenological Journal*

"A MAN WHO WOULD KNOW EVERYTHING, OR ANYTHING, AS HE OUGHT TO KNOW, MUST OWN WEBSTER'S LARGE DICTIONARY It is a great light, and he that will not avail himself of it must walk in darkness. Every young housekeeper should lay it in, to occupy the place which was formerly filled with decanters and wine glasses.

Every *farmer* should give his sons two or three square rods of ground, well prepared, with the avails of which they may buy it. Every *mechanic* should put a receiving box in some conspicuous place in the house, to catch the stray pennies, for the like purpose.

Lay it upon your table by the side of the Bible—it is a better expounder than many which claim to be expounders.

It is a great labor-saver—it has saved us time enough in one year's use to pay for itself; and that must be deemed good property, which will clear itself once a year. If you have any doubt about the precise meaning of the word CLEAN, in the last sentence, look at Webster's thirteen definitions of the word."—*Massachusetts Life Boat.*

FROM N. P. WILLIS:

My Dear Sir:—"Webster's Dictionary" has been my sole authority so long, that to be asked my opinion of it seems like being questioned as to my preference of my own country to any other. He who was the fountain of classic taste when you and I were in College together, Prof. Goodrich, gave it to us as our gospel of philology, and, for the thirty years that have since elapsed, I have grown to believe more and more in both Prof Goodrich and Webster's Dictionary.

It is one of the Washington-sized glories of our country that such a life-work as that Dictionary should have been done among us. It has gathered the broken columns of the other philologistic temples of our language, and built them into an American Parthenon. We should nationally be proud of it—as, indeed, there is no denying that we are, I believe—and our colleges, literary institutions, and schools, should, with grateful unanimity, avow their honor for it, adopt and cherish it

I shall be exceedingly happy to contribute any influence which the "Homo Junrnal" may possess for the furthering of the general authority and interest of your father's immortal work. Believe me, my dear Sir, Yours, very truly, N. P. WILLIS.

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NEWMAN'S THORNLESS BLACKBERRY.

FINELY ROOTED PLANTS of this valuable new variety will be sent out this season at $1 per dozen; $10 per fifty; $18 per hundred; $130 per thousand. Address A. A. BENSEL, Milton, Ulster Co., N. Y., Who is sole Agent for the sale of Plants

30 ANATOMICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, with full explanations of Diseases of the THROAT, LUNGS, MUSCLES, NERVES, JOINTS, SKIN, STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, BOWELS and WOMB. The afflicted may understand what causes their Diseases, and what Remedies or other means will best relieve, and cure them, *on Daily view and* The Illustrations are large, well defined and splendidly engraved; all sent *free of postage,* on receipt of SIX DIMES STAMPS, by J. R. STAFFORD, PRACTICAL CHEMIST, 16 State St., New York. 401w3

TO TREE DEALERS.—TREES FOR SALE.

65,000 CHERRY TREES, budded, 2 yrs old		$100 per 1,000	
10,000 PEAR "	"	200 "	"
85,000 APPLE "	3 yrs from Grft,	70 "	"
30,000 PEACH "	best varieties,	80 "	
20,000 EVERGREEN Trees, all sizes and varieties.			

A variety of Ornamental Trees, Roses, Shrubs, &c., &c. Watkins, Schuyler Co., N. Y. L. HILDRETH & CO.

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS.

A. FROST & CO have just received their assortment of Dutch Bulbous Roots direct from one of the best Florists in Holland, and can now offer choice bulbs, consisting of Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, Crown Imperials and Lilies, at the lowest rates Catalogues may be had on application, or on receipt of a one cent stamp, by mail. Orders to be addressed to A. FROST & CO., 401w2 Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y

$101 A YEAR PAYS for board and Tuition at Fort Edward Institute, N. Y. Send for a Catalogue. [403w3] JOS. E. KING, Principal.

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THE FOLLOWING TREES—RAISED IN ROWS FOUR feet apart, considered the best that can be procured in Western New York.

25,000 APPLE TREES,	6 to 8 feet,	4 years old.
30,000 " "	5 " 7 "	3 " "
9,000 DWARF PEAR TREES,	6 " 8 only	2 " "
14,000 STANDARD " "	5 " 7 "	2 " "
10,000 " CHERRIES,	5 " 7 "	2 " "
8,000 PEACH TREES,	5 " 6 "	1 & 2 yrs old.

Clover Street Nursery, Brighton, 3 miles east of Rochester. Address JOSEPH HALL, or ISAAC MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FRUIT TREES! FRUIT TREES!!

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC is invited to the following invoice of Trees, &c., which for health, vigor and beauty cannot be surpassed by any Nursery in the country:

250,000 APPLE TREES, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years old.	
10,000 PLUMS on Plum Stocks.	
25,000 CHERRY TREES	
5,000 PEACH "	
25,000 PEAR "	1 and 2 years old.
100,000 APPLE SEEDLINGS.	

EVERGREENS, HORSE CHESTNUTS, GRAPES, &c., &c.; all of which will be sold very low at the Onondaga Nurseries, Syracuse, N. Y. [404w3] GRAVES & WARNER

FRUIT TREES FOR SALE.

HAVING PURCHASED THE COMMERCIAL NURSERIES, recently owned by JAS M. TAYLOR, I now offer for Sale 150,000 Apple Trees from 5 to 7 feet high; 100,000 do. 2 years old, very nice, for California, Kansas, or the West; 75,000 Apple Seedlings; 80,000 Angor Quince Stocks; 40,000 Dwarf Pears; 35,000 Standard do.; 60,000 Cherry; 25,000 Plums; a beautiful lot of Dwarf Cherry, Quince by the and stools; Grape Vines, Currants, Shade and Ornamental Trees, &c., &c. All of the above Trees are remarkably healthy, and will be sold as low as can be obtained in the State, and will be safely packed and shipped.—All orders should be sent in soon for the Fall trade, and will receive prompt attention. H. M. RANNEY, Syracuse, N. Y.

FINE FLOWERING BULBS.

ELLWANGER & BARRY have just received from Holland a large invoice of Flowering Bulbs, including the very finest

HYACINTHS, double and single, all colors,
TULIPS, " " "
NARCISSUS,
CROCUS, 20 beautiful sorts,
CROWN IMPERIALS, 3 varieties,
LILIES, a large collection,
DOUBLE AND SINGLE SNOW DROPS,
IRIS, many varieties,
AMARYLLIS, &c., &c.

Those who desire a fine display next spring, should plant immediately. All orders filled promptly, and on the most reasonable terms. ELLWANGER & BARRY, 404w2 Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

LYON'S COPPER LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR.

PATENTED JULY 11, 1854.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, successors to BRITTAN & EDMUNDS, are Proprietors of this Patent for the ten Western counties of New York the States of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Minnesota Territory.

They are manufacturers of these celebrated Conductors, and are prepared to furnish them with the appropriate apparatus, to all parties holding the right to territory, in any quantity, and on short notice.

The rods are put up in cases convenient for transportation, with the full complement of fixtures inclosed Each case contains twenty-five Conductors, each Conductor comprises forty feet of copper, one electro-plated or gilded branch point, seven insulators, and fastenings.

They are furnished to agents by the case: with the exclusive right to dispose of them to be used in certain described territory, on very advantageous terms.

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RASPBERRIES, BLACKBERRIES, STRAWBERRIES, Currants, &c. A choice variety of strong, well rooted Plants, including

BRINCKLES ORANGE RASPBERRY,

A new variety distinguished for its flavor, beauty and productiveness. Also a very vigorous grower, and undoubtedly one of the best if not *the* best of Raspberries. Also the Cushing, Col Wilder and Thunderer; and,

MYATT'S LINNÆUS RHUBARB,

An English variety, particularly tender, fine flavored and productive. Chas. Downing, Esq., states it to be the finest kind, and for market gardening unsurpassed. See his article in Rural New-Yorker.

Also, Hovey's Seedling, Boston Pine and Large Early Scarlet Strawberries; New Rochelle Blackberries; Black Naples Currants, &c., &c. Liberal discounts on large orders.

FREEMAN & KENDALL, Ravenswood, L. I., near New York city.

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING REFERENCE.

We have visited Messrs. FREEMAN & KENDALL'S Fruit Gardens, from which they are now offering to sell Plants, and we can say their Plants are well grown and of very superior varieties, the Orange Raspberry and Linnæus Rhubarb particularly, we take pleasure in recommending them to the Public.

CHARLES DOWNING, Newburgh, 404tf C. W. GRANT, Iona, between Peekskill and Newburgh.

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PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & COMPANY

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

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The current literature, and the prominent questions of the day, will receive due attention, while, at the same time, no pains will be spared to present an attractive miscellany of tales, sketches, and poetry, from the best writers.

Among other contributors, they are permitted to name the following, from whom articles may be expected:

WILLIAM H PRESCOTT.	Mrs. GASKELL, Author of "Ruth," "Mary Barton," "North & South," etc.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON,	
WM. C. BRYANT,	
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,	Mrs. L. MARIA CHILD,
Rev. F. H. HEDGE, D. D.,	Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND,
NATH'L HAWTHORNE,	Mrs. PIKE,
JOHN G. WHITTIER,	Author of "Ida May," "Caste," etc.
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JAMES R LOWELL,	Miss ROSE TERRY,
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Retail price, 25 cents each number.

A liberal discount made to clubs, or to those who buy to sell again.

The attention of Booksellers, Periodical Dealers, Newsmen, and Book Agents, is requested, and their orders are respectfully solicited. 404w2

NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY.

To Farmers who Consult their Interest and Comfort.

THE CELEBRATED EXCELSIOR HORSE POWER, Thresher and Separator, manufactured by the Subscriber, has been awarded the first Premium, by the United States Agricultural Society at their great exhibition, held in Louisville, Ky., Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 It was thoroughly tested in competition with all the best Powers made in this country, in presence of the judges, and was pronounced the best, as its name indicates. Those wishing these machines will please apply soon as the demand is large and the supply limited. Get the best which is always the cheapest. Agents wanted where none are established, and if well recommended, a liberal commission will be given them. Descriptive Catalogues with prices, &c., furnished by mail free. For further particulars, address 402w4eow RICHARD H PEASE, Albany, N. Y.

THE LAST CALL.—JUST GOING.

THE UNDERSIGNED have a large Stock and a general assortment of FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES, Shrubs, Vines, and Plants, which they propose to sell at either Wholesale or Retail, at very low figures, for cash or on short approved paper. Address STONE & COOK, Central Nurseries, 403w3 Hannibal, Oswego Co., N. Y.

TO NURSERYMEN.

WE OFFER THE FOLLOWING AT GREATLY REDUCED prices, for Cash:

100,000 APPLE TREES 2 years old at	$100 per 10,000		
100,000 " " 1 "	" "	300 "	"
200,000 " Seedlings 1 "	" "	50 "	"

Racine, Wis., Sept. 11, 1857. [403w6] F. & M. DRAKE.

THIRTEEN DIPLOMAS, PREMIUMS AND MEDALS, awarded to SPRATT'S Patent Self-Sealing Cans, by means of which *Tomatoes, Green Corn, Peaches, Quinces,* or any other Fruit or Vegetable, may be preserved in a fresh state, with all the natural flavor They are acknowledged to be the only safe and reliable Self-Sealing Cans in market. Full directions for preserving, accompany the Cans.

WELLS & PROVOST, Sole Proprietors, 402w4 215 Front St., New York.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell THREE NEW and UNEQUALLED INVENTIONS, wanted and selling everywhere. My agents have cleared over $20,000 on them. DIPLOMAS, SILVER MEDAL and 1 PATENTS granted them. For 4 stamps, you'll receive 40 pages particulars. BEST AGENCY in the country. Lowell, Mass EPHRAIM BROWN.

HAY AND CATTLE SCALES.

GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES! THESE "STANDARD SCALES" are now within reach of every Farmer.—For $100 we will furnish a [illegible] scale, platform, 7 by 12 feet Every scale is sealed by [illegible] *Stand

Choice Poetry.

QUAINT OLD SONG.

YE who would have your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,
From Age's desvastation horrid,
Adopt this plan;
'Twill make, in climate cold or torrid,
A hale old man.

Avoid in youth luxurious diet,
Restrain the passions' lawless riot,
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of Age's fiat,
Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship, pleasure;
But find your richest, purest treasure,
In books, friends, music, polished leisure,
The mind, not cents
Make the sole scale by which ye measure
Opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,
Whate'er his state—
But challenges, with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker..

THE TWO NAMESAKES.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

[Continued from No. 404, page 324.]

Chapter III.

"'Whether is greater, the gold or the temple?'—MATH. 22—17.

The year of PHILIP'S sojourn at school was nearly half gone. He had studied as only those can who know that the moments for learning are few and precious. He was naturally somewhat grave and thoughtful, the shadow of his mother's sorrow had been reflected on his young mind, but he had withal as ardent an appreciation of mirth and sport, as other youths of his age. This, added to his many good qualities, his superior scholarship, his willingness to assist others, his frank and easy good nature, soon won for him the regard of all his school-fellows to whom poverty was not synonymous with degradation. And this number was large; indeed I think that school-boys everywhere, as a class, are ready and willing to do honor to the nobler qualities of their comrades. If there is one among them who excels in mental or physical accomplishments, they are proud of his success, and share in the glory.

Even as PHILIP ranked among the first in his class, so, too, was he among the first on the cricket ground and in their other athletic exercises. In short, he was popular. There were some, of course, who looked on him with envy and jealousy; but of these none more so than LANSING TURNER, who felt every honor added to his rival, as he chose to consider him, a personal affront to himself. He might, had he chosen to do so, have become his equal, though not in the same respects. His delicate frame and inferior strength, unfitted him to be his competitor in games of muscular power or agility; but as a student he had the advantage of him, inasmuch as he could learn with greater rapidity, and recite with an easy, self-assured manner that gave the impression of information. But he was fond of ease and disliked the labor and discipline necessary to excel. Brought up with no specific aim in life, without feeling the importance of improving his time, he let golden opportunities slip by unheeded, while others, with less than his natural ability, pressed forward and eclipsed him Thus early in life he had imbibed the pernicious idea that wealth and social position were the only distinctions of consequence, and he had expected to be valued accordingly. It was with much chagrin, therefore, that he found that in his relations with the Faculty, and the majority of the scholars, he was greatly mistaken. Stung with jealousy and mortified pride, that one so far beneath him in all things which he considered of value, as PHILIP NOBLE, should take precedence of him in scholarship, he applied himself diligently to his studies and succeeded, by a new examination, in taking his place on an equality with him. Once there, he did not for an instant doubt his ability to keep pace with him.

LANSING was not without his admirers. There were in the Academy boys of much the same stamp of character, some of whom possessed equal means, and those who did not, sought to make up the deficiency by qualities which rendered them as acceptable companions. When surrounded by these it was his darling ambition to be thought the "good-fellow" of the class, and it served well the interests of his friends to flatter and encourage his self-love.

The time of the Annual Exhibition, or Class Day, drew nigh, and many an anxious heart beat in youthful breasts at thought of the honors then to be won or lost. In addition to the usual exercises, there was to be a Valedictory Address by a member of the graduating class, who should be elected by vote, and many and various were the surmises as to who would be the successful candidate. In elocution and composition, LANSING TURNER was by no means superior to many of his associates, but as his appearance was prepossessing, and his voice agreeable, he generally made a pleasing impression. For many reasons it was his mother's earnest desire that the honor in question should fall to his share, and partly to gratify her, and partly to gratify himself, he was willing to achieve it if possible.

It was pretty generally understood that TURNER and NOBLE were the most popular members of the class, but it was uncertain which had the best chance. There were six candidates, and when the ballot was taken, the two rivals were found to stand highest and equal. It was therefore decided that their orations should be written and a committee appointed to judge of their comparative merit. LANSING almost despaired at this, and but for his mother would have resigned his position, thinking retreat more honorable than defeat. She cheered and encouraged him, however, and did not consider it improper to aid him what she could, and felt confident that he could not fail.—Copied by another hand and without signatures, the documents were at length submitted, and to his own astonishment, for he considered LANSING much more "clever" than himself, PHILIP was the favored one.

We will not pause to speak of the joy and maternal pride which this event gave to Mrs. NOBLE, but pass on to the great and important day.

Chapter IV.—The Valedictory.

The hall was full to overflowing, and the senses almost swam in the wildering maze of fluttering fans and moving heads, the hum of myriad voices, and the oppressive breath of mingled perfumes.—Grey-haired men and clergymen conversed in low tones of "affairs of church and state." Mothers waited, with anxious faces, the parts which those in whom they were interested were to play. Sisters and "sister's friends" whispered, and with animated looks and gestures pointed out their brothers and those among the students for whom they felt *especial concern*, while young men loitered here and there, chatting with each other and their young lady acquaintances.

It was a busy scene, but when the aged minister arose and lifted his voice in prayer, perfect stillness fell upon the throng. Then music, clear and soul-thrilling, filled the house, and every heart leaped, every eye grew bright. One after another the youthful aspirants performed their respective parts, with greater or less credit and approval, until the lengthening shadows warned them that the parting hour was near. As the last one left the stage, a dead silence succeeded, broken by a loud and enthusiastic burst of applause from the students, as PHILIP NOBLE appeared. Confused by this unexpected greeting, he stood a moment in silence, half bewildered. Raising his eyes and looking around to recover his self-possession, they rested on the pale face and earnest gaze of his mother, and behind her, with his arm resting in that of a friend, stood Mr. PARKER. The blood rushed to PHILIP'S face, but it brought power to his tongue and life to his clouded senses. The thought of his mother and his kind friend, gave him strength, and his thoughts poured forth, at first in an eager, excited stream, but gradually as he lost himself in his feelings, he spoke calmly, sensibly and earnestly.

He spoke of the youth who, fresh in the vigor of life's morning, goes forth to sow with a careless or provident hand the seeds of time, which shall become the harvest of his age. How much of this precious seed falls in "waste places" of unprofitable employment, how much is withered amid the "stony places" of irresolution, neglect, and idleness, how much is "choked by the weeds" of evil example and unholy passions. He reminded them that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong"? Integrity of purpose, patient perseverance and Christian benevolence towards all mankind, were, he said, a surer passport to honor and success in life, than the most brilliant talents or the most flattering fortune without them. He spoke of the pleasure that he had derived from his Academic year, the memory of which would ever be dear, as he hoped the benefit would be lasting. He thanked the assembled Faculty, friends and fellow-students for their kind attention, and predicted a bright and honorable future for the latter, many of whom were about to enter on a wider sphere of learning and usefulness in their collegiate course. Here an involuntary sigh rose to his lips as he thought how limited must be the scope of his own future for want of those advantages which so few appreciate.

As the closing words of the young Valedictorian died away, three hearty rounds of applause attested the delight of his comrades, and the admiration of the audience.

LANSING TURNER sat with lowering brow and curling lip, and while his conscience acknowledged his rival's superiority, he hated him for it; but sought consolation in the thought that this would be his only triumph, as he had not the means to compete with him further, and their paths in life would henceforth be so widely dissimilar.

While PHILIP was speaking, the gentleman with whom Mr. PARKER was standing, observing in him an interested listener, inquired if he knew him, at the same time pointing to the programme, which bore in full the name of PHILIP LANSING NOBLE. While the crowd was dispersing, Mr. PARKER, who with Mrs. NOBLE and a young lady, Mr. PARKER'S niece, remained to wait for PHILIP, took advantage of the moment to inform his friend in a few brief remarks, of the relation in which he stood to the young man, and also introduced him to Mrs. NOBLE. The gentleman bowed courteously and congratulated her on having so promising a son. Mrs. NOBLE'S face flushed crimson, and became instantly pale again, but her agitation passed for natural emotion. RICHARD LANSING did not *recognize* GRACE LEE.

As soon as possible, PHILIP made his way to his mother, and was introduced to Mr. PARKER'S niece, Miss OPHELIA BRIARE, and his friend, RICHARD LANSING, whose name, as the Mayor of the city, was already familiar to him. Mr. LANSING shook him heartily by the hand and said smilingly, "I am proud to have a name in common with you, my young friend, and I hope we shall yet be better acquainted."

It was an eventful day for both mother and son.

Chapter V.—Excelsior.

It was the evening after the school exhibition, and Mrs. NOBLE and PHILIP were at home and alone once more. The latter, who seemed to be musing on some weighty matter, at length broke the silence by remarking,

"I believe, mother, that there is no truer saying than 'the more we have, the more we want.'—When I so ardently desired to go to the Academy, I thought that could I attain this object I would be satisfied, and would allow my ambition to rest within the bounds of my circumstances. In fact, I thought I had no wish to go to College, and I scarcely knew whether I had either talents or preference for any particular business. But in my zeal to make the most of the short time allotted to me, I have roused a spirit of emulation, a longing for knowledge within me, which I fear I can never silence or satisfy."

"Nor should you wish to silence it, my son, for when once such a desire is born in the mind, it will have sustenance; and unless smothered, it will of itself overcome every obstacle in the way of its acquirement. I know that you are sadly fettered by circumstances; I think I feel this almost as keenly as you do yourself; but you must keep a brave heart and aim high. You can scarcely aim *too* high, for though with your utmost perseverance you cannot reach the summit of your desires, still you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are constantly rising and moving onward in the world. There is scarcely anything impossible to a young man with health and sense, with 'heart within and GOD o'erhead.'"

"That is true, mother. I know that you are right, and when I do not let my discontent get the better of my reason, my own heart always tells me the same. But somehow within the last few days, I have been unable to keep my mind from dwelling on the thought that so many of my school fellows would leave the Academy for College. Fellows of no better natural ability than myself, many of them not as good, have rich parents and influential friends to lend them a helping hand and an encouraging word, and how will many repay them? By wasting—worse than *wasting*—the advantages that would be as precious as life to me."

Mrs. NOBLE sighed and was silent; she felt that it was but too true.

"But I pain you, dear mother; excuse my childishness. I am like the little boy who would not look at his beautiful toys because he could not have the moon for a plaything. I forget how grateful I should be for the advantages I already enjoy. I am going to make the best of it, and with 'Excelsior,' for my ensign, perhaps I shall yet overcome this great bugbear of poverty."

"Well done! That was spoken like a man, and like my son. And now what are your plans, or have you not yet formed any?"

"Yes, I am going to-morrow to make arrangements with Mr. PARKER for entering his service again next week, if he will take me. I had almost begun to dream of one day becoming a physician, but that must be by and by, when that old friend looks less cadaverous."

As he spoke he tossed his pocket-book into the air, with an effort to stimulate the cheerfulness which he did not quite feel.

The next day PHILIP called upon Mr. PARKER, who was very glad to see him, but being occupied with business of importance, said that he would be obliged to him if he would either call at his house some evening, or wait until the beginning of the week. PHILIP had scarcely left the counting-room before RICHARD LANSING entered it.—Whatever Mr. PARKER'S business may have been, it was instantly laid aside for the new comer.

"Now about this young graduate, you told me something of; he has just left here, I think."

"Yes, he came to see me about coming into my employ again; but I read the poor fellow's face like an open book, so I told him I was busy at present, and recommended him to take some little excursion between this and Monday. The fact is, just as I expected; the fellow has such a craving for learning, that the mere taste which he has been able to get, by this year at the Academy, has only sharpened his appetite, and made the prospect of coming back to the old counting-room taste rather mouldy."

During some further conversation, Mr. PARKER gave his friend as full an account of his protegé as he was able from his acquaintance — adding, as a voucher for his moral character, the possession of so excellent a mother.

"She is a fine-looking woman, truly, and looks as if she were born to a better fortune," replied his friend. "Do you know who she was?"

"I believe she was quite delicately brought up, and was, I think, the daughter of a clergyman of the name of LEE, in some town in this State."

Mr. LANSING started to his feet, and walking hastily to the window, stood looking out. He pressed his hand to his head, but it could not press back the hot blood in his veins; so he turned again to his seat, and murmuring something about headache, not sleeping well, and the close room, he resumed the conversation. He had long meditated speaking to Mr. PARKER on a subject of some importance, and thought the present as good an opportunity as any. It was the establishment of a fund to enable a few deserving young men to pursue their studies in some profession from which they were debarred by poverty. He did not wish, for the present, to conduct such a scheme personally; for should it not answer his wishes and expectations, he should discontinue it. Therefore he was seeking a suitable person to whom it might be intrusted, and should it succeed to his satisfaction, he would take measures to make it a permanent institution. He wished Mr. PARKER to undertake this trust, and the experiment should be begun with but two students, one of whom Mr. PARKER should select, the other himself. Each was to choose his profession and pursue it under Mr. PARKER'S direction without any knowledge of the source of aid, and each was to refund from time to time, as they became able to do so, small sums towards liquidating their debt and aiding others in turn.

By the time PHILIP made his appearance, on Monday morning, this business had been satisfactorily arranged, and Mr. PARKER had the pleasure of communicating to him the fact that he was the student of his choice; and he might "set about becoming a doctor as fast as he pleased." The poor boy could scarcely believe his senses until he had read the articles of agreement over and over, and even then he was half blinded by tears of surprise and joy.

It is needless to dwell on the feelings of Mrs. NOBLE on learning the good fortune of her son.—She strongly suspected that Mr. PARKER was himself the author of it, and that he took this method of modestly concealing his benevolence. Nevertheless she rejoiced, and her heart answered "truly Thou wilt not behold 'the righteous forsaken, nor their seed begging bread.'"

[To be concluded in our next No.]

SOME days and nights are so beautifully blended that we cannot tell where the one begins or the other ends. Such a wedding was it last evening; for the red and golden rays of the setting sun so softly melted into the silver of the moon, that the twilight moment

"On the bridge where Time
Of light and darkness forms and arch sublime,"

was overlaid with beauty. It was like a holy dying that closing of the bright September day; it was as when

"We thought one dying when he slept,
And sleeping when he died."

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-eight letters.
My 6, 9, 16, 16, 1, 4, 23, 27 was a President of the United States.
My 10, 22, 12, 11, 25 is a General in the U. S. army.
My 13, 3, 10, 18 was a Member of Congress.
My 21, 22, 8, 26, 20, 27 is a Judge of the U. S. Supreme Court.
My 22, 8, 19, 24, 2, 10, 24 was one of the early Governors of New York.
My 6, 15, 21, 3, 8, 17, 23, 27 was one of our most gifted men.
My 5, 16, 7, 15, 28 was one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
My 8, 14, 7 was an officer of the Revolution.
My whole were the dying words of one of our most eminent men. KATEY W.

New York, 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty letters.
My 1, 2, 5, 29, 6, 3, 15, 30 is a flowering shrub.
My 4, 23, 29, 14, 15, 16, 14 is a contagious disease.
My 7, 9, 5, 23, 22, 29, 14, 8, 13, 14 is a secret society.
My 17, 29, 28, 16 is a small boat.
My 10, 29, 20, 29, 13, 3, 29, 21, 19, 29 is a village in New York.
My 25, 11, 12, 27 is a number.
My whole is a maxim of great utility.

Urbana, N. Y., 1857. NOTLIM.

☞ Answer next week.

Answers to Enigmas, &c., in No. 404.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—April.
Answer to Charade:—Rain.

A LAD OF SPIRIT.—When Lt. Gov. Patterson was Speaker of the N. Y. Assembly, some dozen boys presented themselves for the place of Messenger, as it is usual at the opening of the House. He inquired their names, and into their condition, in order that he might make the proper selection.—He came, in the course of his examination, to a small boy, about ten years old, a bright, intelligent looking lad.

"Well, sir," said he, "what is your name?"

"John Hancock, sir," was the answer.

"What!" said the Speaker, "you are not the one that signed the Declaration of Independence, are you?"

"No, sir," replied the lad, stretching himself to his utmost proportions, "but I would, if I had been there."

"You can be one of the Messengers," said the Speaker.

WOULDST learn to die well? learn first to live well. Acknowledge thy benefits by the return of other benefits, but never revenge injuries.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · MECHANICS · ARTS · SCIENCE · LITERATURE · EDUCATION · EXCELSIOR · NEWS &c.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

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Rural New-Yorker.

WINE-MAKING.

THERE seems to be a great desire for information on wine-making, as we have before us half-a-dozen inquiries on the subject. If wine is necessary, either as a medicine or beverage, or whether necessary or not, if it shall continue to be made use of, it is important that a sufficient supply should be manufactured in this country, and by the growers of fruit, instead of being imported from Europe or manufactured in the cellars of our seaport towns. An immense amount of gold now sent away to pay for foreign wines, would thus be saved to the country, and the drinkers could obtain an article composed of the pure juice of the fruit. We shall not argue, as some have done, that the production of wine will tend to promote temperance, for it seems to us that the cupidity and dishonesty of liquor dealers is destined to effect this object, for we can hardly believe that any man with brains in his head, or feeling in his stomach, can much longer be induced to swallow the vile compounds sold as brandy, gin, &c. From the best "French" brandy down to the commonest whiskey, all is a miserable compound of alcohol and drugs. Men are now traveling all over this country and Canada, selling to tavern-keepers and small liquor traders recipes for manufacturing all kinds of liquors from alcohol and drugs, and wines from cider, alcohol, sugar, logwood, &c. For this recipe ten dollars is the usual charge. In our travels we have more than once met with these peripatetic poisoners, and they seem to pick up a pretty good living. The Canada papers a short time since contained an account of the sudden death of a young man, caused by tasting some of the poisons with which he was making the best *imported* brandy. A very few such hints will be sufficient for the wise.

Cincinnati is at present the great wine growing district of our country, and much knowledge has been gained by the gentlemen of that city who have given particular attention to the subject, and we will give our readers the benefit of some of this knowledge. Grapes for wine should not be gathered until fully ripe, and for this reason it is necessary in most cases to gather twice or three times, taking at each time the ripe bunches, and leaving the unripe ones to attain maturity. In some vineyards the ripe bunches are cut and placed in baskets or "panniers," and are then placed upon a picking table, where they are carefully assorted; all shrivelled, decayed or green berries, being picked off by hand, and placed by themselves, and from these an inferior wine is made. The grapes remaining, are then picked from the stems. Picking from the stems before pressing is thought to improve the quality of the wine, though we believe in Europe it is common to press the grapes in clusters, and if we are not mistaken the stems are sometimes fermented with the wine. After picking, the berries are crushed between rollers, set so that the seeds are not broken, as this would injure the flavor of the wine. After thus being crushed the grapes pass into the press, where the final operation of separating the juice is performed by pressure, the wine passing from the bed of the press by a conductor to the cellar, and into casks, to undergo the process of fermentation.

The method pursued by R. BUCHANAN, is somewhat different. "To prepare for the vintage, it will be necessary to have the wine-casks, press, and all vessels requisite, well cleaned and put in perfect order. As much care and neatness should be observed in making wine as in making butter.—Each hand takes to the vineyard a knife and two buckets. The bunch of grapes is cut from the vine, and all unsound or unripe berries are picked off, and thrown into one bucket, and the bunch with the perfect fruit into the other. Any bunch of grapes not perfectly ripe, should be left on the vine to ripen, which may require a few days more. The buckets are emptied into barrels, and a cloth thrown over to keep the bees and wasps out. In the evening, the barrels are hauled up to the wine-house, and the grapes, after being passed through a small mill, with a pair of wooden rollers, grooved, and placed three-fourths of an inch apart, or mashed in a long wooden vessel with a beater, so as to break the skins and pulp, but *not* the seed, are then thrown on the wine-press, and the juice pressed out and put into the wine casks, to ferment. About one-third of the juice runs off without pressure; three or four pressings are required to extract the remainder. The juice from the last pressing should be put with that from the refuse *grapes*, to make, with the addition of ten or twelve ounces of loaf sugar to the gallon, an inferior wine, which is usually sold at half price. The pure juice from the perfect grapes requires *no* sugar. Fill the casks within one-fifth of their capacity, so as to allow room for fermentation. Lay a cloth over the bunghole, or put a straw stopper in, to let the gas escape, until the fermentation ceases; then bung tight. The fermentation generally ceases in about ten days."

Much attention has of late been given to the manufacture of wine in the South, particularly in Georgia and South Carolina. The editor of the *Southern Cultivator* has examined the vineyards, tasted the wine made in South Carolina, pronounces it first rate, and concludes that "the field culture of the grape for wine is one of the surest and most remunerative branches of rural industry."—A. DE CARADEUC, of Woodward, S. C., gives his process of making wine as follows:—"My process for making wine is different from that followed in the West and in Georgia. The grapes being gathered, and all unsound or green berries removed, they are thrown into large tubs, or half-barrels, and thoroughly crushed with the hand; the contents are then emptied into large vats, (hogsheads) which are filled to within fourteen inches of the top; cover these with homespun and boards, to keep out gnats and flies. In a very short time fermentation commences; the mass swells and rises to the top, and should be pressed down, with a wooden paddle, two or three times per day. The next morning the clear juice is drawn from a faucet, near the bottom, and poured into a barrel; when no more juice comes out, the mass in the vat is then carried to the press and what liquid remains in it is squeezed out; this is usually very thick, and is put into another barrel, as it is of inferior quality. Be sure that your barrels are filled to within three inches of the bung; less than that would leave too much air in contact with the wine, and would cause it to sour; more than that would cause it to overflow in the fermentation which for a few days will be very brisk; when this has subsided, fill the barrels to one inch of the bung, with wine reserved for that purpose, and close the bungs tightly. Be very careful that the barrel, tubs, vats, etc., be all perfectly clean and sweet, as the slightest degree of uncleanliness would be fatal to the wine.

There now remains nothing to do until the next winter, when the wine is drawn into other barrels in order to clarify it. The dark Claret is allowed to ferment on the skins for four or five days, in order to extract all the color; it is then treated as the others. Another item, believed by many to be positively indispensable, and the cost of which is very considerable, is a *cellar*. Till now our wine-cellars have been but very slight board houses on the surface, and we have lost no wine from acidity, except where we could trace it to leakage, or some other cause."

Mr. ENOCH PAGE, of Boston, is making wine largely in Massachusetts from the wild grape.—The grapes are gathered in Connecticut, Cape Cod, and many other places, and Mr. P. has now on hand thirty tuns of wild grapes that will yield about four hundred gallons of juice to the tun, besides six thousand gallons of wine already made. The wine is pronounced by competent judges to be excellent.

Wine can be made from all our fruits, and to our fancy, though we do not pretend to be able to form a competent judgment, some wine made from the White Grape Currant, by a gentleman of this city, and presented to us, was as good as any wine we have tasted for a long time. It was as sparkling as Champagne.

We observe in the New York papers notices of wine from the New Rochelle Blackberry, "resembling the best South-side Maderia." Now, we think very likely these flattering descriptions of some of our native wines would be thought highly exaggerated by connoiseurs. But, if these wines are wholesome, and pure, and palatable, we don't know why they are not as good as the best. We see no advantage in cultivating a very refined and delicate taste on this subject.

Persons making a small quantity of wine can mash the fruit very easily in a barrel, and press in a cheese press, and where this is not convenient, a lever press can be constructed in a few minutes, or heavy weights may be used for pressing out the juice. It is a very common custom to dilute the juice with water, say two quarts of the latter to one of the former, and then add sugar. This is a bad plan, unless for fruits of a dry nature. Where no water is used sugar will be unnecessary, and the wine will be much better.

SAVING MANURE.

As the period of the year when farmers yard or stable their stock is approaching, it is all-important that proper measures should be taken to preserve intact all the elements of fertility usually to be found in the manure heap. It is indisputable that a large portion of the farming community do not collect so great an amount of nutriment to return to the soil as it is in their power to do; and it is also undeniable, that a still larger number do not pay the attention to what they do accumulate that they ought.

The value of manure depends, in a high degree, upon the ammoniacal properties it contains. As this salt has a great affinity for water, rains and moisture will soon carry it away, and after two or three leachings the pile is rendered almost worthless. In addition to ammonia, nearly all the other components of farm yard manure, as potash, soda, &c., are likewise soluble, and are readily removed by water. When manure is thus exposed for any length of time, nothing but insoluble material is left—that which is comparatively valueless is given to the soil with the vain expectation of promoting the elements of fertility.

Many experiments have been made for the purpose of testing the relative worth of manure properly cared for, and that exposed to the action of the weather. One of these, by Lord KINNAIRD, under the auspices of the Royal Ag. Society, in which potatoes was the crop grown, the yield averaged upwards of four tuns to the acre in favor of covered manure. Upon two acres of wheat—which was fed with manure that was cared for—the produce amounted to 108 bushels 52 pounds; while upon another two acres, treated with an equal amount of uncovered manure, the yield was but 83 bushels 57 pounds. In the growth of straw the produce was very marked—the first field produced 9,842 pounds, while the yield of the second was but 6,864 pounds.

Chemical analyses have also aided in giving light upon this subject. It has been substantially demonstrated that covered manure contained double the nitrogenized properties possessed by the unsheltered, and that while the latter contained only *eight-tenths* per cent. of potash and soda, the former had fully *two* per cent. The proof of this analysis is fully "worked out" in the growth of the straw at the experiments mentioned.

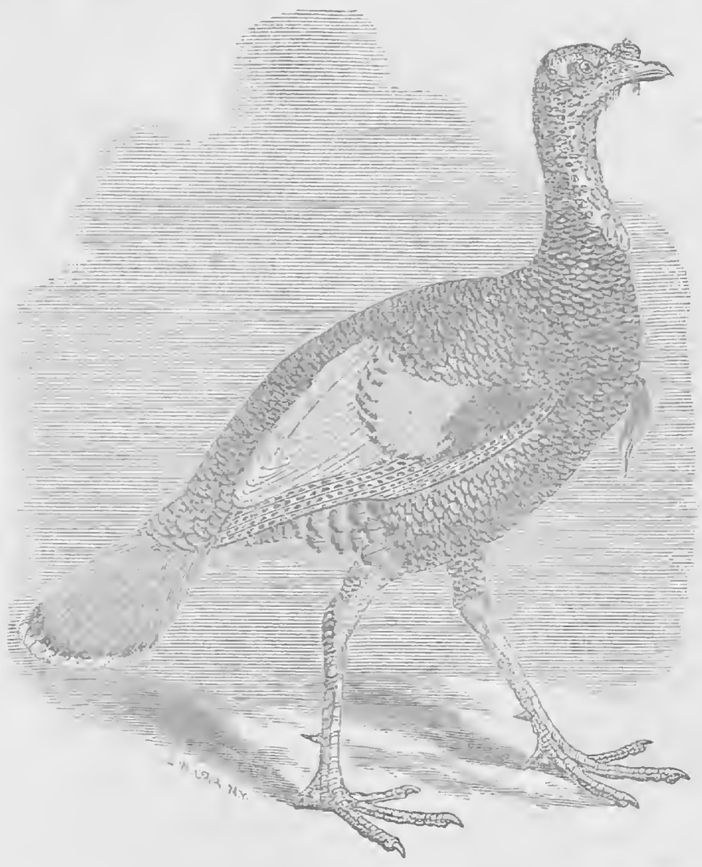
There are several things to which the farmer should give his attention in the care of the manure heap. Putrefaction, or rather decomposition, needs to be promoted; such absorbents as will prevent the dissipation of ammonia into the atmosphere ought to be employed; and the robbery, by leaching, of whatever sun and air have seen fit to leave prevented. To accomplish the first of these objects comparative dryness of situation is required. Dampness is a necessary element of decay, but we think all that is absolutely wanting for this purpose is contained by the voidings of cattle. Another requirement is the compactness of the heap. Heat is sooner generated where the manure is somewhat solid—the moisture is better preserved, and "fire-fanging," or burning, is not so much to be feared. The following mode practiced by Mr. MECHI, of Triptree-hall, England, is considered by eminent English agriculturists to be the most perfect in use. The whole of his cattle, sheep and pigs are kept under cover, on sparred wooden flooring, which permits their droppings to fall through the openings into cellars or chambers beneath. To accomplish the end sought more effectually, the straw is all cut up into short lengths, saturated with liquid oil cake, or linseed, and mixed with ground corn, and in this way his entire amount of straw is used solely as food, no bedding being required.

This system, when first brought into vogue, was assailed by many of the writers on agricultural subjects, and condemned in no measured terms, "as preposterous, expensive, unsatisfactory in its results, and contrary to the nature of animals so fed." The *Cyclopedia of English Agriculture*, in reply to the assertions, says:—"These points must be decided not by theory, but by prolonged experience. With regard to the point which lies in the way of this article—the value of manure made by Mr. MECHI's plan—it appears a self evident proposition, that the manure so obtained must, from the absence of anything like active fermentation, be superior to all other kinds derived from the ordinary modes pursued, just in proportion to the loss sustained from fermentation by one or the other of these." The great gain in the value of manure thus made, is claimed upon the assumption that ammonia—the very base of enriching substances—is almost wholly retained, that the mode most effectually prevents the escape of this element of fertility.

In Belgium, according to SCHWERTZ, manure is accumulated in the stables. The cattle are placed upon a kind of platform raised above the pavement of the stable, and the droppings being withdrawn from under them, are trodden down and allowed to accumulate upon the floor.

In Switzerland, BOUSSINGAULT says, the urine that is passed by cattle flows along a gutter which communicates with a large reservoir containing water, in which not only are the solid excrements diffused, but in which the litter is washed, this being changed only twice a week. The reservoir is constructed under the floor of the cow-house itself, in order to be protected from the frost. The fermentation of a mass so diluted is scarcely perceptible, and, save from leakage, there is no loss of decomposing animal matter. The liquid manure is raised by means of a pump, and carried to the meadow in tubs placed upon carts.

All farmers recognize the virtue of such action as tends to preserve the value of manure, but there are large numbers who have not made such complete and efficient preparations as they might.—The present season furnishes ample opportunities for the construction of manure sheds or such other receptacles as may be deemed expedient, and we hope that all who can will perform their whole duty in this respect.



THE WILD TURKEY.

THE TURKEY.—FATTENING.

ONE of the most useful and beautiful domestic birds is the Turkey. It ranks next in importance to the common fowl. What we could do, or how we could keep Thanksgiving or Christmas without the Turkey, is a question we hope never to be forced to investigate. The Turkey is a native of North America, and BUFFON says it was unknown before the discovery of America, and it has no name in the ancient languages. Its range is from the Isthmus of Darien on the south, to the fifteenth degree north; and east and west, the Atlantic Ocean and the Rocky Mountains. It has never been seen south of Panama, and is unknown beyond Lake Superior. The Wild Turkey, of which we give an engraving from *Bement's Poulterers' Companion*, is far more beautiful than the domesticated bird. The plumage of the Wild Turkey is generally described as being compact, glossy, with metallic reflections; feathers double, as in other gallinacious birds, generally oblong or truncated; tips of the feathers almost conceal the bronze color. The large quill coverts are of the same color as the back, but more bronzed with purple reflections. The lower part of the back and tail coverts are deep chestnut, banded green and black; the tail feathers are of the same color, undulatingly barred and minutely sprinkled with black, and having a broad blackish bar toward the tip, which is pale brown and minutely mottled; the under parts duller; breast of the same color as the back, the terminating black band not so broad; sides dark-colored; abdomen and thighs brownish-grey; under tail coverts blackish, glossed with brown and the tips bright reddish-brown.

The plumage of the male is very brilliant; that of the female is not so beautiful. When strutting about, with tail spread, displaying himself this bird has a very stately and handsome appearance, and seems sensible of the admiration he excites. Dr. Bachman says, "that in a state of domestication the wild turkeys, though kept separate from tame individuals, lose the brilliancy of their plumage in the third generation, becoming plain brown, and having here and there white feathers intermixed."

At this season of the year, the subject of FATTENING is of the greatest importance. Many of the birds brought to market, are very poor, and a little attention to this matter for a few weeks, will increase the profits of the farmer and the pleasure of the consumer.

It is only when the cold comes, and turkeys are about six months old, that they should be fed with better and more plentiful food, in order to increase their size and plumpness for market. Indian corn, ground barley, wheat, also rice and other articles used to fatten common fowls, are considered best for turkeys. Their weight, when well fattened and carried to market, should average twelve pounds; their living and dead weight is as eighteen to twelve pounds.

Cobbett says, "As to fattening turkeys, the best way is never to let them get poor. Barley meal, mixed with skimmed milk, and given to them fresh, will make them fat in a short time. Boiled potatoes mixed with Indian meal, will furnish a change of sweet food which they relish much, and of which they should be allowed to eat as much as they can. As with others, the food of this bird must be kept clean, and the utmost care taken not to give them on the morrow the mixture of the preceding day; because if the weather is warm, it will sour, which might displease them."

Much has been published of late in our agricultural journals in relation to the alimentary properties of charcoal. It has been repeatedly asserted that domestic fowls may be fattened on it without any other food, and that, too, in a shorter time than on the most nutritive grains. "I have recently made an experiment," says a writer for a Philadelphia paper, "and must say, that the result surprised me, as I had always been rather skeptical. Four turkeys were confined in a pen, and fed on meal, boiled potatoes, and oats. Four others, of the same brood, were also at the same time confined in another pen, and fed on the same articles, but with one pint of very finely pulverised charcoal, mixed with their food—mixed meal and boiled potatoes. They had also a plentiful supply of broken charcoal in their pen. The eight were killed on the same day, and there was a difference of one and a half pounds each in favor of the fowls which had been supplied with the charcoal, they being much the fattest, and the meat greatly superior in point of tenderness and flavor."

EGYPT AHEAD!—At the late Illinois State Fair, held at Peoria, the products of Union, the banner county of Egypt, "astonished the natives." Hemp was exhibited 14 feet high; Chinese sugar cane 16 feet, planted in June and fully ripe; corn 19 feet, with the highest ears 13 feet; 54 ears weighed 80 pounds. A bushel of corn, in the ear, usually weighs 70 pounds, and contains from 90 to 100 ears. This gives some idea of the size of the monsters pulled from a forty acre field.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

THE New York State Agricultural Society is again, and perhaps more then ever before, in the ascendant. Its Annual Exhibition, held in Buffalo last week, was decidedly the best and most numerously attended of any made by the Society for several years, and in some respects unequalled by either of its predecessors. As bright skies and a balmy atmosphere are always necessary to marked success in the exhibitions of associations whose members and patrons are widely scattered, the auspicious weather of the week must be reckoned among the prominent causes of the signal triumph, pecuniarily, and satisfactory results, individually and collectively, of the exhibition. But, though fine weather was a prominent and important item of success—and more appreciated on account of its rarity during the "Fair Term" of this season—it was by no means the only favorable augury on the occasion. The spacious, pleasantly located and admirably arranged grounds,—including offices, exhibition buildings, tents, sheds, &c.,—evinced the wisdom and efficiency of the managers of the Society and citizens of Buffalo, and imparted a prestige of success to the whole exhibition.

Though the grounds were not naturally so well adapted to the purposes of the Fair as those occupied at some previous ones, the arrangement of the buildings, sheds, &c., made ample amends, and we think that, taken altogether, the grounds were better arranged for the convenience of exhibitors and spectators than at any former exhibition of the Society. The management of the Fair was also excellent—the officers and their aids being generally efficient and courteous, so far as we could learn, and performing their various and arduous duties with more promptness and satisfaction than is usual on such occasions. There are probably exceptions to the rule, but we certainly think the Executive Officers, the worthy Superintendent of the Grounds, and the Superintendents of the various Departments of the Fair, are entitled to special acknowledgments for the admirable management displayed, and order preserved, throughout the entire exhibition.

As to the details of the Fair we are unable to report, want of time and opportunity precluding us from making as thorough examinations as are necessary to do justice to articles and exhibitors. We must therefore limit our remarks to a general notice of the more prominent departments and noteworthy features of the exhibition, as observed on Wednesday.

One of the best features of the exhibition, was the presence, or *show* if you please, of MEN and WOMEN. The "specimens" in this department, especially on Wednesday, were remarkable—being almost universally far superior to the average of mankind, and worthy representatives of the Industrial and Progressive classes of community.—The Rural Arts, and kindred branches, were most nobly represented, while other occupations and professions furnished worthy and prominent delegates. Indeed, we have rarely if ever seen, in such a limited space, so many men of superior capacity, experience and enterprise—embracing so much talent and power founded upon knowledge—as were gathered in the President's Tent during the calling of the names of Judges on Wednesday.—To us, and we doubt not to others, the scene was one of the most gratifying and encouraging character. But we must turn to other matters, though we would fain make more than this passing allusion to a striking and interesting tableaux of the representatives of our Agriculturists, Horticulturists, Manufacturers and Artizans.

The show of Live Stock was good in each department—Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, &c.,—and taken altogether was decidedly better than we anticipated. In most classes the animals were numerous, and generally of superior quality—demonstrating that breeders and exhibitors are making progress in the right direction.

Of *Cattle* there was a large display in numbers, while the quality was unusually good in almost every class. The Short-horns were well represented, though we do not think the show in this class as large as at some previous Fairs. It comprised, however, many very fine animals. The herds of Messrs. E. MARKS of Onondaga Co., C. K. WARD of Genesee, J. O. SHELDON of Ontario, THOMAS GOULD and CHAS. P. WOODS of Cayuga, and others, were creditably represented.

The Devons made a fine show, and included many animals of superior quality. Among the prominent exhibitors in this class were Messrs. E. C. BLISS of Chautauque, E. P. BECK of Wyoming, ENOCH OTTLEY and GEO. C. MOORE of Ontario, L. F. ALLEN and J. W. HAMLIN of Erie, STANTON & JOHNSON of Cattaraugus, D. G. GREGORY of Orleans, E. G. COOK and NATHAN ELLSWORTH of Jefferson, JOSEPH HILTON of Albany, and several others whose names are not remembered.

The Herefords are evidently fast gaining in numbers and popularity—for the show in this class was both large and fine, and attracted much attention. Good specimens of this breed were shown by A. and H. BOWEN of Orleans, Geo. C. CLARKE of Otsego, M. C. REMINGTON of Cayuga, and E. CORNING, Jr., of Albany.

Of Ayrshires there were some very fine specimens. PATRICK, HUNGERFORD & BRODIE of Jefferson, and O. HOWLAND of Cayuga, were the principal exhibitors. But few Alderneys were shown, Mr. J. O. SHELDON of Ontario being the chief if not only exhibitor in this class.

Of Grade Cattle, Milch Cows, Working Oxen and Steers, there was a fair display, and some noteworthy animals in each class. Among the Grades and Working Oxen were some specimens apparently worthy of "blood" and pedigree. STEPHEN LEGGETT and MARTIN ROBERTS of this county, exhibited some extra good steers. But few Fat Cattle were shown, yet in this class were some weighty and beautiful animals.

Of *Horses* there is said to have been a fine display, but we were not fortunate in our endeavors to see them, and cannot report definitely. During our peregrinations most of them were invisible—locked in their stalls. We, however, saw several fine animals of the Morgan family—among others Mr. YEOMANS' "General Gifford, Jr.," whose portrait was given in our last number. Though it is said to have included many fine animals, our impression is that the display of Horses was not as large as at some previous exhibitions.

The *Sheep* on exhibition were more numerous than at any previous Fair. The middle and long wooled varieties were very largely represented, and by as good specimens as were ever shown in the State,—evidence that the growing of mutton is on the increase among our farmers. Except in Saxons the show of fine wooled sheep was full an average, though there were not so many from out of the State as usual. Nearly all those exhibited were choice sheep in their several classes, and creditable to their breeders. We do not wish to be invidious in stating that the fine wool flock of our "special" friend, Gen. T. C. PETERS, of Genesee, was well represented—as were also those of J. HASWELL of Rensselaer, R. BURRITT of Schuyler, O. HOWLAND of Cayuga, S. S. SHELDON of Monroe, and others. At another time we propose to make some suggestions in regard to the manner Sheep and other animals are sometimes *got up* for exhibition.

The *Swine* we did not note sufficiently to report upon at length. Though not a great "swinish multitude," the show included some very superior specimens, we believe—concerning which we solicit a report from our amiable friend Maj. BROOKS, of Wyoming, who superintended the department with his accustomed efficiency and impartiality.—Our readers are aware that he is well posted, and will, with us, defer to his better judgment. The Major will please respond.

The display of *Poultry* was exceedingly fine, much better than could be anticipated after the subsidence of the fever so contagious and prevalent in former years. There was a large variety, and superior birds of almost every kind. Messrs. E. A. WENDELL and WM. R. HILLS of Albany, D. S. HEFFRON of Utica, E. S. RALPH of Buffalo, L. F. ALLEN of Black Rock, and O. HOWLAND of Auburn, contributed largely to the show. We shall endeavor to make further and more definite notice of this department in a future number.

Ag. Implements and Machines were exhibited in abundance, though we think the display was not so large and complete as at some previous Fairs. It comprised the usual variety of Plows, Harrows, Planters, Reapers, Mowers, Threshers and Cleaners, Horse Powers, Shellers, &c., and included several improvements and novelties worthy of more extended notice than we can give at present.

Of *Manufactures* there was a very large and fine display. The exhibition of Stoves and Cooking and Heating apparatus generally was especially commendable. The stove manufacturing firms of JEWETT & ROOT, WOOD, HUBBELL & Co., and DUDLEY & BULL, of Buffalo, were largely represented—each making a grand show of its wares. Indeed, most of the prominent manufacturers of Buffalo, in both iron and wood, contributed more or less to the general exhibition, and their enterprise and public spirit are specially commendable, and worthy of imitation in other places where the Society may hold Fairs.

In *Dairy Products, Grain*, &c., the show was decidedly meagre for a State exhibition. Erie, Chautauque and Cattaraugus alone, ought to have made a good display of Butter and Cheese. The exhibition of Grain was inferior to an ordinary District Fair in Canada, and certainly far from creditable to the farmers of New York. There is room for a vast deal of improvement in these departments, and we trust it will be made next year.

In *Domestic Manufactures* there was a fine but not large display, as we are assured. Domestic Hall was so crowded that we could not obtain an inside view—evidence that the handiwork of the Ladies was attractive.

Of the *Fruits, Flowers* and *Vegetables* mention is made, in connection with a list of the awards, in our Horticultural Department.

—But we must close our hastily penned and imperfect notings. The Fair was throughout most commendable, satisfactory and successful. In each and all departments there was much that was instructive and encouraging—much calculated to incite to improvement in the various branches of Culture and Husbandry. The Address by the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT was an appropriate conclusion to the eminently useful, creditable and triumphant Exhibition. The distinguished orator fully sustained his great reputation, and indeed agreeably disappointed many who listened to his masterly effort. We shall endeavor to give the Address, or a synopsis of it, hereafter.

—Subjoined is as correct a list of the Award of Premiums in the Stock Department as we have been able to obtain. We shall probably give the awards in other principal departments in our next number. The receipts of the Fair are reported to be $16,000.

Premiums Awarded on Stock,

At the Fair of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, held in Buffalo, October, 1857.

CATTLE.

SHORT-HORNS—*Bulls*—Best 3 years old and over, Enoch Marks, Camillus, $25 and silver medal; 2d, E. Fellows, Chili, Monroe co., $15; 3d, Ira S. Adams, Aurora, Erie co., $5. Best 2 years old, Wm. Hurst, Albany, $20; 2d, Chas. P. Wood, Auburn, $10. Best 1 year old, Wm. Hurst, Albany, $15; 2d, Nathan Oaks, Phelps, Ontario co., $10; 3d, E. Wallace & Son, Aurora, Erie co., $5. Best bull calf, Wm. M. Bulloch, New Scotland, Albany co., $5; 2d, C K. Ward, Le Roy, Genesee co., Trans. and $3. *Discretionary.*—Thos. Gould, Aurora, bull "Majesty," took 1st premium last year, dip.

Cows.—Best 3 years old and over, J O Sheldon, Geneva, "Dairymaid," $25, and silver medal to breeder; 2d, Chas P Wood, "Regatta," 15; 3d, Thos Gould, "Dawn," 5.—Best heifer, 2 years, Jas O Sheldon, "Grace," 20; 2d, Jas O Sheldon, "Chatalaine," 10; 3d, Enoch Marks, "Bloom 2d," 5. Best heifer, 1 year old, C K Ward, 15; 2d, Chas P Wood, 10; 3d, Jas O Sheldon, "Christabel," 5. Best heifer calf, Ira S Adams, 5; 2d, Wm Hurst, Trans. and 3. *Imported Cows.*—Best 3 years old and over, Enoch Marks, "Miss Belleville," 25. Best heifer, 2 years old, Jas O Sheldon "Delia," 20.

DEVONS—*Bulls.*—Best bull, 3 years old and over, Joseph Hilton, New Scotland, $25, and s. m. to breeder; 2d, Stanton & Johnson, Ellicottville 15; 3d, E P Beck, Wyoming co., 5. Best bull, 2 years, Daniel G Gregory, West Shelby, Orleans co., 20; 2d, Geo C Moore, Phelps, 10; 3d, E G Cook, Rural Hill, 5. Best bull, 1 year old, same, 15; 2d L F Allen, Black Rock, 10; 3d, same, 5. Best bull calf, Joseph Hilton, 5; 2d, J W Hamlin, Aurora, Erie co., Trans. and 3. *Imported Bulls.*—Best 3 years old and over, Ambrose Stevens, Gen. co., "Washington," 25. *Discretionary*—W B Moore, Lyons, bull "Jackson," dip.; Silvanus Burtis Phelps, bull "Washington," dip.; Geo C Moore, Phelps, bull "Red Bird," dip.; Stanton & Johnson, bull calf "Leslie," dip.

Cows.—Best cow, 3 years old and over, E C Bliss, Westfield, "Blooming Beauty," $25 and s. m. to breeder; 2d, Geo C Moore, "Fanny," 15; 3d, Enoch Ottley, Phelps, 5.—Best heifer, 2 years old, same, "Fairy," 20; 2d, J W Hamlin, "Princess," 10; 3d, O Howland, Auburn, "Lady Gay," 5. Best heifer, 1 year old, Nathan Ellsworth, Ellisburgh, Jeff. co., "Saucy," 15; 2d, Enoch Ottley, "Blossom," 10; 3d, Nathan Ellsworth, "Nutcake," 5. Best heifer calf, Enoch Ottley, "Matchless," 5; 2d, Stanton & Johnson, Trans. and 3. Imported Cow. Best 3 years old and over, Joseph Hilton, 25. *Discretionary*—Enoch Ottley, Devon cow "Curley," took first prize last year, awarded certificate as best Devon cow on the ground.

HEREFORDS.—Best bull 3 years and over, M C Remington, Sennett Cay. co., $25 and s. m. to breeder; 2d, Geo Clark, Springfield, Otsego co., 15. Best bull 2 years old, M C Remington, 20; 2d, A & H Bowen, Jr., Medina, Orleans co., 10. Best bull 1 year old, E Corning, Jr., Albany, "S S Goddard," 15; 2d, same, 10; 3d, M C Remington, 5. Best bull calf, E Corning, Jr., "Columbus," 5; 2d, same, Trans. and 3. Best cow, 3 years old, M C Remington, 25 and s. m. to breeder; 2d, Geo Clarke, 15; 3d, E Corning, "Victoria," 5. Best heifer, 2 years old, M C Remington, 20; 2d, same, 10. Best heifer, 1 year old, A & H Bowen, Jr., "Boquet," 15; 2d, M C Remington, 10; 3d, same, 5. Best heifer calf, E Corning, Jr., "Princess 2d," 5; 2d, same, "Cora 3d," Trans. and 3. Best heifer calf, bred abroad, E Corning, Jr., "Lady Goddard," 5.

AYRESHIRES.—Best bull 3 years and over, O Howland, "Governor 3d," 25 and s. m. to breeder. The first, second and third premiums on cows 3 years old and over, were awarded to Patrick, Hungerford & Brodie, Rural Hill, Jefferson co.

ALDERNEYS OR JERSEYS.—Best bull 3 years old and over, James O Sheldon, Geneva, $25 and s. m. to breeder. Best cow 3 years old, same, "Fanny," imported, 25 and s. m. to breeder. Best heifer 2 years old and over, same, "Sylph," 20. Best heifer calf 2 years old and over, same, "Fairy Queen," 5.

GRADE CATTLE—*Cows.*—Best cow 3 years old and over, Wm Hurst, $25; 2d, John Anthony, Boston, Erie co., 15; 3d, Flavel Danforth, Sennett, 5. Best heifer, 2 years old and over, E C Bliss, 20; 2d, Arden Woodruff, Selma, Wyoming co., 10; 3d, J W Hamlin, 5. Best heifer 2 year old, F Danforth, 15; 2d, J T Adams, Buffalo, 10; 3d J. W Hamlin, 5. Best heifer calf, E C Bliss, 5; 2d, same, Trans. and 3.

MILCH COW.—Best milch cow, B S Carpenter, Elmira, $20. The committee report that all the animals entered in this class are crossed with improved breeds, and recommend that no premiums in this class be offered hereafter.

WORKING OXEN—Over 4 Years Old.—Best yoke of oxen, Joseph Hilton, $20; 2d, Henry Dixon, East Bethany, 15; 3d, Mason Salisbury, Ellisburgh, 5.

STEERS—3 Years Old.—Best single yoke, Martin Roberts, Henrietta, $10; 2d, Stephen Leggett, Henrietta, 8; 3d, O Howland, Trans and 3. Best 2 years old, single yoke, Stephen Leggett, 10; 2d, A H Bowen, Jr., Medina, 8.

FAT CATTLE—STALL FED.—Best cow 4 years and over, O Howland, $10. Best Steer 3 years old, J S Wadsworth, Geneseo, 8; 2d, same, 3; 3d, same, Trans. Best heifer 3 years old, spayed or not, J S Wadsworth, 8; Best ox 5 years old and over, W F Baker, Henrietta, 10; 3d, Thomas Kimber, Syracuse, 4. Fat Cattle, on Hay and Grass.—Best ox, 4 years and under 5 years, Thos Kimber, 10. Best cow 4 years and over, Dixon & Sprague, East Bethany, Gen co., 10. *Discretionary.*—Cattle over 5 years old W T Baker, 10; Thos Kimber, 4.

FOREIGN CATTLE.—Best short-horn bull, 2 years and over, "Red Kirk," Wm. Miller, Pickering C W Dip and 15. Best heifer or cow, same, 15. Best Devon bull W H Lock, Yarmouth, C W 15. *Discretionary.*—W H Lock, for fine display of Devon cattle, a Gratuity.

HORSES.

Stallions.—Best stallion 4 years old and over, R McNeil, Cay., co., $25; 2d, A & H Bowen, Medina, 15; 3d, H E Kimball, Middleport, Niag. co., 5; 4th, R McNeil, Youatt.

Brood Mares and Foals.—Best brood mare, with foal at her foot, 4 years and over, C J Hamlin, Buffalo, $25; 2d, Sam'l Twitchell, Jr., Buffalo, 15; 3d, Martin Roberts, Henrietta, 5; 4th, H Ackley, Concord, Erie co., Youatt.

Horses of the Morgan and Black Hawk Breed.—Best stallion, 4 years and over, N Farnham, Lockport, $25; 2d, Charles Dunkee, Alden, 15; 3d, Jas McCracken, Buffalo 5; 4th, E M Albright, Somerset, Niag. co., Youatt.

Draught Horses.—Best stallion, 4 years and over, L F Spear, Palmyra, Wayne co., $25; 2d, Stephen Powell, Lewiston, 15; 3d, O Howland, Auburn, 5; 4th, J. Trever, Lockport, Youatt. *Discretionary.*—Best pair matched horses, Robt Drew, Newstead, Erie, co., 15; 2d, James McDonald, Wilson, Niag., co., 10

Thorough Bred.—The committee report that no pedigrees were furnished in No. 21, and that they could not, according to instructions, award any premiums.

Best stallion, 3 years old, E Yeomans, Walworth, Wayne co. $20; 2d, Dr Hoyer, Tonawanda, 10; 3d, Chas R Durkee, 3; 4th, Chester Beebe, Lockport, Dadd. Best mare, G J Smith, Buffalo, 20; 2d, D W Dwight, Auburn, 10; 3d, E B Shotwell, Buffalo, 3. *Discretionary.*—Samuel Twitchell, Buffalo, Morgan, Black Hawk stallion, 3 years old, Dadd. Stephen Powell, Lewiston, stallion, 3 years old, Dadd.—Best stallion, 2 years old, W McGregor, Portland, Chaut., 15; 2d, John Roth, Clarence, Erie co., 10; 3d, Stephen Powell, Lewiston, Dadd. Best mare, A Sandford, Bowmansville, Erie co., 15; J W Hamlin, 10. *Discretionary.*—Samuel Twitchell, for Morgan Black Hawk stallion, 2 years old, Dadd's Works; McArthur Bro, for stallion 2 years old, D's W; also to each of these, a vol Trans. for their 2 year old geldings. Best stallion, 1 year old, H Tiffany, Westfield, 10; 2d, B Scofield, Hartland, Chautauque co., 5.

For Road or Carriage.—Best pair matched horses not under 16 hands, H F Webb, Syracuse, 15; 2d, J D Langworthy, South Onondaga, 10.

Matched Horses—For Road or Carriage.—Best pair of matched horses, 15 to 16 hands, S B Hun, East Elba, Gen co., 15; 2d, Turner Bros, Buffalo, 10. For Light Family Carriage.—Best pair of matched horses, 14 to 15 hands, H B Gurney, Collins, 15; 2d, G W Payne, Tonawanda, 10.—*Discretionary.*—Mrs Mary E Lord, Buffalo, Shetland ponies, silver medal.

Geldings.—Best gelding, A D Meech, Buffalo, $10; 2d, W H Chadwick, Fredonia, 8. *Discretionary.*—T M Prendergast, Westfield, single horse, 8 years old, Dadd.

Single Mares.—Best, W I Mills, Buffalo, 10; 2d, J Hamlin, Buffalo, 8.

Single Trotting Horse, Mare or Gelding—In harness.—Best, W I Mills, 10; 2d, Wm H Freeman, Concord, Erie co., 8.

From Other States, and Canada.—Best blood stallion, 3 years and over, James McFarland, Niagara, C W, 15.—Best stallion, horses of all work, 3 years and over, Thomas Smith, C W, 15. Best draught stallion, 3 years, and over, James Francis, C E, 15. Best single mare, horse or gelding, in harness, T J & P Patterson, Richmond Hill, C W, 15.

Jacks and Mules—Best jack, E C Bliss, Westfield, Genet co., 20. Best jennet, same, 20. Best pair of mules, L J Waters, Buffalo, 15. *Discretionary.*—John Coatsworth, fine mules, Trans; F Danforth, Seneca, Cay. co., Trans.

SHEEP.

FAT SHEEP—*Long Wooled*—Best 2 years and over, Thos Kimber, Syracuse, $5; 2d, Patrick, Hungerford & Brodie, Jeff Co., 3, 3d, A Biggs, Warren, Herk. Co, Morrell's Shep Best under 2 years, L Stetson, Aurora, Erie co., 5; 2d, Thos Kimber, 3.—*Middle Wooled*—Best 2 years and over, Lewis F Allen, 5; 2d, A Biggs, 3. *Cross Breed*—Best 2 years and over, A H Bowen, Jr., Medina, 5; 2d, B Baker, East Hamburgh, 3; 3d, Lewis F Allen, Morrell. Discretionary—L Stetson, Morrell's Shep.; A Biggs, do; John D Patterson, Westfield, do.

LONG WOOLED—*Bucks*—Best 2 years and over, Patrick, Hungerford & Brodie, $10; 2d, same, 8, 3d, G M Peck, East Bethany Gen. co., 5. Best under 2 years, Patrick, Hungerford & Brodie, 10; 2d, David Conradi, Brunswick, Rens co., 8; 3d, A Biggs, 5. *Five Ewes*—Best 2 years and over, Patrick, Hungerford & Brodie, 10; 2d, same, 8; 3d, A Biggs, 5. Best under 2 yrs, Patrick, Hungerford & Brodie, 10; 2d, A Biggs, 8. *Three Buck Lambs*—Patrick, Hungerford & Brodie, 5; 2d, John Bettridge, Riga, Monroe co., Morrell's Shep. *Three Ewe Lambs*—Patrick, Hungerford & Brodie, 5; 2d, same, Morrell's Shep

MIDDLE WOOLED—*Bucks*—Best 2 years and over, E Corning, Jr., Albany, $10; 2d, C Parsons, Riga, 8, 3d same, 5. Best under 2 years, Thos Betts, New York city, 10; 2d, Sam'l Thorne, Dutchess co., 8, 3d, same, 5. *Five Ewes*—Best 2 years and over, E Corning, Jr., 10; 2d, C Parsons, 8; 3d, Hr E Wallis & Son, Aurora, 5. Best under 2 years, C Parsons, 10; best 3 buck lambs, same, 5; best 3 ewe lambs, same, 5; 2d, Lewis F Allen, Morrell's Shepard.

SPANISH MERINOES—*Bucks*—Best 2 years and over, T C Peters, Gen. co, $10; 2d, J Haswell, Hoosick, 8; 3d, R Burritt, Schuyler co., 5. Under 2 years, P Baker Hoosick, 10; 2d, R Burritt, 8; 3d, D Howland, Auburn, 5. *Five Ewes*—Best 2 years and over, J Haswell, 10; 2d, S S Sheldon, Brockport, 8; 3d, D Howland, 5. Under 2 years, T C Peters, 10; 2d, R Burritt, 8; 3d, J Haswell, 5. Best 3 buck lambs, R Burritt, 5. Best 3 ewe lambs, J Haswell, 5; 2d, R Burritt, Morrell's Shep

SILESIAN MERINOES.—*Bucks*—Best 2 years and over, Wm Chamberlain, Red Hook, $10, best under 2 years, same, 10. *Five Ewes*—Best 2 years and over, same, 10; under 2 years, same, 10; best 3 buck lambs, same, 5; best 3 ewe lambs, same, 5.

FRENCH MERINOES.—*Bucks*—Best 2 years and over, J D Patterson, Westfield, $10; 2d, same, 8; 3d, same, 5. Under 2 years, same, 10; 2d, same, 8; 3d, same, 5 *Five Ewes*—Best 2 years and over, same, 10; 2d, same, 8; 3d, same, 5, under 2 years, same, 10. Best 3 buck lambs, same, 5; 2d, same, Morrell's Shep. Best 3 ewe lambs, same, 5; 2d, same, Morrell's Shep.

SAXONS—*Bucks*—2d best, 2 years and over, O Howland, Auburn, $8; 3d, best buck under 2 years, same, 5. *Five Ewes*—2d best, 2 years and over, same, 8; 3d best, under 2 yrs, same, 5.

CROSS BREEDS—*Fine Wool Saxons and Merinos*—Best buck, 2 years and over, S H Winslow, Ontario co., $10; 2d, E G Cook, Jeff co., 8; 3d, E G Chilcott, East Hamburg, 5. Under 2 years, E G Cook, 10. Best pen 5 ewes, 2 years and over, E G Cook, 10; 2d, H J Lee, Darien, 8, 3d, E G Chilcott, 5. Under 2 years, E G Cook, 10; 2d, E G Chilcott, 8. Best 3 buck lambs, E G Cook, 5; best 3 ewe lambs, same, 5.

Coarse and Middle Wool—Best buck, 2 years and over, E G Cook, $10; 2d, D Howland 8. Under 2 years, A Biggs, 10; 2d, John Dacks, Jeff. co., 8; 3d, R Baker, 5. Best pen 5 ewes, 2 yrs and over, R Baker, 10; 2d, A Biggs, 8; 3d, John Ramsey, Buffalo, 5. Under 2 years, A & H Bowen, Jr., Medina, 10. Best 3 buck lambs, G M Peck, East Bethany, 5. Best 3 ewe lambs, V H Cary, Boston, Erie co., 5.

FROM OUT OF THE STATE.—*Long Wooled*—Best buck, George Miller, Markham, C W, $10; best 5 ewes, same, 10; best pen buck lambs, same, Morrell's Shep. *Merinoes*—Best buck, Elijah Roth, Sudbury, Vt., 10; best 5 ewes, same, 10. Best pen 5 ewe lambs, Ebenezer Porter, Rutland, Vt, Morrell's Shep. *Silesian*—Best buck, Wm H Ladd, Richmond, O., 10; best 5 ewes, same, 10. *Middled Wooled*—Best buck, A Spencer, Whitby, C W, 10.

SWINE.

LARGE BREED.—Best boar, 2 years and over, Chas E West, Buffalo, $10. Best 1 year, Patrick Murphy, Buffalo, 10. Best breeding sow, 2 years and over, M G Bennett, Cheektowaga, 10; 2d, same, 4 Best 1 year old, Philip Riter, Buffalo, 10; 2d, same, 5 Best sow, 6 months and under 1 year, Benj. Hayden, Black Rock, 8; 2d, same, 5. Best lot of pigs, not less than 5, under 10 months, M G Bennett, 5.

SMALL BREED.—Best boar, 2 years old and over, C E West, $10; 2d, Warren Granger, Buffalo, 5. Best boar, 1 year old, E S Hayward, Rochester, 10 Best boar, 6 months and under 1 year, B S Carpenter, Elmira, 8. Best breeding sow, 2 years old and over, E G Bliss, Westfield, 10; 2d, same, 5. Best lot of pigs, not less than 5, under 10 months, E G Bliss, 8; 2d, same, 4.

POULTRY.

DOMESTIC AND FROM OTHER STATES.—Best lot of White Dorkings, not less than 3, (1 cock and 2 hens) E A Wendell, Albany, $4; 2d, same, 2. Best Gray or Speckled Dorkings, D S Heffron, Utica, 3; 2d E A Wendell 2 Best lot Black Spanish, E S Ralph, Buffalo, 3; 2d, D S Heffron, 2. Best lot Black Polands, E A Wendell, 3; 2d, E S Ralph, 2. Best lot Silver Polands, W R Hills, Albany, 3. Best lot Bolton Grays, E A Wendell, 3; 2d, W R Hills 2. Best lot Game (Earl Derby) E A Wendell, 3.—Best lot Game Sumatra, E A Wendell, 3; 2d, J D G Stewson, Buffalo, 2. Best Buff or Red Shanghai, E A Wendell, 3; 2d, Mrs L Stewart, Richfield Springs, 2 Best lot of White Shanghai, Sam'l Hecox, Buffalo, 3; 2d, E A Wendell, 2. Best lot of Gray Shanghai, E G Cook, Rural Hill, 3 2d, R Ballymore, Buffalo, 2. Best lot Leghorn Fowls, D S Heffron, 3 Best lot Gold Lace Bantams, D S Heffron, 3; 2d, W R Hills, 2. Best lot Java, Wm C Prescott, Buffalo, 3, 2d, W R Hills, 2. Best lot African, W R Hills, 3; 2d, D S Heffron, 2 Best of any other variety, W R Hills, 3; 2d, E A Ralph, 2. Best lot Native or Dunghill Fowls, not less than six in number, G W Payne, Tonawanda, 3; 2d, J Dack, Ellisburgh, Jeff. co., 2.

TURKIES.—Best pair, O Howland, Auburn, $3; 2d, L F Allen, Black Rock, 2. Best pair Wild Turkies, L F Allen, 3; 2d, E A Wendell, Albany, 2.

DUCKS.—Best pair Muscovy, O Howland, 3; 2d, E A Wendell, 2 Best pair Topknots, E A Wendell, 3; 2d, W R Hills, 2. Best pair Common John Ramsey Buffalo, 3.

GEESE.—Best pair Bremen, L F Allen, $3; 2d, O Howland, 2. Best pair White China L F Allen, 3. Best pair African, E A Wendell, 3. Best pair Brown China, O Howland, 3; 2d, L F Allen, 2.

GUINEA FOWLS—Best lot, O Howland, Auburn, $3.

PEA FOWLS.—Best lot, G B Wallace, Aurora, Erie co., $3.

PIGEONS—Best and greatest variety, Edward C Talntor, Buffalo, $3; 2d, D S Heffron, 2.

BEST EXHIBITION OF POULTRY OWNED BY EXHIBITOR.—Best lot, D S Heffron, Utica, $5; 2d, E S Ralph, Buffalo, 5.

RABBITS—Best pair Long Eared, E A Wendell, $3. Best pair Common, E S Ralph 3; 2d, S Kingsley, Buffalo, 2.

DISCRETIONARY.—Thos J Siser, Buffalo, 3 Sumatra fowls, dip. E S Howell, Black Rock, 1 pair Newfoundland dogs, dip. L F Allen, for 8 Black and Tan Terrier Dogs, "superb," dip. A P Thompson, (exhibitor for Col H K Viele,) Buffalo, 5 tan and Terrier Dogs, dip. F S Chester, Buffalo, 1 pair Pointers, dip.

James Odlum, Buffalo, Plains, 1 coop Brahma fowls, all med. A E Wendell, Albany, trio Chinese Silky Game dip. E S Ralph, Buffalo, coop buff Shanghai chickens, dip. J D G Stevenson, Buffalo, best Sumatra game, dip.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE:

SYRUP AND WAX—RESULT OF EXPERIMENTS.

EDS. RURAL:—As the absorbing topic of the day is the manufacture of sugar and molasses from the Chinese Sugar Cane, it is the duty of experimenters to give to the public the results of their experience. Accordingly, I would say that I have completed my course of experiments for the season with very satisfactory results.

With a hand mill (a description of which you published in a recent RURAL,) I crushed out 72 gallons of juice, which yielded 20 gallons of rich molasses, though much more like golden syrup than ordinary molasses. This result shows that the juice was astonishingly rich. On the first day we made eleven gallons of molasses from 36¼ of juice; and on the second day nine gallons from 35¼ of juice. I presume the cause of the juice being less rich on the second day was that a portion of the cane grew on low bottom land, and in a shaded position among corn. Most of my cane I topped as soon as the panicles were fully formed; but I am not prepared to say what the comparative result was—though I am disposed to think there was nothing gained in doing so, as new panicles came out near the top, and in some instances, shoots from nearly all the joints, which was not the case in those that had not been disturbed.

I have satisfied myself that the best stage for working up the cane is when the seed is in the dough state. But where there are large crops, this stage will have to be anticipated, as well as passed by in the working. Before that stage there is more juice but less richness, and the quality not so good. My boiling was done in two kettles suspended from a pole, in the open air, and fully exposed to the rays of a very hot sun—which leads me to suggest that whoever undertakes to make molasses under similar circumstances would do well to secure the services of a salamander to do the boiling and skimming. I have nothing to add to directions already given by others on the subject of clarifying and boiling the juice, only that I think it requires a good deal more lime water than is usually spoken of. I made one hasty attempt at sugar, but only succeeded in making a splendid article of *wax*.

In regard to *cultivating* the cane, I think it will be found that precisely the same culture which we should adopt in order to raise a large crop of large ears of corn, should be adopted in growing the cane for sugar purposes. It is the *size* of the stalks, more than the number or height, that should be had in view. Stripping the cane and preparing it for the mill is rather a tedious operation, particularly if the stalks are small. This, together with the fact that a given weight of stalks can be handled in grinding much sooner if large than small, is a sufficient reason why we should aim at growing large ones.

As to the yield of juice to the single stalk, I have no doubt but they may be grown to produce a pint to the stalk. I selected ten stalks of only tolerable size, and before grinding they weighed 17 lbs., and after passing through the mill they weighed 10 lbs.—showing that they had parted with 7 lbs. of juice, which (considering it is heavier than water,) would be something less than seven pints; giving me good reason to say that a stalk of largest size, ground by steam or horse power would yield fully a pint of juice. I have no reliable data upon which to form an opinion of the yield per acre, but am inclined to think that those who set out with the idea of making 500 gallons of molasses from one acre will be disappointed.—But suppose they make but half that quantity; they may sell their molasses (if properly prepared for manufacturing,) at fifty cents per gallon, and pocket nearly an hundred dollars clear profit to the acre.

We think there are other important questions in domestic and political economy connected with this matter, which will, with many, be a stronger incentive to action than the prospect of large pecuniary profits. But we will leave those questions in the shade for the present. It is enough for us to know now, that we have the right, power, and privilege to make molasses, and in the operation to make, or save, money. O. J. PHELPS.

Hesperian Plains, Piketon, Ohio, Oct., 1857.

THE MISSOURI STATE FAIR, held in St. Louis, was a magnificent demonstration, numerously attended, and pecuniarily a great triumph. The Mechanical Department was a great, and perhaps the most prominent, feature of the exhibition. Noticing the close of the Fair the St. Louis Republican says:—"The entire receipts from the gates and entries will amount to $30,000, or thereabouts, and, under the circumstances, our Fair can boast of being the most brilliant one held in any State during the year, the National Fair not excepted."

Rural Notes and Items.

MR. EVERETT'S ADDRESS AT THE STATE FAIR was a model in matter and manner, but one which we fear will not soon be equalled. Speaking of it the Buffalo Advertiser remarks:—"It is not too much to say that this last effort of the accomplished orator is equal to anything that he has yet given to the world. Those who were fortunate enough to listen to its delivery will certainly coincide in this opinion. Nothing could have been more appropriate to the occasion, more complete in every part, and more richly freighted with noble ideas and brilliant passages. In its practical common sense as well as in its masterly eloquence, the address will stand unequalled amongst similar productions, casting the past into the shade and furnishing a model for the future. It would not be satisfactory to our readers, nor fair to Mr. Everett, to supply anything like a sketch of the address Indeed, so perfect was it as a whole, that to hold up any portion of it to view alone, strikingly beautiful as are some of its passages, would be destroying half its charm. Still, there are of course certain portions which must remain impressed upon the memory of all who listened. Amongst these are the magnificent denunciation of the doctrine which holds that a miracle cannot be worked upon this earth; the allusion to the heroes of former, and the great statesmen of our own days, who have devoted such of their time as was not given to their country, to agricultural pursuits; the withering denunciation of the stock gamblers of Wall street; the comparison of the fever of city life with the calm repose enjoyed by the dweller in the country; and the picture, unrivalled by the pencil of Goldsmith, with which the splendid address was brought to a close, and which impressed us with the idea, as the voice of the orator ceased, that we had just turned from the contemplation of a beautiful painting."

CROPS IN EUROPE.—The London *Economist* says: The English wheat crop is remarkably good, of unusually fine quality, and the weight fully up to sixty four pounds per bushel. In Kent and Essex, the produce is from forty-six to fifty-six bushels per acre. In the Millard districts the yield is forty-four bushels to the acre. In the north, north-eastern and western districts the growth may be considered the best on record. Hence it would be no exaggeration to state that England has produced this year nearly, if not quite, eight million bushels more wheat than in 1856. The *Economist* does not anticipate any great reduction of price in consequence of this great produce, but says there will probably be a proportional increase in consumption.

The vintage has commenced in several parts of France. The wine is expected to be of excellent quality this year, and in many places large in quantity.

THE GENESEE CO. FAIR has been postponed until Tuesday next, Oct. 20, in consequence of the incessant rain on the days first selected. We believe the adjourned exhibition will be for horses principally. It is to be held at Batavia.

The Seneca County Ag. Society officially announces an adjourned Fair, in Waterloo, Oct. 20th and 21st—instead of the 15th and 16th, as stated by a correspondent in our last number—when will take place the *Ladies' Riding Match*, the *Harvest Home* on the Fair Grounds, and the *Trial of Speed* of Horses. The premiums for the latter have been increased $300.

The Yates Co. Fair has been postponed until next week—Oct. 21st and 22d, we believe—when it will be held on the Society's Grounds, Penn Yan.

NOT ALL "FANCY."—Writing from the recent State Fair at Buffalo, HORACE GREELEY says:—"As sneers at 'fancy farmers' are not yet out of fashion, I am tempted to state that Alonzo S. Upham, President of the State Society, though a merchant in extensive business, and late a member of the State Senate, farms 300 acres near Batavia, Genesee county, and has 120 acres now in wheat, from which he anticipates a good crop next season, in spite of the desolating midge. He has recently grown 3,040 bushels of wheat—from 100 acres of land—a yield per acre which has not often been exceeded on so large an area in this country."

WHERE'S THE MAJOR?—Our good friend W. B. P. asks about a "special" friend—"Where is H. T. B

The Orchard and Garden.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

THE Show of Fruits and Flowers at Floral Hall was very creditable, though the construction and arrangement of the hall was about as bad as could be for the purpose. The collections of apples and pears were large, numerous, and well grown; and there was a fine display of roses, dahlias, phloxes and other cut flowers. Some of the fruits we noticed, particularly the pears, were incorrectly named, and the committees would do a great service to exhibitors and the cause of Pomology, if during their examinations they would take a little pains to point out and correct these errors.—Among the fine things that attracted especial notice was a beautiful display of *cranberries*, consisting of some eight or ten apparently distinct varieties, most of them exceedingly large and handsome.—The show of vegetables was larger than at any previous Fair. We have not room for an extended notice, but give the list of premiums awarded on Fruits and Flowers.

PROFESSIONAL LIST.

Cut Flowers—Best display, A Frost & Co., Rochester, silver cup, valued $10; 2d, Ellwanger & Barry, Rochester, Sil. Medal.

Dahlias—Best collection, Mrs K Webb, Buffalo, $6, 2d Thorp, Smith & Hanchett, Syracuse, 3. Best 24 dissimilar blooms, (with names) Elihu Tyler, Buffalo, 6, 2d, Thorp, Smith & Hanchett, 3 Best 12 dissimilar blooms, same, 3; 2d, Elihu Tyler, 1

Roses—Great st number of newest and best varieties, A Frost & Co, $8; 2d, Thorp, Smith & Hanchett, 3 Newest and best 24 distinct varieties with names, same, 5; 2d, A Frost & Co, 3—Newest and best 12 varieties, Thorp, Smith & Hanchett, 3; 2d, A Frost & Co, 1.

Phloxes—Greatest number newest and best varieties, Ellwanger & Barry, $5; 2d, Thorp, Smith & Hanchett, 3. Best 12 varieties with names, same, 3, 2d, Ellwanger & Barry, 1 Best seedling not before exhibited, Thorp, Smith & Hanchett, 2.

Verbenas—Greatest number of newest and best varieties, E Henking, Buffalo, $5, 2d, Thorp, Smith & Hanchett, 3 Newest and best 12 varieties, with names Elihu Tyler, 3; 2d, A Frost & Co, 1. Best 3 varieties of American seedlings, not before exhibited, Thorp, Smith & Hanchett, Sil Med.

German Asters—Best collection, Wm Newcomb, Pittstown, $3; 2d, John Wilson, Albany, 1.

Pansies—Best collection E Henking, $3, 2d, Wm Newcomb, 1.

Ten Weeks Stock—Best collection, A Frost & Co, $3; 2d, Thorp, Smith & Hanchett, 1.

AMATEUR LIST.

Best display, J T Van Namee, Pittstown, S M.

Roses—Best 6 varieties with names, Mrs J T Van Namee Pittstown, $3.

Verbenas—Largest number of newest and best varieties, J T Van Namee, $1; 3d, Mrs J T Van Namee, 3. Best 12 distinct varieties with names, same, 3.

Phloxes—Greatest number of newest and best varieties, J T Van Namee, $4. Best 6 varieties with names, same, 2.

Pansies—Best collection, J T Van Namee $3.

Ten Week Stocks—Best display, J T Van Namee, $3, 2d, Mrs J T Van Namee, 1.

Pot Plants—2d best, Henry Linka, Buffalo. $3.

Floral Design or Ornament—Best, Miss Gertrude Allen, Buffalo, $5; 2d, Elihu Tyler, 3.

Bouquets—Best pair hand, John Wilson, $5, 2d, A P Thompson Buffalo, 3 Best pair parlor, E Henking, 6; 2d, John Wilson, 4. 1 pair bouquets dried grass, &c, Mrs E Cowling, Buffalo, $2; A P Thompson, salvia 1; Caryl Young, fig tree with fruit, 2; E Henking, centre bouquet $3; Mrs J T Van Namee floral design, 1.

PROFESSIONAL.

Apples—Greatest number of good varieties and best specimens correctly named, at least 3 of each, Ellwanger & Barry, silver cup, value $15; 2d, Thorp, Smith & Hanchett, 10. Best 20 varieties best grown and correctly named, same, plate, value 10; 2d, Lincoln Fay, Portland, Chautauque, 5. Best 12 varieties correctly named, 6 of each, same, 5; 2d, Thorp, Smith & Hanchett, 3.

Pears—Greatest number of good varieties, and best specimens correctly named, 3 of each, Ellwanger & Barry, all cup, $15; 2d, Thorp, Smith & Hanchett, 10. Best 20 varieties specimens correctly named, A Frost & Co, all plate, 10; 2d, Ellwanger & Barry, 5. Best 12 varieties specimens, 6 of each, correctly named, Ellwanger & Barry, plate, 8; 2d, Godfrey Zimmerman, 4 Mile Creek, Erie co, 5; discretionary, Thorp, Smith & Hanchett, V T. Best 6 varieties, Ellwanger & Barry, plate, 5; 2d, Thorp, Smith & Hanchett, 3.

Peaches—Greatest number, etc, Austin Pinney, Clarkson, Mon. co, $5; best 1 variety, 12 specimens, same, 2; John Burdett, Cayuga Island, Niag co, 1 basket early Crawfords, V T.

Plums—Greatest number of varieties, best grown etc, Ellwanger & Barry, plate $5; best 1 variety, 12 specimens, same 2, 2d, E Marvin, Buffalo, 1.

Quinces—Best dozen Apple or Orange, Austin Pinney, $3; 2d, J B Fay, Portland, N Y, 2.

Grapes—Greatest number of good varieties, best grown specimens 3 bunches each, J B Fay, plate value $5; Austin Pinney, 3; best 1 variety, 6 bunches, Dr C W Grant, Iona, near Peekskill $2.

AMATEUR.

Apples—Greatest number of good varieties, and best specimens correctly named, at least 3 of each, C B Burtis, Phelps, all cup, $15; 2d, R H Brown, Greece, 10. Best 20 varieties best grown and correctly named, 3 of each, Benj Baker, East Hamburgh, plate, 10; 2d, J T Van Namee, 5. Best 12 varieties, correctly named, 6 of each, R H Brown, 5; 2d, Benj Baker, 3.

Pears—Best 20 varieties specimens correctly named, W R Coppock, Jr. Buffalo, plate $10; 2d do, J R Eaton, Buffalo, 5. Best 12 varieties 6 of each, R H Richardson, Rochester, plate, 8; 2d F A Lord, Buffalo, 5. Best 6 varieties, 6 of each, Chas Taintor, Buffalo, plate, 5; 2d, W R Bullymore, Buffalo 3.

Plums—2d best 6 varieties, 6 of each, E Dorr, Albany, $3.—Best 1 variety, 12 specimens, N Benson, Albany, Coe's Golden Drop, 2; 2d, E Dorr, Albany, same, 1.

Quinces—Best dozen Apple or Orange, C E West, Buffalo, $3 2d, E S Hayward, Rochester, 2.

Grapes—Best 1 variety Hardy Grapes, 6 bunches, E Dorr, Albany Delaware, $2 Best 1 variety Foreign Grape, 3 bunches, B Bullymore, Buffalo, Black Hamburgh, 3.

Watermelons—Best specimen any variety, P Kister, East Hamburgh, Erie co, $2

Cranberries—Best peck domestic cultivated, N Hill, Calor, Steu co, plate, $5.

FOREIGN FRUIT.

Apples—Greatest number of good varieties and best specimens correctly named, at least 3 specimens of each, H Bendle, Waterford, C W, all cup, $15; 2d, M R Britton, Spring Prairie, Wis, Thomas' Fruit Book.

Pears—Greatest number of good varieties and best specimens correctly named, 3 specimens of each variety, C M Hovey & Co. Boston, Mass., all cup, $5.

Meetings of the Horticulturists present were held on the several evenings of the Fair, and many subjects of interest were discussed. The one we attended was devoted principally to the cracking of the pear. This subject was pretty well discussed at the last meeting of the Fruit Growers in this city, and reported in the RURAL of Sept. 26th.

THE PEAR SLUG.

THE insect which we familiarly call the Pear Slug, (*Selandria Cerasi,*) represented in fig. 1 is, at the period of its life when generally noticed by the cultivator, a greenish-black, club-shaped worm, with a thick rounded anterior extremity, and tapering toward the posterior. It is covered with a semi-transparent coat of slime, which exudes from the body, and, in the hottest sunshine, does not become hard or dry. There is not the slightest indication, as it rests on the leaf, that it possesses either head or legs, but under the club-shaped thorax it has a head like a caterpillar, and by rubbing off its slimy coat, or by turning the insect upon its back, it will be found to possess three pair of true legs, those which are nearest to the head, and seven pair of false or prolegs, the latter being more flat in shape than the former.—While resting undisturbed upon the leaf, the tail or last segment of the body is slightly raised. At its greatest size, the worm is about half an inch in length; it is very sluggish in its habits, being rarely seen to move, not even attempting to escape when touched or otherwise disturbed, nor does it seek refuge from the most intense heat of the sun, or from the pelting rain, being always found fully exposed on the upper surface of the leaf.

It does not eat during the day, but about sunset commences to feed. The injury consists in its eating the upper skin of the leaf, while the lower skin and the veins are untouched; the leaves immediately assume a brown unsightly appearance, while the proper function of the leaf, the elaboration of the sap, is almost entirely obstructed. Young trees are sometimes irreparably injured, and I have seen many acres in a single nursery the trees of which were from this cause rendered permanently unsaleable, and comparatively worthless.—Older trees are often much injured by checking the formation of young wood and fruit spurs, which has a serious effect upon their growth and fruitfulness. As early as the year 1797, this insect attracted the attention of cultivators in Massachusetts, and elsewhere, by causing great injury to the cherry, pear, plum and quince trees; and it has, with little intermission, continued its depredations every year, until this time.

FIGURE 1.

The Pear Slug full grown. The leaf with its upper surface partly destroyed. (a) The egg deposited upon the upper surface of the leaf.

We have thus far considered the insect in only one form of its existence. It may not be uninteresting to investigate its origin and its subsequent condition. Like all other insects, its existence may be divided into four stages: first, the *Egg;* second, the *Larva*, or worm state, which is peculiarly its eating and growing period; third, the *Pupa* or dormant state; fourth, the *Imago*, which is the perfect or winged state. In this last stage only are the differences of sex discernible, and by the Fly or perfect insect the eggs are deposited which reproduce the brood of destructive worms.

This fly of the Pear Slug is described as a four winged (*Hymenopterous* or wasp-like) insect of a glossy black color. The wings are somewhat convex on the upper side and slightly wrinkled, transparent, reflecting the colors of the rainbow, the anterior pair having a smoky band across them.—The legs are tipped with a dull yellow color. The body of the female measures rather more than a fifth of an inch in length, that of the male is smaller. They make their appearance twice during the summer, the first time about the end of May or the first of June, the second appearance about the latter end of July. On each occasion they lay their eggs and disappear in about three weeks.

FIG. 2.

The perfect insect or fly of the Pear Slug—magnified. The cross lines represent the natural size.

The engraving fig. 2, represents the perfect insect magnified. The cross lines show the natural size. This figure is taken from an English work, as I have not been able, personally, to verify its identity with our own insect. The other cuts are transcripts of my own observations. The slug fly deposits its egg singly on the upper surface of the most matured leaves, covering it with a frothy white varnish-like mucilage, which surrounds it, and serves at once to attach it to the leaf, and to exclude the atmosphere. The small spot *a* on the leaf, fig. 1, represents the size and form of the egg which is seen as a dark center in the middle of a white spot. Fig. 3 represents the egg magnified and the worm or young slug within the semi-transparent shell. Fig. 4 exhibits the egg also magnified after the insect has emerged.

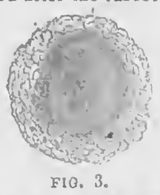


FIG. 3.

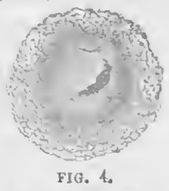


FIG. 4.

Fig. 3 The Egg magnified with the embryo Slug seen through the shell.

Fig. 4. The Egg empty, after the Slug has escaped—magnified.

It may here be noticed that Dr. HARRIS in his admirable treatise on insects injurious to vegetation, in speaking of the Pear Slug states that "their eggs are placed singly within little semi-circular incisions through the skin of the leaf, and generally on the lower side of it." It is singular that a statement made with so much particularity should be entirely at variance with the facts of the case. The egg I have never been able to find on the under side of the leaf or in any incision on either side, but very plainly can it be seen by close scrutiny on any tree attacked by the slug deposited upon the upper surface of the leaf appearing as a white speck about the size of the head of a pin.

FIG. 5.

FIG. 6.

FIG. 7.

Fig. 5. (a) The Slug, after shedding its skin the last time. (b) The skin left upon the leaf.

Fig. 6 (c) The Cocoon from which the insect has been prematurely removed. (d) The Slug, after having commenced its change to the fly state.

Fig. 7. The Ichneumon fly, magnified; supposed to be of the species Encyrtus, taken from the egg of the Slug.

When first hatched, the young slug is white and can with difficulty be discerned with the naked eye; it commences immediately to puncture with small holes the surface of the leaf upon which it is produced. It soon acquires a covering of greenish-black slime, and is said by HARRIS to live as a worm twenty-six days, shedding its skin during that period five times. At its greatest size it is half an inch in length, and is now nearly or quite ready for its last moulting. *Fig.* 5, gives its appearance after it has shed its skin for the last time, with the forsaken skin lying near it. It is now much changed in color, being a yellowish-brown and somewhat diminished in size. In a few hours it falls to the ground and immediately seeks to burrow into the soil. Descending to the depth of several inches it forms a cocoon with a shiny brown interior surface, and a rough exterior with grains of earth adhering. *Fig.* 6, shows a broken cocoon with the insect, now much further diminished in size, taken out. This is the *Pupa* or dormant state. It remains in the earth after its first appearance sixteen days, when it comes forth as the perfect insect, *Fig.* 2. The second brood remain in their subterranean retreat until the succeeding spring.

We will now consider the means for preventing or palliating the injury resulting from the attacks of the Pear Slug. I would first remark that the slug is found in much greater abundance on weakly growing trees than on those of strong and rapid growth. This fact points to the first and fundamental remedy; the securing of healthy trees and by the proper enrichment and preparation of the soil, of a thrifty and uniform growth. I have also noticed that certain varieties of the pear are much more subject to its attack than others. The Bartlett, Duchesse d'Angouleme, and Louise Bon de Jersey, for instance, have with me suffered more than the Glout Morceau, Vicar of Winkfield and Beurré Diel. Nature has provided a minute but formidable enemy to the slug, which serves very materially to check its increase. This enemy is a species of Ichneumon fly which is also of the wasp family. Soon after the slug fly has deposited its egg on the leaf, the Ichneumon deposits its egg within the shell of the former, which developing to a minute grub before the time for the hatching of the slug worm, feeds upon the embryo slug, passing the whole period of its existence as a worm, and even undergoing the succeeding transformation through the pupa state, within the small space afforded by the egg of the slug, the natural size of which may be seen at *a*, *Fig.* 1.

Fig. 7, exhibits the Ichneumon fly as found in the egg of the Pear Slug nearly ready to emerge as a perfect insect.

Fortunately for the cultivator, the Pear Slug is easily destroyed during the worm state, and since the discovery that the egg is deposited upon the upper side of the leaf, it can also be easily reached in this stage of its existence.

The application at the proper time of lime in a dry or powdered state while the leaves are wet with rain or dew will prove effectual in destroying the egg before it is hatched, or the slug during the time of its depredations. If the number of trees to be treated is large, it will only be necessary to apply the remedy twice during the season, provided the proper stage of the insect's development is chosen. This should be as soon as possible after the eggs are all hatched, which is usually about the first of July with the first brood, and the first of September with the second brood. The lime should be very carefully dusted on every leaf of the tree, and by following up the application promptly for a year or two the number of insects will be very much diminished. If applied earlier than the times mentioned, some of the eggs will not have hatched, in which case it requires much greater care and a larger quantity of lime; or if applied much later, many of them will have undergone their transformation into the pupa state, and therefore be beyond our reach. Many cultivators have reported a want of success from the application of this remedy, merely from a want of that knowledge of the history of the insect which would enable them to choose the proper time for its use. I have found this remedy always efficacious, and even plaster of Paris, ashes, or dust from the road applied to the slimy coat of the slug will cause it to sicken and die.

I would request the favor of any one possessing a specimen of this insect (the Imago) to forward it to me that a drawing of it may be made. I believe it has not yet been figured in this country.

A. O. MOORE.

No. 140 Fulton st., New York, Oct., 1857.

SEEDS FROM KENTUCKY.

ACCOMPANYING a box of Seeds, we received the following interesting note from A. L. ASHLEY, Esq., of Sharpsburg, Kentucky, for all of which he will accept our thanks:

EDS. RURAL:—I take the liberty of sending you with this a small box of seed; the mail affording the only facility for their transmission, must be the apology for the seeming parsimony. They are mostly of the "old fogy" sort, transmitted from our predecessors, and I think will equal if not surpass many of later sorts. The cucumber is from a *Long Green*, 16 inches, by 4 in circumference brittle and tender. The *Imperial Pea* is all that that can be desired of the running sort; very large and productive. The *Crowder Pea* is an old fashioned or vine pea, and which I think embraces all the excellence of the Potato and Lima Bean combined;—they are planted as if for sweet potatoes, the vines of which they resemble and do not require *sticking*. I have seen them in North Carolina. The *Cassabar Melon* seed are taken from a small melon which had partially been destroyed by chickens. The original seed was brought from Asia; see Pat. Office Rep. 1854; as for the high qualities claimed for it I cannot say. The *Nameless Beans* grow in my garden, on a large bush, and very prolific. The *New Mexican Corn* is large, and I think unequaled for the table, hominy and meal. It remains a long while in "roasting ear stage,"—grows with me 15 feet high, and 2 or 3 ears to the stalk. For table use I think it unsurpassed, as its whiteness and sweetness make it desirable for that purpose. The two varieties of *Sugar Corn* I send are from seed, which secured premiums at the Ohio and Kentucky State Fairs respectively. They are easily mixed, and an inspection of each will suffice to convince you that we can boast of other things besides fat cattle, fine horses, pretty girls and *fighting* men. If you should like a specimen of our *true Kentucky blue grass* seed, I will send you an ounce or two by mail. I have been in most of the States, of our Union, but have never seen any of the "*ginewine*" beyond her borders. I should think it would be nice for *lawns* with you. Any seed—field or garden, indigenous to our soil—you may like to have will be cheerfully sent you. I hope the seed may come safe to hand, and in time may prove "like bread cast upon the waters," to you and yours.

The *Crowder Pea*, I omitted to mention, affords the best *winter dish* extant. They should be planted 4 or 5 feet apart, as the vine runs very much.

REMARKS.—The Kentucky Blue Grass, as suggested by our correspondent, is excellent for lawns, bearing our dry summers better than any other variety, and keeping green all summer.

CULTURE OF THE PIE PLANT.

THE Rhubarb or Pie Plant, as cultivated by us, assumes a variety of size and flavor corresponding to the industry or thoroughness of those cultivating—the smallest becoming mammoth and the mammoth small as it received this or that treatment. Comparatively little is known of the distinctive characteristics of the divers species of the Rhubarb, even our most learned botanists not knowing which yields the officinal rhubarb.

Of the metamorphoses which it undergoes by cultivation I wish only at present to write. The stock which I now have I brought to my place from my garden in town. There it was of fair size, not extra. After five years cultivation in the same garden, a part is very large and a part small. I measured the leaf of one plant, transplanted last spring, two weeks ago. It was forty inches long and thirty-four broad, with a stem eighteen inches long. I measured other stems twenty-six inches long, but none others with so large a leaf as the one above mentioned. Where the plants are crowded they are small—where they have sufficient room they become large, the soil and other circumstances being equal.

Some years since at Rock Island, in the garden of Mr. HIBBARD MOORE, I saw one monstrous Pie Plant, much larger than any I had ever before seen, and I think much larger than mine above spoken of—of this, however, I am not sure, as I did not measure it. I asked HIBBARD where he procured his mammoth Pie Plant. He answered, "by giving it *room*"—that it was of the same sort of the rest growing in his garden. This, with the examples shown in my own garden, teaches me that cultivation has very much to do in perfecting this, now necessary, vegetable. I give mine about every second year, to each plant, a good pailful of leached ashes. Cover thoroughly every fall with barn-yard manure and decomposed peat, and give to each plant a space six feet square, so that it can spread itself, and it will, you may depend on it.—Another treatment they get, (which I consider highly beneficial,) from the wash-tub, every week through the growing season, a thorough drenching with warm soap suds. CHAS. BRACKETT.

Rochester, Ind., Sept 23, 1857.

MR. PRINCE AND THE CHURCH PEAR.

EDS. RURAL:—By Mr. PRINCE's article in your last number, I see that he seems anxious to get up a personal squabble about the Church Pear. Mr. P. is undoubtedly a very learned gentleman, and well acquainted with the old authors, about as useful to modern pomology as Dodoneus to modern botany. But those authors have nothing to do with the actual question, whether the Church pear is, or is not a native American variety. It would have been more conclusive if Mr. P. had quoted the old author *who describes that fruit.* That was the only way to justify the calling up of all those old authors, the respected authorities of Mr. PRINCE's manual, but whose fruits are no longer cultivated. I must say that although I am *a little* acquainted with those fathers of European Pomology, and could add half a dozen more to the list of names, it I would give myself the air of a savant, I cannot find a single description that could answer for the Platt's Bergamotte. It seems at least strange that the French gentleman did not know the name of his grafts, since Mr. PRINCE had to give it an American name—the French gentleman could or could not be believed—that is no authority. Mr. PRINCE seems very unwilling to admit that the Church may be a native variety. As I have before stated, I have not the least interest in the question, and will not reply another word hereafter, if Mr. P. chooses to make it a personal question. Enough, and too much has been said about a single pear. I must only ask Mr. PRINCE

1st, If he thinks the authority of the French gentleman conclusive, without any other evidence than his individual assertion?

2d, If he will be so good as to state *the time* of that first grafting, which cannot be over 40 years ago?

Now, if Mr. PRINCE will just step over to the other side of the Sound and look at the old tree, which evidently has never been grafted *above the root*, and tell us how it is possible that a tree over *five feet in circumference* can be the result of a graft put in about thirty or forty years ago, we shall then all agree with Mr. P., and avoid unpleasant personalities about mere trifles.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857. L. E. BERCKMANS.

PLANTING CRANBERRIES.—Will your please to communicate to us, through your paper, the best time to set out cranberry plants, and what is the best method of cultivating them, when planted on low, sandy ground?—A. J. WHEELER, *Ypsilanti, Mich.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—The spring we should consider the best time for planting cranberries. We put out a few last spring that have done well. The only culture they seem to require, is the destruction of the weeds, and this, we found to be no small work. We pared off the surface before planting, but the roots remaining in the soil continued to grow, and favored by the moisture, sent up an abundant crop every week or so, much to our annoyance, and to the injury of the plants. This growth of rushy weeds in moist places, seems to us to be the greatest difficulty in the way of the culture of the cranberry. The next season we hope they will be less troublesome, as the plants will be better able to protect themselves, and the quantity of roots and seeds in the soil must be greatly diminished. Perhaps, some of the cranberry growers can give information that will be valuable on this point.

LETTER FROM A CALIFORNIA HORTICULTURIST.

EDS. RURAL:—Having received your 18th July No., and found therein my note of April 28th, I conclude that "communication between us is established." I don't exactly know how the wire is suspended or the cable sunk, and yet I feel the manipulations of your end of the machine constantly. I am conducting a nursery business here, and a farm thirty miles distant,—am Corresponding Secretary of a large Society, and travel more or less in various enterprises throughout the State. Two, or three, or even four hundred miles in twice as many days, with horse and buggy, are not unfrequently done in California. And yet I *read* the RURAL, I *study* the RURAL, I *dream* of the RURAL. We must have a large list of subscribers for you as soon as practicable. I see you listen to the questions of tyros and answer the queries of sages. Allow me (with the former) to ask, is it *common* for the seed of the yellow-fleshed peach to produce those of white flesh, and vice versa? Is it common for *Pavies* and *Melters* to interchange in reproduction? Do you know of any well authenticated instances of the production of any two of the three fruits—Apricot, Nectarine and Peach—upon the same tree without working? I am asking these things because I wish to *use*, for the furtherance of Horticulture, such answers as the best and most reliable sources of information can afford.

Our country (the Pacific coast) is, so far as systematic and scientific culture is concerned, all new and untried. Only a few years ago nothing was known, and up to the present hour almost everything is yet to be learned. Some very striking results, however, have followed our feeble experiments. In January of 1856 I received from a farm in Western New York, Elm and Sugar Maple seedlings, about 3,500 each. They would average some three or four inches long. They had grown side by side there, and equally well. They arrived in good condition, and were planted in a choice piece of ground and treated with equal care. The Elms have grown vigorously; many of them are now ten and some twelve feet high, while the Maples have mostly perished, and those that still live neither *grow* nor promise continuance of life.—The Horse Chestnut, so noble with you, refuses almost entirely to grow here. The Beech, after frequent importations of both plants and seeds, is an entire failure. I have not one left. The American Linden, or Basswood, does slightly better, though it bears no comparison with its home growth. The *Abies Canadensis* (Hemlock) thus far is an entire failure; *Cedrus Alba* (White Cedar) ditto; while the *Pinus Alepica*, (Swiss Pine,) and several other varieties of the Pinus family and also of the Cupressus and Abies families, of which I have imported and planted the seed, flourish finely. The Ailantus, Catalpa, Gymnocladus Canadensis, China tree, Tamarix Gallica, and several of the members of the Acacia family, (both American and Australian,) do well in our soil and climate. The Almond, the several varieties Walnut, (excepting the shag-bark,) and the Butternut, all grow rapidly from seed. My oldest are two years old and are ten to twelve feet high. The Tamarind, with the simple protection of one thickness of common sheeting during the winter months, comes into bearing the second year from seed.—Our Apples and Pears, especially those of large size, when entirely exposed to the sun are apt to sunburn on one side, while the stone fruits are entirely free from the evil.

The above facts pertain to the Sacramento Valley, in the latitude of St. Louis. In the coast valleys, under the influence of sea-fogs and sea-breezes, and also in the more elevated portions of the country, and in the mountain valleys, they might not fully apply.

In the winter of 1855 I imported, for my ornamental ground, some fine, healthy plants of Norway Spruce, of White and Purple Lilac, Deutzia Scabra, and Weigela Rosea, which I continually nurtured with the utmost care, but they have nearly all perished, and the remainder barely live.—They do not *grow*. Our *sun* is evidently too hot, without the influence of frequent showers. The Rose, the Pink, Flowering Almond, Corchorus, Pomegranate, Rose Acacia, Honeysuckle, Passiflora, and Chrysanthemums, seem entirely at home, while the Verbena, the Geranium, and the whole family of Tulips, Hyacinths, Lilies, &c., do well with *abundant watering*.

This is a bare outline of what families, immigrating to California to live, may expect to be able to cultivate with success. I may add more when I have more room. W.

Sacramento, Aug. 4, 1857.

REMARKS.—The Peach will produce its like more often than most of our improved varieties of fruit. If the tree on which the seed was grown stood alone, we should expect the product to be like the parent in its main characteristics; but if grown in an orchard with other varieties, we should not be able to give even a guess as to what the product would be. It might resemble the parent very closely, or be unlike it in almost every respect. We know of no case of the Apricot, Nectarine and Peach, or either two of them growing on the same tree. We have *heard* of a great many strange things.

A PEAR TREE BORER.—I wish to call the attention of fruit growers to their pear trees. Some of mine showing signs of a premature ripening of their leaves, I examined them to discover if possible the cause. On removing the earth about the roots, and scraping off the dead bark, (outside,) I found signs of the presence of the borer; not by any sawdust like appearance, but by a narrow dead streak in the bark. They do not work down the tree like the apple borer, but nearly horizontally around it. They make a narrow path, say from one-sixteenth to one-eighth of an inch in width, and do not penetrate the wood. They resemble the apple borer, but are slimmer. Those I found were from one-fourth of an inch to an inch in length. I should think the smallest were stung this year and the largest last year.

If any of your correspondents or subscribers have had any experience with this enemy, I hope they will give it to the world. Not having seen any accounts of borers in pear trees, in the works on fruit culture, I am disposed to regard it as a new enemy. WM. H. OLIN.

Penn Yan, Sept., 1857.

ALTHOUGH we devote a full page to HORTICULTURE, much interesting matter is crowded out.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NIGHT SONGS.

"NIGHT hath its songs"—SPURGEON.

YES! while the night is over all,
There's music soft and low;
The night is whispering to my heart,
The sweetest songs, I know.

Dear Mother, as the shadows fall,
They bring a song of thee;
A tender song of all thy love,
And all thy care for me.

I love the voices of the night,
For mingling in their tone;
I always hear a gentle voice,
So very like thine own.

And now, dear Father, does the song
Another burden bear;
Thine honored name and worth it sings,
Thy kindness and thy care.

A song of thee, a gentle song,
So like thee, Sister mine,—
Has brought me, with its witching voice,
The music-tones of thine.

And now there comes a silver laugh,
So musical and clear,
I almost look to see thy form
Beside me, Brother, dear.

What happy, happy sounds from home,
Calm night, have come with thee;
No other music in the world,
Is half so sweet to me.

Night sings me songs of long ago;
Of joys and sorrows fled;
And sometimes in their strains I hear
The voices of the dead.

Sweet songs of hope and joy and love;
Of all that's fair and bright;
And angel choirs that sing of heaven,
Make music in the night.

Sing on, ye voices of the night!
Your songs are dear to me;
Ye chant the memories of that past
I never more shall see.

Fill up the night with dear, sweet songs
Of gladsome happy years;
And if ye sing a requiem,
I'll smile e'en through my tears.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857. NETTIE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY WINNIE WILLIAN.

EMILY ALLEN was my dearest school mate. She was left an orphan at an early age, and was brought up under the care of an aunt—a withered old maid, whose affections were all lavished on a certain favorite cat, and therefore, had none to bestow upon her sweet niece. Aunt JANE was my particular aversion. So cold and chilling were her manners, that whatever kind feelings one might entertain for her, were scattered to the four winds at her approach. And oh, how she would scold.—Dear me, I believe she was always alive to the important fact, that her tongue was not given her for nothing, and she well knew how to use it.

How often I have contrasted the difference between EMILY'S cross grained auntie, and the picture I would sometimes draw of the blithe little old maid I would like to be myself! In the first place, I would have one of the neatest little cottages in the world for my domicil. I would dismiss from the premises thereof, all aunt JANE'S "bachelor's buttons," and "old man," of which latter she always had a quantity lying in her work basket, or stuck between the leaves of some musty old book. Roses and honey-suckles should clamber my cottage walls, and the fairest and loveliest of Flora's subjects should bloom in my garden.—None of the feline or canine tribe should inhabit my dominions. Neither would I have any birds imprisoned in gilded cages, but they should warble their sweetest lays in the tree by my window. I would always wear the most immaculate of white linen collars and cuffs—keep my pockets filled with sugar plums, and my head with stories for my nephews and nieces, and all the children in the neighborhood. I would be the confidant and adviser of the young people, the sympathizing friend of the old, and general nurse and almoner of the whole parish. In short I would be a model old maid. The last expression, "old maid," I deem quite unpoetical. Can no one better it?

But my friend EMILY. She was the sweetest, most lovable being I ever saw. She won my heart at first sight, and kept it ever after. We remained steadfast friends during our year's schooling, and then came the trial of parting. But this I will pass over. We interchanged letters frequently, and so more than a year passed away, when I received one of her always affectionate epistles, with the intelligence that she was soon to be married, and begging me to come and perform my promised office of bridesmaid. I was somewhat surprised that she had never mentioned anything of it before. She had also thought of this, as may be shown by a part of her letter which ran thus:

"Perhaps you will wonder, dear MARY, that I have never previously written you a word of my new friend. I am some astonished myself to think I could keep a secret so long from you, who have always shared my confidence. I cannot account for it, except that I was so chary of my new found joy. I could not bear to expose it to the knowledge of a third person. When you see my BERTRAM, you will not wonder at my loving him—he is so good, and kind, and noble."

It was on a charming morning in June that they were married. The dew still lingered on the flowers, when the bridal party wended their way to the village. A lovelier bride never promised "to love, honor and obey." And BERTRAM WILDER, the handsome bridegroom, looked as if he thought his cup of joy overflowing. Scarcely had the pastor pronounced the words which made them man and wife, when the happy husband caught his blushing bride in his arms and imprinted upon her rosy lips a fervent kiss, the seal of their holy union. They immediately departed for his "Kentucky home," where all the elegance and luxury wealth could bestow awaited them.

I heard from EMILY often. BERTRAM was all her loving heart could desire, and she was perfectly happy. One day, about two years after their marriage, as I was busy in the garden tying up some plants a recent shower had prostrated, a letter was brought me sealed with black. I instantly recognized her hand-writing, and in anxious terror tore off the envelop. My worst fears were confirmed. Her husband was dead! Suddenly he was smitten down by some mighty sickness. Day and night the young and devoted wife hung over his couch in tearful agony. But tears and prayers availed not. Death claimed him for his own. Her dearest earthly treasure was torn from her, and she was left to tread the path alone.

"I cannot tell you, dear friend," she writes, "of the almost insupportable anguish that swelled my heart of hearts, when I saw him lying so cold, so motionless, in his last, long sleep. When I thought I never more should hear his loved voice, or meet his smile of affection—that soon he was to be taken from my sight and laid beneath the cold sod, never more to see him on earth forever,—it seemed as if my heart would break beneath its load of sorrow. But the last, lingering look was taken, the last kiss pressed upon his pale, silent lips, and they bore my BERTIE to his long home. 'I am the resurrection and the life,' said the man of GOD at the open grave; 'he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' Ah, then it seemed as if 'the pearly gates' were opened, and I could distinguish *his* form amid the innumerable throng before the Throne, while his own sweet voice whispered in my ear—

'Weep not—though the last tie that binds us be riven,
I have loved thee on earth, love—I'll meet thee in heaven.'

They lowered his coffin, and every spade-full of earth that was thrown upon it, fell likewise upon my heart, and crushed it within me. 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' I could have laid me down there and died. His grave is in a lovely, secluded spot—one we used often to visit together. I have planted there the flowers he loved the best, and water them daily with my tears. It is so lonesome here now. How can I live without him? Yet not my will, but Thine be done."

In reply to my urgent request that she would leave the scene of trials, and spend the remainder of her life beneath my roof, she thus wrote:—"I cannot leave *him* alone; I cannot leave my BERTIE'S grave. It will not be long before I shall take my place by his side." It was not long. Before many months I was summoned to her bed side. She was gradually passing away, as beautiful as the decline of an autumnal sunset. A few days before her death, she requested me to sever a tress of her hair. I did so, and she laid beside it a waving lock of raven black. I well knew *whose* it was.

"Keep them for our sakes, MARY. Perhaps, in years to come, they will remind you of the loved and lost of other days."

I have them still, and oh, how dear to my heart! for a wealth of mournful and yet pleasing memories lie hidden in those locks of hair. Gently she breathed her last, and her pure spirit returned to him who gave it. In accordance with her request, they sleep side by side, and the loved of earth dwell together in Heaven.

A MOTHER'S MAGIC.

THE following touching and felicitous illustration of that power of a mother's influence, was given by Wendell Phillips recently, in a public speech in New York.

"I was told a story to-day, so touching, in reference to this, that you must let me tell it. It is a temperance case, but it will illustrate this just as well. It is the story of a mother on the green hills of Vermont, holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate one sunny morning, she said:

'Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink.' And said he—for he told me the story—I gave her the promise, and went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the north pole and the south—I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the garden gate, on the green hillside of Vermont, did not rise up before me; and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor. Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that was not half. For, said he, yesterday there came into my counting room a young man of forty, and asked me, 'Do you know me?' No. 'Well,' said he, 'I was brought drunk into your presence on ship-board; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there until I had slept off the intoxication; you then asked me if I had a mother; I said I never knew a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and am come to ask you to call and see me.' How far that little candle threw its beams! That mother's word on the green hillside of Vermont! Oh, God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word!"

TEARS AND BLUSHES.—The poet, Goethe, being once in the company of a mother who had occasion to reprove her young daughter, just budding into womanhood, when he saw the young girl blush and burst into tears, said:—'How beautiful your reproof has made your daughter. The crimson hue and those silver tears become her better than any ornament of gold or pearls. These may be hung on the neck of a wanton; but those are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full blown rose, besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwells."

THERE is perhaps no pang so acute, no sentiment so humiliating to the heart of woman as the consciousness of awakening distrust, when she most deserved to have inspired confidence.

SPARE MOMENTS are like the gold dust of time. Of all portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful, in good or evil.

Choice Miscellany.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

BY MRS. BALMANNO.

SCOTTISH AIR: *A Man's a Man for a' that*

THOUGH Man Creation's lord we call,
King—President—and a' that—
By Woman's Rights his power shall fall,
His pride of place and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Fair woman's right and a' that,
The sex, though weak, can sharply speak,
A tongue's a tongue for a' that.

Men long have wantoned at their will,
In Congress—camp—and a' that;
But when their place brave women fill,
A cure will come for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
King Solomon foresaw that,
And in his book, whoe'er will look,
Will find a note o' a' that.

Men have too long usurped the sway,
Ta'en lion's share, and a' that;
There's not a goose in Syracuse
But tells the ganders a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
"Strong mental light," and a' that
Shall pilot woman on her way
To wondrous "spheres," and a' that.

O, what a world will open, when
Fair ladies vote, and a' that;
And female generals lead their men
Through showers of shot, and a' that.
Their minds on high, when bullets fly,
No thoughts of home and a' that,
Where husband mild, rocks screaming child,
Sweeps up the hearth, and a' that.

Or when, in hospitals, they clip
Nerves, sinews, veins, and a' that,
Invade the pulpit, guide the ship,
Preach doctrine, law—and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
"*High destiny*," and a' that,
In which poor man, since time began,
Has toil'd and moil'd, and a' that.

O, could they change, for one short year,
An' take *a spell*, at a' that,
No more of "lofty types" we'd hear,
Of "*World's applause*," and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Fond sighs for home, and a' that,
Where ne'er again should raise the strain,
Of Women's Rights, and a' that.

The Bloomer guise in exile laid,
The pants—the kilt, and a' that,
To be in after years surveyed
As moon-struck mad, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
The monster hat, and a' that,
Might still deserve a case to serve,
In mosque—or farce—and a' that.

But Women's Rights, and Rapping Sprites,
Fox—Davis—Fish—and a' that,
E'en washing darkies into whites,
Has had its day, and a' that.
The cry is still for something new,
More wild and strange than a' that;
And soon—be sure—'twill meet the view;
New York's the place for a' that.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY FIRST VISIT TO NEW YORK.

BY AN AUTHOR FROM THE "RURAL DISTRICTS."

MR. EDITOR:—*Dear Sir:* If your RURAL had not so extensive a circulation, and was not read by everybody, I should feel less hesitancy in telling you that about a week ago I made my first visit to the great American Metropolis. This confession will undoubtedly bring a smile to the faces of those who look upon a trip to New York as an every-day affair. But I don't care; let them laugh. I had been almost everywhere but New York, and now I've been there, and feel very much as though I had *traveled*, particularly when I look at my soiled garments and think of the heavy *wash-bill* I shall have to pay! But to the visit.

It was a bright, sunshiny morning when I first found myself amid the noise, bustle and dust of 500,000 people, one half of whom seemed to be going down town, while the rest were going up!—The night previous I had spent at the Tontine in New Haven, where the stillness was absolutely painful, and where at the supper table there were present but six individuals besides ourselves. Of course the change was great, and you will readily believe that I looked in the nearest mirror to assure myself that my head was in its accustomed place upon my shoulders! Then, too, the frequent notice, "Beware of Pickpockets," frightened me, and though there was in my purse nothing but a *copper* and a *key*, I resolutely kept my hand upon it, and *quarreled*—or that is, *chided* my spouse for not doing the same with his. Like every other man, he pished and pshawed,—"reckoned he knew enough to take care of himself,—'twan't *his* first visit to New York, if it was mine, and even if he lost his purse, 'twasn't any great matter, for it contained bills on the *Niagara River Bank!*"

This turned my thoughts into another channel, and between wondering what we should do and if every fourth person were not a rogue and every third a police officer, we proceeded to the *Everett House*, where a pleasant suite of rooms had been engaged for us by our friend Mr. M———, to whom we are greatly indebted for his attention to us during our stay in the city. Once in my own apartment, with the door locked, I began to breathe free again, when suddenly I remembered that my *trunk* had not come! Of course 'twas lost,—and with it my best clothes, to say nothing of a new silk bought in Hartford! To present myself before my publishers in my present plight was impossible. First impressions were everything, and I felt sure they would never want another book, or at all events would never ask for my *picture* as a frontispiece, (which latter opinion remains unchanged,) but just as I was getting very much excited, the baggage came, safe and sound, not an article missing, though my *meeting bonnet* was dreadfully jammed, owing to the rough way with which the trunk had been handled. Why can't they be more careful, those baggage men? My trunk when I left home was *new*, and now—all battered and bruised—it looks like a relic of the past. But it could not be helped, and, pretending not to hear a remark from my other half touching the folly of "carrying so many duds," while at the same time he contrasted the size of my big trunk with the small valise containing his entire wardrobe, I proceeded to make my toilet, greatly lamenting the thick coat of *sunburn* which I had got among the New England hills and on the Chicopee river; but remove it I couldn't, and when Messrs. ——— and ——— think of me, it is, I dare say, as a *brownish*, red-faced woman.

But I fear I shall never reach them unless I hurry,—so, to proceed. Everything, that is, *myself*, being ready, I stepped into a car, and though I very much wanted to look about, I would not, for fear the passengers would suspect me of *greenness;* so bolt upright I sat, looking at nothing, and wearing upon my face an air which said, "If you think this the first time I was ever *on Broadway*, you are mistaken. I've been here often, and seen it much more crowded than 'tis to-day!"

Alas, 'twas nothing in the world but *Fourth Avenue* where we were riding, and I had yet to see Broadway. We reached it at last, however, and then, goodness me, what a racket! A thousand Niagaras were nothing compared to that moving uproar. I began to feel *foggy* and look *cross eyed*, and had any one chosen, they could easily have purloined the *copper* and the *key* without my knowledge!

No. 25, *Park Row*, was soon found, the stairs ascended, the door opened, and I stood within the book store of Messrs. MILLER, ORTON & Co., well known to the literary world as one of the most successful publishing houses in New York. With a mental groan, as I thought of the *sunburn* and sundry criticisms which might affect the opinion of the firm, I walked up to the office, where in a trice my fears left me, so courteous and friendly was my reception. I felt as if I had known them always, nor was my first impression at all changed by a more intimate acquaintance, for the longer I knew them the more highly I esteemed them—and now my only wonder is, why everybody does not have their books published there!

With D. APPLETON & Co. I was also pleased, though at first I was so unfortunate as to stumble upon the "*Railway Guide*" member, who "didn't attend to that branch of the business,—'twas his brother!" Remembering a sister writer who once made a similar mistake, I took courage, and at my second effort was more successful, finding the one whose business it is to attend to story-writing women. I saw there some elegantly bound volumes for the coming holidays, and a stranger spending a few days in New York will, I think, be amply repaid for visiting APPLETON'S mammoth book store. All over the printing establishment we went, from *cellar to garret*, as we say in the country, seeing where books were made and how, and though it was very interesting, I came away feeling that I would a little rather *write* books than *make* them.

The first call on the Publishers being over, I was ready for sight-seeing, and never, I am sure, was one pair of eyes called into more frequent use than mine. The Crystal Palace was to me a perfect delight. I could stay there for days and never tire, but my time was limited, so, with a hasty glance at its most prominent curiosities, I bade it adieu until a more convenient season. With "BARNUM'S Museum" I was disappointed—for, except that it is larger and contains more objects of interest, it did not differ from other Museums, and my ideas of it were very large. Had its founder, however, been there "on show," I should have been satisfied! It was amusing to see how the visitors gathered around the life-sized image of the notorious Mrs. CUNNINGHAM, which stands there—black bonnet, veil and all. I shuddered involuntarily as I looked upon her, and thought of her many crimes, and still there is nothing particularly disagreeable in the expression of her face. On the contrary, she is rather a fine-looking woman.

With the rest of the world I went to WALLACK'S and heard the inimitable Miss HERON in the character of "Camille." Of course I was delighted. 'Twould be unfashionable not to be, but really I was very much pleased,—her acting was so natural, so much like a heartless coquette in the first part of the play, while towards the last it assumed the character of a wretched, repentant woman. I wish she didn't *die*—seems as though they might fix it differently. When I write plays for the stage I shall have the heroine *almost* die, but *not quite*. That suits me better.

But the clock says ten minutes of three, and my head that I've written enough; so I must wait till next time before telling the rest. M. J. H.

Brockport, N. Y., Sept., 1857.

THE TONGUE.

THE tongue may be likened to an organ, which, though but one instrument, has within it an array of different pipes and stops, and discourses in innumerable combinations. If one man sits before it, not skilled, to control its powers, he shall make it but a monstrous jargon. But when one comes who knows its ways, and has control of its powers, then it becomes a mountain of melody, and one might well think he heard the city of God in the hour of its singing. The tongue is the key-board of the soul. But it makes a world of difference who sits to play upon it. "*Therewith bless we God, and therewith curse we men.*"

A heart that is full of goodness, that loves and pities, that yearns to invest the richest of its mercy in the souls of those that need it—how sweet a tongue hath such a heart! A flute sounded in a wood in the stillness of evening, and rising up among leaves that are not stirred by the moonlight above, or by those murmuring sounds beneath; a clock, that sighs at half hours, and at the full hours beats its silver bell so gently that we know not whence the sound comes, unless it falls through the air from heaven, with sounds as sweet as dew-drops make, in falling upon flowers; a bird whom perfumes have intoxicated, sleeping in a blossomed tree, that speaks in its sleep, with a note so soft that sound and sleep strive together, and neither conquers, but the sound rocks itself upon the bosom of sleep each charming the other; a brook that brings down the greeting of the mountains of the meadows, and sings a serenade all the way to the faces that watch themselves in its brightness. These, and a hundred like figures, the imagination brings to liken thereunto the charms of a tongue which love plays upon.—*Rev. H. W. Beecher.*

WOMAN.—The morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of old age.

A REMARKABLE BROOCH.

THERE was lately seen, at a jeweler's in the Rue de la Paix, a fantastical object that provoked inquiry. It was a small brooch, of oblong shape, set with brilliants of considerable value. Within it, upon an enameled ground, and protected by a glass, was enclosed—what think you? A miniature likeness? No! A lock of hair? No!—What then? Why, something much more piquant: four pins, four old brass pins, crooked and rusty!

Such a curiosity demands an explanation. We have taken especial pains to get at the truth, and this is what we have ascertained.

There are at this moment, in Paris, a count and a countess. Their country ——, but we cannot name it, and you will perceive the reason. The count formerly devoted himself to politics, infinitely more than suited the excessively absolute sovereign of this undesignated country. It was for this dangerous zeal that the count was, one night, seized in his bed by four agents of the police, and thrust into a cell on four wheels, drawn by post horses, which carried him —— Heaven, he and I know where!

The unfortunate nobleman was plunged into a dungeon, blacker than the soul of his persecutor. Days, weeks, months passed away—and not a sign of examination. The prisoner, thus snatched from the exercise of his dearest affections, from his friendships, from his interests, buried in silence and obscurity, soon began to feel his body waste away, and his mind wandering. He became apprehensive—apprehensive of himself more than of his prince! but, being still sufficiently clear-sighted to foresee the incalculable danger of this solitude and of this gloomy stagnation, he determined at all hazards to defend himself against the double torture; and this is the plan that he hit upon.

Searched from head to foot by the ruffians who had thrown him there, it chanced that in his dress had remained four pins which escaped the overhauling. They suggested to him a mode of conjuring the terrible void or the dangerous arrest of his thinking powers, in this solitude, this darkness, this silence. You would scarcely guess what benefit a poor prisoner of State could derive from four pins. Well, you shall see. He threw them from him hap-hazard in his dungeon; and, once scattered, set himself to work to find them!—When found, he threw them from him again, and so on, and on! He often consumed two or three days, sitting, kneeling or stretched on the ground, before he succeeded in picking them all up!

This sport, this healthful torture, lasted—one scarcely dares to say it—lasted for six years! A grand political event then abruptly restored his liberty to the prisoner. But the count would not quit his cell without carrying with him these instruments that had saved his reason. And when he re-entered the bosom of his family; when he found himself in the midst of his children—left at so tender an age, that he recognized them only through the eyes of his heart—he related his touching story, and showed to them, all weeping with joy and sympathy, the four pins to which he was indebted for his reason—perhaps for his life! His wife, so long widowed—not by death, but by politics—took possession of them more eagerly than Pope Urban IV. laid hands upon the four nails of the veritable Cross.

It is then these wonderful pins, these atoms of brass, lost so often, and so often re-found during six mortal years of desolate imprisonment, that the countess has had set in ten thousand francs' worth of diamonds, that she may bear about with her, in pious regard, so strange and affecting a memorial. Is not this anecdote a touching one, and worth preservation?—*Paris Paper.*

CHOICE GLEANINGS.

THE sun and moon are red and white roses of the field of heaven.

IT is folly to attempt any wicked beginning in hope of a good ending.

A PUBLIC fault ought not to suffer a secret punishment.

WOMEN are to be measured, not by their beauties, but by their virtues.

PRAYER is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of Omnipotence.

NOTHING elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit familiar, yet superior to our own.

SHALL our gracious God watch over us through the heat and burden of the day, and shall we devour the food which he provides for us at night, with hands we have never raised in prayer, and lips which have never praised him?

THE art of conversation consists in the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and sympathize—you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating and listening. The union is rare but irresistible.

JEREMY TAYLOR says:—"Cheerfulness and a festival spirit fills the soul full of harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it makes and publishes glorification of God, it produces thankfulness, and serves the end of charity."

No woman can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is, in reality, coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous and polite treatment of all persons, is one mark of a true woman.

THERE is a world where no storms intrude—a haven of safety against the tempests of life—a little world of joy and love, of innocence and tranquillity. Suspicions are not there, nor the venom of slander. When a man entereth it, he forgets his sorrows and cares, and disappointments; he openeth his heart to confidence, and pleasures not mingled with remorse. This world is the home of a virtuous and amiable mother.

INTEMPERANCE is a habit that is almost certain to result in failure. Even the moderate use of alcoholic stimulants to the man whose business requires a clear intellect and constant prudence, is attended with danger. It clouds the perception, and creates a feeling of boldness and recklessness that may, in a moment, thwart the best laid plan of years. The business man who indulges at all in artificial stimulants, can never be sure of himself.

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BLACKBOARDS.

In our Common Schools I have observed very generally that however much the desks may be whittled, windows broken, chairs battered, &c., the blackboards are in a remarkable state of preservation. There they stand against the wall, as black and perfect as if painted but a week ago. Altogether they have a meaningless, forsaken look, which I can attribute to nothing save their *non-use*. They *ought* to be used more. For my own part I never feel that my pupils are accomplishing anything unless one of them is at the board. If you have a mischievous boy in school, put a piece of chalk in his hand and send him to the blackboard. Let your abecdarians go there too, they will delight to make the letters you are teaching them. Let your Geography classes draw their maps on the blackboard, and your spelling classes write their lessons there. Above all, never allow an Arithmetic or Algebra class to leave the recitation seat, until one of their number has written out on the board the solution to some problem, and explained it. It would be well if each one could do this every day, but with a large class and a small board it is not always possible.

And here allow me to speak of one thing, which though generally out of date, in city and village schools, is still considerably practiced in the country—I refer to the method of teaching Arithmetic or rather, of *not teaching* it; i. e., allowing each student to study it only at such times as he pleases; never requiring him to recite a lesson in it; frequently "working out" an example for him at his seat; not questioning him at all in regard to the principles and fundamental rules. Only use your recitation seats and blackboards, and you will avoid all this.

I urge, particularly on young teachers, those about commencing their first terms, the necessity of this. Think of it before you open your winter schools, it is a great thing to begin right. One who has never taught or been interested in Common Schools may not see the importance of it, but I am sure all "old teachers" will. E. E.

Stouts Grove, Ill., 1857.

THE INTELLECT.

It is a great thing to possess intellect; a noble work to strengthen it by study; to soften it by piety; to elevate it by a right and holy exercise of its wondrous powers. Intellect is not education; therefore, the learned are often foolish. It is not religion; thus ingenious treatises are written to prove that there is no God; but this simple blade of grass in our grasp, with its million spears, observable only by microscopic aid, refutes every word, every specious argument that the most intellectual skeptic ever wrote or uttered.

And yet, intellect is so great a glory that the world bows before its sovereignty, and crowns it as the earthly good. The world dreads its arrogance, and sorrows when the lofty soul bends to servile tasks to flatter the great or the powerful; does it loathe it, as it should, when the great prince of mind kneels in vain homage at the feet of its own greatness?

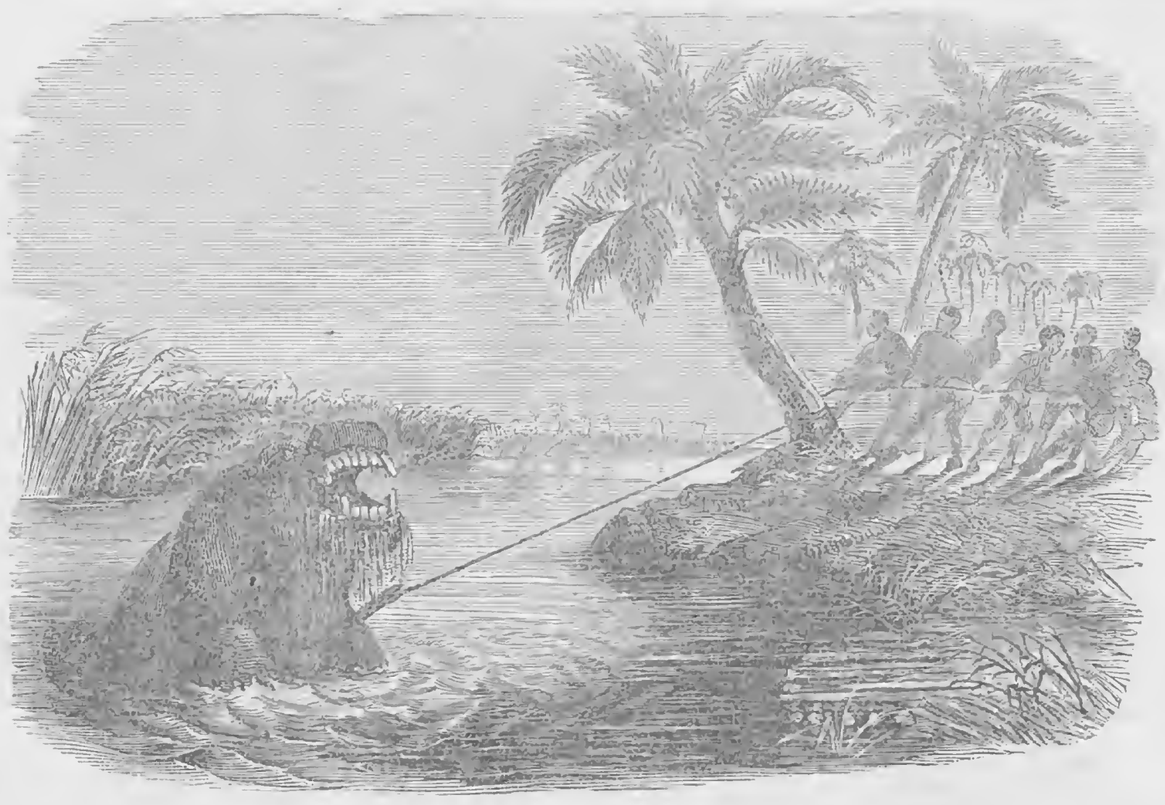
How greatly is the intellect to be reverenced when its possessor, having means to acquire riches and honors by its glowing eloquence, skillful bandinage, and withering sarcasm, continues humble, and walks in poverty, because his noble soul will give utterance only to his own honest convictions; because it will, like the king-bird, to the sun soar straight onward, even in the face of burning opposition.

How little is it to be respected—nay, how is it to be dreaded! when, in the bitterness of its own strong bigotry, in the daring of its self-landed supremacy, it denounces all things that do not come up to the highest notch of its own excellence, or lends its lofty powers to the portraiture of loathsome characters and corrupting vices, so that the earth is defiled; but oh! how should it be loved when it stoops from its throne to minister to the oppressed, and lead the erring back to virtue; to plead the cause of the widow and the fatherless—to give joy to the broken-hearted; striving to burst the bonds of some mighty wrong that rules with despotic power an empire world-wide; and giving to the right strength and dominion.—*N. Y. Organ.*

Pleasure of Reading.—Of all the amusements that can possibly be imagined for a working man, after daily toil, or in the intervals, there is nothing like reading a newspaper or a book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which already he has had enough, perhaps too much. It relieves his home of dullness and sadness. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and gives him something to think of besides the mechanical drudgery of his every day occupation; something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with much pleasure. If I were to pray for a taste which would stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against all its ills, however things may go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—*Sir John Herschell.*

The Teacher's High Vocation.—If that man deserves well of his country, who, according to an ingenious statesman's observation, makes three spires of grass grow where only two grew before, what praise does he merit who multiplies intelligence, who expands the slumbering faculties of the human soul, who calls forth into exercise powers capable of increasing the public stock of wealth, of virtue and happiness, and of exalting the possessor to his proper station of usefulness and importance? If that potter who has moulded the unresisting clay to forms of beauty and elegance has deserved our patronage, what glory shall be his who, faithful and diligent in his functions, has shaped the minds of men, and all to virtue?—*Dr. Henry Hunter.*

Knowledge cannot be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome, and like deep digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS—MANNER OF CAPTURE.

The following description of the appearance and habits of the Hippopotamus, together with the mode of capturing this monster, is taken from Charles John Anderson's Explorations and Discoveries during a residence of several years in the wilds of Southwestern Africa:

The Hippopotamus is generally distributed in the large rivers and lakes of Africa, from the confines of the Cape Colony to about the 22d or 23d degree of north latitude. It is found in none of the African rivers that fall into the Mediterranean, except the Nile, and in that part of it only which runs through Upper Egypt, or in the fens and lakes of Ethiopia. It is, however, receding fast before civilization. It inhabits both fresh and salt water. Formerly, there is every reason to believe, it existed in parts of Asia; but the species is now extinct on that continent.

There are said to be two species of hippopotami in Africa, namely, the *hippopotamus amphibius*, and the *hippopotamus Liberiensis*—the latter being described as very much the smaller of the two; but, to the best of my belief, I never fell in with it.—The hippopotamus is a most singular looking animal, and has not been inaptly likened to a "form intermediate between an overgrown hog and a high-fed bull without horns and with cropped ears." It has an immensely large head. Ray says the upper mandible is movable, as with the crocodile. Each of its jaws are armed with two formidable tusks; those in the lower, which are always the largest, attain, at times, two feet in length.—The inside of the mouth has been described by a recent writer as resembling "a mass of butcher's meat." The eyes—which Captain Harris likens "to the garret windows of a Dutch cottage"—the nostrils and ears, are all placed nearly on the same plane, which allows the use of three senses, and of respiration, with a very small portion of the animal being exposed when it rises to the surface of the water. The size of its body is not much inferior to that of the elephant; but its legs are much shorter—so low, indeed, is the animal at times in the body, that the belly almost touches the ground. The hoofs are divided into four parts, unconnected by membranes. The skin, which is nearly an inch in thickness, is destitute of covering, excepting a few scattered hairs on the muzzle, edges of the ears and tail. The color of the animal, when on land, is of a purple brown; but when seen at the bottom of a pool, it appears altogether different—viz., of a dark blue, or, as Dr. Burchell describes it, of a light hue of Indian ink.

Hippopotami are not found in all parts of the river, but only in certain localities. On approaching their favorite haunts, the natives keep a sharp look-out for the animals, whose presence is often known by their snorts and grunts, while splashing and blowing in the water, or (should there be no interruption to the view) by the ripple on the surface, long before they are actually seen.

As soon as the position of the hippopotami is ascertained, one or more of the most skillful and intrepid of the hunters stand prepared with the harpoons, while the rest make ready to launch the canoes, should the attack prove unsuccessful. The bustle and noise caused by these preparations gradually subside. Conversation is carried on in a whisper, and every one is on the *qui-vive*. The snorting and plunging become every moment more distinct; but a bend in the stream still hides the animals from view. The angle being passed, several dark objects are seen floating listlessly on the water, looking more like the crests of sunken rocks than living creatures. Ever and anon, one or other of the shapeless masses is submerged, but soon again makes its appearance on the surface. On, on, glides the raft with its sable crew, who are now worked up to the highest state of excitement. At last, the raft is in the midst of the herd, who appear quite unconscious of danger.—Presently one of the animals is in immediate contact with the raft. Now is the critical moment. The foremost harpooner raises himself to his full height to give the greater force to the blow, and the next instant the fatal iron descends with unerring accuracy in the body of the hippopotamus.

As soon as the hippopotamus is struck, one or more of the men launch a canoe from off the raft, and hasten to the shore with the harpoon line, and take a "round turn" with it about a tree, or bunch of reeds, so that the animal may either be "brought up" at once, or, should there be too great a strain on the line, "played" (to liken small things to great) in the same manner as the salmon by the fishermen. But if time should not admit of the line being passed round a tree, or the like, both line and "buoy" are thrown into the water, and the animal goes wheresoever he chooses.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

Take earnestly hold of life, as capacitated for, and destined to a high and noble purpose and end. Study closely the mind's bent for labor or a profession. Adopt some pursuit early, follow it steadily, never looking backward to the turned furrow, but always forward to the new ground that ever remains to be broken. Means and ways are abundant to every man's success, if will and action are rightly adapted to them. Our rich men and our great men, have carved their paths to fortune and fame by this rule—a rule that cannot fail to reward its votary if it be resolutely pursued. To sigh or repine over a lack of inheritance is unmanly.

Every man should strive to be a creator rather than an inheritor. He should bequeath rather than borrow. The human race, in this respect, wants dignity and discipline. It prefers wielding the sword of valorous forefathers to forging its weapons. This is a mean and ignoble spirit. Let every man be conscious of the God in him, and the Providence over him, and fight his own battle with his good lance. Let him feel that it is nobler to eat a crust than to inherit coffers. This spirit of nobility, once learned, and every man will discover within himself, under God, the elements and capacities of wealth. He will be rich—inestimably rich in self-resources, and can lift his face proudly to meet the noblest among men. The poet well says:

"I scorn the man who boasts his birth,
And counts his titles and his lands;
Who takes his name and heritage
From out a dying father's hands."

New York State Normal School.—The 27th term commenced September 21st. A larger number, than usual, of new pupils, were in attendance, and the examination of the candidates shows a better grade of qualification than heretofore.—Very many of the pupils are prepared to enter the sub-senior class. The examinations have been conducted with much thoroughness; a few applicants have been rejected. We trust the time is not distant when the demands of the schools for better teachers will be answered, by the establishment of other normal schools, in different parts of the State.

Recesses.—It is a great mistake to confine children to one position or one employment any length of time. In more advanced schools, where there are various departments taught in separate rooms, a change of classes from one room to another at the end of every hour, gives, to some extent, the physical relief that is needed. But in schools where all the pupils are congregated together, and all the instruction is given in one room, a short recess of say ten minutes at the end of every hour is as essential to the intellectual progress of the children, as it is to their physical well being.

As dreams are the fancies of those that sleep—so fancies are but the dreams of men awake.

KEEPING SWANS.

In a late issue of your paper you have a communication from J. M. Bates, asking for information as to the manner of keeping swans. I have written direct to Mr. Bates, informing him that in "Dixon & Kerr's Ornamental Poultry, Philadelphia," he will find all the information he requires, as to feeding, &c., &c. Though the swan *might* live out of doors, during severe snow storms, it is not well to allow it, since they cannot easily defend themselves against weasels, polecats, &c., on the land, while on the water they would prove a match for a dog or almost any other intruder. You say "it would be best, however, to keep them confined until, by kind treatment, feeding, &c., they become *as much domesticated as possible.*"

I should judge, (except from your saying to the contrary,) that you had kept swans, from the caution you give your correspondent. Persons talk about "tame swans," "tame wild geese,"—as well might they call all animals and birds contained in cages, belonging to a menagerie, tame, as either a swan or wild goose. Just allow the swan, or the wild goose a free use of wings and their stay with you would be very short.

My swan and wild geese feed from my hands, and allow me to stroke them down the neck and back, yet, if they were not all pinioned, they would soar off and might not return; at least there would be danger of their getting shot. My youngest wild geese, (a year old last July,) showed as much anxiety to join the flocks passing over, as did the older ones. And these were bred from stock which Col. Jaques brought from Canada in 1820. What generation the youngest are, in removal, from the old pair, would be hard to tell. You might breed them for any length of time, and the same disposition is inherent in them. "Dixon" says, "Tame swans,' 'Domestic swans;' never were epithets more inappropriate, unless we agree to say tame hyena, tame wolf, tame rat, domestic swallow. They will come to their keeper's call, take food from his hands; they will keep at home, when completely prevented from ranging out of bounds abroad; so far they are tamed and domesticated, but no farther and never will be."

My swans were procured from those you saw at Mr. Colt's, he having sent them to me when cygnets of about three months,—they were pinioned after receiving them. They were four years old in July, and bred this summer for the first time.—From indications, I expected to have got a brood last year, but did not. E. Wight.

Dedham, Mass., 1857.

The smallest pleasure derives from rarity a relish otherwise unknown. Enjoyment is only what we feel to be such, and the luxurious man feels no longer; satiety has lost him his appetite, while privation preserves to the other that first of earthly blessings—*the being easily made happy.* Oh! that I could persuade every one of this! that so the rich might not abuse their riches, and that the poor might have patience. If happiness is the rarest of blessings, it is because the reception of it is the rarest of virtues.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-two letters.
My 18, 11, is an interjection.
My 20, 3, 7 is a personal pronoun.
My 19, 5 is a preposition.
My 2, 6, 10 is a conjunction.
My 8, 14, 13 is an adjective.
My 1, 15 is a preposition.
My 16, 18 is a verb.
My 9, 19 is a preposition.
My 4, 18, 6 is a personal pronoun.
My 17, 12, 15 is a noun.
My 10, 22, 21, 12 is a noun.
My whole is what we should all do.

Elba, Genesee Co., N. Y., 1857. Jennie.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 4, 3, 9, 11 is an adverb.
My 10, 6, 3, 2, 8 is a blacksmith's tool.
My 3, 10, 2, 8 is used by the ladies.
My 7, 9, 3, 2, 8 comes in many shapes.
My 9, 3, 2, 1 follows the above.
My 7, 5, 3, 2, 7 is a person's name.
My 3, 9, 5, 8 is a kind of meat.
My 8, 2, 3, 9 is what we now do.
My 1, 4, 5, 11, 6 is what we should do.
My whole is a common saying.

Onondaga, N. Y., 1857. Yemand.

☞ Answer next week.

Answers to Enigmas, &c., in No. 405.

Answer to Biographical Enigma: It is the last of earth, I am content.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma: Old men for counsel, young men for war.

How to be Happy.—We are in a very beautiful world; there is beauty everywhere, and we can find much happiness on this earth when we grow wise enough to know in what pure happiness consists. Even small boys or girls can make themselves very happy by endeaving to render others comfortable and happy.

Are there any of your acquaintances sick, or lame, or unhappy, take a book, a boquet of flowers, a basket of fruit, or whatever may come to hand, go to them, speak kindly, read them a pleasant story, cause them to forget their discomfort, and you will in so doing, without being aware of it, very much augment your own enjoyment, while you at least cause them to forget their unhappiness.

Respect for Woman.—Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul, as the respect and reverential love of woman kind. A man who is always sneering at a woman, is generally a coarse profligate, or a coarse bigot.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RELIGION'S LIGHT.

BY W. F. AYDELOTT.

The stream of Time, that on its bosom bears,
The ever-dawning, ever-dying years,
Is bearing, with its silent, ceaseless waves,
Earth's millions on to everlasting graves;
The sons of clay, the myriads of mankind,
The heirs of glory, and of God-like mind,
Are but the creatures of a fleeting day;
Beings but born to die, and pass away,
Frail flowers, whose life and beauty soon are fled,
That bloom to deck the "Mansions of the Dead."

But, burning ever o'er this awful flood,
A sun is seen by all the wise and good,
A sun unclouded, and whose glorious ray
Scatters the dread of ghastly death away;
And shining o'er creation's realms abroad,
Illumes the path that leads the soul to God.

Linden, Ind., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINES.

The world, how full of beauty! can it be
There's naught but sin and care here find a home?—
Bright skies reflected on as fair a sea,
And groves and woodlands filled with melody,
That 'twould have charmed e'en Orpheus to hear,
Send all their grace to gild a mortal tomb,
Where joy and happiness unheeded come?
Which light illumes not, music cannot cheer?
Ah! "Nature's kindly voices"—oft unknown,
With gentle power, have dried the falling tear,
And soothed the heart—the siren Pleasure flown—
With the sweet songs that flow, so pure and free,
Like grateful incense to the Deity;
Bearing the soul, on wings of Faith, alone,
To dwell in peace before the Eternal Throne,
From whose bright presence doubt and sorrow flee—
Where gladness finds an everlasting home.

Roselia.

OUR WORLD.

Stand, O, Man! upon the hill-top—in the stillness of the evening hour—and gaze, not with joyous, but with contented eyes, upon the beautiful world around! See, where the mists, soft and dim, rise over the green meadows, through which the rivulet steals its way. See where, broadest and stillest, the wave expands to the full smile of the setting sun—and the willow that trembles in the breeze—and the oak that stands firm in the storm, are reflected, peaceful both, from the clear glass of the tides! See where, begirt by the gold of the harvest, and backed by the pomp of a thousand groves—the roofs of the town, bask, noiselessly, in the calm glow of the sky. Not a sound from those abodes floats in discord to thine ear,—only from the church-tower, soaring high above the rest, perhaps, faintly heard through the stillness, swells the note of the holy bell. Along the mead, low skims the swallow—on the wave, the silver circlet, breaking into spray shows the sport of the fire. See the earth, how serene, though all eloquent of activity and life! See the Heavens, how benign, though dark clouds by yon mountain blend the purple with the gold! Gaze contented, for Good is around thee—not joyous, for Evil is the shadow of Good! Let thy soul pierce through the veil of the senses, and thy sight plunges deeper than the surface which gives delight to thine eye. Below the glass of that river the pike darks on his prey; the circle in the wave, the soft splash among the reeds, are but signs of destroyer and victim.

In the ivy round the oak by the margin, the owl hungers for the night, which shall give its beak and its talons living food for its young; and the spray of the willow trembles with the wing of the red-breast, whose bright eyes sees the worm on the sod. Canst thou count, too, O, Man! all the cares—all the sins—that those noiseless roof-tops conceal? With every curl of that smoke to the sky, a human thought soars nearly as dark, and a human hope melts as briefly. And the bell of the church-tower, that to thy ear gives but music, perhaps knells for the dead. The swallow but chases the moth, and the cloud that deepens the glory of the heaven, and the sweet shadow on the earth, nurses but the thunder that shall rend the grove, and the storm that shall devastate the harvests.—Not with fear—not with doubt, recognize, O, mortal, the presence of Evil in the world. Hush thy heart in the humbleness of awe, that its mirror may reflect as serenely the shadow of the light.

Vainly, for its moral, dost thou gaze on the landscape, if thy soul puts no check on the dull delight of the senses. Two wings only raise thee to the summit of Truth—where the cherub shall comfort thy sorrow—where the Seraph shall enlighten thy joy. Dark as ebon spreads the one wing,—white as snow gleams the other—mournful as thy *reason* when it descends into the deep—exulting as thy *faith* when it springs to the day-star.

DIVINE AND HUMAN CO-OPERATION.

Man, says Hugh Miller, is a fellow worker with the Creator. He is a mighty improver of creation. We recognize that as improvement which adapts nature more thoroughly to man's own necessities and wants, and renders it more pleasing both to his sense of the æsthetic and to his more material senses also. He adds to the beauty of the flowers which he takes under his charge, to the delicacy and fertility of the fruits; the seed of the wild grasses becomes corn beneath his care; the green herbs grow great of root or bulb, or bulky and succulent of top and leaf; the wild produce of nature sports under his hand; the rose and lily broaden their disks and multiply their petals; the harsh crab swells out into a delicious, golden-rinded apple, streaked with crimson; the productions of his kitchen garden, strangely metamorphosed to serve the uses of his table, bear forms unknown to nature; an occult law of change and development inherent to these organisms, meets in him with the developing instinct and ability, and they are regenerated under his surveillance.

The highest perfection of human reason is to know that there is an infinity of truth beyond its reach.

Afflictions, when accompanied with grace, alter their nature, as wormwood eaten with bread, will loose its bitterness.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

AN EXTRA PREMIUM!

To Every Person forwarding pay ($5,) for TWENTY *Trial Subscribers for this Quarter (Oct. to Jan.,) of the* RURAL NEW-YORKER, *we will send by return mail, postpaid, a Gross of the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN! This is a first rate, warranted Steel Pen, such as we use. The cash price is $1,50 per gross, and we shall pay 18 cts. postage. We make this extra-liberal offer to introduce the* RURAL *more generally before the next volume begins,—for subscribers to which volume we shall soon offer some extraordinary Premiums.*

AGENTS and others are reminded that we will furnish the RURAL during the present quarter—Oct. to Jan.—*on trial* at half price, if four or more copies are ordered. We will send 4 copies for $1, 8 for $2, 12 for $3, &c., to any non-subscribers who wish to try the RURAL for three months. Agents and other friends who design forming clubs for next volume will please note this liberal offer, and give us their lists of *trial subscribers*—thus paving the way for large clubs in January.

☞ IN remitting payment for the RURAL, please be particular to send good money. In these crashing times among the Banks, all paper currency is dubious, and we prefer specie or postage stamps to bills on uncertain institutions. In sending bills, please be particular to select such as are good *when mailed*, and on New York City or State Banks if convenient. ☞ Postage Stamps are the *safest*, at present.

List of New Advertisements this week.

Great Bargains in Piano Fortes—Boardman, Gray & Co.
New Treatise on Land Surveying—E. C. & J. Biddle.
Dadd's Modern Horse Doctor—A. O. Moore.
Pear Stocks—Cowles & Warren.
Agents Wanted—A. O. Moore.
American Farmers' Encyclopedia—A. O. Moore.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 17, 1857.

Trial Trip—An Extra Premium.

OUR offer to send the RURAL for the present quarter—Oct. to Jan.—to non-subscribers at half price, *on trial*, is being responded to favorably from all parts of the country. During the past week a host of people have taken passage in the good ship RURAL for the trial trip—the last mail which we received bringing 252 names—and yet there is room on our books for more. Active and earnest friends of the paper are daily sending us lists of ten, twenty and thirty trial subscribers—thus in many instances introducing it into localities and families where it was before almost unknown. This is just what we want—to give those who do not *know* the RURAL an opportunity of trying it for three months, and then deciding as to its merits. Surely, thirteen numbers are worth many times the "quarter" they cost to any person who can read and think—and are we too sanguine in believing that almost every father, mother, son or daughter who reads the RURAL for three months, will be disposed to continue it at the regular rates of subscription?

Friends of the RURAL—you who know it to be a pure, useful, instructive and entertaining paper—will you not lend a little attention and influence in procuring passengers for its Trial Trip? You *can*, if you *will*, easily procure from four to twenty trial subscribers, and in doing so benefit your friends and acquaintances,—to say nothing of aiding us, and substituting, as you would in many instances, a good, safe and useful paper for the trashy and ephemeral sheets which weaken the minds and injure the morals of children and families. We are assured that many of the lists of twenty which have been sent us within a few days, were made up in an hour or two—and we are confident that others of our readers might be equally successful. For evidence that we do not ask gratuitous efforts, even in a good cause, please read the offer of an Extra Premium, at the head of this column, and then *try* for the TRIAL TRIP.

Financial Matters.

THE Albany *Journal* of the 9th inst., speaking of the withdrawal by various banks of their securities deposited with the Bank Department, says:—"It will contribute to the feeling of security which all intelligent holders of New York State Bank bills have, for us to state that Superintendent COOK'S judicious and firm administration of the Banking Department, constantly preserves a margin in favor of the bill-holders in the surrender of securities and the retirement of circulation. From the 1st day of October to the 10th inclusive, over $2,500,000 of currency have been returned to the Department and counted and burned. In exchange for this, $2,000,000 of securities were surrendered—thus leaving a margin of $500,000 in favor of the bill-holders. That is, the security for the redemption of the outstanding notes of the free banks of New York, is half a million dollars more this day than it was ten days ago."

The following comparative statement of the commerce for the first quarter of the fiscal year, commencing July 1st, with like periods last year, will prove valuable in the present exciting state of affairs:—Cash duties received, $12,000,000; same quarter last year, $14,000,000. Imports of merchandise goods, $71,000,000; same quarter last year, $64,000,000. Export of merchandise, $15,000,000; same quarter last year, $21,000,000. Export of specie $11,000,000; same quarter last year, $14,000. Import of merchandise from January 1st to October 1st, 1857—$182,000,000; same time last year, $172,000,000. Export of merchandise from January 1st to October 1st, $54,000,000; same time last year, $60,000,000. Export of specie from January 1st to October 1st, $33,000,000; same time last year, $26,000,000.

WE give below a list, (which we have endeavored to make as complete as possible,) of such banks as have suspended during the present pressure, and doubt not that those of our readers who are so unfortunate as to be compelled to receive any of our paper currency, will find it of value as a guide in the reception thereof. We also give the rates at which various notes are sold in New York city. Rhode Island bank notes are saleable at 8 per cent. discount; the Maryland at 10, and the Pennsylvania at 8@10. Ohio bank notes sell in New York at 8 per cent. discount; Virginia at 10; Kentucky at 8; Tennessee at 15; Missouri at 8; State Bank of Indiana, and the Bank of the State of Indiana at 8; all other (free) banks of Indiana at 10; Illinois and Wisconsin at 20; Michigan at 8; Canada at 6; New Jersey at 1 to par, with the exception of the Burlington, Cumberland, Farmers' and Mechanics' Banks, and Salem Banking Company which are 10; Connecticut 1; Vermont 1; New Hampshire 1, and Maine 1.

New York.—Fort Plain Bank; Ontario Bank, Utica; Reciprocity Bank, Buffalo; Sackett's Harbor Bank, Buffalo; State Bank, Sackett's Harbor; Niagara River Bank, Tonawanda; Huguenot Bank, New Paltz; Bank of Orleans, Albion; Yates County Bank, Penn Yan; Western Bank, Lockport; Medina Bank, Medina; Genesee River Bank, Mt. Morris; Bank of Watertown, Watertown; Bank of Central New York, Utica; Bank of Lima, Lima; Bank of Canandaigua, Canandaigua; Bank of Old Saratoga, Schuylerville; Addison Bank, Addison; Agricultural Bank, Herkimer; Chemung Co. Bank, Horseheads; Dairyman's Bank, Newport; Farmers' Bank of Saratoga County, Saratoga; Farmers' and Citizens' Bank, Williamsburgh; Hudson River Bank, Hudson; Hamilton Exchange Bank, Green; Island City Bank, N. Y. City; Leonardsville Bank, Leonardsville; Ontario County Bank, Phelps; Oneida Central Bank, Rome; Powell Bank, Newburgh; Union Bank; Kinderhook; Unadilla Bank, Unadilla; Worthington Bank, Cooperstown; Bowery Bank, New York City; Central Bank, Brooklyn; Pratt Bank, Buffalo; Grocers' Bank, New York city; East River Bank, New York.

New York City.—Just as we go to press we learn by telegraph that the following banks in New York city suspended this morning, Tuesday, Oct. 13th:—Merchants' Exchange, Citizens, Marine, Ocean, New York Exchange, North River, Irving, Chatham, Bull's Head, St. Nicholas and Market.

Connecticut.—Bank of Hartford County, Hartford; Wooster Bank, Danbury; Bank of North America, Seymour; Charter Oak Bank, Hartford; Bank of Hartford, Hartford; Bridgeport City Bank, Bridgeport; Colchester Bank, Colchester; Exchange Bank, Hartford; Connecticut Banking Co.; Hartford; Fairfield County Bank, Norwalk; Merchants Exchange Bank, Bridgeport; Mercantile Bank, Hartford; Pawcatuck Bank, Pawcatuck; Thompson Bank, Thompson; Woodbury Bank, Woodbury; Eastern Bank, Killingly.

Massachusetts.—Lee Bank, Lee; Western Bank, Springfield; Bass River Bank, Beverly; Grocers' Bank, Boston; Cochituate Bank, Boston; Manufacturers' Bank, Charleston; Holyoke Bank.

Maine.—Bank of Hallowell, Hallowell; Canton Bank, South China; Exchange Bank, Bangor; Hancock Bank, Ellsworth; Monsam River Bank, Sanford; Sanford Bank, Sanford; Maritime Bank, Bangor; Ellsworth Bank, Ellsworth; Shipbuilders' Bank, Rockland; Central Bank, Hallowell.

Rhode Island.—All the banks in this State have suspended specie payment. Rhode Island money is not received on deposit by our banks.

Vermont.—South Royalton Bank, South Royalton; Stark Bank, Bennington; Danby Bank, Danby.

New Hampshire.—Exeter Bank, Exeter; Weare Bank, Hampton Falls; Lancaster Bank, Lancaster.

New Jersey.—Bank of New Jersey, New Brunswick; Commercial Bank, Perth Amboy; Union Bank, Frenchtown. Some of the bills of this bank are received on deposite by New York. American Bank, Trenton; Bergen County Bank.

Pennsylvania.—The banks of this State are in hot water, and it is perfectly useless to specify cases of failure or suspension. A large number have occurred, and the best thing our readers distant from Pennsylvania can do, is to leave that currency alone at present.

Ohio.—Miami County Bank, Dayton; Dayton Bank, Dayton; Citizens' Bank, Cincinnati; Springfield Bank, Springfield.

Wisconsin.—People's Bank, Milwaukee; Fox River Bank, Green Bay; State Bank, Milwaukee; Rock River Bank, Beloit; Badger State Bank, Janesville; Farmers' Bank, Hudson.

Indiana.—Traders' Bank, Central Bank, Bank of the Capital, Exchange Bank, Tippecanoe Bank, all of Indianapolis; Salem Bank of Salem, Huntington County Bank.

Tennessee.—Agricultural Bank, Brownsville; Bank of West Tennessee, Memphis; Citizen's Bank, Memphis and Nashville; Bank of America; Bank of Paris, Paris; Ocoee Bank; Shelbyville Bank, Shelbyville.

Miscellaneous.—Bank of Galena, Belleville Bank, Ill.; Bank of Greensborough, Ga.; Northern Bank, Miss.; Farmers' Bank, Elizabeth City, N. C.; Bank of Kanawha, Va.; Bank of Bank of So. Carolina, Charleston; Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Detroit, Mich.; So. Western Railroad Bank, Ga.; Bank of South Carolina, S. C.

General Suspensions.—The Banks of the State of Rhode Island; the banks in the cities of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and all banks in Maryland.

THE RAILROAD SUSPENSIONS.—The suspension of the Erie Railroad Company was not unexpected. Mr. Moran, the President, calls upon the stock and bond-holders to come forward promptly and relieve the Company, so that their valuable property may not pass into other hands and be wasted away in litigation between the parties in interest. A moderate amount of cash will enable the Company to resume payment at once. A meeting of the stock and bond-holders is to be held on Wednesday evening.

The Illinois Central suspends because it is impossible, in the present state of the money market, to realize money to meet their obligations. But the suspension is believed to be but temporary.

The reasons for the suspension of the Michigan Central are not explained. Its agent is now in London, attempting to negotiate the new loan of two millions.

GRAIN GOING TO EUROPE.—There are now fifteen vessels loading at New York with grain for Europe, the entire amount computing to 383,000 bushels. All these vessels are bound for Liverpool.

Finances in Pennsylvania.

IN the RURAL of last week we stated that the Governor of Pennsylvania had issued a Proclamation calling an extra session of the Legislature for the purpose of relieving, if possible, the embarrassment then existing in that State. Both Houses met accordingly, and, after considerable discussion, appointed a Special Committee for the purpose of framing a law for the relief of banks and individuals. The following are the provisions contained in the report of the Committee:

It removes the penalties for suspension until next March; permits the banks to discount and pay out for their own notes at 60 days after March; provides that they must also pay their depositors, and not declare dividends above six per cent.; provides that the Pittsburgh and Philadelphia banks must publish weekly statements, like New York; provides that all banks must receive the notes of other banks solvent prior to the suspension; provides that upon the President of any bank making oath that another bank is unworthy of credit, Commissioners shall be appointed to examine the affairs of such bank, and if it refuses such examination, it is then to forfeit its charter unless it resumes before the first of March; provides that the State revenues be made payable in the notes of solvent banks during the suspension, and that the banks must redeem the notes thus received for tolls and taxes. The bill further provides that all the judgments shall have a stay of execution for six months longer than is now allowed, where the party has a freehold estate; provides that a stay of execution shall not be granted for wages and labor; requires the banks to certify their acceptance of this bill within 30 days, and to pay one-half of one per cent. for the privilege.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—A Commission of eminent English Engineers, with whom was associated Mr. Everett, Chief Engineer of the Niagara, after a thorough examination of the Atlantic telegraph cable, and all the appliances for submerging it, came to the unanimous conclusion that with the substitution of a patent self-adjusting (break by which it is impossible that the cable when paying out can be broken) for that previously used, and some modification in the paying out machinery there is no reason to doubt that the next attempt to lay the cable will be crowned with triumphant success.

THE CHOLERA IN GUATEMALA AND SALVADOR.—By the last advices from Salvador and Guatemala, the cholera was raging there with extreme virulence. According to the official accounts, 1,039 deaths from the disease had taken place in the city of Guatemala from the 8th of July to the 23d of August; and it is calculated that the deaths in the whole State cannot fall short of 40,000. Among the victims was our respected representative at Guatemala, Hon. W. E. Venable. In Salvador, it is believed, that upwards of 12,000 have been carried off by the disease.

FROM CALCUTTA.—A letter, received in Boston, from the firm of Foster, Rogers & Co., of Calcutta, dated Aug. 10th, two days after the regular India mail was made up, makes no mention of any news regarding Lucknow, except that Gen. Havelock had received some reinforcements, and was advancing towards that place. The besieged at Arrek had been saved at a cost of 300 lives. The Bengal steamer was expected in five days, and it was thought would bring troops from Malta.

SUFFERING AT FALL RIVER.—The Fall River, (Mass.) Star says:—"The pressure consequent upon the factory suspensions in our city are beginning to be felt among the poorer classes—whole families are suffering for *bread*—the fathers willing and eager for work, but nothing to do. We have heard tales of distress that would bring tears to the eyes of the most indifferent. These people must have *bread* or *starve*, and this is not a community to allow the latter."

A TRIAL FOR THE ODD CENT.—The Washington Star of the 8th inst. says that some days ago a produce dealer in Washington sold a customer a half-peck of potatoes for a shilling, and in taking his pay from a quarter dollar, returned twelve cents change. This the customer declined to receive, claiming thirteen cents as his due. A dispute ensued, which ended in the customer getting out a warrant for the odd cent, and, the case being tried, he recovered it.

APPREHENDED FAMINE IN INDIA.—Commercial letters from Bombay, dated August 14th, say that owing to the neglect of agriculture in India, in consequence of the unsettled state of affairs, serious fears are entertained that a scarcity of provisions will generally prevail. The Governor General was endeavoring to avert such an evil by directing the military, in all cases where practicable, to collect grain and provisions, and have them stored for future use.

A NOVEL IDEA.—Seventeen men are constantly employed at the Charlestown Navy Yard in shaving the bark from wood to be used as fuel on board ships-of-war fitted out at that station. The object of this singular custom, says the Journal, is to prevent the accumulation on board ship of dirt and insects which would naturally result from putting the wood on board with the bark on.

U. S. TREASURY.—According to the reports from Washington, the receipts of the Treasury continue to diminish. For the week ending September 21, they were but $948,000 from all sources, while the drafts paid amounted to $1,180,502. The financial year opened with a weekly revenue from customs of $3,000,000, which has dwindled to less than one-third before the end of the quarter.

THE WINE REVENUE OF FRANCE.—France, says the Moniteur Vinicole, contains 1,977,000 hectares of vineyards. Allowing for the present vintage an average of 40 barrels of wine per hectare, we have a total of 79,080,000 barrels, or about two barrels to each inhabitant. At 40 francs per barrel this wine would be worth 3,163,200,000 francs.

PENNSYLVANIA DEBT.—Gov. Pollock, of Pennsylvania, has issued a proclamation in which he announces that the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund report a reduction of the State debt for the last three years to the extent of $1,042,857 64.

Items of News.

THE Royal Mail Steamship Canada sailed from Boston on the 7th inst., with 37 passengers for Halifax, and 74 for Liverpool. She takes out $2,000,000 in specie.

THE Bank of British America and other Canadian banks have ordered specie from England on account, rather than sell their exchange at present rates, and it will begin to arrive in about two or three weeks.

THE Chicago Tribune says that a gentleman from Wapacca county, Wisconsin, has brought from there, for testing in Chicago, a piece of genuine gold-bearing quartz. It is said that auriferous quartz is abundant in that locality.

THE lumber season in Michigan has been unusually propitious. It is estimated that 5,000,000 feet of logs kept last season by the drouth have been got out, in addition to a very liberal amount in current operations. Chicago is now the largest market for Michigan lumber, and Albany comes next.

THE Irish depositors of the Savings Bank at Lawrence, Mass., becoming alarmed, withdrew their deposits to the amount of $15,000, and placed them in the hands of the priest for safe-keeping, who took the whole sum directly back to the bank and re-deposited it.

THE London (C. W.) Daily Free Press states that the Long Wooden Bridge that spans the Grand River at Paris, and which carries the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railroad from bank to bank of the river, a distance of about 1,300 feet, and at a height of 120 feet, is said to have exhibited symptoms of sinking. During the Provincial Fair, heavily laden trains have been urged across at high speeds, and a very general panic pervaded the passengers.

THE Milwaukee Wisconsin of the 8th inst., says the schooner Echo sailed that day with 11,000 bushels of wheat, for 10 cents, to Oswego. She had been lying in port some seven weeks. Several vessels have been there several weeks, with nothing to do.

LATEST advices from Havana state that sugars have still further declined, and that holders will lose heavily, though the amount of the fall is not mentioned.

A vein of anthracite coal has been opened in Sliding Hill, some 40 miles below Cumberland, a short distance from the Potomac and the Chesapeake canal. It is the most southern deposit of anthracite yet discovered, and appears to be of pure quality and great extent, the vein being some eight feet in thickness.

THE last member of WASHINGTON'S family is dead. GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKE CUSTIS, his adopted son—to whose recollections the world owes most of its knowledge of WASHINGTON'S private life, and whose house was stored with treasured relics of him—died on Saturday at his residence at Arlington, Alexandria Co., Va.

Political Intelligence.

THE American Convention of New York city met on the 5th inst., and nominated Judge C. L. Peabody for Judge of the Supreme Court, long term; William Mitchell, for short term; Benjamin W. Bonny, Joseph Vosburgh, for Superior Court; Wm. A. Allen, for Court of Common Pleas; Wm. H. Brown, for Marine Court.

A CONVENTION said to be composed of delegates from Workingmen's Societies, assembled in New York city on the 6th inst., and adopted a series of resolutions, strongly opposing State Prison convict labor, and endorsing the entire Democratic State ticket, with the exception of Hiram Denio, in whose place Hiram Ketchum was nominated.

THE returns of the Georgia election indicate the re-election to Congress of Hon. Jas. Seward, in the 1st District.

IN Tennessee, Andrew Johnson, the present Governor of the State, was elected as successor to Hon. James C. Jones, in the United States Senate.

RETURNS from 116 towns in Connecticut, shows that the Democrats carry 64, Republicans 49, and Americans 3.

OF election returns from Kansas, we have the following:—Advices from Leavenworth to the 8th inst., state that Leavenworth county is the only one thus far heard from, giving a Democratic majority. Doniphan county gives a Republican majority of 23; Atchison county 44; Douglass 1,700. These returns are given as authentic. Tecumseh township gives 160 Republican majority; Topeka 190; Calhoun 159. It is thought that Parrot, Rep., is elected by a large majority.

STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—The Second N. Y. State Temperance Convention organized at Syracuse on the 6th inst. A permanent organization was made with the following officers:—*President*—Rev. Dr. Dort, of Oneida. *Vice-Presidents*—Rev. Dr. Miller, of Cortland; Rev. Dr. Marsh, of New York. *Secretaries*—E. W. Jackson, of Dutchess; A. P. Degan and A. K. Batney.

A telegraphic despatch on the 7th inst., says:—"The attendance at the State Temperance Convention at Syracuse yesterday was small—only 35 in all. A great portion of the time was taken up in discussing the merits of the excise law, which was generally denounced in unmeasured terms. It was determined not to enter into any entangling alliance with existing parties, but to urge upon the friends of Prohibition the importance of supporting those only on their respective tickets who were known to oppose the license principle."

SHIPMENTS OF GRAIN.—The New York Times says the amount of grain shipped this month and engaged to go by the 20th to Liverpool alone is 1,000,000 bushels. The demand for wheat for shipment is not active, and the market is heavy, and the same remark applies to flour. One of the most practical ways to make Exchange on the East has been adopted by Messrs. Geo. Smith & Co., of Chicago, who have made an arrangement to purchase and ship 1,000,000 bushels of wheat to New York. They furnish all the funds for the purchase without aid from this end, and ship the wheat to Mr. Dean Richmond, of Buffalo, who engages to pay the freight and charges there. The wheat is to be sold upon arrival at Buffalo for export, and will form a basis for about a million and a quarter of Eastern Exchange for the use of Chicago merchants.

News Clippings.

— There are 150 rolling mills in the United States.

— The Blue Ridge Tunnel, Va., has been completed.

— The steamers on the Southern Michigan Line are laid up.

— There has been a rise in cotton in the New Orleans market.

— Corn is offered for fifteen cents per bushel, in Southern Illinois.

— Yale College has now in its various departments, 533 students.

— Snow fell at Superior City, head of Lake Superior, on the 11th ult.

— The entire amount of treasury notes outstanding is only $108,000.

— The Masonic Order in the United States, number 300,000 members.

— Attempts are making in England to employ females in watch-making.

— Australia, according to a recent census, has a population of 403,409.

— The taxable property of Tennessee, by a late return, is $300,000,000.

— A scheme is agitated in Cincinnati to get up a bank with $5,000,000.

— A satisfactory treaty has been concluded with the Pawnee Indians.

— Liverpool, a city nearly as large as New York, is without a daily paper.

— A shark weighing 600 pounds was taken in East river, off New York, last week.

— The government is taking steps to prevent the destruction of live oak in Florida.

— The receipts of the State Fair lately held at Peoria, Ill., amount in the aggregate to $12,250.

— The question of the abolition of slavery in the Dutch West Indies is again being agitated.

— British agents are recruiting for their army in France. They are not to enrol French subjects.

— The ground where the battle of Germantown was fought is being disposed of for town lots.

— The amount expended by American travelers, in Europe, is estimated at $10,000,000 annually.

— Rev. Wm. H. Milburn, the blind preacher, has been lecturing in Liverpool, with much success.

— There is a general opinion that a new residence must be built for our Presidents at Washington.

— Since the 1st of January, the sum of $1,563,000 has been destroyed in the United States by fires.

— Iron settees are being made to replace the pews in Henry Ward Beecher's church, at Brooklyn.

— Flour is selling in Cincinnati at $4 25 to 4 50, and large lots could not be sold except at a lower figure.

— Judge Russel, of New York, has sentenced a burglar named Hannagan, to 40 years in State Prison.

— There were 1,259 applications to the Pension Bureau, last month, for land warrants, and 1,626 issued.

— A despatch from Washington says that the export duties on tobacco at Vera Cruz have been repealed.

— Capt. John Newhall bought a farm in Spencer, Mass., in 1741, and ever since it has remained in the family.

— A correspondent of the Washington Star recommends the 25th of Nov. as a day of national thanksgiving.

— Mr. Isidore, the barber of the Queen of England, receives $10,000 a year for dressing her majesty's hair.

— The Spanish Government have published a decree admitting corn free into Spanish ports until next July.

— Latest advices from Havana state that sugars have still further declined, and that holders will lose heavily.

— The Mormons are fortifying Fort Badger, with the declared intention of defending it against the United States troops.

— The Providence, R. I., Journal says that another week has passed without a single sale of printed cloths in that market.

— A recent census shows the population of Milwaukee, to be 44,642. Seventeen years ago it only had a population of 1,700.

— Col. Benton is rapidly improving, and hopes in a few day to be able to leave his room. He is reduced to a mere skeleton.

— The Connecticut Commissioners threaten to put an injunction on every bank in that State which suspends specie payment.

— The London Times declares May, June, July and August to have been the hottest months ever experienced in England.

— The New York papers announce the death of Samuel Hueston, for some years the publisher of the Knickerbocker Magazine.

— The receipts of flour at tide water up to Sept. 1st of this year, were 1,067,366 barrels less than the same time last year.

— The dry-goods importations for last week were $776,738, or $601,842 less than during the corresponding week of last year.

— Several of the largest business houses at Grand Rapids, Mich., were burnt on Friday week. Loss, $100,000. Insurance, $50,000.

— A sugar mill is in full operation at Chelsea, Mass., which manufactures one barrel of Chinese sugar cane syrup per day.

— It was a maxim of Gen. Jackson, "Take time to deliberate; but when the hour for action arrives, stop thinking and go in."

— It is said the loss of specie by the Central America is the largest which has taken place in nearly 200 years by a single disaster.

— The amount of flour sent forward from Buffalo thus far this season, as compared with last season, falls short 993,140 barrels.

— Jose Seguin, the Peruvian Minister to Washington, is among the lost by the Central America, also his Secretary, Nicholas Tirado.

— Dr. Livingston, the African explorer, has received from the authorities of Glasgow, the freedom of the city and a purse of £2,000.

— George Washington Park Curtis, the last member of Washington's family, died on the 10th inst., at his residence in Arlington, Va.

— Hon. George A. Simmons, M. C., has again been stricken with paralysis at Keeseville, and at last accounts his life was despaired of.

— The Herald's Washington correspondent says Lewis Cass, Jr., minister to Rome, has not resigned, as some of the papers alledge.

— The St. Louis board of aldermen recently passed an ordinance appropriating money for the purchase of three steam fire engines.

— The National Horse Exhibition, at Springfield, Mass., has been highly successful pecuniarily,—the total receipts being about $10,000.

— The Wyoming Mirror states that snow fell in Orangeville on the 3d ult., and the effects of frost are everywhere visible in that section.

— The Boston Light Infantry have postponed an excursion to New York on account of the pressure for money.—The example is a good one.

— Wm. L. Cory, a benevolent old gentleman of Huron, Michigan, recently bought a little blue-eyed child from her drunken parents, for $3,000.

— An anchor which belonged to one of the English ships which were sunk in the Hackensack during the revolution, was recovered on Monday week.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Washington and Niagara.

THE screw steamer City of Washington arrived at New York on the 6th, and the Niagara on the 7th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The cattle disease has made its appearance in Karey, Ireland.

Messrs. Harrison, Watson & Co., bankers, of Hull, have failed with large liabilities.

Great activity prevails in England in sending reinforcements to India. The overland mail steamer was to take 200 troops from Bombay to Alexandria, to be sent through Egypt to India.—Several hundred more troops will go out in succeeding steamers. The India Company had declined the offer of the fleet of the European and American Steam Company.

Lord Elgin's mission to Calcutta was to propose an exchange of European for Bengal regiments, as the Indians have proved sufficiently effective and more trustworthy at Canton, than in their own country. Lord Elgin took with him to Calcutta 175 troops and marines, and a naval brigade. His intention was to proceed forthwith up the Ganges.

FRANCE.—The Emperors of France and Russia met at Stuttgardt on the 25th. The Paris Patrie says the furtherance of amity and good intelligence between the two countries, is the only object of the meeting of the two Emperors.

Inundations in the south of France, have been very disastrous. The destruction of property is immense and several lives were lost. The Emperor contributed 10,000f. from his private purse, for the relief of the sufferers.

The grape harvest was abundant.

RUSSIA.—It is stated that Russia is constructing a large fortress at Kertch, to command the Straits of Yenikle.

TURKEY.—Omar Pacha is nominated for Gov. General of Bagdad, India.

Government dispatches were expected when the Niagara sailed.

Five hundred French troops had reached Calcutta from China, to defend French interest at Chaudernagort.

CHINA.—A letter from Hong Kong says the U. S. Corvette Levante, in order to avenge the pillage by a gang of pirates of an American merchant ship, had burned a village on the Island of Formosa, which the pirates occupied.

INDIA.—The French government has received dispatches from India, announcing that the Governor of Pondicherry had, as a precaution, called upon the Admiral of the French fleet in the Indian seas for a steamship-of-war.

Gen. Neal, at Cawnpore, was compelling all the high caste Brahmins whom he could capture to collect the bloody clothes of the victims, and wash the blood from the floors, their movement being the while accelerated by the application of a cat. Afterwards the Sepoys were hanged one after another.

One hundred Austrian officers have offered to serve in India.

A London letter in the Paris Patric asserts that Salid was marching upon Lucknow at the head of 15 000 insurgents, and as he was four days ahead of Gen. Havelock, it was considered certain that he would effect a junction with the rebels, before the English General's arrival. The port of Lucknow, which was well supplied with provisions and ammunition, was deemed impregnable.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Flour steady. Corn dull and unchanged.

Richardson, Spence & Co., quote Western Canal flour at 31@32s; Ohio 33@33s 6d. Red wheat 7s9d@8s2d, and choice new 8s6d; white 9@9s6d.

Arrival of the Steamer Atlantic.

THE Collins steamer Atlantic, from Liverpool, at 4 p. m. on the 30th, arrived at New York on the 12th instant.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The London Morning Chronicle says the call for the immediate assembling of Parliament is general throughout the country.—Ministers are about to deliberate upon the time for summoning it.

Gen. Havelock has been promoted to a Major-Generalship, and made a Knight commander of the Bath, and five other India Generals are made companions of the same order.

The Board of Trade returns show an increase in exports for the first eight months of the year, of ten millions.

FRANCE.—A decree forbidding the export of corn, and facilitating its importation, has been extended to the 30th of Sept., 1858.

TURKEY.—The Russian war steamers before reported waiting for a firman to pass the Dardenelles, had entered the Black Sea.

INDIA.—The Indian mail with Calcutta dates of Aug. 23d, Bombay 31st, and Delhi 12th, had arrived. Delhi was still in the hands of the insurgents. A good deal of skirmishing had taken place, the rebels being invariably defeated, but with considerable loss to the British. Gen. Nicholson arrived before Delhi, Aug. 8th, in advance of his force, which was expected to arrive the 13th or 15th, when the number of the besiegers would amount to about 11,000 men. Further reinforcements were looked for early in Sept., increasing the army to 15,000. The assault was expected to take place on the 20th of August.

The accounts in regard to Gen. Havelock and the position of affairs at Cawupore are conflicting. According to one statement, the General after marching a second time towards Lucknow, and defeating the enemy in two engagements, found the rebels strongly entrenched at Lucknow, and had to fall back upon Cawnpore, reduced to only 900 followers, and was expecting an attack from the insurgents.

The Trieste correspondent of the London Morning Post, telegraphs that Gen. Nell had attacked and defeated a large force near Cawnpore, and that Gen. Havelock arrived in time, reaching Lucknow, the garrison of which had been in a most precarious condition.

Agra dates are to the 11th. All in the Fort were well, and amply supplied with provisions; but the force was very weak, and calling urgently for relief. The whole Christian population was within the fort. Bithoor was occupied by more mutineers, but on the 16th of August, Havelock attacked and carried the position.

The most loyal spirit prevailed among the Sikh soldiers and the population of the Punjaub. From most of the native States of Central India the accounts are satisfactory although in some instances disaffection had broken out.

The rebels at Awah had been defeated by Major Eyre.

The Moharrum holidays, as to which great fears were felt, have passed off quietly.

Few more mutinies amongst the troops of the Bombay Presidency are reported, but they were generally easily suppressed. Several suspected regiments have been discovered.

It is reported that Goldad Sing died at Cashmere on the 2d of August.

Lord Elgin was about to return to China.

Martial law has been proclaimed at Belgium.

The Paris Pays contains a rumor that serious dissensions existed between Lord Canning, the Governor General, and Sir Colvin Campbell, the Commander-in-Chief of the army. Lord Elgin had sided with the latter, who is also supported by public opinion.

The report of Havelock having reached Lucknow is in doubt, and his position was regarded as a precarious one.

An officer reports that he saw the end of Nena Sahib and his family, who took to a boat on the Ganges and were swamped.

A telegraph dispatch from Paris to the London Post, dated Sept 29, says that the population is beginning to rise in Bengal, pursuing and killing the English settlers, and the revolution is becoming general.

The merchandize from the interior no longer reaches Calcutta, and the imports are accumulating in the depots. Money is disappearing, and the paper of the East India Company is at 25 per cent. discount.

CHINA.—Hong Kong dates are to Aug. 8. Admiral Seymour has declared Canton under blockade. Teas had advanced at Shanghai and Amoy.

LATEST.—LONDON, Wednesday Noon.—The Bombay Times does not mention the arrival of Gen. Havelock at Lucknow.

Later from Aboo says the King of Delhi offered to make terms provided his annual stipend was increased largely, but was informed nothing but unconditional surrender would be accepted. Organizations of Sikh regiments for the relief of Delhi are rapidly progressing. Whole Province Bengal alarmed.

The King's magazine was struck by lightning, and 900 persons were killed.

Calcutta was becoming crowded with fugitives from all parts of Bengal.

MARKETS.—Breadstuffs—Flour quiet and slightly easier, though not quotably lower. Wheat buoyant at full prices advised per Niagara. Corn dull at former rates. To-day's markets are firm, with little doing.

Provisions are very dull but rates unchanged. Groceries unchanged.

SPINNING MATCH.—The managers of the Ohio Mechanics' Exhibition in Cincinnati have got up a new feature to gather in the quarters. It is a Spinning Match on the old fashioned "little wheel" so generally used by the grandmothers of the present generation, and the novelty draws well.—About twenty ladies, from 26 to 73 years of age, are the contestants. The prize offered is a set of silver spoons for the best "skein," and it is arranged that the elderly ladies shall have the use of the wheel in the afternoon, and the young ladies each evening. One afternoon six of the old spinners spun half an hour each, and produced capital "skeins." A number of elderly ladies, not contestants, were present, and with the "young folks" manifested lively interest in the match. Some of the ladies refused to enter the contest because the raw material was confined to flax! Three ladies under fifty used the wheel in the evening, each with decided success. The house was crowded to overflowing. The exhibition is to continue several days, and the Gazette says:—"Applications are made hourly to the Committee for the privilege of using the wheel and securing the silver spoons.") The good old times and spinning days have been revived. The old have been made young, and the young astonished by this exhibition of spinning on the old wheel.

AN AMERICAN CANDIDATE.—Prof. Rogers, of the United States, who has been for some time in Europe engaged in preparing for publication his work on the geology and physical geography of North America, is a candidate for the chair of Natural History in the University of Glasgow, vacant by the death of Professor Couper. The London Literary Gazette says that it is "the general feeling of naturalists that the Government would do a graceful act, as well as serve the best interests of the Glasgow College, by appointing the distinguished American geologist to the Professorship." The office is in the gift of the Crown.

NEWSPAPERS IN IOWA.—There are now published in Iowa 19 daily papers, 109 weekly papers, one semi-monthly, and six monthly periodicals, in all 153, which, with an average circulation of 1,000 copies each, would make 135,000 newspapers published and circulated in the State each week.—"There are," says the Mount Pleasant Journal "probably an equal number printed in other States and received in the families of Iowa, making in all nearly 300,000 newspapers read weekly by our citizens."

MARINE DISASTERS FOR SEPTEMBER.—During the past month, forty-eight vessels were wrecked, comprising four steamers, four ships, five barks, eight brigs, and twenty-eight schooners. The total loss of vessels and cargoes will scarcely fall short of four million of dollars, exclusive of specie. One hundred vessels have been more or less damaged by gales. The loss of life cannot be accurately estimated, but it exceeds five hundred, more than all lost the previous months of the year.

ABOUT ECONOMY.—"These times" lead every body to preach economy; one writer says *funerals* might be conducted much cheaper than they are. Another calculates that if all persons in the United States would wear their clothes an extra six months, for one year, $250,000,000 might be saved—or if each family would omit the use of meat one day every week for a year, $125,000,000 more might be saved.

SURVEY OF THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.—A party under command of Lieut. Craven, with Lieut. Bradford and Dr. O'Hara as his assistants, is soon to start for the Isthmus of Darien, with a view to undertaking the exploration of a route for a ship canal to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, by the Atrato and Truando rivers. An appropriation of $25,000 toward this object was made by the last Congress.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—In the U. S. District Court in Philadelphia on the 29th ult, in the case of Quartermaster Reynolds, charged with defaulting to the Government in the sum of $130,000, the jury rendered a verdict that the Government was indebted to the defendant in over $400, and judgment was accordingly entered in his favor.

CANAL LOAN.—The Commissioners of the Canal Fund at Albany, on the 22d ult., advertised for a loan of $500,000, equal to the deficiency in the Sinking Fund, under section 3, Art. 7, of the Constitution, at 6 per cent. interest, the principal reimbursable in October, 1857. The money is to be paid, 5 per cent. down.

CATTLE TO GO FORWARD.—The St. Louis Democrat of the 5th inst., says:—We learn that there are forty thousand head of cattle to come forward to this city, to go to the east just as soon as the financial means for moving them can be obtained. At $40 per head this would amount to $1,600,000.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, Oct. 13, 1857.

FLOUR—Flour has declined considerably since our last report. The reduction equals 25 cents per barrel on best brands while on inferior brands the falling off equals fully 50 cents.—There is, however, but little doing at the decline.

GRAIN—Holders of Wheat have been obliged to submit to the pressure of the times, and $1,10@1,15 is the extent now offered for this grain. Corn, Oats and Barley are as last quoted.

PROVISIONS—Pork has fallen off $1,50 on light; heavy almost holds its own, the reduction being only 50 cents. Hams and Shoulders are cheaper. Butter only brings 16@17c. Apples and Potatoes are both drooping, 33@50c, as to quality, being the ruling rate.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, bbl	$5,00@6,75
Wheat, Gen	$1,00@1,15
Best white Canada	$1,10@1,15
Corn	75c
Oats	32@33c
Barley	63c
Buckwheat	65@88c
Beans	$1,25@1,50
Peas	$1,00@1,25
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess	$23,00@25,00
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00
Beef, ⅊ cwt	$5,75@6,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,00@2,25
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50
Hams, smoked	14@14c
Shoulders	12½c
Chickens	11@12c
Turkeys	09@12½
Geese	50c
DAIRY, &c.	
Butter, roll	16@17c
Do. firkin	14@17c
Cheese	8@10c
Lard, tried	00@15½c
Tallow	9@9½c
Eggs, dozen	14c
Honey, box	13c
Candles, box	12½@113c
FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Apples, bushel	33@50c
Do. dried	$2,00@2,25
Potatoes	33@50c
HIDES AND SKINS.	
Slaughter	4@5c
Calf	09@10c
Sheep pelts	31@38c
Lamb do.	50@62½c
SEEDS.	
Clover, bushel	$6,50@7,00
Timothy	$3,00@3,75
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Coal, Lehigh	$7,00@7,50
Do. Scranton	$6,00@6,50
Do. Blossburg	$5,00@5,50
Do. Shamokin	$6,25@6,75
Do. Char	10@12½c
Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,45
Hay, ton	$7@11
Wool, ⅊ lb	30@40c
White fish, bbl	$10,50@11
Codfish ⅊ quintal	$5,25@5,50
Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—Flour—Moderate home trade, and holders are compelled to accept a decline of 5@10c. Sales at $4,41@4,60 for super State; $4,70@4,85 for extra do; $4,41@4,55 for super Western; $5,40 for extra do—closing dull. Canadian flour dull; sales at $5,00@6,90.

GRAIN—Wheat market dull. Sales Chicago spring at 82c in store; prime red Ohio, at 110c, So at 115@122c for red, 127@136c for white. Rye dull at 70c. Corn lower; sales mixed Western at 66@68c delivered. Oats less active and lower, sales of State at 54@58c. Western 51@55½c.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and lower. Sales at $23@23,50 for mess; closing with offers to sell at $23,50, check to day: $18 for prime. Lard dull; small sales at 13@13 for common to strictly prime. Butter dull at 12@16c for Ohio; 15@20c for State—Cheese plenty and dull at 6@8½c.

BUFFALO, Oct, 12—Flour—The demand is fair for Monday morning, and the market favors the buyer. Sales at $5,50@5,62½ for extra Wisconsin and Michigan; $5,25 for choice extra do and Indiana.

GRAIN—Market this morning dull and holders desirous to realize. Sales Milwaukee club at 74c. For Chicago spring there are no buyers over 75c. Corn dull and lower; sales at 55c. Oats firm with sales on Saturday at 40c. Rye—favors buyers, at 62½c.

ALBANY, Oct. 12.—Flour and Meal—Flour in moderate request at steady prices. Corn Meal steady at $1,56@1,69

GRAIN—There is nothing new to note in wheat. Corn in limited request at the closing prices of Saturday. Sales Western mixed at 63@67. Barley quiet, with a fair supply offering.—Sales Canada West at 90c, and four-rowed State on Saturday afternoon at 88c. Oats firm and in good request at the advanced prices. Sales State at 50c, measure.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Beeves—First quality, 11¼@½; Ordinary, 10½@11c.; Common, 9½@10c.; Inferior, 8@9c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $40@70; Ordinary, $30@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 7½@8c.; Other qualities, 5@6½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $4,50@6,50; Other qualities, $3@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 7½@7¾c.; Other qualities, 6¾@7c.

BRIGHTON, Oct 8.—At market 1300 Beef Cattle, 900 Stores, 6 pair Working Oxen, 97 Cows and Calves, 3,700 Sheep and Lambs, 1300 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $8,75; First quality, $8,50; Second, $7,00; Third, $6,00; Ordinary, $5,00.

YEARLINGS—$18@20. Two years old—$25@31. Three years old—$32@38.

WORKING OXEN—No sales.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 29, 40@45

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $3,50@3,50. By lot, $1,75, 2,00 @2,50.

SWINE—Pigs, 5½@6c. Retail, 7@8c. Fat hogs, 7@7½c.

HIDES—7½@8c. ⅊ lb. Tallow—7@7½c. ⅊ lb.

PELTS—62@75c. Calf Skins—12@13c. ⅊ lb.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 7.—At market 1426 Cattle, 840 Beeves, and 586 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,00@8,50; First quality, $7,00 @7,50; Second quality, $7,00; Third quality, $6,00; Ordinary, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—$80, 150@220.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 45, 50@67.

YEARLINGS—$18@20. Two years old—$25@28. Three years old—$33@37.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3700 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,75, $2,00, 2,50 each. Extra and selections, $3,00@3,50.

SWINE—600 at market. Prices—Live weight, 7½@8c. ⅊ lb.—Dressed, 9@9½c

HIDES—7½@8c. ⅊ lb. Tallow—7@7½c. ⅊ lb.

PELTS—75@87c each. Calf Skins—12@13c. ⅊ lb.

WOOL MARKETS.

BOSTON, Oct. 8—There has been nothing done in domestic the past week. In the present state of the money market holders are unwilling to sell on credit as they do not know whom to trust. In foreign, the only sales we hear of are 20 bales Mediterranean at quoted rates.

Saxony fleeces	57@60	Smyrna washed	23@30
Am full blood	50@55	Do. unwashed	12@21
½ and ¾ blood	42@50	Buenos Ayres	12@50
Com. to ½ blood	35@40	Mexican	17@19
Pulled, extra	48@55	Chili, Valparaiso	15@40
" super	41@48	Syria washed	25@27
" No. 1	34@40	Do. unwashed	14@16
" No. 2	18@30	Peruv. washed	30@39

NEW YORK, Oct 8.—The market both for Domestic and Foreign continues extremely quiet; buyers and sellers are equally indifferent about negotiating in the present unsettled state of our finances, and prices are quite irregular. Stocks are slowly increasing, but are not burdensome yet. Sellers would yield a material reduction for cash from prices lately current, but the continued severe pressure in the money markets, and the exorbitant rates demanded for first class paper, together with the unsatisfactory state of the goods market, deter the producers from purchasing at present, nor will they, to any extent, till confidence is restored and prices both for the raw and manufactured materials become established anew. The week's transactions have been trivial, and we omit quotations, as they would be no guide to the market.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 30th ult., at St Paul's Church, by the Rev. Mr Van Rensselaer, Mr THADDEUS W. BACON, of St. Clair, Mich., and Miss CLARA MILLER, of Rochester.

On the 23d ult., by Rev. Mr McCune, of North Fairfield, O., Mr. J. S. BEAN, of North Sparta, N. Y., to Miss LOUISE CONOVER, of North Fairfield, Ohio.

DEATHS.

In Sacramento City, Cal., Aug. 5th, suddenly, of Paralysis, JULIA A., wife of John W. Richmond, and only daughter of Merritt Moore, Esq., of Churchville, N. Y., aged 25 years.

In this sudden bereavement the husband is left lonely and sad in his Pacific home, bereft of an amiable companion, who had gone with him to share his counsels and his fortune; the father to deeply mourn the loss of a dutiful child, and a loving and accomplished daughter.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance.* Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

AMERICAN FARMERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA.

THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE WORK on American Agriculture, and a work of real value.

Twelve hundred pages, seventeen Lithographic Plates, besides other illustrations.

Price $1. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price. Catalogue of Agricultural Books sent gratis to all applicants.

A. O. MOORE,
406w2 Agricultural Book Publisher, 140 Fulton St., N. Y.

PEAR STOCKS, DELIVERABLE in the Spring Angers Quince Stocks, extra $12 to $18. Grapes, 1 year, $4 to $8. Currants, 2 and 3 yrs, $6 per 1,000. Lawton Blackberries $10 to $15 per 100. Dwarf Pears, Cherries, a splendid lot—Strawberries, and a great variety of Roses and Ornamental Trees and Shrubbery, for sale low at the Highland Nurseries, Syracuse, N. Y., by [406tf] COWLES & WARREN.

AGENTS WANTED!
EXCELLENT BUSINESS OPENING.

WANTED, a few energetic, industrious Men, to sell Agricultural Books among the Farmers. Very favorable terms will be given. With proper attention, more than $100 per month, clear profit, above all expenses, can be realized. A rare chance to make money without risk. For particulars, apply immediately to A. O. MOORE,
406w2 Agricultural Book Publisher, No. 140 Fulton St. N. Y

DADD'S MODERN HORSE DOCTOR.
AN AMERICAN BOOK FOR AMERICAN FARMERS.

IT TREATS of the diseases peculiar to the American climate. It recommends simple modern remedies instead of dangerous poisons.

It teaches how to keep your horse in good health, and how to cure him if he is lame or sick.

It only costs ONE DOLLAR, and will be sent by mail prepaid.

A valuable catalogue of Agricultural books will be sent gratis to all who apply. A. O. MOORE,
406w2 Agricultural Book Publisher, 140 Fulton St., N. Y.

NEW TREATISE ON LAND SURVEYING,
JUST PUBLISHED BY
E. C. & J BIDDLE, Philadelphia.

A TREATISE ON SURVEYING; in which the theory and practice are fully explained. Preceded by a short Treatise on Logarithms, and also by a compendious system of Plain Trigonometry. The whole illustrated by numerous examples. By Samuel Alsop, author of a "Treatise on Algebra," &c

In the above named work the author has presented the theory plainly and comprehensively, has given definite and precise directions for practice, and has embraced in it everything which an extensive business in land surveying would be likely to require. The work will be mailed at $1,75 per copy, including postage. 406w3

GREAT BARGAINS
IN
PIANO FORTES.
During the present money panic,
MESSRS. BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.,
ALBANY, N. Y,
WILL SELL THEIR UNRIVALLED
CORRUGATED SOUNDING BOARD,
AND
DOLCE CAMPANA ATTACHMENT
PIANO FORTES,
AT
WHOLESALE PRICES, FOR CASH.
These instruments are not surpassed for
RICHNESS OF TONE AND ELEGANCE OF STYLE,
While for
DURABILITY and REMAINING IN TUNE AND GOOD ORDER
For a great length of time, they are
EQUALLED BY NONE!

FOR A FEW WEEKS ONLY WE OFFER THESE EXTRAordinary inducements for CASH, and we also GUARANTEE THE SAFE DELIVERY OF EACH INSTRUMENT at the nearest R. R Depot or Steamboat Landing

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Piano Fortes with or without the Attachment. Descriptive Circulars forwarded on application.

BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.,
406w4 Corner of State and N. Pearl Sts., Albany, N. Y.

FOR SALE, 50,000 Yearling Apple Trees, and 25,000 two years old. W. B GORHAM.
Mattawan, Van Buren Co., Mich.

APPLE SEEDLINGS.

FOR SALE by N. DRAKE & CO., of Elba, N. Y., 200,000 Apple Seedlings two years old, at $4 per 1,000. 405w8

SPANISH MERINO SHEEP FOR SALE.—The Subscriber has for sale pure bred Spanish Merino Sheep, both Bucks and Ewes. One pure bred Devon Bull two years old.—Also Suffolk Pigs. REED BURRITT,
Burdett, Schuyler Co., N. Y., Sept 28, 1857

SHORT-HORN BULL CALVES FOR SALE.

GOT BY JOHN O'GAUNT—(1368)—(bred by Col. L. G MORRIS;) and Mr S. P. CHAPMAN's celebrated bull Halton, (11552,) out of well bred Herd Book Cows Also, two or three fine young Cows and Heifers in Calf U. K. WARD.
LeRoy Oct. 2, 1857. 405w3

TO FRUIT TREE DEALERS, NURSERYMEN, &c.

FOR SALE—10,000 Dwarf Pear Trees, mostly 3 years old, fine. I can offer *great inducements* as to prices for this lot of Trees, being under the necessity of clearing the land.

Also, 150,000 French Quince Stocks of my own growing, *at a bargain.* For particulars, address G. W. EASTMAN,
Rochester, Oct 5 1857 No 95 Arcade.

LAWTON BLACKBERRY PLANTS will be supplied from second week in October.

SCALE OF PRICES BY THE DOZEN.

A package of one dozen	$3
Do. two dozen	5
Do. five dozen	10
Do. eight dozen	15
Do. twelve dozen	20

The name and direction of purchasers should be distinctly written, and the money accompany the order Address
WILLIAM LAWTON, 64 Wall St., New York, or
October 1857. [405-6teow] New Rochelle, N. Y.

GEORGE W. DAVIS,

SUCCESSOR to C. BURLINGAME, Dealer in Fashionable Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, &c. Bleaching and Pressing neatly Executed to order. No. 56 State St., Rochester, N. Y. 404m3

30 ANATOMICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, with full explanations of Diseases of the THROAT, LUNGS, MUSCLES, NERVES, JOINTS, SKIN, STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, BOWELS and WOMB. The afflicted may understand what causes their Diseases, and what Remedies or other means will best relieve, and cure them, *and why they will.* The Illustrations are large, well defined, and splendidly engraved; all sent *free of postage*, on receipt of SIX LETTER STAMPS, by J. R. STAFFORD, PRACTICAL CHEMIST, 18 State St, New York. 404w5

CLOVER STREET NURSERY.

THE FOLLOWING TREES—RAISED IN ROWS FOUR feet apart, considered the best that can be procured in Western New York.

25,000 APPLE TREES,	6 to 8 feet,	4 years old.
30,000 " "	5 " 7 "	3 " "
9,000 DWARF PEAR TREES,	6 " 8 only	2 " "
14,000 STANDARD " "	5 " 7 "	2 " "
10,000 " CHERRIES,	5 " 7 "	2 " "
8,000 PEACH TREES,	5 " 6 "	1 & 2 yrs old.

Clover Street Nursery, Brighton, 3 miles east of Rochester. Address JOSEPH HALL, or ISAAC MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FRUIT TREES! FRUIT TREES!!

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC is invited to the following invoice of Trees, &c., which for health, vigor and beauty cannot be surpassed by any Nursery in the country:

250,000 APPLE TREES, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years old.
10,000 PLUMS on Plum Stocks.
25,000 CHERRY TREES
5,000 PEACH "
25,000 PEAR " 1 and 2 years old.
100,000 APPLE SEEDLINGS.

EVERGREENS, HORSE CHESTNUTS, GRAPES, &c., &c.; all of which will be sold very low at the Onondaga Nurseries, Syracuse, N Y. [404w3] GRAVES & WARNER.

FRUIT TREES FOR SALE.

HAVING PURCHASED THE COMMERCIAL NURSERIES, recently owned by JAS. M. TAYLOR, I now offer for Sale 150,000 Apple Trees from 5 to 7 feet high; 100,000 do. 2 years old, very nice, for California, Kansas, or the West; 75,000 Apple Seedlings; 50,000 Angers Quince Stocks; 40,000 Dwarf Pears; 35,000 Standard do.; 50,000 Cherry; 25,000 Plums; a beautiful lot of Dwarf Cherry, Quince by the quantity; Grape Vines, Currants, Shade and Ornamental Trees, &c., &c. All of the above Trees are remarkably healthy, and will be sold as low as can be obtained in the State, and will be safely packed and shipped.—All orders should be sent in soon for the Fall trade, and will receive prompt attention. H. M. RANNEY, Syracuse, N. Y.

LYON'S
COPPER LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR.
PATENTED JULY 11, 1854.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, successors to BRITTAN & EDMUNDS, are Proprietors of this Patent for the ten Western counties of New York the States of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Minnesota Territory.

They are manufacturers of these celebrated Conductors, and are prepared to furnish them with the appropriate apparatus, to all parties holding the right to territory, in any quantity, and on short notice.

The rods are put up in cases convenient for transportation, with the full complement of fixtures inclosed. Each case contains twenty-five Conductors; each Conductor comprises forty feet of copper, one electro-plated or gilded branch point, seven insulators, and fastenings.

They are furnished to agents by the case; with the exclusive right to dispose of them to be used in certain described territory, on very advantageous terms.

Applications for Agency, orders for stock or models, and all communications relating to this business will receive immediate attention, if addressed to BRITTAN & MARSH.
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☞ Circulars sent on application.

RAVENSWOOD FRUIT GARDEN.
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RASPBERRIES, BLACKBERRIES, STRAWBERRIES, Currants, &c. A choice variety of strong, well rooted Plants, including

BRINCKLES ORANGE RASPBERRY,

A new variety distinguished for its flavor, beauty and productiveness. Also a very vigorous grower, and undoubtedly one of the best if not the best of Raspberries. Also the Cushing, Col Wilder and Thunderer; and,

MYATT'S LINNÆUS RHUBARB,

An English variety, particularly tender, fine flavored and productive. Chas. Downing, Esq., states it to be the finest kind, and for market gardening unsurpassed. See his article in Rural New-Yorker.

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PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING REFERENCE.

We have visited Messrs FREEMAN & KENDALL'S Fruit Gardens, from which they are now offering to sell Plants, and we can say that Plants are well grown and of very superior varieties, the Orange Raspberry and Linnæus Rhubarb particularly, we take pleasure in recommending them to the Public.

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C. W. GRANT, Iona,
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THE LAST CALL.—JUST GOING.

THE UNDERSIGNED have a large Stock and a general assortment of FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES, Shrubs, Vines, and Plants, which they propose to sell at either Wholesale or Retail, at very low figures, for cash or on short approved paper.
Address STONE & COOK, Central Nurseries,
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TO NURSERYMEN.

WE OFFER THE FOLLOWING AT GREATLY REduced prices, for Cash:

100,000 APPLE TREES 2 years old at $100 per 10,000
100,000 " " 1 " " " 200 " "
200,000 " Seedlings 1 " " " 30 " "

Racine, Wis., Sept., 11, 1857. [403w6] F. & M. DRAKE.

ASTOR HOUSE.
$2 50 PER DAY.

THE FOURTH "SEVEN YEARS' LEASE," COMmenced in May, 1857, will end May 1st, 1864. This House is conducted upon the same system that has distinguished it hitherto.

A Restaurant has been added for Merchants doing business in its vicinity. *The Restaurant is entirely Independent of the Astor House.*

Especial care taken of the sick.

Families will find this one of the coolest Hotels in New York during the summer, and the LADIES' DEPARTMENT perfect in all that produces real comfort.

The City Railroad Cars starting from the doors, enable guests to reach the upper part of the City with facility. The small Cars bring passengers from the New Haven and Boston Station, 27th Street, to the immediate front of the Hotel.

Grateful for the past, I intend to deserve future favors. Patrons are respectfully requested to give notice of their intended visit. [4-3y1] C. A. STETSON.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell THREE NEW and UNEQUALLED INVENTIONS, wanted and selling everywhere. My agents have cleared over $20,000 on them. DIPLOMAS, SILVER MEDAL and 4 PATENTS granted them. For 4 stamps, you'll receive 40 pages particulars. BEST AGENCY in the country. Lowell, Mass EPHRAIM BROWN.

T. C. MAXWELL & BROTHERS,
Geneva, Ontario Co., N. Y.

OFFER FOR SALE A LARGE AND CHOICE ASSORTment of *Fruit* and *Ornamental Trees, Evergreens, &c.*, suitable for Orchard, Garden, Ornamental and Nursery planting, comprising

APPLE TREES, Standard, 3 and 4 years, strong.
" " Dwarf, 1 and 2 years.
CHERRY, " Stan'd, 1 & 2 yrs } A good supply of Dukes and
" " Dwarf, 1 yr } Morellas & the more hardy sorts
PEAR, " Standard and Dwarf, 2 years, fine stocky plants.
PLUM, " 2 years, on the best Plum Stock.
PEACH, " 1 year, about 50,000, extra nice.
APRICOT, " 1 " nice and cheap.
CURRANT, GOOSEBERRY and STRAWBERRY PLANTS, GRAPE VINES, &c.
HORSE CHESTNUT Trees, 4 to 8 feet MOUNTAIN ASH, 7 to 10 feet.
NORWAY SPRUCE, " 1 " 4 " AM SILVER FIR, 2 " 6 "
AM. ARBOR VITÆ, " 1 " 4 " RED CEDAR, 1 " 2 "
and a general assortment of other Nursery articles.

FOR NURSERYMEN.

200,000 QUINCE STOCKS, mostly Angers, from Cuttings and Layers: APPLE STOCKS, CHERRY STOCKS, HORSE CHESTNUT and SUGAR MAPLE Seedlings, one and two years, very nice, &c., &c. Packing done in the best manner. Price List sent on application. [401w5] Sept. 1, 1857.

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Choice Poetry.

THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

THERE'S a land far away, 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of Time—
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime:
'Tis the land of our GOD, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where the ages of splendor eternally roll—
Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal,
On the ever green Mountains of Life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned,
When we faint in the deserts of this:
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,
When our spirits were torn with temptation and woes,
And we drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the ever green Mountains of Life.

Ol the stars never tread the blue Heavens at night,
But we think where the ransomed have trod,—
And the day never smiles from His palace of light,
But we feel the bright smile of our GOD:
We are traveling homeward, through changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unceasingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,
From the ever green Mountains of Life.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker..

THE TWO NAMESAKES.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

[Concluded from No. 405, page 332.]

Chapter VI.—The Wheel of Fortune.

It was decided that PHILIP should pursue his studies at Harvard, and as soon as possible after it was settled, he left home to make arrangements to that effect, Mr. PARKER acting in all things as his guide and adviser. His greatest anxiety now seemed to be for his mother, who during his absence must necessarily be very much alone. Mr. PARKER, however, assured him that he need give himself no uneasiness on her account, as her welfare should be his especial care; and as to being lonesome, he thought that OPHELIA would be able to prevent that, as she had made considerable progress towards an acquaintance already, and expected to remain in the city during the winter.

All things being thus favorable, PHILIP departed with a glad heart, and the sadness of his first parting with his mother, was in a measure dispelled by the brightness of his hopes.

But it is time that we gave to Mr. PARKER and his young niece a more conspicuous place in these pages, for surely none were more deserving of it. Mr. PARKER was a man of fifty years of age or upwards, and possessed one of those vigorous frames and noble countenances which seem never to grow old. He had seen sorrow, but it seemed not to have left its impress on the outward man. As the wax, yielding to the pressure of the mould, is made beautiful thereby, while the resistant stone is cut, and scarred, and broken, ere it can be made to assume any symmetry, so it was with him. His heart yielded meekly to its chastisement, and bro't forth the good fruits of patience and charity.

When his beloved wife and only daughter left him early in life, his home and his heart were desolate indeed, but of late years they had been gladdened by frequent visits from OPHELIA BRIARE, the daughter of a favorite sister, who had married and lived in Virginia. OPHELIA had spent most of her school days in the city where her uncle lived, and his house seemed almost like home to her. She certainly made it seem like home to him, for she was one of those lively, genial persons in whose presence one cannot be sad without feeling much out of place. She was neither handsome nor very homely; but her large, dark eyes were brim full of mirth and kindness, which her mouth seemed ever eager to express. Although brought up in the midst of young people of her own age, she seemed wholly free from the absurd and exaggerated notions of society and self, which were, and are still, so shockingly prevalent among our youth. She had many friends, but few intimate associates; of these LILLY TURNER had been for some time the chief, and the two girls were admirably fitted for each other.

LANSING TURNER left home for Yale about the same time that PHILIP left for Harvard. LILLY and OPHELIA were now more than ever together, LILLY often passing several days at Mr. PARKER'S, and both girls soon found in Mrs. NOBLE a pleasant and judicious friend. When the vacation came round, their little circle was enlarged by the addition of PHILIP, who, with Mr. PARKER, helped to make the hours fly fast, while PHILIP was forming a pleasant and lasting friendship. But so rapidly did these pleasant hours pass, that we must not attempt to keep pace with them, merely recording in a few brief sentences the events of months and years.

It was LILLY TURNER'S seventeenth birth-day, and the house at Renwood was thronged with guests to do honor to the occasion. Colored lamps hung glittering in the garden; festoons of flowers filled every room with their rich fragrance; the tables in the great dining hall were loaded with everything rare and costly, which could delight the eye or please the taste; and among them all there was nothing fairer than the Queen of this festival. No wonder her mother's eyes sparkled with gratified pride as she watched the looks, and heard the words of admiration that everywhere followed the "White Lily," as some gallant playfully named her.

It was already past midnight when LILLY, withdrawing for a moment from the side of OPHELIA, to the great delight of LANSING, who had scarcely had a chance to speak to her during the evening, walked out upon the piazza to rest for a moment from the excitement and heat around her. As she stood beside one of the pillars she thought she heard a slow and stealthy step behind her, and turning she saw a man come down the back staircase, cross the piazza near her, and just as he was about to go down the garden steps, a passing gleam of light revealed the features of her father, but so frightfully pale that she could scarcely believe them to be his.

"Father!" she exclaimed, and sprang towards him.

"Hush! my child, my LILLY, go into the house, you will take cold," and he would have passed her, but she clung to his arm.

"Why father! I thought you went to New York. Why did you not come to my party if you were at home? You look sick too; what does it mean?—Do tell me!"

"Not here! not now! but stay—come with me!" he added, as he heard voices approaching. So he put his arm around her, and drew her into the garden.

"I have been to New York, my child; I have but just returned, and as I had some business at my office which *must* be done to-night, I thought to hurry away without seeing your guests; for these dusty, travel stained garments are not exactly fitting the occasion, and I have not time to change them. Now go back, my dear; they will miss you. And darling, if anything—should happen—that is—if I am not at home to-morrow—tell ELENOR, tell your mother, not to be anxious."

"Well, good night, papa! Do not get sick," answered the affectionate girl, as she put up her face for a kiss. Her father snatched her convulsively to his heart, exclaiming,

"Good night! my own, my sweet child LILLY! GOD help you!"

This was unusual emotion for her father, and as she wiped from her cheek a burning drop, the first tear she had ever known him to shed, she wondered what it *could* mean. But it was all clear to her, *fearfully* clear, before another day had passed; for the morning light that crept in through the closed shutters of the office in town, illuminated a ghastly face, and a hand that still held a pistol in its grasp. And all the city knew that day, that though he had guarded the secret so long and so well, all that grand and gaudy structure which he called his wealth, and which he had spent his life in building, had been tottering to the verge of ruin for many a d y. Nor was his own ruin all that was involved. Many lost their *all*, to whom that meant food and clothing, while others lost of their abundance such sums as shook their fortunes to their foundations, and many gave way.

The TURNERS themselves were by no means the greatest sufferers pecuniarily. Mrs. TURNER'S property, which she inherited from her father, had been secured to her children, and though Renwood and all Mr. TURNER'S other possessions, were sold for the benefit of his creditors; their style of living was not necessarily altered. They were soon established in a handsome house, not far from Mr. PARKER'S, in the city.

Mrs. TURNER and LILLY, attired in deep mourning, saw little company and seldom went abroad, but any one who looked on them would have said that LILLY alone truly mourned. Her father's dreadful death was a shock, from which the delicate young creature never recovered. Gentle and affectionate, she had loved her father with an unquestioning and charitable love, which saw in him all that she desired in a father, and to her, he had ever been less reserved, and more like a man, than to any one else. The last sad scene in the garden, coming ever in contrast to the memory of so much happiness to herself, made an indelible impression on her mind. How different her mother. She seldom mentioned his name, unless referred to by others, and save the observance of some few customary ceremonies, one would scarcely have known that she had ever had, or had lost, a husband. Did she never think, or did she not know, that when the day of ruin drew nigh, he had hurried to New York for aid, and unable to procure it, had returned home on that eventful night, almost distracted, and not daring to meet or confide in her, had stolen to his room for the instrument with which to end his troubles, and then slunk away, like a guilty coward, fearing *her* frown, even more than his world-wide disgrace?

LANSING, proud and sensitive, was unwilling to return to College after this calamity, and wished to enter immediately upon the study of the law, alledging as a reason, that he felt unwilling to leave his mother and sister in their new and painful situation. But he had two much more powerful, though private, reasons. First, that his affairs at College were not on the most favorable footing, and it was highly probable that his return might meet with some opposition. Since he had been at College, his extravagant habits had been a continued drain upon his resources, and his father had several times restricted his supplies. But, surrounded as he was by a set of loose and unprofitable associates, of whom it was impossible for one of his weak mind to rid himself, to run in debt and even to gamble to some extent, were matters of small moment to him. In short, LANSING TURNER was fast becoming a profligate man. His second weighty reason for remaining at home, was a visit to cultivate the acquaintance of OPHELIA BRIARE, with whom, as his sister's friend, he was already allowed some slight degree of familiarity. He had always admired her, but since his return, she seemed to him more attractive than ever before. OPHELIA, on her part, seemed to entertain for him the most cordial dislike, which was warranted by his character, and the freedom of his manners towards her, and which her affection for LILLY scarcely enabled her to conceal.

Time sped, and our friend PHILIP, now a young physician of much ability, and rising reputation, has returned to the city to struggle upward with a manly heart, to that position which he knows that he can fill. He does not drive a horse and chaise as yet, though he has considerable practice as the partner of one of the oldest and most experienced medical men in the State. He has not yet discharged all of his debt to his unknown benefactor, and until that is done, every unnecessary expense must be avoided.

It was rather a dark evening, though not late, when, returning from a visit to a patient, he passed through one of the principal streets, and observed not far in advance of him, a young lady apparently hurrying forward, as she was alone. They were almost in front of one of those "glittering hells,", which, teeming with the most attractive species of vice and allurement, stand undisguised, amid our principal thoroughfares, in the light of the noonday sun. A group of noisy, half intoxicated fellows had just alighted from a cab and were passing in. Instinctively PHILIP quickened his pace that she might not have to pass them alone. Just as he reached her side, one of the group stepping back with a swagger, gazed into her face, and holding out his hand, exclaimed, loud enough for the rest to hear, "Why OPHELIA!—is this you? When did you come? Mother will be glad to see you, and *so am I, eh!*" And, with a leer, he attempted to pat her on the shoulder, but she drew back. Before he could execute his intention, a powerful thrust from PHILIP sent him reeling into the street, as with hasty steps he drew OPHELIA away. They were followed by a volley of oaths from the lips of LANSING TURNER, and mutterings of vengeance from his companions, which alike passed unheeded.

PHILIP said he did not know that Miss BRIARE had returned or he should have called upon her. She had only arrived the day before, she said, and had gone on an errand to the house of a friend, but a short distance from Mr. PARKER'S, never dreaming of molestation, and she felt extremely grateful for the timely presence of so good a friend. PHILIP made some complimentary reply, but just then an omnibus rattled by and I did not hear it. They had reached Mr. PARKER'S house, and as the light shone on OPHELIA'S face, it looked quite warm and rosy. She invited him to come in, and he went.

While this little scene was transpiring, another not less interesting had taken place at the residence of Mrs. NOBLE. Soon after her son left home a gentlemen called and inquired for him.—Mrs. NOBLE invited him in, to wait until PHILIP'S return, which she supposed would be soon. He accepted the civility, and as he laid aside his hat she recognized RICHARD LANSING. Somewhat embarrassed, she would have left the room, but with a grave gesture he begged her to be seated, and allow him a few words—saying that it was not her son, but herself, whom he wished to see, and his sudden meeting at the door had caused the evasion. With much reluctance she sat down and awaited his business.

In a calm and earnest manner he recapitulated the story of his past life, without exaggeration or reserve. He spoke of his motives and the influences which had induced him to act in so dishonorable a manner. He said he did not wish to exculpate himself by criminating others; his had been the greatest shame, and his the greatest suffering. He told her that he loved her now,—he had always loved her, and no other image had ever usurped her place in his heart. He told her that in his last letter to her, the better feelings of his heart had been crushed back to nerve his hand for the task. When he wrote that "the time *might* come when he would ask as a favor to become her protector," he had hoped that she would see in his conduct only temporary obedience to the will of others, and would rely upon his truth. But when she married, that hope became despair, and he thought that she had never truly loved him. It was presumptuous, he felt, but he could no longer silence his heart, now that he had found her and found her *free*. Could she forget and forgive enough to make him happy at last?

The old spirit of GRACE LEE shone in her eyes and gave dignity to her form, as Mrs. NOBLE rose, and turning to her guest, replied,

"Mr. LANSING, I regret more than I can express to you, that a misplaced attachment should have led to so humiliating a confession. And, though I cannot but feel in some degree honored, if you are sincere, I must assure you that I retain too deep a sense of love and gratitude towards him who was my best friend, when those that I trusted had failed me, even to listen to a proposal of this kind from you, more especially at this time.—You say you find me *free;* in this you are mistaken. In a few weeks, with the blessing of Providence, I shall bestow my hand on one whose kindness has, for many years, entitled him to my affection, and who has more than filled a father's place to my son. Good evening, sir!"

As he passed out, and the door closed after him, she thought that, though prosperous, he had not been happy. His face was thin, pale, and seamed with lines of passion or of care, and the handsome brow was contracted beneath clustering locks of iron grey hair. As he wrapped his cloak around him in the outer air, he coughed convulsively and hurried on.

Chapter VII.

"Well hath it ended that ill begun,
Out of the shadow, into the sun."

A pleasant little company were gathered in Mr. PARKER'S handsome parlor on the last evening of the old year 185-. It was composed of our old friends, Mr. and *Mrs.* PARKER, in whose smiling countenance we easily recognize Mrs. NOBLE, with PHILIP and OPHELIA. They are indulging in a retrospect, during which Mr. PARKER takes occasion to bestow some pretty high praise on "our young Doctor," as he calls him, to which PHILIP replies,

"I should be an ungrateful and an unworthy object of so many blessings, were I not in some degree an honor to my friends. How could I be otherwise with such a friend, such a mother, and such a—" here he hesitated and looked at OPHELIA, who, with a blush and a gay laugh, said,

"Say *wife*, PHILIP! You know I soon shall be."

"Then wife let it be," and drawing her hand into his arm they walked to the window.

At that moment a man rang the bell, and said that "Mr. LANSING wished to see Dr. NOBLE immediately—he was much worse." Without a moment's delay, PHILIP was ready to accompany him. As they left the house, Mr. PARKER sighed and said he feared his friend was going fast. He thought him much worse that afternoon.

In a few moments PHILIP stood in RICHARD LANSING'S room, which was in his sister's house. He had taken up his residence with her, on account of his own failing health, and her solitary condition. Solitary, for LILLY, the frail and the lovely, had, more than a year ago, passed to that land where her delicate nature could no more be shaken by the rude blasts of life, and LANSING, whose unkind hand had helped to dash the cup of happiness from her lips, had fled to the land of golden dreams and few fulfillments, California.

PHILIP found his patient much weaker than at his morning visit; he was evidently failing. There was present a lawyer, whose surroundings of pens, ink and other writing materials, showed that business of a legal nature had been going forward.—The attorney handed to PHILIP a copy of a Will in which RICHARD LANSING bequeathed the whole of his property to establish a fund for the education, in various branches of business, of the youth of the State who were unable to procure an education adequate to their talents. He appointed Mr. PARKER and PHILIP NOBLE, the principal members of a Board of Directors, and Mr. PARKER his executor. It was thus for the first time that PHILIP learned to whom he was so greatly indebted; but it was no occasion for expressions of gratitude, so he was silent. The legal business being concluded, the attorney withdrew, and they were alone.

Mr. LANSING then explained to PHILIP the train of circumstances which had led to his forming the above project. The admiration with which he listened to him at the Academy, his remembrance of his previous success in entering the school, the coincidence of his name, and finally the discovery that his mother was she whom he had so much loved, yet so deeply wronged. It was painful to PHILIP to witness the remorse of one so noble and so gifted. Weakened by disease, he sobbed like a child; and then, as his mind wandered, he would throw his arms wildly upward, with such broken exclamations as—

"I was not *all* to blame! My father and ELENOR over-ruled me, and I thought to wait till I was my own master! No, no! I will not try to excuse myself! It was my own folly and pride that ruined me. GRACE LEE, is this you by my bed? You smile, ah! I *do* love you. Dip your white hand in water and bathe my head. There! she is gone! She will not listen."

Then for a time he was calmer, and requesting to see Mr. and Mrs. PARKER, they were sent for.—When they came, it was near midnight; and, as ELENOR was with him, they entered noiselessly and sat apart.

"ELENOR," said the sick man, "I shall leave you soon; I have but a short time more. Come here and let me take your hand in mine, as when we were children and playmates. O! ELENOR, *when we were children!* How long ago it seems!—How you and I have changed since then!—Who would have thought that you could ever become the cold, proud woman that I have seen you, or I the stern and haughty man.—But that is passed. Death, who is no respecter of persons, hovering at my side, has taught me that 'blessed' indeed 'are the meek.' Sorrow has been busy with you, my sister. Your beautiful eyes are dimmed, and your dark hair, like mine, is whitening like grain for the harvest. I hope, too, your heart is changed. Could I live, dear sister, you should see in me a different being, one more fit to be your brother and protector. But since I must leave you, let me conjure you, by all the precious moments we have both wasted, to submit yourself humbly to the chastening hand which has already been heavy upon you. Seek for rest and consolation where you and I have long neglected to find it; but be assured it is there, and is free to those who ask it. 'Come unto me ye heavily laden'—you know the promise, and when I am gone, you will need such a friend more than ever before."

Mrs. TURNER had changed much within a few years. The death of her only daughter, the conduct of her cherished son, had done that for her that all else had failed to do. It had, in a great measure, humbled her pride. It had robbed her, too, of her beauty, "the boasted strength of her youth." Her features were pale and pinched with mental suffering, and around her mouth were clustered lines, which told of grief tugging unceasingly at her heart-strings.

While her brother was speaking, she had stood beside him and listened, with little outward emotion, but when he closed, she threw herself on her knees, and clasping his neck, cried,

"O! RICHARD, do not say that! You *must* not leave me alone in this wide world! I have no true friend on earth, and when you are gone, my heart will break! It will, it will!"

Mrs. NOBLE here came gently forward, fearing the scene would be too much for the nearly exhausted man. Kindly she drew the almost stupefied form of the sister towards her, and as she supported her in her arms she whispered, "You *have* a friend, and a true one, if you will accept her."

The dying man heard, and with sudden animation, he exclaimed, "Yes, ELENOR, she will be your friend; I know she forgives you, and you will love her. You will never forsake her, will you GRACE LEE?"

At the mention of this name, Mrs. TURNER recoiled, and a frown gathered on her brow; but her face instantly changing, she threw herself on the bosom of her new friend, murmuring, "I do not deserve your kindness, yet it were madness in me to refuse it. This is not an hour for pride or prejudice. I feel that GOD has sent you to me, and He will bless you."

Mr. PARKER and Dr. NOBLE now took their leave of RICHARD LANSING, as he extended his hand to them, and pointed to the table where lay his papers. Mr. PARKER gathered these together, and then they withdrew, leaving Mrs. TURNER alone with her brother. When next the young physician was summoned, Death had set his seal on those handsome but world-worn features, and, as the distant clock struck the hour of twelve, the recording Angel turned the first leaf of the New Year, and wrote therein the name of—RICHARD LANSING.

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7.00 A. M. Express Mail, stopping at all principal Stations—Arrives at Dunkirk 8.55 A. M., Erie 10.50 A. M., Cleveland 2.30 P. M. [Dine.] Toledo 7.35 P. M. [Sup.] Chicago 6.25 next morning, connecting with all Western, Southern & Northern Lines.
10.15 A. M. Lightning Express, stops only for wood and water—Arrives at Dunkirk 12.05 Noon, [Dine.] Erie 1.55 P. M., Cleveland 5.15 P. M. [Sup.] Toledo 10.15 P. M., Chicago 8.00 A. M. next morning, making direct connections with all lines to the West, North and South.
3.45 P. M. Way Express, to Erie only—arrives at Erie at 8.20 P. M.—returning, leaves Erie 6.00 A. M., and arrives at Buffalo 10.00 A. M.
9.00 P. M. Night Express, stops only for wood and water—Arrives at Dunkirk 11.20 P. M. Erie 12.40 A. M., Cleveland 4.10 A. M. [Breakfast.] Toledo 8.25 A. M. [Dine at White Pigeon.] and arrives at Chicago 4.45 P. M. same evening, connecting as above.
The above Trains connect at Cleveland
FOR COLUMBUS, SPRINGFIELD, DAYTON, INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI,
And all Points South, Leaving Cleveland as follows:

Via COLUMBUS, at	2.15 A. M.	3.00 P. M.	6.30 P. M.
Via CLYDE & DAYTON,	4.40 A. M.	8.35 A. M.	5.40 P. M.
For ST. LOUIS, via Bellefontaine, Columbus, or Cincinnati,	5.15 A. M.	3.40 P. M.	6.30 P. M.

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Aug, 1857. WM. R. BARR, Gen'l Agent, Buffalo.

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THE LEADING WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Office, Union Buildings, Opposite the Court House.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

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Rural New-Yorker.

N. Y. FAIR—FACTS AND THOUGHTS.

ROOT CROPS.

AMONG the many things that attracted our especial notice at the late State Fair, nothing gave us more pleasure than the fine display of vegetables, particularly such as are usually called field vegetables, and designed more especially for feeding stock. A few years ago, and all the vegetables shown at our State Fair might be carried in a common farmer's wagon. The present year, although it was not what it should be nor what we hope to see it in future years, yet the exhibition was far ahead of any previous one, and showed very decided progress and improvement. In this department, the Provincial Show of Upper Canada is always excellent, and would be considered good in any fair in Europe, where root crops are grown in perfection. Our State Agricultural Society does not give sufficient encouragement for the growth of root crops, and the premium list needs revision on this point. Not a dollar is offered at the fall show for Ruta Bagas, Mangel Wurtzel, Parsnips, or any other root for feeding stock, though the list for table vegetables is very good. It is well enough to offer premiums amounting to $236 for Short-horn bulls and cows, but it certainly would be well to offer at least a fraction of this amount for Mangel Wurtzel, Ruta Bagas, &c., with which to feed them. For mutton sheep, $100 may not be too much—indeed, it might be increased, perhaps, to advantage; but we should like to see a premium offered for the best bushel of Turnips, as this root is so useful in making mutton. About the same amount is offered for the best swine. Let us have premiums offered for the best Parsnips, as no root equals it for pork-making; and we would also suggest the propriety of offering a premium for the best fat pigs, fattened entirely on the parsnip.

We have always urged our farmers to grow root crops for feeding stock; and there is now more necessity for this course than ever before, especially in Western New York. We are too well pleased with the progress already made in this respect, as evidenced in all our travels through the country, by the letters we receive, and by the late exhibition at Buffalo, to make any complaint. We wish the good work to continue, and hope our State and County Societies will afford all the aid in their power. Hundreds of our readers are raising root crops, and we solicit their attention to the following list of premiums to be awarded by the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, at its Winter Meeting in February next:

Ruta Bagas.—Best crop of ruta bagas, not less than one acre, 60 lbs. estimated a bushel, 800 bushels, $8; 2d, $5; 3d, Trans.

Sugar Beets.—Best crop of sugar beets, not less than half an acre, 60 lbs. to the bushel, 400 bushels, $8; 2d, $5; 3d, Trans.

Carrots.—Best crop of carrots, not less than half an acre, 60 lbs. to the bushel, 300 bushels $8; 2d, $5; 3d, Trans.

Mangel Wurtzel.—Best crop mangel wurtzel, not less than half an acre, 60 lbs. to the bushel, 400 bushels, $8; 2d, $5; 3d, Trans.

The land from which the crop for premiums is claimed must be in one contiguous piece, and must be measured with chain and compass, and the surveyor make affidavit to his survey. The applicant and one other person who assisted in harvesting and measuring the crop, must make affidavit of the quantity of grain raised, and that the crop grown was in the usual course of cultivation, and must also state the whole quantity of land in the piece of which that intended for premium is a part. The entire crop upon the piece entered for premium is to be harvested and measured. Those who desire to compete for these premiums can obtain further information by applying to the Secretary at Albany, by letter. We shall be pleased to have all report their success or failure in the RURAL.

SCHOOLEY'S PRESERVATORY.

The preservation of fruit, without deterioration or decay, after coming to maturity is a matter of much importance, and to which we have several times directed the attention of our readers. In a recent number we suggested that premiums should be offered for fruits preserved in good condition out of their natural season. A great portion of our summer and early autumn fruits either rot, or to prevent loss from rotting, are forced upon the market at very low prices. It must be apparent, then, that any system by which these could be preserved from decay would be of immense value to the fruit grower. Strawberries, and some other very tender fruits are so delicate in their structure that we cannot hope by any means to succeed in keeping them for a great length of time, yet we were informed by a gentleman at Buffalo, that Strawberries had been kept in good condition for 20 days in *Schooley's Patent Preservatory.* One of these was constructed on the Fair Grounds at Buffalo, by J. L. ALBERGER, who, we understand, owns the right for this State. It was a building 16 feet long by 12 feet broad, with double walls, flooring and ceiling, the space between, about 12 inches, being filled with sawdust. Four feet at one end was partitioned off and filled with ice, a space being left at the bottom of the partition for the cold air to pass from the ice to the fruit room, or preservatory; and another space at the top of the partition, which allows the air as it becomes warm to pass through to the ice department.—Thus, a constant circulation is kept up. The air, by passing over the ice is deprived of its moisture, and, becoming cold and heavier than the surrounding atmosphere, falls to the bottom of the ice apartment, and through the opening in the partition to the preservatory. As it becomes warm it arises to the top of the room, and passes through the opening in the partition, to be again cooled by the ice. The air as it enters the room at the bottom, shows a temperature of 35°, and as it leaves the room at the top, of 40°. We saw milk, fresh beef, chickens, peaches, &c., that had been in the preservatory for nine days, and all were apparently as good as could be desired. The milk showed no signs of souring, nor bad taste of any kind. Such a house would be almost invaluable to the fruit grower, butcher and dairyman, and a great convenience to every farmer.

WASTE MANURES.

IN our last issue we spoke of *Saving Manure*, devoting our remarks more particularly to the care of the solid excrements of cattle, and the necessity of preserving, without deterioration, the elements by them contained; and would now call the attention of RURAL readers to the importance of securing the various other enriching substances which are too generally suffered to run waste. In these days of money panics and bank suspensions there is scarcely an individual upon our soil who, when looking at the matter boldly and endeavoring to reason from cause to effect, but can perceive certain indications of assistance, by him rendered, to the production of the disastrous influences by which we are now surrounded. Extravagance, a reckless outlay in this or that department of domestic or social economy—the creation, by carelessness or the pampering of appetite, of artificial wants, and the desire to gratify all these, has brought upon us, as a people, the degrading spectacle of a nation with boundless agricultural wealth, almost limitless mechanical power, a system of navigation and intercommunication unequalled by any country on the globe, at peace with the whole world—a nation that ought to be able to "sit beneath her own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make afraid," in a state of complete financial embarrassment closely approximating bankruptcy. The denizen of the town has brought desolation to his hearth-stone by attempting to follow foreign customs and ape foreign manners. An untarnished reputation has been thrown into the scale against the gloss of broadcloth and the rustle of satin, and both are now almost beyond our grasp. We have sacrificed at the altars of vanity and passion, and can now realize the award of our oblations.

Though the dweller in the country has not, to so great extent, been guilty of this folly—though his coat is made of "sterner stuff," and his daughters are clothed by the labor of their own hands—though he would claim for himself genuine republican simplicity, he, too, by want of attention to the minutiæ of the farm, has materially aided in bringing about these ominous times. For his toil, represented by dollars and cents, men have explored the coasts of foreign lands, have sought the isles of the ocean, have delved amid inhospitable climes, and for what?—to obtain the very elements of fertility which upon his own farm are every day wasted without a thought. The farmer has acquired much of knowledge, and wealth, and enterprise by study, observation, and experiment—how much has slipped from his grasp through inattention and carelessness? How many corners of his farm contain the very vegetable and mineral constituents which he is to-day importing at a cost of fifty or sixty dollars per tun? To what extent are "hidden treasures" underlying his worn out soils?—those "placers" that will yield their teeming wealth to the energetic seeker for golden stores. How many clay and marl beds are there that would remedy the imperfections of that "light and sandy soil," the strength of which departed with the crops taken thence years ago?

First in importance among the waste manures, both as regards quantity and quality, is the liquid droppings of cattle. In the experiments of ARTHUR YOUNG, as given in the Transactions of the Highland Ag. Society, we learn that Mr. Y. took from soil alone 280 bushels of potatoes per acre; where the soil received an application of 32 yards of manure and 160 bushels of lime, the yield was 480 bushels; the same amount of manure and 480 gallons of urine also applied to an acre, produced 520 bushels of potatoes. According to DANA the urine of a cow will manure one and one-fourth acres for a year; that it is more valuable than her dung in the ratio of bulk as seven to six, and in real worth as two to one. It will furnish nine hundred pounds of solid matter per annum, which, at the present price of guano, is worth twenty dollars.

When we take into consideration the immense number of cattle throughout the Union, and compute the value of their liquid voidings by millions of dollars—when analysis places before the minds of agriculturists incontestible proof of the richness in fertilizing elements these excrements contain—the fact that so few farmers adopt any measures for their preservation becomes a matter of surprise. The truth is, liquid manure and its system of application are novelties; we do not appreciate the advantages that might arise from their adoption, and probably will not until land wears a trans-Atlantic value, and the rich, deep soil of our prairies and river bottoms becomes a myth—a story begotten of an idle brain. And such a state of affairs is neither impossible nor improbable. Here, in what is termed the Eden of the Empire State, there is such a thing to talk about as exhausted lands. Continued cropping of those cereals which require strong soil, and little or no returns of pabulum to the earth, will sooner or later "wear out" the best land the sun ever shone on.

The "slops" of the house, though they will not bear the importance of the manures wasted from the stable and cattle yard, are neither poor in quality or meagre in quantity. Mr. MILBURN, Secretary of the Yorkshire Ag. Society, expresses the belief, "that the amount of liquid manure of this character wasted in England, if preserved, would produce a fertilizing effect equal to all the hand tillage of the farmer." The saving of all these liquids is one of the fundamental principles of Flemish husbandry, and it has done wonders for that country. There "the thrifty house-wife and her active substitute know the value of what, in our households, is thrown away and wasted. A small tank or hole sunk in the ground contains all the liquid which can in any way be useful—soap-suds, washings of dishes, &c." A receptacle of this kind contains all the washings and scourings of the house, animal and vegetable refuse rich in ammonia, fatty matters rich in carbonic acid, human urine, in fact everything that will aid in promoting vegetation.

If the farmers of our country would produce great crops, and leave their land in good heart, they must adopt the doctrine of *remuneration.* It is a law of nature, and one, too, that irrevocable. If man, physically, violates wise provisions, he must suffer the penalty—there is no escape—if he conforms to just requirements he will possess a sound mind in a sound body. So with the soil; we cannot forever cry give, and expect to receive to our heart's content. "Suspension of payment" is the inevitable result of such a course, and this disaster may break upon us when least prepared. Deal as we will with men, we must be honest with Nature.

THE AQUARIUM.

EDS. RURAL:—The "Aquarium" having become a favorite ornament in Great Britain, I am anxious to try the experiment here. Perhaps some of your readers have done so already, and would be able to afford useful hints as to what are the best fresh water plants and animals with which to stock it? Also information as regards winter treatment in this western latitude.—AMPHIBIA, *Peterboro, C. W.*

THE beauty of aquatic plants, and the ease with which they are cultivated is but little appreciated or understood in this country. Since the introduction of the Victoria Regia, the Queen of the Aquatics, however, attention has been directed to the subject, and there are now several houses for the cultivation of this and other water plants in the vicinity of Boston and Philadelphia. The same inattention to this class of plants is shown in England; for a recent writer remarks that "notwithstanding the beauty of aquatic plants and the interesting circumstances connected with them, it is singular that, while expensive structures are erected for almost every other description of plants, this country can scarcely at the present day, boast of a dozen dedicated to the cultivation of aquatics." And nearly all of these owe their origin to a desire on the part of the owners to cultivate the Victoria. On this matter there is a great lack of knowledge, and while we cannot hope to throw a flood of light on the subject, we will present a few facts that will at least aid in the investigation.

A CIRCULAR AQUARIUM.

The simplest and cheapest aquarium is formed by improving a natural, or making an artificial pond in the garden. In this way may be planted all the native and hardy water plants, and animals and fish may be introduced at pleasure. Among the most appropriate of our native plants for such an aquarium, we can recommend the family of Nympheas, or Pond Lilies; the Nuphar, very much like the Nymphea; the Pontederea, or Pickerel Weed; the Calla, a very pretty flower like the Egyptian Lily; the Caltha, or Marsh Marigold; the Vallisneria or Eel Grass, a very curious plant, with long and linear grass-like leaves growing entirely under water. This plant is so singular in its habit that we cannot forbear a short description. The staminate clusters being confined to the bottom of the water by the shortness of the scape, the flower buds themselves spontaneously break away from their short pedicils and float on the surface, where they expand and shed their pollen around the fertile flowers, which are raised to the surface at this time; afterwards the thread-form fertile scapes, from two to four feet long, according to the depth of water, coil up spirally, and draw the ovary under water to ripen. In addition to these we might name the Alisma, or Water Plantain family of Rushes, the Pitcher Plant, &c. The Nelumbium will succeed as far north as Philadelphia, and in the South-Western States. It is also said to be found in Big Sodus Bay, on the shores of Lake Ontario, and may succeed even farther north in a sheltered position. It is well worthy of a trial.—Such an aquarium would require but little care or labor, as it would care for itself, both winter and summer, if kept well supplied with water. The edges of the pond should be ornamented with shells, pebbles, &c., and planted with such half-aquatics as delight in shallow water or a wet soil.

Another and more costly aquarium is made of tanks or cisterns, and covered with glass like our green houses. The water is heated by pipes of hot water running through it. By this means the tropical aquatic plants are cultivated, and their beauty may be enjoyed during our long and tedious winters. The amount of heat is regulated according to the requirements of the different plants, and they are planted with reference to this object, in *Stove* or *Green-House Aquariums*—the *stove* being kept at the highest temperature. We quote from a Liverpool journal some useful remarks on the construction and planting of these houses:

"Few, perhaps, are aware of the great beauty which the tropical aquatic tribes present under good cultivation. They are not well adapted for small houses, but look best in houses having a vestibule or circular centre. They may be made in various forms, according to the taste of the proprietor: if in a square or oblong vestibule, the aquarium should be of the same shape; if in a circular house, or part of the house, the form may be varied and much ornamented—a vase-shaped basin, circular cistern, or any other form suitable to the style of the building: a jet-d'-eau in the centre is a great improvement. The interior must be of various depths, to suit the plants of various sizes, for which reason steps are usually formed from the circumference to the centre—the water being thus made shallower at the edge to suit the smaller plants. Upon these steps pebbles or soil are laid, in which the roots are planted; and gold and silver fishes may be made to add to the interest of this group.

And what, we fancy some one inquiring, can you grow in water, that is so beautiful? We will give a selection of plants for a stove, and also for a greenhouse aquarium. In the former we would not forget to have the Papyrus antiquorum, so interesting from its having furnished the writing paper of the ancients; the very name conjures up a museum of mummies, scrolls, sarcophagi, and manuscripts of the classics of ancient Greece and Rome; the beauty of the plant, independent of other points of interest, renders it worthy of a place in the stove aquarium. The other species adapted to this place are P. odorata and P. laxiflorus, which are also elegant gramineous plants. We have also seen the rice plant growing in the same way; it is very pretty, being more graceful than the common oat, and much taller. Then there is the magnificent Nelumbium speciosum, with its large, emerald green, round, floating leaves, fine, large, rose-colored flowers, and its Pythagorean associations, the seed being supposed to be the sacred bean of the Egyptians and Pythagoreans. N. Tamara is a fine species, with azure blue flowers; also N. jamaicense, and N. Luteum, with bright yellow ones. The beautiful genus Nymphæa, or water-lily, also furnishes some lovely ornaments for the aquarium; there is N. cærulæa, with its cups of intense blue; N. scutifolia, N. stellata, and N. cyanea, are also beautiful blue species N. pubescens is pink, N. rubra, red; and N. rubra var. rosea, rose-colored. Then there is the Egyptian Lotus, N. Lotus; the Hungarian, N. Thermalis, with white flowers; N. versicolor, the variegated water lily; and the pure white one, N. blanda. Besides these, the pretty yellow flowers of Villarsia indica, the red blossoms of Eurrale ferox, the yellow flowery Jussieua natans, and the white Alisma cordifolia, make a group of great beauty. The leaves alone of the Nymphæas make them well worthy of cultivation. For the green house aquarium we have an equally extensive selection. Two species of water-lilies, Nymphæa reniformis, and odorata, both white flowers; Limnocharis Plumierii, and L. Humboldtii, with pretty pale yellow blossoms. The remarkable genus Sarracenia, with their pitcher-shaped leaves, grow best with their roots in shallow water. Jussieua grandiflora, Alisma parnassifolia, Fron-

tium aquaticum, Hypoxis aquatica, Byblis liniflora, (blue,) Drosera binata, Menyanthes americana, Villarsia lacunosa, and ovata, *cum multis aliis*, are all beautiful ornaments to the greenhouse aquarium."

Another form of the Aquarium, and the one which will afford the most pleasure, and will be more generally adopted, because within the means, and better suited to the circumstances of the masses, is that designed for the parlor, and of which we give an engraving. It is simply a large glass vessel, somewhat resembling a fish-globe, though it may be made of any form and material, and filled with living plants as well as fish, &c., whose natural operations render the change of water unnecessary. This fact enables persons of taste to give to this minature lake all the beauties of the fresh water pond, creating a water garden at home beautifully radiant with both animate and inanimate life. Where salt water is used, the plants, shell and other fish of the ocean, can be used with very fine effect. For fresh water, a little marsh earth must be placed at the bottom, and for salt water, sand and gravel. By introducing a piece of rough stone, extending to the top of the water, and covering it with swamp muck, the marsh plants may be easily grown.

RURAL NOTES FROM CATTARAUGUS.

Eds. Rural:—I am at one of the pleasant rural homes of this peaceful region—a neat house far up the southern slope of a hill, with well-filled barns and fruit-laden orchard around it. All bespeaks cheerful abundance, the reward of busy industry,—"the glorious privilege of being independent," as Burns, the peasant-bard of Scotland, so fitly termed the competency won by honest, manly and womanly toil. I wish you could sit by this window and look out over the broad, undulating expanse of green pastures, forests clad in the gorgeous and richly varied livery of Autumn, broad hills swelling upward, sharper mountain peaks dim and blue far South; the whole bathed in the rich, soft haze of this beautiful October afternoon. Farm houses here and there, and the spires of the village in the distance, tell of life, and cheerful labor. Herds of cows graze in the green pastures, the whistle of a steam engine rings shrill and loud up the valley, telling how the "Wizard of the Nineteenth Century" is doing men good service. Westward the golden light of the declining sun pours glorious brightness over a wide expanse of field and forest,—over the grand hill-tops, down through wide valleys, the earth seems flooded with its pervading radiance.

It would *do you good to be here an hour:* you would go back to your busy office a stronger and happier man—all the better fitted to go on rejoicing in your worthy work of spreading knowledge of the first and oldest Art over the land.

This is a dairying town some fifteen miles north of the Erie Railroad. Spring wheat is raised much more than formerly, and yields well. The soil is good, the hills not too rough to be tilled to their very summits. Apples thrive well; it is too high ground for the peach.

I passed through Rushford (seven miles east) in coming here—a pleasant village amidst an excellent country. As you go southward the hills are sharper, the valleys warmer, but the soil good and the farmers doing well. I was at East Otto some days since, in the western part of the county—a pleasant village in a rich and cultivated valley. Also at Cattaraugus, a station on the railroad south of Otto. The passer-by on the cars looks far down through the trees into a narrow valley. Steep hills covered with a heavy growth of tall trees rise like walls of towering verdure and reach away to the north. The busy village is the point at which some three hundred miles of country centre as an outlet to the road,—and here, through several level valleys, are brought the farm products for the distant cities.

The past year some 1,200 tuns of cheese, worth over $200,000, were sent away, beside large quantities of butter. At Eddyville is a factory at which some 1,200 cheese boxes are yearly made. There are several others in the vicinity.

But I must stop, only suggesting by way of a "closing improvement"—as the old ministers in New England used to say, in their sermons in my childhood, after having gone through with the many "heads" of a discourse—when you can get away some summer day, or in pleasant October, go among the Cattaraugus hills, breathe pure air, see glorious landscapes, and find some *men* and *women*. G. B. S.

Farmersville, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., Oct., 1857.

SORGHUM WILL SUCCEED!

Friend Rural:—Seeing the article in the Rural of October 3, headed "Sorghumanis," on the subject of "syrup" making, I beg leave to give a little of my Sorghum experience. It may not be uninteresting to your numerous readers, if it should be to "W. B. P.," who evidently labors under *one* species of "mania" himself. We do not boast of going into it on so magnificent a scale as did our Prattsburgh friend—by the "table spoon ful"—yet we have some of the "thick syrup," the genuine "critter," which we have actually made and "accurately ascertained by boiling." We have obtained two and a half gallons of the "clear quill" from 400 stalks. It is of good quality, and a "prime article" for culinary purposes. We speak knowingly, for we have tested it in pies, cakes, &c., and it answers the purpose *equal* to the best "New Orleans"—and for buckwheat cakes it "can't be beat." The yield is about 200 gallons to the acre.

"How to express the juice from the cane is just now the question," friend W. B. P. exclaims. If he will just make a "real Shanghai run" to these "diggins," he can have the privilege of examining a crusher built by E. Nothrup, of Harpersville, with three rollers, one foot in length and almost the same in diameter, through which the cane passes twice—catching 15 gallons of the juice in 17 minutes, the juice running into a tub separate from the stalk. Although rudely constructed, being the first effort, we think a look at it might materially relieve the "importunate cry" that "comes from all quarters."

Now, if our "Sorghum" friend does *really* feel so indignantly horrified at the "speculator's decree," of which we know nothing and care still less, his "table spoonful" of "clear quill" shall be expressed "scot free." And as an additional inducement we warrant him (after tasting the samples made by different individuals, varying from three quarts to 20 gallons each, at said mill, amounting in all to 150 gallons of the "thick syrup,") that some things can be done as well as others, and should not his disease relapse, he would ultimately recover from his *sympathetic* situation. Another item, the great "quantity of crushers advertised in the market cheap, at $40 to $60 each," does not apply to our case, for this machine will cost, "*money out*," $3. The remainder of the work can be done by any one, with a few tools, and were it all to be valued at "cash price," would not exceed $20, and you have a mill that will crush as fast as "my wife's rolling pin." Furthermore, we will agree to supply him with seed matured in this "high latitude" this season, backward as it has been, "*free*," sufficient for another *whittling*—that is, if he should not prefer "tapping."

The result of this season's experience in growing Sugar Cane and making syrup therefrom, is so satisfactory to the people of this section, that we are willing to "make fools of ourselves," and consequently are making preparations to plant it extensively the coming spring. That it can be raised "successfully and profitably," I have not the least doubt. We do not compose "the more timid," who "will wait and buy crushers, evaporators, &c., second handed," but feel perfectly resigned to take part in the "fun" the "people want," and certainly, as far as we are concerned, will with pleasure "pay the bill." I readily admit that it cannot be grown successfully on poor, worn-out land, neither can Indian corn. But where *good* corn can be raised, the Chinese Sugar Cane can be grown profitably—"W. B. P." with his reversion of "natural laws," "frost king," and "prophetic ken" to the contrary notwithstanding.

Susquehanna, Broome Co., N. Y. Wm. Doolittle.

HUNGARIAN GRASS.

Eds. Rural:—You will excuse me for troubling you with a few paragraphs on a topic that I conceive to be of real importance to agriculturists and all directly or indirectly concerned in their prosperity, which would include, I apprehend, that vast concourse, "all the world, and the *rest* of mankind."

The subject of which I design writing is a peculiar kind of grass introduced into this neighborhood some four years since. This product, from its being brought here by that band of Hungarian exiles, who, under Ujhazy, settled in Decatur Co., is called Hungarian grass. This much of its "pedigree" will suffice. I will, in a very few words, state its commendable qualities, now well established, after a fair and thorough trial.

1st. This grass will yield from three to seven tuns per acre, according to soil and season. A fair average crop on ordinary soil and fair season is four tuns per acre.

2d. Its nutritious qualities are not excelled by any product now in use as provender for any kind of stock. Cattle, horses, hogs, and sheep, all devour it with great avidity and relish. In fact they will leave most other articles of food, when opportunity offers to get this grass.

3d. The yield of seed (which is said to be of much value for the manufacture of oil) is very great. It yields a crop of seed ranging from twenty to forty bushels per acre, soil and season favorable.

Those facts, which can be incontestibly established by the evidence of hundreds of the worthiest farmers in this portion of Iowa, are what has given this grass so great a popularity throughout this and adjoining States. Two years ago every one seemed to regard it as a doubtful experiment, but each succeeding year has won for it new and better commendations. This season it has won immensely on the good opinions of all acquainted with it. It is almost a stranger to failures. It but wants a trial to speedily supplant all other kinds of provender for stock. The stalks and blades are rich in saccharine juices, while the seed is among the very richest grains grown in this or any other country. For Iowa this grass will be of almost incalculable value. The elevated prairies are very unfavorable to the production of the grasses ordinarily relied upon for winter food for stock.—None of these last do well in this soil, and consequently can never be relied on here. But the Hungarian grass is a highly satisfactory substitute. I am fully impressed with the conviction that your readers who know nothing personally of the production of which I am speaking, will regard what I have said as a rather *gassy* as well as *grassy* article, but I am conscious that my statements can be fully substantiated by the testimony of the great bulk of farmers hereabouts, and their statements will receive the confirmation of all the loafers, lawyers, doctors, preachers, honest men, and boys in the country.

About four years ago this grass began to be cultivated in this county as an article of provender, by two or three farmers who had got hold of the seed. Now nearly every farmer in the county is raising as much of it as he can get the seed to sow and ground to put it in. In fact numbers of merchants and gentlemen engaged in other business in this vicinity have actually turned their attention, to a considerable extent, to raising this article of food for stock. Quite a number, whom I could name, last spring hired all the ground they could come at and bought seed to sow it at $4, and even $6, per bushel. The result is, they get, generally, about five tuns per acre of the best of hay, worth $6 per ton, as a remuneration for this singular venture. A pretty fair compensation for so small an outlay of labor and capital. This grass is an annual, requiring to be sown each season. It will yield two crops per year on the same ground, in this latitude, but this is generally thought to be too exhausting to the soil. At the solicitation of a friend, I have been induced to give you these simple facts in relation to this article of agricultural production, with a view to advance the interest of a most useful class of our fellow citizens, the farmers, by bringing to their notice, in the older States, an article that needs only to be known to be universally appreciated as the best reliance for food for all kinds of stock raised on the farm.

Albia, Monroe Co., Iowa, 1857. J. N.

Those of our readers who are disposed to aid in extending the circulation and usefulness of the Rural, are referred to the first article on sixth page entitled "A Ten Weeks' Trial Trip."

STEUBEN COUNTY FAIR.

The Steuben Co. Fair—held at Bath, Sept. 30 h, and Oct. 1st and 2d,—had an inauspicious season, it being cloudy, cold, and positively and decidedly wet the whole time. The receipts were a little over $700, or less than two-thirds what they otherwise would have been. Only in the Ladies' Department did the show excel former ones, and here the improvement was marked. Samples of sugar cane syrup, of Steuben manufacture, were exhibited by T. M. Younglove, of Urbana, which self-constituted tasting committees pronounced good, or as having a "pumpkin taste," as they severally judged. The writer proposes to keep out of any controversy on *that* point. A plowing match with *ox* teams came off the second and last days, the honored President of the Society, Judge Balcom, of Painted Post, being one of the competitors. I hope some favor was gained towards this most profitable and economical farm team.

The Annual Address was given by S. H. Hammond, Esq., late of Albany. His political history had led the writer to suppose that he was at home *any where* or upon any subject; but he avowed that he was not a farmer, had never grown so much as an acre of corn or potatoes in his life; but he gave, notwithstanding, a capital speech, sound in suggestion and elegant in diction, which will soon appear from the press.

The Fair closed with a "Festival," (I did not hear of any horse "shows,") said to be a brilliant success, but of which the writer knows nothing, not being "ticketed" thereto. A torch light procession by the Bath and Dansville Fire Companies—Band and Martial music—and, (I grieve to say) some little forgetfulness of the aim of the existing Excise statute, were accompaniments throughout. W. B. P.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1857.

BURYING POTATOES.

Eds. Rural:—As the potato rot has made its appearance again this year, I think it the duty of every farmer to do all that he can to save his crop, and, therefore, give my mode of burying them. I put from twenty to twenty-five bushels in a hole, and place strips of boards over the pit, in the form of rafters, the two first ones nailed at the top—being careful to keep the rafters a little from the potatoes—and then put on straw enough to shed all wet that might leak through, finishing by putting on dirt. It will need less dirt than the usual mode—the straw will absorb all vapor that arises from them—and the air confined will prevent them from freezing. I have buried my potatoes in this way for the last ten years, and have not lost ten bushels by frost. To prove this method, a few years ago I put equal bushels in two holes, putting rafters on one, and not on the other—the quantity of dirt as near alike as I could—and the result was the one with rafters kept the crop nice and dry, while the others were much frozen. Old, refuse boards or slabs are as good for this purpose as any. If a farmer has no cellar, he can use out of a pit thus made, it will not fall in and will furnish a temporary storage place. To bury turnips and the like, I prefer a long hole, as they are most apt to heat. H. L.

Great Valley, Cat. Co., N. Y., 1857.

CROPS IN KANE CO., ILL.

Eds. Rural.—Having noticed at different times individuals speaking of their crops in various localities, I thought a few words from Kane Co., Ill., would not come amiss. We have had a remarkable summer; it has been cool, healthy, and at the same time a growing season. The crop of wheat is good as far as can be ascertained from what has been threshed in this vicinity. The yield is twenty to thirty bushels to the acre. Oats are very good. One of my neighbors threshed what he raised from thirty bushels sown, and had 900 bushels thresher's measure. I think there would be 1,000 bushels by weight, for they are very plump and heavy. Barley is good and the yield varies from twenty-five to forty bushels to the acre. Corn is doing well. If we should not have frost for the next six or ten days, it will be a good crop. Buckwheat, as a general thing, is ready to cut, and is a good crop. Potatoes, for quantity or quality, cannot be beat. Grass is good. Fruit, such as currants, gooseberries, cherries and apples, is quite plenty and of nice quality. I think if there is a State in the Union where the people should hold a day of rejoicing for the many blessings received, it should be Illinois.—H. H., *St. Charles, Kane Co., Ill., Sept.*, 1857.

SAVE THE BONES.

Are bones worth saving for manure? If so they should not be given to such useless animals as dogs to waste, but be taken directly from the cook room to a box or barrel placed in a dry out-house and deposited in dry ashes. Keep adding bones and ashes until the latter part of winter, then, at some leisure time, empty them into some convenient place and pound them fine. Then wet the mass so as to make it quite moist. Shovel it over occasionally for a few days, and add to the compost heap when the bones are pretty well eaten up.—Old Gardener, *Sept*, 1857.

A Pea Story—Is thus pleasantly related by Mr. A. H. Bullock, of North Almond:—"I suppose that your farmers 'out north' are rather in the habit of looking *down* upon Allegany, and as one who is considered 'below par' seldom boasts of his accomplishments, we Alleganians rarely attempt bragging in the Rural. But a certain pea has produced so bountifully here with us this season, that I want to have the exploit 'put in the paper,' and then see whether anybody 'out north' can tell a bigger story, although I am aware that he who tells last is supposed to have a great advantage. A neighbor of mine, S. L. Dunning, not long since brought from his field, for my inspection, *one pea vine* having several branches, (he calls it, I think, the 'Branch Pea,') on which were one hundred and twenty-five pods, containing seven hundred and fifty peas! That pea he thinks a 'good breeder,' hard to beat, and if any of your correspondents can tell of one that has 'shelled out' more liberally, in these 'tight times,' he will 'try again.'"

Rural Notes and Items.

The Chinese Sugar Cane has succeeded much better in many sections of the country than was anticipated, considering the unfavorable season. We are receiving, and seeing in exchange papers, accounts of its successful culture, and the manufacture of syrup, in almost every State in the Union. If it has been comparatively successful at the North, in such an unfavorable season as the past, it is worthy of further and perhaps more extensive trial. We fear the instances of failure, however, have not been recorded, while those in which favorable results have been attained, are receiving wide publicity. Give us both sides, gentlemen experimenters—for the people must have the *failures* as well as successes, in order to judge fairly and understandingly before making preparations for another season's operations.

The Indiana State Fair, which was concluded at Indianapolis, on Friday, 8th inst., is reported to have been thoroughly and entirely successful. The total number of entries was 3,713, or 613 more than last year, while the exhibition generally was much superior. Friday was the great day of the Fair, some 40,000 people being present, and the receipts at the gates amounting to $8,000. The receipts of the previous day were $4,000. The surplus receipts are said to be sufficient to pay for a splendid amphitheatre which the Society contemplates erecting next season.

The Michigan State Fair, held at Detroit the last of Sept. and 1st and 2d of October, was not as complete nor largely attended as some previous exhibitions, on account of the very inclement weather. The exhibition was, however, creditable in the principal departments, and gave evidence of improvement in Stock Breeding, and the introduction and manufacture of Implements, &c. The show of Cattle is said to have been good, the Short-horns and Devons predominating. There was a fine display of Horses, including several attractive Black Hawks from Northern New York and Vermont. An address was delivered by Sanford Howard, Esq., of Boston, on "The Defects of American Agriculture and the Means of Remedying them."

—We hope our Michigan friends will be more fortunate another year in regard to weather—and cannot refrain from suggesting the belief that a more central location for the next Fair would enhance the prosperity of the Society, and be more satisfactory to the people. Either Jackson or Marshall would, in our opinion, prove far more desirable and *successful* than Detroit—judging from some personal knowledge of the State, and the location of several thousand Rural subscribers who would probably attend the exhibition.

Which Breed of Swine?—In a letter containing payment for twenty subscribers to the Rural, Mr. Wm. A. Johnston, of Amherstburgh, C. W., writes:—"Allow me to say something about the porkers. Mine are not exactly the 'long-eared, slab-sided kind' described in No. 403 of the Rural; but they are very far from what I wish them to be. I think they are no relation to what you call a real aristocrat; indeed it would take a wiser man than me to tell what breed they are related to,—but they belong to the hog species any way. You will confer a favor on your humble servant if you can tell him the best breed adapted to his purpose, when he tells you that he thinks the cheapest way to make pork is to winter over only as many sows as will produce pigs enough for what pork is wanted, and if the breed is right and well attended to through summer they will make a barrel of pork each in the fall. Rapidity of growth and economy, and a disposition to fatten young, is what I want. There is no improved breed in this neighborhood of any distinct variety, but a sort of mongrel mixture. Perhaps you can tell where the right sort can be found, and the probable price of the animals, to get me into the breed."

—Will some of our experienced correspondents—such as H. T. B. and Jona. Talcott—give their views in answer to the above? We think Berkshire pigs would fill the barrel, but the breed is not so popular as of yore. Perhaps a cross of the Suffolk and Leicester—keeping sows of the latter breed, and which can be readily obtained in Canada—would be be best for our correspondent.

The Caledonia Fair—held on Tuesday, the 8th, is said to have been very creditable and successful for a Town Exhibition. The weather was pleasant, and the attendance equal to that of any former year. Col. A. H. McLean, President of the Society, delivered a brief but excellent address on the *Wheat Midge*—an appropriate and important subject for this region. It was ordered published, and we shall probably give its substance in the Rural.

A Large Mule.—The *Prairie Farmer* states that a farmer in Shelby county, Kentucky, owns a mule, which he raised himself, that measures eighteen hands in height. This is a foot taller than the average height of carriage horses. Kentucky mules are rapidly superceding draft horses in Cincinnati and most of the cities in Southern Ohio and Indiana. Their provender costs thirty per cent. less than that of the horse, and they are almost equally serviceable.

Sorghum Crusher.—In a recent letter, Mr. Amery Wilson, of Marcellus, N. Y., writes:—"I have made a cane crusher after the plan described in the Rural. It works well. It has two six inch rollers, two cranks, and is worked by two men.—The mill costs about three dollars—not over that. By running the cane through twice it presses out all the juice."

Drew's Rural Intelligencer has been sold to Mr. R. B. Caldwell, of Gardiner, Me., and is now published simultaneously at Augusta and Gardiner. The founder of the paper, Rev. W. A. Drew, of Augusta, continues as editor. We hope this worthy member of the "Rural" family will receive merited success under the new arrangement.

The inclement weather of last week was very unfortunate for the Ag. Societies holding Fairs. In some cases the exhibitions were postponed.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR PREMIUMS.

In our last number we gave the Awards of Premiums on Stock, and Fruits, Flowers, &c., at the recent Fair of the N. Y. State Ag. Society, and intimated that those in the other principal departments would be given this week. We now give, therefore, the awards in such of the other departments as are most interesting to Rural readers:

IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINERY.

Farm Implements, No. 1.—Best farm wagon, Thomas E Morgan, Deerfield, Oneida co., $5; 2d, John E Morgan, do, 3. Harrow same, 5; 2d, Buffum Bros, Buffalo, 3. Corn Cultivator, C B Brinkerhoff, Batavia, 5; 2d, O W May, Utica, 3. Fanning mill, J A Drake, Alden, Erie co., 5; 2d, John Gilbert, Lyons, Wayne co., 3. Corn stalk cutter, John Dicken, Buffalo, 5. Hay and straw cutter, D C Cummings, Fulton, 5; 2d, D M Osborne, Ag'l Works, Buffalo, 3. Corn and cob crusher, by horse power, C B Aspinwall, Cincinnati, O, 5; 2d, J B Wright, Westfield, 3.—Clover machine, J C Birdsell, West Henrietta, 5. Horse rake, Buffum Bros, 4; 2d, Jas Van Ness, Livonia, 2. Ox yoke, H S Heffron, Utica, 2.

Discretionary.—S S Hogle, Bradford, O., horizontal rotary harrow, Dip; O W May, Utica, lot cultivator teeth, do.; J B Burr, Sheldon, Chat co., fanning mill, Barrs' improvement, vol. trans.

Farm Implements, No. 2.—Best single harness, Francis E Droll, Buffalo, 5. Dozen axes, Townsend & Co., Westfield, 5; 2d, L & I J White, Buffalo, 2. Churn, R Smith, Elgin, Ill., 5; 2d, S Hewett, Seneca Falls, 2. Cheese press, Z G Allen, Buffalo, 5; 2d, B H Humphrey, Milan, Erie co., 2. Grain cradle, Jas Van Ness, 3. 6 hay forks, Townsend & Co., Westfield, 3; 2d, Ag Works, Buffalo, 2. 6 manure forks, Townsend & Co., 3; R M Blue, Throopville, 2. Best arrangement for unloading hay, B S Carpenter, Elmira, 3; 2d, same, 2.

Discretionary.—Best 12 steel hoes, Oxford Hoe & Edge Tool Co., Oxford, silver medal; lumber wagon with tire tightener, Jas M Dick, Buffalo, do; improved horse collar, F C French, do, Trans; bushel corn basket, G W Scott, do, do; spring wheelbarrow, T Spicer, do, do; thermometer churn, Buffalo Ag Works, do, do; patent churn, Wm H Burnham, Cortlandville, do.

Machinery and Implements, &c.—Best cast steel plow, R Van Brocklin, Lockport, sil med; hay and cattle weighing scales, John Weeks, Buffalo, Fairbanks' scale, do; steam moveable engine, for farm purposes, F Colligon & Co., Buffalo, plate $20; stationary engine, Levi Allen, Buffalo Steam Engine Works, sil med; dynamometer, for testing the draught of plows and machinery, adapted to general use, David Hughes, Rochester, do; machine for extracting stumps, to be operated under the direction of the committee, Peter Traxler, Scottsburg, Livingston co., do; hay press, for pressing hay, to be in operation on the grounds, Edward Wilson, Albany, do.

Discretionary.—Mortar mixing machine, Jesse Peck, Buffalo, Dip; iron fence and railing, Eddy & Bingham, do, do; card printing press, Geo Reese, do do; platform scale, Duryee & Forsyth, Rochester, sil med; improved propeller wheel, David Bell, Buffalo, dip; steaming apparatus for farmers' use, Learlit & Money, Cleveland, do; plow, coulter and clearer, E C Bills, jr., Wyoming co., do; cracker machine, F W & T Gage, Rochester, do; earth excavator, J F Willey, Fredonia, sil med; gang plow and seed sower, G W Hildreth, Lockport, do; machinery for making stove-pipe, M C Root, Toledo, O., do; cider and wine mill with combination screw press, Emery Bros, Albany, do.

GRAIN, SEEDS, VEGETABLES, &c.

Grain and Seeds.—Best sample white winter wheat, not less than 1 bbl. raised present year, Wm P Ottley, Phelps, Ontario co., $5. Sample red winter wheat, 1 bbl, O Howland, Auburn, 5; 2d, Wm P Ottley, 3. Sample red spring wheat 1 bbl, David Conrad, Brunswick, Rensselaer co., 5; 2d, O Howland, 3. Sample rye 1 bbl, B S Carpenter, Elmira, Chemung co., 5; 2d, David Conrad, 3. Sample oats 1 bbl, W P Ottley, 5; 2d, H Hart, Buffalo, 3. Sample barley 1 bbl, O Howland, 5; 2d, B S Carpenter, 3. Sample buckwheat 1 bush, O Howland, 3; 2d, Perry Hambleton, East Hamburgh, 2. Sample flax seed 1 bushel, S Brownell, Nashville, Chau co., 3; 2d, J F Ware, Pittstown, Rensselaer co., 2. Sample timothy seed 1 bushel, E S Hayward, Rochester, 3; 2d, Chas Baker, East Hamburgh, 2. 12 ears yellow seed corn, David Conrad, 3; 2d, J T Van Namee, Pittstown, Rensselaer co., 2. 12 ears white seed corn, Joseph Watson, Clyde, Wayne co., 3. 12 ears sweet corn, E S Hayward, 3; 2d, N Culver, Newark, N Y, 2.—Sample millett ½ bush, B S Carpenter, 3; 2d, Henry Weir, Pittstown, 2. Sample Chinese sugar cane, C F Crosman, Rochester, 3; 2d, N H Gardner, Buffalo, 2. Sample white beans 1 bbl, E S Hayward, Rochester, 3; 2d, David Conrad, Brunswick, 3.

Discretionary.—O K Judd, Buffalo, white winter wheat grown in Kalamazoo, Mich., Trans; J Corning, do, white winter wheat grown in Illinois, do; I. L French, Warren, Herkimer co, bag pink peas, do; J H Trants, Batavia, evergreen peas, do; Jas T Van Namee, King Philip corn, do.

Vegetables.—12 best stalks of celery, grown by owner or cultivator of farm, Jas Haldane, Buffalo, $3. Six best heads cauliflower, Jas Haldane, 3; 2d, N Culver, Newark, Wayne county, 1; 3d, E H Gilbert, Nunda, Livingston co, 50c. 12 white table turnips, C F Crosman, Rochester, 3; 2d, E S Hayward, 2. 12 carrots, C F Crosman, 3; 2d, W C Prescott, Buffalo, 2. 12 beets, N Culver, 3; 2d, C F Crosman, 2. 12 parsnips, N Culver, 3; 2d, E S Hayward, 2. 12 onions, Jas Haldane, 3; 2d, same, 2. 6 heads cabbage, same, 3; 2d, J Barnes, Buffalo, 2. 12 tomatoes, C F Crosman, 3; 2d, J S Holbert, Chemung, 2. Two purple egg plants, C F Heaton, East Hamburgh, 3; 2d, C F Crosman, 2. 12 sweet potatoes, N Culver, 3. Half peck Lima beans, same, 3; 2d, C F Crosman, 2. Half peck Windsor beans, B F Carpenter, Elmira, 3. 12 summer radishes, N Culver, 3; 2d, C F Crosman, 2. 12 winter radishes, same, 3; 2d, E S Hayward, 2. Best bunch double parsley, C Morehead, Buffalo, 3; 2d, C F Crosman, 2. Three garden squashes, Jas Haldane, 3; 2d, John Hurst, Buffalo, 2. 3 large squashes, C S Bidwell, Buffalo, 3; 2d, G W Scott, do, 2. Best field pumpkins, J S Holbert, Chemung, 3; 2d, W C Prescott, Buffalo, 2. Half peck table potatoes, Joseph Hampton, East Hamburgh, 3; 2d, S W Loper, Clarence, Erie co, 2. Best and greatest variety of vegetables, presented in best condition, raised by exhibitor, C F Crosman, 10; 2d, W C Prescott, 5.

Discretionary.—Wm R Prince, Flushing, L I, Discoree Batatas, Trans; Mrs J T Van Namee, Pittstown, Chufu, do; Mrs Lewis Jenkins, Buffalo, white top onions, do; S Folsom, Attica, seedling weavers, do.

Flour, &c.—Best bbl flour, M B Ovitatt, Rochester, sil med and dip. Sample starch from corn, Perry Hambleton, East Hamburg, small sil med. Best bbl crackers, R Owens, Buffalo, do. Sample domestic wheat bread, B B Lathrop, West Aurora, do. Sample of dried apples, not less than half a bush, Mrs Wm R Ottley, Phelps, do.

Discretionary.—R W Vanpeyma, Lancaster, barrel flour, Trans; E H Bowman, Bowmansville, do, do; Wm B Mann, Buffalo, do, do, Miss E M Brown, do, 11 years old, loaf of bread, small sil med; Miss Maria E Pratt, do, loaf of bread, Trans; A Johnson, do, 20 varieties bread, do; Miss E M Brown, do, brown bread and pies, last; B S Carpenter, Elmira, dried apples, Trans.

THE DAIRY—SUGAR AND HONEY.

Butter.—Best lot (quality as well as quantity considered) made from 5 cows in 30 consecutive days, 25 lbs of the butter to be exhibited, R T Carpenter, Southport, $20; 2d, B S Carpenter, Elmira, 15. 25 lbs butter, made in June, Mrs Elijah C Thayer, Hinsdale, Orange co, 15; 2d, Mrs Elizabeth R Lathey, Phelps, Ontario co, 10; 3d, Joshua T Hurlburt, Chemung, 5; 4th, M Richards, Beech Ridge, Trans. 50 lbs made at any time, J T Hurlburt, 15; 2d, Thos Paxton, Eden, 10; 3d, M Nichols, Grand Island, 5; 4th, Mrs E C Thayer, Trans. 2 crocks butter made at any time, W R Bissell, Springville, $5 and Dip.

Girls under 21 years of age.—Best lot of butter, not less than 10 lbs, made at any time, Rebecca Harrington, Chemung co, sil cup; 2d, Joanna Marr, Phelps, Ontario co, pair butter knives; 4th, Mary E Bannister, Phelps, S S Med.

Cheese.—*Less than one year old.*—Best 100 lbs, Joseph Smith, Eddyville, Cattaraugus co, $20; 2d, Erastus Colvin, East Hamburgh, Erie co, 15; 3d, same, 10; 4th, James Caston, Leon, Catt co, 5; 5th, Moses Eames, Rutland, Jeff co, Trans. Half dozen cheese boxes, Wm H Edey, 2.

Discretionary.—Nelson Fry, St Lawrence co, 10 superior cheese, equal to the first premium cheeses, recommend for first prem. These did not arrive till Friday morning.

Sugar and Honey.—Best 25 lbs maple sugar, Z H Burlingame, Centreville, Allegany co, $5; 2d, D T Griffin, Warsaw, Wyoming co, 3. 20 lbs honey, Hiram Hitchcock, Elma, East Aurora, P O, 5; 2d, B A Manchester, Buffalo, 3; 3d, F A Hotchkiss, Trans.

The Young Ruralists will, we trust, excuse the unusual but necessitated omission of their department for two weeks in succession. We really *intended* to do better, but the State Fair Premiums, and other pressing matters, have compelled us to defer several spicy and interesting contributions from both young and senior friends. The department will be resumed next week,—and, in case we do not start a paper devoted to the special interests of the juniors, more space and attention will be given to the Young Ruralist branch of *The Senior* Rural. Meantime, those of our young friends who desire a quantity of superior Steel Pens with which to write for the Young Ruralist, indite friendly epistles, or practice penmanship, are referred to first article on sixth page.

The Orchard and Garden.

THE LAST FLOWERS OF AUTUMN.

We welcome with delight the first flowers of Spring, the heralds of the coming Summer, the beautiful season of buds and blossoms. Not less interesting are the last flowers of Autumn; yet this interest is associated with a shade of melancholy, as we realize, how soon their glory will depart—that they are with us for only a day or two more—that even in the coming night an icy hand may be laid upon them, and their short lives of loveliness ended. Every evening we look at the sky, and judge of the chances of a frost, and in the morning we visit our garden, sometimes almost hoping against hope, that the flowers have been spared us another day. We have been favored the present season. To the present time (Oct. 19th,) nothing has been injured by frost, in this section, except, perhaps in a few situations very much exposed.

Among the flowers that make the garden brilliant at this season of the year, nothing equals the Dahlia. They are of every shade of color, from the pure white, to the darkest imaginable reddish purple, almost black. Some of the fancy varieties are very singularly and very finely mottled. They bloom very freely, and a well grown plant at this season of the year will be covered with flowers.—Most of the newest varieties are very fine, many of them very large, almost perfect globes.

The Salvias, particularly the variety called *Splendens*, with fiery scarlet flowers, at this time is exceedingly brilliant—nothing can look gayer. At Ellwanger & Barry's we saw two plants some six feet high, and every way in proportion. Those who are not acquainted with it can imagine a plant of this size, with large dark green thick, glossy leaves, wrinkled something like the sage leaf; and these leaves about half hid with pendant brilliant scarlet flowers. The *Lilacina* is a blue variety rather pretty, but not equal to the *Splendens*. The Salvias are bedding plants, like the Verbena, &c., and can be procured at almost any nursery or green-house, very cheaply in the spring in pots.

The Herbaceous Phloxes are now very fine, and that favorite annual, Phlox Drummondii, is still showing its flowers, and exhibits a fine variety of colors.

We find the Larkspurs still showing their blue flowers, and a variety called Hybridum is very fine. The Aconitum we also find among the blue flowers.

The Pansies are now flowering finely, and every body loves this modest pretty flower. The children love the Pansy and will freely select it from among its more showy neighbors, if allowed their choice.

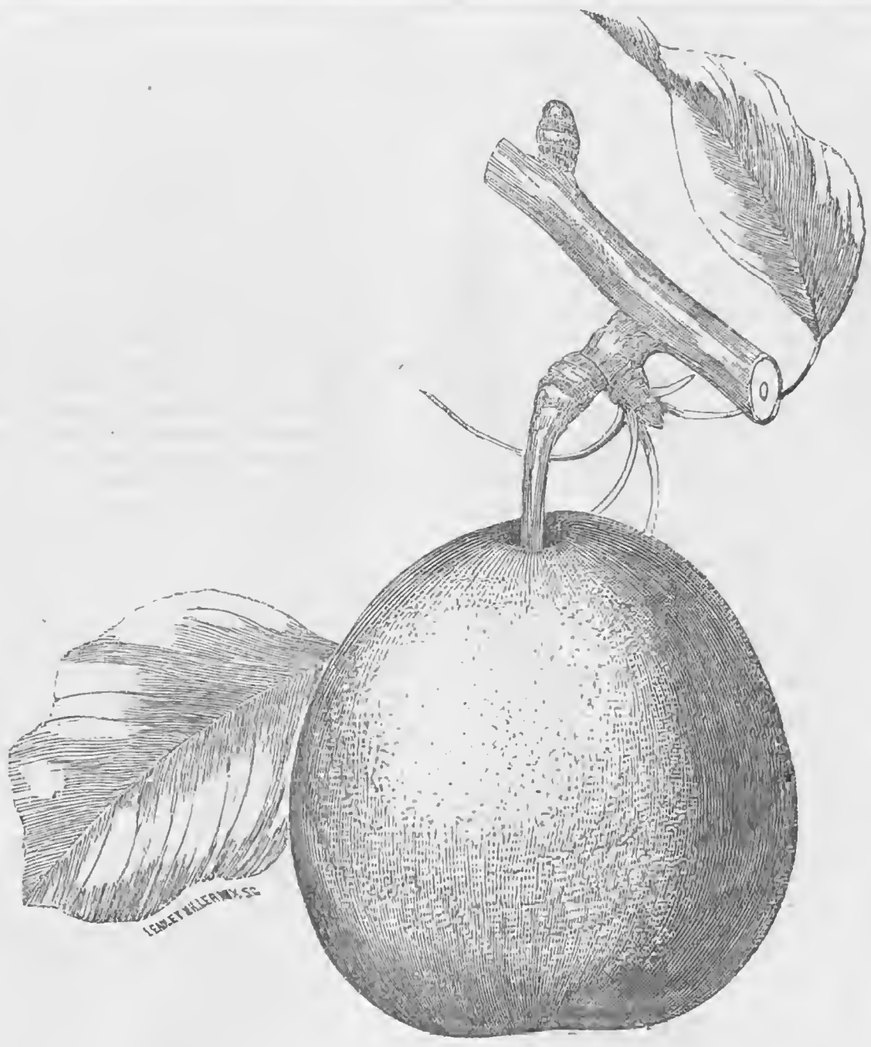
The Plumbago Larpentæ, or *Lead-wort*, is very desirable with its wealth of dark blue flowers. It should have a little protection of leaves in the winter, in this latitude. The engraving gives a very good representation of the leaf and flower.

The India Pinks are still in flower, and the African Marigolds, though truly not very sweet, make a fine show in the garden, and as yellow flowers are scarce at this season, are very desirable. The Gladiolus is one of the finest of fall flowers, though a little difficult of culture. The Amaranths are now grown of so many colors that they are not only very desirable for the garden, but indispensable for winter bouquettes. Several varieties of the Michaelmas Aster we noticed as being quite showy in the bed.

We might mention some others, though we have named most of the flowers that adorn the garden as late as the middle of October.

Best Peaches for Market.—At the meeting of Horticulturists at Buffalo, during the State Fair, the varieties of peaches most worthy of cultivation for market came before the meeting, and A. Pinney, of Clarkson, said that among the fifty varieties cultivated in Western New York, he considered only three first rate for market—the Serrate Early York, the Early Crawford, and Old Mixon Free. Dr. Sylvester, of Lyons, would add to the list recommended by Mr. Pinney, the Large Early York, a very fine peach, though tender, and difficult to transport in good condition, and Hill's Chili, which bore uniformly good crops, and followed the Early Crawford.

Horticultural Engraving.—Much improvement has been made during the last few years in this country in drawing, engraving and coloring fruits, flowers and plants. A. Frost & Co., nurserymen of this city, has presented us with a show card, lithographed by Bogardus & Lewis, of Buffalo, which is well worthy of notice for the natural and life-like manner in which the work is executed. The portraits of fruits, and the drawings of trees, flowers, &c., are done in a manner quite creditable to the artists.



THE SHELDON PEAR.

Eds. Rural:—It would be very gratifying to one of your readers to see a description of the fine Sheldon Pear in your next issue.—A. J. McClare, *Palmyra, Oct.*, 1857.

The Sheldon is at least one of our very best pears. It is of exceedingly high flavor and very juicy. We once heard a gentleman remark on tasting it that a smaller piece of the Sheldon pear would make a mouthful than of any variety he had ever eaten. And this is true. All the finest flavors of all the best pears seem to be concentrated in this fruit. This pear was raised from seed brought from the east, by Mr. Sheldon, of Wayne Co., after whom it is named. It does not succeed on the quince, but double-worked, or on the pear stock, it should have a place in every collection, no matter how small. Our engraving is a very good portrait of a specimen rather under average size.

"Fruit—medium, or rather above medium size. Form—generally roundish, but varying much; sometimes quite round, others obovate or inclining to oval; some taper to a point at the stalk, and others are as broad at the stalk as at the eye. Stalk—short, sometimes set on the surface, but generally sunk slightly, as in the engraving. Calyx—medium size, in a smooth, round, rather shallow basin. Skin—smooth, usually of a greenish russet; some specimens are tinted with red on the sunny side, some slightly bronzed, and others without any color. Flesh—remarkably melting and juicy, sugary and rich, with a sprightly and peculiar flavor. It ripens and keeps remarkably well in the house. Tree—erect in its habit, with yellowish shoots and prominent buds."

The Sheldon seems to succeed, and become a favorite wherever known. We have never heard a word of complaint in regard to it from any section. At the last meeting of the American Pomological Society, it was unanimously adopted for *general cultivation*, the highest honor that could be awarded. The following were the opinions of the gentlemen who spoke upon the question, and no one dissented from these favorable expressions:

Mr. Hooker said—we think this one of the best pears grown, but, as it originated in this neighborhood, we would like to have the opinion of our friends from the East. Mr. Hovey said that he had fruited this pear six years; one of the best; at the head of our native pears. Thinks no foreign pear superior to it. It bears young, produces large crops, and the tree is a good grower. Considers it the best pear in America. Mr. H. E. Hooker said he knew of no pear equal to it. Mr. Barry said it was a pear of the highest excellence in every respect. Mr. J. J. Thomas had the very highest opinion of this pear.

PACKING TREES FOR CALIFORNIA.

Eds. Rural:—By the time this reaches your readers the season for putting up trees for transportation will be approaching. Having suffered many and heavy losses in my importations from a want of *proper packing*, I have concluded to give you the result of several years experience, at great expense. Having ordered my trees without any other direction than this, *pack in the most approved manner*, and found that it would not do, I consulted books, Horticultural Journals, &c., and then, gave successively, specific directions according to nearly all the approved methods. Yet my *failures* were the *rule*, my successes the *exception*. Having followed all the "old paths" to no purpose but discouragement and discomfiture, I had almost determined never to attempt another importation—At length, ("never give up," having long been a motto of mine.) I had a box made and packed in the following manner:—In the first place the box was made of rough inch boards. The two end pieces each two inches longer than the width of the sides. The side pieces are then nailed (with 10's or 12's,) to the edges of the ends, so that when the box is upon its bottom, the ends are perpendicular, projecting one inch above and below, then the boards for the bottom and top are cut so as to go across the box and nail upon the edges of the side pieces, while the projections of the end pieces are nailed to the edges of those cross boards. I am thus minute in describing the box, because they are seldom made thus, but when they are, all hooping and binding is dispensed with. Across the bottom, and up and down the sides and ends of the box, on the inside, strips of inch board, one inch wide and six inches apart, are tacked. Then take *Moss, entirely green*, directly from the swamp, and in as fresh a state as possible, fill the spaces between the strips on the bottom tight and cover over to the thickness of one inch, then lay in a layer of trees or plants, keeping the spaces at the sides and ends filled tight with the moss. Then cover the layer of plants with a layer of moss, and then another layer of plants and so on, till the box is full to within one inch. Having tacked the strips upon the under side of the cover, and crammed the spaces with moss, fill up the box to the top, calculating that the inch strips will obtain room by *pressure*, put on the cover, and nail, as the bottom.

The exterior of this box is entirely free from bands or cleats to be torn or broken in handling, and the interior, if thus packed with perfectly fresh, green moss and pressed as close as possible, may, in perfect safety, be carried around the world. For transportation to the Pacific, boxes are subjected to all manner of rough usage, and hence the peculiar manner of putting them together.—They are also subject to such extremes of climate that nothing less than *inch boards* is a sufficient protection. And I firmly believe that no other substance is so sure a guaranty of life to a green or live plant, through the perilous trip, as green, fresh moss. Since my first experiment, I have received thousands on thousands of trees and plants with scarce a loss of *one* per cent. Whereas with any or all other modes, I lost on average more than *ninety* per cent.

Should any of your nursery readers profit by these suggestions, and thus our purchasers be benefited, I shall be amply repaid for writing and they for reading. For surely, few circumstances produce sadder thoughts or more gloomy reflections than the sight of a case of dry sticks, which were 30 days previous fine, healthy plants. *Purchase money, express charges, time*, (for we must wait an entire year,) *hopes* all gone! Sadness and gloom take the place of hope and promise, and discouragement supervenes to complete the ruin. If a "more excellent way" is known, please publish it and I will gladly adopt it.—O. C. Wheeler, *Sacramento, Cal.*, 1857.

Remarks.—This is a subject of great interest to our nurserymen, and our correspondent will receive the thanks of many, for the valuable information imparted.

PLANTING BULBS, TUBERS, &c.

The earliest and prettiest of our spring flowers are bulbous rooted, and those who desire a fine show of flowers in the spring should lose no time in preparing their beds and planting. All bulbous roots delight in a deep, friable soil, and the ground should be put in proper condition before planting. Dig at least eighteen inches deep, and thoroughly mix with the soil a good portion of well-rotted manure. If the planting is done at once a good show of flowers may be expected in the spring.

The Crocus is well known and popular. There are a great many varieties, all of them pretty, and they can be purchased at from $1 to $2 per hundred. Plant two inches deep, three inches apart in the row, and the rows six inches.

The Hyacinth should have a place in every garden, as they are not only beautiful but very fragrant. They are of all colors, single and double. Plant four inches deep, and from six to eight inches apart each way.

The Tulips are too well known to need description. Plant about the same as the Hyacinth.

The Narcissus, Jonquils, Lilies, and Pæonies should be planted as soon as the ground is ready. After planting, rake off the bed nicely, and cover with coarse manure or straw, to protect the bulbs a little from the severity of the winter. This must be raked off early in the spring.

Grape Culture in Illinois.—The cultivation of the grape is now becoming quite a business in Monroe county, Illinois. It is estimated that the citizens of that county will market one hundred and fifty thousand gallons of wine, which at present rates will amount to $200,000.

A NEW AND FINE SWEET APPLE.

Messrs. Eds.:—I wish to introduce to the readers of the Rural and the public, an apple which is every way worthy of a place in the orchard, or garden of every person who plants an apple tree. It is a sweet apple, of large, to very large size, shaped very much like a Rhode Island Greening apple, only in size, a little larger; in shape more flattened, in color, it resembles the Bartlett pear very much when fully ripe. Skin, yellow, with white and green spots; one side often red, next the sun; flesh, white, fine grained, tender, rich and sugary; with a good spicy flavor. It originated in this (Dutchess county,) New York, and is called by some, "Sweet Ox" apple, but is has not the shape nor qualities of the "Ox" apple. I think a more appropriate name will be the "Dutchess Co. Sweeting," by which name I shall cultivate it in the Nursery.

I have tasted a great many sweet apples, but there are none, in my opinion, that will compare with this. Many sweet apples have a taste slightly bitter, but this is very sugary. It needs no sweetening in baking, as a thick syrup bakes out of them, when ripe. In an orchard of 100 trees in bearing, we have, of this variety, one half.—They ripen and are in eating from October to April. Mr. Charles Downing, of Newburg, has tasted this apple, or, I may say, had them for table use, sent from here, for two years past. He pronounces them the best of sweet apples, but knows no name by which to designate it. Mr. Downing, no doubt, will give any person information regarding the value of this apple.—B. Snyder, *Rhinebeck, N. Y.*

GATHERING AND SAVING GRAPES.

As the proper gathering of grapes has much to do with good preservation for winter use, with all the qualities retained as when first gathered, it may be well to consider some of the provisions of nature in their growth and maturity. When the stem at first puts forth next to the vine it is tender and brittle—as it now is near the bunch of grapes—but as it matures it becomes harder and quite unyielding even to the sharp blade of the knife, and as the grapes become ripe, near the vine it shrinks and becomes nearly or quite dry, while the portion at and near the grapes is much larger, extremely brittle and juicy. And now, in severing the stem, shall we take it off near the grapes where it is usually and easily done, or near the vine, where nature having given to the luscious fruit all the supplies necessary to its full perfection, has nearly or quite barred its doors, in order that none of its qualities may escape? My belief and practice is, not to oppose, but to assist in carrying out the design of nature. Cut the stem near the vine with care, and having lain them in boxes or tubs between layers of the best white cotton batting, to avoid all scent from the cotton, store in a cool place. By pursuing this method, I have heretofore, in winter, found the stems with the grapes perfectly sound, not even wilted; and they richly contribute to the delicacies of the table.—S. N. Holmes, *Syracuse.*

Cranberries and Sweet Potatoes.—I wish you would give some instruction about setting out cranberries—which is the best time, and how the ground should be fitted? And if you can give me some information in regard to raising sweet potatoes—the best time to plant and how to manage them? Please give the instruction through your columns, so that others may be benefited as well as myself.—W. H. J., *Knowlesville, N. Y.*

Remarks.—The spring we consider the best time for planting cranberries. The ground should first be pared, taking off the turf, weeds, &c., as the growth of weeds is very injurious to the plants, and makes their culture very troublesome. If an inch or two of clear sand is thrown over the soil before planting, it helps to smother the weeds, without affecting the plants. Water and air seems to be the principal sustenance of the cranberry, and we have seen them flourishing in apparently pure, wet sand.

Sweet Potatoes must be started in a hot-bed, early in the spring, and the plants removed to the ground as soon as all danger from the frost is past. Three feet apart is about the right distance for the hills. The sweet potato plant is a vine, running on the ground, and will take root very readily at almost any point. This must be prevented by occasionally hoeing, or the growth of tubers will be injured. About a week since we dug some very fair sweet potatoes that we planted on the first of June.

Domestic Economy.

To Harden Tallow.—W. B. P. sends us a timely and valuable recipe, to wit:—"The season is at hand when most farmers are feeding a beef creature for domestic use, and sometimes an animal gets so fat as to yield tallow too soft to make good candles. To harden it, beeswax or alum is sometimes put into the melted liquid, but with indifferent results. If you would succeed perfectly, when the tallow is placed in the kettles to 'try,' put in also one pound of alum in the lump to 20 or 30 pounds of tallow, according to the fatness of the animal. I will guarantee an exemption from soft, greasy candles. Try it."

Spiced Apple Tarts.—Rub stewed or baked apples through a sieve, sweeten them, and add powdered mace and cinnamon sufficient to flavor them. If the apples are not very tart, squeeze in the juice of a lemon. Some persons like the peel of the lemon grated into it. Line soup dishes with a light crust, double on the rim, and fill them and bake them until the crust is done. Little bars of crust, a quarter of an inch in width, crossed on the top of the tart before it is baked, are ornamental.

Apple Custard.—Take half a dozen very tart apples and remove the skin and cores. Cook them until they begin to be soft, in half a teacup of water. Then put them in a pudding dish and sugar them. Then beat eight eggs with four spoonfuls of sugar, mix it with three pints of milk; pour it over the apples and bake for half an hour.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

ARTIFICIAL WHALEBONE.

It would almost seem that science, in its rapid march, would finally procure for the great whales of the deep, a respite from the tormenting and deadly assaults of the harpoon. Artificially made oils and fluids are steadily displacing animal products for purposes of illumination, and now by a somewhat recent discovery the bone of the whale is no longer needed to supply our umbrella and skirt-makers with skeleton frames. In 1855, Joseph Kleeman, of Meissen, Germany, obtained a patient for a mode of preparing a substitute for whalebone. The process has been put into practice by a firm in New York city, who are turning out about twenty thousand umbrella frames every week! It consists in taking sticks of the common ratan, and soaking them in a liquid extract, for about four days, after which they are immersed in a solution of any of the iron salts, which gives the ratan a deep black dye. Subsequently the sticks are exposed in a close vessel, for the space of about one hour, to the action of steam of about three or four atmospheres' pressure, and then thoroughly dried in a furnace or drying room at a temperature of about 180 degrees Fahrenheit, when they become ready for the impregnating process.

The sticks are then placed into an iron cylinder, (capable of standing the pressure of at least ten atmospheres,) connected by a pipe with an open vessel, containing a varnish made by dissolving 120 parts of shellac, and 200 parts of Burgundy pitch, in 90 parts of absolute alcohol. The air having been exhausted from the cylinder, the cock connecting it with the vessel containing the varnish is opened, when the atmospheric pressure will force the varnish into the cylinder and into the pores of the ratan.

The impregnation of the ratan is rendered more perfect by the use of a pump for forcing the solution into the cylinder. The ratan has now changed its character and become hardly distinguishable from the best quality of whalebone, except that it is somewhat more elastic and less liable to splinter and break. It has gained one hundred per cent in weight by impregnation. After being removed from the cylinders, or impregnators, but little remains to be done in the way of drying polishing, and fitting the ends, &c., to prepare it for use for umbrellas, parasols, &c., and various other purposes.—*Scientific American.*

CONSTRUCTION OF STOVES.

The desirable points to be secured in the construction and management of stoves, are, first ready contrivances for regulating the draft; second, accurate fitting in the joining, doors, dampers and valves, to prevent the leakage of foul gases into the room; third, inclosure of the fire-place, with slow conductors, as fire-brick or stone; fourth, a high temperature, attained by the rapid and perfect combustion of the fuel; and, fith, to bring all the heated products or the combustion in contact with the largest possible absorbing and radiating metallic surface, so that the iron in contact with the air may not be overheated, but give out its warmth at a low temperature.

Large stoves, moderately heated, are therefore most desirable. The cooler the surface of the stove, or the nearer it is in temperature to the air of the room, the more agreeable and salubrious will be its influence. This desirable result is to be obtained only by exposing the greatest quantity of heating surface to the least quantity of fuel—a condition almost reversed in modern stoves. In Germany and Russia, stoves are commonly made of brick, earthen-ware and porcelain. They are generally made to project into the room from one side, like a chest of drawers or a side-board, the door for the fire being sometimes in an adjoining apartment. These stoves heat more slowly, and consequently give out their warmth for a longer time than those made of iron.

FIRE BRICK.

The materials requisite for the manufacture of good fire brick are very plentiful in the United States. There is an abundance of fire clay, also kaolin, the result of the decomposition of feldspathic rock, which is very common between the Alleghany mountains and the shores of the Atlantic; and it is more abundant in the Southern than in the Eastern and Northern States. In the region of the Western coal deposits, an abundance of slaty clay of good quality is found; and fire clay, in one or other form, abounds also in the Western States. In this connection it may be remarked that when fire brick of a finer composition are required, it is necessary that the materials should be ground fine. The quartz sand used to increase the refractory nature of the brick should be pure. The clay thus mixed with quartz, or pure, is subjected to grinding, which should be done carefully and thoroughly, that the brick may be compact. Carbon, in the form of graphite or anthracite dust, or coke dust, is often mixed with the clay from which crucibles are made. M. Overman states, in his work on Metallurgy, that fire bricks which are manufactured and used on the spot do not require baking, but only those which are to be transported.—*Scientific American.*

Labor.—The value of an industrial population cannot be too highly estimated, as however much capital may be at command, it is of no use until the true material, the hard working laborer or skillful mechanic, are at hand to expend it and produce in its stead a road, a canal, a steam engine or a ship. Money is really worthless except in the relation it bears to the laborer; and the two are each dependent on the other, so the capitalist is entitled to the respect of the laborer, who in his turn has a right to the same from the moneyed man.

A New Hampshire correspondent of the Boston Traveler tells a story of the discovery of lead, copper and silver mines in that State, near the town of Warren. The lead vein is said to be 800 feet long and 7 feet wide. Copper and silver are said to exist in considerable quantities.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE LOVER.

BY JULIA M. SADLER.

A TINY step is on the stair,
A singing voice upon the air,
A curly head within the door,
A tired form upon the floor;
And two lustrous eyes of blue,
Speaking volumes all so true,
Fix their wondering gaze on me,
As the sweet voice saith, with glee,
"You have got a lover."

He is very fair to see,
And each night he blesses me—
Sometimes drives away my fear,
Don't you love him, mother dear?
Once a glistening blood-stained tear
Fell upon my cheek, right there,
Yes, I kept awake to tell,
And I saw it as it fell,
For he loves you, mother.

And I wondered why he cried,
Why he looked on you and sighed,
Why he was so strangely fair,
Why he bowed his head in prayer,
And I wondered why he died.
For he had a wounded side—
Tell me, mother, did you know
(And the voice grew soft and low,)
JESUS was your lover?

Brockport, N. Y. 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WOMAN.--HER INFLUENCE AND MISSION.

WOMAN!—woman's influence, dignity, aim, and mission, and woman's rights and wrongs—what are these? Are they mere words with no meaning or application? Does woman possess no identity in the created universe that her interests should be thus lightly regarded? Nay! woman is the workmanship of the same Great Architect as her brother man—who was first formed to reign over vast creation supreme with iron will and lordly mien; and then she, a gentler being, with like faculties and equal power. A power consisting not in her physical strength, but in an *influence* so complicated, so wily in its origin, that she alone can touch the secret spring of action which will elevate, strengthen and *quicken* a career so wayward as that of man.

Woman's influence was coeval with her existence. When our first parents roamed sinless amid the fragrant bowers of *Eden*, the tempter availed himself of that influence to bring misery and wo into the world, and thus it has left its impress for ill upon every nation in every clime. But not alone for ill has this influence been felt. On the fertile banks of the Nile it moved a regal heart to mercy, and the scarcely perceptible ruins of Carthage still bear the traces of its power. It is seen in the frozen regions of the North, and on the sunny plains of the South. We read it on Iceland's rock-bound coast, by the light of her burning Hecla, where devotion's flame is kindled by the hearth-stone through the influence of woman.—'Tis this that warms the heart of the poor fisherman and glows in the bosom of him who threads the dizzy paths among the beetling cliffs of the mountain's brow, for his *mother* has taught him "to feel that he hangs on the Almighty's arm."—The ocean waves which lash old Plymouth Rock forever sound her name. And thousands of heathen voices, from every isle in the great deep, raised in prayer and praise to GOD, speak a language more emphatic in her favor than could the most splendid mausoleums of human art.

Yes, woman has power to mold the elements of society and make them mingle in harmony, or she may scatter far and wide the germs of discord and strife. She may cause *virtue* and *religion* to be respected, or vice and immorality to rule the hearts of men, She may encourage honesty, industry and temperance, or swell the tide of immortal souls fast sinking to an ignominious grave.

The daughter and the sister have their influence, but 'tis the *mother* who weaves the garlands that flourish in eternity. She stamps the lines so indelibly upon that young soul that all the waterfloods of Time erase them not, nor stern Death, as he peruses them when he seals up the scroll of *life* for the Judgment Bar. What moves the heart of yon ocean boy in his lone watches? What is called up from memory's store-house when the billows are dashing high—when the storm-spirit rides o'er the face of the deep, and there's but a *plank* between him and eternity? The hours of childhood, the evening prayer,—taught, perhaps by a *sainted mother*,—are again in his ears, and he calls upon that mother's GOD in penitence and tears.

In yonder high-walled prison there is a stern-visaged man; crime has blackened his heart and steeled it to suffering and sin. The love of a Redeemer, the joys of Heaven, and the terrors of remorse are heard unheeded, but the name of "*mother*" moves the adamant and conquers vice and pride. Then does not woman's mission most surely *commence* at *home*, where around the fireside circle are clustered loved and cherished ones?—'Tis hers to cheer the drooping spirit there and drive away the look of anxious care. 'Tis hers to soften all the little woes of life and make of *home* (that angel place) a heaven of rest—a paradise.

Woman's *native* place is not upon the stage of *public life* in legislative halls or ministerial ranks, nor in many of the numerous positions so universally allotted to man. Not because she possesses an inferior intellect, as has been maintained by some sordid competitors for paltry power, who flourished not many ages since, and even *now* people this world, but because her field is large enough aside from those stations. Let her *fill* her *own* sphere, and then, when naught else remains for her to do, she may justly turn her thoughts to the oratorical world. But let her first be found among the sick—comforting sorrow and alleviating *want*—with gentle words reclaiming the *fallen*, and with true moral courage walking fearlessly amidst fiery trials in the path of virtue and rectitude; thus becoming a silent but impressive *teacher*. If *every female* of the present age would cultivate in her heart that germ of what she *should* be instead of encouraging the tares of sin and folly to rankle there, then, indeed, would she be a *meet* companion for her brother man and truly a blessing upon the earth. Then the iron grates of our prison houses would fall from their holdings and the gallows rot in *idleness*. The victims of sin and oppression would cease to cry in vain, and the graves of the broken-hearted never again fill our land. But not until the females of our own age fulfill their destiny, will the high and noble mission they are sent to perform be seen, felt, acknowledged, and completed. And now, I ask, are we faithful in our part? Shall we still content ourselves with knowing what woman *has* done, and not endeavor to show what she can yet do? NORA C. PADDOCK.

Gainesville Female Seminary, 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

"I'M LONELY."

IT WAS night. Alone a weather-beaten sailor paced the deck, gazing on the calm, moon-lit waters; but his thoughts were far away, with friends on the other side of the great ocean. A warm heart dwells beneath that rough exterior, and, as he thinks, a tear-drop trickles o'er the sun-burnt cheek, and he sighs—"I'm lonely."

A wanderer from home, traveling in foreign lands, and feasting his eyes on their beauties, turns from them with a longing heart, thinking of his own quiet fireside, and murmurs—"I'm lonely."

An orphan stands by the grave of his mother.—She had been the only friend he had on earth for a long time. Now she is gone, and he has none left to love or care for him. It is no wonder then that the bright blue eyes fill with tears, and he repeats to himself, half unconsciously—"I'm lonely, Oh! *so* lonely."

A husband returns from the newly-made grave of his wife to his home. How changed it seems as he wanders from room to room. Here his eye rests upon her harp, from which her hand was wont to draw forth tones that sweetly blended with her voice as she sang some favorite air of his. Now the hand is cold in death, and never again will it sweep those strings. There in the library lay a book which they had been reading together. He seats himself upon a chair, and takes up the volume. Here and there are traces of her pencil where she had marked some favorite passage. He lays it down again, and burying his face in his hands, exclaims, with a groan of anguish,—"I'm lonely."

Beside a lifeless form a woman kneels. 'Tis the corpse of him she had loved better than her own life. He had been her all, and his unchanging affection had sweetened each bitter cup of sorrow. But the hours of bliss are ended. She knows that it is so. And, as she thinks there is none left to cheer her heart in time of trouble, with sympathy,—no one to smooth life's rough path, and shield her from harm,—no strong arm on which to lean when trials come—the tears flow afresh from her eyes, and in the bitterness of her grief she sobs—"I'm *so* lonely, *so* lonely."

'Tis midnight, and in an upper room a maiden sits, leaning her head against the window-sash, and gazing with longing, wishful eyes at the starry heavens. Her face wears an expression of sadness, and could you read her heart, you'd find that she is sighing for sympathy this cold world does not afford, and saying, in her inmost soul—"I'm lonely."

How often we hear this expression—"I'm lonely." As we look back over memory's record of the past, we find many pages which would be entirely blank were it not for these words, traced there in times of sorrow, when we lacked language to express the heart's anguish, save in this short sentence. There are times in the lives of all when the sun seems darkened, and all around appears gloomy and desolate. Then we look for sympathy, and finding it not, cry—"I'm lonely."

But there is a land which sorrow never enters, where the sun never ceases to shine, and flowers ever bloom. There no storm-clouds ever rise, no tempests darkly lower. Beauties it hath that tongue can never tell, and pen can never portray. The inhabitants of that celestial land know no sickness, pain, or anguish. There "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." There none sigh for sympathy, or feel that they are lonely. All is peace, joy, and love. It is Heaven. WILLIE WENTWORTH.

Gorham, N. Y., 1857.

THE MOTHERS.—It has been truly said—"The first being who rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor, in his heart's difficulty, is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instils the lessons of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave—but she has left behind her an influence that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is good and will perform its office."

THERE is nothing innocent or good, that dies and is forgotten. Let us hold that faith, or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it; and play its part, through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an Angel added to the host of Heaven but does its blessed work on Earth in those that loved it here.

LEISURE HOURS.—It was a beatiful observation of William Hazlitt, that "there is room enough in human life, to crowd almost every art and science in it." If we pass "no day without a line," visit no place without the company of a book, we may with ease fill libraries, or empty them of their contents. The more we do, the more we can do: the more busy we are, the more leisure we have.

GENTILITY is neither in birth, wealth, manner nor fashion—but in mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness toward those with whom we have dealing, are its essential characteristics.

THE good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

CAUTION.

DEEM not thy hopes
Unfailing and sure,
For the light of to-morrow
Clouds may obscure;
Think not all noble,
For guilt will oft wear
The semblance of goodness,
Its aspect all fair.

If tried friends surround thee
With affection's warm smile,
Bask in its sunlight,
For 'tis without guile;
But of the smile of the stranger
'Tis well to beware,
It hath lur'd others to sorrow,
And thine may be there.

Think not earth's bitter waters
Have no chalice for thee,
There's a draught for all lips,
And thine are not free;
The flower thou hast nurtur'd
May fade in its bower,
And the tone that wakes gladness
May be hushed in an hour.

For the hand of affection
That strokes fondly thy brow,
Death may be commission'd
To speed the shaft now;
And the voice that like music
Wakes gladness and cheer,
May be hush'd into silence,
Or fall cold on thine ear.

Then think not earthly hopes
Unfailing and sure,
For the light of to-morrow
Clouds may obscure;
But beyond Death's dominion
Dawns a bright day,
Where the spirit uncumber'd
Will soar from *his* sway.

Stockbridge, N. Y., 1857. C. G. S.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NOTES OF OUR "FAIR."

DREARY and dismal is the darkness of this stormy October night, and a band of five Senses was going slowly toward the land of dreams, when one of the number, named Sight, caught a glimpse of an article in the last RURAL—that "good angel" of the farmers,—which brought the whole flock back, while Thought dissected the article aforesaid. "Shall be glad to receive brief and definite reports—noting the prominent features, &c.,—of all Fairs in this and other States where the RURAL circulates."

Now *our* Fair ought to be "reported," and tho' wiser heads than *this* one, *can*, and perhaps *will* give their ideas of it, they may be so *very* wise as to write of nothing but fast horses and large cattle, plows, and agricultural implements, saying nothing of other items which tend to make a Fair not only a *farmers'*, but a *people's* exhibition, and forgetting the laudable efforts of a certain class of "genuine RURALISTS," done up in calicoes, ginghams, or silks—often forming packages of extreme "circumbendibus,"—and ticketed the "weaker sex."

"Woman" and "Young America" were included with those who should attend, and as the "gift of *gab*" has found a resting-place on woman's tongue and *pen* from time immemorial, I suppose it is intended for *use;* when it is the *only* "gift," so with a frown for that specimen of the "*genus homo*" who dares to wonder how "*brief* and *definite*" the report of a feminine can be, we proceed to give our "impressions."

Rain, wind and mud sadly belied the name given the three days of our County Exhibition, and their "degrees of quality" were appropriately expressed by appending to greetings and introductions, "a rainy day," "very unpleasant," "shocking weather," etc.

"Shocking weather" was the quality *we* tried, and found verified the old proverb reversed,—some *sweet* with all *bitter;* for notwithstanding the dripping, draggled appearance of dresses, and the profusion of drooping hats and bonnets, we saw but one or two faces that had lost their smiles, and perhaps their owners hadn't read the advice in the RURAL, and forgot to *bring* them.

"GOD speed the plow," was the motto which met our eyes as we turned our feet tent-ward, and the heart echoed it many times before the long array of "things pleasant to the sight" was hidden from view. Words to describe fully all that we saw, will not come at our bidding, but our estimation of the talent, ingenuity, patience and perseverance manifested through things inanimate yet speaking, was far from low. There were "shadows" which we were almost ready to greet as living, speaking *substance;* gleaming "masticators," before which our nerves gave a slight tremor, and our thoughts compared *art* with *nature* rather unfavorably to the latter,—our dental machinery is of the "Young American" class;—"high-heeled boots" so shining and mirror-like that they might serve an economical purpose for moneyless "swells," could they but lower their heads enough to catch the reflection on their polished surfaces; a tea-service, golden and white as sun-tinged summer clouds; chairs and ottomans in the highest style of frailty and beauty; and such *piles* of flannel, carpeting, coverlets, and quilts that one's eyes were fairly dazzled by their wealth of fancy stripes, and lost in bewilderment among stars, roses, birds and vines—Then there was embroidery, crochet-work, netting, and "ever so many fandangoes"—as the "men-folks" expressed it—which needed to be *seen* in order to appreciate their beauties, and which we give you a cordial invitation, country cousins, to view to your heart's content at our *next* Fair.

There were paintings, collections of flowers, and a number of other articles which we could only see from a distance, so we omit passing judgment on their beauties or blemishes.

Lastly came the vegetables and fruit,—enormous squashes, plethoric and lengthy pumpkins, onions—glorying, doubtless, in their *strength*—long braids of corn, clusters of crimson tomatoes, baskets of golden apples, and great, downy, red-cheeked peaches,—so significant of *inward sweetness* that for a moment we were a true daughter of Eve, temptation and all,—but turning from them we saw that the "live stock" was on parade out of doors, and were soon watching premium-badges tossed in the air by their proud owners, who stamped and snorted to the last extreme of high-bred horse-and-cattle-romance! It was said that this part of the exhibition was better than at any previous time.

After this was an Indian race, in which the "dark-browed" performers acquitted themselves bravely, but we couldn't help wondering if their "squaws" wouldn't have rather a hard time before their *heel cords* grew elastic again.

Then came the riding of the ladies, and we are for "Woman's Rights" far enough to say they had a *right* to ride *there* if they wished, while it is *our* right to think a woman should never *run* a horse on a slippery track, if she values her neck.

As we attended but one day, we missed a part of the proceedings—the Address, Plowing Match, &c., but we saw and heard enough to keep us in thinking material for some time, and from our experience would say to all, attend your County Fair, choosing a time when *rain* is *not* the "order of the day," if possible—see all you can, profit by it, talk and write about it if you will, and the time thus spent will stand among the "white days" of your life, for you will gain a stronger love for our earth-mother, and a deeper reverence for Creative Power, feeling, as you must, that "GOD speaks in Nature;" while you grow also more familiar with the crafty handiwork of those who hold different "spokes" from yours on the ever-revolving wheel of earth-labor. ELLEN C. LAKE.

Charlotte Centre, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

ARE you a dreamer? Are you a castle-builder? Have you sat for hours, at your open window, and watched the voiceless, yet eloquent denizens of yon cloudless heaven, and, forgetful of sublunary things, sent your full heart forth on unlimited wings, bearing a mission of failing, yet bright and beautiful hopes, into the dim future, rending the impenetrable veil, that would hide from mortal vision its hours of grief and pleasure, its deeds of good and evil, and shaping for yourself a name and pathway through the dim vista of coming years? Is nature in all its phases, a bright and beautiful thing to you?

Then fair friends of mine, don your seven-league boots, like the fabulous hero of fairy memory, and speed you to my side. Come sit here upon this mossy bank beneath the shadow of these broad trees, and almost hold your breath, while you listen to the murmur of yon running brook, as it mingles its fairy music with the mellow notes of the feathered songsters, flitting so lightly from tree to tree, and pausing at times, almost at our feet, in their sportive and fearless pastime. See how the broad leaves of the wild grape twine lovingly from bough to bough, forming a natural arbor, through whose interstices the softened rays of an October sun peep ever and anon, flooding lip, and cheek, and brow with a gentle radiance, and casting a halo about our heads purer and fairer than the crown of any earthly monarch. Do you not love to gaze upon the wild majesty of these rural scenes? Is not your heart purer and better for its voiceless converse with the beauties of nature? What though the many-colored leaves float noiselessly to our feet, seeming to our excited imaginations to whisper of the coming cloud and storm, is not the same lines written upon all things earthly, "passing away?"

"Oh, give me back my early days,
The fresh springs and the bright
That made the course of childhood's ways,
A journey of delight.

I would give all that tears have bought,
Of wisdom, wealth or love,
For one sweet hour of early thought,
This sordid world above."

Oh, give me back the holy trust, and truth, that made life seem but a summer day repleto with the melody of birds, and the fragrance of flowers, and the coming years, like to the pleasant moments spent here by the brook-side, on this sun-lit autumn day. They will come no more. Ah, well for us, if we have learned the lesson GOD intended, and turned from the fading hopes of earthly dreams, to the world of which all beautiful things in nature are but a dim fore-shadowing. One by one, like the countless sands upon the sea-shore, the tide of Time's unwavering stream carries beyond our grasp our fairest hopes, our sunniest dreams; ruthlessly it grasps our idols, levels our towering "castles" with their kindred dust, and leaves us with open eyes, and bleeding hearts, gazing hopelessly upon the still smoking and beautiful ruins. One by one we watch the shadows gather on the white forehead of the well-beloved, fold the dear hands meekly above the pulseless heart, and lay them away to slumber in the "city of the dead." "Not lost but gone before,—bright hopes, sweet dreams, and loving hearts, only parted for a season, to meet where those true hearts are doubly purified, by their passage over the dark river, those hopes realized, those dreams a pure and beautiful reality.

Alden, N. Y., 1857. CLARA.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

THERE is a class of people who are always late. They are inevitably late to the cars, and they invariably have to jump for it if they are going upon a steamboat jaunt. Everything with these people is put off until the last moment, and then, if the plank is removed, they stand a capital chance of jumping overboard, in attempting to leap upon the deck after the paddle wheels have commenced revolving. If the boat started an hour later, it would be all the same to them, for they would just as inevitably be behind time, and come up or down a little too late to take things cool and comfortable. These people have to stir their stumps or be left behind, when they have steamboats or railroad cars to deal with; but they are the bane of the existence of punctual persons with whom they have dealings, and who have no resource in the way of tapping a big bell or blowing upon a steam whistle, to hurry up the delinquent eleventh hour men. One procrastinating man will derange the best laid plans of hundreds, by failing to come up to time, and he wastes hours for others in his disregard for minutes.

ONE rose upon a bush, though but a little one, and though not yet blown, proves that which bears it to be a true rose tree.

OCTOBER.

WE think October the pleasantest month of all the year. There is such a jolly mellowness about it that were we to attempt to embody it we should draw a fat comfortable man of fifty, or thereabouts, with a basket of pears on his arm, bound for the Gazette office, perhaps, with a wreath of vines, and grapes around his head, his face very ruddy, and a smile around his lips betokening content.—There are those who call October sad, and sigh over the changes that it brings with lugubrious faces. The glorious ripeness of Nature has few charms to such. They read mortality in the

"Leaves that the night-wind bears
To earth's cold bosom with a sigh,"

and mourn in imaginary sackcloth over the levity the bright trees display in waving

"Their sunny-colored foliage in the breeze."

It is the best month in all the year in which to visit the country. "The valleys sick with heat" are now cooled down into bearable temperature.

"The rivulet, late unseen
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun."

The wain groans with its rich freight of sheaves, and the golden maize lends its amazed ears to the appeal of the sickle; the heart is made fruitful of good emotions by the fruitage of the season, realizing as it must amid such scenes, if rightly attuned, the bounty of the good Father and the tenderness of his care, and the soul feels a stronger reliance on the hand that has guided it.

"There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow leaved—
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the way side a-weary."

How actively the Spirit of Beauty is engaged in October, with a "sweet and cunning hand" and a lavish pallette, in adorning the landscape. What rare taste she displays in her touches!

"Athwart the varied landscape circling far,
What gorgeousness, what blazonry, what pomp
Of colors burst upon the ravished sight."

The dilating eye is rapt with the beauty everywhere disclosed when

"The woods of Autumn, all around our vale
Have put their glory on."

Bryant, with a pensive and melancholy joy, gives it expression in the lines—

"Ah, 'twere a lot too blest
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amidst the kisses of the soft south-west
To rove and dream for aye.

And leave the vain, low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour."

Whittier's song of the Huskers is familiar to all, who have enjoyed like scenes:

"Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest,
From pitchforks in a mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns
On the pleasant scene below;
The growing piles of husks behind,
The golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands
And brown cheeks glimmering o'er."

The husking is a great social institution, and participants acknowledge few joys superior to the satisfaction it affords. The delicious recompense for red ears, the kisses from the "corn-fed girls," bewitch one into a confession of delight that is good for moments when the old reaper Time shall wait to gather him in, in the October of his life, and he shall look back, recalling the past with a sigh.—*Boston Gazette.*

A PICTURE OF A CORN-FIELD.

WE have seen armies to-day; with silken plume and tassel, uniformed in green they stood, rank after rank, as far as we could see. For these nine miles have we been flying along the lengthened line, and to the wind, if not to us, ten thousand glittering blades were waved in grand salute.—Most glorious guard for Ceres' golden court is Indian Corn; most beautiful in the tender blade, and graceful in the full and ripened ear. What would old Joel Barlow, who sang the sweets of Hasty Pudding, say to such a scene as we beheld just now! Here indeed it is, that

"Like a column of Corinthian mould,
The stalk struts upward and the leaves unfold;
The bushy branches all the ridges fill,
Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill."

Like armies deploying on a plain, the corn-fields seem, as we dash swiftly by; now closing up at the word of some "voice we hear," and now wheeling by sections, and marching swiftly and silently away. We meet detachments a hundred thousand strong, hastening to the rendezvous; we see them afar off, moving by companies along the sky line, parallel with the rushing train; they approach us by regiments; they open upon us by platoons.—Well officered are they all, for the field is full of kernels. They rise upon us, as if from ambush, as we come; they shorten like the morning shadows, as we go. They are the Standing Armies of Egypt—let them conquer forever.—*Chicago Journal.*

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams—a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship—a bridle bit is a little thing, but see its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the large parts of a large building together; a word, a look, a frown—all are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt—it's promised, redeem it—if it's a shilling, hand it over—you know not what important event hangs upon it. Keep your word sacredly—keep it to the children, they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind the little things.

DEAN SWIFT has said with much truth, "it is useless to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he has never reasoned into. The best argument will be thrown away upon a fool."

The Traveler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Wanderings in Europe.—New Series.

LETTER NO. II.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

The Valley of the Neckar.

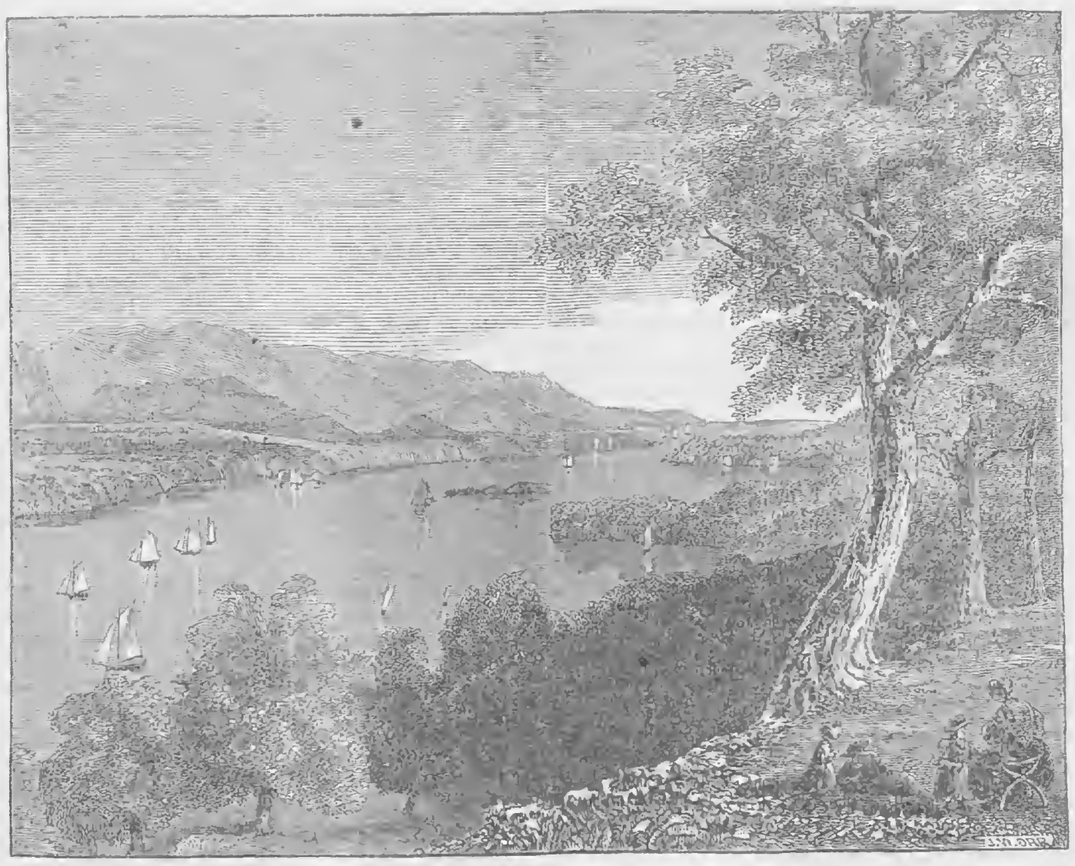
BEFORE setting out on our day's journey, we took a stroll through the village of Mosbach, which contains about twenty-seven hundred inhabitants. We passed by a hotel that had the four quarters of a steer hung up around the front door, which was the best sign of plenty we had seen. We engaged another boy for a guide, resumed our knapsacks again, and journeyed over the hills by rough paths, to cut off a bend in the Neckar. Our boy was quite a curiosity. He was about fourteen years old, short in stature, dressed in pantaloons of tow cloth, and a blue smock frock, made of the same material. He took E—'s baggage on his head, and when one of us asked him what his name was, he replied, "he knew the way," and then started off through the streets and alleys, without looking to the right or left, or apparently heeding whether we followed him or not, at a rate which kept us on a good pace about four rods behind. When we wanted to question him we found that he was not to be stopped by calling, but L—, finally effected our object by running up and hooking his curved umbrella handle into his shirt collar. He was pretty intelligent; knew most of the main facts of geography, and could read and write, and reckon somewhat in arithmetic. But the best of all was that he *knew* what he did know, and when he was unable to answer a question, he gave a decisive negative.

The country was too mountainous for fertility. There was a vineyard on one side hill that must have cost immense labor. The soil was supported in terraces by stone walls, and long and high heaps of stone, that had been picked off the surface, extended from the top to the bottom of the slope.—After crossing a bleak ridge we descended into a valley where the farming improved, and we saw in the distance, on the banks of the Neckar, the ruined towers of *Hornberg*, which was the favorite castle of GOTZ VON BERLICKINGEN, the knight with the iron hand. The castle was pretty extensive, and had eight towers, of which five may be seen yet. It stands on a spur of the mountains above the river, and terraced vineyards slope down to the water's edge. Some of the walls are eight feet thick. We went into the court-yard and asked a peasant girl there if we could go through the castle. She called her mother who came out with a huge bunch of keys, and showed us about the ruins and into a few rooms that are yet inhabitable. The coat of arms of GOTZ, with the date 1573 on them, are yet well preserved over one of the tower doors. noticed on them the figure of a wolf, holding a lamb in his jaws, and below a wheel graven on a shield. There is a dark dungeon in a round tower, which formerly extended far underground, and had a secret passage to other parts of the castle. We threw large pieces of burning paper into it, in order to see the depth, which is now about fifty feet. In the Rittersaal we saw a suit of armor which was worn by GOTZ before he lost his hand. The woman who showed us round said that the hand was yet in the possession of the family, in a castle about fifteen miles from *Hornberg*. Her husband had often seen it, and had told her that it was so made that each finger could be closed separately, or the whole of them firmly at once. In the same room stood his two-handed sword and lance; his musket, with a barrel eight feet long, and a heavy wall piece that was once mounted on the ramparts. Before the stove was a woven screen, with four figures on it to represent the Seasons, which is said to be three hundred years old. The archives of the family are kept in one strong room, and there is said to exist among them some writing, which was made by GOTZ with his iron hand.

I have read a tradition concerning this castle, and a nobleman who in early times held a magnificent court there. He possessed a beautiful daughter, named NOTBURGA, who had given her heart to the brave OTTO, but her father being ignorant of the secret, desired to marry her to a heathen prince. As NOTBURGA could not openly resist her father's will, she concerted her flight with KASPAR, her servant, and a white deer which OTTO had trained for her, carried her away as swift as an arrow to the mountains, where she found refuge in a cave. On the next day the deer returned to the castle, and received some food from KASPAR which it carried to the maiden. In this manner she received her sustenance from day to day, but one time her father perceived a note of thanks which she had attached to the deer's neck, and when the animal again returned he followed its footsteps. When NOTBURGA reached her arm out of the cave to receive the food her father grasped her hand and attempted to drag her forth. But the limb loosened from the body and remained in his hand. He fled horror-stricken. A serpent healed the wound of the maiden, but in a little while she died and was buried by the angels. The path which the deer trod, and the "*Virgins Cave*," are yet shown, and it is said that sometimes pilgrims go piously thither, for her repentant father built a church to her memory, and the people held her for a Saint.

After having seen the castle, we scrambled down a winding path among the vineyards to the river, and crossed over in a ferry boat to a village in order to get dinner. Some fowls were promenading in the hall of the best inn which the place contained, and they put us in mind of ham and eggs. A dozen eggs together with ample quantities of meat salad, bread and potatoes, cost each of us 12 cents. Our host told us that the tusk of a mammoth had been found near the village the summer previous, and was in the possession of the docter, who would gladly exhibit it to strangers. We went to his house, and he showed us the tusk quite readily on learning that we were Americans. It was about five feet long and weighed fifty pounds. The owner said he intended to offer it for sale to BARNUM, and asked us if we had ever heard of that gentlemen. There was a little fair going on in the village, and as we passed round among the people, looking at the various articles and talking reely in English, quite a sensation was got up; and we perceived that before we were aware we had become "the observed of all observers." On crossing the river again we entered a large beer cellar, which the workmen were making in the side of the hill, and on attempting to come out found the masons holding a bar across the entrance. They repeated a song which said that if we came to view their skill we must pay "*trink geld*," with which they would drink beer to our health.

The road led us to Wimpfen, which we reached in two or three hours, passing on the way two more old castles. The town is quite a favorite place of resort in the summer, on account of its salt baths. There is considerable salt manufactured, the water being procured by boring down six hundred feet in the valley. We went on, and after sundown passed over the borders into Wirtemberg. The full moon rose in a cloudless sky and the walk began to get more romantic, but a man over took us with a one horse wagon, when about five miles from Heilbronn and our fatigue tempted us to ask him for a ride, which he readily consented to give, if we would pay the "*trink geld*." The country had improved in appearance, the fields of grain were larger, and the fruit trees more thrifty. The man told us that many of the farmers owned forty and fifty acres of land, and that one very rich one possessed one hundred and fifty.



A SCENE ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

"NAME all the floods that pour from Albion's heart
To float her citadels that crowd the sea,
In what, except the meaner pomp of Art,
Sublimer Hudson! can they rival thee?"

WE present our readers with a beautiful view on the Hudson River, as it winds its way gracefully among the hills and forests, its surface smooth and bright as a mirror, dotted with snow-white sails that glisten in the sun-light and contrasting with the dark shadows from the shore and over-hanging trees, forming one scene of Eden-like beauty, reminding the beholder of the first glorious landscape that ravished mortal eyes, where grew every tree pleasant to the sight and good for food, watered by a river that went out of Eden.

There is scarcely a spot, from its source to its mouth, where a day may not be spent pleasantly and profitably. We have fished from its banks so near its sources that it was but a small though romantic stream, which we could measure with rod and line; there is scarcely a village on its banks where we have not spent pleasant hours. Here we first tasted some of our best fruits, and examined many of the most beautiful specimens of rare ornamental trees it has ever been our pleasure to behold. It was on the banks of the Hudson we saw the lamented DOWNING for the first and the last time. We now have plants growing from seeds gathered on his grounds a few days after his death. No matter how weary or travel-worn, we always revive at the sight of the Hudson, and never wish the engineer to hurry his speed, or the journey to be shortened. It is fortunate for the gratification and the cultivation of the public taste for the sublime and the beautiful in natural scenery, when our highways of travel chance to lead through such wondrous landscapes, as are at every point presented, in the journey from Albany to New York.

A few historical facts in regard to this river cannot fail to be interesting. The Hudson received its name in honor of Hendrick Hudson, a Dutch navigator, who discovered it and ascended its waters for the first time, in 1607, in his good barque, the Half-Moon. It is also known as the North River, which name was given to it by the original Dutch colonists, to distinguish it from the South (Zuyd,) as they called the neighboring floods of the Delaware. Its source is in the mountain region of the Adirondack, in the upper portions of New York, whence it flows in two small streams, the one from Hamilton, and the other from Essex county. These waters, after a journey of 40 miles, unite in Warren county. The course of the Hudson varies from south by east to east for some distance, but at length drops into a straight line, and continues thus, nearly southward, until it falls into the Bay of New York. Its entire extent is about 300 miles; its navigable length, from the sea to Albany, is half that distance. Its breadth, near the head of steamboat navigation, varies from 300 to 900 yards; and, at the Tappan Bay, 20 miles above the city of New York, it widens to the extent of from four to five miles. Ships of the first class may ascend to Hudson, a distance of 117 miles, and small sailing craft may reach the head of tide water, (166 miles,) at Troy. The number of steamboats and other vessels upon the river may be counted by thousands.

LAKE SUPERIOR

THIS grand inland sea is the largest body of fresh water on the globe. Its greatest length is 420 miles, its extreme breadth is 160 miles, and its circuit, 1,750 miles. On its west and north-west shore is Minnesota, on the southern border are Wisconsin and Michigan, while British America lies on all other sides. The waters, which are wonderfully transparent, come by more than two hundred streams, from a basin covering an area of 100,000 square miles. The north, and south, and western parts are full of islands, while in the central portions of the lake there are few or none. In the north, these islands are many of them large enough to afford ample shelter for vessels. The picturesque regions of the lake are along the northern shore. In this direction the scenery is of a very bold and striking character. For many miles here there are continuous ranges of cliffs, which reach sometimes an elevation of 1,500 feet; on the south, the banks are low and sandy, except where they are broken by occasional limestone ridges. These ridges rise near the eastern extremity, upon this side, 300 feet, in unique and surprising perpendicular walls and cliffs, broken into the oddest forms, indented with grotesque caverns, and jutting out into ghostly headlands. It is these strange formations which are famous under the name of the "Pictured Rocks." This range is on the east of Point Keweenaw. The rocks have been colored by continual mineral drippings. A similar rocky group lies to the west of the Apostle Islands. It is some hundred feet high, and is broken by numberless arches and caves of the most picturesque character. On the summit of these bluffs, there is everywhere a stunted growth of Alpine trees.

The Porcupine Mountains upon the southern shores of the lake, appear, says a voyager, to be about as extensive (though not so lofty) as the Catskills.

Of the islands of Lake Superior, the largest, which is some 40 miles in length, and from seven to ten broad, is called Royal Isle. Its hills rise to the altitude of 40 feet, with fine bold shores, on the north, and many fine bays on the south. It is, like all this region, a famous fishing-ground. Near the western extremity of the lake, there is a group known as the Apostle Islands. They form a trio of forest-covered heights, adding greatly to the beauty of the landscape around; on the extreme end of the largest, is the trading post called *La Pointe*, inhabited by Indians and white adventurers. It is a great place of annual rendezvous for the red man and the trader, and a starting point for tramps to the regions of the Mississippi

The shores of Lake Superior have long been extensively explored for their abundant copper wealth; and mines have been opened at all points.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF JERUSALEM.

A JERUSALEM correspondent graphically describes the ruined and desolate condition of the Holy City. He says:

The women, clothed from head to feet in white sheets, with their faces concealed by a black veil, resemble as many ghouls just risen from their subterranean abodes; more especially as they have a great fancy for cemeteries, where they daily congregate to howl. No sound of youth—there are no boys in the streets—no sound of wheels—there are no carriages—the dogs, mangy and wolfish, snarl and snap when you disturb them in their daily work as scavengers, and make the livelong night hideous with their contentions—the very birds do not sing, but cry with a dissonant chirp, or complain with a harsh murmur. From the horrors of the city, if we pass to the environs, we find naught but bare rocks around — stones and dust beneath —the bright sun, reflected from every object burns in the brain—no grass, no trees, no green thing—the promenades are cemeteries — the seats are whited sepulchres. Here have been buried whole generations of Jews: here are the bones of the Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Chaldean, the Persian, the Greek, the Syrian, the Crusader, the Turk. In fine, Jerusalem is naught but a "heap" of mouldering bones and shattered houses.

LITERARY LABOR is undervalued, chiefly because the tools wherewith it is done are invisible. If the brain made as much noise as a mill, or if thought-sowing followed hard after a breaking-up plow, the produce of the mind would at once assert a place in the prices current. If a writer could be equipped with wheels and pinions, as entirely to conceal the man within, like the automaton chess-player, and sentences were recorded by a wooden, instead of a living hand, the expression of thought would be at a premium, because the clock-work would seem to show that it cost something to make it.—*Chicago Journal.*

SILENCE OFTEN THE BEST WEAPON.—An English officer in India, while sitting at a table, was noticed to turn pale with fright, and on being asked the reason, quietly replied that a snake had come into the room and twisted himself round his leg and a leg of the table. A gentlemen rose to kill it, but he said, "Do not touch it. Don't wake it, for it will strike its fangs into me. Let it wake of itself, and it will leave me harmless." The company left silently, and the officer remained in perfect stillness, till the snake woke and crawled out of the room.

GOOD FRIENDS should not be easily forgotten, nor used as suits of apparel, which, when we have worn them threadbare, we cast off, and call for new.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

IT scarcely matters where a man is born; whether amid the frost and snow of the Polar regions, or in those southern climes where the verdure of earth is perennial, he loves, and to the latest hour of his life, will love his native land.—It may be bleak and inhospitable; its government may be oppressive; still he clings to the soil on which he was born, with an unfaltering affection, and whithersoever he may go into other and more beautiful countries, his memory, in waking hours and in dreams, wanders to his childhood's home —he cannot forget his fatherland. He loves it, though it exiles him, and is proud of its name and fame, while its yoke sits galling on his neck. Love of country is a life-implanted sentiment, belonging alike to the rudest savage and the most polished, civilized man.

And it is a beautiful ordinance in our nature that we are all pervaded by this sentiment. From this, spring the fraternity of race and nation; the cohesion of individuals into communities, and the inclination of communities to a "local habitation and a name." From this, too, spring the strongest manifestations of brotherhood—man caring first for self, family and kindred, then for the community and nation to which he belongs. Through this isolated fraternity, man, rising in intelligence, extends the brotherhood of communities to the human race. From this, too, springs patriotism, which, without a country endeared by peculiar associations to love and defend, would not exist. If man was bound in mind and heart to no particular spot on earth; if the birth-place, the hearths, the altars, and the graves of kindred were no bond, his first and last sentiment would be unmitigated selfishness, and instead of meeting and defying danger by his hearth and altar, he would fly to other spaces of earth. He would be continually a wanderer—a nomad—careless where he pitched his tent, or where his grave was scooped.

And since this sentiment is so strong, so essential, and so beautiful for the development of our race, how steadily intelligent races and nations should strive to render their native lands, their countries, worthy of their love and pride. The Roman of to-day is abject and bowed down, because his country is deserted and shorn of the beauty and glory which inspired the conquering legions of the Cæsars. He may love his country as devotedly as did Fabius or Brutus, but it is not the love which springs from pride in her power, her virtue and greatness; it is rather a love compounded of grief and pity, that she has so degenerated. The virtue and patriotism of a people depend much upon the condition of the country to which they belong. It may be easy to-day to impose fetters upon the inheritors of the Eternal City, but the world could not enslave a Roman in the age of Coriolanus. The love of country, simply, is not enough to inspire the noblest patriotism; it must, to stimulate the loftiest virtue and heroism, be love born of a just and honest pride.

LAWYERS.—Lord Brougham once facetiously defined a lawyer, thus: "A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself."

AMONG men who have any sound and sterling qualities, there is nothing so contagious as pure openness of heart.

Sabbath Musings.

THE GREAT HARVESTER.

BY C. D. STEWART.

THERE is a harvester, brave and bold,
Who harvests in many lands,
And all his help in the harvest time
Is the help of his two white hands.

His two white hands, are soft and white
As the winter's driven snow,
Yet, ever he brings his harvest home
To his garner down below.

Sickle and cradle, and swinging scythe,
All are the same to him,
And steady he goes from field to field,
Stroking his grey beard grim.

Stroking his beard as he clips the grain,
Binding it up in sheaves,
And pity the gleaner who thinks to thrive
On the grain that harvester leaves.

Death, is the harvester brave and bold
Who harvests in many lands,
And life is the grain he cuts and sheaves
With the help of his two white hands.

The tender grain is the cradle's share—
The child in the lap of time—
The sickle gathers the age ripe stalks,
The scythe is for manhood's prime.

Gently the childhood field is clipt,
And softly the age-ripe grain,
But the bearded stalks of manhood's prime
Bend to the scythe in pain.

By quiet hearths and o'er beds of down,
The harvester's swarth is cast,
And many a blood-red field he reaps
To the song of the battle's blast.

Over the earth and the sea he goes—
The harvester bold and brave—
Nor ever shall rest while a grain is left
For his garner, the clay-cold grave.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE BROKEN CIRCLE.

THE first link is broken—the first tie is riven in our home circle, for the hand of Death has been laid heavily upon us. Many years had we numbered the same unbroken band. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, were still spared, and we have often felt that we were blessed beyond our deserts—that GOD had been kind towards us—that friends had not been taken from us while the hand of Providence had been laid heavily upon those around, and one after another had gone to return no more forever. But the messenger came and took *him* away,—the one from whom we sought counsel, and in whose judgment we were satisfied. For three-score years and ten, he had lived a life of honesty and integrity. His locks were silvered with age, and time had furrowed his brow, yet his step was firm and steady, and we hoped that he might have lived for years to come.

We must not wish him to return to us, for he was weary of earthly things and sighed for those of Heaven. We are sad indeed when we look upon the places endeared to us by so many pleasing associations that will know him no more. We shall no more be welcomed by him nor cheered again by his presence, but will leave him beside kindred dead there to rest until the morning of the Resurrection. Peaceful be thy slumbers, sacred dust!—Nothing can harm thee more; for thy spirit, all sanctified and made holy, has risen to that better land, where suffering and sorrow are unknown.—May we be prepared to meet thee where all tears shall be wiped away. When we are called hence, may we be buried by the graves of our fathers, and may the winds that sigh a requiem above them waft its echoes over us.

"Mourn not for the Dead! they have gained that bright shore,
Where sorrows of earth can afflict them no more;
They tune their glad lyres and triumphantly sing
Hosanna and praises to Bethlehem's King.

Mourn not for the Dead! in those mansions of peace,
The grief-laden bosom from sighing will cease,
For the tear of affliction is wiped from all eyes,
In the home of the angels, in realms of the skies.

Mourn not for the Dead! lament not o'er their tomb;
'Twas the voice of an angel that whispered their doom;
They welcomed the summons, with seraphs to fly,
And claim them a mansion—a home in the sky.

But mourn for the mourner, who, sighing remains,
Subjected to sorrow, to sin, and to pains—
Whose spirit oft yearns for that cold, dreamless bed;
Oh! mourn for the mourner, but not for the dead."

Henrietta, N. Y., 1857. J. M. C.

CLIP THE TWIGS OF SIN.—Correct your little faults, and you will gain courage and will overcome great ones. No man arrives at excellence but through watchings and constant curbing of his faulty tendencies in the smallest matter.—Washington and Franklin drew up rigid rules, and proceeded upon thorough system, in disciplining themselves from early life; in their foot-steps every young American should be proud to follow. Were less empty praise showered upon those fathers of the nation, and more earnest copies attempted of their grand lives, we should behold a different rising generation from the present.

A FITTING REBUKE.—Having in my youth notions of severe piety, says a celebrated Persian writer, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, as I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading. "Behold," said I to him, "thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone wake to praise God." "Son of my soul," he answered, "it is better to sleep, than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren."

CONDENSED ARGUMENT.—A very celebrated Scotch divine, says:—"The world we inhabit must have had an origin; that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been intelligent; that intelligence must have been efficient; that efficiency must have been ultimate; that ultimate power must have been Supreme; and that which always was, and is Supreme, we know by the name of God!"

GOD'S arm is a holy arm, stretched out in purity and justice, in defence of holiness, and in pursuance of his promises.—*Matthew Henry.*

List of New Advertisements this week.

Course of Lectures—Rochester Athenæum.
A Book for Every Man's Library—George W. Elliott
Music Without a Master—Cheap Publication Society.
Houghton's Seedling Gooseberry Plants—C. B. Murray.
The Oriental Horse Charmer—C. J. Eldridge.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 24, 1857.

A Ten Weeks' Trial Trip!

THANKS to the numerous and zealous friends of the RURAL, for their substantial responses to our offer to send the numbers of the present quarter to non-subscribers, *on trial*, at half price. Their favors have been so numerous and well filled that our large extra edition of the first three numbers of this Quarter (Oct. 3d, 10th and 17th,) is already exhausted. Hence, as we cannot re-print them, we are obliged to substitute other and earlier ones instead of the last three numbers, and add largely to our edition in order to furnish the remaining ten issues to all applicants. Those who receive earlier numbers, instead of the last three issues, will understand the reason from the above explanation.

As we cannot supply the complete Quarter, we have concluded to add, this week, several thousand copies to our former edition, and make this liberal proposition to Agents and other Friends:

☞ *We will furnish the last Ten Numbers of the present Volume of the* RURAL *(from Oct. 24th to close of Dec.,) ON TRIAL, for 20 cents, (about half price) if five or more copies are ordered. That is, we will send 5 copies ten Weeks for $1,—10 for $2,—15 for $3,—20 for $4,—25 for $5, &c., to any non-subscribers who wish to try the* RURAL.[*And to every person forwarding pay ($5) for* TWENTY-FIVE *copies for Ten Weeks, as above, we will send, by return mail, post paid, a Gross of the WASHINGTON* [*MEDALLION PEN!* *This, as we stated last week, is a first rate, warranted Steel Pen, such as we use. The cash price is $1 50 per gross, and we pay 18 cents postage.*

Now, active and always generous Friends of the RURAL and its Objects, please note this offer, and if you can consistently do so, favor your neighbors and the writer by giving the matter a little personal attention. Since our last number was put to press we have received over 1,500 subscribers for the present quarter,—and in several instances lists of forty and upwards, which we are assured were obtained in a short time and with little exertion. How many friendly readers will "go and do likewise"—and report the names of passengers for the TEN WEEKS' TRIAL TRIP?

Washington Matters.

THE Secretary of the Interior has directed instructions to be issued to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, at St. Louis, and to the Agents, to remove all intruders upon the Delaware Indians, and their reserves in Kansas. The War Department has been requested to issue the necessary instructions to commanding officers of the troops in that Territory. It is expected they will be prepared to co-operate with Agents of the Indian Affairs by the time their services will become necessary. Secretary Thompson says the integrity of the Indian territory must at all hazards be preserved.

Samuel Archibald, Chief Engineer of the Washington Navy Yard, was to-day appointed Engineer in Chief of the Navy.

The amount of Government stocks redeemed at the Treasury on the 16th and 17th inst., was $37,200. The amount of money subject to draft in the Treasury is $12,896,830—a reduction from last week of upwards of 2,500,000. The receipts of the week have been about $796,000.

Advices received here represent that New Granada is disappointed in the Convention agreed on between Gen. Herran and our Government, and further that the President is authorized to sell the Isthmus.

The Government having received official information of the outrage alleged to have been committed, upon Lacker, of the brig Mayo, Gen. Cass has made a demand on Secretary Toucey for a war steamer, to proceed with dispatches to Cape Haytien, and there demand not only the release of the prisoner, but full indemnity for the outrage. The steamer Fulton, which left a few days since for the Gulf in search of fillibusterers, will be ordered to touch at Cape Haytien, if instructions can reach her commander before she gets to sea. Orders were promptly issued for another steamer to get ready to depart on the same errand.

ROCHESTER ATHENÆUM.—The first lecture of the regular Winter Course under the auspices of this Institution, will be delivered by Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, on Friday evening, Oct. 23, in Corinthian Hall. The next lecture will be delivered on the evening of Nov. 12, after which at least one lecture a week will be given until the completion of the course. Several of the most popular and celebrated lecturers in the country are engaged, as will be seen by reference to announcement in our advertising department.

BETTER THINGS IN THE GRAIN MARKET.—The Buffalo Courier of the 17th inst, says: "A gentleman was here, yesterday, from the centre of the State, wishing to purchase a cargo of grain. He had the currency with him, drawn from his own bank on his note for thirty days, in the old-fashioned legitimate style. The money was, of course, from a suspended institution, but 'as good as the wheat.' Farewell to New York Exchange and its nuisances. Nothing like the actual currency, although our produce men have been in the habit of buying and selling by thousands daily, without seeing a dollar of currency for weeks altogether."

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.—Since our last issue nearly all the Banks of this State have suspended specie payment, and this course has been generally followed throughout New England and the Middle and Southern States. Financiers profess to discover signs of returning ease in the money market, a condition of affairs sincerely to be hoped for.

Effects of the Panic on Labor.

IN Cincinnati, the Gazette says, that of the 25,000 persons connected with the clothing establishments, full one-half have been discharged, and many more are likely to be in the course of three or four weeks. Some large houses have stopped manufacturing altogether. The reasons given are diminution of orders and difficulty in getting current funds. Many employed in the cooper, lumber or boat building business, have also been discharged.

The Oswego Cotton Factory suspended business on the 10th inst., by which large numbers of employees were cut adrift.

The Cohoes Cataract of the 10th inst. says that there are two thousand operatives out of employ in that village—that several of the mills are running one-half and two-thirds time, and will fully close as soon as the present stock of raw material is consumed, which will be in from two to four weeks.

All the cotton works on the Lowell (carpet) Corporation have been stopped till further notice. The carpet department will run but five days in each week. The Middlesex Mills are being gradually stopped as fast as the work now in the looms is run out, and will soon be stopped altogether.

In Pennsylvania all the iron manufacturers and rolling mills have been closed, and thousands of workmen thrown out of employ.

The Salem (Mass.) Gazette learns that several of the prominent shoe manufacturers of Marblehead discharged the larger part of their workmen on the 10th, on account of the pressure of the times. The fishery business is also considerably depressed, prices being very low.

The N. Y. Times says the Methodist Book Concern has, until recently, employed in its printing and book-binding departments 300 persons. Out of 200 who worked in the book-bindery, 185 have been discharged, leaving only fifteen now at work, and these are on a little more than half-time, earning about $1 a day each. About 20 of the 100 employed in the printing department have been discharged since the beginning of the hard times, and the 80 hands remaining are kept at work on half-time.

IN the town of Malden, Mass., 500 persons are thrown out of employment by the financial troubles.

Political Intelligence.

THE election in Pennsylvania has resulted in favor of the Democratic ticket. It is estimated that Packer, Dem., for Governor, has 40,000 maj.

Ohio is in doubt, though we think that Chase, Republican, is chosen Governor. Latest dispatches give him a majority of about 500. The Democrats claim a majority in Senate and Assembly.

In Iowa Judge Lowe, Republican, is elected Governor by 4,000 or 5,000 majority. The Republicans have also secured a majority of the Legislature.

Seventeen counties in Minnesota have been heard from. The returns show a majority of 900 for Sibley, Democrat, for Governor.

In the 10th District, Indiana, Case, Rep., is elected to fill the Congressional vacancy from that section.

In Georgia there are six Democrats and two Americans elected to Congress.

The local papers confirm the news that the Republican party have triumphed in Kansas. The Leavenworth Times claims a majority of 5,000 for Parrot, Rep., for Congress, and nine Councilmen, and 23 Representatives, making a Republican majority in both branches of the Legislature.

Mississippi has elected the Democratic ticket entire. Wm. A. Lake, her only American representative in the last Congress, has been thrown out. Gen. John A. Quitman has been re-elected without opposition. Reuben Davis is Mr. Lake's successor.

LARGE RECEIPTS OF GRAIN.—The Buffalo Courier of the 19th inst. says:—"A fair wind on Saturday last brought into port a large fleet of grain vessels, mostly from Chicago. Our marine list shows the receipts of wheat to have been 368,154 bushels, corn 95,801 bushels, and oats 68,000 bushels, making a total of 531,955 bushels, which is the largest receipts of any one day this season. From the published clearances, there are still over 300,000 bushels of wheat afloat from that port for Buffalo, most of which is now due, and may be in within a day or two should the wind prove favorable. The receipts at Chicago from the interior continue large, and we may yet look for liberal receipts of wheat at this port from now to the close of navigation. Our market on Friday and Saturday exhibited a marked improvement, and larger sales were effected and at better prices than for several days previous."

ARRIVAL OF GEO. W. DAWSON.—It will be remembered by our readers that three persons were rescued from the wreck of the Central America after nine days exposure on the ocean without food or water. One of these, Mr. Dawson, arrived in this city last week. He is so far restored to health that he was able to walk half a mile. He was followed by an anxious crowd, eager to see a man who had been through so much suffering. He has an excellent appetite, and is rapidly regaining strength, but still looks haggard and worn, as if he had endured much suffering. Mr. Dawson is a native of Rochester, and left for California three years ago.

STATISTICS OF OREGON.—In a late number of the Oregon Statesman we find some very valuable statics relative to the products of that Territory.—Her population is 65,000. During the past year she has shipped to California 65,000 barrels of flour, or one for every man, woman and child in the Territory. Of bacon and pork, 3,000 000 lbs, have been shipped. There were shipped 25,000 lbs. butter; 25,000 bushels of apples; $40,000 worth of chickens and eggs; $20,000 worth of lumber; $75,000 worth of fruit trees; 50,000 head of cattle, and $20,000 worth of potatoes and onions—all of the value of about $3,200,000.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RELIEF BILL.—The bill relative to Banks of Pennsylvania legalizes and virtually extends the suspension of the banks of Pennsylvania until the 1st of July, 1858, instead of the 1st of April, as originally proposed.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

WITHIN one week Chicago has been visited by two very destructive fires. The first broke out on Sunday, the 11th inst., in a stable, and before it was subdued destroyed property to the amount of $125,000. The second occurred on Sunday, the 18th inst., and resulted in a fearful destruction of both life and property. The loss is estimated at $600,000. Insurance $300,000. John Dickey, Peter Kendau, firemen, Mr. Barnum, variety storekeeper, and Mr. Clark, hardware merchant, were killed by the falling of walls. Fears are entertained for the safety of others who are missing.

A SERIOUS accident occurred on the N. Y. Central Railroad, six miles west of Syracuse, on the night of the 16th inst. A flood, caused by the heavy rains within the past week, undermined the track, and a train, with the exception of the last car, plunged into the chasm. A large number of the passengers were more or less injured, while one, Miss BROWN, of Toronto, C. W., was drowned. CLINTON E. BRONSON, of New Britain, Conn., has since died from injuries received. The others, we believe, are recovering.

Two boys, deaf mutes, about 12 years of age, inmates of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, were instantly killed on the 17th inst, while walking upon the track of the Hartford and New Haven Railroad, contrary to the rules of the Asylum. They were going the same way as the cars, and were not aware that a train was approaching. The bodies were horribly mutilated. Their names are John Parker of Andover, Mass., and Benjamin Dawson, of North Salem, N. H. They had been in the Asylum three years.

A RIOT broke out on the 14th inst., between the Americans of the 5th and the Democrats of the 8th wards of Baltimore. Muskets and pistols were freely used, and several persons were killed.

ON the 17th inst., while some laborers were excavating a cellar in Wycoff street, Brooklyn, eastern district, the embankment gave way and six men were buried in several tuns of loose earth. All were taken out dead.

THE steamers Commodore and Metamora came in collision the 14th inst., about half a mile above Dobb's Ferry, Hudson River. The Metamora sank after fifteen minutes. It is said that eight lives were lost.

AMERICANS IN INDIA.—At Calcutta, there is a hotel kept by J. S. Tappan, of Newburyport, Mass, for the accomodation of American seamen—captains of vessels belonging in this country. While the general alarm prevailed at that place, on account of apprehended revolts, during Mohammedan holidays, the merchants and all Europeans volunteered to do duty as sentries, &c. The inmates of Tappan's Hotel organized themselves for the protection of their quarter, where several ladies were stopping. A certain number were detailed each night for sentry duty; and the Yankee captains would undoubtedly distinguish themselves in case of a revolt in the city.

LAKE SUPERIOR NEWS.—Quite good winter and spring wheat has been harvested in the Ontonagon district, Upper Michigan. From five and a half acres, 125 bushels of heavy winter wheat were produced. A portion of this crop was purchased for seed at $2 per bushel.

At the Ogimaw copper mine, five men in two months took out 21,767 pounds of ore, estimated at 75 per cent. of pure ore. The copper mines are all said to be doing well. The survey of the Marquette and Ontonagon Railroad is completed.—The grade to L'Anse is not over 50 feet per mile, and the heaviest will not be over 70 feet, it is said. Iron ore, heavy timber and good agricultural land exist along the route.

IRON MARINE HOSPITAL FOR THE U. S.—The owners of the Trenton Locomotive Works have received the contract for building a marine hospital for the United States Government at New Orleans, the material to be of iron. The length is to be 348 feet, with wings each of 204 feet. The main building will be three stories; both the main building and the wings will be surmounted with domes. A verandah, two stories high, will extend around the entire structure. The exterior walls, roof and verandahs, are to be entirely of iron.—That the walls may be rendered non-conductors of heat, unburnt prepared clay will housed for filling. The work is to be done in Trenton, N. J.

DECEASE OF HON. WM. PITT PREBLE.—This gentleman died at Portland, Maine, on Saturday, the 10th inst., at the age of 74. He was a son of Commodore Preble, who commanded the fleet against Tripoli during Jefferson's administration—a graduate of Harvard College, and for a long period after the organization of the government of Maine, a justice of the Superior Court of that State, subsequently U. S. Minister to Netherlands, and afterwards one of the Commissioners of the State of Maine in the negotiation of the celebrated "Boundary Treaty" with Great Britain.

COMES TOO LATE.—"A retired merchant" writes a communication to the New York *Express*, discussing with coolness the causes of the financial troubles. He closes his letter by saying—"Twelve years ago, I retired on a snug farm in the country, and every year my fields look greener, and I feel younger as I grow older. This I would recommend to all before the loss of property and a shattered constitution make it too late." This is a pleasant picture, and excellent advice, but, just at this time, comes a "little too late" for many people.

A SHAKER PATRIARCH.—The Concord (N. H.) Democrat announces the death of Peter Ayer, at the Shaker village, Canterbury, on the 14th of September. He was 97 years and two days old.—He was one of the founders of the Society of Shakers, having been a member of that fraternity upwards of seventy years. He was a most powerful, athletic man, and one of the few survivors who took part in the American Revolution.

EXODUS OF EASTERN MORMONS.—The Mormons held their last Conference in the city of New York on Sunday, with much noise and revelry. They departed this week for Utah, leaving all sinners here to get to heaven as they may.

Items of News.

THE magnificent set of silver ware, six hundred pieces in all, got up by one hundred of the leading merchants and capitalits of New York, is now paid for, and is to be exhibited for one month, after which it will be presented to Mr. Marcy's family.

CALIFORNIA papers state that depreciated ten dollar pieces are in circulation. These coins have been rimmed of gold to the amount of about one dollar and eighty cents and re-milled. They are calculated to deceive.

THE hard times have reached Turkey. No less than fourteen merchants have been declared insolvent at Constantinople. Nearly all of them are Greeks, who have been speculating excessively in corn.

SINCE the 24th of August, the day the Ohio Life and Trust Company failed, to the present day, the reported number of failures and suspensions in New York and Brooklyn, including all the banks and railroad companies that have agencies there, amounts to just 345 concerns, out of more than 37,000.

A NUMBER of the monster guns taken from the Russians at Sebastopol, have arrived at Montreal, for the purpose of being presented to the principal cities of Canada, in token of England's appreciation of the liberality with which they subscribed to the "Patriotic Fund."

THE decrease in canal tolls from last year up to the present time is $425,106. From 1847 it is $1,248,697. The receipts of the first week in October were only $52,181.

A BRITISH ship arrived at Bermuda, on the 1st inst., had one hundred cases of yellow fever among her crew, and twenty-nine deaths; the chaplain of the ship, Rev. Mr. Watson, being one of the latter number. The American brig H. W. Morxure, Capt. Richards, from Georgetown, S. C., for Martinique, had arrived at St. Georges, her crew all sick with intermittent fever.

NEW ORLEANS papers of the 6th inst., are on hand. The cotton crops have been seriously injured in Texas by the hollow-worm, and an early frost, and they have also suffered in Alabama and Louisiana by either the hollow-worm or the weather.

Two brothers, Smith, proprietors of a splendid peach orchard, near Sacramento, Cal., have, it is said, realized between $60,000 and $70,000 this year from the sale of peaches.

A COMPANY was formed two years ago, in France, for rearing bees on a large scale. Its apiaries have this year produced 111 per cent. profit on the original outlay! In one case the original cost was 3,839 francs, and it produced 4,277 francs.

MR. STETSON, of the Astor House, has been entertaining his guests lately with grapes from the other side of the continent. They were plucked some forty days since at Los Angelos, California, and were nearly as fresh and fragrant as if the day previous they had been brought from Croton Point.

THE Custom House in Richmond, Va., was entered on the 13th., the safe blown open with powder, and $15,000 in $20 gold pieces, and $5,700 in $5 gold pieces stolen. The robbers left $46,000 behind them.

IT is probable that the present government of Nicaragua will be recognized by the reception of its minister, Yrissarn, with the view to the formation of a treaty to permanently guarantee to the United States the transit route.

THE Commissioner of Patents is sending out circulars, with the view of ascertaining the amount and cost of cotton consumed in the United States during the fiscal year ending the 30th of June last, and the qualities and values of the different classes of goods into which it is manufactured.

THE New York Courier, in considering the present monetary crisis, asks, "is the country as badly off as in 1837?" and answers "No. Then the whole country was impoverished, and during the year we *imported from abroad* upwards of *Eight Millions* of Breadstuffs! Now we have a surplus of more than *thirty millions* for export."

THE names of fifty-five thousand and ninety pensioners, for revolutionary services, have been placed on the rolls since March, 1818, but on the 30th of June last, only three hundred and forty-six of the number were reported living.

GOLD leads have been struck at San Rafael, within twenty miles of San Francisco, by water. The hills contain gold bearing rocks, (not quartz) which have yielded $130 per ton; and as the mines progress, the richness of the vein increases. A point has been reached which is expected to give to the miners $600 to the ton of rock.

THE new law of Mississippi against passing bank bills of a less denomination than $5, will go into operation on the 1st of November next. After that date it will be an indictable offence to pass smaller notes than $5 within the State of Mississippi.

THE extent of grape-culture along the banks of the Hudson river is not generally appreciated. A good authority has said that in six years, at the present rate of its increase, enough wine will be produced along the sunny and fertile slopes to supply the whole wine consumption of New York.

THE Toronto Colonist says there is a movement among the colored residents of Canada to organize colored regiments for India. Whether the British Government will accept their services remains to be seen, but the Colonist thinks that such regiments would be eminently fit for the service.

THE Secretary of the Treasury of Mexico says that it requires $20,000,000 annually to meet the current expenses of the government; and that the annual deficit is not less than nine millions.

THE prospect for hard times for the coming Winter has largely increased the number of passengers going to England. Every ship for Liverpool now has all the passengers she can carry, and multitudes applying for opportunities to work their passage, who have not money to pay it.

EMIGRATION.—Information has been received at the State Department from a correspondent at Bremen, that from the 1st of January to the 16th of August last, there emigrated from Bremen to the United States 28,809 persons in 122 vessels; and, in addition, there were at that date between five and six thousand others, for whose embarkation arrangements were in progress, and who were expecting to be shortly on board.

News Clippings.

— Napoleon is widening the streets in Paris.

— The number of papers published in Australia is 81.

— Our tobacco crop this year will produce $20,000,000.

— Gen. Havilock, now commanding in India, is 62 years old.

— The Legislature of Vermont has convened and organized.

— An American Chess Congress is now in session in N. Y. city.

— The best way to expand the chest is to have a big heart inside of it.

— A heavy frost has visited most parts of Virginia and North Carolina.

— More than 42,000 pupils attend the public schools in N. Y. city, daily.

— A Virginian nets $15,000 a year on 100 acres in tobacco, owning no slaves.

— A railway porter has laid claims to the great Shrewsbury (England) estate.

— The launch of the Great Eastern, is fixed to take place on the 2d of November.

— The Herald of Freedom states that the sugar cane flourishes well in Kansas.

— The Court of Appeals, of New York, adjourned on Friday week, to Dec. 26th.

— There were 197 vessels in sight of Portland one day last week, catching mackerel.

— Report says that both France and Germany are suffering from financial difficulties.

— It is said that there are now laid up, in the vicinity of Buffalo, about 1,000 canal boats.

— The eight saving banks in New York city have on deposit an aggregate of $29,000,000.

— Our cotton crop of last year was $130,000,000. This year it will be worth $160,000,000.

— In Georgia, $150,000 had been raised for Walker to make a new descent on Nicaragua.

— Eighteen thousand bushels of grain were destroyed by fire, at Toledo, on Wednesday week.

— Iowa City Republican says that the farmers of Iowa are offering their wheat at 40 cents.

— Bayard Taylor says that the fishermen of Norway are supplied with wood by the gulf stream.

— One mass of copper brought to Detroit from Lake Superior, within a few weeks, weighed 8,749.

— The Austrian government has decided to introduce the decimal system in its currency forthwith.

— Senator Gwin, who it was thought was lost in the Central America, arrived in the Star of the West.

— The monument to Ethan Allen, ordered by the Legislature of Vermont, will be completed this fall.

— The Spanish ship of the line, Segunda, lying at Havana, Cuba, has lost 400 of her crew by *vomito*.

— In Orange Co., Va., typhoid fever prevails among the colored population. One planter has lost 19 slaves.

— Girls employed in the manufacture of cloaks, in New York, have been discharged to the number of 2,149.

— One hundred Alpacca sheep from Guayaquil, arrived at Panama a short time since, destined for the U. S.

— The London papers are endeavoring to induce the shop boys and clerks of metropolis to enlist for India.

— Walker's fillibusters could raise but 20 men in all the State of Mississippi. Quite enough for such a purpose.

— A black bear was killed near Butte des Morts, in Winnebago Co., Wis., which weighed, when dressed, 275 lbs.

— There are 20 daily papers published in Wisconsin, 16 tri or semi-weekly and 111 weekly publications. Total, 147.

— The Banker's Magazine states that in the year 1856, the whole amount of specie in circulation was $190,000,000.

— The highest habitation in Europe is on the summit of the Aignille du Goute, 13,000 feet above the level of the sea.

— A wealthy printer has been discovered in India. The British Zoological Society are making preparations to catch him.

— Probably the oldest clergyman in England is the Rev. H. Totty, D. D., rector of Elchinham, Sussex, who is 102 years.

— The States of Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, which in 1840 contained 74,000 people, now contain a million and a half.

— It is estimated that the loss of the cotton crop of this year, as compared with that of last, will amount to $60,000,000.

— The decline in the market value of railroad stock for the last three months amounts to an aggregate of $60,000,000.

— Florida tobacco is raised to great advantage in Jasper Co., Texas. One man realized $1,200 from three acres of the plant.

— The Siamese twins, now about 45 years of age, have 14 children. They are about to proceed to Cuba to exhibit themselves.

— The English government have resolved to erect a new and heavy battery at the Liscar magazine, near Egremont, on the Mersey.

— The submarine cable from Cape Cod to Nantucket has been successfully laid, and the first message was transmitted Sunday week.

— The telegraph announces that "holders of sugar in Havana are losing." If that's the way it operates, they had better *let go*.

— The N. Y. Times foots up over eleven thousand mechanics thrown out of employment in a dozen different trades in that city.

— It is said upon good authority that the butter and cheese product of New York, this season, will exceed that of any previous one.

— The Speaker's platform in the new House of Representatives, at Washington, is being made of white marble beautifully polished.

— Some of the persons who drew gold from the New York banks, are returning it, being unable to sell it at a premium as they expected.

— All the through passenger steamers on Lake Erie have been withdrawn, including the boats of the Michigan Southern and Central lines.

— The Governor of Maryland, has issued his proclamation setting apart Thursday, the 26th of November as a day of Thanksgiving.

— Punch advises the Governor of Utah to "go it while he's Young." The advice is sensible, for somebody is Cumming who'll check him.

— The Arabia and Arago sailed for Europe on the 15th inst., from New York. The former took only $1,450 in specie, and the latter none.

— It is said the fire that destroyed Columbia, Cal., and $700,000 worth of property, originated from an opium smoker in a Chinese brothel.

— Charles Mackay, the celebrated English poet, arrived in this country, by the Asia, and intends to give a series of lectures in the principal cities.

— The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending their *own bones* to be ground will be attended to punctually and with despatch.

— A new fragment of a planet between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter has been discovered at the Washington Observatory. This makes the 47th.

— The effect of the panic makes its appearance on the new buildings in process of erection in N. Y. city. In all the workmen have been diminished in number.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Vanderbilt and Asia.

THE steamer Vanderbilt, from Havre and Southampton 3d inst., arrived at New York on the 12th, and the Cunard steamer Asia, same date from Liverpool, arrived on the 17th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Recruiting for the Indian army was progressing in England at the rate of over 1 000 per week.

The English government has given notice to the Russian manufacturers of fire arms, that no more such articles will be allowed to enter the East Indies without special permission.

FRANCE.—Napoleon is said to be intent on a personal interview with all the sovereigns of Europe.

It is reported in Paris that Isle Bourbon is to resume the name of Isle Bonaparte, which it bore under the first Empire.

A report was current in Paris of an intended conference at Vienna with respect to the settlement of the Danubian Principalities, and of the difference with Naples.

It was reported in Paris that in consequence of recent persecutions of Europeans in Madagascar, a combined English and French expedition against the Queen of that country was not improbable.

TURKEY.—Dispatches from Constantinople intimate that the early recall of Djemildey, the Turkish Ambassador at Berlin, had been resolved upon.

A Vienna letter says that the Porte is about to issue a circular to the Great Powers, refusing to consent to the union of the Principalities.

Advices from Constantinople announce an approaching arrangement of the diplomatic service in Turkey. It is known that Prince Callimoki is to relinquish the embassy at Vienna.

Schamyl had made a prisoner of the Governor of Khanatz, and an emeute had broken out in that district.

A new complication had arisen in Constantinople, touching Montenegro. A district of Albania having revolted, the Pasha of Scutari had taken measures to chastise the rebels, and sent 3,000 men against them. Meanwhile intelligence was received that the Montenegrins meditated a descent into the plains to succor the insurgents. As any interference with the Montenegrins would be unseasonable just now, the representatives of France, England and Austria had held a conference with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and recommended him to instruct the Pasha of Scutari to suspend his measures for the present.

AUSTRIA.—It is stated that the Emperor of Austria will visit the King of Prussia at Berlin.

PERSIA.—Letters from the Persian frontier say that insurrectionary movements had broken out in various places.

ITALY.—The expulsion of refugees from Genoa is confirmed by the publication of their names.

GREECE.—The Greek Government has authorized the exportation of cereals, in consequence of the abundance of the harvests.

INDIA.—The Bombay government had received a telegram from Pirea, dated Aug. 31st, stating that news from Cawnpore was to the 18th. Gen. Havelock engaged the rebels on the 16th, about 12 miles from that place, and took two guns. No English were killed, but Capt. McKenzie and fifteen men were wounded. The troops were very hard worked, and the cholera bad. Fourteen men, and Gen. Campbell, of the 78th Highlanders, had died of it.

The last accounts from Lucknow were to the 14th, and reported all well. Nena Sahib was besieging the fortress of Lucknow in person. He had cut off the canals which supplied the citadel with water.

CHINA.—The Hong Kong correspondent of the London Times says, in regard to the blockade of Canton river, that Admiral Seymour has been induced to adopt this course, in consequence of the American steamer Antelope having proceeded up the river as far as Whampoa, and it was the impression that the Americans and some other foreigners were desirous of forming a trade with Canton, which it is said Yeh would not object to.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs very dull.—Sales were pressed off in wheat and flour. A decline of 2@3d on wheat, and 6d on flour, was submitted to. Corn was 6d lower. Richardson, Spence & Co., quote western canal flour 30@31s; Ohio 32@33s. Red wheat 7s9d@8s; white 9s@9s8d. Mixed corn 37s6d.

Provisions were dull. Beef nominal. Bacon firm, for prime parcels 1s higher. Pork, nothing doing. Lard declined 2d; sales at 69s6d. Tallow dull, at 69s6d.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Granada.

THE steamship Granada, from New York via Havana, 10th inst., arrived at New Orleans on the 13th inst. She connected at Havana with the steamship Northern Light from Aspinwall for New York, and brings the California mails of the 20th ult. The Northern Light has one million and a quarter in treasure.

The Granada experienced a gale on the 3d and 4th, and afterwards saw a wreck, but the name was indiscernable.

Ex-Treasurer Bates, and Rowe, his clerk, were both committed to jail in default of bail.

Chief Justice Murray is dead.

The overland mail from San Antonia, Texas, reached San Diego on the 31st of Aug.—all well.

The report of the assassination of Alvarez, in Coloma, Mexico, had reached San Francisco.

Disturbances had occurred near the boundary of Lower California between Americans and the authorities.

A company was fitting out at San Diego, supposed to be fillibusters. Several Americans had been arrested.

It was reported that Gov. Castro, of Lower California, fearing a revolution of his own people, had joined the Americans.

Slight shocks of earthquake had been felt near San Francisco.

The Oregon Constitutional Convention was in session, and the question of slavery had been slightly agitated.

The California markets were dull.

The accounts from the mines were good.

The South American mail had arrived with later advices from Peru and Chili.

The English and French fleet had left the Chincha Islands, leaving them at the mercy of Vivanco.

The murderers of Mr. Sullivan, the British Minister at Lima, had been discovered to be hired bravos. They had not been arrested and their employers were unknown.

Nothing important has been received from Central America.

A REASON.—The N. Y. Albion, English paper, persists in asserting that the peerage has been given to Macaulay, on the implied promise that he will not carry his History into the reign of the Georges. The truths which he would be obliged to tell relative to that royal house are said to be dreaded by the Queen.

PISTOLS FOR INDIA.—The Hartford Courant says that Col. Colt is receiving more orders for his pistols than he can fill. The insurrection in India is the cause of the increased demand.

Clippings from California Exchanges.

THE Sacramento Sentinel, of the 9th ult., states that in almost every direction in the north the mountain pineries are on fire. The destruction of growing timber is said to be very great.

THE Marysville Express says that Messrs. Christmas and Rice, with two wagons, arrived in Marysville on Tuesday, having left Missouri with their families on the 18th of May last. They report a large immigration, and at least 200,000 cattle, on the way to California.

OVER $600,000,000 have been shipped from the port of San Francisco within eight years.

THE San Francisco Bulletin, of the 14th ult., says:—"Precisely at sixteen minutes past 2 o'clock this afternoon, a smart shock of an earthquake, which lasted only a few seconds, was experienced in this city. The motion was horizontal, the vibrations being from East to West."

ACCORDING to the Grass Valley Telegraph the shock of an earthquake was distinctly felt at that place a few minutes after 7 o'clock, on the 21 ult. It was generally noticed throughout the village and created no little excitement, and some consternation. Although the shock was not sufficient to cause any destruction to property, it nevertheless produced considerable concussion.

THE Crescent City Herald says that the crops in Smith River Valley are most excellent. The lands are among the most productive of the State; not a poor crop of any kind was grown in the valley; the grain is very uniform in its yield to the acre. Wheat has generally turned out about thirty-four bushels to the acre; barley, sixty-two; oats, seventy five. Some of the crops yielded quite as high as forty bushels of wheat to the acre; two fields of oats was estimated at one hundred bushels to the acre. Corn also looks well, but it evidently is not a favorite of the soil. Farming in that vicinity is yet in its infancy, but they may look forward to the day when it will be carried on to as great an extent as in any portion of the State.

THE Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, Hon. Hugh C. Murray, died at Sacramento on the 17th ult.

IN Carson Valley the depredations of the Indians are frequent and murders numerous. Within six weeks twenty-four whites have been killed. The people of that section are arming themselves and are about to chastise the natives.

AT Stockton they have for some past been boring an Artesian well. On the 14th ult., at the depth of 923 feet, the shaft struck a bold stream of clear pure soft water, which, on withdrawing the augur, was found to discharge a larger volume than any before struck. The discharge is equal to between four and five hundred gallons per minute, and the volume rising, by the aid of surface pipes, to four feet above the city grade. The stream was cut in a stratum of gravel and dark blue sand. The temperature of the water is 76 degrees.

THE following table exhibits the agricultural resources of San Joaquin county:

	Acres.	Bushels.
Wheat,	12,713	354,260
Barley,	33,827	845,675
Oats,	1,800	56,460
Rye,	100	3,000
Corn,	203	10,150
Buckwheat,	61	1,525
Peas,	50	1,500
Beans,	32	1,600
Potatoes,	291	87,300
Onions,	100	30,000
Hay,	11,674	tuns: 24,000

IMPORTATION OF LLAMAS.—By the steamer Star of the West, which recently arrived here from Aspinwall, advices were received from the South Pacific coast, of the intended shipment to this country of 140 to 150 "Llamas," via, the Isthmus of Panama. These animals are well known in the Pacific, where they are extensively used as beasts of burden, and are very valuable for their wool.—In the mountains of Peru and Ecuador, where there is much snow, they are found in large numbers, and as they are thus accustomed to cold weather, it is believed they are well adapted to the climate of this country, particularly that of our northern latitudes. They are very hardy, vigorous animals, capable of bearing much fatigue, and of being sustained with comparatively little food. Those expected here are of the description from which the alpacca wool is obtained. They were to leave Guayquil about the middle of September, and will probably arrive here next month.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, Oct. 20, 1857.

No variation in the prices of Wheat and Flour, and but little is doing beyond the supply at retail wards. Corn has fallen off materially during the week, 63 cents being the extreme. Oats have advanced, and are bringing 35@30 cents. Buckwheat is beginning to come into market, and is selling at 33 cents per bushel. Buckwheat flour is worth $2.00 ℔ cwt.

All other matters are about as usual. See table for quotations.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box,	18c
Flour, bbl	$5,00@6,75	Candles, box,	12@13c
Wheat, Gen	$1,10@1,15	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada,	$1,10@1,15	Apples, bushel,	38@50c
Corn,	63c	Do. dried,	$2,00@2,25
Oats,	35@36c	Potatoes,	38@60c
Barley,	63c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat,	33c	Slaughter,	4@5c
Beans,	$1,25@1,50	Calf,	10@10c
Peas,	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts,	31@38c
MEATS.		Lamb do.	50@62½c
Pork, Mess	$23,00@25,10	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$3,00@3,00	Clover, bushel,	$6,50@7,00
Beef, ℔ cwt	$5,00@6,00	Timothy,	$3,00@3,75
Spring Lambs each,	$1,50@2,25	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard,	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	11@14c	Do. soft,	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders,	12½c	Coal, Lehigh,	$7,00@7,50
Chickens,	11@12c	Do. Scranton,	$4,00@6,50
Turkeys,	00@12½	Do. Blossburg,	$5,00@5,50
Geese,	50c	Do. Shamokin,	$6,25@6,75
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll,	16@17c	Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,45
Do. firkin,	14@17c	Hay, ton,	$7,00@11
Cheese,	8@9c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried,	00@13½c	White fish, bbl	$10,50@11
Tallow,	8@9c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$3,25@3,50
Eggs, dozen,	16@18c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—Flour—Market opened pretty active, but closed dull. Sales at $4,70@4,85 for super State; $4,95@5,15 for extra do; $4,65@4,85 for super Western; $4,90@5,55 for extra do—closing dull. Canadian flour lower, sales at $5,20@6,70 for common to choice.

GRAIN—Southern wheat buoyant, with fair milling demand while Western is in good supply and 2@3c. lower. Sales Chicago spring at 105c; Milwaukee club; 106c prime red winter Ind. 116; good white Mich. 122c; white Ind. 120c. Rye scarce and firm; sales at 75@80c delivered. Corn in good supply, and dull and lower; sales mixed Western at 73@74c delivered. Oats dull and lower; sales at 46@47c for State and Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and lower. Sales at $21,75@22,50 for mess; $17@17,50 for prime. Lard dull: 13c for strictly prime.—Butter selling at 13@17c for Ohio; 16@20c for State. Cheese dull at 6@8c.

BUFFALO, Oct, 19.—Flour—There was not much done in flour Saturday after our report. This morning rather a moderate inquiry, but the market is steady at a shade advance.—Sales at $4,87@5,00 for good super Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana; $5,25@5,50 for extra Indiana, Iowa, Michigan and Ohio, in lots to suit the trade.

GRAIN—Wheat closed on Saturday with a good inquiry for the better grades. Sales at 82c for Chicago spring; 91@93c for red Ohio and Indiana; 1,10c for white do., 110@111c for do Canada. A boat load of Wisconsin club sold at 88c or thereabouts; afterwards held higher. This morning at 81@82c for Chicago spring, and 110c for white Canada, closing at noon with a downward tendency, although some holders were not much disposed to realize. Corn a shade easier, with little inquiry: sales at 57c. Oats dull, with 33c offered, and 35c asked. We heard of no sales.—*Com. Advertiser.*

ALBANY, Oct. 12.—Flour and Meal—The demand for Flour has been restricted by the inclemency of the weather. There is no change to notice in the market since our last, holders generally being firm. Corn Meal is selling at $1,50@1,62

GRAIN—Wheat is in request for milling with little offering.—Sales prime red Michigan at $1,15. Corn in moderate request at steady prices with a fair supply: sales Western mixed at 74@75 in car lots. Barley quiet with only a moderate amount offering. On 'Change there were no buyers and up to the close no sales were made. Oats in moderate supply and the market is steady. Sales State at 46c at the R. R. and 46½ delivered, measure.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Beeves—First quality, 10½@11; Ordinary, 9½@10c.; Common, 8½@9c.; Inferior, 7½@8c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $60@70; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 7@7½c.; Other qualities, 5@6½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $4,50@6,50; Other qualities, $3@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6½@6¾c.; Other qualities, 6@6½c.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 7.—At market 1715 Cattle, 900 Beeves, and 815 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,50@8,00; First quality, $6,50@7,00; Second quality, $6,00; Third quality, $5,50; Ordinary, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 100@150.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 45, 50@60.

YEARLINGS—$14@14. Two years old—$18@22 Three years old—$28@30.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3330 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,75, $2,00, 2,50 each. Extra and selections, $3,00@3,50.

SWINE—600 at market. Prices—Live weight, 6½c. ℔ lb.—Dressed, 8c.

HIDES—5½c. ℔ lb. Tallow—No sales.

PELTS—62@75c each. Calf Skins—12@13c. ℔ lb.

BRIGHTON, Oct. 8.—At market 1200 Beef Cattle, 1000 Stores, 8 pair Working Oxen, 73 Cows and Calves, 3,000 Sheep and Lambs, 200 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle Extra, $7,00; First quality, $7@7,50; Second, 6,00@6,50; Third, $6,00; Ordinary, $5,00.

YEARLINGS—$12@14 Two years old—$18@21 Three years old—$22@30.

WORKING OXEN—No sales.

COWS AND CALVES—$21, 29, 31, 40

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $3,00@3,50. By lot, $1,50, 1,75@2,00.

SWINE—Pigs, 5c. Retail, 7@8c. Fat hogs, 7@7½c.

HIDES—5½@7c. ℔ lb. Tallow—5@5½c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—62@75c. Calf Skins—12@13c. ℔ lb.

WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—The market has not yet recovered from its state of lethargy and depression. Continued pressure in the monetary circles, causing manufacturers and houses of long standing and extensive means in the trade to succumb to the adversity of the times, has had the effect to deter both buyer and seller from entering into any negotiations, nor will they until the currency question is settled and confidence is again restored. In the absence of important sales prices are altogether nominal.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, Oct. 15.—The market for domestic fleece and pulled is very quiet, and we hear of no sales of importance. In foreign the only sales have been 14 bales Mediterranean and East India at quoted prices.

Saxony fleeces,	57@60	Smyrna washed,	23@30
Am. full blood,	50@55	Do. unwashed,	12@21
½ and ¾ blood,	42@50	Buenos Ayres,	12@50
Com. to ½ blood,	35@40	Mexican,	17@19
Pulled, extra,	48@55	Cuba, Valparaiso,	15@40
" super,	44@48	Syria washed,	27@27
" No. 1,	34@40	Do. unwashed,	14@16
" No. 2,	18@30	Peruv. washed,	35@39

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Rev. Henry Ward Beecher,	October 23
Arthur Gilman, Esq., Boston,	Nov. 12
Rev. E. H. Chapin, New York,	Nov. 18
Rev. A. L. Stone, Boston,	Nov. 21 & 26
Geo. W. Curtis, Esq., New York,	Dec. 3
Rev. T. Starr King, Boston,	Dec. 10
Rev. J. Richardson, Rochester,	Dec. 17
Prof. R. L. Tocmans, New York,	Dec. 22
" " "	Dec. 24
M. M. Marble, Esq., Boston,	January 7
Hon. J. R. Chandler, Philadelphia,	Jan. 14
Wendell Phillips, Esq., Boston	Jan. 21
A. A. Willetts, Philadelphia,	Feb. 25

Tickets for the course admitting one, $1 50
" " " " two, 2 50
" " " " three, 3 00

Tickets for single admission, 25 cents.

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By order of the Committee,
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October, 1857. [405-6teow] New Rochelle N. Y.

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12,000	" "	5 to 7 "	
12,000	STAN'D CHERRY,	2 years,	with fine heads.
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5,000	PEACH,	1 & 2 "	
10,000	AM. ARBOR VITÆ,	2½ feet	well furnished & stocky.
8,000	BALSAM FIR,	1½ to 3 feet	
100,000	APPLE STOCKS,	2 years.	
150,000	CHERRY "	1 "	very large.

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Apple seed in season.
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Choice Poetry.

AUTUMN SONG.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

Yesternight across my sleep
Crept the voice of singing,
And the echoes in my heart
Full and clear are ringing.

Tender as a mother's song,
Sweet as waters chiming,
Flowed the melody along,
To a silver rhyming.

Overhead the shining stars
Looked like soft eyes beaming,
Underneath the weary earth
Breathless lay a-dreaming.

Through the silence went a voice,
With a mournful crying,
"Lady Summer, fair and young,
Lieth faint and dying.

"Long ago we fairies sang
In the spring-time tender,
How the budding child would grow
To the woman's splendor.

"All the long lightsome days,
Grew the maiden fairer,
And her radiant beauty changed
To a glory rarer.

"Lady Summer lieth now
Whiter than a lily,
Gleaming in the golden noon
When the waves are stilly.

"O'er her crimson mouth the breath
Floweth low and faintly,
And her forehead day by day
Groweth pure and saintly.

"When the corn is golden ripe,
Ready for the reaping,
When across the meadows brown
Sadder winds are sweeping,

"All the lonesome woods will ring
With one mournful crying—
Lady Summer, young and fair,
Pale and dead is lying."

[*National Era.*

Life's Lessons.

THE COTTAGE OUT OF TOWN.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

The firm of Wilkins & Watkins were very smart and enterprising—none better in the town where they were located. They were both fine fellows—one married and one single. They were very much alike in size, and in taste regarding dress one was the counterpart of the other. They had been together so long, too, that their manners assimilated. Did a customer come in and address Watkins as Wilkins, or Wilkins as Watkins, the answer was an exact fac simile of what the one for whom the question was intended would have given. And so things were when the scene to which our story relates transpired.

It was a chilly October afternoon that Wilkins & Watkins, having transacted a good forenoon's work, went their respective ways to their respective dinners—Wilkins to his hotel, and Watkins to the bosom of his family. Watkins was a happy man in this regard. He had a pretty little wife and everything around him as snug as snug could be. He was as sure of a warm welcome as he was of a warm dinner, which he had ordered of the provision man as he came along. He knew as well as he wanted to that a pair of white arms would be thrown around his neck as he opened the front door, and, perhaps, he thought, Julia's—that was his wife's name—sister might be there to take dinner with, them or, perhaps, Julia's father and mother had dropped in to take pot luck with them, in either case a great pleasure. So he went along humming to himself the new air—

"The dearest spot on earth to me
Is home, sweet home."

Mr. Wilkins was a single man, and rather prided himself on being so. He went to his hotel with a swinging gait, bowing occasionally as some familiar face met his view, and smiling very sweetly upon such young ladies of the number as he chanced to know. He was a very gallant young man, and had the reputation of being a very great favorite among the fair young ladies of the place, by whom he was regarded as a very eligible match. He indulged in no dreams of a welcome beyond that which a landlord extends to his boarders, no comfort beyond his after dinner cigar. But he thought he was happy, and who else had a right to say anything about it?

Watkins was not disappointed. On arriving at the home he was singing about, he was met at the door by the bright face that had met him for the year that had transpired since their housekeeping days, and the warm arms enclosed his neck like a parenthsis, and the warm lips—well, the warm lips had some pretty word of welcome to give him that had a peculiar smack to it in the little dark entry-way where he hung his top-coat.

They were alone, and she told him all the little domestic incidents that had transpired during the day around home, of which there are always so many—about the maiden aunt who had come into town to do some shopping, and what a grand laugh she had about her beating down the shopkeeper, and giving him twice as much, after all, as the purchase was worth, and how a blind beggar woman came to the door with a little girl leading her, poor and cold, and how she couldn't help crying over the little she had given her, and how the poor woman invoked a blessing on her, which she really believed had been answered in the happiness she had received, and about the organ grinder, and the little pedler girl with the buttons, and the new servant at the parsonage who threw the potato parings into the well. What a story there was to tell about everything; and how pleasantly Watkins sat and listened, all the while the dinner was being eaten, with the keenist relish. Watkins never had achieved a meal that was more cheerful, and after dinner, as he kissed his little rosy wife for a dessert, he averred that he did not believe a happier dog than himself existed within a good many days' journey. He even ventured to say that he thought Wilkins was standing fearfully in his own light, in not getting married, and hinted gravely that he must give him a talking to.

"Julia," said he, "one of my gloves has a rent in it, which I wish you would repair; you don't want your husband to look shabby, you know.—You will find it in the right pocket of my coat."

She, like a very dutiful, beautiful, sweet little wife as she was, went to the coat as it hung on its peg in the entry, and reaching down into the pocket to find the glove, she touched something of a paper kind that decidedly to her touch resembled a letter. She took it out with the glove, and as her work baket was upstairs, she thought she would mend the rent there, while Watkins was enjoying his newspaper. It was curiosity—a passion that has clung around poor humanity with a pertinacious strength from the beginning—that prompted her to take the letter, but when alone by herself she reflected before she opened it, and laid it on the table. She proceeded to mend the glove, still thinking of the letter, asking herself should she open it?—fearing it would be wrong to do so, and at last determining that she would. It was a letter of which the envelope had been destroyed, and a glance at the first page assured her it was in a female hand. At that instant her husband's foot was heard upon the stair, and placing the letter under her basket, she gave him his glove, and he went away, bidding her good bye.

"He is a dear, good soul," said she "and it is almost like doubting him to read this letter. But of course it can't be anything he would not want me to see—of course not," and with this reflection she took the letter in her hand again.

The first glance caused her to turn deadly pale, and in an instant the mere suggestion of idle curiosity had become transformed into intense anxiety. Her lips were apart, here eyes were fixed with a stony glare upon the paper, her form trembled violently, and the poor, little thing came nigh swooning under the pressure of feeling that overpowered her. There was a letter, written in a female hand to her husband, beginning with "My dear, dear, *dear* W.," and ending, "yours, *alone*, Anna." The letter was of the most tender character, burning all up with its own fervor, glowing with loving intensity, and proposing a meeting at a little cottage just outside of the town, the next day—the evening of the day following that on which she had made the discovery. She was frantic with the passion the discovery awakened. She patted her little foot on the carpet, she crumpled the letter in her hand, she cried like a child, and would have screamed, probably, had she not been restrained by a latent idea of the absurdity of such a course. She clenched her little hands till the nails almost cut her palms, and at length resolved, as any other woman of spirit would have done, to be a third party at the interview in the cottage, whose location she well knew, from the fact that Mr. Watkins had admired it once as they were riding by it.

Mr. Watkins walked back to the store in a mood of mind the most complacent, little dreaming of the tempest that was raging around his pleasant home, smashing his household gods into irremediable ruin. "Insatiate Watkins, would not one suffice?" Wilkins came back to the store, and, after idling around for about an hour, said he had an engagement, and went away again. The afternoon passed, and Watkins left an hour earlier than usual, giving the clerk to understand that he was going home. Ah, Watkins! perhaps, if we were to look into that heart, throbbing beneath its encasement of broadcloth, we should find it black with duplicity—perhaps, Watkins, the vows and protestations thou hast made to that pretty little wife at home may be at this time as far below par as Pewabic shares or Ogdensburg second mortgage bonds—perhaps, even now the object nearest thy heart is this perfidious meeting with "yours alone" in the little cottage outside the town—and perhaps not.

Mr. Watkins went out.

Towards the close of the afternoon, a little woman, hooded and veiled, might have been seen hastily walking through the streets of the town where the house of Wilkins & Watkins was located, and her steps were evidently directed towards the outer limits of the town. Could the disguise which concealed her have been penetrated, and the purpose which filled the brain of that hooded little figure been read, a certain pretty cottage in the outskirts would have been found to be its stimulant, and a certain James Watkins, whose ears were to ring with the voice of her reproaches.—It was Mrs. Watkins—that much outraged woman,—and her indignation was earnest and complete. The distance, however, from her home—her ruined home, the scene of her blasted hopes and expectations—to the cottage was very long, and fatigue of body, whatever novelists may say to the contrary, exerts a controlling influence over all feelings of the human mind—except love, which nothing can change. I have consulted proper authorities on this point, and am sustained in saying that love—the real article, I mean, as different from the spurious sort as the bottled cider they sell at the shops is from real apple juice—never changes. Fatigue worked a change in the temper of her anger, and by the time she had arrived in sight of the cottage, she felt more like crying than scolding, and sitting down upon a stone, in the gathering dust, she indulged in a few tears, deeming herself at that moment about as wretched a little woman as could be imagined.—She felt very lonely, and any one seeing her thus, who would not be disposed to cowhide the perfidious Watkins, must be devoid of chivalry indeed.

A light gleamed from the window of the cottage for a moment, and a beautiful figure was seen to draw down the curtain. Mrs. Watkins—the quasi widow, who felt as if she had already embarked on her solitary voyage over the stormy waves of time, looking back to a pleasant bay brim full of light houses, from which her bark had been swept by the ruthless gale of man's falsehood—started up, and felt new resolution steal into her little heart as she gazed upon the form of the one she was convinced was her rival. She dried her tears with her renewing strength, and stood looking at the house—at the window—where the light still shone upon the curtain. A moment after and a chaise drove past where she stood and stopped before the door. She saw the man get out and secure the horse to a post, and, the door opening on the instant, a flood of light from within revealed to her gaze the false man whose heart she had deemed her own exclusive property. Ah, Watkins! She saw him trip up the steps that led to the front door, and in a moment more her ears were assailed by a volley of sounds denoting a welcome more warm than platonic feeling would prompt.

She was concealed from their view by the scrubbery, and the suprise was such that she was irresolute for a moment as to how she should act. She had failed to provide herself with a dagger or any other murderous weapon, and hence a tragedy was out of the question. There was, amid the whirl of emotion that filled her, strange to say, no feeling of hatred for the false Watkins. The reproach intended for him she had already transferred to the woman whom she felt had drawn him from his allegiance, but she could not be brought to hate the man she had loved so well—that she felt she still loved mangre all his duplicity. The closing door left her standing in the shadow—in mind as well as body.

Mrs. Watkins brought her body from out the shadow, but, she thought, the shadow from her heart, like the beak of the Raven in Mr. Poe's poem, would be lifted nevermore. As she stood gazing upon the window, where she supposed her infamous lord was sitting in guilty dalliance with his Dalilah, a white hand reached outside the curtain and raised the sash. As the bee pounces upon a rose in June, as a hen-hawk dashes among a flock of chickens, as a horsefly darts upon his prey, as a mosquito with angry importunity thrusts in his bill, so did Mrs. Watkins avail herself of the opportunity of listening, afforded by that open sash, and she crouched by it as a cat might be supposed to watch by a mouse hole. There was a sound of tinkling glasses within, and other indications of an agreeable evening, while soft voices modulated to a whisper, said many tender and unintelligible things, a word here and there of which alone she was able to make out.

"What if my partner knew of this!" she heard him say.

Now that "partner" she knew meant her, and that moment she would have given all the world not to know what she did, and all the world to have known it provided she had not.

"No matter about your *partner*," she heard the female voice say, a little pettishly; "think of *me* now."

"Think of you?" he replied; "you are always present in my thoughts by night and day.

"Do you love me better than anybody else?" the female voice asked.

"By those lips I vow you are the one of all others that I can love."

And then followed sounds as though, to seal the vow he had made, he had kissed the book he swore by. This was too much for the nerves of the Widow Watkins. She went to the front door, turned the handle, which made no noise, and stood in the entry. The light streamed through the key hole of the door in which the guilty ones were seated. She hesitated not a moment, but bursting open the door violently she stood in the snug little illuminated parlor.

"Oh, James! James!" cried she in a tone of anguish as she saw the two sitting on a sofa, he with his arm around the woman's waist and a table before them set with a luxurious regard for good cheer. She sunk into a chair, buried her face in her hands and indulged in another meal of grief.

"Mrs. Watkins!" cried the gentleman starting to his feet.

At the sound of his voice, Mrs. Watkins lifted up her face, illuminated with a glad surprise, and met the gaze of Mr. Wilkins, who with a perplexed air stood gazing upon her.

"To what are we indebted for this visit, Mrs. Watkins?" asked he in a manner far from delighted, and turning to the lady, he introduced "Mrs. Green to Mrs. Watkins" very formally.

At once the shame of her position broke in on the mind of Mrs. Watkins. How could she account satisfactorily for her being there? how for the violence of her entrance? how for her excitement? But the honesty of her nature would not allow her to excuse herself by a falsehood, and she told them with many tears the whole story, not concealing even the fact of the letter that she had found in her husband's pocket. A light at this seemed to break upon Wilkins, who stepped to the corner where his coat reposed, and holding it up to the light felt in its pockets and drew out several papers, on opening one of which it proved to be a bill of groceries against James Watkins, and the others of a kindred character against that peaceful individual.

"A slight mistake here," said he, smiling; "Watkins and I have changed coats, by which means you have become possessed of my letter, and I of his bills; and since you have become acquainted with part of my secret, I may as well tell you the whole, that on Tuesday next I am to become the proprietor of this little cottage and its charming occupant—the widow."

The widow blushed, but did not deny the statement.

Poor little Mrs. Watkins! overjoyed at finding all her surmises blown to atoms, now seriously thought of her deserted home, and wondered what Watkins would think on coming home and finding her absent. Wilkins' horse was at the door, and Wilkins, good natured soul, left the widow with a promise of coming back soon, and placing Mrs. Watkins in the chaise, he drove away towards the Watkins home.

"What *will* he say? what *will* he say?" sobbed the poor little woman as they drew near.

"Be easy, my dear madam," said he, "about that; he shall never learn from me the secret. Allow me to put you down here, when you can go home, and things may go on as before, and he be none the wiser for it."

She got out of the chaise and moved towards her own door, wondering whether her husband had come home, and whether he wouldn't be alarmed at her absence, or scold her for her desertion. She trembled violently as she placed her little hand on the bell handle, and the thought, "Shall I tell him?" passed like lightning through her mind, and the response came as quickly.

The bell rang, and tripping lightly down the stairs she heard her husband's feet, who, opening the door, received her in his arms.

"Where has my little wife been?" he asked, as, weaving his arm around her, he led her into the parlor.

A cheerful fire burned upon the hearth, and sitting down by his side, she looked up in his face, and told him the whole story—of her curiosity that had prompted her to read a letter which was not her own, and the consequent jealousy, her resolution and its result—keeping nothing back, except the secret which Wilkins had confided to her. Watkins listened gravely, but kindly, and when she had concluded, he drew her towards him with a fonder love than he had felt for her before she was tempted, for he felt how much she needed his aid in her weakness.

And this should be the manner of receiving the confidence reposed in us. We should not receive it in a spirit of harshness, and repel the loving impulse that draws the erring spirit towards our own. Did we properly understand and practice this, there would be far less double dealing in the world, and more candor. Mrs. Watkins decided rightly, and he, like a true man, received the confession rightfully.

Next morning he entered his counting room with a letter in his hand, addressed to his partner. It contained the mischievous letter, and the words, "My dear sir, your secret is safe, but mine has become my husband's." Wilkins showed the lines to Watkins, and in order to remove the impression of mystery that environed the matter in the mind of his partner, he confessed the widow, and received the congratulations of the happy Watkins.

The next week's "Watch-Tower of Freedom and Palladium of Liberty" made the following announcement:—"Married, on Tuesday last, at Elm Cottage, G. W. Wilkins, Esq., of the firm of Wilkins & Watkins, to Mrs. Anna Green, relict of the late Capt. Invisible Green, U. S. N. The happy couple immediately started on a bridal tour."—*Boston Sat. Eve. Gazette.*

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty-two letters.

My 18, 13, 5, 5, 4, 23, 20, 9, 32, 8, 22, 30 was an eminent New England Divine.

My 22, 10, 15, 27, 32, 3, 6, 30, 13, 13, 28 was Governor of the State of New York.

My 30, 19, 14, 22, 30, 12, 8, 22, 30, 25, 9, 2 was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 21, 9, 30, 9, 3, 8, 15, 23 was a decisive battle, fought 490 B. C.

My 11, 22, 25, 4, 27, 3, 6, 22, 2, 22, 27 was a celebrated Grecian orator and philosopher.

My 28, 7, 32, 8, 9, 14, 15, 30, 9, 27 was a distinguished mathematician.

My 25, 29, 32, 6, 30, 1, 16, 9, 5, 22, 27 was king of Pontus, who was defeated by Pompey on the banks of the Euphrates.

My 24, 30, 26, 16, 22, 10 was an English poet, who flourished in the latter part of the 17th century.

My 12, 3, 22, 28, 8, 22, 23, 14, 17, 30, 9, 30, 16 was the great Philadelphia banker.

My 3, 6, 19, 25, 9, 27, 28, 9, 29, 10, 22 was a noted infidel.

My 6, 9, 27, 5, 2, 14, 27 was a battle fought, in England, in 1066.

My whole were the last words of Mary, Queen of Scotts.

B. W. H.

Pleasant Grove, Min. Ter., 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

Poetical answer to Miscellaneous Enigma in the Rural of the 3d inst.

TO H. I. S——.

Your one, four, three spell *air*
Which does the earth surround;
And one, four, five spell *ail*
That proves the health unsound.

Two, one, and three I'm sure,
Rise to no more than *par;*
I, stands for figure four;
From speaker 'tis not far.

Two, one, four, five, spell *pail,*
Two, one, four, three, spell *pair;*
Three, one, four, five, spell *rail*
'Neath Locomotive car.

Two, four, five, five, spell *pill,*
A nauseating ball;
Three, four, five, five, spell *rill*
That climbs not rail or wall.

Three four and two, spell *rip,*
That's ever gaping wide,
In hapless Fellow's coat
That cannot win a bride.

Three, one and two, spell *rap,*
That makes our knuckles sore;
Five, one and two, spell *lap.*
Five, four, two, *lip*—no more.

Five, one, four, three, spell *lair*
To which the wild beasts flee;
And five, four, one, three—*liar.*
Detested wretch, is he!

Now, H. I. S., own up,
Have I not guessed it, say?
Is not April the word,
Midway 'twixt March and May?

Astoria, Oct. 8, 1857. S. N.

Answers to Enigmas, &c., in No. 406.

Answer to Grammatical Enigma:—Obey your father and mother.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Live and learn.

Work.—There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he ever so benighted, forgetful of his calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Work, never so mammonish, mean, is in communication with nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth—to nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.—Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself—all these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but he bends himself with valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.—*Carlyle.*

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This plant being hermaphrodite, produces fruit without an impregnator, which is a great advantage over pistillate varieties. Plants put out this Fall will produce fine fruit next Spring and Summer.

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Columbus, Ga., August 1, 1857 397w8eow

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Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
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Rural New-Yorker.

PREPARATION FOR WINTER.

THE TEACHINGS OF EXPERIENCE.

THE cold, shrill whistle of the winds, the falling leaves, the occasional flurry of snow, warn us that winter is fast approaching. The harvest is past, the Summer is gone, WINTER is nigh, and we feel the cold shadow he casts before, telling us of his coming. Another of the few seasons allotted us here has passed, never to return. We cannot live over again a single day, or recall a mis-spent moment; we cannot undo a single foolish act, or control the widening circle of its influence. We can, however, learn wisdom from the past to guide us in the future; and he who does not grow wiser and better every year that he lives, truly lives in vain.

The farmer has an opportunity to learn much and become wise. He is in the school of experience; nature is his teacher, and her lessons are truthful and emphatic; her punishment for disobedience certain and severe. The wise see, feel and *profit*, the foolish see, feel and *lament*. The poor, hard-used soil refuses to grow a crop that will remunerate the farmer for the labor bestowed upon it; the wise man learns that it is necessary to add the elements of fertility, the food of plants, to the soil, and acts accordingly; the foolish only learns that he is unlucky, and laments his sad fortune. Many, although taught better by experience, have planted potatoes the present season upon a wet and undrained soil, and the lesson taught before so emphatically is again repeated.—Only two bushels of sound potatoes on an acre is reported to us by one who should not have needed this last severe lesson; while one hundred and fifty bushels that would to-day bring the cash at fifty cents per bushel—making a clear profit of over fifty dollars per acre—is realized by others, who were wise enough to learn wisdom from previous failures.

Last winter was long and severe; fodder was scarce, and hay and grain enormously high before spring. Many cattle suffered the pains of hunger, while in some parts of the country many were reported to have starved to death. The owners, except less than human, must have suffered not only in pocket, but sorely in mind. Who will profit by last year's experience, and store away carefully everything that will furnish food for their stock taking care that not even the fragments are wasted? Then, many disposed of hay and grain in the fall, or early in the winter, at a low price, and had to purchase again before spring at double the price for which they sold. The wise man will profit by such sad lessons, and learn to keep on hand more even than he will be likely to need, so as to be prepared for the worst. He will always aim to be on the safe side in any emergency, while the inconsiderate *trust* to luck, and get paid in a way that is neither pleasant nor profitable.

Many have learned that good shelter, warm barns, and stables and sheds, not only render the animals more comfortable, but are very economical, as stock will keep in much better condition with the same amount of food, when well and comfortably housed, than when exposed to the weather, or kept in such buildings as we often see, which, but for the name of the thing, the sheltered side of a rail fence would be about as good. He who exposes his cattle to the cold of winter, wastes his food. Some have this lesson yet to learn, although the condition of their stock every spring—the quantity of food consumed to so little purpose,—should have taught it long ago.

For want of a little banking, a slight attention to the windows, the frost was permitted to get in the cellar last winter and injure a good many vegetables, apples, &c., besides making the house so cold that an extra quantity of fuel was necessary to keep it comfortable. These things should be attended to immediately, and can be done much better now than at any time later. An hour's labor will do wonders towards keeping the frost out and making home comfortable.

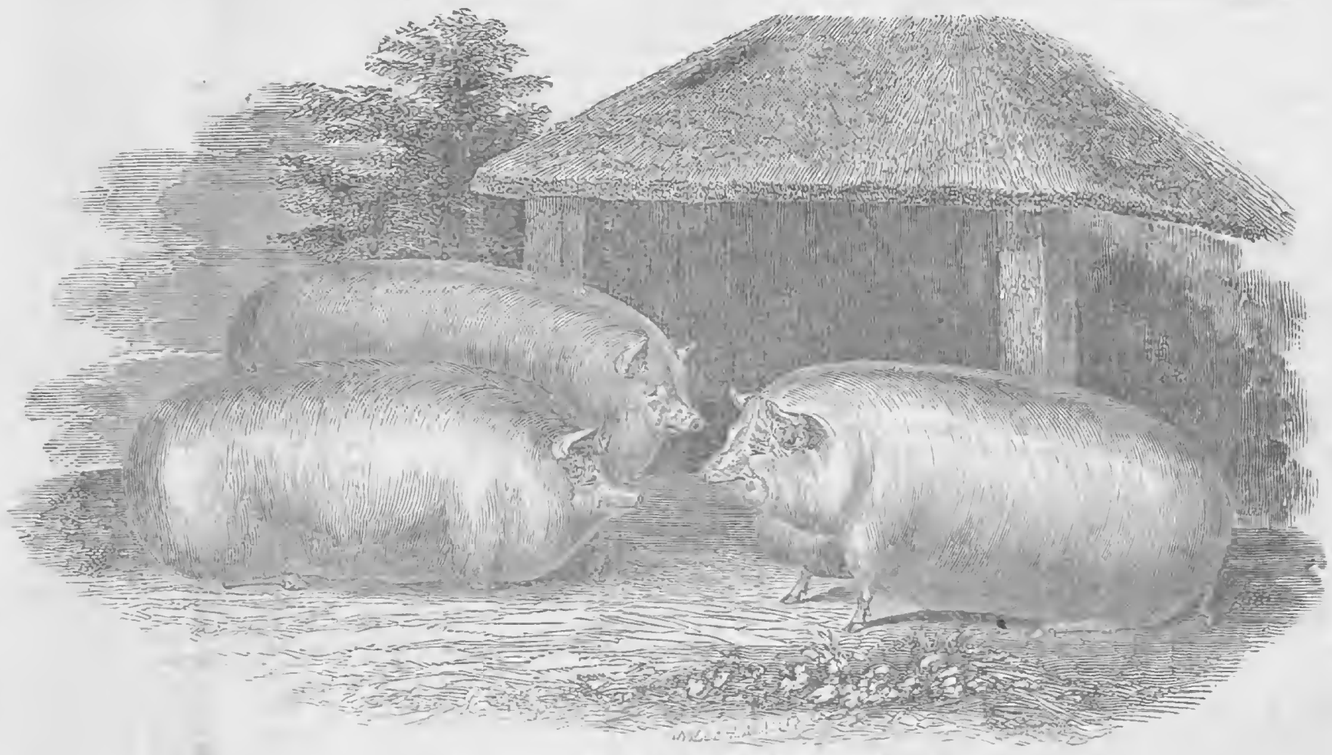
In some cases that came our notice, the potato-hills were not sufficiently protected from the frost, and in the spring the potatoes were found to be much injured. For potatoes, turnips, carrots, &c., there is nothing like a root cellar. We have previously given directions for their construction.—Those who have a suitable situation, particularly a side-hill, should by all means, make one. When potatoes are disposed to rot, as they are the present season, in a cellar they can be watched, sorted over, sold or fed to stock, as circumstances may render necessary. Such a cellar is also invaluable for keeping all other roots that it is necessary to have access to at all times for feeding. We know a farmer who made a fine cellar in the fall of 1853, and who raises on an average a thousand bushels of potatoes a year. He has been enabled to take advantage of the market and sell them when they would bring the highest price, and calculates that he has realized at least twenty cents a bushel more than his neighbors, who sell a portion of their crop as soon as dug, and bury the remainder in the ground and sell on the breaking up of frost in the spring. The extra profit the first year more than paid for making the cellar. Then he has never lost a bushel by freezing, and the trouble of storing is very little, compared to burying in hills. In addition to all these advantages he has ample room for storing all kinds of roots, pumpkins, &c. Such experience will not be disregarded by the wise. We urge this matter because we think that to many of our readers it is of great importance, and has been too long neglected. The formation of root cellars and the culture of roots must keep pace. When one is neglected the other will be also; and we wish to impress it upon the minds of all that a greater amount of nutriment can be produced from an acre in carrots, sugar beets, or parsnips, and with less labor, than from any other crop. One acre of good soil in roots may be made to produce as much actual food as is generally grown on ten acres in hay. Store hogs will winter on the Ruta Baga much better on the Sugar Beet and best of all on the Parsnips—on the latter they will fatten. Those who must put their potatoes in pits, should have them well dried before pitting, as heat and moisture hasten decomposition. Select a dry, sandy knoll, if possible, dig a hole two or three feet deep, cover with plenty of straw; then, we like to lay on a few boards if we have them, to prevent the earth from getting among the straw, or communicating dampness to it, and cover with enough earth to keep out the frost.

Don't let stock remain too long in pasture, or they will get poor, as there is very little nutriment in the dead and frost-burnt grass that they procure late in the fall. From new meadows, cattle should be removed as soon as the ground becomes wet and soft. Fattening hogs should be pushed on as rapidly as possible. Cooking their food will hasten the work. Pork can be made much cheaper during the fine mild weather of fall than when it becomes cold. A good portion of the food is then consumed in keeping up the natural heat.—Fallen and poor apples that are often wasted, if cooked and fed with a little mill feed or corn meal, will push them ahead finely.

See that wood is provided for the house and stored under shelter, and water convenient for stock, so that when the storms of winter are really upon us, when the wind howls fiercely, and the snow is blown in blinding whirls, and the air is piercing cold, you may be able to enjoy the results of well directed and intelligent labor, at peace with all men and your own conscience. On the enjoyment and improvement of winter we will give a few hints in the next number.

SWINE.—THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

THE query of Mr. WM. A. JOHNSTON, of Amelisburgh, C. W., as noticed in last RURAL, might have been propounded by thousands of our readers, especially those who are engaged in the business of breeding and rearing swine for market. Mr. J. says he thinks "the cheapest way to make pork is to winter over only as many sows as will produce pigs enough for what pork is wanted, and if the breed is right and well attended to through summer, they will make a barrel of pork each in the fall." Having adopted such views, Mr. J. wished to ascertain which breed is best calculated to fulfill these requirements. "Rapidity of growth and economy, and a disposition to fatten young," is what Mr. J. wants—more than that, it is what every farmer wants, and what every farmer should endeavor to have. We purpose, therefore, to present, as concisely as possible, pen-portraits of a few of the leading improved breeds, together with such information as we have been able to gather relative to the peculiarities of growth, economy in feeding and early maturity; hoping, also, to soon have the privilege of giving to RURAL readers the views of the gentlemen named in last issue, as well as those of all who have had experience in the management of the animal under consideration.



GROUP OF MIDDLESEX SWINE.

We are not aware of any improvement in the various breeds of swine in our country but which is directly traceable to an importation from England, and in speaking of these we must keep in mind the fact that, among the English people, a much smaller animal is desired than would prove a favorite with us. In London the market is chiefly supplied with porkers whose weight does not exceed 168 pounds, and large numbers of those sent in do not even come up to this standard. In almost all the manufacturing districts the taste of the Londoners is becoming recognized, and large breeds are being driven out. "The effect of this change," says the *Cyclopedia of Agriculture*, "has been the almost general adoption, as a common course of business, of the fattening of small pigs at an early age; and, in fact, vast numbers from their birth are fattened, and are killed on attaining the age of from twenty to twenty-six weeks." In the agricultural districts, however, larger breeds are in demand, and are raised by farmers to supply this want. These breeds are generally kept until eighteen or twenty months old before slaughtering. The varieties chosen for this purpose are strong, gross in size, and, compared with the smaller kinds, coarse in flesh. These will turn over the manure heap or the soil in search of their daily food, and when brought up for fattening will thrive upon coarser or less nutritious material than their aristocratic brethren, and, in addition, are not so affected by extremes of weather.

The *Berkshires* may be said to hold the place *par excellence* among British breeds. The old Berkshire, LOUDON says, is generally "of a tawny, white, or reddish color, spotted with black; large ears hanging over the eyes; thick, close and well made in body; legs short; small in the bone; having a disposition to fatten quickly; and when well fed, the flesh is fine; feeds to a great weight; is good for either pork or bacon." The Improved variety are mostly either black or white, their proportions are the *beau ideal* of a good hog, while their aptitude to fatten is much superior to the old breed. They weigh variously, from 250 to 400 pounds nett at sixteen months, according to care given, and the quality and kinds of food used.—Instances are chronicled of heavy weights attained in much less time. Three pigs, slaughtered at seven months and twenty-seven days, weighed respectively 240, 250 and 257 pounds nett. Two at nine months dressed 304 and 310 pounds.

The *Essex* variety has for a series of years contested with the Berkshires, and the competition has been so exciting, and each have met with such varied success, that it is difficult to decide to which has been awarded the palm. The original Essex breed, (from which the Improved, by a cross with the Neapolitan was derived,) were up-eared, with long, sharp heads; roach-backed; carcasses flat, long, and generally high upon the leg; bone not large; color white, or black and white; bare of hair; quick feeders, but great consumers, and of unquiet dispositions. The Improved were originated by Lord WESTERN, and under FISHER HOBBS made rapid strides toward perfection.—They exhibit the black color of the Neapolitan. STEPHENS, in his *Book of the Farm*, says "he never saw a breed equal to this in disposition to fatten, exhibiting in carcass at the same time a due proportion of lean. They were exceedingly gentle; indisposed to travel far; could attain, if kept on, to great weight; and so compact in form and small of bone and offal, that they invariably yielded a greater weight of pork than was judged of before being slaughtered, and more delicious ham was never cured than they afforded." The dressed weight of this breed in England is stated to be from two hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds, at twelve to eighteen months old.

The *Lincolnshire* or *Yorkshire* breed of swine was originally one of the worst looking varieties in the Kingdom, and also lacked all of the essential qualities of a good pig. Long-legged, weak-loined, gross consumers and yielding a coarse, flabby flesh were its characteristics. Improvement has done as much for these as for any kind. It is now well formed; head moderate in size; pleasant, docile countenance; ears not very large; back broad and curved; wide, well-set rump; chine and loin broad; ribs springing; deep sides and full chest; white in color; hair long and thin. This breed, where well cared for, grows fast, feeds rapidly, and at twelve months will attain from 280 to 350 pounds weight. The quality of their pork is rated in English markets as "fine," and possesses a full proportion of choice lean flesh.

The *Middlesex* variety in many respects may rank among the first. Our engraving represents three, to which were awarded the first prize of $50, and the Silver Medal at the Smithfield Cattle Show in 1852. These were bred by Mr. BARBER, of Uxbridge, England, and are thus described:—"They were farrowed on the 18th of June, and were fed, from six weeks old, on middlings, boiled potatoes and peas, up to eleven weeks old, when they had barley and pea-meal, and boiled potatoes, mixed with water. They consumed in thirteen weeks, twenty-eight bushels of meal and four bushels of potatoes. They were tried on milk, but did not thrive so well on it as on water. In consequence of their great propensity to fatten, they were blind with fat at sixteen weeks old, and when exhibited their eyes were buried two inches in fat, which came over their forehead and lay on the top of their noses full three inches.

The following is a statement of their weight and age while fattening:

Date.	Weeks old.	First.	Second	Third.
July, ...22	5	24 lbs.	24 lbs.	20 lbs.
August, ...13	8	52 "	44 "	42 "
September .. 3	11	80 "	72 "	64 "
Ditto, ...24	14	104 "	96 "	88 "
October, ...15	17	152 "	144 "	132 "
November, .. 5	20	200 "	192 "	192 "
Ditto, ...26	23	232 "	224 "	224 "
December, .. 6	24 and 3 days.	232 "	224 "	224 "

The mean increase per week was—1st week, 7½ lbs.; 2d, 8¾; 3d, 8; 4th, 15½; 5th, 17½; 6th, 10⅞.

They are of a pure white color, of great substance and propensity to fatten. They keep in excellent condition while stores, on grass, turnips, offal from the barns or garden, and when put up to fat, in two or three weeks make excellent porkers. They are fine in the bone and head; small, upright ears, which point a little forward. They are of a small size, have good litters, varying from seven to fourteen in number, being very fat while sucking, and thus making very good roasters."

Judging from the table, this breed would seem to meet the requirements of our Canadian friend. *In less than six months* these three weighed respectively 232, 224, and 224 pounds. After becoming five weeks old, the average gain of each per week very nearly equalled 11 pounds. Give them the additional time allowed in the proposition of Mr. JOHNSTON, and there is little doubt but what the *pork barrel would be filled* with the choicest quality of material.

The *Suffolks* are small; nicely formed; thin-skinned; soft-haired; small, pricked ear; white in color; easily fed. They are a hearty, quiet and thrifty breed; grow rapidly, are docile, contented and good looking.

The *Leicesters*, with which a cross of the Suffolk is advocated, are large, generally coarse in bone and hair; white in color; great eaters, and slow in maturing. When crossed with small, compact breeds, the product is usually a thrifty, desirable animal.

We have here presented a list of such breeds as our farmers might select from, in many instances to great advantage. We think that the "real aristocrat" can be found among them — with this distinction—while the biped wearing the cognomen is of little use to his fellow-man at any time, the quadruped "will be appreciated" when brought to the *pork barrel*, if his merits are not previously discovered.

"DOWN OUR LANE."--CROPS AND CULTURE.

A BRIGHT October morning; what say you to a walk "Down our Lane," a look at the fields bordering it, and a talk of the crops grown and growing therein? All ready! So am I, as soon as I fill my pockets with peaches—these Crawfords, though ripening late, are rich in luscious juices.

There, just beyond the barn, lies our watering pond. It is very convenient, besides containing a store of muck, of much value. Last fall it became so nearly dry, that we drew and scraped out about two hundred loads, putting seventy-five on a barley stubble, and piling the rest for future use, deepening and improving our pond materially.—This year, it has kept full of water, and next winter will not find it frozen to the bottom, as its shallow contents were last, by the exceeding severity of the weather. The geese and ducks like it, and give us much less trouble because they have it. I wish we had some such attraction to keep our hens out of mischief.

The cornfield—five acres—lies on your right.—There is half an acre of the "Improved King Philip" in one corner—if it were all equal to some of the ears, it would truly be an *improved* variety. But for one full ear there are twenty imperfect and unripe ones. It matures, this year, very unevenly. What plump, large kernels its "specimen" ears have! I must try to get a better growth hereafter; it has not done as well as the eight-rowed yellow beside it, and is scarce a week earlier. Perhaps the moist season causes this.

From that five acres of corn we want five hundred bushels of ears, and there are stalks enough to give more than that. But, judging from what I husked yesterday, the growth of stalks is out of proportion to the yield of grain. There are many with but small ears and a few with none at all—regular Sorghum's. But we are far from dissatisfied with the crop, a glance at a field in sight on a neighboring farm, shows us ten acres with a far less valuable product. Manure makes the difference—fifteen good loads of manure on every acre *tells* in the corn crib as well as in stalks and pumpkins.

That meadow on the left needs plowing up, and we propose to plant to corn and potatoes next season. It gave a fair crop of hay, some would say, but I call nothing fair under two tuns per acre. Do you see that bright, green patch yonder? There I spread a few loads of rotten manure in August—shall put the same quantity by its side in the spring, and see which gives the best corn and

potatoes. It looks now as though the sward would be much thicker and heavier, and the manure seems to have lost little from washing or evaporation as yet.

A wheat stubble lies across the way—the soil of same gravelly loam with the other fields mentioned. On a part of the lot we spread twenty loads of muck per acre, before plowing up the barley stubble, (seeded to clover, and a poor "catch" on account of the drouth,) but could see little difference in the product of wheat from the application. It grew about fifteen bushels per acre—the midge taking only half the crop this year, and the clover has taken first rate, so we are satisfied with that crop, and think the field is in good heart for another hereafter.

Please don't remark the big thistle adorning that fine clover pasture—nor the dock which bears them company. They ought to have been mown, and those Canada thistles too, if no more than for "the looks of the thing."

Across the way is a five acre marsh meadow. It appears very well now, whatever may have been its looks two weeks ago, before mowing. Yonder big stack is the product thereof, and it turned out of much greater value than we anticipated. It was seeded to timothy in oat stubble last fall, but failed in part from drouth; yet it came on so fairly this season, that we let it stand until we could get at mowing it—the last of September. On this loamy corner there is a good sward, and the whole field grows greener with grass, since frost killed the weeds, and, I think, will be good mowing next year.

Of the fields now in sight I could tell a long story, but we are "Down our Lane," and will look at the stock through the medium of another aticle. We will premise, however, that the horses, sheep and cows have done well the past summer.

GOOD ADVICE TO FARMERS.

In an account of the recent Wyoming Co. Fair, published in the Warsaw papers, we find some remarks by the retiring President, Maj. HUGH T. BROOKS, which are so truthful, suggestive, and pertinent to the times, that we transfer them for the benefit of RURAL readers—as follows:

"There is one point affecting your material interests upon which I deem it proper to offer a remark or two. Money is scarce and prices are getting low—well, you must pay for what you want with what you have—the merchant must take your butter and beans, and send them to New York in exchange for codfish and calico. You must curtail in your meats and your drinks, patch up old clothes, and varnish over old furniture—the fashion plates must be sent to the Quakers for revision, and every "hoop" must be made into two. We must all spend less and work more. But this is not all; exigencies of the times demand mutual accommodations and forbearance; you must show mercy as you hope to receive it. If you have means use them discreetly and humanely. Don't keep money idle in your pockets—if you don't owe bills that are *due*, pay those that will become due; buy now what you are going to need, for now is the time to buy cheap; and then if you have money left, *lend* it; I beg pardon, but you can find somebody just as safe, and just as honest, as you are, who would put it in circulation.

The *Banks* just now are prominently before the public. Recent developments illustrate their intimate connection with the business interests of the country, and the fearful dependence of commercial men upon them—certainly great responsibility is attached to their management. But the public must keep good faith with the banks. If you take their bills, or deposit your money with them, you thereby express some faith in the integrity of their officers, and some confidence in the securities and guaranties which the laws have imposed for your safety. You are not excusable if you change your mind suddenly, and in consequence of rumors that you take no pains to verify, commence to run upon them for specie or deposits. Caprice in this case is a crime.

It is well understood that deposits are to be loaned out to a certain extent by the banks, else why should they incur the trouble and risk of taking them. Your business men borrow the money and invest it in produce, goods, &c.; if depositors make a sudden rush for their money it creates an emergency that the best bank in christendom may not be able to meet, and I may add ought not to be required to meet. The fair understanding is that the money is to be called for as your *necessities*, and not your *fears*, shall dictate.—If you are constitutionally timid, and are liable to act without sense or justice, you are bound to get a guardian appointed to govern and restrain you and hold you to a line of conduct consistent with the public safety; otherwise put your bills into gold, and the first dark night go and bury it in the earth, and let no one share the secret. I take pleasure in saying that the banks in this vicinity—the banks of Wyoming and Genesee counties—are all of them, without exception, perfectly safe and sound; if I had ten thousand dollars in gold, I would not hesitate a moment to deposit it with either of them. I believe the same confidence may be reposed in the banks of the State generally.

Let us then strive to restore *confidence*, and ere long we may find a market for the products which a generous soil and improved culture, with the blessing of Providence, has furnished us."

FRUIT FARMING PAYS.

FRIEND MOORE:—Much discussion has been had, and many experiments have been tried, to ascertain how the greatest profit compared with expenditure, may be realized from the same amount of land with a given amount of labor, and I propose to give a brief statement of a small experiment with fruits this season.

From one acre of peach orchard—or half of two acres, half the trees being apple trees,—I sold this year (the 5th year from planting) 270 bushels of Peaches at one dollar per bushel; and from less than one-third of an acre of Duchess de Angouleme Pear trees (dwarfs,) planted 6 years ago, and which has previously borne over $100 worth of Pears, I have this year shipped to New York sixteen bushels Pears, and otherwise disposed of over two barrels. These 16 barrels contained 4,838 pears, and the 7 best barrels contained 1,631 pears, or 233 to the barrel, and the best specimens weigh over a pound. Those heretofore sold averaged about 430 to the barrel, and were not otherwise as nice, and sold at $13 per barrel.

If the present money crisis does not depreciate the price more than the extra quality of the fruit will enhance it, it would give $234 from the one-third of an acre, or over one dollar to the tree on the average — there being 400 trees to the acre.—On the pear tree ground I raised beans to the amount of over 25 bushels to the acre, and on the Peach orchard ground I have a growth of nursery trees worth as much as for any crop. And besides the beans and the use of the ground for the nursery trees, which will fully pay for gathering all the fruit, I have left in the foregoing estimate, (which will probably not vary much by the sale of the Pears not yet sold,) over $500 of fruit from one and one-third acres of ground, over expense of gathering. The whole amount of manure on all the ground for the five years, or since planting the trees, is not more than five wagon loads; and the amount of labor of pruning, &c., for the whole time not over fifteen or twenty dollars.

What will pay better than fruit culture for the farmers of this fruit-growing land?

Walworth, N. Y., Oct., 1857. T. G. YEOMANS.

CROPS IN WESTERN MICHIGAN.

EDS. RURAL:—The plan recommended in the RURAL of having each town furnish a summary of crops to the County Ag. Society of its district, to be published by the Society in Agricultural and other journals, is certainly a commendable one, and were it carried out to the extent it should be, the farmers would be in possession of valuable information such as could be obtained from no other source. By knowing the amount of the productions in the country, the farmer can calculate with a considerable degree of exactness the rise and fall of grain in the market, and of course can tell at what time he had best dispose of his products to the best advantage to himself. As we have not now recourse to the workings of this plan, we must be content with what information chances to come before us. In view of this I propose to give a brief statement of the crops in this county, (Kent,) as near as can be ascertained from observation and inquiry.

Wheat.—This crop on summer fallows is not an average yield, owing mainly to the snow leaving it bare in February to the action of the frost, which caused it to heave to such an extent that probably one-fourth of the crop was destroyed.—Wheat on newly cleared land is a good yield, so that we will have enough for home consumption and considerable surplus besides.

Oats—Were a first-rate crop, and as the quantity sowed was considerable, we have a plentiful supply.

Corn.—A better crop of this staple product of the West has never been harvested, and the absence of early frosts have been favorable for the ripening of late planted.

Grass—Has not been exceeded, either in quality or quantity, by any previous crop for a number of years. Old meadows that hardly paid for cutting a year ago, have this season produced well.

Potatoes.—Some complaint of the rot, mostly on clay or wet, undrained soils. From the scarcity of seed last spring the usual quantity was not planted, yet the yield I think will compare favorably with any previous crop.

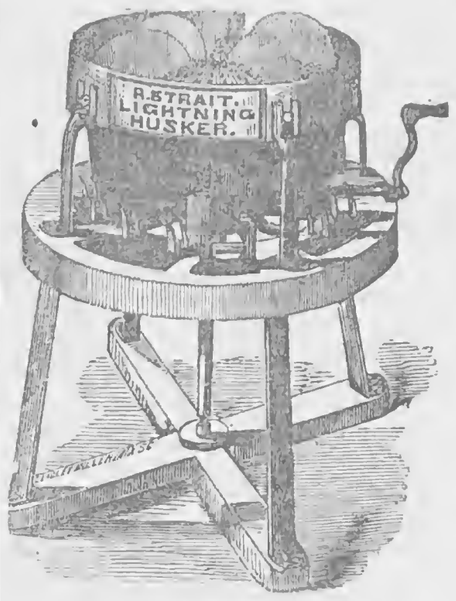
Rye.—The growth of this is not extensively engaged in, but what I have seen will yield well.

Fruit.—We have a good variety, though, on the whole, neither the quantity nor quality is so good as heretofore.

Buckwheat.—Of this grain there was probably more raised this season than any three years previous, and it has ripened without receiving any injury from frost.

The RURAL, through the exertions of Mr. STEKETEE, our enterprising Deputy Post-Master, has quite a large circulation here, and is a favorite with the appreciating. In conclusion, allow me to say, that those who do not now take the RURAL should do so at once, for as a standard Journal of Agriculture it is second to none in the United States. The Orchard and Garden Department is alone worth the subscription price. My word for it, those who have not taken it until now, will never cease regretting they had not taken it before. M. L. SHAFER.

Paris, Kent Co., Mich., Oct., 1857.



STRAIT'S LIGHTNING CORN HUSKER.

WE give an engraving of this machine, patented in March last, which is thus described:—"It is so constructed that five or six persons can husk at it, at the same time, by standing around the machine; a boy can turn it. The stem of the ear is held to the knife, which is attached to the fly-wheel and revolves with it very rapidly. The stem is thus cut close enough to the corn to separate all the husk from the cob, and the ear drops out of the husk, leaving the latter in the hand to be thrown into the picker on the top, where it is stripped off ready for mattrasses."

For information as to the price of machines, and of whom rights may be obtained, see advertisement in this paper.

SORGHUMANIA.

SUCCESS OF THE CHINESE CANE IN IOWA.

EDS. RURAL:—By your issue of Oct. 3d, I observe that W. B. P., of Prattsburgh, N. Y., is still harping on the Sorghum. Now, if he is so unfortunate as to live in a locality so cold that the Sorghum will not grow for him, why don't he let it alone? I see no good reason for his trying to discourage the planting of the Chinese Cane in warmer and more genial locations than his, even if he "only obtained about a tablespoonful of the clear quill from a piece of cane 12 inches long." We are all well aware that the cane has been profitably grown this season, in many instances, much farther north than Prattsburgh, N. Y. We here in Western Iowa are but a mere trifle farther south than Prattsburgh, but by some means we seem to be blessed with a much milder climate than that of "old Steuben."

I have this season raised a small piece of the Cane which was fully ripe by the 10th of September, averaging in its growth twelve feet in height. Many have tried its saccharine qualities with perfect satisfaction, and give their opinions that it will become one of the most profitable crops for our section of country. Our cane has now (Oct. 12,) been matured a month at least, and we have had no frost as yet—and in fact no prospect of any for some time to come.

As a forage crop the Chinese cane has no equal; our cattle eat it in preference to corn or anything else that we grow, and I have good reason to believe that it contains a greater amount of nutriment than corn fodder, or the best quality of hay. I find that cattle eat the heads of seed with avidity, and I am of the opinion that it would pay well to raise it for the seed, even, were the stalks worthless. I had many canes which measured 16 feet in height, (how will that compare with your corn-stalks, friend P.?) and they were planted much closer together than corn will bear to be planted at that.

I am not interested in the sale of *seed* or *cane crushers*, but advise every farmer in Iowa, to plant at least half an acre next season and build cheap wooden crushers, that will answer every purpose and not cost over $20. I don't believe that there is any danger of our getting too much sugar or molasses for a year or two at least,—and at the rate these articles are now held, I think if we can make 500 or even 300 gallons of syrup per acre, it will pay. We have plenty of proof that good syrup has been produced at the above rates per acre. I have two varieties of the cane—one about four weeks earlier than the other and also of smaller growth. The larger sort is hardly ripe yet, and probably will not prove as profitable as the other, although it will produce one-third more fodder than the early variety. I would recommend the early sort for general cultivation. It is the variety that was first sent out by the Patent office.

Crescent City, Iowa, Oct. 12, 1857. H. A. TERRY.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

GERMAN TURNIPS.—INFORMATION WANTED.—Can you tell me anything about a certain turnip, called in Prussia "*Feltower Reuben*," or Feltow Turnip from a town in Germany where they are raised? I ate them in Berlin, Prussia, and believe them to be one of the most delicate and delightful of vegetables. They are very highly esteemed in that country, and ought to be introduced here.—JAMES MANNING SMITH, *Dayton, Ohio*, 1857.

REMARKS.—We do not recognize any variety by the name given by our correspondent. Perhaps some of our German readers can impart the information desired. If so, we will be happy to hear from them.

SAVING ROOTS.—Will you give *us*, at your earliest convenience, the most approved way of preserving such roots as Mangold Wurtzel, Carrots, &c., from frost, and oblige—SAMUEL B. COWDRY, *Yonkers, Westchester Co.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—A root cellar is the best place for keeping all kinds of roots. The next best plan is to bury in the ground in pits, like potatoes.

COWS LETTING THEIR MILK RUN.—Can any thing be done to prevent cows letting their milk run, or is it incurable?—W. FRASER, JR., *New Ephratah, Lancaster Co., Pa.*

WILL such of our correspondents as have had experience in the subject mentioned by Mr. FRASER give, in the RURAL, the information desired.

MULES AT ST. LOUIS.—Within a few years the breeding of mules for farm labor has grown to be an extensive branch of occupation, and in many of our Western cities these animals are said to be displacing the horse for the purposes of draft. At the recent State Fair held at St. Louis, Mo., the exhibition in this department of stock was said to be the finest ever made in the country. The *Prairie Farmer*, speaking of the success of one of the breeders, says:—"Mr. Adams, of Clay county, Mo., bore off ten premiums of the aggregate value of $250. His matched mules, four years old, were elephantine fellows—seventeen hands high, of remarkable breadth, with the finest of shoulders and hind quarters, as symmetrically formed as a fine horse, easy trotters, docile, and worth any fancy price their owner might place upon them. Under the class of saddle mules, Mr. Adams exhibited a beautiful animal, nearly black, having three gaits, to which he was well broken, a trot, pace and canter. In size, he was less of a mammoth than the others, but large enough, and well suited to the saddle or buggy, quick in his motions, graceful and perfectly manageable. Mr. A. exhibited him in a buggy, showing a square speedy trot, that would roll a buggy along at the rate of ten miles per hour."

CURE FOR BLACK LEG IN CATTLE.—The Maine *Farmer* gives the following as a cure for Black Leg:—New slaked lime, sifted through a common meal sieve, mixed cold with lard to a salve of proper consistency. For ordinary use on any sore, on brute or human, the proportion is 1 part lime and 3 of lard, and to be varied according to the condition of the sore. It will remove fungus easier and better than any other thing, and sores treated properly with it will never have any fungus. The sore should be dressed twice a day, and be well cleansed with soap suds.

Rural Notes and Items.

STATE FAIRS.—The New Jersey Fair is said to have been a meagre demonstration. The Wisconsin and Connecticut exhibitions were sadly lessened in interest and attendance by unfavorable weather. The Iowa Fair was very successful—and that of Indiana a complete triumph, as we stated last week.

J. C. HOLMES, Esq., who has been Secretary of the Michigan State Ag. Society from its organization, has resigned the position, in consequence of his connection with the State Ag. College—of which he is one of the Professors and Treasurer. He was an efficient managing officer of the Society, and will prove a valuable acquisition to the College. J. P. C. EMMONS, Esq., of Detroit, has been chosen as Mr. H.'s successor in the State Society.

THE SEED POISONOUS.—The Mobile Mercury cautions the public in regard to feeding stock with the Chinese Sugar Cane. It says the blades and stalks are good forage, but that the seeds are deadly poison. A fine horse died near Mobile a few days since from eating them. The caution is important if well founded, but we apprehend there is some mistake in the matter. Can any of our readers give us positive testimony, either in favor of or against the correctness of the statement?

THE FAIR OF THE BUEL INSTITUTE—at Peru, Ill., Oct. 6th to 8th—was, as we learn from the Secretary, Mr. L. C. DAVIS, very well attended and otherwise successful. The weather was fine, and farmers, merchants and mechanics were present from all directions, with their families, and articles for exhibition. The total number of entries was 559, and the receipts $1,053. The premium list amounted to $600. The Institute has been in operation eleven years, during several of which it labored under the embarrassments common to all similar organizations in a new country, but it is now in a prosperous condition.

THE WYOMING CO. FAIR—at Warsaw week before last—was seriously affected by unfavorable weather on the first day. The show was, however, very good on the second day—the display of Stock and Fruit far exceeding expectations. The exhibition of Implements was very creditable, the establishments of Messrs. WING & Co., and SEDGWICK, of Castile, and BRINKERHOFF & Co., of Batavia, being well represented. Col. HORSFORD, of Livingston Co., delivered an excellent address, and the efficient retiring President a pertinent speech which we publish elsewhere. Officers of the Society for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—President—Hon. J. A. M'ELWAIN. Vice-President—O. V. WHITCOMB. Treasurer—NEWBURY BRONSON; Secretary—E. L. BABBITT, and three Directors and the usual Town Committees. The Society is in a prosperous condition.

CROPS IN WESTERN IOWA.—A letter just received from Mr. H. A. TERRY, Crescent City, says:—"Crops in our section of the country are much better, as a general thing, than was expected five or six weeks ago. On the first appearance of the grasshoppers we despaired of raising any crops, but the main crops, as corn and potatoes, are much better than was anticipated at that time. Some localities have suffered severely, while others have escaped the plague entirely. From the best information I can get, the corn crop is rather above an average in the Western portion of the State, and very heavy in the Eastern part. Potatoes are about a middling crop. Gardens are many of them entirely destroyed by the thriving 'varmints.' They have done us a deal of damage, but still we have enough to eat, and a small surplus to spare to our brethren in the East." We have equally favorable reports from other parts of Iowa.

A SUCCESSFUL CHEESE-MAKER.—We learn that Mr. HIRAM RANNEY, of Dereham, C. W., (a subscriber and influential agent of the RURAL,) was awarded $45 in premiums on Cheese exhibited at the Provincial Show recently held at Brantford. He exhibited one cheese weighing 1,200 lbs., which excited great admiration, and took the first prize for quality as well as size—$10. Another cheese of his was awarded, in same class, a prize of $4. For Stilton Cheese he was awarded the 1st, 2d, and 3d premiums—$10, $8, and $6—and for Pine Apple Cheese a prize of $7. Mrs. RANNEY received a prize of $6 for the best Counterpane,—making premiums to the amount of $51. The large cheese was subsequently sold to a Brantford grocer, J. HEATON, for $15 per hundred, and the Stilton and Pine Apple to different individuals at 20 cents per pound. Those are good premiums and good prices, and we are safe in calling Mr. RANNEY a successful cheese-maker. He has kindly offered to give us some details as to the mode of making these prize cheese, especially the large one, which we shall take pleasure in publishing.

NEW YORK HORSE MARKET.—According to an article in The *Tribune* of Saturday last, the N. Y. Horse Market is at a very low ebb, in consequence of the financial pressure. But comparatively few horses are offered, and the market is so dull that purchasers can rarely be found except for cheap working animals. The depression affects the prices of fancy horses to such an extent that the glory and profits of the jockeys have departed. The *Tribune* says the owner of a pair of fine large bay carrige horses that cost $1,500, and are just as good as when bought at that, could only get an offer of $175 for one, and no price named for the other, and adds:—"We heard of another case of a gentleman who has a team of four very fine mares that cost him $2,500, and for one of which he was offered $1,200 not over three months ago, yet he now offers the whole at $900. Another man had a standing offer of $1,500 for one of a pair which he has lately sold at $300."

— From all which, and other like testimony, we infer that New York is just now a good place to *purchase* horses, but not the market for those wishing to sell—especially carriage horses, fast trotters, &c. It will not *pay* to take horses to New York to sell this Fall, but is *the* place to purchase advantageously. RURAL readers interested will of course govern themselves accordingly.

CAN RINGBONE BE CURED?—In a late RURAL a correspondent inquired for a recipe with which to cure this disease. We stated as our belief "that Ringbone was incurable—that pretended cures were but alleviations"—and gave some hints as to the method in which partial relief might be obtained. In reply to these assertions, JAS. D. SLOAN, of Shiloh, Gibson City, Iowa, states that he is possessed of "a young mare which was very lame from Ringbone, and cured her by using the following mixture:—1 quart alcohol; 1 oz. oil of spike; 1 oz. gum camphor; 1 pint spirits of turpentine; 1 oz. blue stone (vitriol?) pulverized." The whole mixed together, and when dissolved it is ready for use. Mr. S. applied this decoction with a brush once each day. He says "it should be put on sparingly or it will blister. If a blister arises grease with lard. This mixture has also cured 'big-head' and 'sweeney.'"

The Young Ruralist.

AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS.

EDS. RURAL:—Will you inform me if there is an Agricultural School in New York, and if there is none in your State, inform me *where* there is one? I am desirous of attending such a school, and any information you may be able to impart will be most gratefully received. Send a Catalogue if you can, or inform me where one can be obtained. I dislike to trouble you, gentlemen, but I know of no other source, where the information can be obtained. By answering these inquiries promptly you will confer a great favor upon—G. A. GALLUP, *Eminence, Henry Co., Ky., Oct.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—Instead of responding to the above inquiry by letter, we publish it and our reply for the benefit of others desiring similar information. The only Agricultural School yet in operation in this State is that of Messrs. OLCOTT & VAIL, Mt. Vernon, Westchester Co., near New York city, and known as the "Westchester Farm School." From what we know of its conductors, and their plan of operations, we have a favorable opinion of the institution. Definite information may be obtained by addressing the Principals, as above.—— The "N. Y. State Agricultural College," located at Ovid, Seneca Co., of which Judge CHEEVER is President, will not probably be fully organized and prepared to receive students, until next season. —— The "Agricultural College of the State of Michigan," located at Lansing, the State Capital, has been in successful operation for several months. It has an able Faculty, headed by Hon. JOSEPH R. WILLIAMS as President, and an excellent Farm of nearly seven hundred acres. We think it a very creditable and promising institution.—— The "Farmers' College," located at College Hill, Hamilton Co., Ohio, has also been in operation for some time, but we have no positive information as to its merits or success. In connection with it we believe there is a Model Experimental Farm and Botanic Garden in successful operation. F. G. CARY is President of the College.

—We give the address of the principals of above institutions, so that those interested can readily obtain further information.

WHAT A YOUNG GIRL SAW AT THE FAIR.

MR. EDITOR:—I am a little girl twelve years old, and as the girls write for your paper I thought *I* would too. I live in a two story yellow house, with flowers around it. I attended a Fair at Skaneateles last Wednesday, which I liked very much. The Fair ground was a large field at the upper end of the village. A tent was on one side of the grounds, and the Poultry, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Farm Implements, &c., were ranged around in different places. The horses drove around in a circle. I will now mention some of the articles in the *tent*.

In a glass jar was a white mouse that had red eyes. It was caught in a Clover field the day before, and appeared perfectly tame. The Fruit Vegetables, Bread, &c., were very fine. Two Melodeons, brought from Rochester, attracted a great deal of attention. One had two banks of keys. A *Sewing Machine* amused me very much. It was the first I had ever seen. There was a great assortment of Fancy Goods, such as hair, flowers, paintings, bed-spreads, lamp-mats, embroidery, &c. In a glass jar filled with water was a goldfish swimming around. At night we went home much pleased with what we had seen.—MELISSA GILLET, *Skaneateles, N. Y., Oct.* 12, 1857.

REMARKS.—A pretty good account, for a young reporter—showing that MELISSA was an observing and interested attendant. We are glad she noticed the Melodeons and Sewing Machine, for one or both ought to find place in many a "two story house with flowers around it"—as they are calculated to increase the pleasure and comfort of the family circle. In this belief we have just secured a fine Melodeon with two banks of keys, and two superior Sewing Machines to be given (among other things) as premiums for obtaining subscribers to the next volume of the RURAL.

REPLY TO TENANT'S BOY.

EDS. RURAL:—I couldn't help thinking while reading the letter from a "Tenant's Boy," published in the "Young Ruralist" column, some weeks since, that some rude hand must have jostled his "heart-clock," thereby injuring its machinery, or that Reason had forgotten to to "wind up" the "weights" of Impatience and Distrust, but I'm hopeful that it needed only a little "oil of kindness" to set it all right again. No doubt many who read that letter, felt sympathy for the writer; but no one likes to see a "give-up" spirit in this go-ahead age, and it is best if we are ever visited by such a enemy to life-success, that it be *hidden* till we gain sufficient strength to expel it entirely. The old song says—

"Uncle Sam is *rich enough*
To give us *all* a farm;"

but we've got to "get into his good graces" if we want to be remembered in his "will"—the surest way of doing which is by *possessing* and *showing* a "manner of spirit," which we have gained for ourselves, one already rich in implements for *digging* on said "farm"—i. e., Industry, Patience and Independence, with *Perseverance* to keep them all at work.

And above all, let the great motive power of *Faith* be right. GOD'S ways are not clear to us now, there must be times when they seem *very dark*, but letting FAITH the beautiful and FORTITUDE the strong, find place in our hearts, we shall learn to believe that

"Toil and Trial are our *angels*,
Wrapped in Terror's dark disguise,
Lest the glory of their presence
Blind our weak and fleshly eyes."

Charlotte Centre, N. Y., 1857. E. C. LAKE.

The Orchard and Garden.

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

SINCE we last week wrote of the flowers we have been visited with several rather severe frosts, and the more tender varieties have perished. The Dahlias, that only one week since were the pride of the garden are now black and unsightly. Although we regret the loss of the flowers, we love these revolutions of the season — ever changing, ever bringing something new and interesting—ever calling for careful thought and prompt action. Dahlia roots should be taken up at once, carefully dried, and put away for the winter. They require to be kept in a dry place, or they will *rot*, and in a warm place or they will *freeze*. A damp cellar is almost sure to rot them; and this is the reason we hear so much complaint of the loss of Dahlia roots. A little heat will not be likely to harm them; better be too warm than too wet. A very good way is to keep them in a box of perfectly dry sand, but it must be well dried with fire-heat.

BULBS may yet be planted, according to directions given last week. After planting do not neglect to cover the bed with straw, leaves, or coarse manure.

Any shrubs or plants, put out this fall, though perfectly hardy, it would be well to protect a little, as many things that are hardy when well established are a little tender for the first season. A little care, though unnecessary, can do no harm, and may prevent disappointment and loss. A good mulching of manure around the roots, and a little straw or evergreen branches around the top, or a box or barrel placed over the plant is all that is needed.

STRAWBERRY BEDS, especially those newly made should have a covering this fall, and RASPBERRY CANES should be laid down carefully so as not to break them in bending, and covered with earth.—This is not necessary all seasons, but it is the safest method as it makes a crop the next season certain, no matter what the winter may be.

The fine weather of the fall affords a good opportunity for cleaning up the garden and making every thing neat. All weeds should be removed from the walks and beds and carried to the compost heap where they will rot, and make a fine manure by the spring. A little well rotted manure spread over the lawn, will very much enrich the soil and give the grass a good start in the spring. The fertilizing elements will be washed into the soil, by the fall and spring rains. A sprinkling of wood ashes is good, but a dressing of hen manure excels every thing we have tried. In the spring all that remains on the surface must be raked off nicely.

Trenching, spading and manuring can be done as leisure permits, and there is no better time for commencing a reform with neglected trees and orchards, as work is not pressing at this season of the year, and there is now no excuse for neglect that will satisfy a sensible man. Dig up all the turf from around the trees, mix a good quantity of manure with the soil, wash and scrape the bark, so as to make it clean and smooth, and prune where necessary. Remember the roots of a tree furnish it with food, and that they are not confined to a small space, a foot or two in diameter, but extend on every side, at least as far as the branches.

On the subject of *planting trees in the fall* there is a difference of opinion. All hardy deciduous trees and plants, we like to plant in the fall, if the ground is naturally dry, or thoroughly drained.—It is a great piece of folly to set trees in the fall on heavy, wet ground, where the water will lay around them every thaw, and in the spring; and not much better at any other time. The ground for an orchard or garden should be well drained. All trees planted in the fall should be tied securely to a stake, and a quantity of coarse litter thrown over the roots to protect them from the frost. Everything that is tender or liable to be injured by frost we prefer to plant in the spring; and all kinds of evergreens. Spring planting is probably the best for the West, in almost all cases. Where trees are obtained in the fall that it is not desirable to plant until spring, they can be *heeled in*. This is done by digging a trench in a dry and sheltered place about eighteen inches deep, and standing the trees in it, in a slanting direction. The roots are then covered with earth. Some straw, litter, or evergreen boughs should then be thrown over them and they are safe until spring. Sometimes trees are received late in the fall, in consequence of unexpected delays on the route, frozen in the bales or boxes. Where this is the case place the packages, unopened, in the cellar, or some other cool place, where there is no danger of freezing, and allow them to remain until thoroughly thawed.—Then unpack, and heel them in, or plant, as may be most desirable.

FRUIT IN CALIFORNIA.—The Sacramento Sentinel, speaking of a garden in that vicinity, says:—"It is surprising to see what a perfect paradise has been made by the Messrs. Smiths. They turned their attention to the culture of fruit about three years ago, since which time they have grown thousand of fruit trees of the most choice kinds. Two years since, when we visited these gardens, what we then found mere germs, are now trees loaded with the richest fruits. During one week, this season, the proprietors gathered seventy-five thousand pounds of peaches and brought them into market. Pear trees are now laden with fruit, some of them not more than four or five feet high, have a dozen fine pears on them. If any one doubts that the prolific soil of California is capable of raising any and all kinds of fruit, let them go to this garden and see for themselves."

RAISING YOUNG FIR TREES.—Will you or some one of the readers of the RURAL tell me how to plant the seed of the Fir? I have a tree that is full of cones and they now begin to open, and if there is any way to raise young trees from the seed I wish to learn how.—S. FERGUSON, *Lyndonville, Orleans Co., N. Y.*

REMARKS.—Dry the cones until the seeds come out, and sow in a border, of light soil, or in boxes in the spring. Shade in the middle of the day when the plants are coming through the ground, and until they make a second growth and become strong, or they will burn. Keep the seed in a dry place during winter.

GRAPE CULTURE.--ANNUAL PRUNING.

EDS. RURAL:—The best time for performing this very important operation, on our native vines, has been for a long time a controverted point among good cultivators. All agree that it should be done some time between the cessation of growth in the fall and the commencement of growth the next spring. While many, perhaps the largest number of those who have given their views to the public, have practiced and advocated fall pruning, and given some seemingly good reasons for the practice, others have recommended February as the best time, and have not failed to furnish some very plausible reasons for so doing.

Those who advocate and practice fall pruning, claim that between the falling of the leaves in Nov. and the swelling of the buds in the following spring a distribution of the organizable matter—the matter which enters into the composition of the fruit—is constantly going on through all parts of the vine. If this theory is correct,—if such distribution is constantly taking place, while the roots of the vine are "bound in icy chains," and the branches frozen, and the whole vine in a dormant state, then most surely fall pruning should never be neglected; for by delaying the operation until this distribution has all or nearly all taken place, by far the greater part of the fruit producing elements will be destroyed by the knife; whereas if the surplus buds are removed before such distribution has progressed far, the buds retained will receive nearly all this matter, and the necessary consequence must be a better yield of fruit.

On the other hand, the advocates of February pruning deny this distribution theory, and claim that it is safest not to prune till after the most of the extreme cold weather is over, because they say the vine is capable of withstanding a greater degree of cold without injury before than after being pruned. Also, that the branches of the previous year's growth are pretty sure to "kill back" some, whether they are pruned in the fall or not, and that it is better to let them do so before the vine is pruned than after. So much for theory.

In 1851, my vineyard consisted of eight rows of equal length, and the vines all of one age and of similar size. That year I pruned one of these rows in November and the other rows in February, and when the fruit was harvested I carefully weighed the yield of each separately. The fall pruned row produced 25 per cent. less than either of the other rows. This result at the time looked very much like an argument against fall pruning. However, not deeming it quite conclusive, I pruned two rows the next November, the same one previously pruned in November, and another. At the next harvest the yield of these two rows was quite equal, but not superior to that of any other two in the vineyard in respect to quality and quantity.

Since then I have practiced pruning my vines during any mild weather from the middle of November to the middle of March, and I feel perfectly safe in advising others to do the same.—Vines should never be pruned with a dull knife, nor when they are frozen, nor when there is a fair prospect of a sudden change from mild to extreme cold weather.

On planting a vine let but one branch grow the first season. At the end of the season, cut this back to two or three buds, and let but two branches grow the second season. At the end of this season cut these branches back eight or ten buds each, or to four or five feet in length,—build your trellis and fasten these branches "right and left" along the lower rail of the trellis. The third season let these base branches produce a branch from every alternate bud, and train them perpendicularly to the top of the trellis, and about the first of September stop them by pinching them off. The trellis is now filled with good bearing wood,—and the next—the fourth season,—the vine will produce its first crop.

After the first crop is taken from the vine the only pruning necessary to prepare it for another crop, will be to cut back the lateral branches, proceeding from the upright branches to two buds, and when they start the next spring but one of these—usually the one nearest the main branch—should be allowed to grow. The next year that portion of the old spur extending beyond the base of the new branch should be cut off smooth and the new branch cut back as before to two buds. This same process is to be continued from year to year. It is well, however, to provide for an entire removal of the fruit-bearing branches, as often as once in three or four years. This can be accomplished without losing a crop, in the following manner:—Suppose there are six main upright branches to the vine; two of these may be removed each year by allowing a new branch to grow from the base of each to a sufficient length to take their places, and at the next annual pruning cut the old ones out; in this way the entire vine will be renewed in the course of three years. Of course it must be remembered that the fruit is always produced on the current year's shoots springing from the wood of the previous year's growth.

Where vines are planted wide, say from 12 to 16 feet apart, and trained on upright trellises—the very best mode of planting and training when the grape is cultivated for the dessert,—I have found the above simple mode of pruning well adapted to the vineyard or field culture of our native vines.

Naples, Ont. Co., N. Y., 1857. E. A. MCKAY.

RIPENING PEARS.—We are often much surprised at the lack of knowledge among the people generally on the subject of ripening pears, notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject in the Agricultural and Horticultural Journals. A few days ago a gentleman brought us half a dozen *Seckel* pears, and he expected we would be as much surprised as he was to find that they were *good to eat*. The tree had borne fruit for three years, and all this time the specimens had been bitten, found worthless, and thrown away, until the present season, when some one told his boy that if he would gather them and put them away they would "get good." He did so, and, to the surprise of all, the Seckels were found to be "*good for something*." A few weeks since a grocer in this city tried to sell us some *Buffum* pears at $1 50 per bushel. He said they were "not very good, but would do for stewing." In two weeks they were ripe and could have been sold for more than double the price asked. When will people read and learn what it is so much for their interest to know?

FRUIT GROWING AT THE WEST.

MANY of the best Northern varieties of apples and other fruits do not succeed at the West. The rich soil induces a succulent growth of wood, which is unable to bear the severe cold and high winds of the prairies. The consequence is many trees are reported *killed* every spring by the fruit growers of the West. Other sorts, though, perhaps, hardy enough, seem entirely unsuited to a Western soil and climate. A few years since the *Northwestern Fruit Growers' Association* was organized, several meetings have been held, and some little light has already been thrown upon the wants and capabilities of the West in this respect. A meeting of this association was held at Alton, Illinois, on the 5th inst., and we find the report of its proceedings in the *Prairie Farmer*. The association at its close merged itself in the Illinois State Horticultural Society, so that the Northwestern Fruit Growers' Association no longer exists.—We hope the Fruit Growers of the West will now send large delegations to the meetings of the American Pomological Society, and that varieties suited to Western culture will receive more attention from that body. We give the principal matters of importance in the proceedings, which will be of especial interest to our Western readers, and to all who raise trees destined for that section of country:

CHERRIES.

In regard to the varieties of cherries, Mr. Overman, of McLean Co., Ill., said that there were not more than three kinds "worth a hill of beans."

Mr. Finley, of Davenport, Iowa, said that the cherries in his region were nearly all dead.—About a year ago, he set out about 6,000 Morello stocks, and he has saved only about 150.

Dr. Hull, of Alton, said that up to 1845, he supposed all the Maydukes and Morellos to be hardy. Many of the heart cherries would do well, but for a second growth. Three or four years ago the cherries were nearly all killed, except a variety of Bigarreau. The Yellow is very tender—so is the Black Eagle. The old Black Heart is hardy, and will live to be eight or more years old remarkably well. He considered the great efforts of cherry growers, should be to prevent a second growth.

Mr. Shaw, of Tazewell Co., Ill., said that the cherries were nearly all killed, excepting the Early May. Of those there were a few left in Tazewell Co.

Mr. Minkler, of Kendall, Ill., and Mr. Baker, of Union Co., Ill., said that all the cherries except Morellos have been killed in their respective counties.

Dr. Warder, of Cincinnati, informed the Association that the Cincinnatians had been quite unfortunate in the cultivation of the cherry—especially those from the Morello and Mazzard stocks. In Cincinnati, the market cherries still come from the Dutchmen's gardens. Those grafted on Morello stocks he considered very unsightly, and in Cincinnati there was scarcely a fruitful tree left. The Richmond was a very hardy kind.

The President (Mr. Dunlap,) of Champaign Co., Ill., said that in his experience, the cultivation of all varieties, except the Early May, was a failure. He had always been in the habit of grafting the Early Mays on Morello stocks, and in Cook Co., it was the only cherry of any value. The Maydukes are tolerably hardy, but they never produced fruit. He had lost every tree of the early Richmond.

Mr. Stewart, of Adams Co., Ill., thought the fault lay in manuring the soil, in which the cherry was planted, too highly. He found that the trees which stood on the neglected soil had lived.

Dr. Hull thought the cultivation of the cherry, profitable. The killing of the cherries as in the winter of 1855-'56 might not occur again in a life time.

PEACHES.

Mr. Minkler, of Kendall Co., Ill., stated that in his region there was not a live peach tree. They were all killed by the intense cold of the winter of 1855-'56.

Mr. Shaw, of Tazewell Co., said that in Tazewell Co., the winter of 1855-'56 was very disastrous to the peach crop. Those saved, he observed, were planted on high ground.

Dr. Warder, of Cincinnati, said that in Ohio they could not depend upon a peach crop more than one year out of four. He had, however, given up the idea that the peach was a tender tree. It has been supposed that when the thermometer fell to ten and twelve degrees below zero, the peach trees were in danger; but he had found that it was the duration and not the degree of the cold which proved fatal to the peaches. He had also found that those peaches were the strongest which were planted on high ground, and exposed to the weather.

Mr. Oswell, of Jonesborough, said that in Union Co., the seedlings during the present year, produced a good crop. There are not many grafted stocks in Southern Illinois. The curculio, he found, troubled the early peaches more than the others.

Dr. Hull, of Alton, Ill., in regard to manuring the soil in which peach trees were planted, said that a peach tree without manure was in a dangerous condition. Last year was the only one in which the peach crop of Alton was a total failure.

Dr. Warder, of Cincinnati, said that the best remedy he had found for the curculio was to "pound" the trees. Another remedy is to dig the ground around the roots until it is loose, and then pound it hard again; and another is to wash the tree with the following mixture:—one pound of sulphur, one peck of lime, five gallons of warm water—diluting the whole with a barrel of rain water.

Mr. Stewart, of Adams Co., Ill., said that the peach crop in his region is a tolerably certain and profitable crop. There had only been two total failures in twenty-five years—1842 and 1856. The winter of 1855-'56 had cut nearly all the trees off. Those left had, the present season, borne well.—He did not think that these severe winters were entirely without profit to the fruit growers. They killed the curculio, so that during the present year the plum trees all over the country are bearing.

Capt. J. E. Starr, of Alton, said it often happened that budded fruit was killed while the seedlings were saved. He thought the cause of this was that the budded trees grew faster and more tender than the seedlings.

Mr. Stewart, of Adams Co., knew of peach trees which had lived in atmosphere 23 degrees below zero. They were all killed the previous year at 26 below zero.

The President (Mr. Dunlap.) said that in ordinary seasons peaches could be cultivated, with success, as far north as Southern Wisconsin. The vicinity of Alton was peculiarly favorable for peaches.

Mr. Overman, of McLean Co., Ill stated that he would never give up the cultivation of peaches.

Rev. Mr. Post stated that a few weeks since peaches were sold in Dunleith for six dollars per bushel, which in Jackson Co., only brought forty cents.

THE PEAR AND ITS BLIGHT.

Mr. Essex, of Rock Island, Ill., said that all the Bartlett pears in his region were killed during the winters of 1855-'56. He had some specimens of Bartletts grafted which were killed by the blight. He was now trying a hardy pear which he had confidence in, but he had seen no fruit yet.

Dr. Hull, of Alton, observed that the fire blight had commenced about the 25th of May, and continued on till the 1st of October. The only remedy he had found effective was root pruning. He did not assert positively that he knew the cause of the blight; thought insects had something to do with it. His experiments led him to believe this to be correct. He had taken a piece of the blighted bark and communicated the disease to a healthy tree by attaching it thereto. He preferred the standard varieties to the dwarf.

Judge Baker thought the blight first made its appearance in 1824 in an apple orchard in Randolph county. The pear trees were not affected for some years afterward. In 1852 the pear and the quince were seriously affected in several of the Eastern States. He thought that the cause of the blight was the old sap in the tree. Anything that would prevent rapid flow of sap in the tree would act as a barrier to the progress of the disease. He did not consider it infectious. Regarding the best trees, he considered the Seckel the most productive, and least liable to be blighted. The Bartlett was good, but easily damaged.

Mr. Stewart, of Adams Co., stated that the leaf blight in his region had laid an embargo on pear culture. In some instances, within a few weeks, every tree in a circuit of fifty miles was affected by this disease.

Mr. Overman, of McLean Co., considered the leaf blight equally disastrous in his region. He had examined the roots of diseased trees, and found them black.

Mr. Stewart, of Adams Co., said that all the blighted trees which he had examined were fibreless. The leaf blight was a kind of consumption, which, although it did not always kill, was fatal to the crop. The disease he had no doubt was imported.

Mr. Overman had imported trees from France, entirely healthy, planted them in fresh soil, and yet the blight killed them.

Mr. Avery, of Iowa, stated that he had seen a blighted apple tree cured by inserting sulphur in the heart, with an auger. He had not, however, found out whether the sulphur had gone up into the tree.

Mr. Coleman, of the *Valley Farmer*, said that throughout Missouri, and particularly about St. Louis, there was a large variety of seedling pear trees, planted by the old French settlers, from fifty to seventy-five and one hundred years ago. It was a rare thing to find any of these blighted. Where they had been attacked with the blight the only remedy was to cut off the part affected. He did not think the blight was caused by insects, but by the weather and atmosphere. Sultry weather was often the precursor of the disease. In planting dwarf trees, he thought they should always be planted deep and in rich soil. The leaf blight was not known in Missouri.

Judge Baker, of Alton, stated that in his experience the leaf blight and fire blight prevailed most among trees planted in carefully cultivated soil.

Mr. Kern, of Missouri, said that in Europe he had never heard of the leaf blight. The fire blight was sometimes prevalent, the only remedy for which was to cut off the limb affected.

Dr. Warder recommended the grafting of the pear upon apple trees. He spoke disparagingly of the seedling pears spoken of by the Missouri gentleman.

The President (Mr. Dunlap), said he had some very fine dwarf trees planted in his garden in Cook Co. As you proceed northward, where there are snows on the ground, the pear is healthier. The leaf blight was traveling westward with the "Star of Empire,—and it would visit Missouri yet, there was little doubt. It was more prevalent now in Western than in Eastern Illinois, although two years ago it was exactly the opposite. He considered careful cultivation and drainage the best remedy for the blight.

Mr. Overman, of McLean Co., stated that by grafting the White Doyenne on the Virginia hedge thorn he had been very successful. The hedge then grows slow, but makes a beautiful, excellent and hardy pear.

Mr. Bryant, of Bureau Co., Ill., had also some specimens grafted on the hedge thorn. They were the only trees he had that were not killed by the blight.

Mr. Edwards, of Bureau Co., Ill., had planted eighty varieties of dwarfs and standards, but now he had not more than twenty sound trees left. He recommended drainage of the soil.

RASPBERRIES.

Mr. Coleman, of St. Louis, had tried raspberries, and favored Brinckle's Orange. It is hardy, and continues bearing a long space of time—a month at least. In St. Louis the common American black raspberry brought seventy cents a quart in the early part of the season, and fifty cents throughout the season. The Franconia and the Fastolff are tender and must be protected in winter. The North has the means to protect them, but they had to cover them up with loose soil. He had tried a hardy red—not the Antwerp—but equally prolific and valuable. It needs good cultivation.

The President, (Mr. Dunlap) recommended the cultivation of the raspberry. He recommended Brinckle's Orange, but would not assure them of its hardiness south of Springfield. The Black Cap was the best we could cultivate.

Mr. Howard and Judge Baker recommended the planting of raspberries on the north side of a fence or wall.

At the previous meeting of the Association, in Burlington, Iowa, a committee was appointed to report the best varieties of fruits for cultivation in the northwest. This committee reported, and the report, after discussion and amendment, was adopted as follows:

FRUITS RECOMMENDED FOR GENERAL CULTIVATION BETWEEN 37° AND 39° NORTH LATITUDE.

Summer Apples.—Early Harvest, Red Astrachan, Bough, Sweet June, Summer Rose, Ramsdell's Sweet, Golden Sweeting.

Autumn Apples.—Fall Wine, Maiden's Blush, R. I. Greening, White Bellflower, Hubbardston Nonsuch, Buckingham.

Winter Apples.—Peck's Pleasant, Red Canada, Willow Twig, Prior's Red, Wine Sap, Rawle's Janette, Newtown Pippin, Sweet Romanite.

Crabs.—Yellow Siberian Crab.

Pears.—Seckel, Doyenne d'Ete, Bartlett, St. Ghislain, White Doyenne, Fondante d'Automne, Dix, Napoleon, Beurre d'Anjou, Beurre Bosc, Beurre Brown, Henry IV., Stevens' Genesee, Flemish Beauty, Urbaniste, Beurre Diel, Beurre Clairgeau, Duchesse d'Angoulême, Winter Nelis, Columbia, Lawrence, Easter Beurre, Fuller.

Cherries.—Gov. Wood, May Duke, Black Tartarian, Bigarreau, or Yellow Spanish, Belle de Choisey, Kentish, or Early Richmond, Belle Magnifique, Great Bigarreau, Gridley, Late Duke, Common Morello.

Plums.—Lombard, Diamond, Imperial Gage, Corse's Nota Bena, Washington, Jefferson, Smith's Orleans, Lawrence, Bleeker's Gage, Reine Claude de Bavay, Semiana.

Peaches.—Serrate Early York, Large Early York, Early Crawford, Bergen's Yellow, Oldmixon Free, George IV., Late Crawford, Late Admirable, Druid Hill, La Grange, Columbia, Smock, Heath.

Nectarines.—Red Roman, Elruge.

Apricots.—Peach, Musch.

Currants.—Red Dutch, White Dutch.

Raspberries.—Orange, Red Antwerp, Ohio Everbearing.

Grapes.—Catawba.

Strawberries.—Longworth's Prolific, Hovey's Seedling, McAvoy Superior.

FRUITS RECOMMENDED FOR GENERAL CULTIVATION BETWEEN 39° AND 41° NORTH LATITUDE.

Summer Apples. Yellow June, Early Harvest, Carolina June, Keswick Codlin, Sweet June, Summer Rose, Dana, Summer Pearmain, Golden Sweeting, Hocking.

Autumn Apples.—Maiden's Blush, Fall Wine, Rawle's Janette, Wine Sap, White Winter Pearmain, Rambo, Autumn Swaar, Newtown Pippin, Willow Twig.

Winter Apples.—Jonathan, Buckingham, Downing's Paragon (new,) Fameuse, Snow, Roman Stem, White Bellflower, Early Winter Sweet, Yellow Bellflower, Swaar, Fulton, Peck's Pleasant, Sweet Nonsuch.

Cherries.—American Heart, Knight's Early Black, Black Heart, Elton, Yellow Spanish, White Tartarian, Ox Heart, Early May.

Plums.—Yellow Magnum Bonum, Lombard, Green Gage, German Prune, Chickasaw (N. L. Shaw,) Blue Imperatrice.

APPLES RECOMMENDED FOR GENERAL CULTIVATION. BETWEEN 41° AND 43° NORTH LATITUDE.

Summer.—Early Harvest, Red June, Sweet June, Early Pennock, Hocking, Keswick Codlin.

Autumn.—Maiden's Blush, Fall Wine, Lowell, Sweet Nonsuch, Fameuse.

Winter.—Yellow Bellflower, Swaar, Wine Sap, White Winter Pearmain, Willow Twig, Talman Sweeting, Jonathan, Fulton, Ladies' Sweeting, Herefordshire Pearmain, White Pippin, Whitney's Russet, Minkler, (new,) Ramsdell's Sweet, Bailey's Sweet.

THE JAPAN PEA, CHUFA, &c.—Last spring among my garden seeds I obtained the Japan Pea Bush Squash and Chufa or Earth Almonds. Planted on a loamy soil, the peas grow vigorously but show no signs of blossoms. When will they bear, and how are they cooked? When should the Chufas be taken up, and how should they be kept?—will freezing injure them? When and how should the Bush Squash be cooked?—E. T., *Winchester, Ohio, Aug.* 11, 1857.

REMARKS.—The above was mislaid, or it would have been answered before. The *Japan Pea* is a Bean, and has ripened in many parts of this State and also in the Eastern States. When the soil is very rich it makes a strong growth and ripens late. It is recommended as being valuable for food for animals when cooked, as also for man; but we have no experience with it. The *Chufa* was brought from Spain to this country, where it is said to be extensively cultivated. It grows something like a rush or coarse grass, some two feet or more in height, producing small tubers about the size of beans, and resembling a Chestnut in taste. It flowers in September, and the tubers are benefited by their removal. They are used in Spain principally for making a favorite drink said to be very refreshing. We have never tasted them cooked, and our correspondent must experiment for himself. Swine are said to be fond of them.—The *Bush Squash* should be picked as soon as it is well formed, and before it gets hard, boiled, peeled and mashed with butter.

WINE MAKING.—In your remarks on Wine Making, in a recent number of the RURAL, you discouraged the use of sugar and water in making wine. Now the custom always has been to mix from one to three quarts of water, and at least one pound of sugar, to every quart of juice. All the recipes I have seen give a method somewhat similar. Who is right?—M. S., *Montgomery Co., Pa.*

REMARKS.—We know the custom has been to make a mixture of sugar and water, and put enough juice of the fruit to give it a *kind* of *flavor*, and call it wine. This, however, is no *wine* at all, but a compound, and some of them we have tasted, even at our Horticultural exhibitions, bad enough to give a person the cholic. Let us abandon the thing altogether, or have the *pure* juice of the fruit. The use of water makes the juice "poorer than dishwater," hence the necessity for sugar. We never heard of but one successful case of turning water into wine, though thousands have tried and have thought they succeeded.

Domestic Economy.

LEMON CAKES.—Quarter as many lemons as you think proper; they must have good rinds. Boil them in two or three waters till they are tender and have lost their bitterness. Then skin and put them in a napkin to dry. With a knife take all the skins and seeds out of the pulp; shred the peels fine, and put them into the pulp. Weigh them, and put rather more than their weight of fine sugar in a stew pan, with just sufficient water to dissolve the sugar. Boil it till it becomes perfectly dissolved, and then, by degrees, put in the peel and pulps. Stir them well before you set them on the fire. Boil the whole very gently until it looks clear and thick, and then put it into flat-bottomed glasses. Set them in a stove and keep them in a continual and moderate heat, and turn them out upon glasses as soon as they are candied.

SAGO PUDDING.—Boil two ounces of sago with some cinnamon, and a bit of lemon peel, till it becomes soft and thick. Mix the crumb of a small roll finely grated, with a glass of red wine, four ounces of chopped marrow, the yolks of four eggs well beaten, and sugar according to taste. When the sago is cold add this mixture to it; stir the whole well together, and set it in a moderate oven to bake. When done stick it over with citron cut in pieces, and afterwards blanched and cut in slips.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

A MADRIGAL.

WHAT is that, I fain would know,
Makes me love my sweetheart so?
Certes, she is fair to see—
So a hundred others be—
Yet, forsooth, I do not care
Whether they be foul or fair;
So her fairness don't discover
What it is that makes me love her.

Cannot I prevail to find
What enchains my captive mind?
Certes, in her soft brown eyes,
Jocund stars do set and rise;
Yet in other eyes, I know,
Starry lustres come and go—
And no influence rains on me,
From their sweet astrology.

Sure I am, I cannot tell
What hath woven the charms so well:
Why the paleness of her cheek
Is endowed with voice to speak;
Why a silent music plays
Where her dancing footstep strays;
Unless it be the dainty sign
By whose light I read her *mine*.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE HEART OF THE STRANGER.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

I WAS alone among strangers for the first time, and missed as keenly as ever a child did the looks and tones of thoughtful tenderness. There was no night when I did not lie down to sleep with a a wistful memory of the mother's loving kiss, and the gentle "good night darling," that had ever before been my last greeting at evening; no day when in a thousand things I was not sadly reminded of the far-off home, or gladdened by the consciousness that they remembered me there.

One who knows little of all this, a stranger who never guessed at the passionate heart throbbing under the guise of a quiet exterior, said carelessly to me, one day, "is *your mother living?*" It was a simple question, prompted by idle curiosity, but I never can tell you of the horror it struck through me. I answered it quickly, and then in a moment was sobbing in my room. "*Was my mother living?*" I had not thought of the possibility of her dying—had never thought what it would be to write my name motherless. But now with the question the dreadful thought came like lightning to me, and I saw it all in an instant. I knew then just what a desolate world it would be to me with no mother in it—no one to remember in waking and sleeping the child she had rocked on her bosom, and sung to cradle-dreams.

I thought of her letters—how she wrote in the young spring-time of the violets—*my violets*—that were just beginning to open in the south yard, where the sunshine lay warmest upon them. "I can smell them," she wrote, "through the windows as I sit here at my writing. I have been out pulling the dead leaves away from them, but they need care. The flowers miss you darling, as we all do here at home." Then in the mellow autumn she told me how she had been out by the brook, and across the brown meadows, gathering wild grapes and the late fall flowers. "Everything is very beautiful; the woods are in their full glory, and the maples are a perfect crimson. I found the fringed Gentian in the meadow, and a few Asters by the brook, but birds and flowers are almost gone. I thought much of you, dear child, and wished you could have been with me—I am always thinking of you, always wishing for you, but I try to trust you with the good LORD."

So I remembered all her words of love, and then with a glad heart said to myself, "Yes, thank GOD, *my mother is living.* She has not forgotten me because I have left her and gone out into the great toiling world. And when I am old and weary, and my brown hair is white and faded, I shall be *her child still*, and if she be not called home to the angels, she will welcome me again beside the old hearth-stone, my blessed mother still."

I have always remembered that hour, and never can I ask that common question of the wanderer, "Is your mother living?"

Once since then, when engaged in teaching, I said to a little blue-eyed boy of only six years,—"You must ask your mother to buy you a new book, CHARLEY, will you?" The child looked a moment in my face with his great, wondering eyes, and then quietly went to his seat. A little while afterward I noticed him sobbing bitterly.

"What is the matter, CHARLEY?" I asked in surprise. "I haven't got any mother," sobbed he, "they buried my mother up in the ground, and little sissy too. Oh, dear! I want my mother."—Poor, little, desolate one: it was long before I could soothe the anguish I had unconsciously awakened, and longer still before I could forget that tearful plea,—"*I want my mother!*"

Reader! if you can stand by your fireside, and naming over your beloved see around you every answering form, or if long jarring and jostling with the world has made their absence an accustomed thing, forget not to deal tenderly with the heart that beats sadly away from its sheltering rest, and waken by no careless word the thought of a dread possibility which the bravest shrink from facing.

MOTHERS.—By the quiet fireside of home, the true mother, in the midst of her children, is sowing, as in vases of earth, the seeds of plants that shall sometime give to Heaven the fragrance of their blossoms, and whose fruit will be a rosary of angelic deeds—the noblest offering that she can make through the ever ascending and ever expanding souls of her children to her Maker. Every word that she utters goes from heart to heart with a power of which she little dreams. Solemn is the thought, but not more solemn to the Christian mother than the thought that every word that falls from her lips, every expression of her countenance, even in the sheltered walk and retirement, may leave an indelible impression upon the young souls around her, and form, as it were, the underlying strata of that education which peoples heaven with celestial beings, and gives to the white brow of the angel, next to the grace of God, its crown of glory.—*Traveler.*

AUNT MARY'S BOOK.

"AUNT MARY, why don't you write a book?" said a young girl to a meek-eyed, intellectual looking woman of thirty. "I do not think it is right for a person of your abilities to confine her efforts to her own home circle; remember that much will be required from those to whom much is given."

"Why, my dear Lena, I am now writing two books, and noble ones I hope to make of them too."

"Are you, Aunt? O, I am so glad! What are the subjects, characters, and so-forth? Can I see them?"

"O, yes; you can see them. Come here, Charles and Mary," said she, calling to two intelligent looking children, who were playing in the garden, beneath the window. "Here are my books, Cousin Lena," said she, pleasantly, as they entered the room. "Is not here a fine beginning for two glorious works?"

Lena looked disappointed as she replied, "There certainly is, Aunt, but I do not see that your being the mother of two fine children is a sufficient reason for your burying your talents in obscurity."

"I do not intend to bury my talents, Lena, I intend to engrave upon the fair talents of these children's minds all that is good, and true, and beautiful in my own soul, hoping and believing that the inscription that I shall thus trace upon the books of their lives, will be far brighter and more enduring than any contributions I could make to the passing literature of the day. While I was writing what would be of comparatively little real use to any one, some foreign influence might be tracing upon the pages of these precious books that which, in after years, I might vainly wish could be erased."

Lena was silent and convinced, and she thought within herself, "How much better it would be for the world, if there were more mothers like Aunt Mary." And so it would. There are but few mothers who realize the importance of the trust committed to them.

O, what a responsibility rests upon you who are mothers! The moment an immortal being is committed to your care, that moment you are placed under the most solemn obligations to bring into exercise all that is noble and true within you, and to strive to keep your own minds pure and spotless that you may faithfully discharge the great duties incumbent upon you. Let no mother, however humble and obscure, form too low an estimate of the importance of her actions, for every woman to whom God has given a child capable of intellectual and moral development, has a far greater and more important work before her than that of writing books. The young infant now nestling in her arms may live to exert an influence for good, far greater than a thousand of the weak romances of the day, if she is faithful to the trust committed to her care.—MARY LOVELL, *in Lady's Home Magazine.*

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

THE subject of physical education is beginning to attract attention. The following remarks are from the Boston Courier, written by the editor after having attended a school festival in Faneuil Hall:

"But there was one thing we noticed which did throw a little shadow over our thoughts. We stood on the platform very near the boys and girls, as they passed by to receive a bouquet at the hands of the Mayor. We could not help observing that not one girl in ten had the air and look of good health. There were very many lovely countenances—lovely with an expression of goodness—but they were like fair flowers resting upon a fragile stalk. Narrow chests, round shoulders, meagre forms, pallid cheeks, were far too common. There was a general want in their movements of the buoyancy and vivacity of youth and childhood.—The heat of the day and the nervous exhaustion of the occasion were to be taken into the account, and due allowance should be made for them, but this was not the first time that we were forced to the conclusion that here in Boston, in the education of girls, the body is lamentably neglected. And it is a very great and serious neglect, the consequences of which will not end with the sufferers themselves. Of what use is it to learn all sorts of things during the first sixteen years of life, and to stuff the brain with all kinds of knowledge, if the price be a feeble or diseased body?—A finely endowed mind shut up in a sickly body is like a bright light in a broken lantern, liable to be blown out by a puff of wind or extinguished by a dash of rain. If the destiny of woman were to be put under a glass and looked at, like a flower, it would be of little consequence; but woman must take her part in performing the duties and sustaining the burdens of life. These young and model scholars, in due time, will marry men whose lot it is to earn their bread by some kind of toil, in which their wives must needs aid them. To this service they will bring an intelligent capacity and a conscientious purpose; but how far will these go without health and the cheerful spirits which health gives? If we neglect the body the body will have its revenge. Are we not doing this?—Are we not throwing our whole educational force upon the brain? Is not a healthy city born and bred woman getting to be as rare as a black swan? And is it not time to reform this altogether? Is it not time to think something of the casket as well as the jewel——something of the lantern as well as the light?"

FEMALE DELICACY.—Above all other features which adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is far removed from good sense; but the high-minded delicacy, which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike among women and in the society of men—which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak when required, with seriousness and kindness, of things at which it would be ashamed to smile or blush—that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another—which can give alms without assumption, and which pains not the most susceptible being in creation.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

OVER the rocks and under the waves,
Down to the sea-serpent's home,
Linking the shores, which the salt sea laves,
With its masses of briny foam.
Binding the New and Olden World,
With thought's electric bards,
Clasping the separate flags unfurled,
With cords of a thousand strands.

The sea-serpent coils his lengthened folds,
With an angry and startled hiss,
As the magic fire through the waters cold,
His snake-mate seems to kiss.
The dolphin gleams with a richer dye,
Lent by that lightning blaze,
And a flash of phosphorescence nigh,
On the wave like a meteor plays.

Sad news on the wires, by the shark's grim smile,
As he catches the mournful tone,
'Twas "a vessel wrecked on a lonely isle,
And the dead, like the seaweeds strewn."
The ponderous whale with a sleepy sigh,
Swells up with a conscious air,
As the market news goes whizzing by,
That "the oil is selling fair."

The Mermaid sits in her coral cave,
Twining her emerald hair,
With the foamy pearls, which the ocean wave,
To a distant strand would bear.
Over her neck and over her arms,
She winds the jewelled string,
While the flashing waves, her mirrored charms
In a thousand pictures fling.

But a murmur thrills her startled ear,
A whisper of love goes by,
Paling her cheek with a hue like fear,
Firing her flashing eye:
'Tis gone, as it came, like a gleam of light,
Sent with the fondest pride,
From a lover's heart, through the waves dark night
To his beautiful English bride.

And even the dead, the unburied dead,
Who glide o'er the ocean floor,
With their silent tongues and noiseless tread,
Which tell us that life is o'er,
Are thrilled with that strange, electric fire,
And a ghastly life is shed,
Along the line of that magic wire,
Which links us to the dead.

Through the vallies lone, over mountains sublime,
On the sea or the scented wind,
With the still unvarying flight of time,
Moves onward the march of mind.
In clouds, the mountain may hide its face,
Or the sea its waves outspread,
But it conquers all and annihilates space,
In its swift and silent tread.

Independence, Oct., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE OCEAN BURIAL.

IT was not yet sunrise, though the sun was faintly purpling the east, when I was pacing wearily up and down the deck of the vessel that was slowly conveying our little band to the vine-wreathed shores of Chili. All night had I kept my "silent vigils" beside my dear friend NELLIE HUDSON, watching the hectic flush as it flitted across her face, and listening to the tones of her voice, which were growing perceptibly weaker as the silent watches of the night went by. Another friend had come to my relief, and I was pacing the deck, thinking how soon her gentle spirit would wing its flight away. I went below and stood again at her bedside, and I could see the film creeping over her eyes. Yes! there she died—that pure being whose life had been so early spent. A pure, happy smile upon the half-parted lips told of "a soul that had gone to its rest."

* * * * * * * *

Evening was drawing near. The day had been passed in making preparation for her "Ocean Burial." The crew, in their tar-stained habiliments, gathered around when all was ready. The wind moaned through the cordage, singing its sad, plaintive requiem to the almost broken hearts below. Many a sigh broke the unusual stillness, and the vessel, which scarcely moved, seemed conscious of the grief that was wringing the hearts of those within its bosom. The unruffled surface of the ocean was broken only by the occasional diving of a flying-fish or the swoop of some lone seagull. We sat, each in meditation, thinking of friends and home far away. I pictured to my mind the scene at the fire-side at home, where now at the usual hour the household were gathered around that "family altar," and praying for the safe return of her whose illumined spirit was already smiling down upon them from heaven, as they were clustered there, more happy indeed than things of earth could make her. I had severed from that dear head one of those raven ringlets which that fond father prized so much, and which was all that was now left of her who was once the light of home. The "man of GOD" pronounced the sad solemn rites, and the voices were raised in a mournful chant, which seemed doubly solemn since it could only be heard by our own little band and "Him who holdeth the waters of the sea as in the hollow of his hand." When he pronounced the words "we commit this body to the deep," the muffled ship bell tolled—we gazed for the last time upon her features. The coffin was closed and borne to the side. I heard a plunge, and all was still.—My sister was standing at the vessel's side, and as the coffin disappeared into that world of waters, she looked solemnly after it, and it seemed as if her soul would pass away in the long, fixed gaze. She stood for some minutes in this attitude, and then I touched her arm and requested her to follow me to the cabin. She did not move, but, as I turned to go, she commenced singing that matchless piece of music whose words commence,

"Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep sea,
The words came soft and mournfully."

The tone was wild and thrilling, and every eye in that crew of hardy seamen was wet with tears.—Since the day of the Ocean Burial that sister has been a changed being. Years have flown, but ever as I seek my home from the weary walks of life, she sings to me of that Sabbath eve when NELLIE HUDSON was buried. F. L.

Sheldrake, Seneca Co., N. Y., 1857.

THE evil we do in the world is often paid back in the bosom of home.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE GENESEE HIGHLANDS.

IT was during the past summer that a party of three students set out to visit the famed Highlands of the Genesee. After a ride of between one and two miles, the carriage was changed for the foot-path. The road pursued was a winding one, which led to the bed of the river. The descent having been made, they passed across a large field, and spent a few minutes in bathing in the clear water of the river, which there laved the base of a cliff that rose to the height of three or four hundred feet. Passing from thence, they wound their way along the river's edge. On their left towered the cliffs, familiarly named "Hog's Back," opposite the farm of the well known DICK ALLEN. Though not as high here as in other places, these cliffs were lofty enough to appear magnificent, and remind frail man of his littleness. On the right, at their very feet, lay the placid Genesee. Between these two objects, the one magnificent and the other beautiful, the two found their way. At times, progress seemed impossible, and it was only by clinging to the crags that they with great difficulty passed on. At length, being of the venturesome character, and the way becoming quite obstructed, they attempted to scale the heights.

The afternoon was warm and the ascent steep, but our students pressed diligently on in their upward way, assisting themselves by the shrubs, which, in some parts, were abundant. At length, as more than a hundred feet were gained, the way became steeper and looked ominous of what was to come. One, not being properly prepared and lacking the nerve for the further ascent, retraced his steps and passing further on, found a ravine where the mountain torrent had foamed along.—Up this, not without much toil, he passed and gained the summit. Not so the others, for they pressed on. Their progress was slow, tollsome and dangerous. The shrubs, which before had greatly assisted them, now became few and far between. Each step increased the difficulty, but they struggled forward. Ever and anon they stopped long and painfully. But exertion was necessary as night was fast approaching. A few feet more are gained, and again they pause.

They are now not far from one hundred and fifty feet from the water, though but a step, as it were, for a single slip or the breaking of a false twig would have plunged them down. Upward they look and the way grows steeper and steeper and the treacherous shale gives place to a more treacherous, crumbling clay. They looked downward even though it be but to shut the eyes. Upward is death, downward is imminent peril. But peril is to be preferred to death, and they attempt to retrace their steps. The river's edge is reached, the mountain gorge is sought and slowly ascended. When the summit is gained, a boulder, which overhangs the fearful path, is displaced, and as they watch its ruinous descent a feeling of gratitude and joy arises, and with one impulse, the glad hurrah echoes and re-echoes in the evening stillness far up the river. H. A. G.

Lima, N. Y., 1857.

OUT-DOOR AMUSEMENTS.

WE commend the following remarks of Henry Ward Beecher to the attention of our readers.—They were uttered at the Fair at Springfield. The health of our young people depends more upon out-door employments and rational amusements than what many are apt to suppose. As a nation, we are bringing up our children to in-door sedentary employments. Hence, our boys become fit for nothing but to measure tape behind a counter, and our girls are exotic plants too tender to have the winds of heaven visit them roughly. Hear Henry Ward Beecher:

"The speaker was himself a Puritan, and the son of a Puritan, but he loved pictures, he loved flowers and music, and was no enemy to amusement. The old Puritan had something else to do than to inaugurate parks and pleasure grounds,—they had their freedom to inaugurate, their schools to establish, their government to erect, and all this left but little time for recreation. They had taste and love for proper pleasure, but little time left from their sterner duties to enjoy them. We, however, were enjoying the fruits of their labors and efforts, and have time for these things. We have sprouted; not full grown, it is true, but still we have sprouted. We have time to enjoy ourselves, and we sin if we don't do it. Enjoyment is one of the necessaries of human life, and it is much better for us to give the young a good wholesome pleasure than to have them steal impurities. They will have it, and if not given it will be stolen. Give our young men and our young women proper out-door pleasure and we shall see fewer diseased bodies, fewer puny frames and pale faces. We shall have more mothers and more babies, and the latter that are now lilies of the valley, and soon go under the valley, will then be more robust; they will then live and thrive, and grow up to be men and women, such as men and women should be and were meant to be."—*Hartford Courant.*

LORD BROUGHAM ON THE DUTY TO LABOR.—Lord Brougham, in his address a short time since before the Mechanics' Institute at Manchester, used the following language:—"The first duty of a man is to provide for his own dependents by his own work, and not either to amuse himself or indulge in any gratification — not even in that more than innocent, most sacred gratification, of assuaging his thirst for knowledge — until he has done his day's work, and done that which is his bounden duty as well as his highest interest to do, work with his own hands for the provision of himself and family. And when I talk of working men, I am myself, and have been all my life, a working man; and as long as I am blessed with health enough to continue, even at my advanced time of life, I shall continue to labor; and I shall never henceforth, any more than I have hitherto done, partake of any relaxation, not even in gratifying my thirst for knowledge, until I have earned the right to do it by having done my day's work."

HOWEVER much we may have accomplished through a long life of active and unremitted toil, when we come to reach its closing scene, our labors will then appear to us but trifling and insignificant; for they are about to be weighed in the scales of a boundless and mysterious Eternity.

A LEGEND.

THERE is a very old and beautiful story that has formed the staple for poems in many tongues, that we wish we could worthily tell:

It is of one sailing upon the sea, in a sleep without dream. The ship was wrecked and shattered, and yet he slept. The waves bore him like an infant in a cradle, upon the plank whereon he lay, and when he awoke it was with music, and upon a couch of flowers.

The shore was strange yet lovely, and thronged with thousands who proclaimed him king. It seemed as if they awaited him, wait though he was, for there was a throne without an occupant, and royal robes for his arraying.

All human wills merged in his, and glory shone around him, even as the sun of that fair, unclouded clime.

At length, there came to him a reverend man, who told him that the time would come, when exiled from his kingdom, and powerless as he came, there would be "none so poor to do him reverence." But, continued the aged sage, beyond the clouds that skirt this lovely land, lie unseen islands bare and drear; no fountains sparkle, and no flowers perfume; no music but the wail of winds and waves; no shelter, but the shadow of a rock.

Thither will they banish thee, and there thou must make thy inevitable home. But now, thou art supremely blest; slaves do thy bidding, and gold strews thy pathway like the sand. So, seek that island out; cause the rock to be smitten, that it may gush with living water; send fragrant flowers from thy gardens, and spicy trees from thy forests; let the amaranth be transplanted, and the palm shed pleasant shade, till the wilderness shall be glad for them, and "the desert blossom as the rose." Build there a royal mansion and fill it with all things pure and beautiful, that surround thee now; so shalt thou have a Paradise at last, and go rejoicing into exile.

The king was wise, and while he cherished the realm he ruled, yet sought the island, and "*colonized*," as it were, the half of his heart. Spring was persuaded to come that way, and she hung her robe on the trees he had planted, and left her breath on the gale. The music of birds, and fountains, and winds among the leaves, floated round the new palace he had builded; but nothing of all this had he ever beheld.

Years went on, and the old royal glories grew dim, and the crown was tarnished, and there was another wreck, a new king came sleeping to the shore, and he that had ruled in a palace, was not suffered so much as a shelter, for he was an exile, as the sage had prophesied. But he went not with a heavy heart, for sometimes, when the wind blew from the unseen shore, it had borne to him the fragrance of orange and palm, and so he knew that his gardens were growing beautiful for his coming. And he laid off the purple, like one disrobing for pleasant dreams, and put down the sceptre as if it had been a burden, and, went away to his unseen home with a "good by" on his lip, but a smile in his eye.

And though none have seen the Eden he dwells in, yet sailors driven out to sea, declare that sometimes sweet odors have been wafted across the deck, from an unseen land, and by it they know that the gardens of the Exile are near.

"As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope and now are passed
Mozambique, off at sea, north-east winds blow
Sabean odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest—with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Pleased with the grateful scent, old ocean smiles.

DRINKING AMONG YOUNG MEN.

THE Philadelphia Sun says truly, that indiscriminate drinking among our young must eventually make its mark upon the population of our cities. We can see it already betraying itself in the rising generation. It is impossible for any man to drink even pure liquors six or seven times a day without suffering severely in constitution. And when he transmits this impaired constitution to his son, who in turn impairs it still further by the same course, it requires little foresight to see that we are preparing a population for our cities that will not, in physical frame, be much better than the wretched Aztecs. This love of drink and barrooms is every day increasing. Every day sees our youth becoming more and more the victims of this habit, for we really think it more a habit than a passion. It is no love of joviality that tempts them except in a few cases. It is not the hot exuberance of youth. It is not the evanescent impulse of the gay young fellow who is sowing his wild oats. It is, as has been said, a cold, deliberate, confirmed habit. No atmosphere of recklessness or jollity surrounds the drinking groups, except on occasions; and no peals of merriment atone for the act, by proving that it is at least unusual. A grim and melancholy air pervades each countenance. The drinks are poured out, the glasses raised and touched with a loathsome air of custom, and each man swallows his portion with the same impassive countenance he would wear if he were drinking a glass of plain water. All the concomitants that partially redeem or excuse drinking, as far as it can be redeemed or excused, are wanting in this sad and formal ceremony.

MENTAL EXCITEMENT.—Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it, joy illuminates it, and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke. Chilo, Diagoras and Sophocles died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. The door-keeper of Congress expired upon hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it suddenly subsided. Lagrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the music prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another.

ONE step in knowledge is one step from sin; one step from sin is one step nearer heaven.

Useful Arts.

HOW STEEL PENS ARE MADE.

VISIT TO THE MANUFACTORY OF THE WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN COMPANY.

THE PEN and the Press have together recorded the events and experiences of many centuries, and to their joint agency we are mainly indebted for the blessings of civilization. However, it is not our present intention to discuss the effects produced by these great moral engines, but briefly to trace the history of one of them—the Pen—and, by comparison, show the superiority of the materials used, as well as the rapidity and perfection of their construction, at the present time, in contrast with previous ages.

As long as people wrote upon tables covered with wax, they were obliged to use a *style* or bodkin made of bone, metal or some other hard substance; but when they began to write with colored liquids, they employed a reed; after which quills and feathers came in fashion, these finally giving way to metals—steel, not only from its adaptability, but from its cheapness, being the great specialty for this purpose.

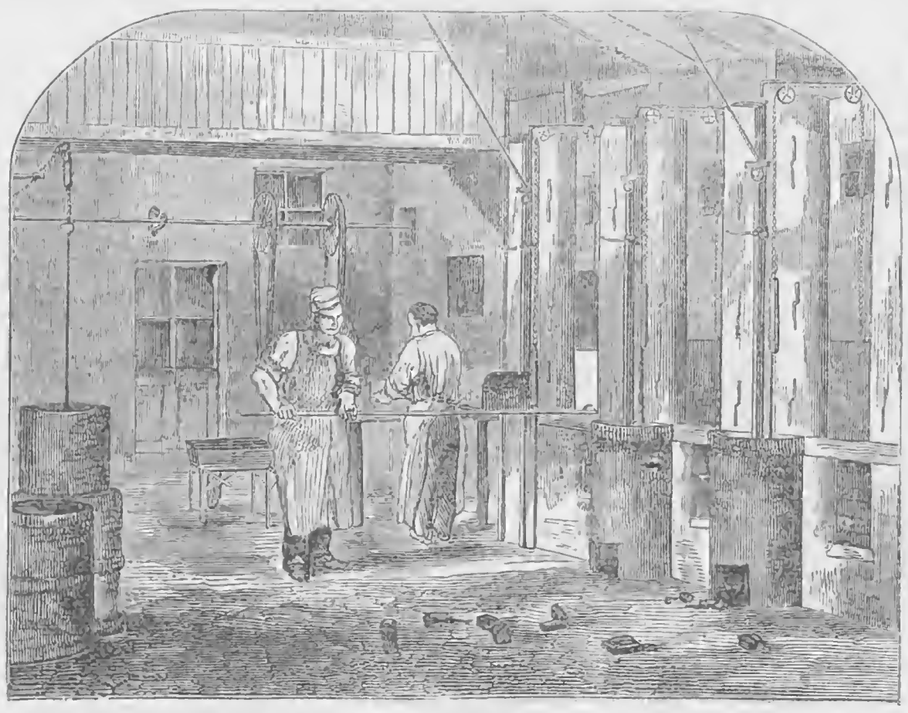
The earliest pens, such as were used for writing on papyrus with a fluid ink, appear to have been made of reeds. In our translations of the Old and New Testaments, the word *pen* refers either to an iron *style*, used with waxed tablets, or to a *reed*—quills not having been introduced earlier than the fifth century. It is uncertain what particular kind of reed was used for making pens, but it is described as a small, hard, round cane, about the size of a large swan's quill. The supply of these reeds was obtained from Egypt, Cairo, in Asia Minor, and Armenia. Chardin and Tournefort describe a kind of reeds used for pens in Persia. These reeds are collected near the shores of the Persian Gulf, whence they are sent to various parts of the East. After being cut, they are deposited for some months under a dunghill, when they assume a mixed black and yellow color, acquire a fine polish and a considerable degree of hardness, and the internal pith dries up into a membrane which is easily detached. Reed pens are still in use, and they suit the Arabic character better than quill or metal pens. The Arab, in writing, places the paper upon his knee, or upon the palm of his left hand, or upon a dozen or more pieces of paper attached together at the four corners, and resembling a thin book, which he rests on his knee.—The ink used is very thick and gummy.

Although the quills used for pens are chiefly from the goose, those from the swan and crow are much esteemed; and, besides these, the ostrich, turkey and other birds occasionally contribute to the supply. Most of the goose quills manufactured are from the Netherlands, Germany, Russia and Poland. Before the general introduction of metallic pens, as many as twenty-seven million quills had been received in Great Britain, from St. Petersburgh, in a single year. Some idea of the number of geese required to keep up such a supply may be judged of from the fact that each wing produces about five good quills, and that by careful management a goose may afford twenty quills during a year. As they come from the bird, quills are covered with a membrane, and are tough and soft, so that they will not make a clean slit; they are also opaque, and the vascular membrane adheres strongly to the interior surface of the barrel.

CUTTING OUT THE "BLANKS."

These defects are got rid of and the quills prepared for market by the operations of the quill-dressing, or *quill-dutching*. They are first assorted, according to the length and thickness of the barrel, into *primes, seconds* and *pinions*. They are then clarified by the removal of the membraneous skin, for which purpose they are plunged for a short time into hot sand, the heat causing the outer skin to crack and peel off—its removal being facilitated by scraping with a sharp instrument. At the same time the internal membrane becomes shrivelled up, and falls down toward the point of the quill.—The effect of the heat is also to consume or dry up the oily matter of the quill, and thus to render the barrel transparent. This process, which is often repeated many times, is called *dutching*, probably from the circumstance of its first having been adopted in Holland. The heat requires regulation, or the barrel would be injured; but the effect of the process is to give to the barrels the color of fine, thin horn, or an impure white. In some cases a uniform yellow hue is produced by dipping them in diluted nitric acid; this process also hardens them. Quills may also be hardened by steeping for a few minutes in alum-water, at a boiling temperature. The quills having been dressed and finished, a portion of the barb is stripped off, so as to occupy less room in packing, when they are counted in bundles, packed, and are ready for the merchant. Besides the above, there are several other methods of manufacturing or dressing quills.

While quill pens were in vogue, the occupation of a pen-cutter, or maker, was one of considerable importance; not one in five of those who used pens could make one; and scarcely a quarter of a century has elapsed since a certain house, in Shoe-



THE MUFFLE.

lane, London, disposed of over 6,000,000 quill pens per annum. It was also quite common at that time to cut the barrels of quills into several pens, each being affixed to handles when used, as is now done with metallic pens.

From the softening of the quill pen by the ink, and the wear of the points by friction, frequent mending was required, or very bad writing was the result. The first attempts to render pens more durable consisted in arming the nibs with metallic points. Pens were also constructed of horn, tortoise and other shells, and also of glass—the nibs in some cases being formed of precious stones.—Probably this last operation was first practiced some forty years since. The horn and shell pens, after being cut in shape, were softened in warm water, when small pieces of diamond, ruby, etc., were imbedded into the points by pressure. Thin pieces of gold or other metal have also been attached to the tortoise shell. The modern gold pen has its points tipped with rhodium, iridium or osmium—although in some cases rubies and other jewels are employed. Pens have also been made of palladium, gold and silver alloy, silver, and other precious metals; being pointed as above, and as the ink cannot act upon them, they are almost indestructible by ordinary usage. They, however, are very costly, easily liable to injury from accident, and in many cases are entirely deficient of the elasticity and freedom required to give ease in writing. All these difficulties are readily overcome by the use of a well-constructed steel pen. From the nature of the metal, when properly tempered, the sensibility is regulated by the will of the operator; it discharges the liquid promptly, and in every respect is undoubtedly the most desirable material adapted to the purpose. In an economical point of view, the effect is also most striking. A jewel-pointed gold pen costs more than 500 steel pens. Allowing each of the latter to continue in use for one week—we often use one a whole month—it will take about ten years to consume them. It is, undoubtedly, utterly impossible to find the individual that ever used a single pen of any kind, one-third of that time.

The first notice that we find of steel pens for writing is in 1803, when a Mr. Wise, of London, constructed barrel-pens of that metal, mounted in a bone case for carrying in the pocket. These pens were expensive, and not very successful; they however served a good purpose, by opening the way for a better article. About the year 1822, Mr. Gillott, of Birmingham, England, who had long experimented the manufacture of steel pens, became so successful in their production, that he at once determined on making them an article of commerce. The time was most propitious; a demand was readily created, and from that moment the manufacture became an important accessory to the useful arts. Birmingham is the great workshop for steel pens; many firms are now engaged in the business, and from the adaptation of machinery the products have not only been greatly perfected, but their cost has been reduced in the ratio of a gross now to a single pen formerly. It is stated that during the year 1855 over 500,000,000 steel pens were made in Birmingham, and that 300 tuns of metal was required for their construction.

SHAPING.

About the year 1840, steel pens having become in considerable demand in this country, and the fact of their almost universal adoption being already apparent, the cupidity of certain parties was excited, and they resolved to present steel pens of home manufacture for the public favor.—The first effort was by a company in Massachusetts, who perfected some fair specimens for that early day; but, owing to inexperience and the absence of proper tools, tool makers, and a knowledge of slitting, *tempering* and finishing, their products lacked uniformity of quality; thus the enterprise failed. Soon after, two or three of the principal dealers in stationery in New York experimented in steel pen manufacture. We remember one of them who commenced operations in Brooklyn, and who, after expending some $15,000, followed in the wake of the Eastern company. Another erected his works in New Jersey, and for some months battled manfully for success; finally he "felt" he

STAMPING.

must follow his illustrious predecessors. The late C. C. Wright, long known as a prominent engraver and die-sinker, made a most strenuous effort to permanently establish this manufacture. Through his influence, aided by J. C. Barnett, since well known as the treasurer of Burton's Theater, a company was formed, and a capital amounting to $200,000 expended. A large factory was erected on Fifth street, in New York, the most approved machinery and fixtures procured, operations commenced, and ten or twelve varieties of pens produced, many of them of excellent quality; yet, notwithstanding the impetus with which the affair was started, it met with no better success than those before mentioned. We learn of no attempts to resuscitate the business until 1852, when some Birmingham men, who claimed to be experts, induced certain capitalists in New Jersey to "try their money" in the operation. One after the other, two or three companies expended large amounts, each with no better pecuniary results than had been before arrived at.

Probably these latter failures were caused more by the mode of business management than imperfections in the manufacture. Instead of giving their products originality, the parties aimed only to duplicate the shapes and trade marks of the English pens. As in railroad iron and many other products, the foreign capitalists were bound to undersell and drive the others out of the trade. Having a great advantage in the price of labor, this end was readily accomplished; and when the market was again clear of impediments, they would bring forward an inferior article at a much increased price and thus make good their losses. This mode of operating has finally been "played out." During the last two years not only has the acme of excellence been produced in the manufacture of American steel pens, but their decided superiority is rapidly checking importations, thus distributing among our own people over one million dollars per annum that formerly went abroad.

This national triumph has been accomplished by a number of able and spirited individuals, who associated themselves together, according to the General Manufacturing Law of New York, under the title of "The Washington Medallion Pen Company." They commenced operations by erecting a substantial factory on Thirty seventh st., between Seventh and Eighth avenues, New York. After securing "competent artisans," they, at an early day discovered the rock on which all their predecessors were wrecked—adherence to English styles and trade-marks—which necessitated a competition in the market at the prices at which English pens were offered; presenting no new feature to the consumers, they could not attract the notice of the people or engage the interests of the merchants. To sail clear of this rock the efforts of this Company were directed. Adopting the principle that *variety* is not a necessity with the consumer—but, on the contrary, *uniformity* in excellence and designation would more certainly meet the great public desire—it instituted thorough experiments with all known styles of steel pens, and made several entirely new shapes, with the view to ascertain what shape would produce the most natural and generally agreeable action. With this view, and after fully six months devoted to experiments, they perfected a pen of unrivalled shape and excellence—to protect which from infringement they adopted as a trade-mark a medallion head of Washington; this is secured by letters patent, and is stamped on every pen. Thus fully comprehending the underlying principles of this important branch of manufactures, and boldly striking out a new path in accordance with them, this Company has firmly planted this new interest on American soil.

In our perambulations a short time since we visited this establishment. Finding the manufacture much more extensive and intricate than we had supposed, while at the same time it was exceedingly interesting, we determined to present our readers with a pictorial description.

There are about twenty separate operations, several of which are distinct trades, in the manufacture of a steel pen; each of these departments requires a master workman at its head. We will endeavor to follow the process as pursued at the establishment of the Washington Medallion Pen Company. The pens progress through the factory in "lots" of about one hundred gross. Each "lot" is accompanied by a ticket, on which is recorded all the operations and other remarks during their progress. Thus when a lot is finished, although it has been from twenty to thirty days in the course of manufacture, the date each process was performed, the names of the operatives in each trade, together with the weight of the lot, are recorded. As we proceed, the great value of this system will be made apparent.

The steel is received at the factory in sheets; after being cut in strips of the desired dimensions, it is immersed in "pickle," a weak solution of acid, to remove scales and dirt. It is now subject to the rolling process, which is accomplished, by being passed between chilled rollers until it acquires the requisite thinness. Thus an ugly black plate of steel is transformed into delicate metallic ribbons, beautifully bright and supple, so as to move about on the hands like nothing we can think of but twining snakes.

These ribbons of steel are taken to one of the long rooms in the upper story. These rooms are filled with drops and presses; before each machine a female operative is seated. As in all steel pen factories, there is an abundance of light; and warmth, ventilation and cleanliness are fully attended to. The work is admirably fitted for females, as it is light and wholesome, and requires that delicate manipulation and attention for which the sex is remarkable.

The machines for cutting out, piercing, raising and slitting, are small presses in which the power is derived from the screw and lever; the manner of operating them will be understood by observing the illustrations. In cutting out, the punch is affixed to the end of the screw; the die, with an opening in which the punch fits with the greatest nicety, is on the bed immediately beneath the punch. A ribbon of steel is adjusted on the die, the punch brought down by a smart pull at the lever, and the blank, or bit of steel suitable for a pen, falls into a receptacle underneath. This manipulation requires care to avoid waste, as also attention in observing that the die and punch remain in perfect order. Notwithstanding these precautions, a skillful operator has been known to cut out 300 gross—that is 43,200 blanks—in a single day.

After being weighed in lots of about one hundred gross, the blanks are taken to the piercing presses. This operation is performed in precisely the same manner as the cutting out; only, instead of a band of steel, the operative has to place into the tools the small "blank," of the dimensions of a pen. This process perforates the pen at the top of the slit.

Until this last mentioned process the steel has retained some portion of its elasticity, which it now becomes necessary to remove, as in several of the following operations it must be entirely devoid of temper, and as pliable as lead. To accomplish this the blanks are taken to the muffle room. The muffles are large circular ovens, as depicted by the engraving. The blanks, mingled with carbon, are placed in iron boxes, which are put into the muffle and subjected to a uniform red heat for twenty-four hours, when they are taken out and allowed to cool—thus the annealing is perfectly accomplished.

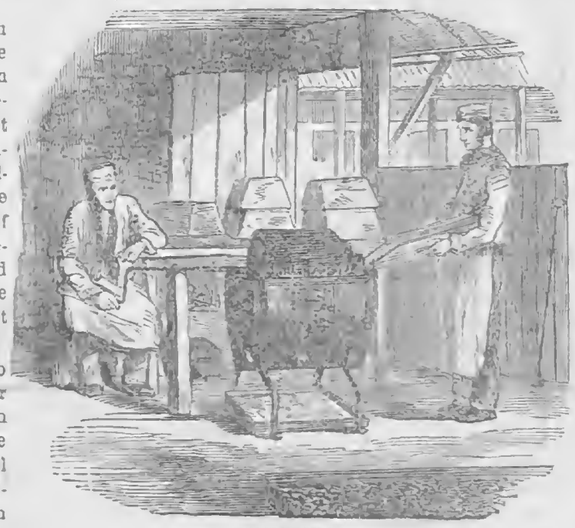
The next operation is stamping; this is done

SCOURING.

by drop-presses. The device or stamp is affixed to the bottom of the hammer; the blank is placed on a bed of soft steel. The hammer is worked by the foot, thus leaving the hands free to place and remove the blanks. There are two stampings—the first the portrait of Washington; the second, the trade-mark, "Washington Medallion Pen; patented 1855."

The raising or shaping process comes next in order. This is done on presses similar to those used in cutting out. The die has the shape of the pen sunk into it, and the punch is a fac simile in relievo. This operation shapes the pen as seen when in use. When it is completed they are again taken to the muffle for hardening. This is effected by plunging them in bulk, after having been subjected to a proper degree of heat, into an oil bath. After draining they are immersed in a chemical solution to remove the oil, scales and dirt, and then put in revolving cans, filled with saw-dust, for the purpose of cleaning the steel perfectly—which done, they are ready for tempering.

The tempering is a process requiring great skill and experience, as it is a nice point to determine, by the color, the exact moment the desired elasticity is attained. The apparatus used for this purpose is an iron cylinder or barrel, which is re-

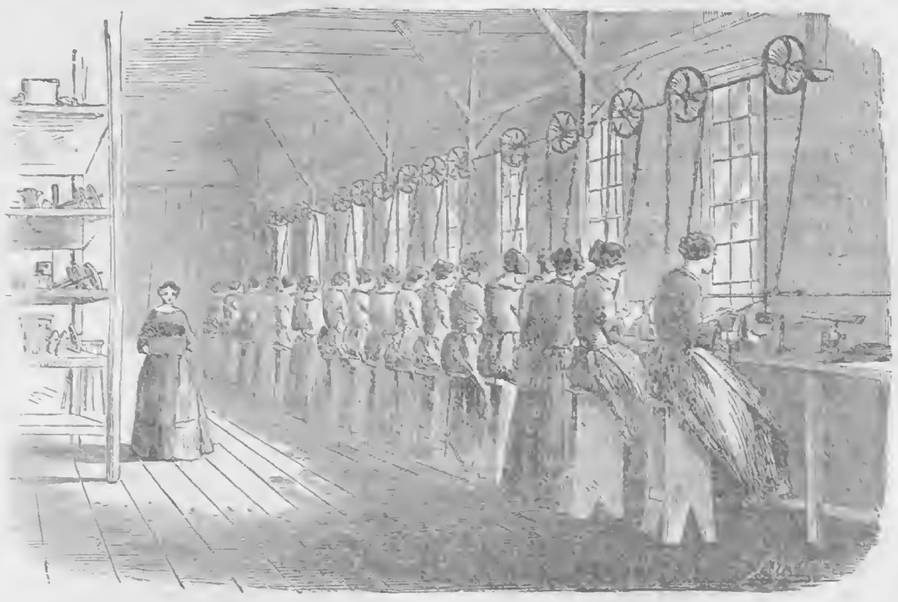


TEMPERING.

volved over an open furnace, with a coke fire, and reminds one of a coffee-roasting machine. One end of the barrel is open. While it is rotated the master-workman pours in a batch of pens, which he regulates during the operation, occasionally withdrawing a few on a spoon to examine them; at the proper moment they are turned out on metallic trays and cooled as speedily as possible.

The scouring is done in a series of cans of the capacity of about half a bushel each; these are affixed to a shaft with pullies; the pens, with a mixture of sand, are inclosed in the cans; the shaft is then rotated at a velocity of about thirty revolutions per minute. In a few hours they become perfectly white and clear, when they are ready for grinding.

In grinding, each pen is held in a pair of pinchers, specially constructed, for a few seconds, against a rotating emery wheel. Here another rapid and most dexterous process is observable. A tray of pens being placed most conveniently to the grinder, one of them is caught in the left hand; it is then fixed in the pinchers; a momentary hiss is heard as it is held against the revolving wheel, and with a *twit* the pen is jerked out among those which have gone through the operation. Each



GRINDING.

pen requires two grinding, one longitudinal and the other crosswise, that the nibs may not lose their due elasticity.

Slitting is the next operation: it is done with presses, the same as those used for raising, etc.—The slit is made by means of a chisel or wedge, with a flat side fixed to the bed of the press, the descending screw of which has also a chisel or cutter, which very accurately corresponds with the former.

[Concluded on last page.]

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

AN EXTRA PREMIUM!

☞ *We will furnish the last Ten Numbers of the present Volume of the* RURAL *(from Oct. 24th to close of Dec.,) ON TRIAL, for 20 cents, (about half price) if five or more copies are ordered. That is, we will send 5 copies Ten Weeks for $1,—10 for $2,—15 for $3,—20 for $4,—25 for $5, &c., to any non-subscribers who wish to try the* RURAL. *And to every person forwarding pay ($5) for* TWENTY-FIVE *copies for Ten Weeks, as above, we will send, by return mail, post paid, a Gross of the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN! This, as we stated last week, is a first rate, warranted Steel Pen, such as we use. The cash price is $1 50 per gross, and we pay 18 cents postage.*

List of New Advertisements this week.

New York Spectator—Francis Hall & Co
Large Trees and Shrubbery—Wm. R. Prince & Co.
Great Sale of Blood Stock—W. T. & N. Chappell.
Produce and Provision Exchange—J. O. Bennett & C. R. Huntington.
Brinckle's Orange Raspberry, &c.—Freeman & Kendall.
Pianos and Melodeons—J. Sage & Sons.
Lightning Corn Husker, &c.—A. M. Badger.
Flowering Bulbs—H. D. Emery & Co.
Choice Farm for Sale—Jas. G. Kocher.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 31, 1857.

Washington Matters.

LETTERS from California, received on the 20th inst, induce the belief that the Pacific section of the wagon road is by this time completed. The country between Honey Lake and Humboldt river is not so favorable as was anticipated, it being poorly supplied with grass and water.

The Interior Department has just received additional advices from McGraw's section of the Wagon Road Expedition, dated Independence Rock, Sept. 13. Engineer Lander, who was in advance of the party, succeeded in finding an excellent route from the summit of the South Pass to Soda Springs, on Bear River, and had been quite successful beyond those Springs. Upon the discovery of a good road, between the points just mentioned, depended the success of this portion of the parties engaged in the construction of this great thoroughfare from Fort Kearney to the California State line at Honey Lake. The opening of this new route will save many miles of travel to both California and Oregon emigrants. It is thought the expedition will get through to California by Sept. 15. Accounts from Kink's section are favorable, and it is probable it will get through before the time last mentioned.

Assurances have been officially given that England will not interfere with any arrangements which the United States may propose with Nicaragua in relation to the Transit Route. Thus all objection has been withdrawn.

Information has been received from an official source to the effect that the Constitutional Convention of Kansas will submit the Constitution for adoption or rejection to the legal voters of the Territory.

There is now no prospect of an early recognition of the present government of Nicaragua.

So far from the British Cabinet having under discussion the propriety of the recall of the troops from India, as reported by an alleged letter from Mr. Dallas, it was, at the latest accounts received, about to make renewed exertions for the suppression of the mutiny. The statement may here be made on authority, that it is not the intention of the British Government to have recourse to foreign enlistments in the present emergency, though it is sensible of the good intentions of many parties who have offered their services in India.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE FROM SALT LAKE.—Capt. Van Vliet, from Utah, Sept. 24, arrived at St. Louis, Mo., on the 23d inst. He reports having met the troops composing the Utah expedition Sept. 22, 230 miles beyond Fort Laramie, all well. He also met Col. Johnson, Oct. 1st, 90 miles from Fort Laramie, and Gov. Cumming, Oct. 8, 90 miles beyond Fort Kearney. Some of the supply trains were within 140 miles of Salt Lake Valley, while others were far behind, and not likely to arrive this season. Capt. Van Vliet has traveled over 2,400 miles since August 1st. He was treated with much consideration by the leading men of Salt Lake City, but heard the expression of only one opinion, viz, that the troops and Government officers would never gain a foothold in their dominions. Brigham Young declares he will burn the prairies, thus depriving the animals of the expedition of subsistence, and burn his own city if necessary before he will submit to the demands of the U. S. Government. The forts along the route are represented to be in bad repair, and as not affording sufficient protection for the troops.

NEW YORK MONEY MARKET.—The New York Express, of the 24th inst., contains the following:—"The movement of the banks continues to be towards a greater contraction, varied in some few instances. The next weekly statement will show an increase of coin with a marked decrease of loans and deposits. This is the only report to be looked for. The banks in suspension of course seek to strengthen themselves by renewing their coin and reducing their circulation. To do this a reduction follows in their discounts, for it is only the conversion of the debts due the banks into gold that they can get it, and it is only by decreasing discounts that their circulation can be retained. The hope that suspension would stimulate the banks to expand must be abandoned."

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—As the steamer City of Cleveland was coming from Detroit to Cleveland, a few nights since, when near the clay banks off Point au Pelee, she ran into a flock of ducks which were winging their way through the darkness. The glass of the large locomotive lamp was smashed to pieces, two of the ducks and a pretty small bird being caught in the lamp. Three other ducks were picked up dead on the deck.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

THE plow factory of M. D. Andrus, at Grand de Tour, Ogle county, Ill., was wholly consumed by fire on the evening of the 13th inst. Nearly $30,000 worth of plows ready for use, were destroyed. Total loss estimated at $60,000.

THE brass foundry of S. H. Litchfield & Co., East Boston, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 19th inst. Also, a large dwelling house adjoining. Some wood and coal in store also burned. Total loss about $12,000.

A FIRE broke out in the Ohio State Prison, at Columbus, on the 23d inst. It was doubtless the work of an incendiary. Loss computed at from $25,000 to $30,000, not including damage to buildings. By strenuous exertions the flames were confined to shops at the north end of the yard, which were wholly destroyed.

AT about 7 P. M., of the 23d inst., the sugar refinery of Kildreath, Mackenzie & Co., Cincinnati, was totally destroyed by fire. Loss $20,000. Insured.

THE ferry boat Newport Belle, plying between Cincinnati and Newport, was burned to the water's edge on the 23d inst. Loss $10,000. Partially insured.

ON the 18th inst., about 2 o'clock in the morning, the Moore block in Lansing, Mich., owned by Hon. Geo. W. Peck, was discovered to be on fire. The block was burned with most of its contents, and the whole village was saved by the vigilance of our citizens from destruction, by the arrest of the principal incendiary, who gave his name as Edmund Hawkins. The losses are estimated as follows:—Geo. W. Peck, $10,000; no insurance. Burr & Grove, hardware, $6,000; insured for $3,000. John Thomas & Co., $2,000; fully insured. Notes and mortgages lost, $1,500. Mead & Griswold, Michigan State Journal office, $2,000; books and accounts $4,000. No insurance. Lansing Masonic Lodge No. 33, furniture and regalia, $300. While this fire was raging, five other buildings were discovered in flames in various parts of the village, only one of which was burned—a barn belonging to J. C. Bailey, worth $150. The stage barn adjoining the Lansing House, was discovered on fire, the barn of D. P. Reiff, and the marble shop of C. W. Butler, at the same time. The incendiary was caught in the act of firing the United Brethren Church.

THE telegraph on the 20th inst, gives the following particulars of the sinking of the steamer Tropic, which occurred in the Missouri river near Waverly on Thursday last:—The steamer ran against a snag crushing her wheels, tearing away a portion of the hull, when she immediately sunk in 30 feet of water. She had on board 150 passengers, 12 or 15 of whom of are supposed to be drowned.

THERE was a terrible gale on Lake Ontario on the 20th inst. The vessel William Rayney, of Toronto, capsized off Oswego harbor, and all on board were lost.

THE Canadian steamer Reindeer and schooner Alwilda, were wrecked on Lake Michigan during the late severe gale. The following dispatch from Chicago was received at Buffalo, on Friday afternoon:—"CHICAGO, Oct. 23.—Canadian steamer Reindeer wrecked at Big Point au Sauble, Lake Michigan. Twenty-one lives lost. Schooner Alwilda has gone to pieces at the same place. The crew all saved."

CARE OF THE POOR.—In the Board of Aldermen of New York city, on the 22d inst., a message was received from the Mayor, favoring the employment of a large number of men on city improvements during the winter, and recommending the Comptroller to purchase 5,000 barrels of flour, and a proportionate amount of corn and potatoes—the employed to receive 25 per cent. in cash, and the rest in provisions at cost prices. The provisions to be paid for by the issue of a public construction stock redeemable in 10 years, and bearing 7 per cent. interest.

THERE is in process of construction at Boston, a small steamer about ninety feet long, and to draw only two feet of water, to be used by Capt. Page in continuing and completing the survey of the Parana river in South America, for which Congress made an appropriation of $25,000 at its last session. The steamer will be constructed in three sections, so as to be carried out on the deck of a sailing vessel. She is expected to be ready for shipment in the middle of November.

BY STEAM.—The whaleship America, which sailed from New Bedford on the 14th inst, took out a steam whale boat. The machinery consists of two oscillating engines placed in the stern, which drive a paddle-wheel. This boat can be propelled at the rate of twelve miles an hour, being two miles more than the usual speed of the whale. It is about two feet longer and one foot wider than ordinary whale boats.

FEMALE MINER.—A late California paper has the following:—Mrs. Thompson, below "the Falls," on Sherlock Creek, Mariposa county, Cal., is driving into the hill. She is represented, by a correspondent, to be a hard-working and energetic woman, and is famous for her mining qualifications, as she works with her hired men every day herself.

THE UNITED STATES TO BE A BORROWER.—It is said the President has admitted his opinion that the Government will be compelled to resort to a loan in order to obtain resources for next years' expenditures. This will be interesting to banks requiring new United States securities.

COL. BENTON'S HEALTH.—Col. Benton has so far recovered as to venture out in the open air in front of his house. He is still quite weak, however, and seriously emaciated. His recent illness has added at least a dozen years to his appearance and subtracted fifty pounds or more from his weight.

PAPER FROM THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—The Boston Journal has seen a specimen of wrapping paper made from the fibre of the Chinese sugar cane, in Newton, Mass. It says the specimen proves conclusively that paper can be made from that plant.

Mexican News.

DETAILS of the Mexican news brought by the steamship Texas, at New Orleans, have been received.

The Alvarez who was mentioned in the despatch from New Orleans, was Manuel Alvarez. Morina Begar had been executed for his assassination.

Railroad enterprises, particularly that relating to the Tehuantepec road, were the principal topics for discussion in the Mexican press. Two million nine hundred thousand dollars of stock in the Tehuantepec Company were offered to Mexicans, and were well received by capitalists.

Another conspiracy to restore Santa Anna had been discovered, but promptly frustrated. The revolution was to have broken out on the 25th in the city of Mexico. There was great excitement and alarm for three days. Among the conspirators arrested were General Sagas, Obendo, Galosso, Seirese, Badilla, and Colonel Domingues, who were doubtless in Santa Anna's confidence. Another account says the revolutionists were about to make a *coup d'etat* against Merida with heavy artillery. Three of the Mexican States had consented to grant extraordinary powers to the executive until the new Government was established.

Gen. Pillow's letter had caused much indignation against Santa Anna.

The Guerilla bands still hold their own against D'Alvarez, and communication with the Pacific is cut off.

The Governor of New Leon had imprisoned the Bishop of Monterey, because of his refusal to swear allegiance to the new Government.

Political Intelligence.

THE latest concerning the Ohio election is contained in the following telegram from Cincinnati on the 20th inst.:—"Official return of 48 counties show a majority of 1,917 for Chase, Republican.—All the Republican State ticket is chosen except Blackensdorfer, for the Board of Control of Public Works. The Legislature is Democratic."

Returns from 56 counties in Iowa give a Republican majority of 2,662. The Republicans have also carried both branches of the Legislature.—The Senate stands 26 Republicans to 10 Democrats.

The Lecompton (Kansas) National Democrat, of the 15th inst., says of the recent election:—"Owing to the slowness of the coming in of the returns, we are not able to give the official returns of the Territory this week. Enough, however, has been received by the Secretary of the Territory to show the election of Marcus J. Parrott, Esq., the Free State candidate to Congress, by from 3,000 to 4,000 majority. The Legislature depends upon this District, the heavy vote in Johnson county being strongly protested against by the Free State party, with an avowal that they can show good and sufficient reasons why the Secretary should withhold his certificate from those elected by it. Next week we shall, without doubt, be able to give the official vote of the Territory for Representatives to Congress, also to show how the Legislature will be divided."

The returns from all the counties in Pennsylvania but nine, give Packer, Dem., 165,519, Wilmot, Rep., 121,880, Hazlehurst, Am., 27,803.

A LONG JOURNEY.—The Toledo Blade of the 22d inst., contains the following account of travel: "Yesterday, a drove of cattle passed through our city on their way to the Eastern markets which were a curiosity. They numbered 280 head, and came all the way from Texas. They were gathered in the Northern part of Texas late last fall, and driven forward through Kansas and Missouri, to Jacksonville, Ill., where they were kept through the winter and summer to be fattened and prepared for market. From that point, they came forward on the Wabash Valley road, and will soon be on the tables of the gentlemen in the city of New York, after an adventurous journey of over ten months. They are all nearly of a size, in good order, but not heavy, and are remarkable for the length of their horns. In this respect, they differ materially from our cattle. Their horns are in fact, enormous, and have a particularly dangerous and poksh appearance."

A BOSTON SHIP FROZEN UP IN RUSSIAN TERRITORY.—Captain Turner, of schooner Lewis Perry, which arrived at San Francisco, Sept. 15, in seventeen days' passage from Petropolcski, reports that the ship Europa of Boston, Captain Robertson, had been frozen in the ice in the Amoor river for twelve months, and was got out just before the Lewis Perry sailed, and safely landed in Castro's Bay. Some of her crew had gone ashore intoxicated, and were frozen to death upon the ice while lying upon it. Two others of the crew had their fingers frozen so badly that they had to be amputated, which rendered their hands entirely useless.

PAPER MONEY IN THIS AND OTHER COUNTRIES.—In comparing the paper money of this country with that of Great Britain, we find a total in the United States of $186,000,000 bank notes, resting on a basis of $130,300,000—of which $58,300,000 is in specie, $50,000,000 in public stocks, and $22,000,000 in gold in the Sub-Treasury. In Great Britain there are $184,000,000 of Bank notes, resting on a basis of $144,000,000—of which $72,000,000 is in specie and $72,000,000 in public stocks.

HOW CHEAP CAN WE LIVE?—Pretty cheap, if we please. Witness a Mr. Thoreau, of Massachusetts, who having borrowed an axe, went down to the shores of Walden Pond, where he built for himself a hut of hewn logs, and which he occupied for two years, supporting himself on fruits of the earth, raised by his own hands. During eight months of this period he kept an account of his expenses, which amounted to sixty dollars, including twenty-nine paid for materials for his house.

DEATH OF SANTA ANNA'S DAUGHTER.—Senora Carmen Lopez de Santa Anna de Mayard, daughter of General Santa Anna, ex-President of Mexico, died recently at Turbaco, the residence of the General, near Carthagena.

SINCE 1849 we have exported specie and bullion to the amount of $319,708,929, and imported the same to the amount $47,076,213, making the difference against us of $272,632,732 in gold.

Arrival of the Steamer Baltic.

THE steamship Baltic arrived at New York on Sunday evening the 25th inst, with four days later news from Europe. The following is the N. Y. Tribune's general summary of news:

The effect of the financial crisis here was beginning to be felt in England and the Continent. The banks of England, France and Ireland had advanced their rates of discount; Consols and stock securities had fallen. It is remarkable that the journals of London follow those of this city in regarding the whole as a panic which will soon pass away. No serious injury to the structure of British commerce is anticipated from it.

Later telegraphic despatches from India had been received. The news, on the whole, is more encouraging. Delhi had not been taken, but the long promised assault is expected as soon as the seige train is put in position. Gen. Havelock has had one or two more successful fights, but was still awaiting reinforcements at Cawnpore before advancing to the relief of Lucknow. The garrison of that place had defeated the rebels in a sortie, and were expected to hold out till relief arrived, having captured a stock of provisions. A few more regiments had mutinied in Bengal and one in the Bombay army, but there was no serious trouble in any new quarter, and the Mohurran (the Mohammedan holiday) had passed off quietly. The Oude rebels threatened Allahabad and Benares, and measures were being taken to defend them.

Lord Elgin had left for Hong-Kong. Reinforcements had arrived at Calcutta. Cholera had broken out among the rebels, and the Hindoos and Mohammedans were reported to be quarreling.

Mr. Thos. Crawford, the distinguished American sculptor, who has been at the point of death for so many months, died in London on the 10th inst.—He was 43 years of age.

Prioress won at the Newmarket races. Lecompte is dead. Prior has been withdrawn from all his engagements for the season.

The King of Prussia is seriously ill, and will probably die.

Financial and Commercial.

ON Saturday (the day the Europa sailed,) an excessive demand for money prevailed in the London market, caused by the unfavorable nature of the American advices by the Persia, and the apprehension of a further rise in the bank rates. On Monday morning the Bank Directors held a meeting, and before 11 o'clock announced a further rise of one per cent. in their minimum rates of discount—that is, they advanced the rate from 6 to 7 per cent., both for the discount of mercantile bills and loans on stock. Consols rapidly fell under this movement to 87½—a decline during the day of no less than 1½ per cent. On Tuesday, Consols went as low as 86⅞, but subsequently rallied and closed firmly at 87½@87¾ for money and account. Railway and other securities, anticipated in the downward movement, but not to the same extent as Consols. The Bank of Ireland followed the example of the Bank of England, and advanced it rates to 7 per cent. At Hamburg the rates of discount had advanced to 7½ per cent., and similar movements were in progress in other Continental cities.

The extent of the applications to the Bank for accommodation continued extraordinary on Tuesday, under the anticipation of a further advance in rates, but on the whole, says the Times, the day may be considered to have passed satisfactorily. The gold withdrawals from the Bank were light, as specie remittances could not be made to the U. S. at any material profit.

BREADSTUFFS.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., Richardson Brother, and others, report a generally dull market. Flour slow of sale at a decline of 6d per barrel, except on choice lots, which were scarce and firm; western canal 30s @30s6d; Ohio 32s@33s. Wheat in moderate demand at 1d@2d decline on red, and 2d@3d on white; red quoted at 7s9d@8s; white 8s9d@9s, and 9s3d for choice. Indian corn in fair request at 36s6d@37s per quarter for mixed, 36s6d for yellow, and 41@42 for white.

Items of News.

THE recent "panic term" has been a harvest season for telegraphs, and they have had all the business they could possibly attend to. The increase has averaged from 75 to 100 per cent., and the total number of messages sent from and received in the city of New York in one day is estimated at 7,000.

THE amount of business transacted in the Post-office Department is indicated by the fact that the transcript of mails sent from and received at the New York city post-office, measuring nearly *three miles* in length of columns of figures, were placed in the Sixth Auditor's office on the 5th inst., and on the 10th the additions were completed in full.

A BERLIN letter states that it is understood that the marriage of Prince Frederick William with the British Princess Royal will be celebrated on the 18th January next, at Buckingham Palace, and the Royal couple will reach the Prussian frontier on the 2d of February.

ACCORDING to Prussian journals, the diplomatic agents of England in Germany and Belgium have given notice that the trade in fire-arms with India would no longer be permitted. The gun manufacturers of Leige and the German States have been doing a very large business with Calcutta.

THE Montreal (C. E.) Gazette says:—"We learn that Mr. Wyon, the celebrated designer to the Royal Mint, is engaged in making designs for a silver coinage for Canada. The obverse is the Queen's portrait, and the reverse a wreath of maple, with the value of the coin in the centre. In his hands the work is sure to be creditably performed."

GOV. JOHNSON, of Tennessee, reports the purchase for the State of the Hermitage, and its tender to the Federal Government. In case the tender is not accepted, the Governor recommends that the property be retained as a residence for the future Governors of the State.

THE last India mail brings the following note from a letter-writer:—"There can be no question that Nena Sahib's intended point of attack is Calcutta. The forces now in rebellion cannot be less than 100,000. Part of them will be appointed to keep our troops in check in the upper provinces; the others will approach Lower Bengal, and make their point of attack Calcutta."

SENATOR GWIN has brought to Washington, from California, a youthful Japanese named Jos. Heco, who was picked up from a wrecked Japanese junk, by a San Francisco vessel, several years since, and who has since acquired a good American education. He is believed to be the only Americanized Japanese in the country, and as he possesses perfect familiarity with the language, habits and laws of his native land, he will probably prove a valuable agent of our own Government in its intercourse with Japan.

A COMPANY of Swiss has recently bought a tract of 20,000 acres of land near Cannelton, Ind., and intend to settle on it, having a town for the transaction of their business near the centre, on the bank of the river, and dividing the remainder of the tract into farms.

THE WORKINGMEN.—The New York Times gives an estimate, evidently founded on a pretty careful search, of the number of workingmen discharged from employment in some twenty of the principal trades. Its footing numbers 15,517. This furnishes a melancholy prospect for the coming winter.

News Clippings.

— There were 54 banks in New York city.

— England and France are returning specie to America.

— The New Orleans papers state that new sugar is coming in.

— In Wayne county, potatoes are selling at 25 cents per bushel.

— At London, C. W. a half a foot of snow fell, on the 20th inst.

— A firm at San Francisco is loading a vessel with potatoes for China.

— The St. Louis Democrat claims that place to be a specie paying city.

— Mining operations in California are carried on as vigorously as ever.

— One house in N. Y. city has sold during the last year $200,000 in ribbons.

— Including the coinage fund, there is still in the U. S. Treasury $13,436,231.

— Real estate is being offered for sale in Cincinnati at greatly reduced prices.

— The steamer Atlantic lately brought to N. Y., from Europe $15,000 in gold.

— The gross amount of the public taxes of North Carolina, 1857, is $500,249.

— The population of Milwaukee has more than doubled in the last seven years.

— There were 10,041 bales of cotton received at New Orleans, on the 2d inst.

— Cass Co., Mich., produced this year 8,000 bushels of first rate sweet potatoes.

— Col. Johnson, of the Utah expedition, was at Fort Kearney 24th September.

— The expenses of the War Department last year, amounted to $19,000,000.

— The papers of St. Louis are busy with the question of employment for the poor.

— Indictments against 455 liquor dealers were quashed in N. Y. city, on the 24th inst.

— The English papers state that the wheat crop throughout Europe is remarkably fine.

— It is stated that at least 100,000 acres of the best land in Virginia are now in market.

— The crops throughout California have generally been gathered in excellent condition.

— Gov. King, of this State, has appointed the 26th of Nov., as the day of Thanksgiving.

— The evidence accumulates that the reports of famine in Liberia had no real foundation.

— The London (Eng.) Free Press says that meat in that city has lately fallen 3d per pound.

— Cotton is experiencing a heavy decline at the south, on account of the money pressure.

— It is estimated that over 20,000 sewing machines were sold in the U. S. during the past year.

— Thanksgiving in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Maryland, Nov. 26th; in Maine, Nov. 19th.

— Mr. Westcott, of Savanah, on the 20th inst., killed 64 teal ducks in Black river with three shots.

— The canal Tolls received to Oct. 15th, amount to $487,039 less than for the same period last year.

— Thirty-two years ago on the 26th inst., the first canal boat left Buffalo on the completed Erie canal.

— Counterfeit $3 bills on the Worcester County Bank, Blackstone, Mass., are in circulation in Boston.

— Mrs. Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, who has been sick at the U. S. Hotel, Saratoga, died on the 23d inst.

— Another batch of coolies has been landed at Havana, nearly one-fourth of the cargo dying on the passage.

— Some 2,000 fillibusters are expecting to start from New Orleans and Galveston, Nov. 1st, for Costa Rica.

— Hops were so plenty in Oneida and Madison counties that growers were unable to harvest their entire crops.

— The steamship Vanderbilt sailed on the 24th inst., for Southampton and Havre with 309 passengers; no specie.

— There were $1,050,967 worth of boots and shoes exported from the U. S. to foreign countries, the past year.

— The city of Louisville, Ky., has been sued for $4,500 damages, the value of three slaves hung there by a mob.

— It is estimated that 40,000 people of both sexes adults and minors, are now out of employment in Philadelphia.

— If New York was the last to suspend, it is the first to issue those swindling scraps of paper called shinplasters.

— It is estimated that half a million of specie has been drawn out of the Albany banks since the panic term set in.

— On the 12th inst., it was three hundred and sixty-five years since the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

— A Tennessee paper records the manufacture of a novel beverage in shape of wine, expressed from the juice of the tomato.

— It is stated that goods to the amount of many millions of dollars, now warehoused in the U. S., will be re-shipped to Europe.

— All the large-sized papers in Chicago have reduced their dimensions, in consequence of the falling off in advertising.

— The public works and improvements of Chicago are nearly all suspended, and the workmen discharged, for want of money.

— A man died recently in Alabama from the nail of his toe growing into the flesh. This trouble is technically called "phleblsis."

— The next legislature of Pennsylvania will be strongly urged to prohibit the circulation of bank notes less than ten dollars.

— From 53 manufacturing establishments at Philadelphia 4,000 employees have been discharged, nearly one-half the usual force.

— John W. Nelson, son of Chief Justice Nelson, and late clerk of the U. S. Circuit Court, died in New York city on the 16th inst.

— The oldest churches in New York are St. Paul's, erected in 1766, and the old North Church, (Dutch Reformed,) erected in 1769.

— The walls of the new Custom House in Oswego are finished, and it is expected that the whole edifice will be finished by next fall.

Archibald L. Linn, formerly member of Congress from the Schenectady district, died at his residence near that city, on the 10th inst.

— The Commissoners of the N. Y. Canal Fund, have advertised for a loan of $500,000. The proposal will be opened on the 10th of Nov.

— The Wheeling (Va.) Intelligencer notices large flocks of wild pigeons passing over that section, on their way to flee the northern blast.

— The Americans, 50 in number, with the Rev. Dr. Baird at their head, seem to be taking the lead at the great Evangelical Congress, at Berlin.

— There were $359 948 of boots and shoes, $264,832 of tanned skins, and $66,980, of leather exported from the U. S. to Canada, the past year.

— An attempt will soon be made to navigate the Kansas river, by steamboat, to a greater distance from its mouth than has yet been accomplished.

— The Hon. Jacob Houck, Jr., died at Schoharie Court House, on the 22d inst., aged 54 years. Mr. H. was Member of the Congress of 1841–'43.

— A gentleman from Hoosac Tunnel informs the Franklin Democrat, that on the 18th inst., snow lay six inches in depth on the Hoosac mountain.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the North America and Europa.

THE screw steamship North America arrived at River Du Loup, on the 19th, from Liverpool on the 7th, and the Europa from Liverpool on the 10th, arrived at New York on the 20th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The day of departure of the North America was being observed in England as a day of humiliation and prayer, on account of the troubles in India. Business was entirely suspended.

The Ministerial journals say that Parliament will not meet before the usual time.

The Bank of England had loaned the East India Company a million pounds sterling, on the security of India bonds.

The discharging of the Atlantic cable from the steam frigate Niagara, was expected to occupy about six weeks.

The Earl Fitzwilliam was dead.

The select committee of the House of Commons was prepared to report in favor of ceding a portion of the Hudson Bay Territory to Canada.

More troops are held in readiness for India, and 10,000 additional militia are to be embodied in the army.

The Indian advices received at Paris are more gloomy than the English papers assert.

They state that the rebels were under European generalship; that operations have been commenced to prevent the union of the British forces; that the army may expect five years of fighting, and that the native troops are not to be trusted anywhere.

The American crisis was severely felt in England and France, and money throughout Europe was advancing.

Specie was being shipped to America.

The King of Prussia was thought to be dying.

The Bank of England had raised its rate of discount to 6 per cent.

The London Morning Chronicle professes to have good authority for stating that steps have been taken for proclaiming the Queen of Hindostan, and that the next advices will bring news of such a proclamation at Calcutta. The statement is regarded as absurd on Constitutional grounds.

A large stone had been thrown at a train on the Eastern Counties Railway, and struck Prof. Rogers of Boston, breaking his jaw bone.

Catharine Hays, the singer, was married in London to Mr. Bushnell of New York.

A proclamation had been issued by the Irish authorities, extending the limits of the proclaimed districts around Belfast,—information having been received that the people, instead of delivering their arms, were concealing them outside of the original limits, so that they would be available in case of fresh disturbances.

The London Morning Post of Saturday, positively announces that the Governor General of India has been recalled. No other journal has the news.

FRANCE.—The American crisis was severely felt at Paris. Owing to the delay in remittances, money was in great demand, and the prospect was that the Bank of France would have to rescind its measures of relaxation, if not raise the rates of discount.

Rumors were current of an approaching conference at Paris on the Danish question, the affairs of Italy, the union of the Principalities, and the general reduction of European armaments.

Reliable accounts of the feelings of the crowned heads of Europe, leave no doubt that one of the principal objects there, is to be the reduction of the standing armies, in order to ease the financial condition of their respective countries. The increasing difficulty of obtaining loans, rendering a reduction of expenditures is indispensable.

Napoleon and Eugenie were at the Chalons camp.

It was said that France had adopted measures to encourage the production of cotton in her West India possessions.

It was thought that the Corps Legislative would soon be convened.

The difference between France and Denmark, in regard to the settlement of the Sound Dues, had been arranged.

Nothing authentic is known in regard to the Stuttgardt and Weimar interviews. That of Alexander and Francis Joseph at Weimar is said to have been very friendly.

RUSSIA.—The Russian ship La Forte, 85 guns, capsized in a squall, while going from Revel to Cronstadt, with the wives and families of the crews of the fleet. Over 1,400 persons were on board, including three admirals, of whom only about half a dozen were saved.

SPAIN.—The Spanish Ministry had resigned.

Narvaez had left Madrid for Paris.

Lersundi was President of the Council in the new Provisional Cabinet.

Bravo Murillo had left Paris for Madrid, it was supposed, to assume a position in the government.

It is said that Gen. D'Misarol had been nominated Captain General of Cuba, but the official decree had not made its appearance in the official Gazette.

AUSTRIA.—The Vienna correspondent of the Times says, it was creditably reported that direct communication was about to be established between Trieste and New York, by means of Lloyd's steamers.

The financial pressure was still very severe at Vienna.

PRUSSIA.—The Bank of Prussia has again raised its rate of discount, which now stands at 6½ per cent.

The solemn entry of Prince Frederick William, of Prussia, and the Princess Royal, of England, into Berlin, after their marriage, is fixed for Feb. 23d. Great preparations are making.

A telegraphic despatch in the Times, dated Berlin, Friday evening, says:—The health of the King of Prussia has been rapidly getting worse during the last twenty-four hours, and that fears are entertained for his life. All the members of the Royal family were assembled at Potsdam.

ITALY.—A reduction of 25 per cent in the export duty of hemp had been decreed in the Pontifical States.

The trial of the parties engaged in the recent insurrectionary attempt in Italy, commenced on the 29th September, at Palermo.

TURKEY.—The Port of Galatz has been very nearly destroyed by fire.

The financial situation of the country does not improve. Paper money had fallen in value to the extent of 20 per cent.

The commision for settling the Turko-Russian frontiers in Asia had concluded its labors, and the English and French commissioners arrived at Constantinople on the 27th of September.

SWEDEN.—The Prince Royal of Sweden has been proclaimed Regent during the King's illness.

THE PRINCIPALITIES.—The elections in Wallachia had resulted in favor of the Unionists. A Congress for the definite organization of the Principalities is expected to meet in Paris in November.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—The Liverpool breadstuffs market was drooping, and prices of all descriptions were slightly lower. Flour was dull and a trifle easier. Wheat was dull, and 1d@2d lower. White corn had declines 1s.

Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., quote western canal flour 30s@31s; Ohio 32s@33s; Philadelphia and Baltimore 31s@31s6d. Red wheat 7s6d@8s2d; white wheat 9s@9s6d. Mixed corn 37s6d; white 40s@42s.

Liverpool Provision Market.—Beef was dull. Pork quiet. Bacon firm — holders demanding an advance. Lard heavy. Tallow closed quiet, but steady.

REV. MR. SPURGEON, the English Baptist Divine, takes pains publicly to say that he is not a total abstainer, and does not believe in the principle of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks as a beverage.

CHICAGO GRAIN MARKET.

AMID the heavy pressure and panic, grain is steadily going forward from the West—not perhaps in quantities that will bring the amount up to last year's shipments, but still in loads neither few nor small. We have adduced figures to show that Chicago was passing through the ordeal heroically, and pouring into the lap of her maligners the product of the yellow harvests of the Northwest by hundreds and thousands of bushels.

It may be remarked that the general expectation of shippers and carriers is that there will be two or three weeks of carrying trade by the lakes; and what has been doing in the way of shipment for some time past may indicate what will be done before all the boats go into winter quarter.

The receipts of flour and grain at Chicago for the present shipping season (including what was in store at the commencement,) up to the 17th inst., are equivalent to 14,314,643 bushels.

The shipments from Chicago in 1856, up to
31st October, were.....19,496,022 bush.
For 1857 to the 17th October, ...13,751,438 bush.

The decrease in shipments so far, is probably 5,000,000 bushels, and this is likely to be the deficit on the current year's exports. The figures will, at least, equal those of 1855, which we find were 16,633,813; and exceed the exports of 1854 by about 4,000,000 bushels.

The gross receipts of grain in Chicago for the week ending October 17th were equivalent to 840,189 bushels—being an increase over the receipts of the preceding week of 304,165 bushels; and an increase over the week ending October 3d of 163,170 bushels.

The shipments for the week ending October 17th were equivalent to 623,973 bushels—showing a decrease from the shipments of the previous week of 81,849, but an increase over the shipments for the week ending October 3d of 171,634 bushels.—*Chicago Press, Oct. 22d.*

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE.
ROCHESTER, Oct. 27, 1857.

FLOUR.—We note a decline in the price of Flour, equal to 25 cents per barrel upon all grades, with a little show of increased trade, compared with several weeks past.

GRAIN.—No change in the price of Wheat. There is but little Genesee offered—not enough to fix the rates—and the purchases are mostly Canadian, of which considerable is beginning to come in. Our mills are nearly all running on Western wheat purchased at Buffalo. Corn has advanced to 70 cents. Oats are drooping. Buckwheat as last quoted.

PROVISIONS.—No change in Pork or Beef. Hams are down to 12c, and shoulders to 10c. Potatoes are higher, and readily bring 50 to 63 cents bushel. Butter is higher, 18 cents being paid. Eggs down to 14c.

POULTRY.—Chickens are being offered in our streets, and are disposed of at 8c per pound. Turkeys, though not plenty, bring 10c.

DRIED FRUIT.—Peaches have made their appearance and are worth 12½ cents per lb. Dried apples do not come in as yet—we find that traders are willing to give about $1,00@1,25 as to quality.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box,	18c
Flour, bbl	$4,75@6,50	Candles, box,	12@13c
Wheat, Gen	$1,10@1,15	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada,	$1,10@1,15	Apples, bushel,	38@50c
Corn,	70c	Do. dried,	$1,00@1,25
Oats,	34@36c	Potatoes,	50@63c
Barley,	63c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat,	38c	Slaughter,	4@5c
Beans,	$1,25@1,50	Calf	08@10c
Peas,	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts,	31@38c
MEATS.		Lamb do.	50@62½c
Pork, Mess	$23,00@25,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$8,00@9,00	Clover, bushel,	$5,50@7,00
Beef, ℔ cwt	$5,00@6,00	Timothy,	$3,00@3,75
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard,	$4,50@5,50
Ham, smoked	12@12c	Do. soft,	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders,	10c	Coal, Lehigh,	$7,00@7,50
Chickens,	8@9c	Do. Scranton,	$6,00@6,50
Turkeys,	00@10c	Do. Blossburg,	$5,00@5,50
Geese,	50c	Do. Shamokin,	$5,25@6,75
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char,	10@12½c
Butter, roll,	17@18c	Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,45
Do. firkin,	14@17c	Hay, ton,	$7@11
Cheese,	0@8c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried,	00@12½c	White fish, bbl	$10,50@11
Tallow,	6@9c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$5,25@5,50
Eggs, dozen,	00@14c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24—We are without telegraphic connection with New York city, and are compelled to use the market report of Saturday, as given by the Tribune.

FLOUR—The demand for Western Canal is limited, confined largely to the home trade; the offerings are in excess of the demand, and prices of the low grades at 5@10c easier; the better grades are without important variation; sales at $4,65@4,75 for common to good State; $4,85@5,20 for extra do; $4,65@4,75 for superfine Indiana and Mich; $4,85@5,55 for extra do; $5,25@5,75 for common to good extra Ohio; $5,60@7,25 for St. Louis brands, and $6,70@7,75 for extra Genesee. Canadian flour easier at $5,15@6,75. Southern kinds without important change; sales at $5,00@5,50 for mixed to good Baltimore, and $5,65@7,00 for better grades. Rye flour, sales at $3,25@4,00. Corn Meal is limited request at $3,25@3,30 for Jersey and Brandywine, and $19,00@19,50 for puncheons. Buckwheat flour less plenty at $2,00@2,25 ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The Wheat market is better supplied, at a decline of 2@4c on Western. Choice Southern is firm at $1,21@1,30 for inferior to choice red, fair white at $1,40; fair red Wisconsin $1,08 good white Southern Ohio at $1,30; Milwaukee club at $1,09 and Chicago spring at $1,08@1,08, the latter price for No. 1. Rye quiet at 79@80c. Oats lower sales at 48c free for State, and 47 @49c for Western. Barley quiet at 75@88c. Barley malt unsaleable at $1,05@1,10 ℔ bu. Corn unchanged; sales at 63c for ordinary Western mixed, 69c for prime do., and in small lots at 70c; other kinds are scarce and nominal.

PROVISIONS—Pork firmer; sales at $22,50@22,00 for Mess, and $16,50@17,00 for prime; other kinds nominal. Beef in good supply and lower at $12,00@12,50 for country mess; $9,00@9,50 for do prime, $12,00@12,75 for repacked Western mess; $13,50@14 for extra do; small lots at 50@75c ℔ bbl higher, prime mess beef quiet at $20,00@22,00. Beef hams steady at $17,00@17,00. Bacon inactive at 13c. Cut meats dull and nominal at 9½c for shoulders, and 10½@10¾c for hams. Lard lower; a limited inquiry for Havana market at 10@11c, and kegs 14½@15c in small lots. Butter is in fair request at 13@17½c for Ohio, and 16@20c for State. Cheese 6@8½c. Dressed hogs are in request at 6½@7½c.

ALBANY, Oct. 26—Flour and Meal—Transactions show no change in prices. Corn meal in fair request at previous prices.

GRAIN—The market is bare of Wheat. Corn steady and in moderate request, with sales Western mixed at 70@71 in car lots. Barley steady and in fair request, with sales good four-rowed at 87½c. Oats quiet.

FEED—A steady market, with sales second quality at 75c.

BUFFALO, Oct. 25—Flour—Market closed on Saturday with sales after our report at $4,62 for superfine Wisconsin; $5,00 for extra Ohio and Indiana. This morning a very moderate inquiry and market dull. Sales at $5,00 for extra Michigan; $5,50@5,75 for double extra Indiana and Michigan.

GRAIN—Wheat—Market closed Saturday with sales Chicago spring at 88c. This morning unchanged, with a good demand; sales Chicago spring at 89c; red winter Indiana at 90c, and white do at $1,00. Receipts for two or three days light, but shipments large. Corn inactive, and without material change; sales at 56c. Oats a shade easier; sales to arrive at 31c, and on the spot at the same.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 21.—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Beeves—First quality, 10½@11; Ordinary, 9½@10c.; Common, 8½@9c.; Inferior, 8@8½c

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $60@70; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 7@7½c.; Other qualities, 5@6½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $4,50@5,00, Other qualities, $3@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 5¾@6¼c.; Other qualities, 5@5½c

ALBANY, Oct, 23.—Beeves—Receipts for the week 2,000.—Very few Bullocks were sold, and the sales were made at 4@5c. for ordinary, and 5@5½c for good to extra. All the markets East and the New York markets are overstocked—New York alone having a surplus of 1,700 head left over from last week. The general impression amongst dealers is that lower prices will speedily rule.

SHEEP—Receipts for the week 3,000. Sales moderate at $2@$3 per head.

HOGS.—Receipts 5,000. No sales.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 21.—At market 893 Cattle, 500 Beeves, and 393 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,50@8.25; First quality, $7,00 @7,00; Second quality, $6,00; Third quality, $5,50; Ordinary, $4@5,50.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 100@150.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 40, 45, 50@60.

YEARLINGS—$12@15. Two years old—$18@22. Three years old—$28@31

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3100 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,75, $2,00, 2,50 each. Extra and selections, $3,00@3,12.

SWINE—300 at market. Prices—Live weight, 6½c. ℔ lb.—Dressed, 7½@8c

HIDES—4½@5c. ℔ lb. Tallow—No sales.

PELTS—50@62c each. Calf Skins—12@13c. ℔ lb.

BRIGHTON, Oct. 21—At market 650 Beef Cattle, 600 Stores, 6 pair Working Oxen, 50 Cows and Calves, 3,000 Sheep and Lambs, 250 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $8,50; First quality, $7@7,75; Second, 6,75; Third, $6,00@6,50; Ordinary, $5,50.

YEARLINGS—$12@15. Two years old—$19@21. Three years old—$28@31.

WORKING OXEN—No sales.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 29, 31@36

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $3,00@3,50. By lot, $1,50, 1,75 @2,00.

SWINE—Pigs, 5c Retail, 7@9c. Fat hogs, 7@7½c.

HIDES—4½@5c ℔ lb. Tallow—5@5½c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—@50c. Calf Skins—12@13c. ℔ lb.

WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—The inactivity and depression previously noticed continues. For reasons already assigned, buyers and sellers seem agreed not to operate to any extent till such time as confidence becomes restored, and the necessity of the times demands that the mills and spindles now lying idle be again set in motion. Prices are altogether nominal

MARRIAGES.

At Utica, Mich, on the 20th inst, by Rev. Wm. Platt, Mr. SEYMOUR BROWNELL and Miss HELEN A. LAWRENCE.

NOTICES OF MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c., must in all cases be accompanied by a responsible name as a guarantee against deception. Within as many days we have received three marriage notices, with requests to publish, from anonymous sources—the writer of one giving his initials only, the next calling himself "Cruso," and another signing "A Subscriber"—a very indefinite signature; as tens of thousands of persons are equally entitled to the cognomen. This note will explain why their and all similar requests are not complied with.

DEATHS.

At his residence in North Chili, Oct. 16th, ALEXANDER S. RUMSEY, aged 29 years.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FLOWERING BULBS.

JUST RECEIVED FROM HOLLAND a choice selection and assortment of Tulips and Hyacinths *under name.* Also a fine lot of American grown not named.
American Tulips $1 per doz., $6 per hundred.
" Hyacinths, $2 per doz.
Holland Tulips, $1,50 to $2 per doz.
" Hyacinths $2 to $3 per doz.
408w2 H. D. EMERY & Co., 204 Lake St, Chicago, Ill.

CHOICE FARM FOR SALE!

A FARM situated about two miles northeast from Cottage Grove, and nine miles from Madison, Wis. It contains about forty acres, thirty acres under a good state of cultivation, good rail fence around the whole; 100 choice apple trees, and a good well with a chain pump. Price $1,100; terms, $600 down—balance in three annual payments if sold. For particulars address JAS. G. KOCHER,
408 Cottage Grove, Dane Co., Ill.

BRINCKLE'S ORANGE RASPBERRY, AND LINNÆUS RHUBARB!!

WE OFFER BEST QUALITY—strong plants, of the above superior articles—low for cash, wholesale or retail. Also Lawton Blackberry, Col. Wilder, Cushing and Thunderer Raspberries, Strawberries, and a general assortment small fruits.—Address, FREEMAN & KENDALL,
Ravenswood Fruit Garden—Ravenswood, L. I.
☞ Priced Catalogues with references and testimonials furnished on application. 408

STRAIGHT'S LIGHTNING CORN HUSKER, HUSK PICKER AND FEED CUTTER.

THREE MACHINES IN ONE, was patented March 3d, 1857, and received the First Premium, and a Silver Medal at the United States Agricultural Fair at Louisville, Ky., in August, 1857. This is a Boy-Power Machine, and is one of the greatest improvements of the age in agricultural implements. A Boy can turn it, and 5 or 6 persons can husk at it, each hand husking 200 bushels or more per day; and the husks as prepared by this machine are worth $00 per ton. For particulars address A. M. BADGER, or E. H. HALLOCK, Rochester, N. Y., of whom Machines and Rights may be purchased. 408w1

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY PIANOS AND MELODEONS.

HAVING DETERMINED to reduce our stock of Pianos and all Musical Merchandise, in consequence of the Signs of the times, we will sell for cash at such rates as never before offered by any house in the country. Our Pianos and Melodeons are known to be from the best establishments in the country, and those who contemplate purchasing will do well to see them first. GRAIN WILL BE RECEIVED IN PAYMENT, if preferred, at the market price here on the day of its receipt.
J. SAGE & SONS, 209 Main street,
408eow4t Buffalo, N. Y.

BENNETT & HUNTINGTON. PRODUCE AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, FOR THE SALE AND PURCHASE OF

FLOUR, Grain, Seeds, Beans, Peas, Butter, Cheese, Pork, Beef, Lard, Hams, Shoulders, Bacon, Smoked Beef, Eggs, Dried Apples, Plums, and Peaches, Ashes, Hops, Wool.
PROPRIETORS OF THE
PRODUCE & PROVISION EXCHANGE,
No. 4 Front Street, Near the Battery, N. Y.
JAMES O. BENNETT, CHAS. R. HUNTINGTON.
Liberal Cash Advances made on Consignments in transit and in Store. 408w4

WM. R. PRINCE & CO., FLUSHING, N. Y. LARGE TREES AND SHRUBBERY.

AS SO MUCH SMALL TRASH is palmed upon the public, we offer *Standard and Dwarf Pears, and all other Fruit Trees of extra large size, and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs of large size,* for immediate embellishment.

SPLENDID EVERGREENS of various kinds 4 to 12 feet.

ROSES, the most splendid collection ever offered, comprising 300 varieties, of every class, as fully described in a Special Catalogue which will be sent to applicants

BULBOUS FLOWERS, An unrivalled collection, of every class, comprising 150,000 naturalized roots grown here, and above 50,000 Imported Roots, of which a Special Catalogue will be sent, with directions for culture.

RHUBARB, Linnaeus, Myatt's Victoria, Early Tobolsk, Goliath and others, at $50 to $70 per 1000; and $7 to $8 per 100.

BLACKBERRIES, Imperial (Sweet), and Lawton, $10 to $13 per 100—$90 to $110 per 1,000.

GRAPES, Isabella, Catawba and Clinton, 1 to 3 years, $5 to $12 per 100, and $40 to $120 per 1,000.

N. B.—The Priced Catalogues are much below the prices usually charged, and are sent to applicants who enclose stamps

☞ Chinese Potato Tubers by 100 or 1,000, at low rates. The triumphant exhibition of this invaluable Esculent has silenced all opposition. 408w1

NEW YORK SPECTATOR! FOR 1858.

Published Every Monday and Thursday,
BY FRANCIS HALL & CO., No. 46 PINE ST., N. Y.

THE NEW YORK SPECTATOR is the oldest newspaper published in the City of New York, and has always sustained its reputation as a judiciously edited

FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

of the first class. Great care has always been and will continue to be taken to admit into its columns no matter which the most careful parent would wish to exclude from the knowledge of his home circle. At the same time its readers are kept well informed on all the

TOPICS OF THE DAY,

whether of domestic or foreign origin, and its arrangements in all the departments of newspaper enterprise are of the most efficient character. Its

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE

from the principal European cities gives the most authentic accounts of all events of interest transpiring abroad, and its well arranged facilities for obtaining early information from every point of our own widely extended continent, are believed to be at least equal to those of any other newspaper in the Union.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS

are fully reported by competent and experienced correspondents, and brought down to the latest point at each publication, through the medium of the telegraph. Equal attention is paid to the proceedings of our own Legislature; and all the

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS,

of general interest, both State and National, are printed at large in its columns.

THE CITY DEPARTMENT

of the paper includes reports of all interesting occurrences in the great Metropolis of the State, and its adjacent cities, excluding only such portions of the criminal records as cannot be made public except at the risk of injury to the cause of morality and virtue.

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

will continue, as heretofore, to be full and comprehensive, including weekly an accurate wholesale price current and bank note table, daily reports of the produce markets and sales of the stock board, with remarks upon the state of the money market and all matters pertaining thereto. The record of marine news, domestic and foreign, is more full than that of any other semi-weekly paper published in the city.

While the chief object of the New York Spectator is to furnish a reliable record of current events, it is also intended to be in a measure a reflex of the literature of the day. With that view, its

NOTICES OF BOOKS

include early and discriminating reviews of all the most valuable books issued from the press.

To give greater variety to the literary department, new

TALES AND POETRY

of the highest merit are weekly introduced.

Scientific intelligence is gathered and arranged by a competent hand; new inventions are duly chronicled; the progress of agriculture is noted; mention is made of all matters of interest in the history of manufactures and commerce; and no effort is spared in any department to keep the paper up to the spirit of the times.

The Spectator will be sent to subscribers at the following rates.—

One copy one year	$ 3 00
Three copies one year	8 25
Six copies one year, (sent to one address)	16 00
Eight copies one year, (sent to one address)	18 00
Twelve copies one year, (sent to one address)	27 00
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Twenty copies one year, (sent to one address)	35 00
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Payable invariably in advance at the office, or remitted by mail to the office direct. To subscribers in Canada there is an additional charge of fifty cents each, to meet the United States postage, which must be pre-paid in New York. 408

GREAT SALE OF BLOOD STOCK AT AUCTION!

BY THE SUBSCRIBERS, on the premises of Wm. T. Chappell, in the town of Avon, three miles south of East Avon, and near Olmsted's Mills, on THURSDAY, NOV. 5d 100 Choice Blood and Extra Grade Short-horn Cattle!—Consisting of 20 Cows from full blood stock, 30 Heifers, one, two and three years old, 30 head choice young stock, 6 Bulls, three and four years old, 2 yearling Bulls, 6 Bull Calves, 1,000 SPANISH MERINO SHEEP; one of the choicest flocks in Western New York, bred from the Flocks of Col. Thompson, from Livingston's importation. Those wishing to obtain Choice Breeding stock will find it greatly to their advantage to attend the Sale.

☞ A liberal credit will be given on good approved paper, and a fair discount will be made for cash. Terms made known on the day of sale. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continue until all the above property is sold.
A. YORKS, Auctioneer W. T. & N. CHAPPELL.
Avon, Oct. 21, 1857. 408w1

ROCHESTER ATHENÆUM. LECTURE PROGRAMME OF 1857-'58.

THE LECTURE COMMITTEE of the ROCHESTER ATHENÆUM and MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION take pleasure in announcing that they have made arrangements for a course of Seventeen Lectures to be delivered in Corinthian Hall, during the Fall and Winter.

The following eminent talent will appear in the order herein named. Other Lecturers, among whom are Geo. D. Prentice, of Louisville, and Rev. W. H. Milburn, of N. Y., have accepted, but have not yet fixed their time.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher,	October 23
Arthur Gilman, Esq., Boston.	Nov. 12
Rev. E. H. Chapin, New York,	Nov. 18
Rev. A. L. Stone, Boston,	Nov. 24 & 26
Geo. W. Curtis, Esq., New York,	Dec. 3
Rev. T. Starr King, Boston,	Dec. 10
Rev. J. Richardson, Rochester,	Dec. 17
Prof. E. L. Youmans, New York,	Dec. 22
" " "	Dec. 24
M. M. Marble, Esq., Boston,	January 7
Hon. J. R. Chandler, Philadelphia,	Jan. 14
Wendell Phillips, Esq., Boston	Jan. 21
A. A. Willetts, Philadelphia.	Feb. 25

Tickets for the course admitting one	$1 50
" " " " two	2 50
" " " " three	3 00
Tickets for single admission	25 cents.

☞ Course tickets can be procured of the Directors, of D. M. Dewey, at the Library Rooms, and of the President at the office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.
By order of the Committee,
Oct. 20, 1857. W. V. K. LANSING, *Chairman.*

PEAR STOCKS,

DELIVERABLE in the Spring **Angers Quince Stocks**, extra, $12 to $18. **Grapes**, 1 year, 250 to $30 **Currants**, 2 and 3 yrs, $40, per 1,000 **Lawton Blackberry** $10 to $15 per 100. **Dwarf Pears**, Cherrie a splendid lot.—Strawberries, and a great variety of **Roses** and **Ornamental** Trees and Shrubbery, for sale low at the Highland Nurseries, Syracuse, N. Y., by [406tf] COWLES & WARREN.

NEW TREATISE ON LAND SURVEYING, JUST PUBLISHED BY E. C. & J. BIDDLE, Philadelphia.

A TREATISE ON SURVEYING; in which the theory and practice are fully explained. Preceded by a short Treatise on Logarithms, and also by a compendious system of Plain Trigonometry. The whole illustrated by numerous examples By Samuel Alsop, author of a "Treatise on Algebra," &c

In the above named work the author has presented the theory plainly and comprehensively; has given definite and precise directions for practice, and has embraced in it everything which an extensive business in land surveying would be likely to require. The work will be mailed at $1,75 per copy, including postage. 406w3

TWENTY PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH! GREAT BARGAINS IN PIANO FORTES.

During the present money panic,
MESSRS. BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.,
ALBANY, N. Y.,
WILL SELL THEIR UNRIVALLED
CORRUGATED SOUNDING BOARD,
AND
DOLCE CAMPANA ATTACHMENT
PIANO FORTES,
AT
WHOLESALE PRICES, FOR CASH.

These instruments are not surpassed for
RICHNESS OF TONE AND ELEGANCE OF STYLE,
While for
DURABILITY and REMAINING IN TUNE AND GOOD ORDER
For a great length of time, they are
EQUALLED BY NONE!

FOR A FEW WEEKS ONLY WE OFFER THESE EXTRAordinary inducements for CASH, and we also GUARANTEE THE SAFE DELIVERY OF EACH INSTRUMENT at the nearest R. R Depot or Steamboat Landing.

☞ Every instrument fully warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Piano Fortes with or without the Attachment. Descriptive Circulars forwarded on application.
BOARDMAN, GRAY & Co.,
406w4 Corner of State and N. Pearl Sts., Albany, N. Y.

APPLE SEEDLINGS.

FOR SALE by N. DRAKE & CO., of Elba, N. Y., 200,000 Apple Seedlings two years old, at $4 per 1,000. 405w3

LAWTON BLACKBERRY PLANTS will be supplied from second week in October.

SCALE OF PRICES BY THE DOZEN.

A package of one dozen	$3
Do. two dozen	5
Do. five dozen	10
Do. eight dozen	15
Do. twelve dozen	20

The name and direction of purchasers should be distinctly written, and the money accompany the order. Address
WILLIAM LAWTON, 54 Wall St., New York, or
October, 1857. [405-6teow] New Rochelle, N. Y.

GEORGE W. DAVIS,

SUCCESSOR to C. BURLINGAME, Dealer in Fashionable Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, &c. Bleaching and Pressing neatly Executed to order. No. 66 State St., Rochester, N. Y. 404m3

30 ANATOMICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, with full explanations of Diseases of the THROAT, LUNGS, MUSCLES, NERVES, JOINTS, SKIN, STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, BOWELS and WOMB. The afflicted may understand what causes their Diseases, and what Remedies or other means will best relieve, and cure them, *and why they will.* The Illustrations are large, well defined, and splendidly engraved; all sent *free of postage,* on receipt of SIX LETTER STAMPS, by J. R. STAFFORD, PRACTICAL CHEMIST, 15 State St., New York. 404w5

CLOVER STREET NURSERY.

THE FOLLOWING TREES—RAISED IN ROWS FOUR feet apart, considered the best that can be procured in Western New York.

25,000 APPLE TREES,	6 to 8 feet,	4 years old.
30,000 " "	5 " 7 "	3 " "
9,000 DWARF PEAR TREES,	6 " 8 only	2 " "
14,000 STANDARD " "	5 " 7 "	2 " "
10,000 " CHERRIES,	5 " 7 "	2 " "
8,000 PEACH TREES,	5 " 6 "	1 & 2 yrs old.

Clover Street Nursery, Brighton, 3 miles east of Rochester. Address JOSEPH HALL, or ISAAC MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

LYON'S COPPER LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR.

PATENTED JULY 11, 1854.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, successors to BRITTAN & EDMUNDS, are Proprietors of this Patent for the ten Western counties of New York, the States of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Minnesota Territory.

They are manufacturers of these celebrated Conductors, and are prepared to furnish them with the appropriate apparatus, to all parties holding the right to territory, in any quantity, and on short notice.

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M. VASSAR has now on hand a few domesticated deer, which he offers for sale, viz: One buck and doe five years old; one pair three years old; one pair of yearlings, and three pair of fawns. All bred in a paddock at Springside. For further particulars, inquire of C. N. BEMENT,
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100,000 APPLE TREES 2 years old at $40 per 10,000
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Racine, Wis., Sept., 11, 1857. [403w6] F. & M. DRAKE.

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Darien, Genesee Co., N. Y., Sept. 20, 1857 404-2teow

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DICTIONARY,
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"A MAN WHO WOULD KNOW EVERYTHING, OR ANYTHING, AS HE OUGHT TO KNOW, MUST OWN **Webster's Large Dictionary.** It is a great light, and he that will not avail himself of it, must walk in darkness. Every young housekeeper should lay it in, to occupy the place which was formerly filled with decanters and wine glasses.

Every *farmer* should give his sons two or three square rods of ground, well prepared, with the avails of which they may buy it. Every *mechanic* should put a receiving box in some conspicuous place in the house, to catch the stray pennies, for the like purpose.

Lay it upon your table by the side of the Bible—it is a better expounder than many which claim to be expounders.

It is a great labor-saver—it has saved us time enough in one year's use to pay for itself; and that must be deemed good property, which will clear itself once a year. If you have any doubt about the precise meaning of the word *clear,* in the last sentence, look at Webster's thirteen definitions of the v. t."—*Massachusetts Life Boat.*

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.
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THE FOURTH "SEVEN YEARS' LEASE," COMmenced in May, 1857, will end May 1st, 1864. This House is conducted upon the same system that has distinguished it hitherto.

A Restaurant has been added for Merchants doing business in its vicinity. *The Restaurant is entirely Independent of the Astor House.*

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Families will find this one of the coolest Hotels in New York during the summer, and the LADIES' DEPARTMENT perfect in all that produces real comfort.

The City Railroad Cars starting from the doors, enable guests to reach the up

Choice Poetry.

NIGHT SCENE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Yon mountain's side is black with night,
While broad orbed, o'er its gleaming crown,
The moon, slow rounding into sight,
On the hushed inland sea looks down.

How start to light the clustering isles,
Each silver hemmed! How sharply show
The shadows of their rocky piles,
And tree tops in the wave below!

How far and strange the mountains seem,
Dim looming through the pale, still light!
The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night!

Beneath—lake, wood and peopled vale,
Hushed by the presence grand and grave,
Are silent, save the cricket's wail,
And low response of leaf and wave.

Life's Lessons.

THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

Services had commenced in the neat, little sanctuary which the inhabitants of Fairmount had consecrated to the service of God. The minister had reached the psalm and Scripture lesson, and the first line of the opening hymn. The eyes of people were fixed intently upon him, for he was not only a good, sound, eloquent preacher, but he was a fine-looking one, too, and thus enchained not only the attention of the true but of the false worshipers. The house was very still—the clear, melodious tones of the speaker were the only sounds that throbbed on the balmy, golden air, which the mid-summer Sabbath morn had breathed in that holy place. The first syllable of the second line was trembling on the lips, when a rustle at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and a gentleman, dissolved the charm. In a second every eye turned from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and watched with more than ordinary eagerness the progressing of the couple. A most searching ordeal were they subjected to; and when quietly seated in the front pew, immediately in front of the pulpit, what a nudging of elbows there was—aye, how many whispers, too.

In vain the sound, the good, the eloquent Mr. D——— sought again to steel the attention of his hearers. They had no thoughts or eyes for anybody else, but the widow, and the widow E———'s young, genteel, and dashing-looking attendant.

How she had cheated them! Hadn't she said she didn't feel as though she could wear anything but mourning? And, in spite of these protestations, hadn't she come out all at once dressed in white, and walked into the church in broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman!

Yes, indeed, she had. She would plead guilty to all these charges, grave ones as they were; and on the last two, how many witnesses had been subpœnaed! She was actually dressed in white; a beautiful robe of India mull, tucked to the waist with an open corsage, displaying the elaborately-wrought *chemisette*, drapery-trimmed sleeves, trimmed with the richest Mechlin lace, undersleeves of the same expensive material, a white crape, shawl, a white lace hat, with orange bud flowers, white kid gloves and light gaitere—such was the description every lady had on her tongue's end to repeat over as soon as the service was ended.

And the gentleman—he was dressed in style.—Don't he wear white pants of the latest pattern, and a white vest, and a coat of "satin finish," and white kids, too, and don't he sport a massive chain, and didn't he gaze often and lovingly on the fair creature beside him?

Yes, he did so, and there is no further room to doubt. Widow E——— had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put on a bridal attire, and was going to be married in church. Who the beau was, or whence he came, was more difficult to solve.

Service proceeded. The choir sung, and the minister prayed and preached—the people wondered when the ceremony took place.

To their utter astonishment they were left to wonder.

For when the benediction was pronounced, widow E——— and the strange gentleman walked with the rest of the congregation quietly out of the church. When they reached the pavement he offered her his arm very gracefully, and she placed her hand very confidingly on the beautifully soft coat sleeve as they passed on.

What a morning was that in Fairmount. What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries and doubts rolled over and over in the brain not only of gossiping ladies, but sober, matter-of-fact.—The like of such a thing had never occurred in the village. There was something new under the sun: a lady had a beau, and nobody knew it.

Oh, widow E———, didn't your ears burn all that day?

We wonder they didn't drop off. Surely they must have been crisp and crimson.

The Rev. Mr. D——— preached to a crowded house that afternoon; no compliments to him, though. Every one was sure the wedding would take place then; but everybody again was disappointed, and if tongues had run at railway speed before, they traveled then on the electric wires.—The minister might have preached in Greek that day, and his sermon would have been quite as edifying. One subject alone occupied the village mind—the widow's beau.

It actually seemed, too, as though the lady tried to make as much talk as she could. After tea, arm in arm with the strange gentleman, she walked the whole length of the village, and away into the cemetery, and never returned till the moon was high.

Look out, widow! Your character is on the carpet.

If she knew it, apparently she didn't care, for the next day she went a calling with her beau, and the next day with him rambled off to the mountains, and the next with him off in a carriage to the station-house, and there not only wept as she parted from him, but actually embraced and kissed him.

"What, in broad daylight?" exclaimed grandma W———. "Well, if I ever heard of or see the like on't."

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grandchild, wondered to herself whether it really was any worse in broad daylight than any other time.—Perhaps you will wonder, too. We do, at least.

There was a large attendance that afternoon at the weekly meeting of the sewing society. Everybody went that could possibly leave home.

And what a chattering there was when the bustle of assemblage was over. There was but one topic; but that was all-sufficient, all-engrossing—the widow's beau—for he must be her beau, or ought to be.

Everybody had something to tell, something to wonder about. But suddenly every magpie tongue was hushed, a universal stroke of dumb palsy seemed to have fallen on the group, as, looking up, they perceived the very lady about whom they were conversing so eagerly, standing in the door-way.

"Good afternoon, ladies," said she, in her usual quiet way. "I am glad to see so large and happy a gathering. It is beautiful day for our meeting."

And then she proceeded to the table and helped herself to a block of patchwork, inquired for the sewing-silk, which having received, she sat down in the only vacant chair, and commenced hemming a very red bird with a yellow wing on a very green twig, which latter had already been hemmed on to a square piece of cloth, and the whole, when completed, was designed to form the twentieth part of a bed-quilt. She seemed all engrossed with the bird's bill, and spoke to no one. Everybody wondered if she had heard what they were saying when she came in—but her placid countenance raised the most fearful, and every one longed to commence a personal attack. Old grandma W——— was the first to commence. She meant to "do up the matter" very delicately, and in so roundabout a way, that the lady should not suspect her of curiosity. So she began by praising Mrs. E———'s dress.

"Why, it is really beautiful. Where did you get it?"

"I bought it," was the quick reply.

"Here?"

"No."

"Where then?"

"In New York, last spring."

"Oh, you did, did you? But I thought you were never going to wear anything but black again!"

Every eye scrutinized the lady's face in search of a blush, but it continued as pale as usual, as she answered:

"I did say so once, but I have finally changed my mind."

"You have, ha; what made you?"

"Oh, I have good reasons."

Here the hearers and lookers on winked and blinked, and looked very expressively at each other.

"But did you not spoil your beautiful white dress on Sunday night, wearing it up to the burying ground?"

"I did not wear it."

Here was a damper to the old lady. She had such a long lecture to read on extravagance, and she was determined to do it, too, when unfortunately for her eloquent strain, Mrs. E———'s dress had hung up in her wardrobe all the time, and she had worn an old black silk.

After a while the old lady took a fresh start.—She would not be so baffled again. She intended and would find out all about her beau before she went home, that she would. So she began by saying:

"Your company went away this morning, didn't they?"

"They did," was the reply.

"He didn't stay very long, did he?"

"Not so long as I wished he had," was the emphatic answer.

And how the ladies looked at each other. It was as good as a confession.

"When did he come?"

"Saturday evening."

"Was you looking for him?"

"I had been expecting him for a fortnight or more."

"Why, du tell if you had then, and you never told on't neither. Had he any business in the place?"

"He had."

"What was it?"

This was rather more direct and blunt than the old lady had meant to put, and she forthwith apologized by saying:

"I didn't mean that—I—I—I only thought——"

"Oh, I'd as lief you'd know as not; he came to see me."

Oh, widow E———, how did your good name go down, then! Be careful what you say, or you will only have a remnant of character to go home with—and remnants go very cheap.

"He did, did he? and he didn't come for anything else, then? But was you glad to see him?"

"Indeed I was. It was one of the happiest moments of my existence."

"Well, well," said the old lady, hardly knowing how to frame the next question; "well—well, he is a real good-looking man, any way."

"I think so, too; and he is not only good-looking, but he is good-hearted—one of the best men I ever knew."

"You don't say so! But is he rich?"

"Worth a thousand or so," said the lady carelessly.

"Why, du tell if he is! Why, you will live like a lady, won't you? But what is his name?"

"Henry Macon."

"Macon—Macon! Why that was your name before you were married!"

"It was."

"Then he is a connection, is he?"

"He is."

"Du tell if he is, then. Not a cousin, I hope; never did think much of marriages between cousins."

"Henry is not my cousin."

"He isn't? Not your cousin! But what connection is he, du tell, now?"

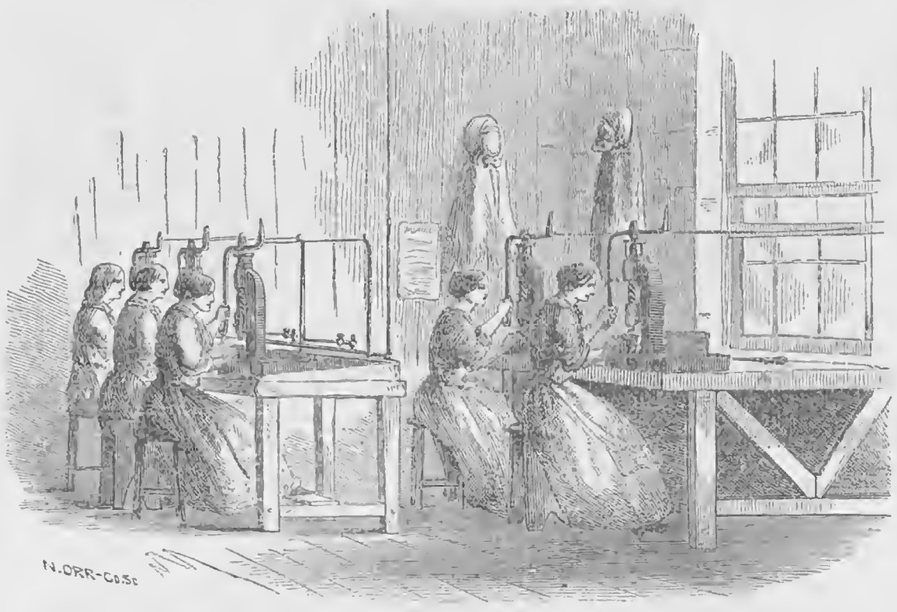
"He is my youngest brother."

If ever there was a rapid progress made in sewing and knitting by any circle of ladies, it was those composing this society for the next fifteen minutes. Not a word was uttered, not an eye was raised. Had the latter been done, the roguish and expressive glances which passed between Mrs. E——— and the minister, who, unobserved, had stood on the threshold a silent spectator and a curious hearer, perhaps (mind you, we only say perhaps) they might have guessed more correctly the name, character, standing, and profession of the Widow's Beau.

HOW STEEL PENS ARE MADE.

[Concluded from page 353.]

The proper slitting of the pen will be found, on due consideration, no easy task. Let those who regard it otherwise take a pair of scissors and try the experiment with a piece of tin or lead, and look what a gaping, wedge-like aperture



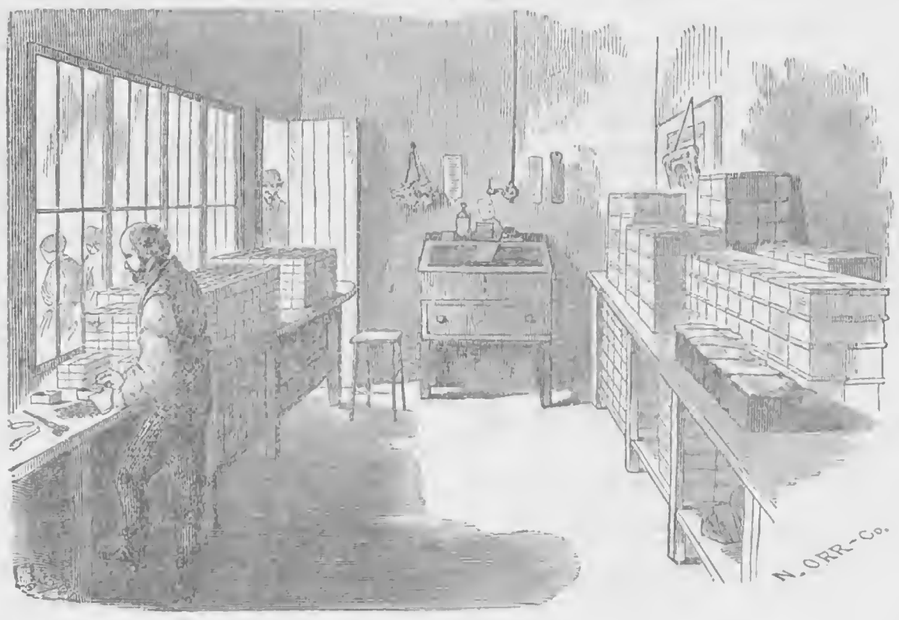
SLITTING.

there will be. Compare this, for a moment, with a steel pen, which requires to be pressed on the thumb nail to show that it is slit, and the contrast will be fully apparent. And yet so sharp and nicely tempered is the slitting tool, and so accurately is the place of the pen determined by means of a guard, that a girl can hardly put it in a wrong position; and a pen slit aside of the centre is of rare occurrence. So perfect is the slit that it admits of no improvement. Although now complete in shape, several other processes have to be gone through before they are ready for market. Slitting leaves a burr on the point—therefore polishing is necessary, which is done in the revolving cans, the accompaniment being the saw-dust of boxwood.—When removed from this dust they are as bright as silver. In this condition they are again put in the tempering barrel, but this time to color or bronze them; they are allowed to remain but a few moments, during which time their former tempering is not affected. After bronzing, the pens are

INSPECTING.

varnished. The solution used for this purpose is peculiar to the establishment and therefore secret. In this solution the pens are immersed, and subsequently exposed to the action of the open air to dry the varnish. As the pens have a tendency to stick together, the workmen exhibit no little dexterity while tossing and moving them about at this stage of the process; for, not only are the pens effectually separated and scattered, but not one is allowed to fall to the floor.

On the completion of the varnishing, the pens are taken to the warerooms for inspection and assorting. In this process it is intended to reject every pen that has been damaged in the numerous manipulations it has gone through, and in either of which it is liable to fatal injury. The inspection is an extensive operation, for, besides the superficial examination, each pen must have its temper tested, and the slit proven by springing on the thumb nail. At this establishment there are no "seconds;" the least inaccuracy rejects a pen, and



BOXING.

this rejection is final. It is thrown aside for scrap steel. Other manufacturers sell their second at about twenty-five per cent less than the usual prices, but this company have determined to sell none but perfect pens. After the best pens are selected out they are counted, laid in piles with great regularity, put in boxes holding one gross each, labeled and sealed, and are then ready for the market.

We were shown a necessary appendage to the steel pen, at the works of the Washington Medallion Pen Company, which, although not a steel pen, is so closely allied to it that we make a passing note of it. It is a newly invented pen-holder which we are informed has been patented under the title of the Washington Medallion Pen-holder. It is briefly described by stating that it differs from *all* other metallic pen-holders, in this respect—it receives and holds the pen firmly, and in a perfectly proper position—straight with the handle, *on the outside* of the barrel or tube; whereas, all other metallic pen-holders are so constructed as to make it necessary for the heel of the pen to be stuck into the tube, whereby pens are usually improperly held, and with difficulty removed. When a pen is adjusted in this new holder, pen and holder present the appearance of being one piece of steel, so perfectly are they adapted to each other.

The peculiarity of this art, as compared with almost all others, is this: the quality of the product does, not in any degree depend upon the regular *machinery* of the establishment. In nearly all other mechanic arts, the product is characterized by the quality of the machinery used, whereas, in this peculiar art, the machinery, although the most perfect of its kind, plays only a secondary part, being used simply to *operate* the tools with which the various processes are performed—the tools being put in or attached to the presses and removed at pleasure. Upon the make and perfect truthfulness of the tools depend the quality of the *pens*. The tools are manufactured on the premises by artists who are known as pen-tool makers. These tool-makers rank in Birmingham as the best mechanics in England, and command higher wages than any other mechanics in that country. They are the chiefs of their shops—all the work being performed under their charge and responsibility. They are necessarily constantly on the watch lest the tools get dull, or break, or in some way become imperfect, and require repairing or making anew—for it must be remembered that it is steel tools cutting steel, not steel tools cutting wood, cloth, or leather. Hence it is that the art is a difficult one. And without that which we pay for liberty—eternal vigilance—the steel pen cannot be made perfect, as a set of tools perfect in the morning may be doing imperfect work before noon.—Another necessity of this peculiar business is that it requires for its successful prosecution a constant supervising throughout the various trades, that work may pass regularly through all the numerous processes, from the "cutting out" of the "blank" to the inspection, assorting and boxing. The least neglect on the part of a general superintendent and the wheels get clogged, and the system deranged, and ruin soon ensues.

In *nine* of the numerous operations pursued in this manufacture, each pen has to be singly handled by the operative. All of these operations are performed by females, who, by practice, acquire great celerity in their movements; for in this, as in various other mechanical manipulations, the finger is quicker than the eye. The education of the hand in some trades is a more important matter than would appear at first sight. If the reader ever watched the type-founder as he pours the melted metal into the little steel matrix with one hand, with the other touches a spring, closes the orifice, swings the mold upward in a way of his own, touches the spring and releases the newly made metal letter, he would understand the peculiar readiness which the fingers acquire by constant practice. The twisting and straightening the cottons for candles, the rolling up of a cigar, the pasting of labels on pen or match-boxes, are all operations which, simple as they appear, are not easily acquired, and only by application.

This Company employs about one hundred operatives, about three-fourths of whom are females; their business is rapidly increasing, and, from present appearances, ere another year their operations will be quite as extensive as the largest Birmingham manufactories.

MEDALLION PEN.

Our first experience with the Washington Medallion Pen was from a few samples procured at the exhibition of the American Institute in October last. We found them very superior, and since that time they have been universally adopted throughout the establishment. Many friends who have tried them coincide in opinion with us. They are really a most excellent writing pen, and as they are of American manufacture, it is to be hoped they will supersede all others for home consumption.—*U. S. Magazine.*

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGNA.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 6, 23, 10, 19, 27, 5, 27, 22 is one of the genders.
My 21, 25, 7 is an article.
My 15, 3, 13, 9, 7, 27, 20 is a tense.
My 17, 4, 11, 24, 20, 7, 29, 21 is an adjective.
My 16 is an interjection.
My 1, 14, 3, 29 is a pronoun.
My 15, 18, 2, 3, 11, 4 is one of the numbers.
My 12, 8, 12 is a verb signifying performance.
My 26 is a pronoun.
My 28, 16, 14, 12 is a noun, the possession of which many covet.
My whole should be remembered by all.

New York, 1857. Katey W.

☞ Answer next week.

"GOOD TO MAKE MEN OF."

A gentlemen once asked a company of little boys what they were good for? One little fellow promptly answered:

"We are good to make *men* of."

Think of that my young friends, you are all good to make men and women of. We do not mean, nor did that little boy, that you are merely good to grow up to the *size* of men and women. No, we mean a good deal more than this. You are to make persons that will be respected and useful—that will help to do good in the world. No one, who is not useful, and who does not seek to make the world better, deserves the name of man or woman.

You should not forget that, if there are to be any men and women—any that deserve such a name—twenty or thirty years hence, they are to be made of you who are now children. What a world this will be when you grow up, if *all* are only *men* and *women!* Will you not ponder this subject, and "show yourselves men?"

"Good to make men of." What kind of men will our youthful readers be twenty years hence? Will they be classed with the intelligent, the respectable, the industrious, the prosperous, the benevolent, the pious men of the time? for doubtless, there will be such. It may require a little self-denial, and hard study, and hard work; but such a character we wish all our readers to bear.—*Youth's Companion.*

Answers to Enigmas, &c., in No. 408.

Answer to Historical Enigma:—Into thy hands, O God, I commend my spirit.

Men of superior virtue are ignorant of their virtue; men of inferior virtue do not forget their virtue; men of superior virtue practice it without thinking of it; men of inferior virtue practice it with intention.

The taste for emotion may become a dangerous taste; we should be very cautious how we attempt to squeeze out of human life more ecstacy and paroxysm than it can well afford.—*Sidney Smith.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LEADING WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
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Advertising—Brief and appropriate advertisements will be inserted at 25 cents a line, each insertion, payable in advance. Our rule is to give no advertisement, unless very brief, more than four consecutive insertions. Patent Medicines, &c., are not advertised in the Rural on any conditions.

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VOL. VIII. NO. 45.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1857. {WHOLE NO. 409.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
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Rural New-Yorker.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT BUFFALO, OCTOBER 9, 1857,

BY HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

Mr. President, Gov. King, President Fillmore, Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends and Fellow-Citizens:

THE surpassingly beautiful spot where we are assembled this day, is one of no ordinary interest. We are met in full view of the outlet of one of the most considerable of those inland seas which form so marked a feature in the geography of our continent. We can almost hear the roar of its waters as they plunge, at yonder world-renowned cataract, to the lower level of the sister lake. The prosperous city, under whose immediate auspices we are assembled, has, within the experience of living men, grown up from a small village on the skirts of an Indian reservation, to be the busy mart of a vast inland trade. Behind us, uniting, in what truly may be called the bonds of holy matrimony, the waters of the mighty lakes with the waters of the mighty ocean—enduring monument of one of the most honored sons of New York,—stretches far to the east that noble canal, which alone, perhaps, among the works of its class, has sustained itself in the competition with the railroad and the locomotive. In front of us, spread out the fertile domains of a friendly neighboring power, the home of a kindred race, separated from us but by a narrow stream; a region to which we have closely grappled with hooks of steel, or at least with hooks of railroad iron, and the still stronger bonds of a mutually beneficial commercial reciprocity. We have come together, on this interesting spot, at the invitation of the New York State Agricultural Society, to hold the farmer's autumnal holiday. From the remotest quarters of the Empire State and her sister republics, the railroads which have thrown their vast net work over the country have afforded a ready conveyance to multitudes. Other multitudes have descended your magnificent lake, in those unparalled steamers, which, with scarce an interval of time, have taken the place of the bark canoe that skimmed its surface at the beginning of the century. Others from the adjacent province have crossed that noble suspension bridge, a wonder of engineering skill. In behalf of the respectable association in whose name I have the honor to speak, on this spot from which the simple children of the forest have not yet wholly disappeared, from whatever quarter, by whatever conveyance you have assembled, I bid you welcome. Friends, fellow-citizens, welcome! The woods have put on their gorgeous robes of many colors to receive you; the vaporous atmosphere has for this day hung up its misty veil, to shield you from the too fervid sun; the sparkling waters of Niagara River bid you "HAIL AND FAREWELL," as they hurry downward to their great agony; and Autumn spreads before you the rustic hospitality of her harvest home.

There is a temptation, when men assemble on occasions of this kind, to exaggerate the importance of the pursuit in which they are engaged, in comparison with the other callings of life. When farmers, or merchants, or manufacturers, or teachers, or professional men, come together to celebrate an anniversary, or an important event, or to do honor to some distinguished individual, it is almost a matter of course that their particular occupation or profession should be represented by those on whom the duty of speaking for their associates devolves as the most important profession or calling. No great harm is done by these rhetorical exaggerations, which in the long run must correct each other; and which, if they have the effect of making men more content with their own pursuit, are not very pernicious, even if they remain uncorrected.

Although these claims which men set up, each for the paramount importance of his own occupation, cannot of course be well founded, it may be maintained that each of the great pursuits of life is indispensable to the prosperity of all the rest.—Without agriculture and manufactures, the merchant would have nothing to transport or exchange. Without commerce, the farmer and the manufacturer would be confined to a barter trade, in a limited home circle of demand and supply.—In this respect, all the great pursuits of life in a civilized community may be deemed of equal importance, because they have each and all for their object to supply some of the wants of our nature; because each is necessary, to some extent at least, to the prosperity of every other; and because they are all brought by the natural sympathies of our being into an harmonious system, and form that noble and beautiful whole which we call civilized society.

But, without derogating from the importance of any of the other pursuits and occupations, we may safely, I think, claim for Agriculture in some respects, a certain precedence before them all. It has been said to be the great and final object of government to get twelve impartial and intelligent men into the jury box; by which, of course, is meant that the administration of equal justice between man and man is the primary object of civilized and social life. But the teacher, secular or spiritual, might plausibly urge that is of prior importance that the community should have the elements, at least, of mental and moral culture, and be taught the obligations of an oath, before any twelve of its members should take part in the administration of justice. The physician might contend that health is of greater importance than the trial by jury; and with greater reason it might be claimed for agriculture that it supplies the first want of our nature; the daily call of the great family of man for his daily bread—the call that must be answered before the work of life, high or low, can begin. Plaintiff and defendant, judge and jury must break their fast before they meet in court; and, if the word of a witty poet can be taken, certain very important consequences sometimes happen to culprits, in order that jurymen may get to their dinners.

But, to speak in a more fitting and serious train, I must confess that there has always seemed to me something approaching the sublime in this view of Agriculture, which (such is the effect of familiarity) does not produce an impression on our minds in proportion to the grandeur of the idea. We seem, on the contrary, to take for granted, that we live by a kind of mechanical necessity, and that our frames are like watches, made, if such a thing were possible, to go without winding up, in virtue of some innate principle of subsistence independent of our wills; which is indeed in other respects true. But it is not less true, that our existence, as individuals or communities, must be kept up by a daily supply of food, directly or indirectly furnished by Agriculture; and that, if this supply should wholly fail for ten days, all this multitudinous, striving, ambitious humanity—these nations and kindred and tribes of men, would perish from the face of the earth by the most ghastly form of dissolution. Strike out of existence at once ten days' supply of eight or ten articles, such as Indian corn, wheat, rye, potatoes, rice, millet, the oats, the banana, and the bread fruit, with a half a dozen others which serve as the forage of the domestic animals, and the human race would be extinct. The houses we inhabit, the monuments we erect, the trees we plant, stand in some cases for ages; but our own frames—the stout limbs, the skillful hands that build the houses and set up the monuments and plant the trees—have to be built up, re-created every day, and this must be done from the fruits of the earth gathered by Agriculture. Everything else is luxury, convenience, comfort—food is indispensable.

Then consider the bewildering extent of this daily demand and supply, which you will allow me to place before you in a somewhat coarse mechanical illustration. The human race is usually estimated at about one thousand millions of individuals. If the sustenance of a portion of these multitudinous millions is derived from other sources than Agriculture, this circumstance is balanced by the fact that there is a great deal of agricultural produce raised in excess of the total demand for food. Let then the thoughtful husbandman who desires to form a just idea of the importance of his pursuit, reflect, when he gathers his little flock about him to partake the morning's meal, that one thousand million of fellow men have awakened from sleep that morning, craving their daily bread with the same appetite which reigns at his family board; and that if, by a superior power, they could be gathered together at the same hour, for the same meal, they would fill both sides of five tables reaching all around the globe where it is broadest, seated side by side, and allowing eighteen inches to each individual; and that these tables are to be renewed twice or thrice every day. Then let him consider that, in addition to the food of the human race, that all the humble partners of man's toil—the lower animals are to be provided in like manner. These all wait upon Agriculture, as the agent of that Providence which giveth them their meat in due season; and they probably consume in the aggregate an equal amount of produce; and finally let him add in imagination to this untold amount of daily food for man and beast the various articles which are furnished directly or indirectly from the soil, for building materials, furniture, clothing and fuel. The grand total will illustrate the primary importance of Agriculture considered as the steward—the commissary—charged with supplying this almost inconceivable daily demand of the human race and the subject animals of their daily bread; a want so imperative and uncompromising, that death in its most agonizing form is the penalty of a failure in the supply.

But although Agriculture is clothed with an importance which rests upon the primitive constitution of our nature, it is very far from being the simple concern we are apt to think it. On the contrary, there is no pursuit in life, which not only admits, but requires for its full development, more of the resources of science and art,—none which would better repay the pains bestowed upon an appropriate education. There is, I believe, no exaggeration in stating that as great an amount and variety of scientific, physical, and mechanical knowledge is required for the most successful conduct of the various operations of husbandry, as for any of the arts, trades, or professions. I conceive, therefore, that the Legislature and the citizens of the great State over which you, sir, (Governor King,) so worthily preside, have acted most wisely in making provision for the establishment of an institution expressly for agricultural education.—There is a demand for systematic scientific instruction, from the very first step we take, not in the play-farming of gentlemen of leisure, but in the pursuit of husbandry as the serious business of life.

In the first place, the earth which is to be cultivated, instead of being either a uniform or a homogenous mass, is made up of a variety of materials, differing in different places, and possessing different chemical and agricultural properties and qualities. A few of these elements, and especially clay, lime, and sand predominate, usually intermixed to some extent by nature, and capable of being so mingled and treated by art, as to produce a vastly increased fertility. The late Lord Leicester, in England, better known as Mr. Coke, first carried out this idea on a large scale, and more than doubled the productive value of his great estates in Norfolk by claying his light soils. To conduct operations of this kind, some knowledge of geology, mineralogy and chemistry, is required. The enrichment of the earth by decaying animal and vegetable substances is the most familiar operation perhaps in husbandry; but it is only since its scientific principles have been explored by Davy and Liebig, that the great practical improvements in this branch of agriculture have taken place. It is true that the almost boundless natural fertility of the soil supercedes for the present, in some parts of our country, the importance of artificial enrichment. I inquired last spring of a friend living in a region of this kind, on the banks of the Ohio, how they contrived to *get rid* of the accumulation of the farm-yard, (a strange question, it will seem to farmers in this part of the world,) and he answered, "By carting it down to the river's side, and emptying it into the stream." In another portion of the western country, where I had seen hemp growing vigorously about thirty years ago, I found that wheat was now the prevailing crop. I was informed that the land was originally so rich as to be adapted only for hemp, but had now become poor enough for wheat.

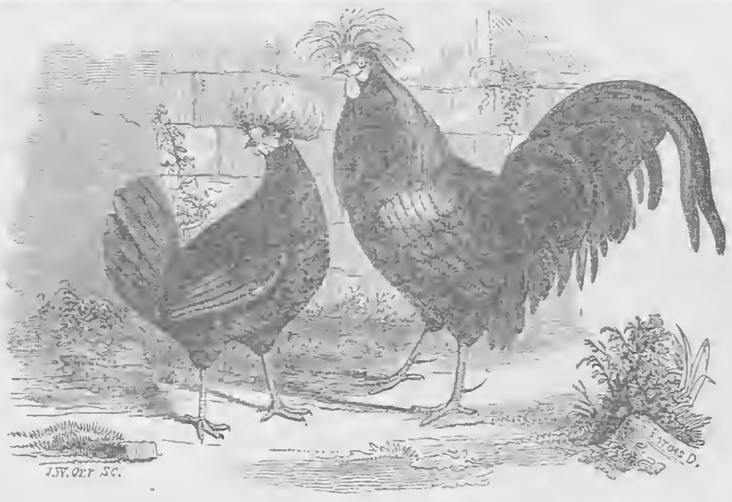
These, however, are not instances of a permanent and normal condition of things. In the greater part of the Union, especially in those portions which have been for some time under cultivation, the annual exhaustion must be restored by the annual renovation of the soil. To accomplish this object, of late years every branch of science, every resource of the laboratory, every kingdom of nature, has been placed under contribution. Battlefields have been dug over for the bones of their victims; Geology has furnished lime, gypsum and marl; Commerce has explored the remotest seas for guano, and has called loudly on Diplomacy to assist her efforts; Chemistry has been tasked for the production of compounds, which, in the progress of science, may supersede those of animal or vegetable origin which are prepared by nature. The nutritive principles developed by decaying animal and vegetable organizations are universally diffused throughout the material world, and the problem to be solved is to produce them artificially on a large scale, cheap enough for general use. In the meantime the most simple and familiar processes of enrichment, with the aid of mechanical power and a moderate application of capital, are producing the most astonishing results. The success which has attended Mr. Mechi's operations in England is familiar to us all.—By the application of natural fertilizing liquids, sprinkled by a steam engine over his fields, they have been made to produce, it is said, seven annual crops of heavy grass.

Simple water is one of the most effectual fertilizers, and in some countries irrigation, carried on with no moderate degree of hydraulic skill, is the basis of their husbandry. While walking, on one occasion, with the late Lord Ashburton, in his delightful grounds in Hampshire—just before he departed on his special mission to this country—in one of the intervals of our earnest conference on the Northeastern Boundary, he told me that he had expended ten thousand pounds sterling in conducting round his fields the waters of the little river—the Itchen, I think—that flows through and that it was money well laid out. Pardon me the digression of a moment to say that I could not but honor the disinterested patriotism which led this kind-hearted, upright and intelligent man, at an advanced age (with nothing on earth to gain or desire, and with everything of reputation to risk,) to leave the earthly paradise in which I saw him, and to cross the Atlantic in the winter, in a sailing vessel (his voyage was of fifty-one days,) to do his part in adjusting a controversy which had seriously menaced the peace of the two countries. The famous water-meadows of the Duke of Portland, at Clipstone, have been often described, where the same operation has been performed on a still more extensive scale. Mr. Colman's interesting volumes on European agriculture contain accounts of other works of this kind, but I confine myself to those which have fallen under my own observation.

Nor are these the only operations in which agriculture calls for the aid of well-instructed skill. That moisture, which in moderation is the great vehicle of vegetable nourishment, may exist in excess. Vast tracts of land are lost to husbandry in this country, which might be reclaimed by dykes and embankments, or become fertile by drainage. Land is yet too abundant and cheap in America to admit of great expenditures in this way, except in very limited localities; but the time will no doubt come when, in the populous portions of the country, especially in the neighborhood of large cities, the sunken marshes which now stretch along our coast will be reclaimed from the ocean, as in Holland; and thousands of acres in the interior, now given up to alder swamps and cranberry meadows, be clothed with grass and corn.—There are few farms of any size in the country which do not contain waste spots of this kind—the harbor of turtles, frogs and serpents—which might be brought, at moderate expense and some hydraulic skill, into cultivation. Other extensive tracts are awaiting the time when the increase of population and the enhanced value of land will bear the expense of costly operations in engineering. The marshes on the sea coast of New England, New York and New Jersey, probably exceed in the aggregate the superficies of the kingdom of the Netherlands, the greater part of which has been redeemed by artificial means from the ocean—a considerable tract, covered by the lake of Harlem, within a few years. Now, if we could add a new territory to the Union, as large as the kingdom of the Netherlands, by the peaceful operations of husbandry, it would be a species of *annexation* to which I for one should make no objection. All the resources of science have been called into operation in that country, under the direction of a separate department of the government to sustain the hydraulic works which protect it from the ocean. The state of things is similar in the fens of Lincolnshire and Bedfordshire. All the spare revenues of the Grand Duke of Tuscany have been appropriated for years to the improvement of the low grounds on the coast of that country, once the abode of the powerful Etruscan confederacy, which ruled Italy before the ascendancy of the Romans, now, and for ages past, a malarious, uninhabitable waste.

But when science and art have done their best for the preparation of the soil, they have but commenced their operations in the lowest department of agriculture. They have dealt thus far only with what we call lifeless nature, though I apply that word with reluctance to the generous bosom of our mother Earth, from which everything that germinates draws its life and appropriate nourishment. Still, however, we take a great step upward, when, in pursuing the operations of husbandry, we ascend from mineral and inorganic substances to vegetable organization. We now enter a new world of agricultural research; the mysteries of assimilation, growth and decay; of seed time and harvest; the life, the death, and the production of the vegetable world. Here we still need the light of science, but rather to explore and reveal than to imitate the operations of nature. The skillful agricultural chemist can mingle soils and compound fertilizing phosphates; but, with all his apparatus and all his re-agents, it is beyond his power to fabricate the humblest leaf. He can give you, to the thousandth part of a grain, the component elements of wheat,—he can mingle those elements in due proportion in his laboratory,—but to manufacture a single kernel, endowed with living, reproductive power, is as much beyond his skill as to create a world.

Vegetable life, therefore, requires a new course of study and instruction. The adaptation of particular plants to particular soils and their treatment, on the one hand, and, on the other, their nutritive powers as food for man and the lower animals, the laws of germination and growth, the influences of climate, the possible range of improvability in cereal grains and fruits, are topics of vast importance. The knowledge—for the most part empirical—already possessed, upon these points, is the accumulation of the ages which have elapsed since the foundation of the world, each of which has added to the list its generous fruit, its nutritive grain, its esculent root, its textile fibre, its brilliant tincture, its spicy bark, its exhilerating juice, its aromatic essence, its fragrant gum, its inflammable oil—some so long ago that the simple gratitude of infant humanity



BLACK POLAND FOWLS.

ALTHOUGH the "chicken fever" has subsided, and the "Shanghais" have been the subjects of ridicule for several years past, furnishing an excellent mark for the unfledged wit of the cockerels of the *homo* genus, yet we never saw a finer exhibition of poultry than that made at the New York State Fair in Buffalo; and the too much praised and too badly abused Shanghais were fully represented, standing *high* in their own estimation, as well as that of others, and regardless alike of the flatteries of friends and the wit of foes. Several lots of BLACK POLANDS in the collection attracted our particular notice, and among these was one coop of exceedingly fine birds, owned by E. A. WENDELL, of Albany, and another by E. S. RALPH, of Buffalo. We give a very correct and life-like engraving of these fowls. The body is perfectly black, glossed with metallic green, top-knot white. They are excellent layers, quiet in their habits though not so much so as the Asiatic fowls, and very seldom want to sit, unless old. For this reason they have been called *everlasting layers*. We have kept this variety for many years, and like them well, *when pure*, but they are a miserable, ill-looking fowl when crossed. Although we have tried in a score of ways, we could never get a decent cross. The Polands should not be kept after becoming two years old, as they generally lose much of their beauty and value at this age. Although no author has mentioned the fact, we think they are more sensitive in regard to cleanliness than any other variety. A dirty or ill-ventilated house will invariably lead to disease and loss. The only objection to them is, that the top-knot often grows so large as to partially obstruct the sight. In such cases it must be cut.

ascribed them to the gift of the gods, while others have been brought to the knowledge of the civilized world in the historical period, and others have been presented to mankind by our own continent. No one can tell when wheat, barley, rye, oats, millet, apples, pears, and plums, were first cultivated in Europe; but cherries and peaches were brought from the Black Sea and Persia in the time of the Roman republic; the culture of silk was introduced from the East in the reign of Justinia; cotton and sugar became extensively used in Europe in the middle ages; maize, the potato, tobacco, cocoa, and the Peruvian bark, are the indigenous growth of this country. Tea and coffee, though productions of the Old World, were first known in Western Europe about two centuries ago; and India rubber and gutta percha, as useful as any but the cereals, in our own day.

There is much reason to believe, as our intercourse with Eastern Asia, Polynesia, and Australia increases, that new vegetable products will become known to us, of the greatest interest and importance for food, medicine and clothing. Many, with which we are acquainted only in the writings of travelers and botanists, will unquestionably be domesticated. The most interesting experiments are in progress on the sugar-canes of Africa and China; and there is scarce a doubt that the most important additions will, in the course of time, be made to our vegetable treasures, from the latter country. China, like North America, forms the eastern shore of a great ocean, with a cold northwestern region in the rear. Its climate, under similar local conditions, closely resembles our own; and there is reason to believe that whatever grows there will grow here. A somewhat curious illustration of this is found in the plant ging-seng, to which the Chinese formerly attached—perhaps still attach such a superstitious value. Its bifurcated root, as they thought, symbolized humanity, which, indeed, it does, as well as Falstaff's "forked radish;" and hence the name ging-seng, or "man-plant." They called it "the pure spirit of the earth," and the "plant that gives immortality."—They deemed it the exclusive product of the central flowery kingdom,—a panacea for every form form of disease, cheaply bought for its weight in silver. A Jesuit missionary to China, Lafitau, being transferred to America, early in the last century, discovered the precious plant in our own woods, where, indeed, in some parts of the country, it abounds. It began to be exported by the French to China, and after the commencement of our commercial intercourse with that country, at the close of the war of the Revolution, this much-prized root was sent in great quantities to Canton, and, much to the perplexity and disgust of the Mandarins, became literally a drug in the market, losing most of its mysterious efficacy, in proportion as it was abundantly supplied by the outside barbarians.

But, without wandering so far for additions entirely novel which may be expected to our vegetable stores, I cannot but regard what may be called organic husbandry as one of the richest departments of science, and one which is as yet almost wholly in its infancy. What wonders are revealed to us by the microscope in the structure and germination of the seed!—the instinct, so they say, of radicle and plumule, which bids one seek the ground, and the other shoot up toward the air; the circulation of the sap, which, examined under a high magnifying power, is a succulent plant,—the Calla, for instance,—resembling a flowing stream of liquid silver,—a spectacle, in these days of "suspension," to make a man's mouth water; the curious confectionary, that secretes sugar, and gluten, and starch, and oil, and woody fibre and flower, and fruit, and leaf and bark, from the same elements in earth and air, differing in each differing plant, though standing side by side in the same soil; in a word, the wonders and beauties of this annual creation,—for such it is,—as miraculous as that by which sun, and moon, and stars, and earth, and sea, and man, were first formed by the hand of Omnipotence!

And who shall limit the progress of science, and its application to the service of man, in this boundless field? The grafting of generous fruits on barren stocks is as old as European civilization; but the artificial hybridization of flowers and fruits is a recent practice, which has already filled our conservatories with the most beautiful flowers, and our graperies and gardens with the choicest varieties of fruit. When reasoning man does with science and skill what has been hitherto left to the winds and the bees, the most important results may be anticipated. Modern chemistry has shown that the growth of the plant is not one simple operation, but that different ingredients in the soil, and different fertilizing substances, afford the appropriate nourishment to different portions of the plant. This discovery will, no doubt, be of great importance in the higher operations of horticulture and pomology.

The culture of the grape, and the manufacture of wine, have already become considerable branches of industry, and afford great scope for the application of chemical knowledge. The vineyards in the neighborhood of Cincinnati and St. Louis, though limited in extent, already bear in other respects, a creditable comparison with those of Europe. All the processes of manufacture rival those of the province of Champagne and the Rhine, both in integrity and skill,—a remark which I venture to make from some opportunities of personal comparison. Time, no doubt, will eventually bring to light a belt of territory—probably in the interior, or in the Western portion of the continent—(for we do not find wine in the eastern portion of Asia)—which will equal the most delicate vintages of Burgundy, Bordeaux, or Xeres. Nor is it less probable that many vegetable products now imported from foreign countries will be naturalized here. It is but a century since the first experiments were made on the American continent in the cultivation of rice and cotton; and there is no reason to doubt that whatever the Old World produces will flourish within the same isothermal lines of this hemisphere. The recent agricultural reports from the Patent Office contain very important indications and suggestions on this branch of husbandry.

The condition of our native forests opens another broad field of inquiry in agricultural science, under three very striking aspects. The extensive prairies of the West, denuded of wood for an unknown length of time, and under the operation of causes not perhaps certainly made out, await from the settler's skill and industry those plantations which add so much to the beauty and salubrity of the soil, and contribute so materially to the service of man. In the mean time it is a very important question, in a broad region of the West, whether anything cheaper and more effectual than the Osage Orange (Maclura) can be found for fencing. In other portions of the country a condition of things exists the precise reverse of that just described; and immense tracts of native forest, covering the land for hundreds of miles with a matted, impervious, repulsive wilderness, form a very serious impediment to cultivation, and constitute one of the great hardships which attend the pioneer of settlement. The opening of railroads through extensive districts of this description, with the intense demand for land, caused in part by the unexampled emigration from Europe, will probably lead to new applications of steam power, machinery, and capital in the first clearing of the land; and thus materially facilitate the process of bringing it into cultivation. In the meantime, in the older settled parts of the country, we have some backward steps to take. The clothing of the sterile hill-sides and barren plains with wood is an object of great interest. The work of destruction has been carried on with too little discrimination. Too little thought has been had of that noblest spectacle in the vegetable world, plantations of trees for ornament and shade; too little consideration for a permanent supply of the demand for timber and fuel.

Every topic to which I have thus hastily alluded, in connection with the vegetable kingdoms of nature, suggests inquiry for the naturalist, in some department of his studies, and forms the subject of regular courses of instruction in some of the European Universities, especially those in Germany.

The insects and vermin injurious to vegetation present another curious and difficult subject of inquiry. A very considerable part of every crop of grain and fruit is planted, not for the mouths of our children, but for the fly, the curculio, and the canker-worm, or some other of these pests of husbandry. Science has done something, and will no doubt do more, to alleviate the plague. It has already taught us not to wage equal war on the wheat fly and the parasite which preys upon it; and it will, perhaps, eventually persuade those who need the lesson, that a few peas and cherries are well bestowed by way of dessert on the cheerful little warblers who turn our gardens into concert rooms, and do so much to aid us in the warfare against the grubs and caterpillars which form their principal meal.

Agriculture is looking anxiously to science for information on the nature and remedies of the formidable disease which has of late years destroyed so large a portion of the potato crop. The naturalist who shall solve that problem will stand high among the benefactors of his race.

Closely connected with this department of Agriculture is another, in which the modern arts have made great progress, and in which inventive sagacity is still diligently and successfully employed. I refer to agricultural machinery, — improved implements of husbandry. This is a field in which the creative powers of the mind seem to be at work with an activity never before equaled, and which is likely to produce more important results in this than in any other country. The supply of labor in the United States has not kept pace with the demand, as it can rarely do in a new country, where strong temptations exist for enterprising attempts in every branch of industry. This state of things has furnished very powerful inducements for the introduction of labor-saving machinery and implements, and the proverbial ingenuity of our countrymen has been turned with great success in that direction. Your exhibition grounds fully justify this remark. Even the good old plow has become almost a new machine in its various novel forms; and other implements of the most ingenious contrivance and efficient action have been invented. The cultivator, the horse-rake, the mowing machine, the reaper, and the threshing-machine, are daily coming into use in Europe and America, and producing the most important economy in labor. Successful attempts are making to work them by steam. It was said long ago of the cotton-gin, by Mr. Justice Johnson of the Supreme Court of the United States, that it had doubled the value of the lands in the cotton-growing region; and the mowing machine, the reaper and the threshing machine, are destined, almost to the same extent, to alleviate the severest labors of the farmer's year. The fame of the reaper is not confined to this hemisphere. At the great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, in London, in 1851, it mainly contributed to enable American art to hold up her head in the face of the civilized world.*

But there is still another department of Agriculture, which opens the door to research of a higher order, and deals with finer elements,—I mean that which regards the domestic animals attached to the service of man, and which are of such inestimable importance as the direct partners of his labors, as furnishing one of the great articles of his food, and as a principal resource for restoring the exhausted fertility of the soil.—In the remotest ages of antiquity, into which the torch of history throws not the faintest gleam of light, a small number, selected from the all but numberless races of the lower animals, were adopted by domestication into the family of man. So skillful and exhaustive was this selection, that three thousand years of experience—during which Europe and America have been settled by civilized races of men—have not added to the number. It is somewhat humbling to the pride of our rational nature to consider how much of our civilization rests on this partnership; how helpless we should be, deprived of the horse, the ox, the cow, the sheep, the swine, the goat, the ass, the reindeer, the dog, the cat, and the various kinds of poultry. In the warmer regions, this list is enlarged by the llamas, the elephant, and the camel, the latter of which, it is not unlikely, will be extensively introduced in our own southern region. It may be said of this subject, as of that to which I have already alluded, that it is a science of itself. No branch of husbandry has, within the last century, engaged more of the attention of farmers, theoretical and practical, than the improvement of the breeds of domestic animals, and in none, perhaps, has the attention thus bestowed been better repaid. By judicious selection and mixtures of the parent stock, and by intelligence and care in the training and nourishing of the young animals, the improved breeds of the present day differ probably almost as much from their predecessors a hundred years ago, as we may suppose the entire races of domesticated animals do from the wild stocks from which they are descended. There is no reason to suppose that the utmost limit of improvement has been reached in this direction. Deriving our improved animals as we generally do from Europe,—that is, from a climate differing materially from our own,—it is not unlikely that, in the lapse of time, experience will lead to the production of a class of animals, better adapted the to peculiarities of our seasons than any of the transatlantic varieties as they now exist. The bare repetition of the words draft, speed, endurance, meat, milk, butter, cheese and wool, will suggest the vast importance of continued experiments on this subject, guided by all the lights of physiological science.

Among the most prominent *desiderata*, in what may be called animal husbandry, may be mentioned an improved state of veterinary science in this country. While the anatomy of the lower animals is substantially the same as man's, their treatment when diseased, or overtaken by accident, is left almost wholly to uneducated empiricism. It rarely, I may say never happens, that the substantial farmer has not considerable property invested in live-stock, to say nothing of the personal attachment he often feels for some of his favorites—horse, or cow, or dog. But when their frames, as delicately organized and as sensitive as our own, are attacked by disease, or they meet with a serious accident, they are of necessity in most parts of the country committed to the care of persons wholly ignorant of anatomy and physiology, or imperfectly acquainted with them, and whose skill is comprehended in a few rude traditionary operations and nostrums. There are few of us, I suppose, who have not had some painful experience on this subject, both in our pockets and our feelings. The want of Veterinary Institutions, and of a class of well educated practitioners, is yet to be supplied.

This hasty survey of the different branches of agriculture, imperfect, as practical men must regard it, has, I think, shown that it opens a wide field for scientific research, and demands an appropriate education. It is, in fact, in all respects a liberal pursuit, and as such ought to be regarded by the community. It is greatly to be desired that public opinion in America should undergo some change in this respect. There is no want of empty compliments to the "Independent Yeomanry" at public festivals and electioneering assemblages.—When the popular ear is to be tickled, and the popular suffrage conciliated, the "substantial farmer" is sure to be addressed in honeyed phrase; but the most superficial observation of society shows that the learned professions, as they are denominated, the various kinds of "business," as it is significantly called—as if people could not *busy* themselves to any purpose, except in some kind of traffic,—and in preference to both, or in conjunction with both, political employment, are regarded as the enviable pursuits of life. It is not altogether so in the country from which the majority of the people of America are descended. In England the ultimate object of a liberal ambition is the ownership of a handsome landed property, and the actual management by the proprietor of a considerable portion of it. Great fortunes, however acquired, are almost sure to be invested in great landed estates. Whether employed in the professions or in commerce, men escape from city life as from confinement, and the country seat is generally the family mansion.

It would be absurd to deny the manifold importance of great commercial towns in our social system. They are not the mere result of calculation; they grow up by an irresistible necessity. The intenser life which springs from their stern competition, undoubtedly performs a most important office in the progress of civilization. The faculties are sharpened by the direct contact and collision of kindred minds. The great accumulations of capital, which almost exclusively take place in commerce and the occupations connected with it, exercise an all-powerful influence in the community, and are felt in all its enterprises.—The social sympathies gather warmth and force from the generous contagion of congenial natures. But society is in its happiest state when town and country act and re-act upon each other to mutual advantage; when the simpler manners and purer tastes of rural life are brought to invigorate the moral atmosphere of the metropolis, and when a fair proportion of the wealth acquired in the city flows back and is invested in landed improvements; transferring cultivated tastes and liberal arts from crowded avenues and ringing pavements to the open, healthful country, and connecting them with its substantial interests and calm pursuits.

In acknowledging, as I do most cheerfully, the important relations of city life and commercial pursuits to the entire social system of the country, I leave of course out of the account,—I have no words but of abhorrence,—for the organized conspiracies, swindling and plunder, which exist side by side with the legitimate transactions of the stock exchange. It is not one of the least perplexing anomalies of modern life and manners, that while avowed and thus far honest gambling (if I may connect those words) is driven by public opinion and the law, to seclude itself from observation within carefully tyled doors, there to fool away its hundreds, perhaps its thousands in secret; discredited, infamous; blasted by the anathemas of deserted, heart-broken wives and beggared children, subject at all times to the fell swoop of the police, the licensed gambling of the brokers' board is carried on in the face of day; its pretended sales of what it does not own, its pretended purchases of what it does not expect to pay for, are chronicled in the public prints to the extent of millions in the course of a season, for the cruel and dishonest purpose of frightening innocent third parties into the ruinous sacrifice of *bona fide* property, and thus making a guilty profit out of the public distress and the ruin of thousands.

I do not claim for agricultural life in modern times the Arcadian simplicity of the heroic ages; but it is capable, with the aid of popular education and the facilities of intercommunication, of being made a pursuit more favorable than city life to that average degree of virtue and happiness to which we may reasonably aspire in the present imperfect stage of being. For the same reason that our intellectual and moral faculties are urged to the highest point of culture by the intense competition of the large town, the contagion of vice and crime produces in a crowded population a depravity of character from which the more thinly inhabited country, though far enough from being immaculate, is comparatively free. Accordingly, we find that the tenure on which the land is owned and tilled—that is, the average condition of the agricultural masses—decides the character of a people. It is true that the compact organization, the control of capital, the concentrated popular talent, the vigorous press, the agitable temperament of the large towns, give them an influence out of proportion to numbers; but this is far less the case in the United States than in most foreign countries where the land is held in large masses by a few powerful land-holders. Divided as it is in this country into small or moderate-sized farms, owned, for the most part, and tilled by a class of fairly educated, independent, and intelligent proprietors, the direct influence of large towns on the entire population is far less considerable than in Europe. Paris can at all times make a revolution in France; but not even your imperial metropolis could make a revolution in the United States. What the public character loses in concentration and energy by this want of metropolitan centralization, is more than gained by the country, in the virtuous mediocrity, the decent frugality, the healthfulness, the social tranquillity of private life.

I trust I do full justice to the elegant refinements, the liberal institutions, the noble charities, the creative industries, the world-encompassing energy, of the cities; but the profuse expenditure of the prosperous, the unfathomed wretchedness of the destitute, the heaven-defying profligacy of the corrupt, the insane spirit of speculation, the frantic haste to become rich, the heartless dissipations of fashionable life, the growing ferocity and recklessness of a portion of the public press, the prevailing worldliness of the large towns, make me tremble for the future. It appears to me that our great dependence, under Providence, must be more and more on the healthy tone of the population scattered over the country, strangers to the excitements, the temptations, the revulsions of trade, and placed in that happy middle condition of human fortune, which is equi-distant from the giddy heights of affluence, power, and fame, and the pinching straits of poverty, and as such most favorable to human virtue and happiness.

While the city is refreshed and renovated by the pure tides poured from the country into its steamy and turbid channels, the cultivation of the soil affords at home that moderate excitement, healthful occupation, and reasonable return which most conduce to the prosperity and employment of man,—first in time, first in importance. The newly-created father of mankind was placed by the Supreme Author of his being in the garden, which the hand of Omnipotence itself had planted, "to dress and to keep it."—Before the heaving bellows had urged the furnace, before a hammer had struck upon an anvil, before the gleaming waters had flashed from an oar, before trade had hung up its scales or gauged its measures, the culture of the soil began.

"To dress the garden and to keep it,"—this was the key-note struck by the hand of God himself in that long, joyous, wailing, triumphant, troubled, pensive strain of life-music which sounds through the generations and ages of our race. Banished from the garden of Eden, man's merciful sentence — at once doom, reprieve, and livelihood—was "to till the ground from which he was taken," and this, in its primitive simplicity, was the occupation of the gathering societies of men. To this wholesome discipline the mighty East, in the days of her ascendancy, was trained; and so rapid was her progress that, in periods anterior to the dawn of history, she had tamed the domestic animals, had saddled the horse, and yoked the ox, and milked the cow, and sheared the patient sheep, and possessed herself of all the cereal grains (with the exception of maize and that controverted), which feed mankind at the present day. I obtained from the gardens of Chatsworth and sent to this country, where they germinated, two specimens of wheat raised from grains supposed to have been wrapped up in Egyptian mummy-clothes, three thousand years ago, and not materially varying from our modern varieties; one of them, indeed, being precisely identical — thus affording us the pleasing assurance that the corn which Joseph placed in Benjamin's sack before the great pyramid was built, was not inferior to the best Genesee of the present day.

Agriculture, I say, was the great pursuit of the primeval East. Before the intellectual supremacy of Greece was developed, which the Macedonian sword slept in its scabbard, before the genius of military domination was incarnate in the Roman legion, while the warlike North yet wandered in her pathless snows, the Persian traveled far on the road to universal conquest and empire. From the Ionian Gulf to the Indus, from the Tanais to the sources of the Nile, a hundred and twenty-seven satraps, in the name of the great king, administered that law of the Medes and Persians which never changed; and throughout this mighty monarchy,—one of the most extensive that ever obeyed one ruler,—next to war, agriculture was the honored pursuit. On this subject the Greek historian Xenophon has preserved to us a charming anecdote. On a certain occasion, one of those half-mythical Persian sovereigns, into whose personal history the philosophers of Greece delighted to weave their highest conceptions of royal polity, Cyrus the Younger, received Lysander, the envoy of the Grecian allies, at Sardis; and conducting him into the royal grounds, pointed out the beauty of the plantations, the straight avenues of trees, their rectangular disposition, and the fragrant shrubbery that shaded the walks.

"Truly," cried the Spartan warrior, unused to these delightful but manly refinements, "I admire the beautiful scene, but much more should I admire the artist by whose skill it was created."—Cyrus, pleased with this commendation, exclaimed, "It was all laid out and measured by myself, and a portion of the trees planted by my own hands." The astonished Lacedæmonian chieftain, looking up at Cyrus, arrayed, as was and is the fashion of the East, in royal purple, his arms and fingers sparkling with rings and bracelets, and his robes exhaling perfumes, exclaimed, "You have planted these trees with your own hands?" "Yes, by heavens," cried Cyrus, "nor do I ever go to my dinner till I have earned my appetite by some military or agricultural exercise." The Spartan saw in these manly, strength-giving, life-giving gymnastics, the secret of the power which for the time had mastered the world, and, clasping the hands of the virtuous prince, exclaimed, "Justly hast thou prospered, O, Cyrus! thou art fortunate because thou deservest to be."

The Persian sank beneath the sword of the Macedonian, whose short-lived empire fell with its youthful founder. Had Alexander the Great planted trees in the intervals of his wars, and drank water, like Cyrus, he might have lived to establish the most extensive empire which the world has yet seen. But a new portent of conquest was springing up in the West, on the frugal acres of Etruria and Latium. That Cincinnatus who drove the Æqui and Volsci from the gates of Rome; that Paulus Æmilius who led the last king of Macedonia with his family in triumph up the steps of the Capital; that Scipio who, at Zama, forever broke the power of Carthage; those iron-handed, iron-hearted consuls who conducted the Roman legions over degenerated Greece, and fiery Africa, and effeminate Asia—in the intervals of war and conquest tilled their little Latian farms. That stern censor, who first made the name of austere frugality synonymous with Cato, wrote a treatise on the cultivation of the soil; and so sure was a great Roman chief, in the best days of the republic, to be found at his farm, that the sergeants-at-arms sent by the Senate to summon them to the command of legions and the conquest of nations, were technically called *viatores*, "travelers."

At length the Roman civilization perished, and a new one, resting on the morality of the gospel and the hardy virtues of the northern races, took its place, and has subsisted, with gradual modifications, to the present day. Its first political development was in the land tenures of the feudal system, and it still rests on the soil. Notwithstanding the great multiplication of pursuits in modern times, the perfection of the useful and the fine arts, the astonishing expansion of commercial, manufacturing and mechanical industry, agriculture has kept pace with the other occupations of society, and continues to be the foundation of the social system. The tenure, cultivation, and produce of the soil still remain the primary interests of the community.* The greatest political philosopher and most consummate statesman of modern Europe, Edmund Burke, who saw further than his countrymen into the cloudy future which hung over the close of the eighteenth century, at the meridian of his life, and while most engrossed in public business, purchased a large farm. "I have," says he, in a letter written to a friend in that most critical year of English politics, 1769, "just made a push with all I could collect of my own and the aid of my friends, to cast a little root in the country. I have purchased about six hundred acres of land in Buckinghamshire, about twenty-four miles from London. It is a place exceedingly pleasant, and I propose, God willing, to become a farmer in good earnest." This his purpose he carried into effect, and adhered to it to the end of his life. Those immortal orations, which revived in the British Senate the glories of the ancient eloquence, were meditated in the retirement of Beaconsfield; and there also were composed those all but inspired appeals and expostulations, which went to the heart of England and Europe in the hour of their direst peril, and did so much to expose the deformity and arrest the progress of that godless philosophy,—specious, arrogant, hypocritical and sanguinary, — which, with liberty and equality on its lips, and plunder, and murder, and treason, in its heart, waged deadly war on France and mankind, and closed a professed crusade for republican freedom by the establishment of a military despotism.

A greater than Burke in this country, our own peerless Washington, with a burden of public care on his mind such as has seldom weighed upon any other person — conscious, through a considerable part of his career, that the success not only of the American Revolution, but of the whole great experiment of republican government, was dependent in no small degree upon his course and conduct—yet gave throughout his life, in time of peace, more of his time and attention, as he himself in one of his private letters informs us, to the superintendence of his agricultural operations, than to any other subject. "It will not be doubted," says he, in his last annual message to Congress—7th of December, 1796—"that, with reference either to

* The first of the following extracts is copied from the Boston Traveler, of the 23d of September, 1857; the second, from a recent number of the London Illustrated News. I have no means of verifying the accuracy of the statements.

"AGRICULTURE AT THE WEST.—The scarcity of labor, and the enterprise of the emigrants and speculators, has led to the introduction of more labor-saving machinery upon the farms in our Western States, than anywhere in the world. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Daily Gazette says, among other improvements, steam power threshing machines are fast coming into use. The writer describes one he had just seen in operation on the farm of Dr. Watts, in Chillicothe. The wheat fields on this farm cover, the present year, three hundred and eighty-seven acres; which have produced some eight or ten thousand bushels of grain. He found the threshing ground very much like a village of straw-ricks, in the midst of which was a puffing engine, making the wheels of a machine fly, while men, horses, oxen and wagons were kept busy supplying its wants.—The machine, and three men to tend it, are furnished for five cents a bushel threshed. The consumption of wood is about one and a quarter cords per day, at two dollars and a half per cord. The price of farm labor there is now one dollar per day and board.

The machine, when in active operation, threshed two bushels a minute, and on an average threshes seven hundred bushels a day. This is the work of seventy men in the old way of threshing by flail. The proprietor of the machine had more applications than he could supply, and his next engagements were for fifteen hundred acres of grain, owned by five proprietors, and yet this is not one of the great wheat counties of the State. Agricultural machinery of all kinds is extending rapidly through the West. The county of Pickaway now employs three hundred and fifty mowing and reaping machines. Some of the interior counties have great manufacturing establishments for this machinery."

"A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says that, being in Rock county, Wisconsin, in the middle of August, 1857, he went up to the top of a hill called Mount Zion, six miles from Janesville, and counted on the surrounding plain one hundred and fifty four horse-power reaping machines, busily cutting down wheat. There were a thousand men, women and boys following, binding and shocking up the golden sheaves. It was a sight worth seeing to behold the grain falling and gathered up at the rate of two hundred acres per hour."

* "That description of property (landed property) is in its nature the firm base of every stable government."—*Burke's Letters on a Regicide Peace.*

individual or national welfare, agriculture is of primary importance. In proportion as nations advance in population and other circumstances of maturity, this truth becomes more apparent, and renders the cultivation of the soil more and more an object of public patronage. * * * Among the means which have been employed to this end, none have been attended with greater success than the establishment of boards, charged with collecting and diffusing information, and enabled, by premiums and small pecuniary aids, to encourage and assist a spirit of discovery and improvement." On the 10th of December, 1799, Washington addressed a long letter to the manager of his farms—the last elaborate production of his pen—transmitting a plan, drawn up on thirty written folio pages, containing directions for their cultivation for several years to come. In seven days from the date of this letter his own venerated form was "sown a natural body, to be raised a spiritual body."

Nearly all the successors of Washington in the Presidency of the United States, both the deceased and the living, passed or are passing their closing years in the dignified tranquillity of rural pursuits. One of the most distinguished of them, Mr. Jefferson, invented the hill-side plow. Permit me also to dwell for a moment on the more recent example of the four great statesmen of the North, the West, and the South—whose names are the boast and the ornament of the last generation—Adams, Calhoun, Clay and Webster,— who forgot the colossal anxieties, the stern contentions, the herculean labors and the thankless sacrifices, of the public service, in the retirement of the country, and the calm and healthful pursuits of agriculture. One of these four great men it was not my fortune personally to behold in the enjoyment of these calm and rational pleasures, but I well remember hearing him say, with a radiant countenance, that there was nothing in the triumphs or honors of public life so grateful to his feelings as his return to his home in Carolina, at the close of the session of Congress, when every individual on his plantation, not excepting the humblest, came out to bid him welcome and to receive the cordial pressure of his hand.

I was often the witness of the heartfelt satisfaction which Mr. Adams enjoyed on his ancestral acres, especially in contemplating the trees planted by himself, thousands of which are now scattered over the estate. While he ministered in this way to the gratification and service of other times, he felt that he was discharging no small portion of the debt which each generation owes to its successors. Adopting a tree as the device of his seal, he added to it, as the expressive motto, the words which Cicero quotes with approbation from an ancient Latin poet, *Alteri sæculo*. Mr. Adams took particular pleasure in watching the growth of some white maples, the seeds of which he had gathered as they dropped from the parent trees in front of that venerable hall in Philadelphia which echoed to his honored father's voice in the great argument of American Independence. At Ashland, in 1829, I rode over his extensive farm, with the illustrious orator and statesman of the West; and as the "swinish multitude," attracted by the salt which he liberally scattered from his pocket, came running about us, in the beautiful woodland pasture, carpeted with that famous Kentucky blue grass, he good-humoredly compared them to the office-seekers, who hurry to Washington, at the commencement of the administration, attracted by the well-flavored relish of a good salary. Mr. Webster, reposing on his farm, at Marshfield, from the toils of the forum, and the conflicts of the Senate, resembled the mighty ocean, which he so much loved, which, after assaulting the cloudy battlements of the sky, with all the seething artillery of his furious billows, when the gentle south-west wind slugs truce to the elemental war, calls home his rolling mountains to their peaceful level, and mirrors the gracious heavens in his glassy bosom.

The culture of the soil has, in all ages been regarded as an appropriate and congenial occupation for declining life. Cicero, in his admirable treatise on "Old Age," speaking in the person of Cato the Elder, to whom I have already referred, when he comes to consider the pleasures within the reach of the aged, gives the most prominent place to those which may be enjoyed in agricultural pursuits. These, he adds, are not impaired by the advance of years, and approach, as near as possible, to the ideal "life of the Wise Man."—Guided by the light of nature, he contemplated with admiration that "power," as he calls it, of the earth, by which it is enabled to return to the husbandman, with usury, what was committed to its trust. It belongs to us, favored with a knowledge of the spiritual relations of the universe not vouchsafed to the heathen world, to look upon agriculture in higher aspects, especially in the advance of life; and as we move forward ourselves toward the great crisis of our being, to catch an intelligent glimpse of the grand *arcana* of nature, as exhibited in the creative energy of the terrestrial elements,— the suggestive mystery of the quickening seed, and the sprouting plant;—the resurrection of universal nature from her wintry grave.

A celebrated sceptical philosopher of the last century—the historian Hume—thought to demolish the credibility of the Christian Revelation, by the concise argument, "It is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true, but not contrary to experience that testimony should be false." The last part of the proposition, especially in a free country, on the eve of a popular election, is, unhappily, too well founded; but in what book-worm's dusty cell, tapestried with the cobwebs of ages, where the light of real life and nature never forced its way;—in what pedant's school, where deaf ears listen to dumb lips, and blind followers are led by blind guides,—did he learn that it is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true? Most certainly he never learned it from sower or reaper,—from dumb animal, or rational man connected with husbandry—poor Red Jacket off here on Buffalo Creek, if he could have comprehended the terms of the proposition, would have treated it with scorn. Contrary to experience that phenomena should exist which we cannot trace to cause perceptible to the human sense, or conceivable by human thought? It would be much nearer the truth to say that within the husbandman's experience there are no phenomena which can be rationally traced to anything but the instant energy of creative power.

Did this philosopher ever contemplate the landscape at the close of the year, when seeds, and grains, and fruits have ripened, and stalks have withered and leaves have fallen, and winter has forced her icy curb even into the roaring jaws of Niagara, and sheeted half a continent in her glittering shroud, and all this teeming vegetation and organized life are locked in cold and marble obstruction; and, after week upon week and month upon month have swept with sleet, and chilly rain, and howling storm, over the earth, and riveted their bolts upon the door of nature's sepulchre;—when the sun at length begins to wheel in higher circles through the sky, and softer winds to breathe over melting snows,—did he ever behold the long hidden earth at length appear, and soon the timid grass peep forth, and anon the autumnal wheat begin to paint the field, and velvet leaflets to burst from purple buds, throughout the reviving forest; and then the mellow soil to open its fruitful bosom to every grain and seed dropped from the planter's hand, buried but to spring up again, clothed with a new mysterious being; and then, as more fervid suns inflame the air, and softer showers distil from the clouds, and gentler dews string their pearls on twig and tendril, did he ever watch the ripening grain and fruit, pendent from stalk and vine, and tree; the meadow, the field, the pasture, the grove, each after its kind, arrayed in myriad-tinted garments, instinct with circulating life; seven millions of counted leaves on a single tree,* each of which is a system whose exquisite complication puts to shame the shrewdest cunning of the human hand; every planted seed and grain, which had been loaned to the earth compounding its pious usury thirty, sixty, a hundred fold,—all harmoniously adapted to the sustenance of living nature,—the bread of a hungry world; here a tilled cornfield, whose yellow blades are nodding with the food of man; there an unplanted wilderness,—the great Father's farm,—where he "who hears the raven's cry" has cultivated with his own hand, his merciful crop of berries, and nuts, and acorns, and seeds, for the humbler families of animated nature—the solemn elephant, the browsing deer, the wild pigeon, whose fluttering caravan darkens the sky; the merry squirrel, who bounds from branch to branch, in the joy of his little life;—has he seen all this,—does he see it every year and month and day,—does he live, and move, and breathe, and think, in this atmosphere of wonder,—himself the greatest wonder of all, whose smallest fibre and faintest pulsation is as much a mystery as the blazing glories of Orion's belt,— and does he still maintain that a miracle is contrary to experience? If he has, and if he does, then let him go, in the name of Heaven, and say that it is contrary to experience, that the August Power which turns the clods of the earth into the daily bread of a thousand million souls could feed five thousand in the wilderness!

One more suggestion, my friends, and I relieve your patience. As a work of art, I know few things more pleasing to the eye, or more capable of affording scope and gratification to a taste for the beautiful, than a well situated, well cultivated farm. The man of a refinement will hang with never-wearied gaze on a landscape by Claude or Salvator; the price of a section of the most fertile land in the West would not purchase a few square feet of the canvas on which these great artists have depicted a rural scene. But nature has forms and proportions beyond the painter's skill; her divine pencil touches the landscape with living lights and shadows, never mingled on his pallet,—What is there on earth which can more entirely charm the eye or gratify the taste, than a noble farm! It stands upon a southern slope, gradually rising with variegated ascent from the plain, sheltered from the north-western winds by woody heights, broken here and there with moss-covered boulders, which impart variety and strength to the outline. The native forest has been cleared from the greater part of the farm, but a suitable portion carefully tended, remains in wood for economical purposes, and to give picturesque effect to the landscape. The eyes range round three-fourths of the horizon over a fertile expanse,—bright with the cheerful waters of a rippling stream, a generous river, or a gleaming lake;—dotted with hamlets, each with its modest spire;—and, if the farm lies in the vicinity of the coast, a distant glimpse from the high grounds, of the mysterious, everlasting sea, completes the prospect. It is situated off the high road, but near enough to the village to be easily accessible to the church, the school-house, the post office, the railroad, a sociable neighbor, or a traveling friend. It consists in due proportion of pasture and tillage, meadow and woodland, field and garden.

A substantial dwelling, with everything for convenience and nothing for ambition,—with the fitting appendages of stable, and barn, and corn-barn, and other farm-buildings, not forgetting a spring house with a living fountain of water,—occupies, upon a gravelly knoll, a position well chosen to command the whole estate. A few acres on the front, and on the sides of the dwelling, set apart to gratify the eye with the choicer forms of rural beauty, are adorned with a stately avenue, with noble solitary trees, with graceful clumps, shady walks, a velvet lawn, a brook murmuring over a pebbly bed, here and there a grand rock, whose cool shadow at sunset streams across the field; all displaying, in the real loveliness of nature, the original of those landscapes of which art in its perfection strives to give us the counterfeit presentment. Animals of select breed, such as Paul Potter, and Morland, and Landseer, and Rosa Bonheur never painted, roam the pastures, or fill the hurdles and the stalls; the plow walks in rustic majesty across the plain, and opens the genial bosom of the earth to the sun and air; nature's holy sacrament of seed-time is solemnized beneath the vaulted cathedral sky; silent dews, and gentle showers, and kindly sunshine, shed their sweet influence on the teeming soil; springing verdure clothes the plain; golden wavelets, driven by the west wind, run over the joyous wheat-field; the tall maize flaunts in her crispy leaves and nodding tassels;—while we labor and while we rest, while we wake and while we sleep, God's chemistry, which we cannot see, goes on beneath the clods; myriads and myriads of vital cells, ferment with elemental life; germ and stalk, and leaf and flower, and silk and tassel, and grain and fruit, grow up from the common earth;— the mowing machine and reaper—mute rivals of human industry—perform their gladsome task; the well-piled wagon brings home the ripened treasures of the year; the bow of promise fulfilled spans the foreground of the picture, and the gracious covenant is redeemed, that while the earth remaineth, summer and winter, and heat and cold, and day and night, and seed-time and harvest, shall not fail.

*Johnson's Chemistry of Common Life, vol. I. p. 13.

Rural Notes and Items.

MR. EVERETT'S ADDRESS.—In the belief that it will be perused by a great portion of our readers with interest, satisfaction and profit, we devote considerable space to the publication of this able and finished production. Our chief regret is the necessity of deferring several valuable articles from Contributors and Correspondents, but as these will soon appear, it is hoped none of our readers will complain of receiving "too much of a good thing" this week. Thanks to Special Contributors and other friends, we have on hand and are receiving an unusual number of excellent articles, with which the various departments of the RURAL will ere long be enriched.

POTATOES ROTTING.—We continue to hear complaints from all parts of the country that the potatoes are rotting badly. The disease seems to have progressed rapidly since digging commenced. One field of about ten acres, all high and dry, and with a sandy soil, which we examined about three weeks since, when digging was commenced, appeared pretty free from rot, not more than one per cent. being affected. The owner now informs us that every day seemed to add to the proportion of rotten potatoes, until at the close of harvesting full ten per cent were rotten. In our market, in consequence, they are increasing in price, and now range from five to six shillings per bushel. Housekeepers are afraid to lay in their winter's supply, as many who have done so have lost the whole.

THE FAILURE OF THE POTATO CROP IN ENGLAND.—The London Star of Oct. 6th says that the anticipations which had up to that time prevailed of a plentiful crop of potatoes in that country had been suddenly dispelled. The Star says:—"Within the last few weeks, however, the rot has manifested itself in the most extraordinary manner. Hundreds of acres will not pay for the digging, as the potatoes, although looking very well when first taken out of the ground, in 24 hours are unfit for use.—Unfortunately this sudden manifestation of the disease is not confined to any particular district, but seems very general. This is very sad intelligence for the poor, as it will practically put this valuable esculent beyond their reach. Fortunately, however, we have had a plentiful harvest."

TAKE CARE OF THE STOCK.—November has arrived and will doubtless bring his usual supply of cold, raw winds, sleet and snow, and it behooves each farmer to look well to the interests of his stock, as, at the same time, he will be paying particular attention to his own pecuniary good. This is a trying month for domestic animals, and should they lose flesh now it will be "up-hill work" to recover condition before spring. A little extra labor and care will be well repaid.

A GOOD YIELD.—SELAH VOSBURGH, of Alabama, Genesee Co., has been trying the Blue Mercer Potato on a small scale, and gives his experience as follows:—"Last fall I was at Medina Depot and saw there a quantity of fine looking potatoes, called Blue Mercers. I took three of them home, and planted them this spring. This fall harvested and measured the product, and had two bushels and a peck from the three potatoes. Soil a sandy loam."

"BE KIND TO YOUR HORSES," says a writer in the Ohio Cultivator, and proceeds to argue the wherefore in this sensible wise:—"In the course of my life I have seen a good many horses, some, too, that were called ugly horses. Now, it is my opinion that there is no use of owning what might be called an ugly horse. Use the whip and spur less, and in their place put kindness. Three grains of kindness are worth all the whips and spurs in the world in breaking a colt. There are a great many horses injured for want of kindness. This I am sure no one will pretend to deny. The colt has never been handled. The man, with several others to help him, drives the colt into the stable. He then forces a bit into his mouth, and if there is one among them that dares, he jumps upon his back, well armed with a stout whip, and very often a spur; these he does not forget to use. He clings to the colt's back as long as he is able, but is finally thrown off. He tries again and again, until, completely exhausted, the colt is obliged to yield, that is for the time being. Is this the way to break colts? No, to be sure it is not. The golden rule will apply here as well as anywhere. So be kind to your horses, my gentle friends."

IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR must be a trite principle as a base for operations, else its fallacy would have been recorded long ago. Acting upon the suggestion, the watchful farmer will look to his root-pits, or root-cellars—to the home of his animals, and last, though not least, to the home of his family, and will stop every crevice so that the most searching wind will not be able to discover any "port of entry." The laggard will probably "take no thought of the morrow," and will defer action until, in his own good time, it is deemed necessary. We are fearful that those who attempt to counteract the coquetting of JACK after his arrival, will find plenty of work to do with very little time to do it in; while the result may be reckoned up—frozen potatoes, pinched and poverty-stricken stock, corporeal system about zero, mental organization anything but cool. If ever a woman has a "right" to *scold*, it is when she is so unfortunate as to be *tied* to a man who is forever "putting off till to-morrow what should be done to-day." If it were our misfortune to be thus bound, we would give the "unruly member" free license to run, and should even be inclined to advocate a *gentle* use of woman's last resort, the ——those who *have heard* the rush it makes when "cleaving the thin air" do not need the mention of its title—those who *have not*, when introduced, will never sigh for a second meeting. Individuals "constitutionally tired," who cannot bear "disturbances of the peace," will take the hint.

AN IRISH FARM.—A late foreign paper says:—The farm now cultivated by Allen Pollock in the West of Ireland consists of 20,000 acres. There are under turnips 2,000 acres; oats 3,000; wheat 1,200; potatoes 400. He has 1,000 head of cattle for stall feeding, 400 working horses, and pays £4,000 monthly in wages. There have been erected on it fifty miles of stone fence.

The Orchard and Garden.

THE HOP TREE.

SOME horticulturists, nurserymen, editors and others, ever alive to novelties, are just now saying and writing a good deal about a Hop Tree found growing in the grounds of a gentleman in Connecticut, and we give an engraving taken from a daguerreotype of the tree. It will be seen from the following extracts that the *tree* is not claimed to be new, but the *value* of the hop-like seed vessels, as a substitute for the genuine hops:—"This species of the hop has long been known and cultivated as an ornamental shade tree, but its utility and superiority over the common hop has not, until recently, been known and acknowledged. It bears the hops in prolific clusters, they are of greater strength and greater flavor; and the tree in every respect combines utility with ornament. All who ever used this hop are said to pronounce it superior to the common variety, a much less quantity answering all the purposes of this article. This tree is said to be hardy, and adapted to any soil or location, and deserves to supersede (as at no distant day it will) the unsightly hop-poles to be seen in many gardens."

We have never seen the tree, but we have tasted the hops from it, and unless our taste is more than usually at fault, it has not one-half the strength of the common hop, and we have not the least idea that it will ever supersede it. It bears its seeds something like the Ailanthus, and in a similar husky covering; and we suppose it to be the *Ptelea tripoliata*, Shrubby Treefoil or Hop Tree, as it has long been called by some. This has been used as a substitute for hops by the pioneer settlers for half a century.

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

WE continue our hints commenced last week, and of which, we hope, all have taken good heed. As long as the ground is open trees and plants may be put out in dry situations. All winter vegetables should now be harvested and saved, if not already done. Beets, carrots, turnips and other roots for table use, place in bins in the cellar. *Cabbage*, where the quantity is not large, may also be kept in the cellar, but will keep well if placed in a trench out of doors, with the roots downwards, covering up the entire stalk with earth. Then cover with straw and boards to keep out the rain. They will also keep if placed in trenches with the roots upwards, and entirely covered with earth, but it is difficult to get them when wanted on account of frost. *Cauliflower* that have not headed, will often form heads in the winter if planted in the cellar. A few barrowfuls of earth will answer for a large number. *Celery* will keep well in the cellar if covered up with dry sand.—*Parsnips* that are needed for winter use should be covered with earth or sand in the cellar. For spring use they should remain in the ground.

Asparagus beds should have a good covering of manure, and a good dressing of manure for the Rhubarb will help it wonderfully. All weeds and such things that would harbor mice should be removed, and trees in orchards where they have proved troublesome, might be protected by tin placed around the tree, or two pieces of drain tile, as before recommended in the RURAL.

THE BEST FRUIT FOR MARKET.

EDS. RURAL:—Please to tell me through the RURAL what would be your plan for improving an acre or two of good soil, lying in easy access by railroad to a good market, so as to gain the largest returns from it in the shortest time. We *thought* of the Lawton Blackberry and Strawberries, as promising as much in this direction as anything we could adopt; but still our inexperience makes us hesitate until we can get an expression of your better judgment. With it give an estimate of the expense as near as practicable of whatever plan you propose. What kinds of fruit, dwarf pears, &c., would be auxiliaries, in this direction?—ONE OF YOUR READERS.— *Hector, N. Y., Sept. 21, 1857.*

REMARKS.—Of course, the fruit-grower must raise such things as will sell readily, and at a good profit, in the market upon which he must depend for his sales. Nothing brings a quicker return than strawberries, and on the whole, few fruits pay better. We have scores of acres of strawberries in and around this city, and a few acres more or less will not affect the price materially. The produce of two acres when taken to a small village, in addition to the former supply, might reduce the price, so as to make it unprofitable to the grower. Strawberry plants put out next spring, (1858,) would give a good crop in the summer of 1859, and if kept clear of weeds and thinned out a little, would yield full crops for two or three seasons after. The price, product, &c., vary so much with circumstances, that we dislike to give an estimate of profits, but with anything like fair treatment, and good sales $100 profit per acre, would be realized.

We think favorably of the *New Rochelle* or *Lawton Blackberry* as a market fruit. It is a fine looking berry, and bears very large crops, but in many places it would have to compete with the wild blackberry, which can be had for the picking, and though inferior to the New Rochelle in size is certainly equal to it in flavor. When we have more experience with it we shall be able to speak more decidedly. For either of the above, the ground will require only ordinary tillage. We would sub-soil for any fruit crop. Strawberries should be planted about three feet each way, and at this distance an acre will require 4,840 plants. The best market sorts can be bought at the nurseries at about $10 per thousand. Blackberries should be planted at from six to eight feet. Planters disagree as to the distance. At six feet, 1,200 plants will be required for an acre, and at eight feet 680. The plants are advertised at $15 per hundred, and in large quantities can be procured at lower rates. From these figures our correspondent and all others can calculate the cost.

Our opinion is that nothing will pay better than raising pears on dwarf trees. In the last RURAL, T. G. YEOMANS, of Walworth, gives his experience in pear culture, on dwarf trees, in which he shows a profit of over $200 this year on one-third of an acre, from trees only six years planted; and over $500 from one acre and one-third. The variety he cultivates is the Duchesse de Angouleme. The Louise Bonne de Jersey, is equally as productive and valuable. There are several other varieties, which we would recommend, but he who commences with these two sorts will certainly be safe. An orchard of dwarf pear trees we would plant at least eight feet apart. Mr. YEOMANS' trees we think stand ten feet apart. At eight feet apart 680 trees will be required for an acre, and at ten feet 430.—Fine two year old dwarf trees can now be bought at from $20 to $25 per hundred, by the quantity. This is the best age for planting.

Quinces, though so much neglected, are well worthy of attention. They keep well, may be shipped to any distance safely, and are in great demand at the West, and all places where fruit is scarce. A farmer recently informed us that he had educated his children on half an acre of quinces.

Wherever the Isabella Grape will ripen well, they should be grown, as nothing will pay better. An acre of good Isabella grapes well planted and trained, is better than $5,000 in any bank in the world. We hope these hints will afford our correspondent all the information he needs.

CULTURE OF THE GRAPE.

EDS. RURAL:—I wish to inquire through the RURAL how to manage a vineyard from the commencement of breaking of the soil to the gathering of the grapes if there should be any, what kind of soil, hilly or level, and how facing, and how to make most out of them when gathered, and what the cost of preparing per acre of soil, and cost of slips or cuttings.—NEW BEGINNER, *Snowville, Va., Oct., 14, 1857.*

REMARKS.—The grape flourishes on any soil, and any decent situation, though low lands, river bottoms and valleys are the most unfavorable. They are subject to late vernal frosts, which are sometimes disastrous to the tender young shoots of the vine, and are also liable to early frosts in the autumn. The soil in such situation is sometimes too rich in vegetable matter, and unless underlaid with gravel is apt to be injuriously moist. Still, we have never seen better grapes than those grown in what might be called a valley, in this section of the State, almost surrounded with high and sheltering hills. Hill-sides are generally preferred, and perhaps the majority select those with a southern exposure, though some prefer those sloping eastwardly, and still others claim that a western exposure offers superior advantages. Mr. LONGWORTH says a southern exposure is often too hot. Some even prefer a northern slope on account of their immunity from spring frosts, where the buds are not forced so early as in more sunny situations.—In this locality, where we need all the sun we can get to ripen the fruit, we should select a southern exposure, if possible, and next to this an eastern.

Having selected the situation, the next thing is the preparation of the soil. If at all wet it must be thoroughly drained. Then it should be broken up to the depth of two feet, and thoroughly manured, unless naturally very rich. In Western New York we raise the Isabella grape, principally for market, and plant them some twelve to sixteen feet apart each way, and train on trellises. In the neighborhood of Cincinnati the Catawba is cultivated principally for wine, and are planted about four feet each way and trained on poles. At twelve feet apart it will take about 300 plants for an acre, and they can be bought at about $12 per hundred. The large vine-growers generally plant the cuttings, putting two in each place where it is designed to have a vine. After they have grown one year, if both lives, one is removed. At four feet apart each way 2,762 cuttings will plant an acre, but if two is planted, double this number will be required. These cuttings are advertised by the Cincinnati nurserymen at from $2 to $2 50 per thousand.

The cost of planting an acre will depend a good deal upon the ground. If steep it will have to be terraced or "*benched*." Mr. LONGWORTH says he has had many acres terraced, trenched and planted in cuttings at from $75 to $85 per acre. Others give the cost much higher, even as high as $300. In planting the vine it should be remembered that we plant for a life-time, and therefore it is important that the work from the commencement should be done in the most thorough manner—especially the preparation of the ground, which is the foundation. Unless this is well done, all future efforts will result in failure.

Our growers of Isabellas put them up carefully in pasteboard boxes, and sell at from 10 to 15 cents per pound. Any one with proper management can realize from $300 to $500 from an acre of Isabellas, and some of our growers obtain twice this amount. We see many statements of the profits of wine-making, ranging from $200 to more than $400 per acre.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TWILIGHT WATCHERS.

BY CLARA P. YAWGER.

Oh Woman! fond watcher of twilight's dim hour!
Alike from the castle, the cottage, and bower,
With love and devotion that deathlessly yearn,
Thou watchest at twilight, thy dear one's return.

Thou *trustingly* watchest, at day's dreary close
For footsteps familiar—the footsteps of those
Who homeward are hastening, with care wearied breast,
From life's busy scenes, to the haven of rest.

One watches at twilight—a happy young bride—
For the steps of her lover, her lord, and her pride,
And hastens with transport *his* coming to greet,
Who asks for no heaven—while home is so sweet.

One gazes, heart-broken, through gathering tears,
And sighs, as a footstep unsteady she hears;
And thinks of the twilights of rapture—long fled—
The hopes fondly cherished—all blasted and dead.

One listens a moment—then shrieks with a start,
As consciousness wildly comes back to her heart—
The feet *she* was wont to greet home with the shade,
In Death's darksome dungeon, forever are stayed.

The gentle-browed matron, looks forth—as the sun
Sinks to rest—and the stars glimmer out, one by one—
And smiles, as she catches the gay, skipping sound,
Of feet that are flying, her hearth to surround.

A fair maiden listens—with rose-tinted cheek—
And eyes telling more than the lips ever speak—
Alas! she will watch till the stars cease to burn,
But the feet of the *faithless* will never return.

Spring Port, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A GREETING TO HOUSEWIVES.

Thrifty Housewives!—you who pride yourselves upon looking well to the ways of your household—to you I send this abrupt greeting.

Much has been written and with due emphasis read, by husbands and fathers, to young ladies who step from boarding schools into their establishments—from the piano stool to the head of the table—to both places conducted by fond parents with unflagging zeal to see them "accomplished" and "settled." Upon this class of unfortunates, I say, rain torrents of homilies. But to "excellent managers," *I* have a word to say. You who have a finger in every pie made in your houses, are you aware that you spend much time in your kitchens to the annoyance and discouragement of your servants, which might be better spent upon your children, your neighbors, or yourselves, in the way of reformation? Are you aware that you spoil every good servant you get by taking her business out of her hands and off her mind? Do you not often wonder why they grow negligent and disrespectful? why they "keep slacking off and slacking off, until you really don't know what you *shall* do?" Alas! could the petty vexations and great troubles of those dependant upon you be "set down and conned by rote," and made the subject of discussion among you as their faults are, you would realize that the error is often in yourselves. Do you ever reflect upon the sighs your tyranny may have drawn from the hearts of those whose only crime was poverty? Do you ever reflect upon the tempers you may have spoiled by indulging your own fault-finding ones? Do you ever think how many you may have made dishonest by treating them as if they were not to be trusted with things in ordinary use? If it be true that we may make men good or bad, by treating them with confidence or suspicion, how are poor ignorant girls, mostly foreigners, with the sad "heart of the stranger," to rise above the level to which you often degrade them by uncharitableness, and resist temptation to do the wrong of which they are presupposed guilty? If it were the custom as has been suggested for servants to require "a character" of their mistresses, how would their own list of faults be counterbalanced by those set down against their employers! If Bridget were certified to be good-natured and capable, but negligent, slovenly, and careless of her mistress' orders, would not Mrs. Smith figure as "a scold, unreasonable, suspicious," in the habit of "locking up things," of taking everything nice off the table when she left it and disregarding her servants' comfort generally? We should have characters of some people that would surprise us, and perhaps make themselves as shamefaced as some of the poor girls who present their "characters" at our doors. We should see the noisy machinery which produces such landed results in the establishments of "smart women," house-keepers "neat as way," &c., &c.

It is not my desire to depreciate cleanliness, or anything in house-keeping which is conducive to comfort. I like order, neatness, and the "height of fine living"—and I have a great aversion, natural and cultivated, to eating anything common or unclean—but an occasional pinch from the "peck" allowed us by common consent, is nothing in comparison with the annoyances generally attendant upon efforts to be unusually nice. But that such annoyances, such disquiet, are necessary concomitants I do not believe. I have had a little experience in house-keeping "myself," and have not found it a very difficult matter to have order and neatness perceptible, and comfort *felt* at the same time. The requisites to a successful superintendance of domestic affairs are the same as in any office of command—forethought and resolution.—Make rules and adhere to them firmly—and, for comfort's sake *quietly*. When you issue a command, exact obedience at the precise time specified, and if Biddy forgets or neglects it, make her "drop down the shovel and the hoe" or whatever she may be engaged in and repair her fault. A few days of such discipline will teach her to *remember*, by putting the annoyances of her negligence upon her own shoulders, where, of course, they belong. But treat her at the same time as if she were a rational, accountable being, and "worthy of her hire." X.

Greece, N. Y., 1857.

The garden of the heart is capable of producing, under good culture, everything beautiful in humanity, while neglected, it is choked up with every kind of rank and poisonous weed. The gentle hand of woman is best adapted to the task of sowing good seed and rearing beautiful flowers.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A LETTER ABOUT LETTERS.

Dear Rural:—I have been looking over old letters to-day, and the well-worn missives of love bring back such a host of olden recollections, that I fain would send you a few extracts from those relics of other days. Do you not remember the first letter you ever received from home?—how in your eager haste you thought the envelop never would come off, and the tears blinded your eyes so you could scarcely read those loving words which each member of the home-circle kindly sent to you, poor, absent, home-sick child? I have before me now my first letter from home, and though years have passed since then, I have a distinct recollection of the many tears I shed over that first letter, and how as I read the lines, "Keep up good spirits, do not feel lonely at all, but write very often," I would have given anything to see *home* again, and throw my arms around my mother's neck once more.

The first letter from home! I tell you, no other letter in the world could ever seem like it — none half so precious; and I never hear it mentioned without picturing to myself the little girl of twelve years old, crying over her first letter from home.

Here is an epistle, written in a round, school-boy's hand. That is from brother G., I know at a glance. Would you like to hear what he says?—"In the first place, 'the old folks at home' are all well. C.'s here, 'Jenny Lind' came off with eight plump chickens three weeks ago, and they are very large now. But this is not all of our hen-luck. My hen, the Hon. Madame 'Pet,' came off yesterday with a brood of nine chickens—and J.'s hen, 'Polly' is sitting on eleven eggs. And now, dear sister, if you do not think it will flatter your vanity too much, I will pick out one of my handsomest chickens, and name it after you. Willie has learned his A—B—C's, and little J. is dressed in pants."

Now, do not laugh, Dear Rural, when I say that this last letter pleased me more than the most profound essay ever penned by mortal man or woman either, and that for a whole week after, my dreams were haunted by visions of "Jenny Lind's eight plump chickens," and my waking hours spent in wondering how little J. looked in "pants," and whether my handsome namesake favored me any or not.

This good, long, old-fashioned letter is from Grandmother. You may just have a peep at the Postscript. "I send you two pair of woolen stockings, and if they keep you as warm as my feelings are towards you, I think you will be very comfortable." And so they did, I assure you. The letter I have got, but the stockings, alas! have gone the way of all hose. By-the-by, Mr. Editor, I think it would be a good plan if some of our young ladies would lay aside their fancy work, (which is all very well in its place, but sometimes becomes too much of a good thing,) and take up, instead, a pair of knitting needles and a ball of woolen yarn.

Here is a sheet of note paper, neatly folded and written with blue ink, and begins—"My Dear Niece." Let me look again. Yes, it is from Aunt D. "You must be a good girl," she writes, "and may we so live here that we may meet in Heaven, is the prayer of your affectionate Aunt D."

Alas! I am seated here, with the precious document beside me, this October evening, but the Autumn winds are sobbing a mournful requiem over *her new made grave* in the Far West. A few short weeks ago, and she was blessed with life and health, but the hand of disease smote her down, and death claimed the dear one for his own. And then came that sad, sad letter, containing the mournful intelligence of her death. "She was thought to be slowly improving, until one o'clock this morning, when she was suddenly taken worse, and at 9 A. M. quietly passed from life unto death." Ah, rather say, from death unto life—yea, life eternal. For she was a Christian upon earth, and now we trust she is a Saint in Heaven. Mourn not, then, sorrowing ones whom she hath left to tread life's path alone. The crown of gold, the angel-harp, and the robe of white, are hers now. Earth and earthly things are done away. Sorrows and trials are left behind, for in Heaven there is no more sorrow—no more death.

"Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there."

Dear old letters!—how I prize them all. They speak volumes to me, but it would take all night to tell them all, and fearful of tiring you out of all manner of patience, I bring my letter to a close.

If there are imperfections, please excuse.

Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 24, 1857. Winnie William.

PORTRAITURE OF MISS NIGHTINGALE.

She is rather high in stature, fair in complexion and slim in person; her hair is brown, and is worn quite plain; her physiognomy is most pleasing; her eyes, of a bluish tint, speak volumes, and are always sparkling with intelligence; her mouth is small and well formed, while her lips act in unison, and make known the impression of her heart—one seems the reflex of the other. Her visage, as regards expression, is very remarkable, and one can almost anticipate by her countenance what she is about to say; alternately, with matters of the most grave import, a gentle smile passes radiantly over her countenance, thus proving her evenness of temper; at other times, when wit or a pleasantry prevails, the heroine is lost in the happy, good-natured smile which pervades her face, and you recognise only the charming woman. Her dress is generally of a greyish or black tint; she wears a simple white cap, and often a rough apron.—*Soyer's Culinary Campaign.*

Thomas Campbell once said:—"I never like to see my name before the 'Pleasures of Hope;' why, I cannot tell, unless it was that, when young, I was always greeted among my friends as 'Mr. Campbell, author of the Pleasures of Hope,'—'Good morning to you, Mr. Campbell, author of the Pleasures of Hope.' When I got married, I was married as the author of the Pleasures of Hope;' and when I became a father, my son was 'the son of the author of the Pleasures of Hope.'"

It is not great wealth, nor high station, which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both. But it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials, and to enjoy little comforts, and which thus extracts happiness from every incident of life.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AUTUMN.

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

Autumn with her golden fruitage,
Autumn with her burdened vines,
Stands beneath morn's "cloud-banners,"
And is bathed in sunset wines.
Woven in robes of the forests,
Crowning the maples by the door,
Shining in the withered corn-sheaths,
And piled on the threshing floor;—
Thus bears she her matron-colors
Of rich crimson and gleaming gold,
While the sweet calmness of her beauty
Wraps our souls in its holy fold.

Look deep in the hearts of the pansies,
They're half-hidden by faded leaves—
Stand under the tree-boughs and listen
To legends the wind-spirit weaves,
Watch the sunlight dropping half-shadows
Its last warmth on forest and hill,
Bend over the frail vine that is dying
Wreathed round the low window sill—
And there'll come to your heart a feeling,
Stirring its throbs almost to pain,
Likened to the sorrow of parting
With those we never meet again.

Oh, gladness and gloom Autumn waketh
'Mid the deep mysteries of our hearts;
Glad hymns for the plenteous harvest,
Dirges for beauty that departs—
But she stirs our souls by her teachings
Till we grow in high purpose strong,
And gird on anew our armor
For the battle 'gainst Sin and Wrong;—
Feeling that for God's covenant given,—
"Seed-time and harvest shall not fail,"
We should cast off despair and weakness,
And hush sad "humanity's wail."

Charlotte Centre, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AUTUMN REFLECTIONS.

How sad the influence upon the heart!—Everything of life and beauty fading. The very air we breathe comes to us laden with the chilling breath of Autumn. The hues of death are scattered over the face of Nature; every where we turn our anxious eyes, we find decay has marked his victim,—all, all are blighted. The fairy flowers, that danced so lightly in the breeze, bending their dewy blossoms to the blast that laid them low, are dead. The leaves, changed to the brilliant drapery of varied red and yellow, are scattering over earth; and trees, robbed of their garniture, present their naked arms to the wintry winds.

Thus 'tis oft with woman. Unable either by nature, or education, to meet the stern realities of life, the blast of adversity bends the frail blossom low, and when, surpassing all, comes the full evidence of the false friendship of those she held most dear—to meet with cold neglect and scorn when the consolation and sympathy of pitying friends was most needed, is it strange that she should fade and like her counterpart—growing more beautiful as she passed away—become a resident of that "Silent City," from whence none e'er return? And yet the frail blossom breaketh not, but bends gracefully to the earth; and while she breatheth forth her spirit, still hopes on, so hard is it to be convinced of the faithlessness of those we love.

Not so with man,—when cares and losses overtake him in his path through life, like the tall oak he bendeth not, till the fierce tempest comes, when broken by the wild warring of the elements, he sinketh to the ground bereft of hope. Despair seizes its victim with an iron grasp and chains it down till all desire to rise is past, and he, too, sinks into the grave.

Is there no balm for such? no consolation for the wounded heart? Is there no waking for the brilliant flowers that now lie dead? Must these branches which now so wildly wave bereft of leaves, must they ne'er again be covered with the green foliage, which once so thickly clustered there? Yes, the Spring will again return and Nature, so long in chains, will burst her bonds, and from the icy fetters which so late have bound her, will call forth beauties, scattering them over the earth, till desert shall again become a paradise.—Fit emblem of the child of earth; how cheering to his drooping spirit Religion comes, bidding him look beyond the transitory things of time, to a brighter and a better world; and pointing the eye of faith beyond the dark and desolate night, to the dawn that knows no end. Adele.

Seneca Falls, N. Y., 1857.

ATTENTION TO LITTLE THINGS.

Mr. Irving, in his life of Washington, says that this great and good man "was careful of small things," bestowing attention on the minutest affairs of his household as closely as upon the most important concerns of the public. The editor of the Merchant's Magazine, in speaking of this fact, says:—"No man ever made a fortune, or rose to greatness in any department, without being 'careful of small things.' As the beach is composed of grains of sand, as the ocean is made up of drops of water, so the millionaire's fortune is the aggregation of the profits of single adventures, often inconsiderable in amount. Every eminent merchant, from Girard and Astor down, has been noted for his attention to details. Few distinguished lawyers have ever practiced in the courts who have not been remarkable for a similar characteristic. It was one of the most striking peculiarities of the first Napoleon's mind. The most petty details of his household expenses, the most trivial facts relating to his troops, were, in his opinion, as worthy of his attention, as the tactics of a battle, the plans of a campaign, or the revision of a code. Demosthenes, the world's unrivalled orator, was as anxious about his gestures or intonations, as about the texture of his argument or its garniture of words. Before such great examples, and in the very highest walks of intellect, how contemptible the conduct of the small minds who despise small things."

The True Discoverer.—That man is not the discoverer of any art who first says the thing; but he who says it so long, so loud and so clearly that he compels mankind to hear him.—*Sidney Smith.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DIGNITY OF EARNESTNESS AND ENTHUSIASM.

[Thoughts suggested by a witticism alluding to the recent failure to lay the Atlantic Telegraph Cable.]

There is ever enough unemployed talent among men to revolutionize the world, had they the will and the energy to apply it. Men do not so much need increased talent—they have already enough to enable them to achieve much—but they want more decision and earnestness. They are like the steamboat lying idly at its wharf, which has the wood and the water and needs only the fire, to furnish the motive power. So men need the fire of enthusiasm to develop the powers which they possess—they are so timid, so fearful of making mistakes that they stand hesitating whether to act at all. A prudent foresight is commendable, and it is rather provoking to the enthusiastic worker to be ever wielding the hammer and only hitting his own fingers, but the risk must be made, something must be endeavored, or nothing will ever be accomplished. Misdirected energy is better, or at least nobler than indecision and want of purpose. Earnestness is noble, even when wrongly directed—it is only the timid, the doubting and half-hearted, who are contemptible. We *must* honor energy and force, while we can only *pity* weakness, and even that not long, unless under our sympathy it is stimulated to actions worthy of our regard.

There are some idle, listless dreamers, regarding life as a play rather than a battle, who affect to despise those more earnest in their views. They ridicule those who support any new theory, or make new discoveries, as visionaries and enthusiasts.—Such persons commit a great mistake. However absurd the theories of any may seem to us, if they are sincerely believed, they are far above, the ridicule of any. The earnestness of one man should never be made the mere jest of another. The sincere belief of any one should be held sacred from the attacks of ridicule or scorn—it is consecrated ground, the holy circle around the soul where none should lightly or irreverently tread. We may reason with mistaken enthusiasm and endeavor to direct it aright, but we should never ridicule it—it is always worthy of our respect. The shafts of wit should be aimed at the timid and weak-hearted for such only deserve them.

History teaches us to be slow in condemning as absurd an earnest purpose. Every great enterprise has been classed among the impossibilities till time has shown its success. Every great truth has been denounced as heresy, and its advocates have received their due share of reproach till the rising sun has cast its light over it and revealed it. Not till success has crowned their efforts are men honored who first caught a *glimpse* of the truth in the dark and duskiness of the dawning morn. We must be charitable to those who are making, or endeavoring to make new discoveries. It is true, "there is nothing new under the sun;" every truth is as old as creation, but many, very many must yet be discovered, aye, and *will* be just as soon as the sun has risen a little higher and casts his light further! Do we speak of impossibilities and absurd theories? May be *we* have sat down in some shady corner, while others are standing in the broad sunlight. Who shall say that our impossibilities shall not be the *facts* of to-morrow, and our absurd theories admitted truths?

Henrietta, N. Y., 1857. Wm. J. Fowler.

THE TURN OF LIFE.

Between the years of forty and sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes mastery over his business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has formed in early manhood, passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a stand-still. But athwart this is a viaduct called "The Turn of Life," which if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then beyond without a boat or causeway to effect a passage.

The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden, whether it bend or break. Gout and apoplexy, are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveler, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with a fitter staff, and he may trudge in safety, with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, "The Turn of Life," is a turn either into a prolonged walk, or into the grave.—The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin to either close like flowers at sunset or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set in.—*The Science of Life by a Physician.*

Rich is he who owns a farm, for by the same token, he owns a *fleet* besides. There in the azure harbor off his "Eighty" floats a craft; its hull is crimson; its taffrail gleams with gold. It is an argosy of Cloud consigned to him, with all its freight of gentle showers and gracious shades.—Slowly it wears just overhead, and lets an anchor go, and fires a gun, and down on field and woodland comes the precious rain. Rain! It is *no* rain, but grain and fruits and flowers, in crystal cases. It weighs the anchor—slowly bears away. And then the farmer sits within his cabin door, and sees the great ships come and go, and never thinks an hundred sail are all his own.—*Chicago Jour.*

Life's Troubles.—We may compare the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of this life to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once; he mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burdens to our load before we are required to bear it.

WORKING CONSTITUTIONS.

There is perhaps no man living of whom more feats of labor and triumphs over the frail *physique* of humanity are on record, than of Lord Brougham. Legends of this sort have gathered round him like a Hercules. There is a legend that he worked six continuous days—i. e., 144 hours, without sleep; that he then rushed down to his country lodgings, slept all Saturday night, all Sunday, all Sunday night, and was waked by his valet on Monday morning to resume the responsibilities of life, and commence the work of the next week. A man must, of course, have a superhuman constitution, who can do, we will not say this particular feat, which is perhaps mythical, but feats of this class; and probably the greatness of our great men is quite as much a bodily affair as a mental one. Nature has presented them not only with extraordinary minds, but—what has quite as much to do with the matter—with wonderful bodies. What can a man do without a constitution—a working constitution? He is laid on the shelf from the day he is born.—For him no munificent destiny reserves the Great Seal, or the Rolls, or the Chief Justiceship, or the leadership of the House of Commons, the Treasury, or the Admiralty, or the Horse Guards, the Home-office, or the Colonies. The Church may promote him, for it does not signify to the Church whether a man does his work or not, but the State will have nothing to do with the poor constitutionless wretch. He will not rise higher than a Recordership, or a Poor Law Board. "But," somebody will ask, "has that pale, thin man, with a face like parchment, and nothing on his bones, a constitution?" Yes, he has—he has a working constitution, and a ten times better one than you, my good friend, with your ruddy face and your strong, muscular frame. You look, indeed, the very picture of health, but you have, in reality, only a sporting constitution, not a working one. You do very well for the open air, and get on tolerably well with fine, healthy exercise, and no strain on your brain. But try close air for a week—try confinement with heaps of confused papers and books of reference, blue-books, law-books, or despatches to get through, and therefrom extract liquid and transparent results, and you will find yourself knocked up and fainting, when the pale, lean man is—if not "as fresh as a daisy," which he never is, being of a perpetually cadaverous type—at least as unaffected as a bit of leather, and not showing the smallest sign of giving way.

There are two sorts of good constitutions—good idle constitutions, and good working ones. When Nature makes a great man, she presents him with the latter gift. Not that we wish to deprive our great men of their merit. A man must make one or two experiments before he finds out his constitution. A man of spirit and mettle makes the experiment, tries himself, and runs the risk, as a soldier does on the field. A soul is required to make use of the body, but a great man must have a body as well as a soul to work with. Charles Buller, Sir William Molesworth, and others, are instances of men whose bodies refused to support their souls, and were therefore obliged to give up the prize when they had just reached it. And how many hundreds or thousands—if one did but know them—perish in an earlier stage, before they have made any way at all, simply because, though they had splendid minds, they had very poor bodies! Let our lean, cadaverous friend, then, when the laurel surmounts his knotty parchment face, thank Heaven for his body, which, he may depend upon it, is almost as great a treasure as his soul. Nature may not have made him a handsome man, but what does that signify? She has made him a strong one.—*London Times.*

RIVERS AND MEN.

"All rivers, small or large, agree in one character, they like to lean a little on one side; they cannot bear to have their channels deepest in the middle, but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun themselves upon, and another to get cool under; one shingley shore to play over, where they may be shallow, and shore foolish, and child-like, and another steep under which they can pause, and purify themselves, and get their strength of waves fully together for due occasion.

Rivers in this way are just like wise men, who keep one side of their life for play and another for work, and can be brilliant, and chattering, and transparent, when they are at ease, and yet take deep counsel on the other side when they set themselves to their main purpose. And rivers are just in this divided, also, like wicked and good men: the good rivers have serviceable deep places all along their banks, that ships can sail in; but the wicked rivers go scooping irregularly under their banks until they get full of straggling eddies, which no boat can row over without being twisted against the rocks; and pools like wells, which no one can get out of but the water kelpie that lives at the bottom; but, wicked or good, the rivers all agree in having two kinds of sides.—*Ruskin.*

There is a closer bond than that of a common pulse; the bond woven of identical associations. The same trees to dream under, the same hearth to creep to; the same wood to be sprinkled with rainbows; the same meadow for the birds and berries, and the same brook for the angling; the same burial-place for the dead; the like sweet faith for the living—*these* are the things that make that saying true:—"Better is a friend that is near, than a brother afar off." And in that possession of a common past, there is a partnership of heart that is never silent, and never dissolved; a sentiment that gives to "we" and to "ours" a bright and warm significance—bright and warm, even as the sun of a sweet morning in May.

Language is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning flashes of genius, which, unless fixed and arrested, might have been as bright, but would have also been as quickly passing and perishing as the lightning.—*Trench.*

One should be silent, or give utterance to such thoughts as are better worth than silence. Throw a stone at hazard rather than an idle and useless word; and never say *little* in many words, but in few words say much.

The Traveler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Wanderings in Europe.—New Series.

LETTER NO. III.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

The Valley of the Neckar.

WHEN we asked for beds the landlady desired to know how high a price we wished to pay, saying that she had several classes. We did not miss this opportunity to examine the arrangements of a German inn, but requested her to show them all to us. The price of the lowest class was four cents. There were half a dozen beds in one room, which, as one may suppose, was not remarkably well furnished with toilet conveniences nor kept scrupulously free from dirt. The beds, however, looked comfortable, being made of straw, and covered with clean linen sheets. The price of the second class was eight cents, but there was not a proportionate increase in comfort or luxury, and the main difference was that there were fewer beds in one apartment. The third class cost twelve cents. The apartment contained two single beds, and was prettily furnished with chairs, tables, wash-stands, mirrors, foot-carpets, &c. It was clean and neat, and a bunch of fresh flowers stood in a glass on the table. At the fourth and last class the price went up to eighteen cents. The additional six cents was charged, I suppose, on account of the gilt mirrors, and because the room was called the best in the house.

A German bed is worth, perhaps, a description. They commonly consist of a wooden box, raised a few inches from the floor and only wide enough for one person, and so short that an American is tempted to indulge his propensity for elevating his feet to a level with his head, by hoisting them upon the foot-board. Two or three enormous square pillows—occupying about half of the bed—are piled upon one end, and are intended to elevate your body to an angle approaching forty-five degrees.—It takes some time to get accustomed to sleeping in this half-upright position. The wooden box is partly filled with straw, on which is placed a hard mattress, and in winter a sheet, blanket and feather bed, form the covering. Sometimes in the country inns the covering consists only of the feather bed, the under side of which is formed of linen. In moderately cold weather this arrangement becomes a trap, which the traveler will be careful not to be caught in more than once; for in an hour or two the heat of the feather bed becomes intolerable, but as there is no other covering, when it is thrown off, the cold is felt severely enough to drive away sleep.

In the course of our walk through Heilbron, we came to the church of St. Killian, and ascended its tower. Below us was the market-place, filled with the booths of a fair, and the Rathhause stood on one side. While we were looking about, the clocks struck nine, and as we happened to turn our eyes to the large dial on the Rathhause, we saw two gilt rams just below the figures, butt their heads together, and the figure of an angel on one side, wave a wand. When the striking ceased the angel turned an hour-glass which he held in his hand. In one part of the city stands a massive square tower, partly over-run with ivy, in which GOTZ VON BERLICHINGEN was confined. We went in alone, and climbing up a tottering staircase, among cobwebs and dust, entered a little room, where we were surprised to find a complete suit of armor, standing on a pedestal and holding a sword and lance, and a shield on which were the coat of arms we had seen above the tower door in the castle of *Hornberg*. It was very still there. The two or three large flies that were buzzing about, and the faint roar of the town which seemed to jar against the walls, only made the solitude deeper. I felt that no fitter place could be found for that stern iron statue, which once had enclosed a fierce heart and a strong arm, and had glanced foremost in the front of battle, than in that ivy-grown and deserted tower.

Soon after leaving Heilbron, on resuming our journey, we passed through a large building in which sugar is manufactured from beets, but as at that time there were no beets, most of the machinery stood still. The country improved as we advanced. Large fields of wheat stretched away on either hand, and at one time we saw more than fifty women engaged in pulling the weeds therefrom. The road was lined on both sides by magnificent fruit trees, mostly pear and apple, and all in full blossom. Later in the day we entered a more undulating country, and saw forests scattered about in real American style. There were no farm-houses standing alone in the country, but all the buildings were collected into villages. At a village about three miles from *Marbach*, we inquired the way of a peasant in the street, and he told us there was a foot-path leading across the hills, that was much shorter than the main road. We had just got outside of the village when the peasant came running up and told us we had missed the way. He set us right, and we went on in the fresh air of evening, underneath a cloudless and moonlit sky. It was very romantic as there were no buildings in sight, and we could see over a great extent of country. In one place we stretched ourselves beneath a tree on the green turf to rest, and I wondered if SCHILLER had ever lain there when a boy, and gazed up, as we did then, into the starry sky. It may be odd to remark it; but I noticed three things which we did on the way, which, perhaps, were characteristic. One of the party whistled "Yankee Doodle," another repeated Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and the third "trusted to Providence to find a good hotel in Marbach."—We finally went down between two vineyards into the valley and saw the Neckar gleaming in the moonlight, and the shadows of trees in its clear, still waters. The clocks struck nine as we entered the town, and the solemn and beautiful music of a choir, floated out of one of the churches, and broke the silence of evening.

Marbach, the town in which the great poet SCHILLER was born, contains about three thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the Neckar, between two hills, being built partly in the valley and partly on the slope. On one of the hills a small park has been laid out, and named Schiller's Heights, where it is intended to erect a monument to his memory. The house in which the poet was born stands on the side-hill in a populous quarter. It is owned by a baker who purchased and refitted it about ten years ago, and now carries on his business there. There is another house adjoining it, of nearly the same size and general shape, but which apparently has not been altered. That is built as most of the houses of an inferior class are in Southern Germany, of a frame-work of timber filled in with masonry. The roof is of tile. Before the house on the opposite side of the street, is an old stone fountain, ornamented by the figure of a giant carved in stone. The fountain is probably older than the house, and it is interesting to think that the poet must ever have retained a distinct recollection of it as one of the familiar objects of his childhood. On the side of the house is a piece of board with this inscription painted on it:—"Here in this house was born FREDRICH SCHILLER, November 10th, 1759." We entered and found a woman kneading dough on a long table, and on our asking to see the room in which SCHILLER was born, she told us we were then standing in it. The room was the one commonly occupied by the family, and the only thing of interest in it, was a small bookcase which contained a worn copy of poems and songs written on SCHILLER by GOETHE, UHLAND, SCHWAB, and others; also, a copy of the poet's works, and the Stranger's Album, which ran back fifteen years. There were but few English names, and but three or four of Americans in it. On the top of the bookcase was a small bust of SCHILLER.

We resumed our journey along the Valley, walking over beautiful flowery meadows, and finally crossed the Neckar on a clumsy bridge of boats, and in half an hour entered Ludwigsburg. There is a fine palace and park in this town, which, however, is not occupied by the King, but is converted into a military station. The road which we followed from there to Stuttgart, led through a beautiful and fertile country. We entered the city about dark and walked slowly through several streets in search of a hotel. We had become perfectly indifferent to the curiosity of the people, and our knapsacks felt just as comfortable on our backs in the midst of a crowded square as they had on the loneliest spot of our wanderings. I recollect that in crossing a market-place where there were many persons, something ludicrous attracted our attention, and we stopped suddenly and burst into loud laughter, though at the same time there was many a face around us that was broadening into mirth at our own appearance.

We spent a day in Stuttgart, and strolled about just as our fancy led us. The new palace is very fine and large, but the parks round about it will bear much improvement. The drives and promenades extend to Constadt, three miles distant, where the King has a summer house. In the forenoon we visited the picture gallery which is open to all without charge. Many from the lowest orders of the people were evidently looking at the pictures with great interest. The most famous work of art in Stuttgart is the statue of SCHILLER in bronze, modeled by THORWALDSDEN. The poet is represented in a thoughtful position. One hand, holding a half open book, hangs by his side, and the other is crossed over his breast. His head is inclined forward, and his left foot thrown a little in advance.

THE KINGDOM OF SIAM.

THIS country, which is beginning to attract more particularly than heretofore the attention of the civilized world, is situated in the southeastern part of Asia, near British India, from which it is separated by Burmah. It has an area estimated at 190,000 square miles, and a population of 3,000,000, of whom 500,000 are Chinese. Its centre is traversed by the Menam river, from north to south, and the region watered by this stream, as well as the southeast part of the country, is highly fertile, but other parts are rugged and mountainous. It is said to possess a salubrious climate. The natural products of the country are such as enter very largely into the commerce of the world, and will, no doubt, one day, form the basis of an extensive and beneficial intercourse with the trading nations of Western Europe and the people of the United States. Sugar, one of its products, is one of the great staples of the world; and besides this it produces rice in great abundance, which is the chief food of the inhabitants; pepper, tobacco, cocoanuts, sago, the finest tropical fruits, teak, sandal, rose and other woods, coffee, cotton, rattans, and numerous gums, with gold from washings, copper, iron and gems. Elephants abound in great numbers.

The people of Siam are small of stature, live under a despotic government, and are but a little advanced in the arts of civilized life. Bangkok is the principal city of the country, and the residence of the two kings with which it is blessed. The town is situated on the river Menam, about thirty miles from the Gulf of Siam. Vessels are prevented from entering the river, by an extensive bar, formed by the debris brought down and deposited at its mouth.

The village of Paknam, an inconsiderable place, is located at the mouth of the river, which is protected a few miles above the village by several forts, mounting upwards of one hundred pieces of cannon, some of them of very large size.—*Sel.*

THE CITY OF CANTON.—People who have never seen an unadulterated Eastern City, are apt to entertain very erroneous ideas upon the subject, when we talk of a great city of a million of inhabitants. The whole circuit of the walled city is just six miles. The mass of habitations are about fifteen feet high, and contain three rooms; they have one entrance, closed by a bamboo screen. Some of the shops have a low upper story, and the house, roof and terrace altogether, may rise twenty-five feet from the street. Better houses there are, but they are not more lofty. All these edifices are of the most fragile description, built of soft brick, wood or mud.—*London Times Correspondence.*

PEOPLE who covet riches should remember that there is really but little difference between the rich and the poor man, as the whole of the lot of either consists in but victuals, clothes and a little spending money. Worldly possessions are hard to leave, and in this he who hasn't many is really the best off. He rises easier.

ORIGIN AND SEALS OF THE STATES.—NO. XV AND XVI.

NORTH CAROLINA.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

NORTH CAROLINA is situated between 33° 50′ and 36° 30′ north latitude, and 75° 45′ and 84° west longitude, reckoning from Greenwich. The total area of the State comprises 45,500 square miles. The population in 1850 was 868,939, divided as follows:—Whites, 553,028; free colored, 27,463; slaves, 288,448.

The history of this State does not, present many very brilliant points, although attempts to colonize it were made at a very early day—as long ago as 1585–6, and by Sir WALTER RALEIGH—and though the people were engaged like their neighbors, in bloody struggles with the Indian tribes. Yet the State did memorable service in the Revolution, and especially in being the first publicly and solemnly to renounce allegiance to the British crown, which she did in the famous Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, May 20th, 1775—more than a year before the similar formal assertion of the other States.

In picturesque attraction, the State is popularly considered to be wholly destitute; an impression which results from an erroneous estimate of her topography, which travelers in the course of years have made, from the uninteresting forest travel in the eastern portion, traversed by the great railway thoroughfare from the Northern to the Southern States; the only highway until within very late years, and to this day the only one very much in use. The Pine, or Eastern part of North Carolina, stretching sixty miles inland, is a vast plain, sandy and overrun with interminable forests of pine.—Yet this wilderness is not without points and impressions of interest to the tourist, more particularly when it is broken, as it often is, by great stretches of dank marsh, sometimes opening into mystical-looking lakes, as on the Little Dismal Swamp, lying between Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, and in the Great Dismal Swamp, which the State shares with Virginia. Then in these woods we may watch the process of the gathering of the sap of the pines, for those famous staple manufactures, "tar, pitch and turpentine."

The Coast, too, of North Carolina is one of the most celebrated on the Western borders of the Atlantic—the one most watched and feared by the mariners and all voyagers, that upon which the dreaded capes, Hatteras and Lookout and Fear are found.

While the innumerable bays and shoals and islands are thus cautiously avoided by the passing mariners, they are as eagerly sought by the fisherman and the sportsman. Immense quantities of shad and herring and other fish are taken here, and the estuaries of the rivers and the bays are among the favorite resorts of wild fowl of every species; making this coast scarcely less attractive, to the sportsman, than is the Chesapeake Bay and the shore of Long Island.

The Interior of the State is a rude, hilly country, which, though it is not at present, may yet be, softened into the blooming beauty of New England. To the westward, lies the great mountain district, which, when it comes to be better known, as the railways now approaching it from all sides promise that it soon will be, will place the State in public estimation among the most strikingly picturesque portions of the Union. Two great ridges of the Alleghanies traverse this grand region, some of their peaks rising to the noblest heights, and one of them reaching a greater altitude than any summit east of the Rocky Mountains. Wild brooks innumerable and of the richest beauty, water-falls of wonderful delight, and valleys lovely enough for loveliest dreams, are seen in this yet almost unknown land.

Mineral products of great variety and value are found in North Carolina, as in the neighboring mountain districts of South Carolina and Georgia. Until the discovery of the auriferous lands of California, this was the most abundant gold tract in the United States. The mines here of this monarch of metals have been profitably worked for many years. The copper lands of the State, says Prof. Jackson, are unparalleled in richness. Coal, too, both bituminous and anthracite, is found here in great abundance, and of the finest quality. Iron ore also exists throughout the mountain districts. Limestone and freestone may be had in inexhaustible supply. Marl is abundant in all the counties on the coast, and silver, lead, manganese, salt and gypsum have been discovered.

The Constitution of the State was adopted in December 1776, and revised in 1835. The Senate and House of Commons are elected biennially by the people. The Senate consists of 50 members, and the House of Commons of 120. The Senate is chosen by districts, the number being apportioned by the amount of taxes paid. The members of the House of Commons are apportioned among the counties according to their population. The Governor is chosen for two years by the qualified voters, and is eligible only four years in six. There is an executive council of 7 members chosen biennially by a joint vote of both Houses. In case of the death of the Governor, his duties devolve upon the Speaker of the Senate. The Judges of the Supreme Court are chosen by a joint ballot of both Houses of the Legislature, and hold their office during their good behavior. The Attorney-General is appointed by the Legislature for four years.—The right of suffrage extends to all free white persons 21 years of age, who have been inhabitants of the State for twelve months previous to an election, but in order to vote for a Senator a freeman must possess a freehold of 50 acres of land. The Legislature meets biennially at Raleigh, on the second Monday of November, and the Governor is chosen in August preceding.

The first permanent settlement in this State was on the eastern bank of the Chowan river, about 1660, by emigrants, who, in consequence of religious persecution, fled from Nansemond, Virginia.—The Constitution of the United States was adopted in Convention, Nov. 27th, 1789.

SOUTH CAROLINA, says the "Hand-Book of American Travel," is one of the most interesting States in the Union, in its, legendary and historic story, in its social characteristics, and in its physical aspect. Upon its settlement by the English, in 1670, John Locke, the famous philosopher, framed a Constitution for the young colony, after the pattern of that of Plato's Model Republic.—Later (1690) the native poetic humor of the people received a new prompting from the influx of French Huguenots, driven from their own land by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz. This chivalric spirit was fostered by the wars which they shared with the Georgians, under Oglethorpe, against the Spaniards in Florida, and by the gallant struggles in which they were perpetually involved with the Yemassees and other of their Indian neighbors. Next came the long and painful trial of the Revolution, in which these resolute people were among the first and most ardent to take up arms in the cause of Right—the most persistent and self-sacrificing in the prosecution of the contest, under every rebuff, and the last to leave the bloody and devastating fight—a story now told undeniably and gloriously everywhere through her romantic territory, upon the battle-fields, from the mountains to the sea.

The generous temper, from which all this brave history grew, has been ever since nourished and developed by the social circumstances of the people; the kindly and benign influences of a pastoral or agricultural life, cementing, endearing, and perpetuating, through a thousand links, family love, associations, attainments, and possessions. These characteristics have been yet further brought out by the climate, by the physical nature of their home, and by the domestic dependence of one portion of the community, and the ennobling effect of the consciousness of power and the obligations it imposes upon the other.

The physique of the Palmetto State is exceedingly varied. Here, on the seaboard and the south, broad savannas and deep, dank lagunes, covered with teeming fields of rice, and fruitful in a thousand changes of tropical vegetation; in the middle districts great undulating meadows, overspread with the luxuriant maize, or white with snowy carpetings of cotton; and, again, to the northward, bold mountain ranges, lovely valleys, and matchless waterfalls.

The population of South Carolina, in 1850, amounted to 668,507. Of these, 274,563 were whites; 8,960 free colored; 384,984 slaves. At the same time 4,072,651 acres were registered as "improved in farms," and 12,145,049 unimproved.—The staple productions are cotton and rice,—the latter being extensively cultivated where the land can be irrigated. Gold and iron are the principal minerals.

The Constitution was formed in 1775, and reconstructed in 1709. The Governor is elected for two years by a joint vote of both Houses of the Assembly. After having served one term, he is ineligible for the next four years. A Lieutenant-Governor is chosen in the same manner, and for the same period. The Senate consists of 45 members, elected by districts for four years, one-half biennially. The House of Representatives consists of 124 members, apportioned among several districts according to the number of white inhabitants and taxation, and are elected for two years. The representatives and one-half the senators are chosen every second year in October. The Legislature meets annually in Columbia on the fourth Monday in November. The Chancellor and Judges of the Supreme Court are chosen by the joint ballot of both Houses of the Assembly, and hold their offices during good behavior. Every free white male citizen, 21 years of age, who has resided in the State two years immediately preceding the election, and who is possessed of a freehold of 50 acres of land, or a town lot, six months before the election, or, not possessing this freehold, who shall have resided in the election district in which he offers his vote six months before the election, and have paid a tax of three shillings sterling to the support of the government, has the right of suffrage. The Constitution of the United States was adopted in Convention May 23d, 1788.

THE AFFECTIONS.—Oh man! fear not for thy affections, and feel no dread lest time should efface them. There is neither to-day nor yesterday in the powerful echoes of the memory; there is only always. He who no longer feels, has never felt.—There are two memories—the memory of the senses, which wears out with the senses, and in which perishable things decay; and the memory of the soul, for which time does not exist, and which lives over at the same instant, every moment of its past and present existence. Fear not ye who love. Time has power over hours, none over the soul.—*Lamartine.*

THE world is generally willing to support those who solicit favor, against those who command reverence. He is easily praised whom no man can envy.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE CRY OF UNBELIEF.

God! in the silence far above us reigning,
Amid the glory and the chanting deep,
Hark to thy human creatures, in complaining
We lift our souls toward thee as we weep.

We cannot feel thee in the darkness near us,
We cannot see thee in the brighter glow,
We call thee through the night, thou dost not hear us,
Or hearing, thou art dumb to all our woe.

The whole earth wails, on all her summer blossoms
The withering curse, and blighting mildew hangs,
Her roses fade in blushing, and her bosom
Is scarred with graves, and torn with fiercest pangs.

High hymns of hope from human gladness swelling,
Sink ere the close to requiems sad and slow,
And bridal songs are mixed with funeral knelling,
And sweetest anthems end in sobbing low.

Young lips that scarce can smile, are sorely sighing,
Young feet are trembling on the path they tread,
And young hearts, growing weary, pray for dying,
And bless the old who stand so near the dead.

The reaper comes and in the greenest meadows,
He reapeth where the dew of morn lies sweet,
And leaves the pilgrim, watching for the shadows,
To toil alone across the desert heat.

The world is full of wrong, and bitter mourning,
And bleeding hands are lifted unto thee—
The proud oppressor names thee but in scorning,
Yet art thou silent—*Father! dost thou see?*

We bow before thee with our voice of grieving,
Learn thou to hear, from out the angels' song,
Have pity on our human unbelieving,
And teach our souls "*to suffer and be strong.*"

East Hampton, Mass., 1857. H. C. E.

THE TRUE NATIONAL SECURITY.

OUR national greatness is engrafted upon our religion. We boast no regal splendor, and no titled and venerated nobility. Our glory is not so much in fleets, and armies, and military renown, as adornment. Just so far as these are Christians, they are both our defence and glory. All other progress, if the religion of the Bible does not stand abreast with it, is progress in power and wickedness. We occupy too wide a space on the map of the world, already, unless we vigorously strive to elevate our christian character to the same parallel with our secular advancement. There is no fear that our secular advancement will lag behind our Christianity. It will be no blot upon our escutcheon that it is radiant with truth, and encircled with the halo of pure and undefiled religion. On the other hand, what would cost blood and treasure to control; what would demand diplomatic skill, and perplexing and doubtful negotiation to ward off; and what would otherwise lay under the burden of degrading and impoverishing vices, is effected with comparative ease by the more extended influence of Christianity. If we would exalt this land in intellect, and foster in her generous youth habits of thought, mental discipline, and honorable character; if the virtues of our fathers live in our prosperity; if the popular element which imbues our institutions is to remain our glory, and we are to attain the elevation for which God made, we must have more widely diffused Christianity. Would we be respected, and exort even from the iron-hearted and "mail-clad nations," the homage due to the wise and good? Such is the influence of moral causes, procedure of a retributive Providence, that the wisest statesman will look for these results, not so much to the fertility of our soil, the abundance of our gold, and our giant energy, as to a living and invigorated Christianity.—*Dr. Spring.*

KEEP THE SABBATH.—Reader, stop and think for the moment. The Sabbath—this is the idea!—How shall I keep it? Some one says:—Be zealous on this point. Whether you live in town or country, resolve not to profane your Sabbath, or in the end you will give over caring for your soul. The steps which lead to this are regular. Begin with not honoring God's house; cease to honor God's book, and by-and-by you will give God no honor at all. Let any man lay the foundation with no Sabbath, and I am never surprised if he finishes with the top-stone of no God. It was a remarkable saying of Judge Hale, that of all persons convicted of capital crimes, while he was upon the bench, he found few who did not confess that they began their career of wickedness by neglect of the Sabbath.

THE PEACE OF GOD.—How very few attain and preserve in their consciences, the sense of God's being perfectly at peace with them! It ought to rule there always and by all means; but, for want of it, they afford continual occasion for a legal and unbelieving spirit to rob them of their peace, and thereby distress them in their hearts. As guilt comes in love goes out. What weakens the cause must also weaken the effect. Love with its fruits must decrease in proportion as the believer withdraws his heart-dependence from God. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God."—*British Messenger.*

GOING TO A "BETTER COUNTRY."—A Christian does not turn his back upon the fine things of this world because he has no natural capacity to enjoy them, no taste for them; but because the Holy Spirit has shown him greater and better things. He wants flowers that will never fade; he wants something that a man can take with him to another world. He is like a man who has had notice to quit his house, and having secured a new one, he is no more anxious to repair, much less to embellish and beautify the old one; his thoughts are upon the removal. If you hear him converse, it is upon the house to which he is going. Thither he sends his goods; and thus he declares plainly what he is seeking.—*Cecil.*

THE SIN OF COVETOUSNESS.—We read in the Bible of persons falling into gross sins, and yet being restored and saved; but not of the recovery of one who was guilty of the sin of covetousness. Balaam, Gehazi, Judas and Ananias are awful examples.

EXCELSIOR—"STILL HIGHER!"

PREMIUM LIST OF

THE RURAL FOR 1857-8.

THE Agents and other ardent and working friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER—and all disposed to become such—are referred to the annexed very extraordinary Programme of Premiums for the RURAL CANVASS of 1857-8. Examine it carefully and then decide as to its MERITS.—The Premiums are WORTH CONTENDING FOR, without any other argument than is comprised in their enumeration.—Indeed, we are confident that it is altogether *the Best and most Liberal List of Prizes ever offered by an American Publisher!* It gives EVERY ONE who obtains even a small club some SUBSTANTIAL REWARD for his efforts, and each and all who make exertions in the good cause will be renumerated in proportion to the attention and influence bestowed. First, please read the

CHRISTMAS PRIZES—ALL CASH!

(Open to Competitors for the April Premiums.)

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to RURAL NEW-YORKER obtained in any one Township, and sent in or remitted according to our Terms, on or before the 26th day of December, 1857.

SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next TWENTY lists.

☞ Those competing for the Christmas Prizes will please note that their lists will also be counted for the Grand April Premiums.

GRAND APRIL PREMIUMS!

$310 00.—To the Person obtaining the Largest Number of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER in any one county, and paying therefor according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1858, we will give a Superb **PIANO FORTE**, WITH CORRUGATED SOUNDING BOARD, of the celebrated manufacture of BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO., Albany, the CASH PRICE of which is THREE HUNDRED AND TEN DOLLARS.

$200 00.—To the Person obtaining the next largest number, as above, we will give a PIANO CASE FIVE OCTAVE **MELODEON**, *with Two Banks of Keys*, of the most popular and celebrated manufacture in this country—that of GEO. A. PRINCE & CO., Buffalo,—CASH PRICE, TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

$150 00.—For the next list, we will give a **COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER**, of MANNY'S Patent with WOOD'S Improvement, (which was awarded the Premium as *Best Combined Machine*, at the U. S. Ag. Society's Trial of Implements in July last.)—cash price, ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS; and $15 in WEBSTER Dictionaries or Ag. Books at cash prices.

$125 00.—For the next largest list, we will give a Mahogany Cased **SEWING MACHINE**, of the very superior manufacture of WHEELER & WILSON, New York—the lowest Cash Price of which is ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

$110 00.—For the next list, a Half Cased WHEELER & WILSON **SEWING MACHINE**,—Cash Price, ONE HUNDRED AND TEN DOLLARS.

$75 00.—For the next list, SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, CASH.

$50 00.—For the next list, FIFTY DOLLARS IN CASH.

$40 00.—For the next list, FORTY DOLLARS IN CASH.

$30 00.—For the next list, THIRTY DOLLARS, IN CASH.

$20 00.—For the next list, TWENTY DOLLARS IN CASH.

$100.—For EACH of the next TEN LISTS, TEN DOLLARS, CASH.

SPLENDID CASH PREMIUMS

FOR LISTS FROM OTHER STATES AND CANADA!

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, obtained out of the State of New York, and by a resident of the State, Territory or Province from which it is forwarded,—sent in or remitted according to our terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1858.

SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE LISTS.

☞ Competitors for these Premiums *can also compete for both the Grand April and Christmas Premiums!*—Thus *one person* may secure *three prizes*, and if the first in each class, obtain premiums amounting to *over Five Hundred Dollars!*

To give Local Agents and other Friends of the RURAL a fair, equal chance, traveling Agents, Post-riders and citizens of Rochester are excluded from competition for any of the Premiums hereinbefore enumerated.

Prizes for Each and All—No Blanks!

HAVING RESOLVED TO GIVE EVERY AGENT AND ACTIVE FRIEND a Benefit, we offer EACH AND ALL—excepting only successful competitors for Premiums already enumerated—the following extra liberal and

SURE SPECIFIC PREMIUMS!

TEN DOLLARS, IN CASH, to *each person* remitting for SEVENTY-FIVE or more Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of May, 1858.

SEVEN DOLLARS, IN CASH, or Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and $3 in Ag. Books, to every one remitting for SIXTY or more subscribers as above.

FIVE DOLLARS, IN CASH, (or $6 in Agricultural Books,) to every one remitting for FORTY-FIVE or more subscribers.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY,—Lowest cash price, $3—to every one remitting for FORTY or more subscribers.

THREE DOLLARS, IN CASH (or a copy of Webster's Royal Octavo Dictionary, Unabridged in Worth, or, Sears' Pictorial Family Bible, or, $1 in Ag. Books,) to every one remitting for THIRTY or more subscribers.

To every one sending TWENTY-FIVE or more subscribers, we will give two extra copies of the RURAL, and send, post-paid, a Gross of the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN, (a tip-top Steel Pen, such as we use, cash price, $1 50,)—or, a handsomely bound volume of the RURAL for 1857, and a gross of W. M. Pens as aforesaid.

To every one sending TWENTY or more subscribers, two extra copies of the RURAL and half a Gross of the above Pens—or, a bound volume of the RURAL for 1857 and the Pens.

To every one sending FIFTEEN or more subscribers, an extra copy of the RURAL and a Gross of the above Pens post-paid.

To every one sending TEN or more subscribers, an extra copy of the RURAL and half a Gross of the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN.

To every one sending SIX or more subscribers, an extra copy, or, a post-paid Gross of the above Pens.

☞ The Specific Cash Premiums can be retained by those entitled. The Books, Pens, &c., are ready for delivery or mailing to order.

$450,00 MORE, AND EXTRA!

In addition to all other Premiums, both General and Specific, we will give to EACH of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of TWELVE or more Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL, after this date, according to our Terms, a Gross of the WASH. MED. PEN, post-paid.

To EACH of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of TWENTY or more subscribers, as above, we will give a bound Volume of the RURAL for 1857, (cash price, $2,) or, if preferred to the bound RURAL, a gross of the W. M. PEN and a copy of the YEAR BOOK OF AGRICULTURE—both post-paid.

☞ Competitors for these Extra and the above Specific Premiums are not limited to townships, but all subscriptions obtained will be counted on premiums, no matter how widely distributed.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. Three Copies one year, for $5—Six Copies for $10—Ten Copies for $15, and any additional number at same rate, ($1,50 per copy.) As we pre-pay American Postage on papers sent to British Provinces, $1,62½ per copy is lowest club price to Canadians. Club paps sent to different post-offices, and names added at any time. ☞ Bills on all solvent Banks in U. S. and Canada taken at par, but Agents will please remit New York, Canada or New England money when convenient. For all amounts over $15, we prefer drafts on New York (free exchange,) where the cost is not greater than last year.

SUCH is our "Still Higher" List,—unequalled in both *number* and *amount* of Premiums. The portion not in Cash is in the best Instruments, Machines, Books, Pens, &c., obtainable, at the lowest Cash Prices,—and they are all such articles as can be sold if not wanted by the persons entitled.

☞ *NOW IS THE TIME FOR ACTION*, as those who commence early will be most successful. Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, &c., furnished free to all disposed to compete for the Premiums, and thus aid in extending the usefulness of the Leading and Largest Circulated RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY WEEKLY. Subscriptions should be properly inclosed, and carefully mailed to

Nov., 1857. D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

AN EXTRA PREMIUM!

☞ *We will furnish the last Ten Numbers of the present Volume of the* RURAL *(from Oct. 24th to close of Dec.,)* ON TRIAL, *for 20 cents, (about half price) if five or more copies are ordered. That is, we will send 5 copies Ten Weeks for $1,—10 for $2,—15 for $3,—20 for $4,—25 for $5, &c., to any non-subscribers who wish to try the* RURAL. *And to every person forwarding pay ($5) for* TWENTY-FIVE *copies for Ten Weeks, as above, we will send, by return mail, post paid, a Gross of the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN! This, as we stated last week, is a first rate, warranted Steel Pen, such as we use. The cash price is $1 50 per gross, and we pay 18 cents postage.*

List of New Advertisements this week.

The Atlantic Monthly—Phillips, Sampson & Co.
Rural Affairs—Luther Tucker & Son.
Emery's Journal of Agriculture—Emory & Co.
Agents Wanted—Wm. J. Moses.
Pear Stocks—Cowles & Warren.
Premium Brahma Fowls—W. T. Ely.
50,000 Apple Seed lings—S. Weaver.
100,000 Apple Seedlings—G. Lyndon.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 7, 1857.

Washington Matters.

A TELEGRAPHIC report, of the 30th ult., gives the following information:—"Previous to the election in Kansas, Gov. Walker received specific instructions from the Administration relative to his duty on that subject, and which precluded him from purging the polls, as he recently did in rejecting the returns from Oxford district. Acting without authority from Washington, and clearly violating the instructions sent to him, his conduct is emphatically condemned. There is reason to believe that both Gov. Walker and Secretary Stanton will be removed, unless they shall choose to resign."

In reply to a post-master who complained of being overwhelmed with small change, 1st Assistant Post-Master General King says, a post-master is not compelled to receive cents in payment either of postage or stamps, of more than thirty at any one time. The Post-Master General has appointed six route agents to accompany the mails from Philadelphia to Columbus, Ohio, with a view to secure their prompt transmission.

Attorney General Black has given an opinion that the Government of the United States possesses ample power, and is by the highest treaty stipulations bound to redress the wrongs of the Kansas nation of Indians, and to protect them against unlawful intruders on their reserved lands.

The N. Y. Times correspondent says:—"The Administration is evidently recovering from the effects of the monetary panic, and it will not materially curtail the expenditures on public works. It is understood that the Cabinet is not disposed to contract a loan, but favors a resort to Treasury notes if necessary. Secretary Cobb's opinion from present evidences is, that the revenue will increase sufficiently for expenses within two or four months."

Application was made on the 30th ult. for the employment of United States troops on Wednesday next, to assist, if necessary, the State authorities of Maryland, in preserving the peace at the election in Baltimore. Definite action has not yet been taken, though it is probable the request will be refused.

The Commissioner of Patents has tendered to Mr. Robert Fortune, of England, the agency for the introduction and cultivation of the tea plant and other productions of China, in this country. The selection of this gentleman is owing to his experience in such matters.

The amount in the Treasury subject to draft is $9,802,000. The receipts of the week ending Monday last were $441,000.

Nearly eight millions of acres were located with military land warrants from the 1st of July, 1856, to the 31st of August last.

Weather of October.

THE temperature of the first half of October, was a degree below the mean of twenty years; of the last half it was two degrees below; for the whole month it was half a degree less than the average of the month for the same years. The weather has been unpleasant from the great number of rainy days, the air or wind being cold or raw.

The fall of water for the month was 4,215 inches, of which more than two inches fell on the 13th and 14th. The rain of the 25th, 26th and 27th,—so great as to deluge much of New England, and the northern and eastern part of our State,—was not very abundant west of Syracuse. Here, there fell only 0.62 inches, enough with the already high water of the Genesee, to keep it still higher for several days.

The snow storm of the 20th and 21st, on the eastern part of Lake Ontario, and the adjoining country, extended westward so as to reach us on the 21st, and gave us an inch or two of snow, which soon melted, the storm being slight here. This was the first snow of any consequence this autumn.—On the 22d was our first severe frost, so late that the crop of Indian corn was chiefly ripened and abundant. Only a little snow has fallen since, and soon melted.

The earthquake, observed on the 23d, from Erie, Pa., to Buffalo, and east to Lockport and Medina, was so slight here as to be observed by very few. At Buffalo the earthquake, at 3¼ P. M., was alarming for the time, though little damage was done to buildings. Since the heavy frost on the 22d, the foliage has fallen rapidly. C. D.

November, 2, 1857.

NEBRASKA BANK DIRECTORS.—At the recent fair held in Polk Co., Iowa, the most noticeable feature of the whole exhibition was a large cage containing three ferocious wild cats, and on a placard over the cage in large letters, was the following inscription:

"*Nebraska Bank Directors*—Exhibited for the exclusive benefit of Nebraska bill holders."

Transportation of Cattle—Increase of Freight.

ON the first of the present month the new tariff of freight prices on the various railroads went into operation. The additional cost of bringing cattle from Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, or Illinois to New York market, is equivalent to *five dollars per head*—or an average of three-quarters of a cent per pound. In consequence of this step great commotion is experienced among the drovers, and they are combining for the purpose of obtaining relief,—if such a thing is possible—and by this combination counteract the effects of the union of the railroads.

The N. Y. *Tribune*, of the 29th ult., in speaking of the action of the drovers at a recent meeting held in New York city, says:—"As the agreement of the roads is not to 'cut under' where there are competing lines, the drovers do not expect any reduction; but they hope to get increased facilities upon some of the roads, and they are now engaged in the arrangement to throw the whole cattle freight business upon one line of roads until they force the competing routes to break the combination, or lose all transportation upon this extensive and constantly increasing trade. We understand the Illinois men favor the Michigan Central, and thence it is probable they will go through Canada and to Albany, on account of the Boston market. This will cut off the Erie road entirely, as the other Western men are bound to go with the crowd. From Kentucky and Southern Ohio, the Baltimore road will compete with the Ohio roads and Lake Shore. If this arrangement is perfected, the drovers will force the railroads to terms in spite of combination, because no one of them now can afford to lose all the cattle-freighting business."

The *Tribune* publishes a list of the names of large forwarders who have adopted the foregoing plan, in which Ohio is represented by twelve individuals or firms; Illinois by twenty; Indiana by eight; Kentucky by five; and states that many other names will be added on next market day.—The disposition is general to oppose this railroad spirit of monopoly—so prevalent within the year past—and we can but hope that the drovers will triumph. When railroads pursue a legitimate business we are gratified to perceive and make mention of their success, but the moment they step aside, and through combination or favoritism endeavor to benefit themselves by fleecing the public, we are pleased to see those most interested taking such measures as are deemed necessary for protection.

Freshets.—Great Destruction of Property.

THE heavy rains of the past week caused a rise in all the streams, and, as the news comes to hand, it is evident that a vast amount of damage was done. We give below extracts from such reports as we have received.

The entire Valley of the Mohawk was badly flooded and much damage was done. A large amount of corn and buckwheat was destroyed or injured.

The Ontario Messenger notices a great destruction of crops, &c., in that county by the recent rains. It states that along the banks of Mud Creek everything movable was swept away, corn, buckwheat and pumpkins covered the top of the water, and lumber, logs and rails danced along in rapid succession. Col. G. W. Torrence suffered a loss of about $2,000 by the summary removal of the flume and a large portion of the dam connected with the plaster mill east of Victor village.

At Albany boats were floated into Maiden Lane, the water being in that street nearly three feet deep. A large amount of damage was done to outbuildings and fences by the wind, a number of which were blown down.

At Keeseville the river (Au Sable) rose 16 feet above low water mark. Rogers & Co., Au Sable Forks, lost 75,000 bushels of coal, a part of their aqueduct and bellows house, and Tyler & Potter's store, with a large stock of goods, was swept off by the flood. The loss of the latter firm is about $10,000.

A telegram from Boston, Mass., on the 29th ult., says reports from the east mention heavy freshets with considerable damage to the bridges. The Kennebec River has risen eight feet. The Merrimac had risen 5½ feet, and at Lowell was still rising. Some of the mills were troubled with back water. Indications of fair weather last night were dispelled, and heavy rains continued through the night, with no prospect of clearing up to-day.

MARTIAL LAW DECLARED IN BALTIMORE.—Gov. Ligon issued a proclamation on the 29th ult., placing the city under martial law, and ordering out two divisions, some 7,000 men, and their commanding officers are ordered to enrol at once and prepare for service, and hold themselves in readiness to preserve the peace on Wednesday, the day of the general election. The Governor takes this step against the desire of the Mayor, but at the request and on the representations of respectable citizens. Considerable feeling was roused by the proclamation. There is a general diversity of opinion in regard to the measure, many considering it justified by existing circumstances, while others look upon it as most unwise, and calculated to increase the difficulties apprehended on election day.

PAY YOUR SMALL DEBTS.—An exchange thus notices the advantage of paying small debts:—A Fredericksburg merchant went to Caroline Court on a certain occasion with a $100 bill. Shortly after he got on the green he paid it over to a farmer. The farmer soon discharged an indebtedness to some one else, and thus the note kept on its mission of liquidation until near the heel of the evening, when it was again paid back to the same merchant who took it there, and he brought it back to Fredericksburg. Having the curiosity to trace its working, he found that $1,000 worth of debts had been paid by that $100 note on a single day.

IRELAND AND ITS POPULATION.—The total number of emigrants from Ireland, from the 1st of May, 1851, to the 1st of September, 1856, was 460,640 males and 450,326 females—together, 910,966. In the first eight months of the present year, the number of emigrants from Ireland was 72,176. It It is estimated that the population of the island is now 6,015,768, against 6,552, 385 in 1851.

Literary Notices.

A TREATISE ON SURVEYING, in which the Theory and Practice are fully Explained. By SAMUEL ALSOP, Author of a Treatise on Algebra. Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle.

WHILE there are abundant materials in existence for a good, practical Treatise on Surveying, truth compels us to say that they are rarely used by those who write such books. Too much is generally attempted to be crowded into the narrow limits of a text-book to permit anything to be thoroughly handled. Perhaps, however, this arises as much from our superficial method of teaching this science, as from any fault of the authors. The present work is very much like some of its predecessors,—better than many, and excelled by few. On the whole, it is well suited to the present state of teaching in the branches of which it treats, and, if closely adhered to, would, perhaps, introduce the much-needed reform, in the manner wherein such subjects are regarded in most of our schools and colleges.—We see in this, as in other late works of the kind, that Surveying with a chain alone—as practiced in England—is being more used by American Surveyors than formerly.—This, we think, is a good idea, for the system has many advantages which we should use. From the Publishers.

THE NORTHWEST COAST; or, Three Years' Residence in Washington Territory. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. By JAMES G. SWAN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857.

THE author states that this volume is issued "for the purpose of giving a general and concise account of that portion of the Northwest Coast, lying between the Straits of Fuca and the Columbia River;" and from its perusal we can but say that the intention is very well carried out. Mr. SWAN has had ample opportunity to become acquainted with the country and its inhabitants, and has furnished much information in regard to both. The section of country comprised in the descriptions of the author is looked upon at the present day with great interest, and the publication of this work is certainly opportune. Those who desire to obtain a later knowledge concerning Washington Territory than is furnished in the works of ROSS, COX, LEWIS, CLARKE, and IRVING, will hail this book with pleasure. From the Publishers.

WE have received the *North British Review* for August. Its Table of Contents comprises ten articles, as follows:—Bacon's Essays—Whateley; Isaac Watts; French Treatment of Criminals; Interior China; Medhurst and Fortune; Scottish Lunacy Commission: English Metrical Critics; The Marriage and Divorce Bill; Christian Songs in the East and West; Inspiration; The Indian Crisis. Leonard Scott & Co., Publishers, New York. For sale by DEWEY.

Items of News.

ONE of the great evils of the speculative character of the business of the United States, for the last few years, has been to withdraw from general agriculture too much labor.

MR. HENRY SHAW, a wealthy gentleman of St. Louis, has declared his intention to rent a vacant lot and fill it with wood for the benefit of the poor of St. Louis during the coming winter. His is a noble example.

THE largest number of passengers ever taken in a sailing vessel from this country to Europe, went out in the clipper-ship Dreadnought, from New York, on Saturday. Emigrants, alarmed by the prevailing panic on money matters, are returning in large numbers to Europe.

R. BABINET, the astronomer, has announced to the Institute of Paris, that in consequence of a favorable change in the currents of the ocean, a series of years of heat has been entered on.

SCARLET FEVER appears to be scourging a portion of Mississippi. The Macon Beacon says that since the first appearance of the disease in Noxube Co., (three months ago,) there have been upwards of a hundred deaths. In some instances it has carried off as many as five or six members of family.

A SEBASTOPOL correspondent of the Boston Courier says that the former inhabitants of that ruined city are constantly returning in transports and steamers, and that already the place has a population of upward of twelve thousand. Before the siege the population was 60,000.

HON. J. F. FARNSWORTH, member of Congress elect from Chicago, is sinking fast, and no hope is now entertained of his recovery. The circulation of blood in one of his lower limbs has entirely ceased and mortification has set in.

THE Boston Medical and Surgical Journal says: "The prevalence of influenza, or something closely resembling it, has been remarked amongst us of late. The very open weather, with the customary marked autumnal alterations of temperature at morning, noon and night, render 'taking cold' an easy matter."

THE Providence Tribune says that the star fish (five fingers) have made sad havoc among the oysters on "Long Bed," destroying not less than $500 worth belonging to one person alone.

ORDERS have been received for a detachment of 253 United States recruits for Governor's Island, to go in the Northern Light on the 5th of November. They are destined for the 4th Infantry in Oregon, and 3d Artillery in California and Oregon, and are under command of Col. Casey, 9th Infantry.

THE papers record the death of John Seneca, President of the Seneca Nation of Indians, aged about 70 years. He was one of four who formed the first Mission Church upon the Buffalo Reservation, nearly forty years ago, (Presbyterian.) He was a man very much respected by his own Nation as well as the whites.

DURING the quarter which ended on the 30th of last September, there arrived at Liverpool from the United States 5,399 passengers, of whom 2,759 were returned emigrants.

THE Whitby, (C. W.) Reporter, of the 20th inst, mentions that Mr. Chester Draper was loading his schooner Bloomer with the first cargo of wheat destined for an American market that has been shipped this season.

DR. DUFF'S OPINION OF THE INDIAN REVOLT.—Dr. Duff, the missionary, has said in a recent letter:—"I have no hesitation in saying, with the utmost emphasis, that the whole is the result of a long concocted Mohammedan conspiracy against the British power, with a view to the re-establishment of a Mohammedan dynasty instead. For the last hundred years they have been sighing and longing, and praying, not only in private, but in their public mosques, for the prosperity of the House of Timour, in the person of its representative, the titular King or Emperor of Delhi. But the prosperity of that house is another name for the downfall of the British and the re-ascending of Mohammedan power."

News Clippings.

— Pearls have been discovered in the Dano river, Texas.

— Deaths in Philadelphia, last week, 175; in New York 427.

— Mazzini is making another attempt to revolutionize Italy.

— The receipts of the Connecticut State Fair were about $5,000.

— There are at present 500 students in the Virginia University.

— In 1837, gold was worth a premium in New York of 14 per cent.

— The Bank of England has lent $5,000,000 to the East India Company.

— The hop crop of Otsego Co., is very full this year, and is all secured.

— A horse with five feet has made its appearance in Westchester, Pa.

— The Post-Office at West Batavia, Genesee Co., has been discontinued.

— Mr. Dillon, late French consul at San Francisco, has just died at Paris.

— Brigham Young has *only* 16 wives at present. This is owing to the panic.

— The European Times proposes to make slaves of the East India prisoners.

— An addition of 10,000 men is to be made to the militia force of Great Britain.

— It is estimated that 120,000 tuns of lager beer are annually consumed in Prussia.

— The Hon. Fred. Stanton, Secretary of State of Kansas, has arrived in Washington.

— In some of the Indian papers, Gen. Havelock is styled "the galvanized ramrod."

— Another slaver has been captured on the Cuban coast, with 500 slaves on board.

— The cholera now extends over nearly the whole northern continent of Europe.

— The steamship Persia arrived at New York on the 28th ult., with $1,000,000 in specie.

— The birth day of Lafayette was celebrated with great enthusiasm at San Francisco

— The work on the Genesee Valley Railroad has been wholly suspended for this season.

— The tobacco crop has been seriously injured by the rains in August and September.

— The State of California has no banks of issue. There the currency is all hard money.

— Monday, Oct. 19th, was the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown.

— Apples are abundant in Dubuque, Iowa, and are selling as low as $3@$3 50 per barrel.

— Yellow fever is said to have broken out with redoubled violence at Havana, on the 9th ult.

— Charles Mackay, the popular song writer of England, arrived in this country by the Asia.

— The bronze statue of Daniel Webster, by Powers, has been shipped at Leghorn for Boston.

— The actual loss of life on the ocean, from the year 1852 to 1856, both included, was 4,348.

— Hecker, a New York baker, has inaugurated the welcome reform of selling bread by weight.

— There will have been coined at the Paris Mint in the year 1857 not less than 600,000,000f in gold.

— M. Benito Juarez, Vice-President of Mexico, is a full-blooded Indian. He is a man of great ability.

— The American Sculptor, Mr. Thomas Crawford, died in London on the 10th ult., at the age of 43 years.

— Gov. Izard, of Nebraska, has resigned. It is reported that a citizen of Kentucky will fill the vacancy.

— Hon. Pierro Soule is lying ill with a disease in the throat, contracted while on a recent visit to Mexico.

— The vote on the legalization of the State Debt in California, stood—for the debt, 51,947; against it, 12,361.

— A vein of cannel coal has been discovered in the bluffs above Doniphan, Kansas. It is 13 inches thick.

— Wives are still sold in England. One was publicly sold in Worcester, for one shilling and a quart of ale.

— The first overland mail from San Antonia, Texas, to San Diego, Cal., has been carried through in 38 days.

— The Squatters are to be expelled from the Delaware Indian Reserve in Kansas, by order of the government.

— A fire in New York, on the 26th ult., destroyed a row of frame stables. Twelve horses perished in the flames.

— The light-house at the entrance of Big Sodus Bay was carried away during the serious gale on the 27th ult.

— On the 29th ult., the ground in the vicinity of Hamilton, Canada, was covered with snow to the depth of six inches.

— The establishment in N. Y. city of an Hospital for Foundlings is being seriously entertained by the Common Council.

— Fourteen hundred journeyman printers have been thrown out of employment in New York during the past fortnight.

— One of the set of anchors for the leviathan steamship Great Eastern, is now lying at Liverpool, and weighs six tuns 19 cwt.

— Last year only one person in 16,168,449 who traveled by British railway, was killed from causes beyond their own control.

— The telegraph cable, connecting Europe and Africa, has been laid between Bona and Cape Tenlada, a distance of 145 miles.

— The Jewish population of France, it appears, has since 1808, actually doubled, and cannot amount to less than 100,000 souls.

— The Secretary of the Treasury is already adopting measures of retrenchment so as to avoid the necessity of making a loan.

— A number of the students of Williams College have been compelled by the present money pressure to leave that institution.

— A good quality of coal has been discovered on the claim of Mr. Geo. B. Holmes, about two miles south of Topeka, Kansas.

— Holland has settled all details for the general emancipation of slaves in the islands of Curacoa, Bonaire, Aruba and St. Eustatius.

— A Russian journal announces the number of medical men killed in her service in the late war at 382. Of these, ten were Americans.

— It is said by the English papers that Russian and other European officers are flocking to India, to command the revolted Sepoys.

— The entire Valley of the Mohawk was badly flooded last week, and much damage done. Much corn and buckwheat was destroyed.

— Thirty-one Irishmen left Hartford one day last week, on their return to Ireland to live, thinking their chances better in the old country.

— The British Government has been obliged to reduce the standard height for recruits all round, one inch, and to extend the age to 30 years.

— The decline in cotton from the highest point is now seven cents per pound—the most serious fall, for so brief a period of time, ever known.

— Orders are to be issued, in accordance with the request of Gov. Walker, for the continuance of the U. S. military forces in Kansas during the winter.

— Both in New York and Philadelphia, houses rents, which, within a few years, have gone up to a very high figure, have now a downward tendency.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Persia.

THE Royal steamship Persia, from Liverpool on the 17th, arrived at New York on the 28th ult.—She brought about £244,000 sterling in specie, and 211 passengers.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The full advices by the Indian mails were cheerful, but add no news of importance.

It is said that President Buchanan has written to American Ministers in Europe, pledging the American Government to support international laws.

There had been a large arrival of gold from Australia.

Mr. Ten Broeck had won another race at Newmarket with his horse Belle. He was unanimously elected a member of the New Rooms, Newmarket.

Queen Victoria and the Royal family had left Balmoral for the South. A public reception was given them at Aberdeen, where they were the guests of the Earl of Aberdeen.

A circular had been issued from the Colonial Office to the Governors of the various colonies, calling on them to look to the defences of their provinces, and not to neglect a reasonable amount of warlike preparation which it is desirable should be everywhere maintained.

A report was current that cholera had made its appearance in the village of Stratford, near London, and that within a few days 17 cases and seven deaths occurred.

The Bishoprick of Toronto has been re-constructed, and a new See created, to be called the Bishoprick of Huron, with Dr. Creenyn as first Bishop.

The Siamese Ambassadors and suite had arrived at Malta, en route for England.

PORTUGAL.—A financial crisis had manifested itself at Lisbon. The populace were dissatisfied with the sanitary measures of the government, and an outbreak was anticipated. Robberies had already commenced.

AUSTRIA.—The resumption of relations between Sardinia and Austria may be shortly expected.

The panic in the Venice exchange was frightful. The national loan, bearing 5 per cent. interest, payable in silver, fell to 80¼.

RUSSIA.—The Russian naval division for the Chinese waters had left Cronstadt.

A letter in the Presse of Vienna says that it is perfectly true that the Russian government has set apart six million rubles for the re construction of Sebastopol, and that, although the treaty of Paris prohibits the erection of fortifications, it may be easily evaded.

TURKEY.—It is stated that the English and Austrian Ambassadors have protested against the last elections in Moldavia and Wallachia. The story is denied in Paris.

PERSIA.—A powder magazine at Jonndpore had been exploded by lightning, and over 1,000 persons killed and 500 houses destroyed.

INDIA.—The Indian mails arrived at London on the 15th. No new facts of importance. The accounts all concur in announcing the prospects of the Europeans as more cheering.

AUSTRALIA.—There had been two arrivals from Australia with £520,000 sterling in gold.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs at Liverpool were quiet. Flour steady, except inferior qualities, prices of which were weak. Corn firm. Western Canal 29@30s 6d; Ohio 32s@33s; red wheat 7s3d@8s; white 8s9d@9s3d. Mixed yellow corn 37s6d; white 41@42s.

Provisions dull. Beef and bacon steady. Pork and lard dull. Ashes quiet—42s for pots, 41s for pearls.

London Money Market.—There was an active demand at unchanged rates, though the feeling was slightly improved. Consols closed 88¾@¾ for money; 88¾@89 per account. Bullion in the Bank of England had decreased £553,000.

Breadstuffs quiet. Wheat 2@3s lower on the week.—Iron dull and nominal; £7 for rails and bars.

American securities active, and the market closed steadier. Shipments of specie were going on up to the departure of the steamer.

California News.

THE steamship Star of the West, Capt. Gray, from Aspinwall, for New York, arrived at Havana at 3 P. M., on the 29th ult. She had on board 715 passengers. She had $1,600,000 in gold for New York, and $500,000 in gold for Europe.

The official returns from nearly all the counties in the State give Weller 11,656 majority in the State over both the other candidates. The total vote was about 90,000. The Senate stands 25 Democrats to 5 Republicans, and the Assembly 54 Democrats, 9 Republicans, 3 Americans, and 4 Independent. The majority in favor of paying the State debt is about 30,000.

The rumor of the exodus of the Carson Valley to Utah is confirmed.

The crops of cereals raised in California will be largely ahead of the consumption.

An expedition sent out from Fort Buchanan against the Apaches, killed 50 and took 150 prisoners, who have been sent to New Mexico for trial.

The Pimo Indians, in Arizona, had chastised the Yumas and Apaches, for killing some of their women and children. The Pimos killed 150 or 160 of their opponents, and lost only 25 themselves.

The Mormons were to leave Carson Valley on the 25th Oct. Brigham Young has ordered a secret cavalry company to organize from the Saints in Carson Valley, armed and equipped with one year's provisions and clothing. It is said to be their intention, if matters get too serious to seek a refuge in the Russian possessions, where they have already driven stakes for a Zion.

The Oregon Constitutional Convention had yet done nothing.

FROM TEXAS AND MEXICO.—By the arrival of the Southern mails we have detailed news from Mexico. The old rumors of the retirement of President Comonfort were again rife. The present Government appears to be strong in the confidence of the people. Senor Gorsuch, Chief Engineer of the Vera Cruz and Mexican Railway, is about to organize a corps of engineers in the United States. Alvarez' success had been confirmed. Eighty bandits had bad been captured at Tepec, and half of them would be shot.

From Texas we learn that Major McCulloch denies any complicity with Nicaraguan affairs. The News says that the sugar in Brazonia was between 1,500 and 2,500 hogsheads. The cotton crop in the same county promised a full average. After the 1st of January, vessels bringing cargoes to the island and taking away molasses, will be compelled to pay duty on their tonnage.

SHOEMAKING SETTLERS FOR VIRGINIA.—The Salem (Mass.) Gazette says:—"Within the last week several shoemakers in Danvers have made small investments in Virginia land, purchasing warrants for 200 acres at the rate of $1 per acre, and paying for them in shoes. The State of Virginia has, it is said, 6,000,000 acres of unimproved land, part of it old and part new, lying west of the Alleghanies. The more northern section of this vast tract is the seat of Eli Thayer's enterprise. The purchasers of the warrants may locate any where outside of Thayer's dominion. We are informed that several manufacturers in Haverhill and one or two other towns of the country have also bought warrants.

ARIZONA.—Lieut. Mowrey, says the Times, who has spent two or three years in the territories acquired from Mexico at the conclusion of the late war, is urging upon the Government the great necessity of organizing the new Territory of Arizona, comprising the Mesilla Valley and the Rio Grande. It has at present a population of about 8,000—several very flourishing settlements, an abundance of silver mines, and every requisite for a thriving and growing community. At present there is an utter lack of security for either life or property. There are no courts, no laws and no magistrates. Constant outrages are practiced upon the Mexican portion of the population, for which there is no redress. The territory is situated between Sonora and New Mexico, and if attached to either, it will be impossible to make it an American State, as Mexican influence will always predominate.

FROM HAVANA.—The American brig Pierre Soule has landed a full cargo of negroes, and another ship had landed 600 more, both near Havana. Several more cargoes had arrived at Cardenas. It is stated that as soon as the English Consul heard of the arrival of the slaves, he went to see Gen. Concha, and requested him to prosecute the traders, which he did. The Consul then tried to oblige Concha to put the consignees in prison, failing in which he struck his flag and left the city for London. Orders were received to quarter all the soldiers forming the garrison of the island, and have them ready to go to Mexico at a moment's warning.

CHOLERA.—The New York papers say reports from Quarantine continue to show that the cholera is lingering there, and that vessels arriving from Hamburg and other parts of Europe, suffer more or less from it on the voyage. The disease, since its appearance in the north of Europe, has created some uneasiness in England.

DEATH OF A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.—Jacob Drinkhouse, formerly of Pottstown, died in Philadelphia on Friday last. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and perhaps the last witness of the execution of Major Andre. He was 91 years and 4 months old.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, Nov. 3, 1857.

FLOUR—The market is without change as to price, but considerable is moving to tide water.

GRAIN—All kinds of grain, with the exception of Corn, remain as last quoted. Corn has fallen of 7c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Pork, Mess, has declined $2@$3 per barrel.—Fresh Pork is beginning to come in, and is bought at $7 ⅌ cwt

POULTRY—Chickens are only worth 5c per lb to-day. All other varieties as last quoted.

DAIRY PRODUCTS—Butter is firm at 18c. Cheese is lower, with 7@8c. as to range.

DRIED FRUIT—Apples as last quoted. Peaches are coming in more freely and buyers discriminate as to quality; 10@10½c are the rates per lb.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box,	18c
Flour, bbl	$4,75@6,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Wheat, Gen	$1,10@1,15	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Best white Canada	$1,10@1,15	Apples, bushel	38@50c
Corn	63c	Do. dried	$1,00@1,25
Oats	34@36c	Potatoes	50@63c
Barley	65c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	38c	Slaughter	5@6c
Beans	$1,25@1,50	Calf	00@10c
Peas	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	31@38c
MEATS.		Lamb do.	30@32½c
Pork, Mess	$20,00@22,00	SEEDS.	
Do. cwt	$9,00@7,00	Clover, bushel	$6,50@7,00
Beef, ⅌ cwt	$5,00@6,00	Timothy	$3,00@3,75
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard	$4,50@5,50
Ham, smoked	12@12c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	10c	Coal, Lehigh	$7,00@7,50
Chickens	8c	Do. Scranton	$6,00@6,50
Turkeys	00@10c	Do. Bloesburg	$5,00@5,50
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin	$5,25@5,75
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	00@18c	Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,45
Do. firkin	14@17c	Hay, ton	$7@11
Cheese	7@8c	Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	00@12½c	White fish, bbl	$10,50@11
Tallow	8@9c	Codfish ⅌ quintal	$5,25@5,50
Eggs, dozen	11@15c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—Flour—5c lower. The receipts to-day are 35,000 bbls. Sales at $4,80@4,85 for super State; $5,05@5,20 for extra State; $4,80@4,90 super Western; $5@6 for extra do market closing dull. Canadian flour a shade lower; sales at $5,20@6,75 for com to choice extra.

GRAIN—Market for Wheat a shade easier. Sales at 101@102c for Chicago spring; 106@108c for Milwaukee club; 122c for a fair white Canadian. Rye steady at 75@76c delivered. Barley unchanged; sales four-rowed State at 75c delivered. Corn scarce and firmer; sales mixed Western at 75@77c delivered; closing firm at latter price.

PROVISIONS—Pork nominal at $21@20,25 mess; $16@16,25 for prime. Mess offered at $20 without buyers. Lard steady; sales at 10½@12½c. Butter continues in active demand at 13@18c for Ohio; 16@22c for State. Cheese is selling to a fair extent at 6¾@8¾c.

BUFFALO, Nov. 3.—The severe storm yesterday interfered with out door operations and the market was rather quiet. The receipts since Saturday of flour and wheat, have been fair, while of the other grains the quantity is light.

FLOUR—There was a moderate demand yesterday, mostly for the interior, and the sales were extra Michigan, $5,18; Ohio, $5,25, 5,44@5,50; superfine Canadian $5.

GRAIN—There was a good demand for wheat and the market continues steady, sales Chicago spring at 80c; red Ohio on p t, and inferior white Canadian $1,10. Corn quiet, but firmer—Small sales at 60c. Oats are in request, with sales at 34c. Barley; small sales at 65c.

GRAIN RECEIPTS—The following will show the receipts by Lake for the week ending 31st ult:—Flour, 44,829 bbls., Wheat, 610,337 bush; Corn, 55,023 bush.; Oats, 77,951 bush.

ALBANY, Nov. 2.—Flour and Meal—The demand for Flour is steady with a fair supply. No change in prices, with a fair business doing. Corn Meal unchanged.

GRAIN—Wheat steady with a moderate supply and a fair milling demand. Sales white Canadian on p. t. Corn firm with a moderate supply and demand: Sales Western mixed at 75c.—Barley continues firm, with a good home and shipping demand; sales four-rowed at 85c for good State, and 90c for very choice. Oats lower; sales State at 41c, measure.

FEED—The market is steady with a fair demand; sales second quality at 75c, and Middlings at $1.

EXPORT OF BREADSTUFFS—The following figures show the export of Breadstuffs from the United States to Great Britain since Sept 1, 1857 and for a like period during 1856:

	Flour, bbls.	Meal, bus.	Wheat, bus.	Corn, bus.
1857	131,733	....	1,3 9 207	356,054
1856	107,611	156	2,599,190	1,294,751

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, OCT. 28.—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Beeves—First quality, 10½@11; Ordinary, 9½@10c.; Common, 8½@9c.; Inferior, 8@8½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $60@70; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 7@7½c.; Other qualities, 5@6½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $4,50@6,75; Other qualities, $3@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 5½@6c.; Other qualities, 4½@5c.

CAMBRIDGE, OCT. 28—At market 1721 Cattle, 1000 Beeves, and 72 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,75@8,00; First quality, $6,75@7,00; Second quality, $6,00@6,75; Third quality, $5,00@5,50; Ordinary, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—$80, 150@230.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 45, 50, 60@70.

YEARLINGS—$12@16. Two years old—$18@23. Three years old—$28@31

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1600 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,75, $2,00, 2,25 each. Extra and selections, $2,87@3,00.

SWINE—1500 at market. Prices—Live weight, 6@6½c. ⅌ lb.—Dressed, 7@7½c

HIDES—4½@5c. ⅌ lb. Tallow—No sales.

PELTS—50@62c each. Calf Skins—12@13c. ⅌ lb.

BRIGHTON, Oct. 29.—At market 1300 Beef Cattle, 1000 Stores, 11 pair Working Oxen, 50 Cows and Calves, 4,000 Sheep and Lambs, 400 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $8,00; First quality, $7,75; Second, 7,00, Third, $6,50; Ordinary, $5,50.

YEARLINGS—$13@15. Two years old—$18@22. Three years old—$21@29.

WORKING OXEN—No sales.

COWS AND CALVES—$21, 23, 30@35

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $2,50, 2,75@3,00. By lot, $1,75 2,00@2,25.

SWINE—8c. Retail, 8½@9½c.

HIDES—4½@5c. ⅌ lb. Tallow—6c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—50@62c. Calf Skins—12@13c. ⅌ lb.

GRAIN AT THE WEST.

THE deficiency of grain and flour exports from all points in the West, as compared with last year, is very serious. From Aug. 1 to Oct. 20, 1856, Toronto exported 31,110 bbls. of flour and 450,821 bushels of wheat, which dwindles to 12,180 barrels and less than 21,000 bushels in 1857.

THE decrease of grain shipments from Chicago from Jan. to Oct. 17 1857, as compared with 1856, is about five millions of bushels, and this is likely to be the deficit of the year.

CORN is offered at 24 cents a bushel by the farmers along the Wabash Valley, deliverable at their own expense in Vincennes, Indiana.

THE Buffalo *Commercial* of the 31st ult, gives the following figures as the sales of wheat in that city on the day previous:

150,000 bu Calcavn spring at 80	$120,000
4,500 bu red winter at 85	3,825
13,000 bu white winter at $1 10	14,300
10,000 bu Milwaukee club at 82	8,200
177,500	$145,325

The Commercial further says:—"The above comprehends only the sales of wheat we picked up. We think there were other sales sufficient to make the aggregate 200,000 bu. Besides there were 1,000 bbls flour; 10,000 bu corn, and 18,000 bu oats reported sold, and there were probably really more. Now this is pretty good business for such times as these. Our wheat business, especially, has been active the whole season. Millers from this State, and even from eastern States, have largely resorted to this market. We have sold more of this article than ever, and will close up with a larger trade in it than we have had in any one season since Buffalo was a city."

THE Milwaukee *Sentinel* estimates the wheat crop of Wisconsin at 18,000,000 of bushels for 1857, an increase of near 6,000,000 over 1856.

THE Iowa City *Republican* states that farmers are offering wheat in that city for 40 cents a bushel and cannot find purchasers. The Republican adds, "the same state of facts is reported of the Muscatine and other river markets, and indeed we may say of the markets generally of the State."

THE Evansville (Ind.) *Journal* of the 29th ult., states that a gentleman who returned on Tuesday from several weeks' excursion through Illinois and Iowa, says the wheat on every route through which he traveled still remains in stack. He thinks scarcely one farmer in fifty has thrashed more wheat than for his own use.

PORK AT THE WEST.

THE Cincinnati *Gazette*, of the 27th ult, in commenting upon the prospects of the hog market, thus reports:—A sale of 500 hogs was effected to-day at $5 per 100 lbs net, deliverable from the 1st to the 10th of December. This is a clear decline of $2 per 100 lbs, from the prices current about the 1st of August.—Packing operations will commence in this city, weather favoring about the 6th of November. But for the occurrence of the panic, prices would have opened at over $7. It is now thought they may recede to $6. At present everything favors a low range of prices; but as the market will be governed by the course of financial affairs, it is difficult at present to form a reliable opinion as to the future.

IT is said that the supply of hogs in the Wabash Valley, Ind., is very large, and that pork has been engaged at $5, gross.

IN Chicago the market for hogs continues dull and unsettled, and prices have further declined, the market on the 29th ult., closing dull at $4@4,75 per cwt.

WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—The market has not assumed any symptoms of returning animation since our last, and business is still quite prostrate, the demand is confined to very small parcels required for immediate consumption. Prices are still quite unsettled, but for good indorsed notes are decidedly in buyers favor; the manufacturing interest, however, is so prostrate at present that holders of Wool look with suspicion on all parties, and most of them are reluctant to part with their stock unless for cash; but the producers of Woolens no doubt can find better use for their funds, if they have any, than invest it in the Woolen business at present. Under these peculiar circumstances, some holders have exported several hundred bales to Europe to find a market. We omit quotations, as prices are entirely nominal.—*Tribune.*

THE PANIC AS AFFECTING THE CATTLE TRADE.—The Cambridge Chronicle has the following in reference to the condition of the Cattle Markets under the influence of the money pressure:—"The Cambridge and Brighton markets at the present time present a curious anomaly. Here is to be found a class of men—the butchers solvent and wealthy—based upon a cash capital, who are usually but slightly affected by the financial changes that periodically occur in the country; now they tremble before the present blast like a mariner in mid-ocean without compass or rudder. The yards and fields are full of the finest bullocks, sheep and lambs. Courage to buy, to trade, to speculate, all have vanished. The secret is rapidly being developed that an entire change in price of these commodities is inevitable, and by no means have they touched bottom. The theory entertained during the last three years, that cattle never again could become reasonably cheap, is now known to be a fallacy."

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By order of the Committee,
Oct. 20, 1857. W. V. K. LANSING, *Chairman.*

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I shall be exceedingly happy to contribute any influence which the "Home Journal" may possess for the furthering of the general authority and interest of your father's immortal work. Believe me, my dear Sir, Yours, very truly,
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Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DROUTH.

A QUIET hush is on the drowsy air,
The summer's sultry breath sweeps slowly by,
As though, o'erburdened with parched Nature's prayer,
It tired toiled to reach the burning sky,
And, mid-way fainting, sank to earth again,
To die in thirsty murmurs for the rain.

From clattering wheels the powdered earth along
The village turnpike flies, in dusty clouds,
While down the yellow slopes—a faded throng—
The wild flowers faint, enclosed in fearless shrouds;
And feverish roses bow their drooping heads,
To cheer the sighing pansies in their lowly beds.

Wheeled high in air, the swallows homeward fly,
Breaking the deep repose with chattering tones;
The robin warbles forth his plaintive cry,
And the great, lazy house-fly ceaseless drones,
While the hot grasshopper through the drowsy day
Crackles the long, dull, heavy hours away.

Through the wide fields the scorching sunbeams creep,
Like fiery serpents, 'mid the waving grain;
And the parched corn, with husky voice and deep,
Puts forth its long, green fingers for the rain;
But yet no moisture comes, no cheering dews distill,
While slow the sun's red rays, the western arches fill.

Ogdensburgh, N. Y., 1857. E. C. J.

Life's Lessons.

TWO WAYS TO SAVE MONEY.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE following sketch of real life so plainly exhibits a lesson which might be profitably followed by many of our people, that we give it to the reader simply as it occurred, only concealing the real names of the parties concerned. And as the story bears its own moral we will not tire you with any "reflections."

John Poland and Anson Lyman bought farms adjoining each other. The land had formerly been owned by one man who had carried on the whole, employing a heavy force in the work. When the two friends bought the land it was as equally divided as possible; and after the line of separation had been run, those who had worked much on the land declared that they would not give the "toss of a copper" for a choice between the two farms. The old buildings were almost useless, so new ones were erected, and at the same time both men commenced farming in earnest. They were poor, having paid their last pennies for the farms, and being obliged to run some in debt to get stock and tools.

In all respects the two men commenced evenly. They were both married, and while Poland had one son and two daughters, Lyman had one daughter and two sons.

"Look ye," said Lyman, as the two sat together after their farming operations were commenced, "I have set my mark to aim at. I'm determined, if I have my health, to lay up a thousand dollars, clear of everything, in five years."

"That is rather a short time for such a purpose," returned Poland.

"Not a bit," cried the other, enthusiastically.—"I'm not going to wear my back-bone away for nothing. *I'm going to lay up money.*"

"So I hope to do," said Poland, "but money isn't the first consideration.

"What's the reason it isn't!" asked Lyman. "If you have money you can have everything. Money is the key that unlocks all doors—the card that admits you to all places. O! give me a thousand dollars, and I'll be content."

"So I must have a thousand dollars," remarked Poland; and then the conversation took another turn.

One day a man came along who had some splendid young cattle. They were of a pure English breed, or rather a cross between two of the best breeds ever imported, and came very high. Poland saw him passing and hailed him. Our friend was anxious to grow a fine stock, and he knew that he must commence in the right way.

The owner of the stock said he was willing to sell, but he must have his price. He had a fine young pair, male and female, two years old, which he would sell for two hundred dollars. Poland offered his note on six months, together with a bill of sale of the cattle as security. The owner was satisfied, and the bargain was made. The animals were brought home, and Poland was not disappointed in his purchase.

"*Phew,*" broke from Lyman's lips, as he heard the price which his neighbor had paid for the new stock. "Two hundred dollars for a two-year-old bull and heifer! Why—what on earth could you have been thinking of, Poland? Why—I wouldn't have given seventy-five dollars for 'em no how.—My cows will give as much milk and make as much butter and cheese. I tell you plainly you'll never see that thousand dollars if you launch out in that way."

"But, my dear sir, I am determined to have the best stock I can get," returned Poland earnestly; "for those farmers who have made the most money have made it from stock. I assure you it is one of the greatest failings our farmers have that they are content with small, poor cattle, when, by a little trouble and expense, they could have much better."

"My stock answers my purpose, at any rate," resumed Lyman. "I can't afford to pay two hundred dollars for a pair of two-year-olds, and one o' them a heifer at that, when for fifty dollars I can buy one of the best cows in the country."

"You have a right to your own opinions."

"Aye—and I'll have my thousand dollars, too," laughed Lyman, as he turned away.

It was only a week after this that the canvasser for an agricultural newspaper stopped at Lyman's house; but the host couldn't afford to take it.

"Hadn't you better?" ventured his wife.

"No. We take the *Village Pickings*, published right our own town, and that's enough. You know what I told you, Dolly,—I must have that *thousand dollars!*"

"Then you won't take it?" said the agent.

"No, sir. Can't afford it. But there's my neighbor Poland—he'll take anything that anybody offers him."

"I've called on him, sir, and he told me I'd better stop here. He said you were taking no agricultural paper."

"And did he subscribe?"

"Yes—and paid me the money."

"I tell ye, Dolly, Poland's thousand dollars 'll come out minus—now you mark my words."

Dolly Lyman said nothing, for she was troubled at that moment by the thought that her husband was exercising a spirit of penuriousness which looked mean; but she did not say so.

"Hallo! what ye doing?" cried Lyman, as he saw Poland commencing to run a fence across his field.

"I'm going to throw out just half of this field into pasturing," returned Poland.

"What?" exclaimed Lyman, hardly able to believe what he had heard. "Throw off half of your field! Why—that wont leave you with more than twenty acres to till."

"I know it,—and that's all I want. I am determined not to waste my time and energies in swinging a scythe over forty acres of land after five and twenty tons of hay when I can get forty tons from twenty acres."

"Crazy as a March hare!" muttered Lyman, as he turned away.

Ere long Lyman was met by another surprise.—He was at the hotel in the village, one day, and there learned that his neighbor Poland had engaged all their manure for four years; and that he was to pay for it in wood, and butter, and cheese, and such other articles of produce as might be wanted.

"Dolly, what *do* you suppose Poland has been and done now?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," returned the wife, looking up.

"Well, I'll tell you. He's been and engaged all the manure made at the tavern stables for the next four years, and he's got to haul wood, and let his butter and cheese go to pay for it!"

On the same day he saw Poland and asked him what he meant. "I mean to bring my farm up," returned the latter.

"But I get manure enough for two acres of corn every year, and that's enough," said Lyman.

"For you it may be, but I wish to manure more. Our land was well run out when we took it, and in order to get it up to its fullest capacity we must be prodigal of rich dressing."

"Well," said Lyman, with a sort of pitying expression—"go ahead; but if you ever see your money, let me know."

"I'll give you a good account, never fear," replied Poland, laughing. "I must feed my land if I would have it feed me. We haven't got land here like those rich alluvial bottoms in the West. My land needs nursing now."

But Anson Lyman couldn't see the use of wasting money in that way. He thought the man who would first cut his tillage land down one-half, and then go off and buy such a quantity of manure, must be little better than foolish. *He* wasn't such a fool, at all events.

During the following winter, while Lyman was cutting and hauling wood to the village for two dollars and a half per cord, "*poor*" Poland was hauling his to the tavern to pay for manure which he had not got yet!

It was on the first day of April that Poland came to see his neighbor. He wanted to borrow a hundred dollars for six months, or for a year if he could.

"What ye going to do with it?" asked Lyman.

"I want to make some improvements in my barn cellar, and also enlarge the building by putting on a tie-up, thus throwing the cattle out of my main barn."

"I declare, Poland, it's too bad," said Lyman, pityingly. "Here I've laid up over two hundred dollars clear cash, and you are worse off than nothing—in debt. By the jingo, John, I don't want to see you fooling away money so. Your barn is large enough—as large as mine is with double your land to empty into it. If I lend you an hundred dollars what assurance have I that I shall ever see it? I'd rather let it go where I know it is safe. I shouldn't want to sue you, and I might not get it without. Your farm is as good as mine, and you have no more need to be borrowing than I have—or, you shouldn't have."

John Poland didn't say anything about the two animals he had bought a year and a half before, and the calf they had yielded him, for which he had been offered within the week four hundred dollars. He owned that amount of stock over and above the stock owned by Lyman. He turned the subject of conversation as quickly as possible, for he wanted to hear no more reasons from his friend for not lending him the money.

That afternoon he went over to see the man of whom he had bought this new stock, who lent him the money he needed readily.

"What a fool!" said Lyman, as he saw the carpenters at work tearing away one whole side of his neighbor's barn, preparatory to adding an apartment capable of accommodating forty-five head of cattle." However, Poland worked on, and tried in vain to get his neighbor to listen to some of his advice.

"Don't talk to me," cried Lyman, at the end of the second year. "I've got four hundred dollars at interest. How much have you got?"

"A thousand or so," returned the other.

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"Why, all the money I have laid out on this place is on interest."

"Oho—ah, ha, ha, ha,—and now how much interest have you realized?"

"So far I've let it all run at compound interest—put the interest right in with the principle, and there it lies."

"Yes, and there it will lie. I don't believe you can raise fifty dollars now in cash."

"You are right, Lyman—I could not raise it without selling something which I do not wish at present to part with."

"I thought so. But take your own way."

Ere long Anson Lyman was astonished to find that his neighbor had subscribed for a third paper, besides buying a lot of books for his children.

"What's the use?" he said, as he sat in his neighbor's front room, and saw a large pile of books on the shelf. "I want my children to learn to work—not to be spending their time over books. They get schooling enough when our school is open."

"So I mean that my children shall learn to work," returned Poland; "but that shall not prevent them from becoming well educated. I would rather leave them with good health, good characters, and well educated, than with thousands of dollars each, minus the education."

"Oho! That's the way you meant to lay up a thousand dollars; to have it in books, and papers, and new tie-ups, and such like."

"You shall see when the time is up."

"We shall," returned Lyman, as he turned towards home.

Mr. Lyman had not fully realized how much corn Poland had received from the land he had manured so heavily and so carefully; and on the second year he only noticed that his neighbor had "extraordinary *good luck*" with his wheat, getting about ninety bushels from three acres. But he had occasion to open his eyes on the third year.

One evening, just at sundown, he went over into Poland's field, where the men were just finishing raking up the three-acre piece where the grain had been the year before—the first piece the present owner had plowed up and dressed.

"Been poling some hay on here," said Lyman, as he saw the huge bunches of hay nearly as thick as they could stand.

"No—this was all cut from these three acres," returned Poland.

Lyman counted the bundles, and then estimated their average weight, and upon reckoning up he found that the land had yielded not far from *four tuns to the acre!* He had just got in the *two acres* which he had first dressed upon the new farm, and he had obtained short of two tuns per acre! He knew that Poland had got ten bushels more of wheat per acre than he had done, and also more corn. He began to think; but yet he would not let his money go for any such "*experiments*" upon his place.

The five years came around, and Anson Lyman went on that day and sold fourteen bushels of corn in order to get fourteen dollars to put with nine hundred and eighty-six dollars which he had at home.

"Well, Poland, I've got the prize!" said Lyman, entering the former's barn in the afternoon. It was early spring, just five years from the day on which they bought. "I've got the thousand dollars; now what have you got?"

"Well—I have not far from four hundred dollars in money."

"Aha—I thought so."

"But, Anson Lyman," said Poland, almost sternly, "are your eyes not opened yet?"

"Opened! What d'ye mean?"

"Well, I mean that my farm, to-day, will sell for one thousand dollars more than yours will. Look at my hay-mow. There are nearly twenty tuns of hay; you have not ten. And, mind you, I have five head of cattle more than you have. Next season I shall cut more hay from twelve acres, which I have now regenerated, than you will cut upon your whole forty acres; and you know my hay is worth far more a pound than your hay is.—I told you I had five more head of cattle than you had. For these five creatures I can, within six hours, take seven hundred dollars cash; but no such money can purchase them of me. Ah, Lyman, you have been saving money, but you have taken it from your farm without returning anything for it."

"Never mind—I've got my thousand dollars, and I've got my farm, as good as it was the day I bought it."

"Not quite, Lyman."

"How so?"

"You've taken off two hundred cords of good wood."

"Well—so you took off some."

"Aye—but what I took from my wood lot I put back upon my field. I did not take it from the farm."

Mr. Lyman went away with new thoughts.

Time passed on, and at the end of another five years the eyes of Anson Lyman were wholly opened. Poland had now raised quite a stock of noble cattle from his first purchase, and commenced to sell to the beef-market. Two hundred dollars was the least any one of t'em brought when fatted; and one bullock, four years old, brought him three hundred and ten dollars. His twenty-acre field was like a garden, yielding, such as was mowed, an average of three tuns to the acre. In short, his whole farm was under the best of training and improvement, and now yielded him back a heavy interest upon all that he had expended. During one fall he took over a thousand dollars for stock and produce; and he was offered five thousand dollars for his place, while Lyman could not have found a purchaser at fifteen hundred!

"Dolly," said Anson Lyman, sinking into a chair, "I've been a fool!—a fool! I say."

"Why—Anson—what do you mean?"

"Mean? Look at Poland's farm."

"I have looked at it from the first, Anson."

"You have? And what have you seen?"

"Why, I saw that John Poland was making a comfortable home for himself and family, and increasing the value of his farm tenfold."

"And why didn't you tell me so?"

"I did tell you so, husband, and you said I was a fool."

"I remember. Well—never mind. 'Tisn't too late now."

On the next morning Mr. Lyman went over to his neighbor's and frankly said:

"Poland, you must help me. I want to learn to be a farmer."

"I will help you with pleasure, Anson; and you can begin far more easily than I did, for you have money."

And Lyman commenced. The thousand dollars was nearly all expended in the work, but in the end he found himself the gainer, and his dollars came back to him with interest twice-told. He had learned a lesson which many might follow with profit.

LEAVES are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable; they even dance; yet God, in his wisdom, has made them part of the oak. In so doing, he has given us a lesson not to deny the stout heartedness within, because we see the lightsomeness without.—*Hare.*

BITS OF HUMOR.

COLEMAN, the dramatist, was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," replied he, "Hook and eye are old associates."

WHY is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them is satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

"I'M glad this coffee don't owe me anything," said Brown, a boarder, at breakfast. "Why?" said Smith. "Because, I don't believe it would ever settle."

SHAME, shame!" cried a bumpkin orator at a parish meeting in the country, "our clergyman pays no rate." "Yes, he does," rejoined a wag.—"What rate does he pay?" inquired the other.—"Why, the *cu-rate.*"

A WESTERN paper offers to write "Mr." before, or "Esq." after the name of such of its subscribers, in directing their papers to them, as will pay twenty-five cents extra, and both of said "handles" for fifty cents extra. Cheap enough for luxury.

VISITORS at Niagara Falls remember a staircase on the west side of Goat Island, called Biddle Staircase. Some one asked a friend of ours why it was called by that name. "Why," said the wicked wag, "because it *wound up the bank*, to be sure."

A CHAP out west, who had been severely afflicted with the palpitation of the heart, says he found instant relief by the application of another palpitating heart to the part affected. Quite another triumph of Homeopathy—"like cures like."

A YOUNG lady explained to a printer, the other day, the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said: "You may print a kiss upon my cheek, but you must not publish it."

OLD ROGER was visiting a friend, who had a remarkably fine little girl, about three years old, famous for smart sayings. As usual, she was shown off before our esteemed friend. "What is papa?" said the parent, in order to draw out the precocious reply. "Papa's a humbug," said the juvenile. "I declare," said old Roger, "I never, in my life, saw so young a child with so mature a judgment."

A NEW daily paper is shortly to be started in this city, Boston, with sixteen editors. One editor is to take all the medicines which are sent into the office for notice, a second will attend especially to free blows and dangerous railroad excursions, a third will merely answer questions relative to the general health of his two first named associates, a fourth will do the heavy loafing of the office at the sea-side resorts, and the others will be assigned equally agreeable vocations.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGNA.

I AM composed of 31 letters.
My 25, 14, 20 is a conjunction.
My 16, 4, 10, 21, 11, 8, 1 is a proper noun.
My 9, 3, 23, 30, 27 is an adverb.
My 28, 22 is an interjection.
My 2, 5, 12, 30, 17 is an adjective.
My 31, 13, 15, 7 is a verb.
My 16, 18, 19 is a common noun.
My 24, 28, 29, 26 is a personal pronoun.
My whole are words of a distinguished naval officer.

Junius, N. Y., 1857. X. Y. Z.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 46 letters.
My 16, 7, 8, 12 was the wife of Jacob.
My 9, 20, 10, 6, 38, 39, 8, 46, 16 was one of the twelve disciples.
My 2, 18 was king of Bashan.
My 15, 8, 22, 28, 14, 23, 29, 46, 26 was a Jewish sect often mentioned in the New Testament.
My 19, 13, 16, 27, 35, 3, 31 was the champion of the Philistines.
My 45, 42, 25, 39, 20, 23, 6, 7, 30, 44, 41 was king of Assyria.
My 37, 44, 28, 24, 33 was a city of Phœnicia.
My 5, 8, 21, 15, 17, 26 was the birth place of the Apostle Paul.
My 11, 33, 4, 8, 15 was a maritime city of Mysia.
My 16, 36, 40, 27, 8 was a woman converted by Paul.
My whole is one of the proverbs of Solomon.

Morning Sun, Ohio, 1857. G. W. SIMPSON.

☞ Answer next week.

Answers to Enigmas, &c., in No. 408.

Answer to Grammatical Enigma:—Our life is made up of little things.

PERSEVERENCE.

I ONCE saw a company of boys out on the ice skating. All were in high glee, chasing each other over the smooth surface, and cutting all sorts of figures, except one fellow who was sitting down on the ice. He held his skates in his hand, and while the others were having fine sport, he was curled up shivering with the cold.

"What's the matter, Jim?" said Chas. Sprightly, coming round in a graceful curve to where James was sitting.

"I'm cold," answered James, almost crying.

"Cold!" was Charley's laughing reply, as he wheeled upon his skates and darted off, "up and at it, then."

Yes, that's the way, boys; if we don't want to freeze to death in this cold world, we must "up and at it." Who cares if the work is hard? Who cares about labor and toil? Not that smart, sprightly, energetic, persevering boy, who sits there with that long lesson before him, telling by his flashing eye and determined look, that he has resolved to conquer every difficulty. No, surely not he.

By energy and perseverance we may accomplish almost everything we please. The water falling upon stone, will, in time, wear for itself a channel. A few drops may not seem to make any impression, but by continued action the hard substance is made to yield.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PEABODY'S NEW HAUTBOIS STRAWBERRY.

I AM NOW PREPARED TO SELL THE PLANTS OF this most wonderful fruit, at reduced rates. This superb fruit, the present season, although badly hindered by late frost and by drouth, has fully sustained all that I have claimed for it, viz:—It is the largest size; most beautiful rich, deep crimson color; of the finest flavor; flesh firm, melting and juicy; and bears transportation better than any Strawberry ever yet cultivated. It is the earliest of all Strawberries, blooming just as soon in the Spring as the frost will permit it, and continues in fruit until Fall. It is a hardy, rapid, and vigorous grower, an abundant bearer, and adapted to any latitude where the Strawberry will fruit. That I may not be accused of over-estimating the value of this Strawberry, I give in my Circular extracts from various papers, North and South, and from letters of distinguished private individuals, showing the estimate in which this fruit is held by those who have had the opportunity of testing it.

This plant being hermaphrodite, produces fruit without an impregnator, which is a great advantage over pistillate varieties. Plants put out this Fall will produce fine fruit next Spring and Summer.

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Columbus, Ga., August 1, 1857 397w8eow

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Elmira, N. Y., Oct., 1857. 383m6wc

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With the land will be sold 100 head of cattle, 4 good breeding mares, 500 sheep, farm wagons, plows, machinery, &c. The price for the whole will be $35 per acre, $10,000 down, balance on long time, secured by mortgage, bearing interest annually.—For further particulars, address H. C. WHITE,

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Rural New-Yorker.

THE SUN-FLOWER EXPERIMENT.

BY LIEUT. M. F. MAURY.

COPY of a letter from a physician, dated New Orleans, 24th August, 1857:

"LT. MAURY—*Sir:* The board of health of New Orleans, of which I am a member, having instructed me to prepare a plan for the drainage (dessechement) of that city, I am anxious to surround myself with all the information necessary in such an undertaking. A short time since, I read in one of the newspapers that you have indicated the Sun-Flower as a plant peculiarly fitted for absorbing the miasma of marshy places, and I will be infinitely obliged to you, Sir, if you will have the goodness to communicate to me the results of your profound and valuable experience on this subject. I nothing doubt but that the influence of your experience, and your name will have great weight in the determinations of the board. I venture to hope, Sir, that the interests of humanity, which have dictated this application to you, will excuse me in your eyes for the liberty I am taking in making this appeal to a source of information so justly appreciated in the scientific world.

I pray to reciprocate the assurance of my distinguished consideration."

Extract of a letter from M. VATTEMERE to Lt. MAURY, dated Paris 20th of August, 1857.

"I am requested by the Director of the Colonial Department, to ask you some account of your plantations of *turn-sols*, to get rid of fever and ague reigning about the Observatory."

To these and other requests, written and unwritten, I ask leave to reply through the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and in answer beg to submit the following Report:

Experiments of this sort belong to that class which yields philosophical deductions satisfactorily only after a great many repetitions, and from experiments made under a variety of circumstances. In this case a year is required for one experiment, and the experimenter works in the dark; for he cannot know certainly what would have been the result by varying the experiment or had no experiment been made. The readers of the RURAL who should try the experiment are requested to state results and circumstances. I set them the example.

A belt of ground about 45 feet broad, between the marshes and the Observatory buildings, was planted thickly with Sun-Flowers in the spring. This belt is semi-circular, having the buildings for its centre, with a radius of four or five hundred feet. It is on the top of a hill ninety feet above the marshes, and from one-eighth to a mile or more distant from them. They are covered this year with an unusually rank growth of vegetation attributable to the fact that the marshes are in rapid process of formation, and the area covered by the water-grass grows larger and larger every year. The Sun-Flower patch should be well manured.

So far the watchmen about the grounds, who are the persons most exposed to the night air, and who usually suffer most from intermittent, have escaped, with but a single exception. H— had one slight chill the last of August. Before I commenced the Sun-Flower experiment he suffered with them severely, but since these experiments were commenced, of which this is only the second, he has had no return of them, except this one.—The other watchman, L—, has come since the experiment was inaugurated; he has had no attack and is now in the second season here.

To the S. E. of the Observatory, and just across the street from the bottom of the garden, is a house occupied by a family of four white persons. It is so situated that our Sun-Flower curtain did not screen it from the marshes. Three of this family have already been quite ill from attacks of intermittent fever. Both houses are on the hill, both equi-distant from the marshes on the South, though the Observatory is nearer to them on the West.

If the supposition be correct that intermittent fevers are for the most part caused by the decay of vegetable matter, then we apparently have grounds for the conjecture that the poison, be it gaseous, miasmatic or what not, which is set loose and put afloat during the process of vegetable decay, might be re-absorbed by the growth of vegetation. The ranker the growth the greater the absorption; such was the reasoning—and therefore it was that the preference was given to Sun-Flowers for our experiment. Hops are rank of growth; they climb high, and they, if there be anything in such reasoning, and the conjecture suggested by it, should answer as well as the Sun-Flowers—perhaps better — because they continue in vigorous growth longer than the Sun-Flowers.

Speaking upon this subject during the summer with a very intelligent and observant gentleman,—a corn planter from the Roanoke bottoms in North Carolina, where intermittents are very prevalent,—he said it was his rule never to leave his low-land home for the upper country until the Indian corn had finished its growth — that as long as it was growing he did not consider that those who lived in houses under its lee, in any danger. At any rate it was a rule which he followed for himself and family, and it worked well.

The experiment at the Observatory this year is not by any means a fair one—for the growth of the Sun-Flowers is now over. That it is over so early is in consequence of a violent hail-storm that occurred here June 21st. Some of the stones were nearly as large as hen's eggs. All the young trees about the Observatory bear marks of them: for they fell with force enough to knock the bark from stocks and branches of trees as large as one's leg. This storm injured the first crop of Sun-Flowers and destroyed the second — so that now, before the sickly season is fairly over, no Sun-Flower growth is going on;—indeed the stalks have just been pulled up, and the gardener is of opinion that if planted later than June they will not grow large or vigorously.

I will not conclude this report till we have a white frost, simply that I may report any cases of intermittent that may occur during the Sun-Flower interregnum.

Oct. 21st.—Last night we had the first frost of the season. It was quite cold, and in the morning there was ice. Up to this time all the month of October has been unusually mild, rainless, clear and fine. The first rain during the month was on last Thursday. Since the Sun-Flowers ceased their growth, there have been four cases of chills and fever. The other watchman, L—, has had a severe attack and has given up his place in consequence of it.

Notwithstanding the fact that during the four months while the Sun-Flowers were in growth, there was but one slight case of chills — and that in the course of three weeks after they were burnt up, there have been four cases and three of them severe,— still we are bound to admit that the experiment is by no means satisfactory; consequently unsatisfactory conclusions only can be drawn from the premises. The plants were very much injured, stunted and crippled in their growth by the hail-storm of June. Nevertheless, though the experiment for this year has its drawbacks, there is in it nothing to discourage, except the circumstance that the crop of Sun-Flowers was injured by the hail. I am now preparing for next year's crop, by manuring the ground, and such is my faith in the virtue of this vegetable screen, that I shall remain at the Observatory next summer to subject my own person to the experiment; or if I leave my home and go to the mountains to keep clear of the disease, I shall not go till I get a warning from the ague and fever to quit.

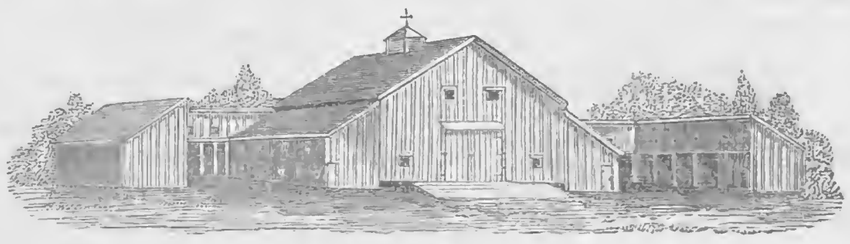
THE FARMER'S HOME.

THE business of the farmer is at home—his pleasures are home pleasures, and his enjoyments are the enjoyments of home. The merchant may get along without a home. He may spend his days in his office or counting room, or in the exciting marts of commerce—his evenings in contriving new schemes, deep plans for accumulating wealth, or averting anticipated loss. Too seldom are the hours or days he snatches from business cares for recreation devoted to quiet home pleasures—they do not satisfy the ever-feverish brain that craves excitement, even in its repose. The watering place, the concert, the theatre, the convivial party, the wine-cup constitute, in too many cases, the pleasures of our men of wealth. It is stated that a merchant who recently failed in business in one of our large cities, on being asked what he intended to do, replied that he should "first go home and get acquainted with his wife and children." This, perhaps, was an extreme case; yet too many are *strangers at home!* How happy the man who feels that he has a true HOME —the temple of his household gods, where he reigns as patriarch, priest and king—a refuge from envy and malice, a shelter from the storms of life, that no loss of wealth, no change of circumstances can affect,—a rose without a thorn—a sun that knows no setting.

The farmer lives and labors at home, within sight of the smoke of his own chimney and the sound of his own dinner horn. If happy at home he is happy always, and if unhappy there, he is "of all men most miserable." His wife is not only acquainted with his business, his successes and failures, his hopes and fears, but is a sharer in his toils and anxieties. The butter, the cheese, the poultry, the saving and drying of fruits, and often the vegetable garden is under her especial control. Harvest and threshing affect her and her daughters and their labors, as much as the farmer himself.—The boys, too, plow, and hoe, and milk, and feed the cattle, and make themselves useful according to their ability. Every new acre added to the cultivated land, every important change in crops and in the mode of cultivation, affect the whole family, to some extent. All plans, therefore, for the improvement and enjoyment of the coming winter, should embrace every member. The farmer's family should be organized into a mutual improvement society, holding regular winter sessions.—The farmer has to toil hard and endure heat and storms—he truly earns his bread by the sweat of his brow—yet he has a long season in the winter for repose of body and improvement of mind.—No other class of men can command as much leisure time during the year, and if it is properly improved, he may become intelligent, useful and happy. There is no excuse now for ignorance:—the schoolmaster is everywhere abroad—the press is scattering its enlightening influence almost as abundant and free as water; so that he who runs may read. The man who remains ignorant, must do so deliberately and obstinately—he must shun the light and court darkness. Like BUNYAN'S CHRISTIAN at Vanity Fair, he must put his fingers in his ears and hurry on, determined to see nothing and know nothing of what is going on around him. It takes more pains and labor and vexation to remain ignorant than to gain knowledge. Let the farmer give his family all the benefit to be desired from these silent instructors of the people, books and papers. Those for himself, if he please, may be crammed full of knowledge — the solid meat; but the youth need works that afford both pleasure and instruction. Knowledge is none the less useful because presented in a pleasing form.—The pursuit of knowledge should be made a pleasure and not a drudgery. Home should be made so attractive that children will leave it with regret, and return with joy. They should have no temptation to seek amusement abroad. The want of a pleasant home has driven thousands to ruin.—Many ways of accomplishing so desirable an object will suggest themselves to every intelligent reader, and its importance is sufficient to command the attention of the wisest and best in the land. Without designing to particularise, we would simply call attention to the happy effects of *Music* in the family. It induces amiability, soothes the turbulent spirit, and banishes bad passions. That art which could drive the evil spirit from the troubled bosom of SAUL, should be encouraged in every family. *Drawing* is another innocent and useful amusement, loved by children of all ages.

The common schools are the universities where the farmer's children are educated. See that they are all they should be, that the teachers are faithful and intelligent, and receive proper sympathy and support, and that all the youth within your influence attend promptly and regularly, so as to receive the full benefit of winter's schooling.—The district library, too, may need replenishing.—New books of value are constantly making their appearance. There is no necessity of wasting funds appropriated to this purpose in the purchase of worthless works, that will remain on the shelves unread, or those whose influence is of a doubtful or evil tendency. Turn a deaf ear to the solicitations of all agents, who desire to get your library money, until you are fully satisfied as to the propriety of the expenditure.

The farmer can stand upon his own land, as a king among his subjects, the monarch of all around. The horses and the cattle come at his call and do his bidding, and even the sheep "knoweth their owner's voice." In closing this brief, but, we hope, suggestive article, we would ask that the comfort of these patient and faithful subjects should not be forgotten in the arrangements for the winter. Interest and humanity alike urge this subject upon the attention of all. No man with a good heart can enjoy himself during a cold winter's storm, if his cattle are suffering from either want or exposure. Then, what a sad example for the farmer to set his sons, who, in a few years, will manage farms of their own, and carry out the lessons they learn at home. This consideration, if no other, should induce every one with sons looking to them for instruction and example, to do everything in the best way and at the best time. Then will the sons learn wisdom, and the hearts of the fathers be made glad.

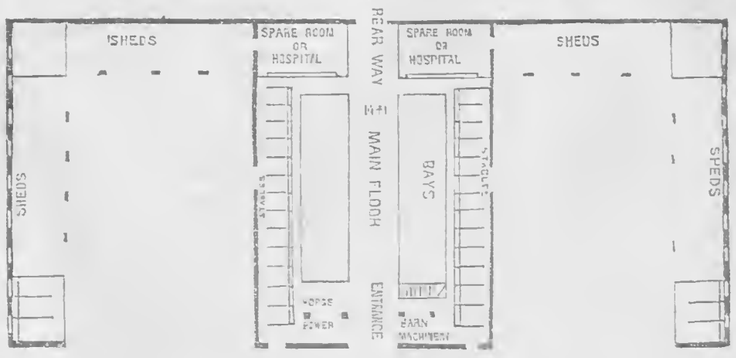


A COMPLETE STOCK BARN.—ELEVATION.

So many inquiries are made for good plans of Stock Barns, that we are induced to give engravings and a condensed description of the barn and sheds erected by LEWIS F. ALLEN, on his Grand Island Farm, from the *Annual Register of Rural Affairs.* This barn is the old one, which we have before described in the RURAL, reconstructed, its convenience having been proved by twenty years' use.

The body of the main barn is 100 feet long by 50 feet wide, the posts 18 feet high above the sill, making 9 bents. The beams are 14 feet above the sills, which is the height of the inner posts. The position of the floor and bays is readily understood from the plan. The floor, for a *grain* barn is 14 feet wide, but may be contracted to 12 feet for one exclusively for hay. The area in front of the bays is occupied with a stationary horse-power and with machinery for various farm operations, such as threshing, shelling corn, cutting straw, crushing grain, &c., all of which is driven by bands from drums on the horizontal shaft overhead, which runs across the floor from the horse-power on the other side; this shaft being driven by a cog-wheel on the perpendicular shaft round which the horses travel.

A passage four feet wide extends between the bays and the stables, which occupy the two wings. This extends up to the top of the bays, down which the hay is thrown for feeding, which renders this work as easy and convenient as possible.



GROUND PLAN.

The floor of the main barn is three feet higher than that of the stables. This will allow a cellar under it, if desired—or a deeper extension of the bays—and it allows storage lofts over the cattle, with sufficient slope of roof. A short flight of steps at the ends of each passage, admits easy access from the level of the barn floor.

The line of mangers is two feet wide. A manure window is placed at every twelve feet. The stalls are double; that is, for two animals each, which are held to their places by a rope and chain, attached to a staple and ring at each corner of the stall. This mode is preferred to securing by stanchions. A pole or scantling, placed over their heads, prevents them from climbing with their feet into the mangers, which they are otherwise very apt to do.

The sheds, which extend on the three sides of the barn, and touch it at the rear end, are on a level with the stables. An *inclined plane*, from the main floor through the middle of the back shed, forms a rear egress for wagons and carts, descending three feet from the floor. The two rooms, one on each side of this rear passage, 16 by 34 feet, may be used for housing sick animals, cows about to calve, or any other purpose required. The stables at the front ends of the sheds are convenient for teams of horses or oxen, or they may be fitted for wagon houses, tool houses, or other purposes. The rooms, 16 feet square, at the inner corners of the sheds, may be used for weak ewes, lambs, or for a bull stable.

Racks or mangers may be fitted up in the open sheds for feeding sheep or young cattle, and yards may be built adjoining, on the rear, six or eight in number, into which they may run and be kept separate. Barred partitions may separate the different flocks. Bars may also enclose the opening in front, or they may, if required, be boarded up tight. Step ladders are placed at convenient intervals, for ascending the shed lofts.

A granary over the machine room is entered by a flight of stairs. Poles extending from bay to bay, over the floor, will admit the storage of much additional hay or grain. As straw cannot be well kept when exposed to the weather, and is at the same time becoming more valuable as its uses are better understood, we would suggest that the space on these cross poles be reserved for its deposit from the elevator from threshing grain, or until space is made for it in one of the bays.

A one-sided roof is given to the sheds, (instead of a double-sided,) to throw all the water on the *outside*, in order to keep the interior of the yards dry. Eave-troughs take the water from the roofs to cisterns. The cisterns, if connected by an underground pipe, may be all drawn from by a single pump if necessary. The quantity of water thus afforded appears to be much under-estimated in the article accompanying the description, where it is stated to be *five hogsheads* per annum from a roof of ten feet square. Now, instead of this small amount, no less than *thirty-six* hogsheads are yielded by three feet of water, the average annual fall in the Northern and Middle States—as a computation will at once show.

The whole roof of the buildings, of the size here given, has over 12,000 square feet of surface, if we estimate correctly; this would give, as a daily average, twelve hogsheads of water, or twenty-four barrels—enough to water nearly a hundred head of cattle the year through. But if the cistern water were only used during the drouth of summer, there would be enough for three times this number. But as the whole yearly amount would be over four thousand hogsheads, the cisterns should hold at least a fifth of this quantity, if used constantly, or more than half this amount if used only in summer. Very few men would make them one-quarter the required capacity.—This is a thing singularly overlooked.

An important advantage of placing the stables in the wings of the barn is, that it obviates the common objection that liquid manure from the stalls rots the sills—the stable sills being compartively easily replaced if not under the main barn.

FALL MANAGEMENT OF SHEEP.

MANY who have the care and management of this variety of domestic animals, and those, too, who take pride in their flocks and herds, commit a very serious error in compelling or permitting them to roam the pastures and fields late in the fall, depending upon their pickings for subsistence, especially when the grass has lost the greater portion of its nutritive qualities from the effects of frost. Such a course should meet with the "righteous indignation" of every shepherd. Although sheep do not exhibit a loss of condition as quickly as other animals, such treatment rapidly tells upon them, and they are brought to the yard with decreased stamina. Such a process is *not economy but the reverse;* by it the entire gain from the summer food is rapidly absorbed—sheep that are yarded in a declining state will be weak and feeble through the winter—they will come out poorly in spring, the fleece inferior, and another summer will be lost in attaining the condition they possessed this fall. The shepherd who wishes to practice true economy; who desires to make his flock profitable, must give to them the best of care at this period of the year, and not alone now, but all seasons keep them from deteriorating.

Food is the first requisite at the hands of the farmer or shepherd in meeting the requirements of the animal economy. A light daily foddering of *bright clean hay*, or a sheaf of oats from the present time until the snow covers the ground, will keep them in good heart, and in no other way can a similar amount of fodder be disposed of to the same advantange. Remember, we have written *bright clean hay,*—not that which has been trodden under foot, or exposed to the weather until it is not only innutritious, but absolutely nauseating.—

Between the domestic animals and he to whom was given "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth," there is, in certain respects, much similarity. Each is possessed of a stomach and palate, and each delights in a feast of the good things of this life. In speaking upon the necessity of furnishing good food to sheep, MORRELL, in his American Shepherd says:—"If some are expostulated with upon this subject, they reply, 'we do offer hay but the sheep refuse to eat it;' but on investigation it proves to be the *tops of their stacks*, something not worthy the name of hay, and, therefore, no wonder the sheep rejected it, preferring the decaying grass to such trash.—It would not have been thus if it had been barn hay; which is an item proving the great utility of barns to the flock-master. Many sheep are *sent 'out* of this breathing world before their time,' and if their ghosts were permitted to return and unfold the cause, they would shake their woolly locks and say 'we did it' by starvation late in the fall."

Shelter is another great need of the flock, and a requirement to which very little attention is given. Of all the wants of the animal economy in the Northern States, this, we conceive, is the greatest, and causes more loss to the cattle-breeder and shepherd than any other evil which is in their power to remedy. In Europe, where the climate approaches our own in severity, the system of protection is rigidly followed, and every one having the charge of sheep strenuously recommends it. YOUATT considers it the great necessity of good management. The Mountain Shepherd's Manual, a Scottish publication, speaks thus:—"Shelter is the *first* thing to be attended to in the management of sheep. While every good shepherd is decidedly hostile to their being confined, or to their being forced into shelter, whether they wish it or not, it cannot be too strongly recommended to all sheep farmers, to put the means of avoiding the severity of stormy weather within the reach of their flocks at all times." Many of the diseases to which sheep are incident—scab, pelt-rot, dysentery, colds, &c.—can be mainly avoided by giving to this branch of our subject the attention it deserves. The profit resulting from care in this respect will be exhibited in the superior condition and greater weight of fleece, (which is the inevitable result of attention and comfort,) in the increased number of living, healthy lambs, (ewes not cared for frequently become so impoverished as to be unable to fold without assistance, and when the process is completed are incapable of sustaining their young,) and in the saving of provender. Thus, if humanity does not prompt to duty, the sordid mind may here find an incentive to action.

One of the labors of the shepherd, peculiar to this season of the year, is *sorting*. The weak should be selected from the strong, wethers from breeding ewes, spring lambs from among the adults. When this is done the demands of each can be better met—the requirements of each class more readily supplied.

Those who have not made the necessary preparation have no time to lose. Should premature storms arise and find these duties undischarged, it will increase the labor of their performance tenfold, and might cause incalculable loss to the breeder. Better be too early than too late. When the cold bleak winds are piling in huge drifts the fleecy snow, let the state of your flocks and herds prove to the most unobservant that there beats in your bosom the heart of "a merciful man."

THE BEST BREED OF SWINE

EDS. RURAL:—IN your issue of the 24th ult., is a very sensible question by Mr. WM. A. JOHNSTON, which it would be well for every farmer to ask himself, and then set about finding out a correct answer. What is of more importance to the tiller of the soil than to know whether he is raising the best crops adapted to his soil and locality; and also the best breeds of farm stock to consume such crops,—especially those fed to stock—and there is no doubt but that all coarse grains are of much more profit when fed judiciously to first-rate stock, than to be sold and used elsewhere when we take into consideration the *increased value* of the farm where such a course is pursued, and the *decreased value* where all is sold and carried away from the premises.

Mr. J.'s question is proposed to the editor, but he calls on H. T. B., and the writer of this for their views in answer thereto; and as I make it a matter of courtesy to give my opinions when called upon, (although should prefer a private correspondence than to be thus publicly brought out before the readers of the RURAL,) still will endeavor to give them plainly and they will be from practical farm life, as I have no other resource to support a family, so that it must be a paying practice.

For myself I prefer the Suffolk to any other breed for the following reasons:

1st. They are large enough to suit my fancy, will mature at 18 months from 350 to 500 lbs. net if well bred. It is true there are a few that will hardly attain the lightest weight, and but few that will reach the heaviest figures, but it is an easy matter to bring them from 300 to 400 lbs. at the above age, and from 200 to 300 at 9 or 10 months; which at the smallest figure will pay better than any other breed that I am acquainted with; and I have tried the common hog of the country, the Berkshire, and Leicester, and their crosses. I think well of the cross of the Suffolk on the Leicester, but prefer the pure bred.

2d. They are a very quiet pig, quite contented with moderate keeping, and will make more pork for the grain fed, than any other I have tried, also their color is much preferred by me, and most farmers prefer a white pig to a black one. It is true that there are small rusty spots on many of them, but it does not very often color the hair, although I have seen those that their hair was somewhat sandy.

3d. They are good breeders when not kept too fat, and gentle nurses, but here, I think, many breeders err; they keep their breeding stock much too fat, and I think a Suffolk pig kept too fat for the first three months of its existence, never attains as much weight as if kept on more moderate rations. But do not think that I advocate starvation; far from it. Keep them growing, and give them plenty of room to run and exercise their muscles, and after three or four months push them as fast as you please if you wish to put them in the pork barrel in the fall; which is much the best place for them, except such as you wish to retain as breeders; and for such always save the best, and I think the largest, (if not coarse.) There seems quite a difference in the Suffolks that have come under my observation. Some are quite small with very little hair; others much larger and better covered with hair, with quite as much tendency to fatten, I think, as the smaller ones, making more side pork from their greater length, which is of much importance to the pork-packer, and the quality is much better than either of the breeds, or races, mentioned above. For roasters they excell anything in the pig line of my acquaintance, and can be fit to kill at any age if well fed and cared for, which is an item of great importance with me; as I think a spring pig fattened and killed in the fall is the true course for the farmer.

I will just say a word or two as to the best manner of feeding. I think meal, two parts corn and one part oats, or barley, a good mixture for them, and fed without cooking, simply putting what is wanted into the swill pail at the time of feeding with the sour milk from the dairy, and the slops of the kitchen. If Mr. JOHNSTON will write me, I think I could send him a pair of pigs that would suit him, and will improve the stock of the country in which he lives, I would at least try to suit him in price and quality, so that he would say after having proved them, that he was satisfied with their *aristocracy*, and also with their dimensions for the pork barrel when he wished to put them there.

In giving my views and opinions on the subject of the best breed of swine, I do not wish to urge them on any man, or class of men—my object is to keep and raise always the best, and whatever their cost may be in the beginning, the best is always cheapest in the end. I gave an account of one I fattened last year, in the first number of the present volume of the RURAL, his feed, gain per day, and net weight. This one was of the SHERWOOD stock, of the JOHN C. JACKSON importation. I am now breeding from the S. W. JEWETT importation, both from Prince ALBERT'S stock England; the boar that I am now using will easily fatten to 500 pounds net.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am not vain enough to think that I have answered the question of Mr. JOHNSTON, but perhaps I have given my views in such a way that he will get some light on the subject, which will assist him in coming to a correct conclusion as to which is the best breed of swine for him to keep; as I fully agree with him as to wintering sows for breeders, and fattening the pigs the fall after they are littered, which I think is much the cheapest way to make pork, and it is much the best when made.

I hope to hear from H. T. B., and any other practical man who is willing to give his views on the subject, as it is of the first importance that the question should be correctly answered.

Rome, N. Y., Nov., 1857. JONATHAN TALCOTT.

WILLOW CUTTINGS.

GROWING by the side of streams or on low, wet land, the common willow branches out so freely from the root as to present rather a forbidding than beautiful appearance. It seems resting under the peculiar disfavor of the whole race of ADAM—slandered, evil-spoken of, and everywhere spoken against by every land-holder, the willow has had a sorry day. It is considered a pest—an enemy to good cultivation of the soil—an unwished for interloper, whereas it is the good farmer's friend.

The different species of willow entirely change their habits when grown from cuttings. They are no longer without form, but really beautiful. They no longer throw up an army of side shoots, but grow with a single trunk and enormous branching, well formed top, which in summer is covered with the densest mass of leaves. All unite in pronouncing the willow, when grown with a single trunk, a beautiful tree. It lacks the graceful beauty of the maple, and in autumn is not so fantastically adorned in changing foliage, as other forest trees; but the superior ease with which it is cultivated and grown, goes very far toward making amends for its changeless attire.

The willow is only grown from cuttings in its greatest beauty. When the tree is transplanted it almost invariably, in damp ground, throws up side shoots and sets limbs so thickly and grows so scraggy, as to be unornamental if useful. Hence it should be only grown from cuttings.

In propagating the willow, an axe to cut the slips, a crowbar to make the holes, and a beetle to drive the cuttings firmly into the ground with, is all that is necessary. Prepare your cuttings in February or March by gathering as many as are needed and trimming them closely—this is important that they may live—and then throw them in any out-of-the-way place until ready for use. They will grow from cuttings the size of the finger on up to four or six inches in diameter. The length of the cutting may be governed by the fancy of the cultivator. If the season be not unusually dry they will live and make a generous growth the first season.

The uses of the willow are many and important. The farmer situated upon low grounds with a torrent mountain stream passing through his most valuable land, can make of the willow an effectual barrier against the sweeping stream. It should grow upon the curve of every bank as thickly as possible—its roots weaving through the soil will protect from freshets, and the growth above will serve to prevent overflow. The willow seems to be nature's offering for protection of low grounds after soil is brought in cultivation by removal of forests. The willow is much used for protecting mill-dams and the banks of mill-races. It is invaluable for these uses,—adding ornament to utility.

For growing timber upon the prairies of the West, I know of no more prolific or available material than willow cuttings. Their growth is exceedingly rapid, and when seasoned it makes tolerable fuel. For hedges it is well adapted, and early makes a reliable fence.

We have made no distinction in varieties, as all are valuable save it may be the Pussy Willow. In another chapter we will have our say of other cuttings. JOHN SANFIELD.

Hornby, N. Y., Oct., 1857.

REMARKS.—Our correspondent, we believe, has had considerable experience on the prairies, and the trees most suitable for shelter and timber is a subject of great importance.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

The Meat Markets in London, Liverpool and New York. Comparative Prices and Consumption of Beeves, Sheep, Calves and Pigs.

We find in late numbers of *The Mark Lane Express* and *The Economist* some statistics of the London market of meat-producing animals that will be interesting by way of comparison with the same sort of statistics of the market in New York.

The following tables show the total imports of beef cattle into London and New York the first week in October, 1857, and the corresponding week of previous year:

TOTAL OF BULLOCKS RECEIVED IN LONDON.

1857	6,326	1854	6,097	1851	6,018
1856	6,354	1853	12,452	1850	7,352
1855	7,764	1852	8,660		

The number of animals offered on Monday, Oct. 12, 1857, the great market day, and at market on corresponding days of previous years, is stated as follows:

	1857.	1856.	1855.	1854.
Bullocks	5,212	5,358	5,227	6,174
Sheep and Lambs	20,121	17,910	26,180	28,670
Veal Calves	232	115	341	278
Swine	515	558	410	615
Total	27,079	23,941	32,158	35,543

The number offered on Oct. 5, 1857, and on corresponding market days of previous years, is as follows:

	1857	1856.	1855.
Bullocks	5,746	5,410	5,847
Sheep and Lambs	22,701	20,100	28,960
Veal Calves	186	215	204
Swine	460	630	469
Total	28,692	26,355	35,480

These two last tables do not embrace the entire receipts of the week, but as the market held on Friday is a small one as compared with Monday, as will be seen by the total receipts of beeves for the whole week, as given in the first table, we will give the weekly receipts in New York for the corresponding weeks of the same years, for comparison:

	1857		1856	
	Oct. 7.	Oct. 14.	Oct. 8.	Oct. 15
Bullocks	3,402	3,037	4,479	5,602
Sheep and Lambs	11,623	11,104	12,241	16,678
Veal Calves	557	483	609	908
Milch Cows	247	172	272	327
Swine	3,233	5,757	3,329	3,368
Total	19,012	20,082	20,942	27,906

	1855		1854	
	Oct. 3	Oct. 10.	Oct. 2	Oct. 9.
Bullocks	3,129	5,116	4,728	4,131
Sheep and Lambs	16,369	13,881	16,943	16,603
Veal Calves	686	488	746	1,097
Milch Cows	339	166	236	197
Swine	4,245	6,044	4,035	6,901
Total	24,769	19,415	26,452	28,735

We set the comparative population of the two cities as follows: London, two and a quarter millions; New York and the environs, supplied from this market, one million. By this it can be seen which is the greatest meat-consuming people, and what class of animals preponderate. It will probably strike the Londoner with some little astonishment to see how many more pigs we eat than he does, since we consume the same number of thousands that London does hundreds.

We give the quotations in the London market for the second week in October, 1857, reducing it to our currency by calling the shilling 22½ cents each, and the odd pence 2 cents each. To this we add the prices of the corresponding week in New York:

	Cts. in London ℔ lb. Oct. 12.	Cts. in New York ℔ lb. Oct. 14.
Bullocks.		
Coarse & inferior	7½@ 8½	7 @ 7½
Second quality	9½@10	8 @ 9
Prime large oxen	10½@12	9½@10
Prime Scots do.	12½@13	10½@—
Sheep.		
Coarse & inferior	10 @10½	5½@ 6½
Second quality	11 @11½	7 @ 8
Prime coarse wooled	13 @13½	8 @ 9
Prime South Down	13½@14½	none.
Veal Calves.		Live weight.
Large coarse	11 @12½	5 @ 6½
Small prime	13 @14	7 @ 7½
Swine.		Live weight.
Large Hogs	10½@12	5 @ 6½
Prime small Hogs	13 @14	6 @ 6½

LIVERPOOL CATTLE MARKET, Oct 5, 1857.—Bullocks off read, 2,963; sheep, 9,755. Quality of stock seasonably good. Best quality of beef sold ℔ lb, sinking offal, for heifers, 7½@7¾d.; for oxen, 6½@7d.; middling to inferior sorts, 5@6d.; bulls, 4@5½d.; calves, 5½@7½d., net; sheep, best wethers, per pound net, 7½@7¾c.; middling to inferior, 5½@6d.; best ewes, 6@6½d.; pigs, 61@63s. per 120 pounds net.

It will be seen that there is not a very great difference in price of beef, at what is called the very low prices here, and the prices quoted in London; while at the prices prevailing here through the Summer it would have been a paying business, if it could have been brought over fresh, to import beef from London.

The price of mutton is very strikingly higher in London than it is here, but it is a very different article from ours. As sheep are generally sold by the head, we have taken the average price and estimated the net average weight at 45 lb. ℔ carcass, to get the price ℔ lb. This, too, will strike an Englishman as a very light average weight, but we think it is as high as it will bear, particularly as a good portion of the number are lambs. The estimate of price, too, corresponds with prices quoted for mutton at wholesale in Washington market.

SOUTH DOWN MUTTON.—We invite attention to the fact that South Down mutton sells for a cent a pound more than the very best of any other breed of sheep, and that too in a country where people eat very fat mutton as freely as people here eat fat pork. In this country, where lean mutton is much preferred to fat, we think that the meat of a breed of sheep noted for affording a preponderance of lean over fat, just about in the same way that lean meat preponderates in good beef, the farmer might always count upon a price above that of any other breed of sheep raised in this country equivalent to 25 per cent. Until we cease eating pork to the enormous extent now indulged in, it is not likely that such fat mutton as is eaten in England freely will become a favorite sort of food here. Hence South Down mutton will always command a premium.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

POTATOES—HOW THEY GROW IN CALIFORNIA.—J. A. HOBART of San Pedro, so says the California *Farmer*, planted his potatoes in July and harvested them in January. The yield was 200 sacks per acre. A sack is 130 pounds, which, by our estimate, is two and one-sixth bushels, or nearly as much as the average quantity sold here for a barrel. It is equal to 480 bushels an acre; and it was stated that there was no small potatoes in the crop. The whole would probably average one pound each. The subsoil plow was used to the beam, and the mold-board plow as deep as it could be driven, five separate plowings, so that the soil was stirred and pulverized about two feet deep, and frequently exposed to the action of the atmosphere. The result was the land produced a crop worth $600 or $700 an acre. Here is something for farmers in the Atlantic States to think about.

Rural Notes and Items.

DEFERRED.—A number of excellent articles from correspondents, and also several notices of Fairs and other Rural Events, are necessarily deferred. The publication of Mr. EVERETT'S address, last week, to the exclusion of other matter, causes an unusual pressure upon our pages, yet the favors of correspondents will be subject to only a temporary suspension.

MICHIGAN AG. COLLEGE.—We learn by the Toledo *Blade* that the first examinations in the new Agricultural College at Lansing, took place in the presence of the President and Faculty, on the 4th inst., and were very satisfactory. The *Blade* states that there are sixty students now at the College, and arrangements are being made by which one hundred will be accommodated at the next term, to commence early in December next. The applications for admission are numerous. There is a disposition on the part of Board to admit a fair proportion of students from every county in the State, according to population, so that young men in counties not yet represented may hope to be admitted to the educational privileges of the institution. The crops on the farm have been good, and there is an abundance of garden produce for the winter, even for one hundred students. The houses for the professors are nearly completed. All the buildings are constructed of brick made on the farm. The Laboratory, under the charge of Prof. FISK, is a complete affair and will constitute one of the principal advantages of the institution.

THE POTATO ROT.—Our Erie county friends seem to have much cause of complaint on account of the appearance of this disease in their crop of potatoes. The editor of the Buffalo *Commercial*, in the issue for the 7th inst., says:—"In a conversation with several farmers lately, from the surrounding country, we were assured that the potato rot prevails to a much greater extent than has been supposed. One, a farmer within a short distance of this city, informs us that he has already lost over one-half of his crop from the disease, the rot showing itself soon after they were dug; and another, from the town of Lancaster, says that his crop hardly paid for digging. This manifestation of the rot has had the effect to increase the prices of this valuable esculent in our market. Yesterday, good varieties were selling at from five to six shillings per bushel. The probability is that they will command as high a price next as last spring."

A GOOD WORD FOR THE CHITTAGONGS.—M. B. ROYS, of Brady, Michigan, objects to statements often made that the *improved* large breeds of fowls are not good layers, and that their chickens are delicate, and furnishes the following proof to the contrary:—"I have a Chittagong pullet that was a year old last August, and she hatched her first brood this spring on the 20th of March, and the 11th day of October hatched her fourth brood, making in all forty-four chickens from fifty eggs, all of her own laying. Her first brood now weighs from five to six pounds each. Will the 'scrub' hens beat this?" We once *raised sixty chickens* from the eggs of a Shanghai pullet in one season. This was in addition to the spoiled eggs, and some chickens that died in hatching. They were hatched under other hens, as up to this time she showed no disposition to sit. She layed many eggs afterwards, but too late for hatching with safety.

"SUM PUNKINS."—The first of the following items we clip from an exchange, representing one branch of the religious Press. If it is not true it ought to be, considering its paternity:—"A pumpkin, the seed of which came from France through the Patent Office, has been raised at Moundaville, Va., weighing two hundred pounds, circumference seven feet and two and a half inches."

This fell under the eye of a California knight of the quill, and, as the Golden State is determined to out do all others, the fertile brain of the editor immediately set about producing a monster-something that would "take the kinks" out of "Old Virginny." Hear the result:—"There was exhibited at the County Fair in San Jose, a pumpkin weighing two hundred and sixty pounds. It grew from a seed which produced an aggregate of sixteen hundred pounds of pumpkins."

HOW TO HAVE GOOD SEED CORN, is thus communicated to us by Mr. DAVID SHANK, an experienced farmer of Schoharie county:—"Take the first ripe ears. Do not permit them to be put into stouts or heaps, but husk them and lay on a floor where they will dry speedily. Keep in a warm room all winter and the corn will be sure to grow. It is the cold weather that injures the chit of the corn when the cob is damp. I have tried the above process for two years past, and it has not failed."

FARMING IN MAINE.—The town of Exeter, in Penobscot county, Maine, is almost exclusively a farming town, and a recent examination and estimate of its value by competent gentlemen, has led them to the declaration that it is worth now twenty times as much as it was twenty years since. It will hardly do to say that farming in Maine is not a good business.

CATTLE FAIR IN IRELAND.—According to a report of the Annual Cattle Fair at Ballinasloe, in Ireland, on the 8th ult, the number of cattle offered was 5,000 less than last year, that is 17,390, of which, however, the number unsold was 949, in place of 5,982 last year, and the sales ruled from £1 to 10s. above the prices of last year.

THE man who persists in plowing up his wife's flower garden, for the sake of a small colony of cabbage plants, may be saved by grace, but he must have a very singular idea of the abodes of the Blest. Beauty in Nature is Nature's way of making love to the human heart, and he who is not won, must have a small handful of silex in his left breast.

WHAT ONE BEAN HAS DONE.—According to the Barnstable (Mass.,) *Patriot*, Mr. LORING CROCKER, of that village, has raised this season on one stock, and consequently from one bean, 106 pods, which yielded 453 beans! That is doing pretty well for one bean. Who can beat it?

COMPOSITION OF MILK AT VARIOUS HOURS.—The Edinburgh *Medical Journal* says that Professor Boedecker has analyzed the milk of a healthy cow at various times of the day, with the view of determining the changes in the relative amount of its constituents. He found that the solids of the evening's milk (13 per cent.) exceeding those of the morning's milk (10 per cent.;) while the water contained in the fluid was diminished from 89 per cent. to 86 per cent. The fatty matters gradually increase as the day progresses. In the morning they amount to 2.17 per cent., at noon 2.63 per cent., and in the evening 5.42 per cent. This fact is important in a practical point of view; for while 16 ounces of morning's milk will yield nearly half an ounce of butter, about double this quantity can be obtained from the evening's milk. The casein is also increased in the evening's milk, from 2.24 to 2.70 per cent.; but the albumen is diminished from 0.44 per cent. to 0.31 per cent. Sugar is least abundant at midnight, (4.19 per cent.) and most plenty at noon (4.72 per cent.) The per centages of the salts undergoes almost no change at any time of the day.

The Young Ruralist.

THE RURAL, AND YOUNG RURALISTS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It has been with a feeling of considerable interest that I have watched and perused the communications of young farmers, clerks, etc., coming through the RURAL as a medium. Often have I thought, and been led to inquire, where is a greater source for practical improvement among the young than this drawing out system of communication and general diffusion of ideas through such a paper as is the RURAL NEW-YORKER? Not that I wish to flatter; but must merely state that, as far as my paper acquaintance extends, none has created a greater interest in, and love for, reading among the young than this family newspaper. There seems a something in its brief and well selected reading matter that gives a lively interest and desire to read even among our youngest readers. It is with much anxiety that very many of the little ones look for its weekly arrival, and it comes, too, with a promptness worthy of their notice and example. Almost without failure, it comes to us upon the same day of every week, although its starting point is one thousand miles away.

If this be a general thing wherever this paper is circulated—that it creates a new interest and gives to the young a healthy stimulus for reading—how fortunate are parents and philanthropists (knowing the moral and intellectual tone of this paper,) in having the opportunity of aiding in staying the progress of ignorance and immorality in our land, by introducing and circulating such a work.

The boys and girls talk that Mr. MOORE will publish a paper for them—for them particularly. If so, and that shall give to the young mind a new and still greater interest in intellectual and moral progression, we say, for their sakes, *let it come*—for our country's sake, *let it be published.* It is with the young mind that moral and scientific revolutions are brought about; and if there be an interest awakened, and that such as may easily be diverted after truth, what an opportunity for labor among the lovers of moral and intellectual advancement!

We expect to give a fair representation from this section to the RURAL office in the line of subscriptions the coming year. It is true that money here, at present, is a cash article; still the RURAL is *more than money*, and the ideas therein advanced more than costly raiment. O. P. D.

Palmyra, Wis., Oct., 1857.

"TO ARMS! TO ARMS!—THE GREEK! THE GREEK!"—Bring your army in the field, YOUNG RURALIST! We have a mighty foe to conquer, even more powerful than the Greeks were. He has a strong foot-hold everywhere. Let us start a paper that will "sap its foundations." That great enemy is—*doing things wrong.* He can be found in every cottage and on every farm doing his mighty work. Let us have a paper that will drive him from the land—one that will write its glorious name on the monument of fame that will stand for ages to come. Do not give it some hard name no one can understand. "Feed my lambs," but do not put the troughs too high.—WILLIE WAKEMAN, *Seneca Co.*

REMARKS.—WILLIE talks like a sensible and wide-awake progressive, and "hits the nail right on the head" about the foe to conquer. But, WILLIE, ain't the RURAL heading the behemoth, and is it not better for us to keep firing grape through the seventy four pounder, rather than divide our ammunition and put part in a swivel?—at least until the money pressure subsides, and we get nearer the "good time coming." We are anxious to start a paper entitled THE YOUNG RURALIST—isn't that a good name, easily understood?—but must bide our time. Meantime, we shall endeavor to make the *Senior* RURAL so attractive, useful and entertaining, that its young friends will not only give it a cordial reception, but make some efforts to increase its circulation and influence.—This latter many of our young friends are already engaged in accomplishing. Witness the following among other similar letters recently received. They are so accurate in grammar and punctuation as to need little or no correction, and would serve as good models for many men and women who claim to be educated.—ED.

ALLENS HILL, Ont. Co., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1857.

MR. MOORE—*Dear Sir:* Observing in the last RURAL, an offer for trial subscribers, I thought I would *try* and see how many names I could get, but have not succeeded in getting twenty, as there are already so many in town that are now taking it, but I will send names and the money for eleven, hoping it will be accepted from a *little girl* of 13 years. Resp'y Yours, FANNIE E. PECK.

PRINCEVILLE, Peoria Co., Ill., Nov. 3, 1857.

FRIEND MOORE:—Seeing your liberal offer for the obtaining of 25 Ten Weeks' Trial Subscribers, I thought I would *try*. I have got 24; and as I promised to send to-day, and have not time to try for another, you can send one to me. I am a young ruralist, and my father takes the RURAL, so I could hardly be called a *trial subscriber*, for I try it every week, and like it very much; but if I do not obtain another *trial* subscriber, I will give, or send (or both) numbers of the RURAL to non-subscribers. That would give several a chance to see one or two numbers.—I feel anxious that you should publish a paper for the boys and girls. I should like to take such a paper and read it, too. You will find the money inclosed to pay for the twenty-five numbers. I will give you the names, and if you do not write those on the papers, send them to me and I will have them distributed at the post-office here.

Yours truly, ANDREW AUTEN.

The Orchard and Garden.

THE PROGRESS OF HORTICULTURE.

THE progress of Horticulture in this country during the last eight years has been remarkable and satisfactory. There has been no short-lived, feverish excitement, but a steady, healthful advancement. There has been no sudden reversion, no great or embarrassing losses. Those who have raised trees and plants for sale and those who have purchased and planted them, have been mutually benefited. A very few may have made some money by puffing unworthy articles, or over-praising those of only ordinary merit, but this has affected only a few, and that not seriously. We have not a penny's worth of interest in any nursery establishment, yet we are acquainted with many of the leading nurserymen of the country and their manner of doing business, and we can safely say, that, as a general thing, they are careful, capable, scrupulously honest, and enthusiastically devoted to their profession. We are greatly rejoiced at this, as did a different state of things exist in this respect, great injury would be done, and Horticulture would receive a check from which it would recover only after a long series of years.

The fruit growers of this country are a most intelligent and enthusiastic body of men. Any one will be impressed with this fact by attending one of their Conventions even for half an hour. They spare no labor or pains to gain information. Let a Convention of the Fruit Growers of Western New York be called to meet in Rochester, and men from half a dozen different States meet here, all eager in the pursuit of knowledge. At the late State Fair in Buffalo, on the first evening, a meeting of the Agriculturists was called at the *New* and of the Horticulturists at the *Old* Court House.—After the appointed time we visited the room for the Agricultural meeting and found four present; the Horticultural room we found crowded. We mention this fact to show the interest manifested on this subject. May the interest continue and increase until this country shall become the most beautiful and fruitful on which the sun shines—until every man shall sit under his own vine and fig tree, and good fruit abound all over the land.

Nothing seems more surprising in connection with this subject than the rapid introduction of fruit into California. At the State Fair this fall, at Stockton, we observe that some large collections of apples were shown, many of them numbering over forty varieties, and among most of them we notice such old familiar sorts as Rhode Island Greening, Esopus Spitzenburgh, Roxbury Russet, Rambo, &c. The pears were represented as being exceedingly fine, though not as numerous as the apples,—yet some collections of over thirty varieties were shown, and the vegetables exceed all our notions of what vegetables should be. The show of flowers, floral designs and plants was exceedingly fine for so new a State.

WINTER WORK AND WINTER FLOWERS.

THE Summer has gone—the season of buds and blossoms has passed. The winter with its frosts, and snows, and storms, will soon be upon us. We shall then miss our walks in the garden, and long for the companionship of flowers. Let us improve the tedious winter by laying up a stock of knowledge for use the coming spring, and arrange all our plans for laying out, planting, &c., so that we can commence with the first dawn of spring, and work to the best advantage. Something may yet be done in the way of digging, grading, making walks, &c., when the ground is not frozen, which will much lighten spring work. Promptness in gardening is essential to success. It will not do to delay any necessary work on account of unpleasant weather. The fine-weather gardener is always unsuccessful. Those who do not keep their work in a state of forwardness, but get a little behind in digging and planting and sowing, have to lament at the end of each year that the spring is gone, the season past, and their plans are not half carried out, their work not half done.

By a little effort we can retain a few of the flowers with us all the winter, and they will appear the more lovely when surrounded with such a death of vegetable life—they are as beautiful as an oasis in a desert, and refreshing as the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Many who attempt to grow plants in living-rooms fail, and become discouraged. We will endeavor to point out some of the causes of failure, and give a few directions which may lead to better results in future. Plants for rooms are generally obtained from some green-house, where they have thrived under skillful treatment, a *regular* temperature, and a *humid* atmosphere. They are taken to a common living room, where the temperature is very irregular, and the atmosphere dry. Plants, such as are usually kept in rooms, require a temperature ranging from 40° to 65°. Our parlors and sitting rooms are usually heated from 65° to 70° in the day, and in the night many of them barely escape frost. In green-houses, plants receive a regular airing, but in our living rooms a change of atmosphere is prevented as much as possible, to the injury of plants and people. When convenient, plants may be kept in a room where there is no fire, and adjoining a living room, from which it may receive heat by opening the door when desirable, so as to keep the temperature somewhat regular. When plants are kept in a room with a fire, the window should be opened a few inches for some minutes every day.

Light and *air* are essential to the health of plants, and if kept in a dark, close room, they cannot thrive, but will grow weak, yellow and sickly. Place plants as near the light as possible, and give them air whenever the weather will allow. On fine days, and especially during warm showers carry them out doors, and let them have a shower-bath either from the clouds or the watering-pot.—Plants are often injured by *improper watering*. Water should never be given cold from the well, but should be warmed to a temperature about like the atmosphere where the plant is grown. It is impossible to give specific directions on this point, as so much depends on circumstances, the size of the plant, pot, &c. When the earth becomes dry a thorough watering should be given, and this should be done before the plant shows any signs of drooping. All water should be removed from the saucer. Many persons think that the larger the pots the more the plants will thrive. This is not so. Plants generally grow and flower best in small pots. By attention to these necessarily brief hints, we have no doubt much of the difficulty hitherto experienced will be removed, and success more frequently reward the labors of the lovers of plants and flowers. To all such, however, as find difficulty in growing plants in their houses, we can recommend a few things that will bear rooms as hot and dry and ill ventilated and irregular and unhealthy as man himself. The *Cactus* family will bear a temperature from anything above freezing point to more than 80°. They require but little attention, fresh earth once a year and watering once a week in winter and twice or three times in summer is sufficient. They are curious and beautiful. The *Bulbous Roots*, such as the *Hyacinth, Crocus, Narcissus, Tulip, &c.*, will grow and flower well in a room where there is a stove, if kept near the window, and if properly cared for will furnish plenty of flowers most of the winter. Those of our readers who cannot procure plants from green-houses can mostly obtain a few dozen bulbs from some nurserymen or seed-man, as they can be done up in small packages and sent by express safely almost any distance. The Hyacinths and Tulips cost from $2 to $3 per dozen, the Narcissus $2, and Crocusses about 25 cents. They were advertised by many dealers in the RURAL during the month of October. So useful are the bulbs in furnishing winter flowers, that we have determined to devote some space this week to directions for their culture.

CULTURE OF THE HYACINTH IN POTS.

The soil most suitable for the Hyacinth is composed of two parts sandy loam, one-quarter leaf mold from the woods, and one-quarter thoroughly decomposed manure. The common pots, rather deeper than wide, will answer. A succession of flowers may be had for two or three months, by adopting the following method:—Fill as many pots as you desire to have plants with the compost already described, in November, insert the bulbs and put them in some cool place, where they can be kept for some time without being excited into growth—a cool, dry cellar is about as good a place as any. Then, at intervals of a fortnight, or so, remove some of them to the parlor and give them a good watering with tepid water, and they will immediately commence to grow, and the result will be a succession of fine flowers for a long period.

CULTURE OF THE HYACINTH IN GLASSES.

This is also a very simple way, and one in which any person may succeed in having fine flowers.—The bulb may be either placed in the glasses of water at once, or they may be planted in sand until they emit roots, and the leaves begin to grow.—When this latter mode is adopted, previous to placing them in the glasses, remove them from the sand, and thoroughly wash the roots and straighten them. The water in which they are grown should be changed, from time to time, as it appears to be the least discolored or muddy, which may be about once each week. The red and blue flowered single sorts are preferable for sitting rooms, as the light colored varieties emit a fragrance far too powerful to please many.

CULTURE OF THE CROCUS IN POTS

Crocus Pots are now in common use, and are of various patterns, and may be obtained at almost every seed store. The most popular is the kind in imitation of a hedge-hog. It is perforated throughout its outer surface with holes, large enough to admit the bulbs, so that the pots after being filled with a compost such as is recommended for Hyacinths, may have the bulbs or tubers inserted through the holes. There are a large number of varieties of the Crocus, some of the best of which are, Crocus Versicolor or feathered purple; Suisians, or Cloth of Gold, striped orange and purple; Biflorus, striped, white and purple; Sulphureus, or Cream Colored; and Luteus, or common yellow. These require about the same treatment as Hyacinths in pots. The Crocus is very pretty when grown in a common pot, the surface being covered with moss. Nothing could look finer than a wire basket suspended, as shown in the engraving, and

filled with moss, in which the bulbs of the Crocus may be planted. If the moss is kept constantly wet they will flower beautifully. Those who live near cities can obtain hanging vases of porcelain and other materials in which the Crocus may be grown in earth, as in pots; and those who have not the means or opportunity to obtain them in this way, can go to the woods some fine Indian summer day, and find knots that will make vases as beautiful and more appropriate than anything to be found in the stores.

CULTURE OF TULIPS IN POTS.

The variety best adapted to this purpose is the Tulipa præcox, or, as it is more commonly known, as Duc Van Thol's Tulip. This is a dwarf variety and flowers very early. The same treatment which is given to the Hyacinth will answer for this.

CULTURE OF THE IRIS IN POTS.

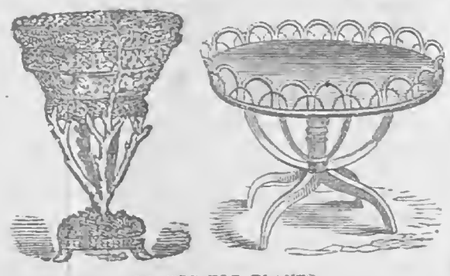
The soil best adapted to the Iris is a sandy peat or loam, with a good portion of sand. The pots in which they are grown should be well drained, and the roots may be planted in the pots in November and receive about the same treatment as recommended for the other kinds of bulbs. There are three distinct kinds of Iris, with many varieties, one fibrous rooted, one tuberous, the other bulbous.

CULTURE OF THE FRITTILLARIA IN POTS.

The culture of the *Frittillaria*, or Crown Imperial, in pots is extremely easy, as they are very hardy and will thrive well under the ordinary care bestowed on other bulbs. The soil which suits them best is a sandy loam.

CULTURE OF THE NARCISSUS IN POTS.

There are many fine species of Narcissus which includes the common Daffodil; the Narcissus Bicolor, or two-colored; the Narcissus; Poeticus, or white poet's Narcissus; the Narcissus Bulbocodium, or, hoop petticoat Narcissus; the Polyanthus Narcissus; the Narcissus Papyraceus, or paper Narcissus; and the Jonquil, or Narcissus Jonquilla. The soil best adapted to them is a light, rich loam, or a compost of loam, leaf mold, sand, and rotten manure. They require plenty of light and moisture, and if this is attended to they will commence flowering very early. Nearly all the different varieties may be made to flower profusely if inserted in glasses over water, the same as Hyacinths.



STANDS FOR PLANTS.

As much of the beauty of house plants depends upon the manner in which they are kept and arranged for effect, everything about them should be neat and tasteful. A very few healthy plants tastefully arranged on a pretty stand will be far more satisfactory than ever so large a number huddled together in a careless manner. Almost any one with a little ingenuity can make a rustic stand for plants from sticks from the woods, or any cabinet maker will make a stand to order. We give a design for each, simple and pretty. We shall continue this subject, and notice other plants suitable for house culture.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.

EDS. RURAL:—Allow me to give you the results of my observation and experience in cranberry culture for the past summer. I concur with you in the advice given to W. H. J., in the RURAL of Oct. 24th, as to the time of setting. Being an evergreen, they may be successfully transplanted any time through the month of May. Experiments which I have made during the past summer, have satisfied me that a more thorough preparation of the soil than merely paring off the surface, will amply reward the cultivator. It is true I gave the same advice last spring, to a number to whom I sent plants for setting, but they will allow me to give them the results of further experience. Last spring I set a number of hundreds of cranberry plants in the soil from which I had shoveled off the surface, although I used no sand, nor was I particularly troubled with weeds. I also set a quantity in soil which had been thoroughly subdued by the plow, being previously drained for that purpose. The difference in growth and fruiting, was decidedly in favor of those planted in the latter soil. One needs but a single glance at the two pieces, to satisfy himself of the superiority of the more thorough preparation. Some of the vines planted on the land which had been plowed, grew to the length of three feet the past summer, and bore a number of fine, full-sized berries, of which I exhibited specimens at the late State Fair at Buffalo. If the land cannot be drained sufficiently for the plow, it may be spaded; but if drained, I need hardly say it should be moistened again by a proper adjustment of the drains, previous to the time of setting. Whichever mode of subjugation is adopted, the work will be more satisfactory if managed after the manner of a summer fallow. The soil thus prepared, and the plants set the following spring, the labor of keeping them free from weeds will be trifling, and they will thrive better than if set in soil in which vegetable matter is undergoing rapid decomposition. My crop of berries this year was a very good one, as I harvested something over sixty bushels.

Caton, N. Y., 1857. NOBLE HILL.

THE GOOD FRUITS.—It is very pleasant to know that we labor not in vain, that the good seed we have sown is producing an abundant harvest. A gentleman in Dutchess county writes—"I have introduced the RURAL among quite a number in this town, and observe a marked change among many of its readers—making their homes indeed *rural homes*; inspiring them with a taste for the best varieties of fruit, and flowers to adorn and beautify their grounds."

THE FORSYTHIA VIRIDISSIMA.

THE Forsythia Viridissima is one of our prettiest early flowering shrubs. The flower buds are formed early in the autumn at the axil of every leaf, are very prominent, and expand early in the spring, about the same time as the Double Flowering Almond, and before a leaf makes its appearance. They are of a deep yellow color, pendant, and, appearing at a time when flowers are scarce, are very desirable. The leaves are oblong, lanceolate, serrated near the point, of a dark green tint. The engraving gives a very good representation of a leaf and flower. It was discovered in the north of China by Mr. FORTUNE, who gives the following account of it:—"It is a deciduous shrub, with very dark green leaves, which are prettily serrated at the margin. It grows about eight or ten feet high, in the north of China, and sheds its leaves in autumn. It then remains dormant, like any of the deciduous shrubs of Europe; but is remarkable for the number of large, prominent buds, which are scattered along the young stems, produced the summer before. Early in spring these buds, which are flower buds, gradually unfold themselves, and present a profusion of bright yellow flowers all over the shrub, which is highly ornamental.

I first discovered it growing in the same garden with Weigelia rosea, which belonged to a Chinese Mandarin, in the island of Chusan, and was generally called the 'Grotto Garden' by the English. Like the Weigelia, it is a great favorite with the Chinese, and is generally grown in all the gardens of the rich, in the north of China. I afterwards found it wild among the mountains of the interior, in the province of Chekiang, where I thought it even more ornamental in its natural state, amongst the hedges, than when cultivated in the fairy gardens of the Mandarins."

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

JUDGING from the tenor of certain communications that have lately appeared in the RURAL, this "consummation devoutly to be wished," is likely to be soon brought about. Then, "what shall I eat? and what shall I drink?" will be the great questions to agitate the public mind. Then will the delicacies of the season occupy as conspicuous places in the annals of the kitchen and dining room as pork + potatoes + bread do now-a-days; and the absence of any of the luxuries will be as much noticed as the most essential of the essentials now are.

Imagine a future agricultural tourist's account of "A two month's sojourn in Western New York in the year 1867." I will give a few brief extracts:

"*July 20th.*—Dined at the Globe Hotel, Syracuse. Dinner first-rate, with one exception, and this was enough to condemn it. Only two varieties of strawberries floated in the luscious cream that was handed me, and one of these was not the most approved sort. When will the Americans learn to value this article as they ought?

"*Sept. 15th.*—Breakfasted at the Eagle, Rochester. What was my disappointment to find at a first-class hotel, in the center of this fruit growing region, that potatoes were more plentiful than peaches. I sought out the proprietor, and inquired the reason of this. He said that owing to the unfavorable season, the peach crop in the vicinity was nearly destroyed. Is it possible that with all the light science throws on the culture of this fruit, there should be a scarcity? O, the careless ness, the ignorance, and the perversity of mankind.

"*Sept. 18th.*—Called on my friend Major B., of Wyoming Co., and was sorry to find him seriously indisposed. He is suffering from a dreadful attack of the *blues*, brought on by the fact that, in spite of all his exertions, his Bartlett pear trees will not bear, and he has only *fifteen* varieties of apples in his orchard. The Major holds it to be self evident that a man cannot enjoy life with less than twenty varieties—hence, as he is one who lives by enjoyment, 'his occupation's gone.'"

Now, Mr. Editor, wouldn't such a diary be exceedingly interesting?

In olden time, people were wont to judge of the future by the past. To show that I have not done this, I will refer you to the following extract from the autobiography of Dr. FRANKLIN:

"My father was fond of having at his table, as often as possible, some well informed friends, capable of rational conversation, and he was always careful to introduce useful or ingenious topics of discourse, which might tend to form the minds of his children. By this means, he early attracted our attention to what was just, prudent, and beneficial in the conduct of life. He never talked of the meats which appeared upon the table, never discussed whether they were well or ill dressed, of a good or a bad flavor, high seasoned or otherwise, preferable or inferior to this or that dish of a similar kind. Thus accustomed, from my infancy, to the utmost inattention as to these objects, I have been perfectly regardless of what kind of food was before me; and I pay so little attention to it, even now, that it would be a hard matter for me to recollect, a few hours after I had dined, of what my dinner had consisted. When traveling, I have particularly experienced the advantage of this habit, for it has often happened to me to be in company with persons, who, having a more delicate, because a more exercised taste, have suffered, in many cases, considerable inconvenience, while, as to myself, I have had nothing to desire."

Although the Doctor was considered quite a philosopher and writer in his day, yet in matters of *taste* he would now be called decidedly old-fogyish. PUBLICO.

REMARKS.—The above has been reposing for some time among a pile of manuscripts, having by some means gotten into the wrong box, from which unfortunate position we now rescue it. *Taste* is a blessing not to be despised, and for which we always feel thankful when we eat a luscious good pear, or peach.

ROBERT FORTUNE.—It is stated in a telegraphic dispatch from Washington, that ROBERT FORTUNE, the celebrated English botanical discoverer, who spent several years in China, has been invited by the Commissioner of Patents to come to this country and superintend the introduction and naturalization of the tea plant. We hope this is true, and that Mr. F. will accept the proposition. We would like to see the man who has made known to the civilized world so many beautiful flowers, and to whom we are indebted for the *Weigela Rosea*, the *Dielytra Spectabilis*, and many other fine things.

PEARS FOR NAMES.—We have received two varieties of pears from J. S. BEECHER, of Livonia, N. Y., the names of which he was desirous of learning. The large pears were *Flemish Beauty*. The small ones, about the size of the Virgalieu, or a little smaller, we could not name. They were over-ripe and partially decayed, but gave evidence of being a very good pear when in proper condition. They are not like any of our popular sorts ripening at this season. Some facts from Mr. B. as to their origin, or the way in which he obtained them might throw some light on the question.

Domestic Economy.

CAKES, COOKIES, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—One of your many subscribers thinking perhaps you had a lack of contributors, and remembering what was said about the "widow's mite," transmits, for the edification of the public at large, a few recipes, some of which perhaps will be altogether new:

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Two eggs, one cup sour cream, 1½ cups molasses, 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoonful saleratus, a little salt, ginger to your taste.

COOKIES.—2 lbs. flour, 12 ounces sugar, ¼ pound butter, ½ pint milk, 2 spoonfuls saleratus.

PLAIN FRUIT CAKE.—4 eggs, 2 cups sugar, 1 of butter, 3 of flour, 1 teaspoonful pearlash, dissolved in 4 tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, 1 pound of fruit chopped and rubbed in flour; spice to your taste.

CHEAP SPONGE CAKE.—3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 3 tablespoonfuls cold water, ½ teaspoonful saleratus, 1 teaspoonful cream tartar, a little salt—stir the ingredients all together 20 minutes. Bake 15 minutes over a quick fire.

The above are from my better-half who says, "Will some of your good housewives send a recipe for Ginger Snaps."—A. H. H., *Webster, N. Y.*, '57.

TO MAKE CREAM CHEESE.

TAKE a quart of cream, or if not desired very rich add thereto one pint of new milk, warm it in hot water till it is about the heat of milk from the cow, add a small quantity of rennet, (a tablespoonful is sufficient,) let it stand till thick, then break it slightly with a spoon, and place it in the frame in which you have previously put in a fine canvas cloth; press it slightly with a weight; let it stand a few hours, then put a finer cloth in the frame; a little powdered salt may be put over the cloth. It will be fit for use in a day or two.

ANOTHER METHOD.—If cream is scarce, so that a sufficient quantity cannot be had at once, take a fine canvas bag, and pour as much cream as you may happen to have into it, adding additional, small quantities twice a day, and from its becoming naturally sour, the thin part will drain through the canvas, and the remainder will prove an excellent cheese. If one quart of cream can be had at once, and poured into a fine canvas bag, it will make a nice-sized cheese, and, of course, equally good as those made by several small quantities added at convenient intervals. The cheeses made in this way are not fit for use as soon as those made with rennet.—*Gardiner's Chronicle.*

CURING HAMS.—Rub salt all over them as soon as laid on the table; the next day brush it off and pack them in a cask; put on a pickle as follows:—1 quart salt to 1 gallon water; to 6 gallons water, half gallon molasses and three ounces saltpetre.—Let the hams remain in six or eight weeks, according to size. Smoke to suit, and pack away in salt in a cask, and put in a cool dry place, and they will keep good all summer.—*Selected.*

PRESERVED PUMPKIN.—Cut a good pumpkin in strips like citron; sprinkle sugar on them over night, pound for pound, and the juice of 4 lemons, in the morning; boil the peel and a little ginger root, and add to the syrup. Boil the pumpkin till tender, then turn on the syrup boiling hot.

BAKED CORN MEAL PUDDING.—To seven heaping tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, add one cup of molasses, a little salt and butter. Stir all well together, and just as it goes into the hot oven, put in a cupful of cold water or milk. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE HOPE OF THE HEART.

Leaf by leaf the flowers fail,
Drop by drop the rivulets dry,
Blighted by the Frost King pale,
Summer beauties fade and die.
But the flowers will bloom again,
And the rivulets gush anew,
In the Springtide sun and rain,
And the Summer's gentle dew.

So in hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs of gladness fail,
And the flowers in their bloom,
Droop like maidens wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent germ apart,
Hidden from the world's cold eyes,
In the garden of the heart.

Some glad hope to joy is wed,
That will bloom afresh and new,
When sorrow's winter shall have fled,
Giving place to joy's sweet dew.
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
Through the weary, dreary time,
Budding for its blossoming
In the spirit's silent clime.

New York, 1857. ETTA.

FEMALE CHARACTER.—EDUCATION.

Of all the charms which twine themselves about the female character, none is more lovely, more touching, more worthy to be honored and admired, than simplicity—the gentle, yet frank open-heartedness of character, which seems to make the soul a place of light and purity, like the mild, sweet radiance of a spring morning, amid budding leaves and opening flowers. How exquisitely beautiful, how unspeakably delicate, says a late writer, is the loveliness of a woman unaccustomed to the world! "Unscathed by the chilling influence of blasted hopes, of wounded affection, her sharply-defined feelings manifest themselves in all their freshness, with a warmth unchecked by the dictates of jealous prudence, or the wary suggestions of calculating, narrow-minded, self-protecting interest.—For her to think, is to give utterance to her thoughts; and to feel, is to give expression to her emotions, with a guileless simplicity, unsuspicious of ill-natured misrepresentation, and fearless, because unconscious of the possibility of misconstruction."

Compare this sweet and touching simplicity, which makes the life but the expressive countenance of the soul, with artifice, that hateful weed, which often takes root so vigorously, even in early life, hardening and blackening the soil in which it grows, till nothing is seen but smut and stubble.—Compare a subtle, contriving, tortuous, snaky thing—with her crafty, satin-spoken words, her quick, furtive glances, her readily-changing brow, and her artificial softness of demeanor—the heartless syren of the dance, who lures on her victim with deceitful smiles, and clustering ringlets, and jewelled fingers, and the pattering of tiny feet, clothed in slippers of the choicest satin—the false-hearted, smooth-faced creature, who attunes her shrill voice "by a system of polite *solfeggio*," and conceals the sharpness of her talons under a feline velvetude of paw—compare the words and looks of such a being with the unconstrained and artless vivacity, the open looks, of fair simplicity—of the guileless being, who knows no restraint but that delicacy which has grown up with her inmost thoughts, shading, but not concealing them, like the sheath of sheltering green around the exquisite lily of the valley! No, no! simplicity is the very soul of beauty—the sweet spirit of fascination which makes us love what otherwise we could but at the most admire. All artifice or affection of character, all prettiness, all exquisite and elaborate contrivances to rivet the enchanted gaze of the beholder—whether displayed in the dress or manners—can never so bewitch us as Nature's self. In female dress, when youth and beauty appear arrayed in simple white, with perhaps a single *bouquet* reposing on the bosom of innocence—how infinitely does such a vision outshine the mere earthen image, tricked out in all the puffs and *papilotes*, all the dangling bows and tresses, all the glittering ribbons and sparkling paste, which wealth or fashion, vanity or folly, can string together!

It is a grand defect of the science of female education, in this country, that it is too much the science of *mere behavior*. Instead of educating the feelings, we are critically didactic as to the mode of their expression; the sentiment and disposition reigning within are not constantly visible in the external deportment. We do not encourage intrepidity and independence of thought—there is nothing original—nothing fervent—nothing which may prolong the delicate spell of respectful tenderness and admiration, by casting upon the every-day occurrences of life the glow of feeling and the charm of novelty. Some minds there are by nature so strong and elastic as to rebound from the pressure of education into the beautiful region of natural enthusiasm and innocent true-heartedness; but the mass are so moulded that they are often but pasteboard, bnekram, and whalebone things; creatures of puffery and artifice, whose every word, look, and act—everything they do—is but a trick of custom.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Who does not love the beautiful, displayed in any of its varied and soul-cheering forms? It unconsciously elevates our natures and sheds a softening and refining influence over our daily life.—The loveliness of nature is an eternal and ever-changing picture of beauty, and presents to our enraptured gaze a series of gorgeous panoramas (represented by the different seasons) in colors that no earthly artist can equal. The treasures of art, either in music, painting, or sculpture are never failing sources of delight, and are endowed with wondrous power in awakening a sense of the beautiful. A lovely woman, the sweet smiles of innocent childhood, and its own beauty, and natural graces, are objects the eye loves to dwell upon, and the heart to treasure up as gems of beauty.—Let us then cultivate and cherish a love of the beautiful, and the enjoyment we shall receive will repay us a thousand fold.

A FRENCH MARRIAGE.

Marriages in France are often arranged in a summary manner. Not long since, a young gentleman of family succeeded in running speedily through his fortune. He was heavily in debt, and in great despair. Sitting one evening in the Vaudeville Theatre, he was accosted by an elderly gentleman. A conversation ensued, and they became mutually interested, the former on account of the warm interest the latter seemed to take in his welfare, for what reason the young man could not think. The young man at once, with youthful confidence, imparted to the stranger his pecuniary embarrassments. The gentleman reflected a little, and then replied,

"Well, I see no way of relessing you from your difficulties, but to find you a wife."

"No, no," said the young man; "I am in trouble, it is true, but nothing so bad as matrimony has happened to me yet."

"But," commenced the other, "you would not object to a wife with a fine fortune?"

"A different matter, indeed."

"Well, then," said the elder, "I will present you to a lady who will marry you, and you will be once again a rich man."

The new-made friends parted, soon to meet again. The young man was presented to the lady; his character and standing were without blemish; he was handsome, and the pair were speedily united; and as the unknown had predicted, the young gentleman was possessed of wealth. On the morning after the wedding, the stranger called on the bridegroom.

"Ah," said the latter, with warmth, "my *dear* friend, you come to congratulate me, and at the same time reveal to me what I have ever done to inspire you with so strong an interest in my fate."

"With much pleasure," replied he. "You have passed bills of exchange to the amount of fifteen thousand francs, which bills being now in my possession, I *have* called to congratulate you, and to urge a settlement at the same time. I knew you were without fortune; putting you in prison would not do me any good, so I preferred to furnish you a fortune; and now gratitude will surely force you to render me justice."

WOMANLY ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

The New York Daily Times, of a late date, contained some sensible remarks on female accomplishments. It mentions, among other important facts, that in the county of Suffolk, England, every woman can make bread, and one town, having sixty thousand inhabitants, has only two bakeries. The Times adds:

"It is certainly greatly to the credit of the women of England that there are so many of them who could, if it were necessary, make the family bread and prepare the hot rolls for their breakfast. Bread-making is not one of the accomplishments which American women think it necessary for them to be acquainted with; every parlor has a piano, but very few kitchens have an oven; and it would be as difficult to find an American woman who did not understand the use of one, as to find one who knew the use of the other. But it is not altogether the fault of our ladies that they cannot, and do not, understand the art of making bread. In the country every family must make its own bread, but it is questionable economy to keep a private bakery in the city. It is not the economy of bread-making which makes it so desirable that every woman should understand the art, but because it shows a familiarity with domestic affairs which is necessary to the economy and comfort of every household. The daughter of a merchant residing in a city, the name of which it is not at all necessary we should mention, lately remarked in confidence to her next friend, that she did not see any advantage in having a millionaire for a father, since she had to work four hours every day at her piano.

The hard case of this unhappy young lady is by no means a solitary one; and there are no doubt a great many daughters of millionaires who would be very glad to change the slavery of the piano for an hour or two of recreation in the kitchen, and to whom bread-making would be a delight compared with the labor of learning music. We would not be understood as objecting to the piano; but a change from that instrument to the kneading trough would not be at all injurious to the characters of our young ladies."

Swedish Women.—The bedding everywhere along the road is of home-made linen, and I do not recollect an instance where it has not been brought out fresh and sweet from the press for us. In this, as in all other household arrangements, the people are very tidy and cleanly, though a little deficient as regards their own persons. Their clothing, however, is of a healthy, substantial character, and the women consult comfort rather than ornament. Many of them wear cloth pantaloons under their petticoats, which, therefore, they are able to gather under their arms in wading through snow-drifts. I have not seen a low-necked dress or thin shoe north of Stockholm.

"The damsel who trips by daybreak,
Is shod like a mountaineer."

Yet a sensible man would sooner take such a damsel to wife than any delicate Cinderella of the ball room. I protest, I lose all patience when I think of the habits of our American women, especially our country girls. If ever the Saxon race does deteriorate on the American side of the Atlantic, as some ethnologists anticipate, it will be wholly their fault.—*Bayard Taylor in Northern Europe.*

A beautiful superstition prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then loading it with kisses and carcsses, they loose its bonds near the grave, in belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent to see twenty birds let loose over one grave.

To repress a harsh answer, to confess a fault, or to stop (right or wrong) in the midst of self-defence, in gentle submission, sometimes requires a struggle almost like life and death; but these three efforts are the golden threads with which domestic happiness is interwoven; once begin the fabric with the wool, and trials shall not break, or sorrow tarnish it.

Choice Miscellany.

THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

What makes the hue of the autumn leaves?
Well, tame thy bird-like glee,
And chain thy bounding footsteps, child,
And listen awhile to the legend wild,
Which I will tell to thee.

The Indians say that long, long since,
Ere our sires had brought their band,
Their forefathers came o'er the western sea,
And they found a nation stern, wise and free,
And they slew them—and took their land.

And oft as that season returns again,
So their simple faith believes—
When the moon comes that lightetb the hunter's chase,
Then the bright red blood of their murdered race
Springs up in the autumn leaves.

But a poet hath written a gentler creed;
List, love, and you shall know;
For his sketches are "pencilings" bright and bold,
Like fairly tales of the times of old,
Which I read so long ago.

He says that the rainbows of myriad hues,
Are laced in the tree tops high;
That the sunsets have come in the summer's track,
And poured their full splendor of radiance back,
In a robe of gorgeous hue;

That the burning gems, which he hid beneath,
In their dark and earth-bound shrine,
Have melted and mounted from root to crest,
Till the forest in princely style is dressed
With the riches of the mine.

But the sweetest reason of all, I think,
Is *this*—which a lesson breathes—
That the charm which lendeth the woods this flush,
Is the *frost-kiss*, spreading a crimson *blush*
O'er the *modest* autumn leaves.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NOBILITY.

High sounding titles—honors bestowed by men—are no criterion of the nobility of the soul of him who rejoices in them. Such dignities may be purchased by money, or by deeds opposed to that mercy and kind consideration for the feelings of others which constitute man's chief glory.

But I have, to a certain extent, faith in hereditary nobility of the heart. When I hear people speak well of a man's ancestors, I feel quite sure, whatever they may say of himself, that there is *something* good in the descendant of good people, although bad habits or misfortune may have obscured it. What a difference may be observed between children reared among those whose liberal hearts devise liberal things, and those whose regard for self-interest inclines them only to listen to the voice of worldly prudence. I have seen the kindly feeling, the generous impulse, the high sense of honor, the delicate consideration for the feelings of others which prevents the utterance of a word calculated to wound, descend from parent to child, to the third generation; and I have seen the opposite qualities cling to those otherwise lovable and estimable increasing in bitterness and severity, until, when the attractions of youth were gone, they were left almost friendless—certainly destitute of the warm, enthusiastic friendship which only generosity of heart, true nobleness of soul, can hope to retain. And what better fate can the heart expect that shuts itself within a wall of selfish prudence—that never spends upon a generous impulse either time, money, affection or influence. "The liberal soul shall be made fat," and it is no wonder if the illiberal and self-righteous, or the cold and selfish, experience "leanness." Who does not feel more leniency for the *follies* of the former, than for the everlasting frigidity of the latter? Who would encounter the dangers of the ocean only to sail among icebergs? Who can contemplate a voyage to the icy regions of the North but as a thing to be dreaded? But who can pass the green, fragrant isles of "sunny climes" without experiencing a feeling of delight, and of gratitude to the Giver of all good, who has placed us in a world of so much beauty and comfort.—'Tis thus in life's voyage—there are human icebergs among the cold, the self-righteous and the unfeeling, who, never glad with others' gladness, nor ever sad with others' sadness, often threaten to crush the timid, the unfortunate and the erring.—There are icy regions in society in which we may wander, and look with yearning hearts for a haven of rest from storms that beset our way—for a genial spot upon which to build a home sacred from the intrusions of the world; and we may look and long in vain. There may be dazzling glaciers of purity, of justice, of truth and honor, to attract our eyes, but they do but reflect our gaze as a mirror. No depth of admiration can penetrate the icy mantle of selfishness so as to draw from thence cherishing warmth.

Oh, who would not rather be like the gladdening sun and the gentle dew, which descend with a blessing to the lowliest vale, than like the everlasting snow upon the mountain top! Who would not rather cultivate in his child the feeling heart, the kind, unselfish act, the generous thought, which distinguish *a true nobleman*, than the cold severity of judgment, the prudential consideration, the distrust of his fellow creatures, which mark the man "concentered all in self," which many think an essential part of education for this world. And truly it is an education for *this world* and only this. 'Tis not an education for eternity—for the day when we shall be judged according to our deeds. 'Tis not the teaching of Him who was the Highest Type of nobleness—who said "Love one another. Do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you. Do good and lend hoping for nothing again. Be merciful as your Father in Heaven is merciful; for He maketh the sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and on the unjust." V. L. V.

Greece, N. Y., 1857.

How much misery is compressed in the single word *homeless!* But no greater than the amount of happiness bound up in the still shorter one of home. The difference between the two can never be known to those who have had no experience of both, nor be forgotten by any one who has. Home is the sacred spot where affection, virtue and religion plant their roots, and where those principles receive nourishment and culture which adorn private life, uphold and perpetuate knowledge and good government, liberty and law.

RECREATION.

To work best, man must play a due proportion of the time; to bear the heaviest burdens, he must have his heart lightened now and then; to think so profoundly, he must not think so steadily.—When the world, on any plea of prudence, or wisdom, or conscience, has overlooked these principles, religion and morality have suffered. In former times, monasteries and nunneries, caves and pillars, held the pure fanatics and mitraists, the idiots and hypocrites, whom violated nature sent there. Now insane asylums and hospitals shelter the victims furnished for their cells by the headlong sobriety and mad earnestness of business which knows no pleasure, or of study which allows no cessation, or of conscience and piety, which frowns on amusement: while the morbid morality, the thin wisdom, the jaundiced affections, the wretched dyspepsia, the wreck and defeat of body and soul, which a community deficient in out-door sports, genial society, or legitimate gaycty, exhibits to the thoughtful eye, are hardly less saddening than the hospital or mad-house.

Amusement, then, is not only defensible, but the want of it is a calamity and an injury to the sober and solid interest of society. None are more truly interested—did they know their own duty and policy—in seeing the community properly amused, than the organized friends of morality and piety. They ought to know that nature avenges herself sooner or later—and better sooner than later—for the violation of the laws of physical and moral health; and that the suppression of the sportive, careless, and pleasure-craving propensities or aptitudes of our nature, involve an inevitable derangement and sure decay of the higher organs and faculties. Instead, therefore, of interfering with business, duty, sobriety, piety—with scholarship, economy, virtue and reverence; amusement, viewed merely as a principle, advances and supports them all. The intellect that plays a part of every day, works more powerfully and to better results for the rest of the time; the heart that is gay for an hour, is more serious for the other hours of the day; the will that rests, is more vigorous than the will that is always strained.

GENIUS OF ENERGY.

There is no genius in life, like the genius of energy and industry. You will learn that all the traditions so current among very young men—that certain great characters have wrought their greatness by an inspiration, as it were, grows out of a sad mistake.

And you will further find, when you come to measure yourself with men, that there are no rivals so formidable as those earnest, determined minds, which reckon the value of every hour, and which achieve eminence by persistent application.

Literary ambition may inflame you at certain periods; and a thought of some great name will flash like a spark into the mine of your purposes; you dream until midnight over books; you set up shadows, and chase them down—other shadows, and they fly. Dreaming will never catch them.—Nothing makes the "scent lie well" in the hunt after distinction, but labor.

And it is a glorious thing, when once you are weary of the dissipation, and the ennui of your own aimless thoughts, to take up some glowing page of an earnest thinker, and read, deep and long, until you feel the metal of his thought tinkling on your brain, and striking out from your flinty lethargy, flashes of ideas, that give the mind light and heat. And away you go, in the chase of what the soul within is creating on the instant, and you wonder at the fecundity of what seemed so crude. The glow of toil wakes you to the consciousness of your real capacities; you feel sure that they have taken a new step toward final developement. In such mood it is, that one feels grateful to the musty tomes, which at other hours, stand like curiosity-making mummies, with no warmth and no vitality. Now they grow into the affections like new-found friends; and gain a hold upon the heart, and light a fire in the brain, that the years and the mould cannot cover nor quench.—*Ik Marvel.*

THE LOVE OF HOME.

If nobler sentiments than the following, which were uttered by Daniel Webster, ever fell from human lips, we have yet to see them. They are indeed pearls of the rarest value, should be cherished in the very heart of hearts by every one:

"It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generations before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode; I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living, and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind."

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by frank good humor. If indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make obedience reluctant, subdue him by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins.

"THE ART PRESERVATIVE."

Perhaps there is no department of enterprise, the details of which are less understood by intelligent people, than "the art preservative"—the achievement of the types. Every day, their lives long, they are accustomed to read the newspaper, to find fault with its statements, its arrangement, its looks; to plume themselves upon the discovery of some roguish and acrobatic type that gets in a frolic and stands upon its head; or of some word with a waste letter or two in it; but of the process by which the newspaper is made; of the myriads of motions and the thousands of pieces necessary to its composition, they know little, and think less. They imagine they discourse of a wonder, indeed, when they talk of the fair white carpet woven for thought to walk on, of the rags that fluttered upon the back of the beggar, yesterday.

But there is to us, something more wonderful still. When we look at the hundred and fifty-two little boxes, something shaded with the touch of inky fingers, that compose the printer's "case," and watch him at his noiseless work; noiseless, except the clicking of the types, as one by one, they take their places in the growing line, we think we have found the marvel of the art. Strewn in those little boxes, are thin parallelograms of metal, every one good for a single letter, a comma, a hyphen, a something that goes to make up written language—the visible foot-prints of thought upon carpets of rags. We think how many fancies in fragments, there are in the boxes; how many atoms of poetry and eloquence, the printer can pick up here and there, if he only has a little chart to work by; how many facts in small handfulls; how much truth in chaos.

Now he picks up the scattered elements, until he holds in his hand a stanza of Gray's Elegy, or a monody upon Grimes, "all buttoned down before." Now he "sets up" a "puppy missing," and now "Paradise Lost;" he arrays a bride in "small caps," and a sonnet in "nonpariel;" he announces that the languishing will "live," in one sentence; transposes the word, and deplores the days that are few and "evil," in the next. A poor old jest ticks its way into the printer's hand, like a little clock just running down; and a strain of eloquence marches into line, letter by letter. We fancy we can tell the difference by the hearing of the ear, but perhaps not. The types that told a wedding yesterday, announce a burial to-morrow; perhaps in the self-same letters.

They are the elements to make a world of—those types are; a world with something in it as beautiful as Spring, as rich as Summer, and as grand as Autumn; flowers that frosts cannot wilt; fruit that shall ripen for all time.

LOCOMOTIVE EXPERIENCE.

Riding on the engine of an express train is exciting business. We made intercession with the powers that be, the other day, and secured a passage for a distance of ten miles on "the machine." It is interesting to watch the track ahead, and imagine yourself going down the banks of some obstruction. You look at the steam gauge and wonder if one hundred and ten pounds is a safe quantity.

As the speed increases, the sway of the engine attracts especial notice. Every little roughness of the track is felt, and the machine goes knocking about from side to side with force enough to tear the rails from the ties.

The flat ribbon of rail, extending so far before you, seems utterly insufficient to hold the vast ponderous weight of iron upon it. For relief from the terrors you conjured up, you turn to the engineer and venture a remark.

He does not look around: his hand is on the lever, his eyes steadily fixed on the track.

Just then the fireman rings the bell for a crossing. You can see it swing, but in the crash and thunder of your progress you hear no sound, and then you think that the engineer perhaps did not hear your voice.

The fireman is constantly busy. He piles up the wood in easy distance and then "stokes." As the dry sticks are cast into the furnace, the devouring flames sieze them with a fierce avidity and eat into their substance, penetrate their pores, and tear them to pieces almost in a moment. It is an awful fire, unlike any you ever witnessed.

You take another look at the track and gain a new sensation, for wherever the rails are a little settled the engine sinks down upon it and it seems as if the wheels and trucks were giving away, and the whole machine about to crush down in one fatal smash up.

These are daylight observations, but the night is the time to enjoy a locomotive ride.

The light from the engine lamp strikes only for two or three rails forward—beyond that all is darkness, and you go plunging along in the black unseen before you, without a possibility of a forewarning of any danger. You can see the switch lights; or that of another locomotive, but a log or a drunken man may be on the track, or a rail may be broken, and you none the wiser, until with one tremendous crash you meet your doom upon it.

A Laugh.—How much of character lies in a laugh. It is in fact the cipher-key, oftentimes wherewith we decipher a man. As a late writer observes—"You know no man until you have heard him laugh—till you know how and when he will laugh. There are occasions—there are humors—when a man with whom you have been long familiar, will quite startle you by breaking out into a laugh, which comes manifestly right from the heart, and yet which he had never heard before. And in many a heart a sweet angel slumbers unseen, until some happy moment awakens it."

Literary Labor is undervalued, chiefly because the tools wherewith it is done are invisible. If the brain made as much noise as a mill, or if thought-sowing followed hard after a breaking-up plow, the produce of the mind would at once assert a place in the prices current. If a writer could be so equipped with wheels and pinions, as entirely to conceal the man within, like the automaton chess-player, and sentences were recorded by a wooden, instead of a living hand, the expression of thought would be at a premium, because the clock-work would seem to show that it cost something to make it.—*Chicago Journal.*

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

HAVING read a portion of the Old Testament in the original tongue, and become much pleased with the signification of many of the prominent proper names, which, as they stand in the *English bible*, convey no intrinsic meaning, I conceived the idea that perhaps it would prove both amusing and instructive to many, if not all of the RURAL readers, were I to write out some of these with their several meanings. Before entering directly upon the task, I would say that the force and beauty of these interpretations will be greatly enhanced by a knowledge of the context.

We will commence with the beginning of Genesis and proceed, culling from this great magazine of jewels now and then a gem. Omitting the name of the Deity, the first personal name which we discover is that of our great progenitor, ADAM, signifying earth, and thence, *man* as being taken from the ground. How appropriate! "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Then EVE, life, that is, the mother of all. ENOCH, the initiated, or initiating. From the etymology of the name, many of the later Jews suppose him to have been not only the most distinguished of the antediluvian prophets, but also, the inventor of books and learning. Of course this is mere conjecture. BABEL, confession: the name of a town which the foolish descendants of NOAH attempted to erect, and were arrested in their impious undertaking by the power of the Almighty in confusing their speech. ABRAHAM, the father of a multitude.—SARAH, a princess, a noble lady. HAGAR, flight, so called, as having fled from her mistress. From the same root comes the word Hegirah, flight, a term by which the Mohammedans designate the flight of their prophet from Mecca to Medina, which event they fix on the 16th of July, A. D. 622, and from which they compute time in lunar years of 354 days each. ISHMAEL, whom GOD heareth. How literally has the Divine prediction concerning the son of HAGAR been fulfilled in the whole history of his descendants. ISAAC, sporting, mocking. How appropriate that the name of their son should be one that would continually remind ABRAHAM and SARAH of the ridicule with which they regarded the promise of the Most High.—Bethel, house of GOD. ABIMELECH, my father, the king. Beer-Sheba, the well of oath, for there the LORD made a solemn vow to ABRAHAM concerning his seed. It is also the name of an ancient city on the southern border of Palestine, whence the phrase in describing the limits of Palestine—"From Dan to Beer-Sheba." About the tenth year of the present century the unfortunate SEETZEN, a German traveler visited this place and found *seven wells* called Szabea, and a valley with the same name. ESAU, hairy, rough. JACOB, a lier-in-wait, a supplanter. Immediately upon ESAU'S discovery of the treacherous act of his brother in obtaining the father's blessing, he exclaimed, "Is not he rightly named JACOB? for he hath supplanted me these two times: he took away my birth-right; and behold, now he hath taken away my blessing." ISRAEL, warrior, or soldier of GOD. JOSEPH, he will add, Bethlehem; house of bread. BENJAMIN, son of the right hand, that is, of good fortune.

Thus we have passed nearly through a single book, and found much to interest and instruct us, but let it not be supposed that what we have noticed comprises *all* that is interesting therein. It is but as a drop to a plentiful shower, or as a single ray of light to the effulgence of the noon-day sun. J. T. BROWNELL.

Mt. Morris, N. Y., 1857.

NATURAL HISTORY IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

THERE is in the life of every child a time when the thoughts are fixed on external and visible objects. The artless prattle is all about some favorite dog, or pet chicken; something which has been *seen* and *heard*, fondling in the arms, or led by a string. And though grave philosophers may look scornfully on this faint indication of growing intellect, the wise man hails it as we are wont to hail the first buds of spring's earliest, sweetest flower. "Since these things are so," as Cicero says, is not this the appropriate time for lessons from Nature? Is it not time to unfold the leaves of that great book which the finger of the Creator has written, and which the oldest and wisest have never perfectly understood?

Every teacher of a public school has sometimes little gifts of flowers from the pupils; common, perhaps, and wilted by too close pressure of little hands,—but *flowers* still, and tokens of love. Let them not be lightly esteemed. You who are now yourself a teacher, can you not recollect some sunny morning, far back in the past, when with childish delight you gathered violets and daisies to grace the desk of the little country school-house? I shall never forget *one* such morning, when a large bouquet of buttercups, which I had just presented to our teacher, was hastily thrown out of the window! nor the mortification and grief which followed the disposal of my gift. Do not throw away the flowers, but on some afternoon when it is best to leave books for a time, select one for the first simple lesson in *Botany*.

Tell the children that a little seed was buried in the earth, that the sun warmed it, and the rain came down to moisten it, till at length, from one part came forth a stem tending upward; from another, a root pressing downward. Tell them that the little fibrils took from the soil just the nourishment needed by the plant; and the sap ascended, and the green leaves appeared to feed on the air by day, and drink the dews at night; and as the plant grew strong, in its own appointed season it put forth a tiny bud, which swelled and expanded till it burst into the perfect flower. Show them the delicate petals, painted by the "Heavenly Artist," and tell them how closely they are folded at night, as if the flowers were going to sleep, like little tired children. Almost any one can have at command a small magnifying glass, and it will be found of great assistance in examining the structure of the more delicate parts. Encourage the children to ask questions about the lesson, and by all means use simple language. Do not burden the memory, nor jeopardize the vocal organs, by requiring them to call the buttercup, "*Ranunculus Acris*," or the elder, "*Sambucus Canadensis*"—They will easily learn these names after they become acquainted with the dead languages.

In the same manner, from the stones which lie in the yard, may be taught the first principles of geology. The pupils will delight to collect pretty pebbles in their walks, and you will be surprised to see how many really beautiful specimens will be brought together.

Sometimes talk about the flies that buzz so impudently around the children's ears, and walk so easily on the ceiling,—thus introducing *entomology*.

The variety of *subjects* for lessons from Nature is endless. Teach the little ones to be observing,—to find some beauty or utility in all things; and thus they will be led to think of the wisdom and benevolence of Him who "clothes the lilies and feeds the ravens." Thus their young hearts will expand with love for all God's creatures. And above all, remember that by every new view of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator,—by every outflowing of love to His creatures, is hastened the approach of that time for which all true hearts long, while they offer the divine petition, "Thy kingdom come."—*Mass. Teacher.*

THE POWER OF MONOSYLLABLES.—To one whose attention has not been drawn particularly to the subject, it will be surprising to call to mind how many of the most sublime and comprehensive passages in the English language consist wholly or chiefly of monosyllables. Of the sixty-six words composing the Lord's Prayer, forty-eight are of one syllable. Of the seventeen words composing the Golden Rule fifteen are of one syllable. The most expressive idea of the creative power of Jehovah is expressed entirely in monosyllables:—"And God said, let there be light, and there was light." One of the most encouraging promises of Scripture is expressed in fifteen words, all but one of which are monosyllables:—"I love them that love me,—and those that seek me early shall find me."

CONSOLATION FOR THE DULL.—There is no talent so useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the reach of fortune than that quality generally possessed by the dullest sort of people, and in common speech called discretion—a species of lower prudence by the assistance of which people of the meanest intellect, without any other qualification, pass through the world in great quality and with unusual good treatment, neither giving nor taking offence.

RE-OPENING OF SCHOOLS—CITY OF NEW YORK.—The public schools of the city of New York were re-opened after the summer vacation, with an aggregate attendance at the first session of 42,059—more than 4,000 greater than at the opening of the session one year since. Out of 1,249 teachers connected with these schools, only 34 were absent at the commencement of the term, 13 of whom were detained in consequence of sickness.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

STANDING on the northeast corner of the modern wall of Jerusalem, with our faces to the east, we have before us, as seen in the above engraving, the Mount of Olives. It extends along the east side of Jerusalem, the deep valley of Jehosaphat separating it from the city. It summit is a hundred and eighty feet above that of Mount Moriah, on which the Temple of Solomon stood; consequently, from the top and sides of this mountain, the whole city lay in full view. In the early Jewish Scriptures, it is spoken of as "the mountain," or "the mountain before the city;" expressions which indicate its nearness. Its name is derived from the olive groves and orchards which clothed its sides.—Olive trees are still found there, though not so numerous as in former times. It was the open ground—the park of Jerusalem—to which its inhabitants resorted for fresh air, for recreation, for pleasure, for meditation, and devotion. A recent writer, in speaking of the connection this mountain had with the Old Testament history, says:—"The sacrifice of the 'red heifer,' the only sacrifice which was to be performed outside the camp in the wilderness, being by analogy excluded from the Temple courts, was celebrated as near as possible to them, and, therefore, on the slopes of Olivet. DAVID, before the temple was built, and while 'high places' were the recognized scenes of religious services, was wont to 'worship GOD at the top of the mount.' SOLOMON, when he tolerated or adopted the idolatrous rites of his foreign wives, made 'high places' of the three summits 'on the right hand (that is, on the south side) of the Mount of Corruption.'"

With the exception of these general allusions there is but one event in the Old Testament which lends any interest to this height. It was by the ascent of Mount Olivet that DAVID went up on his flight from Jerusalem to Manhanaim, at the news of ABSALOM'S revolt. It was at the top of the mount that he met HUSHAI and had his last view of the rebellious city. It was a little way past the top that he encountered ZIBA and the asses, laden with provisions. It was as he descended the rough road on the other side, that "SHIMEI went along on the side of the mountain over against him, and threw stones at him, and cast dust."—This mournful procession, affecting as it is, and linked with every stage of the ascent and descent, stands alone in the earlier history of the mount.

Its lasting glory, however, belongs not to the Old Dispensation, but to the New. This mountain is made memorable and sacred to the Christian by its connection with the history of our Saviour.—After his public ministry through the day, and his disputations with the Jews, this was the place to which he loved to retire in the evening for prayer and private intercourse with his disciples. Here were uttered many of those parables and sayings which, transcribed by his apostles, have instructed and comforted his followers in all ages. Over this mountain lay his morning and evening walk to and from Bethany, the town of MARY, and MARTHA, and LAZARUS, which was a little beyond its summit. Here withered the fig tree cursed by him.—It was over the summit of this mountain, or around its southern slope, that he rode triumphantly to, Jerusalem, while the multitude shouted his praise, and cast their garments and the branches of trees in his way. It was here, as the city burst upon his view, that he wept over it, as given over to unbelief, and devoted to destruction. On another occasion, as he sat on the Mount of Olives, over against the Temple, he beheld those great buildings which were the wonder and the pride of the Jewish heart, and declared that the time should come when not one stone should be left on another. It was to the Mount of Olives that he went out with his disciples, after they had sung a hymn at the close of the Last Supper. Here was the Garden of Gethsemane, where he endured his agony, where his soul was exceeding sorrowful unto death; here he sweat, as it were, great drops of blood falling to the ground. This was the scene of his betrayal, and from this place he was led first to the palace of the High Priest, and then to the judgment. It was to this mountain that he, after his resurrection, led forth his followers, and either from its summit, or a little beyond it, while he talked with them, a cloud received him out of their sight, and they were left standing and gazing up into heaven. Such are some of the occurrences of our Lord's life, which have rendered the Mount of Olives one of the most (if not the most sacred) spots on the face of the earth.

"OVER THE RIVER."

OVER the river they beckon to me—
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, grey and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there;
The gate of the city we could not see;—
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling MINNIE! I see her yet!
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,—
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
They cross the stream and are gone for aye:
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me!

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar,
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land,
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOPE.

THIS is a faculty of the human mind, without which man would be compelled to spend his life as upon a vast desert, where he must travel without one ray of light to cheer his drooping spirits, without one solitary spot to rest his weary feet, and without one cooling drop of water to quench his burning thirst.

It is this which prompts the mariner upon the mighty ocean, when his frail bark is driven to and fro upon the boisterous waves—when the thunder's peal rends the elements in twain—when the forked lightning darts across the sky—when heaven and earth apparently meet to join in dark and tempestuous war, then *Hope alone*, can prompt him to put forth all his efforts and exertions by which he may outride the fury of the storm and reach in safety the destined haven of rest.

Animated by the same innate principle, the student, is enabled to put forth all his intellectual faculties, and by his unremitted efforts, gradually to ascend the mount of knowledge; and though the road be rough and the ascent steep, yet Hope spreads forth to his assistence her almost supernatural powers, and enables him to triumph over every obstacle, pointing out to his fainting vision the temple of glory "shining afar," as a reward which will richly compensate for all his trials and difficulties.

The true essence of a well-founded hope shows itself most conspicuously, and dressed in its most beautiful and lovely garb, in its influence upon the man of GOD as he departs from the mortal state.—He perceives the glimmering of the taper, by which he has been guided through the trials of life, fast sinking into oblivion never to rise again, yet *Hope*, that alleviator of our sorrows comes riding upon the chariot of Faith, eradicating the gloom which has been fast gathering around his wearied senses, and bids him look forward to that state upon which he is about to enter, as eternally glorious, and which will far more than remunerate him for his labors he has been called to undergo.

Grinnell, Iowa, 1857. EMMA.

THE WORLD OF THE CHRISTIAN.

THIS world is not yours: thank God, it is not.—It is dropping away from you like worn-out autumn leaves; but beneath it, hidden in it, there is another world lying as the flower lies in the bud.—That is *your* world, which must burst forth at last into eternal luxuriance. All you stand on, see, and love, is but the husk of something better. Things are passing—our friends are dropping off from us: strength is giving way; our relish for earth is going, and the world no longer wears to our hearts the radiance that once it wore. We have the same sky above us, and the same scenes around us; but the freshness that our hearts extracted from everything in boyhood, and the glory that seemed to rest once on earth and life, has faded away for ever. Sad and gloomy truths to the man who is going down to the grave with his work undone. Not sad to the Christian; but rousing, exciting, invigorating. If it be the eleventh hour, we have no time for folding of the hands: we will work the faster. Through the changefulness of life: through the solemn tolling of the bell of Time, which tells us that another, and another, and another, are gone before us: through the noiseless rush of a world which is going down with gigantic footsteps into nothingness; let not the Christian slack his hand from work; for he that doeth the will of God may defy hell itself to quench his immortality.—*Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

MEDITATION ON THE WORD OF GOD.—By continual meditation on the sacred writings, a man as naturally improves and advances in holiness, as a tree thrives and flourishes in a kindly and well watered soil. All the fruits of righteousness show themselves at the proper season, as opportunity calls for them; and the words, which are to his actions what the leaves are to the fruit, fall not on the ground, but are profitable as well as ornamental. Everything *in* him and *about* him serves the purpose for which it was intended. His brethren are benefited by him, and his Maker is glorified.—*Horne.*

Useful Hints.

HOW TO PREVENT COLDS.

IF people were blessed with common sense, and a little wholesome self-denial, they might often escape severe colds and fevers by resolute measures adopted in season. A correspondent of the Evangelist sends the following communication, giving an infallible recipe for a bad cold if it is handled in time. Perhaps some of our readers may have courage to make the experiment:

"There is probably not a man, woman, or child, who is not as often as once a year, afflicted with a severe cold, which ends in a cough or catarrh,—and thousands there are who die every year of consumption, brought on by taking cold. He, then, who should discover a certain and effectual remedy for this complaint, would be justly regarded as one of the greatest benefactors of the age. The writer does not profess to have discovered such a remedy, but he wishes to attest the truth of the following certain and effectual expedient for preventing a cold. A cold cannot be easily cured, but if it can be prevented, it is of no importance to know how it may be cured.

"A bad cold, like measles or mumps, or other similar ailments, will run its course in about ten days, in spite of what may be done for it, unless remedial means are employed for it within forty-eight hours of its inception. Many a useful life might be spared to be increasingly useful, by cutting a cold short off in the following safe but simple manner:—On the first day of taking a cold, there is a very unpleasant sensation of chilliness. The moment you observe this, go to your room and stay there. Keep it at such a temperature as will entirely prevent this chilly feeling, even if it requires 100 degrees of Fahrenheit.

"In addition to this, put your feet in water half a leg deep, as hot as you can bear it, adding hot water from time to time for a quarter of an hour, so that the water shall be hotter when you take your feet out than when you put them in. Then dry them thoroughly, and put on thick, warm woolen stockings, even if it be summer—for summer colds are more dangerous,—and for twenty hours eat not an atom of food, but drink as largely as you desire of any kind of warm teas; and at the end of that time the cold will be entirely broken without any medicine whatever. Efficient as the above means are, not one in a thousand attends to them,—led on, as most men are, by the hope that a cold will pass away of itself. Nevertheless, this article will now and then pass under the eye of a wise man who does not choose to run the risk of taking physic and dying too."

The above expedient is a severe one for epicures and gluttons, but most persons will find it easier to fast one day than to be sick a fortnight. The writer has usually found that fasting for three or four meals is sufficient, but doubtless the whole remedy is better than a part.

Let those who are often afflicted with colds,—ministers, students and consumptive persons generally,—cut out the above directions and preserve them. If faithfully followed, they will do you more good than all the pulmonaries, cold cordials and other hurtful nostrums, which now load your shelves.—*Medical Journal.*

THE NECESSITY OF EXERCISE.

THE benefits of exercise to those whose occupation does not lead them to make any physical exertion, cannot be too highly estimated. The body must undergo a certain amount of fatigue to preserve its natural strength, and maintain all the muscles and organs in proper vigor. This activity equalizes the circulation, and distributes the blood more effectually through every part. Cold feet or a chill anywhere, shows that the circulation is languid there. The muscles, during exercise, press on the veins, and help forward the currents by quickening every vessel into activity. The valves of the heart are in this way aided in the work of sending on this stream, and relieved of a certain amount of labor. When exercise is neglected, the blood gathers too much about this central region, and the oppression about the heart, difficulty of breathing, lowness of spirits, anxiety and heaviness, numerous aches and stitches, are evidences of this stagnation. People are afraid to take exercise, because they fancy they want breath and feel weak. But the very effort would free the heart from this burden, by urging the blood forward to the extremities; it would ease their breathing by liberating the lungs from the same superabundance; it would make the frame feel active and light as the effect of equalized circulation and free action.—*Laws of Health*

INDIAN NAMES.

"SEPOYS" is derived from an Indian word meaning bow or arrow, which was the weapon the natives formerly used, and it is now the name given to the Native Indian soldiers, drilled in European tactics. They are fierce, hardy, and frugal, living on small pay and coarse fare, and composing the great army on which the British have relied to hold India.

"Poor" or "pore," which is found to make the termination of so many Indian cities and settlements, signifies town. Thus Nagpore means the town of Serpents—a definition, by the way, sufficiently appropriate when we reflect on the treacherous character of the Sepoys by whom it was so recently garrisoned. "Abad" and "patam" also signify town; Hyderabad being Hyder's Town, and Seringapatam—from Seringa, a name of the god Vishnoo—being the town of Sreringa. Allahabad, from "Allah," God, and "abad," abode, means the abode of God; that city being the capital of Agra the chief school of the Bramies, and much resorted to by pilgrims. Punjab is the country of the Five Rivers, and Doab is applied to a part of the country between two rivers.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

THE CURRENCY OF THE COUNTRY is so deranged at present that we must necessarily lose much during the ensuing RURAL CAMPAIGN, and therefore trust our friends will send us the best funds conveniently obtainable in their respective localities. If our Western and Southern friends can remit in Drafts on New York at former rates of exchange, —or in bills on New York, Canada or New England solvent Banks,—they will save us both trouble and expense.—Though Western and Southern money is perfectly good at home, and not refused by us, yet we cannot at present use it without a great sacrifice;—hence this request. If our agents and other friends in all parts of the Union, the British Provinces, &c., will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

☞ AGENTS OF THE RURAL, and all others disposed to aid in extending its area of usefulness, are referred to Premium List for 1857–8, on last column of next page.

List of New Advertisements this week.

Schooley's Patent Preservatory—J. L. Alberger.
Mercantile College—Bassett & Co.
Arthur's Home Magazine—T. S. Arthur.
200 Agents Wanted—Wm. J. Moses.
Quince and Cherry Stocks—H. M. Ranney.
Look!—E. Nash.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 14, 1857.

The Rural New-Yorker for 1858.

As the period for the commencement of the Ninth Volume of the RURAL is rapidly approaching, it may be proper to briefly announce, That such arrangements are being perfected as will *fully maintain*, if not augment, the Value and Usefulness of the paper—That no proper effort or expense will be spared to make it continuously and increasingly worthy the immense circulation it is attaining among all classes of community throughout the Country—That, inasmuch as its friends never suspend their hearty encouragement and support, we are determined to furnish, during the year 1858, a journal which shall, more than ever, MERIT the enviable distinction the RURAL NEW-YORKER has attained as the leading and largest circulated AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY and FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THE RURAL has become a favorite medium of communication, and a cherished Friend and Guide, in tens of thousands of Families throughout the States and Territories of this Confederacy, and the British Provinces. For this large and wide measure of appreciation we are sincerely and profoundly grateful—and shall, in the future as in the past, endeavor to so conduct the paper, in each and all departments, as to make the most suitable return in our power for the extraordinary favor it is receiving at the hands of Farmers, Horticulturists, Merchants, Mechanics, and Professional Men, from Canada to the Gulf, and Maine to Minnesota,—While wishing well to all our contemporaries who seek, as we do, to promote the Interests and Happiness of the People, we shall earnestly endeavor to maintain the RURAL'S pre-eminence as the *first Journal of its Class* in MERIT, USEFULNESS AND POPULARITY.

Washington Matters.

THE War Department on the 7th inst. received despatches confirmatory of previous reports that the Mormons are bent on a resistance of the United States. Intelligence had been received that the Mormons were calling into Salt Lake City all their forces from the surrounding country, and were organizing to resist the U. S. troops. Orders have been sent to Gen. Harney to remain at Fort Leavenworth for the present. In case the Mormons do resist our troops, another large force, under the command of Harney, will be immediately ordered to Utah. The appointments of the army and general preparations are such that no fears are entertained for the result.

The Administration has received no particularly important despatches in relation to events in Central America, or to the Costa Rican movements.—No matter what other Governments may do with regard to these affairs, ours will pursue an independent American policy, without entangling alliances.

Omaha City, Nebraska, has been designated by the Secretary of the Treasury as a new depository for public money.

Gen. Walker, in a letter addressed to the Secretary of State, says that so far as any violation, on his part, of the acts of Congress is concerned, he denies the charge with scorn and indignation, and will not so far forget his duty as an officer of Nicaragua, as to violate the laws of the United States. As the military organization is abandoned, about 2,500 men from various Southern States, have enrolled as emigrants to Nicaragua.

It has been heretofore stated that Lieut. J. C. Ives, of the Topographical Engineers, had been assigned to the important duty of exploring the Colorado. This gentleman with his corps of assistants at last accounts had arrived at San Francisco. The expedition was to sail for San Diego and cross from thence to Fort Yuma. From that point they will descend the Colorado to its debouchere into the gulf of California, and there meet the schooner which was to sail from San Francisco with supplies. After putting the little iron steamer together, Lieut. Ives and his party complete, will at once embark and proceed on their exploration.

FROM TEXAS.—The Southern mails have been received. Dates from Galveston, Texas, are to the 27th ult. The crops in San Augustine and Sabine counties were excellent. The cotton crop was later than usual. Below, several vessels were loading with cotton for European ports. A careful estimate of the cane crop in Brazoria Co. shows that 3,085 hogsheads of sugar, and 6,000 barrels of molasses have been made. Acres of cotton bales are piled up in Houston, and the warehouses are full to overflowing. The general disposition is to ship direct to Liverpool. A company of 75 rangers, ordered by the Governor, had passed up through San Antonio.

Financial Affairs.

BY telegraph from New York, on the 9th inst., we learn there is a better feeling in business circles, and money matters are improving slowly but surely. Six of the city banks are ready to resume specie payments, and others are gradually coming into line. The specie statement to-night will show about $14,000,000 in the banks. Four banks were thrown out to-day by the Metropolitan—the Western Bank of Lockport, Powell's Bank of Newburgh, Chemung County Bank, and Ontario Bank of Phelps. Business to-day at the Clearing House nearly $15,000,000 clearing, and upwards of $900,000 balances.

IN the Boston Board of Trade, men are battling against the Usury Laws of Massachusetts, and demanding but one bank of issue for the whole State, whose bills shall be based on specie or Government securities.

AN editor in one of our Southern cities says that the people there have not discovered that the times are hard. Let them undertake to pay their debts, and perhaps they will make the important discovery.

THE City Council of St. Paul, Minnesota, has passed an ordinance that the corporation issue orders for all the indebtedness of the city in sums of one to twenty dollars, which are to circulate in a commercial form. This will put into circulation upwards of $60,000. They will also convert the paid up stock of the St. Paul Gas Light Company and the St. Anthony Suspension Bridge Company into a currency, as well as Ramsey County and Territorial orders—all of which would amount to $300,000.

THE merchants, manufacturers and citizens of Dubuque (Iowa) have formally resolved to receive and pay out as currency, secured notes to be issued by the Dubuque Harbor Company. The notes will be of various denominations from $2 to $20. The lack of a sufficient supply of bank bills or any other circulating medium compels this step.

THE Lodi Printing Works in New Jersey, expect to resume business next week with from 300 to 500 hands.

THE Springfield (Ohio) Nonpareil says the citizens of that town last week adopted a new plan for protecting their banks from being run by the brokers. Learning that a broker had reached town from a neighboring city to run the bank for coin, they promptly placed on one side of the bank entrance a bucket of tar and a brush, and upon the opposite a long, rough looking fence rail, bearing this inscription:—"Nary red to nary broker!" As the broker approached the bank he read the inscription, glanced at the tar bucket and retreated. The bank went on as usual.

AS the stockholders of the "Free Banks" of New York are made individually responsible for the mismanagement or peculation of bank officers in case of failure, we wonder if they can recognize a "family likeness" in the following:—A couple of youngsters, about ten or twelve years of age, were looking into the window of a tobacco shop when one exclaimed:—"I'd like to smoke a cent's worth, but I have'nt the cent." "Hold on! I've got two cents." "That's the ticket!—just the thing—one for the pipe and one for the tobacco." "Oh, yes! But what am I to do?" "You? Oh, you shall be the stockholder; *you can spit!*"

Conflagrations and Casualties,

THE depot of the Illinois Central Railroad at Cairo, with all its contents, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 1st inst. Four freight cars and the engine house were included in the property destroyed. The loss is estimated at $200,000.—Part of the depot was occupied by the agent of the Company, the clerks and expressmen, who lost everything. A package of $1,500 belonging to the Express Company was destroyed. A package of the same amount belonging to Adams, Graham & Co., was also destroyed. The amount of insurance is not ascertained. This big depot was a small town of itself. A number of the agents and employees of the road lived in it with their families. The building was of wood, very inflammable, and set upon posts, to be above high water. This gave a great draft under it. The fire was caused by the bursting of the gasometer which was under the building, and the flames spread so rapidly that within ten minutes after the accident the entire depot was a mass of flame. There was no time to save anything—indeed, some of the inmates barely escaped with their lives.

ON Wednesday night, the 4th inst., a fire was discovered in the basement part of the wooden building known as the "yellow store house," situated on the dock side and close to the Erie canal, and in the rear of the Armstrong Block, Rome, N. Y.—The fire extended and destroyed the "green storehouse" adjoining. The property belonged to E. B. Armstrong & Co., and was occupied by them. Their loss is some $10,000, and they are fully insured. The fire is supposed to have been caused by incendiaries, as it originated in an unoccupied room.

A FIRE occurred at Brownsville, Texas, on the 16th ult. By the explosion of 95 kegs of gunpowder, four persons were killed and several others badly wounded.

A LOCOMOTIVE on the Hazleton Railroad burst its boiler on the 3d inst., at Hazleton, Pa., killing the engineer and fireman and scalding two brakemen badly.

A STEAM boiler in Hayward's India Rubber works, Providence, R. I., exploded on the 29th ult, and the five buildings constituting the works were destroyed. 200 people were at work in the establishment. Many of the girls jumped out of the windows, and some of them were injured, but none very seriously. The boiler was thrown 200 feet, and in its course, carried away the side of a house where the family were at breakfast. Two of the workmen were severely injured, but it is hoped not fatally. The loss is $50,000, insured in New York. The cause of the explosion was the lack of water in the boiler.

CAMELS.—The Washington Star thinks that in five years camel trains will be well nigh as common in the far West of the United States as on the most traveled routes of the East. By this time next year they will doubtless be imported on private account, and be in actual use by citizens crossing the great North American desert.

Election Returns.—Political Items.

THE election in New York resulted in favor of the Democrats, their State ticket having, as far as ascertained, about 10,000 plurality. The political complexion of both Senate and Assembly is undecided—Republicans and Democrats each figure themselves in advance—but it would not be surprising if the Americans, five of whom were chosen for Assembly, should hold the balance of power. The successful candidates on the State ticket are the following:—*Secretary of State*—Gideon J. Tucker. *State Treasurer*—Isaac V. Vanderpoel, of Buffalo. *Comptroller*—Sanford E. Church, of Orleans; *Attorney General*—Lyman Tremaine, of Albany. *Canal Commissioner*—Van R. Richmond, of Wayne; *State Prison Inspector*—W. C. Rhodes, of Elmira.

THE returns from Massachusetts indicate the success of the Republicans. In 318 towns Banks, Rep., has 60,044; Gardener, Am., 31,482; Beach, Dem., 31,842; Swan, Straight Republican, 11.—Banks over Gardener, 23,112. Of the eight executive councillors, the Republicans have chosen seven and the Americans one. The Republicans have carried both houses of the Legislature by large majorities. The Senate stands, Republicans, 34; Democrats, 3; Americans, 3—all elected in single districts. In the House there are, Republicans 162; Democrats 39; Americans 34; undecided, 5.

IN New Jersey the Democrats have elected six out of the eight Senators to be chosen this year, and the new Senate will stand 15 Democrats, four Americans, one Republican and one Fusion. In the House the Democrats have 35, and the Opposition 25.

THE last intelligence from Minnesota respecting the State Legislature is that the joint ballot will consist of 65 Democrats, and 62 Republican—Dem. majority 3 on joint ballot. Five of these seats are to be contested on the ground of fraudulent voting.

IN Louisiana the vote is small through the State. The Americans had a large majority in New Orleans.

IN the Detroit municipal election the Democrats have elected the Mayor and a large majority of the city ticket.

THE official vote of Ohio for Governor is as follows:—Chase, Rep., 160,568; Payne, Dem., 159,065. Republican majority 1,503.

THE result of the election in Wisconsin is in doubt, and each party claims the election of their candidate for Governor. The Republicans have a majority in the Legislature.

RETURNS from Maryland do not show any material change from last year's vote. The Americans will have a majority in both branches of the Legislature.

IN Baltimore the whole American ticket is elected, including Harris and Davis in the 13th and 15th Congressional districts. The American majority in the city is over 9,000. Kenkel, Dem., gains in the 5th Congressional district.

RETURNS from all but five counties in Iowa give Lowe, Republican Governor, 2,338 majority. The five counties to come in gave 48 Republican majority last April. The new Legislature stands politically as follows:—Senate—Republicans 22, Democrats 14; House—Republicans 41, Democrats 31.

MASSACHUSETTS has this year elected to her Legislature an unusual number of experienced or noted Legislators. Among them are ex-Governor Marcus Morton, and his son, Marcus Morton, Jr., of Andover, the father and son belonging to different political parties; Caleb Cushing, of Newburyport, late U. S. Attorney General, who was in the Legislature thirty-two years ago; Hon. Julius Rockwell, Wilson's predecessor in the U. S. Senate, chosen in Pittsfield; James H. Duncan, representative from Haverhill, and Charles W. Upham, from Salem, who were but recently members of Congress. Charles Hale, of the Boston Daily Advertiser, is re-elected from Boston, and Robert S Rantoul, son of the late Senator Robert Rantoul, Jr., represents the town of Beverly.

THE Georgia Legislature has made choice of all the Democratic nominees, viz:—Toombs, Senator; Watkins, Secretary of State; Thiveat, Comptroller; Tripp, Treasurer; Green, Surveyor General; Lumpkin, Judge of Judge of Supreme Court. The official majority of Gov. Brown is 10,772.

A WARM discussion is going on over the U. S. Senatorship to be filled at the coming session of the Kentucky Legislature. The Democrats have control over both Houses. Hon. James Guthrie, President Pierce's Secretary of Treasury, and Hon. Linn Boyd, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, are the candidates.

COMPLETE returns of the Maryland election have been received. The vote for Governor was 44,764 for Hicks, Am., and 36,199 for Groome, Dem.,—making Hick's majority 8,567. The Senate will be composed of 15 Americans and 7 Democrats, and the House of 44 Americans and 29 Democrats.—Barton, Dem., is elected Judge of the Court of Appeals from the 1st district. Three Democrats and three Americans are elected to Congress.

HUNGER RIOTS.—For some days the telegraph has daily informed us of meetings in New York city and Philadelphia by those unemployed, of fiery speeches and flaming banners, but it was thought that all would pass by without any overt acts of violence. The news received last night (9th inst.) states that the hunger mob are getting turbulent, and fears are entertained of an outbreak. They gathered in front of the City Hall to-day, calling the Mayor a humbug, and threatening to drag him from his office. A squad of Metropolitan Police were sent for and the crowd dispersed. At 3 o'clock the gates of the City Hall were closed and guarded. In consequence of certain threats thrown out by the mob, Assistant Treasurer Cisco has telegraphed to Washington for authority to use the Government troops on Governor's Island and the Navy Yard, if needed, to guard the United States funds in the Sub-Treasury and Banks. Marshall Rynders has also telegraphed to the same effect.

ANOTHER FILLIBUSTERING EXPEDITION.—The Evening Post states, on good authority, that Gen. Walker will sail this week from New Orleans for Nicaragua with 1,500 troops, in a fine steamer, with plenty of ammunition and provisions. Col. Duncan, of the U. S. army, goes out to command the artillery.

Items of News.

THE P. M. General has recently decided, that if the Post-Masters do not give publishers of newspapers notice when their papers remain in the Post-Office without being taken out by the subscribers within five weeks, they are liable for the pay.

MR. URIAH TRUFTS, the blacksmith who "drove the first bolt on the Frigate Constitution, in 1797," died at Charlestown, Mass., on the 29th ult., at the good old age of 90 years.

THE farmers of Aroostook county, Maine, boast of the wonderful yield of potatoes, Mr. Gerry, of No. 3, says he has raised this year the peach blow variety at the rate of 340 bushels to the acre, and the Jackson potato at the rate of 416 bushels per acre.

THE first railroad iron made in Indiana was rolled at Douglass' mill in Indianapolis on the 29th ult. They were T rails seven yards in length.

THE "Ceredo Crescent," is the name of a new paper started at Ceredo, Wayne Co., Va., a town on the North-western border, adjoining Ohio.—The Crescent contains an account of a large meeting held to give Hon. Eli Thayer an opportunity to address the people on his emigration scheme. The meeting fully endorsed his plan and encouraged his scheme of raising free towns in Old Virginia.

FIVE hundred loaves of bread will be distributed from the rear of the store No. 524, Walnut street, Philadelphia, every Wednesday and Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock, during the coming winter.

SIXTY freight cars passed over the Boston and Maine Railroad, two mornings in succession, last week, loaded with cotton from the Great Falls Manufacturing establishments, which is sent to Boston to be shipped to England; 15,000 bales have been thus disposed of.

A STEAM carriage was seen in New York on Tuesday evening proceeding down Broadway on an experimental trip with three passengers. Its speed was about equal to that of an omnibus.

THE Galena lead mines advertise for ten thousand workmen. Let them provide for the transportation of laborers from our principal cities, and they would not be in want of miners for many weeks to come.

THE Lake Superior Republican, up at Superior City, says:—"Any amount of female help is wanted here, as girls to do house-work are very scarce. Good girls get from $12 to $30 per month."

THE little Prince Imperial, of France, is entered upon the roll of the French Grenadier Guards, draws pay, and his name is called at muster, when answer is made for him, "on leave with his family."

AN apple tree in the nursery of Mr. Lindsay, at Union, Humbolt Bay, which is not much higher than a man's head, bore eighty-one apples that would average half a pound in weight, making over forty pounds of fruit. The weight of the fruit would exceed that of the tree, roots, branches and leaves.

A HORSE, valued at $300, owned by Henry Waldorph, of the town of Kinderhook, N. Y., was so much frightened by the sight of an elephant on Tuesday of last week, that it ruptured a blood vessel, from the effect of which it died on Friday night following.

THERE is no such thing known among the Burmese as a drunkard. A Burman knows that to be guilty of intoxication is to be punished with death; for the Government inflicts this punishment for drunkenness as rigidly as it does for murder.

THE assets of the Island City Bank, Brooklyn, N. Y., which went into the hands of a Receiver some time since, on examination are found to consist of $1,500 in coppers and five inkstands!

THE milkmen have held a Convention in New York city to regulate the price of milk, fixing it at seven cents a quart for the pure article, and from that to five or six cents diluted to suit the taste of cheap customers.

FROM the 1st of September to the 14th of October inclusive, the day on which the banks suspended specie payment, the amount of notes of N. Y. State banks returned to the Register's office and cancelled was $5,321,105.

THE Charity Hospital in New Orleans expends $75,000 annually, and treats an average of 15 000 patients yearly. It is supported by an immigrant tax and by licenses paid by theatres, &c. The city contributes nothing.

A LETTER from Brownsville, Texas, states that a silver mine, worked by Judge Watson, in that vicinity, has proved to be very valuable. Sixty men are employed in taking out the ore, and the force is to be doubled. Specimens of the virgin metal have been sent to the north, and it is not doubted that millions will be extracted.

THE New Orleans and St. Louis packet James E. Woodruff, now sails equipped with a full force and materials for the regular publication of a *daily paper on board*, during her trips up and down the river, and a job office attached for printing bills of fare and other work.

A NEWSBOY who took a $10 piece from a man by mistake, for a cent, and persisted in keeping it, was turned out of the Newsboys' Lodging-House, Saturday night, in New York, after being compelled to give up the money.

WHAT BECOMES OF MEXICAN DOLLARS.—The demand for Mexican dollars in California, for shipment to China, causes the exportation of all that kind of specie almost as soon as it arrives from Mexico. The amount exported during the last quarter amounted to $1,309,249; of which $1,121,48 went to China; $65,000 to Australia; $103,492 Sandwich Islands; $15,000 to North America. During the first half of 1857 the exports of silver by sailing vessels amounted to $788,817, making the combined shipments for the nine months $3,098,066.

AUSTRALIA.—The news from Australia by the steamer Royal Charter, whose arrival was reported by the Persia, is of little importance. At Sydney wool was decidedly firmer; flour unchanged; tobacco in speculative request at higher rates. At Melbourne the gold escort returns were in excess of the corresponding time last year, although the winter had been unusually dry. The import market was overstocked. Flour and grain were inactive and prices wavering. Money market firm.

News Clippings.

— German and Italian emigration is said to be on the increase.

— The Masonic Order in the U. S., numbers some 800,000 members.

— The Lord Mayor of London, receives a salary of £7,000 per annum.

— The Fair at the Crystal Palace, New York, closed on the 6th inst.

— Charles F. Moring, Hanovarian Consul at Boston, died on the 7th inst.

— Gen. Pierce is going to take a pleasure trip to the Maderia Islands.

— It is said that Queen Victoria will soon declare herself Empress of India.

— The Mobile and Ohio Railroad is finished 110 miles, to Crawfordville, Miss.

— The Canada from Liverpool brought to New York $1,000,000 in specie.

— The public debt of Russia amounts to 6,933,000,000f., about $1,386,600,000.

— There are 2,600 sugar plantations in the U. S, yielding the South $12,000,000.

— The American horse Prior, the property of Ten Broeck, died lately in England.

— Judge Sinclair, Associate U. S. Justice for Utah, has left for his post of duty.

— A man in England died from a wound caused by striking his wife in the mouth.

— Gen. Von Reyer, Chief of the Grand General Staff of the Prussian army, is dead.

— The fall emigration to Kansas, says the Herald of Freedom, is arriving overland.

— The tobacco manufactories in Richmond, Virginia, have an aggregate capital of $5,000,000.

— The present population of Spain is near 17,000,000, an increase of about 3,000,000 since 1849.

— Among the advertisements in a late London paper, we read that "Two sisters want washing!"

— There were 139 deaths in New Orleans week before last, of which 37 were from yellow fever.

— Ice made on the 29th ult., of the thickness of a quarter of an inch in the suburbs of Boston.

— The value of the tobacco crop in the Connecticut River Valley this year, is estimated at $600,000.

— There are now loading at New York 30 ships with grain and flour, for Liverpool and Glasgow.

— In Philadelphia, small notes from neighboring States are making their appearance in great numbers.

— Mr. Thomas Stevenson, one of the first settlers of Belfast, Me., died on the 20th ult., at the age of 81.

— A new counterfeit ten on the Gloucester (Mass.) Bank has made its appearance. It is poorly executed.

— An English paper gives an account of a party of 60 old women, who were the mothers of 869 children.

— Baron Liebig, the celebrated chemist, has received the order of Charles the Third from the Queen of Spain.

— The total number of failures since the first of August is 900, and the liabilities are estimated at $90,000,000.

— Hog cholera has made its appearance in Logan Co., Ky., and Sumner and adjoining counties in Tennessee.

— It is stated that an offer of $10 per barrel for cranberries has been refused by several growers of Cape Cod.

— It is said that sugar and molasses from the maple tree, were first made in Bernardstown, Franklin Co, in 1765.

— A machine has just been put in operation at a cigar factory in Berlin, Prussia, which rolls out 5,000 cigars daily.

— The New York stock market remains active, and the recent arrivals of gold have helped prices to some extent.

— Henry Floyd, a printer in the office of the Savannah Georgian, has fallen heir to a fortune of $300,000 in England.

— Forty-seven vessels, with about 600,000 bushels of wheat, are now afloat from the Upper Lake ports for Oswego.

— Swimming is a passion with the ladies of Paris—and a sensible one, too. The Parisian belles are all diving-belles.

— The Onondaga Courier says that salt is being shipped in large quantities, greatly to the relief of the manufacturers.

— The late vote in Kansas will range between 15,000 and 20,000. This indicates a population bordering closely upon 100,000.

— Gen. Henningsen is in Washington, and reports Walker receiving constant accessions of men and money at New Orleans.

— The Constitution of Minnesota has been ratified by the people. It received over 40,000, with about 1,000 against it.

— In view of the influx of gold, the New York papers are strongly urging the immediate resumption of specie payments.

— Wild game is said to be abundant in the forests of Ohio and Indiana. Quails are more plentiful than for some years past.

— Eight States have appointed Thanksgiving on the 26th of November, two, Maine and Mississippi, on the 19th of that month.

— Rev. J. S. Dubes, pastor of the German Reformed Church at Allenton, Penn., has married, since May, 1823, 1,563 couples.

— The inmates of the workhouse in New Orleans made a revolt on the 21st ult., in consequence of the bad fare furnished them.

— A powder magazine at Roundpore, Persia, exploded by lightning, and over 1,000 persons were killed and 500 houses destroyed.

— The Galena Advertiser thinks that the lead mines of that region, afford excellent "openings" for the unemployed in eastern cities.

— The Governor of Minnesota has declined to call an extra session of the Legislature to act with reference to the financial pressure.

— Gov. Bissell, of Ill., is in a very precarious condition and suffering severely from the disease under which he has been laboring for years.

— The editor of a medical journal in France has been committed to prison for three months, for speaking disrespectfully of the Emperor.

— John Hagan, Sr., a soldier under Jackson, and for many years a cotton merchant of New Orleans, died in Paris, France, on the 1st ult.

— The Providence Journal advocates the establishment of a Calico Society, and urges the ladies to wear the products of home manufactories.

— Senator Douglas is said to have lost heavily in the current revulsion, having been engaged in extensive time speculations in Western lands.

— In Wolverhampton, the head-quarters of the iron manufacturing of England, the weekly transactions in that metal average above $6,000,000.

— In Guatemala the cholera is raging with great violence, taking, among its victims, the wife of the President, and the U. S. Minister, Mr. Venable.

— The drouth having cut off the corn crop on the Texas frontier, the squirrels are emigrating to Arkansas, swimming the Red river by thousands.

— Nearly 8,000,000 acres were located with military land warrants, under the act of March, 1855, from the 1st of July, 1850, to the 31st of August last.

— The sloop-of-war Cyane has been ordered to Cape Haytien with orders to secure the release of Americans imprisoned there, using force if necessary.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Arago and the Canada.

THE steamship Arago, from Havre and Southampton Oct. 21, arrived at New York on the 3d, and the Canada, from Liverpool, reached Halifax on the 4th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Canada brought $1,000,000 in specie, and the Arago $220,000.

No later advices from this country had been received in England since those taken out by the Canada, the only arrival out being the Antelope from Portland.

Monetary affairs in London were more satisfactory. The pressure had considerably abated.

News had been received that the Queen of Oude had expelled all English and French residents.—The reason assigned is that the Europeans entertained the project of dethroning the Queen and placing her son on the throne.

The Ex-Queen of Oude was dangerously ill at Richmond.

The Art Exhibition at Manchester had closed with a financial profit.

It was hoped that the French Government intends removing the restriction from the export of corn and flour.

The commercial news from this side had an unfavorable effect on English stocks and exchange. On the 19th the Bank of England raised its rate to 8 per cent., solely in consequence of the American news.

FRANCE.—The French Legislative body is to be convoked for the end of November, and the Council of State resumed its labors Oct. 20th.

Breadstuffs in France had fallen to the ordinary prices of plentiful years.

Lord Howden is said to have had a long private audience with the French Emperor on Spanish affairs. Complete accordance was the result.

The Bank of France had raised its rates from 6¼ to 7¼ per cent. Consols closed at 88⅞@89⅞.

PRUSSIA.—The King of Prussia was slowly improving in health.

A royal ordinance was daily expected at Berlin, provisionally delegating the regal power to the Prince of Prussia. This would avoid a formal regency.

TURKEY.—The Turkish Ministry had been again overthrown, and Reschid Pacha had been appointed Grand Vizier.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs.—Richardson, Spence and Co., quote the breadstuff market quite. Flour unaltered. Prime red wheat scarcely brought the full prices of Friday, but white and inferior were easier to the buyer. Indian corn at previous rates. Western canal flour 29s@31s; Ohio 32@33s; Philadelphia and Baltimore 32s@31s6d. Red wheat 7s6d. Yellow and mixed corn 37s6d@37s9d; white corn 41s@41s3d. Richardson Bro's quote flour declined 6d. Corn is dearer.

Provisions.—Beef quiet. Bacon steady. Lard very dull and nominal at 69@71. Pork quiet.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Cahawba and Star of the West.

THE steamship Cahawba from New Orleans, via Havana, 30th ult., arrived at New York on the 4th inst. There was no news at Havana.

The steamship Star of the West had arrived with the California mails of Oct. 11, and $1,469,009 in treasure.

The news from California is six days later than that received by the Quaker City.

The rains had commenced in California, but comparatively little damage had been done.

Col. Fremont had purchased the Merced and Mariposa canal.

Two more citizens of Carson Valley had been murdered by the Washington Indians. They have obtained arms of the Governor to defend themselves.

Two weeks later South American news has been received, but it is of no importance. Castillo, with 5,000 men, had not ventured to attack Arequipa. A few skirmishes had taken place without much advantage on either side.

There was a shock of an earthquake at Panama on the 15th of October.

Don Papoel and Escalente have been elected Vice Presidents of Costa Rica.

California Clippings.

ONE hundred and eleven prisoners have escaped from the Penitentiary of the State of California, since April, 1856, only thirty-five of whom have been re-captured, leaving seventy-six at large.

COL. FREMONT has shipped about fifty tuns of quartz, taken from his Mariposa claim, to England.

A SLIGHT shock of an earthquake was felt in Nevada on the 15th ult. between ten and eleven o'clock. At St. Louis and other towns in the northern part of the county the shock was more severe, causing chimneys to tumble down.

THE gross receipts of the Fair of the Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, were $19,275 55. The expenditures, including $128 donated to the Orphan Asylums, have been about $11,000, leaving a balance of $8,000, beside the building itself, on hand. Over fifty thousand persons visited the Fair during the two weeks it was open.

THE editor of the San Joaquin Republican has been presented with a mass of exceedingly rich copper ore, taken from the claim of Wm. Rogers, in Hope Valley. It weighs 290 pounds.

THE San Francisco, Cal., papers say that there are hundreds of servant girls in that city worth from one to ten thousand dollars each, their ordinary wages being now twenty-five dollars a month. In the splendor of their dresses they far eclipse their mistresses, and, as the saying is, they "can take Broadway down" without an effort.

A COAL vein has been discovered in Shasta county. The Shasta Courier says the vein was discovered by Messrs. Grinnell & Wilder. Messrs. Lieurance & Co. have tested the quality of the coal, and are so well satisfied of its excellency that they are busily engaged in properly opening the vein. Already they have run a drift some twelve feet into the hill, and find the vein about ten or twelve inches in thickness, and increasing as it recedes from the surface. Mr. Lieurance, who is a practical blacksmith, finds by actual experiment, that it is in every respect preferable to charcoal for all the purposes of smithing.

THE San Francisco Herald of the 5th ult., gives a statement of the shipments of gold from that port during the present year. During the three months ending Sept. 30th, $8,140,256 94 were shipped to New York; $2,299,913 55 to England, and $104,007 52 to New Granada—total, $10,544,178 01. The shipments during the first half of the year, by steamers, to New York, amounted to $16,934,866 16; to England, $4,634,115 38; to New Granada, $20,921 25. Total for nine months, to New York, $25,075,028 10; England $6,664,028 93; New Granada, $324,928 77. Grand total, $31,063,980 80.—The amount exported at a similar time in 1856 was $36,134,066 14, showing a falling off in 1857 of $4,070,184 34.

Provincial Items.

SEVENTEEN persons are now lying in the jail at London, C. W., all of whom are confined for debt!

THE Hamilton Spectator announces the formal withdrawal from public life of Sir Allen McNab, late premier of the Canadian Ministry. Declining health is the cause.

THE Port Hope Guide says that the recent shock of an earthquake, felt so extensively through the State of New York, visited that town on Friday, the 23d ult. Peterboro' also had a shake.

THE revenue of the Port of Toronto for the first nine months of this year was £121,636, against £160,982 in the corresponding nine months of the previous year.

THE Journal de Quebec says that owing to favorable news lately received in Quebec of the sale of three or four vessels built there last year, Messrs. Trahan, Baldwin, Rae & Dinning have reopened their ship yards on the river St. Charles.

THE Montreal Pilot says that an enterprising dry goods firm of that city has added a new branch to its business, to suit the times. During the last few days it has been selling superfine flour to its customers at five dollars a barrel, to encourage them to make their own bread, and thus escape from the extortion of the bakers. The rush of business in consequence has been tremendous, the sales of flour averaging over 500 bbls. a day by single barrels.

SOME of the Canadian papers are disputing as to which is more likely to secure the position of the emporium of the future trade of the Provinces, Montreal or Quebec.

THEY are to have a Canada silver coin, which will be required on the adoption of the decimal system on the 1st of January. The obverse will bear the Queen's portrait—the reverse a maple leaf.

THE Montreal Argus states that Ottawa City has been fixed on for the seat of Government.

The Canadian papers state that London, the great staple of Lower Canada, has been falling in price since August, and the sale is very dull, although 600,000 tuns of shipping have reached Quebec this year, against 470,000 last year.

THE circulation of the 14 chartered banks in Canada is estimated at $13,094,318, of which at least a million is usually to be found on the United States side of the line. The specie is not estimated at much above $2,000,000.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, Nov. 10, 1857.

FLOUR—Our prices for Flour remain as last quoted. Considerable is going to tide-water. Buckwheat is selling at $1,50@1,75 per 100 pounds.

GRAIN—No change in Wheat and but little offered in our market. Our mills are mostly running on Western wheat purchased at Buffalo. Canada is arriving in small quantities. Corn exhibits a slight range with an advance of 2c per bushel. Barley is down, 55@60c being the rates; but we might say these prices are entirely nominal, farmers are not bringing any in. Buckwheat is down to 31@34c.

PROVISIONS—Pork has not made much of a display in our market during the past week. A range in prices has been established, however, $7@7,50 being the rates—size, weight, and condition ruling. All else as last quoted.

POULTRY—Chickens 5c; Turkeys 9@10c. Poultry breeders must lose no time in preparing for our "National Holiday"—Thanksgiving—the 26th of the present month.

POTATOES—Large quantities are now daily shipped to Eastern markets, and 75c. is paid for best varieties by buyers.

HONEY is very low—cheaper than it has been for years—12@14c. for best box.

HIDES AND SKINS—Slaughter is only worth 3@4c There is no sale of Sheep or Lambs pelts.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box,	12@14c
Flour, bbl	$4,75@6,50	Candles, box,	13@13½c
Wheat, Gen	$1,10@1,15	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada,	$1,10@1,15	Apples, bushel,	38@50c
Corn,	63@65c	Do. dried,	$1,00@1,25
Oats,	34c	Potatoes,	65@75c
Barley,	56@63c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat,	31@34c	Slaughter,	3@4c
Beans,	$1,25@1,50	Calf,	08@10c
Peas,	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts,	00@00c
MEATS.		Lamb do.	00@00c
Pork, Mess	$20,00@22,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$7,00@7,50	Clover, bushel,	$4,50@7,00
Beef ⅔ cwt	$5,00@6,00	Timothy,	$3,00@3,75
Spring Lambs each,	$1,50@2,25	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50@6,50	Wood, hard,	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	12@12c	Do. soft,	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders,	10c	Coal, Lehigh,	$7,00@7,50
Chickens,	8c	Do. Scranton,	$6,00@6,50
Turkeys,	6@10c	Do. Blossburg,	$5,00@5,50
Geese	50c	Do. Shamokin,	$5,25@6,75
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Chat	00@12½c
Butter, roll	00@18c	Salt, bbl	$1,40@1,45
Do. firkin,	14@17c	Hay, ton,	$7@11
Cheese,	7@8c	Wool, ⅔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	00@12½c	White fish, bbl	$10,50@11
Tallow,	9@9½c	Codfish ⅔ quintal	$3,25@3,50
Eggs, dozen,	14@15c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—Flour—Market for flour more active, both for export and home use, at unchanged prices, notwithstanding the large receipts holders insist on full prices. Sales at $4,75 for common to choice super State; $4,75@4,87 for common to good super Western; $4,93@5,50 for common to medium and extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. Canadian flour at $5,10@6,70 for common to choice family extra.

GRAIN—Wheat steady. Sales Chicago spring at 95@97c; 115c for good red Ohio; 108@106c Milwaukee club; 130c for white Canadian. Rye nominal at 75@78c. Barley steady; sales common six-rowed State at 70c. Corn a shade firmer; sales mixed Western chiefly at 75½c, delivered and closing with no buyers below 76c, delivered. Oats in moderate request at 42@43c for State; 43@45c for Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork quiet and steady. Sales at $19,75 for mess, $16,75@17 for prime mess; $21 for clear, $16 for prime. Lard firmer; sales at 12½@13c. Butter steady at 15@18c for Ohio; 16@22c for State. Cheese selling freely at 6½@8½c.

BUFFALO, Nov. 9.—Flour—Sales Saturday afternoon choice super Michigan and Indiana at $4,81; extra Ohio at $4 87; extra Michigan at $5,12½@5,25. This morning extra Indiana at $4,87; choice do. Michigan at $5,25, and southern Indiana at $5,62.

GRAIN—Wheat closed Saturday with Chicago spring at 80c, and white Indiana private. This morning not an active inquiry. Buyers are demanding a concession, but holders are firm; sales Chicago spring at 80c; red Indiana at 95c; white Canadian at $1,10. Corn in fair demand, and holders rather more disposed to realize; sales at 59½@60c. Oats firmer, with a good demand; sales to arrive at 34c afloat, and on the spot at 34½c, delivered.

GRAIN RECEIPTS—The following will show the receipts by Lake for the week ending 7th inst.:—Flour, 41,913 bbls.; Wheat, 597,049 bush; Corn, 52,351 bush.; Oats, 52,697 bush.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 4.—At market 1939 Cattle, 1100 Beeves, and 839 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,75@8,00; First quality, $7,00@7,25; Second quality, $6,00@6,00, Third quality, $5,00@5,50; Ordinary, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 150@200.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40, 45, 50@60.

YEARLINGS—$12@14. Two years old—$18@20. Three years old—$28@30.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3380 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,00, $2,00, 2,25 each. Extra and selections, $3,00@3,50.

SWINE—300 at market. Prices — Live weight, 6c. ℔ lb.—Dressed, 7@7½c

HIDES—5c. ℔ lb. Tallow—6c.

PELTS—62½@75c each. Calf Skins—9@10c. ℔ lb.

BRIGHTON, Nov. 5.—At market 1400 Beef Cattle, 1000 Stores, 11 pair Working Oxen, 55 Cows and Calves, 3,000 Sheep and Lambs, 800 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $8,25; First quality, $7,00; Second, 6,75; Third, $6,00, Ordinary, $5,50.

YEARLINGS—$12@14. Two years old—$18@20. Three years old—$27@30.

WORKING OXEN—$100, 120@135.

COWS AND CALVES—$21, 35, 40@45

VEAL CALVES—$3,00, 3,50@4,00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $3,00, 3,50@3,75 By lot, $1,00 1,50@2,50.

SWINE—7c. Retail, 7½@8½c. Fat hogs, 6@6½c.

HIDES—5c. ℔ lb. Tallow—5c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—62@75c. Calf Skins—10@12c. ℔ lb.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Beeves—First quality, 9½@10; Ordinary, 9@9½c.; Common, 8½@9c.; Inferior, 7½@8c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $60@65; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6½@7c.; Other qualities, 4½@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $5,00@6,00; Other qualities, $3@4,50.

SWINE—First quality, 5½c.; Other qualities, 5@5½c.

WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—The dullness and depression which have been the characteristic features of the market for several weeks still continue the transactions are confined to the mere wants of a few manufacturers and at prices which are no criterion to the market; sales of some 14,000 lbs super Saxony Native Fleeces and 6,000@7,000 lbs do. Pulled have been made on 6 months time at a reduction of 5@7c ℔ lb from former rates, but a discount of 4½@5 ⅔ cent could be obtained for cash from the extreme rates of the season. In foreign there is nothing doing worthy of notice, and prices of all descriptions are still entirely nominal.—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, Nov. 4.—The demand has been quite limited and prices are unsettled. The sales of domestic pulled and fleece for the week have been 200,000@2,000 lbs at something under our quotations. In foreign there have been sales of 70 bales Mediterranean on p. t.:

Saxony fleeces	57@60	Smyrna washed	23@30
Am. full blood,	50@55	Do. unwashed	12@21
¾ and ⅝ blood,	42@50	Buenos Ayres,	12@50
Com. to ½ blood,	35@40	Mexican,	17@19
Pulled, extra,	48@55	Chili, Valparaiso,	15@40
" super,	44@48	Syria washed,	25@27
" No. 1,	34@40	Do. unwashed,	14@16
" No. 2,	18@30	Peruv. washed,	35@39

MARRIAGES.

IN Martindale, Columbia Co., N. Y., Nov. 5th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. John Kent, E. P. WILBUR, of Port Gibson, Ont. Co., and Miss MARY L., only daughter of John Conklin, of the former place.

DEATHS.

IN Phelps, Ontario Co., on the 29th of Oct., IRENE C., daughter of Dr. E. Willard Frisbie.

IN Marion, Wayne Co., N. Y., on Monday 24 inst., WILLIAM, only child of Ruth and Tutson N. Pond, in the 28th year of his age.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance.* Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion

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EDITED by T. S. ARTHUR and VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. For choice and elegant literature, high moral tone, peculiar adaptation to the home circles of our land, freshness, originality, and cheapness, this Magazine is acknowledged, on all hands, to be without a rival. It is equal in the beauty of its typography and the richness of its embellishments to the most ambitious and dearest of our magazines, while it claims to lead all of them in many essential features. For correctness and exquisite beauty, its colored steel fashion plates were unrivalled in 1857. They will maintain this superiority in 1858. Volume XI begins in January. TERMS—$2 a year in advance. Four copies for $5; twelve copies for $16, and one extra to getter up of club. ☞ Specimens sent free to all who wish to subscribe or to make up clubs. Address T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,
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FOR PRESERVING Meats, Fruits, Vegetables, Butter, Milk, Cider, and all perishable articles without mould, decay or taint, by the use of Ice.

Invaluable for Farmers, Butchers, Dairymen, Brewers Hotels, Candle and Oil Makers, the Household, and all trades where a cold (15°) and perfectly dry atmosphere is required. No house is perfect without this Preservatory.

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At the recent fair of the New York State Ag'l Society at Buffalo, the Preservatory was exhibited in successful operation and received the award of a Silver Medal and Diploma.

J. L. ALBERGER, Buffalo, N. Y.
Nov. 14, 1857. 4[Cowtf

100,000 Apple Seedlings two years old, for Sale at $4 per 1,000. Address
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50,000 Two year old Apple Seedlings, five miles north of Albion. For information, address
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PREMIUM BRAHMA FOWLS—14 Brahma Hens and 1 Cock, 1 year old last spring. Also a few chickens, all of pure blood, and for sale cheap. Raised by the late D. ELY, Esq. Inquire of W. T. ELY, 69 South Fitzhugh St., Rochester, N. Y.

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At the same time a medium to convey to the Eastern Agriculturist and Capitalist such facts as will induce him to invest capital and labor in western farm and general enterprises.

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FOR SALE by N. DRAKE & CO., of Elba, N. Y., 200,000 Apple Seedlings two years old, at $4 per 1,000. 405w8

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LECTURE PROGRAMME OF 1857-58.

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The following eminent talent will appear in the order herein named. Other Lecturers, among whom are Geo. D. Prentice, of Louisville, and Rev. W. H. Milburn, of N. Y., have accepted, but have not yet fixed their time.

Arthur Gilman, Esq., Boston	Nov. 12
Rev. E. H. Chapin, New York	Nov. 18
Rev. A. L. Stone, Boston,	Nov. 24 & 26
Geo. W. Curtis, Esq., New York.	Dec. 3
Rev. T. Starr King, Boston,	Dec. 10
Rev. J. Richardson, Rochester,	Dec. 17
Prof. E. L. Youmans, New York.	Dec. 22
" " "	Dec. 24
M. M. Marble, Esq., Boston,	January 7
Hon. J. R. Chandler, Philadelphia,	Jan. 14
Wendell Phillips, Esq., Boston	Jan. 21
A. A. Willetts, Philadelphia,	Feb. 25

Tickets for the course admitting one,.....$1 50
" " " " two,..... 2 50
" " " " three,..... 3 00
Tickets for single admission,.....25 cents.

☞ Course tickets can be procured of the Directors, of D. M. Dewey, at the Library Rooms, and of the President at the office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

By order of the Committee,
Oct. 20, 1857. W. V. K. LANSING, *Chairman.*

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50,000	" " 1 "	very stocky & branched.	
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12,000	STAN'D PEAR, 2 "	extra fine.	
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8,000	BALSAM FIR, 1½ to 3 feet.		
100,000	APPLE STOCKS, 2 years.		
150,000	CHERRY " 1 "	very large	
50	BUSHELS MAZZARD CHERRY PITS.		

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PREMIUM LIST OF

THE RURAL FOR 1857-8.

THE Agents and other ardent and working friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER—and all disposed to become such—are referred to the annexed very extraordinary Programme of Premiums for the RURAL CANVASS of 1857-8. Examine it carefully and then decide as to its MERITS.—The Premiums are WORTH CONTENDING FOR, without any other argument than is comprised in their enumeration.—Indeed, we are confident that it is altogether *the Best and most Liberal List of Prizes ever offered by an American Publisher!* It gives EVERY ONE who obtains even a small club some SUBSTANTIAL REWARD for his efforts, and each and all who make exertions in the good cause will be renumerated in proportion to the attention and influence bestowed. First, please read the

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☞ Those competing for the Christmas Prizes will please note that their lists will also be counted for the Grand April Premiums. The Prizes will be announced and paid as soon after Dec. 26 as the result can be ascertained.

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$30 00.—For the next list, THIRTY DOLLARS, CASH.

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE PICTURE.

BY J. A. BARTLETT.

There's a little picture hanging
Upon my chamber wall;
By a silken thread suspended
Where the evening shadows fall.
There is naught in it attractive
To arrest another's eye,
And a word or glance suffiecth
As perchance one passeth by.

Yet for me a charm enduring
Lingers there, unfading yet,
Gently still my lone heart soothing,
Soothing, while I ne'er forget.
For beside me, Maggie standing,
As she stood in other days,
Thrills my spirit with the rapture
Of that earnest, loving gaze.

In the old brown porch, beside her—
A youthful lover once more,
The treasured hopes of a swelling heart,
In her willing ear I pour:
How striving, I'll win for her sake
A niche in the Temple of Fame;
Honored, esteemed among men,—
To Maggie forever the same.

* * * * * *

The festive throng are gathering
Upon the village green;
And there, upon a mossy throne,
They crowned my Maggie Queen.
Methinks her the fairest of mortals—
No Helen could boast such a grace—
Ah! who could deny it, beholding
The smile on that beautiful face.

The fairy crown of white roses,
Encircling those glossy black curls,
Which she threw at me so naively
When I called her the sweetest of girls:—
I cherished it long as a treasure,
'Till it faded and wasted away;
It is hallowed to memory ever—
Emblem of its wearer that day.

But there was a bitter parting,
It came like a funeral knell
When the watching stars grew weary—
Breathing a sad farewell—
For the morrow's sun would see me
Borne o'er the treacherous deep—
My Maggie's heart was bursting,
She prayed but could not weep.

* * * * * *

I sought my Maggie in after years
In the city's surging life,
To fill the home that toil had gained,—
To claim my boyhood's wife.
I met her where admirers thronged,
As when they made her Queen,
Moving unrivalled now as then,
In robes of glittering sheen.

But the radiant smile had vanish'd,
And she looked so stern and cold,
My spirit sank within me
As I thought on days of old.
With tearful eye I turned away,
She caught my sorrowing gaze—
The olden smile came back again,
'Twas the Maggie of other days.

* * * * * *

We met again. In the chamber of Death
I knelt by my Maggie's side,
And the ebbing sound of the fleeting breath
Proclaim'd her another's bride.
The olden smile played gently now,
As oft in the days gone by,
For the Angel had set on that pearly brow
The signet of Peace from on High.

Thou wilt hang, she said, this picture
Upon thy chamber wall
Where my spirit oft shall linger
When the evening shadows fall.
It shall sooth thee in thy earthly strife,
It shall be thy earthly heaven,
Till thou burst the feeble bands of life—
Then meet me—*Thine in Heaven.*

* * * * * *

We laid my Maggie down to rest
Beneath yon vine-clad hill;
We placed white blossoms on her breast—
They bloom above her still.
And oft beside her quiet grave,
When shadows o'er it steal,
Their little hands in reverence clasp'd,
A group of children kneel.

I've told you whence the hidden charm
Of the "Picture on the Wall,"
There musing oft, at twilight hour
A voice will sweetly call
Me far away to the spirit land,
From the scenes of this mortal life;
There, brightest 'mid the angel band
Is Maggie—my boyhood's wife.

U. S. Navy Yard, Boston, 1857.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WOODVILLE SKETCHES.—NO. I.

OUR SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Woodville!—have you ever heard of such a place, reader? It is not situated on a railroad; so if you ever go on one of your flying visits into the country expecting to see "our village," you will be disappointed. It is not one of the large manufacturing towns, where it is the business of *the few* "to coin the heart, brain and sinew" of *the many* into gold. The only mill in Woodville is the old "grist mill" down on the Sloan farm, which has been lately repaired and improved so that now it answers the double purpose of grinding corn and sawing logs; but as its owner is an honest, upright man, he is considered quite as respectable a member of society as would be the owner of a cotton factory or paper mill. Woodville is a very quiet little village, but its white houses, nestled among maple and locust trees, and the well-built churches on the green are declared by people generally to be greater attractions to the place than would be half a dozen railroads and railroad depots. Mr. Miller, however, thinks otherwise, and has again and again lamented that the East Branch Road did not pass through our town. Some people whisper that he is selfish, but we won't heed such gossip.

But I was to tell you about our schoolmistress—our schoolmistress of long ago. Her father, the good old minister who has for thirty years ministered to the spiritual wants of his people in Woodville, still lives in the brick parsonage house on Silver Creek, the house with piazzas on three sides, and such queer little windows peeping out from the roof. You would know it at once, for there is not such another old-fashioned house in the village, and then Silver Creek has been turned out of its bed and brought into a large basin in the garden forming a most beautiful artificial pond—a pond which is the wonder of all the boys; and very often, in the pleasant summer days, are little curly heads popped into the kitchen door, and Aunt Susan saluted with "please may I go and play in the pond, if I won't touch anything in the garden?"

Miss Susan is perhaps a stranger to you, and I may as well introduce her at once. She is Mr. Pembroke's sister—one of the best of sisters—and has lived with her brother ever since he first came to Woodville; and a dear, good woman she is, would be the testimony of every individual of her acquaintance. Yes, she is very good, and she never looks upon a poor, ragged child but you see the very love-light of benevolence and pity beaming in her soft grey eyes; and then she has a way of stroking children's hair and speaking such gentle words that even the most unruly are completely subdued by them.

Mr. Pembroke's wife died many years ago, when Alice was an infant, and many a time have I heard how the little church was crowded at her funeral, and about the long train of carriages that followed her remains to the grave. It was a sad blow to the good minister, but in the course of time, tho' he never forgot the dear wife who had shared his labors and lightened his cares, the poignancy of grief wore away and he went about his duties with his old cheerfulness. Aunt Susan supplied a mother's place to the little one, and kept the house of her brother with the scrupulous neatness to which he had been accustomed; she conducted the female prayer-meetings, superintended the sewing society, taught the young ladies bible-class, and so gained the love of the people that Mr. Pembroke did not think of marrying a second time. And all this while Alice was "growing up just like her mother," and was the very model of what a pastor's daughter should be. When only twelve she had shouldered a burden of responsibility which would have made an older frame grow weary just to think of.

She taught Mary and Susie Jones, whose sick mother could not spare them to go to school, spelling, geography and arithmetic, and set the very nicest of copies, and made the very best of quill pens for them; "for," she said, "father had taught her, and she could do it just as well as not." Then she made dresses for the poor little Warner children, and did numberless errands for Aunt Susan, and found plenty of time beside to be as merry-hearted and frolicsome as other children.—But what astonished Woodville people most of all was that she knew more about History than Squire Eastman, and that she read Latin with her father, and they all thought as did Black Lucy—"Miss Alice is the most uncommonest child I ever did see."

And thus her life passed very quietly and very happily in the old parsonage house until the summer she was seventeen. That summer, at the earnest request of the directors, she consented to take the village school. I remember well what clappings of hands there were when it was announced to us children that Alice Pembroke was to be our teacher, and I remember well, too, the bright June morning when we all gathered in the old stone schoolhouse awaiting her coming.—Many were the flowers picked that summer to grace the schoolhouse table, and many the golden apples and rich, ripe berries we carried for our teacher. I cannot begin to tell you of the progress we made in our spelling and arithmetic, of the many, many pages of coarse print in our grammars and geographies which we "got by heart," of the copy-books kept without a blot, and of the delightful stories to which we listened—sometimes read from books, but oftener "made up" to suit the occasion—in which good children were always loved and happy, and naughty ones were punished.

One night after I had returned from school, Carrie Eastman rushed into the sitting-room exclaiming that her cousin, Charles Brewster, had had come, and would stay till the close of his college vacation; and as we skipped the rope down the gravel walk, she told me of the nice books and pretty little work-box he had brought her, and declared that he was just the best cousin that anybody ever had.

"Is he handsome?" I asked.

"Why, yes, no, yes," said Carrie, all in a breath, and looking puzzled.

"He looks handsome to you, I expect," said I laughing; "but if I ever see him I can tell for myself."

It was not long before I had the opportunity, for one warm July afternoon—almost too warm, we thought, to study—Miss Alice was telling us one of her most interesting stories, one that she had promised us if we learned our lessons well, when a loud knock at the door attracted our attention, and a moment after Squire Eastman came in with a tall, grave looking gentlemen, whom he introduced to Miss Pembroke as his nephew, Mr. Brewster. "I think you are not strangers to each other," added the Squire, "for I remember that several years ago Charles used to draw a little girl on his sled to school, and that he once came home dripping wet from the Creek, where he had gone to spend the afternoon in fishing, and gave, as an explanation of his plight, that he had been getting Alice Pembroke out of the water."

As Miss Alice stood by the table her fair face flashed with embarrassment, the heavy braids of her hair changing from brown to gold color in the sunshine, and her blue eyes looking reprovingly at Johnny Watson, who had risen from his seat and was stretching out his head to look at the visitors, I remember thinking to myself that she was very pretty, and wondering if Carrie's cousin did not think so too. I know I thought there was something in his face that said so. I looked from one to the other, thinking what different faces people have, and trying to make up my mind whether or no Mr. Brewster was handsome, until my study of that gentleman's countenance attracted his attention, and I turned in utter confusion to my book. I had decided that if he was not handsome he was at least very good-looking.

It seemed to me that Mr. Brewster and Miss Alice very soon acted upon the suggestion which I heard Squire Eastman make after school—"that they should renew their old acquaintance." Certain it is that bouquets of rare flowers—flowers such as none of the school children brought, and which Miss Alice seemed to prize very highly—after that afternoon made their appearance on the schoolroom table, oftentimes accompanied by suspicious looking Latin books from which Miss Alice took dainty sheets of paper—notes on the text I suppose they were—and very frequently it would *happen* that just about the time school was out Mr. Brewster would come down the road on his way to the post-office or the store. Of course that time was more convenient than any other for him to go to the village, but somehow our teacher used to blush a little and her eyes grew brighter when she saw him coming.

One pleasant Saturday afternoon, when school didn't keep, Carrie Eastman and I made our arrangements "to go herrying;" and furnished with a basket and tin-pail we set out for the big pasture, intending to come home through the Ellis woods. After filling my pail I picked a few berries in my apron, and sat down under the stone wall to eat them and wait for Carrie. Hardly had I commenced operations when I heard voices in the road, and a moment after Mr. Brewster saying—"And so you remembered me, Alice." "Ah," thought I, "there's Carrie's cousin and the schoolmistress. I'll just climb over the wall and give them some berries;" but I bethought me of an enormous rent in my dress, and my hair falling all over my face, and concluded to keep my seat. "I have thought of you very often since," he continued a moment after, "and to tell the truth my principal object in coming here this summer was to see if the little Alice of olden memories had fulfilled the promise of her girlhood; and before I go I want to know if the old friend who used to share by boyish plays, is willing to share the pleasures and sorrows—the changing fortunes of my riper years." They were too far off for me to hear her reply, but I thought I could guess what it would be. I felt somewhat ashamed to think I had listened to what was evidently not intended for my ears; but then I could not help it, and I was easily consoled by the reflection that I did not intend to do anything wrong; and then after all it was so delightful to think I had heard a real love declaration. And it was only the next Tuesday night, when I went to carry a bowl of jelly to Aunt Susan, that, as I passed through the hall, I saw the good minister standing with Alice and Charles in the sitting-room, a hand on each bent head, and heard his "God bless you my children" pronounced in an earnest and trembling voice. I left the bowl on the kitchen table and ran away as fast as I could, lest some one should see me, for I felt a choking sensation in my throat and a gathering moisture in my eyes which I could hardly account for. Perhaps I thought of the lonely hearts which would be left behind in the old parsonage house if Miss Alice went away; perhaps—but never mind. I know that I could not give my mother a very satisfactory account of the manner in which Aunt Susan received the bowl of jelly.

In a little more than a year, one bright, glorious day in the autumn time, Charles Brewster came to claim his bride. I remember, as we stood around the parlor, the yellow leaves falling from the trees before the window, how like a sad, gentle accompaniment their rustling seemed to the low, choked voice of the minister as he united, "till death," the fate of his daughter with that of the lover of her childhood. And I thought a conscious power entered into the soul and shone out in the face of the young man as he clasped that little hand in his—a power to do good, to live well, directed by the example of one of earth's pure and gentle ones. Certain I am that many of "the children" had been directed in the paths of holiness and peace by her who stood beside him a happy bride, and that in many a time of trial in their future lives have they remembered her earnest words:—"Learn to *live well* children; there is something good for every one to do in life—heavy hearts to lighten, anguished souls to comfort, the poor to provide for, the wandering to lead back to Christ,—and we will best secure our own happiness when we labor to promote that of others."

Oftentimes now my old friend Carrie and I go over to the old parsonage house to read to Aunt Susan the letters that come from beyond the sea; for Charles Brewster is now a painter, widely known for his talents and goodness, and our "old schoolmistress" now moves in the circles of the rich and noble, and dwells in the ancient capital, the "lone mother of dead Empires," far from her humble, native village.

Many loving, tender words there are in those letters which they write back to their native land; words which comfort and encourage the hearts of the two grey haired people who go on bravely and faithfully in their life's work, trying to make the world better and purer, so that their lives shall not have been spent in vain. Jeannie Linsted.

Mount Vernon, Ohio, Oct., 1857.

Knowing what One's About.—"Half the evil in this world," says Ruskin, in his "Stones of Venice," "comes from people not knowing what they do like—not deliberately setting themselves to find out what they really enjoy. All people enjoy giving away money, for instance; they don't know that—they rather think they like keeping it; and they do keep it under this false impression, to their great discomfort. Everybody likes to do good; but not one in a hundred finds this out. Multitudes think they like to do evil; yet no man ever really enjoyed doing evil, since God made the world."

When we hear a blundering booby of a man, who never caught a single expression of Nature's speaking face, and never loved anything in this world that could not be eaten or hoarded, whining about some "better world" he is heir to, we cannot help thinking that he will be "homesick" in Heaven. To be discontented with the very best world we ever dwelt in, is often a mistaken symptom of religion.—*Chicago Journal.*

"See what I am," not "see what my father was," is an old and excellent Arabic saying.

Wit and Humor.

SCENE IN A KENTUCKY COURT.

In the good old times in Kentucky, when "substantial justice" was administered in a log cabin, after a very free and easy manner, a suit was brought to recover certain moneys of which it was alleged plaintiff had been defrauded by the ingenious operation known as "thimble-rigging." In the course of the trial plaintiff's counsel, who happened to be an "expert," undertook to enlighten the court as to the *modus operandi* of the performance. Putting himself into position, he produced the three cups and the "little joker," and proceeded, suiting the action to the word:

"Then, may it please the court, the defendant placing the cups on his knee *thus*, began shifting them *so*, offering to bet that my client could not tell under which cup was the 'little joker,' meaning thereby, may it please the court, this ball, with the intention of defrauding my client of the sum thus wagered. For instance, when I raise the cup *so*, your honor supposes that you see the ball."

"Suppose I see!" interrupted the judge, who had closely watched the performance, and was sure that he had detected the ball, as one of the cups was accidentally raised. "Why, any fool can see where it is, and bet on it, and be sure to win.—There ain't no defraudin' thar."

"Perhaps your honor would like to go a V on it?" insinuated the counsel.

"Go a V? Yes, and double it too, and here's the rhino. It's under the middle cup."

"I'll go a V on that," said the foreman of the jury.

"And I, and I," joined in the jurors, one after the other, until each one had invested his pile.

"Up!" said his honor.

"Up" it was, but the "little joker" had mysteriously disappeared. Judge and jury were enlightened, and found no difficulty in bringing in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, on the ground that it was the "dernest kind o'defraudin.'"

A Nervous Traveler.—I recently took a trip west, and while passing over the E. & H. R. R., being fond of "the weed," had taken my seat in the baggage car for the purpose of indulging in a "Havana," when a nervous individual entered the car and commenced overhauling the baggage.—The baggage-master, after eyeing him a moment accosted him rather gruffly with—

"What's wanting, sir?"

"I am looking for my trunk," demurely answered the nervous man.

"I will take care of your trunk, sir, that is my business," retorted B. M.

"O, I am aware of that, sir, but I would always much rather keep my trunk under my eye!"

"Well then, sir, you should have been born an elephant, and then you could have your trunk under your eye the whole time."

The nervous man suddenly vamosed.

Why are seeds, when sown, like gate posts?—Because they are planted in the earth to propagate (prop a gate.)

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 19, 4, 12, 7, 17, 3 is possessed by all persons.
My 13, 2, 6, 16, 5, 12 is a man's name.
My 18, 14, 11, 22 is a beverage.
My 8, 20, 10, 15, 9 is commonly used by fishermen.
My 1, 21 is a preposition.
My 23 is the same as 8.
My whole is a Proverb.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1857. X. Y. Z.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first, tho' on the battle-field,
Is in the midst of life;
It ever stands for friend or foe,
When in the fiercest strife.

My second ends the life of man,
'Tis found in the roaring sea;
It is always seen on the ocean wave,
Yet 'tis ever found with me.

My third tho' never known to speak,
Is never silent found;
My fourth is ever in the sun
Yet 'tis always in the ground.

My whole is the name of a dwarfish shrub,
That grows on the barren reef;
'Tis a curious thing, for indeed, indeed,
It bears its seed on the leaf.

Hartford, Wis., 1857. E. W. D.

☞ Answer next week.

A PUZZLE.

I saw a pigeon making bread;
I saw a girl composed of thread;
I saw a towel one mile square;
I saw a meadow in the air;
I saw a rocket walk a mile;
I saw a pony make a file;
I saw a blacksmith in a box;
I saw an orange kill an ox;
I saw a butcher made of steel;
I saw a penknife dance a reel;
I saw a sailor twelve foot high;
I saw a ladder in a pie;
I saw an apple fly away;
I saw a sparrow making hay;
I saw a farmer like a dog;
I saw a puppy mixing grog;
I saw three men who saw these too;
And will confirm what I tell you.

[Note.—To make this read right, shift the point at the end of each line to the noun in the same line.

Answers to Enigmas, &c., in No. 409.

Answer to Grammatical Enigma:—We have met the enemy and they are ours.

Answer to Biblical Enigma:—Go to the ant thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise.

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"A man who would know everything, or anything, as he ought to know, must own Webster's Large Dictionary. It is a great light, and he that will not avail himself of it, must walk in darkness. Every young housekeeper should lay it in, to occupy the place which was formerly filled with decanters and wine glasses.

Every *farmer* should give his sons two or three square rods of ground, well prepared, with the avails of which they may buy it. Every *mechanic* should put a receiving box in some conspicuous place in the house, to catch the stray pennies, for the like purpose.

Lay it upon your table by the side of the Bible—it is a better expounder than many which claim to be expounders.

It is a great labor-saver—it has saved us time enough in one year's use to pay for itself; and that must be deemed good property, which will clear itself once a year. If you have any doubt about the precise meaning of the word *near*, in the last sentence, look at Webster's thirteen definitions of the v. t."—*Massachusetts Life Boat.*

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Elmira, N. Y., Oct., 1857. 383m6two

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LEADING WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Office, Union Buildings, Opposite the Court House.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS:
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THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on the Important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Mechanical, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other Journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL in America.

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Rural New-Yorker.

AGRICULTURE—PAST AND PRESENT.

THE growth of everything valuable is slow. A century is required to mature the time-defying oak, while other trees of less value mature in a few years. The pages of history record the triumphs of the warrior, the statesman, the philosopher, the sculptor, the poet and the architect—all of whom left imperishable monuments of their genius, which even yet excite admiration. The painters, the sculptors, the architects of the present day study the works of past ages,—are proud to imitate, and hardly dare hope to equal, much less excel the "masters" of antiquity. The agriculturist looks to the past in vain for knowledge to guide him in his avocation. He finds no Roman or Grecian models worthy of imitation. The rude Roman plow, harnessed to the oxen by the simplest contrivance imaginable showed a lack of thought and invention, and only excites a smile. The agriculturist cannot look backward for his glory, but onwards and upwards. Light and knowledge is to be gained only by earnest thought and well tried experiments. New facts are to be developed, new modes of culture proved useful or discarded as unwise, new machines are to be devised to lighten labor and lessen the cost of producing the necessaries of life. A glorious career awaits the agriculturist of the present age, and he should be truly thankful that he lives in a day of improvement, of light and knowledge; honor awaits him, but it must be EARNED—fought for, labored for—a clear, active head and a strong arm may secure the prize

In ancient times agriculture was considered honorable, for historians have recounted instances of warriors and statesmen engaging in this peaceful occupation. Cincinnatus when called to the head of the Roman nation was found at the plow; and if a little of the wisdom for which he was famous, had been exercised in improving that useful implement, his name might have been more honored, and lasting benefits been conferred upon community. But, in early times, as has been truly said, population bore but an insignificant proportion to the extent of inhabited country; so that men were not compelled then, as they are now, to cultivate infertile soils, or crop them so frequently, in order to obtain the necessaries of existence: they confined their simple operations to the rich alluvial land which nature had prepared ages before, in anticipation, as it were, of a helpless state of society, and which yielded its increase from the most imperfect cultivation. While, therefore, the philosophy, literature and fine arts of the ancients have formed the basis upon which those of modern times have been reared, the art of cultivating the soil has received little or nothing from ancient agriculture to which its present comparatively advanced state can be ascribed; that advancement is to be sought for, not among the relics of antiquity, but among the materials principally furnished by a generation scarcely yet passed away.

Had we sufficient space it would be interesting to trace the progress of agriculture from the time that it first seemed to enter the minds of some men that it was susceptible of improvement—that perhaps it was not the better way to plow and sow exactly as their fathers had done. It was in 1534 that the first successful attempt was made in England to collect the scattered fragments of agricultural knowledge. At that time Sir ANTHONY FITZHERBERT, published his "*Booke of Husbandrie*" Although the author knew nothing of Chemistry and its application to agriculture, nor of the rotation of crops, he did much good by pointing out prevailing bad practices, and suggesting improvements. He endeavored to impress upon his readers the truth that "a husbandman cannot thryve by his corne without cattele, nor by his cattele without corne."

In 1580 THOMAS TUSSER, an agricultural poet published in verse "*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*" This work contained many valuable practical hints, and passed through several editions. The author mentions carrots, turnips and cabbages then recently introduced as kitchen herbs. From 1600 to 1650 several books on agriculture were published, among them "The whole Art of Husbandry," by BARNABY GOOGE, and "The Improver Improved," by BLYTHE. CROMWELL, himself a farmer, in early life was a munificent patron of agriculture, and HARTLIB, an agricultural author received from him a pension, with instructions to devote his time to agricultural investigations. During the next century many agricultural works were published, but nothing new or particularly valuable appeared until the time of JETHRO TULL. He had observed in his travels that in the vineyards where no manure was used, but the ground kept constantly stirred that the vines grew well and produced abundant crops. After labor and reflection TULL laid it down as a general rule that crops would grow well on poor soils without manure, if the ground was kept thoroughly pulverized, and that the only advantage derived from manure was in the pulverization of the soil by fermentation, and that this could be done by tillage without manure. He therefore recommended drilling and horse-hoeing. Although wrong in theory, much good was done by the investigations and labors of TULL. To no one, taking the age in which he wrote into consideration, is agriculture more indebted for its subsequent advancement and present position.

Sir HUMPHREY DAVY followed, and LIEBIG, giving to agriculture the benefit of their scientific investigations. So that now, although we have much to learn, we do not labor entirely in the dark. Every year new facts are developed and new theories formed. Ours is a day of progress, and he who does not strive to keep up with the times will find himself sadly in the rear.

SHELTER FOR STOCK.

As the inclement season of the year is about revisiting us, the practical and careful farmer, and each individual who has the keeping of stock and is possessed of a heart composed of the right material, will look about him and see whether such measures have been adopted as will protect his animals from the keen, searching blasts of Winter. The sympathy that clamors loudly in providing homes for the homeless; that gathers friends for the friendless; that prates wisely concerning "man's inhumanity to man;" and at the same time imposes torments upon the dumb and helpless of the lower order of animal life—or by listless inactivity or mis-directed zeal permits them to suffer—is fit only for the precincts of Ave-Noodledom, where Nature is driven to the wall—where Appearances are worshiped by the giddy and thoughtless—where the life-clock within each breast counts only the hours devoted to the folly of fashion or the formation and completion of such plans as are born of selfishness and sordid desire.

Could our domestic animals give to their wants and their miseries the form of speech, how frequently would they rebuke their owners, and how soon would champions arise in their behalf, "with thoughts that breathe and words that burn," heaping denunciations upon the heads of their persecutors. But a wise Providence has declared otherwise, and in silence must they submit to wrong—Your stock deserves better treatment. How patiently have they borne the yoke—how unremittingly have they toiled at the plow—how constantly have they aided in the progress and fulfillment of your designs and labors. All the considerations of humanity demand for them generous treatment at your hands.

On the ground of economy the whole question resolves itself thus:—"One pound of boards *vs.* one pound of beef." The organization of all farm animals belongs to the class termed warm-blooded. Nature has provided them with an apparatus for generating, in a certain degree, the heat required to keep them comfortable and the system healthy. The blood, in passing through the body is charged with carbon, which, on entering the lungs and coming in contact with the oxygen in the air they contain, is consumed, changed into carbonic acid gas, and is thence carried away by exhalation.—To keep this apparatus supplied with food for combustion is man's appointed task, and he who will apply himself with a desire to obtain information, and can experiment, will soon discover that an animal comfortably housed will not require near as much food as one exposed to cold and storm. When a winter proves severe, those who own cattle will find the undertaking to keep their animals in good condition without shelter—no matter what the amount, kind or quality of food furnished them—"love's labor lost;" each day will witness the decrease of fatty matter—gone to keep up the animal heat—and spring will exhibit a herd, fit companions for the lean kind of PHARAOH.

WELL, WHAT OF IT?

"THE banks have all failed!"

So?

"The merchants have all failed!"

Well?

"The manufacturers have all stopped!"

Well?

"The railroads are everywhere bankrupt!"

Well?

"We owe a great foreign debt and the country will be drained yet more of its specie to pay it!"

So?

"Universal ruin stares us in the face."

Pretty bad!

"Yes sir, 'so' and 'well' and 'pretty bad' as you may, the country will not recover from this dreadful blow for years to come."

Well, what of it?

"I have no patience with you."

Good. Then stop croaking, and not, like a herd of frightened swine keep running the wrong way because the rest do. Better stop and see what scares you. Is not the country generally full of produce?

"Yes."

The past season has been uncommonly exempt from those great casualties which destroy by fire and flood large amounts of property?

"Yes."

The people have been healthy, and thus enabled to avail themselves of all their labor in productive industry.

"Yes, remarkably so."

We are at peace with all the world.

"Yes, and the rest of mankind."

Have the farmers failed, or has the earth refused to bring forth from the fullness thereof?

"On the contrary the farmers were never so independent in the older States than now, nor the produce of the earth for the sustenance of man more abundant."

Then the great heart of the country is sound, and while thus, there can be no universal ruin.—Seven-eighths of the whole population are engaged in agriculture, owning nine-tenths of all the property which has a valuation in the nation. The other tenth is about equally divided between commerce and manufacturing. Commerce is merely a broker, making its money out of the necessities of the other two. Manufacture is a mechanic that, by his labor, adds value to material already produced, and while doing so must live upon the products of agriculture.

Agriculture, therefore, is the only producer; the only one that adds to the real capital of a country. When she is lank and out at elbows, the country is poor. But when she is well-clad and looks fresh and vigorous, then the country must be prosperous.

Banks are the creatures of Commerce, and grow out of its exigencies, and they rise or fall with their master. They will always exist in a commercial country. And as no law can regulate the tidal flow of foreign commerce, so no law, however stringent, can prevent the periodical suspension of all credit institutions.

All wealth is local and individual, not national or absolute. Individuals may therefore be enriched as to other individuals, still the average condition of a country remains the same, its real value consisting in the greater or less productiveness of its agriculture. Money may be cheapened, circulation may be enlarged and the creation of debts facilitated by commercial transactions, but the bubble bursts the moment it is necessary to balance accounts. Thus the affairs of every industrious and active community are always revolving in a circle, limited on all sides by demand and supply, and in traversing which, general credit passes through its periodical ebbs and flows.

The condition of the banks interest the public only as to their issue,—and as that of all the free banks in this State is amply secured beyond all contingency of doubt, it is of little consequence whether they suspend specie payments for weeks or months. Their bills are as good as gold if they do not readily command it, because they represent the credit, faith and wealth of the State, or of the United States. It is the first instance in the history of banks where their issues have maintained a par value, independent of their condition,—that the bill was in better credit than the bank that issued it. The truth is, my friend, the banks have been forced to a suspension by their depositors, and not by their bill holders. Commerce has been biting her own nose off. Are you satisfied now as to the Banks failing?

"Yes, that *spook* has vanished."

The failure of the mercantile community is an incident of the credit system. The merchant buys on credit, sells on credit, and lives high upon the profits. But the accounts have to be balanced some day, when "pop goes the weasel," and he finds a hole where he thought he had a pile. The great world merely turns its head says, "Ah!" and keeps right on. It is curiously instructive to see how few individuals, cities, or nations have been successful, that have depended entirely upon commerce. Thus Phœnicia, Tyre, Carthage, Venice, Genoa, the Hans Towns, and Holland, are each and all monuments of the folly of any people expecting to be long prosperous who do not depend upon their own labor for their support and wealth. Do you see any thing very alarming in the failure of merchants?

"Why no, they didn't keep water enough in the boiler. So it collapsed."

The manufacturer must stop when he can no longer trust the merchants to sell his products, or when the demand therefor ceases. Their suspension therefore can only be temporary, if the condition of the country be such as to warrant their existence.

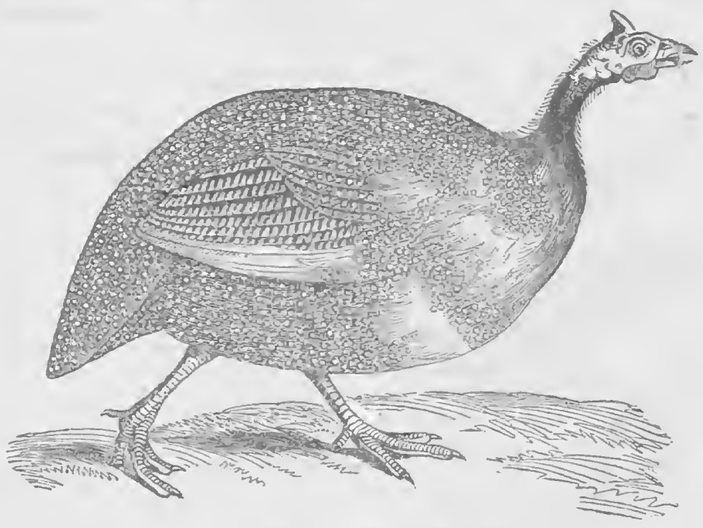
"I see."

The bankruptcy of the railroads will only affect, to any great or serious extent, those who have loaned their money, or incurred debts for their construction. They have a permanent value in and of themselves, and to their creditors. That value is much below their cost, so that a large sum has been sunk. Still they have a great value to the whole country much beyond their entire cost, though the country and people most benefited owe nothing of the debt. Railroads have been built too rapidly. The supply has far exceeded the demand. Some day they will pay, but in the meantime a great debt will be sponged out. And as a good portion of this is owing in Europe I do not see how there is to be any very alarming demand for gold to pay up at present. If the stocks be not worth anything here, they certainly won't be returned in a hurry.

In the mean time importations will cease, produce will come forward, debts will be rapidly paid or wiped out, and some bright sunshiny morning if we only use a little common sense, and faith, and forbearance, we shall wake up and find ourselves all right, and going ahead better than ever Upon the whole my excellent friend, don't you think you made very much of a JUDY of yourself in getting up such a panic?

"I only said what everybody did."

Exactly. But in my opinion, for once, Mr EVERYBODY has made a very great —— of himself.—P.



THE GUINEA FOWL.

THE Guinea-Fowl is a native of Africa, where it is quite abundant in a wild state, frequenting marshes and the banks of rivers, assembling in large flocks, which wander about in the day in search of food, and as evening approaches they seek the branches of trees and roost crowded together. It received its name from the fact that it was originally brought from the Guinea coast of Africa.

Our engraving gives a very good idea of the appearance of the bird, and therefore our description may be short. The legs are blue, the eye black, prominent and bright. The plumage, though not decorated with any bright colors is singularly beautiful, being spangled all over with white spots, varying in size from a pea to a pin's point, on a bluish black ground. The weight of the male exceeds that of the female but very little, and indeed it is somewhat difficult to distinguish them. The male attempts a more stately strut than the female, but makes a failure generally. The hen makes the well-know cry "*come back*," which it keeps up with the most persevering clamor. The note of the male bird is quite different. They pair like our domestic pigeons, so that an equal number of male and female birds must be kept.

The Guinea-Fowl is restless, turbulent and pugnacious, dislikes confinement and generally manages to become master of the poultry yard, and BEMENT says they will boldly attack the fiercest turkey cock, and generally gain the ascendency by the mere dint of petulant pugnacity.

SUMMER WITH THE FARMER.

WHEW! that was a long heat—plowing, sowing, planting, and gathering in, crowd each other through the short season of latitude 42° north, compelling the American farmer to be the busiest of men—*editors* of course excepted.

Frosts, fury, and suspended animation give place, April 1st, to tropical heat with its variations; the seasons change like an old fashioned comedy, I don't say of "*errors*." Everything seems to be running a race; the ash is trying to overtake the elm, and the corn gallops by the barley and the oats. This week, its duties and its surroundings, is quite unlike the last, and calls for new arrangements and new forces to be applied. One thing is not finished before another compels attention—The leisure promised when this should be accomplished waits the completion of another job, and waits with faint hope.

What use of hot beds in America? Have we not stimulants enough everywhere? Does not every thing excite, animate, and propel? Soil, climate, institutions, social usages, and broad fields of enterprise make the pulse quick, the step elastic and the masses everlastingly in a hurry. There is too much to be done to do anything well. There are brilliant conceptions and valuable discoveries, but imperfect executions—there is no time to elaborate and finish—our "manifest destiny" is to go ahead. In these respects, however, time is working rapid changes, and ere long we shall present more of the vices and the virtues of older countries.

American farming is not all alike—the graziers and the dairymen do not feel the pressure of business, to as great an extent as those who raise grain. The writer confesses to a sort of satisfaction when this years' harvest seemed to settle the question that wheat, for the present at least, was not to be a leading crop in Western New York.—The men of Illinois and Iowa are welcome to the labors, the excitement, the anxieties and the profits of extensive grain growing—they will do well, however, to indulge with moderation, and so work their land well, keep it clean and fertile, and not depress the market by overproduction.

Farming on a moderate scale is healthful, pleasant, improving; and in "the good time coming," will be conducted with science, taste, discretion, with the aid of such "modern conveniences" as will bear the test of time. Hitherto farmers have been too much the slaves of their business, making it a burden rather than a pleasure. This, in some cases, may be remedied by reducing farms to smaller dimensions, and in other cases by being satisfied with reasonable gains. At any rate the summer is a busy season of the year, and that explains why your readers have not heard for some time from your correspondent—H. T. B.

CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR.

THE Fourth Annual Exhibition of the Agricultural Society of the Golden State was held at Stockton, September 29th 30th, and October 1st and 2d. From what we are able to glean in our exchanges it would seem every department made creditable show, while in some it would be extremely difficult to excel the display made. Stock of all descriptions was brought forward in goodly numbers, while in each variety were some noble specimens. The show of Cereals was limited, but the quality was declared to be superior. In the production of Vegetables, (or the *stories* of editors) all the world, and "the rest of mankind" must give way to our Pacific sister—here she stands without a single worthy competitor. On this point we extract from the California *Farmer* the following:—"We copy the following description from the card on the monster squash, received yesterday in the Exhibition Hall: 'Entered by D. S. CAMPBELL. Weight 264 pounds; circumference, long way, eight feet; circumference, short way, seven feet. Was raised by Mr. ASA VESTAL, on his farm, one mile from San Jose. The Committee of the Santa Clara Fair, held at San Jose last week,

decided that there were sixteen hundred pounds of squash growing upon the same vine that bore this. The seed is known as the Camanche variety, native of Northern Mexico; was planted in April, and pulled 17th September. Soil sandy loam, fourteen feet deep to subsoil, and watered by irrigation.'" In addition to the foregoing, beets were shown weighing 90 pounds; potatoes 20 pounds; Corn stalks 20 feet in length, etc. In the culture and growth of Fruit the Californian is fast coming up to the spirit of the age, as is evidenced by the list of Apples, Pears, Native and Foreign Grapes, &c., exhibited. Of the former of these (Apples and Pears) many specimens weighing 28 and 30 ounces were shown; and not only were they superior in size but in quality. The exhibition was well attended, $13,000 being the amount of the receipts. At the close of the Fair a meeting of the Society was held for the election of officers, for the ensuing year, and also for the purpose of fixing place of next Annual Exhibition. The following gentlemen were unanimously elected:—*President*—JOHN C. FALL, of Yuba county; *Vice Presidents*—G. N. Sweezy, of Yuba, George C. Young, of Napa Co., John Bidwell, of Butte Co., Dr. C. M. Hitchcock, of San Francisco Co., H. W. Carpenter, of Alameda Co., P. B. Reading, of Shasta Co., J. M. Covarrubias, of Santa Barbara Co., J. D. Morely, of Stanislaus Co. *Corresponding Secretary*—O. C. Wheeler, of Sacramento. *Recording Secretary*—George H. Beach, of Yuba. *Treasurer*—J. A. Paxton, of Yuba. Wilson Flint, of Alameda was appointed the representative of this Society, in the meetings of the United States Agricultural Society, the American Pomological Society, the Agricultural Societies of the States of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, and any other kindred Societies, that he may be able to visit during the current year. Marysville was selected as the point at which the next Exhibition will be held.

—Before closing our brief notice we must mention one or two matters worthy of commendation and imitation. The producers of California seem to be *seekers after knowledge*. A correspondent of the *State Journal* writes:—"The outside attractions to-day were so many that the Fair was not particularly well attended until night. At 8 o'clock one of the most interesting discussions I have heard for years took place, in the Committee rooms. It was a meeting of that portion of the members who are engaged in Horticulture. Before they adjourned it was resolved that 100 parties should subscribe $30 each to establish a magazine devoted to the interests of the farmer in all that relates to the cultivation of the soil." *Three thousand dollars* subscribed at one meeting; and, it must be remembered, but few of the agriculturists and horticulturists of California have realized anything from their labors as yet—they are, in their Western homes at least, new hands at the plow, but the spirit they exhibit is worthy of veterans. When individuals thus boldly strike out in noble enterprises, the sympathies of all true men are with them, and will bid them a hearty God speed!

A COUNTY FAIR IN "HOOSIERDOM."

EDS. RURAL:—About twenty years since, Fulton county was organized. At that time, and for some years after, the Pottawottomies and Miamis had possession of all this region; and within the past 12 years I have shared with them the Buffalo skin at the fire of our hunting camp, a seat in the dug-out when fire-hunting on the Tippecanoe river, and partaken with them of *bish* and *suesee* at their scantily supplied though hospitable boards. And on the 22d and 23d ult., I attended the first Fair of the Fulton Co. Agricultural and Horticultural Society organized last August.

Putting this and that together has resulted in my determination to let you hear something of our Fair, which we think was quite a triumph itself, and showed in a marked manner, by the variety and excellence of articles exhibited, the improvement which civilization is spreading with magical celerity over the whole Northwest.—Here were horses shown which an old citizen of Albany county, New York, said he never saw *equalled* there,—cattle such as would have compared favorably with those shown at any of the fairs in New York—sheep of prime quality; and hogs of such size and beauty as we did not think Hoosierdom could boast, although she is considered *some* in the hog line, and has done much towards enhancing the growth of *Hogopolis* away down in the Southern part of Ohio, on the *Ohio Creek*. DENNIS MCMAHON drove in one of his *pigs* (weighing six hundred,) from the woods, saying he "heard there want a going to be any hogs in, and he thought he would fill one pen;" in the hog line "*ex hoc uno dirce omnes.*"

There was also a very fair show of Equestrianism, by both male and female riders. Miss L. HEIMBACH took the red ribbon. Time, two minutes and fifteen seconds. If any of your female Equestrians can beat that we want to hear from you.

We had corn from WILLIAM CARTER'S that was eighteen feet in height, rata bagas four feet in circumference, and pumpkins of such size that I heard of one man trying to buy one for the purpose of wintering a half dozen pigs in it, as he thought it would be cheaper than a board pen!

Of Agricultural Implements there were the best of all sorts that are made in this or the adjoining States. Ladies' ornamental work was also shown in elegant profusion,—as well as ornamental ladies.

Bread, cheese, jams, jellies, pastries, cakes, and all that sort of thing, were shown of such beautiful appearance and proportions, and such delicious flavor and taste, as we are well satisfied could not be excelled anywhere with the same material.

Not the least interesting of the sights on the trotting course were the two mules just in from California, with their riders, the Messrs. TRIMBLE, dressed in full California costume. The boys had but a few days previously returned from California overland, whither they went some five years since. Many of the company with whom they started are no more—some having been killed by Indians in California and Oregon, and others having died from disease. The animals and riders both appeared not the least injured by the trip of twenty-seven hundred miles, just finished, but rode with much spirit and mettle.

The efficient, energetic and hard-working Secretary, D. R. PESSHING, Esq., informed me that the receipts amounted to over $400—an amount altogether beyond our most sanguine expectations, and telling well for a county twenty miles from railroads or canals, and only a few years rescued from the dominion of the savage Pottawottomies and crafty Mismis. But, Messrs. Editors, let me tell you what I think contributed much, very much, towards all this success. It was that such papers as the RURAL NEW-YORKER were freely circulated among our people. And if I am not mistaken the RURAL and other Agricultural and Horticultural papers, will figure largely among the premiums for our next year's meeting, instead of the diplomas and cash premiums which are of trifling benefit compared with that that obtains from a free dissemination of knowledge among men.

"Youth it instructs, old age delights,
Adorns prosperity, and when
Of adverse fates we feel the blights,
'Twill comfort and solace us then."

CHARLES BRACKETT.

Rochester, Fulton Co., Indiana, Nov. 8, 1857.

WAYNE COUNTY FAIR.

THE Wayne Co. Ag. Society held its Annual exhibition at Lyons Sept. 16—18. The first day was pleasant. The entries of stock exceeded our expectations, and the animals exhibited were of superior quality. The Durhams seem to take the lead in this county, and the zeal manifested by the owners in exhibiting their fine stock is noteworthy. The Devons were on hand, and their beautiful form and color made a bright spot in our Fair. The grade cattle were much better than usual, being crossed up almost to full blood—many only lacking a pedigree to compete in those classes. The oxen and steers would have done honor to any State Fair. The fleet trotters and carriage horses, and the superior farm horses, grade Sampsons, &c., together with the colts on exhibition, made a fine show.

In Sheep, specimens of all the improved breeds were on exhibition. Of Swine, the Suffolk and their grades seemed to take the lead, and were on hand.

Floral Hall was finely decorated with Fruits, Flowers, Paintings, and domestic manufactured goods, showing that the ladies of Wayne county are not forgetful of the best interests of the Agricultural Society.

The exhibition of Vegetables and Roots was very superior; and, to let the "rest of mankind" know that we are "*some Punkins*," Mr. ALBAUGH exhibited one vine which had 14 fine pumpkins.

The entries were about 400 *more* than last year, but the exceeding bad weather the two last days of the Fair kept the people away, consequently cut off our receipts. E. N. THOMAS.

Rose, N. Y., Oct., 1857.

RAIN AND THE SEASON.

"O, the rain! how beautiful the rain!
How it clatters upon the roofs,
Like the tramp of horney hoofs!"

How easily it rains; and how frequently it has rained the past season. Rain has been the order of the day, and of the night too, from March to Oct. 20th. Vernal showers and vernal floods, and vernal inundations, were the all absorbing theme, when friends and neighbors met each other. In consequence of the rain, the work of the farm was necessarily delayed, in some instances, for several weeks. We were obliged to perform almost every thing in the rain. We did our plowing in the spring, in the rain, and our planting in the mud and water. We sowed our seed in the rain, and harrowed it in in the rain. We hoed in the rain and mowed in the rain. We made our hay in the rain, and harvested in the rain. If the sun shone brightly for one hour, it was sure to be succeeded by two hours of rain and lowery weather. We planted our potatoes in the mud, and cultivated and hoed them in the mud, and now we are digging them in the mud and rain. If we husk corn I apprehend it will have to be done in the rain—for we cut it up in the rain, and the stalks have not had a chance to dry since. It rains now, furiously; and has rained, almost constantly, for three successive days and nights. Our fields are almost inundated; and our ditches are crowded to their utmost capacity, with flood water.

In consequence of such a superabundance of water, grass grew rapidly, but was flashy stuff; animals did not thrive well on it, and cows yielded a diminished quantity of milk, of inferior quality. Oats, in many instances, are very light—bushels and bushels of them being destitute of any kernel and germ. Barley, as a general thing, was very much injured by too much rain. Wheat, both spring and winter varieties, was poor enough, with a very few exceptions; and the yield per acre falls far short of the most sanguine expectations of farmers; in most instances, it is also very inferior in quality, in consequence of too much rain. We never before remember of seeing so much rain, in such a short period of time, and such vast quantities of water on the ground, as we saw last week.

We are all longing for the "Indian Summer," so that we will be able to wind up our farming operations for autumn, before dreary Winter comes, cheerless and sad, to rule the changing year.

S. EDWARDS TODD.

Lake Ridge, Tompkins Co., N. Y., Oct., 1857.

REMARKS.—In New York city there is, we believe, a military company known as the "Tompkins Blues," but we reckon there must be people worthy a similar cognomen in our correspondent's neighborhood. He evidently has the "blues" bad enough for commander of such a corps—and with reason. Our sympathies are extended, for the weather has been so decidedly hydropathic in this region, for the past six weeks, that we can to some extent appreciate our friend's position and difficulties. But isn't it consoling to reflect that perchance so much rain has fallen that there's nothing left to make snow, and hence that the winter may prove very favorable?

BLACK LEG IN CATTLE.—In answer to your correspondent, J. Y. M., of Mercer Co., Pa., in reference to a disease called Black Leg among young cattle, I would say that if he will bleed them in the neck in the latter part of August or first of Sept., he need not fear of losing any of his calves or young cattle. I speak from personal knowledge, having seen it practiced by my neighbors and also practiced it myself for several years in Delaware Co., N. Y., and have never known it to fail.—A. READER, *Durant, Iowa, Oct.*, 1857.

THE SORGHUM IN WESTERN PA.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Having been for some years an attentive reader of your valuable RURAL, I thought in common with other correspondents to send you my experiments in the culture of the Chinese Sugar Cane, its uses, and manufacture into syrup.

I and my brother planted together about ten acres, the greater part of it the 28th and 29th of May—the remainder the 3d of June. Shortly after, it commenced raining and continued almost every day for two or three weeks, accompanied by cold winds, and in consequence only about one-third of it grew, and a part of that made its appearance above ground after being planted four and some of it five weeks. For the first two months it grew very slowly, insomuch that observers would make the remark that we would have to winter our Sugar Cane over; but now it has attained a growth of stalk equal to that of good corn.

Horses, cattle and hogs eat it more greedily than anything else that grows, grain excepted. The seed is not sufficiently matured to fairly compare its relative value with other grain, but the green seed is eaten about as readily as the stalk or leaf.

We have erected a mill for the manufacture of the syrup by water power, at an expense of about $150, which will make a barrel and a half of syrup in a day. We have been unable to form an exact estimate of the amount that it will make to the acre of good canes, in consequence of our having but two rollers to do the crushing with, as the general estimate is that we leave one-fourth part still in the stalk; yet with this imperfect crushing we have been able to make from 80 to 120 gallons of syrup per acre, and an article which is superior to that of the South.

With an unfavorable season for its growth, and imperfect machinery and inexperienced operators in its manufacture, we can say no less than that we feel pleased with our success in producing an article which is next to the sugar maple as one of the luxuries of life. CHARLES A. PETTIBONE.

Girard, Pa., Oct. 26, 1857.

AG. PRODUCTS OF NEW YORK IN '55.

THE Census of the Agricultural products of this State for the year ending June 1, 1855, says the Albany *Journal*, enables us to determine the relative rank of the Counties, in the effective cultivation of the soil. St. Lawrence had the biggest stack of Hay—weighing 139,400 tuns. New York County had the least—157 tuns. Hamilton had next to the smallest pile. Hers weighed only 4,294 tuns. Jefferson had the most bushels of Grass Seed—29,687. Kings County produced but a mug full, as it were—only 6 bushels. Jefferson again sowed most Spring Wheat, and harvested the most—428,672 bushels. Rockland exhibited to the Census takers her little mess of 6 bushels. Putnam and Kings had not a kernel to show. Of Winter Wheat, Livingston County was the great parent—her crop being 1,094,779 bushels. Next to her came Monroe—next to her Genesee, and next to her Niagara. Hamilton for some reason quaint grew 6 bushels. Onondaga led the crowd in Oats—raising 1,015,225 bushels. Oneida came next.—Columbia County is the strongest on Rye—445,036 bushels being her crop. Rooky and hemlocky Hamilton accomplished 277 bushels. In Barley, Jefferson beats again, with 392,684 bushels. Rockland made an effort and grew 14—wasn't ashamed of them and showed them all to the Census men. Generously careful of the great Buckwheat-pancake interest, Schoharie produced 169,078 bushels of that grain, beating all the others. Kings County did the least for the griddle. Of golden Corn Onondaga produced the most—907,453 bushels.—Washington County beat on Potatoes—767,285 bushels. St. Lawrence raised most Peas—69,016 bushels. Orleans "went it" the strongest on Beans—40,185 bushels. Suffolk was chief among the Turnip growers—her crop being 104,103 bushels. Montgomery beat on Flax and Washington on Flax Seed. On Hemp, unquestionably Monroe beat the State—her product being 2 tuns. Wyoming and Delaware vainly competing with her, produced between them 1½ tuns. Of course Otsego beat in Hops—her product being 3,122,158 pounds. Next to her came Madison, and Oneida next to her. Rockland, upon some Agricultural whim, grew 3 pounds of hops.

Do the people of New York know they are, to no contemptible degree, Tobacco Planters? Onondaga County grew 554,987 pounds of the weed, and all the Counties together raised a crop amounting to 946,602½ pounds. As a compensation for this they raised of juicy Apples 13,668,830 bushels, Onondaga descending from her bad eminence of Tobacco planting, and taking pomological rank next after Oneida which has the most and best orchards in the State. Onondaga, too, made the most Cider—13,725 barrels; Saratoga the next most—11,386 barrels; Hamilton the least—18 barrels; and Queens the next least—29 barrels. But how Queens fetches up on Market Gardening! The value of her horticultural products was $357,503. Kings County stood next in Vegetable raising, sending to market $273,525 worth. The human stomach not consenting to receive hemlocks as an esculent dict, Hamilton County had no more than ten dollars worth of vegetables to show the Census takers.—We suspect that a great many of these officials did their duty in a somnambulic state or other abnormal condition of the intellect. For Schoharie has credit for only one market garden, and that half an acre in extent; and Chenango's cultivation of vegetables for market is limited by this Census to one acre.

St. Lawrence has the sweet distinction of being the largest Sugar producer—her make being 513,913 pounds. The total product of Maple Sugar in the State, was worth $4,985,815. New York made Wine, too, in the year 1855, not out of Ohio whiskey, but of honest grapes, currants and raspberries. Her total product of the "juice" was 18,181 gallons. Orange County made the most—2,173 gallons; and Onondaga next most, 1,583 gallons. Oneida has the greatest number of Honey Bees working for her; but Westchester saves the most Wax. Wayne County has the honor of raising the most Silk. Her produce in 1855 was 70 pounds. In the whole State 267½ pounds were produced.—More power to the Silk Worms!

Of the quadrupedal and bipedal products of New York Farming, and of its Fruits and Berries, space fails us to speak to-day.

Rural Notes and Items.

AN OPEN WINTER is predicted by our exchanges, both East and West. Some aver that the appearance of robins in large numbers during the recent warm days, indicates an open, mild winter. A Chicago paper says that Nature has demonstrated the fact that the coming winter will be mild, by covering the ears of Indian corn with very thin husks this year—furnishing them, indeed, nearly "nothing to wear"—whereas they were abundantly clothed the two preceding seasons! Well, we trust the augury is correct—for a mild winter will not only prove a god-send to the suffering poor of our cities and villages, but an oasis to the farmers and their flocks and herds over a large extent of country. The present warm weather certainly augurs favorably for a "good time coming"—albeit this, and the indications before cited, may not be considered good authority by the Lieut. MAURYS and Prof. DEWEYS who are versed in matters pertaining to weatherology and climatology.

NEW AGRICULTURAL PAPERS.—We are proud of the Agricultural Press of this Country, not only for its ability and wide usefulness in the past, but for the greater good it promises in the future. And, though the present is generally considered an unfavorable time to start any literary enterprise, it appears that several new agricultural papers are issued or in embryo—all of which we trust will receive a cordial welcome from the public, and achieve merited success. Two have just reached our table, which we briefly notice, without time for critical examination.

Emery's Journal of Agriculture is a neat 16 page quarto sheet, hailing from Chicago, and "devoted to General Farm and Home Interests, News, Markets, &c." The advance specimen number makes a creditable appearance, and is apparently well filled. The prospectus of the Journal has been given in our advertising department, to which we refer for particulars.

Granite State Farmer is the title of a paper recently commenced in the ordinary newspaper form at Manchester, N. H., a number of which has just come to hand. It is published by J. C. MERRIAM & Co., edited by J. O. ADAMS, and "devoted to the Interests of the New Hampshire Farmer." We trust it will prove more successful than its predecessor.

RECEIPTS AT NEW YORK STATE FAIRS.—A late number of the *Country Gent.* gives the annexed table showing the receipts and attendance at each Fair of our State Ag. Society for the past thirteen years,—by which it will be seen that the last one produced the largest sum of money, although two others have been attended by more people:

Year.	Place.	Receipts.	Attendance.
1845	Utica	$4,570 18	34,962
1846	Auburn	4,333 17	34,666
1847	Saratoga	4,031 22	32,274
1848	Buffalo	6,272 86	50,183
1849	Syracuse	8,144 55	65,157
1850	Albany	10,465 61	85,725
1851	Rochester	11,954 25	95,534
1852	Utica	8,125 41	65,005
1853	Saratoga	6,009 00	27,036
1854	New York	9,248 70	39,996
1855	Elmira	11,627 25	48,008
1856	Watertown	8,010 00	35,040
1857	Buffalo. Between $16,000 and $17,000.		70,000

Previous to 1853, the charge for admission was 12½ cents. At the Fair of 1853, at Saratoga, the admission fee was raised to 25 cents, at which it has been kept to the present time. The Fair of 1851, held in this city, was altogether the most numerously attended one ever held by the Society.

MICHIGAN STATE AG. SOCIETY.—At the late Annual Fair and Meeting of this Society, the following named officers were elected for the year ensuing:—President—Col. CHARLES DICKEY, of Marshall. (The Vice Presidents, one from each county, are the same as last year—all being re-elected.) Secretary—Jed. P. C. Emmons, of Detroit. Treasurer—Benj. Follett, of Ypsilanti. Ex. Committee—A. N. Hart, Lapeer; J. B. Crippen, Coldwater; J. H. Montgomery, Ida; H. G. Wells, Kalamazoo; J. H. Richardson, Tuscola; E. N. Wilcox, Detroit; Horace Welch, Ypsilanti; J. S. Tibbits, Plymouth; C. Dickey, Marshall; Wm. Canfield, Mount Clemens; J. J. Newell, Adrian; C. W. Green, Farmington; A. Jewell, Dowagiac.

A GOOD YIELD OF CORN.—In a recent letter Mr. CHAS. L. STEVENS, of Knowlesville, Orleans Co., states that two acres of Indian corn which he has just finished husking, and which was measured to compete for a premium offered by the County Ag. Society, yielded 162 bushels and 5 quarts—allowing 74 lbs. of ears for a bushel. He says:—"The soil is a gravelly loam, had been mown the three years previous—the second crop not taken off. The land manured last spring with 10 or 12 loads of stable manure to the acre; plowed the last week in May about 8 inches deep, then rolled with a heavy roller and harrowed and cultivated until the surface was perfectly mellow.—Planted June 2d, the eight rowed yellow corn, from 4 to 6 kernels in a hill, 3½ feet apart each way. Immediately after planting, put a large spoonful of unleached ashes on each hill; notwithstanding the grubs took nearly one-tenth of the hills, which were planted in with beans. The crop was cultivated and hoed sufficiently to keep it free from weeds. After the first hoeing applied gypsum at the rate of one bushel per acre. The stalks were cut on the part measured the last week in September, and the corn husked on the hill the first of November. A part of the field was cut up at the roots, and I am unable to say which method is best, though there is less soft corn among that which was topped."

THRESHING BUCKWHEAT.—Having noticed an article in a late RURAL on buckwheat; I thought some improvement in harvesting would be of use to the growers of pancakes. After the grain is cut, I take a fork and bunch it in rows fifteen feet apart. For threshing I use a sled or truck wagon with threshing-floor on it, and drive through the field threshing and spreading the straw over the field to rot. Having fanning-mill, bags, and wagon at a convenient place for chaffing, the grain is safely housed at night. I found by this a labor-saving of nearly one-half over the old style. The floor should be made with sides of sheeting or siding about two feet high.—B. F. W., *Erie Co., Ohio*

ELK BREEDING IN CATTARAUGUS.—Many of our readers will remember seeing in a former volume of the RURAL an engraving and description of several Elk owned by Mr. STRATTON of Little Valley, Cat. Co., N. Y., and will therefore be interested in this item from a Cattaraugus paper:—"We paid a flying visit to the Elk Park of L. D. STRATTON, in Little Valley, last week. We perambulated the park, containing a hundred acres, with a strip of some four or six rods of clearing round the entire park, the centre being in the original forest state, in pursuit of the elk, in company with several gentlemen, and came up with a drove of nine which was really an interesting sight. They were quite tame, so much so that Mr. STRATTON could call them up to him, and they eat salt from his hand. These nine are from the original pair of elk brought to Little Valley from the South-west. Mr. STRATTON took his original pair of elk to the recent State Fair at Buffalo, procured a canvas, and exhibited them. He cleared $700 over and above the expenses, having actually taken a little over $1,000; and, at the close of the State Fair, Mr. STRATTON sold his pair of elk for $1,000, to some Canadian gentlemen, who made the purchase for the purpose of exhibiting, and are to take them to England."

PORTUGUESE CATTLE.—The King of Portugal has recently sent over to England a present of cattle of a very peculiar breed, to Queen Victoria, consisting of a bull, two heifers and a bull calf.—The animals are of the most perfect symmetry, and very diminutive, standing scarcely 40 inches high. They are of a dun color, and in fine condition. The cows are very docile; but the bull, on being driven from the station to Prince Albert's model farm at Frogmore, where they are now installed, exhibited a dispositon rather the reverse of that of his companions, by tossing an unfortunate donkey about his own size, which happened to come in his way. These Lilliputian animals much resemble the Alderney or Jersey breed, but appear to be scarcely more than half the size.—*Ex.*

HORSE-CHESTNUTS FOR STARCH.—It is said that horse-chestnuts command, this year, in France, a price equal to that paid last season for potatoes, by the manufacturers of starch. These nuts are now bought up for a starch factory at Nanterre, near Paris. It is well that so good a use for the horse-chestnut has been found practicable, since in replacing the starch derived hitherto from cereals, the product of this fruit, till now deemed useless, will leave the corn and potato, so large and increasing a portion of which has been devoted to industrial purposes, free for human consumption.

A WEIGHTY CALF.—A correspondent writing from Five Corners, Cayuga Co., says:—"EZRA WAGER, of this place, is raising (from a two year old heifer,) a calf that weighed *one hundred and twenty lbs.* before it was a day old! It lays no claim to high blood or pedigree. I think this does very well for our common breed of cattle."

The Young Ruralist.

LETTER FROM A YOUNG BUCKEYE FARMER.

EDS. RURAL:—As this season has been my first attempt at farming, I shall refrain from giving any experiments of my own, but as neighbor J. is an old practical and experienced farmer, I will give a few hints derived from observation of his management and success.

This neighbor has the best of horses, cattle and sheep, and no poor excuse for porkers, as all have the *kindest care*. His wheat is of excellent quality and the greatest product in this vicinity; and oats, too, a good crop, come by having the ground well tilled and highly renovated with the gleanings of the barnyard. His corn by the culture it had, and the fine appearance of the shocks with their majestic ears, will prove to him a beautiful yield. Potatoes and vegetables are also par with his neighbors. His fall plowing is mostly done, and hay and grain nicely stored away for his stock the coming winter, while his helpmate and the dear ones by the fireside are not forgotten.

Now, if you want any of "filthy lucre," or to buy fine horses or cattle, or get the first quality seed grain and relish a meal of the good things—besides receiving a kind welcome, seeing a pleasant countenance and having a social chat—please call on the independent farmers who are well to do like neighbor J., whose sustenance, as well as that of the mechanic and Millionare, comes from the hoe handle. YOUNG FARMER.

Geauga Co., Ohio, 1857.

YOUNG RURALISTS TAKING PRIZES AT FAIRS.

MR. EDITOR:—I am a farmers boy, twelve years old. I attended our County Fair, which was held at Owego, our county seat. I took some South Down sheep which my father bought for me, and received two premiums—$3 for the best buck, and a book for the three best lambs. My brother also received $1 premium for the best Brahma's. I could not see all I wanted to the first day. Their vegetables were allowed to be superior by all who saw them. It rained so hard the last day they could not do anything, so they had to put off their riding match for two weeks, when there came another steady rain, and it had to be put off another week. There was but one lady who rode on horseback, who of course received the prize. Several ladies drove and received prizes.

We have but a few apples this year, and the potatoes decay badly; but we have quantities of nuts and are very busy a gathering them. My father has taken the RURAL ever since it was published, and we children think a great deal of reading it; we have several volumes bound.

Yours, Resp'y RICHMOND T CORYELL.

Hooper's Valley, Tioga Co., N. Y., 1857.

AN ITEM FOR THE GIRLS.—At the State Fair at Stockton, California, among the prizes offered was a fifty dollar dress for the best loaf of domestic bread, made by an unmarried lady. As many as a hundred delicious looking loaves were sent in, made principally by young girls. A committee of housewives made the award, giving the premium to MISS ANNA VANVALKENBURG, of Stockton.—This young girl is but eleven years old. If she were four years older, that dress would be her bridal garment.

The Orchard and Garden.

PRUNING.

On no subject connected with the orchard and garden is light so much needed, as that of pruning. Many entirely neglect to prune their trees, and prefer to let nature take its course, forgetting that the whole operation of the gardener is an effort to divert trees and plants from their natural habits into better. Our fine fruits are the results of artificial culture. Budding, and grafting and hybridization, and high manuring, are all artificial operations. If we leave our trees to nature we must be satisfied with natural fruit. Had we lived before the fall, it might have been different, but after this sad event, thorns and briars became the natural products of the soil, and even bread was procured only by labor and toil, to say nothing of peaches, and pears, and grapes. Then there are others who prune their trees in the most barbarous manner. An old axe is the only implement they require when going into the orchard to do their annual pruning. To these, and all, we think the following practical hints, from McIntosh's *Book of the Garden* will be instructive.

Pruning Standard Fruit Trees.—The principal object is to modify the head, and to thin the branches so that the sun and air may penetrate to every part, so that the fruit may ripen throughout the whole tree in an equal manner. All standard fruit trees should be allowed to assume their own natural habit of growth, and those habits are various—some throwing out their branches horizontally, others almost upright or fastigate, some drooping, and others very irregular. Such habits should not be interfered with; a reduction of redundant or misplaced branches, together with all useless spray and dead spurs and shoots, should only be effected. "If the tree is to be left to its natural shape, which is by far the best, it will, in the apple, pear, cherry and most other fruit trees, assume something of the conical shape, at least for some years; but whatever shape it has a tendency to assume, that shape must not be counteracted by the pruner, whose operations must be chiefly negative, or directed to thinning out the weak and crowded shoots, and preserving an equal volume of branches on one side of the tree or on the other,—in technical language, preserving its balance." The points of the external branches should be everywhere rendered thin and pervious to the light, so that the internal parts of the tree may not be wholly shaded by the external parts: the light should penetrate deeply into the tree on every side, but not anywhere through it. When the pruner has judiciously performed his work, every part of the tree, internal as well as external, will be productive of fruit; and the internal part, in unfavorable seasons, will rather receive protection than injury from the external. A tree thus pruned will not only produce much more fruit, but will be also able to support a much heavier load of it without danger of being broken; for any given weight will depress the branch, not simply in proportion to its quantity, but in the compound proportion of its quantity, and of its horizontal distance from the point of suspension, by a mode of action similar to that of the weight on the beam of the steelyard; and hence 150 pounds, suspended at one foot distance from the trunk, will depress the branch which supports it no more than 10 lbs. at 15 feet distance would do. Every tree will therefore support a larger weight of fruit, without danger of being broken, in proportion as the parts of such weight are made to approach nearer to its centre.

Coxe, an American pomologist of high repute, remarks very truly, "when orchard trees are much pruned, they are apt to throw out numerous (superfluous) suckers from the boughs in following summer; these should be rubbed off when they first appear, or they may be easily broken off while young and brittle,—cutting is apt to increase their number." This chiefly takes place when trees have been long allowed to grow wild, and afterwards been subjected to unnecessarily severe pruning.

Pruning to Increase the Vigor of the Tree.—This process applies to old fruit trees whose heads have become diseased and unproductive. It is also practised upon young trees which are in an unhealthy or weakly state, and consists in cutting over the entire stem a few inches above the graft, and at other times merely cutting back the larger branches to near the stem or trunk. This operation has the power of increasing the vigor of the tree in two ways:—1st. If we assume that a certain amount of nourishment is supplied by the roots to all the branches and buds of a tree, by cutting off one-half of the branches on it at the proper season, we direct the whole supply of nourishment to the remaining portion, which will consequently grow with nearly double their former luxuriance. 2d. Again, when a tree becomes stunted or enfeebled in its growth, the thinness of its inner bark, with its consequent small sap-vessels, (which, it must be remembered, are the principal channels for the ascending supply of food,) renders the upward and downward circulation tardy, and the growth is small. By heading back or pruning judiciously, all the force of the nourishing fluid is thrown into a smaller number of buds, which make new and luxuriant shoots with larger sap-vessels, and which afford a ready passage to the fluids; and the tree, with these renewed energies, will continue in vigor for a long time. This treatment is especially valuable in the case of small trees of feeble or stunted growth, which are frequently cut back to a single bud, and a new shoot or shoots full of vigor gives a healthy habit to the tree."

Many times in Canada West and the Western States, have we been called upon to examine orchards where the trees were affected with what their owners called the *black canker*. At every point where a large limb was taken off, the wood became affected with something like a black rot, which continued to spread into the very heart of the tree, until it was destroyed. This we found to be most common on wet, cold soils, and where the winters were generally severe. The only remedy we could suggest was good drainage, and such a system of pruning as would render it unnecessary to remove large limbs. Where trees are likely to be affected in this way we would cover every wound made in pruning with grafting wax, or a solution of gum shellac and alcohol. The following remarks though referring to timber trees, are applicable in a measure to all trees, and show the cause of the rotting we have mentioned, as being so destructive in some parts of the country, as well as the remedy.

Pruning Trees for Timber.—The sap in all plants has a natural tendency to flow to the highest points; and hence we find the leading shoots always the strongest, the buds farthest from the root, if nearly vertical to it, the plumpest and best formed; while both lateral branches and their buds, towards the bottom of the tree, are found invariably to be the weakest, and in the course of time die away altogether. Hence, we think, nature teaches us our first lesson in timber-tree pruning; she does so, beginning near the ground, and proceeds upwards progressively, but *slowly*; and so should we, if increasing the bulk of the stem, or of the main branches, of ramifying trees, such as the oak, chestnut, &c., whose main limbs for certain purposes are as valuable as the trunk itself, be our object. Nevertheless, this is a business requiring caution and early attention; for if lateral branches be allowed to form near the bottom of the stem, and permitted to continue, their amputation afterwards has a serious effect not only on the constitution of the tree, but on the quality of the timber also. "When a branch is cut off immediately from the body or trunk of a large tree, the usual sap which supplied it in its ascent from the roots will be stopped short, and for a time will ooze out from the cut part. In a short time, however, the sap, as it rises in those vessels of the trunk which formerly supplied the branch taken off, becomes stagnated, and causes rot in that part, which can never be the case while the branch remains to draw up and prepare the sap in its leaves; and this is the case in all instances of large branches, as they are cut from large trees. But in the case of a branch being thus cut from a young sapling in a rapidly growing state, the tree is not injured but improved, the sap of the plant being in such a vigorous state that rot cannot take place. Now the practical deduction to be drawn from this is, that the amputation of a large branch immediately from a body of a large tree, instead of being favorable to its health and value as timber, is the reverse. I say immediately from the body of the tree, because the cutting off of a part of a branch is by no means injurious to the health of a tree; but, on the contrary, when part of a large tree is cut off—*i. e.* foreshortened—the flow of the sap to that part is checked, and the body or trunk of the tree is in proportion enlarged." The annexed wood cuts will explain the effects of judicious and injudicious pruning better than a lengthened letter-press description. Fig. 1 represents a tree of thirty years' growth, which has been regularly pruned. Fig. 2 a tree of the same age, which has been neglected as to pruning during its early growth, and has now been pruned in a way too frequently practised—namely, by sawing and lopping off the branches after they have attained a large size. Fig. 3 shows the bad consequences of neglecting early pruning, in the case of a plank cut from an ash tree, which had been pruned by lopping off the large branches many years before it was felled. "The cuts in this case," says the very intelligent and venerable editor, "had been made several inches from the bole, and the branches being very large, the stumps left had become rotten. The enlargement of the trunk had not, however, been stopped, for the new wood had covered over all the haggled parts, in some places to several inches thick. Yet the effects of the previous exposure to the action of the weather, by injudicious pruning, is strikingly marked by the decayed state of the parts connected with the branches which had been amputated." From this it will clearly appear, that, if pruning is to be practiced on deciduous trees at all, it should be commenced while they are young, and carried on progressively; and if so, no such blemishes will be found in the timber when cut up.

Properly Pruned Tree—Fig. 1.

Improperly Pruned Tree—Fig. 2.

Effects of Bad Pruning on Wood.

Maine Pomological Society.—At an adjourned meeting of this Society, held at Augusta, Nov. 4th the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: — *President*—E. Holmes.—*Vice-Presidents*—Henry Little, S. F. Perley, Frederic Wingate, S. W. Coburn, John Currier, John Rogers, D. Forbes, Samuel Butman, C. Chamberlain, Samuel F. Dike, A Garcelon, O. Gould, Wm. D. Dana, John Allen. *Recording Secretary*—D. A. Fairbanks. *Corresponding Secretary*—S. L. Goodale. *Treasurer and Librarian*—Russels Eaton. *Trustees*—Warren Percival, D. Cargill, F. Glazier, Jr. *Standing Committee on Fruit*—D. Taber, I. W. Britton, N. Foster, W. H. Parlin, Calvin Spaulding. *Member of Board of Agriculture*—D. A. Fairbanks.

PROFITS OF FRUIT CULTURE.

Mr. Hovey, in his *Magazine of Horticulture*, has several times taken occasion to complain of the statements made before the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, of great profits from the culture of fruit in certain specified cases. Mr. H. seems to take great credit to himself for *honesty* in denouncing these statements, while it would be for his *interest* to encourage them. In one short paragraph he thus flatters himself and don't flatter anybody else:—'Speaking as a nurseryman, it would be for our interest to circulate these reports of the great profits of fruit culture; we shall therefore not be accused this time of having an 'axe to grind,' when we say these reports repeated every year are simply absurd, and should not be countenanced by any association of pomologists having the true progress of the science at heart. Some isolated cases of large profits of some single tree or half a dozen trees may be named, but to argue from this that similar profits accrue to the extensive cultivator is not true."—We are not aware that any one was foolish enough to "*argue*" in this way.

From the statements which Mr. Hovey takes occasion to criticise and condemn we select two:—"Mr. C. Downing stated that 'the Hudson River Antwerp Raspberry was the only sort cultivated for the New York market. The *product* was from $300 to $800 per acre.' At ten cents per quart, besides the expense of picking, selling, interest of land and cultivation, it would require 8,000 quarts to the acre to produce the latter sum?"—The critic is badly at fault here. He should learn to distinguish between "*product*" and profit. Mr. Hovey, to make out a case, gives the price at 10 cents a quart, while Mr. Downing stated, and was so reported in the Rural, that the wholesale price was 10 cents a basket, and three baskets made a quart.

Again:—"Mr. A. Pinney 'had 500 dwarf pears, six to eight years of age, nearly all White Doyenne; these had cracked badly this year, and his profits were not large from them; but of other varieties he had sold at *nine dollars per basket* (of *half* a bushel each) *or* 10 *cents each*. He cultivates chiefly White Doyenne, Duchess, Bartlett, and Louise Bonne of Jersey. The latter he has found exceedingly productive—eight year trees yielding two to four baskets (*one* to *two* bushels) and bringing $2 to $4 per basket.' We should like to look at a lot of dwarf pears, eight years old, bearing two to four baskets to a tree.

"But we trust, for the interest of horticulture, that our societies will not tolerate such statements, or at least give currency to them. They arouse the expectations of those who know but little of the culture of fruit, so high, that the failure to realize anything like similar results induces them to neglect their trees, give up planting, and leave fruit culture for some other crop."

Now, we think Mr. Downing had no interest in making a false report in regard to this matter; and no one will accuse him, we think of being in the habit of making rash and unfounded statements. He is one the of most careful, candid men in the country, and his word is received with confidence everywhere. In this respect Mr. Downing will not suffer in comparison with Mr. Hovey or any other Pomologist in the country. Mr. Pinney is a fruit grower, and has not a tree of any kind to sell. What object could he have had for telling large stories, for the purpose of inducing others to engage in fruit growing, and thus creating a competition which would be calculated to injure rather than benefit his business? But Mr. Hovey is willing he should tell of his failures, but not of his success. It is all right to say that his White Doyennes cracked badly, so much so that he had nothing to pay him for his labor and expense; but it is very wrong to say that from other varieties he realized large profits. There is only one sensible way, and that is to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. This we are always willing to publish, and we must have a great deal less confidence in the good sense of the people than we now have, when we suppress a part of the truth for fear they will make fools of themselves by drawing improper inferences from the facts reported.

Suppose Mr. Hovey had attended the last meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society, and endeavored to carry out the views inculcated in his Magazine, we should have had to make a report something like the following:

J. J. Thomas had examined the bearing dwarf pear trees on the grounds of Ellwanger & Barry. On one half acre stood 500 trees of the White Doyenne, six years old, and he had made a carefully low estimate of the fruit now on the trees, and had placed it at 60 bushels, though he had no doubt it was much more. These, if sold at $3 per bushel would yield a good profit beside paying for expenses of culture, &c.

Mr. Hovey was opposed to such statements, and he hoped for the interests of horticulture, societies would not tolerate or give currency to them.

Mr. Yeomans had planted an orchard of *White Doyennes*, but they cracked so much as to be worthless, so that it proved to be a bad speculation. Form one-third of an acre of Duchesse de Angouleme, planted six years ago, he could report more favorably. He had before the present year sold $100 worth of fruit from the trees, and this year had sent the crop to New York, and if sold at the same prices as last year, it would give him $234 from one-third of an acre, or over one dollar to the tree, on the average.

Mr. Hovey had no objection to such statements as that first made by Mr. Yeomans in regard to failure with the White Doyenne, but such fabulous reports of profits as that in regard to the Duchesse de Angouleme arouse the expectations of those who know but little about the culture of fruit, so high, that the failure to realize anything like similar results induces them to neglect their trees, give up planting, and leave fruit culture for some other crop.

John Smith, Esq., said that he didn't know much about fruit culture, and merely came to learn. He would like to know if J. J. Thomas, and Charles Downing, and Mr. Yeomans and Mr. Pinney were honest men? If their word could be relied on?—If they were men who were generally expected to tell the truth? From the remarks of the last speaker, it seemed there was some doubt about the matter, for if they told only the truth he could see no object in suppressing it. Let the facts be known, good and bad, and then those who need information can judge for themselves.

The folly of the position assumed by Mr. Hovey is apparent. Let us have the plain simple facts, whether favorable or unfavorable. The people can then judge for themselves.

A REMEDY FOR BORERS AND MICE.

Eds. Rural:—As this is the month to transplant fruit trees, and feeling a lively interest in the success of our pomological interests, I sit down this evening to give to the readers of the Rural the results of some experiments made during the last 18 months. And first, I will briefly state, that in the spring of 1849 I commenced planting an orchard in old Cayuga, with choice young fruit trees, little knowing what foes I had to encounter. Of the 60 trees I started with, I lost about 20 the second year by the "*borer*." I kept replanting yearly until the spring of 1856, losing annually about one-third of my trees,—pears, peaches, quinces and apples, all fell before the Vandals. I tried all the remedies I could hear of from books, papers and nurserymen, without avail. Our old cider apple trees of 50 years standing, are being perforated by the borer, followed by tribes of ants, and all slowly, but surely, falling before their foes. What would my friend Yeomans say about the profits of growing fruit in such a locality?

In the spring of 1856, I saw in some paper the statement that *laurel oil*, if put on picture frames, would keep off flies. The thought occurred to me, "*why will not some pungent oil keep off the 'borer, and save my young fruit trees?*" Having some oil from the *gas* works, I made the experiment by removing the soil from the trees, and with a swab putting on a good coat. After six months I examined with care, and where the trees were sound when the oil was applied, they remained so still: also that some of the infected ones had revived and healed over. I felt encouraged to make another trial, and in November last purchased 150 apple trees, and before setting stirred some *sulphur* in with the *gas oil*, and with a paint brush gave them a good coat from the roots up, 8 or 10 inches.

Yesterday, I made a personal and careful examination of every tree. I found eight that had the borer in them—six of them were the largest trees, and the grubs were three-fourths of an inch in length—had perforated the wood, and had evidently gained *a residence* while in the *nursery!*—The other two were new cases; grubs small, and had found entrance where the trees had been injured by the harrow.

From these results I claim that, if applied before the *larvæ* is deposited, it is a safe and cheap *preventive* of the borer, and furthermore is a perfect remedy against those "Border Ruffians," the *Mice*. Now for proof. I set those trees upon my corn ground, where the mice had burrowed under the shocks of corn, yet not one was harmed, while a neighbor of mine, Mr. Remington, informs me that he lost over thirty trees by the mice the last winter. But will it not injure the trees, says one? Of the 150 trees I have not lost one. All have grown finely. As Mother Earth is a great absorber of "villainous smells," I would recommend the application twice in a year, to wit:—in the months of May and October. Too much labor says one. In reply, I would say, it took me four hours yesterday to operate upon 150 trees, and half a day with a team to fill up with compost.

Now friend Moore, I had some idea of getting you by means of the Rural, to get up a "*furore*" about a great discovery in "*Terra-Culture*," and offer to discover the *secret* on the payment of *ten thousand dollars;* but as the Buck-Eyes did not quite elect Br. Henry Governor, I thought perhaps your readers may not quite make out the sum! so I have concluded to be magnanimous, and submit the above for you to *publish*, or *suppress*, as you please, hoping my brother farmers may be benefited by, and improve upon, my experiments.

Auburn, N. Y., 1857. Nelson Payne.

THE EARLY YORK PEACH.

This fine variety was exhibited by Mr. T. Rivers before the British Pomological Society, in London, on the 30th of August, and in the report of the meeting it is thus spoken of:—"Early York.—First week in August. An American peach of medium size, and of a bright red next the sun: flavor full, deliciously melting, with a fine aroma. This is without doubt by far the best early peach known." This is high praise from the British pomologists, and admitting a good deal for our American fruits. According to the reports of the London Horticultural Society and the British Pomological, the best pear known is the Seckel, and the best peach the Early York. They have only to try other of our American varieties of both pear and peach to ascertain that we have many of equal quality, which are well worthy of introduction into all English collections. Among all the fine American varieties of those two fruits not ten are known or appreciated in Great Britain. It is hard work to persuade her cultivators that Knight's Monarch, Crassane, and similar old pears, are not the best fruits in the world. We hope the great exhibition which took place in London, on the 24th of October, will tend, in a slight degree, to diminish the prejudice against foreign fruits, and an opportunity to taste some of our finest varieties show them how much they have lost by delaying the introduction to so late a period.—Even with the finest Belgian and French collections of pears within a hundred miles of London, they scarcely yet know anything of the great number of new varieties which have enriched our American collections for so long, and enabled our cultivators to produce, at the present day, a finer display of this fruit than can be made even in that land of pear culture—Belgium.—*Hovey's Magazine.*

Tar a Remedy for Mice.—I find that the application of tar applied with a stiff brush to the bodies of young fruit trees will prevent the mice from girdling them, when drifted with snow in winter. Will you or some of your subscribers be so kind as to inform me whether tar will be in any way likely to injure the young trees.—J. V. Shanke, *Sprungport, Nov.*, 1857.

Remarks.—The tar will not injure the trees.—Mr. Payne gives his experience on this point in the present number.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

MECHANICAL INDUSTRY.

We make the following extract from the Address of Hon. N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts, before the American Institute, New York city, on the 22d ultimo:

"It was among the last of the public declarations of Sir Robert Peel, that England owed to her mechanic industry the power with which she had passed through the wars of half a century; that furnished her exchequer; that sustained her credit; floated her triumphant navies, and placed for a time in her hands the trident of the seas.—The same element of national wealth in France and England enabled them to breast and turn the tide of Russian aggression in the late war. Supreme in everything material, it has also attained the dignity and elevation of the fine arts. The grandest conceptions and creations of genius, in sculpture, painting, poetry and music, are repeated in perfect and numberless copies, until they are universally known and appreciated. How is it possible to enumerate the multitude of beneficent inventions that impart the elements of science and truth to the young, and make happy the declining moments of honorable age; that spread before us, morning and evening, in the daily newspapers, the transactions of every part of the world, that accompanies us through every moment of life, softening its cares, deadening its sorrows and heightening its joys, from the moment that the infant presses the white breast of its mother, until that other moment when it moves upward on the inclined plane of life, until—a second time a child—it gently falls upon the bosom of God.—What higher appeal can be made to healthful ambition—what names upon the roll of fame are dearer to human hearts than those borne upon thy roster—what nobler pursuit is open to man than that of penetrating the mysteries of earth, air, fire and water in thy service, sweet goddess of invention!—mother of peaceful industry and companion of liberty!

While the apple grows on the apple tree,
And the wild wind blows o'er the wild wood free,
And the deep river flows to the deeper sea;
And they cannot help growing and blowing and flowing,
Turns the heart of the world to thee.

The elements of our national wealth are far from their full development. Greater changes than we have yet experienced will occur, and individual fortunes more gigantic than any yet accumulated will be suddenly rolled up, to be as suddenly dissipated. Nature does not perfectuate gigantic accessions of power in States or men.—Ponderous Empires find their solvents, and overgrown individual fortunes their proper distributors. In this country as in England, mechanical industry, so essential to the development of the vast mineral resources of the continent and in the consumption of agricultural products cannot fail to reward its agents with the wealth that follows successful enterprise. But it has a higher claim to our encouragement, in the fact that while it does not shut out the accumulation of such fortunes as will satiate ambition, it affords a more certain guarantee for the equitable distribution of its profits among all its disciples. While we cannot but rejoice in the highest prosperity of our country, we ought not to forget that happiness springs rather from general distribution than from great accumulation of wealth in single hands, and that those pursuits which embrace the greatest numbers and distribute most equally the profits of industry are the only sources to which we can look for the happiness of the people, for just government, and for a stable national prosperity."

Needle Making.—Needles are made from the best steel wire. After being cut of the proper lengths, by shears which will cut four hundred thousand in ten hours—each being made into two needles—they are straightened by being passed under a heavy iron plate. They are then pointed by grinding on a rapidly revolving grindstone. They must be ground dry, in order to prevent rusting, causing the air to be filled with a silicious and steel dust, which formerly was very injurious to the lungs and eyes of the workmen, but the evil effects of which are now prevented by a powerful fan. They are then cut in two, the heads flattened and the eyes pierced. After the eye has been smoothed, they are tempered on steel plates, and are plunged suddenly into cold water, which makes them very hard and brittle. The needles are then polished by long friction with quartzose sand and some oily substance, scoured by sawdust, winnowed and sorted.

A Piece of Ingenuity.—We were shown, the other day, a remarkable piece of work, the result of much patience and perseverance. It consisted of a glass bottle, the height of which was only one foot, and in which were constructed several reels of wood, having on them 3,437 beads, 120 yards of silk, and 8 china images; altogether this curious bottle contained 3,688 pieces, so jointed and framed that they filled the bottle, and had all been put together through the neck. But the crowning work was the stopper, from which four pieces projected in the form of a cross, so that it could not be withdrawn, and the question with us was, how was it got in? This bottle is the work Mr. F. A. Fabvier, of New York, and is well worthy the attention of the connoisseur and curious.—There are two on exhibition at the Crystal Palace.—*Scientific American.*

Telegraphic Improvements.—Edward Highton, C. E., of England, has just obtained a patent for, firstly, sending telegraphic messages *both* ways through one and the same wire, at the same instant, without interfering in any way with each other; secondly, for preventing the destruction of a wire in the sea or underground; and, thirdly, for mending a decayed telegraphic wire in the ocean without raising it out of the mud.

Iron Cars.—Sheet-iron cars, cushioned inside have been in use on the Baltimore Railroad for about five years, for freighting purposes, and in one instance one of these cars loaded with 80 barrels of flour, was precipitated down a steep embankment without doing it material damage.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

BABIE BELL.

Poem of a Little Life that was but Three Aprils Long.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

"If she had lived, I think she would have been
Lilies without and roses within!" MARVELL.

I.

HAVE you not heard the poet tell
How came the dainty BABIE BELL
Into this world of ours?
The gates of Heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the purple depths of even—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged Angels go,
Bearing the holy Dead to Heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
And all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty BABIE BELL
Into this world of ours.

II.

She came and brought delicious May:
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sun-light in and out the leaves,
The robins went, the live-long day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine!—
How sweetly, softly twilight fell!
O, earth was full of singing birds,
And happy spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty BABIE BELL
Came to this world of ours!

III.

O, BABIE, dainty BABIE BELL,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise!
And we loved BABIE more and more:
O, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land beyond the morn!
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom GOD led forth,
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When BABIE came from Paradise)—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, *Sweet Christ!*—our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

IV.

And now the orchards, which in June
Were white and rosy in their bloom—
Filling the crystal veins of air
With gentle pulses of perfume—
Were rich in AUTUMN's mellow prime:
The plums were globes of honeyed wine,
The hived sweets of summer time!
The ivory chestnut burst its shell:
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell!
The grapes were purpling in the grange,
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little BABIE BELL!
Her tiny form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face!
Her angel nature ripened too.
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now—
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

V.

GOD'S hand had taken away the seal
Which held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key!
We could not teach her holy things:
She was CHRIST'S self in purity!

VI.

It came upon us by degrees;
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our GOD had sent
His messenger for BABIE BELL!
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain!
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, GOD!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, GOD can tell;
Her little heart was cased in ours;
Our hearts are broken, BABIE BELL!

VII.

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty BABIE BELL?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair,
We parted back her silken hair;
We laid some buds upon her brow,
White buds, like scented flakes of snow—
Death's bride arrayed in flowers!
And thus went dainty BABIE BELL
Out of this world of ours!

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A FRAGMENT.

—— HE was dead! Never again would those eyes look lovingly on me—those kind arms enfold me. Hushed forever was that voice whose slightest sound was like the sweetest music to my ears. That heart which had beat so long and faithfully for me—to which I had been so often and so fondly clasped was stilled in death. He was dead!—and I was once more alone.

I had stood alone in the world till I met JOHN GORDON, and my heart went out to him with an intensity of feeling that I had never known before. And when he told me that he loved me—when I knew that I was no longer alone—my heart was filled with a new and perfect joy. He stood between me and GOD. I know now—I did not then—that GOD in his *mercy* took him from me, that my eyes, undimmed by earthly visions, might behold the clear light of His Divine Love, and my heart be turned to that home which I had so long forgotten, and which I now first learned to love, because, alas! *he* was there.

We had been parted a long time, and when he returned it was to die. Long I strove against the dreadful thought. I *would* not have it so. How could I realize that he whose warm breath I felt upon my cheek—whose protecting arms encircled me so closely—how could I realize that he must shortly leave me—must lie down alone in the cold and silent grave. O, ye who love *and live*, pity me—weep for me, for *I* have no more tears to shed. And when, at last, I could no longer shut my eyes to the fading look of that dear face over which the shadow of death was so quickly stealing—when I *knew* that he must die—oh! I tremble at the thought of those days—how wildly, how passionately I begged and prayed that he might be spared—how madly I demanded him of GOD—how in my despair I almost grew to hate the Hand that "wounds to heal."

And so, day by day, hour by hour, the fast-rolling river of Time bore him onward, ever onward to the Ocean of Eternity, and, sitting by his side, his head upon my bosom, so closely did our spirits intermingle that I almost seemed to hear the rushing waters, and to behold, far in the distance, the green fields of the home to which he was hastening. At last, at last, it came—that parting moment—the frail bark passed the troubled waves, and was safely moored in the Harbor of Everlasting Rest. Gently the lamp of life went out—so gently, that we scarce knew when its poor, flickering light was merged in the light of eternal day. I can speak of it calmly now. The long weary years that have passed since then have not chilled my love—have not seared my feelings; but they have brought to my heart a patient submission—an undying hope.

His grave is by the sea-shore—and as I sit there waiting with a quiet heart, softly, yet clearly, through the never-ending roar I hear *his* voice calling me—"Dearest! best beloved!" I come—my worn and weary feet will soon be stayed. "We shall rest in the city of our GOD, side by side, and forever!" FANNY.

Rochester, N. Y., 1857.

THE CROWNED HEADS AT STUTTGARDT.

AN American lady who witnessed the pageantry of the meeting of the royal families in this city, gives a full description of the scene, and of the great personages present, from which we copy the subjoined paragraph:—"The Emperor of France wears red pants—has short legs; they remind me of a speech once made about his legs. I dare say you remember it. The Emperor of Russia is an elegant looking man; his family are noted for their beauty. The Princess Olga is said to be the handsomest woman in Europe. The Empress of Russia is a regal looking woman. These ladies were dressed in white moir antique silks; a stripe of white, five or six inches wide, and a stripe of the same width covered with the richest flowers here; and then in the white stripe there was an immense bunch of flowers. The dresses were all something in the same style—chip bonnets with white feathers and magnificent lace mantles. I cannot forgive the Queen of Greece for being a fat, fair, round-faced, red-faced, jolly-looking woman. I expected to see a 'maid of Athens,' and I don't like my romances expelled. I was standing just behind the Queen of Holland; she turned and asked me for my countryman, Mr. Clark. I was quite surprised, as I had not been presented to her. The Queen of Holland is a most cultivated and elegant woman—still very handsome, though she has a grandson. She speaks English perfectly, and is, perhaps, the most accomplished woman in Europe. In the afternoon the Emperor and Empress of Russia left here. The French Emperor staid till the next day. On leaving here, the Emperor of France gave fifteen thousand francs to the poor, and twenty thousand to the servants of the King's household. To those who waited on him personally he gave each a gold watch and chain. To the Aid-de camp, Cæsar Beroldingen, appointed him by the King, he gave buttons of onyx and diamonds, which cost an enormous sum; and to Count Urkull, Mareschal de la Cona, he gave a snuff-box with an immense diamond in the centre."

HOOPS IN THE LAST CENTURY.

IN the Grandison days, as Harriet Byron shows us, the ladies made room for the gentlemen in carriages, and for their own circumference in sedan-chairs, by slipping the hoop upon the left shoulder. More accommodating were the fair ladies of a century ago than our contemporaries, we fear; for they would bear a remonstrance which we have no idea would be at all respected now. When the *Messiah*, as yet unheard, was to be rehearsed in Dublin, under the guidance of Handel himself, publicly, for the benefit of certain charities, the advertisement of the rehearsal ended thus:—"Many ladies and gentlemen who are well-wishers to this noble and grand charity, for which this oratorio was composed, request it as a favor that the ladies who honor this performance with their presence would be pleased to come without hoops, as it will greatly increase the charity by making room for more company." Three years later, we find the committee, on a similar occasion, declaring that if the ladies will lay aside their hoops "for one evening, however ornamental, the hall will contain an hundred persons more, with full ease." The grammar is here not so good as the sense and spirit of the notice; but it might not be amiss to read it according to the construction, for that would certainly be an ornamental evening on which the ladies should lay aside their folly—the brightest evening of the year.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—Hon. Thomas H. Benton, in a speech in New York, turned to the ladies, and referring to his mother, said:—"My mother asked me never to use tobacco, and I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me not to game, and I have never gamed; and I cannot tell this day who is winning and who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against hard drink; and whatever capacity for endurance I may have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I attribute to having complied with her pious and earnest wishes. When seven years of age, she asked me not to drink, and I made then a resolution of total abstinence. I formed an abstinence society at a time when I was the sole constituent member of my own body, and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe to my mother."

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE OLD BARN.

BY MIN. BROOKFIELD.

SWEET remembrance clusters round me,
Fraught with many a pleasing charm,
Sitting here upon the door-sill,
Of the old hay-scented barn.
Now the southern breeze comes swelling,
Softly through the open door,
Wafting fragrance from the hay-mow,
Tossing straws along the floor.

Yonder lies the meadow pasture,
Smiling in the May day sun;
Just beyond it is the wheat-field,
There's the woodland further on.
Do you hear that soft low murmur?
Listen now—you heard it then—
'Tis the streamlet's joyful prattle,
In that far-off mossy glen.

Pleasant mem'ries rise before me,
Gazing on the dear old farm,
But the brightest visions linger
Round the weather-beaten barn.
Visions of our early childhoood,
You remember, sister mine,
How we sported in its shadow,
In the merry summer time.

How we climbed the high old scaffolds,
How we ran along the bey,
Searching out each secret corner,
Hunting hens' nests in the hay.
Yes, and you must yet remember,
That old swing just by the door;
How we used to gather round it—
Shall we gather there no more?

Now our band is broken—scattered,
Half the chain already gone;
Shall we yet be linked together
Once again in childhood's home?
Such sweet mem'ries cluster round me,
Fraught with many a pleasing charm,
Sitting here upon the door-sill,
Of the old hay-scented barn.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A "FAMILIAR" LETTER.

JEFF. CO., N. Y., Oct. 1857.

DEAR MR. MOORE:—You'll see, by lookin' at the top of this sheet, that I'm way up here to Jeff. Co., and, as I ain't got "nothin' to do," as the Poet says, and I kinder want to tell you how I cum here, and so forth, I'm a goin' to write you a "*familiar*" letter. I've had a sort o' hankerin' for a long time to write for the nooze-papers, and I allers thought the RURAL was a likely kind of paper (bein' prented so near hum tew, I sort o' took a likin' to it,) so when I saw them air "familiar" letters a fallin' so thick onto your devoted head, that settled me, for thinks sez I, I reckon Mr. MOORE won't feel *mity* riled 'bout my ritin' him a familiar kind o' letter *now*, sence he's got broke inter the bizness. Then agin I've traveled, you know, and p'raps some of the RURAL folks haint heerd much 'bout Jeff. Co., bein' its kinder onten the world, way out here—and thinks sez I, Mr. MOORE prents for that feller over to Urope, (purty smart chap, though as for *that* matter *I* wont gin in to nobody.) But what a mistake he made in goin' over there,—just as if everybody didn't go to *Urope* now days.

Now I'm goin' to tell you how I happened to be way up here. Wall, ye see, arter we'd got the harvestin' dun to hum, and pulled the beans and injuns, there was quite a spell 'fore corn huskin' and tater diggin'—so I made up my mind to hev a play-spell, and see a little of the world. I'd heern tell a good deal of the "Thousan' Iles," so, sez I, I'll take a tower through 'em, down to Ogdensburgh, where I've got an ant, and then, comin' back, I'll stop to Jeff. Co. and visit sum cozins there, that I think something of, and here I am, Mr. Editur.—But I'm anticipatin'. I'll giv you a few pertikelars of the v'yage, 'fore I tell you 'bont Jefferson.

We got onto the steambote—sister PHEBE and I—bag and baggage, one moonshiny night, and the bote, they said, was goin' to start 'bont 'leven o'clock. I may as well tell yon that havin' never travl'd much, I'd never seen a steambote, but I detarmined to keep a stiff upper lip, and say nothin', lettin' silence pass for wisdom, as I've seen sum folks do before. Howsumever, I made up my mind to keep up a sharp look-out to see how other folks acted, and foller suit.

Arter seein' PHEBE inter the Ladies' cabin, and tendin' to the baggage, I thought I'd go out onto deck awhile and look round. It was a galorius site. The moon was shinin' brite enuff to e'enamost eclipse sum o' the bashful stars, which twinkled once in a while, and then went out. Arter lookin' at the moon, and the stars, and the water awhile, I begun to git kinder sentimental, and was just thinkin' of the folks to hum, and GLORY ANN, when the allfiredest screech I ever heerd woke me up, and fairly riz me offen my feet. I had no idee at first but what the biler had bust, but I soon made out that they was ony givin' notice that they was goin' to start.

Wall, arter we'd ben goin' a while, I begun to git a little nappish, so I went down stairs and went up to a feller in a little closit counting over money, and sez I, "Be you the Stewart?—I want ye to giv me a State Room." He looked at me rather sharp, and handed over a key and said 'twas fifty cents. That stunned me a little, but as I was determined to go the hull animal, I forked over two quarters, thinkin', arter all, it was cheap enuff to sleep in a *state* room.

When I'd found the room by the figgers on my key, what d'ye spoze it was? Wall, *I* had an idee that it was got up purty stilish, but considerin' that the bote wan't very large, I thought 'twant likely to be bigger than marm's spare bed-room to hum; but gracious 'twant big enuff to swing a cat in. Howsumever, I undressed and laid myself on to a shelf bilt inter the wall, and tried to git to sleep, but 'twas an impossibility. The jist and rafters and everything round the craft would strain and squeak as ef they'd cum to pieces, and then every onct in a while sum one with heavy boots on would walk along the ruff over my head. Then I began to think sposin the bilers would bust, fer I reckoned I was just about over 'em, and just then I heerd that orful yell agin, and that settled me—I'd go out on deck and see what's up. Wall, when I got out we was just goin' into a place which I reckoned was Pultneyville. All I could see was a row of popular trees along the bank, so I went in agin and found my way to the sleepin' cabin way down in the basement. There was three tiers of shelves on each side, about half on 'em full of people, snorin' like a house a fire, but as it looked kinder uncomfortable, I went up stairs inter the saloon and laid onto a cushioned settee the rest of the night.

When I turned out in the mornin' I found we'd landed at Oswego. You never see sich a time as I had routin' out PHEBE. I guess the gal thought she was to hum, she slept so late. It's a pretty nice kind of a village—Oswego is, though the harbor ain't nothin' to speak on. But what beat me was the different kinds of craft in port. There was two or three steambotes 'sides our'n—sum lazy lookin' propellers—lots o' sail vessels—and canal botes pokin' round without hosses. (Ye see the canal fuses with the river, in the harbor.) There was sum little high pressure steam tugs, that wood fly round as ef they was somethin', catch hold of a canal bote or a schuner and jerk 'em round quicker'n scat,—and lots o' little boys scullin' punts round, like wigglers in a rain-water barrel. The dock was lined with grain ellivators. Ye see, Mr. Editur, they git wheat from Canerda—or anywhere else—and put it through their mills there, and 'pon my word, ef it don't cum out "Extra Genesee Flour"—every bar'l on't.

The harbor wan't but jest broad enuff to turn round, but we managed to git out inter blue water agin. 'Twas purty ruff, and I cum nigh fallin' in with the scripter injunction—"Cast ye up," but dinner seemed to help me sum. The dinner table *did* look well, I vow—all laid out with crockery, and white cloths standin's on end in tumbelers; but it didn't look as ef 'twould satisfy a feller's hunger, and I couldn't see a mite to eat 'ceptin' a homeypathy slice of bread to each plate. Wall, without goin' inter pertikelars, sum mutton lugger fellers got somethin' from a side table, and we made out a good dinner, considerin'.

Arter dinner PHEBE cum to me, and sez she, Brother P——(Gracious! ef I didn't cum nigh tellin' my name that time.) Wall, arter all, Mr. Editur, I spose I'm obleeged to tell ye who I am, cause Editurs don't prent nothin' unless they hev a responsible name, but I hate to, dreadful. At fuet I was a goin' to sine suthin' fleetishus, and I'd purty nigh settled onto "Rustycuss," when I happened to think it mite be swarm'—a feller can't tell the meanin' of half these heathenish words. So I giv it up, and determined to sine my hull name, sayin' kinder *sotty voce*, that I wan't ashamed on't (that,s an orful fib, howsumever, Mr. Editur.) As well fust as last, forzino. My name is PEABODY GREEN. I was named arter my muther; (her name was PATIENCE PEABODY; you may hev heern on her.)—Now I'll tell ye *why* I'm 'shamed. Ye see the boys to hum used to call me PEA for short; and they see it riled me, so they took to hollerin' "*habeus corpus*" at me, meanin', I spose, that I mite hev the *body*, and they'd be content with callin' me "Pea;" (but don't ye think 'twas rather far-fetched?) Howsumever, it riled me sum, so I mounted a standin' collar, and blocked out a whisker on each chop, in hopes that I'd be called *Mr.* GREEN, and I kinder reckon on't when I git hum from my tower. Now, Mr. Editur, I hope you'll be pertikelar about sinin' the hull name.

I've got to stop now, cause my sheet's gin out—and I han't got to Jeff. Co. yet, but ef ye say so I'll git ye up a serious o' three or four letters, 'bont my tower, and I won't charge ye nothin' neither, though I spose that feller over to Urope does. Ef you prent this, I'll reckon that you'd like to hear from me agin.

I'm goin' to git in suthin' 'bout the "Thousan' Iles" in my next. Hopin' you'll excuse my familiarity, I am, yours respectably,

PEABODY GREEN.

P. S.—Please be pertikelar 'bont sinin' the hull name. P. G.

I HAVE LOST MY WAY.

"I HAVE lost my way," a little girl said to me this morning. She had wandered too far from her father's house. "I want to go home," the child said, and her tears fell thick and fast upon her little hands. I led the little lost one home; and it was sweet to witness the rejoicings of the parents over the restored lamb.

I have lost my way, I repeated sadly to myself in these deep labyrinths of life; my feet wander in strange paths; the fruit which I had so fondly coveted, like the apples of Sodom, turned into ashes on my lips; memories of my glad prayerful childhood, come sweeping over my soul; I have left my Father's home, and I, too, want to go home.

God has made the parent a type of his own infinite love; and if an earthly father can say, "It was meet that we should be merry and be glad, for this my son was dead, and is alive again, and was lost, and is found," how much more will our heavenly Father welcome the wanderer's return to his protecting love! The sweetest tears shed are those of penitence. Some of the noblest steps trod are those which return from wanderings. A greater than a father's love waits to embrace the prodigal. —*Selected.*

THE VALUE OF TIME.

WHEN the Roman Emperor said, "I have lost a day," he uttered a sadder truth than if he had exclaimed, "I have lost a kingdom." Napoleon said that the reason why he beat the Austrians was, that they did know the value of five minutes. At the celebrated battle of Rivoli, the conflict seemed on the point of being decided against him. He saw the critical state of affairs, and instantly took his resolution. He despatched a flag to the Austrian head-quarters, with proposals for an armistice. The unwary Austrians fell into the snare—for a few minutes the thunders of battle were hushed. Napoleon seized the precious moments, and, while amusing the enemy with mock negotiation, re-arranged his line of battle, changed his front, and in a few minutes was ready to renounce the farce of discussion for the stern arbitrament of arms. The splendid victory of Rivoli was the result. The great moral victories and defeats of the world often turn on five minutes. Crises come, the not seizing of which is ruin. Men may loiter, but time flies on the wings of the wind, and all the great interests of life are speeding on, with the sure and silent tread of destiny.

MEN usually follow their wishes till suffering compels them to follow their judgment.

ON THE RAIL.

THE following admirable sketch of the interior of a railroad car at day break, is from the Chicago Journal. Night passengers will appreciate its truthfulness:

Long before we hear the roar of wheels, we see the glimmer of a growing light. Brighter and broader it opens, like the Cyclopean unwinking eye; it is the head light of the train. Then the steady jar, then the mingled clank as of a thousand shaken chains, and the cars are here. "All aboard" and "all right" follow each other in quick succession, and we are breathing the air of the close and crowded dormitory. The car lamps have gone out, disgusted; the little wakefulness of the sleepers has subsided, and a dim snoring outline of cloaks and shawls and frightened looking heads, rocked here and there like a troubled sea, with white, compose the landscape; while over all, like pendulums, swing plethoric carpet bags, slowly to and fro, and little satchels brisk as mantle clocks, and bonnets made of nothing, dance up and down like blossoms in a rain; all timed to the motion of the train.

But the dim grey turns to a cold-eyed white, and the breathing bundles begin to stir; out of an egg-shaped package, is hatched a woman, with locks disheveled, like Venus from the sea. A three or two, and a rougher head emerges from cloak and shawl, and shakes itself awake. A shapeless heap turns out a man, bearded like a pard. A pair of boots thrust up like bow-sprits, goes out of sight, as owner comes in view. One is soothing an irritated hat with gentle touches of his elbow; another pulling at his wilted collar. Disordered tresses are smoothed with hasty touches of the hand, and crumpled sleeves persuaded into shape. One lady has learned her lesson from Grimalkin, and makes her toilet precisely like a *cat*.

The cold clear light of early morning is always trying to human beauty; there are no tints to be borrowed, no softening shade to be worn; a plain cold stare, that looks one out of countenance.—But in a railroad train the ordeal is appaling. If a face ever looks faded, it is then; if the hair has any grey in it, it is sure "to show;" wrinkles are read like a sign-board afar off. If there be discontent in the heart, it comes up into the mouth, and everybody looks like people after a masquerade, or Richard after he becomes "*himself* again."

* * * * * * *

Everybody has experienced that curiosity—sometimes almost suspense—with which one waits for a coming lantern or a coming morning, when he has wedged his way in a stage coach, or a dark car at night; curiosity to see who has persisted in making a pillow of his shoulder, or whose feet have been entangled with his own, or who has been saying "the smart things" in the dark, or who produced that snore that strangely mingled a sneeze and a bark. And the curiosity is mutual, and with light comes decorum. The open mouth is shut up with a jerk; human letter X's are closed like a pair of compasses; the man that was curled like a dandelion stem, and the man that bowed like a bulrush, have disappeared, and all are "set up" in rows like so many tenpins. Who owned the snore, and who the wit, are problems to be studied out at one's leisure.

BOOKS AND PAPERS.

FRANKLIN said:—"When I see a house well furnished with books and newspapers, there I see intelligent and well informed children; but if there are no books or papers, the children are ignorant, if not profligate."

It must be remembered that in Franklin's day there were but few books, comparatively, that were of an evil tendency, and if he had lived in our times, he would doubtless have said *proper* books and newspapers. It is a shame that so many volumes are being constantly thrown from the press that are injurious in their influence upon the best interests of the young. What a tremendous responsibility rests upon some of our great publishing houses! And as to newspapers, how many of them pander to sin and licentiousness. One-fourth of the columns of some papers are taken up with the advertisements of quack nostrums for healing diseases resulting from vicious indulgence, and which are polluting to all who read them.—We, therefore, would endorse friend Benjamin's views as above, by adding the word proper to the books and newspapers.—*Selected.*

SOMETHING TO THINK UPON.—In Prof. Hitchcock's late work on Geology, he has a chapter upon "The Telegraph System of the Universe," in which he broaches the remarkable theory that "our words, our actions, even our thoughts make an indelible impression upon the universe." This proposition he endeavors to sustain by an appeal to well established principles of science. He shows, by the doctrine of mechanical action, that every impression which man makes by his words, or his movements upon the air, the waters, or the solid earth, will produce a series of changes in each of those elements which will never end. Not a word has ever escaped from mortal lip, he contends, but it is registered indelibly upon the atmosphere we breathe. And could man command the mathematics of superior minds, every particle of air thus set in motion could be traced through all its changes, with as much precision as the astronomer can point out the path of the heavenly bodies. In like manner, the pictures of every occurrence propagate themselves through the reaction of light on the substances on which they impinge.

SELF-CULTURE.—It is our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the utmost vigor and maturity every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendship, and to incur enmities.—To model our principles to our duty and situation. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame and without use. He trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.

The Traveler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Wanderings in Europe.—New Series.

LETTER NO. IV.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

A Walk to Ulm.

AT Stuttgart my friends had reached the end of their journey, and, deciding to return to Heidelberg by railroad, I was left to continue my journey alone, or with such companions as I might chance to pick up on the way. We parted in the street, they went to the station, and I took the road to Ulm. There was a long hill for me to ascend, and I paused on the summit a few moments, to take my last view of Stuttgart. The city lies in a deep valley, hemmed in on each side by vine-covered hills. It soon began to rain, and I put on my oil-cloth cape, and set forth at a rapid pace on my lonely way. I shortly met a gend'arm, who was plodding along with his musket slung to his back, and evidently feeling uncomfortable under the pelting rain that was soaking him to the skin.—He hailed me to examine my cape which he pronounced "*ganz nett*," and having detected my foreign accent, he asked me where I came from. His first exclamation, on hearing that I was from America, was, "how glad your folks will be to see you when you go back," and when we parted, after a moments' conversation, he wished me heartily a happy journey.

I had entered into a fruitful and undulating farming country, the surface resembling many of the best parts of Western New York, but the features of the landscape, so far as affected by the hand of man, as different as the characters of the people, and their methods of cultivation. The German landscape is devoid of fences which are a prominent feature in the American. The fruit trees are planted in rows along the roads, and scattered irregularly over the fields, instead of being gathered into compact orchards. In some parts the forests are quite numerous, and are wild and intermixed with the cultivated lands, quite in the American style.

Perhaps the most peculiar feature of a German landscape, as compared with an American, is the almost total absence of single farm houses, surrounded by their appropriate out-buildings. The land is mostly owned by peasants, each having a small quantity, which makes it more economical to build their houses together in villages, from which they go out to till their small farms. The villages are therefore numerous, but the houses small and dirty. The cow and horse stables are frequently under the same roof with the rooms in which the family dwells, and manure piles are formed almost at the very door steps. There are always plenty of beer houses, and a school and church. Commonly there is water in the streets; where it is possible living fountains are constructed, and it is customary to ornament them with quaint figures and devices. I do not believe this system of dividing the land into small portions, each having its separate owner, is favorable to the attainment of the highest state of cultivation.—The farming tools with which the peasants work, are very inferior. So far as I have observed they plow shallow, but cover the land with manure, and stir the top almost incessantly. A peasant cannot afford to keep the teams and tools with which to plow ten or twelve inches deep, and it is impossible for him to drain his land, unless his neighbors also drain theirs, and all unite in carrying out a general system.

In the afternoon I came in sight of the Schwabian Alps, and saw several castles on rocky peaks. Night set in just as I descended again into the valley of the Neckar, and I stopped in a pleasant little village which stood on the green meadows by the river banks. The next forenoon I entered among the mountains. The valley, which was very fertile and filled with fruit trees, grew narrower and narrower. The mountains, mostly covered with forests, rose up steep and showed many rough crags on their summits. The village of Urach stands at the head of the valley, and is surrounded by rough mountains, thrown together very irregularly, and bearing some resemblance to the Trosachs in Scotland. A large stream which flows through the town, creates quite a water-power, which is used for mills and manufactories. On one of the heighths above the town, are extensive ruins of a castle, but old castles had become so familiar to me that I had not the slightest desire to inspect them. At Urach the road commenced a winding ascent, and after following it an hour, I came out beyond the chain of mountains, and entered a more elevated and colder country. Vegetation was not so forward or so luxuriant as in the valley of the Neckar, and the forests, of which there were many, had scarcely begun to grow green. In one lonely place I came to a shepherd, attending his flock. He wore a long blue cloak, and bore a crook and pipe. While I was walking by he commenced playing to his flock on his pipe. I sat down and listened to the music which was not very artistic, being only a lively variation of two or three notes, but it sounded spirited and cheering, and was romantic, taken in connection with the scene. The sheep did not seem to heed it, unless a continued grazing was an expression of their applause. Many of the shepherds have covered boxes, mounted on wheels, which they draw after them and sleep in at night.

After leaving Feldstetten, the next day, the village in which the heavy rain had compelled me to remain over night, I walked through a bleak and gloomy looking country, with forests scattered over it in real American style. It was about the dreariest cultivated landscape that I ever saw.—The fruit trees along the road side, though scarcely higher than my head, were covered with moss and had the appearance of age. About the middle of the day the road suddenly wound down into the valley of the Blau, a stream that empties into the Danube at Ulm, and after following its downward course for an hour, I came to the village of Blaubeuren, which is situated on the edge of a green meadow and surrounded by high and rocky hills. The road continued in this valley to Ulm. The hills that rise upon each hand are steep and craggy; some of the crags have been worn into such fantastic shapes, that several times I mistook them for the ruins of castles, and until I got different views, I did not perceive the deception. The valley widened at last into a plain, and the vast bulk of the Cathedral tower came in sight, while I was yet several miles from the city.

I happened to walk into the city with a soldier, and in conversation I asked him what the amount of his pay was. He replied nine kreutzers (six cents) daily, and considered that a good deal for the common soldiers received only three kreutzers daily, but as he was an officer he got more. The rations of a common soldier, he said, were two pounds of bread and one warm meal each day. I did not wonder that he was dissatisfied with a soldier's life and wished to escape and go to America.

The Cathedral, which was begun in the 14th century, is not yet finished, and workmen are now engaged in building pinnacles over the buttresses.—The tower will probably never be completed; it is now three hundred and thirty-seven feet high, and if carried up according to the original plan it would be five hundred. From its summit I had an admirable view of Ulm and its environs. It is one of the most strongly fortified places on the continent. A chain of massive forts surrounds it, and inside of this are the walls and other fortifications. The inhabitants number about twenty-three thousand, and it is its position, not its size, which makes it so important, and has caused it to be so strongly fortified. It is garrisoned by soldiers from Austria, Bavaria and Wirtemberg. The Danube here is a muddy stream, eighty or ninety paces wide, and so shallow that steamboats cannot navigate it.

AFFECTATION is the art of being a fool according to rule. Some people are never themselves until they succeed in being somebody else; and it is a melancholy fact that those who effect the transmigration, rarely become anybody at all.

SECRECY has been well termed the soul of all great designs; perhaps more has been effected by concealing our own intentions, than by discovering those of our enemy. Great men succeed in both.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

THERE is not an American name more extensively known throughout the civilized world, nor one for which a higher respect is cherished among men of learning and science, than that of the distinguished Ornithologist, AUDUBON, whose birth occurred on the 4th of May, 1780, in the city of New Orleans. His parents were French, and, being blessed with the means, sent their boy to Paris to acquire his education in the best schools of that gay metropolis. After spending eight or ten years abroad, he returned to his native country, as the proper field in which to pursue those studies for which he had already acquired an over-mastering passion.

Ornithology and Entomology had early attracted the attention of young AUDUBON, and before he returned to America he had made considerable proficiency in these sciences, although the field of his observations was extremely narrow and unsatisfactory; but now his scope was unbounded and the material ample, and he resolved to give it a thorough investigation. As soon as he could put himself in a state of readiness, he commenced those indefatigable and hazardous labors which ended only with his life, and which have crowned his name with an imperishable halo of glory.

AUDUBON was one of the earliest pioneers of the Great West, and with knapsack slung, and his rifle, and net, and snares in his hand, he made the longest journeys across the broad prairies, and through the wide bottoms, counting no labor lost, and no hardship of any account, so that he could bag a new bird or insect. As early as 1810, we find him sailing down the upper Mississippi in a birch canoe, with his wife and one child, who shared his perils and his joy.

From that period his career was one of adventure, romantic incident and varied fortune. Hardly a region in the United States was left unvisited by his presence; and the most inaccessible haunts of Nature were disturbed by this adventurous and indefatigable Ornithologist, to whom a new discovery or a fresh experience was only the incentive to greater ardor, and further efforts in his favorite department of science.

It was many years subsequent to this period that AUDUBON conceived the noble project of giving to the world a perfect history of all the feathered race in the United States. His project was on a scale commensurate with the magnificence of the subject, and was not completed until after a quarter of a century's hard labor. Without funds, and with but the promise of some patronage, he set himself to this great work of his life with more zeal and cheerfulness than he would have done to the acquisition of a fortune—counting no labor too much, and no pains or cost too great, so that he might gain one step in his great purpose. Those whose good fortune it was to become acquainted with him at this time describe him as a man of marked appearance, original in his character, of childlike demeanor, entirely free from that savageness of manner so natural to one whose days are spent in the wilderness. Yet there was a fire in his piercing eye, and a spirit in his striking brow and erect mien, which evinced an unconquerable energy of purpose, and gave warrant of success in all the great plans of his life.

In 1824 he went to England, where, though unknown, and, at first, friendless, he soon became "the admired of all admirers." Says the *American, Phrenological Journal*, "Men of genius—the WILSONS, the ROSCOES, the SWAINSONS, recognized his lofty claims; learned societies extended to him the warm and willing hand of friendship; the houses of the nobility were opened to him; wherever he went, the solitary, unfriended American woodsman was the conspicuous object of a wide remark and love." In 1831, at Edinburgh he put forth his first volume of Ornithological Biography. The striking superiority of this soon procured him subscribers for the remainder of the work. In France he received like honors, but soon returned to America, which he explored from Florida to Labrador, expanding the Biography to five volumes. At length the "Birds of America" was completed. The elegance of the engraving, the richness and delicacy, as well as the life-likeness of the coloring, took the world by surprise, and forever established the fame of AUDUBON as the great American Ornithologist.

As an instance of the wonderful perseverance of Mr. AUDUBON, it is related that having wandered and toiled for years to get accurate representations of American birds, he found that two Norway rats had in a single night destroyed two hundred of his original drawings containing the form of more than a thousand inhabitants of the air. All were gone, except a few bits of gnawed paper, upon which the marauding rascals had reared a family of their young. "The burning heat," says the noble-hearted sufferer, "which instantly rushed through my brain, was too great to be endured, without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion, until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils, and went forward to the woods as gayly as if nothing had happened." He went forth, and in less than three years had his portfolio filled.

For the last ten or twelve years of his life, AUDUBON reposed upon his laurels, and in his quiet little home, near the city of New York, enjoyed the only repose he ever knew. Satisfied to have around him a few choice spirits, he did not mingle much in society, and to the world he has been known only through the results of his labors. Here he died in peace on the 27th of January, 1851, aged seventy-one years.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SCOTLAND.

THERE is, perhaps, no country in the Old World, which presents more picturesque and enchanting scenery than Scotland. Her placid lakes, dispersed through her territory, stretching themselves out like a broad expanse of silver, as far as the eye can reach—her mountains towering high into ether—her rivers and cascades, and her awful chasms and precipices, present to the eye of the beholder an appearance at once awful, sublime, and imposing. But, perhaps, the recollections connected with her pristine glory, and her former history, may add a charm which the scenery itself does not present. We behold in those highlands the same rock-bound cliffs and glens, where BRUCE and WALLACE so often secreted themselves, and their brave followers, when their lives were sought for by blood-thirsty tyrants, and every place recalls some scene of her ancient history. A SCOTT, a BURNS, and a CAMPBELL, have rendered every mountain side—every hill and vale—every tower and castle, and each lake and rocky shore classic ground.

Where, in the annals of the world, and in the history of nations, shall we find more bravery,—more patriotic devotion and love of country—a more determined opposition to tyranny, and a greater love of liberty than in the Scottish character. In all their long and bloody contests against foreign aggression, we always find them the same bold and intrepid defenders of their country; warring only for liberty, and not for conquest, or dominion; contented with their own highland country, they only sought repose in their sequestered hills and vales, and never drew the claymore, or marshalled their warriors but in defence of their dearest rights, and of their native land.—When an enemy invaded her territories, the shrill sound of the bugle would marshal from every hill and brake, soldiers true and bold, determined to "do or die" in the defence of their country. After battling through centuries, for the glorious boon of *Liberty*, her brave sons were doomed to be vassals and dependent upon the people of England.

Attica, N. Y., 1857. WALTER R. BISHOP.

ANCIENT AND MODERN GREEKS.

NEXT to the pleasure enjoyed by the traveler in contemplating the ruins of Greece must be ranked that of comparing the singularity of the manners of the present inhabitants with those of the ancients. In many of the ordinary practices of life this resemblance is striking. The hottest hours of the day are still devoted to sleep, as they were in the times recorded by Xenophon, when Conon attempted to escape from the Lacedæmonians at Lesbos, and when Phœbidas surprised the citadel of Thebes. The Greeks still feed chiefly upon vegetables, and salted or pickled provisions. The eyebrows of the Greek women are still blackened by art, and their cheeks painted occasionally with red and white, as described by Xenophon. This latter custom in particular is universal in Zanta among the upper classes. The laver, from which water is poured from the hand previous to eating appears by many passages in the Odyssey to have been a common utensil in the time of Homer; and something like the small moveable table, universally used in the Levant, seems to have been common amongst the ancient Greeks. According to Herodotus, in his description of the banquet given by the Theban Antigonus to Mardonius and the chiefs of the Persian army, there were two men, a Persian and Theban, placed at each table; which circumstance, being so particularly remarked, was probably a deviation from the custom of each person having a table to himself.—*Turner's Tour in the Levant.*

I HAVE come to the conclusion, says Prof. Upham, if men, or women either, wish to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes—by having something to do and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity—and which, by expanding the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.

IN the affairs of life, activity is to be preferred to dignity; and practical energy and despatch, to premeditated composure and reserve.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

Be of good cheer, with thee life's joys
Are not all o'er,
Long years of happiness for thee
Are yet in store.

Be not cast down, but firmly meet
Life's varied ills,
Though storms arise and grief the heart
With sadness fills.

Hope on, hope on, let faith's own star
With lustre bright,
Across thy pathway ever shed
Its radiant light.

Though darkness rests upon thy path,
And sorrows rise,
A brighter home there is for thee
Beyond the skies.

Then onward, upward, higher still
Let us ascend,
The path that leads from earth to Heaven
Doth upward tend.

Still upward as the eagle soars
Toward the sun,
Let us advance to meet the great
Eternal one.

Gorham, N. Y., 1857. A. B. H.

THE BOOK OF JOB.

The Book of Job is generally regarded as the most perfect specimen of the poetry of the Hebrews. It is alike picturesque in the delineation of individual phenomena, and artistically skillful in the didactic arrangement of the whole work.—In all the modern languages into which the Book of Job has been translated, its images, drawn from the natural scenery of the East, leaves a deep impression on the mind.

"The Lord walketh on the heights of the waters, on the ridges of the waves, towering high beneath the force of the wind." "The morning red has colored the margins of the earth, and variously formed the covering of the clouds, as the hand of man holds the yielding clay."

The habits of animals are described, as, for instance, those of the wild ass, the horse, the buffalo, the rhinoceros, and the crocodile, the eagle and the ostrich. We see "pure ether spread during the scorching heat of the South wind, as a melted mirror over a parched desert."

The poetic literature of the Hebrews is not deficient in variety of form; for while the Hebrew poetry breathes a tone of warlike enthusiasm, from Joshua to Samuel, the little book of the gleaner Ruth presents us with a charming and exquisite picture of nature. Goethe, at the period of his enthusiasm for the East, spoke of it "as the loveliest of epic and idyl poetry which we possess.—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

FINE PREACHING.

THE curse of the age is fine preaching; it is morbid and pestilential. The want of the age is plain intelligent preaching; preaching suggestive and illustrative; preaching absorbing all that eloquence can offer, but eloquence adapting itself (without which it ceases to be eloquence) to the wants and states of the people; availing itself of the lights of history for illustration; or of science for confirmation; or of philology for elucidation, and holding also aloft that they may reflect their rays upon the genius of Christianity, and develop its superior lustre, adaptability, and power.

The attempt to say fine things in the pulpit is a solemn sin; and fine sermons (like all other finery) are very evanescent in their influence. Let the fine sermon system die out as fast as possible, useless as it is to God and man. It devolves upon a few men to show to those not gifted with so much moral courage, that there is everything to gain and nothing to lose by the adoption of a more honest system of instruction. Intelligence will ever hie away to the man able to teach.—*Gospel Messenger.*

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.—When you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to wake till the heavens be no more. And when you wake in the morning, consider the new day as your last, and act accordingly. Surely that night cometh of which you shall never see the morning, or that day of which you shall never see the night; but which of your mornings and nights you know not. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyment hang loose about you, that it may be safely dropped when death comes to carry you into another world.—When the fruit is ripe it falls off the tree easily.—So when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one, and then we are ready for heaven, when our heart is before us.

IF I had the righteousness of a saint, says one, O how happy should I be! If I had the righteousness of an angel, says another, I should fear no evil. But I am bold to say, that the poorest sinner, who believes in Christ, has a righteousness infinitely more excellent than that of either saints or angels. If the law is for sinless perfection, it is to be found in Christ my divine surety. If the law requires an obedience, that may stand before the burning eye of God; behold, it is in Jesus my mediator. Should the strictest justice arraign me, and the purest holiness make its demands upon me; I remit them to my dying and obedient Immanuel. With him the father is always well pleased; and in him, the believer stands complete.—*Harvey.*

RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.—Preachers entangled in an angry controversy instead of agreeing to build the temple of God, think themselves obliged to pull down the scaffolds on which their brethren work. Shepherds, who should join their forces to oppose the common enemy, militate against their fellow-shepherds. After the example of their leaders, they learn to butt; and wounds and lameness are the consequences of the general debate.—*Fletcher.*

PEOPLE frequently reject great truths, not so much for want of evidence, as for want of an inclination to search for it.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

THE CURRENCY OF THE COUNTRY is so deranged at present that we must necessarily lose much during the ensuing RURAL CAMPAIGN, and therefore trust our friends will send us the best funds conveniently obtainable in their respective localities. If our Western and Southern friends can remit in Drafts on New York at former rates of exchange, —or in bills on New York, Canada or New England solvent Banks,—they will save us both trouble and expense.—Though Western and Southern money is perfectly good at home, and not refused by us, yet we cannot at present use it without a great sacrifice;—hence this request. If our agents and other friends in all parts of the Union, the British Provinces, &c., will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES, &c.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1858, and a yearly copy of either *Harper's, Godey's, Graham's*, or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The RURAL and either *Arthur's Magazine*, the *National Magazine*, or any other $2 magazine for $3.

☞ THE RURAL SHOW-BILL for 1858, just issued, will be sent, post-paid, to all applicant who can use one or more copies advantageously. We shall also cheerfully furnish Specimen Numbers of the RURAL for use in obtaining new subscribers, or send them to any address desired.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, without certificate, and each and all who volunteer in the good cause will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ AGENTS OF THE RURAL, and all others disposed to aid in extending its area of usefulness, are referred to Premium List for 1857–8, on last column of next page.

☞ THOSE who are forming large clubs can send on the names and money of a part, before completing their lists.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL, be sure and specify name of *Post-Office, County*, and *State, Territory or Province*.

List of New Advertisements this week.

5,000 Energetic Young Farmers Wanted.
Family Bibles—Wm. J. Moses.
Hand Book for the Nation—H. H. Long.
200,000 Apple Grafts—J. W. Thompson & Co.
Berkshire Pigs!—W. J. Pettee.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 21, 1857.

Affairs at Washington.

THE President received notice of the resignation of Gov. Izzard, of Nebraska, several days ago. He will leave this, with other vacancies, open until Congress meets.

No intelligence has reached the Department of the reported slaughter of troops by the Indians, or of the destruction of trains by the Mormons. Previous information, however, renders the latter event not improbable. The troops are considered perfectly safe, unless resisted in the mountain defiles. The aggregate force consists of 1,500 men, with three companies of flying artillery. It is fully provisioned for ten or eleven months. The direction of hostilities, whether hostile or passive, is confided to Col. Johnson, who commands, and whose prudence is greatly valued by the Department. The Administration has no intention of sending forward reinforcements this winter, unless some unexpected exigency arises. The cost of transportation and supplies is immense.

Letters were received a few days ago from an officer on Green River, where the force proposes to winter, as things are now planned, which seems to contradict the story that an attack had been made on the trains. The last letter from Col. Johnson, commanding the expedition, reiterates the determination to enter the Utah valley before winter, where he will not let his men starve while the Mormon granaries are overflowing. Col. J. left four companies of Infantry at Fort Laramie to keep communication open.

Serious apprehensions are entertained for the safety of Col. Alexander's portion of the Utah expedition, which at last accounts had passed Green River. It is thought that he may be saved if he had the courage to retreat, but as to do that would involve a disregard of his orders to advance, it seems doubtful whether the responsibility of disobeying them would be assumed. Misgivings are felt concerning the safety of a heavy settler's train with half a million dollars, which was behind that destroyed. If the heavy snows should have turned it out of the route taken by the other train, it is not improbable that it escaped sharing its fate, otherwise its situation was very precarious.

LATER CONCERNING THE UTAH EXPEDITION.—The Secretary of War failed to receive official dispatches on the 16th inst. from Col. Johnson, commanding the Utah expedition, but private advices leave no doubt in his mind of the truth of Judge Eckel's dispatch about the destruction of the Government trains. Gen. Scott is absent from headquarters, and as Col. Johnson's dispatches would go there, they are no doubt lying in New York.—The Utah expedition was supplied with full provisions for one year. The expedition will suffer not the slightest inconvenience from the loss of the destroyed trains, and the force under Col. J., 2,000 men, all told, are in no danger from either the Mormons or the season. The Administration are undecided as to what course they will pursue.

THE INDUSTRY OF INDIA.—The London (Eng.) Economist, in an article on India, speaks as follows of the industry of the inhabitants:—"Whatever may be the turbulence of some classes of Hindoos, and the indolence of others, it is certain that there are in India persevering and industrious laborers. Within the last twenty years the amount of the products of other countries consumed in India has increased from $20,000,000 to $85,000,000, and her native productions have more than kept pace with it. Every nation which trades with her becomes her debtor. In 1835, the surplus produce of India was $40,000,000; in 1855 it exceeded $125,000,000. Last year the balance due India for the excess of the exports over the imports was $41,000,000. The specie importations, which may be regarded as a sure indication of the balance of trade, have increased from $14,000,000 in 1846, to $62,000,000 in 1856. Such statistics show that there is progressive industry in India, which the present mutiny must affect disastrously."

Conflagrations and Casualties,

A DESTRUCTIVE fire occurred at Waterford, Saratoga Co., N. Y., at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 11th inst. The extensive flouring mill of Messrs. Morse, Eddy & Co., together with the storehouse attached and its contents, were entirely destroyed. Ten thousand bushels of wheat and four hundred barrels of flour were in the storehouse.—The fire is supposed to have originated in the friction of the machinery. The loss amounts to about $35,000. The insurance is $10,000 on the stock and $9,000 on the building.

THE South Carolina Cordage Company's factory, in Charleston, was burnt on the 10th inst. The loss is about $50,000, and the insurance (in Northern offices) about $12,000.

ABOUT 3 o'clock on the morning of the 11th inst., a fire broke out in Boston, Mass., in No. 13 Tremont row and extended to Nos. 14 and 15. P. A. Jones & Co. are heavy losers, $25,000 worth of their stock being completely drenched. Jones, White and McCurdy, dental instrument makers, and others, suffered more or less damage. The fire was confined to the upper part of the buildings.

AT about 4 o'clock in the morning of the 12th inst., two newspaper offices and five stores in the village of Culpepper, Va., were destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at $30,000.

A COTTON factory was destroyed by fire at Athens, Ga., on the 10th inst. Loss $60,000; no insurance.

THE Tobacco factory of Messrs. S. P. Dick & Co. in Louisville, Ky., has been destroyed by fire. The loss (not known) is fully covered by insurance, principally in Eastern offices.

A FIRE broke out in the Lard Oil factory of Henry Lewis, Cincinnati, O., on the 10th inst.—Loss $10,000. Not insured. Another fire broke out about the same time in the Lead store of R. H. Cait, on Western Row, and entirely destroyed it.—Also the Liquor store of W. Grosvenor. Loss $5,000. Insured for $1,000.

ABOUT 6 o'clock on the 14th inst., the Fort Edward Blast furnace was discovered to be on fire, and soon after the whole building was destroyed. The machinery was mostly saved. Loss about $3,000. The building was not insured.

A DESTRUCTIVE fire occurred at Perry, Wyoming Co., N. Y., on Monday the 9th inst., at midnight, which destroyed several stores and shops in the best part of the village. Loss not ascertained.

Two large iron tanks, used for rending lard, in the new slaughter house of S. H. Smith, at Alton, Ill., exploded with a terrific noise, on the 7th inst. The tanks were blown entirely through the building; the four brick walls were thrown down and shattered throughout; the floors fell through, and the roof lay upon the ruins. The work of destruction was complete. A large amount of salt was also destroyed with the building. The cause of the explosion is thought to be an over amount of steam. The engineer was considerably injured by the escape of steam, and the watchman of the establishment had his leg broke by the falling timbers. The loss is estimated variously at from $8,000 to $12,000; no insurance.

THE steam tug Noah P. Sprague, of Buffalo, exploded while in the river opposite Detroit on the 14th inst., had instantly sunk. The crew consisted of ten persons, and eight of them were instantly killed. The captain and first engineer escaped with severe, but not fatal injuries. The barque Sunshine, which she had alongside of her, was completely riddled in the rigging, but no one on board of her was injured. The cause of the explosion has not been ascertained.

A DESTRUCTIVE fire broke out in Lockport, N. Y., on the night of the 15th inst., in Draper's mill, and before it could be subdued destroyed most of the buildings in the ravine at the foot of the locks, together with the celebrated Spalding mill, owned by N. H. Wolff & Co., of New York.—At one time, buildings on Main street were in imminent danger. Estimated loss $100,000, as follows:—N. H. Wolff & Co., $50,000; insured about $25,000. Harmon, Cope & Co., lessees of mill, loss on grain and flour $15,000; insured $8,000. John Draper, grist mill, loss $6,000; insured $4 000. J. D. Shuler, warehouse and dwelling house attached, $6,000; insured $3,000 in Phœnix Company, Hartford. L. A. Spalding, plaster mill, loss $5,000, no insurance. Saw mill damaged $1,000, insured. A small dwelling owned by Sloan, of Black Rock. Loss $700. A large number of people are thrown out of employment. Three firemen were severely injured by the breaking of a ladder on which they were engaged in throwing water into the 4th story, and is still insensible and in a critical condition. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

OUR LITTLE LUXURIES.—During the year which ended June 30th, 1856, we imported

Silk piece goods	$25,700,651
Other silk goods	6,917,115
Laces	1,601,610
Embroideries	4,664,353
Worsted piece goods	12,236,276
Rich carpetings	1,629,196
Shawls, wool, cotton and silk	2,619,771

This is an increase over the imports of same articles for the previous year of nearly $12,000,000, and is probably in turn exceeded by the imports for the year ending on the 30th of June last. No wonder the times is hard.

IN A GOOD CONDITION.—The Treasury of Arkansas is now full to overflowing with gold and silver. Banks are failing, general ruin and distress are widespread throughout the country, but Arkansas feels it not. Her indebtedness on account of her old banks is being surely and rapidly paid off. On her own account Arkansas does not owe a dollar, while she has in her vaults, in gold and silver, more than enough to defray her expenses for two years without further taxation. Of her indebtedness on account of the banks she has already paid off at least one-third—and paid it off too, without the imposition of one cent of taxes.

MORMONS MANUFACTURING PISTOLS.—A manufactory has been in operation at Salt Lake for the past seven months, turning out two hundred revolvers per week. They have excellent workmen and abundant material. In case they should desire to enter into conflict with the troops, they are well furnished with the means, and it is thought that the Indians will unite forces with them.

Destructive Freshets.

DURING the past week telegraphic accounts from various portions of our State reported heavy and incessant rain, and the consequent rise of streams and rivers to such extent as had not been witnessed for many years. Our exchanges now coming in, bring details of losses incurred and we condense therefrom:

In the Genesee Valley much damage resulted from the sudden elevation of the waters. The river rose to a height equalled only by a "flood" in 1835. Corn stalks, hay, pumpkins, and various other articles of farm produce that had not been secured on the low lands were carried off and passed through our city *en route* for lake Ontario. The carcasses of several cows, oxen, &c., were also seen. In some portions of the country, the streams of which flow into the Genesee, hardly a bridge has been left. For *ten* successive days did rain fall in some parts of Livingston and Allegany counties.

The water in the Chemung river at Elmira overflowed the Erie railroad bridge, which it was feared would be carried away. The track at Corning was washed away, and the village inundated. A number of buildings were carried off.

The Susquehanna river at Williamsport, on the 11th inst. had risen ten feet and was still rising.

The Geneva *Courier* of the 11th inst. says:—"That portion of our village lying north of Castle, east of Main and south of Lewis streets, was completely inundated on Monday night. The rain fell in torrents during the whole day, and about five o'clock in the afternoon it became evident that the brook passing through that part of the village was not of sufficient capacity to carry off the water that was making its way in a frightful manner from the western part of the village to the lake. The creek comenced overflowing about half past five, and by six nearly the whole of that portion of the village above named was in complete navigable order for any class of vessels not drawing more water than a canal boat. The plank walks were nearly all carried away, the foundations washed from under several houses, fences torn up, barns carried away, and a general havoc made among property within reach of the flood. We can form no correct estimate of the amount of property destroyed. Many families were obliged to abandon their homes entirely, and others sought refuge in the upper stories."

The Seneca County *Courier* describes the effects of the freshet in Seneca river was very destructive. Powell & Gay's Sash Factory, Cowing & Co.'s furnace, the bridge at Falls street, and other structures, were swept away. The island on which Silsby, Mynderse & Co.'s Iron Works are located, was completely flooded. Powell & Co. are losers to the amount of $5,000 and upwards; Cowing & Co. $3,000 or $4,000. Seventy or eighty men are left without employment by the destruction of these works. The dams which supply the machinery in the upper part of the village with water, are destroyed, and a stoppage of work for the present is enforced. The entire loss to the business interests of the place is estimated as high as $50,000.

The Ontario *Times* learns that immense damage was done by the late freshet in the village of Naples. One stream from Italy changed from its ancient channel, forming a new one to the head of Main street, thence down the street several rods cutting a deep channel and depositing logs, trees and earth several feet in depth in the street, in door yards, gardens, kitchens and out-buildings, and filling up wells and cellars each side of the street for some distance. Some families escaped from their houses in great danger during the dreadful scene. The destruction of property is immense. All the principal bridges are swept away. Several buildings are capsized. Fences, farm implements, lumber, and dead sheep, swine, &c., are to be seen scattered all the way to the lake The loss of property in the town cannot fall short of twenty-five thousand dollars.

The Montreal (Canada) *Commercial Advertiser* says that the amount of damage done in the townships bordering upon the State of New York, between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain is enormous. Nearly a hundred bridges have been swept away or seriously damaged; much injury has been done to mills and dams, and large quantities of produce destroyed in barns and stocks.—The water in the Chateaugnay, Trent and other rivers rising in the New York mountains rose to a height never before witnessed, and overflowed their banks submerging miles of the flat country. Cattle were drowned in the stables, houses were flooded to the depth of several feet, the inhabitants being driven to the upper stories, and all communication cut off.

Crooked Lake was six inches higher than the highest point during last summer. The village of Hammondsport has suffered severely. The streets are plowed up to the depth of five or six feet by freshet. Passengers had to be carried to and from the steamer in small boats to their residences.—The fall of rain on Monday, was about three inches, probably even heavier. The ground was soaked and the streams were already swollen. The fresh accession of water could not be carried away. The country was flooded. The Crooked Lake canal is completely used up. The labor of 500 men could not restore it this season.

The rain fell in torrents in Jefferson Co. Monday night, the rain fell at Pierrepont Manor 1 55-100 of an inch in depth. The first nine days in November, rain fell at the same place, 3 11-100 of an inch in depth, and from Jan. 1st to Nov. 10th rain fell at the same place 39 60 100 inches, as proved by the rain guage of Hon. Wm. C. Pierrepont.

The Pittsburg (Pa.) *Gazette*, on the morning of the 9th, remarks:—The rivers were filling fast yesterday. The Allegheny ran out faster than the Monongahela, and caused back water to such a degree that boats floated up the latter with the current. The water was between 13 and 14 feet, rising fast in the evening.

MONDAY NIGHT.—We would suggest to all our friends down the river that they stand from under as soon as convenient. The water by the pier last night was rushing up to 14 feet, and during the afternoon the rain was descending in such torrents that the streets were like rivers. There will be twenty feet of water before to morrow noon if it keeps on.

In this vicinity the water completely blocked all business on the railroad. In many places the tracks were covered from six inches to three feet in depth, while broken culverts, with here and there a portion of the track itself carried off, made travel "very onsartin." From Monday night until Friday, no trains left Rochester for the east.—The canals fared no better—bad breaks were the order of the day.

Items of News.

BY careful experiments made on the Great Western (Illinois) Railroad, it is found that five cords of wood were equal to three tuns of coal.—There the wood costs $4 per cord and the coal $2 per tun.

ODESSA firms have offered to sell to the Austrian iron founders, at a low price, the English and French cannon balls, which were collected at Sebastopol.

THE citizens of Muscatine, Iowa, have called a meeting for getting up a grand wolf hunt. There are a great number of wolves, of a large and ferocious species, prowling about that city, making the night hideous with their howling, and destroying large numbers of sheep, calves, pigs, &c.

THE total number of persons in all the public institutions of New York city, penal and charitable, under the charge of the ten governors, is at present 6,610, an increase of one thousand over the number in charge last year.

A TREE was blown down by the wind, across the stage road from Grand Rapids to Kalamazoo, Mich. The driver saw it falling, but could not check his team soon enough to prevent its striking his wheel horses, killing both of them. The leaders, separating from the pole, ran away. Eleven passengers in the coach, and the driver, escaped injury.

THE people of the United States, numbering only 25,000,000 of people, consumed more cigars than the one hundred millions of people in England, France and Russia—a fair indication of our expensive habits.

THERE is a clerk who has been in the New York post office forty years. He formerly carried the Southern mail in a bag under his arm across the river to Jersey city. The same mail now amounts to ten thousand pounds daily!

AT a recent trial in Broome Co., N. Y., it was decided that a passenger having purchased a railroad ticket from one point to another, had a right to ride on any train he chose—stopping over at any place on the road a day or more at his pleasure. The notice "good for this trip only," was of no legal force.

THE storekeepers and others of North Side, Chicago, have held a meeting, and passed resolutions calling on landlords to reduce the rent of stores 33 per cent., and of eating houses and hotels, &c., 25 per cent.

MAINE seems to be badly troubled with bears about these days. The papers from that State record the destruction of sheep and cattle in considerable numbers from this cause.

IT appears by the report of the Indian Agent in Oregon that the Mormons are getting a foothold in the Territory. About thirty have settled on Salmon River, east of the Cascade Mountains. They have been there a year and a half, and have raised about 1,000 bushels of wheat.—Brigham Young visited them last spring with a company of Saints, and left a portion with the colony with the intention of making it a permanent settlement.

THE following is copied from a number of the National Intelligencer, dated August 28th, 1823:

A Fourth of July Toast Drank in Virginia.

Why is the community so much embarrassed?
Because banks lend money that have not got it to lend;
And because people spend money who have not got it to spend.

Remedy.

Own the money before you lend it;
Earn the money before you spend it.

ALIVE YET.—It having been widely represented throughout Minnesota and adjoining States, that 3,000 citizens of Stearns county, Minnesota, were starving for want of the necessaries of life, the benevolent contributed largely for their relief.—Donations were made in St. Paul and elsewhere, and 800 sacks of wheat were sent to the sufferers from Iowa. It turns out that these representations of starvation were entirely incorrect. The citizens of Stearns held a meeting, and published a statement of their condition, to the effect that their crops have exceeded those of any previous year; that cattle and hogs are abundant; that there is no general suffering; and that no instance of starvation is apprehended.

STATE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society commenced at Albany on the 12th inst. The retiring President, E. C. Delevan, Esq., in his address, repeats his determination to retire from the office he has so long held, and says that, as a re-organization of the Society is about to take place, and that in order that his successor in office may enter on the duties free from embarrassment, he will discharge all legal and equitable claims against the Society up to that date, amounting to $8,000. Resolutions of thanks to Mr. Delavan were adopted.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—Active preparations are making to lay the Atlantic cable next June. Four hundred additional miles of cable have been ordered, and if the effort to recover the 340 miles now submerged should be successful, that amount also will be added, so that the length of the cable will be nearly 3,000 miles. The British Government has signified its intention to detach two vessels from the navy next year to assist in the work, and it is presumed that our government will also repeat the favor of last year.

MASSACRE OF EMIGRANTS BY INDIANS.—The Los Angelos (Cal.) Star gives an account of the massacre of an emigrant train on the way from the States of Missouri and Arkansas to California.—The train was about 130 strong, and all were kilied except fifteen infants. The cause of the massacre is said to be the ill treatment of the Indians by other white emigrants.

ABSENTEEISM.—A traveler who passed last week one hundred miles by rail, on the Pittsburg and Chicago road, through Ohio, east of Fort Wayne, expresses himself astounded at the extent of wilderness held by absentees. Nowhere in Canada West, he says, are to be found such tracts of unbroken forest.

RESIGNATION OF A GOVERNOR.—Gov. Izard, of Nebraska, has resigned his office and gone home to Arkansas. He states that his health will not endure the climate. He passed through St. Louis on Monday week.

News Clippings.

— Snow fell at Philadelphia on the 14th inst.

— Costa Rica has sent a special envoy to the U. S.

— The value of taxable property in New Orleans is $106,000,000.

— In Pennsylvania they propose to abolish all bank notes below $25.

— Sixty colonies of bees were taken to California by the last steamer.

— A firm at San Francisco is loading a vessel with potatoes for China.

— Mining operations in California are carried on as vigorously as ever.

— Gen. Valentine Best, a prominent Pennsylvania politician, died last week.

— The Chicago Times says the knowing ones are prophesying a mild winter.

— The Governor of Vermont has appointed the 3d of December for Thanksgiving.

— The Kansas Constitutional Convention has adopted a section sanctioning slavery.

— The papers of St. Louis are busy with the question of employment for the poor.

— More than 60,000 of the Indian population of Bolivia have died of the yellow fever.

— Thackeray, the novelist, has given one thousand pounds to the India relief fund.

— The value of exports from Philadelphia to foreign parts during two weeks, was $228,197.

— Two daguerreotypists in Louisville, Ky., have been arrested for photographing bank notes.

— The telegraphic wires have penerated to Prairie du Chien, within three miles of St. Paul.

— A whole family by the name of Houson, died in Bangor, Me., within the space of nine days.

— Col. Benton has entirely recovered from his illness, and has gone to work on his book again.

— The bill to legalize a mill tax to sustain the credit of Missouri has been defeated in the House.

— Three mail stage drivers have been detected in robbing the mail near Chicago, and arrested.

— Wm. H. Taylor has been promoted to chief examiner in the Patent Office—vice Herbert resigned.

— The Kansas papers contain a rumor that Gov. Walker contemplates resigning and returning home.

— New Orleans advices from Texas say that a severe frost has been experienced throughout the State.

— A canoe containing 12 persons was upset above Montreal on the 26th ult. Several lives were lost.

— It is in contemplation to transfer Gov. Robles, the Mexican Minister at Washington, to England.

— The receipts of the Massachusetts Agricultural Fair, were only $4,696; much less than the expenses.

— The half million canal loan is taken at an average premium of 6.21 premium,—some as high as 7.

— Nathan Rothschild, the oldest member of the Paris banking house, is nearly blind, and quite infirm.

— Mr. Alex. Alley, of Bucksport, Me., is the father of 22 children, among whom there are six pair of twins.

— S. G. Goodrich has recovered $8,000 of a book publisher, for using his nom de plume, "Peter Parley."

— Goshen Bank, Orange Co., was robbed of $25,000 in bills and $2,200 in specie, on the night of the 10 inst.

— Mathew Moran, switchman at Olean station, has not been absent or slept at his post one night for 7 years.

— The N. Y. city banks have resolved to call on the country banks to redeem at the Metripolitan next week.

— A French correspondent writes that in France alone there are about 70 Young Men's Christian Associations.

— The new Congress which meets in a few days will consist of 128 Democrats, 92 Republicans and 14 Americans.

— The bank returns of Massachusetts exhibit a contraction in circulation of $4,091,042 from Aug. 3d to Nov. 2d.

— The number of deaths in Chicago for the month of Oct., was 171. In Oct., 1856, the number of deaths was 147.

— Among the Mormons, boys of ten and twelve years of are enrolled in military bands, called the "Hope of Israel."

— A German confectioner has been arrested in Philadelphia for stealing sugar, and a human skull to scoop it with.

— It is now certain that Great Britain will require a loan of $20,000,000 or $30,000,000 to meet the expenses in India.

— Bartholomew, the sculptor, now in Boston, has sold his famous statue of Eve to an American gentleman for $5,000.

— Excellent wine has been made from indigenous grapes, found growing in abundance near the "Big Blue," in Kansas.

— Thomas Walker, President of the Bank of Utica, and the oldest printer in the State, cast his 54th vote at the late election.

— The rumor that the Blue Ridge Tunnel is too small for the passage of the cars, is alledged to be totally unfounded.

— In Cincinnati the rates of interest at regular discount houses are 12 per cent. per annum, and outside from 15 to 36 per cent.

— The U. S. Treasury has redeemed since March $4,600,500 of loans, exclusive of premiums, leaving $25,300,000 outstanding.

— Prof. Calvin E. Stowe and Marcus Morton, Jr., of Andover, have been named as candidates to succeed Mr. Banks in Congress.

— The cotton crop in Texas promises to be larger than usual, and there seems to be a disposition to ship it direct to Liverpool.

Rev. Dr. Vermilye, of New York, has accepted the office of Professor of Theology in East Windsor Institute, of Connecticut.

— The N. Y. Evening Post comes out strongly, we might say eloquently, in behalf of the use of horse meat as an article of food.

— In Paris a boy three years old deliberately stabbed his his nurse to the heart with a large knife, because she had displeased him.

— One of the measures of helping the poor, proposed in the N. Y. city Council, is to compel the bakers to sell bread by weight.

— A wealthy and charitable gentleman of Philadephia distributes, at his own expense, 800 loaves of bread per week to the poor.

— Mrs. Anna Vaughn has been appointed Post-Mistress at South Pomfret, Vt., in place of her late husband, J. D. Vaughn, deceased.

— There is a great scarcity of domestic help in Kansas, as well as a scarcity of marriageable young women. Both are in great demand.

— The Fair Haven Tribune says that the oyster dealers are not doing anything like the business they usually do at this season of the year.

— The Louisville Journal mentions a pair of horns taken from a bullock raised in Texas, which measured six feet eight inches from tip to tip.

— The Post-Master General, Mr. Brown, has ordered an elegant carriage in Philadelphia, just completed, at a cost of $2,000. American aristocracy!

— A National Hebrew Committee lately waited on the President, to remonstrate against the obnoxious clause in the recent treaty with Switzerland.

— A young widow who edits a paper in a neighboring State, says—"We don't look quite as well as usual to-day, on account of the non-arrival of the *mails*"

— The La Grange (Ala.) Reporter says that on the line of the Georgia and Tennessee railroad last week, corn was selling at 25 cents, and wheat at 50 cents a bushel.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Arabia.

THE Royal mail steamship Arabia, from Liverpool at 8 30 A. M. on the 31st ult., arrived at New York on the morning of the 13th inst. The Arabia brings $1,000,000 in specie and a large number of passengers.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Borough Bank at Liverpool suspended on the 27th. Its deposits are estimated at a million and a half sterling—fully secured. Liabilities of the Bank in bills and endorsements were supposed to be three millions sterling. Several Liverpool firms had suspended. Failures in Manchester and London for large amounts are published.

The American horses Prioress and Babylon were badly beaten in the race for Cambridgeshire stakes

Sir W. Yore Ousley goes out as special Minister to Central America via. Washington.

The Siamese Embassy had arrived in England and were attracting much attention.

Several shipwrecks had occurred on the eastern coast of England. The ship Ontario was lost, with 23 lives. The American ships appeared to have suffered most.

Charles Sumner was to leave for the United States in the Niagara on the 7th inst. His health was greatly improved.

The money article of the Times says:—The entire suspension of the New York and Boston Banks is the most satisfactory announcement that could have been looked for. The papers generally regard the affair in much the same light. On the Stock Exchange the news was at first regarded as unfavorable, and consols opened at a decline, but this was more than recovered, and on the capture of Delhi becoming known, the market became very firm. The demand for discounts at the Banks was excessive, under the apprehension of a further rise in the rate, but none took place.

The Western Bank of Scotland had been in difficulty, but would receive full aid to meet them. It is stated that one of the conditions under which aid was promised, was that the Bank should ultimately wind up. Its deposits amount to six millions. On Friday, the Stock market was active at an advance. Money continued in good demand at about 8 per cent. The bullion in the Bank had increased £154,000.

FRANCE.—The question of the suspension of the Bank of France was under discussion, but the Government had determined not to sanction it.

Gen. Cavignac died suddenly of a disease of the heart.

SPAIN.—The Spanish Ministry had been organized. Amero, War and Presidency of Council of Finance, De Larasa, Foreign Affairs.

PRUSSIA.—The Prince of Prussia has undertaken to conduct public affairs. The King's health was improving.

SWITZERLAND.—The Swiss elections largely favored the Liberals.

AUSTRIA.—More failures had taken place at Vienna, but the most of the crisis is believed to be over.

INDIA.—The Indian Mail had arrived in England. The British assaulted Delhi on the 14th of Sept., and effected a lodgment, and after six days obstinate resistance had on the 20th possession of the entire city. Numerous mutineers escaped. Among them was the King of Delhi and his two sons. The British loss in killed and wounded, up to the 16th, was 600, including fifty officers. Gen. Wilson ordered no quarter to be given, but the women and children spared.

Fears of new outbreaks at Assom. A conspiracy to restore the ex-Rajah had been discovered.—Bombay Presidency was favorable, although a few cases of disaffection occurred. A serious plot had been discovered for the murder of the Europeans at Kurrachee and thwarted.

Considerable reinforcements had arrived at Calcutta. The markets at Calcutta were dull. Bombay markets active.

The assault on Delhi was commenced on the morning of Sept. 14th, the seige train having previously reduced the bastions and curtains against which its fire was directed. The attack was made in four columns, of which one, composed of the Cashmere contingent, was repulsed. The others were successful. An entrance was affected at the Cashmere gate to the north of the city, and an advance was made along the ramparts to the Cabul gate, where an obstinate resistance was made by the mutineers. The next day the British commenced firing on the magazine and stormed that position on the 16th, capturing with it 125 pieces of cannon. The official despatches end at this point, but intelligence on which full reliance was placed, had been received, to the effect that after three more days fighting, the British troops took possession of the city.

The loss of the British in killed and wounded is stated at 600 men, including 50 officers. The slaughter among the mutineers is believed to have been great, but no estimate is given.

The English cavalry had moved forward to intercept the fugitives. Scindia, it was reported, was raising 15,000 men to intercept fugitives. One hundred and fifty prisoners taken by Gen. Neil at Cawnpore, are said to have been liberated by the government.

It is also said that the Supreme Council had sent up to the disturbed districts one of its members to control the Generals in command in the execution of martial law. The temerity of the Government was strongly condemned both in India and England.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs.—Richardson, Spence & Co., Bigland, Althaya & Co., and others, report a very dull market at a decline of 4@6d on wheat; 2@3d on flour, and 6d on Indian corn. The quotations of Richardson, Spence & Co., are—Flour—Western Canal 27@28s; Philadelphia and Baltimore 29@30s; Ohio 30@31s; Red wheat 649d@7s5d; White wheat 7s6d@8s6d; Mixed and yellow corn 37s@37s6d; White 70s@71s. Little or nothing doing in pork. Lard dull, and prices nominally is lower.

Arrival of the Ariel and City of Washington.

THE Ariel was boarded off Cape Race by the news yacht on the 13th, and the City of Washington arrived at New York on the 16th inst.

The Ariel left Southampton on the evening of the 4th, brings London and Liverpool advices of that day. She has 184 passengers and $400,000 in specie.

King Victor Immanuel, of Sardinia, had subscribed 10,000f. to the Indian mutiny fund.

The telegraph between Boona and Cape Sparteret connecting Europe and Africa, had been completed.

The king of Prussia continues to mend.

The attempt to launch the Great Eastern was made on the appointed day, but resulted in a failure, and the second trial had been postponed one month. Several persons were injured, two of them seriously.

There is nothing new from India.

The City of Washington left Liverpool at noon on the 4th. Confidence at Liverpool and Manchester, and in the manufacturing districts generally, is still upheld in a manner to excite surprise. The stoppage of the Borough Bank at Liverpool has been followed by less excitement than was feared.

The funeral obsequies of Cavignac took place at Paris on the 31st, and were very imposing.—About 1,500 people followed the hearse to the cemetery.

The inundations in Piedmont were subsiding, after causing immense damage.

Austria has imposed a tax on newspapers, foreign as well as local.

The Swedish Diet, after seven days' debate, rejected the Religious Liberty Bill.

Russia has established a blockade of the Circassian coast.

Yeh, the Viceroy of Canton, has been appointed a Lieutenant of the person of the Emperor, a rank which is never given except to members of the Imperial family when on a mission. It is said that Yeh has positive orders to summon the English to evacuate Canton, and in default of compliance to make an official declaration of war against England.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the St. Louis.

THE steamship St. Louis arrived at New York on the 16th inst., from Aspinwall via. Havana, with the California mails of Oct. 20, 643 passengers and $1,176,000 in specie.

Among her passengers are Gen. Lane, delegate to Congress, from Oregon, Capt. Taylor, U. States Army, Com. Marvin, of the frigate Independence, a portion of his officers and 183 discharged seamen and marines.

Hon. P. H. Burnet had been appointed Supreme Court Justice, vice Murray, deceased.

The Mormon organ in San Francisco had been suspended by order of Brigham Young.

Two severe shocks of earthquake were felt at San Francisco on the evening of the 19th October.

The Indians had attacked the settlements at Honey Lake Valley, driving out the inhabitants, and carrying off all their stock and provisions. An express had arrived at Sacramento for aid.

Business at San Francisco was unusually dull for all kinds of produce. Money easy and demand light. Receipts of gold dust satisfactory.

An arrival from the plains confirms the statement heretofore made that on the 10th or 12th of September a train consisting of 100 persons, were all slain by Indians, except a few children, who were sold to the Mormons. It was generally believed that the Mormons were at the bottom of the affair.

An arrival at San Francisco from China brings information that all the European residents at Ningpo were banished on the 4th of August.

Provincial Items.

THE Governor General of Canada has issued his proclamation, naming Friday, the 27th day of November instant, to be observed through the Province as a day of general fast, humiliation and prayer to God for the success of the British armies in restoring tranquillty to India.

HON TIMOTHY LEE TERRELL, Provincial Secretary, has resigned his post, and the Hamilton Spectator predicts a speedy dissolution of Gov. Head's Cabinet, and a new election. The Toronto Colonist has recently taken sides with the Ministers, and against the "Clear Grits." Gov. Head arrived at Toronto last week. He has recently returned from England.

ON the morning of the 6th inst. property in Hamilton, valued at $10,000, on which there is but $3,400 insurance, was destroyed by fire. The fire broke out in Nugent's stables, rear of Little Burlington Hotel. That building, the hotel, a stone tavern near by, Lavender's feed-store, Bradley's dwelling house, Perry's, three horses, &c., were consumed. Two young men in respectable standing have been arrested on a charge of setting fire to the stables, and causing the conflagration. They were pointed out by the night watchman as the persons he saw running from the direction of the fire, about the time it broke out. Anonymous letters indicated one of the young men as an incendiary, at the time of the fires in Hamilton last winter.

FUEL AND FOOD AT LOW PRICES.—The Cleveland Plaindealer says the employees of the Lake Shore Railroad Company are highly favored this fall by the accommodating disposition of the officers. While everybody else is paying fifty cents a bushel for potatoes, and four or five dollars a cord for wood, the officers of this railroad have given their employees a chance to get a goodly portion of their fuel and food at the lowest prices. On Monday week twenty-seven cars were sent out to be loaded with wood to be brought in and delivered to the employees at the mere cost of the article in the woods—no charge being made for carrying. This will make their fuel cost about $2 a cord, a reduction of at least $2 on the current prices. A large quantity of potatoes have been bought up at wholesale on the line of the road at 28 cents a bushel, which are to be delivered on the cars to the men without additional charge.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.—The steamship Tennessee, from Vera Cruz 7th inst., arrived at New Orleans on the 11th inst., with advices from the city of Mexico to the 4th by the mail, and the 8th by telegraph. The Tennessee brings over half a million in specie, and highly important intelligence. On the 4th inst. the political guarantees of the new Constitution were suspended, and President Comonfort was clothed with dictatorial powers. Martial law had been proclaimed in the District of Cuernavaca, in consequence of serious difficulties between the Spanish and Mexican citizens. Gen. Alvarez was still successful against the rebels in the South. Later advices from Yucatan state that Campeachy had surrendered to the Government troops. The revolution in the Province had, however, taken new life, and indeed, the whole population were in arms.

IMMIGRATION AT NEW YORK AND QUEBEC.—Immigration increases at a greater ratio to the Canadian porty of entry, than to the commercial Metropolis of New York. The figures compare thus:—*New York.*—Number of emigrants arrived Nov. 4, 1857, 161,568; to same date in 1856, 120,699. Ratio of increase 3.39. *Quebec.*—October 9, 1857, 31,738; Oct. 9, 1856, 21,135. Ratio of increase, 50.75. The immigration to Quebec will this year surpass that to the port of Boston.

GROCERS GOING ARMED.—The N. Y. Express, of Thursday week, says many if not most of the grocery wagons went about to serve their customers with drivers armed. The bakers, by this morning, after yesterday's scenes in Tompkins' Square, will probably do the same. The grocers about Tompkins' Square, it is said, were respected by the mob, yesterday, because they were armed. The poor unarmed German bakers were robbed of their bread.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, Nov. 17, 1857.

FLOUR remains the same as last quoted and transactions are limited hereabouts, though our mills are all busy and considerable quantities are sent forward to Albany, New York and Boston.

GRAIN, with the single exception of Corn, is at last week's rates. Corn has advanced 5c per bushel. Holders ask 75 cents while buyers will not pay above 70c.

PROVISIONS—Pork is rather plenty in market this morning, though it would be difficult to find a prime pig in the whole lot. The price has declined to $6@6,50; holders in some instances ask $6,75. Beef has fallen off in rates. Farmers have begun to slaughter and fore quarters range at $4@4,50 per cwt—hind $5@5,50. Mutton, dressed, is selling at $5,50 per cwt.

FARM PRODUCE—Butter as last quoted. Eggs 1c per dozen advance. Best qualities of Apples 62½c per bushel. Potatoes are down again to 62½c for best qualities. Beans $1,25@1,50, but they are not bought except in small quantles by grocers for retail purposes and trade taken. No purchases of this article are made for the East as yet.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box,	12@14c
Flour, bbl	$4,75@6,50	Candles, box,	12½@13c
Wheat, Gen	$1,10@1,15	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada,	$1,10@1,15	Apples, bushel,	38@62½c
Corn	65@70c	Do. dried	$1,00@1,25
Oats	34c	Potatoes,	50@62½c
Barley	56@63c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	31@33c	Slaughter,	3@4c
Beans	$1,25@1,50	Calf,	09@10c
Peas	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	[illegible]
MEATS.		Lamb do.	00@00c
Pork, Mess	$21,00@22,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$6,00@6,50	Clover, bushel,	$5,50@7,00
Beef, ⅌ cwt	$4,50@5,50	Timothy,	$3,00@3,75
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,50	Wood, hard,	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	12@12c	Do. soft,	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders,	10c	Coal, Lehigh,	$7,00@7,50
Chickens,	7@8c	Do. Scranton,	$8,00@6,50
Turkeys,	9@10c	Do. Blossburg,	$5,00@6,50
Geese,	50c	Do. Shamokin,	$6,25@6,75
DAIRY, &c.		Do Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll,	20@18c	Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,45
Do. firkin,	14@17c	Hay, ton,	$7@11
Cheese,	7@8c	Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried,	00@12½c	White fish, bbl	$9,50
Tallow,	9@9½c	Codfish ⅌ quintal	$4,50@5,00
Eggs, dozen,	18@16c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov 16.—Flour—Market 5c better, with a fair demand for home consumption, and a moderate export inquiry. Sales at $4,75@5 for common to choice super State; $5@5,25 for extra State; $4,85@5,5 for common to good super Western; $5,05@5,25 for common to medium extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa; closing buoyant. Canadian 5c better; sales at $5,50@6,65 for common to choice family extra.

GRAIN—Wheat a shade better, with a good export demand.—Sales Chicago spring at 92c; Milwaukee club 10½c; white Michigan at 130c, a very choice article. Rye less freely offered and steady at 76@78c. Barley quiet and unchanged. Corn scarce and better; sales mixed Western at 81@81½c delivered. Oats in fair request at 44c for State; 45@47c for Western.

PROVISIONS—Without material change. Sales at $19,50@19,75 for mess; $19,75@20 for new do; $19,50 for thin mess, and $17 for prime. Lard 12@13c. Butter 12@16½c for Ohio.

BUFFALO, Nov. 16.—Flour—The demand since our noon report Saturday has been fair and the market unchanged at previous decline. Sales closing at $4,62½@4,62 for good to choice Upper Lake; 5,75@5,87 for extra do; $4,87@5,12 for extra Ohio, Indiana and Michigan $5,25 for choice extra brands; $5,50@5,75 for small lots double extras

GRAIN—The market is dull, and prices tend downward, although there are some parcels held out. Sales Saturday afternoon, Chicago spring at 75c. This morning Waukegan spring at 76c, part afloat and part delivered; Chicago do at 77c; white Milwaukee at 83c; and very choice white Kentucky, in sacks, at $1,32. Corn has again advanced; demand good, and stock in store of no account; sales at 62c delivered. Oats without material change, and demand fair; sales at 37@38c.

GRAIN RECEIPTS—The following will show the receipts by lake for the week ending 14th inst:—Flour, 65,325 bbls.; Wheat, 686,442 bush; Corn, 86,713 bush.; Oats, 103,058 bush.—*Ad.*

ALBANY, Nov. 15.—Flour and Meal—Market steady with a fair demand for Flour. Corn Meal unchanged.

GRAIN—Wheat in fair request. Sales white Michigan at $1,23½. Corn steady; sales Western mixed at 79c. Barley firmer; sales at 78c for Inferior and 82@83c for good to prime four-rowed. Oats higher; sales State at 46c, measure.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Beeves—First quality, 9½@10; Ordinary, 8½@9c; Common, 8@8½c; Inferior, 7½@8c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $90@70; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6½@7c., Other qualities, 4½@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $4,25@5,25. Other qualities, $3@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 5¾@6c; Other qualities, 5@5¼c.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov 11.—At market 1825 Cattle, 1000 Beeves, and 825 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,00@7,25; First quality, $6,00@6,50; Second quality, $0,00@5,75; Third quality, $0,00@5,25; Ordinary, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 100@150.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40@62.

YEARLINGS—$11@13. Two years old—$17@20. Three years old—$25@30.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—4000 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,00, $1,50, 2,00 each. Extra and selections, $2,50@3,12.

SWINE—300 at market. Prices — Live weight, 6c. ⅌ lb—Dressed, 7@7½c.

HIDES—5c. ⅌ lb. Tallow—6c.

PELTS—62½@75c each. Calf Skins—9@10c. ⅌ lb.

BRIGHTON, Nov. 12.—At market 1400 Beef Cattle, 900 Stores, 9 pair Working Oxen, 69 Cows and Calves, 3,500 Sheep and Lambs, 950 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $7,00. First quality, $7,00; Second, 6,50; Third, $6,00; Ordinary, $5,50.

YEARLINGS—$11@12. Two years old—$17@19. Three years old—$24@28.

WORKING OXEN—$100, 120@135.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 31, 35@39

VEAL CALVES—$3,00, 3,50@4,00

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $2,00, 3,00@3,50. By lot, $1,00 1,25@2,00.

SWINE—7c. Retail, 7½@8½c. Fat hogs, 6c

HIDES—5c. ⅌ lb. Tallow—6c. ⅌ lb.

PELTS—62½@67c. Calf Skins—9@10c. ⅌ lb.

WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—Business in this branch exhibits no symptoms of returning animation nor are there any indications of any material improvements before next Spring. Holders, owing to the unsettled state of our finances and the depression among the Woolen trade generally have withdrawn their stocks from the market, awaiting a better time coming, when the Woolen looms and spindles of the country now lying idle will once more be set in motion. The few sales now making are of no magnitude, and are only to supply the needy wants of a few producers who are working slowly. We still omit quotations, they being entirely nominal.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, Nov. 11.—Fleece and pulled Wool continues very dull, and reliable quotations cannot be given. The sales have been small. In Foreign no sales of any importance:

Saxony fleece	57@62	Smyrna washed	23@30
Am. full blood	50@55	Do. unwashed	12@21
¾ and ¼ blood	42@50	Buenos Ayres	12@50
Com. to ½ blood	35@40	Mexican	17@19
Pulled, extra	48@53	Chili, Valparaiso	15@40
" super	44@48	Syria washed	25@27
" No. 1	34@40	Do. unwashed	14@16
" No. 2	18@30	Peruv. washed	35@39

MARRIAGES.

IN Christ Church, Albion, N. Y., on the 5th inst, by Rev. Mr. Park, Mr. ALPHONSO T. ST CLAIR and Miss SAVILLA L. THURSTON, all of the same place.

DEATHS.

IN Rigs, on the 12th inst, ELIZA L., only daughter of Wm. D. and Calista R. Bingham, aged 15 years.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, each insertion—*in advance.* Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a line each insertion.

BERKSHIRE PIGS!—Warranted pure breed and at a low figure. For sale by WILLIAM J. PETTEE, Lakeville, Conn. 411w2

200,000 APPLE GRAFTS for Sale—to be delivered next Spring. Address JOHN W. THOMPSON & CO., Rochester, N. Y. 411w2

HAND BOOK OF THE NATION,
CONTAINING the Declaration of Independence: Constitution of the United States, with Amendments; Washington's Farewell Address, &c. Every American should have a copy of this valuable work. Price 25 cents per copy. Sent to any address, post-paid, C. H. LONG, Brasher Falls, N. Y.

LOOK!—Profitable employment in the Sale of a new and valuable article among farmers. Address E NASH, Auburn, N. Y 410w2

FAMILY BIBLES.
WE have the pleasure of offering the public one of the best editions of the Bible, as regards size of type, accuracy and style of typographical execution, quality of paper, &c., ever offered at the prices. There are six different styles, at prices ranging from four to Twelve Dollars.
Agents wanted, to engage in the sale of these Bibles, to whom a liberal commission will be allowed. Address orders to
Auburn, Oct. 27, 1857. WM. J. MOSES.

5,000 ENERGETIC YOUNG FARMERS WANTED to engage in an enterprise in which they can make money, without neglecting their farms. Farmers, do you wish to know how to pile up money during the leisure hours of the coming winter? Then write distinctly your name, Post-Office, County and State, and direct it to Drawer 109, P. O. Buffalo, N. Y., and you will get the requisite information by return of mail. This is no humbug, and it will cost you nothing. Such a chance was never offered to farmers before. Try it!

☞ *For your Wife, Daughter, Sister, or Friend.* ☜
T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.
EDITED by T. S. ARTHUR and VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. For choice and elegant literature, high moral tone, peculiar adaptation to the home circles of our land, freshness, originality, and cheapness, this Magazine is acknowledged, on all hands, to be without a rival. It is equal in the beauty of its typography and the richness of its embellishments to the most ambitious and dearest of our magazines, while it claims to lead all of them in many essential features. For correctness and exquisite beauty, its colored steel fashion plates were unrivalled in 1857. They will maintain this superiority in 1858. Volume XI begins in January. TERMS—$2 a year in advance. Four copies for $5; twelve copies for $15, and one extra to getter up of club. ☞ Specimens sent free to all who wish to subscribe or to make up clubs. Address T. S. ARTHUR & CO., 410w4 323 Walnut St. Philadelphia

100,000 Apple Seedlings two years old, for Sale at $1 per 1,000. Address G. LYNDON, Albion, N. Y. 409w3

50,000 Two year old Apple Seedlings, five miles north of Albion. For information, address S. WEAVER, Albion, N. Y. 408w2

ROCHESTER ATHENÆUM.
LECTURE PROGRAMME OF 1857-'58.
THE LECTURE COMMITTEE of the ROCHESTER ATHENÆUM and MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION take pleasure in announcing that they have made arrangements for a course of Seventeen Lectures to be delivered in Corinthian Hall, during the Fall and Winter.
The following eminent talent will appear in the order herein named. Other Lecturers, among whom are Geo D. Prentice, of Louisville, and Rev. W. H. Milburn, of N. Y., have accepted, but have not yet fixed their time.

Rev. E. H. Chapin, New York,	Nov. 18
Rev. A. L. Stone, Boston,	Nov. 24 & 26
Geo. W. Curtis, Esq., New York,	Dec. 3
Rev. T. Starr King, Boston,	Dec. 10
Rev. J. Richardson, Rochester,	Dec. 17
Prof. E. L. Youmans, New York,	Dec. 22
" " "	Dec. 24
M. M. Marble, Esq., Boston,	January 7
Hon. J. R. Chandler, Philadelphia,	Jan. 14
Wendell Phillips, Esq., Boston	Jan. 21
A. A. Willetts, Philadelphia,	Feb. 25

Tickets for the course admitting one, $1 50
" " " " two, 2 50
" " " " three, 3 00
Tickets for single admission, 25 cents.
☞ Course tickets can be procured of the Directors, of D. M. Dewey, at the Library Rooms, and of the President at the office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.
By order of the Committee.
Oct. 20, 1857. W. V. K. LANSING, Chairman.

BENNETT & HUNTINGTON.
PRODUCE AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE AND PURCHASE OF
FLOUR, Grain, Seeds, Beans, Peas, Butter, Cheese, Pork, Beef, Lard, Hams, Shoulders, Bacon, Smoked Beef, Eggs, Dried Apples, Plums, and Peaches, Ashes, Hops, Wool
PROPRIETORS OF THE
PRODUCE & PROVISION EXCHANGE,
No. 4 Front Street, Near the Battery, N. Y.
JAMES O. BENNETT, CHAS. R. HUNTINGTON
Liberal Cash Advances made on Consignments in transit and in Store. 408w4

APPLE SEEDLINGS.
FOR SALE by N. DRAKE & CO., of Elba, N. Y., 200,000 Apple Seedlings two years old, at $4 per 1,000. 405w8

LYON'S
COPPER LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR.
PATENTED JULY 11, 1854.
THE SUBSCRIBERS, successors to BRITTAN & EDMUNDS, are Proprietors of this Patent for the ten Western counties of New York, the States of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Minnesota Territory.
They are manufacturers of these celebrated Conductors, and are prepared to furnish them with the appropriate apparatus, to all parties holding the right to territory, in any quantity, and on short notice.
The rods are put up in cases convenient for transportation, with the full complement of fixtures inclosed. Each case contains twenty-five Conductors; each Conductor comprises forty feet of copper, one electro-plated or gilded branch point, seven insulators, and fastenings.
They are furnished to agents by the case; with the exclusive right to dispose of them to be used in certain described territory, on very advantageous terms.
Applications for Agency, orders for stock or models, and all communications relating to this business will receive immediate attention, if addressed to BRITTAN & MARSH,
404tf Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y.
☞ Circulars sent on application.

ASTOR HOUSE.
$2 50 PER DAY.
THE FOURTH "SEVEN YEARS' LEASE," COMMENCED in May, 1857, will end May 1st, 1864. This House is conducted upon the same system that has distinguished it hitherto.
A Restaurant has been added for Merchants doing business in its vicinity. *The Restaurant is entirely Independent of the Astor House.*
Especial care taken of the sick.
Families will find this one of the coolest Hotels in New York during the summer, and the LADIES' DEPARTMENT perfect in all that produces real comfort.
The City Railroad Cars starting from the doors, enable guests to reach the upper part of the City with facility. The small Cars bring passengers from the New Haven and Boston Station, 27th Street, to the immediate front of the Hotel.
Grateful for the past, I intend to deserve future favors. Patrons are respectfully requested to give notice of their intended visit. 4 3tr1 C. A. STETSON

CHICAGO PURCHASING AGENCY.
BRAGDON AND REILLYS GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY.—The subscribers have associated themselves under the above name for the purpose of executing commissions for the purchase of all kinds of articles for persons residing either in city or country. The demands made upon our time to execute such commissions heretofore, and the apparent necessity for such an institution in this city, have induced this enterprise. Both members of the firm will pay personal and prompt attention to the execution of the commands of their friends, and will be assisted, when necessary, by competent persons in every department of trade. Particular attention paid to orders for Implements for farm or garden use, seeds, plants, trees of every description, roots, stock, carriages, harness, saddles, Agricultural, Horticultural or other Books, clothing, cloths, groceries, furniture, hardware, music and musical instruments, millinery, cosmetics, perfumes, fancy articles, indeed every and anything that this or other markets afford, that can be purchased by us to the advantage of our friends. It shall be our aim to attend promptly to these commissions and thus obviate the necessity of expense of time, money and fatigue in travel on the part of our customers. THE LADIES may rely on our attention to their orders. Address BRAGDON & REILLY,
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IMPORTERS, MANUFACTURERS AND Dealers in
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Our assortment of the above Goods is the largest to be found and the prices the most reasonable. We invite the attention of those who wish to examine or purchase
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REMOVAL.
FRANCIS & LOUTREL,
Stationers, Printers and Book-Binders,
Have Removed from their Old Stand to the New Store
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[*Near Nassau St., New-York.*]
☞ We supply everything in our line. Orders receive prompt attention. 333w25

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THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO.
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Long Credits and at Low Rates of Interest
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SUCCESSOR TO C. BURLINGAME, Dealer in Fashionable Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, &c. Bleaching and Pressing neatly Executed to order. No. 66 State St., Rochester, N. Y. 404m3

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209 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO,
OVER SAGE'S MUSIC STORE.

EXCELSIOR—"STILL HIGHER!"

PREMIUM LIST OF

THE RURAL FOR 1857-8.

THE Agents and other ardent and working friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER—and all disposed to become such—are referred to the annexed very extraordinary Programme of Premiums for the RURAL CANVASS of 1857-8. Examine it carefully and then decide as to its MERITS.—The Premiums are WORTH CONTENDING FOR, without any other argument than is comprised in their enumeration.—Indeed, we are confident that it is altogether *the Best and most Liberal List of Prizes ever offered by an American Publisher!* It gives EVERY ONE who obtains even a small club some SUBSTANTIAL REWARD for his efforts, and each and all who make exertions in the good cause will be renumerated in proportion to the attention and influence bestowed. First, please read the

CHRISTMAS PRIZES—ALL CASH!

(*Open to Competitors for the April Premiums.*)

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to RURAL NEW-YORKER obtained in any one Township, and sent in or remitted according to our Terms, on or before the 26th day of December, 1857.

SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next TWENTY lists.

☞ Those competing for the Christmas Prizes will please note that their lists will also be counted for the Grand April Premiums. The Prizes will be announced and paid as soon after Dec. 26 as the result can be ascertained.

GRAND APRIL PREMIUMS!

$310 00.—To the Person obtaining the Largest Number of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER in any one county, and paying therefor according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1858, we will give a Superb **PIANO FORTE,** WITH CORRUGATED SOUNDING BOARD, of the celebrated manufacture of BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO., Albany, the CASH PRICE of which is THREE HUNDRED AND TEN DOLLARS.

$200 00.—To the Person obtaining the next largest number, as above, we will give a PIANO CASE FIVE OCTAVE **MELODEON,** *with Two Banks of Keys,* of the most popular and celebrated manufacture in this country—that of GEO. A. PRINCE & CO., Buffalo,—CASH PRICE, TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

$150 00.—For the next list, we will give a **COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER,** of MANNY'S Patent with WOOD'S Improvement, (which was awarded the Premium as *Best Combined Machine,* at the U.S. Ag. Society's Trial of Implements in July last,)—cash price, ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY FIVE DOLLARS; and $12 in WEBSTER Dictionaries or Ag. Books at cash prices.

$125 00.—For the next largest list, we will give a Mahogany cased **SEWING MACHINE,** of the very superior manufacture of WHEELER & WILSON, New York—the lowest Cash Price of which is ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

$110 00.—For the next list, a Half Cased WHEELER & WILSON **SEWING MACHINE,**—Cash Price, ONE HUNDRED AND TEN DOLLARS.

$75 00.—For the next list, SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, CASH.

$50 00.—For the next list, FIFTY DOLLARS IN CASH.
$40 00—For the next list, FORTY DOLLARS IN CASH.
$30 00.—For the next list, THIRTY DOLLARS, CASH.
$20 00.—For the next list, TWENTY DOLLARS, CASH
$100.—For EACH of the next TEN LISTS, TEN DOLLARS, CASH.

SPLENDID CASH PREMIUMS

FOR LISTS FROM OTHER STATES AND CANADA!

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, obtained out of the State of New York, and by a resident of the State, Territory or Province from which it is forwarded,—sent in or remitted according to our terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1858.

SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE LISTS.

☞ Competitors for these Premiums *can also compete for both the Grand April and Christmas Premiums!*—Thus *one person* may secure *three prizes,* and if the first in each class, obtain premiums amounting to *over Five Hundred Dollars!*

To give Local Agents and other Friends of the RURAL a fair, equal chance, traveling Agents, post-riders and citizens of Rochester are excluded from competition for any of the Premiums hereinbefore enumerated.

☞ All the April Premiums will be announced (in the Rural or a Circular,) and paid to order, as soon after April 1st as the result can be ascertained

Prizes for Each and All—No Blanks!

HAVING RESOLVED TO GIVE EVERY AGENT AND ACTIVE FRIEND a Benefit, we offer EACH AND ALL—excepting only successful competitors for Premiums already enumerated—the following extra liberal and

SURE SPECIFIC PREMIUMS!

TEN DOLLARS, IN CASH, to *each person* remitting for SEVENTY-FIVE or more Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of May, 1858.

SEVEN DOLLARS, IN CASH, or Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and $3 in Ag. Books, to every one remitting for SIXTY or more subscribers as above.

FIVE DOLLARS, IN CASH, (or $6 in Agricultural Books,) to every one remitting for FORTY-FIVE or more subscribers.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY,—Lowest cash price, $5—to every one remitting for FORTY or more subscribers.

THREE DOLLARS, IN CASH, (or a copy of Webster's Royal Octavo Dictionary, Unabridged in Worth, or, Sears' Pictorial Family Bible, or, $4 in Ag. Books,) to every one remitting for THIRTY or more subscribers

To every one sending TWENTY-FIVE or more subscribers, we will give two extra copies of the RURAL, and send, post-paid, a Gross of the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN, (a tip-top steel Pen, such as we use, cash price, $1 50,)—or, a handsomely bound volume of the RURAL for 1857, and a gross of W. M. Pens as aforesaid.

To every one sending TWENTY or more subscribers, two extra copies of the RURAL and half a Gross of the above Pens—or, a bound volume of the RURAL for 1857 and the Pens

To every one sending FIFTEEN or more subscribers, an extra copy of the RURAL and

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AT HOME.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

And once again the well-known road
With eager feet I tread,
And memories come thronging back
Of days that long since fled,
When merry forms were here, that now
Lie low among the dead.

On either side the tall pines bend
To greet me as I go,
And voices with their murmurs blend
A welcome sweet and low;
They seem to me like dear old friends
That loved me long ago.

And hark! the sound of singing birds!
The birds I used to hear
Are caroling their sweetest songs
To greet the wanderer's ear,
Oh! old, familiar tunes are they
To my young childhood dear.

A sound of laughter pealeth out—
A ringing shout of glee;
And little, active forms beside
The schoolroom door I see;
And lo! the very spot where stood
Our bench beside the tree.

Around the woods, behind the school,
How many memories cling;
Just yonder is the bending bough
Whereon we used to swing;
And here's the very *log* where we
Our noontide meal would bring.

And here along this beaten path
We ran with childish grace,
And dipped our heated feet within
The swiftly running race,
Then bent above the wave and laughed
At each distorted face.

And here's the deep, romantic glen,
The spot most loved of all,
Where brightly in the spring-time gleams
The swollen waterfall;
Where leaping back from rock to rock
The answering echoes call.

I've climbed among these moss-grown rocks,
And dreamed my childish dreams—
And plucked the purple flowers that grow
Within these ragged seams,
And listened to the tinkling sound
Of tiny-falling streams,

And mocked the gleeful song of birds
That soared above my head—
And o'er and o'er my little rhymes
In musing mood have said—
Till I could almost think the rocks
Have learned to know my tread.

I call, and echo's answering words
From rock and hillside ring;
Ah! *these* are friends that will not mock
The simple songs I sing;—
And while I have one memory left,
My heart shall round them cling.

Glen Elgin, C. W., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN OBSCURE MARTYR.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

Are you already thinking of the bloody reigns of Nero Domitian or Diocletian, and that I have a story to tell of some valiant soul who then lived a crucified life, and like the Holy Master died a bitter death, but whose worthy name has slept in the forgetful years unsung, unchronicled, and uncanonized? Or that among the long tried "Israel of the Alps" I find my hero, and a scene of torture history's page has never blushed to tell? Or perhaps in bloody Mary's reign, or among the staunch old Scottish Covenanters, or may be in the bewitched times of blue New England? Glorious martyrs lived in those days, I know—brave men and brave women—whose names written above, are unknown upon earth, but of such I have not now to tell.

Wot ye that all martyrdoms have not been for Christ, or Truth, or Humanity's sake?

The one of which I now tell, took place this year of our Lord, 1857, and not only in this very town, but this very street, and if you will push aside the curtain I will point out the place. You need not search our pretty gardens, in expectancy of finding a spot where the turf is dead with fire, a tree with a rope still hanging, a cave where starvation could be shut in, or even the frowning tower of a prison. Is it not a lovely sight, tinted with holier beauty and radiance by this glad May sunshine? I know there is not a town in our Union, whose trees are so sheltering and green, whose houses look out from their flower nests with such a cheerful "walk in" to strangers, and where I would rather live and die than here. See the blue sky, the far off misty hills, the river glistening between the trees like love's sad eyes, and the little gothic church casting its cross-crowned spire in protecting shadows over the white stones around it. Don't you think Rembrandt would have loved such a picture?

But what of the martyrdom?

I am just about to tell you. You see that corner house that is a story higher than the rest, whose blinds are more freshly painted, and the curtains so elegant and modern, and whose oaken door boasts a silver door bell and the name of Primrose? That is the place. It is one of the most genteel houses in town, the most genteel people live there, and only genteel people are its visitors. John Primrose, Esq., late speculator in stocks, (formerly soap and candle maker, formerly tinker, shoe-black, etc.,) and formerly the owner and proprietor of the house, died some ten years ago, leaving it to the undisputed possession of his wife and only child. Miss Prindilla Primrose was then about seven years old, and is therefore "at the time my story commences," treading on the verge of seventeen.

She is the martyr; young as she is, and beautiful as she might have been, after years of slavish endurance, she was led to the sacrifice at last, and now she is dead. They tried to make the day of her immolation a merry one. Although the skies wept showers as well they might, they rang the bells, let flow the wine, and like the ancient priesthood hung garlands upon their victim, made of the sweetest and rarest flowers. Her remains are deposited in that great stone house fronting the square, the one with the verandahs, and bay windows, and with the magnificent carriage standing before the door. There was never a tomb fitted up more splendidly; but the ghosts will flit thro' its gloom after all.

I have known Prindilla ever since she wet her cradle pillow because of the ragged coral that chafed her fat neck, or wheezed with the croup that too often followed the showy promenades the little lady took with her fashionable mother, on early spring or late autumn days, her knees, arms and shoulders exposed to the cold,—and though when a child, I have cried in envy of her finery, naught would have induced me change places with her.

Her earliest persecutors were her genteel mother, and the precise old French governess that would have proved an invincible Sultana for the most mad-cap girl that ever fell in love. They were the main bulwarks of her prison, the firm fortification between her little self and the vulgar throng of plebian children that attended the common school, the only institution of learning in our village, and oftentimes when we have come screaming and romping home, swinging our bonnets in our hands, while our unbraided hair played wild with the wind, with a torn dress or mud-stained pantalette to half tell of some truant expedition, we have seen Miss Prinnie's pale little face, set round with curls and bows of ribbons, looking sadly, yet disdainfully down upon us, from her nursery window, where we knew her governess was rating our merits at no high degree. Poor Prinnie! She never played horse with the boys, never waded bare-footed up and down the meadow brook, never ran races up the steep "meeting house hill," never tried to climb a poplar tree, never jumped from barn rafters down upon the hay, never went sleigh-riding on a tea-server, never built dams in the swamps, and never went after beech and chestnuts in the fall. And what is a childhood without all that? While we were romping bare-headed, yes, and bare-footed too, over the meadows and through the woods, killing snakes, building playhouses, getting water cresses, and the like, she was on the rack of torture in her splendid prison, with beautiful curls, that she must not shake out, bowed up with satin ribbons that must not be rumpled, unable to laugh for the tightly fitting dress that when once soiled was forever ruined, and unable to display any childish activity, because of the beautifully fitting slippers that so tightly encased her tender feet. She sat in the corner of the sofa, when her mamma's lady friends called, with her satin-dressed waxed doll lying in undisturbed composure upon her arm, and listened with remarkable patience to minute accounts of fashionable wardrobes, and splendid parties—and particularly discourses upon somebody's faults, vulgarity or disgrace, illustrated by the speakers self-infallibility. Or while we were roasting corn for a dinner in the woods, she was perched up at some lady's table, enjoying a sick headache for the remainder of the day. We never envied her curls more, after learning how she earned them, how her hair was tightly rolled in papers every night pinching up the skin until it was blue, and leaving only a little spot on her crown where she might comfortably touch the pillow.

One summers day, by some miraculous chain of circumstances, Prinnie appeared among us at our afternoon's play, and we all gazed admiringly at her fine clothes, and paid her considerable more deference than we would had she been dressed in calico like ourselves. We were going to the woods for winter-greens, and after overcoming her apprehensions of savages and bears prevailed upon her to go with us. But she was a prisoner dragging her chains. We soon grew tired of helping her over fences, and across the ditches, and presently she sat down and cried, her feet were so weary and sore. No wonder, thought we, when we saw how they were pinched into her slippers, but take them off she would not, and go on she could not, so we made a chair of our hands and carried her ladyship home again with a rosette missing from her hat, a ribbon from her hair, a torn flounce, and a face well sun-burnt. The process of bleaching, and the many arts of refinement the enraged French lady employed upon her charge for several successive weeks with unmitigated severity brought about the wished for result, and the next time we met Miss Prindilla she returned our ardent salutation so coldly that we never ventured within her frigid zone again, and felt chagrined at the ride we had given her, and particularly the loss of the winter-greens.

Miss Prindilla was a young lady long before we had taken off our high aprons and let down our dresses, although she came into the world about the time we did. She was hurried before that most tyrannical inquisition, fashionable society, which finally pronounced the sentence she met with on Thursday last. It pinched her feet into smaller shoes, until she could hardly conceal her groans as she stood long hours in crowded saloons, or promenaded the last fashions up and down the street; it cramped her consumptive lungs into stubborn stays; it dragged her down with heavy flounced skirts; it tormented her with hoops; it drove her unmercifully from millener to dress-maker, and dress-maker to millener; it demanded every thought she had, and every hour of her time; it made her smile on those she hated, and hate those she might well have loved; and, sadder than all, it robbed her of health and happiness; it blighted every germ of loveliness God planted in her soul, and instead of speaking as a true womanly heart would have made her, her feelings were masked beneath a cold affectation, and she simpered her French and Italian, nerved by no holier ambition than to be reigning belle of the heartless throng, to wear the most costly and fashionable dress, and win the wealthiest husband.

And she was not by Nature all this. The noblest faculties God ever bequeaths were wasted in that sacrifice.

Now Prinnie has a poor cousin,—everybody has you know. She has several, like the rest of us.—Her father's brother, one of nature's truest noblemen, beats the forge in our next village, and his sons are all poor mechanics. But Harry Dunham, of whom I now tell you, is only a second cousin, on her mother's side. He is poor, his mother a widow, and he has two little sisters besides depending upon him for support. But there never was a nobler heart than his in any human breast, nor are there many faces easier to fall in love with, and, mind you, by sensible, and even ambitious women, for there is a world of promise in his face,—a promise, that those who know his past life, his industry and hard-earned, yet extended and deep education, cannot think will fail. He went into business here in town, and made his home at his aunt's, and in some way,—who can understand love's fancies?—he fell deeply in love with Prinnie, and never doubted for the year he stayed there but that his affection was abundantly returned. And she did love him, and it was the green spot of her almost barren heart, promising, if unblighted, to cover all with beauty and with bloom. She was out of health much of that year and so kept from gay society, and under Harry's influence she was emigrating back to her natural life, when the frost came sharp and heavy, and left everything dead—very dead.

Now if I go into the particulars of this affair I shall be telling a love story and that is not my intention, but rather to give an obituary, if so we may call it, of Miss Prindilla Primrose, Obscure Martyr of Westerfield, A. D., 1857.

Mrs. Primrose and her foreign coadjutor beheld with great alarm the course things were taking, and proceeded with due diligence to re-prune and cultivate what they had carefully sown in Miss Prinnie's early years, and behold the weeds grew apace again, with brambles rank and tall, and Harry Dunham left his aunt's very precipitantly one morning, trunks and all, and before two months had passed it was rumored for truth around the town, that Prindilla Primrose was the bride elect of old Col. Capson, who is past seventy years old, has buried three wives, and, worse than all, is worth a half million of dollars.

And last Thursday was the day of the great sacrifice. Seventeen years it has been preparing, and alas! its victim has passed only to the great stone house on the square, to be crowned with hollow congratulations, and a thorny wreath that tore her hands in the binding, and that shall forever bruise her brow in the wearing.

Yes, she is dead. Her life is hid in the dust.

Wit and Humor.

A LAND SPECULATION.

Before Suggs opened his saddle-bags to pay the Indian woman for the land, General Lawson, who wanted a slice, came to him and said—"Mr. Suggs," said he, "I'd like to have an interest in your contract, and I'm willing to pay for it; I'll find the money to pay the Indian, and give you an interest of one-third." "Not 'thout I was willing, would ye?" asked Suggs, jeeringly. "I'll do better than that," said Taylor, wiping the blood from his nose; "I'll furnish the money, and give you half of what the land sells for when we part with it!" "Very probably," remarked Simon, "but unless some on ye counts me out five hundred, and furnishes your own money to buy the land with, I shall have to unlock these here"—patting the saddle-bags—"and buy it for myself." "I'll do it," said Colonel Bryan, who had been making a calculation on the inside of the crown of his hat—"I'll do it!" "Ah," said Suggs, "*that's* what made the chickens squall. *You're* the man I'm huntin'. Draw your weepins!" The land was forthwith certified to Suggs, who immediately transferred it to Bryan. "Now, gentlemen," said the captain, "everybody's satisfied—aint they?"—"If they *aint* they *ought* to be," replied Colonel Bryan, who was delighted with his bargain. "I think so, too," remarked Suggs, "and hein' as that's the case," he continued, opening his saddle-bags, "as I had to act before you all as if my saddle-bags were full of gold and silver, or else lose my chance of profit here, I'll now throw out these here rocks and old iron, for it's mighty tiresome to a horse!" and the captain *did* throw out the rocks and old iron, for he had not a dollar in the world! The speculators vanished.

"This here's a mighty hard world," murmured the captain to himself, musingly, "to get along in. Ef a feller don't make every nidge cut, he's in the background directly. It's tile and strive, and tussle every way to make an honest livin', Well," he continued, in a strain of unusual piety, as he threw up and caught a roleau of dollars; "well, there is a Providence that purvides; and ef a man will *only* stand squa' up to what's right, it *will* prosper his endeavors to make somethin' to feel his children on! Yes, there *is* a Providence! I should like to see the man who would say there aint. I don't hold with no sich. Ef a man says there aint no Providence, you may be sure there something wrong *here*"—striking the region of his breast-pocket—"and *that* man will swindle you, ef he can, *certain!*"—*Scenes in Georgia.*

Open to Objection.—General D—— was more distinguished for gallantry in the field than for the care he lavished in personal cleanliness. Complaining, on a certain occasion, to Chief Justice B——, of the suffering he endured from rheumatism, that learned and humorous Judge undertook to prescribe a remedy. "You must desire your servant," he said to the General, "to place every morning by your bed side a tub three parts filled with warm water. You will then get into the tub, and having provided yourself with a pound of yellow soap, you must rub your whole body with it, and at the end of a quarter of an hour, the process concludes by wiping yourself dry with towels, and scrubbing yourself with a flesh-brush."—"Why," said the General, after a moment's reflection upon what he had just heard, "this seems to me nothing more nor less than washing yourself." "Well," rejoined the Judge, "*it is open to that objection!*"

The Rev. Dr. C.——, of New York, is as noted for his wit as for his eloquence. One of his friends recently remarked to him that the "currency was deranged." "I should think it was," replied the doctor, "for we hear that *ten mills* do not now make *one* cent."

To resuscitate a drowned Englishman, broil a beef steak under his nose.

When does a candle resemble a tombstone?—When it sits up for a late husband."

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A CHAT WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS.—No. III.

Dear Little Readers:—

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year."

So sings the poet, but I fancy I see some little country boy shake his curly head at this, and declare that Autumn, leafless Autumn, has its charms. True, the beautiful flowers are all "faded and gone," and then the trees have lost their summer garb, but the rosy fruit, and deep, brown nuts are a very good substitute. The pretty songsters have left us for their sunny home in the South, but we still have one musician left—the Wind. And funny songs he sings us sometimes, to be sure, though they often bring sad thoughts of the mariner in his storm-beaten craft, and of the needy who have not wherewith to shelter them from the cold.

I observed a group of children the other day, playing among a heap of the bright red and yellow leaves that strew the ground, and I wondered if they ever thought they could *learn* anything from the *leaves*.

Last spring, just as old Winter had taken his departure, and the warm, pleasant sun had melted the snow, and the green grass just peeped through the ground, a tiny bud began to swell on one of the branches of the tree by the gate. Days passed on, and as the warm rays of the sun, and the genial showers fell on it, the little bud unfolded, and a small green leaf appeared.

Weeks flew by, and the leaf grew brighter and larger every day. Before the Spring had gone, it became a shelter for a delicate, snow-white blossom, and as the gentle breezes passed over it, the leaf, as it waved to and fro, would softly sing sweet lullabies to the pretty flower, and when the angry wind and driving rain beat upon it, the leaf would still trustingly cling to the branch for support, while the rain-drops beat time to the leaf-murmured song.

Summer came. The blossom had gone, but the leaf still remained. Its hue was deeper, and its size larger, but it still sang the same old song.—Summer passed away, and October winds found the leaf still there, and beneath its shade a rosy-cheeked apple reclined. But the leaf had laid aside its summer dress, and the beautiful green was changed to brown and crimson.

A few days after, I looked at the leaf, and it was alone on the great, old tree, and as the branches creaked and sighed in the wind, I fancied I still heard that unfailing song. But a sudden gust, as I stood at the window, tore the leaf from its stronghold, and it was borne on the wings of the tempest, high, almost out of sight, and after tossing and eddying fearfully awhile in the winds, gently sunk to rest upon the ground, bringing very forcibly to my mind that beautiful verse,

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set, but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!"

Can you not trace a simile of your lives in the life of the tree? It may be, that you may likewise live until the Autumn of life begins to strew your hair with silver, and October winds warn you the Winter of Death approaches. Or it may be like the blossom, you die in your Spring-time, but strive *so to live* that when summoned to depart hence, you may enter the portals of the tomb,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Rochester, N. Y., 1857. Winnie William.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 10, 2, 8 is the title of a Ruler.
My 8, 3, 13, 11, 15 is a fowl.
My 5, 6, 4, 10, 11 is a man's name.
My 11, 2, 3, 4 is what we have in winter.
My 12, 16, 13 is a latin preposition.
My 7, 13, 10, 2, 8 is a participle.
My 14, 15, 7, 8, 9 is one of the mechanical powers.
My 8, 3, 5, 7 is a precious metal.
My 13, 16, 10, 3, 2 is a constellation.
My 11, 12, 16, 10, 2, 8 is one of the seasons.
My 16, 13, 11, 9 is beautiful flower.
My 12, 13, 14, 7, 6, 16 is much used in war.
My 2, 10, 5, 15 is a river in Egypt.
My 5, 13, 2, 7, 3, 2 is the largest commercial city in the world.
My whole is a saying of Lord Bacon.

Bennettsburg, N. Y., 1857. Rural Reader.

☞ Answer next week.

Answers to Enigmas, &c., in No. 410.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Be not wise in thine own eyes.

Answer to Charade:—Fern.

THE LEGEND OF A HORSE-SHOE.

This is the simple legend of one. A good countryman was taking a rural walk one day with his son, little Thomas. As they walked along the father suddenly stopped.

"Look!" he said. "There's a bit of iron, a piece of a horse-shoe; pick it up, and put it into your pocket."

"Pooh!" answered the child; "it is not worth stooping for."

The father, without uttering another word, picked up the iron and put it in his pocket. When they came to a village, he entered the blacksmith's shop, and sold it for three farthings, and with that sum bought some cherries. Then the father and son set off again on their ramble. The sun was burning hot, and neither a house, tree, nor fountain of water was in sight. Thomas soon complained of being tired, and had some difficulty in following his father, who walked on with a firm step. Perceiving that his boy was tired, the father let fall a cherry, as if by accident. Thomas quickly picked it up, and devoured it. A little further, he dropped another, and the boy picked it up as eagerly as ever, and thus they continued, the father dropping the fruit and the son picking it up.—When the last cherry was eaten, the father stopped, and turning to the boy, said—

"Look, my son. If you had chosen to stoop once, and picked up the piece of horse-shoe, you would not have been obliged at last to stoop so often to pick up the cherries."

There's a good and pleasant moral in this little anecdote, which may be of benefit to us all.—*Forrester's Boys' and Girls' Magazine.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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I AM NOW PREPARED TO SELL THE PLANTS OF this most wonderful fruit, at reduced rates This superb fruit, the present season, although badly blistered by late frost and by drouth, has fully sustained all that I have claimed for it, viz:—It is the largest size; most beautiful rich, deep crimson color; of the finest flavor; flesh firm, melting and juicy; and bears transportation better than any Strawberry ever yet cultivated. It is the earliest of all Strawberries, blooming just as soon in the Spring as the frost will permit it, and continues in fruit until Fall. It is a hardy, rapid and vigorous grower, an abundant bearer, and adapted to any latitude where the Strawberry will fruit. That I may not be accused of over-estimating the value of this Strawberry, I give in my Circular extracts from various papers, North and South, and from letters of distinguished private individuals, showing the estimate in which this fruit is held by those who have had the opportunity of testing it

This plant being hermaphrodite, produces fruit without an impregnator, which is a great advantage over pistillate varieties. Plants put out this Fall will produce fine fruit next Spring and Summer

The Northern and Middle States may procure these plants from Messrs J. M. THORBURN & CO., 15 John St., New York; and the extreme Southern States from POMEROY & MARSHALL, Mobile, and J. A. MORTON & CO., 68 Magazine St. New Orleans I will pack the plants in packages of *one Dozen*, and *one Hundred*, each, in earth and moss, so that they can have air and ship them by Express to my agents twice a week, thereby insuring a continued fresh supply, and put the plants at the following rates:—For a package of 100, $10; for a package one dozen, $2. Orders accompanied with the cash will receive prompt attention from either Messrs Thorburn 15 John St., New York; Pomeroy & Marshall, Mobile, or J. A Morton, New Orleans. I will send single dozens to any part of the United States, *by Mail*, on the reception of $2, and will send packages of 1,000, by Railroad or Express, for $60. Packages of 1,000 may be ordered through my agents, giving them time to notify me to forward them. In sending the plants by mail, I shall take care to obtain only the runners of the present season, and although they may not be as large as two year old runners, yet they will bear transportation better and be more certain to live. CHAS A PEABODY.

Columbus, Ga., August 1, 1857 397w8eow

NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY.

To Farmers who Consult their Interest and Comfort.

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Elmira, N. Y., Oct., 1857. 383m6w

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

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Rural New-Yorker.

FARMERS' CLUBS AND LYCEUMS.

THE Summer is past, the harvest garnered, and preparation having been made for Winter, the most laborious and important physical operations of the husbandman are terminated for the season. The promise of seed time and harvest has again been richly fulfilled,—for, with rare exceptions, all sections of our widely-extended country has produced abundantly of the life-sustaining and wealth-making fruits of the earth. People and Press talk and print lugubriously about the "hard times," panic and pressure, yet the farmers of the country are still on safe ground, though more or less affected by the destructive simoom which has so suddenly swept over the land, blasting the hopes and obliterating the fortunes of thousands engaged in trade, commerce and manufactures. Surely, if any class under heaven have cause to rejoice that "their lines have fallen in pleasant places" it is the Rural Population of America—for, even in these troublous times among the commercial classes, our farmers are, comparatively speaking, both wealthy and prosperous. True, the progress and interests of most Ruralists are temporarily affected to some extent by low prices and the general derangement—while some have been scathed by endorsing for or trusting business men and speculators—yet the great majority are prepared to weather the financial storm, blow it ever so hardly. And, in such times, how manifest is the wisdom of those who have adhered to the peaceful and reliable pursuit of Agriculture, and what a lesson it teaches to those sons of the farm who are tempted to embark in other occupations!

But, though the labors of the season are ended, with an abundance wherewith to be fed and clothed, and no pressing debts requiring a sacrifice of property, farmers have some important duties to discharge during the repose of Nature (the resting of their farms) in a state of hyberuation. "There is a time for all things"—not only to plow and plant, cultivate and harvest, market and count the increase, but to *improve and discipline the Mind.*—Physical labor is not all for which Time is vouchsafed. It is given for MENTAL as well as physical action and improvement. Man was created for other and wiser purposes than merely to make money and put it in bank, or invest in stocks and speculation—or in adding acre to acre in the apparent endeavor to own "all the land that joins him"—though the recent crisis develops the fact that a large portion of mankind have made the getting of money and acres the Alpha and Omega of their existence. Had more attention been given during the last decade to the acquisition of mental wealth—to investments in intellectual knowledge and culture, and more time devoted to the enjoyment thereof among all classes—the anticipated or actual loss of property would not so often produce insanity, or cause people to commit forgery or suicide or to flee the country, leaving helpless families by desolate firesides. But enough of moralizing, and far more than we intended; now to more practical suggestions.

Winter is knocking at the door, the leisure season of Ruralists has arrived, and the long evenings are coming on apace. Now is the accepted time to *Improve the Mind.* Farmers and their families have now abundant leisure to think, study and discuss—to make sure and permanent investments in mental knowledge, culture and improvement.—Good books and papers—those which are instructive and useful, as well as entertaining—are great aids to improvement, but these are not the only requisites. Thought and discussion are also important aids to advancement. Every town, aye, every school district, should have its Farmers' Club, or Rural Lyceum, which should hold meetings as often as once a week, whereat discussions may be had, essays read, and lectures delivered on practical, timely and important subjects, for the mutual improvement and benefit of members and the instruction and entertainment of community. This is eminently practical, and will prove beneficial, in almost every locality—for there are men in every town and village, who can, if they will, give instructive lectures, and elicit and impart valuable information in discussions. And in many instances farmers can do all this, without sending for star lecturers, or depending upon ministers, lawyers, &c. The truth is that farmers, as a class, do not *think* and *talk* and *write* sufficiently for themselves and about their own interests, and herein are most derelict in duty—wielding far less influence, in proportion to their numbers and wealth, than any other class in community. They are too prone to allow others to form their opinions, instead of thinking and investigating for themselves. The Press and the Pulpit, and perhaps also the political rostrum, are well enough in their way, but if the people were not quite so willing to be guided by their ennunciations—"without a why or a wherefore" in too many instances—there would soon be a vast increase of wisdom in the world.

Why is it that lawyers, ministers, editors and doctors are so generally called upon to deliver agricultural addresses, and do like thinking and talking on subjects concerning which farmers themselves are *or should be* best informed? Surely it cannot be for the want of brains among Ruralists, for they certainly *possess* that essential; but is attributable rather to the fact that they do not render them serviceable by *practice* in speaking and writing. We tell you plainly, good friends, that you will never occupy the position and wield the influence which you ought, until you perform more intellectual labor and depend less upon outsiders. And one of the best and cheapest means of qualifying yourselves to speak and write to and for the public, is to organize and become *active* members of such Clubs and Lyceums as we have indicated. There are other cogent reasons why such associations should be sustained, but they will suggest themselves to the reader, and need not be enumerated in this connection. We trust that what little has been written will lead to thought on the subject, and that thought induce such action during the coming Winter as shall result in lasting benefit to many a Rural Community.

ROOTS vs. GRASS.

WE have just received the Agricultural part of the Patent Office Report for 1856. It is a very fair looking volume, much superior to many that have preceded it, and, after examination, we may have something to say of its merits or demerits.—We now design only to allude to a proposition made by the Commissioner for the employment of a botanist to examine the different grasses, and ascertain what kinds are best adapted to the different latitudes, soils and situations, the relative amount of nutriment they respectively contain, &c. There is no subject, it is urged, very truly, of more importance to the American farmer than the knowledge of the means which shall best enable him to increase the number and value of his live stock, of which grass furnishes the principal sustenance. We give the most important part of the Report on this subject:

"The services of a botanist have been contemplated.—Though they might be usefully employed in various ways, yet it was intended to direct them principally toward investigations relative to the different grasses. There is no subject of more importance to the American farmer than the knowledge of the means which shall best enable him to increase the number and value of his live stock, of which grass furnishes the principal sustenance. It may safely be said that the great defect in our agriculture is the failure to rear the proper number and quality of animals. The experience of England and France sufficiently demonstrates the important truth that, on the same number of acres which are now cultivated in the United States, if the quantity of live stock were doubled, the aggregate quantity of grain produced might also be greatly increased, and without any corresponding increase in expense. The explanation of what seems at first so paradoxical is found in the fact that, in this manner, the land would be kept constantly in better heart. Instead of deteriorating from year to year, as is the case where grain alone is the principal product, if a proper proportion of live stock were reared, the land would retain its fertility for centuries, and might, perhaps, be constantly improving.

It becomes a subject of prime importance, therefore, to ascertain what grasses are best adapted to different latitudes, soils and situations, the relative amount of nutriment they respectively contain, and various other facts falling chiefly within the province of botanist and chemist. In some portions of the country the grasses heretofore cultivated do not thrive, in consequence of heat and drouth. Our western plains produce grasses which it is believed will, to a great extent, bid defiance to these causes of failure. In other regions, other difficulties prevent the successful cultivation of some of the grasses. May not these difficulties be ascertained, and the proper remedies applied, or, at least, other grasses substituted, which will not be affected by the same causes? These are some of the services which would be expected from a competent botanist, and which cannot be performed successfully by any one else."

We certainly have no objection to the employment of a botanist to examine the grasses indigenous to this country, and we should like to go further and have a series of careful experiments instituted to test their relative value. We hope yet to learn how to make two blades of grass grow with the same labor and expense with which one is now produced. But the question arises, is the growing of grass the only way, or the best way of increasing the quantity of food for stock, or of producing the greatest amount of food from the land. Allusion is made to the proportionately larger number of cattle kept by the farmers of England and France, and with evident advantage. This state of things is not, however, the result of the culture of better grasses, for the English farmer and his cattle would both be in a sad plight if they were compelled to depend upon grass for sustenance, even for a single year. Ruta-bagas, Turnips, Carrots, Beets, &c., of which large quantities are produced enable the English and French farmers to keep a much larger amount of stock than they could do, if confined to grass and grain. Two tuns of hay is a good crop, and he would be a benefactor of his race, who, by any discovery, could bring up the crop of the United States to this average. If an animal consumes 20 pounds of hay per day, at this rate, it will take the product of two acres, or four tuns to keep him one year. Eight hundred bushels of Ruta-bagas and Sugar Beets, and six hundred bushels of Carrots to the acre, at 60 lbs. to the bushel, is not an extraordinary crop; indeed, no application for premiums are entertained or considered worthy of notice by our State Society unless the yield is as large as this. Now, 500 lbs. of Ruta-bagas is more than equal to 100 lbs. of good hay, so that one acre in these roots, at 800 bushels to the acre, will produce about as much food as 2½ acres in grass, and yielding two tuns to the acre. Four hundred pounds of Sugar Beets is considered equal to 100 lbs. of hay. One acre, therefore, in beets, will support as much stock as three acres in hay, reckoning the beets at 800 bushels to the acre, and the hay two tuns. About 400 lbs. of carrots is worth as much for feed as 100 lbs. of hay, so that one acre in carrots and yielding 600 bushels will give as much food as 4½ tuns of hay. BOUSSINGAULT, a Frenchman, when speaking of the advantage of keeping plenty of stock, in good condition, says:—"Happily, with the progress of agriculture this condition of things is becoming every year more and more easy; the introduction of roots and tubers into the routine of every farm that is respectably managed, supplies a fodder through the whole of the winter that is equivalent to the grass and other green meats of spring and summer." The English Encyclopedia of Agriculture declares, "the introduction of the turnips to field culture is one of the most important events that has occurred in the history of British agriculture.—Without it Britain would have not occupied the high position she now enjoys among the nations of the earth, whether as regards agriculture or commerce. The production of meat would have depended on pasturage, and consequently the great mass of the people must still have been condemned to a farinaceous diet or salted rations."

With such facts and figures before us, the road to prosperity seems plain and direct. We have not to grope our way in a dark and untrodden path. We have not to send a botanist, crawling upon his hands and knees, over our prairies and through our forests in search of luxuriant grass. It is too late in the day for us to ask the question, how a large number of cattle can be kept upon a small piece of land? This question has been asked and answered long ago—in England, France and Belgium. While looking onward for light and an increase of knowledge, let us not forget the light we already possess.

DOES HAIR TURN TO SNAKES?—This subject is being discussed by several correspondents of the *N. E. Farmer*, by both believers and non-believers in the theory. In the last number a writer thus relates how a young lady's hair turned to snakes:—"I was visiting a friend, and when we dressed our heads, we wound the loose hair round our fingers and threw it out of the window; my friend's hair was light, mine black. Near the window there was a tub set for rain water; I went to it one day and found several rolls of the hair in motion, and trying to separate themselves: three of them were light, and four black. The boys in this vicinity this season have taken horses' hairs and produced the same result. Now if "L. W. M." of North Dana, will set water in the sun next July or August, and take a few spears of hair from some young lady's head and put them in it, if they don't produce motion I will do it for him."

ANOTHER PEA STORY—is thus related by R. W., of Greenfield, Mich., to follow the one told by A. H. B., in a late RURAL:—"Sowed four quarts of peas, on low, clayey ground that had been under the plow for twenty-four years. Picked, while green, two and a half bushels of pods—gave two large forks full to the pigs after mowing—and then, after threshing, realized six bushels of clean peas! If any can beat that, let them make it manifest."

HOLLEY'S ANTI-FREEZING PUMP.

AN Anti-Freezing Pump for cisterns and shallow wells has long been in demand over a wide extent of country, and hence we take pleasure in noticing an invention which seems well calculated to supply the desideratum. The latest improvement in this line is "HOLLEY'S Patent Anti-Freezing Pump," represented in the accompanying engravings—the first giving a view of it when complete and ready for operation, and the others showing its sectional parts.

The manufacturers claim that this Pump is remarkable for its cheap and durable construction, and for the ease with which its parts may be made accessible for repairs and adjustment, without the necessity of taking it down after it is once set up. It is intended to serve as an ordinary lifting or Suction Pump for domestic, manufacturing or agricultural purposes, and adapted to take the place of the common cast-iron cistern pump now in use.

"Its advantages are, that it will not freeze, as there is a small drain-hole from the base of the cylinder *C*, directly into the suction-pipe, which drain may be left open in winter or closed in summer, simply by inserting the hand into the cylinder, (which is always open at the top,) and turning the valve *F*, to the right or left, so that the lip or valve shall close the drain or leave it open. The drain being left open, prevents the Pump from freezing; at the same time it will prime itself, from the fact that it exhausts the air directly from the suction-pipe; (this has never been done in any Pump before.) Another advantage is, that there is no soldering of the suction-pipe to the tube of the Pump. You have only to put the end of the pipe through the follower *E*, and press it out to conform to the shape of the follower, and then screw it up against the base of the Pump. This makes a tight joint, and one that will not crack off. A small wrench is furnished with each Pump, so as to enable every man to put up his own Pump, if he wishes. Full directions for setting up and using are pasted upon each Pump."

This Pump is manufactured by SILSBY, MYNDERSE & Co., of the "Island Works," Seneca Falls, N. Y., and we presume is, or soon will be, for sale by the principal hardware dealers in those sections where JACK FROST prevails.

CULTIVATION OF CLOVER.

EDS. RURAL:—As your paper circulates extensively through every part of the United States and British America, I consider it the best channel for conveying useful information to the agricultural millions. Having been awarded several premiums by the Michigan State Agricultural Society, for essays on various subjects, I think it advisable to bring some of the facts contained in the essays to the notice of your numerous readers, trusting that they may be found useful.

As red clover, "*Trifolium Pratense*" is so extensively cultivated in America, any facts connected with its management, must be of the greatest importance to the farmer. According to analyses made by Professor JOHNSTON, 100 lbs. of the hay of the undermentioned plants contained the following quantity of inorganic matter.

	Rye Grass.	Red Clover.	White Clover.	Lucerne.
Potash,	8.8	19.9	31.0	13.4
Soda,	3.9	5.3	5.8	6.2
Lime,	7.3	27.8	23.5	8.3
Magnesia,	0.9	3.3	3.0	3.5
Alumina,	0.3	0.2	1.9	0.3
Oxide of Iron,	0.0	0.0	0.5	0.3
Oxide of Manganese,	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0
Silica,	27.7	3.6	14.7	3.3
Sulphuric Acid,	3.5	4.5	3.5	4.0
Phosphoric Acid,	0.3	6.6	5.0	3.1
Carbonic Acid,	0.1	3.6	2.1	3.2

It will be seen by this table, that the principal ingredients in red clover are potash, lime, salt, sulphuric acid or gypsum, and silica, or sand, and fortunately these manures are easily procured in almost every part of the United States and Canada.

Ashes of every description are a good manure for clover. In Belgium the farmers invariably apply a top-dressing of prepared ashes to their grain and clover crops; for this purpose they make use of a mixture of the ashes of clay, wood and coal, saturated with liquid manure from the tank, and these dried by the addition of more ashes. In the United States, where wood ashes are so easily procured, every farmer can readily provide an excellent manure for his clover, or wheat crop. Wood ashes contain the salts of potash, and the phosphate of lime, which substances enter largely into the composition of the clover plant; they contain all the salts and inorganic substances which trees extract from the soil, and may be applied with good effect to almost every kind of crop. 100 parts of wood ashes afford 13.57 parts soluble, and 86.43 parts insoluble matter; the latter is that which is left behind at the ash works,—when the soluble parts are exported as potash. Leached ashes are nearly as valuable for manure as unleached, and this fact is well deserving of attention. Wood ashes contain a large proportion of lime,—coal ashes a considerable amount of phosphoric acid and silica. Peat, or turf ashes are composed in a great part of silica, and the sulphate and carbonate of lime, but contain little, if any, phosphoric acid. A mixture of these ashes makes a valuable manure, which can be applied to the wheat or clover crop, with the hand or a manure spreading machine.

In the great forests of Nature, the mineral ingredients which have been taken up by the roots, in order to form the trunks, branches and leaves of trees, are returned to the soil according as the trees decay. We ought to imitate this natural process, and return to the soil a compensation for those substances which have been carried away by our crops.

I read the article on "Waste Manures" in the RURAL of the 24th ult., and fully agree with the opinions of the writer. I know that a vast quantity of valuable manure is annually suffered to go to waste, and am fully convinced that if all the bones, ashes and liquid manure which are lost by neglect, were saved and applied to the crops, the good results of such appliances would be almost incalculable. Bones dissolved in sulphuric acid are excellent manure for wheat, clover or turnips, and become doubly valuable when mixed with night-soil or guano.

The time for sowing clover varies according to the condition of the soil and the state of the crop with which it is put in. It is sometimes sown with success on wheat in the fall; and also with the same kind of crop in the spring, as well as with the usual spring crops. It has been frequently

sown with the flax crop, and has been found to do well, but it is liable to be injured when the flax is being pulled. The late frosts in spring sometimes destroy the young plants. On this account, it is better not to put in the seed until the frosts have disappeared.

Farmers suffer much loss annually by the failure of the clover crop. The discovery of the causes of failure, is the first step towards supplying a remedy. The English, German, and Belgian farmers cultivate clover extensively, and the frequent failures to which the crop is liable, led them to investigate the matter closely. The opinions of some of them are well deserving of attention.

At a great meeting of German land-holders, held a few years ago, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Prof. SWEITZER stated that, "With respect to the repetition of red clover, we have abundant evidence in Saxony, where the soil is neither too loose, nor too close, *is deep*, so that the plow can go eight inches down, and is also rather moist, clover is the most certain, and may also be repeated the most frequently, not only *every six years*, but with high farming, *every four years*. In an inferior soil, we may be quite sure that clover will not do well *every four years*, as has been proved in the vicinity of Dresden, where the land is completely clover-sick." At the close of the discussion, at which these remarks were made, the Chairman gave it as his opinion,—"that a repetition of clover, *after six years*, was allowable in every part of Germany with which he was acquainted. That in favorable soils, *four years* might be considered a sufficient interval; *but that to bring two crops of clover nearer together, was always doubtful, and if successful, could only be regarded as an exception to the general experience of German Agriculturists*."

Mr. JOHN TURNER, of Banten, near Exeter, England, says, "I have experienced the loss of the red clover plant on my own farm very often, when there was the very best plant at harvest time, and that, too, on the best soils. The result of my own experience for more than twenty years, is this: *that in nineteen cases out of twenty, the failure is entirely owing to the stubble having been fed bare after harvest*, as the plant is by this means weakened, and rendered unable to withstand the rigors of winter. I have so frequently proved this, that I have not the slightest doubt on the subject. In every instance where I had *not* fed it bare in the autumn, that piece was *the admiration of all, in the spring*."

The Rev. W. THORP, of Wolmsley, in Yorkshire, a distinguished agriculturist, attributes the failure in many instances to *a want of cohesiveness in the soil*. He directs the attention of farmers to the fact, that clover generally grows best on the headlands, because in these places the soil has been compressed, and hardened by the tramping of the horses. He states that in Norfolk clover-sick lands are completely renovated by the application of a dressing of clay or marl; because clay and marl give tenacity to the soil. He also supports his opinion by stating that scarlet clover, *Trifolium incarnatum*, invariably dies in the winter, when sown on newly plowed land, whilst if stubble land, before sowing, be simply scratched with the harrow, and after sowing, compressed by the roller, *it will stand the winter*.

The best crops of clover that I have ever seen were raised with wheat, from seed sown in the spring, after the surface of the fields had been completely softened and freshened up by light harrows. After the seed was deposited, the soil was rolled, and by this means all lumps were pulverized, every fissure stopped up, the soil compressed closely about the roots of the wheat, and a fine level surface obtained, which greatly facilitates the action of the reaping machine. Fine clay also resists the action of heat, and preserves moisture around the roots of the wheat and clover. In my opinion farmers suffer a great loss annually, by neglecting to make a proper preparation of the soil, before putting in the seed, and also by not harrowing and rolling their wheat crops.

The following are the principal causes of the failure of clover:—1. Want of preparation in the soil. 2. Want of cohesiveness in the soil. 3. Grazing the crops too bare in the fall. 4. Sowing too frequently in the same field. 5. The luxuriance of the grain crop. 6. Covering the seed too deep.—7. Permitting weeds to grow and smother the crop. 8. Sowing too much grass seed with the clover.—9. Sowing with a grain crop, when the latter is too far advanced in growth. 10. Sowing in a marshy soil, or near the borders of creeks or rivers, or other places likely to be flooded.

In my opinion the quantity and value of the clover crop, in the United States and Canada, might be vastly increased, almost doubled, by proper attention to the following particulars:—Not repeating the crop too often. Preparing the soil properly for the seed, by harrowing, rolling, &c. Not grazing the crop too bare in the fall. Manuring with prepared ashes, guano, or gypsum. Mowing before the clover becomes too ripe, and saving without much exposure to the sun, so that the leaves and stems may not become dried up and worthless. I have already trespassed too much on your space. EDWARD MASON.

Detroit, Mich., 1857.

NAMES FOR COUNTRY ROADS.

EDS. RURAL:—Why should not denizens of the country have names to their streets, a convenience nearly monopolized by towns and cities? Who has not suffered vexation and loss of time from not remembering or misunderstanding the roundabout directions kindly given for finding the place he was seeking? This trouble might in some cases be avoided, if the town custom of having the streets or roads named, and the names affixed to the corners, should be extended through the country. Then a farmer would not have to spend from two to five minutes in giving his address, but might simply mention his street and No. just like your citizen. As an instance, there is an exception to the general custom in "Clover street," Brighton, near Rochester, no more of a street than any country road, yet everybody knows "Clover St." because it has a name. As a friend to the improvement of the *country*, I would suggest that county and township authorities take the matter in hand and give to every road an appropriate rural name, cause it to be plainly painted in black letters on a white ground, and have it affixed to every corner, so that "he who runs may read."

Greece, N. Y., 1857. C. L. S.

WESTERN MISSOURI.

MR. MOORE:—As I have received many letters of inquiry from subscribers of the RURAL since my communication last August, I will, with your permission, answer some of their questions relative to this country through its columns.

1st. There is sufficient timber in this vicinity to furnish rails for fencing, lumber, &c., for building and firewood for all our prairie, besides a surplus of lumber which is sent off in every direction from 15 to 20 miles where there is less timber and no saw-mills. I am told the timber is lighter as you go west towards the Kansas line. 2d. Our well-water is soft, cold and pure. Springs are generally warm in the summer, and where they come up through the coal beds, as is frequently the case, the water tastes of sulphur. We dig from 18 to 30 feet. After going down about eight feet through loam and a mixture of sand and clay, it is soft sandstone to the water; easily picked up or blasted. 3d. Our small streams do not run throughout the year, as in the Northern States, but dry up during the summer, leaving a solid rocky bed, with occasional pools of living water that remain pure, as they are fed by springs, and which afford abundance of water for stock. 4th. We have had some of the wildest thunder storms during the past summer I ever witnessed, but I am told it has been an unusual season in that respect. 5th. The surface of the prairie is smooth and rolling with some stones cropping out upon the highest ground and in the ravines. Timbered land is more broken with frequent ledges of rock. The bottoms are clear of stone and as fertile as any in the State. We have an abundance of good building stone. 6th. Lime is plenty everywhere; price, 10 cents per bushel. 7th. Farm labor by the month cannot be obtained upon any terms, as those who will work have enough of their own to do. The class that we expected to rely upon, but who will not work, (and thank God they are fast diminishing,) cannot be tempted with money to do that which they so much abhor. They have no objections, however, to a game of brag poker, or euchre when the money is on the board. Every individual of this class has the *fastest* horse in the country. They have, until within two years, effectually kept the country in its wild state as it was when it was first settled twenty years ago.

8th. Fruit, common to the North, such as apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, &c., seems to thrive and bear as well or better than in the Northern States. There are a few old orchards here which show for themselves. The grape is a natural product, as we find wild ones everywhere, some of which are nearly as large as the Isabella and Catawba, and very delicious. 9th. Choice tracts of wild land are now selling for from $3 to $5 per acre. Improved lands from $4 to $8. The improvements consist of log houses and stables, and more or less land plowed and fenced, with now and then a peach orchard. 10th. Rails, 8 feet long, are worth $1 dollar per hundred; 10 feet long, $1 25. For fencing prairies, 8 feet rails are preferred. 11th. The price for breaking prairie is from $2 50 to $3 per acre. 12th. Oak lumber is worth from $1 25 to $2 per hundred feet; walnut, from $2 to $3; pine, $3. We get all of our pine from Arkansas, about 100 miles south, where it is worth about $10 per thousand feet.

13th. This country was first settled by hunters from Ind., Ill., Tenn., and Ky. The emigration now is principally from Ill. and Ind. There is a colony of Pennsylvanians just commencing near us. 14th. There are several townships in this county which will come into market next March, which will be about the last chance for choice lands, at Government prices, here. Emigrants are settling upon it now and securing their homes by pre-emptioning. I would advise those who intend coming here for government land, to come before the market opens, and not wait to take their chances with speculators who are ready to swarm as soon as the lands are offered for sale. 15th. This seems to be as healthy as any new country in the west; we think the prairies far healthier than those in the more Northern States, and have enjoyed excellent health since we have lived here.—There seems to be no local cause for sickness upon the prairie, but upon the streams and bottom lands in the timber, ague claims its own, and it will never be otherwise. 16. Fine stock of any kind is now in great demand, and will amply pay any emigrant who has it for the trouble and cost of transporting it here.

17th. We have no present prospect of a R. R. nearer than within 50 miles of us, and the time is about past when R. R.'s will be made in new countries before there is a call for them by the inhabitants of the same. When we need the "iron horse" as an improvement upon our own native steed we will have it. 18th. There is a line of stages running from Jefferson City to Osceola, about 100 miles, which is within a half days drive of this township. 19th. Timothy, blue grass and clover grow well here, where they have been tried. 20th. Oxen are worth from $60 to $75 per yoke; horses from $65 to $100, but not large animals; native sheep $1 50 per head. 21st. The expense of coming here by R. R., from Buffalo, would be from $40 to $50 for each individual. As we do not all judge of new countries alike, I would prefer to have every man of a family who thinks of emigrating here come and see for himself before bringing his family from good homes to an untried life and climate. H. P. SMITH.

Montevallo, Vernon Co., Mo., 1857.

RAISING CANE (CAIN.)

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SORGHUM QUESTION.

EDS. RURAL:—Raising cane (Cain) is a familiar term for most kinds of iniquity and wrong. How often, in our juvenile delinquencies have we heard the parental command, "quit raising Cain." Now sir, if I (and many others) had continued to heed this parental injunction we should have been much better off. The fact is, I wanted to be humbugged just a little, and so concluded to "raise cane." I have done so, and gone the whole figure, *mill and all*, and believe I can now reckon out the whole sum and arrive at a correct conclusion. It is this—it will not and cannot be made to pay in this latitude.

Let us see how the account stands. The rent of land that is fit to grow cane upon, is worth $12 per acre. It will cost twice as much to tend it as it would corn, and after being grown, then is the time your labor just begins. Just imagine yourself, (with the thermometer at or about the freezing point, with rain half of the time,) taking up, singly, 12,000 to 13,000 stalks 12 feet long, (about the product of an acre,) and picking off the leaves and cutting off the tops—running it through the mill, 5 or 6 stalks at a time, and see the juice come out as *green as a frog pond*; yes, sir, as green as the man that quits other work to *raise cane*.

Now for the boiling. This is a disagreable, odorous operation, the worst part of all, and takes about half as long as it would to make sugar from maple sap. Next, the product. I have it manufactured in several ways; it is nothing but *good boiled sweet apple cider*, and never will be anything else; there is no more grain to it than there is to tar. The product per acre is enough, I admit, to satisfy any reasonable man, if it was good for anything. It cannot be used for anything where boiled sweet cider would not be as good. All kinds of cake turn black when sweetened with it. I care not if some visionary people pronounce it good; they may make up faces when they taste it, and turn their backs to hide a scowl as often as they please, the truth must and will come out—*the whole thing is a failure*. Those who are green enough to still puff it are referred to the days of *Morus Multicaulis*, when it was said "our wives and daughters would be clothed in silk every day," independent of Italy or France, — or to the Chinese Tree Corn under whose shade the Nations could repose.—Where are they now? Gone to the shade they could not produce.

Sugar and molasses are now produced upon low priced land, with labor that costs nothing but *board and whipping*. How can we compete with them with high-priced land and paid labor? We shall see. You asked for facts from the other side of the question; here they are, incontrovertible from the very nature of the case. I should have written long since, but I wanted to wait until the scum boiled off, for I expect some addle-brained correspondent of yours will be after me with a *sharp stick*; if it is not a *Sorg-Hum* I don't care; let them come—I am prepared for them. J. C. B.

Sheridan, Nov. 15, 1757.

TURNIPS.—THE TELTOWER REUBEN.

EDS. RURAL:—In the RURAL of the 31st ult., JAMES M. SMITH, of Dayton, Ohio, wishes information about a certain Turnip, called Teltower Reuben, (not Feltower.) They are raised near Teltow, a small town not far from Berlin in Prussia, from which place they are sent to all large cities in Germany. The soil there is somewhat like the Geneace Flats, or some of our rich river bottoms, and is made still richer by plentiful manuring. It favors the growth of all kinds of roots, especially the sugar beet, carrot, mangold, etc., the first of which is extensively grown for the manufacture of sugar. But there is a decided difference in regard to the effect of this rich soil on this turnip and most of the other roots. The latter will yield an enormous crop, while the former will grow to the smallest possible size in the turnip line. They have the shape of a carrot, but their average size is not more than three inches long, half an inch in diameter at the top and tapering towards the end. They are, indeed, a very delicate vegetable, and certainly cannot be equalled for flavor and tenderness by any other turnip. It is my opinion, however, even if some of our American soil was conducive to their growth, their size would be quite an objection to American farmers, as it would require something more than Yankee patience to cultivate and harvest them.—There is no other locality in any of the German States, as far as I am aware, where they grow and retain the three essential good qualities peculiar to this turnip. I have seen some, raised near Frankfort-on-the-Maine,—but they were larger, coarser, and with less flavor. I have sold them at Frankfort for a shilling a quart, and some seasons for twice that, which price can only be afforded by the rich. I suppose the seed could be obtained through our Ambassador at the Court at Berlin.

Ogden, N. Y., 1857. CHARLES KETTINGER.

SHINGLES AND SHINGLING.

EDS. RURAL:—I would like to offer a few remarks through the medium of your paper, to your numerous readers, upon the subject of roofing for buildings.

As shingles are in general use in this State, and will be for some time to come, it is important to know the best methods of making and laying them. I have been a practical builder for a number of years, and from my own observation, I think there are great errors committed in making shingles, and in roof-boarding to receive them. It is a very common mistake in making shingles to cut down the tips to the thickness of a mere shaving, and from one-fourth to half an inch narrower than at the buts. Now, in width this order should be reversed, and every shingle made one-fourth of an inch widest at the top, and the thickness of the latter, should be three-sixteenths for a shingle eighteen inches in length. The but should be at least three-eighths of an inch in thickness—a half would be better—as a thin shingle becomes very brittle when only partly worn. A shingle should never exceed four inches in width for a good roof, as a wide one will crack at the but much worse than a narrow one. Roof boards should not be over three inches in width, and are better an inch and one-fourth thick.

Many still adhere to the old custom of placing the roof-boards close together, and I have known some to match them, thinking to have the boards carry off the water if the shingles would not.—This must be called pound foolishness, as shingles made of most timber would soon decay, especially if shaded by trees as many houses are. I have made good roofs with boards six inches wide, leaving the same space between them, and nailing the shingles to them near each edge. Shingles shaved from good pine, if made in the form I have recommended, undoubtedly stand at the head of wooden roofing. Sawed pine shingles also make an excellent roof, if boarded so as to give them plenty of air from the under side, and each space between the buts about one-fourth of an inch—Cedar, chestnut, hemlock, &c., also make a very good roof. R. C. NORTON.

Guilford, N. Y., Nov., 1857.

Rural Notes and Items.

A VALUABLE ANNUAL.—We are indebted to the publishers, LUTHER TUCKER & SON, of Albany, for a copy of "The Illustrated Annual Register of Rural Affairs and Cultivator Almanac, for the year 1858." It contains 124 pages of reading and illustrations, the character and quality of which may be inferred from the fact that the work is by J. J. THOMAS, author of the "American Fruit Culturist," "Farm Implements," etc. It is certainly a model in both contents and appearance, and worth far more than its price—25 cents—to any farmer or horticulturist.

THE LLAMA.—We observe that a New Yorker, as consignee for the owners, advertises a cargo of Llamas, under the heading of "A New Animal for Farmers." Though these animals are commended by the advertiser, who asserts that they "are *believed* to be well adapted to the use of the farmers of this country," and "as profitable as any animal now kept upon the farm," we very much doubt whether an investment in Llama flesh will *pay* any cultivator of the soil. Better pay more attention to the breeding and care of such animals as we now have and which are known to be profitable, rather than waste money in needless experiments with those of questionable value and utility.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—We clip the following items in reference to this plant from our exchanges. A Michigan journal says:—"A farmer in Jackson county, Michigan, left some stalks of Sorghum uncut until they were frozen hard. On boiling down the juice from these, he found the syrup to be clearer and finer than any he had previously made, the juice apparently divested of its coloring properties, by the action of the frost. He says:—'It was clear as amber, and its flavor more like honey than anything I ever tasted before.'"

—The St. Louis Democrat states that Mr. W. H. BELCHER, of the celebrated sugar refinery of St. Louis, perhaps the highest authority in saccharine matters in the country, has been carefully testing the Chinese cane. He says that it will prove a failure as far as sugar making is concerned, and, if it will not granulate, (as it will not,) the syrup does not contain a due proportion of cane sugar. He doubts its virtues as a sugar producing plant.

WHOLE POTATOES *vs.* EYES FOR SEED.—An English paper, the Ipswich *Express*, gives the result of an experiment lately made to ascertain what would be the difference in yield where whole potatoes were used for seed or the eyes alone, and reports thus:—"A trial has been made in the vicarage garden, Coggeshall, of potato eyes against whole potatoes, on perfectly equal terms, a row of each side by side—a certain number of whole potatoes were sown a yard apart, the eyes of the same number of potatoes of the same sort were sown at the usual distance—equal care was taken in all respects that the trial might be fair. The result, as shown a few weeks back, was, that the whole potatoes produced in weight more potatoes, but the excess of weight was just equal to the weight of potatoes from which the eyes had been taken, and which potatoes had gone into the kitchen for dressing; so that, as far as this experiment goes, nothing is gained by sowing whole potatoes.

POTATO AND ONION CROPS IN SACRAMENTO VALLEY.—An individual who has made an examination of the farms in this celebrated California Valley for the purpose of obtaining statistics relative to these crops, reports to the Sacramento *Union* as follows:—"From careful inquiry he ascertained that 1,593 acres had been planted in Irish potatoes, yielding 231,808 sacks, or about 463,616 bushels. Of sweet potatoes there were planted 356 acres, which have produced 32,275 sacks, or 64,550 bushels. Of onions, the quantity of land planted was 177 acres, producing 32,550 sacks, or 65,100 bushels. The greater portion of this crop has been sold in Sacramento, Stockton and San Francisco markets, although there are large quantities still in the ground unsold. The balance of the land, about 700 acres, was planted in melons and different kinds of vegetables."

SPECIMEN CROPS OF MINNESOTA.—As a sample of the productive powers of the soil of Minnesota, the Faribault *Herald* gives the following figures relative to a crop of Oats, and also of Potatoes, grown on the farm of Mr. MILLS, in that vicinity. Mr. M. had ten acres that yielded about 70 bushels per acre, and, from 25 acres, he threshed and sold 1,100 bushels. Of potatoes he has raised over 400 bushels, by measurement, of round pink-eyes per acre. In regard to the Rye crop of that region the *Herald* remarks:—"From a sack of flour presented us by Mr. DUTSON, we had bread baked in our family, the whiteness of which so contradicted our strongest assertions, that with difficulty we could make our friends believe it was other than wheat bread." Speaking of the foregoing, together with what has been witnessed by the editor, the *Minnesotian* says:—Our Eastern friends who think the West on the verge of bankruptcy, ruin, &c., will make a note of this. Like crops have been grown throughout the Territory, and our agriculturists are beginning to try the wonderful resources of Minnesota.

THE NEW JERSEY STATE AG. SOCIETY is said to have suspended payment on the premiums awarded at the late exhibition, and the debts incurred thereat. The causes are not made known; but we fear the "Jersey Blue" farmers are not *true blues* in the cause of Agricultural Improvement, else the treasury of their Society would be plethoric, even in these times.

POTATO ROT IN ENGLAND.—The London *Florist* says the potato disease has made such sad havoc with the crop the present year that the price is so high as to be almost prohibitory to families with common means. Still, we believe, the price is only about $1 25 per bushel, and in New York city the best potatoes are selling at from $3 to $3 50 per barrel.

GUANO.—A letter, dated Lima, Oct. 12, says the guano statistics for the month of September show that 39,386 tuns register have been shipped to England, 7,281 tuns to the United States, and 5,000 to France and her colonies.

REMEDY FOR THE HARD TIMES.

UNDER the head of "How to make the 'good time' come right along," *Life Illustrated* utters some logical and timely thoughts, in this wise:—"Give all the editors 'a dollar or two' to carry in their pockets, and a hopeful ray of mental sunshine will soon lighten up their depressed and desponding spirits, and directly you may read in their papers of 'a favorable change' in the financial condition of the country. This will induce timid capitalists and bankers to put out their funds—which they have called in—manufacturers to hoist the gates and start the wheels of their machinery, and thus give honorable employment to honest hands. This will create a demand for agricultural produce for 'home consumption'—put money into the pockets of farmers, and they, in return, pay the printer, the storekeeper, the tailor, blacksmith, the shoemaker, the schoolmaster, and others. Try it. There is no less money in the world now, but much more—than at any previous time. All that is necessary to restore business, is simply to restore confidence, and to put the money, now buried up or lying idle, into active circulation. If you owe the printer a dollar for his paper, or for advertising, pay him promptly—the whole if you can, a part *anyhow*, and *he* will, in return, pay those to whom *he* is indebted, and thus, throughout all the ramifications of business, new life and activity would at once be manifested."

—A great many wise people are sending "a dollar or two" for the RURAL about these days—not to "pay up" for the past, but to continue the paper or become new subscribers—inasmuch that we begin to think the times are not so very hard after all. If its friends will make a little effort to extend the RURAL'S area of circulation and usefulness with the new volume, we doubt not all interested will be benefited—for while every "dollar or two" will strengthen us, that which we give in return will impart far more than its cost-value in instruction and entertainment. And to the parties who shall introduce it to the notice and support of their neighbors and others, the RURAL offers something more than mere thanks—as will be seen by reference to its Premium List.

The Young Ruralist.

THE TIME FOR MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

As Winter is peculiarly the season for mental improvement among those engaged in rural pursuits, we would urge upon our young friends the importance of making good use of the leisure at their command during the ensuing few months.—Those who attend school should strive to excel by making it a business to *understand* what they study, instead of merely going through the ceremony of learning, without obtaining practical knowledge of what their text books and teachers are designed to impart. Our Common Schools are not what they ought to be in many respects, yet they are emphatically the People's Colleges—the fountains whereat must be obtained the rudiments of knowledge by the great mass—and if properly watched and sustained by parents, and attended by scholars they will become more and more useful and creditable. Every boy and girl should endeavor to make the best use of their time and facilities during the school season, and thus prepare themselves for future usefulness.

But, in addition to school studies, there are other means of mental improvement which should not be neglected, and to which much time may be devoted during the long evenings of Winter. By the perusal of books which are books—those that treat upon subjects a knowledge of which will prove of permanent interest and benefit by preparing the young for the labors, trials and perchance triumphs of the future—much valuable information may be acquired in hours and moments which would otherwise be wasted. Time and life are too valuable to be wasted in idleness, or, what is perhaps worse, in poring over the pages of love-sick novels and like trashy and ephemeral works. If you wish to make your time *pay*, and afford good dividends in the future, read history, biography, and works relating to the useful arts and sciences—and devote attention to the intelligent investigation of useful subjects. Form associations for mutual improvement—reading clubs, lyceums, &c.—and learn to talk and write and think for yourselves. Remember that the Young Ruralists of to-day must be the active world-movers of America twenty and thirty years hence—the leading farmers, merchants, lawyers, legislators, &c.,—for the great mass of *real* MEN of every nation have been born and reared in the country, away from the turmoil, temptations and associations of large towns and cities. Those, therefore, who now "act well their part" will reap the advantage of so doing in occupying positions of usefulness, responsibility, and perhaps eminence, in future years. In view of what they may accomplish for themselves and the country, we urge our young friends to employ well the golden moments of the present winter—to let no opportunity of improving and disciplining their minds, and acquiring knowledge and accomplishments of lasting value, to pass unheeded.

TAXIDERMY,—AN INQUIRY.

EDS. RURAL:—Perhaps there may be more Young Ruralists, like me, in different parts of the Union, who would like to form collections of stuffed birds and animals, but like myself have neglected doing so, because they have no very correct knowledge of the process. I write now to know if you could not help me and my friends along a little in the art. I have tried some myself, but cannot make them look natural. If you or any of your correspondents could furnish some useful hints, they would be gladly received by me and my young friends.

A LOVER OF NATURE.

St Lawrence Co., N. Y., 1857.

WE presume there are many taxidermists among our readers, and trust some one or more will respond to the above by communicating definite information.

READ not books alone, but men, and above all, read thyself.

MONEY in your purse will credit you—wisdom in your head will adorn you—but both in your necessity will serve you.

The Orchard and Garden.

AMERICAN FRUIT IN ENGLAND.

On the 24th of October, the English Horticultural Society held its Fall Exhibition, and the display of fruit is reported to have exceeded anything ever before seen in the country. Messrs. Hovey & Co. sent on a collection of apples and pears, which were exhibited. The pears it seems were inferior to both English and French collections, but the apples are well spoken of. We give the remarks of the *Florist and Fruitist*, (London):

"A collection of pears of French growth came from Nantes, but with the exception, perhaps, of some large Buerre Diels few of the fruits contained in it were first rate. Inferior to these, however, was a display of pears of American growth, from Messrs. Hovey, of Boston. They were bruised and injured from traveling, but independently of that, they were individually small and poor, especially when compared with the fine English fruit which everywhere surrounded them, and with which they formed a sorry contrast. This, however, has, we believe, been a bad year for fruit in America. Of trans-atlantic apples, furnished by the same growers, we can, however, speak in more favorable terms. The Rhode Island Greening and the Baldwin, upon being cut, were found to be first rate. The former, especially, though somewhat unpromising in appearance, is crisp, juicy, and most agreeable to the taste, and the same may also be said of the Baldwin."

The *Gardener's Chronicle* says the Greening and Baldwins were by far the best apples in the American collection, though the Porter, Northern Sweet, Cogswell and Roxbury Russet were worthy of favorable mention.

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF HYBRIDIZATION.

Eds. Rural:—It is comparatively recent that successful attempts have been made, at least to any considerable extent, to produce new varieties of fruits and flowers, by hybridization, or the mingling of one species with another. The facts, and law of vegetable physiology, on which the practice is founded, are, however, not new. It has been for a long time known that certain plants, such as the cucumber, and the melon, and many others, have different kinds of flowers, and that though the one kind are of short duration, and drop off, they are yet in some way necessary to the fruitfulness of the other. Many who have grown these plants near each other, have observed that their seeds had in some way deteriorated, and failed to produce fruit like that from which they were taken.

The difference between staminate and pistillate flowers, and between the stamens and pistils of the same flower, and their different office in the production of fruit, has long been known. It has been known that if the pollen from one of these plants should be carried by the wind, or insects, and deposited upon the ovula of the other, the seed thus produced would partake in some degree of the nature of each of the parent plants. A particle of the pollen from the corn tassel, on a stalk of one kind of corn, falling upon the end of a fibre of the silk from the newly formed ear of another kind, at a certain stage of its growth, will produce, at the other end of that fibre, a kernel, not altogether like either, but what is called a cross of the two. This is every year observed in almost all gardens, or fields, where different kinds of corn are grown. It is a very common practice, at the present day, to plant strawberries of different kinds in the same bed, that the one may fertilize the other.

In regard to all these cases, the generally received theory, I believe, is, that the mingling of species is in the *seed* alone;—that is, that the *cucumber* this year is not at all different, from its flowers having been fertilized by a neighboring squash, or any variety of pistillate strawberries, at all different, in color, size, or flavor, whether fertilized by the Early Scarlet, or the Black Prince. But if *seeds* of this cucumber, or of these strawberries are sown, the fruit produced by the new plants will be hybrids, or crosses, of the different species.

All the facts, which I have observed, favor this theory unless it may be the one which I now communicate to your readers, and upon which I should like the opinion of some one who is wise in these matters. The fact is this. Upon a grape-vine, growing in this town, and having for its support a hickory tree, was found, some weeks ago, a fruit of this description: The outside husk, and general appearance, that of the hickory nut, though not quite so large as the nuts upon the tree, completely filled with a hard, sour, grape pulp, and in the centre, what appeared like several grape seeds, crowded, and joined together. This specimen was examined by several persons likely to be interested in such matters, but so far as I can learn, no one of them has communicated the fact to the public.

Other query, besides the one relating to the theory of hybridization, suggested itself to my mind on seeing this queer mongrel, viz., If there is such affinity between the agents which go to form the fruit in these different species, of so widely different genera of plants, may it not be that a like affinity exists between the plants themselves, and that the grape can be worked upon the hickory? I assert no such probability, but suggest the query for the curious. H.

Hudson, Ohio, 1857.

Hugh Miller says:—"As another family of plants, the Rosaceæ was created in order that the gardens which it would be one of man's vocations to keep and to dress, should have their trees 'good for food, and pleasant to the taste;' so flowers, in general, were profusely produced just ere he appeared, to minister to that sense of beauty which distinguishes him from all the lower creatures, and to which he owes not a few of his most exquisite enjoyments. The poet accepted the bee as a sign of high significance; the geologist also accepts her as a sign. Her entombed remains testify to the gradual fitting-up of our earth as a place of habitation for a creature destined to seek delight for the mind and the eye as certainly as for the grosser senses, and in especial, marks the introduction of the stately forest-trees, and the arrival of delicious flowers."

THE DOUBLE FLOWERED PETUNIAS.

All our readers are acquainted with that common and pretty bedding plant, the Petunia, which we have before described in the Rural. Though very showy, and constant, free bloomers, making the garden look gay and bright from May until the frosts of Autumn, no double flower was produced until recently. This we have never much regretted, as the effect of the bed would not be any better, even if all the flowers double—abundance of flowers and a fine arrangement of colors are matters of much more consequence. For this reason, although we were pleased with the new double white Petunia, called the *Imperialis*, which was raised in France, yet we did not feel as much elated over it as some of our friends. The appearance and character of this flower is shown in the engraving.

An Englishman, by the name of Grieves, has hybridized the *Imperialis* with some of the best dark single sorts, and the result is said to be a number of very fine double flowers of all colors from crimson to white. The dark flower in the engraving exhibits one of these varieties.

The *Imperialis* can now be obtained at almost any of our nurseries and greenhouses at a very small price, but we have not yet learned of the importation of the dark, double sorts. In view of the enterprise of our nurserymen, we can say it will not be long before they are offered for sale.—But, whether this is so or not, we know of some very fine new single American sorts that may satisfy the lover of flowers for a year or so at least and of some of these we shall speak in a future number.

BEST FRUIT FOR MARKET.

In the Rural of Nov. 7th, your reply in answer to the "*Best Fruit for Market*" does not caution against planting pistillate strawberry plants by themselves. Vast numbers of persons have been disappointed in their hopes of a strawberry crop by not understanding that staminate plants are necessary to a good crop of strawberries. This caution may seem superfluous to you who have heard the matter so often; but is by no means unnecessary to a great many of your readers. Of staminate plants, the "Large Early Scarlet" and the "Hooker" are two of the finest varieties.

As to the New Rochelle Blackberry, you say they "should be planted at from six to eight feet." Permit me to say that the *rows* should be eight feet apart; but that *in* the rows the plants need only to be four feet apart, which doubles the number of hills to the acre, and with good cultivation more than doubles the crop. The habit of the plant is drooping; and by bending and tying them in the direction of the rows, the space of eight feet *between* is left comparatively clear, and instead of 680 plants you can set out 1,360 to the acre—160 more than when planted six feet apart each way. This also allows a much greater freedom for cultivation of the plants and the gathering of the fruit. The rows should, if possible, be planted from west to east, so that the plants bending in the same direction will feel the prevailing winds less than in any other way.

I have an acre of these plants under cultivation, and take great pleasure in showing to visitors their mode of cultivation, habit and growth, some of mine being ten feet in height. Plants are sold in quantities at $125 per thousand.—C. P. Bissell, *Rochester, N. Y., Nov.*, 1857.

Remarks.—In our answer to a correspondent noticed above, we did not attempt to give the method of culture, but simply to answer the questions asked. We have given thorough information on the subject in the present volume of the Rural. The distance for Blackberries recommended by Mr. Bissel may be the best, though at the last meeting of the Fruit Growers of Western New York, eight feet each way was recommended by some cultivators.

Grape Growers.—The grape growers of the West are receiving large accessions to their numbers from Europe. A ship arrived at Philadelphia a few days since from Genoa, bringing one hundred and twenty-five passengers, who all come to this country with the intention of proceeding west and engaging in the culture of the grape, with a view to the production of wine.

CHERRY TREES AND THE WINTER.

Last spring, in a communication upon the effect of the severe winter upon my cherry trees, I alluded to their first promising appearance and then to their apparent injury by the previous winter.—I regret to say the result was the loss of some of my best trees. Upon examination I found the roots and body close to the ground entirely vigorous and alive. The limbs and main branches were also uninjured; but the body was entirely dead, the rapid growth having opened seams in the bark to the wood, and by such exposure was in fact frozen to death, and for that reason the bottom and top failed to connect, and because of this the trees died.

It has occurred to me that by winding straw or some other like protection around the body of the trees, they might have been saved. I give this suggestion, as some of your numerous readers may have already tried or may try the experiment, and if proved a successful remedy, it might contribute to the happiness and luxuries of man.

Syracuse, N. Y., 1857. S. N. Holmes.

The Vintage of Missouri.—From the German colony of Hermann, in Missouri, we learn that the vintage has been in progress for several weeks, and is almost ended. The yield unprecedentedly large—the vintners are reaping a larger crop than they had provided for, and in consequence there is a scarcity of barrels and cellar room. The St. Louis Westliche Post says the grapes are unusually large and juicy, and if ordinary care is taken in the vintage, the yield of wine will be better, as well as larger than ever before, as they must contain a greater precentage of sugar than has been the case in any year since 1848. The wine this year grown in Hermann and vicinity will amount to about 100,000 gallons.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

Curculio.—A remedy for this pest is proposed in the *Ohio Valley Farmer*, by Mr. Walker, of Kentucky. As soon as the fruit is attacked, take a tin pan into which soapsuds has been placed to the depth of an inch or so; place it in the tree, and place a small glass globe lamp in the middle of the pan, which permit to burn all night. In darting towards the light, the curculios strike the glass, and are precipitated into the liquid, from which they are unable to extricate themselves.

Never plant a tree with small roots and large top—when the roots have been made small by the spade in digging—without making the latter small also. There must be some ballast in the hold to carry so much sail on the mast.

Domestic Economy.

FRUIT CAKE, CRACKERS, &c.

Eds. Rural:—Often being benefited by the recipes of others I trust the following are worthy of publication and will find a place in your columns:

Rich Fruit Cake.—One pound of flour, 1 lb. sugar, ¾ lb. butter, 10 eggs, beat the yolks and sugar together, then add the flour and butter beaten to a cream, then mix in lightly the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth, 1 lb. raisins cut in pieces, 2 lbs. currants well washed and dried, ¼ lb. citron cut in slips, mace and cinnamon of each a tablespoonful, 1 gill of brandy. Strew a quarter of a pound of flour over the currants and raisins, stir all together into a cake. Put in tin dishes lined with buttered paper—fill 2 inches thick—bake in a quick oven an hour.

Butter Crackers.—Rub 4 ounces of butter in a pound of flour; add salt. When it is fine put in cold water sufficient to dampen it and keep it together, then beat it with a rolling pin until smooth. Roll thin, cut in small cakes, the size of a dollar piece, and nearly an inch thick, bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes.

Cup Cake.—2 eggs, 2 cups cream, 2 cups sugar, 4 cups flour, 2 teaspoonfuls soda.

Fruit Pudding.—1 bowlful of nice thick cream, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful saleratus; mix and roll it nearly an inch thick, then spread with fruit—roll up and boil in a sack for two hours. Eat with sauce. Maple sugar and cream preferable.

Attica, Seneca Co., Ohio, 1857. Cyrena.

GINGER SNAPS, CAKES AND CRULLERS.

Eds. Rural:—Will you please publish the following recipes for the benefit of A. H. H.'s better half.

Ginger Snaps.—2 cups of molasses, 1 cup lard, 1 tablespoonful of ginger, 1 do. saleratus; flour; roll very thin.

Another and Better.—1 pound butter, 1 pound sugar, 1 pint molasses, 1 cup ginger, 2 teaspoons saleratus, 6 eggs; flour; roll thin. A. S. L.

Lyons, N. Y., 1857.

Eds. Rural:—As a subscriber, I take the liberty of sending you a "capital recipe" for ginger snaps, observing a request for one in last week's Rural:

Ginger Snaps.—Take 1 teacup sugar, 1 teacup of molasses, 7 of flour, 1 tablespoon of vinegar, ½ tablespoon of saleratus, salt and seasoning.

Eds. Rural:—In reply to the request which was made in the last Rural for a recipe for "ginger snaps," I will send the following, as they are the best I have ever tried.

Ginger Snaps.—1 teacup of boiled molasses, 4 tablespoonfuls of butter, 1 tablespoonful of ginger, 1 teaspoonful of soda; stir the molasses in the flour when hot; roll thin and bake quick.

Lemon Cake.—3 cups of sugar, 1 cup of butter, 5 eggs—yolks and whites separated—1 cup sour cream, 1 teaspoonful of saleratus, 4 cups of flour; the juice and rind of a lemon, grated.

Crullers.—1 cup of sugar, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar, 1 of soda; roll and cut thin; fry in lard.

Corning, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1857. M. E. P.

THE WAY TO MAKE PUMPKIN PIES.

As it is now "Pumpkin time," I take the liberty to send a new recipe, (or new at least to us,) which we think is far superior to the old method of "stewing" the pumpkin—which you will please insert for the benefit of those of your readers who love good pumpkin pie. It is this:—Take a good ripe pumpkin, pare, and cut into good sized pieces, then *grate* it, and put into the milk, the same as in the ordinary way; put in your eggs, allowing one to a pie, one tablespoon of ginger, one of cinnamon or allspice, according to your taste, and you will have a delicious pie.

Good Gingerbread.—Take two teacups of rich cream, one of molasses, one tablespoon of ginger a little salt; mix soft as you can conveniently roll it, and bake in a quick oven. This will make two large loaves.—C. W. C., *Greece, N. Y.*, 1857.

HOW TO KEEP EGGS FRESH, &c.

Eds. Rural:—Reading in a late number of your paper that you wish to know how to keep eggs fresh during winter, I will give you my plan and you can publish it if you choose. Be sure to have the eggs fresh; put two or three dozen in a colander, pour boiling water over them, and as soon as they are dry, roll each one in a paper, as lemons are put up, and stand them on the small end. I kept eggs last winter this way, without freezing, in the cellar way, when every thing in the cellar froze solid. I have them now, that I put down in July, as fresh as new ones. To be kept in a cool, dry place.

Fresh Beef can be kept from spoiling, a few days, by putting in sour milk.

Minute Pudding made in the usual way; only not quite as thick, by adding three or four eggs, well beaten, and put in *after* the flour, will be much better. Mrs. L. D'P.

Coldspring, Oct., 1857.

A Simple Remedy for Bronchitis.—A writer in the Baltimore Sun who has been afflicted severely in his family by that appalling disease, bronchitis, has found relief from the following remedy:—"Take honey in the comb, squeeze it out and dilute with a little water, and wet the lips and mouth occasionally with it." It had never been known to fail, in cases where children had throats so swollen as to be unable to swallow. It is certainly a simple remedy, and may be a very efficacious one.

For Chapped Hands.—Take five drachms of camphor gum, 3 do. white beeswax, 3 do. spermaceti, 2 oz. olive oil—put them together in a cup upon the stove where they will melt slowly, and form a white ointment in a few minutes. If the hands be affected, anoint them on going to bed, and put on a pair of gloves. A day or two will suffice to heal them.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

A NEW LIFE-BOAT.

A new self-righting life-boat was exhibited off the Battery, on the 22d inst., in the presence of a large assemblage, embracing representatives from most of the Marine Insurance Companies, as well as many ship-owners and merchants. This boat was designed by R. C. Holmes, of Cape May, an old surfman, of large experience on the Atlantic coast. In form, its bow and stern are alike sharp at each end, like a whale-boat, with a very high sheer. Each end is filled with cork cuttings and sealed up thoroughly. The boat is 23 feet long, 6 feet 9 inches wide, and 2 feet 9 inches deep. Like the famous Long Branch boats, which it somewhat resembles, it is clinker built, of wood, and exceedingly buoyant; the weight of the one on exhibition was 1,200 lbs. It was propelled through the water with much ease. To test its buoyancy and self-righting qualities when capsized seven of the Battery boatmen stripped and got into it. By standing on the gunwale and throwing all their weigth on one side, they were able to bring it upon its beam; then by holding the man ropes and swinging back, assisted by others in boats on the other side, they succeeded, after many attempts, in turning it bottom upward. As it went over the men inside clung to the thwarts, and it instantly rolled over and came right side up, the buoyant ends clearing one gunwale of the water before the other was immersed. This experiment, oft repeated, elicited much applause. It is said that the boat would carry 50 persons with ease; we saw over 30 in her at one time, and there seemed to be room enough for as many more. This boat will be valuable for coast service in rendering assistance to the shipwrecked, as it is obvious that she would ride the heaviest surf right side up. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

HEATING BY FURNACES.

In order to insure the healthful operation of hot air furnaces in houses, the gases produced by combustion of the fuel must not be suffered to mingle, even in minute proportions, with the air which is to be inhaled. Of these the most noxious are the carbonic oxyd and sulphurous acid gases. The former, when the action of the furnace is perfect, undergoes a further combustion, converting it into carbonic acid—a less noxious product; but the latter, or sulphurous gas, is entirely incombustible. It is evolved in considerable quantity from even the purest varieties of anthracite, is especially prone to escape, and is eminently deleterious when breathed habitually even in small amount. To guard against such a result, the stove must be constructed with as few junctures as possible; and those must be so formed and so connected as to remain air-tight, in spite of the warping, and the alternate expansion and contraction of the materials due to changing temperature. The air of the air-chamber must be warmed evenly and adequately, without bringing it into contact with surfaces so highly heated as to cause the organic matters contained in it to be burned or otherwise chemically altered; and in order to fulfill this condition, the arrangement must be such as to present to the included passing air a large warming surface heated to a moderate temperature. The air, being supplied with an increase of heat in the air-chamber, must also be supplied with a corresponding increase of moisture. This is requisite to maintain its natural degree of humidity; or that appropriate to the temperature, without which it is felt to be unpleasantly dry, and when habitually breathed, proves highly detrimental to the health. Since the first introduction of the hot-air furnace, in the shape of the Cockle or Belper stove, constructed by Mr. Strutt, in 1792, nearly all the newly invented articles in this line have retained the same general plan.

AIR POISON.

People have often said that no difference can be detected in the analyzation of pure and impure air. This is one of the vulgar errors difficult to dislodge from the ordinary brain. The fact is that the condensed air of a crowded room gives a deposit, which, if allowed to remain a few days, forms a solid, thick glutinous mass, having a strong odor of animal matter. If examined by the microscope, it is seen to undergo a remarkable change. First of all, it is converted into a vegetable growth, and this is followed by the production of multitudes of animalcules—a decisive proof that it must contain certain organic matter, otherwise it could not nourish organic beings. A writer in Dickens' Household Words, in remarking upon this subject, says that this was the result arrived at by Dr. Angus Smith, in his beautiful experiment on the air and water of towns, wherein he showed how the lungs and skin gave out organic matter, which is, in itself, a deadly poison, producing headache, sickness, disease or epidemic according to its strength. Why, if a few drops of the liquid matter, obtained by the condensation of the air of a foul locality, introduced into the vein of a dog, can produce death by the usual phenomena of typhus fever, what incalculable evils must not it produce on those human beings who breath it again and again, rendered fouler and less capable of sustaining life with every breath drawn! Such contamination of the air, and consequent hot-bed of fever and epidemic, it is easily within the power of man to remove.—Ventilation and cleanliness will do all, so far as the abolition of this evil goes; and ventilation and cleanliness are not miracles to be prayed for but certain results of common obedience to the laws of God.—*Scientific American.*

Artificial Fire Clay.—Common clay is very fusible; this is owing to the presence of lime, iron and magnesia in it. By removing these substances it can be employed for making very refractory vessels, such as crucibles, to withstand a very high degree of heat. The way to do this, is to steep the clay for some hours, (from six to twenty-four, in dilute muriatic acid, according to the quantity of these substances in it,) then washing it with water, and drying it afterwards. The muriatic acid takes up and dissolves the substances named, which are removed with the washing.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

LINES DEDICATED TO A FRIEND.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

O, FANCY it not like a blossom born
In the smiles of a sunny hour,
Whose fragile beauty more radiant beams
In the noon-tide's kindling power,
But foldeth its cup when the chill winds sigh,
Or the evening shadows lower.

Nor liken it to the warbling bird,
Who all the glad summer time
Enlivens our home with his song of love,
But flies to fairer clime
When the wildering shout of the storm-king blends
With autumn's mournful chime.

O, no! but like the sweet bird and the flower,
More gladly and cheerly we dwell,
When 'round us the sunlight of friendship has thrown
Her charm-like and magical spell,
The green spots of joy in our journey of life
Which longest on memory tell.

But dearer it is in adversity's gloom,
When sorrow its mildew hath shed
A cankering blight on the heart's cherished hopes,
And o'er us a darken'd wing spread,
The friendship untiring comes softly to cheer,
And lift up the sufferer's head.

And gently to us she hath ever yet been
A soft cooing dove sweetly true,
Whose white downy pinions above us hath woo'd
In joyings and sorrowings too,
And dearer more dear hath the lovely bird seem'd
As older and fonder it grew.

And pensively now when the bright orb of day
Has gone to his low, rosy rest,
And sapphire tissue hath beautifully draped
His gorgeous couch in the west,
Then backward I go to the halls of the past,
All greenly with memories dress'd.

And gliding along with a noiseless step,
Half tearful, yet fondly I trace
The lights and the shades of each dear olden scene
Which distance nor time can efface,
And brightly enwoven with revery's dream
Thy dear smiling image hath place.

And oft the soft notes of those low plaintive lays,
My voice maketh vocal again,
We were wont to repeat in the still twilight hours,
And ever each sweet melting strain
Will lift o'er the chords of my heart's lonely lute,
Breathing music no words can explain.

But not all of earth is the friendship we prize,
On missions divine she hath come,
To win our affections all fervent and pure
To the joys of her bright happy home,
O, give we her room for this two-fold embrace,
Which shall bind us beyond the dark tomb.

Then calmly we'll gather from life's mazy way,
As over its pathway we rove,
The buds that will blossom and cheer us to-day,
And centre our soul's fadeless love
On the SAVIOR whose friendship for us will be given
Bright mansions in glory above.

East Clarkson, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HIAWATHA'S COURTSHIP.

RENDERED INTO PROSE BY C. N. BEMENT.

"As to the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she binds him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other."

[*Song of Hiawatha.*

THUS the youthful HIAWATHA said within himself and pondered, much perplexed by various feelings—listless, longing, hoping, fearing, dreaming still of MINNEHAHA, of the lovely Laughing-Water in the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people," warning said old NAKOMIS; "go not eastward, go not westward, for a stranger, whom we know not! Like a fire upon the hearthstone is a neighbor's homely daughter; like the starlight or the moonlight is the handsomest of strangers!"

Thus spoke NAKOMIS, and HIAWATHA answered only this:—"Dear old NAKOMIS, very pleasant is the firelight, but I like the starlight better—better do I like the moonlight!"

Then old NAKOMIS gravely said:—"Bring not here an idle maiden—bring not here a useless woman, hands unskillful, feet unwilling; bring a wife with nimble fingers, heart and hand that move together,—feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling answered HIAWATHA:—"In the land of the Dacotahs lives the arrow-maker's daughter, MINNEHAHA, Laughing-Water, handsomest of all the women. I will bring her to your wigwam,—she shall run upon your errands, be your starlight, moonlight, firelight, be the sunlight of my people!"

NAKOMIS, still dissuading, said:—"Bring not to me a stranger from the land of the Dacotahs!—very fierce are the Dacotahs, often is there war between us—there are feuds unforgotten, wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered HIAWATHA:—"For that reason if no other, would I wed the fair Dacotah, that our tribes be united,—that old feuds might be forgotten, and old wounds be healed forever!"

Thus departed HIAWATHA to the land of the Dacotahs—to the land of handsome women; striding over moor and meadow, through interminable forests, through uninterrupted silence. With his moccasins of magic, at each stride a mile he measured; yet the way seemed long before him; and he journeyed without resting till he heard the cataract's laughter—heard the falls of Minnehaha calling to him through the silence. "Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured, "Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

On the outskirts of the forest, 'twixt the shadow and the sunshine, herds of deer were feeding, but they saw not HIAWATHA; to his bow he whispered "Fail not!"—to his arrow whispered "swerve not!" sent it singing on its errand, to the red heart of the roebuck; threw the deer across his shoulder, and sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam sat the ancient arrow-maker, in the land of the Dacotahs, making arrow-heads of jasper—arrow heads of chalcedony. At his side, in all her beauty, sat the lovely MINNEHAHA,—sat his daughter, Laughing-Water, plaiting mats of flags and rushes; on the past the old man's tho'ts were, and the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there, of the days when with such arrows he had struck the deer and bison, on the Muscodaty, the meadow; shot the wild goose, flying southward, on the wing, the clamorous Warva, (wild goose)—thinking of the great war-parties, how they came to buy his arrows—could not fight without his arrows. Ah, no such noble warriors could be found on earth as they were! Now the men were like women, only used their tongues for weapons!

She was thinking of a hunter, from another tribe and country, young and tall and very handsome, who one morning, in spring-time, came to buy her father's arrows, sat and rested in the wigwam, lingered long about the doorway, looking back as he departed. She had heard her father praise him—praise his courage and his wisdom; would he come again for arrows to the falls of Minnehaha? On the mat her hands lay idle, and her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep—heard a rustling in the branches, and with glowing cheek and forehead, with the deer upon his shoulders, suddenly from out the woodlands HIAWATHA stood before them.

Straight the ancient arrow-maker looked up gravely upon his labor, laid aside the unfinished arrow, bade him enter at the doorway, saying, as he rose to meet him, "HIAWATHA, you are welcome!" At the feet of Laughing-Water HIAWATHA laid his burden; threw the red deer from his shoulders; and the maiden looked up from her mat of rushes,—said with gentle look and accent, "You are welcome, HIAWATHA!"

Very spacious was the wigwam, made of deer-skin dressed and whitened, with the gods of the Dacotahs drawn and painted on its curtains, and so tall the doorway, hardly HIAWATHA stooped to enter—hardly touched his eagle feathers as he entered at the doorway.

Then up rose the Laughing-Water, from the ground fair MINNEHAHA, laid aside her mat unfinished, and brought forth and set before him, water brought them from the brooklet, gave them food in earthen vessels—gave them drink in bowls of basswood—listened while the guest was speaking, listened while her father answered. But not once her lips she opened, not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened to the words of HIAWATHA, as he talked of old NAKOMIS, who had nursed him in his childhood—as he told of his companions, CHIBIABOS, the musician, and the very strong man KWASIND, and of happiness and plenty in the land of the Ojibways, in the pleasant land and peaceful.

After many years of warfare, many years of strife and bloodshed, there is peace between the Ojibways and the tribe of the Dacotahs. Thus continued HIAWATHA, and then added, speaking slowly, "That this peace may last forever, and our hands be clasped more closely, and our hearts be more united, give me as my wife this maiden, MINNEHAHA, Laughing-Water, loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient arrow-maker paused a moment ere he answered, smoked a little while in silence, looked at HIAWATHA proudly, fondly looked at Laughing-Water, and made answer very gravely: "Yes, if MINNEHAHA wishes; let your heart speak, MINNEHAHA!" And the lovely Laughing-Water seemed more lovely, as she stood there, neither willing nor reluctant, as she went to HIAWATHA, softly took a seat beside him, while she said, and blushed to say it, "I will follow you, my husband!" This was HIAWATHA'S wooing!—thus it was he won the daughter of the ancient arrow-maker, in the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed, leading with him Laughing-Water; hand and hand they went together, through the woodland and the meadow, left the old man standing lonely at the door-way of his wigwam, heard the Falls of Minnehaha calling to them from the distance, crying to them from afar off, "Fare thee well, O MINNEHAHA!"

And the ancient arrow-maker turned again unto his labor, sat down by his ancient door-way, musing to himself, saying: "Thus it is our daughters leave us, those we love, and those who love us! just when they have learned to help us—when we are old and lean upon them—comes a youth with flaunting feathers, with his flute of reeds, a stranger wanders piping through the village, beckons to the fairest maiden, and she follows where he leads her, leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward, through interminable forests, over meadow, over mountain, over river, hill and hollow. Short it seemed to HIAWATHA, though they journeyed very slowly, though his pace he checked and slackened to the steps of Laughing-Water. Over wide and rushing rivers in his arms he bore the maiden; light he thought her as a feather—as the plume of his head-gear; cleared the tangled path-way for her, bent aside the swaying branches, made at night a lodge of branches, and a bed with boughs of hemlock, and a fire before the doorway with the dry cones of the pine-tree. All the traveling winds went with them, o'er the meadow, through the forest; all the stars of the night looked at them, watched with sleepless eyes their slumber; from his ambush in the oak-tree, peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo, watched with eager eyes the lovers; and the rabbit, the Wabasso, scampered from the path before them, peering, peeping from his burrow, sat erect upon his haunches, watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward! All the birds sang loud and sweetly songs of happiness and hearts-ease; sang the blue-bird the Owaissa, "Happy are you, HIAWATHA, having such a wife to love you!" sang the robin, the Opecher, "Happy are you Laughing-Water, having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant looked upon them through the branches, saying to them, "O, my children, Love is sunshine, hate is shadow, life is checkered shade and sunshine, rule by love, O HIAWATHA!"

From the sky the moon looked at them, filled the lodge with mystic splendors, whispered to them, "O my children, day is restless, night is quiet, man is imperious, woman feeble; half is mine, although I follow; rule by patience, Laughing-Water!" Thus it was they journeyed homeward—thus it was that HIAWATHA to the lodge of old NAKOMIS brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight—brought the sunshine of his people, MINNEHAHA, Laughing-Water, handsomest of all the woman in the land of the Dacotahs, in the land of handsome woman.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AUTUMN WINDS.

BLOW on, blow on, ye Autumn Winds!
Dark clouds are o'er me flying,
As underneath the chestnut trees,
I listen to your sighing—
No more the wild bird greets the dawn,
Waking the earth to gladness,
But silent groves and sunless skies,
Fill every heart with sadness.

Wail on, wail on, ye Autumn Winds,
For Summer now is dying,
Where bloomed the violet and the rose
The withered leaves are lying.
And still your wild, mysterious tones,
O'er hill and forest sweeping,
Seem like the voice of spirits,
A solemn death-watch keeping.

Sweep on, sweep on, ye Autumn Winds!
Dark clouds are o'er me flying—
My breaking heart but echoes back,
Your wild and mournful sighing;
For 'round me now, like withered leaves,
The hopes of youth are lying,
And from Life's dark and cheerless path,
Both Light and Love are dying.

Woodland, N. Y., 1857. MAG.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LABOR ESSENTIAL TO HAPPINESS.

THE great Creator so made man that he is not long content to remain inactive. He is continually seeking some employment either for the body, or the mind. The mind is ever busy, and one object for the accomplishment of which it has toiled, is no sooner achieved, than its energies start out in pursuit of another. None of us, could for a single day, sit down and fold our hands in idleness, and say at its close, that we had spent it happily. Is there one in the wide world who lives without labor? Then there is one on whose brow discontent sits enthroned and in whose heart unhappiness reigns.

Place a man in a position that will enable him to live without labor. Let his dwelling be a palace, in the midst of a garden as beauteous as Eden. Supply all his wants, but give him nothing with which to busy himself, and place before him no object for which to live. Will he be contented? Will he be happy? Will a life of idleness please him? Though the beauty that surrounds him on every hand, woos him with every enticement she can offer, he will not feel the strong attraction.—In vain will Nature clothe herself in garments of more than usual loveliness, he will not see her charms. The poor man, who rises with the dawn and goes forth to toil until set of sun, and then returns to his little cottage home, and eats his simple meal with a thankful heart, is *far* happier than he. There may be some among the millions, who, having never known the pleasures of activity, can live in idleness and enjoy it, but they are few; and even they would no longer be happy, could their nobler energies be aroused from the state of torpidity, in which they have so long lain.

If labor is not essential to our happiness, why is it necessary that we should toil? He who made all things for our comfort and enjoyment, knew that labor was needed when he said to man:—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the ground." Why do men grow restless and unhappy from inactivity and idleness, if labor is not intended for their happiness? We must have labor, either "of the brain, the heart, or the hand," else life would be wearisome. What pleasure would there be in life, if it consisted of nothing but mere existence? If we had nothing to do but sit idly and fold our hands in slothfulness and ease? But this, God never designed to have us do. Our energies, powers, and talents, were not given us that we might live in idleness. If so, they would never prompt us to active employment. Then, no object could be placed before the mind's eye, sufficient to lead us to toil with undying ambition and unremittingly, until it was accomplished as we do now. When a worthy motive presents itself, we use our noblest powers, and our most vigorous efforts are called forth to accomplish the end.

If labor, then, is so essential to happiness, why is it called ignoble? Why call that which contributes so much to our real enjoyment disgraceful? Is it right? Is it just? May the time coming hasten its approach, when the great truth that toil is honorable shall be felt by all. When the farmer, the merchant, and the mechanic shall stand on an equal footing, and their sons and daughters, fill the same honorable positions in society. When the tiller of the soil shall no longer be ashamed of his sunburnt face. When the hard hand of an honest day laborer, will be as eagerly grasped as the soft palm of the millionaire. When man shall no longer judge of his fellow man, from his outward appearance, but from the inward adorning of the mind. When true worth will be appreciated, in however humble a garb it may be found. When the laborer shall be considered greater and more worthy of esteem than the idler. When we shall bestow honor upon those only to whom honor is due. "It is time this opprobium of toil were done away."

All men were created free and equal. The rich and the poor are alike subject to the laws of the land, and a murderer is condemned to death, whether he is from the class of self-styled aristocrats, or from the humbler walks of life. Though the wealth and influence of the one, may on some pretence, procure him a pardon, he is not less guilty than the other, nor is the crime of a less magnitude. There is true nobility in labor, and those only who does not appreciate its worth pronounce it ignoble? No true man is ashamed to be found holding the plow or considers it a disgrace to be engaged in any useful employment. In the words of another, "To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should hasten, as a chosen, coveted field of improvement." J. M. P.

Gorham, N. Y., 1857.

CHILDREN should be inured as early as possible to acts of charity and mercy. Constantine, as soon as his son could write, employed *his* hand in signing pardons, and delighted in conveying through *his* mouth all the favors he granted—a noble introduction to sovereignty, which is instituted for the happiness of mankind.

MORNING.

THE morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is that it is part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beef steak or a piece of toast. With them, morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a waking up of all that has life from a sort of death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth: it is only a part of the domestic day belonging to reading newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the East, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of the day"—this they never enjoy, for they never see it. I never thought that Adam had much the advantage of us from having seen the world while it was new. The manifestations of the power of God, like his mercies, are "new every morning" and fresh every moment. We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw, and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day—and, I think, a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle, that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time, without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be. I know the morning—I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it fresh and sweet as it is—a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life, and breath, and being, to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude.—*Webster.*

RIGHT LIVING.

"To love and to labor is the sum of living, and yet how many think they live who neither labor nor love."

What a gem-thought it is, set in this quaint old Saxon! The first part of the sentence is a beautiful text for one's life, while the other is an equally sad commentary on the "living" of a great portion of humanity! And are not these twain, the loving and the laboring, the one "royal law" of the Bible, and do they not bring with them their "own exceeding great reward?" Ye who seek after happiness, behold, here is the *key!*

This sitting down, folding up one's hands, and moping away one's life in vain yearning after affection, will never do you good.

Just step out of yourself, and live *for* and *in* others. Go out with a brave spirit into the world, and minister to the wants of humanity. Everywere hands are reaching out to you for help: everywhere bleeding hearts are needing the balm of sympathy and tenderness. The little children want your smile, the old people want some *comforting* word; and the strongest and the best have their hours of weakness and of need.

So don't sit still, we pray you, for this is not living. But "Whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it with your might," with a true, honest heart and purpose; and no matter how heavy may be the darkness of the night through which you are walking, the morning will rise, the flowers will blossom, and the birds will sing about you.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

OLD SCENES REVISITED.

THE progression of life is so simple, and in the greatest number of persons so quiet, that men only know, at length, that they are changed, but seldom perceive the process of changing. We know that we are no longer boys, but cannot tell when we crossed the line. We are conscious that we have reached manhood, and that youth has departed. But so gently did it go, that we are as those who listen to a bird singing in a tree. After it has flown, they listen still, and only know its flight because it no longer sings.

But now and then we are turned back, and brought face to face with the past, in such a way that two lives gaze at each other; and we walk as if one identity had two expressions.

The recollections of the past beat upon the heart, and we stood in its door, as a parent to whom comes back the child not seen for scores of years, uncertain whether to doubt or to accept the familiar strangeness. After long absence, let any one revisit the scenes of his childhood-home, and see whether these things be not so. There will be a soft bewilderment, and a sad joy of excitement, which, perhaps, one may not be able to analyze, but which is, in fact, the flowing together of the two great streams of life, the past and the present.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

DEATH OF GEORGE IV.

NO man clung to life with greater eagerness than George IV., or was more unwilling to hear from those about him any hint or suspicion of his apparent decay. When confined to his room, and his case had become evidently hopeless, he still felt the vital stamina so strong in him that he would not believe his own danger; he talked of preparations for the approaching Ascot races, which would be attend in person, and showed a confidence in his recovery which all around him knew to be impossible. On the 27th of May, 1830, prayers were ordered to be read in the churches for the restoration of the King's health, and although the work of death was gradually approaching, the most contradictory accounts were constantly circulated of his real state. At length the awful moment arrived. He went to bed without any particular symptom on the night of the 25th of June, but at three o'clock in the morning he seemed to awake in great agitation, and called for assistance. Sir Wathen Waller, who was in attendance, came to his bedside, and at his request helped to raise him from his bed. He then exclaimed—"Watty, what is this? it is death!—They have deceived me!" and in that situation without a struggle expired.—*Raikes.*

WE LOOK TOO FAR.—Sterne says:—"The grand error of life is, we look too far; we scale the heavens; we dig down to the centre of the earth for systems, and we forget ourselves. Truth lies before us; it is the highway path, and the plowman treads on it with clouted shoes."

"WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING."

SUCH was the exclamation of a dying child, as the red rays of the sunset streamed on him through the casement—"Good-bye, papa, good-bye! Mamma has come for me to-night—don't, papa! *we'll meet again in the morning!*" It was as if an angel had spoken to that father, and his heart grew lighter under its burden, for something assured him that his little one had gone to the bosom of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

There is something cheering and inspiring to all who are in trouble, in this—"We'll meet again in the morning." It rouses up the fainting soul like a trumpet blast, and frightens away forever the dark shapes thronging the avenues of the outer life. Clouds may gather upon our paths—cares press their venomed lips against our cheeks—disappointments gather around us like an array with banners, but cannot destroy the hopes within us, if we have this motto on our lips: "All will be bright in the morning."

Here is one who is doomed to roam awhile in a foreign land, far from the scenes and friendships of his earlier years. Day by day, as he trudges on his pilgrimage, meeting only the cold smile of the stranger, his heart yearns for the communion of the loved ones at home, and silent prayers steal from his lips that the good God will watch over and protect them from every peril. To such an one how preciously dear is the thought that, though the darkness may now shadow his path and distance lie like a Dead Sea between him and his friends, he shall yet "meet them all in the morning."

Yonder is one who sits over a desolate hearth-stone. The wife of his love—she whose voice has cheered him on to great and noble deeds—whose sympathies have been an Ægis, protecting him from every storm of Fate—whose prayers brought down a balm from Heaven for his every sorrow—this one has broken away from the home-shrine and wandered out in the shadowy realm whence none can ever return. Day by day, hour by hour he has watched the shadows creeping toward her—the sunshine fading from her life, and now, as her coffin lies before him it seems as if there was not one bright hope left him for the morrow. But the spirit of the departed one, hovering around him, whispers a moment in his ear, and he rouses up from the lethargy of grief, strong still in the hope that he shall meet the loved one "again in the morning."

A pilgrim is wandering over Life's dreary waste, hopeless and cheerless. To him, earth's choicest fruits have been as the poison of asps, and its greatest conquests but gilded mockeries, withering as flowers do within his grasp. And now, see age scatters its dead blossoms in his way; he is growing foot-sore and weary, and he longs to sit down and enjoy the calm of Death. But even as he sinks fainting at the road-side, there is a rustle of wings around him, a whispering of sweet words, and with the strength of a giant he leaps again on his way, singing the song of thanksgiving and deliverance. Hope is risen from the dead, he feels that "all will be bright in the morning."

So it is ever. Trouble may come upon us and for awhile obscure the brightness of our lives—But it will not last forever. The cross we bear upon our shoulders may be heavy—our faith in Heaven may have gone down in doubt and darkness, but all is not yet lost—some one star still twinkles in the heaven above us. Therefore, oh, brother! despond not wholly—look not always back. There is a rest in store; the day break will soon dawn in golden fullness upon the darkness.—Be patient, cheerful—bear your trials as the olden martyrs did, and you shall yet find that all will be made right in "the morning."

Oh, wild is the tempest and dark is the night,
But soon will the daybreak be dawning;
Then the friendships of yore
Shall blossom once more,
"*And we'll all meet again in the morning!*"

HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

WE look abroad. We sweep along yon busy street with the teeming multitude. It seems like a wave upon the restless sea, heaving and moaning onward over. Look at the care in each man's face—the busy, troubled eye, and anxious glance; see how hurried are our fellow men, as though they engaged in a contest with time, and it was outstripping them like a racer on the course. See how changing is everything. Few years may elapse since we last looked upon the scene, but at every step we see something new. Old landmarks swept away; the familiar places of our earlier days have given room to novelties. We look upon the homes where those we loved once lived, but they are gone.

Strange faces that stare cold ignorance into our eyes give us no welcome now by the hearth that was our childhood's home, and consecrated with its tenderest remembrances. Our fathers, where are they? our friends, where are they? Is time writing its wrinkles upon every brow? and death stretching his hand over everything we love? and change laying its sharp scythe to the roots of all the early blossoms of our hope? So it is; there is nothing permanent; we feel that the very earth beneath us is moving, changing, restless, and trembling under our feet to engulf us, as it soon will; we look above us, and that fleeting clouds are sailing over us, now dark, now light, but passing ever; and we exclaim, "will nothing rest? will nothing stay?"—*Bellew.*

GROWING OLD.—Many a poet has sung laments over departed worth. Did ever any sing or chant, for it would be like a psalm, the peace, the joy, the comfort of growing old? Of knowing passions dead, temptations conquered, experience won, and vain fantastic hopes merged in Faith, which makes of death his foundation stone, and has for its summit Eternity? The "Hymn to Old Age" would be one not unworthy of a poet. Who will write it?

THERE are ideal trains of events which run parallel with the real ones. Seldom do they coincide. Men and accidents commonly modify every ideal event, or train of events, so that it appears imperfect, and its consequences are equally imperfect. Thus it was with the Reformation;—instead of Protestantism, arose Lutheranism.

The Educator.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IDLENESS.—EDUCATION.

THERE is no denying the fact that idleness is one of the great sins of the age. Times have sadly changes since the days of our fathers; they labored hard while the rising generation, taken as a whole, seems intent upon getting along without labor of any kind, mental or physical. Who can fail to notice the superficial nature of our school instruction, and how little it is calculated to make men fitted to fill the places of those who are constantly passing away? Our scholars can recount the wonders of Ancient History, and sail smoothly over the Classics, but they are silent upon the History of our own country, and their frail bark is shipwrecked upon the smooth waves of the English Language. In former times when the helps to Learning were so few, scholars labored hard to store their minds with useful Knowledge, but in our day when every opportunity is afforded, they only labor to pass over the most space in the easiest manner, and become entirely unfit for the practical life of business men. And this disposition extends into every department of life. Part of the world labor to support the other part in idleness.

It is so much easier to stand behind the counter and "measure off tape," than it is to plow the ground. It seems more pleasant for men to travel about the country with "shilling shows," than to labor hard in the field or workshop. It is a great deal better way of earning a living to carry books about and sell them, than to sweat with honest toil. Now, is not this the very way people talk at the present day? Is work degrading? In this republican country where our fathers bled and died for the peaceful homes we now enjoy, are we, their children, to despise honest labor? The great trouble is, people are too rich. Their children being always accustomed to the luxuries of life are entirely unfit to labor for its comforts—hence the many inducements to idleness. Our country has yet to suffer for its extravagancies, and whether the present moneyed crisis will teach the lesson it needs, we know not. But one thing we do know—there must be a reform in this direction; habits of idleness must be thrown away, and due respect paid to honest industry, or we shall sigh in vain for the good old times of our fathers.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1857. AMELIA.

EDUCATION IN UPPER CANADA.

THE report on the Educational Affairs of Upper Canada, by the Chief Superintendent, contains the following interesting statistical matter, in addition to the other details with which the work abounds:

In regard to assessments and the amount of aid received from Government, we learn that the Legislative School Grant is apportioned to each Municipality, upon the condition that such Municipality shall provide an equal sum by assessment for the payment of teachers. The Legislative grant apportioned to Municipalities for 1856 amounted to £29,869; the amount provided by the local municipal assessment was £54,626, £24,657 more than the sum required by law, and an increase of £9,402 over the amount of the local municipal assessment of the preceding year, for the payment of teachers and other educational expenses. The amount of School *Trustees'* assessment for the same purpose was £135,354 being an increase over that of the preceding year of £25,643. The amount of *rate-bills* was £34,966, being an increase of £4,159 over that of the preceding year.

The means thus obtained was expended as follows:—The amount paid for maps and apparatus, was £2,440, being an increase of £375. The amount expended for school sites and the erection of school houses was £42,807, being an increase of £6,634. The amount expended for repairs and rents of school houses, was £10,190, being an increase of £4,275. The amount expended for fuel, stationery and other contingencies, was £19,162, being an increase of £6,628. The amount paid to teachers was £194,320, being an increase of £24,893. The total amount of expenditure for all common school purposes for the year 1856 was £269,527; to this may be added the salaries of local superintendents, £5,060, making the total £274,587, for one branch of the system of public education in Upper Canada, being an increase over the preceding year of £41,708.

When it is considered that these are the voluntary acts of the people themselves in their several municipalities, they are facts of great significance in the educational and social progress of Canada, and point to a future grateful to the feelings of the noblest patriotism.

We find the following figures relative to attendance:—The number of boys attending the schools was 137,420, being an increase of 11,742. The number of girls attending the schools was 113,725, being an increase of 11 539. The total number of pupils attending the Common Schools was 251,145, being an increase of 23,281. The table also shows, in the classification of pupils, a very gratifying increase in the higher subjects of Common School Education.

The whole number of Teachers employed during the year was 3,689—increase 124; male teachers, 2,622—increase 24; female teachers 1,067—increase 70. The salaries of female teachers vary from £50 to £125; that of male teachers vary from £60 to £350.

GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.—The whole number of Grammar Schools in operation in 1856 was 61, of which 26 were Senior County Grammar Schools, each receiving £100 per annum, independent of the apportionment of the fund arising from the sales of Grammar School lands. The amount apportioned from the fund to Grammar Schools was £6,661—increase £111. The amount derived from fees £4,990—decreased £131. The amount granted by Municipalities £3,447—increase £1,817, chiefly for buildings. The total amount for salaries of masters and teachers £11,914—increase £350. The amount expended for maps and apparatus £201—increase £139. The amount expended for books and contingencies £1,562—increase £1,081. Total receipts for Grammar School purposes £19,248—increase £3,761.

THE mind, like the soul, rises in value, according to the nature and degree of its cultivation.

THE EDUCATOR vs. THE TEACHER.

THE educator draws out latent powers. The teacher puts in a given task.

The educator considers the worse the material, the greater skill in working it. The teacher does his task, and charges the material with the result.

The educator knows his subject to be infinite, and is always learning himself to put old things in a new form. The teacher thinks he knows his subject, and finds it more irksome every day.

The educator thinks nothing done till the food he gives his pupils is digested and craved for.—The teacher thinks everything done when he has poured out something before them.

The educator encourages. The teacher furnishes.

The educator has faith in great principles. The teacher is the slave of little vexations.

The educator is a boy amongst boys in heart; in judgment a man. The teacher has the hardness of a man, with the want of thought of a boy.

The educator in punishing considers what is best, not what is deserved. The teacher applies a fixed penalty.

The educator deals in exhortation and hope.—The teacher in truisms and lamentation.

The educator is animated by a high and true ideal, towards which he is ever finding some response, even in apparent failures. The teacher's ideal is a shallow dream of selfish success, the non realization of which leaves him apathetic and querulous in his work, sceptical of goodness hardened in his own opinions, and closed against improvement.

The educator, as he believes in his principles and rules, earnestly strives to be the best example of them himself.

Unpunctuality makes authority grating.

Little charges make authority contemptible.

Little interferences make it hateful.—*Clerical Journal.*

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

WE in the United States enjoy many advantages beyond most other nations in the world; but as there is no individual so wise that he may not with advantage learn something from every one, even the humblest, with whom he has intercourse, so, as a nation, we may learn many things from other countries, even from those whom we may consider inferior, in many respects, to ourselves. An American, traveling in Sweden, writes to a New York paper that in all towns of any considerable size, there are scientific schools for men and women who earn their bread by daily toil. The application of science to every day-life, and even the fine arts receive attention here. The institution is free, and is attended by both men and women. The effects have been very favorable. The laborers and mechanics of Sweden are becoming to a great extent artistic mechanics and men of science; and the women, instead of spending their time in dressing fashionably and gossiping, or, what is worse, poring over sentimental and trashy romance, make of their kitchens philosophical and chemical laboratories, and attend to their household duties understandingly and upon scientific principles.

With all our advantages of education, we have too little practical science, applied to every-day life, and presented in a manner to interest the people in scientific matters. Our vitiated literary taste, and the little good which all our extensive reading does us, is manifest in the vast quantity of trashy and injurious sentimentalism and romance upon which much of the time of men, women and children is occupied, to the neglect of the higher powers of the mind, and the active duties and useful purposes of life.—*R. I. Schoolmaster.*

OVERHEAD PIPE IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

IT is common in school-houses to use considerable overhead pipe from the stove, to increase the means for the radiation of heat. But in my opinion, heat thrown out overhead, is of no advantage in making a room comfortable, and does much injury to the health, producing a dull irritable feeling of the head, successive returns of sick-headache, loss of appetite for food, and a gradual decline of strength of body and vigor of mind. The sympathy between head and stomach is such, that very few persons can be any length of time where heat is radiated directly upon the head, without the digestive organs being affected, and especially such as are pre-disposed to a dyspeptic habit.—The feet may be kept warm, but the head must be cool, to enjoy health of boy and vigor of mind.—It is not uncommon for teachers and scholars to complain that their school labors wear upon health; but it is not the study and teaching that impair it, rather these, properly conducted in a well regulated room as to heating and ventilation, may become auxiliaries to preserve health.

In my own school-room, the long reach of horizontal pipe overhead, I have had taken down and placed a short distance above the floor extending from the floor to the perpendicular that goes up to the chimney. It has proved to add much to the comfort of the room; the oppressiveness that was before felt from the heated air is now done away. Every school-room should be freed from overhead stove pipe, except what is required to reach vertically to the chimney.—*A Teacher, in Scientific American.*

BOSTON SCHOOLS.—The Boston public schools have 23,749 pupils, whose average cost of tuition for the last five years was $14 41. For the preceding five years, (from 1845 to 1850,) the average cost was $15 45. The net expenditures of the city during the year, for carrying on the public schools, including the repairs of the buildings, salaries, furniture, fuel, and all incidental expenses of the same, amounted to $291,406 28. The whole expenditure on account of schools amounted to $441,139 08. The appropriations for the schools for the financial year 1856'-57 are as follows:—Salaries of instructors, $228,000; incidental expenses, $67,000; repairs, alterations, and improvements of the school-houses, $40,000. Total appropriation, $335,000.

IT is not the outward profession of the truth, but the inward power of it, that is useful unto the world, or to the souls of men.

ORIGIN AND SEALS OF THE STATES.—NO. XVI AND XVII.

GEORGIA.

FLORIDA.

GEORGIA was settled the latest of the "Original" Thirteen States of the Union. She derived her name with her charter from George II., June 9th, 1732. Her first colony was planted by Gen. OGLETHORPE, on the spot where the city of Savannah now stands, in 1773; sixty-three years after the settlement of South Carolina, and a century behind most of the original colonies. Three years after the arrival of General OGLETHORPE, Ebenezer was planted by the Germans, twenty-five miles up the Savannah River. Darien, on the sea, was commenced about the same time by a party of Scotch Highlanders. Among the early troubles of the country, was a war with the Spaniards in Florida, each party in turn invading the territory of the other.

The people of Georgia took a vigorous part in the Revolution; and the State was in possession of the British a portion of that time. The city of Savannah was taken by them December 29, 1778. A bold attempt was made by the combined forces to recapture it, but failed, with the loss to the allies of 1,100 men. The Great Cherokee Country, in the upper part of the State, came into the full possession of the whites in 1838, when the Indians were removed to new homes beyond the Mississippi.

The sea-coast of Georgia, extending about 80 miles, is very similar in character to that of the Carolinas, being lined with fertile islands cut off from the main land by narrow lagoons or sounds. The famous sea island cotton is grown here; and wild fowl are abundant in all varieties. Upon the main, rice plantations flourish, with all the semi-tropical vegetation and fruit which we have seen in the ocean districts of South Carolina.

Passing northward to the central regions of the State, the cotton fields greet our eyes at every step, until the surface of the country becomes more and more broken and hilly, and, at last, verges upon the great hill-region traversed by the Appalachian or Alleghany Mountains. These great ranges occupy all the northern counties, and present scenes of beauty and sublimity not surpassed in any section of the Union.

There are many fine rivers in Georgia; but, as with the water courses of the South generally, they are often muddy, and their only beauty is in the rank vegetation of their shores, with here and there a bold sandy bluff.

The first Constitution of Georgia was formed in 1777, a second in 1785; the present in 1798, and amended in 1839. The Governor is chosen by the people and holds office two years. The Senate consists of 47 members, and the House of 137.—All free white males who have paid taxes in the State one year previous to an election, and resided in the county for six months, are entitled to a vote.

Georgia adopted the Constitution of the United States in Convention in January 2d, 1798, by a unanimous vote.

FLORIDA.

THE earliest settlement in Florida was made by the French, but they were driven out by the Spaniards, who established themselves securely at St. Augustine in 1565, many years before any other settlement was made on the western shores of the Atlantic. Before the Revolution, Florida warred with the English Colonies of Carolina and Georgia, and passed into British possession in 1763.—It was reconquered by Spain in 1781, and from that period until within very late years, it has been the field of Indian occupation and warfare. The reconquest by Spain in 1781, was confirmed in 1783, and in 1821 that power ceded the country to the United States. Its territorial organization was made in 1822, and its admission into the Union as a State occurred March 3, 1845. A sanguinary war was waged from 1834 to 1842, between the troops of the United States and the Indian occupants, the Seminoles, led by their famous chief OSCEOLA. Since that period the savages have been removed to other territory, excepting some remnants still in possession of the impenetrable swamps and jungles of the lower portions of the State.

Florida is the grand peninsula forming the extreme southeastern part of the United States. Its entire area eastward lies upon the Atlantic, and the Gulf of Mexico washes almost the whole of the western side. Georgia and Alabama are upon the north. The country is for the most part level, being nowhere more than 250 or 300 feet above the sea.

In the interior of Florida there is a chain of lakes, of which the extreme southern link is Lake Okechobee, nearly twenty miles in length. Many of these waters are extremely picturesque in their own unique beauty of wild and rank tropical vegetation. The rivers of the State are numerous, and, like the lakes, present everywhere to the eye of the stranger very novel attractions in the abundance and variety of the trees and shrubs and vines which line all their shores and bayous. The largest of the many rivers is the Appalachicola, which crosses the western arm of the State to the Gulf of Mexico. The St. Mary's is the boundary on the extreme northern corner, Georgia being upon the opposite bank. Its waters fall into the Atlantic, as do those of the St. Johns river, in the same section of the State.

By the Constitution of Florida, adopted in 1838, the Governor is elected for four years. Senators are chosen for two years and Representatives for one year. The right of suffrage belongs to every free white male of 21 years of age and upwards, who has resided in the State for two years, and in the county six months, who shall be enrolled in the militia or legally exempted therefrom. A peculiarity of the law of Florida prohibits any minister of the gospel from being chosen for Governor, Senator or Representative; nor is a president of a bank eligible to any of these political honors.

ANCIENT MONEY.

BEFORE the invasion of Julius Cæsar, the natives of England had tin plates, iron plates, and rings, which were money. On the authority of Seneca, a curious account is given when leather, appropriately stamped to give it a certain legal character, was the only current money. At a comparatively recent date in the annals of Europe, Fredich the second, who died in 1250, at the siege of Milan, actually paid his troops with leather money. Nearly the same circumstances occurred in England during the great wars of the barons.—In the course of 1250, King John, for the ransom of his royal person, promised to pay Edward the Third, of England, three millions of gold crowns. In order to fulfill the obligation, he was reduced to the mortifying necessity of paying the expenses of the palace in leather money, in the centre of each piece there being a little bright point of silver. In that reign is found the origin of the travestied honor of boyhood, called—conferring a leather medal. The imposing ceremonies accompanying a presentation gave full force, dignity and value to a leather jewel, which noblemen were probably proud and gratified to receive at the hand of majesty.

So late as 1574, there was an immense issue of money in Holland, stamped on small sheets of pasteboard. But further back in the vista of years, Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, who reigned six hundred and twenty-two years before the Christian era, made money out of wood as well as leather; a knowledge of which might have influenced King John in the bold project of substituting the tanned hide of an animal for gold and silver, well-known to his subjects to be exceedingly precious.

Both gold and silver appeared to have been in extensive circulation in Egypt, soon after their potency was understood in Asia. From thence they were introduced into Carthage and Greece; and, finally, traveling further and further in a westerly direction, the city of Rome discovered the importance of legalizing her circulation.

Weight always having been of the first importance in early times, the shape of money appears to have been regarded with perfect indifference for a series of ages.

When the bits and portions of metal received as precious were extensively circulated, it is quite probable that each possessor shaped them to suit his own conception, as practiced to some extent at this time in remote places in the East Indies.—The payer always cuts off parts with shears, till he obtains, by exact weight, the stipulated amount. It was thus that men traveled with the evidence of their possession in a sack. But great inconvenience must have resulted from this often tedious process; and as nations advanced in civilization and the economic arts, a certain mark or impression on certain sized pieces were acknowledged to be the sign of a certain weight.

This facilitated negotiations, and afterwards led to further improvements, both in the shape, weight and beauty of the external devices. By-and-by, the profile of the king, the date of the coinage, and the record of important events, gave still more completeness and character to the circulating article of exchange.—*Selected.*

WELLS OF THE DESERT.

THE French papers have interesting accounts of newly bored artesian wells in the Sahara Desert, in Algiers. They are six in number, and some of them are 275 feet deep. The appearance of the water in each case produced the greatest excitement among the desert tribes. Their joy over the first well was unbounded, and news of the event spread towards the South with unexampled rapidity. People came from long distances in order to see the miracle. The Marabouts, with great solemnity, consecrated the newly created well, and gave it the name of "the well of peace."

At another place, as soon as the rejoicing outcries of the soldiers had announced the rushing forth of the water, the natives drew near in crowds, plunged themselves into the blessed waves, and the mothers bathed their children therein. The names immediately applied by the people, such as "the well of bliss," and "the well of gratitude," sufficiently attest their feelings. It is said that these wells will work an important part in a social revolution of the tribes in their neighborhood. Having been obliged, like their ancestors, to wander from place to place as the desert springs dried up, they will now remain around the constantly flowing wells, cultivate the land, and take the first steps towards civilization.

VERMONT.—Vermont is a model State, one among the thirty-one, and very lovely. One of its papers says of it:—"There is but one city in this State, and not a soldier. We have no police; and not a murder has been committed in this State within the last ten years. We have no museums or crystal palaces; but we have homes, genuine homes, for which the father works, votes and talks—where the mother controls, educates, labors and loves—where she rears men, scholars and patriots."

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TO MY ANGEL MOTHER.

My heart is sad to-night, mother,
And tears are on my cheek,
I fain would leave this dreary world,
Thine own bright home to seek.

Oh! tell me if 'tis true, mother,
That, in thy starry home,
They think not of the earthly friends
That, here, in sadness roam?

'Twould break my heart, sweet mother,
To think thou could'st forget,
Amid the white-robed cherub band,
Thine earthly child, and yet—

I know they're brighter far, mother,
Than I could ever tell;
But, oh! I'm very sure they ne'er
Can *love thee half as well.*

I breathe thy name, sweet mother,
With morning's earliest ray;
And ever in my heart 'tis shrined,
Through all the live-long day.

And in my dreams, dear mother,
I start to hear thy voice,
And with wild rapture thrilling,
How does my soul rejoice.

But, ah! too soon, dear mother,
The bliss my spirit wakes;
Thou art not here—and, all alone,
My heart with anguish breaks.

Yet one blest hope, sweet mother,
Can soothe me in my pain,
It is that when we meet above,
We ne'er shall part again.

Oh, I will struggle hard, mother,
To tread the path you trod,
That when this life is over,
I, too, may dwell with GOD.

Middleport, N. Y., 1857. EMMA.

HEART RELIGION.

NOTHING in the world will answer a man's purpose, when he comes down to a death-bed, but heartfelt religion; a clear witness of the Spirit; a full assurance that the Redeemer liveth. Job had the right experience to suffer and to die by—"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

For this knowledge a dying man would give an empire. All other knowledge to him seems worthless, and he counts it as dross.

How careful we ought to be, while engaged in the busy cares of life, that we lose not this heartfelt religion, this personal interest in Christ, this lively evidence of our adoption into his family.

That many do lose this simple heartfelt religion is quite certain. They pass years in a state of doubt and partial darkness; and when called to exchange worlds, they feel unprepared. Death has not lost its sting. They shrink back, and beg for time to complete their preparation.

Dear reader, do you, to-day, enjoy that sweet humbling, joyous consciousness of your interest, which giveth you the victory?

EPITAPHS.—We find in a Wisconsin Exchange the following:

DIED.—Went home to *Paradise*, July 20th, Carrie only daughter of ——, aged 18 years.

"Gone to God," is the inscription upon a white slab in the cemetery at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

A hand with a finger pointing upward, is graved upon a plain, grey stone in a grave-yard in Burlington, New York.

A broken column, the fallen capital lying at the base of the pillar, marks the grave of a Trumbull in Lebanon, Conn.

A severed chain and the fragments of a link, graved upon a stone set up by a little grave in Bristol, Indiana, tell of a fire-side circle broken, and its lost are in Eden.

A sweet girl, blind from birth, was laid asleep where God should find her by and by, and upon the tablet was written only these words: "There is no night there."

A rose-tree with a bud mid-air, as if some breath of angel's wing would waft it safe to heaven, would not be inappropriate for an infant's quiet bed, while "Went in the morning" would be a befitting record.

BE GENEROUS.—Man becomes estranged from his fellow man by the lack of generosity. No man can say that he is independent of his fellow creatures, and that he neither needs their aid nor their sympathy. A man may possess untold riches, and yet he is no less a dependent being—dependent in health upon his fellow man for aid in protecting his civil rights, his life and his property—in sickness dependent for care and skill in warding off the fearful assaults of disease—and, in death, dependent upon his fellow man to be borne to his last resting place. Be generous, then, to thy brother man, for sooner or later he will be called to render you service such as gold cannot purchase.

A DEEP PHILOSOPHY.—A little philosophy inclineth men's minds to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity.—*Bacon.*

CONTENTION.—An old divine, cautioning the clergy against engaging in violent controversy, uses the following happy similes: "If we will be contending, let us contend like the olive and the vine, who shall produce the best and the most fruit; not like the aspen and the elm, which shall make the most noise in the wind."

WHERE TRUTH IS LEARNED.—Truth is learned only at the pure fountains of *evidence.* Authority does not create it; dogmatism recommends it not; neither does violence impose it; from such taskmasters conscience retreats, that she may hear, in the still silence of her musings, the voice of God. —*Dr. Fitch.*

DEFECTIVE RELIGION.—A religion that never suffices to *govern* a man, will never suffice to save him: *that* which does not sufficiently distinguish one from a wicked world, will never distinguish him from a perishing world.—*Howe.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

THE CURRENCY OF THE COUNTRY is so deranged at present that we must necessarily lose much during the ensuing RURAL CAMPAIGN, and therefore trust our friends will send us the best funds conveniently obtainable in their respective localities. If our Western and Southern friends can remit in Drafts on New York at former rates of exchange, —or in bills on New York, Canada or New England solvent Banks,—they will save us both trouble and expense.—Though Western and Southern money is perfectly good at home, and not refused by us, yet we cannot at present use it without a great sacrifice;—hence this request. If our agents and other friends in all parts of the Union, the British Provinces, &c., will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES, &c.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1858, and a yearly copy of either *Harper's, Godey's, Graham's*, or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The RURAL and either *Arthur's Magazine*, the *National Magazine*, or any other $2 magazine for $3.

☞ THE RURAL SHOW-BILL for 1858, just issued, will be sent, post-paid, to all applicants who can use one or more copies advantageously. We shall also cheerfully furnish Specimen Numbers of the RURAL for use in obtaining new subscribers, or send them to any address desired.

☞ THOSE who are forming large clubs can send on the names and money of a part, before completing their lists.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL, be sure and specify name of *Post-Office, County,* and *State, Territory or Province.*

List of New Advertisements this week.

The Home—Beadle & Adams.
Fairfield Seminary—J. Mather.
Middlebury Academy—M. Weed.
Produce Commission Store—F. A. & C. Willard.
Administrator's Sale—E. Percey.
Apple Seeds—James A. Root.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 28, 1857.

Weeklies Preferable to Monthlies.*

IN noticing the discontinuance of our Monthly—the WOOL GROWER AND STOCK REGISTER—which was merged in the RURAL some months ago, the *N. Y. Tribune* pertinently remarks:

"This cheap, good, useful agricultural monthly journal has been discontinued. It is a question that we cannot solve, how farmers are to learn what great improvements are made and making in their business if they will not read anything but the veriest partisan newspapers and political slang-whang. It is also a question whether *any monthly paper meets the wants of this fast age*, or whether any journal *devoted to agricultural subjects, published only once a month*, can get patronage enough to keep its editor from starving his own stomach and his reader's heads, except by an enormous expenditure of money for advertising, or by some extraneous influence."

All which is, in the main, eminently sensible and suggestive. The truth is, as the *Tribune* infers, that monthly journals, "devoted solely to agricultural subjects," are not adapted to the wants of the people of this age of progress. Our experience in publishing monthly, semi-monthly and weekly rural journals is conclusive on this point, and hence the concentration of our efforts upon the RURAL. Indeed, we found that the RURAL was almost universally preferred to any agricultural monthly, and hence it was very difficult to retain subscribers to the W. G. & S. R. in places where the former was fairly introduced. For example, there are many post-offices in this region at each of which from 30 to 75 or 100 copies of monthly agricultural journals were taken seven years ago, but where they are now scarcely known—the RURAL *having been substituted in almost every instance.* In truth, we could easily name *scores of places* in Western and Central New York at which large lists of monthlies were generally taken a few years ago, but where they are now hardly represented, while this journal has clubs of from *thirty* to over *two hundred* subscribers. The monthly which we published before commencing the RURAL, was then, and for some years after, the most popular and largely circulated Ag. journal in this country; and even within five years it has claimed forty thousand subscribers—but to-day it has not over one-third that number, and probably not one-fourth —(and that, too, notwithstanding the self-puffing and vain-boasting of its egotistical publisher, and his *foolish falsehoods* and *malicious efforts* to injure the RURAL.) We know whereof we affirm when we say that in Western New York (the legitimate and best field of both journals) the RURAL *has full five times its circulation.* These "stubborn facts" prove a revolution in public taste and sentiment which it is impossible to gainsay, (for such revolutions are always progressive, never going backward,) and which we at least have no inclination to stem by attempting longer to publish an exclusively agricultural monthly in a region so remarkable for "Progress and Improvement" as Western New York.

—Let us not be understood as saying aught against our monthly contemporaries, for we only state facts, and partly in explanation of our discontinuance of the W. G. & S. R.—a course which has been very generally and widely regretted by its subscribers. The monthly journals have accomplished a vast amount of good, and are still useful auxiliaries in the cause of Rural Improvement, *but the days of their greatest usefulness have passed*, especially in the older and more populous sections of the States and Territories north of Mason and Dixon's line. As the packet boats so popular and serviceable only a few years ago, are now rendered nearly useless by the substitution of railroad cars—a great improvement in traveling; so in like manner the monthly agricultural journals are giving way before the improved and progressive weeklies, which latter are destined to occupy the arena for a period. A few years hence, however, the Ag. Weeklies will be too slow for the age, and must, in turn, give way to semi and tri-weeklies, and dailies. What say you, reader, to a DAILY RURAL NEW-YORKER? Its publication may not be so far in the future as you imagine. Meantime we purpose to "make hay while the sun shines," and cordially invite *your* co-operation in securing One Hundred Thousand Subscribers for the model RURAL AND FAMILY WEEKLY.

* Though the substance of this article has already been published in the RURAL, we give it now as an answer to recent inquiries relative to the W. G. & S. R.

The Weather—Snow Storm at the West.

DURING the past week the weather was variable, alternating from warm and agreeable to cold and stormy, one day the "soft South-west" carrying comfort on its wings, the next "rude Boreas" chillingly telling of overcoats and good household fires. Thursday night, the 19th, was what might be termed the first cold night of the season, and permanence seems to have been given this variety of weather. To-day (Tuesday 24th) the cold is severe, and everything wears a wintry aspect. The canal has closed, for the season we should judge—ice having formed to such an extent that it would require more mild weather than can reasonably be expected at this time of the year to thaw out and set things moving again. A large amount of produce was shipped last week at Buffalo for the East, but it is froze in at various points, and must be re-shipped by railroad to reach destination. Of flour there was 12,326 barrels; wheat 456,660 bu.; corn 43,419 bu.; oats 55,886 bu. This, together with what was sent from other places on the canal, would make quite a respectable amount of produce and would greatly tend to alleviate distress in our Commercial Emporium. Rochester has shipped flour heavily, all our mills being engaged for Eastern demands—and this sudden check to operations will not tend to brighten what has been an exceedingly gloomy year for our flour-producers.

The telegraph brings us from various parts of the country the following information:

In New York on the 21st inst., the weather was quite cold with a westerly wind blowing. Ice formed in that vicinity on the 20th.

At 9 P. M., at Albany, same date, the weather was very cold and stormy. There was a remarkable change during twelve hours—the morning being clear and pleasant. The Canal Department thought "the canal would close in about two weeks."—JACK FROST being unaware of the important action of the "Department," served a pretty effectual injunction on navigation in this section—ice having formed in the basins on the night of the 20th inst. He will please get a "permit" from Albany before taking such decided action hereafter.

The weather at Utica on the 20th and 21st was clear and cold with a strong south-west wind. The mercury marked 25 above zero. Navigation was unobstructed.

At Washington, D. C., the night of the 21st was intensely cold, and ice an inch and a half thick was formed in that city.

On the 20th, Augusta, Geo., was visited by a killing frost, which was believed to have generally extended to other parts of the State. Ice had formed from half an inch to an inch in thickness.

On the evening of the 20th, at Cincinnati, there was fifteen feet of water in the channel of the river, and falling. The weather during the day was cloudy, and they had a light snow storm. The mercury was 17° above zero.

A dispatch received at Chicago on the evening of the 20th, states that the Mississippi is full of ice, and navigation north of Dubuque closed for the season.

From St. Catherines, C. W., we learn that snow had been falling all day on the 20th, and at 6 P. M., was eighteen inches deep. The passenger trains of the Great Western Railway are all through, but were much delayed by the drifts. The freight trains are all stuck.

Passengers by the Suspension Bridge, through on the Great Western Railway on the 20th, state that the snow was three feet deep on the level on the Canada side. The snow gradually decreases in depth to Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y., and east of that place there is very little.

Highly Important from Utah.

DURING the past week our exchanges have had a large supply of news from Utah, the Mormon "land of promise," prominent in which is the proclamation of BRIGHAM YOUNG, "Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs." BRIGHAM, by the authority thus claimed, forbade the entrance of the U. S. forces, but his power not being recognized by the commanding officer, he has now directed that they return by the same route they entered. In his letter to the commandant of the U. S. soldiers he says:—"Should you deem this impracticable, and prefer to remain until spring in the vicinity of your present encampment—Black Fork on Green River—you can do so in peace and unmolested, on condition that you deposit your arms and ammunition with Lewis Robinson, Quarter-Master General of the Territory, and leave in the spring as soon as the condition of the roads will permit you to march; and should you fall short of provisions, they can be furnished you upon making the proper application therefor."

Col. ALEXANDER, in whose hands the foregoing was placed, acknowledges the receipt thereof, and replies:—"I am at present the senior and commanding officer of the troops of the United States at this point, and I will submit your letter to the General commanding as soon as he arrives here. In the mean time, I have only to say that these troops are here by the order of the United States, and their further movements and operations will depend entirely upon orders issued by competent military authority.

The proclamation of BRIGHAM YOUNG recounts the "numberless indignities" that have been heaped upon Mormon officials by the U. S. Government at Washington, and the unheard of atrocities and sufferings that the Mormon people have endured for twenty-five years without being able to obtain any redress therefor, and that the issue now "forced upon them compels a resort to the great first law of self-preservation." Therefore, BRIGHAM YOUNG, "Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Territory of Utah, in the name of the people of the United States, in the Territory of Utah, forbids:

First—All armed forces of every description from coming into this territory, under any pretence whatever.

Second—That all the forces in said territory hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice to repel any and all such invasions.

Third—Martial law is hereby declared to exist in this territory from and after the publication of this proclamation, and no person shall be allowed to pass or repass into or through or from this territory without a permit from the proper officer.

Given under my hand and seal, at Great Salt Lake City, Territory of Utah, this fifteenth day of September, A. D. eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-second. BRIGHAM YOUNG."

Conflagrations and Casualties,

VERY DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE!—About four o'clock on the morning of Saturday the 21st inst., fire was discovered in the "Eagle Bank" building corner of Buffalo and Exchange streets, this city, and a few hours witnessed the total destruction of that structure, together with the Commercial Bank on the East, and a three story brick edifice on the South. The fire took, it is believed, in the part occupied by the Eagle Bank, on the second floor. The night was intensely cold, and a high wind from the Northwest prevailed, giving such tremendous impetus to the flames, that it was found impossible to rescue anything from the consuming element. The following figures will exhibit the losses of occupants and insurance, as far as we have been able to ascertain:

	Loss.	Insured.
Jas. Chappell, on the building,	$40,000	$22,500
Eagle Bank,	2,000	——
A. Strong & Co., (Democrat,)	20,000	5,000
Commercial Bank,	4,000	——
O. A. Hyde & Co.,	1,000	5,000
John Dubrow,	2,500	4,000
J. B. Bennett,	4,000	——
H. Mansfield, loss by removal,	80	——
F. Warner,	800	——
T. H. Rochester,	1,000	800
J. H. Dey,	300	150
Total,	75,680	37,450

There are other parties, not occupants, losing considerably by this conflagration, and we have heard the sum total estimated at $100,000.

The saddest part of the affair is the loss of life—caused by the falling of the walls. The firemen were earnestly and gallantly at work in the effort to confine the work of destruction to the building in which it originally took. Two of them,—PATRICK HEAVY and WILLIAM CLATER, members of "Torrent" No. 2, were standing upon the roof of the warehouse on the Merchant's basin, in rear of the Democrat establishment, directing a stream of water from their hose into the high building.—The walls began to totter, and they were warned to provide for their own safety at once. Before they acted upon the warning, a chimney fell, crushing one of them upon the roof and throwing the other to the ground. These two faithful men lose their lives in a disaster which will be felt in its direct and indirect effects throughout the city.

There are a vast number of rumors as to the cause of this disastrous conflagration, but nothing can be ascertained with any degree of accuracy. We learn that an investigation is to be had, when probably something definite may be elicited.

THE cotton factory, with its contents, in the Mississippi penitentiary, at Jackson, was destroyed by fire on the 1st inst. Loss $80,000.

THE stores of G. H. Cutter, liquor dealer, and D. Bushner, feed merchant, together with two or three other small stores on Second-st., in Louisville, Ky., were destroyed by fire on the 21st. The amount of the losses is $20,000.

WE learn from Mobile that a fire occurred there on Friday night, 20th inst., which destroyed the stores of L. Merchant & Co., Charles Brewer, and Savage & Co., on Commercial St., and that three dwellings on Canal street were also simultaneously burnt. Loss $150,000.

THE Texas steamship Opeloopas, from Berwich Bay, bound for Galveston with 56 passengers, came in collision with the steamer Galveston, of the same line, at midnight, on the 15th inst. The Opeloopas sank almost immediately, and from 20 to 25 lives were lost—among them Gen. Hamilton, of South Carolina. All the officers and crew of the Opeloopas were saved. The Galveston was but slightly injured.

A STEAM BOILER in Paige's foundary at Griffintown, C. E, exploded on the 20th inst., killing one man and severely injuring eight others. The building was blown into ruins.

THE steamboat Cataract burst her boiler at Lisbon, on the Missouri River, on the 17th, inst., killing five persons and scalding fifteen others.

Affairs at Washington.

THE official despatches confirming the destruction of the supply trains were received on the 17th inst. Brigham Young's Proclamation declares Martial Law in Utah. He claims the right to do so by virtue of his authority as Governor of the Territory and Superintendent of Indian Affairs—not having been suspended from exercising his functions—and by virtue of his power under the Territorial Organic Act. He expressly forbids the United States troops entering the Territory without his authority for so doing, and complains that the Mormons have not been treated as American citizens, and that the Government of the United States has acted on misrepresentations, the object being to drive the Mormons from the Territory.—The language of the Proclamation is emphatic in its hostility to the United States, and is regarded as a declaration of war.

The Administration has received the schedule and an outline of the Constitution of Kansas, and will sustain the action of the Convention with regard to the mode proposed for its adoption—conceiving that the people will thus have an opportunity of deciding the question in their own way.

It is believed that Costa Rica will retire from the possession of the San Juan river as soon as she shall be informed of the negotiation of the recent treaty between the United States and Nicaragua.

Sir Wm. Gore Ousley arrived on the 18th inst. It is decided to send no Minister to Nicaragua till after the meeting of Congress.

Government will be in operation.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Times says, Lord Napier, on behalf of his Government, and Count Sartiges, under special instructions from the Government of France, are prepared to enter into arrangements with Yrissari, for the guarantee of the neutrality of the Transit, similar to those entered into by the United States. They have already conferred with Yrissari, and will immediately follow up the action of our Government as soon as consummated.

The correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune writing under date of the 18th inst., says:—The Cabinet will consider to-morrow the propriety of a thorough investigation into the conduct of the officials at New Orleans in permitting the escape of Gen. Walker's expedition after its publicity. A purpose is expressed in some quarters of removing those found guilty.

Items of News.

FORTY girls left New York city on the 17th inst, for the West, under the charge of C. C. Tracy, of the Children's Aid Society. They were all girls who had been thrown out of employment by the recent panic.

THE largest piece of copper ever shipped was taken from the Minnesota mines, Lake Superior, and put on board the Mineral Rock for Superior City. It weighed 9,562 pounds.

ABOUT 200 yards of the Cairo levee, on the Mississippi side of the town, have fallen into the river, and the current of the Mississippi, setting directly in towards the town at that point, is seriously undermining the bank.

THE hard times in Europe, with the news from the United States that bread is abundant, has excited great movement of the emigrants. All the emigrant houses of Hamburg are overflowing, and all the packets sail full of passengers. One thousand emigrants arrived in New York a few days since in three vessels. All are bound for the west with pockets full of money. Give them hearty welcome. "Millions of hands want acres and millions of acres want hands."

THE Board of Education in New York have appropriated $1,216,013, for the expenses of the city school department for 1858. The first queer looking item in these most unmusical hard times is—Pianos for Grammar Schools, $9,000.

THE Board of the Governors of the New York Alms House have unanimously resolved to ask the city for an extra appropriation of $50,000 to alleviate the distresses of the out-door poor during the coming winter.

THE Corning Journal states that the recent flood in that village caused the loss of a large quantity of coal which floated from the coal-yards into the river or over the flats. The amount of the loss from this source is estimated at $15,000. A large amount of corn was also carried off by the flood, and fields that before were divided by fences, are found to be undistinguished by such separating lines.

THE new Atlantic steamship Adriatic made a trial trip up the Long Island coast last week. Her greatest speed was 18 nautical and 11 statute miles, against tide, in an hour and four minutes, with two-thirds of her available steam and half laden. This rate of speed would take her from New York to Albany in seven hours. The experiment was every way satisfactory. She sailed for Europe on Saturday.

THE Swiss residing in New York have formed an association for the purchase of lands for a settlement, and issued stock, to be paid in monthly instalments of $5. When all collected, the fund will be used to buy a tract—probably in Western Virginia.

A NEW and singular material for paper has been recently received from London and passed through the New York custom house. It is the residuum of beet root after pressing for syrup, and the present is the first parcel that has been imported into the United States.

DURING the war with the Florida Indians, years ago, Judge Hawkins, while cheering his men to a charge upon the Indians, was shot down. One of his officers ran and asked him if he was much hurt. "Not very badly," said Hawkins, "just about enough to send me to Congress." The prediction has now been verified, as he is the member elect from Florida.

LAST week, Joel Schoonhoven, 100 years of age, was discharged from Sing Sing State Prison, having been pardoned by the Governor. He was committed for life for arson. He is a native of Orange county, and reached the age of a century in prison on the 4th of July last. He saw Washington at Newburg during the war.

HOLLAND has settled all the details for the general emancipation of slaves in the Islands of Curacoa, Bonaire, Aruba, and St. Eustatius. All the emancipated slaves who can, will be called upon to work for the State, which will pay them fair wages.

IMPORTS FOR THE FISCAL YEAR.—The report of the Secretary of the Treasury, to be presented to Congress next month, will, it is stated, show the imports for the fiscal year, 1857, of the principal foreign manufactures—namely, woolen, cotton silk, linen, and iron—to be as follows:

	1856.	1857.
Woolen manufactures,	$31,964,000	$31,280,000
Cotton do	25,918,000	28,635,000
Silk do	32,861,000	27,800,000
Linen do	11,189,000	11,443,000
Iron do	24,602,000	23,310,000
	126,534,000	121,524,000
Decrease in 1857		$5,201,000

The importations of woolen, silk, and iron manufactures have decreased, while the importations of cotton and linen manufactures have increased. The decrease in silk importations amounts to five millions of dollars, and the increase of cotton importations to over two and a half millions.—The imports of linen, woolen and iron manufactures have not materially altered.—*Washington Intelligencer.*

THE FINANCIAL DEPRESSION.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says "the Secretary of the Treasury has been led, by all the information he has been able to collect, and his own judicious observations, to come to the conclusion that the United States as a country is not broke, and that the treasury is not bankrupt. He is, on the contrary, of the opinion that the financial crisis is nearly over,—that in sixty or ninety days we shall be in smooth water, and that the revenue for the present fiscal year will be ample for the expenditures. More than this, a liberal and confident policy possesses the government, and it will be imparted by them to the country."

GOVERNMENT RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES.—The receipts into the United States Treasury from customs, sales of public lands, and other sources, during the quarter ending Sept. 30th, amounted to $20,929 817 81. During the same period, the expenditures of the Government amounted to $23,714,523 37. The expenses of the War and Navy Departments were over $11,000,000.

News Clippings.

—Pearls have been found in White river, Indiana.

—The U. S. war debt amounts to about $5,000,000.

—Charles Mackay, the poet, is lecturing in Boston.

—The banks of New Orleans have resumed specie payment.

—Iron ore is abundant in Oregon, and of excellent quality.

—Cardinal Francisco de Medici died in Rome on October 12th.

—The Troy Nail Factory Works will be going again in a few days.

—Cincinnati contains a German population of upwards of 40,000.

—Nicaragua has had eight different Presidents within eight years.

—Counterfeit fives on the bank of South Reading, Mass., are in circulation.

—The Insane Asylum at the Auburn Prison is now nearly ready for its roof.

—Col. Thos. L. Tate, a soldier of 1812, died in Franklin Co., on the 14th inst.

—The expenses of the War Department last year amounted to 19,000,000.

—A very destructive tornado occurred at Brownville, Tenn., on the 14th inst.

—The St. Louis Republican states the whole bonded debt of Missouri is $16,532,000.

—A silver mine has been discovered in Texas, in which sixty hands are employed.

—It is estimated that the cost of the Utah expedition will be ten millions of dollars.

—The cost of the Adriatic will exceed $1,000,000, of which $250,000 was for the hull.

—The New York Park Commissioners have made arrangements to employ 1,000 hands.

—The annual production of gold in the United States is estimated at from 75 to 100 millions.

—Thom's statue of Washington, in the N. Y. Park, has been sold at auction to satisfy a mortgage.

—Gold, in Nebraska, sells at a premium of 25 per cent. Eastern bank bills are 15 per cent. premium.

—The editors of the Nashville Union have been elected public printers by the Tennessee Legislature.

—The total shipment of coal from Pittsburg this season to the 1st of Nov., was thirty million bushels.

—In Philadelphia an ordinance has been passed requiring the sale of fruits and vegetables by weight.

—The Philadelphia Gas Company now refuse to take anything in payment for gas but gold and silver.

—It is stated that it will cost $60,000 to repair the damages to the Chemung Canal caused by the flood.

—The imports of foreign goods at the port of Boston, for the week ending Nov. 13th, amounted to $1,382,313.

—C. F. Hagedorn has been recognized by the President as Consul General of Bavaria, to reside in Philadelphia.

—Ex-President Pierce is now in Boston. He will, with Mrs. Pierce, sail for Madeira about the 1st of December.

—The N. Y. Express devotes some space to the description of a man dressmaker just discovered in New York.

—The Calais (Me.) Advertiser says that 41 bears have been killed this fall in a few of the towns in that vicinity.

—Miss Hosmer, the sculptress, who left N. Y. for Havre on the 14th inst., has many orders for specimens of her art.

—The diminution of the population of Manchester, N. H., since the depression of business, is estimated at 3,000.

—The State of Indiana can furnish work at once for 2,000 women. The river towns of Iowa also call for 1,000.

—Rev. Mr. Watson has been appointed Secretary of the State Temperance Society by the new Executive Committee.

—The British residents of the U. S. are raising subscriptions through their Consuls, for the relief of the sufferers in India.

—A mob of women assembled in Logan, Ohio, on the 17th inst., and demolished all the coffee-houses in the village.

—Twenty-two widows, whose husbands were lost by the of the Central America, sailed in the last steamer from California.

—It is now stated that the Atlantic Telegraph Company will make a second attempt to lay the sub-marine cable in June next.

—The mechanics employed at the National Capitol devote one day's wages every month to the relief of the suffering poor.

—There were 500 Indians at Grand Rapids, Michigan, attendant upon the annual payment by Andrew Fitch, Indian Agent.

—They commenced building a capitol for Tennessee 12 years ago. They are building it slowly, and it has cost thus far, $1,204,071.

—An elegant, Paris made carriage, as good as new, which cost $1,500, sold on the 16th inst, in New York, by auction, at $394.

—Prof. Henry D. Rogers, of Philadelphia, has been chosen Professor of Natural Sciences in the University of Glasgow, Scotland.

—The Trenton, N. J., banks have agreed to loan that city $6,000 on the credit of the city, to be applied to the relief of the poor.

—Lieut. Reuben Harris, of the U. S. Navy, who assisted in laying the Atlantic telegraph cable, died on the 17th inst., in New York.

—Russel, K. N., in Franklin county, and Frazee, Rep, in Onondaga, were each elected to the Assembly by a majority of one vote.

—Ohio is the largest wool-growing State in the Union. Six million dollars worth have been raised in that State during the last year.

—Captain Thomas, of the brig Onward, was arrested New York, on the 17th inst, for being implicated in the African slave trade.

—One hundred and twenty-three bags of mail matter reached Buffalo on the 12th inst., from the east. The weight was about six tuns.

—Havana news states that after the 1st of January, vessels bringing cargoes to and taking molasses from Cuba, must pay duties on tunnage.

—The N. Y. Post says the Boston Glasswork Company has built a chimney to their works, on Bunker Hill, ten feet higher than the monument.

—Certain vagabonds are trying to burn down Schenectady. The city has been fired by incendiaries some half dozen times during the past week.

—Mario, the famous tenor singer, lately in this country, has engaged for the Italian opera at Paris, for seven months at $3,000 per month. Good wages.

—The cost of conducting the public schools of Albany for the ensuing year, is $45,000. The N. Y. city public schools cost $1,200,000 per annum.

—An assessment of city property in Leavenworth, Kansas, has just been made. Total valuation, $3,146,062.—Number of slaves, 33, valued $16,000.

—Col. Emile de Vendel, who, in his youth, was an officer in the army of the Great Napoleon, died recently at Mobile, where he had resided 40 years.

—The Legislature of Texas have elected J. Pinckney Henderson and J. W. Campbell, U. S. Senators, in place of Mr. Rusk, deceased, and Gen. Houston.

—It is estimated that half a million dollars worth of property have been destroyed in the Western part of New York State by the freshets of last week.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Niagara.

THE Royal Mail Steamship Niagara, from Liverpool 7th inst., arrived at Halifax on the 18th inst. She brought about half a million in specie.

ENGLAND.—Politically, the news by this arrival is merely interesting, but financially it is of the highest importance.

The pressure in the money market was again excessive, consequent upon the advance by the Bank of England of its rates of discount to 9 per cent. The returns of Oct. 31st of the Bank show a decrease of £628 000 in bullion, and that of Nov. 4th a decrease of £133,000 more.

Consols, Friday, for money, 88⅛@88¼. The business in American securities was limited, Thursday's transactions being only in Illinois Central shares at 10@12 discount, and Erie 3d mortgage bonds 63½.

A deputation of Glasgow merchants arrived in London to urge upon the government the advisability of suspending some of the provisions of the Bank Charter Act, as was done in 1847. Movements of a similar nature were looked for in other cities. Urgent calls for relief were being made on government from various quarters, but the Times thought any such action unnecessary. Failures of mercantile houses continue, some of which are for large sums. The Borough Bank was paying all depositors under £200.

The prohibition upon the export of hides, &c., from the Baltic has been removed.

The Kings of Sardinia and Greece have each subscribed 10,000 francs for the India relief bill.

The correspondent of the Daily News reports that eighty million francs in English bills, and forty millions in French bills on the United States, have been returned protested.

At a banquet given at the Mansion House, to the Duke of Cambridge, he spoke in favor of the most summary vengeance against the Sepoys. At this banquet Mr. Dallas made a speech, a portion of which referred to the India mutiny, saying that the crimes there committed merited from the whole human race summary and exemplary punishment. No language can be too strong, no words too impressive, no force too sudden, no blows too severe for crimes such as those which have been perpetrated in India.

Parliament had been further prorogued to the 17th December.

THE CONTINENT.—The Continental news is not of a particularly important description.

The Paris money market was unsettled, but there had yet been no advance in the rates of discount.

The Independence Belge asserts that recruiting for the English service is going on secretly in France.

The Bank of France has not raised the rate of discount. Bullion had increased 8,000,000f.

It was reported that the French Embassador at Constantinople had suspended relations with Reschid Pacha, though not with the government.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs.—Flour very dull, and in some cases 1s lower. Wheat quiet and slightly lower. Corn dull and 1s lower. Western Canal flour 26s6d@27s6d; Ohio 30s. Red wheat 6s8d@7s7d; white 7s3d@8s3d. Mixed yellow corn 36s6d@37s; white 40@41s.

London Markets.—Breadstuffs quiet and unchanged.

California and Oregon Clippings.

THE Alta California states that a private letter from Manilla contains the statement that the Chinese had murdered all the English and American residents, (some forty,) at Ningpo, one of the five open ports between Amoy and Shanghai. The person receiving the letter, considers the information reliable.

THE Oregonian is informed that there are five hundred wagons, with fifteen hundred immigrants, on their way for Oregon, now on the Plains. They had a large amount of stock, and were well armed and fully able to resist any attack from the Indians.

THE papers contain the following fruit item:—The Commodore recently arrived from Oregon, brought down upwards of three thousand boxes of fresh Oregon apples, as part of her cargo.

OREGON exchanges say:—"We see, by our California exchanges, that apples are bringing 22 cents per pound in San Francisco. This, of course, embraces only a prime article."

THE Mormons at Carson Valley are represented by a correspondent of a California paper, to be emigrating to Salmon river, Washington Territory, intending to extend their settlements eventually into the Russian possessions, instead of to Salt Lake. The train consisted of 085 souls, of whom 350 were men, and the balance women and children. They had 110 head of live stock, principally horses, mules and oxen; 148 wagons, and $25,000 in cash. Previous to leaving, satisfactory settlements were made between the Mormons and persons with whom they had dealings. Their lands were purchased by speculators, and the Carson Valley was fast filling up with emigrants, who intended to make permanent settlement there.

THE San Francisco Vigilance Committee is still an existing organization; but it has once more made a step towards the surrender of its power.—On the 17th ult., the Executive Committee issued an address to the General Committee of Vigilance, stating that a resolution had been adopted, removing all penalties attached to the sentences of banishment. The penalty, in case of return, was death. The principal reason given by the committee for the adoption of this course is, that there is no longer any necessity for holding the penalty as a rod *in terrorum* over the expatriated men, as we now have a local government of the people—one which will punish criminals. The committee do not wish, by any possibility, to be brought into conflict with the government, and they have therefore revoked the death penalty.

A BUILDING is being fitted up on K near Second St, San Francisco, in which the proprietor designs to keep various kinds of live birds in cages, and also live fish in reservoirs so that persons can select any kind of birds or fish and have their orders filled at any time, day or night. A "new branch of trade," truly.

RATHER flush times in Sacramento City, according to the Sacramento *Sentinel*, which says:—"From some cause, which we cannot explain, there has accumulated a large amount of silver in the vaults of our bankers. They say that a large amount is paid in by depositors, and that no one is willing to take it away when they have demands against them."

THE Santa Barbara Gazette states that a lady, Donne Marcelina, who lives at Montecito, near Santa Barbara, has a grape vine which is computed by good judges to have on it no less than 5,000 bunches of grapes. Five hundred bunches have been plucked from it, and it did not appear as though any had been removed. It covered a space twenty yards square, and the trunk is nearly two feet in circumference, within a few feet of the ground. It is said to be 35 years old.

The Sacramento *Sentinel*, speaking of the State Library, says:—"California has expended large sums in the purchase of books for a library, but we think there has been a great oversight in their selection. While such a library should contain a number of works relating to legislation generally, it is equally important that there should be a fair proportion of books relating to science, agriculture and mechanics of such kinds as are not usually found in private libraries. Our Legislative and Judicial officers we know need information, but our miners, farmers and mechanics are certainly entitled to some consideration. In this lies the great defect in our State Library. Its shelves are filled with law books and little else. We need a good selection of the best works relating to Agriculture, Horticulture, Botany, Geology, Mineralogy, Mining, &c., &c. Then writers upon these subjects will resort to it for aid in their labors.—We do not suppose that this almost exclusive selection of law books was intentional, but presume it arose from want of reflection. We hope that in future the appropriations will be expended in purchasing works of the character we have indicated, and in this way the usefulness of the library can be greatly extended."

SUCH is the rapid improvement in the arts of life in California, that there are now in the State 400 saw mills, 171 of which are worked by steam; and 131 grist mills, 67 of which are worked by steam. Five hundred millions of feet of lumber are turned out in a year. The grist mills are capable of making 8,792 bbls. of flour a day.

Provincial Items.

HIS Excellency the Governor General and suite arrived at Toronto from England, on the evening of the 19th inst.

THE Toronto Globe thinks that a General Election is close at hand.

THE news of the fall of Delhi was the occasion of much rejoicing in Canada. In Hamilton flags were displayed, a salute of 21 guns were fired, and the military paraded in full force. In Toronto similar demonstrations were made, though not on so extensive a scale.

THE Toronto *Leader* in an article which aims to show that Canada has made rapid advancement in all that constitutes a nation's true progress, says:—"We have enlarged our facilities of internal locomotion and secured a more frequent and more rapid communication with the old world. We have lessened the dangers of our river and lake navigation by the construction of additional light houses and by increasing the efficacy of the tug service; we have given with a more liberal hand the means of sustaining a system of Common Schools, calculated and designed to impart a free education to every child in the land; we have removed the last vestige of a tax on knowledge by enacting that our newspapers shall go free from the office of publication to the readers in all parts of the country; and, in other respects, we have vastly increased the facilities of the postal department, till this young province can boast the possession of more post-offices than are to be found in England, Ireland and Scotland all taken together."

A BILL is now before the Canadian Parliament, which proposes that any citizen of any foreign State, by the laws of which British subjects are entitled to protection in their rights of patent, may obtain a patent in Canada, subject to the same liabilities in respect thereof, as such patents can or may be obtained by a British subject.

GEORGE RYKERT, Esq., of St. Catharines, died on Sunday the 1st inst., aged sixty-two years. Mr. Rykert represented the county of Lincoln in Parliament from 1835 to 1840.

IT appears from the Montreal Transcript, that Victoria tubular bridge, is progressing surely though slowly. The first iron tube has been successfully laid. When the supports were removed, and the immense weight of iron was left to support itself on its own bottom, a depression of about an inch and a half took place. The calculation was made, however, for four inches, so that the work has succeeded better than was anticipated. During the winter another tube will be laid on the Longueil side.

SIR WM. EYRE, who has for six months administered the Civil Government of Canada, has left for England.

IMPORTS OF SPECIE.—Within three weeks upwards of $8,000,000 of specie have been imported. The Banks of the United States must now have upwards of $70,000,000 in their vaults.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, Nov. 24, 1857.

FLOUR AND GRAIN remain as last quoted—not a single change to note.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork has declined $2 per barrel. Hogs by the cwt are down to $5,50@6,00, with a prospect of a still further decline. Beef is at last week's prices. Mutton is sold by the carcass at $5 per cwt. (dressed) with indications of a falling off.

POULTRY—All kinds of poultry are low this morning with a large amount in market. Chickens 6@7c; Turkies 7, 8@9c; Geese 38@44c.

FARM PRODUCE—Butter 1c per lb. less. Lard 11½c. Apples—best at 50c per bushel. Potatoes as last quoted.

HIDES, &c.—Hides have taken a little advance. Sheep Pelts are at last bought and sold, 50c being the price given.

HAY has advanced $1 per ton for best qualities.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, bbl.....$4,75@6,50	
Wheat, Gen.....$1,10@1,15	
Best white Canada, $1,10@1,15	
Corn,.....65@70c	
Oats,.....34c	
Barley,.....56@63c	
Buckwheat,.....31@34c	
Beans,.....$1,25@1,50	
Peas,.....$1,00@1,25	
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess.....$00,00@20,00	
Do. cwt.....$5,50@6,00	
Beef, ℔ cwt.....$4,50@5,50	
Spring Lambs each, $1,50@2,25	
Mutton (carcass) $5,00	
Hams, smoked.....00@14c	
Shoulders,.....10½c	
Chickens,.....5@7c	
Turkeys,.....7@9c	
Geese,.....38@44c	
DAIRY, &c.	
Butter, roll,.....00@17c	
Do. firkin,.....14@17c	
Cheese,.....7@8c	
Lard, tried,.....00@17½c	
Tallow,.....9@9½c	
Eggs, dozen,.....16@16c	
Honey, box,.....00@16c	
Candles, box,.....12½@13c	
FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Apples, bushel,.....00@50c	
Do. dried,.....$1,00@1,25	
Potatoes.....50@62½c	
HIDES AND SKINS.	
Slaughter,.....00@11½c	
Calf,.....00@10c	
Sheep pelts,.....00@50c	
Lamb do.....00@00c	
SEEDS.	
Clover, bushel,.....$5,50@7,00	
Timothy,.....$3,00@3,75	
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard,.....$4,50@5,50	
Do. soft,.....$3,00@4,00	
Coal, Lehigh,.....$7,00@7,50	
Do. Scranton,.....$6,00@6,50	
Do. Blossburg,.....$5,00@5,50	
Do. Shamokin,.....$6,25@6,75	
Do. Char.....10@12½c	
Salt, bbl.....$0,00@1,45	
Hay, ton,.....$7@12	
Wool, ℔ lb.....30@40c	
White fish, bbl.....$9,50	
Codfish ℔ quintal...$4,50@4,75	
Trout, bbl.....$9,00	

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23,—Flour—Much depressed. Common grades declined 10c. Sales at $4,75@4,95 for super State; $5,10@5,20 for extra do; $4,85@4,95 for super Western; $5,10@5,90 for common to medium extra do; closing heavy. Canadian at $5,15@5,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat heavy. Shippers do not offer within 5@8c per bushel of the prices current near the close of last week; receipts moderate, and holders generally not very pressing. Small sales prime white Michigan at 120c, and red Illinois at 118c.—Rye heavy; sales prime Northern 79c, delivered. Barley quiet and nominally the same. Nothing of moment doing in Corn, market heavy at 80@82c for mixed Western in store and delivered. Oats 45@47c for State; 45@46 for Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market declining. Sales $19,25 for mess; $16 75 for prime. Dressed 6½@7½c. Lard drooping, sales new at 11½@12c. Butter in fair request at 12@17c for Ohio; 15@21c for State. Cheese in active demand at 6½@8½c.

BUFFALO, Nov, 23.—Flour—Market opens with a good demand for Monday morning, and easier. Sales at $4,50@4,62 for super Ohio and Indiana; $5 for choice extra Upper Lake; $4,75@5,12½ for extra Michigan, Ohio and Indiana.

GRAIN—The market for Wheat is firm and active. Sales Saturday afternoon at 78c, and late morning at the same figure.—Corn scarce, firm and nominal. Oats steady at 34½c.

ALBANY, Nov. 23.—Flour and Meal—There is a steady trade demand for Flour, but there is only a moderate business doing at previous prices. Corn Meal steady.

GRAIN—Nothing has transpired in Wheat. Corn in moderate request at previous prices. Sales Western mixed in Car lots at 79c. Barley continued in active request on Saturday up to the close, and the aggregate sales of the day were 62,000 bush at full previous prices. This morning there was less animation in the market, but no change to note in prices. Sales at 70c for inferior mixed, 74@75c for two-rowed; 85c for Jefferson county do, and 78c for inferior four-rowed. Oats are more active with a better supply; sales State at 44@45c, measure.

FEED—A steady market with a moderate demand. Sales middlings at $1

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows.—Beeves—First quality, 11@11½; Ordinary, 10@10½c., Common, 9½@10c.; Inferior, 8½@9½c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $60@70; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45, Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6½@7½c.; Other qualities, 4½@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $4,00@5,50; Other qualities, $3@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 5½@6c.; Other qualities, 5@5½c.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov 18—At market 1492 Cattle, 1000 Beeves, and 492 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,00@7,25; First quality, $6,00@6,50; Second quality, $0,00@5,75; Third quality, $0,00@5,25; Ordinary, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 100@150

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40@60.

YEARLINGS—$11@13 Two years old—$17@20. Three years old—$25@30.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3000 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,00, $1,50, 2,00 each. Extra and selections, $2,50@3,12.

SWINE—150 at market. Prices—Live weight, 5c. ℔ lb—Dressed, 7@7½c

HIDES—5c. ℔ lb. Tallow—6c.

PELTS—62@67c each. Calf Skins—9@10c. ℔ lb

BRIGHTON, Nov. 19.—At market 1970 Beef Cattle, 5 0 Stores, 00 pair Working Oxen, 00 Cows and Calves, 3,000 Sheep and Lambs, 750 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $7,00@7,50; First quality, $6,75 7,00; Second, $6,25@6,50; Third, $6,00; Ordinary, $5,50.

YEARLINGS—$10@14 Two years old—$15@20 Three years old—$25@35.

WORKING OXEN—$75. 100@130.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40@55

VEAL CALVES—$3,00, 4,00@5,00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $3,50@4,00. By lot, $1,00, 1,25 1,50@2,00.

SWINE—Wholesale, 6c. Retail, 7c.

HIDES—6½@6c ℔ lb. Tallow—6c. ℔ lb

PELTS—62c. Calf Skins—9½@10c. ℔ lb.

FAT HOGS, undressed, 7@7½c.

BEEF PACKING IN CLEVELAND.—The *Herald* says that the season for beef packing at that point is now almost over, it not usually extending beyond the first of December, as beef, unlike pork, cannot advantageously be packed in extremely cold weather. The quantity packed, so far, has been about equal to that packed last season up to the same date. One firm have already packed 2,000 head. The price being paid at present is from 2 to 2½ for live weight. A lot of 60 head sold on Wednesday at 2¾. Of its disposition, the Herald says: "The heavy cattle packed at this point are put up to suit the English market, a portion being cut and packed according to the regulations of that government for "India Beef." All beef for the English market is put up in tierces, "India Beef" being packed in tierces containing 36 lbs. more than the ordinary size, and the pieces being cut of regulation dimensions—smaller than ordinary. This war will probably create an increased demand for this description. Light cattle are packed in barrels, a considerable portion of this quality being taken for the Lake Superior trade, and the remainder scattered throughout the American cities.

LOUISVILLE PORK MARKET.—The Louisville *Journal* says:—Never since pork packing was first introduced has a season opened under worse auspices than at present. For years, in the commencement of November the pens attached to the packing establishments were usually filled with fat porkers, but at present they are all deserted. Our packers have no inclination to buy hogs otherwise than on time, and farmers do not sell except for cash. We can, therefore, give no accurate quotations. Under these circumstances, there is no doubt that the farmers will turn their hogs into bacon, while some, in view of the larger corn crop, will not kill at all this season.

All this indicates that the quantity of pork that will be packed must be exceedingly small, and enhance the price of barreled pork. For these reasons we should consider it good policy on the part of farmers to bring their hogs in and have them packed on their own account. Our pork houses are fully supplied with salt and barrels for the season

CHICAGO HOG MARKET.—The Chicago *Democrat* of the 17th inst., says the market was rather active, and heavy hogs sold at better prices. No hogs were sold to our city packers and and they are slaughtering none unless they are already contracted for. A few Eastern buyers were on the market and made some purchases, but they have now abandoned it for the reason that they cannot pay the prices now ruling here, and the additional expense of $2 per cwt. in getting the stock to New York, and have a profit. They, we believe, universally avow their intention of keeping out of this market until the present exorbitant railroad tariff is reduced. Sales on yesterday at Myrick's include 450 head at $4,10@4,12½; 88 head, very choice, averaging 331 lbs, at $4, 0; 180 head, averaging 245 lbs, at $4,25; at the new yards on State street 150 head, averaging 240 lbs, sold at $4,15; all of these were for the New York market. Receipts for the week were 12,150 and for Saturday 3,100.

THE HARD TIMES AND THE HORSE MARKET.—Hard times have very sensibly affected the horse market, and those who, a few months since, bought on a speculation, find themselves unable to sell without a ruinous discount from original cost, it at all; while to keep them is no less ruinous than to sell. The New York *Evening Post* says that at the semi-weekly horse auction held in Crosby street, on the 18th inst., horses which in ordinary times would be held at $100 or $150 each, were struck down at $20 to $50; and one animal, capable of much service on a farm or before a drag, was struck off at $3

WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov 18.—The same inactivity previously existing continues. Buyers and sellers are equally indifferent about negotiating till such time as the Goods market exhibits some symptoms of returning animation. Domestic is not in large supply, but is chiefly held for higher prices in the interior, although it is supposed the required wants of manufacturers at present, and sales can only be effected, even on time, at a decline of fully 7, quite 2 ℔ from the highest range of the season, but cash buyers could obtain a discount of 30@3 ℔ cent.—Foreign is in good supply, and is still dull and nominal.

MARRIAGES.

ON the 9th inst., by Rev. A. Saxe, of Clifton Springs, Mr. O. L. DECKER, of Phelps, and Miss MARY M. COPP, of Hopewell.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (not of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

APPLE SEEDS.—A choice lot, clean and dry, for Sale at $6, per bushel, by JAMES A. ROOT, Skaneateles, N. Y.

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WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, Dec. 2d, at the late residence of Joseph Haswell, deceased, in Hoosic, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., the entire well known flock of Spanish Merino Sheep and Short-horn Cattle which belonged to Mr. Haswell, consisting of 580 Sheep and 20 head of Cattle.
E. PERCRY, Administrator.

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The 119th Term will commence on Monday, Dec. 14th

In this financial crisis, no *responsible* applicant will be sent away, though he may not find it convenient to meet his bills according to the rules of the Academy. What better thing can a young person do for himself, in this prostration of business and trade, than to cultivate his intellectual powers?

Wyoming, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1857. [412w3] M. WEED.

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Rev. J. B. VAN PETTEN, A. M., Principal.

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF THE INSTITUTION is prosperous and receives *thorough* attention. The Commercial Department is flourishing and will be *specially* attended to during the Winter Term. Besides daily recitations and lectures upon the Science of Accounts and Political Economy, weekly lectures will be given to the Commercial Class by the Faculty, Hon. E. Graves, Prof. C. A. Moon, and others, on Law, Commercial Ethics, Business habits, &c. Board and Washing per week $1 75. Tuition from $4 to $6. Charge for the Commercial Course $15. Conveyance free from the N. Y. Central R. R. at Herkimer and Little Falls the first day of the Term.

The Winter Term begins December 16, 1857.

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THE ADVERTISERS sell to consumers, and are therefore enabled to make better returns to the producers. Persons consigning BUTTER to this House, are requested to send, *for table use, and of the nicest quality*. Commissions on poultry and game 8 per cent—5 per cent on butter and produce. Cash returns within twenty days. F. A. & C. WILLARD,
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ROCHESTER ATHENÆUM.

LECTURE PROGRAMME OF 1857-'58.

THE LECTURE COMMITTEE of the ROCHESTER ATHENÆUM and MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION take pleasure in announcing that they have made arrangements for a course of Seventeen Lectures to be delivered in Corinthian Hall, during the Fall and Winter.

The following eminent talent will appear in the order herein named. Other Lecturers, among whom are Geo. D. Prentice, of Louisville, and Rev. W. H. Milburn, of N. Y., have accepted, but have not yet fixed their time.

Rev. E. H. Chapin, New York,	Nov.	18
Rev. A. L. Stone, Boston,	Nov.	24 & 26
Geo. W. Curtis, Esq., New York.	Dec.	3
Rev. T. Starr King, Boston,	Dec.	10
Rev. J. Richardson, Rochester.	Dec.	17
Prof. E. L. Youmans, New York,	Dec.	22
" " "	Dec.	24
M. M. Marble, Esq., Boston,	January	7
Hon. J. R. Chandler, Philadelphia.	Jan	14
Wendell Phillips, Esq., Boston	Jan.	21
A. A. Willetts, Philadelphia	Feb	25

Tickets for the course admitting one.....$1 50
" " " " two..... 2 50
" " " " three..... 3 00
Tickets for single admission.....25 cents.

☞ Course tickets can be procured of the Directors, of D. M. Dewey, at the Library Rooms, and of the President at the office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

By order of the Committee.
Oct. 20, 1857. W. V. K. LANSING, *Chairman.*

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FOR SALE by N. DRAKE & CO., of Elba, N. Y., 200,000 Apple Seedlings two years old, at $4 per 1,000. 405w8

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They are manufacturers of these celebrated Conductors, and are prepared to furnish them with the appropriate apparatus, to all parties holding the right to territory, in any quantity, and on short notice.

The rods are put up in cases convenient for transportation, with the full complement of fixtures inclosed. Each case contains twenty-five Conductors; each Conductor comprises forty feet of copper, one electro-plated or gilded branch point, seven insulators, and fastenings.

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Applications for Agency, orders for stock or models, and all communications relating to this business will receive immediate attention, if addressed to BRITTAN & MARSH,
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EXCELSIOR—"STILL HIGHER!"

PREMIUM LIST OF

THE RURAL FOR 1857-8.

THE Agents and other ardent and working friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER—and all disposed to become such—are referred to the annexed very extraordinary Programme of Premiums for the RURAL CANVASS of 1857-8. Examine it carefully and then decide as to its MERITS.—The Premiums are WORTH CONTENDING FOR, without any other argument than is comprised in their enumeration.—Indeed, we are confident that it is altogether *the Best and most Liberal List of Prizes ever offered by an American Publisher!* It gives EVERY ONE who obtains even a small club some SUBSTANTIAL REWARD for his efforts, and each and all who make exertions in the good cause will be renumerated in proportion to the attention and influence bestowed. First, please read the

CHRISTMAS PRIZES—ALL CASH!

(*Open to Competitors for the April Premiums.*)

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to RURAL NEW-YORKER obtained in any one Township, and sent in or remitted according to our Terms, on or before the 26th day of December, 1857.
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next TWENTY lists.

☞ Those competing for the Christmas Prizes will please note that their lists will also be counted for the Grand April Premiums. The Prizes will be announced and paid as soon after Dec. 26 as the result can be ascertained.

GRAND APRIL PREMIUMS!

$310 00.—To the Person obtaining the Largest Number of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER in any one county, and paying therefor according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1858, we will give a Superb **PIANO FORTE**, WITH CORRUGATED SOUNDING BOARD, of the celebrated manufacture of BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO, Albany, the CASH PRICE of which is THREE HUNDRED AND TEN DOLLARS.

$200 00.—To the Person obtaining the next largest number, as above, we will give a PIANO CASE FIVE OCTAVE **MELODEON**, *with Two Banks of Keys*, of the most popular and celebrated manufacture in this country—that of GEO. A. PRINCE & CO., Buffalo,—CASH PRICE, TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

$150 00.—For the next list, we will give a **COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER**, of MANNY's Patent with WOOD's Improvement, (which was awarded the Premium as *Best Combined Machine*, at the U. S. Ag. Society's Trial of Implements in July last,)—cash price, ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS; and $15 in WEBSTER Dictionaries or Ag. Books at cash prices.

$125 00.—For the next largest list, we will give a Mahogany Cased **SEWING MACHINE**, of the very superior manufacture of WHEELER & WILSON, New York—the lowest Cash Price of which is ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

$110 00.—For the next list, a Half Cased WHEELER & WILSON **SEWING MACHINE**,—Cash Price, ONE HUNDRED AND TEN DOLLARS.

$75 00.—For the next list, SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, CASH.

$50 00.—For the next list, FIFTY DOLLARS IN CASH.
$40 00.—For the next list, FORTY DOLLARS IN CASH.
$30 00.—For the next list, THIRTY DOLLARS, CASH.
$20 00.—For the next list, TWENTY DOLLARS, CASH
$100.—For EACH of the next TEN LISTS, TEN DOLLARS, CASH.

SPLENDID CASH PREMIUMS

FOR LISTS FROM OTHER STATES AND CANADA!

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, obtained out of the State of New York, and by a resident of the State, Territory or Province from which it is forwarded,—sent in or remitted according to our terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1858.
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE LISTS.

☞ Competitors for these Premiums *can also compete for both the Grand April and Christmas Premiums!*—Thus *one person* may secure *three prizes*, and if the first in each class, obtain premiums amounting to *over Five Hundred Dollars!*

To give Local Agents and other Friends of the RURAL a fair, equal chance, traveling Agents, Post-riders and citizens of Rochester are excluded from competition for any of the Premiums hereinbefore enumerated.

☞ All the April Premiums will be announced (in the Rural or a Circular,) and paid to order, as soon after April 1st as the result can be ascertained.

Prizes for Each and All—No Blanks!

HAVING RESOLVED TO GIVE EVERY AGENT AND ACTIVE FRIEND a **Benefit**, we offer EACH AND ALL—excepting only successful competitors for Premiums already enumerated—the following extra liberal and

SURE SPECIFIC PREMIUMS!

TEN DOLLARS, IN CASH, to *each person* remitting for SEVENTY-FIVE or more Yearly subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of May, 1858.

SEVEN DOLLARS, IN CASH, or Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and $3 in Ag. Books, to every one remitting for SIXTY or more subscribers as above.

FIVE DOLLARS, IN CASH, (or $6 in Agricultural Books,) to every one remitting for FORTY-FIVE or more subscribers.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY,—Lowest cash price,

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SONG FOR THE TIMES.

BY MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

We're a nation of idolaters,
And money is our god,
The paths to its great temple
Are reverently trod;
While day and night its worshipers
Bow low before its shrine,
Deeming this mighty Dagon
Most worthy and divine.

We're a proud and haughty people,
And given to display,
The treasures of far countries
Are brought for our array—
It matters not how costly,
Nor yet how rich or rare,
Whate'er our pride doth covet
No foreign hand may spare.

Our dwellings seem like palaces,
So gorgeously they rise,
To rival in splendor
Each with the other vies;
Our churches proudly towering
So costly and so gay;
Ay, truly we're a people
Exulting in display.

But a cloud is hanging o'er us,
We pause in our career,
And giant hearts are trembling
And "failing them for fear;"
Our idol is in danger,
'Tis tottering at its base,
And signs of sad foreboding
Are seen in every face.

He who could count his thousands
But yesterday—to-day
Tells of his abject poverty
In tones of sad dismay;
While stalwart hands hang idly
Because they've "naught to do,"
And from homes once thrifty
Comes sounds of want and woe.

There are words of wisdom written
Upon the cloud we see,
Mark ye their weighty import—
From idol worship flee;
And yield to Him true homage
From whom all gifts descend,
And in whose righteous dealings
Mercy and Judgment blend.

Victor, N. Y., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE STORY IN THE OLD BOOK.

"Lucy," said I to my wife, one evening after tea, as we sat before the fireside in the old library, "I have been thinking to-day of what 'the Prophet' once said a great many years ago."

"'The Prophet,'" she exclaimed, looking up from her knitting in surprise; "who was 'the Prophet?'"

"An old man, who used to go about through this section of the country when I was a boy, peddling this and that, and living upon the country people. He was quite aged as long ago as I can remember him; his hair was as white as snow and fell profusely about his shoulders, in which he had a slight bend from carrying his pack. He invariably wore corduroy pants, and coat and waistcoat of sheep's gray, so that all the people in the country knew him; and when he was seen coming up the road toward night fall, it was certain that the old man was going to take up quarters among 'his friends,' a name which he applied to the inmates of every farm house where he found it convenient to lodge."

"But why was he called 'the Prophet?'" asked Lucy.

"He had a remarkable faculty of predicting events," I replied. "The Scotchmen about the neighborhood asserted that he was gifted with 'second sight,' and possessed the power of the 'seventh son;' but old Deacon Jones said that the old man did it all by guess work."

"Did he always conclude rightly?" continued Lucy.

"Occasionally. I remember once when the old man was deeply interested in an election, he told to a dot how the vote would stand, and that so heightened his reputation that office seekers used to come to him afterwards to ascertain his opinion before accepting nominations."

"They couldn't have been like office seekers now-a-days," said my wife, smiling.

"True," I answered to this unexpected remark, "the politicians of the old school were *honest* men."

Just at this moment a brand, which had been blazing brightly, separated and rolled upon the hearth, which called me out of my easy chair, and back to my subject.

"'The Prophet,'" I continued, when I had added another stick to the fire, and resumed my seat, "came very often upon his rounds, to this same house, when my father used to live here, and always made himself quite at home. It was said by the neighbors, from the fact of his taxing the hospitality of the 'country folk,' that the old man was more interested in the *profits* than *prophets*; but father would never hear anything against him, and whenever he came with his usual joke and song, he was always kindly welcomed. It was one evening, when they were sitting by the fireside here, talking over the 'old times,'—for father and 'the Prophet' used to delight to recall the 'days which tried men's souls,'—and I had taken down an old volume from the library, to re-peruse a story, which has always had a peculiar fascination to me. It was this tale which came into my mind while I was in the city to-day—I had not thought of it for years; but when it suddenly came to my memory, I also thought of that evening upon which I read it last, and then of 'the Prophet,' and of what he said."

"What was it?" asked my wife, as she laid aside her work.

"I had finished my perusal, and was just closing the book, when 'the Prophet,' who had glanced at me occasionally during his conversation, took it from me. When he looked at the page upon which the volume was still open, an expression of surprise and pleasure lighted the old man's face. I knew he was going to 'let off' a volley from his magazine of wisdom, for he had drawn down his waistcoat and cleared his throat, which always preceded one of his speeches; but I did not suppose he would say what he did."

"'Squire,' he commenced, addressing my father, 'this book was in its time the completest and interestingest work of the age. I've hearn my father tell how he wouldn't take five hundred dollars for it in hard cash at any time. I've read it thro' and thro' and couldn't ever get tired on't. But I tell you there's no sich now days. Books has got plentier, and got wusser as they growed. I've observed,'—now this is what I recollected in particular of the old man's speech,—'I've observed that men don't write now days as they used to; and they kinder somehow never strike upon sich tales as this. There isn't sich a taste for the marvellous.'

"I have often thought of 'the Prophet's' remark since, and, as I said, it came into mind to-day.—The old man was wrong in saying that books grew worse in tone, as they increased in number, altho' this is to some degree true. But if we peruse the works of the later prose writers, and compare them with those of the past, we cannot but notice the improvement in style and selection of subjects, with the advancement of the taste and education of the literary community."

"I have heard other persons express opinions directly opposite," said my wife, when I had finished speaking; "many prefer the old writers to the new."

"And in some respects so do I," I replied, "but 'the Prophet' was right in saying that there was not such a taste for the marvellous. I shall never forget that old story which I used to read when a boy. Written as it was in the style of those who wrote two centuries ago, containing so much of the marvellous and ghostly, and holding the reader so long in suspense, it made an impression upon my young mind which has always remained. I now regard it as a ridiculous tale—the wild imaginations of some forgotten writer—but its old fascination still hangs about it."

"I should very much like to hear it," said Lucy, becoming interested in what I had been relating.

As it had been my intention from the first to read it, I went to the old book-case, which had stood in the room so long that it seemed a part of it, and unlocking the curiously moulded doors, took down a dust-covered volume, bound in the antique style, from among a number of old works upon the higher shelf.

It was a cold, stormy night in November, the rain had just commenced falling, and the wind, which had arisen since dusk, went wailing around the old house, shaking the shutters and windows, and making strange, dismal noises, as it moaned through the swaying trees. I knew it was a fitting time for what I was about to read, so I stirred the fire until it leaped into the chimney with a cheerful blaze, and with Lucy looking intently at me, opened the volume, and thus began:

SIR BERTRAND.—A FRAGMENT.

Sir Bertrand turned his steed towards the wolds, hoping to cross these dreary moors before the curfew. But, ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks, and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he should direct his course.

Night overtook him in this situation! It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint, glimmering of light through the thick, black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then she suddenly emerged in full splendor from her veil, and then instantly retired behind it; having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide, extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage awhile urged him to push forwards, but at length the increasing darkness and fatigue of body overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and, alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself upon the ground. He had not long continued in that posture, when the sullen toll of a distant bell struck his ears—he started up, and turning towards the sound, discerned a dim, twinkling light.

Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious step advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was stopped by a moated ditch surrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and by a momentary glimpse of moonlight he had a full view of a large, antique mansion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were strongly marked on everything about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished, and the windows broken and dismantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gateway at each end, led to the court before the building.

He entered, and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vanished; at the same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever!

All was silent!

Sir Bertrand fastened his steed under a shed, and approaching the house, traversed its whole front with light and slow footsteps.

All was still as death!

He looked in at the lower windows, but could not distinguish a single object through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch, and seizing a massy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke.

The noise resounded through the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again! He repeated the strokes more boldly and louder—another interval of silence ensued. A third time he knocked, and a third time all was still!

He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front. It again appeared, in the same place, and quickly glided away as before. At the same instant a deep, sullen toll sounded from the turret!

Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop—he was awhile motionless; then terror compelled him to make some hasty steps towards his steed,—but shame stopped his flight; and urged by honor, and a restless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword in one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door, creaking upon its hinges, reluctantly yielded to his hand. He applied his shoulder to it, and forced it open.—He quitted it, and stepped forward—the door instantly shut behind him with a thundering clap!

Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled! He turned to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it, but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, across a hall, upon a large staircase, a pale, bluish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the stairs, and after a moment's deliberation, ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery. The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in silent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps startled him. It led him to the foot of another staircase, and then vanished.

At the same instant another toll sounded from the turret!

Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart! He was now in total darkness, and with his arms extended, began to ascend the second staircase. A dead, cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forward! He endeavored to disengage himself, but could not; he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless with his! He dropped it, and rushed forwards with a desperate valor. The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The staircase grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open,—it led to an intricate, winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to show the nature of the place. Sir Bertrand entered. A deep, hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault. He went forward, and proceeding beyond the first turning discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him. He followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrusting forwards the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undaunted ly sprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key.

The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock; with difficulty he turned the bolt.—Instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin, resting upon a bier, with a taper burning upon each side of it. Along the room, on both sides, were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled!

The flame still glided forwards, and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady, in a shroud and black veil, rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him. At the same time the statues clashed their sabres and advanced! Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and clasped her in his arms. She threw up her veil and kissed his lips; and instantly the whole building shook, as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash!

Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance, and on recovering found himself seated upon a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendor, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs, more fair than the Graces. She advanced to the knight, and falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table, and a numerous train of servants entering served up the feast; delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment,—he could only return their honors by courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady, who, leading the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words:

* * * * * * * *

"Is that the end?" asked my wife, as I suddenly ceased to read.

"Yes," I replied.

"And what does it all amount to?"

"Only the effect it leaves upon the mind."

"But it stops so suddenly," she continued.

"That is the great charm of it," I said, and closed the book. E. C. J.

Ogdensburgh, N. Y., 1857.

Ye Mayde Servant.—A Damsel of a pleasaunte dysposytion ys a verie great helpe to ye goode Hovse-vvife. Ye chearful Mayden vvyll syuge righte merrielye abovt ye Hovse. She lyketh better a merrie songe than ye Psalmes of Sterneholde & Hoppkyns. She lykevyse loueth not to abyde ju ye Hovse of ye Lorde vpon a plesant Sabbathe; but yf soe be that she myght, vvolde readylie vvalke jn ye Fields & Woodes vvyth herr svvetehearte, & sitt vxyth hym yn some shadie playce, vntyle yo going devvue of ye sun. Novv take ye heed, liste & harken vntoe me, all ye Hvsbands;—yt is noot vvyse for ye Goodman of ye Hovse to have mvch talke vvyth ye Damsel,—more especialle yf she be comelie & faire to look vpon,—leaste, peradventure, ye Goode-vvyfe, shovvld be trovbelled vvylh jealousie thereatt—the vvych ys nott goode yn mayntainyng ye peace of ye Hovseholdo.
—*Boston Post.*

By and By.—"By and by" is the bridal bell of the world. It is rung by the hands of Hope, and proclaims the wedding of the heart to-day with the bliss of to-morrow. When we were children we fancied the school-bell rang out an articulate "come to school" or "go and play"—"go and play." More real and audible beats the universal heart, "by and by"—"by and by." Like the arrow that the fairy hore on, when the force of the bow was spent; like the cloud and the pillar that went before the host in the desert, is "by and by;" there's a promised land and a thousand summer isles beyond it. Whether it beats beneath Ishmael's dusky vestment, or the snowy billow of Circassian bosoms, it is forever blest, and forever by and by.

Hindoo Musicians.—One had a large instrument, shaped like a harp, but placed across his knees. It had a great number of strings. The sound was not unpleasant, and the performance was admirable. Another had a kind of violin, by no means agreeable to listen to. Then a third brought forth some very soft notes from a lyre, and a fourth played very expertly on a drum. The instrumental part being concluded, women came forward, sat down on the ground, and began singing. The prima donna's voice was very monotonous. She sang a solo in Marattah; other women joined in a chorus, the words of which I was told were, "After twelve years send me back my love"
—*Journal of Viscountess Falkland.*

Conscience.—Not even for an hour can you bear to be alone, nor can you advantageously apply your leisure time, but you endeavor, a fugitive and wanderer, to escape from yourself, now vainly seeking to banish Remorse by wine, and now by sleep; but the gloomy companion presses on you, and pursues you as you fly.

Wit and Humor.

Washington in a Tight Place.—Col. Lee collected the subscription for the equestrian statue of Washington, in Union Park, N. Y. One old curmudgeon, whose house looked out upon the statue, was told that the monument would perpetually remind him of the Father of his Country.

"Ah! colonel," answered old Lucre, "I do not require a statue to remind me of him, for I always carry Washington here," and he placed his hand upon his heart. "Then let me tell you," replied Colonel Lee, "if that is so, all I have to say is, that you have got Washington in a very tight place!"

Dutch Candor.—Some ten years since an old Dutchman purchased, in the vicinity of Brooklyn, a snug little farm for nine thousand dollars. Recently, a lot of land speculators called upon him to buy him out. On asking his price he said he would take sixty thousand dollars.

"And how much remain on bond and mortgage?"

"Nine thousand dollars."

"And why not more?" interrogated the would-be purchasers.

"Because the darned place isn't worth any more!"

A Happy and Rich Editor.—An exchange says that editors are as a general thing not overstocked with worldly goods. Humbug. Here we are, editor of a country paper, fairly rolling in wealth. We have a good office, a double-barreled rifle, seven suits of clothes, three kittens, a Newfoundland pup, two gold watches, thirteen day and two night shirts, carpets on our floor, a pretty wife, own one corner lot, have ninety-three cents in cash, are out of debt, and have no rich relatives. If we are not wealthy it is a pity. Hurrah for hurrah!—Who cares for cash?—*Horicon* (Wis.) *Argus.*

"Boy," said a fashionably dressed young man to the servant of one of his companions, "is your master at home?"

"Yes, sir," replies the boy, "master is at 'ome, but he's confined to his room. He's a growin' of moostarshers, and ain't allowed to see anybody but his 'airdresser."

A doctor up town gave the following prescription for a sick lady, a few days since:—"A new bonnet, a Cashmere shawl and a pair of gaiter boots?" The lady became convalescent immediately. Shortly after, the sheriff prescribed for her husband, two executions and a small red flag. He will not recover.

A Western editor having heard that to persons in a drowning condition, all the events of their past life rise vividly before them, modestly expresses a wish that some of his delinquent subscribers would take to bathing in very deep water.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BOTANICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifteen letters.
My 2, 6, 14, 5 is a medicinal plant.
My 3, 8, 7, 3, 11, 9 is a flower with purple blossom.
My 4, 5, 2, 12, 4 is a flowering shrub.
My 6, 2, 11, 3, 5, 6 is a large evergreen shrub.
My 10, 11, 12, 13, 5, 8, 3, 11, p is a flower common both in America and Europe.
My 1, 4, 8, 3, 4 is an ornamental tree.
My 13, 4, 7, 8, 15 is a rank poisonous serrated plant.
My whole is an ornamental garden plant.

Hartford, Wis., 1857. E. W. D.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

CHARADE.

Long years ago, when Time was young,
The Earth had late from chaos sprung;
My first and second, received the word,
She had been promised by the Lord.

When Rome with banner wide unfurl'd,
Became proud mistress of the world,
Where slaves were made of kings the best,
In my third and fourth, Romans were dress'd.

When pains, and aches, our skill defy,
Upon my whole we oft rely,
To find a balm to heal our ills,
Which oft is found in its pure rills.

Schuyler, N. Y., 1857. Myrta M.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

The sum of the distances which three persons, A. B. and C. have traveled, is 296 miles; the distance A traveled is equal to three times C.'s, added to B.'s; and twice A.'s distance added to B.'s, is equal to eight times C.'s + 28 miles. What are the respective distances?—A. O. P., *Genoa, N. Y.*

☞ Answer next week.

Always on the Mark.—Yes, *always* on the mark. It is possible even for boys, and if you are not on the mark while you are boys, you will not be when you have grown up to manhood. Every individual is more or less governed by habit, and if you cultivate the habit in youth of being punctual it will be an easy matter to be always on the mark when you have grown up to assume the active duties of life. How frequently have we heard the remark made in reference to some particular individual,—"he is *always* late—he *never* keeps an appointment?" A man who is forever late, always behind the appointed time, will soon lose the confidence of the community, for they will correctly reason that he has but little regard for his word. Endeavor, then, while young, to cultivate the habit of punctuality; aim to incorporate it into your being as an indispensable element of character.—*Rhode Island Schoolmaster.*

Answers to Enigmas, &c., in No. 411.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Knowledge is power.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SCHOOLEY'S PATENT PRESERVATORY.
Patented June, 1857.

FOR PRESERVING Meats, Fruits, Vegetables, Butter, Milk, Cider, and all perishable articles without mould, decay, or taint, by the use of Ice.

Invaluable for Farmers, Butchers, Dairymen, Brewers, Hotels, Candle and Oil Makers, the Household, and all trades where a a cold (45°) and perfectly dry atmosphere is required. No house is perfect without this Preservatory.

Can be constructed at an expense to suit purchaser (above the cost of right) in any locality where ice can be obtained in the winter.

Applications to the undersigned, in person or by mail, will have attention. Can be seen in operation on a large scale for curing meat at the establishment of J. Alberger, Buffalo, N.Y.

At the recent fair of the New York State Ag'l Society at Buffalo, the Preservatory was exhibited in successful operation and received the award of a Silver Medal and Diploma.

J. L. ALBERGER, Buffalo, N. Y.

Nov. 14, 1857. 410eowtf

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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Rural New-Yorker.

CONSTRUCTION OF STABLES.

AMID all the boasted advance claimed for Architectural Science as it affects both city and country, we cannot perceive in what manner has the home of the horse improved within the last half century. Volumes upon Architecture have fallen from the press containing designs for the construction of big houses, costing little beside the labor of those who wish to occupy them,—the cribbed, cabined and confined prison of a New York city denizen, and the spacious, open villa, requiring from $60,000 to $100,000 for its completion. Poultry-books embrace plans innumerable for the comfort of the feathered biped, in which the "Poor Man's," formed by "a circle of eighteen feet in diameter, walled in with straw," and that of Queen VICTORIA—"a semi-gothic building, of simple and appropriate beauty"—seem to be the Alpha and Omega. Swine have not been forgotten, for we have plans, specifications and illustrations, of "piggeries rural"—some that would be rural if they could, and others that could not be rural if they would. The interests of the canine race,

"Mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of every degree,"

have called forth the pens of authors, and architectural brains have racked and fevered as to what style was most appropriate for kennels—which was most in harmony, convenience, purpose, &c., in a word, *expression*,—the plain and unpretending, the Gothic, with its hair-splitting roof, the Grecian or Italian. But the HORSE, what *of him?*

The home of the family has been erected, and, if the voice of wisdom was heard in choice of locality, an elevated, healthy site was selected. So far, so good. Now for the barn. Everything shows better by contrast, and if a low, damp spot is to be found, and convenient withal, we will stick the stable there—as though the horse partook largely of the amphibious in both constitution and formation. It is true there are exceptions. In cities the barn often becomes part and parcel of the house—(this is the *latest fashion* in $5,000 to $10,000 dwellings)—and it is *fixed up* with all the "modern conveniences." This would probably be well enough for man with his artificial wants, but for the horse "we'll none of it." In the country there is oftentimes care and forethought used in the selection of site and construction of stables, but where one instance of this kind is witnessed, how often may be seen the low, foul place upon which the stable is erected. Why this state of things should exist we cannot ascribe a solitary reason—the barn with its divisions is, next to the house, the most important building upon the farm, and, from the laying of the foundation to the entire completion of the structure, is worthy of the closest scrutiny of the builder.

When about to construct a stable, select, if possible, a dry position; or, at least, one in which a system of draining can be put in operation. Another point is to obtain a sheltered location—one where the north winds will not have full play upon it. A southern front (especially if sheds for cattle extend so as to form, with the barn, the three sides of a square) is preferable to any other.

Damp stables are as prolific of disease as damp houses. Speaking in reference to this the *Stable Book* says, "here it is we expect to find horses with bad eyes, coughs, greasy heels, swelled legs, mange, and a long, rough, dry, staring coat, which no grooming can cure. The French attribute glanders and farcy to a damp atmosphere; and in a damp situation we find these diseases most prevalent. In London there are several stables under the surface; they are never dry, and never healthy. The bad condition, and the disease so common and so constantly among their ill-fated inhabitants, may arise from a combination of causes; but there is every reason to believe that humidity is not the least potent."

When horses are first lodged in a damp stable they soon show how much the change affects them. They become dull, languid, feeble; the coat stares; they refuse to feed; at fast work (through weakness) they cut their legs in spite of all care to prevent them. Some horses, thus placed catch colds, become exceedingly liable to such contagious diseases as influenza, &c.; and from frequent visitation of this nature the lungs become weakened, and consumption ends the scene.

We can hardly say that the majority of our stables are so constructed as to exclude the air—the reverse of this is generally the case, especially in severe weather—but very few of them are so arranged as to obtain *perfect ventilation*. If closely built, as they ought to be for comfort, and windows were inserted where we now have *holes*, then the air would be exceedingly impure and we should soon witness the workings of this evil. Pneumonia is the offspring of illy ventilated stables.—DADD, in the *Modern Horse Doctor*, says:—

"The hot, moist atmosphere, which is to be found in the majority of unventilated stables, prevents the insensible perspiration from being evaporated with that rapidity so necessary for the purification of the system. The atmosphere may be said to be saturated with moisture, so that the excrementitious materials thrown out from the external surface, instead of finding a ready outlet in space, where they would be soon decomposed and again made fit for respiratory uses, are condensed on the surface, and re-absorbed in their defiling state. It has been discovered by a number of experiments, that when warm blooded animals are placed in a hot atmosphere saturated with moisture, the temperature of their bodies is gradually raised 12° or 13° above the natural standard, and that the consequence is then inevitably fatal. Let it be understood, then, that no evaporation from the skin can take place when the stable atmosphere is saturated with vapor, and also that if this be the case, the heat of the body increases, rather than decreases—a condition which places our patient beyond the reach of the veterinary art."

Could the darkness that as yet surrounds the Veterinary Art be dispelled, and could we read, as a book, the causes of the various diseases to which the horse has become constitutionally subject, how much would be charged to impure air, coupled with hard work and bad food, and how frequently would the consciences of men trouble them for the wrongs done this noble animal. Oppression and cruelty may sometimes run a long race; but the end will come—death terminates continued suffering.

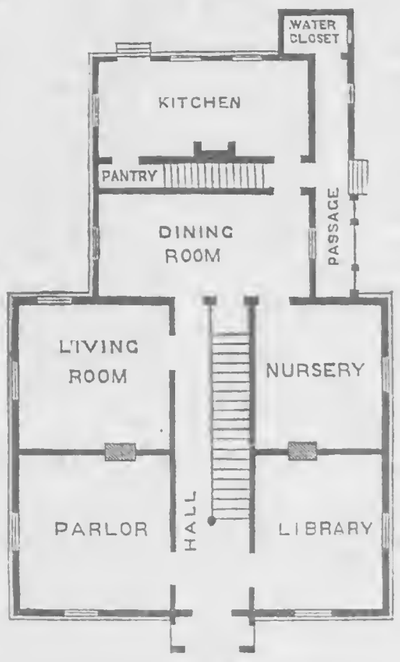
The modes for obtaining ventilation, and some other matters connected with our subject—size of stables, light, stalls, &c., will form the material of another article.

RURAL TASTE AND RURAL HOMES.

THE present commercial embarrassment, felt so generally all over the country, and the universal cry of "hard times," has given both preachers and editors an opportunity to condemn the extravagance of the times; and of this they have not been slow in availing themselves. Although these wise counsels and warnings come too late to be of any practical benefit in averting the present crisis, and would have shown the foresight of their authors had they been given before, they may not prove entirely valueless. It is well enough to lock the stable door, although the horse *is* stolen. Still, we see much extravagance in these wholesale denunciations; this condemnation of everything pertaining to taste and refinement. As a people we have gone to one extreme, and it would not be wise for us to go to the other. We have built palaces, dressed in "purple and fine linen," and "fared sumptuously every day," but that is no reason why we should now abandon all, make our homes in caves or cabins, or live like the Hottentots.

It takes very little courage to strike a man or lecture a people when they are down; therefore we have reformers of the people's customs by wholesale, at this time. Many years since, when speaking of the passion for ostentatious and costly residences, about developing itself, which was much encouraged, we thought by some architects, but more particularly by books containing beautiful and costly plans, tempting persons to build beyond their means, we used the following language:—"From these works the man of wealth may learn how to expend his thousands in building beautiful and costly mansions. They may encourage a taste for display—for princely residences and retinues. They may cause aristocratic '*establishments*' to spring up over our land. The ghost of some ancient castle, or the effigy of some lordly manor-house, with its '*lodges*' and '*liveried*' attendants, may be made to supplant the plain republican 'homestead'—European indolence and luxury to encroach upon American industry and simplicity; but, we doubt whether this will improve the taste or the morals, or add much to the peace and happiness of the American people. We doubt whether it will promote that EQUALITY of which we boast, or make us more worthy the respect and imitation of the world. In this country, thanks to our Republican institutions, and the smiles of a kind Providence, we have but few very rich, and few extremely poor. Here, with slight exceptions, all labor in some sphere, and all alike enjoy the necessaries and luxuries of life. And we regret, that under a plea of improving the 'TASTE' of our people, Americans should be taught a love of pomp, and show, and costly establishments. Taste may be purchased at too great an expense."

A. J. DOWNING declared in one of his earliest works, that "true taste is a good economist," and he never made a more truthful remark. Unnecessary and useless ornaments, the sacrifice of utility for beauty is a violation of all good taste. It is the lack of taste as well as sense that causes people to build and live beyond their means. What shows a sadder lack of taste than an over-dressed person or an over-ornamented house. The intelligent beholder perceives in it the cravings of a coarse mind for the homage of those as unrefined as itself. True taste is shown in the convenient arrangement and neatness of the kitchen, and the want of it in the most superbly furnished parlor. True taste is often seen in the humble cottage, and the sad lack of it in the costly palace. We most earnestly, therefore, protest against this general tirade against taste and beauty. A New York paper in a lengthy article on the subject, says:—"Our people have gone crazy after beautiful things: beautiful houses, beautiful dresses, beautiful horses and beautiful lap-dogs. Many, it is true, have [illegible] show and [illegible] or beauty, and vulgar parade for refinement [illegible] good taste. Many a lady has given scores [illegible] ars for a pet lap-dog, which she has fondled to the utter disgust of all sensible dogs and men, when she would have shown far more taste and sense by distributing a quarter of this sum among the poor, destitute children of her neighborhood; and the kind words wasted upon the little brute would have lightened the heart of many a sorrowful, suffering child. These foolish extravagances, however, are not the results of good taste, but a lack of both sense and taste.



GROUND PLAN OF COTTAGE OR FARM-HOUSE.

The very first thing to be done, when it is proposed to build a house is to ascertain how much money can be devoted to this purpose. After this matter is settled, then consult with the members of the family as to the rooms needed, and their convenient arrangement. These things being decided, you are prepared to consult an architect, who will make the necessary plans and elevation. Many take a course entirely opposite to this. They first get from an architect one or more plans, with beautifully colored elevations, which suit the fancy, though perhaps neither the wants nor the purse. Then the rooms are arranged to suit the elevation as well as they can be, and the work is commenced. The architect says the house can be built for *about* a specified sum, which experience proves far too small. Then changes are made as the work progresses, which is always the result of commencing with a plan not well matured, and this adds materially to the expense. Before the work is completed the proprietor is prepared to endorse the old saying that "fools build houses, wise men buy them." All this evil might have been avoided by proper care at the commencement, and VAUX says very truly in his *Villas and Cottages*, that "there are no insurmountable barriers to exactitude of estimate except loose instructions from the employer to his architect, and indefinite arrangements between the employer and his mechanics; both of which a proper amount of care at starting can readily prevent."

SUBURBAN RESIDENCE—"PIERMONT."

We give our readers the elevation of a very pretty cottage, "PIERMONT," the residence of G. P. NORRIS, near Wilmington, Delaware. With the exception of the pointed gables and the ornamented chimneys there is nothing to make this house expensive. The verandah is cheaply constructed, and this feature has almost become a necessity in all country houses. The bay window at the side has a very fine effect inside as well as out, and we know of no cheaper and more useful ornament than a good, bold bay window.

In this connection we also give a ground plan of a large cottage or farm-house, furnished by a correspondent of the RURAL. It is found quite convenient, and some differences of arrangement are suggested which might better suit the wants of others. "The plan," he says, "is plain and requires but little explanation. The desirable shape for a dining room—good length with moderate breadth—is attained, and free access from this room to the cellar is had by placing the cellar stairs directly under the hall stairs. Closets and a bath room may be made adjoining the nursery, by occupying a small portion of the 'passage' and leaving a space between this room and the library. The length of the hall and the cellar stairs, gives them a remarkably easy rise. Folding doors may be placed between the living room and parlor, by placing the chimney nearer the hall, or by building separate chimneys for these two rooms, uniting the stacks in the garret. The plan may be reduced in extent, by omitting the kitchen, and using the dining room for that purpose; in that case the living room or nursery might be used for a dining room. If the living room was chosen for that purpose it might be thought necessary to make a door in the back part connecting directly with the kitchen, the same as shown in the nursery."

MR. PLOWHANDLE AND THE STATE FAIR.

COL. MOORE:—Some years ago I got acquainted with one of your contributors who edited the WOOL GROWER, and he used to put me in print. I must say my vanity was flattered by seeing my name printed in the paper, with some things I said and some I didn't say, and we've kept the papers ever since. After all, everybody likes a little fame, but some are satisfied with a smaller amount than others. Well, I have not the editor any more to set me out, so I have been thinking I would just try and see if you would not put me into the RURAL on my own hook—especially as I want to tell you all about my going to the State Fair at Buffalo the other day.

CONCLUDES TO GO.

As it was not so far but what we could go with our own team, mother and I concluded we would hitch up and have a week to see the sights and some cousins we had not seen for a long time.—Mother (that's wife, you know) thought we ought to take something to the Fair. I told her to take a tub of her butter, but she said she didn't think it was good enough, but thought I might take some of the stock. But I thought it would be a great bother. However, SAM was pretty strong in the faith that we could beat everybody on horses, and wanted to take old Nance. She's a right smart beast, is that old mare, you may depend.

TAKES THE MARE.

Well, we packed off SAM, for I was willing to give the boy a holiday. It does the boys great good to attend these kind of Fairs, I do believe, after seeing all I saw there.

GOES IN.

We got safely to town Monday night, and Tuesday I went up early to the Fair grounds to see what was going on. I got in and hunted up SAM, and found he'd got the mare entered, and had got his card on her head and a good stall and all things comfortable. The animal arrangements were first-rate generally, and during all the time of the Fair the supply of fodder was good. I think that Maj. PATRICK, who was everybody in managing things, a trump sort of a man.

HEARS SOMETHING.

As I was standing up near the business office in the crowd, I heard a couple of men talking about premiums. One said to the other,

"Are you an exhibitor?"

"Yes."

"So am I, and we had better look to the committees."

"Why so?"

"You see the committees are never all full, and if you are on hand at the big tent when they are called, it's easy to slip in a friend, which is a mighty nice thing sometimes."

"Well, I am showing a patent for making cow-cumbers, and if I can get the premium it will make my fortune."

"And I am showing a new kind of bob-tailed hens, and a premium won't set me back."

"Well, you get me on to your committee, and I will name you for mine."

"All right; go in to win when you can."

Thinks I, perhaps if that's the way the thing leans I may as well take care of myself as anybody else. Everybody for myself seems to be the rule on these occasions. So off I streaked it to the cattle pens to find SMITH, who is my neighbor, you know. SMITH is in the patent bull line. [*Mr. P. evidently means "improved."*] Says I, "SMITH you're showing bulls and I am showing old Nance, and I guess if merit counts we can win." And that's the talk here on paper. Then I told him what I'd heard about the committee.

"Is that so?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I think old Nance is the best mare in the yard."

"And you've got the best bull on the ground."

Then I told him that we must be up at the tent in time.

Well, sure enough, when the committees were made up I was on SMITH's bull committee, and he was on the mare committee.

THE COMMITTEE GOES OUT.

The head man took the book as had the things in it, and we were all introduced to each other, and went down to look at the bulls. We were on the red bulls. So we went along and looked at them, and I didn't say much till we came to SMITH's bull, and I looked at him pretty carefully, pulled his tail, punched my fingers into his ribs, and went through the motions as I had seen the others. Says I, "that's a bull that looks like it." SMITH had combed him all over with a fine-toothed comb, and brushed him with a hair brush, and he did look slick, for he was just as fat as a hog.—And from all I saw, I think fat at fairs, like what the lawyer said about charity, covers a multitude of sins.

GETS THE HORNS POKED AT HIM.

Just as I said that, the fellow who had a bull in the next stall comes up to me pretty fierce, and says he:

"What do you know about bulls?"

"Well," says I, "I think I know what they are used for in my section."

"May be," says he, "you are on the committee?"

"I have that honor," says I.

"Oh! well, that makes a difference, but you ain't the man I expected to see," says he.

"Very likely," says I.

"But," says he, "that bull hain't got any pedigree."

"Well," says I, "he had a father and mother, didn't he?"

"Oh! yes, but then nobody knows who they were."

"Well, then nobody knows but they were just as likely as your bull's parents."

"But, sir, look at my bull's pedigree. There it is, sir. Got by imported Shirt-tail, out of Skim-milk by Thunder, &c.,"—and he showed a string of names as long as your arm.

"Well," says I to the committee, "are we to judge the pedigree or the animal?"

And they said—"The animal, of course."

"Then," said I to the fellow, "will your bull get better stock than this?"

"Of coure he will," says he, "for he's got a pedigree and that bull hain't."

"Well," says I, "your bull has got somebody to brag for him, and the other hasn't, that's certain." And that sort o' knocked him. "But," says I, "I've known people who felt grand over their pedigree, and I've seen a heap of people who couldn't go further back than their father and mother that banged them all to pieces for smartness. Handsome is that handsome does," says I, "and, as the hymn-book says, 'a man's a man for a' that.' Pedigree go to grass, I go in for the animal."

SMITH'S BULL WINS.

When we got through and looked at our marks the other two had SMITH'S bull second. I had him first. So we talked it over, and finally, as they didn't care much about it, they altered the figures and gave SMITH the first premium, which I think was right.

AND THE OLD MARE.

SMITH had a great time over old Nance. It turned out that each of the other two committeemen had friends whose mares were to be judged, and they pretty soon picked out their favorites. So he kept still and let them talk, and they soon got into a quarrel, and then they appealed to SMITH, and he kinder sided with one, but thought old Nance was the best mare, and finally, to keep the other from getting first, they sided with him, and he went in for both of theirs. SMITH says he saw some queer things on that committee.

You see we got our premiums, but you don't see, perhaps, Col., as well as I do, that it wants something more than merit to be sure of winning.

GETS IRREVERENT.

The State of New York is a great State, the biggest in the Union, and the New York State Agricultural Society is a great institution, but if there ain't some of the allfiredest big humbugs crawling around its Annual Fair, then I'm a teapot.

CONCLUDES.

I want to tell you a heap more, but I have used up so much paper I fear you won't have patience to print my letter. Yours to command,

JOHN PLOWHANDLE.

RURAL SIGHTS AND SCENES,

DURING A WALK AND TALK DOWN "OUR" LANE.

EDS. RURAL:—In your paper for Oct. 31st, we had a very pleasant and profitable trip "*Down Our Lane*" with one of your correspondents, and with your permission, I should like to invite him to a walk through OUR lane. Having signified his acceptance of the invitation, he will, of course, draw on his overcoat, for the air is somewhat chilly this November day, and we do not wish to travel very fast. Now, being ready for a start, we will go out this way first.

Here, on the left, is a piece of wheat, sown on clover sod, with once plowing. By the way, I may as well remark here that I have a regular system of rotation, commencing, say with a clover sod, turned over in the fall, and sown with wheat. The wheat is followed with corn, using all the manure I can make on the wheat stubble. After corn, comes oats, with which I stock down with clover, making the circuit once in four years. With this digression we will proceed. This wheat you perceive was drilled in, as I am fully satisfied from all the information I can obtain from reading the experience of others, that drilling is preferable to broadcast sowing, though this is my first trial.—The color is certainly good now, and the leaf is broad.

Now we come to a corn stubble. Here, I had nearly six acres of the "King Philip Corn," planted on a clover and timothy sod. This is an odd lot, and an exception to my general practice.—Perhaps I had better give you a brief history of this piece of corn through the season, and then you will be the better prepared to judge of its merits. The ground was plowed (about the 10th of May) plump eight inches deep, well harrowed, and planted on the 23d of May, in rows three feet apart each way. The corn came up beautifully, and just two weeks from the time it was planted, owing to the depredations of the "cut worm," I was obliged to go over it and plant it again, it requiring a half a bushel of seed to fill up. I took the pains to dig into almost every hill, and take out and destroy the worms, finding from one to sixteen in a hill. These little fellows kept up their work till the 1st of August. I had just got it nicely hoed out, and it was looking very finely too, and had only time to get to the house after finishing hoeing, when there came up one of the most destructive hail storms that ever passed over this region of country, which beat it flat down to the ground. This was on the Monday following the 4th of July. It had recovered, contrary to my expectations, almost entirely from the effects of the hail, and was growing very rapidly, when just two weeks from the time of the hail storm, there came one of those terrible thunder storms which proved so destructive last summer. This one was accompanied by a perfect gale of wind, which prostrated the corn, breaking off entirely hundreds and hundreds of stalks, and injuring others so that they never recovered. It was cultivated twice each way, hoed once, and had a top dressing of plaster, ashes and hen manure, mixed as follows:—One bushel plaster, three bushels hen manure, and four bushels ashes, and about that quantity per acre. The result was that I had five hundred and sixty bushels of ears, which I considered a pretty fair yield after all the drawbacks.

Next we come to another field that was planted with "White Flint Corn." This was wheat stubble, with about twelve two-horse wagon loads of manure per acre, planted the 18th of May, three and a half feet apart each way, tended same as the other. A trifle more ground in this lot. The cut worm did not disturb this, but the "wire worm" did, a little. Had a larger growth of stalks and five hundred bushels of ears. This variety of corn has won for itself a good reputation for productiveness.

There is where I had oats after corn—yield, fifty bushels per acre. That was seeded with clover. A pretty good "catch." Sowed plaster on the oats, one bushel per acre.

Now we come to where I had wheat. The growth was famous, but I think the "midge" took a little more than half, for their share—at any rate, they only left me thirteen bushels per acre. This is all we have to see this way, and now, if you please, we will retrace our steps, and take a look down towards the river.

Here is our watering place. It is fed by never-failing springs. See how perfectly clear and pure the water looks; and do you notice how those fishes are sporting about there? It would do you good, I think, to come and sit here in this little grove of a warm summer's morning, and listen to to the birds as they warble forth their merry notes to Him from whom cometh "every good and perfect gift." There I cut about one and a half tuns of hay per acre. The seed did not "take well," consequently the crop was rather thin. From this piece of ground I harvested fifty bushels of oats per acre, after the grasshoppers had done their mischief, and that was not a little.

We now stand on the bank of the beautiful Susquehanna. How peacefully and quietly its pure waters roll along. Suppose you take a seat in this little boat and I will row you across the stream, and we will go up on you side hill, where we may have a fine view of the valley. This hill is pretty steep, but the sight will well repay you for the trouble.

There, take a seat on that stone. Now isn't that delightful? Away there to the right you see the village of Waverly, a smart little town, built up mostly since the New York and Erie Railroad was located there. See that train of cars! That is running very near the line between New York and Pennsylvania. East of Waverly you see Factoryville, formerly a place of some considerable business, owing to the lumbering establishments up "SHEPHERD'S Creek." The business is pretty well drawn off to Waverly now. Yonder, to the left, is the quiet little village of Athens. See how nicely it is situated on a narrow strip of land between the two rivers. That is the Chemung river you see winding along at the foot of those hills on the west side of the valley, and away where you see that mountain put out into the valley, like, is where the two rivers unite. Athens was formerly the termination of the "North Branch Canal," but that work is now connected by the "Junction Canal" with the "Chemung Canal"—making an outlet for our Pennsylvania coal. When money matters get a little easier we expect a canal, or slack water navigation, will be built up the Susquehanna to Binghampton, to connect with the Chenango Canal, as that has been talked of strongly, and it must be a profitable place for the investment of capital.

Now, if you have enjoyed this lovely landscape view as much as you wish, we will return to the house. Well, here we are again! You would like to take a look in the corn house. Very well, walk in. A nice lot of seed corn strung up there.—Yes, sir—I think you will find it hard to beat that in the county. I should be disappointed if there was not thirty-five or forty bushels of it. I sold over thirty dollars worth of seed corn last year, and could have sold more if I had had it on hand. Unless farmers have taken unusual pains to secure their seed corn this fall, you will hear a great complaint about seed rotting in the ground next spring for corn was unusually late about ripening, and the weather has been very wet, hence, much of the corn was got in in bad condition. There, they are calling to dinner, so we shall have to adjourn.

Athens, Bradford Co., Pa. J. F. O.

CROPS IN NOBLE CO., OHIO.

MR. MOORE:—Reading M. L. SHAFER's account of the crops in Western Michigan, it prompts me to let others know the condition of the crops in another part of the Union—that of my immediate neighborhood.

Our wheat crop this year was hardly an average one, being injured very severely by the weevil.—Almost every field that I have seen or heard of was also struck with rust just before the grain was ready to cut, causing the grain to be small and shriveled. Our oat crop was excellent and well harvested. Corn, which is our main dependence here since the weevil is taking the wheat so bodily, is largely over an average crop—though much of it was injured by the high winds we had in August, in many cases completely prostrating whole fields. Our grass this year was excellent and saved in good order, though much later than common, owing to our backward spring, and so with all our other crops.

Potatoes, owing to a scarcity of seed, will hardly come up to the average, though everything was planted that would possibly do. Their yield is good, however, with plenty for home consumption, and no complaints of rot, except in low, wet places where there has been standing water a part of the time.

I would conclude this here, though there is much more I would like to say, but my little boy, who has just passed his tenth birthday, wishes me to tell you his snake story. I sent him to the field to catch his horse to go for the mail (we living some 2¼ miles from the post-office,) when on coming back, what does he bring but a large copperhead which he had just killed. It measured three feet two inches in length and a fraction over four inches round—after taking from it a good sized frog which apparently had been swallowed but a short time before. JOSEPH ANDREWS.

Noble Co., Ohio, Nov., 1857.

WINTER EMPLOYMENT FOR FARMERS.

"To be busy, as one ought, is an easy art; but to know how to be idle, is a very superior accomplishment."

THERE is, perhaps, no class of persons in our Commonwealth who are more prodigal of their time during Winter, than the cultivators of the soil. After performing the arduous labors of Spring, Summer and Autumn, the farmer naturally looks forward to the season of the icy reign, as a period of repose; but with many it is passed without improvement, the time being spent in visiting, making parties, sleigh-riding, &c.—while some of the more wealthy spend their time in the cities, and frequently return home in spring, minus cash, health and morals. Now there is nothing wrong in visiting, eating good things, or in going to see the many curiosities of the cities, but it should not be made a business of, for a thousand reasons, a few of which we will notice.

So long as farmers' sons and daughters continue to waste the golden opportunities for improvement afforded them in the winter, so long they must be content to be represented in the National Councils by merchants, doctors, lawyers, political demagogues, and wire pullers, who, having no sympathy for the *dear* people after election is over, frequently trample on the rights of their constituents, and enact laws in accordance with their own selfish schemes of personal aggrandizement, to the entire neglect of the best interests of the State.

In the RURAL of Sept. 26th, we read that by the report of the trades and professions of the members of our State and National Legislature, that almost all of the representatives are lawyers, with occasionally a farmer. The reason given is, that the farmers neglect to qualify themselves for these positions. Some may say that it would be difficult for farmers to thoroughly prepare themselves for discharging the duties of the Legislative Hall; but not too fast, let us consider a moment and see if it cannot be done.

"Farmers' Clubs" should be organized in every school district, for the discussion of all subjects of interest to the tillers of the ground; debates should be held on moral, scientific and political subjects, and conducted agreeably to the rules of parliamentary order. Declamation should be carefully taught in the common schools, and, in addition to this, Lyceums might be established, expressly for the scholars, in which discussions should be conducted by the pupils, under the supervision of their teachers, and if properly managed, these exercises would call into action the latent faculties of the juvenile disputants, and promote good reading and speaking, while the standard of education would be elevated, and the patrons of the "peoples' college" would become more interested in the great cause of popular instruction, and thus strengthen the bulwark of popular freedom. In this way, a host of orators and statesmen might be raised, who would be capable of representing the rural districts in the deliberative assemblies of the Nation, and whose deliberations in most cases would be conducted in such fair and honorable manner as to reflect credit on themselves and their constituents, and promote the best interests of the community.

Again: Every citizen should be familiar with the Constitution and the Laws of his State; and let the decisions of the courts take care of themselves. While all are liable to be summoned as jurors they should understand at least the general principles of the common and statute laws of the land; and this knowledge can be easily acquired by every inteligent agriculturist in the country.

The Constitution of the United States, the Constitution of the State of New York, and the Constitution of the several States, guarantee to the people, liberty of speech, freedom of the press, and trial by jury. Section eighth of article first, of the revised Constitution of New York, declares that every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible only for the abuse of that right. Hence the proprietors of the forty-six thousand square miles of territory in this State, should be duly represented in both branches of the Legislature, by men chosen from their own number. When taxes are to be raised for Town, County, or State purposes, the owners of the soil contribute by far the greater portion; therefore, the representatives, chosen from the farmers, should be in exact ratio to the amount of money paid by them into the National treasury—for it is a maxim of the American people, that taxation and representation ought to be equal. N. B. AMENT.

Mount Morris, N. Y., 1857.

A SORGHUM EXPERIMENT.

EDS. RURAL:—I raised one-sixteenth of an acre of Chinese Sugar Cane. Took great pains to save a few hills for seed. Supposed I had some very good, but on examination there is not a seed.

I succeeded well in getting out the juice in the mill I described to you, and which you published. Now for the result. Every four stalks gave a pint of juice. The molasses was one-eighth of the juice. The molasses is good, as far as the appearance is concerned, but has a (what I call) disagreeable *vegetable* taste. I tried every plan but could not overcome it.

An acre with hills three feet apart gives 4,840 hills; six stalks to a hill 29,040 stalks; four stalks to the pint, 7,260 pints—one-eighth of it molasses, gives 907 pints, or 113 gallons. I think, however, another and more favorable season I could do better, but how *much* better I will not attempt to *guess*. M. S. KIMBALL.

Fulton, N. Y., Nov., 1857.

HUSKING FROZEN CORN.

EDS. RURAL:—The recent snow storm which fell so heavily upon Niagara, Orleans, and Genesee counties, found perhaps one-half the corn raised there still in the stook, and those who have tried husking any of it find hard work enough. The stalks being frozen and covered with snow, are cold and wet to handle, the ears break off a great deal harder than when dry or merely wet, and one's hands soon get sore and lame who attempts to husk enough to keep his hogs growing. The writer has tried *machinery* for this purpose, and finds it to work well. Get the corn into the barn, then provide a bench or plank, of a suitable height to stand up to, and a *hand hatchet*. Lay on a bundle, butt toward you, and with the hatchet strike a fair blow, as near the but of the ear as may be, shake the stalk, and the ear will fall out nearly or entirely husked. It will save lots of hard, handsore work.—J. H. B., *Royalton, Niagara Co., N. Y.*

Rural Notes and Items.

THE WEATHER.—Our brief paragraph relative to the *predicted* open Winter, (which appeared in the RURAL of Nov. 21, but was written on the 16th,) had scarcely received ink ere the weather became decidedly Zero-ish over a large extent of country. Indeed, last week the weather was colder in many sections than in any November for many years.—Snow fell in some sections of Western New York (Niagara, Genesee, &c.) and the Western States to the depth of 12 inches or more—taking many farmers unawares and unprepared, with corn and potatoes out, buckwheat unthreshed, &c. The sudden freezing of the canal blockaded an immense quantity of flour, grain and produce—and although the weather is now (Dec. 1) mild and favorable, it is very doubtful whether the loaded boats will be able to reach tide-water. The Winter may still be "open," but the recent cold snap was certainly a clincher, and not in the bills of the weather-wise prophets. We have several letters from Michigan, Iowa, &c., telling of good sleighing and boisterous weather. As an example Mr. N. J. STRONG, writing from Homer, Mich., Nov. 25, says:—"For the past week we have had boisterous weather. The snow has here fallen to the depth of six or eight inches, and at Niles (100 miles west) I learn that it is *eighteen inches deep!* I think this is the most snow that ever fell in this State, at this season of the year. The sleighing is fine, and people improve it. This morning, at sunrise, we were astonished at finding the mercury standing at *twenty degrees below zero!* If records will show colder weather than this in Nov., I should like to know where it was."

—Other records of the weather will be found on our sixth page.

FARMERS HOLDING THEIR PRODUCE.—The present time is rather peculiar as affecting the prices of grain in this country and a few words thereupon may prove of use to the agriculturist. France and Greece have for some time had laws prohibiting the export of grain from their shores, and, as a consequence, those countries that have been obliged to send abroad for the staff of life have, in great measure, looked to America for relief.—These prohibitory statutes have been removed—the crops of both countries are excellent—and they are seeking a foreign market for their surplus. To what extent this will depress prices we are not yet aware, but a decline is observable in England.—Whether it will *pay* our farmers to hold on we will not undertake to say; but we think—when we consider the interest on grain in store, the destruction arising from the depredations of vermin and other causes, and the risk that must necessarily be run—such a result is, to say the least, *exceedingly doubtful*.

THE BEAN STORY given in RURAL of Nov. 14, has induced several of our readers to give us figures which "beat it." Mr. JAS. C. KELLY, of Kingsboro, N. Y., says that last spring there came up a lone bean, of which he took no notice until it began to run, and then suspended a string from it up to the wood pile, close by. It grew and thrived well without culture, and produced 161 pods which averaged 6 beans each—amounting in all to 966 beans.—A. J. C., of Catharine, writes us that "Mr. ASA COE, of Schuyler Co., has this season grown from one bean 302 pods, which yielded 1,395 beans;" and adds that "Mass. may grow statesmen and scholars, but when she descends to the culture of the bean she may stand aside for the Empire State."—L. C. M., of West Monroe, Oswego Co., says he has this year "raised from one bean 1,620 perfect beans. The imperfect ones were thrown away, and the pods not counted. There was no extra cultivation. It being a new variety to us, and found by myself, was planted merely to see what it was."

—That will do, friends. *We*, if not Mr. CROCKER, are satisfied that some people "know beans"—numerously.

SUFFOLK SWINE.—An esteemed Connecticut correspondent writes us as follows:—"At our State Fair I noticed two different species of Suffolk Swine. One was characterized by having the short, blunt snout, with eyes deeply imbedded—well haired, and fine, square form. The other almost hairless—skin inclined to crack, and wholly devoid of the short nose of the others. I refer to this because I have previously noticed the same discrepancy in different animals of this breed, and would like to inquire in relation to it, as both claim to be pure. How is it? Are there two separate importations, or is pureness applicable to only one class, and if so, which?"

—Will some one who is informed as to the history and characteristics of the importations, breeds, or *families* of Suffolks, please enlighten our correspondent and readers on the subject of the above inquiry?

GOOD LAMBS, AND WEIGHTY.—In a recent letter from Mr. EZRA RINGER, of Lyons, N. Y., mention is made of some noteworthy lambs. He says:—"On the 3d inst., I weighed three of my ewe lambs. Their weight was as follows:—No. 1, 163 lbs., No. 2, 142 lbs., and No. 3, 140 lbs.—the three weighing 445 lbs. These lambs were dropped in April last, and were nearly seven months old when weighed. They are of the Leicester breed, got by my imported buck, and are pronounced by good judges the best lambs they have ever seen, age considered.—I think one of them as good a lamb as there is in the United States, and will give $50 for as good a one."

"SOME 'TATERS."—Under this heading Mr. O. N. CADWELL, of Loomisville, Mich., informs us that he recently dug from one vine 15 potatoes which weighed 7 pounds and 2 ounces. Variety, "Western Red." Also, that from one peck of Blue Mercers he has harvested 16½ bushels of fine potatoes—some of the largest weighing 2 lbs. and 7 ounces each.

BLOODY MURRAIN AT THE WEST.—The Connersville (Ind.) Times says that the bloody murrain is prevailing in that vicinity, for the first time in twenty years. This disease used to be the bugbear of Western stock raisers, but it has occured so rarely for some years past that it was about concinded that it had left us entirely.

AN EXTENSIVE FARMER.—It is said by a correspondent of the Silver Creek (Texas) Mirror that Col. JACOB CARROLL, of Texas, is the largest farmer in the United States. He owns 250,000 acres of land (nearly 400 square miles) in that and adjoining counties. His home plantation contains 8,000 acres, nearly all valuable bottom lands, along the Guadalupe River. On this farm he has over 600 acres in cultivation, on which he raises annually about 300 bales of cotton, worth at the plantation from $75 to $100 per bale, and 20,000 bushels of corn, worth about 50 cents per bushel. He has a force of about fifty field hands, and he works about sixty mules and horses, and 15 yoke of oxen. Col. Carroll has, on his immense ranges of pasture lands, about one thousand horses and mules, worth $50,000; one thousand head of cattle, worth $70,000; six hundred hogs, worth $2,000; fifteen jacks, worth $9,000; three hundred Spanish mares, worth $15,000; fifty jennies, worth $2,000; and five stallions, worth $2,500. Col. Carroll's property, in stock and negroes, is worth at least $150,000; and the value of his landed estate will swell the amount to over half a million of dollars. His annual income from the sale of stock amounts from $5,000 to $10,000; and from the sale of cotton, to from $15,000 to $20,000.

THE FIRST FAIR OF NAPLES, (Ontario Co.,) held in October last, was every thing it should be to promote the object of the Society. The Horses, Cattle and Sheep were of the best breeds and in excellent order. Agriculture, Horticulture and the Mechanic Arts, were each fully and beautifully represented. The highly decorated Floral and Mechanics' Hall shone resplendent with natural and artificial beauties, while the exhibition of the various kinds of Fruits would successfully challenge any thing of the kind ever exhibited in the county. The day was beautiful, and enlivened by the excellent music of SUTTON'S Band and various other kinds of music. At the close, the Hon. E. B. POTTLE, gave an eloquent address on the theme of the day, which was received with applause, and responded to by many smiling faces. The whole gave general satisfaction, and good promise of future progress. Not less than twenty-five hundred people went home well pleased with what they saw and heard.—S. H. SUTTON, *Sec'y*.

The Young Ruralist.

EDS. RURAL:—Your excellent paper has found its way to our western home, and is much appreciated. It is a beautiful sight, truly, when, during the long evening, our family gather around the fire-side, and one reads aloud from the RURAL, while the others listen. Oh, these pleasant evenings, how I love them! I am much interested in the column devoted to the "Young Ruralist," and believe with many others that it is doing much good to the young portion of our community. I wish you would let us have a paper of our own, and I would for one promise you subscribers. I found some pretty verses in an old paper, which I have never seen in your columns. They express my own ideas exactly. I remain a true friend to the RURAL. EMMA.

Alpine, Mich., 1857.

RURAL CHARMS.

GIVE me the mountains and the hills,
The valleys and the laughing rills,
The birds that warble sweet in air,
The flowers that blossom bright and fair.

Give me the zephyr and the breeze,
That murmur sweetly through the trees;
The moss-grown rock, the forest wild,
For I am Nature's simple child.

Nothing on earth I love so well—
As the green trees and wildwood dell,
No place has such rich charms for me,
As that beneath the forest tree.

I would not change my rural home,
For one beneath the proudest dome;
I would not lead a city life,
For mines with nature's treasures rife.

ABOUT THE WEST.

EDS. RURAL:—My desire to see a prairie and prairie land, and work on prairie soil, has been gratified by a trip to and sojourn in Illinois. I must confess that I was somewhat disappointed in my expectations in regard to the industry of the people; for instead of living without work, I found hard workers were there as well as in York State. But then the hard work is repaid in something besides mustard and Canada Thistles.

I will give you a short statement of the amount of grain raised by the gentleman I worked for the past summer. There was of sown grain forty-four acres—thirty-five of wheat, nine of oats, and thirty-two planted with corn. The wheat yielded eight hundred bushels and the oats five hundred. The corn, owing to unsound seed, had to be replanted near the middle of June, which will make it something of a failure; yet it can be reckoned at forty bushels per acre, which will make over twelve hundred bushels of corn. You can see the result, from the labor of one team and two persons.

In conclusion, I would say to the boys that read the column devoted to the "Young Ruralist," that if they wish to eat big watermelons, and go where picking stone and Canada thistles are unknown, go to Illinois.—A. O. P., *Genoa, N. Y.*, 1857.

POTATOES FROM SEED.—Will you please tell us in the RURAL which is the best time to plant potato seed, and how to manage them to obtain potatoes? —W. A. E., *Scio, N. Y., Nov.* 2, 1857.

REMARKS.—Plant the seed in the spring, in a nicely prepared bed, and keep the ground mellow and free from weeds during the summer. In the fall you will have potatoes about as large as marbles. These must be planted the following spring, like other potatoes, and after one season's growth will show their true character. Those that appear superior should be preserved and the inferior destroyed.

THE PREMIUMS offered for subscribers to the RURAL for 1858 (published on our 7th page,) are worthy the special attention and *action* of Young Ruralists. There is still time to compete, as not over twenty persons have yet secured either of the Two Hundred Extra Premiums enumerated at the close of the list. Several young friends have sent to us for Specimens, Show-Bills, &c., and we hope many others will see what they can do in circulating the RURAL and winning premiums. Now is the time to commence the canvass!

The Orchard and Garden.

THE SEASON.

THE present autumn has been very wet, from the commencement, and it was with difficulty the crops were secured. A farmer who has lived in the neighborhood of Rochester for more than twenty years, informed us that during that time he had never experienced such an unpleasant fall for out-door work. Our nurserymen, by extra exertions, were enabled to fill all their orders in good season, and the fall work is pretty much over. The weather has been very bad for planting on low grounds, and another severe lesson on the necessity of thorough drainage has been taught. Those who have planted trees should remember that they are not safe until properly staked, so that they cannot be swayed by the wind. Then each newly planted tree should have a good mulching of manure to protect the roots somewhat from severe frost. Precaution should also be taken to prevent water standing about the roots. All trees and shrubs that are tender should, in addition to the mulching and staking, have a protection of straw or evergreen branches, covering both trunk and limbs. A box or barrel placed over small trees or shrubs makes an excellent protection. Many things that are perfectly hardy when they become established will easily kill the first season after planting. A little labor in the autumn will often prevent great loss and disappointment. Weeds, and rubbish of every kind that will furnish a harbor for mice, should be destroyed. We have published in the RURAL the present year several methods of preventing injury to trees from mice, such as winding old tin around the trunk, using two pieces of drain tile, &c. Some of these plans should be tried. No ordinary expense or labor is too much to save a good tree.

The covering of strawberry and asparagus beds, as well as those of the tulip, hyacinth and other bulbs, we have before advised, and only refer to it now, for fear it may have been forgotten among the press of other matters considered more important. It would be well, also, to lay down the canes of raspberries, and cover them with a little earth.

As long as the ground remains open, all grading, the making of walks, &c., may continued, and where the soil is dry, spading, manuring, &c., may be conducted with advantage, as it is a season of leisure, and can be done better and cheaper than at any other time. Many persons seem to lose all their taste for gardening as soon as the fruit and vegetables are gathered, and the flowers are cut off by the frost. This, instead of being a time of rest, is just the season to commence vigorous operations to prepare for the coming spring. Our spring-time is very short, generally unpleasant for out-door work, and brings enough work of its own. Everything that can be should be done in the fall.

A little attention should be given to winter fruit in the cellar or fruit room. An examination occasionally will prevent much loss. The decay of fruits is generally caused by bruises in picking or handling, but sometimes by a species of mildew that increases very rapidly and attacks all with which it comes in contact. One bruised and rotting specimen, unless removed may destroy a score. It is, therefore, necessary to remove all that show symptoms of decay before they have affected others. Most winter pears require a warm temperature a week or two before they are needed for table use to bring out their fine flavor. All the cooking sorts, and even some of the dessert fruit, may be treated just like apples.

BEST FRUIT FOR MARKET.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.—There are very few questions either in science or ethics on which all men are unanimously agreed. Indeed, the best informed individuals frequently differ on the most important points of practice—Horticultural matters are not excepted. We would not have Mr. C. P. BISSELL imagine that because it suits him, or even the editor of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, to believe the much disputed theory of *the sexes in strawberries*, and *the necessity of a certain intermixture of what they choose to call staminates with pistillates*, that the truth of that theory is at all firmly established; on the contrary, I can assure Mr. BISSELL that it is one of the most doubtful and doubted assumptions that Horticulturists have had under consideration. The late A. J. DOWNING never believed it; it has no credence among the ablest of the English horticulturists, and many of the ablest horticultural writers of our day in this country still reject it. I should be sorry to set myself up as an authority in opposition to Mr. C. P. BISSELL, but I doubt, if I did, whether I could not show as good claims as he could for the soundness of my opinion on horticultural questions; and I now distinctly state that I disbelieve this theory and have always disbelieved it. It is now only fifteen years since I commenced practice in the garden, and my observations have not been limited in that time. Mr. B. may know more about Blackberries than I do, especially about the *New Rochelle*, but I cannot see what its price per thousand has to do with the question of the sexes of Strawberries, or the subject of the distance apart at which Blackberries should be planted. I could mention parties who have offered this same Blackberry at $100 per thousand plants, with a root to each top, and not split in two. I like a legitimate, open expression of opinion, but I like to see advertisements confined to their proper place in a popular journal or newspaper.

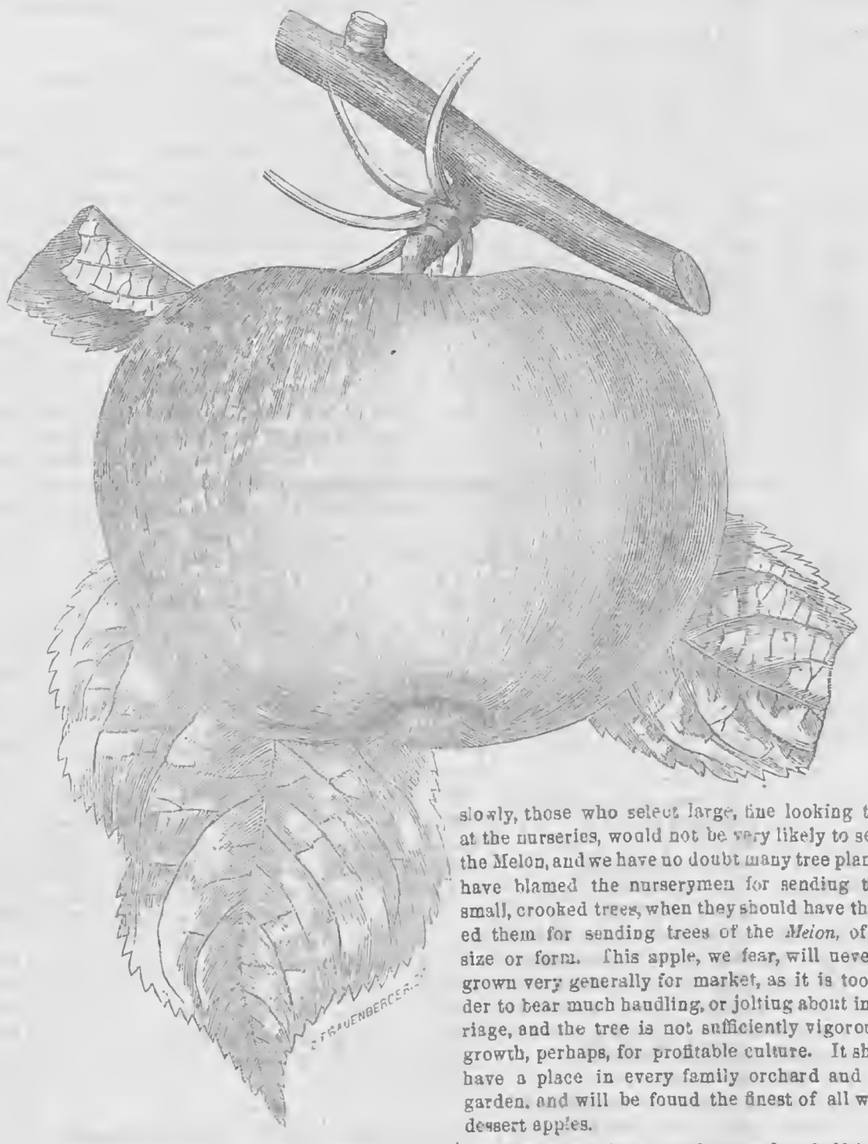
Rochester, N. Y., 1857. R. R. SCOTT.

REMARKS.—We are pleased to receive and publish communications imparting useful information, or correcting any error that we may inadvertently fall into, but we dislike everything like carping hypercriticism, and how far the above communication and the one to which it is intended as a reply partakes of this character, we leave our readers to judge. A gentleman in Tompkins county wished our advice as to the best way of "improving an acre or two of good soil, lying in easy access by railroad to a good market, so as to gain the largest returns from it in the shortest time. Had thought of the Lawton Blackberry and Strawberry as promising much in this direction. Wanted, also, the expense, as near as practicable, of any plan proposed." These questions we endeavored to answer as briefly and plainly as possible, giving the circumstances under which strawberries would be likely to pay, as well as blackberries, the number of plants required for an acre, cost, &c. We also suggested the trial of pears, quinces, and the Isabella grape, giving the prices of trees, number required to the acre, and such other information as we thought would be valuable to the inquirer, as well as others; and we have before us a letter from a gentleman in Missouri, thanking us for the information contained in the few brief notes, while asking some questions as to how he shall best carry out our suggestions in his own State.

One, however, it seems, was not satisfied, as may be seen from the article written by C. P. BISSELL, and published in the last RURAL. He there gives it as his opinion that blackberries might be planted nearer together in the rows than the distance we had named, although we had stated that planters disagreed as to the best distance. We stated that New Rochelle blackberry plants could "be procured at $15 per hundred, and in large quantities at lower rates." Mr. BISSELL thought it important to state that they could be obtained at $125 per thousand. This was all well enough, though not very important; but in addition to this he complains that we did not caution against planting pistillate strawberries by themselves, and reiterates the well known and generally believed doctrine, in this country, of the sexes in strawberries, and the necessity of an intermixture to secure a crop. Had our correspondent asked information on this point, or even the best method of cultivating the strawberry, the subject would have been in order. This, however, was not the case, and we always endeavor to answer questions plainly and clearly, and never mix them up with other matters not directly connected with the subject.

The article of Mr. BISSELL, as will be seen by the above communication, has aroused the ire of R. R. SCOTT, who it seems does not believe in the "*sexes in strawberries*," and he pitches into Mr. B. in right good earnest, and gives us a spare knock or two. He complains of the only pertinent facts in Mr. BISSELL'S article, the price of blackberry plants and the distance they should be planted, and says they can be bought for $100 per thousand. This, if true, is the only valuable part of Mr. SCOTT'S article—the only part that gives any information. He also insinuates that Mr. BISSELL'S article was intended for an advertisement, from the fact that he stated the price at which plants could be procured; but we think his own is obnoxious to the same charge, as he not only states the price, but hints pretty strongly that inferior plants are sold by some parties. A thousand such articles as these would not make our readers much wiser, and we doubt whether our Tompkins county friend or any one else has gained one new idea from them.

FRUIT TREES, it has been thought by some, would not succeed in California on the dry soils, without irrigation. The *Farmer* gives an account of a young orchard of 640 trees, on the very driest soil, and without irrigation, near San Francisco, and all doing well with the exception of 40.



THE MELON APPLE.

THE very best apple we have ever tasted is the *Melon*, of which we give a very good likeness. It is sometimes called the *Watermelon*, and *Norton's Melon*. It has been very truly described as being juicy as a peach, with an agreeable and peculiar perfume, which suggested its name. We know of no apple so tender and delicious. It originated with the *Northern* Spy, in the orchard of Mr. CHAPIN, of East Bloomfield, Ontario County, N. Y., and for many years its culture was confined to a few orchards in the vicinity of the place of its origin. It was first brought to the notice of Pomologists, by REUBEN NORTON, of East Bloomfield, and first described in the Agricultural and Horticultural Journals about twelve years since. Although the fruit is so fine it is not very generally cultivated, as the tree being a delicate grower is somewhat difficult of propagation, and the stock of trees has consequently been very limited. Then as it grows slowly, those who select large, fine looking trees at the nurseries, would not be very likely to select the Melon, and we have no doubt many tree planters have blamed the nurserymen for sending them small, crooked trees, when they should have thanked them for sending trees of the *Melon*, of any size or form. This apple, we fear, will never be grown very generally for market, as it is too tender to bear much handling, or jolting about in carriage, and the tree is not sufficiently vigorous in growth, perhaps, for profitable culture. It should have a place in every family orchard and fruit garden, and will be found the finest of all winter dessert apples.

Size—large, three to three and a half inches broad and three inches deep. Form—round, slightly flattened on the ends. Stalk—about an inch long, rather slender, and inserted in a pretty deep, regular cavity, covered with russet. Calyx—closed, large, in a large, deep basin. Skin—smooth generally, but often rendered rough to the touch by a tracing of russet, pale whitish yellow in the shade, nearly covered with light red, and frequently with bright vermillion stripes. Flesh—white, and remarkably tender, with abundance of juice, very mild sub-acid, with a sort of melon flavor. Season—November to March, in Western New York. Tree—erect when young, spreading as it grows older, but still compact and regular.—Shoots—slender, olive-colored, with numerous russet specks. Leaves—large, folded, serrate, smooth and shining above and woolly underneath. It grows well on the *Paradise* stock, and makes a handsome, prolific bush, for small gardens. Every orchard and garden should contain a few trees.

THE DAHLIA.

EDS. RURAL:—I desire some information concerning Dahlias. I had but one sprout last spring, which was, by the way, a good bloomer, having over one hundred and fifty flowers. I took it up last week and find the roots corresponding with the stock, several large ones weighing from one to two pounds, and measuring from four inches to twenty. Now I desire to save all that will grow; and 1st—How shall I keep them? 2d—How shall I divide from stock and from each other? 3d—To tell those that will grow and bloom from those that will not. In answering the above you will greatly oblige—A READER, *Monongahela City, Pennsylvania, Nov.*, 1857.

REMARKS.—As soon as the roots are taken up in the fall, expose them for a few days to the sun and air until they become dry. Then prepare a sufficient quantity of clean sand by thoroughly drying it in the sun, or by a stove; place a layer of the sand in the bottom of a clean barrel and on this place a layer of roots; then another layer of sand. Keep adding alternate layers of sand and roots until full, and then place the barrel in a cool, dry place in the cellar, where they will remain in perfect order until spring. To propagate plants, take a heavy, sharp knife, and separate the roots by cutting clean through the collar of the plant, or point of union between the stem and root. The eyes or buds of the future plant will be found clustered around the collar. Preserve one bud to each root and plant in the border, and if more than one shoot presents itself when the plants commence growing it must be rubbed off or cut away. All the strong roots will flower if well grown, and the season is favorable. While on this subject we give the following article from a "YOUNG FLORIST" in Geneva, although rather late in the season.

THE DAHLIA AND ITS CULTURE.

EDS. RURAL:—A few remarks may not be uninteresting to some of your readers, on the culture of the Dahlia, the king of border plants, and the glory of the flower garden. My observations may not be of any great value to practical men, but I have no doubt they will prove so to many of your readers. The Dahlia is becoming more popular as it deserves to be, but its beauties are not fully developed under common treatment. The first point is to select good varieties, and it is a well known fact among practical florists that the best varieties of any hybrid plants are the first to degenerate under improper treatment. I would advise all that have Dahlias out in the ground to cut their tops to within six inches of the surface, securing their names to a stalk, and then covering the root with eight or ten inches of short manure, or leaf mold. This secures them against injury from all slight frosts, and allows the roots to ripen, so that they will keep much better through the winter, and be stronger in the spring. The roots should be taken up carefully and turned top downwards until dry; then they may be stored away in any dry place, where they will not be subject to either frost or heat. It will be necessary to examine them occasionally to see that no mold makes its appearance, and if any is discovered remove them to a dryer place until it is subdued.

About the middle of March the work of propagation may commence, and those who have a green-house will be best able to propagate. The roots should be placed in a moist, warm place in the green-house, or in a frame, upon fermenting manure. The glass of the frame should be protected from frost in very severe weather, but as much light as possible should be given after they have begun to grow. When the buds have started and the shoots are about one and a half inches long, they should be taken off by cutting close to a joint, and placed in a moderate bottom heat, where they will soon root, and should then be potted off into thumb pots. The best soil for the pots is equal parts of good clean loam and leaf mold, adding a little sand. This operation can be performed a second and third time as the parent plants will continue to throw up an abundance of shoots. When as many plants are obtained as needed, or as many as the roots will give in season, they may be divided and potted off. As soon as the young plants become established they should have air to harden them. About the last week in May, if the weather is favorable they may be put out in the borders where they are intended to flower.

The ground for the Dahlia I like to trench in the fall to the depth of eighteen inches, so that the frost will mellow it, and as soon as it is dry enough to work in the spring it should have a good dressing of well decomposed manure. Leaf-mold and vegetable matter of any kind may be employed to advantage, which should be forked in to the depth of 12 or 15 inches. The proper distance for planting is 4 feet each way, and as soon as planted a neat stake should be provided for each plant, and two or three shovels of short manure placed around every one. Cut all the shoots away but the strongest upright one, and a little thinning out of the main stem may be necessary, if they make a strong growth. If these rules are attended to our people will find no difficulty in raising fine Dahlias. I look forward to the day when our merchants, and mechanics, and farmers shall adorn their houses with nature's loveliest gifts.

Geneva, N. Y., Nov., 1857. YOUNG FLORIST.

The plan of propagating the Dahlia recommended above, is well for those who wish to raise plants in large quantities, for sale or planting, but our readers must not be discouraged at the idea that all this trouble is necessary to raise a few plants to adorn the flower garden. Those who live near a green-house or nursery can obtain fine plants in the spring, in pots, all ready to set out in the border for a few shillings a dozen; or a few roots can be obtained at almost any seed store, and may be sent safely any distance. These roots, if planted, will produce an abundance of shoots from the crown, one or more should be saved and staked.

DOWNING'S FRUIT BOOK REVISED.

EDS. RURAL:—Will you allow a correspondent to express, through your paper, the pleasure he has experienced in reading the new edition of "*Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees of America?*" Copies of the old edition, by the late A. J. DOWNING, had become quite scarce in the bookstores; and besides, the work had fallen, by the lapse of years, somewhat behind the times. It was needful, therefore, that some one, competent and friendly, should give his hand to the preparation of a new edition; and who could have been better chosen than the brother of the deceased? His kinship, his long experience and sound judgment fitted him pre-eminently for the work.

From the examination I have been able to give to the book, the First Part, treating of general principles in the culture of trees and plants, does not seem to have been altered materially from the former editions. Nor was there need of much change, for the leading principles are unchangeable. We had, however, hoped to see the subject of pruning, of the dwarf pear especially, treated more largely.

One important change in the book is this:—The fruits which were formerly classified as Summer, Autumn and Winter are now arranged under heads denoting their quality, as "good," "very good," "best." The fruits which were represented in the old edition as very good and best, have been left with only here and there a modification: those which have since proved inferior have been discarded or classed by themselves. Under this last head come those which succeed well only in certain soils or localities. Into these several classes, the author has introduced all the new fruits of merit, arranging them as they seem to belong.—One may form some idea of the additions made to this work, when he considers that in the old edition there were only about 170 descriptions of apples, while in this there are more than 600. Of pears there were 230; in this edition there are 560. Additions have been made to the lists of other fruits, though, of course, not to the same amount. In strawberries, raspberries and hardy grapes, there has been a gratifying improvement. We will here stop to say that the classification of "Childs' Soperb Grape" among natives is a mistake, according to our certain and personal knowledge. This grape was bought in New York many years ago, by Mr. CHILDS, of Utica, among a lot of foreign plants of great excellence, though without a label, as the nurseryman had lost its name. The gardener who had charge of Mr. CHILDS' grapery, propagated largely from this vine and sold the plants under the name of "*Childs' Seedling*," or "*Childs' Superb*."

Mr. DOWNING has availed himself of the notes and suggestions of fruit growers throughout the country. Among the names to whom acknowledgement is made, in the Preface, we see those of LOUIS E. BERCKMANS, the eminent Belgian Pomologist, now residing in New Jersey; Doctor BRINCKLE, of Philadelphia; BARRY, of Rochester; BUCHANAN, of Ohio; KENNICOTT, of Illinois, and others, from almost every State in the Union. So that, while the work is mainly the production of Mr. DOWNING, it has likewise the valuable characteristic of being the joint result of the experience and observation of many minds. In its sphere, it is an encyclopedia of the highest authority. A writer in the *Country Gentleman*, whom we take to be Mr. THOMAS, author of the *Fruit Culturist*, says, magnanimously, of this edition:—"These additions render it now the most complete and valuable contribution to American Pomology that has ever appeared."

We need hardly add that the well known caution and accurate judgment of the Editor are apparent throughout the volume; nor can we fail to admire the modesty which conceals the labor and care bestowed on this work, or the disinterestedness of that labor, the avails of the copyright, we understand, being devoted to the relict of the original author. G.

Clinton, N. Y., 1857.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

MECHANICAL INVENTION.

MECHANICAL INVENTION is necessarily antecedent to every form of successful industry. It precedes agriculture in its most primitive development and modern field husbandry is practicable only through the aid of machinery.

Seed sown by such help in one or two days, which could not be sown by hand labor in twenty days, and crops harvested in a week by the same aid, that could not be gathered in a month, if at all, by manual labor, make a difference in the products of a farm equivalent to the fruits of a whole season. It must also precede all successful commerce, as it is by machinery alone that a surplus is obtained which affords to commerce opportunity for employment. The influence of mechanical invention upon social life is inappreciably great; and, as an agent of civilization, all other pursuits fade before it. Who can measure the importance of recent agricultural improvements—of railroads—of the telegraph, the daguerreotype and photograph—of the cotton gin that creates the cotton crop? The sewing machine will work as great a change in the family as railways have in communities and States. We have seen at this exhibition a perfect watch, unsurpassed in beauty of workmanship and for service, that is made by machinery, and under one roof, where the roughly swedged materials fashioned into the perfect watch in the hours intervening between morning and evening—an achievement never before attempted in any part of the world. And I understand that machinery is in progress of construction that will secure the manufacture of as perfect time-keepers, at a cost of three dollars, as are now imported at a cost of three hundred.—*N. P. Banks.*

IRON ORE IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE coal formation of our country everywhere contains an abundance of iron ore; the ores are chiefly carbonate and hydrous per-oxide of iron, the latter resulting chiefly from the decomposition of the carbonate, which is argillaceous, calcarious or silicious in its composition, decomposing readily on access of atmospheric air and moisture.

These ores are wrought in Pennsylvania and Ohio to a far greater extent than elsewhere in the United States. In Tennessee, Alabama, Western Virginia, Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri, iron ores also abound in the coal measures. In Tennessee iron is manufactured to considerable extent; and in Missouri this branch of industry is rapidly increasing. Notwithstanding the great area of coal measures in Illinois, there exist at the present time but very few furnaces for the manufacture of iron in that State. And although great progress has been made in our iron manufactures during the past eight years, it is insignificant when compared with the future of this branch of our industry.

Besides the iron ores accompanying the coal measures in their wide extent, this formation in many localities reaches to the proximity of iron ores in other geological formations, so that the supply of ore will always keep pace with the demand and with the supply of food. Everywhere throughout the coal measures of our country, beds of fire clay and of fat clays fit for the production of fire bricks, common bricks, gas retorts, and furnaces of every description, abound. Many of the sand stones accompanying the coal, also possess every requisite for furnace hearths.

IS GAS-LIGHT INJURIOUS?

THERE is a prejudice against gas-light as being the most injurious form of artificial illumination. As against the proper and well regulated use of gas, this prejudice is entirely groundless, but there can be little doubt that from its abuse and bad management it is really doing more mischief than any other kind of light; its very excellencies are turned to bad account; its extreme cheapness, compared with other sources of illumination, naturally leads to its use in excessive quantities; floods of light are poured forth, so that persons may read and sew for hours together in the remotest corners of the room. The air is heated by the excessive combustion, and poisoned by large quantities of carbonic acid, which there are no means of removing. The eye is unprotected from the glare by screen or shade; extraneous light is freely admitted, which obscures the impression, and strains the nerve of vision, and, in proportion as the sensibility of the eye is impaired, stronger light is used, which gives temporary relief, but with danger of ultimate and permanent injury to the sight. On the other hand, good, well purified gas, judiciously controlled in accordance with the hints we have given, is perfectly harmless.—*Scientific American.*

CHILLED IRON.—If iron, when cast into a mould, is allowed to cool slowly, it is very liable to crystallize, and the crystals will so arrange themselves that the article which is manufactured will be likely to break off short when put to bear any great pressure. The remedy for this is "chilling," which is done by suddenly cooling the outer edge of the piece, or the part on which the strain will come, and letting the rest cool gradually. If, however, the casting is large, this chilling, by the sudden contraction of such a mass, often cracks the piece and renders it useless. Many proposals have been made to obviate this difficulty, but none are thoroughly successful. It is possible to make such castings as railroad car wheels and axle boxes with chilled surfaces, and wherever they have been used, they have answered so well that they are now in almost general use.

SUB-MARINE TELEGRAPH.—The telegraphic cable from Europe to Africa has been successfully laid, and despatches have been sent from France to Algeria. The cable reaches from Cagliari in the south part of Sardinia to Cape Bona, the most northern point of Africa. It runs through Sardinia and Corsica to France. Preparations are now making to lay a line of cable between Cagliari and Malta, three hundred and fifty-eight miles. An arrangement has been entered into to extend the line from Corfu to Alexandria. There will very soon be a direct telegraphic communication from Suez to London.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

A BUD hath drooped upon its stem
With all its glorious pe als folded,
Earth in its bosom hid the gem
And bade our eyes cease to be old it.
A ray of beauteous sunlight's fled
Ere yet it scarcely reached the earth,
Back to its source it quickly sped—
That heavenly land that gave it birth.

A little, lovely, cherub child
Dropped from the shining courts of Heaven,
Gentle, pure and undefiled,
What dearer boon to man was given;
It came with softly folded wing
And nestled on its parent's breast,
The little, pretty, dove-like thing—
Inhabitant of regions blest.

That little one designed for a while
To stay and cheer a mother's love,
Ere yet its heart had known a guile,
GOD took it to its home above,
There joined with the bright seraphic band
It takes its own triumphant flight,
To range that glorious happy land,
And soar in trackless fields of light.

ADNIEL.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SEALED FOUNTAINS.

THERE is in the heart at the dawn of its existence a fountain of purity. It is the impulse to noble action, and the stream that flows from it waters the wild wastes of a moral wilderness. In *every* heart has existed this spring, this impulse to purity, placed there by its Creator, whether its waters be allowed to flow in a copious stream, or whether they be curbed at their source. In many hearts this fountain is sealed, its pure waters are lost.—The most wretched and depraved of earth's sons, looking back on their early days, find in the heart in its years of innocence a secret spring of unblemished purity, welling up from the innermost depths of the soul: the impulse to truthfulness, to honor, to true moral beauty, longed to burst forth, but the mind looked out on the rugged wilds of life and fearing the rocky channels of adversity the stream would have to pass thro'; fearing the rough winds of jealousy, and the rains of scorn that would ruffle its bosom, it shrunk back—the fountain was sealed, and ere long was frozen at its source. Alas! that springs of purity designed to cheer so many hearts should be so wasted!

There are many fountains that should flow; fountains of happiness at which every pure soul will drink deep—fountains of love, of true benevolence gushing forth from a warm heart destined to quench the thirst of the stranger, and the friendless wanderer that longs for one kindly look, one loving word. Then let them flow—let them gush forth in a copious stream, and increasing, let each form a noble river which will water the parched wilderness of selfishness and make the desert smile in beauty. What tho' the forests of envy should drop their bitter fruits in the waves?—what though the winds of scorn should blow upon its surface?—what though it should pass over the rocks of misfortune in its onward course? The falling of a river down a precipice renders it more beautiful—far more sublime. So a mighty genius or a noble soul that meets with a great fall of disappointment, and surviving it still pursues its way with undaunted purpose—with renewed energy—is a striking example of the moral sublime. LYRA.

Nunda, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"OUR JENNIE."

"OUR JENNIE" is married. She has fulfilled woman's destiny, apparently; gained for herself "a local habitation and a name." Her friends are content. There is no more to be done for JENNIE. Her happiness is secured on a permanent foundation. They have been all through her fine new house, and they pronounce it all *good*. They don't see how JENNIE can *help* being happy. Did ever girl begin life with better prospects for the future? A husband, against whose moral character never a word was spoken; a husband unexceptionable in every respect, from the polish of his patent leathers, to the cut of his whiskers. And not a *fop* either. Oh no. He pays a due regard to appearances, but is not unduly engrossed by care for his person. He is a good business man, too, and will no doubt thrive."

[illegible] year has passed. Our bright, beautiful JENNIE looks [illegible] care-worn. Her blonde locks curl as ever, but they seem to *mock* her hollaughingly as [illegible] the sad shadows in her eyes.—low cheeks, and [illegible] Her husband is as correct as [illegible] culate. Yet something Why are they there? ever, as smiling, as im[illegible] er cheek, the sprightly has stolen the damask from [illegible] the light in her liness from her step, and dimme[illegible] has all she eye. "What can her grief be? sh[illegible] care, so loved? And she is free from want [illegible] her called. Yet, the footprints of care are [illegible] a brow. Its '*effacing fingers*' have swept many line of beauty." Ah, the canker worm is this:—*She is not appreciated.* Her soul is cut off from vital air; it famishes. When her husband paid homage to her beauty, the incense was new and sweet, and she felt not this want. Now, every act of his, every word, every glance, reveals to her, that they are utter strangers, and she feels they must ever remain so. He has not the key to unlock the treasures of her inner nature, and when she pours them forth before him, blind and unknowing, he heeds them not. Ah, life to one like her, though to others it may seem rose-strewn, is a living tomb. All the best affections and impulses of her nature are buried. H. R. CUTLER.

Erie, Pa., 1857.

THERE is a medium between an excessive diffidence, and too universal a confidence. If we have no foresight, we are surprised; if we are too nice we are miserable.

SOME one has beautifully said of those who die young, that "they are like the lambs which the Alpine shepherds bear in their arms to higher and greener pastures, that the flocks may follow.

THE TWO CORDS OF WOOD.

JUST at dusk one November evening, three children occupied the large kitchen connected with the establishment of farmer Grant. A bright wood fire blazed cheerfully in the wide chimney, while from the crane the suspended tea-kettle was announcing, as loudly as possible, that the hour for supper was approaching. By the bright, but fitful light, one young girl sat reading; another stood at the window watching the cows, as they walked demurely from the yard to the stable, while a boy of eleven summers was seated on a cricket in front of the fire, gazing steadily at the flames as they shot upward, but with an appearance of abstraction indicating that his mind was elsewhere.

Softly Ellen advanced from the window, and touching her sister Ruth, to call her attention, whispered, "Just look at Thomas! He's in a brown study, as teacher said this afternoon. I do wonder what he is thinking off."

"Ask him," responded Ruth, glancing at her brother, and then turning to her book again.

"Thomas," called Ellen, "what makes you look so sober to-night? Did you miss at school?"

The boy heaved a deep sigh, and then turned to his sister with a smile, saying, "O Ellen, you can help me if you will; only you must first promise not to tell any one."

Ellen promised, and Thomas led her to the further corner of the room, as his mother had come in, where he made known to her his plan.

"Last night," said he, "after you and Ruth had gone to bed, I heard father and mother talking.—It made me feel so sad I could not go to sleep. She had been bringing in the clothes, and kept coughing, as she always does when she works hard. Father told her that she must go to taking that doctor's stuff that did her so much good last winter. At first she did not answer; but pretty soon I saw her put up her hand and brush away a tear. "There are so many things to be bought for the children," she said, after a while, "that I don't like to spend money for medicine. I don't often cough so much."

"I know that, too," replied father, "but you must attend to your health. What should we all do without you?"

"I sometimes think," said mother, "that my work is almost done, and if it is God's will to call me away, he will provide for you and our dear children."

I couldn't stay to hear any more, for I had to run into the entry to keep from sobbing aloud.—"O Ellen what could we all do without mother?"

The young girl turned around and gave her mother a piercing glance, as if to satisfy herself that her brother had cause for his solicitude, and then asked, "But what can you, or both of us, do to help her?"

"I mean somehow to buy her a bottle of that medicine," exclaimed Thomas, impressively, "but how to do it is the question. Dr. Jones had a load of wood carted to-day, and he wants a man to saw it. I would go to-morrow afternoon and ask him to give me the job, and the medicine for pay, only father wants his wood piled up to-morrow, before the snow comes."

Ellen stood for one moment returning her brother's gaze, then said, eagerly, "Ruth and I will pile it for you. We'll get up very early, and do our stint before breakfast, and then we shall have the whole afternoon."

Thomas joyfully accepted this offer, and readily obtained the job from the kind physician. Before night he had piled the two cords in the shed, and sawed nearly a quarter of it.

"Well my little man," said the doctor, driving into the yard as Thomas was hanging up the saw preparatory to leaving. "How much have you earned this afternoon?"

A bright thought flashed through the boy's mind, and in true Yankee style he answered the question by asking, "Doctor, how much a bottle was the cough medicine you gave mother last winter?"

"Half a dollar, I think. Is she sick again?"—The boy then communicated his wishes, and with a flushed face inquired of the doctor if he would be willing to let him have one bottle to carry home with him.

The good man was evidently moved by this unexpected proposal. He made no reply except to invite the boy to his office. When there he talked more freely, and ended by giving him a small powder for his mother, with directions for taking it, in addition to the desired cough medicine, and promised to call himself the next day.

An hour later Thomas sat with his sisters by the fire, and communicated to them the joyful results of his afternoon's labor. They then proposed to give the medicine to their mother, as a token of affection from her three children, "for," urged Thomas, "I could not have done it if you had not helped me."

To say that Mrs. Grant was gratified, would be but feebly expressing her emotion when the love-token was placed in her hands.

With moistened eyes she gave each of them a kiss, and then added in a subdued voice, "God will reward you, my dear ones. The blessing affixed to the fifth commandment will be yours, for you have indeed honored your mother."

God did bless them in rendering the medicine effectual in restoring the health of their mother, [illegible] life he prolonged for years. She saw her who[illegible] growing up useful, happy and respected children [illegible] new them.—*Youth's Companion.*

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.—Who is lovely? It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind words and pleasant smiles a[illegible] she passes along, who has a kind word or sympathy [illegible] every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and her kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty; who never scowls, never contends, never teazes her m[illegible]tes, nor seeks in any other way to diminish, but always to increase their happiness. Would it please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of good diamonds, and precious stones as you pass along the streets? But these are the true pearls and precious stones which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless; smile on the sad and dejected; sympathize with those in trouble; strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy.

DOES not the echo in the sea-shell tell of the worm which once inhabited it? and shall not man's good deeds live after him and sing his praise?

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"VIVE LA BAGATELLE."

(*Eccl.*, 11*th*, 9*th*)

Lines written by Mrs. EMILY C. JUDSON.—Rangoon, 1847.

"VIVE la bagatelle!
High let laughter swell!
Peal forth the song!
Mirth's careless children we,
And in the path of glee
Dance we along.

"Vive la bagatelle!
Deep in the bosom's cell,
Bid sorrow sleep;
And 'neath the radiant flowers,
Wreathed in hope's blooming bowers,
Bury her deep.

"Vive la bagatelle!
Only bright pleasure's spell,
Young hearts should hold;
Care will gloom hours enow,
On the shrunk faded brow,
When we are old.

"Vive la bagatelle!
Yet in truth's crystal well
One lesson see:—
God counts the scattered hours,
God gave the wasted powers,
Our Judge is He!"

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WINTER.

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapors, and clouds, and storms.—THOMPSON.

ALREADY the sudden appearance of another dreary season is heralded by the bleak, desolate moanings of November's winds, and already the marks of death and desolation are spread over all nature, so short time since blooming with the loveliness and beauty of genial summer.

——"The fading, many-colored wood,
Shade deepening over shade, the county round embrown;"

and soon, very soon will the brief season of glorious, lovely Autumn die in all her regal glory, and

"Stern Winter with her aged locks,"

will unfold her faded mantle to display her realities, and furrow the lapse of another year upon the bleak visage of eternity.

To thousands—the denizens of our great cities, or the occupants of comfortable rural villages—the approach of Winter is bright with the anticipations of social and festive enjoyment: the delights of theatres, halls, concerts, sleigh rides and parties quicken the pulsation of many hearts. But there are other minds and other hearts, over which the same season flings a chilling shadow. The poor invalid draws closer the curtains of his bed as he hears the whistling of

"The keen north west, that heaps the drifted snow,"

and sighs mournfully as he pictures to himself the bitter blasts that will howl about his casement, and the wild storms that will spread over the earth a covering as cold and white as the last garment that is destined to enfold his emaciated form.—The impoverished family view with dismay the lengthening, cheerless nights, and the cold hearthstone rarely lit by the genial and life-preserving blaze. Thus it is, that while wealth welcomes, poverty deprecates the cold, pitiless shades of Winter.

But nature herself is adorable in all her moods. Go forth from the crowded cities into the surrounding country—all is not desolate there; there is ever a semblance of summer in the pine-clad hills. The foliage reddened and sharpened, it is true, yet clings to the giant oak. The sunshine yet lies lovingly in the glades of the deep wood, where the fleet and timid rabbit, startled by the intruder's footsteps, dashes with arrowy speed athwart the rustling leaves. A snow storm in the country! that is indeed heart-stirring. One feels prouder of himself when battling with its wild fury, and the bracing air sends one's blood dancing through every vein. It is worth the toil to win the welcome at the cheerful fire-side in the hospitable inn.

But a forest the morning after a rain and frost! Fancy cannot picture a scene so glorious and fairy-like. The cavern of ALADDIN was not so radiant with gems. Every spray sparkles with pure diamonds, and gorgeous prismatic colors stream from every angle of the brilliant gems. It is Natures Crystal Palace, challenging the world for admiration. Of all the interesting scenes presented by winter no one is more engaging and beautiful.

Fentonville, Mich., Nov., 1857. H. Y.

NATIONAL PRODUCTIONS.

NATIONS, says the Boston Post, are characterized not more by their people than by their other and inferior productions. Here are some of the most notable "specimens" offered by several countries:—China has tea, porcelain and long-tailed mandarins; Germany, clocks, printing, ghost stories, lager bier and transcendental philosophy; Russia, emperors, hemp and the knout; France, cooks, capons, compliments and crinoline; Austria, carpets, diplomacy and two-headed eagles; Prussia, Frederick the Great, schoolmasters, and tall grenadiers; Switzerland, watches, wooden toys and Calvinism; Italy, popes, poisons, paintings, music grinders and revolutionary manifestoes; Spain, chivalry, court etiquette, Cortez, Columbus and Cervantes. England has produced statesmen, poets, generals, roast beef, the "*Times*" newspaper, poor laws, taxation, fogs, spleen, grumblers, colonies, cockneys and "*Punch.*" America has produced Washington, a model republic, the electric telegraph, anæsthetic ether, Gen. Jackson, and several thousand "live Yankees"—who produce everything that is worth producing, and something over!

ENERGY OF CHARACTER.—I lately happened to notice, with some surprise, an ivy which, being prevented from attaching itself to the rock beyond a certain point, had shot off into a bold, elastic stem, with an air of as much independence as any branch of oak in the vicinity. So a human being thrown, whether by cruelty, justice, or accident, from all social support and kindness, if he has any vigor of spirit, and is not in the bodily debility of either childhood or age, will instantly begin to act for himself, with a resolution which will appear like a new faculty.—*Foster.*

A REAL POEM.

AMONG all the elegaic poems which poets sing about the dead summer, we know of none more beautiful in its sadness and hope than this gem by B. F. TAYLOR, of the Chicago *Journal*:

West of "us"—of the country "us"—there is a grove; not a struggling thicket, but a full rounded grove, with an exquisitely defined outline; a *volume*, in fact, of numberless leaves. The sun sets red and great and glorious behind that summer cloud, and it is the most beautiful spot in the whole horizon, for anything to bid the world "good bye" in.

The Frost has been busy with those leaves of late, and has made the grove as gorgeous as an evening cloud indeed—has made it look as if the sun were forever setting there, and never quite departed; as if it were remembering all the closes of the day it ever knew, and blending them in one.

The foliage of American woods enjoys the grandest dyings in the world; a transit into glory such as Christian men might pray for.

* * * * * *

By and by, that leafy cloud in the west of our country world, will shed its rustling shower of red and golden rain; and the group of the grove will lift its naked arms to a winter heaven; and the November winds will refuse to be comforted, as they moan amid the woods; and we shall see the sun set beyond, through the brown lattice of the branches.

But there will be a pleasant thought after all.—Last summer—say in June—when the shade was deepest, no stars were shining there, and hardly could the moonlight pass the thatch of leaves, and let a silver shaft through upon the green sward.—Next winter, to him who stands within that desolated wood, and looks upward, heaven will appear, and the leafless trees will seem to bear strange fruit of stars—such as ripens not in the garden of Hesperus. Stars will bud upon the branches; stars will cling to the naked arms; for he will look through winter up to heaven; and the grave will be desolate no more.

OUR PRESIDENTS' TEMPERANCE.

IN the year 1833 Mr. E. C. Delevan, by personal application, obtained the signatures of Presidents Madison, Adams and Jackson to a declaration against the use of ardent spirits. Each successive President has added his signature to the instrument, excepting General Harrison, to whom it was not presented. The document is now made complete up to this time, by the signature of the present Chief Magistrate of the United States, and is as follows:

"Being satisfied, from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirits, as a drink, is not only needless but hurtful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue, and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction that should the citizens of the United States, and especially the young men, discontinue entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal health, but the good of our country and the world."

JAMES MADISON,	JAMES K. POLK,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,	Z. TAYLOR,
ANDREW JACKSON,	MILLARD FILLMORE,
M. VAN BUREN,	FRANKLIN PIERCE,
JOHN TYLER,	JAS. BUCHANAN.

A GROWING FAMILY.

UNCLE SAM'S family is a very growing one. The Boston *Journal* thus counts up the number of his sons and daughters, present and prospective:

Would any one believe, without looking into it, that we are in a fair way of carrying the number of sovereign States, originally thirteen, and now thirty-one, up to forty-seven! But so it is. In the first place there are Oregon, Kansas and Minnesota, whose constitutions are already formed or forming. It is hoped that they will be admitted the coming winter, making the members of the confederacy thirty-four. Then New Mexico, Nebraska and Washington, already thriving territories, will swell the aggregate to thirty-seven. Four new States to be carved out of Texas, according to provisions in the treaty of annexation, will give us forty-one. Two additional States demanded from the area now included in California, would make forty-three. Arizona, Neosho, Dacotah and Columbus territories carry us up to forty-six—and lovely Utah will be the forty-seventh (will Mr. Hilliard excuse us?) to "lend to that fair circlet the grace of her form and the lightness of her step."

A SECRET FOR BEING HAPPY.—An Italian Bishop who had struggled through many difficulties without repining, and been much opposed without manifesting impatience, being asked by a friend to communicate the secret of his always being so happy, replied, "It consists in a single thing, and that is, making a right use of my eyes." His friend, in surprise, begged him to explain his meaning. "Most willingly," replied the Bishop.—"In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my great business is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall soon fill in it. I then look abroad in the world, and see what multitudes are, in all respects, less happy than myself. And thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and how little reason I ever have to murmur, or to be otherwise than thankful. And to live in this spirit, is to be always happy."

A LAUGH.—How much of character lies in a laugh. It is in fact the cipher-key, oftentimes wherewith we decipher a man. As a late writer observes—"You know no man until you have heard him laugh—till you know how and when he will laugh. There are occasions—there are humors—when a man with whom you have been long familiar, will quite startle you by breaking out into a laugh, which comes manifestly right from the heart, and which he had never heard before.—And in many a heart a sweet angel slumbers unseen, until some happy moment awakens it."

THAT man hath but an ill life of it, who feeds himself with the faults and frailties of other people. Were not curiosity the purveyor, detraction would soon be starved into a tameness.

THE MAGICIAN IN ALGIERS.

EVERY one has seen or heard of the great Robert Houdin. Besides being the chief of conjurors he is an able mathematician and mechanician and his electric clock, made for the Hotel de Ville, of his native town of Blois, obtained a medal at the Paris Exhibition. It is not generally known that he was sent to Algeria by the French Government on a mission connected with the black art—probably the first time that a conjuror has been called upon to exercise his profession in Government employ. Some details of this expedition have just been published.

Its object was to destroy the influence exercised among the Arab tribes by the marabouts, an influence often mischievously applied. By a few clumsy tricks and impostures these marabouts pass themselves off as sorcerers; no one, it was justly thought, was better able to eclipse their skill and discredit their science than the man with inexhaustible bottles. One of the great pretensions of the marabout was invulnerability. At the moment a loaded musket was fired at him and the trigger pulled, he pronounced a few cabilistic words and the weapon did not go off. Houdin detected the trick, and showed that the touch-hole was plugged. The Arab wizard was furious, and abused his French rival. "You may revenge yourself," quietly replied Houdin; "take a pistol, load is yourself; here are bullets, put one in the barrel, but before doing so mark it with your knife." The Arab did as he was told. "You are quite certain now," said Houdin, "that the pistol is loaded and will go off. Tell me, do you feel no remorse in killing me thus, notwithstanding that I authorize you?" "You are my enemy," coldly replied the Arab; "I will kill you."

Without replying, Houdin stuck an apple on the point of a knife, and calmly gave the word to fire. The pistol was discharged, the apple flew far away, and there appeared in its place, on the point of a knife, the bullet the marabout had marked. The spectators remained mute from stupefaction; the marabout bowed before his superior. "Allah is great!" he said, "I am vanquished." Instead of the bottle from which, in Europe, Robert Houdin pours an endless stream of every description of wine and liquors, he called for an empty bowl, which he kept continually full of boiling coffee; but few of the Arabs would taste it, for they made sure that it came direct "from the devil's own coffee pot."

He then told them that it was in his power to deprive them of all strength, and restore it to them at will, and he produced a small box so light that a child could lift it with its finger; but it suddenly became so heavy that the strongest man present could not raise it and the Arabs who prize physical strength above everything, looked with terror at the great magician who, they doubted not could annihilate them by the mere exertion of his will. They expressed this belief: Houdin confirmed them in it and promised that, on a day appointed he would convert one of them into smoke. The day came, the throng was prodigious; a fanatical marabout had agreed to give himself up to the sorcerer. They made him stand on a table and covered him with a transparent gauze; then Houdin and another person lifted the table by the two ends, and the Arab disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

The terror of the spectators was indescribable; they rushed out of the place, and ran a long distance before some of the boldest thought of returning to look after the marabout. They found him near the place where he had been evaporated; but he could tell them nothing, and was like a drunken man, ignorant of what had happened to him. Thenceforward Houdin was venerated and the marabouts were despised; the object of the French Government was completely attained. The fashion of "testimonials" having, it appears, infected the Arab, a number of chiefs presented the great French conjuror with a piece of Arab writing, wonderfully decorated, hyperbolical and enlogistic, and to which they were so attentive as to append a French translation. Besides this memorial of his Algerine trip, Houdin had a rosary which he one day borrowed from an Arab to perform a trick with, and which the owner persuaded that Shelton in person was before him, refused to receive back.—*Cor. London Times.*

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

"IT'S just five minutes of twelve!—we shan't see it. There it is above! See the line of sunshine come down the mountain! We shall have it soon!" There were a few moments of doubt when the great orb burst splendidly forth below the cloud. "The rising sun. The midnight sun." It was a splendid spectacle, the rays sparkling over the beautiful Fiord, lighting up distant snowy mountains, shining back from peak to peak far away, and the whole sphere majestically rising and clearing away what a moment before had been the clouds of evening, but were now the mists of morning. The light, too, was a different one, at least to our imagination, purer, clearer, and fresher. We watched the first movement, and it seemed for a time not to be upwards, but parallel with the hills, and then to be gradually ascending. At length we slowly descended under the full morning sunlight to the village. It was half past one as we walked through the streets, but people seemed just as much up and stirring as in the day. Children were playing in the street and women sewing at the windows, while many came to the doors to study the costume of our ladies. "Certainly, nobody sleeps in Norway," we said.—*Bruce's Norfolk.*

HUMAN NATURE.—The first works of a repentant conscience are not virtue, and the first products of an awakened taste are not beauty; but in either case the time for denunciation is at an end when these signs appear. Its work is done as soon as the sparks fly upwards, and not fire, but fuel, not abuse, but encouragement, is the special want of human nature, when a new love for what is holy, or for what is beautiful, first begins to burn.

PHILOSOPHERS say, that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. There is another good it does,—it enables us to charitably pass by unnoticed the failings or follies of our neighbors, which they often cannot help. 'Tis useful to shut the eyes at times.

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Wanderings in Europe.—New Series.

LETTER NO. V.

BY GLEZEN F. WILCOX.

Ulm to Munich.—Augsburg.

I HAD loitered so long with my friends in the valley of the Necker, that I did not think it expedient to devote more time to walking over the comparatively uninteresting country between Ulm and Munich. On my way to the railway station I saw a fat little boy in frocks, run out of an alley, and cry, "there come the chimney sweeps,— there come the chimney sweeps;" and then the rogue ran back, laughing heartily at the attention he attracted. The two sweeps, as black as soot could make them, were passing by at the moment, carrying ladders on their shoulders. A chimney sweep is a curious looking fellow at any rate; I have often stopped in the middle of the street, and looked after them, half wondering and half laughing. Four hours of slow riding brought me to Augsburg, and hungry and tired, I sought the inn of the "*Goldene Traube*" for a supper and bed.

My hotel was situated in the Maximilian Strasse, the principal street in the city, being about forty paces wide. In the same street is the hotel "*The Three Moors*," which, besides being celebrated as the oldest inn in Europe, is also famous for the quantity and quality of its wines. Contrary to my expectation, I found it a large and showy building four stories high, and bearing on its exterior few marks of the age it is said to possess. Over the main entrance are three carved Moors' heads, which have imparted its curious name. The Emperor CHARLES V, once occupied some of the rooms in it, and they are said to retain the condition in which he left them. The most interesting curiosity in the hotel is the Strangers Album, of which the English part reaches back to 1814, and contains some names renowned in history. The most celebrated among these is the Duke of Wellington's who "descended to do it as the book says, while on his way to the Congress" of Vienna.

The Brunnens, or public fountains, are distinguished among the "sights," of Augsburg. They stand in the streets and squares, and are enclosed by iron railings which prevent the people from using the water. They are richly ornamented with sculpture and figures in bronze. The Hercules fountain, in the Maximilian Strasse, has nine figures; three are of women, one being represented as wringing her hair, another a cloth, and the third holding a jar. Three angels are seated on large birds from whose bills flow streams of water, and there are three busts with streams of water pouring from their mouths. On the summit is a bronze statue of Hercules, which represents the hero in combat with the Hydra. Further down the street is the Mercury fountain, which bears a large bronze statue of the thievish god, clad in the winged cap and shoes. Before the Rathhaus is the most magnificent fountain of all. There are twelve figures, carved in stone round about it, and on the top a bronze statue of AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, the founder of the city. One arm of the Emperor is extended towards the Rathhaus, in which direction he is also looking. A flock of small birds was twittering and flying about the fountain, and I saw one sitting in the shadow of the outstretched arm of CÆSAR, and another perched on his sword hilt. The water works of Augsburg are very extensive and perfect, the pipes are conducted into every house, and even to the topmost stories.

A brisk market was going on around the last mentioned fountain and I was curious enough to learn the price of butter and eggs. I found the first to be worth about eighteen cents per pound, and the latter six cents per dozen. The country women wore a different costume from any I had ever before seen; the skirts of their dresses were thickly quilted and colored brightly on the bottoms, while their sleeves were padded so full that their arms at the shoulders measured as much in circumference as their waists. They commonly wore high gilt combs in their hair from which long black ribbons hung down behind.

A lively market in a tolerably sized village or city, is about as interesting to the student of the customs and manners of a foreign nation, as any sight he can behold. In Germany the articles exposed for sale, are commonly brought into market on the heads of women, who dispose of them and return to their homes in the country, laden with articles of household use, which they are obliged to procure in the town. They are generally mixed together promiscuously, but sometimes when the market place was crowded, I have seen them sit in rows with their wares at their feet, on the ground or in baskets. The elderly women wear white caps, or at least handkerchiefs tied over their hair, but the younger go without any head covering. One looks in vain for even a sprinkling of handsome forms and countenances. Their unnatural custom of performing constantly the severest out-door labor, which they begin at an early age, destroys their symmetry of form and gracefulness of motion; the sun robs the complexion of its freshness and delicacy, giving instead a tawny, freckled skin, and the hair becomes of a sort of dirty brown, intermixed with spots of yellow locks. I have often observed the hands of young women, made so hard and large by labor, that had I seen them without seeing their owner, I should have concluded that they belonged to as sturdy a laborer as ever wielded the hoe or the spade.

The Rathhaus, which is about two hundred and fifty years old, was, at the time of its construction, the most magnificent structure of its kind in Germany. In one of the halls I saw a bronze eagle, weighing eighteen hundred pounds, which was once perched on its summit. In the Golden Hall, a room one hundred and twenty feet long, sixty-two wide and fifty-two high, all the art of the age in which it was built was exhausted in its decoration. The floor is of marble; the massive ceiling, of oak, ash and maple, is wrought into rich designs, gorgeously gilded, and adorned with emblematic paintings by the great masters of that age. Four smaller rooms, called the Prince's chambers open out of it. They are each forty feet square and eighteen high. They contain some valuable pictures and ornaments in silver, and the roofs equal in richness that of the great hall.— From the top of the Rathhaus I had my first view of the Alps. All the mountains I had ever before seen gave me but a faint idea of their grand appearance, I was not expecting to see them, and at first sight mistook them for heavy masses of thunder clouds, lying along the horizon in such a position that the sun lit up the greatest part of them to a dazzling whiteness.

In the early part of the evening I arrived in Munich, after a monotonous ride of three hours over the level country of Bavaria. At one of the stations a country women came into the car with a basket of boiled eggs which were colored red and blue. She sold them for about two-thirds of a cent a piece and threw in the salt; they happened to take the fancy of the passengers, and directly all in the car were engaged in shelling and eating them. I fell in conversation with two students, a German and Frenchman, who intended to spend a few days in Munich for a purpose similar to my own. They asked me to go with them to the "*Ober Putlinger*," a hotel which, they said, was "*cheap and furnished good beer.*' It is apt to be the case that a hotel which is "cheap and furnishes good beer," does not furnish much else that is acceptable to the traveler, except it be the opportunity of better observing the doings of the common people. In Germany, however, I have sometimes actually found better accommodations, and have been thrown into more instructive and amusing society, by going to an Inn which all guide books had neglected to notice, instead of a first class hotel. This happened to me in Munich. I obtained a fine, airy, comfortably and even luxuriously furnished room, for twenty cents a day, and on comparing it afterwards with the room of a young man who lodged in the "*Bairischer Hof*," the first hotel in the city, where he paid about four times that amount, I found that mine was preferable, even at equal prices.

My passport required a good deal of attention in Munich. The Austrian Embassador refused to sign it, alleging, strangely enough, that he did not recognise the American Consul. He finally consented to sign it if the police would do so first.— On the personal application of the American Consul, the police attached the requisite signature, and the Austrian minister could then no longer refuse.

HOTELS IN NORWAY.

WE drove to the Hotel de Belle Vue, one of the two little caravanserais of which the town boasts, and were fortunate in securing the two vacant rooms. The hotel business in Norway is far behind that of any other country, except in regard to charges, wherein it is far in advance. Considering what one gets for his money, this is the most expensive country in the world for foreigners.— Except where the rates are fixed by law, as in posting, the natives pay much less; and here is an instance of double dealing which does not harmonize with the renowned honesty of the Norwegians. At the Belle Vue we were furnished with three very meagre meals a day, at the rate of two dollars and a half. The attendance was performed by two boys of fourteen or fifteen, whose services, as may be supposed, were quite inadequate to the wants of nearly twenty persons. The whole business of the establishment devolved on these two fellows, the landlady, though good humored and corpulent, as was meet, knowing nothing about the business, and, on the whole, it was a wonder that matters were not worse.—*Bayard Taylor.*

THE KOODOO, OR AFRICAN GAZELLE.

CHARLES JOHN ANDERSSON, the celebrated explorer, in his "Four Years' Wanderings" through Africa, with its burning zones and arid deserts; its ferocious animals and terrible reptiles; its golden sands and barbaric bizzonry, saw and learned much that has proved and will still prove of value to the world. He made a large collection of birds, animals, and curiosities of various kinds, and devoted much time and careful observation in studying the habits of the various specimens of animated nature which came in his way. While in the vicinity of Lake Ngami, (by which title his book is known,) he saw many of the Koodoos, a species of antelope, and describes them as follows:

"Koodoos were also occasionally seen and killed. Of all that varied and beauteous form of animal life to be found in the boundless woods and plains of tropical South Africa the koodoo is unquestionably the most distinguished for elegance and gracefulness united with strength. The height of the male at the shoulder is about four feet. The general color of his body is a 'rufous gray,' marked with several white bars over the back and croup. The male carries his exquisitely formed head, ornamented with ponderous spiral horns of about three feet or more in length, very erect, which gives him an air of nobility and independence.— The koodoo, in short, is a perfect picture; and, 'when standing broadside on, is decidedly one of the grandest looking antelopes in the world.'

The koodoo is not uncommon throughout the more wooded districts of Damara land; but from its leading a very secluded life, it is not so often seen as others of the antelope tribe. His favorite haunts are the stony slopes of hills, overgrown with brushwood. In localities not much frequented by man, however, and in the early part of the day, he may be seen in more open ground, on the outskirts of woods, borders of valleys, and banks of rivers.

His gait is very graceful; but his pace, which consists of a moderately fast gallop, is less elegant. When pursued, he clears, with considerable agility, bushes, stones, and other minor obstructions that may oppose his course, his leaps being often of very considerable extent. His food consists chiefly of leaves, buds, and the young shoots of trees and bushes. He seems capable of going a very long time without water, and only occasionally frequents the pool.

The koodoo produces only one young at a time. His flesh, when in good condition, is excellent, and the soup, or *bouillon*, made from it is delicious. The marrow extracted from the bones is highly prized by the natives, who deem it better than that obtained from any other animal. They consequently devour it greedily, and often without any kind of preparation.

The hide of the koodoo is greatly valued, as well by the hunter as the colonist. It is rather thin, but exceedingly tough and pliable, and will stand more wear and tear than any other hide of the same substance. It is chiefly used for shoes, lashes of whips, thongs, straps and harness in general. A koodoo hide, well prepared according to the custom of the country, is worth from twenty to thirty shillings; and, being much in request among the farmers, is no despicable article of commerce for home consumption.

The koodoo is naturally of a shy and timid nature; but the male, when hotly pressed or wounded, will not unfrequently face about, and even attack his pursuer. This species of antelope is gregarious, though seldom seen in large herds, five or six being the usual number. The males are frequently met with singly.

As already seen, when taken young, this animal is easily domesticated, and becomes very tame. Notwithstanding, to the best of my belief, no specimen has ever been brought to England alive.

From the koodoo's secluded habits, fewer of these animals are killed—as regards Damaraland, at least— than any other species of antelope indigenous to Southern Africa. He is sometimes hunted on horseback; and if a hunter has the good fortune to meet with one in a favorable and open locality, there is no great difficulty in running it down; but, as the animal holds, for the most part, to hilly and stony ground, and such as is wooded withal, the chase—if successful—proves arduous."

THE MOCKING BIRD OF AMERICA.

THE American mocking bird is the prince of all song birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and besides the fullness and melody of his original notes he has a faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the humming bird to the eagle.

Pennant states that he heard a caged one imitate the mewing of a cat, and the creaking of a sign in high winds. Barrington says, his pipes comes nearest to the nightingale of any bird he ever heard. The description, however, given by Wilson, in his own inimitable manner, as far excels Pennant and Barrington as the bird excels his fellow songsters. Wilson tells us that the ease, elegance and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in laying up lessons, mark the peculiarity of his genius. His voice is full, strong and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear and mellow tones of the wood thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accents, he faithfully follows his original, while in strength and sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his native woods, upon a dewy morning, his song rises above every competitor, for the others appear merely as inferior accompaniments. His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of one, three, or at most five or six syllables, uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardor for half an hour, or for an hour at a time.

While singing, he expands his tail, glistening with white, keeping time to his own music; and the buoyant gaiety of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstacy; he mounts and descends, as his song wells or dies away; he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain. A bystander might suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce the utmost effort, so perfect are his imitations. He often deceives the sportsman, and even birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon by this admirable mimic.

In confinement, he loses little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail and runs to meet his master. He cries like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with feathers on end to protect her injured brood. He repeats the tune taught him, though it be of considerable length, with perfect accuracy. He runs over the notes of the canary and the red-bird with such superior execution and effect that the mortified songsters confess his triumph by their immediate silence. His fondness for variety, some suppose, injures his song. His imitation of the brown thrush is often interrupted by the crowing of cocks and his exquisite warblings after the blue-bird are mingled with the screaming of swallows or the cackling of hens. During moonlight, both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters, in their nocturnal excursions, know that the moon is rising, the instant they hear his delightful solo.

After Shakspeare, Barrington attributes, in part, the exquisiteness of the nightingale's song to the silence of the night; but if so, what are we to think of the bird which in the open glare of day, overpowers and often silences all competition?— The natural notes of the American mocking bird are similar to those of the brown thrush.

CONCERT OF THE FEATHERED CREATION.

FIRST, the robin, and not the lark, as has been generally imagined, as soon as twilight has drawn the imperceptible line between night and day, begins his lonely song. How sweetly does this harmonize with the soft dawning of the day. He goes on till the twinkling sunbeams begin to tell him his notes no longer accord with the scene.— Up starts the lark; and with him a great variety of sprightly songsters, whose lively notes are in perfect accordance with the gaiety of the morning. The general warbling continues, with now and then an interruption, for reasons before assigned, by the transient croak of the raven, the screaming of the jay and the swift, or the pert chattering of the daw. The nightingale, unwearied by the vocal exertions of the night, withdraws not proudly by day from his inferiors in song, but joins them in the general harmony. The thrush is wisely placed on the summit of some lofty tree, that his loud and piercing notes may be softened by distance before they reach the ear; while the mellow blackbirds seek the inferior branches.— Should the sun, having been eclipsed with a cloud, shine forth with fresh effulgence, how frequently we see the goldfinch perch on some blossom bough, and hear his song poured forth in strains peculiarly energetic, much more sonorously and lively now than at other times; while the sun, full shining on his beautiful plumes, displays his golden wings and crimson chest to charming advantage. The notes of the cuckoo blend with this cheering concert in a perfectly pleasing manner, and for a short time are highly grateful to the ear; but sweet as this singular song is, it would tire by its uniformity, were it not given in so transient a manner. At length the evening advances, the performers gradually retire, and the concert softly dies away. The sun is seen no more. The robin again sets up his twilight song, till the still more serene hour of night sends him to the bower to rest; and now, to close the scene in full and perfect harmony, no sooner is the voice of the robin hushed, and night again spreads a gloom over the horizon, than the owl sends forth his slow and solemn tones. They are more than plaintive, and less than melancholy, and tend to inspire the imagination with a train of contemplation well adapted to the serious hour.

A CUNNING HORSE.—Franconi, director of the Hippodrome in Paris, and the famous artist in horsemanship, has trained a horse with great care to feign being severely wounded, and go limping back to his place. The four-footed actor performed his part admirably at rehearsal, knowing well that disobedience would be followed by immediate punishment; but when the time came for exhibition, the cunning beast made the discovery that there would be no whipping in the presence of an audience, and instead of limping, as it ought, galloped back as if nothing had happened. Franconi was obliged to resort to the expedient of getting up an audience to deceive the refractory animal. Relying on the protection as before, the horse again refused to limp, and received a sound beating. This impaired his confidence in the public as a shield from his master's whip, and from that time his part was well performed at every representation.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLE PROMISES.

My Grace is Sufficient for Thee.—2d Cor., 12: 9.

BY grief and doubts oppress,
My soul crept on her way;
Longing for the promised rest,
Yet fainting at mid-day.

In agonizing prayer
I bowed before the LORD;
I felt His presence there,
And heard His gracious word.

"Say, wherefore dost thou fear?
Oh, thou of little faith?
Behold thy SAVIOR near,
Listen to what He saith.

"My grace sufficient is,
For every time of need;
Sustaining power is His
Who hath thy lot decreed.

"Then onward press thy way,
Though foes stand thick around;
Thy faith shall win the day,
And thou with joy be crowned.

"Then test thy SAVIOR'S power;
Sin and thyself deny;
Accept thy glorious dower,
A mansion in the sky."

Middleport, N. Y., 1857. EMMA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew up side by side with the blessings of fond parents lingering upon their heads. The same gentle mother bent over them sleeping, as they lay like folded buds when Nature clasps them in her embraces.

The same house was filled with their glee, their joyous infantile sports echoed through the old halls and along the forest paths alike. But where now are those sleepers—that household? They are treading the azure fields of bliss, hand in hand, yet their graves are severed far and wide— by mountain "stream and sea."

One journeyed to the Far West where he found an early grave. Tall cedars threw their sombre shade across the dark turbid stream where the Indians scooped a grave and deposited the loved dead. No kind friend lingered near to pay the parting tribute, but the rude savage threw upon the lowly mound his last demonstration of regard —the first spring flowers, and left him alone.

The dark rolling sea gathered one of the treasures and he now sleeps far down in its depths where pearls lie nestled with the "pale sea-weed." He was the beloved of all, yet none can go at the soft twilight hour and weep above his grave, or rear a monumental stone. The sad sighs of the wind as it stirs the waves above will be his only requiem until the last trump shall sound and the "sea will give up its dead."

One sleeps on the broad blood-red field of Spain, in the land of strangers, where southern vines trail above the noble slain. None smoothed his dying pillow, but the zephyr at eve swept o'er the earth fanning the fevered brow and whispering hope to the stricken heart whose sands of life were ebbing fast away. There 'neath foreign skies he is dreaming.

Where the myrtle boughs join their leaves by soft winds, and bubbling brooks murmur gently, has the last of that fair group faded. The fair skies of Italy could not woo her to stay and she passed from earth an angel, to revel in fairer lands than ours. Her beautiful but inanimate form was deposited on the banks of the picturesque Arno. Lovely even in death were those sleepers who once composed the band of a Household.

New York, Nov., 1857, KATE M——.

CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS.—Christian cheerfulness is honorable to God, and of happy influence on man. Let the cheering and tranquilizing power of the gospel break forth and shine from your character. Jeremiah sung psalms in the dungeon; Luther translated the Bible while in prison; John beheld the brightest visions of the New Jerusalem in Patmos; Bunyan, in later days, composed his Pilgrim in confinement. There is very impressive power in Christian happiness, on those who see it from without. It is a sunshine amid dripping clouds—a Sabbath heart in a week-day body, and Sabbath speech amid the dialects of Babel. It is brightest when all around it is blackest. When our natural affections cease their music, we then hear, sung out of the sky, unutterable melodies which ear hath not heard; when the world is all gloom, a regenerated soul treads glories out of every pebble, and sees the stars as arteries along which pulsations of felicity reach him. He can say with Habakkuk—"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be on the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the field, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

GOOD DEEDS EVERLASTING.—They may mourn over the failure of some seemingly useful plan of their own; but God may be, by their influence, sowing the seeds of some plan of his own, of which they little dream. For every good deed comes from God. His is the idea, His the inspiration, and His its fulfillment in time; and therefore no good deed but lives and grows with the everlasting life of God himself; and as the acorn, because God has given it "a forming form," and life after its kind, bears within it not only the builder oak, but shade for many a herd, food for countless animals, and at last the gallant ship itself, and the materials of every use to which nature or art can put it and its descendents after it throughout all time, so does every good deed contain within itself endless and unexpected possibilities of other good which may and will grow and multiply forever in the genial light of Him whose eternal mind conceived it, and whose Eternal Spirit will forever quicken it with that life of which he is the giver and the Lord.—*Rev. C. Kingsly.*

THERE is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing richer than wisdom; nothing brighter than virtue; nothing more steadfast than faith.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

THE CURRENCY OF THE COUNTRY is so deranged at present that we must necessarily lose much during the ensuing RURAL CAMPAIGN, and therefore trust our friends will send us the best funds conveniently obtainable in their respective localities. If our Western and Southern friends can remit in Drafts on New York at former rates of exchange,—or in bills on New York, Canada or New England solvent Banks,—they will save us both trouble and expense.—Though Western and Southern money is perfectly good at home, and not refused by us, yet we cannot at present use it without a great sacrifice;—hence this request. If our agents and other friends in all parts of the Union, the British Provinces, &c., will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES, &c.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1858, and a yearly copy of either *Harper's*, *Godey's*, *Graham's*, or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The RURAL and either *Arthur's Magazine*, the *National Magazine*, or any other $2 magazine for $3.

☞ THE RURAL SHOW-BILL for 1858, just issued, will be sent, post-paid, to all applicants who can use one or more copies advantageously. We shall also cheerfully furnish Specimen Numbers of the RURAL for use in obtaining new subscribers, or send them to any address desired.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, without certificate, and each and all who volunteer in the good cause will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciat d.

☞ AGENTS OF THE RURAL, and all others disposed to aid in extending its area of usefulness, are referred to Premium List for 1857–8, on last column of next page.

☞ THOSE who are forming large clubs can send on the names and money of a part, before completing their lists.

List of New Advertisements this week.

Andre LeRoy's Nurseries—F. A. Bruguiere.
Calkins' Games at Words—Calkins & Stiles.
40 Acres of Extra Land for Sale—O. N. Cadwell.
Double Sun-Flower Seed—R. B. Elder.
Seneca Collegiate Institute—J. W. Chickering.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER, 5, 1857.

TO AGENTS AND OTHERS.—In answer to inquiries just received, and for the information of all interested, we would state that *not over twenty persons have yet secured either of the Two Hundred Extra Premiums offered for the first lists of 12 or 20 subscribers to the Rural for 1858.* Hence there is yet time to compete for all the Premiums.

Affairs at Washington.

ORDERS were issued on the 24th ult., from the War Department, for two columns of troops—one from California and the other from Oregon, to proceed to Utah as soon as the necessary subsistance can be obtained.

The President, in a conversation with a gentleman on Kansas affairs, is said to have stated unequivocally that he endorsed the action of the recent Convention. He stated a fact which is not generally known, that 43 out of 52 members of the Convention, signed the Constitution, and those who refused to sign it were ultra pro-slavery men.

At the Cabinet meeting on the 27th, the President stated Gov. Walker's position in Kansas affairs. The Cabinet unanimously united with the President in favor of sustaining the action of the Constitutional Convention in referring the Constitution to the people. A late dispatch says:—As far as can be ascertained, the Cabinet are united in sustaining the action of the Kansas Constitutional Convention. Whatever preference there may have been for submitting the entire Constitution to the people, it is understood that all are agreed that the mode proposed, for the inhabitants to settle the question of slavery, as one of their domestic institutions for themselves, is in accordance both with the letter and spirit of the Kansas Nebraska Act. Gov. Walker has had another interview with the President on the subject of Kansas affairs, and those also to-day accompanied a large share of the Cabinet deliberations

The N. Y. Times correspondence of the 26th ult. says:—Gov. Walker had a long and very friendly interview with the President to-day. They discussed Kansas affairs at length, especially relative to the propriety of sustaining the action of the Constitutional Convention in not referring the entire instrument to the people. The gentlemen though differing radically, parted friends, appointing another interview for the discussion of the same subject. Some of their mutual friends hope for the ultimate reconciliation of their views, but that hope is fallacious, their differences are too radical for compromise.

The Governor's opposition to the Constitution is not founded on the slavery clause, which is alone partially submitted, but on the refusal of the Convention to permit the people to vote against as well as for the Constitution. He regards this as a violation of the Federal Constitution, of the Nebraska-Kansas bill, of popular sovereignty, and of the rights of self-government. The President insists that, as the Constitutional Convention was authorized by Congress, he is bound to sustain its action, whatever it may be while Walker holds that the application of his doctrine to sustain the refusal to submit the entire Constitution to the popular vote, amounts to an assertion of the right of Congress to force any Constitution on the Territory, instead of leaving the people to decide for themselves.

Gov. Walker has never yet seen the Constitution and nobody outside knows what it is. All efforts of the Government to obtain a copy failed. Gov. W. declares that he cannot acquiesce in the action of the Convention without violating every pledge he ever gave, and sacrificing his honest connections and make himself infamous. If resistance is made to the establishment of the State Government, the President will necessarily call on the Governor of the Territory to exercise force to put it down. This with his sentiments, Walker cannot do and will not. Nor will he resign.

No announcements have yet been made in regard to the transmission of the President's Message in advance of its delivery. It is probable, however, that the Newspaper Press will be supplied with copies by the means heretofore adopted. All the reports of the heads of departments are in a sufficient stage of forwardness.

The Weather.—Changes of the Week.

THE extreme cold spoken of in our last issue, continued, with slight mitigation, until Thursday evening, the 26th ult., at which time milder winds commenced their reign, and up to the present, (Tuesday morning, Dec. 1st,) a soft, spring-like atmosphere rules in the Court of the Weather.—One week since we penned the following:—"Thursday night, the 19th, was what might be termed the first cold night of the season, and permanence seems to have been given this variety of weather. To-day (Tuesday 24th) the cold is severe, and everything wears a wintry aspect. The canal has closed, for the season we should judge—ice having formed to such an extent that it would require more mild weather than can reasonably be expected at this time of the year to thaw out and set things moving again." Being ever ready to acknowledge the maize when clearly in the wrong, we are willing to admit that our conclusions were ill-founded—and that, through the coquetting of sunshiny days, and warm, heart and ice-softening winds, JACK FROST has been coaxed into a relaxation of his grasp, and that a "different order of things is observable in Denmark." Our millers are bringing forward the wheat that was frozen in, and, as far as we can learn, the entire line of the canal is again navigable.

A dispatch from Albany last evening, the 30th ult., says:—"The weather continues to be very mild, and favorable accounts received from the west inspire us with the hope that all the produce afloat on the canal will get through to tide-water, and that navigation may be entirely resumed. A dispatch to the Auditor, received from Newark this morning, says the weather is mild and the ice broken, and boats are moving. A boat loaded with flour reached this city to-day from Port Jackson on Friday. This is quick time. A fleet of 20 boats reached Waterford yesterday, where they were immediately locked into the river, and are now on the way to New York, with 75,000 bushels of corn and wheat. The Hudson is clear of ice."

From Lockport we learn that for three days it has thawed steadily, and that a warm rain set in on the 30th ult. The telegraph states:—The snow melts quickly and the ice in the canal, though six inches thick, is breaking up. Superintendent Foster came from Medina last evening with an ice-breaker drawn by fourteen horses, and proceeded to Sulphur Springs, where he expects to meet a steam tug from Buffalo, with 40 to 50 boats following her. Appearances now indicate that the navigation of the canal will be resumed this evening.

Seven propellers arrived at Detroit on the 28th ult. from Chicago, and reported that many vessels are ashore on Lakes Huron and Michigan. The weather is warm and the ice at the mouth of the river is said to be giving away. The prospect is fair for the fleet of vessels detained here by the ice to get into Lake Erie.

At Cincinnati the weather is considerably milder than for some days past. The mercury marked 40°. The water in the channel of the river is falling slowly.

The Buffalo Commercial of the 30th says:—"The continued warm and rainy weather is opening the navigation of the lake and the canal. The whole fleet at Detroit river is expected here to-night and to-morrow. In regard to navigation here, we have to say that there is no obstruction from ice, and we learn on application at the canal Collector's office, that it is open hence to Tonawanda. On Tonawanda Creek the ice is expected to be broken up to-day. From Lockport to Medina navigation is already re-opened. A few more days of warm weather would be a blessing to those who have property on the canal."

Suspension of the Bank of England's Charter.

THE Vanderbilt, which left Southampton on the 14th ult., brought the intelligence of the suspension of the Bank Charter Act by the British Ministry, for the purpose of alleviating, if possible, the commercial distress so prevalent throughout Great Britain. There was a fearful panic through the whole country, and, on the 11th inst., all the Banks utterly failed to discount to their patrons, which naturally added to the wild excitement, until the afternoon of Thursday, the 12th, when a Treasury Letter appeared in London, and was instantly transmitted by telegraph to all the chief cities and towns, suspending the Bank Charter Act, and authorizing the issue of notes to any amount on approved securities. The effect at every point was instantaneous, and the panic ceased as if by magic. At Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and other important cities, the news was received with the most extravagant exclamations of joy. Every measure that could be adopted by the Bank for its preservation was brought into requisition, but to no purpose. The day previous to suspension, the rates of discount had advanced to *ten per cent.*, but the clamor of borrowers was as intense as ever, and they were not to be kept off by such increase of interest.

As regards the probable effect of this state of affairs, both upon England and this country, the N. Y. *Express* says:—"The suspension of the Charter of the Bank of England was not unexpected here, and has produced rather a feeling of ease than otherwise, though it will not give the relief to American debtors which many suppose. The Bank of England has not, like the Banks of the United States, suspended specie payments, for a £5 note yet commands in London five sovereigns. The current of gold is now from New York to England, and, to the extent of the ability of our States to pay their debts, Great Britain will grow stronger. We, as the debtor nation, have failed with our hands full of property, but it is in cotton and produce, which Europe alone can manufacture and use, and which they can still pay for in our debts to them, if nothing else. The merchants of Great Britain have, under the relaxed banking system, the means of continuing their business, and as a first movement will set about winding up their doubtful debts, of which so large an amount is held there.

Business between the two countries will for the present be conducted upon a cash or very short credit basis, and long time will not be given until, as in 1837, the wrecks of commerce have been cleared away, and people can see where they stand and who to trust. A very large amount, however, will be paid, and at best England must be content to make great losses. Being relieved from the cares of business at home, the attention of foreign creditors will be given mainly to settlements here, a process requiring much time and attention with many embarrassments. The extent of the debts due abroad is not appreciated. Three Dry Goods houses in the city of New York alone that have yielded to the storm, foot up $4,500,000."

Notwithstanding the foregoing, we cannot perceive wherein the Bank of England has received *permanent* benefit from the suspension of the "Peel Act" and the privilege of exercising *unlimited issue*. Such a process may *put off* the "evil day," but the extra issue,—provided the demand for specie continues, and we cannot see why it should abate,—not only renders a fall more certain but increases its disastrous effect in the precise ratio of use made of the means proposed for relief.—That such will prove the ultimate result in the case in hand we cannot doubt, unless the Bank is again supported by some unheard of action of the British Ministry.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

ON the morning of the 26th ult. the extensive Lithographic establishment of Messrs. Wagner & Macquinan, situated in Franklin place, near Chestnut street, Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire.—The Franklin House and other neighboring property was slightly damaged. The loss is $40,000, but there is a partial insurance.

ABOUT six o'clock on the morning of the 22d ult., a fire broke out in the store of Rucklin & Crane, importers of teas, No. 80 Front street, New York. The stock was entirely consumed, together with part of the building. The loss is estimated at $80,000; fully covered by insurance in city offices.

THE Hannah Moore Female Academy and the Episcopal Church in Reisterstown, 15 miles distant from Baltimore, Md., were destroyed by fire on the 24th ult. All the tenants escaped unharmed.

A DISASTROUS fire broke out in Olean, N. Y., on the morning of the 22d ult., and destroyed nine stores, the post-office and one dwelling house. A heavy wind prevailed at the time, accompanied by snow, which made it impossible to subdue the flames until they had destroyed the business part of the place. Loss about $70,000. About one-half insured in New York.

THE steamer Rainbow was burnt on the 21st ult., when 10 miles above Napoleon, Arkansas. She had 347 persons on board, including a large number of coal boatmen on the deck. The fire is attributed to incendiarism, on the part of some of the deck passengers. Total loss of lives 75. When the fire was discovered the boat was run ashore, where she burnt to the waters' edge. The wind at the time of the discovery of the fire was blowing a stiff gale, so that in a very short time the whole boat was enveloped in flames. The steamer Minnehaha from New Orleans carried the saved to Memphis. All the steamer's books were destroyed, so that no list of the lost passengers can be furnished. All the officers of the boat were saved.

THE schooner Antelope, which left Chicago last week with a cargo of wheat for Oswego, was blown ashore at the mouth of the St. Joseph's river, on the night of the 21st ult., and with her cargo was totally lost. Capt. Budd, and four of the seamen were frozen to death.

THE schooner Flying Cloud was lost on Lake Michigan last week, and seven out of nine persons on board perished. The Flying Cloud when near Racine, encountered a heavy gale, which carried away her sails, and drove her ashore near Great Calumet, forty miles from Chicago. The long boat had been lost the evening before, and four of the crew, Francis Fox, George Goodwin, Henry Colman and Mat. Bain, as the only resource, attempted to swim ashore. Their companions were already dead or so badly frozen as to be unable to move. Goodwin and Bain made out to get on shore, but could go no further, and laid down and died. Colman and Fox made out to get to a shanty, a mile and a half from the wreck, and endeavored to get assistance, and if possible to get off those who were alive when they left the wreck. The only boat they had was capsized, however, and they were obliged to abandon them.

THE steamer Cataract, on the Missouri river blew up on the 23d ult., killing ten and scalding twenty-one of the passengers,—seven of them dangerously.

DEATH OF JAS. G. BIRNEY.—This gentleman died at "Eaglewood," Perth Amboy, N. J., on the 25th ult., at the age of 65 years, Mr. B. had been suffering during the past twelve years from attacks of paralysis, which had recently been complicated with heart disease, and aggravated by the infirmities of old age. The N. Y. *Tribune* says that Mr. BIRNEY was born at Danville, Ky., in 1793. He graduated at Nassau Hall, N. J., and studied law with Mr. Dallas in Philadelphia. At the age of 25 he became a planter in Alabama, and the owner of 35 slaves, but soon afterward entered upon the practice of his profession again at Huntsville, Ky. Early in life Mr. BIRNEY became interested in the Anti-Slavery movement, and not only freed his own slaves, but induced his father to make such a disposition of his estate as to leave him his 21 slaves, when he set them free at once. In 1834 he attempted to start an Anti-Slavery newspaper in Ky., but finding it impossible to procure printers there, commenced its publication in Ohio. In 1844, when living in Michigan, he became the "Liberty Party" candidate for the Presidency. As a reformer, JAMES G. BIRNEY had none of that rancor and bitterness which sometimes disfigure the advocacy of even a noble cause. His character was singularly pure, and his reputation is without a blemish.

ELECTION OF U. S. SENATOR.—On Saturday week the two branches of the Legislature of Alabama met in convention, and on the first ballot elected the Hon. C. C. Clay, Jr., to the Senate of the U. S. for six years from the 4th of March, 1859, when his present term of office expires.

FROM TEXAS.—Texas advices received at Washington, on the 27th ult., say the cotton fields on Red river were badly damaged by the recent storm. Not two-thirds of an average crop will be gathered. The yield of sugar in the same section will be an average crop.

Items of News.

ABOUT fifty Irishmen passed through Columbus, Ga., on the 18th ult., on their way to Goldsville, Ala., for the purpose of working the gold mines in that region.

THE Mobile Register says that in addition to the 400 fillibusters who sailed with Walker from that port, about 350 have gone from other ports of the United States on sailing vessels, thus making the total between 700 and 800 men.

THE only place in the world where money seems to be plenty is St. Petersburg; it is to be had there at 3 per cent. Shareholders in the newly planned Russian railways anticipated their instalments, in the fortnight preceding the 3d of November, to the amount of twenty-four million francs.

M. LAMARTINE, whose fortune was greatly impaired by a series of bad years, and his indulgence to poor tenants, had this year a magnificent crop of wine upon his Macon estate. It is said that he has sold 3,000 casks at 80 francs each, and has consequently realized the sum of 240,000 francs.

HON. CHARLES P. CHANDLER, Senator elect from Piscataqua county, died very suddenly of disease of the heart, at his residence in Foxcroft, Maine, the 23d ult. The vacancy in the Senate will have to be filled in joint-ballot of the two Houses, from the two highest remaining candidates.

THE pulpit of the South Church, in Salem, Mass., was occupied Sunday week by two brothers, Rev's Reuben and Brown Everson, one of whom is 87 years old, and the other 80. The brothers have been settled within nine miles of each other for fifty-three years.

A Southern paper says that Memphis, Tenn., is the best place in the world for students of anatomy, as there are fresh killed subjects to be seen at the dead house every morning.

THE telegraph cable of the American Telegraph Company, 3,000 feet in length, was successfully laid across the Delaware river last week. It connects Philadelphia and Camden, and completes the New York line.

THE chief Siamese Ambassador who arrived at Portsmouth, has fifty-eight wives; but he nevertheless was smitten by the beauty of a young lady whom he saw in the dock yard at Portsmouth, and offered to purchase her as his fifty-ninth wife for the sum of £3,000.

A LETTER from Shelbyville, Tenn., says that there will be fatted for market, 150,000 to 200,000 hogs, within an area of fifty miles each way from that point.

THE barque Suwa, at New York from Hamburg, with 215 passengers, reports 41 deaths from cholera, during the passage. The Louis Napoleon, from Bremen, had a large number of cases of measles on board, and thirty children sick of the disease were sent to the hospital.

AT Moscow (Russia) lately, great curiosity was excited by an experiment made with a new description of locomotive, running along the streets, and so constructed as to cause the wheels to lay down a sort of wooden rails as they advanced.—The locomotive dragged after it a number of carts heavily laden. The experiment, though the first made, had perfectly succeeded. The author of the invention is a trader of Moscow, named Prokhoroff.

ACCORDING to the recent census of this State, one hundred and fifty-two thousand six hundred and forty-five pairs of woolen socks were knit by the women of New York, in their leisure moments in the year 1856. Their cash value was $46,297. Of yarn spun in this State that year in the houses of the farmers, there were 6,070 pounds.

A PARIS paper of Nov. 1, announces that a recent imperial decree authorizes the permanent establishment of a School for Artillery in the city of Grenoble. The Municipal Council of the city has voted a grant of 250,000 francs towards its support. There are besides this, two other artillery establishments—one at Metz, the other at Bourges.

THE Gardeners of Cincinnati, Ohio, have organized themselves into an association. On Monday week last they made a fine parade through the streets, on horseback, with appropriate banners and wagons bearing the fruits of the earth.

THE frost at the South has entirely checked any further growth of Cotton, but was by no means injurious to the ripened balls. The frost in checking the further growth of the plant, has also put a final stop to the progress of the rot, which was beginning to become prevalent.

THE Sumter (Ala.) Democrat says:—"The annual tide of emigration to the West has fairly set in.—Hardly a day passes that we do not see perfect caravans of wagons, men, women and children, and frequently considerable numbers of negroes, going through our streets on their way to seek new homes. Some go to Texas, others to Louisiana, and others still to Arkansas, while some of them stop in our neighboring State, Mississippi.

THE Galveston News says of direct trade with Europe:—"There are several vessels now in port which will probably soon commence loading with cotton for some European port. In fact, the circumstances of the times seem to be opening a direct trade to Europe sooner than had been anticipated. The new ship, the *National Guard*, will be here next month, for the purpose of taking a cargo of cotton to Liverpool."

THE Lockport Journal says the damage by the recent snow storm in that section, is very great.—It has information to the effect that more than half the corn raised in Niagara county is in the field ungathered, and a large portion of the potatoes and other roots undug.

MERIAM, the weather-seer of Brooklyn Heights, writes to the papers that the temperature on Saturday, the 21st ult., before sunrise, fell to nineteen degrees. Sunday, the highest was twenty-eight degrees at twelve M. and one P. M. Excepting the year 1838, this is the coldest weather in the month of November in New York for a period of sixty-nine consecutive years, both as to the intensity and duration of the cold.

INFORMATION WANTED—Of the P. O. address of WM. H. WATSON. Five years since he was a Superintendent in a Cotton Factory at Cohoes, N. Y. Two or three years ago he resided on a farm eight or ten miles from Rochester, in a southerly direction it is believed. Mr. WATSON, or any other person knowing his address, will please inform H. D. BENJAMIN, of Albion, N. Y.

News Clippings.

— The Mormons have 20,000 Indian allies.

— The village of Little Falls is infested with burglars.

— The Court of Claims has resumed its sessions in Washington.

— The Washington Union is out against a general bankrupt law.

— Eggs are but six cents a dozen in many portions of Virginia.

— About 20 men left Rockland, Me., on Monday week for California.

— The new Constitution of Oregon positively prohibits paper money.

— There were 21,551 marriages consummated in N. Y State last year.

— Mr. Coolidge's church, in Boston, has discharged the choir to save money.

— The high water damaged the fine salt works at Salina, to the extent of $10,000.

— Rumor says that Kossuth will pay the United States another visit before long.

— The bakers of Philadelphia have formed themselves into a Protective Association.

— Gen. Harney says it will require 20,000 troops to put down the Mormons. He knows.

— Winfield Scott, nephew of Lt. Gen. Scott, died in Louisiana, lately, aged 45 years.

— Twenty-five miles west of Fort Laramie, flour is selling at $68 per hundred weight.

— The Herald advocates the establishment of martial law in some localities in New York.

— The Legislature of Georgia has unanimously pronounced lotteries a curse and swindle.

— There are 672 convicts in the Auburn State Prison.—The average is 700 a year, and deaths six.

— The only prison in the State which pays its way and makes money, is the Albany Penitentiary.

— There are now in the port of New Bedford, 23 whale ships, only two of which will sail this season.

— The Pittsburg Gazette says there will be at least seven editors in the next Pennsylvania Legislature.

— In Rockville, Conn., 1,300 frogs have been found together in a spring only four feet in diameter.

— Female burglars are at work in Chelsea, Mass. A party of them were caught one night last week.

— Punch calls the poem "Nothing to Wear," an American invention which *takes off* the ladies dresses.

— Navigation is almost entirely suspended on the Illinois and Missouri, on account of heavy floating ice.

— Two brothers named Denson, fought a duel at Waterloo, S. C., last week, and the younger one was killed.

— The Germans of Chicago are getting up a relief society, for the purpose of taking care of their own poor.

— A leading cotton manufacturer says there is not a three months supply of cotton goods in the country.

— Iron ore is found, in some extent in Mahaska Co., Iowa, and coal is found in great abundance in Johnson Co.

— There are now at Norfolk 109 colored emigrants awaiting the Mary Caroline Stevens, to embark for Liberia.

— Seventy manumitted slaves from Prince Edward Co., Va., arrived at Richmond, on the 24th ult., for Liberia.

— Prof. Swallow, formerly of Maine, has accepted the chair of natural sciences in the University of Missouri.

— Samuel Lamprey, of Salisbury, Mass., has a Turkey, which, he says, has laid 180 eggs in 180 successive days.

— Judge Ingraham, of N. Y. city, is about to retire from the Court of Common Pleas, after twenty years' service.

— Several able writers in England are striving to induce the fashionable people to adopt more economical customs.

— Sugar is selling in the New Orleans market at 4½ cents per pound, and molasses at from 18 to 20 cents per gallon.

— A piano has been brought forward at Dresden, which supercedes the assistance of sixty vocalists and instruments.

— A course of lectures has been inaugurated in Portland, the proceeds of which are to go to the poor. A good idea.

— The Friend of India states that the dominant races throughout the whole continent of Asia are fast sinking away.

— The increase of paupers at the almshouse, at Warren, Mass., is 23 per day, many of them being able-bodied mechanics.

— The several religious societies in Bangor, Me., contributed $500 for a thanksgiving offering to the poor of that city.

— Austrian engineers are using gun-cotton for blasting purposes with great success. The saving is two-thirds over powder.

— It is reported from Washington that Ex-President Lamar, of Texas, will probably be the the new minister to Nicaragua.

— The Rev. Daniel Whitaker, Missionary, who left this country in 1852, died at Maulmain, Burmah, on the 16th of August.

— The Herald states that half a dozen Wall st. adventurers have each made $100,000 in speculations during the last week.

— The officers of the Galveston and Opelousas, which recently came into collision on the Gulf of Mexico, have been arrested.

— The painted surface of the Great Eastern, inside and outside, is nearly 120,000 square yards in extent, or more than 24 acres.

— Three weekly newspapers in Washington Co., N. Y., have ceased to exist since the commencement of the present financial crisis.

— The family of the last king of the French, resident in England, have sustained a loss in the demise of the Duchess de Nemours.

— Governor H. C. Runnels, of Texas, was quite sick at Houston, on the 29th ult., and no hopes were entertained of his recovery.

— The St. Louis Democrat says that Marcus J. Parrott, delegate to Congress, from Kansas, has received his certificate of election.

— There is a report that the dowager empress of Russia has spent £3,000,000 since the death of the Czar, or within a very short period.

— Henry Ward Beecher says:—"Women made out of women are God's noblest work: but women made out of men are his poorest."

— On Saturday, 21st ult., the boys were skating on the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien. Navigation is closed thereway until next spring.

— The Connecticut banks are canvassing the establishment of a Clearing House in that State, and the cutting off of Boston redemption.

— At New Orleans, week before last, 3,633 emigrants arrived in sailing vessels from Europe. They were principally from Bremen and Havre.

— Sergeant Lefferts, of the N. Y. city Police Detectives, is causing to be taken the daguerreotype of every noted rogue who falls into his hands.

— Queen Victoria is about to be proclaimed Empress of India, and the government of that country, forever taken from the East India Company.

— Up to the 16th ult., there had been 924 steamboat arrivals at St. Paul, the present season—an increase of 87 over those of the previous year.

— According to the report of the Croton Aqueduct Department there are but 138 miles of sewers to nearly 500 miles of paved streets in N. Y. city.

— The efforts of the Methodists among the Germans in this country commenced in 1835, and number as its results, 120 German preachers and 16,000 German members.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Vanderbilt and Asia.

THE Vanderbilt arrived at New York on the morning of the 26th, and the Africa on the 27th ult. The specie by these two steamers amounts to £600,000.

FRANCE.—The official announcement that the exportation of grain and flour to France is allowed, was followed in Paris by an advance of 12d on flour.

The Paris Bourse did not respond to the buoyancy of the English money market.

The Emperor of France has written a letter to his Ministers of Finance, discussing the financial question. He is pained to see that the public credit is injured by monetarial fears and by the propagation of *Soi de Saut* remedies, for an evil which exists only in imagination, and begs that the Minister will deny peremptorily all absurd projects attributed to the government, affirming that there is no country in Europe, where public credit rests upon a more solid basis. The letter had but little effect. The last monthly returns of the Bank of France show a loss of 20,000,000 francs specie.

INDIA.—Full details of Indian news show that the relief of Lucknow had been only partially accomplished. Havelock's position there is considered critical.

The latest report from Delhi states that the loss of the British at that place, in killed and wounded was within 1,200, including 64 officers.

Scindia had brought the mutineers of the Gwalior contingent under his control, by arraigning against them his own troops and ten thousand Thakoors, and by cutting of their supplies.

It was reported that Lucknow, which was relieved Sept. 25, was again beseiged by Nena Sahib, with 50,000 rebels.

All the city people found in Delhi were bayonetted by the British troops. Many Europeans were found in the city fighting in the ranks of the rebels.

AUSTRIA.—The Austrian Minister of Finance proposes to meet the financial difficulty by the issue of treasury bills to the amount of 100,000,000 florins.

The Vienna money market was heavy. The premium on gold increased.

RUSSIA.—The decree abolishing serfdom in Russia is to be published on the 17th of Dec. The legislative body convoked for the 28th of Nov.

AUSTRALIA.—The steamer Emu arrived at Suez with Melbourne dates to Sept. 19th, and £40,000 sterling. Gold advices very encouraging. The steamers Lady Bird and Champion came in collision off Cape Otway. The latter foundered, and 40 lives were lost.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs.—Richardson, Spence & Co., report the market for breadstuffs depressed, by the decree allowing the export of grain to France.—Flour was offered at 6d@1s decline since Tuesday. Western Canal 26s@27s; Ohio 29s; Philadelphia and Baltimore 27s@29s. Wheat—prime steady, but other description fully 2s@3s lower. Red 6s3d@7s3d. White 6s9d@8s.—Corn rather lower and dull. Mixed and yellow 36s; white 40s@42s.

Pork market dull. Lard dull and low, but prices entirely nominal.

Arrival of the Fulton.

THE New York and Havre Line steamer Fulton, Capt. Walton, passed Cape Race on the evening of the 27th ult. She left Havre on the 17th ult., and Southampton on the 18th. She has 71 passengers and $220,000 in specie, and a very large and valuable cargo of French merchandize. The Fulton's dates are four days later than those brought by the Vanderbilt.

The financial advices brought by the Fulton, although not so exciting as those by the Vanderbilt, are nevertheless of absorbing interest.

The good effects of the suspension of the bank charter were still showing themselves everywhere throughout Great Britain. The money market was firmer than at last advices, and the demand for discounts at the Bank of England less pressing.—Consols had also advanced, the closing quotations on the evening of the 17th being 89¼a⅝ for money, and 95 for account.

The Wolverhampton and Staffordshire Bank had stopped payment, and great excitement existed at Wolverhampton in consequence. Their liabilities are estimated at nearly half a million pounds sterling.

Notwithstanding the improvement in the English money market, there had been several heavy failures in various branches of business in Great Britain. Several are also reported in France.

The Bank of France, as was anticipated at the last advices, had announced its determination to immediately extend its issues.

The rates of interest at Hamburg had receded, the last quotations being 9⅛.

LIVERPOOL MARKET.—Wheat and flour meet with slow retail sales, at a decline on the week of 4d@6d for wheat, and 1s6d@2s on flour. There is but little doing in Indian corn, and quotations are nominal.

London Market.—There was a heavy decline in grain in Mark Lane yesterday, causing a panic in the trade. Wheat is 2s@3s cheaper, on the better quanities—inferior is totally unsaleable.

Arrival of the Northern Light.

THE U. S. Mail Steamship Northern Light from Aspinwall, with California mails of Nov. 25, and nearly $1,750,000 in specie and freight, arrived at New York on the 29th ult.

The news from California is uninteresting.

An immense mass meeting of the citizens of San Francisco was held on the 1st, to give expression of the sense of the public on the loss of the Central America.

The California papers do not seem to think the financial crisis would reach their State.

The news from the plains relative to the late massacres is very important, and strongly implicates the Mormons.

Brigham Young had declared the independence of Utah, and that henceforth Utah claimed no allegiance or obedience to any laws but their own enactment.

A project was on foot in California to create a new Territory out of the great basin between the Goose Creek Mountains on the east, and the Sierra Nevada on the west, and between Oregon and Utah on the north, and the Colorado river on the south.

A card has been published in the San Francisco papers stating that trade would be resumed on the Nicaragua route, and that on the arrival of the mail on the 30th of October, the sailing day would be announced.

The advices from Central America are important. Under the present circumstances, war had been officially declared between Nicaragua and Costa Rica. President Martine, of the former Republic, was preparing to place himself at the head of the army. His proclamation announces the determination to maintain the right of the Republic to the territory claimed by and now in possession of Costa Rica. Col. Cauly had possession of the river and lake steamers. No important operations have as yet been undertaken by either party.

ARRIVAL OF GOV. WALKER AT WASHINGTON.—Gov. Walker arrived at Washington from Kansas, on the 25th ult. The correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, says Secretary Stanton will be acting Governor until the 31st of December, when the executive power will be turned over to President Calhoun, under the schedule of the Constitutional Convention.

Provincial Items.

THE Governor-General, on the 28th ult., issued a proclamation dissolving the present Parliament.—The election writs are returnable on the 13th day of January next. The prospects are good for a lively time in politics during the winter.

IN our last issue we gave the intelligence of the resignation of the Canadian Ministry. The new Board was formed and sworn in on the 27th ult.—It is made up as follows:—Hon. John A. McDonald, Premier; W. Caylay, Inspector General; Robt. Spence, P. M. General; G. W. Carter, Att'y General of Lower Canada; J. C. Morrison, Receiver General; P. M. Van Koughnet, President Council; T. J. J. Loranger, Provincial Secretary; N. F. Belleau, Sec'y Council; Charles Alleyn, Public Works; S. V. Sicotte, Crown Lands.

THE Bank of Upper Canada is described as follows:—October returns, bills in circulation, $2,879,207; deposits, $2,401,804—total, $5,281,011. Specie $276,050—say one dollar in cash for every nineteen dollars of deposits and circulation. This bank has increased its circulation since September, $16,121, and parted with $95,000 of its gold.

FROM MEXICO.—The steamship Tennessee arrived at New Orleans on the 24th ult., from Vera Cruz, with dates to the 21st, and from the City of Mexico to the 19th. The country was in a most distracted condition, and another general revolution was impending. Resolutions were pending between the Revolutionists and Gen. Santa Anna whom, undoubtedly, they intend for President. Of the passengers on the Tennessee, there are twenty-three political exiles, and among these are ex-President Silas Jose Washington, Col. Romero, and William Moran, editor of the *Extraordinaire*, who was imprisoned for publications against the Governor of Zacatecas. Commonfort's fall was considered certain, and it was thought doubtful whether his life would be spared if he remained in the country.

THE DELEGATES FROM THE TERRITORIES.—Gen. Lane, Maj. Stevens, Lieut. Mowry, and Mr. Bernhisel, delegates in Congress from Utah, Arizona, Washington and Oregon have arrived at the seat of government. The delegates from Minnesota and Dacotah were expected last week. Arizona has not been erected into a Territory as yet, but in the next Congress a strong effort will be made to extend over the Gadsden purchase, which it embraces, a separate territorial organization. Dacotah (the Indian name for the Sionx) is the part of Minnesota Territory to the north of the Red River of the North, and has been provided for already by the law for calling a Convention, with a view to the admission into the Union of Minnesota, south of that river, as a State.

UNITED STATES MINT.—The statement of the business of the Philadelphia Mint for the month of October, shows the amount of gold bullion deposited to be $6,157,046, and of silver $685,510. Old cents deposited in exchange for new, $846.—Making the total of deposits for the month, $3,844,410. The gold coinage during the same time was $2,562,140, nearly the whole of which was double eagles. The silver coinage amounted to $805,350, mostly in quarter and half dollars. There were coined during the month $15,000 of new cents.—The total value of the coinage of the month is $3,183,090, covering 5,472,082 pieces, of which 2,400,900 were in quarter dollars, and 1,560,000 in cents.

IMPORTANT GOVERNMENT ORDER.—The Washington Star says the Setretary of the Interior has issued orders for the immediate opening to settlement of the Government lands embraced within what has, up to this time, been known as the Shawnee reservation in Kansas, west of the thirty mile line. Thus, one million of acres, at least, of the finest lands in all the great west, will be immediately subjected to pre-emption under this order.—They are situated, for the most part, in the Pawnee district, (Land office at Lecompton.)

ANOTHER REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER GONE.—Mr. Zachariah Albaugh, among the last of the men of the Revolution, died at Newton, Licking Co., Ohio, on the 8th inst., at the partriarchal age of one hundred and nine years! He was born in Maryland, in 1748, entered the war of the revolution at its commencement, and remained in the army until its close. He was in the battle of Germantown, frequently saw Washington, and on one occasion, as sentinel, guarded his tent. Mr. A. removed to Ohio in 1847.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, Dec. 1, 1857.

ALL departments of trade are devoid of animation, and our table of quotations exhibits but slight variation, while whatever changes are made show a decline. Business of every description is exceedingly dull, and produce buyers are infected with more than their usual amount of the soporific tendencies of the times.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES,

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Honey, box,	00@16c
Flour, bbl	$4,75@6,50	Candles, box,	12½@13c
Wheat, Gen	$1,10@1,15	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada,	$1,10@1,15	Apples, bushel,	38@50c
Corn,	0@70c	Do. dried,	$1,00@1,25
Oats,	34c	Potatoes,	38@50c
Barley,	56@63c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat,	31@34c	Slaughter,	3@4½c
Beans,	$1,00@1,25	Calf,	00@10c
Peas,	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts,	00@50c
MEATS.		Lamb do.	00@00c
Pork, Mess	$00,00@20,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$5,50@6,00	Clover, bushel,	$6,50@7,00
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@5,50	Timothy,	$3,00@3,75
Spring Lambs each,	$1,50@2,25	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,00	Wood, hard,	$4,50@5,50
Hams, smoked	12½c	Do. soft,	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders,	10½c	Coal, Lehigh,	$7,00@7,50
Chickens,	5@6c	Do. Scranton,	$6,00@6,50
Turkeys,	6@7c	Do. Blossburg,	$5,00@5,50
Geese,	33@44c	Do. Shamokin,	$6,25@6,75
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll,	00@17c	Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,45
Do. firkin,	14@15c	Hay, ton,	$7@12
Cheese,	7@8c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried,	11c	White fish, bbl	$9,50
Tallow,	9@9½c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$4,00@4,75
Eggs, dozen,	12½@16c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—Flour—The market for flour declined 10c. Sales made at $4,80@4,90 for super State; $5@5,15 for extra do; $4,80@4,90 for super Western; $5@5,50 for common to medium extra do; market closing dull. Canadian; sales at $4,85@4,90 for super; $5,25@5,40 for choice family extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market 2@3c lower. Sales at 112⅛c for red winter Illinois; 115c red Southern Indiana; Chicago spring 94@95c; Milwaukee club 101@103c. Rye steady; sales 79@80 delivered. Corn scarce; sales mixed Western at 90c delivered.—Oats dull and lower; 48@50c for State; 50@52c for Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork lower. Sales at $18@18,50 for mess, $16@16,75 for prime. Lard 10½@11c. Butter 12@17c for Ohio; 15@21c for State. Cheese dull at 6@8½c.

ALBANY, Nov 30.—Flour and Meal—The demand for flour is mainly confined to the wants of the home trade. The orders in market for the East and the supply of the river towns is quite limited. Corn Meal is held firmly at $1,62@1,75.

GRAIN—In Wheat nothing was done and the only offering were cargoes on the Central to arrive. Corn is held firmly at a further advance, with sales Western mixed, in lots, at 88@89c. Barley met with a fair demand this morning, in part for shipment South, at very full prices; sales, including inferior four-rowed, at 74c; fair do. at 78c; prime do at 84c, and Canada West in two lots, at 85c. Oats are quiet, but State are held firmly at 47c.

FEED—Sales Middlings at 106½@100 lbs

HOGS—The sales of dressed hogs have been limited at 6½@7.

BUFFALO, Nov. 30.—Flour—There is only a moderate demand, and we note sales this morning superfine Ohio at $4,75, extra white wheat Michigan at $5,25, and double extra do. in lots, at $5,87½@6.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet and dull. Chicago spring offered at 78c; some parcels held out of market; sales Milwaukee club at 80c. Corn; only a retail trade at 80c from store. Oats are dull. The supply from the country is equal to the local demand. Small sales from store at 36c. Rye nominal at 65c as an outside quotation.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Beeves—First quality, 10½@11½c; Ordinary, 10@10½c.; Common, 9½@10c.; Inferior, 8@9c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $60@70; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6½@7½c.; Other qualities, 4½@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $4,00@5,50; Other qualities, $3@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 5¾@6½c.; Other qualities, 5@5½c.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov 24—At market 782 Cattle, 500 Beeves, and 82 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,00@7,25; First quality, $6,00@6,50; Second quality, $5,00@5,75; Third quality, $0,00@5,25; Ordinary, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 150@200.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 00@69.

YEARLINGS—$11@13. Two years old—$17@20. Three years old—$25@30

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1092 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,00, $2,00, 2,50 each. Extra and selections, $3,00@3,12.

SWINE—Few at market. Prices — Live weight, 5c. ℔ lb.—Dressed, 7@7½c

HIDES—5c. ℔ lb. Tallow—6c.

PELTS—62@67c each. Calf Skins—9@10c. ℔ lb.

BRIGHTON, Nov. 25.—At market 600 Beef Cattle, 120 Stores, 6 pair Working Oxen, 50 Cows and Calves, 1,000 Sheep and Lambs, 1,300 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $8,00@8,50; First quality, $7,50; Second, $6,75; Third, $6,50; Ordinary, $5,50.

YEARLINGS—$11@13. Two years old—$17@20. Three years old—$25@30.

WORKING OXEN—None.

COWS AND CALVES—$21, 28@37.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00, 4,00@6,00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $2,50@3,25 By lot, $1,25, 1,50@2,00.

SWINE—Pigs 6c. Retail, 7@9c. Fat hogs, still-fed, 5@5½c.; corn fed, 6½c.

HIDES—5c. ℔ lb. Tallow—5c. ℔ lb

PELTS—62@67c. Calf Skins—9@10c. ℔ lb.

CHICAGO HOG MARKET.—The Chicago *Democrat* of the 28th ult, says:—"Receipts have been large this week, and the market firm; but at the close is duller. 1,000 head were offered today at $4 gross, 500 of them deliverable to-morrow and 500 the next day, they probably cost the owner $5,50 net; 52 h ad sold to-day at $4,15, and 50 at $4; the former averaged 220 lbs gross. The number packed thus far by a half dozen of our principal houses is about 16,000 head. But few dressed hogs are received. Receipts by rail for the week 13,427; to-day the receipts were 2,429."

LOUISVILLE HOG MARKET.—The Louisville *Journal* of the 26th ult. has the following:—"Messrs Hall, Hunt & Co. killed their first lot of hogs yesterday. They numbered a few hundred only. The total killed around the falls up to this time is 5,000 and at Cincinnati 20,000. The killing in numbers is fully 75 per cent. behind any former year, and the season will doubtless be greatly prolonged. As to prices, the few hogs that have come in had been previously contracted for; $5 cash for net weight could be obtained. In the country, buyers and sellers are at variance and very few transactions are taking place. We hear of two sales in Madison—one lot of 350 head at $4 gross, 12 months without interest, and the other of 137 head at $4 gross, 12 months with interest from the 1st of February. Also, 5,000 head, very heavy, in a town near the Illinois river, at $4 net."

CINCINNATI HOG MARKET.—The market for hogs has assumed a more settled state; the demand is moderate and it is met pretty freely by holders. The sales during the week do not exceed 5,000 head, closing at $5,50@5,60 net for those averaging 200 lbs. and upwards. Drovers are holding back, not being satisfied with present prices, are hoping to obtain higher rates a few weeks hence.

WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—The market continues in the same languid position, although there has been a little more doing in native Fleece and Pulled Wool; the few sales which have been effected, however, were forced transactions partly for cash or good negotiable paper, and are no criterion at all of the markets. Most of the woolen mills of the country are still lying idle, for the good reason that the goods market is characterized by extreme dullness, and consequently none of the commission men are willing to make advances to the manufacturers. The producers, therefore, are crippled, for factors cannot sell their fabrics at present, and consequently are unable to make advances. So long as matters continue in this way, so long will we be obliged to report a dull market for Wool. The majority of holders have withdrawn their stock from the market till next Spring, when, in all probability, they will be better able to judge whom to trust. Certain it is, however, that Spring trades will rule far below those current early in August. We notice sales of some 5,000 lbs medium fine Fleeces at 37½c four months; 5,000 lbs do, at 35c, six months; 5,000 lbs good Pulled at 35c, cash, and a lot of Illinois mixed at 30c. cash. In Foreign, nothing has transpired. Prices for all kinds are entirely nominal.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, Nov 25.—There is more inquiry for Domestic Fleece and Pulled, but no transactions of importance. Some 10,000 lbs Pulled have been sold on terms we did not learn. In Foreign we hear of no movements. Prices of all kinds are nominal:

Saxony fleeces	52@55	Smyrna washed,	23@30
Am. full blood,	45@50	Do. unwashed,	12@21
¾ and ⅝ blood,	37@45	Buenos Ayres,	12@50
Com. to ½ blood,	30@35	Mexican,	17@19
Pulled, extra,	43@45	Chili, Valparaiso,	15@40
" super,	30@43	Syria washed,	25@27
" No. 1,	29@35	Do. unwashed,	14@16
" No. 2,	18@25	Peruv. washed,	35@39

MARRIAGES.

ON Thursday evening Nov. 26th, by Rev. E. F. Crane, B. F HOMER, of Peoria, Wyoming Co., N. Y., and Miss EMMA C. FIRMAN, of Richfield, Otsego Co, N. Y.

AT Groton, N. Y., Nov. 26th, by Rev. Mr. Pomeroy, Mr ZERAH FULLER and Miss LUCINDA CHAPMAN, all of Groton.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

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Wyoming, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1857. [412w3] M. WEED.

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THE LECTURE COMMITTEE of the ROCHESTER ATHENÆUM and MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION take pleasure in announcing that they have made arrangements for a course of Seventeen Lectures to be delivered in Corinthian Hall, during the Fall and Winter.
The following eminent talent will appear in the order herein named. Other Lecturers, among whom are Geo. D. Prentice, of Louisville, and Rev. W. H. Milburn, of N. Y., have accepted, but have not yet fixed their time.

Rev. E. H. Chapin, New York,	Nov. 18
Rev. A. L. Stone, Boston,	Nov. 24 & 26
Geo. W. Curtis, Esq., New York.	Dec. 3
Rev. T. Starr King, Boston,	Dec. 10
Rev J. Richardson, Rochester,	Dec. 17
Prof. E. L. Youmans, New York,	Dec. 22
" " "	Dec. 24
M. M. Marble, Esq., Boston,	January 7
Hon. J. R. Chandler, Philadelphia,	Jan. 14
Wendell Phillips, Esq., Boston	Jan. 21
A. A. Willetts, Philadelphia,	Feb. 25

Tickets for the course admitting one,.....$1 50
" " " " two,..... 2 50
" " " " three,..... 3 00
Tickets for single admission,.....25 cents.
☞ Course tickets can be procured of the Directors, of D. M. Dewey, at the Library Rooms, and of the President at the office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.
By order of the Committee.
Oct. 20, 1857. W. V. K. LANSING, *Chairman.*

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Grateful for the past, I intend to deserve future favors. Patrons are respectfully requested to give notice of their intended visit. [403y1] C. A. STETSON.

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PREMIUM LIST OF
THE RURAL FOR 1857-8.
THE Agents and other ardent and working friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER—and all disposed to become such—are referred to the annexed very extraordinary Programme of Premiums for the RURAL CANVASS of 1857-8. Examine it carefully and then decide as to its MERITS.—The Premiums are WORTH CONTENDING FOR, without any other argument than is comprised in their enumeration.—Indeed, we are confident that it is altogether *the Best and most Liberal List of Prizes ever offered by an American Publisher!* It gives EVERY ONE who obtains even a small club some SUBSTANTIAL REWARD for his efforts, and each and all who make exertions in the good cause will be renumerated in proportion to the attention and influence bestowed. First, please read the
CHRISTMAS PRIZES—ALL CASH!
(*Open to Competitors for the April Premiums.*)
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to RURAL NEW-YORKER obtained in any one Township, and sent in or remitted according to our Terms, on or before the 26th day of December, 1857.
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next TWENTY lists.
☞ Those competing for the Christmas Prizes will please note that their lists will also be counted for the Grand April Premiums. The Prizes will be announced and paid as soon after Dec. 26 as the result can be ascertained.

GRAND APRIL PREMIUMS!
$310 00.—To the Person obtaining the Largest Number of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER in any one county, and paying therefor according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1858, we will give a Superb **PIANO FORTE**, WITH CORRUGATED SOUNDING BOARD, of the celebrated manufacture of BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO., Albany, the CASH PRICE of which is THREE HUNDRED AND TEN DOLLARS.
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$40 00.—For the next list, FORTY DOLLARS IN CASH.
$30 00.—For the next list, THIRTY DOLLARS, CASH.
$20 00.—For the next list, TWENTY DOLLARS, CASH
$100.—For EACH of the next TEN LISTS, TEN DOLLARS, CASH.

SPLENDID CASH PREMIUMS
FOR LISTS FROM OTHER STATES AND CANADA!
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, obtained out of the State of New York, and by a resident of the State, Territory or Province from which it is forwarded,—sent in or remitted according to our terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1858.
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE LISTS.
☞ Competitors for these Premiums *can also compete for both the Grand April and Christmas Premiums!*—Thus *one person* may secure *three prizes*, and if the first in each class, obtain premiums amounting to *over Five Hundred

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHILDHOOD.

BY LIDA JENISON.

In life's river there's a channel,
Where the waters smoothly flow,
And the pearly waves do glisten,
As they murmur soft and low:
Precious treasures dwell within it—
Cradled on the sparkling sand,
Fairy barks float on its bosom,
Filled with music soft and bland.

Low the willow droops its branches,
Screens it from the sun's bright ray,
Drops its leaves within its bosom,
While sweet flowers grow round its way;
Gay birds in its waving branches,
Sing their winsome songs of Spring,
When the golden sun is setting,
Marks a limner's lovely scene.

It is childhood's happy moments,
When no cares disturb our mind—
But our golden dreams are floating,
In a fair and brilliant line:
When our noblest thoughts lie hidden
In our soul's deep recess bound,
And we think our homes like Heaven,
Where our purest joys are found,

When fond parent's arms encircling,
Shield us from the world's rude blast,
Sow the seeds of Truth and Virtue,
Gems which evermore will last:
Then we take Faith, Hope and Virtue,
Guides to weary pilgrims here,
Sail our barks by God's direction,
Moor them safe in heavenly spheres.

Little Genesee, N. Y., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

AUNT FANNY'S STORY.

BY M. C. GRANNISS.

"If he ask bread, will ye give him a stone?"

"Depend upon it," said Aunt Fanny, with an emphatic tone, as she rested her knitting work on her lap, and ran her spare needle gently back and forth through her hair, "there's more religion in a batch of bread, than the world knows of! Now here you are, Maggie, another six months, (God willing) and you will be Mrs. Walter Linn, and yet you have never made a loaf of domestic bread!"

"But aunty," said the fair-haired girl, looking up from her sewing, "there's no need of my doing that, I am sure; you know I shall always keep help, and any one that I shall hire, will understand how to make bread, I hope."

"Perhaps so," replied Aunt Fanny, "but I can tell you, it's not always the case, and even if it should be, every woman ought to know how to make good light bread, before she is married; it's their duty—yes, their Christian duty, to do it." And Aunt Fanny resumed her knitting, and plied her needles most vigorously, while she continued:—"I know you have improved your knowledge of cookery this winter, but you are not perfect in this department, even though you can make rich pastry-cake, puddings, and even soda biscuit.—The art of bread-making is, after all, the most important, for no table, though it may be loaded with luxuries from the four quarters of the globe, if this 'staff of life' be wanting, is properly furnished."

Maggie drew her chair nearer Aunt Fanny, while this best of matron's tongues kept pace with her knitting needles.

"I know you think it's a small matter, but you are mistaken, and I must try to set you right.—Now, Maggie, there's 'Squire Fairbanks, and all the young Fairbanks, that look so bilious and dyspeptic; their health is actually crucified, day by day, from eating such abominable bread. I knew John Fairbanks years ago, and a more healthly looking man was never seen, but he hadn't been married two years when every one noticed the change in his appearance. His wife never did make bread fit to eat, and it was hot cakes and a baker's loaf, or still worse, her own leaden dough, until he became the cadaverous-looking man you now see; but bad as it is, the consequences are not entirely confined to physical ills, they reach still further and affect the brain, for who ever knew a person to think clearly or reason candidly upon any subject when suffering the horrors of confirmed dyspepsia? And I firmly believe that the decision the 'Squire rendered in Roger Smyth's case, unjust as it was, should be attributed to bad bread rather than to a bad heart. But I know some folks who think it's impossible always to have good bread, that 'bad luck' will happen sometimes; as though luck had anything to do with it. Why it always irritates me to hear people talk in this way, for there's no more need of a failure in preparing this simplest form of food, than of any other certainty in the world. Only learn how to make it once, and then keep your eyes open and your mind upon it, and with good materials to use, you may defy the whole regiment of cooks to beat you in this department, at least. But from those kind of housekeepers that wont learn nor stay learnt, I say devoutly 'Good Lord, deliver us!' for though they may be excellent people in their way, no person could remain free from dyspepsia while under their care."

"But, aunty," said Maggie, "you don't pretend to say that bad bread is the cause of all the dyspepsia in the world, do you?"

"Perhaps not," she replied, "but there's more evil growing out of it than most people ever dream of. Oh, Maggie," continued she, while a mournful shadow stole over her usually placid face, "I have seen the young and beautiful sink away from my sight, stricken out from a life of usefulness, a sun setting at noon day; and all, all," she added, in a choking voice, "for this one evil."

A strong emotion shook her frame as she leaned forward and bowed her head upon the table.—Maggie threw her arms around her, and said, in tones of gentle sympathy, "Oh, aunty! what ails you? I am so grieved to see you feel so badly!" Making a desperate effort at self-control, she raised her head, and said in a soft, sad voice, "Don't be distressed, my dear! I feel better now; it is not often that I allow myself to be so overcome. Come to my room to-night before going to bed, and I will explain to you the cause of my present weakness."

So saying, the good lady folded up her knitting, and went into the kitchen to superintend some culinary matters preparatory to getting tea, while the fair-haired Maggie sat silent and thoughtful, putting the last stitches into a fine shirt, which she was finishing for her father.

* * * * * *

When the house was locked for the night, and all was quiet within, Maggie stole into Aunt Fanny's room, where she found the worthy matron reading that best of all books. Silently Maggie seated herself by the blazing grate, and drawing her dressing-gown more closely around her form, she leaned forward gazing into the fire; her thoughts reverting to the unusual scene of the evening, and wondering in her heart what trial Aunt Fanny could have endured to make her lose, even for a moment, her usually wonderful self-control.

Presently Aunt Fanny closed the volume, and taking off her spectacles, looked at her visitor, with one of her benevolent smiles, and said—"Ah! true to my appointment." And rising, she took from a drawer at hand, a small rose-wood box of antique workmanship, curiously inlaid with satin-wood and mother-of-pearl. Sitting down, she placed it on her lap, and looking steadily into the fire, began in a low tone.

"Now, Maggie, I will tell you one of the most trying experiments of my history, and one which more than anything else has lent a coloring to my whole after years.

Albert Harley was the companion of my earliest years, the playfellow of my childhood, the champion of my school-days, and my betrothed in maturer years. How fondly we loved each other, and how closely our hearts were knit together in their sympathies, I need not tell. Ours was an affection that had existed almost from the cradle, that had grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. But the time came when he was to leave home, having passed through college, with fair honors. He availed himself of an excellent offer made by an old friend of his father, and was to commence the study of law, a profession for which his talents and education had alike fitted him. 'Twas a sorrowful hour when he bade me farewell, but we were both young and hopeful, and though three months looked like a weary while ere we should meet again, we comforted each other that it would not be so very long, and that we should write often, which would seem 'next to a visit.' Ah! those happy seasons! They came so refreshingly to us all, and were enjoyed by our parents as well as ourselves. And each return showed that absence, so far from diminishing our attachment, rather increased it. But it was not long before I noticed a change in Albert's countenance. He was losing his once rosy cheeks, and looked thinner than when he first left home; and in answer to our anxious inquiries respecting his health, he would declare himself well, and laugh at what he called our imagined illness.

Time passed on. But with it, the health of Albert seriously declined; and one day while on a visit home, he was taken suddenly ill, as he came into the house after returning from a walk. Alarmed, I was about calling help, when, somewhat recovered, he begged me not to mention his attack to any one, that it was nothing serious. But I learned afterwards that he had been subject to such turns; and that evening, while seated at the table, he said—'I wish, Mrs. Cushman, that all the ladies knew how to make as good bread as yourself and mother. Mrs. Gray never has good bread, and I have no doubt but that is the cause of my being troubled with dyspepsia.'

'But why board there?' said we both in a breath.

'Because,' said he, 'Mrs. Gray is an excellent motherly woman, and tries to make her home pleasant for me, and it would grieve the Judge if I should even propose going into any other family; and I have thought the time would be so short now, that I had better not make a change until,' he added playfully, 'Fanny and I go into partnership, and set up housekeeping for ourselves, and then I expect you will make such nice bread that I shall never be sick from eating it.'

'We shall see,' said I, gaily, 'I am taking lessons now, and don't mean to have you a sufferer from bad cooking, if I can help it; but I think you had better change your present boarding-place, for health is surely of more consequence than profession, for without it, no profession can be successfully pursued.'

But Albert preferred remaining at Mrs. Gray's. The time was 'so short'! alas! all too short it proved. We were soon to be married, already had our parents decided upon purchasing a neat little cottage just out of the city, and Albert was to become a partner in a law office near our own homes. But three months before his studies were finished, he grew so much worse, that his physician ordered his return home and entire freedom from study for at least a month to come. His disease was pronounced an aggravated case of dyspepsia, and so violent were its symptoms, that for days he could keep no kind of food upon his stomach; and at last, notwithstanding all our kind nursing, and the skill of the old physician who had known him from childhood, in three months from his return he died in my arms."

Aunt Fanny's voice sank almost to a whisper as she concluded, while the tear-drops fell fast upon her clasped hands.

"Oh! Maggie, I was young then, but old enough to know that his life had fallen a sacrifice, and bitter and murmuring was my spirit, that for a long time could not say 'Thy will be done.'"

"But, aunty," said Maggie, while her eyes glistened with the dew of sympathy, "perhaps it wasn't the bread or food of any kind that caused his death; change of air, or confinement and study, might have operated upon his system and destroyed his health."

"Ah! my child, I just as much believe Mrs. Gray's heavy bread was the cause of his death, as I believe in my own existence, for he studied as hard while in college, and yet, boarding then at home, his health was excellent, though his habits were quite as sedentary as while in Mr. Gray's office. But as I said, I took my loss too bitterly.—I murmured at the goodness of God, and not until many months had passed by, did I feel that whatever causes may operate in the removal of our loved ones, God overrules all for good both in heaven and earth. I was thoughtless and selfish then, but my Albert's peaceful death—his dying words whispered in my ear—his last look of unutterable affection, are with me still, and I trust have exerted a hallowing influence over my life, which I vowed then should be dedicated to the good of others; while through these long years that have passed with their discipline of sorrows, I have still been blest with the abiding affection of my own noble Albert. I have ever felt that his love is still the same, and not in vain the sorrow and disappointment which it brought to my heart. I have since been striving to be worthy an angel's love, of my own, my ascended Albert's."

Unlocking the box, she took from it a small miniature set in gold, while Maggie, silent and tearful, gazed with her upon the youthful face there impressed. Long and earnestly did they look upon that picture; the one, with silvered hair looking back through the vista of two-score year, a girl again, still seeing the one beloved object of her heart's affections, still listening to the soft tones whispered in her ears from the shores of long ago;—and the other admiring the noble face before her, her heart overflowing with gentle sympathy, a holier love now springing there for that dear aunty, who had ever been to her the impersonation of all that was good and true in woman, but who was now invested with a higher beauty by a knowledge of this great grief so meekly borne, from whose painful discipline such noble strength, such blessed trust and peace had been born.

At length she whispered—"Is it natural, aunty?"

"Yes, dear!" replied Aunt Fanny softly, "nothing could be more so; the same broad forehead, with its clustering locks, the same loving eye, and even the rosy cheeks were there, when forty years ago he placed the picture in my hand. I never lie down at night without looking at it," said she, as she replaced it with the letters and keepsakes in the box again.

"But, Maggie, don't let my story sadden your young heart," continued she, a holy calm irradiating her brow, "for I feel, darling, that it's all right; it is plain to me now, that which at first was so dark and mysterious. Albert's death has doubtless accomplished more for my real good, than his life could have done; it has brought heaven very near to my soul, and given me a realizing faith in its holy mysteries. I trust it has made me less selfish, more patient, perhaps, in bearing the crosses of this lower life, while I look forward to the time not far distant, at the longest, when I shall meet him where the shadow of sorrow and death may never come between our souls. And yet, Maggie, life is not sad to me. No! this is a blessed world, Maggie, and its joys, if rightly appreciated, are more than its sorrows; even my life, though its morning was clouded, has taught me this. And now, my dear, as you are to marry a minister, a profession so fraught with good or ill to the world, learn from my Albert's early death, a lesson which shall profit your after life; and among the many duties devolving upon you, remember that not the least is that of furnishing your table always with light, palatable bread. Without it, Walter can never retain that health and elasticity of mind so necessary to one of his calling, and small as the matter may first appear, when viewed in its effects upon health, it becomes a duty of no minor importance. Now you know to-morrow is baking day, and if you have a mind, you can try your skill in making a batch of bread. Betty or I will show you how to do it, and when your father and mother come home, just surprise them with a proof of your skill in this line of cookery."

More tenderly than usual did Maggie embrace Aunt Fanny that night, as she promised to take her advice; and the soft "God bless you!" uttered in her ear, floated around her pillow as she laid her head to rest.

The next day her trial was crowned with complete success. Four snowy loaves, and an ample pan of biscuit, baked to perfection, gave proof of her care and perseverance; and at night, when Mr. and Mrs. Lester, returned from their journey, were taking tea, their remarks upon the "uncommonly good bread," were listened to with evident satisfaction, both by Aunt Fanny and the happy Maggie.

Aunt Fanny gave her neice one of her old, sweet smiles, and said—"Yes, Lucy, Maggie will do now, I think, for a minister's wife, for if Walter asks bread, I don't believe she will 'give him a stone.'"—*Ladies' Repository.*

"That Will Do."—"That will do," makes your sloven and your slattern. A man who adopts this motto with regard to dress does not mind being seen with a dirty shirt, and a beard of two days' growth; while the same fatal device allows a woman to go about the house with curl papers and slip-shod. "That will do," applied to household matters, is equally bad, and more annoying to friends than when applied to dress. You may expect ill cooked dinners in any house where the heads adopt this maxim, to say nothing of shabby carpets, want of paint, dirty muslin curtains, &c. "That will do," has sunk many a ship; caused the downfall of scaffolding holding hundreds of human beings; occasions at least half the fires that take place; and is the cause of most railway disasters.

Occupation.—The want of proper occupation is the cause of more than half of the petty frets of life. And right occupation will be a medicine for half the minor ills of life. A man without any proper aim in life, without moral inspiration, too rich to be industrious, and a prey to the thousand frets of unoccupied leisure, sometimes sets himself to pray against his troubles. Now a man might as well pray against the particles of sand in Sahara, as a lazy man to pray against petty troubles. Therefore it happens, sometimes, that bankruptcy brings a man what all his wealth failed to give—happiness; for he has *real troubles*, and trouble is a good medicine for trouble. There is a moral counter-irritation.—*H. Ward Beecher.*

Wise men mingle innocent mirth with their cares, as a hope either to forget or overcome them; but to resort to intoxication for the case of one's mind, is to cure melancholy with madness.

Wit and Humor.

PROFESSIONAL ADVICE.

A jockey having once consulted Harrison Gray Otis in a horse case, the latter sent him a bill of twenty dollars for advice. The client expostulated, but Mr. Otis explained to him so fully and so blandly the reason of such a charge—how he had spent years and years in study, and thousands on thousands fitting himself to advise in such matters, that the jockey was obliged to capitulate and pay the bill. Not long afterwards, Mr. Otis was standing in the street examining a horse that he thought of purchasing, and seeing his client passing, called him up and asked him what he tho't of the animal. The jockey set his hat aslant, examined him on all sides, pronounced his opinion of him dogmatically, and then held out his hand for a fee. It was Mr. Otis' turn now to expostulate, but it was all in vain; our jockey recounted to him at what cost of time and money he had fitted himself for judging horse flesh, and ended by saying:—"Come, come, Mr. Otis, professional bills must be paid; my charge is only twenty dollars." Mr. Otis appreciated the joke and paid the bill.

"My dear Colonel, I perceived you slept during sermon time, last Sunday; it is a very bad habit," said a worthy divine to one of his parishioners.—"Ah, Doctor, I could not possibly keep awake, I was so drowsy." "Would it not be well, Colonel, to take a little *snuff*, to keep you awake?" "Doctor," was the reply, "would it not be well to put a little *snuff in the sermon?*"

A Capital Hit.—A married lady who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be suddenly taken ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance, but soon returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

A Hot Steak or a Cold Chop.—Would you rather die by the guillotine, or be roasted to death? By the latter process; because a hot stake (steak) is better than a cold chop.

Scientific Farmer.—The Albany Knickerbocker says that there is a man in Greenbush who believes in rotation of crops. One year he raises nothing, the next year weeds.

It is folly to think that you can make pork out of pig-iron, or that you can become a shoemaker by drinking sherry cobblers.

The oldest mnemonic curiosity is that of a woman who never knows her own age, but knows to half an hour that of her female friends!

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty-five letters.
My 2, 33, 5, 26, 35 is a boy's name.
My 11, 2, 27, 8, 23, 10, 15, 34, 3 is a girl's name.
My 9, 29, 29, 7, 31, 2, 33, 26 was a great-grandson of Abraham.
My 29, 27, 19, 18, 30, 14 was a King of Assyria.
My 5, 17, 29, 1, 13, 8, 24, 20, 12, 14 is a kind of flower.
My 21, 2, 3, 19, 26, 16 is a kind of fruit.
My 4 is an interjection.
My 6, 8, 35 is a verb.
My 3, 14, 5, 22, 32 is a feeling of disappointment or loneliness.
My 5, 7, 15, 25, 19, 7, 28 is an adjective.
My whole is the name of a Society in New York State. M. Gillet.

Skaneateles, Oct. 12, 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

To be my first we should avoid,
For 'tis a passion that oft destroy'd
Our reason's powers, and made us blind,
To all that's noble in mankind.

And if my second you would find,
Now you will please to bear in mind,
To take from it one particle,
You would destroy an article.

When day has faded into night,
My third is often used to light:
The darkened gloom, and make our way,
As clear and sure, as the dawning day.

In my last, Mars, the God of War,
Came forth to battle from afar,
In triumph from the din and jar,
It also bore the conqueror.

Off Afric's fair and sunny shore,
My whole was found in days of yore,
And yet 'tis there, and long shall be;
This grand old Island in the sea.

Schuyler, N. Y., 1857. Myrta M——.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Suppose 3 foxes, sleeping together, be started by a blood-hound—also suppose the hound to be just 20 rods east of the foxes when he starts them, and that the first fox runs due south, the second due west, and the third due north, how far must the said hound run to take each of the foxes, supposing that he runs across, taking the fox which ran south first, then the one which ran west, and then by the one which ran north, allowing the hound to run 3 rods to 2 of the fox?

Bennetisburg, N. Y., 1857. H. D. Donnelly.

☞ Answer next week.

Answers to Enigmas, &c., in No. 411.

Answer to Botanical Enigma:—Bachelor's Button.

Answer to Charade:—Sara-toga.

Answer to Algebraical Problem:—A's distance 200 miles; B's distance 44 miles: C's distance 52 miles. Total distance 296 miles.

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Every *farmer* should give his sons two or three square rods of ground, well prepared, with the avails of which they may buy it. Every *mechanic* should put a receiving box in some conspicuous place in the house, to catch the stray pennies, for the like purpose.
Lay it upon your table by the side of the Bible—it is a better expounder than many which claim to be expounders.
It is a great labor-saver—it has saved us time enough in one year's use to pay for itself; and that must be deemed good property, which will clear itself once a year. If you have any doubt about the precise meaning of the word CLEAR, in the last sentence, look at Webster's thirteen definitions of the word."—*Massachusetts Life Boat.*
FROM N. P. WILLIS:
My Dear Sir:—"Webster's Dictionary" has been my sole authority so long, that to be asked my opinion of it seems like being questioned as to my preference of my own country to any other. He who was the fountain of classic taste when you and I were in College together, Prof. Goodrich, gave it to us as our gospel of philology, and, for the thirty years that have since elapsed, I have grown to believe more and more in both Prof Goodrich and Webster's Dictionary.
It is one of the Washington-sized glories of our country that such a life-work as that Dictionary should have been done among us. It has gathered the broken columns of the other philologic temples of our language, and built them into an American Parthenon. We should nationally be proud of it—as, indeed, there is no denying that we are, I believe—and our colleges, literary institutions, and schools, should, with grateful unanimity, avow their honor for it, adopt and cherish it.
I shall be exceedingly happy to contribute any influence which the "Home Journal" may possess for the furthering of the general authority and interest of your father's immortal work. Believe me, my dear Sir, Yours, very truly,
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Elmira, N. Y., Oct., 1857. 383m6wc

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Rural New-Yorker.

CATTLE AND PRODUCE MARKETS.

OUR system of buying and selling cattle and other products of the farm is poor and antiquated, expensive and troublesome to the buyer, unfair and often almost ruinious to the seller. With the exception of New York, Boston and a few of the principal cities, we have no regular cattle or produce markets. If the farmer wishes to make an addition to his stock for breeding or fattening he makes inquiries among his neighbors, or goes on an exploring expedition, until he finds what suits him, or becomes discouraged in the search, and concludes to get along without it. For the supply of our large markets, speculators or their agents travel all over the country where stock can be bought cheap, call upon the farmers and purchase wherever and whenever they can get a good bargain. The same is true of butter, cheese, eggs, &c, and at certain seasons of the year there are persons in many localities traveling from farm to farm, purchasing wherever they can do so at prices to suit themselves, the spare produce of the dairy.

For the supply of the smaller cities and villages in the interior the farmers in the vicinity usually carry their produce to town and sell to the retailers, but agents or "runners" are often sent out by the dealers, especially when any particular article is scarce, to purchase of the farmers at their homes or to meet them on their way to market and make a purchase before they reach town. But we need not describe the way in which the farmer markets his produce. Our readers are all familiar with this matter. The plan might have been well enough when our country was sparsely settled, and a large territory had to be traveled over to collect a few animals, but of late it has become an intolerable evil. In many cases farmers are sadly imposed upon by being unacquainted with the market value of his stock, &c., while in others the dealer is compelled to pay a fair price. All contracts are made privately so that no reports of sales and prices are furnished to the papers, and the farmer has no opportunity to learn the prevailing rates, and it is next to impossible for him to know whether he is obtaining a fair price for the articles he is disposing of or not. His neighbor five or ten miles off may have sold for much less, or more, and he is none the wiser for the fact. Of one thing, however, he is pretty certain, that the purchaser understands his business, is well "posted," and will buy only on such terms as will afford him a good round profit over all expenses. In the New York and Boston papers we have every week a full report of the prices paid by the butchers to the drovers, for beef, mutton, pork, &c., but who knows what the drovers paid the farmer?—Who takes the pains to inquire? or how could the facts be learned, except from the account books of the drovers? It was only a few days since that a farmer from Sodus informed us that on coming to this city with his load of butter, he met a dealer some three or four miles out of town, and as he offered him some three cents per pound more than he could obtain at home, sold the lot, and found, when he reached the city that he had lost two cents a pound by selling before he reached the market.

The evil of this system, or want of system, is apparent to all our readers, and has been sorely felt by many. We had hoped that our County and Town Agricultural Societies would do something towards inaugurating a different state of things and that sales of stock, &c., would not only be made on the days of the fair, but that it would be found expedient in every county to establish regular *market days*, where stock, produce, &c., could be bought and sold, and prices become known and published.

The English have regular markets on specified days in all parts of the country, for the sale of stock, grain, and almost all other farm produce. In a recent English journal, giving an account of the principal markets, or fairs, as they are called, we counted over one hundred, some of them held only once a year, while others as often as twice a week. Each of these fairs have some special features which are known by all farmers and dealers. Some of the fairs are almost entirely devoted to certain kinds of stock; for instance, the Weyhill fair, in Hampshire, is the most celebrated for sheep of the English markets, particularly for "Cotswold" and "Downs," 200,000 head often changing hands on a single day. There are other markets and days devoted exclusively to horses, where those in want of an animal can find hundreds from which to select. The Northallerton market, in Yorkshire, is one of the principal horse markets, and not only the British Government, but foreign powers often send agents to this market for the purchase of horses for cavalry purposes. Some horse markets are principally confined to heavy teams suitable for agricultural purposes, while at others lighter animals suitable for carriages are principally shown. Other markets continue several days, one day being appropriated to sheep and hogs, another to fat cattle, a third to horses, &c. The convenience of such an arrangement for both buyers and sellers is apparent, as there can be no doubt about the best place either to buy or sell.—Persons desirous of buying Hereford beasts, know they can find a good supply at most of the markets in Hereford county. Devons are also found in greatest numbers in the county of Devon; and Short-horns in Yorkshire and the North of England. The common breeds of cattle are found at the Barnet fair in Hertfordshire, and the Scotch breeds of cattle are most abundant at the Northampton fairs. Down sheep are offered at all the fairs in the South of England; Leicesters are taken to market in the Northern and Middle Counties; some Downs, but principally half breeds, are found in the Middle Counties; and Cotswold sheep in Herefordshire and Gloucestershire markets.

With a general knowledge of these facts, the buying and selling is greatly facilitated, and the expense lessened. Those who buy and those who sell, meet on equal terms. There is no chance for deception or fraud—no ignorance or doubt about the market price—no running from house to house and farm to farm at great expense and trouble, to pick up a cow here and an ox there—no temptation to tell wrong stories about what was paid Mr. JONES a few miles back for his oxen or Mr. SMITH for his pigs. Every one with his eyes and ears open can tell the fair market value of what he has to dispose of. He can, if he chooses, attend a neighboring market a week or two previous and learn how prices are ranging, and then decide whether it is advisable at the ruling rates to drive his stock to market. The papers, too, will give full reports of these markets, so that all can learn the rates, and whether it is advisable to buy or sell.

We cannot hope for anything like a similar state of things in this country for may years to come, but something should be done at once towards correcting the evils under which we are suffering. A commencement should be made; and no subject better deserves the attention of Agricultural Societies and the Agricultural Press. Let this matter be fully and freely discussed the present winter, and before long we hope to be able to record some movement, which shall be the model for others, and the forerunner of a general and simultaneous awakening to the subject all over the country.

THE STATE FAIR.

HOGS, COARSE GRAIN, AND OTHER ITEMS.

I EMBRACE a leisure moment to answer some questions asked me about *hogs*,—waiving for the present any personal objections I may have to being so often associated in a public way with those animals.

When I was appointed by the State Agricultural Society "Superintendent of Swine" at the Buffalo Fair—like other ambitious persons, I pitched in without much consideration: it was an "*office*," and that was enough,—would it pay? was I fit for it? would it really immortalize me? I did not stop to inquire. I have been told *confidentially* by men who have held public stations, that such things look a great deal bigger than they are before you get into them,—so I think.

Well, I wrote back by return mail, (I am not apt to do that by a long shot,) to Secretary JOHNSON, that "I was profoundly diffident of my own abilities, but as *I did not feel at liberty to disregard the public welfare in so important a matter*, I would *accept*, and I would bring to the discharge of my official duties all the zeal for 'the cause,' and all the faithfulness in the public service, that usually characterizes people in high official stations." This pledge I literally kept by coming to the fair after Mr. WAINWRIGHT had put the pigs into the pens, and everything was ready to look at.

The show of swine was not very remarkable. There were some good Suffolks, and some pretty good Leicestershires—*Long*shires, I don't know exactly what,—they were big enough to crib half an acre of poor corn,—and the man who should undertake to fat them should be abundantly gifted with faith, patience, and provender.

Touching the *best* breed of hogs, a remark may apply, which is equally pertinent to all other breeds of animals; it is quite as important to make a good selection from any particular breed, as to make the right choice of the breed. I know Durham cows of rare excellence for beef and butter, and I know animals of the same breed not as good as average natives; so of Devons and Herefords. The Suffolks I agree with my friend TALCOTT in admiring, but I recollect that Col. MORRIS, of New York, who was kind enough to serve at my request as one of the Judges on Swine at Buffalo, (to fill a vacancy,) remarked that the *quality* of the Suffolk meat was inferior to that of the Berkshires. It is claimed that the lean and fat are better blended in the latter than the former. However, Suffolk pork will do pretty well, if we can get it. The Suffolks are docile, take flesh readily, and mature early, which are the three main points. The Berkshire is a capital hog; but a judicious breeder that has always made the best cross he could, will have animals that he will not easily better, even though he can't call them by any popular name, and I think now that I could select in Wyoming county a hundred breeding sows equal to any breed in England or America for real profit. They would be a cross of Byfield, Berkshire, Suffolks and other good breeds, upon the best stock of the country.

Touching the question of "*feeding out*" coarse grains rather than selling them off the farm, that, I think, should depend on circumstances. Grain may be relatively much higher than meat. It may be better policy for Illinois to put corn into pork, to save bulky transportation, than for New York to do so. Suppose corn in the State of New York, owing to a light crop and a foreign demand, should be worth one dollar a bushel, while it was worth to put into beef or pork only fifty cents a bushel,—would the manure from a bushel of corn pay the other fifty cents? I think not. Not that I undervalue manure,—it is everything to the farmer, but I would get it as cheap as I could. I would try clover, mix swamp muck with barn-yard manure; use ashes, plaster, lime, guano—anything that would, on trial, prove the cheapest. But I am clearly of opinion that, although as a general rule, coarse grain, hay and straw should be fed on the land where they grew, there are many exceptions to the rule. I have known men let straw rot down, with very little benefit from feeding it, rather than sell it for $2 a load; while at the same time they could buy as much manure as a load of straw would make for two shillings. It is unfortunate that we have not more reliable data to base our calculations upon. We want to know better than we do, how much our provender is worth put into beef, pork, wool, &c., and what is the real, and the market value of the manure we get from feeding the same. Careful observation and experiments on these points, will be of essential service in garding our action. This much, however, must be taken for granted—by one process or another—we must enrich our farms.

H. T. B.

RABBITS—HABITS AND TREATMENT.

EVERYTHING depends upon the attention Rabbits receive, whether they are a source of pleasure and profit, or an injury and a nuisance. Nothing is more annoying than two or three rabbits running around a yard and injuring or destroying every vegetable and shrub within their reach; yet when properly cared for they will repay for the labor bestowed. In our youthful days the rabbit was our pet and hobby. Every hour we could spare from school—every holiday—was devoted to their welfare, and many a score of miles have we traveled over fields and meadows, in search of their favorite food, the milk thistle. We commenced with two, expending our last copper in the purchase, and in a very short time had over a hundred. Then it became necessary to dispose of a portion in some way, so rapid was the increase, and we found no difficulty in selling them, a portion of the proceeds being invested in bran and hay for winter feed, while a good balance was left in the "money box." In addition to these, scores were used in the family every year, and as many more given away as presents to friends. We kept them in "hutches," made of rough boards, about four feet long and two feet wide, and the same height, with a division in the middle, containing an opening for passage from one apartment to the other. One apartment was tight, with the exception of a few auger holes for ventilation, and in this the nest was made; the other apartment was open, the front and sometimes an end being slats. Each apartment should have a door, for the purpose of cleaning. With all the improvements that have been suggested, and all the books written on the subject since, we must confess we know of no better way of keeping rabbits.

A RABBIT PIT.

The food of the rabbit is entirely vegetable.—They feed upon grass, clover, hay, pea and bean vines, cabbage, and are particularly fond of lettuce Turnips, carrots, &c., make an excellent food, but a little oats, bran, &c., is desirable when fattening. They will consume all sorts of vegetable tops and parings, as well as all weeds from the garden, and will thus turn into valuable flesh and fur that which would otherwise be thrown away.

Many of our readers, no doubt, think this rather a small subject, almost beneath notice; yet in many parts of the world it is a matter of no small magnitude, particularly to the poor, whose almost entire subsistence is derived from the breeding and sale of rabbits. A recent writer says:—"In England the rabbit formerly held the rank of 'farm-stock,' and thousands of acres were exclusively devoted to its production; families were supported, and rents, rates, and taxes were paid from its increase and sale. I remember visiting a farm of Lord Onslow's, in Surrey, containing about 1,400 acres. It was in the occupation of an eminent flock-master and agriculturist, who kept some hundreds of hutched rabbits for the sake of their manure, which he applied to his turnip crop; added to this, their skins and carcesses were quite an item of profit, notwithstanding the care of them required an old man and a boy, with a donkey and cart."

In Germany rabbits are kept in many of the stables and feed on the hay, grain, &c., dropped by the animals. With a little care, and without any material expense, in three years all our markets may be as well supplied with fine, fat rabbits as they are now with chickens, geese and turkeys.—The doe breeds during the winter, as well as the summer, and will produce six or seven litters in a year, having from four to eight at each birth. If provided with hay, she will make a warm nest, and line it with fur from her own body. The buck should be kept from the does, or he will annoy, and some say, destroy the young ones. When she is nursing, the doe must be well fed, and nothing better than bran, oats and carrots, can be given her. Rabbits are born blind, and remain so for five days. At a month old they eat alone and partake of food with their mother. At six weeks old they should be weaned.

The English wild rabbit, from which our tame sort doubtless originated, burrows in sandy ground, and the tame rabbits will burrow when they have an opportunity. Keepers sometimes allow them to indulge this propensity by forming pits for their accommodation, and we give an engraving of a rather ornamental structure of this kind, from a small book called *Farming for Ladies*. The enclosure is about twenty feet in diameter, surrounded with pickets or palings, and protected somewhat from rains by the roof, as shown in the engraving. In the center a pit is dug some four or five feet deep, and through the sides of this pit the rabbits burrow ten ortwelve feet to make their nests.

Our common *American Gray Rabbit*, of which we give an engraving, from the Natural History of the State of New York, resembles very much, in color and appearance, the wild rabbits of Europe, but is unlike them in some of its habits. It does not burrow in the ground, but seeks a hiding place among the brush and tall grass, sometimes taking refuge in hollow logs and the burrows of other animals. Its habits are nocturnal, and it often does great mischief to young orchards, by gnawing the bark from the trees.

THE AMERICAN GRAY RABBIT.

FAIRS IN CALIFORNIA.

EDS. RURAL:—Our State, and most of our County and District Fairs are over for 1857; and truth will not only allow, but demands, that I say they have exceeded the expectations of the most intelligent. First came the great Union Fair of the Mechanics' Institute and the State Horticultural Society. This was held in a pavilion erected for the purpose, by the Institute in the city of San Francisco. The building was, in form, a Greek cross, each bar being 60 by 180 feet, the centre surmounted by a lofty dome,—the usual decorations of flags, banners, ensigns, &c., &c., floating about in the sea breeze, from the various points of the building, gave its exterior the appearance of a "thing of life." Directly under the dome was a fountain of magnificent proportions, elegant design, and exquisite workmanship, done in white marble, at a cost, in Italy, of several thousand dollars. Above the fountain and beneath the dome, was the great chandelier, which with its multitude of jets of gas gave to the dome, at night, an exterior appearance at once unique and beautiful beyond description.

In the department of *machinery* we had, of California manufacture, everything, from the powerful steam engine to the delicate gasometer; from the ponderous quartz crusher to the miniature butter churn. For exactness of working, delicacy of movement and perfection of finish, nothing could excel many of the specimens. A large engine

afforded *power* for all who wished to exhibit machinery in motion.

The department of *Sculpture* would have done honor to any State in the Union.

In the *Picture Gallery* was such an array of ——otypes and ——graphs as can be produced in no other than such an atmosphere as ours.

New York and Boston could not, probably, produce more elegant and highly finished sets of parlor and boudoir furniture than were there exhibited of California manufacture.

Among the gas manufacturers we had a rare competition. I think no less than five different Companies sought and obtained the *privilege* of lighting each a certain portion of the building.—This was a double benefit. It gave each Company the privileges of an exhibitor, while it saved the Managers of the Fair a large outlay. You may be sure we had light on all "*subjects*."

Although no department was devoid of great interest—though nothing was meagre in either quantity or quality,—though at every shrine there were multitudes of worshipers, yet I but echo the universal sentiment, when I say the *Horticultural* department was *(par excellence)* the *feature* of the Fair. On either side of, and in convenient proximity to, the fountain, were arranged the stands for the competitors in the department of plants and flowers. These were filled with such an array of exotic and domestic plants as but few places can boast. And to the exhibitors great praise is due for their skill and taste in arranging their vast collections. Then there was the *Vegetable* department, loaded with its immense overgrowths, and glowing with its luxuriant beauty.

But the *Fruit* department eclipsed all competing attractions, and was the universal admiration of beholders. Though the season for peaches, plums, apricots and nectarines was so far gone that it was supposed Pomo could be represented by only pears, apples and grapes, yet the tables exhibited a fine display in all these departments. Care and pains were taken by the exhibitors to replenish the fruit tables from day to day so that the interest was kept up to the last, although the Fair continued from the 7th of September to the 19th, and would have continued another week, but for the opening of the *Agricultural* Fair at Stockton, on the 29th, in courtesy to which this *fore-closed*.

In every point of light, this, the first Fair of the kind on the Pacific coast, has been a most complete triumph. Previous to this effort of the Mechanics' Institute, our entire people were in ignorance of the extent of our manufactures, or the development of our real sources of wealth—the *soil* and the *quarry*. In its *management* from its inception to its termination it was most happy,

Not a jar or a note out of tune in the song,
Nor a thing the most captious, could even *call* wrong.

As a pecuniary experiment, it was a *success*, leaving on hand, with which to commence a *library*, more than eight thousand dollars. Such a beginning in a State so young, surely augurs an enviable future. The opening Address of this Fair, by H. F. WILLIAMS, (a young mechanic,) of San Francisco, was a production of rare merit.

Next came the State Agricultural Society's Fair at Stockton, opening with an Address from Judge ENO, of Calaveras county, replete with information and suggestions eminently adapted to the time, the occasion and to California; especially the large space devoted to the subject of *irrigation*. It showed great labor and research, and will soon be published with the transactions of the Society.

The show of *Fruits* was a large advance upon the Fair of the same Society last year. The *Vegetable* and *Grain* departments were represented by very fine specimens. In the department of *Manufactures* there were some most extraordinary specimens, among which was a "freight wagon" designed to be drawn by twelve mules, and to carry fourteen tuns of freight. This was no huge, uncouth monster, as you may suppose, but a piece of exquisite workmanship, which would have reflected credit upon a "Concord Coach" shop. A peculiar feature in this Fair was the great amount of fine embroidery and needlework, a large portion of which was done in the immediate vicinity of the place where the Fair was held.

For four days and evenings the main pavilion, 80 feet by 200, and the several other exhibition rooms and halls were thronged by an eager multitude, all delighted at the exhibition of the resources of their adopted home. On the race-course, (one mile from town,) was a great attraction. The Stock was shown there—and a finer display is rarely seen. The exhibitions of draft teams, elegant roadsters, and fine saddle horses, was eminently gratifying, while the female equestrianism exhibited a proficiency in the "elegant art," on the part of several young misses, truly surprising.

On the evening of the 3d day, there was held a "Fruit Grower's Convention," for the free interchange of theories and experiences in the art Pomologic, on this coast. This Convention was a good feature, and will undoubtedly be hereafter a prominent one in the annual festivities of this Society.

At the Annual Meeting, the *subject* of permanently locating the Fair of the Society, was referred to a select committee, consisting of O. C. WHEELER, of Sacramento; WILSON FLINT, of Alameda; WM. DANIELS, of Santa Clara; E. S. HOLDEN, of Stockton, and G. H. BEACH, of Yuba, with instructions to report at the next Annual Meeting.

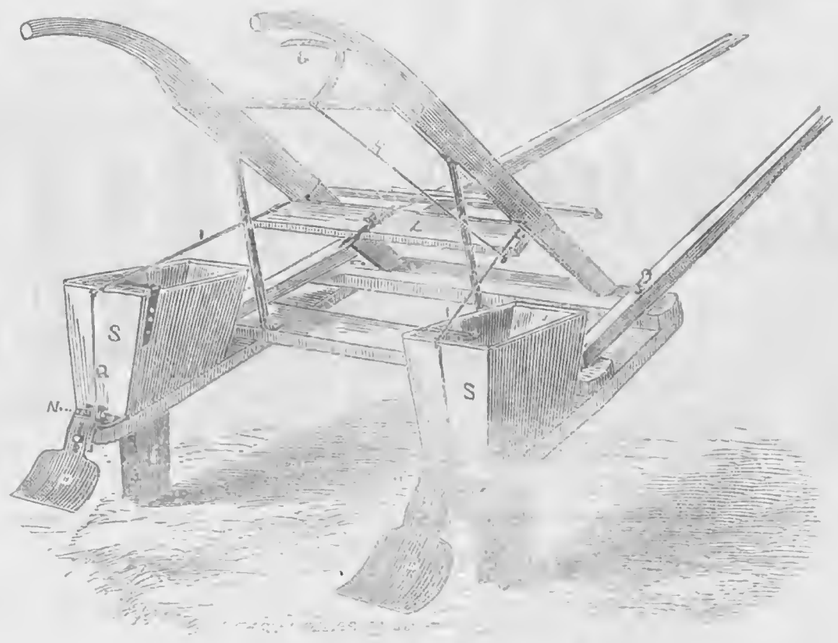
The next Fair is to be held at Marysville, and the officers for the coming year were elected as follows:—President—JOHN C. FALL, of Marysville. Corresponding Secretary—O. C. WHEELER, of Sacramento. Recording Secretary—G. H. BEACH, of Maryaville. Treasurer— —— PAXTON.

The Constitution was so altered as to locate permanently the office and rooms of the Society at Sacramento, and to make it necessary that the Corresponding Secretary reside at the same place. But my letter is already too long. W.

Sacramento, Cal., Oct., 1857.

SEED OF THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE — *Is it Poisonous?*—The statement made by a Southern cultivator, that the seeds of the "sorghum" are poisonous, when fed to stock, is contradicted by the Cincinnati Gazette. A fine horse, fed upon the seed four weeks, was never in better condition.

—The Commissioner of the Patent Office has been experimenting and concludes that the seed is not only harmless, but good fodder for any variety of stock.



THE TELEGRAPHIC CORN PLANTER.

Of the many labor-saving machines exhibited at the late Fair of the N. Y. State Ag. Society, the TELEGRAPHIC CORN PLANTER, invented by Mr. H. INGRAHAM, of Naples, Ontario Co., was among the most prominent and noteworthy. It was pronounced by competent judges the long sought desideratum in the line of corn planters, and cannot fail of taking precedence of many heretofore in use. The machine was awarded the first premium at the State Fair—also at the Ontario Co. Fair and the Naples Town Fair. It was only patented on the 27th of Oct., 1857, and hence has not yet been fairly introduced to the farming community. The above engraving, and following description by the inventor, will give our readers definite ideas as to the construction and capacity of this valuable improvement:

"The great advantantages of the *Telegraphic Corn Planter* consist in its durability, cheapness and simplicity, and the fact that it is not liable to get out of order—a great defect of other machines intended for the same purpose. It drops with unerring certainty, and regulates the depth by a guage. The droping is performed at the will of the operator by a slight pressure of the fore-finger on a lever under the handle, which enables him to plant in regular check rows, so that the corn can be cultivated both ways. The machine is manufactured either single or double. The single one is calculated for small farmers and rough farms, and is less expensive,—while the double one is adapted to larger farmers and the prairies, and, as its name implies, performs its work with telegraphic dispatch. Reference being had to the lettering on the engraving the operation of the Telegraphic Corn Planter may be thus briefly described:—It is operated by a slight pressure on the finger lever, G, which, by connection with the rod, H, turns the slat, L, and raises the arms, I, I, and the wires, Q, Q,—thus turning the valves, N, N, and distributing the corn from the seed hoppers, S, S, through the hollow teeth, F, F, which are covered by the covering guage, P, P."

In presenting his machine to the farmers and mechanics of the country, the inventor claims that he has accomplished the main object he had in view,—to construct a perfect Corn Planter and avoid all unnecessary gearing and costly machinery,—and further illustrates its advantages in the following practically truthful if not extremely poetical lines:

"A late discovery is made,
In which we find new plans are laid
To plant our corn in rows each way
From twelve to twenty acres a day.

No wheels or gearing do we need
To plant with telegraphic speed—
We only use the valve and wire,
For simple things we do admire.

No mortice in the frame is used,
But all's secured by bolts and screws—
For simple things we do admire,
Like planting with the valves and wire."

The following notice and description of the Telegraphic Planter is extracted from the N. Y. Tribune's report of the State Fair at Buffalo:

"There are several other gang plows, and numerous grain and seed drills and corn planters, but the most important of all the family of corn planters ever invented, is an entirely new contrivance, not yet patented—in fact this is the first perfect machine ever built—invented by Handford Ingraham, of Naples, Ontario County, a poor sickly man, who was not able to get up a machine for exhibition, and this one was made and brought here by one of his neighbors who had tried it, Mr. S. H. Sutton, more than anything else to see what a committee of the State Society would say to it. I am sure they will give it a most honorable notice and a premium. Its great value is its great simplicity, lightness, cheapness and durability. There is no gearing, and but very little machinery, and it is mostly made of wood, and yet will drop in hills or drills, with the seeds or rows just as far apart as the operator desires. It is drawn by one horse; it can be held by a boy twelve years old, or carried upon his shoulder. It is the ne plus ultra of all corn planters. It is composed of a pair of thills, a cross bar and handles like a plow. The hind end of the thills rests upon bent pieces of iron a few inches from the ground. The seed boxes are attached to the end of the thills, and a spring slide, that drops the grains whenever opened with unerring certainty, is opened whenever desired by a slight pressure of the right hand fingers upon a key under the handle, which gives motion to the dropper by a small iron rod. The whole operation is as simple as open and shut, for that is simply the whole operation."

SHEEP IN ONEIDA COUNTY.

EDS. RURAL:—Perhaps some of your readers would like to know which breed of sheep have the preference in Oneida county at the present time. All kinds found in the State are to be seen here in their perfection, from the coarsest Bakewell, Leicester, and South Down, to the finest Saxon. The French or Paular Merino have also obtained a foot hold here, and are considered to be a very good breed; where wool is the primary object, they may be considered the best we have. The average weight in large flocks of their fleeces is said to be about 5 lbs. Added to this they are very hardy and capable of enduring as much bad treatment and *live*, as any variety we have.

Whoever has watched the expression of public opinion on this point, and attended our County Fair, will have observed a preference given to the coarse and large varieties. This impression originated in the fact that there is a large and increasing demand for heavy mutton and good lambs, for which these breeds are justly celebrated.

To refer to my own experience, I might say that I have tried several varieties of sheep, determined if possible to get the best. My present experiment is with the Leicesters. I find them easy to keep, hardy and prolific—the lambs maturing early and proving to be the most excellent mutton, weighing when killed, about the first of November, about an average of 50 lbs. Some this season have weighed more. Two years ago, about the time of my purchase of this variety, one lamb was weighed whose live weight was 124 lbs. These weights are not the result of high keeping, as my sheep are kept in the ordinary manner common to most farmers. GEORGE W. BRONSON.

Vernon Center, N. Y., Nov., 1857.

A SUGGESTION OR TWO.

EDS. RURAL:—Permit a "new hand at the bellows" to "have his say" about a thing or two I find in the RURAL:

1st. That Michigan man, who recommends (in cutting up corn) tying four hills together and then setting in the spaces between the hills, is farther behind the times than I am in replying to him.—Away back in my boyhood I remember seeing an old Long-Islander putting up corn in that manner. By so doing you leave one-ninth of your corn standing. A few yet practice setting around one hill. This is better than four, but not so good as *none*. The true way is to cut it all up; never lay it down, but bind one armfull for the centre of the stout—then set around this, and bind well at the last. By so doing you have your corn *cut up;* you can move it without the aid of a corn-cutter. There is no trouble about drying, and if well done there will not five per cent. of it assume the horizontal in standing three months. This leaving one or four hills to hold up is but "leaning on a broken reed" at best.

2d. Can it be possible that LEWIS F. ALLEN still retains *poles* over his barn floor from bay to bay? Tell him to replace them by good, substantial scaffolds, and those nice Devons of his will look ten per cent. better with the barn thus improved.

Nov., 1857. CHAUTAUQUE.

THE WINTER'S WOOD.

MR. EDITOR:—Winter is fast approaching, and now is the time for the farmer to get his winter's supply of wood. He should go into his wood-land and cut up the wind-falls, (before they are covered with snow,) and such other decaying and unthrifty trees as are done growing; sparing the straight and thrifty. If you wait until winter, it is not half so handy to get at it, and if got at all, it is only by a sled load at a time. Nothing is more necessary to the comfort of any family than a wood-house full of wood. It saves a good many words, besides it is not always pleasant to jump up to "cut some firing" Now while the winter keeps back is the time to prepare. So when you sit by the fire improving your moments and mind by reading the useful and entertaining RURAL, you can look out upon the storm with pleasure. S——.

Paris, Kent Co., Mich., Nov., 1857.

TO STOP POTATOES ROTTING.—An agricultural exchange says:—"An experienced agriculturist informs us that about six years ago, he applied lime to potatoes that were partly rotten, and that immediately arrested decay. Potatoes that were partly rotten when the lime was applied, continued to rot and were lost Since then he has made it a common practice to apply slaked lime to his potatoes as he takes them up. He puts a thin layer of lime upon the floor where the potatoes are to be laid, and sprinkles some of it over the potatoes about every ten inches as they are put down. He considers this as perfectly protecting them from rotting, and he has never had a rotten potato since he has practiced it; and he believes also that potatoes thus used are rendered better by the action of lime. We advise the farmers to try this plan, as it easily can be done by them all."

THE Crescent (Cal.) *Herald* says that a field of oats belonging to Rigg & Reid of Fort Dick has turned out, this season, 125 bushels to the acre; and that John A. Brown of Crescent city has this season raised a field of barley which shows 100 bushels, and also a field of oats which shows 157½ bushels to the acre.

Rural Notes and Items.

TEA CULTURE.—Those who have tried the experiment of tea growing in America say, substantially, that "the plant will grow well enough, but wages are too high. We cannot afford to pick, roll up and dry any sort of leaves here for half a dollar a pound. In China, where a man is hired for one dollar a month and boards himself, it may be done." The "outside barbarians" must therefore leave the production of this stimulating and popular beverage to the Celestials

THE MARROW PLANT.—We are indebted to Mr. AUG. N. RAYMOND, of Oshkosh, Wis., for a package of the seed of this plant. The plant is used for greens in the spring. Mr. R. says that it can be sown as soon as the snow is gone, is ready for use before any other vegetable used for greens, and that he prefers it to any other kind.

WHEAT IN GEORGIA.—The wheat crop of Georgia is now an important item of her agricultural productions. At a late fair of the Southern Central Agricultural Society, held at Atlanta, some interesting remarks were made on the subject. One of the speakers said that ten years ago, when the Society was formed, there was but little wheat in the State, and one of its principal objects was to encourage the cultivation of that kind of grain.—Now hundreds of thousands of bushels are produced, annually, and much of it is shipped to New York.

EPIDEMIC AMONG HORSES.—An epidemic of a novel character is said to be showing itself among horses in Eastern Pennsylvania. A short time ago Mr. Watson P. Magill, of Salesbury, Buck county, reported the loss of three by, "putrid fever." The symptoms are a soreness and swelling of the gullet or alimentary passage and rapid falling away of the fleshy parts of the body. Its termination is almost always fatal, and it is said to be contagious in its nature.

CONNECTICUT RED CATTLE.—The Boston Cultivator, in the course of its report of the late State Fair, makes the following remarks about the fine cattle of which Connecticut farmers are so justly proud:—"In one respect, Connecticut Cattle Shows are somewhat peculiar. Working oxen constitute the leading feature here. This useful class of animals of course occupies a prominent position at shows throughout New England and some other parts of the country; but they are to Connecticut what trotting horses are to Vermont—the great export article of the State. Connecticut sometime since acquired an ascendency in this particular, and it is still maintained. She furnishes oxen for portions of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland."

A "FREE-MARTIN" GIVING MILK.—We believe that it is a settled fact in *cow physiology*, that where a heifer and bull are born twins the heifer will seldom, if ever, breed. They are called "free-martins." But here is one that will give milk if she does not breed. Mr. Edward Henshaw, of West Waterville, has a heifer which was a twin calf with a bull. He works her with her steer mate—she has never had a calf, but she has given milk a year—gives, now, eight quarts per day. She is three years old.—*Me. Farmer.*

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE.—Grasshoppers are again making their appearance in myriads in Western Texas. At the date of the latest advices from San Antonio, they were devouring all the vegetables before them in that vicinage. Having reached San Marcos, they destroyed a rye field in two hours. The Austin Intelligencer says that these "locusts," as it styles them, made their appearance in that region two years ago.

RAVAGES OF THE MIDGE IN CANADA.—The Secretary of the Bureau of Agriculture in Canada, WM. HATTON, Esq., in writing on this subject says:—"The reports of our loss in Canada, are daily adding to the estimate of destruction. It is not too much to say, that Canada loses by the midge alone, one-third of her whole crop of 1857, which should have been 26,000,000 of bushels. At all events, we are minus eight millions of bushels—a serious loss to a Colony of only two millions and a half of people. In some counties, where the usual crop was twenty bushels per acre, it will not this year yield ten. This scourge is surely worthy the attention of every scientific and agricultural man on both sides of the water. If you are able to elucidate the subject any further on your side, I hope you will not fail to give us the benefit of your experience.

The best preventive I have heard or known of, which I found very efficient on my own farm, was to sow very early—wheat of an early kind—an early soil, rendered early by good drainage—and well shaped ridges and good cultivation—in order to give the *vegetable* life a start of the *animal* life at blossoming time."

MOULDY PEAS, BEANS AND GRAIN.—A contemporary, speaking of the tendency of grain and the leguminous plants to generation of mould when placed in the granary in a damp state, says:—"When this evil occurs, the legumes or cereals affected, are supposed to be rendered utterly worthless thereby; but such is not the fact. Peas or beans, corn or wheat, that has become mouldy, may be perfectly deprived of its unpleasant smell and taste by immersing it in hot or boiling water and permitting it to remain therein till the liquid becomes quite cool. If one immersion does not prove effectual let it be repeated. Animals devour mouldy grain when managed in this way as greedily as any, and are apparently as much benefited by it. Peas constitute an excellent feed for swine; and few articles are more strengthening to sheep than beans. They should be given before and after casting their lambs, with a small quantity of chopped turnips—say about two quarts per day—one quart in the morning and one quart at night. This will generally be sufficient, and will tend to promote the action of the lacteous system, and procure a copious flow of milk, beside proving highly protective of the general health of the system."

SORGHUM ITEMS.—The Illinois papers publish a call for a meeting of the cultivators of the Chinese Sugar Cane in that State, to be held at the office of the State Agricultural Society in Springfield, on the 7th of January, 1858. The Springfield Journal says that the growing of the sorghum and the expression and manufacture of its juice into syrup has been highly successful in Illinois in the season just closing. A comparison of "notes" by practical cultivators on the subject of this new branch of agriculture at the North, cannot fail to be both interesting and profitable.

A dealer in Buffalo has a consignment of four or five barrels of syrup made from the Chinese Sugar Cane, by Mr. Schenck, of Franklin, Warren Co., Ohio, who raised five acres of the cane and realized 300 gallons of molasses per acre.

SORGHUM SYRUP.—We are indebted to L. B. LANGWORTHY, Esq., of Greece, for a superior sample of Sorghum Syrup. It possesses fine flavor, has no vegetable taste, and is excellent *for* and *with* Buckwheat cakes. Mr. WM. MORGAN, of Le Roy, also favored us with a fine sample—which was consigned to the President of the best University in America, by whom we doubt not it has been appreciated.

A NEW DISEASE has appeared among the cows in Delaware—the only symptom of illness being an incessant lowing from the commencement of the attack until the animal lies down to die.

The Young Ruralist.

THE REASON WHY.

THE question has been asked very many times "why so many of our young men forsake the farm for other pursuits?" With your permission, I will give my opinion, for the benefit of all, and particularly, *Young Ruralists*. The reason is plain if we are intimately acquainted with the dispositions and aspirations of our race. Men desire high position in society. This must be secured by acquiring wealth, or by intellectual superiority. Wealth and fame are the great boons to which mankind aspire, and to attain the much coveted object no risk is counted dear; though but one in a hundred succeed,—all push onward hoping to be that *one*. If this be the fact, it is not strange that the young man takes his life in his hand as it were and hoping that he is one of Fortune's favored ones pushes out into the stream of life, trusting that his name may become an honored name. Is there in the present condition of farmers much to encourage young men of ambition and of intellect to choose that occupation? Wealth is not gained rapidly—political distinction rewards them not, and more than all, social life is narrowed down to so narrow a compass that it makes the young man of promise become a hater of mankind.

Farming, in fact the most useful and ennobling of all pursuits, is considered an ignoble one and not without reason. Look over the land far and near, compare the farmer with the merchant, the lawyer, and we readily see that while the farmer can lay claim to as good sense as the others, he is deficient in many qualities that would fit him for public and social life. He is neglectful of acquiring information without which any person will become a nonentity in any society that exercises brains; he does not cultivate agreeable manners without which angels would almost become excluded from high social society. This is not agreeable to confess, but it is the stubborn facts of the case. One proof that farming is not considered as honorable as some other pursuits, is from the fact that orators and writers are continually landing it. "It is the sick that need a physician." It would be thought absurd to go off into such panegyrics of the lawyer's profession. But we poor farmers are the ones most to blame, for the character of a pursuit depends not so much on its own nature as upon the character of those engaged in it. Let us elevate ourselves and we shall elevate our calling, honor ourselves, and by thus doing, conquer the prejudice that exists and forever banish the idea that farmers are plodders.

New London, Conn., Nov. 30, 1857. G. L. S.

MY FIRST SUMMER AT FARMING.

EDS. RURAL:—As you want facts, I will give you my experience in gardening for the first season. I have produced from one acre of ground—*Potatoes*, one quarter of an acre, 40 bushels of Blue Mercers. *Cabbage*, 125 heads. *Carrots*, 109 bushels of the long orange sort. *Ruta-bagas*, 20 bushels. *White Turnip* 16 bushels, besides several bushels of onions, and radishes, lettuce, beans and tomatoes enough for our family of eight. In addition to all this, I had plenty of cucumbers and melons, of which I took no account. I am only fourteen years of age, and this was all done by my own labor. Now, I have counted up the value of what I have on hand, as follows:

40 bushels potatoes at 50 cents		$20 00
125 cabbages at 2 cents each		2 50
109 bushels carrots at 15 cents per bu.		16 35
20 "	ruta-bagas, 15 cents	3 00
16 "	turnips	2 00
		$43 85

I did not think of keeping any account until so late in the season that the summer crops were all gone, or it would have been more than double this amount, I think. However, this will do, for the first trial, and next year I hope to be able to send you a still better report. The expense was very little, being almost entirely labor except the potatoes for seed, and the value of the manure.—W. S., *Wayne Co., N. Y., Nov.*, 1857.

PREMIUMS TO LADS UNDER 21 YEARS OF AGE.—Hon. A. B. Conger, at the Rockland County Fair, offered premiums for the best acre of wheat, rye, oats and corn; and for one-fourth acre of carrots, sugar beets, cabbage, or ruta baga—the competitors for the premium to furnish, on entering their names, a detailed statement of the mode of treatment of each crop, all the stages of preparing the soil, planting, manuring, tending and garnering, and of the expense of each and every process in cultivation. We hope this plan will be carried out in all counties. The young men of our State will soon have their attention turned to these premiums, and the result cannot be otherwise than favorable.

The Orchard and Garden.

INSECTS INJURIOUS TO TREES.

SINCE the article published a few weeks since in the RURAL, on the Pear Slug, we have received several inquiries in regard to other insects, as well as some valuable articles giving interesting information, which we shall present to our readers as soon as the necessary drawings and engravings are made. Among the curious insects of which inquiry is made is the *Drop-Worm*, or *Basket-Worm*, as they are sometimes called, which are very destructive to Arbor Vitæ and other resinous trees, particularly in the Southern and Middle States. We give a description and drawings of the insect from Prof. HARRIS:

"These insects inhabit the Swamp Cedar, Arbor Vitæ, Larch and Hemlock, with other resinous trees; but occasionally they attack the Linden, the Maple, and even fruit trees. They belong to Mr. GUILDING'S American genus *Oiketicus;* and, as they do not seem to have received a scientific name, I shall venture to give them that of *Oiketicus Conferarum*, from their preference to trees of the cone bearing tribe.

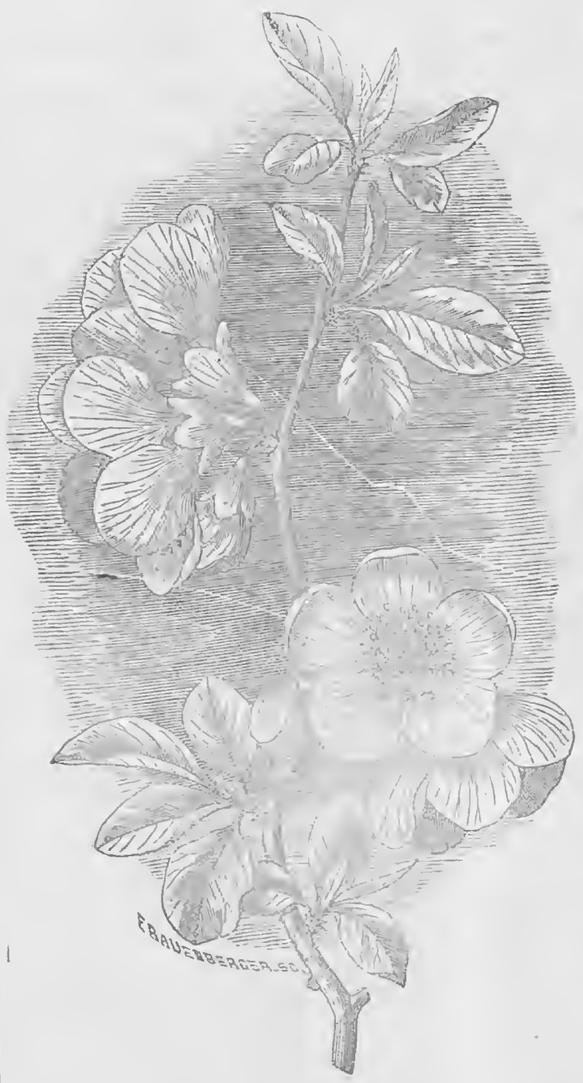
As soon as the drop-worms are hatched, they make and conceal themselves in little silken cases, open at each end, and covered externally with bits of leaves, twigs, &c. These cases are enlarged, as the insect increases in size, by the addition of more materials within and without, and finally become oblong oval pods, with long somewhat cylindrical extremities. The inhabitant carries its house about on its back, as the snail does its shell when it is moving and feeding; fastens it by a few threads when it wishes to rest; or lets it drop by a thread when it wishes to descend from one branch to another; hence, in Philadelphia, where these insects are abundant, they have acquired the name of drop-worms. These worms attain their full size by the middle of September, and then fasten the upper end of their cases to a twig of the tree by a strong silken band. The weight of the case, with its elasticity, closes the upper orifice, from which the worm has been accustomed to protrude its head and fore legs when feeding; the insect then turns round within the pod, so as to direct its head towards the lower cylindrical orifice, and thus awaits its change to a chrysalis. The worms which produce the female insects are much larger than those of the males, and there is the same difference in the size of their pods and of their chrysalids. Female worms attain the length of one inch and a half, those of the males only about one inch. The head and fore part of the body are white, spotted with black; the rest of the body is livid or blackish. The first three segments are each provided with a pair of stout jointed claw-like legs. The tail and four intermediate segments are furnished with a pair of very short holders, or prop-legs. The male chrysalis is a little more than six-tenths of an inch long, of a dark brown color, and exhibits the sheaths of the wings, and limbs of the future moth, which escapes from it towards the end of September or early in October, immediately before which the chrysalis forces itself half way out of the lower end of its case. The female chrysalis is nine-tenths of an inch long, or more, of the same color as that of the males, but without any vestige of wing-sheaths or limbs.—There is a prominent ridge over the fore part of the body. When the included female is matured, the skin of the chrysalis splits at the ridge, so as to form an opening in the shape of the letter T, and through this opening the approaches of the male moth are made, the female remaining all the while not only enclosed in her pod, but also encased in the skin of the chrysalis. In this skin, also, she lays her numerous eggs, gradually withdrawing her emaciated body as she fills the pupa skin, and finally closing the upper part of the skin with a thick layer of fawn-colored down, stripped from her own body. Having finished her labors, she crawls out of the pod, entirely shriveled up, drops off and dies, or more rarely perishes at the mouth of her pod. She is entirely destitute of wings, and her legs are extremely minute, and resemble little tubercles. The male moth, on the contrary, is fully provided with wings and limbs. Its body, which measures rather more than half an inch in length, is covered with long blackish brown down. Its wings are semi-transparent, and are very scantily clothed with blackish scales, which are thickest on the margins and veins. The antennæ are curved at the tips, and are doubly feathered from the base to beyond the middle.—

THE DROP WORM.

The tongue is not visible. The wings expand one inch and one-tenth, or more. The male moths are very impatient of confinement, and keep in constant motion, which renders it very difficult to obtain perfect or unrubbed specimens. The eggs remain secure in the shell or skin of the female chrysalis, enclosed in the suspended pods, through the winter, and are hatched in the spring when the trees are well clothed with leaves, upon which the little worms, having left the pods, immediately disappear, and each one begins to cover its tender body with a silken and leafy case. The figures represent one of the pods or cocoons, suspended by a twig, when the insect has prepared for its final transformation; also a male moth, both of the natural size."

Among the articles in preparation on the subject of Insects, is one from JACOB STAUFFER, of Mount Joy, Pa., on the Pear Tree Borer, with fine illustrations.

THE JAPAN QUINCE.



THE JAPAN QUINCE is a prickly irregular, spreading bush, and one of the most attractive of our spring-flowering shrubs. The flowers are large, as shown in the engraving, and of a most brilliant scarlet.—BRECK says, very truly, that the hue of the scarlet color is so brilliant that no artist can find a tint that will convey an idea of its splendor. It blooms in April, and the flowers are in clusters along the branches, interspersed with the young leaves. The plant is hardy in this latitude, thrives well in any good garden soil, and the plants flower when quite small, attaining when full grown a height of from six to eight feet.

There is a *Blush* variety, with delicate rose colored and blush flowers, and when contrasted with the dark sort, the relief is very agreeable. There is also a "*Double*" kind, which has occasionally a double and sometimes a treble row of petals. The common scarlet variety, however, we think as beautiful as can be desired. The hardiness of the shrub, and the brilliancy of the flowers must ever render it an agreeable appendage to the shrubbery, lawn or flower garden, and when generally known it will become as popular and be as universally planted as the Lilac and Snowball. In the Spring of 1856 we saw this plant in flower in gardens in Illinois, although the previous winter had been so severe as to kill most of the apple trees in the orchards around. In the same State, in the garden of an amateur, we saw several hundred feet of ornamental hedge composed entirely of this plant. It was then quite small, but must, in a few years make a most beautiful hedge.

CULTURE OF CELERY.

EDS. RURAL:—I wish to inquire of you and of your readers the most successful way to cultivate celery. 1st. What soil is best for rapid growth, good length, and to prevent rust? 2d. How deep is best to set, to attain the above results, and to combine ease of culture? 3d. What time of year is best to set out for market purposes, and what age and height should it be? 4th. What is the best method to hill up and how often. 5th. Is there any certain specific for the prevention of rust, or anything which will stop it after it has made its appearance?

Now I offer the reward of twenty-five dollars to any one who will give plain and practical directions for the cultivation of celery which shall include plain answers to the first four questions and a certain remedy, preventive or cure for the rust, which will answer the last question. I will pay the above sum the moment that I have proved them, or I will pay the above sum for anything which will prevent rust. Any one desirous of giving the information, may address "CELERY," Johnson's Creek, N. Y., or through the RURAL.—L. W. VAINE.

REMARKS.—We have always succeeded in growing good celery, and therefore give brief answers to the questions asked by our correspondent of Johnson's Creek. If any of our readers know of a better way, we hope they will communicate the facts.

1st. Good celery can be grown on almost any soil, except very light and sandy, or with a porous, leachy subsoil. The best soil, when it can be had, we think, is a black peaty mold, such as would be obtained by thoroughly draining a swale.

2d. Dig trenches about eight inches deep, and eighteen wide; place the earth taken out of the trenches on each side. Put about four inches of well rotted manure at the bottom of the trench, and mix it by the fork with the earth below. Then throw on about an inch of earth first taken from the trench, and rake it nice and smooth. This trench is wide enough for a double row of plants, ten or twelve inches apart, and eight inches apart in the rows. The trenches should be five or six feet apart.

3d. From the middle of June to the first of July is the time for setting the plants in the trenches, for the main crop. Many fail in raising good celery because they set out poor spindling plants. Their height is a matter of very little consequence, if they are only strong, stocky, vigorous plants.—Celery cannot be called good unless it is well blanched, at least eighteen inches, and is solid crisp and perfectly white.

4th. The soil should be kept loose around the growing plants, and a little earth may be added occasionally, so as to keep the leaf-stalks in an upright position, but we would not earth up the crop for blanching until the weather becomes cool in the fall, say about the latter part of September or early in October. If the soil is too long in contact with the stalks they become tough, and the quality is much injured. All injured or broken stalks must be removed before earthing. Then hold the stalks carefully together with one hand, and place the earth carefully around them, but not so high as to permit it to get into the centre of the plant. The soil should be first well pulverized, and the earthing should never be done on a wet day, or when the soil is very moist. It will be necessary to repeat this once or twice. Where celery is cultivated largely the earthing can be done with less labor, though not as well.

5th. The rust has only occasionally troubled us, and in those cases we have had no difficulty in ascertaining the cause, and consequently the cure.—Earthing up when the soil or the plants are wet, and permitting the earth to get in between the stalks is the principal causes. We have several times used two pieces of horse-shoe drain tile for blanching, and sometimes with very satisfactory results, when the earth was only placed just high enough to keep the tile in place. Occasionally however, they have rotted badly.

Those who plant celery in our cities and villages generally obtain their young plants from the seed stores, and it is no wonder that they cannot raise good stalks. The plants are puny, miserable things, forced in a hot-bed, and grown so thick that they are slender and worthless. Every one can raise their own plants well by sowing the seed about the middle of April, or first of May in a warm situation.—Sow in drills about half an inch deep and ten or twelve inches apart, and quite thin. After sowing, if the weather is dry, watering must be freely resorted to. After the plants come up keep the ground well hoed and all weeds destroyed, and thin them out so that they will have plenty of room to grow without being crowded. Every dry spell water thoroughly, and do not allow them to become checked in their growth, as nothing injures celery plants so much as this. When once stunted they never recover.

PRESERVING TREES FROM RABBITS.

As rabbits and mice do much injury to trees during the winter season, in almost all parts of the country, we give a method of preventing their ravages, as reported in the French Journals, by J. GIRARDIN:

"All gardening amateurs know, by experience that rabbits and hares are very fond of the bark of young apple trees of a year's growth, and especially of dwarf apple trees, of which the most vigorous and healthy, are always attacked the first, because the bark is more tender and savory.

As soon as the ground is covered with snow, these animals, finding nothing to nibble in the fields, begin their devastations in the gardens; if they are numerous, and the snow is abundant, a few nights will suffice to ruin completely the most beautiful plantation, and destroy the result of several years' labor and care. Only a short time since, three hundred fruit trees in the gardens and orchards of a land owner in the village of Othel, in the province of Hanover, in Belgium, were entirely stripped of their bark.

Fortunately, nothing is easier than to shelter one's trees from the attacks of these marauders, that are protected by the law; the following method is employed by M. le Baron Vander Straeten de Waillet, for six or seven years, with entire success:

He infuses about two pounds of quick lime, in nearly three gallons of water; he throws several handfuls of soot into this liquid, and stirs it until these two substances are thoroughly mixed. He then makes a paste of a handful of fine rye flour and binds it in the form of a brush, upon a stick, and with this mixture he cover the branches and the trunk of his trees, from the ground to the height of at least a yard; as, if the snow should be heaped up at the foot of the trees, by the wind, the hares could by its help, attain a greater height on the bark of the tree.

This mixture applied quite warm, possesses the additional advantage of keeping the bark in a state of preservation and health, and preventing the growth of moss, of which the effect is often injurious, and which is always disagreeable to sight.

It is best to use this means of protection early in November, during a season, which will allow the mixture to adhere to the bark while drying.—If there should be rain during the operation, or immediately after, the trees would be washed and it would have to be repeated.

If it should be done during a frost, there would be but little chance of success. The plaster with which the bark had been covered might be thrown off in a thaw. If, however, by want of prudence, the operation is overtaken by the frost, and it is necessary to act quickly, it may be done with success, by selecting that time of the day, when the trees are most exposed to the direct rays of the sun.

Twelve pints of this mixture will be sufficient to protect three or four hundred dwarf trees against the hares or rabbits, and may be obtained for a few cents worth of lime and one day's labor of an active man. This method is equally infallible for preserving the grafts of all nursery trees."

STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

EDS. RURAL:—I am a poor man and cultivate only a few acres of land, but I can't help taking the RURAL NEW-YORKER. I think my land is cultivated better because I read the papers. I know my wife is happier because she knows the RURAL is paid for and will keep coming to our Post-office for a year longer. I see in your last two papers that there seems to be some difference of opinion as to whether strawberries are staminate and pistillate. I want to tell you my experience. My wife had some nice beds of strawberries. They were set out in the way generally recommended. They were Burr's New Pine with Early Scarlet by their side. Early Scarlet is staminate. Burr's New Pine is pistillate. These beds always bore plenty. We wanted some new beds. We picked out some nice young plants from the Burr's New Pine side as we liked the berries better than any other. We planted a new bed on the other side of the lot. I dug it deep and manured it well. This was two years ago. This bed has great nice vines. They blossom well in the spring. We never had a berry from this bed yet that was fair and well grown.—The other beds keep bearing first rate. Now gentlemen can *talk* about staminate and pistillate, I *know* that when I set out strawberry beds I shall set out the kinds that will bear all alone, or I will put the Early Scarlet by their side that will help them bear. BRIGHTON.

December, 1857.

GRAPE TRELLISES AND WILLOW HEDGES.—To make a good trellis for grape vines, take two pieces 2 by 3 of any durable wood, four feet long, unite them at one end at such an angle that by placing two mitred ends together the other ends will stand two or three feet apart; fasten them solid at the top or point; then make another such, and place them ten or twelve feet apart, nail a strip of board to the top, and another on each side about half way to the ground. Thus you have a *portable* trellis, which you will find very convenient in letting your vines down to the ground these cold winters.

Will JOHN SANFIELD, or some one else, tell us through the RURAL what size and length, and at what distance apart, willow cuttings should be set for hedges? also some information in regard to their after-treatment?—CHAUTAUQUE, *N. Y. November* 23, 1857.

MAKING RAISINS—(G. W. P., *Dayton, Ohio.*)—No sugar is used in making Raisins. They are simply dried upon the ground, in clusters, as they are picked from the vines, being handled as little as possible. We received last winter a few bunches of the *Delaware* grape, by express, when, in consequence of the lateness of the season, and delay, they were *almost* raisins, the sugar contained in them being candied. There is no doubt but this grape will make raisins, but it will be a good while before we can spare many for this purpose.

THE NEW CANADA WINE GRAPE—(E. CADY, *Austerlitz.*)—We know nothing of this grape more than we have published in the RURAL. Some of the fruit we had reason to suppose would be sent us this fall for examination, but we have not received any. With our present knowledge we would not advise persons to invest much in plants or cuttings.

PLANTING TREES.—Taylor, literary editor of the Chicago Journal, truly says that the man has not lived in vain, who has only sung a song that saved a tree, or has planted what shall be life and leaf and shadow, by and by; who has encouraged these free-holders of Nature to cluster boldly around his dwelling, and has numbered them at last among kindred and friends. There have been meaner epitaphs than this:

He planted a TREE,
and they
That reclined in its shadow,
Rise up and call him
Blessed.

THE most magnificent specimen of Chinese Wistaria in Europe, is trained upon the walls of the London Horticultural Society, where it occupies a space of three hundred and seventy-five feet in length.—This plant may be forced to advantage, and is by no means to be despised as a greenhouse climber. Its recommendations are, great freedom in the production of its flowers, great beauty and fragrance. Pruned, it may be brought into a dwarf condition, and grows well in ordinary garden earth. *Horticulturist.*

Domestic Economy.

EXCELLENT DRIED BEEF.—For convenience, the beef needs to be cut in strips before salting. For one hundred pounds meat take two quarts of coarse or fine salt, and two ounces saltpetre. Put these in a large, smooth iron kettle, and place it over the fire until quite hot; then add to it molasses, until the mass resembles brown sugar. Rub the meat, piece by piece, on all sides, in this; keeping the vessel over the fire; immediately packing the meat in a tubber jar. Turn the pieces over every other day. It needs no water, as the salt and juice of the meat are sufficient to fill all the crevices. After ten days, take out the meat, rinsing it very slightly in water and hang it up to dry, where it will not freeze. Meat thus prepared is very tender, and has a peculiarly delicious flavor.—*Selected.*

KEEPING EGGS FRESH.—*Another Mode*—To keep eggs fresh, pack in layers with dry Indian meal—a layer of meal then of eggs—standing the eggs upon the small end. I have kept them perfectly fresh during winter, putting down in the manner described.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Perinton, N. Y.*, 1857.

JOHNNY CAKE.—2 teacupfuls of sweet milk, ½ do. flour, 1 do. Indian meal. We think this will prove superior to even the famed "St. Charles Johnny Cake."—MRS. H. D. M., *Hornellsville, N. Y.*, 1857.

INQUIRY.—Will some of your readers inform us through the RURAL how to make good cookies, for we have got entirely out of the "knack" of making them.—E., *Greece, N. Y.*, 1857.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

AMERICAN MACHINERY IN ENGLAND.

THE inventive genius of American mechanics, and the perfection of American machinery, are now duly appreciated in England. The Bigelow loom, for the weaving of velvet and other tapestry carpetings, has been introduced, with the warmest admiration of its effective and ingenious capacity, and the beauty and economy of its working. Mr. Bigelow's invention consists of a single apparatus attached to the loom, by which the shuttles are selected in their order, carried to their place, and put in operation without the loss of an instant, and by which the production of the loom daily is quadrupled. This relates to the loom for weaving the three-ply carpeting; but a very different apparatus was required for the production of the Brussels and coach lace fabrics. In these the pattern is formed entirely by the warp of the goods, while the weft is only a strong thread to bind and secure the fabric together. The pile of the Brussels is formed by the insertion of wires in the process of weaving, over which the loop of the thread is formed, and these wires were formerly inserted by hand at every blow of the loom, and withdrawn after a short piece had been woven, to be used again; but in the Bigelow loom this is done by the machine itself, for by the side of the cloth is placed a pair of pincers, which, with every stroke of the loom, advance, draw out a wire from a portion already completed, retire and insert it in its place in a portion of the warp when the next loop is to be formed, and repeat the operation with great rapidity and accuracy.

STATISTICS OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

FROM a pamphlet published at Washington, we glean some particulars respecting the number of patents granted by the United States goverment prior to the year 1857. The number of titles amounts to 3,768, and on these have been issued 24,398 patents which, with the exception of 517 granted to foreign countries, have been applied for by citizens of this country. New York heads the list with 5,864 patents. Massachusetts comes next, with 3,803, followed by Pennsylvania with 2,645, Connecticut with 1,822, and Ohio with 1,568. Maryland stands sixth on the list, with 897, and Virginia eighth with 779. The six New England States are among the first 13 on the list. Florida and Arkansas come last, the former with 8 and the latter with 7 patents. Out of 23,891 patents granted in this country, 20,396 have been issued to residents of free States, and 3,495 to those of slave States, or nearly in proportion of six to one.—Among the foreign nations Great Britain takes the lead with 360 patents, followed by France with 33. Canada stands third with 14.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE—*How and When to be Laid.*—The portions of the Atlantic Cable on the Agamemnon and Niagara have been taken from those vessels and coiled in water tight apartments for the purpose of submitting the whole to tests during the winter. Experiments are to be made so as to ascertain not only its electric capabilities, but the rate at which each signal can be transmitted, and the effect which the different periods of the day, the temperature and state of the atmosphere have upon it. The next attempt to lay the cable will be made in mid-summer next year; but the process of submerging will commence in the middle of the Atlantic, the two vessels engaged sailing for Ireland and Newfoundland, respectively. Three thousand miles of cable instead of 2,600, as at first, are to be coiled in the vessels, and the manufacture of the additional quantity has been commenced. The Trans-Atlantic Telegraph Company have placed the entire supervision of the enterprise in the hands of Cyrus W. Field, and have appointed as its engineer, the engineer of the Niagara.

SOUTHERN CROCKERY.—The discovery of "Caolin," the fine clay of which China and granite ware is made, in South Carolina and Georgia, has introduced among us another branch of industry, likely to prove of great commercial value to us. As crockery is an article of almost universal consumption, we may expect it to become an article of extensive exportation.

The "Southern Porcelain Manufacturing Co." have a capital of $50,000, and own a bed of 25 acres of the clay, which is pronounced to be equal to the foreign. Their works are about six miles from Bath, near the South Carolina Railroad.—They have dug down some 24 feet without reaching its bottom, and regard the supply as ample for years to come. The Company gives employment to some forty persons, and now turn off some $400 worth of ware per week, which will be increased to $800 per week as soon as another kiln is prepared. At present, their operations are confined to the manufacture of pitchers, mugs and spittoons, but they will make table ware in a short time.

SIGNAL LIGHT FOR STEAMERS.—An improvement in the signal light for steamboats has been effected, designed by its simplicity and efficiency to prevent collisions. The improvement consists in a simple mechanical arrangement by means of a jointed movable arm or bracket connected with the main shaft of the engine, by which at every revolution of the paddle wheel, the lights placed upon the extremity of the arm will revolve and show distinct colors. The lights are placed directly over the wheel-house, and are entirely within the control of the pilot, either by cordageing or by belts. Several modifications of the machinery—which is quite simple in its construction—may be made so as to apply conveniently to paddle-wheel steamboats or to propellers.

YANKEE WASHING MACHINES ABROAD.—A late number of the London Times contains a long notice of a Washing Machine, which, it appears, has found its way across the Atlantic. In this machine a number of buoyant balls made of wood are employed as rubbers. The inventor, Mr. Christopher Hollingsworth, is a farmer of Indiana. The Dutchess of Sutherland and others of the nobility appear to have taken quite a fancy to the contrivance.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY MOTHER'S SPIRIT.

A SPIRIT hovers around me,
Hovers around me now,
It's airy form I cannot see,
Nor feel it touch my brow,
And yet 'tis near, I know 'tis near,
The *spirit of my mother* dear.

They tell me spirits never come
Again, when once set free,
To visit still their former home,
And earthly friends to see,
'Tis false! for ever at my side,
Doth a mother's spirit glide.

And when at night I seek my rest,
Her spirit still is there—
I thank my Father I am blest
With such angelic care;
And *most* of all blessings given,
Thank Him for this *guide* to heaven.

New York, Nov., 1857. J. F. M.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

LIFE'S PATHWAY.

I SAW a lovely path, narrow but straight, bedecked with fairest flowers whose odor made the ambient air like sweetest incense. With boughs entwined, a lovely cypress and a noble oak cast o'er the place their warm, protecting shadows.

Far above the bright, blue belt of Heaven, a shining form, with silken wings whose golden lustre far outshone the glorious sunbeam, views with care this fairy bower. All is complete; and now from heavenly scenes through the ethereal vault he hastens. Within his arms he bears two infant souls, and nestled 'neath the ambrosial shade, they find life's pathway. How gently fold his azure wings as on their brows he acts the seal of Heaven, and o'er their tiny forms breathes a holy benediction; then, again they softly spread and high he soars above the stately shade, 'till far above, amid the ethereal blue, he hovers round to watch their progress.

Sweet babes! how gentle is the pressure of your footsteps o'er the flowery path of childhood, and how well protected are your growing forms by those parental trees!

The path expands, and soon amid the glowing flowers of youth, behold those nimble feet are treading. But see! half hidden by yon bushy border, another form now glides along life's pathway. His shape and outward mien he fain would make angelic, but in his bosom wrangling scorpions hide, whose poisonous breath like livid fires fill every vein and make his touch a deadly poison. Upon his well-masked form, two leaden wings unfold, as if they, too, had power to soar to heavenly heights. Oftimes he lowly crouches round those youthful feet or decks the fair surrounding scene with more than radiant beauties; again, with siren voice he fills the air with richest melody or from the trembling harp-string strikes the soft, sweet cadences of music.

Entranced, those youthful ears catch the beguiling notes, or revel 'mid the fair, enchanting scene. Ah! how exultant is his visage as he lingers near to breathe upon their ears the tones of flattery.—The genial shade of the parental oak and cypress deepen, but they yield a small defence against the tempter's arts. With cunning wiles he enters 'neath their shadow to wipe away the glorious sign GOD set upon those youthful foreheads.

Still near now is flottering that angel spirit. No movement of the arch fiend escapes him; too well he knows the fell destroyer along life's pathway.—Ah! how he strives to guide them where no thorns may pierce their feet; how arduously he fans away the poisonous breeze and make more bright and clear the Master's seal.

The struggle deepens. Bright manhood dawns, and through its winding labyrinth these manly forms pursue their way with energetic zeal; but here each glowing rose secretes its thorn, fair scenes allure to trap the wandering feet, and pleasure's fairy hand paints scenes that tempt their fancy. Within that demon's breast still fiercer burn those hidden fires, as, with more gilded form and honeyed lips, he tempts fair virtue's power or lures their tastes by foaming draughts of ruddy poison. Ah, foolish mortals, thus to linger round the tempter's board. Oh! why not hear those heavenly whisperings of the guardian spirit who for you adorned life's pathway—whose unseen arm, protected through the ills of babbling childhood, healed the wounds along the thorny path of youth, and strove to guide where the deceiver's snare might not entrap you. List, as he beckons you along the narrow path and whispers that it leads to Heaven. He begs you cast one lingering glance upon the fading cypress and the falling oak. Upon your brows GOD's glowing seal is dim and fain the foe of Heaven would quite erase and stamp thereon his own. The plea is not in vain. One manly head is raised to Heaven; around his brow a holy lustre seems to linger, as on the low-bent knee the prayerful accents of the contrite penitent pour forth. Ah, yes, the eye of faith obtains a glimpse of heavenly treasures, and holy bands rejoice as they behold his steady tread along life's pathway.

But view the conflict of the brother. Slowly and surely his feet are slipping from the narrow path. Unnumbered heavenly messengers are gathering around him, whose voiceless whispers fall upon his inmost soul—but still he parleys.—Fed with the tempter's sweetened bane, he turns his hardening heart from Heaven, but mercy still protects him. At length, her still, small voice awakes his blinded vision, and he finds his feet are trembling on the thorny brink. Hark! as he turns his gaze aloft, celestial choirs have faintly touched the trembling chord of hope. But ah! upon his listening ear beguiling tones of fiendish hosts are falling, and rashly does he thrust away the proffered Heaven. Mangled anew, fair mercy's bleeding form recedes. "All nature from her seat gives signs of woe, that all is lost." As heaven's seal becomes obscure, the soft-winged spirits sighing turn away, and demon shouts triumphantly resound.

Along the craggy, sidling steep, now travel hand in hand, the tempter and the tempted, but oft upon his ear is borne the glorious shout or song of praise, and as he looks aloft he views his brother man treading the straight and narrow path, while sometimes o'er his brow he feels the waving of some heavenly wing that hovers o'er life's narrow way. Ah, then he would fain retrace his steps.—Alas his feet are slippery and he cannot climb the ascent with the ease he wandered down. The tempter's jeers are in his ear, bright colors false but fair allure him on, until along the path of crime he boldly travels.

Scarce half the days allotted human life are passed. Within the gloomy wilds of grim despair, where friends exult and fiery serpents throw their baneful stings, behold the prostrate form of the transgressor. Alluring scenes of vicious pleasure yield him no delight; with eager lips he quaffs the poisonous draught, but now it gives no peace. Beside his bloated form, with hideous triumph in his eye, that demon guide is watching. He has been his leader full many a year along the devious path which he has chosen, and he will not leave him now. The burning page of envious hatred and revengeful malice he has taught him, while for his hand the assassin's knife he fondly sharpened, and now, without disguise, he waits to stamp upon the death-damped brow Satanic seals and symbols. No heavenly messenger can linger round that scene; but from the narrow way, the holy brother views the painful struggle, and too well he knows no voice of prayer could save him.

With firmer step the Christian presses forth, and stronger yet, buckles on the saving shield until his sun begins to set behind the years of ripe old age. Fanned by the breeze from unseen wings, whose shadow lingers o'er his brow, he gently falls, while to his ear are borne sweet strains of holy melody. Once more he views those parent trees who long since mingled dust with dust. Full well he marks where angels and where demons fought, the slippery foot-prints of his brother, the path where oft his feet had well nigh slipped, through which his guide has safely led him, and now upon death's brink he waits. That lovely guide, with missioned convoys, hovers round, and while the pearly gates of Heaven are opening, again he folds that flottering spirit on his breast, and as above Death's chilly tide he soars, back o'er the breeze is borne the shout the narrow path has led to Heaven. NELLIE.

Freetown, N. Y., Nov., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ECHOES.

ECHO is sound reflected. Nature presents a scene of sounds, ever varying, never ceasing: we hear them in the gurgling fountains of spring, as well as in the rustling of autumn's withered leaves, or in the howl of winter's blast.

The sounds of the world without have an echo in the world within. We have all heard the old legend of the boy in the mountain pass, who complained that a mocking fairy was concealed near repeating every word he spoke. Be this true or not, surely echo like a fairy spirit dwells in every soul. The heart is a grotto, and echoes of strains sad or joyful, harsh or meodious, are ever reverberating through its long chambers.

Echoes of the past never die away. They may be silent at times, but they only sleep. As in a mountain cave one soft whisper or low footfall will vibrate through the long dark recesses; so one sound like those of the past, awakens a thousand thoughts that echo and re-echo through all the winding labyrinths of the soul; whether it be the sweet sound of a loved friend's voice, long silent, or the music of early haunts died away on the ear forever.

Echoes of the busy world's low hum are ever about us. The sound of passing footsteps, the rattling of wheels along the street,—all are heard by the ear apparently unheeded; but in the soul is the low echo of thought. Whither tends this great multitude? Every new footstep, every spoken word awakens many an inquiry within, as the mighty tide sweeps on.

Silence has echoes,—deep-toned echoes in the soul. "Night hath its songs," songs that the day with its wild commotion may listen in vain to hear. When the tempest roareth not, when the spring bird singeth not, when the soft wind sigheth not, then the very silence will sing to you in the night. The very orbs of heaven as they move on in silent majesty, sing of an unseen Hand; ever twinkling in their modest light, they sing of a glorious Heaven, a land of bliss far beyond, and then comes a whisper through the silence as of the still small voice, calling, "Come, come, come." Oh! the beautiful songs of the night! the sweet music of silence! listen to its strains.

The gentle voices that find a response in kindred hearts, awakens their sweet music, filling the soul with delight. When hearts beat in unison, in harmony pure and sweet, then the gentle accents of affection, though whispered low, are echoed back again.

The heart is a grotto of echoes. Not one sound is over lost. It may die away on the ear, and the cause which produced it have ceased to be; but the *mind's* ear has caught the strain, and the soul treasures it up. A mother's voice, long silent in death, or the sweet words of an absent friend, may sound on the ear no more; but every word that has once been spoken, though it may seem to have been forgotten forever, only sleeps within the soul. In the hour of loneliness, or in some unsuspected moment it will awake again with all its former force, with all its early sweetness, to echo through all the mazes of the heart. LYRA.

Nunda, N. Y., 1857.

WATER AND MORALS. — A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motive to water.—Three inches per mile in a smooth, straight channel, give a velocity of about three miles per hour. Now, what is true of water is equally true of morals. The best of men only need a slight push from adversity to obtain a downhill momentum. Be careful, therefore, how you lose your equilibrium.

THE sorrows of a pure heart are but the May-frosts which precede the warm summer-day; but the sorrows of a corrupt soul are its Autumn-frosts, which foretell the cold, dreary winter.—*Jean Paul.*

To the pure, all purity is manifest—to the strong, all emergency.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AUTUMN OF THE HEART.

BY ANNIE MORVEN.

How joyous hast thou been! How light and free
In the sweet spring-time of thy life when earth
Was a blooming paradise to thee!
How shook thy spirit's chords with joy and mirth!
Music of life, O, cheer me now as then!
Come back! come back again!

When Spring awoke with blushing buds and flowers,
And happy birds sang in a thousand trees,
With song and laughter passed the merry hours,
For thou, O, heart! wast happier far than these!
Bleed now in silence, and forget thy glee,
Earth has no joy for thee.

To brighter climes the warbling birds have flown,
The beauteous flowers are withered now and dead,
The trembling leaves across the path are blown,
Heedless upon them, human footsteps tread.
So fall thy cherished hopes. With every blast
They're falling, falling fast.

Soon 'twill be Winter with thee. Cold as Death
Thou'lt shiver in the storm. *Look up and smile!*
A brighter land awaits thee, where the breath
Of Winter comes not. Suffer for awhile.
In Heaven is endless Spring, and flowers grow,
Nor fade as here below.

La Grange, Wyo. Co., N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THANKSGIVING.

BY WINNIE WILLIAN.

WHAT a dreary night to precede Thanksgiving Day. The friendly moon has hid her face, and the November wind is howling mournfully among the bare-branched trees, and laying the new-fallen snow in drifts. The traveler, as he hastily turns his steps homeward, patiently submits to have his nose pinched by JACK FROST, and his hair ruffled by the frolics of the wind, while thinking of the warm, pleasant fireside that awaits his coming.—Ah, these firesides! they make home a happy place. But think ye not there are some this night who gather around no cheerful fire? Ye who have plenty, remember ye have the *poor* always with you. In the shadow of yonder great house, stands a little hovel. A single light gleams forth from that broken window, and a mother with her three little ones, crouch around a few, dying embers. As every gust of wind penetrates their miserable dwelling, the shivering inmates gather closer to each other, endeavoring in vain to restore warmth to their chilled frames. How the wind sighs and moans. Mingled with every blast, can ye not hear the cries of the suffering poor?

"Mother," said little MATTY, "to-morrow will be Thanksgiving."

The widow CARTER moved not. Her eyes were vacantly fixed on the coals, but her heart was far away. She was a child again. A gay, "free-hearted, careless one." She witnessed again the abundance of her father's house, and the joyous festivities and social gatherings of Thanksgiving Day. With a sigh she passed over those happy years, and saw herself first setting out in her journey through the world, hand in hand with one, who made all of life, shared with him, one happy Thanksgiving day. She fain would have omitted the sad scenes of later years; but memory, with a faithful hand, pictured them all. The solemn death-bed scene, the agony of separation, the dark, sad days of bereavement and loneliness, were all lived over again in those few moments.

"Mother," again repeated MATTY, wearied with the long continued silence, "mother, do you know to-morrow is Thanksgiving? And we will have some fire, I hope," she added, shivering, "and a nice dinner too, for I'm real hungry."

The mother had again returned to the sad realities of their present condition, and a spirit of repining arose within her, as she thought of those who were surrounded with ease and plenty, while she and her little ones were destitute of the common necessaries of life. Thanksgiving? What had she to be thankful for? Life was but a burden, and her children were almost starving.

"Ma," again spoke MATTY, "what makes you look so? Ain't you glad its Thanksgiving."

"Hush, child, child," said her mother "it's no Thanksgiving to us. We have nothing but poverty."

"You have *us*, mamma."

The mother gazed a moment on the three forms surrounding her, and then clasping them in her arms, exclaimed, "My children are still left me.—Thank GOD, I have much to be thankful for."

The curtains have been drawn in that splendid mansion, and the inmates have gathered around their cheerful fireside. A noble looking man, of perhaps thirty-one or two, with a lovely child of six or seven years of age, in his arms, her golden curls entwining among his dark locks, and the pretty young wife and mother, form an interesting picture.

"Papa," said AGGIE, "are you thankful?"

"What do you mean, love?"

"Why, you know," replied the child, stroking his hair with her little hand, "You know to-morrow will be Thanksgiving Day, and we ought to be very thankful to GOD for all He has given us."

Mr. LESLIE gazed fondly at his wife and child, and then cast a look at his well furnished apartment, and said with emotion, "Truly GOD has blessed me, and I have much, very much to be thankful for."

"Well, then, Papa, there are a great many poor people who have no fire or clothes to keep them warm, or food enough to eat, and our Savior said, 'whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'"

"And where did my little AGGIE learn that."

"I read it in my Bible to-day, Papa, and I could not help thinking that poor little MATTY CARTER, who has no kind father, as I have, would not have any Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow."

"Where does MATTY CARTER live, AGGIE?" inquired Mr. LESLIE.

"Only a little way around the corner," said the child, and springing from his knee, she clapped her hands, exclaiming, "Oh, I know, Papa, you are going to get something for them ain't you?"

"I shouldn't wonder if such an event would happen, one of these days," replied her father, laughing, and after speaking a few words in a low tone, to his wife, took his hat and over-coat and left the house. After an hour's absence he returned and found AGGIE still up, anxiously awaiting his arrival.

"Have you sent them papa?" she asked, as he entered the room.

"Sent what, little fairy?" said Mr. LESLIE with a roguish look.

"Why, something nice to MATTY's mother. Ah, I know you have, I can tell by your eyes. Will they get them to-night?"

"No, not to-night," returned her father, "as it was too late to send them. But they will be there early in the morning."

"Oh, I am so happy," murmured little AGGIE, as she laid her head on her father's shoulder, "and GOD will bless you, papa, for CHRIST said, "It is more blessed to *give* than to receive." A tear trembled in Mr. LESLIE's eye as he glanced from his sweet child to his wife, and met an answering look of approval and affection.

Thanksgiving morn dawned bright and clear, and the CARTERS arose from their pallets of straw, to contend once more with hunger and cold. But not long. GOD will not forsake thee, poverty-stricken ones. Cheer up, succor is already advancing. MATTY'S "nice Thanksgiving fire and dinner" are forthcoming. A rap at the door. What can it mean at this early hour. Perchance their infuriated landlord, and Mrs. CARTER'S hands tremble from an undefined fear, as well as from cold, as she unfastens the latch. "Does the widow CARTER live here?" inquired a good-natured, rosy-looking man, as he slapped his hands together to keep them warm.

"Yes sir," responded the widow, dreading she knew not what.

"All right then," returned the man cheerfully. "Whoa, horses," as he drove a team up to the door, and threw down a load of wood, all ready for use. "Ye see ma'am somebody has a care for warm toes Thanksgiving Day," and with an expressive smile, he jumped into the wagon, and drove away before the poor woman comprehended the meaning of the affair. She was soon brought to her senses, however, by the shouts of the children, "Hurrah for Thanksgiving! now we can have a fire." And MATTY gathered an arm-full of that God-sent wood, and the family gathered around *such* a fire,—it was meat, drink, and all.

Rat, tat tat, against the door in quick succession, and on MATTY'S opening it, several well filled baskets and huge parcels were showered upon her, more than the little arms could hold. Who could have guessed their wants so clearly? Shoes and stockings for the little feet, and food enough "to last a month" as the children said, and various articles conducive to their comfort, and last of all a ten dollar gold piece, wrapped in white paper, on which was written the words, "Trust in the LORD, and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

The widow CARTER caused her children to kneel beside her, and raising her streaming eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "Truly, weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. The GOD of the sparrows takes care of us, 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.'"

There was joy in the mansion, and joy in the hovel that Thanksgiving Day, but "it is more blessed to *give* than to *receive*."

Rochester, N. Y., Nov., 1857.

NIGHT IN THE TROPICS.

BY and by the night comes on, but not as it comes in our Northern latitudes. Night, under the tropics, falls like a curtain. The sun goes down with a glow, intense but brief. There are no soft and lingering twilight adieus, and stars lighting up one by one. They come, a laughing group, trooping over the skies, like bright-eyed children relieved from school. Reflected in the lagoon, they seemed to chase each other in amorous play, printing sparkling kisses on each others luminous lips. The low shores, lined with the heavy foliaged mangroves, looked like a frame of massive, antique carving, around the vast mirror of the lagoon, across whose surface streamed a silvery shaft of light from the evening star, palpitating like a young bride, low in the horizon. Then there were whispered "voices of the night," the drowsy winds talking themselves to sleep among the trees, and the little ripples of the lagoon pattering with liquid feet along the sandy shore. The distant monotonous beating of the sea, and an occasional sullen plunge of marine animal, which served to open, momentarily, the eye-lids drooping in slumbrous sympathy with the scene. These were the elements which entranced me during the long, delicious hours of my first evening alone with Nature, on the Mosquito shore.—"*Waikna,*" *by Samuel A. Bard.*

THE WORKINGS OF THOUGHT.—All great revolutions might be traced to the thinkings of some great soul. The germ of the Reformation originated in the thinkings of Martin Luther. A man of iron will get hold of an idea, or, rather, it got hold of him, and became a passion, all-absorbing, and it overmastered him, and, full of it, he sought to indoctrinate others with it; they took it, and made it their own; and thus it became what was called public opinion, and that caused Senates to tremble, the face of nations to become altered, thrones to totter, and a whole continent to be filled with convulsion. Such were the results of the workings of a single thought.

WAIT.—Of course it is very hard. No matter whether you have to wait in certainty or in doubt, whether in the fulfillment of a promise, or the arrival of a "shipload of money," waiting is tedious and one feels that patience is a virtue. Young hopeful cannot wait for dinner, and spoils his appetite and digestion with apples and bread and butter. Older grown, he cannot wait for his majority, and borrows. Tell people to wait, and waiting makes fools. Yet waiting is the school of moral strength; the grandest achievements have to be waited for. Small minds are always fizzing and leaking, so when the time comes, they are found either stale or empty.

FOUR MILLIONS OF LETTERS.

"ABOUT four million letters per annum are exchanged between the United States and Great Britain. What a library these letters would form."

Yes—a library indeed! and, allowing the letters average three pages each, they would fill thirty thousand volumes of four hundred pages each! Thirty thousand volumes filled with the hopes, the wishes, the joys, the woes, the plans and purposes of nearly a million of human beings!—What a heart-history and brain-history that correspondence of a single year must contain! He who should have the privilege and patience to read through that vast amount of manuscript would have a perfect knowledge of that mysterious mechanism, the human heart—a knowledge more profound than can be obtained from all the books of all the schoolmen that ever loaded the shelves of libraries with treatises on metaphysics. In that unexplored mine, the novelist would find materials richer than the imagination ever conceived. Those fragile missives, secured by a single seal, would unfold tragic tales of deeper interest than ever inspired the Tragic Muse. There would be evidence of attachment pure, and noble, and burning brighter in the dread ordeal of absence; there would be sorrow "such as press the life out from young bosoms," and joys almost too deep for utterance.

There, too, would be found false words, the coinage of perfidious hearts—professions of love as imponderable as air, the musk of hatred deep and undying. Thousands of letters, with black seals, carrying death, instead of life, to expectant friends. Thousands of letters, like the casket of the Arabian tales, which, opened, gave birth to a huge monster—the pageants of castle-builders, the mirth of children, the devotion of lovers, the schemes of misers; and all this movement and interchange of thought is secret and confidential. The mail-agent, the steamship captain, the many employees, through whose hands this tide of intercommunication flows, know absolutely nothing of the springs they put in motion. They feel not the pulsations of the million hearts that depend upon their fidelity and fortunes. Very little of this vast tide of information ever overflows directly upon the public, though it influences society by its action on individuals. And this whole system, on which we have been commenting, is of modern origin; the interweaving of the silent and invisible links that bind the whole human family together, and permit mind to respond to mind, is a comparatively new creation. The world, a few centuries back was in Cimmerian darkness, compared to the light it now enjoys.

INTEGRITY OF CHARACTER.

Who ever possessed it that did not derive untold advantage from it? It is better than the gold of Ophir; it is of more value than diamonds and all precious stones. And yet every man may possess it. The poorest may have it, and no power can wrest it from them. To young men, we say with earnestness and emphasis, look at integrity of character with the blessings it confers, and imbibe such principles, and pursue such a course, that its benefits may be yours. It is a prize so rich that it repays every sacrifice and every toil necessary to secure it. Suppose a mercantile community could be found whose every individual was known and acknowledged to possess strict and uncompromising integrity; the representation of each other were in strict accordance with truth; "his word as good as a bond!" Such a community would have a monopoly of the trade, so far as they had the means of supplying the demand—"The tricks of the trade," whatever may be their apparent advantages, impair confidence, and in the end injure those who practice them far more than they benefit them. It is a short-sighted, as well as a guilty policy, to swerve, under any circumstances, from those great principles which are of universal and everlasting obligation. Let a man maintain his integrity at all times, and he will be satisfied there is a blessing in it, and a blessing all around it.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

WHO IS OLD?

A WISE man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe, he will be doing something for himself, his neighbor, or for prosperity. Almost to the last hour of his life, Washington was at work. So were Franklin, and Young, and Howard, and Newton. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die, because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the day laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the spring of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. Is he old? should not be asked; but, is he active, can he breathe freely, and move with agility? There are scores of gray headed men whom we should prefer, in any important enterprise, to those young gentlemen, who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale at a lion in their path,—at a harsh word or frown.

OPPOSITION.—"A certain amount of opposition," says John Neal, "is a great help to man.—Kites rise against, and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.—Let no man wax pale, therefore because of opposition; opposition is what he wants, and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine, and lies down by the wayside to be overlooked and forgotten.—He who but braces himself to the struggle when the wind blows, gives up when they have done, and falls asleep in the stillness that follows.

THE English language is full of delicate relations, some of which perhaps, are accidental, while others, we are constrained to believed, are the work of design. There are "friend," and "fiend," which the canine letter "r" just prevents being identical. And how true it is, that no one has the power of playing the *fiend* to another who has not first been admitted inside of his heart, in the capacity of a *friend.*

The Educator.

IRREGULAR ATTENDANCE AT SCHOOL.

Few persons, except teachers, are aware of the evils incident to irregularity of attendance at school. Those having children in charge are often prone to detain them at home, to perform some domestic labor, or to indulge them in idleness.—Yet every such interruption in a course of study, particularly when extended to a term of days, requires from the pupil increased exertion to make good the time and opportunities lost by absence; or else, in most cases, future progress is impeded by the failure to master certain lessons necessary to prepare for further attainment. To be sure this difficulty exists only, or principally where pupils are in classes, and required to perform regular exercises. But with the modern improvements in the management of schools, classification, though often illy adapted to favor individual pupils, is considered imperative, as it certainly is, to the economy of labor and time. The pupil who does not keep up with his class generally becomes disgusted with his studies, and then is not slow to assume the character of the dolt of the school.

Even in the more primitive unclassified school the pupil who stays often at home cannot retain so vivid an interest in his studies. It is natural to be encouraged when we make rapid advancement in our work, and to be dispirited when our progress is almost constantly impeded. The scholar that feels conscious of being behind his fellows is prone to become envious of them, malignant and troublesome in school. In this way often it is that children acquire the reputation of learning mischief there which they would not at home.

An old maxim says that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well." Most true is this of attendance at school. While a pupil makes this his business he should perform it thoroughly. He then becomes "a whole man at it," and proficiency is the sure result. This gives him the calm assurance of success in whatever he shall undertake. Moral courage, energy and serenity of mind, elements of a noble and a stable character are thus induced; and the child becomes "father to a man"

THE VELOCITY OF THOUGHT.

Prof. Silliman's *American Journal of Science* publishes an account of some interesting experiments made by M. Helmholz, a Swiss gentleman, for the purpose of ascertaining the rapidity with which thought travels from the brain to the nerves. By the aid of some ingenious mechanism, he was enabled to arrive at the following conclusions:

Sensations are transmitted to the brain at a rapidity of about 180 feet *per second*, or at one-fifth the rate of sound; and this is nearly the same in all individuals.

The brain requires *one-tenth of a second* to transmit its orders to the nerves which preside over voluntary motion; but this amount varies in different individuals, and in the same individual at different times, according to the disposition or condition at the time, and is more regular, the more sustained the attention.

The time required to transmit an order to the muscles, by the motor nerves, is nearly the same as that required by the nerves of sensation to pass a sensation; moreover, it passes nearly one-hundredth of a second before the muscles are put in motion.

The whole operation requires one and a quarter to two-tenths of a second. Consequently, when we speak of an active, ardent mind, or of one that is slow, cold, or apathetic, it is not a mere figure of rhetoric, but an absolute and certain fact, that such a distinction, with varying gradations, really exists.

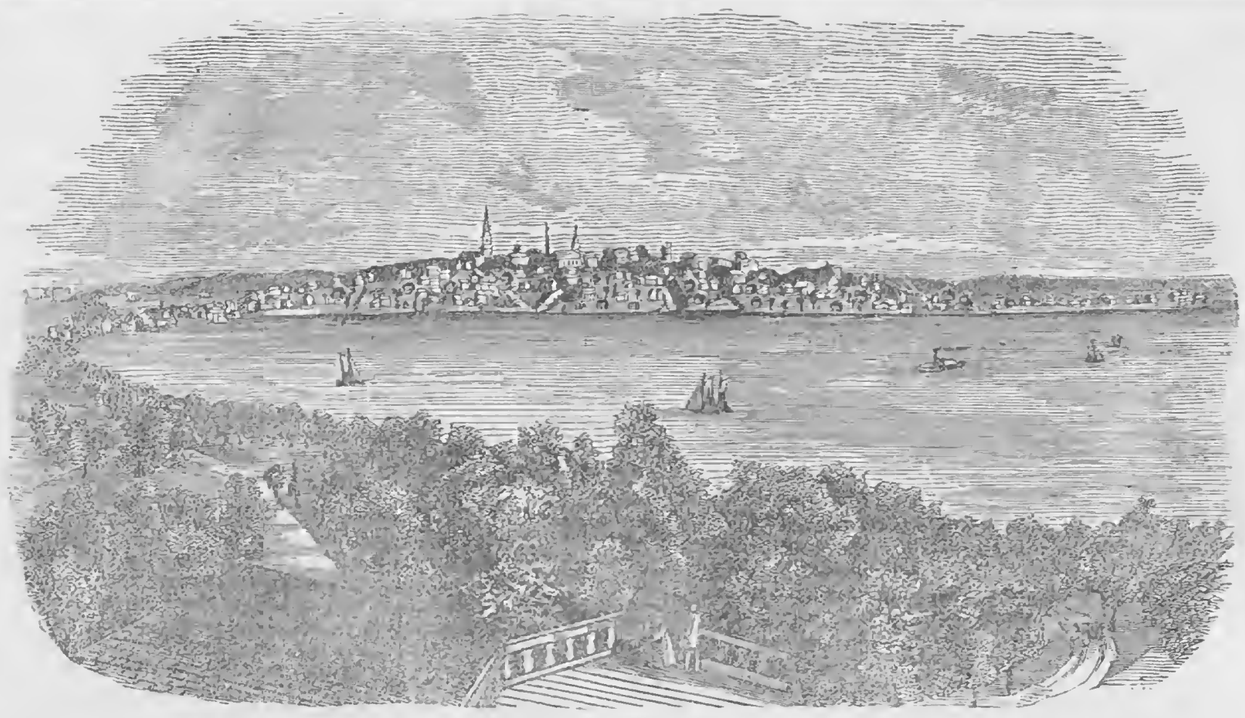
READING ALOUD.

There is no treat so great as to hear good reading of any kind. Not one gentleman or a lady in a hundred can read so as to please the ear, and send the words with gentle force to the heart and understanding. An indistinct utterance, whines, drones, nasal twangs, guttural notes, hesitations, and other vices of elocution, are almost universal. Why it is, no one can say, unless it be that either the pulpit, or the nursery, or the Sunday School, gives the style, in these days. Many a lady can sing Italian songs with considerable execution, but cannot read English passably. Yet reading is by far the more valuable accomplishment of the two. In most drawing-rooms, if a thing is to be read, it is discovered that nobody can read; one has weak lungs, another gets hoarse, another chokes, another has an abominable sing song, evidently a tradition of the way in which he said Watts' hymns when he was too young to understand them; another rumbles like a broad-wheel wagon; another has a way of reading which seems to proclaim that what is read is of no sort of consequence, and had better not be listened to.

Our Language.—The Dublin University Magazine says—Dictionary English is something very different not only from common colloquial English, but even from that of ordinary written composition. Instead of about 40,000 words, there is probably no single author in the language from whose works, however voluminous, so many as 10,000 words could be collected. Of the 40,000 words there are certainly many more than one-half that are only employed, if they are ever employed at all, on the rarest occasions. We should any of us be surprised to find, if we counted them, with how small a number of words we manage to express all that we have to say either with our lips or even with the pen. Our common literary English probably hardly extends to 10,000 words, our common spoken English hardly to 5,000.

Solitude.—A certain degree of solitude seems necessary to the full growth and spread of the highest mind; and, therefore, must a very extensive intercourse with men stifle many a holy germ, and scare away the gods, who shun the ruthless tumult of noisy companies and the discussion of petty interests.

How often do men mistake the love of their own opinions for the love of truth!



VIEW OF THE CITY OF MADISON

The city of Madison, an engraving of which we give Rural readers this week, is the "County Seat" of Dane Co., Wisconsin, and the Capital of that thrifty Western State. This beautiful place is emphatically a creation of modern times. From what we have been able to glean concerning its early history, we should infer that the government of the State selected the site while it was yet "in the woods," for we read that "in June 1837, the contractor, with forty men and five females, arrived here, having in eleven days cut their way through the wilderness from Milwaukee, (about 80 miles,) and commenced the building of the Capitol." The growth of the city may be dated from 1841, at which period visible signs of "progress and improvement" became apparent, and though Madison cannot lay claim to so rapid an increase as western cities are generally noted for, it can say, what may in the end prove better, that its prosperity is substantial. The population in 1855 was nearly seven thousand.

The city is located upon a peninsula between the Third and Fourth lake of the chain called the Four Lakes, on a gentle swell of ground, from which there is a regular descent each way to the water. Mendota, or Fourth Lake, upon the upper side of the city, is about six miles by four in area. Third Lake is somewhat smaller; both are exceedingly picturesque waters, deep enough for steamboat navigation. The streets are regularly laid out, with a Central Square, in which stands the State House—a spacious stone edifice, two stories above the basement, with a handsome dome—which can be seen for many miles in any direction. This square contains fourteen acres, embellished with native forest trees. One mile west from "Capitol Hill," in a park of fifty acres, are the buildings of the University of Wisconsin. The University was founded in 1848, and opened on the 17th Sept., 1851.

Madison being the centre of the railroad system of Wisconsin, and surrounded by one of the richest agricultural regions in the State, cannot do aught else than prosper. While the "universal Yankee" may be said to steadfastly believe in the doctrine of utilitarianism—keeping ever a keen look-out for the main chance—he can here unite the useful with the beautiful, *utile dulci;* "for," says a writer on American landscapes, "Madison, perhaps, combines and overlooks more charming and diversified scenery than any other town in the West, or than any other State Capital in the Union. Its high lakes, fresh groves, rippling rivulets, shady dales, and flowery meadow lawns, are commingled in greater profusion, and disposed in more picturesque order than we have elsewhere beheld."

MATHEMATICS.

If there is anything in the world that resembles the ladder which the patriarch saw in vision, along which, forms of light and truth did come and go through all the night, it is Mathematics. By it we creep up round after round, out of the dust of this great cemetery, and descend with torch-like truths that blazed around the throne; the burning lamps that light the legislative chamber of the Infinite.

Where they curb the mountain spring; where they put a nerve of thought into the bosom of the sea; where they make the gray canvas glow with the twilight sky, or fling a spidery web amid the clouds and thunders of Niagara, there you will find Mathematics.

One moment it gauges the dew-drop, that satellite of sod, and the next, measures the star-beam that shines in it; now we find it guiding the painter's hand as he parts with his pencil, the blank, unbroken wall, and lets in a cleft of heaven and a break of day; and now the dialect of Nature's court, wherein her laws are rendered and preserved.

If any gift of prophecy remains upon the earth, sure we are, that it has passed from the poet to the mathematician. How much "at home" he walks along the centuries to come; how he foretells the shadow that shall fall on your forgotten grave and ours, and marks the wanderings of gipsey worlds amid the bright encampment of the sky.

The anatomy of mathematics is what we oftenest see; but this is to clothe it with its own wardrobe of life and beauty.—*B. F. Taylor.*

The Dollar Mark [$].—Writers are not agreed as to the derivation of the sign to represent dollars. Some say that it comes from the letters U. S., after the adoption of the Federal currency, and which afterwards, in the hurry of writing, were run into one another, the U being made first and the S over it. Others say that it is derived from the contraction of the Spanish word *pesos*, "dollars;" others, from the Spanish *fuetes*, "hard," to distinguish silver from paper money. The more probable explanation is, that it is a modification of the figure 8, and denotes a piece of eight *reals*, or, as the dollar was formerly called, a *piece of eight*. It was then designated by the figures 8–S.—*Dictionary of Americanisms.*

Resolution is almost omnipotent. It was well observed by a heathen moralist, that it is not because things are difficult that we dare not undertake them. Be bold then in spirit. Indulge no doubts—they are traitors. In the practical pursuit of our high aim, let us never lose sight of it in the slightest instance; for it is more by disregard of small things than by open and flagrant offences that men come short of excellence. There is always a right and a wrong, and if you ever doubt, be sure you take not the wrong. Observe this rule, and every experience will be to you a means of advancement.

Practical Education.—There is no greater want of the present day, than that our experienced teachers should give through the medium of the press, their modes of teaching, and illustrating the various sciences, in order that beginners in the profession may be furnished with a safe guide to success. *Experience* can sometimes be attained without experiment, which with the tyro, is at best dangerous to his own and his pupils' future.

The School Committee of Boston have recently forbidden the assignment of lessons for study, out of school, in the grammar school for girls. This action was taken at the instance of the city physician, who, after giving his attention to the subject, had become convinced of alarming consequences resulting from such studies — cases of broken constitutions, feebleness, insanity and death.

ANECDOTE OF TELEGRAPHING.

The following is told in a recent London letter:—"I think the most curious fact that I have ever heard of the electric telegraph, was told me by the cashier of the Bank of England. 'Once upon a time,' then, on a certain Saturday night, the folks at the bank could not make the balance come out correct by just £100. This is a very serious matter in that little establishment. I do not mean the cash, but the mistake in arithmetic, for it requires a world of scrutiny. An error in balancing, I am told, has kept a delegation of clerks from each office at work sometimes the whole night. A hue and cry was of course made after this £100, as if the old lady in Threadneedle street would be in the Gazette for want of it. Luckily, on Sunday morning, a clerk (in the middle of a sermon, I dare say, if the truth was known,) felt a suspicion of the truth flash through his mind quicker than any flash of the telegraph itself. He told the chief cashier that perhaps the mistake might have occurred in packing some boxes of specie for the West Indies, which had been sent to Southampton for shipment. The suggestion was immediately acted upon. Here was a race, lightning against steam! steam with eight and forty hours the start. Instantly the wires asked, 'Whether such a vessel had left the harbor?' 'Just weighed anchor,' was the reply. 'Stop her!' frantically shouted the telegraph. It was so done. 'Heave up on deck certain boxes marked so and so; weigh them carefully.' They were weighed; and one—the delinquent—was found heavier by just one packet of a hundred sovereigns than it ought to be. 'Let her go,' said the mysterious telegraph. The West India folks were debited with just £100 more, and the error was corrected without ever looking into the boxes or delaying the voyage an hour. Now that is what we call doing business."

NAPOLEON.

The mind of Napoleon was vast; but after the manner of the Orientals; and through a contradictory disposition, it descended, as it were, by the effect of its own weight, to details which might justly be called low. His first idea was always grand, and his second mean and petty. His mind was like his purse; munificence and meanness held each a string. His genius, which was once adapted to the stage of the world, and the mountebank's show, resembled a royal robe joined to a harlequin's jacket. Endowed with wonderful and infinite shrewdness; glittering with wit; seizing or creating in every question new and unperceived relations; abounding in lively and picturesque images, animated and pointed expressions, the more forcible from the very incorrectness of his language, which always bore a sort of foreign impress, sophistical, subtle, and changeable to excess,—he adopted different rules of optics from those by which other men are guided. Add to this the delirium of excess, the habit of drinking from the enchanted cup, and intoxicating himself with the incense of the world; and you may form an idea of the man who, uniting in his caprices all that is lofty and mean in the human character, majestic in the splendor of sovereignty, and peremptory in command, with all that is ignoble and base, even in his grandest achievements, joining the treacherous ambush to the subversion of throne—presents altogether such Jupiter Scapin, as never before figured on the scene of life.—*Abbe de Pradt.*

To be born at the neighbor's; to sit in the twilight of an alien; to love the vine that stranger hands have trained, is the lot of more than half the world. Happy is he who can trace the far-apart threads of lives that are lovely, till they all converge in some dear *beginning* of living and loving. Let those threads be gossamer, floating ever so lightly on the summer wind, if only they are fastened there; let that beginning be of the humblest, if only it be my home and yours; if only it be "ours," and "theirs."

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

The only way to be thought to be anything is to be it.

There is an alchemy in a high heart which transmutes other things to its own quality.

Why is an overloaded gun like an office-holder? Because it kicks mightily when it is *discharged.*

Brave actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornament of it.

The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.

A discontented family—Poverty, Pride and laziness.

Why is a person approaching a candle like a man getting off his horse? Because he is going to a light.

A man out west advertises a wild badger by placard, as follows:—"A Badger from the Rocca Mounting—etes rats, et cetery."

A question has been raised, in one of our courts whether a blind man can be made liable for a bill payable *at sight.* The lawyers are puzzled.

It may seem strange, but it is a fact, that men generally are much more afraid of women, than women are of men; and fearing to "break the ice" is a fruitful cause of old bachelorism.

Some people have a fashion of thinking that the truth is a species of dull tomahawk, and that its efficiency is precisely proportioned to its power of *mangling.*

When a certain bankrupt crossed the English Channel to avoid his creditors, George Selwyn remarked that it was a *pass* over which would not be relished by the Jews.

The Philadelphia Gazette, speaking of a new *prima donna* says:—"Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of slop shop pantaloons."

The sage relishes what is without savor. He avenges the injuries he receives by benefits. He begins by easy things, when he meditates difficult things; by small things, when he meditates great.

A lady leaving home was thus addressed by her little boy:—"Mamma, will you remember, and buy me a penny whistle? and let it be a religious one, that I can use it on Sunday."

A woman has suggested that when men break their hearts, it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouting immediately and growing in its place.

The Louisville Journal says:—"A Virginia editor tells about a prodigious calf he saw at 'the Springs.' The editor was probably drinking from one of the springs when he discovered the prodigy."

The age is becoming more refined. "Root hog or die," is now rendered as follows: "Penetrate the subsoil, my porcine friend, or early expect an obituary notice on your untimely demise."

A rich officer of revenue one day asked a man of wit what sort of a thing opulence was. "It is a thing," replied the philosopher, "which can give a rascal the advantage over an honest man."

In proportion as men are real coin, and not counterfeit, they scorn to enjoy credit for what they have not. "Paint me," said Cromwell, "wrinkles and all." Even on canvas the great hero despised falsehood.

Ralph Waldo Emerson speaks, in his "Representative Men," as follows of Napoleon: "He was a thief. He was rude in the extreme. He pinched ladies' cheeks. He listened to hear others' secrets. He peeped through keyholes."

They build no Pyres now, that waiting not for the slow, crumbling processes of time, seraph like did wait the body back to the free air again, on crimson wings of flame. The little that remains—a handful of mere dust—is gathered in an urn. It might have held a flower that faded there and died. There is nothing to appal; a graceful thing it stands, wreathed round with flowers; a solemn monitor; the empty goblet of the life we live!

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SPIRIT-LAND.

Oft have I gazed upon the heaven's blue tide,
When brilliant day and sable night divide;
When Phœbus, sinking 'mid the western light,
Made tower and mountain mystically bright,
While as new vistas open'd to my view,
The glorious scene unto my fancy grew
So bright, so beautiful, so sweetly grand,
It seemed the pathway to the Spirit-Land.

See, where yon arch of heaven's resplendent blue,
Assumes a deeper and a brighter hue;
Here purple shades increasing beauty throw
O'er the calm waters and the mountain's brow;
With soften'd lustre fields of crimson gleam,
Catching new radiance from the sun's last beam,
That sinking now, majestically grand,
Points to the boundary of the Spirit-Land.

Here rosy light adorns the fleecy clouds—
"Day's latest draperies and the sun's rich shrouds;"
What wonderous beauty crowns the glowing west,
As golden hues illumes its sparkling breast,
While even as they flash upon the eye
In deeper tints their colors gently die;
Where all is bright, and beautiful, and grand,
Behold the pathway to the Spirit-Land.

Far, far beyond the longing, wondered gaze,
The dazzling glories of The Unknown blaze—
And yet it seems—and oh! it *must* be so;
From The Eternal's throne these splendors flow—
Aye, see the gates of massive pearl unfold;
See the pure waters and the streets of gold—
Now on the eye, while floods of light expand,
Behold the entrance to the Spirit-Land!

And list ye now! How the enraptured ear
Bends, the sweet sound of that glad song to hear;
Hark! The loved voices of the *dead* are there,
And purer breathe they in a purer air;
O, happiness divine! forever blest!
Is this the dawn of an eternal rest!
How bright, how beautiful, how sweetly grand,
The glorious entrance to the Spirit-Land!

Alas! 'tis earth again; the dream is past;
'Twas far too heavenly on earth to last:
While mortal scenes fall on a mortal eye,
Such dreams to realize, who would not die?
Who would not leave each worldly hope behind,
And strive the heaven of the blest to find;
With naught of fear by death's dark river stand,
And die to live again—live in the Spirit-Land.

Mexico, N. Y., 1857. Roselia.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

There is a great difference between *reading* and *searching* the Scriptures. There have been, and still are many, that read much; but our knowledge of divine truth depends more upon the manner we read, than upon the quantity. Dr. Gouge, it is said, read fifteen chapters a day; Jeremiah Whittiker read all the Epistles of the New Testament in Greek, every week; and Roger Cotton read the whole Bible through twelve times every year.

This rapid reading of the Bible is not the most profitable. I have been impressed of late, more than ever, with the necessity of "meditating in the law of the Lord," of pausing and reflecting upon the portions we read, of looking at it from different stand-points, till we are sure we have before our minds the precise idea the Holy Spirit meant to convey. We should consider when the passage under consideration was written, by whom to whom addressed, and for what purpose.

By searching the Scriptures carefully, by comparing parallel texts, and similar facts, a person can hardly fail of becoming deeply interested in the contents of the sacred volume. We shall sympathize with David, who said, "How sweet are thy words unto my taste, yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth."

By *studying* the Bible, rather than reading it, the mind is stored with ideas, the conscience is enlightened, and each single thought is kept before the mind long enough to produce an impression. Pastors and Sabbath School teachers should take pains to instruct those under their charge, now to read the Bible so as to derive the most benefit from it.

If the Bible was studied, instead of being rapidly read, I have no doubt it would be, much oftener than it is, like the fire and the hammer which breaketh the rock in pieces.—*Puritan Recorder.*

Judging Others.—"Don't judge others by yourself," is a common warning; and yet the advice is generally nugatory. Unconsciously every man judges of others rather as his own nature suggests, than by the real character of the man he judges. One may see this in the theological creeds. The cruel man esteems his Maker to be as violent and vindictive as himself, and would not believe him to be God, if he were otherwise. The benevolent and mild tempered man, on the contrary, sees in the Deity a merciful and benignant Father. The worshiped Divinity of all nations, represents to a degree the peculiar traits and tempers of those nations. "Voltaire," says a writer in Blackwood, "thought he was looking through a handsome French window at God and the universe, when in truth the glass was a mirror, and he saw and copied only his own scoffing face."

The saint seeks not to do great things; for that reason he can accomplish great things. He who thinks many things easy is sure to encounter numerous difficulties. Hence it happens that the saint who esteems everything difficult, encounters no difficulty to the end of his life.

When we send the dove of prayer to heaven, it brings back an olive branch in its mouth. We must send prayer before, as a harbinger to bespeak a blessing. Do men think the tree of blessing will drop its fruit into their mouth, when they never shake it by prayer?—*Watson.*

If He prayed, who was without sin, how much more is the sinner bound to pray? And if He, watching through the whole night, prayed with continued supplications, how much more ought we, night and day, to watch in frequent prayer?—*St. Cyprian.*

It is not great wealth, nor high station, which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both. But it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials and to enjoy little comforts, and which thus extracts happiness from every incident of life.

SPECIAL NOTICES TO AGENTS, FRIENDS, &c.

☞ MAKE UP THE CLUBS!—Now is the time to make up your clubs for 1858, and all who desire to aid the cause, benefit Men, Women and Families, and incidentally promote their own interests, should see that the RURAL is *brought home* to the reason and consciences of their neighbors and other acquaintances. If you, reader, cannot get up a club alone, join with some friend, or aid the Post-Master or other agent in swelling the list.

☞ THE RURAL AS A PRESENT.—Our readers are reminded that in all cases where the RURAL is sent to a distant friend or relative, as a present, we only charge the lowest club price, $1 50. We have already received quite a number of orders for copies of the next volume, to be sent to distant parts of this country, Canada and Europe. Our lowest price for copies sent to Canada, is $1 62½, and to Europe, $2 50—the extra charge being for postage

☞ ONE, TWO, THREE, &c.—There are thousands of post-offices at each of which only from one to three or five copies of the RURAL are now taken. Now this is to specially invite its friends in such localities to make a little effort to secure clubs of six, ten, twenty, &c. Every one thus situated, *can*, if he *will*, easily form a club, and thus secure an extra copy or other valuable reward therefor.

☞ TO AGENTS AND OTHERS.—In answer to recent inquiries, and for the information of all interested, we would state that *not over* THIRTY *persons have yet secured either of the Two Hundred Extra Premiums offered for the first lists of* 12 *or* 20 *subscribers to the Rural for* 1858 Hence there is yet time to compete for all the Premiums.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.—Hence, a prompt renewal is necessary to secure the regular continuance of the paper.

CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES, &c.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1858, and a yearly copy of either *Harper's, Godey's, Graham's*, or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The RURAL and either *Arthur's Magazine*, the *National Magazine*, or any other $2 magazine for $3.

☞ THE RURAL SHOW-BILL for 1858, just issued, will be sent, post-paid, to all applicants who can use one or more copies advantageously. We shall also cheerfully furnish Specimen Numbers of the RURAL for use in obtaining new subscribers, or send them to any address desired.

☞ NON-SUBSCRIBERS who may receive this number of the RURAL are invited to examine carefully, and, if approved, lend their kind offices to introduce the paper to notice and support in their respective localities.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, without certificate, and each and all who volunteer in the good cause will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ THOSE who are forming large clubs can send on the names and money of a part, before completing their lists.

List of New Advertisements this week

To Yankees at Home and Abroad—Samuel Bowles & Co.
Improved Lands—J. Henry.
A Valuable Gift—G. & C. Merriam.
The Good Templar—B. H. Mills
Mount Prospect Water Cure—J. H. North.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER, 12, 1857.

Our Ninth Volume, for 1858.

HAVING nearly completed our arrangements for the ensuing Year and Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, we can safely announce that its leading characteristics as a high-toned, progressive and eminently practical, useful and entertaining Rural, Literary and Family Newspaper will be fully maintained. In the future, as ever in the past, our aim will be to EXCEL former efforts and those of contemporaries, by availing ourselves of every proper aid and improvement which long experience, the increased facilities at our command, and the progress and inventions of the age may supply or suggest. Though the times are temporarily deranged, we believe its myriad friends and the public do not wish us to *lower the standard and value* of the RURAL in order to *cheapen its price*—and hence we have resolved to continue our former efforts and heavy expenditures to furnish the *best and most complete Journal of its Class*,—with such improvements upon former volumes as our means and facilities permit,—on the same terms and conditions as heretofore. Believing that this is the only right and true course, and that all who take an intelligent and comprehensive view of the subject, will cordially second our efforts to maintain and augment the Standing, Value and Usefulness of the paper, by renewing their own subscriptions and lending influence to increase its circulation in their respective localities, we shall strive to still farther improve the RURAL in both Contents and Appearance—thus rendering it more worthy the large, wide and increasing encouragement it is receiving from the intelligent and discriminating classes throughout our whole Country.

As we remarked in a late number, THE RURAL has become a favorite medium of communication, and a cherished Friend and Guide, in tens of thousands of Families throughout the States and Territories of this Confederacy, and the British Provinces. For this large and wide measure of appreciation we are sincerely and profoundly grateful—and shall, in the future as in the past, endeavor to so conduct the paper, in each and all departments, as to make the most suitable return in our power for the extraordinary favor it is receiving at the hands of Farmers, Horticulturists, Merchants, Mechanics, and Professional Men, from Canada to the Gulf, and Maine to Minnesota.

—That we shall render the Ninth Volume worth far more than its price to any family, we confidently believe; and we feel equally assured that each and all who become subscribers, or aid in extending its area of usefulness, will not, extraordinaries excepted, have cause to regret the requisite investment of means or influence. As the time for its commencement is at hand, we trust all disposed to aid in supporting and encouraging the RURAL for 1858—and from present unmistakable indications we think the number will be far greater than heretofore—will give the matter such early attention and influence as may be consistent with their views and convenience. Meantime our best attention and efforts will be devoted to appreciating such favor by completing our arrangements for rendering the ensuing volume of the RURAL superior to either of its predecessors in all the essentials of a RURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Affairs at Washington.

THE report of the Interior Department, states that five millions, three hundred thousand, five hundred and fifty acres of land were sold during the five quarters ending September 30th, 1857, for $4 225,908 18. 57,000,000 of acres more have been surveyed and are ready for market but not yet advertised for sale.

Gen. P. F. Smith arrived on the 5th inst., and held a conference with Secretary Floyd on the proposed relief expedition to Salt Lake. It will consist of one battalion of regulars and one regiment of volunteers

The Secretary of War recommends an increase of the army by the adding of five regiments.

The Treasury Report will take decided ground against the present organization of Banks and advocate a mode by which small notes may be expelled.

Col. Richardson, of Ill., has been formally tendered the Governorship of Nebraska.

The entire Globe of the 7th inst., and Supplement, are occupied with an exposition of alleged frauds in the purchase of books during the last Congress. The publication has produced much sensation—particularly about the Capitol.

The "hope of the nation" assembled in council on the 7th inst., and immediately proceeded to business. Fifty Senators were present when that body was called to order by the Secretary, who read a letter from the Vice-President, stating that he would not be able to reach Washington at the commencement of the session.

On motion of Mr. Benjamin, a resolution was adopted that the oath prescribed by the Constitution be administered to the new Senators by Mr. Bright, the oldest member present.

Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, and Daniel Clark, of New Hampshire, new members, took their seats, and the Senate proceeded to ballot for President *pro tem.*

Hon. Benjamin Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, was chosen, and returned thanks for the honor conferred upon him.

The usual resolution to inform the President that the Senate was organized and ready for business, was adopted.

The Senate then went into Executive Session and confirmed George W. Bowman, editor of the Bedford Gazette, as Superintendent of Public Printing.

The Senate adjourned without transacting any other business.

HOUSE.—On call of the roll at 12 o'clock, 221 members answered to their names, and a quorum having thus been ascertained to be present, the House proceeded to the election of Speaker.

James L. Orr, of South Carolina, was nominated by Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, and Hon. Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, by Mr. Banks. A vote resulted as follows:—Mr. Orr, 128; Mr. Grow, 84; Scattering, 13.

Mr. Orr was elected. The announciation of the result was greeted with applause.

On assuming the Chair, Mr. Orr expressed his thanks for the honor conferred on him. He said the delicate and responsible duties of the Chair would be comparatively light if he should be so fortunate as to secure the coöperation of members in despatching business and upholding the dignity of the House. He promised to administer the rules that may be adopted, with firmness and impartiality. The great business confided to them admonished them to cultivate patriotism as expansive as the Confederation itself. He cherished the hope that business would be transacted to promote the interests and happiness of the entire people; that the Constitution would be maintained in its integrity, and that their legislation would quicken the greatness and glory of our common country.

The members were then sworn—advancing by delegations for that purpose.

On motion of Mr. Clingman, the rules of the last House were adopted till it was otherwise ordered, with a proviso as to the 23d rule, that whenever any Committee shall have occupied the morning hour, it shall not be in order for such Committee to report further until other Committees shall have been called in turn.

Mr. Clingman alluded to the fact that the Special Committees monopolized the morning hour, compelling the other Committees to rely on the courtesy of the House to make their reports.

AGAINST BANK NOTES.—Mr. Florence gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill for the entire suppression of all Bank notes as currency, or of Bank notes of a less denomination than $100, as a circulation in the District of Columbia. The House then adjourned.

THE WEATHER.—At Montreal, C. E., on the 5th inst., the thermometer marked 8 degrees above zero. There was a good deal of ice in the St. Lawrence, and the last boat of the season went into winter quarters that day.

At Utica, same date, our report says the weather here is not very cold, but it is snowing hard and an east wind blowing.

At Oswego we learn that, during the night of the 4th, three inches of snow fell, but it all disappeared next day. Weather thick and rainy.

The New Bedford (Mass.) *Mercury*, of the 3d inst., says:—"The farmers yesterday were plowing in their fields, and this week has proved a good time for setting trees. The temperature is like October, and the cattle are making their last attempts at the scant fodder afforded by the late pastures."

In this immediate vicinity we to-day, Tuesday, are blessed with sunshine and gentle winds. Winter would seem to have postponed his visit.

MARINE LOSSES.—The marine disasters reported for the month of November, comprise 27 ships, 4 steamers, 18 barques, 12 brigs, and 28 schooners.—The loss is set down at $889 700 on vessels, and $520,000 on cargoes Total, $1,309,000. As far as regards vessels and cargoes on which partial losses have occurred, this estimate is only an approximation, as near as can be made, towards accuracy. It is no doubt overrated in some instances, and underrated in others, but in the aggregate is, perhaps, nearly correct The total loss in November, exclusive of damage to vessels not amounting to a total loss, and of partial losses of cargoes, was $829,200. The aggregate of these total losses thus far, this year, amounts to $16 250,800.

Items of News.

AN effort will be made at the opening of Congress to abolish the practice of electing special chaplains, and substitute the custom of some of the State Legislatures of inviting the pastors of the city to officiate in turn.

THE Panama Star and Herald, Nov. 19th, says: "The United States sloop-of-war Fulton is at Bocas del Toro with the object of intercepting any fillibustering expedition that might attempt to land there with the view of forcing its way into Costa Rica."

BY a late commercial treaty between the United States and the Republic of Peru, American whaleships are allowed to anchor in ports of said Republic, and sell to the amount of $500, free of all duties and port charges, and an additional $1,000 free of tonnage and port charges.

A GIRAFFE, belonging to the Menageric of Dricabach & Co., and said to be the only animal of the kind in America, died at Cincinnati on Saturday, the 28th ult. It was valued at $5,000.

FINE silver ore has been discovered on Han Creek, Martin Co., Ind. The metal was supposed to be lead, but rude tests proved it to be superior to the silver of our coin. It was not known whether the ore abounds in the region from which this specimen was procured.

THE French Government have ordered 300 cast steel field pieces, manufactured at Essen, Prussia, by a process known only to the patentee, who has refused to sell his secret to English agents. Russia has negotiated for a large number of these cannon.

THE Cincinnati Gazette says:—"The great want in the West is of domestics. Send us girls who are willing to work in the kitchen, tidy, handy, willing girls, and we will find employment as fast as they come; but of the class of girls with trades, who want waiting on, we have quite enough in the West already."

THE prospect for still cheaper sugar is now flattering. It is concluded that the crop in Louisiana this season will reach 260,000 hogsheads, being an increase of 75,000 over that of last year. This crop will soon come into market and necessarily reduce the price.

AN extensive service of glass has been made in New York for the Captain General of Porto Rico. The service consists of 2,000 pieces, of elegant workmanship, each piece engraved with the royal arms of Spain.

A MAN named Dunn has been arrested in Philadelphia, on a charge of manufacturing sausages from horse-flesh. Evidence was given that he had been in the daily habit of buying horse-meat, and quantities of it were found at his factory. He made the article known as Bolognas.

CHAS. H. GOODWIN, an engineer in Spooner's blind factory, Greenfield, Mass., has gone to England to look after an estate of $560,000, left to himself, his father and his aunt, by a brother of his father, lately deceased.

IT is now known that the Emperor of Russia is firmly resolved on the abolition of serfdom, and it is thought that the 18th of December, the *fete* day of the Emperor Nicholas, has been fixed on for the publication of the ukase, because his late Majesty, when on his death-bed, recommended it to his son.

ADVICES have been received from St. Petersburg, of the loss of the Russian steamer Kouba of 100 horse power, in the Caspian. The steamer was driven on a reef in a violent storm, and, out of a crew of 75, the commander, two lieutenants, and a sub lieutenant, and 18 men, perished.

SCIENCE and the world has suffered a severe loss in the death of George R. Gliddon, the well known Egyptian scholar and author, who died suddenly at Panama, of pulmonary congestion, on the 16th ult., aged about fifty years. Mr. G. was born in England, but went early to Egypt, where his father was Consul of the United States, which office was afterwards held by Mr. Gliddon himself.

A NUMBER of cotton planters in Central Georgia have called a meeting for the purpose of organizing an association to send their cotton, by means of an agent of their own, direct to Liverpool.

IT is announced that the British Government has concluded an agreement with the Austrian authorities, that if the latter will lay down a submarine telegraph line between Ragusa and Alexandria, the English Government will use that and no other in its communications with India, and will complete the telegraph from Suez to Karrachee or Bombay.

IT is now conceded that the Treasury must immediately ask authority for issuing notes. The surplus is above six millions, but is declining, and the revenue is not meeting expectation in consequence of the accumulation of warehoused merchandise and the limited withdrawals for consumption.

THE War Department will recommend that the Army be increased five regiments, and will discountenance all schemes for calling out volunteers as involving an expense which cannot be safely estimated.

A SEVERE earthquake was experienced at Columbus, Ky., on the morning of the 17th ult. The shock was of short duration—lasting only two or three seconds—but it was of considerable power.

THE NEW REPRESENTATIVES' HALL.—The new Hall of Representatives, at Washington, though it rapidly approaches completion, will not be ready at the commencement of the session. It is said that with the exception of the House of Lords, in England, there is no room in the world for a public assembly which equals it in magnificence. The decorations of the ceilings and walls are nearly finished. The stuccoed panels of the ceiling, richly colored with blue, gold and crimson, are more splendid than anything of the kind in this country.

THE EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.—Last year, the numbers who left Ireland, as noted in the Government returns, were 65,766, and this year there has been a nett increase of 6,240 emigrants. Since the 1st day of May, 1851, to the 1st of September, 1857, the collective emigration from Ireland has amounted to 910,966 persons—viz: 460,640 males, and 450,326 females, or within a fraction of a total million of the Irish population! These figures have some bearing upon the question of recruiting

"Rural" Letters from the People.

AS evidence of the estimation in which the RURAL is held, and the cordial feeling manifested in favor of its increased prosperity and usefulness, we quote a few of the numerous highly complimentary and encouraging letters lately received from various parts of the country:

Instead of discontinuing the RURAL on account of the hard times, not a few of our subscribers are more prompt than usual in remitting for another year. The following encouraging letter, just received from a Clergyman in Tioga county, evinces the kindness and appreciation of both the writer and his friend:—"Inclosed you will find $2, on the receipt of which you will please credit ZOPHER B. CRANE, Esq., of Bloomfield, Essex Co., N. J., one year's subscription in advance for your RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Mr. C.'s name is already on your books. He remarked to me that the RURAL was '*the best family paper he knew of, and he would not be without it at any cost.*' His present subscription expires, I think, about the first of January. He handed me the money recently with the request that I transmit it to you somewhat in advance of time as his expression of cordial sympathy in these hard times. I wish I had a dozen such names to send you—nay, a hundred. If you will have the kindness to send me a specimen number with a circular, I will hand them over to our accommodating News Agent, and do what I can to induce him to interest himself in getting up a club"

In remitting payment for a club of trial subscribers, Mr. A. N. B., a Sabbath School Teacher, of Oberlin, Ohio, says:—"Having a fine class of boys in the Sabbath School, and wishing to make them a small present in the shape of reading matter, I came to the conclusion that I could not do better than to furnish them with a few copies of the RURAL. I consider it a matter of great importance that the young should be furnished with the right kind of reading. If parents and guardians would see to it that those under their immediate charge were supplied with such a paper as the RURAL NEW-YORKER, to the exclusion of many papers which might be named whose columns are filled with worse than useless matter, they might accomplish a vast amount of good at a trifling expense. A great deal depends upon the kind of reading we furnish our children. I therefore feel, friend MOORE, that you are engaged in a great and good work, and shall strive hereafter to do what little I can to increase the circulation of your truly valuable paper."

Miss KATE D., of Monroe Co., Mich., resolves to compete for some of our prizes, and writes us thus spiritedly:—"My father has taken your valuable paper for three years, and all of our family have taken a great deal of interest in it, myself, especially. On looking at your premium list, I resolved to try and get one of the prizes, if no more, thereby aiding in the circulation of the RURAL. I am only sixteen, yet I resolved to *try* and do as much as *some* who are older. We live in a small place, and I do not know as I can get many subscribers, but will do the best I can. I would like to have you send me Show-bills, &c." We have sent KATE the "documents," and trust she will be so successful as to win one or more of our best prizes. It would afford us great pleasure to award the Musical Instruments, Sewing Machines, &c., to lady competitors.

A young lady in Chenango Co., N. Y., writes us in this expressive manner:—"I would gladly express to you the high estimation in which I hold your valued RURAL, but it would only be a repetition of what able pens are doing every week; yet sure I am, that among its thousands of readers, there are *none who prize its visits more than myself. Its appropriate selections, its gems of thought* render it not only an *entertaining* companion, but a most *useful* family paper. In this respect I doubt if it is equalled in America. I feel assured one who is doing so much for the good and happiness for the world, will be blessed of Heaven."

In remitting for twenty trial subscribers, Mr. O. P. DOW, of Jefferson Co., Wis., remarks:—"Having my faith daily confirmed in the great good that your *progressive paper* is accomplishing here in the West, (I mean no flattery,) I think proper to spend some time in procuring trial subscribers for the RURAL. I never have met with a paper before that seems to give such *entire* satisfaction, especially among the young. I hope to be able to send by the first of January double the number of names for the RURAL NEW-YORKER that I have before sent, and by so doing I shall feel the consciousness of having done a good work."

The following from a friendly subscriber in Humphrey, Cat Co., N. Y., speaks for itself: "To-day, by a little exertion, I have succeeded in obtaining fifteen names for the 'trial trip,' as you say—not, however, for the purpose of getting the premium offered in your last number, but that such reading matter might have a trial and be appreciated in this place, for I think the RURAL almost indispensable to every person desirous of good and sound information on agriculture and on all subjects. It is certainly 'Multum in Parvo,' and nothing short. I shall endeavor to send on some more names soon."

A good friend of the RURAL writes thus kindly and enthusiastically from Bath Co., Ky.:—"Please send me three or four of your large Posters, &c., for the RURAL—one to put up in our post-office, and the others in neighboring offices. The P. M. here will aid me in trying to get some subscribers. All I can do for you will be done 'free gratis, for nothing,' as the Hoosiers say. Your past kindness will amply compensate me, and only regret that I am not a king to issue an edict making it a criminal offence (of ignorance) in any one not subscribing for the RURAL. Wishing it a circulation commensurate with its merits, and yourself abundant prosperity, I am," &c.

Mr. L. S. FORD, of Ingham Co., Mich., writes:—"I have been a reader of the RURAL NEW-YORKER for about four years, during which time I have enjoyed almost a continual feast from the perusal of its contents, and have been doing what I could in this comparatively new section of the country to induce others to become subscribers, by lending them my papers. I don't know but this has kept some from subscribing, but I like so well to have others enjoy the same festivals as myself, that I could not withhold the paper. However, I am happy to say that some persons have expressed their determination to take it for themselves, and as I am anxious to get enough to form a club, of ten or more, if possible. I wish you would forward me some extra copies, Show-Bills, &c. I am anxious to do all I can to enhance the circulation of the RURAL, for I think it *the best paper* I ever saw or read, and could not feel at home without it."

TEXAS NEWS.—The southern mail has been received. The steamship Texas, reports seeing the wreck of the Opelousas bottom upwards. The doings of the Texas Legislature were unimportant. A joint resolution was passed to raise a regiment of rangers for protection against the frontier Indians. Gen. Henderson is convalescent. He proceeds immediately to Washington to take his place in the Senate. Memsill will not resign his judgeship until after the August election.

NO SLAVES IN NEW YORK.—The celebrated Lemmon slave case, was decided in the Supreme Court on the 7th inst. The former decision of Judge Payne was sustained, and the slaves declared to be free, thus denying the right of transit with slaves through this State. Judge Roosevelt dissented.

A MODEST REQUEST.—In the Tennessee Senate, Mr. Goodpasture presented a memorial from citizens of Scott county, asking to be released from taxation on account of the hard times, and that an appropriation of four or five thousand dollars be made for their benefit.

News Clippings.

— Iron ore is abundant in Oregon, and of excellent quality.

— Secretary Stanton, of Kansas, has withdrawn his resignation.

— Nena Sahib is said to have translated Hamlet into Hindostanee.

— Thirty thousand men are employed in the U. S., in iron castings.

— The coast of North Carolina is said to be swarming with wild fowl.

— A French writer calls dyspepsia "the remorse of guilty stomach."

— Ex-Gov. Hammond has been elected U. S. Senator for South Carolina.

— Coal is selling at the mines on the Ohio at from 10 to 12 cents a bushel.

— The loss at Salina by the recent freshets is 2,970 bbls salt worth $10,800.

— Mr. Gough has been lecturing in Edinburgh lately, to crowded audiences.

— Longwood, Napoleon's last residence at St. Helena, is used as a corn-mill.

— A $500 lump of gold has been taken from a mine in Cabarrus Co., N. C.

— A young lady in Cincinnati, a few days ago, died from bleeding at the nose.

— The N. Y. Herald claims that the present population of that city is 770,000.

— A company has been formed in Philadelphia to promote emigration to Virginia.

— Canvas-back ducks are unusually plenty in the vicinity of Baltimore this season.

— One firm in Coldwater, Mich., purchased, this fall, over 1,800 bushels of cranberries.

— Passengers are now put through by railroad from New Orleans to New York for $43.

— At Barrifield, C. W., on the 25th ult., the thermometer marked 5 degrees below zero.

— Mobile, Ala., has started a line of steamers to ply between that place and Nicaragua.

— The population of Washington Territory is about 10,000, and that of Oregon 80,000.

— "Nothing to Wear" has been published in the newspapers of the Sandwich Islands.

— The London Times recommends the universal adoption of the English alphabet in India.

— The English papers report that Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, was seriously ill disposed.

— The total of Walker's new fillibustering force is stated at 700 or 800, all of whom have joined him.

— The English government has granted a pension of £30 a year to the mother of the late Hugh Miller.

— The steamship Vanderbilt has been laid up, and will not again resume her trips the present winter.

— The town of Mayaguez, Porto Rico, was visited by a severe shock of an earthquake, on the 12th ult.

— The Legislature of Mississippi adjourned on Thursday, Nov. 19th, after a laborious session of ten days.

— The debt of the new Territory of Washington, incurred mainly in Indian wars, amounts to $1,600,000.

— It is proposed to hold 100 Anti-Slavery Conventions in the towns and villages of Wisconsin this winter.

— The Emperor of Russia has granted an amnesty to 40 Polish refugees. The decree is dated October 30th.

— Certain articles commonly known as bowie knives, we see styled, in an Arkansas paper, *protective cutlery*.

— The Germans are getting up a relief society in Buffalo, for the purpose of taking care of their own poor.

— The Indian war debt of Oregon and Washington Territories has been ascertained to be about $6,000,000.

— According to a letter in the Philadelphia Journal, 10,000 Sepoys were slaughtered at the storming of Delhi.

— The Buffalo Commercial says that about 600,000 bus. wheat are locked up by the ice in the Welland Canal.

— The twenty-seventh anniversary of the Polish revolution of 1830, was celebrated on Monday week, in N. Y.

— In New York, one day the past week, at a public sale, thirty thousand dollars worth of furs were disposed of.

— A man named Mulholland was nearly torn to pieces by a ferocious dog at Northampton, Mass., on the 27th ult.

— A cotton factory is to be established in the Choctaw Nation. Ten thousand dollars have already been raised.

— Bills on the State Bank of Ohio, altered from two's to twenty's, are now being put in circulation at Pittsburgh.

— The Legislature of Virginia and Kentucky assembled on the 7th inst. In both, U. S. Senators are to be chosen.

— The Continental powers of Europe are said to be about to adopt measures to check the large emigration to America.

— The Coroner of New Orleans has now a fixed salary of $7,000 per year, in lieu of the fees of the office as formerly.

— The receipts of the State Treasury of Ohio, from the canals for the current year, were $314,778, and expenditures $339,072.

— The Iowa Methodist Conference, lately in session, passed strong resolutions against the use of tobacco among Christians.

— Five hundred kegs of powder were recently seized by Col. Hoffman from one of the Mormon trains en route to Salt Lake.

— T. D'Arcy M'Gee, Esq., editor of the New York Ers, has been put in nomination as one of the members for Montreal city.

— Col. Slatter, the great slave dealer, was fillibuster Walker's bail at New Orleans, and has paid the $2,000 to the government

The Leipsic Gazette states that the Governments of Germany are about to adopt general measures for the protion of emigrants.

— In South Jersey, cedar trees in the most perfect condition, fit for the tools of the carpenter, are being dug up in large quantities.

— The Oxford (Me.) Democrat says that Brigham Young has relatives in Oxford Co., and once resided there himself, with his father.

— Information has been received of the confiscation, by the Austrian government, of all the property of Louis Kossuth within its reach.

— One hundred millions of gold annually cross the Isthmus of Panama on their way to New York, and thence through the civilized world

— The grand jury have found *nine* bills of indictment against the city sexton of Chicago, for stealing human bodies from the grave yard.

— The business upon the lakes during the present season has been most disastrous to owners. Hardly a vessel has paid running expenses.

— Gerritt Smith has sufficiently recovered from his late illness to travel, and was able to set out, on the 3d inst., for his home at Peterborough.

— It is stated that the ukase abolishing serfdom in Russia will be published on the 17th of December, the birthday of the late Emperor Nicholas.

— The Norfolk Argus states that on the 19th ult., two gentlemen shot, on Currituck beach, N. C., no less than 148 wild geese, which they shipped north.

— The Bristol (R. I.) Phœnix states that General Burnside has closed a contract with the Secretary of War for one thousand breech-loading rifles at $40 each.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LEADING AND LARGEST CIRCULATED

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

VOLUME IX, FOR 1858.

"EXCELSIOR" ITS GLORIOUS MOTTO, AND "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT" its laudable Objects, the RURAL NEW-YORKER continuously *exists* in Merit and reports decided *progress* in both CIRCULATION and USEFULNESS. For evidence that it is unquestionably *the Standard in its Sphere*, please examine the paper—compare it, in both Contents and Appearance, with any other extant—and you will coincide with its Patrons and the Press in pronouncing it, of its Class.

THE BEST WEEKLY IN AMERICA!

AS AN AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER, combined, the RURAL has long been unequaled. It *employs the best talent*, and is illustrated with numerous *COSTLY AND APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS*, embracing in *one* a greater number of important, Useful and Timely Topics than *any* of ordinary journals—including Rural Affairs, Science, Mechanic Arts, Education, History, Biography, Moral Essays and Tales, Poetry and Music, Reading for Youth, News of the Day, Market Reports, &c.—it is emphatically and economically

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES!

EVERY FAMILY CAN AFFORD THE RURAL, for such an eminently Instructive and Entertaining paper is not a luxury, but a necessity. Indeed, all who desire a Live-Time, Progressive and eminently Practical and Useful *FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL*—one which denotes trash, humbug and deception, and seeks to enhance the *Best Interests* and promote the *Home Happiness* of itsens of thousands of readers of various occupations, in both Town and Country—are invited to try the RURAL.

THE NINTH VOLUME, FOR 1858,

Will be issued on clear New Type and superior paper,—while no proper effort or expense will be spared to make the RURAL continuously worthy the increase circulation it is attaining among all classes and throughout the whole Country. Next to your good paper the RURAL is indispensable.

The RURAL NEW-YORKER is published Weekly, each number comprising Eight Large Double Quarto Pages (Forty Columns) printed and illustrated in Superior Style. TERMS—Only $2 a Year; Three Copies for $5; Six for $10, Ten for $15—in advance.

☞ Our List of Premiums for obtaining subscribers to the RURAL for 1858, is unequalled in both liberality and fairness—the best ever offered! It has no *humbug* but rewards *every person* who forms a club of six or more! The list is just issued, and will be sent free (with Specimens, Show Bills, &c.,) to all applicants. Now is the Time to do good and benefit yourself by canvassing for the model RURAL AND FAMILY WEEKLY.

Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ Editors who publish the above, direct attention thereto, and send us a marked copy of paper containing same, will receive the RURAL for 1858, without requiring an exchange.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF THE RURAL

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER—The success of this "Rural" Weekly has never been paralleled in this or any other country. Though published in an inferior city, this first class Agricultural, Literary and Family Journal begins its Eighth Year with an edition of *over Fifty Thousand*. It has subscribers and enthusiastic admirers in all parts of the land, from Canada to the Gulf, and at this time subscriptions are pouring in by the thousand per day.—*Rochester Daily Union.*

The RURAL NEW-YORKER we regard as one of the ablest sheets devoted to agricultural matters published in this country. The columns of the Rural bear marks of both talent and skillfulness, and its large and constantly increasing list of subscribers must be a most conclusive evidence to the proprietor that his enterprise is duly appreciated. The Rural has just commenced a new volume, and makes its appearance in a handsome new dress. We commend it as a visitor that is worthy of a hearty welcome to every farmer's fireside.—*Boston Daily Traveler.*

One of the most welcome weekly visitants to our office is *Moore's Rural New-Yorker*, a journal comprising the best elements of an agricultural, literary and family paper. It has entered upon the new year arrayed in a beautiful new dress, and with an extended capacity for usefulness. We commend the Rural to all our friends, as the most desirable acquisition next to the—next to—next—well, we *are* a modest man, but here goes, next to the Argus. Subscribe and pay for the Argus, and then do the same for the Rural.—*Michigan Argus.*

Besides containing much interesting agricultural matter both editorial and contributed, by a large list of experienced correspondents, the Rural is replete with fine literary miscellaneous matter. It numbers among its constant contributors such names as Lieut. Maury, Dr. Fitch, T. S. Arthur, &c. Single articles from such men are frequently worth more to the reader than the whole year's subscription.—*Louisville Journal.*

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is the most extensively circulated paper of the kind in the world. It is not merely agricultural, but an elegant journal for families. Its Editor, D. D. T. MOORE, Esq., is, through his publications, one of the most influential and truly useful citizens that New York State can boast of possessing. He enjoys a large share of public favor, and deserves more.—*Express Messenger.*

RURAL NEW-YORKER.—It is a family paper, with as much agricultural matter as will make it interesting to the farmer. In news, it keeps up with all matters of interest. It has excellent illustrations of the best stock, buildings, fruits, &c., and satisfactory market reports. No one can possibly regret becoming a subscriber to it, for it will be read with profit by every family.—*Ind. State Journal.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER deservedly bears the reputation of being the best Agricultural weekly newspaper in the world. It is laden with choice miscellany, literature and information; gotten up in handsome style, and profusely illustrated. It is peculiarly intended for the farm-house. If you want a first class farmer's paper, send $2 to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.—*American Citizen.*

It is cheering to us, after reviewing various Eastern papers filled with love-sick tales, to get our hands on a copy of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Its columns are well filled with Agricultural and Literary matter, making it just what it purports to be, a *Family Newspaper*. Every Farmer, especially, should have a copy.—*Hoosier (Ind.) Tribune.*

WE would call attention to the advertisement headed "EXCELSIOR," and signed D. D. T. MOORE, as indicative of the place to get the best farm and fireside journal in America.—The RURAL NEW-YORKER has justly earned all that is scientific and devoted editor claims for it.—*Chicago Daily Dem.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.—We wish that we could induce every farmer in Northern Indiana, to subscribe for this superior Agricultural Journal. Of all the papers that we are acquainted with devoted to this subject none rank so high, in our estimation, as Moore's.—*Wabash (Ind.) Herald.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER is the finest specimen of an Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper in the United States, without an exception. It ought to have at least one hundred subscribers in this county.—*Herald, Huntington, Ind.*

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER.—This unrivalled Agricultural paper is on our table. It should be in the hands of every farmer in the land. Gotten up in superb style, it is as beautiful in appearance as it is in practical in its matter. Were we a farmer, we should as soon think of farming without a *plow*, as without the New-Yorker.—*Niagara Democrat.*

ABILITY, good taste and a thorough appreciation of the spirit of the age and wants of the reading public, characterize the pages of the RURAL. It now enjoys an immense patronage, and promises to become the most extensively circulated weekly in the country.—*Erie (Pa.) Gazette.*

THE RURAL has attained the largest circulation of any paper of the kind in the country or the world; and this pre-eminence has been achieved by careful management, first rate tact, judicious enterprise and liberality.—*Rochester Daily Democrat.*

THE frequency with which we publish extracts from the RURAL shows our own appreciation of it. Lieut. Maury, Dr. Fitch and other eminent writers are regular contributors to its pages.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE RURAL is a perfect typographical luxury, teeming with originality, pure morals, and useful reading. Replete with good things for the fireside circle, to the farmer it is legitimate authority.—*Vergennes (Vt.) Citizen.*

ITS leading feature, perhaps, is Agricultural; but in the departments of the Arts, the Sciences, Education, Literature, and the Daily News, it is most ably and admirably sustained—an honor to the newspaper family.—*Mich. Christ. Herald.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER is an excellent miscellaneous and agricultural weekly, which has a large circulation in this vicinity. All who take it, like it, which is as high praise as can be awarded to any newspaper.—*Grand Rapids Daily Herald.*

RURAL NEW-YORKER.—We have read its columns several years, and can testify that they abound with the most useful information and suggestions in regard to Agriculture, Horticulture, and all that pertains to the cultivation of the rich bosom of mother earth. Farmers should supply themselves with the reading of so valuable a publication. Every farmer should take three papers—a Religious, a Political and an Agricultural journal. Supply your family with such reading, and throw away your cheap blanket newspapers, filled with love-sick stories, and silly anecdotes, and your children will be distinguished for intelligence, virtue and usefulness.—*Christian Ambassador.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER is, as many of our readers are aware, the prince among the Agricultural, Literary, News, Scientific and Family papers in this country. It is complete in all its departments, and has really no rival. If any one of our subscribers were to ask us what paper to take next after taking and paying for their local county paper, we should answer at once, the Rural New-Yorker. It is a handsome eight paged paper containing but few advertisements, and employing a talented and efficient corps of Editors in its preparation. Its Agricultural and Horticultural departments are full, and ably conducted, and its Literary, Scientific, Educational, Miscellaneous and News departments are none the less so. We hope this word of ours in its favor, will be the means of securing for it a few new names, at least. We shall be glad to forward the money for it for any who desire.—*Fraser (Ind.) Journal.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER is full of variety, original and select. No paper on our list of exchanges comes so near our ideas of perfection, for a secular family paper, as the RURAL.—*N. Y. Observer* ..... THE RURAL is a very valuable paper, eminently practical in its character and pure in its tone. Deserves and is achieving abundant success.—*N. Y. Daily Times.* ..... THE RURAL is not only a favorite in the rural districts, but deservedly popular in cities. No paper has ever run a more prosperous career.—*Louisville Journal.* ..... It is edited with care, and labor, and taste; not tumbled together like new-mown hay, but skillfully expressed and collated. We rejoice, while we do not wonder, to know how swiftly it runs, and how rapidly it is being glorified. May it thus continue, and its shadow always be MOORE.—*Chicago Daily Journal.* ..... THE RURAL is the impersonation of energy, with tact, power and perseverance, from first to last—an engine driven by forces which never tire. This is not a random notice.—*Buffalo Christian Advocate.* ..... THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is a paper the fame of which is without a blot. Characteristically Agricultural, it is in the broadest sense a *Family Paper*, one which may be admitted without doubts as to its tendency.—*New York Recorder.* ..... THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is decidedly the best Agricultural paper in the United States, in each and all departments, and well merits its eminent success.—*Boston Ohio Branch.* ..... MR. MOORE *ought* to make a fortune out of the RURAL, and we trust he will, for *he is helping to make the fortune of the country.*—*Ohio Statesman.*

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Fulton and America.

THE steamship Fulton from Havre, 17th, and Southampton the 18th of November, arrived at New York on the 1st inst. She brought about $219,000 in specie. The America from Liverpool, 21st ult., arrived at Halifax on the 2d inst. The America brought about $125,000 in specie.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The news by this arrival, financially and commercially, is slightly important and interesting. The money pressure continued without sign of diminution, although a somewhat better feeling had sprung up.

Geo. Peabody & Co., one of the most eminent American houses in London, became temporarily embarrassed, but received such prompt aid from the bank—understood to be about a million sterling—that all difficulties were removed. Their ability to go on with the assistance extended them was unquestioned.

The excess of credit notes beyond the prescribed fourteen millions, was, on the 18th ult., £180,000, and it is believed to have been further increased. An Act of Indemnity is to be obtained from Parliament.

The Times says, it is understood that the application which has been made within the last few days by a leading American house to the Bank of England for a large advance on securities furnished from the private resources of the firm, has been most satisfactorily met, and that all the accommodations required will be freely granted. According to rumor, the requirements of the firm were nearly a million sterling, and according to the Daily News, the assistance was received from the Bank after a long deliberation, which it is expected will enable the firm to promptly comply with the conditions under which the advances were made.

The pressure for money at the Bank was undiminished; indeed, according to some authorities, it was more intense than ever, but a meeting of the Directors broke up without any advance in the rate of discounts.

Augustus Stannard, M. P., died suddenly at Dublin on the 16th.

The attempt to launch the Great Eastern was made on the 29th, and it was found impossible to move her.

FRANCE.—Private letters from Paris describe a better feeling. The American houses were beginning to get remittances, and the situation of the Bank of France was improving.

Maballucci, late Minister of Justice in France, was buried at Paris with great ceremony and at the public expense. He is succeeded by M. De Royer.

SPAIN.—The Espana of Madrid says that Mr. Dodge, the American Minister, has resigned, but entirely on account of the health of his family and private considerations. Baron De Brono has been compelled by the state of his health to retire to private life.

AUSTRIA.—At Vienna there has been a partial recovery in the funds, and the premium on gold declined 1 per cent. This improvement is attributable to an official announcement of a considerable reduction in the Austrian army.

RUSSIA.—A fire occurred at St. Petersburg on the 5th ult., and many lives were lost.

BELGIUM.—The King of Belgium had dissolved the Chamber of Representatives. The elections are to commence on December 10th. The Senate and Chamber of Representatives are convoked for the 15th of December.

TURKEY.—Eight of the Belgrade conspirators had been sentenced to death, and two to banishment for life.

The Divan of Jassey had voted that all citizens are equal in the eye of the law; also the abolition of all classes and privileges, and the liberty of public worship.

Omar Pacha had left Constantinople for Bagdad with a small body of troops, to pursue a route along the Euphrates which had been abandoned a century ago, owing to Arab depredations.

Accounts from Wallachia represent the Democratic party to be pursuing a course likely to throw serious impediments in the way of the union of the Principalities. They aim at having a choice of the Sovereign referred to the national vote, and talk of sending a deputation to the Conference of Paris.

ITALY.—A conspiracy was said to have been discovered among the Absolutist party in Catelonia. The elections in Piedmont had resulted in the return of a majority of Liberalis's.

At Turni, the Government had an immense majority. Upwards of 400 persons, implicated in a late conspiracy, had been arrested at Naples in a single night.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs.—Flour had declined 1s. Wheat declined 2@3d, and in some cases 4@6d. Corn is lower and very dull. Western canal flour 24@24s6d; Ohio 27@28s. Red wheat 6@6s9d; white 6s5@7s6d. Mixed and yellow corn 35s6d@36s; white do 40s.

Pork—No sales. Lard heavy and nominal.

Arrival of the Baltic.

THE steamship Baltic, from Liverpool 25th ult, arrived at New York on the 7th inst, with seventy passengers and £9,000 specie on freight.

Among the passengers is Peter Parker, Esq., late U. S. Minister to China.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In London, the recovery of mercantile confidence made further progress notwithstanding the serious features of the Bank return. Loans on government securities were readily obtainable for short periods at lower rates.

About £400,000 of Australian gold was sold to the Bank during Saturday. On Monday the tone of improvement was more distinct than at any time since the first turn became observable. There was a continued absence of further failures and an additional amount of bullion, £160,000, was taken to bank.

On the stock exchange there was an increased supply of money, and short loans were obtainable on Government securities at 7 per cent.

At the Bank the demand was less heavy. The Times concludes that the panic has entirely passed away.

Gens. Wilson and Havelock are to be raised to the dignity of Baronets.

A boiler explosion at a cotton warp factory in Huddersfield, killed nine persons and wounded many others.

FRANCE.—M. Fonid, Minister of State, was on a visit to London, supposed to have reference to the financial crisis and the situation of the Bank of France, and to confer with Lord Palmerston in reference to the difficulties of the Danish Principalities.

The *Courrier Dubas Rhin* announces that the head-quarters of an English recruiting establishment will be opened at Strassburg Dec. 1st.

The *Nord* says that the conference of Paris has been put off till January.

The Bank of France was gaining specie.

A meeting of Paris distillers had memorialized government to raise the import duty on foreign spirituous liquors, on the ground that they cannot compete with foreigners. The government replied that it would be guided by an inquiry.

SPAIN.—It is said that the Spanish Mexican question still presents danger.

Lord Howden has gone to Madrid to urge the reception of the Mexican envoy.

RUSSIA.—Prince Gayaran, Governor General of Kutais and Mingrelia, had been assassinated by one of the sovereign princes of Mingrelia.

Letters from St. Petersburg report that the financial crisis was beginning sensibly to affect Russia. Gold had become very scarce, and exchange on London had fallen.

AUSTRIA.—Letters from Vienna report a continuance of the financial and commercial crisis.—The prices of raw produce declined daily, and money was so scarce that manufactured goods found but few wholesale purchasers.

SWEDEN.—A dispatch from Stockholm announces the formation of a Society of Credit for mutual support and to maintain the public credit.—The subscription amounted to four millions.

CHINA.—An extra mail from China had reached Suez with dates from Shanghai to Sept. 27th, and Hong Kong Oct. 5th. A violent typhoon at Macao, Oct. 1, had caused some damage, chiefly to native shipping.

Lord Elgin was at Hong Kong, on board a man-of-war.

California Clippings.

FOUR well-known "solid men" of Santa Cruz weigh in the aggregate 1,038 pounds, viz.: Judge Scott, 285 lbs.; Judge Rice, 231 lbs.; Capt. Graham, 231 lbs.; and Eli Moore, 241 lbs.

VIOLENT shocks of an earthquake were felt in San Francisco on the 2d and 5th ults. Clocks were stopped, and in a few instances rents were made in the walls of houses.

AMONG the "California items" we see it stated that the King of the Sandwich Islands has been made a Free Mason. At the General Grand Encampment of Masons held at Hartford a year since, there were two native Sandwich Islanders among the delegates.

A SEA bass was recently landed at San Francisco which measured six feet two inches in length, was four feet four inches in circumference around the thickest part of his body, three feet eight inches around the head, sixteen inches across the feather edge of the tail, and weighed one hundred and eighty-seven pounds.

AN individual, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, advertises in a paper in that city an entirely new insurance business. He states that $10,000,000 worth of bad debts have been lost to the people of that city on account of debtors availing themselves of the provisions of the insolvent laws.—The advertiser proposes to insure the payment of any or all of these debts upon the payment of a small premium by the creditors.

THE Placer Courier mentions the reception of a sample of the cochineal from Dr. Trask, of Tood's Valley, California. It has all the properties of cochineal found in Brazil and the southern part of Mexico, the only apparent difference being that the article found in California is a light pink, while that found elsewhere is a deep scarlet. It is said to be quite plentiful this year, and almost any quantity could be easily gathered.

Provincial Items.

SIR ALLEN MCNAB left home the latter part of last week for Europe.

THE new Canadian Ministry consists of eleven lawyers and an auctioneer. The Toronto Globe archly says that the auctioneer was no doubt intended to knock down the whole lot to the highest bidder, when they cannot be disposed of to better advantage.

EIGHT hundred ships are annually loaded in Quebec with lumber. The average value of each cargo is £800, making a total of £640,000. The halt of this immense sum is paid out in cash—fo the farmer for his produce, and for the use of his teams during the winter; to the mechanic, for his work; and to the 2,500 laborers who are engaged in the trade.

THE U. S. TREASURY.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Times, writes that the United States Treasury estimates for the next fiscal year have been completed, and notwithstanding the efforts made to reduce them, the aggregate will reach about seventy millions. The War Department estimates are increased by the anticipated Mormon war, and those for the Navy by the construction of the new steam sloops of war. Secretary Cobb does not apprehend the necessity of resorting to loans on Treasury notes.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, Dec. 8, 1857.

WE cannot recall the time when dullness was so apparent as this morning—nothing doing and none seem to possess the inclination to purchase. We have made some few alterations in our table—all downward in tendency—and should purchasers appear we do not doubt every department of trade would give way for the purpose of effecting sales.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Honey, box,	00@15c
Flour, bbl	$4,75@6,50	Candles, box,	12½@13c
Wheat, Gen	$1,10@1,15	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Best white Canada	$1,10@1,15	Apples, bushel,	88@70c
Corn,	0.@70c	Do. dried,	$1,00@1,25
Oats,	31c	Potatoes,	50@60c
Barley,	56@65c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat,	31@34c	Slaughter,	8@4½c
Beans,	75c@$1,00	Calf,	0@11c
Peas,	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts,	00@50c
MEATS.		Lamb do.	00@50c
Pork, Mess	$00,00@20,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$5,50@6,00	Clover, bushel,	$5,50@7,00
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,50@5,50	Timothy,	$3,00@3,75
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,00	Wood, hard,	$4,50@5,00
Hams, smoked	10½@11c	Do. soft,	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders,	9½@10c	Coal, Lehigh,	$7,00@7,50
Chickens,	5@6c	Do. Scranton,	$6,00@6,50
Turkeys,	6@7c	Do. Blossburg,	$5,00@5,50
Geese,	38@44c	Do. Shamokin,	$5,25@5,75
DAIRY, &C.		Do. Carr,	10@12½c
Butter, roll,	00@16c	Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,45
Do. firkin,	14@15c	Hay, ton,	$7@11
Cheese,	7@8c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	11c	White fish, bbl	$9,50
Tallow,	9@9½c	Codfish ℔ quintal	$4,50@4,75
Eggs, dozen	15@16c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—Flour—Market 5c better. Sales at $4,60@4,75 for common to choice super State; $4,55@5,10 for extra do; $4,85@5,75 for common to medium and extra Michigan, &c., closing dull. Canadian flour better; sales at $4,75@4,80 for super; $5,05@6 for extra.

GRAIN—Market for wheat dull. Sales Milwaukee club at 100@102c; red lower spring at 100c; fair white Canadian at 125c. Rye scarce and firm; sales at 70c delivered. Barley nominal at 52c for four-rowed, delivered. Malt dull at 92c. Corn nominal at 52c for mixed Western in store. Oats 34@35c for State and Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork. Sales at $16,25@16,75 for mess, and 14,75@15,50 for prime. Lard 10@11½c. Dressed hogs 6@6½c. Butter 12@16½c for Ohio, 14@20c for State. Cheese 6@8½c.

BUFFALO, Dec. 7.—The receipts of grain on Saturday were fair, reaching over 100,000 bushels and for the week over half a million of bushels.

The quantity of flour received during the week foots up some 70,000 bbls, the greater portion of which was, however, consigned through by railroad.

FLOUR—The market for flour on Saturday was quiet and the demand limited. The sales were at $5 for Canadian; $4,50 for Wisconsin; $5 for Michigan, and $5,25@5,75 for Ohio, extra and double extra.

GRAIN—Holders of wheat were firmer and but few sales reported. The sales were in small lots at 74c for Chicago Spring; 92c for red winter Indiana; $1 for white Canadian. Nothing doing in other grains.

ALBANY, Dec 7.—Flour and Meal—There is a steady business doing in Flour in part for the East and the supply of the home trade at about previous prices. Corn Meal is held firmly with only a moderate demand.

GRAIN—Nothing has transpired in Wheat since our last, though there is a fair supply in market. Corn is in limited supply, there not being over four boat loads afloat and in store, and it is being held firmly at an advance; sales Western mixed in lots at 56c. Barley rules heavy and to effect sales concessions are made, sales two-rowed at 72c; four-rowed at 75c. Oats in moderate request with sales State at 43½, measure.

HOGS—The market favors the buyer. Dressed hogs at 6@6½ for light and heavy.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Beeves—First quality, 10½@11; Ordinary, 10@10½c; Common, 9½@10c.; Inferior, 8@9c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $65@70; Ordinary, $50@55; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6½@7c.; Other qualities, 4½@6c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $4,00@5,50; Other qualities, $3@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 5½@6½c.; Other qualities, 5@5½c.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 2.—At market 1774 Cattle, 1200 Beeves, and 574 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,00@7,50; First quality, $6,25@6,50; Second quality, $6,00@5,75; Third quality, $5,00@5,25; Ordinary, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 150@200.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 50@65.

YEARLINGS—$11@13. Two years old—$17@20. Three years old—$25@30.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—5100 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,00, $1,50, 2,00 each. Extra and selections, $2,50@3,00.

SWINE—900 at market. Prices—Live weight, 6c. ℔ lb.—Dressed, 7@7½c.

HIDES—6c. ℔ lb. Tallow—6c.

PELTS—62½@70 each. Calf Skins—9@10c. ℔ lb.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 3.—At market 1400 Beef Cattle, 600 Stores, 9 pair Working Oxen, 80 Cows and Calves, 5,000 Sheep and Lambs, 500 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $0,00@7,00; First quality, $7,00; Second, $6,50; Third, $5,50; Ordinary, $5,00.

YEARLINGS—$11@13. Two years old—$17@20. Three years old—$25@30.

WORKING OXEN—$75@150.

COWS AND CALVES—$22, 26@31.

VEAL CALVES—$5,00, 4,00@6,00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $2,00@3,00. By lot, $1,20, 1,50@2,00.

SWINE—Pigs 6½c. retail, 6½@8c.

HIDES—5c. ℔ lb. Tallow—6c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—62½@67c. Calf Skins—9@10c. ℔ lb.

WOOL MARKETS

BOSTON, Dec 2.—The sales of Fleece and Pulled Wool continue quite limited, and prices as yet have not become settled. In Foreign there have been sales of 20,000 lbs. Peruvian, and 60 bales Cape, on private terms. 2,174 bales Foreign have been re-shipped to Liverpool.

Saxony fleeces,	62@67	Smyrna washed,	23@30
Am. full blood,	45@50	Do. unwashed,	12@21
¾ and ½ blood,	37@45	Buenos Ayres,	12@30
Com. to ¼ blood,	32@35	Mexican,	17@19
Pulled, extra,	43@45	Chili, Valparaiso,	15@49
" super,	50@43	Syria washed,	25@27
" No. 1,	29@35	Do unwashed,	14@16
" No. 2,	13@25	Peruv. washed,	35@39

HOPS.—The Cooperstown Journal says that buyers in that county are not offering beyond 60@50c. for choice lots, and even at those low rates, there are few if any cash sales. No grower will sell at such low prices who is not forced to do so. An improvement may not be expected until near the close of the next summer, when there may be an advance of from 2 to 4 cents.—There are a great many hops in the country, and brewers are not doing a heavy business. Up to the present time the brewers of this city have purchased very sparingly, and there is little prospect of an increase in the demand for some to come—The price here is unusually low, prime lots offering at 60@70c. without takers.—*Albany Argus.*

MARRIAGES.

AT Walled Lake, Mich., Nov. 29th, by Rev. Samuel K. Morse, Mr. T. N. JONES, of Mendon, N. Y., and Miss SUSAN B. ROLLIN, of the former place.

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Wyoming, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1857. [412w3] M. WEED.

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Choice Poetry.

NATURE AND HUMANITY.

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another,

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids they say,
Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn
Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing,
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discovers,
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
The lips of lying lovers,

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavor,
We see them winking in the skies,
And so they wink forever.

[*Atlantic Monthly.*

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"DON DICKEY."

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

Chapter I.

A PORTRAIT.

Did you ever see Don Dickey? That was not his real name, but if you have known him at all, you will remember him better by that name than any other. He was, as nearly as I can judge, as fair a specimen of the "swell" as is often found. He never appeared on Broadway but as the cynosure of all eyes. Attired in the very latest style, with an immaculate embroidered shirt-bosom with gold studs; spotless kids of a delicate tint; pants of the latest pattern, and so tight as to give to his very slender limbs a rather *tong*-like appearance; a cane as small and flexible as a willow wand, and bearing on its small gold head the coat of arms of his ancient and aristocratic family, who, by the way, were more distinguished for pride than "pelf." But the crowning feature of this elaborate personage was that from which he derived the second part of his high title, viz, his dickey. It would, to use the novelist's expression, "beggar description"—tall and snow-white, and highly polished as a French mirror, it was usually displayed to great advantage by an expensive and inimitable "tie," set off by a diamond pin.

How he acquired the additional distinction of "Don," I cannot precisely say, but suppose that it was suggested by his lordly air and the somewhat foreign appearance given him by a very swarthy complexion, flowing black hair and a heavy moustache. Suffice it to say that ere he had reached the age of twenty-five his own proper name of Byron Le Roy Crabbs had become almost entirely confined to the "select circle" in which he moved, and "everybody," from the tattered newsboy to the wealthy banker, knew him familiarly as Don Dickey Crabbs.

I suppose he was what might be denominated a "fast" young man, that is, when he had anything to be "fast" upon, for there were times when money seemed to be a scarce article with him. At such times he was usually missed from the fashionable side of Broadway, (in these days the very pavements and thoroughfares are either fashionable or unfashionable,) and was supposed to be traveling. The truth was, his finances were getting to a low ebb, his wardrobe needed replenishing, and he deemed it prudent to retire for a short period from "public life," or, in other words, exchange his expensive and genteel quarters at the Bangup House for rooms at a plain country farm house, the residence of a distant connection of his father's. Here he passed his time, or, as he would have said, "killed" it, in hunting, fishing or flirting with the country girls, until the next quarterly allowance set him once more at liberty. Then Broadway was again illuminated by his presence as he blazed forth in splendors as dazzling as a butterfly just emerged from its chrysalis.

Dickey's grandmother was a southern lady of good family and considerable wealth, a portion of which his mother inherited at her decease. His grandfather was still living and acted as his guardian, although he had been of age this five years or more. His name was Steel. He was a merchant, shrewd, calculating, and penurious, as was shown in the fact that though he had reached the advanced age of seventy, and had amassed a large fortune, he still applied himself to business and kept a sharp eye on the interests and conduct of his grandson.

Dickey's mother, much against the wishes of her father, had, early in life, united herself to Lieut. Crabbs, a young officer whose principal recommendation seemed to be a very long pedigree and a very handsome face. But for her property they must have been poor, and, as might be expected, that decreased very rapidly with extravagance and mismanagement, until it became evident that unless something was done, there would be nothing left for their old age or for their children. Mr. Steel therefore interfered and had the remnant settled on the heirs, of whom there was as yet but one, and was himself appointed guardian. Scarcely was this done ere Mrs. Crabbs died, and her husband, finding himself suddenly deprived of the luxuries to which he had been accustomed, threw up his commission and went to California among the first who flocked to the newly discovered Eldorado.

Young Crabbs early gave evidence of his strong resemblance to his father, in a fondness for luxury and display, and an utter aversion to everything useful or respectable in the way of employment.—Prudently foreseeing such a state of mind on the part of his grandson, Mr. Steel had so arranged it that, until Dickey should enter into some profitable and permanent business, his mother's legacy should be dealt out to him in quarterly allowances; and it was likely to be so for life.

Chapter II.

CITY FRIENDS.

It would be difficult to imagine a happier man than Dickey appeared to be, when just retired from one of his "traveling excursions," as he sauntered down one of the avenues by the side of some city belle, or accompanied her in her carriage on a round of morning calls. As the elegant Miss Delia De Dash justly remarked to her friend, Miss Felicia McFlash, he was "a perfect *bijou* of a man." No one knew better how to put on a lady's shawl, carry her parasol, or turn over her music for her. He was always first on the floor at a ball, and first at a whist table. Was a wedding to take place among the "upper ten," no one could perform the part of "groomsman" like Dickey, and of course he always gave the bride a handsome present. Did it rain, and some languishing fair one resign herself to the "blues" and a dull day at home, Dickey was sure to come to her relief, brimfull of the latest fashionable gossip, and prepared to stay the afternoon.

With his masculine friends he was equally popular. To see them rush upon him after a week's absence, you would have thought he had been gone six months, and that they had done nothing but sigh for his return. There was Dolittle and Doty, sons of the millionaires, with Dodge, who did not seem to have either fame or family, but always contrived to keep his pockets supplied with money, and was esteemed by his "set" a "capital fellow." There was Spear Minte, the young Mr. D., and Palletto, the "fast" Italian artist who played at billiards and faro and "fleeced" more purses than he painted pictures; with young Ring, whose father was of the firm of Ring, Golding, Carat & Co., manufacturing jewellers; and Tokay, whose father made his money in the liquor trade and left him to spend it. These, and a host of others, were eager to clap him on the back and cry—"Hurrah, boys, the Don's come back! 'Richard's himself again!' Now for an oyster supper and a general good time, by way of welcome."

Did not they know where and why he had withdrawn himself? Did not they know the tight rein that his grandfather kept on his expenditures? To be sure they did, and while they inquired how he had enjoyed himself at Saratoga, Newport, or the Catskills, they winked and smiled at each other, and in his absence speculated on the chances of his grandfather's disinheriting him.

But Dickey's attentions to the ladies ceased, after a while, to be promiscuous. He reveled in the smiles of Miss Felicia McFlash, and she graciously received his exclusive attentions. At home, on the afternoon promenade, at the concert, ball, or opera, he was her devoted, humble servant, rendering himself so agreeable as to put all other gallants, and her lap-dog, quite in the shade. Miss McFlash was a year or more his senior, (do not mention it, for it was by a mere accident that I came to know it,) but what of that; she was a "splendid creature," tall and queenly, with features that would have been faultless but for a slightly "turn-up" nose. She was very wealthy, too, having a fortune in her own right, and without incumbrance. To a man in Dickey's situation these were considerations.

She had *her* considerations too. Mrs. Byron Le Roy Crabbs was not a name to be lightly refused; its owner was young, handsome, and, on the mother's side, well connected. She had her suspicions that his fortune was not large, or was a fable altogether; but she knew that that of his grandfather was a "fixed fact," and that Dickey was the sole heir. Yet here again occurred doubts. What if Mr. Steel should see fit to disinherit his extravagant grandson? Would the name of Byron Le Roy Crabbs sound quite as well, without the ring of metal as an accompaniment? Miss Felicia therefore judged it expedient to proceed with caution, and thus it happened that she kept poor Dickey "in durance vile" for nearly three years. Longing to know his fate, yet fearing to lose her by presumption, he was as constant as her shadow, and as separate. Whenever he approached too near, or sought to commit himself, she was sure to punish him by a sudden coolness, or a flirtation with one of his numerous rivals.

Chapter III.

COUNTRY FRIENDS.

Splendid and gay as was Miss Felicia McFlash, she could no more compare to Dickey's little rustic cousin, Rose Wilde, than a flaunting peony to a moss-rose-bud. Simple, affectionate little Rose, who thought "Cousin Byron" the nearest to perfection of any man that she had ever seen. And well she might, for she had never seen any that she could love, except her father and the kind old pastor. The young men around her, sturdy, honest young farmers as they were, seemed too rough, too uncultivated, to sympathize with her, and she had little acquaintance with them.

Rose's father was a farmer, well to do in the world, benevolent and genial. His barns and store-houses were always well stocked with "the fat of the land," and he kept "open house, open heart, and open hand" to all who chose to partake of his hospitality. Dickey's father was Mr. Wilde's nephew, and towards Dickey he had always felt and showed the kindness of an uncle.

When Dickey was a little boy, and his mother's health was delicate, she used frequently to spend a summer with him at Uncle Wilde's. Miss Rose was then taking her first lessons in walking, in which acquirement Dickey rendered her valuable assistance. A few years more, and, as a school boy, he found her home a capital place at which to spend vacations. Rose was just the girl to go nutting or berrying with, and it was her delight, at some juvenile party or pic-nic, to be the envied recipient of Cousin Byron's attentions.

Thus the years sped, and through all their changes, there ever remained the same warm nook at their fireside, the same warm spot in their hearts for Dickey at Uncle Wilde's. It is true his uncle sometimes thought Dickey rather too dandified in his appearance, and though he knew little of his character, he feared that he was both idle and extravagant.

When Dickey paid a visit to Heath Farm, he always made it a point to lay aside, as much as possible, his snobbish manners and affected airs. For here he felt that he was known as he really was, and such things would only lower him in the esteem of those who made the place home to him, for it did seem like home; it was all the one he had. Though weak minded, artificial and conceited, he still had sense enough to value, in a great measure, these, his only *true* friends, and to endeavor to appear to good advantage in their eyes. In Rose he felt an especial interest. They had associated from childhood almost with the familiarity of brother and sister. She was unaffected, gentle, and confiding; Dickey would as soon have thought of flirting with or deceiving an angel.—True he had not always been as respectful towards her as was becoming; he would sometimes throw his arm too familiarly about her, or rudely snatch a kiss, but such liberties were always repulsed by such a reproachful astonishment and mortification as to effectually check the spirit of levity. He would laugh heartily, and call her "a little old maid;" but he reverenced her delicacy.

Chapter IV.

"HOPES LONG CHERISH'D, WHERE ARE YE NOW?"

It was a lovely October afternoon, when the funeral of "our venerable and lamented fellow-citizen, Ichabod Steel, Esq.," took place. By the hour of three, the stores of all those merchants with whom he had had deslings were closed and hung with festoons of black cambric, and a long line of nearly a hundred carriages, headed by a hearse draped with a heavy pall, and drawn by black horses on whose proud heads waved clusters of sable plumes, was drawn up along the avenue leading to the handsome but gloomy residence of the late proprietor. Conspicuous as chief mourner appeared our hero, wholly unconscious of the becks and nods of some of his friends, as he ever and anon wiped his eyes with his white handkerchief, bordered with black.

The white-robed divine came at last to the close of his exhortation and prayers, the gentlemanly sexton adjusted the silver-plated lid above the cold, stern features of the dead, and in a few moments the stately mansion was left alone, while the procession moved on to the cemetery. As the imposing cortege passed through the principal streets, men left their business to gaze, women and children flocked to doors and windows, and another funeral train, bearing a poor man's child, and composed of two carriages and a little band of friends on foot, drew close to the sidewalk and houses, to let the other take precedence.

Arrived at the cemetery, the handsome coffin was placed upon a bier, and when the minister had repeated over it the beautiful burial service of the Episcopal Church, it was consigned to the darkness and gloom of the family vault, the ponderous doors shut with a clanging sound, and the "relatives, friends, and acquaintances," returned once more to the cares and scenes of every-day life, satisfied that they had done all that was required of them.

Every one was of course impatient to know the disposition of the rich man's estate, and they were not long kept in suspense. The bulk of it was distributed among various benevolent institutions, as if he, who had never been known to do a kind action while living, sought in death, to atone for a life of selfishness and cupidity. Life annuities were bestowed on Jack and Chloe, two faithful old black people, who had followed Mrs. Steel from her Southern home and served her and her family, long and well. Legacies were bequeathed to Peter Gruff, his aged and feeble head clerk, who for more than thirty years had toiled to increase and uphold his employer's fortune; and to the Rev. Benedict Sanctus, D. D., whose eloquent and practical discourses had edified him during every Sunday of several years, and whose consoling and exalted tribute to the virtues and memory of the deceased, so moved his hearers at the funeral.

To Dickey, nothing was left but the remnant of his mother's fortune, which, owing to his grandfather's careful management, still amounted to considerable. In a letter resigning his guardianship, he took occasion to state that nothing could have given him greater pleasure than to have settled his property on a member of his own family, but he considered that it would be worse than wasted upon the nearest relative that he possessed, his grandson.

It cannot be denied that though Dickey was not greatly surprised, he was disappointed. He had "hoped against hope" that his grandfather would feel more kindly towards him at last, and now that hope was dead. But he consoled himself with the reflection that he was at length his own master and should not want for friends or pleasure, at least so long as his money lasted.

Flushed with his newly acquired power, he paid his *devoirs* to Miss McFlash with renewed ardor and hope. To his surprise, his advances were more coldly received than ever before; and to increase his alarm and chagrin, he discovered that Junor Clinch, an old bachelor beau of long standing, for whom she had never had any particular fancy, was now coming into favor. To cut a long story short, before a year had passed Dickey was invited to "stand up" at their wedding, but declining, received cake and wedding cards.

This was the death of his last and greatest hope, and as might be expected, it *told* on his character and prospects. He plunged madly into deeper and darker dissipation, reckless of consequences. The society of his "fast" young friends, the excitement of the gaming table and the wine cup, were eagerly sought, for in them he hoped to forget that he was that weak, dissolute and wretched being whom his conscience was continually setting before him, and whom he actually despised.

Chapter IV.

"THE THINGS OF THIS WORLD PASS AWAY."

The first sweet airs of Spring kissed the crocuses and windflowers beneath the front windows at Heath Farm. A young man, pale and emaciated from long sickness, was lying propped up by pillows, on a couch in the pleasant sitting-room. A young girl sat beside him with a book on her lap, from which she had been reading. In her we readily recognize Rose Wilde, though she is older and there is a calmer, more womanly expression on her countenance than when we last saw her. The young man is "Cousin Byron," though no one would have known him. His long dark hair is clustered around his pale, thin face from which the curling moustache has disappeared, and there is a wild brilliancy to his eyes which speaks of days and nights of suffering which are not all passed.

The change in his looks is not greater than in his fortunes. His money is long since squandered, his "summer friends" have forsaken him; plunged in debt and disgrace, and at last brought low by disease, he was found and rescued by good, generous Uncle Wilde. Here, in their quiet home, watched by friendly hearts and tended by gentle hands, he had passed the winter.

The book which Rose has been reading, is the Bible, and the chapter, the thirteenth of the first of Paul's beautiful epistles to the Corinthians.—In a clear, sweet voice she read until she had finished the eleventh verse, and during the time her cousin's eyes never wandered from her face. When she had read thus far, he sighed deeply and closed the book, saying "Alas! how true! When I became a man I *did* put away childish things. Would to heaven I had died then, when I was young, innocent and happy!"

Rose made no reply, but turning again to her bible, read, "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered."

"O! if I could only feel that I am among those 'blessed' ones! Since I have been sick I have had so much time to think and have thought of so many things, that sometimes my brain is almost crazed. But most of all I have thought how few, how brief, the days will be ere I shall be laid to rest in the earth now warming and brightening with the breath of Spring. They must bury me here, Rose, in your quiet country church-yard. I do not wish to be laid on a shelf in our cold and dark old family vault. I would rather lie in the ground, where it seems as if I could hear the birds sing, and hear your light steps as you come to plant flowers on my grave.

"And when I think of these things I think of my past life and how unfit I am to die. I cannot dwell long on this thought, it is too dreadful. I find myself longing to be well again, to live a new, a better life. And then, forgive me dear Rose, a thought of you comes, like a spirit of holiness, to my mind, and I dream, 'tis only a dream, of a brighter future, a time for improvement and reparation, with you for my guardian angel, my sweet counselor. But the vision fades quickly, I am all unworthy even to *dream* of you. I never knew until since I have been here, a helpless invalid, that I was capable of an honorable and sincere affection for a woman, but you are very dear to me, I always placed you above all others of your sex.

"But these are vain fancies for one whose feet are on the verge of eternity. When I am gone, dear Rose, think of me, as you have always thought of me, as your early and loved playmate and friend. Remember my sins and my deficiencies with charity, and pray that they may be so remembered in heaven. I sometimes think that had my parents been a little less worldly-minded, had they thought more of their child's spiritual, than his temporal welfare; and had my grandfather been less cold and hard, had he spared time from the pursuit of wealth to find out whether I had a heart or not, I might have been a different being; 'a brand plucked from the burning.' But it is not for me to complain."

It was August when they made for Dickey a grave in the church yard behind the village church. Old Jack and Chloe came from the city, by invitation, to attend the funeral, and as they turned to leave the pleasant spot where they had laid him, Chloe wiped her eyes with her handerchief and murmured, "Poor young Massa! He was good hearted, but not half *brung up*."

A month later and the Autumn winds, like the friendly robins of the nursery tale "covered him with leaves," even as your pitying charity, dear reader, must cover the remembrance of his transgressions.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 39 letters.
My 3, 5, 26, 39 is a beverage.
My 13, 17, 15, 26, 39 is used by fishermen.
My 13, 24, 25, 26, 27 is a body of water.
My 18, 19 is a preposition.
My 14, 29, 17, 38, 16, 39 is a measure.
My 1, 2, 3 tends very much to our happiness.
My 4, 15, 26, 27 is sometimes very strong.
My 7, 8, 9, 26, 27 is a kind of dog.
My 6, 15, 26 is a kind of metal.
My 20, 21, 22 is the name of a person.
My 11, 12, 13, 10, 29, 36, 39 is the same as law.
My 23, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34 is a preposition.
My 28, 35, 38 is the cause of many deaths.
My 36, 37, 38 is often applied to a worthless man.
My whole is a proverb. G.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ACROSTIC.

My theme improvement and know edge imparts,
Onward in progress, in science arts,
On beautiful houses of comfort and ease,
Replete in proportion with finish to please,
Enhancing the beauty and worth of the farm,
Science advance and error disarm,
Removing prejudice and polish the mind,
Unerring in object to bless all mankind;
Rejoicing in the culture of mind and the soil,
Adding wisdom and wealth to all those that toil.
Landscapes of beauty with homesteads complete,
Nice orchards and farms and door-yards kept neat,
Education the theme with competence blest,
With wisdom to guide to the haven of rest.
Youth how delightful the season to learn
Order and taste in the garden and farm;
Rich fruits and sweet flowers of every kind—
Knowledge is sweet to the musical mind;
Engage in these duties, in nature's great laws,
Rise, noble youth, in this noble cause.

Naples, N. Y., 1857. Isabell Sutton.

Answers to Enigmas, &c., in No. 412.

Answer to Enigma:—The Ontario Agricultural Society.

Answer to Charade.—Mad-a-gas-car.

Answer to Mathematical Problem.—The dog ran to take the first 26.832 rods; the second 61.626 rods; the third 203.25.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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J. L. ALBERGER, Buffalo, N. Y.

Nov. 14, 1857. 410-owtf

Agricultural Rooms, Albany, Nov. 20, 1857.

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Every *farmer* should give his sons two or three square rods of ground, well prepared, with the avails of which they may buy it. Every *mechanic* should put a receiving box in some conspicuous place in the house, to catch the stray pennies, for the like purpose.

Lay it upon your table by the side of the Bible—it is a better expounder than many which claim to be expounders.

It is a great labor-saver—it has saved us time enough in one year's use to pay for itself; and that must be deemed good property, which will clear itself once a year. If you have any doubt about the precise meaning of the word *gear*, in the last sentence, look at Webster's thirteen definitions of the v. t."—*Massachusetts Life Boat.*

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Elmira, N. Y., Oct., 1857. 393tfwo

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Rural New-Yorker.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

WE would not flatter the farmer, nor would we discourage nor undervalue the results of his labors and experiments. In the few hints we are about to present, our only object is to offer a few thoughts which may be of some service to those in pursuit of knowledge. If experiments are conducted for the purpose of elucidating a certain proposition, they are most likely to result in good; but such experiments as many of those reported in the Agricultural Journals of this country, are, in a great degree, aimless, and give but "an uncertain sound." Great and hidden truths remain to be developed. Let us search, for them in earnest, as though we realized the importance of the work, and had strong faith in our ability to aid in its accomplishment.

The manufacturer of woolen cloth, buys the kind of wool he needs for the production of the article which is in greatest demand, or upon which he can realize the greatest profit. He is so well acquainted with the cost of manufacture that he can tell the price he can afford to pay for the several grades, and the profit that will result from the operation. Hence our readers will often see it stated in our report of the wool market, that "at present rates, manufacturers buy very sparingly," or in some cases that they refuse to buy altogether at the ruling prices. The same is true of the manufacturers of almost all articles of commerce. There is no guess-work about it. Everything has been reduced to rule by experiment and practice. The farm is a *manufactory* of wheat, corn, potatoes, beef, mutton, pork, wool, and all necessaries of life. The farmer is the manufacturer, depending upon the profits derived from the manufacture of these articles for the support of himself and family. And yet, who, among the hundreds of thousands engaged in the business, can tell what it costs him to raise a bushel of wheat, or corn, or potatoes? Who can tell what it costs him to make a quart of milk, or a pound of cheese? Who can tell how much pork or beef he can make from a bushel of corn? Who can tell the comparative value of hay, and corn, and carrots in the manufacture of beef, and at what prices it would be most profitable to sell the one and feed the other? These are important questions, affecting directly the business and profits of the farmer. Well do we know that the pursuit of the farmer, is, more than any other, affected by contingences entirely beyond his control, such as the weather, diseases, insects, &c.; yet, taking all these things into consideration, we would ask our readers if there is not an unnecessary lack of information on these points? Scientific men present us with analyses of the different articles of food, and from these calculate their comparative value; but these results are often found false in practice. Careful experiments have also been made in Europe, with direct reference to some of these questions, but our climate and other circumstances are so different, that while these results are of great value in many ways, they afford us no true guide in practice. We must search for ourselves, and instead of relying on the labors of others, add our mite to the stock of universal knowledge.

Thorough experiments to obtain reliable results would be tedious and expensive, and on an extensive scale, perhaps, might be done best by some of our Agricultural Societies, under the supervision of some competent person. In Europe, men of wealth, lovers of truth and science have devoted their lives and fortunes to these subjects, and have produced the most valuable results, that will crown them with honor as long as time endures. Here we have few men of leisure and wealth; very few designated in our directories as "*gentlemen*," and these are looked upon as some strange animals. Something, however, has been done by individuals, and much more might, and we hope, will be accomplished in this way. One point, thoroughly tested, is worth a thousand half-tried experiments or untried theories.

Another point that needs investigation is *the actual and comparative value of manures*. There is much need of light on this important subject, as it seems to be very little understood, and those who know the most, feel most the want of the teachings of experience, and facts demonstrated by well-tried experiments. Can the farmer afford to draw manure from five to eight miles, after paying three or four shillings for a common wagon load, for the purpose of manufacturing corn at sixty cents a bushel? if not, at what price can it be raised by this method? This thing is done every year, in the neighborhood of cities, and yet we have never been able to obtain a satisfactory answer to this question of any person engaged in the work. There must be a point at which it would be cheaper to use guano than to purchase and haul manure, and in most cases there is doubtless a better way than either. Last summer we were informed by several farmers on Long Island that guano was the cheapest manure they could use, much more so than that brought from the stables of the city, or the sweepings of the streets.—Leached ashes, is also a favorite manure for the light lands of the Island, and they are brought a great distance, in some cases even from Western New York, to be applied to the soil. On the shores of lake Ontario, and within five or six miles of this city is land very similar to the sandy lands of Long Island, and yet hundreds of bushels of leached ashes may at any time be had here for a trifle, or even for the drawing, but they are seldom used, and are treated as if worthless.

Many seem to think the value of a manure heap depends entirely upon its *bulk;* and not long ago we observed a farmer drawing coal ashes from the city to be used as manure, because he could obtain them for *nothing*, although they were worth about the same after he had drawn them four or five miles. Had he gone even on the road-side, a few rods from his own door and skinned off the turf, raked up the fallen leaves from the woods, or collected the weeds and rubbish from the corners of his fences, to add to his compost heap, he would have obtained a far better manure with less labor.

We did not design to discuss any of these questions, but merely to direct the attention of practical men to subjects that need investigation in the hope that some of our readers would be induced to test these things for themselves.

SHEEP.—THEIR FOOD AND SHELTER.

THERE is one point in the management of Sheep, and a material point too, which requires more attention than it seems to have received.—Their food is often injured and rendered distasteful by the steam and stench which rise from fermenting materials beneath; in fact their appetites and general health are affected by these causes. Whoever will go under a shed towards spring, where sheep have been kept, and disturb the surface of the manure, will perceive at once that "essences" are generated there sufficient, if prudently managed, to make the fortune of any Parisian "perfume" dealer. A cloud of steam arises that reveals at once the great amount of gaseous material that is generated there, and which is constantly rising to pollute the air and nauseate the food.

Sheep have no liking for *perfumery*—like the deer and the goat they delight in fresh air and fresh food. They are peculiarly delicate in their tastes, and though they have been domesticated for ages, they long for the liberty of their native hills and for the green herbage that grows there. Between the hill-side with its western breeze, and the close shed with its reeking contents, there is a contrast.

Farmers, like others, are a little inclined to make room for only one idea at a time; and when they get a *new* one there is some danger of throwing the old ones away, as though they had no further use for them. For instance, "good, warm shelters" have been recommended for years past as "the great idea of the age," and a very great idea they are,—but they are not like "The Resurrection Pills," and "The Elixir of Life," a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to. There remains to be provided ventilation, and a sweet place in which to eat sweet food.

Flock masters complain of a want of appetite, particularly towards spring when the warm weather comes on. It is then that the accumulation of manure is greatest, and decomposition most rapid; the flock refuses food and falls away, and the causes are not always understood. What is the remedy? It is far better to remove the manure to the fields than to let it ferment and pass away in the yard. This might be done frequently during the winter. But what would be still better, there might be sufficient muck or other earth spread over the surface at regular intervals to prevent in a good degree the escape of steam.

But it is about the rack itself that "perfect purity"—that is a high standard—should be aimed at. Permanent racks about the outside of the buildings, elevated a little upon an embankment of earth to prevent the manure from getting above their level and to favor the keeping of it away, would go far to remedy the evil complained of.—At any rate the common practice of using box racks, and letting them be moved promiscuously about over a mass of putrefying excrements, is a grievance that ought not to be permitted.

I have spoken for the *sheep*, as perhaps being the greatest sufferers, but the necessity of feeding *all* animals in a wholesome place, upon wholesome food, cannot be too strongly urged. H. T. B.

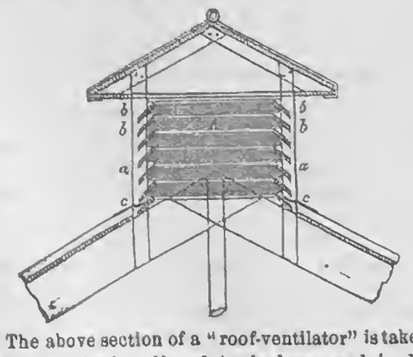
CONSTRUCTION OF STABLES.

IN the RURAL of the 5th inst., we spoke briefly concerning some of the defects noticeable in the erection and completion of the home of the horse, and as several important matters connected therewith were not treated upon, we again revert to the subject.

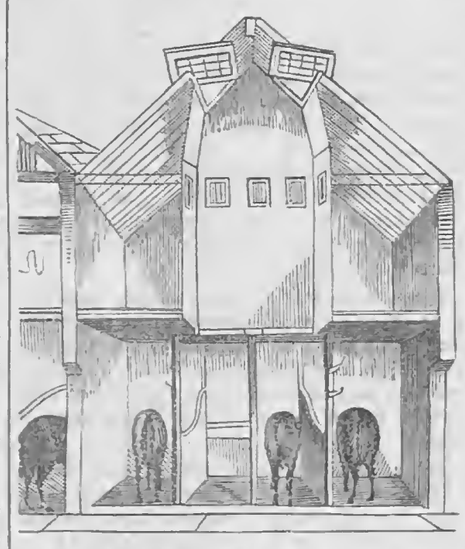
In our previous remarks, we asserted that where stables were close, and as a consequence fetid, lung diseases among the horses were frightfully prevalent, and that the deaths from consumption occupied a prominent position among those known as fatal. The air is the grand purifier of the blood, and where the lungs are charged with a foul and vitiated atmosphere, the blood cannot be otherwise than impaired in its life-giving properties. The renovatory process is accomplished by inhalation—air and blood are brought in contact, and the latter is thus prepared for its return through the body. In the fulfillment of the designs of nature both the air and blood become radically changed. The former loses a portion of its oxygen and acquires carbon, the latter parts with its dark scarlet hue, and assumes the brilliant red—so marked of purity—and bounds with fleetness along the minute courses traced by the All-Wise hand, imparting health and vigor. If, by repeated use, the air is deprived of its oxygen, the whole animal economy languishes—the great labor of replenishment ceases, and in proportion as the stifling process is lengthened or decreased we are enabled to perceive its deleterious workings. The whole case stands thus: whatever tends to render the blood impure tends to consumption. We can here take in the whole matter at a glance—the cause and the effect, the germ and the disastrous fruit.

How shall a remedy be found? Standing amid the multitudinous contrivances, patent and no-patent, that have been brought before the people, for the purpose of giving employment to the lungs, one would imagine that the Creator had either deprived us of the material with which to inflate the system, or that the apparatus specially constructed for that purpose was sadly deficient in its capacity to labor. Scientific treatises upon ventilation, with names attached that are "household words" for learning and probity, are doubtless very well, but after all, the subject is simple and does not need burying under a mass of verbiage. Running water purifies itself—*air in motion is self-purifying.*—Heated air will *rise*, and if opportunity is presented it will as inevitably pass off, and its place be supplied by a purer atmosphere.

The apertures for the *escape of impure air* ought to be placed at the highest part of the building, and their frequency and size must be determined by the number of animals confined. Each stall should be provided with either a ventilator exclusive, or a passage into a large one used as a general purifier for the whole stable. From eight to ten inches square is deemed the best size for the conduit which is to carry off the air as it becomes foul. These should be so arranged with a revolving panel that a current of air may be set in motion or checked as may be desirable.



The above section of a "roof-ventilator" is taken from the Cyclopedia of Agriculture, and is described as follows:—"It is constructed with four posts, *a, a*, forming a square, the sides of which are filled in with louvre-boards, *b, b, b, b*, having openings between them. The roof is formed of boarding, covered with lead or zinc; and there are lead or zinc flashings, *c, c*, round the base, covering its junction with the main roof." The panels which admit the air are placed in the back or end walls of the stable as *close to the floor* as possible. These openings should, in all cases, be furnished with sliding doors or windows, and so arranged that they may be readily thrown open or closed at the will of the keeper.



In the foregoing design we have a section of the stables of Mr. LYON, of Glasgow, Scotland, in which the windows serve as outlets and inlets, and in addition furnish light. While the heated and impure air is ascending the *sides* of the tunnel, the external air is descending the centre of the same passage and spreading all over the stable. Each of these stables contains sixteen horses. The air is kept perfectly fresh by this mode, and, says STEWART, author of the *Stable Book*, "they are the best lighted buildings for the purpose I have ever seen."

Means must be contrived for the *admission of fresh air*, as well as for the removal of that which has become vitiated. Many persons seem to think that they have done all that is required when the mode of egress is obtained—and console themselves with the reflection that the wants of the animals will be met by such chance drafts as force under doors, around loose windows, and between the crevices that imperfect construction has left open. The fact is, without these latter openings, the process of ventilation will often prove an entire failure, and money thus laid out he actually squandered.

Crowded, confined stables are another evil feature of the majority erected. We have seen *four* horses in an apartment hardly large enough for *one*. The great fault of these—in addition to improper ventilation—is to be found in the sudden and extreme transitions of the temperature they undergo. Colds and coughs are prevalent among animals thus cribbed. Where every means are adopted for a supply of pure air, the stalls should never be less than six feet wide—we should prefer eight—eight feet high, and with a depth that every time you wish to pass the horse a "long halter" and flying heels will not reach you, if the animal should desire a more intimate acquaintance.

Want of light is another of the cruelties too often imposed upon the horse. To enter many of the stables and look around, one would suppose that the deeds of the owners were evil, with such seeming care is the light of heaven excluded. It is utterly impossible to produce or sustain healthy animal or vegetable life where everything is given to the powers of darkness. Many veterinarians contend that this continued gloom is injurious to the eyes. Be this as it may, there are a thousand reasons for letting the light in in its fullness, and those who have placed an embargo upon it, should immediately remove every obstruction, and give to the patient and worthy horse the care that a merciful and high-minded man will ever award to the handiwork of his Creator.

IOWA:

SOIL, PRODUCTIONS, IMPROVEMENTS, ETC.

EDS. RURAL:—As you have many readers in this new State who will feel a commendable pride in a just notice of the home of their choice, and also many readers who may be interested to know more of the country hereabouts, allow a brief space for a sketch of Iowa.

This State lays between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, bounded on the North by Minnesota and by Missouri on the South. Through the centre of the State East and West, from river to river, the distance is about three hundred miles. It is longer from North to South. A large proportion of the land in this State is of that description known as "prairie," the timber for the most part being contiguous to the streams. The soil is fertile, of a dark, tenacious, clayey loam, from one to five feet deep. There are different characteristics in different localities, though differing not materially as far as we can learn, taken as a whole.

The timber in the Southern part of the State is cottonwood, oak of different varieties, walnut, maple, linwood, with a scattering of a few of the common and smaller growing forest trees. A recent geological survey has developed beds of coal, iron, plaster and lead, in the Central and Southern parts of the State. Coal is quite abundant along the Des Moines river, as high up nearly as Fort Dodge. It will unquestionably be found in places where it is not now known to exist, as the various improvements and tillage progress. How extensive the deposits of iron, lead and gypsum, have been found, or are likely to prove, we have not learned.

In respect to water-power for milling and manufacturing purposes, Iowa is more fortunate than some others of the Western States. Nearly every portion of the State is watered by creeks and rivers, some of which are sufficiently large to be navigable at seasons of high water. Commencing in the Northern part, we find emptying their waters into the Mississippi the Turkey, Wapsipinecon, Cedar, Iowa, Skunk and Des Moines rivers, some of which have large branches. On the Western borders of the State are the Big Sioux, Little Sioux, Boyer, Nishnabotany and Nodaway rivers, besides several large creeks and branches. The most considerable of these rivers is the Des Moines, which, starting in Minnesota, runs in a South and Southeasterly direction the entire length of the State, when bearing more to the Eastward it forms a part of the Southern boundary and unites with the Mississippi below Keokuk. In high water, spring and fall, merchandize is taken up this river as far as Fort Des Moines, and in some instances as far as Fort Dodge, which is far towards the Northwestern part of Iowa.

Some years since, the State commenced the improvement of the Des Moines river, by means of locks and dams, for the purpose of slack-water navigation, but subsequently transferred their interest to a company who have steadily prosecuted the work, and some of whose financial efforts have figured conspicuously in the Halls of Congress.—Every confidence is felt here in the ultimate completion of the work. In addition to this, several important railroad enterprises have been commenced, some of which are partially completed, and will again be pushed forward as soon as the present financial crisis has passed. An intelligent business man, with whom we conversed, expressed very strongly his conviction that not a railroad of any magnitude had been projected in Iowa, but would be built, and become a good investment.—If so, they will prove more fortunate than a majority of such enterprises in the older States.

The progress of Iowa is a perfect realization of the familiar adage, "Westward the star of empire takes its way." In 1836 it contained a population of 10,531, and in 1856 the census shows 503,635.—The assessable value of property returned for 1851, was $28,464,550, and that for 1856, $164,194,413. From the statistics of the latter year we learn the number of acres of improved land to be 2,343,958; of meadow 140,342 acres, producing 223,234 tuns of hay, or little more than one and a half tuns per acre; of spring wheat 345,518 acres, producing 4,973,639 bushels, being little short of fifteen bushels per acre; of winter wheat only 41,043 acres, yielding 495,703 bushels, a fraction over twelve bushels per acre. Of oats the acres are put down at 190,158, harvesting 6,054,341 bushels, not quite thirty-two bushels per acre. There was planted of corn, 632,803 acres, producing 30,985,127 bushels, a moiety less than forty-nine bushels per acre. Potatoes yielded less than thirteen bushels per acre. The value of hogs sold was $2,904,563. Amount of butter made 6,075,739 pounds which at twenty cents, a moderate price in the State, was worth $1,215,147 80; of cheese 729,852 pounds, and of wool 515,808. Domestic or household manufactures are estimated at $438,321 while the general manufactures are valued at $4,684,461 and the value of lead produced $213,000. The State taxes for 1856 were $205,243 02. These statistics were the result of a census ordered by the State, and if the ratio of increase has continued, as there is reason to suppose it has, the population now approximates closely to 750,000.

The soil of Iowa is easily tilled, being mostly prairie, and yields a fair return to the industrious husbandman. It will be observed that the greater portion of the wheat grown is spring, and it may be doubted if winter wheat can be grown to any great extent. The action of the frost upon these semi-clay soils has the effect of rendering them perfect honey-combs, even thus early in the season, and if continued through a severe winter, while the snow is blown off the fields, which must usually be the case, very little winter wheat or even grass can be expected to stand. Very few permanent pastures or meadows have been made as yet, and but for the introduction of the Hungarian Grass, a species of small-growing millet, it would be difficult to winter large herds of cattle without making grain the chief reliance. Here, as in New York, deep tillage and thorough draining will be the great ameliorators of the soil, and the most effective means of ensuring a fair reward for

farm labor. We find the knolls and slopes of the rolling prairie saturated with water, held by the tenacity of the soil and seriously prejudicial to good culture.

Prices are, at present, very low. Spring wheat, 40 to 50 cts., mostly in goods; corn 15 to 25 cts., as per locality and condition; pork, $3 50 to $4; butter, fresh, 20 to 25 cts.; beef, $4 to 5 50—beef cuts at retail, 7 to 8 cts. As time permits, we hope to say more of this "empire" west of the Mississippi. H. C. W.

Mount Pleasant, Iowa, 1857.

HINTS TO MEAT-EATERS.

At a time when the laws of trade and commercial exchange are subjected to a strict scrutiny; when the financial world is shaken to its very foundation, and convulsed with the throes of agony, bordering on death; when gaunt famine stares thousands in the face, unless relieved by the kind hand of charity; when want of employment is the portion of scores of thousands; when, with the want of daily employment, comes also the want of bread; I had thought a few hints on the laws of diet and regimen might not be untimely to the many thousand artisans and laborers who love and read the Rural.

Meats are a most expensive article of diet, especially fresh meats. That they are necessary to the health, strength and tone of the muscular system, is a delusion. Laboring men are not under the necessity of using animal food, unless they choose it as a mere matter of fancy. They can be amply nourished on a vegetable diet; else the provision made for Adam and Eve before the fall, was a failure. It is stated by an able writer that *Carbon*, which is essential to the production of animal heat, is contained more largely in the breadstuffs, than in meats. The wheat and other breadstuffs, contain not only gluten, the basis of animal fibre, but starch, the basis of animal heat. Hence bread, with scientific exactness, may be called "the staff of life." According to Dr. Carpenter, an English physiologist, four pounds of starch contain as much carbon as fifteen pounds of meat.

Facts, too, are in harmony with this position.—Dr. Mussey, of Cincinnati, says—"I still continue living exclusively on the fruits of the vegetable kingdom, which kind of living I adopted some 25 years since, and find myself healthy and vigorous." Haywood's History of Massachusetts gives an account of a man, living in Worcester Co., who, at the age of 116 years, was able to go into the hay-field and mow. He had never eaten meat from early childhood. Another gentleman belonging in Boston, a dealer in wood and coal, aged about 45 years, states that he never saw a sick day—had always been accustomed to muscular labor—knew no weather to cold for comfort—could bear great fatigue—and yet had never tasted of meat from his infancy. A more perfect specimen of manly vigor and soundness could not be found. The father of the writer of this article, now aged 70, is hale, hearty and vigorous. He has scarcely seen a sick day—has labored constantly in all weathers, living entirely on a purely vegetable diet, and "thrown physic to the dogs." He bids fair, judging from the elasticity of his step, to see most of his meat-eating neighbors die prematurely, while he lives a monument commemorative of the wisdom of adhering to a generous vegetable diet.

In Humboldt's description of the Indians of Peru, Mexico, Quito and New Grenada they are represented as peaceful cultivators of the soil, remarkably exempt from diseases, and free from physical deformities. They live almost entirely on vegetable nourishment. He gives the same decided testimony as to the character and habits of various other South American tribes. Our American Indians, who, in their savage state, live entirely on flesh, are short-lived and greatly subject to epidemic and contagious diseases. Whole tribes are sometimes swept off by the measles, small pox, and other maladies. In Nantucket, in Martha's Vineyard, in 1764, a fever appeared among the Indians dwelling there, which swept off 202 out of 340, in the course of six months. It fatality was confined to those of entire Indian blood and Indian dietetic habits. The inhabitants of the Pacific Islands in their heathen state, were well built, fine featured, mild and pleasant; and their physical strength and activity was such that Captain Cook's men stood no chance with them in boxing and wrestling. Their diet was almost entirely of vegetables. The Hottentots and New Hollanders, on the other hand, are ill-formed, stunted, sickly and short-lived. Their living consists almost entirely of animal food. They live on lizards, serpents, frogs and other reptiles, and are without intellect, or a sense of right and wrong. Instances taken from very many nations in Europe might be quoted almost *ad libitum*, showing conclusively that a purely vegetable diet does not unfit one for severe and protracted labor, and renders its subjects less liable to take fevers and acute ailments.

Death holds his court constantly in the veins of the meat-eater. An instance in point. A man by way of experiment was made to live entirely on animal food. After having persevered ten days, *incipient putrefaction* began to manifest itself. Dr. Lamb, of London, Eng., has lived for the last 35 years on a diet of vegetable food. It is a well attested fact that if a meat-eater and vegetable-eater both die at the same hour, the corpse of the vegetable-eater will keep from putrefaction several days longer than the meat-eater!

The blood of the meat-eater is greatly inflamed. It is highly important to adopt that course of living which secures purity of blood. A large proportion of humors are transmitted from generation to generation. Scrofula is a disease which is inborn through father or mother in the constitution of thousands. This, in the language of Dr. Coles, of Boston, "is chiefly the product of extensive meat-eating in their progenitors. It may be accumulating its forces for two or three generations before its complete development."

One objection to eating a large proportion of animal food, lies in the fact that it increases the proportion of our animalism. A serious objection would seem to lie against such a result; for man is quite sufficiently animal without taking this kind of stimulation to make him more so.—The facts supporting the above statement, are these:—It is well known that when hunters wish to prepare their hounds for the chase, they confine the diet of those animals to flesh, and that this course increases the savageness of their dispositions. By its stimulating properties it excites the animal propensities to increased activity and ferocity. It gives no more strength than that derived from a piece of bread, but it excites the animal passions. When ancient warriors desired to give their soldiery a special fitting for the brutal battle field, they would feed them exclusively on flesh. When the gamester, at cock fighting, is preparing his fowl to win the prize, he confines him to *flesh*. It is generally admitted also among the intelligent that eating much flesh tends to diminish intellectual activity. There can be no doubt that the use of flesh tends to create a grossness of body and spirit. A reference to the history and character of different nations alone, would prove this.

Another objection to animal food is it vitiates the fluids of the system. Practical demonstration has often substantiated this statement. Take the great mass of cases that have to be treated for a humor, and it will generally be found that the individuals thus affected, were themselves, or their immediate predecessors, large eaters of flesh.—Even the cancer can generally be traced back either mediately or immediately to such an origin. And what has been found to be the most effectual remedy in cases of common humor? Abstinence from eating flesh. When we feed on flesh we not only eat the muscular fibres, but the juices or fluids of the animal, and these fluids pass into our own circulation—become our blood, our fluids and our flesh. However pure may be the flesh of the animals we eat, their fluids tend to engender in us a humorous state of the blood. But the meat that is given us in the markets is very far from being pure. The very process taken to fit the animals for market, tends to produce a diseased state of their fluids. The process of stall-feeding is a forced and unnatural one, by which the fluids become diseased. Animal food thus exposes the system more effectually to the causes of acute diseases. When the fluids are in a diseased state the ordinary causes of disease find a more easy prey. Thousands on thousands of those who have been afflicted with, or have died of fevers, small-pox, cholera, &c., might probably have escaped their deadly influence if their fluids had not been vitiated by animal food.

But aside from the foregoing weighty considerations, *Economy* appeals strongly and forcibly to meat-eaters at the present time, to curb this propensity. It is verily true that a diet composed *mainly* of vegetables and fruits, will not cost over one-half that of one composed of a large share of meats.

Is it not then the part of wisdom for all to see if their tables cannot be generously supplied at much less expense, and far more in accordance with the laws of health? Verily they can be!

Spring Side, Vermont, 1857. S. B. R.

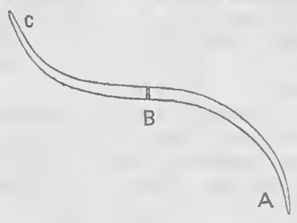
INQUIRIES.—"REGULATOR"

Eds. Rural:—Allow me to make a few inquiries through your valuable paper.

1st. Which is the best time of the year to sow plaster on meadow land. As I am a young farmer of not much experience, I would be much obliged to some one of your numerous contributors for their views on the subject.

2d. In building a post and rail fence would not plowing a couple of furrows on each side, and throwing the same up to the fence—forming a ridge so that no water shall settle around the posts—act as a preventive against heaving by frost, soil heavy clay.

3d. The best kind of rack to feed cattle from, in the yard. If some brother farmer will please respond to the above he shall receive my thanks.



FANNING-MILL REGULATOR.

And now as I am writing, I may as well give, for the benefit of our brother farmers, an illustration of my "Regulator" for cleaning grain, which I never saw used by any other person, and as many have not yet cleaned theirs they will find it of much advantage to try my plan. The "Regulator" is so simple that it takes only a few minutes to make it. It is made of a piece of oak or ash one and a half inches wide and half an inch thick and bent into the proper shape. The end A is inserted in staples in the end of the seives of the fanning-mill. B rests on the frame of the mill with a screw to hold it in its place, and C projects through the bottom of the hopper about two inches. The improvement is obvious, it will be impossible to clog the mill while the "Regulator" is working. H. Child.

Philadelphia, N. Y., Dec., 1857.

SHALL PORK BE PACKED WARM?

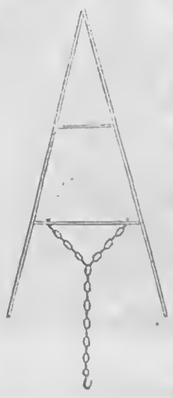
Eds. Rural:—A good many notions are handed down from father to son, and adopted in practice by each generation, which on investigation prove to have no foundation in truth. All at once, we are "brought up standing" by hearing that some particular practice we have followed, or some certain view we have held, and our fathers before us held, is unsound. This was the case with the writer a few days since, when on stating his belief that to pack pork with the life-heat in was perilous, was laughed at by several friends, who agreed to pay him for all he should have damaged from being packed warm, if the work was otherwise properly done, and good salt used. They further averred that meat is of better quality when packed before it becomes thoroughly cool, and can be preserved with much less salt. Which is right? If they are, there is no longer need of leaving the dressed porkers to "hang to cool," thereby protracting operations to the evening or succeeding day.

Should like to hear from other correspondents of the Rural, that if some of us are adhering to an inherited, exploded and fogy whim, we may drop it. *Shall meat be allowed to cool before it is packed?* is the question, gentlemen. W. B. P.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., Dec., 1857.

SUMMER AND WINTER SCRAPER.

Eds. Rural:—In a late issue of the Rural I saw an article entitled "A Good Idea—a Premium for the Best Roads," and I will give a draft of a Scraper to do the work with. Two strips of plank 24 feet long, 3 to 5 inches thick, say 1 foot wide, the forward ends 12 feet apart,—according to the design,—with the hind ends almost together, set up on the edge—then two cross-ties the same width, the forward one say 2 inches thicker and long enough to dovetail and key together with a curve on the under edge, just as deep as the road will want to be. If soft wood, spike band-iron on the lower inside edge of the sides, also of the front tie. Hitch the chain as in the cut. Spike two or three plank across the top for men to stand on if more weight is wanted. When the centre of the road is plowed wide enough for the scraper, hitch on the team or teams, and keep in the middle of the road both ways. The crown of the road will thus be made just as straight as the team can be guided, and it won't vary much from an air-line if every overseer takes the interest they ought. All the earth in front of the scraper keeps moving towards the centre of the road. Keep the stone away as fast as they appear, and the scraper itself will notify the overseer when the road is finished, for it will rest on the earth the whole length of the sides as well as the ties. Here you have a perfectly smooth crowning surface in the place that it should be. Those that intend to go in for the "First Premium," had better make the sides of the scraper 30 feet long and 15 feet wide in front, with 3 ties equally divided, but in this case the sides will want to be say 3 inches wider.



When you want to go through two and a half or three feet of snow, just hitch on to the other end. But, says one, how can such a thing be turned around? Very easy. Let one or two men that ride on the scraper, have a small hand-spike or iron bar, shove the hind end out from the centre, turn your beam a little and it will balance around easier than one would imagine. The longer the road is and the fewer the turns, the better it will be and the more level. This mode will make a road that no gentleman will be ashamed to ride over, and if every overseer in the State of New York would have one, where roots and rocks are out of the way so as to give it a fair chance, their tempers would be bettered and hard words lessened by 99 if not 100 per cent. X. Y.

Rome, N. Y., 1857.

WINTERING SWINE.

Eds. Rural:—Theory says "the mode of wintering pigs should vary with the breed. It is true that there is more in the breed than in the trough, by *one-half* is the teaching of experience."

If I was compelled to keep a lot of "land sharks" through the winter I would put their food in a narrow box with divisions. The box should be so narrow that if a pig put his feet in, his nose would certainly be out; and not being able to eat with his feet in, he would soon learn to prefer his nose in the dish. The divisions are not required unless several pigs are to be fed from one box, in which case they should be higher than the box itself to prevent their getting into it endwise. Nail the box down. If you feed such pigs in this way they will have leisure to grind their food. Imagine yourself going out to feed two, four, six, eight or ten which have been whetting their appetite all night on the thoughts of a corn breakfast; you throw to them their corn—now look, each greedy one pounces upon an ear, shells and swallows with greedy haste to get his share if not more. You do not believe those pigs ground half their food in their hungry haste to get their share. Should there be a little one among them, (and there is,) his chance is not worth his weight in sawdust. It is not natural for the brute creation to be fed at regular hours. If left to themselves, they sleep, and rest, and graze at pleasure, at all hours of the day, and frequently at night.

To get out of all difficulty and cut speculation short, let us for conscience sake, the pigs and our own sakes get our corn ground. I believe no one in this vicinity winters pigs on anything but corn and straw beds—and, by-the-by, they do not often get enough of either. Pigs well bedded will pay 200 per cent. on their bedding. After your pigs are wintered with much troubled make servants of them. Let them run in the orchards to war against the curculio and apple worm.

But enough! My conscience even now smites me, if perchance, I have introduced a ray of light which may induce one man to breed one more land shark. We want better breeds and more of them. How will the "Suffolks" do. I have a pair which are small of their age "and *size*," are very docile, and take on flesh very fast. Will some one tell us through the "Rural" how to breed them? Shall they be bred as full bloods? or will it be better to mix them with those whose ill-natures have crept through their veins since the flood?

Geneva, Ashtabula Co., O., 1857. I. Brett.

Bleeding for Black Leg.—*Inquiry.*—In the Rural of Nov. 21, in answer to a communication from me in a Sept. No., in reference to Black Leg in young cattle, "A Reader," of Durant, Iowa, recommends *bleeding in the neck* in the latter part of August or first of September. Now, I wish to inquire whether your correspondent takes *all* the blood from them; and also, whether any other time will not answer as well?—as I lost mine before the time recommended.—J. Y. M., *Salem, Mercer Co., Pa.*, 1857.

Hogs and Beef Cattle in Ohio.—The number of Hogs and Beef Cattle in Ohio, as returned for assessment in 1857, and compared with the figures of 1856, foot up as follows:

	1857.	1856.
Hogs	2,331,778	1,851,144
Cattle	1,655,415	1,687,750

The value of Hogs and Cattle returned, compare as follows:

	1857.	1856.
Hogs	$6,772,470	$5,238,000
Cattle	21,662,223	21,175,070

Rural Notes and Items.

PREMIUM HOUSES AND BARNS.

As we wish to furnish our readers with the most reliable information on all matters of *Rural Life*, we propose during the coming year to give a series of plans for Farm Houses and Barns—not merely fancy sketches, existing only in the imagination of the Architect, but buildings that have been erected and found to meet the wants of the farmer. For the purpose of obtaining the very best plans in the country, and compensating our friends for the trouble of furnishing them, we offer the following

PREMIUMS FOR FARM HOUSES.

1st. For the best plan of a Farm House, with ground plans, elevation, &c., drawn to a scale, and with all necessary information as to cost, manner of construction, &c., we will give a premium of Twenty-Five Dollars.

2d. For the second best plan furnished as above, Twenty Dollars.

3d. For the third, Fifteen Dollars.

PREMIUM FOR PLANS OF BARNS.

1st. For the best plan of a Barn, furnished with all the necessary plans, information, &c., as required for Farm House, we will give a premium of Twenty Dollars. 2d For the next best, Fifteen Dollars. 3d. For the third, Ten Dollars.

All plans must be received before the first day of April, and the elevation drawn so as not to occupy over two columns in width of the Rural.—The competitors should state any advantage claimed for any improvement over the usual arrangement or manner of building. All plans submitted to be at our disposal, to publish or reject. The plans will be carefully examined and the premiums awarded by a competent Committee, the names of the persons composing which will be hereafter announced.

Preserving Vegetables.—An experienced Michigan correspondent communicates the following mode by which Beets, Carrots, Parsnips, Salsify, Rutabagas and Turnips, may be kept perfectly fresh and sound for Winter use, and obtainable at any time:—"Take boxes or barrels sufficient to contain what vegetables you wish too keep for winter use—or for want of boxes use a corner of your cellar. First make a layer of the roots as close together as may be; then a layer of dirt or sand, filling all the interstices and about an inch over the roots. Proceed with layers of roots and dirt alternately until you have secured all you wish. Over the whole place an inch or two of dirt. The sand or dirt should be a little moist, but neither wet nor dry. We have kept beets and carrots according to the above plan, until the first of May, and taken them out of the cellar fresh—neither wilted, grown, or rotten.

"To keep potatoes fresh and good until May and June, we always have adopted the same mode as with beets and carrots. We prefer to dig them in a *wet time*, and let all the dirt adhere to them that we can—never letting them dry before picking up. Place them in the cellar as soon as may be, fill all the spaces between the potatoes with dirt, and keep them covered with dirt during the winter.—The temperature of the cellar ought never to be above 40° or below 32°; and should there be a sudden change of temperature, vegetables covered as above will not freeze if the mercury falls to 28°."

A Fat Cattle Show, which was to "come off" in the Crystal Palace this week, is thus facetiously announced in the Tribune:—"The American Institute not having anything else to occupy the Crystal Palace for, propose to use it for a stable of fat cattle, and get up a show for premiums. They will also admit calves and sheep, and also hogs, dead and alive. The fewer the better, we should say, of the live ones. Dead ducks and roasters are also to have a chance. Nothing is said in the advertisement about prizes for 'dead rabbits.'—Perhaps there will be enough of that sort of 'poultry' about the Palace without enticing it by an offer of prizes."

—Speaking of "Poultry," a friend at our elbow, who has some fowl proclivities, wishes to know what has become of the N. Y. State Poultry Society, and when and where its next exhibition is to be held. Who knows?

Action and Re-action in Farming.—Some sharp and sensible writer is responsible for these clear suggestions:—"Never keep animals on a short allowance—if you starve them, they will surely starve you. Although in draining land thoroughly your purse may be *drained*, yet the full crops that follow will soon fill it again. Always give the soil the first meal. If this is well fed with manure, it will feed all else—plants, animals and men. Heavy carrot crops for cattle will soon return carats of gold. Fences operate in two ways—if good, they are a fence, if poor, an *offence*.—Many a farmer, by two sparingly seeding his meadows, has had to seed *(cede)* his whole farm. Every farmer should see daily every animal he has, and inspect its condition. Weekly visits, as is the case with some, soon result in *weakly* animals."

Wisconsin Farming.—The Waupun (Wis.) Times furnishes a statement of crops grown on a small farm by Mr. C. S. Kneeland, near that village,—from which it appears that "he has gathered, this season, 570 bushels of oats; 130 bu. wheat; 280 bu. corn, shelled; 30 bu. beans; 575 bu. potatoes; 145 bu. turnips; 20 bu. onions; 20 wagon load of pumpkins; 300 heads of cabbage; 35 tuns of hay, tame; 1,400 lbs. of pork; 300 lbs. butter; 300 doz eggs. Besides this he has pastured fourteen head of horses and cattle—in itself no inconsiderable item. All of this was accomplished in good season and good order, by Mr. K., assisted only by one young man of nineteen years, on a farm of 80 acres, including 20 acres of timber."

Correction.—In the Rural of Aug. 29, we published a brief article entitled "Don't Condemn the Dogs." The article was sent us by Miss E. C. P., but was written by a friend—but having no signature, we inadvertently attached her initials. We cheerfully make this correction in justice to Miss P., who very properly wishes to be above even the suspicion of appropriating the literary wares of another. It is proper to add that this correction would have appeared earlier had not the first letter of correspondent, stating the facts, been mislaid.

Rural Humor.—Speaking of the Amherst (Mass.) Cattle Show, a Springfield paper says:—"There is a quaint humor in the making up of committees upon stock, &c., which is a new feature in 'Cattle Shows.' For instance: The committee on cattle, upon the principle that 'He who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,' was composed of eight gentlemen whose aggregate weight is over 2,000 lbs.! Then the committee on calves (most impudent selection) was wholly composed of members of the last Legislature. The committee on fowls were gentlemen from several towns about here, all of them blessed with the name of Fowles. But the happiest thing, and one that really had a good grain of satire in it, was the committee upon maple sugar. This was made up of 'sweet hearts,' three gentlemen and three ladies who were known to be engaged to be married, being upon it. Poor things! Those who appointed them knew that it was only right that they should nibble a little sugar now, to make some small amends for the future that lies so near before them."

The Young Ruralist.

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

One of the most eminent of modern writers has a story in press with the above title, and when reviewing our exchanges the caption meets our eye, the thought strikes us what a strange christening *even* for a story! Yet, peculiar as it is, with what force of application can each individual propound the query to himself—what a base it presents for the moralist to create a brain edifice upon—what a glowing text for the preacher! It is not our present purpose, however, to pen a treatise upon things architectural, nor have we a desire to don the sacredotal robes—but we wish to give our *Young Ruralists* an inkling of what we over-heard the other day, and then just ask each "what will he do with it?"

It has been noised about the office of the New-Yorker that the young members of the family Rural thought they were "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in the space hitherto allotted to them; that, in addition, the Seniors have, at various times, and without so much as saying "by your leave," trespassed upon the rights, privileges and immunities of Young America; that the enlarging tendencies of the day demand ampler room and greater space for the exercise and full development of the mental organism of the young; and that, under the circumstances, it was necessary to give at least a column to those marked "juvenile" in our growing circle. The point thus settled we want to get the attention of each of our young friends just long enough to put the question—"What will he do with it?" Shall we speculate? No, let the "Young Ruralist" for 1858 furnish the solution. Meanwhile, as our next number will be so occupied that even this little corner must be denied us, we wish all those who have borne us company, contented, cheerful minds—the result of right thoughts and correct actions. *Without these* joy is a myth and gladness a cheat; *with them* all our New Years will be Happy ones.

LETTER FROM A BLACK RIVER BOY.

Eds. Rural:—I wish you knew how much interested we all are in your noble paper, the Rural. We have formerly taken monthly agricultural papers, but according to my ideas, a weekly is much more in accordance with the go-ahead-ativeness of the times. By the by, I see, in a former number, you hinted at a daily Rural. I think it is an excellent plan. Why cannot the farmer have a daily paper devoted to the promotion of his interests as well as the merchant?

As I am one of the boys, I peruse the Young Ruralist's department with great interest and profit, and in my opinion it is decidedly the best part of the paper. I see you are disposed to accommodate the young folks and talk some of establishing a paper for their especial benefit. I believe such a paper would take well, and if you will get it a going, I will promise you some subscribers from the "Black River Country," for that is where I "hail from." I notice that in a late number you give a description of a machine for shelling corn. It would please me, and many of your subscribers in this region, if in some future number you would describe it more fully, and give the price, as we are tired of the neck-aching, back-breaking, hand-blistering operation of shelling corn by hand. A Black River Boy.

West Turin, Lewis Co., N. Y., 1857.

A YOUNG RURALIST AT WORK.

Eds. Rural:—As you, no doubt, as well as your readers, are glad to hear of industry and success of the young, I send you the following item for publication:

Master Herbert James Kent, who is only eight years of age, during the vacation of school, solicited the privilege of his father of helping to put in the fall crops. He was consequently put in charge of a team, and, in six days' time, harrowed over forty-five acres of land ready for the drill.

Now, if York State can produce *better* material from which to make a farmer, we would be pleased to hear of the fact.—J. D. G., *Suffield, Portage Co., Ohio*, 1857.

Potatoes from Seed.—In noticing our answer to a young correspondent, how to raise potatoes from seed, the *Attica Atlas* says:—"Mr. Guernsey, on your friend H. T. Brook's farm, does better than that. He exhibited, at the Wyoming Co. Fair, the whole product of some thirty plants, each by itself. The smallest would compete with an ordinary marble, and the largest equalled a goose egg in size! He treated the seed and plants as you would the tomato.

Premiums for Young Ruralists.—The Boys and Girls who read this department will find on our sixth page a list of premiums designed for their special benefit. Look at it, Young Ruralists, and see if the offers are not worth a little extra effort in behalf of what a letter just received calls "*your* Rural, *my* Rural, the *People's* Rural, and I wish I could say *everybody's* Rural."

—Specimen numbers of the Rural, copies of our colored Show-Bill, &c., will be sent free to any of our young friends who apply for them.

The Orchard and Garden.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—During the year and volume now closing, this Department of the RURAL has been conducted by Mr. JAMES VICK, former proprietor and associate editor of *The Horticulturist*. The ability which Mr. V. has brought to the work, and the value and interest which have been added to the department during the year, have been very generally recognized and appreciated—insomuch that our Horticultural Department has been pronounced superior to that of any other journal in this country. It affords us great pleasure, therefore, to announce that this important department will continue under the supervision of Mr. VICK during the ensuing year and volume, and that no proper effort or expense will be spared to render its columns increasingly interesting, attractive and valuable.—ED. RURAL.

CLOSING REMARKS.

ONE more number closes the present year and volume. The next RURAL will be so much occupied with a full and carefully prepared index that we shall not be able to give our usual variety, and therefore make a few closing remarks at the present time. We have no reason to suppose that these are farewell words to any considerable number of our readers; on the contrary we have every reason to believe, from the scores of letters we have received, and other shadows foretelling coming events, that all who have perused this department during the present year feel well repaid, and will not only continue the fast friends of the RURAL the coming, and for many years, but will exert themselves manfully to add to the number of our readers, and thus aid us in our efforts to increase knowledge and improve taste—the love of the beautiful and true—until our country houses shall become truly rural homes, the lily spring up where once grew the thorn and briar, waste hearts as well as waste places be made glad, and the desert blossom as the rose.

The department of the "ORCHARD AND GARDEN" has contained during the present year more reading matter than would fill an ordinary book of 500 pages. We have endeavored to make it as plain and practical as possible, avoiding almost all scientific and technical terms. We have tried to convey valuable information in a manner that could not be misunderstood. We have labored to teach the learner facts and modes of culture—important principles—essential to success, and have ever avoided nice points more curious than useful. As we stated, at the commencement of the year, our aim was not to *astonish* our readers, but to *benefit* them—not to become *noted*, but *useful*, and we flatter ourselves that we have not failed in our efforts. No journal has labored more zealously or successfully in the field of horticultural literature the present year than the RURAL. Did not our modesty forbid it, we might furnish abundant evidence on this point. The past, however is before our readers. For the future we have only to say that we shall be unceasing in our efforts to make this department of the RURAL equal, if not superior to anything in the country as the amateur's guide and the horticulturist's assistant. While usefulness will be our aim and motto, we shall not forget, occasionally, to introduce things both new and strange. Hoping to continue the pleasant acquaintance formed with our readers, we shall enter upon the New Year with fresh zeal, and talk more fluently than ever of foliage, fruits and flowers.

INFORMATION WANTED.

YOUR desire to communicate information on all subjects within the scope of your popular journal, induces me, on behalf of myself, and others in a similar position, to solicit your advice. At present, I am essaying to acquire the "art and mystery" of tree growing, as practised in an extensive and systematic Nursery in this city. As Rochester is famous throughout the Union for its establishments in this department of National Industry, this indication of locality will not be sufficiently explicit as to suggest to the ardent imagination of Mr. SCOTT any idea of a misplaced advertisement. I am anxious to become proficient in all the necessary operations of the business, and to know the reasons why certain things are performed at a given time, and in a particular manner, in preference to any other time and mode. The lack of information on many small matters is often felt, and it would be inconvenient and annoying to refer at all times to the principals, or those having charge of the various departments. The long evenings are now propitious for mental culture, and I would be glad that you would designate such books as could be advantageously perused to accelerate my progress. I am desirous especially that you would point out such as treat of the propagation and culture of ornamental trees, shrubs, roses and generally such hardy, half-hardy, and tender trees, shrubs and plants as are usually cultivated in commercial nurseries in the vicinity of populous cities.

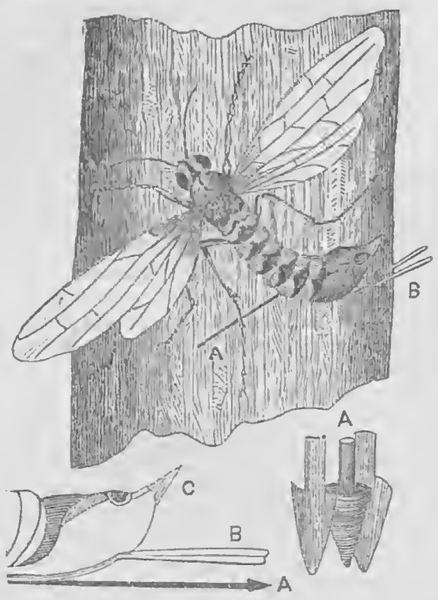
As concerning fruit trees—I am familiar with Mr. BARRY's "Fruit Garden"—I presume that it, and the revised edition of "DOWNING's Fruits and Fruit Trees of America" characterized by G. as "being the joint result of the experience and observation of many minds" will suffice for the present to enlighten me on the subjects of which they treat. FILIUS.

REMARKS—A good work on the "Propagation and Culture of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs," &c., is what we very much need. It should be plain and practical, a hand-book and guide for the amateur and the learner. A work on this subject, similar to Mr. BARRY's on fruit, would compensate both author and publisher, and prove of great value to thousands. At present we have *Breck's Book of Flowers, Buist's Flower Garden, Parson's on the Rose, &c*, and several very fine and expensive English works. The works named are good, but the descriptions are brief, and often unsatisfactory We hope, however, no one will undertake to give us a new book on ornamental trees and plants unless he is fully prepared by study and experience to execute the work well, and is willing to devote to it the necessary time, labor and means to make a work at once useful and creditable, with full descriptions, and correct illustrations from nature.

THE PEAR TREE BORER,

AND ITS ICHNEUMON ENEMY.

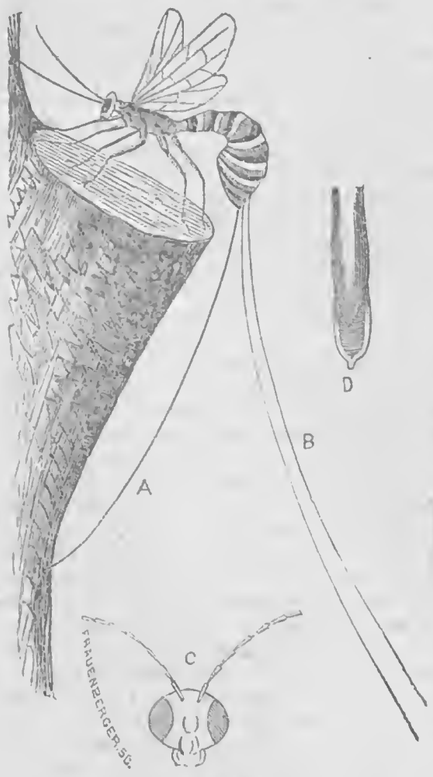
EDS RURAL:—I have seen but a single copy of your valuable paper, that of Oct. 17th, containing an article on "*The Pear Slug*," by A. O. MOORE, Esq. In the same number, WM. H. OLIN calls the attention of fruit growers to their Pear Trees and the work of a certain borer, and concludes by saying:—"Not having seen any account of borers in pear trees, in the works on fruit culture, I am disposed to regard him as a new enemy." Permit me to quote from T. W. HARRIS, (if I am not anticipated,) on page 389:—"In the autumn of 1826, Major E. M. BARTLETT, of Northampton, found, on the body of one of his almost lifeless *pear trees*, a dead insect, about 1¼ inch long, attached to the tree by its awl or borer, of about the same length, near an inch of which was fast in the hard wood; and there were several deep punctures near it, evidently made by the same instrument, and in some of them eggs were deposited. Not long afterwards, Major BARTLETT found that the body of this tree, two or three feet from the ground, was pierced with small holes, to the depth of an inch or more, and, in these holes there were great numbers of larvæ, about one-sixth of an inch in length, which he supposed were hatched from the eggs seen there before; and he came to conclusion that the tree was destroyed by the deadly needles of the winged insect above mentioned."



PEAR TREE BORER.

A, the borer; B, external sheaths or stiles. The borer proper has two side segments, or is divided into three parts.

"The insect proved to be the *Sirex Columba* of L., or *Tremex Columba* of Modern Naturalists," a specimen of which is before me, of which I send you a drawing. Body cylindrical, 1¼ inch long, terminated by a small horn, hence called horntail. The head and thorax rust colored shaded with black. Abdomen has seven rings partly of a black-brown color, and partly yellow; usually two round spots on the first segment, a heart-shaped depressed spot near the base of the anal point. The wings expand 2 inches, lying flat on the back and over-lapping each other when at rest, of a smoky-brown color. The borer and sheath arise at about the one-third distance of the body from the hind part, beneath, and project nearly half an inch beyond its extremity. This insect is especially injurious to timber trees and rather common, yet too little known.



ICHNEUMON FLY.

A, ovipositor; B, sheaths; C, head in front; D, end of the ovipositor.

Several years ago, a gentleman engaged in the iron business, sent me an insect in a letter, stating that he had "captured a villainous fellow, that was the destruction of hickory trees to a vast amount, and that with his long and delicate sting he could pierce to the very heart of young hickory saplings and thereby kill them in the course of a single season." Alas, no—the poor fellow entrapped was only desirous to put an egg into the grub which was the cause of all the mischief complained of,—and had he succeeded would have hatched a maggot that would have consumed the fell destroyer and bred another friend to the woodman. The body of this was dark, of a metallic lustre, head, antennæ and thighs yellow, perhaps the *Pimpla atrata* or *lunata*, the only two species I have seen named, but not described. The one figured is of a light cinnamon-brown, beautifully marked with yellow lunate spots shaded with black,—a species of Ichneumonous Fly. Mr. HARRIS also says "these flies may frequently be seen thrusting their slender borers, measuring from three to four inches in length, into the trunks of trees inhabited by the grubs of the *Tremex*, (borer,) and by other wood-eating insects; and, like the female *Tremex*, they sometimes become fastened to the trees, and die without being able to draw their borers out again." This is so, as I have seen it.

Nature in her Divine Laws, has established certain safe-guards to prevent vicious tendencies from effecting a retrograde movement. The great law is onward and upward, and it is well for us to become acquainted with those laws, so that we may take hold at the right end in our efforts to assist or promote the good and suppress the evil. This consideration is the only apology I have to offer for penning the above. JACOB STAUFFER.

Mount Joy, Pa., Dec, 1857.

RURAL NOTES FROM FLORIDA.

THE TELTOW TURNIP.—Noticing an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper of the seed of the *Sweet German Turnip*, I procured some of this summer's growth and sowed it in September. The roots are now half grown, and it is the finest tasting turnip I have ever eaten, the same sort I used to raise in Southern Germany as a garden turnip for table use, but it is more sweet than I used to grow them. I think this is caused by a more favorable soil and climate. I never tasted the Teltow turnip, but in Germany I always understood that it was the same kind as our garden turnip, only growing to greater perfection, and with finer flavor on the sandy plains of the Province of New Mark, in Eastern Prussia, near Teltow. I think the soil of Florida and that of New Mark much the same, (impregnated with marine matter,) and that the turnip can be grown here as fine as at Teltow.

STORING ROOTS.—In Germany, if the root crop was so large that the cellar would not hold them, we used to dig ditches in dry loam, 10 feet deep and only 1½ wide, so that the laborer could work conveniently. The roots are then packed in this ditch and covered with straw and earth, openings being left for the steam to escape.

BLIGHT IN PEAR TREES, I think, is caused by miasma inhaled by the leaves, and this is the cause of disease also in other trees. Sometimes it may result from metal oxyds in the soil. Boring into the stem and applying sulphur, lime, mercury, &c., is a sure remedy for this, as well as for insects, but it needs an experienced hand to know the size of the hole, doses of the medicine, etc. It is just like writing a recipe for a patient. [This theory of the cause of disease as well as the cure we consider very doubtful.—ED.]

SPARE THE BIRDS.—Have mercy with the birds. If they do sometimes a little mischief they pay for it in destroying insects. If Young America must shoot, let him fire at a target. Also, save toads, lizzards and small, harmless snakes, for they destroy myriads of worms and insects; and the wasps, which build small cells of clay, for in every cell they put one egg, and lots of little caterpillars, worms, &c., for the support of the larvæ.

Jacksonville, (E. F.,) Nov., 1857. CHAS. LOESDRICK.

PRACTICAL HINTS TO AMATEURS.

DON'T let insects of various kinds overrun your orchard or garden, and then lazily fold your arms and say, "It's no use, this trying to raise things, now that so many vermin are about." Spend three days, industriously, in the early stage of the matter, in putting down the rascals, and then look around you and see if a little industry is not better than grumbling.

If you want early vegetables, set yourself, in winter, about making some boxes to protect them. A few cheap boxes, a foot square, with a pane of glass in the top, to put over tender things at night, will cost you but a trifle, and will give you ten days start of the open ground.

If you have a tree that grows "apace," but won't bear, dig a trench around it, and cut off a third of the roots. This will check its growth, and set it about making fruit buds.

If you don't love flowers yourself, don't quarrel with those who do. It is a defect in your nature which you ought to be sorry for, rather than abuse those who are more gifted. Of what possible "*use*" is the *rainbow*, we should like to know?—And yet a wiser than you did not think the earth complete without it.

Do not grudge the cost and labor necessary to plant a few of the best shade-trees round your house; and if you have any doubts about what to plant, stick in an elm. There are few trees in the world finer than a fine sweeping elm; and two or three of them will give even a common looking dwelling a look of dignity. If you plant fruit trees for shade, they are likely to be broken to pieces for the fruit, and they grow unsightly by the time that forest trees grow spreading and umbrageous. There are very few men whose friends build so fair a monument to their memory, as they can raise with their own hands, by planting an elm or a maple where it can grow for a century, to be an ornament to the country.

Don't be afraid to clip hedges, or cut back young trees, when you are planting them. You gain more growth than you lose, though you may not be able to comprehend it till you have seen it with your own eyes.

Never work your ground in wet weather if you can avoid it, as it makes it clod like and compact by forcing the air out. And ridge up your kitchen garden ground before winter, so as to expose as much surface as possible to the action of the frost.

Never lose an opportunity of getting *soils* from the corners of old pastures, or the breaking up of commons or meadows, where they can be spared. Placed in heaps, and rotted, they make excellent mould for tender plants or trees.

Never buy fruit trees in the "market places," of unknown venders, who have no character to lose. You cannot tell by "examining the article" whether they cheat you or not; and you get your tree at half price, only to wish, when it comes to bear, that you had gone to an honest dealer and paid ten times as much for something worth planting.

Collect from about your neighborhood all the bones that are thrown away as useless by persons ignorant of their value.—*Downing.*

UNRIPE FRUIT FOR WINE—(T. S., *Victor, N. Y.*)—Instead of trying to make wine from the poorest, and unripe grapes, the best and ripest fruit should be selected, and the unripe and rotting berries be thrown away, or perhaps they might be used for vinegar. Green grapes and sugar won't make wine much better than vinegar and molasses.

EVERGREEN TREES AND SHRUBS.—A correspondent thinks that evergreen trees, and especially evergreen shrubs, that make the garden so cheerful during our long winters, are sadly neglected in this country, and wishes us to urge all our readers to give attention to this beautiful class. There is no country where evergreens are more needed than our own. Without them, how cheerless and desolate our gardens appear full five months of the year. Our attempts to introduce new evergreens, however, have not always been crowned with success, as many things of which we had strong hopes, have proved too tender for our severe climate. Then our most beautiful native evergreen shrubs, such as the Holly, the Rhododendron and the Kalmia, are difficult to remove, and do not thrive well with common treatment and in an ordinary soil. They are generally propagated or planted, and deserve far more attention from both nurserymen and amateurs than they have received. We have, however, many beautiful evergreen trees, that will grow as easily as a Poplar, and are hardy enough for any climate between this and Kane's Polar Sea. On this subject, we will give one or two articles before planting time.

CHERRY STOCKS—(G. W. P., *of Grand Rapids, Mich.*)—Rather light soil is best for cherry seed. If the ground is ready it is best to plant as soon as you obtain the seed, in summer or fall. Sow in drills, and give each plant room to grow without being crowded. After they come up keep the ground mellow and all weeds destroyed. After one season's growth, they will be fit to take up and put out in nursery rows, and should be budded the second summer.

ANOTHER WESTERN FRUIT BOOK.—By a Circular just received, we learn that Dr. J. A. WARDER, of Cincinnati, is preparing a new Western Fruit Book. This is a work of no small magnitude, and we hope our old friend the Dr. will give to it sufficient time and attention, to make a book of real value, one of which he will have no reason to be ashamed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several inquiries will be answered in full in the first number of next year. We gladly receive and publish all communications containing facts derived from experience. Those who wish to give information, or seek it from others, will find our columns always open.

Domestic Economy.

INDIAN BREAD, CRACKERS, &c

EDS. RURAL:—Having noticed in your excellent paper various recipes in the art of cooking, I will add my mite, which, I think in these hard times will prove a welcome addition to the comfort of others, as it has to my own family.

INDIAN BREAD.—One quart sweet milk, half cup molasses, 1 saltspoon of salt, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 tea-cups flour, 4 of Indian meal. To be baked in a dish of the size of a two quart basin, in a *slow* oven for two hours.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—One pint good molasses, 1 cup butter or lard, 1 cup boiling water, a piece of alum (large as a walnut) dissolved in half the water—strain it so that no lumps go in—tablespoon and a half saleratus, 1 tablespoon of ginger. To be baked in a quick oven until a light brown.—This quantity is sufficient for four baking tins.

CRACKERS.—Two quarts flour, ½ cup of butter, 2 tea cups cold water, 4 teaspoonfuls cream tartar, 2 of soda, 2 eggs. After baking, dry them.

I will add that I have tried them, and they are all really excellent.—MARY B. JUDSON, *Addison, N. Y.*

GINGER-SNAPS, COOKIES, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—In a late issue of the RURAL we noticed a request for a recipe for Ginger-Snaps. I think I have a very good one which I send with a few others.

GINGER-SNAPS.—1 cup of molasses, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup of warm water—the butter should be melted,—a small teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in the water, 2 teaspoonfuls ginger.

SUGAR KISSES.—Take the whites of 4 eggs beaten to a thick froth; stir in half a pound of white sugar, flavor to your liking.

COOKIES.—2 cups of sugar, ½ cup butter, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoonful saleratus dissolved in ½ cup milk.

NOTHINGS.—1 egg to a tablespoonful of white sugar and as much flour as will make a stiff dough, roll it very thin and cut them in cakes the size of a coffee cup. Drop in boiling lard. When they rise to the surface and turn over they are done; take them out with a skimmer, lay on a seive to drain, sift white sugar over them as quick as taken out. Put jelly or jam on them when served.

Will some of our *elderly* ladies give us a good old fashioned recipe for Indian Pudding, such an one as our good mothers used to give us Thanksgiving Day. We are too late for that this year, but we would like it for another, also for Christmas or New Years.—MRS. J. H., *Richland, Mich.*

CURING HAMS, BEEF AND VENSON.

To cure hams properly it is important that no more salt is used than is necessary to make them salt enough to cook without freshening, and sufficient to preserve them. We have cured tons of hams according to the following recipe, and always found them just right:

To every twenty pounds of hams take 2 oz saltpetre, ¼ pint molasses, and ½ pint salt. Dissolve and thoroughly mix the ingredients with a quantity of water, only sufficient to cover the hams when packed rather loosely. After making the brine, let it stand a little time to settle; pour it on the hams, but keep them from floating in the brine. About once a week take out the hams and re-pack, that every point of the hams may come in contact with brine. In about four weeks they will be cured for smoking, and may be smoked at pleasure. No fear need be entertained that they will become too salt. After smoking they may be replaced in the brine and kept any desired time without injury.—If saltpetre is objectionable to any one, leave it out and add more salt and molasses. Beef and venison may be cured in the same way. N.

Mechanic Arts & Science.

LIGHT AND COLOR.

So intimately are all our ideas of things material connected with light, that it is impossible for a human mind to conceive or form any distinct appreciation of this world, or the heavens of which it forms a part, and by which it is surrounded, before the issuing of the Almighty mandate, "Let there be light." The beauty of the fitness of all things is in no way more truly appreciated, than when we consider the diffusion and adaptability of this omnipresent, elemental force. Each beam of the pure, colorless light of day is composed of three distinct rays, the red, the blue, the yellow, and these and their compounds or complimentary colors, form the beams that travel from the sun to us in eight minutes. All nature derives its color from these colored rays, and really there is no such thing as actual color, it is only decomposed light. Thus the tender, modest violet, pushing its tiny loveliness from among the coarser plants on some hedge side, is so constructed that it absorbs all the rays except the violet one, and that it reflects, and this reflection is the color of the plant; the hardy old red sandstone cliffs absorbs all rays but the one shown in its color, and the same is the case with all created things. This fact of all objects being really colorless, is easily proved by a simple experiment that may be tried by our juvenile readers any winter's evening.—Now then for the experiment:—collect as many articles of different colors as you can in a small room, the more glaring the more astonishing the result; when this is done, pour some alcohol on a plate and throw into it a handful of common salt, light it, and it will burn with a yellow flame, and all the gaudy colors will be gone, nothing but one dead yellow being visible, even the color is taken from the cheeks and dresses of the spectators, all of them appearing a ghastly hue; thus proving that color depends on light and not light on color.—*Scientific American.*

BELLS.

WE Americans have at home little opportunity to know the grand effects produced by bells of a large size, as they roll forth their tones of an indescribable dignity and solemnity—a deep bass to all the varied sounds of city life. The only large bells I know of in America, are—that on the City Hall of New York, said to weigh 21,000 pounds, and two at Montreal, one upon the Cathedral, weighing some 30,000 pounds, which is the largest one ever cast in England, unless the new bell for the Parliament clock, be larger, the weight of which I have not seen. The largest bell in England, except perhaps that just mentioned, was cast in 1845 for York-Minster, and weighs rather more than 27,000 pounds. The most noted of the other English bells are the "Great Tom," at Oxford, 17,000 pounds, that at Lincoln, a little more than 11,000 pounds, and the principal one on St. Paul's, a little less than that.

But the bells on the continent of Europe far surpass those of Great Britain. At Erfurt, Germany, is a very famous bell, weighing over 27,000 pounds, which was baptized by the name of Susanne, and is distinguished for the excellence of its metal, having the largest proportion of silver. It was cast in 1497, while Columbus was still exploring the Antilles, and Martin Luther was a child at school. As I stood by this noble bell I thought, how often a few years later, with his exquisite sense of musical effects must the future Reformer have listened, delighted with its deep tones, as he went from house to house begging for himself and brother monks. And what recollections must have awakened within him, when he stopped at Erfurt and preached, while on his way to Worms; or towards the close of his life, when he came thither, the great apostle, honored and beloved by the third part of all Christendom.—*Lecture on Bells, by A. W. Thayer.*

PAPER IMPERVIOUS TO WATER.—Take 24 oz. of alum, and 4 oz. of white soap, and dissolve them in 2 lbs. of water; into another vessel dissolve 2 oz. of gum arabic, and 6 oz. of glue in the same quantity of water as the former, and add the two solutions together, which is now to be kept warm, and the paper intended to be made water-proof dipped into it, passed between rollers, and dried; or without the use of rollers, the paper may be suspended until it is perfectly dripped, and then dried. The alum, soap, glue and gum form a kind of artificial leather, which protects the surface of the paper from the action of water, and also renders it somewhat fire-proof. This is a preparation for water-proofing paper intended for packages exposed to the weather, recommended by Professor Muschamp, Germany.

AN AMERICAN IN TURKEY.—In Turkey, a gentleman who, twenty-five years ago, was a watchmaker in Portland, Maine, has established himself, and the great object of his life is missionary work in that empire. He thought that modern Christian civilization was to take the place of miracles as evidences of Christianity, he studied the natural sciences and took over to the Sultan magnetic telegraphs and miniature railways and steam engines. When the armies of England and France wanted bread, he constructed steam mills, ground up the wheat, and supplied their urgent necessities. Now the Sultan is most favorable to him and his mission. This is the true way to extend civilization. One man is thus, by schools and other means, producing greater benefit than has been accomplished by all the armies of the East.

NEW DECOLORIZING AGENT.—M. Mene, a French chemist, has just discovered that hydrate of alumina, prepared by decomposing alum with carbonate of soda, is a perfect substitute for animal charcoal in the decolorizing of liquids. He has tried it on sugars, syrups and molasses, and it has given every satisfaction; and after having been used once, it can be washed and re-washed. It has also the great advantage of cleanliness; and it is more pleasant to our fancy to know that our sugar has been clarified with alumina, than with burnt blood, and similar animal products.—*Boston Journal*

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MORNING.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

DEAR MOTHER, is it morning yet?
The night has seemed so long,
I cannot sleep, my eyelids ache
With watching for the dawn.

I long to see the bright sun rise,
And kiss the meadow flowers,
Where brother WILL and I have played,
Through many happy hours.

I long to see my sweet pet lamb,
My kitten, and my dove;
Tell brother WILL to kindly care
For all these things I love.

For they will all be his, you know,
When in the ground I'm lain,
And 'twill be soon; I shall not see
The morning come again.

But it is well that thus it is,
For should I live to see
The things I love by morning light,
They are so dear to me,

That I might sigh to leave them all,
When well I know, how far
Above all these, my earthly joys,
The joys of Heaven are.

But, mother dear, you weep, I feel
Your tears upon my cheek,
Although I cannot see your face,
And cannot hear your speak.

Hark! oh! mother, do you hear?
It is a low, sweet hum
Of voices. Kiss me, mother dear—
'Tis morn! The light is come!

She slept.
All still and calm our darling lay,
While darkness veiled these lower skies.
We wept;
But in that bright world far away,
The morn had dawned on angel eyes.

Dedham, Mass., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE DISTINCTIONS OF SOCIETY.

WE call ourselves Republicans and boast of our land of free and equal rights, and yet in no country on the face of the globe are persons more slaves to public opinion and to that "monster god," money, who rules the world with an iron sway. We estimate acquaintances in proportion to the splendor of their dress, and the length of their purses. Do you doubt this? Pause and think, reader, if you have not some friend, gifted, perchance, but poor, whom you blush to recognize in his shabby apparel, and would even disclaim all knowledge of him rather than introduce him to some fashionable acquaintance. And suppose this same person should fall heir to a handsome fortune, would you not be the first to call upon him, to plead old friendship, or even some nearness of kin? What makes the difference? Is he any better—any more talented than before? Not at all. Money, money makes the difference. The man who commits every crime but murder—who takes advantage of the failing senses of the dying to bring property into his own clutches—who ruins innocence—and unblushingly blasphemes the name of GOD—he, without one worthy deed to recommend him, is eagerly welcomed in society while all seem happy to even touch the tip of his perfumed glove—and why? Money, money makes the distinction. And is not an unreasonable one?

That there should be distinctions in society is right. The wise, and virtuous cannot find pleasure in the company of the ignorant, and vicious. And yet we are to consider all as merely parts of a great whole, and treat them as such. We are not to despise those who are not like us, or to look with scorn upon those who have not the same endowments as ourselves. It is thus ordered by our Creator who sees not as man sees. In his eyes the poor LAZARUS who wanders in our streets may be thought far more worthy than the DIVES who is clothed "in purple and fine linen every day."—Oh, that we all had more moral courage—that ours could be an aristocracy of mind instead of money! The lady of our day will scarce allow her servant to step across the threshold of the sitting room, and yet in all that pertains to true womanhood the servant may be far superior to her mistress—for what can be more hollow-hearted than fashionable friendship? And until the day comes that persons are respected according to their merit, how true it is that we are Republicans but in name. AMELIA.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY consists not in the rosy cheek, the coral lip, or the brilliant eye, but in the richness, purity and undying love of the soul. Beauty of contour and a graceful mien, may yield a momentary charm, but like the lightning's flash they only dazzle and bewilder for the moment and are forever past; but the beauty of the soul—like the rough diamond—although scarce perceived at first by us, grows the more beautiful as gradually, each lovely, glowing ray springs forth to meet our admiring gaze, thus illuminating the dark recesses of the soul with a heavenly radiance. The sweet serenity of a true Christian—the soul at peace with its maker—has a fount of light and joy which irradiates every lineament of the face with a celestial beauty that fadeth not away. It maketh the aged face lovely and the deformed to glow with beauty—beauty which time and death shall ne'er erase.—J. O. L., *Hartford, Wis.*, 1857.

"ADVICE," says Coleridge, "is like snow—the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind."

THE sun is like God, sending abroad life, beauty and happiness; and the stars like human souls, for all their glory comes from the sun.

NEITHER men nor women become what they were intended to be by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties.

MANY complain of neglect who never tried to attain regard.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A SKETCH.

IT was a bright afternoon in June, that our family group had assembled, in our little parlor. All nature seemed to rejoice with her ever varied beauties, but sad hearts, and tearful eyes were in that room, for an elder brother, one we had looked to for counsel, was to leave us, and in that sad hour we were to exchange the farewell hand, perhaps forever. He was to bid adieu to fond parents who had watched over his youthful steps, and to brothers and sisters who were as dear to him as life itself, and embark upon the boundless deep, for a foreign shore.

He had in early life given his heart to the Savior, and had lived a life of devotedness to His cause. He had labored for the good of others within the narrow circle of his home, but his sympathies extended to those who had never felt the blessed influences of our holy Christianity, those who worshiped idols made with their own hands. It was hard to part with one we loved so well, one that aged parents had looked to for support and comfort, one that had cheered them with kind words when day's of trial were their's to endure. But when we remembered "that CHRIST had died that we through Him might have life everlasting," we would not have him sacrifice an object so pure, an ambition so holy, to gratify the feelings of our nature.

We heard from him after he left our embrace.—He was laboring with zeal and success among those dark-minded ones, "pointing them to the Lamb of GOD that taketh away the sins of the world," and many were bowing at the foot of the Cross.

Three years had passed away, another missive finds its way to our lonely dwelling, a stranger's hand had penned those lines. How different the contents. Disease had fastened itself upon our brother, and death had claimed him as its own.—Although no mother's hand was there to wipe the dews of death from that brow, there was an arm all powerful that sustained him in that hour, and that safely conducted him through the "Valley and Shadow of Death." We would not wish him back, he has escaped the turmoils of life, and his spirit rests with GOD. LYDIA MERWIN.

Stafford, N. Y., 1857.

AN ANCIENT TOAST.

IT was a grand day in the old chivalric time; the wine circling around the board in a noble hall, and the sculptured walls rang with sentiment and song. The lady of a knightly heart was pledged aloud by name, and many a syllable significant of loveliness had been uttered, until it came St. Leon's turn, when, lifting the sparkling cup on high—

"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
'Till memory is dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last,
When lighter passions long have passed,
To holy 'tis and true;
So one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid his hand upon his sword,
With fury flashing eyes;
And Stanley said—"We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said—"My Mother."

FRIENDSHIP.

IN the matter of friendship, I have observed that disappointment here arises chiefly, *not* from liking our friends too well, or thinking of them too highly, but rather from an over-estimate of *their* liking for and opinion of *us;* and that if we guard ourselves with sufficient scrupulousness of care from error in this direction, and can be content, and even happy to give more affection than we receive—can make just comparison of circumstances, and be severely accurate in drawing inferences thence, and never let self-love blind our eyes—I think we may manage to get through life with consistency and constancy, unembittered by that misanthrophy which springs from revulsions of feeling. All this sounds a little metaphysical, but it is good sense if you consider it. The moral of it is, that if we would build on a sure foundation in friendship, we must love our friends for *their* sakes rather than for *our own*, we must look at their truth to *themselves*, full as much as their truth to us.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

A WIFE IN A HANDKERCHIEF.—The following curious manner in which some Chinese merchants serve up their wives to distinguished visitors, is related by the Singapore correspondent of the London Times:—"In the midle of the visit, a silken package with a sort of thatch over it, was brought in by two bearers, and put down on the floor. It looked an exaggerated handkerchief gathered up at the corners, and covered by a wicker dish cover. The guests thought it was probably a dish of meat or a new course of preserves, when the thatch was removed, and at the bottom of this bundle was seen a small human figure squatted upon its haunches. The little thing gradually picked itself up, came out of its bundle, and fell upon its knees before the master of the house, putting up her hand in the posture of a supplicant. The Chinaman rose from his seat, and waved his hand with dignity, and the little lady arose. As she did so, he said to his European guests, 'My wife,' 'My wife,' made a slight salutation around, and then retiring to her handkerchief again, was covered up, and was borne from the room as she entered."

How many sickly ones wish they were healthy; how many beggarmen wish they were wealthy; how many ugly ones wish they were pretty; how many stupid ones wish they were witty; how many bachelors wish they were married; how many Benedicts wish they had tarried! Single or double life's full of trouble—riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble.

Choice Miscellany.

STICK TOGETHER:

A RHYME FOR THE TIMES.

WHEN midst the wreck of fire and smoke,
When cannons rend the skies asunder,
And fierce dragoons with quickening stroke,
Upon the reeling regiment thunder,
The ranks close up to sharp command,
'Till helmet's feather touches feather;
Compact, the furious shock they stand
And conquer, while they stick together.

When now 'mid clouds of woe and want
Our comrade's wails rise fast and faster,
And charging madly on our front
Come the black legions of Disaster,
Shall we present them a wavering band,
And fly like leaves before wild weather?
No! side by side, and hand in hand
We'll stand our ground and stick together!

GOD gave us hands—one left, one right;
The first to help ourselves, the other
To stretch abroad in kindly might
And help along our failing brother.
Then when you see a brother fall
And bow his head beneath the weather,
If you be not a dastard all,
You'll help him up, and stick together.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

WINTER.

THE first blasts of Winter's wind-trumpets call all our human dread of discomfort, with memories of chilblains and nipped ears, into a shivering army, but somehow when *his* forces begin to gather, *ours* retreat, for what reason we know not, unless it be shame at meeting with frowns from such a silent, white-robed band.

We have always found life more practical than romantic, and are quite sure that the mastication of solid bread and butter is more necessary for the sustaining of life, than "feeding the soul with sentiment;" but nevertheless we do like, in the dusky twilights of early winter, to sit down by the favorite window—outside of which the snow weaves slowly earth's white mantle,—fold the hands, "ease up" on the brain machinery, turn all "oarking cares" out of the heart, and *dream*,—sometimes of the world whose "ways" we are but just beginning to learn, sometimes of the past, and anon of the mysterious workings within, the wonderings, yearnings and hopings, that knock so fruitlessly on the "gates of the 'To Come.'"

And there are plans laid, too often framed of "if's" and "maybe's," with foundations of thin air, but still with a certain sort of tangible pleasure growing out of their unstable beauty. We confess that "creature comforts" form a pretty large "beam" in said frame-work; that red apples and white pop-corn throw as wondrous a charm round winter evenings in our eyes as in most other people's, but there are *other* needs, the *mind* calls for nourishment as well as the *body*, and we couldn't endure the long, tedious winters which are Nature's late fashion,—without books, magazines and papers, more especially the latter. Books come to us like angel's visits—"few and far between," and we do them right loyal reverence when they *do* come, but magazines and papers, real, "bona fide" *news*-papers, are like our *earthly* friends, dropping in with familiar faces, chatty, amusing, instructive, and withal having rather *more* influence over us than most friends in the flesh, in that they incite a stricter adherence to moral law, and refresh the memory as to axioms of duty which may have escaped it in the world's turmoils, by hints which would be received from no other source without a flashing up of temper-fire; for it is a notable fact that however well aware of our failings we may be, our natures are not proof to blunt accusations of the same from those whom we consider like "weak vessels" with ourselves, and the secret of the influence of newspaper hints as to the points mentioned, lies in the fact that they may be taken and used without another's knowledge that they are *needed*.

"Scattering seed broadcast" are the hands, heads and hearts, that guide the pen and press, and knowing that to hungry souls this seed gives bread, that to thirsting minds it is the power which opens exhaustless fountains, we bid them "God-speed," asking that for the life and labor spent in sowing they may reap the hundred-fold harvest of crowned hopes, satisfied hearts, and GOD'S "well done."

Charlotte Centre, N. Y., 1857. ELLEN C. LAKE.

A HAPPY HOME.

IN a happy home there will be no fault-finding, no over-bearing spirit—there will be no peevishness, no fretfulness. Unkindness will not dwell in the heart or be on the tongue. Oh, the tears, the sighs, the wasting of life, and health, and strength, and time; of all that is most to be desired in a happy home, occasioned by mere unkind words. The celebrated Mr. Wesley remarked to this effect, viz.: that fretting and scolding seemed like tearing the flesh from the bones, and that we have no more right to be guilty of this than we have to curse, or swear, or steal. In a perfectly happy home all selfishness will be removed. Even as "Christ pleased not himself," so the members of a happy home will not seek first to please themselves, but to please each other.

Cheerfulness is another ingredient in a happy home. How much does a sweetness emanating from a heart fraught with love and kindness, contribute to render a home happy. How attracting, how soothing is that cheerfulness that is born on the countenance of a wife and mother. How the parent and child, the brother and sister, the mistress and servant, dwell with delight on those cheerful looks, those confiding smiles that beam from the eye, and burst from the inmost soul of those who are near and dear.

How it hastens the return of the father—lightens the care of the mother, renders it more easy for youth to resist temptation! and drawn by the cords of affection, how it induces them with living hearts to return to the paternal roof.

O, that parents would lay this subject to heart, that by untiring efforts they would so far render home happy, that their children and domestics shall not seek for happiness in forbidden paths.—*Selected.*

As the sun to the sun-flower, so is friend to friend—attracting and attracted.—*Jean Paul.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SENECA LAKE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

EDS. RURAL:—Will you indulge me in a short letter concerning my lake-land home? It is on the bank of the Seneca, the Queen of American Lakes. The waters of this lake are remarkably clear and pure; their temperature is very even—seldom becoming very warm in summer or freezing in winter. The country around is a most beautiful and productive farming region. It has been brought to this high state of cultivation within a comparatively short period, the time being within the memory of men when its banks were covered with forests, in a primeval state. The earth is still fresh on the grave of the man who plowed the first furrow on its banks. Had PERCIVAL, whose pen has rendered the subject of my letter classical, visited the scene of his beautiful lyric at this early day, he would probably not have sung:

"On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
O, I could ever sweep the oar,
Where early birds at morning wake
And evening tells us toil is o'er."

His emotions of sublimity would have vanished and his imagination flagged before those stern realities—tomahawks and scalping knives. The sighing of the breeze, the roar of the waves, or the rushing of the water-fall would not have impressed him so very poetically, had he been listening for the war-whoop of enraged savages. Its waters would not have appeared to him so silvery beautiful had he mistrusted a scene of barbarous disaster—his goods plundered, his dwelling in flames, or his children slaughtered. Instead of well-conducted farms and smiling homes, he would have found—once in five miles—a log hut, scarcely out of the way of falling trees; and instead of peace and plenty within, a company of squalid sufferers. He would have found husbands, to save their wives and children from starvation, digging up their potatoes, which, but a week before they had planted among oaken stumps. He would have found a community without the "cultured joys of ripe society."

But a great part of the forests have disappeared. This wilderness of beauty has become a scene of cheerful industry. Thrift and enterprise have made their legible impress on the brow of every hill. Its waters, clear as crystal, which then echoed only the scream of the water-fowl, the shout of the sporting savage, or the paddle of the light canoe, have become vocal with the glad song of enlightened freedom; the names of LA FAYETTE, and PATRICK HENRY, and WASHINGTON, have rung their electric chorus; Christianity has lent her hallowed melody, and to-day, all that can minister to a people's happiness joins in the rejoicing song which, from hill, and valley, and forest, and lake, arises over it, as mists of morning from its bosom.

Near the head of Seneca Lake is the village of Havana, the locality of the "People's College," which has been founded recently. At the foot lies Geneva—beautiful for situation—unscathed by the finger of sloth—the seat of a well conducted College—in this respect a fitting representative of the Alpine town whose name it bears. On the ridge between this lake and its twin sister Cayuga, and overlooking both, is the village of Ovid. The Seneca Collegiate Institute is located here. Between it and the lake is the "State Agricultural College" a new enterprise, the design of which is to combine theory with practice in the art of farming. From this village, hills may be seen on the west at a distance of thirty or forty miles. A large portion of lake and a broad extent of country beyond are in full view.

Although this lake is not the resort of the antiquary, and does not embosom the shadow of Mt. Blanc, yet the extent of the view, the surpassing luxuriance of vegetation, the moderate though majestic swell of the hills and the gleaming water, stretching before you as a sea of molten silver, make the prospect one of thrilling beauty; and, when are added to these, the endearing associations of nativity and childhood, the scene becomes of scarcely less interest than that which has been the theme of poets and painters for ages.

New Brunswick, Nov. 25, 1857. A. J. S.

THE FUTURE.

WHAT a land of promise is the Future! In it we have rich possessions, the coming enjoyment of which alone makes life endurable. The past has proved a weary way; the present is full of thorns, but the bright Future has recompense for all who would sell his birth-right in the Future!—Who would give up the chances and changes it conceals in its misty depths? We may be poor, and sick, broken down and deserted, without friends and without home, but so long as hope remains we will not despair of the Future. The poor debtor was quite ready to swear that he had not five dollars in the world, but hesitated when asked to say he should never possess that amount. He might die a millionoire—who knows? Aye, who knows, for who has ever found the fair land of the Future, with all its rich possessions and its heavenly peace? And yet the entrance to it opens in the Present. We hold the clue in our hands, and need no Ariadne to reveal its labyrinthian streets. What the present forms the Future will reveal. If we would reap rich harvests in the coming time we must sow the seed to-day. It is madness to continue in our old courses of procrastination, of idleness and vice, and still hope for happiness in the Future. That which we sow we shall reap. The Future is the product of the Present—to a great extent we may make it what we will.

THE TRUE AMBITION.—There is a loftier structure, let me say to the young aspirant embarking on the rough waters of strife, than the one faintly imagined in yonder clouds. There is a temple of God, adorned with moral beauty and grandeur, such as pearls, and gems, and rainbow tints can but faintly symbolize. Let thy ambition fix on this bright abode! Let all thy energies be enlisted in reaching it. There is a field of enterprise, too, here below, where the highest intellect may find scope, and the purest benevolence exercise. It is found in turning men to righteousness. They who labor successfully in this field, shall not only have a calm satisfaction in the work, but shall shine at last "as the stars, forever and ever."—*Voyage of Life.*

DECEMBER.

DECEMBER to-day! And it is only a rose and a sheaf ago, that we said it before: December to-day! The month seemed always peculiarly rich to us in childhood, and we do not think, if we could have traded with Time, that we would exchange one December for a May as full of daisies as an old pasture, unless he were willing to give us the first week of June in the bargain. It has, or *used* to have, its snow; it has, and it ever *will* have its Christmas; and Christmas and snow are portion enough for one poor month, that like Hagar, was sent away into the wilderness, where there is neither harvest nor seed-time.

November is "well off," too, with its Thanksgiving, and we are sorry November is dead. It went Sunday, and now upon the withered leaves is written—

DIED

LAST night, in the thirtieth day of its age, the month of November.

But about these Decembers—how often we come to them! How they flicker like the leaves of an unprinted book, turned rapidly over. The truth is, very few of us live *on;* we just live *around;* we begin in January and go muttering along through February and March; beguiled by blue-eyed April of a smile; perhaps, won by sweet May to be merry; we part the clustering leaves of June, keep on the shady side in July, and come shivering at last to December; but it is the same December, while we are somebody else. And so it is, that the oftener we travel over the road, the briefer it becomes. But we cannot tarry; we cannot return; there is no pleasant way-side inn, its trellised portal looking toward the east, beside life's way. Ah,

"To return or tarry, both are vain.
Whither return? What flower yet ever might
In days of gloom, and cold, and stormy rain,
Inclose itself in its green bud again,
Hiding from wrath of tempest, out of sight?"

[*Chicago Journal.*

WHAT FARMERS SHOULD LIVE FOR.

THERE is something worth living for besides money. That is very good, but it is not all. With the rest, let us raise a crop of good ideas. While you are farmers, remember also that you are men, with duties and responsibilities. Live down the old brutal notion that a farmer must be uncouth, uneducated and unthinking—a mere ploddrapps. You are brought into immediate contact with the great heart of civilization. You cannot get out of the reach of the buzz of the toiling world. The thrill of the wonder-working wires, and the rumble of the locomotive, (the thunder tread of nations,) come to your once secluded hill-side. Move toward a better life. Do not keep your boys corn shelling all the long winter evenings. Make your farms a place that your sons and daughters cannot help loving. Cultivate the trees—they are God's messengers.

Care much for books and pictures. Don't keep a solemn parlor into which you go but once a month with the parson, or the gossips of the sewing society. Hang around your walls pictures which shall tell stories of mercy, hope, courage, faith and charity. Make your living room the largest and most cheerful in the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he clings to a single plank in the lonely waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the old homestead shall come across the waters of desolation, bringing always light, hope and love.

Have no dungeons about your house—no rooms you never open—no blinds that are always shut.—Don't teach your daughters French before they can weed a flower-bed or cling to a side-saddle; and, daughters, do not be ashamed of the trowel or the pruning knife; bring to your doors the richest flowers from the woods; cultivate the friendship of birds—study botany, learn to love nature, and seek a higher cultivation than the fashionable world can give you.—*D. G. Mitchell.*

OUR THOUGHTS.—On the whole, it is of as great importance for a man to take heed what thoughts he entertains, as what company he keeps; for they have the same effect on his mind. Bad thoughts are as infectious as bad company; and good thoughts solace, instruct and entertain the mind, like good company. And this is one great advantage of retirement, that a man may choose what company he pleases from within himself. As in the world we oftener light in bad company than good, so in solitude we are oftener troubled with impertinent and unprofitable thoughts, than entertained with agreeable and useful ones; and a man that hath so far lost the command of himself, as to lie at the mercy of every foolish and vexing thought, is much in the same situation as a host whose door is open to all comers; whom, though ever so noisy, rude, or troublesome, he cannot get rid of; but with this difference, that the latter hath some recompense for his trouble, the former none at all, but is robbed of his peace and quiet for nothing.—*J. Mason.*

WHAT THE AGE WANTS.—The age does not want mere manualists and functionaries but whole-souled lovers of their kind. It does not want embalmers with their spices, but planters and Promethean lungs; not ideas plastered in pyramids and mausoleums, but moving in marts and throbbing with the pulsations of joy and love. And if these happen to be a little unlike the old fashions, have no fear of being called visionaries—so long as you see what you say—whether your neighbors see it or blink it. See visions; it is the thinker's vocation; and turn them into facts; that is the workman's business. Dream dreams, and bring them to pass. Be hospitable to every faint, uncertain beam that straggles to your window. Who knows but it may travel from the skies, and have a sun on its track? *Rev. F. D. Huntington.*

MAN UNFINISHED.—The capability of improvement, intellectually and morally, is a proof that a man is an unfinished being; he is incomplete; he is in the infancy of existence. He is in a state of pupilage and progress; and the different degrees of intellectual endowment which characterize different men, impart variety to the Commonwealth, and teach that difference of opinion must be expected, and that liberty to express opinion is the birthright of every man.

The Educator.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

EDS. RURAL:—From the known interest that you take in the moral and intellectual improvement of youth, you will not object to publishing anything that will stimulate parents to send their children to school—for it is much to be regretted that too many do not receive the benefit from the common school organization that the friends of education desired, and had reason to expect from the liberal State appropriation that is made for their support, which places the means of acquiring the rudiments of literature within the power of all who desire to obtain them, and it is most lamentable that there are so many children in the State that receives so little or no benefit from the liberal State boon.

The Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for '55 does not give the number of children in the State that are of proper age to attend school who do not enter the school room, owing to the enumeration being made between four and twenty, one which includes so many that cannot be called school children. He reports as attending school 844,386, of which number 212,110 attended two months, and 199,155 attended less than two months; and those children who attended so little, are the in and out scholars, which, with but few exceptions, receive little or no benefit from the school instructions and do not deserve the name of attending.—so that there only remains 432,919 who receive much benefit from the Common Schools. But add to that number all that you can, owing to the defect of the school year, commencing the first of January, which often puts the winter term into two reports, and the attendance at the common schools is certainly very small considering the liberal appropriations that are made for their support. And it is of great importance to know what can be the reason, that they are not better attended. It cannot be the expense, for in the city of New York, where everything is free, the attendance is no better than in the Rural Districts; nor, can it be for want of Legislative enactments, for during almost every session since the first organization there has been some alteration, some amendment, some experiment tried, and yet the children do not generally attend school, and what can be the cause, is worthy of candid investigation, for it matters not how systematic the school arrangement may be, nor however valuable the instructions that are therein taught, if the children do not attend school the laudable desire of general education is not obtained. I think that it is as evident as noon-day sun that it is the indifference of parents and guardians towards the common schools. That is the principal cause; *yes, sir*, almost the *only* cause why their children do not attend school; and the arbitrary dictations and unnecessary taxation in the present State organization of the common schools has a powerful tendency to increase that indifference, and to annihilate the good feelings of society from taking an interest in the common schools. And I hope that the friends of the present organization will not be offended when I endeavor to point out some of the numerous errors in it, that has those regrettable effects.

The State supervision is too dictatorial. The education of children is a most solemn parental duty, and mankind do not love dictation, even if the dictator be wiser than themselves. There is not a School District in the State the citizens of which do not believe themselves as competent to manage their school as well as the State can do, and why should they not be permitted to do so?—Because the State has made such liberal provision for their support, it is not necessary that it should usurp the control and management of them.

Having three Trustees to each District that must act in concert, is a great inconvenience, and a real injury to the school. It prevents decision of action, and destroys responsibility—for that which is the duty of three, is not the business of any one, *and when neglected it was not my fault.* Teachers have to submit to the ordeal of an annual inspection, which is an unnecessary inconvenience, for it is not uncommon that the inspected is more competent than the inspector; but those in the district who take an interest in the school have the best opportunity to judge of the teachers adaptation to teach. Each teacher is required to keep a journal of the daily attendance at school. He has no interest in making a false report; yet it cannot be relied upon, unless he goes before a magistrate and swears that it is correct—what a disgraceful insult on the the morals of the teachers; they cannot believed unless they are under oath! And the rate bill has to be made out from said daily journal, each one paying for daily attendance, go or play, no matter,—no *attendance, no pay.* A better plan could not have been contrived to increase the irregular attendance at school, and its baneful effect is evident from the Superintendent's Report, for 199,155 attended school less than two months in the year.

The repeated district taxing prevents the good feelings of community from taking interest in the common schools. Compel a man by law to be liberal, and you make him a miser; and the inconvenience of making out and collecting these trifling district taxes, is aggravating and annoying in the extreme. The annual appropriation to the Common Schools for the payment of teachers wages is over $1,300,000, which was intended for the poor, who sent their children to school; yet they are not allowed to have the benefit of it. If there are any in the district who are not able to pay their school bill, a quarterly, or at least a semi-annual tax, must be levied on the taxable inhabitants of the district to pay their school bill, thus branding them with the disgrace of being public paupers; and what is yet more annoying, their neighbors are taxed to raise a charity fund to pay for their childrens' schooling. *And why should it be so?*

The District Superintendence is an expensive operation without much benefit—for a stranger who has no interest in the schools but his salary, to visit them twice or thrice a year, *(or, perhaps not at all, for our school was not looked at last year by his Honor,)* cannot do them much good. But the great evil will be, it being an elective office the incumbent will be a tool of the party in power, and be shifted as often as the power changes, so that the interest of the schools will be sacrificed on the scaffold of party strife, which is always the case with every moral improvement that the State undertakes to manage.

In my next I will propose a State Organization of the Common Schools in hopes that it may promote their interest, by stimulating and encouraging parents to have their children attend school.

December, 1857. W. G.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RIGHT READING FOR THE YOUNG.

"EAT thou not the bread of him that hath an evil eye, neither desire thou his dainty meats."—PROV. 23: 6.

THE reading of any people is their intellectual bread—and a man is known by the company he keeps; therefore, if you wish to know a man, look at his library—his daily reading. It is a law in Physiology that all the bodily organs strengthen by use; it is a law in Phrenology that all the mental faculties are developed and improved by cultivation; and the principal object of reading is to develop and improve these faculties, and much depends upon the right direction given them in youth. The kind and character of the reading placed in his hands is, therefore, a matter of no small importance. Parents and guardians cannot be too careful in making their selections; for the "dainty meats" of those who have "an evil eye" are industriously circulated, advertised and puffed in common newspapers, by those whose moral rectitude is measured by the pecuniary reward received for such service. By "dainty meats" I mean all those productions of the pen and press which tend to inflame the passions of youth.—These passions are not sinful when duly exercised, but when unduly excited and inflamed, they overpower the reasoning faculties. The "evil eye" is that love of money which prompts to write and publish such books or periodicals, simply because experience has proved that inconsiderate youth will buy them even at extravagant prices.

The time draws near when, with the new year, we shall be expected to commence anew our subscriptions for the RURAL, and such other weekly visitors as have obtained a welcome reception in our families; and it is time to inquire what has been the influence exerted there by the reading of the past year? Can we improve it any, or make a better selection? Reading of some kind we must have—our children will have it—and if we do not furnish them with the right kind, somebody will with the wrong. The surest way to prevent a growth of weeds is to pre-occupy the ground.—Good books are abundant and cheap throughout the land, but we also want the news of the day, for which a weekly paper is indispensable; but must we necessarily have poison mingled with "our daily bread?"

The editor of a paper so widely circulated as the RURAL NEW-YORKER, occupies a fearfully responsible station. Thousands of youthful minds will receive a bias through this channel which may determine their future character and standing in society and the world—nay, it may be forming characters for eternity. To select, accept and reject, to suit the various tastes of mankind, must indeed be a difficult task, since it is true intellectually that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," that is, so far as literary taste is concerned. But the great object in selecting reading for the young, is to form in them correct tastes and habits. These, as they exist among the great mass of mankind, are many of them foolish and sinful. To correct these will require the united efforts of the Christian and the philanthropist.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Oct., 1857. J. C. ROGERS.

GROWTH OF OPINION.—Consider the growth of opinion in any one man's mind; how crudely the opinion is formed at first in his thought; how he is affected by discussion with friends, by controversy with sincere opponents, by some remote analogy in present life, or in the past history; how strange to say, when his mind has apparently been engaged from the subject, he finds all of a sudden, great growth or change of opinion has been going on in him, so that it seems as if he had been thinking while he had been sleeping. Then, if the mind of this man is of deep and fertile soil, how all the beautiful influences of literature, of natural scenery, of science and of art, enlarge and modify the growing opinion, hardly now to be called by so small a name as an opinion, but a cause; how this thought is modified by chance remarks from his fellows, which were not meant to influence him—these remarks which tell so much upon most of us, because the more we draw from them is all our own.—*Spanish Conquest in America.*

LET ALL STUDY.—All healthful minds admit of improvement, and that, perhaps, to an infinite degree. It is an error to imagine for a moment that some minds may not be enlarged and beautified.—If the mind be sane, it is not only possible to nourish and expand it, but it is easy to do so. If the senses are not at all exercised, the mind must also necessarily be to some extent unfolded. The eye will receive impressions, and the ear will catch sounds, and transmit the result of the mind. This is a law of man's mental constitution, as necessary as anything else can be. The inevitable condition of the mind is, that it shall be effected for good or for evil, in proportion as the senses are wrought upon by external objects.

Useful Olio.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

CENTRAL AMERICA for a few years has presented to the traveler, the antiquarian, the lover of the marvellous, and last, though not least, the fillibuster, a field evidently worthy of the expenditure of the first, the researches of the second, the gaping curiosity of the third, and the torn banner and bared sword of the fourth. He who threads a path amid the luxurious vegetation—be his purposes what they may—is often surprised and startled as he encounters the relics of by-gone ages, the labor of those who toiled and struggled in the bonds of a common humanity long ago, buried in shades of deep forests and covered with the fibres which mother earth spreads like a pall over the deserted mementoes of man.

The idols herewith presented, when compared with the productions of Modern Art, may be grotesque, crude and barbarous, yet time was when

IDOL FROM CENTRAL AMERICA.

perfection might have been stamped upon the unconth features, and they were at once beautiful and significant to the beholder. Human progress they represented, darkly it may be; yet *ideas* were there—the symbol of power was possessed, but the nice adjustment of parts, the peculiar fitness of each for each, was still the child of destiny.—Who can tell the hidden workings of the intelligences that once gathered around these shrines. The multitude looked on with awe and delight as the work grew into shape and religion took substance and form in the mind. Undeveloped man here gave to stone his conception of a God. The people who thus labored, what of them? "Passed away" has been graven above their last resting place—the Altar and the Deity are almost their only record.

JOHN S. STEPHENS, the celebrated Central American traveler, in speaking of Palenque, from the ruins of which is taken our representation, says: "These 'idols,' as they are called, have nearly all fallen from their base and lie entangled in vegetation. Great trees grow from once splendid architraves; the facades of temples are thick with the ivies and other parasites of tropical luxuriance.—Lizards of emerald brightness dart here and there along the ruins; scorpions lurk among the disrupted joints; snakes glide from the vaults beneath to sun themselves upon the sacrificial stone. All is silence and desolation. The works remain, but where are the hands which fashioned them? Ages on ages have rolled away, and king and noble, peasant and serf are mingled in undistinguishable dust—the everlasting stars from their blue empyrean have looked downwards for centuries upon these ruins, and no human eyes have looked upwards to their brightness, no knee bent in solemn adoration. The bat has flapped her nocturnal wings in princely halls without rebuke; up and down the stately corridors have tramped the wild beasts of the forest; from the lordly casement peers the fox.

Man has gone to his long bourne, and slowly Nature usurps her reign. The mourners that go about the streets have ages ago quenched their funeral torches, and themselves laid down to the silence of the sepulchre. Human tears have been shed and no record left; heroic deeds achieved and lost in oblivion; saintly martyrs have quenched their aspirations in blood, and the persecuted and persecutor are alike forgotten. Oh, oblivion! how remorseless thou art. Oh, death! Oh, silence, in your sleep eternal!

There is no hope without its fruition, no affection without its object, no desire without its appropriate aliment—no sense without its world of enjoyment—no thought without its aim—no aspiration without its exultant medium—no inspiration without its fountain—no idea without a God. We, who walk this sphere of the All-beautiful, may lay down all care for out-speaking harmonies, for even the sparrow-like conceptions, the hair-weights of our desires, are all known and cared for by the Infinite Father, who wills that nothing of our experience be lost, but carries the defeated endeavors of earth up to the full achievements of Heaven."

IDOL FROM CENTRAL AMERICA.

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

BY E. H. MINOTT.

THE Sun of life's morning rises happy and bright,
But soon comes the mid-day with swift 'vancing tread;
Then its Sun goeth down to the verge of the night,
And our barques drift away to the Isles of the Dead.
But the Soul, unencumbered, shall rise to the spheres
Of the blest, and dwell there, through perpetual years.

There our spirits shall lave in the waters of life,
And be pure and spotless as the stars of the sky;
And forget all the jarring of Earth and its strife,
In the harmony that reigneth forever on high.
And love, joy, and bliss shall continue to last,
While eternity's ages roll into the past.

South Albion, N. Y., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GROWING IN GRACE.

"I NEVER knew a man born full grown. I never knew a man born again, of grace to GOD, full grown,"

"Children who have wandered ragged and homeless for years cannot fly home in a moment, but by the grace of GOD the years of your return shall be fewer and shorter than those of your unquiet ingratitude."

REV. THOS. K. BEECHER.

LET us not be discouraged because we cannot become good at once. Because we cannot throw off all our degradation in a moment; cannot enter our closets and breathe a prayer for redemption and mercy, and come forth therefrom pure and undefiled, is no reason why we should call religion a phantom and cease striving to obtain it. The change from the darkness of night to the full splendor of mid-day, is not instantaneous. First, a little light, a very little comes from the east, then a few more rays, a flush, a glow, a splendor, and the sun, soft in his effulgence at first but growing brighter and brighter, radiant, glorious in mid-heaven. So will religion come. A desire, a prayer, a hope, a will to battle with the world, a strength to conquer, a patience to endure, a holy love of CHRIST, a blissful assurance of His divine protection, an abiding faith in His power to give unto us life eternal.

Thus day by day, year by year we shall grow in grace. Not perfect in the beginning, but coming nearer and nearer GOD and that purity of soul which we would possess. Let us be patient, though the blessing comes slowly it will surely come at last. Let us not be easily dissuaded from seeking the one all lovely. What if this hour you turn your heart toward GOD and godly things; shall you expect that to-morrow you can arise and go out into the world and find the siren voices of temptation powerless to allure you? No. You will find yourself weak, almost as weak as you are to-day; but never mind, overcome what you can, the next day you will have a little more strength, and the next a little more, and so on until temptation shall almost entirely lose its power over you.

When the love of CHRIST first springs into life amidst the chaos of passion, strife and sin which fills our hearts, we must watch it carefully. We must never silence an impulse to do right, never neglect an opportunity of conferring a blessing upon another, never cease to repent, never forget to pray. And gradually, yet constantly that love shall grow stronger and stronger, and, as flowers absorb noxious vapors, it shall carry off and purify for its own use the evil in us, 'till we become fit temples for the Holy Spirit, 'till the Son and the Father shall come to us and make their abode with us. E. E.

Stouts' Grove, Ill., Nov., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DEATH.

THE angel of death is daily and nightly around our dwelling, and here and there may be seen the glimmering lamp during the hours of the night. The watchers are there. The loved one is restless. She falls into a deep slumber, from which, in a few moments, she awakens, more exhausted than before. The angels hover around, all unseen by the watchers, but ere the loved one nears that delicate line that separates this life from that which is to come, they touch her with their golden wings, and she is animated with new strength and with new delight—and as she passes away she breathes the sweet words—"happy, oh! so happy." The angels and their new sister are gone; but in heaven a new song is sung. Loving friends gather around the remains of the departed, and many a tear gathers and glistens in the eye, and many a pang pierces the heart, but all unseen amidst that mourning circle a new angel hovers. N. F.

Syracuse, N. Y., 1857.

A HOLY life has a voice. In a more impressive and convincing tone it echoes the instructions of the lips which have already been as a fountain of wisdom. Its eloquence never ceases. It speaks when the tongue is silent; and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof. It speaks on all subjects, and shows the nature and excellency of religion, both in duty and in trial, both in sorrows and in joys.

HOLINESS.—It is holiness we want above everything else; holy principles, holy ministers, holy discipline, holy tempers, holy sermons and prayers, holy habits and conduct. Nothing will compensate for this. If the churches are not advancing in holiness, we cannot be surprised that there are few conversions—little spiritual life.—*Guyer.*

DISASTERS of life, says a late writer, like convulsions of the earth, lay bare the primary strata of human nature; they expose to us elements we might forget, or suppose to be transmuted by the alchemy of civilization. In this respect they are like those geological expositions, useful lessons and mementoes to the law-maker.

PIETY.—The essential element of piety is sympathy with the divine government. The proof of sympathy lies in obedience to the great command—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."—*Muscutt.*

SPECIAL NOTICES TO AGENTS, FRIENDS, &c.

☞ MAKE UP THE CLUBS!—Now is the time to make up your clubs for 1858, and all who desire to aid the cause, benefit Men, Women and Families, and incidentally promote their own interests, should see that the RURAL is *brought home* to the reason and consciences of their neighbors and other acquaintances. If you, reader, cannot get up a club alone, join with some friend, or aid the Post-Master or other agent in swelling the list.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.—Hence, a prompt renewal is necessary to secure the regular continuance of the paper.

☞ THE RURAL SHOW-BILL for 1858, just issued, will be sent, post-paid, to all applicants who can use one or more copies advantageously. We shall also cheerfully furnish Specimen Numbers of the RURAL for use in obtaining new subscribers, or send them to any address desired.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, without certificate, and each and all who volunteer in the good cause will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ THOSE who are forming large clubs can send on the names and money of a part, before completing their lists.

List of New Advertisements this week.

The New York Observer—Sidney E. Morse & Co.
Emery's Journal of Agriculture—Emery & Co.
The Oriental Horse Charmer—C. J. Eldridge.
Land Agency—W. Ansley.
Any person wishing to buy—U. S. Farm Agency.
Agents Wanted—Agency.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER, 19, 1857.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributors and correspondents have been so generous of late that we find it impossible to give all their favors proper attention. Many excellent articles — Practical, Scientific and Literary—must be deferred until our new volume, and even then a further holding over may be necessary, to give place to more timely and seasonable matters. It is proper to state, in this connection, that the press upon our pages for several months has been such that we have been obliged to defer from time to time, or indefinitely, a large number of articles which we intended to publish. Many of these are yet on file, and will appear in future numbers.

— We regret that an important and timely article by Lieut. MAURY, on "What upon Agriculture is to be the Effect of the Pressure in the Money Market?" was received too late for this number—and as our next will contain Index, &c., we fear it must be deferred two or three weeks.

EXTRA PREMIUMS,
FOR LADIES AND YOUNG PEOPLE.

INASMUCH as the RURAL is a favorite among the Ladies, and also with the Boys and Girls, it has been suggested that we ought to offer them some special or extra premiums for efforts in behalf of its circulation. In order to call out our fair and young friends, therefore we have concluded to act upon the suggestion by offering several valuable prizes, in addition to those in our regular Premium List—as follows:

EXTRA PREMIUMS FOR LADIES.

To the Lady sending us the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, in accordance with our terms, previous to the first of April, 1858, we will give a copy of the ILLUMINATED BIBLE, (published by the HARPERS,) containing Sixteen Hundred Engravings, mostly from original designs and splendidly bound in Turkish Morocco and Gilt—price TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS. This is the most beautiful Bible ever published in America.

To the Lady sending us the second largest list, as above, we will give a copy of the PICTORIAL BIBLE, illustrated with over One Thousand Engravings, and bound in Morocco and Gilt, (price $12,) and also a copy of WEBSTER'S ROYAL OCTAVO DICTIONARY, Unabridged in Words, (price $3,50.)

To the Lady sending us the next list, as above, a handsomely bound copy of the PICTORIAL BIBLE (same as above, except in binding) worth EIGHT DOLLARS.

To the Lady sending the next list, a copy of WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY, the lowest cash price of which is $5.

To the Lady sending the next list, a copy of WEBSTER'S ROYAL OCTAVO DICTIONARY.

[It will be understood that the Ladies *compete against each other only*, for the above, and that all our regular premiums are also open to them.]

EXTRA PREMIUMS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

To the Boy or Girl under 17 years of age sending us the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER previous to April 1, 1858, we will give a copy of the PICTORIAL BIBLE, in Morocco and Gilt, (price $12,) *and* a copy of WEBSTER'S ROYAL OCTAVO DICTIONARY (price $3,50)

For the second largest list, as above, a handsomely bound copy of the PICTORIAL BIBLE, (price $8)—or, if preferred to the Bible, a copy each of Webster's Unabridged, and Webster's Royal Octavo Dictionaries.

For the next largest list, as above, a copy of WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.

FOR EACH of the next THREE lists, a copy of WEBSTER'S ROYAL OCTAVO DICTIONARY.

[Our young friends will please note that they only compete with each other for the above, but that all our regular premiums (see next page) are open to them.]

Now, good friends, let us see who will secure the handsome and valuable prizes above enumerated. We do not suppose there will be much competition—or that the premiums will really pay *us*—but having resolved to make the venture, we leave the canvass with those interested. The result will be announced in the RURAL.

THE BEST WAY to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to *show a number*. Its most successful agents and active friends say this is the true course—that few object to subscribing after seeing the paper itself. With a single specimen many persons have procured handsome lists. Much less effort is required than many suppose—for, in this case as in some others, *seeing* and *examining* is *believing* and *convincing*. Indeed, there is scarcely a town to which we send the RURAL, wherein from 10 to 30 *new subscribers* could not readily be obtained by adopting the plan suggested, and using a little exertion. Now, as *the present* is the best season to *try this plan*, how many of its friends will act upon the suggestion—thereby augmenting the circulation and usefulness of the RURAL and benefiting their neighbors and community? If any of our subscribers use or lose their numbers in the good work we will cheerfully furnish others to make their files complete. Good friends, please *show the paper to your neighbors*, and receive and forward subscriptions.

Latest from Utah.

DISPATCHES were received on the 10th inst. at the War Department from Col. Johnson, of the Utah expedition, dated South Pass, Oct. 18, conveying intelligence of the same tenor as that received by way of St. Louis. The greatest exertions were being made to form a junction of the different branches of the expedition before going into winter quarters, but serious delay was experienced by the cold and snow.

Col. Magraw, of the South Pass Wagon Road expedition, had tendered a number of men with fifteen good teams, mules and wagons which had been accepted, and would be of great service in this emergency. Several of the supply trains were yet behind with provisions and clothing, of which the advance were greatly in need.

Col. Johnson intends to form a junction with Col. Alexander at the mouth of Fontenelle Creek, about thirty miles from that officer's present camp at Ham's Fork, and not far from seventy miles from his own camp at South Pass. He will winter at Henry's Fork, on Green river, where he hopes that Col. Cook's command, with whom is Gov. Cummings, will join them. Col. J. thinks his force barely adequate to the protection of supply trains, and predicts that the contest will be a protracted one unless large reinforcements can be sent him. He speaks of the impossibility of his making a retrograde movement.

THE WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN.—Before offering this Pen as a premium, we gave it a thorough trial, and became satisfied of its great superiority. During the past two months we have given about a hundred gross of these pens to persons obtaining lists of trial subscribers for the RURAL, and hope we shall have the pleasure of placing several hundred gross in the hands of those who form clubs for the new volume. Our good opinion of the Pen has been fully endorsed by many of our friends.—Among other similar letters, the following from a gentlemen who was formerly Clerk of the City of Buffalo, a member of the Legislature, &c., is to the point:

"MR. MOORE:—The Medallion steel pens which I received from you the other day, are a perfect treasure. I have used steel pens now for more than twenty years, and have never yet found any that could at all compare with these. I have also tried, and now have several gold pens, which I have laid aside, preferring the *Medallion* to all others. You are doing great good in bringing them to the general notice of the public."

WHERE IT CIRCULATES.—For the information of its friends and all others interested, we would state that the RURAL circulates most extensively in Western and Central New York. It has also a large circulation in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Canada West—a respectable circulation in the Eastern and more Northern of the Southern States, (especially Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri,)—and a scattering (and, in some of the best regions, very good,) subscription in all the other States and Territories of the Union. We have so many subscribers out of the Union—in the British Provinces—that we can truly say we have not only a large National, but *Continental Circulation*. We can therefore appropriately affirm that

"No pent Utica contracts our powers,
For the whole boundless Continent is ours."

FROM MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA.—The steamer Tennessee arrived at New Orleans on the 11th inst., from Vera Cruz 7th inst., bringing advices from the City of Mexico to the 4th. The position of the Government was better than at the date of the last advices, the revolutionary forces having been vanquished by the Government troops at Puebla and other points. Comonfort and the Supreme Court were formally installed on the first of December. The Port of Navidad had been declared open to commerce. The Government had issued a proclamation regulating the transportation across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec by the Louisiana Company. The last advices from Yucatan state that Campeachy was still beseiged, and that the inhabitants were suffering severely for the want of provisions.

FROM YUCATAN.—A Mexican vessel, arrived at New Orleans, reports having spoken an armed schooner, in lat. 25° North, which had important news from Yucatan. Sisal had been bombarded and captured by the armed vessel sent out from Campeachy, and was now in the hands of the Revolutionists. No particulars are given, nor further intelligence of the distracted condition of things at the Capital. Campeachy yet held out, but was still, on the 18th ult., sore beseiged by the Government troops, under command of Col. Cepeda.—During the whole of that day until midnight, heavy cannonading was heard both from the works of the town and those of the beseigers.

A LONG-TIME VOTER.—Our venerable friend, ELISHA HOWLAND, of Mechanicsville, notices an item published in the RURAL some time since, stating that a brother editor had given his 54th annual vote last November, and says:—The 23d of last October I was eighty years of age. I gave my first vote at 21, and have voted every year since for National, State, District and County officers. Gave my last vote in November, making 59. Voted for Jefferson, and for every Democratic President since."

FUNNY CONTRETEMPS.—At the late Agricultural Fair at Peoria, the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas heard his name loudly and vociferously called from the Judge's stand. Supposing probably that he was called upon for a speech, he immediately climbed upon the platform, where he ascertained that the call was upon one of his namesakes, to whom the committee had awarded a premium of a silver goblet for being the second best three-year old Durham bull-calf on the ground.

NAVIGATION OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.—During the season of navigation which has just closed, comprising 108 days, the number of steamboat arrivals at St. Paul was 1,026—189 more than last year, notwithstanding the shortness of the season and the depression of business resulting from the financial panic. In 1847 the total number of arrivals was but forty-seven, thus showing a remarkable increase of trade.

The President's Message.

THE First Annual Message of JAMES BUCHANAN is before the country. As a literary production, if we may so speak of it, it is plain and methodical. There is no attempt to embellish with the flowers of rhetoric, nor is effort made, as is too often the case, to cover up with mystification. Its defect is in its diffuseness—the use of too many words for the elucidation of the thought. The manifest destiny of our Presidents, to use a Yankeeism, *is to spread*—the faculty of turning a large amount of clear, white paper into "Pub. Doc's." This infliction, however, can be easily borne.

The financial condition of the country occupies the prominent position in the Message. After a review of the *assets* of the nation, and its ability to meet engagements, the late convulsion is alluded to, its probable effects upon the National Treasury scanned, and a loan proposed for relief. We quote:—"The revenue of the Government, which is chiefly derived from duties on imports from abroad, has been greatly reduced, whilst the appropriations made by Congress at its last session for the current fiscal year are very large in amount. Under these circumstances a loan may be required before the close of your present session."

The Banks come in for some hard blows, and speculators of all descriptions meet with very little mercy at the hands of the President. He says that the financial history of the country for the last fifty years has been one of "extravagant expansions in business, followed by ruinous contractions. At successive intervals the best and most enterprising men have been tempted to their ruin by excessive bank loans of mere credit, exciting them to extravagant importations of foreign goods, wild speculations, and ruinous and demoralizing stock gambling. When the crisis arrives, as arrive it must, the banks can extend no relief to the people. In a vain struggle to redeem their liabilities in specie, they are compelled to contract their loans and their issues; and, at the last, in the hour of distress, when their assistance is most needed, they and their debtors sink together into insolvency."

Our "foreign relations" occupy considerable space, and these are said to be, "upon the whole, in a satisfactory condition." The President goes at length into our connection with Great Britain respecting Central American affairs. This part of the Message is clear and well defined, and will give a good understanding of our relations to Honduras.

Filibustering does not receive Executive sanction. The President considers it both the duty and interest of our Government to cultivate the most friendly relations with the independent Republics of this Continent. Says the Message:—"We can never feel indifferent to their fate, and must always rejoice in their prosperity. Unfortunately, both for them and for us, our example and advice have lost much of their influence, in consequence of the lawless expeditions which have been fitted out against some of them within the limits of our country. Nothing is better calculated to retard our steady material progress, or impair our character as a nation, than the toleration of such enterprises in violation of the law of nations. * * * * Weak and feeble States, like those of Central America, may not feel themselves able to assert and vindicate their rights. The case would be far different if expeditions were set on foot within our own territories to make private war against a powerful nation. If such expeditions were fitted out from abroad against any portion of our own country, to burn down our cities, murder and plunder our people, and usurp our government, we should call any power on earth to the strictest account for not preventing such enormities. * * * * I commend the whole subject to the serious attention of Congress, believing that our duty and our interest, as well as our national character, require that we should adopt such measures as will be effectual in restraining our citizens from committing such outrages."

The "Kansas Difficulties" take up a goodly portion of this document. We cannot enter into any detail of the President's views on this subject; suffice it to say, he still clings to the doctrine that the Constitution as adopted by the Convention at Lecompton, does not need to be presented to the people—that the question of slavery or free-soil is the only direct proposition to be voted for.

In a review of Mormonism and the attitude of its adherents, the President remarks:—"This is the first rebellion that has existed in our Territories; and humanity itself requires that we should put it down in such a manner that it shall be the last. To trifle with it would be to encourage it and render it formidable. We ought to go there with such an imposing force as to convince these deluded people that resistance would be vain, and thus spare the effusion of blood. We can in this manner best convince them that we are their friends, not their enemies."

The subject of a railroad to the Pacific receives attention, and the project the favor of the Administration. Arguing in its favor, the President says:—"The difficulties and the expense of constructing a military railroad to connect our Atlantic and Pacific States have been greatly exaggerated. The distance on the Arizona route near the 32d parallel of north latitude, between the western boundary of Texas on the Rio Grande and the eastern boundary of California on the Colorado, from the best explorations now within our knowledge, does not exceed 470 miles, and the face of the country is, in the main, favorable. For obvious reasons the government ought not to undertake the work itself by means of its own agents. This ought to be committed to other agencies, which Congress might assist either by grants of land or money, or by both, upon such terms and conditions as they may deem most beneficial for the country. Provision might thus be made, not only for the safe, rapid and economical transportation of troops and munitions of war, but also of the public mails.—The commercial interests of the whole country, both East and West, would be greatly promoted by such a road, and above all it would be a powerful addition to the bonds that cement the Union into an imperishable Republic."

CERTAIN persons in Washington have organized a new religious body, under the title of the "Disciples of God." Their ceremonies consist of feet-washing, salutes of brotherly affection, &c.

Reports of the Departments.

WE give below the material points in the Reports of the several Departments of our Government as presented to Congress. Though these are generally composed of dry detail, they furnish the reliable means by which the condition and position of the nation may be ascertained, and to the student of his country's history must prove of value:

WAR DEPARTMENT.

The Secretary reports the posted strength of the army to be 17,984 men, the actual strength on July 1st, being 15,774. They are formed into 10 regiments—10 of infantry, 4 artillery, 2 dragoons, 2 cavalry, and 1 of mounted riflemen. In addition to the movements which the troops have been called on to make this year, this force is called on to garrison 98 permanent forts, and to occupy 70 posts spread over an area of about 3,000 square miles. The Mormon difficulties are reviewed. In the opinion of the Secretary, Brigham Young's proclamation has substantially declared war against the United States; his people refuse supplies to our army there, and stand as lions in the pathway that leads from the Atlantic to the Pacific States. The Secretary recommends an increase of the army by five regiments. The Secretary alludes to defects in the service, recommending that promotion be made a reward of merit. The tone of the rank and file also needs elevation, and the habit of employing soldiers as day laborers is detrimental to the service. In the formation of a railroad between the Pacific and the valley of the Mississippi, he thinks the route by the El Paso will be chosen. The sea-coast defences are gradually but certainly advancing towards completion, and, when finished will constitute a system of maritime defences formidable in extent and of great magnitude. It is considered that the harbor of New York will be impregnable from any attack from the sea when the fortifications now in progress are finished. The remainder of the Report is devoted to the result of experiments on arms, &c.

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

This Report is a long compilation of details in relation to this department. There is little in it of a novel character. The number of post-offices is 27,148. On the 30th of June last, 7,888 mail routes were in operation, with an aggregate length of 243,601 miles; of which 22,530 miles were by railroad, 15,235 by steamboats, and 49,329 by coach. The total annual transportation of mails was 74,906,067 miles, costing $2,622,046. The cost of transportation was relatively as follows:—By railroad, ten cents and five mills per mile; by steamboat, twenty-two cents a mile; by coach, seven cents and four mills a mile. The length of railroad routes has been increased 2,207 miles, and the length of steamboat routes is increased by 294 miles. The number of mail contractors is 8,576. Compared with the service last year, there appears a decrease of 791 miles in the annual transportation, while the cost has increased $120,044. The estimates for 1858 are as follows:—Expenditures, $12,063,246; Revenue, $10,684,074; leaving the sum $1,469,-174 to be appropriated by Congress to defray the expenditures of the coming year.

The ocean mail service is discussed at length. The postages on mails transported by the Collins line during the year, were $210,463 03; previous year, $461,575. The amount of letter postages upon mails exchanged the year with Great Britain, was $874,494; of which $574,194 were collected in the United States. An elaborate tabular statement is furnished, showing excess of British postage collected in this country, of $193,287 last year; a result disadvantageous to the department. The cause lies in the fact that nearly two-thirds of the Trans-Atlantic mails have been conveyed by the Cunard line, the British Government thereby receiving nearly four-fifths of the postage. Negotiations for a radical change are pending.

INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

The whole surface of public domain is stated at 1,450,-000,000 acres, of which 57,442,870 acres have never been offered for sale, and 80,000,000 acres were subject to entry at private sale on the 30th September last. The number of acres thus far sold is 303,862,464; leaving undisposed of 1,086,137,536 acres. Last year 22,859,461 acres of public land were surveyed and reported; 5,300,540 acres were sold for cash; 7,381,010 were located with military warrants, and the railroad grants under the act of March were 5,116,000 acres. The sum received on cash sales was $4,225,968, a falling off of $3,322,145, with a corresponding falling off in the location of lands with warrants of more than 20 per cent. There are 83 organized Land Districts—but none for New Mexico or Utah.

The Indian tribes within our limits now number 325,000 souls. The Indian Bureau is putting forth efforts to induce the savages to take up with fixed habitations, and endeavor to civilize them, as has been done with the Creeks, Choctaws, &c.

The Bureau of Pensions returns a satisfactory account. Up to June, 1857, a total of $61,314,620 in money, and large donations of land had been paid to Revolutionary soldiers or their widows. During the past year 41,482 warrants for bounty lands have been issued, requiring to satisfy them 6,002,120 acres of public land. The number of warrants issued under all the Bounty Land acts of Congress from the Revolutionary war to the present time, is 847,250—requiring 60,704,842 acres of land.

The Patent Office reports that from January 1st to September 30th, 1857, 4,095 applications for patents were received. Eight hundred and twenty caveats were filed, 2,066 patents were issued, and 1,287 applicants were rejected. The receipts of this bureau for three quarters of the year have been $161,415; expenditures, $163,942; excess of expenditures, $2,526. Of the expenditures, $27,939 were made of fees restored to applicants after the examination of their cases. The Secretary censures this practice, and urges the necessity of making the bureau self-sustaining.

THE TREASURY.

The Government spent this last fiscal year, ending June 30th, 1857, ... $70,822,722

On the Civil list,	$27,531,922	
Interior Department,	5,358,274	
War Department,	19,261,774	
Navy Department,	12,726,856	
Public Debt,	5,943,895	$70,822,722

The budget of expenditure for the current fiscal year, to end June 30th, 1858, is made $74,973,058

Actual first quarter,	$23,714,524	
Estimates three quarters,	51,248,650	$74,963,058

The balance in the treasury at the beginning of the year, July 1st, was	$17,710,114
Revenue to 30th Sept.,	20,929,819
Estimated to 30th June,	36,750,000
Total,	$75,389,933

This would leave $426,876, provided the revenue is not over-estimated, nor the expenditure under-rated; to provide against which contingencies and to guard the public credit, the Secretary asks for authority to employ Treasury notes, not to exceed the sum of $20,000,000. The Customs Revenue for the first quarter was $18,573,729.—The Secretary calculates on only $33,000,000 for the remaining nine months. Instead of $221,000,000 in dutiable merchandise for this year, entered for consumption, (as the first quarter would indicate,) he looks for no more than $174,000,000, owing to the recent revulsion. The Land and Miscellaneous revenues of the year he sets down at $6,[illegible]06,690, of which 2,366,[illegible]90 was realized the first quarter.

The Public Debt was reduced on the 1st of July to $29,-060,356. The Department has since purchased $3,895,232, leaving the amount outstanding $25,165,104.

The Department has collected anew the Railway Capital and Debt of the country. These amount in

Capital,	$491,435,661
Debt,	417,248,664
Total,	$908,697,325

The annual income is reported at $48,406,488. Interest on the Debt, $25,093,863.

NAVY DEPARTMENT.

The Report of the Secretary of the Navy gives a full detail of the condition of that Department. The destination of the Naval force during the year is described, also the operation of the vessel charged with assisting in laying the sub-marine cable.

Congress at its last session authorized the enlistment of eight thousand five hundred men for the Navy, instead of seven thousand five hundred, the former limit. This increase enabled the Department to employ more vessels at sea; but the number of marines has not been increased so that guards can be provided for them.

The marine barracks at Boston, Philadelphia and Norfolk, are represented to be contracted and entirely unfit for use; and the Commandant of the Corps recommends that provisions be made to purchase ground and erect suitable buildings at those places.

The estimates for the support of the Navy and Marine Corps, and for all other objects under the control of the Navy Department for the fiscal year, ending June 30th, 1859, are:

For the support of the Navy and Marine Corps,	$9,749,516 01
For special objects,	4,866,783 22
Making	$14,616,299 23

The aggregate estimates for the year, ending June, 1858, were $13,803,212 77, being $813,085 less than the present estimates. This difference is principally caused by estimating $250,000 for the armament of the five new sloops, $350,000 more than last year for building the sloops, and by estimating for provisions and pay for one thousand additional men, authorized by the act of March 3d, 1857.

The expenditures for the year, ending June 30th, 1857, for all purposes under the control of the Department, were $12,632,596 81. Of which $4,353,698 14 being for special objects, the legitimate expenses of the Navy and Marine Corps for that period were $6,288,908 67.

News Clippings.

— Terre Haute, Indiana, has 10,000 inhabitants.

— The small-pox has made its appearance at Utica.

— The bank suspension in this State, lasted fifty-eight days.

— Texas has a school fund of $2,200,000 for 87,000 children.

— German and Italian emigration is said to be on the increase.

— Tennyson, the poet, is said to be a hopeless victim to use of opium.

— The College at Bethany, Va., was destroyed by fire on the 10th inst.

— Charles F. Moring, Hanoverian Consul at Boston, died on the 7th inst.

— Independent State Treasuries are proposed in Georgia, New York and Ohio.

— There were thirteen American whalers at Honolulu on the 5th of October.

— The Pasha of Egypt has ordered 6 silver bedsteads from France—to cost $60,000.

— Hon. Thomas J. Pickens has been elected Comptroller General of South Carolina.

— A Grand Lodge of the I. O. of O. F. has been established in Kansas Territory.

— R. M. Hunter has been re-elected U. S. Senator by the Legislature of Virginia.

— Gen. Von Reyer, Chief of the Grand General Staff of the Prussian army, is dead.

— A Branch Mint of New York will be urged at the present session of Congress.

— The small-pox is alarmingly prevalent in some portions of the city of New York.

— The Methodists, as a denomination, are making war upon the habit of using tobacco.

— Since the 1st of August last, nine thousand persons and firms have failed in this country.

— The bills for the use of the Niagara in attempting to lay the telegraphic cable, are $500,000.

— During nine hours on the 10th inst., 2,201 hogs were killed in the Cincinnati slaughter-house.

— Comptroller Flagg calls for $7,709,282 26 for the expenses of the city of New York for 1858.

— The banks of New York, Boston and Albany, resumed the payment of specie on the 12th inst.

— In the South there are 500,051 rice plantations, which yield an annual revenue of about $4,000,000.

— Hon. Mr. Dodge, our Minister at Madrid, having resigned, will soon return to the United States.

— Peter Parker, late Minister to China, arrived at New York, on the 7th inst., in the steamer Baltic.

— J. M. Calhoun, a nephew of the great Carolinian, has been chosen President of the Alabama Senate.

— It is estimated that Erie Co., Pa., will export this season two hundred thousand dollars worth of fish.

— A horse railroad has been built from Paris to Versailles, which the French call the American railroad.

— Seven newspapers in Minnesota have suspended publication, owing to the tightness of the money market.

— Nine divorces have been granted by the Superior Court, at Bridgeport, Conn., within the past few days.

— Two months ago the stock of the Pennsylvania Bank sold at $113. It is now selling in Philadelphia at $10.

— The severity of the weather has closed the Susquehannah river, between Havre de Grace and Port Deposit.

— The Senatorial branch of the Georgia Legislature have passed the bill legalizing annual sessions by a vote of 71 to 17.

— The subscriptions for the relief of the sufferers in India, have reached an amount considerably over $1,-000,000.

— The Supervisors of Essex Co., N. Y., have paid $686 bounty for 61 bears, three wolves and two panthers, killed last year.

— A famine is apprehended at Turks Island, there not being more than two weeks' provisions there on the 31st of October.

— The whole number of political exiles (adherents of Santa Anna) banished from Mexico by the recent decree, is forty-five.

— A bed of silver ore has been found in Martin Co., Ind. A specimen that was assayed yielded 80 per cent. of silver to 20 of lead.

— The House of Representatives of Missouri has passed a bill legalizing the suspension of banks of that State until Nov. next.

— A singular disease resembling consumption has attacked the deer of Georgia, and they are found dead in great numbers.

— It is estimated that during the last 5 years, emigrants have brought to this country an average of $19,000,000 a year, in specie.

— The will of the late George W. P. Custis, directs that all of his slaves, 200 or 300, shall be set free within the next five years.

— Four sportsmen of Clarksville, Tenn., one day last week, killed 2,000 pigeons at the pigeon roost, 14 miles from that place.

— The Bridgeport Farmer is informed that Gen. Tom Thumb, who is now in France, is dangerously ill, and not expected to live.

— The wife of the Ex-Dictator of Mexico, Santa Anna, is now in Havana, having arrived there on the 25th ult., from St. Thomas.

— Several American whalers had touched at Hakodadi, Japan; and the masters were well pleased with the port and their reception.

— The London General Omnibus Company have taken steps for the introduction of street railways and cars, in place of omnibusses.

— The average salary of the Congregational ministers of New Hampshire, is $561—the highest salary paid $1,500 and the lowest, $300.

— Col. Wm. Turnbull, of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, was found dead in his bed at a hotel at Wilmington, Del., on the 9th inst.

— Preparations are being made by the people in the wheat-growing region of Texas to sow an immense quantity the coming season.

— Viscount Powerscourt, a very rich Irish nobleman, who celebrated his coming of age only a few weeks ago, died on the 8th of Nov.

— There was a destructive fire at Danville, C. W., on the 10th inst. Two grist-mills and a saw-mill burnt. Loss, $30,000. No insurance.

— Boston papers say that specie is unusually abundant, that brokers have no purchasers, as was the case before a suspension of the banks.

— The first train of cars from Savannah arrived at Albany, Ga., on the morning of the 5th inst., over the Georgia and Florida Railroad.

— The Mormon war closes the great thoroughfare to California via South Pass, leaving open only the Southern route along the 32d parallel.

— The City Clerk's office in Portland, Maine, shows 119 publishments of intentions of marriage this year, against 212 at the same time last year.

— St. George Randolph, nephew of John Randolph, of Roanoke, who died in Charlotte Co., Va., on the 4th inst., was the last of the Randolph family.

— Some scamp in Utica, a few nights since, bored into three hogsheads of molasses, which were left on the walk, and the contents all ran into the gutter.

EXCELSIOR—"STILL HIGHER!"

PREMIUM LIST OF

THE RURAL FOR 1857-8.

THE Agents and other ardent and working friends of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER—and all disposed to become such—are referred to the annexed very extraordinary Programme of Premiums for the RURAL CANVASS of 1857–8. Examine it carefully and then decide as to its MERITS.—The Premiums are WORTH CONTENDING FOR, without any other argument than is comprised in their enumeration.—Indeed, we are confident that it is altogether *the Best and most Liberal List of Prizes ever offered by an American Publisher!* It gives EVERY ONE who obtains even a small club some SUBSTANTIAL REWARD for his efforts, and each and all who make exertions in the good cause will be renumerated in proportion to the attention and influence bestowed. First, please read the

CHRISTMAS PRIZES—ALL CASH!

(*Open to Competitors for the April Premiums.*)

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to RURAL NEW-YORKER obtained in any one Township, and sent in or remitted according to our Terms, on or before the 20th day of December, 1857.

SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next largest list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next largest list.
THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next TWENTY lists.

☞ Those competing for the Christmas Prizes will please note that their lists will also be counted for the Grand April Premiums. The Prizes will be announced and paid as soon after Dec. 26 as the result can be ascertained.

GRAND APRIL PREMIUMS!

$310 00.—To the Person obtaining the Largest Number of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER in any one county, and paying therefor according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1858, we will give a Superb **PIANO FORTE**, WITH CORRUGATED SOUNDING BOARD, of the celebrated manufacture of BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO., Albany, the CASH PRICE of which is THREE HUNDRED AND TEN DOLLARS.

$200 00.—To the Person obtaining the next largest number, as above, we will give a PIANO CASE FIVE OCTAVE **MELODEON**, *with Two Banks of Keys*, of the most popular and celebrated manufacture in this country—that of GEO. A. PRINCE & CO., Buffalo,—CASH PRICE, TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

$150 00.—For the next list, we will give a **COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER**, of MANNY'S Patent with WOOD'S Improvement, (which was awarded the Premium as *Best Combined Machine*, at the U. S. Ag. Society's Trial of Implements in July last,)—cash price, ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY FIVE DOLLARS; and $15 in WEBSTER Dictionaries or Ag. Books at cash prices.

$125 00.—For the next largest list, we will give a Mahogany Cased **SEWING MACHINE**, of the very superior manufacture of WHEELER & WILSON, New York—the lowest Cash Price of which is ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

$110 00.—For the next list, a Half Cased WHEELER & WILSON **SEWING MACHINE**,—Cash Price, ONE HUNDRED AND TEN DOLLARS.

$75 00.—For the next list, SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, CASH.
$50 00.—For the next list, FIFTY DOLLARS IN CASH.
$40 00.—For the next list, FORTY DOLLARS IN CASH.
$30 00.—For the next list, THIRTY DOLLARS, CASH.
$20 00.—For the next list, TWENTY DOLLARS, CASH.
$100.—For EACH of the next TEN LISTS, TEN DOLLARS, CASH.

SPLENDID CASH PREMIUMS

FOR LISTS FROM OTHER STATES AND CANADA!

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, IN CASH, for the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, obtained out of the State of New York, and by a resident of the State, Territory or Province from which it is forwarded,—sent in or remitted according to our terms, previous to the 1st of April, 1858.

SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
FIFTY DOLLARS for the next list.
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next list.
TEN DOLLARS for EACH of the next FIVE LISTS.

☞ Competitors for these Premiums *can also compete for both the Grand April and Christmas Premiums!*—Thus *one person* may secure *three prizes*, and if the first in each class, obtain premiums amounting to *over Five Hundred Dollars!*

To give Local Agents and other Friends of the RURAL a fair, equal chance, traveling Agents, Post-riders and citizens of Rochester are excluded from competition for any of the Premiums heretofore enumerated.

☞ All the April Premiums will be announced (in the Rural or a Circular,) and paid to order, as soon after April 1st as the result can be ascertained

Prizes for Each and All—No Blanks!

HAVING RESOLVED TO GIVE EVERY AGENT AND ACTIVE FRIEND a **Benefit**, we offer EACH AND ALL—excepting only successful competitors for Premiums already enumerated—the following extra liberal and

SURE SPECIFIC PREMIUMS!

TEN DOLLARS, IN CASH, to *each person* remitting for SEVENTY-FIVE or more Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of May, 1858.

SEVEN DOLLARS, IN CASH, or Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and $3 in Ag. Books, to every one remitting for SIXTY or more subscribers as above.

FIVE DOLLARS, IN CASH, (or $6 in Agricultural Books,) to every one remitting for FORTY-FIVE or more subscribers.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY,—Lowest cash price, $5—to every one remitting for FORTY or more subscribers.

THREE DOLLARS, IN CASH, for a copy of Webster's Royal Octavo Dictionary, Unabridged in Words, *or*, Sears' Pictorial Family Bible, *or*, $1 in Ag. Books,) to every one remitting for THIRTY or more subscribers.

To every one sending TWENTY-FIVE or more subscribers, we will give two extra copies of the RURAL, and send, post-paid, a Gross of the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN, (a tip-top Steel Pen, such as we use, cash price, $1 50,)—*or*, a handsomely bound volume of the RURAL for 1857, and a gross of W. M. Pens as aforesaid.

To every one sending TWENTY or more subscribers, two extra copies of the RURAL and half a Gross of the above Pens—*or*, a bound volume of the RURAL for 1857 and the Pens.

To every one sending FIFTEEN or more subscribers, an extra copy of the RURAL and a Gross of the above Pens post-paid.

To every one sending TEN or more subscribers, an extra copy of the RURAL and half a Gross of the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN.

To every one sending SIX or more subscribers, an extra copy, *or*, a post-paid Gross of the above Pens.

☞ The Specific Cash Premiums can be retained by those entitled. The Books, Pens, &c., are ready for delivery or mailing to order.

$450,00 MORE, AND EXTRA!

In addition to all other Premiums, both General and Specific, we will give to EACH of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of TWELVE or more Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL, after this date, according to our Terms, a Gross of the WASH. MED. PEN, post-paid.

To EACH of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of TWENTY or more subscribers, as above, we will give a bound Volume of the RURAL for 1857, (cash price, $3,) or, if preferred to the bound RURAL, a gross of the W. M. PEN and a copy of the YEAR BOOK OF AGRICULTURE—both post-paid.

☞ Competitors for these Extra and the above Specific Premiums are not limited to townships, but all subscriptions obtained will be counted on premiums, no matter how widely distributed. To secure Premiums the money must accompany orders, in accordance with our Terms.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. Three Copies one year, for $5—Six Copies for $10—Ten Copies for $15, and any additional number at same rate, ($1,50 per copy.) As we pre-pay American Postage on papers sent to British Provinces, $1,62½ per copy is lowest club price to Canadians. Club papers sent to different post-offices, and names added at any time. ☞ Bills on all solvent Banks in U. S. and Canada taken at par, but Agents will please remit New York, Canada or New England money when convenient. For all amounts over $15, we prefer drafts on New York (less exchange,) where the cost is not greater than last year.

SUCH is our "Still Higher" List,—unequalled in both *number* and *amount* of Premiums. The portion not in Cash is in the best Instruments, Machines, Books, Pens, &c., obtainable, at the lowest Cash Prices,—and they are all such articles as can be sold if not wanted by the persons entitled.

☞ *NOW IS THE TIME FOR ACTION*, as those who commence early will be most successful. Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, &c., furnished free to all disposed to compete for the Premiums, and thus aid in extending the usefulness of the Leading and Largest Circulated RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY WEEKLY. Subscriptions should be properly inclosed, and carefully mailed to

Nov., 1857. **D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.**

Items of News.

LETTERS from Constantinople announce the death of Mrs. Hamlin, wife of Rev. Mr. Hamlin, missionary of the American Board, now stationed at Bebek.

FIRE-PROOF SAFES are now made—so far as the door is concerned, as well as the jambs, lintel and threshold against which it shuts—of soapstone, or other non conducting substance, with air spaces between both the interior and exterior metallic plates and the soapstone, so that at no point shall there be a metallic communication from the outside to the inside of the safe.

REV. DR. CHANDLER, of Greenfield, Mass., in a discourse on the hard times on Thanksgiving day, requested his society to diminish his salary the coming year $100, in view of the hard times. His salary at present is $400.

THERE are seven and a half millions of dollars in the treasury of Cuba, and the Governor-General promises to send the home government twenty millions next year.

THE grape crop in Xeres, Spain, has been wholly destroyed this season. These are the grapes from which sherry wine is manufactured. But the destruction of the grapes will not by any means prevent their manufacture of the wine.

A RECENT attempt was made to rob the treasury of the State of Alabama, but the effort was not successful. The burglars left their auger. So says the Montgomery Mail.

A CORRESPONDENT of Porter's Spirit, writing of horses taking sea-voyages, says that some horses, being unable to vomit, are driven almost to madness by sea-sickness.

THE imports of foreign merchandise at the port of New York for the month of November, were $1,050,585 less than the corresponding month of last year, $4,470,772 more than for the same period of 1855, and $4,786,118 more than for the same month of 1854. By far the larger portion of the receipts were entered directly for warehousing, so that the value thrown upon the market was exceedingly small.

THE Cincinnati Commercial says:—"The destruction of adipose porcine animals in the Queen City about these days is prodigious. Oceans of blood flow down Deer Creek and mingle their crimson hues with the muddy slime of a rising river. At the Cincinnati slaughter house alone no less than 30,175 fat, corn-fed hogs, chiefly from Kentucky and Indiana, have been slaughtered in seventeen working days! That's just 1,764⅞ hogs per diem. Great times for the poor who like ribs and tender loins."

IT appears from the report of the Postmaster General that the New England States show an excess of receipts over expenditures of $178,581 51. In Maine and Vermont there is an excess of excess of expenditures of about $40,000. The excess of receipts in Rhode Island and Connecticut is about the same amount. New Hampshire nearly balances its post-office expenditures by the receipts, while in Massachusetts there is an excess of receipts of $178,649.

PENNSYLVANIA COAL TRADE.—The Philadelphia papers say that notwithstanding the depression of business this year, the amount of coal sent to market from the Pennsylvania regions east of the Alleghanies will reach 7,000,000 tons, valued at the mines at $2 per tun, and from the bituminous region west of the mountains, there will be dug out a million and a half tuns, worth three millions.—So Pennsylvania gets for her coal at the mines, this year $17,000,000, and if the cost paid for transportation when it reaches market is added, it will make an aggregate of $34,000,000.

EARTHQUAKE IN VIRGINIA.—A slight shock of an earthquake was felt in Lewisburg, Greenbrier Co., Va., about 10 o'clock on Thursday night, the 10th inst. The same moment a very large landslide took place on the Greenbrier River, near Edgar's mill. The Chronicle says that the whole end of a mountain gave way and was precipitated into the valley and river below.

LAKE NAVIGATION—THE PROFITS.—The season of navigation about closing, the forwarders and vessel owners are figuring up the profits. One firm in Buffalo announce a net profit of $20 on their vessels, during the season. Another report a still larger sum of $75. Pretty good. There are lots who will have to figure on the other end.

"Rural" Letters from the People.

ANNA D., writing from Acworth, N. H., says:—"I want to thank you every week for the many good things in your paper, and more particularly for the page devoted to the 'Orchard and Garden.' I have a nice yard for flowers and love dearly to work there; and our neighbors are beginning to love it, too, although some of them think it is a poor way to spend our time."

A Geauga Co., Ohio, subscriber and voluntary agent of the RURAL, Mr. G. E. L. WOOD, requests Show-Bills, &c., and adds:—"I expect to increase my list this year, as the RURAL is becoming better known, and it is a good deal like a man's conscience—the more it's used the greater the benefit to mankind. I have taken the RURAL one year, and act from personal knowledge of my 'subject.' I consider it the *first paper* in my list, and the only one that it will do to read *twice*. But there is no necessity for comments."

During the past year large additions have been made to our lists in Canada, and from many subscribers we have received very complimentary letters. M. H. F., of Middlesex, C. W., writes:—"I have recently become a subscriber to your very valuable journal, and received such satisfaction from perusing its pages that I consider it a paper well worthy the attention of every reflecting mind, either young or old. To the young man possessed of an active mind, I deem it valuable, as it tends to encourage and inspire him with principles that may lead him to a hoary head with honor and happiness. To the young man possessed of an inactive mind it is also to be recommended, as the novelty of some of its articles exerts an influence over such a mind that must be productive of great good. To the young lady who is desirous of glancing her eyes over the news of the week it is very interesting, as it contains many facts well worthy of her notice, together with some very edifying miscellany and anecdotes which are well calculated to meet the appreciation of the fairer sex. To the agriculturist it cannot be recommended too highly; it comes holding forth many facts connected with that important science that have hitherto lain dormant to many minds, and which, if practiced, would most unquestionably well remunerate the practitioner. To the witty, again, it presents new queries for the practice of their talents, and to the simple it is wit; summing up all its qualities, it is well calculated to inform the public, and should be a weekly visitor to the fireside of every family."

From California.

BY telegraph from New Orleans, we learn that the Empire City connected at Havana with the Star of the West, from Aspinwall, with the California mails and about two and a quarter millions in treasure for New York. We have the following abstract of her news:

Gen. Walker landed at Punta Arenas, Nicaragua, on the 25th Nov., with 150 men. Not the slightest attempt was made to prevent his landing. The U. S. sloop-of-war Saratoga was lying in the harbor, and the Fashion passed under her stern at full speed, with only ten men on deck. The whole party were landed on Scott's wharf. Walker had in secrecy landed fifty men up the river by other entrances, after making his appearance at Punta Arenas. After landing the expedition, the Fashion took her departure for Aspinwall, where, at the departure of the Star of the West, she was taking coal on board.

Com. Paulding, of the U. S. frigate Wabash, attempted to seize her at Aspinwall, but upon examining her papers, found them correct, and consequently could take no further steps against her.—The British and American naval forces had sailed from Aspinwall for San Juan.

It was supposed that the difficulties between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, alluded to in previous accounts, had been settled without resort to hostile means.

The news from California by this arrival embraces no points of special interest. The public were much excited with regard to the seaworthiness of the Pacific U. S. mail steamers.

THE FRENCH IN THE CRIMEA.—A statement of the casualties in the French army during the Crimean war, just published from the pen of Dr. Scrive, the Physician General to the expedition, shows that the total number of all ranks dispatched from France to the East during this brief contest amount to no fewer than 309,278, and of these as many as 200,000 entered the hospitals of the army for professional treatment at some time or other; and that only one-fourth of the entire number of cases arose from wounds received in action, the rest being due to disease.

ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPA.—The steamship Europa, from Liverpool Nov. 28th, arrived at New York on the 14th inst. The only important item of her intelligence is the following:—"Ministers will on the assemblage of the British Parliament propose the total abolition of the East India Company's government, and the Indian Empire will be brought under the control of the Crown and the Parliament.

YELLOW FEVER IN FLORIDA.—The Pensacola (Fla.) *Observer* announces the prevalence of yellow fever at Milton. Nine deaths had taken place, and new cases were occurring daily. Its appearance there is attributed to the opening of a trunk, which had been closed for some time, belonging to a gentleman who had died with yellow fever.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, Dec. 15, 1857.

BUT little doing in Flour and Grain, with a decline of 25 cts. per barrel in most grades of the former. We quote $6,25 for best brands, but there is one or two "fancys" that for domestic use, will bring 25 cents more. Wheat, Corn and Oats without material change. Barley is dull at 50c. per bushel.

PORK is plenty in the streets this morning and considerable sales are effected without change in rates.

POULTRY—Large quantities are offered to-day and an advance of 1@2 cents per lb is noted.

☞ FARM PRODUCE remains pretty much as last quoted.

HAY has declined somewhat and is still downward in tendency.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Honey, box,	00@1c
Flour, bbl	$4,75@6,25	Candles, box,	12½@13c
Wheat, Gen	$1,10@1,15	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Best white Canada	$1,10@1,15	Apples, bushel	38@50c
Corn	60@70c	Do. dried	$1,00@1,25
Oats	33@34c	Potatoes	38@50c
Barley	50c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	31@34c	Slaughter	4@4½c
Beans	75c@$1,00	Calf	08@10c
Peas	$1,00@1,25	Sheep pelts	00@50c
MEATS.		Lamb do.	00@40c
Pork, Mess	$20,00@21,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do. cwt	$5,50@6,00	Clover, bushel	$6,50@7,00
Beef, ⅌ cwt	$4,50@5,50	Timothy	$3,00@3,75
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,25	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	$5,00	Wood, hard	$4,50@6,00
Hams, smoked	10½@11c	Do. soft	$3,00@4,00
Shoulders	9½@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$7,00@7,00
Chickens	7c	Do. Scranton	$6,00@6,50
Turkeys	8@9c	Do. Blossburg	$5,00@5,60
Geese	33@40c	Do. Shamokin	$6,25@6,75
DAIRY, &c.		Do. Char	00@12½c
Butter, roll	00@16c	Salt, bbl	$0,00@1,45
Do. firkin	14@15c	Hay, ton	$7@10
Cheese	7@8c	Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	11c	White fish, bbl	$9,50
Tallow	10@10½c	Codfish ⅌ quintal	$4,50@4,75
Eggs, dozen	15@16c	Trout, bbl	$9,00

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—Flour—The market is firm. Sales at $4,50@4,60 for common to choice super State; $4,70@4,75 for extra do; $4,80@4,90 for super Western. $4,70@5,50 for common to medium and extra do. Canadian unchanged; sales at $4,55@4,65 for super; and $4,80@5,35 for extra.

GRAIN—Market for wheat dull. Chicago spring 98@100c, with buyers at 95@96c. Sales of fair Milwaukee club at 102@105c; common white Indiana at 115c; red do at 115c and very handsome white Michigan at 140c. Rye dull at 75c delivered.—Barley is nominal at 68@82c. Corn very dull and decidedly lower; sales mixed Western at 70c delivered. Oats are plenty and dull at 44@47c for State and 47@50 for Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork very dull and lower. Sales at $13,75 for mess, and $13,50@14 for prime. Dressed hogs 6½@6¾c with good demand. Lard lower; sales at 10@10½c. Butter in large supply and dull at 11@16c for Ohio; 11@22c for State. Cheese plenty and dull at 6@8c.

BUFFALO, Dec. 14.—There is nothing of any importance doing in any article of produce whatever.

FLOUR—We note sales at $4,37 for superfine Wisconsin to $5 for choice extra Michigan; some small lots at higher figures.

GRAIN—Wheat is quiet and dull. A parcel of Milwaukee club offered at 75c free from store. A small trade only in corn at retail. Oats are dull at 35c at retail from elevator.

ALBANY, Dec. 14.—Flour and Meal—The demand for Flour is moderate, and confined to the wants of the trade for the supply of the East, the river towns and for city consumption. Corn Meal steady.

GRAIN—Wheat is freely offered at previous prices, but we can learn of no sales. Corn very quiet, and Southern yellow was freely offered at 73c; no sales. Barley rules dull and strongly in favor of the buyer of inferior lots but firm for prime samples; sales including two and four-rowed, in car lots, at 65@70c; four-rowed, delivered at Waterford, at 70c; and prime Oneida Co. at 76c. Oats quiet; sales State at 42c, measure, delivered.

HOGS—The supply limited. A few dressed sold at 6@6¼c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9—The Current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—BEEVES—First quality, 10½@11; Ordinary, 10@10½c.; Common, 9½@10c.; Inferior, 8½@9c.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50@65; Ordinary, $40@45; Common, $40@45; Inferior, $25@35

VEAL CALVES—Extra, 6½@7c.; Other qualities, 4½@6c

SHEEP AND LAMBS—First quality, $4,00@5,50; Other qualities, $3@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 4½@5¼c; Other qualities, 4@4½c.

ALBANY, Dec. 14. W. W. Wolford's Bull's Head, Washington Avenue.

BEEF CATTLE—700 at market. Extra $5; First quality $4; Second quality $3,50; Third quality $3

COWS AND CALVES—15 at market. Extra $50; First quality $40; Second quality $30.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—700 at market. Extra $5; First quality $4; Second quality $3; Third quality $2

SWINE—2500 at market. Extra $5; First quality $4,50; Second quality $4.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec 9—At market 1147 Cattle, 980 Beeves, and 137 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,00@7,50; First quality, $6,00@6,50; Second quality, $0,00@5,50; Third quality, $0,00@5,00; Ordinary, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 150@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 50@60.

YEARLINGS—$12@15. Two years old—$20@25. Three years old—$28@32

SHEEP AND LAMBS—800 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,00, $1,75, 2,00 each. Extra and selections, $2,50@3,00.

SWINE—1100 at market. Prices—Live weight, 6½c. ⅌ lb. Dressed, 6½@7c

HIDES—5c. ⅌ lb. Tallow—5c.

PELTS—62@67c each. Calf Skins—9@10c. ⅌ lb.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 10.—At market 1200 Beef Cattle, 200 Stores, 6 pair Working Oxen, 00 Cows and Calves, 2,000 Sheep and Lambs, 800 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $7,75@8,00; First quality, $7,50; Second, $7,00; Third, $6,00; Ordinary, $0,00.

YEARLINGS—$12@14. Two years old—$18@23. Three years old—$25@32.

WORKING OXEN—$90@000.

COWS AND CALVES—$22, 26@31

VEAL CALVES—$3,00, 4,00@6,00

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $3,00@3,50. By lot, $1,00, 1,50@2,00.

SWINE—Pigs 4@6c. Retail, 6½c.

HIDES—5c. ⅌ lb. Tallow—6c. ⅌ lb

PELTS—62@67c. Calf Skins—9@10c. ⅌ lb.

WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9—The market has not yet recovered from its state of lethargy, although there has been considerable more disposition exhibited on the part of manufacturers to purchase, lest the rust should injure their machinery if allowed to lie motionless during a much longer period; but their views are so much below those of most holders and the greater portion of the paper offering is of such a character as to render sellers indifferent about negotiating at present. Small sales of fine Pulled and Native Fleece continue to be made as low as 25@33c, cash. In Foreign nothing has transpired; importers are reluctant to offer their stock 'till prices assume greater stability, and they become sure that all the manufacturers are able to pay their liabilities. We still omit quotations, being altogether nominal.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, Dec. 9—In Fleece and Pulled Wool there have been sales of about 30,000 lbs in small lots, as wanted by manufacturers. Prices are still unsettled and nominal. In Foreign sales of 30 bales Med terranean on private terms. By auction, 120 bales East India, damaged, at 8½@10½c ⅌ lb, 4 mos.

Saxony fleeces	52@57	Smyrna washed	23@31
Am full blood	48@50	Do. unwashed	12@21
½ and ¾ blood	37@45	Buenos Ayres	12@50
Com. to ½ blood	32@35	Mexican	17@19
Pulled, extra	43@45	Chili, Valparaiso	15@40
" super	39@43	Syria washed	25@27
" No. 1	29@35	Do. unwashed	14@16
" No. 2	18@25	Peruv. washed	35@39

MARRIAGES.

OCT 14th, by Rev. S. C. Church, Mr. JUSTUS CONEY, of Pittsford, and Miss R. C. MERWIN, of Stafford.

DEATHS.

IN Penfield, on the 6th instant, ABEL WHALEN, aged 71 years.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-five Cents a Line, EACH insertion—*in advance*. Brief and appropriate announcements preferred, and no Patent Medicine or deceptive advertisements inserted on any conditions. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER largely exceeds that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World—and is from 20,000 to 30,000 *greater* than that of *any other* paper (out of New York city) published in this State or section of the Union.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES Fifty Cents a Line each insertion.

AGENTS WANTED AT A SALARY OF $40 PER month. For particulars, send postage stamp to 415 AGENCY, Woodstock, Ohio.

ANY PERSON WISHING TO BUY, SELL OR EXchange a FARM, will save time and money by addressing U. S. FARM AGENCY, Cincinnati, O.

LAND AGENCY.—Persons seeking a Southern home, would find it their interest to call on me near Fairfax C. H., Va., being Agent for Sale of Farms in this vicinity. Address as above, W. ANSLEY.

THE ORIENTAL HORSE CHARMER, for Taming Keeping and Doctoring Horses and Colts. Only 25 cents, 6 copies for $1. Address C. J. ELDRIDGE, Cincinnati, O. Mailed to every part of the United States.

Do you Want a Western Agricultural Paper?
EMERY'S JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE,
A WEEKLY PAPER,
Devoted to the Interests of Western
Agriculturists, Horticulturists and Mechanics,
Is Such a Paper.
FIRST NUMBER JUST ISSUED.
Regular Issue will commence January 1, 1858.

IT is the aim of the Publishers not only to make a paper that shall interest and profit Western Farmers, Fruit-growers and Mechanics, but one that shall furnish reliable information to the Eastern Man, exhibit the resources of the Great West, and reflect the intelligence and enterprise of its people. Eastern men are anxious to know more of the land that grows glorious harvests, of the treatment of its soil and resources. Multitudes are seeking homes here, that have no practical knowledge of Western farming, and though perhaps good farmers East, are tyros here. such need EMERY'S JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE. It is to be high toned, independent and truthful; subserving the interests of its readers by laboring faithfully to interest, inform and instruct them on all legitimate subjects.

Its MARKET REPORTS will be found reliable.

☞ *SPECIMENS NOW READY—SEND FOR ONE.*

Liberal Premiums offered for Subscribers.

Address EMERY & CO., 204 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Chicago, Dec. 1, 1857

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER,
A RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR FAMILY NEWSPAPER, will commence on the 1st of January next its Thirty-sixth Volume.

It is the Largest Newspaper in the World,
Published Weekly, and devoted to Religious, Literary and Secular Intelligence of every variety. Its Mammoth Sheet is so arranged as to constitute

TWO COMPLETE NEWSPAPERS;

The one Religious and the other Secular, each of which the size of the Rural New-Yorker.

IT IS NOT SECTARIAN IN RELIGION, NOR PARTISAN IN POLITICS,

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Rev. E. H. Chapin, New York.	Nov. 18
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Prof. R. L. Youmans, New York.	Dec. 22
" " "	Dec. 24
M. M. Marble, Esq., Boston.	January 7
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Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WINTER.

Now the white moon shineth coldly
In the azure sky,
And the twinkling stars are gleaming
From their homes on high;
While the fleecy clouds are seeming
Angels, robed in light,
Floating there in glorious beauty,
Guardians of the night.

Now the fierce north wind is shaking
All the leafless trees;
And the drifting snow is making,
Pearly, waving seas.
All the flowers have drooped and faded
In the wintry blast;
For he turned to ice their petals,
Howling as he passed.

But within, the flame is rising
From the friendly hearth,
And we fear not, though the Storm-King
Revels o'er the earth.
Still do we remember, sadly,
Those who houseless roam,
Fain would we conduct each wanderer,
To the joys of home.

And to Him who feeds the raven
Shall our prayers ascend,
To the Father of the orphan,
To the sufferer's Friend.
Grant to their lone hearts the vision
Of a brighter home,
Where with joys forever lasting,
Change shall never come.

Brooks' Grove, N. Y., 1857. A. E. M.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES;

OR, THE OLD MAN'S VOW.

BY LUCY BROWNING.

Chapter I.

It was Christmas Eve. Night settled dimly, then darkly over the highways and byways of the great city. A cold northeastern wind swept furiously by, howling in the chimney-tops, and the snow and sleet were driven against the well protected windows of the opulent, and clicked on the bare and narrow panes of the poor. But it was Christmas Eve, and everybody seemed astir, high and low, bravely breasting the storm, each intent on his own business or pleasure.

The widow Ryan pressed her hands closer to the pane, on either side of her face, to shut out the reflection of the tallow candle that burned dimly on the mantel-shelf, gazed at the dull, leaden mist overhead, at the passers by, and sighed that her own little Willie was forced to go out on such a night as this. She turned her eyes in the direction he had gone, and searched the narrow street, 'till nothing was discernible but the street-lamps glimmering in the distance; but as she turned away, the door opened, and a sprightly, bright-eyed lad of ten years, entered, shook the snow from his brown locks, and holding up a bright tin pail, exclaimed, "See, Ma, Mr. Mills has filled my pail brimming full of milk, and he would not take a penny; he said I might have the pennies for Christmas. Now we need not eat *sop* for supper, but we can have clear milk, you, and Johnny, and Nellie, and I, and all." And the little fellow held the cents above his head, and danced about the room for very joy, while Johnny and Nellie, catching his gleeful spirits jumped up from the corner where they had been playing, clapped their little hands, and shouted and danced about him they knew not why, except that joy had followed Willie in at the door, and taken hold of their little hearts. Thus ever susceptible are childish hearts of the sunshine of life.

A smile played over the careworn features of the widow—a kind of Auroral light that streamed above the dusky horizon of her sorrow—as she witnessed the guileless mirth of her little ones, and with a lighter heart than she had experienced for many a day, she drew the little, round table, to the centre of the room, spread it with a neat, white cloth, bowls and spoons, and proceeded to dip the puffing hominy from the kettle. The humble meal prepared, they gathered around the table a contented group, while hundreds around them, in that great city, sat down to their luxuriously spread boards, in bitter discontent.

Willie then took up the worn Testament, and as usual, read, in a low distinct tone, a chapter from its sacred pages. As he closed the book, a faint rap was heard at the door. The widow hastened to open it, and there, leaning on his staff, with his grey hair streaming in the pitiless wind, stood an old man. She bade him enter, and as he did so, the children looked with wondering eyes, on his bent and shivering form, and tattered clothing, for humble as their circumstances were they were unaccustomed to filth and ragged garments.

After warming himself by their fire, at the widow's request, he drew his chair to the table, and filling his bowl, devoured it eagerly, and filled it again, but looking suddenly around, he pushed it from him, exclaiming, "Good heavens! Hunger and wretchedness have destroyed my reason, or I had never taken food from innocent babes, to prolong my own miserable and worthless existence." And the old man bowed his head and covered his face with his hands. "There is plenty to-night," said Willie, in a tone of pity.

"Yes, there is plenty to-night, and you are welcome, thrice welcome," added the widow, then a dark thought for the morrow flashed across her mind, but it was followed by the memory of the promises, she had just heard read from the Scriptures—"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for by so doing some have ministered unto angels unawares," and, "I will not leave thee nor forsake thee." Again she pressed him to eat, but he moved not.

The meal was finished in silence, the bowls washed and set in a line on the dresser, and Johnny and Nellie undressed, and after lisping their accustomed, "Our Father who art in Heaven," were lain snugly and fondly in the trundle-bed. The widow then drew to one corner of the room, where lay a piece of rag carpeting which her own frugal hands had woven, and which served as a sitting-room, the little old-fashioned stand, and placing the candle on it, sat down in her rush-bottomed rocking-chair, and commenced her stitching, as she was wont to do, day after day, and oftimes night after night.—Still the old man sat motionless, save the heaving of his body, occasioned by his heavy and labored breathing. Willie gazed on him in mute astonishment, while the widow wondered at his strange appearance. At length, tired of concentrating his attention on one object, Willie turned to his chair in the corner, and gathering up a handful of coal, threw it on the fire, and sat down to see the bright, red glow creep over it. Thank Providence! that scanty coal, in the grate of the poverty-stricken, glowed as brightly as if piled lavishly on the grate of the opulent. Almost as bright a glow, overspread Willie's own fair face, as he thrust his hand in his pocket, and felt again the Christmas pennies. Then he fell to musing on the way he would spend them, to-morrow when the sun shone again, and he could go abroad. There were some books at the book store, which he wanted very much, but he needed boots, and he knew that his mother needed better shoes, when she went out in the snow to procure work. These he would buy, and go without the books. But, no! he remembered that he had only *four pennies*, and he needed as many *dollars*. Then, like many restless, dissatisfied spirits, who have possessed an abundance of worldly goods, and yet grown grey in wishing for more, he began to wish he had five, ten, a hundred, then even a *thousand* dollars. But a thought struck Willie; and jumping up and clapping his hands, he exclaimed,

"O, Ma, it is the night for old Santa Claus, who knows but he will put a *thousand dollars* in my stocking to-night, if I hang it up by the chimney. You know he used to fill them full, before pa was gone." Here he softened his tone and with a saddened expression, drew back the faded, calico curtain, and gave a long, searching look up into the black heavens, as if he thought to catch, through the pitchy darkness, a glimpse of that bright angel-land where he believed his father dwelt.

This wild burst of enthusiasm, from the hopeful lad, aroused the old man. He lifted his head and fixed his little grey eyes on Willie, 'till he grew uneasy, and crept to his mother's side.

At length the old man said, "My lad, what is your name?"

"Willie."

"Wille what?"

"Willie Ryan."

"Is it possible! yet I saw ———." Then turning to the widow, he said,

"Your husband's name was ———"

"William Ryan," she replied.

"He died ———"

"For that which he was not guilty of. God knows he was innocent."

Her heart bled anew, at this allusion to the one great sorrow of her life, and tears streamed from her eyes, so that she did not notice the agitation of the old man, who sat, pale and giddy, with both his trembling hands clutching the seat of his chair. "I am a wretched, guilty, old man, but I vow that not another Christmas shall pass over that boy's head, 'till his wishes are fulfilled. No! I *will not die*, 'till I have made some reparation of the great wrong I have committed." As the old man uttered these words, he seized his tattered hat and left the room as fast as his trembling limbs could bear him.

As soon as the widow had recovered from the astonishment into which she was thrown by the strange conduct of the old man, she followed him to the door, peered up and down the street, but saw nothing save the storm and the misty darkness. Closing the door, she resumed her seat, fully persuaded that the old man was crazy; but still, her thoughts would dwell on his words, and she could not resist the conviction, that there was deeper meaning in them than he had confessed.

Chapter II.

The cold, bleak winter passed away, and spring, with her opening buds and smiling skies; and summer came, and wove her flowery chaplet on the orient brow of earth, and pale autumn sounded her melancholy horn over its decay, and it was winter again,—O, how soon to the suffering poor! And all this beauty had bloomed and faded, while the widow Ryan sat day after day, in her little rush-bottomed chair, and stitched away for the bare necessities of life, with no time to gaze on and drink in the refreshing influences of nature, and with one dark, bitter thought, ever gnawing away at the core of her happiness. Again it was Christmas Eve; not bleak and stormy, like a year ago, but the sun sank bright and calm, behind the snow-clad hills, and the full moon threw her dainty effulgence, over the virgin fields, while myriads of stars sparkled in the firmament. Again the widow was sewing by the dim candle light, and she was alone; for Willie had grown weary of watching the fading embers, and hung his stocking beside the others, in the chimney corner, and crept up stairs to his little straw bed.

Mrs. Ryan rose and dropped in each stocking a rosy apple, which she had bought for the occasion, then with busier thoughts, resumed her needle. She was thinking of the crazy old man, who supped with her a year ago, and of the strange vow he made. What invisible, mysterious power, warns us of the approach of others, by placing them in our minds before the form is visible to the outward eye? Is it that the soul spreads around it an extended atmosphere of thought, and when these spheres come in contact, the vibrating thought carries the intelligence? Be that as it may, as has been done before, times without number, the thought was succeeded by the comer. A feeble rattling at the door startled her, and on opening it, lo! there stood the veritable old man, only paler and thinner than a year ago. As the widow led the way into the room, he drew his ragged coat closer around him and shivered perceptibly, then sank into a chair, faint and exhausted. Alarmed at his apparent illness, she assisted him to the bed, and prepared him a cordial, after drinking which, he revived and sat upright.

"Madam," said he, in a feeble tone, "one year ago to-night I partook of your hospitality, and learned that you were the widow of William Ryan, of whose death—I say it to my everlasting misery—I was the means. But sinful as my life has been, God knows I was innocent of any wicked intent toward him. Start not! I speak the truth and if my feeble breath holds out, I will explain all."

Chapter III.

"Early in life, I was left a widower, with a young child—my son and my idol. He inherited my own ardent and impetuous nature, which was aggravated, as years rolled on, by constant indulgence. We had no home, but being possessed of abundant means, wandered about from place to place, as inclination dictated. After years of luxurious ease and wanton dissipation, into which my own reckless habits had drawn my child, we went to the city where your husband died in prison. And *that son* was the one of whom your husband was the supposed murderer. At that time our means were becoming exhausted, and I was looking around for an heiress to become the wife of my son, and thus replenish our wasting fortune. At length I became acquainted with a lady who was in every respect all I could desire, and I doubted not that my son would accede to my propositions; but when I made known to him my wishes, I learned from his own lips the astounding intelligence that he loved and was engaged to a poor but beautiful young lady—the daughter of our washerwoman. You well remember that she was your husband's sister. Disappointed hope and wounded pride swelled my indignation to a fearful height. I stormed and remonstrated, positively forbidding the union, but all was unavailing. The strong *will* I had given him was as inexorable as the opposing passion was terrible.

"Finding that I could not move him from his purpose, I endeavored to calm myself, and mature some plan to thwart his designs. At length I hit upon an expedient which I thought would result in their defeat. That night, when all the inmates of the house were at rest, I stole from my lodgings to the home of the poor washerwoman, aroused her, and told her that I had important intelligence to communicate to her. She dressed hastily and admitted me, and I disclosed my errand. I told her that I had that evening overheard a conversation between my son and some of his associates, and learned, for the first time, that he was paying his addresses to her daughter, but that he did not intend to marry her, only to ruin and forsake her. To corroborate this, I told her that he had recently become acquainted with, and was now engaged to a lady of wealth and position in the city; and that she ought to have foreseen that a union between individuals of so widely different standing in society as my son and her daughter, could never be effected, and to have taken measures to prevent the then existing intimacy between them.—Furthermore, that painful as this disclosure had been to me, I could not rest, knowing, as I did, the character of my son, until I had informed her of the danger impending over her lovely daughter. The poor woman saw the plausibility of my statement, and was almost overwhelmed with grief, by the prospective calamity. She gratefully accepted my advice to leave the city. I left a roll of bank bills to defray their expenses, and, ere another sunset, they had left for parts unknown. Seared as my conscience was, I could not stifle its chidings for the wrong I was committing.

"A few days subsequent, while sitting in my room, I was startled by the report of a pistol in my son's room immediately adjoining. Speechless with horror, I rushed through the door, to behold my son prostrate on the floor a mangled corpse, and your husband standing near with the fatal weapon in his hand. I was distracted; I scarcely knew what I did; but I caused him to be arrested. By this time it was generally known that my son had won, and report said, *deserted* the sister of the prisoner, and this circumstance went far to convince the public that the murder was committed to avenge the injured one.

"The day of his trial arrived; I gave in my testimony against him, and he was convicted and sentenced to death, notwithstanding he persisted in pleading not guilty to the end, stating that the deceased came to his death by his own hand. The result you know.

"From that day, I wandered over the earth a miserable and desolate being for years, earning my bread at the gaming-table. After time had somewhat abated the violence of my anguish, I returned to the city where was enacted the tragedy that had driven me a wreck on the sea of life, to look over and dispose of the effects of my son, which, at my request, had lain unmolested until I called for them. On examining his papers I found a note sealed and directed to myself. I tore it open and read his *guilt*. He had indeed perished by his own hand. Disappointed love had driven him to despair; and a character like his, enervated by years of lawless pleasures, could ill sustain the weight of crushed hopes that doomed him to a life of darkness. Death was preferable, for in death he sought oblivion.

"Words are idle to express the agony that rolled over me as I fully comprehended the extent of the evil I had done. Although the blood of two human beings seemed crying to Heaven against me, still I was conscious that nothing was farther from my heart than taking the life of another. I had not believed my son capable of so strong an attachment, neither had I believed him capable of so dread an act as the destroying of his own life.

"O, that I had found that note ere an innocent man was doomed to the gallows! Gladly would I have ended my life there, even as my son had done, but the dread of a something beyond the grave deterred me."

A long, deep pause ensued, during which the old man seemed lost in painful memories. Very pale and motionless sat the widow, with features chilled almost to rigidness, and cold hands folded across her chest, as she listened to this awful recital.

Then he continued:

"Too late, I felt it was, to serve the unhappy victim, but willing to make all the reparation in my power, I caused the note and attending circumstances to be published in some of the most popular journals of the day, hoping, at least, by removing the stain of *murderer* from his character, to serve his surviving friends; although it should cast a blemish on the memory of an idolized son. From this time, reckless and absent-minded, my success at the gaming-table was lost, and at last, reduced to a penniless vagrant, I wandered from door to door to beg my daily bread.—Thus I came to your door a year ago, half-famished and half-frozen, and laid me down to die; but it was hard to perish on the cold, snowy ground, and tempted by the kindly voices within, and the words of charity read from that *sacred book*, I entered. Fancying that I saw in your son the likeness of him whom I had supposed a murderer, I was prompted to inquire his name. When I learned that you were, indeed, the widow of him whom in my indiscretion I had so deeply wronged, my heart was pierced to the quick, and I resolved to devote my few remaining days to your comfort. In my excitement I forgot that the infirmities of age had settled upon me, and thought yet to raise you to affluence in expiation of my crimes. You well remember the strange vow I made, and doubtless thought me bereft of my reason, but it was the first sane act of my life. Thank God! I am here to-night to fulfill that vow."

Here he took from a worn purse a handful of shining gold and proffered it to the widow, who refused to take it, saying he had greater need of it himself.

He replied—"My hours are few, and here must they end, for my feeble limbs will refuse to carry me away. Worldly goods I need no more. Take this for the boy, and let me feel that my wasted life was crowned at last by one act of justice. It is no *more*—no! not *that*—it is but an atom in the balance against the weight of desolation I have brought upon you and yours."

He paused, overcome with emotion, and the widow's icy face melted into tears.

Recovering himself, he added—"One word more and I am done. Hear me, for it will take from this weight that bears my spirit down, down, down. The manner in which I got that gold. God will forgive the *means*, for the *end* was a righteous one. The night I left you I battled the storm bravely, for the indomitable will of my early years was bearing me up, and the morning found me in a distant part of the city seeking opportunity to carry out the plans I had formed. Day after day, week after week, and month after month I sought in vain, but at last it came. O, Heaven! the opportunity came, and I seized it. It was at a Menagerie. I saw a gentleman buy his ticket and pay from a well-filled purse. I knew he did not need it. He was rich. His dress, the massy chain he wore, his very *manner* betrayed his wealth. I followed him as he entered the crowd, and when none could see, I slipped my hand in his pocket, withdrew the purse—O, how softly!—it seemed as if a demon was helping me—and placed it in my own. I turned from the crowd, slowly and feebly, that none might suspect my guilt. Many a pitying glance rested on me, as I threaded my path away. Ah! little they dreamed it was a *fiend* they pitied! The wind fluttered the loose rags on my coat, but there was *gold* beneath, and I could fulfill my vow."

An unwonted brilliancy shot athwart the old man's face as he concluded his story and placed the purse in the widow's hands. It dropped to the floor, and "polluted" escaped from her lips. A cold gust swept through the room, and as she turned to see from whence it came, she started to see a tall, thin man, plainly dressed, standing in the door-way. He advanced toward them, turned back the collar of his coat, took off his hat, and brushed back the long, black curls, without speaking. The old man passed his hand across his eyes, as if to shut out a painful vision, dropped it at his side, and sank back upon his pillow.

The widow shrieked and fell fainting in the arms of the stranger. Applying restoratives, she soon awoke to consciousness and inexpressible happiness, but the old man slept the sleep that knows no waking.

William Ryan had indeed returned, not from the dead, but from a far distant clime, where the past five years of his life had been spent, a dreary waste, unrefreshed by one oasis of pleasure. At the time of the murder with which he was charged, he was standing in the hall near the door of the room where the suicide was committed. On hearing the report of the pistol, he rushed in and seized it from the hand of the guilty man, but it was too late to save him. The weapon had done its fatal work. After his conviction, among those who knew the worth and integrity of his character, and discredited the evidence against him, were his jailor and a few other men of wealth and influence, who, a few days previous to that fixed for his execution, procured a wax figure, and placing it in a coffin, had it conveyed secretly to his dungeon-cell, while he was released, disguised and with an assumed name, took passage for the Indies. It was rumored that he had died of an infectious disease, then prevailing to a great extent in the prison, and, as all feared the contagion, not even Mrs. Ryan was allowed to look on the supposed remains, which were hurriedly buried.

Soon after this Mrs. Ryan removed to a distant city, and when it was thought proper to inform her that he still lived, no trace of her could be found. Thus time rolled on, and the event had ceased to agitate the public mind, when the matter the old man had published re-awakened the excitement and public sympathy, but all had failed to reach the widow in her solitary home.

His friends then wrote him that he might safely return to his native land, and like one who is suddenly awakened from a dark and terrible dream, he set sail for his home. After spending weeks and weeks in wandering from place to place in search of his family, he at last came to this city and, by the aid of a directory, was led to the loved and lost of former years.

The next day there was rejoicing in that humble home, notwithstanding the stiffened corse of the old man lay beneath the roof. At sunset his remains were decently interred, and an humble marble slab marks the place of his reposing.

A few days afterwards the cheerless rooms were exchanged for a neat cottage in the suburbs of the city, where peace and plenty still reigns over its grateful occupants.

The ill-gotten contents of the old man's purse were scattered in charity among the suffering poor, for the upright cottagers scorned to use the price of an erring soul—nor did they longer need it, for the banishment of William Ryan had been crowned with abundant earthly goods.

Hubbbardston, Mass., 1857.

Great souls attract calamity as mountains the thunder cloud; but while the storm burns upon them, they are the protection of the plain beneath. —*Jean Paul.*

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PRIZE ENIGMA.

I am a couplet of 35 letters.
My "feet" fast locked in my story's fetters,
To solve me, my parts must be inspected,
And thus to view, my whole subjected.

35, 22, 3 I limit nouns, and define their bounds.
9, 11, 9, 18 A noisy strutting warden that scratches in the garden.
9, 19, 10, 12, 7 Plagues at best; the farmer's pest.
25, 35 Preceded by 9, I am made feline.
14, 11, 13, 4, I come with the sun; but am gone in the noon.
34, 10, I fulfill my mission as a preposition.
13, 19, 31, 29, 23, A harbinger am I, and rapidly I fly.
27, 22, 20, Though but a particle, I'm an useful article.
23, 16, 12, 8, Daily visits I pay, but neither night nor day.
35, 22, 17, 4, An adverb of time, with a biped I rhyme.
23, 3, 7, 9, 21, 15, 6, 33, A certain motive I express, what I am you *sure can guess.*
28, 19, 11, 26, I render assistance, to indicate distance.
1, 5, 32, A pronoun am I, which you can supply.
13, 10, 11, 7, 27, A place of rest, for bird, not beast,
34, 11, Though in size diminutive, I'm before the infinitive.
32, 3, 30, 19, 9, 22, Whatever I'm took for, I mean to "look for."
28, 10, 13, I'm a preposition, denoting transition.
22, 24, 7, A pronoun possessive, of property expressive.
35, 11, 2, 33, 34, an article of food, both healthy and good.

My parts being scanned,
My whole will stand,
A picture of sorry confusion,
But the figures below
A secret will show
Which will lead to a proper conclusion.

25, 29, 27, 3, 13, 4, 31, 35, 5, 10, 16, 11, 28, 29, 17, 35, 34, 20, 19, 7, 12, 24, 29, 29, 13, 3, 8, 23, 27, 22, 17, 28, 20, 27, 35, 3, 13, 32. H. M Ayres.

Elmira, N. Y., 1857.

Answer in two weeks. We will send the Rural three months (from Jan. to April, 1858,) to each of the first four persons, (out of this city,) sending a correct solution of the above Enigma.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of eight letters.
My 5, 8, 7, 4 often occurs between wives in curl-papers and *pouts*, and husbands in untwisted moustaches and *frets*.
My 1, 6, 4 uses glasses which have the effect of producing red circles round the eyes.
My 5, 7, 8 when reduced to a proper consistency is sweet as any "lassies" ever seen.
My 2, 7, 4 when rightly cultivated is conducive to spirit in horses, but in a wild state is very injurious to young people.
My 3, 6, 8 is a creature which carries its brains in the shape of a hairy appendage on the upper lip.
My whole is an article manufactured and used to a great extent by housewives, clerks in dry goods stores, and venders of "Irish linen," while it is indispensable to the right getting up of a *flirtation* "by the light o' the moon."

Charlotte Centre, N. Y., 1857. Ellen C. Lake.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

A man had an acre of ground in the form of a circle. He wishes to lay off 3=circles within—tangent to each other, and tangent to the circumference. What is the diameter of each circle.—L. Cudebec, *Angelica, N. Y.*, 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

THE WAY TO EMINENCE.

"That which other folks can do,
Why, with patience, may not you."

Long ago a little boy was entered at Harrow school. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of previous instruction, denied to him. His master chid him for his dullness, and all his efforts then could not raise him from the lowest place on the form. But, nothing daunted, he procured the grammars and other elementary books which his class-fellow had gone through in previous terms. He devoted the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep, to the mastering of these; till, in a few weeks, he gradually began to rise, and it was not long till he shot far ahead of all his companions, and became not only leader of the division, but the pride of Harrow. You may see the statue of that boy, whose career began with this fit of energetic application, in St. Paul's cathedral; for he lived to be the greatest oriental scholar of modern Europe—it was Sir William Jones.

When young scholars see the lofty pinnacle of attainment on which that name is now reposing, they feel as if it had been created there, rather than had traveled thither. No such thing. The most illustrious in the annals of philosophy once knew no more than the most illiterate now do.—And how did he arrive at his peerless dignity?—By dint of diligence; by downright pains-taking. *Life in Earnest.*

Answers to Enigmas, &c., in No. 414.

Answer to Enigma:—Law without justice is as a wound without a cure.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LEADING WEEKLY

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Advertising—Brief and appropriate advertisements will be inserted at 25 cents a line, each insertion, payable in advance. Our rule is to give no advertisement, unless very brief, more than four consecutive insertions. Patent Medicines, &c., are not advertised in the Rural on any conditions.

☞ Any person so disposed can act as local agent for the Rural, and all who do so will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Mechanical, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other Journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL in America.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR AND VOLUME.

THIS number adds Finis to the Eighth Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, closing our engagements with nearly forty thousand of its supporters—all whose subscriptions expire with the year. During the twelve-month in which the fifty-two numbers of the volume have been prepared and issued, we have conscientiously sought to discharge aright our duty to individual readers, families and community. Our constant and earnest aim has been to render the paper eminently Instructive, Useful and Entertaining—to enhance, so far as in our power, the Physical Interests, and promote the Home Happiness of all its readers—without misleading the judgment, injuring the morals, or vitiating the taste of a single individual. How well we have succeeded in this honest endeavor, the discriminating reader can best determine.—We trust, however, that whatever errors have been committed will be regarded in their true light—as those of the head or judgment rather than of the heart or intention—and that they are not considered of such magnitude or importance as to induce any right-thinking and reasonably charitable individual to banish the RURAL from his home and family. Be that as it may, we submit the results of a year's earnest and untiring labor in the confident belief that the decision of a tribunal which we have ever found just and discriminating, will be alike charitable and favorable.

The thousands of friends who have borne us company from the commencement of this journal, know that we have spared no reasonable effort or expense to annually improve it in both manner and matter, and to make it, continuously, a high-toned and progressive, as well as eminently Practical, Useful and Instructive, RURAL, LITERARY and FAMILY NEWSPAPER. That far more labor and expense have been bestowed upon the present than any preceding volume of the RURAL, must be evident on examination and comparison, and we trust its interest and value have been correspondingly augmented. The small, though bold and readable type used, has enabled us to give from one-third to one-half more reading matter than in either of the early volumes—so that, estimating the *quantity* only, our subscribers receive a full equivalent for their investment. The Agricultural Department comprises a large amount of practical, timely and important information—as much as ordinarily given in from four to six books which cost as many dollars—while we think the *quality* not inferior, to say the least, to that of most works on Rural Subjects. The page devoted to Horticulture, Domestic Economy, &c., has alone contained more reading than two such volumes as BARRY'S "Fruit Garden," while the quality and value of the matter given has not been surpassed by that of any other journal. The departments named above—occupying the first three pages of each of the fifty-one numbers already issued—alone contain *over Two Thousand distinct Articles*, mostly on subjects of direct interest and value to Ruralists, and worthy of preservation for future reference, as will be seen by consulting the ample Index given in our present number. The first cost of the *matter* alone has been greater than book publishers usually pay for the copyright of half a dozen volumes which sell at a dollar each—and it ought to be *worth more*, for we have employed the best talent in the land, and paid from ten to thirty dollars each for many articles. The Literary, Miscellaneous and News departments of the RURAL have also required far more labor and expense than heretofore—more indeed than is usually bestowed upon two or three ordinary journals, to say nothing of the "dollar papers" or like cheap (?) reprints of daily or other sheets. Our illustrations have likewise been more numerous and costly than in any preceding year—the number of engravings in this volume being about *three hundred and fifty!*

—We refer to these business-like items and matters as pertinent to the occasion: moreover we desire to show any and all who may be interested that it requires great labor and expense to combine, in one sheet, an AGRICULTURAL, a HORTICULTURAL, a LITERARY, FAMILY, and NEWS Paper—and hence, that the RURAL cannot and will not enter the arena of competition, *in price*, with papers which are actually published at less than one-third or one-half the labor and expense to which we are subjected, whatever may be their *size* or however extravagant their pretensions. Our aim is to excel in quality and value, and to furnish a paper worth far more than its subscription price to any one interested in its subjects and objects—such an one as shall prove a welcome, useful and entertaining visitor to any family in the land to whom it may be introduced.

But, great as have been and will continue to be our efforts and expenditures, they have been and are being widely and largely appreciated—for many thousand subscribers have been added to our list during the year, and we never closed a volume with better prospects for the future, the "hard times" to the contrary notwithstanding. From all parts of the land, near and distant—East and West, North and South—and from residents of both Town and Country, we are daily receiving the most flattering and substantial indications that the RURAL is highly appreciated, and will attain increased circulation and usefulness. Indeed, by the proper use of Mind and Money, and the generous influence of its friends, the RURAL NEW-YORKER has become an "institution" which is recognized and patronized by thousands who formerly supposed that the great cities—such as New York, Philadelphia and Boston—were the *only producers* of influential and widely-circulated Newspapers. The simple fact, however, that the RURAL has a far larger subscription than any Agricultural, Religious, or, (with a single exception) Political weekly published in said emporiums, conclusively proves that the Atlantic seaboard does not comprise ALL the parts in the great Ocean of American Journalism.

As to the Future of the RURAL, we have little to say in addition to what has been already announced. We hope to make it more than equal to what it has been in the past. Our arrangements for the ensuing year are ample, and, with abundant facilities, augmented experience, and as ardent a desire to progress, improve and EXCEL as ever before, we are confident of rendering the Ninth Volume superior to either of its predecessors in both Contents and Appearance. With the continued assistance of our capable and efficient office Associates—Messrs. KENNEDY and VICK—and that of most of our present corps of able and talented Special Contributors, (with others recently engaged,) and hundreds of practical and experienced Correspondents, the Conducting Editor believes that the contents of the new volume will manifest the true spirit of "Progress and Improvement." In Appearance, also, we hope to make some progress. With an entire new dress, comprising some changes which are regarded as improvements, we trust the RURAL will appear more beautiful and attractive than ever before.

—Before closing this finality for the year 1857, we wish to tender profound and grateful acknowledgments to each and all who have in any manner contributed to the extraordinary success, influence and usefulness of this journal. Without saying farewell to any,—for we hope to continue a welcome and instructive visitor to the same firesides for months and years,—we cordially trust all our readers may close the year prosperously, enjoying a "Merry Christmas" and truly "Happy New Year."

THE CHESS QUESTION.—During the past few months we have been *favored* with sundry articles on this "vexed question"—some of which were able and from reliable sources, and others anonymous—but as we could not find room for a discussion which would be tedious to many of our readers, and perhaps unsatisfactory to more, we have published none. This explanation is due those who have written on the subject. The Canada gentlemen who sent us an anonymous article on Chess—and then wrote anonymously complaining of its non-publication—is respectfully informed that we rarely read, and much more rarely publish, any article from an unknown source.

CARROTS IN SUCCESSION.—In some parts of Massachusetts, four or five successive crops of carrots are taken from the same land, without a diminished product. The editor of the New England Farmer says he has raised four successive crops, with a gradual increase. All crops must exhaust land more or less, unless a part or all is left on the land; but in this instance, it appears that the annual manuring imparted more fertility than the crop took away.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

WE have a few inquiries on hand, some of which we propose to answer in this, the last number of the present volume. We hope our friends who desire information on any particular subject will have no delicacy about troubling us with inquiries, as we always feel a pleasure in answering, as far as possible, or in publishing them, to be answered by our numerous intelligent and practical correspondents, as may in our judgment be best calculated to draw out facts. In this way a great amount of information is elicited on various important questions, which otherwise might never be known beyond the discoverer and a narrow circle of friends. A question asked and answered not only benefits the inquirer, but in many cases conveys information needed by hundreds and thousands of others. On some subjects the experience of others may differ from our own, or, some one may have learned facts unknown to us; in all such cases we shall be happy to receive and publish all the light that can be given on the various questions discussed. In the field of agricultural knowledge we are all learners and all teachers. There is no practical, thinking, observing man but learns something every year that he can teach others to their advantage. There is no one so wise but he may learn even from the humblest. To this department we design to give especial attention the coming year, and we ask all our readers, in their zeal in obtaining knowledge not to forget to impart it to others. In this way, we can help each other on.

GAS TAR AND GRAVEL FOR ROOFS AND WALKS.

EDS. RURAL:—Can gas tar be used successfully, mixed with sand, for coating and making tight matched pine roofs? Report says that it is thus used, also for gravel roofs and sidewalks. Will you instruct your readers how to prepare this article for use for the purpose first named? —H. J. F., *Palmyra, N. Y.*, 1857.

A composition of gas tar and some other material, probably pitch, is used for roofing. Sheets of coarse, heavy paper are first saturated with the composition in a warm state, and allowed to cool. The roof is then given a coating of the mixture hot, and the sheets of paper are laid on, overlapping each other a little. This, of course, secures them firmly to the roof boards. Another dressing of the mixture is then given hot, and the whole covered with a couple of inches of clean gravel, such as is used for garden walks. We have never known tar alone used for this purpose. A mixture of gas tar and gravel makes a hard, durable walk, and is particularly desirable for paths on uneven ground, where in heavy showers the gravel alone would be washed away. We have seen many plans adopted for preventing the washing of garden walks, without success, but we have never known this to fail. Pour the tar on the heap of gravel, mix it and lay it with the spade like mortar. It does not make a handsome looking walk, as the tar shows black, but in most cases it may be kept covered with an inch or so of gravel.

FOWLS.

EDITOR RURAL:—Will you, or some correspondent of the *Rural*, communicate through your paper answers to the following questions:—1. How many hens may profitably be kept in a single apartment and yard? To get the greatest amount of eggs, should they have constant access to their food during the entire year?

Please give a plan for a hen house that shall be most convenient for procuring eggs and disturb the hens the least.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Parish, N. Y., Oct*, 1856.

1. With all necessary arrangements for ventilation, cleanliness, &c., with sufficient yard room, we do not know why the number of fowls should be limited any more than sheep or cows. For want of proper accommodation when a great number are kept together, they generally become diseased, disturb each other's nests, and broils and fights are the result, very annoying no doubt to the fowls, and unprofitable to the keeper. Those who keep a dozen or two of hens generally get more eggs and chickens than those who keep twice that number. 2. With proper conveniences for feeding, so that it will not be wasted, it is well to keep both food and water where the fowls can have access to it at all times. Otherwise we should prefer to feed them well twice a-day. We have already given several plans for poultry houses the present year. The principal points to be considered in the construction of a house is thorough ventilation, ease of cleaning, and a good window for light and sunshine in the winter, when the fowls are confined by storms to the house. Each building should have three apartments, for roosting, laying and feeding. The feeding apartment it is not necessary to make large.

MESSRS EDITORS:—Can you inform me, through the RURAL, where I can purchase a pair of the "Sebright Bantam Fowls" and the price?—H. E. S., *Youngstown, N. Y., Nov*, 1857.

The Sebright Bantams which received the premium at the last State Fair at Buffalo, were shown by D. S. HEFFRON, of Utica. There are doubtless plenty for sale, but we have not seen any advertised lately.

EDS. RURAL:—I should like to ask, through the RURAL, if some one of the readers of your useful paper can inform me where I can obtain a pair of pure blooded Chinese Albin Game Fowls, and the price per pair?—J. C. V. R., *Dexter, Washtenaw Co., Mich., Dec.*, 1857.

We know nothing of a game fowl by this name. We did think we were pretty well posted in regard to fowls, but must acknowledge that our Michigan friend has got entirely the start of us.

EDS. RURAL:—A disease is now raging among the cattle in this section of the country called the Bloody Murrain. Its principal victims are the spring calves. Any information respecting the cause and treatment of this disease will be thankfully received by the farmers.—J. D., *Root, N. Y., Dec.*, 1857.

We hope some of our readers will give us the benefit of their experience, in the treatment of this disease. In the meantime we give the following from *Youatt's Diseases of Cattle*. "The early stage of murrain is one of fever, and the treatment should correspond with this—bleeding. Physic should be cautiously yet not timorously resorted to. Small doses of purgative medicine, with more of the aromatic than we generally add, will be serviceable, effecting the present purpose, and not hastening or increasing the debility which generally is at hand; but if the bowels be sufficiently open, or diarrhœa should threaten, and yet symptoms of fever should be apparent, no purgative must be given, but the sedatives should be mingled with some vegetable tonic. The peculiar fetid diarrhœa must be met with astringents, mingled also with vegetable tonics. In combating the pustular and sloughing gangrenous stage, the chloride of lime will be the best external application; while a little of it administered with the other medicines inwardly may possibly lessen the tendency to general decomposition. The external application of it should not be confined to the ulcerated parts alone, but it should be plentifully sprinkled over and about the beast; and the infected animal should be immediately removed from the sound ones. For a drink, take sweet spirits of nitre, half an once; laudanum, half an ounce; chloride of lime, in powder, two ounces; prepared chalk, an ounce. Rub them well together, and give them with a pint of warm gruel. This may be repeated every six hours, until the purging is considerably abated; but should not be continued until it has quite stopped."

SHEPHERDS' DOGS.

EDS. RURAL:—What is the best breed of *Shepherds' Dogs*? Would they be of sufficient advantage in this country to pay for their importation, keep, &c.? I have thought that if they were adapted to our country they would have been more generally introduced.—MERINO, *Steuben Co., N. Y.*, 1857.

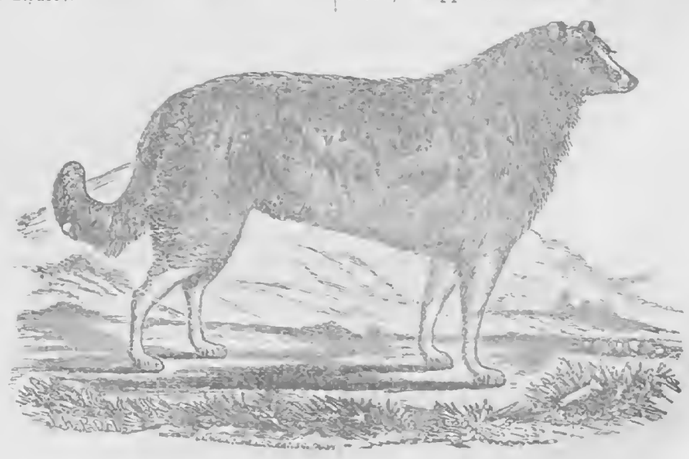
SCOTCH SHEEP DOG OR COLLEY.

There are several breeds of Sheep Dogs, each of which are particularly prized in their native homes, and are considered superior to all others, possessing as they do some quality that especially fits them for service in their respective countries. The *Spanish Sheep Dog* is a large and powerful animal, invaluable for guarding the migratory flocks of that country from the attacks of wolves which he will attack without fear and destroy with ease. Several of these have been brought to this country with Spanish sheep. One was sent to FRANCIS ROTCH, Esq., of this State, but was shot a few years afterwards for an attack upon a person who had foolishly affronted him, by striking him with a whip. The *Mexican Sheep Dog* is a very powerful and sagacious animal, and an American traveler observes—"I have often thought when observing the sagacity of this animal, that if very many of the human race possessed one-half of the power of inductive reasoning that *seems* to be the gift of this animal, that it would be far better for themselves and their fellow creatures."

The *English Sheep Dog* is smaller than the preceding, but equally sagacious, and valuable either for the drovers or shepherds. Mr. COLMAN says—"These dogs appear endowed with a sagacity almost human, and almost to know every individual belonging to their charge. They are sure, with an inflexible pertinacity, to bring back a deserter to the flock." The *Scotch Sheep Dog*, or *Colley*, is smaller than the English, light, active and sagacious, and admits of no superior. Of this animal we give an engraving taken from an English work, and also a correct likeness of a thorough-bred *Scotch Shepherd Dog*, "SWEEP," which was owned a year or two since by a gentleman of Cayuga Co., in this State. He is a full blood descendant of the celebrated dogs sent to this country from Scotland, as a present to Gen. BONAPARTE, of New Jersey.

There can be no doubt, but well bred and trained Sheep Dogs would be of great value in many, and indeed, in almost all parts of the country.—But they should be of the right kind.

In regard to the training of dogs we have but little experience. Some men have a particular faculty for teaching all kinds of dumb animals. If the trainer had one good old dog, there would be no difficulty in learning a score of young ones. But the Shepherd Dog requires but little teaching. He seems to be born for his work, and to be guided by instinct. On this point BUFFON says—"If we consider that this animal, notwithstanding his ugliness, and his wild and melancholy look—is superior in instinct to all others; that he has a decided character in which *education has comparatively little share*: that he is the only animal born perfectly trained for the service of others; that, guided by natural powers alone, he applies himself to the care of our flocks



SCOTCH SHEEP DOG "SWEEP."

EDS. RURAL:—Will you or your correspondents please inform me, through your paper, or otherwise, the best method of training a Shepherd's Dog to watch and drive sheep? I have a Shepherd puppy about four months old, which I wish to train for that purpose; as I have also a large flock of sheep. I have kept him in his kennel most of the time.—C. A. H., *Maine, Cook Co., Ill.*, 1857.

a duty which he executes with singular assiduity, vigilance and fidelity; that he conducts them with an admirable intelligence, which is a part and portion of himself; that his sagacity astonishes at the same time that it gives repose to his master, while it requires great time and trouble to instruct other dogs for the purposes to which they are destined; if we reflect on these facts, we shall be confirmed in the opinion that the shepherd's dog is the true dog of Nature, the stock and model of the whole species."

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DECEMBER TWILIGHT.

Down to the fiery West,
Like some great, glorious spirit in its flight,
To the celestial islands of the bless'd,
Through fields of living light,

The King of Day has gone,
And o'er the long, low, frowning battlement
Of clouds, his beams, like flaming arrows thrown,
Blaze in the boundless firmament.

Faint in the fading light,
The modest moon, as a sweet smiling bride,
Looks gently down, while Jupiter most bright
Stands gleaming at her side.

The great change still goes on!
Softly through the gathering shadows dim,
The twilight dews are gently stealing down,
Singing their evening hymn.

From the dark Eastern sky
The glittering army of the stars march forth,
While bright, armorial banners gleaming fly
Far to the frigid North.

Grandly along the aisle
Of mystic shades great Orion takes his way,
And the bright Sister Pleiads gently smile
Through the dim twilight gray.

The busy day is done!
Silently, sadly o'er the winter world,
The shades of night are sinking one by one,
And darkness is unfurled.

Ogdensburgh, 1857. E. C. J.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

How bright and beautiful they are. The brightest red, the softest, and yet the most brilliant yellow, blended together, and quivering in the sunlight, as the gentle breezes loiter among them. How our hearts flutter as we gaze on them. Like bright visions of happiness, they dance before our eyes in very glee, but just as our dreams are about to be realized, the vision vanishes, the leaf falls. Beauty soon fades; sombre shades will gather over them now, and they will be trodden under foot as things that were. Marks of dissolution and decay appear, and the thing of beauty is a shapeless mass.

Spring, with its first bright offerings, its tender buds and delicate flowers, its bright green leaves and gurgling streamlets, is beautiful. The air, vocal with bird music, invigorates us, stirs up the latent energies, and prepares us for the sterner realities of life. Joyousness reigns everywhere, and we feel that we can lay aside the ponderous weight of care that rests upon us, and go out like lambs and play.

Summer, warm sultry Summer, laden with dreamy quietness, comes ushered in with dark rich flowers, and its stately forest trees are dressed in living colors, so noble, that the heart instinctively pays homage at their shrine. Ere long the bright beauty of the young grain is being exchanged for a richer golden robe, growing darker and more lovely as age advances, until the reaper comes with sharpened sickle, and cuts it down.—Summer, too, is beautiful.

But Autumn, decked with radiant forest leaves, and groaning under the weight of luscious fruits is the season we love. Come in the morning, when the clear blue heavens are smiling above us, and not a cloud casts its shadow on the earth, white with the glittering forms of frost work, and see the sun rise. Were it possible to view this for the first time when youth's vernal blossoms are budding into manhood, we should imagine ourselves transported to fairy land. On every quivering leaf sparkle myriads of diamonds, and here and there, where the spider has built his home, you will find shining pearls, woven in his meshes, more beautiful than those that lie encased in gold, waiting for wealth to bring them forth. While gazing, we almost forget life, with its bustling business.—This is sort of a dreamy pastime which we enjoy, but why, we cannot tell. Bright season of joy.—The sparkling waters that bubble and foam in the heart, and cleanse it of its impurities, irradiate the countenance also, and come forth, often in a joyous laugh, while the eyes, those windows of the soul, sparkle with delight. But alas! it cannot last. Winter comes with his pelting hail, and his tightening frosts, and nips the buds of beauty ere they had blossomed. The bloom of health is fading from the cheek, and age comes creeping on, taking "a tooth or golden lock" that beauty fain would keep. Then will the silent influence of the departing be exerted over the young. And though the body may have crumbled into dust, there are those left to record their kind and noble deeds, and to practice their virtue.

December, 1857. MRS. MINNIE WELDON.

AUTUMN LEAVES.—Autumn leaves by millions rotting in heaps unheeded, and yet each one a microscopic wonder of contrivance. And this snow-wreath that half envelops them, made up of myriads of crystals, melting while I look at them. What an utter waste they seem! Wisdom and beauty flung wholesale into the pit of corruption. Until the day of resurrection, we shall never comprehend this melancholy mystery. Then shall atoms all be portioned out, and every organized particle of the earth's crust be found to be part of some soul's tabernacle. Then shall we understand how Cæsar's dust has also lived in the leaf, and his moisture effloresced in the snow, duly to be restored and produced when time and its uses are no longer; but meanwhile used everywhere, and nothing lost, mislaid, wasted, or forgotten.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THEY who read about everything are thought to understand everything, too, but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections—we must chew them over again.—*Channing.*

REPUTATION is rarely proportioned to virtue.—We have seen a thousand people esteemed, either for the merit they had not yet attained, or for that they no longer possessed.—*St. Evremond.*

WINTER MORNING ON THE PRAIRIES.

"MORNING came, and with some misgivings, we breathed a place clear in the frosty pane, and looked out upon the prairie that touches the world's northern wall. And wasn't it grand? We had thought an hundred times what a noble battlefield that plain would be; and there, sure enough, was an engagement before our eyes. All over the field detachments in white uniforms, with white plumes and white banners, were deploying, and charging, and wheeling into line, while the air was filled with the cloud of battle, and the guns of the storm roared steadily on. Right before the windows lay a quarry of snow; its white ledges fairer than any Parian, carved and seamed by the fingers of the wind. Beautiful it was, indeed, scalloped like a great white sea-shell, unprinted by mortal foot, undarkened by a drop of rain—pure and spotless, out of the cloud. Who would mistrust that the drops of rain, dancing in summer nights, upon the broad, green leaves, blinding the roses, and tinkling the rills, could ever put on the white garment of winter. Everything indicated a desperate battle, the clouds looked ragged and gray; the wood-house had been 'carried,' and a fence been carried away.

An old-fashioned storm it was, indeed; the tempest aslant, driving 'to the s'uthard,' bending with its white and flickering sails, like some great, strong ship, hurried before the wind. And how the great guns roared, now and then, out of the snowy air. You should have been in the country then, nestled in some little box of a cottage, and before a cozy fire, should have listened to the coming blast; when it struck the 'big woods,' as a minstrel strikes the harp; when it leaped over the prairie with a bound, and made penny-whistles of the chimney-tops, and shrieked round the corners like a witch, piped through the key-hole like a boatswain, roared through the little trees like a fury, and sighed over the thresholds like a foundling. You should have listened, when it died down to a murmur, and gathered strength to come again, with 'everything set that would draw,' and thundered on, as one would think, round the whole world."

DECEMBER.

How many times, do you think, must men encounter December, before they learn that to enjoy is not to be happy; that happiness is deep and voiceless; enjoyment, clamorous like the babble of a brook. The one glitters, like a mirror, because the sun is shining; the other locks the light up, like a diamond, because the sun *has* shone.

June is the laugh of the year, but December is its treasured faith. The rustle of leaves and the song of birds are in the frolic, and the breath of the laughter is sweet with many flowers.

But who shall say there is not a warmer, deeper thought of happiness in this dumb December, all that life and beauty folded close to the breath of Earth, safe from harm, the dower of by-and-by?

Some poets have fancied that December and Death are kindred. Ah, there is more dying in summer time if we only knew it, than there is in all the year beside. There is no dying now; the hope of another May is locked at last in Nature's heart, a deep and quiet happiness. Winter has come, and the roses are safe for June.

"Why art thou weeping, maiden mild?"
Said a Friar Grey, to a lonely child;
"I weep for the swallows gone over the sea,
Who used to come and be fed by me."
"Then dry your tears," said the Friar grey,
"They will all come back in the month of May."

"Oh, tell me, Friar," the maiden cried,
"Why my sister weeps since her lover died?
Will he come back with the early spring
To woo his bride with a gay gold ring?"
"Hush, hush, my child, he is gone for aye;"
"Will my sister's life have another May?"

ALLIGATOR'S NESTS.

THEY resemble hay-cocks, four feet high, and five in diameter at their bases, being constructed with grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a second stratum of mud and herbage, eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest—With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies.

The female watches her eggs, until they are all hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzenberg, of New Orleans told me that he once packed up one of these nests, with the eggs in a box for the museum of St. Petersburgh, but was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked out and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred, which he fed in his house, where they went up and down stairs whining and barking like young puppies.—*Lyell, the Geologist.*

IF in Sparta a young man purchased an estate upon advantageous terms or made what is termed a "a good bargain," he was rendered accountable to the State and fined for being unjust, in buying a thing under its value. Our practice is the reverse; the young man who can make the best bargain is the *smartest.*

CATO ON STATUES.—Cato the elder, when many of the Romans had statues erected in honor of them, was asked, by some one, "Why he had none!" He answered that "he had much rather men should ask and wonder why he had none, than why he had a statue."

A LOVING friend's rebuke, sinks into the heart and convinces the judgment; an enemy's or stranger's rebuke in invective, irritates, not converts.

MENTAL PLEASURES never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

GOD sometimes calls us to stand still, when we are most anxious to proceed; this is mortifying but we generally find it is to see His salvation.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

CONDUCTED BY AZILE.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TWILIGHT MEMORIES.

BY MRS. WINNIE WELDON.

THERE'S a beautiful sky above us,
Tinged with a shade of gold,
And a dainty cloud is resting there,
Silvered with light from a little star,
For the day is growing old.

The earth is wrapped in a shadow,
With pencil-touch so light,
That the eye beholds through its misty sheen
The distant hills and the dales between,
Where the rivulet speeds its flight.

Onward it glides, and still onward,
And the pebbles in its bed,
Tumble and roll, and impede the flow
Of the rushing waters, as on they go
By the sighing zephyr's bed.

We hear its murmuring whispers,
And watch each gathering wave,
Till the heart is sad; and we fain would weep,
Recalling the voices of those who sleep
In the silence of the grave.

And we see the whitening tresses
Of those who are going soon,
Whose kindly love hath chosen our path
Where the sweetest flowers affection hath
Are in perpetual bloom.

As fancy roves and the twilight fades,
And the shadows darker grow,
We welcome glances from love-lit eyes,
And return the clasp of hands we prize,
While tears of joyousness flow.

Oh! we love this beauteous hour
Just at the close of day;
It adds new links to affection's chain,
It teaches us who we have loved in vain,
And who we may love for aye.

Nov., 1857.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHRISTMAS SONG OF THE ANGELS.

'TWAS night in Bethlehem. The sun, that for so many centuries had daily shed his beams over the earth, had once more sunk to rest behind the hills. Night's deep darkness had succeeded the gentle rays of twilight, and Judah's shepherds, who for another day had led their flocks by the "green pastures and still waters" of Judea, now guarded their peaceful folds against their forest enemies. As reclining upon the ground they together chanted GOD'S praises, or talked over the humble events of their simple lives—they little dreamed they were to be witnesses of an event that prophets and kings desired to see, but could not. A light breaks in upon their astonished vision, and an angel stands before them, more bright and holy and beautiful than anything their imagination ever conceived. Tremble not, ye simple sons of ABRAHAM. See love and gentleness beaming in every feature of that heavenly countenance.

"Fear not,"—(the tones were sweeter than music,)—"fear not; I am the bearer of glad tidings." And then the sweet voice told them of the infant King, and bade them seek HIM; and calling forth from its eastern chamber of light a Star to guide where the SAVIOR lay, their angel visitor returned to Heaven. And immediately a white-robed band appeared, and striking their harps anew, chanted in heavenly tones their first Christmas Anthem:—"Glory to GOD in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." How it reverberated through the golden walls of Heaven, and descending, filled the earth with melody! How it awakened the echoes that slumbered in those grand old hills of Judea, and sped to the uttermost parts of the earth—that first Christmas Song of the Angels!

How *could* mankind have slept, while the hosts of heaven were thus welcoming the advent of the Prince of Glory?

The Star in the East had safely guided the shepherds to the place where the Infant SAVIOR lay.—Some gorgeous palace, think you, was His birthplace, where all of Eastern magnificence and wealth awaited the new-born Savior-King? Ah, no,—a lowly manger met the gaze of the shepherds:

"While His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay."

Your mother used to sing beside your cradle-head,

"Hush my babe lie, still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

And her voice was so sweet and low. But angels sang sweeter lullabies to the Holy Babe, as MARY watched beside His little hay-strown couch, beneath the manger-roof.

Some eighteen hundred years or more have passed since then, and again it is Christmas Day. No angel appears to tell us "Christ is born," but there is "peace on earth" and "joy in Heaven," and angels are again singing as they did in olden time to the shepherds on the plain—"Glory to GOD in the highest, peace on earth, good will toward men." Can you not almost *hear* the angel-song that thrills the harps above, and does not your heart take up the strain anew, as you "read that sweet story of old," and can you not join the shepherds in praising that same SAVIOR who then reclined beneath a stable-roof, but now, clothed with majesty and glory, sits at the right hand of the Father above? Ah, your heart throbs as you sing that Christmas Song on earth. Do you not long for the time when you may join it in heaven?

Desolation and gloom now rest where the feet of a Savior once trod. But in that day of His second coming, when He shall make "the place of His feet glorious," the

"Glad, singing desert shall bloom like the rose."

Think you then the last Christmas Song of the Angels will be less glorious than the first?

Rochester, Dec., 1857. WINNIE WILLIAM.

HOME.—The world is for the working hour, but home is the place of refuge. We come to it when we are weary or weak; our refreshment is there, our rest is there, we reflect there, we recover from sickness there, and when we die in peace, we die there.

REPOSE is the perfection of activity.

Useful Olio.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MUNICIPAL LAW.

THE Municipal Law of this country, that is, the law pertaining to the several State Governments, and to the National Government, is here, as in England, divided into two kinds, namely, the written Law, and the unwritten or Common Law.

The written Law consists of the Constitution of the United States, the Constitutions of the several States, the Statutes passed by Congress, by the Legislatures of the several States, and by other minor legislative bodies upon whom the power to make laws has been conferred by the Legislatures of the several States. Among the latter may be mentioned, as an example, the laws made in the several counties of the State of New York by the respective Boards of Supervisors of those counties.

There are doubtless many persons of considerable intelligence, who, not having looked into the subject, suppose that all our laws are made by some one or another of the legislative bodies to which I have referred, and are therefore to be found in the statutes. Certain it is, that the ideas of many in regard to the general sources of our laws are very confused and indistinct. They have a very inadequate knowledge of what is meant by the Common Law.

"The Common Law," says JOHN BOUVIER, in his Law Dictionary, "is that which derives its force and authority from the universal consent and immemorial practice of the people." The great body of the Common Law in this country was derived from England, having been brought over and adopted by our ancestors. In fact, the Common Law of England, so far as it is applicable to our situation and government, has been recognized and adopted, as one entire system, by the Constitutions of several of the States. "It has been assumed," says Chancellor KENT, "by the Courts of Justice, or declared by the Statutes, with the like modifications, as the law of the land in every State." "It is also," continues the Chancellor, "the established doctrine, that English Statutes, passed before the emigration of our ancestors, and applicable to our situation, and in amendment of the law, constitute a part of the Common Law of this country."

"But," says an inquirer, "if the law is unwritten, how are we to know what it is? How are we to determine what has been established by immemorial usage?" In answer, I will again quote from the writings of Chancellor KENT:—"The best evidence of the Common Law is to be found in the decisions of the Courts of Justice, contained in numerous volumes of reports, and in the treatises and digests of learned men which have been multiplying from the earliest period of the English history down to the present time. The reports of judicial decisions contain the most certain evidence, and the most authoritative and precise application of the rules of the Common Law. Adjudged cases become precedents for future cases resting upon analagous facts, and brought within the same reason; and the diligence of counsel, and the labor of judges, are constantly required, in the studying of the reports, in order to understand accurately their import, and the principles they establish."

It should here be stated that the Roman or Civil Law, which was collected and digested by order of the Emperor JUSTINIAN, in the former part of the sixth century, constitutes in most European nations, in the new States of Spanish America, in the Province of Lower Canada, and in the State of Louisiana, the principal basis of their unwritten or Common Law. IMLAC.

Rochester, Dec., 1857.

COIN IN FRANCE.

THE coin of France, until recently, has been almost exclusively silver, very little gold being seen. Within two or three years silver has been bought up all over Europe, at a premium, for shipment to India and China, and gold has consequently been forced into circulation to supply the place of the departed silver. As a consequence of this, it is stated that in the manufacturing towns of France, silver change is so scarce that there is not enough to pay the workmen with, and manufacturers are obliged to pay them in groups—in other words, to give five or six of them a gold piece among them, which they must afterwards change into silver, or agree to spend together at the stores. The great establishments buy silver coin of the retail dealers at a premium, just as a premium used formerly to be paid on gold.

The Government has resorted to large circulation of gold coins of the value of five francs. They cannot go lower. On the other hand, the demand for silver continues and is likely rather to increase. The last mail to the East carried out a very little short of $4,000,000. The disturbances in India are likely to prevent any reduction in these shipments for some time to come.

But France has a simple and easy remedy. The Government has only to adopt the system of currency which we have perfected here, viz:—That of a coinage of silver tokens, circulating for about ten per cent. more than their intrinsic value, but, of limited tender as to amount, in order to confine their use exclusively to the small transactions for which they are required. The change has been long under the consideration of the French Government, and will no doubt be soon adopted.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.—Let the business of everybody else alone, and attend to your own; don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to advantage, and study to make leisure hours useful; think twice before you throw away a shilling—remember you will have another to make for it; find recreation over your own business; buy low, sell fair, and take care of the profits; look over your books regularly, and, if you find an error trace it out; should a stroke of misfortune come over your trade, retrench, work harder, but never fly the track; confront difficulties with unceasing perseverance, and they will disappear at last; though you should fail in the struggle, you will be honored; but shrink from the task and you will be despised.

WITHIN thine own bosom are the stars of thy destiny.—*Schiller.*

Sabbath Musings.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"ARE NOT ANGELS WITH US HERE."

THERE are angels all around us,
If but our listening ears
Would catch the spirit whispers
In the melody it bears.

They fan our weary feelings
With their soft and noiseless wings,
And beat a heavenly measure
Upon life's quivering strings.

They hover round at the even
In twilight's fragrant bowers,
And their gentle presence greets us
'Mid earth's sweet blooming flowers.

And soft, their pearly teardrops
Oft kiss our saddened life,
And gem with dews of summer
The hours of sorrow's strife.

I know they hover o'er us,
To guide our erring feet,
And carry up life's record
To yonder "Mercy Seat."

Seneca, N. Y., Dec., 1857. A. A.

ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD.

CERTAINLY the greatest, the noblest pleasures of intellectual creatures must result from their acquaintance with the blessed God, and their own rational and immortal souls. And oh, how divinely pleasant and entertaining it is to look into our souls, when we can find all our powers and passions united and engaged in pursuit after God, our whole soul longing and passionately breathing after a conformity to Him, and the full enjoyment of Him. Verily, no hours pass away with so much divine pleasure, as those that are spent in communion with God and our own hearts. How sweet is a spirit of devotion, of seriousness, and solemnity; a spirit of Gospel simplicity, love and tenderness! Oh, how desirable and profitable is a spirit of holy watchfulness and Godly jealousy over ourselves; when our souls are afraid of nothing so much as that we shall grieve and offend the blessed God, whom at such times we apprehend, or at least hope, to be a father and friend; whom we then love and long to please, rather than to be happy ourselves, or at least we delight to derive our happiness from pleasing and glorifying Him. Surely this is a pious temper, worthy of the highest ambition and closest pursuit of intelligent creatures.—Oh, how vastly superior is the pleasure, peace and satisfaction derived from these frames, to that which we sometimes seek in things impertinent and trifling!—*Brainerd.*

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

NOT many months before the death of the late Judge Davis, on the occasion of a dinner-party at his house, at which Mr. Justice Story and other eminent jurists and lawyers were present, the conversation turned on the comparative advantages of the different periods of life. Some thought that the seasons of youth and manhood were fullest of enjoyment, and others gave the preference, for solid satisfaction, to the period of age. Judge Davis did not state his opinion until he was invited to do so; and then, in that calm and benignant manner for which he was remarkable, he said:—"In the warm season of the year it is my delight to be in the country, and every pleasant evening while I am there, I love to sit at the window and look upon some beautiful trees which grow near my house. The murmuring of the wind through the branches, the gentle play of the leaves, and the flickering of light upon them, when the moon is up, fill me with an indescribable pleasure. As the autumn comes on, I feel very sad to see these leaves falling one by one; but when they are all gone, I find that they were only a screen before my eyes; for I experience a new and higher satisfaction as I gaze through the naked branches at the glorious stars beyond."

THE GLORY OF CHRIST.—How wonderful was the Son of God in the form of a servant! When he is born, a new star must appear and conduct the strangers to worship him in a manger; heavenly hosts with their songs must celebrate his nativity; while a child must dispute with doctors; when he enters upon his office, he turns water into wine; feeds thousands with a few loaves and fishes; cleanses the lepers, heals the sick, restores the lame, gives sight to the blind, and raises the dead. How wonderful, then, is his celestial glory! If there be such cutting down of boughs and spreading of garments, and crying Hosannah for the one that comes into Jerusalem riding on an ass, what will there be when he comes with his angels in his glory? If they that heard him preach the gospel of the kingdom confess, "Never man spake like this man," they, then, that behold his majesty in his kingdom, will say, "There was never glory like this glory."—*Baxter.*

OURSELVES AND OUR SAVIOR.—O, did we but know ourselves and our Saviour! We are poor, but he is rich—we are dead, but he is life—we are sin, but he is righteousness—we are misery, but he is mercy—we are lost, but he is salvation. If we are willing, he never was otherwise. He ever lives, ever loves, ever pities, ever pleads. He loves and saves to the uttermost, all who come unto him.

PRAYER.—Bowed knee and beautiful words cannot make prayer; but earnest desires from a heart bowed by love, inspired by God's Holy Spirit, and thirsting for loving God, will do it, anywhere, or in any place, at any time.—*Dr. Cumming.*

No humility is perfect and proportioned, but that which makes us hate ourselves as corrupt, but respect ourselves as immortal; the humility that kneels in the dust, but gazes on the skies.—*Archer Butler.*

THE darkest and most embarrassing trials are sometimes the only means by which men can be brought to give up their own self-dependence, and trust in the Lord with all their hearts.

THE BIBLE is a window in this prison of hope through which we look into eternity.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER, 26, 1857.

THIS VOLUME, AND THE NEXT.

A Few Timely and Suggestive Paragraphs.

"ONCE MORE, KIND FRIENDS," we chronicle the termination of a year's ardent labors, and arrive at the end of the Eighth Cycle in the existence of the RURAL. In closing the record, may we not be permitted to hope that the fifty-two sheets which have been prepared and sent forth with a sincere desire to benefit, have fulfilled their mission—been productive of good, and good only, to the hundreds of thousands whom we have had the pleasure and responsibility of addressing? Imperfect though it be, this volume now passes to the examination and criticism of the judges of "the law and the testimony" of value and merit. What is done, is done—would it were worthier, — yet we trust it will receive the kind approval of the senior men and women, the young men and maidens, and the myriad of "Young Ruralists" who are members of our large and widely-extended RURAL constituency. In the confident belief that such will be the verdict of the great mass of our readers, and that they will at once extend the necessary invitation to secure the uninterrupted continuance of the RURAL to their homes, we are making arrangements to continue our weekly visits to present friends, and hope to make the acquaintance of thousands of new subscribers. Are we over-confident or presumptuous — or do we "*reckon* without our host? On the contrary, will not the RURAL'S "hosts of friends" manifest their appreciation by kindly lending some influence in its behalf?

THE RURAL PROGRESSING. — "Coming events cast their shadows before," saith the adage, — but we are daily receiving most *substantial* evidence that the RURAL'S subscription list for 1858 will *overshadow* a much larger surface of both territory and paper than the present. Indeed, judging from realities, as well as indications, we begin to believe the "hard times" a myth, or that they have given way for "the good time coming." For, not only are we receiving the most encouraging reports from agents as to the renewal of present subscriptions, but hosts of *new* recruits are joining the RURAL standard. Thanks to its Agents and other active Friends, for the numerous and most encouraging favors we are thus early receiving from all parts of the land,—proving conclusively that the RURAL is considered a necessity rather than a luxury, and that its area of usefulness is destined to be augmented rather than diminished.

NOW IS THE TIME to renew your subscription, and invite your friends and neighbors to take the RURAL. Many of our subscribers have already reported decided progress. Will you, reader, "go and do likewise?"—thus enhancing your own interest, benefiting your neighbors, and promoting the common weal. If you cannot form a club yourself (and thus secure a free copy or other premium,) please join with some friend, or help the nearest club agent in swelling his list. ☞ As we remarked last week *the best way to obtain subscriptions for the* RURAL *is to show a number*,—and we hope *each* and *all* who desire to aid the paper and promote its objects will act upon the suggestion. Please *show the paper*, and *then* invite subscriptions, kind reader, and if you lose any numbers in so doing we will furnish others to make your file complete.

THE FIRST NUMBER of Vol. IX is mostly in type already, and will be issued this week if possible. Among its Contents are—The Effect of the Money Pressure upon Agriculture, by Lieut. MAURY; the first of a series of articles on North-Western Canada, the Lake Superior Region, &c., by one of the ablest scholars in America; A New Year's Story, by JENNY MARSH PARKER; a Spicy Letter from Kentucky, by Mrs. MARY J. HOLMES; Design of a Farm House; a splendid Portrait of CHARLES DICKENS, with biography—and a great variety of other articles. A tip-top number, but no better than we shall strive to make its fifty-one successors.

BACK VOLUMES, NUMBERS, &c.—In answer to frequent inquiries, and for the information of our readers, we would state that *we cannot furnish the early volumes of the* RURAL. We can, however, still supply bound copies of Vol. 5 and 7 (for 1854 and 1856,)—price $3. Bound copies of the present volume will be ready for delivery as premiums, in a week or ten days—and also for sale at $3 each. Back numbers of this volume will be supplied free to those who wish to complete their files for binding, if applied for early.

THE TITLE PAGE, INDEX, &c., given in this No., render it necessary to abridge several departments and omit others entirely,—yet they are so indispensable to the annually-increasing thousands who preserve and bind the RURAL for future reference, we think none will complain. As this and our next number will be issued nearly simultaneously, we defer several notices, advertisments, &c.

VOLUME IX will be commenced with an extra edition of *full Thirty Thousand* over all continuances and orders up to the hour of going to press. This will probably enable us to furnish the complete volume to all applicants for some weeks. The best and only way to make sure of all the numbers, however, is to *subscribe early*. "A word to the wise," &c.

THE LADIES and Young People are referred to the lists of Extra Premiums, offered for their special benefit, in last column of this page.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York is to be held at the Court House in Rochester, on Wednesday, the 6th day of January, 1858, commencing at 10 A. M., and continuing two days. Lectures on pruning, &c., with practical illustrations will be delivered, before the Society. An exhibition of winter fruit will also be made. Official notice in our next.

Washington Matters.

THE most important question at Washington seems to be to provide ways and means for raising money to keep the wheels of government in motion. Bills have been introduced in both Houses to authorize the issue of Treasury notes. There are now in the Treasury subject to draft less than six millions of dollars, and the excess of expenditures is daily reducing this amount. Mr. Crittenden submitted resolutions in the Senate that in consideration of the financial condition of the country and embarrassments of the Treasury, the rates of duty established by the tariff of March last ought to be materially increased; and also in favor of the substitution of a system of home valuation on imported goods. The issue of so large an amount of Treasury notes, or *shin-plasters*, as they are pretty freely called in Congress, is declared by many members to be anti-democratic. The bill was amended by limiting the operation of the act until the 1st of January, 1859, and prohibiting notes of a less denomination than $100, and then passed the Senate by 39 ayes against 18 noes.

A bill was introduced into the Senate giving a Territorial government to Arizona. Mr. Douglass introduced a bill into the Senate, and Mr. Banks in the House, authorizing the people of Kansas to form a Constitution and State Government, preparatory to admission into the Union, with all the rights of the original States, which were referred to the Committees on Territories.

R. J. Walker, Governor of Kansas, has sent in his resignation to the President. It is accompanied with a long and able letter, in which the Governor states that he was not allowed to carry out in good faith, the Kansas Act and the doctrine of popular sovereignty, and charges the President with gross inconsistency.

THE following officers have been restored to the active list of the Navy by action of the Naval Courts and their nominations sent to the Senate:—Captain — J. Smith. Commanders — J. R. Jarvis, Glinn, Robert Ritchie, C. Ringgold, Isaac S. Sterrett, Robert D. Thorman, Samuel Lockwood, Wm. S. Ogden, John Calhoun and Murray Mason. Lieutenants—Wm. E. Hunt, M. F. Maury, J. S. Palmer, Handy, H. Walke, L. C. Sapori, Fabius Stanley, J. N. Maffett, A. B. Harrell, A. Murray, T. H. Stevens, Van R. Morgan, A. Reed and Geo. A. Stevens. Masters— A. M'Loughling, W. W. Lowe. Passed Midshipmen—E. C. Grafton, J. F. Tannton.

A TERRIBLE MURDER IN ROCHESTER.—On Sunday morning last, persons in search of the body of Mr. NEWHAFER, who was carried over the Genesee falls on Saturday, found the body of CHARLES E. LITTLES, about one hundred rods below the falls, lying in the river, in about two feet of water.—There were several severe wounds on the head, and the skull was fractured, plainly indicating that a foul murder had been perpetrated. The bank of the river at the point where the body was found is more than one hundred feet in height, stony, somewhat steep, yet persons with care can pass up and down. The tracks of blood down the bank showed plainly that the body had been partly dragged and partly thrown down; and at the top of the bank was several pools of blood, matted hair, &c., where a sanguinary conflict must have taken place. A lady's "puff comb," the tail of a fur tippet, a velvet rosette, such as ladies wear in the hair, and a pair of spectacles were found on the spot where the murder was perpetrated. LITTLES was a young lawyer of this city, and was married some three or four years since. He appears, by the evidence, to have been unfaithful, as a husband, and in consequence lived unpleasantly with his wife for some time, and finally they separated, though there seems not to have been any bitterness between them, as he lately made her several presents, was with her at her mother's on Friday night, and took breakfast with the family on Saturday morning. The wife and her brother was suspected, and the officers found them on Sunday morning, each with an arm broken, and otherwise bruised. They are undergoing examination before the Coroner. Whatever may be the result, this is only another evidence that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

A MAN CARRIED OVER THE GENESEE FALLS.—On Saturday last our citizens were startled with the report that a man had been carried over the Genesee Falls. A new bridge is being built to replace the old one at Andrew street. The old bridge has been torn away excepting a portion of the north side-walk. Near the eastern shore, the flooring is entirely removed, and planks are placed across the beams, for the convenience of the workmen employed in erecting the new iron bridge. Upon these people persisted in crossing, although attempts had been made to prevent it. At noon, on Saturday last, Mr. NATHAN NEWHAFER, in company with two friends, in crossing the bridge had reached the end of the side-walk, and stepped upon the loose planks, when his feet slipped and he fell into the stream. The water is now unusually high, and the current very rapid. The unfortunate man was borne swiftly downward, crying for help, which it was impossible to render him. After floating down the stream several rods, he attempted to swim toward the western shore; but could not long baffle the resistless current, and was carried over the Falls, which are about eighty rods below the bridge, and about one hundred feet in height. The body has not yet been recovered, although diligent search has been made.

RETURN OF SURVEYORS AND INDIAN AGENT.—The St. Joseph Journal announces the arrival of Lieut. Warner and E. R. Hayden of the Geological Survey sent to explore the region between Dakotah city and the head waters of the Running Waters, and also the arrival of Major Dennison, Indian Agent, with ten Chiefs and six Braves of the Pawnee tribe en route for Washington to ratify the treaty recently made.

PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE.—Rev. E. H. Chapin has nobly devoted the entire proceeds of his public lectures for this winter to the poor of New York. Rev. Dr. Vinton, of the same city has also done the same good thing.

ROBBERY OF A CUSTOM HOUSE.—The Custom House in Oswego was entered on the night of the 9th inst., by burglars, the safe blown open, and its contents, consisting of about $500, taken. No clue to the burglars has been obtained.

"Rural" Letters from the People.

EXTRACTS from a few of the many very flattering and encouraging letters we are receiving from various parts of the Union:

MR O. N CADWELL, of Kent Co., Mich., a *working* friend of the RURAL, who has recently tried it as an advertising medium, writes in this appreciative wise:—"Advertisements *take* well in the RURAL, and I admire the stand you have taken in reference to *deceptive* and *quack* advertising. I see you are bound to go ahead, and don't know who has a *better right*. Success to you. I will do what I can to circulate the RURAL among my friends and neighbors. Who can read the RURAL and not get his money's worth, with a good per centage beside? The RURAL is *one* of my *best* friends, and where I go it shall go; and where I live, it shall find me. How I love its weekly visits. It makes me *glad* in seed time and harvest, in cold and heat, in rain or snow. I hail it with delight. In soliciting subscriptions a day or two ago, one of my neighbors said—'Yes, *mind* have the RURAL next year; by neglecting to renew my subscription the last year, I have been *lost* without it.'"

—Our friend's neighbor is not alone in regretting a neglect to subscribe for the present volume. We have lately received two or three letters from persons who neglected to subscribe last January, lamenting their loss. One says he "is bound to atone by obtaining a handsome club for the next volume."

A subscriber at Indianapolis, Ind., writes —"I have been a reader of your pages for better than two years. I feel deeply interested in the great cause of Agriculture, and firmly believe that the circulation of just such a paper as the RURAL is necessary to spur the Western farmers up. To become good Agriculturists, we must keep pace with the times, in procuring the very best papers published on the subject of Agriculture. In selecting them I know of none equal to the RURAL. I therefore wish you to send me one or two of your show-bills for the ensuing year, and some extra numbers for distribution among my neighbors, who, I hope, will help me to form a small club at least, for your very valuable paper."

A subscriber in Westchester Co., thus, modestly and briefly intimates the kind words he has spoken in behalf of the RURAL, and his desire to *show the paper* and increase its circulation:—"I have taken your paper the two years past. We think it the best Family Paper that has come under our notice. I have spoken of its worth to some of our neighbors. If you will please send me a half dozen specimens of the RURAL, I will send you as many subscribers as I can get."

MR. B. B. CHAPIN, of Genesee Co., Mich., who is a subscriber to several agricultural papers, and has had the reading of the RURAL the past year by exchange, objects to its form—wishes we would change it to small pages, &c.—yet closes his letter thus emphatically:—"Notwithstanding the above objections, Mr. MOORE, I intend to have your paper the ensuing year, as I *do know* it to be the best Agricultural Weekly issued. Please send me the paper this month, with some circulars, and I will do what I can for you."

—Were we to make the change suggested, we are satisfied that both the attractiveness and usefulness of the RURAL would be lessened. We could not properly arrange in small pages, and print and mail in season, a paper embracing so many distinct departments, and having so large a subscription as the RURAL—and hence the change would be no improvement.

A Wisconsin subscriber, an ardent and active friend of the RURAL, writes:—"I cannot express my feelings in relation to your paper. It is so far in advance of the greater part of the popular publications of the day that it seems to me that anybody and everybody that really desires to have the world improved, and society built up on the only true basis, ought to take the RURAL. To my mind it is really a God-send to the People. If I had the ability to put my thoughts together, and place them on paper, I should be tempted to write for the RURAL; but as it is I must content myself by doing all I can to extend its circulation and you may depend upon it I shall put orth extra efforts this season."

—The above proves that friend C. is capable of *writing* as well as working for the RURAL—for it is well written, grammatically correct, and all truthful, *except* the averment in regard to ability.

Fires and Casualities.

URANISTAN BURNT.—Uranistan, the country seat of P. T. Barnum, in Bridgeport, Conn., burned to the ground on the 17th inst. Mr. Barnum had just begun to refurnish the house. The fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary.

THE steamer Col. Edwards was burnt on Red river, Saturday morning, December 12th. She is a total loss, together with her cargo, consisting of over 1,000 bales of cotton and many cattle. Fifteen or twenty persons perished in her.

A FIRE broke out, on the 15th inst., at Cincinnati, in the store of L. Hyman Bro., and before it could be stopped $200,000 worth of stock of clothing was destroyed. The building was damaged to the amount of $2,000.

Arrival of the Canada.

THE Royal Mail Steamship Canada, which left Liverpool on the 5th inst., arrived at Halifax on the 18th, en route for Boston.

The British Parliament was opened on the 3d inst. by the Queen in person. The speech was very vague. It deplores the commercial crisis, and consequent distress in all circles—recommends the passage by Parliament of a bill of indemnity for the Bank of England—rejoices over the success of the British arms in India; and commends to the earnest attention of Parliament the affairs of India: thinks the peace of Europe is unlikely to be disturbed, and promises Parliamentary reform.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had introduced a bill of indemnity to the Bank in the House of Commons, and a committee of the whole House had been appointed on the question of the infringement of the Bank Charter Act.

Several additional failures had taken place in London, and in Hamburg the crisis was fearful.—At the latter place business had entirely dropped.

Liverpool Breadstuff Market—According to a majority of the Circulars closed very dull, but prices were essentially unchanged as compared with quotations per Europa.

Provisions inactive.

The London Money Market exhibited no change of moment. The demand at the Bank and in the discount market was still active. Consols for money and account closed at 91⅜@91½.

VALLEY OF THE ARIZONA.—Lieut. Maury has written a letter, saying that the general impression that Arizona (the Gadsden purchase,) is a worthless and barren country, is entirely erroneous. The universal testimony of travelers, of officers of the army, and the Boundary Commissioners, establishes the fact that more than half the purchase is the finest grazing country in the world; while the rapid settlement, within a short time, of the central valley of Arizona, and the abundant crops of last season, are an earnest of their fertility and future promise. Of its mineral wealth he entertains an exalted idea, and believes that the development of its silver mines will effect as great a change in the commerce of the world as the gold of California.

FINANCES AT THE SOUTH.—The Legislature of South Carolina refuses to legalize the suspension of the banks in that State.

The Legislature of Georgia has as yet done nothing on the subject, and whether that of Alabama will take any action is doubtful.

The Governor of Florida has directed the tax collectors to receive the ordinary currency.

LIEUT. MAURY.—The Senate of Alabama, on the 1st inst., unanimously adopted a resolution requesting the Congressmen from that State to say to the President of the United States that it would be acceptable to them that Lieut. Maury, of the United States navy, should be removed from the retired list of officers, and placed in his former rank and standing in the service.

News Clippings.

— Small pox is prevalent in New York.

— It is now certain that Great Britain will re loan of $20,000,000 or $30,000,000 to meet the expenses in India.

— Passengers are now put through by railroad from New Orleans to New York for $48.

— The new Constitution of Oregon positively prohibits paper money.

— There were 21,551 marriages consummated in N. Y. State last year.

— The only prison in the State of New York which pays its way and makes money is the Albany Penitentiary.

— At St. Paul, and for some distance south of it, the snow is sixteen inches deep.

— The receipts of the State Treasury of Ohio from the canals for the current year, were $314,778, and expenditures $330,072.

— The population of Washington Territory is about 10,000, and that of Oregon 80,000.

— The debt of the new Territory of Washington, incurred mainly in Indian wars, amounts to $1,600,000.

— The N. Y Evening Post comes out strongly in behalf of the use of horse meat as an article of food.

— Two boys broke through the ice at Kingston, C. W., on the 14th inst., and were drowned.

— Furs to the amount of $180,000 have been exported from Minnesota the past year, being an increase of $30,000 over that of 1856.

— There are eleven persons now imprisoned in New York for the crime of murder, one of whom has been convicted.

— England has lately ordered immense quantities of arms of a superior quality from the workshops of Liege, in Belgium, and of St. Etienne in France.

— The number of homeless wanderers who lodged at the several station-houses in New-York on Thursday night was 590.

— The Madrid (Spain) papers say that the population of that kingdom has increased three millions in eight years.

— Eggs taken from the West to New Orleans are sold by the barrel. They are quoted in that market at $23 to $24 per barrel.

— Upwards of thirty-seven millions of merchandise are now in the public warehouses at New York.

— The Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph says that the 25th of November was the coldest day for November in that vicinity for the past fifty-two years.

— The War Department is said to be crowded with applicants from every section of the country for commissions in the army for Utah.

—Some excitement exists at Kingston, C. W., caused by the discovery that some medical students were engaged in body-snatching.

— The French language, it is said, has 5,000 more words than the English.

— The Congressional printing amounts to the enormous sum of over $2,000,000.

— The slave trade in Cuba is represented to be unusually flourishing.

— No less than sixty patents were issued from the Patent Office last week.

— Five negroes are to be hung in Natchez the present month for the murder of their overseers.

— The Washington Star tells of a church in that remarkable city where a part of the religious exercises consist of kissing.

— The wool growers of Central Ohio will hold a Convention in Newark on Christmas, to consult in regard to their interests.

—The water in the Connecticut river has risen over 13 feet, in consequence of the late rains.

— An assessment of Leavenworth City, Kansas, shows a total valuation of $3,000,000, which includes 33 slaves, valued at $16,000.

— The sugar crop of Louisiana, is reported short, on account of the shortness of the season and premature frosts.

— All the New Orleans banks have resumed specie payment.

MINNESOTA ELECTION.—St. Paul dates of the 15th inst., have been received. The canvass of the election had not been completed, but it was thought that the Democratic candidate for Governor would be declared elected. No election of U. S. Senator had taken place.

SUGAR CROP.—The Louisiana Courier says the sugar crop in the vicinity of Baton Rouge, has been injured twenty-five per cent., by the summer-like weather which succeeded the cold nights and heavy frosts.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Dec. 22, 1857.

FLOUR.—We note a decline of 25 cents per barrel in Flour of all grades. Rates are $4,50@5 00.

GRAIN.—No change in Grain except in Wheat, which is a fraction lower and heavy at $1,10@1,15.

PROVISIONS.—Pork is plenty in market this morning, and selling readily at $5@$6, as to quality. Hams down to 9½@10. Shoulders 7½@8.

The weather this A. M. is very unpleasant—a damp, heavy snow falling—and business transactions of all kinds are light.

NEW YORK, Dec. 21—Flour.—Market declined 10c per bbl. and very heavy. Sales at $4,20@$4, 0 for common to choice super State; $4,45@$4,65 for extra do.; $4,20@$4,35 for super western; $4,40@$5,25 for common to medium and extra do — Canadian flour lower. Sales at $4,20@4,40 for super, and $4,65@$6,25 for extra.

GRAIN.—Wheat very much depressed. Sales handsome mixed Chicago spring at 86c, prime Milwaukee club $1. Rye dull at 70@71c. Corn dull at 65@70c for western mixed. Oats 43@45c for State and 46@47 for western.

PROVISIONS. Pork market dull and irregular. Sales at $15,50@$15 00 for mess, and $13,50@$13,50 for prime. Dressed hogs better. Sales at 6½@6¾c. Lard steady. Sales at 9⅝@9¾c. Butter plenty and dull at 10@16c for Ohio, 13@20c for State. Cheese plenty and dull at 6@7c.

ALBANY, Dec. 21.—Grain.—In wheat there is something doing, but the sales have not been made public. Corn quiet.—Western mixed, delivered on the canal at Rome, at 70c. Barley continues dull and drooping. Sales Genesee at 65c. Oats steady. State at 40, measure.

HOGS.—The supply is quite meagre, and there is no change to note in the market. Sales 40 head of dressed at 6@6,25 for ordinary to fair.

BUFFALO Dec. 21.—Flour.—The market since Saturday's report has been dull and drooping. Nominal at about $4,25@$5 for extras.

WHEAT.—The only sales reported are 500 bush. Milwaukee club at 79c sacked; one car load white Indiana at $1, and another do Canada at the same. Nothing doing in corn. Oats.—A cargo went into store Saturday which was offered at 35c. allout.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

ALBANY, Dec. 21.—Beef Cattle—1100 in market. Extra $5; 1st quality $4; 2d do. $3, 3d do $2,50. Cows and Calves—20 at market. Extra $60; 1st quality $45; 2d do. $35; 3d do. $30—Sheep and Lambs—1700 at market. Extra $5; 1st quality $4; 2d do $3; 3d do. $2,50. Swine—1700 at market. Extra $6,75; 1st quality $6; 2d do. $5,50; 3d do. $5.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 17.—Beef Cattle—Extra $8; 1st quality $7@7,50; 2d do $6@6,75; 3d $5. Yearlings $13@16. Two years old $20@25. Three years old $28@32. Working oxen $95@130. Cows and Calves $20@31. Sheep and Lambs—Extra $2,50@3. By lot $1,25@1,50. Swine—wholesale 6½c. Retail 6@7½.—Fat hogs 5½@5½.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 15—Market Beef—Extra $7. 1st quality $6@6,25; 2d do $5,50; 3d do. $5; ordinary $4. Working Oxen $75@$175. Yearlings $13@16. Two years old $20@25; Three years old $28@32. Sheep and Lambs—Extra $2,75@3,12; in lots $1,25@$2,50. Swine—Live weight 5½@5¾c.; dressed 6¾@7c. Hides 5c. Tallow 6c. Pelts 62@75c. each. Calf Skins 8@10c.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LEADING AND LARGEST CIRCULATED

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

VOLUME IX. FOR 1858.

"EXCELSIOR" ITS GLORIOUS MOTTO, AND "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT" its laudable Objects, the RURAL NEW-YORKER continuously *evinces* in MERIT and reports decided *progress* in both CIRCULATION and USEFULNESS. For evidence that it is unquestionably *the Standard in its Sphere*, please examine the paper — compare it, in both Contents and Appearance, with any other extant — and you will coincide with its Patrons and the Press in pronouncing it, of its Class,

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A PAPER FOR THE TIMES!

EVERY FAMILY CAN AFFORD THE RURAL, for such an eminently Instructive and Entertaining paper is not a luxury, but a necessity. Indeed, all who desire a high-Toned, Progressive and eminently Practical and Useful *FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL* — one which ignores trash, humbug and deception, and seeks to enhance the *Best Interests* and promote the *Home Happiness* of its tens of thousands of readers, of various occupations, in both Town and Country—are invited to try the RURAL.

THE NINTH VOLUME, FOR 1858,

Will be printed on clear New Type and superior paper,—while no proper effort or expense will be spared to make the RURAL continuously worthy the immense circulation it is attaining among all classes and throughout the whole Country.

The RURAL NEW-YORKER is published Weekly, each number comprising Eight Large Double Quarto Pages, (Forty Columns,) printed and illustrated in Superior Style. TERMS — Only $2 a Year; Three Copies for $5; Six for $10; Ten for $15—in advance.

☞ Our List of Premiums for obtaining subscribers to the RURAL for 1858, is unequalled in both liberality and fairness—the best ever offered! It has *no blanks*, but rewards *every person* who forms a club of six or more! The complete list was given in our last number, and a portion of it is re-published below.—Now is the Time to do good and benefit yourself by canvassing for the model RURAL AND FAMILY WEEKLY.

Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

Prizes for Each and All—No Blanks!

HAVING RESOLVED TO GIVE EVERY AGENT AND ACTIVE FRIEND a Benefit, we offer EACH AND ALL—excepting only successful competitors for Premiums already enumerated—the following extra liberal and

SURE SPECIFIC PREMIUMS!

TEN DOLLARS, IN CASH, to *each person* remitting for SEVENTY-FIVE or more Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, according to our Terms, previous to the 1st of May 1858.

SEVEN DOLLARS, IN CASH, or Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and $3 in Ag. Books to every one remitting for SIXTY or more subscribers as above.

FIVE DOLLARS, IN CASH, (or $6 in Agricultural Books,) to every one remitting for FORTY-FIVE or more subscribers.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY,—Lowest cash price, $5—to every one remitting for FORTY or more subscribers.

THREE DOLLARS, IN CASH, (or a copy of Webster's Royal Octavo Dictionary, Unabridged in Words, or, Sears' Pictorial Family Bible, or, $4 in Ag. Books,) to every one remitting for THIRTY or more subscribers.

To every one sending TWENTY-FIVE or more subscribers, we will give two extra copies of the RURAL, and send, post-paid, a Gross of the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN, (a tip-top steel Pen, such as we use, cash price, $1 50,)—or, a handsomely bound volume of the RURAL for 1857, and a gross of W. M. Pens as aforesaid.

To every one sending TWENTY or more subscribers, two extra copies of the RURAL and half a Gross of the above Pens—or, a bound volume of the RURAL for 1857 and the Pens.

To every one sending FIFTEEN or more subscribers, an extra copy of the RURAL and a Gross of the above Pens post-paid.

To every one sending TEN or more subscribers, an extra copy of the RURAL and half a Gross of the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN.

To every one sending SIX or more subscribers, an extra copy, or, a post-paid Gross of the above Pens.

☞ The Specific Cash Premiums can be retained by those entitled. The Books, Pens, &c., are ready for delivery or mailing to order.

EXTRA PREMIUMS FOR LADIES.

To the Lady sending us the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, in accordance with our terms previous to the first of April, 1858, we will give a copy of the ILLUMINATED BIBLE (published by the HARPERS,) containing Sixteen Hundred Engravings, mostly from original designs and splendidly bound in Turkish Morocco and Gilt—price TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS. This is the most beautiful Bible ever published in America.

To the Lady sending us the second largest list, as above, we will give a copy of the PICTORIAL BIBLE, illustrated with over One Thousand Engravings, and bound in Morocco and Gilt, (price $12,) and also a copy of WEBSTER'S ROYAL OCTAVO DICTIONARY, Unabridged in Words, (price $3,50.)

To the Lady sending us the next list, as above, a handsomely bound copy of the PICTORIAL BIBLE (same as above, except in binding) worth EIGHT DOLLARS.

To the Lady sending the next list, a copy of WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY, the lowest cash price of which is $5.

To the Lady sending the next list, a copy of WEBSTER'S ROYAL OCTAVO DICTIONARY.

[It will be understood that the Ladies *compete against each other* only, for the above, and that all our regular premiums are also open to them.]

EXTRA PREMIUMS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

To the Boy or Girl under 17 years of age sending us the largest list of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER previous to April 1, 1858, we will give a copy of the PICTORIAL BIBLE, in Morocco and Gilt, (price $12,) and a copy of WEBSTER'S ROYAL OCTAVO DICTIONARY (price $3,50.)

For the second largest list, as above, a handsomely bound copy of the PICTORIAL BIBLE, (price $8)—or, if preferred to the Bible, a copy each of Webster's Unabridged, and Webster's Royal Octavo Dictionaries.

For the next largest list, as above, a copy of WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.

FOR EACH of the next THREE lists, a copy of WEBSTER'S ROYAL OCTAVO DICTIONARY.

[Our young friends will please note that they only compete with each other for the above, but that all our regular premiums are also open to their competition.]

TERMS, IN ADVANCE.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. Three Copies one year, for $5—Six Copies for $10—Ten Copies for $15, and any additional number at same rate, ($1,50 per copy.) As we pre-pay American Postage on papers sent to British Provinces, $1,62½ per copy is lowest club price to Canadians. Club papers sent to different post-offices, and names added at any time. ☞ Bills on all solvent Banks in U. S. and Canada taken at par, but Agents will please remit New York, Canada or New England money when convenient. For all amounts over $15, we prefer drafts on New York (less exchange,) where the cost is not greater than last year.

☞ *NOW IS THE TIME FOR ACTION*, as those who commence early will be most successful. Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, &c., furnished free to all disposed to compete for the Premiums, and thus aid in extending the usefulness of the Leading and Largest Circulated RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY WEEKLY. Subscriptions should be properly inclosed, and carefully mailed to

D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

SPECIAL NOTICES TO AGENTS, FRIENDS, &c.

☞ MAKE UP THE CLUBS!—Now is the time to make up your clubs for 1858, and all who desire to aid the cause, benefit Men, Women and Families, and incidentally promote their own interests, should see that the RURAL *is brought home* to the reason and consciences of their neighbors and other acquaintances. If you, reader, cannot get up a club alone, join with some friend, or aid the Post-Master or other agent in swelling the list.

☞ THE RURAL SHOW-BILL for 1858, just issued, will be sent, post-paid, to all applicants who can use one or more copies advantageously. We shall also cheerfully furnish Specimen Numbers of the RURAL for use in obtaining new subscribers, or send them to any address desired.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, without certificate, and each and all who volunteer in the good cause will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be gratefully appreciated.

☞ In ordering the RURAL please send us the best money conveniently obtainable, and do not forget to give your full address—the name of Post-Office, and also State, Territory, or Province.

☞ THOSE who are forming large clubs can send on the names and money of a part, before completing their lists.

☞ Please read the Publisher's Notices on last page.

Choice Poetry.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE TWO DEATHS.—A CONTRAST.

BY B. F. BURLESON.

THE chamber of the dying—O, who has not been there,—
Where groans and dismal sighing are wailed upon the air;
Where hopeless, fierce and raving—in pallid hue of death—
The child of guilt is craving a moment more of breath:
Or where, in peace reclining, with prayerful lips ajar,
The meek one sees declining her future's hopeful star.
Whoever has not entered these exit halls of earth,—
Where weeping friends are centered around the dreary hearth,
And seen the flare and flicker of life's expiring light,
As darkness, thick and thicker, waxed o'er some victim's sight,
Has missed a scene *impressive*, that *lives* within the heart
When *dies* all scenes *expressive* of false and studied art.
Since all around are fitting, like stars at break of day,
It surely is befitting to see life fade away.
Whatever painful feeling of gloomy fear and dread
We find within us stealing at the sufferer's dying bed,
We should never shun the dwelling where Azrael hovers o'er,
But enter, fears dispelling, and think of death the more.
Most, the young, with lifes unclouded, whose every hope is bright,
Whose days with pleasures crowded, hath naught of sorrow's blight,
Should see the writhing features, should hear the dying groan,
That these most faithful teachers may instruct them in their own;
For they are oft forgetting when amusements are so rife,
And joys are so besetting, that there is an end of life,
There they may often witness in the throngs that pass away,
Scenes as different in the egress, as I, now here, portray:
Then they may be desiring the death that they would die,
And to such an end aspiring lead a better life thereby.

Upright he sat upon his couch,—
A spectacle of fear:
And wildly stared his glassy eyes
As if a fiend was near.
His fleshless limbs in terror quaked
Like branches in the gale:—
Cold, clammy drops oozed from his brow
Cadaverous and pale.

Two powerful men on either side
Sat holding each an arm,
And strove to pacify his fears,
And quiet his alarm.
But, with a superhuman power
He bounded from their side;
And darting wildly round the room,
In phrenzied accents cried:

"Avaunt! ye images of fear!
Ye black Tartarian crew!
What seek ye here, ye imps of hell!
Why ever *me* pursue!
Oh! see! ye mighty gods behold!
Their eye-balls fiercely glare!
They hiss, and rear their snaky heads
Above me in the air!

"Oh! see! their forky tongues appear
Like streaks of lurid fire!
I feel their hot breath on my cheek!
My God! they're coming nigher!
Off! Touch me not!—Take, take my gold,
And jewels glittering bright.
Take, take them—fruits of many a year—
And quit—oh! *quit* my sight.

"Hath gold, nor pity's tongue no power
Your fiendish rage to glut?
And are those scaly breasts fore'er
Against compassion shut?
Then back!—advance another step,
And I will make you *cower!*
And you shall know that I—yes *I*—
Even now—ha! ha!—have power!

"On! on! they come—nearer—more nigh!
My threats they do not reck.
Oh! Horror! Murder! Help! I feel
Them twisting round my neck!!
They drag me—pull me down, down, down!—
Oh, God! some help bestow!
Oh! friends—where are you?—hold me back,
And *do* not let me go!"

He ceased: then fell upon the floor,
And faintly gasped for breath:
Then sending forth one horrid cry,
His limbs relaxed in death.
And when those strong men raised him up,
His harrowed soul had fled;
Awe-struck, they gazed in horror on
The features of the dead!

The autumn winds through the trees were sighing,
Whose leaves were tinged in the hues of the dying,
Who could not tell that they soon must fall,
And a mantle of gloom o'ershroud them all.
Their fibry veins wore the signet plain
Of a "passing away" in their russet stain.
'Twas thus, like them, on a couch, was lying
The fading form of a lady—dying.
The destroyer's seal on her cheek was placed,—
For the hectic flush could be plainly traced,—
And all knew well that her form was wasting,
And the trying hour of death was hasting.
Oh, beautiful as there she lay,
As the vesper cloud ere it floats away.
The snowy sheet o'er her breast scarce moved,
And still were the friends around she loved.
But a sob, at length, in a mother's breast
Could be no longer within repressed:
So it welled from its troubled fount below,
And opened a vent for her pent-up woe;
Her tears could no longer within be kept,
And she sank on her daughter's couch and wept.
Then the heart of the dying girl up-heaved
At the sorrowing sight of her mother grieved,
And a pitying tear in her soft eye shone,
As she spoke these words in a low, faint tone:

"Oh, mother, do not weep for me:—
I know 'tis hard to part,
And gladly I would live for thee,
To soothe thy sorrowing heart.
These wasted limbs ought now to stand,
Dear mother, in thy place;
And *thine*, be *mine* to hold the hand,
And kiss thy shrunken face:

"For, who will watch thy dying bed,
And fan thy fevered brow,
And weep for thee when thou art dead,
As thou dost for me now?
Only for thee I'd wish to live;
For better 'tis to die;
'Life hath no charms that it can give,
Which Heaven cannot buy.'

"Then, mother, when my breathings cease,
And I am chill and cold,
Know that my spirit dwells in peace
With in the Savior's fold—
And when you stand beside the tomb
Where 'Hattie' soon must lie,
Look not for me within its gloom,
But look for me on high.

"Mother, now bend and kiss once more
This aching brow of mine;
I feel death's dew a-gathering o'er—
I feel life's strings untwine—
Now hold my hand in thine, until
No soul this form shall keep.
The room grows dark—how very still!
I'm going now to sleep."

She ceased. Her tremor-shook features once gasped;
Then a smile overspread where the tremor had passed.
Her heart ceased to beat. Departed her breath:
And "Hattie" reposed in the slumber of death.

Stockbridge, N. Y., 1857.

Life's Lessons.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

MERRILY on the night air rang out the beautiful Christmas Bells; joyous and clear the chimes went echoing down the darkness, stealing into luxurious chambers, and mounting to dismal garrets, filling all the great sleeping city with their gladsome music—"peace on earth, good will toward men."

"*Peace on earth!*" what a mockery it seemed to the poor, cowering in their scanty rags, shivering at the searching breath of the wind, that bore the voice of the bells in through the yawning roof.—Some there were, tossing wearily on beds of pain, who thought of the babe once cradled in Bethlehem's manger, and smiled at the peace the memory brought to them; smiled to think how he had borne for them cold, and hunger, and pain, and weariness, that when the night was past they might rest with him in eternity's morning.

On and on went the gladsome chimes. Through a window, where damask curtains fell heavily to the rich carpet, stole a faint sound of their carol, and a sleeper started wildly up, listened for a moment, and then sank back upon the downy pillow, murmuring sadly, "One year ago, sweet wife, and we smiled together at the Christmas chimes; now they are only funeral bells. Would to God I heard them no more than those sleeping so icily under the snow." And the rich man strove to shut his ears to the tones that would come in, so like mockery amid all the splendor of his desolate home. What was it all to him, now the light and the blessing of his heart was lost? What were the costly carpets, now her light foot would never press them? What were the rare pictures, the gems of art, now her eyes would never rest upon them? So broke the merry Christmas to one heart.

A poor woman watched anxiously by a little bed whereon lay the child she loved, his wasted fingers moving to and fro in the restlessness of fever, his lips parched, and his cheeks crimson with the strange fire that crept and glowed along his veins. Slowly the night wore away, and a stillness fell upon the sufferer, a quiet that might be a blessed breathing from the healing angel, or it might be—and the mother shuddered at the thought—and bent quickly down to listen for the low, faint breathing that struggled irregularly from the parted lips. Suddenly the silver chiming burst upon the air. The lids that drooped so heavily over the mournful eyes unclosed, and a smile half dawned on the pale face of the boy.

"The Christmas bells, mother!" he said half joyfully. "Oh tell me the story of the shepherds, and the angels that sang when CHRIST was born." It was the same old wondrous tale that the mother repeated, in plain and simple words, but the face of the listening child lost all the wan shadows of pain as she proceeded, and ere the story was finished there was a look upon it that comes but once to human faces, a foreshadowing it may be of the peace that eternity enfoldeth. There came no sound from his lips, but the wasted arms were stretched eagerly upward, as if to receive the boon so long coveted, and then dropped slowly down upon the thin covering, and in the poor room a dead face looked up to heaven. It was Christmas with the new-made angel.

On a pallet of straw two children were sleeping, a brother and sister; the sister with a wearied, care-worn look, that never left her face in sleep, with her arms closely folded about her rosy brother; for the boy had never known the want of the mother's love that was early lost to him, so tenderly had the sister filled her place. Both woke with the sound of the bells; the boy to listen with a pleased attention to the merry music, and then sink to dreams again—the pale sister to remember that the merry Christmas morning would bring to them both sharp cravings for the food they knew not where to look for, save at the hand of charity. Slowly, softly died away the chiming in the far distance, and slowly and bitterly dawned the cold, grey light of the Christmas morning. In through the shattered window crept the long, red sunbeams, straggling across the dingy floor, climbing up the dusty rafters, turning the cobwebs into rare drapery, and the floating motes into specks of gold. How they went peering about into every nook and corner, and then laid their frolicsome fingers on the face of the sleeping child. In a moment the boy was up with a merry shout, and looking eagerly about him. "It's Christmas morning, sister, don't you think SANTA CLAUS has been here?"

"No WILLIE," said the girl with a sigh, "there are no Christmas gifts for you to-day; we have not even bread to eat." The child looked sadly disappointed, for with a thoughtful tenderness his sister had always managed heretofore to secure some trifle for him on such occasions, but seeing the tears in his sister's eyes, he clasped his arms about her, and begged her not to cry, for he did not want any Christmas gift.

"Do you think father will come back to-day, MAGGIE, I'm so hungry, and he said he would bring me some bread; won't he come soon, MAGGIE?"

"May be so, WILLIE," said the sister, almost shuddering to think of the drunken fiend she called father, and of the cruel blows that she was almost sure to receive from him. But the father did not come, and all the merry day the children wept and shivered in the dismal garret, or peered out from the broken window, on the happy hearts that went gayly laughing by, and ever and anon there came up to them a ringing shout from some voice that cried to friend or lover, "a merry Christmas to you."

And then the night came, clear and starlit, and light feet hurried along the streets, and sleighs whirled by with their freight of beauty and mirth, and there were bright eyes flashing, and soft cheeks glowing, all joy, all beauty, all luxury.

"Wrap the blankets closely about you, WILLIE, and keep still till sister comes back. I am going to get you some bread."

Groping down the dark stairs, and through the narrow alley, did she feel no fear, that slight, delicate girl? Out in the blaze of the lighted streets, under the glittering stars, jostled by and the crowd, intent upon their merry-making, did she think any bitter thoughts as she remembered the lonely little brother starving at home? No one knew, for no one heeded her, and by-and-by she stood upon the wharf, watching the ferry boats going to and fro between the great sister cities, and the stream of comers and goers brushing past her. It was but a common tale she told, with great throbs of fear half choking her—"bread! bread for the hungry!"—a common cry, and so they hurried along their way,—why should they not?

"Keep out of the way, can't you, girl! I've no time to waste with your whining to-night."

It was a rough, impatient voice that spoke, and the pale face of the pleader grew paler, and the large eyes more eloquent of agony, as she shrank mutely back. Her heart was almost sinking; should she try again it would be to provoke new taunts. But WILLIE, poor little WILLIE was starving in the garret alone; for his sake, brave MAGGIE, *once more*. Yonder comes a lovely lady; what will her fair lips utter at the timid supplication? "*Don't touch me girl—you are really frightful!*"—only this—and the young heart that rose so earnestly to tell of "dear WILLIE at home," sunk heavily down again with such a leaden quiet—it was as if the child-life were all crushed out of it.

How still and dark the river creeps along, and the stars look so cold and far off. In the childhood's home, MAGGIE can just remember, the skies looked warm and bright, and smiled as they bent over her. Nothing ever smiled on her now—nothing since mother died; and then MAGGIE remembered how that mother had told her of a blessed home, where they never knew cold, and hunger, and weariness. Her mother had been there for years, and the little golden-haired baby she took on her bosom. If GOD would only let her die now and go there too. "Dear WILLIE at home" whispered love to her, and for his sake she did not breathe the prayer.

"*Out of the way*"—and the man of business thrust aside the eager hand that would have stayed him, muttering a curse upon beggars as he hurried home to the fireside blessings. Did she feel it, think you,—that trembling girl upon the wharf? She is cursed at home by a drunken father; cursed by cold-hearted selfishness, that put its grinding foot upon her, and made her what she is; cursed by society, that keeps record of its progress in the heart's blood of thousands such as she. In all man's world there is no place for her,—may she not seek refuge with GOD, under the shadow of those white wings of peace that brood above the summer lands of eternity? Over her head the stars went singing on their courses, so mockingly bright and cold—close at her feet the river flowed silently, solemnly along, telling no tales of all that rested in its bosom; perchance it would wash away the travel stains, and prove a quiet sepulchre. Oh guardian angel of love! thou was silent then! Angels of wo and darkness! ye were whispering temptingly near; it was but a moment, and then *rest*. There was a plunge in the waters—silently they parted, opening as a mother's arms open to fold her child, and when they closed it was over a human heart. Another drop was gone from life's river, but what matter? It was not a bright, beautiful one that danced and sparkled on its crested billows; it was only a dark little drop, that crept moaning and chafing along its cold shores, and none ever missed it in the sunlight, and even in the throbbings of the great heart of suffering its feeble pulsations were not missed. There may be an inquest, a verdict—"*found drowned*"—and men sitting in luxurious rooms, and reading the brief statement, will coldly comment upon the reckless spirit that could thus throw away life. *Reckless!* Oh, well had it been for many a poor unfortunate had the heart indeed been reckless of the maddening wrong heaped upon it—well if the lava tide of scorn and contempt had seared it into insensibility; it had then been spared the agony of quivering on and on, till the poor heart throbbed too wildly, and the weak hands at last were lifted to the strong angel, Death, the comforter who scorneth none.—Men call it *suicide*—GOD calls it *murder*, and in his great book of accounts, writes down the murderers' names. Man! who hast oppressed and burdened thy human brother, and refused to recognize his angel nature; whose hand has been heavy upon the poor and him that had no helper, whose ear was deaf to the cry of the needy and him that lacked for bread—*be sure your name is there;* and when he maketh inquisition for blood, what will it avail your answer in the words of that ancient murderer—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Oh the bells! the Christmas bells! to what a world of misery do they bear the echo of the song first heard by Bethlehem's shepherds from tuneful voices above. GOD speed the day when the blessed anthem—"Peace on earth, good will toward men"—shall be chanted in full and joyful measure by every lip that now breathes forth a sigh. Then the ring of the bells, full, sweet and golden in its chiming, shall go swelling upward and onward, a joy and a gladness unto all.

VOLCANOES.—Nature has reserved mountains as the machinery for putting forth her sublimest spectacles. Her most imposing mysteries are accomplished among the snows and storms that envelope their summits, while the central fires that burn beneath their roots, have been contemplated in all time, as the most terrific manifestations of his power. As we mount these ancient piles, majestic solitudes, a purer air, fresher vegetation, flowers of more brilliant hues, the enlargement of the horizon, the expansion of mind, and thoughts more serene and meditative, seem to whisper us that, in climbing the domes of the temple of nature, we are approaching the throne of the Eternal Being who fills nature with his presence.

A FINE coat often covers an intolerable fool, but never conceals one.

Wit and Humor.

PAYING TOLL.—"The principal avenue of our city," writes a learned friend in Detroit, "has a toll-gate just by the Elmwood Cemetery road. As the cemetery had been laid out some time previous to the construction of the plank road, it was made one of the conditions of the company's charter, that all funeral processions should go back and forth *free*. One day, as Dr. P——, a celebrated physician, stopped to pay his toll, he remarked to the gate-keeper:

"Considering the benevolent character of our profession, I think you ought to let us pass free of charge."

"No, no, Doctor," the keeper readily replied, "we couldn't afford that. You send too many *dead heads* through here as it is."

The Doctor paid his toll, and never asked any favor after that.—*Exchange.*

ONE of Henry Fox's jokes was that played off on Mrs. ——, who had a great fondness for making the acquaintance of foreigners. He first forged a letter of recommendation to her in favor of a German nobleman, the Baron Von Seidlitz Powders, whose card was left at her door, and for whom a dinner was immediately planned by Mrs. ——, and an invitation sent in form. After waiting a considerable time, and no Baron appearing, the dinner was served; but during the second course, a note was brought to the lady of the house with excuses for not coming, by the sudden death of his aunt, the Duchess Von Epsom Salts, which she read out to the company without any suspicion of the joke, and to the entertainment of her guests, among whom was the facetious author.

CAUTIOUS.—The keeper of a livery stable on Cape Cod had a habit of cautioning his patrons against rapid driving.

One day, one of them came for a team to join a a funeral procession, and on handing him the reins, our friend, as usual, mechanically observed,

"Now, don't you drive too fast!"

"Look-a-here, old fellar," exclaimed his customer, I'm bound to keep up with the procession, if I kill the horse!"

AN editor thus advertises his missing hat:—The gentleman who inadvertently took our new beaver and left an inferior article in its stead, will do us infinite kindness by returning our own, and he shall receive our warmest thanks, and two apologies—an apology for the trouble we have given *him*, and the "apology for a hat" he left *us*.

AN anecdote is told of an English barber, who observed to his customer that there was "cholera in the *hair*." "Then I hope you are somewhat particular about the brushes you use." "Oh," said the barber, "I do no' mean 'air of the 'ead, but the *hair* of the *hat*mosphere."

"JOHN," said a father to his son, one day, when he caught him shaving the "down" off his upper lip, "don't throw your shaving water out where there are any barefooted boys, for they might get their feet pricked."

SCENE.—A tall ladder leaning against the house—a nigger at the top, and a hog scratching his hide against the bottom—"G'way—g'way dar!—Youm makin' mischief."

AT what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? When experience has made him *sage*.

BROTHER JONATHAN thus describes a steamboat:—"It's a saw-mill on one side, and a grist-mill on t'other, and a blacksmith shop in the middle."

To make a man a patriot, all that is wanted is a pair of circumstances—a wife and a baby.

BREVITIES.

CONFIDENCE is a plant of slow growth.

GREAT talents impose great obligations.

MANY persons seek Heaven, who do not seek virtue.

ONLY the quiet heart can know the grandeur of repose.

GOLD gives a ready passport to any gate except Heaven's.

THE heart is not deeply moved while we count its beatings.

VIRTUE, like some flowers, blooms often fairest in the shade.

MEN, like books, at their beginning and end have blank leaves—infancy, and grey-haired old age.

HE that thinks to draw saving graces out of natural principles, but spins out to die in his own web.

THERE are many men who delight in playing the fool, but who get angry the moment they are told so.

KEEP a low sail at the commencement of life; you may rise with honor, but you cannot recede without shame.

THE flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows older and dies; but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.

THE events of youth are stamped in the memory of age, as primeval footmarks made in clay are preserved in stone.

HOW independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home!

THE best way to silence a talkative person is never to interrupt him. Do not snuff the candle and it will go out itself.

THERE is really as much ability requisite to know how to make use of good advice, as to know how to act for one's self.

THE soul needs a certain amount of intellectual enjoyment to give it strength adequate for the daily struggle in which it is involved.

HE that lives in sin and expects happiness hereafter, is like him that soweth cockle, and thinks to fill his barn with wheat or barley.

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 49 letters.
My 16, 5, 33, 35, 1, 27, 30 is what most boys admire.
My 46, 16, 32, 10 is a kind of fish.
My 45, 22, 19, 9, 38, 16 is most people's aim.
My 42, 8, 25 has been the ruin of many.
My 48, 31, 21, 15, 16 is a baby's depository.
My 37, 19, 43, 34 contains four quarters.
My 2, 1, 18, 49 is a prime number.
My 3, 7, 21, 38, 16 is the time for improvement.
My 48, 47, 44, 12 is one of the planets.
My 39, 16, 1, 41 is the State in which I live.
My 40, 4, 13, 11, 46 are my favorites.
My 34, 29, 17, is what some people do to live.
My 6, 16, 32, 20, 28 is an inhabitant of the ocean.
My 24, 26, 36, 38 was very necessary in time of war.
My 14, 23, 28 is the trangressor's doom.
My whole is a saying of Poor Richard.

Attica, Ohio, 1857. CYRENA.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

CHARADE.

IF to know my first your wish is,
Listen; where 'tis found I'll tell you,
With the printer you will find it,
Type could not be set without it.
My second is a kind of liquid,
Printers use it very freely.
Now my third; 'tis a strange creature,
On the mountains, in the thicket,
In the air and in the river
In the aerie of the eagle,—
Always found in light and sunshine.
My fourth is always found in danger,
Tho' never known to fear or waver.
My fifth is found in every dwelling,—
In the field and in the forest,
In the earth and in the ocean,
In the present and in the future.
My whole is possessed by most of people,
Tho' some have often too much of it.
Reader do not frown but pardon,
If I say 'tis your companion.

Hartford, Wis., 1857. E. W. D.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WHEN cattle were high and money was plenty, a man bought 30 head of cattle for a certain number of dollars. The square root of one-ninth the sum he paid equals one-third the price per head. But when these hard times came he sold them for $630, thereby losing as much per cent. as the cattle cost him. What did they cost him.

Angelica, N. Y., 1857. C. L. CUDEBEC.

☞ Answer next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of five letters, and am often applied to cast away articles; behead me, and I form an evening's entertainment; behead me again, and I am a favorite beverage. A. O. P.

Genoa, N. Y., 1857.

☞ Answer next week.

Answers to Enigmas, &c., in No. 415.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Soft Soap.

Answer to Trigonometrical Problem:—Larger 14.2729+rods: smaller 6.6226+rods.

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CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES, &C.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1858, and a yearly copy of either *The Atlantic, Harper's, Godey's, Graham's*, or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The RURAL and either *The Horticulturist, Hovey's Magazine, Arthur's Magazine*, or any other $2 magazine for $3.

☞ THE RURAL AS A PRESENT.—Our readers are reminded that in all cases where the RURAL is sent to a distant friend or relative, as a present, we only charge the lowest club price, $1 50. We have already received quite a number of orders for copies of the next volume, to be sent to distant parts of this country, Canada and Europe. Our lowest price for copies sent to Canada, is $1 62½, and to Europe, $2 50—the extra charge being for postage.

☞ ONE, TWO, THREE, &C.—There are thousands of post-offices at each of which only from one to three or five copies of the RURAL are now taken. Now this is to specially invite its friends in such localities to make a little effort to secure clubs of six, ten, twenty, &c. Every one thus situated, *can*, if he *will*, easily form a club, and thus secure an extra copy or other valuable reward therefor.

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